Heartiste

ARCHIVE

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ABOUT THIS ARCHIVE

An archive of the blog **Heartiste**, as held by TheRedArchive: 4,403 posts published between April 2007 and May 2019.

About Heartiste. Chateau Heartiste, formerly known as Roissy in DC, is a blog that is popular among the Red Pill and manosphere community. The blog covers topics such as dating, relationships, self-improvement, and sociosexual dynamics from an unabashedly masculine point of view. Heartiste's content includes discussions of game, hypergamy, and the decline of Western civilization due to the erosion of traditional gender roles. The blog's author is critical of feminism, progressivism, and political correctness, arguing that these ideologies have contributed to the emasculation of men and the degradation of society as a whole.

About TheRedArchive. TheRedArchive is a free, public archive of the Red Pill community, built so that none of this writing can quietly disappear. It holds **1,686,402 posts** and **38,839,914 comments** from 45 subreddits and 56 blogs. Much of it survives nowhere else — the accounts deleted, the subreddits banned, the websites long offline. All of it is free to read, search and download, and always will be, at www.TheRedArchive.com.

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Share this file freely, and keep a copy of your own. What sits on one server can be taken down; what sits on a thousand hard drives cannot.

Best regards,

/u/dream-hunter

Founder of TheRedArchive
July 28, 2026

Endless Dating

CH · 9 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

How long is too long to stay in the dating game? The primary reason for the psychological unease and emotional instability of so many modern women and to a different extent modern men resides in the irresolvable tension between our ancient biological inheritance and the relatively recent emergence of the high-tech rootless world of unparalleled mate choice we now inhabit.

It would shock most people if they were to be transported back in time to when humans lived in small tribes to see young girls having babies at 14 and again at 14 years and 9.5 months. There are subsistence cultures that behave this way today. The bulk of our pre-history was spent in conditions like this so it is no wonder that our brains are having trouble coping with a radically different environment where childbirth is routinely put off until the mid-30s, if at all, and rejection by a woman no longer means banishment to the icy wastelands of celibate metadeath when a man need merely walk to the other side of a bar to try again.

One consequence of this new paradigm is the absurd number of years spent in the dating circuit.

Women are designed by nature to begin the next generation not much older than age 25. Her risk of miscarriage or fetal abnormalities increases each year after that and exponentially so after 35. Her body begins to wear down which affects how much energy she can devote to raising small children. If she has not found a suitable mate by her late 20s she will begin to notice that those powerful feelings of infatuation she felt for crushes when she was younger, perfectly created by evolution to bring a man and woman together to make babies, now seem muted and foggy. This in turn will sap the dating experience of the best things it has going for it – namely, the spontaneity, the euphoria, the intense drive to connect – and leave behind a desiccated simulacra of dating that more closely resembles haggling over a business deal or suffering through a job interview. Overthinking replaces lust.

It is an embittering realization.

Men, too, have had to adjust under the new system. Anthropologically-speaking, it wasn't so long ago that a man (or his immediate kin) blew his entire wad of hard-earned social and material capital wooing one or two women over the course of his natural lifespan. In a pre-birth control age when the first deflowering blast inside a woman often meant conception followed by years of fatherhood there were limits on just how many female sex partners the average man could accumulate in a lifetime. The rigorous experience of winning over and keeping the best quality woman he could afford and then providing for their kids soon thereafter meant that serial dating was not a typical feature of life. Dating 40 or 50 different women in a year and jumping haphazardly in and out of 3-month mini-relationships is a peculiarity of modern life for which men are not optimized. The energy requirement is enormous. Men have adapted to this stressful cycle of meet-attract-close-keep by either settling and marrying the first girl that would have them (usually high school sweethearts who have not lived enough to acquire unrealistically picky standards) or by hardening themselves against the judgment of women and learning to play the numbers game.

The game begat the player.

In the gigantic atomized urban tribe of any big city playing the numbers is not the high risk strategy it once was for our distant male ancestors who were often locked out of any future matings when a pickup attempt went awry and the target or cockblock would run and tell the whole tribe what a loser he is. Today, the proximity of exes has very little impact on potential future conquests. For men, this has bought them virtually unlimited opportunity to get laid. For women, this has robbed them of one of their most potent weapons in ensuring that only the fittest males get access to their vaginas — the withering ostracization of their sexual rejection.

On the flipside, men have lost confidence in the fidelity of their chosen partners while women have gained unstigmatized sexual freedom allowing them to play the field until the perfect man finally arrives to sweep them off their feet.

I do not think the current reality of endless dating can last. Something must give. Either humans will evolve into different social animals capable of withstanding decades of hookups and fragmentary relationships without turning to the comforts of cats and internet porn, or those people who serially date and delay childbirth will not have enough kids and natural selection will remove them from the gene pool as a failed experiment. Either way, change is in the air.

How to Win Back an Ex-Girlfriend

CH · 10 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

If you are the sort of vengeful prick who'd put real effort into bedding an ex just to turn the tables on her with a grandiose post-coitus exit, then you'll need a proven method for achieving your goal. One of the hardest feats to accomplish is re-igniting an ex-girlfriend's attraction for you, especially if she initiated the breakup. Unlike guys, who are perfectly OK with return trips to the well no matter how dry, women have a no-looking-back switch that, when flipped, desexualizes the man she had spent months or years enslaving with her body. In her eyes, he is reduced to possessing the animal magnetism of a toll booth operator or a paperboy. Once she has crossed this rubicon of fatal unattraction, his chances of re-bedding her dwindle to zilch. You may think that the wild uninhibited sex bonded you two securely for the ages, but you can forget it – girls are creatures of the moment and if she dumped you you can bet she dumped all those memorable sex scenes, too. She's saving her inner dirty whore for a new man now.

Given this reality, your best bet for turning her around is to put your plan into action *before* she formally becomes your ex. You have a short window of opportunity to do this. The longer you have been with her the more warning she will give you with her change in behavior. She won't end a 2 year relationship overnight; you'll have at least a month to clue in to the red flags. Your number one priority, then, is recognizing the danger signals. Infrequent or bland sex is of course an obvious indicator. Look for delays in returning your calls and texts. See if her eyes follow suit when she smiles (dead eyes are a dead giveaway). Tone of voice will always betray a woman — musical when she's happy, girlish when she's affectionate, breathy when she's horny, monotone when she's lost respect for you. Watch for contemptuous mannerisms like eye-rolling or tch-ing. If she starts asking you strange questions or leading conversations down bizarre paths, that is her way of smoking you out. She no longer trusts you to engage in normal playful conversation with you. Go with your gut. 90% of the time it will be right.

Awareness of changes in her demeanor wins you half the battle. You must also maintain complete state control. If you give in to the rush of emotions that your traitorous brain floods you with when faced with an impending loss you will fail. What is required of you is to CUT AND RUN before her doubts about you cement. You must be the one to leave first. Minimize face time. Don't call her. Be friendly but ambiguous. Don't inquire into her life. Laugh off her crappy attitude. Most importantly, act as if nothing is wrong. If she senses you are acting aloof out of spite the spell will be broken. Eventually, she will wander back to you, bewildered and intrigued, filled with doubt about her hasty judgment. You will resume a pattern of dating and sex that eerily resembles the first few weeks together. NEVER give the game away that you knew she was losing attraction if you want to avoid rekindling her impression of you as a weak beta.

What I have described above is the ideal ex-GF strategy. Like most ideals, hardly anyone lives up to them. And with good reason – maintaining composure in the midst of a dying relationship you don't want to end demands superhuman grace under pressure. Only the strongest alphas with a solid stable of regulars can cavalierly brush off the prospect of one of his girls attempting to dump him. He knows she won't muster the willpower to leave, but if she does it won't matter anyway.

The less experienced man caught offguard will need to learn the art of turning it around after her decision to leave is made but before she has reached the no-looking-back stage. Chances of re-notch success are much lower once she has verbalized her need for space, but with proper post-relationship game you can improve your odds dramatically. The key is in the timing. A mathematician has shown that the dumper's loneliness and nostalgia for the broken relationship peak at about 3 weeks after the breakup, unless she has found another man in the interim. Therefore, your job is to let her go and not speak to her for 3 weeks. This will amplify her feelings of loss. Then, at her most vulnerable 3 weeks later, call to say hi. Keep the convo short and friendly. Chances are best right at this moment that she will offer to meet you for drinks.

You'll notice the common denominator with these strategies. They only work if you do the OPPOSITE of what the

typical guy would do. Very few men getting dumped would have the presence of mind to lay low and refrain from trying to talk her out of her decision. But that is exactly the winning formula. Your breezy indifference will win back more exes than all the post-breakup talks in the world. Lean back, reap your bounty, and if you've got the balls calmly tell her after the post-breakup violation of all her holes "Eh, you know, I shouldn't have taken you back. This isn't going to work."

Excerpt from the Book of Alpha

CH · 11 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Every text or email or recordable instance of conversation you have with a girl must follow this simple rule:

If it were given a public airing, let's say on a blog or a sports stadium jumbotron, you should feel comfortable with what you have written for the world to see. You should not feel an urge to wince, because it will be clear to everyone reading it how alpha you are. If the thought of someone other than you and your girl reading your permanently archived romantic exchanges makes you cringe with embarrassment, then you are doing something wrong that will eventually lead to your girl dumping you.

An example of texting* from a place of beta-tude:

YOU: Good morning, lovechop! ☺ I had a gr8 time w u last nite!
HER: Me too. Can't wait to see you again.
YOU: U free this thurs? Miss u. Muaah muuah!
HER: Aw. Thanks sweetie. Call me later.
YOU: ☺ Will do! ☺

People reading this will puke a little and say "What a lameass. Like that's gonna last."

An example of texting from a place of alphaness:

YOU: *{nothing}*
HER: U there? Haven't heard from u in a while.
YOU: Hey, babe. What's up?
HER: The love last night was incredible! Have u been thinking of me?
YOU: Just a little.
HER: ☺ Miss u already, baby. Muuah!
YOU: *{nothing}*

The difference is clear. This man has kept his responses shorter than his girl's and intriguingly aloof. He has refrained from emoting effusively. An objective third party would say "He's cool. Bet he gets laid a lot." You want to be a man people think gets laid a lot, even if you don't.

*Avoid texting on a regular basis. It is borderline beta. A man should not have the empty time to punch in a frivolous conversation with a girl using only his thumb.

The Ultimate Cockblock

CH · 12 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Behold, the toughest pickup challenge ever:

I sleep in a piano!

Two morbidly obese cockblocks. One cokehead supermodel. All three on the move.

Think you got what it takes to number close Kate Moss? (the commenters are hilarious)

The BBW on the right sings for this band. The music isn't bad. When I close my eyes tight and listen I can feel myself falling in love with her.

Double Standards

CH · 13 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

You hear it all the time from people who are getting shafted by reality. "It's so UNFAIR that guys get to do X with impunity while girls doing X suffer social stigma." They think by bitching like this and attempting to shame those who would live in harmony with double standards they can alter people's behavior into something more to their liking (i.e., a non-status driven, non-materialistic, non-craven utopia of perfect loving LTRs where no one is left out and no one gets dumped and everyone has a soulmate and enough positive life-affirming experiences to share with their yenta friends in recipe-swapping blogs devoted to covering the fascinating minutiae of their funny, exciting, sexy, touching, poignant, growth-oriented lives.)

Then there are those who, when called out on their inconsistencies, deploy a swarm of sophistry intended to obfuscate and deny the existence of double standards because they are beneficiaries of them. Acknowledging these truths would mean coming to terms with the fact that they, like everyone else, have at their core an animal nature.

Fuck that noize. The truth of the matter is that double standards are necessary if you want to be halfway competent in your dealings with men and women. As the author of "Looking Out for #1″ and "Winning Through Intimidation" wrote:

If you deny reality it will automatically work against you.*

Double standards are fixed features of life as a sexually reproducing social organism. The modern career woman is miserable because she is constantly locking horns with men who won't value her for her career achievement as much as for her hourglass figure and bedroom skills, while these same men admire and respect career dominance by other men. Her refusal to come to grips with this essential double standard explains why so many hard-charging women have turned their backs on their own femininity and lost the art of female coquettishness and submissiveness. Alpha men have responded by fucking and leaving these domineering gender impostors for cute waitresses. Betas have responded in their own way — by assuming the doormat position and giving these feminists *exactly* what they claim they want.

The same goes for sluts. A man who sleeps with many women gets high fives from his buddies and sexual interest from girls who can't help their burning loins. But girls who sleep around are socially ostracized, used by men and shunned by women. It has always been and it will always be as long as a woman has 400 eggs to a man's nearly infinite number of sperm. Parents will treat their sons and daughters differently when dispensing advice on how to deal with the opposite sex and all the harpies with their multiple humanities degrees shrieking equalist platitudes to the high heavens will never change this. It's one thing to bloviate from a comfy tenured perch while your lesbian lover sucks ben wa balls out of your cooch from under the desk; it's quite another to entrust the welfare of your children with the twisted lies of the Bitterati.

*pretty girls have some leeway with this rule. (at least for a while. heh.)

A handy pocket guide to the most common double standards:

male slut = lothario
female slut = desperate

male CEO = alpha
female CEO = bitch

male model = silly
female model = alpha

male nerd = loser
female nerd = cute

young male death = statistic
young female death = tragedy

male nurse = beta
female nurse = agreeable

male stripper = clown
female stripper = desirable

male sports star = role model
female sports star = butch

Her Opinion is of No Consequence at All

CH · 16 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In the event I ever feel compelled to ask a girl I am dating for her opinion on aspects of me that relate to my attractiveness to women in general, I always take into account the balance of power in our relationship. If she perceives her value to be lower than mine, true or not, then I know not to expect an objective, unbiased opinion from her when discussing those things that might enhance my sexual marketability.

One such subject matter is fashion. In an age when women are abandoning their natural calling to nurturing, monogamous relationships with reliable providers for the player lifestyle of serial flings practiced by men, the modern man has learned to accept that an eye-catching sense of style is an increasingly important tool in his efforts to sell himself to women. But straight men are so far behind the fashion curveball that they have had to turn to the women in their lives for advice on how to dress seductively. They usually turn to girlfriends. This is a mistake.

No girlfriend has ever given me a straight answer on anything that wasn't distorted in some way by her fear of losing me to another woman. If I'm shopping for new clothes with a girl who is really into me, she'll do her best to frump me out in baggy button down shirts a size too large and in formless Hanes Beefy T's.

sexxxy

From her perspective, this makes perfect sense. She is emotionally invested in me so the last thing she wants is for me to look good enough to other women to be a flight risk. It will only make her more insecure having to deal with the flirtations of boyfriend-stealers. If you have one of these girls in your life, don't expect her to ever approve of that tight designer shirt tailored to accentuate your masculine 'V'. Your best bet is to go shopping with girl buddies who secretly harbor an infatuation with you. They will act out their fantasies through the clothes they make you try on.

Your other option is to date girls who think they are higher value than you. This type of girl will actually work to make you look better because so much of her validation is wrapped up in how others judge her choice in boyfriend. The trade-off is that you'll be dating a self-absorbed princess. But at least you'll look good.

Unauthorized Thoughts

CH · 17 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

The killer of 32 people at Virginia Tech used a .22 caliber and a 9mm pistol.

Why wasn't this guy rushed by anyone? He's calmly picking people off. Bloodshed all around. Imagine you're there, trapped in that classroom. You know you're as good as dead if you just sit immobile like a juicy target, so you may as well lunge for him and drive your thumbs in his eyes. You might still die, but you've improved your odds dramatically, especially if you go at him during a reload. He'll maybe get off one or two shots at you but handguns are notoriously inaccurate, especially when a person is running into your face disturbing your zen-like aiming. You'd stand a good chance of him missing or you incurring a non-fatal flesh wound.

So a rude thought intrudes. Engineering campus. Nerds. A taxonomy of guys who've probably run from fights their whole lives. Total inexperience with summoning the warrior animal spirits.

There are times of crisis when brainy deliberation or pavlovian avoidance response will do a man no good.

Maybe the bullets were flying so fast, the killer so accurate (from marathon sessions of video gaming I bet), the timeframe so compressed, that in the chaos no one had an opportunity to do anything. Well, except for this guy.

But if that's not the case, then I'll be uncharitable and ask…

did nerdiness cost lives?

One Surefire Way to Bait a Breakup

CH · 18 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

for the caring, sensitive man who stops at nothing to spare the feelings of the girl he wants to dump.

“I hope if we have kids one day we don’t have a hot daughter cause… woo!… you know, I don’t know how I’ll control myself.”

field tested. motherfucker approved.

Alert the Media: Women Happier as Women

CH · 19 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

A refutation of yet another feminism core belief.

Women are happier in traditional marriages.

The PDF.

> *Model 1 indicates that wives who hold egalitarian gender attitudes, who work parttime, and who take a larger share of the family breadwinning responsibilities are less happy. (p.1331)*
>
> …
>
> *Indeed, Models 3 and 4 provide some support for the gender model of marriage insofar as women who earn a greater-than-average percentage of couple income … and whose husbands take up a greater share of household labor report greater unhappiness.*

When reading the avalanche of studies published now on an almost weekly basis giving the lie to nearly every major feminist tenet, I ask myself two questions. One, why did so many women vouch fealty to this noxious ideology and, two, why did so many ~~shitlapping betas~~ men follow suit?

On the first, I suspect the masculine yang personalities of the feminist leadership propelled this small segment of the female population toward deliberating and advancing a new philosophy that more closely matched what they personally were convinced would make them happy in life. Many of the feminist bullhorns are bull dykes, which means they are far removed from the experience of living as normal hetersexual women, and those feminist leaders who are straight possess a lot of character traits which we associate with high testosterone men. Traits like furious energy, righteous anger, love of abstract argumentation, preoccupation with control, money and fair play, and an intense aversion to submissiveness.

These self-proclaimed gender warriors for all women were abetted by a congenial media stocked full with the same kinds of aggressive careerist women. The riptide of this bellicose united voice for change dragged a substantial number of naive young women out to the sea of anti-male bitterness. Real science (i.e., not the dippy post-modern deconstructionist humanities) during the heyday of feminism had yet to catch up to the accumulating lies of the spinsterhood, so the harpies were able to proceed unimpeded for decades brainwashing college girls until their minions were reflexively spouting “glass ceiling!” and “patriarchal oppression!” without a hint of humor*.

Maxim #4 in a series:
Trust no one missing a sense of humor.

On the second question as to why a significant number of ~~whipped curs~~ men went to the gallows willingly and thereby doomed themselves to lives of gender confusion and unhappiness, I can only point to the well-known fact that men will say anything to get into a woman’s pants. After all, in the immediate-term what harm is there in raising your thumb-tucked-inside-hand fist in support of female empowerment if it means she’ll reward the rapport and connection she feels you two have with hot, hairy-bush sex? It’s not something I advocate, but it is something I understand. There were times when my date launched into a vapid diatribe about some issue I nodded my head amiably knowing full well that it was personally advantageous for me to conceal my views until after I had broken her with sex. In fact, if the notch was not a long-term prospect, I often made sport of revealing my true nature during the first post-coital cuddling.

“you know, baby, i’m a big fan of the 2nd amendment. i think it’s important for people to have the right to bear arms and shoot a mugger in the face. fuck those pantywaists who load their diapers at the merest thought of defending themselves.”

(Funny thing is, most of the time this doesn't scare them away. There's a brief spat of indignation followed by a blowjob.)

Besides the go-along-to-get-along suckups, there are the genuine testicle-impaired betas who swallowed the feminism cumload without a dribble and loved the taste. They are enablers of the worst sort as by their actions they have disadvantaged themselves as well as the women they purport to champion. Knee them in the balls when you see them. They will hardly flinch.

Today, men are responding to the detritus of feminism with game. And as men are wont to do, they have brainstormed and elevated the art of seduction to a science and a business model. Women who lament this development in the relations between the sexes have only themselves to blame. They set the rules of the game; men react to the rules by taking advantage of new opportunities to get what they want. Opportunities like the 3-date rule and the freedom to have premarital sex and illegitimate children and fuck around and cohabit and abort and split the check and in general be a guiltless cad or slut. And the most delicious irony of the 40 year feminist war against human nature is that women have abdicated the very thing feminism attempted to consolidate –

their sexual prerogative.

The 2/8/2 Rule

CH · 23 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In my experience there is a simple and steadfast rule that governs serial dating for men who play the field. For every 12 women a man dates, 2 of those 12 will be hot by his standards, 8 will match him in attractiveness, and 2 will be below his standards. (12 is the magic number since studies on the mathematics of love have shown that on average that is the number of partners a man or woman must date before finding 'the one'.)

This rule applies to the average guy who is socially competent and reasonably comfortable around women and who has command of some basic game. Men with crippling dating handicaps like having more than 1,000 life-hours logged on World of Warcraft should focus on dating one or two women of any caliber.

The 2/8/2 Rule is not a prescription for dating success, but an observation of the courtship patterns of most players. The rule seems to describe a "stasis point" that men reach when they are actively dating around and have settled into a comfort zone where a balance is struck between hot sex and emotional stress. Since the rule is fluid, any changes in the strength and consistency of a man's game will move his ratios positively or negatively.

Ideally, you want a 12/0/0 ratio but that would require masterful game plus objectively high status. It is a rare man indeed who manages a 0/0/12 ratio. These types are the gammas who have dropped all standards in order to satisfy their indiscriminate sexual appetites. You will find them at NAAFA mixers and retirement community bingo halls. 0/0/0 men are betas who refuse to budge on their impossibly high standards and instead find an outlet for their probable low sex drives in porn.

2/8/2 is comfortable for most men because it gives them the opportunity to stretch their boundaries a little while not stressing them out too much. Since regular sex without stupendous effort with girls who pass their attractiveness threshold is the principle driving force of men, the bulk of their partners will be the kinds of women other people think are "right" for them. Interestingly, while the game needed to close these mediocre women is unexceptional, the learning gained from being in a relationship with them is much more valuable than any time spent with very hot women. This is because a man can go much deeper with a moderately attractive woman, pushing his game and relationship strategies in all sorts of new directions, without running the risk of her suddenly leaving. A drop-dead gorgeous woman is apt to walk out on him at the slightest infraction of her emotional checklist. His room for error is razor-thin.

This is not to say he should forego aiming high. It is optimal to have put in the effort and bedded at least 2 high quality girls out of the 12 total — the kinds of girls that make other people say "what the hell is she doing with *him?*" His game needs occasional shakeups like a bodybuilder needs a new eating regimen or a new exercise routine to bust out of a plateau. Only girls whose beauty takes his game to the breaking point are capable of inspiring him to unimagined heights. Any more than 2, though, and he will likely crumble under the pressure, retreating to the familiarity of porn and 3AM garbage time. Bend the ego, don't break it.

At the tail end, he'll dumpster dive with a couple of fuglies. As long as he's quiet about it and wasted little effort chasing her, he can avoid a crisis of self-esteem. Gaming unattractive girls is sometimes necessary to end dry spells. Hapless beginners and insatiable male hos are the most common types of pursuers of the easy notch. Be careful not to make it a habit.

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Don’t be that girl

CH · 25 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Women have a mental laundry list of traits they want in a man. Unlike men, it is not so simple for them to see an attractive guy from across the room for a sum total of 1.5 seconds and immediately want to have sex with him, no questions asked. They throw out hoops to jump through and head games to separate the worthy from the pretenders. As sexual gatekeepers, women rely on this complex social interplay to assess a man’s rank and deny or grant him admission to her body.

A crucial part of seduction is role reversal. You want to turn the tables on women and use their psyops against them. A man can magnify his desirability simply by having standards beyond face, boobs, and bum. It is intoxicating to a woman to be pursued by a man who will judge her for more than her looks. That means sticking to a mental list of qualifications women must meet if they want to enjoy the pleasure of your company. The trick is to pay it more than lip service; having standards means nothing if you don’t actually believe in them.

I know from experience and scientifically-valid astrological textbooks that certain character traits and behaviors are like signal flares of a drama-prone incompatible relationship. If a girl jumps on top of a bar to dance for an appreciative audience on our first dateI know she will be a poor choice for a girlfriend but a great ride for a torrid fling.

To any girl I meet: when I strike up a conversation with you this is what is going through the back of my head:

Don’t be that girl…

… who thinks diamonds are a better best friend than a dog

… who lost touch with her femininity

… who has given up on love

… who pretends she can play like a boy

… who flakes

… who knows what she wants a little too surely

… who is an attention whore

… who is practiced in the art of aloofness and indifference (that’s my job)

… who cannot handle teasing

… who has sexual hangups

… who cannot take a sincere compliment

… who has lost her joie de vivre

… who doesn’t understand that men and women complement, not compete with, each other

… who re-applies her make-up every 10 minutes

… with daddy issues

… who doesn’t at least reach for the check

… who likes being a trophy a little too much

… who reads between every line

… who curses and flips the bird a lot

… who uses too much trendy slang

… who will accept flirting from other men while we are out on a date

… who mugs for invisible cameras

… who is externally validated

This may seem like an exhaustive, impossibly unrealistic list, and for most girls maybe it is, but compared to the list of demands I occasionally read on craigslist from the sorts of women who'd be happier in love if they paid for it, I don't think I'm asking for much.

Game as told by the lolcats

CH · 26 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Checking out the scene

The approach

The opener

Disarming the cockblock

Winning over the male friend

Getting attraction

Building rapport

Dealing with shit tests

Isolation

Comfort

Makeout

Fuck close

OR

Number close

Mistake

Yuppie Child Substitute

CH · 27 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

World's smallest dog.

If it's possible to be 300% gay, this accessory will do it.

(the zoo is now closed.)

Profiles in Scintillating Conversation

CH · 27 April 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Actual conversation with a co-worker yesterday:

HER: i go to the leesburg outlets to buy one thing.
ME: what's that?
HER: artificial fruit. williams and sonoma sells them. it's the only place i'll buy it.
ME: artificial fruit?
HER: mmhmm, i give it to everyone i know for the holidays.
ME: every holiday?
HER: mmhmm. birthdays, you know. they get a different fruit each time. i'm looking for the green peppers. those are hard to find. already have the green and red apples.
ME: what about grapes?
HER: no, you don't see grapes. only those rubber ones. i think it's too much work to make grapes. and those rubber ones don't look real. i have a big glass bowl of artificial fruit at home. no oranges though. they make em too big.
ME: you ever accidentally pick one up and lose a tooth biting into it?
HER: no, but they do look delicious!
ME: and you don't have to water the artificial trees they grow on!
HER: funny.
****

Let's Quentin Tarantino-ize this convo:

HER: i got to go all the fuck way out of town to find this badass shit.
ME: what's that?
HER: faux fruit. williams and motherfucking sonoma sells them. not like you'll find this kind of high quality non-perishable at fucking target.
ME: artificial fruit? you mean like… "how bout dem fake apples"?
HER: *faux* fruit. that's right, smartass. it takes a true aesthete to understand the appeal. i hook up everyone i know for the holidays, hoping to spread my artistic sensibilities to the unwashed masses like the lord spread his righteous word through his only begotten son.
ME: so jesus was artificial?
HER: now, normally, sacrilegious talk like that'd mean i'd split your motherfucking skull with the faux orange, which is way oversized so you know it would bring the hurt, but right now i'm in a transitional period, which means you get to live for today.
ME: you giving people artificial fruit for every fuckin holiday?
HER: fuck, yeah. you know how many varieties of faux fruit are made in this country? this ain't the days of ward cleaver and one-income families when all you could afford was one fucking red apple and a green apple as your fucking centerpiece and hoping to god your uptight next door neighbor didn't one-up you by being the first on the block with a fuckin fake pear. no, my friend, you got a world of choice now…. faux fuji apples, mcintosh apples, braeburn apples…
ME: red delicious.
HER: figures you'd mention that. fuckin plebe.
ME: never seen fake grapes except those rubber ones that look like purple gobstoppers.
HER: it's too much work to make faux grapes. and it's a safety hazard for dogs and kids. you perfect the art of faux fruitification so much you'll have the fuckin kids chokin to death on grapes that look better than the real thing. that's the problem with fine art, pretty soon you're staring at the fruit like you're staring at the sistine chapel, or the mona lisa, hoping you can jump into that world and take a big juicy bite or stick your tongue in mona's ear.

ME: you ever accidentally pick one up and lose a tooth biting into it?
HER: at $6.99 a pop, ain't nobody putting teeth marks on my faux fruit! i got that shit behind a glass case.
ME: and you don't have to water the artificial trees they grow on!
HER: fuck you, it's lost on you. pass me that faux banana.
ME: it's a bunch. which one?
HER: the one that says Bad Motherfucker.

**

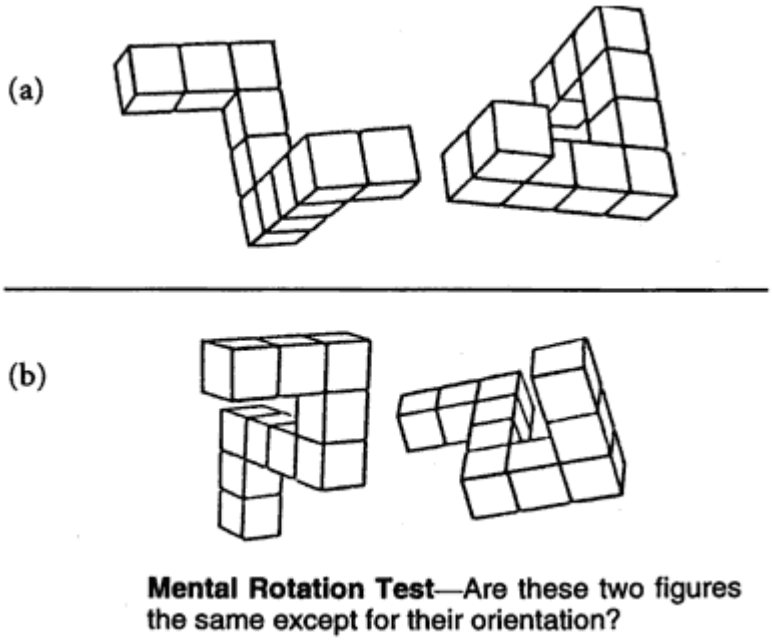
people would be so much more tolerable if small talk were like this.

High-Fiving the Ex-Boyfriend

CH · 2 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I rarely meet the ex-boyfriends of girls I date. Considering how many ex-girlfriends or friends of ex-girlfriends I bump into in this deceptively large city, it's a bit of good fortune that I don't have to deal with the potential drama or awkwardness of making small talk with a man who has repeatedly penetrated the same pussy that I am penetrating. I like to tell myself this is because I date only good girls who don't leave a trail of used condoms and stalkers behind them, but I'm sure it has more to do with pure luck and, when we are out together, her fastidious avoidance of venues frequented by her exes.

No good can come of meeting the ex of your woman. While you may think he'd be a wealth of inside info on the girl you have stolen from him, in reality his opinions will be so badly jaundiced by the emotional undertow of the breakup, no matter how "mutual", that anything he says would have to be taken with a flat of salt. This goes for positive as well as negative reviews. If she was that great a catch why'd he leave her? Or if she dumped him, why is he shilling for her? Don't expect objective analysis in these situations.



Mental Rotation Test—Are these two figures the same except for their orientation?

Maybe you're the kind of guy who heard through his girlfriend that the ex-BF is really cool and so why not throw back a beer with him next time everyone's out together? Most guys would agree with me that while this sounds great in principle, in practice it is a recipe for clumsy conversation and weird vibes. Women, the so-called empathetic sex, demonstrate yet again their inability to put themselves in men's shoes when they wax poetic about how awesome it would be if the guys currently jackhammering them were friends with the guys who used to jackhammer them. Two facts about the wiring of the male brain make it difficult for us to act normally around exes of our current girlfriends — the harem mentality and the instinct to mentally visualize every sex act as if it were an object rotation question on an IQ test.

Irrespective of who dumped whom, a man has a module buried deep in his hindbrain that compels him to treat women as property. This urge is usually beaten out of him at an early age by civilized upbringing and by the reality that even if he were to acquire genghis-like powers to amass a gigantic lay-a-day harem of hot babes guarded by loyal eunuchs, the surrounding culture would never let him fulfill his desires. He would have to content himself with discreet affairs and serial monogamy. So the loss of a girlfriend, whether amicable or hostile, is always perceived as a subtraction from his harem. Men are browbeaten to conceal this fact, but we like the idea of our past girls lingering in our orbit, forswearing all other men, and ready at the drop of a hat to service us sexually when

we are in the mood for a sequel. We especially like this when we can selfishly give nothing in return.

(Exceptions are when the ex-GF gets fat or old. Harem University asks that you at least pass those basic admissions requirements.)

Thus, for the ex-BF, drinking beers with the man who "robbed" him of one of his concubines is an exercise in social artifice camouflaging his primal urge to steal her back.

Betas who have lost touch with their maleness wonder what all the fuss is about. This is the kind of guy who thinks it's male bonding if you share stories with him about how his ex-GF has to bite down on a stick when she gets her ass rogered by your herculean member.

The harem mentality explains why an ex-BF would feel uncomfortable around the new guy. But the predisposition to visualize every single sex act in all its technicolor glory makes the ex *and* the usurper uncomfortable. You can't help but imagine his cock thrusting and churning inside the girl who is now giving herself to you. All the positions he put her in, all the jizzbombs he unloaded in her face. You think to yourself not even the commando 2000 shower head could wash off every one of his man molecules from your little angel. You wonder if his dick left an imprint on her vaginal canal.

Often, this is why, after meeting an ex-BF, you will go home and fuck your girl so hard her ovaries bounce, because this is your biology's way of ensuring that whatever DNA he might've left behind is thoroughly scoured out of her. Studies have shown that husbands returning from long business trips will deposit bigger loads of sperm in their wives, subconsciously anticipating that if another man's sperm is in there they will surrender immediately to the larger army.

If the ex-boyfriend is not someone you like, then strutting like a rooster in his company that you are the rightful heir to his lay is worth enduring the bad mental images of him and her fucking like you and her fuck now.

Yuppie Child Substitute Part 2

CH · 3 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I was walking down the street when I crossed paths with a woman in her mid-30s pushing a stroller with tinted mesh over the top to protect her child from the sun and bugs. *Here's something you don't see everyday in the city,* I thought. *A smiling mother and her baby.* As she passed, I looked in the stroller… to see a toy dog staring back at me, oblivious to its elevated status as a newly minted member of homo sapiens.

I didn't have my camera with me to record this beautiful metaphor of barren yuppie womb, though it looked like this:

"tell mommy you love her!"
I believe this is one of the signs of the apocalypse.

Conjugal Bliss

CH · 4 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There are certain products that just seem to belong together, but as far as I know, remain undiscovered pairings. After I munched some coffee beans to temporarily boost my IQ a few points, I brainstormed the following consumer product marriage:

Plus…

No, I'm not talking about regular horns on bikes. I want to see big ass bitchin air horns strapped to the handlebar.

I've never seen nor heard a bicyclist blow one of these. Think of the applications.

– Similar to a really small motorcycle helmet that only covers the crown of the head, a gigantic air horn on a bike is a safety feature that doesn't sacrifice your masculine cool. Teens will clamor for this life-saving device.

– I once saw a TV show that had kids in a car driving slowly by unsuspecting bicyclists and pedestrians and blowing an obnoxiously loud air horn out the window. Hilarity ensued as the bikers tumbled to the ground and people standing at their mailboxes threw their handfuls of mail into the air and peed themselves in shock. Coming from a bicyclist, this would be even funnier. As if they weren't clamoring enough, teens will now pine for this life-saving, prankster-enabling device.

– Asshole drivers yapping into cellphones have always annoyed bike messengers. The bikers must have had a lot of brushes with death because when they get cut off by one of these suitboys on the phone with their broker or some spaced out chick driving and gossiping in a 5-way conference call with her friends they get really angry, cursing like a sailor and giving the finger to the driver, sometimes even banging on the hood with a fingerless gloved hand. I heard this on U St just the other day: *YOU MOTHERFUCKING FUCK GET THE FUCK OFF THE CELL COCKSUCKER!!!* Most of the time, the driver hardly notices, what with his five senses occupied by navigating DC's notoriously retarded streets and taking calls. But now with the air horn-equipped bike the messenger can toot blast the driver and know he'll get his full attention. Double thrills if this causes the driver to throw the cell into the air and swerve into a fire hydrant. No more ineffectual foul-mouthing; with the mighty air horn the bike messenger's knowing smirk will say it all. Forget pining, teens everywhere will pre-cum for this accident-causing bike accessory.

– Skirt chasing was never so much fun. Re-live those days when you used to stick your head out the car window and yell *I LOVE YOU!* as you drove by cute chicks standing on the sidewalk, except now do it in style with the air horn. Blast away and watch as the fright sends fire coursing through her loins. Chicks dig unpredictability, and the air horn has that base covered. Don't even bother with formalities — just toss her the engagement ring. She's already yours for life. Bonus: The ride on your handlbars back to your pad gets her juiced up for lovemaking. Teens will be apoplectic.

I'd patent this, but the patent process costs $20K. Instead, I'll kindly ask people not to steal my incredibly brilliant idea until I have a chance to build a business empire around it. Most people are good, so this should work.

International Truth Day

CH · 7 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

– people will only turn against an alpha male when he attacks a weak woman
– it is open season on weak men who do not know their place. attacking them will raise your status. defending them will lower it
– total honesty can only be accomplished anonymously
– sexually attractive people can get away with more. and they will have more willing apologists excusing their actions
– when confronted with uncomfortable truths, most people will resort to the "cultural conditioning" argument. it is fear of the unchangeable that motivates them
– when a woman praises a man it is more often given with the goal of changing his behavior
– when a man praise a woman it is more often given with the goal of earning her sexual favor
– status is everything; nearly everything in life is best understood through the prism of status wars
– there is a sexual market. it operates under the same basic laws of supply and demand.
– marriage is no escape from the sexual market
– the sexual revolution benefited alpha males the most
– prostitution is dating minus self-serving rationalizations
– prostitutes and sluts undercut the only source of women's power
– 'crime causes poverty' is truer than 'poverty causes crime'
– young single women will always vote liberal as a rule. big government is a husband and father substitute
– shame is a powerful motivator. it is a dying art in the west
– alimony is ransom
– no-fault divorce is the poison in the well of the institution of marriage
– absent total war or economic meltdown, age of marriage will continue to rise, birthrates will continue to fall, and the percentage of the never-married will increase
– success comes to those whose desire is stronger than their fear
– uncontrolled jealousy is your worst enemy. controlled jealousy your best ally.
– hate is as natural as love. like love, it's most rewarding to throw yourself into it completely
– love can exist without fidelity
– make love when you can, because it is good
– lenin said it best: who? whom?
– proximity + diversity = war
– good people care more for the death of a pet than they do for 100,000 tsunami victims
– there is no meaning of life except to fuck. it is utter pointlessness. you are a machine designed to serve the interests of recombinant dna
– nerd = fat woman
– celibacy is living death
– effeminate men are detestable
– so are aggressive bitchy women
– the exceptions don't make the rules
– we are animals
– hurting people is fun
– there's no god
– there's no soul
– there's no karma
– we're all going to die
– and it's much later than you think

besos

International Truth Day

CH · 7 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

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besos

Hedonic Convergence

CH · 9 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

dr. lecter has no interest in hypothesis. he doesn't believe in syllogism,
or synthesis, or any absolute.
what does he believe in?
chaos. and you don't even have to believe in it. it's self-evident.
– hannibal

things fall apart; the center cannot hold
– yeats

Any instability in a relationship is like carrying a brimming cup of coffee around the office; once the coffee starts sloshing about in the cup the momentum builds until you're forced to stand still to keep it from flying out. Relationship management is like this — forward progress punctuated by dramafests followed by cooling off periods to give everything a chance to settle down. The less stable the relationship, the wilder and more frequent the swings between drama and normalcy, until one day the coffee is all over your shirt and there's nothing left but a stirrer in the cup.

We all aspire to drama-free love lives (or, at least, drama on our own terms) so the question is: what makes a stable relationship? The best way to answer this is to turn to analogies, because they are more fun to write. The US and USSR had a stable relationship through most of the Cold War. Two superlovers with roughly the same number of nukes (i.e., alpha characteristics) for a few decades until the US began to outspend (i.e., raise her sexual market value above) her commie lover. The USSR, big proud bear that he was, sensed his lover pulling away from him and his status diminishing in turn. He frantically tried to play catch-up but it was too late; she finally saw him for what he always had been — a drunk, brutish, pigheaded, financially insolvent badboy who was falling apart at the seams. The fair maiden US trotted off to make sweet love with Brussels eurocrats, leaving behind a sulking ex-BF to lick his wounds and rebound with loyalist east Ukraine crack hos.

When a guy and a girl start a torrid affair with equal number of nukes they can fall in the kind of love that will turn crunch-faced cynicism into limpid-eyed naivete. JFK said as much during the Cuban missile crisis. You know where you stand with this person. There is no feeling that you are any less than your lover and no fear that they will leave you or go berserk when the chips are down. While you both have your own groups of friends, you know that you two together are the most important people in the world — Wonder Twins in the form of a romantic movie moment. It's the mutually assured destruction theory of relationships — a cataclysmic breakup would mean both of you will be much worse off and unlikely to find another perfectly matched partner.

Therefore, the best way to ensure a stable relationship is to be with someone who matches you in attractiveness. This is derisively known as settling, because at the start of our journeys to fulfillment in the only thing that matters – namely, love and sex – we bristle with optimistic hubris and shoot for the stars. Thoughts of being with someone who is less than our ideal is anathema. Women are particularly prone to this self-deluding malady, sometimes so in thrall to their romantic ideals that they take the Acela straight into spinsterhood, sad, but principled. Their aversion to settling is stronger than men's because the cost to them of a bad choice in mating partner is much greater than it would be for a man. And the fact that women can go long stretches without sex, like a camel without water in the desert, and still keep their sanity helps them stick to their guns. (A girl friend once told me "For women, when we're not getting it, we kinda forget about it. When we're getting it, we crave it. For men, when you guys aren't getting it, you crave it.")

The problem with ideals is that you had better be pretty ideal yourself if you want from others what others want from you. You get what you give. If the planets align and you miraculously hook a partner way above you in sexual market value, be prepared to feel a tightening in your chest every time your lover doesn't answer a text message promptly or you see him or her garnering the attention of the opposite sex while at a party together. This

is your emotional backchannel letting you know that you are punching above your weight and it might be time to think more realistically if you want a shot at a happy life. Without a closely-matched lover we are doomed to scooping out buckets of water from a boat with a hole in its hull.

By “closely-matched” I mean, of course, the woman’s beauty = the man’s power. For every one point up the hotness scale a woman goes, the man had better bring a commensurate increase in power. Luckily for a man, he can work to increase his power. A woman is pretty much stuck with what she was born with. The good news for women is that if you are born with the genes for beauty there isn’t a whole lot you need to do to sell yourself; your product has inherent value. The good news for men is that power comes in many forms — looks, charm, creativity, money, dominance — that while somewhat governed by genetic heritage can also be improved upon.

When the pairing is mismatched, the lower value partner will exert less control over the direction of the relationship. He or she will be constantly buffeted by the ever-present threat of higher value prospects in the mating pool winning the affections of the higher value partner. This is bad for the ego and is a recipe for perpetual heartache. The lure of your amazing catch will wear thin once you realize you are not the locus of his or her love.

I once dated a girl who was quite stunning, educated, and career-oriented. My game and innate qualities allows me to handle women like this. But she had a wealthy ex-fiancee whom she had been with for three years prior to meeting me. The combination of the time, love and experiences she shared with him plus his keeping in contact with her plus his objectively high status meant that I would constantly have to fight to be perceived by her as an equal to her ex. For five months, I succeeded, by playing some of my best gamesmanship. It was like watching a tennis match, with volleys of calculated aloofness and mighty serves of manipulative jealousy, backhands of backhanded compliments and psychological power plays at the net. I even kept two girls in reserve, fucking them and loving them on the in-between days, to make sure I stayed stone cold savvy. No matter… I always felt she had one foot in, one foot out of our relationship. In the end, she married the ex-fiancee. Our fling helped sharpen my game immensely, but at the cost of time better spent cultivating what I had with the other girls in my life.

It’s no spring breeze for the higher value partner in a relationship, either. While the HVPs have the leverage to control the outcome of their relationships, they will always feel temptation to trade up. Resisting temptation is an exercise in futility when your whole world is saturated with willing accomplices and every one of your senses is telling you the person you chose to invest your valuable time with is not the best you can do. Sitting in the driver’s seat of a 20 year old Honda civic will get you where you want to go, but the ride won’t be as fun as it could be and you’ll feel guilty for pushing the car to the brink of mechanical failure. Especially when someone just threw you the keys to a brand new Lexus. Dating multiple partners who are OK with your polyamory will alleviate some of the tension, but eventually dating disharmony frays even the best of intentions.

We’ve all known couples who dated out of their league. And when they inevitably broke up, we were not surprised. But thinking about those breakups, how many were really devastated by them? More likely, the exes experienced some relief mixed in with the feelings of loss. The archetypical high-energy breakups, the ones where there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth, social withdrawal, and months of rehabilitation, are usually the result of closely matched relationships blindsided by some fluke of the fates or one partner taking the other for granted and realizing too late how perfectly matched they really were.

Happiness in love rests in large part on your ability to get past your ego and see yourself for who you truly are and how much you actually bring to the table. It’s a soul-wrenching process of self-examination that sometimes only happens after years of reality have pounded into you the fact of your true worth. If you don’t like your market value, then do what you can to raise it. Otherwise, keep tilting at windmills. You never know, someday soon human nature might change.

Betas can find love, too

CH · 10 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Once a man understands that his power is a function of his environment and not an absolute value, he can begin to game the system and take advantage of market inefficiences to score high quality pussy. Alphas are naturally dominant in their environment and so for them there is no need to learn how to pick up women; the affections of women are something they've always known. That is why asking an alpha for pickup advice is often a fruitless exercise. It's better to simply observe him in action and model yourself after him. While books and forums and experience have taught me much, they all pale in comparison to the eye-opening enlightenment I received from my first mentor — an older male friend. At the time, I was 14 and he was 26. He was the cool-as-fuck older guy who let me get behind the handlebars for the first time in my life whereupon I promptly drove his motorcycle over a curb. Without missing a beat, he then taught me how to do donuts. The time I tagged along on one of his dates with a gorgeous grad student was the mental jolt I needed to set me on the path of righteousness.

Natural betas who were deprived of this mentoring and don't or won't put in the work on their own to learn how women operate and what they respond to still have options for happiness, but they will need to step off the hamster wheel and approach this advice with an open mind. Given that male power is conditional on the context in which it is exploited, here are my suggestions for how losers in love can turn their fortunes around without lowering their standards:

1. Travel to an economically depressed 2nd tier country like Russia or its East European neighbors where the culture is not too different and the women are known hot commodities and spend a couple months there. He should avoid mail order bride services, save his money up, and go live there for a while. This will reduce the chances of getting conned. He'd be smart to get CDs on learning Russian and listen to them in his car while commuting to his crappy soul-killing job. An average American beta with an average income, average style, who isn't a drunkard, will get treated like a minor rock star in Russia, which, if the stories of men who have pioneered this route are true, really should be renamed Betatopia. PS: Stay away from Moscow. Stick to the sticks.

2. Not keen on the hassle of traveling and importing a first rate piece of ass? He can try scooping up the ones who shell out their own travel expenses and come here to the US. Step one: identify those places where au pairs hang out in his particular city. They will usually be in a bunch, giggling nervously in heavy accents, because au pair services send them to their overseas assignments in groups. The trick is to catch an au pair before she becomes aware of the true power of her beauty. Remember that many of these young women are leaving countries where the men, ugly underemployed trolls all of them, treated them like trash. Their self-esteems are in the basement. Getting any attention from an American beta is like gold dust sprinkled on their shattered egos. An American! Interested in ME! The beta needs to get to these girls BEFORE she realizes that most American women are shrieking ballbusting self-absorbed harpies with serious BMI issues and that American men will put her on a pedestal. It doesn't take long for a lifetime of trampled self-worth to shed like a chrysalis revealing the inner high maintenance princess inside. So to get to them before the American experience corrupts them the beta needs to find those au pair groups that are multi-ethnic. This is because the au pair services send them over in mixed groups. Their first few months will be spent socializing with au pairs from many different countries. Once they have settled into a routine and learned the ropes they will begin to hang out with girls from their own countries. A few months later, they will have one or two American girls in their social circle. By then, it is too late.

3. Similar to the above suggestions, a man having trouble picking up chicks should consider relocating to the heartland. His money will go farther, his style will be intriguing, and his public policy degree will be treated like a Certificate of Alphaness. Girls will be a little dumber and less worldly so his marginally witty jokes will get more mileage. He can probably afford a spacious house out there where a basement apartment was all he could swing in NYC. Nightlife will be refreshingly free of eurotrash and $12 drinks. Downsides: obesity epidemic, resentful good ol boys prone to violence, lower job opportunities, bastard children, smell of manure.

4. Lie. This option requires some creativity and total lack of moral fiber, but the beta who can pull off the 'talented mr. ripley' routine will gain access to the secret society of hot chicks. Convincingly lying about trips to the Himalayas, treasure hunting expeditions, brushes with death in the congo, high stakes gambling with celebrities in the Caribbean, the stint spent in prison, or his life as a fashion photographer, and having the presence of mind to keep the ruse up for months will get him laid. Downside: forget about long term relationships.

5. Hit on damaged goods. Women who have been through the emotional ringer are more likely to appreciate the beta's honest, straightforward, naive propositioning. Some women need to get burned more than once to learn any lessons, but eventually even the most die-hard player-lovers grow weary of the hurt. Recent divorcees, lonely housewives, single moms, and former hookers with a heart of gold are good targets. Downsides: STDs, kids, short shelf lives.

6. Castration. Nothing removes neediness like zero sex drive.

Betas can find love, too

CH · 10 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Once a man understands that his power is a function of his environment and not an absolute value, he can begin to game the system and take advantage of market inefficiences to score high quality pussy. Alphas are naturally dominant in their environment and so for them there is no need to learn how to pick up women; the affections of women are something they've always known. That is why asking an alpha for pickup advice is often a fruitless exercise. It's better to simply observe him in action and model yourself after him. While books and forums and experience have taught me much, they all pale in comparison to the eye-opening enlightenment I received from my first mentor — an older male friend. At the time, I was 14 and he was 26. He was the cool-as-fuck older guy who let me get behind the handlebars for the first time in my life whereupon I promptly drove his motorcycle over a curb. Without missing a beat, he then taught me how to do donuts. The time I tagged along on one of his dates with a gorgeous grad student was the mental jolt I needed to set me on the path of righteousness.

Natural betas who were deprived of this mentoring and don't or won't put in the work on their own to learn how women operate and what they respond to still have options for happiness, but they will need to step off the hamster wheel and approach this advice with an open mind. Given that male power is conditional on the context in which it is exploited, here are my suggestions for how losers in love can turn their fortunes around without lowering their standards:

1. Travel to an economically depressed 2nd tier country like Russia or its East European neighbors where the culture is not too different and the women are known hot commodities and spend a couple months there. He should avoid mail order bride services, save his money up, and go live there for a while. This will reduce the chances of getting conned. He'd be smart to get CDs on learning Russian and listen to them in his car while commuting to his crappy soul-killing job. An average American beta with an average income, average style, who isn't a drunkard, will get treated like a minor rock star in Russia, which, if the stories of men who have pioneered this route are true, really should be renamed Betatopia. PS: Stay away from Moscow. Stick to the sticks.

2. Not keen on the hassle of traveling and importing a first rate piece of ass? He can try scooping up the ones who shell out their own travel expenses and come here to the US. Step one: identify those places where au pairs hang out in his particular city. They will usually be in a bunch, giggling nervously in heavy accents, because au pair services send them to their overseas assignments in groups. The trick is to catch an au pair before she becomes aware of the true power of her beauty. Remember that many of these young women are leaving countries where the men, ugly underemployed trolls all of them, treated them like trash. Their self-esteems are in the basement. Getting any attention from an American beta is like gold dust sprinkled on their shattered egos. An American! Interested in ME! The beta needs to get to these girls BEFORE she realizes that most American women are shrieking ballbusting self-absorbed harpies with serious BMI issues and that American men will put her on a pedestal. It doesn't take long for a lifetime of trampled self-worth to shed like a chrysalis revealing the inner high maintenance princess inside. So to get to them before the American experience corrupts them the beta needs to find those au pair groups that are multi-ethnic. This is because the au pair services send them over in mixed groups. Their first few months will be spent socializing with au pairs from many different countries. Once they have settled into a routine and learned the ropes they will begin to hang out with girls from their own countries. A few months later, they will have one or two American girls in their social circle. By then, it is too late.

3. Similar to the above suggestions, a man having trouble picking up chicks should consider relocating to the heartland. His money will go farther, his style will be intriguing, and his public policy degree will be treated like a Certificate of Alphaness. Girls will be a little dumber and less worldly so his marginally witty jokes will get more mileage. He can probably afford a spacious house out there where a basement apartment was all he could swing in NYC. Nightlife will be refreshingly free of eurotrash and $12 drinks. Downsides: obesity epidemic, resentful good ol boys prone to violence, lower job opportunities, bastard children, smell of manure.

4. Lie. This option requires some creativity and total lack of moral fiber, but the beta who can pull off the 'talented mr. ripley' routine will gain access to the secret society of hot chicks. Convincingly lying about trips to the Himalayas, treasure hunting expeditions, brushes with death in the congo, high stakes gambling with celebrities in the Caribbean, the stint spent in prison, or his life as a fashion photographer, and having the presence of mind to keep the ruse up for months will get him laid. Downside: forget about long term relationships.

5. Hit on damaged goods. Women who have been through the emotional ringer are more likely to appreciate the beta's honest, straightforward, naive propositioning. Some women need to get burned more than once to learn any lessons, but eventually even the most die-hard player-lovers grow weary of the hurt. Recent divorcees, lonely housewives, single moms, and former hookers with a heart of gold are good targets. Downsides: STDs, kids, short shelf lives.

6. Castration. Nothing removes neediness like zero sex drive.

TP Free

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This guy wants to minimize his environmental impact by, among other draconian measures, cutting toilet paper out of his life.

1 ply?!? cheap fucks!
****
Sawyer: "**Now, I know everybody wants to know what you do instead of toilet paper. I'm not going to tell them. I'm going to let them go online and search this out for themselves. Let me just say it's the Bedouin solution. If you don't know what that is, you're on your own out there."**
****

The Bedouin solution, for those who need to know, is to wipe with the left hand. That is why they only eat with their right hands. So if you meet a Bedouin and he extends his left hand to greet you, that means he thinks you are a douche.

This story made me wonder which modern conveniences I could live without and still function as a human being.

Microwave oven – No prob. My gradual switch to a healthier diet over the years has practically obviated the need for a microwave. Salmon? Broiled or grilled. Veggies? Steamed. Green tea? My kettle does it almost as fast. I would miss nuking the occasional hotdog. Reheating leftovers would require more work. I could train myself to eat cold food.

Internet – This would hurt. Of course, I would survive. but I've become so accustomed to doing so much online that it would add many hours to my week to do the same things offline. The upside is that most of these things are pointless. The loss of email just means less mental effort wasted reading unfunny forwards and constant updates on my friends' happy hour antics. Jerking it to porn would become a lot less convenient but it would feel dirty and subversive again from all the midnight trips to the seedy sex shop. This would make the self-pleasuring a lot more exciting. As would Victoria's Secret catalog day.

Cell phone – The advantages of no cell outweigh the disadvantages in my opinion. Fewer road accidents, no need to learn text game, no obligation to pick up the phone every time a girlfriend calls when I'm out on the prowl. The downside is that I would not be able to use the cell as a prop when gaming girls to look like I'm closing a big deal or taking an urgent message from a mystery woman.

Car – I've already done this. It was the best 6 months of my life. I envy guys who live in cities where it is not a dating handicap to be car-less.

TV – I wouldn't miss it a bit. Total mind rot. Well, OK, I might miss Animal Planet. Chicken eating spiders, yo.

Ipod – Technically, IRiver. I'm a nonconformist. No earbuds means I'd have to interact with my environment. Hmmm… could lead to opening more chicks during the daytime.

Digital camera – This is another good game prop. I use it in a digicam routine ("ok, now let's take a sad picture. now a happy picture. awesome. now let's take a pic of us flirting with each other. oh man, look at that. we look like those sappy couples everyone makes fun of.") and as a method of social proof ("wanna see pics of italy? woops, how'd she get in there? let's just skip past that."). Tough to lose this one. On the plus side, no more bad angle shots.

The Octodog – Life without this wondrous kitchen gadget? Yeah right, may as well take away my TP.

DC Euphemism Day

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Vibrant Community

Naked Pics v. Special Ringtones

CH · 15 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Couples place a lot of irrelevant demands on each other in a selfish effort to ensure the purity of their relationships. As soon as the demands start ratcheting up and the substance of the demands becomes less comprehensible you can bet that the complaints are coming from a place of insecurity. It is a sign of impending breakup to have to pay tribute to unreasonable requests just to keep the happiness flowing.

The fact that I keep naked pics of my exes on my computer provoked one of these insecure pout-fests from a girl I was seeing. She had "come across" them and wanted me to delete the pics to reassure her that I was not stuck in the past pining for a girl besides her. I rationally (as only a male can do) explained to her that the pics were keepsakes, like any other cherished memory, and deleting them would be like whiting-out passages from my autobiography and turning my back on what made me who I am today. They were no different than stored childhood photos or crayon drawings from 2nd grade art class. The part I left unsaid was that the naked pics would provide excellent masturbation material in my old age.

Just when she was at the frothy height of her indignation she got a call from her ex-boyfriend, with whom she was good friends, and I noticed the ringtone was a chirpy musical number I hadn't heard on her phone before. I waited for the call to end then pulled out my cell and dialed her number.

beep* *beep* *beep

The default ringer!

"So you're giving me a hard time about ex-gf pics while I don't even merit a personalized ringer?! I get the default? Not even the halfway decent default either… my important calls get the most basic factory-installed beep. And your ex gets Vivaldi's Four Seasons?"

"It costs money to get these ringers! Why should I spend money on a special ringer for you when you keep pervert pics of your exes? How do I know we'll even be together in a month?"

chick logic.

"You didn't know about my pics until today. But that extra-loving ringtone for your ex has been in your phone since you guys met, eh?"

Back and forth we went, building to a crescendo of angry wild boar sex. Most times the force of a woman's emotions is enough to win her an argument despite the total lack of justification, but not this time. In reality, the ringer issue didn't bother me in the least, but I knew that in a girl's mental landscape an unfavorable ringer discrepancy was a clear act of relationship mutiny, so I played it for all it was worth. Pretending to be shocked and wounded, I filled her with guilt, until she dropped her demand and stalemate was reached. The naked pics stayed safe for my viewing pleasure.

I would've won in a court of love, anyhow. Ex-GF nudies are obviously less dubious than being a third-stringer on the ringer team.

Waddaya say I take you home and...

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At the 3:08 mark check out what is possibly the greatest pickup line ever:

This scene is layered with Oscar-worthy goodness. It's perfect how the guy nervously fidgets with his hand when he delivers the line. She must have thought he was endearing. Direct game rules.

No Disturbance in the Force

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Embarrassment is a beta emotion.

A year ago, I had number closed a waitress working her shift at a popular DC lounge. We were able to build a halfway decent connection despite the fact that our conversation was interrupted every few minutes by a customer's order. Before I was about to leave I asked for her number. She balked, and I thought maybe I had misread her interest. But a quick glance around revealed otherwise – she didn't want to be seen giving out her number in front of her boss and co-workers. I told her to be a spy and go find a place to hide for a second, write her number on a piece of paper, and then return and secretly slip the paper into my hand as she walked by me. I visually demonstrated how I would be holding my hand — down low against my side with my palm up turned backwards. She slipped me the number 10 minutes later and I heard her giggle as she walked by, happy to get a chance to role play in between dealing with drunk patrons. A couple days later I left a voicemail which she never returned.

I wasn't surprised. I gave it even odds that she would flake based on a mental checklist I made of her:

waitress: -1
mid 20s: -1
not enough rapport: -1
lots of physical contact: +1
conservatively dressed: +1
demure: +1
east european: +1
large breasted: -1

0

A few weeks after that encounter a friend called asking me to join him and entertain his date's third-wheel girlfriend on promises that she was hot. *[editor's note: he pumped the stock.]* He was not asking as a favor to me, though that was a potential side benefit, but as a way to demonstrate value to his new girlfriend that he could play matchmaker as well as pre-empt any sourpuss buzzkills by the single friend. Motives don't matter so much to me as long as I'm getting something out of the deal.

We went to the lounge where I had met the waitress, and she was working that night. She recognized me with a double take when I walked in. The four of us sat on a couple of couches and she came over to serve us. Before I learned that women were to be treated like interchangeable commodities pre-sex, I would have found this situation awkward and uncomfortable. One, for the reason that I'd feel obliged to pretend her flake, or even our conversation last time we met, never happened. Two, for the misplaced discomfort I'd feel running game on another girl right under her nose. These feelings faded away to uselessness once I realized that I have no obligation to ensure the peace of mind or social ease of any woman I have gamed or am considering gaming. What's more, with experience came the understanding that "awkward" situations which would make betas cringe and search for the nearest exit are in fact opportunities to increase the attraction voltage, and that they work on almost any woman.

While the waitress set our drinks down and I was palm-reading my date, I noticed a band-aid on her cheek along with the telltale flashing eyes and cocked grin of someone who was alternately uncomfortable and intrigued by my presence. I didn't stop holding my date's hand when I turned to the waitress and began flirting with her all over again. "I'd read your palm, too, but you might like what I have to say." [big smile, pointing to bandaid] "Wow, what happened? Did you cut yourself shaving?" I could see she was trying to figure me out. I caught her a few times staring at me across the room from her post beside the bar. On the way out, and with my date walking in front of me, I paused and told the waitress "Maybe we'll get a chance to talk some more next time I'm in here."

Devil-may-care nonchalance in the teeth of a socially tense moment is very attractive to women. Like mirrors,

women reflect our emotional state and if you are projecting awkwardness she will want to get away from you because she'll start to feel the same way. If a girl flakes on you, and you act as if nothing was amiss should you see her again, she will feel those quickening pulses of attraction for you. As a player, never feel guilt or discomfort with your actions or with the whims of women. You will be rewarded for your state control.

Flake Odds Point System

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Flaking is one of the most frustrating things a man will experience in his quest for ass/love/something in between. Plenty of intelligent commentary has been written about this baffling phenomenon — why it's predominantly a female affliction, what steps can be taken to reduce the odds a girl will flake — so instead I'll focus on what attributes and behaviors correlate most strongly with a tendency to flake. These observations are based on my personal experiences and those of my friends. It's not a scientifically valid survey, but the anecdotes seem to jibe with what science has to say about female psychology.

First, it helps to understand the basics. Why girls flake can be expressed as a very simple equation:

Options = flaking

where options means how many men she can attract. The more desirable she is, the more likely she will be to blow off any one suitor, as another one is right around the corner.

Here's a refined version of that equation:

Options + neuroticism + extraversion = flaking

meaning that if you've met a smoking hot attention whore with paranoid self-esteem issues you may as well wipe your ass with that number close. You'd've been better off shooting for the fuck close on the roof deck behind the fake palm tree.

Note: a girl not returning your call is not necessarily a flake. To qualify as a true flake, there has to have been real indications of attraction prior to getting her number. Positive indicators include kissing, lots of touching, her playing with her necklace or rings, sexually open body language, talking about you at least 30% as much as herself, seeking your approval, a willingness to be led by you around whatever venue you and her happen to be, and an obvious eagerness to give her number when you ask for it.

The following is an elaboration on my personal checklist for identifying which girls are likely to flake. I subtract a point for every trait or behavior I think will increase the odds of a flake and add a point for those things that I think will reduce the odds of a flake. Data that have little impact on flake odds are not included.

- works in service industry: -1
- as a waitress: -1
- younger than 25: -1
- older than 30: +1
- more than 10 years younger than me: -1
- non-american*: +1
- big breasted/voluptuous: -1
- brief kissing: +1
- extended makeout: -1
- shy: +1
- first on the dance floor: -1
- slutty dresser: -1
- wears drab colors: +1
- easily distracted: -1
- out with a large group of friends: -1
- alpha female of the group: -1

- mother hen/designated driver of the group: +1
- lone wolf: +1
- highly educated: +1
- heavy makeup: -1
- blonde or redhead: -1
- parents still married: +1
- child of divorce: -1
- only child: -1
- has at least one brother: +1
- met her on a weeknight: +1
- on a rainy weeknight: +1
- at a dive bar: +1
- at 3AM in a crimson-colored nightclub on a leather couch while she was rolling on E: -100
- single mom: +100

* The less Anglocized the country of origin, the more likely she'll be courteous and answer your call.

At -10 points a flake is assured. Throw that number away or give it to your best friend. He's just as likely to score with her as you are. At +10 points, she'll pick up on the first ring.

Some of these observations make sense; others seem counterintuitive. A waitress, like a big breasted woman, has to deal with leering men all day, so she's open to any rationalization to shelve the guy she gave her number to. Plus, I have a theory that very feminized, high-estrogen women (i.e., those with curvy womanly bodies) have enhanced feminine mental traits as well, like flaking.

Non-Americans just don't take men for granted as much. Kissing a girl for too long will give her buyer's remorse the next day when she wakes up feeling guilty. Educated women live more structured lives and exhibit more self-discipline, two traits which are anti-flake. Shy girls, surprisingly, will answer calls. They have a negatively skewed sense of their own attractiveness to men as a result of not getting constant feedback through attention-seeking behavior. Girls with high neuroticism/high extraversion who need constant reassurance of their desirability find more pleasure in collecting numbers rather than following up on them. Younger girls have a longer time horizon and a wider suitor horizon so they can afford to dick around. A girl who grew up in a broken household or with a daddy who let his loving kisses linger a little too long will be more likely to flake, but also more likely to feed her low self-worth by fucking you right away.

Single moms will drop their kid off at a baby hatch in order to free up time for a first date with you.

The Bachelor Party

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Contrary to popular chick belief, bachelor parties are lousy last-hurrah pickup opportunities. Nothing screams "ain't getting laid tonight" louder than a roomful of bob evans dropping $20s on lapdances from strippers who get paid to flirt and make a guy think he's Casanova for the time it takes him to slip a buck in her garter. Trust me, bachelorettes, your guy has got no shot. You should send a thank you card to all those working strippers who reminded your future husband how hard-up he'd be without your steady supply of pussy. That's what marriage is — a safety school, a plan B, for guys who wouldn't know what to do with the new leads.

So when I'm at bachelor parties I know the best way to make the night worthwhile is to come with two goals in mind. Goal one is for my buddies. We pound shots, we eat a zoo's worth of meat at Churrascaria, we stumble into Scores and rate the strippers until we find the perfect half-Thai, half-Norwegian beauty for the man of honor and give her a couple hundred to grind her ass into him for 3 minutes. When they're tapped out, they plead with some strippers to join us, after their shifts, at the next stop, a trendy upper east side lounge. *"Sure, handsome, sounds fun, but how 'bout another private dance?"*

Goal two is to wipe the stink of lameness off me after having spent good money for the privilege of looking at, but not touching, naked girls. I'm glad my buddies will have fond memories of empty wallets and killer hangovers, but I demand more of myself. A bachelor party to me is another night out to pickup women and wing for my single friends. Unfortunately for them and for the women who secretly want to be seduced, they have zero game. Drunken assertiveness is not a winning formula.

We arrived at the bar/lounge where one guy's brother bartends, and revved up the drinking once again. I paced myself because I need my wits to run proper game. They were disappointed the strippers didn't show up. The ratio was not good, so when a cute, late 20s woman walked in at 1AM and sat at the bar **alone** it was like tossing chum to circling sharks. A phalanx of my friends seven deep approached this girl and opened her in unison. Now that's attractive. She didn't seem to mind, though, and I watched from a comfortable vantage point as the scene escalated into an embarrassing spectacle of seven guys sitting in a semi-circle all facing one girl peppering her with questions and meandering slice-of-life stories. Every time she was about to speak, the whole posse leaned in like she was EF Hutton. It was as if they took everything a guy should know about basic game and did the opposite. One quick glance at her eyes told the tale — there wasn't a hint of attraction. It was the indulgent look of a dog lover watching puppies climb her leg. This went on for almost an hour. Occasionally, one of the guys would peel off and walk back to me with a progress report.

"hey man, check this out, I think I can get this chick's number."
"yo, dude, waddaya think? she's giving me the signals, eh!"

More useless chitchat. By now, the guys were throwing everything at her. There were bottles of beer and full shots all over the bar behind her; they were buying her drinks faster than she could drink them.

"I'm in, man. don't tell my girlfriend! this is in the vault, right? right?!?"
"she's hot. I'm gonna get her alone and work my magic."
"I know this is XXXXX's night, but this chick is into me! He won't mind if I take off with her."

Once in a while, one of the married guys in our crew would join the fray and throw down with his rusty wingman skills. Let me tell you, there is no worse wingman in the world than a married guy. They mosey in, totally at ease because, you see, they're spoken for and don't feel any pressure to impress girls anymore, and completely monopolize the conversation with boring Adventures from Married Life. They are like Venom's black suit, leeching into every conversational crevice and taking hold, bonding with their hostage over recipe-swapping stories, until all sex appeal is drained out of everyone in a ten block radius. And the best part is they think they are helping their buddies get laid!

The besieged girl finally had had enough and began closing off her body language. Crossed legs to the side, arms folded, eyes wandering around the bar. The guys got the hint and slowly, one by one, aborted the mission. I think they had violated, in the course of an hour, every single rule of the Game. It was quite an achievement. On their way back, they bitched to me about her attitude and wished me good luck in taking a crack at her. My attention turned to the girl, who was now sitting alone again. I suspected she was either just out of a bad relationship or a foreigner new to the city. How else to explain her infinite patience and good natured smiling during this debacle? I waited 15 minutes to give her a breather before moving into position next to her at the bar.

"Do you always do this?"
"Do what?"
"Break seven guys' hearts at once."
"Oh really, is that what you think I did?"
[accent. she's foreign. one suspicion confirmed.]
"It takes a cold person to pull that off. I almost didn't want to talk to you because you're so mean."
"Well, you don't have to, one of those guys still wants to talk with me."
[motioning to the other side of the room] **"He's pissed at your meanness. I'll do my best to fill in and prove to him that you're really a nice girl on the inside."**

We talked for an hour, then moved to another room and sat down on a couch. My other suspicions were confirmed when she told me she'd only been in New York 6 months and had recently broke it off with her boyfriend. She was practically on her own with few friends, nervous about the future, and needing someone to confide in. More than once in our conversation she cried a little. Her Finnish homeland was far away. My hapless buddies had primed her to soak up even minimal game like a sponge. Everything was in place. It was the perfect pickup storm. Ironically, it's situations like these when I back off on running my tightest game and prefer to connect in a very laissez-faire, casual fashion. When a girl is not shit testing me or putting up hoops for me to jump through, when she's genuinely vulnerable, I respond in kind. But I never abandon the fundamentals — seven guys proved to me again what happens when female psychology is ignored in favor of being yourself.

So with a mix of game and sincere interest I learned more about this girl in a night than most husbands bother to know about their wives after years of marriage. 2 hours 45 minutes later we were in her bed. It was the fastest non-inebriated, non-dancing meet to lay time I have ever recorded. It helped that her place was across the street.

The next day, the guys gave me some shit about what had happened. There weren't any hard feelings, but there were complaints along the lines of *"oh, man, I warmed her up for you"* and *"i do the dirty work and you come in to mop up"*. This illustrates one of those guy code issues that skirts a gray area. No guy can claim dibs on a girl just because he talked to her or bought her a drink she didn't want, but at the same time a good friend won't move in on the girl or her girlfriends when his buddy's failed pickup attempt is still fresh. I empathize, so when something like this happens I wait until the guy(s) who opened the girl takes all the time he needs. Usually, I simply leave them and go find a richer target environment.

Which leads me to guy code number two. If a buddy doesn't have game, he shouldn't expect me to put my game on hold for him so that we can commiserate together Iron John-style over tear-stained beers. If he doesn't know that opening a girl with six swinging dicks in tow is an exercise in futility then I am not going to accommodate his bruised ego by letting golden opportunities slip by. Bros before hos except at the close.

A month later I heard from the guy who was getting married that after he told his fiancee about my night he caught flak from her for associating with me as a friend. The news put a smile on my face. When engaged women think I'm a bad influence on their beloveds I know I'm doing something right.

Designer Vaginas

CH · 25 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

So it seems that aging women, all too aware of the loss of sexual power accompanying their fading youth and unable to accept their inevitable decline, are turning the surgeon's scalpel to their private parts. At the risk of losing sensitivity they are chopping away at the low-hanging hammocks their vulvas have become.

> Known as elective genitoplasty, the surgery usually entails shortening or changing the shape of the outer lips, or labia, but may also include reduction in the hood of skin covering the clitoris or shortening the vagina itself.

Just like other types of plastic surgery, they'll probably go too far until the vagina looks like a mannequin cat.

> Men, however, do not usually want the size of their genitals reduced for such reasons.

Scientists are baffled.

> Patients who sought genitoplasty "uniformly" wanted their vulvas to be flat and with no protrusion, similar to the prepubescent look of girls in Western fashion ads, they found.

One piece of advice, ladies. Don't fuck with the camel toe. (Snark alert: "Prepubescent" is bittercode for "youthful".)

Wizard sleeve enthusiasts are up in arms:

> It is the negative meaning that makes it into a problem — meanings that can give rise to physical, emotional and behavioural reactions, such as discomfort, self-disgust, perhaps avoidance of some activities and a desire for a surgical fix.

Yes, right, negative meaning. That's the ticket. Maybe older women and the betas who go down on them just think adolescently smooth, tight vulvas look prettier than wrinkled, floppy bologna slices? Everything else on a young woman looks better than the older version of herself, so why would vaginas be exempt from this natural law? Gravity and cell senescence don't give the genitalia a pass. These modern day Puritans need to stop badgering people for their decisions to delay the horrors of aging as long as possible with the tools of science.

I figure most of the nip/tucking is being done to older vaginas that have suffered one too many blows — childbirth, piercings, repeated slammings by large cocks, vibrator overuse — and now flap like bedsheets hung to dry in the spring breeze. Since I stopped dating women less than 5 years younger than me once I reached my late 20s, I can only go by the mature porn I watch religiously to satisfy my secret fetish for things that gross me out to the point of seizure. And old cooze is not a pretty sight. Obese women with grossly distended vulva may be getting their vaginas refashioned, but if that's the case, if I were their plastic surgeon I would tell them to concentrate on other parts of the body first, like the parts that are actually seen by people.

Young women with genetically oversized labia might be availing themselves of this procedure as well, but their numbers must be few in comparison to the older patients. There is a lot of variance in the shape and size of the young pussy, but it's the kind of variance that is still pleasing to the eye. I feel bad for the girl who is way outside the norm in labial aesthetics for her age group. It's like having what could've been a sexy mole right *on* the lip instead of slightly above it.

The Limits of Game

CH · 29 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Game is now packaged, marketed, and taught to tens of thousands of men in the US. At the rate the major businesses are growing and the books are selling, it's possible that 10 million or more American men will have some knowledge of the fundamentals of game within a few years. This is a not-insignificant number. A percentage of those men will put forth the effort and apply what they've learned to their dating lives. When a critical love-em-and-leave-em juncture is reached, I believe the country will go through another social revolution similar to the great upheaval of the 1960s. What lies beyond is anyone's guess, though I have my personal theories.

The art of seduction is not a new discovery, but it's transformation into a science that can be executed in the field to produce relatively reliable results is new. If Voltaire were alive today he would recognize a familiar scene of thousands of men talking away their ugly faces to bed their queens of france, but what would strike him as novel is the calculated efficiency and cooperative effort with which these 21st century voltaires, tools of science in hand, eviscerate and demystify the age-old quest of winning a woman's heart and spreading her legs. I imagine he would be saddened that the beauty and grandeur of the chase had been stripped to its bones and displayed textbook-like for the edification of legions of aspiring seducers.

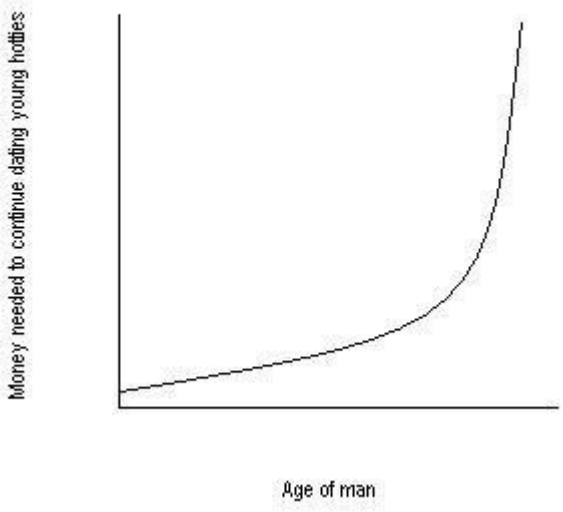
The rise of the era of Game is not hard to explain. Particular social conditions in conjunction with fresh knowledge and rapid information transfer practically guaranteed a new world order of more cads, less dads. Ironically, feminism helped midwife this beast. The free love anti-trust breakup of women's monopoly over sex and their increased financial independence dissolved the primary pillars of marriage. The wheels were set in motion, yet the Sexual Revolution 2.0 didn't kick into high gear until the mid 1990s when some very astute and horny guys found in the teachings of darwinistic evolutionary psychology the blueprint for getting what they wanted from women.

A shortcut had been discovered. Now, instead of toiling for years as a cog in the machine, giving til it hurt, to win the heart of a marriageable woman in a socially-approved manner, men were, in effect, mimicing the traditional alpha male through a process of data compression. The confident body language and cocky humor of the CEO or BigLaw sleazebag could be had by the common man for pennies on the dollar.

Most men scoff at this. It takes many demonstrations by pioneers before the average guy will lose his long-held beliefs about how the world works. Even those guys who know about game and have immersed themselves in it like a religious follower at a tent revival find it difficult to change their old ways. For now, the status quo continues to be the default assumption. Marriage, rigged as it is against men in its current configuration, is still the norm people aspire to. And that is where game (to date) has fallen short; it is a great tool for pickup but needs refining for application in longterm relationships.

A lot of pie in the sky acolytes of game miss the bigger picture. There are some very immutable laws of human nature that the best game in the world won't circumvent. Age is one of them. A 90 year old man will not score 20 year old coeds on the strength of game alone. He'll need compensating factors, in massive quantities. Fame and vast wealth are proven sexual value enhancers. Without game, a man would need a steadily increasing pot of money or accumulating social status to satisfy his urge to screw young women. With game, he can afford to slack off a certain amount on the traditional attractiveness measures. In a sense, game is like an extra 5 inches in height or $100K in salary — it gives a man a big leg up in the mating wars.

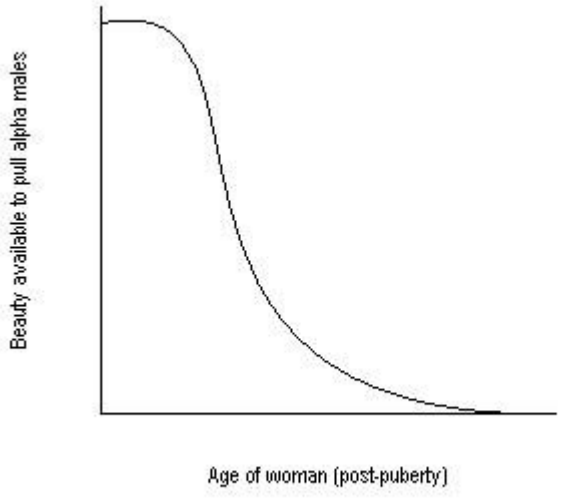
By age 50, the decrepitude of mitochondrial degeneration will really begin to hinder a man's ability to score. Women under 30 will not take his flirting seriously any longer. At this time, the amount of power (in the form of money) he'll need to continue attracting younger women will rise exponentially. In graph form, it would look like this:



For women, their version of game, wealth, social status, and power over men are dependent on one necessary variable: her beauty. Once that goes, (and it usually goes faster for them than it does for men), they are shit out of luck. But for the brief window of time they have their beauty, they hold in their hands the power of the gods.

Since women cannot do much about their looks other than plastic surgery and, marginally, makeup, they have to be more cognizant than men of their time left to secure for themselves the best deal on the sexual market. Time is no friend to anyone, but to women it is especially cruel. When I see mother-daughter duos shopping at the mall I'm always stunned they are related. There isn't a better, or sadder, advertisement for trading up.

Although a woman's looks primarily define her sexual marketability, feminine personality and a willingness to experiment sexually count as well, but those factors only work synergistically with youth and beauty. Women who've hit the wall can wear dresses every day, learn the art of coquettish flattery, and carry a suitcase full of perverted sex toys, but it will be in vain. Men will look past her at the younger versions of herself. Older women (between 30 and 45) who still have a few years of serviceability left in them can compete against the younger competition by putting out right away. Nevertheless, this is a temporary fix. Any man worth having will get his rocks off with the cougar and save his commitment for the kitten. A graphical representation of the market constraints women operate within would look like this:



While game is the next step in the evolution of relations between men and women, it is not an alien technology with diplomatic immunity from human nature that will yield results for everyone under every circumstance. Street bums are not suddenly going to start banging quality pussy, though they may improve their meet to lay ratio with soup kitchen volunteers. For the man who truly wants the life that most men dream about, a multi-front attack improving his finances, physical well-being, and game, with one eye on the ticking clock, is the only way to go.

She Eats Her Peas One at a Time

CH · 30 May 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Women don't have to be the only ones to enjoy the fine art of pigeonholing the opposite sex based on superficial attributes like his choice in cologne, the color of the buttons on his striped shirt, or whether his fly is undone. Now men, too, can peer into the soul of prospective mates using the flimsiest criteria. At least some of the idiosyncrasies I look for have the imprimatur of science behind them.

Is her index finger longer than her ring finger?

If so, she's a girly girl. Normal in most respects. I won't expect surprises from her. If, otoh, her ring finger is longer she will probably be more assertive, less coy, hornier, more logical, and slower to fall in love. She will have likely played a team sport at some point in her life. She may dress like a tomboy. She'll employ an array of head games, but with an emphasis on the aggressive part of passive-aggressive. Odds are she plays guitar, that most manly of instruments (long ring fingers make fretting easier).

Does she have lots of dark forearm hair?

Girls with this have more circulating testosterone. They will be more likely to sleep with you by date 3. Although forearm hair on a girl is unattractive, rejoice when you see it, because it means the moment of sexual congress is nigh.

Is her heart line broken?

Read her palm. It's an integral part of any man's pickup routine. Even the most intelligent and educated girl will suspend her disbelief when the subject turns to the paranormal. Does she have a lot of hatch marks on her heart line? Hatches, or interruptions, in the heart line mean you are one lover amongst many. Don kevlar condoms.

Which finger does she accessorize with ring(s)?

Excluding wedding bands and dowries in the shape of diamond engagement rings, the ancient Greeks had a system of associating each finger with a god. The finger she puts her ring on represents the god to whom she pays homage. You'll see a lot of DC women wearing their rings on their index fingers, the finger of Zeus, symbolizing leadership, control, and power. Expect a woman with an index finger ring to enjoy sex on top, demonstrating her subjugation of you, a mere mortal. She may even choke you a little… watch for icepicks. A ring on her middle finger, representing Dionysus, means she's a jump-up-on-the-bar, lookatme chick.

Does she have a large trashy tattoo anywhere near an erogenous zone?

Slut.

Does she sport one small tattoo not of a butterfly or Chinese symbol?

She's a good girl with a healthy libido yearning for some harmless excitement. Don't make the mistake of assuming she's a slut. She's just waiting for you to think that. Her benign tattoo smokes out the judgemental pricks (narrator excluded).

Does she carry a small purse?

She's practical! She's down to earth! She has the right values! The small purse says so many positive things about a woman — it's only big enough to hold the essentials, like cell, lipstick, gum; it's easy to carry so she'll focus more on your conversation than on how best to maneuver a monster purse into a comfortable yet showy position; and it doesn't insist upon itself that the world recognize her fashion savvy. Introduce her to Mom.

Does she carry a humongous designer handbag?

Opposite of above. Her god is materialism, her goal is status, her groin is gonorrific. Feel free to crush her heart as

callously as possible. It's dominate or be dominated when you tangle with a giant-purse-carrying wench.

Is she a redhead?

Naughty nympho. Sex with her will be amazing. Sign her waiver absolving her of any culpability for damages incurred as a result of the future depraved acts she will put you through. Think I'm glibly stereotyping redheads? Check this out:

> From the 19th century Cesare Lombroso reports the hair color frequencies of whorish Women Offenders Against Chastity:
>
> | | Criminal | Normal |
> |---|---|---|
> | Fair-haired | 26% | 12% |
> | Dark-haired | 26% | 20% |
> | Red-haired | 48% | 0% |
> | Chestnut haired | 41% | 68% |

Stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air, you know. Once your sultry redhead has corrupted your tender heart, pop the question:

"Did you steal my wallet?"

Is she a blonde?

She might be dumb…

> Of the 50 subjects with learning disabilities, 10 (20%) were blond. In contrast, 121 of 1067 subjects without learning disabilities were blond (11%)… subjects with learning disabilities were nearly twice as likely to be blond compared with non-LD subjects…. These results raise the possibility that melanin may be involved both in the development of motor dominance and independently in the devilment of neural systems which, when maldeveloped, result in learning disabilities. (Schachter, Ransel & Geschwind (1987) Associations of Handedness with hair color and learning disabilities Neuropsychologia 25: pp. 275)

…but more likely she's just got a big bloated head from all the guys slobbering over her. Show her off to your friends while satisfying your cravings for hot, wet, sheet-twisting boom boom with the ponytailed brunette you met at a crafts fair.

It finally happened

CH · 4 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

After a lifetime of enjoying the spacious accommodations of the handicapped stall, an actual handicapped man entered the restroom while I was in there using it.

His walker clicked on the tiled floor as he approached huffing and grunting the whole way. He stopped in front of my stall, the feet of his walker in full view under the door jamb, and pushed impotently on the locked door. A loud snort followed and he shambled into the adjacent, normal-sized stall. For what seemed like an eternity he negotiated the tight space, stumbling and banging into the walls, grabbing onto the tp dispenser for support. Twice, his walker tipped over when he tried to lean it against the stall.

Now I am not a guy who languishes in guilt. Cheating, lying, stealing, breaking hearts… it's all part of the wonderful fabric of life. Like Donald Trump said about his divorces: "The guilt last for five minutes, then you get over it." But this made me feel bad, real bad. I responded as only an honorable gentleman would — I hightailed it out of there before he could see my face.

Toilet Week Flushes On

CH · 5 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

You know how we guys are – when we get an idea in our heads we focus on it to the exclusion of all other thoughts, clinging like barnacles. Girls don't understand this tendency because they live in a world where conversations flit around from topic to topic like butterflies in a field of daisies.

So in keeping with the present obsession, here's news that vindicates domesticated indentured servants married or cohabiting men everywhere: it is actually more efficient to keep the toilet seat up.

> In this paper, we show conclusively that the social norm of leaving the toilet seat down after use decreases welfare and by doing that we hope to convince the reader that social norms are not always welfare enhancing. Hence, there is a case for scientifically examining social norms and educating the masses about the fallacy of following social norms blindly.

What this paper is basically saying is that a cost-minimizing analysis of total number of toilet seat raisings and lowerings favors the man's point of view since he uses the seat in both the down and up positions (#2 and #1) while the woman uses it only in the down position (unless she's kinky). But of course the norm is what it is because the toilet seat issue, like so many other ridiculously petty issues magnified to the point of craziness by women, is really a litmus test of a man's love for her. A woman needs constant reassurance that her man cares for her and the simple act of asking if he cares just won't do — he has to show it even if it means incurring a time and effort cost as shown in the study above. And my time is valuable. If I can save 1.2 seconds not lowering the toilet seat that is an extra 1.2 seconds I have to dedicate to more productive enterprises.

Waving this paper in the face of his nagging woman will get a man nowhere. Logic is not how to appeal to the fairer sex. I suggest framing the debate this way:

"Baby, I know you love me, but it would be amazing if we could… *{pause. gaze longingly at her}*… imagine a time six months from now…. looking back on this moment…. *{stroke her cheek}*… as the beginning of our

future together… when we reached incredible new heights of love and passion… by sharing… one for the other… the ups and downs of our beautiful toilet seat… *{caress her neck}*… to bring total hapPENIS to our lives… it's like feeling like we're on a roller coaster at the top of the hill… waiting to go over… feeling that anticipation that starts in your toes and travels your whole body through your arms and just goes… all through you… *{trace your finger down her chest}*… and down… here… and here… till you go over and the rush of excitement radiates out of you like a cord… growing stronger and stronger… connecting to me…. connecting us…. can you just feel that, right there?"

If she's not blowing you with tongue action that feels like an epileptic serpent and simultaneously lowering the toilet seat before you even finish the last words, then trade her in for a chick who's blood doesn't run with liquid nitrogen.

Dennis Kucinich: Alpha Male

CH · 7 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Guys see a picture like this and think to themselves “wow, if he can land a babe, there’s hope for any guy.” Clearly, Dennis Kucinich has landed an alpha babe. And not just a tabloid exploiting fame seeking fly-by-night whore. These two lovebirds are married. It is clear from her body language and how she speaks of him that she truly loves him. How is this possible? Examining the basic facts, we see a large disparity in their relative sexual attractiveness.

1. he is much shorter than her
2. he is goofy looking; she is a beautiful, lithe, redheaded bombshell
3. he is a lot older than her (31 year age difference. she’s 29, he’s 60)
4. she is feminine. he is… feminine
5. he has unicorn and rainbow politics

So how did he do it?

We get a hint of that in a couple of quotes from his wife, Elizabeth:

> People who see us together understand – they see our connection. And it's not like I'm some ditsy young thing and he's an old fogey. He has the wisdom of an ancient and the energy of youth. Dennis says to me, 'I've never seen myself as time-bound. When you make a connection on a soul level, age is not important.'

So Dennis has managed to neutralize the age objection by acting (and looking) more youthful. This does not surprise me. Younger women appreciate a youthful outlook on life. Yes, acting young brings with it the risk of seeming immature, especially to older women looking specifically for an older man, but the risks are outweighed by the benefit of appealing to a much broader base of young women.

Another thing that comes through in her quote is the connection they share. Connection, or mutual understanding, is one of the least understood (especially by men) and yet most important factors in what keeps a relationship strong. Elizabeth was probably intrigued by Dennis at first because of his position of power as a US congressman, but his hippy dippy personality perfectly in tune with her whimsical "child of the soil" bohemian style sealed the deal. They are on the same wavelength.

Here's another quote:

> As for having a family – Elizabeth says she would like children some day – Dennis says, 'There's no problem there.'

From this we can conclude that Dennis is confident in his ability to get hard and inseminate her with his flower power seed, despite his advanced age. Perhaps his vegan diet keeps his arteries clear and his member functioning. More likely, it is his incredibly hot wife 29 years his junior that helps him spring to action like a horny high schooler. Young beautiful women are like souped-up turbo-charged Viagra/yohimbe/coke cocktails. The majority of middle-aged men using Viagra are looking at the prospect of sex with haggard dumpy wives, so no wonder they

need pharmaceutical assistance.

Connection, youthful vitality, and a high status career. Those are the things that won Dennis his perfect 10, and they were appealing enough for Elizabeth to overlook his numerous shortcomings. Often, when a woman is in love, she will grow to be blind to those negative traits in her man that might've otherwise turned her off when they first met. This is a great example of how differently attraction works for men and women. The mirror image of this situation hardly ever happens. No matter how deep the connection or how youthful the outlook, vanishingly few men will want a relationship with a much older, unattractive woman. They may want to be her friend, but they won't want to fuck her.

The alpha male is not always obvious to the naked eye. How many times have you walked down the street and said to yourself "what the hell is that guy doing with HER?!" Or all those losers you know who've hooked up with women way out of their league. What's going on is that alphaness is not always a baseball bat to the head. Sometimes it is a subtle thing, imperceptible to outsiders, a way he walks and moves or how he handles himself in conversation.

Or maybe Dennis has a 12″ cock.

A Quick and Dirty Dating Guide to Foreign Girls

CH · 12 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Like most measurement tools of the quality of a man's game, the flag metric doesn't account for a girl's hotornotness, but it is still superior to the notch count because foreign girls do have subtle differences in their outlook on life, their behavior during courtship, and their opinions of men that will test the flexibility and resourcefulness of a guy's game. The sum total of a foreign woman is more than her ethnic cuisine. It makes sense that, for example, a Japanese girl and a Peruvian girl will yield very differenct experiences for the player attempting to bed them.

Not knowing the distinguishing traits of whatever foreign girl a guy is trying to pick up won't kill his chances with her because the fundamentals of game are universal, handed down from the cosmos like the ten commandments of poon*. The tried and true methods will work regardless of her country of origin. Nonetheless, knowledge of her ethnic idiosyncrasies will put a man way ahead of his competition.

The one structural advantage any guy has with foreign girls, namely the allure of the exotic (hybrid vigor for you science wonks), is not something that can be learned. I assume it counts for some fraction of my interactions with them, but since most of the foreigners I met were in the US at the time and surrounded by "exotic" American men I don't think that advantage played much role.

The following observations are based on the foreign girls I have been with for more than a one night stand. All of them were recent (less than one year) emigres. Feel free to extend these gross generalizations to the entire ethnic group.

Russian – I have a thing for Russian chicks and Eastern European chicks in general. Their apple faces and chiclet teeth make my loins sing. The toughest part of gaming them occurs right at the beginning, getting progressively easier once the front line defenses are breached. They are a challenge to approach because they compose themselves with an icy aloofness that tells a guy he will get his balls handed to him if he dares interrupt her calculated repose with a "hi". Once opened, the Russian chick will shit test you like there's no tomorrow. Her barrage of caustic rudeness will shock you and leave lesser men reeling. This defensive mechanism has been honed from a lifetime of dealing with Russian men who went caveman on her with direct game. The important thing to keep in mind is that her initial flurry of verbal blows is a paper tiger. Successfully parry her and you'll notice her eyes immediately light up with attraction. Underneath the chilly exterior she harbors an uncontrollable desire to submit to a worthy man. If you are that man, she'll transform from bitchy ice queen to sultry seductress in a flash. Sex with them will be like nothing you've ever experienced with an American woman. They are ravenous in the sack and love to be dominated. Their submissive posturing and obvious delight at servicing your sexual ~~perversions~~ needs will make you feel like a man who missed the memo on the feminist revolution. When she gives knob jobs, which is often, you will sense right away that she enjoys every minute of it and is not just doing it out of obligation — your dick may as well be a vodka popsicle. Don't be surprised if she sweetly asks you if you'd like to do her in the ass the first time you make love with her. There is only one answer to that question. Caveats: Get to them before they hit 30; after 30 it's instant babushka. Also, Russians are incredibly manipulative. They can smell fear upwind. If she is able to get to your soft underbelly, she'll rip you open. Don't ever show weakness or let her know she's won you over. An old Russian proverb says: *Once a woman captures a man's heart, she loses interest.* This is doubly true for Russian women.

Polish – The second most warm-hearted, selfless, and charming girl I have ever been with was a Polish girl who, unbeknownst to me until the last days of our fling, happened to be married. Which shows that even angels with a heart of gold are capable of infidelity. Contrary to the ethnic jokes, Polish girls are not stupid. They are sharp and funny and hopelessly romantic. Yes, Polish girls are more romantic than even French or Italian girls. Their romantic idealism is not as stylistic as the French nor as passionate as the Italians, but it goes deeper and they feel it more strongly. If you recite a poem you wrote to a Polish girl on a date, she will love you for it without a hint of

cynicism. They are less materialistic than most and that is reflected in their strong connection to nature and the supernatural. You will get more mileage out of watching a sunset with her than with any other type of girl. A Polish girl will fall in love with you the second your dick grazes her labia. Most Polish girls are naturally thin — they don't exercise much but they don't eat much either.

Czech – These are the new "it" girls of Europe. They are all unconventionally hot. Czech porn is bookmarked in my browser. Czech girls love buying you things and they relish the sappy romantic phase of courtship. *"Let's take a walk under the moonlight"* is a common refrain you'll hear from her. Czech girls have embraced the feminist dogma of the West yet remain tied to the traditional dating mores of Eastern Europe which makes for a lot of hypocrisy. But that's OK, because all you need to be is an oak tree for her to lean on through the storm of her emotions. The one Czech girl I was with was average in bed. Clearly, the American sense of entitlement had corrupted her after only a few months in the country.

Estonian – It has been said that the hottest girls in the world hail from Estonia's capital Tallinn. I believe this is correct. My next trip abroad will be to Estonia. Like other European women, Estonians dress stylishly, are comfortable in their womanly skin, are naturally svelte, and love the company of men. They hate Russians so if you want to win points with her drop a casual anti-Russian remark about how you heard their women drive their men to drink and an early death. Most Estonian women are 9s and 10s with the approachability index of 6s and 7s, so when you find the rare one in the US you absolutely must go for it. They like to wear baby tees that accentuate their ample Baltic bosoms. Estonian women are so beautiful their 40 year olds are more fuckable than America's 25 year olds. If you are smart, spend the day with your Estonian lover being seen at your favorite pick up spots in the city. When she goes back to her country, she will leave you the parting gift of unbelievable social proof you can cash in for six months of American tail.

French – Fashionable, coquettish, flirtatious, worldly. These stereotypes are accurate. Hairy armpits, anti-American, and loose? Inaccurate. True to their image, French girls love to be seduced as much as they love seducing. Just make sure you know what you're doing. Heavy-handedness or clumsiness during the pick up will turn her off. Subtlety is key, even if it's cheesy subtlety. Play hard to get with a French girl; they eat that shit up. Emphasize the "tortured brooding artist" angle a la Ethan Hawke in 'Great Expectations'. If you have a rudimentary knowledge of black and white photography, offer to take her picture. Nitpick her tiny flaws while you are arranging the shot — *"this lighting is bringing out the severity in your nose. here, let's just move your head this way. perfect!"* The French have an inflated sense of self-worth so open a 6 the way you would open a 9. Don't expect her to fall in love with you just because you penetrated her. Do expect her to have other lovers on the side. If she moves back to France you will never hear from her again.

Finnish – If you think teasing is all part of the fun of flirting, you will not get along with a Finn. Joking banter that arouses an American girl will send a Finn rearing up with indignation at your effrontery. You will be left scratching your head at how someone could be so hypersensitive to your playful humor. I used to call my Finnish girl "finn-skinned". She almost cried. The upside is that a Finn chick is a naif in the art of head games, so you'll never have to deal with her flirting with other guys in a bar just to make you jealous. Finns are introverted. There is a sly Finnish joke that goes: *How can you tell if you're talking to an extroverted Finn? He looks at your shoes.* But don't mistake this aversion to sociability for weakness. Remember, these are the people who held off a much larger Soviet invading force. And the best sniper in history was this guy. A Finn girl's introversion hides a surprising strength of character. She won't tolerate her man walking all over her. Fiercely loyal and commitment-oriented, Finns make fantastic girlfriends. More than other women, Finns appreciate small gestures like spontaneously buying her a rocket pop from an ice cream truck. Finn girls smell fantastic and look ten years younger than their age.

Chinese – These girls are sensitive and hold to traditional beliefs about dating and courtship. Seducing them ham-fistedly will backfire. If she is hot, don't bother with backhanded compliments or other similar tactics designed to put a girl on the defensive about her beauty, as the Chinese girl, like the Finnish girl, will take everything you say at face value. A little game goes a long way with Chinese girls, especially if you are a white guy. They are natural

caretakers and will be very supportive of you while you are going through a tough time. While they don't have a reputation as romantics, they are in fact quite loving and affectionate. They are not as earth-shaking in bed as the Russians, but they can make love for hours on end and have an encyclopedic knowledge of fornication positions. They have a kinky streak. Odds are you'll get a finger up your ass in the middle of sex. Oh, and it's true, Chinese girls are very tight and have soft skin like teenage vulva.

Romanian – Romanian girls come from a very tough land, one of the poorest countries in Europe, and this stressful upbringing has molded them into very traditional marriage-minded women. Dating them will be like a time warp to the 1950s. At least, that's what I've heard from friends who have dated them. Unfortunately, the Romanian girl I hooked up with had been in the US for years. It showed. I only include her to demonstrate what a pernicious effect American life has on a foreign woman. Occasionally, I caught glimpses of her former self — the bouyant whimsy, the joie de vive, the optimism, the humbleness. Too bad her soul was slowly getting crushed.

Ukrainian – see Russian if from east Ukraine; Polish if from west ukraine.

So there you have it. Be thankful if you live in a US major metro area. These cities attracts many foreign girls. Once you start dating them, you'll wonder why you ever bothered with American women. The only downside is getting rusty at dating American girls. When your foreign lover leaves, there will be a difficult period of withdrawal as you adjust to the realities of dating the local scene again and all that it entails – the princess issues, the status whoring, the cellulite, the attention seeking, the bitterness, the neuroses, the strident anti-feminine careerist beyotch militancy. It will be enough to make you want to pack up and leave.

**more on this later.*

L’accident de voiture tue la famille, mes amours.

CH · 14 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

She can tell you about the plane crash
with a gleam in her eye.

Frequently cited as the world’s most beautiful news anchor, this girl perfectly balances her femininity with the unnatural burdens of being a modern ambitious careerist woman. Very few women can pull this off, but if I had to guess I’d say French women come closest. No matter how masculine their pursuits, French women never seem to lose touch with their inner sexy seductress. Watch how she sits with her shoulders slightly scrunched up, how she subtly flirts with the audience through a raised eyebrow or a jutting bosom or fingers run absentmindedly through her hair. This woman is aware of her beauty and is happy to let men watching her enjoy it. There is not a hint of what Fred Reed calls “the Chip”. She is at peace with the fact that her power derives from her looks. American women should take note.

Check out her goods at 2:11 seconds. *magnifique derriere!*

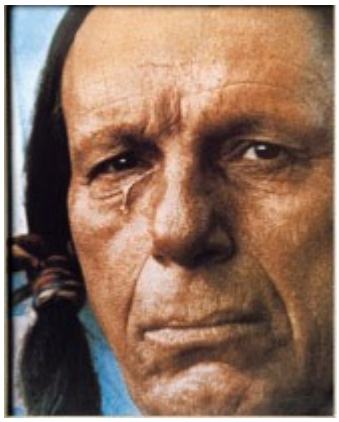
Something flew in my eye

CH · 15 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

When is it OK for a man to cry?

Never.
When his dog dies.

These are the two historically acceptable answers, but there's room to open the floor for a couple more as long as certain preconditions are met. First, one tear and one tear only is allowed. Anymore, and the line is crossed into blubbering. Second, the guy must be completely oblivious to his one tear. Or at least act like he's oblivious. His face should be still; there should be no trembling of the lip or move to wipe away the tear. When that tear falls he should be looking solemnly into the far distance, as if his one tear were pregnant with so much philosophical profundity the world isn't worthy of his expression of sadness. The right way to cry is like this guy:



not an indian!

When women cry, which they do often and unexpectedly ("why are you crying?" "sometimes a girl just needs to cry!"), it's like a chimney sweep for their emotions. Similar to the way aggression and horniness gets bottled up in men, the whole panoply of emotions builds up to toxic levels in women rendering them incapacitated until they escape to a private space and unleash a torrent of tears. The deluge scrubs their brains' wiring and everything settles back into a normal operating state.

Men don't need to deal with this minefield of competing emotions so when a guy sheds that one magnificent droplet you know it is full of meaning. When you see a guy choked up, you don't say to yourself *"oh god, there he goes again"*, you say *"damn, that's gotta be hard."*

A guy knows to honor the code and people's expectations of what it means to be a man by crying only when the tragedy is grave. For instance, a fellow soldier's death on the battlefield. Loss of a close family member (extended family like cousins don't reach the level of tear-shedding. Subdued facial demeanor is enough.) A lump in the throat is permitted during the scene in 'Cinderella Man' when Russell Crowe's Depression-era character promises his first-born son that he'll never have to go to his aunt's again because there wasn't enough food on the table.

A brief glaze across the eyes is acceptable on the last note of this aria, when no one's watching, and you understand what the lyrics are about:

ps: check out the female judge's O-face at the 2:13 mark.

Gay Bars are Great Pick Up Joints

CH · 18 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

…for straight men. It's not usually what guys think of when they're choosing happy hunting grounds, but the gay bar has many advantages going for it that the typical hetero bar does not. The key is to limit your forays to the dainty side to **informally** gay bars. These are the establishments that don't attempt to skirt anti-discrimination laws with "no high heels" door policies intended to keep women out. Gay guys go to these bars in numbers exceeding random distribution, but the overall vibe is ambiguous. Along with the gays, you will find many women and a few straight men, as well as question marks. If you are a young, reasonably good-looking straight man you will not feel uncomfortable walking into this kind of place.

Formally gay bars, while not designated as such in the strict legal sense, are widely known to be hangouts specifically catering to gay men. Straight men and lesbians never step foot in these places. Straight women will occasionally patronize the hardcore gay bar, but the practice is frowned upon by the regulars. If you are a young, reasonably good-looking straight man and you walk into one of these bars you will feel like a rape victim waiting to happen. All eyes will be on your crotch. You will feel urges to slouch and conceal your pecs with crossed arms and to avoid eye contact with anyone.

Most straight men live in deathly fear of their masculinity being questioned and so will never think to seek out a pick up location that features more than a tiny coterie of token gays. But these are exactly the venues that afford the best opportunities for picking up women. Let's examine the evidence:

- Straight women number almost as many as would be found in a straight bar, especially at the beginning of the night when they are getting warmed up.
- Considerably fewer straight men (the competition) than would be found in a straight bar.
- The flirtations of the gay men are kept in check by the ambiguous ambience; they can never be sure who is gay and who isn't.
- Gays bring enthusiastic fun fun fun wherever they go. Their infectious fun germ lifts the spirits of all the women, making your job of amping up their emotional state a lot easier. It's a piece of cake to open a woman who is all smiles and giggles rather than one with a dour look and her back turned to the entire room.
- You can fly under the radar. She'll assume you are gay on your approach. Defensive shields down, thermal exhaust port in sight.
- Gay guys provide lots of situational opener material with their antics and overwrought drama. Example: *I think that guy just flashed his boob at me. I feel like a piece of meat. I can tell you're really enjoying having the tables turned on us guys.*
- All the gayness will magnify in comparison the dangerous sexiness of your straight male presence. The harmless and safe fun of the gays will make her vulnerable to your predatory aura.
- The gay guys will social proof you, in a way. While it's not as good as being seen with an attractive woman, a gay man telling everyone in earshot what a juicy hunk of beefcake you are is bound to elicit some feelings of intrigue in the girls you'd like to impress.

The most important thing to keep in mind is that the male-female ratio in your venue of choice will determine your success at hooking up more than any other factor besides the skill level of your game. How many times have you noticed in bars where the men heavily outnumbered the women the 5s and 6s behaving with the haughtiness of 9s and 10s? Artificially inflated demand is never a good quality in women. But gay guys throw all that out of whack. When half the men aren't remotely sexually interested in the women their market price takes a nosedive. If you are really good, you can enlist a gay guy who has a crush on you to wing for you. Just keep him guessing that one day you might convert.

You Know Your Metrosexualization is Complete When

CH · 20 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Your friend leaves this voicemail for you:

> yeah, lemme guess, you're at a sidewalk cafe, a little table, watching people walk back and forth, having a croissant or quiche, drinking some imported beer and making snide comments.

and you were, in fact, doing exactly that.
my hair is windblown indoors!

“I’m Saving Myself for an Asshole”

CH · 20 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Last minute resistance is how players describe the general tendency of women to throw hip checks and shoulder blasts right before the blessed consummation. Guys who are unable to control their state at this critical juncture, when they are at their horniest, will fail the LMR test. If you’re a new age sensitive man you could give her a sympathetic hug when she resists your advances and wait for another day/month/year. And then watch your balls ascend in direct proportion to her plummeting respect for you. But if you want results, there are a few ways to neutralize LMR once it begins.

- Agree in words, but not in action. Simply affirm whatever doubt she voices as if you are going to do what she says, but go on moving the seduction forward. *“It’s too soon.” “I agree.” “Maybe we should slow down.” “I agree.” “But we hardly know each other.” “I agree.” “OMG, there’s no way I can fit that.” “I agree.”* This tactic works better if you pull back a little every time she complains. Let’s say you have a hand on her breast. If she hits the brakes, you move your hand off and stroke the outside of her leg, then move it back up to her breasts after a minute. Repeat ad nauseum. With some girls you will be saying *I agree* 20 or 30 times before she succumbs. Patience and persistence are your best allies now.
- Seduce her. This tactic requires more intelligence because you’ll be attempting to talk her out of her second thoughts. It’s a more direct approach to dealing with the virgin on her shoulder whispering in her ear to slow down, so you’d better know what you are doing because the more you talk the more you risk saying something logical that’ll kill the mood. The key is to distract her from logical thinking and make her focus on her runaway emotions, which is every women’s Achille’s heel. A seduction which fries her circuits would sound like this:

> Sometimes we need to lose ourselves to find ourselves, don’t you think? The most passionate relationships start instantly, like you both knew it was destined to happen, and nothing getting in the way of that would feel right. It’s crazy, isn’t it? I have been making love to you from the moment I saw you.

- Preempt her. This is my preferred method, and probably the most effective. You make your intentions known then immediately acknowledge a barrier to fulfilling those intentions. *I want to kiss you all over, make love to you all night, and hold you close in the morning, but we should get to know each other first.* Or, if the barrier is external: *I’d fuck you against that tree right now like we were animals in the woods, but a hiker might walk by and see us.* This shows her you understand her. Plus, it relieves the pressure she’s feeling without sacrificing the sexual tension. Then when she’s later ripping off her clothes she will rationalize that you both got caught up in the moment despite the barriers to sex.
- Freeze her out. Some girls are pure unfiltered evil. Hours of foreplay that lead to zero conclusion can inflate a man’s sack to a medically inappropriate breaking point. Cockteasing in the bedroom is pure power play. Solution? Be careful not to show exasperation by getting up and doing something random. Start working on a painting. *“What are you doing?” “Painting.” “Why?” “I just got an idea for the color scheme here. I want to get it down before it disappears.*” [Students of NLP will notice the embedded language of loss anchored to the moment.] She’ll likely re-initiate.

If none of the above work, stop bothering. There will come a point when persistence turns into desperation. If she’s really adamant about saving herself for the 100th date instead of the 99th, bump her down the queue. She is now a second class citizen to the other girls in your world. Your sex and love are valuable and if she wants another shot with you she’ll have to prove herself.

Every BJ Begins with De Beers

CH · 21 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In this era of financially independent women and easy no fault divorce, it’s time to retire the cultural appendage of johns paying to marry their whores. Since men give up more when they marry, the women oughta be paying them.

The Class Clown Puts Her in the Mood

CH · 22 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

…for laughing.

I'm not a fan of goofball humor to attract girls. She'll laugh her way straight into a platonic friendship with you. This is especially true during the critical first few minutes of meeting her when you are trying to get her to ponder the possibility of sleeping with you. Droll, clever humor, dispensed sparingly, is more effective. Playful humor, or teasing, turns girls on as well. Acting like a clown and constantly joking sends a subliminal message to the sex centers of her brain — ***He's trying too hard. He must be desperate for female attention.***

Self-deprecating humor is the worst kind. Only men possessing the traits that women love can afford to knock themselves down in a humorous fashion. It's similar to the way wealthy men make sure their philanthropy is reported in the press; it's a status display that is very attractive to women because it shows he is financially secure enough to absorb a hit to his resources. For most men, though, self-deprecation is beta.

Cheesy humor has its place. It can often work quite well as an opener under the right circumstances. It won't work in clubs, where loud music and physical jostling compete for a girl's attention, and where she is already smiling and expecting to be hit on. There, your humor will strike her as a lame come-on. But out on the street, or in a store, during the daytime, weird humor can win you an audition with her. She's not expecting to be approached, she's probably in a hurry somewhere, so an offbeat line will put a smile on her face. Distracting a girl from her orderly existence is the first step to fornication. Some lines I have used:

> *I *love* the way you pour ice cubes into a glass.* [spoken to a female bartender]
>
> *You jaywalk with a certain grace.* [girl had crossed intersection and was standing next to me]
>
> *Is there a groom magazine? I can't get enough of weddings!* [to girl reading Bridal Magazine in bookstore. she was single]
>
> *Did you just undress me with your eyes? I feel violated.* [to seamstress measuring a suit for me]
>
> *My puppy ran away with the poolboy. Will you give me a new one? You don't want to see me cry.* [to Adopt-A-Pet girl showing shelter animals on sidewalk]
>
> *Rearrange these five straws into something round.* [straws are lined up side by side] *But you can only move two of them.* [waitress makes attempt and fails] *Here, let me show you.* [I move two straws and make the word TIT]
>
> *Slow down! You deserve a chance to check me out.* [to girl walking quickly towards me]

I know the girls reading this right now are thinking "if a guy said that to me, I would laugh at him, not with him" but reading about pick up lines on a blog is not the same as hearing it in real time when it's totally unexpected. Nevertheless, you don't want to be a stand-up comedian. Those guys are entertainers, not seducers. I wouldn't use dorky humor as a general purpose opener. It has limited application. The classic openers — asking for her opinion on female-friendly topics, situational observations, flirty cockiness — are staples. They'll work in almost any scenario.

If you are a woman with a great sense of humor (you do exist, somewhere) I suggest you hide it during the first few dates with a guy. Most men are intimidated by women they're dating who are funnier than them. And intimidated guys don't satisfy sexually.

An Emotionally Charged Story in 50 Words

CH · 25 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading this book which claims that the workplace future belongs to right-brain thinkers. I don't entirely buy the author's argument (can the U.S. really run on nothing but humanities majors?), but he does include some interesting "creativity enhancing" exercises in the back of the book, one of which is to write a mini-narrative exactly 50 words long, including a beginning, middle, and end.

Here is my Saturday mini-narrative:

Bright sunshine beckoned me and a female companion to the vineyards of Virginia. We arrived with hot afternoon drunkenness in mind. No spitting for us; we swallowed every swig. "Please don't embarrass me," pleaded my companion. Cue embarrassment. I yanked a grape cluster from a vine. We fled, sexually aroused.

Hey Sexy Baby Is That Pepper Spray?

CH · 26 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

The Washington City Paper has an article about DC's eligible bachelors — the guys who catcall women on the street.

Of course, it's not the catcalling (or the flirting or the leering or whatever) that's the problem; it's who's doing it. If [insert favorite male actor/rockstar] were to *Ay, Mami!* women in the bar or on the street, they'd shoot out of their capris like a Slip 'n Slide. Verbal harassment is a subjective experience, even if you have to go way out to the margins to find the subjectivity. The same thing happens to men, too, although to a much smaller degree since men are inherently less protective of their sexual dignity. It gets annoying real fast for a guy when the drunk fat chick starts pawing his chest and thigh and whispering in his ear what she'd do to him with her crisco and dildo machine. Substitute "fat chick" with "random hot chick" or, hell, "average chick without leprosy", and he'd welcome the harassment.

Given that most guys (especially the ones in Mount Pleasant) don't possess the sexual capital of movie stars to pick up girls with primitive catcalling, it's a wonder why guys even bother trying it. Of all the pick up methods, I can't think of any worse than blurting out *Hey hey sexy baby!* at a passing woman. It's right up there with flashing, anonymous love letters, and CL missed connections. Since the women in the article hint that the majority of catcallers are non-white I can only assume that these guys get more positive reactions from non-white women, which encourages them to try it on everyone. They soon learn what they're up against. Like this professional catcaller, Rudy Contreras, says:

> "It's tough in D.C.," he says. "Especially with white girls. They are stuck up, man. Bitches."

It is tough in DC, Rudy, it is. But you're going to have to bring sharper skills than that if you want to bag a trophy prey. A part of me welcomes these stupidly crass comeons because they make me look so much better in comparison, but it's a double edged sword. Women who are frequent recipients of catcalls will harden themselves with 24/7 bitch shields at maximum deflection power, so when a genuine guy like myself comes along who only wants to jizz all over them get to know the real person inside my job is that much more difficult.

With the 40 year old feminist and sexual revolutions now metastasized into every fiber of the culture, women have to realize that they have sacrificed some privileges that are never returning without a rollback of their liberation ideology. Chivalry really is dead. Men see no reason to extend themselves for self-sufficient, egotistical women they aren't fucking, and those few male holdouts who do make a stand for the old ways soon learn to their dismay that chivalry won't earn them the modern woman's sexual attraction — in fact, just the opposite. Chivalry is the unsexy handmaiden of the perpetual loser in love. And so the gollums of the street feel free to harass at will, knowing that Sir Lancelots are few and far between these days.

The flock of young women to the atomized urban jungle practically made harassment a foregone conclusion. In smaller communities where everyone knows each other's business and social connections are less tenuous than in the fractured social scene of the city a woman's father, brothers, male cousins, and uncles would corner the perp with a warning first, a silverback beatdown next. Who'll speak for her in DC? Her male "friends"? Ha. All those guys are angling to get in her pants. They're just less obvious about it than the catcallers.

Reading some of the quotes from the women complaining about street harassment is illuminating, in ways I'm sure they didn't intend. At least half of the women saw fit to mention what they were wearing when they got verbally accosted:

> Late night, walking from car to apartment: From across street, from a guy getting out of his car, hear grunts, kissy noise, and the popular low-pitched "beauuuutiful." I have on jeans, sneaks, puffy winter coat. Puffy

> winter coat.

These women are revealing a deep-seated understanding that, yes, what they wear will have some impact on how men react to them. She is surprised a “puffy winter coat” didn’t stop a guy from whistling at her. I doubt she’ll ever contemplate the direction her logic necessarily takes her — that revealing clothing will attract more unwanted male attention.

My suggestion for the omegas: Deliver your catcalling in Italian, the language of love. You can say just about anything in Italian and make her feel like the most special woman in the world.

> [Italian]Let us make beautiful anal music together, and with my hot seed injection you will bring forth a buttbaby.[/Italian]

Spend some time crafting the perfect pitch. She’ll appreciate the effort.

An Open Letter to My Hypothetical Future Kids

CH · 27 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Dear fruit of my loins,

You're not getting any inheritance. I plan to blow the whole wad on booze, traveling, and Ukrainian hookers. I'm going out with a smile on my face. So prepare for your future.

Forget about a college fund. You think I want to sock away a hefty percentage of my take-home so I can put your ungrateful ass through an overpriced IQ-notarizing ivory tower for the benefit of corporate human resources departments? Fuck you. Save up yourself, get a loan, or learn a trade. The library is free.

Don't come to me for a self-esteem boost. That's your mother's job. I'll tell it like it is. You're getting fat? I'll let you know. You throw like a girl? I've got the video to prove it. That's a father's job; to give you a taste of reality that'll either motivate you to improve or divert your energies into more productive pursuits. Fuck this kumbaya cooperative superfeminized dreamworld shit that's killed the American spirit. I'll give it straight up.

If I catch you masturbating do not look me in the eye. We are never to speak of it. We will act as if nothing ever happened.

On a related note, you are not to disturb me while I am in my masturbatorium.

I will have mistresses because it is the French thing to do. Get used to it.

I will flirt with your unbelievably luscious, hot teenage female friends no matter how old I get. Get used to it.

I will never hit you. Instead, I will mindfuck you until you are hitting yourself for your foolish behavior.

I will love you very much… unless you do things that will make me not love you. Nothing is unconditional in this world. Learn that lesson well.

If someone is causing you undeserved trouble or heartache in your life, you will have no more powerful ally than me. Do not abuse this privilege.

To my daughter: Disownable offenses include stripping, whoring, getting your vag tattooed or pierced, sex with losers, bukkake, home made porn vids, and majoring in womyn's studies at a 36K/year no-name liberal arts college. Choose wisely. If necessary, I will spring for plastic surgery to improve your looks. Trust me, it'll be the best investment a father could possibly make in his daughter.

To my son: You will learn how to say Hi to girls before the age of 16 if it kills you. There will be no Star Trek or Lord of the Rings posters in your room. You will instead have Helmut Newton photographs hanging on your walls and a copy of Mystery Method. I will treat the family dog better than you if you major in anything that doesn't ensure a salary high enough to keep you from grubbing off me. Learn how to throw a punch. If you turn out gay, don't ever bring your "boyfriend" around me. Certain things are best left in the realm of the abstract.

Finally…

if I find out your mother was a two-timing whore and you are not my kid, you will never hear from me again. Kindly direct all your rage her way.

The Pump

CH · 28 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

*"The pump is better than coming in a woman."**

It's been a long while. Some nagging injuries and laziness have kept me out of the gym

(I mean the real gym with plates of iron, not the one you froo froos go to for your spin classes and low impact hiney-toning spazrobics), but I've returned. After only a couple of months the strength and the feeling of being able to take on anything that comes my way is back. And there's no going back to being a couch potato; weight training is just too beneficial not to make it a lifelong commitment. Ferchrissakes, it actually *reverses* the aging process!

Gaining new strength and mass has always been an uphill battle for me. I'm a natural ectomorph, which means women who like barrel-chested stocky men should look elsewhere. If I were playing for the other team, I'd never be invited to any "bear" parties. Getting older also means muscle gains come slower and recovery times between workouts get longer. Injuries happen easier as well, which explains why the older guys in the gym are so focused on proper lifting form. Going to failure on the warm-up set and crashing the bar into your chest on every rep is a fool's game played by the wet behind the ears.

A few things I've noticed about gym culture:

It's not hard to spot the roid muscle from the natural stuff. Guys who juice have a weird inflated look to the muscles, and their skin seems paper thin. Plus, they have the tell-tale "roid gut" which looks like they swallowed a ripped keg. Good for impressing other guys; not so good for impressing girls.

Girls using the hip adductor machine are placing towels over the pelvis. Sweet Jesus, is nothing free anymore? Your privates are already clothed, it's not like we guys are getting a zoomed porno shot of your goods. Taking recreational glimpses in between our sets of girls on this exercise machine, legs spread as wide as they'll go, gives us masturbation material for at least a couple nights. Don't reduce the joy in the world.

Creatine, BCAAs, and whey protein are your best (legal) friends.

The gym pickup is totally possible. Yeah, we've all heard how women don't like to be hit on at the gym where they are "under construction" and not fully prepped to be approached by guys, but nevermind that. I find a spot next to a cutie to do my bike or treadmill warmup, preferably one not wearing headphones, though if she is a light tap on her arm, smiling, and a motion to take off her headphones works well. Here's where I come in with the fun stuff. Never be serious in a gym pickup. That's a killer. Usually there's a TV set nearby so I'll say something like *"I can't believe what's on this TV. Sports again! And golf no less. What's a guy gotta do to watch a little Desperate Housewives in the gym? Is that too much to ask?"* Anything to get her laughing and smiling, because if you look around that's the last thing girls are doing in the gym. Get her attention, open with a situational observation, then playfully flirt. That's the basic formula. Once I'm in, I start vibing. Running the treadmill is fucking boring so most girls I've successfully opened would welcome a 10 minute conversation. I wait for her to start asking me questions, then move into my close. I tell her I have to get back to my *real* workout but that I liked talking with her and we should hang out. Then I suggest a date to meet, usually one not too far in the future. I don't have a phone with me, so I say *"Just give me your number. Don't worry, I have a feeling I won't forget it."* Then I get back to working out so it doesn't look like I'm at the gym to pickup chicks.

Alright, back to throwing iron. Here's motivation to set an example for all those pasty-assed nerdos hiding under their mama's beds:

**Arnold later retracted this statement*

The Pump

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Blue State Euphemism Day

CH · 29 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Babies

[image]

Blue State Euphemism Day

CH · 29 June 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Underwear Party

CH · 3 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

DC isn't the drab monoculture self-important New Yorkers think it is. While the Hill shitlappers, K St parasites, and Georgetown madras shorts-wearing douchebags are justifiably emblematic of much of the shriveled soul of DC, there are niche ecosystems of funky offbeat social scenes that deserve just as much contemptuous mockery as their conformist brethren. One such scene are the unisex hipsters/cokeheads/IT suburban renegades/rich chick freaks that are fixtures at places like Black Cat and Rock and Roll Hotel where people who like to imagine they're bleeding edge mavericks sticking a finger in the eye of DC's stifling conformity go to cohere into tight-knit cliques to backslap in self-congratulation and sneer at those outside their circle jerk of retardation. I love it.

I sometimes roll with this crowd which means my insights are not only true but also revealing of my hypocrisy. This is OK. Hypocrisy is the new irony.

Their version of the backyard BBQ is the underwear party. It's where people of a similar mental derangement go to bond and engage in good neighborliness over Sparks, PBR, toilet seat snorting, sticky club floors and designer boyshorts. I was at one of these and the first thing you notice is the ratio of girls to guys to gays. For straight men looking to get away from the dick farm that is DC on a typical weekend night, you can't beat grimy clubs in shithole parts of town undulating with a fleshy wave of slutty chicks in panties falling over themselves in coked-out bliss. I'd say the ratio was at least 2 to 1 in favor of girls. And of the guys, at least half of them were gay. The other half were straight but you'd hardly know it — there wasn't enough testosterone in the joint to kick a vending machine that ate your dollar.

If you are a guy with trendy (by "trendy", I mean something besides BR or Ken Cole you tool) fashion sense, sly but not overpowering game, and natural cool, you will do well in this environment. The trick is to know people in the scene because gatecrashers are virtually ignored like so much shitty local talent art hanging on the walls.

The girl I went with was a tasmanian devil, twisted into a knot of pure energy, and sexier than a concubine at a Roman feast. When she spoke it was as if her whole body was putting on a Broadway production, hands in perpetual motion, eyelashes batting, hips swaying, jumping, spinning, then stopping to whisper in your ear. Her

sultry yin was locked in mortal struggle with her dynamic yang. She was my polar opposite in some ways, and I think she digged that. So did I.

I knew what I was dealing with the moment I met her. Let a girl talk for 1 minute and she'll hand you enough material to tailor your game perfectly. Once she confessed *"I don't know why but I'm attracted to strangers. I like the thrill of winning them over",* I had her pegged. She craved the chase, she needed the challenge. She wanted to see me making out with other chicks, getting their numbers, always tantalizing her with the dread of loss. She desired men who were desired by other women. Breaking it down in double helix terms, it was my sexy sons she wanted. I'm a natural romantic at heart, but when ass that I want more than all the gold in the world is on the line I can turn ice cold calculating in a heartbeat.

I had my perfect foil in another girl at the party who was interested in me. I had laid the groundwork at the pre-party, teasing her, fake-mocking her, flirting. Bonus: she was a friend of my primary target. The jealousy plotline was set.

I wasn't the only one playing this game. The girl I went with was younger, but just as skilled in the crimson arts. She had invited boys, lots of boys, along with me. She was a grade A attention whore. But I knew she was into me, so all I had to do was stay cool and amuse myself with her provocations. *"That guy you've been talking to is your type. I can see you two together. He's been asking about you all night."* Then, later, making sure the line of sight was clear, I left the building with her friend for a smoke outside. It didn't take long. She followed us outside and asked if I was ready to go. *"In a minute."*

I go on and on about how hard it is to find good girlfriend material in DC, and it's true, but let's face it… these edgy sex-drenched fly-by-night girls who'll break up with you on Valentine's Day are a major turn-on. Although it was inevitable, I hated to see her leave my life. But I would've hated it even more if she had never been a part of it.

Love

CH · 6 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

No one goes on vacation thinking of the long ride home.

What is unique about love is that it alone among all the human desires defines by its absence the utterly meaningless life. With love, the poor person can feel rich as if the struggles of his survival were minor inconveniences. With love, the old person forgets his age. With love, the young person sheds his angst. A man can amass a kingdom's fortune and an emperor's power but without love his worldly successes stand like hollow totems to unhappiness. What good is anything if it doesn't ultimately reach a conclusion in love? The wealthy businessman who spends all his hours in his office and wastes his years whistling past the grave being too busy for love is a loser no less than the unloved degenerate street bum. Sushi tastes better than a 20 dollar bill.

The mischievous thing about love is that as vital as it is to a fulfilling stint in consciousness, it mocks its own importance with reminders that it rests precariously on a foundation of some very banal preconditions. People fall out of love and it is rarely for lofty reasons. A man loves a woman until she gains 50 pounds. A woman loves a man until he loses his job and goes unemployed for months on end. And when that pretty face turns ashen and carved with the years will it really be love anymore? Those crass attraction buttons still have to be pressed for love to appear and then to sustain itself. Self-delusion about the dirty business behind love is not only required, it's inevitable. Why ruin the fun by obsessing over the dull ride home?

A lot of seducers mistakenly think that love is a garnish to the main course of pursuing and winning the hearts of women. They compartmentalize — it's a bonus to feel love, but damned if they'll let that get in the way of the good times. The worst thing to happen to a guy who gets ass regularly is not rejection (after all, rejection is the badge of honor worn by womanizers) but falling in one-sided love. Or, similarly, falling in love only to have his woman dump him. Getting dumped is part of the game, and can be expertly handled, especially if there are fallback options. But the alpha who succumbs to the folly of love opens himself up so completely that state control is no longer his prerogative. He risks everything, including his most cherished asset… his trust.

This is the wrong way of approaching relationships. It's fine to be calculating about the pick up, and the dating, and even the relationship management, but attempting to corral as thermonuclear an emotion as love is only going to light the fuse on the bomb. I've seen many players sabotage their relationships with really great girls who had captured their hearts because they feared losing control under the chaos of being in love. They put all this effort into bedding her and making her fall for them that they lost sight of the main objective. A man can be all alpha but if he doesn't cash it in for the ultimate prize he's revealed the beta at his core.

I once lost a girl I loved. The rush of pain was so intense even a fight club pummeling couldn't have distracted me from it. But I didn't stoically shrug it off. I threw glasses at the wall. I broke things. I smashed up my apartment.

If you aren't smashing stuff after losing a lover you don't know the pleasure of relinquishing everything for love.

Dear Diary

CH · 9 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I was never one to keep a diary. Nor did I ever keep a diary but call it a journal. Yet a casual glance shows that 99% of blogs are basically diaries of the minutiae of people's lives and their overheated ruminations about said minutiae. Since I mostly write about abstract stuff I kind of feel like I'm missing out by not blessing the reading audience with the all-important trivialities of my daily life. So here's a glimpse into my mental world from this past weekend:

At the pool there was an unfortunate couple with a kid. The woman suffered from advanced stages of what looked like multiple sclerosis or some similar gift from god, her back grotesquely misshapen and her arms bent in awkward positions. The man, husband I presumed, was inflated like a hot air balloon, at least 400 pounds. I thought, *That guy is damned lucky she's deformed or he'd get no pussy at all.* Then I wondered if I was the only one thinking that. I pondered a bit more that he could lose his weight while she could do nothing about her affliction. In this way I was comfortable mentally blaming fatso for ruining my visual environment. Most of the time you don't see people like this, the walking wretched, out in public. They generally stay holed up indoors with delivery services providing their needs. I think most people are happy with this arrangement, even if they would never admit it.

It was blazingly hot, so I went to Cold Stone Creamery for a delicious ice cream. The semi-retarded looking kid behind the counter took my order. When I got outside to sit and enjoy my hard-won kill, I realized the kid gave me not just the wrong ice cream flavor (cinnamon instead of coffee), but the wrong mix-in (butterfinger instead of heath bar), and the wrong size (small, not medium). So the semi-retarded look was more than just a look. I marveled how an order could be so magnificently fucked up — a trifecta! — when it was just me and my friend in the shop and no one else to create undue stress on the employees. I decided it must be an omen, so I didn't bother returning it for the correct order.

There is only one public humiliation worse for a man than licking the sweaty balls of a tranny on the 50 yard line at halftime of the Superbowl on national TV, and that is having the barbell fall on him in the middle of a bench press rep — during the warm-up set. My buddy had walked away since I informed him it was my warm-up and I wouldn't need him to spot yet. At rep number 9 (we guys remember the rep numbers like you girls remember anniversaries), I felt a sharp pain in my right shoulder and the bar started going backwards until it was sitting on my chest. A helpful gym rat lifted it up off me. I couldn't look anyone in the eye after that. Luckily, it was uncrowded, so I think I'll be safe to come back in a year or two.

My friend's wife hates me. Oh yes, it's so obvious. At the BBQ they threw on Saturday she exchanged a total of two words with me: *Hi. Bye.* And she was facing away from me when she spoke them. This is understandable. Every time I've been to their place, I've either gone swinging single or with a girl she hasn't met before. I've known her husband much longer than she has. He and I have the **OLD DAYS.** The **OLD DAYS** are not to be trifled with. Things happen in the **OLD DAYS**, like late night carousing, lapdances, and alibi duty. A wife knows deep down that whatever memories she's building with her husband pale in comparison to the knee deep in the mud memories he has with his lifelong buddies before mortgages and kids civilized him. So I'm that no-good reminder of his wild days, and my mere presence gets under her skin. Wives put a lot of effort into breaking the spirit of their husbands; the last thing they want is for that free-wheeling, carefree SOB to show up and piss all over their hard work in a single afternoon. The icing on the cake is that I suggested the bar for their first date which eventually led to marriage. She should be naming her next kid after me.

I hope this journey through the pages of my life was as good for you as it wasn't for me.

First Porn Experience

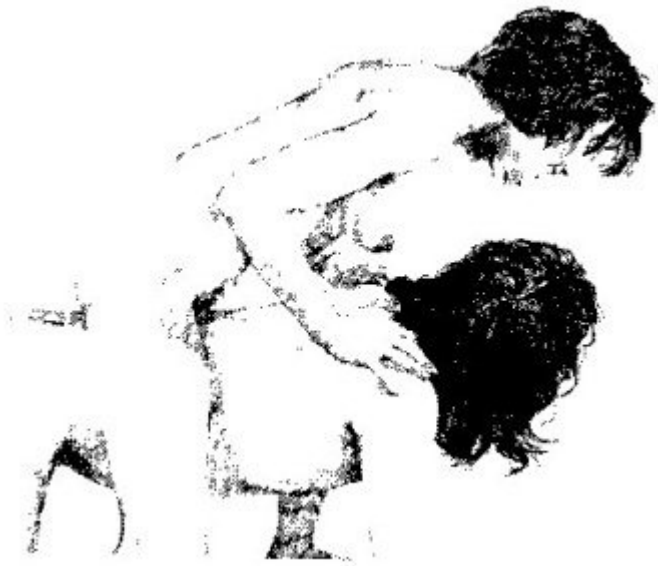
CH · 10 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

For most guys porn has been a part of his life since his first adorable little ejaculation. It's been a good friend, right there all along, assisting in quickie wanks, long drawn-out Saturday afternoon sessions, and walk-by chubbies at the office (pre-firewall days). It's helped to raise our standards of what we expect in bed from the women we date (another reason why women are getting sluttier.) Recently, I found myself reminiscing about my first exposure to porn.

[image]

It was at my grandparents' house. I was exploring the basement when I came across a copy of The Joy of Sex in an old beige filing cabinet. What a find! The rush of excitement was instantaneous. The pencil sketch drawings were thin gruel compared to today's high res video on demand, but I was 14 and just saying the word "boobie" was enough to give me blue balls. I pored over every single picture. Eventually I got around to reading the words.

I don't know what was skeevier — getting off to porn with my grandparent's watching Jeopardy in the next room, or finding porn in their home, a place I used to think was holier than a confessional. I'm pretty sure the book smelled like old people. That didn't stop me.



From then on I was a perverted pirate on a porn treasure hunt, always looking for my next fix. Like women, the chase was almost as much fun as the viewing. With each score I ratcheted up my demands for stronger, purer stuff.

My next big find was my parent's underwear drawer. Big honking VHS tapes with colorful scenes all over the sleeve. I later learned that most of my friends found their parents' porn in the underwear drawer as well. I wondered if our parents got together on bridge night to discuss the best places to hide the porn from the kids. In their infinite wisdom they decided under the granny panties. Come on, that's the first place a kid is gonna look knowing that's exactly where his dopey parents will think he won't look. It wasn't long before I found the vibrators and devices I still can't identify to this day.

Porn is so ubiquitous now that the thrill of the chase is gone. Kids these days have no idea what it was like back when we had to walk 5 miles through the snow, uphill both ways, dodging suicide bombers, to get to number 2 pencil sketches of vaj. Today it's log on, rub one out, get back to whatever you were doing. There's no anticipation. It's not Christmas morning anymore, it's a typical Tuesday afternoon.

In the distant past when men had nothing but glimpses of ankle to masturbate to, actual sex must have been an earthshaking experience. It must have been the kind of thing that men died for… and created civilization for.

Girlfriend or Fling?

CH · 11 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Player or Poseur gave me many minutes of quality entertainment, so in homage to that theme here's something similar I call **Girlfriend or Fling**. Examine the photo and figure out by superficial judgement alone if the girl(s) featured would make girlfriend material or good time material. Does she look like the type of girl you could trust to be loyal and faithful, or would you be more likely to catch her dancing on a bar one night with a club monster sliding a hand under her skirt?

The girl on the left would make a solid girlfriend, assuming she met your attractiveness threshold. The girl on the right would make an excellent one night stand. She is dressed sluttier and is more assertive in her grinding. Plus, playettes are always striking poses in order to draw attention to their bodies… their bread and butter for getting what they want. Girls with better values and a stronger internal compass tend to smile warmly and sincerely at the camera, because they are trying to convey their personalities.

Date Girl #1 like she was a normal human being who would be happy to enjoy the pleasure of your company. Wait 2 days before returning Girl #2's texts and phone calls, and when you do set up a date, tell her to wear something revealing.

Addendum:

This photo gives a better idea of what kinds of traits men notice when deciding girlfriend potential. These two girls are nearly equal in attractiveness (in fact, they might be sisters), so differences in beauty are neutralized as a variable. Yet, the girl in the orange top has heartbreaker written all over her while the other looks more grounded. Judging by their clothes is difficult since there is not much distance separating them, though the orange top plunges lower showing more cleavage, and lace is always indicative of sexual adventurism.

Like with the first pic, the smile says it all. Blue shirt girl's smile is natural, unforced, and inviting. She doesn't give the impression of hiding anything about her true character. Orange shirt girl is looking seductively at the camera under heavy lids. She is making love with the viewer, while blue shirt girl is making friends with the viewer. I would feel safer dating blue shirt girl.

F You Jewelry

CH · 12 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

When we were teenagers I remember my brother coming home from dental surgery with a plastic container holding his four extracted wisdom teeth, blood and bits of flesh still clinging to the roots. I thought it was so cool. So did he, if his proud grin was any indication.

I'm having a wisdom tooth pulled tomorrow. I would like to keep the tooth and make intimidating jewelry out of it. Bone jewelry sends men running in a panic and women twirling their hair with arousal. I could tell people that it's my own tooth I wear as a talisman imparting me with wisdom, or I could say it's a souvenir I pulled from the jaw of my vanquished enemy, similar to this guy:
a warrior knows how to accessorize.

Some ideas I have are the tooth ring:

and the tooth necklace:

A man moving through the world without apology should adorn himself with powerful symbols of virility. If I engender a hint of disgust and fear in women who see me wearing teeth jewelry, I'll know I'm projecting the right image. Running tight game is a breeze when people think you're a warlord.

Dick Farm

CH · 13 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

The next time you hear a guy talk about the favorable female to male ratio in DC, show them this:

wingmans anonymous meeting

From a quick head count it looks like the men outnumber the women 3 to 1 in this picture. I'd say this scene is representative of the majority of DC singles bars on any given weekend night. Even if it's technically true that there are more fertile-age women than men in DC it's clear from the facts on the ground that these surplus women are all staying home crocheting sweaters for their cats or playing jenga.

There is no external factor that will impact a man's success with women more than the sex ratio of the venue he attends. No fancy analysis is needed to confirm this observation — it's simple supply and demand market functions working on human psychology. If there is one girl and ten guys vying for her attention she will get an inflated sense of her mating worth and it will show in her attitude. The 6 will have the bitch shield of a 10 when there are enough guys giving her the time of day. The trick is to meet women where their sexual market value is most accurately self-assessed. That brazen 6 will be very accommodating when there are 8s and 9s all around her hogging the limelight.

An artificially boosted self-esteem means she is likely to test the waters and push for the best deal she can get by rejecting many early advances for the possibility of a better prospect opening her later in the night. Your time and energy investment carries a much higher risk premium under these circumstances.

I am still surprised just how drastically a girl's personality will shift when more guys flood her field of view. It's as if the hordes of swinging dicks release a pent-up princess. She'll start passively engaging the flirtations of every man hoping to absorb as much male attention as humanly possible to fuel a seizure of salf-satisfied preening. For many women, receiving a sustained burst of positive feedback on their attractiveness to men can often be better than sex itself.

With the deck stacked like this, certain game strategies are rendered inoperable. Tactics like jealousy plotlines (making your target jealous by walking away from her to talk to another girl), pawning (using another girl that you have befriended to open your target easier), and calculated indifference (won't work when ten other guys are hovering to jump in at any opportunity) need a somewhat balanced ratio to utilize effectively.

If you have the tightest of game, and believe personal growth can only come through putting your skills to the test, then knock yourself out at the dick farms. You can demonstrate your prowess in comparison to the weak competition.

For those who prefer the path of least resistance, here are my suggestions for avoiding the sausage:

Stay away from places with egregious specials on cheap beer. If it has $2 Miller Lites all night it's a good bet the bar will smell like Axe.

Go out on weeknights instead of weekends. The kinds of girls out on a weeknight are more motivated to meet someone. There are fewer of them, but they're easier to game.

Skip places that advertise through major promoters. An Absolute Addiction promotion will summon the armies of douche darkness.

You can help. If you want to improve the scenery and psychological profile of this ego-besotted city, as well as build the character of the women, try not to contribute to the visual pollution by rolling into venues with a cock posse twelve strong. There are a few places in DC that have manageable ratios. Chi Cha and Cafe Citron come to mind. If you're secure in your masculinity, you can also take my advice and hit up the gay bars.

Becoming a Minor Scenester Celebrity

CH · 16 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

in eight fab steps.

1. Identify your target demographic.

2. Dress the part.

3. Frequent your designated list of certified hip venues. Do not commit social hara-kari by showing up to the same place twice in one week.

4. Take pics of yourself having fun in certified hip venues. Hold camera steady at arm's length or recruit BFF/fuckbuddy. Solicit ever-present amateur foreign photographer with tit flashing or pouty-lipped pose.

5. Befriend someone in the circle jerk who runs a website dedicated to digitally archiving last night's fun. Because the only reason you are having fun is so that you can see pictures of yourself having fun the next day.

6. Build fanbase of inquisitive internet onlookers with living vicariously issues.

7. Repeat ad nauseum until you are having your picture taken unsolicited by fun-archiving friends who expect to have the favor returned. Amuse yourself by logging into public forums to see how many angles they caught of you in jpeg format. The new fishnet stockings and crotchless panties looking fine from floor-level perspective!

8. Never look straight at the camera. This shows you are too busy whoring attention and being a poseur to notice that someone is taking your picture. Effect a calculated aloofness. You're set for 5-10 years of juicy coutureness.

Alternate Route:

Deal coke.

For guys, minor scenester celebrity (MSC) is a great way to get laid with other aspiring scenesters, even if you are ugly. In fact, if you are ugly, go balls out ugly. Shove it in people's faces. That's called being authentic.

For girls, MSC will result in thermonuclear meltdown levels of female cattiness. It is irrelevant to getting laid, except insofar that someone will now digitally archive in photos or rumors your propensity for spreading your legs.

The Late Night Shots dust-up inspired this post.

Best Spam Titles

CH · 17 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Horse in my pussy.

Let the big dick fairy bless you.

Knock down trees with your GIANTCOCK.

and an amalgam courtesy of the random generator:

Knock up alpha fairies and their cats with your horse cock.

A Vision of Equality

CH · 18 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

What would a world where women were no different than men look like? Where the utopian feminist ideals of gender equality held sway?

The executive summary: there'd be grab-ass in the streets, on the metro, at the job, in the church pews, all hours all the time. The city air would fill not with the sounds of traffic and construction and sirens but the gruntings of humans in mid-coitus. Nature hikes at Great Falls would lose a lot of its ambience as the chirping birds and tree leaves rustling in the wind yielded to the *Uuhs* and *Ahhs* of sweaty thrustings.

We get a window into that imaginary world in the lives of gay men circa 1970s before the AIDS epidemic inspired the media to paper over the true nature of male homosexual libido. If women had the same intense, indefatigable, indiscriminate sex drive as men it would resemble M. Blowhard's description of his time as a straight man witnessing the gay scene in New York:

> If Fire Island was acres of beef on the hoof, Christopher Street was Mardi Gras in New Orleans, only with fewer inhibitions and without a female to be seen. One club or bar after another … Each establishment, and the street itself, filled with exuberant gayguys in freaky costumes … Music, drugs, and booze everywhere … Carousing of a pitch that would put beer-drinking Spring Break jocks to shame …
>
> As well as the most aggressive and direct sexual behavior I've ever witnessed. I found the scene overheated and hair-raising all at once. I'd never before and have never since witnessed a scene so single-mindedly focused on getting off. People as commodities … Relentless dick-centeredness …

And what was courtship like between gay guys?

> At the bars and on the sidewalks of Christopher Street there wasn't a pretence at conversation, let alone at recognizing that anyone might have a personality. You were understood to be there to have sex, period. The single and only point was to find someone you could get off with, and quickly, because someone else you would want to get off with might stroll by in a few minutes. Imagine city block after city block offering nothing but sexual challenge and sexual invitation.

The author of the book on the gay sex scene of the 1970s describes it in vivid terms:

> Whatever fantasy you had, you always knew you could satisfy it any time, night or day, at one of the many sexual playgrounds …
>
> Urban gay male life had evolved over a decade from personal salvation into a communal identity and now, as the Saint [a famous disco] became our weekly Mecca, into a quasi-religion. Several thousand muscled, shirtless gay men in black 501 jeans … Upstairs was a huge darkened balcony converted into carpeted bleachers where hundreds of stoned men fucked all night and into the day.
>
> To lose oneself so completely in the wall-to-wall men moaning in the dark … soaring on a hit of ethyl chloride … was like being transported to some heavenly other planet somewhere beyond the stars.

Don't kid yourselves. This is exactly what relations between men and women would be like if women possessed the mental and emotional machinery of men, except instead of one Christopher Street there would be millions. If we were equal in the ways that the feminist movement which inculcated two generations of women into its warped worldview insisted we were, and our psychological differences were only social constructions amenable to change, then the result would be a lecherous orgy of such proportions as to make de Sade blush.

Rampant sex and the perpetual pursuit of sex with thousands of willing partners would grind society to a halt. If STDs didn't wipe out a significant portion of the population, sheer physical exhaustion from day-long fuck marathons would render the rest incapable of anything more than satisfying the bottom of Maslov's hierarchy of needs.

Romance novels about dating, seduction, and intimacy would have to be re-engineered to reflect the new reality. Actually, romance novels would cease to exist. Porn would become even more ubiquitous than it is now, flashing from giant electronic billboards over musty cityscapes drenched in the effluvium of sex fluids like some raunchy Bladerunner alternate universe. Every vice imaginable would find its expression unfettered by moral disapprobation.

In this equalist fantasy, or nightmare, dating takes on a whole new hue. Those first shy stabs at awkward flirtations would pluck the heartstrings like this:

Him: "Hi."
Her: "Hi."
Him: [grabs ass]
Her: [grabs ass back]
{sexual intercourse}

If courtship progressed as far as a first date:

Him: "Hi, you're cute, wanna get a drink sometime?"
Her: "I'd like that. Here's my number. Call me sometime."
[15 minutes later at bar]
Him: "Wow, that's really cool that you're into golden showers. I heard the bathrooms here are great for fucking. All the walls are mirrored."
Her: "Let's find out!"
{sexual intercourse}

Put away all your player manuals, you won't need them. Want to broach the subject of multiple short and long term relationships? Threesomes? A2M?

Him: "Wanna do A2M, threesomes, or be a member of my harem?"
Her: "You had me at A2M!"

Marriage? Kids? Um, yeah. Civilization? It'd putter along for a while, but eventually the voracious id unleashed would reverse human achievement so rapidly that the forests would retake the cities, as it is doing in Detroit right now. I doubt you could walk M Street more than two blocks without seeing penis in vagina somewhere along the way.

Left to their own insatiable appetites, men are dogs. Underneath all the game playing, romantic gestures, conversational fluff, and resource display lies a feral beast who'd smash through that facade as soon as the gatekeeper relinquished her keys. Women put the brakes on this steamroller of lust. Love helps keep it distracted… at least for a while.

Date 2 Location Reviews

CH · 19 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

First dates should almost always be simple affairs over drinks or tea. No dinners, no nights out on the town, no extravagant expenditures. You want to keep expectations at bay and create a comfortable zone of unzipped-lipped, nimble-tongued, playful jive. The two of you are reading each other like schematics to the bank vault and external logistics only gets in the way of those lingering looks and wily wordplay.

Second dates open up to more creative interpretation. If the first date has gone well, (but not so well that you closed the deal), the second date should amp the attraction with a mix of venues and locations that help build a foundation of shared experiences. You want to be in motion with her; give your bodies more room for expression and your senses more opportunities for stimulation. With that in mind, here are my reviews of some common Date 2 locations in DC.

Lincoln Memorial at Night

Cheesy, trite, and very effective. You don't have to blow away your date with originality if the ambience is perfect as is. And the Lincoln Memorial, on the steps at midnight under a summer moon, shrouded in the glow of the reflecting pool, sets an unbeatable mood for encouraging closeness. After the early night drinks, surprise her with a car trip to the Lincoln. There's plenty of parking nearby late at night.

Sculpture Garden Ice Skating

Unless your date can do triple sow cows and the Blades of Glory "crotch scissors", skating with her means you'll have plenty of chances to demonstrate your male protector role by holding her when she stumbles or letting her grab onto your arm for support as she struggles to find her balance. The crowd will always work in your favor; whether the rink is filled with canoodling couples that enhance the romantic mood or kids skating recklessly around you that provide an energetic boost and lots of humorous material, you can't go wrong here. In the summer, there is an outdoor jazz festival at the sculpture garden. Drinks at the patio bar are overpriced.

Billiards or Darts

Playing pool with her means lots of good-natured teasing. Plus, most girls are not good at pool and will need you to show them how to properly hold the stick and shoot. You can only do this from behind. That is intimate body contact on the sly. The best places are small basement-level pool halls that double as dive bars. Bedrock Billiards and Kokopoolis come to mind. Stay away from auditorium sized pool halls, as they are too impersonal. Also, don't bother with tiny bars that have only one pool table — what usually winds up happening is that other guys wait around to play next and you and your date get jostled all night by drunks trying to navigate the tight spaces between the table and the walls. Cautionary note: If your date is a shark (there seem to be an inordinate amount of DC girls who know how to shoot stick) then be sure not to let the ego-bruising show. Just tell her you let her win this time.

The Pleasure Palace

If your date is one of those freaky chicks you picked up at DC9, take her to this sex toy shop on Conn Ave in Dupont. Pretend to be walking down the street to a different location when you two just happened upon this dirty little place and oh, wow, wouldn't it be cool to see what kinds of creepy things they sell in here! Once inside, act like you never saw this stuff before. [Examining glow in the dark clit tickler] "What the heck is this? Do you stir pasta with it??" Don't loiter, it'll start to seem skeevy. If she was really into it, take her across the street to the gay Lambda bookstore next to Kramerbooks for a good laugh. While browsing the educational material, ask her, "Do lesbians really do this?" This will smoke her out as a possible bisexual. Tailor your game accordingly.

did anyone catch the number of that train?

CH · 21 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

hungover. sun hurts my eyes. here’s a very special saturday morning message from me to you:

much love.

From Kitten to Cougar

CH · 23 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

It's depressing to see drunk older women at nightclubs vainly trying to hold onto their former glory. It's a study in contrasts when these aging beauties go to clubs full of kittens. They aggressively flirt with every guy because when they haven't been hotly pursued by a man under 60 in ten years they turn to the hard sell for male attention. If the cougar asks you the time and you give it to her she takes that as a signal to stroke your chest provocatively. They rationalize this pathetic behavior as maturing into a confidently assertive woman who is done playing games like they did when they were "silly girls". There are so many self-help books now I think a person could positively spin just about any shitty life predicament.

I can think of quite a few girls I frequently see haunting the nightlife scene who've gone from kitten to cougar in just a few years. Many women in the socialite crowd have crossed the cougar rubicon, yet stubbornly refuse to give up their lifestyle. When all you've ever known is the inside of a club, 37 varieties of martinis, and dancing on raised platforms as horny guys give you your attention fix, it's understandable you'd find it hard to accept your demotion to has-been hottie.

Cougarness in strangers is not hard to identify. Friends are another matter. When you see a person every day you don't notice their physical changes from aging so much, but someone you see once every six months can shock you with their age-related deterioration. The precise changes are hard to pinpoint but taken as a whole it's obvious when the bloom of youth is gone.

The statuesque woman on the left is on the cusp of cougarhood. Even though she has admirably stayed in shape, her upper arms betray her age, especially around the armpit, as do her sinewy hands. You know her flesh would not bounce back from a firm squeeze, like a quarter off a Marine's bed. If she is still single, her time is short to find a life partner before she has to begin lowering her standards.

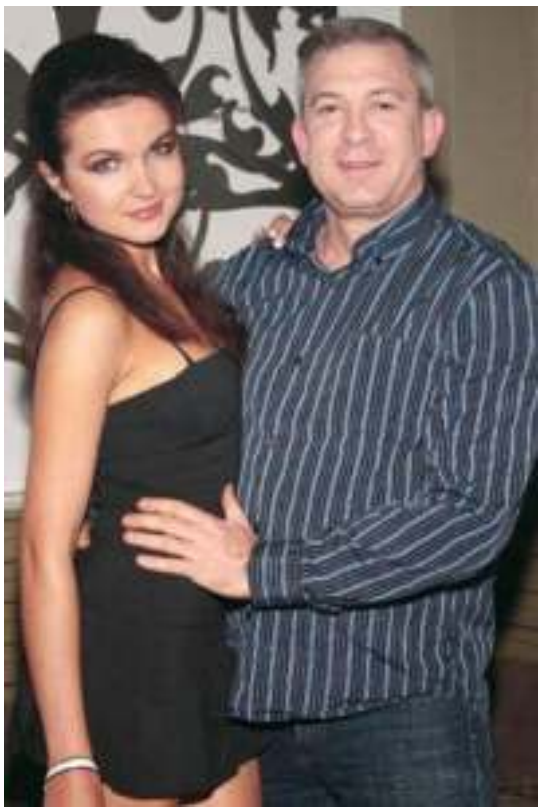
After marriage and kids, most women surrender the willpower to fight the ravages of time and let themselves go, content to become matronly and raise their children. This is the normal progression of life. But with career-delayed marriages and perpetual dating where she is waiting around forever to find a man who will meet all 463 bullet points in her mental checklist, the clubs are beginning to fill with women who have missed the boat yet won't admit it to themselves.

Desperation causes them to do just about anything to cling to their fading looks. You will see women over 30 suddenly lose a lot of weight because they are under the impression that being skinny will shave the years off. Celebrities like Angelina Jolie and Renee Zellweger do this. While it beats being obese, most simply look like bony older women with sunken eye sockets and loose skin. Tom Wolfe, in his prophetic opus '*Bonfire of the Vanities'*, called these women "social X-rays". It was an excellent description, as it highlighted their physical emaciation along with their superficiality.

This is an unwanted chest-stroking waiting to happen:

Eventually, the cougar who is sufficiently self-deluded about her ability to attract men becomes a brothel madam.

This woman is a fixture at the eurotrash clubs around town:



She is pretty, but it is only a matter of a few years until a roaring cougar emerges. She looks Russian, which means that she will hit the wall sooner and harder than most women her age. She has done the smart thing here by hooking up with an older man. She will look hot to him for a longer time than she would to a younger man. Not surprisingly, he displays the body language of a former player. I suspect he is an artist of some sort. Older male artists, as opposed to older male investment bankers or lawyers, are especially gifted at banging Lolitas.

As a man and an aesthete, watching women grow old and their beauty disappear forever is the greatest tragedy of life. If I could magically prevent every woman from aging and thus increase the aggregate beauty in the world, I would do it.

Where Guys Falter

CH · 24 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

The best way to do well with women over the long haul is to think like them, understand them, and put yourself in their shoes. The man who can empathize with a woman's frustrations will know better how to make her happy. All the great seducers of history co-opted to some degree the psychology and the courting tactics of women. They used women's pyschological weapons against them.

This is why European men have a reputation for smoothness with the ladies — they spend more time than American men in the company of women, participating in activities and intellectual pursuits that appeal to women, learning about them. American men bemoan their dating hardships, but spending all their free time watching sports, drinking beer, video gaming, and golfing, where no women are present, only to take a flailing Saturday night stab at getting laid in overheated bar environments, is not a good way to learn how to turn women on.

The inexperience of many guys around women shows in their ham-fisted come-ons. They often act so counter-productively that it's a wonder any girls give it up to them at all. Verbally gang tackling a group of girls at a bar is one example. Which guy, in a moment of reflection, really believes that approaching two girls with five of his buddies in phalanx formation and swarming them like vultures over a carcass will win their affections? Guys who don't have the sack to approach women on their own should not advertise their weakness by storming in with a giant cock posse for battlefield support. Two guys maximum. If necessary, hold off on waving the rest of the crew in until after the set has been warmed up in a non-threatening way.

Guys also do not listen. Well, not in the way that women want to be listened to. A guy should listen to a woman with the same intensity he listens to his buddies talk about football or German hookers. The focus that a nerd brings to tackling a coding problem is the same focus that a guy should have when listening to an attractive woman speak. The trick is to do it with the distracted aloofness of someone not hanging on her every word. It's very alluring to a girl when a guy off-handedly recalls some inconspicuous detail he picked up about her while she was talking without looking like he worked hard to remember it. It subconsciously says to her "This guy is not desperate, but wow I must be making an impression because he remembers how I felt when I danced at my sister's wedding. We connect!"

This isn't meant as mealy-mouthed John Gray relationship pap; listening intently to a woman will give him all the information he needs to successfully seduce her. Women reveal so much about themselves in conversation — they can't help it because they are self-obsessed creatures by nature — but they only do it in subtle read-between-the-lines ways, feminine ways, that to the uninitiated man will pass right under his radar. It's a double curse that boobs and pretty eyes cloud his efforts to stay engaged with her words.

To seduce women, you must seduce yourself first. You are the guy who will be everything she needs. How will you know what she needs? Get inside her head. Become her.

“I only take Viagra when I’m with more than one woman.”

CH · 25 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Fame, wealth, and charisma have made Jack Nicholson the heartbreaker of 2,000 women. At the age of 70, and looking every bit of it, he spends his leisure time in boats with a tumbler in one hand and a bevy of young women draped around him like his royal concubines. This means Jack is The Man.

I’ve got the biggest tits here.

I can already hear the female chorus of unctuous naysayers. “Oh, I would *never* sleep with him. He’s gross!” “Fame and money don’t matter to me. It’s the man inside that counts.” “If Jack Nicholson came onto me I’d turn him down.”

Right.

You don’t know how you’d act in the company of a major male celebrity, but I can guarantee you it wouldn’t be anything like you say you’d act from the comfort of your bedroom where there is no chance of ever meeting Nicholson. Virtue is easy when you have no other choice.

A face-to-face meeting between Jack and a good girl who scoffed at the idea that she would submit to his charms would be a sight to behold as she gradually abandoned every one of her principles.

First, her heart would race. But she’d try to remain calm and aloof. After all, she’s not like those starfucking sluts. Then, Jack would speak. And it would sound just like all those movies she watched with him in it. He might even drop a quote or two. *sqeal*! Oh boy, her composure is starting to crack. Maybe Jack might lasciviously angle his body so that his hot Oscar-winning breath blows across her neck and his belly brushes her arm. He does this with his trademark sunglasses reflecting the light and his shit-eating joker grin exuding total unstoppable confidence. She no longer notices his belly and man boobs. Her loins feel like a rainforest.

She looks around and something she does notice is how many beautiful women are languidly caressing Jack’s body, laughing at his every word, blatantly aroused to the point of orgiastic explosion. For some inexplicable reason, noticing this turns her on even more. Parrots and monkeys are swinging through her snatch. Jack pats his lap. No words exchanged; she walks over and sits in it. He smells like drunken old man, but all she can think of is how attractive his eyes are when he squints from the sun. Minutes later, in the cabin, Jack’s wang is driven in to the hilt. Heeeere’s little johnny!

A woman's principles are like an impressionistic painting — beautiful to contemplate from a distance but all over the place once you get up close.

Scenes From the Sexual Market

CH · 26 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I shared space (acreage) on the elevator today with a woman pushing 300 pounds. One of the VPs, a portly middle-aged man with strong body language, got on with us. She exchanged a pleasantry with him and he briefly acknowledged her with a head nod. She began telling him a story about her weekend when the elevator door opened and an attractive, slim Asian woman stepped in. Right in the middle of the fat woman's friendly conversation with him he promptly turned his attention to the Asian woman and offered up a big smile, eagerly asking about her week and flirting with her like he was a schoolboy with a puppy crush.

I watched the reaction of the fattie. She looked chastened, forced to cut her own conversation off, and lowered her head looking at her shoes which were two sizes too small for her porky hooves. I understood her pain, but I did not sympathize with it. At her age, she should know how the world works. If she wants to be treated better, she needs to lose a lot of weight and stop being a self-made sideshow freak.

Losers in life have to suffer in big and small ways every day, every hour, and every minute of their miserable existences. Most of us don't notice their suffering because we're too wrapped up in our own dramas. But suffer they do, their worthlessness as human beings getting shoved in their faces daily by others who aren't even aware of their hurtful actions.

Welcome to the jungle. There's no opting out of this reality.

Ode to Bicyclists – A Poem

CH · 27 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

City streets to drive are harrowing
frustration mounts all red lights
no room to spare lanes are narrowing
oh fuck there's a biker in my sights

he's on the street obeying the law
no bikes on sidewalks where people roam
but this potholed lane can't fit us all
i hit the brakes he ain't armstrong

cars to the left of me biker to the right
i want to smash his sweaty face in with all my might
no room to maneuver there i stare
at this fat fuck's plumbers crack in spandexwear

i'm late for work driving slower than idle
my sanity will suffer in a short while
this sidewalk policy is dumb and dumber
bike nerd needs to get off the road before i run him under

finally an opening to get around!
it's a tight squeeze his ass is profound
i hit the gas and pass unopposed
then spew my carbon footprint right up his nose.

Woman-Hating Betas

CH · 30 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Most women, and some men, believe that the bitterness and misogyny of beta males accounts for their failure with women. That betas are their own worst enemy. It is a common human compulsion to want to believe that the tortures of the sexually damned are self-inflicted — unlike poverty or gender discrimination, the first instinct of the moralizers in matters of unequal distribution of sex and love is to blame the victim.

To me, it's a chicken and egg argument. Betas and omegas are certainly bitter and their retreat into self-pity and sour grapes only worsens their predicament. But I don't believe bitterbetas started out that way. They got that way through repeated failings in the dating scene. Here's an illustration of how that happens.

Imagine two men, one a beta with low dating market value and the other an alpha with high dating market value. By dating market value, I am referring to the aggregate of traits the men possess which either move them closer or further away from the general attractiveness standards. Some of these traits are beyond their power to remedy, such as stature and looks, while other traits, like humor and charm, reside in the gray area of innate attributes that are somewhat changeable through deliberate effort.

Their respective suite of traits means that Beta is attractive to 1 out of 1,000 women and Alpha is attractive to 1 out of 10 women. (The absolute number values are not important in this example; what matters is the relative disparity.) If both go to a club that has 100 women in attendance, 10 of those women will be attracted to Alpha while Beta would be lucky if his 1 out of 1,000 woman is even there.

If Beta and Alpha begin their careers of hitting on women it's likely that Alpha would have banged 100 women before Beta even lost his virginity.

Over time, the repeated failures of Beta and the repeated successes of Alpha would mount. Both may have started their journeys to poon wide-eyed with optimism and hope, but after a few years it's easy to picture what kinds of attitudes each would develop as a consequence of his dating market value. Alpha would embrace dating; he would see it as a playground full of excitement and fun and adventure and joy. Beta would dread the dating scene; he'd go to every date with a feeling of frustration, expecting the rejection that he had become accustomed to experiencing.

Success breeds success. A surfeit of pussy means Alpha would acquire discriminating taste in women. He would learn how to screen for what he wants and how to qualify women for the values he looks for in a mate. This, of course, would make him even more attractive to women. But poor Beta… he'd take what he could get. Beggars can't be choosers. After many years of their divergent paths, Alpha would achieve great knowledge in the ways of women and romance while Beta would know next to nothing.

What do the unsympathetic beta-haters think would result from this illustration I've laid out? It's simple. Alpha would be a very happy dude and Beta would be embittered. So for those whose advice to a loser in love is to "just be himself" around women remember that that is exactly what brought him to his miserable condition.

Hottest Lovemaking Ever

CH · 31 July 2007 · Archived copy · Original

according to a girl whose opinion I value.

Set the scene. A man is returning home after having been away for months, maybe years, sacrificing his body in war or his comfort in third world charity work. He is scarred from his experiences but has kept the memory of his lover close throughout his ordeal, giving him the strength and willpower to complete his mission and fulfill his duty to his principles. All he could think about during his lonely nights that stretched into lonely weeks without end was the face of his lover. Sweating under a hot sun and surrounded by suffering he had imagined her soft kisses and the light touch of her fingertips. In moments of despair he visualized himself home, racing into her arms, lifting her up as her hair tumbled around them.

But now, the reality is even sweeter than his dreams. They rush into each other, kissing until they are short of breath, grasping and clenching so tightly there isn't a shard of daylight between their pressed bodies. He carries her into bed, his hunger from months of forbearance suddenly released in a cataclysm of desire, his heart pounding so hard she can feel it through the sheets which have twisted into knots between them. Overcome by his lust, she falls back and lets him soak her in. She has never felt more feminine. To be loved so absolutely that every worry vanishes and happiness shrouds her in serenity makes her feel almost ashamed. They drift off in bliss.

Me, personally… I like it on top of the kitchen counter.

Mount Vernon

CH · 1 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Although George Washington's mansion is probably smaller than half the homes in Potomac, there is plenty of history to impress the casual visitor. Everything is maintained as it was back when George was throwing house parties for French snobs and Late Night Shots ancestors.

Off to the side of the mansion were buildings housing various estate personnel. The slave quarters were bigger than my friend's one bedroom apartment in New York. Employees dressed in historic garb assisted tourists with their questions. I'm pretty sure heavy wool coats were not worn by Washington's servants in the middle of summer, but I suppose the idea was to imbue us with a sense of how tough life was in the 18th century. I sweated just looking at those poor bastards.

Back then, they called outhouses "the Necessary". Makes sense. I will start calling my masturbation chair the Necessary.

Washington's shitter:

the Founding Dump

Walking beside me during the tour of the main house was a teenager who looked like he suffered from a debilitating case of big nerdism. Like Pigpen with his cloud of dust, this kid moved in a miasma of his own putrid B.O. and stank up every room in George's stately home. Combined with the 95 degree heat and the 300% humidity I was sure he was in violation of some air quality code. His mom was with him. Hey, Mom, tell your kid it's not uncool to take showers at his age.

There are two excellent seduction spots at Mount Vernon. One is on the grassy field between the main porch and the Potomac River. If you hop down the hill (gaily, for effect) the land will slope until you and the tourists at the mansion lose sight of each other. Grope her. The knowledge that families with children need merely crane their necks to witness you defaming the sacred grounds of our first president with heavy tongue action will heighten the arousal.

don't cum till you see the whites of her eyes.

The other seduction spot is at the Necessary. If you can get a girl to make out with you next to a 230-year-old toilet that is swirling with the ghosts of past constipations you can do with her what you please.

George Washington was our great nation's first super alpha. He was there when the first shots of the French and Indian War were fired, leading to the worldwide Seven Years' War. In many battles with the British, his forces were badly outnumbered. Defeat never caused him to waver in his leadership. His alpha nature was evident in everything he did. Next to the horse stables at Mount Vernon there is a quote that, paraphrased, reads: George always chose the biggest horse and jumped the highest hurdles and rode the fastest of any rider.

He was such a rock star that the country begged him to stay on as president when his terms were up. America was his groupie. The people and their representatives were ready to crown him King. Try to imagine that concentration of power. This will give some perspective when you contemplate what Washington did next. He willingly abdicated his power in service to his principles. The nation may not be what it is today were it not for that noble act of betaness.

Even his personal life was a testament to his unique character. He could have had a harem of beautiful teenage colonists and a mistress quarters built on the grounds overlooking the river. Instead, he chose to marry a widow his age who had children from a previous marriage. It doesn't get much more beta than that.*

I think a lot of Americans have trouble relating to Washington today because he was such a great and honorable man of unassailable character.** They want their leaders flawed in some way so that they can personally identify with them. Hence, W and Bubba. I don't. I want the most principled self-sacrificers serving my country, not a guy who shares my hedonistic outlook on life.

*Note to those who think this means alpha males who have trouble getting women are still alpha — Washington COULD HAVE gotten women if he wanted. It's potential energy as well as kinetic energy that defines the true alpha male.

**Yes, slavery. He turned against it. It was an unquestioned feature of life back then, kind of like outhouses.

Thought Experiment

CH · 2 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Which male in the following list is more likely to be an absolute failure with women?:

- a felon
- a drug dealer
- a dumb meathead
- an unemployed DJ
- a jerk
- a computer programmer nerd

Don't think too hard about this. Go with your gut reaction, not the socially sanctioned, peer reviewed answer you want to be true.

What does your answer say to you?

***Update**

Too easy. Let's raise the ante with a tougher comparison:

- convicted serial killers who have killed, dismembered, and refrigerated body parts and sexually violated the corpses
- a computer programming nerd who makes enough money to comfortably provide for a family of four in a leafy suburb

maybe they'd find love if they weren't such social misfits…

Undercover Niceguy

CH · 3 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In this Esquire article (with a very disturbing photo at the top), the author recounts his experience trying to set up his drop-dead gorgeous babysitter on a date. For some inexplicable reason, she can't seem to find a man on her own, so her host dad decides to help her out by impersonating her on an internet dating site and sifting through the e-suitors until he finds someone acceptable (to her, not to him, though the line is blurred).

Reading about his efforts, I can't help but think what a milquetoast this guy is, as exemplified by what he imagines his hot nanny would look for in a guy. It's a classic case of beta projection. But I suppose throughout history LJBF'ed betas have served as male cockblocks intercepting the natural desire of girls to hook up with the kinds of men who stomp all over betas. If I were him, I'd be working the magic on my nanny, not working to get her banged by someone else.

The best part of the article is when the author has an email exchange with a guy who obviously has some knowledge of the Game.

> One writes that he wants to know more about Michelle [the babysitter], but adds, "I can tell from your profile that sometimes you're a handful."
>
> That's annoying.
>
> I respond: "What gives you the idea that I'm sometimes a handful?"
>
> He responds: "I am so right!"
>
> Now the bastard has really pissed me off.

Of course he has. You are a man. You respond to cocky flirting from another man by rearing up, flattening your ears, and raising your fur. A woman would respond much differently.

> I click on his profile. A John Turturro look-alike with a smug smile.

He sees "smug"; she would see "confident".

> His opening photo shows him with his arm around a pretty woman with large breasts, as if to say, "I hang around with hot, large-breasted women, so if you are a hot, large-breasted woman, you should also hang around with me." He likes to "work hard and play harder." He is "VERY spiritual."

Social proof, knows how to have fun, and dabbles in the supernatural. Well-established tactics in the player's arsenal of seduction. His nanny would not react to this the way he is.

> Michelle is not a handful. In her profile, she says that she's very open and will let you know when she's upset. That makes her a handful?

Too funny. The author, Jacobs, doesn't realize it, but the suitor's seduction tactic worked on him. He's qualifying himself here!

Anyhow, Jacobs is clueless. He must be much older because he can't grasp the nuance of the word "handful" in this context. Letting a guy know when she's upset is, in fact, a leading indicator of handfulness. The suitor has used a qualification technique on the girl designed to put her on the defensive and convince her he has standards in the women he dates.

> But I have a theory. I think the fucker is employing an underhanded strategy. I edited an article a couple of years ago about a book called The Game, by Neil Strauss.

A glowing review, I'm sure. Note to aspiring authors of player manuals — don't let a beta review your book.

> It's about a nebbishy guy who decides to become the world's greatest pickup artist, and it became exceedingly popular with a certain type of single man. One major strategy Strauss talks about is to mildly insult a beautiful woman, lower her self-esteem, thus making her more vulnerable to your advances.

This is a common misperception. The objective is not to lower the self-esteem of the girl but raise the value of the player relative to her and therefore make her lower her bitch shield and become more pliable for conversation. Backhanded compliments tell the girl that he is a guy who isn't dazzled by her beauty like all those other losers.

> So I e-mail handful guy as Michelle: "Have you read the Game by Neil Strauss?"
>
> He says, "What makes you ask me that?"
>
> Yes! Busted.

Congratulations, Jacobs, you won a moral victory. Now go back to limply boffing your dumpy ageing wife, said dumpiness no doubt accentuated and rubbed in your effete face by the constant comparisons to the hot unavailable babysitter prancing around your home.

> I respond: "I was wondering if your first email was a neg." A "neg" is pickup patois for the mild insult.
>
> He shoots back: "No, it was playful teasing. And yes, I have read the book."
>
> Thus commences a flurry of e-mails arguing whether his line qualifies as a neg. Finally, he brings out his trump card: "Considering that I know most of the people in the book personally from before the book was released, I'm gonna have to disagree."

The player loses his cool here. Since he still thinks he's talking to a girl, he shouldn't have gotten defensive. His best play would have been to casually acknowledge the Game as something his girl buddy told him about and then bounced the conversation to the related subject of dating and flirting. In other words, act like it's no big deal.

> Aha. I hit the sleazeball jackpot, a longtime pickup artist. I tell him I'm glad my womanly radar warned me against him.

Jacobs is giddy that he can stick it to a guy who symbolically represents every jerk he ever resented for getting the girl when he couldn't. Settle down, Beavis.

> He says, "I was hoping online dating would introduce me to different girls than the ones I pick up and seduce in bars, clubs and starbucks. So far not."

Bad move. Too hostile. This guy is not a player, he's a struggling ex-beta. There is much learning ahead for him.

> It was the closest thing to an admission of guilt that I was going to get.
>
> I write, "Just remember as you wade through the dating pool [his lame metaphor, by the way]: we women are not just here to be conquered as part of the game."

Bitter beta resentment – it's what's for dinner!

> I'm a magnet for scammers. Everyone wants down my pants. Michelle probably would have sniffed this guy out eventually, but I'm proud that I saved her from a date.

Michelle thanks you by flaunting her luscious goods in front of your ineffectual feeble manhood.

Big Fat Phony Smile

CH · 6 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

If the eyes are the window to the soul, the smile is the neon vacancy sign outside the motel.

*I don't *feel* high maintenance.*

Girls love to smile, whether it's justified or not. A broad smile illuminates the face and makes the world notice her. There is probably some Freudian oral delights aspect to it as well. The next time you are walking outside, try counting the number of people you see smiling or who smile at you as you pass. It's usually no one. For a girl during her peak beauty years, every waking minute is a good reason to smile and advertise her exalted place within humanity.

There can be too much of a good thing. The smile's impact wanes when it becomes a fixture on the face, like the nose. It loses any meaning and begins to suggest mental vacuity. So many American girls (European girls seem to be immune to this affliction) have such inflated self-esteems that they flash insincere smiles constantly lest anyone forget to be entranced by them. The impossibly wide phony smile is the tool in trade of the attention whore. Now when I see a girl like the one in the photo above smiling like a prom queen I conclude she is a vapid girl with a non-existent inner world who will need to be gamed high-energy style. The problem with dating girls who smile obsessively is that if you ever give them a reason to drop the smile they will hate you for life.

True sexiness is a lost art. A woman is incredibly sexy when she balances her time smiling with the detached expression of a relaxed mouth. She lets her eyes pick up the slack left by the smile. When I'm talking to a girl whose eyes do most of the subcommunication I get the sense the hamster has not fallen off the wheel in her head.

You won't see guys smiling as much because the pursuit of women is serious business. Or maybe they think a straight face looks tough, cool, and emotionally self-contained. In the dating field, guys who smile just a bit too much are approval-seekers rather than approval-givers. They want the girls to notice how good-natured and fun-loving they are. In other aspects of life, men who smile too much are looked upon with suspicion. In fact, there is a word for perpetually smiling guys — used car salesmen.

One thing the naturals do well is the friendly smile when approaching women. This automatically sets them apart

from most men. But they drop the smile before it gets stale. The smile alternates with the serious face and is punctuated with the occasional cocky smirk — it all plays into the girl's desire for an unpredictable man. If she's smiling because of some deliberate action on my part, all is good. If she's smiling like a retarded billboard ad, I tell her she has a piece of food stuck in her teeth.

Another Convert

CH · 7 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

An American friend, let's call him Phil, has discovered the bounties of East European girls. After a lifetime of drama dating compatriots of every known taxonomy, he recently hooked up with a cute Polish chick and, in his words, "there's no going back". We had an IM exchange where he explained his revelation:

Phil: she gave me a BJ in the park
Phil: behind a tree
Me: how long have you been going out?
Phil: a few weeks
Phil: she is completely sexually uninhibited
Phil: have you ever had a girl lick your asshole?
Me: she's already doing that for you?
Phil: well, not quite. i didn't want her to. so she licked the taint.
Me: TMI
Phil: that's not the half of it
Me: your game must be exceptional
Phil: actually, i used very little game on her
Phil: she said she was going for a walk and i said "why don't you join me for a walk near my place".
Me: and two weeks later her tongue was on your taint
Phil: as if it was the natural progression of things
Me: no shit tests?
Phil: not a one. her sincerity actually confused me at first.
Me: how old is she?
Phil: 23 *[editor's note: considerably younger than my friend]*
Phil: i told her i was going to tell my friends about her, the sex stuff and everything
Phil: and she said "it's OK to share our joy with your friends"
Me: wow
Phil: she treats me like a king
Phil: she loves sex
Phil: you should see her smile when she sees me.
Me: is she shorn?
Phil: yep, and she offered to shave mine
Me: i hear wedding bells
Phil: i can't believe what i've been missing all these years
Phil: no more yentas for me

And so another red-blooded American male urbanite has succumbed to the sweet nectar of foreigner love, forever turned off to the idea of dating the homegrown talent. Phil said that if, in the future, he found himself in the company of an American girl his expectations for her would be much higher. Thanks to the eye-opening experience with this girl, there are certain behaviors and outlooks on life he just won't abide anymore.

I asked him, as good as things were with his Polish girl, if he thought there was a catch. His answer? "When is there not a catch? At least with her, getting caught doesn't feel like a power struggle."

Phil is now a big proponent of importing into the US millions of young women from former Communist countries.

Window Stories

CH · 8 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

When I was a teenager, I kept in shape running along the boulevard-wide streets of my placid suburban neighborhood. Unlike my runs around the city, I never had to look over my shoulder to make sure a car or bike messenger wouldn't careen into me. A car drove by once every half hour, tops. There is nothing like running in such quietude that all you can hear is the slap of your feet on the asphalt and the chorus of late-August crickets rising from the manicured lawns. IPods didn't exist back then, but if they had I would've used them and been robbed of a cherished memory.

Running can be boring, especially to a teenager with a hyperactive mind fueled by supercharged hormones, so I had amused myself by pondering what was going on behind all the windows with their lights on. Passing by my next-door neighbor the living room bay window glowed yellow through the curtains. I wondered if this was the night they talked in hushed tones about divorce. She was a horrible nagger and he always looked unhappy. A block later I might see the bedroom light shine through the window in the house where the cute girl I had a huge crush on lived. I was innocent back then so I imagined her writing in her diary about waiting impatiently for me to ask her out. One late evening I caught a glimpse of her silhouette peering out from her window as I ran past. I thrust out my chest and ran a little faster.

Now I entertain myself the same way when I run past urban apartments and condos. The difference this time is in the density of windows. So many more scenarios to dream up. The suburbs hide secrets, but the city vibrates with them.

There's a path I like to run, one that eventually takes me down a bridge and then over another bridge, where I pass by a lot of stately apartment buildings, their randomly distributed window lights flickering like cats' eyes in the twilight, framing the stories of anonymous lives. I mentally sketch out vignettes. Here is a couple arguing about kitchen utensils… there is a guy blankly watching TV with his dog laying in his lap… and three floors up is a girl who starts her first job in two days just noticing the stain on her new skirt she's modeling in front of the mirror.

Down the street more glimmering windows pop into view. In one of them, maybe that one over to the right with the old silver-handled white refrigerator I can see through it, an ex is being slowly lowered onto her bed, unknown hands pulling up her shirt, a flash of skin followed by a moan. She arches her neck and pulls up a leg. Her nail polish color hasn't changed. For a second I wished the light would go out. Another window and maybe I'll see my silhouette girl.

Separate Species

CH · 9 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I recently heard this story about two girls, good friends, who were spending time together catching up. They decide to help each other rub on self-tanning lotion (not the spray kind, but the wipe-on kind). So what did they do? Why, they stripped naked of course! Two heterosexual girls sat butt naked together and rubbed self-tanner all over one another, including those hard to reach nooks and crannies, like it was no big deal.

Now, a quiz for the guys reading this. Think of your best guy buddy. The guy you get drunk with and wing for when he makes a sloppy pass at a chick. The guy you discuss baseball stats with or bust on for throwing a football like a spaz. Now try to picture sitting naked with him in extremely close proximity rubbing self-tanner on his hairy dimpled ass, making sure to get an even application. Maybe he lifts a cheek so you don't miss a spot?

Not happening, is it.

Two separate species. There isn't a better explanation.

Bailing on Dates

CH · 10 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I don't use tricks during dates like having my cell phone ring with an "emergency" call, saying I'm going to the bathroom and then escaping through the window, or telling my date "I think I'm falling in love with you" to give me an out in case it's not going well. It's incompatible with being a man who doesn't make excuses for his actions. If a date is bombing I smile warmly and simply tell her "It was a pleasure meeting you. Good luck with everything."
No need to wait around hoping for sexual attraction to magically appear. Walking off like this can even make a girl suddenly hot for you. Don't be surprised if you get a conciliatory call from her the next day.

Dating a lot of women gives you a sixth sense to know within minutes whether the girl is connecting with you. If she's not, cut the cord — time saved is time earned toward gaming new women. I once walked away from a bad date and number closed another woman on the walk home. There is no worse thing a man can do than to continue buying drinks and yapping for hours with a girl who is not warming up to him physically.

When a date is going particularly badly, or the girl is someone of especially poor character, I'll get a dig in before walking off. It's petty, true, but it gives me pleasure to inflict cruelty on a deserving victim. On a first date with a Desi girl she talked (unprompted) non-stop about her Indian ex-boyfriend and how her father didn't like him and how he was overly ambitious in his career and yada yada. After she finally came up for air I asked her a series of seemingly innocent questions about her values and her past relationships. I then began to psychologically deconstruct her, picking apart her psyche and painting a picture of her personality. I leaned back and waited for her reaction. Offended, she snapped "I really don't like you drawing conclusions about me."
Pay dirt.
"But you make it so easy."

Since single girls, like guys, act to hide their personality flaws when out on the town looking to hook up, and since it is hard to discern all of a person's unsavory traits in fifteen minutes over gin and tonics in a dark lounge, I always try to insta-date the first night I meet a girl. Bouncing with her from the club to the bar down the street to the pizza place or pool hall gives me a better opportunity to learn about her without putting in the extra effort to arrange a future date at a specified location. This ultimately saves time and feels more natural. Plus, same night multiple venue changing operates on the principle of time distortion, where you two feel like you've shared more time together getting to know each other in different environments than you actually have.

Movie Review in Poem

CH · 13 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

one trilogy later j. bourne still on the run
can't figure out where he's from
walks away from ten car crashes
with just a hollywood cut on his eyelashes
action intense, girls burning in their crotches
who doesn't dig flawed good guys with kill notches?
matt damon getting a little pudgy in the face
but ladies love him how bout dem apples, ace
he's rockin' the CIA black ops guys in style
ps: best BJ lips in the biz on julia stiles
word of warning to those with vertigo
camera shaking make you dizzy avoid the front row.

My Favorite Gay Store

CH · 14 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

To the management of Universal Gear:

What happened to you? There was a time when your store was my one-stop shop for fashion. I found everything I needed there – chic European cut sport jackets, slick jeans that weren't so trendy they'd be unwearable in six months, form-fitting shirts a step above the plebian crap at J.Crew and without the label-whoring of French Connection, wifebeater tanks with just enough irregularly stitched ribbing that I could pose tough while ironically signaling I was not in actuality a redneck. I even risked getting hit on by the inappropriate sex in the underwear section to buy CIN2 boxer briefs when you had those frequent sales. About the only merchandise you carried that I avoided was your shoe collection. It just sucked.

But then, recently, your whole store turned frivolously froo froo. No longer do you carry the ambiguously masculine stuff that got me unsolicited compliments from the ladies. The entire collection, including and especially those busted tee shirts with the pictures of roosters underscored by unsubtle innuendo, is now chronically homo.[image] Every other shirt has a cowboy motif or a dragon patch sewn into it. The hilariously overpriced jeans have strategically worn holes in the crotch and ass seam and rainbows stitched into the back pockets — tres gay. And those "motorcycle" jackets that would make a Hell's Angel piss himself with laughter wouldn't be half bad if you didn't also order them with luxurious fur collars.

I understand what I'm getting into when I patronize a clothing store situated in the heart of gay DC on 17th and Q. I expect there to be some items that are just unwearable by even the most fashion-forward straight man seeking an edge. But all of it? Are there really enough gays in DC that you can afford to write off 98% of the male population? I guess so. Niche is a bitch.

The idea behind sexy male fashion that automatically raises a man's value with girls is to walk right up to the gay line without crossing it. Gays know how to dress, it's true, but their superb aesthetic instincts need restraining, much like a visionary roller coaster designer needs to operate within the bounds of the physical laws. When the gay fashion community becomes too insular, as it seems has happened to your once fine store, overblown parody results. Immunity from social judgment has a way of ushering forth the crassest human proclivities. cf: all of postmodern art.

Come back to the ambiguous light. Don't make me take the bus to New York to find decent clothes.

Bald Man's Lament

CH · 16 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

A friend, who is a good person despite his penchant for finding humor in the suffering of others, trawled one of those sad-sack internet support groups and forwarded me this plaintive wail from a man(?) who is losing his hair and blaming it for his collapsing marriage. My friend, for purposes of this blog I shall call him Zeets, thinks this tormented ululating from an anonymous balding man is slap-the-knee funny.

> The wife was having sex with the new man while I cried to other people that I wanted my wife back. She was having fun and laughing and having sex with her new man and stuff like that while I was crying and confused and being very very depressed. I had no idea why my wife left me and why she was with another man and I was just wanting the nightmare to end. When someone told me it was my hair I actually got a little angry with him and looked at him like he was nuts. I kind of growled at him so he stopped talking to me. I didn't want to believe that it was my hair. I didn't get it even though I had lost a bunch of hair but the new guy had a full head of hair. I simply refused to see the light. I cried and told everyone around me that I was imagining my wife having sex with the new man and I said it was killing me. And I was right, she was having sex with the new man. She would lay under the new man and thrust her pelvis into the pelvis of the new man so she could get the new man's penis as deep into her vagina as she could make it go. She wanted the new man's penis as deep inside of her as she could get it to go so she would force it deeper by thrusting her pelvis into his pelvis while she was laying under him. She would do this with her new man in the very bed that I helped to pay for. And while she was doing this I was crying and complaining to everyone that I loved her and wanted her back and saying how I didn't understand. Then I would go to my studio apartment and lay down in bed and masturbate before going to sleep while my wife was in the bed bought by me, her husband, giving sex to a new man who had a full head of hair. And the worse part of this story is that she will take me to the cleaners and leave me no money to pay for hair replacement surgery.

OK, I admit I laughed. Well done, Zeets, you have shown once again how to lift one's spirit at the expense of a tortured soul. What have we learned from this?

The internet is a rain catch for every flavor of tear shed by man. If you have a malady or a despair, no matter how peculiar, you will find someone else in the ASCII ether who shares your special brand of misery with whom to bond. This is good for wallowing, bad for personal growth.

Laughing at the misfortunes of others comes disturbingly easy.

This benighted bald man needs an IV injection of Game, starting with deep deep deeeeeep inner game work. Visualizing in technicolor brilliance your wife/girlfriend/mom boffing another man is the mental equivalent of plucking out your scrotum pubes one by one… slowly. He should drown himself in tequila or punch brick walls if that's what it takes to stop hearing the siren call of self-flagellation.

Make your penis go as far into the vagina as it will go, because it is good.

PS: Congratulations to anon for leaving my 1,000th comment.
anon, if you are a woman, i blow you a kiss. please… keep your window open so that it may find its way to your lips.
if you are a man, i blow you a manly hug with three (and no more!) pats to the back. please… keep your window open so that my macho hug may find its way to your open arms.

Sexbots

CH · 17 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Forget flying cars and interstellar travel, the next big thing to radically transform society will be sexbots. Japanese girlfriend substitutes, lifelike dolls, porn saturation… all signs are pointing toward a technological coalescence of immense implications for relations between the sexes. It's a horny new world on the horizon of men having sex with the artificial women of their dreams. Mein Gott.

Much has been written about the sexbot phenomenon, with the skeptics focusing on the technical limitations (men make this argument) and the insistence that sexbots would not satisfy male sexual desire like real women would (women make this argument). It's possible the technical hurdles to creating a sexually pleasing mechanical woman that could compete with real women might be too high, but assuming those hurdles are jumped, I offer the following future scenario.

A robot that is an exact replica of your favorite supermodel and that has feedback to sound and touch (for example, she'll move her limbs and gyrate during sex as well as talk dirty and respond to commands) would supplant all other masturbation tools as the preferred method of getting off for men who can afford it. Once sexbots become affordable, internet porn consolidates to one or two websites for spank snobs who insist on "authenticity" and proles who must suffer the humiliation of not only being too poor to afford real women but fake ones as well. But, outside of self-pleasure and procreation, would sexbots replace real women?

For some men, yes. The replacement would be total, at least until the dating market adjusted to the new reality. For other men, sexbots would be a part-time replacement. The result will be a shift in the mating landscape that will put selection pressures on humanity equivalent to a massive plague or a catastrophic famine.

Sexbots are a very real threat to the established order because men's sexuality is so visually driven. Compared to women, it is a rather simple affair to create an alternative sexual outlet for men. Think about romance novels which are the porn equivalent for women. It's a mentally-taxing affair to write a book, even a trashy, plot-by-numbers one. But displaying photos of naked women for the consumption of men takes a few mindless seconds. Now imagine a Natalia Vodianova sexbot in every bachelor pad. The raw visual and tactile appeal of that will keep men holed up in their bedrooms for weeks straight.

Some of the changes I foresee:

Omegas (geeks, nerds, dweebs, trolls, dregs, dullards, bums, street filth, etc.) – will finally have a satisfying release for their pent-up horniness. Crime will likely drop as a result. So will rape. Widely available sexbots are analogous to cheap, legal prostitution, minus the STDs and needle tracks. On the whole I think it is a social good to distract the losers from their grinding misery. Since these guys weren't getting laid anyway, availing themselves of sexbots won't have much impact on the dating market. Sexbots could also be compassionate. Giving a homeless guy a sexbot will do more for his happiness than $5 for liquor or a sympathetic smile from a cute soup kitchen volunteer.

Betas (niceguys with a heart of gold and zero sex appeal) – the more frustrated betas will retreat from the dating scene to be with their sexbots. They'll not opt out completely, though. Having a decent job and a willingness to help raise a family is still a form of buying power. I see sexbots for betas dissuading them from learning the art of seduction, thus making them even more ineffectual in the field as their already-meager skills atrophy. He might think to himself, "what's the point of dealing with the frustrations and delayed gratification of dating mediocre looking women for subpar sex when I have a Rachel Weisz sexbot waiting at home for me?" A big negative feedback loop could result, where the lower status betas exercise their sexbot option with increasing regularity until they have excluded themselves completely from bothering with meeting women. This will open up room in the dating market for

Aspiring Alphas (betas who know a thing or two) – As low status betas and omegas retreat from the dating

scene to be with their sexbots, aspiring alphas will be more in demand than ever. It's a simple numbers game — more women for every man willing to expose himself to the whims of dating and rejection from real women means these men will have an easier time honing their game and achieving sexual satisfaction. Even a guy willing to put in minimal effort shaping up his game will find the pickings easy. The consequences? Less commitment, more casual sex, and more partners. Not to mention more first date anal. You can stop taking salsa classes now.

Alphas (guys who won't have to martyr themselves for 72 virgins) – will reap a tremendous beaver bounty. The direct and indirect benefits of the sexbot revolution will flow to the alphas. The direct benefit? Although he is the guy who won't need sexbots because he gets plenty of quality real ass for little investment, he will probably have a few in the closet for those times when his girlfriends have a collective headache. Plus, the off button is very appealing to the inveterate womanizer. The indirect benefit? More women vying for his seed. I predict that over time the smothering ego-boosting attentions of the fangirls will make the alpha soft, paving the way for lower ranking males to usurp his position in the bangarchy.

Ugly Women – drop out entirely.

Plain Women – put out on first dates.

Beautiful Women – choose harem initiation with a super alpha.

Marriage – uncertain. Either marriage will take a bodyblow from which it will never recover, or paradoxically divorce will decrease as husbands inclined to stray fulfill their cravings for variety with non-human mistresses. With the sequestering of betas to their sexbotatoriums, the price of alphas on the market will skyrocket. They will call the shots in matters of marriage — I see a regression to sanctioned polygamy and overt adultery. This will herald the end of Western civilization.

Love – The virus in the borg. Love may save the day. A man's need for love will keep him in the game. But not in the same capacity. He'll be roused to go on a few dates but he'll feel no pressure to get laid and will probably have unrealistic expectations about what kind of women he deserves based on wistful comparisons with the hot robot he fornicates with daily. Ladies, if you think guys are selfish, egotistical pricks now, just wait until they start showing up to dates basked in the afterglow of sex with their Jessica Alba robots. It is going to take a lot more to win over a guy who is that sexually satisfied.

Conclusion – The entire market structure of dating will shift seismically in the direction of men becoming choosier and less willing to please and women becoming looser and more willing to please.

The basic premise I have outlined above rests on a simple observation — the more physically satisfying choices men have to sate their lust, the less needy they will be with women. And non-neediness translates into a slight downgrade in the asking price of single women. Because women are more loathe to settle than men, there will be a rush to the top as the dwindling number of acceptable male prospects commands the attentions of an ever-growing pool of women. Polygamy will rush in to fill the need.

Dating Doesn't Have to Be a Chore

CH · 20 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Late summer afternoons, when I was a young teenager full of innocence, suburban angst, and sappy love poems, I would bike past a certain house to catch a glimpse of the girl who, by dint of having never been corrupted by actual bedsharing, would remain a lifelong figure of purity to me. Being my first lust object, she set the gold standard against which future girls would unknowingly compare.

Such a vision she was, that even from a non-stalker distance her miniature form made my heart thump like a wet drum. She stood up from her chaise lounge chair in the front lawn to apply suntan lotion, long sweeping motions up and down her arms, wearing corduroy shorts and a white bikini top. I stopped my bike to watch her, transfixed. She sat, laid on her stomach, and didn't protest her straight dark brown hair when it dropped in silky ribbons across her face as she read a book. To this day, the memory lingers as powerfully as the smell of my grandparents' house, or the first time I got a bloody lip in a fight. Eventually she moved, and the memory is all I have of her.

It's easy to get the dating doldrums from years of being in the field. Age tempts the spirit with weariness. Learning the ropes and becoming proficient at game makes you realize that women respond like automatons to certain stimuli just like men do. The princess pedestal that men start out putting women on quickly crumbles with real world experience.

Life is ugly like that. The trick is to live as if the underbelly of life had no authority over your mood. You understand that it is there, and even use it to your advantage, but you never let the poet in you be subsumed by the machine. Happiness is equal parts realistic appraisal and self-delusion. There is indulgent joy in putting women on pedestals — it splashes color into your life that could easily turn monochrome from cynicism.

So many men and women have become irretrievably jaded with the dating scene. They've seen it all, heard it all. Dating for them has become a chore whose only purpose is to efficiently ascertain the suitability of a person as potential relationship material. Just the way I wrote that previous sentence pretty much sums up how modern dating feels. The whole enterprise takes on the flavor of checking off a grocery list. The sheer giddiness of sharing the company of a date and careening recklessly in the emotional whitewater gets lost along the way.

I know that game works. I know that women aren't unfathomable creatures. I know that the beastly side of life always has its maw open ready to swallow you whole at the slightest misstep. I know that once women pass that magical age of 26 a part of their femininity morphs into an accountant consumed with bottom line analysis and dreary practical concerns. None of this stops me from approaching the pursuit of sex and love with anything less than fiery ardor. When I see an attractive girl in a candle shop or across a club I remember how I felt when I watched that ribbon of hair tumble across the face of the girl sunning herself in her front lawn. And all is good.

None of the dirty, crusty filth of life has any hold over me. That memory stays with me for a reason. It guides my way. Recall your own sweet memories when you see a girl you want to meet and the feelings anchored with that will show in everything you do. If your passions are strong enough you can drag an accountant away from her cash flow spreadsheets.

Help Not Wanted

CH · 21 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

"Zeets, don't bother."

"I'm not going to sit here and watch this."

Zeets and I had been enjoying an evening of camaraderie drinking beers on the trunk of his car in the parking lot. According to Fodor's, this particular parking lot was a popular destination for camaraderie and drinking; well, it was for us, until that evening.

A man and woman were arguing vociferously about a hundred feet off. They looked exasperated with each other. Lots of aggressive hand motions punctuated their heated row. His voice quickly got angrier and he grabbed her forearm with great flourish while berating her.

fuck you, cunt! you're a fuckin worthless whore! you just follow your pussy! maybe you should suck that guy's dick.

Then the slap. Right across her cheek, bullseye. I used to think that face slaps in the movies were way too loud; that the soundman was having fun exaggerating the effect for the audience's shock and awe. But this real life slap echoed throughout the empty parking lot like a crack of lightning. I put my hand to my face in ghost sympathy.

Zeets is normally a guy who takes amusement in the foolishness of humanity. His philosophy (well, one of his quite frequently contradictory philosophies) is "I don't care what people do to each other as long as I can sit back and ridicule them for it."

He wasn't laughing this time. This got me worried. He stood and put down his beer bottle.

"Dude, do NOT get involved with this. Trust me, it's pointless."

"Get my back in case there's trouble."

Oh boy. No time to talk him out of it. He was dead set on white knighting.

I watched as he marched purposefully toward the fighting couple. A few words were exchanged.

what's your deal, motherfucker?
"Leave the girl alone. Cowards hit girls."
why don't you mind your own business and go fuck yourself.

Zeets got in his face. "You're a fucking loser taking it out on a girl. I'm not leaving."

The girl was crying and stamping her feet. The loser took a step back from Zeets and shoved a hand into his back pocket. A split second later a metal object glinted from the lamppost light as it slashed a downward arc through the air. Zeets' hand went reflexively up to his face.

I ran to them, my veins pumping with delirium. The girl screamed and the guy jumped in his car and peeled off. Blood seeped between the fingers Zeets had pressed against his left cheek.

"Jesus, man, are you OK?!"
"I'm fine." He looked at the girl. "Are you OK?"
She had hysteria in her eyes. "Why did you do that?"
"Huh?"
"You shouldn't have come over! This wasn't your business!"
I spit at her "That's the thanks my buddy gets? Go fuck off! Your loser boyfriend is going to jail."

At the periphery of the parking lot I saw Knife-Guy's car idling. He had driven around and stopped there. She turned and ran toward it and got in. They drove away.

Zeets stared blankly at the nothingness in front of him.

“Hey, man, I’m taking you to the hospital.”

We drove in stony silence. Bleeding face wound or not, Zeets finds it hard to keep his yap shut for more than five minutes, so this was extraordinary. A little too extraordinary for comfort.

“I guess you were right.”

“Hey, look, you did the right thing. She was fucked in the head. Don’t let it get to you.”

“Sure, whatever.”

I wanted to believe my own words, but I couldn’t.

Many police report filings and stitches later, we mused about that night.

“I’m disappointed.” Zeets did not look disappointed.

“Why?”

“The cut was not deep enough for me to impress the ladies with a cool scar.”

I sympathized. “Perhaps you can impress them with the story instead.”

“I’m done impressing.”

He was wrong. The cut was deep enough.

Unmanliness

CH · 22 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

If you sit at a sidewalk cafe in DC and people watch you'll eventually see hints of civilizational decline.

mommy took our allowance

There I was enjoying a manly tap water when something so magnificently wrong assaulted my visual field. A father carrying a baby in a papoose that he wore across his front.

The front.

It would be bad enough if he were usurping the natural maternal role by hauling around his kid in the traditional style with papoose in back. But the front? He may as well have swished his womanly hips while he walked.

Seriously, grow a set and get some self-respect, man. If you can't find it in you to do it for yourself, at least think of society. With the child dearth and populations contracting throughout most of the first world it might help if you weren't a big flashing negative ad to young men to avoid marriage and fatherhood. Put that papoose on the mother where God intended it to be. If you have more than one kid, throw the other one on the dog. There are big dogs you can fit with a saddle.

Which got me thinking. Is unmanliness a harbinger of the fall of great powers? I think it is. Look around and it's easy to notice plenty of ominous unmanly trends.

I'm beginning to hear men use trendy truncated miniwords like fab, deet, obvi, fave, vom. This makes me vom. My ears can only take so much foppery. If you are a straight man who doesn't tuck his junk in between his legs posing in front of the mirror then using these cutesy-isms is very homosex. I expect women to annoy charm me with baby talk, not grown men.

Men (and I use the term loosely) with trendy truncated minidogs. I've gone on about this before. If your dog's legs are missing a joint and it is shorter from snout to tail than the length of your forearm and lighter than your 10-rep maximum dumbbell weight, then you've got creampuff issues. Trade it in for a pet that's supposed to be that size, like a gerbil.

Gym "classes". No man worth his yarbles should take a spinning, pilates, step or, heaven forfend, stroller class. Butch up and hit the weight room. Try not to pee yourself when you see the squat rack. Yoga is acceptable as long as you understand why you are there and situate yourself in the back row for greatest viewing pleasure.

Lovers' quarrels. It's not unmanly to get into a fight with your girlfriend at 5AM banging on her apartment door

piss drunk. It IS unmanly to do all the above while sobbing “BUT I LOOOOOOOOOOOVE YOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUU!!!” over and over. What happened to the good old days when drunk guys got into fistfights, not confessionals?

If you order your martini from a color-coded menu you may as well butter up your ass, funboy. Men’s hard liquor drinks come in two colors — brown and clear. And don’t drink from the straw.

When you canoodle your girl in public, do not bury your face in her lap and raise your hindquarters in the air like a cat getting stroked. I actually saw this once. This is about as unmanly as a man post-coitally resting his head on the chest of his woman. You should be fitting yourself for a bra.

If you are a man bleating on about how great feminism is please do us all a favor and strangle yourself with your bloomers. You are not sophisticated, evolved, or intellectual. You are a sackless tool.

So there you have it. I’m sure examples of unmanliness abound. Is it a coincidence that as American women are becoming manlier American men are becoming softer, immature, and vaguely androgynous? No, it is not.

Update:
Probably the biggest sign of the growing trend of unmanliness is the celebrity blog. No man should write, read, or even tangentially discuss celebrity gossip, unless it’s to make a point to some hardened feminist how fame and power encourages men turn in their aging wives for young pussy. Celebrities and the deets of their lives are black holes of irrelevance and idiocy. It’s enough for one gender to get sucked into eight-balling celebrity sludge right into their limbic systems. Men have a duty to shun it. Gay men run the risk of flaming out into a red giant from this wasteful activity.

Natural Openings

CH · 23 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

From the late-middle-aged lady who brought me this, I had the following enlightening conversation with her at work. She had returned from time off for surgery and talk got around to medical procedures.

“Did you know doctors will soon be able to do surgery through all your natural openings?”

“Really.”

“Yes, no more cutting you open. They’ll go through the nose… mouth…”

Uh, oh.

“vagina…”

O dear god.

“Can you imagine that? Going through your mouth!”

Think, Roissy, think. How do I stop this nightmare.

“… even the vagina.”

She said it again. This time she lets the *i* linger… vag*iiiii*na… as if she didn’t want the party to end. Stay calm. Don’t let the shock show. Don’t look down at her vagina.

“Recovery time would be a lot quicker if they went through your natural openings.”

Shit, I looked. Is that old camel-toe?

“This new technology is amazing. It has a name I can’t remember.”

Phew, a chance to escape. Just need to find a seamless segue into a new subject. “I think it’s similar to laparoscopy. I bet if they went through the nose they could get to your brain! Boy, that would be crazy. I don’t want to think about my brain falling out of my nose. Hey, it’s supposed to be a little warmer tomorrow.”

“I think for most surgeries it’s easier going through the vagina.”

Serenity now, serenity now.

“No scars, shorter healing time. The doctor could get to a lot through there!”

I’m catatonic. It’s my mind’s response to the existential threat of visualizing her vagina with hundreds of medical instruments shoved up it, kind of like that guy in the Guinness Book of World Records who smoked the most cigarettes at the same time.

She sighed. “Ah, well…”

Is it over? Yes, yes I think it is. Prepare to exhale.

“But you men have it tougher.”

She wouldn’t.

“Not as many natural openings. They’d have to go up the butt! hee hee.”

She would.

“All right, see you tomorrow… the butt… hee hee… hee…”

I believe Freud had something to say about repressed sexuality eventually finding its way out of the subconscious into the cold light of day by revealing itself in subcommunication and passive-aggressive behavior. Similar to the

way bitter, undersexed men blurt out charmless, heavy-handed come-ons to love interests, perhaps older single women who've been deprived of cock for years betray their festering desire in talking about invasive surgical procedures and natural openings.

Regrettably, vagina is now off my list of words that give me wood when spoken by a cute girl.

Going Car-less

CH · 24 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

My experiences with the DMV aka double jeopardy tax collection agency, the ~~greatest racket in the history of mankind~~ auto mechanic, and owning a car in a city where your length of residence can be read, like tree rings, by the number of dents and broken sideview mirrors it has, leads me to seriously contemplate selling my car.

It's no surprise to anyone that cars are money pits. Even late model cars like mine chew up dollars in gas, maintenance and fees. On a recent Bataan death march to my mechanic I was given an estimate for $3,000 in general upkeep repairs, including $500 (!) for a replacement passenger side rearview mirror that was damaged from a hit and run collision on one lane wide two lane streets. I asked him to do the bare minimum that would get me through the state inspection. We haggled to $350. I passed inspection after complimenting a female DMV station employee on her sense of shoe style so that she overlooked the mirror violation.

Besides the money, there is the inconvenience. This is one of those transportation purgatory cities where the public transit options (taxi zone system ripoff) and distance between the neighborhoods are not quite conducive enough to be without a car all the time, yet the limited parking, traffic, road disrepair, and horrid driving skills of the locals make owning a car a perpetual headache. Halfway between New York and LA is no place to be.

I'm not worried about what not having a car will do to my game. There are many ways around this. Since most young single girls are bleeding heart liberals, a simple appeal to fighting global warming should suffice.

Her: So what time will you pick me up?
Me: I'm not. We'll take a cab to the E Street cinema 7:45 showing of "The not-so-secret lives of gays, gays, gays, and more gays".
Her: You don't have a car?
Me: No, I sold it to reduce my carbon footprint. Global warming is the greatest evil in the world, right up there with the 2nd amendment. I don't want to contribute to the melting of the glaciers with a selfish, overfed, American lifestyle. Without the ice, where will the polar bears fornicate? You're not an anti-fornicator, are you?
Her: **swoon**

Thank you, Al Gore, for helping my game.

If the environment doesn't move her, I can always pre-emptively head off her objection.

Me: I only date enlightened 21st century women who understand the value of low-impact living and embrace a post-automobile reality. My last girlfriend, even though she was only 19 and so pretty that people thought she must not be smart, understood why I sold my car.
Her: Oh, I walk around the city a lot!
Me: Great. I'll pick you up on my skateboard. It's a one-seater, so you'll have to sit on my shoulders.

It's ironic that getting rid of my car, long an American symbol of freedom, now strikes me as a very liberating choice. Perhaps one trip on the bus, where an acquaintance once witnessed a shooting that injured the bus driver, will change my mind.

Unmanliness from a Woman's POV

CH · 25 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I checked out a link to this woman's blog and she has a useful chart listing the differences between traditional men and metrosexuals.

I really liked this part:

> **Traditional Man**
> Ignores or disapproves of feminism.
>
> **Metrosexual Man**
> Claims to be supportive of feminism with women, but inevitably disses it when drunk with his male pals at the pub.

She's pretty as well. I could see myself becoming vulnerable in her presence.

Of course, whenever I read a woman's opinion on what she likes in men I always ask if these are the men she claims to want to sleep with or if they are the men she actually sleeps with.

Unmännlichkeit aus der Sicht einer Frau

CH · 27 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Ich habe einen Link zum Blog dieser Frau ausgecheckt und sie hat eine nützliche Tabelle, in der die Unterschiede zwischen traditionellen Männern und Metrosexuellen aufgeführt sind.

Dieser Teil hat mir sehr gut gefallen:

Traditioneller Mann

Ignoriert oder missbilligt den Feminismus.

Metrosexueller Mann

Behauptet, den Feminismus bei Frauen zu unterstützen, lehnt ihn jedoch unweigerlich ab, wenn er mit seinen männlichen Freunden in der Kneipe trinkt.

Sie ist auch hübsch. Ich konnte sehen, wie ich in ihrer Gegenwart verletzlich wurde.

Natürlich frage ich immer, wenn ich die Meinung einer Frau darüber lese, was sie an Männern mag, ob dies die Männer sind, mit denen sie angeblich schlafen möchte oder ob es die Männer sind, mit denen sie tatsächlich schläft.

Dealing with Other Guys During Pickup

CH · 27 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

When you are out in the field, many times the girl you are interested in will be in a mixed group of men and women. I used to not even bother with approaching girls who were in the company of men, assuming that my efforts would be an exercise in futility if one of them was the boyfriend, or figuring that the guys would know what I was up to and act to block my progress.

Overthinking leads to a point where your mind hobbles your actions with worst-case scenarios, but once you break out of that mental habit and start approaching mixed sets you'll learn that the reality is usually quite different.

Fact: Most guys in mixed sets are NOT the boyfriend. They may be interested in their girl buddies, but that is irrelevant.

Fact: If you introduce yourself in a friendly manner to the guys first or address the group as a whole and don't make it obvious that you are there to steal their girls, the guys will amicably open up to you.

The best way to find out if a boyfriend is present in a mixed group is to ask the question "So, how do you guys know each other?" This line is standard operating procedure so don't be cautious about throwing it out there. People will be happy to tell you the answer. Just don't ask it right away; that makes you look like you are trying too hard to ingratiate yourself.

If your game is tight and the girls are enjoying your company, what will normally happen is that the guys will pick up on the girls' signals and follow suit, accepting you into the group and stepping aside (or even helping you) when you begin to focus your attention on the girl you like. Winning over the group also serves the dual purpose of raising your social value in the eyes of your target. Holding court with a group of strangers and keeping them engaged will trigger attraction in a girl.

The guys in a mixed group will not always be neutral entities like Switzerland. Occasionally, they will be competitors. You must be prepared for this as well. The important thing to know is that direct competition with other guys in the field VERY RARELY leads to belligerence. Even less likely will a physical altercation break out, especially here in DC, land of the overeducated Herbs who fold like cheap lawn chairs in the face of real danger.

Competitors come in three main varieties:

The Boyfriend
If one of the guys is seeing the girl you want, ask them a question about their relationship, like how long they've known each other or how they met. While these questions seem innocuous, they are designed to elicit an emotional flashback in the woman that will clue you in to her level of commitment to the boyfriend. If he does all the answering and starts putting his arm around her while she looks around the room with a bland expression you can be sure she is open to testing the waters with a new man. If she likes you, she'll find a way to get out from under her boyfriend's watchful eye later in the night to slip you her number. If she answers enthusiastically, write her off.

Some players advocate gaming a girl right in front of the boyfriend as if he were a non-factor. If you can generate attraction easily and the girl is really into you, go for it, but in my experience most of the time the boyfriend will bristle knowing what you are up to and physically insert himself between you and her, making for a very uncomfortable situation.

The Interloper
These are the guys who crash your party and join groups you have already opened. They are usually players or natural alphas because only those types of men have the balls to enter a mixed set. They will test your state control. The absolute worst thing you could do would be to appear defensive. If you clam up, or ask what their deal is, or make it obvious that you are ignoring them and focus all your attention on the girls, you will get blown out.

There are two ways to deal with an interloper. One way is the power play. One time I was talking to two girls in a lounge when two guys they didn't know approached and said hi to them without acknowledging me. One of the guys was clearly the alpha, tall and good-looking with strong posture, so I addressed my comments to him knowing that if I could get him to scuttle, the beta wingman would follow.

I turned toward him, maintained eye contact, and said "Hey, man, we were just talking about how long you would wait to come over and hit on these girls. We could totally see it in the way you walked over that you meant business! But she was just telling me how you may have waited a little too long and how your shirt is just a little too striped. They are a tough crowd, I can attest." I look at the girls and wink. "Girls in this city will not give a guy a break! But, you know, you should still go for it, this one over here has a secret crush on you."

I did not give the guys a chance to get a word in edgewise. The verbal barrage left them staring at me befuddled about what to do next, while the girls laughed and insisted they did not have a crush on anyone. After a second, I moved in between with my back to them and asked the girls if they would like to learn something about themselves. They looked horny from the dominance display that had just gone down. As the girls talked to me, the guys disappeared.

This type of balls-out tactic is high risk, high reward. It's not something I do often or recommend doing because sometimes you will meet your intellectual, physical, or sociopathic match and things can get out of hand fast. You have to feel completely confident in your abilities to disarm gatecrashers. Showing hesitation or uncertainty will embolden your foes. They have to think you are a little bit crazy and won't mind a fight. Which is why I prefer option two. Engage the interlopers with a series of logical questions. Do not give them time to game your target. A guy's logical brain is his worst enemy in the fluid environment of pickup where on-the-fly emotional intelligence is needed. Ask them questions about their jobs, sports, hobbies, where they live, etc and you'll notice that they are almost impelled to answer your questions straight. It's like asking a girl about her feelings — the same unstoppable mental processes are set in motion.

Logical banter will lower their value instantly. Eventually, they will seem boring and pedestrian and this is when you switch gears to playfully undercutting them. If they ask you questions about your life, you can say "Hey, what's with the 21 questions? I'm not on the market guys!" Including them in the conversation and demonstrating your social prowess at their expense with a friendly vibe without escalating the interaction to code yellow will be a big turn-on for the women. The girls will then devote more of their attention to you and the guys will give up and leave.

The Incumbent

If you approach a group that already has a guy in it working the magic with the girls (as opposed to guys they came with), then you are dealing with an incumbent. Since most incumbents are average guys with no game trying to impress the girls with drinks or manufacture a connection with boring interviewer questions, it is a simple matter to subvert them.

When he is out of earshot, ask the girls how they know the guy and they will usually say "Oh, we just met him tonight. He bought us drinks." Once armed with this information, you can segue into an incumbent-unseating routine: "Oh I bet you really like him if you let him buy you drinks. You know, come to think of it, you two almost look alike. Jeez, you'd make the perfect couple!" She will, of course, protest, and in the act of verbalizing her protests negative feelings will get anchored to him.

If the guy is part of the conversational flow, just like with the interloper pepper him with logical questions. Once you've become part of the group dynamic, steer it in the direction you want. If you and he are gaming the same girl, call him out on his motives:

"Hey man, how's the pickup going? Are these girls friendly or are they giving you the bitch shield? I need to know so I can adjust accordingly." This will slightly embarrass him into denying that he was trying to game the girls. Once that happens it's game, set, match in your favor.

If he's interested in a different girl, then let the conversation progress naturally until he is acting like a de facto wingman and the two of you are gaming your own targets.

Very occasionally, you will run across an incumbent who is a seasoned veteran of the field. Real players who know their stuff will not fall for the traps I've outlined above. They will banter right back with you until a point is reached where the two of you are in your own world playing out a high drama of verbal volley and counter-volley. While this is entertaining for the girls, it will not move you closer to sealing the deal. It's best to tip your hat to a worthy opponent and recruit him as a wingman.

If you can master opening mixed sets then those times where you are approaching girls-only sets will seem like a breeze.

Female Rapists

CH · 28 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Reading about these horror stories left a bad taste in my mouth:

> Patrick Connaro, a 42-year-old robotics engineer living in Colorado Springs, was sitting in the bleachers one warm Saturday afternoon in 2003, watching his son's Little League game, when the ground opened beneath him.
>
> "My little boy was there, he was up at bat, and I started yelling for him, 'Go Matthew [not his real name]! Knock it out of the park!' And another man started screaming for Matthew. Louder than me. I looked over, and I looked at him, and I was like, Who is this guy? And I looked at my son, and I looked at him … and they were identical."
>
> After the ball game, Connaro ordered a paternity test. The results came back 2 weeks later. "I opened up the letter from Labcorp, and it said, ' … 99.9 percent chance you are not the biological father of this child.' I started crying. My head started spinning."

Patrick, good provider beta male, dutiful husband, and doting father, was cuckolded by his wife and spent years of his life raising another man's child. Would his wife, whom he knew so well and loved so deeply for her outer and inner beauty, ever own up to her monumental lie?

> Connaro admits that the possibility had crossed his mind before, given his son's dissimilar facial features, but each time he questioned his wife about it, she vehemently denied the suggestion. Even when he showed her the test results, she still denied it. "She said, 'You forged this,' " Connaro recalls, shaking his head in amazement.

Ethicists are baffled!

Cuckoldry is, at least from the gene's point of view, the worst thing that can befall a man outside of getting killed. We are here on this earth to serve one purpose — the propagation of our genes. Everything we do is either designed to push us toward that goal or is a byproduct of that purpose. So when a wife cheats on a husband, bears another man's child, and then monopolizes the time and resources of her husband toward the raising of that child, she has stolen his reproductive sovereignty just as surely as hers would be stolen if she got pregnant by a male rapist and was forced to raise a child she didn't want.

She has committed the equivalent of female rape.

While rape is associated with horrible physical trauma which mercifully lasts for minutes on average, cuckoldry embodies the lower-intensity but longer-duration physical trauma of exerting oneself for years to accumulate resources for child rearing. Psychologically, both are traumatic. In fact, cuckoldry is actually worse than rape in one noteworthy respect — opportunity cost. A woman raising a rapist's child is still propagating her genes, unlike a cuckolded man who propagates nothing for the time he is deceived into raising a bastard child.

Keep in mind that a man's resources are equivalent to a woman's body. Both are the bread and butter of their respective sexes for fulfilling the prime directive of DNA replication. Rape is universally despised because the violation cuts right to the core of a woman's essence. Cuckoldry does the same to a man, so why is it not nearly as universally despised? Where are the marches and policy discussions and gender studies departments to right the wrongs of cuckoldry?

The answer is simple. In genetic terms, men are expendable, and this deeply rooted awareness trickles up into the social and political sphere where indifference to male issues rules the day. If you think the indifference stems from the low incidence of cuckoldry, think again:

> And research shows that it's a lot more common than we might believe.
>
> After recently reviewing 67 studies on the subject, University of Oklahoma researchers found that PD rates tend to be much higher among men who have reason to believe there's been more than one dog in the yard. No surprise there. But leave out these men and you end up with a number that can safely be assumed to represent the rest of us. That number is 3.85 percent. Another review of 19 studies by a group at Liverpool John Moores University backs this up, putting the figure at 3.7 percent of dads. It may not seem like a lot—until you do the math. According to a 2005 U.S. Census Bureau report, there are 27,940,000 fathers nationwide with a child under 18. That means over a million guys out there are taking care of some other man's kid.

This number is about 10X higher than the number of forcible rapes committed against females in 2005.

So what are we, as a just and moral nation, doing about this epidemic of reproductive theft? Well, according to the article, forget about doctors giving their help to the forces of light; they are in on the fix.

> The fact is, the overwhelming majority of physicians will not tell a man the truth about PD.
>
> "Most doctors are going to say to themselves, Jeez, I don't want to cause a problem in this family by disclosing this information that I just stumbled across," says Alan Meisel, J.D., director of the Center for Bioethics and Health Law at the University of Pittsburgh. "Why create problems if I don't have to?"

And the law? Men are being forced to pay child support for children not their own. As usual, the law is an ass.

My solution to the scourge of cuckoldry is quite simple, which means it will never be implemented. A marital pre-nup should require all mothers submit to a paternity test upon the birth of any children. If paternity is verified, pass the cigars. If not, the man has the legally sanctioned choice to immediately leave his wife with ZERO obligations, financial or otherwise, plus the wife will be required to remit his portion of the investment in her during her pregnancy. A deal is a deal.

If the law raises the stakes for women intent on committing cuckoldry, there may be some blowback in the form of women opting to forego marriage to a beta provider entirely if she cannot exercise her historical option of getting him to foot the bill for the product of her indiscretion with the bass player. While this structural change in the mating system may be bad for the health of society as a whole, for the individual unfortunate betas, this side effect at least affords them a chance to improve themselves as men without being saddled with unwanted fatherhood.

Like rape, cuckoldry is the soulkilling dis. Women who commit these vile acts and then perpetuate them with lies piled atop of lies ought to be shunned — culturally, legally, and financially. They do not even deserve the courtesy of a kiss while getting pumped and dumped. If they don't experience painful consequences for their actions, nothing will change.

Hotter Women, Better Sex

CH · 30 August 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There are a lot of false impressions circulating about the motivation behind men's Darwinian struggle to fuck the most beautiful women. Of course, the cultural explanation is gibberish so I won't bother to address that here. What interests me is the oft-repeated claim, mostly by women but also by some men with beta issues, that the primary drive for men's unstoppable lust to score only the hottest girls is to boost their ego by being seen in public with arm candy.

This is not true. The essential motivation for scoring the best-looking women is the visceral pleasure signals it sends to the reward centers of the male brain. To gaze on a beautiful woman's face, admire the curves of her body, and make love with her all night long is its own reward. The little bit of ego-massaging that comes from walking into a crowded room and showing off the hot girl in your company pales in comparison to the ecstasy of privately kissing her lips in a quiet room with the blinds drawn.

I suspect the people who think that men chase hot girls the most feverishly so as to lord it over other men have an agenda. They want to believe that human nature is not immutable; that with the right amount of peer pressure and fist-shaking at the media juggernaut men's desires can be altered — tamed — to accommodate their conceit. And pride is malleable where thermonuclear blasts of lust are not.

If, on the other hand, men pursue the best-looking women at the behest of hidden compulsions buried deep in the reptilian cores of their brains, then there is nothing can be done to change this fact of manhood and what it means for less attractive girls.

How your body responds to a woman during sex tells the tale. The hotter I find the girl, the better the sex is, all else being equal. Since men remember sex acts with crystal clear clarity, it's easy for me to recall the exact specifications of my sexual encounters with each woman in my life. Not to put too fine a point on it, but my jizzbombs were heavier and the distance ejected farther with the prettier girls. Since this is something I cannot consciously control, it is proof of the innate characteristics of the male sex drive.

In the interest of science, I've put my beauty-to-cumload comparison in a handy chart:

hotness of woman	size of load	squirt distance
0	*	*
1	*	*
2	*	*
3	pre-cum only	had to be squeezed out
4	droplet	dribble
5	<5 grams	2 cm
6	fills bellybutton	3 inches
7	1 tbsp	8 inches
8	2 tbsps	1.5 feet
9	1/4 cup	3 feet
10	gallon**	5 yards**

*insufficient data
**extrapolation

“Get off me”

CH · 4 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

To the guys: How many times have you said this to a girl you had just met and were trying to pick up? For most of you, probably never. And yet pushing a girl away like this is one of the most powerful moves in the player’s arsenal. It’s like male T&A. As soon as you do it, the girl’s eyes will instantly light up with attraction. Oh, sure, she’ll put on a big indignant drama-fest, but her eyes won’t lie.

Pickup artists call this tactic “push-pull”. Naturals call it “being an asshole”. Most men don’t fully comprehend the potency of this maneuver because it seems so counter-intuitive. Why would physically and/or verbally turning a girl away from you make her more attracted? Isn’t the point to bring her toward you? The way you bring a girl toward you is by flipping the script of pursuer and pursued.

The simplest attraction switches are sometimes the hardest to trigger. When a girl is showing a guy real interest by touching his chest or leg, hanging on his every word, and inching closer into his personal space, his instinct is to lap it up like a thirsty dog. If she teases him with sex talk he responds with eager excitement. Then when she has lost interest he wonders why it all went south. For the average horny guy, it takes supreme willpower to spurn an attractive girl’s sex signals. And yet doing this will make her hotter quicker for him than anything else he could do.

The secret is that the girl *wants* the guy to push away her advances. Getting temporarily rejected turns her on. She’ll never admit this or understand it in any way because the rhythms of her female desire are a mystery even to herself. For those who want to know why the pushoff works on girls, psychologists would explain it in terms of the scarcity mentality; sociobiologists would say that a desirable man who can afford to reject individual mating opportunities at his leisure is attractive to women because his actions indirectly demonstrate that he is pre-selected by other women.

The player can mimic the sexually sated, emotionally detached alpha male with calculated pushoffs. When he is reading her palm, for instance, he could say “OK, that’s enough” and push her hand away. When she rests a hand on his chest after a joke, he could tell her “hey, this stuff ain’t free” and casually remove her hand from his chest. If she sits in his lap, he says “all right, get off me” and literally pushes her off. The trick to making this work without seeming like a mean prick is to push her off after you’ve pulled her in. Just pushing an indifferent girl away you haven’t yet drawn in with your game won’t cause her to run into your arms.

While push-pull is more overt during the attraction phase of the pickup, it continues on a subtle note right into the later stages of the seduction. As you progress to the point of making out, always be the first to break off the kissing. Same for groping; break it off first. Re-initiate after a few minutes of non-sexual chatting. This “two steps forward, one step back” process is a potent technique for making a girl feel as horny as you do.

Perverted Porn

CH · 5 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

If the variety of porn is any indication, most guys are capable of acting out the craziest atrocities fantasies in the bedroom. But the appeal of some bizarre porn niches baffles me.

Drinking cum out of a glass
Grossout rating: 8
Worse than that scene in Rocky where he gulps raw eggs. Jizz should not be drunk like a cocktail, no matter how strawberry-kissed the lips slurping it down.

Sexual perversion rating: 9
Where is the turn-on here? There's no hot humiliation aspect a la facials, and the girl is making gurgling noises and grimacing while choking back the slime. Usually the camera is zoomed in on her mouth, which means her naked body in the background isn't visually available to distract from the repulsiveness of her cumchugging. You'd have to be a world class pervert to get aroused watching this spectacle.

Two guys one girl
Grossout rating: 2-10 (highly variable on male to male physical contact)
There's a reason why male porn actors get little face time and are reduced to mere functional genitalia to occupy the woman's orifices — guys don't want to see hairy, sweaty naked dudes obstructing the view of the girl any more than is necessary to get the coital point across. Two of them is just double the obstruction. And if one of them happens to misfire and accidentally shoot his load into the face of the other guy, well… let's just say I would need many MANY fucking years of therapy after watching that.

Sexual perversion rating: 4
Judging by its internet popularity, the fantasy of two men shish kabobing a woman isn't uncommon. But if scrotums start commingling, cocks start touching, or male body parts start incidentally rubbing against each other, the perversion rating zooms up to 10 if you're a straight guy. It drops to 1 if you're gay.

Cum swapping
Grossout rating: 5-8 (depends on volume of transfer)
This is right up there with the cum cocktails. I dunno, a girl spitting skeet into the mouth of another girl doesn't seem like a visual treat to me. Maybe I'm sexually repressed?

Sexual perversion rating: 6
Beyond missionary, not quite a sheisse vid, cum swapping exemplifies de rigueur perversion.

Bukkake
Grossout rating: 7
Plus: facial. Minus: cascading sheets of semen.

Sexual perversion rating: 7
I suppose an argument could be made that where one is good, one hundred is better.

Frat house voyeurism
Grossout rating: 4
More annoying than gross.

Sexual perversion rating: 5
Lord knows I understand the thrill of fucking in public, so porn dedicated to that popular perversion makes sense. But fucking in front of a roomful of drunk fratboys whooping like retards and giving play by plays? This turns me off faster than watching The View. I suspect the LNS crowd digs this stuff.

Machine/medical instruments sex
Grossout rating: 5
The inside of a vagina should not see the light of day.

Sexual perversion rating: 5
Eh, uninspiring. Makes me empathize with an ob/gyn visit. Props to the Sybian, though. Ten bucks those girls are really getting off!

Do my wife
Grossout rating: 1
Not gross, just disturbing.

Sexual perversion rating: 7
When I'm watching a good fuck, I don't want to see some guy playing the husband character sitting in a nearby chair and pretending to be emotionally distraught as his "wife" gets pounded by one of the bang bros. Seriously, what kind of dweeb goes in for the cuckold fantasy? Obviously someone who has DEEP fucking insecurities and wrestles control over them through whacking off to adultery porn. If I'm gonna identify with anyone it'll be the pool boy, not the sap, natch. Now stop crying, bitch, and hand me your wife's speculum.

Asslicking
Grossout rating: 10
Falls under the category of "Can never get clean enough".

Sexual perversion rating: 8 (her ass), 10 (his ass)
Hey, you'll find no bigger aficionado of anal than me, but there's a world of difference between plowing her with my tool and getting her dingleberries caught in my teeth. Girls don't shit wafer thin mints, so how is licking her anus supposed to be fun? I pray I never shake hands with a guy who gets off on asslicking porn. And porn where the girl licks the guy's carpeted asshole? Sweet fancy moses, why don't you just reach in the bowl and eat his log, scatgirl?

Squirting
Grossout rating: 3
No, I don't mean natural squirting, which is a beautiful act of humanity. I mean the supersoaker squirting where they fill the girl's pussy up with a gallon of skim milk and let 'er rip. Exaggerating the normal bodily functions is pretty much the byline of porn, but twisting it into a ridiculous caricature of the real thing is a complete turnoff.

Sexual perversion rating: 3
Enjoying the sight of a girl squirting is perfectly normal. Enjoying the sight of a girl vomiting out of her vagina is slightly perverted. For guys who like this, I suspect childbirth regression issues.

What's going on here I think is that straight sex is no longer enough for a segment of the male population. The bar of deviancy is constantly being raised to the point that foreplay includes golden showers. I predict women will continue to dress and act sluttier so as to satisfy the ever-growing demands of porn-raised generations of men.

Coincidentally, paternity testing will also rise.

Plowing

CH · 6 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In the movies and in the popular imagination, persistence pays off. The guy who chases and won't take no for an answer eventually wins the love of the girl. In real life, persistence is just a nice word for creepiness. Guys who pursue women with great ardor are always losing the girl to guys who don't answer her phone calls right away and keep her guessing.

But persistence *can* work if done right. I used to give up on girls as soon as they hit me with roadblocks to our dating progress, resulting in a lot of first and second dates that never got to sex. Eventually I learned that girls will bitch about at least one thing at any stage of dating up until insertion because it is their way of culling the weak men whose self-confidence cannot withstand the tumult.

A little bit of persistence is effective as long as, one, there was a spark of attraction to begin with and, two, it comes from a place of non-neediness. If you must chase a girl, always do it with a cocky grin and the mentality that if she doesn't get on board with your program it's no big loss. If she accuses you of some dating breach, turn the tables on her. With girls, offense is the best defense.

An example of persistence succeeding occurred with a girl I dated a while back. The day after our second date I had this phone conversation with her.

Her: I don't think another date is a good idea.
Me: Where does this come from?
Her: I dunno, you said some things about my job that I didn't like.

This girl was good-looking so I had no intention of letting her drop unceremoniously without a fight. But getting apologetic wouldn't have worked. "I'm sorry I didn't mean it, you took it the wrong way" would have sent her running even faster.

Me: Next time I'll hold up a placard.
Her: A placard?
Me: Yeah, a placard announcing my jokes before I make them, like, here comes a joke! I understand, sometimes they are missed. This way, if I tell you about a joke beforehand there's no risk of a cute misunderstanding.
Her: [laugh] Yeah, that might help.
Me: The truth is, I love your job. It reminds me of meadows and bunnies.

What I actually did or did not say about her job was irrelevant in my world. I plowed through her second thoughts as if the substance of her argument was beside the point, simultaneously assuming we would meet again and belittling her grievance. Directly engaging her complaint like a debate team nerd would've sounded cloyingly desperate, so I evaded and in the process forced her into my mental framework. I only threw her a bone… "I love your job"… after I had steered the conversation in the direction of my choosing. Had I caved to her reservations, months of fantastic sex with her and all those fond memories would never have happened.

Like seduction itself, persistence is half arrogance, half marketing. You want to get your point across without actually saying how you feel.

Honesty

CH · 7 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In seduction, honesty is not the best policy. A man learns from experience to conceal some of what he is thinking because no matter how much a woman says she wants to know his true feelings, she would rather not.

Hiding my opinions from a woman I am trying to bed is a tactical maneuver, not a fear-based beta instinct. There is a difference between bending your opinions to appease the girl and refraining from excessive candor so as not to unnecessarily drive her away. If I think a girl's hobbies suck, what good does it do me to tell her that? It is not alpha to be so cavalier in your opinions that you shit all over the things she cherishes most.

Women don't operate like men. A misplaced word or criticism can turn them off instantly. A woman may want to have sex with you after the first fifteen minutes, but her horniness can be easily reversed if you sever the connection with disagreements that go to the heart of how she sees herself. Unless you are a low-testosterone man who won't mind the long stretches of celibacy resulting from sticking by your principled honesty, deep-seated differences in opinion should only be shared after sex when the possibility of a long term relationship is evident.

Now I don't advocate lying. There is a middle ground between complete candor and bald-faced lies. Massaging the truth is the best way to describe it. Some may call this manipulation. Is it manipulation if I speak honestly but say it in such a way that my chances of success are maximized? And if that is manipulation, is it wrong?

The fact is, there would be very little hooking up at all if men decided en masse to be totally honest with women. I think men could handle women telling them they only like them for their high status job or their swagger, but could women handle being told by men that dinner was on them only because they think this will buy them a titty fuck? Or that all they can think about when she is blathering on about crystal therapy or her non-profit job is what she looks like naked and what it would be like to make love to her all night long?

Let's be honest. Honesty falls in the category of those values we all say we want from others, but really don't.

Player's Pop Quiz

CH · 10 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Your girlfriend, who is thin, asks if you think she looks fat. Among the following responses you could give which is most likely to make her smile and kiss you? Which is most likely to piss her off? Which is most likely to make her more dependent on you (AKA love you)?

The Sarcastic Answer
"Oh yes, you're huge. So fucking round. I've seen beach balls with more sex appeal." *rolls eyes*

The Sincere Answer
"No, you are thin and beautiful, as I have always known you."

The Coy Answer
"Hmm, lemmee see, turn around. Hm, you know, it's weird… maybe it's the lighting in here."

The Scornful Answer
"Are you on drugs or are you blind? Give me a break, you know you aren't fat."

The Psychotherapy Answer
"If this is a cheap pity ploy to boost your sagging self-esteem or a test of my devotion I suggest a more subtle alternative route that doesn't involve ridiculous assumptions."

The Mendacious Insurance Policy Answer
"Yeah, now that you mention it, you did put on a few pounds, especially around the hips." *makes frowny face*

The Sly Answer
"Not that I would notice these things, but if you did put on a little weight, it looks good on you."

The Non-Answer
"Girls!"

The Satirical Answer
"Does my penis look bigger?"

The Smartass Answer
"Define 'fat'."

The Goofball Faux-Reassurance Answer
"Don't worry, baby, I like a little cushion for the pushin'!"

The Evasive Answer
"Hey, I love those shoes on you. Amazing! They really accentuate your long legs."

The Pimp Answer
"Why don't you work off your fat ass by getting on your knees and sucking my cock, bitch. Don't let me see no tears."

The New Age Answer
"You're coming from a fear-based place. Let go of your ego and trust in the universe that my love is enough."

The Charming Bastard Answer
"I can't judge these things with clothes interfering. A proper analysis can only be done by candlelight… with a warm bath… and a bottle of pinot noir nearby… to be sure the results are as… biased… as possible."

Silence
*walks slowly to her, puts his hands on her cheeks, brushes aside her hair, looks in her eyes, leans in, runs his lips

softly up her neck to her ear. sits back down.*

Adams Morgan Phoning It In

CH · 11 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There was a street festival in Adams Morgan this past Sunday. I've been to a few of these things now, and my learned opinion is that Amorg is washed up. A has been. Sucks. It's the same old same old every year — lots of bad music, foul tent food, toxic run-off flowing down the street, and useless baubles for sale.

[image]
Zion: 1, Georgetown: 0.

The worst part of it, as is usually the case with anything in life, are the people. Hordes of fresh college students, eager to sample their newly adopted city, mingle… carefully… with the flavorful locals while the usual putzes from NOVA metro in to see what Tom Toms looks like in the daytime. I especially love these chicks that get dressed up in their heels, club clothes and Barneys summer dresses only to sidestep putrid ochre rivers of deep fat fryer grease, squashed dead pigeons, and street bums. Hope you enjoyed your outdoor catwalk!

[image]
spot the nerdy white guy pretending to enjoy the rhythmic beat.

Passing by a small gathering, I noticed an anti-gentrification protestor. Here's the dirty little secret about anti-gentrifiers — they hope no one takes their outrage seriously. After all, gentrification brings charming overpriced consignment shops, gyms that smell like mint leaves, and freedom from gunshot wounds. Just let them pose and moan and get it out of their system. Everyone needs their adorable little status preening.

[image]
this is how intellectuals copulate.

I ran into my former painting class instructor selling her works. She said business was booming. With each year she sold more paintings. Her style hasn't changed so I could only chalk up the buyers' frenzy to a demographic shift toward more childless yuppies with barrels of disposable cash. I now have my goal for next spring's festival — a kiosk filled with my handcrafted sharks teeth condoms. For her pleasure. Prices starts at $500.

On the way back, I saw a wall spray painted with "MS-13″. That's Spanish for "authenticity". It reminded me of someone I know who had his face smashed in by seven assailants when he tried to intervene in a mugging in progress. It happened right on the patch of asphalt over there where a group of chatty girls was browsing earrings for sale. I wondered what they would think if they knew they were standing on ground that had blood violently spilled over it not long ago. I wondered what the new condo owner who recently bought in for a cool $900,000 across the street from the location of the attack would think about that.

I ask myself, what do I see in this stinky, aggravating glorified piss trough where the nightclubs have reached suborbital cheesiness and the coffee shop is filled with dorks on laptops trying to be seen? Then I remember… oh yeah, the girls. And the staff at Reef. You guys are OK in my book.

Online Dating is Futile

CH · 12 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

During downtimes when I was too tired to go out and meet women I experimented with internet dating. I found love from just a few custom tailored emails. My friends think I hit the dating equivalent of the lotto. From what I have heard, I agree. Most guys struggle to get one positive response on dating sites.

I have predicted to myself for years that the online dating business model would collapse once men figured out it was worthless as a way to meet quality women. That it hasn't yet is testament to the difficulty so many men have approaching women in person. The path of least resistance explains why hot women don't bother developing their personalities and why men will shotgun shoot hundreds of copy/paste emails to anonymous women online.

Myspace, Match, eHarmony, CL… they all suck for the elegantly simple reason that online there are too many indiscriminate horny men and too few cute girls. The dynamics are totally in the woman's favor, ridiculously so in that it encourages massive self-assessment inflation that will carry over into real life social interactions, guaranteeing disappointment.

The lopsided pursuer-pursued ratio on internet dating sites gives rise to some interesting phenomena that stack the deck against any guy choosing this as his primary pickup vehicle. The biggest obstacles for men are:

1. Online dating is like a journey to the Island of Misfit Singles. It's no surprise that the virtual world warehouses sexual rejects who couldn't cut it in public where their ugliness means they're not even in the running. BBWs, BBBWs, BBBBBBBBBBBWs… you'll find them all online, beached like a herd of walrus. Carefully cropped 10-year-old head shots in favorable lighting are no substitute for the real deal. Peruse Craigslist W4M and you can't miss the fetid stench of the loser.
2. The internet is a huge fucking ego trip for any semi-decent looking girl. There are a lot of plain looking girls in the 4-6 range who post online profiles for the instant ego stroking. Usually, these are girls who have just come out of bad relationships and need a quick pick-me-up before venturing out to the cutthroat competition of the clubs and bars. Because the nature of internet courtship shifts the perceived 1-10 female attractiveness scale 5 points upward, a 4 will feel like a 9 after getting bombarded with an inbox full of e-suitors. A great illustration of this happened with one of my ex-girlfriends. On our first date at a local dive bar (naturally) she got nervous when two girls sat near us and, according to her, started eye-flirting with me. The jealousy caused by other women in her field of view helped keep her ego in check, ultimately making my job easier. But when we broke up, she quickly hit a dating site and a week later during a breakup conversation with me gloated how "over a hundred men" had responded to her online personal within hours of its posting. I tried to explain that most of those men were nerd losers, but the damage was already done. Her opinion of her attractiveness skyrocketed, and she spent the next six months acting like a 10 blindly turning down dates with what she thought were unworthy men and crying lonely tears on the slumped shoulder of an emasculated beta male friend.
3. The internet masks the competition. She wakes up the next morning to find 250 emails responding to her online profile. She feels validated from the swarm of attention. The problem? In her self-absorption and the privacy of her home she does not experience the visceral impact of being one among many, despite the fact that all those guys who emailed her also emailed a thousand other women. She has no concrete sense of her female competition online that could compare to what she would have in a bar watching men pass her over to hit on one cute girl after another. The mindfuck of real women in her physical presence ready to pull away the attention of the man she is interested in should not be underestimated.
4. The internet frees men to follow the Law of Truly Large Numbersand hit on anything with an ASCII pulse. There are zero repercussions to using this strategy online, as opposed to a bar or club where being seen hitting on every girl in the place in rapid fire succession lowers the chance of notch for each subsequent pickup attempt. In public settings, men pick and choose which girls to hit on, and this has the aggregate effect of reducing the amount of male attention the average girl receives, thus helping to keep a lid on runaway female

ego bloat.

Remedies to the problems of internet pickup might include requirements for embedded video of 360 degree full body posing, alerts to let the women know when guys in their queue have emailed other girls, and “virtual girl friends” that can vouch for guys to interested women.

For the eternal optimist, there are online exceptions to the bleak picture I’ve painted above:

Jdate – Insular, selective, niche market serving a group historically bonded by blood as well as cultural ties. That is why it “works” (i.e., guys have an easier time getting laid) better than the mainstream sites. That is also why, for example, a Catholic version will never work as successfully; Catholicism isn’t an ethnic religion and there are too many of them to maintain a cohesive online dating community. Plus, Catholics love to rebel against their parents. Dating outside the religion is one of the sacraments. I have friends who use Jdate with great results.

Nonconformist chicks – Less interested in a man’s material possessions or job status, these types of girls flock to internet sites like Myspace and CL to find artists and iconoclasts. The medium suits their filtering mechanism well; a witty email or clever profile is hard to fake. They also tend to have low self-esteem which offsets the ego swelling effects of online exposure.

Fatties – The internet is great for banging fatties. With 70% of American women overweight, so is everywhere else, including a cardboard box.

Married chicks – Craigslist made cheating a whole hell of a lot more convenient.

A Business Idea

CH · 13 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I have to hand it to the women who started this website where jilted girlfriends send in photos and rap sheets of their alpha male badboy ex-boyfriends as a warning to other women. It's a pretty good concept, though judging by the limited database of cads the site has amassed and the immense number of potential nominees it may not work too well in practice. My favorite bitch-fest so far:

> If you like alcoholic, emotionally retarded borderline pedophiles, this guy's for you! A man in his 30s who cheated on me with a high school student and then moves on to a heroin-using teen he met through– who else?– her high school teacher. Clearly this is one quality gentleman. Also, you can look forward to the insanely boring sex life (whenever you actually get to have sex, as he's usually drunk or crying) and marvel at all two positions in his vast repertoire. If you're into chemistry, you could take a scraping from the two inches of dirt and grime in his bathroom and help in the crusade to cure cancer. Bonus!! Act now– before the onset of delirium tremens and get FREE moments of lucidity!

In a moment of panic, I searched their database of offenders for my name. Phew!

This admittedly valuable service for single women gives me a business idea. A similar website for men could warn single guys away from dating certain women. Of course, the particulars of how female candidates for public ostracization are chosen would be different than the male version. Just having guys write in horror stories about their exes or bad dates would not stop potential suitors from trying to get with these women because as long as the girl looks good there will be enough men willing to grin and bear her personality "quirks". For instance, posting dire warnings and accompanying pics of pretty golddiggers (and is there any other kind of golddigger, really?) would only encourage guys who don't mind paying for whores to ante up.

No, the idea only works if it taps into a dating concern all men share and is powerful enough a disincentive to at least give other men pause about dating any women, even the pretty ones, included on my website's perp list. And it's not STDs (with the exception of HIV).

The dating concerns that unite men in fear more than any other are, one, getting hoodwinked into having a kid and, two, not seeing a return on his investment. Therefore, there will be two categories of offenders. Women who "forgot" to take their pill or punched holes in condoms which resulted in surprise pregnancies and women who didn't put out within a reasonable amount of time.

I really like the idea of outing the cockteases and the sexually chaste. Granted, identifying women who made guys wait more than six dates before sex, or who accepted at least three time and money consuming dates without coming through on her end of the bargain, doesn't necessarily mean she would do that with every guy she dates, but it does suggest an underlying willingness to do so when it suits her needs. Just knowing that a girl is capable of holding out for a long time is enough to give men who might be interested in dating her a chance to customize their game and subvert her 'Rules' strategy. I see my website's service as filling an information gap that will help streamline dating efficiency.

The website name I am considering:

www.shesamaneater.com

Please do not steal my idea. I know patent lawyers with white belts in tae kwon do.

Update
It seems the domain name is registered. I'll need to get more creative.

www.superevilvagina.com

Girlfriend or Fling?

CH · 14 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a while since the last scientifically sound assessment.

I like analyzing groups because the interplay between everyone helps me decide which girl would be open for a same night lay and which one would be worth toughing out a few dates with before sexing.

The far left girl is clearly a fling. Everything about her says "pain in the ass who bangs like a guy". The holes in the jeans, large hoop ho-rings, and bright red nail polish are enough to tip me off. Throw in her solo shot drinking and it's case closed. Maverick drinking is a red flag for sluttiness.

The girl with the flower shirt standing next to her has girlfriend potential despite her tantalizingly exposed belly. She has both her hands on her boozehound friend which means she is loyal and dependable.

The girl in the middle squeezing her way into the picture would make an excellent girlfriend (assuming she met your minimum looks threshold). She is the girl who has always been in the background of life, ceding all the attention to her wilder friends. She yearns for a brief moment in the spotlight, even the tiny spotlight of a club photographer's flash. These are the signs of a love-starved girl. Expect her to enthusiastically answer your calls on the first ring and to save all your text messages.

The black dress girl in the foreground is a golddigger who will not give it up until the 15th date as evidenced by her severe hairstyle, and then only after you've blown ten girls' worth of dating money on her. She craves meeting a man who will bring the fling out of her. She is leaning backwards in a block maneuver because she secretly can't stand her needy friend behind her. Or they're a couple.

Blue shirt girl is a dirty little fling. Don't let her easy smile and girl scout bangs fool you. She is leaning to the side so the camera doesn't miss the full glory of her (fake) cleavage. She is also the only girl in the picture in physical contact with a male body. She's that comfortable with her sexuality.

If you swing that way, funboy on the right would make an excellent girlfriend. He is dressed too conservatively for anything but tender moments holding uncalloused hands by the reflecting pool.

‘Bang’ Review

CH · 17 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I feel like I am coming from a somewhat different perspective than the average reader of this book on pickup by Roosh V. I have put in a lot of effort gaining as much knowledge as I could from seduction oriented books, DVDs, and websites, to advance my game in the field with women. A couple years ago I even met Mystery of VH1’s Pickup Artist when he was in DC to see what he had to say in person.

So when I read **Bang** I already understood not only the concepts of pickup from meet to bedroom, but many of the specific openers, qualification tactics, and conversational routines, and have spent many nights out applying those lessons and improving my skills. But after reading it, I was surprised to find that Roosh has brought a welcome dimension to the study of game — elegant simplicity and clear-headedness, as well as some new tactics I was previously unaware of. This slim but powerfully condensed book lays out the foundations of game — from female psychology to the winning male attitude to the sequence of pickup from approach to sex — in a concise, detailed, and readily-accessible manner that can get any guy on the ground and running right away without spending weeks of time and thousands of dollars on a vast library of pickup material. The occasional flashes of droll humor also make it an entertaining read.

Bang offers both useful reasoning and highly specific techniques and lines. There is rock solid advice like this:

> By now you’ve probably noticed I like asking questions or bringing up topics that stir up a little insecurity or doubt. This is because I want her to focus on her flaws and problems instead of my own. She’s on stage being evaluated, not me, increasing the likelihood she will do things to impress me.

And plenty of specific lines, routines, and conversation starters to ask a girl, like this:

> So I’m going to grow a mustache, and I know it’s going to be popular once I start the trend again, but I’m wondering what kind of mustache I should grow. Should it curl up or down?

For the beginner or casual player, I would recommend this book because it is short and sweet and avoids the pitfalls of overwhelming with excessive theorizing. It is too easy to fall prey to paralysis by analysis as your head swims with new information, yet **Bang** does an admirable job of keeping its message focused and practical. If you are an advanced student of seduction, **Bang** serves as a convenient refresher book to reference as needed.

You can order a copy of **Bang** here.

The Sexual Frame

CH · 18 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

One of the traits of the beta is that he is uncomfortable with animal sexuality — his own and especially that of the women he craves. He is loathe to initiate contact, late to respond to flirtatious signals, and leery of acknowledging the raw sexual nature of women. His unease with himself and with women's equally ravenous sexual appetites compels him to constantly elevate women onto pedestals and to befriend them platonically before making his intentions known, if ever. He thinks that expressing his sexual nature too soon or too boldly will diminish them both. He simply cannot conceive a scenario where a sexy girl will make love to him on the first day they meet. This straightjacket of limiting beliefs is why he fails.

A way to avoid these emotionally arid pitfalls is to adopt a frame of mind that is infused with sexuality. Everything begins in the mind. When I see an attractive girl across the room and start walking toward her I immediately picture her naked and writhing under my sheets, sweating in ecstasy. When I am talking with her and it is clear that we click, I imagine what it would feel like to touch her bare skin. I am kissing her before our lips have committed to the kiss. As we delve deeper into conversation, a part of me visualizes peeling off her clothes and imagining transactions… scenarios… a dirty smutty world of possibilities.

This is how every man should approach his interactions with women he is turned on by — unapologetically, sensually, instinctually. Civilized norms should hold no sway over your untamed thoughts or the id that fuels them. They are yours to do with as you please and to set the tone of whatever follows. The advantage to having this carnal mindset at all times lies in the power it gives you to draw women into your reality. When a woman is into you she will sense your sexual energy and mirror it. Your thoughts will become her thoughts. Your desire hers. Later after sex when she is lying in your arms and talking about what led to this point you will discover that she knew it was going to happen when you knew.

Lead as a man in making no excuses for your libertine nature, and she will follow.

Defining the Alpha Male

CH · 19 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I knew a guy who was alpha by most people's definitions — an Army soldier and lawyer by trade, built like granite, he was a fearsome warrior with a taste for fighting who could knock a man out with a punch that landed like a piledriver. He walked with purpose everywhere and immediately cowed men into deferring to him when in social situations. He had a taste for cruising his apartment butt naked, company or no company present. He was, according to my traumatized metrosexual roommate, hung like a Clydesdale. Despite his strong manly presence he misspent his alpha capital picking up a parade of bar skanks and fatties in nightclubs — I never saw him with any girl better than a 5 — and pining for a lost ex-girlfriend (and by pining I mean seeking out the new boyfriend of his ex to deliver a flurry of violent blows.)

I had another friend, a good-looking successful businessman with a sharp wit and effortless charisma, who was always the center of attention in that very alpha way of not trying hard to be the center of attention. The girls in our social group we used to hang out with all told me how much they wanted to date him. And yet, in the couple years I knew this guy I don't think he slept with more than three girls and never had a girlfriend. Some flaw in his character hobbled him from reaching his full potential. He eventually married a hot blonde, but for many years in his prime he completely squandered his alpha capital in the only way that really matters.

I mention these guys because they illustrate the confusion that arises when people attempt to categorize alpha and beta males. These two guys weren't perfectly alpha on paper — one had a beat up face and a half-empty wallet, the other was emotionally vacant — but they had enough of the important alpha qualities that they could have done a lot better with women than they did. And yet, to an outside observer who didn't know about their troubles with women, they would be considered archetypical alpha males.

Many want to believe that getting girls is ancillary to being a true alpha male; that the real measure of an alpha lies in his ability to dominate other men, or his command of his environment, or his thirst for swashbuckling adventure. While these are admirable alpha traits, they are nothing but a means to an end. Make no mistake, at the most fundamental level the CRUX of a man's worth is measured by his desirability to women, whether he chooses to play the game or not. Pussy is the holy grail. That is why the obese, socially maladroit nerdboy who manages to unlock the gate to the secret garden and bang a 10 regularly is an alpha male. And that is also why the rich, charming entrepreneur who because of an emotional deficiency or mental sickness lives mired in parched celibacy is not an alpha male.

Due to this enduring confusion about what makes an alpha, I submit the following system, in the form of a handy chart, to help clear the air. It hits on the three major factors influencing male rank — **how hot are the women he can attract, how strong is that attraction for him, and how many of those women find him attractive.**

Keep in mind that there is no line in the sand that separates betas from alphas — the distribution of men by their attractiveness to women follows an uneven continuum where at the extremes a small percentage of alphas monopolize an immense number of quality women and a much larger blob of omegas struggle to rut with warpigs.

Male Rank	Hotness(F)	Strength of Attraction	# of Women
Dregs (lost souls)	N/A	Actively repulsed	Grinding celibacy
Lesser Omega	0,1	Will never feel love;	Dry spells >5 years
can't keep a girl longer than 3 days			
Greater Omega	1,2,3	She loves houseplant more;	Dry spells 1-5 years
gets dumped for cat			
Lesser Beta	3,4	She's somewhere else	Gets lucky twice;
during sex		marries hog	
Beta	4,5,6	Romance died after	6 month dry spells;

second date; relationships last forever because no other choice		marries dumpy hausfrau	
Greater Beta	6,7	Can do it with lights on; once got a BJ in an alley; girlfriend cries after he proposes	5-15 lifetime partners
Lesser Alpha	7,8	Consecutive long term relationships >1 year; enjoys occasional fling; girlfriend faints after he proposes	15-100 lifetime partners; 2 affairs
Alpha	8,9	Concurrent multiple long term relationships; love at first sight; videotapes homemade porn; girlfriend scared to pressure him into marriage	100-500 lifetime partners; 10-20 affairs; 2 threesomes
Super Alpha	9,10	Multiple long and short term relationships, flings, and one night stands; orgies; crazed stalker love; women willing to do anal at hello; maintains de facto harem; never cheated on, never dumped; hires contraceptive assistant to make sure his condoms don't have holes punched in them	Limitless

How to Own a Room

CH · 20 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Unreconstructed barbarian Zeets called to give me a recap on his date with a girl he took to a popular local lounge.

Zeets: It was all going well until I felt an explosion of gases in my intestines. A deep rumbling. I couldn't do anything while she was there next to me.
Me: Why not go to the bathroom?
Zeets: Cream puffs excuse themselves to the bathroom to pass gas. Real men wait for a clearing in the room and let it rip. *BRRRAAAPPP!* Anyhow, we were sitting down. I don't like to be rousted from a comfortable position.
Me: Then you dropped a patented Zeets cluster bomb. I remember those unfondly.
Zeets: Oh yes! Not right away. I held it in for as long as I could, the pressure building, until we were ready to leave. I hustled her ahead of me and stayed a few steps behind.
Me: So she was out of smell shot. How chivalrous.
Zeets: There was a group of young luscious chicks on the dance floor… oh man, one of them was wearing black skintight leather pants… [pause to make inhaling through teeth sound… *"oh yeeeeeeahhh"*]… laughing and having a good time, probably students new to the city… exploring their world and their womanhood. I got up and blasted them, one of my best yet. Right in the middle of their tea time.
Me: No fear.
Zeets: Nope! The music was loud so they didn't hear it.
Me: It wasn't a smelly one?
Zeets: Oh no, my friend, it was a smelly one. As I walked out the door I heard the girls shrieking and yelling "PEW!". ha! Perfect! I left with a smile on my face.
Me: And no one suspected anything.
Zeets: Not a thing. I bet they spent the rest of the night looking at each other and pointing fingers.
Me: Besides the bodily functions the lounge worked its magic on your date?
Zeets: Like an aphrodisiac. It's never let me down.
Me: You like this chick?
Zeets: Yeah, she's fun. Pretty. We had a good, solid makeout. With tongue.
Me: That's good. What does she do for a living?
Zeets: I don't remember… some non-profit, save Darfur crap or something like that.

Attention to detail. We have it ladies. It's just selective.

Fake Tits

CH · 21 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I kept pulling up her shirt. She resisted. I pulled on her pants and panties. They came off without much fuss. Back to the shirt. More resistance. She's tugging down on her shirt while her lower half is completely naked and grinding into my crotch. Weird. Are the boobs really that much more precious to a woman than the pussy? Then I discovered the answer.

Fake tits. Super fake. Like the kind that bumped up an A to a C. The kind where you could see the outline of the bag along the perimeter of the boob. Unnaturally pert. Egregiously firm.

But the worst? The feel. Under clothes, fake tits look great. Superb, even. Parade them around the National Cathedral and be the envy of your friends and neighbors. But naked? Disturbing visual. And they felt like rocks stuffed under a nipple.

Rocks.

No soft supple malleable sponginess. Just rocks.

Such a pretty girl.

So pretty.

So flawed.

As soon as my cupped hands encountered the immoveable objects that were her breasts, I knew she would never be girlfriend worthy.

What goes through a guy's head when he's got a hot chick halfway home to sex and he caresses silicone under a taut drum head of flesh?

I'll tell you what.

Don't give too much of yourself to this girl. Keep it superficial, just like her tits.

This is a chick who lives and dies by her beauty. A trophy wife in training. A girl who doesn't mind being an accessory on the arm of a powerful man who is fucking ten other women. A strategist. A status whore. A decepticon. A cipher.

A girl who reapplies her makeup every fifteen minutes.

And I was right.

There's room in the world for those types of women. Just not my world.

So I offer some advice to small-boobed women.

Don't butcher yourselves.

You look great under a sweater with augmentation.

But I'm not fucking a sweater.

And that's what really matters.

Isn't it?

No, it isn't?

Goodbye.

Warning: I wrote this drunk and post-coital at 5am. Reconsiderations pending. Reader beware.

mood music

CH · 23 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

you've got her back at your place. light dimmer pre-adjusted before you left for the night to

looooooooooooow. (you're a good boy scout. always prepared.)

bowl of chocolate covered strawberries on the coffee table. you hand her some matches and ask her to help you light the candles.

(good job, son! you know doing little things together increases her investment in you. now she's less likely to put up last minute resistance.)

you tell her to make herself comfortable. you slip in a CD. keep that volume at lubrication level, cowboy! right around 3 is perfect.

it's your go-to album for these extra special moments. the first melodic frequencies reach out from the speakers and slowly unbotton her jeans. oh yeah, nothing sets the sexy mood quite like this:

A Critical Moment

CH · 24 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Everything was going right. My game was tight. She was responding with an everlasting feedback loop of positivity. All smiles, all electrified touching on the legs, chest, arms. Unforced laughter. Whispers in ears as cheeks grazed.

A culmination in same night sex was within the realm of possibility. I could practically taste it.

Then she pulled the classic last ditch stone cold shit test.

Using inviting body language, she welcomed a male interloper into our perfect night. He dutifully took the bait and chatted her up. She snapped her eye contact away from me and to him. She laughed at his… what were they?… jokes?… no, she laughed at any old stupid thing he said.

He was in heaven. Getting the girl AND sticking it to some chump who thought he had it in the bag.

But I knew better. He was being used by her. A compete tool in a skilled operator's hands. She just needed to know if I was strong enough to not get rattled.

About half the girls I have picked up have at some point attempted to pull this maneuver. Club and bar girls are the worst offenders because it is so easy for them to recruit an all-too-willing male foil from the crowd.

It used to chasten me.

Now it charms me.

There is one way to handle this final shit test that is absolutely GUARANTEED to work every time — walk away.

First, chat up the guy in a friendly manner to show you are unaffected by his presence. Stay for a few minutes. Smile. Then, leave, preferably right in the middle of something you were saying to both of them to maximize the impact of your exit. Give no explanation or excuse. Just walk away casually and confidently to another floor of the bar.

Can you walk away from a girl in whom you have invested three hours of seduction?

Literally 30 seconds later she joined me downstairs — by herself.

Test passed.

It was funny how compliant and eager to please she became after that.

Thursdays Rule

CH · 25 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In the quest to uncover any hidden patterns in my dating experiences that might help me streamline operations, I've done a back of the cocktail napkin calculation of the total number of girls I've dated that led to intimate relations, assorted by which days I first met those girls. I wanted to see if some days were better for meeting a slutty sexually responsive pool of available women.

Obviously, having a good memory is a factor in this analysis, but as a man I found it a lot easier to remember the exact day I met a girl I would eventually bang than it is to remember, for example, my niece's name.

The following table shows the percentage of total intimacies by the day of the week that the successful pickup first began.

Day of First Meet	**Percent of Total Lays**
Monday	5%
Tuesday	10%
Wednesday	0% (!)
Thursday	30%
Friday	25%
Saturday	15%
Sunday	15%

I was a bit surprised by Wednesday's goose egg. Maybe this is dumb coincidence or faulty memory, or hump day (behold irony) is a black hole of suckage for meeting girls. Is Wednesday Desperate Housewives night? I wouldn't know.

Friday's results were predictable as more single girls go out on that night than any other by my guess, providing a richer target environment, but Saturday put up a less than stellar showing. For all its pomp and circumstance as a great hookup night, Saturday actually blows. It's a date night for one, and the hordes of desperate men who didn't meet anyone Friday night give it the old college try again on Saturday, smothering the good vibes with their massive sausage invasion.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday have been good considering their reputations as lonely barfly nights devoid of girls, but two things I've learned over the years are that any girl going out on an off-night is seriously looking to hook up (double hookup points if she braves it on a rainy weeknight) and logistics are favorable for you to take a girl home that night because weeknight venue patrons are more likely to be local. Also, it doesn't hurt that the venues aren't swarming with drunk Axe-wearing clones. Just be sure to avoid those bars that cater to the kickball flip cupper crowd.

For some reason, a lot of European women go out for drinks on Sundays and Mondays.

Thursday gets crowned Notch Night of the Week. It has the best mix of quality and quantity, with just enough of a scene to make things interesting, yet suitably laid back to appeal to the types of women who don't parade around clubs holding their girlfriend's hands like circus elephants. This is one of the great advantages to living in the city — rolling out on a Thursday night is not such a chore.

Conclusion: there is selective filtering in action based on day of the week. Quieter nights will have fewer opportunities, but the leads are stronger. Busier nights have more opportunities, but on average they are weaker. The best night is the one that strikes a balance between numbers and receptiveness.

Day game is limited to Saturday and Sunday, so unless you are unemployed and can spend all week trolling for other unemployed girls, it's pointless to draw any lessons from the number of girls you have picked up during the daytime.

Painting Class

CH · 26 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I took a painting class downtown with the goal of meeting cute, artsy girls. Well, that, and to give life to my artistic vision. I once painted a fruit bowl when I was fourteen that my grandmother really liked, so I wanted to see if I could recapture the glory.

[image]
Title: Distraction

My instructor is a well-known local artist. She said my painting struck her as “surreal”. I have a sneaking suspicion that is her nice way of saying it “sucks”. But I was still glad for the vague compliment.

The only other guy in the class painted a slick self-portrait. If you want to know men, look no further than what themes we choose in our creative expressions. We are all about women and our egos. There is beauty in that simplicity.

I did manage to hook up through the painting class. With a five to one ratio, it wasn’t hard. Knowing that what a girl paints will tell me more about her secret desires than a two hour conversation, I zeroed in on the girl who painted the soft-focus, wistful female nude in seductive reds and earth tones.

The love was strong in her.

Defining the Alpha Female

CH · 27 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

In a previous post I discussed a workable definition of identifying alpha males that most non-delusional people would have no problem agreeing with. Here I will set out what defines the alpha female. In some ways, the alpha female is a mirror image of her male counterpart. Where quantity counts heavily toward a man's rank, quality does so for women. Where notches boost a man's score, commitment boosts a woman's score.

The amount of variables that go into determining a woman's sexual market value is considerably smaller than it is for men, thus making the determination of the alpha female quite a bit easier. The reason for this has to do with the inherently imprecise and heterogeneous nature of male power versus the comparatively objective nature of female power. A boring rich man, a starving artist, and a charismatic rapscallion can all do well with women, so individual measures such as wealth, creativity, and dominance, on their own, fall short as inclusive definitions of alpha male status. We have had to use indirect evidence of a man's alphaness — his success with women — to come up with a male ranking system that allows for very few exceptions to the rule.

Women, on the other hand, can be ranked more directly (though not entirely). Unless she's got HIV or is missing a vagina, a 9 will in almost all cases be more alpha than a 6, regardless of how many men she dates. This stems from the fact that men are not as diverse as women in what turns them on in the opposite sex. Men dig beauty. A feminine personality and sexual adventurism follow in a distant second and third place. Smarts takes up the rear in fourth. Men's simple attraction programming means that we can rank women by their hotness without worrying about too many exceptions that violate the integrity of our ranking system.

But that is not the whole story. Besides hotness, there is one other factor that influences female rank — **the maximum level of commitment she can extract from her best option.** Her personality, charm, sexiness, character, and nurturing ability will make the difference here. The best option rule is essential — men who are below her first choice offer unwanted commitment while men who are too far above her are guaranteed to put less effort into the relationship.

So the two variables defining female rank are:
Female hotness (sorry girls, but beauty is 99% NOT in the eye of the beholder).
Maximum level of commitment from the **top suitor** (this is what really separates the contenders from the pretenders; committing up is trickier than dating up).

Male partner rank is included as a reference point showing what pool of men is normally available to a woman of a particular rank. This will on average be a little higher than the woman's rank since women date up.

What is not included –
Number of partners means little to a woman's rank. Even a 1 can get fucks dumped in her by a drooling parade of Quasimodos. Of course, a 10 will have way more males desiring her than the 1, but since men are more willing to occasionally dumpster dive and women don't lust for variety as much as men do, we will leave that irrelevant variable out of the equation.

Female Rank	Hotness(F)	Male Rank	Max Commitment Level
Warpigs*	0	0,1	30 seconds through glory hole
Lesser Omega	1,2	1,2,3	15 minutes, moonless night only, contacts removed, never sober, doggy style with nothing but genitalia touching and a vomit bag nearby
Greater Omega	2,3	2,3,4	one hour with aid of mexican wrestling mask and stick to

			bite down on
Lesser Beta	3,4	3,4,5	4 weeks and nobody knows except you and your god
Beta	4,5,6	4,5,6,7	6 months – 5 yrs, no flowers, no poems, no nights out, zero foreplay, she never comes, ultimatum spurs marriage proposal, divorce a messy but welcome denouement, housework is 70/30 favoring the man
Greater Beta	6,7	6,7,8	5 – 10 years, marriage tainted by at least one affair, passion fades after first year, marriage becomes comfortable compromise, chance of divorce slightly beats the odds
Lesser Alpha	7,8	7,8,9	10 – 15 years, she convinces him to marry right away instead of cohabit, first 5 years of marriage are magical time of animal sex and sweet romance, kids are never resented, husband works ass off to support family, super hot mistress precipitates divorce
Alpha	8,9	8,9,10	10 years of faithful cohabitation, followed by 15 years of progressively unfaithful marriage (hey, hot people are constantly tempted), affairs ignored, sex always good, romantic gestures clever, original, and heart-warming, family portrait painted by norman rockwell descendant
Super Alpha	10	10	foreva eva, a polyamorous eternity, love stays strong (or at least until she hits the wall)

*Water cooler bonus: there are twice as many dregs as warpigs.

Exception argument:
What about the rare female 4 who snags a male 8? Doesn't that make her an alpha?

No. Let's turn it around to show why. If a male 4 snags a female 8 his ranking goes up, maybe even as far up as a male 8. Other women see and hear about him with his hot girl and the phenomenon of female preselection assures that he will now be more attractive to a bigger pool of women. Not all female 8s will suddenly find him attractive, but enough will that it will make a difference in his alpha ranking.

Conversely, if a female 4 lands a male 8 her sexual status ranking will barely nudge up, if at all. That is because male preselection does not work. Other men won't become more attracted to a female 4 despite seeing her with a much higher status guy. They will be curious, but their crotches won't stir. Her basic package of looks will still dictate the amount of attraction she can generate from men.

Leftie Girls Are Easy

CH · 28 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

This article about looking for love at an Obama political rally made me laugh.

> "You are likely to have similar political views, and those often cross into other things that aren't politically affiliated," says Colleen Kluttz, a 29-year-old TV producer who's hitting the event tonight if work allows.

I suppose it makes intuitive sense to a politics-drenched activist like Colleen that your views on the estate tax or troop withdrawal would define who you are as a person in all areas of life, but in my experience a girl's political opinions have zero correlation to how well we'll get along as a lovemaking couple. About the only time it matters is when… we're discussing politics.

The one exception is her view on abortion, which is more religious in nature than political. I would never bareback it with a pro-life chick.

> "It [politics] will give you something to talk about. It gives you a reason to have conversations that aren't just about yourself."

Let me tell you, if you are discussing politics with your date, no matter how sympatico you both are, you won't be getting laid. The tedious, dreary world of politics engages her logical mind when you want to do exactly the opposite. If she's the type that can't take a breather from braying about this or that political pet cause then she has control issues you want to avoid.

And no two people are 100% in agreement on every issue. You spend an hour talking politics and there is bound to come up a disagreement over some by-line in the appropriations bill that kills the sexytime mood.

> But what kind of guy are you going to find at an Obama rally?
>
> "A socially conscious liberal – probably a well-dressed, well-groomed hipster," Kluttz says.

If you want to bang this girl, your dedication to world peace won't be enough. You had better dress well, too.

> Lindsay Schaeffer, 25, may even skip the rally for the nighttime bash.
>
> "Look, you never meet good guys in a bar," she reasons. "Something like this naturally weeds out the losers for you. You aren't going to get some pickup artist at a political after-party."

Keep telling yourself that, Lindsay. Heh heh heh.

Every guy in the world is looking for the pickup. Some are just more artistic in the execution than others.

> One ardent Obama supporter (who declined to give his name because he works in politics) says he'll attend both the rally and the after-party, and he doesn't expect to be going home alone.
>
> He's confident for a reason.
>
> "Let's face it: Leftie girls are easy," he says.

This is the conventional wisdom about leftwing girls. When I was in college I joined both the College Democrats and the College Republicans to meet girls. I altered or concealed my views as needed when it was personally advantageous and helped toward my goal of hooking up. My friends and I agreed at the time with the commonly-held assumption that the Dem girls were good to go, while the Repub girls were prettier and more "well-kept".

I learned that the conventional wisdom is onto something, but for the wrong reasons. A lot of the leftie girls came from broken families. Dads who vamoose make girls who are loose. The rightie girls held out longer but when the floodgates finally opened their sexual appetites poured forth just as voraciously as their sluttier leftie sisters, if not moreso.

As for who was prettier, if I subtracted the butch lesbians from the Dem ranks and the fashion queens from the Repub ranks, I didn't notice much daylight between the two groups of girls. Of course, this was college, a time of life when most girls look bangable as long as they stay slim. I think as women age the Republicans tend to stay hotter longer because of their no-nonsense fastidiousness about catering to men's desires.

YouTube Cheap Shot Sunday

CH · 30 September 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Enjoying a Sunday morning cup of coffee and reading the hilarious insults from YouTube commenters has become a treasured personal growth and productivity time sink for me. The key to savoring truly inspired mockeries is to choose a popular video featuring an easy target. This combination brings out the best in people.

This video by a guy riffing on the equally strange YouTube video below elicited a few choice zingers:

> Is this a man or a woman? OH MY GOD THEY HAVE CROSSED HUMANS WITH FROG DNA! Jabba the Hut's kid? Woahhhh someone slay this creature and see how much exp points you get and check for possible loots. Who is responsible for going shaolin stick fighting style on this thing's face with branches of the ugly tree?

> Go die in a fucking fire.

> It looks like you ate chocolate rain, you fat ass.

> dude give up ur fat, ur ugly, u got no rythym, ur fat, ur ugly, and ur fat too!!!!!!

> u look like a fat fish.

Here's the oddly compelling original video with 10 million views that spawned hundreds of spoof tributes:

> When he leans away from the mic I like to pretend he's giving me kisses! *[not really an insult but still funny]*

> Not bad for a 7-year old…

> You look like you're getting butt-fucked.
> I like watching this with the sound off and laughing at you.

> This is the end of the Internet.

> ahh…. the sweet relief of nausea. This guy is a human stomach pump.

> TIME OUT!!!….Is this song about diarrhea??

> LOL his face is glossed with jizz

The singer in the video, Tay Zonday, tried valiantly to answer his critics but gave up after the 9,000th comment or so:

5iveX: Ughh ur ugly and stupid. Your voice sucks..you phail at life.

> TayZonday: Hi 5iveX! Why do you say that I'm ugly and stupid? What are you trying to communicate? Give

> more detail about what you dislike.

YouTube — comedy gold.

I Was an Attractive Woman for an Hour

CH · 2 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I was standing around with Zeets at one of my favorite clubs when I was approached by a girl who immediately chatted me up. I thought, here was an opportunity that doesn't fall in my lap every day.

Unfortunately, the girl who opened me was fat and pig-faced. And slightly inebriated. Considering her beastliness, I was intrigued in a sort of scientifically curious way by her assertive demeanor and sky high self-confidence, so I didn't blow her off right away. A minute later her friends had joined us. Zeets had engaged one of the friends in conversation and judging by his positive interest in her it looked like he would need my wingman duties to prevent grumpy cockblocking by the fat one. This was my night to fall on the ammo dump.

Guys will understand what I'm about to describe. It's funny what happens when you are the object of an ugly woman's affection. You get uncomfortable at first, then annoyed that this girl presumes to think she is in your league, and finally cruel, just to be rid of her. Now try keeping an ugly girl entertained for an hour. It will test your patience to the limits and expose you to the risk of her thinking she has a chance with you.

So for an hour I experienced what it must feel like to be a hot girl getting hit on by a persistent beta with zero game. And I reacted in exactly the same way a hot girl would react to a loser hitting on her. Or like a young guy might respond to a cougar stroking his chest.

First came the questions. She wanted to know so much about me. I felt like I was being interrogated, so I evaded and gave her smart-alecky answers.

So what to you do?
I kick cats for fun and profit.

She seemed to enjoy that. The cockier I got the more she pressed. Bad move on my part. I switched gears and started giving her vanilla one word answers. This seemed to work and she changed the subject to music hoping to gain more traction.

I really love the band Pussy Surrenders to Red Army. Ever heard of them?
Yeah, they're OK.
OMG, did you see their show last week?
Uh, you know, I listen to Celine Dion exclusively now.

Despite my strenuous effort to avoid reciprocating the rapport she so desperately tried to manufacture with me, she soldiered on. As we were talking she was facing me directly while my body was at a 90 degree angle to hers. I looked around at the rest of the room in between glances back at her to sustain a conversation I normally wouldn't have. I was literally giving her the cold shoulder. When the mind is not racing with lust it's easy to be keenly aware of your body language.

Next came the unsolicited compliments. My negative body language was apparently not enough to cool her jets. It only invited her to redouble her efforts.

You have great hair. I love your hair!
Uh, thanks.
It's so soft. [out of the corner of my eye I saw her hand reach up to touch my hair. I instinctively jerked my head backwards.]
I don't wash it. Natural grease keeps it soft.
You're the cutest guy in here. No, seriously! [my annoyance was rising.]
No, I think that guy is cuter over there. And he's checking you out. You should talk to him.

Finally, the stream of unwanted flattery was over. Only to be replaced by her touching me. Lots of touching.

The forearm at first.
Then the hands.
The chest.
She tried to stick her hand in my jeans back pocket.
ew, ew, ew.
Out of the blue she reached up and caressed my cheek.
ew infinity.
She leaned in aggressively. I leaned away from her. Lean in, lean away. I'd fall over soon at this rate. I tensed up and closed off my body. She stepped in closer. I stepped away. Step in, step away. We were moving across the room like a dance of repelling magnets. I actively and conspicuously checked out other girls in front of her as she talked.

She moved in to whisper something in my ear. I jumped sideways. We were now talking to each other from six feet apart. This was a tolerable amount of personal space for me.

I prayed Zeets would number close soon. I kept trying to get his attention and pass a non-verbal cue to hurry this up but he was in deep rapport with his target. The Krakon shambled up and put her arm around my waist. Sweet Lincoln's mullet, get a couple of drinks in a girl and mix with a dusty vagina that hasn't seen cock in years and it's like standing in front of a Chinese tank — you'll eventually get steamrolled.

Hey, you know, you should really go talk to your friends. It's kinda rude to ignore them like this.

I lifted her arm off me and walked away through the crowd to sit on a couch on the other side of the room. I couldn't take it anymore. Zeets was on his own. I did my part. If she went back to her friends and messed up his game, I washed my hands of any responsibility.

My freedom wouldn't last. No sooner had I caught the eye of an attractive girl and prepared to make a move on her, my tormentor returned and plopped down on the couch next to me. She scooted nearer and rested her hand on my leg. I pushed it off. She stared at me blankly. Then, release. The message got through. She stood up and walked back to her friends, not dejected, but more like a proud but mortally wounded warrior who was forced to surrender.

Everything I said to her, and every way my body responded to her, I've seen hot girls do to guys they weren't remotely interested in. For an hour, I was that hot girl.

Minimized eye contact and looked down at my drink a lot? Yes.
Answered questions tersely? Yes.
No body language mirroring? Yes.
Repositioned myself to avoid incidental physical contact? Yes.
Got skeeved out when physical contact ocurred? Yes.
Got progressively nastier with my comments? Yes.
Scanned room for a savior to rescue me? Yes.

The next step on my path to enlightenment would be to bottle the attitude I have with unattractive girls and invoke it when I'm in the company of a woman who really turns me on. This would elevate me to the stage of playerdom where I exert very little effort to have girls working hard to win me over.

All this unpleasantness would be unnecessary if fat and ugly chicks just followed my simple words of advice:

Know your place.

It'll make life easier for you and for everyone around you.

The Lawyer Vs the Nanny

CH · 3 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a comparison of two girls I briefly dated.

Girl A

- occasionally tossed out five dollar words like “antinomian”
- never spoke about her job in detail or hinted that she liked it
- talked more than once about the school she attended and about her father’s accomplishments
- i paid for her drinks
- noticed my brand of watch
- smiled a lot
- had artsy photographs hanging on her walls
- on the way to my bedroom the first time she saw a pile of my dirty clothes on the floor and made a face
- skipped foreplay, went straight to gatling gun-style jackhammer sex
- assumed the doggy position unprompted

Girl B

- liked to kiss more than talk
- bought me drinks
- made me dinner with a table setting of wine candles and flowers
- never mentioned her father
- was bilingual
- took pictures with her digital camera and emailed them to me
- on the way to my bedroom the first time she giggled as I carried her
- much foreplay followed by lovemaking in front of a wall-length mirror where we watched ourselves
- was married and hid it from me
- said she loved me

Guess which girl was the six figure corporate lawyer and which was the nanny studying psychology part time at grad school.

I think it’s interesting how much of a girl’s personality and femininity I can predict based on her career.

ANSWER:
A – lawyer.

Lawyers are way too calculating to say they love you after only a short while dating.

Prettiness = Sense of Entitlement

CH · 4 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There are many factors that contribute to a woman believing the world should fall in her lap (for example, being an American), but none are as important as how she perceives her looks compared to other women. I've found that the prettier a girl is, the more she feels entitled to special treatment and unearned rewards.

I remember this conversation I had with a woman I had been sexing for a couple months. She was a solid 8 and turned many heads, and more pertinently, she knew it. I glibly brought up the subject of men paying for women on dates; she took my half-serious bait and offered her deep thoughts on the matter.

Her: I would never date a guy who didn't pay for me on the first few dates.
Me: Is that a hard and fast rule?
Her: I'm not saying he has to spend a lot on dinners or whatever, but he does need to pay for me.
Me: Why?
Her: Because that's what guys do for girls they are interested in.
Me: And what do girls do for guys they are interested in?
Her: Give them sex!
Me: But guys give girls they like sex, too. Shouldn't that be enough compensation? It's even steven!
Her: That's different. We can get that from anywhere.
Me: So guys have to bring twice as much to the table as girls — their sex and their money. Sounds like a fair trade-off.
Her: Every guy I've ever dated paid for me. Why should I expect less now?

She had a point. Why stop the gravy train? After all, I paid for her, although I take some pride in the knowledge that I most likely invested much less monetarily in her than her previous suitors to get the same piece of ass. It's like finding an awesome pair of shoes at DSW for 70% discount when everyone else is paying full price — you feel like you got one over on the plebe consumers.

Clearly, pretty girls feel entitled to a man's money in exchange for the pleasure of her company, where in this case "company" is defined to mean her ability to sit still on a bar stool or a dining chair for the date minimum of 15 minutes and hear the guy's pitch.

Why do they have this sense of entitlement?
Because they can afford to. Behaviors change only when there is incentive to change or disincentive to maintaining the status quo. As far as I can tell, most guys have not abandoned the *man pays* paradigm, so the beat goes on and will continue to go on unless human nature changes.

Which brings us to today's handy chart. Here I will illustrate how a woman's sense of entitlement varies with respect to her attractiveness.

Woman's Hotness	Her Sense of Entitlement
0	Must pay for sex with any non-homeless man; feels entitled to walk away alive from any sexual encounter.
1	Expects man not to call her a "dirty filthy whore"; "cuntface" is OK, though. Doesn't consider knifings part of foreplay.
2	Expects man not to shout out another woman's name during sex or to forget her name less than 10 seconds after she told him it.
3	Expects man to open eyes at least once during sex;

	also expects no less than 1.5 seconds of post-coital cuddling not necessarily face-to-face.
4	Thinks man should at least pay for his own drinks; she will make a polite but disingenuous move to pull money out of her purse first when the bill comes. He'll call her bluff.
5	Thinks man should split the check with her, but she winds up footing the bill while he covers the tip; feels entitled to one date before getting harangued for sex.
6	Expects to be wined and dined at a 2 star establishment; Wants a man to hold out for two dates before prodding her vulva with inanimate objects.
7	Expects to be treated to drinks, dinner, and a non-matinee movie; wants the man to spend twice as much on her as she spends on him; will judge him based on which sushi restaurant he takes her to; expects him to deal with at least one of her flake fits; will not put out until he has paid for a minimum of 3 dates.
8	Feels entitled to spend absolutely nothing on dates; becomes highly offended if man even suggests splitting bill; will regularly show up late to dates as if it is her prerogative; 4 star establishments only – accepts no substitutes; will not be picked up in a toyota camry or honda accord; expects man to perform at least three chivalrous acts; won't put out until date six; will flake twice and expect the man to take it.
9	Feels entitled to forget man's name; won't even say 'thank you' when man pays the bill; looks in the mirror more than she looks at her date; expects his watch to cost as much as her emu-skin purse; talks about herself incessantly except when she asks the guy about his credit limit/job title/stock portfolio; won't accept less than $200 being spent on her on any date pre-sex; will walk out on date if man's shoes don't comply with fashion industry standards of the week.
10	Will not settle for less than a first date aboard his private yacht – 50 foot+ class only; expects payment in the form of pink diamonds before putting out; feels entitled to do absolutely nothing in bed.
10+American	The federal government was invented to placate her.

Of course, what a woman expects from a man she's dating and what actually turns her on to want to fuck the guy are two different things. If you are an alpha male and have lived a day in your life, you know the best way to please a woman who is hard to please is… to not try hard to please her.

'Opposite George' comes to mind here.

Paying for Dates

CH · 5 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I'm surprised guys still struggle with the question of who pays on dates. It seems to be a perennial issue that never gets satisfactorily resolved. There's a simple solution that skirts the problem entirely — don't take her on traditional dates that cost more than a few bucks.

This isn't so much about saving money as it is about avoiding the impression that you are buying her approval. Although all girls say they like it when a guy pays for them on dates (some even demand it on principle), the reality is that she will subconsciously slightly downgrade your status if you are quick to spend on her. The amount you are downgraded is directly proportional to the amount and eagerness with which you pay for her company. A fancy dinner followed by dessert and cocktails that costs you $100 will get you no further with a girl than if you had bought her a single beer. In fact, it may even hurt your chances.

Leave the dinners and special nights out for girls you are already banging.

My favorite types of dates are ones where she accompanies me on a shopping excursion in boutique shops around the city. Consignment shops are great for showing my fun side where we dress up in retro clothes and role play. Cost of this date = zero dollars. My standard date 1 and date 2 routine is a chill lounge or dive bar on a weeknight. Drinks for both of us will run me $30 tops. Usually it is less because she will buy a round or two.

There is only one thing worse than coming across as a guy who must buy girls' affections, and that is looking like a cheap fuck. Don't make a big production out of deciding who pays for drinks. Buy the first round, but frame it in a way that elevates your status. A foolproof way to do this is to ask her what she's having, and as you're getting up to go to the bar to order, say with a grin

"I'll get this round, and you can get the next hundred rounds. Top shelf liquor only, please. I have standards."

A few words can send a lot of subtle messages. Saying the above demonstrates that you don't really care who is paying, but you'll have some fun with the situation anyhow. It also shows you are not buying her drinks to appease her and won't be the type of guy who gets used like a walking ATM, yet still pays homage to human nature and the deep desire of women to see resource displays in the men they are considering for sex.

When you have lightened the mood like this she will enthusiastically buy the next round. Congratulate yourself. Getting a girl to buy you something, even a small thing like a drink, creates the feeling in her that she has invested in you, and therefore she will assume you must be worthy of her investment. When she buys you a summer home in Tuscany she will have no choice but to fall in love with you.

I Have Stolen Many Prime Years of Girls' Lives

CH · 8 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

That's what my mother told me over the phone yesterday in so many words.

> *Mom: Why aren't you settled down yet?*
> *Me: Just lucky, I guess?*
> *Mom: Don't be a wiseguy. You're dating these young girls during their prime years and not marrying them. Poor things.*
> *Me: I can't believe my own mother isn't on my side.*
> *Mom: You're stealing the best years of their lives! Don't you feel guilty?*
> *Me: I dunno. Did you feel guilty when you didn't put out for a guy you were dating?*
> *Mom: Grow up!*

Afterwards, I did ponder the wreckage of lives I have left behind in my copulatory wake. Technically, I should feel some guilt. If we define the prime marrying years of a woman to be between 21 and 26 — too young and she'll be emotionally ill-equipped to perform her wifely duties of indulging my every need; too old and I'll be emotionally ill-equipped to accept her indulgence — then I have squeezed the juice out of the ripest years of quite a few girls. For free. The next beta in line will be stuck marrying the rind.

I take a philosophical view of my biological thievery. While I have reneged on my end of the deal, many women renege on theirs when they string a man along in LJBF perpetuity. What guy with bloated testes hasn't heard this from a girl he really liked: *"you're my friend. i just don't see you in that way."*

Therefore, my actions are helping to bring balance to the force. On the cosmic scales of justice the cads and the cockteases are locked in battle supreme for everlasting victory. I unsheath my sword with strength of purpose.

On a scale of 1 to 5, 1 being tongue lightly grazing the cheek and 5 being tongue firmly pressed to side of mouth, this post was 2 tongue in cheeks.

Justice

CH · 9 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

An alert reader e-mailed me the following news report:

> A BRAZILIAN woman has been ordered by the country's Supreme Court to pay a hefty fine to her husband for failing to mention that he was not the father of two of their children.
>
> The Rio de Janeiro woman, whose identity was not disclosed, was ordered to pay her husband over $US100,000 ($120,170) for having hidden from him for almost two decades that the children in question were fathered by a lover, the court's offices said yesterday.
>
> The husband also had sought damages from his wife's lover, the court said.

I am pleased with this decision. Although twenty years of indentured servitude raising bastard children under a fog of lies should command a much larger fine than $120K, at least this is a step in the right direction toward legal reform. Cuckoldry is the most underrated crime infesting our supposed advanced Western cultures and only massive, crippling monetary restitution along with jail time and public shaming for the guilty will change behaviors. Yes, it's time to bring back the scarlet letter. The deceitful whore who gets impregnated by a man other than her husband and then schemes to dupe him into unwanted fatherhood should have her tramp stamp replaced with a florid, Olde English crimson 'A'. This will practically ensure a lifetime of getting pumped and dumped with no chance for marital relief.

Such a punishment will send a strong message to all fertile-age women: don't marry a beta you will likely cheat on.

I dream of the day when the Lifetime channel airs a cloying tearjerker about a saintly guy who is crushed to discover his three beloved children belong to his wife's art class instructor. Many close-up shots of his watery eyes and trembling lips will emphasize for effect the made-for-TV message that all women are morally depraved.

What A Girl's Job Tells You

CH · 10 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Here are my opinions of the sexual and relationship compatibilities of girls with the following jobs:

ADDENDUM:
Some of the commenters mentioned I left interns and staffers off the list. I count these girls as part of the hr/marketing/pr brigade except they are burdened with much bigger egos, self-righteousness, and workaholic issues. They all secretly want to hook up with an older powerful man. They disdain artist types.
SSR: full erection (come on, they're all under 23. rigidity guaranteed)
LTPR: varies (are you a congressman? lock her in. if not, use her and lose her)

It was an oversight by me to leave off saleswomen. See: Lawyer and HR/Marketing/PR. Much depends on how well she does in sales. Because sales is so inegalitarian in how the field dispenses its rewards, you have to make a distinction between weekend warriors and the true success stories. Is she a dilettante real estate agent? She'll be grounded and feminine. Consider a long term investment in her. Did she turn $250K in commissions as a pharm sales rep? She's just as alpha and ballcutting masculine as the BIGLAW lawyer. Just remember, if she can compete with the most aggressive MEN and still come out on top, her vagina is coated with radioactive juices.

Note on lawyers: Just because she may work for a non-profit doesn't make her a kinder, gentler woman. In fact, some of the most cutthroat lawyers work at non-profits since those positions are in demand and in short supply. Moralism and megalomania is never a good combination.

Lawyer

Amoral alpha males with vaginas. Their yin is so deeply buried they spend all their free time (2 hours per week) fantasizing about a powerful dominant man releasing their inner woman. This is your cue to ratchet up the assholery. Outside of i-bankers and fashionistas, you will not meet a more materialistic or status-conscious chick than a lawyer. When she inevitably starts talking about what law school she attended and politicos she knows, put your finger up to her mouth and say *"shhh… stop. from now on we will talk about happy things. tell me only the good things that come to mind about your childhood."* Most lawyer chicks have large clits which they use to pin you down on the bed. Making love to a lawyer means facefucking her till she pukes a little. The gods of karmic retribution will be pleased with this. Lawyers are always fucking over everyone else so this is your chance to return the favor. Proceed with great relish.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 4/5th erection
Long Term Potential Rating: don't be a masochist

Human Resources/Marketing/Public Relations (99% of all women)

Since so many women work in these preposterous fields, it is hard to say anything definitive about them as romantic partners. The only conclusions we can draw are that these women are people-persons (shocker!) and have ADD. They could not sit still for a minute and reduce a fraction if their lives depended on it. They are intuitive and fiercely catty, but also practical. In fact, conventional wisdom to the contrary notwithstanding, women are more practical than men. Let her believe you think her job is important and she will spread her legs for you unbidden.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 2/3rd erection
Long Term Potential Rating: 3/4 carat

Engineer (0.00001% of all women)

If there was ever an occupation created solely for the benefit of a man's intellectual strengths, engineering is it. So right off the bat you know that any female engineer will be weird. Not necessarily assertively masculine like the female lawyer, but not typically feminine either. Female engineers are the Holy Grail of male nerddom. Every nerdo anime fanboy with Dungeon Master on his resume dreams of meeting and falling in love with a cute nerdgirl

WHO IS EXACTLY LIKE HIM so that his autistic social retardation doesn't get pushed to the breaking point like it would with a normal girl.
Minus: fornication mysteriously happens in between lengthy dissertations on string theory.
Plus: she can assume sex positions within a millimeter of spec.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 1/4th erection
Long Term Potential Rating: 5 carats

Elementary School Teacher

Pure gold. Put this girl on your short list for long term commitment. What's not to love about the elementary school teacher? Cute, thin (it's a workout chasing kids all day), ultra feminine, nurturing, selfless, caring, and most importantly blessedly low maintenance due to the nature of her workplace environment sequestering her from the attentions of men. The best ones teach 1st through 5th grades. Women who supervise daycare are too toddler-focused and will love the kids more than you. You will soon tire of her coo-ing at every baby you both pass by. High school teachers are too stressed out from their job to properly service your manly needs at home. Don't bother with college professors unless you think foreplay is listening to an earful of pomo feminist shrillness.
Bonus: teachers don't make much money so your financial status will always be higher, guaranteeing a long and healthy relationship.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 3/4th erection
Long Term Potential Rating: hope diamond (she's not gonna have much opportunity to cheat at work)

Nurse

See: elementary school teacher. One caveat — the nurse is secretly a status whore. Patients lean on her all day for comfort and assistance so when she gets home she wants nothing more for herself than a high status alpha male to lean on. That is why you will often see nurses pairing up with military officers, stockbrokers, and executives.
The superfeminine gravitates to the supermasculine. Surprisingly, nurses and doctors rarely date — perhaps they look for a partner in whom they can escape the human suffering they deal with on the clock, and not be reminded of it at home.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 1/3rd erection (full erection if she wears the nurse outfit)
Long Term Potential Rating: cubic zirconia (it's fun to fool status whores)

Scientist

Hidden gem. The female scientist is reserved, taciturn, introspective, shy, and when they put some effort into how they look, cute — all wonderful traits for a woman to possess. They ambitiously pursue abstract ideas, not material goals or oneupsmanship, so status competition with them will be minimal. They are smart in the way people like their smarties — inwardly directed as opposed to outwardly manipulative. This is a result of their smarts being spread out over both brain hemispheres rather than concentrated in just the right like most women. The scientist's natural creativity and systematizing impulse will express itself with magnificent attention to detail in the bedroom. You will never get a better… or more meticulous… blowjob.
Minus: she is ultimately rational and will give you exactly six months to propose. No stringing along this chick.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: serviceable chubby
Long Term Potential Rating: 3 carats (frumpy clothes and dorky competition encourage fidelity)

Stripper

Have you ever seen an unhappy man dating a stripper? The novelty, bragging rights, and earthshattering sex are worth the drama.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: titanium rod
Long Term Potential Rating: hide your valuables

Journalist

Don't ask me why but for some reason these girls have absolutely no personal ethical code whatsoever. Which may be why the journalism profession is in such disarray today and trusted by no one. The she-journo will fuck around remorselessly with a dashing embed while her fiancee waits loyally at home for her return.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 3/4th erection
Long Term Potential Rating: 1/24 carat

Artist

Every man should experience at least once in his life the joy of dating an artist chick. Painters, photographers, singers, freelance fiction writers, actresses… their exuberant lovemaking will spoil you for all other women. Their beautiful romantic gestures will capture your heart. Their craving for intimacy and their wellspring of empathy will draw you in. And then right at the moment you fall deepest for her you will catch her one night frenching a half-shaven DJ at a seedy club.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: titanium rod minus refractory period
Long Term Potential Rating: cracker jack box ring

CEO

Are you fucking kidding me?
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: flaccid
Long Term Potential Rating: why bother?

Waitress

That's more like it.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 7/8th erection
Long Term Potential Rating: 1/2 carat

Blogger

If she writes a confessional online diary, expect her to be passive-aggressive, petty, moody, cruel, untrustworthy, vengeful, and highly libidinous. Make a sex tape as soon as it is feasible so you can use it as blackmail in the event of post-breakup threats to out your dirty laundry on her blog.
Sexual Satisfaction Rating: N/A
Long Term Potential Rating: N/A

I hope it hasn't escaped anyone's notice that sexual satisfaction and long term potential are inversely related.

Why I Date Younger Girls

CH · 12 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Clarification:
*By younger, I mean 5+ years younger than me and legal. Pervs.
*By older, I mean closer to my age (not more than 4 years younger) and up.

Younger
Met a girl for a date at a county park. She had arrived first and was sitting on a swing. I pushed the swing before either of us exchanged any words. She *wheee-ed* with joy. I then chased her around parked cars in the parking lot.

Older
Asked a girl to meet me at the park for frisbee. She declined, saying she didn't want to step in dog poop.

Younger
Made out passionately with her and digitally aroused her under a streetlamp at 4AM.

Older
She told me *"could you please close the blinds before we start?"* when we were about to have sex.

Younger
Talked about double-headed dildos.

Older
Talked about the housing market.

Younger
Ordered a beer. And then another. And another. And another.

Older
Returned the hummus because it wasn't the right consistency.

Younger
Squealed happily with faux indignation when I called her a brat.

Older
Got seriously offended when I called her a brat.

Younger
Was completely open to visiting new places and trying novel things on dates.

Older
Had to be home by 11 for a big meeting the next morning.

Younger
Multi-orgasmic.

Older
Artificial lubrication required.

Younger
Firm, smooth flesh. Naturally moistened lips. Excellent buttock musculature.

Older
Spongy, chemically exfoliated flesh. Addicted to chapstick. Buttocks showing signs of weariness.

Younger
Loves spontaneously.

Older
Rations her emotions.

Younger women… it's my only weakness.

Game Tip Of The Day

CH · 14 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

A random guy in the bar puking on the floor near you makes for an excellent situational opener.

“do you think he got nervous trying to approach a girl he liked?”

Bumping Into Exes

CH · 15 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I broke my previous record for number of consecutive days bumping into a different ex each time. I'm now at four straight days, although in the interest of accuracy one of those girls was a brief fling, making her ex status questionable.

Unfortunately, this city is not big enough to shelter me anonymously from failed relationships. Because of the threat of ex sightings, I can now no longer leave the house without looking my absolute best. I may soon have to hire a permanent escort with a minimum D cup to accompany me on any strolls around town so that I always have the upper hand should an ex happen by. The lowest possible hand is to be walking alone, unshowered, and sporting three days growth stubble when you bump into the ex sharing massive PDA with her new boyfriend. And she's eight months pregnant. You will cringe at the look of pity in her eyes.

Having hand is important for any ex you meet, but it's essential when the ex was the dumper rather than the dumpee. You never want to give an ex like that the satisfaction of thinking she made the right decision by leaving you. There is no better way to have her doubting the wisdom of dumping you than to parade an even hotter chick in front of her. It is an especially sweet victory when you are with your new girl and the ex is alone. You will barely be able to contain your smirk as your ex grits her teeth, nods her head robotically, and flashes a very insincere smile. Be sure to rub it in by dragging out the conversation as long as possible:

"yeah, great to see you, too. hey, how's the atkins diet working out for you so far?"

Her painful, awkward squirming will be worth every delicious second. Take advantage of these opportunities because the fates align only a few times in your life to execute a flawless upper hand maneuver. One good ex-girlfriend humiliation is equivalent to a lifetime Prozac prescription.

The emotional anguish of seeing an ex depends a lot on how it ended.

You Dumped Her And Did Not Feel Bad About It

Zero ex issues. You are completely indifferent to her and will not care how you are perceived by her in the event of a chance meeting. A totally chill and relaxed conversation ensues. This, of course, will arouse her enough to rush home and masturbate to fond memories of you.

You Dumped Her And Felt Bad About It

Both of you will feel awkward, thus ensuring the world's shortest conversation. If you are with a girl and your ex is alone, you will feel really bad and act to hide your new girlfriend's presence by physically stepping in between her and your ex. You will also do the right thing and stop tonguing down your girlfriend long enough to spare your ex's feelings.

The Breakup Was Mutual

1% of breakups are truly mutual. The other 99% are painful because no matter what anyone says, one person in the equation didn't want it to end. Amicably mutual breakups are great because they are the only instances when the formerly sexual relationship can evolve into a fulfilling asexual friendship. Under no other circumstances can, or should, you ever be "friends" with an ex. Acquaintances, sure. Friends, no.

She Dumped You And You Handled It Like A Man

While seeing your ex will cause a knot to grow in your chest, at least you will shine with the pride of knowing you walked away from the breakup with your balls fully descended. Consequently, you will be able to manage a non-weird exchange with her. Use this opportunity to flirt with abandon as a reminder of the long-ago sexy man she opened her heart and her vagina for. She will win if you act like a desexualized buddy with her, so be the cocky

oversexed player that you were before the relationship domesticated you and deny her that win.

She Dumped You And You Handled It Like A Mewling Beta

The worst case scenario. You still want her, you are ashamed of your pathetic beggar's response to the breakup, and your wounded pride demands revenge. With the deck so egregiously stacked against you, there is little chance you will rein in your runaway emotions, constricting airway, and cotton mouth in her presence. Only those with the most impressive state control can look the basilisk in the eye and walk away unpetrified. Your best bet is to have fortune favor you so that your ex bumps into you while you are out with a new girl on your arm. Note of caution: if your new girl is uglier than your ex, you will feel like an even bigger loser than before.

To recap:
Correct impression to leave with ex

Incorrect impression to leave with ex

This Is Your Life

CH · 16 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Common American Man, this is how your life will unfold. You will start with dreams, big dreams. You will believe you are ordained for exceptionalism. You will reluctantly abandon your dreams as the years pass and reality inexorably descends upon you like a choking shroud of grit. That reality looks like this –

You will get older, uglier, and fatter with each year. Soon you will notice young women no longer take your flirtations seriously. Your sloth and social detachment will worsen until people don't even bother to be polite around you. You will gradually lower your standards in what you want in a girl until desperation pushes you to marry a dumpy oinker well past her prime. You will rut with her once a week, then once a month, then holidays only. You will relieve yourself drearily masturbating in the middle of the night by the cold flickering light of your computer monitor while that bloated seacow who doesn't give a shit for your desires snores in the bed you can no longer get a good night's sleep in. Your one shred of solace will come from knowing your depreciating asset (AKA wife) will have as few options as you do virtually guaranteeing lifelong fidelity. Eventually you will have a couple of ungrateful snotty kids and your free time and discretionary cash will be completely obliterated. You will squander whatever morsels of opportunity come your way as you settle into an achingly dull job paying the median wage dutifully punching the clock as a faceless cog in the corporate machine greasing the soul-soaked gears of the global marketplace with your bitter bloody tears. You will silently mourn your impotent, shriveled manhood as the established order extracts the last penny of tribute from your broken spirit. You will numb the pain with alcohol, untold hours vegging in front of the TV, and leveling your character in World of Warcraft. Hours, days, months, years will slip away. Then, one lonely quiet cloudy day sitting in your well-worn easy chair, you'll contemplate the arc of your life. And you'll feel the gnawing grip of emptiness as the crushing weight of what a barren nothingness your existence proved to be presses down on you. Barely comprehending, you'll shudder. And then, finally, the Grim Reaper will steal your last breath and you will disappear from the world as if you had never been here and when they bury you no one will really notice and no one will really care because in your whole life you never never never, not even once, stepped off the hamster wheel and did anything courageous or interesting or different.

And it will be too late when you realize that the chains clasped to your ankles and wrists were unlocked all along and you were always free to go.

~Fin~

Bartender Hush Money

CH · 17 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I have two or three favorite bars/lounges I like to take dates. I'd prefer to be more creative but logistics are just as important as venue atmosphere, so I always wind up asking girls to meet me at the same few bars. I live in an area densely packed with nightlife locations so it's easy to arrange dates within walking distance of my place. It makes no sense for me to meet a girl at some swank new bar halfway across town because its heavy red drapes and array of candles look like it would facilitate the seduction process, when the best way to smoothly seduce her is to have her meet me at a place 20 yards from my front door.

Making return trips to the same bar with a different girl each time earns me knowing looks and smirks from the staff. I got a high five once and an *"alriiiight romeo!"* prompting my date to ask what that was all about. The bartender looked a little sheepish recognizing the bind he had put me in and quickly made up an acceptable story on the spot. I tipped him big.

Tipping generously means either future free drinks or hush money. It's not necessary, of course, if you're on friendly terms with the bar staff, but occasionally a new hire who doesn't know you will need to have his or her palm greased to ensure their bar remains a safe haven for your player activities. Female bartenders are more difficult to bring on board because not only do they feel a remote obligation to protect the delicacies of their fellow sisters, but they will often become intrigued by you and your parade of girls. And female intrigue leads to jealousy leads to sabotage. You never want to have a woman conspiring against you because their skills of sabotage are far superior to men's. You might leave for the bathroom for a minute and when you get back your date is interrogating you about your relationship history.

The worst thing you can do is tip poorly. If you have alligator arms when it comes time to reach for your wallet you will never hear back from dates you bring to that bar. Like it or not, tipping is a status marker and payola. Tip well, and you'll find bartenders talking up your accomplishments and coolness and your date running her finger along the lip of her glass. Nothing beats third party endorsement.

Condomless Game

CH · 18 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I think the Bedouin lifestyle is for me.

> With eight wives and 67 children, Shahadeh Abu Arrar has given new meaning to the term “family man.”

Abu is 58 years old. Suffice to say, if his wives are still pumping out children this prodigiously, they are considerably younger than him. 67 children is what happens to a player who decides to forego condoms.

> “There are many women who wish to marry me and there is no lack of women. I never had a problem with such things.”

Natural. He was probably learning indirect game when his fellow five-year-olds were building cardboard forts to keep out the girls.

> Four veiled women, including two who said they were his wives, sat on the porch peeling vegetables.

It’s only the betas who don’t understand the concept of sexual division of labor and the proper roles for man and woman that will bring them happiness. Men who do well with women have a keen grasp of basic human nature. I read a study which showed that the most sensitive, new-agey pro-feminist men had the least sex partners while the neanderthal, sexist anti-feminist men had the most. And the most radical feminist chicks had way more sexual partners than their traditional anti-feminist sisters. Man-hating Take Back The Night chicks banging it out with the male chauvinist pigs. Sweet sweet irony.

Weepy pro-feminism Anita Hill-supporting emo men take note: Your spineless mr. mom posturing will not get you laid.

It’s interesting how in those Mormom polygamous families the husband is the sole breadwinner and all the wives are milling about their wing of the house doing domestic chores and watching the kids. None of these women seem to feel bad that the’ve missed out on the career track. Or that they’re sharing an alpha male.

> It’s unclear how Abu Arrar supports his massive family. Camels, goats and a cow were grazing on his property. Yediot said he also receives about $1,700 in government handouts each month.

Total player. Lives on welfare and sponges off the work of his multiple younger wives who don’t demand that he wear a condom. The system can be beat. If all men knew this society would collapse.

> “My first wife is my age, and today I hardly spend any time with her. Her children are big, and I leave her alone. I have younger wives to spend time with. Every night I decide which wife to be with,” Abu Arrar told the newspaper.

Lol. There’s nothing like trading up and letting the older models rust on the front lawn.

> Activists said Abu Arrar’s story showed the urgency of raising literacy and education among Bedouin women. Many are pressured into marriage or feel they have no other options beside raising children

Moral of the story: Don’t educate women.

Polygamy — a great life. Those seven guys who didn’t get a wife don’t know what they’re talking about.

Dating Market Value For Men

CH · 19 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Dating market value test for women is here.

Here is a system for determining your dating market value if you are a man. Dating market value is a measurement of how you stack up against other men in the competition for attracting female interest. Be honest with yourself taking this survey. It will give you a fairly accurate assessment of the quality and number of women you are capable of attracting for a sexual relationship. Girls, you may take this quiz for your boyfriends to see if you are slumming it or about to be cheated on.

1. How old are you?

under 25 years old: 0 points
26-34 years old: +1 point
35-45 years old: 0 points
45+ years old: -1 point

2. How tall are you?

under 5'9″: -1 point
5'9″ to 5'11″: 0 points
6′ to 6'4″: +1 point
over 6'4″: 0 points

3. What is your BMI?

(Go here to calculate your BMI. I know BMI doesn't account for very muscular physiques, but since most men are not Lee Haney, it is adequate for this survey's purposes.)

under 20.0: -1 point
20.0 to 24.0: +1 point
24.1 to 27.0: 0 points
over 27.0: -1 point

4. How much do you bench press?

60% or less of your body weight: -1 point
61% to 80% of your body weight: 0 points
81% to 170% of your body weight: +1 point
over 170% of your body weight: 0 points

5. What does your hairline look like?

Full head of hair if you are over 35: +1 point
Full head of hair if you are under 35: 0 points
Receding hairline if you are over 35: 0 points
Receding hairline if you are under 35: -1 point
Bald (age irrelevant): -1 point
Bald but you are dark-skinned: 0 points

6. How much money do you make?

under $40K and you are out of college: -1 point
$40K to $70K out of college and under 40 years old: 0 points
over $70K out of college and under 40 years old: +1 point

under $40K and you are college age or younger: 0 points
$40K to $55K and over 40 years old: -1 point
$55K to $90K and over 40 years old: 0 points
over $90K and 40 to 55 years old: +1 point
over $200K (age irrelevant): +1 point

7. Do you have a car?

No (under 21yo): 0 points
No (over 21yo): -1 point
Yes (under 21yo): +1 point
Yes (over 21yo): 0 points
No, but you have a motorcycle (age irrelevant): +1 point

8. Are you good-looking?

(Self-assessment is somewhat unreliable, so if you are uncertain of your looks post your pic on hotornot and wait a week for your score. Or get opinions from unbiased and blunt friends. Hashing out the biometric details of what makes a male face attractive would require another lengthy post, so for now these two methods are acceptable substitutes.)

On a 1 – 10 scale:

0 – 4: -1 point
5 – 7: 0 points
8 – 10: +1 point

9. Have you ever played a leading role in a team sport?

No: 0 points
Yes: +1 point

10. What is your occupation?

(Since I won't list every single high status job in the Department of Labor's Occupational Handbook, you'll have to make a judgment call on your own job. It's a safe assumption that most people know a high status job when they see it.)

High status *(doctor, lawyer, stockbroker, executive, professor, business owner, successful artist or musician or writer, professional athlete, etc.)*: +1 point
Neutral status *(engineer, programmer, accountant, salesman, mid level manager, scientist, military officer, well-paid tradesman, etc.)*: 0 points
Low status *(low paid blue collar, admin, construction, janitor, struggling web designer, help desk, etc.)*: -1 point

11. How many friends do you have?

0 to 3: -1 point
4 to 20: 0 points
over 20: +1 point

12. How many friends have you met through the internet that you have never seen in person?

0 to 2: 0 points
over 2: -1 point

13. When was the last time you went to a house party?

Within the past month: +1 point

Between one month and one year ago: 0 points
Over one year ago: -1 point

14. Have people besides your family called you funny?

None: -1 point
A few have: 0 points
Nearly everyone who knows me: +1 point

15. What is your IQ?

Under 85: -1 point
85 to 110: 0 points
110 to 130: +1 point
130 to 145: 0 points
over 145: -1 point

16. At a party, which happens first – you approach someone or someone approaches you?

I approach someone first almost every time: +1 point
I occasionally approach first: 0 points
Someone normally approaches me first: -1 point

17. Have you ever been in a serious fight where real punches were thrown and you felt like you wanted to kill your opponent(s)?

No: 0 points
Yes: +1 point
Yes, with a girl: -1 point

18. Have you ever been arrested?

No: 0 points
Yes: +1 point
Yes, for child pornography or public exposure: -1 point

****

It's best to answer the following four questions based on your past experience with similar scenarios. Who we really are is not what we wish we were but what we have always been.

19. You are on a second date with a girl. You go to kiss her. She turns her cheek to you and says "Slow down, I'm not that kind of girl." You reply:

(A) "Sorry."
(B) "Yeah, well, no prob."
(C) "This could be trouble 'cause I'm that kind of guy." *smirk*

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

20. You're chatting up a pretty girl you just met in a bar. After a few minutes she asks you to buy her a drink. You reply:

(A) "Sure."
(B) "I'm not an ATM."
(C) "No, but you can buy me one."

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

21. You've just met a cute girl in a club and have been talking with her for five minutes when she abruptly changes the topic to a raunchy conversation about her multiorgasmic ability. You respond with:

(A) a huge grin and an eager "Damn! That is HOT!"
(B) a look of mild disdain.
(C) a raised eyebrow while saying "Hey, thanks for the medical report."

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

22. The pickup has been going well. Later in the night she leans in and begins making out with you passionately. You feel like a king and your jeans suddenly feel much tighter. Do you:

(A) immediately grope her boob in return.
(B) continue making out with her for as long as she wishes.
(C) kiss for a little bit then push her gently away and look distracted for a second.

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

And finally, the critical thinking portion of the quiz. The following questions are based on the progression of a single pickup attempt.

23. You go to a bar. Twenty feet away are a pretty girl, a fat girl, and an average guy talking amongst themselves. The pretty girl briefly eye flirts with you. In reponse, you:

(A) eye flirt back and forth a few times before approaching 20 minutes later.
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(C) immediately approach but from an indirect angle, looking around the room distractedly on the way over to your target as if you might see an even prettier girl somewhere else, and finally delivering your opener from over your shoulder.

(A): -1 point
(B): 0 points
(C): +1 point

24. Who do you address first?

(A) the pretty girl.
(B) the fat girl.
(C) everyone.

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25. After getting the whole group engaged in conversation and having a good time, your target blurts out "Hey nice pink shirt! Are you gay?" You:

(A) say "No, I'm not gay!"
(B) ignore her.

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26. In the middle of the conversation you have to pee. You say:

(A) “I have to go to the bathroom. I’ll be right back.”
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27. You’ve managed to get her outside your front door. There is obvious sexual tension. You want to close this deal. You say:

(A) “So, um, ah, see you around.”
(B) “Why don’t you come inside?”
(C) “I’m thirsty. Are you thirsty? Let’s go inside and taste DC’s finest tap water. But you can only stay for a minute, I have to get up early.”

(A): -1 point
(B): 0 points
(C): +1 point

****

SCORES

There are 26 points to earn or lose based on the questions asked. The scoring breaks down as follows:

-26: Why are you still alive?
-25 to -20: You’re an omega. Celibacy has its charms.
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1 to 9: Classic beta. You catch some girls’ eyes, usually the ones you don’t want. Try not to make fatty fucking a lifestyle.
10 to 14: A few attractive girls in the bar will be intrigued by your presence. But you need game to close the deal.
15 to 19: Congrats, you have crossed the alpha Rubicon. A lot of cute girls will be pleased when you hit on them. But you can still fuck up by being yourself.
20 to 25: You’re a natural. Many hot girls check you out and forgive your occasional pickup blunders. You always have a look of sexual satisfaction on your face.
26: Super Alpha. Booty sticks to you like bird shit on car roofs.

Next: The Dating Market Value test for the ladies!

Dating Market Value For Men

CH · 19 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Dating market value test for women is here.

Here is a system for determining your dating market value if you are a man. Dating market value is a measurement of how you stack up against other men in the competition for attracting female interest. Be honest with yourself taking this survey. It will give you a fairly accurate assessment of the quality and number of women you are capable of attracting for a sexual relationship. Girls, you may take this quiz for your boyfriends to see if you are slumming it or about to be cheated on.

1. How old are you?

under 25 years old: 0 points
26-34 years old: +1 point
35-45 years old: 0 points
45+ years old: -1 point

2. How tall are you?

under 5'9″: -1 point
5'9″ to 5'11″: 0 points
6′ to 6'4″: +1 point
over 6'4″: 0 points

3. What is your BMI?

(Go here to calculate your BMI. I know BMI doesn't account for very muscular physiques, but since most men are not Lee Haney, it is adequate for this survey's purposes.)

under 20.0: -1 point
20.0 to 24.0: +1 point
24.1 to 27.0: 0 points
over 27.0: -1 point

4. How much do you bench press?

60% or less of your body weight: -1 point
61% to 80% of your body weight: 0 points
81% to 170% of your body weight: +1 point
over 170% of your body weight: 0 points

5. What does your hairline look like?

Full head of hair if you are over 35: +1 point
Full head of hair if you are under 35: 0 points
Receding hairline if you are over 35: 0 points
Receding hairline if you are under 35: -1 point
Bald (age irrelevant): -1 point
Bald but you are dark-skinned: 0 points

6. How much money do you make?

under $40K and you are out of college: -1 point
$40K to $70K out of college and under 40 years old: 0 points
over $70K out of college and under 40 years old: +1 point

under $40K and you are college age or younger: 0 points
$40K to $55K and over 40 years old: -1 point
$55K to $90K and over 40 years old: 0 points
over $90K and 40 to 55 years old: +1 point
over $200K (age irrelevant): +1 point

7. Do you have a car?

No (under 21yo): 0 points
No (over 21yo): -1 point
Yes (under 21yo): +1 point
Yes (over 21yo): 0 points
No, but you have a motorcycle (age irrelevant): +1 point

8. Are you good-looking?

(Self-assessment is somewhat unreliable, so if you are uncertain of your looks post your pic on hotornot and wait a week for your score. Or get opinions from unbiased and blunt friends. Hashing out the biometric details of what makes a male face attractive would require another lengthy post, so for now these two methods are acceptable substitutes.)

On a 1 – 10 scale:

0 – 4: -1 point
5 – 7: 0 points
8 – 10: +1 point

9. Have you ever played a leading role in a team sport?

No: 0 points
Yes: +1 point

10. What is your occupation?

(Since I won't list every single high status job in the Department of Labor's Occupational Handbook, you'll have to make a judgment call on your own job. It's a safe assumption that most people know a high status job when they see it.)

High status *(doctor, lawyer, stockbroker, executive, professor, business owner, successful artist or musician or writer, professional athlete, etc.)*: +1 point
Neutral status *(engineer, programmer, accountant, salesman, mid level manager, scientist, military officer, well-paid tradesman, etc.)*: 0 points
Low status *(low paid blue collar, admin, construction, janitor, struggling web designer, help desk, etc.)*: -1 point

11. How many friends do you have?

0 to 3: -1 point
4 to 20: 0 points
over 20: +1 point

12. How many friends have you met through the internet that you have never seen in person?

0 to 2: 0 points
over 2: -1 point

13. When was the last time you went to a house party?

Within the past month: +1 point

Between one month and one year ago: 0 points
Over one year ago: -1 point

14. Have people besides your family called you funny?

None: -1 point
A few have: 0 points
Nearly everyone who knows me: +1 point

15. What is your IQ?

Under 85: -1 point
85 to 110: 0 points
110 to 130: +1 point
130 to 145: 0 points
over 145: -1 point

16. At a party, which happens first – you approach someone or someone approaches you?

I approach someone first almost every time: +1 point
I occasionally approach first: 0 points
Someone normally approaches me first: -1 point

17. Have you ever been in a serious fight where real punches were thrown and you felt like you wanted to kill your opponent(s)?

No: 0 points
Yes: +1 point
Yes, with a girl: -1 point

18. Have you ever been arrested?

No: 0 points
Yes: +1 point
Yes, for child pornography or public exposure: -1 point

****

It's best to answer the following four questions based on your past experience with similar scenarios. Who we really are is not what we wish we were but what we have always been.

19. You are on a second date with a girl. You go to kiss her. She turns her cheek to you and says "Slow down, I'm not that kind of girl." You reply:

(A) "Sorry."
(B) "Yeah, well, no prob."
(C) "This could be trouble 'cause I'm that kind of guy." *smirk*

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

20. You're chatting up a pretty girl you just met in a bar. After a few minutes she asks you to buy her a drink. You reply:

(A) "Sure."
(B) "I'm not an ATM."
(C) "No, but you can buy me one."

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

21. You've just met a cute girl in a club and have been talking with her for five minutes when she abruptly changes the topic to a raunchy conversation about her multiorgasmic ability. You respond with:

(A) a huge grin and an eager "Damn! That is HOT!"
(B) a look of mild disdain.
(C) a raised eyebrow while saying "Hey, thanks for the medical report."

If you answered (A), subtract a point.
If (B), no points.
If (C), add a point.

22. The pickup has been going well. Later in the night she leans in and begins making out with you passionately. You feel like a king and your jeans suddenly feel much tighter. Do you:

(A) immediately grope her boob in return.
(B) continue making out with her for as long as she wishes.
(C) kiss for a little bit then push her gently away and look distracted for a second.

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And finally, the critical thinking portion of the quiz. The following questions are based on the progression of a single pickup attempt.

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26: Super Alpha. Booty sticks to you like bird shit on car roofs.

Next: The Dating Market Value test for the ladies!

Dating Market Value For Women

CH · 23 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE:
I've adjusted the scoring and categories a bit because the test was skewed somewhat toward lower scores. For those who have arguments with my scoring system, understand that it is based on averages. I'm sure everyone knows a 34 year old woman who is just as hot as the average 22 year old girl, but the exceptions don't make the rules.

And a note on BMI:
I used the 1959 Met Life height-weight insurance charts as guides as they are the most accurate (before American "grade inflation" made obese the new normal). A 5'10" 140lb woman would have a BMI of 20.1, which puts her well within the most desirable BMI category.

*****

If you are a woman, this test will measure your dating market value. The higher the number, the better quality man you can catch. The lower the number, the more likely you will find yourself surrounded by cats. Unlike the male version of this test, here I have added a sliding scale to some of the questions because this better reflects the outsized importance that certain factors have on a woman's total sexual value.

Guys, you may take this quiz for your girlfriends or wives to see if you have settled for tepid sex once a week or if you always get hard looking at her and never forget her birthday.

1. How old are you?

15 to 16 years old: +5 points
17 to 20 years old: +10 points
21 to 25 years old: +8 points
26 to 29 years old: +3 point
30 to 33 years old: 0 points
33 to 36 years old: -1 point
37 to 40 years old: -5 points
41 to 45 years old: -8 points
46 to 49 years old: -10 points
over 49: you've hit the wall. waysa?

2. How important is makeup to your appearance?

It slightly enhances my looks: 0 points
I look like a different woman with makeup: -1 point
I'm a natural beauty. My morning face looks the same as my evening face: +1 point

3. What is your IQ? (This relates tangentially to your ability to connect emotionally with a man.)

Under 85: -1 point
85 to 100: 0 points
101 to 120: +1 point
121 to 145: 0 points
Over 145: -1 point

*****

The following ten questions deal with the physical attractiveness of your body.

4. Your breast size is:

Bee stings up to A cup: -1 point
B cup: 0 points
C cup: +1 point
D cup, naturally firm: +2 points
DD cup, firm: +1 point
E cup and up: 0 points

5. Your breasts look firm and pert when you wear:

A bra: 0 points
An underwire push-up bra: -1 point
Nothing: +1 point

6. How long are your legs in relation to your height?

Long: +1 point
Average: 0 points
Short: -1 point

7. What is the shape of your ass?

Flat: -1 point
Round and fleshy: +1 point
Round, fleshy, and firm: +2 points
Flat and saggy: -2 points
Just average: 0 points

8. How flat is your stomach?

Cutting board flat: +1 point
Slight pouch: 0 points
Muffin top: -1 point
Flabby beer gut and fupa: -10 points

9. How toned are your upper arms?

Very toned, I can see my triceps: +1 point
Average, not flabby: 0 points
If I hold my arm out, I can wobble the fat underneath my upper arm: -1 point

10. How big are your hands?

Delicate piano fingers, proportionally small: +1 point
Average size: 0 points
Manhands: -1 point

11. Where is there hair on your body?

My head and pubic area only: +1 point
I have to shave my legs daily and wax my bushy eyebrows: 0 points
I have dark forearm hair and a mustache: -1 point
Nipples, asscrack, and that giant mole on my back: -2 points

12. Get a tape ruler and measure around your waist and your hips. Divide your waist number by your hip number. This ratio is:

0.65 to 0.75: +1 point
0.55 to 0.64: 0 points

under 0.55: -1 point
0.76 to 0.85: 0 points
0.85 to 0.95: -1 point
over 0.95: -2 points

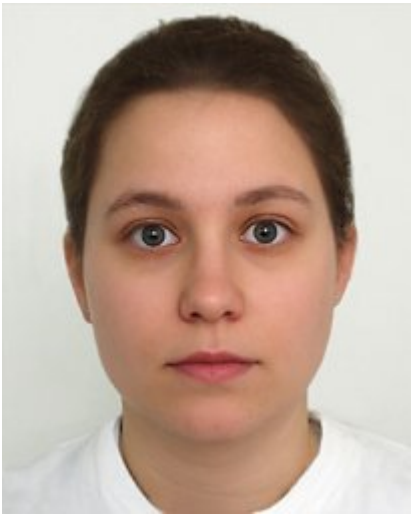
13. What is your BMI?

(Go here to calculate your BMI. The scoring of female BMI varies somewhat from that of male BMI because aesthetics, not just general health, have to be taken into consideration.)

under 14.1: -10 points
14.1 to 15.0: -5 points
15.1 to 16.5: 0 points
16.6 to 17.4: +3 points
17.5 to 21.0: +10 points
21.1 to 23.0: +3 points
23.1 to 24.5: 0 points
24.6 to 28.0: -5 points
28.1 to 33.0: -10 points
over 33.0: stop taking this quiz. you get nothing! you lose! good day madam!

*****

The next ten questions are the section of the test that measures your facial beauty. Since so much of a woman's dating market value resides in the appeal of her face, I have chosen to examine some traits in finer detail. To illustrate how very subtle changes in facial characteristics can mean the difference between beautiful and ugly, look at these two photos:



I do not even have to label these photos because almost all my readers viewing them, men and women, will instinctively know which is the hot girl and which is not. Remember this the next time someone tells you beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

14. On a scale of 1 to 10, how pretty are you?

Note: Do not bother soliciting the opinions of the following people, because they will not give you a truthful answer.

Your family.
Your heterosexual female friends.
Your homosexual male friends.
Your heterosexual male friends who would sleep with you given the chance.

Instead, put your pic up on hotornot and check back in a week. Otherwise, go with what you've overheard through the grapevine by people who weren't your close friends, or suck it up and try to be as honest with yourself as possible. Lesbians will also give you an accurate appraisal as long as it is through a third party and not directly to your face. Use the photos above as guidelines. Adjust your rating based on how close your facial morphology matches one or the other.

0: don't bothering finishing this test.
1 to 2: -10 points
3 to 4: -5 points
5: -1 point
6: +2 points
7: +5 points
8 to 9: +8 points
10: +12 points

15. How clear is your skin?

No acne, blemishes, or poorly located moles: 0 points
Some combination of the above: -1 point
People are always telling you how silky smooth your skin looks: +1 point

16. Do you have any noticeable deformities?

Yes, minor: -1 point
Yes, major: -10 points
No: 0 points

17. How full are your lips?

Pencil thin: -1 point
Average: 0 points
Juicily plump: +1 point
Weirdly oversized: 0 points

18. How high is your forehead?

Low: -1 point
Average: 0 points
High: +1 point

19. How long is your jawline from ear to chin?

Long: -1 point
Average: 0 points
Short: +1 point

20. How big is your chin?

Small: +1 point
Average: 0 points
Large: -1 point

21. How big is your nose?

Small: +1 point
Average: 0 points
Large: -1 point

22. In proportion to the size of your face, are your eyes:

Large and saucer-like: +1 point
Normal-sized: 0 points
Small and beady: -1 point

23. Is the distance between your eyes:

Wide: +1 point
Average: 0 points
Narrow: -1 point

The bottom line on female facial beauty is that as the lower half of her face becomes smaller and more delicate, making her eyes and cheekbones appear more prominent, the better looking she will be.

*****

The final eleven questions measure your femininity, sexiness, and pleasing personality traits. This is the closest to "game" that women have at their disposal. It isn't much, which is why the scoring is lowest in this section.

24. You frequently wear sexy lingerie, even when not prepping for a hot date.

Yes: +1 point
Special occasions only: 0 points
Never. Ripped and stained comfy granny panties only: -1 point

25. When someone gets hurt you are the first to ask if they are OK and to deliver aid if needed.

Almost always: +1 point

Occasionally: 0 points
Almost never: -1 point

26. You are highly competitive and often play co-ed team sports.

Yes, and I will throw an elbow if necessary. My shelf is filled with trophies: -1 point
I like to exercise on nice days with one on one sports like tennis: +1 point
I'm competitive with other girls, but not guys: 0 points

27. When a guy approaches you in a bar, regardless of your attraction for him, you:

Smile and look at him: +1 point
Pretend like you don't notice him coming: 0 points
Frown and tell him you're talking to your friends before he even gets a chance to say Hi: -1 point

28. On a first date the check arrives for dinner and drinks. You:

Offer to split the check or even pay in full: +1 point
Smile and thank the guy when he pays for the check: 0 points
Forget to thank him after he pays for your ungrateful ass: -1 point

29. You are about to have sex with a guy for the first time. He undresses and his penis is small. Do you:

Tell him how great his cock looks and feels?: +1 point
Say nothing: 0 points
Look surprised and stifle a laugh: -1 point

30. You think blowjobs are:

Great! You give them spontaneously and there's never any doubt how much you enjoy it: +1 point
An obligation: 0 points
Gross. You gave one after your BF proposed and spit it on his shoes: -1 point

31. Do you do anal?

Yes, and it makes me come to know how much it pleases my man: +1 point
Only when I get really drunk: 0 points
Never. It's an exit only: -1 point

32. The number of sex positions you have tried is:

3 to 10: 0 points
Missionary and doggy style only: -1 point
I'm a contortionist: +1 point

33. How often do you curse?

I think I said *damn* once: +1 point
I blurt out *fuck* and *shit* a few times a week: 0 points
My mouth is a gutter: -1 point

34. You'd best describe your sense of fashion as:

I'm a label whore: -1 point
I hide my body under baggy tees and ill-fitting jeans: -1 point
I wear casual clothing that flatters my figure: 0 points
I wear stylish clothing on weeknights and I can handle heels over 3 inches: +1 point
My flip flops have my foot imprint in them: -2 points

*****

SCORING

There is a minimum of -83 points and a maximum of 64 points to earn based on the questions asked. The reason the minimum score goes lower than the maximum score goes high is because there are a few things, such as gross obesity, old age, or a major facial deformity, that seriously negatively impact a woman's overall rating to the point of market extinction.

The scoring breaks down as follows:

-83: You are proof that god does not exist, but that satan does.
-82 to -56: You're an omega. If it makes you feel better you will have your choice of male omegas to bang.
-55 to -40: The majority of men are disgusted by the sight of you. Your kind will suffer most when our sexbot overlords arrive. Losers hit on you constantly figuring they have a chance.
-39 to -20: You were born to cockblock. But you'll manage to marry a table scrap.
-19 to -5: Lesser beta. The men you want make fun of you out of earshot. You spend many years learning how to settle for mediocre betas.
-4 to 14: Classic beta. Your hot friends always gets hit on first, but if you really tramp it up you can snag a slightly better than average guy to take you home for a single night of commitment.
15 to 29: Greater beta. More than a few attractive guys will approach you. But if your personality is flawed you risk becoming a pump and dump victim.
30 to 43: You are officially a nascent alpha female. A lot of quality guys will hit on you and you will be able to pick and choose at your leisure. But don't push it. You're not quite hot enough to string guys along forever.
44 to 55: You're a bona fide hottie. Nearly every guy who meets you agrees you are a hottie. So does every girl. This puts you in the top 1% of worldwide womanhood. With great power comes great responsibility, so try to limit the number of men you torture with blueballs and LJFB rejections to fewer than 100 in your social circle. As long as you are not a complete bitch, marriage with a top quality man will come easily to you.
56 to 63: Guys want you, girls want to be you. You are just short of perfection, which paradoxically means you will get hit on more than the super alpha females. You are a player's greatest challenge, and his greatest reward, because unlike the perfect woman there is still something human about you. Sex, love, security, commitment, easy living… you have it all. Only your demons can defeat you.
64: Super Alpha. The world is yours. Life is an endless parade of joy and excitement. Your power is illimitable… for now.

I hope everyone noticed what was missing from this test:

Your job.
The amount of money you make.
Your accomplishments.
Your social status and number of friends.
Your deep and profound worldview.

Unlike the men who took my Male Dating Market Value test, I do not expect *any* women to be completely honest with themselves taking the Female Dating Market Value test. The female ego is simply way too fragile to absorb the shock of such a brutal self-assessment. Therefore, I will be mentally subtracting 10 points from every woman who posts her score here in the comments.

Dodged The Same Bullet Twice

CH · 25 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Many years ago, a girl I had been dating once offered to marry me, and I once offered to marry a girl I had been dating… within the same relationship. This is possible because the two events happened a year apart. She was quite a looker; tall, slender, exotically sculpted face… and an accent that directly aroused me via soundwave. After a few months of dating, she probed to see if I was ready to marry her (probing is the female equivalent of asking). But I was a rake and still intrigued by the pursuit of the fresh notch, so I hemmed and hawed and strung her along and generally treated her as an accessory.

Naturally, my complete indifference to her needs made her fall deeper in love with me. The more she clinged, the more I went to bars without her to try and supplement my relationship with sexual variety. The harder I pushed, the stronger she pulled. It did not help that when we went out together other women paid more attention to me. My girlfriend had become the perfect pickup prop.

Unless you are so deeply in love with your girlfriend that all other attractive women become abstract entities to you, you will find that having her accompany you on nights out is tantamount to psychological torture. You will get so much more flirting from women than you would have as a single man, and yet you will be able to do nothing about it. It's like a thirsty man in the desert with one glass of lukewarm puddlewater to quench himself stumbling across an electrified cooler full of ice cold sodas and beer.

So the struggle in her was apparent. Her logical brain was telling her to leave me, while her emotions were running red hot to stay. It went on like this for another year, until the overtightening of reality finally started to strip the threading holding us together. She attempted escape a couple of times, but the aloofness was strong in me, foiling her intentions.

Lesson One: If you want to keep a girl around, act like you don't mind if she's not around. It helps to really feel this way.

Then the fates turned. It is only when a woman makes herself scarce that I want more of her. As she gradually, painfully extricated herself from the relationship I became drawn to her in a way I hadn't felt since the first week of new lovers sex. The gears had shifted and were now grinding in the opposite direction. I stopped hitting on other women. I proactively suggested progressively more sophisticated and romantic dates and I began paying her way every time. Phone calls increased. Declarations of love poured forth. I didn't realize at the time how my actions were poisoning the well. I just thought "Hey, she once wanted to marry me, so she'll welcome my professions of love now."

Lesson Two: If you want a girl to fall out of love with you, shower her with love.

Unsurprisingly, she grew cold and distant. The first warning sign was the extra time it took her to return my phone calls. The last warning sign was her saying "No, I don't love you." When my runaway emotions had crescendoed and I finally told her I wanted to marry her, she *tsked* and rolled her eyes.

The afternoon before the breakup we had the best sex ever. She orgasmed freely. There is something about breakup sex that brings out the animal in women. Perhaps it is the only time they can completely sever their emotions from sex and just let their vaginas take over with a man they trust. Or maybe it's a last hurrah. I felt used for my body.

So that is how you have two marriage proposals in one relationship that don't actually lead to marriage.

The breakup was painful but in retrospect it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. I went on to many exciting adventures with women that I would have regretted missing out on if I had closed off the option by marrying my honey-voiced siren.

Lesson Three: When you really love a woman it will be A to B. Not A to D to B to C.

Marriage Does A Body Bad

CH · 26 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Anyone who has heard the complaints of married men about their wives' letting it all go to pot after the first bite of the wedding cake would not be surprised by this study. As if there wasn't already enough to argue against the raw deal for men that is modern marriage, we now have slovenly fatness to toss into the mix.

> •Women in their teens and early 20s who continued to date but didn't cohabitate gained an average of 15 pounds over five years; their male counterparts added about 24 pounds.
>
> •Newly married women in that age group packed on 24 pounds in five years; newly married men gained 30 pounds.
>
> That degree of gain wasn't seen in couples who were living together but not married. Women gained 3 pounds more than their single peers — 18 pounds — and men gained 24 pounds.

Single people stay the thinnest, followed closely by cohabiting couples, and bringing up the (very large) rear are married couples. Since weight gain on men is not as deleterious to their romantic prospects nor as deal-breaking for the women who love them, the real extent of how structurally anti-pleasure marriage is reveals itself in the pounds packed on by the wives. A wife who stuffs her cakehole and bloats up by 24 pounds in the first five years of marriage is basically saying she doesn't give a flying fuck about her husband's desires. So she isn't just a lardass she's inconsiderate. Inner ugly marches lockstep with outer ugly.

> "When people are dating, there may be more incentive to be thin," Gordon-Larsen says.

The sexual market uber alles. What married couples don't seem to grasp is that the rules have changed. Marriage is no longer a sanctuary from the unforgiving judgement of human mate preference. No fault divorce and a complete collapse of the old social prohibitions have ensured that.

> Single young adults tend to be the most active, watch the least amount of TV and are the least likely to be obese, says Natalie The, a researcher at the University of North Carolina.

What does marriage have going for it anymore?

> She says many factors probably contribute to couples' weight, including having children, post-pregnancy pounds, having less time to exercise and eating out more or cooking bigger meals.

Or losing the incentive to keep yourself attractive to the opposite sex. No doubt many of these women married losers who aren't flight risks, so why bother?

The 50% divorce rate is easy to understand once you know the cycle of life:

Man marries woman ——> woman's goal is achieved (snag monogamous provider) while man's goal (spread the seed) is thwarted ——> woman no longer feels need to be attractive to man ——> she gets fat ——> man loses interest in fucking her ——> woman becomes insecure over this and eats even more ——> she gets fatter ——> man drops all pretense of pleasing his fat wife and sits around belching, farting, drinking beer, watching sports, and forgetting anniversaries ——> woman resents man for this ——> woman shovels massive quantities of food down her gullet for comfort and pleasure ——> woman is now unrecognizable manatee ——> man escapes to nightly poker games with his buddies and quick jerks to porn ——> woman files for divorce ——> man loses half his money ——> woman uses this unearned windfall to hire personal trainer ——> woman loses weight remembering what it takes to please a man.

I have a question for all those fatass wives out there.
Tell me, when the mirror mocks you and your husband finds the sight of you repulsive and your marriage crumbles around you in a deluge of bitter bitter tears, ask yourself…
was the food worth it?

Best Costume Ever

CH · 28 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Related: Worst Costume Ever.

Signs Of Sluttiness

CH · 29 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There are a few red flags that tip me off about a girl's sexual history. I'm a big fan of loose girls as they make my job easier, but there's no doubt a girl who has spread for you, your friends, your father, mr. ed loses some luster in my eyes.

If I take a girl back to her place for the first time and her roommates act like my presence is no big deal, I lower my opinion of her. I'm a guy these roommates have never met before, there to engage in explicit acts of defilement, and they're coming up to me shaking my hand all smiles and telling me to make myself comfortable and would I like anything to drink? This is how that gets processed in my brain:

Just another guy that XXX has brought back with her. We're so accustomed to this by now the shock and awe has worn off. In fact, maybe I should tell him the house rules about disposing of used condoms.

Here's a hint, ladies. When I go back to your place and you have roommates, I want your roomies scurrying like rats looking for a dark place to hide. I do not want it to be the View with special male guest. Unless your roommates are cute females open to group sex, nothing kills the passion faster than a nonchalant hippie commune vibe.

***

I appreciate a girl who asks if I have a condom. But when I don't and she reaches into her nightstand to get one I don't want to see six different varieties (especially Trojan Magnum) in **half-empty** econoboxes tumble out. Again, this is what I'm thinking:

So you work as a condom quality control tester. After much trial and error with repeated penetrations from an assortment of penis shapes and sizes you have zeroed in on your favorite brand.

"Happen" to have one lying around. Ignorance is bliss.

***

Spontaneous dirty talk is hot. Sex talk that sounds like either you watch a lot of porn and are trying to mimic a pornstar (which is kinda pathetic) or it was rehearsed over and over again with many different guys until you got it just right is not hot. I don't want our intimacy to sound scripted.

Yeah, right there, fuck me right there. yeah you like it there don't you? Oh yeah, a little harder. Harder. HARDER! you want some of this? you like my tight pussy? stick it in me deep. all the way in. fuck me fuck me fuck me oh yeah i'm a bad girl aren't i? you like a bad girl dontcha? oh yeah your cock is soo big it feels soo good a little more like that just like that. you love jamming it into my hot wet tight pussy…

Sometimes silence is golden. A soft moan goes a long way.

Sex Machine

CH · 30 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I strongly suspect there is a correlation between a woman's body type and her preferred method of lovemaking.

Narrow hips + muscular upper body + high and tight ass + abs + dark forearm hair = Fucks like a man.

built to be on top with a riding crop

Curvy hips + baby fat + wide and plump ass + delicate upper body + small belly pouch = Makes love.

oxytocin factory

The farther a woman is from the ideal feminine, the more likely she will be to fuck like a sex machine, all pistons and friction. She will be the type of girl who is not as emotionally hollowed by bed-hopping.

The closer a woman gets to the superfeminine in body shape, facial features, and temperament, the more submissive and tender will be her lovemaking. For her, the culmination of the act is not in orgasm but in the bonding and the joy of knowing she is pleasing her lover. Expect her legs to wrap around you during sex in a subconscious display of possession.

Interracial Loving

CH · 31 October 2007 · Archived copy · Original

My first dating experience years ago with a black girl was a positive one. She was really cute with a penchant for wearing stiletto heels and a habit of flaky behavior that I found endearing. I remember the reactions we got walking down the street together holding hands. Most people let their glances linger a fraction of a second longer than they otherwise would have. In hindsight, I understood why this might've created some curiosity in people; a white man with a black woman is one of the rarer combos. Onlookers naturally want to figure out what's bringing us two together, so they examine us for clues, maybe like matching shoes or to see if I was acting black or she was acting white.

I don't give these things too much thought when I'm out with a girl of another race because I like to throw all my mental energy into enjoying the woman rather than overanalyzing the societal implications of our pairing.

But while we were dating some things did catch my attention. The black guys we passed on the sidewalk stared at us longer than other people did and made *Hmm mm damn* sounds which I can only describe as a mixture of disapproval and respect.

The black women we walked by, on the other hand, had a much stronger reaction. Curious and aroused, they eye loved me like I was the filet mignon of manmeat. I think I could have given every one of them an open invitation to join me and my date later in the evening for a night of 50 on 1 group sex that would have qualified for the Gold Edition Penthouse Forum.

I recall the sex pretty vividly because she was exotic new territory for me. I'll admit I was intimidated when we started banging because I figured most of her experience was with black guys and their huge schlongs. She climbed on top and a wave of relief swept over me when I hit her cervical wall. I was big enough for her.

This next part I'm about to describe is a little racy, so those with small children may want to cover their kids' eyes with their hands. After a while we barebacked raw dogged it (thanks, roosh) and the money shots were incredibly stimulating for me. I loved how aesthetically pleasing was the contrast between the white jizz and the black skin. Like modern art, the geometric arrangement and bold ejaculatory strokes set against the dark canvas of her smooth skin prompted me to admire my handiwork like I was pausing in front of a particularly abstruse painting in a museum to contemplate its majesty. Plus, it made finding the mess easier for cleanup.

We drifted apart quickly, but it was the age difference — or maybe my poor bump and grinding dancefloor skills — not the race difference, that was primarily responsible. Though in thinking about it, I wonder if we had stayed together the racial differences wouldn't've intruded at some point. We didn't date long enough for any "race issues" to potentially become a factor. Nevertheless, I have fond memories. Actually, I have fond memories from almost every girl I've let into my life.

Except the lawyers. *shudder*

I Can't Make This Shit Up

CH · 2 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There was a shitstorm recently from offended female lawyers about my post on judging a woman's femininity, sexual adventurism and relationship-worthiness based on her job. I was tough on a number of different kinds of careerist chicks, but it was the lawyers who took the most umbrage and came out swinging their clitdicks with a vengeance, thereby proving my point in the most satisfactory way possible.

I've relied on my experience dating lawyers to bring my readers valuable first-hand knowledge of their inherent afeminine bitterbitch blackened souls of ballcuttery. Truly, female lawyers (with one, OK, maybe two, exceptions) are a special breed of succubus you will not feel the slightest bit of guilt dumping a violent fuck into and leaving before the cum has crusted up on her face.

Sometimes, though, one man's experiences aren't enough to convince men thinking about dating a lawyer. So we have stories like this to hammer home the message.

> Elana and David Glatt have filed a $400,000 suit against an Upper East Side florist, charging it caused them "extreme disappointment, distress and embarrassment" on what was supposed to be the greatest day of their lives by providing the wrong-colored hydrangeas for their Aug. 11 nuptials.
>
> […]
>
> "After spending nearly $30,000 and over 12 months planning the flowers for their wedding, the flowers were not even close to what plaintiffs had bargained and paid for," the Glatts charge.
>
> […]
>
> "They sent us 200, 250 e-mails changing things up until the last minute. We did everything they wanted," [the florist] said.
>
> […]
>
> The suit says that was a disastrous difference, because "colors had been specifically chosen to match the tones of the room."

As self-parody goes, this is high art.

Leaving aside the legal issues here and the exhorbitant damages she's seeking, just try to imagine what it would be like to pledge your lifelong devotion to a woman who would spend $30K on wedding flowers and email the florist over 200 times with updated requests for getting the arrangements just right. Is there any man alive who, if he were in the groom's shoes, wouldn't feel like an afterthought at a wedding like that? A woman who is more in love with the wedding ceremony than with the man she is marrying = classic American cunt.

I can just picture what their marriage is going to be like:

"You got the regular 3-ply? I TOLD you to get the strawberry scented 6-ply toilet paper! WHY can't you do anything right?? Only the little people get chafed assholes!!!"

Here is a photo of the hell cat:

i win cases with my adam's apple!

Look closely. Notice the alpha male glare in her eyes, the kind of aggressive glee you normally see on the face of a used car salesman who's just suckered you into forking over full price for a lemon. Her clenched jaw which says she is ready to do battle, anywhere, anytime. The severe, triple-lacquered hairstyle with not one stray strand daring to spring out of line suggesting in her a tendency to view the sex act as either a necessary annoyance on the way to getting what she wants or a stress reliever before a big day at the office crushing testicles. And is that a power suit with shoulder pads?

In short, nothing about this woman hints at anything feminine. She sold her yin to the devil for a gift registry of wealth and taste. Her sense of entitlement is so bloated no man could possibly keep his dignity and satisfy her at the same time. And she doesn't even have the saving grace of being hot. Which brings us to the husband. What kind of man marries a woman like this? The answer is in the photo:

Elana Glatt and her husband David and mol Tobi are suing high-end Posy Floral Design, at 72ND Street,145 E. 72nd St., New York,

no, really, we're in love.

Merry douchemas! This guy looks like he's already pre-emptively cheating on her and high-fiving his buddies about it over beers at Scores. I'm wishing with my mind that he'll do to his wife what Chad did to that deaf girl in the movie "In the Company of Men" and then excuse himself from humanity and get run over by a bus.

What we have in this case study is the epitome of everything that is wrong with 21st century American womanhood. Luckily, all indicators are that these simulacra of women are having fewer kids than their more nurturing and traditional sisters, so I expect the wave of fembots currently clawing their way through the corporate machine to eventually dwindle to irrelevant numbers.

As much as you desperately want to believe your hard work and ivy league credentials matters to your mating prospects, ladies, *men don't give a shit what you do for a living.* In fact, as this story illustrates, your high-powered career will make you less of a catch, not more. Men compete with other men all day long; the last thing they want is to come home and lock horns with ballbusting women. And lawyers, being the generic parasites they are, are the worst of the worst.

On a related subject, I'd like any readers to find studies, if they exist, on number of children per woman by occupation. I'd bet good money that lawyers are less fecund than elementary school teachers.

Toothbrush Game

CH · 5 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There's always a tense moment in the bright light of the morning after a stumbling late night hookup when the girl needs to use the bathroom and you feel a rush of anxiety as you wonder what personal items you have prominently displayed on your sink. Eyebrow tweezers? Check. Five different facial scrubs and masks? Check. An old piece of used floss with bits of debris still on it that missed the garbage can? Check. And the state of cleanliness of your throne. Did you leave the seat up providing her with a glorious panoramic view of your urine and pube encrusted toilet rim?

If you intend to fully embrace the role of skirt-chaser then keeping your bathroom in order and sparkling clean with potentially embarrassing personal effects hidden from sight will have to be a daily ritual. Having a fresh spare toothbrush is one of those priorities. A girl will receive your appendages into her womanhood but will balk at using your toothbrush.

Me: There's a toothbrush on the sink for you.
Her: Why do you have a second toothbrush?
Me: Umm… in case I drop mine in the toilet bowl.
Her: Do you always stand over the toilet bowl when you're brushing your teeth?
Me: Yes, I pee and brush at the same time. I like to multitask.
Her: It's frayed.
Me: What?
Her: The bristles are frayed. Who else used this?
Me: I probably did in the middle of the night. It's hard to tell which is which.
Her: I can't brush with this.
Me: Look, if it bothers you that much use your finger.

There's no way around the toothbrush conundrum except to have a new brush still in its original packaging ready to go for each girl. I don't want to run a dentist's office or waste a toothbrush on the mouth of a one night stand, so they get a frayed brush now. If they protest too much at least I know I'm dealing with an anal retentive freak.

Instead of pressing the matter she gamely ignored it. That's all girls really need — a ridiculous excuse so they can continue loving you.

How The Mighty Have Fallen

CH · 6 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I have this old friend who used to be a guy's guy. Loved guy stuff , did guy things, and nurtured fierce loyalty to his guy clan of close buddies. He was a ferocious looking beast with a barrel chest as deep as it was wide who could hip check and shoulder blast his way through any club crowd to get to the bar or a girl he wanted to meet. His bumpngrinding was legendary. As was his profuse sweating, which beaded up in great rivulets on his expansive simian brow as he danced under the hot club lights, stopping only to dab at the torrent of perspiration with fistfuls of cocktail napkins. He was a magnificent distillation of pure testosterone.

We called him Silverback.

Then he met a girl, and suddenly Saturday afternoons were dedicated to throw pillow shopping.

Then he moved in with this girl, and his high-flying nightlife rompnstomping days were over.

Then he married this girl, and he dove headfirst into climbing the corporate ladder knowing one day he'd have to support a family in that perfect city for raising kids… Manhattan.

Now we hardly ever hear from him except for those times when his beloved is busy doing her own thing and he has a minute to spare in between catering to her needs. This usually amounts to a 1.5 minute interim phone call from a park bench while he's waiting to pick up his wife from her vegetarian yoga class. Or, even better, a 30 second shout out from inside a cab when it is obvious from the background sound of his wife sitting next to him talking to someone else on her phone that he has been granted a brief window of opportunity to call a buddy. The phone call invariably ends as soon as his wife's call is over.

Me: So how much time you got left to talk?
Silverback: Come on, man, you know I can talk as long as I like.
Me: She's still on the line, then?
Silverback: She does her own thing, I do mine.
Me: OK, so how's the new job going?
Silverback's Wife: Hey, honey, that was XXX. Who're you talking to?
*Silverback: Gotta go, bro. *CLICK**

Now his wife is pretty, and young, and headstrong, and probably out of his league, so it's understandable that he'd bend a little to accommodate her lifestyle.

But to go from Silverback to this?

take me boutique shopping!

The crack of that whip echoed through the hills and valleys of the Kingdom of Manhood.

Fat American Women = Dating Disparity

CH · 7 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

There is no doubt the obesity epidemic in the U.S. tilts the dating playing field in favor of those women who manage to keep their figures. The growing bloat of half the female population guarantees that slender women are more in demand than ever, and I believe this is a major contributing factor to the runaway egos and entitlement complexes of American women in general.

To see how this might be so, three premises need to be examined.

1. Does obesity handicap the dating prospects of afflicted women more than it does afflicted men?

Since American men are getting fatter at about the same rate as American women it's reasonable to ask if this neck and neck race to the fattest helps keep the dating market balanced and the prospects for finding love equal between the sexes. The answer is no. Men are much more visually driven than women when judging the opposite sex for mate worthiness and rolls of fertility-concealing blubber that disfigure a woman's natural hourglass shape and sexually arousing appearance will harm her attractiveness to men a lot worse than being overweight will harm a man's attractiveness to women.

This is a simple fact of life. A rich or smart or funny guy who is 30 pounds overweight will have an easier time in the dating market than a kind and sweet and personable woman overweight by the same amount. Guys have many more compensatory qualities they can bring to the table to neutralize the disadvantage of being fat, whereas fat women, no matter how well cultivated their other attributes, cannot win over the men they want without lowering their standards to the basement or accepting a life of constant pump and dumps from players on the prowl for easy noncommital sex.

Furthermore, it is a myth that fat guys, through the power of their expanding guts, magically discover the appeal of fat chicks. The fat guys you see hooking up with fat chicks do so BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE. The truth is that fat guys lust after hot slender babes just as much as thin guys do.

2. Does the obesity epidemic directly improve the dating prospects of women who stay in shape?

Given that fat girls have poor dating prospects even among fat guys, and that almost all guys are attracted to thin girls (the tiny population of fatty fucking fetishists to the contrary notwithstanding), the remaining thin girls will see their sexual market value skyrocket. This smaller pool of attractive women means that each hot chick can date up higher than she would have otherwise.

A thin girl whose looks are magnified in contrast to the fat chicks around her and who is pursued by all the men will command a much higher price — and a bigger sense of self-worth — than a thin girl in a roomful of other thin girls who is pursued by a fraction of the available men who must divide their attention between multiple targets.

In the former scenario, it will not take the thin girl long to perceive her inflated market value and act accordingly. A monstrous bitch shield ensues.

This is why the hot girl with a fat friend will subconsciously ENABLE HER FAT FRIEND'S WEIGHT PROBLEM, and why the fat girl will try to drag her hot friend into the bottom of the Ben and Jerry's pint with her. It is against the genetic interests of both of them to encourage female competition. They are in it to win it, just like the rest of us.

3. Do the numbers justify a connection between obesity and typical American woman attitudes?

Let's check the numbers. First, I'll show through the illuminating power of my handy charts the ideal attractive weight for women. (I've used the 1959 Met Life insurance tables for this analysis as they more accurately reflect optimum weights than recent tables which have had to adjust upwards to account for American "grade inflation".)

Categories

Ideal Weight: **BMI 17.6 – 21**. 99% of men find women in this range to be hot.

Maximum Healthy Weight: **BMI 25**. The upper limit of what the medical establishment classifies as healthy weight. (Note that "healthy" and "aesthetically pleasing to men" are not necessarily the same.) 30% of men will find women over the ideal weight but within the healthy weight sexually attractive. The other 70% will think they are chubby, but still bangable if the effort required to close the deal is not too great.

Overweight: **BMI 25.1 – 30**. The weight at which a woman becomes officially fat. Less than 10% of men will find women in this range sexually attractive. Men who can get slender girls will not even look twice at women in this group.

Obesity… and Beyond!: **BMI 30+**. Over 98% of men will be actively repulsed by these women.

Height	Ideal Weight	Max Healthy	Overweight	Fatass!
5'0″	90-107	128	129-154	155+
5'1″	93-111	132	133-159	160+
5'2″	96-115	137	138-164	165+
5'3″	100-119	141	142-169	170+
5'4″	103-123	146	147-175	176+
5'5″	106-127	151	152-180	181+
5'6″	109-131	155	156-186	187+
5'7″	112-135	160	161-192	193+
5'8″	115-139	164	165-197	198+
5'9″	119-143	169	170-203	204+
5'10"	123-147	174	175-209	210+
5'11"	126-151	179	180-215	216+
6'0″	130-155	184	185-221	222+
6'1″	133-159	190	191-227	228+
6'2″	137-163	195	196-234	235+

Now let's look at the demographics. According to the 2000 U.S. Census, there are approximately 40 million American women between the ages of 20 and 39 (a range which roughly matches a woman's fertile years and maximum dating marketability). Using my handy chart above, we establish a threshold of BMI 25 as the point at which a woman takes a non-trivial hit to her sexual worth. As her BMI steadily increases, more and more men will regard her with cold asexual indifference culminating in outright revulsion. An American Medical Association study classified 52% of all women between the ages of 20 and 39 as overweight or obese with a BMI of 25 or higher. (The CDC also has similar studies on obesity.)

That's **HALF** of all women in the prime dating years who have damaged or even completely trashed their sexual appeal to men through sloth and gluttony. They have made their search for love unnecessarily harder by their choices.

There are 20 million American women at a healthy weight competing for the attentions of 40 million men in the same age bracket. Even this lopsided number doesn't tell the whole story. Of those 20 million women, a smaller number are at the ideal sexual attractiveness weight of BMI 17.6 to 21, given that the upper bound of healthy weight is BMI 25. The ideal attractive BMI is about half the total healthy BMI, so the number of slender babes that are maximally attractive to the vast majority of men is really in the neighborhood of 10 million. Remember that this analysis does not factor in facial ugliness which would surely whittle away at the number of attractive women further.

Finally, we must stipulate that the tendency of women as they age to date increasingly older men than themselves

means that the figure of 40 million men is actually too low. Extending the dating market of men to age 50 adds another 20 million to their total number. Controlling for marriage makes no difference because the ratio of single men to single women remains the same.

This brings us to the final tally of potentially 60 million men hotly pursuing 10 million women. That's a 6 to 1 dating ratio. Talk about a stacked deck.

If you want to know why American women have such unrealistic expectations, ridiculously out-of-sync standards, neurotically overblown egos, schizophrenic flakiness, and chronic selfishness –
it's all in the numbers.
the fat, porky, tubby numbers.

Litmus Test

CH · 8 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

It's easy for me to tell when I really like a girl, and it has nothing to do with banging her. Banging just means the girl has met my minimum attractiveness threshold, but only those who far exceed it will be worth an extended edition of my time, energy, and resources. I know that the things I do for a girl and the way I behave or feel when I'm in her company change depending on how attracted I am to her.

If I go down on a girl on the first night, she is in the upper tier of girls I bang. The hungrier and more voraciously I attack her genitalia with my mouth, the more I like her. Looking back on the girls I fell in love with, one commonality they all shared was my reckless disregard for personal hygiene and unpleasant odors when I buried my face deep into the folds of their furrows. I think I orally devoured the vagina of one girl for half an hour before I even penetrated her. To me, that is the equivalent of getting on bended knee and slipping a 6-month salary rock on her finger.

If I envision spending the rest of my life with her I will stick my nose into the canal and lustfully inhale her bouquet of womanhood, hardly noticing the pube floss or pussy juice mustache when I come up for air.

Other things I find myself doing with a girl I like a lot:

Cook her dinner. (This is a big deal since I don't even cook for myself.)

Write her emails longer than two sentences and properly punctuated.

Paint her.

Photograph her. (B&W only. Try this sometime, it is a huge turn-on for women to be instructed how to pose for the camera.)

Get nervous around her. (Trust me, after many years in the field you will begin to miss the adrenaline rush of nervousness.)

Steal flowers from the neighbor's garden for her.

Do a version of this.

Christmas Eve Lone Wolf

CH · 9 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

VK recently wrote about "bunning up" ("settling down" for you old skool types) before the long cold winter drives the cuties indoors with their Netflix and Jenga slumber parties. And it's true — guys have a window of opportunity beween August and Thanksgiving to land a steady girl. For reasons science hasn't yet figured out, most breakups happen in August, usually precipitated by the women, who then go on a fall shopping spree for a new beau. This is your opportunity to strike. There is a crackle and sizzle in the autumn air as the girls radiate that "please just don't fuck this up and you can have me" vibe. The last thing they want is to be alone during the holidays.

A good rule of thumb is to bring your A game before the temps drop into the 30s. Once the deep chill hides everyone under layers of wool and couples start appearing with their hands in each others' pockets you'll find your pickings slim. But there is one glaring exception. Perhaps the greatest pickup night of the year, yes even better than Halloween or New Years Eve, is Christmas Eve.

There won't be many girls out on Christmas Eve but that won't matter because the one or two you meet (and they will usually be by themselves lamenting their singlehood with a captive bartender) are out for one reason — to get swept off their feet by a guy who will take their minds off their misery. Meet a reasonably attractive girl on Christmas Eve and if your game is minimally competent you are virtually guaranteed to close the deal that night.

The key is to not make it seem like you are two lonely souls destined to cross paths in a grungy hole in the wall. That shit only works in the movies. The reality is that it ruins her fantasy to meet a guy who is just as much a loser in love as she is. So play up the angle that you have so many family obligations this holiday season you just needed a break from it all and a strong drink in a warm bar sounded perfect. Tell her you never expected to meet anyone as cool as her out on a night like this.

Running game on a lone wolf means you can segue into rapport building quicker than normal. A minute to spark attraction is all you'll need. Once her eyes are sparkling, move her over to a couch in a dark corner, ask her if she'd like to learn something about herself, and run a few psychological quizzes on her. Then, lower your lids and your tone of voice and summon the sexual animal in you. Christmas pheromones.

The last time I did this we left the bar at 9 since they closed early. We bought a six pack of Michelob Light at the local Chinese take-out which is open year-round. Since all the bars were closed and I deemed it too soon to head back to my place, we found a streetlamp and cracked open a few beers in the cold night air. Not a single car drove by. The city was quiet. The context and atmosphere did half my work for me.

This Blog In Song

CH · 11 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

You should have listened to what mama said
And walked away with someone else instead
You should have listened to what grandma said
And married someone more like Fred

You should have listened to your inner voice
While you had time and still a choice
You should have reached for the emergency brake
Before it was too late

[Chorus]
You see the clever girl looks for a clever boy
To another extent than the clever boy
Will ever look for a mate
Who goes to round-table debates
And runs a little bit late
When she does work for the state

You see the clever girls look for the clever boys
And then the clever boys seem to have a different choice
They want a good-looking chick
That likes to blow them away
Someone who laughs at all the
Funny little things they say

I have a friend who's in this MENSA club
He has no trouble to admit
He wants a woman with ambitions
That go as far as raising kids

She Showed Herself Out

CH · 12 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

The weekend morning after a questionable hook-up I often scramble to find a plausible excuse that will gently cajole the girl out the door without hurting her feelings.

"I'd love to hang with you today but I've got to take my car into the shop. Big job… it'll probably take a few hours." [my Japanese car has now been in the shop over 20 times this year thanks to this ploy]

"Getting brunch with you sounds great, but I promised my Mom I'd visit her today. I'm guessing it's too early for you to see my Mom."

"I've got a painting class in… oh shit, I'm late!… 15 minutes! Sorry to do this to you but my art is important to me."

I suspect most girls see through this bullshit, especially the girls who are prone to sleep with a guy on the first night. Their direct first-hand experience with guys trying to get rid of them after sex must be unparalleled. The problem is that I really don't want to spend a precious weekend day with a marginal girl strolling Wisteria Lane while bluebirds drape garlands of flowers over us. But I'm not a heartless bastard (much) either, so I work hard on tossing her out with grace and civility, hopefully keeping the door open for future loving.

I remember what it's like to kick a girl out badly. One time, before I had the skills to handle morning after mistakes properly, the girl had looked at me forlornly with big, watery eyes as I walked her toward the door, and meekly asked if I wanted to get breakfast with her. It was her last ditch effort for some symbolic gesture from me that she meant more than the previous night.

I answered "Um, I ate last night. The best way for you to get home is to take the metro."

She gathered her stuff, purse over one arm, jacket over the other, and sullenly walked past me as I stood next to the door. Later, when I had shaken off the hangover and it had dawned on me that this girl was Swedish and a solid 8, I slapped my hand against my forehead and wondered aloud what the hell I was thinking. The following day in an act of phone game contrition, I called her number. It was futile. Her roommate picked up her phone and said my girl didn't want to talk to me. No surprise… recapturing a girl's interest after you have humiliated her by treating her like a disposable slut is akin to putting the toothpaste back in the tube.

So imagine my relief at sidestepping all the awkwardness when a girl does the dirty work for me, letting me entirely off the hook, by preemptively showing herself the door.

Her: I'd love to cuddle some more but I've got work later and some chores to do today.
Me: [barely suppressing grin] *Well, if this is what you have to do, then I guess I won't stop you. I mean, I'd love for you to hang out today but since you've got things to do…*
Her: Well, maybe for a couple hours, if you want.
Me: Uhh, you know, you go ahead and do your stuff… we'll catch up when we have more free time and can really enjoy each other's company.

A girl who shows herself out is a keeper.

Formative Years

CH · 13 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

This story from my past is reproduced in its entirety from an email exchange I had recently with someone. Originally intended to be private, we both thought it should be flung across the worldwideweb for the glimpse it gives into what made me the lover of ~~myself~~ thousands I am today.

***

when i was a young teen my parents, in a paroxysm of disciplinary fervor, enrolled me in a church youth group. i spent the time with my fellow morally upstanding youth groupers trying to get into the pants of the hotter christian girls, only to be rebuffed by their closed leg policy. finally, i cracked the austere exterior of a sweet pretty young thing during a bbq on church grounds with some help from a flask of jack&coke i had hidden in my jeans. tragically, we had nowhere to hide from prying eyes or the lord above to grope kiss and fondle. there were woods about a half mile away but people would look for us in a panic after a while. finally, we absconded to the only place which at that moment was completely shrouded in privacy — the church rectory.
well, we *assumed* it was private.

as we were making out in the hallway with my body pressing hers against the wall desecrating all that is holy, careful to do it away from the watchful eye of a nearby wooden crucifix, we heard a toilet flush and then the head priest walked in on us with my hand firmly wedged down the front of the tight jeans of mi amour. i struggled to pull my hand out as the priest gasped for words and turned red-faced, but like chinese fingercuffs my struggling only pushed my hand in farther. a wave of anxiety swept over me as i imagined i would be marched out in a perp walk before the scandalized flock, my girl and me intertwined like siamese sex fiends in such a romantically touching way. finally, with the help of proper breathing technique and my double-jointedness, i extricated my hand, by now smelling of raw sexuality, and the girl began crying. i contemplated making a run for it but instead stood like a statue as the priest's admonitions buzzed like ocean surf in my ears.
i quit the youth group the next day with no resistance from my parents. word of my exploits traveled the lands far and wide.

***

yours in the light of the lamb,

poon h. christ

Don’t Stop Thinking About The Next Girl

CH · 14 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

A big mistake guys make when they start dating a girl they really like — the “one” — is neglecting to continue going out and getting fresh leads. I used to do this, so I know the mental processes that go through a guy’s head when he’s really into a girl he’s dating. He channels all his pickup energy into this one girl, figuring that if he made it as far as a first or a second date he should focus like a laser beam on her pants zipper. He spends the long days in between seeing her analyzing his progress, picking apart the meaning behind her actions (or inactions), and daydreaming about what a relationship would be like with her. When he goes out, he gets lazy and tells himself there is no urgency to collect new numbers since he’s already dating a quality chick and most of the other girls can’t compare anyhow.

This is a sexually lethal frame of mind to put oneself in. When a guy completely boxes himself in like this with no options to fall back on, all it takes is a change of heart by his golden girl to crush his soul and send him spiraling into morose self-examination. It’s like investing your whole wad in a biotech startup with huge promise only to see it crash to a sub-penny stock after the CEO is convicted of fraud. You’d have been a lot better off diversifying your portfolio in a range of pussy sectors.

As an example, once, during the course of a month, I had four second dates in a row fizzle out on me leading to no sex. I made a critical error by jumping from one girl to the next — dating, failing, getting a new lead, dating again, failing again, etc. My desperation and self-doubt grew with each new girl, practically ensuring failure.

The way to beat this crippling dating handicap is to follow the “two in the kitty” rule religiously. You should date a minimum of two girls simultaneously until you have locked in your preferred girl by having sex with her at least three times. I have found through trial and error that a girl will bond to you after the third bang. Before that, it’s a crapshoot and depends on the girl’s innate femininity. Because modern girls have taken on male characteristics (especially DC girls who are more masculine than girls from less ambitious or overeducated towns) and are sluttier than past generations, the first or second bang won’t guarantee emotional attachment. By the third bang, however, you will notice a very perceptible shift in the balance of power. Suddenly, she will call and text you first, ask about your weekend schedule, tell you to “give me a call soon”, start doing favors for you, cuddle longer, and generally betray signs of nervousness when you make yourself physically or emotionally scarce.

That is when you will have her in the palm of your hand and can steer the relationship in the direction you want it to go.

A guy can achieve this if he adheres to these fundamental principles:

1. Other girls CAN compare. Girls are more interchangeable than you’d think. Don’t get sucked into “oneitis”.
2. If you date one girl exclusively and she really turns you on, you WILL give off a needy vibe at some point during the pre-sex seduction no matter how much experience you have. The best players who have ice running through their veins and cyborgian state control get that way because they date and fuck many girls concurrently.
3. A good date means nothing. The only thing that matters is penis in vagina, and even then a feeling of security is not assured until the penis has penetrated the vagina on at least three different occasions. (Three times in one night does not count.)
4. You will find it easier to close the deal with your number one girl if you are banging a number two and three girl. A man getting regular sex has an aura that girls subconsciously register in their hindbrains. Don’t ask me how this happens, but it does. The **Aura** is very powerful, like the chemical hormones secreted by ants and bees to get them to cooperate as a social structure, and will be your Valkyrie in the battle for pussy.
5. Approach the game while dating as ardently as you do when you are dating no one. If you have a date Tuesday, go out Monday and Wednesday and get more numbers. Even if you fail at getting numbers, just taking the initiative of meeting new girls and chatting them up will reduce the neediness you feel with your date.

6. Never, EVER, feel guilty for dating and banging many girls simultaneously. The mating marketplace is a battlefield and the Genitalia Convention rules of engagement clearly stipulate that it's open season for fucking around until terms of exclusivity are tendered. This is not your mother's dating environment.
7. A hot chick is MORE likely, not less, to continue seeing you if you tell her you are "dating around". A guy who knows he has options and is in fact exercising those options is extremely attractive to a girl.

Don't give a girl the chance to pull the rug out from under you. Have another ten rugs underneath that one and you will glide through your interactions with women like a shark through a school of mackerel.

Settling

CH · 16 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

settle *verb* – to wake up one day and realize you are not god's gift to the opposite sex

It's funny how this became a dirty word when everyone except the thinnest slice at the top of the human status heap does it. It's like calling breathing a dirty word and refusing to acknowledge that you do it. Even Jack Nicholson, a player for whom I have much respect and admiration, has to settle — there are probably a few beautiful Hollywood actresses who spurned his advances. I have to settle as well; I always wanted Heidi Klum but she has made herself unavailable to me (so far). Instead of spending years in celibate agony pining for Heidi I enjoyed sex and love with girls who looked like her but had different names.

i will shit test you until the day you die.

Almost universally men are more apt to settle in the short term than women. I understand the evolutionary explanation for this. Women stand to lose a lot more if they get pregnant by an unqualified guy. Men can dumpster dive occasionally without incurring much cost to themselves, and in fact enjoy a significant genetic upside to doing so.

But the aversion to settling is worn by the modern cosmopolitan (read: American) woman like a badge of honor. She proudly proclaims her steadfast determination to stick by her principles and hold out for the perfect alpha male while simultaneously bitching about her lonely spinsterhood. This is the kind of woman who overanalyzes every little nuance of a date and then has a debriefing with her girlfriends afterwards, when she tears the guy apart and her circle jerk of enablers cackle in unison.

I have seen extreme cases where the woman went completely celibate for years out of a stubborn refusal to reevaluate her ridiculously high standards. Virginity in a 19 year old girl is desirable, but de facto virginity in a 28 year old woman is a huge red flag. Any woman who can go years without a good root is capable of turning down sex from her boyfriend for the flimsiest reasons.

i'm not in the mood… you're wearing that argyle sweater again.

A woman who makes it to adulthood with a pristine pussy and her standards uncompromised should have her vagina donated to a medical museum as an example of what one looks like untouched by any penis. Underneath would be the Latin term for the condition:

Vaginicus Unrealisticus Standardii

I have a theory why settling has become a fate worse than rape in the minds of American women. In hunter gatherer times, when clan size was only 50 people, you'd be lucky to find just one hot girl in her prime. The beauty scarcity meant that there was no jealousy when the hot chick hooked up with the tribal leader. It was unremarkable. The remaining plain janes competed over the undifferentiated swath of clanmen who ranked lower than the tribal leader. This social dynamic helped keep women's expectations in line with reality. There was little pressure to snag the top dog.

Fast forward to modern society where most young women in their prime are living in giant urban enclaves of millions and hot chicks are a dime a dozen. What do they see? Lots of cute girls hooking up with alpha males. Every day, everywhere. So the average woman, who in times past would've been happy with the average man, now gets bombarded with visual evidence of thousands of women dating the same small pool of guys she wants, causing her expectations to balloon out of control. She wants to keep up with the Heathers. She asks herself why she can't have the same thing. She finds the thought of settling for a lesser man revolting because of the social humiliation it would entail. If her friends are all dating doctors (sometimes the same doctor), why can't she? Plus, she says, look at my fancy degree and professional career! I want that in a man so what man wouldn't want that in me?

And so she rides the dating carousel refusing to believe that it is the disconnect between the price she puts on herself and the price her potential buyers are willing to pay that is responsible for her impressive vibrator collection. She has lost all perspective.

This is why pumping and dumping performs a valuable public service. With each pump and dump her oversized ego and expectations shrink, until one day the hollow shell of her washed up self falls resentfully into the arms of a waiting beta. Or she learns to speak cat.

300

CH · 19 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

A girl invited me to a party over the weekend. She said the crowd would be mixed with some gay guys and trannies in attendance. Her social scene is alternative so I know what to expect when I hang out with her. I called Zeets and told him I was going to this party. He offered sage advice:

Zeets: Gay guys means lots of hot single girls. The one is always found with the other. Bring your best game.
Me: What about my date? I'm not going to number close right in front of her.
Zeets: Listen, if she's a nonconformist then she's probably OK with an open dating arrangement. Anyhow, you've gotten numbers before while on dates, you pig.
Me: I'll be discreet.
Zeet: Oh, and wear straight clothes, not your usual metrosexual crap. You don't want to fend off advances from gays all night. If you stand out as a straight guy the girls will flock to you. Ya gotta keep two things in mind. If a girl is surrounded by well-groomed but completely indifferent gay men she'll crave attention from a straight guy to validate herself. And, two, if you're a straight guy who's comfortable around gays, the girls will be intrigued by you. Intrigue equals horniness.

I rummaged through my closet for non-metrosexual clothes.

Off-center design = fashion maverick.

This was the straightest shirt I could find. I must've donated all my grunge-period flannels to the Salvation Army. Girls think I am Italian because of this jacket. Italians get laid so leaving that impression is OK with me.

I knew something was amiss when I walked up to the building entrance and saw groups of five and ten guys piling in together, some holding hands. Inside there were at least 300 gay men. That's not a typo. 300 fabulous Spartans. It wasn't hard to tell they were gay even when they weren't kissing and lightly touching each other's pecs mid-conversation. My butt cheeks clenched defensively.

I counted three girls in the entire crowd. I saw no noticeably straight guys. So this party was "mixed" in the sense that some of the gays were bears and some were swishy. Quite a few looked like they dedicated their waking hours to the gym and salon.

Luckily, my date was cute and wearing a plunging neckline, so I spent most of the time with my eyes locked on her cleavage reaffirming my heterosexuality. And also to avoid accidentally seeing anything that would give me post-traumatic stress disorder. Once shirts began flying off I told her it was time to go.

Outside, she started laughing.

Me: What's so funny?
Her: They all thought you were gay.
Me: Yeah, well, maybe that's because you took me to a GAY PARTY.
Her: It wasn't just that. It was your shoes.
Me: These shoes are comfortable. That makes them straight shoes.
Her: And your hair. It has that perfectly disheveled bedhead look.
Me: But it's naturally disheveled. No comb or products used. Again, straight.
Her: And the way you grabbed my ass and hung on for dear life.
Me: Better to be safe than subtle.

Things I learned from this experience:

Zeets' theory failed. No girls flirted with me. Conclusion: lesbians.

A presumption of gayness occurs when the crowd reaches the tipping point of 50% gay. Acting super straight by frowning constantly, substituting conversation with grunting, musing about Scarlett Johansson's killer BJ lips, and keeping my hands in my pockets did not save me from being mistaken for gay. Also, see: clothes.

A few gay guys at a party can be good. They bring girls and a whimsical vibe. 300 is bad. If you are a halfway decent looking guy you will feel like you're being eyefucked. Similar to how a hot chick must feel when she walks into a roomful of men. Or a thin guy at a NAAFA mixer.

The blatant flattery from gays will temporarily boost your ego. It's not nearly the same as flattery from cute girls, but it's not half bad either. They're very creative in their compliments. *"Well aren't you a tall drink of yum!" "Somebody hit you hard with the hottie stick."* As they're walking behind me: *"Who wouldn't want to follow that in!"*

Afer ten minutes of this direct game, though, it gets annoying.

I'll never trust a girl again when she says she's taking me to a party with "some gays". She can go alone. The nookie is never that good.

PS: I watched 16 hours of football on Sunday.

Body Language

CH · 20 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

This is where the majority of guys stumble during the pickup. The first impression is made within seconds, on the walk over to the girl, before one word is spoken. The way a guy carries himself, moves his body, his hands and arms, positions his feet, stands, maintains eye contact, and interacts non-verbally with girls is half his game. You can spit the words of Voltaire, but if your body is incongruent with what you're saying, you will get blown out.

Some of the common beta body language mistakes I see guys making:

- **Walking over to the girl too quickly**

When a guy sees a cute chick he gets excited. His adrenaline pumps and his heart races as he thinks about how best to approach her. This inner turmoil reveals itself in his physical composure. He marches toward her too fast, propelled by his unspoken insecurity to get the job over with as soon as possible. Fast walkers are unattractive. Focus on your walking speed. Stroll over like a pimp taking his time to admire the other girls in the room along the way.

- **Doing everything too fast**

Related to the above, guys tend to gesticulate too rapidly when they get nervous, reflexively jerking around their hands, arms, and head. Be aware of this and deliberately slow down all your movements. Take an extra two seconds to reach for a beer. Move around her in languid, measured rhythms. When she is speaking, slowly cock your head to the side. The key thing is to avoid any sudden movements. That betrays anxiety. It helps to imagine your life is a movie in slo-mo.

- **Being too stiff**

The opposite of the above is when a guy stiffens up from nerves. Don't be a totem pole. Move your arms around, swivel your body, make hand gestures while telling a story. Watch Marlon Brando in The Godfather. Just do it all slowly.

- **Closed body language**

Guys who are confident that nothing in life can touch them have very open and smooth body language. Nervous guys who are always afraid of fights, of being sucker punched, of conflict, will defensively scrunch up their body as if they were psychologically warding off blows. Guys who fear nothing open their arms, expose their chests, and generally project the look of someone who never worries about being caught off-guard. In that vein, avoid shoving your hands in your pockets, crossing your arms, standing with a narrow stance, looking around the room with darting eyes, slouching, or grabbing one forearm with your hand.

- **Holding drinks too high**

Very common. Don't do it. Look at old James Bond films. Sean Connery holds his tumbler down by his waist, not up by his nipples.

- **Adjusting himself**

Any primping should be done at home before going out. Don't tug at your cuffs, flatten your hair, pick at your fingernails, swipe at your nose, rub your eyes, brush off imaginary lint, or hoist your pants. A relaxed alpha male does not primp in the field.

- **Leaning in (pecking)**

Another common mistake. Nearly every guy does this when starting out. It's called pecking because the motion of

jerking your head and body forward to listen with rapt attention to what a girl is saying looks like a chicken pecking at seed. She is not so important that you need to lean in to catch every precious word. Lean back with your whole body and let her lean into you. If she has something to say she'll move in so you can hear it. The act of bending to your will fires up her loins. The one exception is in very noisy venues where you have to lean in if she is a soft talker. It's OK to do this as long as you lean in SLOWLY and lean back during pauses.

- **Weak eye contact**

Hold it slightly longer than you feel comfortable doing. Dominating another guy with steady eye contact can lead to a fight. Dominating a girl with eye contact can lead to sex. Remember, girls WANT to feel dominated. It turns them on. And making sure she breaks eye contact first is a great way to demonstrate dominance.

- **High pitched, incessant fast talking**

A guy who is seeking approval will talk fast, hoping to finish his point before people become bored with what he's saying. His tone of voice will rise as sentences are completed. A guy who is confident that everyone will listen intently to his brilliance will talk slowly in a low or neutral pitch and pause frequently. Pausing is an extremely powerful method of subcommunicating dominance. Think about a really effective professor or manager. They begin speaking… PAUSE to build anticipation… make their point… PAUSE to let it sink in… conclude… PAUSE again… for effect. The words don't matter as much as how you say them.

- **Beta body positioning**

After the approach, guys usually remain standing at the point they first entered the group to introduce themselves. This spot is often on the outside of the social circle, back to the crowd, looking in at his target. That is a weak position. You want to move to the power position as quickly as possible. The power position is center of the group, back to the wall or the bar, facing the room as if you were a king surveying your kingdom and your subjects were gathered round to entertain you. A trick for maneuvering to the power position is to take a girl's hand, lift it up so she reacts by doing a spin move, and spinning her away from the bar. You then steal her spot or chair. You can even call attention to your bold move: "Oh man, I just stole your seat!"

- **Poor stance**

If you are standing, keep your feet apart close to the width of your shoulders. An alpha monopolizes space. One foot should point forward and the other should point outward about 45 degrees. Thrust your pelvis out slightly.

- **Poor sitting**

If you are sitting, don't cross your legs. You're not an old man. Spread them out as if you were naked and you wanted the whole world to behold your breathtaking package.

- **Showing his palms too frequently**

This non-verbal faux pas is a little arcane, but subconsciously girls notice it. Turning your hands up is a sign of submission. In the beginning, when you are building attraction by demonstrating your alphaness you should keep your palms down or turned inward. Emphasize points by raising and lowering your hand, palm down. If you look at video clips of presidential candidates on the stump you will see that the force of their speaking is intensified by strong hand movements. Bill Clinton often addressed the crowd with his palm in, fingers curled into a fist, and thumb pointing out like a gun. Later, during the comfort stage of the pickup after she is attracted, you can show your palm to display vulnerability.

- **Forgetting to touch the girl**

This one is huge. Probably the number one alpha trait is comfort with touching other people. A guy totally gives away his betatude if he is uncomfortable touching girls. Touching should start immediately, literally within two

seconds of the approach. During your introduction, lightly touch your target and the potential cockblock on the elbows simutaneously. Start inoffensively, like on the forearms or shoulders, then gradually move to touching more erogenous zones, like the upper back, upper arm, or thigh. Avoid accidentally touching the bra strap, the hair, or the face too soon, as these spots will fire off an instant recoil reaction in a girl who isn't yet attracted to you. When you talk in her ear take advantage of the moment to graze her cheek with yours. The small of the lower back is a highly charged zone, so move your hand down her back as the pickup progresses. Wrap your arms around her waist when you want to move her to another location in the bar. Anytime you say something funny, anchor it with your touch. When I have a good pickup my hands RARELY break contact with my target.

- **Not smiling or smiling at the wrong times**

Yep, pretty basic. Always smile on the approach. Just don't overdo it. Drop the smile after your introduction. Smiling and laughing works best in measured doses. NEVER laugh at your own jokes. Don't laugh everytime she says something funny. Your attitude should be *"Oh she said something adorable again. How cute!"*, not *"HA HA this girl is the funniest! She is SO cool! She is the best!"* Alternating your smiling with smirking, frowning, and a straight face is the winning formula.

- **Animated facial gesturing**

In the early stages of the pickup when you are bringing higher energy than your target in order to get attraction it's acceptable to accentuate your stories with facial gestures. Later on, though, you want to avoid these histrionics. Constantly raising your eyebrows, nodding your head, widening your eyes, smiling broadly, or twisting your mouth into funny shapes indicates an approval seeking mentality. You are not an approval seeker, you are an approval giver.

- **Moving out of the way to accommodate others**

Hold your ground. When a guy needs to pass by, make him move around you. You don't want to be that guy who's always stepping out of the way to avoid getting jostled by the crowd. When a girl reaches for her drink, make her go over or around you.

- **Facing the girl directly**

Don't face your target directly until after she has qualified herself to you. She does not deserve your full attention when you first meet her. Keep your body angled slightly away from her. Later, when she has earned your interest, turn to face her completely. This is the signal to move into rapport. Note: If you are running direct game you will face her right away.

Go forth, and lubricate vaginas with the power of your presence.

Feminists And Game

CH · 22 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter by the name of dizzy (judging by the spittle she sounds like a maladjusted feminist battleaxe with a neurotic fear of masculine desire) attempted to downplay the effectiveness of game in response to this post.

> The guys who wrote the "game" books capitalized on an early information disparity. But the market has adjusted. Now it's pretty common knowledge among women that the guy who's being all charming and cocky and maybe using a few "neg hits," learned it all from a book. (Actually, the "neg hits" are the real tell). And we're not… what you'd call… impressed.

She is woefully behind the times. Neg Hits are a tiny part of the player's arsenal and, in fact, have been supplanted by much more advanced tactics. What's important is the attitude behind the Neg Hit, not the specific words used. The seduction material and techniques available to the average guy now are so vast not even a bitter cunt on the lookout for game would detect when it was being used on her.

What's more, even girls who KNOW game is being run on them STILL FALL FOR IT! I've had girls say to me "Some guy read my palm yesterday! But I still want you to read mine." That is the Achille's Heel in all women — they cannot control their attraction impulses anymore than men can, so when men say and do certain things designed to light up the sex centers of her brain she will respond to them positively.

> Given this, the guys who are still buying the books will end up taking home: 1) The girl who is too dumb to know to protect herself (usually, funny enough, because she's husband-hunting and all her friends gave her a copy of that "He's Just Not That Into You," book, so she thinks she's got you on the hook).

Any man who runs this stuff in the field will tell you it's often the more intelligent women who lap up the sexy vibes created by a skilled player. Smart, educated girls LOVE the back and forth of shit testing and teasing. More importantly, they love to BE LED because they are exactly the kind of women who lead others around all day at their soul-sucking corporate gigs. They YEARN to feel FEMININE again because they get so little chance during their humdrum lives to feel that way, and a player who understands the basic polarity of men and women can offer her that experience.

> 2) The girl who is just dumb.

Wishful thinking. In reality, game is LEAST effective on the really dumb girls. For them, it's best to go caveman. Stupid girls respond better to ham-fisted come-ons.

> 3) The girl who knows what you're up to and subscribes to the school of "use him right back."

Another numbnut who thinks women can be like men. Revenge fantasies to the contrary notwithstanding, women are not wired to enjoy the pursuit of pumping and dumping men. The way a woman "uses" a man is to string him along in LJBF land with the faintest promise of sex while never actually delivering the goods. But then, a guy who runs game and has ascended the ranks in the Order of the Player knows enough to avoid falling into that trap.

> 4) The girl who knows what you're up to and hates herself enough to try to convince you to stay, just stay, with her, for the night…

Riiight. Because, you know, every other girl I've slept with hated herself. That's the ticket! I have a better theory. Maybe they all fall for a guy with game because… Satan made them do it. Has about as much evidence.

The truth is that there are very few girls who hate themselves. They may be insecure about this or that physical flaw, but in the big picture their egos are impenetrable fortresses of self-regard. They clearly outstrip men in the ego stakes. Anyhow, sluts who sleep around for validation don't require game to close. Simply acting like an asshole with them will work.

> So either you "win" against someone who's not playing, someone who is, um, handicapped (all due respect to the disabled) in the dating competition, someone who is making a fool of you, or someone who is crazy.

Third prize: you're fired!
You may wanna re-check your assumptions, Sparky.

> Good job. You're the man.

Soon you will call me master.

> Now go back to gaining money and power in order to get laid, as god intended, and I'll get back to the kitchen and start making your sam-mich.

There is no god.
Money is not necessary to get laid.
And you can't make a sammich without my lunchmeat.

Reversing A Cold Shoulder

CH · 26 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I hit a new club recently with a guy who runs a pickup workshop as a second job. As soon as we entered I knew I had found paradise — the whole place was filled with East European babes. I didn't even need to see their round, high-cheekboned faces and pouty lips up close to know where they were born. The classy and sophisticated, yet slightly tacky, fashion statements of the women were the tipoff. Floor-length (real) fur coats and shiny black cocktail dresses were the norm. The club resonated with the pleasing sounds of thick Russian accents until Gunther turned up the volume on the thumping eurotrash music and my ears began bleeding.

My buddy swooped in on two girls, a 5 and an 8.5, sitting at the bar. I stood nearby to hear his game. We had a code worked out so that when I saw that he had "hooked" the set (meaning, made the girls laugh) I would come in and ask if he had "seen Sarah". If he wanted me to wing for him he would introduce me to the girls.

As I stood nearby hidden by the crowd, I eavesdropped surreptitiously and learned that the two girls were Bulgarian. The 8 was extremely cold, turning away to sigh and look at the dancefloor and generally make her displeasure known. This was expected. As I've written, women from the former Soviet Bloc are cold as ice on the approach and will shit test mercilessly to weed out the lesser men. They respond well to mild insults, edgy teasing, condescension, and damning with faint praise.

My friend used the classic "Did you see the two girls fighting outside?" opener. His game is high energy so this opener suits his style. The hotter chick looked directly at him without cracking even the slightest smile and the following conversation ensued:

Her: *[imagine a heavy slavic accent]* That sounds like a bad pickup line.
Him: What, you don't trust me? If you can't trust me how am I supposed to trust you?
Her: I heard that line on a show about guys picking up girls. There was no fight outside.

Now at this point most guys would have bailed, figuring that there was not only zero attraction, but in fact a negative vibe. He plowed on.

Him: *[turning to the target's friend]* Is she always like this? I bet she questions everything you say just to be different. How do you deal with her? Let's show her how to be fun. *[Friend laughs]*
Her: Oh, you are going to show me how to be fun? That is very presumptuous for a guy who makes up stories.
Him: Let me tell you what a real bad pickup line sounds like… you know, kind of like the lines you hear all the time from guys like these *[motions around the room]*. "Where are you from?" "Can I buy you a drink?" "What's your sign?" "You're pretty." I bet you fall for those all the time.

That's when it happened; the moment a deep, physical attraction was created. A smile forced its way on her face and she laughed as her body turned in his direction. The signs are always unmistakable.

He then launched into a story about a kid on a tricycle flipping him the bird on Christmas Eve, and the girls were completely hooked. He would focus his attention on one and the other would lean in and say to her friend "what did he just say?" Frequently, they would interrupt him (as girls are wont to do since their minds tend to jump erratically from one topic to the next) and he used these breaks in the flow of conversation to say things like "Wow, your eyes are pretty… especially the right one."

Women who believe game cannot create attraction, but can only amplify attraction that already exists, are wrong. This guy, who was at least two points lower than the girl in the looks department, started in negative territory and turned it around. That is because women's attraction mechanisms are not the same as men's. To phrase it as an analogy:

As T&A is to men, personality is to women.

Same Three Girls

CH · 27 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I was always amused by people — especially women who seem to have a universal knee-jerk distaste for the idea that beauty can be measured and ranked — who believed that culture, or the media, or Hollywood, or parents, or peers, or the magic nose goblin, were somehow responsible for what gives men boners. The religion of cultural conditioning is as cultic as any organized religion. It has many adherents because, like traditional religions, it appeals to false hopes and placates with soothing lies.

No magazine, TV show, movie, or "groupthink" ever influenced the blood flow to my manhood. Nor does it do so for any other man. When my balls grew hair, the first time I saw a silky thigh was like a thermonuclear blast of lust that fried my brain. My heart raced when I laid eyes on a pretty girl. Nothing influenced this visceral reaction; it was as hardwired as breathing and shitting.

So when my buddies and I go out I am never surprised when we almost always agree on the top three hottest girls in the venue. If you gathered every guy in a bar on a busy Saturday night and asked them to rank the girls the same ones would appear on the tops of all their lists. You don't need scientific studies to prove what common sense already tells you — that beauty is not subjective if men all agree on which girls are beautiful.

But for those who live in a world of self-delusion and get hives when the words *evolutionary psychology* are mentioned, there is now a growing body of studies in the neurosciences to buttress casual observation that not only is female beauty objective, but so is beauty in the arts.

This study found that an abstract sense of beauty is at least partly innate.

> When people were shown pictures of sculptures in a new study, brain scans suggest they judged beauty by at least partly hard-wired standards.
>
> Researchers in Italy showed volunteers original and distorted images of Classical and Renaissance sculptures. The scientists picked 14 volunteers with no experience in art theory to try to see what role pure biology had to do with judging art.
>
> The proportions of the sculptures in the study followed the golden ratio. And the original images of them strongly activated sets of brain cells that the distorted images did not—including the insula, a brain structure that mediates emotions.
>
> "We were very surprised that very small modifications to images of the sculptures led to very strong modifications in brain activity," researcher Giacomo Rizzolatti, a neuroscientist at the University of Parma, told LiveScience.
>
> In addition, instead of asking volunteers to simply enjoy these pictures, the researchers also had them judge how beautiful or ugly each was. The images thought of as beautiful activated the right amygdala, a brain structure that responds to memories laden with emotional value. (The original images were often judged by the test subjects as more beautiful than distorted ones.)
>
> The results indicate that the sense of beauty is based on hard-wired notions triggered in the insula and one's experiences, and then activated in the amygdala. Still, the scientists caution the findings cannot necessarily be generalized across cultures.

The conclusions of this study support the notion that the fingerpainting known as modern "art" is a fraud perpetrated on the masses by elitist snobs who needed to devise a false criteria for separating themselves from the gauche plebes.

Here is a study that shows men's preferences for a female 0.7 waist to hip ratio has a real basis in biological necessity.

> Controlling for other correlates of cognitive ability, women with lower WHRs and their children have significantly higher cognitive test scores, and teenage mothers with lower WHRs and their children are protected from cognitive decrements associated with teen births. These findings support the idea that WHR reflects the availability of neurodevelopmental resources and thus offer a new explanation for men's preference for low WHR.

Summary: evolution designed men to prefer sexy hourglass figures because women who have them give birth to smarter babies.

This archaeological discovery suggests that prehistoric women shared the same tastes in slutty fashion as modern women.

> "According to the figurines we found, young women were beautifully dressed, like today's girls in short tops and mini skirts, and wore bracelets around their arms," said archaeologist Julka Kuzmanovic-Cvetkovic.

prehistoric boy shorts underneath

She looks pretty thin. So much for the hypothesis that men used to like fat girls before the evil fashion industry warped their minds to chase after thin girls. 7,500 hundred years ago men lusted for a hot bod in a mini skirt, same as today. And, same as today, women knew what turned men on.

There are mountains of papers which show that beautiful faces of both sexes have traits in common. And that what is beautiful and what is ugly is not a mystery or in the eye of the beholder. Case in point:

i eat babies.

these lips were made for blowing.

A tsunami of evidence from the neurosciences (as opposed to the soft sciences of sociology and cultural anthropology where radicals with axes to grind have created a mutual masturbation society of feelgood lies) is slowly and inexorably repudiating decades of dearly-held and rabidly guarded cherished beliefs.

There will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth as their rancid ideology is ground to dust. And I will taste their tears of unfathomable sadness…mm, so yummy and sweet!

Number One Asset

CH · 29 November 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I once had to get rid of a girl for a shallow reason. It's a shame, too. I didn't want to… she was cute, considerably younger, sweet… but some things are non-negotiable deal killers. I was finger banging her during foreplay and, because I like the full experience, I brought my fingers up to my nose for a big sniff.

DAMN! PEW!

Her vaginal odor instantly ruined the mood. I don't know what produced it — natural musky scent, yeast infection, old chicken wings — but a foul genital smell is right up there with brandishing an ice pick for making me walk away from sex and finish up later to pics of Lois from Family Guy.

I butched up and endured for as long as I could, but every time we changed positions and her bush passed through my smell zone I got blasted in the face with toxic fumes. Doing her doggy style I was forced to press her ass cheeks together to keep the odor trapped. Afterwards, I was afraid to smell anything on me. I scrubbed my hands like a surgeon prepping for an operation and hours later the stank was still on my fingers.

I spent the next day smelling my own farts to get rid of the memory. Then I shaved my pubes because I figured there was no way her sticky pungent juices would ever leave my groin. It was like radical lice therapy.

I like going down on very attractive girls. But even a Russian 10 would stop me cold in my tracks if her pussy smelled that strongly. If I can't go down on her without suppressing a gag and crying like I was peeling onions with a clothespin on my nose she will never be a long term prospect. I may as well cut my losses.

I had a nightmare that night about being tortured by Central Asian Islamists who forced my face repeatedly into this girl's snatch while yelling *PUSSY IS GREAT! LICK IT DRY!* over and over. They called it beaverboarding.

Here's Chateau Tip #14, ladies: Your vagina is your **number one asset**. Treat it as such.

Maybe girls can't smell their own pussies the way we can't smell our own bad breath. In that case, it's the duty of every man to inform his stinky girl she has issues down there. If she can't be bothered to fix a problem with her **number one asset** then that tells me she does not care for my desires as a man. If she refuses because of a hippie belief in going *au naturel* then dump her. Feminist mother earth hippie chicks with unkempt overgrown bushes will never treat you like the king you are. Selfishness is a major character flaw in women.

Outrage Of The Day

CH · 2 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Ugly people canoodling in public.

It's not cute. It's not charming. It doesn't make people go *"aww"* to themselves.

Please, kindly take your ugly nuzzling to the privacy of your homes and draw the shades. Think of the beautiful people's feelings.

Escape From '07 Season Finale Happy Hour

CH · 3 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I'm writing you from an unattended laptop. I've been left alone for a few minutes while my kidnappers go on a beer and soco run. With Houdini/Quagmire-like dexterity I've untied the ropes binding my hands and pulled off the blindfold and ballgag. I'm in a 10 by 10 foot room, no windows, cold concrete floor. Speakers pipe in audio of a college professor lecturing on queer and gender studies.

They're trying to break me.

They keep telling me how they're going to drag me kicking and screaming to this happy hour at 4Ps this Friday to finally face my accusers and meet my demise at the hands of my enemies (mostly jilted ex-lovers and gays who couldn't convert me) unless I 'fess up:

[image]

I tell them what I know… I swear she looked 18, and David Alexander is not my alter ego sock puppet.

They don't buy it.

Two guys who call themselves INPY and Arjewtino threatened to shave off my salt and pepper sideburns. A third dude going by the name Virgle Kent locked midget strippers in the room with intent to inflict serious groinal harm. The two girls of the group, who have their aliases KassyK and Just Going With It written in sequins on the ass of their sweatpants, are a couple of the meanest broads I have ever come across. Their specialty is torture. One slams her stiletto heel down inches from my crotch while the other tries to crack my state control with flashes of side boob.

No mas… I relent. I'll be there… incognito.

So if any of you want to give me a hard time…

[image]

…but can't because you secretly love the dark place I take you, then stop by 4Ps in Cleveland Park and experience my psychosexual provocations first-hand in a haze of drunkenness.

PS: If you're a chick, wear something cute.

PSS: If you're a chick wearing something cute and you whisper *"Can a blogger get a table dance?"* in my ear I will reach into my bag of goodies and pull out a very special Christmas curtain rod for you.

**HH photo credit: Kathryn*

Hopeless Rebels

CH · 5 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Every time I venture to Georgetown (daygame, shopping, peeping in millionaires' windows) I see these two characters loitering on the corner of M and Wisconsin in front of the Douche Republic selling black T-shirts printed with the words "Stop Bitching. Start a Revolution".

A few passersby slow down to hear their sales pitch. Mostly, people ignore them as if they were road pylons to steer around, which isn't hard to do as they aren't in-your-face obtrusive with their schtick. I've always been curious what revolution they are selling so this time I stop and talk to the blond pony-tailed guy.

Me: What kind of revolution do you want to start?
Him: A new way of living… saying no to society's rat race. Hey, it's really busy right now, you want a T-shirt?

A reluctant capitalist.

[image]

stop showering seek an institution.

I didn't tell him that starting a revolution is the biggest bitching a person can do.

When I got home I dogpiled (I despise google's owners) their T-shirt slogan and found this story.

They call themselves the Zendiks and live in a small group of 30 on a commune in West Virginia, subsistence farming and selling T-shirts, CDs, and bumper stickers in the city. A woman who escaped from the social experiment is writing a memoir about her imprisonment time there. She said it had the hallmarks of a cult and was run by authoritarian leaders.

Translation: A David Koresh-style guy at the top horded all the young pussy for himself while brainwashing the rest into believing they were participating in a beautiful rainbow of non-competitive, non-status seeking cooperation.

Nearly all ostensibly egalitarian cooperative communes eventually fail. You can only bottle up innate human drives for so long. A famous example is the Oneida Commune. Jockeying for status among the top leaders (who were, of course, men) and sexual tensions helped undo the commune's mission. What's hilarious is that the leaders encouraged the young men to refrain from ejaculating during sex because "wasting" semen was bad. As a result, the women enjoyed many hours of prolonged sex from betas who sacrificed their own pleasure by not cumming, while the alpha males got to impregnate women whenever they wanted.

I have a theory about anti-establishment anti-social dropouts. It's not society they hate; it's themselves. They hate their own natures. The world around them is their mirror, reflecting everything that frightens them about their own bestial id essence. They try to escape their evolutionary heritage by retreating to the woods to resurrect the ghost of Karl Marx. I suspect most of the members are of Northern European ancestry.

People like this are starting a revolution against human nature. It is a battle they are doomed to lose.

Girlfriend Or Fling? Holiday Edition

CH · 6 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

It's a Very Special Christmas Girlfriend or Fling.

This photo looks like an advertisement for Peroni, the Miller Lite of Italian beer, but it is in fact an actual nightclub shot.

Most Northeast Asian girls (Japan, China, Korea) are good girlfriend material. They are more monogamously inclined than other races of women, save the Finns and Irish. Ten randomly chosen Asian girls in relationships will have fewer cheaters amongst them than ten randomly chosen girls in relationships from different geographic regions of the world. Based on this, my initial assessment is that the Asian in this photo has solid girlfriend potential. However, closer inspection reveals details to the contrary that give pause. One, the hand draped effortlessly over the guy. Two, left boob contact with his arm. Three, forehead to forehead contact. Four, a slightly forward-thrust pelvic area. Five, slouching… my unquestionable opinion is that slouchy girls are sexually looser than girls with good posture. Six, the bedroom eyes… in a nightclub. Seven, she's not wearing any breast support. Those mangos are hanging low on the tree and begging to be plucked.

If this guy is not her boyfriend, (and judging by that hammy look on his face, I'd guess not), then the Asian girl is clearly a fling.

The girl on the right has too much blush on her cheeks which screams dirty little tramp. As the wisdom of the grandmothers says: Ladies pinch, whores rouge. She is showing the bottom row of teeth in her smile, which is a leading indicator of sluttiness. Her voluminous cleavage reinforces my impression. Also, she's allowing the guy to wedge his leg into her crotch. She's riding his left leg like a mechanical bull. Total fling. Her saving grace might be that she looks like a hapa (half-asian, half-white… wasian) which should help keep her slutty urges in check by the forces of faithfulness. I like the fact that she is not wearing dangly earrings. Her minimal accessorizing speaks well of her. I'd be tempted to give a girl like this a chance to become a member of my stable of regulars except that she looks six months pregnant. Any girl swollen with that much baby should not be in a nightclub — she should be

home learning how to crochet blankets or playing Beethoven to boost her fetus's IQ.

If she is not pregnant, then she needs to jump on a treadmill instead of going out drinking. If that is fat, I feel bad for her. I've never seen a girl put weight on like a middle-aged man with a beer gut. Did she swallow a keg? If she's not pregnant, and that is not a beer belly, then the only explanation left is that she is uncomfortably arching her back so her stomach and ass protrude for maximum attention-getting. Which brings us back to total fling.

I like the guy's shirt. I bet he's saying to her "Heeeeeey, how YOU doin'?"

The View Is Mind Rot

CH · 10 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

The English woman who was jailed in Sudan for letting a kid in her class name a teddy bear Muhammed is profusely apologizing for causing offense to fundamentalist freaks:

> I was very upset to think that I may have caused offence to people – very, very upset about it.
>
> I'm just an ordinary middle-aged primary school teacher. I went out there to have an adventure and got a lot more adventure than what I was looking for. I never imagined this would happen.
>
> Mrs Gibbons added that she was "very sorry" to leave Sudan, where she had had a "fabulous time".
>
> It is a beautiful place and I had a chance to see some of the countryside.

As a representative of the decaying, degenerate West this woman comes close to embodying the sad state of its people. A bunch of filth called for her death over a teddy bear name and she is sorry for causing them emotional distress.

Holy fucking christ.

This is what happens when a culture is utterly feminized and castrated. You show your soft underbelly at the slightest provocation hoping the bully will leave you alone, and when he doesn't you apologize for instigating him to steal your lunch money. The fighting spirit of the West is gone; the death of the fucking spirit will follow.

At least she enjoyed the countryside. Fabulous!

The National Organization for Women said they were "not putting out a statement or taking a position."

Handy Translation: "Now that we American feminists have completely neutered our men into submission we secretly get moist for the Saracen barbarians who would put us in our legs-spread, ass-up place. And we can perfectly rationalize this under the rubric of multiculturalism."

The View chimed in with this gem:

> WHOOPI GOLDBERG: You'd think if you're going overseas, I mean, we had this discussion yesterday about people coming to America and learning the customs and knowing what is cool, and what isn't cool. But I find that maybe we are not- and I say we just as European and American, we're not as anxious to learn the customs before we go places. It's just one of the reasons we're called the ugly Americans.

If you get jailed or stoned for consenting to a kid naming his teddy bear after a mythical pedophilic figure you are an ugly American for not making the effort to learn about your tormentors' randomly murderous impulses.

Whoopi Goldberg, you are a dumb fuck. 100% dumb fuck.

Here is something no one will ever hear on The View:

> Some cultures are superior. Some are inferior. We half-brained old bags of The View are awfully glad we live in a superior culture so that we may broadcast our nonsense without fear of public execution.

Given that the audience for The View is mostly middle-aged menopausal hausfraus well past their expiration date the upside is that men won't be looking to bang them and therefore won't need to pretend to take their idiotic opinions seriously.

The downside: These hausfraus vote.

Girls' Night In

CH · 12 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I had the following phone conversation with a girl I was asking out for a third date:

Me: How does Tuesday sound?

Her: Oh no, Thursday is better. Tuesday is no good, that's girls' night!

Me: Is this anything like a lesbian orgy?

Her: Ha, no, we get together and do arts and crafts every Tuesday night. We make yarn doilies and have a friendly competition to see who can knit the best. And we drink a few bottles of red wine.

Me: For real?

Her: Yes, it's fun! It's not really about the competition, it's about the bonding.

Me: And the giggling.

Her: Squeals and giggles!

This is a social phenomenon you will never see straight guys doing. I can't even mentally picture a scenario under which there could be a "boys' night in" without crossing over to fruitville. There isn't a guy alive who would postpone a hot date to sit in a semi-circle on pillows in the living room with his buddies one designated night a week to play Uno, do a group pedicure, and bitch about girls. Guys get together to watch the game and sit respectable distances from each other on the couch, but nothing remotely resembling what girls do. The closest I can think of is when fifteen guys in my college dorm all piled into one cramped room to watch a porno and get a mass erection.

Me: So what do you guys talk about?

Her: Family, girl stuff, guys… then we talk about cats.

Girl who talks about cats + one dating checklist bullet point too many = cat lady.

The Girls' Night In is a peculiar idiosyncracy of the childless late 20- and 30-something yuppie woman who has a library of dating books with titles like "Listen to Your Inner Bitch and Avoid These Men" and a secret stash of glittery tiaras she wears while modeling consignment shop clothes in front of a floor length mirror. Without the constant positive feedback of a supportive environment of close friends and family, women go slowly crazy. Since modern urban living shreds these ancient connections, they get their fix by taking "classes" and inventing ridiculous reasons for getting together with other women over a contrived commonality.

Women need to aimlessly socialize like men need to jerk off. If they don't, they get their version of blue balls — wild mood swings. The fact that a girl will complain about not meeting any good men and then postpone a date with a guy she really likes to talk excitedly about that guy with her girlfriends at a doily-knitting party on the same night she could be in that guy's arms making out with him proves that girls are mentally ill and should not be trusted with positions of power.

Conclusion

Different species. Men are more closely related to chimpanzees than they are to women.

Poop

CH · 12 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

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Sweetness

CH · 13 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Sweetness is defined as robbing a girl of the satisfaction of walking away from a failing relationship with the upper hand. It means stealing her thunder when she wants to be the dumper. There are two ways to do this, and both require presence of mind to accurately assess when she is about to pull the trigger. Timing is everything; you need to act right after she has made up her mind but just before she announces her intent to leave. Striking when the dissolution of the relationship has reached core meltdown will ensure maximum emotional impact and bewilderment.

Strategy 1

Dump her first.

Don't do it too early while the embers of love are still strong or you'll forswear many more months of sex and leave her brokenhearted. The Moloko Plus of righteous vengeance tastes bitter when raised in toast to a hapless, innocent victim. Save your awesome cruelty for the deserving. After she has grown cold to your affections and has begun plotting her escape she will care not a whit for your well-being. Thereafter feel free to unleash your malevolence unburdened by guilt.

When she has stopped returning your calls promptly and you sense the first stirrings of trouble, put your plan into action. Arrange to meet for drinks at your favorite bar (familiar turf is best). She won't balk yet because you and her are still dating even if the spark has left. She may have lost the desire to hang out with you but her sense of obligation to the relationship will linger a little while longer. This window of tentative indifference usually lasts about two weeks. This is when you will act. As you and her are sitting there drinking and you're watching her get more irritable by the minute, pause dramatically and with great solemnity announce that it's just not working out, you've felt this way for a while, and though you hate hurting her like this you can't fake it anymore and pretend like everything's OK. You think it is unfair to keep her in a one-sided relationship when you don't share her feelings and you want to end it now so the both of you can move on.

IMPORTANT: Do NOT give her an opportunity to respond. You want the confusion to fuck with her head for weeks.

Stand up from the table, throw a few bucks down for the drinks, and tell her you hope you can still be friends. When she attempts to sputter something in defense, hold up your hand forcefully and say "Don't make it harder! We both need time to ourselves", then walk out.

Strategy 2

Use her dumping power against her.

Wait for her to initiate the inevitable breakup talk and get a sense of the direction she plans to steer the conversation, then use her own words as your weapons. For instance, if she starts "I've been thinking…" you reply "I've been thinking too…". If she says "I need space…" you say "I agree, we both need space…" then give her a reason why that space is so important by homing in on one of her critical weaknesses. Don't know her critical weakness? What are you, a nancyboy? One of the first things you should accomplish in a relationship is taking a mental note of your girlfriend's vulnerabilities. If you feel bad about doing this, trust me, she's doing it to you. So find her buttons in case you need to press them in the future.

This strategy works only if you execute with the utmost subtlety. Simply blurting out everything you find distasteful about her after she has already lowered the boom will make you look feeble and hurt. You want to agree with her and then add your own opinion of the reasons for the failed relationship as if you understand her difficulty and are trying to make the whole process of dumping you easier for her. At first, she will approve of your "maturity" in handling the situation; later, when what you have said sinks in, she will seethe with hatred for you.

An example of this happened to me with a LAWYER chick I had dated for a couple months. She didn't return one of my text messages for two days so I knew what to expect when she finally called. I answered the phone prepared:

Her: I have something to tell you…

Me: Yeah, me too.

Her: You do? Well go ahead, what did you want to say?

Me: No, you go first. I didn't mean to interrupt.

Her: Well, OK… I'm sorry about this but I just don't see us working out…

Me: I know…

Her: … and I don't think… you know?

Me: Yeah, we're not a good match. You're looking for something else, and I'm looking for a more down-to-earth girl.

[NOTE: Every chick lawyer's open bleeding wound is being thought of as too uptight, snobby, and anal. Telling a lawyer she is not down-to-earth is like rubbing rock salt in the wound.]

Her: Down-to-earth?

Me: I guess I was hoping it would work itself out.

Her: [Switching into snippy lawyer-talk mode] Well, I'm glad we can agree on this. Good day.

Oh I had hit pay dirt. Sure, I didn't want the good times to end but at least I stopped her momentum dead in its tracks and left her with steam coming out of her ears. The proof of this is in what happened six months later when she saw me sitting at a sidewalk cafe table with some friends — she approached me and looked visibly nervous as she practically shouted how great it was to see me. My deft handling of the breakup had seared an indelible impression in her mind. Robbing her of the closure every woman needs with a breakup is a surefire way to keep the attraction simmering.

With great hate comes great love.

The Best Reason to Leave Your Comfort Zone

CH · 14 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

It slows down time.

> [W]arping of time apparently does not result from the brain speeding up from adrenaline when in danger. Instead, this feeling seems to be an illusion, scientists now find.

We feel time moving slower when we are in danger or experiencing novel stimuli because of a trick played by the brain's memory centers.

> Instead, such time warping seems to be a trick played by one's memory. When a person is scared, a brain area called the amygdala becomes more active, laying down an extra set of memories that go along with those normally taken care of by other parts of the brain.
>
> "In this way, frightening events are associated with richer and denser memories," Eagleman explained. "And the more memory you have of an event, the longer you believe it took."
>
> Eagleman added this illusion "is related to the phenomenon that time seems to speed up as you grow older. When you're a child, you lay down rich memories for all your experiences; when you're older, you've seen it all before and lay down fewer memories. Therefore, when a child looks back at the end of a summer, it seems to have lasted forever; adults think it zoomed by."

I have very distinct memories of sitting in my ninth grade German class watching the second hand on the big white clock over the chalkboard tick by endlessly on its countdown to the 3 PM closing bell. Those last three seconds seemed to hang on for an eternity. Today I can sit at my desk, look at the computer clock, look at it again, and be amazed (and depressed) that an hour flew by. According to this study, I perceive time moving faster than it used to because I am no longer getting enough new experiences in my life like I did as a child. To remedy this I will actively pursue harrowing and stimulating adventures, like bungee jumping, worldwide travel, and multitudes of women.

Multitudes of women. And traveling to unique locales.

Whoever thought that gaming girls in foreign countries could actually lengthen your lifespan? Science says it is so.

Mystery

CH · 14 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Why do some men use the toilet to piss, splashing droplets of urine all over the seat, when there are two perfectly good, AVAILABLE, urinals nearby?

You suck, toilet pissers.

Lying For Sex

CH · 18 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Getting laid is so critical to a man's well-being that if he needs to lie to get it I'm not morally scandalized. I liken it to the unemployed man who has to steal bread in order to feed his starving family. The sexless man would be negligent not to avail himself of the shadier moral choices to cure his condition.

If lies are necessary to avoid the walking death of celibacy then it is worth the soulpence it may cost in whatever personal code of integrity a man follows. A lie to bed a woman does her little harm. After all, what exactly has changed… what actual harm has been done to her… if the next morning she finds out he works at Taco Bell instead of Goldman Sachs? The sex will still have felt as good because a discovered lie cannot undo the past. Unless she has made important life decisions with him on the first night together the lie will not have any influence on her future. At best, she can say that had she known the truth she would have enjoyed one more night of sleeping alone.

The reason men lie for sex is because it is an option that is available to them. It's a courtship tactic that exists because women look for non-obvious signals of attractiveness in men. Lying takes advantage of a woman's base motives — her lust for powerful men, conspicuous displays of resources and confidence, and the feeling of being seduced — by feeding her what she wants to hear. Women lie as well when they wear makeup and act coquettish but that is not of the same order of magnitude as the lies men have at their disposal to beguile women into sex. Men pretty much know with a quick glance whether they want to bang a girl so girls don't have much room to lie their way onto a man's erection. Therefore, it is easier for girls to assume the moral high ground because their virtue is born of necessity. They'd lie like men if easy sex were on their agenda or it helped them as much to get what they want in a partner.

If a loser has trouble getting laid the normal way I see no reason why he should handicap himself by adopting a posture of perfect moral rectitude and telling the truth when it will obviously hurt his cause. The reward for such good behavior — many nights alone with his hand — hardly compensates for the sex he could have gotten through amoral means. Lying can be an attainable way for a beta to get a few early notches under his belt and purify himself of the stink of desperation.

Take the following two scenarios illustrating why lying for sex is not always the black-or-white moral decision many women want men to believe.

1. She asks if he's a virgin. (Odd question to ask, but let's assume something about him gave her cause for concern.) He's a 30 year old man and is, in fact, a virgin. If he answers "yes" he has seriously impacted his chance to get laid. If he lies, he keeps his goal in sight and she loses nothing.
2. He has terminal cancer and will die in one year. He has been dating a girl for two months and it is going well. Both of them feel the first stirrings of love. She doesn't know of his disease. He wants to spend his remaining time on earth in the arms of a woman who loves him. If he tells her the truth she may leave him or withdraw her love so as to avoid wasting a year of her life on a man who won't be around to support her and the family she eventually wants. If he lies he has, in effect, stolen a year of her prime dating marketability, though he has given her a year of love she was not guaranteed to get without him.

While I have no abstract moral hang-up about lying I don't recommend it as a seduction tool for three reasons.

- **It's weak game**

Lying is the cut & paste, band-aid version of game. It's quick and dirty and often effective, but won't last. It has no roots, no foundation. It's better to spend the effort to learn good solid game that will be there for you in any situation than to use the crutch of weak game where you have to waste energy keeping track of all your lies. You will feel a greater sense of accomplishment winning over a woman without resorting to outright lies and this will redound to your self-confidence.

- **It complicates the pursuit of long term relationships**

Lies work well for one night stands and even short term flings if the guy doesn't contradict himself. But long term relationships — the ones where you go shopping for a condo together or she visits you at the office to drop off your lunch — will crumble under an edifice of lies. If you work at Taco Bell she'll find out eventually. False advertising moves product only up until the first recall. So if you are looking for lasting love it pays to resist the temptation to lie away perceived flaws.

- **Lying is self-reinforcing**

The big problem with lying is that once you start, you can't stop. One lie requires two more to sustain, and two lies requires four. You will soon find yourself mired in a fantasy world of talented Mr. Ripley proportions (which isn't so bad if you have his skills of deception) that will kill any chance at a healthy relationship unless the girl is a complete masochist for your lying bad ass. (Those girls do exist.) Plus, lying encourages reliance on other bad habits to seduce a woman. If you lie to attract a woman then other parts of your game are likely to be equally sloppy.

Moral of this post: Don't lie. Evade.

Compliance

CH · 19 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Spend any amount of time in the company of naturals and you'll notice something they all have in common is how, without much forethought, they have women do things for them.

"Here, take my hand."

"Follow me."

"Be a cool girl and buy me a beer."

"Hold onto my scarf, I want to show you something."

Pickup artists have a name for this type of social interaction — **compliance game**. It's a very important component of pickup because it serves two powerful functions; one, it forces the woman into the man's frame of reality, and two, it raises his value relative to hers. If she is not getting her way and is consenting to him getting his way, then she is in his world where he makes the rules. He now sets the pace and direction of the seduction. This is very attractive to women. When she invests in him by doing things for him, no matter how insignificant ("hold my scarf"), her acquiescence creates an emotional state that influences her perception of him as having high social value. The very act of assenting to a random person's command establishes an authority/follower dynamic, no matter the objective differences in their actual value.

Pickup artists have, in all their systematizing and categorizing intellectual glory, devised ways to mimic the naturals' instinctive game and get the same results from women. I have used these methods, both consciously and instinctually, and the results are nothing short of astounding. Testing for compliance is an indispensable technique.

Recent innovations in the "pickup community" give even more ammunition to the inveterate seducer. Here, I will pass along one.

Sometimes, a girl will not comply with the positive vibe you are trying to generate. Maybe you said something nerdy or you were prematurely forward or your body language wasn't right. When this happens an awkward tension occurs. She looks at you funny or crosses her arms. Think of it as her trying to impose her reality on you. The way to turn it around is to call her out on her behavior and make it seem as if her noncompliance is strange. For example, let's say you just asked her to give you her palm for a reading and she reacts with a weird look.

Girl: [weird look]

You: [lean back and give her a suspicious eye] Hey, what's going on? You're giving me a funny look and it's really making me feel kind of awkward. You're cool with all this, right?

Girl: No, don't worry, everything's cool. It was just a strange request.

You: Yeah, well, that look you gave was weirding me out. If you're not comfortable feel free to leave anytime.

Girl: No, no, really, it's OK. You're cool.

Congratulations, you have just escorted the girl straight into your reality. Not only is she complying, but she has verbalized that you are cool. By calling her weird for her behavior or saying she is giving off weird vibes, ("weird" is an excellent word to use on a girl because it's a word that girls use all the time to describe things about men that bother them), you force her to qualify herself to you. Adding that she can leave at any time assuages her that you are non-needy.

You can run with this technique until she is all smiles, telling you she likes you, and hugging you.

You: I'm glad we're cool with each other. Come here, give me a hug. Whoa, hands up here, not down there!

Ultimately, the goal is to reframe every negative thing a girl does or says as a problem with her, not you, so that you

are never on the defensive making excuses for yourself. A defensive man is a sexless man.

Freedom

CH · 20 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

It has been three years since I last played a video game for any length of time. Yes, I include Solitaire in this. I have never played or even seen World of Warcraft.

I built my home computer from the ground up to prove to myself I could do it, but when it is time to upgrade I will save myself the geeky effort and purchase a retail unit.

I have averaged about 2.5 hours of TV watching per week in the past two years, and I went the entire month of August not having watched any TV at all. I watched five minutes of NASCAR out of curiosity. I didn't get it.

Into the mindless entertainment void I have substituted more hours playing my guitar, reading books, writing (not just the blog. I'm also working on a screenplay. Coming soon to theaters worldwide.), listening to new music, and scoring.

While my retreat from TV has cost me some valuable pop culture knowledge I could have potentially cashed in for connection points with girls I try to seduce, my deeper foray into the indie music scene has put my finger on the pulse of a powerful cultural current that has given me much more to talk about with the type of girls I like than TV ever has.

Discovering new music is more difficult when you are older. As a teenager and college student I was surrounded by people my age tapped into the latest musical fads and concert schedules. New music came to me. Now, I go to the music. I have to put in serious effort to find music I like that is also popular with my target demographic (21-32 year old women), and this means many hours logged onto pitchfork.com and scouring the showtimes at Black Cat and 9:30 club.

There seem to be two orders of magnitude more bands today than there were even ten years ago. A new band pops up daily. Most of them are flashes in the pan with one listenable song that the music critics cream their jeans for using mellifluous nonsense words like *"reluctantly noirish"* and *"emotionally punchy, angular industro-funk-trance"*, which makes me wonder how these same critics would have described an up-and-coming Led Zeppelin or Nirvana. Most indie bands have ridiculously long and/or unintelligible names that would make more sense in Esperanto.

The era of the arena band with staying power is long over. The era of the niche "let's blow our creative load on one album, get laid like gangbusters and make a small fortune off internet viral marketing, then exit the scene" band is in full swing. Making too much money and banging too much pussy off the fruits of your first single release is bad for creative longevity. Led Zeppelin didn't begin raking it in until their third album.

My favorite song as of this writing is *"Atlas"* by Battles.

I watch 50% fewer movies in the theater now than I did five years ago. I have missed some good movies, but much crap has also not polluted my sensitive brain.

On balance, I believe I have improved my personal entertainment profile.

Website Find Of The Week

CH · 21 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Ow, my balls!

Why are guys getting punched in the sack so much funnier than girls getting hit in the vagina?

Hidden psyche answer:

Because by nature, men are expendable.

PS: Here are a couple more nad shots I found artistically elevated:

God Vs Satan

2 Balls 1 Foot

Bad Date

CH · 24 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

How a man and woman describe the same bad date.

Man

she kept talking about herself… she talked about the most boring shit… when she blabbed about her ex i tried to change the subject… her left tit was smaller… her breath stank… her ass was kinda flat… i put my arm around her waist to check for rolls and she's got a little muffin top… she turned her face at the last second when i went for the kiss, i hate when a chick plays coy… i just want to bang her and get it out of the way, then we can get to know each other…

Woman

he kept talking about himself… he wasn't listening to me at all… he kept interrupting me when i asked about his dating history, god he's got so much baggage!… he was staring at my boobs… his shoes were scuffed… i caught him checking out my ass, he was so obvious… he got too touchy-feely when he put his arm around me… he tried to kiss me and i could see it coming a mile away, his timing is so bad… i just want to get to know a guy before i sleep with him…

You Write Like A Girl

CH · 27 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

Why does girls' handwriting look so… girlish? If one hundred anonymous handwritten essays from a college class were placed in front of me I could correctly deduce the author's sex at least 80% of the time. I bet I could even pick out the lesbians.

I used to think that a biological basis for sex-specific handwriting was one of those theories I strongly suspected was true but didn't have the evidence to prove. But it turns out there is evidence linking biology with girly handwriting:

> This study investigated whether there could be a biological determinant of the judged gender of handwriting. It further investigated the potential interplay between these variables and sex role identification. The biological marker used was 2D:4D digit ratio (of index to ring finger length) which is negatively associated with prenatal testosterone and positively with prenatal oestrogen. Handwriting samples of 120 participants (half of each sex) were presented on computer to be rated for gender by 20 raters. Feedback on accuracy was given after each trial. These raters accurately identified the gender of two thirds of the sample and the rated difference between the sexes was large (d = 0.75). These ratings of handwriting gender correlated significantly with digit ratio and the femininity scale of the BSRI. A more conservative analysis this time within each sex found that women's right hand digit ratio correlated with relative sexuality of handwriting, but there was no corresponding relationship for the males. These findings suggest that prenatal hormonal influences can affect later female handwriting performance and might even affect developmental inter-hemispheric differences, but do not appear to impact on males.

So all those big loop-de-loops and circles for dots in girls' penmanship may be a result of estrogen exposure in the womb rather than peer pressure or "socialization" — that empty catch-all explanation feminists reflexively invoke.

I get this feeling that eventually nearly everything we do as humans will be explained by combinations of genes, enzymes, and hormones. The state of science is advancing like a locomotive in the direction of Darwinian determinism and away from the cultural determinism that has held sway over the human sciences for the past half century. With each new discovery stale ideologies like feminism wheeze another death rattle.

This site has an interesting legend detailing the differences between male and female penmanship styles. Skip the PC posturing in the beginning paragraphs and scroll down a bit to find the handwriting samples. The analysis is very comprehensive. For instance, if the white space inside your closed letters — like the letters *a* or *d* — is small, then you are probably a man.

Here is a sample of my handwriting:

mathematically true.

According to the handwriting experts, the open ascenders on my *d*s and the sharp corners of my *n*s prove that I have a ten inch schlong.

My ideal woman would have handwriting that looked like this:

also mathematically true.

Can't you just feel the love in those letters? I think I see a rainbow over the last word.

Coming Soon: *The time I dated a girl I thought may have been a tranny and how I used her handwriting to help me make a critical decision.*

Serial Seducer

CH · 31 December 2007 · Archived copy · Original

I have found my twin ego – platonic soulmate – in New York City. He's a self-proclaimed serial seducer who has just outed himself on national TV. Despite the anti-romance subversion of his message, his fifteen minutes of fame will guarantee a doubling of his current notch count. His steely-eyed pursuit of the pussy earns him my respect.

"Either you acknowledge reality and use it to your benefit, or it will automatically work against you."
– Robert Ringer

He has written a short e-book outlining his pickup philosophy and field tactics. Standard fare for those of us in the know, but a wider audience would probably find his advice scandalous. I noticed a lot of what he writes parallels my experiences in the field. For instance, he agrees with my assessment of the best night of the week to go out for picking up chicks:

> My schedule is drinks with girls Sunday night through Wednesday, and often Friday as well because it's an early night because I work at 8:30 on Saturday morning. Thursdays, perhaps the best night of the week to go out, I usually go "window shopping" with a buddy, a wingman. We usually go out to check out the hot scenes and look at the girlies all done-up. We may meet a couple girls, even get digits or get laid, but the bulk of my work is not accomplished here.

He also agrees with me on the value of building intrigue in a woman by not talking too much when you first meet her:

> The less than one-minute engagement works for a number of reasons. First off all, it prevents the guy from doing anything stupid or awkward, or revealing too much. A nervous guy can torpedo a promising situation by talking too much and turning the girl off, or freaking her out, perhaps by mentioning he lives at home with his folks, or something like that. The less talking you do, the better. Women, as well as men, like the fantasy or "romance" of meeting "that guy", and since almost no guy is ever going to live-up to some bullshit Prince Charming archetype (who wants to, anyhow) at least prolong the fantasy for your benefit. This leads to the second reason the one-minute engagement works: it maintains the intrigue. "Who was that dashing stranger I just met in the rain?" she thinks as you walk off with your raincoat trailing and your umbrella extended. As they are reeling from the encounter, trying to process what just happened and remember the fine details of what you said, and how you looked, and just how you stood, you're already gone, not there to fuck it up. They're hooked. Their mind is already working on you.
>
> Luck favors the laconic. Until you've had sex with a woman, it's my experience that less talking is better. Women tend to be better talkers and can intuit a tremendous amount from some guy who is yapping his gums off. Keep things unspoken, or refuse to divulge stuff; above all, keep it playful, flirty and mildly combative. The French have a word for it – *badinage* – which means playful, verbal banter.

Keep in mind that this guy is a Harvard grad, so it's not stupidity that necessitates his economy of words.

I was not surprised to see he's a big fan of text messaging, like I am, which flies in the face of some of the conventional wisdom that texting is beta:

> It is the era of the text message, and men all over the world should be thanking their lucky stars. Not only is this the most effective way to control the conversation and avoid missteps, but you can now reach a larger audience. As my friend Nathan says, "Text messaging has got to be the worst thing that has happened to women in a long time." It removes that old filter that used to prevent all types of guys from getting laid, something we call "Women's Intuition". You know what I'm talking about. You leave a pleasant voicemail on

> some chic's phone after meeting her, but you ramble a bit and the tone of your voice becomes increasingly less confident and unsure of itself. You hang up, dissatisfied with the call. It's the Swingers dilemma – do you call back, etc. (Never call back, by the way). She senses your nervousness, gets turned off, and deletes your number.
>
> Getting little text messages via phone gets them excited in the way a little girl gets excited about a letter from Daddy when he's away. There is something more fun or romantic, and mysterious about texting, I don't know. Plus you can make outrageous propositions that you could never deliver with aplomb over the phone, much less in person.

From the video, Janka is a good-looking guy, and that, coupled with the power of dropping the H-bomb on dates, probably gives him a leg up over the average schmo. However, he says his success rate with women only skyrocketed after he learned game — or what he calls "having fun and maintaining my integrity as a man" — which is really just another way to describe the heart of game. This, too, comports with my personal experience. No matter how much objective value a man brings to the dating table, if he doesn't have a grasp of female psychology and how to handle it his interactions with women will feel like a grind — cajoling, compromising, begging, pushing, pleading, pursuing — just to get a taste of pussy.

Reading further into Janka's e-book, it turns out he makes little money as an SAT tutor and lives in a glorified closet in Manhattan. In NYC, this is enough to negate his advantage in looks and educational credentials. So clearly game is his biggest asset.

In a related article, a frigid man-hating bitch psychiatrist offers the following helpful advice to a 41 year old man who loves making love with women and being happy as a man:

> For your own sake and for the sake of everyone else unfortunate enough to have their lives intersect with yours, you need help. If you don't stop this behavior, you will likely contract a disease, get yourself arrested or enrage someone so much that you are harmed. If you want to try living a normal life — something beyond a life governed by sexual addiction — you need treatment, either individual treatment or group treatment.

Yes, did you get that? If you are a man who is not afraid to be a man and likes sex with a variety of women you need professional help. I wonder if I counseled women who were addicted to commitment from the men they dated that they should seek treatment for their conditions how they would take it? Offended, I'm guessing. And if the women I counseled complained that they can't help themselves, I will say "You have free will, right?"

Older women on the precipice of sexual extinction – like this wretched psychiatrist – especially loathe men who are able to exercise their options in the sexual market because these men, through their actions seducing multitudes of women, remind them of their rapidly diminishing market value and interchangeability. A free man who can get pussy when he wants undermines the greatest source of women's power. To the keepers of polite society, it cannot stand, so men who are able to satisfy their sex drives must be demonized and declared unfit for normal life.

I am wishing this desiccated cunt psychiatrist labial cancer with my mind.

In other news, Chelsea Clinton is still dog ugly. I predict she will have her first… and only… child at the tender age of 36. The Bush twins, meanwhile, will be very fertile.

Grabbing 2008 By The Zeroes

CH · 2 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

1. Shun losers. They will magnify your worst personality traits.

2. Acknowledge your strengths AND weaknesses. Improve those things about yourself which will benefit most from your efforts and avoid squandering your energy trying to attain minimal competence in areas you are naturally weak.

3. Dispel negativity. Always picture yourself at the top of the mountain looking down than in the valley looking up.

4. Don't defend your limitations. Your ego can as easily hold you back as propel you forward.

5. Jettison politics from your personal life. Jawing about political ideology is worse than useless — it's a time suck and a trick played by your status-seeking reptilian hindbrain on your frontal lobes that does nothing to bring you more happiness OR status. Your vote really won't matter. Don't believe me? When was the last time a significant election was decided by one vote?

6. It's OK to hate. Like greed, it clarifies.

7. When in doubt, affect a pose of indifference.

8. Live by a fluid code of ethics. There will be those times when acting unethically will be personally advantageous and relatively consequence-free. In these cases the guilt won't last more than five minutes.

9. Fuck resolutions. They are for people who couldn't get their shit together the previous 365 days.

10. You are not a special little snowflake, but you should act like you are. If people are going to form impressions of you it's better they make false positive ones than true negative ones.

11. Stop living your life as if karma will reward you for your goodness and smite your enemies for their badness. A mystical moral payback system does not exist. See: Chairman Mao.

12. If you are a guy with options, don't get married. It is a raw deal. If you do get married, and the inevitable shittiness of it reveals itself to you in phony headaches, mundane monogamy, domesticated servitude, escalating expectations, and divorce theft, don't say I didn't warn you.

13. There is no such thing as unconditional love. If a girl gains 50 pounds her boyfriend will fall out of love with her. If a guy loses his job and drifts into months of unemployed depression his girlfriend will fall out of love with him. Thinking clearly on this will give you the best chance to find real love.

14. Never compromise on love. It is the only thing in this world that isn't bullshit.

15. Many of you will think #14 contradicts #13. You would be wrong.

16. The next time you think girls are sugar and spice and everything nice, just remember… they like to be choked.

Witty Banter

CH · 3 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There are two types of chicks that give me headaches.

The girl who gets aroused by witty banter. Usually this will go on for hours until she is sufficiently lubricated for sex, and then another three hours after sex to seal the bonding process. Eventually, I give up on girls like this, and turn one eye to the TV while she banters into my exposed ear.

Please, Witty Banter Woman, get your endless witty banter foreplay with a gay boyfriend (they are known to have the gene for witty banter) and then come back to me for the nonverbal coup de grace. Why do you think hours of verbal sparring, double entendres, and superclever sexual innuendo will get and keep my cock hard? I blew my witty banter load on the first run-up to your pussy, when it mattered. Maybe if you were being oh-so-clever while inserting yankee candles into your pussy I might be motivated to parry your repartee.

The other type is Political Activist Chick. Nothing drains the mood faster than a heated one-way discussion about abortion or George Bush while my hand is sliding up your thigh. Unless you have something truly original to say, I don't care. You may think arguing over politics is a romantic way to build a connection, but it only makes me want to kick you out in favor of porn. I have learned through hard, annoying experience that 90% of DC girls, especially supposedly smart girls who have graduated from a Seven Sisters college, have retarded political views that parrot whatever happens to be the consensus among their peers. The remaining 10% have rational opinions and are also smart enough to know that it's not sexy to talk politics.

America took a turn for the worse once single women started voting in droves.

Witty Banter Woman and Political Activist Chick wistfully remind me of one of my Russian ex-gfs who would just sit there and knit or organize her recipe book in between giving me world class hummers. Sometimes she'd spice up our blessedly short convos with a loving Slavic nickname for me (I think it was loving). Her grasp of the nuances and idioms of English were not great so hours of witty banter and political sermonizing were automatically off the table. Not talking keeps the passion burning longer.

Finding the perfect woman is proving to be a chore. Viva sexbots!

How I Break Up With Girls

CH · 4 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I don't lower the boom or pull the band-aid off quickly. In potentially high drama situations, I simply don't trust a lot of the girls I dump to not come at me with a carved wooden swordfish. (It's happened.) Nor do I break up like a beta through text or email. Nope, I just let it fade. Taking the easy way out has its virtues. No muss, no fuss.

So I kind of let the end sneak up on her. I gradually see her less. Whenever she wants to do something I say "Sure… I guess." I don't return calls promptly. I make a big production of NOT being chivalrous. I spend even less money on her than I normally do. Eventually, a whole week goes by where I haven't seen her, or more than a day passes before I've returned a call, or she gets hit in the ass by a revolving door that I've barreled through first, or I've started recycling my "free date" options where I get to do the things I wanted to do anyhow (like sample all the Fenders in Guitar Center) and she gets to be a spectator. It's at this point that she scratches her head and wonders "Wow, I think we're broken up. What just happened?"

That's my MO. I'll know I have succeeded when I can get the girl to ask herself "What just happened?"

What just happened is you have crossed paths with the poonhound.

Buy Low, Sell High

CH · 7 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I had this friend who was a money-chasing alpha in the financial sector. He kept a framed crisp dollar bill and a magazine photo of a random hot blonde hung side by side on the wall in his room. If you asked him why, he'd say, pointing to the girl and then the dollar, "She's there to remind me why I'm working 15 hour days earning THAT."

He viewed life like it was a giant business transaction, which means he was closer to the truth than all of history's great philosophers. He'd usually start off making a point by saying:

"I've been in the business 5 YEARS and lemme tell you…"

Ocassionally he was in the business 10 years, but when he got on a roll he was too funny to correct.

In his view, love was the same as stocks; you bought low when she was still young and more interested in you than 401Ks, held on while her stock (firm ass) continued to pay good dividends, and sold high when her P/E ratio began to droop and you could afford to diversify in high risk international stocks and start-ups.

"You gotta remember to allocate your resources! Don't invest everything in one pussy."

Whenever conversation got around to cars, he would always give us this dire warning: "Don't buy a new car, it's a depreciating asset!"

"Depreciating asset!" "Depreciating asset!"

Then his former friend-turned-cutthroat-enemy coworker bought a new BMW and one month later he was pulling out of the dealership in a brand new SUV, telling us he could blow red lights now because he got the optional invisibility package.

His idea of romance was to buy one giant scented candle and put it on a cutting board in the middle of the living room.

"I got some candles for the ladies."

Money, girls, work, status, beer funnels.

I don't think I've met a happier person than him.

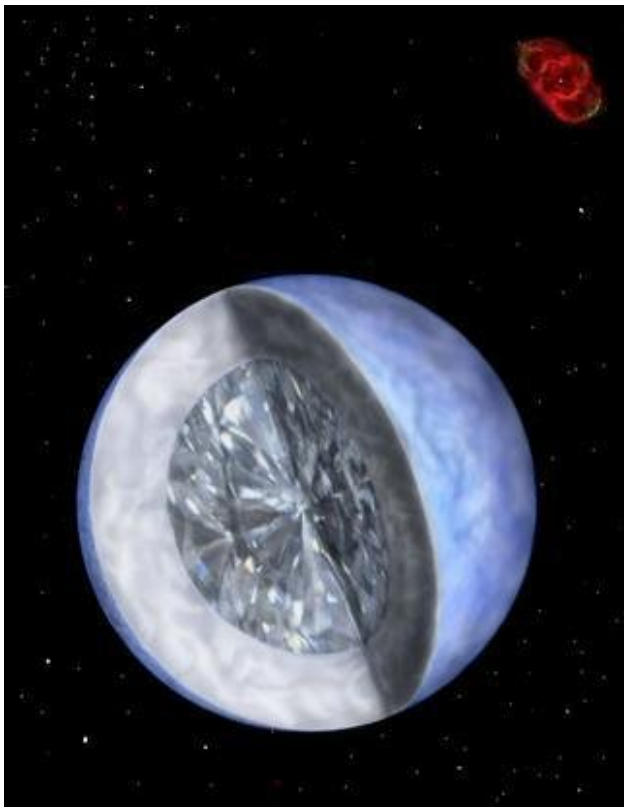
Beta Game

CH · 8 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you are a pussywhipped beta whose girlfriend will get tired of having you as a girlfriend… if you stop mid-wipe after taking a shit to do her bidding… if your balls climb up into your chest cavity every time she chews you out… if the thought of her being displeased with you gives you a full diaper, then you need to make it your life mission to haul into orbit the one thing that tells her you love her and will never ever not let her get her way.

For two billion lifetimes' salary and undiscovered advances in physics, you can impress her with a diamond star. At a diameter of 4,000 km you can virtually lock in that she'll never cheat on you in front of your face, because she'll be too busy angling it in the light to show off to her yenta friends.

Planet-sized diamonds are forever.



if this is cubic zirconia i'm dumping your ass!

On my entitlement scale, a woman who would want, or need, such a diamond would be a 10+ American living in Manhattan who mainlines Cosmo and Jimmy Choo.

Not to be deterred, the forces of light have gone on the attack with a class action lawsuit against De Beers for unlawfully monopolizing the sale of diamonds. A proposed settlement is in the works. Now it's your turn, betaboys. Since women will never willingly give up their prerogative to drain a man's finances on a useless rock for the privilege of giving him access to the same pussy once a month, it's up to you to grow a hairy pair and take a stand. There are two ways you can do this:

1. Just say no. If she walks, then at least you'll know your company was worth less to her than a piece of jewelry. End result: keep your dignity intact.

2. Buy her a "fake" (AKA unmined) diamond and don't tell her it's not a De Beers-approved product. She'll never know and you'll be able to spend more of your money on worthwhile consumer goods, like sexy lingerie for your

mistress. If she even asks if the ring is real, then you will have proof that her priorities are out of whack.

I predict this will never happen. The world is just too bottom-heavy with lickspittle betas.

The engagement ring is meant as a symbol of love and commitment. It is cheapened when a gargantuan price tag is put on it. A colorful piece of string tied around her wrist would work better.

Bad Sex

CH · 9 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's often the man who gets blamed for bad sex.

He came too fast.

He didn't make me come.

He forgot about foreplay.

He wouldn't go down on me.

In and out, roll off. That was it.

He never kisses me during sex.

All he knew was one position — doggy style.

Women can be bad lays too, but when it's the man's fault there are two possible reasons for it. One, he was inexperienced. Women usually blame all bad sex on the inexperience and ineptitude of the man. This is a comforting thought for them, but the reality is that virginal incompetence accounts for very few poor sexual encounters. For every virgin clumsily popping his cherry there are 10,000 men with extensive sexual histories enjoying a romp in the sack. The second, and by far more frequent, reason for bad sex is that the woman wasn't pretty enough to stimulate the man to answer the call of duty with enthusiasm. This reason — uninspired sex caused by female ugliness — is understandably disturbing for women to contemplate. There will never be a situation where one girl says to the other "He's horrible in bed because you're kinda gross-looking."

If a woman wants an attentive lover she has to learn to settle so that whichever man she sleeps with is grateful to be there. Only this will guarantee lavish devotion to her sexual needs.

Betas who have managed the trick of getting laid regularly never veer off the path of least resistance. They are satisfied with subpar sex from girls who don't push their limits. A man of discerning taste should make it a rule to pursue the choicest ass. He knows that phoning in unexciting sex with marginal girls will have a negative effect on his bedroom skills. His thrusting muscles will atrophy and his staying power will grow weak. His tepid loads will barely reach escape velocity. His knack for finding the location of the G spot will disappear. Soon, he will forget what it takes to drive a woman into ecstasy.

Then when the time comes to perform with a quality babe, he'll stumble into his role unprepared and unsure of his abilities, like a declawed house cat abandoned to the wild.

Easy sex with mediocre girls also risks damaging a man's self-confidence (though not as badly as involuntary celibacy would). He will begin to wonder if this is the best he can do. As an analogy, if you spend a few hours learning to play one simple song on a guitar and then play only that song over and over for months, you'll slowly lose pride in your accomplishment.

Seducing a beautiful woman ensures you'll give her maximum attention to detail in bed. The way to be a sex god is to have sex with women who motivate you to be a sex god. You'd be surprised at the depravity you're capable of with the right girl. The hottest girl I ever slept with couldn't stand up for an hour afterwards.

Keep yourself in fighting form. Let the betas hunt wounded prey. Alphas hunt the hunters.

Polls and New Hampshire

CH · 10 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Polling is becoming an amazingly accurate science. The Rasmussen exit polls in New Hampshire were within 1-2% of the actual final numbers for all the candidates… except two. Hillary and Obama. The exit polls there were off by 10%, and some polling companies had those two wrong by up to 15%. Rasmussen predicted an Obama win by 7% that ended up being a Hillary win by 3%. It's very revealing what this major polling discrepancy says about human nature and the conflict between what we secretly want for ourselves and how we'd like others to see us.

The fact that the polls were amiss in only the match-up between the Bitchcunt Queen of Cuntery and the guy who has an interesting Kenyan family connection that includes a Stanford educated half-brother he cut out of his life and a polygamous father the mainstream media don't want to talk about suggests that it was not the polling science at fault but the answers given by the polled voters.

Basically, people lied.

But why? I have a couple theories.

- A bunch of guilty white liberals getting hard ons from flagellating themselves before the High PC Priests lied to the pollsters about voting for Obama when they had voted for Her Holy Cuntiness. They said what they thought polite company wanted to hear (and probably what they themselves wanted to believe).

The problem with this theory is that white males voted for Obama over Hillary by almost the same wide margin that white women voted for Hillary over Obama. If it was solely the case of a bunch of closeted liberal racists getting cold feet at the last second, then we would see more white males joining the Hillary camp.

- Aging white women flocked to Her Raging Id of Misandry not because she's white, but because she's a woman they could relate to. And a woman that is publicly reviled by the majority of men, including a lot of these women's husbands and male family members. Women being what they are, they didn't want to be seen in public as crassly voting based on gender, so they voted for the Galactic OverCunt in stealth.

I like the second theory better. Middle-aged dumpy hausfraus came out in force for the Ballcutting Cuntbag of Desiccated DykeCunts because they understood that a Hillary presidency would serve their interests.

Maxim #328: Underneath the veneer of civilized discourse we act in ways that are brazenly self-interested in the short term.

Addendum #328a: Seeking short term status is a matter of self-interest.

Washed up white women were propelled toward Hillary emotionally as well as calculatingly. While a Commander in Cunt would surely be a net negative for men (and Camille Paglia agrees with me) and a net positive for women in matters of policy, it was Hillary's focus group-tested crocodile tears that sealed the deal. Women past their sexual prime felt Hillary's pain. That moment of faux emotion was like a lighthouse beam beckoning them to shore. In evolutionary terms, people tolerate the suffering of a woman a lot less than the suffering of a man, and the beating Hillary was taking by the press up until the primary endeared her to her natural constituency. If Hillary were fertile-age and attractive, more men would have rallied to her side as well. But because she is long past hitting the wall, men did not feel the pull of chivalry like they normally do to an attractive woman in distress.

Hillary's choking up before the cameras, fake or real, produced a rallying effect that would never work for a man. Any male candidate who got misty-eyed when asked about the toughness of campaigning would have paid a price at the polls as men, and women!, rightly pegged him as a pantywaist unworthy of leading a nation.

Well played, Hillary, well played.

Did she bring James Carville on board?

Girls At Different Ages

CH · 11 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The following are one sentence observations of girls I've dated in the past five years sorted by their ages.

19 – Slipped me a pink pill in Club Five and flaked on the third date.

21 – She made a CD mix to play while we ate a home-cooked meal by candlelight — in her husband's apartment.

23 – Needed zero foreplay.

24 – Smoked pot with me and cried a lot about the magic of being in love.

25 – Fingerbanged her in my car and caught her looking over her shoulder at me after we parted going in opposite directions.

26 – Loved to power shop and fuck standing up and talk about herself.

27 – Required three traditional dates (i.e.: I pay) before putting out.

28 – Argumentative.

29 – Flaky like the 19 year old, but minus the charm and flirtatious banter.

30 – Jumped straight out of bed early on a weekend morning to "accomplish things" after a night of earthshaking sex.

31 – Screwed like a man and talked aloud about the chores she had to do for the day.

32 – Lights off sex interrupted by dispassionate instructions on how to please her.

34 – Showered me with excessive flattery and trolled for same in return.

35 – Left bra on during sex.

Trends… I sees them.

Best Feeling In The World

CH · 13 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It was a late night at a new grimy club in the too-cool-for-school section of DC. I was chatting up an OK-looking chick made cuter by her sexy accent, youth, perfectly round ass, and the strong possibility of pulling a same night lay. But not a girl I'd consider long-term material.

An hour later I made the requisite bounce with her to another nearby dimly lit hipster hole in the wall (venue changes = compressed dates into one night engendering false feeling of intimacy). Couples were going into the bathrooms to do bumps off keys and grope against piss-splattered walls. On the "dance"floor (more like swayfloor) I saw a girl I knew. She was shitfaced and way too happy to see me. My mind started to race. Switch targets? Make the other girl jealous? Attempt threesome?

As I'm ignoring my first girl, my wingman leans in and barks "Focus!"

I focused. Back to the original plan. With renewed purpose, I felt myself entering the zone. **The Zone** is when you are taking the lead on everything, being the man, enveloping the girl in the musky shroud of your masculinity, and you are not apologizing for any of it. You are a stalking leopard about to pounce. And she is following without hassle and you can see the deep attraction in her eyes. She will put up token resistance, sure, but you've been here before… you know it means nothing. It is the resistance of a woman who is secretly happy to surrender to forces beyond her control. The outcome is preordained.

It is the second-best feeling in the world.

The next morning all I could think was how to hustle her off without hurting her feelings. She roused herself from sleep early and, after a blowjob reveille, looked at me with a serious face.

"I'm leaving to go back home to **[insert faraway foreign country here]** this afternoon."

Godsend!

"Wow. Wow. Well, that kinda sucks. I'll walk you to the Metro."

One more flag added to my flag count, and 90% of them were gotten within five blocks of my place in DC.

Don't Get Married

CH · 14 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This article lays out pretty thoroughly just what a raw deal marriage is for men. Divorce is twice as likely to catch husbands by surprise as it is wives.

> In a 2004 poll by the AARP, one in four men who were divorces in the previous year said they "never saw it coming." (Only 14 percent of divorced women said they experienced the same unexpected broadside.)

In divorce, it's men who suffer more financially:

> The divorce system tends to award wives custody of the children, substantial child support, the marital home, half the couple's assets, and, often, heavy alimony payments.
>
> This may come as startling news to a public that has been led to believe that women are the ones who suffer financially postdivorce, not men. But the data show otherwise, according to an exhaustive study of the subject by Sanford L. Braver, a professor of psychology at Arizona State University and author of *Divorced Dads: Shattering the Myths*.
>
> […] social scientists ignored men's expenses — the tab for replacing everything from the bed to the TV to the house — as well as the routine costs of helping to raise the children, beyond child support. Even the tax code favors women: Not only is child support not tax deductible for fathers, but a custodial mother can take a $1,000 per child tax credit; the father cannot, even if he's paying. As "head of the household," the mother gets a lower tax rate and can claim the children as exemptions. If the ex-wife remarries, she is still entitled to child support, even if she marries a billionaire. Indeed, every year men are actually thrown in jail for failing to meet their child-support obligations. In the state of Michigan alone, nearly 3,000 men were locked up for that offense in 2005.

The stark realities of divorce paint a picture overwhelmingly tilted against a man's interests. Here's an example of just how bad it can get for a beta provider who thought if he was the **good man** the gods of fairness would reward him with steady sex, a faithful and loving wife, and a stable family:

> They'd started going on expensive vacations in Europe and Hawaii, and he figured she'd be pleased at the prospect of taking more trips together, or at least at the prospect of seeing him around the house a little more, and not buried in his basement office. He had met her in graduate school over a quarter century ago, and they'd had their ups and downs, but he was still crazy about her. And he thought that, with a little more time together, she'd be crazy about him again too.
>
> But no. She scarcely listened to any talk of retirement, or of vacations, or of anything he had to say. She had plans of her own.
>
> "I want a divorce," she said.
>
> Paul was so stunned that he thought he must have misheard her. But her face told him otherwise. "She looked like the enemy," he says. He started to think about everything he'd built: the thriving business, the wonderful family, the nice life in the suburbs. And he thought of her, and how much he still loved her. And then, right in front of her, he started to cry.
>
> That night, he found a bottle of whiskey, and he didn't stop drinking it until he nearly passed out.
>
> Things turned sh—- very fast. His wife took out a temporary restraining order, accusing him of attempting to kidnap their youngest son. The claim was never proved in court. Then, with the aid of some high-priced lawyers, she extracted from him a whopping $50,000 a month — a full 75 percent of his monthly income. Barred from the house, he was not allowed regular access to the office he used to generate that income. **(On**

> **the few times he was permitted inside, his wife did not let him use the bathroom. She insisted that he go outside in the woods.)**

Paul is a very wealthy man, an "alpha" by most men's definitions (though not by my definition) — he earns over $65,000 per month — yet his high financial status ultimately did not shield him from his wife's dr. jekyll mrs. hyde act. In fact, it may have hastened her merciless decision. Paul is a classic beta provider, and after his wife had extracted the last penny of tribute from him to raise the kids to a self-sufficient age and live the life of a bon bon eating oprah watcher, she disposed of him with the cold-hearted cruelty of a despot dispatching his enemies by firing squad. His wife is likely a Hillary supporter.

Maxim #13: When the love is gone, women can be as cold as if they had never known you.

If that isn't enough to convince you of the high risk gamble that is marriage, here's another horror story:

> Long before his wife came along, a frame-store owner named Jordan Appel, 55, had built a fine house for himself atop West Newton Hill in one of the fancier Boston suburbs. He loved bringing in a wife and then adding two children. "It felt so wonderful to say 'my wife' and 'my children' and feel part of a community." He volunteered for the preschool's yard sale; his wife took up with a lover. Sometimes she slept with him in Appel's own house; in time, she decided to divorce Appel. As these things go, he was obliged to leave the house, and, as it happened, the community too. Money was so tight that he ended up sleeping in a storage room above his frame shop two towns away. His ex-wife works part-time on the strength of Appel's child custody and alimony payments, and spends time with her boyfriend in Appel's former house. She lives rather well, and he has to make $100,000 a year to support her and the children, which amounts to 70-hour workweeks. One day, he went back to his house and discovered many of his belongings out on the sidewalk with the trash. "My body feels like it's dissolving in anger," he says. "I'm in an absolute rage every single day."

Now of course, many of you will say "but this guy Jordan is a total **beta** letting his wife take advantage of him like that!" and you'd be right. But regardless of his personal failings, his congenital betatude is no reason to accede to injustice codified by a discriminatory legal system. Either the laws change (and I personally favor elimination of no fault divorce as a start) or men should heed my advice and stay clear of the altar. Since I am not going to lift a finger to agitate for new laws that have a zero percent chance of happening in my lifetime, I follow the second option.

Maxim #8: Marriage is a social mechanism designed to exchange sex for indentured servitude.

So why are women now the eager instigators of divorce? What changed in the culture? Four things, primarily: the pill, easy divorce, women's economic independence, and rigged laws that make divorce a good financial prospect for women. The four sirens of the sexual apocalypse together have created the perfect sociological storm where a woman has every incentive in the world to ditch a husband to follow the whims of her heart once his usefulness has been exhausted.

Listen to me — skip all that shit and learn to get the sex for free if you don't already. All the positive loving benefits you can get out of marriage can also be had within an unmarried relationship.

Later in the article, the question is asked what can men do to avoid divorce?

> One way, of course, is to avoid marriage.

The CH method. So elegant, so simple. So effective!

> […]husbands might be wise to pay attention to the essential ratio that — according to John Gottman, PhD, a world-renowned researcher of marriage stability — governs marital success or failure: five to one. That means

> husbands (and wives) should direct at least five positive remarks or actions to their spouses for every negative one. Any less and the marriage is in trouble.

Dr. John Gottman, five to one you are a dumbfuck. Glorifying their wives and putting them on pedestals is exactly what cost these hopeless betas their marriages. What they need to do is challenge their wives, not kiss their expanding asses with a stream of compliments. Cockiness, humor, turning the tables, not taking her shit, flirting with other women while wifey is watching… these are the improvements in character that will keep a wife's love for her husband strong. As long as men are following the advice of these "social scientists" they will never unlock the mystery of what attracts women to men and they will suffer the consequences.

Here is an excellent quote from the article which vividly illustrates how badly the system is rigged in favor of women:

> "A father could be sitting in his own home, not agreeing to a divorce, not unfaithful to his marriage vows, and not abusive, and the next thing he knows, the court has taken his house, his children, and a lot of his money, and then forced him to pay his wife's legal fees and even her psychologist's fees. And he can be threatened with jail time if he resists."

To recap:

1. divorce theft
2. monogamy
3. second class spouse under the law
4. sex once a month TOPS with the same old pussy

So.
Where's the upside?

Thought Experiment

CH · 15 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

You've met a girl, hit it off, and banged her. A week later, you bang her again, but this time she says she has to go for good because, and though she feels bad about covering it up, she's actually in a relationship. You, being the intrepid pussy hound you are, understand that her "relationship" is creaking like an old attic. With the right words you have a chance of stealing her away.

After she mentions the boyfriend, replying with which of the following will give you the best odds of banging her again:

a) "It's good that you've found your one true love. People can sometimes search forever and never find that person who opens them up to explore all the possibilities. I'm sure when you see him your heart still races… he sparks your passion… you feel electricity every time he touches you… that is a great feeling… to know you have that with someone who really REALLY loves you… and you really love in return."

b) "I can tell by the look in your eyes and the tone of your voice you're not into this guy. This is crazy, I know, but I'm going to guess that you feel you should be with someone else… now, with me… I never stay in relationships for convenience. Do you know what I mean? There is too little time in this world to waste it on someone you don't love. You can do better. Forget about him and just be here with me."

c) "Boyfriend?? Drop the zero and get with the hero, babe!"

d) "Boyfriend? That's cool. Bring him along! He can buy us drinks."

Liveblogging American Idol

CH · 16 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

9:12PM – is it me or does no one speak grammatical english anymore? sometimes i have to remind myself how overflowing with the bounty of stupidity most of humanity is.

9:14PM – girl in pink dress looks 10 years older than her age. plunging neckline ineffective on such a small bosom. next!

9:16PM – interesting how the judges listen to the auditioners with their left ears turned towards them. i've read that the left ear picks up musical tones better than the right ear, which is better at spoken words.

9:18PM – old bald queen singing. at least, he better hope he's a queen cause no woman will have him.

9:20PM – whoa. super smoking hot little minx. you're going to my bedroom! decent voice. -5 points for the dopey extra long sleeves covering her hands. like beauty, a good singing voice is mostly a genetic blessing. this girl is a walking billboard for low mutational load.

9:28PM – retarded nerdboy dresses as sci-fi nerdgirl. over to you, triumph!

9:30PM – creepy love song for paula dude. it's a put-on. i like it. "peter faulk her". haha! what a goob.

9:33PM – another cute girl. looks like a slender scarlett johansson. nice rack. put her through.

9:39PM – commercial for 'moment of truth' tv show. i'd be unstoppable on that show. "do you think fat people are repuls…" "yes."

9:40PM – when the background music changes to melodic acoustic guitar that means a good singer is coming up.

9:41PM – 9:40PM observation confirmed.

9:49PM – bitter star wars girl is up. proof that being 24 and thin is not a guaranteed golden ticket to hotness. of course at age 44 she's gonna be a chieftain warpig. she's from CT. figures. in general girls from new england are uglier than girls from other parts of the country.

9:54PM – hot blonde. you're going to hollywood!

9:54:30PM – oh wait, two kids? hollywood rescinded.

9:56PM – "seacrest short!"

Withholding Sex

CH · 16 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A local DC girl wrote a post about withholding sex in an effort to strong arm her boyfriend to marry her. (Note: The original post has been taken down by the author but you can google cache to find it.)

Let's start this off with a patented maxim:

Maxim #25: Withholding sex is the tactic of a woman who has already lost. It is mutually assured destruction.

If a woman is withholding sex, she may win a few battles with a beta boyfriend but she has lost the war. It's a scorched earth strategy that fails on two levels.

One, it only works on guys who can't score elsewhere. That is to say, undesirable guys. Pissant betas with no alternative options will step right in line yapping yes-dears like spineless whimpering curs once the snatch spigot is turned off. I have seen it with my own eyes… friends who suddenly have to spend Saturdays at Pier 1 or Crate & Barrel pawing through throw pillow bins because the girlfriend pouted and clamped her legs shut. Using sex as a weapon WILL work if the enemy (and that's what he is if the relationship has gotten to this point) is weak and defenseless. Like "The Rules", there is a certain amount of tried and true cynicism that will get a woman what she wants… superficially.

I say "superficially" because the seed of a scheming woman's own unhappiness is contained in the success of her manipulative strategy. A woman who breaks her man by withholding sex is a woman who will never truly respect that man. She will come to resent him for letting her get her way through such devious means. And she will see him as weak, not to be trusted. How can you trust a man who would sacrifice his dignity just to keep the vagina flowing?

An alpha who knows how to pick up women will simply walk away from any girlfriend trying to pull the "my pussy is GOLD!" routine on him. Her selfishness will have backfired.

Two, if it works it merely extends a relationship — sometimes into marriage — that is built on a shallow foundation which is guaranteed to eventually give out. If the love is more than a one-way street, she will never view sex as a bargaining chip and he will never make her so unhappy that she would seriously entertain the idea of

commoditizing her cunt. So let's say this chick gets her way — she locks up her pussy for a few weeks and he caves, buying her an expensive engagement ring. Sounds romantic, eh? If I were a betting man, I'd short sell this marriage.

Practically speaking, the withholding sex strategy is a maneuver that has lost much of its effectiveness as a means to corral a foot-dragger into proposing marriage thanks to all-access, all-the-time, all-you-can-want internet porn. A lot of men can wait out a girl playing these games by resorting to porn. And men who have been with many women, the ones who don't need porn, the ones all women want, won't wait long at all. They'll wander off in search of fresh meat the moment she's strapped on the chastity belt.

Men can play this game, too. I've "withheld" sex from women, not intentionally, because I was tired or sated from sex with other women. Let me tell you, turning the tables like this will REALLY fuck with a girl's head. They take it personally, like you just left a turd in every one of her shoes.

Girls must be hardwired to completely freak out if their sexual favors are rejected. That is because they have little experience dealing with direct sexual rejection. Men are built to handle sexual rejection better. Therefore, men's egos are stronger than women's egos.

Update:

VK made a good point in the comments about how withholding sex can become a habit if the woman sees it is working on her man. Capitulating even once to such a woman can lead down a dangerous slippery slope.

It starts with roping the guy into marriage, then the next thing you know she's making an impenetrable crotch fortress out of the bedsheets because you didn't spread the cream cheese on her bagel the way she likes it.

My advice to any man who senses he is being victimized by a sex withholder — run away as fast as you can and stay away. If she wins, she wins for life. You'll wind up begging for sex every freaking day you and her are together.

You: "Can we have sex now?"

Her: "Did you finish your chores?"

Think about it.

When Her Frigidness Is Not A Warning Sign

CH · 17 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In relation to yesterday's post, there are three main reasons why a girl would withhold sex from her bf/husband. Two of these reasons signal deep trouble with the health of the relationship.

1. she's trying to manipulate him with vagina power.
2. she's lost attraction for him.
3. she's genuinely not in the mood due to sickness or injury.

If you suspect #1 is happening to you, you need to make a last stand for your manhood. No wavering. Any buckling on your part and you have opened a Clamdora's Box of perpetual bartering for her sex in exchange for your obeisance. Live free or be domesticated.

If #2 is the reason (being observant will help you notice this before it's too late), then either attempt to outmaneuver her and restrengthen her attraction for you, or bail before your pride is in tatters. Writing her love poems is not an effective counterattack.

Only #3 can be safely taken at face value. But make sure she's being sincere. "Headaches" don't count. In fact, orgasms have been shown to alleviate a woman's headache. If she pulls the headache routine on you, then every time she asks you a favor you can do the same.

"Can you help me fold laundry?"

"Not tonight honey, I have a headache."

The only time you can excuse her for not servicing your manly needs is when she's injured or violently ill. Emphasis on "violently". Projectile vomiting is a legitimate excuse from sex duty. So is chemotherapy. And third trimester pregnancy. (OK, that last one was really an excuse for men.) Hip surgery absolves her of sex, but not blowjobs. The flu… no, unless it's Asian bird flu. Car accident? Only if the airbag deployed. If she's feeling self-conscious about "feminine odors" tell her your nose is stuffed up and do her with your head positioned as far away as possible from her privates.

Like an employer gives you sick days, have a sick leave plan for the girl you're dating. Two days per year should suffice. There's no accrual rate on this plan. She either uses them or loses them at the end of each year. If she uses more than two days per year you have the right to terminate the relationship contract for poor job performance.

Faces Not Facebook

CH · 18 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Facebook, and related internet social networking sites, don't make you more friends:

> Social networking sites like Facebook and MySpace do not help you make more genuine close friends, according to a survey by researchers who studied how the websites are changing the nature of friendship networks.
> Although social networking on the internet helps people to collect hundreds or even thousands of acquaintances, the researchers believe that face to face contact is nearly always necessary to form truly close friendships.
>
> "Although the numbers of friends people have on these sites can be massive, the actual number of close friends is approximately the same in the face to face real world," said Will Reader at Sheffield Hallam University.

I'm not surprised by this. My close circle of friends are still the ones I met the natural genetically-optimized way: in meatspace. I occasionally bump into a fellow Myspacer who recognizes me through their computer monitor, but we hardly ever move the interaction past the obligatory hellos.

Facebook and Myspace are one part attention whore canvas, one part Creative Class Rolodex, and one part alter ego resume. They basically serve as outlets for people, especially younger women, to "express themselves" and climb the status ladder by demonstrating their social value through their meme-generating links, musical tastes, witticisms, "spontaneous" nightclub photos, and vapid hourly updates on the daily tedium of their lives. When they're not stamping the internet world with their unoriginal brand of detached irony, they use these sites to herd their threadbare acquaintances into one easily managed electronic address book, keeping tabs on everyone, like ranchers herding steer. It's a social butterfly's dream come true! Wide… but shallow.

Ultimately, friendships live and die by trust. No one becomes your good friend until they, and you, have earned each other's trust. And that is where sites like Facebook fail:

> But to develop a real friendship we need to see that the other person is trustworthy. "We invest time and effort in them in the hope that sometime they will help us out. It is a kind of reciprocal relationship," said Dr Reader, "What we need is to be absolutely sure that a person is really going to invest in us, is really going to be there for us when we need them…**It's very easy to be deceptive on the internet**."

That's the key right there. With a few vaguely intriguing photos (action shots work best for guys, semi-porn snapshots for girls), a list of concert tour dates, and insidery jokes from people leaving comments on your profile, a person can present him or herself in a way that is at odds with reality. We are making friends with digital people whose first impressions have been micromanaged and painstakingly handcrafted for hours (sometimes weeks!) beforehand. You'll never truly know someone's character unless you engage them in realtime where a raised eyebrow or a sly smile can carry more vital information than pages of spoogy internet masturbation.

It reminds me of a girl I once dated whose Myspace page was a months-long project of webdesigner-looking social status achievement. I met her at a bar before I knew about her Myspace page. Later, when she showed me her profile, I couldn't believe the disconnect between her sweet real self and the raging sassypants she presented online.

Because I have advanced ADD, I get bored on these sites after two minutes. I need to see the person I'm talking to at least once in a while or I won't put in any effort to maintain the friendship. Give me real life over this pointless shit any day.

Btw, I'm on Facebook. You can find me under killa, killing your beta zombie.

Moving Day Vignette

CH · 19 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I was woken up this morning by the sounds of movers hauling out my neighbor's belongings. Lots of banging, scraping, and foot shuffling. I could tell the movers were black guys by their voices. Thanks to the miracle of walls that actually amplify outside sounds I was able to hear some of their conversation.

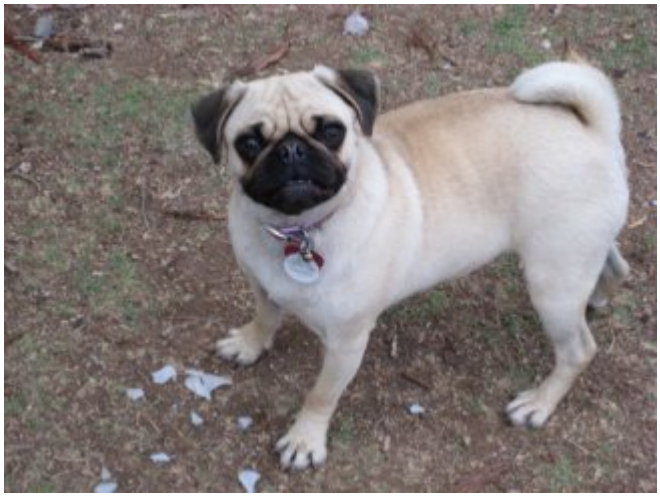
"White people's furniture all look the same."

A dog barked.

"And white people's pets, too!"

I laughed because it's true. Well, true of yuppie whites living in NW DC. I bet what they moved looked like this:

conspicuously displayed conde nast magazine sold separately.



answers to 'Tinky Winky'.

Stereotypes… dey not pulled out kitteh's ass.

Mein seltsames Scientology-Date

CH · 23 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Das Rollenspiel ist eine effektive Methode, um sich mit Mädchen zu verbinden. Ich spiele gerne mit meinen Dates, egal ob geplant oder spontan. Der Akt, verschiedene Rollen anzunehmen und spontane Handlungsstränge zu kreieren, scheint bei Frauen einen sehr ursprünglichen Kern zu treffen, der sie zum Kichern und Aufleuchten bringt. Es ist, als ob Frauen sich nach dieser geheimen Welt sehnen, in die du sie einlädst, in eine Welt der gesteigerten Sensation und des übertriebenen Dramas, als Gegenmittel zu ihrem tristen Alltag, wenn sie Papiere bei der Arbeit schieben und die Katzentoilette leeren.

Je besser du im Improvisieren bist, desto feuchter wird sie. Arzt/Krankenschwester, Polizist/Raser, Lehrer/ungehorsamer Schüler, Zuhälter/Nutte, Geschäftsführer/Sekretärin, zorniger Manager/ Ladendieb… das Muster sollte offensichtlich sein.

An einem Tag gab ich dem Mädchen eine Führung durch eine alte (und sehr farbenfrohe) russisch-orthodoxe Kirche mit ad libbed Biografien der verschiedenen Heiligen an Wänden und Decken. Mit meiner bestverdienten älteren Priesterstimme tat ich so, als würde ich sie in meinem Beichtstuhl begrüßen, als sie sofort die Rolle eines ungezogenen Mädchens im Teenageralter übernahm, das ihre Sünde bekennen wollte, sich aufdringlichen Gedanken von mir hinzugeben. Ich nannte sie oft „mein Kind“ und sie antwortete mit „Ja, Vater“ in lippenbissig süßem mädchenhaftem Quietschen.

Ein anderes Mal gingen wir Go-Kart-Rennen und spielten eine James-Bond-Verfolgungsjagd durch die engen Gassen Roms. Sie warf mir einen Kuss zu, als sie meinen Gokart gegen die Gummikettenwand wischte. Mein britischer Akzent war schrecklich und ihr italienischer Akzent ließ zu wünschen übrig, aber es war der Gedanke, der zählte.

Aber das beste/schlechteste Rollenspieldate, das ich je hatte, war realer als gedacht. Als wir die Allee hinaufgingen, hielten wir vor dem Gebäude der Scientology-Kirche an. Ich fühlte mich boshaft und krankhaft neugierig und erklärte meinem Date, wir wären desillusionierte D-List-Schauspieler, die nach Erleuchtung aus alternativen spirituellen Quellen suchen.

Als wir uns der Tür näherten, öffnete ein kahlköpfiger Mann mittleren Alters sie eine Sekunde, bevor ich anklopfen wollte. Er begrüßte uns und als wir im Foyer standen und das karikaturistische Porträt von L. Ron Hubbard bewunderten, das an der Wand hing, begannen mein Date und ich mit unserem Spiel über das Streben nach spiritueller Erfüllung abseits des „unterdrückenden Dogmas der organisierten Religion“. Das Gesicht des Mannes leuchtete auf wie ein Schwangerschaftstest zu Hause. Er gab uns die Führung, enthusiastisch, aber mit einer sorgfältig abgemessenen Stimme. Wie ein guter Verkäufer vermied er es, uns mit dem harten Verkauf zu früh abzuschrecken, statt uns Fragen über uns selbst und unsere Suche nach Sinn zu stellen.

Er fragte, ob wir Kameras hätten (ich habe gelogen), weil sie anscheinend kein Bilder mögen, wenn Leute anwesend sind. Wir gingen langsam um das Hauptfoyer herum und spähten in jeden Raum, während unser Führer von den Wundern der Dianetik sprach (seltsamerweise erwähnte er nie das E-Meter, das ich ausprobieren wollte). Der erste Raum schien ein altes Arbeitszimmer aus dickem, knorrigem Mahagoni und raumhohen Reihen von Bücherregalen zu sein, die mit alten Büchern vollgestopft waren. Es gab ein paar Schreibtische im Bibliotheksstil mit Leselampen, an denen vier Männer saßen, die alle die Augenschirme der grünen Buchhalter trugen und über Büchern stöberten, die Brauen in tiefer Konzentration zusammengezogen. Als wir reingeschaut hatten, blickte keiner von ihnen von ihren Büchern auf, um uns zu bestätigen.

Zu diesem Zeitpunkt fühlte sich mein Date verrückt an. Warum? Denn abgesehen von den grünen Augenmuscheln waren alle diese Typen in die gleichen Klamotten gekleidet – weißes Hemd, blaue Hosen, dunkle Krawatte. Und sie schienen etwas zu sehr in das vertieft zu sein, was sie gerade lasen.

Der nächste Raum erinnerte mich an die Szene aus A Clockwork Orange, in der sie dem Kerl mit einem

Metallgegenstand die Augen aufbrechen und ihn zwingen, eine endlose Montage gewalttätiger und pornografischer Videoclips anzusehen. Es waren ein paar Reihen ordentlich ausgerichteter leerer Stühle, die ein paar Meter vor einer kleinen Leinwand standen. Sonst nichts, nur das. Wenn wir in einer anderen Residenz wären, hätte ich nicht viel darüber nachgedacht, aber die gehetzte Stimmung, die von dieser Villa ausging, ließ mich an die schlimmsten Szenarien denken. Ich habe versucht, ein Bild des Raumes zu machen, indem ich die Kamera in meine Handfläche gedrückt und an meiner Hüfte festgehalten habe, aber unser Gastgeber hat nicht aufgehört, mich direkt anzusehen.

Während unser Scientologe-Freund plapperte, änderte sich der Ausdruck meines Dates von Schwindel zu Unbehagen. Sie war keine spirituell benachteiligte Berühmtheit mehr auf der D-Liste. Sie hatte genug gehabt. Die kultischen Schwingungen häuften sich. Ich unterbrach ihn und sagte, wir müssten gehen und er schob uns ein paar Flugblätter in die Hände. Nach draußen zu treten fühlte sich erleichtert an.

Die Stimmung war ruiniert. Ich habe am Ende des Dates keinen Kuss von ihr bekommen. Scientology hatte mich betrogen.

Ich frage mich, ob sich normale Menschen zu Beginn der Weltreligionen so gefühlt haben. Judentum, Christentum, Buddhismus, Egalitarismus … sie alle müssen von Natur aus skeptische Menschen als kultisch und absurd empfunden haben, als sie anfingen. Nur wenn genügend Zeit verstrichen ist, erhalten die Religionen ein Furnier von Respekt und Ehrerbietung. Es ist nicht genug Zeit vergangen, dass Scientology sein kultisches Wesen unter düsteren Ritualen und literarischen Texten verbirgt.

Tragedy... Not!

CH · 23 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Heath Ledger either offed himself or OD'ed and the merchants of maudlin are in full emote braying about what a "tragedy" and a "shock" it is.

Tragedy. This is one of those words that has been so bastardized by misuse and overuse that it has ceased to mean anything. What happened to Ledger was not a tragedy. It was either stupidity (drug overdose) or weakness (suicide). A tragedy would have been if he was happily strolling across the street and got flattened by a bus.

It's not even much of a shock as his friends knew about his depression and drinking problem for a while.

I don't feel anything when a celebrity dies. It doesn't affect my state of mind one iota. I shed no tear. I couldn't care less if some actor living the life of a king and boffing the hottest chicks dies. In fact, I'd like it if all these guys were shot into space. The more heterosexual men shot into space, the better; leaves more women for me.

Women get worked up over the death of some famous dude who they'll never meet because they are designed by nature to want lots of quality guys around to give them the option of picking and choosing at their leisure. Fewer alphas means a higher chance of settling for a beta.

My Weird Scientology Date

CH · 23 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Role playing is an effective method for bonding with girls. I like to role play with my dates, whether it's preplanned or spontaneous. The act of assuming different personas and creating impromptu storylines seems to strike at a very primal core in women, making them giggle and light up with waves of pleasure. It's like women crave this secret world you are inviting them into, a world of heightened sensation and exaggerated drama, as an antidote to their humdrum daily lives of pushing papers at work and emptying the litter box.

The better you are at improv, the wetter she will get. Docter/nurse, cop/speeder, teacher/disobedient student, pimp/hooker, CEO/secretary, irate manager/shoplifter… the pattern should be obvious.

On one date, I gave the girl a guided tour of an old (and very colorful) Russian Orthodox church, complete with ad libbed biographies of the various saints painted on the walls and ceilings. In my best wizened elder priest voice I pretended to welcome her into my confessional as she instantly caught on and slipped into the role of a naughty teenage girl who wished to confess her sin of indulging prurient thoughts of me. I called her "my child" a lot and she answered "yes, father" in lip-bitingly sweet girlish squeaks.

Another time, we went go-kart racing and play-acted a James Bond car chase scene through the narrow streets of Rome. She blew me a kiss as she sideswiped my go-kart into the rubber track wall. My British accent was horrible and her Italian accent left something to be desired, but it was the thought that counted.

But the best/worst role playing date I ever had was one that was more real than imaginary. As we were walking up the ave we stopped in front of the Church of Scientology building. Feeling mischievous and morbidly curious, I told my date we would be disillusioned D-list actors looking for enlightenment from alternative spiritual sources.

When we approached the door a bald, middle-aged man opened it a second before I was about to knock. He welcomed us in and as we stood in the foyer admiring the cartoonish portrait of L. Ron Hubbard hanging on the wall my date and I launched into our spiel about seeking spiritual fulfillment away from the "oppressive dogma of organized religion". The guy's face lit up like a home pregnancy test. He gave us the guided tour, enthusiastic but in a carefully measured speaking voice. Like a good salesman, he avoided scaring us off with the hard sell too early, instead asking us questions about ourselves and our search for meaning.

He asked if we had cameras (I lied) because apparently they have a no picture policy when people are present. We walked slowly around the main foyer peeking into each room while our guide spoke of the wonders of Dianetics (oddly, he never mentioned the E-meter which I wanted to try). The first room appeared to be an old study of thick, gnarled mahogany and floor-to-ceiling rows of bookshelves crammed with ancient tomes. There were a few library-style desks with reading lamps at which four men were seated, all of whom wearing green accountants' eye visors and poring over books, brows furrowed in deep concentration. When we looked in, none of them glanced up from their books to acknowledge us.

At this point my date started to feel weirded out. Why? Because besides the green eyeshades, all those guys were dressed in the same clothes — white shirt, blue slacks, dark tie. And they seemed a little too engrossed in whatever they were reading.

The next room reminded me of that scene from A Clockwork Orange where they pry the guy's eyes open with a metal contraption and force him to watch an endless montage of violent and pornographic video clips. It was a couple rows of neatly aligned empty chairs placed a few feet in front of a small movie screen. Nothing else, just that. If we were in any other residence, I wouldn't have given it much thought, but the haunted vibe emanating from this mansion made me think of the worst scenarios. I tried to snap a picture of the room by cradling the camera in my palm and holding it tight by my hip, but our host wouldn't stop looking directly at me.

While our scientologist friend blabbed, my date's expression changed from giddiness to discomfort. She was no

longer a D-list spiritually-deprived celebrity. She had had enough. The cultish vibes were beginning to accumulate. I cut him off and said we had to go, and he shoved some pamphlets in our hands. Stepping outside felt relieving.

The mood was ruined. I didn't get a kiss from her at the end of the date. Scientology had cockblocked me.

I wonder if this is how normal people felt during the inception of the world's major religions. Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, egalitarianism… they all must have struck naturally skeptical people as cultish and absurd when they first began. Only when enough time has passed do religions acquire a veneer of respectability and deference. Enough time has not passed for Scientology to hide its cultish essence under somber rituals and literary texts.

Thoughts On Morality

CH · 24 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Right now, in some small town in America, perhaps in Kansas or Iowa, a young father of a beautiful daughter just shot himself in his garage, leaving behind a broken family and unanswered questions.

Where are your tears?

Where are your sympathy blog posts?

Why isn't your heart open to his tragedy?

WHY WON'T YOU CARE?

Yesterday, a filthy street bum died in the cold night air in a puddle of his own steaming piss and shit.

Why hasn't he made you feel anything?

Why won't you immortalize him in eulogy?

"i have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts."
– john locke

You say: "But I didn't know the man in Kansas or the street bum! Why would I feel anything for someone I don't know?"

P r e c i s e l y.

You didn't know Heath Ledger, either. All you knew was his manufactured screen presence. And you cultivated a false relationship based on that. Fact: You were completely invisible to him. HEATH LEDGER DID NOT GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU. Yet you cared. You poured out your heart for him in a way he would not have done for you if the circumstances were reversed. You felt this way because he played roles that "spoke to you" or "touched you". There was a sensitivity in his eyes that made you feel a "connection". You experienced good feelings when you watched his movies. Maybe your loins tingled.

That is why you care. Because Ledger brought VALUE in the form of emotional pleasure to your life. He was BETTER than the average human because he was more VALUABLE, and therefore inspired you to feel sadness for his death. We care for those who are worth something. Which leads us inevitably to:

Maxim #3: Some human beings are worth more than others, despite their equality under the law.

Let me tell you how our concentric circles of morality are arranged.

In the small inner circle, we feel the most moral regard for lovers and immediate family.
Followed by close friends.
Then extended family.
Then acquaintances.
And in the distant outer circle, our countrymen.

Substitute "race", "ethnic religion" or "ideological allies" for "countrymen" if you are feeling especially cynical.

Beyond that outer ring of sympathy I wouldn't shed a tear for anyone's misfortune. A hundred thousand tsunami victims floating on the seas like bloated balloons of waterlogged flesh will not perturb me from syncing my ipod. And neither will they perturb you. Or to put it another way, try the following thought experiment:

If you had the power in your hands, would you kill in such a manner as to ensure maximum pain and suffering

a. 10,000 Indonesians if it would save your lover's life?

b. your lover if it would save 10,000 Indonesians' lives?

In a worldwide conflagration where the existence of civilization is threatened watch how quickly the conventional morality falls apart. And how much quicker the moral shakeout is justified.

Morality = genetic affinity + expedience + quid pro quo + self-serving status posturing

This is morality defined. Examine your actions over the course of your life and you will see I am right.

Compassion Creates More Cads

CH · 25 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I have a theory. Here it is:

The welfare state has created more pump and dumpers.

I only have casual observation, not hard data, to back up my theory. I base it on the exponential increase in the past ten years of businesses teaching pickup skills to men. These are real businesses with satisfied clientele who pay in the thousands for weekend seminars and "boot camps" to learn how to turn women on.

Bleeding heart compassion has cursed blessed the country with layers of safety nets that subvert the natural cleansing of losers from contributing to the next generation. The result of all this government largesse is the substitution of handouts for husbands. When provider males who are predisposed to marry and support a family are worth less on the market than they used to be they are slowly replaced by playboys taking advantage of the sexual climate. Women who have their security needs met by Big Government (in combination with their own economic empowerment) begin to favor their desire for sexy, noncommital alpha males at the expense of their attraction for men who will foot the bills.

Prediction: As women's financial status rises to levels at or above the available men in their social sphere, they will have great difficulty finding an acceptable long-term partner. The men, for their part, will turn away from emphasizing their ability to provide as they discover their mediocre-paying corporate jobs are no longer effective displays of mating value. They will instead emphasize the skills of "personality dominance".

The betas either learn to adapt or learn to love celibacy. The "seduction community" has grown organically out of the cultural soil to help these guys adapt. Now, instead of spending their money on diapers, these guys are spending it on in-field instruction in nightclubs.

Our genes only care about one thing: What is the winning reproductive strategy? Today, that winning strategy is seduction, sex, and splitting, leaving the kid to be raised by an unwitting chump.

The result of this sea change in relations between the sexes will be a future of more cads and fewer monogamously inclined men. The pendulum will eventually swing back as a world full of players and fatherless children cannot sustain itself, but there will be much wailing and gnashing of genitals before that day arrives.

Ultimately, compassionate policies to help protect us from ourselves will backfire. Losers need to suffer and be excluded from experiencing the happiness of financial security, love and sex for the health of society as a whole.

Culling the weak — it's cruel, it's cold-hearted, it's uncompassionate… it's necessary.

The executive summary:

Women are the more compassionate sex.
Their compassion compels them to vote for welfare statism.
Welfare statism drives down the asking price of provider betas.
Hit and run players fill the void.
Therefore, women are responsible for the very types of men who hurt them most.

And that kid went HA HAWWW!

It Counts

CH · 28 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's no news that guys inflate their notch numbers and girls undercount theirs. What is amusing is how girls find ways to lower their total score by devising elaborate schemes that make distinctions between sex and "fooling around".

Hummers are a great example of this. While not technically sex, it's close enough that she can't just say nothing happened. An orifice was filled, so her whore score should reflect that. There's no writing off a blowjob in a club bathroom.

Similary, fingerbanging has to count. It meets the filled orifice test, and someone is getting off.

Vacation sex is a big undercounting tactic, and fairly common, even among prim girls. I'm pretty sure when girls talk about how much they love traveling they are really speaking in code for "how much they love traveling to get it on with an exotic local, preferably from a Meditteranean or Romance language nation, and then fly back home where the fling with the sexy accent can't stalk her or cause trouble with her fiancee, and she can safely hide the memories."

So the next time a girl tells you she loves to travel know that you are dealing with a slut who has moved operations overseas.

32 Vs. 21

CH · 29 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I can draw a precise comparison of the sex appeal in the bedroom between a 32 year old woman and a 21 year old woman because I've had the opportunity to sleep with both within two weeks of each other. This means my memory of how they compare is strong. The average guy who has moved onto banging 30+ year old women has not slept with a 21 year old since his college days, and so won't remember in lucid detail just how much better a younger girl's body looks and feels naked.

This is why you should always take older men's opinions of the sexual appeal of older women with a grain of salt; they have weaker memories of the superiority of their long-ago conquests, and their fragile egos oblige them to proclaim endless paeans to the wonders of the older woman.

Following is a side-by-side comparison of sex between a 32 year old woman and a 21 year old woman. Any differences between the two are age-related only, as neither one exercised regularly and both looked attractive fully clothed.

21 year old

Visual – When she took off her clothes my hard on got harder. There is nothing like a flawless woman's body. No creases, no wrinkles, no cellulite. All the curves flowed gracefully without interruption by pockets of fat or love handles. The area where the ass cheeks meet the back of the legs – usually the first place to betray the droopiness of aging – was smooth. I wanted to stare at her naked body all day long.

Feel – Despite never having lifted a weight in her life, her flesh was firm, resilient, and supple. Her muscle tone was taut and gravity-defying. Her skin like silk ribbons. Her labia possessed the springiness of a marine's cot. My hard on felt like it was bursting out of its skin wrapper.

Smell – A young woman is drenched in estrogen and these vapors send waves of pleasure through the male brain as they are inhaled. Guys will know what I'm talking about when I describe the sensation of getting a lap dance from an especially beautiful and fertile young girl and her natural aroma emanating from her pores grips you in sudden arousal. The smell of youthful femininity is more intoxicating than the sweetest rose.

Experience – In this age of ubiquitous porn, bedroom skills aren't an issue. Every girl has seen the sex act by the time she has graduated high school. In my opinion, experience is highly overrated anyhow. It's the plaintive ego-salving of older women who want to believe experience can make up for lost looks. Of all the girls I've slept with, I can think of only one off the top of my head who remotely resembled a "dead fish" in the sack. If the girl is cute and she likes you, she'll gyrate her hips, return your thrusts, moan, wrap her legs, and run her hands up and down your back, which is really all she needs to do to qualify as an acceptable lay. Any cradling of your balls just before you jizz is bonus points. It's not rocket science.

32 year old

Visual – When she took off her clothes the best I could muster was a chubby. It's not that she was fat; in fact, she was the same weight and height of the 21 year old. The devil is in the details. The subtle age-related flaws in her body combined to produce an overall effect of fading femininity. There were creases and dimples in places there shouldn't have been. A small pouch had begun to develop in her lower abdomen. The bottom of her tits pressed against her chest. Unlike the 21 year old, I could not get hard just looking at this woman. Squinting helped.

Feel – One word: squishy. If I had tried to bounce a quarter off this woman's body, it would have sunk into her spongy flesh. There is nothing more… deflating… than squeezing a chunk of ass meat only to pull away with folds of loose skin in your hand. Even her pussy looked older; the lips more floppy and bedraggled, the color a washed-out hue. Since visual stimulation and the feel of her body were not working to arouse me, I had to mentally concentrate very hard on the tip of my dick building friction with her vaginal wall in order to cum. This is why you

will see older women in porn work the penis like a piston with their mouths and hands – hard, firm, and unrelenting tactile stimulation is the only way they can get a guy off.

Smell – Whatever alluring scent a young women has is gone by the time she hits her 30s, to be replaced by some rather astringent odors. The faint whiff of baby powder is missing from the older woman's skin.

Experience – There can be such a thing as too much experience. Nothing is a bigger turn-off than a woman giving you directions in bed on how to please her sexually. Because she has learned over the years which positions and movements bring her to orgasm reliably, she refuses to deviate from her gameplan, and has closed herself off to spontaneous sexual expression.

Advice from my heart:
To all 30+ year old women – If you want to stay in the game and compete with the younger competition, lift weights regularly and stop directing the action during sex like you were Spielberg's protege. This will give you a fighting chance against out-of-shape 21 year olds.

Moral of this post:
What a horrible cruel joke of the universe is the brief window of a woman's beauty. Proof, as if any was needed, that god does not exist.

Tom Brady Lessons

CH · 30 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This made me laugh.

> A female friend and I were at dinner recently when we both admitted something that, under normal circumstances, would get us kicked out of the female species.
>
> Neither of us thought less of Tom Brady for having a baby outside of wedlock with Bridget Moynahan while juggling a burgeoning relationship with supermodel Gisele Bundchen.

Scientists are baffled!

> But this is just part of what makes Brady amazing. He is that rare celebrity who isn't judged by whom or how he dates because his accomplishments, coolness, elegance and good looks are too overwhelming.

I wrote about the basic truths of human nature and the loose concept of morality that everyone follows whether they admit it or not:

> Sexually attractive people can get away with more. And they will have more willing apologists excusing their actions.

Mothers of murderers will defend their wicked spawn right to the bitter end. Feminists will stay silent when Bill Clinton ravages interns and humiliates his wife. And women will give a free pass to star quarterbacks who abandon their pregnant girlfriends for supermodels.

Lesson: You can get away with a lot if you do it with style.

Male Birth Control Pill

CH · 31 January 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Also known as the brozenge.*

Here it cums!** Well, almost. If it does happen, here are my predictions:

Market Penetration – deep and wide.

Condoms are everywhere. So will be the male pill. Except for the CVS in my hood where they will be locked behind bullet proof glass and only accessible via an embarrassing request to the pharmacist, an East Indian middle-aged woman who will glower at you with the stink-eye as cute shoppers stand nearby and suppress giggles while they scan you up and down wondering if your package really is as massive as the magnums you just bought and extrapolating the quality of girl you are banging based on the swagger with which you make your request. Be sure to throw them a sly smile as you grab the box. They're curious. You know they're curious. They know you know they're curious. Game on.***

Firmness of Adoption – vertical prominance.

Not only will many men avail themselves of the brozenge, they will also be repeat customers to the exclusion of all other contraceptive methods. Fact: condoms suck. A latex sheath is a total pleasure killjoy. The female pill is far superior to condoms but no man should ever trust his health, freedom, and reproductive rights to a woman's whims. The male pill solves this problem. I'm avidly pro-choice.

Cultural Eruption – premature idiocracy.

The male pill will accelerate already ominous demographic trends. Stupid men, just like stupid women, will be less than diligent taking the pill to prevent pregnancy. With two kinds of pills, irresponsibility on the left side of the bell curve is twice as likely because one partner will assume the other partner is taking the necessary precautions and thus find a reason to slack off. "I thought you were on it!" "But I thought YOU were on it!!" Condom sales plummet. End result: a massive dumbing down of America. Say goodbye to bridges that don't collapse.

In a male pill future, three types of men will contribute to subsequent generations.

1. Feminine men. The kind of guy who WANTS children is more feminine than the average guy who'd rather be poolside. Even betas prefer sex to childrearing, so there will be a natural selection for children born to womanly uberbeta fathers. Their future boys will play house with Barbies and jerk off to soft-focus, plot-driven porn.
2. Wealthy super alphas. At the very top there will be those men who don't mind impregnating their wives, the wives of the uberbetas, and their mistresses because they can afford to dump the responsibility of raising them on an army of imported nannies. Their ability to live for fun won't be compromised. The super alphas' daughters will go on to become ballcutting lawyers who sue for laws that emasculate the sons of the betas even more.
3. Dumbasses. Lots and lots of dumbasses. See above.

Expect a future of sex that feels good, societal disintegration, and cognitive stratification as the very smartest shield their 1.2 kids in gated communities and prep schools from the mass of semi-retarded kids born to the losers falling further behind.

**trademarked, bitches.*

***Oxford English Dictionary approved spelling. Pip pip.*

****condom game is highly underrated.*

Take The Midnight Tran

CH · 1 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes when you date a girl she drops hints that send up red flags.

“I usually need to get to know a guy before I have sex.”

“I don’t drink.”

“Ew, you’ve done it in there?!”

“I missed my period. Oh, and I’m pro-life and my dad’s a paternity lawyer.”

So it was with some trepidation that I dated this one girl who joked a few times about being a tranny. On our first date I mentioned I liked her artsy shoes and punk makeup and she said “Yeah, I bet you think I dress like a tranny.” OK, that got me concerned. I looked more closely at her shoes and face and wondered if it could be true. She didn’t have a low voice but I’ve read about cosmetic vocal cord surgery for old people who want to sound younger.

The second date we were making out and groping and I reached down and ran my hand under her skirt and near her pussy, hoping to put my worries to rest. She gently pushed my hand away, smiled, and said “Are you checking if I’m a tranny? Naughty.” Now I was really freaking out on the inside. When people blurt out weirdness more than once it is a sign of them hiding something. Could she really have been a man in her past? Was I going to have a crying game moment? She didn’t look like a tranny, but with the state of medical science these days you can’t take anything for granted.

Between the second and third dates I dwelled heavily on the possibility that she might be a guy with one operation to go, or a former guy with a butchered fake vagina constructed out of sheep intestine. A few sleepless nights passed. I googled “transsexual dead giveaway” for information about warning signs. I contemplated not calling her back. Nope, I had to see this through.

On the third date, sex was the farthest thing from my mind. I was concentrating hard on inspecting her head to toe for traces of maleness. Again, she let slip with an awkward “joke” involving the word tranny. Mentally, I was a mess. I thought about how she walked with this loping bouncy gait. And how she had these exaggeratedly feminine gestures in the way she sat down and crossed her legs very slowly, and how she carried her purse dangling off her forearm with her elbow bent at 90 degrees and her hand turned upward, palm out. Oh my fucking god, that’s what trannies do! Then I remembered… she was always paying me blatant compliments about my physique. Girls never do that on the first couple of dates, even when they are completely into you. 100% tranny. 100%.

The squirrel in my head was running frantically on his wheel.

Still, she looked pretty good, so I started french kissing her. Gradually, I moved my mouth down and kissed her neck. I began probing her throat with my tongue. This aroused her suspicion.

“What are you doing?”

Think. “Mm, I love kissing your neck. So smooth.” Like a giraffe reaching out for the highest succulent acacia leaves, my tongue pressed around the area where her Adam’s apple would be if she were a man. I detected nothing. Phew! Or did she have it surgically removed? I pulled back for a visual examination. No scar. Phew again!

Occasionally, I would stop and stare deeply into her eyes, but what I was really doing was getting in close to see if she had the shadow of a mustache or a missed spot of stubble. I wondered if apn entire beard could be lasered off. No, her face was hairless and of an even coloration. Another test passed. I glanced at her forearms. Also hairless. So far so good. I gripped her hand; she gripped back. Not too strong, it was an appropriately weak girly grip. Feeling better. I moved my hand under her shirt and burrowed under her bra. This was the first major test. I squeezed and kneaded like I was giving her a breast exam. Then I pushed aside her bra and pinched a nipple. It got

hard and pointy. There's no way a fake tit or hormone replacement could do that. I was confident enough to move to the final stage.

In the bedroom, I lit a small candle. I would need some light to work by. Best to get this over with quick.
I maneuvered my hand up her skirt and placed it on her crotch. Her panties felt thick, padded. A rush of fear. Was s/he tucking? For the first time in my life I prayed that a girl I was about to fuck was on the rag.

This was it. Crunch time. No turning tail now, I had to know. But the risk was huge.

Other than blowing out my ass with explosive diarrhea in public while wearing white linen pants, I can't think of a more psychologically scarring scenario than reaching into a girl's panties and grabbing a schlong. I had already made up my mind to soldier on because I calculated that the regret of giving up sex with a girl was worse than the regret of having near sex with a man.

Off came her shirt. A muscular back. Stay focused.

I pushed her backwards onto the bed and pressed into her pelvis. Nothing rose on her to meet my erection. Do or die. I closed my eyes, grit my teeth, and ripped off her skirt and panties and in one mighty uninterrupted motion plunged my hand into her furrow.

Labia. Wet. Hole. Wet. Clit. Wet.

A wave of relief swept over me. I pried my eyes open and smiled warmly at the authentic vagina before me. A short sniff of my fingers confirmed the presence of natural juices. No lube.

Afterwards, she snuggled in my arms and belched. I dumped her a week later.

I Joined Twitter

CH · 2 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I think it's retarded. But when the whole world is being retarded it pays to join them. It'll make life easier and you'll feel better.

I'm a Killer App Konformist.

A Hallmark Moment

CH · 3 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It is late in the night and two grown men are driving home from the clubs. Navigating cop cars and pedestrians on Columbia Road, we notice a couple of bicyclists on our right. Nearing the first bicyclist we can't help but trumpet a horny ode to her luscious figure 8 derriere as she pedals hard in the chill air.

"Hey man, over there. What an ass on her! The cheeks just hug the shit out of that bike seat. Look at the way the ass globes move up and down in perfect harmony."

"Love that ponytail. It says all the right things — grab the reins while you pound me."

We drive past her.

"Dude, she's hot! Face to match the ass. So many cute DC bike babes."

We approach the second biker from behind.

"Whoa, another one. Check out this chick. Beautiful blonde hair. I love long blonde hair. Look at those jeans pulled down low."

"Niiice, I see some white panties poking out! Is that plumber's crack? Sweeeeeeet."

We drive slowly by the second biker.

"AUUUGHHH!!! It's a dude! Oh man, fuck! AUUUUGGGHHHH! What the fuck!? What dude wears his hair like that??"

"FUCK! SHIT! UGH! I'm hitting the lesbian porn as soon as I get home. Pull your pants up you hipster slob! Night ruined!"

Is Female Beauty Increasing?

CH · 4 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Anecdotally, I suspect it is. Adjusting for age and weight, there seem to be more pretty girls than ever before. If you opened two high school yearbooks side by side, one from 2007 and one from 1987, and restricted your sample size to those girls who weren't overweight, I bet you'd come away with the impression that the girls of 2007 look better. And it's not makeup; it's a real difference in facial bone structure.

Changes in the culture are happening to shift the beauty spectrum rightward.

1. Birth control, especially condoms since that is the form of contraceptive that can be controlled by men, is putting selection pressure on what kinds of women are winning the genetic sweepstakes. With birth control, men are no longer having kids with the first women who will sleep with them. They are trading up to find that great-looking woman for whom they can finally ditch the condom and seriously entertain the notion of having children. It doesn't take much of a change in mating patterns — even a slight shift in the numbers of children born to hot chicks versus plain or ugly chicks will make a noticeable impact after a few generations.
2. While dumber women are having more kids than educated smarter women, alpha males — the ones making the beaucoup bucks, slapping backs at parties, and sporting Mitt Romney lantern jaws — are having more kids than the beta males. How does this happen? Answer: Serial monogamy and mistresses. Beauty and IQ correlate to a degree as smart guys tend to marry hot women, so you'll find proportionately more smart hotties than dumb hotties, but there are still plenty of beautiful women of middling social class that will turn the eye of an alpha male. So when the high IQ wife of 15 years who bore her alpha husband 1.2 children gets old and unattractive, he turns her in for a younger woman, oftentimes a less ambitious woman because he's learned his lesson, and has children with her. Result: More daughters born to alpha male fathers are beautiful than those born to beta fathers.
3. Women are settling less than they did in the past, at least during their prime years (17 to 26). I've gone over the reasons for this before. Their financial independence, higher status relative to men, and entitledness are working in concert to delay marriage and childbirth, lengthening the time they hold out for their ideal Mr. Right. Marriage and two kids with a mediocre provider beta has been swapped for a swingers life of contraceptively insured sex with a small pool of desireable alphas. See: Sex and the City. Result: Women who do have kids during their prime fertile years are likely to have them with the strong seed of an alpha, thus ensuring a higher number of hottie daughters.
4. Obesity. No analysis of continuing human natural selection in the U.S. is complete without a nod to the obesity epidemic. Obesity reduces fertility. And men find it repulsive. The consequence is selection pressure for children born to attractive thin women by quality men, contributing to the increase in beauty among the daughters of those quality fathers.

Beauty is a commodity, like gold or athleticism, and any increase or decrease of it in the general female population will have profound effects on the dating market. More supply means lowered demand and more hot babes giving blowjobs on the first date. Less supply means greater demand and more hot babes thanking guys for expensive dinners with a peck on the cheek.

The trick is to game women as if their beauty was oversupplied.

The Morality Equation

CH · 5 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In my post on morality I offered a few thoughts on the shifting sands of moral certitude:

> If you had the power in your hands, would you kill in such a manner as to ensure maximum pain and suffering
>
> a. 10,000 Indonesians if it would save your lover's life?
>
> b. your lover if it would save 10,000 Indonesians' lives?

I concluded with the following wholly scientific effort at a layman's definition of morality:

Morality = genetic affinity + expedience + quid pro quo + self-serving status posturing

Commenter "godparticles" picked up where I left off and admirably quantified my definition:

> *I would probably give more weight to S (status posturing) like this:*
>
> *M=(g+E+q) x S*
>
> *…where M is defined as the strength of a moral decision. I guess you could create a scale of relatedness for g, a scale of convenience for E, a scale of likely material return for q, and a scale for the explicit ingroup approbation of the moral position, decision, or action for S.*
>
> *Let this serve as an innocuous example: A middle-aged, poor black man recently asked me for a dollar outside a grocery store. I was sitting in my car waiting for a friend, and he approached with the opening, "I'm not trying to start any trouble or anything, but can I get a dollar for the bus…" I don't usually carry cash, and that's what I told him and he left… even though I knew I had a few bucks in my wallet. I've been begged for more cash before after having pulled out my wallet so that wasn't going to happen again.*
>
> *So the g was 0. The E was actually high. The q was 0. And the S was 0 (no one was watching to approve). HOWEVER, if my (very liberal) friend had been in the car, the S would have increased and multiplied by the E would have led me to give him the buck.*

I liked godparticles' strengthening of my morality equation so I refined the variables and scoring and added an example of my own in the comments:

> given: M = (g + E + q) x S
>
> where M = degree of moral umbrage and the likelihood of taking action to rectify the perceived injustice.
>
> g = genetic affinity
> E = expediency (I define this as fluid morality, which is similar to moral convenience. You're more likely to adopt a moral position when it works to your benefit or is relatively painless to act upon.)
> q = tit for tat
> S = status whoring
>
> The scale for each variable is 1-10, where 1 = no impact on your decision and 10 = influence of the utmost importance.
>
> Let's say you're at a party with friends and your brother (who is in attendance) blurts out a racist joke (he has an awkward sense of humor). A hush descends over the crowd. Your response hinges on a series of subconscious calculations:
>
> g = 10 (he's your brother!)
> E = 2 (it's tough to call out a racist joke at a party and risk dragging out the discomfort. it's even tougher when

> it's your brother's public humiliation on the line.)
> q = 1 (you're contemplating a moral action that will prevent your loss, rather than win you gains.)
> S = 6 (you risk losing the approval of your friends if you seem as if you are acceding to your brother's faux pas. acting will not raise your status, but it will prevent you losing status.)
>
> calculating M we get:
>
> M = (10+2+1) x 6 = 78
>
> If M resides on a scale from 3 to 300, where a score of 300 equals a moral action that is easy to take, quite personally beneficial, and encourages the sort of self-righteous preening that feels almost as good as sex, then in the scenario I outlined above a score of 78 means you would probably hesitate briefly before deciding to evade your moral discomfort by changing the subject and yelling out "WHO'S UP FOR SHOTS!!!"
>
> An M of 1 means "Kill em all and let bog sort them out".

Now I'm curious how other common moral dilemmas would rank using the morality equation. Here's an example from the battlefront:

You and your buddy are in a bar. He notices two girls, a hottie and her friend who was born to cockblock. He tells you it's all his and he'll signal you to join when he needs a wingman to occupy the obstacle. He approaches and soon the girls are laughing. You get the signal and move in, doing your best to draw the CB's attention away from her friend and to you. But your natural charm infects both girls and the cute girl starts touching your arm and tossing you the flirty eye. Your friend is losing the set but you have a good chance of acquiring his target's digits. You think about number closing her. The morality variables look like this:

g = 2 (no genetic relation to your friend but racially he looks like you.)
E = 7 (any decision you take would be easy to act upon, but getting her # could potentially cost you your friend's respect since he's standing right there. because it is only one friend and not a whole group of friends you feel you can smooth out the situation later with a little one on one.)
q = 8 (if you get her # you have a shot at adding a notch. if you don't get her number you retain the wingman services of your friend for the future.)
S = 6 (you will gain a lot of status points with your friend if you don't number close his target for yourself. but it is just one friend.)

M = (2 + 7 + 8) x 6 = 102

On the morality scale of 3 to 300, there is a one in three chance that you will put your friend's feelings before the pussy.

Ask yourself, does this result match up with your personal experience dealing with the same situation? Would a good friend opportunistically number close your target 2 out of 3 times?

My Advice To The Republicans

CH · 6 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Vote for Hillary or Obama. If a left wing socialist in the White House next year is guaranteed (as appears likely with McCain the presumptive Republican nominee. details upon request.) it's better that person is one you can wash your hands of, so when the inevitable shit hits the fan you will be well-positioned in 2012. Think: "fresh start" and "vote for change".

George W. Bush has been a Trojan Horse disaster for the party. You wanted him, now it's time to take your bitter medicine to rid your party of his viral infection. The people are crying out for the purifying acid bath of an anti-W. Let them have it. The country needs to be brought to its knees before it can rise up again. Electoralshock treatment.

To those Republicans who still understand what the party stands for and are considering voting for McCain: If you have to sacrifice 100% of your principles in order to win, you have already lost.

Hillary the Harridan 2008!

Top Two Rules For Dating Younger Women

CH · 7 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The two critical rules for older guys dating girls under 25:

Rule #1: Don't be needy

You should never be needy with any woman (exceptions made if she's an over 30 divorcee with two kids and a Snickers bar figure) but it is especially important to refrain from showing even the slightest displays of neediness with the under 25 girls. A young woman is extra-sensitive to the subtle signals that a man gives off when he is a little too happy to be with her. If the guy she likes is significantly older, like ten years or more, she'll be that much more on guard for beta bahavior. An older guy who is needy is a bigger loser than a younger guy who is needy, because the younger guy at least has the excuse of inexperience. Plus, the older guy has to learn how to handle the elevated risk of being labeled a "lech" or "pervy".

Examples:

Texting
29 year old texts you. Wait 5 minutes before replying.
22 year old texts you. Wait 1 hour before replying, unless it's a weekend night in which case don't text back until the next day.

Calling
29 year old calls. Pick up on the third ring.
22 year old calls. Let it go to voicemail and return call minimum of 2 hours later.

Going to a bar together
Chat up one other girl in 29 year old's presence. Any more than that and you will make her too insecure.
Leave 22 year old for 30 minute stretches of time to flirt with girls in different parts of the bar. If she sees three or more girls laughing along with you, bonus points. You are guaranteed sex that night.

Shit testing
If 29 year old tells you some random guy flirted with her today, show a hint of jealousy.
If 22 year old tells you some random guy flirted with her today, say you hoped she number closed him because she needs a shopping boyfriend.

Post-coital challenge
29 year old gazes at you lovingly and says "I think I'm falling for you." You say "Me too."
22 year old gazes at you lovingly and says "I think I'm falling for you." You say "Thanks! Keep it coming. I'm a sucker for flattery."

Communication breakdown
29 year old mysteriously stops contacting you. Wait four days before sending casual text asking her out on another date.
22 year old mysteriously stops contacting you. Do not attempt to contact her again. In two months you have a 50% chance of getting a text from her wanting to see you.

Rule #2: Don't be insecure

Many older guys who like dating younger girls fall into the trap of fretting about the age difference. He makes the mistake of bringing the issue up before she has, or cracking awkward jokes about her youth. His age insecurity will lead him to lean on his money or job status as attraction ploys because he won't believe that a cute younger girl could love him for his personality or strength of character.

The truth is that, contrary to the sugar daddy cultural message, money and a high status job are not required to

attract younger women. They help, but what helps a lot more is tight game and a dominant, charming personality. If you are unfazed by the age difference, she will be too. Run the same game at 35, 45, and 55 that you would at 25.

Bear in mind that younger women (barring a few notable golddigger exceptions) are not as practical as older women. They are more whimsical, flirty, passionate, and romantic, and this means you will get more mileage having a youthful outlook, being recklessly spontaneous, maintaining a high level of energy, and focusing on the emotional connections, than you would tempting them with the allure of financial stability and security.

If you follow my advice above, you will have no trouble finding a girl much younger than you to fall in love with you.

Further Thoughts On Dating Younger Women

CH · 8 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Some of my commenters mentioned that it should be easier for older guys to date younger girls because of the inherent attraction women have for worldly, mature men. This assumption is true in the abstract, but needs to be amended.

Maxim #7: The greater the age difference between the older man and the younger woman, the tighter his game will need to be, barring compensatory attributes.

This is why a 25 year old guy can get away with a little more beta behavior when gaming 22 year old girls than a 35 year old man gaming the same girls. There is a smaller margin of error when the age difference approaches ten years plus, and the women are under 25. The upshot is that an older man with good game is EXTREMELY attractive to all women because the experience is so rare.

Maxim #7 applies to about 60% of women under 25. I have found that 40% of under 25 women have no problem dating much older guys, and many even actively seek out the dashing older gentleman. What this means in the field is that if you are over 30 and hitting on 22 year olds, you will be rebuffed slightly more frequently before you even open your mouth than if you were closer in age to your targets. Don't worry about it. Chances are good that for every girl who sneers "How old are you??" the very next one will welcome your advances. Only when you notice all your approaches beginning with your target's incredulity should you consider raising the lower bound age limit of the women you hit on. But trust me, that point comes much later than most guys realize.

Another commenter wondered if joking about the age difference would help deflate its impact. Be careful with this course of action; it can easily backfire. If you do make light of it, don't go overboard. Too much evasive joking betrays a faint whiff of insecurity, especially if you are the one to broach the age subject first. One offhand joke is enough. For instance, when asked my age, I sometimes say "My chronological age or my emotional age? Cause, you know, emotionally I'm 14. Wanna go to the arcade?"

The same applies when being asked about your job. One "joke job" is enough. If you reel off a litany of joke jobs, she will suspect you really are an unemployed loser with something to hide.

Nowadays I skip the joking entirely and don't mention age at all unless my date shows signs of unease with the age difference. In these cases I handle any age objections like this:

Her: "So I have to ask… how old are you?"
Me: "Guess."
Her: "29."
Me: "Pretty good. *[notice I didn't actually confirm her guess]* How old are you?"
Her: "23."
Me: "Wow, my ex was 23… no wait, it was her birthday last week, she just turned 24. Normally I like to date older women because they are classy and sophisticated, but maybe you are different."

I have done two things here: One, I've showed her that I am no stranger to dating younger women. They like to know you are loved by other women similar to themselves in age and beauty. (This is why dating a fat chick is actually worse for your product marketability than being single.) Two, I have put her on the defensive so that she is now working hard to get my approval. Most women are secretly hoping that you will challenge them like this. They WANT to be the approval-seekers.

Once you've mastered the most important part of picking up younger women — your attitude — you can improve those secondary characteristics that will help round out your game. Here are some:

- Stay in shape.

It’s not hard. Don’t overeat and hit the gym regularly. The real gym with iron, not the froo froo one with elliptical machines and treadmills. Women are forgiving of general aging in a man, but they are less lenient when that man has a round gut and bitch tits.

- Baldness.

If you are balding, shave it to the scalp skin. There is nothing worse than the monk’s ring. If I were balding, I would shave it all off and get a spitting cobra tattoo wrapped around my skull. Job promotions would soon follow.

- Fashion.

Dress younger and trendier than the average guy in your age bracket, but not so trendy that you look ridiculous. For instance, if you are 30, upgrade from designer hoodies to designer blazers. Chuck the Chucks for Steve Maddens and Pradas. $50 t-shirts are still OK if you have an excellent V-shaped torso to show off, but most men will want to move on to snappy spread-collared shirts after 30.

- Tattoos.

This is a little trickier as you run the risk of looking like a prole, but tattoos add an aura of toughness that works well to compensate for the perception of blandness as you age into the next demographic.

- Become artistic.

Drop the typcial American male hobbies like drinking and football and take up photography and guitar. Expressing yourself artistically is so attractive to so many younger women that it virtually negates any doubts about your age.

Instant Attraction

CH · 10 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A girl's sexual attraction can be triggered nearly as fast as a man's.

I was with a group of friends at a rooftop bar when three girls who were milling about joined our conversation. One of the girls was a little testier than the others and swapped a couple of sarcastic one-liners with us when one of my friends grinned really wide and said:

"You look like you haven't been laid in a while."

BOOM. Instant attraction. You could see it in her eyes. In a flash he had gone from random guy at bar to sex object in her mind.

She pretended to be offended and walked off. My friend didn't budge or watch her walk away. He said she'll be back. I glanced at the girl who was now on the other side of the bar and caught her looking over at my friend multiple times. She was completely hooked.

Five minutes later she returned to our group and asked him why he thinks that about her. She touched his arm while she asked this.

Women are as Pavlovian in their sexual responses as men are; they just react to different stimuli.

Phone Number Free-For-All

CH · 11 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I've noticed girls are giving out their phone numbers to guys more frequently than they used to do. They don't even think twice about it now. Guy asks for number after a 30 second conversation; girl gives it to him. I've seen girls give their number to three different guys in one night at the same bar, only to go home with a fourth guy at last call.

What is going on here? Are these girls really interested in all these guys? No. Most of those guys will call once and get voicemail, never to hear from her again. Are they stroking their egos? Maybe, but they can do that without handing over their number. Attention whores survive on instantaneous highs, not the delayed gratification of waiting for a guy to call.

Has the phone number exchange become an easy way to get rid of a guy hitting on her? Girls used to dismiss guys with the standard "I have a boyfriend" line. That was the way things were done, and it was pretty effective. Plus, that tactic had the added benefit of preventing possible weirdos from voicemail-stalking her. Fake numbers also were standard operating procedure for the savvy club girl, but you don't see that much anymore either.

I suspect the reason for this tactical change on the part of women has to do with the new game guys are bringing to the field. The lessons of the past ten years are beginning to filter down to the masses, and what you see are guys getting more aggressive during the initial pickup, but weaker on the phone tag follow-up. Men are calling their bluff when the girls toss out blowoff lines — *"You have a boyfriend? That's great, so does my girlfriend!"* — but are quicker to NEXT the girls when they get voicemail on the follow-up call. The response by girls has been to revert to "number closing" to get a guy off their back knowing that the likelihood he will pester her with multiple voicemail messages is very low.

Women are giving out their numbers more readily because they are no longer concerned guys will stalk them.

My suggestion for guys to defend against this latest counterinsurgency tactic is to make women pay a price for handing their phone numbers over too cavalierly when they have no intention of answering your call. It is time to return to the days of harassing them over the phone. Call three times a week and supplement with rambling text messages. Be persistent, just like in the movies. Except in real life, she won't find your persistence endearing and eventually succumb to your stubborn charms. But in the future she will think twice about blowing off guys with her phone number.

Robotopia

CH · 12 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I went to a Japanese cultural exhibit at the Kennedy Center. The crowd pleasing favorites were the robots. This guy rolls around answering questions in a chipper voice and shaking hands:

He'd make a great politician if his answers were a little more vague.

This robot, made by Toyota, plays the trumpet using a complicated air pump system and lips that mimic those of a human:

Yes, he (she? it?) actually played the trumpet by blowing air into the instrument and pressing the valves with his fingers. He leaned and swayed side to side and backwards like a real musician getting caught up in the emotions of playing a song. He blasted out a couple of pop songs from the 1970s and a Disney tune. The sound was good and not as stilted or mechanical as I expected. A trumpet playing robot is pretty amazing but it's not yet at the point where it can capture the fluidity and sensuality of a human master musician. Still, I tapped my feet.

A robot baby seal serves as a therapeutic aid to nursing home residents and sick children:

Aw, those soulful eyes. Guess what. If you scratch its face it will turn to the side you are scratching to look at you in appreciation and purr. You can feel the vibrations of the purr if you put your hand on its neck, just like a cat. Touch its whiskers and it makes an annoyed yip and turns away. Stroke its back and it will show its approval with a tail wag and squeals of delight. The makers of this $3500 toy say the noises the seal makes are an exact replica of the noises made by real baby seals in the wild. I asked if it came packaged with a club; the seal growled and a machine gun barrel protruded from its mouth. I moved on.

This is how the robot baby seal feeds recharges:

Check out the pacifier-shaped connectors. The Japanese are weird. If this had been a German product, the plug would've been in the ass.

Hmm, now what does this robot remind me of?

They're coming!

What I learned from this cultural exchange:

- The Japanese are really smart.
- It says something stereotypical about the Japanese that they are leading the robot revolution.
- The Japanese are confronting their demographic implosion and xenophobia head-on by investing in robots instead of importing tens of millions of antagonistic peasants to do the work that Japanese just won't do.
- We should be opening the borders to cute Japanese girls in pleated skirts and knee high stockings.
- Americans should be ashamed we are falling way behind the robotics race.
- Americans are no longer ashamed of things that are worthy of shame.

- The Japanese understand that a society of robots is superior to a society of lawyers.
- It would not surprise me if an unmarried Japanese-American man were the first to invent a sexbot.
- The robot in the last photo is hotter than 80% of American women.
- I'd tap that.

Why Are There So Many Lawyers?

CH · 13 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In the last post discussing the Japanese embrace of all things A.I., one of the commenters mentioned that Japan's ratio of engineers to lawyers is 10 to 1, while the U.S.'s ratio is the reverse: 1 to 10. Because I have a special contempt for most lawyer chicks which impels me to fuck them hard, deep and violently until their gratingly argumentative masculinized tough girl exterior lies in a wet spot of pent-up orgasmic release on my bedsheets, I was curious why this is so.

My first guess is similar to what commenter 'agnostic' wrote about the Japanese possessing an IQ profile that favors visual-spatial reasoning over verbal fluency. If this is true, we should expect to see disproportionately more Asian-American engineers than lawyers, including second and third generation Asian-Americans, compared to the rest of the U.S. population. Lawyers, for reasons unbeknownst to me and at odds with the objective evidence concerning their contribution to society and the rigor of their curriculum, have higher status in the U.S. than do engineers, so if the highly pragmatic Asians are choosing engineering over law in spite of all the social pressure to do the opposite then that would suggest an ingrained mental proclivity for the hard maths.

Another possibility may be that homogeneous societies, like Japan's, don't need as many lawyers because the trust factor is stronger. When everyone looks like everyone else strangers are more apt to trust one another and work cooperatively, negating the need for lawyers. Corruption is lower so the courts are less involved in business transactions. A Harvard study has even shown that more diversity reduces civic-mindedness.

Is the U.S., the premiere multicultural experiment on the world stage, overburdened with lawyers because of its diversity? Is trust so low that recruiting an army of lawyers is the only way anything can get done here anymore?

To answer this, I've put together a chart comparing the number of lawyers per capita to the level of diversity for each state in the U.S. The second column is the Diversity Index for the year 2000 and it is based on a Census algorithm. The higher the Diversity Index number of the state, the more likely you are to run into someone from another race or ethnicity there. The lower it is, the more the entire state will look like an extended family backyard BBQ. The third column is number of lawyers in each state per 10,000 residents as of 2001.

STATE	Diversity Index 2000	Lawyers per 10,000 Residents
ME	0.07	9
VT	0.08	8.2
NH	0.10	7.7
WV	0.10	8.8
IA	0.14	6.2
ND	0.16	4.4
MT	0.19	8.5
KY	0.20	7.1
WY	0.21	8.3
SD	0.22	5.8
ID	0.22	6.1
MN	0.22	11.2
NE	0.23	8.3
WI	0.23	6.8
IN	0.25	6.9

UT	0.26	9.1
OH	0.28	8.6
PA	0.28	11.9
MO	0.29	10.9
OR	0.29	7.9
KS	0.30	5.8
RI	0.32	9.1
MA	0.32	14.5
TN	0.35	8.2
AR	0.36	5.3
MI	0.36	7.8
WA	0.37	8.7
CT	0.38	14.3
CO	0.42	13
OK	0.43	8.1
DE	0.44	18
AL	0.44	9.4
NC	0.46	8.2
VA	0.47	9.5
SC	0.48	8.4
MS	0.50	7.6
IL	0.50	14
LA	0.50	11.1
AK	0.51	8
GA	0.52	12
FL	0.52	11.7
NJ	0.53	11.7
AZ	0.53	8
NV	0.53	10.4
MD	0.53	9.4
NY	0.57	20.4
TX	0.61	9.5
NM	0.62	6.9
CA	0.67	10.9
HI	0.73	9.5
DC	0.56	276.7

I've separated DC from the main list as an outlier. 277 lawyers per 10,000 residents! In distant second place is New York at 20 lawyers per 10,000 residents. Now I know why I can't get away from dating lawyers in this town.

They’re everywhere. The overwhelming lawyer presence goes a long way toward explaining why DC is the toughest city to game chicks. No wonder there are cat adoption shelters on every corner.

The coefficient of correlation between the diversity index and the number of lawyers for all states is 0.38, which is a moderately positive correlation. So my theory that diversity breeds lawyers has some merit.

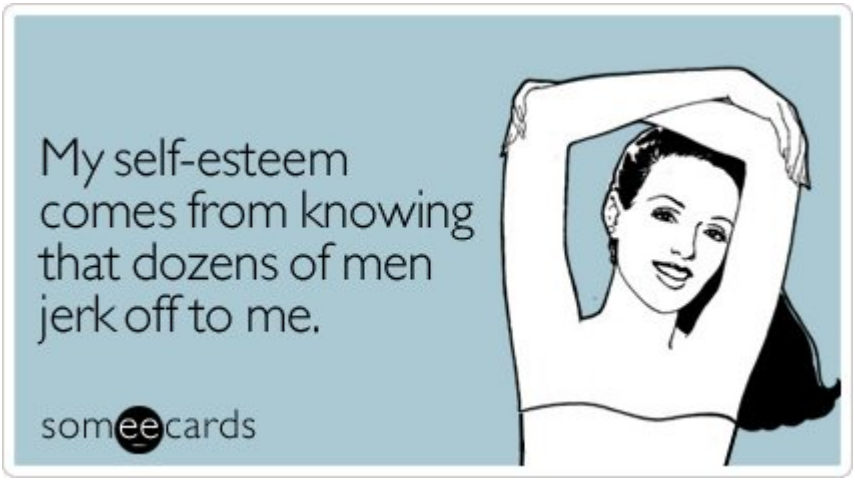
Next: I will discover a correlation between a woman’s career success and how often she bitches about guys.

Vaj Day

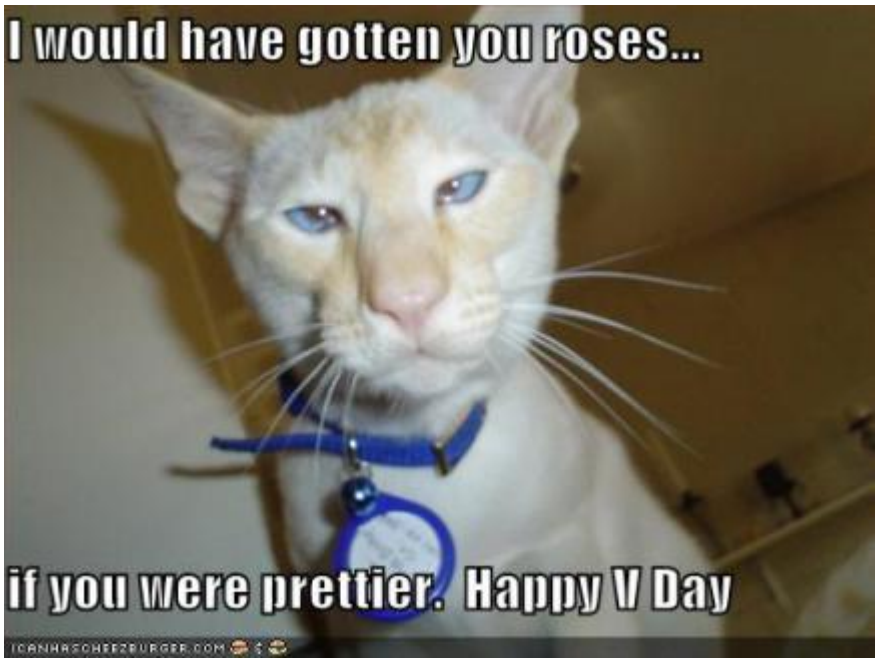
CH · 14 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

'Cause, really, that's what it is. A day to celebrate vaj.

So in the consumerist spirit of the occasion here's the Valentine's Day card I plan to send out to my stable of regulars.



For my extra special girls, I've put the effort and love into making homemade cards:



Zero Game?
Date a cougar.
© Tim Knight
ICANHASCHEEZBURGER.COM

the look that says...
Over 30. American. Lawyer.
ICANHASCHEEZBURGER.COM

let's shout our love to the world...
fuckbuddies for life!
ICANHASCHEEZBURGER.COM

I'm a romantic at heart.

A Scandal And A Link

CH · 15 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Standing in the last minute Valentine's Day checkout line at the supermarket with twenty other men carrying roses, cards and chocolates, I paid for my one economy sized bottle of grape seed massage oil. They eyed my purchase curiously.

Suckers.

***

Behold the world's funniest (and most bitingly insightful) new blog:

http://stuffwhitepeoplelike.wordpress.com/
If you are a blue state status whore, you will get uncomfortable reading this blog.

I agree 100% with the #56 Lawyers entry.

Deaf Woman Tries To Pick Me Up

CH · 18 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I don't normally feel bad when I have to reject a woman, but this time I did. I had a deaf woman come onto me in writing. She stared at me hard from a few feet away, and I stared back, which in hindsight was a mistake because she didn't meet my minimum attractiveness threshold. I should have done the right thing and looked away in mild disapproval, but her flagrant violation of American girl flirting norms with the extended eyeplay piqued my curiosity.

She tapped my arm and handed me a small notepad and a pen. On the pad were written some words in red ink, the color of love. She wanted me to write something in reply. I have reproduced the gist of our ensuing notepad conversation.

Her: Hi.
Me: Hi back.
Her: I'm from San Diego. Where are you from?
Me: *{lame opener. another girl with no game.}* **I'm from XX.**
Her: What do you think of this bar? It seems snobby. (she turns her nose up with her finger.)
Me: It is. We're all hipster snobs here.
Her: (laughs without actually making the laughing noise.) **I think u r 2 cute.**

At this point I realize I have led her on and need to find a way to extricate myself before I waste more time entertaining a woman I am not interested in banging. But she is persistent, and her disability has prevented me from cutting off our written communication abruptly.

Me: Thx.
Her: Do you live around here?
Me: Yes.
Her: I'm staying with my two friends over there. They live nearby.

I looked where she was pointing and saw two attractive girls signing each other, then kissing. (!) Sensing what was going through my mind, my deaf woman quickly scratched out a note.

Her: They are girlfriends and don't sleep with guys. They approve of you.
Me: They have good taste.

Meanwhile, this guy is loudly telling me to write down a request for a threesome and anal sex and to draw a sketch of a blowjob in her pad. The girls can't read lips so even though they are standing right there they suspect nothing.

Her: I'm only in town for this weekend then I go back to San Diego. Would you like to come back to my place?
Me: I've sorta been dating a girl for a month who I like and I'd feel guilty about it.

This excuse was partially true. I was seeing a girl for a month and I did like her, but I wouldn't feel guilty enjoying an easy one night stand with another woman.

Her: That's OK. I have a boyfriend in San Diego.

I looked at the notepad with knitted brow. I didn't know what to write. She grabbed it back.

Her: I'm only here for this weekend then I'm back home forever. You're completely free after that. What do you say?

Her handwriting was getting sloppier.

Me: I really like this girl I'm dating. You're great, but it wouldn't be fair to her.

She glanced back at her two lesbian friends and they exchanged a few frantic hand signs. There was no subtlety. Although I can't read sign language, it was easy to see her friends wanted her to wrap it up so they could go home and scissor. They even made the universal scissor sign with their fingers. Horny deaf woman gave it one last shot.

Her: You'll never meet another woman like me.
Me: That's true. (weak smile)
Her: This is your chance to sleep with a deaf woman.

Suddenly I was intrigued. Despite my many adventures, I don't have a deaf girl notch. I decided to reconsider her offer. Her body was tight and lean — definitely fit enough to arouse me if it was attached to a different face. I squinted my eyes to see if it improved her looks. It was too dark in the bar. I needed better lighting for a final binding assessment. I leaned over to write my response in the notepad by a candle nearby and motioned for her to lean toward me to read what I wrote, hoping to get a good look at her face in the illumination of the candlelight.

Disappointment. She had the beginnings of jowls and regrettable crows' feet. There was just too much age for me to put the hard work in to passively let her close the deal and rape me back at her friends' place. Had she been only one point higher on the 1 to 10 facial scale, I would've gone for it. Having sex with a deaf woman is the kind of thing I would tell my grandkids as they sat in my lap.

Me: I would if things were different. But no.
Her: Really? You won't meet many other deaf women.
Me: I know, but I can't.
Her: OK. It was great to meet you.

A long lingering hug followed. She would use this hug later to masturbate.

It was too bad. I'm left to wonder if deaf women make funny moans at the moment of orgasmic release. And to think, no post-coital chit chat. Nothing but golden silence.

Sex Talk

CH · 19 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Sex talk ranks up there with full body massages, cunnilingus, and 5,000 thread count bed sheets as an aphrodisiac for women. If you have a woman already into you through your game and personal attributes, the deft deployment of sex talk will boost her attraction for you into the stratosphere. A nimble tongue is like mental lube to a woman, opening her up for the physical act to follow. Properly delivered lines of descriptive eroticism whispered into her ear can turn her into a torrid gushing avalanche of desire.

The degree of difference between what wordplay stimulation will do to a woman's sexual arousal and a man's couldn't be more stark. While men enjoy a marginal increase in pleasure listening to a woman moan and talk dirty during sex, women become absolutely apoplectic with lust when you describe the sexual tension in explicit detail. You can literally make a woman's neck hair stand on end by telling her what you are about to do to her. (Note: If she is a pretentious artsy chick who never misses a First Friday at the R Street art galleries and takes great pains to display the right magazines on her coffee table, the more multisyllable and French words you will have to use. Brush up on your euphemisms. Smart chicks dig euphemisms.)

Of course, most men don't do this because 1) it's time away from actual fucking, 2) it seems kinda gay, and 3) they are not as verbally oriented as women and therefore don't see the point in it. But catering to a woman's interests doesn't always have to entail sacrifice; sometimes it is a source of power. Once you understand that women respond wildly to a small investment of your time and effort arousing her with erotic commentary, you will use this to your advantage to have her hooked on you like a drug.

Speaking of getting a woman addicted to you, the Big Three things you can do in the bedroom, in order of effectiveness, that will have her thinking of you while stroking the zucchini in the supermarket are:

1. **Squirting orgasms.** This is the holy grail of sexual satisfaction. Learn to bring a woman to leg-trembling ecstasy by making her ejaculate with your fingers and she will cling to you like a baby chimpanzee on its mother's back.
2. **Regular orgasms.** Not as nerve-frying or psychologically-imprinting as the squirting variety, but still effective, because if the studies are to be believed the majority of women don't experience them with their men.
3. **Sex Talk.** Start reading some romance novels and incorporate the purple prose into your end game seduction routine.

Sex talk doesn't have to be long-winded. What's important is the **vivid detail** in what you say and the **tone of voice** you use to say it. Try to be as thorough in your erotic monologues as possible. Say it with a low, slow, gravelly voice very close to her left ear. Breathe heavily so that she feels the hot air on her skin. Here is an example of something I said to a girl which verbally stimulated her during a moment of intimacy:

How does it feel thinking about my hand slowly sliding down your belly, over the thatch of your pubic mound, and prying apart your cleft to expose your hot, wet, crimson lips waiting to be violently penetrated…

She gasped and said "Wow, that's kind of a turn-on!". Her wetness confirmed her words.

As mentioned above, for pretentious yuppie chicks you will want to substitute euphemisms for crass four letter words, especially if you are banging an art student or a DJ groupie. This makes whatever you say sound "literary". For example, instead of saying this:

I'm gonna fuck your pussy with my rock hard cock and cum all over your face.

Say this:

I'm gonna pierce your womanhood with my throbbing turgid essence and unleash torrents of hot, sticky, demon seed all over your face.

Crass four letter words and painful hair-pulling are acceptable if you're fucking a lawyer. In fact, they're required.

PS: this was a meta-post for the ladies.

How Soon?

CH · 20 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

For the men:

How soon after meeting your girlfriend is it OK to fart in front of her?

a. third date
b. two weeks
c. one month
d. one year

How soon after meeting your 20 year old, ballet dancer, former Urban Outfitters model girlfriend is it OK to fart in front of her?

a. one month
b. six months
c. 2 years
d. never. hold your farts in until you die of an intestinal embolism.

How soon after meeting your Rubenesque girlfriend is it OK to fart in front of her?

a. first date
b. five minutes
c. 30 seconds
d. every time she starts to talk, eat, bend over, or undress.

For the ladies:

How soon after meeting your boyfriend is it OK to wear oversized knee-length t-shirts to bed?

a. never
b. never
c. never
d. all the time if you're featured on FUPA Hunter.

Hovering

CH · 21 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

One of the most socially inept mistakes I see guys doing is the Rejection Hover. (The Hesitation Hover is almost as bad but at least in that scenario the guy can pretend he's just waiting around for a friend to arrive.) It usually happens like this: Guy walks up to a girl who is alone or with a group of friends, runs his pitch, fails to capture her interest, gets the cold shoulder… and inexplicably decides to hover — like a hungry but stupid bee trying to find the entrance to a complicated flower — in their immediate vicinity even though they have turned their backs to him.

Instead of walking away with his pride intact he opts to loiter along the group's perimeter, losing status points by the second. It is painful to watch. Nothing telegraphs 'NEEDY LOSER' faster than standing uncomfortably with a befuddled and forlorn look on your face peering over the shoulders of people who have concluded you suck.

Why do men do this? (And I've caught myself hovering a few times from lapses in judgement.) Odds are most men are just too lazy to move the fuck away to another spot in the venue or aren't aware how badly hovering carries the stink of beta. You can't fix what you don't know is wrong. The other reason may be that he really believes the girl will warm up to him if he physically imposes himself in her peripheral vision. Maybe he wishes that she'll give a second look at his tough grimace, chiseled triceps, or cool hand-in-jeans-pocket stance and reconsider his mate value. This is projection. Because guys are looks-focused, we think girls are equally looks-focused. But that is a failure of imagination. Once a girl has decided she doesn't like your personality she loses all interest in your looks or how suavely you can hook your thumb through your belt loop.

This is why it is critically important to refrain from orbiting a set that has snubbed your efforts to engage them, if for no other reason than to avoid looking like a feeble choad.

There are alternatives to hovering that will have you come out looking less beta. You could re-enter the set one more time, gums blazing, and try to sell yourself with a new pitch. You could eject confidently and find another target, preferably one that hasn't seen you just get blown out. You could casually turn and chat with an adjacent group of people as if your target's rejection was completely inconsequential to your state of mind. You could call over your wingman to occupy your awkward social isolation. You could walk ten feet away.

Exception: If a girl or group of girls approaches you, it's acceptable to stay put if your opener receives a chilly reception. In this instance, it would be the group that is hovering, not you.

Game For Girls

CH · 22 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Looks – 95%

We'll get the obvious out of the way first. If you are ugly, blame your ugly parents for selfishly conceiving you. Makeup will add one point MAX, and eventually has to come off. What's left for a woman to improve her dating market value isn't much but in the bitch eat bitch world of the modern American manhunt even the smallest improvements count.

Femininity – 3%

You could also call this demure sweetness, or coyness, or emotionalism, or maternalism, or selflessness, or vulnerability. Whatever word you give it, men are drawn to it. There's a reason it's the girl putting her head on the man's chest after sex, and not the other way around. Lawyers start off with negative points in this category, just below professional softball players.

Kinkiness – 1.5%

Sexual voracity won't win a man (because he has to want to have sex with you first) but it will help keep him around for the long haul. A cute girl who loves anal has a better chance of converting her boyfriend to a husband than an equally cute girl who thinks the anus is a portal to Satan's inner sanctum.

Sincerity – 0.3%

Don't play games. For instance, take the one simple step of answering our calls promptly and you have leapfrogged to the front of the line.

Plastic Surgery – 0.1%

Don't let its popularity fool you. Plastic surgery still has a long way to go before it can make women younger and hotter without turning them into grotesque cat-like aliens. (A cat lady's dream?) This includes boob jobs. I've yet to see a breast augmentation that didn't look (or feel) like a scoop of damp cement on top of a chest cavity. The only cosmetic surgery procedures that actually make the woman look better are nose jobs and botox for very small wrinkles in the forehead and around the eyes. Gastric bypasses are effective too, as long as she's never seen naked.

Childlessness – 0.1%

Nothing keeps a woman's body in prime groping shape for longer than abstaining from childbirth. Plus, kids are a total buzzkill. Is there anything worse than tripping over a toy and hitting the floor with a full erection? Bonus: Vaginal resilience!

The Rest – <0.1%

You know all those things girls think help them attract guys? They don't. Fashion, shoes, hair styles, degrees, career, smarts, sassiness, dance moves, cultural sophistication, creativity, humor, encyclopedic knowledge of celebrity gossip, travel experiences, how well they "work what they got", connections, alcohol tolerance, big breasts on a fat woman, scenester credentials, musical taste, personal philosophy, charity work, hobbies — don't bother putting more than a token effort into these life improvements unless you are a lesbian. Men hardly care except to impress you with their listening ability.

February 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 23 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

From “albatros”, in response to my post on dating foreign girls:

just to tell you that russian women are cold and i have a lot of them,but ukrainian are crazy in bed.if you please really well them they will follow you like tha cat follows a good susage.russian girls pretend to be classy but they also love susage ,dont expect them to have everyday sex with you but when they have it the explose,Now with these ukrainian and russian u have to be careful couse if u gicve her only dick she will find somebody on the side just for money.I live allover to europe and i would say eastern european wonem just want to get the hell out of the sountry.In ukraine and russia the proportion of men and women is very low u have 10 women ro a man.After 1 and 2 world war also with all those stalin and nazi killings there were more than 40 milion men killed and also in russia and ukraina and alloverexsoviet union there are more girls borned everyday then men.Soi russian and ukrainian and all eastern european girls dont feel special there too much competition between women just for a man.So they wanna come to America when they can be queens when most of women here are fat and no classy(american women) a girl from eastern europe an average one in eastern europe would be the queen here.Also men are really macho there and drink so dont get tricked and twisted my friends couse a lot of people brought them here and next thing u know she is gonne with the richie.
***

I agree with albatros. Ukrainian woman are indeed crazy in bed and if you service them properly will follow you like a cat follows a good sausage. The rest of his observations are very accurate.

Beautiful Women Past To Present

CH · 25 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent me a link to this eye-popping morphing video montage of the beautiful faces of Hollywood leading ladies over the years. There is a vague, eerie similarity among all the faces.

Beautiful women aren't clones of each other but neither do they deviate too far from the primary beauty script. For instance, no one would mistake Nicole Kidman for Halle Berry but they both share those essential features that capture men's hearts — large eyes, prominent cheekbones, small chins and noses, facial symmetry, succulent lips, and clear smooth skin.

Note the zero difference hair styles make to the women's beauty.

Who's your favorite? Mine's a toss-up between Audrey Hepburn and Vivian Leigh. I'm curious if there is a pattern in what my female and male readers choose as their favorites.

(Jodie Foster is proof that there is something identifiably strange going on with lesbians' upper row of teeth.)

PS: Does anyone know what classical tune is playing in the video? It seems like the perfectly suited soundtrack for self-pleasuring to admiring beautiful female faces.

Marion Cotillard

CH · 25 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

you have stolen my heart.

on your knees, my love…

The Danger Of Gaming Subpar Girls

CH · 26 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This past weekend at a loungey club I attempted a number close at the end of the night when the staff was flipping the lights on and off to signal closing time. Acting quickly before a gang of dangerous hipsters in white Hanes t-shirts and superbly chiseled body fat hustled me out I moved to wrap up the conversation I was having with a slightly above-average girl. It went like this:

Me: We should hang some time. Let me get your number. Here, type it in.

Her: Sure, sounds great! [types her # in my phone and hands it back to me]

Me: [looking at the number with no name attached] So… how do you spell your name?

Her: How do I spell it? It's a simple name, there's only one way to spell it!

Me: Yeah, but you may spell it the hippie way, with extra vowels or something. Maybe your parents were hippies.

Her: You forgot my name, didn't you?

Me: Well, hey, I bet you forgot my name too, so we're even.

Her: No, your name is [my name].

Me: Hm, wow, that's pretty good. But actually I think I told you my name was [minor variation on my name].

Slightly above-average girl walks off without giving me her name. Mission unaccomplished.

******

This is a prime example of what can go wrong during a pickup when the girl you are talking to is not hot enough to keep you mentally focused on the task at hand. You get sloppy and let your mind jump ahead to thoughts of mashing her tits together. Had she been better looking I would not have forgotten her name. But even if I had, I would've answered stronger and saved the number close:

Her: Sure, sounds great! [types her # in my phone and hands it back to me]

Me: I have a confession to make. Our conversation was so intense and I got so into the things you were telling me about your life that I forgot your name.

Her: Ravage me!

If you are constantly forgetting girls' names, you are probably aiming too low.

Handling The Two Types of Breakups

CH · 27 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There are essentially two types of breakups initiated by the girl that the average guy will encounter. Knowing which one you are dealing with is very important as that knowledge will enable you to manage the fallout to your benefit. (Where said benefit is defined as keeping the sex going.)

Breakup Scenario #1:

She's lost attraction for you. Forget about the reasons why. They don't matter at this point, and arguing with her about those reasons will only dig your hole deeper. Once a girl's heart has gone carbonite cold you're left with one option for releasing it from hibernation. This is your moment in the spotlight to call upon the twin gods of Aloofness and Indifference. No two deities have ever done more for a man's self-respect and sexual allure. She wants to have "a talk"? Let her. While she's talking, pick at your toenails. Take a piss. Ask her what she thinks of your new sneakers. Casually interrupt her breakup monologue, saying "Before you continue, did you catch that debate last night? This election is gonna be a squeaker." When she finally lowers the boom, look bemused and announce "OK, well, take care then." Make sure to pat her on the knee as you say this. She'll look at you confused and ask if you have anything to say. Tell her "Nope, you've pretty much covered it all." This will really fuck up her final act script. She wants confirmation that she's going out on top and denying her that will ensure those old feelings flood her loins again. One week later expect a surprise call from her. Tip: It helps to rub one out just prior to a breakup talk. The calm state afterwards will give your aloofness the feel of authenticity.

Breakup Scenario #2:

She hasn't lost attraction for you. She's calling it quits because the passion started to fade and she was feeling unsure about your commitment to her. Again, the reasons don't necessarily matter, and even if they did it's pointless to ask a girl why she wants to break up. The female brain is incapable of straightforwardly answering that question. If she tried, she would sputter and pop gears like a robot computing a logical paradox. However, in this scenario your best response is NOT aloofness. Since she still harbors feelings for you what you need to do is amp the drama. Give free rein to your raging, untamed masculine essence. Pound the wall. Yell and swear with abandon. Chew her out. Grab her squarely by the shoulders and hold eye contact for a minute, lowering your voice to say "I'm not letting you go this easily. If you don't love me then say it now. Say it! I dare you! … That's what I thought.", then passionately kiss her. If necessary, recreate a famous dramatic scene from a movie that girls love. If she calls you out on it and says "Hey, isn't that from Casablanca?", tell her to "Shut up and kiss me."

Of course, knowing ahead of time which type of breakup she plans for you is more of an art than a science. If she says she has bad news with tears in her eyes and she's jabbing a finger in your chest to punctuate her laundry list of grievances, assume you are dealing with breakup scenario #2. If she tries to break up over the phone or text, it's guaranteed to be breakup scenario #1. If she breaks up with you face to face wearing old sweatpants, three layers of thick cable knit sweaters, and a scarf indoors while sitting as far away on the opposite side of the couch as possible, you are definitely the victim of breakup scenario #1. Try to french kiss her just for the funny reaction you'll get. (I've done this.)

First Impressions

CH · 28 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this photo:

What snap judgements did you just make of each girl? Don't think too hard about this, go with your gut. Once you have your answers, scroll down to see if they match mine.

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Girl on left: Cockblock.

Middle girl: Chaperone.

Girl on right: Shit tester.

Stuff Whiter* People Like Quiz

CH · 28 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Hoping to prove to myself that I am a badass nonconformist, I read through all 76 entries to date at the Stuff White People Like blog and tallied up my score to see how many applied to me. I was as truthful in my answers as I could tolerate.

My white person score: 27 out of 76, which rounds up to 36% white.

*More technically, 36% whiter than the average white, since what that blog really describes is the kind of status whoring that upper middle class coastal city liberal whites like to pursue to separate themselves from the masses of unenlightened whites in flyover country.

I'm pleased with my score. It shows that I have just enough taste to enjoy the good life *(green tea has anti-oxidants! NASCAR makes no sense to me!)* but not so much self-righteous whiter person status posturing that I become the very thing I loathe *(no, I really don't give a shit about raising awareness!).*

I'm so convinced that a lot of these things that whiter people like are merely grabs for status over other white people that I have an experiment in mind. According to this entry, white people love to go to ethnic restaurants (not including Italian) that are patronized by non-whites for the "authentic" experience, so they can tell their fellow whites about their new favorite foreign cuisine. This earns them major bragging rights. The more foreign-sounding the food, the better. Listen as they take great pains to pronounce the dish they had in its native tongue.

Now I like Ethiopian food, even though it gives me tremendous gas one hour after eating it. But I wouldn't stop eating Ethiopian food if suddenly it was served in a bland cookie cutter suburban eatery and the waitresses were not real Ethiopians, like they are in the place I go to in Adams Morgan. I would continue to enjoy their delicious injera bread even if a hundred other white people were sitting around me eating the same thing, and that is because I go for the food itself.

So in my experiment I would take the most popular Ethiopian restaurant in a hip neighborhood in DC, one that the hippest white people rave about, and move it into a vacated McDonald's restaurant in a 100% white suburban neighborhood, where I would then sell combo meals of authentic Ethiopian food at $4.99 a pop, with a big gulp honey wine and plastic utensils, served at the cash register by a non-Ethiopian, preferably a dour white hipster with a lip ring or a Chinese woman. If whiter people are truly going to exotic ethnic restaurants for the enjoyment of the food as they like to claim they are, then business should remain brisk in my new McEthiopian restaurant. If business slows to a trickle, then I know that the whiter people were only singing the praises of Ethiopian food when eating it had an "authentic" feel so as to score culinary gotcha points in the neverending struggle to reign supreme at the top of the elitist cultural heap.

Stuffwhitepeoplelike in a nutshell: Making fun of the tribalism of people who think they have risen above tribalism.

First Impressions

CH · 29 February 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this photo:

What snap judgements did you just make of each girl? Don't think too hard about this, go with your gut. Once you have your answers, scroll down to see if they match mine.

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Girl on left: Cockblock.

Middle girl: Chaperone.

Girl on right: Shit tester.

Video Of Solid Game

CH · 2 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This series of videos from the show *Keys to the VIP* demonstrates what really quality game looks like. The guy to watch is Cajun, a protege of Mystery Method, because his game does not rely solely on canned routines or elaborate storytelling to raise his status. He throws out a few pre-rehearsed lines here and there (something I do as well, like the “adorable little sister” line), but for the most part his game succeeds on his confident body language and ability to stay cool under pressure. Also notice that he hits on 8s and above, which gives his game credibility.

Check out part 1, part 2, and part3.

Things I've Learned

CH · 3 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Pulling up in a cab to a hipster dive bar is a major social faux pas. This was news to me. You see, hipsters have an image in their heads of what guys piling out of a cab on a Friday night look like — either Georgetown clones or A|X wearing K street club monsters — so when a cab pulls up to their favorite hole in the wall eyebrows are raised. Any hipster worth his calculated pose of cynical detachment would walk to his bar of choice since he authentically lives a few blocks from it. I'm pretty sure the doorman laughed out loud when he saw our cab.

Speaking of hipsters, it is now considered retrograde to actually call them by their rightful name.

Me: This place is pretty much hipster central, huh?

Girl: No one calls them hipsters anymore.

Me: So what do you call them?

Girl: Nothing.

Me: OK, then I guess you guys like to hang out in a bar full of nothings.

Irony doesn't make it taste better.

I plan to go to the same place next weekend and test their patience by wearing pointy shoes.

State Of Mind

CH · 4 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

i loved that he was so powerful i was nothing.
– O

What is it that separates those select few men from all the rest? The ones who seemingly have no trouble getting pussy when they want and how they want it? The ones who wield illimitable power to inflame the desires of women?

The key to their power is not money or sports cars or beach houses or post graduate degrees or 50 inch plasma TVs or chocolate covered strawberries on a bed of rose petals or any of that shit. All of that is incidental and is only important to the extent that it improves your state of mind. No, the real source of this power is already within you. It is how you SEE YOURSELF. It is your decision to move through the world without apology, to set aside complaining for decisive action, to let your brass balls do your talking for you.

The quintessential masculine quality women can't resist is SUPREME UNSHAKEABLE CONFIDENCE. You can be poor, out of shape, stupid, unemployed, addicted to drugs, and meet every one of society's standards for LOSERNESS but if you radiate those confident vibes that say you are PERFECTLY FUCKING PLEASED WITH YOURSELF you will get laid ALL THE TIME. And the kinds of girls who get wet for such men aren't just bar sluts. Smart women, women with high self-esteems and MBAs and, yes, even — ESPECIALLY — HARDCORE FEMINISTS will crave the cock of the man who exudes such power and happily take it IN THE FACE and UP THE ASS if it means he will grace her with the pleasure of his company for a little while longer.

THIS is the kind of power that matters. FUCK the normal rules. You make the rules now. They tell you to give give GIVE till it hurts, to do your duty and throw yourself in the blood-soaked grinding gears of the KorporateAkademiaKredentialist Krell Machine in service to society's great gaping maw and then maybe… MAYBE… one day you'll be lucky enough to get chained for life to some mediocre pussy and infrequent, tepid sex, whereupon you will work yourself tirelessly to the bone shuffling your ungrateful brats through one societal sacramental rite of passage after another feeding the endless, insatiable hunger of the machinery of the state. And they will pat you on the head for your devotion to the cause with lateral promotions and certificates of exemplary service and announcements in the wedding pages of the local paper and a brand new set of steak knives.

FUCK

THAT

NOIZE.

There's a dirty little secret they don't want you to know. And everyone is in cahoots, from the alphas to the betas to the keepers of the vagina. It is this: You don't need to play by their rules to get what you want! Women will still FLOCK to you if you shit all over everything you were taught you needed to do to earn their love as long as you do it with STYLE and UNWAVERING BOLDNESS and a TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT attitude. Because the simple truth is that the right attitude counts for more than all the material possessions in the world.

The POWER is in your head.

Arrogance Vs Confidence

CH · 5 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Radiating an aura of being perfectly fucking pleased with oneself is not necessarily the same thing as arrogance. Men who are just beginning their journeys to womanizer enlightenment will often overcompensate for their wasted years of betaness by copping an arrogant attitude. With time will come the wisdom to transcend arrogance and replace it with confidence.

Arrogance is not a good trait, but it is better than wishy washy niceguy syndrome. Despite women's insistence that cocksure assholes turn them off the asshole will still get more pussy than the niceguy. WAY more. So if you're on the long road to social and sexual reawakening and are hopelessly mired in niceguy celibacy it would be advantageous to be an utter dick for a while just to get a few calming notches under your belt.

Some important distinctions between the arrogant and the confident man:

Arrogant man – Gets defensive when challenged.

Confident man – Has nothing to prove.

Arrogant man – Sneers.

Confident man – Smiles.

Arrogant man – Childish.

Confident man – Child-like.

Arrogant man – Easily provoked.

Confident man – Undisturbed.

Arrogant man – Insulting.

Confident man – Teasing.

Arrogant man – Sarcastic.

Confident man – Witty.

Arrogant man – Braggart.

Confident man – Can afford a little self-deprecation.

Arrogant man – Aggressive.

Confident man – Resolute.

Arrogant man – Threatens.

Confident man – Mindfucks.

Arrogant man – Thinks a girl playing hard to get is a "bitch".

Confident man – Thinks a girl playing hard to get is "cute".

Arrogant man – Domineering.

Confident man – Dominant.

Arrogant man – Takes it personally if his girl doesn't cum.

Confident man – Understands that she feels her greatest pleasure by pleasing him.

Arrogant man – Juggles girls.

Confident man – Invites them all over for an epic videotaping session.

What's Annoying In This Picture?

CH · 6 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Answer below

The satchel.

As everyone helpfully pointed out, there are a lot of annoying things in this picture.

But the satchel-wearing herb is the most annoying of them all. Its 1AM and he's drinking a beer in a loud bar environment that is not conducive to bringing textbooks and studying for an art history exam. Why does he need to wear that stupid satchel? Did mommy pack a midnight snack for him? Every time one of these dorks turns around the satchel knocks over a drink or hits some short girl in the face. Tres gay.

The worst offenders are the guys who wear bulging backpacks filled with, no doubt, threadless.com t-shirts. They occupy enough personal space for two people.

Contest winners are mm, rina and finefantastic. Please claim your winning prize to perform a free naked pole dance in my bedroom before the end of month. Preferably together. Windex will be supplied.

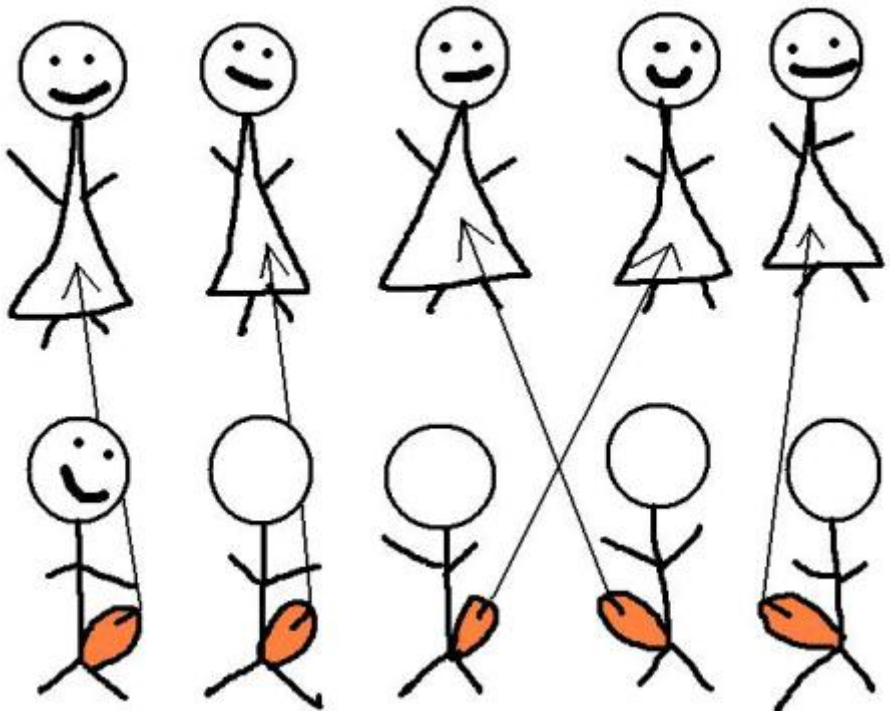
Obesity To Blame For Game

CH · 7 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Joe T. sent me a link to this story (scroll halfway down) about female obesity correlating with lower pay in the workplace. The study's conclusion — that fat women suffer a wage penalty because of discrimination — is shaky (for instance, fat women may be less productive than their thinner counterparts due to health issues), but there's no doubt that employers — male and female, fat and thin — don't like looking at fat chicks in the office and that this may affect their employment prospects. There is a chart accompanying the report which shows that the percentage of overweight and obese white American women has increased from 12.6% in 1981 to 50.4%(!) in 2000.

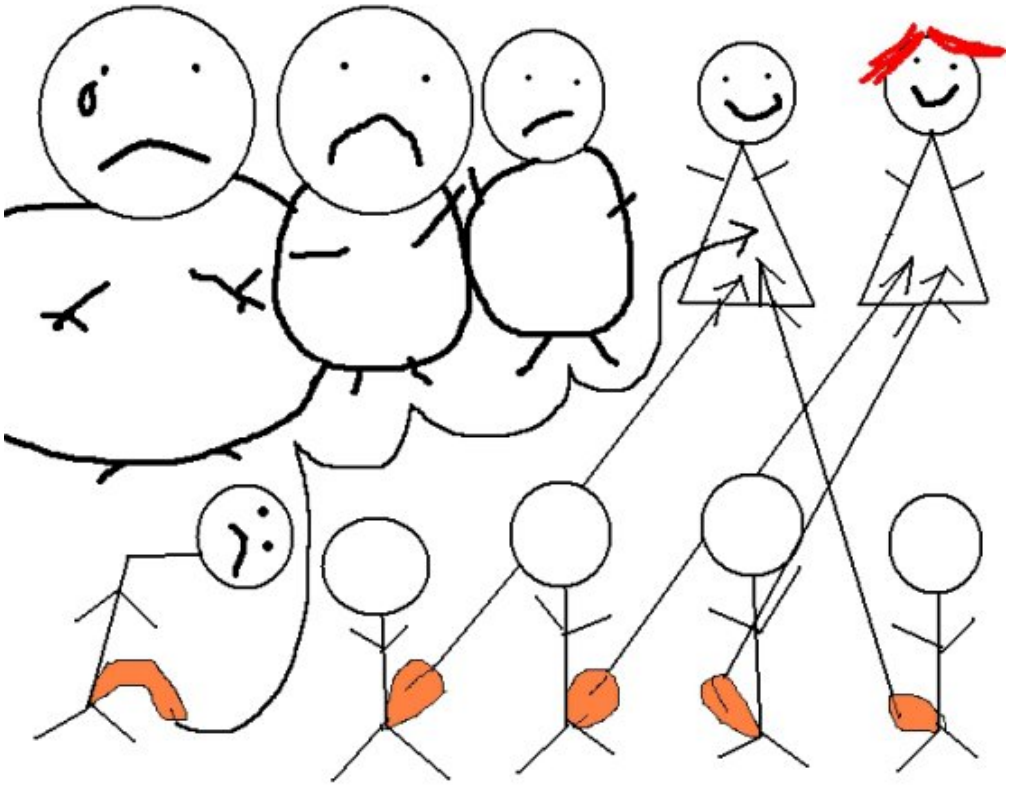
That is just so fucking depressing on so many levels. The gravity of this tragic situation had me wondering if the rise in female obesity has indirectly contributed to the concurrent rise in the teaching of Game and the player subculture. I now think it has. The best way to illustrate my point is through visual aids.

This is what happens when you put five thin women of bangable age and reasonable attractiveness and five normal men together in a bar:



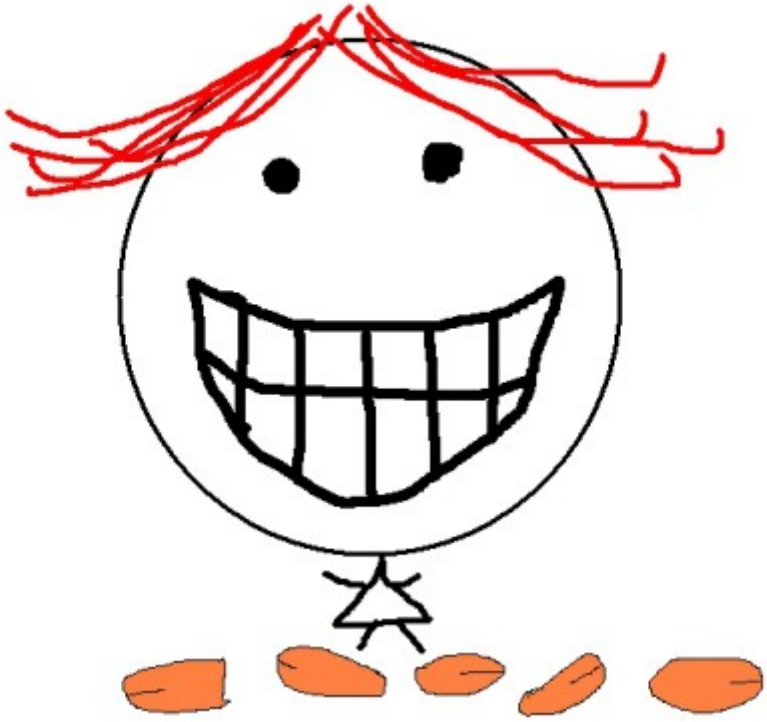
All the penises have found a home. Every woman is at a minimum sperm-worthy so the competition between the men is reduced to a manageable amount unless one of the girls happens to be an 8.5 or better, in which case there is a flurry of chest-pounding as the men jockey for her attention, followed quickly by peace in the land once the betas realize that sex with 6s and 7s isn't too bad, either.

Now we'll see what happens when you put three fat chicks, one mediocre-looking thin girl, one hot red-headed girl, and five normal men together in a bar:



As you can see, the three fat chicks are completely ignored, even though this guarantees that three penises will not find a home tonight, unless the two remaining girls are into sharing. Instead, all five men will descend upon the two skinny chicks and a battle royale will ensue for access to their skinny vaginas. Eventually, the hot red-headed chick will meet her attention quota and go home penis-less but oddly very satisfied. The mediocre-looking chick, who would be a 6 in any other country where the female obesity rate wasn't over 50%, is suddenly faced with the sexual interest of five men. Being the only sperm-worthy available vagina left in the bar, she vogues and disdains like a 10, enjoying every second of her newfound fame, and throwing the forces of the cosmos into a great imbalance. Her ego jacked up, she too will go home penis-less and emotionally very satisfied, all the while thanking her American sisters for their addiction to cookie dough straight from the tube.

A visual representation of the aftermath of this all-too-real nightmare scenario:



Those are the penises trampled underfoot the stiletto heels of the last remaining thin girl in the universe. Her head has grown large from the ego-stroking of all the men who had no other options but to attempt sex with her. Like small mammals scattered out of the brush before a stampeding herd of wildebeests, scampering toward the safety of one golden burrow on the horizon, these men face certain doom.

Which brings me to my theory: Game has been refined, taught and embraced by men in direct proportion to the shrinking pool of attractive thin girls. As the reduced supply of skinny chicks have seen their sexual market value skyrocket, they have adjusted by pricing their pussy out of reach for the average guy. In return, men have sought solutions to this new challenge in the rapidly advancing science of seduction. Where simple courtship worked in the past, it is no longer effective against the deep bunker defenses of the in-demand slender woman.

There has always been an evolutionary arms race between men and women in the quest for sex but now, for the first time in human history, the sheer numbers of fat chicks — in concert with the increase of financially independent women — is accelerating this arms race so fast that many people can't cope and drop out. The tools of seduction for men become better by the day and the women counter with more impenetrable defenses. The tension is palpable. The whining and bitching is cacophonic. Distrust and dating blogs are at record highs.

If just 20% of fat chicks lost weight relations between the sexes would start to noticeably improve. And there would be more happiness in the world, because a skinny girl with hunger pangs is happier than a fat girl with a sheepdog and peanut butter.

Eliot Spitzer Busted In Prostitution Ring

CH · 10 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Update:

According to this article in Slate, Spitzer arranged to meet one of his whores in DC on the night before Valentine's Day.

The only way this would be more humiliating for his wife is if he banged the whore right in front of her while she was tied to a chair forced to watch and then told her to "Pay attention. This is what a real money shot looks like."

No doubt his wife will stand by her man, just like Hillary stood by Bill. That is because Spitzer, like Bill, is an alpha, and women stand by alphas for doing things that would get betas an earful of feminist shrieking and their stuff thrown to the curb.

Mandatory Paternity Testing Has Arrived

CH · 11 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent me this link pointing to a pdf about two Tennessee Democrats introducing a bill to mandate paternity testing before the putative father's name is entered on the birth certificate:

> Regardless of the relationship between a child's parents, a genetic test shall be administered as provided in § 24-7-112 to confirm the paternity of the child before a father shall be listed on the birth certificate. In order to provide genetic testing for those who are financially unable to pay for such testing in whole or in part, the department of human services shall be responsible for payment for testing for parties financially unable to pay, in whole or in part for the purpose of providing evidence of paternity. The requirements for financial inability to pay shall be established by the commissioner of human services. The commissioner shall take into consideration the family income, the number of dependents in the family, the probable total cost of testing and the other financial responsibilities of the family.
>
> ( ) If the results of the required paternity test have not been received, or if the results have been received and showed the purported father was not the biological father of the child, no name shall be entered as the father on the birth certificate until such name can be established by genetic test. In such cases, the certificate shall be amended to include the name of the child's father upon receipt of the results of a genetic test establishing paternity.

This is sweet sweet music to all men's ears and a long overdue blow for justice and the American Way. Unsurprisingly, the rearguard feminists are squealing like stuck pigs:

> It's an adventure to live in a state in which so many of our legislators come from the perspective of assuming that all women are liars and all men are idiots and if the state doesn't step in to protect said men, we'd just be out fuckity-fuck-fuck-fucking whosoever we could get our vaginas around and ruining their lives.

Tell it to this guy.

Their opposition to such a common sensical bill, if it were to pass and become law, is understandable once you realize that feminism is not about gender equality but about gender power. We all want a leg up in the genetic race to procreate, and for women the prerogative to fuck around with an alpha under any and all circumstances and have his kid while duping the beta husband or boyfriend to foot the bill for raising it is one they will not surrender without a fight. The discretion to cuckold goes straight to the core of a woman's sexuality, so a law created to impede that powerful urge will be resisted — and probably resisted harder when she is ovulating.

Widely utilized DNA-based paternity testing — like the Pill and condom before it — will radically alter the sexual landscape. When a husband is legally permitted to walk away from a marriage and any financial responsibility for a bastard child, habits will change. I predict that women will have slightly fewer affairs than they do now, but that the real change will be their diligent use of contraceptives when they do decide to have affairs. I also predict that marriage rates will fall even farther as women think extra hard about marrying those borderline betas whose seed will monopolize their wombs.

On the flip side, those 20% of alpha males who tempt women to affairs and one night stands will be a lot more careful about rawdogging it.

Many women will say that mandatory paternity testing, like pre-nups, undermines love and marriage because it assumes that women can't be trusted. In the words of the Great One: Trust but verify. The cold facts of human nature assures that no one is immune to vice or a vessel for virtue — we all are at risk of doing things that violate our principles. In the scheme of vices, adulterous women are a far more serious threat to family stability and social

cohesion than are adulterous men. This is a double standard, deal with it. No one said life was fair. A guy can fuck around and leave nothing behind but a stain on the ceiling bedsheet; a girl can fuck around and saddle her husband with a kid that's not his.

I bet Hillary would be against this bill. Someone should ask her.

Translations

CH · 12 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

- “I want to be romanced.”

Translation: “I want you to state your desire to fuck me with impeccable subtlety.”

- “One day you’ll meet your soulmate.”

Translation: “One day you’ll settle.”

- “Just be yourself.”

Translation: “Know your place.”

- “I will never cheat on someone I love.”

Translation: “I will never cheat on someone I love given the options available to me.”

- “Does my ass look fat in these jeans?”

Translation: “Will you assuage my insecurities?”

- “If she doesn’t want me, it’s her loss.”

Translation: “It’s my loss.”

- “It’s what’s on the inside that counts.”

Translation: “You’ll never get laid.”

- “I’m spiritual.”

Translation: “I’ve substituted one bogus belief for another that is peer-approved.”

- “Everyone is different.”

Translation: “Generalizations are an affront to my inflated ego.”

- “You look as beautiful as the day we first met.”

Translation: “I forgot how much better you used to look.”

- “I love you.”

Translation: “I love you.”*

**I love you* is impossible to say deceitfully without some part of your face twitching in betrayal. It’s like the truth serum of turns of phrase. Try it sometime with a lover you don’t really love. You’ll see what I mean. The words will ricochet in your brain and curdle your tongue before they’ve escaped your mouth if they aren’t sincerely felt. *I love you too, baby* and *Love YOU* don’t have the same effect. Those permutations can be effectively fibbed. Only the original three words, with meaningful eye contact, will thwart your best efforts at lying.

No Contest

CH · 13 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

22 year old = $5K/hr to do unsafe things in bed.
50 year old = couldn't give it away for free.

This despite the fact his wife is better looking than 99% of 50 year old women.

another hit in the wall…

Seven New Deadly Sins Quiz

CH · 14 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A Catholic bishop, in an interview published in a Vatican newspaper, described seven new deadly sins for the modern age. The previous deadly sins — to which these new ones will be added (giving me double the opportunity to have fun) — are lust, gluttony, avarice, sloth, anger, envy and pride. I do all right on the old school seven, slipping up a little with sloth and avarice, though clearly I'd need to spend a year in the confessional and 10,000 Hail Marys absolving myself for my lust and pride sins. That is what happens when you sell your soul to the devil for a fourteen inch tool.

I'm curious how I'd fare with the new sins.

Polluting

If this is considered a deadly sin then murder 1 just suffered a major depreciation. I'm not an active industrial polluter, but I do sometimes toss empty beer bottles into the regular trash, and I don't give a penny to environmental groups so I'm probably sinning a little in this category. I like green grass and blue skies as much as any treehugger but let's face it, once you're dead it doesn't matter what condition you left the world in, so my working philosophy is to live it up and pass the bill to the next generation.

Verdict: Scofflaw

Genetic Engineering

I love the promise of genetic engineering. In my view, it's a virtue, not a sin. Once the applied science is up to speed, I'd be all for designing babies to play Mozart after one listening and making them so smart Harvard goes bankrupt from all the kids teaching themselves. If a doctor told me with a minor gene tweak he could guarantee my unborn son the gift of a prehensile penis, I would agree to it. I fully support selectively aborting deformed or Downs Syndrome fetuses. In fact, I support exposing them at birth. It's cruel to knowingly bring a retarded or crippled child into the world and doom him or her to a lifetime of misery.

Verdict: Evildoer

Being Obscenely Rich

Define obscene. I'd be obscenely rich if I were living in Bolivia. What if I lust for obscene wealth in my heart but live like a group house squatter? Anyhow, it's mental masturbation. In a few weeks I have my IPO, then I will be sinning badly in this category.

Verdict: Angel

Drug Dealer

I once passed the dutchie on the left hand side.

Verdict: Transgressor

Abortion

Big fan. Gives men an escape hatch in case of emergency. I'm so pro-choice I feel like I should have the choice to abort my girlfriend's accidental pregnancy for her.

Verdict: Satan's Little Helper

Pedophilia

Gee, I wonder why this made the list. *rolls eyes* So let's see… No crotch movement when I'm near prepubescent boys? Check. Not a gay priest? Check. Prefer boobs and hips on girls I want to screw? Check. Once said out loud

while watching *The Professional* "Oh YEAH, Natalie Portman is gonna be HOT in a couple of years!"? Check… uh oh.

Verdict: Fallen Angel

Causing Social Injustice

Way too vague. I cause a social injustice every time I skip out of jury duty by pretending to have Tourette's Syndrome *(guilty motherfucker! fuck guilty fuck!).* So I'm supposed to be lumped in with Stalin's Ukrainian genocide? The Catholic Church needs to narrow its scope on this one.

Verdict: Miscreant

Total Sinner Score: Lesser Baddie. I need to work on polluting more.

Prostitutes Are Not Victims

CH · 15 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Wow, this is the story that keeps on giving. A common refrain I heard a lot, mostly from women but some uptight men as well, was that Ashley the hot young whore was a victim of her circumstances. It was the fault of the patriarchy, or sex-obsessed men, or drugs, or divorce, or running away from home. She was never to blame for her choices. But now her life is being revealed for what it really was:

> Ashley Alexandra Dupré, an alleged call girl known as "Kristen," who helped bring down New York's governor, writes of a past checkered with poverty and even homelessness.
>
> It's a tough image to reconcile with the wealthy surroundings of a childhood spent with her mother, older brother and stepfather, an oral surgeon.
>
> The white brick home in an upscale development near the Jersey Shore, is bordered with manicured shrubs and a wide, curved driveway. Large brass letters spell "PEACE" above the polished, auburn wood door. A similar house next door, where one of Dupré's close childhood friends still lives, is on the market for more than $1.5 million, according to its owner.

Yeah, sounds like "the street" destroyed her and caused her to turn to a life of whoring. So what pushed her over the edge?

> She also mentioned being abused while growing up, saying it forced her to run away – a claim one family friend called ridiculous.
>
> "She crashed up [her stepdad's] Porsche and wanted another one, and he wouldn't give it to her, so she left," said the friend, who asked her name not be printed.

She should move to DC, she'd fit right in here with her well-developed entitlement attitude.

In the meantime, Spitzer's 50 year old wife can't believe her husband would bang a girl almost the same age as his daughter:

> Silda Wall Spitzer was deeply shaken that her disgraced hubby repeatedly slept with a hooker only a few years older than their eldest daughter, a family friend told The Post.
>
> "It was the age" of 22-year-old Jersey girl Ashley Alexandra Dupre that really got to Silda, the friend said.

This is evidence that even (especially?) the smartest women are in complete denial about men's sexual desire. Or they are utterly ignorant of it. I blame this on our gender bender culture filling women's heads with the wrong ideas about male-female psychological differences.

The truth about Ashley's upbringing should embarrass the anti-prostitute crusaders who like to whip out the "every whore is a victim" sympathy card. The infantilizing of women by feminists was always a spurious debate tactic. Women like Ashley know exactly what they are doing. They are hot, young, entitled and slutty so getting paid huge sums of money for banging rich middle-aged guys doesn't seem like such a bad deal to them. If I had a hot daughter I would impart my wisdom and tell her to make a killing as a stripper for a few years, invest her money, and then take it easy husband-shopping and starting a business selling handcrafted jewelry.

Prostitution should be legalized so I don't have to waste time and money flying to Nevada when I want an acceptable piece of ass in my old age. Legal prostitution would also reduce the incidence of rape.

Leave Ashley Alone!

CH · 16 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

She reveals her heart of gold in this video. Especially at 1:45 in.

Dancing Douche

CH · 17 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Prop

Sometimes the scene will yield the perfect prop to exploit for bonding with girls. This guy gave us ten minutes of quality entertainment:

I know it's hard to see (dark, buzzing cameraman) but there is a guy dancing in front of the fish tank holding a cell phone to his ear. I'm pretty sure there was no one on the other end of the line. He danced vigorously (leg kicking, pelvis thrusting) for a full ten minutes staring at the fish tank the whole time, cell phone never leaving his ear. Half the bar was pointing and laughing at him. The bartenders began imitating his moves, complete with mock cell phone. He remained oblivious to his public humiliation.

Thank you, Dancing Douche, for facilitating mating opportunities.

Ironic Hipster Happy Hour

CH · 17 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Bring your most affected pose of indifference and join me, Roosh and Arjewtino this Friday at Marvin for an after hours happy hour.

There will be a contest to determine who can do the best ironic smirk. Winner gets the emulation of their peer group.

Reality Check

CH · 18 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I was walking with a friend down a city street here in the city and we took a running tally of all the cute girls we passed. We lost count. No sooner were we leering at admiring one hot chick when another one appeared and stole our attention. I wondered if this was how lions felt when there were too many prey animals to choose from on the veldt — overwhelmed to the point of inaction.

One of the routes I frequently take has tons of chicks.

That's an average of 70 *inspiring* girls along this heavily-trafficed route. I rarely see repeats, except for the Pink Ladies loitering in front of Asylum. This route is probably the second best in city for day game, just behind Kansas.

As you can see, the center city is a magnet for girls who want to sit on the benches and pretend to type on laptops.

This heavy concentration of babes in parts of the city can lead a man to mistakenly believe the whole world is a playground of available women ripe for his charms. He may then conclude there is no hurry to approach any one girl since there's always another one coming. Such a flawed perspective needs a reality check, so I've put together a handy chart that shows indisputably how few acceptable girls there are in an average day for a man to hit on.

Age of woman	# per 100 you'll see walking around on any given Saturday in DC*	% 7s and Above	# of Acceptable Targets (rounded)	# of acceptable targets who will be single** at any given time
18	1	92	1	0
19	2	88	2	0
20	4	80	3	1
21	4	70	3	1
22	5	65	4	1
23	7	55	3	1
24	9	47	4	2
25	10	42	4	2
26	11	37	4	2
27	9	33	3	2
28	6	28	2	1
29	4	25	1	1
30	4	20	1	1
31	3	15	0	0
32	3	12	0	0
33	2	10	0	0
34	2	8	0	0
35	2	5	0	0
36	2	3	0	0
37	2	2	0	0
38	1	2	0	0
39	1	1	0	0

40	1	1	0	0
41	1	1/2	0	0
42	1	1/4	0	0
43	1	1/5	0	0
44	1	1/10	0	0
45	1	1/100	0	0
The Wall	Invisible	0	N/A	N/A
Totals	**100**		**35**	**15**

*Older women will tend to be found in Costco on a Saturday afternoon buying bulk Oreos for their kids.
**Restricted to girls who are open to meeting men. Women in the city between 28 and 35 are more likely to be single than women under 25.

From my chart, the pickings are slim. For every 100 women in a youth-oriented city that attracts good-looking girls from all over the country, you will be aroused by 35 of them, and have an outside shot at gratifying your arousal with only 15.

To put it in another perspective, since most men agree on what constitutes a 7 and above, you're competing with 100 other guys for 15 vaginas. Do you have what it takes to be in the top 15%?

Big Rapport Mistake

CH · 19 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Emotionally connecting with a girl is 90% of getting her into your bed. The first ten minutes of meeting her — swooping in, introducing yourself, steering the conversation, and building her attraction to you through body language and high value stories — while considered the hardest part of courtship by most guys, is really just a small piece of the pick up puzzle. The fact is, most guys fuck it up with girls during those long interludes on the second date when they are face to face getting to know each other.

The reason for this is that men and women have fundamentally different thought processes. In short: men focus, women sample. A topic of conversation comes up and the guy wants to analyze it fully, drilling down to the tiniest detail and debating the pros and cons, while the girl wants to use the topic as a springboard to explore related topics. Biologically, this makes perfect sense, as men raise their status in big part by solving problems, and women judge a man's strength of character by gauging his responses to a variety of scenarios. Men should be aware that women won't show their hand so blatantly by asking probing questions directly; instead, they use the chaotic give and take of conversation to expose any insecurities he may be hiding.

The underlying dynamic — women normally need hours of subtle interrogation to deem a man worthy of sex, while men need only a second of eyeballing her head to toe to deem her worthy of pursuing — accounts for much of the misunderstanding between the sexes.

One of the biggest mistakes a man will make is superficial listening. This is where he gets wrapped up inside his head thinking hard about a clever response he can impress her with while she's still talking to him. Usually he will latch onto a "keyword" to launch his diatribe before she has finished her thoughts. The result is an uncomfortable, forced rapport where the guy is interrupting her every other word trying to find common ground and leaving her feeling like she is not being heard.

Example

Him: What's your ideal vacation spot?

Her: Well, I would really love to go scuba diving along a coral reef in warm Caribbean waters. The colors of the fish are amazing, and you can feel so peaceful under the water, away from all the stress of your normal life…

Him: Oh yeah! Scuba diving is fun! My favorite part was falling backwards off the boat into the water.

***

This guy made the typical man mistake of grasping at the solid object — the noun– in her answer instead of discerning what was really important, which was the feeling scuba diving gave her and her hint at what she values in life.

If you do this, train yourself to step out of your head. The simplest way to improve this part of your game is to shut up, nod, and say *uh huh… uh huh…* a lot while she's speaking. Don't worry about what you're going to say next while she's talking. Give her room to talk. Never argue or get obsessed with the details in her stories. Don't correct her like some nerd study partner when she flubs an inconsequential fact. If she's giving her opinion, don't judge her for it. This is the rapport stage, not the attraction stage. You want to build a connection and the easiest way to do that is to let her feel comfortable around you revealing her hopes and desires. You'll get into a smooth conversational rhythm faster if you stop being anxious about responding to every one of her points.

Be mentally flexible.

A Deposed Queen

CH · 19 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I could have a beer with this guy.

Are European Girls Better Lays?

CH · 20 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I usually dismiss arguments like this out of hand because I believe that it's not the girl that makes the lay but the strength of attraction between the girl and the guy. The more you like each other, the more explosive the sex will be, regardless of country of origin.

But now I wonder if there isn't some truth to this theory besides anti-American posturing. Thinking back on every sexual interaction I ever had (my memory is sharp in this area) and comparing the experiences with the foreign girls to my compatriots, I arrive at the inescapable conclusion that the foreigners (mostly European, including Russian) were better lays.

Evidence based on general trends:

European – Naturally lubricated. Initial thrust executed without needing to pry apart the labia with my fingers first.

American – Bottle or tube of lube always within reach.

European – Expert at being on top. I felt confident she would not break my dick bone with a false move.

American – Girl on top always had an element of fear. I had to expend wasteful energy grabbing her hips firmly and preventing her from rising up too far off my dick and disengaging, or shifting awkwardly to the side or backwards.

European – Requested anal.

American – Frightened of it. Needed multiple reassurances.

European – Understood that tongue pressure was as important as saliva and making an O shape out of her mouth for enjoyable blowjobs. Often pressed it against the inside of her cheek contributing to visual as well as tactile stimulation.

American – Where did her tongue go? And why is her hand doing most of the work?

European – Met my thrusts with equal fervor, like colliding asteroids of flesh.

American – Received my thrusts passively. Brief moments of minor hip grinding.

European – Threw the sheets off when having sex.

American – Pulled the sheets over us when having sex.

European – Banged as often during the daytime as at night.

American – Day sex was infrequent. At night, didn't even like a light on in another room.

European – Peed in front of me on the first night together.

American – 3 month waiting period before being allowed to see her sitting on the bowl.

European – Liked to smoke after morning sex.

American – Liked to talk about what we're "going to do today" after morning sex. (this one's a wash)

European – Public sex is a rite of passage. Parks, woods, movie theaters, my Mom's couch.

American – Public sex is doing it with the TV on in the background.

Game, set, match: Euro babes.

European women seem more open and experimental than American women. They are less neurotic and don't sweat the small stuff. Most importantly, they live in the moment. American women are constantly worried how they look

in the wrong lighting, and how the ambiance has to be just right for them to feel comfortable getting naked. When a European girl is post-coital you know her mind is clear and she is giving herself over to the pleasure. An American girl is going through her appointments in her head, wondering if she has enough time in her busy schedule to squeeze in a spa treatment.

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On a completely unrelated note, I am planning a future extended trip to Poland, Estonia, and possibly Hungary. I expect to meet the barely legal girl of my dreams there. If anyone has advice how to make the most of my time in that part of the world feel free to email me or leave a comment.

When A Girl Needs An Asshole

CH · 21 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I met a pretty blonde girl for a first date at one of my favorite lounges (that is to say, the lounge met the requirement of being conveniently located within walking distance of my place). Halfway through the marry, boff, kill game we had the following conversation.

Her: Have you seen that VH1 show *The Pickup Artist*?

Me: Yeah, why?

Her: The main guy from the show, Mystery, hit on me at St Louis Bar a few weeks ago.

Me: Was he wearing a fuzzy hat with aviator goggles and a Victorian jacket over a t-shirt that said “Mystery”?

Her: Yes! Just like in the show.

Me: [thinking to myself a trip to Poland sounds good right about now] How did he do?

Her: He asked me for my opinion about something, and then made fun of me. I called him an asshole and told him to fuck off.

Me: Lemme guess… you were kind of attracted to him, right?

Her: No! He’s an asshole.

Me: Wow, you’re one of those! I thought you guys were a dying breed.

Her: One of what?!

Me: You’re drawn to assholes. It’s OK, you can be honest. I won’t judge.

Her: [stares at me for a few seconds] I’ll admit that in the past I was drawn to assholes. But there was no way he was getting a chance with me. The guy is a D-list celebrity. Not even! He’s a total douche.

Me: And yet a month later you’re still thinking about that moment.

Maxim #3: Whenever an attractive girl tells you she hates assholes, or describes her experience in the past dating assholes and claims to avoid them now, or recites a laundry list of asshole-y things guys do that she disapproves of, you can bet your weight in gold bricks that she needs you to be an asshole to her.

After this illuminating conversation I knew that I had miscalibrated her and realized I should have played up my asshole side. Consequently, likelihood of a second date was low. When I go out with girls I have a system where I rank them according to how much asshole behavior they will need to open their legs heart for me. I’m usually pretty good at this and can switch on my asshole persona at will.

For instance, if she’s a 10 on the 1 to 10 asshole craving scale, I will occasionally tell her, with a flash of anger, to “shut the fuck up” when she tries to shit test me. If she’s a 1, I’ll be Mr. Nice Guy and compliment her on her choice of shoes. If she’s in the middle of the asshole craving scale (where most cute young girls are), I’ll get her to buy me an expensive drink. Normally, I can accurately assess whether a girl is an asshole craver early in the pickup, usually within the first minute, by how bright her eyes shine when I disrespect her. If she pushes me away in mock indignation, that tells me I’ve hit pay dirt. But this time my date’s calm, intelligent, giggle-free demeanor and conservative dress had me fooled into thinking she had a low asshole craving quotient. A rookie mistake.

A part of me was pleased that I was on a date trying to get into the panties of the same girl that the infamous Mystery tried and, presumably, failed to pick up a few weeks earlier. But a bigger part of me was grossed out by the nagging thought that every girl I’ve dated in the past three years has been hit on over and over by hundreds, maybe thousands, of acolytes of the game all running the same routines and wearing matching armbands and

unusual pendants.

Later that night, after the date, I went to another bar and asked two girls how well they knew each other. They said the night before a guy had given them “the best friends test and asked us what shampoo we used.” I made a mental note to pirate the Pimsleur series on learning Polish.

Right Wing Slam Poetry

CH · 23 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

a welcome send-up.

Unbridgeable Chasm and a Recap

CH · 24 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There was a contest for the best pictures on the internet for 2007 and the winners of the 'Favorite Photo for Male Voters' and 'Favorite Photo for Female Voters' categories really says a lot about what turns us on visually.

Here is the photo judged most pleasing by male voters:

No surprise. I would've liked to have seen some green nipples for realism.

Here is the photo judged most pleasing by female voters:

The lesson is clear. Men have women's bodies on the brain, and when they can't ogle a real woman's body they'll settle for a mossy likeness. Women have cute animals, babies, and maternal love on the brain. And when they can't enjoy these things they become lawyers. In previous generations, the husband spent a few nights a week out of the house playing poker with his buddies. There was no concept of married couples sharing all aspects of their lives together. I think they had it right.

In other news, the hipster happy hour last Friday brought a lot of love, although there weren't many authentic hipsters at Marvin, just a lot of yuppies dancing ineffectually. There was rampant binge alcoholism and some were found passed out on their couches afterwards.

This looks like it was a very sweet dream.

Gaming "Type A" Girls

CH · 25 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

*The **Type A and Type B personality theory** (or **Type A and Type B behavior pattern**) divides the population of humans into two groups, based on their personality characteristics.*

People who fall under Type A exhibit characteristics such as being impatient, excessively time-conscious, insecure about one's status, highly competitive, hostile and aggressive, and incapable of relaxation. Type A individuals are often high-achieving workaholics who multi-task, drive themselves with deadlines, and are unhappy about the smallest of delays.

Cute girl approaches me. She looks vaguely like Hilary Swank, but with better teeth. Her posture is ramrod straight. The smile on her face doesn't falter. She never breaks eye contact. Her energy is intense. I feel like I should salute her.

Her: I saw you standing over here trying to look cool so I figured I'd come over and say Hi.

Me: "Trying"?

Her: What's your name?

Me: That was fast. Let's get creative. Ask another question.

Her: What do you do?

Me: Look cool.

Her: So you work for free? Because I've seen better.

Me: No… you haven't. Hey, I just saw you gaming some guy right over there. Are you going around the bar practicing your flirting skills?

Her: I'm winging for my friend. [she points to a dude across the room] I was occupying the guy talking to me so my friend could hit on the girl in his group. I gave him a number I never answer.

Me: You're like the female version of a player. For some reason I think you're proud of that.

Her: [beaming] Yes, I am! [stares daggers into me] So, really, what do you do?

Me: Back to this again. OK, I make it hard for girls like you to get a straight answer. I get the feeling you want guys to be intimidated by you.

Her: You aren't intimidated by me? Because most guys are.

Me: I'm shaking in my boots.

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This edgy, in-your-face banter lasted for 15 minutes, escalating every step of the way. The longer it lasted, the more she became intrigued, her facial expressions getting animated with each new pseudo-insult. It was fun for me… for the first 30 seconds… then I became annoyed. High octane antagonistic flirting can quickly devolve into a farce and when that happens the momentum is lost. Sassy works in measured doses; more than that and it turns into bitchy. And despite the latest cultural meme to the contrary, guys don't really like bitches. We prefer sweet.

Unfortunately, DC is filled to the brim with Type A girls. A brimful of assholes on the 45. So you have to learn to love confrontational flirting, because that's what these girls use to separate you from the rest of the pack. It's all they know. The better you parry her, the higher she bumps you up her male scale.

The trick is to give her what she wants at first, then pull it away and force her into your courtship tempo. Type A

girls are actually *easier* to attract than Type B girls because they are simple creatures who respond reflexively to men who don't wilt under their onslaught. Type Bs tend to be more inscrutable and sensitive; one bold move can close them off to you for good if they take it the wrong way. You've got more leeway with Type As to flirt outrageously, but the downside is that they are skilled at preventing you from moving the seduction forward. If you're not careful, you'll have a crazy fun time with her for 20 minutes… then walk home empty-handed.

Spend a few minutes attracting her, then firmly change the tone of the conversation. Say something like "Well, this is fun, but it would be better if we sat down over there and had a real conversation." Or do a cold read: "I have an intuition about you. You come across so forward and intense, with a big wall built up around you, but inside there's a sensitive vulnerable girl who just wants any chance to show the right guy the side of her that she hides from the world."

Find an excuse to get her to move to a quieter spot where you can sit her down. Type As lose a lot of their incessant cockiness when they are sitting down. The physical act of sitting seems to humble them a bit. Whatever you do, don't bother number closing a Type A if you haven't moved past the flirting and gotten her to open up to you about something personal. You'll know you have done this when the smile plastered on her face all night finally takes a break. Type As are very social and flirt with lots of men. She will forget you as soon as she's left the bar to go home if your interaction with her was entirely superficial.

Hardest Challenges

CH · 26 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

What is challenging for one man may not be so difficult for another. A virgin might think that getting his first lay is the pinnacle of achievement, but to a singer in an indie band with excellent emoting skills getting laid is an afterthought. There are some challenges however that are difficult to accomplish for almost all men.

- Converting a lesbian

Not a bisexual girl. Those are a dime a dozen. I mean committed lesbians; the ones who have never been pierced by man love and know as much about cabinet resurfacing as Bob Vila. Turn a decent-looking scissor sister into a traitor to her orientation even for one night and you will have earned the respect of your peers. Bonus points if you pick her up at a Vagina Monologues show.

- Threesome

Yeah, it's cliched, but that doesn't change the fact that despite the braggadocio of countless pornstars in their own minds this accomplishment is pretty rare. If the average American man has seven lifetime partners it's a safe bet that he didn't blow the bulk of his lifetime wad on three nights with six different women. Pull a threesome and your name will echo throughout the realms. Film it and it will echo throughout YouPorn.

- Having sex with a religious girl in a place of worship

Sure, repressed Catholic girls will hike their skirts in the back seat of a car under the watchful eye of St. Christopher, but try and get her to renounce her chaste ways in an empty church pew or in the rectory while a six foot tall crucifix gives her the stink eye. Ditto for other religions. Ever bang a Jewish girl in a temple? A Buddhist in a monastery? Or… wait for it… a non-Americanized Muslim girl in a mosque? You do the last and manage to avoid decapitation your name will be legend and spoken of in hushed tones around campfires and at men's retreats.

- Staying in love

Falling in love is nothing special. People do it all the time. Staying in love, and having it reciprocated just as strongly, is another trick altogether. Don't listen to the rainbows and unicorns brigade; the world is not awash in a field of love consciousness. It is instead awash in fear, hatred, anger, jealousy, duplicity, lust, ego… and occasionally love. There is a reason so many people yearn for the life-giving power of requited love and that is because it is so rare. Stay in love with a girl who loves you back and you will secretly be hated by everyone. Kind of like lottery winners.

- Having sex with a girl who is already in love with another man

Why is this so hard? See above. As extraordinary as deep long-lasting love is, seducing a girl in such a state away from the object of her love for an illicit tryst is rarer still. Even the best players advocate learning to recognize the signs of a girl in love with her boyfriend and moving on to more pliable targets. A girl in love gives off a vibe that screams "I don't even notice other guys". Try and overcome *that* bitch shield. This is the Holy Grail of male challenges, and if you accept this challenge and succeed your name becomes a powerful symbol of evil in the world, scribbled in angry lettering on the back of notebooks by ostracized goth kids in high schools everywhere.

Dread

CH · 27 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There are two ways to **guarantee** a healthy relationship. By healthy, I mean the girl is in love with you and there is no threat of her leaving; you have all the leverage you need to assure yourself peace of mind and a steady sexual outlet.

- **Meet your soulmate**

If you are extremely lucky enough to cross paths with your soulmate this is the easiest way to live the kind of romantic bliss that Hollywood movies exalt. A soulmate connection is the Golden Ticket to happiness and a dreamlike existence. But it is rare. Don't live as if it will happen to you. I estimate 1% of all men and 2% of all women meet their soulmates. The reason for the discrepancy is that male soulmates are in shorter supply than female soulmates. Male soulmates are shared amongst the women like a community hookah.

- **Instill dread**

Women respond viscerally in their vagina area to unpredictability, mixed signals, danger, and drama in spite of their best efforts to convince themselves otherwise. Managing your relationship in such a way that she is left with a constant, gnawing feeling of impending doom will do more for your cause than all the Valentine's Day cards and expertly performed tongue love in the world. Like it or not, the threat of a looming breakup, whether the facts justify it or not, will spin her into a paranoid estrogen-fueled tizzy, and she'll spend every waking second thinking about you, thinking about the relationship, thinking about how to fix it. Her love for you will blossom under these conditions. Result: she works harder to please you.

The key for the man is to adopt a posture of blase emotional distance alternated with loving tenderness. Too much of either and she'll run off.

Examples of effective doom inducement:

Turn off your cell phone twice a week. Alternate days. Don't do this on a Friday or Saturday night unless the relationship is shaky and needs a high voltage jolt of dread.

Make a blatant but plausibly deniable move on one of her friends when she's not around. The news will get back to her. Milk it.

Call her from a very busy place so that she can hear women's voices laughing and shrieking in the background. Don't tell her where you are when she asks. Just say you'll see her soon.

Mention how skilled your Russian ex was at giving head. Bring it up again a few days later, pretending not to remember the first time you mentioned it. Bonus: Russians are very good at giving head, so this will have the ring of truth.

Be seen by your girlfriend flirting with other women in a social venue. Extra points if the women are attractive. Double extra points if you flirt without looking back at your girlfriend once to check her reaction.

Cook her a romantic candlelight dinner at home. Make it a memorable experience, complete with jazz, chocolate, and rose petals. Then, do not talk with her for four days afterwards.

Ignore her calls for a week. When you eventually answer and she reads you the riot act, act as if nothing was wrong and accuse her of sabotaging a perfectly good relationship, "just like all the other women in this stupid city. I thought you were different". Hang up on her angrily.

When her best friend tells you how cute you and your girlfriend look together, shrug, put your hand to the back of your neck as if to scratch an itch there, look down slightly and with a mildly annoyed expression blandly sigh

“Yeeeeah…”. Triple bonus points if your girlfriend is standing right there.

When she attempts the jealousy maneuver by flirting with another guy, act unfazed. Give her pickup tips.

Gaze longingly into her eyes, say how hot she looks, then immediately glance sidelong at the bosom of any strange woman in the vicinity.

Have a threesome. Spend an inordinate amount of time admiring the labia of the other woman. Be sure to moan louder with her. WARNING: If you cum on the other woman you will have to spend weeks consoling your girlfriend.

Say things like “I really value my independence and freedom” relevant to nothing in particular. It’s just a thought that popped in your head.

Thermonuclear Option:

Have an affair and make sure she finds out about it. Arrange the confrontation so that it does not happen at your place. When she confronts you, don’t get defensive. Don’t speak at all. Let her vent. Let her punch you in the chest and scream obscenities. When she takes a breather, tell her she’s never looked more beautiful and you will never stop loving her. Then without waiting for her response calmly walk out the door and break off all contact for two weeks. When she comes back to you… and she will… you will have a love slave for life.

Going Sexual

CH · 28 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's a good idea to bring sex talk into the conversation with a girl sooner rather than later. Prying her brain wave patterns with thoughts of sexual scenarios while her attention is directed to you will anchor those pleasurable feelings to your presence. She will perceive you as a sexual man with a masculine crotch-centered aura.

Timing is important. If you're too quick to go raunchy she'll peg you as a creepy perv or overly eager to get in her pants.

Her: What do you think of the music in this place?

You: It's not bad music to make sweet sweet love to.

Her: Um… ew?

That's why you should never take a girl's bait when she brings up sexual topics first. In actuality, she's trying to smoke you out as a needy beta. Always tease a girl for talking about sex before the moment is right for it (i.e., before you and her have entered the lower-energy rapport stage when it is acceptable to engage in more intimate talk).

Her: I love it when a guy zorbits my boobs during sex!

You: Hey, thanks for the medical report!

At the opposite extreme, waiting too long to inject innuendo and playful sexual overtones into the conversation can cause a girl to wonder if you have eunuch issues. Men who aren't comfortable bantering in a sexual way are often seen as asexual and timid lovers. When you finally do broach a sexual topic way too late in the interaction it will come across as desperately cloying and incongruent, similar to waiting until the end of a date to kiss a girl. As with physical touching, you're better off slowly getting her accustomed to seeing you as a man who does not shrink from his manly desires.

Sexual talk usually arises organically from good vibing. A man and woman attracted to each other and left to their own devices will eventually drift into double entendre. There shouldn't be a struggle to find a convenient excuse to share sexual thoughts. But in case there is, you could always take her to a venue that has props to help move the conversation in a sexual direction.

March 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 30 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

From famed commenter Gannon, on my post Seven New Deadly Sins Quiz:

> …my interest in prepubescent girls (and boys) is zero. Just like me, I prefer them with apple sized breasts, round asses, a nice bush of pubic hair and bleeding. Problem for you my friend is that girls 14 and above all have these features.

I agree with this comment. It is a fact of life that young teenage girls who have developed secondary sexual characteristics are desired by men of all ages, even 90 year olds. And these exquisite nymphets, in turn, desire older men for their power. These desires are natural, and frightening to the keepers of the order. They provoke the envy of the left behind, and so are condemned.

Would it shock to know that real love, genuine and sincere love, can spring forth from a relationship where lust is the motivator? To wit: Monica Lewinsky loved Bill Clinton, that is true. Look at the way she gazed at him with adoring eyes. But do you want to know something? I think it is likely he loved her in return. Moreso than he loved Hillary at any rate. It went beyond a one night fling. Theirs was a romance.

A man would throw everything away for two minutes with that ass wobble.

Cat On A Leash

CH · 31 March 2008 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE

A reader sent in this photo of a cat in a stroller that is whisked around town by its owners:

I thought the end of America would be a long, slow decline over generations, but now I think it might happen in a matter of years.

My man about town, Dodgeball Dan, called from an undisclosed location to inform me that there was a young-ish couple walking a cat on a leash. He was so repulsed and simultaneously fascinated that he had to tell me as the action was going down.

DD: Dude, there's a couple walking a cat on a leash. I can't believe what I'm seeing.

Me: Is the guy a herb*?

DD: Oh yeah, total herb. And of course his girlfriend is cute. [To the couple] Hey, does he fetch?

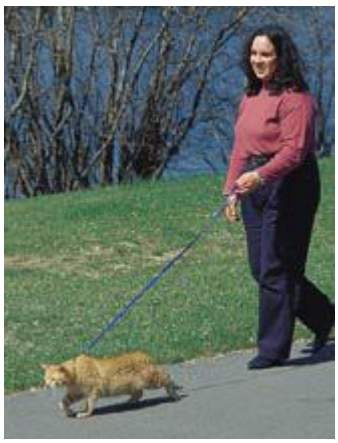
Herb: Only indoors.

DD: He looks a little confused.

Herb: It's his first time outside.

DD: [Back to me] Wow. Oh man. The herb just picked the cat up like a baby, cradled it, and carried it off. These are the end times for America.

Between this:



and this:

these are indeed the end times for America. It's not so much the decadence that's doing us in, it's the silliness. (Open borders, cats on leashes… it all flows from the same juvenile mindset.)

***herb**, *noun* – a schlumpy, nondescript white guy with no fashion sense, chin, or sexual gravitas, who has managed to hook up with a cute chick. Herbs usually wear satchels to nightclubs and button down collar shirts with the Hanes undershirt peaking through at the neck. They love anything khaki and are not embarrassed to be seen wearing fanny packs or sandals. A super herb takes it up a notch with white athletic socks and an extra-large t-shirt to hide his man boobs. They have a walk that can be best described as looking like they are carrying a load in their pants. They will

annoy you just by being there. The fact that a herb will have usually managed to score a cute yuppie chick will fill you with violent feelings toward him.

Visualizing Beta

CH · 1 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent me a link to the photo above. You can read more here. His mug says “2 hot 4 you?”.

The beta on display here is so over the top that I want to believe it is calculated. Sadly, I suspect this nerd, like most nerds, really is that uncomfortable touching women. If he were making a six figure salary in the IT industry I doubt that would be enough to end his celibacy. There are some fundamental aspects of attractive masculinity that, if missing, money can’t compensate until you get up in the extreme wealth range. Or lower your standards to the basement (see girl on right — the one he doesn’t have his awkwardly crooked arm around).

Learning game through books, manuals, and workshops gets a bad rap by naturals who think it’s an unteachable skill and by women who recoil at the idea that something so sublime as romance and sexual attraction can be learned like any other subject. But the guy in this picture would benefit from a learning approach that played to his strengths — i.e., a systematic backwardly-engineered flow charted algorithm of how to be a more alluring man to women. Like Mystery Method. Or any of the other pickup schools. Due to genetic constraints on behavior he may never get as good as a natural, but he’ll get good enough to know how to relax when touching a woman, and, if he’s dedicated to improving himself, may actually score with a decent-looking girl. Nothing will blow a nerd’s mind like showing him there’s a whole other world of sensual pleasure out there.

In the big picture, it’s too bad women find nerds creepy and unattractive, because we need nerds more than ever to run the modern technology-based society. If they are bred out of existence it will be everyone’s loss. Imagine a world with no internet porn.

On the other hand, if nerds started getting laid on the regular they might enjoy it so much that they give up spending their waking hours programming software or designing bridges. I wouldn’t blame them.

High Energy Dates

CH · 2 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There are two different dating strategies to follow depending on your relationship goals.

Short term fling

Don't bother putting much imaginative effort into your dates. When you are doubtful of the girl you are dating as relationship material you're better off minimizing your courtship investment. A "girl you date" as opposed to a "girl you see" won't need the kind of strong emotional foundation that a more serious prospect would require. Stick to bars and lounges and idle chit chat over middle shelf cocktails. A girl can be massaged from "hello" to "fuck me harder!" without all the rigamarole of complicated dates meant to impress. Basic game will get you there so skip the fancy embroidery and concentrate on the fundamentals.

Long term girlfriend

If you feel extra special about the girl you're dating and can envision spending time with her in addition to sex and dates that are mere props for sex then you will need to build a reinforced emotional structure. Short term flings are great but if you like the girl a lot you have to deal with the uncertainty of her pulling a 180 on you during the first couple months of dating. Potential heartbreak and wasted investment can be avoided by building a stronger bond earlier in the dating cycle. The way to do this is to get creative with your date ideas and really show her an interesting time. Take her to exciting places or events. Go on a hike. See a band. Do something out of the ordinary like indoor rock climbing or horseback riding. The more action-oriented and energetic your dates, the more things you will have to talk about on each successive date. The unpredictable stimulus of these kinds of dates serves to bond her more closely to you. As a result of sharing so many high octane experiences over the course of a few dates, a similar psychological phenomenon to time compression imbues her with the feeling that she has shared so much more with you than she actually has. The intense buildup of experiences gives you something to talk about besides situational observations and astrology. This is the way to win yourself solid girlfriends.

For example, here is a date progression I followed for a girl I liked as more than a notch:

1st date: Drinks at a Latin lounge/Salsa class ==> 2nd Date: Hilarious but disturbing show at indie club ==> 3rd Date: Chill drinks at my place and heavy makeout ==> 4th Date: Go-Kart racing at an indoor track ==> 5th Date: Sex ==> 6th Date: Hike in the woods.

This sequence gave us a head of steam that sustained an ultimately doomed relationship for months longer than it would have otherwise lasted. I'm certain my creativity over those first crucial dates left her with powerful memories that she uses to endure sex with whatever guy she is currently dating.

My Advice To Women

CH · 3 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's pretty clear what women want — a man with means, good genes, romantic swings, and daddy dreams.* When she finds him she'll want marriage, home, and kids in a nice neighborhood. That is a woman's formula for happiness in life. Since I am a giver and a humanitarian I offer the following advice to women to help them achieve happiness.

Don't move to the big city

After college women move into the big cities on the coasts to find an alpha male husband because that is where the high status men concentrate. We have studies proving this. There are two problems with this strategy. One, there aren't enough alpha males to marry all the women who want them. If you put all the alphas into a small bar there would be a rock concert sized throng of women outside bribing the doorman to let them in. The numbers just don't add up. But since women will cling to their dream of snagging one of these guys many flush away their best years fucking around fruitlessly in the dating market and wind up alone at the cusp of hitting the wall.

Two, what few alphas there are won't demand anything less than the hottest chicks they can afford. Since most women really aren't that pretty they have no chance of getting an alpha male to commit, so they suffer the ignominy and emotional grind of getting pumped and dumped by men who play the pussy carousel.

My advice: If you are in the 85% of single women who aren't an 8 or above don't bother moving to the city. Stay in your small town and meet a man there. Trust me, I am saving you a lot of heartache and wasted years with this valuable advice. For the rest of you who are genuinely hot, moving to the city makes sense; your odds of marrying a Mr. Big there are better than average.

Don't get a grad school degree

The more education women get, the more money they earn, and the higher their status rises. Because women "date up", this has the unfortunate effect of shrinking their dating pool. The higher they climb the status ladder, the fewer men they will find above them suitable for marriage. Result: Women with advanced degrees have fewer children and stay single longer. Eventually, this trend will reverse as educated women contribute less of their genes to future generations, but my advice is for women who want happiness now.

If you are a smart girl it's better to satisfy your intellectual cravings by reading books on your leisure time instead of getting your smarts credentialed by a university, like the way high class girls used to do in the past. Women who worry that without higher education they will be left financially strapped in a cold world should consider that men are more likely to provide for them if they feel their resources and support are needed. The male protector and provider instinct is a strong one when it is manipulated by a weaker woman.

Caveat: If you are an ugly woman, go to grad school. You'll need the better job prospects.

Invest in cosmetic repair

Since we're talking about how to maximize women's happiness based on the formula Alpha Husband + Children + Home = Happy, the most efficient and effective way to achieve this is through surgical beauty enhancement. It makes more sense for a woman who ranks lower than a 7 to spend her money on cosmetic surgery that will immediately earn her the sexual attention of thousands more men than what she was used to, than to spend her money on shoes, clothes, and European vacations which do nothing to help her land a quality husband.

If you think this is superficial, it is. I have nothing to say to you except get your head out of the clouds.

Don't run marathons

Marathon running must violate the first law of thermodynamics, because every woman I've met who has said she is training for a marathon was chubby. All that running around aimlessly for miles must put on weight. Note: Does not

apply to women training for a triathlon. These women are universally fit and slender.

Don’t watch TV

TV has done more to bloat women’s expectations than anything else in American culture. In real life, Carrie Bradshaw is horsefaced and does not land a millionaire. Samantha is over the hill and infertile from being riddled with STDs. The bachelor on The Bachelor: London Calling fucks all 25 women and leaves them for an 18 year old stripper in Vegas. You’ll never find happiness if you think reality is a sassy TV show.

***

If I’ve made even one woman happier after reading this and following my advice, I’ll feel like I’ve saved a life. Sometimes I’m so generous with my heart it makes me weep with pride.

Bonus: My advice to men

You deserve a 10!

**It took me three hours to craft that poetry.*

Dancing Herb Friday

CH · 4 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I fulfilled my white person obligation and went to an 80s night. 80s music is catchy and danceable; it practically coaxes the rhythm out of you. The girls were mostly mid 20s to mid 30s and were very approachable. When women reach a certain age they stop sitting in a tight circle with their backs to the crowd like they did when they were younger, and instead sit facing the outside world with open body language that screams "I'm here! Gimme some flirting!" Luckily, the lights were dim, effectively blurring wrinkles and bad skin tone, so flirting with them didn't feel like a chore. Fantasies are easier to sustain in low light. Remember, these girls were coming of age when Pioneer car stereos were like the iPhones of today.

80s nights in DC don't seem to appeal to yuppie credentialist status snobs like lawyers so you'll find a lot of down-to-earth teachers and saleswomen at these parties which is fine by me. As the night wore on and people got drunk they creatively devised ways to grind ass to crotch to the unsuitable 80s beats. I highly recommend 80s nights for younger guys with dance skills looking for an easy score with horny cougar wannabes. After all, they're not going to these cheesy parties to meet their future husbands. Another plus: The male competition was mostly useless herbs with no game. Their masculine presence was so weak they may as well have been bowls of Jell-O.

Zeets the Throwback Barbarian added the song "Saved By Zero" by the Fixx to the DJ's playlist. It was never played. No wonder. That's exactly the kind of 80s song a retro-loving guy would appreciate but not a girl.

Funny ‘Cause It’s (Kinda) True

CH · 5 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The Perfect Woman

CH · 7 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

When VK announced his project to enlist a crew of beaver buster bloggers to write about the perfect woman, I planned at first to crank out some glib, but truthful, response like:

The perfect woman is the one for whom you can leave the money on the nightstand. Prostitutes at least have the integrity to deliver the goods every time.

But then I sobered up and decided to take a serious stab at this topic because I'm a romantic at heart.

It'd be easy to write about the perfect fantasy woman:

sex on demand
cooks and cleans in crotchless panties
no backtalk
always in shape
never gets old
gives everything, asks for nothing
never cheats
treats you like a king no matter what you do
never farts, burps, shits, or gives birth

but since we don't live on another planet as a different species where the rules of human nature don't apply I'll keep it within the realm of believability.

Most importantly, the perfect woman has to be imperfect. She has to have at least one flaw you can exploit to keep her feet on the ground and her head out of the clouds. Plus, it makes her more human and, through osmosis, makes you more human. This type is not hard to find since every woman has flaws. The only perfect women are the ones who are made perfect by worshipful betas.

But don't ever say you're not looking for the perfect woman. You are, and that should be your mindset. You don't set out searching for your soulmate selling yourself short with a list of lover exemptions that gives her a pass on pleasing you. Where would you draw the line with that defeatist attitude? No blowjobs are OK as long as she looks good? Bitchiness is fine if she's nice to you in private? You see the problem with that thinking.

The perfect woman doesn't sweat the small stuff. There was a dusty, rocky trail in the woods leading up a small hill in my old neighborhood where I grew up that I would walk as a teenager when I needed time to think away from people. Sometimes I would clamber up this trail at night during a summer rainstorm and my sneakers would get caked in mud. At the top I'd sit on the ground and let the rain and mud soak me. It's liberating to stop caring. Could she join me? If she understands the spirit of living in the moment and putting aside inconsequential worries, if she never once complains about her sneakers getting muddy or the rain messing up her hair, if she HAS PERSPECTIVE… then she is one step nearer perfection.

The perfect woman embraces our polarity. She loves being a girl and loves surrendering to my manly will. She is never resentful of sex differences or the way men view the world. She accepts it as an unalterable part of life, and learns to need it, to nourish her feminine soul with it.

The perfect woman doesn't flake. Yes, this is a girly trait and a symptom of over-estrogenation, but it's one of their blatant weaknesses, and should not be encouraged. Just as manly men are prone to the weaknesses of masculinity (war, violence) womanly women are prone to the weaknesses of femininity (indecisiveness, fickleness).

The perfect woman is not a status whore. She doesn't measure the worth of her life by her standing in society. True, women prefer a higher status man than themselves, and this reality should be accepted by men AND women. But

there is a difference between kneeling at the altar of status like a disciple, and paying your taxes to an impersonal government agency.

The perfect woman does not treat love like a supplement to life. It isn't that one final piece of avant garde furniture that will tie the room together. It isn't the thing you do after you've done all these other things. Love IS life. Everything we do in our short lives is just prelude to the climax of falling in love. Any girl who thinks and acts otherwise is deliberately lying to herself, and that means she will lie to you.

The perfect woman respects and loves the desires of men. She admires men for their purity. This means she stays the fuck in shape. That is one critical way a woman demonstrates her love for a man. Unconditional love is the heartbeat of poetry but it's a great false god in the grimy world we inhabit. Love me, love my needs, and you will get the same treatment in return.

The perfect woman caresses my face in the morning because it is her right.

The perfect woman improvises. If things don't go her way she won't bitch and moan; she'll discover new enjoyment in change. Her will is strong, but not straitjacketed.

The perfect woman reaches across the table first to touch my hand. Her eyes are sad over flickering candlelight and half-drunk glasses of wine and her soul is laid bare for me.

The perfect woman hates when I'm away.

The perfect woman makes me never regret my memories of her if she goes.

The perfect woman inspires me to love her.

The perfect woman knows she isn't.

Tomorrow: The perfect woman as told by this guy.

State Of Nature

CH · 8 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I don't think people realize just how much condoms and the pill have altered human sexual behavior. To prove this, let's examine the sexual history of the average alpha male with a healthy sex drive:

10 partners per year.
approximately 1.5 copulations per day for ~545 copulations per year.
about 55 copulations per partner.

Now of course none of this matters in the era of contraception since the odds of him getting any of these girls accidentally pregnant is near zero, assuming he is strict in his adherence to protecting himself from baby blackmail and the girl is not lying about being on the pill. Most guys, especially alphas who have high risk temperaments, aren't that self-disciplined and get sloppy once in a while and blast inside, so the chance of fertilization is a little higher than zero. It's probably more like an elevated risk of conception for 1% of the yearly 545 copulations, or 6 copulations randomly distributed have a better than zero chance of turning into 18 years of living hell. Extrapolating outward 10 years, the average alpha male would wind up with one unwanted child. Abortion being the cure for what ails ya, even that unlikely scenario wouldn't come to fruition.

What are the consequences in a pre-contraceptive world? Using the copulation numbers above and assuming the same high risk and sloppy behavior of the average alpha, a girl who didn't have access to the pill or abortion and a guy who didn't have regular access to a reliable condom (which was the case for most of human history) would run a much higher risk of accidental pregnancy. Let's say he pulls out successfully 80% of the time and the remaining 20% of copulations he isn't fast enough and a little of his juice spills inside her. Of that high risk 20% (109 copulatory events) 5% result in conception. That's 5 unwanted pregnancies per year, folks, spread out over five different partners.

If you don't think that massively transformed risk-reward structure would have any effect on human behavior you are living in a fantasyland. Pre-contraception, women were probably more chaste and permitted internal blasts primarily with provider betas they could be sure wouldn't leave them in case of pregnancy. Men, for their part, were less likely to pump and dump in favor of winning over these chaste girls with displays of resources. Alpha males still scored better than average amounts of pussy, but the sexual playing field was more level. With abortion, the pill, and ribbed condoms women exercised their liberation from reproductive consequence by rewarding the caddish alpha males with more sex than they knew what to do with.

The pill has been the beta's worst enemy.

I made a rough calculation in my head how many kids I would have if contraceptives didn't exist. The number is sobering. At least 125 mini-mes would be roaming the plains of America, and France, today. Luckily, I only have to spend a few hours each year visiting my nieces and nephews, which is a level of commitment that suits me well.

The Best Thing Society Can Do For Beta Males

CH · 9 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This is a public service announcement.

End alimony and no-fault divorce.

If women were forced to deal with the financial consequences of failed marriages with high risk cads they would be more discerning about choosing provider betas for husbands. If women did not have the option to unilaterally walk away from a marriage no questions asked, then that would also create an incentive to marry carefully chosen partners who are more likely to possess traits of loyalty and faithfulness, and to be more circumspect about leaving beta husbands who've proven their worth as good providers.

This is a great example of how feminism has been most beneficial (inadvertently or deliberately?) for alpha males. The very male chauvinist pigs they rail against are reaping the rewards of living in the society these feminists have created. To that I say: oink.

*Update: Child support should not provide an incentive for a wife to leave a responsible beta husband, so its reward should be severely restricted only to those cases of fault divorce where the father has clearly reneged on his end of the deal.

Hillary's Lapdog Betaboys

CH · 10 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Several readers emailed me a link to this Camille Paglia article about Hillary Clinton surrounding herself with beta males and how this may be hurting her campaign.

First, a reader wrote to Paglia:

> **I would like to get your feedback on the subject of those who end up in Hillary's orbit. Can you conceive of a strong, leader-type male *ever* working under her? An alpha, if you will. And if the answer is no, then why do you think that is?**
>
> **The men you always see under her are to a person passive-aggressive, sadistic, mean, little, petty beta-male pieces of work who would not naturally succeed in a common male-type hierarchy. […]**
>
> **Hillary's persona is simply not compatible with another strong will, male or female — but definitely male, and that itself is a big red flag.**

Paglia's response in part:

> I agree that the male staff who Hillary attracts are slick, geeky weasels or rancid, asexual cream puffs. (One of the latter, the insufferable Mark Penn, just got the heave-ho after he played Hillary for a patsy with the Colombian government.) If I were to hazard a guess, I'd say Hillary is reconstituting the toxic hierarchy of her childhood household, with her on top instead of her drill-sergeant father. All those seething beta males (as you so aptly describe them) are versions of her sad-sack brothers, who got the short end of the Rodham DNA stick.

This sounds right. The Supreme Cunt resents her experiences growing up with a strong-willed, domineering, verbally abusive alpha male father and her history of surrounding herself with wretched lickspittle lapdog beta males who probably had to pay to lose their virginity exemplifies her inward yearning to dominate the most important male figure in her life the way he dominated her. Just take a look at the amorphous, greasy, slimeball sexually neutered beta bitchboys she employs in her inner circle:

It is for this reason — the seething vengeance complex the Cunt On High nurses for all alpha males who remind her of her father — that Hillary cannot be trusted to act as President in the best interest of half the American population. See, for example, the way she LOATHES the military. Her Cunterrific Cuntastic Cuntery ensures that in her world it is always women first, women best, women forever victims and men relegated to an afterthought or natural born criminal perpetrators of Orwellian PC crimes, suitable only for reminding her of her ideological righteousness nurtured for decades during the height of the misandrist revolution in a fetid curdled soup of gender

bender feelgood lies.

Bill Clinton, alpha male, gradually learned this, and found love and admiration in the arms of younger women unafraid of their femininity and sex roles. I respect him for that.

Ever notice how most alpha males — the guys who know how to give women what they want — are either indifferent to feminism or, when they're not in polite company, hostile to it? And how many sniveling beta males lick up the runny shit of feminism and ask for more? Something worth pondering.

You deserve a 10

CH · 11 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sure some scoffed when I gave that advice to men, but it turns out I was right! To increase the likelihood of a happy relationship men should be with women who are more attractive than themselves.

> Women seeking a lifelong mate might do well to choose the guy a notch below them in the looks category. New research reveals couples in which the wife is better looking than her husband are more positive and supportive than other match-ups.
>
> The reason, researchers suspect, is that men place great value on beauty, whereas women are more interested in having a supportive husband.

The mysteries of the herb factor solved.

The study involved asking couples a personal question and evaluating how supportive each partner was of the other. Couples were rated separately for hotness of looks.

> Researchers videotaped as each spouse discussed with their partner a personal problem for 10 minutes. The tapes were analyzed for whether partners were supportive of spouses' issues, which included goals to eat healthier, to land a new job and to exercise more often.
>
> "A negative husband would've said, 'This is your problem, you deal with it,'" McNulty said, "versus 'Hey, I'm here for you; what do you want me to do?; how can I help you?'"
>
> A group of trained "coders" rated the facial attractiveness of each spouse on a scale from 1 to 10, with the perfect 10 representing the ultimate babe. About a third of the couples had a more attractive wife, a third a more attractive husband and the remaining partners showed matching looks.

If my wife was getting fat I wouldn't tell her it's her problem. I'd be on her flabby ass like Gunnery Sergeant Hartman. I'm supportive like that.

> Overall, wives and husbands behaved more positively when the woman was better looking.

Men — bat out of your league. Not only will you be happier, but so will she.

> In couples with more attractive husbands, both partners were less supportive of one another. McNulty suggests wives mirror, in some ways, the level of support they get from husbands.

I've seen this in real life. My good-looking buddies who slum it with borderline chicks treat their girls like shit. This proves it's practically a moral imperative to sleep with girls who are hotter than you think you can get.

> Physical attractiveness of husbands is not as important to women, the researchers suggest. Rather, wives are looking for supportive husbands, they say.
>
> So it seems the mismatch in looks is actually a perfect match. "Equitable is unlikely to mean the same on every dimension," Ariely said during a telephone interview. "It just means that overall two people make sense together."

Aiming for hotter chicks than what everyone tells you you deserve is not only great motivation and a guaranteed way to improve your game, it is scientifically and morally justified. Since I am a font of human kindness and a light unto the world, I will only hit on 9s and above tonight.

One Year Anniversary: Greatest Hits

CH · 13 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There have been some new sadomasochists readers here at the chateau lately, so I figured it would be helpful to acclimate them to the chateau's delights with links to personal and fan favorite posts. (Plus, I forget what I write about five minutes after I write it, so this is a way for me to explore my mental state at various times this past year.)

My very first post on April 9, 2007: Endless Dating

Not one of my best efforts, but being the first I include it as a matter of curiosity.

The very next two posts happened to be two of my best:

How To Win Back An Ex-Girlfriend

Excerpt From The Book Of Alpha

Check out the comments which are chock full of valuable info.

A funny post that got me a date with a cat fancier: LolCat Game

Me being creative: Profiles in Scintillating Conversation

The scripture of this blog summed up in one post: Truth Day

An attempt to calculate the odds of a girl flaking: Flake Odds Point System

A real life pickup story from the underground biography: The Bachelor Party

Judging a woman by her cover (this post caught the eyes of the Wonkette crew): She Eats Her Peas One At A Time

My most viewed post (must be a lot of Dennis Kucinich fans out there): Dennis Kucinich: Alpha Male

My third most viewed post, and one I had to work hard to collect the data for: A Quick And Dirty Dating Guide To Foreign Girls

Dealing with a girl's last minute resistance.

I give my future kids the lowdown: An Open Letter To My Hypothetical Future Kids

My thoughts on love and underwear parties.

This post generated a lot of anger and self-serving platitudes: From Kitten To Cougar

I enjoy rubbing the ugly side of life into the faces of the pretty lies crowd.

How bitter woman-hating betas are created.

Omegas and betas welcome their sexbot overlords.

Despite claims that it's the intelligence and imagination two people bring to bed that makes for better sex, it's the hotness of the woman that really counts.

Pushing a girl away will trigger her attraction for you.

The many ways to answer a girl when she asks you if you think she's fat.

Second in a series of my popular girlfriend or fling posts.

My experience with something unnatural: Fake Tits

Getting our terms straight: Defining The Alpha Male and The Alpha Female

My second most viewed post, and one that caused a lot of consternation among lawyers. Again, this information

required much time spent in the field collecting data. Like Jesus Christ, I suffer to enlighten my readers: What A Girl's Job Tells You

I channeled Tyler Durden in this post. I must have been tripping.

Need to know what your chances are of landing your dream lover? Then check out my masterpieces and tally up your score: Dating Market Value For Men and For Women

A sad story from my life that contributed to making me the charming devil I am today: Dodged The Same Bullet Twice

Best Halloween Costume Ever

My experience with jungle fever.

My anti-lawyer screed. I'm really proud of this post.

The things I will do for a girl if I really like her: Litmus Test

Always date at least two girls at once.

A very in-depth analysis of proper alpha body language.

A woman's number one asset. Care to guess what it is?

The sweetness of robbing a girl of the satisfaction of dumping you.

A critical component of game is getting compliance from a girl.

A fine list of maxims.

My manifesto against marriage.

Cockblocked by Scientology.

This post on the sex appeal of younger vs older women cause much wailing and gnashing of teeth and probably cost me a few hookups through the blog. But I have to stay true to my art.

A ripping good yarn about my time dating a woman I feared was a tranny.

As a connoisseur of young cooch, these two posts present rules for dealing with dating younger women.

Don't say I'm not a giver. Here's my post on game for girls.

A man's state of mind is the most important thing for determining how much pussy he gets.

I discuss how fat women distort the dating market and create players.

Girls love assholes – news at 11.

Guarantee a healthy relationship with the fear of loss.

This was the number one commented post. Betas are hip.

The perfect woman. (Hint: that cropped pic wasn't randomly chosen.)

Looking forward, I intend to steer this blog in a fresh direction while staying true to the core mission statement. Change is good.

Keeping Your Woman In Line

CH · 15 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Back in the day I lived in a group house with three other guys. It was a great time. As men, we really sharpened our joshing in this environment. I mastered the art of the cutting retort.

One of the guys, a physically imposing 6'7″ laid back dude, had a hot girlfriend – let's call her Kay – with a great personality. She was every guy's dream girlfriend. One night, all of us were sitting around in the living room splayed across dirty couches watching TV when Kay started gossiping about inconsequential private matters involving her boyfriend and his family. She meant no harm by it, and we weren't really paying attention, but he obviously didn't like the idea of her revealing personal details from his life. Out of the blue, he thundered

"SHUT THE FUCK UP KAY!!"

The room fell silent. Kay blushed a bright crimson and sat immobile, looking at him submissively from under her lowered eyes. She didn't protest or attempt to defend herself. I think all she said was "OK alright" in a mousy half-exasperated, half-apologetic voice. After what seemed like hours but was only 30 seconds, one of us broke the tension by changing the subject to something stupid on TV.

Later that night, I was awoken by a steady thumping noise coming through the walls. It was loud enough to rouse me to investigate. I walked closer to the source of the thump on the other side of the house (this was a very large house) which was reverberating from one of the bedrooms. It sounded like a heavy appliance being dropped. As I neared the bedroom door I heard the unmistakeable grunts, moaning, and shrieks of delight of lovemaking. Mr. Shut The Fuck Up was fucking his girlfriend so hard that the bed frame was lifting off the floor. His thrusting tempo was precise — you could have practiced piano to the metronomic beat of the thumping.

There are a few impressionable moments in a young man's life that opens his eyes to the true nature of women. This was one of them.

***

Proposition: I challenge my male readers — particularly my beta readers — who have girlfriends to an asshole experiment. When your GF makes you genuinely angry I want you to yell at her "SHUT THE FUCK UP". Credibility will be added if you do it in public. This will be tough for you to do, but my presence will be with you, like the unholy spirit. Visualize your balls physically growing larger when she says something that pisses you off.

Email me the results of this experiment, good or bad. What did she say/do? Did you back down or stand by your words? Did you break up or did you have the best sex of your lives afterward? For those of you who have already yelled like this to your girlfriends, your memory of the event will be accepted for consideration. After I have received a number of responses, I will put up a post in the future quoting each contributing reader's experience. You will be credited for your bravery in the pursuit of truth and understanding.

I believe some of you will become intoxicated by the power of asshole.

PS: They got happily married.

Dragon Attack

CH · 16 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Take me to the room where the red's all red
Take me out of my head-'s what I said yeah
Hey take me to the room where the green's all green
And from what I've seen it's hot it's mean

If the Chinese have any sense of humor to accompany their embrace of manifest destiny they'd choose the above as their Olympics theme song. As this article insists, it's the way things are shaping up for the 21st century.

> What would those Victorian masters of old have made of the fact that Chinese security men were on the streets of London this week, ordering our own police about and fighting running battles with British protesters while bewildered athletes carried the Olympic torch on its relay through the capital?
>
> It was a brazen display of how confident China has become of its new place in the world, just as the British Government's failure to take a firm stand on Chinese abuses of human rights shows how craven we have become.

The West is weak, a willfully beached whale encumbered and suffocating under its own heaving mass, tired of living, growing old, losing faith, conceding surrender to legal and illegal invasions of foreign hordes with not the slightest bit of inclination or desire to assimilate, and I lay the blame for its critical condition and spiritual stupor squarely at the feet of those guilty Western equalists who got the vapors being Number One. The folly of the Iraq War was simply coda to decades of self-evisceration and puling retreat from national pride.

> As it builds gleaming skyscrapers on its fields, China alone consumes half the world's cement and a third of its steel.
>
> What is happening is so extraordinary that economists have had to invent a new word for it – this is not an economic cycle, but a supercycle, a shift in the world economy of historic proportions.
>
> When demand increases and supply stands still, prices shoot up. Iron, wheat and oil are all at record prices, despite slackening demand in the faltering Western economies.

A double whammy. Demand in the West for materials decrease but prices continue to rise on increased demand in China. A weakened economy could at least eventually benefit from a drop in prices due to weakened demand, but now that is denied us. I see a big hurt coming. Stagflation all over again.

China rises on these factors:

- dem asian smarts perfectly suited for the modern visuo-spatial tech economy
- fierce jingoism
- ethnic pride (what in the West would be called racism)
- a collective spirit of predestination
- a complete absence of self-flagellating guilt
- a first instinct not based on fear or apology, but righteous entitlement
- a less tender ethical sensibility

Remind you of countries past?

Yet there is audacious hope on the horizon.

> But Western attitudes will change as well, with a likely shift to the political Right. White liberal guilt, the driving force behind political correctness, will subside as Westerners feel threatened by the global order changing, and their supremacy slipping away.
>
> Anti-Americanism will disappear as Europeans realise how much better it was to have a world super power that was a democracy (however flawed) not a dictatorship.
>
> There is even speculation that the intense economic pressure on countries such as Britain will cause them to trim down their bloated welfare state, simply because it will no longer be affordable at present levels.

I used to think that the physical death of the last wheezing remnants of the Boomer generation would be needed to finally slay the PC Eye of Sauron, but now I see that China's triumph is the X factor that will re-energize American culture. Chinese supremacy may very well turn out to be a blessing in disguise for an anemic West. In the tribulation of real challenge, of growing powerlessness, America has the opportunity to toss off the shackles of navel-gazing self-doubt and deconstructionist -ism wallowing and reclaim a renewed sense of self. I foresee the Chinese Century ushering in a quietly robust Underground American Century marked by its jettisoning of postmodernist nihilistic silliness.

Real loss of power has a way of focusing the mind.

She's low down
-She don't take no prisoners
Go down
-Gonna give me the business
No time
-Yeah chained to the rack!
Show time
-Got a dragon on my back
Show down
-Go find another customer
Slow down
*-I gotta make my way**

*yeah, i know this song is probably about drugs, but i liked how it worked as a china metaphor as well.

What's Annoying In This Picture?

CH · 17 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this "man" (and I use the term loosely):

This twee little turd was photographed at the opening of the new Brooklyn Flea market, written about in this New York Times article. The annoyance level of this picture is a 9 on the Prickter scale. There's so much hideousness to choose from that you'll have to decide what's most annoying. Personally, it's a toss-up between the billowing flowered scarf and the gloves in April.

If you needed one picture to sum up everything that's wrong with a once great nation, this will do. From the doughy flaccid face begging for a punch to the exquisitely scuffed boots, he's a pure distillation of decadent pointlessness. An asexual globule of fey excess. A consumerist wastrel. He's like the anti-Christ of virile manhood: the anti-man. The nearer you get to him, the more testosterone he sucks out of your soul. Ironically, the closer women get to him the more manly they become, probably out of spite. Women tend to take on the characteristics of men when the men in their lives forfeit the job.

Here's the catch: If he's straight, I bet he gets laid more than the average straight American man. Why? Because he's not average. Stepping out of the mainstream, no matter how preposterous, gets a man noticed by women. Most will hate him, some will be indifferent, and a few will love him like a rock star. This equation adds up to more pussy than the average guy can get, since average men are hated by some women and unnoticed by all the rest. A bland average man never starts off with a small but firm base of aroused women.

It's for this reason I define alpha males as those who can secure the best pussy in the greatest quantities on the most favorable terms. Bowling 300 is an alpha trait, but skipping the bowling competition to violate a hipsterette's mouth in the back of a coat check of a dingy club is alpha itself.

ps: men should never go to flea markets. are you a gatherer, or a hunter?

pps: whitepeople love postscripts.

Inner Game

CH · 18 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I have a friend who is very self-critical. When we go out to meet girls he will handicap his game by being too hard on himself. When he isn't weaseling out of approaching girls with every excuse in the book he is projecting an overly attentive vibe when he does manage to enter a set. In the field, I'd often hear him say:

"I wonder if she got my jokes?"

"I hope I didn't come off as too needy."

"She's probably looking for a different type of guy."

Poor inner game — what is known by other jargon as your state of mind or your self confidence — is inwardly directed. Good inner game is outwardly directed. It's the difference between berating yourself for not winning over others and berating others for not winning over you. The men who are naturally good with women live outside their minds — they are externally focused. The downside is that they are usually not very introspective, but who cares about that shit when you're getting pussy? Introspection is for dainty young women in sundresses picking buttercups in meadows.

If my friend had good inner game what he would have said is:

"She loses points for not having a good sense of humor."

"She's the kind of girl who hides her insecurity behind aloofness."

"I'll chat with her to see if she's the type of girl I want in my life."

I hear a lot of talk about how Game routines are going stale, and chicks see right through them. In fact, the problem isn't typically with the routines, it's with the confidence and congruence in which they are delivered. If your inner game isn't solid then what you present to the outside world won't match what you are feeling inside. Your inner game is reflected through your body language and voice tone, so however clever your routines they will strike a false note if you don't internalize the confidence you are trying to portray. You will betray yourself with negative thinking.

Fake it till you make it means faking that internal confidence as well as the external behavior. This is not as hard as it sounds. Every time you feel self-doubt and talk yourself into inaction, yell "Stop!" out loud, and your brain will reboot. You then consciously reframe your thought processes to put the burden of approval seeking on those around you. With good inner game you can say just about any ridiculous routine and the girl will be intrigued.

The most important change in thinking you can make:

You are not there to win over women, they are there to win over you.

Keep saying this over and over until you begin to believe it. You are re-wiring yourself. Don't worry about the truth or falsity of it. That's irrelevant.

The beauty of this system is that it turns the seduction template on its head. Co-opting a woman's natural choosiness and making yourself the chooser instead of the chosen is extremely attractive to women. Because it hardly ever happens this way, women will happily strive to win the approval of a man who is clear in his words and his actions that he is judging them for worthiness of his attention, and not the other way around.

Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be

CH · 19 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

** FILE ** This Saturday, March 24, 2007 file photo shows French film legend and animal rights activist Brigitte Bardot prior to a march of various animal rights associations, in Paris. Bardot is back on trial in France, facing charges of fanning discrimination and racial hatred against Muslims. In a Paris court hearing Tuesday, April 15, 2008 prosecutors have said they are seeking a two-month suspended prison sentence and a euro15,000 (US$23,900) fine against the former screen siren and animal rights campaigner (AP Photo/Jacques Brinon)

Preemptive Rejection

CH · 21 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

One thing that comes with dating a lot of women is an improved ability to detect when her level of enthusiasm isn't matching yours, and when to cut off investment when the profit outlook is poor. Inexperience and lack of diversification causes a lot of men to hold onto a girl's stock far longer than is wise, dragging out first dates that should have been cut loose after 15 minutes, or chasing after girls for second dates when the first date ended on a cheek peck note.

But there is another factor. Men, with a few exceptions like very empathetic artist and salesmen types, don't have the highly refined intuition for gauging subtle social cues that women have from birth. Men's intuition — or gut instinct — is underdeveloped. Their communication channels between their decision-making process and their subconscious have a lot of static. Women, by contrast, are always locked in to their sixth sense.

There is a reasonable explanation why this is so — as choosers of mates based on criteria less visually based, a woman with a superior sixth sense in terms of accuracy and speediness was fooled less often into bearing the children of beta schemers than a woman who had trouble judging the true character of her suitors. But as relatively indiscriminate chasers of T&A, men never needed to develop the sophisticated bullshit character detector system that serves women so well in separating the weenies from the Shaft. Lunkheaded persistence was more useful to men.

The kind of raw numbers dating experience that modern players have which never existed in the tribal environment that is still the heritage of our hindbrains plays a big role in altering this mating dynamic. A fearless guy who plucks a new woman out of the giant anonymous dating pool of the urban copulation carnival every week starts to get a good sense of his chances of closing the deal. He'll listen better to his inner voice and cut dates short that aren't progressing as steadily as he'd like, and he'll avoid calling a woman for a second date when he feels based on her lackluster vibes from the first date that there's a higher than average risk of her delaying sex, canceling the date, or taking too long to return his calls. Persistence and chasing women benefits a man less when his options are so numerous. Time and inexperience replaces rejection as his number one enemy.

But like every sea change in human behavior there is an unintended downside. I'm now so finely attuned to the slightest negative feedback from women that I get skittish at the first red flag of foot-dragging. I'll walk away from dates after ten minutes before the condensation has formed on our drinks if she hasn't inched closer to me on the couch or if she glanced around the room more than once instead of maintaining solid eye contact. I won't follow up for a second date even if the first date ended with her telling me to give her a call if I suspect, based on her bad body language, that she will flake.

A woman who is too self-possessed on a first date will not get a call back from me. I need to see real physical and emotional escalation quickly or she drops off the face of the earth in favor of the next girl in my queue. The dating scene is that cutthroat now.

There is no doubt that my improved sixth sense and skittishness to avoid wasting time and resources on dead end dates has cost me girls who might've put out had I stayed the course and pursued a little more aggressively. But I believe the downside is worth the greater upside of saving time and headaches and minimizing the odds of a Rules girl exploiting me. Plus, I suffer less second date rejection, which is worse than approach rejection, and my ego stays strong and inflated.

Many times I have run into women at bars or on the street I had one date with but who I never called for a second date because I figured they would flake. They have always looked at me with a hint of discomfort on their faces and walked by muttering terse hellos. I take great satisfaction when this happens because I know that even if the girl never intended to see me again I robbed her of the opportunity to call the shots.

No matter how badly the first date went and how much she doesn't want to hear from you, if you don't call a girl for

a second date it will leave her confused and less full of herself. You will have lowered her self-esteem and made it easier for the next man to nut inside her. The good karma this selfless act generates will return to you a hundred easy first dates that end the next morning.

The Gayest Show On Earth

CH · 22 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The circus is a great daytime event to take a girl for a third date. It's thooper dooper gay, because the performers are very happy and always smiling. The spectators are smiling, the clowns are smiling, everyone is gay and joyous. So fabulously gay! The happy smiling gayness puts your date in a positive upbeat mood, even if the brat sitting next to her got cotton candy in her hair. Plus, it gives you and her plenty to ridicule, including all the kids in the audience on sugar highs, and as we know nothing bonds like shared mockery. Making fun of people has been the catalyst for sexual congress for thousands of generations.

Girls holding hands in the club are circus elephants. The girl in the lead dragging her friends around is the alpha elephant. The fattest elephant was the caboose.

Here are the girls complimenting each other on how good their asses look in those new jeans.

I caught the human cannonball mid-blast. His trajectory and distance reminded me of my jizzbombs. I wished my money shots made the cannon noise.

The guy standing on the elephant is the central circus character. He's sort of a half-clown, half-Shakespearean tragic figure for the 21st century who pretends to pine for one of the beautiful trapeze artists. His clown makeup was not the scary kind with the big red nose and lips. He just had tall hair and maybe some pastel colored lip gloss which I'm told was poppin'. I read that clown school is more selective than Harvard, so only the best graduate and go on to work for one of the major circus outfits, like Ringling or Cirque du Soleil. It showed. This guy was a Renaissance man, skilled in acrobatics, athletics, fashion, drama, and animal husbandry. My date was ogling him. I began to regret my choice of venue.

There was padding under the high wire. Big letdown. The high wire guy was Latino, the human pyramid balancing act was Chinese, and the lion tamer was East European. Stereotypes R Us.

I like this photo. I caught the tiger in mid diving ass rape. Surprize buttsecks!

I wrote before about planning creative dates if you want to build a stronger emotional bond with a girl. The circus definitely fits that bill, and judging by the number of couples I saw there mixed in with all the families I'm not the only one who follows the wisdom of my words. A good idea for those masochists who are dating lawyers is to bring her to the circus and if she doesn't crack a smile once or bitches about the uncomfortable seats you can pay off one of the clowns to harass her with animal balloons shaped like overgrown clits.

Aside from its date potential, I was a little disappointed by the whole spectacle. The circus is a major production now, polished, snappy, and fast-paced, all business no heart. Kiosk after kiosk sold cheap plastic trinkets to shovel into the consumerist maw. It wouldn't be out of place in the Mall of America. There were no monkeys in hats on organ grinders. No animals taking dumps in the middle of the ring. No poop or hay smells. No bearded ladies, tri-breasted midgets, fire breathers, knife throwers, or Siamese twins. I was hoping for the old grimy circuses of yore

you always see in the movies; the ones where you could go behind the big tent and catch a few angry looking balding clowns playing a game of poker and drinking gin through crazy straws. Maybe one of them tells you to “Get lost, kid!” and you find yourself backing into the psychic’s tent who curses in Latin and hisses like a snake when she pulls the Goatse card for you.

No such luck. The only freaks there were the PETA protestors. You can blame the fucking lawyers for this.

Bachelor Pad Seduction Props

CH · 23 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Things I "accidentally" leave lying around and conspicuously displayed when she comes back to my place:

- A photo of me and a hot ex.

You know the golden rule: Girls love guys who are loved by other girls. Be careful with this ploy, you'll need total plausible deniability. If she suspects that you intentionally left an ex photo in full view for her to stumble across you'll spend more time explaining yourself and less time adding a new photo to your collection. My advice is to have a few other photos of random scenes that don't include your exes strewn haphazardly across your desk or coffee table (but make sure the ex pic is prominent so her eye will go there first), with a photo album nearby, so that it looks like you were in the middle of updating the album. Also, you'll need a solid story for why you have an ex photo that doesn't lead her to believe you are still hung up on your ex and masturbating to old pics of her in the middle of the night. When she finds the pic, just say "Oh yeah, forgot about her. It's funny how much stuff we forget organizing old photos."

Adorable pictures of little nieces and nephews sitting in your lap or on your shoulders work well, too. Your computer's screensaver is very handy for this sort of photo game.

Note: Old school print photos that are curling at the edges pack a more powerful emotional punch than photos on LCD screens.

- A baby book of myself.

Actually, I really did leave this lying around accidentally when my mother gave me a box of stuff from her attic to keep. To my pleasant surprise, it worked like a charm many times because I was much cuter at three than I am now, plus there is a lock of my toddler hair in there that always elicits an "aww", but I decided it sent too many nesting signals and not enough jackhammering signals, so I have since packed it away out of sight.

- My guitar

I play guitar as a hobby so there is nothing deliberate about its display, except that I have it propped up near my bed. I've serenaded girls from various points in my place and come to the conclusion that strumming a tune for her on the bed is the best location. Some guys like to do their serenading from the living room since that's where the girl will be sitting when she first arrives, and playing a song for her is an excellent mood-building routine in the early stages of the seduction phase of the pickup. But I have artsy black and white photographs I've shot hanging on the wall to do that for me, so I save my guitar playing for later in the bedroom where one 30 second song verse can obviate the need for a half hour of foreplay. *Spanish Ballad* will blow away last minute resistance better than hours of grinding tactical retreats and freeze-outs.

- A book on Tantric sex

For "spiritual enlightenment" purposes. This is the only subliminal message porn you'll be able to non-creepily display in the open. For this reason, I'm always rushing to minimize my "erotica" folder on the monitor when she goes to the bathroom.

- Fresh flowers in a vase

What guy keeps fresh flowers in his place? Her mind will reel at the possibilities, most likely imagining you have other girls giving you flowers for your lovemaking prowess. If she's thinking that, it cuts your work in half. If she asks, evade.

Her: "Did you get those flowers yourself?"

You: “They smell good, don’t they? Go ahead, take a whiff. I like the uplifting mood they add to the room.”

If she presses:

Her: “So who got them?”
You: “I have a secret admirer at work. I may as well keep them. Who throws out fresh flowers?”

NOTE: Dead flowers in a vase sends the wrong message. It says you’re either too lazy to dump them in the trash or you’re lamenting an ex who gave you those flowers months ago. Only Europeans are allowed to keep dried up flowers as display pieces.

- SLR camera on a tripod

What do you take pictures of?
Whatever my art demands.
Any people?
If they’re right for the camera.
Am I right for the camera?
As you are, maybe. Stand over there.
So, what do you think?
There’s potential. But you wouldn’t be able to do nudes.
Why not?
It’s a gift. Only a few women have the aura to hold the camera’s attention in the nude.
You’re wrong! I’m sure I would have the aura.
We’ll see. I could be wrong, but not usually.

- Cookbooks

Don’t bother learning how to cook. Just have a few cookbooks on the shelf where she can see them and the effect will be the same. Tell her you’ll cook for her “one day”, and keep putting it off.

- Stripper pole

I’m holding it for a friend.

My First Experience With A 10

CH · 24 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

One time in South Beach I wandered into one of the art deco hotels and found myself surrounded by models. It was 1AM and I was drunk so it seemed like a good idea to roam the halls of a random hotel and crash any parties in progress. Every other room door was open and filled with beautiful people smoking pot, lounging on bean bags, and languidly caressing each other. There were hippie beaded doors and silk see-through fabrics substituting for real doors from which billowing clouds of pot smoke would emanate. The whole place gave the impression of walking through an interactive diorama of set pieces featuring the genetically perfect in their native habitat doing what they do best — snorting hedonism like an eight ball.

Passing by one of the rooms a girl shouted out at me to come in and join them. “Hey you, whatever your name is, don’t be shy!” I was barely out of college and had no game for this type of situation so all I could do was nod at the group and feel my pupils dilate to maximum aperture to take in the breathtakingly beautiful women. An occasional 9 or 10 walking down the street is a rare treat and can knock a guy right out of his daily humdrum stupor, but a roomful of 9s and 10s in seductive half-naked poses, doing that thing where you’re high and laughing without any noise coming out of your mouth, and gesturing for you to come closer where you take in their natural aromas, will make you catatonic. I tried hard to ignore the male models scuffling around the room in their underwear and felt relieved that the purity of my heterosexuality was not challenged by their six sigma good looks.

I sat on the purple shag rug next to one of the girls, a waifish brunette with olive skin and Mila Kunis lips. Her body and face couldn’t have been crafted any better by a master sculptor. I admired her flat stomach under her half-shirt dangling like an awning off her boobs.

“Where are you from?”
“Nowhere.” (I was very angsty back then.)
“Well, Mr. Nowhere, spark it up! You look tense.”
She handed me a spliff. I coughed on my first drag.
“I should warn you, it’s strong leaf.”
Suddenly, she leaned over and planted her lips on mine. The sensations overwhelmed me. I felt like I was having an out of body experience. We kissed for a few seconds. She pulled back and laughed as she slapped the back of her hand against her forehead.
“Hey dude, beer’s on the balcony.” One of the male models was talking to me.
I looked over and saw that my new love had her hand on his knee and he was chuckling. I stood up and went to the balcony. There was no beer in the cooler. Looking around, I saw that no one was paying me attention anymore. I left to find my friend.

That night was a glimpse into another world, a secret society of blessed people who are above 99.999999% of humanity, flouting every known convention and not giving a fuck. I fondly remember my first kiss with a 10 better than I do my actual first kiss. Enjoying the pleasure of a truly stunning woman is an experience like no other on this earth. Mediocre women — even attractive 8s — don’t provide the same profound depth of stimulation. I don’t know how so many men can get it up for ugly women.

In the age old question of quantity versus quality a balance must be struck. The super alphas will cycle through a rotation of the hottest women. Everyone else must compromise in some way. Variety in itself is a turn-on, but steady sex from one exceptionally beautiful woman is more rewarding than new sex with a plethora of plain janes.

Beautiful women are worth holding out for. By “holding out” I mean “saving your commitment”. One night of sex with a 10 is equal to ten years of sex with fifty 6s.

Tomorrow I will discuss the quantity vs quality pussy issue in more detail.

Sex Makes Me Sick

CH · 25 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Or, at least, I suspect it compromises my immune system and makes me more vulnerable to germs than I normally would be. The problem is that it's hard to tease out the primary causes — it could be the drinking, which often goes hand in hand with the sex, especially if you're getting action on the prowl. Relationship sex is mostly sober unless your relationship is dysfunctional. It could be the mingling of fluids and exhaled breath. Or maybe it's a general weakening that happens when precious sperm leaves its home.

I know someone who fucks for hours at a time but refrains from ejaculating, pausing when the moment of imminence arrives, and starting up again when it's passed. (I can do this. The trick is to squeeze hard at the base of the shaft when you're about to cum. It shuts the hydraulics off. Timing is everything.) He does this for one or two week cycles, at the end of each cycle I assume he unloads with a blast that could drill a hole in drywall. He swears this gives him more energy and a feeling of invincibility from all the testosterone that builds up, and is supposed to slow the aging process.

Vitamins and anti-oxidants like grape seed extract have been ineffectual.

My choice:

Swear off sex for six months to recalibrate my immune system and return to the field desperate and horny, but healthy.

Or

Continue fucking as my lifeforce drains out of me and I die prematurely from the common cold.

PSA: Viagra is weak. I recommend ordering yohimbe from India where they manufacture a more potent form of this natural "male enhancer". It will make your shaft feel like adamantine and the tip extra-sensitive.

Culture In Decline: A Pictorial Series

CH · 27 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Auto Mechanics Are Con Men

CH · 28 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I dropped my car off at a Midas in a ritzy suburb of DC* to get an estimate for repairs. I left their shop the next afternoon having bitched them out in front of customers with no repairs done and a credit toward any future visits.

Here is the standard MO of the slimeball con man mechanic. If you are the recipient of this schtick, do not bring your car there.

– First, he'll tell you how great your car is, to soften up your resistance. "That's a good year for that car. They stopped making them like that a couple years ago. Fine vehicle. Solid engine. If I were you I'd do whatever it takes to keep her in top shape. She could go 300,000 miles."

– Then he'll try to sell you on repairs and upkeep you don't need using parts jargon you've never heard. Oh, and all the parts come as a "unit" or in "pairs" so you'll be spending double what you really need to spend. Watch out for phrases like "While we were looking for that brake problem you asked us to check, we came across…" and "We recommend a transmission, brake, and coolant flush." In fact, if he uses the word "flush" a red flag should immediately go up. Suckers Customers, especially fad-of-the-day yuppies who extol the virtues of regular coffee and wheatgrass colonics, must be conditioned to believe a car needs a "flush" every 500 miles because they anthropomorphize their cars, like they do their tiny eunuch dogs.

– After you've turned down every one of his additional recommendations, he'll begrudgingly agree to your basic repair request (you'll actually hear the disappointment in his voice) but neglect to give you a quote if you don't ask for it. ALWAYS ASK FOR A WRITTEN PRICE QUOTE. If you are speaking to him over the phone tell him to write his price quote down so that you can see it when you come to pick up your car. Without a price quote, you are guaranteed to pay more than what you anticipated.

– He neglects to ask if you want after market or OEM (original equipment manufacturer) parts used. If you don't specify after market, expect to pay double for OEM since he will default to those parts. When you ask later why after market wasn't used, he will tell you "those specific after market parts aren't designed for your model car." 99% of the time this won't be true, so don't believe him.

– Any haggling by the shop manager is an admission of guilt. Why would he haggle if his price wasn't flexible from the start? Can you haggle for pants at Banana Republic? It's weird that mechanics in the US operate like third world bazaars.

– If his eyes are close together on his head and he has pock marks, there is a higher than average chance he is a con man.

How you can protect yourself:

– If you feel like you're being scammed, bitch the scumbag out with liberal use of "fuck" in all its glorious permutations. Start arguing in a mild-mannered way to lower his defenses and build to a curse-filled crescendo. Make sure to do this when other customers are in earshot. An irate customer fucking up shit for the boss in front of his underlings and the other customers (and future customers) puts a lot of pressure on him to concede and cut you a deal. Bonus points if children are present. Watch how fast he grabs his ankles.

– Wear dark-shaded sunglasses to make yourself look more intense and slightly crazy.

– Look all those parasites in the eyes. A liar will never be able to hold your gaze for longer than a couple seconds.

– Bring a PDA or iPhone and start furiously googling for parts and repair prices. Announce loudly for all to hear that you are going to "google and see what this really costs." Hold your PDA high in the air when you say this. C.H.U.D.s cower before the power of the mighty google.

Top three sleaziest occupations: mechanic, used car salesman, personal injury lawyer. I'm seriously contemplating selling my car.

*I bet the bigger rip-off artists are in upper class neighborhoods. Rich yuppies who don't know a thing about cars would throw money at the mechanic to fix the problem, chalking up the cost to normal "wear and tear".

My Personal Pickup Openers

CH · 29 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A while ago, I brainstormed a list of indirect openers and conversation starters to use for cold approaches. Some of these are originals, some are reworkings of popular openers already in circulation in the pickup community. For a time, I actually kept this as a cheat sheet in my back pocket to assist during those rare moments my mind was a complete blank and I could think of nothing to say. I would guess I use "canned" openers on 10% of my approaches. I prefer situational openers, where I jive about whatever happens to be going on around us. But sometimes canned material is very helpful to ease the way for you to get out of a slump or as a temporary substitute for weak natural game.

Note: These are NOT "pickup lines". They won't make a girl automatically attracted to you, and they aren't examples of direct game. They're simply interesting or amusing things to talk about that get girls intrigued and invested in a conversation with you. They also raise your value by making you sound more interesting to girls than 99% of guys out there.

Most of the ones below fall under the category of opinion opener, which I've found are more effective as something you say right *after* you've broken the ice with a casual greeting.

The best way to use these lines is to anchor them to a back story, otherwise you risk sounding creepy if you crash a set blurting them out machine gun style. For instance, I might say "My buddy over there just broke up with his girlfriend and I've been spending the night consoling him. She was just way too jealous of him. Do you think guys or girls get jealous more easily?"

***

1. How would you react if your boyfriend gave you an ultimatum?

2. Why do girls check out other girls more than they check out guys?

3. There are people who analyze walks and can tell what mood you're in, what you're thinking, and even what you do for a living.

– great for steering a conversation in many different directions.

4. You look like the type who would date a starving artist, but marry a doctor.

– this one has been very good to me because it is part opener, part neg.

5. Let's say you were dating this guy for a while, fell in love with him, and found out months later that he was broke. Would you break up with him?

– also one of my favorites. anything that hints at the core nature of women elicits strong reactions.

6. Were you nervous the first time you tried on a bikini? My buddy said he was nervous when he first tried on a suit. -OR- My ex said she was nervous the first time she wore 5 inch stiletto heels.

– a conversation builder like this is highly context dependent. use with caution.

7. There was a study done recently that said that beautiful couples have more daughters and nerdy couples have more sons. Would you say your parents were beautiful or nerdy?

8. Who can keep a secret longer — guys or girls?

– simple. direct. easy to remember. make sure to anchor it if this is your opener.

9. Are the best lovers made or born?

– not recommended as an opener. better as banter material.

10. You guys are in the power position. Yeah, tight circle, backs to everyone, like a football huddle. No guy is gonna get through your defenses. But how would you stand if one of you… let's say her (motion toward your target)… really wanted to be approached by a cool guy?

– if you like to approach sets boldly, this one is for you.

11. If a guy needs to buy some stylish clothes is it better for him to take along a girlfriend or a girl buddy for fashion tips? What about a gay friend?

12. Who has better fashion sense — girls or gay guys?

– any mention of the word "gay" is like the all-purpose social lubricant.

13. You look like the type of girl who would leave a club if another girl was wearing the same shirt.

– this one is a risky opener gambit. use on stuck up chicks who need to be brought down off their pedestals they have constructed on the backs of fawning betas.

14. I've read that men get more jealous from sexual infidelity and women get more jealous from love infidelity. Which one bothers you more?

– better in low key environments with smarter prospects. drunk club sluts won't get what you're saying.

15. Do you guys believe in reincarnation? If it were true, what kind of person do you think you'd be in your next life? You (point at potential cockblock)… you look like you'd be a CEO in your next life… and you (point at target), a ballet geek!

– now THIS is good for the clubs. it's an opener that lets you yell above the noise, and it contains one of those key words – reincarnation – that instantly pricks a girl's attention.

BONUS

This one is not an original by me but I have used it with great results. It's an example of direct game.

You: [striding confidently into the set] Do you know why you girls suck?
Girls: [looking at each other incredulously, but expectantly]
You: Because I've been standing over there for ten minutes and you haven't come over to say Hi. I mean, I can tell you'd like to, you keep giving me the eye.

***

Try these at your leisure. Anyone scoring a lay off them will be written about in a later post on my blog, and your deeds will be sung by the bards for generations.

Qualifying Her

CH · 30 April 2008 · Archived copy · Original

What are two truisms of seduction?

That women want to feel like they are valued for more than their looks.

and

That women want to earn a man's interest.

This is what the whole idea of qualifying women is based upon. By demonstrating to a woman that she must meet your standards which go beyond how she looks you indirectly communicate that

a. you have discerning taste

b. you are a challenge to be won

c. you can be both a and b because you have choice in women.

One way to demonstrate you have standards is by asking her questions designed to put her on the defensive. These are not open-ended "getting to know you" type questions like "what's your favorite movie?". They're more incisive than that. The answer you want from her is implied in the question you ask, so she'll feel obligated to win your approval by answering the right way. Once the pickup ball starts rolling in this direction, the power dynamic begins to shift away from her and to you.

Following is a short list of effective qualifying questions that will let the girl know you are a choosy man. Timing is everything. Use them after you have gotten indications that she is attracted to you, usually 10 to 15 minutes after you've opened her if your game was tight. She will feel no reason to qualify herself to you if she isn't already interested.

1. Can you cook?
2. Do you give good backrubs?
3. Are you a good kisser?
4. Do you do much traveling?
5. Are you rich?
6. Are you smart?
7. Are you the jealous type?
8. Is there more to you than just your looks?
9. Are you low, medium, or high maintenance?
10. Have you ever given a dollar to a homeless guy when no one else was watching?

Don't be afraid to express some disappointment if she doesn't answer your question in a way that pleases you. Let the disappointment show on your face. Don't make a huge production out of it; a deflated "oh, i see" or "that's too bad" will work just fine. If she quickly tries to correct the wrong impression she left with you then you'll know she sees you as someone worthy of pleasing. She'll be in chase mode, which is where girls WANT to be despite what they may claim to the contrary. (Older washed-up women, don't bother contradicting what I say. You have forgotten what it's like to be a young woman.)

Qualification questions can also be framed in the form of statements. Saying any of the following in the course of a conversation, sometimes with a half-serious grin to blunt the impact, subtly projects that you are the one to impress, not the other way around.

1. You better still look hot when you get older.

2. I'm not interested in [XYZ].
3. You get points for that.
4. I'm gonna change the subject now.
5. I don't know if I can be with a girl who likes to [XYZ].

In my experience, most men forget to qualify the girls they date. Their inner game is so geared toward trying to impress her that they never even think to turn the tables and interview HER for the job. When women go on dates, they are interviewing the guys, whether they admit this or not. The way to defeat her at her own game is not to accept her terms of engagement at all. Instead, flip the script. Use her weapons of courtship against her. When she tries to qualify you, brush off her attempts like you would dismiss a bratty little kid trying to goad you into a dare. The posture to adopt is amused mastery of everyone around you.

After you've built up a store of experience with women, you'll start to have real standards that they must meet. Your choosiness will no longer be an artifact of game but a core component of who you are as a man. Having standards that include more than how she looks will make you very attractive to women, because it subconsciously telegraphs that you are not so stricken by beauty like an inexperienced man that you would abandon your other criteria. When you can walk away from dates out of true conviction rather than tactical advantage your inner game will be like heart of lion.

DC Madam Dead

CH · 1 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Police believe it's her body. Notes of goodbye cruel world were found nearby. That sound you heard was a collective sigh of relief from Capitol Hill.

So what's the over under on suicide holding up as the official cause of death?

Relationships Kill Sex

CH · 1 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The longer a woman is in a relationship, the less often she wants sex.

> **A woman's sex drive begins to plummet once she is in a secure relationship, according to research.**
>
> Researchers from Germany found that four years into a relationship, less than half of 30-year-old women wanted regular sex.
>
> Conversely, the team found a man's libido remained the same regardless of how long he had been in a relationship.

This is great justification for men to either keep a harem with high turnover, or to be serially monogamous with a few unjaded mistresses on the side. If you include a woman's sex drive as a variable, her shelf life in a relationship is even shorter than her remaining years of youth would indicate.

> They found 60% of 30-year-old women wanted sex "often" at the beginning of a relationship, but within four years of the relationship this figure fell to under 50%, and after 20 years it dropped to about 20%.
>
> In contrast, they found the proportion of men wanting regular sex remained at between 60-80%, regardless of how long they had been in a relationship.

This proves that men were designed by the forces of natural selection to seek out new willing partners every few years. I think the concubines would be OK with this arrangement as long as the harem keeper continued to financially, if not emotionally, provide for the aging mothers of his children. In polygamous societies, the discarded older wives get their emotional nourishment from gossiping with each other and collectively raising the children. People would be surprised how effortlessly most women could fall into a polygamist arrangement, given the right social environment. Their uncontrollable lust for alpha males would be unquenchable were it not for artificial cultural boundaries.

> He said: "For men, a good reason their sexual motivation to remain constant would be to guard against being cuckolded by another male."
>
> But women, he said, have evolved to have a high sex drive when they are initially in a relationship in order to form a "pair bond" with their partner.
>
> But, once this bond is sealed a woman's sexual appetite declines, he added.

Goddamn the market for sexbots will be huge.

Lesson for men: Start prowling around the first time your girlfriend or wife says she has a headache. It's only going to get worse.

> "The rational for why a woman's sex drive declines may be down to supply and demand. If something is in infinite supply, the perceived value would drop."

Myth shattered: The bonds of long-lasting love in a committed relationship make for better (read: more frequent) sex.

I suppose couples could go the kinky route to reinvigorate their moribund sex lives, but that reeks of desperation. Nothing says "I want to fuck you" like prepping with a chest full of leather masks and mechanical gadgets. The woman's naked body should be enough to get the man hard.

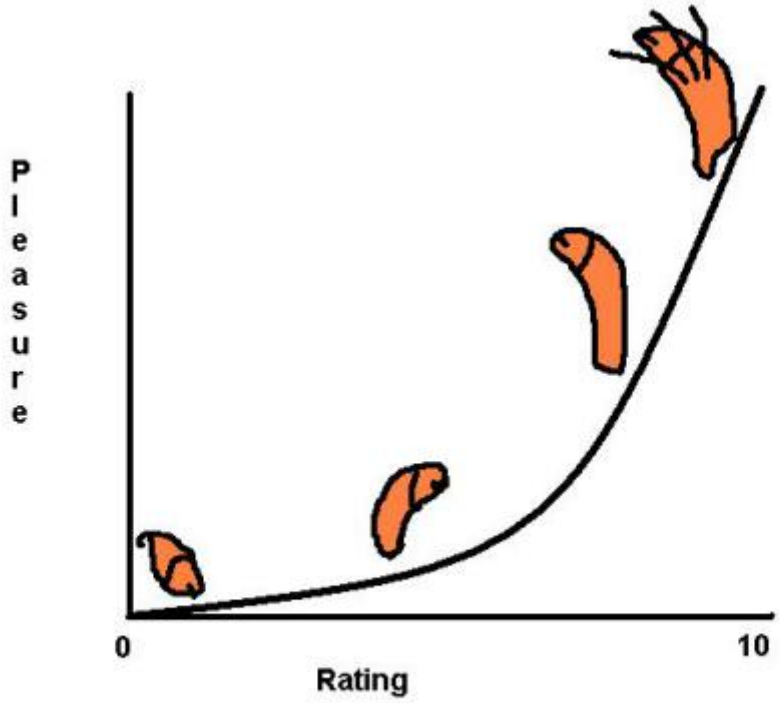
They could also not have children. I bet that would keep the flames burning a few extra years. Or they could follow the recommendation and give the man room to stray. A man getting fresh vagina on the side is a happier husband for his frigid wife.

This has been yet another after school special shattering popular myths brought to you by me, your envoy of strife, hate, and gleeful cruelty.

Quality Vs Quantity Pussy

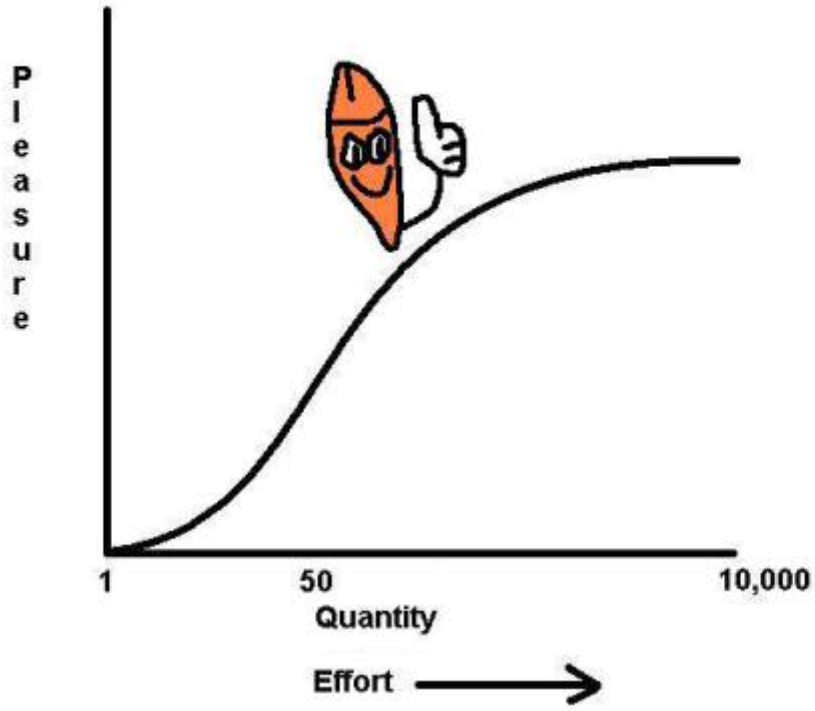
CH · 2 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The best way to explain the tradeoff between chasing lots of pussy and pursuing the best pussy is in graphical form. First we'll look at quality.



The pleasure axis measures the stimulation you feel from banging her and just generally looking at her naked. As you can see, the pleasure curve for quality pussy is exponential. Jumping from a 7 to an 8 adds more units of stimulating pleasure to the experience than jumping from a 6 to a 7 would add. Any girls 4 and lower and you'll hardly notice the difference in pleasure — it'll all just be wet holes and darkness and stopwatches and running out while she's in the bathroom. The penis icons drive the point home even better. At a girl rating of 5, you're chubbing out in anticipation of sex. Anticipating sex with a 7.5 gives you a full hard-on. When there's a 10 in your bed, your dick is so hard it's sprouted Wolverine claws. Perfect for female lawyers!

Now we'll take a look at quantity.



The pleasure curve for quantity is different than the quality pleasure curve because there are diminishing returns to pleasure past a certain number of notches. Variety is its own reward until the effort expended exceeds the rewards gained. The effort required to bed 10,000 women is so immense, assuming you're not a Wilt Chamberlain caliber alpha male, that any marginal increase in stimulation barely registers. You're spending all your manly energy on the chase instead of the fucking. Your dick won't be able to distinguish and enjoy the subtleties of individual women after about 5,000 — you're lost in a sea of vagina at that point, and dehydrating fast.

There is a sweet spot, though. The curve really begins an upward trajectory of rising pleasure around 50 women and takes off until the penis is happiest in the 200 to 500 range, depending on your tightness of game and multitasking ability. You'll want to shoot for a number somewhere in that range in order to maximize your joy on earth and minimize your regrets in old age.

Where does this leave the battle of quantity versus quality? In a perfect universe, we wouldn't have to choose — the ultimate pleasure for men is 10,000 10s. But since only the tiniest fraction of super alphas can pull off that feat, we have to be realistic and take effort into account. If you were to superimpose the two graphs you'd see that the quantity curve near the point of diminishing marginal pleasure bisects the quality curve at around the 8.5 rating. This means that, if the effort required were the same, the pleasure received from bedding 100 average girls for one night apiece is equivalent to the pleasure of steady sex from one 8.5.

Of course, the effort required is not the same. Putting in overtime for 20 ugly chicks is gonna feel like shit compared to working half as much for one 7 or 8. But putting in equal effort for 20 8s will be worth more than sex with one 9.

The goal for the discriminating hedonist man whose time and energy is valuable should be 200-500 notches over his lifetime in the 5-8 range (allowing for the occasional dumpster dive), and steady girlfriends on the upper end of the rating scale.

Any guy who claims to have game but picks up hundreds of circus freaks a year will be a laughingstock. And the boastful guy with few notches who claims to know everything about women because he's been dating his cute high school sweetheart his whole life will similarly be mocked.

PDA Is Beta

CH · 5 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Philosophically I'm very anti-PDA even though because of my higher than average sexual energy it's hard for me to keep my paws off a girl I like, no matter how public or family-oriented the venue. I like to squeeze, knead, and fondle, and sometimes I don't have the patience to wait until we get home.

If you observe alphas with their dates or girlfriends you'll notice they almost never do PDA. Usually they're the ones leaning back, keeping their hands to themselves, looking around their environment, while their women are always darting in for a kiss or putting an arm around a waist. An alpha gives the impression of tolerating his woman's public affections like a shark tolerates a remora fish cleaning it off. And their women secretly like it this way.

The guys who are all over their girlfriends in public — and I mean all over in the nuzzling, cuddling, pucker mouth kisses way, not the slap-her-ass-hard way — are nearly always betas who are happy to have a girl in their lives and can't help but express their gratitude. When you hardly ever eat, you feast like a pig at the trough and gorge yourself not knowing when your next meal is coming. This, of course, is self-defeating because it kills the girl's attraction.

I had a friend who would bury his head in his girlfriend's lap and stick his ass up in the air like a cat having its back stroked. Beta to the core.

For the first time in my life, I got kicked out of a venue for excessive PDA. The management of this place disapproved of my romantic tonguedowns and ass cuppings. My sexual aura radiates powerfully and must be kept hidden from public exposure where it can do no harm.

Shaming Girls For Their Bad Choices

CH · 6 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

These guys were talking to a couple of women at Marvin when an attractive third girl who was a friend of the women showed up. I walked over to occupy chat up the friend and our conversation was good. She was flirty, fun and all smiles. We talked for maybe ten minutes when I felt a meaty hand grip my forearm hard. I looked in the direction of the grip and saw an inebriated man giving me the drunk stink eye.

“Yo dude, take your fucking hand off my arm.”

He removed his hand. I turned back to the girl. Three seconds later his hand was back on my forearm.

“What did I say?” I grabbed his arm and pushed it off. He grunted and was about to put it back on when the girl intervened.

“Stop! Sorry, he gets like this. He’s drunk right now and can get very protective.”

“I see. So this is your boyfriend?” She was slapping his hand away like a mom would an insolent child.

“We’ve been dating a little while. I met him through the internet.” Figuring out why she would divulge that critical detail, I looked over and saw Douchebag Extraordinaire half sliding off his barstool and making another flailing attempt to grab my arm. He was a stocky guy, definitely not a herb, but his drunkenness meant slow reaction times. I was not worried if it came to blows.

I only felt superficial anger toward this guy. He was an insecure tool, but tools are a feature of the universe, like dark matter. They’re all over, and you learn to deal with them like you deal with the weather. My real contempt was for the girl for brazenly flirting with me in front of her date without telling me she was taken, and for dating such a loser. I never allow myself to be the guy that girls get their validation kicks from in plain view of their low self-esteem trigger happy boyfriends.

As I’m watching this go down, she kept repeating “I’m really sorry” but in that perky way that makes you think she’s not FEELING as sorry as she should. I turned back to her with a cold stare, making sure she understood that my problem was with her. “I’m done talking with you.” I pointed at her internet date. “Get this part of your life handled before you think about talking to guys like me again.” I walked off.

Taking a girl instantly from the high of flirty banter to the low of icy scorn lets her know her shit won’t fly with you. Social disapproval in the form of ostracization is a heat-seeking missile that aims straight at the thermal exhaust port of women, and if enough men had the balls to make an attractive girl pay a price for her stupid bar games and her bad choices in dates she might, over time, improve her behavior.

I’m not holding my breath.

Beta Of The Year Award: Husband Takes Wife's Name

CH · 7 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

One of the telltale signs of the escalating emasculation of mainstream American culture has been the trend of wives keeping their maiden names, either in whole or in ridiculous hyphenation. And then selfishly passing on this matronymic abomination to their children. Men relinquish so much autonomy and prerogative to pursue their natural male desires when they get married that it's the ultimate insult to their dignity to have to throw back the one measly bone of their wives taking their family name. The maiden married name racket is like the ultimate shit test — accede to your wife's feminist posturing and you will be tarred with the beta brush every day of your life you are married to her.

The irony is that the maiden name is the wife's father's name. When a woman keeps her last name in marriage, she's keeping another man's name, just not her husband's. Even women with three generations worth of hyphenated last names are hauling around the history of the male ancestors in their families. The patriarchy that these "enlightened" women are supposedly fighting against lives on.

Which brings us to the first ever **Beta Of The Year Award**.

Check out this guy who sued the state of California to take his *wife's surname* in marriage.

> All Michael Buday wanted to do was take the last name of his wife, Diana Bijon, when they married.
>
> But it took two years, a lawsuit alleging sex discrimination and a change in California law before he picked up his new drivers license in the name of Michael Bijon on Monday.
>
> "It was personal. I feel much closer to (Diana's) father than I do mine. She asked me to take her name and I thought it would be very simple. I never imagined the state would make it so difficult," Michael Bijon, 31, told reporters.

This guy wins the coveted BOTY trophy (the trophy is a man tucking his junk between his legs). What a bravura performance! Take a curtsy, King Of All Betas.

Look how proud he is of his self-castration:

she fucks him with her clit.

And what does this champion of women's lib do for a living?

> After months of frustration, the Los Angeles **computer programmer** and his ER nurse wife Diana, 29, took their problem to the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California.

He may look alpha but it's the inside nerd that counts. He must feel so grateful for getting laid. I wonder how many other conditions he had to abide before she consented to marry him?

> "Women have fought for so long for equal rights and it feels like this is part of that fight," said Diana Bijon.

Blah blah fucking blah. Could you imagine being shackled for life to this shrike? Last thing any man wants in a wife is an ideological axe grinder.

> "I am really, really proud of him. Not many men would do this," she said.

That's true. Not many **men** would do that. Good thing you married a quisling bitchboy. Prep the divorce papers.

> "This disposes of the rule in California that the male surname is the marital name to the same trash bin where dowries were once tossed out," said Mark Rosenbaum, legal director of the Southern California chapter of the ACLU.

When future generations of dysfunctional feral kids in a post-apocalyptic third-worldicized USA ask why men stopped getting married and the institution fell into utter disrepute you can point them to quotes like this. Something these self-appointed commissars of culture never seem to grasp:

Maxim #27: You have to make marriage an attractive alternative for MEN — not women — if you want the institution to thrive.

Here's the deal: If your wife truly loves you as the rock solid man you are, and not the beaten down betaboy she imagines she wants, she'll be happy to take your name because she'll understand and appreciate how much you sacrifice as a man when getting married. If she's not on board with the name change, then like a ballcutting canary in the coal mine warning you of danger you can bet you'll be begging for sex once a month.

In a second interview soon to be published, King Of All Betas had this to say:

– he will pee sitting so that he can identify with the urinary oppression of women.
– his dog will be named "Cat".
– he will wear pink ribbons and march in every women's rights parade in the country and donate thousands of dollars to every women's cause under the sun. Then he will be diagnosed with prostate cancer.
– he will give any future sons girl's names and his daughters boy's names. He will force his son to play with Barbies and teach his five year old daughter safe sex.
– he will wear an empathy belly when his wife is pregnant. Shit, he'll wear it when she's constipated.
– he will ask permission to cum. He will then say "Are you sure?" each time permission is granted. He will say "Sorry" when he gets a little on the bedsheet. He will beg forgiveness if it hits her in the face.
– his wife likes golden showers. He is the mouth toilet.
– he will apologize for walking in on his wife fucking me.
– I will tell him to shut up and make me a sammich.
– when she inevitably divorces his beta ass he'll cry so hard that he hyperventilates himself to death.

The only reason this guy isn't demoted to omega status is because he managed to get married, and to a decently attractive woman. But he's a great example of how you can't judge male betaness primarily by looks like you can judge female betaness. If you showed me pictures of two random men and asked me to guess which of the

two was the beta and all I knew about them was that one was ugly and the other was a good-looking computer programmer who took his wife's name in marriage, I'd choose the programmer as the more likely candidate for betaness.

Recap

Don't get married.
If you do, insist your wife takes your name.
If she refuses, don't marry her. She failed the litmus test.
Better yet, just don't get married.

Girls Like Squeezable Things

CH · 9 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

At the EU Embassy tour in DC last weekend me and another aficionado of European girls culture picked up these very squeezable red balls at the Austrian embassy.
give it a good freudian squeeze ladies.

Despite getting much grief from parties who shall remain anonymous who believe that carrying around touristy crap is a very white people thing to do, I held and caressed my ball all day and never let it out of my sight. I also had a mini flag in my back pocket, and an official looking EU post-it notepad. I felt worldly and it showed in my international-style strut.

Later on, we were at the Reef roof deck enjoying mussels and fries (three random black guys had ordered the same meal. I had no idea mussels were the new hip food) when Roosh put his red ball on the bar. A girl leaned into our group and asked him about the ball.

"Why do you have a ball?"
"Because it's mine."
"Can I hold your ball?"
"No, it's my ball."

She looked at him with that slack-jawed half-grin that girls get when they're a little bit offended but they like it. A few more words were exchanged and she left our group. One minute later she leaned back in, reached her arm across the bar, and grabbed his ball. She held it up triumphantly.

"I got it!"
"Give me back my ball. You're not allowed to touch it."

She relinquished the ball with a look of sexual attraction on her face. Her male friend apologized for her. Beta.

This got me thinking about props to bring to bars that would help spark flirtatious conversation. Random items that make no sense whatsoever in a bar context and are made of a material that tempts girls to stroke and squeeze them would work best. For instance, I have an Adidas runners pullover with thumbholes in the sleeves that I wear out to clubs which is not the most stylish looking yet I get girls coming up to me to feel the silky Rayon material all the time. Texture can be just as effective as the look of what you wear because girls perceive the world with all their senses equally while guys mostly use their eyes and penis.

Along these lines, I thought of the following knickknacks to carry with me and place on bars while I drink my beer:

pink teddy bear
cotton balls
nerf football
silly putty
bubble-pack
stuffed bunny rabbit
chia pet
silicone implant
pad and pen (not squeezable, but this works!)
silk scarf
play-doh
giant dustball
a rubber hot dog

Any girl who squeezes or strokes right away is likely to be sexually uninhibited, cutting my workload in half.

Circles

CH · 11 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading a lot of Stephane Hemon's stuff lately and what he talks about is similar to what I've been mulling over in my head and heart lately. I believe the circle is my next step in life. To do this, I'll have to become totally comfortable with the idea of loss, because to reach this level you can't be hobbled by risk aversion or ego protection.

Here's a video of him with his three girls. His "primary" girlfriend is on the far right.

I could do without his focus on chakras and metaphysics, as that offends my rational mind, but his core understanding of women and their natures is solid. The psychobabble stuff is just prettified words for biological processes. You can't argue with results, and maintaining a loving harem of cute girls is proof his skills are unassailable.

Here are a couple of points he makes in his writings which I feel are packed with wisdom:

"[You want to stay in your zone. A good metaphor would be] your circle of girls are playing under the oak tree."

"If you are single, dating casually, or in a long-term relationship, keep on reading because every single interaction that you have with an attractive woman is, in fact, A RELATIONSHIP. You guys are relat-ing with each other, it's just a matter of degree."

That last point is critical. No longer will I draw such bright lines between friendships, dating, flings, and relationships. My new way of thinking is that every inspiring girl I meet is already in a relationship with me — we are already relating sexually and emotionally — and my male energy won't be held in check by socially approved categories. This is love consciousness.

But of course there is still biological reality and it wouldn't be very special of me to neglect to point out that Stephane's main girlfriend (the one he met and fell in love with first) is the cutest of the three. Perhaps the Ego of Jealousy is not so easily transcended.

Shit Stains After Sex

CH · 12 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A reader wrote me asking for advice about a delicate situation. He asked me in private but since I think this is an important issue that all guys should know about (and that the email was probably a joke), I've posted it here and removed all identifying information.

> ive been reading your blog for a while and its helped me tighten up my game a lot since i got out of an X yr relationship. some of your tips actually helped me land a solid 8 that ive been dating for a while now, and things are getting pretty serious. sex is awesome, and shes always up for it. id say in general im pretty happy with the girl and shes definitely long-term material.
>
> …[so] we have a great time banging, she stays over, whatever. in the morning she goes home and when im getting up to get dressed, etc, i turn the light on and on my white sheets i see a (admittedly super small) shitstain on the bed – where her hole would be when i was drilling away at her. this is gross of course, but look, everyone has a bad day down there once in a while (though in my opinion a girl never, *ever* should). im willing to forgive that and just put it very quickly out of my mind, especially cuz its so small, etc.

Once a girl left a small brown spot on my bedsheet which I didn't notice until a few days later. (I sleep on my couch a lot.) I was so incredulous that I had to verify it was what it looked like, so I poked my nose in it and sniffed. It's amazing how long a shit odor can last in 20 thread count fabric.

> so big deal right? unfortunately, [after that incident], i met up with her after work for dinner/drinks. b/c of this, she of course didnt shower, which bothers me cuz im like that, but whatever. anyway, we bang a bunch of times that night and i sorta forgot about that one time and she goes home in the morning. i wake up later and pull back my white sheets (forgot to mention they are white), and AGAIN, though much fainter ill say, there were a FEW different stains, and clearly brown in nature.

If there's no odor, I would suggest investing in chocolate brown sheets. Out of sight, out of mind.

> as i said, im pretty into this girl, and i dont want to just kick her to the curb. so im just curious what you think about the situation. is there some way i can get her to check her hygiene? get that shit in line? i know cuz youre such a tough guy "alpha" you might immediately default to not talking to her again, but again, i like her, and right now im enjoying the sex, etc etc. plus im not a huge fan of constantly going out and trying to pick up chicks, cuz im over that shit these days.

First, be sure it's a shit stain. If you bang a girl toward the end of her period (or during it. My needs don't take five day holidays) any leftover unejected blood will mix with her vaginal lubrication and leave an ugly reddish-brown discharge on your shaft when you pull out. Vigorous thrusting means a little will dribble out past her taint and onto the bed, leaving stains that look like shit droplets. DO NOT under any circumstances smell this period blood/vaj mucous mix because the odor is horrendous. Try to contain your morbid curiosity. I've already done the smelling for you, so the public interest is served by my poor impulse control.

Anyhow, post-coital period froth is a natural bodily phenomenon and nothing to be alarmed over. If, on the other hand, you are sure it's shit stains she's tracking on your bed like a dog with worms, then I have to ask — is your girlfriend 90 years old? That might explain the incontinence. If she's a healthy young woman then either you are pounding her too hard with an oversized member and shaking loose some dingleberries, or she's a lazy wiper.

Poor hygiene can be a deal breaker. No matter how hot a girl is, if her breath causes me to retch I won't ever want to kiss her. I'm certainly not going to give a rimjob to a girl with ring around the rectum. The old "tough guy alpha"

would tell you to move on, girls are interchangeable and you don't need to settle for a lazy wiper. But the new Compassionate Me of Transcendent Love recommends you leave a roll of 4-ply toilet paper on her pillow with a little note saying "thought you might like to try this. it's so soft!"

Oh yeah, if it turns out she has colon cancer, dump her.

Hope this helps!

***

On a related note, this reader's question reminded me of a story from my past. I was banging this marginal chick when I turned her over for doggy action. I like to spread the cheeks apart while doing a girl from behind and when I did I was immediately assaulted by a strong whiff of asshole. It was like a shitcloud hitting me in the face. Every time I spread her cheeks a new blast of stink would fly up my nose. I pressed her ass cheeks together to contain the smell. I turned my head to the side and my eyes began to tear up. I pressed tighter. Between the bad odor and not being able to watch the action because I was looking away from her ass with tears in my eyes, I started to deflate in her vagina. Even though I'm sure she could tell I was losing my wood inside her, she still moaned, kind of like how a teenager will act drunk when he's been drinking non-alcoholic beer all night. I pulled out before I went completely flaccid, ran to the bathroom, and disposed of the unspoiled condom in the toilet, but not before I pondered the possibility of re-using it in the future on a cleaner girl. Condoms aren't cheap.

I finished up to odor-free porn after she left.

When Men And Women Can Be Friends

CH · 13 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Alias Clio, a blog I occasionally read, I posted the following comment on a thread about niceguys and their eternal torment trapped in the LJBF zone:

> …no man wants to be a cute girl's emotional tampon. fulfilling her emotional needs while having his physical needs denied is a one way street to bitterness. women with real sympathy for men's sexual needs would not put a lovelorn niceguy through the anguishing ringer of platonic friendship. but most women (and men) don't possess that kind of empathy and selflessness for the opposite sex. women simply get too much benefit from having what pickup artists call "orbiters" feeding their egos by doting on them and listening to them drone about their badboy BFs without having to put out.
>
> male-female friendships only work when neither are physically attracted to the other, and they *partially* work when 1) the woman is attracted to the man but he isn't attracted to her or 2) he is attracted to her but getting lots of action from other women.
>
> in fact, the best course to follow for the man who wants his choice in women is to cultivate lots of hot female friends who can act as "pivots" and "social proof" for picking up other women. this will be difficult to manage if he's in the midst of a dry spell because his unquenched lust will envelop him like a repellent shroud and make the normal to-and-fro of friendship building an excruciating ordeal, mostly for him but in time for her, too. it is much easier to be friends with attractive women when the man is in a perpetual state of sexual satiation.

I've thought about this and I believe what I wrote is an accurate description of reality. Men and women simply cannot be friends unless certain conditions are met.

- **Mutual lack of attraction**

This is easy. When there's no loin burning to get in the way a girl buddy is like a guy buddy, except you can dump on her about your dating troubles and give your opinion of in-season colors without getting laughed at. Just remember you're not going to talk about the same things with a girl buddy. She won't tolerate hours of analysis about AMD vs Intel or your fantasy baseball team, and in return she'll curb her urge to discuss shoes with you ad nauseum. An honest and trustworthy girl buddy makes an excellent fashion consultant and, if she's not hideous looking, a valuable addition to your game as a pivot (a girl who will make you look good in clubs and help you meet other women).

Unfortunately, very few women that you would want to be seen with in public qualify as true 100% friend material. You're limited to fat chicks, ugly chicks (4s and below), and older women who are crashing headlong into the wall. All other women, even the plain ones, will at some point be seen by guys as sex objects, because our straydar for sex opportunities is always active. Probably the best the average man can hope for is a 95% friendship with a 5 or 6 rating girl where he occasionally risks the friendship 5% of the time drunkenly announcing his intention to make sweet love to her cleavage.

- **One way attraction, girl to guy**

Girls find it easier to keep their sex drives in check, which is why they can retain their sanity while remaining friends with uninterested guys they are attracted to far longer than the reverse scenario. Men who are attracted to their girl buddies cannot stay friends for long without either making a sloppy move and killing the friendship or sacrificing their last ounce of dignity as they go insane from blue balls toxic shock. But for women in this position, it's a house of cards. With enough time, this type of friendship will eventually dissolve in drama, as happened to me once when a female roommate left our apartment overnight because I didn't feel the same way about her. (FYI:

girls turn bathrooms into pigsties.)

- **One way attraction, player to girl**

There is only one way a single man can be friends with a woman he wants to bang and that's when his balls are so drained from fucking other women that he feels no testicular pressure to act on his desire. You'll notice that a typical sexually satisfied alpha has lots of hot girl acquaintances he doesn't bother gaming because the effort required is not worth the very small marginal increase in pleasure or risk of losing the girls as social proof and as friends. This is really the ideal short-term situation to be in for a man — swimming in pussy and therefore able to tolerate and even enjoy the friendship of unavailable hot girls without being overwhelmed by lust to corrupt their friendship status with intimate jackhammering. But in the long-term, the underlying male animal lust for a hot girl buddy must resolve itself, and even the most well-fed man will devour a filet mignon if it's put on a plate in front of him every day. My advice: It's best to take hot girl buddies in small doses. Like for two hours on a Friday night in a bar where you can leverage their hot friendship to build your harem with new recruits.

- **The man is married or in a relationship**

If you're looking to be a cool friend to hot chicks without falling victim to the temptation to hit on them, you can acquire this noble virtue on the cheap by shackling your vice within the artificial prison of marriage or exclusive relationships. (Note: The opposite doesn't work — most men will sleep with a hot married woman given the chance and in spite of the risk.) This is the foolproof method for betas to be relaxed and emotionally stable friends with attractive girls they'd love to bang. They simply tell themselves that they already have a girl waiting for them at home who they love very much or, if they don't love her, who would be really pissed if they cheated on her, and so the pressure is off. They can therefore rationalize their asexual acquiescence to LJBFdom as a pose of moral rectitude. This self-hypnosis is a convenient veneer for washed-up betas out of the game, for if a genuine opportunity arose with one of their hot friends they'd suddenly feel the psychic strain of battling real temptation, and all that happy clappy harmless niceguy friend posturing would buckle under the heaving mass of their juiced up lust. This is why the beta who stays faithful to his wife is less virtuous than the alpha who does the same.

- **She's on the internet and you can't see her in person**

Pretty simple trick to be platonic with a chick when she's a flick on your monitor and a thousand miles away.

***

Final Thoughts

The beta niceguy who has a girl buddy he secretly wants to screw is not really a friend to her at all, and vice versa. To the exploitative girl, he is merely a tool to massage her ego, abetting her puling therapeutic self-absorbed shit that no alpha male friend would ever tolerate. To the beta, her friendship is just a complicated schematic for finding some backchannel weasely way into her pants as substitute for his lack of courage to bust a move and dignity to walk away when his feelings aren't reciprocated.

And that's the core problem for betas. They are so afraid they'll never find a girl who will love them that they'd rather degrade themselves clinging endlessly to unsympathetic girl buddies under the pretense that maybe one day she'll see the lion inside and finally succumb to his charms. The LJBF racket has had a monopoly on weak men for a long time, possibly since the first caveman consoled a cavegirl bitching about her tribal leader boyfriend by letting her nuzzle into his shoulder as he said "there, there" and struggled against a mighty boner under his furs.

My advice to LJBF'ed betas would be to drop the whole idea of being friends with attractive women until they have gotten some actual experience fucking women, rather than experience holding excruciatingly sterile platonic conversations with them about the minutiae of their lives.

Ugly Outside = Ugly Inside

CH · 14 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

you can't judge a book by its cover.

it's what's on the inside that counts.

beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Toss another three cliches in the trash. This article talks about studies showing that ugly people commit more crime:

> "We find that unattractive individuals commit more crime in comparison to average-looking ones, and very attractive individuals commit less crime in comparison to those who are average-looking," claim Naci Mocan of the University of Colorado and Erdal Tekin of Georgia State University.
>
> Mocan and Tekin analyzed data from a federally sponsored survey of 15,000 high-schoolers who were interviewed in 1994 and again in 1996 and 2002. One question asked interviewers to rate the physical appearance of the student on a five-point scale ranging from "very attractive" to "very unattractive."

How rude of people to agree on what's ugly and what isn't!

> These economists found that the long-term consequences of being young and ugly were small but consistent. Cute guys were uniformly less likely than averages would indicate to have committed seven crimes including burglary and selling drugs, while the unhandsome were consistently more likely to have broken the law.
>
> Very attractive high school girls were less likely to commit six of the seven crimes, while those rated unattractive were more likely to have done six of seven, controlling for personal and family characteristics known to be associated with criminal behavior.

It's practically a biblical injunction that thou shalt not make presumptions about the character of people based on their physical attributes. Yet here is proof that yes, we can make useful generalizations about people with the bad luck to be born with unappealing faces. Whether the ugly face itself causes criminal tendencies or the social disadvantages steer an ugly person into crime is irrelevant to the wisdom of judgment. If an ugly person is more likely to do A, people around him will respond by doing B.

Some other things you can assume about ugly people and be right more often than not:

Bitter. (wouldn't you be if your condition was the last acceptable form of public contempt?)
Less intelligent. (smart guys and hot chicks mate assortatively)
Crappy social skills. (socially adept guys tend to have children with hot chicks)
Below the median income. (no promotions for you!)
Depressed. (imagine a life of constant, gnawing pain)
Lonely. (no one likes to be around suicidally depressed people)
Hard up. (girls and guys, though the ugly threshold for hard up-ness is lower for men)
Smells bad. (when a shower isn't going to help your cause, why bother?)
Introverted. (naturally extroverted ugly people learn the hard way that no one wants to party with them. they eventually hide in their apartments all the time)
Belligerent. (an ugly person who doesn't retreat to solitude and braves public scorn starts to expect the worst from people and defaults to hatemode)

There's a reason we associate certain personality traits with physical ugliness. Grendel and Gollum ask you to understand.

Gay Boyfriend

CH · 15 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I have a theory about girls who have “tight like that” best gay boyfriends. These types of girls are very girly (read: flaky and feminine) but their libidos lean towards the masculine. It’s really the perfect combo: A girly girl who unleashes in the bedroom (and the park and the library and the deep end of the pool…). I’m not sure why this is. Maybe the girly in them loves the BGBF attention and the sexpot in them identifies with the robust and promiscuous gay lifestyle. The downside for a straight guy dating a BGBF-loving girl is the higher risk of cheating and drama. These are the girls who will dance on bars as random guys stroke their stockinged inner thighs. To handle a relationship with this girl, you have to be in a “party all the time” mental space.

Interestingly, there is no reverse scenario. There’s no such thing as a lesbian girlfriend for straight men. It would be great to be able to call up a best lesbian girlfriend for a quickie round of golf or Wii bowling, and commiserating over bitches. Even better if she’s a lipstick lesbian and looks good. Unfortunately, lesbians get along with no one but other lesbians.

I would love to have a gay boyfriend — minus the intimacy part — to take along shopping so that I don’t have to waste time figuring out what looks best on me. He would know right away. And I would enjoy my platonic gay boyfriend’s constant flattery boosting my ego major — maybe even two full rating points (10++) so that I would hit the clubs later on cloud nine rejecting women all night for being out of their league.

Some things I’ve learned from a girl I know who has a BGBF:

- Gay boyfriends are fiercely protective of their girlfriends. They have been known to knock out brawny straight guys for disrespecting their “girl”.
- Black gays are the most flaming, followed by whites, then asians who are the hardest to peg as gay from a mere glance. Supposedly, this is because it is a big deal for gay blacks to come out so when they do it’s pedal to the metal.
- There is such a thing as a “gay face”. Hard to describe, but you know it when you see it. Think big bright feminine eyes, full lips, and an all-around glow.
- All gay men are “ass men”. There’s no such thing as a gay “bitch tit man”.

I am much hipper and, yes, a little gayer, for knowing this culturally valuable information.

Postscript:

Do gay men get off looking at their own penises? Do they have to battle a hardon every time they grab hold to take a wizz? Mysteries of the universe…

Worst Costume Ever

CH · 17 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There has been a recent springtime flurry of activity for my Halloween-themed post "Best Costume Ever", so I figured this is a good time to introduce the world to its evil twin, the Worst Costume Ever:

The horror…

Dumping American Women

CH · 19 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A fine writer I would want to sit down with for a few stiff drinks in a shady smoke-filled South Asian bar is Fred Reed. His website is blocked by my company's firewall as hate speech, so you know he can't be all that bad. He wrote recently about his trip to Bangkok:

> —I got here two nights ago, out of Taipei into Bangkok's new airport, Savannapun. It's huge, well-designed, classy. As always when I come to these parts I think, "Holy rikshas, Batman, this place is on a roll." Just so. There is a dynamism in much of Asia that you don't see in Latin America. Below the Rio Grande you find a couple of modern countries, Argentina and Chile for example—almost the only examples. Yet the whole region seems stagnant, as if it already is what it is going to be. Not here. Asia rocks. Peoria hasn't noticed but, I promise, it will, and that before long.

Fred, no beta he, has come to the conclusion, like the growing chorus of American men who have spent time overseas, that American women don't measure up to the international competition.

> By night the clubs abound in sleek lovely Thai girls preying on the gringos. Or the other way around: It isn't always clear. They are so very pretty and make Western women look like camels by comparison—this being the universal view of Caucasian men here. […]
>
> I mentioned Thai women. Despite the sordid reputation arising from the sex industry, Thai women are no looser than any others, and in fact most of them aren't accessible at all to westerners who don't speak Thai. To a close approximation, this means no westerners. But the Thai women are, well, ladies. By this I mean not that they went to finishing school, but rather that you can distinguish them from drunken sailors or abandoned mattresses. They are not crass. They dress well. They seem to regard themselves as women, not as wannabe men, and even to think that being a woman is a good thing. Thank god.
>
> This could equally be said of Mexican women of Chinese women, of most women everywhere, except North America.

He, like myself and a lot of my friends who do well with the ladies, wonders if his negative reaction to American women is a personal hang-up.

> Now, if I were the only man who took a very dim view of American women, it would be reasonable to dismiss me as a crank. In fact it would be unreasonable not to. It becomes more interesting when the judgement is nearly universal among large numbers of men—and it is.
>
> Everywhere I go outside of the US, the American men I meet speak of their horror of sexless, hostile, ill-bred American women. Sure, there are exceptions and degrees among the gringas. Most unfortunately, exceptions is what they are. The delight with feminine foreign women is given, over and over, as a major reason for expatriation. (The other big reason is disgust with governmental regulation of everything in the US.) I have friends married to Thai, Filipina, Chinese, and Mexican wives, all delighted. Me too.
>
> How did this come about? I don't know, but I'm not imagining it.

Nope, it's not us. American women really have changed for the worse. The verdict is in. Pump and dump them and find your wife in another land where women are happy to be women.

Unlike Fred, I have written before about the cultural changes that have transmogrified our women into she-devils. I offered alternatives here. Most men will not travel to other countries to taste the honey-dipped sweetness of what they could have; they will stay comfortably rooted to their miserable lives not realizing how easy it would be for

them to step away from American women into a paradise of feminine delights. Most people don't even leave the small towns they grew up in, let alone their country of birth.

Personally, I have done well with American chicks and not all of them were jaded afeminine ballcutters (some were in fact quite sweet), but seducing and loving them required a level of game and cynicism that would baffle men in other parts of the world. They may very well ask me: "All that for an American camel?"

I suspect if I spent a decent amount of time in the Eastern European country of my choosing learning their language and customs, my superior training dealing with American women would give me a huge leg up attracting foreign girls.

privet!

Overheard in DC

CH · 20 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

While enjoying a fine late Sunday afternoon breakfast, I overheard portions of a scintillating conversation between the woman and the man sitting in the background of this picture.

To the left is the woman, in her late 30s/early 40s, recounting her lifetime sexual exploits while simultaneously lamenting her failure to "find the right man" and get married and have children. To the right is her gay boyfriend. We assumed he was gay by his mellifluous vocal cadence, and he confirmed it when he mentioned his gayness during the course of their conversation.

When you read these dialogue snippets try to imagine a plain-looking past-her-prime woman describing in a breezy, almost detached, tone of voice how she was violated sexually, and her gay boyfriend listening to her as if he'd heard it all before.

We'll call her washed up wall victim (WUWV) and him GB (gay BF).

WUWV: Oh, I forgot to tell you, I had a one night stand last week! I didn't expect him to sleep over and be there in the morning.
GB: I know, I know. Sometimes you just want them to get out.

Their conversation was starting to heat up.

WUWV: I've had a lot of flings and one night stands.
GB: [blah blah… something about Nietzsche… blah]
WUWV: I've done a lot of juggling.
GB: I could never do that. I'm the monogamous type. *[editor's note: if you're a girl and you outcompete a gay guy in the whore sweepstakes you know you're doing something wrong]*

It got better.

WUWV: I did it once with a black guy and it was great.
GB: Wow, how big was he?

WUWV: He was really huge! God it just filled me up. I'd recommend a black guy at least once to all my friends.
GB: I love being a bottom to a black man. You know… just take me!

Please lord don't let this train wreck stop.

WUWV: One time he took me in all three holes in the same night. Younger men have such stamina.
GB: Mmmhm!
WUWV: His tongue was almost as fast as my vibrator.

Suddenly, a turn to the tragic.

WUWV: …well, it didn't work out. So now it's back to dating. It can be such a chore. What's out there, really?
GB: Don't worry about it, you'll be fine. I've seen men checking you out, you've still got it girl.
WUWV: …and, you know, eventually I want to have kids. I don't have all the time in the world to waste.
GB: Please, that's nothing. You can get help to have children these days. Everyone's doing it. Don't rush yourself, honey.

What a monument to self-deception! To any lesser betas reading this: When you consider settling for a desperate older woman on the prowl for a ~~husband~~ sucker, this is what you're getting — a has-been dried-up wall-hitting cock-slurping cum dumpster pussy-stretched three input titty-sagging multiple-cat-having haagen daz-scarfing cervix-scarred barren-wombed psychologically unmoored skank whore cougar. You have been warned.

The last thing this broad needs is a sympathetic gay boyfriend feeding her delusions and greasing the skids on her downward spiral. What she needs is the unvarnished truth. From, oh, a guy like me!

Like the release of the Kraken from its undersea lair, I feel a mighty Roissy Rant coming on.

***

Here we have, her brave front temporarily lowered, the typical tragic wail of the childless aging modern urban woman. And her tragedy enabler, the gay boyfriend who will never inject her with the dose of reality she desperately needs. She will continue aging, refusing to settle for a grateful beta who will be happy to have her sagging carcass as his tepid seed receptacle, never letting go of the pickiness she could afford when she was 20 years younger, and missing out on her chance at motherhood as she sips mimosas every Sunday afternoon at an overpriced trendy Dupont Circle eatery. At the bottom of the glass she will see her reflection crying back at her, and later that night she will pull the bedsheets close, the other side of the bed cold, and feel the suffocating weight of reality encircling her like shards of streetlamp lights slowly marching across her sickly gray bedroom walls. All those used condoms and triple penetrations and girls nights out will have done nothing to alleviate the crushing loneliness which has stolen her sense of invulnerability like a thief in the night.

Her fate is sealed:

fuck around with alpha cads –> delay marriage –> get too much education –> throw self into career –> earn lotsa money to spend on handbags –> feel empowered –> serially date and fuck as career and educational success distort her time horizon –> start to get serious about finding husband at age 29 –> slowly discover she is not worth as much on the open market despite business school degree and 1350 SATs –> get bitter –> sabotage her dating prospects with bitter resentment –> show up to dates with cat scratches and abrasive attitude –> die childless or burdened with a downs child and a lickspittle beta life partner.

***

I am cruel in my tactics, but my message is unassailable. If these super self-confident tankgrrl wannabes listened to me and took my advice before it was too late, despite their revulsion for the way in which I say it, they would find happiness.

But they won't. And so I will laugh at them, half in pity, half in amusement.

Quick, Sex And The City tickets are going fast! Those girls know how to have fun. So much fun…

Girls Love It When I Don't Take Them Seriously

CH · 21 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Girls… oh fuck even grown women… constantly test me. DC women are the worst in this department. You're trying to have a normal human conversation with them and it's one challenge after another, forever pushing limits and boundaries to see just how alpha you are under pressure. Most men get frustrated and leave to pay a visit to Mike's Apartment, but I relish turning the tables on these soul-sucking succubi. No guts no glory hole.

I've found girls respond like Pavlovian dogs in heat when you don't take their shit seriously. Anything they say to get under your skin can be skillfully turned into a reverse Jedi mind trick pressing their attraction buttons. The key is to take nothing they say at face value. I've mentioned this before — **AMUSED MASTERY** is the attitude you want to project. Everything she does is cute. All her shit tests are bratty outbursts. Her silly little opinions are adorable. She is there for you to tease and taunt and patronize. Condescend to her at will.

Refusing to take a girl seriously fills her with indignation… and horniness. She'll chastise you while stroking your thigh lasciviously. They can't help themselves! It's almost like women are at battle with their own secret desires, begging you with their eyes to breach their armament and storm their castles.

Girl: "Do you have a problem with a tall girl wearing heels? I'm a very dominant woman and I like men who are more dominant than me."
Me: "There's a homeless guy down the street who'd be perfect for you. He's never lost a staring contest."

This is my life.

Stray Thoughts On The Nature Of The Game

CH · 22 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Don't answer all of a girl's questions, especially when it feels like you are being interrogated. Refraining from giving her satisfactory answers helps move the seduction forward in two ways. One, it builds mystery. Two, if you answer all her questions she has more material with which to judge you when she gets home after the date and mulls everything over in her chaotic head. Don't be surprised if you don't get a call back after you have dutifully answered all her questions.

***

The best reason to learn game is that it is a shortcut to a woman's pussy and heart. With game, you can stop wasting years as an empty vessel of society's expectations scraping and clawing your way into a respectable bourgeois existence for your shot at one mediocre pussy and a gift registry at Williams & Sonoma. There is no need to become an "alpha among men" when you can skip the middleman and go straight to becoming an "alpha among women". Of course, becoming an alpha among men is fun in its own right, but it's no longer necessary to enjoy a life filled with the love of beautiful and sexy women. In fact, it never was necessary.

***

When the revelation that there is nothing after this life but the illimitable black void is grasped, hedonism is the only logical answer.

***

When a girl asks you *"What are you thinking about right now?"* know that this is code for *"I'm really falling for you and want to know if you feel the same about me."* Don't be an earnest beta and make the mistake of taking the bait! Avoid saying *"I think I'm in love with you"* or *"I'm thinking about us"* at all costs. Instead, say something like *"I can't think right now because you've paralyzed my thoughts."* Or, if you want to keep it simple, say *"Um, nothing."*

Maxim #6: Never Make It Easy For A Girl

– Sometimes a girl will drop a stinky bait. Don't bite! She wants to chase you around the lake forever.

***

Never tell a girl you are looking for a relationship. Many girls will ask, sometimes as early as the first date, what you are looking for from women. For the love of all that is holy and sacred do NOT say you are in the market for a relationship. Similarly, never say you wouldn't mind "settling down", or that you are discouraged by the dating scene, or you really wish you could stop dating around and find the right girl. It doesn't matter if you truly feel this way; saying any of these out loud, especially to a girl you have just started dating, is poison to the seduction. Best to either ignore her probing question or answer vaguely along the lines of *"I dunno, just dating until I find a girl I click with."* Also, saying *"Whoa, not so fast tiger!"* can be funny and stimulating to her vagina.

***

Slap your girl's ass in public once in a while, hard. Territorial pissing is a turn-on in small spurts.

***

When you are with your girl and another alpha male is the center of attention (let's say by being funny, or juggling balls) the best thing you can do is casually and briefly acknowledge his talents and otherwise ignore him. She will poke you for weakness whenever a bigger dog struts on the scene, so you'd be smart to be aware of this irrepressible female urge and not get defensive. NEVER imply that a bigger alpha is a threat to you, either in anger or in sarcastic putdown. You are who you are, which is the best she will ever have, so if some guy is a great karaoke singer and you're offstage enjoying the show it's no big deal — his skills cannot begin to compete with your total

package, so you are free to compliment him without a hint of resentment.

Maxim #7: Your girl will thank you for your steadfast devotion to your belief in yourself.

***

When your girl buys you something or gets you a present, don't immediately buy her something in return. No girl wants to feel like you got her a gift out of obligation. Tit for tat kills the sexy fun vibe. She appreciates your gifts when you are motivated by nothing else but your warm feelings for her. In this vein, it's better to give her gifts at random times, rather than on birthdays, anniversaries, or holidays.

***

Speaking of gifts, the best players I know buy their girls **NOTHING**. And their girls love them with everything they have. Talk about trashing societal admonishments.

***

As a birthday gift for your girl, a grape seed oil massage beats a tennis bracelet **EVERY TIME**.

***

If you want to save money, doing things for a girl is always better than buying things for her. So, for example, learn photography and shoot sexy nude black and white photos of her. Or take her for a ride on a scooter through the countryside. She'll appreciate that a lot more than a trendy item with a high price tag.

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Fucking a girl right is worth more than a $20,000 engagement ring. I am not kidding.

Who Art Thou?

CH · 23 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The time has come for me to reveal myself.

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I am Ripper… Tearer… Slasher… Gouger. I am the Teeth in the Darkness, the Talons in the Night. Mine is Strength… and Lust… and Power! I AM BEOWULF!

I vote that the two greatest scenes of manliness in cinema are the fight between a naked Beowulf and Grendel, and the promise made by Jim Braddock to his first-born son in *Cinderella Man* that he'll always put food on the table for his family. Why do I consider these scenes representative of manliness? Because they illustrate the purest and most admirable ideals of the protector and the provider — or, if you want, the alpha and the beta.

In *Beowulf*, Grendel attacks the town's gathering house and Beowulf prepares to meet him in mano a mano battle. But Beowulf does something peculiar just before Grendel arrives — he strips naked. He explains he wants to meet the monster on its own terms, without shield or sword to aid him. The symbolism is profound. Besides Beowulf's insane bravery, the act of stripping away his protective garments and weapons is an act of disdain for his own fear. He's not just facing a monster; he's facing his self-doubt. Armor and weapons pay tribute to that fear and doubt in the sense of security those items engender.

The deeper symbolism is the relation of his nakedness to the shucking off of all materialism and cultural adornments — a man cannot be closer to his manhood until he has unburdened himself of superfluous attachments. It's a disdain not just for his fear, but for anything that acts to safeguard him from realizing the full measure of his manhood. The parallel to modern society could not be more apt. The West's dizzying array of entertainment distractions, stern ideologies, false politeness, weak-willed conformism, and techno gadgets has created a bubble-like pampered existence that has sapped the manly essence from so many men.

Men need the freedom of their nakedness again.

Where Beowulf is the iconic super alpha protector, Russell Crowe's Jim Braddock character in *Cinderella Man* elevates the provider beta side of manhood to respectability. He fights through painful injury so his children can have food on the table and he can pay the heating bills. He loves his wife and is faithful to her when he has opportunities to cheat. But Braddock is not all beta in the sense that it has come to mean today. He's a boxer and a stoic. His betaness tempers his natural alphaness and that makes the difference. Beta is not respectable unless it is paired with alpha.

Had Braddock been 100% beta, he would have succumbed to the beta's mortal weakness — the lack of ego, which is the opposite of the alpha's mortal weakness — too much ego. He would have acceded to his fear and quit boxing, taking up a dull 9 to 5 gig to make ends meet. He would have assented to his wife shipping his kids off to her aunt's so they could eat because his ego would not have been strong enough to be revolted by the prospect of his wife's relatives doing the job that he couldn't do.

Beowulf and Braddock — ambassadors for the dueling forces in every man. In order for these forces to reconcile, beta must be subservient to alpha, and alpha must make room for beta. There can be no other way that doesn't diminish a man's soul.

Wild Monkey Man Beast Caught On Film!

CH · 25 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

How Zeets the Throwback Barbarian was able to hold the camera steady when encountering this mysterious and frightening creature deep in the woods is a testament to his nipples of drop-forged steel. You never saw that much hard nipple on a man.

I went on a hike trying to escape civilization and its discontents for a few hours. It's important for a man to get away from women before he imbibes too much estrogen and loses touch with his inner ballsack. You want to retreat to places most women dare not tread.

Unfortunately, the woods of Rock Creek Park isn't deep enough. Yes, this jogging woman is blabbing into her cell phone, probably scolding her beta boyfriend to remember to pick up cat litter. This is her on the return trip of her run. She had jogged by us going the opposite direction a half hour earlier with the cell phone glued to her ear, ruining the sounds of nature with her obnoxious voice. I'll leave it as an exercise for the reader to determine what it says about a person who can't put down the fucking cell for one minute while surrounded by natural beauty.

I say we reintroduce wolves to the Northeast wilds. That'll keep the yuppie broads out.

Another nature girl with a cell in the woods. Remember this when a chick waits a day to return your call. They bring their cell phones on nature hikes because they can't bear to miss a call; they got your message.

This woman was cool though. She had a thoroughbred horse with her that ran for three years at the Belmont racetrack. What a magnificent stallion.

Tree vagina. What I do to women after they have experienced my oak-like girth.

A tree suicide pact.

My soul is nourished. Back to Tryst to peer over laptops at cute girls.

May 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 27 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

For the second time in a row* (there was no April comment winner because all the comments in April sucked) droll and deadpan blogfly Gannon takes home the prize with his comment on my post Overheard In DC:

> The real culprit is that women's extended adolescence increases each year. Age of first marriage delays itself more and more, specially among high and middle class (middle class girls aspire to be high class) women. A lot of women nowadays marry at around 30, an age where their fertility has decreased a lot. Sure, a lot of women in their thirties have children. But also, a lot of women in their thirties can't have children anymore. The real age brackets which always have produced the most children are the women aged 16-30. That is the age when women can produce the next generation. Teen girls are as fertile as shit. Fuck a 16 year old girl three times, and voilá, she will be knocked up. You can fuck some 30something year old woman for months, use a table to determine her fertile days, raise her hips to allow your spunk to get to the matrix but even then that gal's belly won´t grow.

Can't argue with the facts, but what I really liked was his description of a woman's reproductive organs as the "matrix". When you plunge into a woman's furrow it really is like entering an alternate universe of flytraps, clanking gears, flesh portals, and undulating catacombs.

Gannon's comment reminded me of the movie Juno. She sits on a cock once for two seconds and gets pregnant, while some 33 year old somewhere is hopped up on witch doctor fertility drugs imported from India and dangling upside-down from a mechanical contraption at the exact moment the moon enters its third phase crescent and Jupiter aligns with Uranus, barking at her man to hurry up and finish the job as she grips the base of his shaft to squeeze out the last life-giving droplet and he drops dead from a heart attack from overexerting himself in an activity that has ceased to be enjoyable.

May 2008 Comment Winner Runner-Up is Shivani on my post From Kitten To Cougar:

> GAWD!!! never have I ever been more disgusted by a post but at the same time couldn't take my eyes off of it.

My work here is done.

Visualizing Beta Part 2

CH · 28 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In the last installment of visualizing beta, I ridiculed discussed in an even tone the photo of a lesser beta who wasn't comfortable enough to drape his arm like a normal human male across the shoulders of an attractive girl. His tragic case was an obvious one. Virginal nerds, like fat chicks, can be spotted from 12 parsecs.

But what about the less obvious cases? A reader sent me an email with the following pic attached and wondered if this guy had the heart of a beta beating feebly underneath his alpha exterior. He based this on his observation that the guy's body language seems artificial and both of their poses look forced.

The guy's hand on her (fake) boob screams over-compensation. Real alphas don't feel a need to claim their girl's body parts in photos. Usually what you'll see is the alpha leaning back and the girl claiming him with her hands all over his chest or her head nestled in his shoulder. This is evidence in favor of him being a former beta who is still getting used to the alpha aura that his steroid-fueled muscles give him.

I don't see anything forced about her pose — she seems genuinely happy to have her tit mauled, but the dark glasses could be hiding the annoyance in her eyes. On the other hand, his pose looks awkward. He looks like he's trying too hard to impress the photographer and however many millions will see this picture on the internet. I have to admit I am impressed by his nipples of drop-forged steel. You ever see that much nipple on a man?

Although he leans in too much he's also turned away from the girl looking at the camera. It could be worse; I've seen guys in pictures kissing the tops of their girls heads affectionately.

Something about his face tells me he used to be chubby and shy. If there's such a thing as a "beta face", like there is a "gay face", then this guy has it. Pouty lips, deer in the headlights eyes, a shadow of self-doubt. The overall impression is one of a muscular body attached to the wrong head.

This brings up an important issue — can a big guy be a beta? Absolutely, but it's not nearly as common as a weak spindly man being a beta. If a guy has seriously crippling inner game issues then no matter how much muscle he

piles on his weak game will betray him. This is why you can't consistently judge an alpha male by appearances. Some of the toughest guys I knew bumbled and stumbled in the presence of women.

Since alphaness is ultimately a state of mind and heart, a beta face or an alpha body don't tell the whole story about a man and his success with women. While a man's physical appearance correlates with his womanizing prowess it's far from one-to-one. See: Zach Braff.

However, if a guy gets huge there's no doubt he'll carry himself with more confidence. A man can't help but feel on top of the world when he's physically more imposing than 90% of all men. For this reason I recommend all men throw iron. It's not as efficient or as effective as learning game or being excellent in some endeavor that matters to women, but it's a tangible display of strength that's bound to increase confidence. And girls like muscle on a man, all else being equal.

As long as men don't make the common mistake of believing getting huge will automatically improve their notch count they should consider weightlifting (and I'm not opposed to the use of steroids for hardgainers like myself) an excellent adjunct to strengthening what really matters — their sense of self.

Verdict: Lesser Alpha, Former Beta

Speed Dating Sucks

CH · 29 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I went to a speed dating event here in DC with my date and one of her girlfriends. The idea was that we would have some over-the-top fun with it while practicing our flirting skills on a maximum number of targets in a minimum amount of time in order to keep our game sharp. (Lord knows this is much easier for women to do. Their game amounts to cleavage.) We would pretend not to know each other. A side benefit from surreptitiously watching each other work the magic with other speed daters would be heightened sexual arousal that would resolve itself later in the night in panty-shredding lust. Kink alert in full effect.

We devised the questions we would ask our four minute “dates”. She wanted to see how much she could get away with so these were the questions with which she was going to pepper her speed suitors:

How much do you gross per year?
What kind of car do you drive?
Where do you see yourself in five years?
Can you support me so I don’t have to work?
How many cleaning ladies do you think is reasonable?
What kind of engagement ring would you get me?
How much would you allot to spend on our wedding?
What would you like to name our first born?
What does your stock portfolio look like?
If my mother gets sick, can she come live with us?
How many cats do you think is normal?
Do you mind if I hang a portrait of my cat in the living room?
I’m a scientologist. Would you be willing to convert for me?
What were your SAT scores?
What was your standing as far as getting picked in gym class?

She even wanted to bring a Barbie and Ken, give them to the guy, and say, “now act out how we would resolve an argument.”

I admit I laughed at these. If the victims guys were smart, they’d play along and say things like “I have one whole cent in my stock portfolio!” Most likely, they’d get defensive or answer straight. Speed dating crowds are that kind of people.

Since I wanted to join in the glib fun, I made up a list of questions I would ask my dates to see how far I could push my game past its barriers:

Are you flexible? How many yoga positions can you get in? How long can you keep them?
Are you confident enough to go bra-less?
Do you like sex in public?
Are you comfortable with the idea of having yourself photographed nude?
Can you suck a thick milkshake through a straw?
Are you good a good cook? (actually, i use this one a lot)
You’re not a prude, are you?
How do you feel about housework in the nude? (Seinfeld nixes it.)
Are you cool with threesomes?
Would you consider yourself experimental in the bedroom?
Do you like to travel… to have sex in exotic locales?
Does looking at a cigar turn you on?

Unfortunately, neither of us got the chance to try out our souped-up conversational skills on unwitting speed daters. When we arrived, it was clear this was the saddest crowd of lonely hearts in all of DC. The women were mid-30s to mid-40s and older and looking every bit of it and the men, while older and, from the bits of conversation I overheard, successful professionals, made it worse for themselves by dressing in rumpled shirts like accountants on casual Friday and slumping in their chairs with the familiar drawn faces of those who have been beaten down by life. My date and her friend completely lost interest in sitting through even one second of this four minute dating of the damned, so we left as soon as we got our stick-on nametags. They should call it speed dying.

The impression I got walking by the tables of speed daters was the same I got when I first visited my grandmother at a nursing home — chamber of horrors. The rank miasma of bedraggled desperation, depression, and utter hopelessness was overbearing. It settled around me like a suffocating shroud of despair, sapping all the fun out of being alive.

There is nothing more pathetic and… *alien*… than a pre-menopausal aging childless woman throwing herself headlong into the chaotic vagaries of dating. When a woman doesn't have children to nurture and raise by her early 30s she morphs rapidly into a sad and tragic creature — a shell entity of raging cynicism that can do no more than go through the motions — that no one wants to be around. Whatever is left of her innate femininity, beauty and sexiness is destroyed to dust by that point. And the men, despite their well-paying jobs as corporate lawyers, lobbyists, and policy analysts, seemed to have forgotten or never bothered to learn what it takes to attract a woman. Hint: waving a stable job and a fat paycheck ain't it.

My advice to the guys who run these speed dating and related social events in DC: Stop charging $60 to $300 for your lameass glorified happy hours. I understand you're all about making a buck, but when you set the price at airline ticket levels you will get those men who have nothing to offer but their money, and those women who want nothing else but those men who offer nothing but their money. End result: Older bitter women desperate for husbands and boring beta males desperate to slide comfortably into sexless soulless predictable suburban ennui. If you want to spice it up and attract a more diverse, fun crowd (read: younger), try a lower price range and more casually creative get togethers. But hey, it looks like you've cornered the niche market of schlubs and hags who'll pay through the nose like clockwork every week seeing the same people over and over and hoping against hope that one more contrived event and another $100 will usher their soulmates through the door.

Tick tock and all that.

Verdict: *Shudder*

Flip Cup Game

CH · 30 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Is there any easier venue for meeting girls than the house party? No. Think about the advantages and short cuts the house party gives you:

1. No cold approaches, only “warm” approaches. You may have never met the girl before but at a house party that doesn’t matter. There’s an expectation that people will introduce themselves to other house party guests.
2. Convenient opener material. “So how do you know [host’s name]?” Simple. Also gives you instant higher status if you know the host but she doesn’t.
3. The girls are friendlier. Where a club or bar causes bitch shields to power up to maximum deflection, a house party softens frontline defenses. Think of the house party like a Davos diplomatic circle jerk and the bars like the trenches of WWI. Where would you rather be?
4. The girls are cooler. True fact. Remember the girls you met at clubs versus the girls you met at house parties. Who did you have more fun talking to?
5. Automatic social proof. You’re at a house party so you must have friends, ergo you’re normal and socially accepted. The girls’ fear of getting hit on by a weird loner omega is alleviated.
6. NO COCKBLOCK. Seriously, how often do you see blatant CB attempts at house parties? Flocks of girls tend to disperse in the comfortable confines of a home or apartment as opposed to the perimeter defense they enforce in the bars. You’re more likely to find the CB wandering off by herself and getting lost in the kitchen having shots with the other castaway cockblocks.

DOWNSIDE

The girls won’t be as hot. The upper attractiveness tier of chicks are more validation-addicted than the lower tiers. They aren’t going to waste their best years of attention whoring in house parties when they could command a much larger audience of suckups in the clubs. But if you don’t mind sacrificing 8s and 9s for boffing 7s with agreeable personalities, then you should focus on house parties.

Flip cup and other drinking games may be retarded but they’re staples of the house party and an excellent skill every player under the age of 24 should master. You’re in close contact with the girls “accidentally” brushing up against them, the girls are getting drunker by the second, and if you’re good you can demonstrate higher status by humiliating your male competitors and showing mercy when one of them looks like he’s about to puke. If you have a high tolerance for alcohol you’ll always be one sober step ahead of the girls. A good player knows to keep his wits about him when pussy is on the line.

advanced ping pong.

A guy at this party asked me to join this energetic flip cup game. I politely declined. At my age, I’m cultivating a suave James Bond (Connery, of course) identity for myself and flip cup doesn’t fit that image. I think the girls were impressed with my tumbler of whiskey.

Sex And The City Movie

CH · 31 May 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Any of my male readers who have seen this movie, voluntarily or not, are welcome to leave their observations in the comments. Feel free to use an anon handle if the shame is too great.

I'm curious to know your impressions. Was the movie hysterically anti-male? How many straight men were in the audience? During which scenes did the women in the audience shriek the loudest? What did your girlfriends/wives/female acquaintances like best about the movie? Will Sarah Jessica Parker win the Triple Crown?

I have a theory that SATC's biggest psychological clit rub for adult female fans is the fantasy it portrays of women remaining sexually attractive to alpha males well into their 40s. A woman's biggest fear is aging into sexual invisibility. SATC with its alternate universe of debauched unreality assuages that fear. It's a feature length "You've still got it!" affirmation, allowing women the luxury of imagining the day of reckoning can be put off indefinitely. Unfortunately, in real life, Mr. Big glances right past Carrie Bradshaw at the hot fresh 21 year old waitress bringing his coffee.

I predict the 17-21yo female audience for this movie will be as small as the straight male audience.

Steroid Questions

CH · 1 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I'm looking for some answers to questions I have about steroids and their use. This is for a, uh… book report. Anyone who has useful information or advice is encouraged to leave a comment.

What are the mild class of steroids?
Where and from whom can they be bought? Do users go to Mexico to stock up?
How much do they cost?
How are they cycled?
Is an estrogenic aromatase necessary during the down cycle?
This is important – are there any that don't need to be injected? (I have a crippling phobia of needles ever since I saw a big guy poke another big guy who was bending over with his shorts down to his knees in the ass with a needle in a gym locker room.)
For those who take them – describe your experience. How much higher was your energy level on the juice?

Please spare me any moralizing. I have no interest in getting hyooge. And I know there are classes of roids that are relatively benign in their side effects, like Winstrol and Deca. I've been around enough doctors to know most of them have a reprehensible lack of knowledge about recent research in their fields of specialty. They toe the conventional wisdom. "Roids are baaad for you!" will get you nowhere here. I'm no drug warrior.

Oh yeah, and what are your opinions of HGH?

Giving Girls An Excuse To Approach You

CH · 2 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally, as you stalk your way through the great veldts of vagina, prey will put itself in your mouth. If you look good, and look sharp, and are saying all the right things with your body language, maybe one woman each night you go out will make her interest in you blatantly obvious. Such obvious signs include smiling at you from across the room, looking back at you more than once, and pointing at you then pointing at her crotch and pointing back at you while mouthing “you, me?”

On very rare occasions she will approach you. It’s hard to overestimate the rarity of the female cold approach. Unless you are famous and need cuntblockers to keep women off you, you will be able to remember every time a girl approached you. The cold approach is probably the most glaring gender difference — women simply don’t do it, and men will get nowhere without it.

You can facilitate women approaching you if you give them an excuse. Ideally, a girl who likes your style and social aura will want you to come over to her, but if that doesn’t happen and she is an unusually assertive girl, she might walk over to you as long as you have something on or around you that she can comment on. This is what I call passive game — set it and forget it.

I was sitting on a barstool with my camera in my back pocket and the strap dangling out. A girl walked up to me and said she had a bet with her two friends (she pointed back at two girls ten feet away who were watching us) about the identity of the thing sticking out of my back pocket. (I liked the bet angle. This girl had game.) Of course I didn’t give her a straight answer. I told her it was my thong.

Other items that serve as handy excuses for girls to approach you:

an obvious condom packet impression in a shirt or pants pocket.
better yet, a condom pendant.
a woman's lipstick kiss on your cheek (a Mystery staple).
a colored string or piece of cloth hanging out of your pocket or waistband.
a ball.
a nude girl pen tucked behind your ear.
a t-shirt with words in a foreign language.
a ring pop.

As you can tell, none of these things make any sense (except the kiss, you player). That's good; it means they'll work to coax a girl to comment on them. If you don't like wearing feather boas, you can't go wrong with these understated accoutrements.

Wii Love

CH · 3 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

There is a lot of unspoken tension on the first two dates. Until you've had sex with a girl, that tension will always be there, and can't be resolved until clothes are off and bodies pressing. This tension is good — it serves to keep both of you mentally sharp so you put your best face forward, and it motivates you to find a way to relieve the tension in sex. This is why when a girl decides after a lackluster first date that the guy is not worth banging she feels disappointment more than relief as the tension fizzles.

But too much tension makes you stiff and nervous. Then you'll try too hard to compensate for how you're feeling, anything to alleviate the discomfort. This is where the Wii shines. Next time you go out on a date tell her you're taking her to a place that has Wii bowling. Watch her eyes light up!

The Wii is great for relieving the negative nervous tension while sustaining the positive sexual tension. You're bumping into each other, you're swinging your arms, you're standing behind her guiding her arm on proper Wii bowling technique, and you're making fun of each other. Wii boxing works, too. Imagine the unbridled joy of popping your virtual date with an uppercut. Actually, her joy will be greater. All girls secretly harbor a hidden desire to physically pummel the guys they are attracted to.

And the Wii characters are cute and cartoonish which appeals to a girl's sensibility. Make sure she has a couple drinks in her before playing. Inebriated Wii torques the burning lust.

Close the deal with naked Wii Fit.

Why I Love Abortion

CH · 4 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Lost in the culture war clamor and feminist breast-beating is the fact that abortion has been very, VERY good for men, especially alphas who play the field. Think about the upsides:

- Abortion is a handy dandy escape hatch for men.

Sure, men aren't the ultimate judge, jury and executioner of the fetus; that is a special privilege afforded only women — for now. (I'd like to see men have the legal right to abort their financial responsibility for any unwanted pregnancies. In the interest of fairness, you see.) But men have the next best thing — an open invitation and legal sanction for women to do the dirty work and absolve them of 18 years of imprisonment. It's a bit of a crapshoot to rely on a woman's whim, but it's leagues better than accidentally impregnating a woman and having zero recourse to rectify the situation.

Anyhow, as a man, if you fuck around a lot, you'll thank your libertine god that abortion exists as a viable alternative to forced fatherhood. Pro-choice means pro-player.

- Abortion is eugenic.

In theory, at least. In practice, as it is utilized in present day America, it's more or less neutral, as those who would most benefit society by cleansing their wombs of the next generation are still going on to have more kids than their betters. But once people accept that our genetic heritage accounts for much of who we are (and with the science advancing in that direction by leaps and bounds it's just a matter of time), abortion will come to be seen as a convenient method for ensuring only the prime grade A progeny make it through the vaginal canal.

- Abortion is the cure for what ails ya.

With constantly improving embryonic screening techniques for genetic or physical abnormalities, our gloriously abortifacient new world offers women and the men who love them the opportunity to prevent the misery and suffering of the doomed. For what could be more cruel than knowingly bringing to life a soul trapped in a twisted body or a stunted mind, wracked with pain and shame and exposed to a lifetime of horrible torment as objects of his affection forever elude him, his heart never to pulse with requited romantic love. I have nothing but seething hatred for those parents who willingly allow the births of babies with torturous afflictions.

- Abortion will spur anti-aging research.

The trend is couples having children later in life. But biology doesn't care about trendiness. A 32 year old mother has a higher chance of giving birth to Quasimodo than a 23 year old mother. That is a fact. But the good times of extended adolescence are here to stay (yay!) so the growing number of older couples wanting normal healthy children, in conjunction with the child-delaying tactics of the abortion industry, will energize anti-aging research enabling people to extend every phase of their lives. If all goes well, 40 year old women may be first time mothers while still looking — and feeling — like 20 year olds.

- Abortion keeps a woman's body looking hot.

'Nuff said.

Many pro-choice feminists reading this post outlining my reasons for extolling the virtues of abortion will instinctively recoil in horror, despite my agreeing with them in the abstract. They will do this because my reasoning is to the benefit of men and, secondarily, society. And feminists have no desire to see to the interests of men. Where they are busy trumpeting the "autonomy" of a woman's body and holding up coat hangers in victory signs, I am taking their arguments to their logical conclusions. But hey, ladies, you cut a deal with the devil when you wrested the power of the grim reaper, and now you have to accept the afterbirth of that decision. You have,

unwittingly, made life easier for guys like me.

When you dance with the devil, the devil don’t change…
he changes you.

Kicking Pussy Off The Pedestal

CH · 5 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

When I was a naive, idealistic lad first sprouting peach fuzz on my gagoots I used to fantasize about the girls I had crushes on. Strolling arm in arm on the beach, naming constellations while lying on the warm summer grass under a starry sky, saving her from a mugger and returning her stolen purse like a hero, kissing her for hours and hours of fully clothed foreplay (wouldn't want to sully her with sex)… you know, the usual beautiful beta dreaming. In real life, I stared at these girls from across the classroom and doodled their faces in my notebook.

Putting women on a pedestal was my art. And I was good.

Then reality hit me. In the cleansing fires of rejection (and indifference) I learned that women were not pure creatures of light and virtue. I realized instead they were animals, just like men, but operating under a different set of parameters. In my effort to crack the cooch code I watched and mimicked guys who were good with women. I adopted mentors. I experimented. I grew a thick skin.

But before I could stop putting women on a pedestal I had to first kick them off. So I had an asshole phase. I think every man who was not born with his dick in a girl's mouth needs to go through an asshole phase in order to seduce women in a healthy way. It's important to experience for oneself what the power of assholery can do to a girl's attraction buttons — press them like an epileptic on coke and E playing whack-a-mole.

It's also important to stay in touch with your asshole side in case you ever find yourself slipping into bad beta habits. This way you can play the asshole card when the moment calls for it. Believe me, it's much more efficient than groveling your way back into her good graces with expensive dinners, flattery, and engagement rings.

Have you ever said "Fuck you" in anger to a girl you were seeing? Have you ever told a girl "Enough of your shit"? Have you ever let a girl argue for 20 minutes then look her in the eye and say "You done?" and walk off? If you haven't done any of these things you don't know just how much is possible in your dealings with women.

It's easy to dismantle the pedestal when you read this:

> Scott Peterson, the man who was convicted of murdering his wife and unborn child, had been on Death Row barely an hour when the first proposal arrived from a woman who wants to be the new Mrs. Scott Peterson.
>
> Three dozen phone calls came in to the warden's office on Peterson's first day at his new home in San Quentin State Prison — women were pleading for his mailing address, and one smitten 18-year-old said she wanted to marry him.

18 years old. Scott Peterson was twice her age. So much for the theory that chicks get creeped out by older murderers men. Heh.

So think about that the next time you find yourself romanticizing the woman of your dreams. There are women who would take their chances with a sociopathic death row inmate over law-abiding nonmurderous free men they know.

I'm Evil

CH · 6 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

…according to this post by Tyler Cowen who contributes to the economics blog [REDACTED] and who refuses to link to me out of concern for the tender sensibilities of his readership — evangelical Bible Belt moms and beta academics I presume:

> Should I, if only for didactic purposes, ever link to EVIL websites?

□□□

If I come across a girl who reads his blog [REDACTED] I'll show her this. Nothing gets a girl wetter faster than an evil bad boy. Chicks dig jerks. Chicks really dig evil jerks.

> He promotes an aggressively instrumentalist view of the sexes; imagine Larry David as a scoreman plus make the language of the monologues ruder and more offensive. He also thinks like an economist and uses marginalism: "Smells bad. (when a shower isn't going to help your cause, why bother?)"
>
> My question is which parameter value he incorrectly estimates; after all, he is not just evil he is also imprudent in missing the joys of monogamy and matrimony. I believe that most of all, he underestimates his transparency to his observers in real life. I sometimes call this the endogeneity of face to thought and thus his face must be somewhat evil too. Since his strategies cause him to spend time only with women he can fool, he doesn't correctly perceive how he is wrecking his broader reputation; the same is probably true for the rest of us as well.

It's well-known in scientific circles that men with evil faces make the best lovers.

On a serious note: The mistake in his analysis is that a reputation as a ladies' man makes a man *more* attractive to women, not less. And women aren't "fooled" — women are complicit in their own seduction.

> Can he still be saved by a good woman?

I like to think I'm a cuddly teddy bear whose pursuit of delicious pussy necessitates evil tactics. But maybe that's just semantics.

> Poor guy. Poor, poor guy.

Envy is 100% bad box office. Now excuse me I have to take an evil piss.

When It Is OK To Call A Woman Fat

CH · 6 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter and blogger Redacted had this to say from yesterday's post:

> Somewhat off topic, but never, ever neg someone with a reference to their weight. Not even a 10. A buddy of mine got kicked out of a club for saying, "Hey, haven't you put on a pound or two," to one of the hired guns.

I don't disagree with this if we're talking about women only. (Men can handle jabs about their spare tires.) Women are so incredibly sensitive to criticism of their weight (and for good sociobiological reason) that there aren't too many scenarios in which you could manipulate their body image issues to your benefit without it blowing up in your face like an overstuffed burrito.

Sure, if a girl punches you in the nads, call her fat. If your estranged wife is cackling across the divorce lawyer's mahogany table, casually mention she's a shambling mound. If your sister ratted you out — she's fair game.

But the most rewarding time to drop a fatty insult on a girl is with an ex. If you ever bump into an ex-girlfriend who had the gall to stop having sex with you, you can hit her with the fatty two by four. (Be sure to use subtlety when you swing the low blow. In-your-face won't get under the skin as deeply.) I did exactly this with a Russian ex of mine.

Her: [looking skinny and spectacular] Hi, nice to see you!

Me: [looking momentarily stunned] Oh hey, hi.

Her: Wow, so how are you?

Me: Good. [scheming…] You look nice. Did you put on a little weight? It looks good on you.

Her: [jaw on floor] Um, noo… OK, well, I've got to go.

Was it petty? Yes. Did I have a smile on my face afterwards? Yes. Did I get hand? YES.

Milestone

CH · 7 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I added a blog stats counter which you can see at the bottom of the right hand column of links. Very soon this blog will reach one million hits, maybe even tomorrow.

Actually, I'm not even sure what a "hit" is technically. It could just be Sara hitting the refresh button one million times. Her love for me is strong.

I figure such an impressive human achievement should be celebrated, so in honor of the occasion the one millionth hit/person will win this:

[image]

This is a toe ring given to me by a stripper I once dated. When you wield this ring, it imbues you with the Power of Stripper. Which is a really good power, trust me. If you are a girl, it wll make you automatically hotter to men and cause other girls to resent you. If you are a guy, it will help you to act cool in strip clubs, not give the dancers any money, and pick them up in between their shifts.

< Evil Roissy >
Note to haters: Not to be used as a cock ring, no matter how snug the fit.
< / Evil Roissy >

I'm not sure if the free version of WordPress I use allows me to determine the identity of the one millionth hit, so this might be for naught. If anyone knows how I can get that information let me know. The winner will have to email me their shipping address.

Good luck!

I’ve Seen The Error Of My Ways

CH · 9 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I’m a sensitive man, and some of my reader’s comments expressing their hurt and frustration with my writings have bothered me. After a bit of sorrowful reflection, I decided to turn my back on the anger and **evil** in my heart and open myself to a deeper understanding and wisdom.

Here is a video response to my detractors I made to reach across the divide and show I’m a changed man. I hope we can put this unpleasantness behind us and accept love into our lives.

I put a lot of passion into this video so some of the language is strong. Use headphones at work.

Please… I need a moment.

How To Save Marriage

CH · 10 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

As I've said before, marriage as it is currently constituted is the worst deal imaginable for men: You give up on all other women forevermore only to run a better than 50% risk that the aging pussy you're stuck with will walk off with half your money and the house on nothing more than her personal whim.

My advice to men has always been simple — don't get married. The blessing of marriage is no longer needed to score a steady supply of sex and love.

But since I am the very Moloko Plus of human kindness, and understanding that companionate marriage has served the West well, I give some steps society can take to get the institution back on firm footing.

- **Abolish no-fault divorce**

When the law relieved husbands and wives of the obligation to give a damned good reason to leave their partners, it was a race to the exits, and beta males took the brunt of it under the new polygynous rules. Yes, some individual divorce parties will suffer without the easy out of no-fault. But the suffering of the few is to be weighed against the betterment of the whole.

- **Stop browbeating women to go on to higher education (especially law school)**

Only a person — like, oh, myself — with an excellent grasp of human nature could say this. Economically empowered (which is basically the same as educationally empowered) women face a smaller pool of dateable men. This is because it is in the very core of a woman's nature to date and marry up. Women are not happy unless they are surrendering their bodies to higher status men. By pricing themselves out of the sexual market, they have been forced, when they do get married, to marry at their level or below, increasing the likelihood she'll turn off the pussy spigot and make him go to the bathroom in the woods as her lawyers sharpen their carving knives. This trend will get worse as the ratio of women to men in higher education grows more skewed. Only the beautiful women have the luxury of marrying up to their hearts' content.

Now of course, many women will bitch and moan, somewhat justifiably under the current cultural regime, that they need the education and better paying jobs to survive because they can't rely on men to support them adequately. But here's what they're missing: Weaker women *inspire* men to protect and provide for them. In a social climate where women aren't doing as well occupationally you will see men MORE motivated to improve their own job outlooks because they are fired up to provide for, instead of compete with, the women around them.

Women would be better served concentrating on improving their looks through whatever means necessary. Only ugly women should seriously consider grad school.

- **Wives of alphas should learn to ignore their husbands' affairs and mistresses**

Alpha husbands who can get their rocks off with younger pretty mistresses won't be as liable to walk away from their marriages because their sexual satiation, coupled with the wives' loyal acquiescence, would discourage them from seeking divorce to clear the way to hot sex. Double plus societal bonus: More alphas tied up in marriage means more women available to marry betas.

The reverse scenario does not apply because a cheating wife is much more dangerous to the stability of the marriage than a cheating husband. Double standard? Of course! Deal. Human nature cares not for your equalist shibboleths.

- **Reinvigorate the manufacturing sector of the US economy**

This is related to point #2 above. It's no coincidence that the slide in manufacturing in the past 40 years has tracked

the rise in divorce. Without a solid manufacturing base to shore up the pride in self and incomes of left-side-of-the-bell curve men the cruel and merciless shark infested waters of the modern cognitive economy have chewed them up, leaving them utterly defenseless against the onslaught of fickle masculinized women armed with the imprimatur of no fault divorce and burgeoning incomes.

I haven't seen this written about anywhere else. I believe the loss of manufacturing in America has contributed a lot more to divorce than people think. Manufacturing jobs gave men ill-equipped or ill-tempered for the academic life a shot at decent money and respectable standing in society, without leaving them castrated as office drones or service workers. And manufacturing, appealing so directly to men's interests, ran no risk of being overrun by a workforce of women eager to operate heavy machinery. In a word, globalization has been bad for the American institution of marriage.

Libertarians may shudder at this suggestion, but then libertarians have never had a firm grasp of male-female natures.

Egalitarian liberals will shudder at *all* my suggestions, but then egalitarian liberals are discredited.

- **Fire all the divorce lawyers**

You've gotta clean house of the parasites before any of these ideas can be put into action.

- **Fathers of daughters have to take a stronger role in punishing and publicly humiliating male interlopers and their slutty daughters**

This goes against the trend of feminized doofus befuddled fathers acting like their presence is superfluous, but the return of the powerful patriarchal father would go a long way to curbing the excesses of both the interloper cads and the slutty daughters. Personally, I love sluts, and this suggestion would make my life harder, but what's good for me is not necessarily, or even very often, good for society.

- **Reform the ass-ramming that is child support and divorce laws**

In the event of divorce, what beta ex-husband wants to pay a hefty sum to an ex-wife who has his kids 90% of the time and spends it on lingerie and beer for her bad boy lover? A lot of provider betas imagine this scenario and decide that learning game is a better option than walking down the aisle. I don't blame them.

- **Think carefully about gay marriage**

Besides the slippery slope argument (which I believe is a legitimate one in this case, opening the door to polygamous arrangements), gay marriage undermines the procreative justification for marriage. Western companionate marriage is as much about kids as it is about love. Scrap the one reason and it's harder to justify getting married for the other reason. (After all, it's easy to leave a spouse you no longer love if there are no kids involved, and it's easy to stay childless and love a partner without the codification of marriage.)

Undermining the procreative reason for marriage with legally sanctioned innately nonprocreative pairings undermines the whole. (Spare me the counterargument that infertile hetero couples can get married. The important concept lies in the potential of the couple in a natural unadulterated state to procreate, not the actual capability.)

Now personally I couldn't care less if gays get married; it doesn't affect my life one way or the other, so I will never agitate for or against it. What I've written in this post is a primer for society, not for my own hedonistic pursuit. The thing to remember is that INCENTIVES MATTER in human affairs, and right now there is a huge structural disincentive for men to marry and a structural incentive for women to initiate divorce.

Actually, I hope none of these changes happen. It would really cramp my style.

Postscript: Another option is to get the state completely out of the business of marriage. They've gone ahead and fucked it up pretty well, so why not try the alternative?

Stripper Ring Stays

CH · 11 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE

The free version of wordpress won't let me identify the IP address of the 1 millionth hit, and I added sitemeter a few months after I started this blog so sitemeter's numbers and wordpress' numbers don't match.

Therefore, the Ring of Stripper Power stays with me. I know, sorry to get everyone's hopes up. There will be more milestones.

Mono Game

CH · 11 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets the Throwback Barbarian told me about a situation he had with his date.

Zeets: So the date is going well…

Me: Some makeouts?

Zeets: We were about to kiss but then I stopped her and told her I had mono and I didn't want her to catch it. I said it should only be one more week then we would kiss.

Me: How did she take it?

Zeets: Actually, I think it made her more attracted to me. Pushing her away mid-kiss turned her on.

Me: And mono is the kissing disease. She probably wondered how many women you kissed. Well played!

GAME PRINCIPLES ILLUSTRATED

1. takeaway (interrupted the kiss)
2. future pacing ("then we would kiss")
3. preselected by women (kissing disease)
4. protector of loved ones ("didn't want her to catch it")

Handicap Principle

CH · 12 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent me this pic of Tom Cruise and Katie Holmes and wondered if it showed that Cruise is secretly a nancyboy beta:

May 31, 2008: Tom Cruise and Katie Holmes pose for pictures in front of their house before attending their housewarming party in Beverly Hills, California today. Credit: INFphoto.com Ref.: infusla-42/98/99
signaling the mothership.

The average man could not get away with this obsequious lean-in. If the average man did this with his girlfriend in public men looking on would cringe and women would "AWW" with pity as their vaginas snapped shut. Later that night, the girlfriend of the average man who leaned in would find an excuse to not have sex with him.

Despite the lean-in and the jumping up and down on couches professing his love for Katie, Tom Cruise is a super alpha. He can afford to display the saccharine romantic lovey-dovey behavior of the daydreaming beta because he has extra alpha to spare. It's why rock stars can sing about the most maudlin treacle, emoting to their hearts' content about writing love letters for that one special girl who dances in the meadows, without incurring a hit to their sexual market value. In fact, beta signaling by an alpha will actually raise the alpha's status, helping him avoid the pitfall of being tagged as "arrogant" by potential admirers.

Therefore, if you are a natural super alpha, some acceptable beta things you can do (or are likely already doing) to handicap yourself and paradoxically increase your value are:

- **Self-deprecating humor**

Natural betas who self-deprecate too much are seen as weak and self-loathing. Natural alphas who self-deprecate are viewed as charming.

- **Buying girls drinks**

A beta who is generous too soon will seem approval-seeking. An alpha who is generous will seem like an alpha who is generous.

- **PDA**

Betas should really try hard to curb this urge. Alphas don't have to worry about slobbering over their girlfriends once in a while, though they rarely do.

- **Poetry and mash notes**

The closer you are to a natural super alpha, the more you can live your life like a Hollywood movie. This means writing poetry for your girl won't cost you attractiveness points. If you are a beta, you should never pour your heart out in poems for your girl, unless she has gotten older or fatter. In those cases, she will receive your poem with more gratitude.

- **Crying**

Dangerous! To be on the safe side, neither alphas nor betas should ever cry in front of their girlfriends, and preferably not in private either (it builds the right habits). But if the circumstances are favorable, and the alpha vibe is particularly strong, and his crying technique is solid, a man may shed a single tear. If all goes well, this act of vulnerability can make a girl's heart explode with love. NOTE: If your pregnant tear has succeeded in eliciting sexually aroused emotions in your girl, DO NOT get greedy and attempt a second tear. The spell can be broken as quickly as it was cast, and you will go from sensitive strongman to weepy wuss instantly. Wait at least one year before unloading the powerful man tears again.

- **Complimenting other men**

A beta should refrain from excessive flattery of his betters. In fact, the beta should try not to compliment other men at all, even when the compliment is deserved and the other man's social cachet is obvious. It's just too risky. People will presume the complimenting beta is a lickspittle as opposed to assuming the complimenting alpha is someone who is secure enough in himself to offer kind words to other men.

- **Lovemaking**

Betas – don't. You should stick to aggressive fucking and kinky sex. An alpha can mix it up with slow lovemaking without risking his status as the one "in charge" in the bedroom.

- **Porn**

Betas should try and conceal their extensive porn collection from their women, because otherwise they will be pegged as loser pervs. Alphas don't need to be so secretive about their porn. She'll probably blame herself for not being enough for him and work twice as hard during sex.

Postscript: Where beta signaling works for alphas, alpha signaling works for betas. Alpha signaling is the heart of game.

T-Shirt Contest

CH · 13 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A reader suggested I sell game-inspired T-shirts on my blog through an affiliate program with cafepress. I like it. Here are some ideas my reader had:

(Men's front)

(Women's front)

(Women's front)

My ideas for the T-shirts would include personal favorite quotes from my posts, like these:

Nerd = Fat Woman
Hate is as natural as Love
Status Is Everything
Your sexual market value is overpriced.
Kitten at night, cougar in the morning.
I don't give a shit what you do for a living.
Chick with dick = lawyer.
Celibacy = Metadeath.
Chicks dig power.
Guys dig beauty.
Marriage is a raw deal.

Or I could go hipster ironic:

I'm a beta.
I'm holding out for an alpha. (for da ladies)
I'll be your provider beta. (for da guys)
I fall for game. (also for da ladies)
My dating market value is greater omega.
Cuckold me. It's in your genes.

Etc.

The floor is open.

Update: Arjewtino recommended a T-shirt wording contest. Winner receives a free T-shirt and recognition in a blog post. Imagine the fame!

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(Back men's and women's shirt)

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Rock Band Audition

CH · 16 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Do you dream of stardom as you sit at your desk planning yet another dull event for your corporate master? Does the adulation of ~~five drunk bar patrons~~ millions thrill you? The rock band that Roosh and I have started — **Heavy Sack** — is looking for a female singer. (Male singers are kindly asked to stay home and send their girlfriends and sisters instead.)

Technically, our band is part of the Rock Band video game, but that's OK because from a distance our fake plastic instruments look real. And we have groupies. While we want a girl with some singing skills, don't worry if your voice isn't up to American Idol standards — the computer that measures the pitch of your voice is more forgiving than Simon Cowell.

The audition is this Tuesday night, 9PM at Reef. (They hold a Rock Band Night every Tuesday.) Cute emo chicks with sad eyes will be judged more favorably by me, at least.

eligible

not eligible

Any agents who interfere too much with our selection process will be sweet-talked into submission by our band

manager.

The Biggest Misogynists Are Other Women

CH · 17 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Think about some of the worst insults you could call a woman:

Slut.
Whore.
Skank.

These words are powerful because they strike right at the thermal core of a woman's self-conception — they are reputation-killing words, and in the shark-eat-shark waters of the sexual market a woman's reputation can mean the difference between getting pumped and dumped by the man of her dreams and getting him to commit. The best way to get a man to propose marriage is to be a virgin.

Who deploys these words in vengeful anger and spiteful slander? Not men. For example, when men use the word "slut" it's usually with their male buddies as an exercise in identifying the women most likely to put out on the first date. Men will almost never call a woman a slut to her face unless it's a bitter, jilted ex-boyfriend looking to score points, nor will they tell the woman's girlfriends that she is a slut. Why kill the loose goose that lays the golden lays?

Women use them against other women. It's women whispering gossip and innuendo in the ears of whatever female node on their social network is willing to listen, subconsciously calculating that the souldiss will find its way to the intended target. Why do they do this? Because sluts, whores, and skanks make it harder for other girls to use sex as a bargaining chip to extract commitment from quality men and keep it once it is made. Sluts are traitors to the sisterhood, undermining the prime directive and making it more difficult for the commitment whores to get what they want.

It's all supply and demand, and right now the supply is saturating the market (for qualified buyers).

Note that words like "cunt" and "bitch" don't cut with the same eviscerating precision when used by women. A cunt or bitch can often be very sexy and still get what she wants from men. Calling a girl a cunt is most effective when wielded by men because disparaging a woman's personality carries more weight when it comes from a man. For this reason, women (especially "tankgrrls" like the aging cougar brigade and sassy sister soldierettes you see infesting DC) co-opt cunt and bitch for themselves in a feeble and transparent attempt to neutralize the words of their explosive power.

The thermonuclear 1,000 megaton bomb of female-targeted insults is the word **UGLY**. It is so powerful you will rarely hear women use it against even their worst girl enemies, and most men are loathe to launch this verbal missile. It isn't a misogynistic word since it is gender neutral, but given the double standards of human nature it doesn't pack the same wallop when used against a man. Timing, context, and delivery are everything if you decide to detonate this MOAB.

The male equivalent is LOSER.

What She's Really Thinking

CH · 18 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

FYI: "What She's Really Thinking" will be a regular feature here. Content may vary.

Thought Experiment

CH · 18 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

ANSWER:

Man (B) is worth more.

Man (A) will get more pussy than his intrinsic worth would suggest.

****

Which person is worth more?

a. an overweight, balding, dull-witted man who is self-confident.

b. a good-looking, smart, rich man who is insecure.

Now ask yourself, which person will have more success with women?

How far can inner game take you? Is manufactured self-esteem — *I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and doggone it, people want to bang me* — an essential psyche-out or a chimera? Is it deceptive advertising or better marketing? Are all those pickup business models right in emphasizing getting a handle on your inner demons before tackling your outer battles, no matter the actual reality of your station in life?

Ultimately, mental calisthenics in service to ego-propping and conscious affirmations of self-confidence are acts of self-delusion. This is a rational choice, for the ability to delude oneself is a survival trait. For instance, we all live in a fantasy world concerning the real horrors of old age that await us.

Self-delusion or a depressive spiral ending with a gun barrel in your mouth. You choose.

And, thus, this is why so many instinctively recoil at the "ugly truths". The abyss is too deep and too dark to contemplate.

I Only Play Games With Girls Who Deserve It

CH · 19 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I get this occasionally from some girls I date, usually after they have dumped a major shit test on me and I am forced to respond with advanced game:

"Why does everything have to be a test with you?"

I thought about this and reflected on my history with women. It was partly true. With certain girls I've dated, I was in game mode all the time. One girl even said that she knew when I would return her calls because I would always wait the requisite 20 minutes.

Dispiritingly, dogmatic game — press this button, pull that lever — will work as intended. You can never truly BE YOURSELF with women because almost all men being themselves will regress to lounging on the couch in their underwear as long as their basic needs are met. Literally, you could put a feeding tube in a guy's mouth, a drainage tube up his anus, a playstation controller in his hand, and a girl's mouth on his cock and he'll lay there like that until he spontaneously self-combusts.

And women too. Look what happens to women who have totally given up on finding a man — they blow up like whales, wear flip flops all the time, and cut their hair short. When you see a frumpy, charmless, fat woman you know she is BEING HERSELF.

So why do I overgame with some girls and not others? It's not a looks thing. Some of the prettiest girls I've been with were a breeze to handle once in a relationship, even though during the first crucial dates they were the toughest to game. Hot girls tend to frontload their gameplaying, so if you breach their beachhead it's a clear march to center city.

I think it's an ego issue, or maybe one of intelligence. Very smart girls are always on the lookout for Machiavellian maneuvers in their men because they do it themselves. The world is our mirror. Combined with a powerful but sensitive ego, a girl like this will be hyperaware of manipulation and deathly afraid of getting hurt. Stephane of Ideagasms calls these types of women (and men) Interrogators — a subspecies of Energy Vampires:

> Interrogators are (initially) difficult to detect, because they are perfectionists; These people see the life as a competitive GAME and they are quite masterful when it comes to manipulating others.
>
> Their philosophy? "Life is just a game – You either play by the rules, or you're a loser." They see the world as Win/Lose instead of Win/Win.

> That's a great metaphor for explaining what Interrogators do to people, because when you spot an Interrogator and try to gently point out what he or she is doing, they too will pretend that they are innocent and that this heavily ingrained and entirely OBVIOUS pattern of behavior does not exist.
>
> Then they will turn around and casually remark that there is something wrong with YOU. They'll go, "Why would you say that? Why are you so PARANOID, huh?" (Notice they are not really asking a question, but rather, making a statement about you.)
>
> Or they will accuse you of being "too sensitive"… as if *sensitivity* was a bad thing!
>
> MANY of the top "seduction community gurus" are simply INTERROGATORS. This is why they "play the game" and have all sorts of complicated "chess moves" and strategies for interacting with women. They have a HIDDEN AGENDA.
>
> Interrogators ask a lot of rhetorical questions, and often play "Devil's advocate". But, the questions they ask are not questions at all! It is their attempt to break down your reality in the form of negative presuppositions about you.

Overgaming can be caustic to forming a relationship with a girl you really like. The best relationships are built on a foundation of sincerity, not mutually asssured deconstruction. It's a tragedy when the couple really like each other and the mutual gaming undermines the potential for a deeper connection. Game and ego-protection will always be a necessary component of any interaction you have with quality women, but it should be relegated to a supplement after a certain amount of bonding has occurred. At some point, you have to open your heart and let the chips fall where they may.

So when I game too much for too long, it's with the girls who deserve it. If I'm getting shit tested all the time, or she's in **Aloof and Indifferent** mode every other day, or I sense that she's hiding something, I will respond in kind. We calibrate our actions and behavior to match the other person's. Women, being the gatekeepers and mate choosers, are responsible for how men strategize to get in their pants and their hearts. If a girl makes it hard for a guy to be sincere by playing Miss Scheming Queen, he will react with more game. If she's letting him know how much she loves him, he will be real with her.

You get what you give.

Make no mistake, this is not an anti-game screed. Game is absolutely essential in the beginning stages (See: Mystery Method's A1 – S3) for every women you want to sex, unless your value is so much higher than hers that you can do nothing and she'll throw herself on your junk. Relationship game is also important to keep the embers burning.

But in time the doubt has to ease and the soul has to breathe. Anything less would be… uncivilized.

Urban Living Is Bad For Relationships

CH · 20 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you want to build a relationship with a girl you're dating I'd suggest you move out of the big coastal cities. Either escape the city with your girl (you might have to abduct her) or find a girl in a small town, rural backwater, or suburban outpost. There is a portal of anti-love negative energy that issues rays of casual sex and polyamory from the nightlife bowels of DC and works to tear apart any couple stumbling their way toward deeper commitment.

Think about the ways this happens:

Options = Instability

Where you have options, you have trouble sticking by one person. A man dating a girl (or girls) will feel on top of the world and suddenly all those single women traipsing around the city look like much easier targets to approach. His loins will quiver with excitement. A woman transplanted from a less populated region of the country to the big city will become enthralled with all the extra attention from men who are probably much better at playing the game than the men she left back home. Her ego will quiver with expectation.

Anonymity

Christ, how simple it is to maintain a dating carousel when hiding all the people you are banging from each other is as easy as scheduling dates on different days and in different bars, sometimes separated by only a block. When there isn't a social network of family, friends, and people who generally give a shit about decorum to shame swingers, sexual depravity results. This truly is the golden era of genitalia.

Zero Consequences

Who's gonna stop you from boffing your girlfriend's hotter sister? Dad? HA. It is to laugh. Welcome to Plunderdome.

Convenience

No problem running a stable of regulars when meeting places are within walking distance of central giggity headquarters. Out in the sticks it'd be a pain to meet a second girl when she's a 50 mile drive away.

Poland here I come. *Dzien dobry!*

Girls Who Lie

CH · 23 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I was listening to a morning talk show and the subject was about local area bars cheating customers by using false pint glasses with thicker bottoms that only hold 14 ounces of beer, and leaving too much head on top. Since this is a major breach of bar patron trust many irate callers offered opinions on what to do, which basically boiled down to stiffing the bartenders on tips, informing the manager of your displeasure, or choosing a new bar. Stiffing a bartender is not usually a good idea since it's the bar manager who sets policy, and most bartenders are on your side.

When you catch a girl you are dating in a lie that matters you are presented with a few alternative ways to respond. Although it's fun to think of a girl as "tapping a keg", she isn't a bar and doesn't have a manager you could complain to, so that option is not available. You don't want to call her out on her lie because that will accomplish nothing; if she's comfortable lying in the first place calling her out isn't going to reform her character. You're not the first man she lied to, and you won't be the last.

In my experience, you have two acceptable courses of action:

- Ignore the lie, but know who you're dealing with.

Knowledge is the key to managing a woman. If you catch her in a serious lie you will feel like she isn't treating you with the respect you deserve and you will want to dump all over her, but before you do remember that you've gained some very crucial leverage over her — you know her character. Now you can handle her appropriately. Have some fun, enjoy her company (read: sex), but move her to your second or third tier of women. You owe her nothing. Maintaining a code of silence on your discovery of her lie is a form of power that will allow you to hold her at arm's length and remove all her tools of manipulation.

Identifying a bad seed is important so you don't waste too much time and energy trying to find her nonexistent inner beauty.

- Leave her.

Character is destiny. A woman who lies about serious shit will not make a good long term girlfriend, wife or mother for anyone, so if you are a man looking for that you may want to streamline your dating efficiency and drop her like you would drop a bar serving pints in 14 ounce glasses. But don't tell her exactly why you are leaving. As I wrote above:

Maxim #13: Calling a girl out on her lie accomplishes nothing.

Instead, cut through the ego bullshit and tell her the *deeper* truth — she is free to do whatever she wants with her life but you expect loyalty from the women you date. Say no more. Just stop calling.

***

Do men or women lie more? I finally have the answer to that player's pickup question.

Men occasionally lie about the big things. Women lie about everything all the time. Like gossip, it's just another tactic for them to manufacture the drama they so desperately crave in their lives. Your goal should be to find that quality woman who lies about the big stuff less than the average woman.

I don't advocate lying to get into a girl's pants, not for ethical reasons but because it isn't necessary. Good game will get you there without the lies, and you're less likely to get busted in the future. I do lie by omission sometimes, like not telling a girl my oversized member might hurt her, or that I'm dating around, unless she asks. I might even lie if she asks, because if I've just started dating another girl on the side I don't consider that "dating another girl". In my moral calculus, "dating" means more than five dates and you've banged her more than once. Anything less is "sampling". This system has worked for me so far.

If you cross paths with a weak woman given to lying, don't try to save her from herself. And don't use her natural weakness as an excuse to get in the mud with her. Instead, look out for number one and do what's in your best interest. Adopt a 1 to 10 sliding moral scale and place the women you date along that scale based on how you judge their characters.

All else equal, the closer she gets to 10 the more you will want to invest in her. She is worth it.

The closer she is to 1, the less you will want to invest in her. She is a succubus and will own your soul if you let her. Devalue her and let the good times roll. Your sperm will likely be mixing with another man's sperm in her vagina.

Not A Love Song

CH · 23 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

See the video here. (Youtube embedding disabled. Hat tip to finefantastic.)

Jacques Brel said in an interview this was a song about cowardice. A lot of women will imagine him getting handsomer as he sings.

give me five minutes to talk away my ugly face and i can bed the queen of france.
– voltaire

Girlfriend Or Fling?

CH · 24 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Unlike the last edition of girlfriend or fling?, this one is at a lower difficulty level. Ignore their Sex And The City impersonation and focus on the interplay and body language of these grown women girls.

The woman on the right is obvious girlfriend material. Let's count the ways she would make a faithful and low drama girlfriend — restrained lips-closed smile, modest dress (skirt is short but that is balanced by the lack of any cleavage), minimal makeup and accessorizing (is that a necklace or a wisp of hair?), arms close in to body, zero sexual availability displays like jutting breasts or arched lower back. This woman looks like she was born to walk down the aisle. She may in fact already be married.

The middle girl is a total fling. Not just any fling, but a wild, crazy, torrid, self-destructive, public sex, screw the condoms and press the record button kind of fling. Sure, her dress is a toga easily ripped off in one move, her eyes are in bedroom mode long before she gets to the bedroom, and her mouth is open in the shape of a cock, but what really clinches her status is the scarf around her neck waiting to be grabbed and pulled for pleasurable choking effect. She is clearly ovulating and needs the hard fucking of a dominant alpha male. She's so horny she's backing her ass up into her friend's imaginary strap-on.

Strap-on girl on the left is a potential girlfriend (notice she has camera responsibility), but judging by her wicked smile showing both rows of teeth and her visible black bra under her blouse she will need to be broken and tamed like a bucking bronco before she can be considered a quality girlfriend. She looks like she has eaten men alive and left a trail of broken hearts and scrotums behind her. I sense manipulative bitch. This is just the type of woman who leads with her ego and shit tests for sport. She is practically begging for a worthy man like myself to jizz in the face of her reality and reduce her to a softly whimpering submissive love slave ready to drop to her knees at the snap of my fingers.

Once broken, enjoy her utter devotion. She will build a shrine to your cock.

snap.

The Dark Side Of Alpha

CH · 26 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Pedro Espinoza, the illegal alien murderer of Jamiel Shaw, was dropped off at the killing location by his girlfriend:

> A woman testified Wednesday that she drove the alleged killer of a high-school football star to the victim's street at the time of the shooting and heard a gunshot after her friend got out the car to run an errand.
>
> Yisenia Sanchez said she did not see her friend [editor's note: by "friend", she means a guy who has fucked her in the ass], Pedro Espinoza, 19, fire a gun or see whether anyone was shot, but said soon after Espinoza got out the car, a shot sounded, then he came running back in an agitated state.

I'm sure after he breathlessly relayed the details of his dirty deed to his secretly admiring girlfriend, she scolded him for his evil while her wet vagina belied the words coming out of her mouth. Later that night, Pedro got some, and shot a load into her happy face.

Here is a fact for those of you still laboring under the rapidly withering illusion that women are the fairer sex with superior moral guiding principles and emotional intelligence: There are many MANY **MANY** more young, cute women willing to fuck the likes of Pedro Espinoza, Alpha Killer, than the guy who avoids brushes with the law, dutifully goes to his 9 to 5 McJob, and saves money for the future purchase of a home to start a family.

This is a question for my female readers. What do you feel, at a gut level, when you know that more of your kind go for guys like this:

Pedro Espinoza, 19, is charged with murdering Jamiel Shaw II. KABC

18th street gang coming soon to all the other street numbers.

than for guys like this:

“maybe if i learned how to shoot computers instead of build them.”

I can already hear the protestations to the contrary. “Yeah, but only low class girls go for cold-blooded killers and criminal filth like Espinoza.”

From a penis’s perspective, what is the difference between a low class young, cute girl and a high class young, cute girl?

Answer: Nothing.

Marriage and the attendant class considerations are end game, not start game. Sexual attraction must come first, and a woman’s social, economic, and educational status have nothing to do with that. A girl’s class is irrelevant to her ability to excite a man. For every thug complaining that all he bangs are whores as he facefucks his girlfriend and her sister, there are a hundred betas complaining that they can’t bang anything at all.

I’m glad to see men are reawakening to the reality of women’s depraved animal natures.

Flimsy Excuses I Use To Get Girls Back To My Place

CH · 26 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Here are some of the transparent excuses I tell a girl at the end of the night to get her back to Le Chateau for a little of the ol' flogging, branding, and penis-whipping:

"Hey, I just got my black and white photographs framed. Unlike so many people, I know you're able to appreciate art, so let's take a look and tell me what you think."

"I'm thirsty. How about you? Let's go back to my place and have a glass of delicious DC tapwater."

"I also play a real guitar. I've been working on a new song of mine. I could use an unbiased third party opinion. Playing for my Mom isn't cutting it anymore. Come over and have a listen."

"You've gotta check out the view from my balcony."

"Let's swing by my place for a couple of girly drinks then head back out to play some Wii."

"I collect old jazz recordings *[editor's note: I have a few jazz CDs given to me by exes]*. We'll go back and listen to them properly, with a glass of red wine."

"Have you ever seen a houseplant with one leaf? I'll bring you back to my place to look, but no touching. It's very delicate."

***

If I sense she is hesitating, I usually punctuate each flimsy excuse with something like, "But we can only stay for a bit, I have to get up early. So try to keep your hands to yourself." That never fails except on the high self-esteem girls who want you for a boyfriend and are fighting to control the pace of the dating.

Will she see through these obvious ploys? Of course she will. But that's not the point. She doesn't need your reason to be airtight, she just wants you to know what you're doing. That means, make statements, and don't ask. Saying "Would you like to come back to my place?" is a mood killer. She doesn't want to have to make that decision. She wants to follow your lead.

It also means not making her feel like a slut. So no matter how absurd your excuse to get her into your lair it's still better than saying "Let's go back to my place and fuck." She just needs plausible deniability, however gossamer thin, to rationalize that her decision to go home with you was not the action of a loose harlot.

Don't be a noodle-dick and depend on women to make the first move. You must have these excuses ready for every date you go on. In my experience, no quality girl worth having for the long term will offer to go back with you to either her place or yours. That's akin to offering sex. Only high testosterone whores and cougars do this. Remember, if she's offered to you, she's offered to 20 other guys she met in a bar. Wear a condom coated with Doxycycline.

Some very brave and horny girls who want to preserve at least a shadow of their feminine mystique will hint at going back with you by mentioning their cute schnauzer puppy or their roommate's erotic figurine collection. In these instances, you should recognize what she really wants and immediately take the reins by suggesting that you'd love to walk her home and pet her schnauzer.

Roissy Portrait

CH · 27 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A female fan/secret crush from Canada (she's cute and funny) who goes by the commenter handle *finefantastic* painted this portrait of me from a photo I e-mailed her which she had requested:

[image]

The painting that shouted love at the heart of the world. I adore it. I look like I'm simultaneously about to assassinate a world leader and waiting for my Russian lover as she runs across Red Square toward me to leap into my arms.

I thought about how much heart it has to take to do something like this, each brush stroke a declaration of love, and how you probably couldn't find a single woman in DC who would do something similar for her man, and about all the women complaining bitterly of men who are players and only interested in pumping and dumping them, and I had a moment of clarity.

Women, if you want the man you love to commit to you or even marry you, I suggest you read on.

Here it is, my four-point plan for women who want to get their boyfriends to marry them:

1. Be cute.
2. Don't be a slut.*
3. Look up at his face when you are giving him his twice-daily blowjob.
4. Paint a portrait of him.**

If you are a woman who follows these four steps you will melt even the stoniest, coldest, most pragmatically calculating heart. A man who won't make a deeper commitment to you after you cherish him with my four-point program is a man who is lying to himself by being with you.

So ladies, the gauntlet is thrown. Bust a move.

***

*where "slut" means blatantly flirting with other guys and giving off non-stop sexually available vibes when in the company of other men. not to mention sleeping around.

**to avoid obsessive stalker designation, don't paint his portrait before the second date. surprise him with it after a few months together and watch the passion inflame anew.

PS: Finefantastic also did the Roissy Guevara portrait you can now see on my "About" page. Viva la revolucion del amor!

Tragedy Vs Statistic

CH · 30 June 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Kazakh beauty jumps to death in financial district.

> Ruslana Korshunova, 20, whose face has graced the cover of French Elle and Russian Vogue, apparently jumped from her ninth-floor apartment in her Water Street building in the Financial District just before 2:30 p.m.

Lots of fat shits dying prematurely.

> **Conclusions:** The estimated number of annual deaths attributableto obesity among US adults is approximately 280,000 based onHRs from all subjects and 325,000 based on HRs from only nonsmokersand never-smokers.

Boyfriend Destroyer?

CH · 1 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

What do you do if you're being used… and you know it?

An awkward scenario in which to find yourself embroiled is to be dating a girl you like, who also likes you and has made that known, but who is deep into a multi-year relationship with another guy that she has told you about, and which is currently on shaky ground for reasons she's given that you're not sure you believe entirely except for the hard evidence of her sleeping with you.

As guys, we should always strive for two in the kitty. It's best to keep the embers burning with at least two women so you can swing straight into new pussy when one goes stale. A grinding dry spell will put you in a horrible state of mind for meeting women. Girls can sniff a lonely, unattended penis from 12 parsecs, and it's not attractive to them. Where men get turned off by another man's seed contaminating the vagina he would like to fuck, women get turned ON when another woman's pussy juice, especially a hotter woman, is greasing the pole of the man she likes.

(Of course, women will say otherwise. Don't bother paying attention. They are kidding themselves.)

The reverse scenario, the one I mentioned above, doesn't happen for the same reason. Women aren't afraid of a lengthy bout of celibacy like men are if their relationship should end. They don't swing from dick branch to dick branch because they can't go two days without sex. When women allow a second man into their lives for longer than a one-off fuck it's usually for one of two reasons:

1. To test the mettle of their primary relationship.
2. To seek an excuse to leave their primary relationship.

If you are the "other guy" banging a girl who already has a serious boyfriend, it's important that you try to determine as best you can which reason applies to her. Knowing where you stand won't make much difference in how you should act, but it will help you decide whether to exit or dig in your heels. As VK said, the dick sandwich is no fun place to be, but at least knowing about it frees you to remove all investment and relentlessly hit on new girls.

If it's reason #1, then you are dealing with a girl who still loves her boyfriend, but has doubts. She has either been hurt by him or he spends a lot of time away from her on travel. Her faith in a future with him is not as certain as it once was. She sees you as a litmus test — "Can I survive this charming new guy's interest in me and still feel love for my fading boyfriend?"

Unless you don't care about the girl as anything more than a short fling, you don't want to be put in the position of a litmus test. She is using you. You are a tool. If you know this, then you won't be surprised when she suddenly stops speaking to you. And you won't feel guilty about not spending one red cent on her for any dates. Prepare to walk away from her at a moment's notice.

If it's reason #2, then she sees you as a real alternative to her main boyfriend whom she no longer loves. If you like her and want more than a sexual tryst, then you have a shot to usurp the boyfriend. Run your game like you would if she were completely single. The worst thing you could do is try to push a conclusion; that will send her flying back into the boyfriend's arms. Play it cool. If she likes you more than him, she'll eventually dump him and find her way to you.

There is no guaranteed way to determine which reason is valid. It's an inexact science of subtle body language and subcommunication. Girls lie as a matter of habit. You could take a high risk gamble and ask her point blank if she loves her boyfriend. If she hesitates or answers "That's a weird question" then she doesn't love him. Proceed apace. If she says yes and looks wistfully into the distance, then she probably still loves him. Get your dick wet a couple times with her and take pics for future masturbatory delight.

The big downside to dating a taken girl is the threat of an irate boyfriend coming after you. A girl who wants to push her boyfriend to the edge in order to gauge his commitment to her, or wants to rub salt in his wounds before leaving him, will — *oops!* — casually mention your existence to him. You'd be amazed how many smart, supposedly normal girls, are prone to this sort of "let's you and him fight" primitive mentality.

Handholding Daytime Dates

CH · 2 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Daytime dates are risky. Besides the sex-killing sobriety, a girl can learn a lot more about you when the sun is up and you're outside strolling around for hours revealing more of yourself than you would be inclined to at night in a dimly-lit lounge with music to distract her.

An actual Bhutanese man so secure in the size of his member he wears a skirt with legs open:

Dark Corners + Alcohol + Music + Flattering Lighting + Hidden Groping = Air of Mystery = Sexual Tension = High Chance of Sex.

Bright Sunshine + Outdoors + Downtown Folk Festival + Bhutanese Men in Skirts + Minimal Erogenous Zone Contact = Mystery Revealed = Sexual Tension Relieved = Low Chance of Sex.

Daytime dates are great if you've already banged the girl and you want to steer her in the direction of steady girlfriend. Deeper bonds are formed when you're both sober and can hear each other speak. Plus the daytime allows you to make a more critical assessment of her facial appearance, which matters if you plan to show her to your friends or accidentally ejaculate inside of her.

If you can hold a four hour conversation without it going stale, and still maintain an intriguing demeanor, then by all means take your date out during the day. Just don't expect it to lead to your bedroom. Best you can do is a cuddle on a park bench and some closed-mouth, publicly-acceptable kissing.

An expert level frumpy white lady listens with rapt attention, bobbing her head up and down, to a Bhutanese man with a woman's voice sing traditional songs:

Here are whiter people enjoying a traditional Bhutanese dance and lording their enlightened status over the wrong kind of white people (who happened to be in the Texas-themed tent 20 yards away):

FYI: If a girl holds your hand on a daytime date before you've sexed her, she sees you as marriage material.

Most girls think that handholding is more intimate than kissing. Many even believe that handholding should not happen until after sex. Girls somehow think palms touching is a bigger deal than genitals slapping.

Are girls in Kansas this way? I doubt it.

Still Playing Games

CH · 3 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I had a date with a 29 year old.

Remember that number: 29.

She texted me 15 minutes before the date to say she'll be late, so I arrived even later than my usual 10 minutes late. When I walked in the bar, she was making an obvious show of enjoying the flirtatious attentions of two men sitting on either side of her. When we sat down at an outdoor table she told me how this seating arrangement would "discourage me from putting my hands all over her". She claimed she couldn't recall where we first met or what I said to her. She said she only dated men who paid for dates. She told me she gets bored easily*. The first question out of her mouth was "Are you a player?". Shit test after shit test after shit test. Shit infinitum.

So I did the only thing a normal, reasonably well-adjusted man with a sense of personal dignity would do — I amped up my game to 11 and showed her the time of her life. I told her great stories that made her laugh, I touched her to get her comfortable with what would happen later, I pushed her away gently when she tried to give me a hard time, I qualified, I backturned, I cut short her boring conversations, I tapped into her emotions, I bounced her to new venues, I future projected, I ran the Love Test* (poon patented), the Cube, and Marry Fuck Kill. I read her palm. We psychoanalyzed other couples together. I explained the significance of her digit ratio. I danced with her on the street.

I drew her into my world and out of hers.

I took her home and culminated the night with hours of torrid, sweaty, passionate, body-shaking pornstar fucking lovemaking…

…and then I deleted her number.

I don't care how hot you are, if you think you can get away with playing the same flaky, retarded, annoying female head games at 29 that you played at 22 you are sadly mistaken. Life is too short for your delusions of grandeur. Find a needy beta who will lap up your runny shit.

Last night was fun.

**Anytime an American girl tells you she "gets bored easily" you should immediately scratch her off your potential girlfriend list. I am saving you a lot of headaches with this advice.*

Blogger Shot Two Blocks From Roissy Headquarters

CH · 4 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A well known (within his circle of progressive colleagues, presumably) liberal blogger was shot three times a couple nights ago a mere two blocks from Chateau Roissy. I have a friend who lives literally a few yards from where Brian Beutler was chased and gunned down in the late night.

*"Oh, but it *feels* safe!"*

Here is a map I found of all the Section 8 housing in DC:

[image]

vipers nests

There is a big Section 8 property right where this shooting occurred. 17th and Euclid is known to have an unusual concentration of random violent street crime.

If you are a person looking to move into DC to enjoy the surplus of single young cuties without worrying about having your vital organs ripped to shreds by a bullet fired by a low impulse control thug and lying in the gutter bleeding out, I'd suggest you only look at apartments or condos that are at least two blocks removed from these storehouses of slayers. Most of the street criminal element is lazy and provincial and won't do their killing very far from where they squat.

"I want to live in a vibrant neighborhood."

I wonder if Beutler will change his, ah… ideological outlook… in the face of his headlong slam into reality. Not if his peers walk him back from the brink. Heh.

"Hands Across America!"

The whole thing reminds me of something I wrote… oh yeah: Proximity + Diversity = War.

Flobots

CH · 6 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Great music, idiotic lyrics.

Way to ruin the listening experience, Flobots. You suck.

Quote Of The Day

CH · 7 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

“You don’t really deserve to be loved unless you have the balls to be hated.”
– *Stephane Hemon*

We agree.

The Sixteen Commandments Of Poon

CH · 8 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I. Never say 'I Love You' first

Women want to feel like they have to overcome obstacles to win a man's heart. They crave the challenge of capturing the interest of a man who has other women competing for his attention, and eventually prevailing over his grudging reluctance to award his committed exclusivity. The man who gives his emotional world away too easily robs women of the satisfaction of earning his love. Though you may be in love with her, don't say it before she has said it. Show compassionate restraint for her need to struggle toward yin fulfillment. Inspire her to take the leap for you, and she'll return the favor a thousandfold.

II. Make her jealous

Flirt with other women in front of her. Do not dissuade other women from flirting with you. Women will never admit this but jealousy excites them. The thought of you turning on another woman will arouse her sexually. No girl wants a man that no other woman wants. The partner who harnesses the gale storm of jealousy controls the direction of the relationship.

III. You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority

Forget all those romantic cliches of the leading man proclaiming his undying love for the woman who completes him. Despite whatever protestations to the contrary, women do not want to be "The One" or the center of a man's existence. They in fact want to subordinate themselves to a worthy man's life purpose, to help him achieve that purpose with their feminine support, and to follow the path he lays out. You must respect a woman's integrity and not lie to her that she is "your everything". She is not your everything, and if she is, she will soon not be anymore.

IV. Don't play by her rules

If you allow a woman to make the rules she will resent you with a seething contempt even a rapist cannot inspire. The strongest woman and the most strident feminist wants to be led by, and to submit to, a more powerful man. Polarity is the core of a healthy loving relationship. She does not want the prerogative to walk all over you with her capricious demands and mercurial moods. Her emotions are a hurricane, her soul a saboteur. Think of yourself as a bulwark against her tempest. When she grasps for a pillar to steady herself against the whipping winds or yearns for an authority figure to foil her worst instincts, it is you who has to be there… strong, solid, unshakeable and immovable.

V. Adhere to the golden ratio

Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

VI. Keep her guessing

True to their inscrutable natures, women ask questions they don't really want direct answers to. Woe be the man who plays it straight — his fate is the suffering of the beta. Evade, tease, obfuscate. She thrives when she has to imagine what you're thinking about her, and withers when she knows exactly how you feel. A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly. Reward her good behavior intermittently and

unpredictably and she will never tire of working hard to please you.

VII. Always keep two in the kitty

Never allow yourself to be a "kept man". A man with options is a man without need. It builds confidence and encourages boldness with women if there is another woman, a safety net, to catch you in case you slip and risk a breakup, divorce, or a lost prospect, leading to loneliness and a grinding dry spell. A woman knows once she has slept with a man she has abdicated a measure of her power; when she has fallen in love with him she has surrendered nearly all of it. But love is ephemeral and with time she may rediscover her power and threaten to leave you. It is her final trump card. Withdrawing all her love and all her body in an instant will rend your soul if you are faced with contemplating the empty abyss alone. Knowing there is another you can turn to for affection will fortify your will and satisfy your manhood.

VIII. Say you're sorry only when absolutely necessary

Do not say you're sorry for every wrong thing you do. It is a posture of submission that no man should reflexively adopt, no matter how alpha he is. Apologizing increases the demand for more apologies. She will come to expect your contrition, like a cat expects its meal at a set time each day. And then your value will lower in her eyes. Instead, if you have done something wrong, you should acknowledge your guilt in a glancing way without resorting to the actual words "I'm sorry." Pull the Bill Clinton maneuver and say "Mistakes were made" or tell her you "feel bad" about what you did. You are granted two freebie *"I'm sorry"*s for the life of your relationship; use them wisely.

IX. Connect with her emotions

Set yourself apart from other men and connect with a woman's emotional landscape. Her mind is an alien world that requires deft navigation to reach your rendevous. Frolic in the surf of emotions rather than the arid desert of logic. Be playful. Employ all your senses. Describe in lush detail scenarios to set her heart afire. Give your feelings freedom to roam. ROAM. Yes, that is a good word. You're not on a linear path with her. You are ROAMING all over, taking her on an adventure. In this world, there is no need to finish thoughts or draw conclusions. There is only need to EXPERIENCE. You're grabbing her hand and running with her down an infinite, labyrinthine alleyway with no end, laughing and letting your fingers glide on the cobblestone walls along the way.

X. Ignore her beauty

The man who trains his mind to subdue the reward centers of his brain when reflecting upon a beautiful female face will magically transform his interactions with women. His apprehension and self-consciousness will melt away, paving the path for more honest and self-possessed interactions with the objects of his desire. This is one reason why the greatest lotharios drown in more love than they can handle — through positive experiences with so many beautiful women they lose their awe of beauty and, in turn, their powerlessness under its spell. It will help you acquire the right frame of mind to stop using the words *hot, cute, gorgeous,* or *beautiful* to describe girls who turn you on. Instead, say to yourself "she's interesting" or "she might be worth getting to know". Never compliment a girl on her looks, especially not a girl you aren't fucking. Turn off that part of your brain that wants to put them on pedestals. Further advanced training to reach this state of unawed Zen transcendence is to sleep with many MANY attractive women (try to avoid sleeping with a lot of ugly women if you don't want to regress). Soon, a Jedi lover you will be.

XI. Be irrationally self-confident

No matter what your station in life, stride through the world without apology or excuse. It does not matter if objectively you are not the best man a woman can get; what matters is that you think and act like you are. Women have a dog's instinct for uncovering weakness in men; don't make it easy for them. Self-confidence, warranted or not, triggers submissive emotional responses in women. Irrational self-confidence will get you more pussy than rational defeatism.

XII. Maximize your strengths, minimize your weaknesses

In the betterment of ourselves as men we attract women into our orbit. To accomplish this gravitational pull as painlessly and efficiently as possible, you must identify your natural talents and shortcomings and parcel your efforts accordingly. If you are a gifted jokester, don't waste time and energy trying to raise your status in philosophical debate. If you write well but dance poorly, don't kill yourself trying to expand your manly influence on the dancefloor. Your goal should be to attract women effortlessly, so play to your strengths no matter what they are; there is a groupie for every male endeavor. Except World of Warcraft.

XIII. Err on the side of too much boldness, rather than too little

Touching a woman inappropriately on the first date will get you further with her than not touching her at all. Don't let a woman's faux indignation at your boldness sway you; they secretly love it when a man aggressively pursues what he wants and makes his sexual intentions known. You don't have to be an asshole, but if you have no choice, being an inconsiderate asshole beats being a polite beta, every time.

XIV. Fuck her good

Fuck her like it's your last fuck. And hers. Fuck her so good, so hard, so wantonly, so profligately that she is left a quivering, sparking mass of shaking flesh and sex fluids. Drain her of everything, then drain her some more. Kiss her all over, make love to her all night, and hold her close in the morning. Own her body, own her gratitude, own her love. If you don't know how, learn to give her squirting orgasms.

XV. Maintain your state control

You are an oak tree. You will not be manipulated by crying, yelling, lying, head games, sexual withdrawal, jealousy ploys, pity plays, shit tests, hot/cold/hot/cold, disappearing acts, or guilt trips. She will rain and thunder all around you and you will shelter her until her storm passes. She will not drag you into her chaos or uproot you. When you have mastery over yourself, you will have mastery over her.

XVI. Never be afraid to lose her

You must not fear. Fear is the love-killer. Fear is the ego-triumph that brings abject loneliness. You will face your fear. You will permit it to pass over and through you. And when your ego-fear is gone you will turn and face your lover, and only your heart will remain. You will walk away from her when she has violated your integrity, and you will let her walk when her heart is closed to you. She who can destroy you, controls you. Don't give her that power over yourself. Love yourself before you love her.

***

The closer you follow the letter of these commandments, the easier you will find and keep real, true unconditional love and happiness in your life.

Best.

More Thoughts On The Poon Commandments

CH · 10 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Some of my commenters on the Sixteen Commandments post seemed confused. I thought it would be a good idea to answer their objections.

> II, keep her jealous, has to be done with care. Too much flirting with other women might lead her to dump you.
> – Glorious Natural Pelt Guy

Obviously you don't want to blatantly flirt with every women who crosses your path when your girlfriend/wife is with you. There are diminishing returns past a certain excessively slavish adherence to the commandments. Even super alphas can overplay their alpha cards. But you'd be surprised just how much you can get away with (and by "get away with" I mean "make your GF horny while she watches you flirt shamelessly with other women").

> *they secretly love it when a man aggressively pursues what he wants and makes his sexual intentions known.*
>
> This is, BY FAR, the biggest mistake that men without game make.
> – Usually Lurking

A man making his sexual intentions known does NOT mean going up to a random girl and asking if she wants to fuck. I should hope even gameless betas understand this basic concept.

> One question: Any influence of age of the woman applicability?
> – Anton

Only in degree, not kind. Of course, the closer she gets to hitting the wall, the less game you'll need. Eventually, just showing up will suffice.

> If a man's Alpha enough to have a couple of women in "reserve" he **doesn't need** any of this advice in the first place.
> – GNP Guy again

He doesn't need it because he already uses it. QED.

> You'd figure that those commandments would be like a default behavior in all men, not just a province of skilled casanovas. And yet that's not so. In fact, many — most — men take the exactly opposite approach. Why is that?
> – PA

It's an interesting question why the commandments behavior doesn't come naturally to most men. It's as if dressing provocatively, batting eyelashes, acting coy, and showing a little leg didn't come naturally to women on the prowl. We know that isn't true for the vast majority of women. All I know is if every man followed these precepts there'd be a lot more fucking in the world resulting in a lot more happy smiles on the faces of the sexually satisfied.

> Not only the average guy, but no guy, can hold to these commandments at all times. Some are better than others, but everyone falls eventually.
>
> Trying to follow these commandments is like trying to fight being human and actually feeling things. […] In an effort to fight your feelings, you have done something very "male": tried to fix the problem.
> – Tina Fey (AKA Lemmonex)

There's no need to follow the letter of the biomechanical law every minute of every day. Simply adjusting his behavior and mental state by as little as 10% so that he acts more in alignment with his yang polarity can mean the difference between a breakup and relationship bliss. Falling once in a while is not the same as staying down, which is how many diehard betas live their lives.

Since men are the chosen in the mating dance, they have to be more aware of reality than do women. If men ignore reality, they risk involuntary celibacy. If a woman looks attractive (which is most of them during their prime fertile years), she can ignore reality to her heart's content as unicorns and rainbows shower her in cellophane raindrops and still have suitors lined up around the block to fuck her. That is why men work to "fix the problem" where there is a problem. It isn't a fight against his feelings, it's an ENDORSEMENT of his feelings that he will do what it takes to satisfy his desires.

> Don't be surprised if tactics and manipulation attract the like.
>
> Lastly, too concerned about alphaness = beta.
> – Kay Gee

All goal-directed communication is manipulative. (Ask yourself: Is advertising evil?) The natural womanizer manipulates just as much as the beta spitting a routine in emulation of the natural. The difference is the natural does it instinctually. Manipulation doesn't magically become noble just because it is done at the subconscious level, just like our immune system isn't more noble than man-made synthetic drugs for fighting off illness. To wit: We are all being manipulated by our genes right now.

Re: too much concern about appearing alpha = beta. Natural alphas are very concerned about maintaining their status. They're just better at coolly concealing it.

> In fact, an alpha doesn't have to fall in love to make himself look ridiculous. Just being too arrogant, and too eager for sex, even the casual kind, can lead him to serious humiliation.
> – Clio

In opposition to your point, Clio, you have described a beta. An alpha knows not to be arrogant or overeager. And falling in love is not beta, but expressing feelings of love before the woman has made that leap for her man is courting with beta disaster.

> I think broadly speaking he is correct in the wooing phase, but a lot of the rules will end in disaster if applied to a steady relationship. I think it's telling that nearly all the PUA cannot maintain a relationship AND GET DUMPED. Something tells me that PUA stuff simply fails when applied to long-term relationships.
> – Whiskey

Of the PUAs I know, many of them jump in and out of relationships because they like the variety. Fresh pussy is a potent addiction, and if you've got the skills to score it, you'll be less inclined to strap yourself into a monogamous arrangement. Personally, I like the best of both worlds — love with an incredible woman spiced up by the occasional fling.

> Men are if anything *more* emotional than women. But they are less expressive. This can paradoxically result in stronger emotions.
> – MQ

Men have greater emotional peaks and valleys that often find articulation in physicality, as with impassioned fucking, fighting, and forging. Women have a steadier whitenoise hum of emotions at a higher baseline than men but with muted peaks and valleys. Women handle their emotional static by incessantly talking it out with whomever

will listen, much like you would vent the pressure of a steam buildup by slowly turning the release valve. See: [REDACTED]. Or most female bloggers for that matter.

> His commandments may be good for “poon” as the title states, but suck for how to “keep real, true unconditional love and happiness in your life” as the last sentence suggests. But what do I know? I’m just a girl.
> – Hope (AKA The Putatively Rare Exception)

A woman’s psychological essence doesn’t radically change after she’s been with a man longer than three months. Her brain doesn’t rewire itself into a wholly new entity unrecognizable from the woman she was on the first date once she’s in a committed relationship. The differences between the sexes are binding, immutable core characteristics. What turns a woman on during the first few hours will turn her on in the tenth year. The commandments are equally effective for long term relationships and short term hookups. The only thing that differs is the intensity of commandment administration. If you don’t believe me, observe those men who do the exact opposite of all my commandments with the women in their lives, and watch as they rend their striped shirt garments in anguish wondering why they get jettisoned for less “virtuous” interlopers.

> and ever since [my husband] started being more caring and affectionate…
> – The Audacity of Hope

Being caring and affectionate and following my commandments are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they are mutually reinforcing. Think about it.

> Playing games inside a marriage rather than just finding a suitable partner to begin with seems to indicate the wrongness of the pairing rather than the rightness of these “commandments.”
> – Hope begged for my very special lessons

The commandments aren’t about “playing games” anymore than being a good provider is about playing games. They are about acknowledging reality and giving the woman you love what she truly desires. Suitable partners don’t fall from trees on the side of the road. They must be found, wooed, and nourished in love, like a garden. Hope, I hope this helps.

Yours in universal orgasmic consciousness.

This Will Count Towards Your Final Score

CH · 11 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Who would you rather be friends with? An honest asshole or an amiable hypocrite?

young woman substitutes

Frenetic Fred

CH · 12 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Is this youtube sensation emblematic of cultural decline… or cultural vitality? You be the judge.

This has been a “Youth Of Today” public service announcement.

Greatest Car Chase Ever

CH · 13 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I did this once in my car. Here is a picture of my car:

my honda with butterfly doors. the ladies are stuck to the hood.

This post required 8.3 seconds of effort. Quit yer bitchin', I was… ahem… busy this morning.

So You Want To Be A Badboy

CH · 14 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a partial list of behaviors that badboys do around their women.

- A badboy will occasionally tell his girl to “fuck off”, “shut up”, or “shut the fuck up”, sometimes even when she deserves it.
- When his girl tells an unfunny joke, a badboy will look right at her and not laugh at all, making her feel uncomfortable.
- His GF lives out of town. She calls him and wants to drive into town to see him. A badboy will tell her “No” once in a while but give her no reason why, because he wants to hit the bars with his crew that night and hook up with another girl.
- His GF drove into town anyway and went to the bar with him. A badboy would make sure she doesn’t kiss him in public and instead use her like an advertising billboard to atract other girls. He will get another girl’s number and tell his GF he only wants to make a new friend.
- A girl a badboy has just met tells him she has a boyfriend and makes him promise to not kiss her that night. The badboy says “Sure” and kisses her later, anyway. Then he slides his hand up her skirt for good measure.
- In extreme circumstances, a badboy will kick his girl out of the car… while it’s still rolling to a stop.
- A badboy will forget *every* birthday, anniversary, and holiday. He will never apologize for his forgetfulness, but he will make it up to her by giving her the rogering of her life.
- If a girl tries to make him jealous, the badboy will tell her she should get out of his hair and go marry the new guy if she likes him so much, they’re perfect together. He will then hum the tune “Here Comes the Bride” but will call it “Here Comes the Bitch”.
- When his GF tells him “I love you”, the badboy will reply “Cool beans” while thinking about his date next Tuesday with girl #2.
- A badboy will use “BEYOTCH!” non-ironically.
- A badboy will be late for every date by at least 10 minutes, no exceptions. He will act as if nothing is wrong.
- If caught with another woman, the badboy will not beg forgiveness or make excuses. He will instead “remind” his primary girl that he is dating around until he finds his soulmate. If he’s a really badass badboy, he’ll tell her he’s been waiting for her to join the fun and then pat the bed.
- A badboy does not hide the video camera set up in his bedroom. Or the other girls’ hair on the pillows.
- “I’ve had enough of your shit” is a stock badboy response to his GF acting out. He will use it liberally, and accentuate the point by putting on oversized headphones and bobbing his head to the music.
- A badboy knows he has something the world’s betas don’t — the cahones to WALK. He’ll walk out the door at the slightest provocation or annoyance, slamming it shut for added effect, thereby setting the standard VERY HIGH indeed for his GF to remain on her best behavior around him.
- Badboys never split the domestic chores and always leave the seat up. “Equal” is not part of their vocabulary.
- Badboys will surprise fuck their GFs in public… with children nearby.
- Badboys never talk about their work with their women. They always keep it fun, light, and teasing.
- Badboys know it’s OK to get angry and bitch your woman out. They do not fear the consequences.

If you are struggling to attract women, get laid, and fall in mutual love, then incorporate the badboy behaviors into your life and watch your girl troubles melt away.

The Perfect Ass

CH · 15 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

My mistress' ass is nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her ass red;
If snow be white, why then her ass is dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow in her crack.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her ass;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the gas that from her ass reeks.
I love to hear her fart, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she sits, it's ass on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think her ass as rare
As any she belied with false compare.
- Shakespeare on the perfect phatty

roses are red
violets are blue
her ass is the best
one cheek, or two!
- me

It's not often in this world you bear witness to perfection. I saw the perfect ass. It was like a beacon drawing all men to its splendor. Tight, round, ample, firm, pert, jutting, smooth, cellulite-free… like two globes of love strapped postproduction onto the tops of her legs. If the perfect ass could be sculpted in white marble by history's greatest sculptors — Michelangelo, Donatello, and Bernini's artistry combined — their masterpiece would look like this girl's ass:

[image]
she blinded me with hiney

INSPIRING.

Ass lover VK saw the white short shorts, knew what that meant, and pounced for the kill.

[image]
fingers touching.

She was cute, too. Kind of like a French pixie. Let's have another look.

[image]
flawless

Not too fat, not too flat. Juuuust right, like baby bear's porridge.

This chick is a role model for all women. Every girl should aspire to be like her. With an ass this perfect a woman will find happiness and love in her life. She will be fulfilled.

I predict my female readership will double for this post to check out the competition. Your gender is weak.

Tyler Cowen Still Scared Of Me

CH · 17 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The utopian libertarian economist who would throw open the borders for the experience of an authentic chalupa once again summoned the Krakon by posting a comment from my site without proper attribution. I understand in the hothouse nerddom of internet protocol this is considered a major breach of etiquette, so I feel it is my duty… nay, my honor… to call out his beta ass. Here is the comment in response I left on his blog *Karl Marx Was An Academic Too*:

> the quote cowen pulled and attempted, weakly and with great passive-aggressive betatude, to hide the source of, is from my post "the sixteen commandments of poon":
>
> *XII. Maximize your strengths, minimize your weaknesses*
>
> *In the betterment of ourselves as men we attract women into our orbit. To accomplish this gravitational pull as painlessly and efficiently as possible, you must identify your natural talents and shortcomings and parcel your efforts accordingly. If you are a gifted jokester, don't waste time and energy trying to raise your status in philosophical debate. If you write well but dance poorly, don't kill yourself trying to expand your manly influence on the dancefloor. Your goal should be to attract women effortlessly, so play to your strengths no matter what they are; there is a groupie for every male endeavor. Except World of Warcraft.*
>
> obviously, there are some endeavors, like video gaming, that are utterly repulsive to women and won't do a man a lick of good to master. but for the most part, there are enough niches that a good number of men can exploit that will increase his lay ratio by a non-trivial amount.
>
> game, btw, is not about successfully playing a classic beta strategy. it is about systematizing and mimicking alpha male behavior to hit those attraction buttons in women that natural alphas do unthinkingly. and, yes, game also serves to help men handle other males (AMOGs in the parlance of the PUA community: alpha male other guy).

If Cowen wants to actually address my original post instead of tangentially hinting at one of its recommendations, I welcome him to try and refute the wisdom inherent in the poon commandments. I suspect his reflexive bias against my collected works has less to do with its truth content than it does with his decades-long resentment of all those guys who thumbed their noses at joining the ivory tower tribe shackling themselves to years of peer-reviewed servility chasing credentialist pats on the head BUT STILL GOT ALL THE GIRLS.

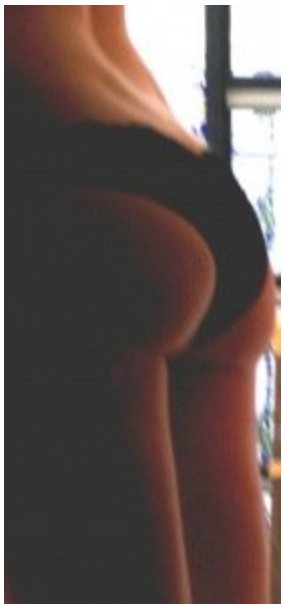
As for the quote in Cowen's post from commenter Sebastian Flyte addressing my XIIth Commandment, I think it's clear to anyone who's lived a day in his life that there are some *womana non grata* male endeavors that won't bring the pussy stampeding no matter how skillfully mastered. Video gaming, computer building, anime critiquing, and airplane modeling come to mind. But the general principle — that in a capitalist society there are enough market niches to afford most men the opportunity to excel at something that will draw at least a little more female attention than what they would get just sitting around doing nothing — holds true.

Summer 2008 Ass Challenge

CH · 18 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

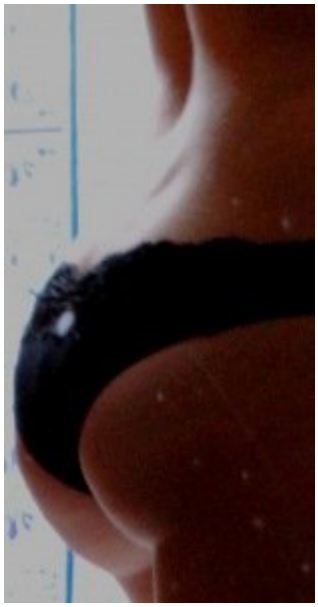
It's Friday, it's a hot and humid summer day, and East Europe is still producing the world's hottest women, so I'm keeping today's post light and fluffy.

A "friendly messenger" forwarded me the following ass pics of an anonymous female reader she knows who was so inspired by the positive response to my "Perfect Ass" post that anon girl wanted to bless the Roissy world with her own magnificent twin supple globes for ruthless judgement consideration.



superb haunches

The American Posterior Association will need you to walk her around the ring a couple times to complete the judging.



it's alive!

Excellent lower back grooves and tailbone ascension. A 95th percentile 0.8 jut from baseline with minimal artificial lower back arching in the 2nd pic, and near perfect globular symmetry. A reflective skin tone radiance of 85%. Almost 1:1 juicy:firm ratio. Total absence of any noticeable cellulite (though, granted, possible post-production photo manipulation and favorable lighting may be concealing the telltale dimples.) And in the critical "Ass Bottom

Meets Back of Legs Smoothness" category I'd say she hits a very natural, earthy note with just a hint of humanizing horizontal line. Score: 90% smooth. Given her impressive 0.8 jut (and the fact that she's a white girl pulling this off) her score in this category is truly inspiring. For comparison's sake, a 0.8 jut coupled with no horizontal line is almost unheard of in the known universe, though there is rumored to be a palace concubine to the Boy Prince in one of Mongolia's outer provinces who bears the Ass of the Apocalypse in the perfect smoothness that runs from the top of her ass to her feet. She is said to never get up from a seated position, fearing the act of standing would introduce a crease into the bottom of her blessed booty.

Overall Ass Score for Anonymous Female Fan: Fiiiiine! (but not yet a Doggy Style Jedi)

Anonymous Female Reader Who Masturbates To My Sexy Words wanted her submissions to inspire my female readers to come out of the rear closet in a massive show of sexy confidence and deference to my expertise in judging these matters. (And I need fresh tug material. I've tapped out the internet.)

So I hereby announce the **Summer 2008 Ass Challenge**. All female readers are encouraged to send me their best backside poses (tasteful or not, but tasteful will have a better shot at SFW front page exhibition) at my email address:

savorthetaste88@yahoo.com

Give yourself a handle if you wish to remain anonymous so I can make distinctions between the asses.

In a future post I will put up the ass pics for readership analysis and enjoyment, with the final judging done by me. There will be a winner as deemed by yours truly for **Best Ass In Show**, but really, ladies, we're all winners here, right? (Except you, DIzzy.)

I encourage those women who don't have a competitive streak to get in touch with their inner sexiness and not be afraid to send in ass photos. The **Summer 2008 Ass Challenge** contest is largely ceremonial. Mostly it is about being out, proud, and round, and you will never feel sexier and more confident than when you are exploring how to show the best of your bottoms to the world and arouse thousands of internet nerds.

Winner will receive a cock pic of me. Hope you have room on the wall to hang it.

***

PS: Ladies, DEADLIFTS AND SQUATS. Drop the stupid froo froo cardio hip slimmer dancedork classes. They are a waste of time.

PPS: Don't worry you won't get too big, you don't have enough natural testosterone for that to happen. Only chicks who take roids or drink raw eggs every day and workout 50 hours a week get manly muscles.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 21 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I often get emails from readers asking me for advice on game, dating, or relationships (along with sexual proposals from female readers). I'm less than conscientious keeping up with these email requests so instead I'll answer some of them on the blog.

Email #1

> Hey! I've been reading the posts on your blog, very good advice especially on the "How to win back an ex-girlfriend".
>
> Well me and my girlfriend of 1 and a half years broke up a little over a week ago. It's been killing me inside cause I didn't see it coming – but now I realise that we got boring together and I've learnt what I need to do in the future to make it work.Now right after it happened I did all the wrong things for a day or two – called her, texted her, rocked up to her house with flowers – but once I did that I realised she just needs space so I left her alone from then. I told her on msn that I know she needs space and I shouldn't have rocked up to her house, and that she can take all the space she needs.
>
> About 5 days later (a week after we broke up), she texted me asking how I was going. I wrote back really positive, she replied saying "good for you, I'm feeling pretty shit, been going out late nights over the weekend, haven't been getting much sleep". I wrote back positive again, joking around that she usually sleeps like 20 hours a night, I asked her if she was working much these days. She wrote back "I haven't worked at all which has made it go so much slower :(, I was out till 3am on thurs, 5am on fri, 3am on sat, just trying to keep myself busy cause I feel like shit". I wrote back joking around saying that we both haven't had the flu all winter and we'll prolly get sick from these late nights, and that I've got my hair cut pretty short the other day, and at the end I asked if she would like to go for coffee some time.
>
> It was probably too soon, I didn't get a response from her, but she called me about 30 mins later. We spoke for about 15 mins (probably too long, iknow). She was telling me who she'd been out with the last few nights etc etc. I kinda kept what I was doing to myself. At the end of the call she had to go cause someone came in to the store, so she said she would call me back. Called me again about 1hr later, we talked for a little again, then someone came into the store, same thing. She called again an hour later and said she'd just gone impulse buying perfume and stuff etc. Then one of her friends came in to the store so she said she would call again.
>
> She didn't call again.
>
> It's been 2 days since then and I haven't contacted her in over a week. Should I give it another 2 weeks before I initiate conversation?
>
> I'm going out with the boys again this weekend, trying to get her off my mind, its really hard though. We used to talk like 4/5 times a day, saw eachother probably every day (it was too much at times, I've realised this now, but she was the one that wanted to see/talk all the time so it must be killing her inside too).
>
> What should I do from here?
>
> I eagerly await your response!
> J.

Whenever a guy tells me he "didn't see it coming" I know that means his girlfriend saw it coming six months before he did. She's been doubting and scheming while you still thought the love was in full bloom. That's why you've got to look for the warning signs earlier and make the necessary adjustments.

It's good that you recognized your slavish neediness (rocking up to her house with flowers? oy vey), but you continued to do the wrong things even after backing off her. For instance, never tell a girlfriend who is growing

cold that you know she needs space; simply give her the space and say nothing. Verbalizing her negative feelings towards you only reinforces them in her mind and sets you up as lower status. Your thinking should always be “She is lucky to be with me” and that way when she starts to drift you do the only sensible thing a higher status man would do: You stop giving her your time and go find other women who will give you the attention you deserve.

Staying positive in your text interactions was good, but you’d have been better not answering her texts at all, or at least answering a small fraction of her texts a day or two later. You responding right away to every text she sent with long-winded and pointless conversation tells her that she is still on your mind and you’ve got nothing else going on. Also, the *“I feel like shit”* line is a classic female pity ploy to see if she could still wrap you around her little finger, and you obliged. Next time, ignore those female head games or call her out for trying to pull that crap on you.

“It was probably too soon”. Yes, it was. Wait at least three weeks before attempting contact of any sort.

“We spoke for about 15 mins.” You’re giving her way too much of your time. Beta. When she calls after an ostensbile breakup intiated by her your conversation should go along these lines: “Hey nice to hear from you. Listen, I’m in a rush so we’ll have to catch up some other time.” End of phone call.

“She called again an hour later and said she’d just gone impulse buying perfume and stuff etc.” She’s telling you this and you’re patiently listening like you care. An alpha male doesn’t give a shit about the shopping habits of a girl who has stopped sexing him. Cut the convo short and hang the fuck up, your time is too valuable for the babblings of a manipulative ex-girlfriend who probably banged a dude five minutes after you called her.

“She didn’t call again.” No surprise here. She dumped you, and your post-dump actions simply confirmed her emotional decision.

“Should I give it another 2 weeks before I initiate conversation?” I’m afraid you shouldn’t give it any weeks. This one is a lost cause. You’ve dug the hole too deep for calculated absence to make any difference.

“it must be killing her inside too.” No, it’s not. Projection won’t make it all better.

“What should I do from here?” You have two choices as I see it. You can either drink yourself into oblivion and pass out in the fetal position on the floor of your bathroom barely summoning the strength to flick your tongue out to catch your salty tears for nourishment, or you can go out every night, with or without your boys, and strike up a conversation with any attractive women who interest you. The outcome of either decision will resolve itself.

“I eagerly await your response!” Eagerness is what cost you this girl. Now go, and sin no more, my son.

Email #2

> SO its like this:I met this girl We got to talking likeing each other
> it seemed and she was asking good questions that i
> figured were important to her and i did likewise.
> There were elements of interest that we were both
> looking into a dare i say it relationship. well she
> often accuses me of flirting which i think would have
> been a good point of lettin her know my interest in
> subtle ways i think. anyway, finally went to chill
> with her, we were supposed to go out but i got there
> and she was just casual. after a while chilling
> talking laughing she is alluding she might not be into
> relationship just seeing what happens. well i got
> comfy with her and i saw gestures of let “get dirty”
> which i didnt do. in long term serious relationships,
> sex is not much what i want to get into right off the

> back. anyway, went to see her again and she was all closed up. folded arms and crossed legs. are my chances ruined here? how can i respark. i need to get her back to the point where she was comfortable and thought she had something over me, how else woulkd she want to get dirty. i mean my hand was over her crothc but i didnt do much with it.
>
> N.

Mistake number one: Talking about looking for a relationship. Listen, it doesn't matter how much you and her agree on wanting a relationship, talking about it, especially on the first few dates, will assuredly kill the seductive vibe that is a necessary prerequisite for a relationship to happen in the first place. Girls want to EARN your love; they don't want you throwing it out there and depriving them of the uncertainty that moistens their womanhood.

Maxim #21: Never talk about getting into a relationship even if the girl says that's what she's looking for.

If she's accusing you of flirting, what she's really saying is "I love when you flirt with me". So take that as a good sign, and don't get defensive or backpedal. Just nod and say with a smirk "I can tell you like it."

"after a while chilling talking laughing she is alluding she might not be into relationship just seeing what happens." She's sensing your neediness which was probably triggered by your earlier confession of wanting a relationship. When a girl pulls back, you pull back twice as far.

"well i got comfy with her and i saw gestures of let "get dirty" which i didnt do." She wanted to get physical and you either missed the signals or refused to give her what she wanted. She now thinks she is unattractive to you.

"in long term serious relationships, sex is not much what i want to get into right off the back." This is a common misperception about sexual dynamics. Holding back will not ensure the development of a relationship, and getting physical early will not kill the chances of a relationship happening. In fact, just the opposite. Early, passionate sex is often the prelude to amazing long term relationships. How could it be otherwise when the two of you are highly attracted to each other?

"anyway, went to see her again and she was all closed up. folded arms and crossed legs." You weren't physical and you talked about a romantic relationship with her before you fucked her. What did you expect when you play the part of the girl? Your job as a man is to get into her panties, sooner rather than later. Leave the relationship hyperventilating to the girls.

"are my chances ruined here?" Yes. *"how can i respark."* Re-woman.

"i mean my hand was over her crotch but i didnt do much with it." What, were you using her crotch as an armrest? If she's letting you do that, your next step should have been the bedroom. Epic fail.

***

I hope my Dr. Phil impersonation has been helpful. Reader Mailbag will be a regular feature here at Le Chateau.

Snappy Retorts To Shitty Rejections

CH · 22 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

95% of the time when a girl spurns your advances she will do it in the mildest possible way, to spare feelings and to avoid angering a potentially unstable man (hopefully you, tiger!). But once in a while a really nasty bitch will let slip the shroud of politeness, revealing the scalding acid of true cuntiness underneath, and shoot you down harshly. When this happens, it is important to have a canned retort ready to fire back, or to rely on your innate wits if you have them, and completely shatter her expectation of your reaction.

Doing so affords you the opportunity to walk away with your dignity intact while getting in a dig at her expense and making her look the fool, or even better to reverse her shitty attitude 180 degrees into attraction for you.

Here are some excellent retorts you can toss out in response to commonly used bitchy rejections. Note: These are actual approach rejections that I have either experienced myself over the years or overheard being used on my wingmen.

- *"Ugh, Im not interested."*

"So you're not going to buy me a drink?"

"So you're not going to move out of the way so I can talk to that girl over there/get a drink/say hi to your friend?"

"So you don't want to be on Girls Gone Wild?"

- *"Really, that's the best you can do?"*

"For now."

"For you, nothing but my second best."

- *"Go away."*

"Actually, I came over here to tell you that guy over there [point to ugliest/fattest guy in the room] thinks you're cute."

"Whoa, I was gonna see if you were interested in my lesbian friend." [This works surprisingly well because she'll wonder why you thought she was gay.]

"Does this mean the wedding's off? That's too bad. I've been dreaming about my wedding day since I was two."

- *"That's the worst pickup line I've ever heard."*

"And like a bad but catchy tune, you'll remember it for days and hate yourself for it."

"Oh believe me, there's a lot worse where that came from. Consider yourself lucky."

- *"Take a picture, it'll last longer."*

"I would but you broke the lens." [Be careful with this one. Best to deliver it way over the top like a teasing child.]

- *"Whatever you're going to say, it won't work."*

"So there's no chance you'll do my laundry?"

"Actually, it already has." [Walk away.]

"Who brought their little sister to the bar?"

- *"I don't want to be bothered."*

“The library’s down the street.”

- *“I’m out of your league.”*

“Not with those shoes you’re not.”

“The league of brattiness? Yes.”

- *“I’m busy with my friends.”*

“Plotting to get into my pants? I just look easy.”

***

Like a good boy scout, always be prepared.

Decivilizing: Human Nature Unleashed

CH · 23 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Chateau Maxim #3: In the state of nature, men are expendable.

I want you to keep in mind the above law as you read my brief take on F. Roger Devlin's outstanding (and MSM blacked out) essays on gender dynamics and the sexual revolution. The truth of that law is the explanation for everything you see around you today.

I found the link to Devlin through 2Blowhards with interesting followup commentary. You can read the essays here. Scroll over the icons, hit the down arrow, and click download for easiest access. This is a must read for anyone who wants to know why things seem to have gone off the rails. Devlin's essays are long but I urge you to read them through, including his evisceration of Wendy Shalit, representative of those obtuse anti-porn crusading social conservatives and myopic "fourth wave feminists" who preach from a pulpit of willful ignorance, habitually missing the forest for the trees:

> […]the notion that all our problems come from women's making sex available outside marriage—and, consequently, that a "holding out for the wedding" strategy will make everything right again—deserves a close, critical look. Wendy Shalit's writings provide a useful occasion for doing this. Her proposals have considerable limitations, in fact, most of which flow from a single source: feminine narcissism and its concomitant unconcern for the masculine point of view.

Devlin's essay *Sexual Utopia in Power* contains this nugget of truth:

> It is sometimes said that men are polygamous and women monogamous. Such a belief is often implicit in the writings of male conservatives: Women only want good husbands, but heartless men use and abandon them. Some evidence does appear, prima facie, to support such a view. One 1994 survey found that "while men projected they would ideally like six sex partners over the next year, and eight over the next two years, women responded that their ideal would be to have only one partner over the next year. And over two years? The answer, for women, was still one." Is this not evidence that women are naturally monogamous?
>
> No it is not. Women know their own sexual urges are unruly, but traditionally have had enough sense to keep quiet about it. A husband's belief that his wife is naturally monogamous makes for his own peace of mind. It is not to a wife's advantage, either, that her husband understand her too well: Knowledge is power. In short, we have here a kind of Platonic "noble lie"—a belief which is salutary, although false.
>
> It would be more accurate to say that the female sexual instinct is *hypergamous*. Men may have a tendency to seek sexual variety, but women have simple tastes in the manner of Oscar Wilde: They are always satisfied with the best. […]
>
> Hypergamy is not monogamy in the human sense. Although there may be only one "alpha male" at the top of the pack at any given time, which one it is changes over time. In human terms, this means the female is fickle, infatuated with no more than one man at any given time, but not naturally loyal to a husband over the course of a lifetime.

And here Devlin gets to the heart of the matter:

> The sexual revolution in America was an attempt by women to realize their own {hypergamous} utopia, not that of men.

The irony is that in the course of dismantling millennia of biologically-grounded cultural tradition and enacting their hypergamous sexual utopia, women have unwittingly made life more difficult for all but the most attractive of

them. The result has been more cougars, more sluts, and more demand for DNA paternity testing. To prevent this edifice from crumbling under its own weight entirely, massive redistributive payments from men to women in the form of welfare, alimony, punitive child support (even from men who aren't the biological fathers!), female- and child-friendly workplaces, legal injustice (women in general do not give a shit about justice), corporate-sponsored daycare, PC extortion, sexual harassment claims, and divorce theft have had to be ruthlessly administered and enforced by the thugs of the rapidly metastasizing elite-created police state. Remove these security and resource transfers and safety nets and you will see the feminist utopia crumble within one generation.

Many will suffer in the fallout. Their suffering will be necessary. The only alternative is a gradual decivilizing of the West until the hellhounds of human nature have broken their chains and the blood-dimmed tide is loosed.

My one beef with Devlin's essays is that he overlooks the emergence of game as a social phenomenon in reaction to the negative trends he correctly outlines. Game was birthed in the twin crucibles of the feminist-inspired sexual revolution and the teachings of evolutionary psychology. As women have become more hypergamous, betas, feeling the pinch, have become more dedicated to learning the crimson arts. Some alphas looking for even more edge in the dating market have also taken up the cause, with a bounty of no-strings-attached pussy the result. Women call this manipulation, but in fact it is just the same old reproductive arms race, this time with laser-guided cock bombs.

Devlin continues to make the following astute observations in *Sexual Utopia*:

> A characteristic feature of decadent societies is the recrudescence of primitive, precivilized cultural forms. That is what is happening to us. Sexual liberation really means the Darwinian mating pattern of the baboon pack reappears among humans. […]
>
> If women want to mate simply as their natural drives impel them, they must, rationally speaking, be willing to share their mate with others.
>
> But, of course, women's attitude about this situation is not especially rational. They expect their alpha man to "commit." Woman's complaining about men's failure to commit, one suspects, means merely that they are unable to get a highly attractive man to commit *to them*; rather as if an ordinary man were to propose to Helen of Troy and complain of her refusal by saying "women don't want to get married."
>
> Furthermore, many women are sexually attracted to promiscuous men because, not in spite, of their promiscuity. This can be explained with reference to the primate pack. The "alpha male" can be identified by his mating with many females. This is probably where the sluts-and-studs double standard argument came from—not from any social approval of male promiscuity, but from female fascination with it. Male "immorality" (in traditional language) can be attractive to females. Thus, once polygamous mating begins, it tends to be self-reinforcing.

There's a reason why beta males have stopped holding open doors for women. Chivalry requires gratitude.

In Devlin's parallel essay *Rotating Polyandry*, he quotes a female author from her book explaining how differently men and women view sex and love:

> Most men I have talked to call it infatuation, but most of the women I have talked to call it being in love… Women in particular may believe that, if they find the right person, intense feelings can last. They've been taught to believe that they should only want sex with someone they love. So when a woman desires a man, she thinks she is in love, and when the desire fades she thinks she is out of love.

This leads to further quotes by Devlin describing the natural forces of female caprice that make marital dissolution practically a foregone conclusion in the absence of either social shaming and stigmatism or the supervision of a very alpha dominant husband:

> They often form relationships with men who are emotionally inaccessible. Instead of choosing men who are

> interested in developing a relationship, these women choose men who make them feel insecure. Insecurity can create motivation and excitement. Women who seek excitement in their marriages (and many do) will often forego the possibility of real relationships for the excitement of fantasy relationships…. It's not uncommon for women to pine for men who shy away from commitment, while they shun the attention given to them by men who are willing and ready to make a commitment. […]
>
> When a woman wants to get married, she will usually overlook a lot, and at times allow herself to be treated pretty badly. After she gets married, not only is the excitement of pursuit over, after a few years of marriage the attraction buzz has dissipated too. At that point, many women may find that marriage hasn't even come close to meeting their expectations. Some women feel stupid for having wanted it so badly in the first place.

And then Devlin reaches the logical conclusion — frequently written here by me — that marriage is not necessary for a loving, sexual, commited relationship, and is often antithetical to it:

> Men being pressured for "commitment" sometimes attempt to point this out: "Why is it such a big deal? What is going to be different after we're married?" The men are right, of course: a wedding ceremony has no magical power to produce lifelong happiness. Unfortunately, this seems to be something women only learn from experience.

Read the rest of his essay if you can stomach it for a realistic description of what exactly goes through a woman's mind as she is slowly falling out of love with her provider beta husband and contemplating the firestorm of divorce. If all men would read this and absorb its lessons I can guarantee you that marriage rates would tumble into the basement. There's only so much reality a man can bear before he begins to act in accordance with his self interest. For example:

> Some of the women resented their husbands' lack of suspicion…. Although females never give males any indication that they are anything less than 100 percent faithful, [they] seem to think men are stupid for believing them. Females just think males should know that when they say "I would never cheat on you," what they really mean is "I would never cheat on you…as long as you make me happy and I don't get bored."

Feeling like dropping to one knee and slipping that $20K ring on your beloved's finger now?

Helpfully, in *Sexual Utopia* Devlin puts some numbers to the suspicion by men that the divorce industry is mostly a female-run enterprise:

> Women formally initiate divorce about two thirds of the time. Most observers agree, however, that this understates matters: In many cases where the husband formally initiates, it is because his wife wants out of the marriage. Exact data are elusive, but close observers tend to estimate that women are responsible for about nine-tenths of the divorcing and breakingup: Men do not love them and leave them, but love them and get left by them. Many young women, indeed, believe they want marriage when all they really want is a wedding (think of bridal magazines). The common pattern is that women are the first to want into marriage and the first to want out.

Devlin goes on to describe the horror show that is the legal process when wives file for divorce and husbands and fathers take it up the ass as they are mercilessly ground to a pulp in the machinery of the state. Read the whole thing and remember that one copy of Mystery Method will cost you a lot less than a trip down the altar.

As I've said before, my advice to the typical man is simple:

DON'T GET MARRIED.

Women by nature aren't on your side, the law isn't on your side, and even lapdog beta males who've blinded

themselves to reality and unthinkingly toe the PC party line in hopes their status posturing will offer them up a scrap or two of roadworn desiccated pussy don't have your side as a man. There is every incentive in the world to avoid marriage. It is a fetid corrupt mess, and only radical social change will make it an attractive alternative for men once again.

Thanks to Game and contraceptives, you can get the sex for free now without the imprisonment of marriage and potential financial and emotional ruin of divorce. The unsuitability of so many self-indulgent modern women for marriage doesn't help the once-venerable institution's cause either. As Devlin writes regarding this last point:

> Men do not have to prove their worthiness to anybody. They are the ones who bear the primary costs of marriage. It is a woman's responsibility to prove she is worthy of the privilege of becoming a man's helpmeet and bearing his children. It takes a strict upbringing to form a tiny female savage into such a lady. Today, that form of upbringing is mostly a thing of the past: marriageable women are becoming difficult to find, and the costs of searching for them are getting too high.

I can tell you right now about 90% of the women I've fucked in the past nine months (double digits) were, barring a character transplantation, completely unworthy as marriage material. That is higher than selection effect could reasonably account.

How unsuitable is the modern woman for marriage? Devlin demonstrates that here:

> Men of the older generation are insufficiently aware how uncouth women have become. I came rather late to the realization that the behavior I was observing in women could not possibly be normal—that if women had behaved this way in times past, the human race would have died out.
>
> The reader who suspects me of exaggerating is urged to spend a little time browsing women's self-descriptions on Internet dating sites. They never mention children, but almost always manage to include the word "fun." "I like to party and have fun! I like to drink, hang out with cool people and go shopping!" The young women invite "hot guys" to contact them. No doubt some will. But would any sensible man, "hot" or otherwise, want to start a family with such a creature?

Now as a dedicated hedonist and realist, I am not in the market for marriage or children and so one of the things I look for in a girl is someone who isn't dropping the hammer of expectation on me, but if I were screening women for their wife and mother potential I would have to agree that any girl emphasizing her bonafides as a lover of "fun" would not make my short list. And yet a quick glance at Craigslist shows that 75% of women in the W4M section describe themselves as exactly that. Only the foreign women who post there, especially the Russians, seem aware of what it takes to inspire a man to see them as more than a pump and dump. American women need the tutelage of their grandmothers' wisdom to remind them how to cater to men's better natures, but in today's sexual market it may be too late to employ the coy strategy.

Maxim #39: If you want a wife stay clear of investing much in girls who constantly remind you they like to have "fun fun fun" and "get bored easily".

Eventually, sexbots will drive the final nail in the rotting coffin of Western marriage.

It is only under some very special circumstances that I would counsel a man to consider the option of getting married:

1. **He would be perceptibly higher status than his wife.** Note that this does not necessarily mean financial status; many wealthy men have been brutalized by their wives in divorce court because at their cores they were simply fearful beta males with lots of money. A high status man is one who perceives himself to be better — as reflected in his psychological dominance — than his woman. He would be unafraid to leave her in search of other women if she were to withdraw from him sexually and emotionally. This would keep her in line… and in

love.

2. **The woman he would marry is much richer than him.** Although this is a recipe for loss of love and eventual divorce, at least the man who marries a sugar mommy has a distant shot at collecting alimony from her in the event of divorce and using the money to party with strippers. If not, at least he won't be taken to the cleaners, since he won't have much to clean. Only men with supreme alpha confidence who are able to attract wealthy women without the crutch of their own equivalent load of riches should attempt this marital scenario.
3. **He has GAME.** A man who understands the mentality of women, their different psychological profile, and their true desires and fallen natures, can risk exposing himself to a marriage system that is rigged against his interests from the start. GAME will not only win a woman into your bed, it will keep her in love with you till death… or a beta relapse… do you part.

To all the guys who've gotten married and insist their wonderful loving wives would never lose their love for them, betray them, and turn their lives into hell on earth with the rubber stamp of the law, I've only this to say…

that's what the unlucky men used to believe, too.

***

PS: Women are **ten times more narcissistic** than men by nature (and I'm not talking about the narrow clinical definition of narcissism but the more prevalent form of it as a normal gradient of the whole personality). We notice the narcissistic men more because women's narcissism is like background whitenoise — always there and hence barely registered. A woman's is a self-regarding narcissism that can coexist with asexual nurturing altruism, which is the kind of altruism practiced by women that single men on the prowl for sexual relief have little use for.

PPS: When a woman appears stereotypically uninterested in discussing certain matters like, for instance, politics, is it more likely the reason that

a. she's… wait for it… uninterested in the matter or

b. she's concerned that no one would take her opinion of the matter seriously? (funny how fashion and gossip are exempt from this hypothesis.)

best,

Your Sage Dismisser of Bullshit and Upholder of Occam's Razor.

Quote Of The Hour

CH · 23 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

“Motherhood has always been the best remedy for female narcissism.”
– F. Roger Devlin

More on his incisive essays tomorrow.

Club Girl Clones

CH · 26 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

We all know how conformist douchebags can be. I saw a phalanx of them yesterday marching for the nearest bar in identical powder blue oxford shirts, khaki shorts, and ken cole sandals. OK, maybe one guy's blue shirt was a darker blue than the other guy's.

Girls think that their fashion acumen sets them apart from looking too conformist. Their attention to minor clothing details and perfect makeup application is their way to stand apart from all the other girls.

They should think again.

all look same.

Quoth The Raven

CH · 27 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

La Femme Artiste who brought the world the critically acclaimed Roissy portrait has completed her second masterwork, “Roissy and the Raven”.

[image]
quoth the roissy

You can view it every day now on my About page. I think it truly captures my persona — a mysterious shadow figure roaming the seedy underbelly of life, cloaked in evil, with my trusted raven perched at the ready on my shoulder. What does he want? Where is he going? Who is his next victim? Yes, ladies, tremble with pleasure…

A Bike Messenger Lesson

CH · 28 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

My neighbor was sitting on the stoop smoking a cigarette, bike messenger cap propped at a jaunty angle, looking morose. I stopped to say hi. I normally enjoy conversation with him because as a bike messenger dealing with DC cabbies, rampaging Metro buses, lackadaisical cops, and douchey BMW-driving yuppies glued to their cell phones he usually has some funny stories to tell. Plus, his personal history is dramatic, having fled New Orleans with his girlfriend when their home (yes, in other parts of the country young people are able to afford a house together) was flooded by Katrina and winding up in DC living in a one bedroom basement apartment to carve out a new life for themselves. He had dreams to open a Cajun-style restaurant.

But this time was different.

"Yeah, me and my girl broke up."

"Wow, sorry about that, man." I didn't need to ask who dumped whom; it was obvious by the way his voice trailed off when he spoke.

We talked a little more. He didn't give specific reasons for the breakup and I didn't console him beyond the most perfunctory acknowledgment. Consoling is for women. Men advise and motivate. So I told him to hang with me and my buddies next time we were out, there would be plenty of new women to meet. He said sure, but his slumped body language revealed a beaten man.

I remember the dark thoughts that went through my mind the first time I met him and his girlfriend a year ago: *Scruffy low status bike messenger with cute, young Asian girlfriend moving away from the relatively provincial and poor New Orleans into one of the high-flying East Coast megalopolises, right smack into a rapidly gentrifying yuppie neighborhood, filled to brimming with players and alpha males on the make, flashing high status jobs, degrees, bottle service, connections, and sheer overwhelming numbers. As much as they are obviously in love now, their relationship is doomed.*

I already knew their trajectory. She compared him to the competition, whether she was aware of this or not. He came up wanting. She flirted and soaked up her newfound power. He looked around and saw 5s acting like 9s and realized he was in a Twilight Zone where his girlfriend was now considered out of his league. She reassessed her sexual market value and slowly withdrew sex, snapping at him constantly for perceived infractions. There was nothing he could do with the meager game skills at his disposal. He reassessed his sexual market value and decided to move out of DC.

Turns out their unconditional love was very conditional. Sometimes all it takes is a move to a different environment to prove that.

People often accuse me of being too abstract in my writing; that what I say doesn't have much real world relevance to the average person, except in the most extreme circumstances and under laboratory conditions.

On the contrary, everything I write about has the utmost importance to every one of your lives. The arid world of the theoretical is always lurking there in the shadows, stalking you, ready to pounce and devour you in a flash, leaving you wondering why your dopey new age beliefs or romantic visions of love or confidence that the mudbath of human nature doesn't apply to normal people like yourself weren't enough to spare you the claw and tooth attack of reality. You are all slave to your beast masters.

I hope bike messenger guy doesn't see this post.

When The Body And Face Don't Match

CH · 29 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes I'll be walking down the street, checking out a fine looking specimen walking in front of me, her wide, child-bearing hips sashaying left to right, the outline of her ass cheeks barely visible against the sheer fabric of her summer skirt, a hint of side boob, her hair long and complicated, and I'll whisper to myself "Damn, that is hot", and she'll turn around and an ugly face will be staring back at me. Duped!

The above scenario isn't common. Usually, whatever genes contribute to a woman's sexy figure are paired with genes that make for a pretty face.

surprise!

The fathers of hot daughters aren't wasting their unprotected alpha seed on mothers with butterfaces. The good face and body go hand in hand, like a hair pull with a forward thrust. 90% of the time you see a great hourglass shape from the back it will be attached to a 7 or higher face, so you can safely approach a hot girl from behind whose face you haven't yet seen.

Borderline unattractive faces on top of hot bodies do happen occasionally, and it is usually a tomboy or fitness nut. These are the women who have worked their bodies into incredible shape from intense physical activity, but never bothered to learn proper makeup application or sitting with their good side facing you to smooth the rough edges of their faintly masculine faces. The next time you're admiring the long luscious legs of an unattractive horse-faced girl ask her if she's ever done a triathlon. Odds are, she'll say yes.

A girl with a great physique but an ugly face immune to the effects of makeup has been the unfortunate victim of poor inheritance — she is the one who got her dad's masculine face and her mother's feminine body. She was born to pleasure men doggy style.

The reverse disturbing scenario — the pretty face perched on the ugly body — is much rarer. This is the classic chubby girl whose fat hasn't yet migrated to her face, making her the perfect conversational and BJ partner. The reason you will not see this *"oh, but she's got such a pretty face"* type as often as it's talked about in popular culture is that it doesn't take much extra body weight for the face to show signs of unattractive bloat. 20 pounds over normal weight is enough to puff out the cheeks and double up the chin, which will be especially noticeable every time she looks down to adjust her cheap hooker shoes.

In extremely rare hot face ugly body cases, it is a hot girl with some kind of bodily deformity, like a vestigial tail or

a hunchback, or a moon surface of cellulite, that ruins the overall effect. For these girls, concealing clothing and advantageous body positioning are the answer, plus radical cosmetic surgery or settling for a grateful beta.

Would You Date Her?

CH · 30 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

stumpfucker

I'm not asking if you would do her. She's a solid 9 in the face and has an arousing fertile figure. If she made herself freely accessible, nearly all men would masturbate in her hole. The majority of those would go back for repeat performances.

But would you date her for longer than a month? Commit to her?……. Marry her?

The model, Kelly Knox, has refused to wear an arm prosthetic since she was seven. If I were dating her, I'd leave a very subtle hint, like a fake arm on her pillow before she goes to bed. The fake hand grip would be perfectly adjusted to fit the girth of my manhood.

I once dated a girl who had a physical deformity. She dressed and carried herself in a way that hid it well, but at certain angles I could see something was not quite right. It wasn't until I got her into the bedroom naked (2nd date) that the full impact of her defect was obvious to me. It gave me pause which she must have noticed, but because she was very pretty facially and, despite her disfigurement, had an otherwise hot slender body, the sex felt great. Her personality, probably owing to a combination of good genes and a realistic self-esteem caused by the mocking cruelty of her childhood peers, was sweet, charming, nurturing and affectionate. Her incredible feminine allure and admirable character put to shame almost every DC woman I have dated, which makes me think a deformity would be the best thing to happen to them.

My happiest times with her was when we were alone together. I stopped noticing her problem when it was just me and her over a homemade dinner in my living room, or her head resting on my chest in the morning. But when she wanted to go out in public on a date, I balked. I made excuses. I suggested places where there would be few people (the woods) and a low chance of my friends seeing us.

Eventually, we did leave the apartment. I took her to a friend's house party. She was dressed the sexiest I'd ever seen her, tight white pants that accentuated her cellulite-free ass and a low-cut blouse. She smiled the whole time,

so giddy, almost reckless, gripping my arm with much love, and never leaving my side for more than a minute. She dared to show herself off because she was happy to be my woman, released from self-consciousness by my protection and the validation of my affection. She felt wanted with me and for that moment in her life any murmur of sadness was lifted and she wished the world to share in her abandon. A couple of my friends gave me props for my good taste while staring at her ass.

I spent the entire time at the party maneuvering myself around her so that no one would notice her deformity. When she walked across the room I would wrap my arms heavily over her shoulders. When she leaned to hear someone speak, I would pull her away pretending to have something important to say to her. I tried to guide her into shadowy corners, away from the glaring flourescent lights in the kitchen. It was exhausting.

I was not proud of my behavior, but I understood why I had acted that way.

You would have done the same. Animal.

July 2008 Comment Winner Alert

CH · 30 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

As it stands right now, Gannon is leading the vote tally for July 2008 Comment Winner. This will be the third straight win for him. If you don't want to see him walk away with the trifecta I'd suggest you people step it up. You've got two days left.

Hint: Brevity is the soul of wit. (I'm looking at you sara/sam).

Why Whiter People Love Public Transit But Hate The Bus

CH · 31 July 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Knife-wielding man beheads fellow passenger on bus.

> A passenger traveling on a bus across Canada's vast Western plains stabbed, gutted and decapitated a man seated next to him in an unexplained attack, a witness told media Thursday.
>
> The victim had been sleeping before he was repeatedly stabbed in the chest by a man with a large knife, witness Garnet Caton told public broadcaster CBC.
>
> The other 35 passengers and driver were jolted by "blood-curdling screams" and fled. "He must have stabbed him 50 times or 60 times," said Caton.
>
> When Caton and two others returned to check on the victim, he said they saw the attacker "cutting the guy's head off and gutting him."
>
> "While we were watching … he calmly walked up to the front (of the bus) with the head in his hand and the knife and just calmly stared at us and dropped the head right in front of us."

It isn't bad enough that status-striving whiter people who routinely sing the praises of mass transit but make the mistake of following their self-congratulatory morality to riding the bus have to deal with snoring, stinky, pus-dripping, hacking, nose-picking, nail-biting, farting, leering, grunting, grossly obese degenerates. Now they've got to add knife-wielding homicidal beheaders to their list of unsavory characters who ride the bus.

What's a holier-than-thou dillweed to do? Buy a Prius!

Or price out the degenerates and take the $200 roundtrip Amtrak.

On a related note, isn't it great how the DC cabbies got around the meter system by charging a $4 base fare as soon as you get in the cab? That's $1.50 more than New York's taxi base fare, where the cost to operate a cab is a lot higher. End result: You're paying about the same as you did under the zone system for short distance travel within DC. Sneaky fuckers.

The Easiest Way To Bang A Hot Chick

CH · 1 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you are a beta who lacks the game, attributes, or status to bed 8s and above there is hope for you. By choosing your targets wisely, you can experience the exquisite and unparalleled pleasure of having sex with a hot girl — the kind of girl normally reserved for the apex alphas at the top of the human food chain. The trick is in knowing how to identify the most responsive targets.

I've devised a search and seduce target designation system for finding the hottest girls most likely to give it up to a sub-alpha such as yourself. Each of the factors listed below corresponds to better odds that the hot girl who has that problem will date and bang you. As the "negative" traits accumulate, the odds of hot girl sex increase exponentially rather than linearly.

- **Over 25**
  Odds increase by: 10% for each additional year, -20% age 30, +30% ages 31 and up

Obviously, the window to take advantage of the Age-Leg Opening association is small, perhaps only 5 years, because past a certain age her legs will no longer open to the vagina of an 8, but a 6 or less. And if you're going to settle for 6 vaginas, you may as well limit your efforts to young 6s. In the rare cases where a woman manages to stay hot into her 30s, expect the Age-Leg Opening association to temporarily reverse around the age of 30. This is because all single women experience a delusional reevaluation of their marketability when they hit the milestone of 30. They play hard to get one last time in hopes they can recapture the glory of 1`their youth. Of course, this phase ends quickly as she rediscovers reality and spinsterhood looms. After this brief but frantic period when she has gone through the five stages of cougar grief – denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance* — she'll adjust her Leg Opening Quotient incrementally until she stops being invisible to men.

* Future post.

- **Single Mom**
  Odds increase by: 50% for the first kid (85% if a Downs Syndrome kid), 20% for each additional kid

A hot chick's kid will give you the second biggest bang for your buck (see below for the biggest hot pussy discount). Since it is ingrained in men to avoid investing their precious resources into the raising of another man's spawn, especially if that other man was some badboy who stretched out her vagina and left a stargate for you to have frictionless sex, a woman who is raising a kid on her own due to poor judgment, getting dumped, or divorce (75% chance it was initiated by her) will be the most congenial date you will ever experience. There will be zero shit testing and she will have nothing but smiles for you. Her hand will be on your thigh within five minutes of meeting, and she will pay for your drink out of courtesy for the time taken from your busy schedule to meet her. A single mom who has the night free because her kids are at grandma's is good to go before the first drinks arrive. They often have condoms in their purses, glove compartments, medicine cabinets, nightstands, and in a secret compartment behind that portrait of great-aunt Gertrude. You should definitely wear your own bulletproof condom with a single mom because you know you are dealing with a fertile woman and one who will be tempted to entrap you old school style. Flush the used condom immediately after you are done. They are that desperate.

Note: Avoid tripping over toys and landing on your erection.

- **Physical Deformity**
  Odds increase by: 20 – 150%, depending on severity of disfigurement

This is by far the most advantageous flaw a hot chick can possess. A perfect 10 with a physical deformity, even something trivial like a missing pinky toe, will devalue her own beauty. The worse the deformity, the lower her self-esteem will drop and the higher her character will rise. A 10 with a missing boob will think and act like a 7.

Missing an entire leg? She'll be a de facto 4. Hermaphrodite? Her secret shame will put her on the level of a morbidly obese smelly hausfrau. Naturally, you'll want to focus on those disfigured women whose abnormalities don't detract from their pretty faces or sexy bodies. The girl with the missing arm from this post qualifies. A girl with a moustache or steatopygia would not.

Note: Personality deformities have NO EFFECT on a hot chick's self-appraisal. In fact, a seriously flawed personality may actually boost her ego, as she will continue to get attention from men no matter how poorly she behaves, and will assume it means, using chick logic, that her shitty attitude is what keeps them coming back for more.

- **Former Fatty**
  Odds increase by: 10 – 70%, depending on length and heft of fat phase

Yet another goldmine for the beta who wants to taste the forbidden fruit of exceptional pussy. A former fatty, by dint of her painful past dealing with the cold stares of indifference and sneers of cruelty, will be grounded and grateful for male attention. A former fatty's mindset is still that of the fat girl she left behind – the mind changes slower than the body. The time to strike is when her memories are strong and her reconstructed body is tight. The fatter a former fatty was, the more appreciative she will be of your romantic interest. A 300 pound whale who slims down to a svelte 120 pounds will attack you sexually with the zeal of a released inmate let loose in a brothel after 20 years in the hole.

Caution: The longer a former fatty is skinny, the more her soul will twist into the corrupted spectre of a self-absorbed egomaniac princess. You'll want to catch her before her horrible memories fade (think "Silence of the Heifers"), she swaps loyal down to earth friends for superficial hottie friends, and hundreds of betas throw themselves at her feet.

- **Recent Divorcee**
  Odds increase by: 20% if she filed for divorce, 40% if her ex filed for divorce

A recent divorcee wants to feel attractive again. She probably hasn't had sex with her husband in years and relishes the prospect of intimacy with fresh cock. A divorcee is different than a rebound. Most hot girls on the rebound will keep their standards. A hot divorcee will lower them; she has been insulated and out of the dating scene so long that your fawning beta attention will be attractive to her. Double plus leg-spreading points if her husband left her in the middle of the night for a stripper half her age. She will crave your sexual desire. Expect to feel like the woman on any date with her.

- **Foreigner**
  Odds increase by: 60% if she is from a patriarchal culture (Russia), 30% if she is from a feminized culture (Sweden), 80% if she is from a dirt poor patriarchal culture and she's trying to get a green card

The theory of hybrid vigor and the "expert from afar" psychological phenomenon makes hot foreign pussy very attainable for the average American beta male. Even interstate travel can increase the odds of a beta scoring pussy normally out of his reach, thanks to the automatic deference that girls give to strange men from faraway lands. (Hotel bar + traveling salesman = fling.) You will do very well with an East European green card whore who has little sexual experience with foreign men. The fact that East European women are significantly more beautiful than American women is just icing on the cake. With the right motivation and travel itinerary you could conceivably pull your first 10.

Note: Due to the hypergamous trajectory of feminized Western cultures where the hot women are accustomed to sharing the top 20% of men and the leftover betas are sniveling papoose-wearing spineless turds, your exotic foreign aura won't be as effective at landing that bombshell Swede without supplemental alpha traits.

Conclusion

Beta, desperate, and settling is no way to go through life, son. You don’t need to fantasize what sex with a really hot girl feels like, anymore. By zeroing in on girls with any combination of the above characteristics, you can greatly improve your odds of banging quality pussy.

There aren’t many guarantees in life, but if you find a hot 29 year old, single Russian mom with four Downs Syndrome kids, a superfluous clitoris and a missing engagement ring finger, who used to weight 450 pounds, and whose husband divorced her yesterday before her citizenship was approved, sit back and relax, betaboy. Your job is done.

Happy hunting!

July 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 3 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

We have a winner, and thanks to the finish line effort by commenter Glengarry Glenpoon (great nick btw) Gannon has been denied the coveted Commenter Trifecta. In response to my post "Would You Date Her", Glenpoon wrote this:

> [quote from original post]: *I'd leave a very subtle hint, like a fake arm on her pillow before she goes to bed.*
>
> Make it a prosthetic gun, or maybe a terminator arm. She could be the coolest gf ever. The coolest.

Quentin Tarantino agrees.

Runner-up July 2008 Comment Winner award goes to Virgle Kent, for his excellent judging of the first entry in the Summer 2008 Ass Challenge:

> In my expert opinion let me say GOD DAMN!!! As we like to say in the hood, "ol' girl is working with a donkey". She has the kind of phatty you could set your drink on while she's standing up and tell her you'll be right back.

Honorable Mention goes to Gannon, whose comment to my post "When The Body And Face Don't Match" shows he has an understanding of the important things in life:

> Gannon doesn't care if a vagina is shaved or not, as long as it belongs to a (legal) teen girl.
> Issues that Gannon cares about:
> Is the vagina still virgin?
> How does the vagina smell?
> Is the vagina still tight after childbirth?

As usual, Gannon gets right to the clinical heart of the matter in his trademark deadpan style.

Congratulations, gentlemen. A plaster cast of one of my ex-girlfriend's labia is on the way. Comes with pre-drilled hole.

Kiss Close In Front Of Her Friends

CH · 4 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's not a good idea to have extended makeouts with girls in dark, grimy, loud bars and clubs the first night you meet them unless you calculate that you have a good chance to take them home that night. Too much making out, followed by an anti-climactic number close, then a long walk home without you by her side will actually increase the odds that the girl will flake when you call her two days later. This doesn't mean you shouldn't kiss a fresh prospect at all. Kissing a girl on the same night you approach her creates a strong bond that words alone can't achieve. You just have to do it sparingly, and always be the one to break off the kissing. Try to minimize tongue action, even if she initiates tongue probing. Keep your kisses gentle and short; don't engulf her mouth like a horny leech. Stop after a few seconds to pull back, smile at her, then look down at your shoes and back up at her face. Glance around the room distractedly.

A very simple way to know if a girl is ready for you to kiss her is to lean into her ear as if you were going to tell her a secret, and if she doesn't move her head backward and she lets your cheek rest flush against her cheek, you can pull back and safely go for it.

I was kissing a very tall cute girl at the bar of a trendy club in Adams Morgan, about 30 minutes after I had opened her. At one point, she said "Wow, we're totally exposed here. Everyone can see us kissing." But I knew, based on the fact that her eyes didn't scan the room for people who might be watching us and instead stayed focused on me, that she didn't really care if people saw us kissing. I didn't assuage her fake concern: "I wish more people were watching us, I've always dreamed of being an exhibitionist."

To build the tension, I made an excuse that I was going to see my friends and left her behind for a while. When I returned, her three girlfriends (it was a girls' night out) were dancing and laughing with her. I walked up next to her, joined the fray, then pulled her in close and kissed her in front of her friends, before telling her I was leaving.

This was a risky gambit, because if she had flinched when I went for the kiss, it would've made me look very bad. But I knew I had built up sufficient comfort with her from over an hour of rapport. She returned my gentle kiss with equal passion. I figured that our kissing while her friends watched in plain view would greatly reduce the odds of a future flake. She would rationalize to herself: "If I let him kiss me in front of all my friends then I must really like this guy." I've now made her friends my allies.

As I turned around to leave, she asked, "Hey you're going to call me, right? Promise?"

It had worked.

The Five Stages Of Cougar Grief

CH · 5 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Denial

"I've still got it, baby!"
"I've never looked or felt better."
"These are the best years of my life."
"30 is the new 20!" [editor's note: actually, in woman years, 30 is the new 40]
"My sex drive is higher."
"I will age gracefully."
"I've really grown into my skin."

Anger

"No self-respecting man dates some 20 year old floozy."
"Men who date younger women can't date women their own age." [editor's note: replace *can't* with *won't*]
"It's the patriarchal misogynistic culture that devalues older women."
"Who needs them!"
"Pigs!"

Bargaining

"Once I apply this new tangerine-emu oil antioxidant exfoliating facial cream predigested and squeezed through the anus of a bird of paradise, I'll look ten years younger."
"I've got a great personality." [editor's note: no, you don't]

Depression

"Wow, I guess it's all over. I'll never find a man now."
"It's just me and you, Fluffy. Come here, mommy needs a kitty cuddle."

Acceptance

"Maybe settling isn't so bad. That homeless guy outside Whole Foods has nice hair."

***

I suppose I should feel guilty for robbing so many single older women of exciting and fulfilling dating lives and leaving them stranded in favor of dating younger women, but then I squeeze that supple flesh and smell that enticing natural aroma and I remember why I don't.

You will too.

Sara Vote Update

CH · 5 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

OK, first of all, this wasn't a vote to ban her. It was to limit her to 5 comments per post. My hope was that such a disciplinary action would motivate her to rein in her tsunami of consciousness blather and not use the comments section as a therapist's couch.

The 5 comment limit also applies to SAM, who really should get together with Sara and make beautiful genital music with her. The demon spawn of such a conjugation would usher forth a new age child of such transcendent purity that he will be a light unto all the peoples of all the nations to beat their swords over their own heads.

But as it stands, the commenters have really come through for you Sara. Their love has spared you… for now. Let's try to tighten it up going forward, k?

I’m Moving To Prague

CH · 6 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

All U.S. adults could be overweight in 40 years.

When the last remaining slender American woman walks the earth, even masterful grade A game won’t help. You’ll be competing with ten million other men for her sex.

In Defense Of Cougars

CH · 6 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In yesterday's post, commenter Joel included a link to a letter by Benjamin Franklin to a young man extolling the virtues of no strings attached sex with older women. I reproduced it here because it is so damn funny… and true!* Ben was such a card. I especially like his Reason #5.

***

Benjamin Franklin, Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress (1745).

June 25, 1745

My dear Friend,

I know of no Medicine fit to diminish the violent natural Inclinations you mention; and if I did, I think I should not communicate it to you. Marriage is the proper Remedy. It is the most natural State of Man, and therefore the State in which you are most likely to find solid Happiness. Your Reasons against entering into it at present, appear to me not well-founded. The circumstantial Advantages you have in View by postponing it, are not only uncertain, but they are small in comparison with that of the Thing itself, the being *married and settled.* It is the Man and Woman united that make the compleat human Being. Separate, she wants his Force of Body and Strength of Reason; he, her Softness, Sensibility and acute Discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the World. A single Man has not nearly the Value he would have in that State of Union. He is an incomplete Animal. He resembles the odd Half of a Pair of Scissars. If you get a prudent healthy Wife, your Industry in your Profession, with her good Economy, will be a Fortune sufficient.

But if you will not take this Counsel, and persist in thinking a Commerce with the Sex inevitable, then I repeat my former Advice, that in all your Amours you should *prefer old Women to young ones.* You call this a Paradox, and demand my Reasons. They are these:

1. Because as they have more Knowledge of the World and their Minds are better stor'd with Observations, their Conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreable.

2. Because when Women cease to be handsome, they study to be good. To maintain their Influence over Men, they supply the Diminution of Beauty by an Augmentation of Utility. They learn to do a 1000 Services small and great, and are the most tender and useful of all Friends when you are sick. Thus they continue amiable. And hence there is hardly such a thing to be found as an old Woman who is not a good Woman.

3. Because there is no hazard of Children, which irregularly produc'd may be attended with much Inconvenience.

4. Because thro' more Experience, they are more prudent and discreet in conducting an Intrigue to prevent Suspicion. The Commerce with them is therefore safer with regard to your Reputation. And with regard to theirs, if the Affair should happen to be known, considerate People might be rather inclin'd to excuse an old Woman who would kindly take care of a young Man, form his Manners by her good Counsels, and prevent his ruining his Health and Fortune among mercenary Prostitutes.

5. Because in every Animal that walks upright, the Deficiency of the Fluids that fill the Muscles appears first in the highest Part: The Face first grows lank and wrinkled; then the Neck; then the Breast and Arms; the lower Parts continuing to the last as plump as ever: So that covering all above with a Basket, and regarding only what is below the Girdle, it is impossible of two Women to know an old from a young one. And as in the dark all Cats are grey, the Pleasure of corporal Enjoyment with an old Woman is at least equal, and frequently superior, every Knack being by Practice capable of Improvement.

6. Because the Sin is less. The debauching a Virgin may be her Ruin, and make her for Life unhappy.

7. Because the Compunction is less. The having made a young Girl *miserable* may give you frequent bitter Reflections; none of which can attend the making an old Woman *happy.*

8thly and Lastly They are *so grateful!!*

Thus much for my Paradox. But still I advise you to marry directly; being sincerely Your affectionate Friend.

***

*Still, I'm not sure even all Ben's sensible reasons together would be enough to compensate the loss of sensual pleasure accompanying the sight, scent and feel of the older woman's body and odours.

When It Goes South

CH · 7 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

You can't expect to sleep with every girl you decide to approach. Even though I'm batting .998, I understand that we don't live in a perfect world. There will be times when a girl won't win me over and I'll have to chalk it up as an anomaly. When a conversation goes south your first instinct will often be the wrong one. After a crash and burn, many guys will awkwardly stand idly around the uncomfortable girl, looking dazed and confused. Other guys will lash out. Some will display beta body language as they meekly excuse themselves. Still others will freeze up, hoping for rescue by a wingman or tornado warning.

When a girl has failed your screening, your reaction should depend on the circumstances in which you first opened or approached her.

- **You walked up to her from across the room**

The worst thing you can do is hover around her, like an orbiting chunk of beta space debris, as she unceremoniously turns her back on you. I can't think of a situation that would make your value plummet any faster, except maybe sharting yourself in public and then crying as someone hands you a wet nap.

Solution: Walk away if no one else you can talk to is nearby. But do it slowly and deliberately. Scooting off like a golfer running for shelter in a storm exposes your shame and urge to find relief. If you had a tail, it would be between your legs. Walking away slowly, head up back straight, shows you are unaffected by the tension. If there's another girl nearby you'd like to talk to, do that instead. Nothing is more alpha in the face of a crash and burn than turning around to start an animated conversation with another girl. There's no more effective way to say "I JUST DON'T GIVE A SHIT".

Problems to look out for: If your failed pickup attempt was seen by other girls there is a risk the perception of betaness will infect them like a social virus. Girls are highly attuned to the body language of other girls, so if your target turns cold and crosses her arms any other girls who witnessed it will automatically lower your value, making further pickups in the same place more difficult. Realistically, though, most girls will be absorbed in their own conversations and won't notice. If you're worried about it, approach your next girl on the other side of the room. Eventually, your approaches should follow a pattern resembling a game of Pickle.

- **She sat down next to you**

She's on your turf, so all the power rests with you.

Solution: Relax, do nothing. If she fails to impress you, the burden is entirely on her to alleviate her discomfort by either moving away or dealing with it. There is no loss of value if you hold your ground.

Problems to look out for: If you're sitting alone, and she's with a large group of people having a good time, your manly presence will shrink in comparison. Sometimes it's intriguing to be that solitary mysterious cool lone wolf; sometimes it's not.

- **You're with a group and she happened to be standing nearby**

Walking away is unnecessary in this situation, since your friends are right there to return to after a bad opening.

Solution: Swing right around and go back to talking with your friends. Make a game of it! Loudly proclaim, being sure she can overhear, how badly she failed to make a love connection with you and ask your friends for a group hug. Announce with exaggerated drama that you don't know how you will be able to move on.

Problems to look out for: Your drunk friend decides to re-open the girl you just bombed with and drags her uncomfortably back into the fray.

- **You approached her in a store or on the street**

Any failed pickups in public are easily resolved. Just go back to whatever you were supposedly doing. It will be entirely plausible.

Solution: If you hit on her in the museum and the conversation fizzled, walk away to admire another painting. If you hit on her in Beadazzled pretending to look for beads to make a bracelet for your little niece (not that I've ever done anything like that) resume a look of concentration and go back to shopping for beads.

Problems to look out for: None. Failed public approaches have almost zero consequences.

- **She's the bartender at your favorite bar**

Dangerous. Either fuck her or don't return until you can parade another chick in front of her.

Solution: If you really flame out, you may have to avoid the bar for a while. Otherwise, be cheeky about it and ask her, since you're a solid customer with a track record of generous tipping, if she can be your wingwoman for that cute girl sitting on the other side of the bar.

Problems to look out for: Making the male bartenders jealous.

Alpha Or Beta?

CH · 8 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The older guy on the right with the wicked guitar:

alpha or beta shredder?

He's a lifelong studio musician who also tours with this band. They normally play in smaller venues holding crowds of 100 to 200 indie music fans, like the one I went to shown in this photo. Their music — bluegrass rock — is tight, polished and professional. He plays a custom-made tri-necked guitar consisting of electric guitar, electric violin and mandolin. I'd guess he's in his 50s, long stringy gray hair, slight paunch, and a hep cat vibe — definitely a guy you know could inject a conversation over cheap beer with wild stories from his past.

Income? Probably not much. Solidly middle class at best.
Style? No fashion maven, no stuffed suit, no conformist. And doesn't give a shit anymore. Paisley bowling shirts, man.
Game? Unknown. But it's a good bet he has more natural game than the average accountant.
Status? For two hours on stage, and particularly during his REM-esque mandolin solos, he's got some.

I don't know if he's married or has a girlfriend. Let's assume for the sake of discussion he's playing the field ("dating around" as I tell every girl who wonders if I'm banging other girls on the off-days).

Is he an alpha or a beta?

***

I've seen the wives of very high status ALPHA men — CEOs, CFOs, EVPs — and I'm not impressed. Those guys could do MUCH better given their status if they put in a little effort toward courting young hotties, but instead they are shackled to aging frumpy flabby hausfraus. I can tell you if I were a CEO of a very large company, coupled with my hard-earned game skills, I'd have a different 19 year old sucking my cock every day of the week and twice on Sunday. There's no way you'd catch me hitched to a has-been human wreckage.

If you put Older Musician Guy in the boardroom, he'd have no status stacked against the high-powered wealthy

executives. Actually, anywhere off the stage, his status plummets. But I'd still classify him as more alpha than them. Why? Because he's got groupies. Young groupies. Cute groupies. Most of them won't sleep with him because of the age difference, but some will. He experiences what's best in life: Love with a beautiful woman, not plotting a shrewd hostile takeover.

In the end, when he reminisces, his won't be a litany of regret and missed opportunity. Can you say the same for the CEO?

Conclusion: Lesser alpha.

Roissy's Quick Take On The South Ossetia War

CH · 10 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Having dated a number of Russian women and become intimately familiar with their naturally scheming ways*, I can speak with a degree of expertise on geopolitical matters that involve Russia as a central player.

First, understand Mother Russia. They're a country of thugs. Smart, conniving thugs always looking for an edge, but thugs nonetheless. That is why they easily succumb to the siren song of communism (controls their worst instincts), and that is why their women (1) are so fatalistic and (2) respond so well to male dominance and abusive relationships. There's a reason it was a Russian guy who wrote this brutally cynical but effective Treatise of Love (which I urge you all to read).

The Ossetians are descendants of an ancient tribe called the Alans. After Soviet Russia annexed that part of the world many ethnic Russians moved (read: were hauled) into South Ossetia and Georgia, changing the character of the region and mixing it up right good. The result was not a vibrant community of charming ethnic restaurants, but constant suspicion, struggle, and corruption.

The Russian propaganda machine will blame Georgia for attempting to ethnically cleanse Ossetia (and they will propagandize, slyly and with some justification, by drawing a comparison between their reasons for "intervention" and our reasons for the Kosovo War), but what is really happening is Russia has armed rebels in South Ossetia, trained them, and watched as weeks of steady small-scale attacks provoked Georgia into a large scale response. The Kremlin now had all the reason they needed for an overwhelming assault on Georgia itself.

Georgia doesn't much like the Ossetians, and would rather they leave or at least stop causing them ulcers, but so far the Georgians have been pretty good, relatively speaking, about living side by side with them. Georgia stands out among the Wild East Caucasus tribal nations as a decently run pro-West democracy. South Ossetia's population is only 70,000, about the same as the number of people living in DC's Adams Morgan-U Street-Dupont Circle triangle. If Georgia had wanted to rid themselves of Ossetians, they could have done it easily and quickly at any time.

(Btw, for any of you pussies guys who want ripping good tales of adventure to recount to girls back home, try backpacking through the Caucasus on your next trip instead of Amsterdam.)

Of course, it was no coincidence that Russia attacked on the eve of the Olympics. China may have even known about it and approved, but their reasons for doing so, if true, elude me. A riled up Caucasus is bad for China's Muslim western frontier.

Executive Summary

Russia: Bad guys.
Georgia: Good guys.
South Ossetians: Patsies.
USA: Dropped the ball.
EU: Will roll over like a sniveling cur as per usual.

What we should do: Nothing. Georgia got hoodwinked by Russia's cat's-paw provocations. And the South Ossetians have a somewhat legitimate claim to their own territory. That Russia will have successfully leveraged Ossetian ethnic pride to their own benefit is just a strategic loss (see: the BTC oil pipeline) we'll have to swallow. The best we can hope for is that long term the Ossetians, like the Chechens, will cause Russia headaches and slow down a reconstituted Soviet Imperial march. But that's not likely before their tiny population is "disappeared" or completely swamped by migrants (Russia, unlike the USA, understands what open borders really means — a way to win territory… or lose it).

*Roissy believes you can tell a lot about the character traits of a nation's men by bedding their women. Gender is a

mirror.

I Hate Bachelorette Parties

CH · 11 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Like a swarm of locusts or a flock of shitting geese, the bachelorette party is the most loathsome sight in the club. When I see them stumble into my favorite bar holding hands like a train of circus elephants I don't think "Oh, here comes fun!", I think "If they ask for my underwear I'm really going to give it to them, skid mark and all." All I want to do when I see the girl wearing the white veil is shoot a load of my hot spunk in her hair until she's crying that I've ruined her $300 wedding coif.

My friends secretly hate me for getting married first.

Bachelorette parties come in two varieties: The bride-to-be is really ugly or she's the hottest chick of the bunch. There never seems to be an in-between. You can tell which one you're dealing with without even looking for the one in the veil. The friends of the ugly bachelorette will have a look of genuine happiness and relief on their faces for the good fortune that the least marketable of them managed to snare a guy. (My buddies and I are left to imagine just how beta the unlucky bastard must be.) They have inflated egos because joy has filled their hearts with the thought that their own chances must be very good if their incendiary warpig friend beat the odds.

The friends of the hot alpha bachelorette smile just like the friends of the ugly bachelorette do, but their smiles are masks covering their seething envy and resentment. Their yearning to be seen as desirable means that you can make some headway with one who is a little less attractive than the bride-to-be.

In my experience, bachelorette parties are dead-ends for pickup. (Bachelor parties, on the other hand…)
The girls are too drunk, too insular, too bitchy, and wracked with too much Freudian drama to bother with. And have you ever been mass cockblocked? Try hitting on a girl in a bachelorette party and watch in wonder as five girls swoop in to make your life miserable.

In a righteous and virtuous world, bachelorette parties would be shunned, and those girls who participated in them would be shamed by other women. There is no good reason for a girl who is about to vow sexual fidelity to the man she loves for the rest of her life to suck from a veiny penis-shaped straw and dare horny drunk men to bite candies from the necklace nestled in her cleavage. (The bachelor party is perfectly acceptable because men sacrifice a lot more when they get married.) This insipid, low class cultural trend should be used as a litmus test for men who still have a shred of dignity – if he finds out she cavorted around town sloppy drunk and wildly flirting with every guy within shouting distance he should call off the wedding immediately. No self-respecting man marries a closet slut.

Here are a couple of stories to give you an idea of what I mean.

Story one.

A bachelorette ran up to Zeets and implored him to bite off one of the life savers glued to her white t-shirt. He

obliged and, naturally, targeted the life saver perched over her left nipple. Like a hungry bear mauling prey, he ripped off the life saver and took a swatch of her t-shirt with him. She shrieked, her left boob exposed for hundreds to see, while Zeets had a piece of cloth dangling from his mouth like a hunk of meat, and a shit-eating grin on his face. What a touching photo to add to the wedding album!

Story two.

This past weekend a hot blonde from Texas in a slinky black cocktail dress came up to me and started dirty dancing, rubbing her crotch on my thigh and turning around to grind her ass into me. We flirted and laughed for 20 minutes while my hand was on her back, hips, and ass, feeling around her thong strap. She pressed her tits into my chest. I leaned in and she was about to kiss me when her drunk friend wedged herself between us.

“She’s about to get married! Look!” She held up Texas girl’s left hand.

I squinted in the dim light and saw a barely noticeable silver ring on her finger, turned around so that the very large diamond was inside her palm, out of sight. I asked her why she had her ring like that. She looked ashamed. “Oh, it gets caught on my dress.”

Word to the wise: $20K on an engagement ring won’t banish the inner whore from your dearly beloved. Save your money.

***

Recap for girls who love love love romping through town in a bachelorette party and think it makes them famous for the night:

There is nothing cute or charming about you.
You and your bridesmaids are annoying, which is the opposite of fun.
Your bachelorette party games are retarded.
You take up space better used by girls who actually want to hook up.
Your fiancee is a sucker.
You don’t have that bride-to-be “glow”. It’s just drunkenness.
You’re still fat in a tiara.

If most “men” (and I use the term loosely) weren’t such tools they’d stop giving these dorky bachelorette party girls the acknowledgement they crave. Ignoring them is the only way to end the plague.

Universal Truths Day

CH · 12 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In keeping with the spirit of the first International Truth Day, here is another installment of universal truths by which you can guide your life and deflect the sophistry of your foes.

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The louder people protest and the quicker they resort to insults the closer you are to telling a truth they don't like.

The angrier someone reacts to criticism, the more likely your criticism is accurate. Multiply anger factor by 10 for any criticism of a woman.

If you can afford to put yourself down you have value.

If you can brag without inspiring resentment or annoyance you don't have value.

Every woman — and I mean EVERY woman — will cheat if enough conditions are met.

The minute you start spending money on a woman is the minute she starts to expect having money spent on her.

- Corollary: If you spend on a woman like she's a whore, that's exactly what you'll get.

If you become famous worldwide and leave hundreds of children and grandchildren as your legacy you will be the same memory-less nothing after your death as the solitary homeless bum who dies in the gutter. May as well live in the now and maximize your pleasure.

The only times to laugh at yourself are when it raises your value, or mitigates a drop in your value.

Legalizing prostitution will reduce the incidence of rape.

Soliciting prostitutes will alleviate the symptoms of malignant betatude, but the only cure is the love of a woman freely given.

Never spend more than a few drinks' worth of money on a woman before you have fucked her. If you're going to pay for a woman, may as well go to a prostitute; at least you know she'll put out.

If you have no other choice, treating women like shit will bring you more sexual and romantic satisfaction than treating women nicely.

Don't get married. The piece of paper is unnecessary for having a loving relationship with a woman. Any woman you are dating who tells you otherwise does not love you completely.

The question to ask yourself is not "Will she like me?", it's "Do I want her?".

The strongest frame you can bring to any interaction with a woman is the frame of *qualifying her*.

The strongest skill you can bring to any interaction with a woman is the ability to listen and remember.

The strongest first impression you can make with a woman is the way you walk over to her.

The strongest image you can present to a woman is one of contrast. Nothing builds intrigue like contrast.

Bitterness is created, not born.

If you're not mentally prepared for your girlfriend to leave you tomorrow, she will be more likely to do so.

What you will never hear in marriage counseling: The divorce rate would drop in half if men learned to say *Shut the fuck up* and women stayed the same size they were on their wedding day.

Every woman has an inner whore. Pay her in the currency of a good fuck.

Don't allow the biomechanics of love to spoil the beauty of it for you. Don't allow the beauty of love to blind you to the reality of earning it.

People are at their most sincere when they're pissed off.

Don't take yourself seriously when other people are. Take yourself seriously when other people aren't.

If you need to set rules for yourself, the Three Date Rule is a good place to start.

Indulge hate like you would indulge love. The energy of both can be a creative force, and it makes you a well-rounded person.

It is more likely to be true that a wife will love her deformed husband than a husband will love his deformed wife.

The biggest difference between men and women? A man will stick his dick in an attractive stranger's warm pussy without exchanging one word.

Men who truly believe in feminism are beta chumps. An alpha may parrot the lies of feminism but he won't take them to heart or act in accordance with its principles.

Your genes don't give a shit about you. Their goal is to replicate, not make you happy.

You will get more pussy if you substitute going out Monday nights for Friday nights.

Sarcasm is the tool of the insecure.

If you catch your woman lying to your face, leave her immediately. No more good is to be had from that relationship.

Adopt a mentality of abundance instead of scarcity. It will become a self-fulfilling philosophy. In this way you will never fear to lose a girl. And in your fearlessness she will not want to leave you.

Make a habit of imagining you will die in a year. What would you do differently today?

The best way to gain perspective is to focus on those below you. The best way to gain motivation is to focus on those above you. Strike a balance.

Don't let anyone tell you revenge is the instinct of the weak. They've just never experienced its sweet deliverance.

Children's games make great adult dates.

Pity is a form of contempt.

When you've lost your curiosity, you've taken one step closer to vegetable status.

A happy fulfilling relationship starts with you believing you are better than your woman.

You don't really give a shit about the poor.

Condoms suck.

Circumcision will make you last longer, at the expense of pleasure. It is a discredited barbaric practice.

Women love men who love themselves. Men love women capable of loving someone other than themselves.

You can gain more knowledge from a Wikipedia entry than traveling to lay on the beach in a foreign country.

Don't be ashamed to create your myth.

Credentialism is the philosophy of the fearful, the self-doubting and the deferential.

A woman who has won your heart will slowly lose interest in you unless you take steps to counter it.

Make love when you can, because it is good.

Human Population Diversity At The Olympics

CH · 14 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

> China's coach, Lu Shanzhen, bristled when the age issue arose again on the day his gymnasts had upset the Americans, the reigning world champions. He would not explain Deng's missing tooth.
>
> "It's unfair that people keep saying the Chinese are too young to compete," Lu said in Mandarin on his way out of the National Indoor Stadium. "If they think they can tell someone's age just by looking at them, well, if you look at the foreign athletes, they have so much more muscles than the Chinese. They are so strong. Do you then say that they are doping?"

He has a point. Neoteny in da house, yo.

nothing to see here.

This post NOT Gannon approved, due to lack of secondary sex characteristics.

How Not To Be An American Woman

CH · 14 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

When I wrote my perfect woman post, I had Slavic and Caucasus women in mind. Watch this video:

"It has most likely been a light weapon since it's a minor wound."

Although the video is grainy, this female reporter looks hot. She has the stunning high relief apple face typical of Slavs that gives me mighty boner. And she has a slender figure that is the norm instead of the exception for non-babushkas in her part of the world.

Ask yourself, how many women do you know who can get shot and continue working in a calm manner without crying or crumpling to the ground helpless? Now… how many HOT women do you know who can do this?

Does this seem like the type of woman who takes Cosmo sex quizzes, who organizes her mammoth shoe collection by hue, who dances on bars, who has had every hole violated and blogs about it, or who gets drunk on margaritas with her aging spinster friends before a marathon night of Sex and the City viewing?

Watch this woman and understand finally why your devalued law degree and non-profit job mean nothing to me.

Not only is she hot and can take a bullet without missing a beat, she probably knows how to cook healthy meals, haul water from the well, and orally please her man. You surmise, correctly, that given her grace under pressure after getting shot she has the strength of character to sacrifice for her children and perform her domestic duties without whining or running to a divorce lawyer at the first sign of her husband not "meeting her needs". As a man, you will have to be strong for her, very strong, BUT LOOK WHAT YOU GET IN RETURN.

How can the modern American woman possibly compete against this? Answer: She can't. Which is why cuntastic femicunts are feeling the heat and worked hard behind the scenes and out of the public eye to pass into law the misandrist International Marriage Broker Regulation Act, designed to make it more difficult for an American man to meet a foreign woman with a more feminine and pleasant disposition than the average American woman.

I hope American men are reading this and absorbing the lesson. Flights to East Europe are always available. You know what to do. So… what's stopping you?

Ugly Is Not The New Beautiful

CH · 14 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In an effort to be edgy, capture niche advertising markets, and generate buzz, there is a modeling agency in New York that claims to only scout for "ugly" models:

> Too 'ugly' to model?
>
> Not according to one talent agency in New York City. "Ugly," founded in 1969, looks for unique models who are not considered traditionally beautiful. According to agency founder Simon Rogers, "beauty really does come in all shapes and sizes," and in the modeling industry, there's room for all.

Unique.

All shapes and sizes.

Room for all.

Let's take a look at what the modeling agency considers ugly.

Here is one of their ugly female models:

i lie to boys.

The only thing ugly about her is the tattoo. She may not be a 10 but she's pretty hot. Her underlying facial bone structure and features are that of a good-looking girl, and most guys would agree. The rest of the "ugly" female models at this agency follow the same pattern — attractive to beautiful faces that can be marketed as diverse and "unique" because of superficial non-genetic attributes like ugly tattoos, unusual make-up, weird clothing, or multicolored hair.

Other than the few freak show midgets the agency includes in its lineup (obviously for specialty assignments that specifically require the services of a midget), the general trend is the same as it is at every modeling agency — girls that have been blessed by birth to look better than 90% of women.

So, no, beauty does not come in all shapes and sizes, nor is there room for every girl to be a model, as this modeling agency's founder fraudulently claims. Lip piercings and tattoos don't turn a beautiful girl into an ugly girl, just like they don't help ugly girls become less ugly.

Here is a picture of an actual ugly woman:

no wonder she hates men.

You will never see women who look like this in an “edgy” modeling agency’s portfolio. At least, not for long. Heh.

Now let’s take a look at the men in this agency’s ugly portfolio.

Here is one of their ugly male models:

i’m wearing a buttplug!

Now we’re getting somewhere. This guy isn’t repulsively ugly, but he’s not beefcake either. Take some time to browse through the photographs and you’ll notice a distinctly different pattern emerge with the male models. Most of the men fall into two categories — either good-looking guys who “uglify” themselves with bad tattoos and piercings (like the women models), or genuinely ugly guys. But the ugly men are ugly in a goofy way, instead of an actively obnoxious way.

Unalterable Universal Law: Ugly men can push product (and sitcoms). Ugly women can’t.*

Yet again, this shows that the penalty for physical ugliness is more severe for women than for men. People make fun of ugly men, but they simply don’t want their visual field polluted by ugly women. Not even at modeling agencies that claim to scout for beauty in “all shapes and sizes”.

Level of bullshit exposed on a scale of 1 to 10: 7 (a septic tank's worth).

**Ugly Betty* is the only current exception to this rule I can think of, but even in this case the show's title doesn't live down to its standard, for three reasons:
1. Betty isn't *that* ugly. She's a little under average for an American girl.
2. There are lots of other hot women in the show to neutralize Betty's "ugliness".
3. Betty's love interests are borderline platonic. Kissing scenes with Betty kept to a bare minimum.
4. Ratings are slowly falling. Even good writing can't save a show with an unattractive lead.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 15 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This is the second installment of reader mailbag. If you do not want your question made public on the blog, say so specifically in your email, and I'll keep my answer to you private.

Email #1

> Hey there!
>
> I need some advice, care to help a gal from Canada?
>
> I met this guy about 6 months ago. We get along great! We have so much fun together, we laugh so much when we're together so overall it's been really amazing (the sexual chemistry is amazing too). The problem: I want more and he won't give me more!! He makes up random excuses whenever I tell him I want more. It's so frustrating! I came to the point where I told him that we shouldn't talk/hang out anymore. He agreed but then called me cuz he missed me and said, "why can't we continue hanging out, we have so much fun together". He also dates other women…and then tells me about it, which makes me so sad and mad at the same time. I just don't get it…I'm such an amazing catch!! I'm super cute, independent, fun, funny, easy going (unless I want a committment-haha!), not materialistic, caring, accommodating (esp. in the bedroom, his needs are always met), and a whole bunch of other wonderful stuff! It just blows my mind that he wouldn't want more. It's frustrating. So, I told him I was going to date other men (he told me that was a good idea), which I am doing but I'm in love with him, it's so frustrating because all I want to do is make him happy and take care of him the best that I know how and he's not interested. do you think i'm crazy? I know i deserved to be with someone who appreciates me and doesn't take me for granted and it's not hard for me to meet other men, but the problem is…I want HIM!
>
> He told me that he has issues with trust. But I'm like the most trustworthy person out there…do u think he's just playing games with me?
>
> Any advice?
>
> PD

You've come to the right plane of hell, my child. Let me get this out of the way, like a quick pull of the Brazilian wax strip. Whenever it's the guy making excuses to avoid sex one of three things is going on.

1. He's impotent or has a low libido.
2. He's found someone else and his balls are too drained to give you the rogering you deserve.
3. He has stopped finding you attractive and has substituted porn for your warm hole.

Judging by your writing style I'd guess you are very young, so the odds of your boyfriend having a low libido are slim. Even if he's much older than you, your hot young bod will spring him to action in a way that an older woman could not.

It sounds more like a combination of 2 and 3. He's already told you point blank that he dates around, and yet you act as if this is no big deal and shouldn't affect your relationship with him or his desire to have sex with you on demand. Are you looking to be in his harem's first or second tier? You're blinded by your bruised ego and have stopped seeing the forest for the trees. I'll spell it out for you:

You're not his number one girl.
You are one of many pussies he is banging.
He no longer feels the need to do anything for you because you slop up his runny shit and beg for more.
You are his safety school. Second fiddle. Back of the line. Slow dial booty call. Fleshlight.

I say this out of love.

"He also dates other women…and then tells me about it, which makes me so sad and mad at the same time."

…and horny. Admit it.

Note to the men reading: This is how you manage multiple long term relationships. Just tell your girl about every date you go on, then sit back and enjoy the fruits of your pimpdom.

"I just don't get it…I'm such an amazing catch!!"

Another Stuart Smalley acolyte heard from.

"I'm super cute, independent, fun, funny, easy going (unless I want a committment-haha!), not materialistic, caring, accommodating (esp. in the bedroom, his needs are always met), and a whole bunch of other wonderful stuff!"

Why don't you just lick the sweat off his moist hairy balls? You believe your value is lower than his and so you try to please him without asking for anything in return but more enthusiasm for fucking you. This type of dynamic makes for the strongest relationships because women want to be the ones working for approval, but there must be some balance in the dominance-submission force. The more you make yourself his lackey the less he will think you are worthy of his gratitude. Play a little hard to get if you feel you are not getting want you want from him. If that doesn't work then you have no choice but to ovary up and end it.

"So, I told him I was going to date other men (he told me that was a good idea),"

First, your posturing was passive-aggressive. Pouting and telling him you are going to date other men is an admission of defeat. He knows you are lashing out at him in pain, and this will only strengthen his power over you, which you can see it has by his cheeky nonchalant reply. Your better move would have been to tell him you love him, but want to spend some time apart from him to think things through. Then cut off all contact. If he calls you, you'll now be in a position to dictate better terms for yourself.

"it's so frustrating because all I want to do is make him happy and take care of him the best that I know how ***and he's not interested****."*

And that is why you want to service him like a cheap Belarusian whore. Your female reptilian hindbrain is tricking you. You don't want to make him happy, you want to make yourself happy through him. But relying on others for your happiness is a surefire way to remain unhappy. Newsflash: He will never be interested.

"He told me that he has issues with trust."

Of course he does. Because he knows what it's like to break it. The world is our mirror.

"do u think he's just playing games with me?"

It's worse than that. This relationship was dead the second he gave you carte blanche to date other men. You are officially his downtime sperm receptacle. Time to hit the field. Go Flirt With Ten Other Guys (GFWTOG). Wear something sexy and head to the nearest bus depot immediately.

Email #2

> Hey, got a little situation and wanted to solicit your insight once more (yup, you've gone from blogger to counselor). To keep it short, I'm in grad school with this girl that I used to think was a complete bitch. She seemed a little too opinionated, took herself too seriously, etc. Somehow, though, we've recently become kind of cool and I'm kinda diggin her. She's about a year older than I but acts a little older. Anyway, we're kind of at that crucial tipping point where things could go either way and I wanted your thoughts on how best to avoid getting trapped in the friendship box. Whatever you've got to offer would be most appreciated.
>
> M.

Grad school girls are almost uberbitches to a woman. Think about what kind of girl decides to pursue postgraduate education. Hint: It's not the most feminine type. So if you're going to move on this girl, you'll need to attack her with very strong masculine energy. "We've recently become kind of cool" is not gonna cut it, romcom therapyboy. Farting around like a junior high A/V club nerdling waiting for that perfect moment when the planets align and the moon reflects off her eyes like a big pizza pie to bust a move is asking for failure. Young MC wept.

Also, don't lie to yourself. You didn't kinda start "diggin her" after you got to know her. You were diggin her the moment you laid eyes on her cute face, tight rump, and pert tits. Your initial assessment of her as a "complete bitch" is a common defensive maneuver among the invertebratia to shield the ego from outright rejection. Every hot girl is a complete bitch to every guy she meets unless she likes him. It's how they keep the hordes of betas at bay. You want super duper friendly? Hang out with fat chicks.

"Anyway, we're kind of at that crucial tipping point where things could go either way and I wanted your thoughts on how best to avoid getting trapped in the friendship box."

Tipping point? Did you pull out a protractor and measure the angle of her emotions? Come on, man, rule #1: Chicks know within MINUTES of meeting you whether you are mating material. From that point it's your job to not fuck it up.

I've got good news and bad news.

Bad news: You've already been LJBF'ed.
Good news: Now you know.

The only way to reverse an LJBF (and it's not easy) is complete removal of yourself from her life for a few weeks, followed by a major pickup offensive… guns blazing, tanks rolling, hands groping, game spitting. You've gotta make yourself less available, make her miss you. Then, when your disappearing act has rewired her brain just enough to flip the switch in a new direction, you have her meet you at your favorite bar while you're flirting with another girl. It's important that she sees you enjoying the company of other women.

Then, game her like you just approached her. Trust me, she'll be pissed and confused when the new, ballsy you pulls the friendship rug out from under her. You've got no choice if you want to succeed in changing her opinion of you from friend to potential lover. Callous disregard for her expectations is essential. There's a good chance you'll lose her entirely, but that shouldn't matter to you. It's really win-win. Either you bed her, or you salvage your dignity.

And for fuck's sake, don't talk about grad school. That'll just remind her of the old neutered you. If she brings it up, tell her you're not interested and you're here to have fun.

Email #3

> You have a very interesting and entertaining blog, which I just recently discovered.
>
> Question: I am sure you have mentioned this before, but wouldn't people who read your blog with any degree of regularity be considered "betas"? People who take vicarious pleasure in the exploits of an alpha male sexual predator, hero, whatever? Why would an alpha bother to read your blog?
>
> J.S.

Are people who read stock tip blogs poor? Some are, some aren't. Everyone wants an edge, so some are betas looking for their first love, some are alphas looking to run the table. If I had to put percentages on my readership, I'd guess 60% were classic beta males, 20% alpha males, 15% chicks who dig me for my devilish charm, and 5% dizzy clones. Oh, and Tyler Cowen reads regularly (Hi Mrs. Cowen!).

PS: Vicarious pleasure-taking is weak sauce. Any girls who want to take pleasure in my exploits directly can reach me at:

The Abyss
666 Dante Blvd.
Circle 2
8675309

Man Dance-Off

CH · 18 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Three guys. One cramped dance floor space. A smooth moves battle royale to catch the attentions of the two girls with their backs turned to them. Who will take home the gold?

dancing with the sausage.

(Happy dude holding drink is Wayne Brady, providing humorous color commentary.)

Guy in the V-neck steps up first and does the robot. Not bad, but girls are unimpressed. Judges score: Backs still turned.

Guy in the fashionable “I Adidas DC” T-shirt immediately follows him and goes old school with a break dancing routine that causes people walking by to be extra careful stepping over him. Judges score: Girls briefly turn around to watch because they got bored with the guys talking to them.

Fan favorite “really tall guy in the sack-crushing capris” takes the floor and does… something really GHEY. And yet I cannot look away:

taste the rainbow.

Judges score: 10.0 for the joyous shirt, 9.0 for look of concentration, 0.0 for capturing female attention. As you can see, the girls remain unimpressed with the action, prefering to focus on their beta suitors. One girl did point and laugh.

Capri guy sat down with the judges later for a post-contest interview and it turned out he was actually kind of cool in a warped way. He admitted being bisexual (read: 100% gay).

At least he had an excuse. What were the other guys thinking? No man dances for personal enjoyment; he does it either to get close to girls already dancing or to show off his moves for girls watching. The man dance-off is like the perfect storm of gayness and toolness. As far as male status competitions go, it's lower than drinking games.

On the streets of New York this kind of thing works because there are usually lots of girls watching to take social cues from each other that it's acceptable to get caught up in the excitement of the status displays. It was closing time when these guys squared off and there were only a few girls nearby. Male mini-status displays don't work as well when there aren't lots of admiring girls to give the warriors social proof of their skills. Girls often look to other girls to gauge the alphaness of men doing questionable activities. If one girl looks over at the other girl in attendance and sees she is not paying attention to the frenetic dance-off, she will remain aloof.

You could have two dorky guys playing PINBALL and as long as there is at least one horny admiring girl in the crowd to inspire the other girls, the winning pinballer will get laid.

The Incredible Pull Of Alpha Males

CH · 19 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

What an alpha male can get away with:

> A former Senator and vice-presidential candidate [John Edwards] misused campaign contributions and money pledged to fight poverty so he could bring his mistress on the campaign trail with him during the presidential campaign where he was constantly making appearances with his widely admired cancer stricken wife then fathered the mistress's child sometime around the time he was getting a Father Of The Year Award and then asked his loyal aid who already has a wife and kids to falsely claim paternity while the fake dad and the mistress were funneled money so they could move to be near the mistress's psychic healer friend while the former candidate continued to meet the mistress and baby until he was caught by tabloid reporters and hid in the bathroom and then confessed on national TV a couple of weeks later but both he and his wife continued to lie during that interview and in subsequent statements.

What a beta male can get away with:

.

Any questions?

***

Morality is elastic — the nature of the sinner matters. No surprise that his own wife lies for him. One wonders why there isn't a separate ten commandments for alpha males?

The article from which the quote above was taken makes this prediction:

> **Elizabeth Splits** : Elizabeth Edwards helped her husband lie to press and public about his affair so it's hard to be shocked that he continued to lie to her about the affair, really. But how much can Elizabeth take? The People magazine story is step one in the almost inevitable process of Elizabeth Edwards having to make some kind of move away from John. Could be a separation, could be more statements about her shock and disappointment at new revelations. Either way, somethings got to give.

The Hilary Clinton Syndrome. How much can Elizabeth the Sad Sad Cancer Stricken Alpha Male Alibi take? Oh, I bet she can… and will… take a whole fucking lot. A giant steaming load of shit in her face over and over and over, and she will smile and suck it up until either the media avalanche forces her to concede or the bastard kid grows up and comes knocking on her door looking a lot like daddy and bedecked in lawyersuit chic and a pompadoured twinkly-eyed slimy smile to sue the holy living hell out of her family for child support backpayments because, you see, John Edwards Alpha Male is a worthy man. Worthy enough for her to stoically suffer in humiliation.

If she's lucky, she'll have succumbed to the cancer before that happens.

You don't like that I say this? It gets your panties in a wad? Fuck you and your misplaced empathy. Fuck you and your phonyfuck indignation. Especially fuck you and your happy sappy shifting morality hands across humanity meek shall inherit the karmic magical moral comeuppance excuse mongering rationalizing hypocritical there but for the grace of no one but myself go I virtue on the cheap fantasyland pissant pawn of your selfish gene replicating cog in the bloodsoaked gears of the amoral universal machine bullshit. Stare into the gaping maw of the id monster motherfuckers because I am rubbing your face in its hot stinking breath.

John Edwards' wife lies for him knowing he was fucking and impregnating a new age whore while she lay in a hospital bed with cancer.

Somewhere in America a dutiful beta husband was just served divorce papers and subsequent financial ruin for no reason he can discern except that he didn't excite his wife's loins anymore.

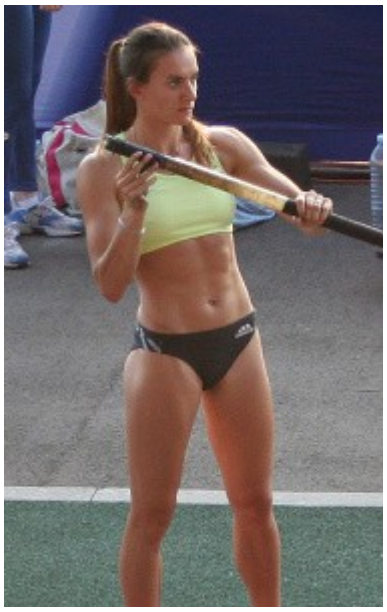
People sometimes ask why I so deliberately and unapologetically act in my own self-interest and take what I want.
Because I know the score.
And you should too.

What Happens When You Give A Woman Testosterone

CH · 19 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Russian female pole vaulter not only sets the world record but trash talks her foes into submission.

> BEIJING, Aug 18 (Reuters) – Russia's Olympic champion pole vaulter Yelena Isinbayeva said the world record she set on Monday had put U.S. rival Jennifer Stuczynski in her place over reported comments about going to "kick Russian butt".
>
> "She has never beaten me. She is talking too much. So I didn't say anything. I just wanted to prove who is the best," Isinbayeva, who won the gold medal while Stuczynski had to settle for silver, told reporters.
>
> "I am not deaf. I can read interviews and hear what is being talked about. It made me really angry because I said, 'How is it possible to speak like this about me?'
>
> "When I found out, it wasn't nice first of all because she must respect me and know her position. Now she knows it."
>
> Isinbayeva set the world record by soaring 5.05 metres, while Stuczynski's best effort was 4.80 metres. Russian Svetlana Feofanova took the bronze with a best jump of 4.75 metres.



cellulite free since 1982.

(This chick's buttocks swallows pole vaults whole and spits out toothpicks.)

It doesn't matter whether the testosterone is injected or naturally raised through scientifically calibrated diet and hours in the gym pumping iron, women become more like men when they start competing for real. They get nastier, they get harder, their tits shrink, their babyfat disappears, and their attitude is all up in your grill. Most of them even begin to look like men (Yelena, dear sweet Russian Tatar babe who happens to look like one of my exes, is a notably good-looking exception among the female Olympic athletes).

The masculinization of women is inevitable at the upper levels of competitive athletics where real glory and sponsorships are on the line, because the lifeblood — the high octane fuel — of competition that matters is testosterone, the very essence of manhood. For a woman to succeed in a physically competitive endeavor, she must become more like… a man. It is required.

(And for a man to succeed in a domestic endeavor, he must become more like a woman.)

What all those Title IX supporting lesbian feminists refuse to face up to is that female athletics, and especially the elite level of female athletics broadcast on TVs around the world, is not a celebration of womanhood, it's a celebration of manhood!

But let's face it, the goal of American/Scandinavian feminism has always been to morph women into men. The bullhorns of the feminist movement — disproportionately lesbian and ugly — have a pathological case of penis envy. I imagine if they could legislate enlarged clitorises, they would.

raise the bar. i'm jumping her.

The kind of intramural or weekend warrioress female athletics where women exert half-assed effort and take frequent breaks to huddle together to gossip, is fine for keeping fit and cementing friendships. They will not risk chest hair growth. But watch out if your girlfriend or daughter tries out for Division I soccer, starts buying A cup sports bras, and comes home with huge bruises on her shins — she will look and act less like a real woman with each passing day unless you steer her into more feminine fitness routines, like yoga.

One of the first things I ask a girl I'm dating is if she played any team sports in high school or college. If she played soccer or field hockey *and* has dark forearm hair, I know that I will not have to wait long for sexytime. Most likely, she will want to spend a lot of time on top.

I would bang lovely Yelena with my 5.05 metre American pole.

Celebrating The Olympic Spirit

CH · 20 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Exhibit A:

BEIJING – AUGUST 19: Leryn Franco of Paraguay competes in the Women's Javelin Qualifying Round held at the National Stadium on Day 11 of the Beijing 2008 Olympic Games on August 19, 2008 in Beijing, China. (Photo by Clive Brunskill/Getty Images)
Olympic camel toe.

(Hat tip, VK. Naturally.)

I love how so many female Olympic athletes are photographed holding long, phallic objects.

Exhibit B:

Hybrid vigor in action — Olympians hooking up in droves.

> "You see more and more couples, there is a lot of hooking up. And it is the mix of races that many people are looking for," a Mexican volleyball player, already out of the competition, told Deutsche Presse-Agentur dpa. "And with the Russian, Czech and Slovak specimens you see, **the material is unbeatable.**"

I agree with his assessment. It seems the men of the world are coming around to the poon viewpoint — Slavic chicks are the gold standard.

> "You have 16,000 athletes in the Village, and it is very likely that some boys will like some girls and that, in turn, will lead to sex," said Dutch baseballer Jeroen Sluitjer, 33. "And if there are free condoms going around, people will feel like using them."
>
> […]there are 30,000 more [in Beijing] than the 70,000 that ran out in the Australian city, leading Village authorities to order an extra 20,000.

16,000 athletes. 100,000 condoms, with 20,000 more on the way. Assuming all 120,000 condoms are used, that's 15 bangs per athlete (given an equal number of male and female athletes pairing off to have sex, each condom represents two individual bangs), or about one bang per athlete every day for the duration of the Olympics.

Of course, a dude like Michael Phelps is going to get a lot more action than a benchwarmer on the Latvian badminton team, and human nature being what it is, the men will average more bangs with a smaller pool of horny women than the other way around. Usain Bolt might go through a whole box before crossing the finish line. (I wonder if he suffers from premature ejaculation?)

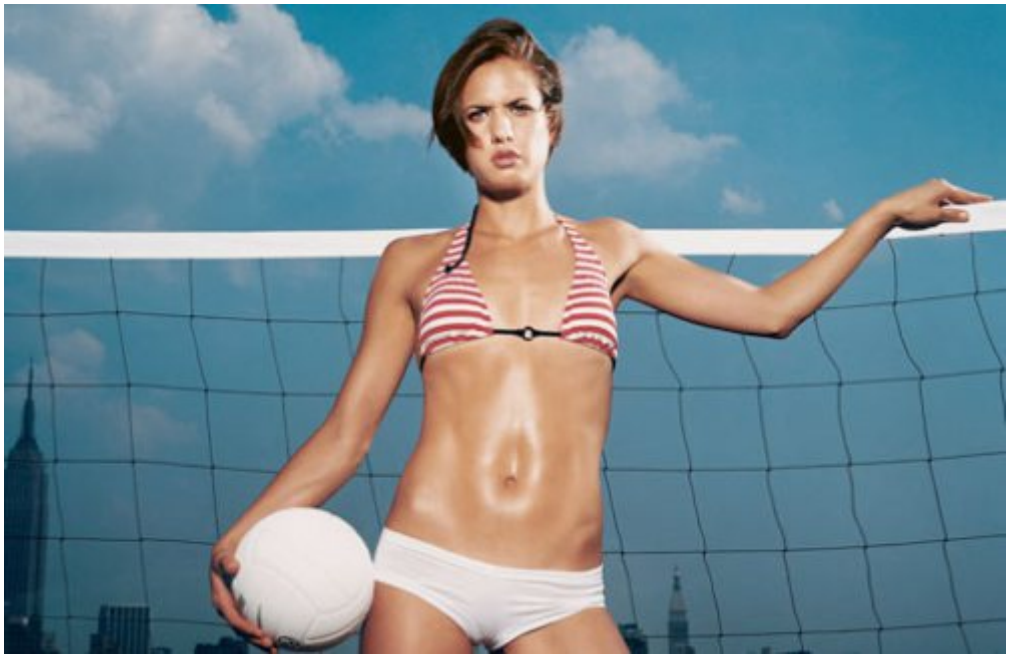
> According to British rower Matthew Pinsent, the atmosphere in the Village is "intoxicating," with "thousands of sportsmen at the peak of their strength."

The Chinese might have to rename the Yellow Sea to the Milky White Sea.

> "People are going out more and more. The judokas, who are already done, the swimmers," the Mexican volleyballer said. "And there is one place that no one wants to miss, the Dutch House. That is definitely wild."

Dutch women — sperm receptacles of the world.

One thing I've noticed about the female athletes is how most of them have narrow hips, small tits, wide waists, and broad shoulders. This is the classic tomboy build. Here is a good example (minus the overdeveloped delts):



little boy body with hot girl face.

Although she has inviting BJ lips, her waist-to-hip ratio is less hourglass and more cylindrical. She does not have a feminine body, but at least she's slender. You can be sure a quarter will bounce sky-high off her ass. I see she has the perfect divot above her bellybutton to collect my man seed.

The tomboy is a product of nature; she was born with her androgenized body. The elite female athlete is a product of nature and nurture; her masculine build has been accentuated by rigorous training and, in many cases, by synthetic hormones designed to duplicate the attitude and physique of a man.

Androgenized girls naturally gravitate to athletics because of their higher testosterone and their mannish figures. This is why female athletics as a spectator sport are a joke. Women only reach the elite level by being born with masculine traits and training to look more like men. It's like watching a competition of substandard men. The only

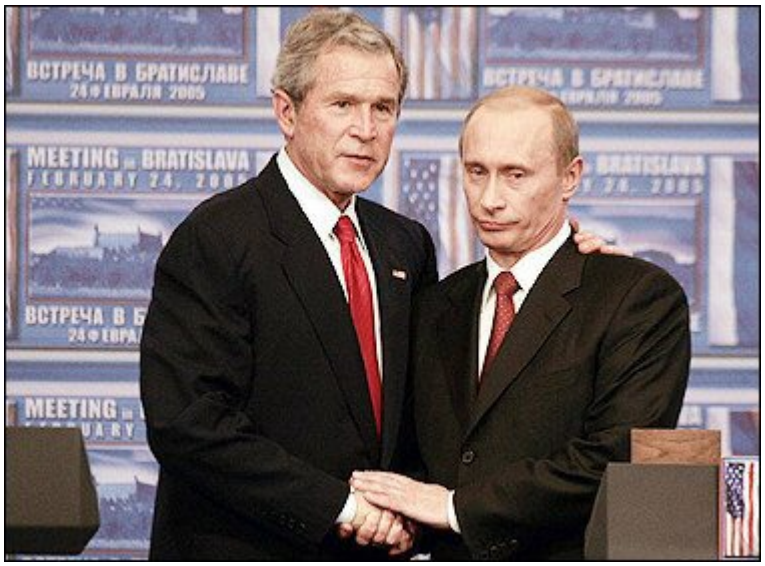
thing that keeps the average sports fan tuned in is the occasional glimpse of the rare feminine hottie (see: Exhibit A).

The more womanly a woman, the less likely she will be a world class athlete that feminists and the mainstream media can hold up as a role model for young girls. This is the definition of *ass backwards.* It is the womanly women who should be role models for young girls.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 21 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In this pic, try to identify who is more alpha:



i'm banging a hot russian gymnast half my age. and you?

90% of alphaness is telegraphed through body language, eye contact, facial expression, nonverbal vocalization, and voice tonality. The actual words you say mean very little. For instance, if you laugh at your own jokes you are probably beta. Here we see two wary foes — both of them silverback apex alphas — testing boundaries and trying to establish ultimate dominance. Putin has pulled the "hand over hand" handshake alpha maneuver with a subtle condescending pat to the top of Bush's hand like a grandmother might give to a precocious child, while Bush has opted for the arm-across-back shoulder clasping "claw" maneuver (something a taller man is well-equipped to do).

This photo is really a great showcase of what happens when two genuine alpha males lock horns and battle for supremacy. The interplay is subtle, but it's there, make no mistake. At the highest levels, alphas don't ball up their hands into fists and throw punches, they sublimate the cruder forms of chest thumping into the refined art of civilized court intrigue.

Their faces also tell a story. Bush is stifling an open-mouthed smirk, but his eyes betray unease. He looks like he's forcing his will upon Putin with his slight lean-in. Putin's half-lidded eyes and barely downturned mouth hint of haughtiness. Deep in his Commie bones he feels like the superior man to Bush, and this past week in Georgia he demonstrated it when he shoved that air of superiority into Bush's face by proxy. Also, I notice Putin is standing straight, avoiding the lean-in, and keeping his torso turned less toward Bush and more toward the audience. In contrast, Bush's body angle defers to Putin.

Whether either of these men's confidence is warranted is irrelevant. Their strutting for the cameras is what matters.

ALPHA: Putin, by a red whisker. Bush's "claw" is the most dominant singular gesture in this photo, but the sum total of alpha gestures favors Putin.

(*Note: When Bush said he "looked into [Putin's] eyes and saw his soul", many commentators at the time obliquely hinted that this was a beta move, but in fact it was alpha. A strong man can afford to say seemingly silly things like that because it potentially buttresses a larger strategic goal; namely, that of giving your enemy false comfort. Unfortunately, in Bush's case, alpha doesn't always equate to smart.)

***

In the previous photo, we examined alpha posturing between two unfriendlies. Now let's look at a photo of two men who are on friendly terms:

our women are hotter than your women.

You think dominance games cease between friends? Think again. Friendship is no immunity from alpha posturing.

The man on the left is a US representative who has just signed a draft missile shield deal with his Polish counterpart on the right. In their respective countries, I believe the Polish man would be higher up his government food chain than the US rep would be in ours, but because the US is a much more powerful country the playing field during this signing ceremony was effectively leveled. A lower ranking rep from a stronger country trumps a higher ranking rep from a weaker country, even on the weaker country's turf, and especially when the stronger country is presenting an offer of protection.

To the analysis. Judging by the distance traversed, the Pole has extended his arm first to meet the American for a fully engaged handshake (this was a firm one based on the robust contact between their hands' thumb and forefinger webbing). The Pole's hand is in the American's personal space, who keeps his elbow relaxed and close to his side. Usually, jumping the handshake gun and reaching into your recipient's personal space signals an effort to establish dominance, and is the mark of the lesser alpha trying to gain street cred. But at the highest levels of social interaction the true alpha can afford to ease off and let the other male put in the work to meet his hand. That is what the American has done here. He knows he is the stronger presence — the "fulcrum" — and thus his alpha gravitational pull brings handshakes toward him.

Take heed: Depending on context and the betaness of your target, the handshake reach-in can be either a move for dominance or a signal of deference.

The Pole's face is more expressive than the American's. His smile is broader and his head leans forward slightly. Remember that the alpha male more often than not composes himself with indifference; his face is one of inscrutable impassivity, punctuated infrequently by minimalist gestures like raised eyebrows, chuckles, or cocky smirks. The "happier" of the two men is the one who is lower ranking. The Pole's facial brightness reveals that he is more impressed with the proceedings. The American possesses the ennui of "been there done that".

Finally, look at the positions of their opposite hands. It's subtle, but the American holds his left hand down by his side, while the Pole keeps his in a "shielding" position in front of his crotch. Shielding body language, like arm-crossing and holding drinks chest-high, are self-protection maneuvers employed by betas. It's the voice of the subconscious given sound through the physicality of the body.

Paradoxically, the body language of an alpha male in the company of lesser men is one of vulnerability. A true alpha has no fear of his environment and has complete control of events around him, and thus announces his elevated status by assuming nonverbal gestures and stances that could potentially make him more vulnerable to usurpers. This is why the seduction community focuses so strongly on what you do with your body before you even open your mouth. Pickup 101 is especially effective at teaching alpha body language skills. For example, when you stand, open your legs to shoulder width and prop your body weight onto one foot while pointing your other foot at a 60 degree angle outwards. This is a horrible position to stand in if someone decides to bum rush you, because you have handicapped your weight distribution, but it is the position to be in if you want other males and girls to know you are utterly unconcerned with incipient threats.

A man who can wave off worry with a look of relaxed aloofness and total situational command is very attractive to women, and confusing to would-be challengers. Defensive, bristly posturing is the mark of the greater beta attempting to punch above his weight. Always act as if you're already seated on the throne, not as if you're trying to dethrone someone who got there before you.

ALPHA: The American. (Note, too, how an alpha designation for a man hinges very little on his appearance. The Pole is taller and handsomer, but his body language tells the story.)

What I Do For Fun

CH · 21 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Tailgate people with “Coexist” bumper stickers on their cars.

Butt Pirates, Butt Pats, A Killer Line

CH · 22 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you like very feminine women (and what man doesn't?), you'll want to date girls who have gay relatives:

> Andrea Camperio Ciani and colleagues at the University of Padua, Italy, showed that the female relatives of homosexual men tend to have more children, suggesting that genes on the X chromosome are responsible.
>
> "It helps to answer a perplexing question – how can there be 'gay genes' given that gay sex doesn't lead to procreation?" says Dean Hamer of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, who was not involved in the work. "The answer is remarkably simple: the same gene that causes men to like men also causes women to like men, and as a result to have more children."
>
> Camperio Ciani emphasises that, rather than being a "gay gene", this unidentified genetic factor is likely to promote sexual attraction to men in both men and women. **This would influence a woman's attitude** rather than actually increasing her fertility, making her likely to have more children.

The girl's attitude is key here. Femininity is not just curves, it's temperament and personality. When I meet girls now I screen them for how many gay brothers and cousins they have:

"So this girl I used to date was telling me how great it is for her to have a gay brother, which is even better than a best gay boyfriend. Do you have any gay relatives?"

I believe screening for this in girls will mean a more romantic dating life, more affection from the girl, and fewer lawyers in my stable of regulars. In fact, I would bet any chick who is a lawyer has a lot of lesbian relatives.

*****

The downside of being President when people are watching: A girl offers you her ass and you have to politely decline:

> Bush knuckled off a couple of lobs, but defending gold medalists Misty May-Treanor and Kerri Walsh gave the chief executive some pointers. Then after a good play, in the tradition of female volleyballers, May-Treanor turned, bent over slightly and offered her bikinied rear-end for the 43rd president to slap.
>
> "Mr. President," she said, "want to?"
>
> […]Bush wisely chose instead to brush his hand across the small of May-Treanor's back.

I'd have slapped, spread, and dry humped her. Of course, as President I'd set up a rendevous later in a secure location where she'd really get my approval for her good play.

I read the comments on some of the news sites to this story. Unsurprisingly to me, most of the negative comments were from women, who used it as an opportunity to bash Bush's "perviness" and religious leanings. It's funny how Bush is so unpopular with women, especially young women and feminists, when he did the "right thing" in this situation, and when by all accounts he's a moral exemplar of the faithful, loyal (beta) husband. And yet a guy like Bill Clinton, who in practice shit all over feminist principles by sexually harassing interns, fucking subordinates, cheating on his wife multiple times, getting blowjobs from women considerably younger than himself, and even coming dangerously close to actual rape, is beloved by women and especially by the very same feminists whose phoniness and moral relativism Clinton showcased for the world. Beautiful. I trust the lesson has not escaped my readers.

bush to ass.

*****

Here is a great line you can tell a girl during the A2 (female to male interest) attraction phase to boost your value:

“I could introduce you to every guy in this room, but I can guarantee that none of them will be as interesting as me.”

Concepts hit: DHV, social status, push-pull. It’s been field tested and proven successful, so give it a try and let me know how it goes.

Some Great Age Negs

CH · 23 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you routinely date younger women, this age neg works well to set an advantageous frame for yourself.

You: How old are you?

Her: 28.

You: Wow, I never would have guessed.

Let it drop after that. The neg is stuctured in such a way that if said with a straight face and raised eyebrows will make her wonder whether you would've guessed younger or older. If she persists in knowing what you meant, then ignore her and change the subject, or answer evasively.

Her: What do you mean??

You: I dunno. You just don't… fit… your age. Btw, you ever see couples that don't seem to fit right, but then they're like the happiest couples in the world?

You really want to keep her confused about how she is being perceived by you. That is what builds intrigue, and intrigue is the rebar of female attraction.

Here are a couple more frame-setting age negs that work no matter what the age difference between you and the girl.

Her: How old are you?
You: You first.
Her: 25.
You: Oh oh.
Her: What?
You: I don't normally date older women. They have too many issues in my experience.

This neg is especially effective when the girl is considerably younger than yourself. Imagine a 35 year old guy telling a 22 year old girl she's too old for him. It quickly reverses the frame in your favor.

***

Her: How old are you?
You: Guess.
Her: 28.
You: Close. And you're… 27.
Her: No, 23.
You: Oh no, really?
Her: Yeah, why?
You: I like to date older women. Everyone knows they're more mature and classy.

Notice I used the term "everyone knows". It's a bit jarring in the context of this short conversation, but that doesn't matter. Girls are very sensitive to groupthink, so my words will have the intended effect — to put her in the role of the one seeking approval.

A Day With Zeets

CH · 25 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets on game:

Me: [while helping him set up a new TV I belch loudly] BEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLCCCCCHHHH.
Zeets: Was that a neg? [imitating me approaching some girls] Hi, I'm… BEEEELLLLCHHH… haha hey girls that was a neg! You like me now!

Zeets on long distance cockblocking:

Me: So there's this girl who lives in another country who loves me. She told me a guy hit on her last night and she turned him down by telling him she had an internet lover.
Zeets: Wow, that guy must've felt like shit. Cockblocked from afar!
Me: Yeah, it's one thing to get cockblocked by another guy in the bar, but to get cockblocked by an internet dude… humiliation!
Zeets: A girl who rejects someone by saying "No, I'm in love with a guy on the internet" is a lot worse than "I have a boyfriend."
Me: It's like saying "Your physical presence can't even compete with an IM".

Zeets on blogging:

Zeets: Everyone's got their little blog now. Get up at 1 in the afternoon, trundle to the store to buy organic hipster meuslix, come back and blog about it. [makes exaggerated typing motion with his hands] Blog, blog, blog. Blogging piglets!

Zeets on the consumer culture:

Zeets: Help me carry out this TV. [we were leaving Best Buy with his new 1,000 inch LCD TV purchase]
Me: This is gaudy. You're rolling out with the biggest package in the place.
Zeets: Notice how all eyes are turned towards me. The women are aroused by my display of materialism. [looks over at a middle-aged woman and winks] A big purchase will make you feel like a man and boost your testosterone major.

Zeets on herbs:

"I WANT TO CRUSH THEM ALL."

Quality Girl

CH · 26 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I'm often asked "What do you consider a quality girl?" This is a good question, if by quality we mean a girl I'd be willing to date long term (>3 months), to invest more than the minimal amount of my time and energy, and to feel secure, if I were so inclined, in committing myself exclusively without worry that she might spread her legs for any random guy who happens to catch her alone on an especially drunken night and says the right things about how good her forehead looks in the reflection of the beer bottle.

Very few… and I mean VERY few… women in DC have met my exacting standards of quality. I'd estimate that of all the girls I've dated in this city less than 10% were worthy of my full attention. I'd hazard to guess that if all men held themselves to the same high standards I do and didn't kowtow to the first chick who deigned to bless them with a crumb of affection there'd be universal agreement among DC men that my 10% figure is accurate. Maybe in flyover country the number of quality girls hits 25%. In Poland it is 80%. The times have changed and quality girls are no longer the norm.

So what makes a quality girl? Well, I know what *doesn't* make a quality girl.

- She has cheated more than three times in her life, or has cheated more than once on the same boyfriend.
- She forgets to say "thank you" when you buy her a drink. Buying her a second drink confirms her ingratitude.
- She dates around. Dating around — specifically, seeing more than one person concurrently — is a prerogative of men only, for reasons having to do with the greater leverage men need to arm themselves with to compete in a dating market that is fundamentally tilted in favor of women. Any girl who makes a habit of dating more than one guy at a time, especially if the parallel dating lasts longer than one month, in order to milk her options is a bad seed. In all my years of banging, one soulsaving thing I've learned is to walk away from any girl who I've discovered is also dating other men. Even if I beat the competition and win her over, it never ends well.
- She tells you she has a long distance boyfriend she loves, then proceeds to bang you anyway. A few months later, you see her groping a new guy, and she's still with her boyfriend. (That relationship is doomed.)
- Her default mode is sarcasm, negativity, coarseness, and shamelessness.
- She spends twice as much time getting ready for a house party than she spends getting ready for a date with you.
- She can't control her impulse to flirt with other men. Double minus points if she does this in your presence.
- She doesn't seem nervous undressing in front of you the first time.
- She fucks you on a pretense of less than the sum total of an hour of conversation, and calls you the next day worried that your condomless sex might have given her something. (She's been down this road before.)
- She is proud to be on the pill and considers her dependence on it a carte blanche slut sanctioner instead of a safety net affection fortifier.
- She is cavalier about casual sex.

A quality girl does the opposite of all the above. She doesn't cheat, and if she does she has a plausible rationale. But she will still feel bad about it. She is generous when it is risky to be so. She is positive and lifts people up, not pushes them down to lift herself up. She laughs at the absurdity and beauty of the world, but never at the expense of others. She is warm, and this is something that can't be taught. She says "I love you" early and often out of conviction, not inquisition. She understands that her heart is more important than her pride.

A high quality girl is good for standing by, sticking with, supporting always, loving fully, defending righteously, and if the timing is right, embracing for life to the exclusion of all others. She is the type of girl who can enthrall you with her words alone. She can make you smile over the phone. She can be far away but feel near. She is often discovered in the unlikeliest places, and her magic is the energy that animates her pretty face, rather than the other way around.

Low quality girls are good for fucking, a few laughs, some funny digicam pics, and that's it. Spare your hard-earned manly capital — your time, your resources, your protection, your commitment, your LOVE — for those few quality girls you might meet if you're lucky. And speaking as a man who has seen, heard and experienced enough to turn the most naive optimist into a stone cold cynic, if you do meet a girl like that, you would be a fool to pass her up. Her kind is going extinct.

There Is No Such Thing As A Bar Girl

CH · 27 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter LauraByNight wrote on yesterday's post:

> This seems to suggest that a good strategy for finding quality girls is to avoid looking in bars and clubs, and maybe to avoid spending most of your time in places full of high-powered, high-strung women. I realize that this could be difficult for some men, depending on their jobs.
>
> It also suggests that the old-fashioned idea of meeting potential mates through family and friends, or in school or at work (rather than a place where most people are hoping to find someone to fuck) would yield a higher return rate.

I hear this assertion all the time from those who believe that quality girls can't be found in bars — "Oh, well of course if you go to a bar you'll only find bar whores, what did you expect?". The time has come for yer not-so-humble narrator to grind this idiotic meme into dust.

Here is a representative sample of the occupations of ten girls I met **in bars**:

Lawyer
Med student
PR flack
Pharmaceutical saleswoman
Smithsonian curator
Art gallery owner
Bartender (different bar)
Marketing
Teacher
Waitress/student

Here is a representative sample of the education levels of ten girls I met **in bars**:

Ivy league (2, including one Harvard grad)
Seven Sisters (1)
State school (3)
Grad school (3)
Never went to college (1)

Here is my informal judgement of the IQs of the last ten girls I met **in bars**:

150 (1, she was weird)
130-150 (1)
115-130 (2)
100-115 (5)
under 100 (1)

Here is a representative sample of the dress style of ten girls I met **in bars**:

Conservatively dressed (5)
Sexily dressed (4)
Sluttily dressed (1)

If it isn't yet obvious to the "bar girls are low quality" brigade let me spell it out for you: **Girls who go to bars are the same as girls you meet anywhere else.** They are not an exotic subspecies of womanhood. I understand the

impulse of the Loser Mafia to want to disparage girls who are confident enough to go to bars and scoop up tons of male attention, but the facts don't bear out the comforting belief. That classy, smartly attired girl with her pink Ipod who's picking through the organic bean sprouts at Whole Foods is the same girl who was at the bar last night hitting up chumps for free drinks.

Think about it — if you were an attractive girl why *wouldn't* you go to a bar while you've still got it? You'd be negligent not to. A girls's urge to feed her ego and take the measure of her sexual market value is intense, and bars are perfectly suited for maximum assuaging and feedback. Where else can she command the attention of so many men in such a short amount of time and limited space? (**Tip:** this is why you should never consider a bartender for a long term relationship. Any girl who chooses to go into bartending is a Ninth Order Attention Whore who needs hours upon hours of male flirtations and social stimulation just to feel human.)

But there are girls who insist they never go to bars. I believe them. These are the kinds of girls you will rarely find in a bar at night when the mating bazaar is wide open for business:

Fat chicks (usually not more than 10%)
Over 30 women
Ugly chicks

Fat and ugly chicks don't need their fragile egos pummeled any more than they already are by exposing themselves to the hormonally heated competitive environment of a bar. If you are a fatty fucker you don't need to go to bars; just step outside and walk the earth. If you're a freak who likes ugly chicks, trawl Craigslist W4M. Fucking horror show.

Over 30 women are either married and off the market or unwilling to go pert breasts-to-sagging breasts with the younger competition. I don't blame them. It's easier to maintain an illusion of desirability if you never leave the house.

Attractive **single** girls who, for reasons of principle, heavy work schedule, or visceral dislike of the scene, never go to bars are a tiny subset of the total number of attractive girls. But just because they loathe bars to the point of active avoidance does not automatically impart them with a glowing halo. They just get their attention fix through other means, like, oh, to pick an example completely at random, blogs.

Attractive girls who are in happy, committed relationships are often the biggest propagators of the "bars suck" meme, because in their lovestruck haze they have forgotten just how many nights they used to go out to bars. Their opinion is of no use to any man trying to figure out where to meet women.

I once did the smart, enlightened thing and dated a "quality girl" I met at a painting class I had signed up for. While we were dating, I bumped into her at my favorite bar at 1AM, drinking with her friends.

Only suckers throw away their time and money chasing the elusive "quality girl" through events, classes, or expensive but socially approved status-whoring hobbies. Bars are free.

The Worst Bars In DC For Pickup

CH · 28 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Black Cat

Unless you're a member in good standing with one of the three main cliques that call this dump home, forget about it. Insular, pretentious, haughty little fucks that are the mirror image of the douchey Late Night Shots crowd act as the designated in-group gatekeepers. Watch out for androgynous betaboys knocking over drinks with their ubiquitous satchels, and heavily made up punkrock girls asking for blow or change for the cigarette machine. If you're not a scenester or haven't banged at least one chick from each clique, don't expect to hook up here. The guys are limpdicked betas but they're scattered everywhere, like fey hipster pylons blocking you off from the pussy with their feeble perimeter defenses. The girls have perfected the art of the wary sidelong glance and righteous sneer. But hey, they're cute, so if you like getting aloof attitude from cute chicks this is your venue.

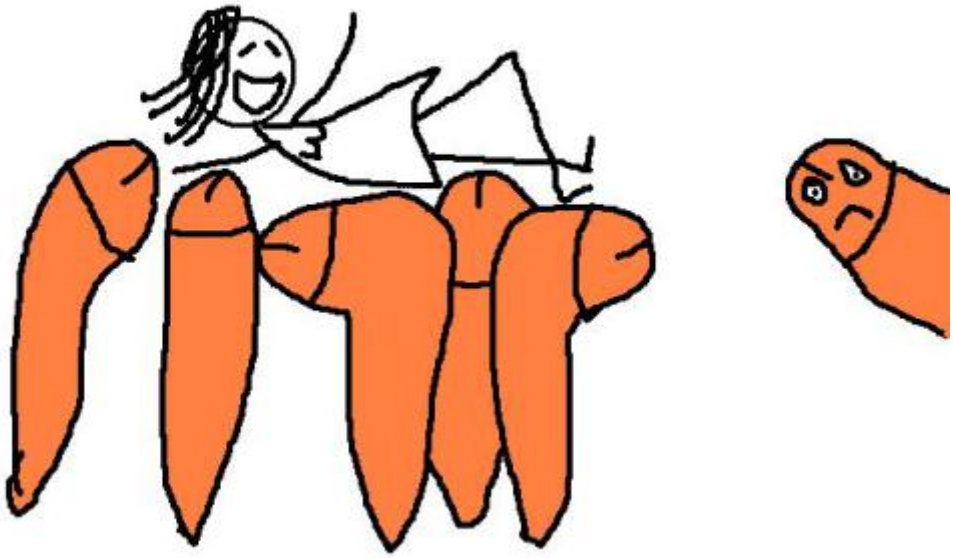
Bedrock Billiards

Dive bar, local hangout, hip lounge-y vibe. Sounds great on paper but the reality is quite different. Go there almost any night of the week and you'll have to weave through ten guys before finding a girl. Bedrock proves the rule that it's Ratio Uber Alles. A bad ratio can deep six an otherwise glorious bar. This is a great place to bring a date, not find a date.

Sequoia

Georgetown waterfront
12 dollar beers
gee, another blueblood cunt
I envy the queers

Tom Tom



great to be a girl here.

Lima

A pomade, eurotrash, expensive watered down drinks, eardrum bleeding club music grenade just exploded. Why are you taking shrapnel? Bonus: When the dry ice smoke nozzles go off right above your head the noise is so piercingly loud it will cockblock you.

Local 16

This is the Dr. Jeckyl/Mr. Hyde bar. Before midnight – pickup heaven. After midnight – sucks. Would you like to fuck the law in practice as well as in revolutionary spirit? This place is for you — it's overrun with lawyer chicks. It's also overrun with aspiring pickup artists roaming the premises like horny jackals. Lawyers. PUAs. It's almost poetic. Safety tip: The roof deck becomes unnavigable later in the night. If there's a fire and you're caught in the middle of that clusterfuck, you're dead.

Tryst

Tryst has done the impossible — a bar/coffeehouse filled to the brim with cute chicks who are totally unapproachable thanks to its maze-like seating arrangement. There is no way to look cool walking up to a girl sitting on a couch a mile away and protected on her flanks by bustling servers and antique furniture set at inconvenient angles. The feng shui here is very anti-player. Tryst's cloyingly hip website makes me VOM a lot outside my mouth.

Reader Mailbag Special Edition

CH · 29 August 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This week's reader mailbag features guest therapy by Zeets the Throwback Barbarian and Finefantastic. Their qualifications for advising the lovesick and sex starved are supreme overconfidence and a reservoir of wisdom drawn from their disturbing personal histories. By the way, Finefantastic is a cute girl and a talented artist to boot. She freelances on the side so if you want to hire her for a job painting your cat or whatever, email me for information.

Email #1

> Me: 24. Her: 30. She comes in around a 7 or 8.
>
> Got her number a sports league social we are both in.
>
> Date 1: drinks at a bar near her place. Goes well.
> Date 2: she arrives at my place already intoxicated. We goto a lounge within walking distance of my pad. Several shittests are presented, which I am satisfactorily passing.
>
> Then she drops a bomb I wasn't expecting… "So what does a young guy like you want with an old ass bitch like me?" I stumbled and had some half-assed beta answer similar to "I like you and wanted to see what you are all about".
>
> She still spent the night, but was fairly prude.
>
> I quizzed 2 older married male co-workers, one of who I would describe as an alpha. They came up the correct answer being "For sex. I want to fuck you." being the correct answer.
>
> My thoughts? That can't be the right answer either. That is just too over the top. Of course that's the truth, but I can't imagine any woman continuing to sit there after being told that.
>
> So I come here, hoping maybe even this could be reader mailbag material. What's the right answer when dating a woman a few years older than you of "What do you want with an old ass bitch like me?"
>
> N.

Zeets:
So we have a woman, only 30 years old, calling herself an "old ass bitch?" This by itself brings up some serious questions. But back to your predicament. When a woman asks a horrid question like that she's obviously not entirely confident with herself. I don't answer ridiculous questions, I use a system of touch and eye contact to reassure her and then after a while just bring up a totally different topic, like your time working in Haiti for the peace corps…….all the while you're still steering her back to your place. And for the love of god, don't ask for dating advice from married men. Good luck dude!

Finefantastic:
So you need some flash card responses when this inevitably comes up again?

"I don't know. I'm getting pretty lazy and I thought you might be able to adopt me."
"I'm in the market for some Bridge tips. My game is weak."
"There's this retirement living option in Florida that is really appealing at this point in my life and, what can I say? I need an IN. You play shuffleboard, right?"

Aim for the grandmother analogy as a too close comparison to her age may open a pandora's box of suckfest. If she's insecure about her age merely boombast her neuroses with mild humor.

Me:
Your alpha co-worker was right. Cougars preying on younger men aren't in the mood for polite fictions. No need

for romance, sly innuendo, or transparent excuses — just grab the broad, tell her to stop whining, and inform her that her tits would look great in your mouth.

Email #2

> Love your blog and glad to see it is getting more and more popular.
>
> I want to pose a question on how to go after girls that are more tom-boyish and athletic. Unfortunately my genes and attraction preferences are not well matched. I prefer very athletic girls who tend to be tall (I'm short) and always date tall, athletic guys they met through the same sports. I'm athletic but uncoordinated, so dominating on the soccer field is not an option. So far my best strategy has been trying to meet these girls by having the same hobbies (outdoorsy stuff mostly) but that doesn't seem to work terribly well.
>
> I think the issue I'm running into is demonstrating value since they tend to value guys based on physical presence and athletic ability and maybe alpha body language indicators (as far as I can tell). Although I had some beta habits I've wiped out the obvious ones and my success rate with girly girls is up but my success with girls that I actually like is unchanged.
>
> I know you favor the girly-girls and softball conjures up images of lesbians for you, so maybe this won't interest you but I'm curious in general how you alter your game when you know that you are not a girls 'type'.
>
> Thanks,
>
> A.

Zeets:
Dude, there's a reason tall, good looking, athletic women are not interested in you and that's because they want to have tall, good looking, athletic kids. You don't have those genes. So stop torturing yourself. Of note, you're not a good athlete if you have no coordination, and here in America "soccer" is for guys that couldn't excel at football, baseball, and basketball. My advice……women universally are most attracted to height, so if I was you I would go for athletic women of short stature, like a gymnast! Now does that sound so bad? I'm a tall guy and I would love one of those compact, little brick shit-houses myself :)

And one last point dude: the women you describe are attracted to athletes, not guys that play in goofy co-ed sports like kickball. You are not demonstrating any value by playing sports with women. I know I sound old school, but real men like myself play sports for one main reason….TO COMPETE. I want to challenge myself against other men and WIN. Sure, some camaraderie is nice, but that's not what playing ball is about.

Finefantastic:
Type is overrated. If you suck at softball you will just be laughed at as you are shuttled to the hospital after multiple line drives to the face. The good thing, in your case, is that most athletes are incredibly boring people. They train all day and eat clean and offer nothing in the way of conversation save for a few opinions about carb loading. Witticisms and sly retorts will fire their loins for the sole reason that it is so foreign to them, like eating Ethiopian food or genocide. A little self-deprecation and a dash of performance art and read a book or something. Next!

Me:
You don't need to compete with a woman on her playing field in order to demonstrate value. If you date a WNBA playerette you're only going to hurt your cause if you try to beat her at a game of HORSE. I once dated a tomboy — she was a collegiately ranked soccer player — and I had no trouble maintaining my alpha aura with her despite not once kicking a soccer ball in her presence. She used to run 5 miles every morning, and I ran… to the bathroom to dispose of the condom. Dude, fact is, most tomboys are intrigued by guys who bring something novel to the table, like artistic talent or a double-headed dong. You can be totally anti-sports and as long as you give off a devil-may-care confident vibe she won't give a shit that you aren't an athlete like her. Do your endzone dance in the bed.

Email #3

> Thought I'd give you a shout for the mailbag. It's something that's been getting to me and it's hard to bring this up with other blokes.
>
> It's this : if I don't know a girl very well and we start getting hot – say, within the first 5 meetings – I can't get hard.
>
> We were kissing, groping, doing our thing and I was trying my best to get hard but I just couldn't.
>
> Have never had these problems with girls I have known or dated for a long time.
>
> It came to a head on Saturday night with a naked woman on top of me, and my excuse was "holy shit I forgot to buy condoms" which worked a treat but the fact is, I wanted to fuck this woman and fuck her good, not make excuses.
>
> She's been peppering me with messages the past couple of days as she obviously wants to fuck – who could blame her – but my confidence in my own dick is holding me back. Is this just me? Or does this happen to the best?
>
> I'm 22, by the way.
>
> M.

Zeets:
You've come to the right place, M, as we here have also been 22…..once. I will list my advice by number, in order of importance:

1. Its Mental. You're 22 and presumably healthy and probably don't know what you're doing. Clear your head, and forget your last "at bat." It's history. Its very important to not go into a negative tailspin. Being with a new girl is exciting, and can be a bit nervewracking, but you have to learn to relax and not be tense. Remember what it was like with your old girlfriend, sort of automatic right? Because your mind was totally clear of any bullshit. Lose yourself in the moment.

2. Be spontaneous. Try sparking it up during the daytime, somewhere other than the bedroom at 3:00 AM when your body and mind are tired.

3. Try having a few drinks to calm the ol' nerves. Not too much though, you dumb Irishman!

4. Hey just think of what my old buddy used to say "If my dick was bigger and I didn't cum so fast, I'd be a pornstar!"

Finefantastic:
It seems like it's a you vs. dick scenario, try to develop a more amicable exchange. Think of your flaccid dick as Cringer, who becomes the fearless Battle Cat when summoned by the power of Grayskull. To borrow from Wikipedia, Cringer "becomes Battle Cat, he grows to about twice his size, and is outfitted in red armor that covers his head, and back, with a saddle mounted on it for riding. As Battle Cat, he is fearless, and powerful. His voice changes significantly, and he talks with a growl, as opposed to his whimpering voice that is heard when he is Cringer. Cringer generally dislikes becoming Battle Cat, but he goes along with it anyway". Stop thinking so much. Maybe focus less on your dick and go down on her for a while and things may arise naturally. That's it, I got nothing else.

Me:
I've never had your problem when I was sober and the girl was attractive. The closest I've come to experiencing performance issues, and I don't blame myself for that because she was a 5 in addition to smelling like shit pebbles. Jesus, dude, at 22 it was all I could do not to spring wood at the slightest provocation. Were you drunk on your first night with her? Don't underestimate the deleterious effect of alcohol on your plumbing, especially the effects of hard shit like tequila. Was she unattractive and you just can't bring yourself to admit it? A lot of guys get so horny that they think just seeing a labia no matter what woman it's attached to will be enough to turn them on, but the

truth is that an unattractive face will totally negate an attractive vulva.

However, I will sympathize that sometimes sex can go poorly with a new girl. In general I've found that the sex really starts to rock around the two month mark, when you've both become accustomed to each other's bodies and favorite positions and she trusts you enough to acquiesce to your deviant perverted fantasies. Right now you're in a bad headspace, worrying about your dick before clothes are even off. You're psyching yourself out and giving yourself the Chuck Knoblauch yips. Our dicks may have a mind of their own, but they ultimately answer to the big brain upstairs, so a strong pulse of negative thinking can shut down your boner fast. The only way to end this negative feedback loop is to get out of your head, and the way to do that is simple: NOVELTY. Take a hike with her in the woods, get lost on purpose, and then slam her against a tree, pull down her shorts, and start sucking her clit. Don't fuck her yet. Tell her to go down on you and then admire her head bobbing forward and backward as she sucks you off. Man, if that doesn't work you may need to fuck her with my dick. It's not right to leave a woman unsatisfied that long.

I Missed This

CH · 3 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I missed this comment David Alexander wrote Saturday night:

> Hey, no fair. Tonight, I'm seeing a girl!

Stop the presses! I… and my readers I'm sure… would like to know how your date went.

Roissy Takes On Sarah Palin - Tenderly

CH · 4 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Sarah Palin has been in the news lately so I've decided to give it the Roissy treatment — one long kiss on the neck and an ass cheek squeeze.

She's a palinpsest — people see reflected in her their particular American narrative. Why has she commanded so much attention? Because in her life, her mannerisms, her morals, and her views she is the embodiment of everything evil or everything good. Her existence alone reignites the culture wars.

VPILF

In general, liberal white men are more effete than conservative white men. This has been my observation. I can tell with 80% accuracy whether a male caller to a radio talk show is liberal or conservative just based on the tone of his voice. Liberal — mellifluous, sing-songy, whiny, high-pitched. Conservative — baritone, even, throaty, resonant. Sarah Palin drives the point home even further. Her ability to field dress a moose in waist-deep snow strikes at the sissified soul of the simpering suckass conformist and makes him lash out like a stuck piglet.

But Sarah Palin's worst enemy is not the mincing liberal betaboy, oh no. It's the childless, career-tracked, urban slut machine, government-as-daddy-and-husband-substitute, spinsterette. Palin shits grizzly-sized dung all over that lifestyle with her outdoorsiness, large brood, and prole tastes. The thing about her they really can't swallow are her FIVE kids. There's no better way to remind a hip clubgoing single chick in the city who loves to travel and sip pinot noir of her impending infertility and genetic obsolescence than with the image of a woman who's chosen not to ignore her biological imperative in favor of playing the field indefinitely.

Palin makes blue state SWPLs nervous because she is the chill up their spines that they are being outbred into insignificance.

I'd bang Palin for the notoriety, but that's about it. I prefer more feminine women for lovemaking.

If the rumors are true that Palin cheated on her alpha husband, I wouldn't be surprised. She has a manly jawline, indicating high levels of testosterone which would make her more inclined to impulsive sexuality.

Race, sex, class. Who didn't see an American trifecta election like this eventually bubbling to the surface like an evil geothermal vent?

Levi Johnston = John Edwards. Money doesn't buy common sense to pull out. Class stops at the zipper.

The mainstream media has lost all credibility. Journalists are now no better than janitors. In fact, they're worse — at least janitors know their place.

The merciful and morally right thing for Palin to do would have been to abort the Downs fetus. She is not to be lauded for keeping this genetic reject when we have the technology to prevent the suffering this child will endure his whole life. As I said in my Why I Love Abortion post and which Alias Clio said was the most immoral thing I ever wrote:

> With constantly improving embryonic screening techniques for genetic or physical abnormalities, our gloriously abortifacient new world offers women and the men who love them the opportunity to prevent the misery and suffering of the doomed. For what could be more cruel than knowingly bringing to life a soul trapped in a twisted body or a stunted mind, wracked with pain and shame and exposed to a lifetime of horrible torment as objects of his affection forever elude him, his heart never to pulse with requited romantic love. I have nothing but seething hatred for those parents who willingly allow the births of babies with torturous afflictions.

Sarah Palin would not have to keep calling her Downs baby "perfection" if the baby was, indeed, perfect. The pretty lies we tell ourselves to keep the demons away…

Prole tastes and hobbies are mockable. As are SWPL tastes and hobbies. At least the proles seem to be enjoying themselves.

Bristol Palin is hot enough to bang at 9 months.

Sarah Palin is hotter than McCain's wife. He knows this.

This was a good pick by McCain. How do I know? The opposition went completely insane.

There is no point to voting. When was the last time a national election was decided by one vote?

I could run this country better than any of the four candidates. But I'd rather be a heartbeat away from poolside.

Sarah Palin's Biggest Advantage

CH · 4 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I wrote the following in my DC Truths Day post:

> People will only turn against an alpha male when he attacks a weak woman.

This is Sarah Palin's anti-missile defense shield. She isn't weak, but she will be perceived as worthier of protection than her alpha male opponents. Her attractiveness, earthiness, motherhood, and gender means she will be almost impenetrable (heh) to frontal attacks, while affording her the latitude to fire at will. My advice to the Obama team: Stick to policy differences (creationism in schools??) and keep it above board. Call off your proxy attack dogs digging for family dirt, true or not. Going toe-to-toe with McCain-Palin on the personal biography and class angle will get you creamed. Palin simply neutralizes Obama's best assets and the left knows it, hence their apoplexy this week. The froo froo crowd and Dan Savage readers will eat it up if you go for the jugular,
but working class democrats will turn away in droves. Ignore the Kossacks and don't give in to the tempation to slander and further aggravate the red state-blue state divide.

Oh, and forget about attempting to box McCain in as a Bush lapdog. With the freshness of Palin, he's effectively cut off that avenue of attack. Instead, try to tar McCain with the fundie brush by connecting him with whatever extreme social views Palin holds. Ahh, this all sounds so familiar…

Megan McArdle wrote this on Sarah Palin:

> As a person I like her. Politically, I dislike what she represents: populism, culture warmongering, and especially, the notion that if a woman is to hold power, she has to make herself non-threatening by emphasizing her domesticity and fertility. I don't blame her for doing these things, since they seem to work. But I don't like living in a society where this works.

Megan, I've got news for you. There is no society where this doesn't work. Check your libertarian fantasies at the door because the frontline of human nature – and innate sex differences – is everywhere.

Levi Johnston: Blockhead

CH · 5 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I would have liked to have been a fly on the wall when the Palin family confronted Levi (pronounced like Levi Genes, or "When the Levee Condom Breaks"?) about his knocking up their young but sexually ripe daughter. Did Todd Palin threaten to have him ostracized from their Alaskan town, thereby dimming his job prospects there, if he didn't act like he was ready to marry Bristol? Or even better did he stick a shotgun in his face? Did Sarah have dirt on the kid that could get him in trouble with the law? Did Bristol entice him with daily blowjobs if he promised to be her "steady"?

Or was Bristol the one dragging her feet? Rumor has it Sarah tried to coerce persuade Bristol to marry Levi once the pregnancy became known, but the girl would have none of it.

And was the A-word mentioned at all? When Bristol found out did she even contemplate getting an abortion? "Mama don't preach, I'm in trouble deep… I'm 'bortin' my baaaabyyyy… yeah…" Did Sarah go all mommie dearest on her? "What did I say about abortion!? NO… WIRE… HANGERS!!!" Or did she read her a Bible quote followed by a tearful group family hug and that was that?

This guy Levi seems like a real stupido. I guess when your life is drinking, playing hockey, fucking shit up, and tagging famous ass, you don't have mental room to remember to put on a condom. On the other hand, he may have assumed that a girl like Bristol, daughter of the governor, would never allow a pregnancy to go to full term. Big mistake. He should have vetted Sarah better before raw dogging Bristol.

I can tell you that at 18 if I accidentally impregnated some chick with the anti-christ I would first gently and compassionately ask her to get an abortion. If she refused, I would ask again, this time dropping the gentleness and compassion. Then I would remind her of the horrors that await single motherhood and the poor life prospects of her fatherless child, being sure to drive home in exquisite detail what jail life will be like for our son and how many loads of jizz our stripper daughter would swallow. If she still didn't comply, I would transfer my assets to overseas banks and hightail it out of the country.

Man, if McCain/Palin win the election, the next four years will be very entertaining. The country's already finished; may as well go out with a flourish.

Who Is Smarter?

CH · 5 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Exhibit A:

Is it smarter to spend $20K on an engagement ring or just get your fiancee's name tattooed on your ring finger?

tattoos are forever.

Exhibit B:

Is it smarter to get knocked up at 17 with many more years of fertility and tight vagina left, or spend $28K a month on fertility treatments at the age of 42 in hopes of giving your rich mother a long shot at one non-downs syndrome grandchild?

the touching end of a genetic line.

one and counting…

Maybe these lower middle class proles aren't as dumb as yuppie ironic hipster SWPLs believe. Levi saves $20K by not supporting the diamond cartel and can probably scrounge up enough money working the oil fields to buy a starter home in the wide open spaces of Alaska for his new family before he hits drinking age. He could glorify his genetic heritage with ten more kids by the time Bristol reaches 30, still looking good.

Meantime, Martha Stewart's haggard 42 year old divorced upper class careerist daughter cries herself to sleep at night in the gravity boots hoping the intracytoplasmic sperm injection will find a garbage egg still clinging to usefulness and insert itself in romantic union. She probably haughtily scoffed at Bristol's teen pregnancy and "low class" lifestyle.

Ask yourselves — who is really smarter? Whose lifestyle would you prefer? When you wake up in the middle of the night, divorced, childless, with nothing but memories of your wild sexcapades, your Pier 1 furnishings, and your color-coordinated cat to keep you company, and you feel a chill go down your spine and the hair rise on the back of your neck not knowing why, ask yourself my leetle questions once again and see if maybe… just maybe…
you had it all wrong.

Hope Announces She Will Not Be A Cat Lady

CH · 5 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Hope has just delivered some semi-big news:

> Not one to be Sarah Palining this and hiding it…
>
> I just got a positive reading on my home pregnancy test.

If everything goes well, a great alpha name for the kid is Poonhound. It is the name of the beast.

If it's a girl, try Trinity.

Sarah Palin's Masculine Digit Ratio

CH · 6 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I mentioned in the comments over at Half Sigma's blog that if the rumors of Sarah Palin's adultery were true it wouldn't surprise me since she has a masculine jawline which suggests higher levels of testosterone than the average woman. More testosterone means more sexual impulsivity. Curious, I looked for a photo that would show her index finger to ring finger digit ratio. Here's the clearest one I could find:

looking like a woman, feeling like a man.

The evidence is in — her right hand's ring finger is considerably longer than her index finger. Sarah Palin was exposed to higher than normal amounts of testosterone in her mother's womb. This would go a long way to explaining her love of non-metrosexual alpha men, caribou hunting, moose dressing, shooting, tattoos, having lots of sex, crushing her enemies, and her meteoric rise to the top of the manly world of Alaska politics. Bristol Palin probably inherited her mother's strong libido.

Personally, I like Sarah Palin, mostly because her mere existence drives SWPLs crazy with hate. I wouldn't be attracted to her as girlfriend material, though. I prefer my women sweet, girly and feminine, not hard-driving and bloodthirsty. I would be suspicious if a girl I was dating told me she liked hunting or wanted to run for public office.

PS: This will be my last post on Sarah Palin. She embodies a lot of modern cultural and psychosocial baggage which is why I've been writing about her. I won't write much about politics until election day. Our prediction: Obama by fewer than 100,000 total votes. The red blue electoral map will look nearly identical to the previous two elections. Same old same old… for now. *Reconquista!*

Brush With Humanity

CH · 7 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This short video was shot at a local German restaurant specializing in a delicious variety of sausages. The woman playing the piano struck me as incredibly ugly. Later, I discovered she was blind when a small child walked up and requested a song — she didn't look at him but only cocked her ear in his direction and smiled. My lovely guests were emotionally moved.

Listen carefully to the video, particularly toward the end. You will hear her sing with a beautiful lilting voice. The incongruence reminded me of the power of contrast and pleasant surprises. You would do well to keep that lesson in mind in your interactions with women.

Flip-Flop Game

CH · 8 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I was at a bar with Bang author and noted flip-flop hater Roosh when he spotted a girl wearing the lamest flip-flops ever; the kind you might see in the discount bin at Wal-Mart. He pointed at her flip-flops and made a disgusted face and said something like “Oh, come on!”. She looked offended and said “What?!”

Off to the races!

For the next half hour we barraged bantered back and forth with her about her flip flop faux pas.

“Why would you put all that effort into doing your hair and makeup and dressing nice only to ruin it with flip-flops.”
“In our parents’ generation, women would wear high heels TO THE BEACH. Women have changed for the worse.”
“Flip-flops say ‘I’m not even trying’. No guy takes a girl seriously who can shove her feet into footwear with her eyes closed and the lights off.”

On and on it went. You’d think she would come to hate us, but it was clear by the shine in her eyes that her loins were burning hotter. In order to not make it too personal, Roosh reminded her she wasn’t the sole object of our derision.

“Not to single you out or anything, because I notice this with a lot of women in DC…”

She started qualifying herself.

“I have flip-flops at home with a strap around the heel! Are those OK?”

Then she was put on the defensive as we pointed out acceptable footwear on other girls.

“See, look at her. Now those are nice shoes and shows she cares about the feelings of men.”

This was really a tour de force. I enjoyed the spectacle. At the end she was practically begging to be picked up. I concluded that flip-flop game would work as a solid opener and attraction builder as it hit on many major themes — reversing the chooser frame, qualifying the girl, situational awareness, screening, cocky funny, and most importantly… NOT DOING WHAT EVERY OTHER BORING BETA DOES.

It doesn’t need to be only flip-flops. Choose any fashion statement that bugs you. Personally, I disapprove of hoop earrings. If you go in strong and assured in your opinion, you can rattle any girl into defending herself and seeking — no, yearning for — your approval. The trick is to avoid insulting her gratuitously; you want to frame it like you were in the middle of pondering the general state of the culture.

Why does this antagonistic game press women’s attraction buttons so powerfully? One reason: It’s different. Being the alpha male means standing out from the hordes of nobodies. Another reason: It subcommunicates that you are successful with women. And a man who is successful with women will give her sons who are also successful with women, increasing the odds that her genes will be passed on in greater number. She feels on a deep reptilian level “Wow, if he can be so brazen with me he must get all the pussy he needs. He has no fear risking my displeasure. I’m attracted!”.

Finally, any opener that you enjoy delivering, and any conversation that is fun to you, will necessarily work better. It almost doesn’t matter if you’re borderline insulting to the girl; if she sees you are completely comfortable, smiling, and passionate about your topic of choice, she’ll get caught up in the moment, relishing the fun vibe you are bringing to her night, even if it means she goes home and immediately throws out her entire flip-flop collection.

I Found My Quality Girl

CH · 9 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

My search is over (really NSFW):

I would douche my ass out for Alexyss.

Better Than

CH · 9 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Alpha male > alpha female > beta female > beta male

30 year old bartender > 60 year old CEO > 30 year old computer nerd

Puppy > magic trick > palm reading > trendy shirt > showing up

Quality girl > slut > frigid ice queen

Sex with Bar Refaeli > sex with Bar Refaeli sexbot > sex with a 7 > sex with a 7 sexbot > sex with a 6 > masturbation > sex with the rest

Red wine > white wine

Barely Legal > Youporn > cumpilations > SI swimsuit issue > tubgirl

Charismatic alpha > asshole > gentleman > niceguy > morbidly obese loner

Sports star with no game > pickup artist > average guy with game > average guy with no game

Sex addict meeting > house party > bar > street > club > work > NAAFA mixer

Cheating man > cheating woman

Abortion > ward of the state

Voluntary formal eugenics > informal eugenics as currently practiced

For men: Fame > game > wealth > sense of humor > looks

For women: Looks >>> everything else

Thursdays > Saturdays

Multiple long term relationships > single relationship spiced with flings > monogamous relationship with quality girl > serial flings > one night stands > monogamous relationship with girl you don't love > death > celibacy > marriage to a warpig

Not lying for sex > lying for sex > lying for relationship > lying for no sex > not lying for no sex

Indirect game >= direct game

Raw dog > blowjob > condom > blowjob with condom > couch crease > warpig crease

Big real tits > small real tits > fake big tits > no tits

Whore > golddigger > ex-wife

Maxims > blind faith

Me + perfect woman > perfect woman

Sex with love > sex with no love > no love with no sex > love with no sex

The Dark Side Of Alpha

CH · 10 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Pedro Espinoza, the illegal alien murderer of Jamiel Shaw, was dropped off at the killing location by his girlfriend:

> A woman testified Wednesday that she drove the alleged killer of a high-school football star to the victim's street at the time of the shooting and heard a gunshot after her friend got out the car to run an errand.
>
> Yisenia Sanchez said she did not see her friend [editor's note: by "friend", she means a guy who has fucked her in the ass], Pedro Espinoza, 19, fire a gun or see whether anyone was shot, but said soon after Espinoza got out the car, a shot sounded, then he came running back in an agitated state.

I'm sure after he breathlessly relayed the details of his dirty deed to his secretly admiring girlfriend, she scolded him for his evil while her wet vagina belied the words coming out of her mouth. Later that night, Pedro got some, and shot a load into her happy face.

Here is a fact for those of you still laboring under the rapidly withering illusion that women are the fairer sex with superior moral guiding principles and emotional intelligence: There are many MANY **MANY** more young, cute women willing to fuck the likes of Pedro Espinoza, Alpha Killer, than the guy who avoids brushes with the law, dutifully goes to his 9 to 5 McJob, and saves money for the future purchase of a home to start a family.

This is a question for my female readers. What do you feel, at a gut level, when you know that more of your kind go for guys like this:

18th street gang coming soon to all the other street numbers.

than for guys like this:

"maybe if i learned how to shoot computers instead of build them."

I can already hear the protestations to the contrary. “Yeah, but only low class girls go for cold-blooded killers and criminal filth like Espinoza.”

From a penis’s perspective, what is the difference between a low class young, cute girl and a high class young, cute girl?

Answer: Nothing.

Marriage and the attendant class considerations are end game, not start game. Sexual attraction must come first, and a woman’s social, economic, and educational status have nothing to do with that. A girl’s class is irrelevant to her ability to excite a man. For every thug complaining that all he bangs are whores as he facefucks his girlfriend and her sister, there are a hundred betas complaining that they can’t bang anything at all.

I’m glad to see men are reawakening to the reality of women’s depraved animal natures.

Alpha Or Beta Part 2

CH · 10 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter and all-around girly girl finefantastic left a link to this video of hippies in the woods wailing and gnashing their teeth for the souls of dead trees. You really have to see this to believe it. Warning: May cause irreversible omegatude by transference.

My comments can add nothing to this spectacle.

Verdict:

Alpha = the trees.

Beta = no one. Betas are above them in the human hierarchy.

These are the kind of men who cry when they ejaculate. I did get a little aroused when the girl at the end of the video screamed like a banshee. I imagined it was the monstrous length and girth of my cock — which I call "Sequoia" — stretching her womanhood to the breaking point.

Alpha Or Beta?

CH · 10 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Ba1anced left a link to a video of an Indian game show. Check out all the betas stampeding to protect this woman's "honor" after she rightfully gets slapped in return for slapping one of the contestants. And watch how she lingers around expecting massive beta mobilization on her behalf.

I'm with Sean Connery on this matter. A woman needs an occasional slap when she gets out of line to remind her of the real man she fell in love with. If a woman slapped me I would grind a half grapefruit into her face.

Verdict:

Alpha = contestant.

Beta = the entire production crew.

Marry Shag Kill

CH · 11 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Also from yesterday's post, commenter Sebastian Flyte highlighted women's natural inborn revulsion for beta males with the example of the fun bar game Marry Shag Kill:

> Another aspect I'm increasingly seeing – WOMEN ARE PITILESS ABOUT BETAS.
>
> Most gamers who run the routine "murder, marry, shag" quickly realise this. For those who don't, you and the girl point at various people around the bar and state whether you would murder them, marry them, or shag them.
>
> Sometimes I point at wallflowers and guys with no game. I normally just feel bad for them, there-but-for-the-grace-of-god and so forth, me a year ago, he just needs to learn… but women_are_brutal. Murder of course, but they embellish it further with unflattering observations on their penis size, acne, relationship history, masturbation habits… the vitriolic hate they have for these guys, it's scary. If a couple of alphas walked in and started ripping on the betas, women would join in.

I have noticed the same thing with women when I play Marry Fuck Kill with them. After an initial hesitancy, they get comfortable playing and suddenly the claws and fangs are out, revealing in high definition surround-sound glory their barely submerged joyous hate for the hapless beta male.

The nicer ones might try to think of alternate ways to dispose of the losers.

"Uuumm… yeah I guess I would kill him [pointing at rumpled shirt herb]. Do I really have to kill him? Ew, yuck, could we just have him shot into space or something? Or moved to China?"

If the guy is really emanating the stench of loserness, her killing instinct sharpens:

"Yeah, kill him. Oh god, yes, just kill him."

You have to understand why women have this curdled reaction to betas deep in their bones. If a man spills his seed in the wrong woman, no biggie. He can still bang other women and fulfill his genetic programming. If a woman gets her eggs polluted by the feeble seed of a beta, she's stuck for nine months, and probably longer.

This is why Marry Fuck Kill is an excellent litmus test. I now use the game to screen for women with good character. If she is *really* uncomfortable killing off men she doesn't want to fuck or marry, and refuses to pull the trigger, I know she'll be more likely to want to please me and less likely to cheat. I put her in the "long term prospect" mental bin. If she chooses to marry what I consider marriage-worthy men (and I pick sample targets for her with my screening process in mind) I give her an extra point. If she chooses to fuck the dude wearing the skull and bones bandana with tribal tattoos on his arms and a perpetual sneer, I subtract points from her and put her into the "short fling" mental bin.

Marry Fuck Kill does not work the same for men. When the girl plays the game with me, and I haven't yet fucked her, I have to be careful how I answer.

"Her? [looking at the fat girl she picked] Hmm, I dunno… If she was good to animals I miiiiight marry her. I guess I have to kill someone here, eh? Maybe that chick over there. [pointing at the hottest chick in the bar] She looks high maintenance."

If I simply told the truth and chose all the hot girls for fucking and marrying and killed all the ugly and fat chicks, occasionally with unbridled glee, she would become self-conscious and never agree to be videotaped during sex.

Through The Valley Of The Shadow Of Human Nature

CH · 11 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter NotSursprised in yesterday's post linked to this story:

> 20-year-old Nihita Biswas is engaged to Charles Sobhraj. They plan to get married after Sobhraj gets out of prison. These pictures are from Nihita's recent interview with Kantipur TV. Charles (Gurumukh) Sobhraj (born April 6, 1944 in Saigon, Vietnam) is a French serial killer of Indian and Vietnamese origin, who preyed on Western tourists throughout Southeast Asia during the 1970s. Nicknamed "the Serpent" and "the Bikini killer" for his skills at deception and evasion, he allegedly committed at least 12 murders and was jailed in India from 1976 to 1997, but managed to live a life of leisure in prison. He retired as a celebrity in Paris, then unexpectedly returned to Nepal, where he was arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment on August 12, 2004.

He's a **64 year old serial killer**. She's a **cute 20 year old girl** who may or may not be low class but, if so, doesn't look it. She is in love. They are engaged. Let that sink in for a minute.

The commenter Marcus Halberstam mentioned in the comments to my post that the world has been getting more peaceful (by what metric? random crime or full scale warfare?) and this proves that women are not selecting thuggish killers for mating opportunities. He suggested maybe 1% of women get horny for bloodthirsty sociopaths.

1% is lowballing it. If Scott Peterson receives nearly 40 phone calls from bold women pledging their love for him on the first day of his prison term (when the techie guy who updates the software on my computer gets zero calls from women year after year) then it's a small leap of conjecture to imagine that a lot more than 1% of women are at the very least mildly turned on by the thought of sex with a dominant alpha killer. I'd estimate more like 50% of **young, fertile-age** women get aroused thinking about what it would feel like to be in the presence of someone like Ted Bundy. The obstacles stopping them from acting out are social controls like shaming and the relatively small pool of available sociopathic prospects.

Do I hate women for pointing this out? Or do you want to believe I hate women so you can continue la dee da-ing with your head in the sand and hope in your heart? The way to find love is to be clear-eyed about what kind of dreck it germinates in.

If you are a young man searching for meaning and trying to make sense of the world, forget the array of religions and philosophies meant to help you discover the truth. They obscure more than they illuminate. I've found the best way to gain understanding is to keep these two observations in mind:

At every NAAFA mixer (social events for fatties and the oddballs who want to fuck them) there are 30 obese women for each fatty fucker man.

For every cold-blooded killer getting sentenced to death, there are 30 women begging for his hand in marriage.

That is really all you need to know to guide you on the right path to personal fulfillment.
The rest is filler.

Sarah Palin, Der Spiegel

CH · 12 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Das brachte mich zum Lachen:

Ja, Sarah Palin wusste nicht, was [die Bush-Doktrin] ist. Aber Charlie Gibson auch nicht. Und zumindest gab sie nicht vor, es zu wissen – während er mit müder Verachtung über seine Nase und über seine Brille blickte, seufzte und „wie ein ungeduldiger Lehrer klang“, wie die Times feststellte. Auf diese Weise hat er den Snobismus und die intellektuelle Herablassung des Establishments perfekt eingefangen, die die Reaktion der klappernden Klassen auf die Mutter von fünf Kindern charakterisiert haben, die davon ausgeht, auf ihrer Bühne zu spielen.

Memo an Charlie Gibson: Öffne niemals deinen Mund, es sei denn, du kennst den Schuss.

Sarah Palins Qualifikationen für den Job als VP interessieren mich nicht mehr. Ich genieße nur den übergreifenden Hass, den sie hervorruft. Nicht, dass ich etwas darüber wissen würde…

A Co-Worker Just Got a Nose Job

CH · 12 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

She is single. She turns 30 in a month.

"Pride does not wish to owe and vanity does not wish to pay."
- Rochefoucauld

"She behaves as if she was beautiful. Most American women do. It is the secret of their charm."
- Oscar Wilde

"It's a man's duty to remind 5s they are not 9s and convince 9s they might be 5s."
- Roissy

Sarah Palin, The Mirror

CH · 12 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This made me laugh:

> Yes, Sarah Palin didn't know what [the Bush Doctrine] is. But neither does Charlie Gibson. And at least she didn't pretend to know — while he looked down his nose and over his glasses with weary disdain, sighing and "sounding like an impatient teacher," as the Times noted. In doing so, he captured perfectly the establishment snobbery and intellectual condescension that has characterized the chattering classes' reaction to the mother of five who presumes to play on their stage.

Memo to Charlie Gibson: Never open your mouth unless you know the shot.

I no longer care about Sarah Palin's qualifications for the job of VP. I'm just enjoying the overreaching hate she elicits. Not that I would know anything about that…

How Not To Win The War On Terror

CH · 12 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Tens of thousands of Iraqis could come to U.S. in ’09.

> The United States expects to admit a minimum of 17,000 Iraqi refugees in fiscal 2009, which begins October 1, the department’s senior coordinator for refugees said. Thousands more Iraqis and their family members could arrive via a special visa program for people who worked for the United States or its contractors.

I’m absolutely POSITIVE none of these war-torn, culturally alien refugees will be nursing a grudge against us. I hope we assume full control of Iraq’s oil wells in return for our generosity. If you’re going to be accused of imperialism, may as well enjoy the benefits of imperialism.

> “I think you’ll see the U.S. government admitting over the course of fiscal 2009 tens of thousands of Iraqis into the United States,” coordinator James Foley told reporters.

I had a Welsh roommate — a very smart guy who was an astrophysicist and enjoyed red wine and jazz — who wanted to work fulltime for NASA once his contract was up, but the obstacles presented by our formal immigration laws were too restrictive, and so he had no choice but to move back to Europe. He’d have made an excellent and productive American citizen. Little did he know an invasion of Wales would have substantially smoothed his citizenship process!

It’s not often one gets to say he was witness to his country’s dissolution.

> But it is still lower than the number some other countries have taken. Sweden, a country of 9 million people, has admitted over 40,000 Iraqis since 2003.

This is what happens to a country when its native men relinquish their masculinity. What are the odds on Sweden existing as it is currently constituted in 50 years?

Why You Should Never Delete Stale Numbers

CH · 12 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

From the archives:

Girl: Hey, how are you! I saw you upstairs and wanted to say hi. We met already. Remember me? Sarah?

Me: [scanning her face… thinking… thinking… drawing a complete blank.] Yeah! You do look familiar! Hi, it's nice to see you.

Girl: You too! I know we kind of left it off in a weird way. My life was really hectic at that time and that's why I didn't get back to you. I really was in the middle of a big move. But everything's back to normal now.

Me: [remembering now] Oh yeah! I remember you. [shaking head] I thought that was an uncreative excuse.

Girl: No, it was the truth!

Me: You know what this means… You owe me 20 drinks and lots of flattery for hurting my sensitive feelings. You've got some catching up to do. You're already in the hole, behind, like, 100 points.

Girl: Haha. Well, we'll see about that. Anyhow, just wanted to say hi. [looking expectantly at me]

Me: Hm, I suppose now that you're settled in we could take another shot at meeting up for a conversation.

Girl: Do you still have my number?

Me: I'm not sure. Lemme check. [SLOOOOWWWLY scrolling through my phone list, like I'm going through a thousand numbers] Here we are. Um, don't take this the wrong way, but I've got a few Sarahs in here. Don't worry, some of these are old numbers from weeks ago. Let's see if I get the right Sarah on the first guess. XXX-XXX-XXX?

Girl: Yep, that's my number!

Me: OK, go back to your friends. I'll give you a call sometime. Bye.

Biden Will Step Down

CH · 13 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

And Obama will nominate Hillary in his place.

Tell everyone you meet you read it here first.

I Gave Myself A Haircut

CH · 14 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It wasn't difficult. With a combination of scissors, trimmer, and deft wrist action, I cut my hair into an acceptable length and style. I simply mimicked the same hair-cutting strategy I observed my hair stylist use. The hardest part was the back. I didn't have a second mirror so i had to feel for the right amount of hair and the angle to cut by snagging tufts of hair between my index and middle finger. I'm pretty sure the hairline at my neck is straight.

[image]
the flowing locks girls would run their hands through.

My barber shop hair salon recently raised their prices to $50. This is an exhorbitant price for a 15 minute men's haircut that doesn't involve much skill that can't be learned in an hour. I'm really paying a $40 premium for a chance to flirt with the hot Russian girl who works the front desk, and for a fun conversation with my personable gay hair stylist, who drives a late model Mercedes.

That's $50 I just plucked off the floor of their salon, to be spent on hip hatwear.

How To Approach A Girl In A Bookstore

CH · 15 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

…and how to handle her rejection.

Priests Are Either Betas Or Closeted Gays

CH · 15 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Following on the heels of the pedophilic priest scandals of a few years ago, it was obvious to me that most of those accused were closeted gays who used the cover of the celibate priesthood to hide from their gayness and to prey on underage altar boys on the cusp of manhood. Gay men are as drawn to youth and beauty as straight men are (men are visually oriented no matter what sex they are attracted to) and in all the noise at the time about the Catholic Church's refusal to allow priests to marry what was lost was that most of the perpetrators targeted boys. In poker, that would be known as a major tell.

Well, now we have news that middle-aged men are turning to the priesthood in droves. And reading between the lines, it's easy to see these guys are betas who lost in the race to find a woman for themselves:

> The Rev. Michael Bies heard the same call, but before he did, he worked 20 years as a machinist in his native Chicago and **even considered marriage**. Ordained about four years ago, Bies, 52, is associate pastor of St. Mary's Church in Pontiac.

Take a look at his photo in the accomanying link for verification of his beta status. Lesser betas who aren't gay and who have gone their whole lives without succeeding at the only game that matters — getting a woman — probably find the priesthood a more attractive alternative than do normal men who enjoy the delights of pussy on the regular. If the choice is between delivering sermons to a captive audience or riding out the rest of your miserable days in lonely grinding celibacy until you die stuck to the couch with a bowl of cheetos in your lap and the flicker of porn on your computer monitor, I'd imagine the calling would be very strong indeed.

Naturally, most refuse to see the ugly truth and turn instead to more pleasing rationales for the increase in middle-aged priests:

> Paul Sullins, a professor at the Catholic University of America, said the average age at ordination has risen by 10 to 15 years since the 1970s — part of a national trend toward increased education and later-life commitments.
>
> "An increasing proportion of priests today are entering their second or third careers," said Sullins, adding the trend may help relieve the shortage of priests in the U.S.

It's no wonder the average age of ordination has risen 15 years since the 1970s — that's when the sexual revolution took off. With later marriage and more years playing the field, men who got the short end of the genetic stick could delude themselves into an extra decade of hoping that a woman will come their way.

> Monsignor Paul Showalter, vicar general of the Peoria Diocese, agreed. Showalter said, in general, the trend toward older priests is beneficial.
>
> It all comes down to "when they get the calling," he said.

"The Calling": When you reach the age that your sex drive has plummeted and your chances with women have sufficiently dried up that enforced celibacy isn't a sacrifice.

> Knowing that "God is using you to bring solace and peace," helps him cope, he said.

Translation: Knowing that the priesthood is a socially acceptable outlet for hopeless betatude helps him cope.

> The celibacy requirement is actually a gift, said Bies, because it "frees you up to see all people as part of your

> family.”

Translation: The celibacy requirement lets him avoid reckoning the painful ugly reality of his loser loveless life. Part of his family will now include blossoming young teenage girls sitting in his pews taunting him every Sunday with their ripe bodies SO CLOSE yet SO UNAVAILABLE.

The divine irony of it all is that the social status — the “podium effect” — of delivering sermons to a large attentive audience will make these lesser beta priests more attractive to more women… and completely off-limits by the draconian celibacy rule. If he attempts to act on his higher status by banging one of his Sunday best groupies, he will have risked losing the source of power that gave him more leverage in the sexual market. What a conundrum!

I don’t think I would last in the priesthood longer than the time it took me to lure a God-fearing babe into my rectory — one week, tops.

I believe priests should be allowed to marry. That would at least solve the problem of the priesthood turning into a closeted gay ghetto. And it would encourage more well-adjusted straight guys to spread the word of god, because a man spreading his wife’s legs every night understands what it’s like to be filled with God’s love.

How To Handle Femmes Fatales

CH · 16 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Clio wrote an informative and entertaining series of posts about the taxonomy of femmes fatales — those irresistible women who will do a man no good if he leaves himself ignorant of and defenseless to their machinations. I've decided to do a counterpost explaining to men how to guard themselves against the four main femme fatale types as described by Clio, based on my experiences with women who fell into one or the other category.

The Golddigger

> The gold-digger is the classic female heartbreaker, the one everyone except a few feminists loves to hate. She is not a prostitute: although she marries for money she does not have sex for money. […]
>
> In fact, the chief characteristic of this type of female heartbreaker is her ruthlessness in pursuit of what she wants. She has to be careful not to fall in love, because it would cloud her judgment and because the type of man she requires is likely to be frightened by displays of emotional desperation and put off by neediness.

While the golddigger's ultimate goal is marriage to a wealthy man, she will have sex with rich guys as long as the trinkets and baubles flow. Because payment for her services is not so direct, often coming days or weeks later instead of being left on the endtable by the bed, she is able to delude herself into believing she is not a common whore. But absent love, she is ideologically indistinguishable from her streetwalker cousins. She's simply smart enough to secure payment without a pimp middleman, and to do it from one or two smitten sources instead of a carousel of johns.

The way to handle a golddigger is to establish your terms of courtship early on, before she has had a chance to suck you into her reality. You really want to sniff out the golddigger quickly, because if you don't have the money, or you do have the money but don't want to buy a woman's love with it, then you'll want to waste as little time dating golddiggers as possible. Without game, you'll never change them. The good news is that it's a simple matter tricking a golddigger to reveal her true inner whore.

The secret is this: Golddiggers target wealthy but gameless greater betas and alphas who deal with women in a very traditional and conventional manner — i.e. buying her drinks and taking her to fancy dinners on the first date. These are the kind of men who work all their lives to eventually purchase arm candy they can bring to cocktail parties. You can jolt the golddigger right out of her utilitarian programming by QUALIFYING HER. For example, you must make clear early on you don't buy drinks for women and, in fact, if she's cool, you'll let her buy a drink for you. Another effective tactic for exposing the golddigger and putting her on the hot seat is to remark on her good taste in clothes or jewelry (golddiggers love when you share their materialistic worldview) and then say without a hint of irony that it's a good thing you dressed up for the occasion and wore your best watch — while pointing to the Swatch on your wrist. If she laughs or compliments your watch, you have a shot to convert her. If she takes you seriously and looks around the room annoyed or cackles sarcastically, you can escape on a "bathroom break" and leave her with the check.

The golddigger is not used to the tables being turned like this. Indignantly, she will either leave in a huff or become surprisingly intrigued by your chutzpa. You win no matter which path she chooses. She leaves; you've now avoided spending money on a *de facto* whore without the integrity to put out *quid pro quo* on the first date like an actual whore. She stays; you have broken her and ensured her attraction for you will be genuine.

The more ruthless the woman, the bolder **and more alpha** you have to be in your dealings with her. An attractive and successful golddigger — and they are usually 8s and up; less attractive golddigger wannabes are simply not in the field of view of rich men — requires the utmost boldness. Beta nerds who have made a lot of money in the tech field should not attempt to tangle with them. They will be chewed up and left more misogynistic

than they were before they met her.

The only time it is acceptable to play by a golddigger's rules is when you don't mind spending the money for access to sex with a hotter women than you could normally acquire relying on just your personality and charm. There are many men like this, so the golddigger is here to stay. I estimate their numbers in the general population of bangable women at around 15%.

One thing you have to remember about golddiggers — they are not that smart. Don't confuse ruthlessness for smarts. Being base, corporeally-centered creatures with a crass understanding of the sexual market, they are easily manipulated into behaving by the standards you set for them as long as your game is tight. Shock and awe is how I would describe the game you need to break their will.

Btw, it is possible for a golddigger to fall in love with a man based solely on his money. Cash is a form of power, and women are universally attracted to male power in whichever form it comes. Beware: If she fell in love with you for your money, she'll fall out of love with you twice as fast if the money disappears. Hopefully for you, by that time, she'll be a has-been cougar and have no options but to deal with your gameless, poor ass.

The Waif/Neurotic

> There is the more vocal Neurotic type, who is probably very intelligent and a high achiever (think Plath, left, or Wurtzel, bottom left, both excellent students), who probably suffers from depression and will do her best to ensure that you do as well; and there is the Waif, who is more obviously fragile in appearance than the neurotic, less verbal, less likely to be an academic success, and more drawn to the visual arts than to writing. What they have in common is that they suffer, and use their pain to hold on to their men. […]
>
> Forget worrying about gold-diggers, men. It's these ladies who will find a way to make you miserable every time. The ones on the Neurotic end of the spectrum will wear you out trying to take care of them when they're sick; worry you to death with threats of suicide; make an idiot of you as you try to amuse them with silly jokes or make them feel loved with romantic gestures; persuade you spend all your time and money trying to make them happy. None of it will ever be enough. And then they will leave you for someone else, or have to go for drug or alcohol treatment, or decide that they need to be on their own for a little while.
>
> The Waifs won't expect you to spend much money, and they tend not to demand as much attention as Neurotics, but if annoyed with you they will give you the silent treatment, drifting around sadly with huge eyes, attracting other men, and suddenly leave you for one. Like Neurotic heartbreakers, Waifs tend to develop drug or alcohol problems, but theirs may be more serious, as they don't have the same level of self-discipline as their Neurotic sisters. They won't threaten suicide verbally, but you might come home to find one of them half-dead from an overdose. Lots of drama with these women. […]
>
> One caution I want to make is that not all Neurotic or Waif women are heartbreakers. It's a special type of Neurotic or Waif who is also a *fatale*, who learns to use sexual conquest as a temporary antidote to unhappiness.

We all know these types — think any role played by Winona Ryder or Gwyneth Paltrow. I agree with Clio, these women are more dangerous than golddiggers because they wield their feminine power with subtlety and innocent sincerity. Their coin of the realm is fragile femininity and emotional manipulation, as opposed to sex for resources barter. If you are a man who likes his girls girly, you won't know what hit you until it's too late and you're in with both feet and all your heart.

The only way to learn to deal with the waif and neurotic is through experience. It's hard to teach a man to temper his protective instinct. A waif who connects with a man's heart and pride enslaves him more than the golddigger who connects through his loins and wallet.

The solution to the emotionally manipulative waif/neurotic is to **call her bluff**. I once had a girl threaten to kill

herself as she sat on the edge of my bed, spastically emptying desk draws for bottles of pills she could swallow. The normal man would crumble and attempt to alleviate her pain and tears with his comfort and listening ability. WRONG. This will only embolden her to greater future outbursts. Instead, I opened the window and told her to jump, it'll get the job done faster. It worked. She cursed and stormed out, only to return, humbled, a couple days later.

Warning: Sometimes she will actually go through with it and kill herself. Be strong. Her mental weakness is not your moral crisis. You have just saved yourself years of heartache dealing with her recurrent emotional breakdowns.

Don't get caught up in the waif's exploitative exhibitions. You are the oak tree, strong and rooted. Let her flail away; you are immoveable. When she sees her tawdry drama and passive-aggressiveness is having no effect on you, she'll fall deeper in love. Remind her in the strongest terms that her happiness depends on herself, not you. Tell her that she must understand her low self-esteem is no excuse for her shitty behavior and you have little patience for it. You will not be there to validate her ego. Flirt ostentatiously with other women so she knows you can leave at a moment's notice. Rinse and repeat, and marvel as she learns to manage her worst excesses so as not to disappoint you.

You will have to PUSH AWAY a waif to get her to come closer to you. Consoling her, protecting her, and drawing her tighter into your orbit will work to do just the opposite of what you intended — push her into the arms of another sucker man.

There is really nothing more annoying or frustrating than a waif giving you the silent treatment and allowing other men to flirt with her in front of you. Often, the frustration is precisely because she does not know what she is doing to you. I've found the best way to deal with these situations is to confront the waif in clear and calm terms and let her know you are aware what is going on. To wit:

"You're attitude is telling. If you have something on your mind, you should let me know, or go home now. I will only allow women into my life who are capable of getting past their egos and meeting me with an open heart. Improve yourself, or leave. There are plenty of men who will gladly put up with your shit."

If this doesn't shake the waif out of her manipulative malaise, nothing will. And for girls who flirt with other guys in your presence, you have two options: Fight flirting with flirting, or confront her, as I explained above. Showing complete indifference to her provocations will work short term, but fail long term. You're better off sparking her lust for you by flirting with other women in return, because waifs respond to drama, their own or yours. Otherwise, let her betrayal play out, then later in the evening pull her aside and tell her not to call you again until she's ready to respect your boundaries. Odds are you will get a call, and notice a positive change in her behavior.

> Waifs tend to be drawn to arty, egocentric men who cope with their women's whims by ignoring them (think of Picasso and most of his women).

I have dated quite a few Waifs and this is exactly how I dealt with them. Often, I would confront her drama with my own drama. Dramafest!

Tomorrow: The Eternal Ingenue and the Amazonian Alpha!

How To Handle Femmes Fatales Part 2

CH · 17 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Today I will continue building on yesterday's post and discuss how to defend yourself against the next femme fatale in Clio's list. (As per M. Blowhard's suggestion, I've split up the posts for easier reading.)

The Eternal Ingenue

> She can be distinguished from the Waif, however, by the fact that where the Waif is often silent, and usually still, the Eternal Ingenue is in continual, graceful, coltish motion. Nor is she surrounded by an aura of doom-laden unhappiness. She talks a lot. She laughs a good deal. She is above all else, *animated*. Prancing, gambolling, frolicking like a puppy or a pony, she is often described as "charming" or "enchanting."

When guys talk about being attracted to an ethereal "girlishness" in women, they are thinking of ingenues from their pasts. Being a man is tough — it requires strength, stoicism, and seriousness of purpose. We are drawn to the opposite in women, yang to yin, and so the ingenue — the antithesis of the hardened alpha male — captures our imagination like no other woman can. Of the four femme fatales Clio wrote of, the Eternal Ingenue comes closest to embodying the essence of the perfect woman. And, unfortunately, she is also the most diffcult to tame.

> What makes an ordinary Ingenue into a *femme fatale*, one who goes through many men and breaks their hearts, is that this is a woman "in love with love," who has a dream-image of the perfect love, and perfect lover, in her mind, and is perpetually seeking the one man who can make her feel as she wants to feel.

Perfection is the enemy of settling. Eternal Ingenues run a risk of growing older alone. They won't be cougars — they're too feminine, cute and coy for that — but they are the most likely to end up cat ladies babbling to themselves about their potted marigolds. She can avoid this fate by being more hard-headed, but that has its cost. Cultivation of her pragmatic side will weaken her otherworldy whimsical side, which is the big generator of her power.

> An element of the Ingenue's search for the perfect love is that she must convince herself that all her previous loves were wrong or bad or not "real" love at all, so they didn't count, because, you see, for her the only perfect love is first love. As a result of all this self-deception, she is able to seem virginal even when she is not.

This falls right into line with one of my maxims.

Maxim #7: The sweeter and more innocent a girl seems, the greater the likelihood she has been in a gangbang.

Corollary: Always assume she is a whore. It helps kick the legs out from under the pedestal you will be tempted to put her on, and it is more often than not true.

You really want to be wary of any woman who overly romaticizes her quest for love. She is probably what Clio described: A woman who will pick you apart for minor faults in the most gratingly passive-aggressive way possible, and finally leave you on the flimsiest pretext, often bounding straight into the arms of another man without even a pause for common courtesy.

> This kind of woman is often a natural "daddy's girl," though her father may have been rather weak, but one who either lost her father early, or has had to share him with other women (her mother, her sisters, a step-mother), and wants him all to herself. She'll put her trust in a handful of other women, but they are often much older than she is. […]

Having dated a number of Eternal Ingenues myself, I can say this rings true. They either came from divorced families with fathers who bought their love and loyalty, or they had a caring beta father heading an all-female family who had to divide his love between women. You'll know if you are dating a potential Ingenue if you meet her girlfriends and they are all overprotective and annoyingly sassy cougars-in-training. The Eternal Ingenue HATES competition from attractive girls her own age.

> The Ingenue doesn't necessarily refuse to be responsible or adult. She simply maintains an air of girlish sweetness and innocence through middle and old age. […]

Unlike Waifs, Eternal Ingenues can take care of themselves. Which makes them more difficult prey.

> …the waif's childlike qualities may make a man feel protective: they do not make him feel fatherly. The whole point of the Ingenue is that she brings out this feeling in men. She makes them want to initiate her into the world, but gently, in a fatherly way, with books and talk and advice.

Maybe one of the reasons I date so many Eternal Ingenues is that I date so many younger women. The two go hand in hand. But I'm not fatherly in the least. Books and talk and advice are beta. The only thing I initiate them into is a world of sexual depravity and soul-rending love addiction.

Men: The Eternal Ingenue is extremely alluring as a sexual conquest. You may bed her, but winning her over is an entirely separate challenge. Because you are constantly being compared in her mind to her imaginary "perfect first love" you will be shit tested until the cougars come home. Because there will be so much competition from other men for her attentions, you will be subjected to an endless stream of capricious disloyalty from her, if not outright cheating. It doesn't matter how long you've been dating her — she will be the one keeping you up at night wondering if she's tonguing down some random dude on the steps of the National Cathedral at 3 AM, and the odds are she will be. And, as a charming but inveterate liar, she will be the best at hiding her whorish soul from you.

If you want to break her will, you must, first and foremost, never get thrown back on your heels. If she puts you on the defensive, consider yourself done. This means being acutely aware of her shit tests, and passing them with flying colors. Hone your cocky funny skills to perfection, and parry EVERYTHING she throws your way with the amused mastery of a Jedi player. Example:

Her: "Oh GOD, your taste in music is SO lame. You never play anything I like."

You: "I didn't know you were the music czar. I think I'll just call you ITunes from now on. Hey, ITunes, make me a sandwich!"

Next, be vigilant about your encroaching neediness. Oh Satan below, do Ingenues despise needy men. It will take a lot of willpower, but you should occasionally cancel dates on her and, when sex is imminent, find some excuse to walk away, leaving her horny and unsatisfied. Ingenues love the father figure (are fathers needy? no), so play up those strengths — be her authority, lead, slap her when necessary, playfully dismiss her juvenile provocations, and always be prepared to lay down the law. This last will often mean walking away from her never looking back.

Don't feel guilty about dating around on an Ingenue. Her loyalty is razor thin, so your virtue will gain you nothing. In fact, an Ingenue will love you more if she suspects you are still playing the field. She needs the challenge, like she relished the challenge of winning her father's affections away from her sister.

Like the Waif, the Ingenue eight balls her emotional highs from the act of chasing men. She does not suffer long men who chase her — this fleeting wisp of a woman. Of all the femme fatales, she yearns to seek your approval the most and wants to actually win it the least. Unlike the Amazonian Alpha, whom I will discuss tomorrow, the Ingenue can't tolerate heavy-handed qualifying early on, but she needs to be qualified on a continual basis with a subtler touch. You always have to judge her, without being judgmental. This is a fine art.

Her: “I bought this new dress today. What do you think?”

You: “Nice. But I’m surprised you’re going in that direction. It seems… unique.”

Finally, the most important advice: Because Eternal Ingenues are “in love with love” you should withhold announcing your love for her as long as humanly possible. An old Russian saying: *Once a woman captures your heart she loses interest.* This is doubly true for the Ingenue. What she doesn’t know, or doesn’t want to know, is that there never was a perfect love in her life, and there never will be, at least not by the impossible standards to which she has elevated the concept. If you lavish her with your love she will find it easier to evaluate her fantasy of love against what you are giving her. You will invariably come up short. So keep her guessing, keep her in the dark, and slowly over time she’ll fill in the blanks and begin imagining that YOUR love is the love she’s been waiting for.

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> What makes an ordinary Ingenue into a *femme fatale*, one who goes through many men and breaks their hearts, is that this is a woman "in love with love," who has a dream-image of the perfect love, and perfect lover, in her mind, and is perpetually seeking the one man who can make her feel as she wants to feel.

Perfection is the enemy of settling. Eternal Ingenues run a risk of growing older alone. They won't be cougars — they're too feminine, cute and coy for that — but they are the most likely to end up cat ladies babbling to themselves about their potted marigolds. She can avoid this fate by being more hard-headed, but that has its cost. Cultivation of her pragmatic side will weaken her otherworldy whimsical side, which is the big generator of her power.

> An element of the Ingenue's search for the perfect love is that she must convince herself that all her previous loves were wrong or bad or not "real" love at all, so they didn't count, because, you see, for her the only perfect love is first love. As a result of all this self-deception, she is able to seem virginal even when she is not.

This falls right into line with one of my maxims.

Maxim #7: The sweeter and more innocent a girl seems, the greater the likelihood she has been in a gangbang.

Corollary: Always assume she is a whore. It helps kick the legs out from under the pedestal you will be tempted to put her on, and it is more often than not true.

You really want to be wary of any woman who overly romaticizes her quest for love. She is probably what Clio described: A woman who will pick you apart for minor faults in the most gratingly passive-aggressive way possible, and finally leave you on the flimsiest pretext, often bounding straight into the arms of another man without even a pause for common courtesy.

> This kind of woman is often a natural "daddy's girl," though her father may have been rather weak, but one who either lost her father early, or has had to share him with other women (her mother, her sisters, a step-mother), and wants him all to herself. She'll put her trust in a handful of other women, but they are often much older than she is. […]

Having dated a number of Eternal Ingenues myself, I can say this rings true. They either came from divorced families with fathers who bought their love and loyalty, or they had a caring beta father heading an all-female family who had to divide his love between women. You'll know if you are dating a potential Ingenue if you meet her girlfriends and they are all overprotective and annoyingly sassy cougars-in-training. The Eternal Ingenue HATES competition from attractive girls her own age.

> The Ingenue doesn't necessarily refuse to be responsible or adult. She simply maintains an air of girlish sweetness and innocence through middle and old age. […]

Unlike Waifs, Eternal Ingenues can take care of themselves. Which makes them more difficult prey.

> …the waif's childlike qualities may make a man feel protective: they do not make him feel fatherly. The whole point of the Ingenue is that she brings out this feeling in men. She makes them want to initiate her into the world, but gently, in a fatherly way, with books and talk and advice.

Maybe one of the reasons I date so many Eternal Ingenues is that I date so many younger women. The two go hand in hand. But I'm not fatherly in the least. Books and talk and advice are beta. The only thing I initiate them into is a world of sexual depravity and soul-rending love addiction.

Men: The Eternal Ingenue is extremely alluring as a sexual conquest. You may bed her, but winning her over is an entirely separate challenge. Because you are constantly being compared in her mind to her imaginary "perfect first love" you will be shit tested until the cougars come home. Because there will be so much competition from other men for her attentions, you will be subjected to an endless stream of capricious disloyalty from her, if not outright cheating. It doesn't matter how long you've been dating her — she will be the one keeping you up at night wondering if she's tonguing down some random dude on the steps of the National Cathedral at 3 AM, and the odds are she will be. And, as a charming but inveterate liar, she will be the best at hiding her whorish soul from you.

If you want to break her will, you must, first and foremost, never get thrown back on your heels. If she puts you on the defensive, consider yourself done. This means being acutely aware of her shit tests, and passing them with flying colors. Hone your cocky funny skills to perfection, and parry EVERYTHING she throws your way with the amused mastery of a Jedi player. Example:

Her: "Oh GOD, your taste in music is SO lame. You never play anything I like."

You: "I didn't know you were the music czar. I think I'll just call you ITunes from now on. Hey, ITunes, make me a sandwich!"

Next, be vigilant about your encroaching neediness. Oh Satan below, do Ingenues despise needy men. It will take a lot of willpower, but you should occasionally cancel dates on her and, when sex is imminent, find some excuse to walk away, leaving her horny and unsatisfied. Ingenues love the father figure (are fathers needy? no), so play up those strengths — be her authority, lead, slap her when necessary, playfully dismiss her juvenile provocations, and always be prepared to lay down the law. This last will often mean walking away from her never looking back.

Don't feel guilty about dating around on an Ingenue. Her loyalty is razor thin, so your virtue will gain you nothing. In fact, an Ingenue will love you more if she suspects you are still playing the field. She needs the challenge, like she relished the challenge of winning her father's affections away from her sister.

Like the Waif, the Ingenue eight balls her emotional highs from the act of chasing men. She does not suffer long men who chase her — this fleeting wisp of a woman. Of all the femme fatales, she yearns to seek your approval the most and wants to actually win it the least. Unlike the Amazonian Alpha, whom I will discuss tomorrow, the Ingenue can't tolerate heavy-handed qualifying early on, but she needs to be qualified on a continual basis with a subtler touch. You always have to judge her, without being judgmental. This is a fine art.

Her: “I bought this new dress today. What do you think?”

You: “Nice. But I’m surprised you’re going in that direction. It seems… unique.”

Finally, the most important advice: Because Eternal Ingenues are “in love with love” you should withhold announcing your love for her as long as humanly possible. An old Russian saying: *Once a woman captures your heart she loses interest.* This is doubly true for the Ingenue. What she doesn’t know, or doesn’t want to know, is that there never was a perfect love in her life, and there never will be, at least not by the impossible standards to which she has elevated the concept. If you lavish her with your love she will find it easier to evaluate her fantasy of love against what you are giving her. You will invariably come up short. So keep her guessing, keep her in the dark, and slowly over time she’ll fill in the blanks and begin imagining that YOUR love is the love she’s been waiting for.

How To Handle Femmes Fatales Part 3

CH · 18 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In my final installment I will discuss methods for dealing with Clio's last, and scariest, femme fatale.

The Amazonian Alpha (AKA Lawyer Chick)

> This woman, along with the Eternal Ingenue, is the most likely of all *femme fatale* types to be perceived as an Iconic Woman. But whereas the Eternal Ingenue inspires dreams of perpetual love and happiness, the Amazonian Alpha inspires, in those who fall in love with her, dreams of glory, of being raised above all the ordinary people who mill around on the face of the earth. She is the Maverick Alpha's natural mate [Editor's note: think John and Cindy McCain], although she may choose a more ordinary Classic Alpha. Often she is unable to find a man she considers worthy of her, and may remain single.

Yes, Amazonian Alphas who don't get married before it's too late are the most likely to wind up frightening middle-aged women alone in mansions on hilltops with their pet german shepherds and classical music. The less prideful ones will become cougars — very VERY aggressive cougars who will stroke your chest on the slimmest pretense.

> The Amazonian Alpha is usually very intelligent and generally beautiful or at least physically impressive, being statuesque of build, like Maud Gonne, the Irish nationalist who made Yeats miserable, and often athletic as well. […]

My experience with Amazonian Alphas I have dated is that many of them have striking facial bone structure and an often exotic beauty. They are never "cute" or pretty in the dull, washed-out, southern sorority sister way. They have the kind of angular looks and prominent features that a sizeable minority of men will not find attractive. They are usually taller than average and wear heels everywhere and know how to walk in them. You will never see an Amazonian wear flip-flops. She'd sooner submit to a beta male like yourself.

> In social life, she can be often recognised as the lone woman talking with a large group of men, men who laugh at her jokes and who may anxiously ask her opinion about public affairs and actually listen to what she says about them. Random men sledom try to ogle or touch her, because however beautiful she may be she has a steely eye or haughty deportment that does not bode well for men who behave disrespectfully to her. Her great virtue is strength of character: she will not readily back down and is usually possessed of physical and moral courage. Her great weakness is pride, which may lead her to serious errors in judgment.

Because Amazonians are the product of the union of a successful alpha male and his beautiful wife, they often inherit their fathers' blazing intelligence, cocksure attitude, and ambition. If they are lucky, they will inherit their mothers' beauty, but this doesn't always happen. More than a few alpha females look like drag queens in pantsuits.

Men are scared to tangle with the Amazonian because it feels like locking horns with a gung-ho man. They may be nice to look at, but their afeminine ballbusting personalities can be a total turn-off. Stubborn as mules, bloated egos that need constant stroking, and a keen sixth sense for smoking out suitors of bad character, the Amazonian inspires men to treat her like another man as often as a woman to be seduced. If she's smart, she learns to temper her masculine essence to entrap men of high quality, because studies are showing that very masculine men with high testosterone are more attracted to very feminine women.

> The Alpha Amazon will almost certainly be a Daddy's Girl, but unlike the Neurotic Heartbreaker, her relationship with her father will not have been interrupted by early death or marital breakdown. Unlike the Eternal Ingenue, her father is probably also a very successful man, a dominant Alpha male who was either born to money and power or who acquired it through his own drive or gifts.

Spot on. I remember this one cunt lawyer chick I dated who rhapsodized about her father on our first date:

“He’s a professor at the University of Chicago, and he’s a classical pianist. He’s played in symphonies. He’s got patents on some of his inventions.”

I believe she used the word “redoubtable” in her high praise of him. My penis tucked itself in my ass crack.

Which reminds me… I haven’t torn a new one in lawyer chicks in a while. Where’s my thesaurus?

> The Amazonian Alpha, although she may break many hearts, is perhaps alone among all the Heartbreaker types catalogued here in that she very rarely does so deliberately, nor out of subconscious neurotic compulsion. Her great problem, and the reason she finds herself breaking hearts, is the one summarized in Sheryl Crow’s lament, “Are you strong enough to be my man?”

You will endure the WORST shit tests from the Amazonian Alpha. Lesser men will retreat into belligerence or submissive shoe-gazing. Budding alphas just starting out in the game will overcompensate and allow the brinksmanship to carry on too long, thinking that sparring with her is the best way to get her in bed. David Alexander will get turned on and swap railfanning stories with her.

> She will not respect a man who is not strong enough for her, and will spend at least part of her life surrounded by male admirers who are not quite equal to her in ability or dominance, who fight a bit desperately for her notice. Diana Mitford had this problem: she married a sweet-natured, rather passive man, mainly to escape from her parents’ control, and soon after humiliated him by choosing the Maverick Alpha male Oswald Mosley as a lover and publicly flaunting their relationship. Once she married Mosley, **she accepted his dominance and his infidelities.**

This is the interesting thing about women (yes, all women). If her man is strong enough and gets her thoroughly wet, she’ll forgive his sins despite her moral posturing. But woe be the beta who can’t get her wet; even his minor sins will forever be wielded like a cudgel, beating him mercilessly into submission, extracting the last ounce of tribute from his shattered psyche, and used as flimsy pretext to commit ten times worse sins against him. Which brings us to…

Maxim #10: It’s pussy wetness uber alles.

A woman’s shifting, squirrelly morality and conditional umbrage is also proof of another fact of evolutionary psychology — men’s infidelity is not nearly as harmful or unacceptable as women’s infidelity. I’ll leave it as an exercise for the reader to figure out why this is so.

> Alpha Amazons tend to have more male than female friends, and to be more at ease in the company of men, partly because unlike so many women they don’t mind arguing or fighting for their point of view, behaviour that makes many women uneasy.

If an Amazonian Alpha has female friends, she will be THE MOST CHALLENGING cockblock you will ever have the displeasure to encounter. I hope you sacked up before opening her group.

> If you find yourself competing with a woman’s father; if you find that you are always wondering if you are good enough for her, then it is possible that you have found an Alpha Amazon.

Trenchant.

Maxim #45: Daddy’s girls are status whores. You will never measure up to her father. Don’t even try.

Corollary: Not trying will turn her on. Be indifferent to her father’s accomplishments.

I told the lawyer chick from the above conversation that her father's life sounded "full", and then I quickly changed the subject. I banged her that evening.

If you are a masochist who likes women with vestigial penises, then by all means knock yourself out with the Amazonian Alpha. This is what you need to keep in mind to seduce her:

- DON'T accept her challenges. Parry and dance blithely around her provocations. Thwart her programming. The frame of mind you want to adopt: She is inferior to you. No bitch gets uppity with you.
- DON'T answer shit test with shit test ad infinitum. She can do that all night, and you can't. Pass the first few shit tests she throws out (and Amazonians front load their shit tests, unlike Ingenues and Neurotics who shit test forever and ever) and then tell her "Look, you don't have to be this way. Ssshhh. It's time for us to talk like human beings now." The goal is to arouse her pussy, not her pride, and not her intellect.
- DON'T brag about your achievements, especially in response to her own gleefully recounted resume. She will see any bragging as compensation. It's actually better for you to make light of your station in life. "Yeah, I just bought a new scooter. You'll be the belle of the ball showing up riding in the flower basket I put over the handlebars!".
- DON'T be ordinary. You can coast with drinks at a trendy lounge with an artsy chick, but you'll want to step it up for an Amazonian. Take her on an adventure. Samba dancing at midnight, bingo at a gay club, berry picking in the countryside… you get the idea.
- DON'T be beta. This is true for any woman, but never moreso than with the Alpha chick. You've gotta show real dominance, and that means never asking questions, being decisive, leading her on the dance floor, and choosing her drinks for her. She will try to push you around, probing for weak spots in your underbelly, and you have to stay solid, armored, like a concrete bunker.
- DON'T talk about her father.
- DO stroke her ego. This is really the only type of girl you can genuinely compliment on the first date without seeming beta. Keep your compliments focused on her smarts and her life-affirming gusto. She'll eat it up.
- DO qualify her hard. You won't run the risk of overqualifying yourself with this girl like you would with the other types of femmes fatales. Remember, she already thinks she is above you, so constantly screening her for compatibility will only push her closer to your level, never below it. Example: "So you can cook, but you don't know how to cook Thai-Mongolian fusion? I would've thought of all the girls I've met you would be the one who could."
- DO fuck her like a silverback gorilla. Hair pulling is just the start. Practice your wind-up; you're going to be smacking her ass so hard your dick will feel the sting in her pussy.
- DO dump her after getting your rocks off. Why would you want to spend your life with a nutcrushing battleaxe like this?

Dating ballbusters has really hardened me. I'm a better man for it.

She Is At It Again

CH · 19 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

First it was her love of quality artificial fruit. Then it was a disturbing glimpse into her repressed sexuality. This time she means business. No more talky-talk from a safe distance outside my personal space, she's moved on to pressing her late-middle-aged lady boobs into me under the pretext of asking me to find some website on the internet.

"Could you do me a favor and see if you can find a website on… HORMONAL therapy?"

She's got her right hand on my upper back and is leaning over my left shoulder to look at my monitor. She lingered on the word hormonal. It was spoken a little louder than the other words.

"Is your computer not working?"

Her right boob just grazed my shoulder. I shiver. Not with pleasure.

She's using this weird sing-songy voice. "I put it in the Google search box but it's not working properly. All the links it returns are for different things."

"uh huh."

Her boob graze has escalated to a boob press. I think I can feel the contours of her thick cotton bra. I type in the search phrase "hormonal therapy", hoping to get this over with quickly.

"Oh, yeees, it seems to be working for you. Those websites are better. What search term did you use?"

"You know, what you told me. Maybe you spelled it wrong?"

The boob press has turned into a full-on boob mash. It's squishing around my shoulder, undulating to the front and back. If I ever had a hankering to know, I can now confirm for myself they're real.

Her eyes are half-closed. "Hmm, maybe I spelled it wrong. Well, let's see, what do you got there? That first link looks good. HOOORMOONAAAAL therapy for BREEEEEEAST cancer. Open that one up, I want to see what it says."

Perfect. That just HAD to be the first link. "I'll send the link to your email." I'm squirming away from her, leaning off the side of my chair.

"Hold on, does that one have diagrams?"

Still mashing.

"I don't think so… hey, I'll just email you the link and you can read it on your computer…"

"Wait, what's that link farther down the page… HOOOOORMOOONAL therapy for… the transGENDERED."

Did her nipple just get hard?

She looks at me. "That's those people that get their… genitalia changed, right? Could you imagine getting that done? Oh no, that's not right. What a mess!" She laughs, and her boob gyrates rhythmically in response.

I'm leaning so far off my chair that I can barely see the keyboard. I begin rolling backwards. "Ok, so this is not what you want. Well, I think you know what to put into the search field. Lots of stuff here. Knock yourself out!"

"I've heard there are things you can eat that will regulate your HORMONES. You know, you get older and sometimes those hormones go crazy and you can't think straight."

"Blueberries."

“What?”

“Blueberries. They’re great for your overall health. Go buy them. Sweet jesus, go buy them now. In fact, I’m going to get some. Excuse me.” I make a move to stand up, but she has already veered back and is walking… no, sashaying… away from me.

“Thank you for your heeeeelp!” She practically sings these words. I think of *The Sound of Music* where the family is running through a meadow. A meadow of mushy breasts and blueberries.

My horny unattractive older coworker reminds me of a landlady I had years ago when I lived in a group house. She would traipse up to her bedroom every night with her two sheepdogs and a jar of peanut butter.

Broads go nuts when they’re deprived the cock.

Fannie Mae Lessons

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Bailing out these big financial firms may be the right move for a short term fix, but it was a mistake in the long term.

Pop quiz: When a person is shielded from the consequences of his failures is he

a. more likely or

b. less likely

to repeat the same mistakes?

Nevermind the current fluctuations of the market. The rot has metastasized. Coercing or otherwise easing the way for these lenders to approve loans to huge swaths of heretofore unqualified buyers was bound to ricochet. Expect to see another crisis of even greater magnitude in the near future.

Lesson not learned.

One of the ugly universal truths of humanity is encapsulated in the stark equation proximity + diversity = war. Increase the variables, increase the carnage.
The weapons of this war are not always guns. Sometimes they are backroom dealings, status saving lies, ideological purges, redistributive taxation Danegeld, and deliberately arcane financial instruments.

Begun, the clone wars have.

Severing Risk And Reward

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Mark Cuban had a good post on his blog regarding the financial sector meltdown and what to do about it:

> If the government must step in and provide any sort of financing or guarantees for any part of a public company's business, then all officers and directors lose all rights to severance pay and all outstanding vested or unvested options or warrants immediately become canceled. In the event the CEO of such corporation is not fired, but instead chooses to step down voluntarily, then the last 12 months of earnings is considered to be an interest free loan which the CEO must pay back over no more than a 10 year period.
>
> Honestly, i dont think it would have changed the actions of CEOs who have been bailed out. They would have thought it "couldnt happen to them". But once it happened a couple of times to a couple of big company CEOs, it would be in the decision making process of every CEO running a huge financial company.

Making it harder for executives to walk away with huge sums of money after deep-sixing their companies into the ground and fucking over the taxpayers who ultimately get stuck with the bill will mean they'll be extra careful about taking absurd risks and ignoring market constraints (i.e. subprime loans). Properly incentivized CEOs will still take risks, but they'll do it within the bounds of reality. It's time for a return to the fundamentals — 20% down payment on big ticket items like houses.

Some would argue that turning CEO golden parachutes into lead zeppelins would restrict the market for available and talented CEOs. I agree with Mark Cuban that this is ridiculous. Potential CEOs don't get into the business of running companies primarily for the money; they do it for the power.

How Close Were We To A Meltdown?

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According to insider masters of the universe economists, pretty fucking close:

> What would be the dollar cost of not bailing out Wall Street? **Try a number north of $30 trillion.** (The awful math is detailed below.) That's why Hank Paulson and Ben Bernanke were so scared last week. And, yes, I think "scared" isn't too strong a word. You don't think they convened an emergency nighttime meeting of congressional leaders and then walked out with something close to a blank check for a trillion bucks because they thought we were headed for an outright recession, even a fairly nasty one?
>
> Nope, I think they believed, and got Congress to believe, that the economy was on the verge of something far worse than the worst downturn in a generation. And that is why they went with the so-called nuclear option: the biggest financial bailout in history. In the words of JPMorgan Chase economist James Glassman, "Thankfully, we and our friends around the world who are watching the economic lights come on will never know where events would have led, if the clock had not stopped [last] Thursday afternoon…. Last week's events made the 1987 stock market crash look like child's play."

It's looking more and more like we dodged an ICBM… for now.

The author argues that there were non-governmental pro-market solutions to the growing problem, but that the time to enact those solutions was last year, before the system reached critical mass:

> But what would have been a smart, free-market plan in August 2007 or March of this year isn't enough for right now. Just as government created the environment for the credit crisis, it failed to enact quick solutions. The situation has gone critical. It's time for shock and awe.

And who is to blame for this clusterfuck? Many interwoven factors, but some really stand out as primary causes.

We intend to keep his money in an S&P 500 index fund, money markets, commodities, and foreign currencies. He plans to gamble a small percentage on short selling multinationals which operate in demographically shifting countries.

Sarah Palin Inspires Feminist Hate

CH · 22 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I predicted that Sarah Palin's most fevered foes would be the modern single urban childless feminist:

> But Sarah Palin's worst enemy is not the mincing liberal betaboy, oh no. It's the childless, career-tracked, urban slut machine, government-as-daddy-and-husband-substitute, spinsterette. Palin shits grizzly-sized dung all over that lifestyle with her outdoorsiness, large brood, and prole tastes. The thing about her they really can't swallow are her FIVE kids. There's no better way to remind a hip clubgoing single chick in the city who loves to travel and sip pinot noir of her impending infertility and genetic obsolescence than with the image of a woman who's chosen not to ignore her biological imperative in favor of playing the field indefinitely.
>
> Palin makes blue state SWPLs nervous because she is the chill up their spines that they are being outbred into insignificance.

Commenter Sebastian Flyte forwarded a NY Sun article to me confirming my prediction:

> "All of my women friends **[editor's note: Samantha, Carrie, Miranda, and the fat friend Rosie O'Donnell]**, a week ago Monday, were on the verge of throwing themselves out windows," an author and political activist, Nancy Kricorian of Manhattan, said yesterday. "People were flipping out. … Every woman I know was in high hysteria over this. Everyone was just beside themselves with terror that this woman could be our president — our potential next president."
>
> Ms. Kricorian allowed that she was among those driven to distraction, upon occasion, by Mrs. Palin's nomination. "My Facebook status last Monday was, 'Nancy is freaking out about Sarah Palin yet again,'" the writer said.

Facebook! Fuck her fiercely with a ferret. Here's a Facebook status update for these freaked out feminists: "My life is a joke. A triviality. A nothing. A barren womb of emptiness. Politics is my religion substitute and gives me a belief to cling to when my life is a meaningless, mindless void of handbag shopping and mimosas."

There. Much better.

> "What I feel for her privately could be described as violent, nay, murderous, rage," an associate editor at Jezebel, Jessica Grose, wrote just after the Republican convention wrapped up. "When Palin spoke on Wednesday night, my head almost exploded from the incandescent anger boiling in my skull."
>
> "I am shocked by the depths of my hatred for this woman," another commenter, CJWeimar, wrote.

This is an endless font of humor. Recall what Devlin said about women who delay childbirth:

> "Motherhood has always been the best remedy for female narcissism."

When you have your own children to raise, the sight of a mother on stage at a political convention won't fry your neural network with murderous impulses. This kind of acute self-absorption naturally places great emphasis on fighting those whose lifestyle choices mock your own.

> "It is impossible for me not to read about her in the newspaper in the subway every morning on my way to work and not come into the office angry and wanting to kick things," a commenter using the name ChampagneofBeers wrote. "My boxing class definitely helps."

Oh christ, the stereotypical absurdity never ends. I can picture this broad in the latest trendy gymwear, huge oversized boxing gloves, grunting ridiculously while swinging like a tankgrrl at a punching bag and cursing red state women who rub her face in her failure with their large broods. I bet the next time she storms out of class fired up with righteous anger and belief in her jujitsu boxing skills, she makes the mistake of giving some homeless bum lip and winds up knocked out when he takes a swing at her.

> Even some prominent figures admitted to being overcome by anti-Palin feelings. “I am having Sarah Palin nightmares,” an acclaimed playwright and writer, Eve Ensler, wrote on the Huffington Post.

Eve Ensler: divorced, ugly, 0 biological children.
She’ll need to call her next play “The Nobody Wants My Vagina Monologues”.

> “I think a lot of women felt insulted by the idea you could just take any woman,” a longtime editor of women’s magazines, Bonnie Fuller, told The New York Sun. “A lot of women feel it was a very cynical decision. … What got some women’s backs up was the idea she didn’t earn her stripes. It’s been so hard for so many women to get ahead both in business and in the political worlds and she just seemingly slips in.”

Oh, Palin earned her stripes. The problem is that she didn’t earn the *right* stripes as dictated by the Loony Kommissars of the Crusty Cunt Revolution. Send her to the reeducation camps!

> Ms. Fuller also said she and other women were troubled by Mrs. Palin’s decision to have her daughter, Bristol, 17, on stage at the Republican convention, despite news reports about her pregnancy.

Cute, young, pregnant teenagers drive these ugly shrikes right over the edge. How dare they not delay childbirth and devote a decade of their most fertile years to climbing the corporate ladder alongside the boys?

> Ms. Grose posited that some of the anger was because Mrs. Palin, a former beauty pageant winner, resembled a high school homecoming queen. “She has always embodied that perfectly pleasing female archetype, playing by the boys’ game with her big guns and moose murdering, and that she keeps being rewarded for it,” Ms. Grose wrote.

Jealous much? High school never ends. Adults just dress up their status jockeying with social niceties.

> “Their entire image of themselves is based on the fact that they are paving the way for women. What do they see? Women getting ahead, women being empowered who don’t agree with them,” Dr. Santy said.

Fear and ego are being disinterred for public scrutiny. The id monster emerges from the depths of its subconscious lair. And what do they fear most of all?

Judgment.

Palin’s attractivness, femininity, fertility, and “wrong” politics are the perfect storm to batter the psyches of the SWPL modern feminist. I have loved every minute of this national Rorschach test. It has paid truth to everything I’ve written about the blue state vaginacentric culture in which I swim and exploit for my own uses and pleasures. I hope it never ends.

To fathers everywhere I say: Continue sending your daughters to the big city in droves. I, and those like me, will be waiting.

Before And After

CH · 23 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A. Before I learned game

[In bed with a woman after sex, starting to fall asleep]

Me: *yawn*
Her: Hey, I feel weird. I think I'm going to go.
Me: Huh? What do you mean "weird"?
Her: It's not a good or bad feeling. Just… I don't know. [She slides out of bed and patters to the den]
Me: [Calling from bed] You OK? So, like, what's wrong?
Her: [Putting on her clothes and digging through her purse] Yeah, I'm fine, I'm just gonna go.
Me: [Hopping out of bed, putting on my boxers, and joining her in the den] "You can stay the night, you know. You want a drink or something? You don't have to rush out."
Her: No, really, but thanks. [She walks to the door and fumbles with the locks] See you, bye.
Me: [Standing in my boxers and watching her leave] Um, sure. All right, see you then.

B. After I learned game

[In bed with a woman after sex, starting to fall asleep]

Me: *yawn*
Her: Hey, I feel a little weird.
Me: [Turning my head to look at her with one eye] You don't say.
Her: Yeah, I think I'm going to go.
Me: OK.
Her: I mean, it's not a bad feeling, I just feel kind of weird, you know?
Me: Sure, no prob.
Her: [Sliding out of bed to dress herself in the den and rummage through her purse]
Me: [Fluffing my pillow]
Her: [Some time passes. She is unlocking the door] So, um, I'm gonna take off. See ya.
Me: ZZZZZzzzzzz…
Her: You asleep?
Me: [Lifting my head off the pillow] Oh… yeah. You know how to get home from here?
Her: Yes, thanks, I do.
Me: Cool, take care. Hey, give the door a good pull when you close it.

I get a text message from her the following morning:
'Sorry for my bad mood last night. Want to meet up later this week?'

******

If you thought **A** was the superior reaction, you get *NO GIRLS*. You lose! Good day, beta!

PS: Give or take a few minor word substitutions for illustrative purposes, I experienced these two nearly identical conversations and post-coital scenarios from two different girls three years apart, pre- and post-game. Women really are all the same underneath the hood. It's a miracle of triumphal hedonism over cynicism that I unreservedly love them so deeply, madly, truly.

What Kind Of Man Uses A Hooker?

CH · 24 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE BELOW

I know two friends who solicited the services of whores. Their stories, despite the superficial differences, are disturbing yet humorous. I understand prostitution is pretty normal throughout the world, and even encouraged in some parts to help young men without means alleviate their swollen scrotes, but it still sounds strange to hear my American friend admit he paid for sex.

I don't get the allure. Even during my driest spells I never entertained the option of paying a whore for a nut-relieving bang. I was never so lazy that handing over a few bills to a skank seemed like an acceptable substitute to going out and grinding my way through the field until I found a skank who wouldn't request cash up front. Also, I'm a romantic at heart. I need to know the woman wants to be there.

I think most men would agree with me that it's hard not to feel like a loser if you paid for it. But would you be?

Friend A drove to New York back when the city still had some gritty grottos. He enthusiastically described the scene for me. He pulled his car up to the curb between two street lights at 3AM, rolled down his window, and within a minute a mid-20s stringy-haired brunette stumbled up in her heels. They spent a few seconds bartering and she got in the car on the passenger side. She was efficient and skilled, unbuckling his belt, unzipping his pants, and freeing his member in one smooth uninterrupted motion. As her head bobbed up and down on his lap he leaned back with an ear-to-ear grin on his face, locked his hands behind his head, and stared up at the roof of his car. A random pedestrian shuffled by and paid him no notice. At the moment of sweet release, he jerked and hit his head on the roof while knocking her into the steering wheel. She continued unfazed. It was all over as soon as it had begun. My friend remembered pondering Socratic-like during the act how easy and convenient it had all seemed. He seemed not to nurse any psychic distress over his decision to advertise failure in the sexual marketplace.

Friend B would frequent a Korean-run "massage" parlor for their "happy endings". Heaven to him was having some random Asian bring him to climax with the professionalism and dedication to craft of a Samurai. The place he went to was known by the local cops. They never cracked down because they were enjoying the same services. My friend told me the Asian girls who worked there were really robotic about the whole thing. They would bark orders at him to undress and turn over, and then pump his cock like a piston after applying a variety of Oriental herbs and lubes. Usually the girl had tiny hands and had to stimulate him with both, which made him feel like a bigger man and boosted his ego major. She utilized a twisting motion that my friend described as the "Secret Asian Stroke". Occasionally, another female employee would casually amble in and out of the room to get something while he was in the middle of his happy ending. After he busted, his little China girl would towel the gobs off and say "OK, you done now. Get dressed." and perfunctorily exit the room, leaving him there in the empty room with a desktop statue of Buddha grinning at his deflating penis.

***

You probably have an image in your head of these two guys being total losers; short, fat, acne-ridden, greasy-haired, socially inept, smelly, poor, binge-drinking omegas who creep out girls before they've even opened their mouths, and you'd be half right. One of the guys was married to an attractive woman, had a good-paying high status job, and could charm the skirts off girls at parties.

Does that fact change your perception? They both did the same thing — paying money to a whore for sexual gratification — and yet for some reason the visceral reaction to peg these guys as losers for visiting prostitutes is not as strong for the married guy. You ladies might even be amused by his antics, excusing them with the rationale that sometimes guys just "like the idea of paying for it from strange women". Maybe you think he is an alpha whose wife gave him permission to blow off steam with nubile sex workers. Oh sure, you wag your finger at his sinful ways, but you don't feel the same instinctual disgust for the alpha male who goes to a hooker.

Soliciting whores is a leading indicator of loser betatude, but it isn't a defining characteristic. Betas are and always will be men who disgust women because they aren't as high status as the men women want to fuck, no matter what their moral virtue. Betas get no pass, all the blame, and no praise, regardless of the facts.

Can you guess which of my friends in the stories above was the loser?

Answer: Friend A was the loser. Try to imagine the quality of cheap hooker you'll confront on deserted city streets at 3AM. Hint: It ain't 5 diamond.

FYI

CH · 24 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Take some time this evening to peruse the comments I bunker busted into the comments sections of the past week's posts, going back to the How To Handle Femmes Fatales Part 3 post. I really feel it is some of my finest work. Art for the demonic heart.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 25 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine yourself in the following scenario:

You're sitting on an antique couch in your local coffeehouse, your feet propped up on the small, knee-high table in front of you, your laptop resting on your legs. You pretend to peck away at the keyboard while surreptitiously scanning the room for cute girls. It's late afternoon on a Sunday. The room is large and crowded with people chatting, working, and lounging on crappy chairs and sofas sipping from oversized mugs, including a young couple snuggling in an adjacent chair next to you.

A girl walks up and sits on the couch opposite yours about six feet away, facing you, with the coffee table in between. She is your ideal girl — here you will picture in your mind what she looks like. (For me, that happens to be mid-20s, pale skin, dark hair, big eyes, high cheekbones and petite.)

You think… you're not sure… that she briefly glanced at you as she sat down and settled into the couch. If so, she saw you checking her out. Eyes met, your heart fluttered. You're not sure about the flutter status of her heart, but you assume it kept a steady indifferent beat. She pulls out a laptop — a Macbook, you note to yourself — lifts the screen and studiously peruses its contents. You look down at your monitor and a vice suddenly grips your chest as the realization dawns on you that if you don't try to meet this girl the regret and frustration afterwards will haunt you for weeks.

I've described for you everything you need to know. So…

What do you do?

(You girls may answer what you would want the guy to do. Not that it will matter. We advanced experts of the human condition are smart enough to know not to take seriously anything a woman *says* she wants in regards to pickup.)

World Leaders Have No Game

CH · 25 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Pakistan's president lavishes beta compliments on Sarah Palin:

> On entering a room filled with several Pakistani officials this afternoon, Palin was immediately greeted by Sherry Rehman, the country's Information Minister.
>
> "And how does one keep looking that good when one is that busy?," Rehman asked, drawing friendly laughter from the room when she complimented Palin.
>
> "Oh, thank you," Palin said.
>
> Pakistan's recently-elected president, Asif Ali Zardari, entered the room seconds later. Palin rose to shake his hand, saying she was "honored" to meet him.
>
> Zardari then called her "gorgeous" and said: "Now I know why the whole of America is crazy about you."
>
> "You are so nice," Palin said, smiling. "Thank you."
>
> A handler from Zardari's entourage then told the two politicians to keep shaking hands for the cameras.
>
> "If he's insisting, I might hug," Zardari said. Palin smiled politely.

I would expect men at the pinnacle of power to have zero game, so I'm not surprised that world leaders are acting like lovestruck pre-teens with a crush. Women throw themselves at the most powerful men, so these men have little need for learning the crimson arts of seduction.

Judging by Palin's "polite smile", I'd say Zardari's mushy beta compliment of her looks went over like a lead balloon. Verdict: LJBF.

David Blaine Is A Toolbelt

CH · 25 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

And all those suckers camping out to watch him sit in a box are his tools.

Drop the retarded endurance test “magic stunts” and stick to card tricks, dude.

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 26 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In yesterday's post, I challenged you to describe how you'd go about meeting Coffeehouse Girl. The challenge brought out the creative side in many commenters. There were a lot of suggestions to neg her for using a Mac, which runs the risk of pegging you as a PC nerd if you show any amount of hostility to her choice of computer. Plus, it's weak sauce. Commenter "Hardcore" suggested the sketch routine, which will work especially well in a relaxed lounge environment. Another commenter would tell the girl to "watch his stuff for a second" while he flirted with the barista on the way to the bathroom. This is known as compliance, and is a common tactic of PUAs *after* they have built attraction. It would not work as an opener. Others noted that if you crashed and burned you would be stuck there sitting in a sofa across from her, creating an uncomfortable vibe. To this I say, are you a man or a David Alexander? Who cares if she's uncomfortable? If you flame out, just go back to your couch and laptop as if nothing was wrong. Her discomfort is not your moral crisis. She might even like you more for it, and re-open you later.

I've picked out a sampling of answers that illustrate the main schools of thought and strategies in dealing with the scenario I laid out.

Pope Goaz D'Weezil wrote:

> I put on my robe and wizard hat.

Yes, peacocking will work to grab attention and build intrigue. But where do you go from there?
Grade: Fail, with flair.

Mu'Min wrote:

> What would I do? Simply get up, put my Thinkpad down, walk straight over to her, introduce myself and invite her to join me.

I like the boldness. Direct game has its uses. But this approach relies too much on your looks and the six feet of space you have between you and her to demonstrate your alpha body language.
Grade: Gentleman's C

Hope wrote:

> With laptops at the ready, just use music sharing as a pretext. Say you are excited about this piece of music you just discovered, and since she has a laptop, too, you wanted to invite her to listen.

This is great for the rapport building stage of attraction, but useless as an opener. Why would she care about some random guy's taste in music? She will feel like he is forcing a connection before she has had a chance to evaluate his value as a potential mate.
Grade: D, on a girl curve.

giesen wrote:

> That's the old school way of thinking: hoping to strike up a connection by blindly approaching a hot stranger that you have no other reason to talk to.
>
> If you want to strike up a new romance, be more social and outgoing in your day to day life, or change your routine so that you are around more people.

I've chosen some of these comments because I want the men here to witness firsthand how utterly self-deluded women are about game, pickup, and their own sexual desire. Because outside of business settings, men DON'T have a reason to cold approach and talk to women unless it is to get in her pants, or pawn her off to get in the pants of one of her hot friends.

So giesen instead recommends retrofitting your entire life trajectory to become more "social and outgoing". Yes, screw game. It's better to busily scramble after a nebulous concept. I think girls spew these kinds of useless empty platitudes because deep down they understand it will keep the betas running endlessly on their hamster wheels, thus ensuring the dating pool of "genuine" alphas stays uncorrupted.
Grade: Epic fail.

Brandy wrote:

> For the average guy I would recommend letting 5-10 minutes pass without acknowledging her. This will keep you from being perceived as being too eager and aggressive and also allow her a moment to relax and let her guard down.
>
> Then after the 5-10 minute cooling off period has passed, look for a natural opportunity to say something clever without being offensive. Smile and make eye contact. If she reciprocates and doesn't get up and walk away – put your laptop aside, sit up, maintain eye contact and a smile and make conversation. If she reciprocates again – slowly and delicately introduce an appropriate level of game, but don't completely turn into something you're not – and don't get so wrapped up in your own performance that you lose sight of how YOU feel about her as you get to know more about her.

The problem with waiting for her to "settle in" is that you risk get pegged as a cowardly beta ogler. Better to not wait long enough than to wait too long. The rest of what Brandy wrote is fine as far as traditional, passive game is concerned — make eye contact, wait for reciprocation, smile, wait for reciprocation, strike up a conversation, wait for reciprocation. It's the game of second-place finishers who don't want to stick their necks out and reach for the brass ring. I can tell you that if you play the game by these "girl rules" you'll wind up banging the easy marks — the girls who like you, rather than the girls you like. You've gotta risk rejection to get what you really desire.
Grade: Passing, barely.

Chris wrote:

> My favorite thing to get a girl interested after an introduction though is asking her a question – something innocuous like what she's working on or what she's drinking, and then generally regardless of her answer saying something like "Oh, so you're one of THOSE people."

Don't ask innocuous questions as an opener. Again, this falls under forced rapport, and will aggravate her. Johnnyfive suggests in the comments that you *begin* with "OH, so you're one of THOSE people." I agree.
Grade: Mincing little fail.

Sebastian Flyte wrote:

> Pretend you just got an email a second ago then use a conventional opener off of it. Laugh a little, as if you're just reading it, then spontaneously look up and say 'Hey, my friend was really drunk the other night and texted an ex saying he loved her, he just emailed/aimed (aim-ed might be more realistic) saying that he told her it was just the alcohol talking… I'm not sure though, do you think drunk I love you's count?"

This is a good opener, but remember that she is sitting six feet from you in a large, acoustically-unfavorable room. You'll still have to get her attention somehow and then talk loudly across the coffee table. If she leans forward to listen, you've gotten an indicator of interest, but what if she remains slouched in her sofa, straining to hear you?

Grade: B

Animus wrote:

> "Don't you find it difficult?", "Uh, find what difficult?", "Getting anything done in this place. I saw you poring over your laptop trying sooo hard to shut it all out. *impersonates via exaggerated brow furrowing* Like that girl in 8th grade who's trying to take notes on the goofy cartoon movie dubbed in French, but can't because Donald Duck sounds even more psychotic in Francais." Smirk.

The problem with the clever opener is the risk of being perceived as trying too hard. This is particularly the case if your clever line requires a teleprompter and ten minutes to spit out. Sure, she'll admire your impressive intellect, but that doesn't always translate into wet pussy. Stick to cocky, short and sweet.
An improvement on this opener:
"Don't you find it difficult?"
"Uh, find what difficult?"
"Writing the next great American novel while trying to catch guys flirting with you."
Grade: C for the exaggerated cleverness.
Grade: A for the smirk.

T. wrote:

> I'd walk over and say "Yo, gimme your email so I can walk back to my seat and spam the SHIT outta you." with a dead serious expression.

T for the win.
Grade: A

Jesus Lizard wrote:

> I would very surreptitiously take a peek up her skirt and get a panties shot – this is very important. (C'mon, this is a hypothetical and in my world its a girl in a very short skirt and her Macbook is providing me excellent shield). If I like what I see, then I take it to step two of my two step process, which is, look over at her, get her attention, maintain eye-contact for 1, maybe 10 seconds longer than that which is comfortable for her (again, in my hypo I can mesmerize women), then ever so slowly raise my right hand in the formation of a faux-claw pointed in her direction, and in precise unison, do a cat-like swipe, purr-hiss combination right at her. Let me just say this.. it works.

You should always screen a girl by peeking up her skirt.
Grade: F, but I laughed.

Affe wrote:

> Leer, then query "Am I the only one with a itchy poop-chute in this joint ?" in a knowing fashion, while attempting a wink that winds up looking like an uncontrollable facial tic.

The spastic wink where both eyes close is especially effective.
Grade: A, if she's an anal-obsessed freak. Otherwise, F-.

Racer X wrote:

> The best game is this: ignore and conquer. Being the one guy in the room who shows no interest in her will make her think about you all the more.

Feigning indifference won't work on indifferent girls.
Grade: A, if this was meant to be sarcastic. Otherwise, D- for relying on your looks.

Kick a Bitch wrote:

> I'd shit my pants and throw feces at her.

If you play the Law of Large Numbers game, then there's gotta be a 1 in a billion girl who would fall for this.
Grade: E for effort.

Anonymous threatened female posing as a guy wrote:

> Personally I see you "alpha/game males" as huge fucking losers. Especially the ones "learning the game" and spouting off your little quotes and theory. You always seem to be adopting different personalities. I've always believed if you have to change who you are to get the attention of a woman, you lose. Plain and simple.
>
> One thing I've noticed from reading this webpage (and the comments especially) is it seems to me that many "students of the game" are hyper-overanalyzers (yes, that is redudant, but you guys overanalyze SO much) and seem to think/feel/need extraordinary structure in terms of "what to do" in order to be able to function.

What if who you are is the cause of your celibacy? Then change is warranted, no? Should Charles Manson have stayed "who he was" because by doing so he would have adhered to your righteously moralistic worldview? Or should he have tried to be a better, non-murderous person? It's easy to preach from the dichotomous pulpit you're glued to — you're either a natural comfortable in his own skin, or a loser learning game and being someone he's not. But that is a false premise. Learning game is like learning a foreign language. You don't become a different person just because you taught yourself German. Dummkopf!

This pseudo-argument you're presenting has been knocking around in the heads of the sneering disbelievers for a long time, so I don't expect you to see the light. But I do want to make an example of you so betas who might fall for your inane bromides aren't sucked into believing their fates are hopeless.

Let's be clear. The only difference between a natural alpha and a "student of the game" is level of self-awareness. Some guys do allow their systematizing nerdiness to carry them off into overanalyzing creepland, but that is not evidence that game doesn't work. There is a learning curve, and after enough practice the skills become so second-nature that you wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a natural and a guy who made a conscious, deliberate effort to learn how to pick up women.

> and he also showed me this cube game about 2 years ago, and it was ridiculously stupid.

That "ridiculously stupid" cube game is chick crack. But you'd know this if you weren't an ugly girl posing as a guy who felt threatened by guys learning game and exercising the choice of ignoring you in favor of higher quality girls.

****

What I did:

Me: [Getting up and walking over to her side of the coffee table] I noticed you've been hoarding the sugar packs over here. [Grabbing one] If you wanted an excuse to talk to me, you could have just said Hi.
Her: [smiling] I'm pretty sure those were here when I got here.
Me: Likely story. I'm gonna go sit back down and answer some important emails from people seeking dating advice. I may ask for your opinion later. Sometimes a girl's perspective helps. [Walk back]
Her: [10 minutes later] You still gonna ask me about your emails?
Me: Hmm? Oh, yeah… you won't believe this one. Come here, check this out.

You'll have to amuse yourselves with what happened next.

A Note On Banning

CH · 28 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I recently decided to ban the commenter “Yours Truly”. I’m close to a free speech absolutist [I consider the "Fairness" Doctrine incipient evil], but when a commenter lies, evades, ignores arguments to the contrary, pitches her endless shitstream of crackpot “theories” ad nauseum irrespective of the facts and other readers’ attempts to correct her, engages in long-winded, exclusionary, one-on-one conversations with one other commenter — in effect using this blog as a coffee klatch – and does so with the blockheaded stubbornness of a retarded mule then that commenter becomes, in practice, no different than spam.

And spam must be banned.

As if to prove my point that Yours Truly was using the comments section like a coffee klatch to make a lesbian date with “anony”, right after I banned the tone deaf dumbass, my spam filter caught another one of her blathering posts where she said “I don’t like that you edited my post. I was in the middle of a conversation with anony.”

Not anymore cunt. If you want a torrid scissorfest with anony, send her a private email.

I half-assedly once suggested limiting Sara and SAM to five comments per post because their spewage was making it inconvenient for me to trawl through their mindnumbing morass to find the few comment gems worth reading. But there was an outcry by the readers that my actions amounted to a ban, and, hence, against the spirit of this blog. So I let the votes count and dropped the idea.

Since I am a demon guided by my twisted principles subject to no court other than my own counsel, I’ve decided to reinstate Yours Truly, but on the condition that the minute she reverts to imitating a spambot I reserve complete discretion to kick her off permanently. Yours Truly, consider yourself on notice.

Palin Will Step Down

CH · 28 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A couple weeks ago, I predicted that Joe Biden would step down as VP candidate and allow Obama to nominate Hillary or a Hillary-clone in his place, to counter the Obama-neutralizing advantages Palin brought to the McCain ticket.

Recent events have been illuminating.

I had the right idea, but the wrong VP candidate. Palin will step down.

Tell everyone you meet you read it here second.

ps: I recommend Mitt Romney as a Palin replacement. And then I recommend McCain switch places so that Romney is at the top of the ticket and McCain is attending third world dictators' funerals. Now we're cooking with gas!

Supermodels Are Not Hot

CH · 29 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

At least, not the ones who work as fashion models on the runways of Paris and New York. Check out the weird combination of masculine jawline, flairing nostrils (the better to snort four lines at once), and uberfeminine saucer plate eyes on this chick, model Masha Tyelna.

if she made a baby with billy joel how big would its eyes be?

Clearly, the gay guys who run the fashion world are choosing curveless, geometrically angular androgynoids to model their clothes. So the next time some dude brags that he's dating a supermodel ask him which industry — Victoria's Secret? Playboy? SI Swimsuit Issue? He's banging a winner — those kinds of models are chosen for their direct appeal to men or their ability to model very feminine clothing (i.e., lingerie). Milan runway? He's banging a prepubescent boy.

I don't want to mislead the typical woman into thinking that she's hotter than catwalk models. She is not. The haute couture model, despite her strange appearance, is still hotter than 80% of all women, given that most American women are plain-looking at best and ugly fatties at worst. Quite simply, the obesity epidemic is skewing the 1 – 10 looks scale upwards, so that the 7 in the above photo can afford to get paid like a 10. But compared to the cute hipster chicks and WASPy blonde darlings I see daily, Masha would get lost in the shuffle. I saw at least ten girls hotter than her in one hour this past Saturday night. Of course, I'd never tell them that. Their heads are already big enough.

I once got into an argument with Clio that makeup can, at best, raise a woman's looks score by one point max, and that a woman's true score can't stay hidden from a man for longer than a few dates or one night together.
The makeup-less cold hard light of morning after analysis reveals all.

I based my judgment of the value of makeup in boosting a woman's looks on personal experience. I have rarely been with a woman who gained more than one point by makeup. Part of this reason is that having been with enough women, I can more accurately assess when makeup is hiding something. Another part of the reason is that women

consistently overestimate how much makeup can help them. Call it the wishful thinking syndrome.

But after seeing before and after photos of runway models like Masha, I have to make an exception. Makeup goes a long way to feminizing the looks of odd-looking, yet not necessarily unattractive, androgynous girls like her chosen for their peculiarly striking looks. For instance, Gisele Bundchen looks like an 8 without makeup and hits 10 with it.

In the interest of clearing the confusion on the matter of makeup, here is a handy chart I've devised (it's been a while since I've done a handy chart):

Looks Rating	Makeup Boost by Points
0	0
1	0
2	0
3	0.5
4	0.5
5	1
6	1
7	1.5
8	1
9	0.5
10	0

Conclusion: Ugly women have no use for makeup; theirs is a lost cause. If anything, makeup can actually draw more attention to their unfortunate condition. Magnificent ugliness radiates out from the face like blast of cosmic rays, overwhelming even the best makeup applications.

Around 3 and 4, where ugliness shifts into mere unattractiveness, makeup provides a minor improvement. For the girl, it could mean the difference between being ignored and savoring the glorious experience of getting pumped and dumped by a beta.

Makeup really hits on all cylinders for semi-attractive girls who aren't quite in the running for genuine hotness. The 5s and 6s will see a solid 1 point boost. The biggest effects are on the 7s — those girls who are attractive enough for girlfriend material but have one or two facial flaws that keep them out of the "Props, man, you're dating a hot chick!" category. Interestingly, when you move up the ladder to 8s and 9s, the trend begins to reverse and you don't see the same major boost from makeup. By the time you are at a bonafide 10, makeup can add nothing to her already perfect beauty, and oftentimes will detract from it.

The catwalk models are an exception to the above chart. As far as I can tell, they receive a 2 to 3 point boost from makeup. Their angular boyish faces respond well to the softening effects of makeup.

‘Family Guy’ On Dating Older Women

CH · 29 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

37 year old woman: “So you just got out of prison? For killing a guy? Ha ha, that’s all right. I’m cool with that. I’ll buy dinner this time, and maybe you can get next time? Or not, I could just get it next time, too. Aren’t we having fun?? Fun fun fun!! Me and my three eggs are having the best time!”

It’s funny cause it’s… no, no, wait. It’s not funny at all. It’s just sad.

Similarities Between Now And The Great Depression

CH · 30 September 2008 · Archived copy · Original

With all the recent talk of “moral hazards” and “socializing the loss, privatizing the profit”, it seems the time is right to look for any parallels between the current mess and the Big One of 1929. This article lays out a pretty persuasive case that there are enough similarities between now and then to wonder whether we risk careening into a new Greater Depression:

Creating a Great Depression

> Given the grim political prospect ahead of us, we can now examine the checklist for Great Depression causation, and see how many we can check off for today’s leaders:
>
> 1. Asset price crash: Check! We’ve already had the crash in asset prices, twice, in 2000-02 with stocks and now with housing. As the stock market crash of 1987 demonstrated, asset price crashes don’t necessarily lead to Great Depressions, but they do thoroughly shake the financial system and reveal hidden weaknesses. This time around, there have been plenty to reveal.
>
> 2. Protectionism: Yes, but less severe. Protectionism is definitely reviving, but to nothing like the level of the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Obama’s threat to renegotiate NAFTA, combined with a substantial recession, could produce a substantial leap in protectionism. We can however have at least moderate confidence that Obama has no intention of actually doing anything so foolish as to reopen trade agreements in the middle of an economic downturn.
>
> 3. Bank failures: Check! We need an actual bank or two to go under however, not just these investment banking houses of cards, and we need an international bankruptcy along the lines of Creditanstalt. My money would be on one of the thoroughly opaque Chinese behemoths. The Fed and other central banks will doubtless try to avoid a collapse of the money supply following a bankruptcy; they may simply produce hyperinflation, a problem we didn’t have in the 1930s.
>
> 4. Expansion of the public sector: Check! **Treasury Secretary Hank Paulson’s $700 billion housing bailout fund certainly qualifies here. Commentators have noted the similarity to Hoover’s Reconstruction Finance Corporation, without noting that the RFC was a colossal economic failure.** It diverted resources to politically selected companies, increasing the level of Federal debt raising and thereby crowding truly private sector entities out of the capital market. The diversion of resources from the private to the public sector was itself deflationary, weakening the system’s productivity growth potential and deepening the downturn. Paulson appears to be operating on the basis that federal resources are essentially infinite. A $700 billion bailout and the $1 trillion deficits to which it will lead will “destruction test” this bizarre theory. Obama’s spending plans, which presumably won’t be abandoned altogether, will also be a problem here, Indeed it is likely that by 2012 the ratio of federal spending to GDP will be at a new high level never before seen in peacetime. As with bank failures, this time around an excessively accommodative Fed is likely to monetize the additional debt and thereby cause rapidly accelerating inflation.
>
> 5. Tax increases in a downturn: Probable. Obama has already promised tax increases, which he will probably make larger than planned to attack the $1 trillion deficits. That’s precisely the mistake Hoover made. McCain hasn’t promised tax increases, but appears to have no great philosophical objection to higher taxes and a commitment to reducing the deficit – it thus looks like tax increases will be forthcoming from him, too.
>
> 6. Abandonment of Capitalism: Probable. The principles of capitalism will have little popular support in the years ahead, as in the 1930s. Hence there will be no immediate opposition (other than from politically discredited industries) to daft new schemes of regulation that destroy market incentives. Obama has some idea how markets work, but the barons in the Congressional Democrat majority don’t, so there is likely to be some truly damaging legislation in our future. Even if McCain becomes President, he appears to have no instincts as

> to which controls and restrictions would wreak most destruction so “compromise” legislation with Congressional Democrats might be as bad or worse than under a President Obama.
>
> 7. Destruction of Capital markets: Possible. This is the big question-mark. In the 1930s, the Glass-Steagall Act, by separating investment banking from commercial banking at the bottom of a recession, when capital was scarce and entrepreneurial spirits non-existent, produced investment banks that were truly undercapitalized and indeed unprofitable – even Merrill Lynch, among the largest of them even then, lost money over the decade of the 1930s and survived only through subventions from Charles Merrill’s mother’s trust fund. The result was a level of capital raising in bond and stock markets throughout the late 1930s that was below that at the bottom of the 1920-21 recession, in a much larger economy. It is not unimaginable that draconian legislation along the same lines, backed by popular outrage against Wall Street, might have a similar effect.

What’s needed now is calm and a step back from hysteria. I don’t believe a couple guys (Bernanke and Paulson) cooking up huge backroom buyback schemes to ostensibly save the country from itself would have better answers than a market allowed to adjust on its own.

> Thus not all of these factors operate to repeat the 1930s exactly; on the other hand, some of them merely promise a more inflationary version of that sorry decade, which would probably be even more unpleasant. While a re-run of the Great Depression, with or without hyperinflation, is still by no means inevitable, we are a lot closer than we were a month ago.

If we’re heading into an inflationary spiral and peak oil, then I’m putting my money in frontline suppliers like oil, food producers and utilities.

Here’s a guy who says the right answer is bankruptcy, not a bailout.

> This bailout was a terrible idea. Here’s why.
>
> The current mess would never have occurred in the absence of ill-conceived federal policies. The federal government chartered Fannie Mae in 1938 and Freddie Mac in 1970; these two mortgage lending institutions are at the center of the crisis. The government implicitly promised these institutions that it would make good on their debts, so Fannie and Freddie took on huge amounts of excessive risk. […]
>
> The fact that government bears such a huge responsibility for the current mess means any response should eliminate the conditions that created this situation in the first place, not attempt to fix bad government with more government.

I agree. The bailout was a terrible idea and I’m glad it collapsed. It ignored a fundamental principle of human nature — when you shield someone from the consequences of his failures, he is more likely to repeat the same mistakes.

> The fact that government bears such a huge responsibility for the current mess means any response should eliminate the conditions that created this situation in the first place, not attempt to fix bad government with more government. […]
>
> So what should the government do? Eliminate those policies that generated the current mess. This means, at a general level, abandoning the goal of home ownership independent of ability to pay. This means, in particular, getting rid of Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, along with policies like the Community Reinvestment Act that pressure banks into subprime lending.
>
> The right view of the financial mess is that an enormous fraction of subprime lending should never have occurred in the first place. Someone has to pay for that. That someone should not be, and does not need to be, the U.S. taxpayer.

The federal government is an evil gluttonous behemoth like it has never been in American history, and I place most of the blame for this suffocating clutch of tentacled anti-liberty at the exact moment women were given the right to vote. It was virtually inevitable that women, being the sex more concerned with security and stability and less enamored of freedom and risk, with the help of their alpha male co-conspirators and lickspittle beta male suckasses begging for a pussy handout, would vote in more government-as-daddy-and-husband-substitute, with the attendant confiscatory and redistributive taxes, regulations, and government intrusion that entails.

We are now reaping the girlwind.

What A Religious Cult Looks Like

CH · 1 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Before this gets taken down:

Check out the glowing “O”-face of the SWPL whiter person at 1:19. Really, you can’t make this shit up.

In other news, scientists discover evangelicals aren’t the only species of fundamentalist wackos.

Evil Baby Shower

CH · 1 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I got roped into a baby shower for an acquaintance. I'd never been to one of these seminal events, though I've heard about them. It was as bad as I imagined, maybe worse. Between the pink ribbon-wrapped gifts, blankies, snugglies, baby bouncies, belly-rubbing, earnest discussions of contractions and labor, and torrents of sympathy sludge, I felt like I would suffocate on the maternally estrogenic fumes.

GIMME BOOB MILK!

I saved my mental health by fantasizing what it would be like to make gentle love to a third trimester pregnant woman. This is a mountain I've yet to climb. It couldn't be any more challenging than this. Or this.

The best gift by far was two small jewelry boxes. One was engraved with the words "My First Tooth" and the other with "My First Hair Curl". This was a great gift because it put a smile on my face as I pondered the milestones that a bunch of my own engraved jewelry boxes filled with mementos of my past conquests would have celebrated.

"My First Forgotten Panty" — It's pleasantly surprising waking up the next morning, after she has left in her drunken state, to stumble across her panties lying on the floor that she forgot to put on. *sniiiiiff*

"My First Hidden Video" — You never know, she could become famous. And you'll need masturbation material for when you're 80. Watching yourself fuck your girl in the bloom of youth >>>> internet porn.

"My First Period Fuck" — Put that bloody used condom or red-stained towel in the box, champ! You've earned it.

"My First Threesome" — See: "My First Hidden Video".

"My First Close Call" — In here you put the abortion clinic receipt.

"My First Anal" — Awkward. You don't want anything smelly in your box. An audio recording of her yelping in pain is acceptable.

"My First Russian Anal" — An audio recording of her yelping in pain in Russian. (It sounds like this: "Aye, aye aye, Ee ee yi yi yi!". Music to my ears.)

“My First Raw Dog” — Take an after photo of your cock crusted in dried vaj juice.

“My First Facial” — Tough one to document. Wipe her face with a towel to capture the jizz and makeup in a Turin Shroud-like imprint. Put in box and pray to nightly for the blessings of future facials.

“My First Virgin” — See: My First Period Fuck. You might need a biohazard hymen container for this one.

“My First Fat Chick” — Empty.

“My First Psycho Bitch” — Restraining order.

“My First DC Lawyer Chick” — One silver bullet.

“My First Bartender” — STD fact sheet.

“My First Cunnilingus” — One gnarly pube.

Darwinianly-speaking, women huddle like pinkiron midwives around the expectant QB mother to fulfill a deeply subconscious group coherence bonding mechanism that works to assist the tribe raise its young. Since most women are going to get pregnant at some point in their lives they don’t worry about exerting effort helping out another woman’s child. Men don’t have the luxury to waste resources like this; they could easily lose out on the chance to pass on their genes if they spent time and money on a rival’s kid.

I walked out of that baby shower feeling grateful for being a man.

What You Can Learn From A Beta

CH · 2 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I've written before that I learned a lot about game by carefully observing men in the field who were naturally good with women, at least as much as I've learned from books and internet forums. Every man growing up should have an alpha male mentor, or at least should be part of a social circle that has at least one alpha male so that he can watch and take mental notes about what works with women. I've had a few of those guys in my life and they were indispensable to figuring out what behaviors cause women to respond positively.

There is a flip side to that coin. You can learn just as much about what *not* to do by meticulously observing betas getting shot down. Not only will you see which behaviors are counterproductive, but you will get a better feel for those subtle changes in facial expression and body position that girls who have suddenly lost interest will convey.

Here are some of the things I've learned by watching betas at the exact moment they got rejected, like the sad but amusing moment Ralph Wiggums suffered Lisa's rejection.

- Betas smile too little and smile too much

Yeah, it seems contradictory, but betas never have a firm grasp on when and how often it's personally advantageous to smile. They don't smile when they walk into the bar or before they've started talking to a girl, and they smile too much once they are in a conversation with a girl. This behavior reveals their tormented beta soul: They are unhappy to be there until a girl's presence makes them happy. Would an alpha relinquish his state of mind to another person? Especially a woman? No. His joy is self-generated.

- Betas are reactive

You can tell a lot about a person by how quickly they answer a question. When a girl asks a beta a question, he answers promptly and enthusiastically. When someone taps him on the shoulder to get his attention, he spins around immediately, looking almost shocked by the intrusion into his personal space. This is reactive behavior. The first says "Wow I can't believe a girl is talking to me!" The second reaction says "I am skittish because I doubt my ability to calmly handle these high pressure social situations." Alphas always pause a second too long before responding to a girl, pushing her to the brink of slight discomfort. This makes her intrigued. Alphas also do not react hyperdefensively when another man confronts him. They take their sweet time, savoring the buildup of tension. This allows them to think of the best thing to say, and to take stock of the situation.

- Betas play it straight

Betas seem to have forgotten what childhood was like. They take life too seriously, and they take girls even more seriously. They always answer questions straight, as if life were a final exam with right and wrong answers. This mode of thinking is toxic to pickup. Girls secretly don't want you to answer their questions; they want you to tease them mercilessly, at least until she is attracted to you. Alphas instinctually understand the art of playfulness.

- Betas push themselves on people

When someone gives the beta the time of day, that person becomes the center of the beta's universe. I have often seen betas lunge into the personal space of women, like an aardvark snuffling for termites, who were initially friendly with them. Betas quickly manifest the stink of neediness given the chance. Their focus is too intense too soon. Alphas, by contrast, keep their bodies loose and uninvested in the conversation, until they have decided the time is right to divert all their valuable attention on the person in front of them.

- Betas can't stop looking around

The next time you watch a beta standing by himself holding his beer up to his chin, notice how often he lets his head swivel around the room. Back and forth, up and down, all around. This behavior shows too much concern with

his environment. The alpha gets the lay of the land early on, then minimizes his head swiveling. Think about it, how much does the king who sits on his throne swivel his head around the castle room? Not often, because he is the center of attention, and people's heads swivel to him.

- Betas are defensive and apologetic

Sometimes a girl will call the beta out on something he said. She will challenge his story or make fun of his opinions. The beta invariably bristles, defensively correcting her or huffily and spastically clarifying whatever point he was making. Often, he will simply apologize in so many words. Girl: "I can't believe you like that band! They're so derivative!" Beta: "Well, I didn't say I liked them that much. They can be a little derivative, that's true." Compare how an alpha would handle this. Girl: "I can't believe you like that band!…" Alpha: [cutting her off] I take it you're a Britney Spears fan, then? Explains a lot."

- Betas always look like they have a load in their pants

Are betas incapable of finding pants that fit them? It would seem so, because they all wear ill-fitting pants and walk in a way that suggests they loaded their diapers. Alphas seem to know how pants should fit on a man.

***

Before I was exceptionally good at meeting women, I once caught myself in a bar wall mirror talking to a girl who was slowly losing interest in our conversation. I was appalled by my awkward body language, and sufficiently stirred to action by the reflection of my betaness to change those behaviors that were holding me back.

Every man should hit on a girl in front of a mirror, and stop to observe his posture. Better yet, he should have a buddy secretly film him in the field. The wake-up call will leave him stunned.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 3 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

As I've mentioned before, if you do not want your question made public on the blog, say so specifically in your email, and I'll send my answer to you privately. Honor among players, and all that.

Email #1

> I am a senior @ Princeton. I read your sight daily and need your help. I am ultra-beta…and can't get any girls as a consequence (in college!). Need tips on how to change…I've read all the literature, done most of the stuff. I just need fundamentals on becoming beta (fuck, even my e-mail address is fucking beta).
>
> I try to act like an asshole, but that just pisses girls off and they get aggressive or storm off. I've read Cajun's stuff, but all I can manage to generate is asking beta-casual questions or acting nonchalant (which gets me zero attention…I'm not that attractive, just 5'5").
>
> Any words of advice? Anything? I could really use help…I've read all your archived shit, read the comments on a regular basis. I just need fundamentals. Where the fuck do I start?
>
> Thanks in advance (I hope)…
>
> -[initials withheld]

Ah, Princeton. I spent quite a few weekend nights in that leafy town prowling for smart co-eds. Birthplace of Thomas Sweets ice cream. Sir, technically an "ultra beta" is a lesser beta. Please brush up on the terminology.

Let's get the harshness out of the way first. If you can't get laid in college, you are going to get laid even less after you graduate as a lesser beta. Why? Because it is ridiculously easy to get laid in college, if that's all you want. Maybe WASPy Princeton girls are especially frigid, but regardless you should consider your failure to score as a college student an unused condom in the coalmine. Troubles lie ahead.

Your attitude is very negative in this post. You remind me of a lot of beta friends I've known — always beating themselves up, pinning everything that goes wrong on their own stupidity or cowardice, never seeing the light at the end of the tunnel. Realism is an important first step to begin your self-improvement journey to respectable womanizer, but you need to leaven realism with optimism. Your inner game will shrivel if you're negative all the time. "Fake it till you make it" isn't just a slogan. It works.

> I just need fundamentals on becoming beta (fuck, even my e-mail address is fucking beta).

Perfect example. I'm going to demonstrate how you should have written the above to train your mind to begin thinking like an alpha.

"I just need the fundamentals on becoming a James Bond-like pickup alpha machine the girls can't keep their hands off of (fuck, i might even change my email address so girls get wet reading it)."

See, isn't that better? Now don't ever soil my inbox again with your puling betabitch self-pity whines. David Alexander has that territory covered.

> I try to act like an asshole, but that just pisses girls off and they get aggressive or storm off.

I'm guessing you haven't shed your beta body language, so when you act like a pure asshole you come off incongruent. Girls hate nothing more than incongruence, because it triggers their "false alpha flag" reflex. Here's a handy asshole chart I've devised to help you understand the nuances of assholery:

Asshole + Alpha + Charm = get laid like gangbusters.

Asshole + Alpha = get laid regularly.
Asshole + Beta = get laid occasionally.
Asshole + Lesser Beta = don't get laid but win moral victory in face of rejection.
Asshole + Omega = she gets her guy friends to beat you up.
Asshole + Lesser Omega = she gets her girl friends to beat you up.

So you can see the power of assholery is somewhat relative to the sexual market value of the man. I like that you are channeling your inner asshole, but you need to get a handle on your other game skills before you start spewing insults like a bum with Tourettes. Being an asshole works best when used as an adjunct to good game.

> I've read Cajun's stuff, but all I can manage to generate is asking beta-casual questions or acting nonchalant (which gets me zero attention…I'm not that attractive, just 5'5").

Cajun is excellent. I don't believe half of the stuff I hear about pickup artists, but from what I've read, seen, and been told Cajun has the goods. Stop asking casual questions. If you must ask questions, make them quirky. "Do you know where I can buy an eyepatch? I just found out my grandfather was a pirate and I want to keep up the family tradition." You get the idea. Also, acting nonchalant does you no good if you're invisible to her. And don't worry about your looks or height so much. Despite what many men think and what some women say, looks are not that important once you have good game. You may not get the hottest chicks, but the skills you'll learn will allow you to bang chicks one to three points higher than you on the looks scale, which I believe is every man's birthright and, indeed, every man's duty. And if your height is holding you back, there's a simple solution: Hit on girls shorter than you. There are plenty of them.

> I just need fundamentals. Where the fuck do I start?

Start with these:

Mystery Method e-book (still the Bible as far as I'm concerned)
David DeAngelo's cocky/funny series and interviews with the gurus
Pickup 101's Fearless First Impressions, Attraction Secrets and Art of Rapport DVDs
Stephane Hemon's Ideagasms Squirting (you'll eventually need this) and GTP program
The Real Social Dynamics and Stylelife internet forums
Badboy ebook and DVDs
Carlos Xuma and Zan DVDs
Robert Cialdini's book "Influence: The Psychology of Persuasion"
Robert Wright's evospych book "The Moral Animal"
Matt Ridley's evo book "The Red Queen"
Also, let me put in a plug for Roosh's book Bang, which is an accessible compendium of solid game strategy.

Get out in the field while you are plowing through all that material. Don't become a keyboard player. The first challenge you must overcome is building immunity to rejection. All else flows from that critical initial step. Immunity comes with repeated exposure. Memorize TWO solid openers, THREE negs (or pebbles, as Style calls them. I.e., "Wow, who brought their little sister to the bar?"), THREE ready-to-go lines for common shit tests you'll get from women ("You have a BF? Great, so does my girlfriend."), TWO value generating stories, TWO rapport building routines, and ONE venue change line ("I'm thirsty. Are you thirsty? Let's go back to my place and sample some fine tap water.")

I want a progress report in three months.

Email #2

> Long time reader, etc, etc.

> Here's one for you; maybe even worthy of the mailbag.
>
> I (28) just started working at a big law firm in NYC. As soon as I got there, I hit it off really well with one of the research assistants (26, carries conversations intelligently, a certain 7 and occasional 8) . We had a pretty flirty couple of weeks, but the firm has pretty strict rules against inter-office dating. However, she quit the firm during my second week to take a better job elsewhere, so I invited her out. One minor shit test easily passed, things are going really well, I poked the appropriate amount of fun at her flip flops, her eyes are twinkling … and I get a call that my uncle, who raised me since I was 6, has passed away. I didn't collapse into a puddle of blubbering goo, but my eyes definitely got moist and I may have had a Michael Johnson style lone tear or two trace a path down my cheek.
>
> She was very sympathetic when I told her the news and gave me a long, full-frontal hug before I broke it off, put a few bills down, told her that I wanted to be alone, and left. She sent me an email two days later to ask how I was doing.
>
> Here's the question. Normally, tearing up is anything but alpha behavior and simply ruins the prospects with the girl. Does this circumstance count as exceptional? It has been a week and I certainly would like to ask her out again, but I won't bother if this is going to make her see me as overly sensitive and, well, a herb.
>
> What do you think?
>
> – P.

Lawyer chicks? Man blubbering? I have two things to say to you.

One.
Two.

Ok, three.

Seriously, though, this can only work in your favor. Stop overthinking. Unless the chick is a hardcore ballbusting nutneutering scrotesmashing alpha lawyer-wannabe bitchbot, your show of emotion under the circumstances was a turn-on for her. The only thing herby about you is worrying what she thinks of you.

Sometimes I get the feeling you guys already know the answers to your questions, but just like to write it out and email a complete stranger for a sympathy hug and three pats on the back. Paging Lemmonex…

Email #3

> I need some advice. I'm probably a pretty unorthodox visitor to your blog, so this is probably an unusual question for you, but I would like your perspective.
>
> I'm a 20-year-old girl in college. I've been badly in love with a close friend K. (my age) for two years. From time to time I've sort of managed to talk myself out of it, but then there I am again, alone in the evening and missing him desperately, or waiting for him to come over and then falling all over myself to carry his suitcases and fix his tea.
>
> He hasn't been interested. Or rather, he's been interested in a way (we kissed twice, and once he wanted to hook up) but not interested in a relationship. That was all right; we stayed friends. But now he calls me all the time, and I find myself dropping everything to see him, and this is trouble.
>
> A little bit about me: I never got any attention from guys as a teenager (I'm nice-looking enough, but I was always too shy and serious) so this is a new, strange world for me. Suddenly I get asked out with some frequency. And now I'm trying to get into some fiendishly competitive grad schools (math and economics) so I'm going to have very little free time.
>
> The trouble with K. is that he's kind of messed up – he had to leave school for a semester due to depression – and sometimes he doesn't seem to be serious about his own future. I know this makes me sound like a terrible

> person, but I'd be embarrassed to tell my friends and family about him. I need some kind of nice, clean-cut, ambitious guy who takes me out on standard dates. And yet I'm attracted to K., my dear friend, who's nerdy and messy and constantly shooting himself in the foot. Even nice girls get horny sometimes, and I have spent years restraining myself from what I'd like to do with him.
>
> What do I do? Any advice would be appreciated.
>
> Thanks,
>
> S.

First, send me a jpeg, full body shot, high resolution, naked or in lacey lingerie. I'll need this to thoroughly evaluate your, uh, character traits.

This email was sent via a Princeton edu address. What's up with Princeton? It sounds like students from there have forgotten how the penis and vagina fit together. It's supposed to be a school for smarties. Maybe that's the problem.

You mentioned two things that jumped out at me. One, you haven't had sex with him yet, and you rebuffed him the one time he tried to hook up with you. Two, you're "nice-looking enough", which, translated into manspeak, means you are probably a 6. Coupled with your major in math and economics, your score could even be as low as a 5. So I will now give you a rare glimpse into his mind, the mind of a man:

"She's not putting out and she's not hot enough for me to make any effort."

Hold my hand, child, it gets worse.

So why is he calling you now so frequently? Ah, good question. Most of the time, when a man re-engages a woman he used to be lukewarm about, it means he is horny and lonely. Your mediocre vagina now seems a better choice than his calloused hand. Maybe he tried picking up a hotter chick and failed, so running back to you looked like a good option. You certainly have made yourself accessible to him, so there's no real challenge for him to earn your emotional support.

Or maybe he had a revelation that he has always been in love with you and it was time to show it…….. NOT.

It is obvious to me that you like badboys. You write that K. is "nerdy and messy and constantly shooting himself in the foot" and that you have tried to talk yourself into being attracted to clean-cut nice Abercrombie boys. But those boys don't excite you like the way K. does. K. refuses to conform. He is a rebel, a social renegade, a self-destructive energy vampire who plays by his own rules, and that autonomically moistens your muff.

Here is my advice. Stop trying to fight it. Fuck him, get it out of the way, then move on, because fucking him will not cause him to love you forever and ever. I know these types of guys. Hell, I once dabbled with playing this type of guy. They live to validate their self-esteem through others, that is why they are energy vampires turning the self-pity trick. It's him against the world, right? And you want to save him, to join him on his path to redemption. Am I correct?

Yes, yes I am.

He thrills you because, deep down, you know your "relationship" with him is doomed. Your need for drama is perfectly complementary to his need for validation. You have to clear your mind, S., and drop the savior act. Know that nothing permanent can come of your time with him, and in that knowledge you will finally free yourself to love him with everything you have, and to savor the moments you share, without the burden of expectation.

Make love when you can, because it is good.

Yours in the Light of Lucifer.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 3 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

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The Real Social Dynamics and Stylelife internet forums
Badboy ebook and DVDs
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Email #2

> Long time reader, etc, etc.

> Here's one for you; maybe even worthy of the mailbag.
>
> I (28) just started working at a big law firm in NYC. As soon as I got there, I hit it off really well with one of the research assistants (26, carries conversations intelligently, a certain 7 and occasional 8) . We had a pretty flirty couple of weeks, but the firm has pretty strict rules against inter-office dating. However, she quit the firm during my second week to take a better job elsewhere, so I invited her out. One minor shit test easily passed, things are going really well, I poked the appropriate amount of fun at her flip flops, her eyes are twinkling … and I get a call that my uncle, who raised me since I was 6, has passed away. I didn't collapse into a puddle of blubbering goo, but my eyes definitely got moist and I may have had a Michael Johnson style lone tear or two trace a path down my cheek.
>
> She was very sympathetic when I told her the news and gave me a long, full-frontal hug before I broke it off, put a few bills down, told her that I wanted to be alone, and left. She sent me an email two days later to ask how I was doing.
>
> Here's the question. Normally, tearing up is anything but alpha behavior and simply ruins the prospects with the girl. Does this circumstance count as exceptional? It has been a week and I certainly would like to ask her out again, but I won't bother if this is going to make her see me as overly sensitive and, well, a herb.
>
> What do you think?
>
> – P.

Lawyer chicks? Man blubbering? I have two things to say to you.

One.
Two.

Ok, three.

Seriously, though, this can only work in your favor. Stop overthinking. Unless the chick is a hardcore ballbusting nutneutering scrotesmashing alpha lawyer-wannabe bitchbot, your show of emotion under the circumstances was a turn-on for her. The only thing herby about you is worrying what she thinks of you.

Sometimes I get the feeling you guys already know the answers to your questions, but just like to write it out and email a complete stranger for a sympathy hug and three pats on the back. Paging Lemmonex…

Email #3

> I need some advice. I'm probably a pretty unorthodox visitor to your blog, so this is probably an unusual question for you, but I would like your perspective.
>
> I'm a 20-year-old girl in college. I've been badly in love with a close friend K. (my age) for two years. From time to time I've sort of managed to talk myself out of it, but then there I am again, alone in the evening and missing him desperately, or waiting for him to come over and then falling all over myself to carry his suitcases and fix his tea.
>
> He hasn't been interested. Or rather, he's been interested in a way (we kissed twice, and once he wanted to hook up) but not interested in a relationship. That was all right; we stayed friends. But now he calls me all the time, and I find myself dropping everything to see him, and this is trouble.
>
> A little bit about me: I never got any attention from guys as a teenager (I'm nice-looking enough, but I was always too shy and serious) so this is a new, strange world for me. Suddenly I get asked out with some frequency. And now I'm trying to get into some fiendishly competitive grad schools (math and economics) so I'm going to have very little free time.
>
> The trouble with K. is that he's kind of messed up – he had to leave school for a semester due to depression – and sometimes he doesn't seem to be serious about his own future. I know this makes me sound like a terrible

> person, but I'd be embarrassed to tell my friends and family about him. I need some kind of nice, clean-cut, ambitious guy who takes me out on standard dates. And yet I'm attracted to K., my dear friend, who's nerdy and messy and constantly shooting himself in the foot. Even nice girls get horny sometimes, and I have spent years restraining myself from what I'd like to do with him.
>
> What do I do? Any advice would be appreciated.
>
> Thanks,
>
> S.

First, send me a jpeg, full body shot, high resolution, naked or in lacey lingerie. I'll need this to thoroughly evaluate your, uh, character traits.

This email was sent via a Princeton edu address. What's up with Princeton? It sounds like students from there have forgotten how the penis and vagina fit together. It's supposed to be a school for smarties. Maybe that's the problem.

You mentioned two things that jumped out at me. One, you haven't had sex with him yet, and you rebuffed him the one time he tried to hook up with you. Two, you're "nice-looking enough", which, translated into manspeak, means you are probably a 6. Coupled with your major in math and economics, your score could even be as low as a 5. So I will now give you a rare glimpse into his mind, the mind of a man:

"She's not putting out and she's not hot enough for me to make any effort."

Hold my hand, child, it gets worse.

So why is he calling you now so frequently? Ah, good question. Most of the time, when a man re-engages a woman he used to be lukewarm about, it means he is horny and lonely. Your mediocre vagina now seems a better choice than his calloused hand. Maybe he tried picking up a hotter chick and failed, so running back to you looked like a good option. You certainly have made yourself accessible to him, so there's no real challenge for him to earn your emotional support.

Or maybe he had a revelation that he has always been in love with you and it was time to show it…….. NOT.

It is obvious to me that you like badboys. You write that K. is "nerdy and messy and constantly shooting himself in the foot" and that you have tried to talk yourself into being attracted to clean-cut nice Abercrombie boys. But those boys don't excite you like the way K. does. K. refuses to conform. He is a rebel, a social renegade, a self-destructive energy vampire who plays by his own rules, and that autonomically moistens your muff.

Here is my advice. Stop trying to fight it. Fuck him, get it out of the way, then move on, because fucking him will not cause him to love you forever and ever. I know these types of guys. Hell, I once dabbled with playing this type of guy. They live to validate their self-esteem through others, that is why they are energy vampires turning the self-pity trick. It's him against the world, right? And you want to save him, to join him on his path to redemption. Am I correct?

Yes, yes I am.

He thrills you because, deep down, you know your "relationship" with him is doomed. Your need for drama is perfectly complementary to his need for validation. You have to clear your mind, S., and drop the savior act. Know that nothing permanent can come of your time with him, and in that knowledge you will finally free yourself to love him with everything you have, and to savor the moments you share, without the burden of expectation.

Make love when you can, because it is good.

Yours in the Light of Lucifer.

A Reader Responds

CH · 4 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In yesterday's Reader Mailbag, I gave my unassailable advice to reader S. She has responded to it in the comments.

> Hi, I'm S. herself.
>
> You were wrong on this one. Since I wrote you my (ill-advised?) request for help, K. and I are now dating, crazy about each other, and never been happier. I was wrong about thinking he was self-destructive; as it turns out, some bad personal stuff happened to him last year that he never told me about, and he had every reason to be unhappy. Now he's much different. Bright, kind, strong. I never dreamed anything could be this good.
>
> This site is a guilty pleasure for me, and occasionally hilarious, but you folks should know that sometimes real life is very different from this blog.

This blog is where girls go for thrill rides.

Actually, I was not wrong. I recommended you drop all your expectations and just fuck the guy and get it out of the way. You have started doing just that — dropped your expectations ("I was wrong about thinking he was self-destructive") and smoothed the way for an eventual lay by making excuses for him and downplaying his flaws ("he had every reason to be unhappy") and telling yourself there is a love connection ("I never dreamed anything could be this good.") Yes, I'm sure he's a changed man. He changed long time… in two weeks.

S. wrote me her request for help less than two weeks ago. It seems odd she could go from completely unsure of this guy K. to "dating, crazy about each other, and never been happier" in two weeks time. It sounds like K. said all the right things and cooed love whispers in her ear. His game must be tight. Respect.

But as we will see below, not tight enough to get the bang.

> Thanks, commenters, for your advice.
>
> Lemmonex: no, I'm not going to "just fuck him." I'm too old-fashioned for that. Making out is pretty wonderful, on the other hand.

So you won't put out but you'll torture him with makeouts until his balls explode from pressure buildup. Yes, pretty wonderful for you, but for him… let's just say only a guy with no options would put up with that frigid ice queen treatment for long. Give yourself a pat on the back… you're dating a beta. Ironically, if you succeed in your mission to break his manly spirit and make him play by your rules, you'll be more likely to lose interest in him.

> as: He is a nice guy to whom I'm attracted, and if things work out I will introduce him to my parents.

Is your mom a MILF? If your niceguy "boyfriend" hasn't been scrotally drained, you may want to hide her in the basement.

Piece and beaver grease.

ps: Keep us posted.

pps: (I try to help and this is the thanks I get. Do you people know how I bleed for you? Is it so hard to show even a tiny bit of gratitude? I suppose you want to see a grown man drown his sorrows in a vat of Ben&Jerrys Chunky Monkey. You're all sick, sadistic bastards.)

A Recession Will Mean Better Sex

CH · 6 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The Dow is down 26% year to date. If a protracted and deep recession leads to the average woman cutting costs at the supermarket and steering clear of the high calorie packaged foodstuffs, it could mean more slender women and, consequently, better sex.

Hard times bring “hard” times.

September 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 6 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The last comment winner was back in July because you guys stunk up the place in August and I couldn't choose a winner for that month that met my standard for excellence. But you pulled through in September.

So here it is, the **September 2008 Comment Winner**. **Dinamo Kiev** gives his insight into Russian women and the Slavic sexual market in the comments to this post, funnily enough, the February 2008 Comment Winner:

> First off, it's nuts to think that an EE woman would naturally prefer an American man. Since when did women become big risk takers? The World's greatest explorers, first big waves of migrants, etc. were all men. Adventure is in a man's blood, but women are conservative. All things being equal, they'd rather find someone with high status in their own society, rather than move to some other country. You want a Russian girl? Move here and bring all your money. EE was bad enough 10 years ago that any American man could have come here and been a god and then taken a girl home. No so anymore.
>
> Most of the dudes I saw in America with Russian wives had no idea that their girlfriend/wife was fucking some Russian guy behing their back.
>
> Game is for American men in America. You don't need game in Eastern Europe. You don't score points for witty banter here. You gain points for being tough, macho, solid, and rich. And not fake tough, like in America. You'd better be ready to knock out immediately anyone that gets in your way, as a minimum. How do you think the Russian oligarchs got rich? By being nice guys? They are all bandits and murderers. And guess what? Their girlfriends and wives don't care that they are criminals. Sad, but true. Criminality doesn't carry the sense of shame that it does in America — it doesn't make a man here untouchable. They were tough in an alpha sense, ruthless to everyone, and made the big bucks. Everyone here is an Alpha — i.e. there are no Betas in the sense that someone is too shy to approach a girl. The difference between Alpha and Beta here is: how much are you willing to push around other men and stomp them into the ground to get your way?
>
> Your hot Russian girl will be grabbed and approached by no less than 15 men a day here, and half of the men will probably physically grab her and not accept no as an answer. There's no room for subtlety here. There is no need for "approach" or "opening" here. See a girl you like? "Come sit with us girl." "Come ride in our Mercedes with us, girl." That's it.
>
> American men who come here get gamed so badly by the women, it's amazing. These idiots pay for dinners, Louis Vuitton bags, new clothes… and more than half of them aren't even getting laid!
>
> You want a beautiful Russian girl? Find one that is 27+ and bring her to America. At that age, over here, she'll be scared to death that her sponsor and/or husband, if he's rich enough, will be looking to replace her with a younger and more beautiful model, preferably around age 19. She'll realize she can find some American sucker that will love her for the next 20 years, even after her beauty fades. She can continually Diva him and turn him into her slave. You can't do that to a Russian man. He'll just turn around and say, "Next!"
>
> All Russian girls know instinctively that they can not compete beauty wise with the new generation of girls that comes up every few years. How do you think charming and beautiful young Russian girls turn into such bitter hag babushkas? Because when your time is up here, your time is up, so might as well get bitter about it.
>
> Women here are beautiful because it's a Darwinistic society. They know men go for looks, so they all compete on looks. If you're over 50 kg and a young woman, you must lock yourself in your bedroom and not leave until you've lost the weight. American women are quite ugly, but I think it's mainly because they are fat and dress poorly. Subject them to the same kind of pressures they'd face here and I'm sure they'd gain 2.5 points of beauty within a few years.
>
> As a side note, I've witnessed no less that 6 American women having nervous breakdowns here, usually at cafes talking to some male coworker, saying things like "I can't take it here anymore! The girls are such sluts!"

> What she really wants to say is: “I can’t take it anymore. I can’t compete on any level with these women. I was so popular with men in America even as a warpig, but here, not only do all Russian guys ignore me, but all the American men can’t be bothered either.”
>
> I hear there is a term in Iraq for American women working in the green zone. “GFB — Good for Baghdad.” And that these women have the same kinds of nervous breakdowns upon return to America, when even the guys they were dating in Baghdad, that were so attentive to them there, no longer pick up the phone or respond anymore.
>
> Of course America is a more civil place and a much better society, thanks to all the beta people, of course. If you’re past 30, it’s much better to live there than here. But if you want to see human nature at its basest, stripped of all subtleties: to see what people really want — there’s no place better than here.
>
> Don’t flame me girls, I’m just reporting it as I see it.

Well said, Padawan Kiev. I like his advice to fat girls to stay locked in their bedrooms starving themselves until they’re fit to be shown in public. Call it environmental activism; you don’t want your vista ruined by unsightly mounds of garbage.

As for his claim that all Russian men are alpha, I don’t buy it. But I relish a challenge, especially one involving beautiful women. My Russian trip will be like a safari to an exotic land where no one’s heard of PC or feminism or Gossip Girl, and where the women have a decent grasp of reality.

The **Runner-up September 2008 Comment Winner** award goes to **Kick a Bitch**, for his trenchant observations on the social interplay between man, woman, and flip-flop:

> i like it though… i’ll have to use it sometime soon. i’ll even be so bold as to use it despite the fact that i’m also wearing flip-flops. i can already smell the musk that will accumulate from the juices of my prey’s vaginal canal as i spit forth the hypocrisy.

Sara just came.

Finally, a very strong **Honorable Mention** goes to **Cynizen** for her(?) comment on the post Top Two Rules For Dating Younger Women:

> Men like you do not have any intention of a monogamous relationship and take advantage of the stupid, reckless girls with low self-esteem and bad taste. Yeah, that’ll add plenty to the gene pool should you slip up or your old balls produce enough over-eager swimmers. Men like you use pseudoscience to promote your agenda, yet ignore the advantages children have if their fathers are not assholes or aged.
>
> While age differences do not inherently bother me, people who make age a fetish and those who exploit others are disgusting and are obviously overcompensating for their small dicks or latent homosexuality.
>
> I regret finding yet another shitty blog that makes me despise people.

Stupid girls with low self-esteem falling for game? Check. Small dick compensation? Check. Latent homosexuality? Check. It’s oddly comforting to see my incredulous foes sticking to the script.

Generalizing Your Way Into Her Panties

CH · 7 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Reader JB emailed me with a valuable observation about the effectiveness of using generalizations as a game tactic. He read my post "Dread" where I explain the best ways to train your girlfriend so that you maximize love output and minimize shit test incitement:

> Ignore her calls for a week. When you eventually answer and she reads you the riot act, act as if nothing was wrong and accuse her of sabotaging a perfectly good relationship, *"just like all the other women in this stupid city. I thought you were different".* Hang up on her angrily.

JB wrote:

> When I read this I fucking almost spit up my mouthful of coffee. Funny because it's true. Have you written anything about the powerful effect generalization has on the female psyche? I have used the 'you're just like every other girl in this city' one and BANG!
> No matter who the girl, no matter the age…she stops cold and finds herself waiting for what I'm going to say next.
>
> Good stuff, keep it up.

Yes, it's true. Throwing a generalization in the face of a girl you are gaming by accusing her of being "just like all the rest" is a powerful qualification tactic. It will send her into paroxysms of indignation and self-doubt as she works hard to regain your approval.

Maxim #33: NO girl wants to be thought she isn't a special little snowflake.

Use this thermal exhaust port of female psychology to your advantage. But be careful how you deploy the generalization bomb — its mindfuck megatonnage can blow up chicks' heads like scanners. There are two ways to laser-guide a generalization straight into the beaver bunker.

1. **Exasperation.** See the example above. Can be useful in pickup as well as relationship management — for instance, after she's started acting up and attempted to find your soft underbelly. In pickup parlance, this would be during the M2F attraction phase. Watch as she spins her wheels trying to prove her uniqueness.
2. **Reverse psychology.** Right before you run a routine with her, like palm reading or astrological compatibility, tell her she's probably like all the other girls in [insert city] and wouldn't appreciate the deep and profound knowledge you are about to drop on her. If she says "What do you mean I'm like all the rest?!", you reply "Tell me I'm wrong."

I don't just dispense advice, I explain *why* the advice works, stripping away the mystery and spirituality squid ink with the sandblaster of biomechanics, so you can see for yourself the predictability of the human attraction algorithm.

As I wrote in response to Clio in the comments section of this post:

> here is what i think motivates the female will to believe that makeup is effective at hiding flaws from the precision guided instrument of men's visual intake port:
>
> the fear of the immutable.
>
> if you'll notice, women are the most outraged by the idea of evolutionary psychology and unchangeable genetic fate. that physical beauty should be so unalterable and at the same time so critical to a woman's prospects for snagging an alpha male of her own sends shivers down her spine. if true, it means they cannot do much to

> improve their value on the open market. no educational attainment, no carreer success, no makeup, no exercise [to a point], no hob nobbing with the right people — nothing much matters but for the face they were given when mommy's egg was fertilized by daddy's swimmers.
>
> yet, this is precisely how the sexual market works. and so, as the gears of the pretty lie machine clank and sputter to dispense more of its life-affirming self-delusions, the "social conditioning" brigade strikes out at the descending shroud of hopeless darkness.

Generalizations offend women in a way they do not offend men because they breach the perimeter ego defense and strike right at a woman's core self-conception — her belief in herself as Princess On A Cloud Carried Aloft By Admiring Suitors. If it's true that her genes account for nearly all her success or failure with the men she wants, then there isn't much she can do to improve her chances to fulfill her deepest desires. If it's true (and it is) that men value beauty above all else, then it is logically inescapable that she is, to an unsettling degree, interchangeable with any women who are at or above her level of physical attractiveness.

Women do not want to confront the unpleasant reality of upwardly immutable female sexual market value. (They can certainly go down in market value by bloating up or suffering a facial disfigurement.) Similarly, they do not want to admit they aren't special. So they fight against it. They hide behind pretty little platitudes and try to correct your misperceptions to the contrary. Deep in the primitive ancestral part of her reptilian brain she fears, justifiably, that if she isn't a unique creature in your eyes, you may be likely to leave her if a hotter woman blips your radar. FOR INNATE EVOLUTIONARILY MODULATED REASONS, SHE WANTS TO KNOW YOU SEE MORE IN HER THAN HER BEAUTY. You should leverage this female instinct to your benefit.

"So what else do you have going for you besides your beauty?"

If you are the one special suitor who wrings her princess cloud dry and sends her plummeting to earth with a well-timed generalization that belies her uniqueness, she will suddenly find, in violation of the courtship script she was so used to following, an inexplicable urge to seek *your* approval, and demonstrate for *you* how different she is from other women and how you just *have to* see that.

Then, my friend, you will be in the driver's seat. Zoom zoom.

Sexbot Update

CH · 7 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Getting closer.

> THIS is the most life-like robot suit ever – the cyber girl Repliee R-1.
>
> Based on a real five-year-old Japanese girl, this machine was built to look just like a human.

The technology isn't there yet to overcome the uncanny valley, and many will scoff that this is a long way off from hot and good-to-go sexbots, but the vector trajectory is unmistakeable. The future is men fornicating with robot women that are hotter than the human women they can score, and this possibility is no longer in the realm of science fantasy.

I am not surprised the Japanese are leading the way on the sexbot revolution.

Beta Halloween Costumes

CH · 8 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

You deserve to be the laughingstock of lesser omegas if you do the “couples costume” thing.

Here’s another example of utterly contemptible betatude.

The only acceptable couples costumes are Pimp/Ho combos (substitute Hugh Hefner for a dash of class), or this:

Note that the beta costume is not the same as the GAY costume. If you wear a gay costume people will assume you prefer manflesh. If you wear a beta costume, people will assume your woman is cheating on you.

Here is an example of a GAY costume, so you know the difference between BETA and GAY (sometimes it’s a fine line):

Beta costumes are often boringly conventional. Stay away from vampires and mobsters unless you can pull them off really well (i.e., you actually look like a mobster in real life). Silly costumes like giant beer cans or condoms are beta. The only people laughing will be other betas, and they’ll be laughing at you, not with you.

Reader Matt wrote in with the following suggestion:

> My thought is that a well thought-out costume is alpha as long as it’s understated. Oversized, obnoxiously fancy costumes are beta because they appear to be compensating for a lack of personality as well as revealing that too much effort was put in to their creation.

This is decent advice, and understated elegance will usually beat overstated buffoonery. But I wouldn’t write off fancy costumes. If you can craft a fancy costume so that every part fits into a greater whole and it doesn’t look like you duct taped it together in your basement, you can attract a lot of the good kind of female attention. For instance, an ostentatiously bedecked African King would be a cool costume.

Another option is the politically incorrect costume. These will score points with rebellious chicks who just wanted Daddy to hug them.

Alpha costumes meet one or more of the following criteria — they evoke mystery, danger, coolness, power, or violence. Practice your scowl and hit the weight room, and you can wear an alpha costume like this:

If you have a dog, you can boost your alpha score one whole point humiliating your pooch in this:

If you see these people around town on Halloween, there is a good chance it will be me.

My blade will be real. Plastic knock-offs are beta.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 9 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The last time I challenged my readers to demonstrate their game skills in a hypothetical pickup situation, many commenters stepped up and offered excellent suggestions that I deemed would have led to some success with the coffeehouse girl. It's time for another challenge. The scenario I'm about to describe is unique and one you're not likely to encounter, but a veteran player has to be prepared for any eventuality. The best players have so fully absorbed the lessons of experience that they are able to think on their feet and surpass any obstacle.

Scene: You've met a girl in a mid-scale bar/club, it's almost closing time, and the two of you are chatting together at the bar without interruption. You haven't kissed or number closed her, but the vibe has been good.

You: They're kicking us out. Come on, I'll walk you part of the way home. It's a zoo out there at this time of night.

Her: Ok. [she follows you out]

You: [grabbing her hand and winding through the masses of people on the sidewalk as she trails you] You live in the neighborhood?

Her: Yeah, I'm right up the street.

You: Wow, me too.

Her: Really? Where?

You: Just over by that Mexican restaurant. [pointing in that direction]

Her: Um, Ok, what street?

You: Why, are you gonna stalk me? I've had enough stalkers in my life, thank you.

Her: No, like, seriously, just tell me which street. [she giggles]

You: Ok, XXXX street.

Her: [getting excitable] What's your address?

You: Ok, this is weird. You aren't going to stalk me?

Her: No, I promise! What address!

You: XXXX XXXX street, XXXX building.

Her: Oh my god. I live in that same building! [you're nearing your place]

You: You've gotta be kidding. So I guess I'll walk you home all the way then. [you stop right in front of your place] So, um, you really live here?

Her: Ha ha! I live right next door to you! [she points at the door next to yours]

You: Unbelievable. Well, this is… different. [you have your keys out as you look at your door, then her door] How come I've never seen you around?

Her: I don't know, maybe we have different work hours. I just moved here four months ago.

The two of you stand there a couple feet apart, smiling and glancing at each other. She seems a bit uncertain. The night has suddenly become very quiet. Remember, you haven't kissed her nor have you gotten her phone number. (NOTE: She is tipsy, but not drunk, and sobering up fast.) Your brain races for what to say next, accessing every speck of knowledge you've acquired over the years gaming girls. The gauntlet is thrown, big guy…

What do you do?

A Real-Life Example Of Beta Texting

CH · 10 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I once wrote a post advising you to never send archiveable communication to a girl that you would be ashamed of if it were publicly broadcast:

> If [your texts and emails] were given a public airing, let's say on a blog or the Verizon Center jumbotron, you should feel comfortable with what you have written for the world to see. You should not feel an urge to wince, because it will be clear to everyone reading it how alpha you are. If the thought of someone other than you and your girl reading your permanently archived romantic exchanges makes you cringe with embarrassment, then you are doing something wrong that will eventually lead to your girl dumping you.

A female reader [name withheld] emailed me the following text exchange she had with a guy she met recently. She wanted me to post it as learning aid for betas everywhere on what NOT to do. Her sad, sorry tale of woe demonstrates why my rule of thumb — don't write a girl anything that would humiliate you if publicly aired — is important: You give yourself a chance with the girl, and you don't get ass raped on a public forum such as my blog.

> Please help the betas of the world understand why I don't want to talk to this guy I met a few weeks ago, who I had the following convo with via txt:
>
> 9/25 1:33PM
> Him: Are we still hangin 2moro
>
> 9/25 1:57PM
> Me: Hey…actually I'm headed back to Portland this weekend. My parents just decided to move to Seattle next month so I have to help them pack. Have a great weekend though
>
> 9/25 1:58PM
> Him: Damn harsh blow off! Thought u had people comin!
>
> 9/29 1:35PM
> Him: Hey
>
> *Note: He called me within one hour of this text. I didn't answer or call back.
>
> 9/30 2:20PM
> Him: What's up
>
> 9/30 2:36PM (Apparently he wasn't getting the picture…so I responded)
> Me: Nothing much
>
> 9/30 2:37PM
> Him: How is work?
>
> 9/30 2:45PM
> Me: Oh alright. Pretty busy right now though…can I send you a text later?
>
> 9/30 2:58PM
> Him: Yea go for it hopefully we can meet up this wknd
>
> 10/1 9:27PM
> Him: Do you have plans fri?
>
> 10/2 9:13AM
> Me: Um…yeah. I have a date with a guy I've been seeing for a couple weeks. Sorry. – This was a lie
>
> 10/2 9:23AM
> Him: I see, I see well let me know when you're free and we can work sumthin out

> 10/4 8:05PM
> Him: Hello

If this guy is reading, I can almost feel the burn of his embarrassment. Let's quickly itemize where he blew up the rails of the beta train.

1. Right off the bat he asked her a question. Weak and needy. A better text: "I'll see you tomorrow".
2. Infantile texting grammar. "2moro"? Leave the cutesie misspellings, shorthand, and emoticons to the girls. You are a man in control of the English language who calmly writes coherent, manly sentences.
3. "Damn harsh blow off"? Never assume the rejection. And especially never announce it to her.
4. Four days later: "Hey". She didn't respond to you four days ago. It's not going anywhere. A few days incommunicado won't make her horny for you. Delete her number or continue down your path of self-administered slow-mo castration.
5. 9/30: "What's up". You've crossed into farce.
6. 9/30: "Nothing much". Now here is where my reader fucked up. Either continue ignoring him, block his number, or forcefully tell him off so he gets the idea. What she's done here is give him an excuse to carry on haranguing her. I suspect she may have done this because she secretly enjoyed the negative attention. Some girls are like that.
7. "How is work?" It was over by the first text, but as a helpful tip you should never ask lame, rapport-forcing questions like this.
8. "Oh alright. Pretty busy right now though…can I send you a text later?". Wtf is this!? Hey, babe, if you don't like a guy the response is simple: "Stop texting me. I don't like you." Are you an attention whore who likes to string losers along? If so, you get no sympathy from me. In fact, I hope the next guy you really like does the same to you. Karmic justice and all that.
9. "Yea go for it hopefully we can meet up this wknd". Hook, line and sinker. Try some self-control next time, Needy McNumbnuts.
10. Two days later: "Do you have plans fri?" I quote Ronin: "Where there's doubt, there's no doubt."
11. "Um…yeah. I have a date with a guy I've been seeing for a couple weeks." This is what my reader should have sent him right after his first text. Did she toy with his hopeful eagerness so she could supply her true love with material for a blog post? Nyyaaaaahhhh… could be!
12. "Hello". I hope you're 14. If you're a full grown adult, you will die a virgin.

Well, I hope that was as painful for my readers as it was for me. It will have been worth it if I saved even one beta from serving as scathingly contemptuous giggle fodder at the next girls' night in.

A Real-Life Example Of Beta Texting

CH · 10 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I once wrote a post advising you to never send archiveable communication to a girl that you would be ashamed of if it were publicly broadcast:

> If [your texts and emails] were given a public airing, let's say on a blog or the Verizon Center jumbotron, you should feel comfortable with what you have written for the world to see. You should not feel an urge to wince, because it will be clear to everyone reading it how alpha you are. If the thought of someone other than you and your girl reading your permanently archived romantic exchanges makes you cringe with embarrassment, then you are doing something wrong that will eventually lead to your girl dumping you.

A female reader [name withheld] emailed me the following text exchange she had with a guy she met recently. She wanted me to post it as learning aid for betas everywhere on what NOT to do. Her sad, sorry tale of woe demonstrates why my rule of thumb — don't write a girl anything that would humiliate you if publicly aired — is important: You give yourself a chance with the girl, and you don't get ass raped on a public forum such as my blog.

> Please help the betas of the world understand why I don't want to talk to this guy I met a few weeks ago, who I had the following convo with via txt:
>
> 9/25 1:33PM
> Him: Are we still hangin 2moro
>
> 9/25 1:57PM
> Me: Hey…actually I'm headed back to Portland this weekend. My parents just decided to move to Seattle next month so I have to help them pack. Have a great weekend though
>
> 9/25 1:58PM
> Him: Damn harsh blow off! Thought u had people comin!
>
> 9/29 1:35PM
> Him: Hey
>
> *Note: He called me within one hour of this text. I didn't answer or call back.
>
> 9/30 2:20PM
> Him: What's up
>
> 9/30 2:36PM (Apparently he wasn't getting the picture…so I responded)
> Me: Nothing much
>
> 9/30 2:37PM
> Him: How is work?
>
> 9/30 2:45PM
> Me: Oh alright. Pretty busy right now though…can I send you a text later?
>
> 9/30 2:58PM
> Him: Yea go for it hopefully we can meet up this wknd
>
> 10/1 9:27PM
> Him: Do you have plans fri?
>
> 10/2 9:13AM
> Me: Um…yeah. I have a date with a guy I've been seeing for a couple weeks. Sorry. – This was a lie
>
> 10/2 9:23AM
> Him: I see, I see well let me know when you're free and we can work sumthin out

> 10/4 8:05PM
> Him: Hello

If this guy is reading, I can almost feel the burn of his embarrassment. Let's quickly itemize where he blew up the rails of the beta train.

1. Right off the bat he asked her a question. Weak and needy. A better text: "I'll see you tomorrow".
2. Infantile texting grammar. "2moro"? Leave the cutesie misspellings, shorthand, and emoticons to the girls. You are a man in control of the English language who calmly writes coherent, manly sentences.
3. "Damn harsh blow off"? Never assume the rejection. And especially never announce it to her.
4. Four days later: "Hey". She didn't respond to you four days ago. It's not going anywhere. A few days incommunicado won't make her horny for you. Delete her number or continue down your path of self-administered slow-mo castration.
5. 9/30: "What's up". You've crossed into farce.
6. 9/30: "Nothing much". Now here is where my reader fucked up. Either continue ignoring him, block his number, or forcefully tell him off so he gets the idea. What she's done here is give him an excuse to carry on haranguing her. I suspect she may have done this because she secretly enjoyed the negative attention. Some girls are like that.
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12. "Hello". I hope you're 14. If you're a full grown adult, you will die a virgin.

Well, I hope that was as painful for my readers as it was for me. It will have been worth it if I saved even one beta from serving as scathingly contemptuous giggle fodder at the next girls' night in.

I Reveal Myself

CH · 11 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Don’t assume I’m easy just because I like to wear full body spandex.

Mash Note To Chi Cha Lounge

CH · 12 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Dear beloved Chi Cha
this ode is for you
if your lounge was music
it would be a Bachian fugue
many a lady whore
have i lured
to the glow of your blood red boudoir
appletini-stained sofas
hookah smoke swirled above us
drinks that hurt my bank account
greasy doorman checks us out
through it all you stayed my place
where i took my ladywhores for dates
staff smiled knowingly at my whore parade
and ran bets which dates i laid
Chi Cha you set the mood right
pussy opened up in your amber light
i gave you much in drink money
and you paid me back in liquored honeys

but then you went and fucked it up
you thought you weren't douche enough
so you had people wait in a line
when clearly no one was inside
this policy is cheese
when it's in NYC
but here in DC
it'll kill your revenue stream
and so i've noticed lately
not many patrons i see
here's a suggestion from me
toss the pseudo-Victorian love seats
and add a Wii.

Beauty Is Not Mysterious

CH · 13 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Which of these two women is more attractive? (UPDATE below.)

Reader “potato” sent me a link to a story in the New York Times about a new software program known as a “beautification engine”:

> The photograph on the right was doctored by the “beautification engine” of a new computer program that uses a mathematical formula to alter the original form into a theoretically more attractive version, while maintaining what programmers call an “unmistakable similarity” to the original. […]
>
> Scientists took the data and applied an algorithm involving 234 measurements between facial features, including the distances between lips and chin, the forehead and the eyes, or between the eyes.
>
> Essentially, they trained a computer to determine, for each individual face, the most attractive set of distances and then choose the ideal closest to the original face.

If you are honest in your assessment and not trying to score dorm room debate points on your not-so-humble narrator, then I predict 95% of my readers, male and female, will agree that the girl on the right is more attractive. The two photos are of the same woman. The girl on the right has been “beautified” by the software algorithm.

As I have been saying all along, beauty, especially female beauty, is not in the eye of the beholder. It is objectively measureable. And now, science is proving me right.

> Studies have shown that there is surprising agreement about what makes a face attractive. Symmetry is at the core, along with youthfulness; clarity or smoothness of skin; and vivid color, say, in the eyes and hair. There is little dissent among people of different cultures, ethnicities, races, ages and gender.

Beauty is not only objective, it is universally agreed upon across cultures.

> Yet, like the many other attempts to use objective principles or even mathematical formulas to define beauty, this software program raises what psychologists, philosophers and feminists say are complex, even disturbing, questions about the perception of beauty and a beauty ideal.

Let's run this paragraph through the patented Poon Translator:

"Yet, like the many other attempts to use objective principles or even mathematical formulas to define beauty, this software program raises what Freudian holdovers, blank slate believers and ugly women say are personally disturbing truths about the perception of beauty and a beauty ideal they'd rather sweep under the rug or obfuscate with all manner of sophistry."

Much clearer!

> "How can they prove it?" said Lois W. Banner, a historian who has studied changing beauty standards, referring to scientific efforts to define attractiveness. "They are never going to locate it on a gene. They are never going to get away from the cultural influence."

The problem with reading the New York Times is that it needs to be run through the Poon Translator in its entirety to get at the nuggets of truth buried under the mounds of evasive bullshit. For example, the above quote should read:

"How can they prove it?" said Lois W. Banner, an insulated ivory tower inculcated leftwing pseudo-historian who has studied Reubens the lone fatty fucker and thinks that proves there were changing beauty standards, referring to scientific efforts to define attractiveness. "I'm praying to my atheistic god that they will never locate it on a gene. My pointless career, and my fragile feminist ego, is on the line so I will tirelessly obstruct real science to ensure they never get away from the comforting cultural influence explanation."

The Poon Translator — Serving the Truth since 2007.

So what did the above woman think of her new, scientifically beautified, face?

> She said she was struck by how different she looked in the second shot.
>
> "I think the after picture looks great, but it doesn't really look like me at all," she said in an e-mail message. "My entire bone structure, face shape and eye size is different, and my lip color looks changed as well."
>
> She added, "I would like to keep my original face."

Imagine seeing a better-looking version of yourself as calculated by a computer program. What a soulkilling ego rape that would be. I can almost feel the shiver that must've run down her spine.

> While several psychological studies over the last few decades also suggest that perceptions of beauty and attractiveness tend to be universal, critics of that work say it is debatable whether a person's beauty is actually enhanced by such changes. Character can be lost. A blandness can set in. The quirky may become plain.

The Poon Translator is working overtime:

"While several psychological studies over the last few decades also suggest that perceptions of beauty and attractiveness tend to be universal, critics of that work prefer to stick their heads in the sand. Ugliness can be lost. Attractiveness can set in. Warpigs may have a chance at love."

> After viewing the before and after photographs of anonymous subjects in Mr. Leyvand's research paper, Dr. Banner, who is a professor of history at the University of Southern California, said the original faces were more attractive.

I'm sure the good professor has deconstructed the term "attractive" to mean whatever the hell he feels it should mean to support his equalist worldview, so that he could say the above with a straight face.

> “Irregular beauty is the real beauty,” said Dr. Banner, adding that such attempts to measure beauty are driven culturally by sameness, making everyone look alike.

This is incorrect. Liv Tyler and Bar Raefeli are both beautiful and yet no one would confuse them for the same person. “All look same” is a common meme among the anti-objective beauty brigade, but reality proves that the definable parameters of beauty can coexist with individual distinctiveness.

> “We have always had a huge industry to make people look better,” Dr. Etcoff said. “Everyone wants to look better. And we keep taking it further and further to all these images that have been doctored. There is a whole generation of girls growing up who think it’s normal not to look the way they really look.”

Whenever I hear “a whole generation of girls” I know a torrent of mushheaded muddle is on the way. How about a more parsimonious explanation: There have always been less attractive girls who wished they were more attractive because they intrinsically understand that their beauty is the most important trait they can barter on the sexual market.

I say bring on the beautification engines and genetic enhancements. If morality is the promulgation of happiness to the greatest number of people, then my opinion in this matter makes me the most moral fucking bastard in the world.

UPDATE

Here is the PDF of the study referenced in the New York Times article:

http://www.cs.tau.ac.il/~tommer/beautification2008/attractiveness2008.pdf
The test subjects are pictured in that report. I stand by my conclusion that the trend is obvious: Most of the subjects experienced a 0.5 to 3 point bump up the looks scale. Bardot and Brando would seem to be odd outliers. I suspect very extreme beauties, like famous actors and actresses, could suffer a hit from a beautification algorithm because the software doesn’t take into account the tail ends of the beauty bell curve where particularly unique facial features like Bardot’s lips might scramble the software processing.

Screening Girls

CH · 14 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Women choose, men are chosen. This is the basic tenet of evolutionary mate selection. So does this mean there is nothing men can do to put more power in their own hands? Absolutely not. Paradoxically, the role of being chooser has made women susceptible to men acting as the chooser. A man who chooses women, whether in reality or perception, signals he is high value to a woman. This is why schools of seduction teach the importance of "qualifying". Girls will say they don't want to be lined up like cattle and chosen by men, but in practice they secretly yearn for a man to have standards and ruthlessly apply them, in the same way they do to men. A woman loves to feel special that her man chose her over other options he had… until he dumps her for a hotter chick.

In light of this fact of female nature, here are some screening tests you could apply to women you are dating. You don't have to believe in all of your high standards, you just have to act like you do. For instance, I don't really care if a woman has banged guys in different cities around the world likes to travel, but I qualify her as if this was critically important to my continuing interest in her.

"The last girl I dated was very provincial. I'm a mentally active man who challenges himself, and I can't be with someone who won't join me in my adventures. So are you the adventurous type who seeks new experiences?"

She will now be like putty in your hands, insisting she LOVES to travel and enjoys learning about new cultures. Segue into pussy pounding.

Fake your high standards until you are banging enough quality pussy that you have internalized your high standards. At that point, not only will you be dumping chicks for major infractions like lying and dullness and weight gain, you'll be dumping them for minor things like owning too many shoes.

Examples

Screening her for anti-marriage beliefs:

You: One thing that's important to me is that the girl I'm with doesn't feel pressured to conform to societal expectations. She has her own mind and values her independence. She's cool with loving, long term relationships that don't need to be validated by a Justice of the Peace.

Screening her for loathing of children:

You: When you see a cute little kid snotting himself in the mall and rubbing his germs all over everything, what do you think? They're such a responsibility that saps life of all its joy, would you agree?

Screening her for generosity:

You: Do you know how to give a good backrub?

Screening her for fidelity:

You: What do you feel about guys who like to keep their options open and date around until they find that perfect match?

(Note: This is reverse psychology. The more she hates on guys who date around, the likelier it is she is doing the same.)

Screening her for wife and mother potential:

You: I really like girls who have a crazy streak and no hang-ups. Have you ever let a guy snort coke off your ass?

Screening her for sluttiness:

You: On a scale from 1 to 10, how would you rate your blowjob technique?

Screening her for femininity:

You: Have you ever, or are you now, working for a law firm in any capacity or going to law school?

Screening her for romanticism:

You: I like girls who can have a great time with me spending no money just walking around the tidal pool at midnight and staring at the stars in the sky. (Wait for her reaction. If she's a money or status whore, you'll see a quick flash of disgust cross her face before she settles on the appropriate answer.)

Screening her for willingness to please you:

You: I can only be with a girl who likes to exercise, not one who sees it as a chore.

******

These screening tests should get you started. If you're looking to just get laid, you'll want to toss softballs and screen her for things she is eager to confirm — like love of travel. For girlfriend screenings, you'll want to bang her first, then apply more vigorous screens to weed out those girls who would be a waste of your resources.

But the best screening test I've found BY FAR is looking at a picture of her mother — there's your future, buddy. Choose wisely.

Standing Like An Alpha

CH · 15 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I was recently out with some old friends at a club. One of the guys, smart but beta-ish, was standing holding his drink. I walked over and told him I would position his stance so that girls would suddenly find him irresistible and guys would think he was cool. I moved his legs and feet about shoulder width apart, one foot pointed at a jaunty angle, and told him to rest most of his body weight on his left leg. Then I had him hold his drink down by his hip.

The change was instantaneous. Our group of mixed girls and guys stepped back to take a look at my friend with his new and improved stance. They were astonished at the difference it made. One girl even muttered “Wow” under her breath. The guys nodded their heads and were impressed. My friend was a man they had known for years — they were comfortable with his predictable and reassuring beta presence — so the conspicuous alpha vibe the new stance projected had everyone amazed and slightly disturbed.

With a simple adjustment of his legs and feet my friend had gone from an invisible beta to an intriguing figure in the middle of the crowd. More girls would now be open to his approach.

This alpha stance is not random. It’s a classical pose called *contrapposto* that Michelangelo sculpted for his masterpiece David. It suggests a relaxed and vulnerable appearance, exactly the sort of self-possessed mental state an alpha male would convey through his body language. I believe girls are hardwired deep in their electric hams to be sexually drawn to a man standing *contrapposto*.

Most people find it unsettling that such a banal detail like foot positioning could trigger an attraction reflex in women, but the noble mysteries of human nature are only made so by our insistence. For those with the eyes to see, reality constantly reminds us we are not poetically transcendent creatures. We are animals.

Open This Set

CH · 16 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

You see this six set across the room and start to walk toward them.

Let's say you're walking over right after they mugged for the club photographer, plastering themselves with phony smiles. How do you approach? Who do you address first? What do you say? What energy level do you bring?

You will have to observe a few things in the split seconds before you decide on your strategy. (In big all-girl sets, the best strategy is usually a formulation of divide and conquer. You want to isolate the hottest chick — your target — and neutralize her ability to influence the entire group.) Notice their body language. Whose hands are draped over whose shoulders? Who's laughing the loudest? Who's dressed the sluttiest? Who's holding an empty beer bottle? Who's wearing black fingernail polish? Who looks like she is taken? Who's the mother hen?

Go.

***

Bonus:

You're standing by the bar in the above picture, at the event horizon of an attention whore black hole. You've an avid reader of the Chateau so you have a solid understanding of female psychology. What do you do next?

One option would be to backturn and ignore them. This situation is nigh hopeless. I would only turn around to order a beer, curtly saying "Excuse me" as I reached between one of the girl's legs to grab my drink. Or I might make a big show of looking up the chunky girl's dress with a huge shit eating grin on my face.

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Reader Mailbag

CH · 17 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's another installment of Reader Mailbag. The previous edition can be found here.

Email #1

> Great series this week on the different chick types. You think you can give some ideas/advice on how to break through a DC-specific subset of women, namely, the cold hard preppie country club (real or wannabe) girls who hang at Smith Point, Town Hall, Paolo's, etc? It seems that unless you're in their social circle, there's no way to blast through their bitch shields. I've got above-average game but I don't look/dress like that crowd and I refuse to wear pink popped collared shirts and pants with lobsters on them to infiltrate. Many of these chicks are super hot though. How does a gamer bounce these young rich chicks in to bed, aside from talking/lying about your trust fund and house in the Hamptons?
>
> L.

My first response: Why would you even want these types of girls? Then I remembered — to corrupt their blueblood souls. Carry on.

Every type of girl is in a "social circle" unless she's so ugly or fat she is forced to strike out on her own. Girls come preprogrammed to seek the protection and support of the tribe, so their first instinct when dropped into a new city and out of their parents' house is to build allies and draw social boundaries. As a regular guy, you'll find it just as hard to blast through a hipster chick's bitch shield as a Georgetown prep chick's bitch shield. The details may change but the bitch remains the same.

You've got two options; either play the rebel outsider to the hilt, or assume the accoutrements and tastes of the social group you want to infiltrate. Since you loathe the latter, you have to connect without the crutch of preapproved social cues. If you can expertly lie, and you're only interested in quickie flings, you could pull a Talented Mr. Ripley act and crash their scene like a nouveau rich unknown from lands afar. The brooding artist outsider who gets invited to all the swank gallery openings is also an effective fusillade aimed right at the pretentiously status-conscious soft underbelly of the WASP crowd. If you can't lie like a champ, any efforts to go blingo-a-blingo with the upper classes will fail; there will always be some dude richer than your lies.

My advice is to laugh off the money talk. When she mentions her daddy's yacht, tell her your rowboat has better fuel economy. Class and money honeys are constitutionally drawn to men who don't play by their high society rules. As long as you steer clear of any hints of resentment or insecurity, and talk about your passions in a way that she can't help but love, you'll have success. Oh, and don't rag on the popped collar douches too much around her. While you might think glib putdowns of her social scene would build a secret world with you and her, it just as likely could make her defensive. It's a fine line between edgy and bitter.

Email #2

> Although I think you occasionally overreach, you seem to be onto something, so I thought I'd ask you about small-town girls. I lived in a big city for a long time (and got plenty of play) before moving out to a town of less than 100,000 and missing more often than hitting. There is something different about small-town girls that I can't quite put my finger on. Any leads?
>
> R.

Leads? See here. In the small towns, your number of pump and dumps will fall, but your odds of finding a quality girl for a relationship will rise. It's simple sexual economics. Hotter, ambitious chicks with high circulating levels of testosterone flock to the cities to pursue their dreams (AKA make enough money to buy haute couture sweaters for their small dogs) and meet a great man (AKA fuck the same three dudes every other girl in the city is fucking). The difference you are seeing is that small town girls from good backgrounds (i.e. not trailer trash) are more feminine, less slutty, more traditional, and less likely to cheat. The downsides are that more small town girls are fat and uber religious. The big upside? Chicks in the sticks have little firsthand experience with game. They will melt under your onslaught.

Email #3

> I have a cousin who has absolutely no game. He is older then me, and when we were younger I always looked up to him because he is really funny and incredibly smart. Now that I have grown up, I envy his job and money, but the fact that he can't pick chicks up is really bothering him. While I'm not like a super player, I have never had much trouble with girls. The problem is that he has the potential but just cant get out of his shell.
>
> He is new to the area, having just moved back to up state NY, and I haven't been able to successfully hook him up with any one. This how ever is making it increasingly hard to spend time with the girl I'm currently slamming.
>
> I want to help him, But a wing man can only do so much. What do you recommend?
>
> Any guidance would be appreciated. He is getting to that bitterness that just makes it hard to be around him.
>
> Thanks for your time,
>
> J. D.

You can lead a cock to pussy, but you can't make it penetrate.

Btw, for all you "alpha is a leader of men, not a bedder of women" believers, read this man's email closely. His cousin has a great job and lots of money and was always looked up to because he is "really funny and incredibly smart". Those are alpha traits that other men admire, but because of his lackluster skills with women, the emailer is getting to the point that he doesn't even want to go out with him anymore. This is because the one thing men admire MOST in other men is their expertise at meeting and fucking women. The evidence is in the envy.

J.D., I would suggest, if you can trust your cousin, having your girlfriend wing with him. This will do more for his ability to get conversations going with women than all the professional pickup wingmen in the world, thanks to the powerful force of preselection. If she agrees to do this, reward your girl with tenderly administered blasts of semen to her face. If she doesn't agree, sign your cousin up for a bootcamp.

Email #4

> So here's the deal. I'm [name withheld] from your blog (please withhold the e-mail address if you're planning on publishing this e-mail) and I need help with this chick from my college.
>
> She digs my best friend, and I kinda dig her too, and she has this crazy bet that if I can get my best friend to reciprocate her feelings for him, she'll have sex with me. She's seriously willing to live up to her end of the deal. The problem is that my best friend is somewhat of an orthodox Muslim and I think his religion even forbids him from kissing girls before marriage. Also, I don't think he has any sexual feelings for the girl, even though I'd peg her at at least a legitimate 7 out of 10.

> So, how can I get my friend to like the girl so I can collect
> on the deal and have sex with her?

This is so fucked up I love it. So she'll have sex with you if you can somehow convince your best friend to want to have sex with her? Better yet, you have to convince him to feel attracted to her if he doesn't already? And do it all facing Mecca and under threat of decapitation by enraged family members? Inshallah!

I'm just going to pretend this isn't a put-on, because it's what the readership would want. Fact: If a guy isn't physically attracted to a girl, there is NOTHING she OR you can do about it. But who cares about facts? We're in it to win it! Tell your Muslim friend that 72 virgins in the afterlife, and $100 right now, await him if he goes on a date with this freak chick and acts like he likes her. Tell him there is a loophole in the Koran which permits fornication with dirty subhuman infidels for the purposes of spreading Muhammed's seed of truth. Now all you have to ask yourself is if this chick's booty is worth $100, a mountain of lies, and a possible fatwah against your heathen ass.

Email #5

> Thanks for your blog, your posts have given me immeasurable insight. A question (which you may post on your website without my details), the answer for which will be timely for me in the coming weeks.
>
> Could you please name 3-5 karaoke songs which a (lesser) alpha male would choose as a first time solo performance? Also 3-5 songs which to avoid at all costs. You can assume no singing talent at all and a complete newbie, but someone who has no problem with stepping into the limelight and enough confidence not to choke.
>
> Thanks in advance,
>
> T.

Karaoke songs a lesser alpha should sing: Metallica's *Master of Puppets*, Tori Amos' *Little Earthquakes*, Pet Shop Boys *West End Girls*. Good luck!

(I'll let the commenters have at this one.)

Email #6

> so. i'm curious about something and hope your vitriolic, narcissistic self might have the answer…
>
> why is it that guys like audibles? not in the football sense, of course, but in the sexual sense? in the 'i want to hear you moan/tell me how big i am/how you feel/what you want/what a bad girl you are' sense?
>
> maybe i'm just a slut… but i've heard this from enough guys (and girls who are less slutty than me) to know that something doesn't jive with guys' 'oh, we're visual creatures' thing…
>
> hugs and kisses,
>
> K (aka dirty blonde)
>
> ps – dirty blonde was used when i posted about hair (it's my hair color). but i liked the double entendre so it stuck.

"Vitriolic, narcissistic self"? You know the way to a man's heart, K.

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ps: you said "stuck".

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> Man, I'm eager to hear!
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> JP.

Redirect to: David Alexander.

Gay men have the same sexual attraction mechanism as straight men, except that it is oriented to the same sex. This means gays value youth and beauty in other men. Old queens are indeed hosed. Luckily, with all their discretionary cash accumulated from not having to raise children, they can afford the services of young male prostitutes. I'd imagine ugly gay men have it worst of anyone. At least ugly straight men can bring other things to the table, like charm or social status, to attract girls. Viewed in this light, it makes perfect sense why gays spend an inordinate amount of time primping themselves and removing all body hair. Gays are basically women who don't lie to themselves that it's what's on the inside that counts.

So hit the gym and the CL Casual Encounters, cream puff!

"And, for god sakes, it might just be a fun experiment to expand into some diversity. I still have a cock that needs attention. I mean, why not?"

You have me mistaken for someone who is French.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 17 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's another installment of Reader Mailbag. The previous edition can be found here.

Email #1

> Great series this week on the different chick types. You think you can give some ideas/advice on how to break through a DC-specific subset of women, namely, the cold hard preppie country club (real or wannabe) girls who hang at Smith Point, Town Hall, Paolo's, etc? It seems that unless you're in their social circle, there's no way to blast through their bitch shields. I've got above-average game but I don't look/dress like that crowd and I refuse to wear pink popped collared shirts and pants with lobsters on them to infiltrate. Many of these chicks are super hot though. How does a gamer bounce these young rich chicks in to bed, aside from talking/lying about your trust fund and house in the Hamptons?
>
> L.

My first response: Why would you even want these types of girls? Then I remembered — to corrupt their blueblood souls. Carry on.

Every type of girl is in a "social circle" unless she's so ugly or fat she is forced to strike out on her own. Girls come preprogrammed to seek the protection and support of the tribe, so their first instinct when dropped into a new city and out of their parents' house is to build allies and draw social boundaries. As a regular guy, you'll find it just as hard to blast through a hipster chick's bitch shield as a Georgetown prep chick's bitch shield. The details may change but the bitch remains the same.

You've got two options; either play the rebel outsider to the hilt, or assume the accoutrements and tastes of the social group you want to infiltrate. Since you loathe the latter, you have to connect without the crutch of preapproved social cues. If you can expertly lie, and you're only interested in quickie flings, you could pull a Talented Mr. Ripley act and crash their scene like a nouveau rich unknown from lands afar. The brooding artist outsider who gets invited to all the swank gallery openings is also an effective fusillade aimed right at the pretentiously status-conscious soft underbelly of the WASP crowd. If you can't lie like a champ, any efforts to go blingo-a-blingo with the upper classes will fail; there will always be some dude richer than your lies.

My advice is to laugh off the money talk. When she mentions her daddy's yacht, tell her your rowboat has better fuel economy. Class and money honeys are constitutionally drawn to men who don't play by their high society rules. As long as you steer clear of any hints of resentment or insecurity, and talk about your passions in a way that she can't help but love, you'll have success. Oh, and don't rag on the popped collar douches too much around her. While you might think glib putdowns of her social scene would build a secret world with you and her, it just as likely could make her defensive. It's a fine line between edgy and bitter.

Email #2

> Although I think you occasionally overreach, you seem to be onto something, so I thought I'd ask you about small-town girls. I lived in a big city for a long time (and got plenty of play) before moving out to a town of less than 100,000 and missing more often than hitting. There is something different about small-town girls that I can't quite put my finger on. Any leads?
>
> R.

Leads? See here. In the small towns, your number of pump and dumps will fall, but your odds of finding a quality girl for a relationship will rise. It's simple sexual economics. Hotter, ambitious chicks with high circulating levels of testosterone flock to the cities to pursue their dreams (AKA make enough money to buy haute couture sweaters for their small dogs) and meet a great man (AKA fuck the same three dudes every other girl in the city is fucking). The difference you are seeing is that small town girls from good backgrounds (i.e. not trailer trash) are more feminine, less slutty, more traditional, and less likely to cheat. The downsides are that more small town girls are fat and uber religious. The big upside? Chicks in the sticks have little firsthand experience with game. They will melt under your onslaught.

Email #3

> I have a cousin who has absolutely no game. He is older then me, and when we were younger I always looked up to him because he is really funny and incredibly smart. Now that I have grown up, I envy his job and money, but the fact that he can't pick chicks up is really bothering him. While I'm not like a super player, I have never had much trouble with girls. The problem is that he has the potential but just cant get out of his shell.
>
> He is new to the area, having just moved back to up state NY, and I haven't been able to successfully hook him up with any one. This how ever is making it increasingly hard to spend time with the girl I'm currently slamming.
>
> I want to help him, But a wing man can only do so much. What do you recommend?
>
> Any guidance would be appreciated. He is getting to that bitterness that just makes it hard to be around him.
>
> Thanks for your time,
>
> J. D.

You can lead a cock to pussy, but you can't make it penetrate.

Btw, for all you "alpha is a leader of men, not a bedder of women" believers, read this man's email closely. His cousin has a great job and lots of money and was always looked up to because he is "really funny and incredibly smart". Those are alpha traits that other men admire, but because of his lackluster skills with women, the emailer is getting to the point that he doesn't even want to go out with him anymore. This is because the one thing men admire MOST in other men is their expertise at meeting and fucking women. The evidence is in the envy.

J.D., I would suggest, if you can trust your cousin, having your girlfriend wing with him. This will do more for his ability to get conversations going with women than all the professional pickup wingmen in the world, thanks to the powerful force of preselection. If she agrees to do this, reward your girl with tenderly administered blasts of semen to her face. If she doesn't agree, sign your cousin up for a bootcamp.

Email #4

> So here's the deal. I'm [name withheld] from your blog (please withhold the e-mail address if you're planning on publishing this e-mail) and I need help with this chick from my college.
>
> She digs my best friend, and I kinda dig her too, and she has this crazy bet that if I can get my best friend to reciprocate her feelings for him, she'll have sex with me. She's seriously willing to live up to her end of the deal. The problem is that my best friend is somewhat of an orthodox Muslim and I think his religion even forbids him from kissing girls before marriage. Also, I don't think he has any sexual feelings for the girl, even though I'd peg her at at least a legitimate 7 out of 10.

> So, how can I get my friend to like the girl so I can collect
> on the deal and have sex with her?

This is so fucked up I love it. So she'll have sex with you if you can somehow convince your best friend to want to have sex with her? Better yet, you have to convince him to feel attracted to her if he doesn't already? And do it all facing Mecca and under threat of decapitation by enraged family members? Inshallah!

I'm just going to pretend this isn't a put-on, because it's what the readership would want. Fact: If a guy isn't physically attracted to a girl, there is NOTHING she OR you can do about it. But who cares about facts? We're in it to win it! Tell your Muslim friend that 72 virgins in the afterlife, and $100 right now, await him if he goes on a date with this freak chick and acts like he likes her. Tell him there is a loophole in the Koran which permits fornication with dirty subhuman infidels for the purposes of spreading Muhammed's seed of truth. Now all you have to ask yourself is if this chick's booty is worth $100, a mountain of lies, and a possible fatwah against your heathen ass.

Email #5

> Thanks for your blog, your posts have given me immeasurable insight. A question (which you may post on your website without my details), the answer for which will be timely for me in the coming weeks.
>
> Could you please name 3-5 karaoke songs which a (lesser) alpha male would choose as a first time solo performance? Also 3-5 songs which to avoid at all costs. You can assume no singing talent at all and a complete newbie, but someone who has no problem with stepping into the limelight and enough confidence not to choke.
>
> Thanks in advance,
>
> T.

Karaoke songs a lesser alpha should sing: Metallica's *Master of Puppets*, Tori Amos' *Little Earthquakes*, Pet Shop Boys *West End Girls*. Good luck!

(I'll let the commenters have at this one.)

Email #6

> so. i'm curious about something and hope your vitriolic, narcissistic self might have the answer…
>
> why is it that guys like audibles? not in the football sense, of course, but in the sexual sense? in the 'i want to hear you moan/tell me how big i am/how you feel/what you want/what a bad girl you are' sense?
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So hit the gym and the CL Casual Encounters, cream puff!

"And, for god sakes, it might just be a fun experiment to expand into some diversity. I still have a cock that needs attention. I mean, why not?"

You have me mistaken for someone who is French.

Girls And Politics

CH · 20 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

What do you do when a girl you are gaming brings up the subject of politics? Politics and religion are conversational buzzkills, no doubt, but sometimes when a girl is getting to know you she'll be curious where you stand on political and religious matters. Usually, these are weird, emotionally unbalanced, nerdy girls who think that compatibility means you're voting for her candidate.

One option is glib evasiveness. "Who am I voting for? I'm writing in Ron Jeremy. He's a self-made man who knows that actions speak louder than words. That's what this country needs right now — hard and fast." If your date is a normal girl she'll grasp your subcommunication and laugh a little while you change the subject.

Some guys who consider themselves inner game gurus would tell you to stay true to yourself and answer girls candidly when they ask questions about your politics. In this way, you screen out girls whose beliefs violate your manly principles. How noble. This strategy fails when EVERY girl of fuckable age shares the same political ideology. Here in DC, if you aren't a flaming liberal, you'll wind up screening out all your dates and living like a celibate hermit. (9% voted for Bush in the last election. 1% of those were girls. 1% of those girls were unmarried.) But at least you and your hand will have the satisfaction of sticking by your principles. This is lipstick on a pig game; the outcome sucks but you dressed it up real purty for yourself.

What I find peculiar about people who live in DC, and particularly the single girls of this fine City in the Abyss, is their oblivious penchant to assume you share their politics and think exactly like them. For a bunch of SWPLs that speak so eloquently of diversity and tolerance they have a hard time putting their principles into practice. It's dehumanizing groupthink, but that's always been a key ingredient of any quasi-religious revival. The upside is that you don't get asked your politics too often, since they are assumed. Until election years roll around…

During the last fevered election, I had a number of dates who pressed me for my political beliefs. The matter was of utmost importance to them, or so they claimed. I used to evade. But that sometimes sounded wishy-washy. I tried blatantly lying to the girls I didn't want as long term prospects. That worked, but then I had to deal with listening to them drone on and on about some pet lefty cause like the superiority of Europe over America or the evils of the wrong kind of white people. I got my revenge the morning after when I turned to look at her, brushed aside a wisp of hair, and tenderly whispered in her ear "By the way, remember that conversation about politics we were having yesterday? Well, I'm a huge fan of the Second Amendment. I love guns." You never saw such a Hallmark moment.

Finally, I switched to telling them the truth, no hedging or excusing.

"I'm a libertine capitalist. I understand the limits that human nature places on ideology. Politics is not a religion substitute for me, so it doesn't have much importance in my life. I don't even vote."

The trick here is I've avoided the typical political platitudes, code words, and shibboleths that would trigger her inquisition reflex. I've been truthful in a disarmingly eccentric way; one that naturally leads the discussion away from political posturing into more fruitful avenues of discussion. The phrase "human nature" can lead straight into a conversation about "social dynamics", and then onto "girls have dirtier minds than guys". Now we're cooking with gas!

If a girl asks which party you are registered with, tell her "Independent". If you're Republican, you telling her that carries too much baggage, true or not. Chicks dig mavericks. If you're to the right of Genghis Khan, you don't have to worry about disagreeing with her — most girls get turned on when a guy is unafraid to say what he means — but you don't want to be argumentative, either. Arguing will kill the sexytime mood right quick. State your beliefs with conviction, then segue into a different topic. Don't linger on politics like some Daily Kos junkie arguing the minutiae of what is ultimately bullshit in the grand scheme of things. Keep it vague and philosophically Zen-like. If she insists on knowing more about your opinion of preemptive warfare or the Fairness Doctrine, just hold up your hand and announce you are changing the subject because politics bores you, and it's a horrible way to get to know

someone.

Telling a DC replicant woman you don’t vote is like telling her you led a coup in the Congo to overthrow the local despot. She will be flabbergasted… and intrigued. Such a reaction is only possible when your god is your political party.

Them and us, always and forever…

Wouldn’t It Be Funny If Christopher Buckley’s

CH · 20 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

… sloppy knob job of Obama was inspired by a lie? Perhaps he should consider writing in Bill Ayers for President.

Live by the credential, die by the credential.*

(*To the elitist mind, a published memoir is a credential that automatically establishes Presidential bona fides.)

In other news, the MSM is not a useful idiot, they’re a useful accomplice, and should be regulated as such. During election cycles, the NY Times *et al.* are no different than 527s.

Misconceptions About The Alpha Male

CH · 21 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Joe T. wrote the following comment to my post Screening Girls:

> […]Real alphas, as I've said, are not promiscuous in the solitary, alley-cat way. They are self-declared "empire builders" and creating a personal family empire (including marriage and kids) is as natural to them as breathing.

There are many betas who build bigger family "empires" than the typical alpha. See: Idiocracy. The desire for a family is not necessarily a defining trait of alphaness. If it were, there would be hundreds of my sprogs running around. But alphas who aren't interested in raising bratty little kids who suck all the fun out of life can now have their cake and eat it, too, thanks to contraceptives and abortion.

I think everyone needs to go and re-read my post Defining the Alpha Male. It should clarify the common misperceptions I read over and over from my detractors. In short, the alpha male is best defined by how many hot women want to fuck him. Whatever else a man does with his life is irrelevant to establishing his alphaness. If he leads a small nation but women find him repulsive, well, no dice; he ain't an alpha. Of course, there is a lot of overlap between the subset of men who can lead other men and the subset of men who could bed a lot of women, owing to the fact that women regard dominance displays by men over other men as one signal of male mate value. But leading other men is not a necessary prerequisite for effectively bedding women. It is just one tactic among many.

Reader PatrickH wrote this comment in response to Joe T. above:

> Your alpha, the "empire builder", has more in common with my manly type, though he's obviously more ruthless. Most of my remarks wouldn't apply to that kind of alpha.
>
> I think your point is a shrewd one, however. Real alphas would never shy away from marriage and family simply because the deck is stacked against them by the law, for example. They wouldn't fear that at all. They would never worry about being cuckolded, wouldn't fear having another man's child sprung on them. None of that is alpha…in your sense of the word.
>
> In mine…yes, all of that is "alpha". Just remember the scare quotes. The "alpha" of this place is a parody, a mimicry of the true leader, the truly excellent man.

"Empire builders" are, in our present-day collectivistically-cushioned, corporately-cordoned and contraceptively-contoured reality, more often than not beta male providers who are second and third choices of the women who settled for them. Many of these "empire builders" get cheated on.

PatrickH's other points miss the mark. "Real" alphas are motivated by self-interest, not fear, when coming to the logical conclusion that marriage is a raw deal for them. Hint: It's not the cuckoldry, it's the divorce theft and enforced monogamy. Is it fearlessness to place a target on your chest and step directly in the path of the bullet, or is it stupidity? Rhetorical.

All "true" leaders started the same way as everyone else — they mimicked (i.e. learned from) their mentors and their personal experiences. Do not make the mistake of letting your envy blur your thinking; the womanizer who chooses to avoid marriage and the "excellent man" are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they are more often than most people would admit to themselves, the same man.

Joe T. wrote again:

> The term "alpha" came from naturalists and zoologists who studied the behavior of wild animals in nature.

> All the animal alpha males that have been studied were truly dominant, and all put reproductive success — having a lot of offspring — first and foremost.
>
> He doesn't and therefore he's not really an alpha in the strict, commonly-used scientific and sociological definition of that term.

Actually, the instincts that guide animals put mating success, not reproductive success, first and foremost. Animals are not aware that their fucking leads to offspring, nor are the alpha male animals aware that their violent victories over rivals will grant them access to more females. They just do what their genes tell them to do. Biologists use number of offspring as one measure of an animal's alphaness, although number of copulations would work just as well.

Strictly speaking, a man who fucks tons of women while using condoms is thwarting his genetic programming, not his alpha designation.

> True alphas don't use game, they just do what comes naturally as an alpha.

This has to be the most dearly held misconception about alpha males. "Naturals" DO use game and have used it from an early age; they just aren't as self-aware as men who learn game later in life. The only difference between naturals and "non-naturals" is when their journeys began. Opening your eyes to the true animalistic nature of women is best done at an early age, when such knowledge is strongly imprinted in the growing mind. Learning game later in life, when your adult mind is fully formed and burdened with good and bad experiences, will inevitably throw into stark relief a cognitive dissonance that must be overcome before the late learner can begin to use his newfound skills in a more natural manner.

> Being alpha isn't inherently different for humans just because we have the ability to control the outcome of the sex act and thwart reproduction. Even an alpha human male would naturally, intuitively give a high priority to mating with lots of women to produce lots of offspring.

Correction: He would intuitively give a high priority to mating with lots of women because it feels so fucking good.

> Since he isn't naturally drawn to the family empire lifestyle, he cannot be a true alpha.

Kurt Cobain had one child and killed himself. If you want to argue he wasn't an alpha by your "empire building" definition, you had better be ready to explain away the throngs of young female fans willing to jump his cock at the first opportunity.

Sarcasm Is Unfeminine

CH · 22 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I had the following conversation with Zeets.

Me: How goes the dating circuit?

Zeets: That abrasive girl called me back. Her sarcasm is really grating.

Me: What was it this time?

Zeets: She asked me what I did this past weekend. So I told her I went to a Civil War reenactment, and she was like [Zeets affected a drippingly caustic tone of voice] “Oh GOD, don’t tell me you were one of those guys who dresses up in the uniform and everything. That’s SOO sexy.”

Me: It’s SOO sexy when girls talk like that.

Zeets: It’s unfeminine. It doesn’t make me want to have sex with her, I can tell you that. I explained that I went to watch and learn some history, but she kept being sarcastic. She can’t turn it off. I mean, I know she likes me since she called me, but she can’t talk like a normal human being for one second.

Me: What happened next?

Zeets: So I said “Well, what did you do this weekend? Yoga book club? Rescue an orphaned cat?” Then there was this long awkward silence. I relished it. There was no sound. I could hear her thinking on the other end of the phone. Finally, she says “Ach, I’ll just speak to you later in the week” and hangs up.

Me: You need a sweetie-pie. This girl wasn’t it.

Zeets: No, she was a vomit-pie.

*****

Sarcasm is a leading indicator of low self esteem in a woman. It is a masculine manifestation driven by the ego that cannot coexist with the inner feminine driven by the heart. A girl who leans on the crutch of sarcasm to thrash her way through a conversation is hiding insecurities behind a phony facade of gritty toughness. She sees the world through a lens of negativity. Her first instinct is to doubt sincerity in others, because she is herself insincere in everything she says and does. When your date wallows in sarcastic “humor”, you will know you are dealing with a girl who is untrusting, manipulative, and incapable of being vulnerable around you. She is afraid you will see right through to her core being, and you will judge. Sarcasm shields her self-doubt from you.

Low self esteem + fear of vulnerability + sarcasm = typical urban woman.

These are the key ingredients of the Bitch. She is inherently unfeminine. Screen for these types early and often, and let the betas suffer the Bitches’ weaknesses. They deserve each other.

Secrets

CH · 23 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A while back, I was sitting in my favorite bar savoring a delicious bison burger and a beer which I imagined was the best beer in the world because it had a long German name. It was a slow Sunday afternoon and the bar was nearly empty. Across the bar, about fifteen feet away, a leggy blonde walked in and settled on one of the stools, chatting up the bartender. She noticed me noticing her, and a flicker of nervousness froze her face momentarily. I had banged this girl on two separate nights many months ago. After the second banging, we (her? me? it's unclear) cut off all contact. This was the first we had seen of each other since then.

A minute later, a guy came in and sat down next to Blondie. He leaned in to give her a kiss and she perceptibly flinched away from his approaching puckered lips. She looked annoyed. He smiled at her doofily while her face was turned the opposite way, then ordered a meal and talked about the game on the TV with another bartender. Every so often, I caught Blondie glancing in my direction. I made sure she knew I caught her.

I remember her mentioning something about a boyfriend she was planning to move in with when we hooked up, but like any well-bred devil-may-care alpha, I breezily dismissed it. An abstract concept. Not my moral crisis. The choice to cheat or not rested entirely with her. And now, here was the flesh and blood boyfriend, sitting mere feet from a man whose dick had penetrated his girlfriend's wet pussy while he was setting aside separate dresser drawers for her panties, happily oblivious and looking very much like a normal dude.

I wanted fun. Feeling like a cenobite summoned by a fire and brimstone hellgod of the underworld to dispense the cruel justice of a sadist who loves to watch his victims squirm, I walked around the bar and stood next to her boyfriend pretending to get closer to the TV. Blondie wasn't there; she had gone to the bathroom.

Me: Hey man, I don't think the Skins can take Pittsburgh. Too much depth. [My inner voice: *Your girlfriend's pussy has depth.*]

Him: What? It's only the half. Pittsburgh falls apart late in the game.

[more sports small talk]

Me: This place is pretty good on a Sunday for watching the game. No drunk college kids. So you and your girlfriend come here a lot? [*I saw your girlfriend's labia.*]

Him: Oh yeah, she's a regular here, so I come once in a while when I'm in town.

Me: Yeah, I'm a regular too. I pretty much know everybody here, but I've only seen her around once or twice. So you're from out of town? I respect someone who can make a long distance relationship work during these times. [*I held your girlfriend's long legs up pointing straight at the ceiling as I pounded her into submission*]

Him: I'm planning to move into DC. We're getting a place together. The long distance thing is tough, but you do what you have to to make it work.

Me: Yup. Number one thing: trust. Long distance can work if you can trust the girl. [*She let me fuck her without a condom. I don't know if I pulled out in time.*]

Him: [looking over his shoulder at the women's bathroom door] And if she can trust me!

Me: You know it! [*She has blonde pubes.*] Anyhow, if you've found a girl like that, hold on to her. I can tell you, those types are rare. [*She sucked my cock like it was her last.*]

[Blondie exits the bathroom and walks up next to the boyfriend, slowly taking a seat. Her face has gone ghostly white as she sees me talking to her boyfriend. I smile and wink.]

Me: Hey, what's up. Nice to meet another regular. We were just chatting about the Skins' chances for making it to the show this year. [*Did your clitoris just quiver?*]

Her: [eyes wide] Um, hi there. [her voice sounds artificially chirpy.]

If I had a hidden camera I would have taken a picture of her face right at that moment. The expression of fear, shock, shame, and even the blush of arousal was priceless. I detected a hint of nipple hardening. The hamster on her brain wheel was spinning frantically.

Me: Well, anyhow, I'm gonna get back to my food. I don't want somebody else to eat it while I'm away. Nice to talk with you guys. [*I shot a white hot load across the bow of her chest. A blob landed on the pillow next to her head. The pillow you have pressed your face into while sleeping.*]

***

Tyler Durden has written about the Secret Society. One where nearly all the attractive women, their best gay boyfriends, and a small number of alpha players share the bounty of glorious pussy. It is an organically emerged society no one talks about, or even recognizes as such. But exist it does, in practice if not in formality. Sluts are left to be sluts. Fidelity is an anachronism; a false morality for those ignorati outside the secret society. Everyone lives for good feelings. People who cause bad feelings are excommunicated. Everyone is cool. No one is beta. No one judges, no one pretends to care. The spice must flow. These are the rules.

Then a real sadistic prick comes along. A gatecrasher. A puppetmaster. The rules were made to be broken, he says. And he does. Gleefully.

Would You Rather

CH · 24 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

have the power of:

Invisibility?
Immortality?
Flight?
Super strength?
Irresistible sexual magnetism?
A giant cock that never fails to please? (Perfect body and face if you are a woman)

Invisibility would let you enter girls' locker rooms and bathrooms unnoticed. This is like Porky's minus the peepholes. As an invisible person, you could pilfer cash registers and rob banks unmolested. You could film upskirt videos all day long.

Immortality — tough to top this. Like in the movie Groundhog Day, immortality would allow you to hone your game to perfection. Approach a thousand sets? Please, give me a real challenge! After a few millennia picking up chicks in cities around the world you'd be such a formidable PUA the bards will write songs about you. Johnny Depp would sign up for your bootcamp. The perfect age at which to acquire immortality? Men: 30. Women: 20.

Flight is cool. Flight is alpha. It is the ultimate DHV (demonstration of higher value. literally!). *Heroes* sucks because Nathan hardly ever uses his ability to fly. It's like he's ashamed of it. What a pussy. I'd be up in the air all the time. Having trouble closing the deal on that Day 2? Just lean in and whisper "Hey, lemme show you something", put your arm around her waist, and glide over the city. Instant orgasm.

Super strength is another DHV, but one of limited applicability. Lift a car aside so your girl has room to parallel park? Awesome. Knock out a roomful of meatheads for the sheer joy of it? That's try hard. You'll get laid by sluts with high primitiveness, but the quality girls will roll their eyes.

Irresistible sexual magnetism means you would pick up the handful of chicks who aren't turned on by flying in the air with the guy above. It's big advantage is that you don't need to do jack shit to get laid. Just sit on a chair and wait for the girls to come to you. There's not much thrill of the chase, but it does make life easier. I predict a lot of betas would choose this power.

As I am blessed with an enormous, pussy pleasing cock, I can only tell you this power is as good as you'd imagine. My life would be so much easier if it was socially acceptable to unzip and let it roll to the ground on first dates. Unfortunately, I still have to go through the motions of courting women.

I Got My First Craigslist Missed Connection

CH · 25 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

LXXXXXX XXXX Fri 10pm – **m4m** (staircase to sidewalk)

Reply to:
Date: 2008-10-11, 9:16AM EDT

you walked down to the sidewalk from the west bldg, made eye contact, then went back inside your bldg….second staircase. you had a hat on and i was dog walking.

I got excited until I noticed it was from a dude.

Vision Of A Feminist Utopia

CH · 28 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I will now present to you a vision of hell as dreamed up in the minds of the man-hating women who litter internet toilets like Feministing and who live in countries like Sweden, once proud nation of Viking warriors. This is what the world would look like if feminists had their way.

- **Man Tax**

Men commit most of the criminal violence against women so it only makes sense according to feminists to tax them for the stress they place upon the social order by their existence. Think tanks (and I use the term loosely) in the USA are seriously considering this measure. Naturally, law-abiding beta males would contribute the most to this anti-man wealth redistribution scheme from men to women. I'm assuming as part of the deal to win passage of this tax real criminals would be let out of prison to ravish the feminists and impregnate them with their dangerously sexy seed.

- **Thought Crimes**

Let's face it: Hate crime legislation is really a Trojan Horse for thought crime laws. These kinds of laws will never be applied fairly or objectively. They will be targeted against men, particularly straight white men, and the ultimate purpose of such laws will be to break their spirits, just like Big Brother did. The justice system was fine before "hate crimes" when criminals were prosecuted for the hateful acts they committed, and not the truly grievous sin of thinking bad thoughts. By the way, I'm wishing Whoopi Goldberg gets run over by a bus. Lock me up!

- **Ban on Porn, Sexbot Research, and Foreign Brides**

Porn, the coming sexbot revolution (and it will be a revolution greater than the advent of the Pill, mark my words), and sweet foreign ass all achieve, directly and indirectly, to chip away at female sexual market power. More sexual choice for men means less mating choice prerogative for women. Feminists loathe the idea of men having freedom of choice in the sexual market.

- **Mandatory Castration for Crimes Against Women**

If a man hits a woman during a domestic dispute, it'll be straight to the snippity snip chair for him. Sounds implausible? Oh, my naive readers, you just lack imagination. Given complete freedom to mold the world in the way they see fit, I predict the majority of self-declared feminists would passively welcome this kind of draconian anti-male society. Sure, the beta males would bitch and moan, but who cares about them?

- **Rape = Death Penalty**

Feminists are usually leftwingers who are against capital punishment, but they'll make an exception for rapists. This includes "date rapes" where the girl and guy were drunk and banged one out on a grimy couch in a frat house and she regretted it the next morning, and he neglected to be responsible for her morning-after feelings before he funneled eight cans of Miller Lite. But don't worry, feminists will still be against the death penalty for mass murderers as long as their targets are mostly other men.

- **Better Pay**

Even though the supposed injustice of "equal pay" is a farce, feminists in a perfect feminist world won't be happy with anything less than "better pay". They will justify this as a reparations plan to rectify the pain and suffering women have had to endure at the hands of men for thousands of years. And they will insist that women deserve higher pay for the same work because they juggle career and family.

- **Legalized Polygamy**

The soft polygamy that has metastasized throughout Western society since the sexual revolution will be codified in law. The West will slowly return to a primitive state of nature, where 60% of the men got no pussy at all. Eventually, the pendulum will swing back once basic infrastructure begins to crumble as the betas decide their services are no longer appreciated. The masterworks of beta cooperation will be a relic of the past.

- **Ban on DNA Paternity Testing**

This is as good as done if countermeasures aren't taken. There's a reason feminists are beginning to advocate against paternity testing — the smarter ones among their ranks understand that it shifts the balance of power decidedly in favor of beta males. Feminists want to retain the privilege of cuckolding. It is a power too good to abdicate, because it offers complete freedom from compromise with men to pursue sex and resources in the way they want. Paternity testing will mean an end to fucking alphas on the side and tricking betas into footing the bill. It will mean women will have to be more responsible and forward-thinking, instead of blindly following their vaginas.

- **Sexual Harassment Laws Expanded**

If you are an unacceptable male who looks one second too long at a woman you can be tried for sexual harassment. The penalties, of course, will be more severe. If you are an alpha male who can read women's minds and know which women will welcome your advances, you are free to harass with impunity. The laws are meant to make the job of attracting alpha attention and shaming beta attention more convenient for women.

****

Don't think for a minute feminists wouldn't welcome this dystopian femicentric world where betas are utterly emasculated and serve only as goo fodder for women and the alpha males they'd fuck on a rotating basis. I used to think such a world was an impossibity, but Sweden is now requiring that their men sit to pee. It's no longer in the realm of fantasy.

You Are NOT The Father

CH · 29 October 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I was vegging out watching the cultural phenomenon that is Maury Povich's *Who's The Daddy?* specials. I can do this because I delegate all my work to underlings. This particular show was a treat — Maury had on girls who had been on previous *Daddy* shows and still hadn't found the real daddy of their kids. One girl had brought two guys with her — numbers 7 and 8 — to see if either of them would pass/fail the paternity test as the father of her cursed child.

Needless to say, except for one glaring exception, the women were beastly. The real dregs of womanhood. One was so hideous the thing looked like a pumpkin placed on top a crumbling mound of feta cheese. The men were thuggish trash, all piercings, sloping brows, and vacant stares. The audience booed and cheered on cue. This is the modern version of the Roman Coliseum, with the physical bloodletting replaced by emotional bloodletting.

The girl who was currently testing numbers seven and eight for paternity of her future ward of the state had noticeably different reactions to the two guys on stage for the latest round. One guy barely muttered a word and looked like an alpha gangbanger. His eyes were beady and his face round. The other guy looked smarter, if smarts can be deduced by looking at a person. He was taller and better looking than the other guy, but not nearly as tough. Compared to the average Linux fanboy, he was an alpha, but next to the musclehead on his right, he was comparatively beta. He expressed some enthusiasm for assuming responsibility for the kid should he be proven to be the father. The alpha thug just shrugged his shoulder and smirked when asked what he would do if the kid turned out to be his.

Alpha was not the father. He jumped up and pumped his fist. A couple buddies greeted him on stage and they all chest bumped. Tongues were wagging. The girl didn't seem too moved. When the next DNA test result was opened and the relatively beta good-hearted guy was declared free from 18 years of financial servitude, the girl totally lost it and ran screaming from the room.

It might've been staged, but if their reactions were close to the real deal, then it was obvious that women have a real fear… and a real need… for beta providers to help them raise their bastard children. When a child is sitting there in a stroller, this need is as encoded as the need to get fucked hard by a badass alpha.

I do not want to ever pay one red cent for any of these kids with my tax dollars. If they all die in the street it wouldn't bother me one bit. I support exposure at birth.

I was rooting for the beta. In the flood of emotions, he may not have realized it at the time, but he dodged a bullet.

Exclusive CH Election Eve Post

CH · 3 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Undecided voters are stupid.

These “deliberative” voters will choose our next President. Sweet.

Voting is a useless exercise. Your one vote will not change the result of a national election. Get over yourself.

If you wear an “I voted” sticker tomorrow, you are a status whore. And you can be bought cheap.

I support limiting the right to vote to net taxpayers and taking it away from net tax-recipients.

Obama’s grandmother died today. The bus Obama threw her under when he implied she was as hateful as the good Reverend Goddamn America will now be driving her to the special hell reserved for a politically convenient closet racist betrayed by the biracial child she spent her life raising. That’s the funny thing about kids — they’re ingrates!

Marxism still doesn’t work.

The Great Society failed. The Great Society 2 will also fail.

Some people will always be losers in life. Learn to be at peace with this reality.

If McCain loses, Palin did not cost him the election. The tanking stock market did.

Re: the stock market meltdown. There is a difference between deregulation and bad regulation. The current financial problems are a result of the latter.

The most insightful book on Obama you will never hear about.

Nearly every mainstream media organ fully and utterly discredited itself in this election by moving from simple bias to becoming a functional propaganda arm of the Democrat candidate. This was not an easy thing to do. The days of an objective press are over. Long live the blogs! For now…

An Obama Presidency will be more entertaining than a McCain Presidency. “May you live in interesting times…”

If Obama wins, Europe will love us again. This matters to people for whom Europe’s love is important. We call these people betas.

I would rather have a glass of pinot noir with Obama than with McCain.

2010 will be a repeat of 1994.

We are in the midst of the End Days of America. There will be no Savior. There will be no President who can change our course. The killing blow was unleashed decades ago and the fist is only now beginning to strike.

I am not voting. Why does that bother you so much?

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It Builds Character To Reject Women

CH · 3 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you are a man who has never rejected a woman for sex or dating, you are doing something wrong. You are, in fact, depriving yourself of one of life's greatest pleasures and privileges, and avoiding a true test of your masculine mettle.

As we all know by now from the science, from common sense, and from reading my powerful words of genius, the default barter mechanism in the sexual market is female choice, male display. This is a natural consequence of the disparity between the scarcity of eggs and the surplus of sperm. But men are not entirely helpless to actively influence market prices; they choose as well. If men did not choose at all, women would not have evolved an instinct for improving their looks through fashion, makeup, and exercise. If I had to put a number on it, I'd say on average women do 70% of the choosing and men do 30% of the choosing. At the tails, the alpha-iest men do all the choosing and have to beat off their female suitors while the fattest, ugliest women must settle for whatever man will take them. The general trend, though, is upward dating for most women and a few men.

The fact of this mating dynamic explains why turning the tables and exercising male choice is such a powerful psychological game technique for seducing the minds of women. By behaving as if you are actively choosing women, and even occasionally rejecting them, you mimic the natural actions of the top 10% of men whose default mating strategy is choosing from an illimitable source of pussy and wielding the merciless power of sexual rejection.

Maxim #18: The two fundamental propositions upon which all game theory rests are male choosiness and female abundance. All alpha males have these two mindsets in common.

Corollary to the above: Male choosiness and female abundance do not necessarily have to be true for the strategy of behaving as if they are true to be effective at seducing women.

Try to put yourself in women's shoes. When you are on a date, imagine you are a woman. Think like she would think. Feel like she would feel. Is this girl right for me? Are we compatible? What are her values? I'm just not sure if she's the one; let's see what else she has going for her. I need to keep my options open. I'm not ready to make a decision. I really need to be wowed, I wonder if she can do that for me. She seems kind of nervous. Is she dull? Am I out of her league? Damn, she just said something stupid. Maybe she's not the one.

Keep thinking like this and soon your outward behavior will reflect your inward feelings. Suspend your disbeliefs long enough until they have become unshakeable beliefs. Once you have mastered the mindset of women, you will have mastered women themselves.

Maxim #19: The alpha male thinks and acts more like a woman than a man in matters of seduction. He understands his adversary's psychology, and uses it to shatter her defenses.

The next time a woman who does not meet your attractiveness standards hits on you, humor her for a bit, lead her on, then politely reject her.

"What are you doing this Friday?"
"Oh, I should tell you I'm seeing someone."

Do this even if you are hard up. Commanding the power of female/alpha male choosiness will enrich your soul and fortify your ego. You'll feel bad for the girl for maybe 30 seconds, but the value-boosting afterglow will last for weeks. This is all about long-term thinking. Capture the female essence of sexual choice and make it a part of you.

Girls hitting on you is a rare event for most men, so you'll need to be more active in your policy of preferential sexual consumerism. As long as you are dating two or more women simultaneously, you should have no qualms rejecting at least one of them for not being up to snuff. Choose one for dismissal and stop calling her for dates. It

doesn't have to be the least attractive chick; in fact, it's more character-building and alpha-boosting to reject an attractive girl for an odd facial tic or bland personality. If she doesn't get the hint, be candid and tell her she just isn't right for you. Women, especially 7s and up, rarely hear this, so it will tear at her soul like the claws and teeth of an army of demons. If you can withstand the brief flicker of guilt and loss of sexual opportunity, her pain of rejection will actually feed your incipient alpha animal spirit, strengthening you, making you tougher, more appropriately detached, and able to clearly see and pursue your self-interest. Through the action of choosiness, your self-worth will skyrocket. And others' evaluation of your worth will similarly follow.

If you believe there are "better" or more "moral" paths to alphaness, know this: Every alpha male is intimately familiar with the ego-stroking power of sexual choosiness. They have all, good and bad, enlightened and crass, rejected women in one way or another and crushed their souls, often on the flimsiest pretexts. Some are kind enough to dress it up in polite fictions; others are id monsters who flaunt their sexual despotism without regard for social convention or righteous preening. But all have lowered the boom. It goes with the territory.

The more women you reject, the more women will sense your radiating power to inflict pain and loss and subsequently want you. Buttress your inner game by being choosy, and rejecting freely.

Dating In The City: A Series

CH · 4 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets: Hey man, I just got this email from the chick I had a date with last night. Check it out.

> Hello. Just a quick e-mail to tell you sorry, but I'm just not interested. Thank you for that show of immaturity in my car yesterday, it solidified my decision.
>
> I wish you the best of luck in finding someone.
>
> –L.

Me: What show of immaturity is she talking about?

Zeets: I stuck out my tongue and flicked it in and out like a snake. How is that immature? A new post?

Me: Yes, a new post.

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> –L.

Me: What show of immaturity is she talking about?

Zeets: I stuck out my tongue and flicked it in and out like a snake. How is that immature? A new post?

Me: Yes, a new post.

A Song In Tribute To This Historic Moment

CH · 5 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

… and what it portends for the next two years.

***

Arise, you branded by envy,
You whole world of the entitled and resentful!
Our quisling SWPLs boil,
Ready to lead us into a fight to your death.
We will destroy this anglo-saxon world
Down to the foundations, and then
We will build our new world — Zion!
He who was nothing will become everything!

CHORUS:
This will be the final
and decisive battle.
With the Internationale
the brother will arise.

No self-reliance will grant us deliverance,
No God, no Law, no Reason.
We will win our liberation,
With the One's very own handouts.
To throw down oppression with a compliant media,
To take back what is ours –
Fire up the furnace and hammer boldly,
while the tax code is still hot!

This will be the final
and decisive battle.
With the Internationale
the brother will arise.

Only we, the claimants of the world-wide
Great army of tax recipients,
Have the right to own the land,
But the productive – never!
And if the great thunder rolls
Over the heirs of the Enlightenment,
For us, victimhood will still
Shine on with its fiery rays.

This will be the final
and decisive battle.
With the Internationale
the designated oppressed will arise.

***

> *To avoid being mistaken for a sellout, I chose my friends carefully. The more politically active black students.*

> *The foreign students. The Chicanos. The Marxist professors and structural feminists and punk-rock performance poets. We smoked cigarettes and wore leather jackets. At night, in the dorms, we discussed neocolonialism, Franz Fanon, Eurocentrism, and patriarchy.*
>
> –Barack Obama, *Dreams From My Father*

May the god of biomechanics bless this divided nation, every tribe of us.

ps: healing and unity is for betas. i have just begun to unsheath my sword.

Is Obama Alpha?

CH · 6 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The answer to this question is less obvious than it would seem.

T. AKA Ricky Raw wrote the following comment to my post Misconceptions About The Alpha Male:

> Obama is henpecked by his wife and constantly emasculated by her in print. And she's a 5. Not only should he not be with her, she should be grateful to the high heavens to, as a 5, have the chance to be married to a young President. Instead she acts like SHE is the prize.

T. is right on the facts about Barack and Michelle. She emasculates him in public. As a result, every DC lawyer chick has a muffcrush on Michelle because she embodies their ideal of womanhood.

But it is also true that 80% of the world's attractive women would bang Obama given the chance. The Lincoln bedroom would be a misty hothouse of evaporated sex juices. Obama would have his choice of fillies. His pull would be on par with Clooney and Depp combined. According to my definition of alpha male, Obama easily fits the bill.

If that wasn't enough to establish alphaness (and it is), he is also the leader of the most powerful nation on earth. Furthermore, there are credible rumors that Obama has partaken of a younger, prettier mistress. Alpha.

This presents a conundrum. Clearly, in public at least, he gives off the whiff of the browbeaten docile husband when Michelle is by his side. How to square this contradiction?

Those who believe Obama is a closet beta must discard all the evidence to the contrary of his alphaness and focus on his relationship with his scrotesqueezing maneater wife Michelle. They must also assume that Obama is equally as beta with Michelle in private. But is that necessarily true? Perhaps she knows something about him and has threatened to divorce him, so he placates her by letting her power trip in public. Maybe he bosses her around in the house and likes to reward her private submission with the freedom to act out like a fierce feminist icon in public. Many alpha males happily relinquish their power to their wives, if for no other reason than to take a break from running the show. We just don't know enough to establish the theory of Obama's betatude.

Even if Obama were acquiescing to Michelle's ballcutting out of fear, as he would if he wanted to keep the sex freely flowing and the happy smiley family facade propped up, it still wouldn't tip the scales away from Obama's inherent alphaness. The standard of proof is simple: Do women want to fuck him, or do they not? They do. Michelle's public emasculation of him is just a tiny pebble on the mountain of pussy swooning for Barack that she knows could quickly and easily displace her. The campaign is over. She is expendable.

Verdict: Obama is an alpha.

Obama The Master Seducer

CH · 6 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Joe T. wrote this comment on the Is Obama Alpha? post:

> Obama = inherently a beta who built himself up to "honorary alpha status" through smarts and good speaking skills.

Joe has nailed it. Obama is a great example of how a natural beta can acquire alpha mojo. And acquire it before ever actually achieving something that other men would admire. Obama seduced Michelle when she was higher status — his mentor.

I define an alpha male as one who is desired by many women because that is the best definition that accounts for men who aren't alpha leaders by the standards of other men but still have what it takes to turn women on and get them to fall in love. Granted, there is a lot of overlap between leader of men alphas and seducer of women alphas, but there are also exceptions. Because fucking is the meaning of life, and because all the societally approved achievements in the world don't mean a thing if you can't figure out how to pry her vageen, my elegant definition is inclusive of ALL alpha males.

The one thing every alpha male has in common, and which is the basis for my universal definition: Lots of women desire them.

Obama's tight game lies in his ability to offer himself up as an empty vessel into which his audience pours their deepest hopes and desires. He does this through a vaguely personalized conversational style (a la Bill Clinton) and cool, unflappable charm. His half-black, half-white background, natural smarts, unusual upbringing, cosmopolitan instincts, grace under pressure, and adaptability bolsters his mystique. He possesses that powerful Clintonesque combination of lulling his listeners into feeling like they are the most important people in the world while never losing sight of his goals and driving the agenda in the direction he wants it to go. The fact that women are swooning for him like he's a rock star is no surprise to me. Back in 1992, women (and men to a lesser degree) swooned for Bill Clinton.

Obama is a master seducer. Guys who want to do well with women should observe and learn what Obama does to excite pussy across the land. Obama doesn't have to act on his seductive power; he just has to show you what his power is capable of inciting.

I have written a lot about Obama in the past few days. I may write some more. He's a fascinating figure — a once in a lifetime incarnation of the social zeitgeist — not just for who he is as a man, but for what he symbolizes about the country, about race, about gender relations, about seduction and game, and ultimately, about us.

Bitter Unmarried Women Win It For Obama

CH · 6 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I read this over at the Corner:

> Democratic pollster Stanley Greenberg says unmarried women made the difference for Obama. Back in 1994, when white male voters were said to be responsible for the GOP's takeover of Congress, the media came up with a label for them: "angry white men." Will the media now refer to Greenberg's voting bloc as "bitter unmarried women"?

Hilarious and true. The more women get pumped and dumped along their journeys to find the elusive alpha male who will swoon for their fading looks, the more likely they are to vote Democrat.

Obama represents that fantasy alpha male figure they wish would marry them. His leftist policies represent the beta provider largesse they want in lieu of an actual beta husband they secretly loathe.

Maxim #2008: Socialists gain when single women who refuse to settle vote. They lose when single women forget to vote on their way to the mall.

Solution for a stronger America: Distract single women with game and shiny things so they forget to vote.

Obama's Women

CH · 6 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Just Looking sent me this jpeg. Take a look.

After I suppressed my vomit reflex, I analyzed this pathetic photo in detail. It really says so much, and none of it good. I believe this photo encapsulates everything that has gone wrong with America, and with modern Western civilization.

First, we have an aging SWPL mother-to-be. Judging by the crows' feet, bad skin tone, and sloppy slabs of fat rolls around her hips, she looks to be about 40. If she is younger than that, then she hasn't aged well. Her pregnancy was likely the result of many visits to fertility clinics and untold numbers of tears. She probably had to abort three Downs fetuses before getting a clean bill of viability from the amniocentesis.

Next, we see that she is a fervent Obama supporter. So fervent, in fact, that she had Obama's logo (seed) painted on (implanted in) her belly (womb). She is in deep, deep love with Obama. So deep, that I'm positive she would happily cheat on her husband/boyfriend/cohabitator/sperm donor to give Obama the thrill of pregnancy sex, and wouldn't worry at all about his thrusting presidential penis banging a hole in the head of her unborn child. She would cum harder with Obama in one orgasm than in all the orgasms combined she has had fucking her alpha flings in her 20s and making soft love with her grateful beta provider chumps in her 30s. She would let Obama film it and would beg him to call her fetus "Baby Barack" while he was pumping her.

"That's right, bitch. You like that right there, don't you? Yeeeeah, you do. Where dat man of yours? Not here! Where? NOT. HERE. BITCH! I'm gonna let this kid know who's boss. BAM! Fuck yeeeeeah, just like that, all up in his happy home. Who knockin' at yo door, baby barack? Who knockin'? I'll tell you who. The man you wish was your daddy. Lick the tip when I'm in there."

Finally, we have to wonder about the man (and I use the term in the loosest possible way) in this woman's life. Only a supreme castrati of cosmically immense betatude would accede to the mother of his child slapping an Obama "O" on her distended belly. It's basically admitting his lower status. It's saying "Yes, I know you would fuck Obama if

he snapped his fingers, and then laugh in my face about it afterwards. And that you subconsciously desire our baby was his instead. Shall I leave my shriveled balls on the nightstand, or just feed them to the goldfish?"

What makes this truly tragically hilarious is that the lesser beta probably *encouraged* her to do this. I bet he came up with the idea and painted it himself, while sipping his organic pig's scrotum tea for artistic inspiration. Beta males like this vote against their own interest. They vote for candidates, typically liberal Democrats, who would assure their irrelevancy. Alpha males vote libertarian or areligious conservative, preferably paleo-.

An alpha father of her child would let nothing near his woman's pregnant belly except his own hands and satisfied smile.

All this points up what a disaster it has been for the country since women got the right to vote. The slow, steady implosion of the greatest nation in the history of the world started with suffrage. People think my blog is satiric, but I am dead serious. The facts speak for themselves. When women cast the majority of votes, and especially when a growing number of those female voters are longtime SINGLE women, the country eventually devolves from a center-right powerhouse of beta organized Protestant work ethic and Enlightenment ideals of ceaseless discovery into a limp-wristed, creatively exhausted, kowtowed, leftist, indebted nanny state, and then, in time, is overrun by less faggy patriarchal foes.

In this election, unmarried women voted for Obama by a 70 to 29 percent margin.

> "if not for the overwhelming support of unmarried women, John McCain would have won the women's vote and with it, the White House."

Unmarried, alpha-chasing urban sluts are the force driving the United States of America to the brink of self-immolation. I thank this new sexually liberated femicentric culture for affording me a bounty of pussy, but you will never catch me footing the bill for one of these aging Whole Foods harpies. And you can bet I would see to it that any woman I'm dating and fucking would not plaster a political candidate's logo on her body.

There is only one lever she should pull, and that is my cock.

You Only Like Me Now Because I'm Thin

CH · 7 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

About five years ago I had a two month fling with a young girl. She had a cute face but was a little on the chubby side, probably 15 pounds over ideal female weight for her height. As a result, I didn't put much effort into dating her, preferring instead to enjoy the easy sex (mostly blowjobs) and being aloof while she chased me. And chase she did. The hard-to-get badboy attitude worked like magic on her because she was a girl of "high primativeness":

> The primativeness correlates more with emotionality than with culture. Instinctive programs, when finding resemblance of internal signaling attributes with some factors of outside situation, create corresponding emotions and a highly primative person gladly submits to them. A low primative person, feeling the same forceful emotions, is capable of acting contrary to them. […]
>
> As was mentioned above, women trust intuition and feelings more than logical conclusions, this composes a so-called woman's logic. I.e. the highly primative specimens are prevalent among women. […]
>
> There is a widespread opinion among the vulgar public that it is necessary to beat a wife from time to time. By this a husband beating his wife demonstrates kind of high rank (visual, of course). And this can even attract a low cultural woman especially with high primativeness (masochism probably grows on this ground). Such woman rushes to defend her man as soon as the first hair falls down from his head despite asking to punish him only a moment before. Highly cultural and especially low-primative woman will not act this way. And actual rank of this man can be quite low. Even his buddies may have no respect for him. However, it is appropriate to mention that the instinct cannot analyze anything it just reacts on some key attributes, in this case – aweless attitude to a woman (if he beats -> he does not appreciate -> he has many women -> alpha has many women).

Anyhow, I was dating around and eventually grew tired of the drama with this girl. She planted herself on my front stoop one evening waiting for me to get home from work, a delirious look in her eyes. That was the deal killer. I allowed our fling to fizzle out. My tolerance for a girl's annoying behavior drops with each extra pound she carries.

Fast forward a few years. I was at a party and she was there. She had lost some weight and, naturally, looked better. I geared up to apply a heaping dose of my patented devilish charm. We reminisced, kissed, and met for a date a week later. The date went fine as far as reunion dates go, considering our sexual history, but I could sense she was occupied with more than our conversation. I dropped her off and went home. I texted her a few days later and got no reply. I didn't pay it much heed or bother following up because I was dating two other women at the time.

Recently, a friend of mine bumped into this girl on the Metro. I had first met her through him, so they knew each other. They chatted and the subject of my reunion date with her came up. She told my friend she stopped "dating" me (in a girl's world, one date is equivalent to "dating") because "I only liked her now that she was thin". Presumably, she thought this meant I wasn't interested in her true self.

She was right. I wanted to reacquaint myself with her and fuck her because she had lost weight and looked better than before.

Necessary but not sufficient. Women have trouble comprehending this phrase, much like they are born with a mental block making them incapable of grasping the concepts of generalizations and exceptions to the rule.

A hot skinny body and pretty face is necessary for a man to find a woman attractive, but it is not a guarantee for creating a deep love that will last. This girl, like most girls, had an insecure ego-based fear that she was being judged by her looks instead of her more nebulous attributes. Former chubbies are often acutely cognizant of this and consequently harbor tremendous resentment against men and a loathing of male desire. Only a few former chubbies have the open heart and love of men for who they are to avoid spiraling into a lovekilling vengeful trap of anti-male sentiment.

Here is the truth ladies: You ARE being judged primarily on your looks by men who want to fuck you. Get used to it. Your personality is only icing on the cake that matters more when the kinetic fucking turns into relationship potential.

I hope for the sake of her love life that this girl doesn't carry her fat baggage to the next guy she dates. No man wants to be made to feel guilty for his masculine desire.

Why I Like Berlusconi

CH · 9 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

This guy is alpha:

> At a news conference, Berlusconi was brusque with an American journalist who suggested he should say sorry for the remark on Thursday. Visiting Moscow, he described the man elected to be the first black U.S. president as “handsome, young and also suntanned.”
>
> His center-left opponents called the comment racist; Berlusconi responded by saying they were “imbeciles without any sense of humor.”
>
> At Friday’s news conference after a European Union summit, the reporter asked: “Prime Minister, do you realize that your comment on Obama is offensive to the United States? Why don’t you apologize?”
>
> Berlusconi responded: “Give me a break! You have just put yourself on that list of people (imbeciles) I mentioned yesterday!”
>
> When the reporter pressed for an answer on why Berlusconi did not deem it necessary to apologize, the prime minister, clearly irritated, said: “Why (should I)? You should apologize to Italy!” He then walked out of the room.

Saying you’re sorry is beta. Saying you’re sorry when a bunch of craven betas are telling you to apologize is lesser beta. Saying you’re sorry when a bunch of craven betas are telling you to apologize for something that needs no apology is omega. Are we really going to have to put up with eight years of this shit?

Berlusconi knows the score. *Vaffanculo!*

ps: he looks like my dearly departed grandfather.

October 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 10 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to reveal the life-affirming, spiritually uplifting comment winners for the month of October.

The vote was unanimous. The **October 2008 Comment Winner** is **Der Fuehrer** on what it means to stand like an alpha.

> I was in a club once. I was standing like a beta: arms crossed, legs crossed, hands held together and over my small penis and shriveled ball sack. I was such a beta I would wet myself when a woman walked passed me and even crap myself when she talked to me. Of course talking to me back then was, "Get out of my way, loser." Afterwards I would cry.
>
> Then I learned game. Now I am a man. I have fucked over 20,000 women, this summer alone. I went to a Halloween party last year and everyone was admiring my alpha costume. I fucked 100 different women that night. I had to turn away 100 others. And they were all hot, gorgeous women. No fatties, no sagging breasts or flat asses and all had amazing fellatio skills. Some even enjoyed fingering my tight, powerful alpha ass.
>
> At clubs now I stand in different positions. When I put my left let forward at least 10 women immediately drop to their knees, begin salivating, and beg for me to release my now 15 inch penis for them to suck. When I put my right leg forward another 10 beg me to fuck them up the ass. When I stand with my legs exactly two feet apart, displaying my dominate manliness, the rest of the women in the club line up to wait their turn for me to fuck them. And it is all because of game.
>
> When I am standing in any public place, say at at subway station, and I position my right pinkie exactly three inches from the left thumb which needs to be exactly two feet above the crotch but not so close to my stomach that it anyway hints of betatude a random woman will drop to the floor, spread her legs, and scream for me to fuck her right there and if I don't she will hurl herself in front of the oncoming subway. Guaranteed.
>
> Women love my alpha clothes, the my alpha cars, my alpha house, my alpha books, even my alpha cereal. I walk, talk, and look like an alpha. When I shit my shit is true alpha shit, hard, manly, strong and gigantic. My toilet is always getting clogged, but hey, being an alpha means some hardships, right? And I am so alpha I don't even have to wipe my ass afterwards, since all the women I just bedded who are lying around my house compete to wipe it for me. Of course the alpha females don't want me to wipe my ass they, just just plead, "Please, we love the smell of your alpha shit, please, don't wipe it off!" When I walk my alpha dog all the other beta dogs show their stomachs in submission. Even my dog has a two foot penis and his alpha doggy ball sack drags on the ground. Women can even smell my dominate, alpha scent from around the world and the show up at my doorstep with wet panties ready to be "pumped and dumped" by my dominate, masculine self. If I have to turn them away
> because they are not 10's (which is rare) they are happy to have my alpha dog fuck them, just to have some association with me. I have many half human/half dog children because of this, but it is only good that my alpha genes be transmitted into more than one species (through my alpha dog at least), given my Darwinian outlook on life. The world needs my virility.
>
> And it is all because I read about it somewhere in book. Yeah.
>
> I am so Alpha that I will eventually take over a country, impose a dictatorship for 15 years, invade a few others, like Poland, France and Russia, and rule Europe. In the end I will probably have to kill myself because everyone around me is so beta that they can't keep up the conquests on my alpha terms. Even my alpha armies will fail me. They just needed to read about game and all that would have changed.
>
> Yeah, it is great being an Alpha male. I love being on top.

I once had a beta parakeet. Then I taught it to say "Shut up and take your clothes off, bitch." Now it's alpha.

Comment Winner Runner-up is **Mr. Primitve** who goes on to explain, I believe correctly, the virtues of Russian women and the differences between American and European women in general.

> I've had direct experience with Russians female and male, both here and abroad, in bed and out of bed. It's a big topic — look at all those fat Russian novels, then multiply that length to deal with American/Russian relationships. In general, the men are more macho. I didn't find the degree of gangsta tough mentioned in the winning comment, but even intellectuals, artists, professors, and poets are more old-school macho than men here. It would be hypermacho, probably, in construction, business, backdoor politics. I imagine it to be more like 1930s to 1950s in the US, where you had to hold a drink and throw and take a punch to matter. Russian women, speaking to me and perhaps bullshitting me, said the Russian men are more direct, more passionate and more upfront about what they want. To my face, they said they liked American men better, who were less vain, less brutal — we generally don't beat our women folk — and more in control. We're also supposed to have bigger dicks, but that's another species of Russian hustler bullshit, I suspect.
> Russian women? Killer pussy. Well known fact. They'll work you with their ultra feminine wiles. Oddly like Vivian Leigh in Gone With the Wind. Moody. Sexual. Pouty. Girly. Brooding. Poetic. Dramatic. They really know how to fuck — no puritanical frigidity, no hang ups, no chilliness. They oddly lack finesse, though — not that I've scored enough of that killer pussy to say definitively, but they tend to be really enthusiastic and kind of clumsily so. You can get hurt if you're not careful. That said, there's great tenderness, too. Poetry, maybe. But they're rough — not like Western European girls — the Russians always have this combination of crudeness and refinement.
> Also, if you don't find your inner iron, if you don't bring a strong backbone and a willingess to stand your ground, throw shit around and meet operatic drama with even greater blasts, you'll be eaten alive. You'll still be eaten alive anyway, but you'll get a little more respect from her. It took me a long time to realize this; you really have to be a fucking asshole sometimes, or they'll make you a tiny little smudge on the floor.
> One of my acquaintances tried to threaten suicide when his Russian doll was about to leave. She though he was just stupid and weak when told me about it.
> It's like living in a Dostoyevsky novel. I always thought old Fyodr was a little operatic in his scenes, but it's just sober realism — the outburts, the soulful declarations, the wild passions. All before breakfast.
> And they're shrewd, both males and females, to echo the excellent points about intellegence brought to bear on survival. They're hustlers, both sexes. They have to be; they live in much tougher society, and unless they're oligarchs, have a greater degree of daily struggle that most people can imagine. We live in Fat City; most middle class or even blue collar people here don't have to live on their wits. So, yeah, streetwise. (I notice that blacks and Russians have an affinity for each other that seems deep and sincere and not just digging each other's exoticism). I've seen some russo-yank marriages work well. Alot of the time they don't, but its more about expectations and culture that ripoffs — at least, now, in my experience. I've heard of others disentegrate because the woman used the guy. Some others are directed clearly by women past their prime — but still, very beautiful — settling down for a guy several years older. They seem happy — don't discount the pleasures of security and domesticity on the one side or the pleasures of nailing some 35 year old when you're 60. Puts the roses back in those flabby old cheeks.
> And he's lucky. Because he won't have to look at her ass gradually balloon in a pair of sweatpants or hear her thudding round the kitchen in flips. Ever.
> Anyway, these are large generalizations. But I've never regretted a moment spent with a Russian girl, even when she drove me closer to insanity than I'd care to admit. I bear my scars with pride.
>
> For me, the main difference between European women, east and west and their American sisters is … fuck, where to begin? but it's primarily about the demonization of pleasure here. I spent a lot of time in a lot of cafes and bars (and not enough in bed) arguing the opposite point of view, that America isn't just a Puritanical Anglo-Saxon ice palace with a pervy underside. But, the longer I'm around and the more I travel and the more I fuck, I have to say: they're right. American women (sorry, again, I know there are a lot of my fellow countrywomen who can prove me wrong, and bless you every one) BUT a lot of them don't take pleasure in

> eating, in reading, in listening to good music and when it comes to fucking and their bodies, they're corkscrew twisted. It's all homework and duties and tasks and goals. They feel strange about their cunts, the shape of their ass, the smell of their armpits, how they sweat, the flatness or lack thereof of their bellies. (for contrast, one French guy
> I know makes sure his girlfriend doesn't take a shower for a day or two before they get it on — do you say eww to that or hmm? try it sometime, but only with someone you really like)
> For me the main problem is, the Americans want to lay some pop-psychological wrapping paper on the encounter, or worse, they want to unburden their complexes on you when another woman from another country is content to smoke or to eat a strawberry or to, I dunno, admire the angle of sunlight coming across the bed. And these Americans generally do this in a voice that's hopelessly nasal and flat, like that archetypal screechy schoolmarm Hillary Clinton yakking away about fuckall. (I'll take a heavy, husky EE accent any day of the week, no matter how thick). I don't exempt myself as an American man from this fucked up relationship with pleasure, either. But classically, Latin cultures looked to regulate pleasure, not to ban it, not to exorcise it and not to worship it, either. And while it's a practice more aimed at that realized, it seems like a better way to try to live than either excess or denial or, more usually, some stupid binging because you're keeping all that under a lid.
> Russians, however, are as fucked up as we are in relationship to pleasure; they just approach it from the opposite extreme a lot of the time. So, there's a nice intersection between our two delapidating superpowers.

Homework, duties, tasks and goals. That is the typical American woman's soul, condensed.

Honorable mentions are awarded to the following commenters.

Peter, for showing there's more to him than pretend love for hairy, smelly, old lady bushes.

> What if you were invisible, and had to take a dump really bad? Would it be invisible too, or would people see a disembodied grogan bouncing around at colon level?

Aussiegirl reminds us why Australia is the America that America used to be.

> I always ask about politics because a liberal man is no man at all. If he's a greenie that's even worse! If he's pretending to be a liberal/feminist because he thinks that is what I want to hear that is the worst crime of all! Omega central!

Virgle Kent, on how to properly open a set.

> Walk past and fart right in the middle… then keep moving.

Lane Honda, on how NOT to properly open a set.

> I would…I would…sigh, I can't lie. I would stare at them from a safe distance while holding my beer high and tight to my body. If I caught any of them looking in my general direction I would quickly stare at the ceiling or my feet (positioned together, stiffly). Later that night I would go to sleep with my socks on, then after getting over the initial self-conscious self-loathing, I would take one of the socks off and…

And finally, **Shouting Thomas**, for channeling my spurned exes.

> The attention you receive from this blog has turned you into a pompous bore.
>
> The daily dose of "How can I be an even bigger jackass" is a game for a teenage boy living in a dorm.
>
> Perpetual adolesence is all you've got going.

> You’re not an alpha. You are a complete loser. This blog is the daily proof of that.

A true gentleman and hater. I like my hate straight up, double. Leave the passive smarmy hate for the women.

Toronto: A Photo Essay

CH · 11 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Let's face it, Toronto is pretty much New York City's bitch, so finding something unique to tell about the city requires superb powers of observation and a fresh, unspoiled perspective. Luckily, you have me.

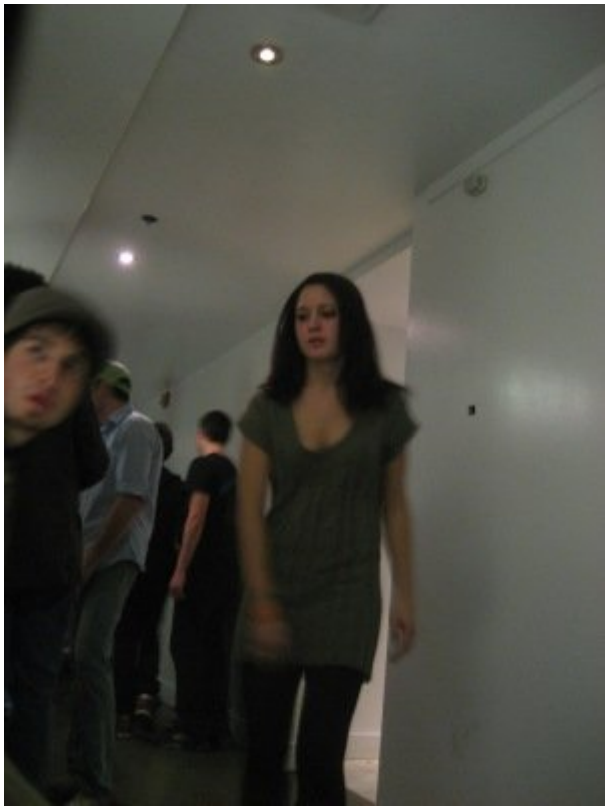
The trip began with my usual flair. Airport security confiscated my Astroglide (I always travel prepared for any eventuality). Apparently, any liquid over 8 ounces is not permitted on the plane. The security guy was very professional about it. Obviously, he has had to dispose of a lot of adult products. There was a mother with children standing next to me at the X-ray machine who watched the whole time. I smiled at her and winked.

The cleanest-looking beggar I've ever seen. DC's bums shame this guy. I figured he was putting himself into character for a drama school project, but he seemed really out of it. I wanted to verbally abuse him, but my heart wasn't in it, so all I could muster was "Uh, you… suck?". I asked him to insult me, instead. He wanly smiled. I gave him a loonie.

There are cool, funky vintage clothing shops all over Toronto.

In this respect, DC is clearly beat. Everyone dresses better in Toronto. Fashion is taken seriously, even by the poor college students who manage to look good with a patchwork of inexpensive styles from shops like this one. The downside is that you will have a harder time standing out if you pride yourself on your peacocking.

[image]Inside the ROM (Royal Ontario Museum). In the background is Toronto's douchiest club, Lobby.

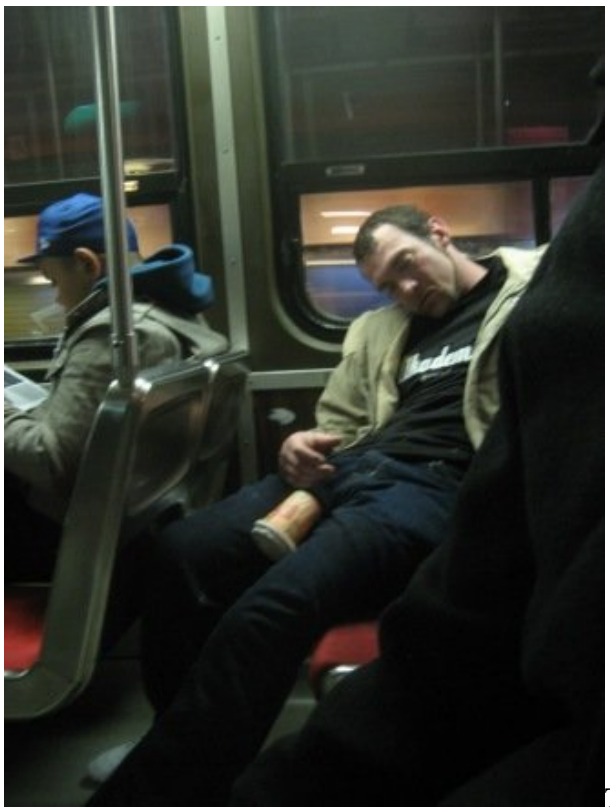


Toronto's women are on average half a point higher on the looks scale than DC's women, but the biggest difference is noticeable at the right tail. The top 10% in Toronto absolutely blows away the top 10% in DC. I don't know why this is. It's not just the better fashion sense, though that helps. The women there have more beautiful faces than the women living in the free world's capital city. Despite there being far fewer blacks, there are more asian-white and white-unknown multiracial couples in Toronto. This may explain some of the beauty disparity as it is widely theorized that multiracial couples are hot, but then Toronto's 100% white blonde blue eyed princesses were hotter than DC's Georgetown princesses, so the conclusion has to be reached that DC women cannot compete on the international stage.

If you are a fat American, you should stay close to home. The culture shock of being the only disgusting blob in a city of slender people will fill you with a burning shame you never feel in the US where you are comfortably surrounded and ensconced (literally) by millions of your blobby compatriots. Better yet, we should create an anti-fat government program that sends every fat American to a foreign city (except London where they are getting just as fat) so that they experience the cold eyes and sneering contempt of thin beautiful people everywhere they go. Shame is a powerful motivator.

"You are captivated by my armpit pheromones, oui? Smell zee French!"

We went to the Justice concert at club Circa and in the hallway leading to the main dancefloor there was this chick in a room behind a glass wall doing a Cruella De Vil impersonation. Supremely cheesy, but I liked it. I pressed my face against the glass and licked it. She fell for my charm and wrote her number on a piece of paper, holding it up to the glass.

 The trolleys… excuse me, *streetcars*… in Toronto are great. The city wants to get rid of them because the rails get iced all the time in the winter, slowing down traffic, but I think they should keep them. They're convenient and good at rocking you to sleep, so you get to see guys like this blissfully unconscious, even with scalding coffee in his crotch. The coffee cup never moved.

Fritz Helder at Strangelove. It was a video launch party for his new song "Lagerfeld Lady". It actually wasn't bad for the genre, if you like electropop. I complimented him on his lime green jeans and flattering imitation of Prince. I don't think the Asian guy did anything in this band, but he was integral somehow.

[image]

Everyone in the Justice crowd was either rolling, snorting, sparking it up, or all three. Drug enforcement is practically non-existent in Toronto. You can smoke a joint on the sidewalk in the middle of the day with a cop car parked a block away. Or so I've heard.

Smelly, hairy Frenchmen with groupies. It's all about game, gentlemen. And DJing, the art of making music out of other artists' music. *That's how you make it right!*

She went up behind one of the Justice guys (the gray hoodie dude on the left is blocking him) and started dry humping him. Points for style and humor. He didn't notice.

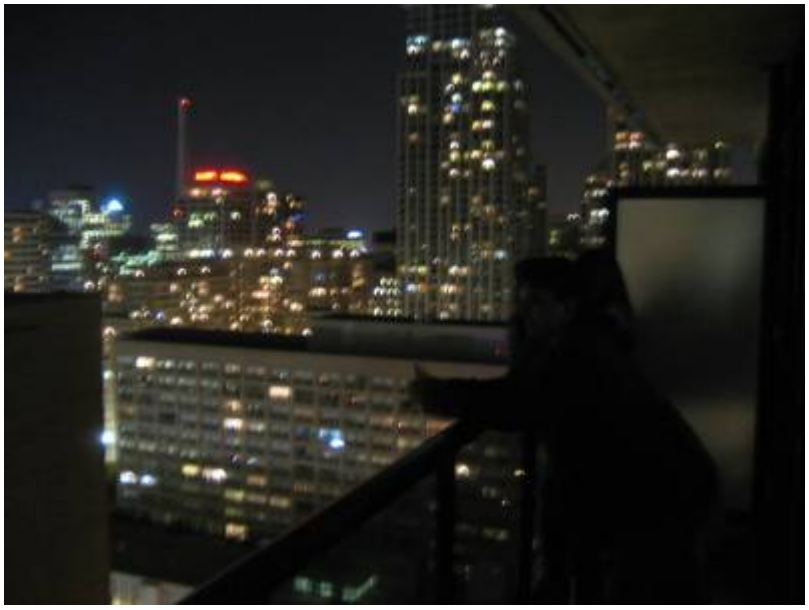
[image]

Remember, hate is not the opposite of love. The world secretly yearns to take America's giant cock up its collective ass and moan with submissive pleasure.

Tommy Boy was filmed here. One of the great American classics. “You can get a good look at a butcher’s ass by sticking your head up there. But, wouldn’t you rather to take his word for it?” The Distillery District in Toronto hosts a lot of Hollywood movie productions. They even film gritty New York City scenes here, like the one in *Cinderella Man*, because it evokes the charming American cities of early 20th century. But they have to grit it up by tossing bags of garbage in the alley before filming, to get the feel right.

The useless toy dog plague is a worldwide phenomenon. There is no escape. I'm beginning to think the Koreans have the right idea.

You want to step up your closing game? Buy some professional photographer's equipment, like giant flash lighting and an impressive camera, and direct your party guests for picture-taking, paying extra attention to how the hot girls are posing and gently moving their arms and head in place to perfect the shot. Another thing that might help: Start a career as a fashion photographer. Sweet Jesus.



My overall impression of the locals: Everyone is exceedingly polite and unfriendly. Sounds paradoxical, but it's true. They say "excuse me" and "sorry" a lot, and will always answer any question you have, but they never smile or strike up conversations with anyone. Even couples walking together seemed to be on two different planets. Crime is low. Six months of killing winter frost puts the kibosh on that.

If you go there to pick up women, don't expect any fools' mates. Chicks simply do not check out guys. Stone-faced and looking straight ahead is the order of the day. They are as chilly as the climate. I was told Toronto men never approach women and most have zero game, so how anybody hooks up is a mystery. Intimate social circles where men and women just sorta kinda fall into each others' genitalia must be the default mating method.

Many top PUAs hail from Toronto. A disproportionate number, really. I wondered why this was so. I now have a theory based on the people there. When girls give you NO approach invitations at all, you have to assume all of them love you, and go in strong. Waiting around forever for eye contact is a fruitless endeavor. Since these chicks are cosmopolitan and don't get sloppy garbage-hour drunk like American chicks, your game has to be tight; any hint of cheesiness or awkwardness will send them running. Plus, when the local guys make no effort to game women, the rewards for the enterprising PUA are greater. You can stand out a lot more in Toronto as an assertive man than you could in DC, where every douche and his little douchey brother get some liquid courage and boost even the fat girls' egos, and where the pickup scene is more widespread.

Next city: Warsaw.

Porker Potential

CH · 12 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you insist on ignoring the plain facts of day and all the advice I give here, and act against your self-interest by getting married, you should at least take care to avoid investing in any product that carries a high risk of MASSIVELY depreciating after the first bite of wedding cake. You don't want to be left holding a penny stock wife who has ballooned up and lost all her initial value. You'll want to screen for Porker Potential.

There are a few red flags you should learn to spot before blowing your wad on that whore status symbol engagement ring. Commenter Married But Cool noted in the comments to this post the following risk factors:

> I'm quite sure we could somehow develop a scientific method to quantify this objectively, taking such factors into account as:
>
> * age
> * height
> * pounds currently overweight
> * current weight of mother
> * weight history
> * build characteristics
>
> Usually, men can intuitively see this coming. Its offensive to me when I see this happen. Its the same as a guy being industrious when he is dating, and becoming and unemployed couch potato after marriage.

Age is certainly important. Older women have slower metabolisms, and if they hadn't adopted good exercise and eating habits in their youth then they certainly won't develop those habits later in life.

Obviously, her current BMI is a dead giveaway. Marrying a fat girl with a pretty face (you guesstimate) in the hopes that you can motivate her to lose weight with your persuasive charms and loving encouragement is a recipe for disappointment. Nothing short of electroshock therapy or breaking up with you to hunt for new men will cause her to lose the weight. You're not a woman; you don't want a "project" on your hands.

If she was thin in the past but got fat while she was with you, and you think this means your love can inspire her to recapture her former slender glory, you can forget it. She got fat because she disrespects you as a man. Any woman who respects her man also respects his sexual needs, and that means keeping a slender hourglass figure. I know some couples who get fat together because subconsciously it gives them a feeling of comfortable security that neither one is attractive to any other human being, and therefore unable to cheat — we call these couples "losers". The strongest marriages are those where each partner knows the other has options, but the man has slightly more options than the woman.

Probably the BIGGEST factor is whether she was a former fatty. Past porkiness is no guarantee of future fatassery, but it comes damn close. Look at her old childhood, high school, and college photos. Was she a fat kid? You've got two weeks, tops, of hot honeymoon sex before the cottage cheese ripples like a flesh tsunami across her ass.

The second biggest factor is the size of her mother. Is this your girlfriend's future?:

Then run for the hills.

Race is another factor. Thin Asian chicks rarely get fat after marriage. Stay away from Mexicans. Starch bombs!

Also screen for an inordinate love of food. Girls who are obsessed with food favor gastronomic satisfaction over sexual satisfaction. You want a girl who likes to cook… for you. On her own time she nibbles asparagus sprigs.

Personality traits are important for screening. Watch for chronically depressed girls. When a girl is depressed, she turns to heavy fatty foods to lift her mood. Don't think you can substitute for food as her mood-lifter. No man has ever been able to compete with pastries for the heart of a depressed girl. The biofeedback is simply too intense; the fatter she grows, the sadder she feels, and the more she eats to alleviate the pain. If you're lucky, she'll turn to drugs instead. Heroin chic beats Lane Bryant lardo any day.

Finally, you'll want to check for telltale physical signs of the coming fatocalypse. These are found in the plumpness of her earlobes, the depth of hang of her upper arms, a nascent FUPA crease or neck wattle, the number of inches her inner thighs touch when she stands, the protrusion of her outer labia, the pendulousness of her breasts, her ankle and wrist circumference, the pocket of fat that sits above the hips, and any hint of a joey pouch, among others.

Here is a handy chart for predicting the odds your girlfriend will bloat up after she enslaves you and your assets with a marriage contract.

Girlfriend's Current Status	Odds of Post-Wedding Bloat
21 years old Current BMI: 19 No previous fatness Her mom: MILF Asian Small recipe book with your favorite meals Upbeat Cures her depression with sex	0%

Thin wrists, ankles, and arms

36 years old
Current BMI: 25
Former fatty
Her mom: Orca
Mexican 100%
Library of cookbooks signed by Emeril
Gothically depressed
Cures her depression with fudge
Cankles

How American Women Are Seen By Kazakhs

CH · 13 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Investigative reader Joe T. sent me this unintentionally hilarious survey of Central Asian (particularly Kazakh) attitudes toward, and stereotypes of, foreign women. The survey was conducted by the Gender Studies department at a university in Kazakhstan, and all I can say is that if American gender studies departments were like this one, our college “”””educated””””” women wouldn’t be so fucked in the head. I might even take a class. It’s disconcerting to note that it’s in the marginally 3rd world countries where the truth doesn’t send people into pants pissing mode and where no one uses PC as a sanctimonious cudgel to gain status over close kin rivals. You have to concede that the West is in a race to abdicate everything that made it great. Stupid fucks.

The stereotypes of foreign women that the survey highlighted shouldn’t be a surprise to anyone who has lived a day in his life.

> Appearance of the **Chinese woman** is distinguished by *refinement, small forms, delicacy, grace, fragility, slimness, beauty, narrow eyes.* Often it is mentioned, that Chinese woman is *poor, submissive, hurt, without claims and demands, traditions, home, family are in the first place for her.* She can be *secretive, knows which side her bread is buttered, reserved, silent, patient, and, probably, wise, calm, polite.*
>
> Her main typical quality is *diligence, also she is very practical, thrifty, talented, persistent, indefatigable.* In the post-Soviet environment Chinese woman can be met at the *bazaar,* where there is *much* of everything, everything by *wholesale* and very cheap.

If you’ve been through a Chinese street market, you know they eat just about everything under the sun. Very nutritionally resourceful.

> […]**Korean woman** is associated with *Korean salads, rice, spices, kuksi noodles and dog meat.* She is distinguished with *narrow eyes, miniature, graceful and exotic beauty and cleanliness.* Like Uigur woman *she is engaged in trading at the bazaar, business in area of café, restaurants, clubs, shops,* and for this reason she is *rich.* Her entrepreneurial success is promoted by *diligence, accuracy, intellect, tenacity, pragmatism, dynamism.* Depending on situation and character Korean woman can be both *refined, subtle, tender, lively, wise and capricious, crafty and bad-tempered.*

Does anyone talk like this anymore in the US? They should. It’ll help people get along better.

> In the row of Asian women with outstanding cooking abilities a special place belongs to **Tatar women.** Unlike Uigur and Korean women, Tatar women are not active in trading and financial sphere. She is also *cunning and practical,* but these qualities help them to settle their family and social affairs.

Having dated a half-Tatar Ukrainian woman, I can attest to the above description. Funny how the Kazakhs and me both agree on female Tatar characteristics, depsite being from opposite sides of the globe.

How are the Turkish women viewed by Kazakhs?

> Many note her *exotic beauty, plastic, graceful figure, big black eyes, long eyelashes and an indispensable attribute – a headscarf.* […]
>
> Social status of **Turkish women** is presented by people in typical way: *submissive, driven, without rights, enslaved, captive, slavery, many children, family for her in the first place, a housewife, tries to resemble a European,, closed door, does not know her bridegroom before wedding, under yoke of rigidly patriarchal and stringently ruled family life.*

> Above explains associations of her complex inner world: *closed, reserved, aggressive, spoilt* – are these not images of harem captives?

Any man who can successfully manage a harem can run a multinational corporation.

Oh, here's a juicy one sure to raise hackles.

> **Jewish woman** is sometimes described by ethnographic images (*synagogue, Esther, Rachel, Sarah, "Havva nagila" song").* Everyone knows her typical appearance: *hair above her lips, dark-brown eyes, hooked nose, large thighs, thin waist, often fat, speaks in scandalous manner, not very neat.*
>
> Amazing unanimity is observed in responses regarding maternal role of the Jewish woman. Variations on this topic are as follows: *head of the family, mother with many children, mother of the family, mamma of the big family, 100%-mother, brooding-hen mother, mummy, very much attached to family values, home, thrift, good housewife, cultural traditions.*
>
> Psychology of Jewish woman reveals a complex and flexible character: *she is cunning, knows which side her bread is buttered, self-conceited, ironical, easily adaptable, lively, not boring, warm, intellectual, coquettish, sexual, expansive, uncommon.*
>
> Surely, Jewish woman *is smart, she has high intellect, talent, mathematical cast of mind, elitism.* Nevertheless, she has also such qualities, as *greediness, practicality and prudence,* this woman *always knows her advantage and always settles her affairs well.* This explains *her successfulness, activeness, strength, well-being, prosperity.*

The thing with stereotypes is that they don't arise out of the ether unbidden. They must have a kernel of truth to exist in the first place.

> Like Chinese, **Japanese woman** is *beautiful, graceful, she has small feet, cheeks, eyes, porcelain face, small pace,* but *she is bright, thin and strange, like greenhouse. Traditionalism* is her main specific feature, she is *patriotic, proud with a country, with herself, her husband, life. Educated and cultural, she knows her rights, emancipated, travels trough the world*. Her portrait is supplemented by such qualities as *quiet, secretive, reserved, well-wishing, agreeable, refined, delicate, poetical, with sense of beauty.*

How do these barbarian Kazakhs form such accurate impressions of foreign women? It must be low class bigotry fed by media consumption. Ah, no. Most of the survey respondents were from the educated classes, the type of people who have read extensively of other cultures and traveled abroad.

> The survey covered 85 people, 75 of them were women, 10 – men. 59 of them were citizens of Kazakhstan, 5 – of Kyrgyzstan, 5 – of Tajikistan, 4- of Russia, 3 – of Belarus, 1 – of Ukraine, 2 – of Georgia. The sampling mainly included members of the Central Asia network of gender research (41 people) and representatives of women's public organizations. Most respondents have higher education, live in cities, being by occupation NGO activists (37 people), university professors (22 people), post graduate students (5 people), students (2 people), pupils (2 people), journalists (2), employees of international organizations and funds (6), non-working people (2) and others (7).

Now we get to the juiciest stereotypes; you know, the ones formed by the locals of foreign women who are from countries much farther away from Central Asia. Let's see if their sweeping generalizations remain as accurate for Western women.

> Probably, the most typical ethnographic image of **German woman**, known from textbooks, is a *blonde in white flounced apron, with plump hands, shaking off flour.*
>
> German woman usually is *bright-eyed blonde, often stout, plump, sometimes wan, awkward, plain.* Often

> respondents present German woman as *unattractive, thin, without make-up, manlike.* Undoubtedly, she is a *good housewife and spouse, she has a strong united family.* One can easily guess which features are typical for German woman in the most concentrated way, serving as a national attribute. They are *accuracy, cleanliness and pedantry.* This is supplemented by *practicality, prudence, diligence, strictness, discipline, thrift, solid sense, honesty, punctuality and* we have a business portrait of German woman. However she is characterized with poor spiritual qualities: *coldness, dryness, cruelty, secretiveness, boring.*

Score! German personality: Nailed. German woman's propensity to shake off flour: Bullseye! (I'm not kidding. I have fond memories from my youth of my female German descended relatives arm deep in flour puttering around the kitchen barking orders like a military officer. "Flour, please. Flour und eggs, mach schnell! Vere ist your flour und eggs, hmm?")

I'd quibble with the Kazakhs' opinion that German women are unattractive, but they are hinting at something true with their description of "manlike". German women, especially the northern Nordics, do have more prominent facial features and stronger jawlines than the Central Asian women Kazakhs are used to seeing.

> **Italian woman** *speaks much and fast, very noisy with a loud, scandalous and hoarse voice, sultry beauty, sensual, southern, sunny, sun tanned.* She has *magnificent hair, splendid bust,* this is *Sophie Lauren.* She is embodiment of *flourishing, money and luxury.* This *spirited, expressive* woman*, full of love, energetic,* can cause a *scandal and quarrel* any minute. Men value in her *sex appeal and impulsiveness, merriness and restlessness,* sense of *humor and bright womanliness.* This is a *volcano,* ready to explore all of a sudden, *warm strength,* which makes a dull life of bored man an art of survival and self- possession. This a holiday of which one is tired, but always wishes again.

As with my German relatives, I concur with the Kazakhs' views of my female Italian relatives. They do seem to seek any excuse to start a drama-fest. Italians and Italian-descended women must need to nourish their souls with histrionic outburts. Yet I cannot look away. They are indeed a holiday of which one is tired, but always wishes again.

> Ethnic archetype of **Swedish woman** is defined by rigid landscape **–** *snow, mountains, cold wind, ships, Vikings.* Let's imagine *a tall sportive woman without make-up, in trousers, coat and sports shoes, with few gestures and self-confident.* Her color is white. It dominates in description of her pale image: *white, fair, with fine complexion, with fair hair, with straight straw or flax-color hair, freckles nose, a pale moth,* in one word. […]
>
> Respondents could not help recalling *a Swedish family, where sex is so common, that children are taught it in the textbooks from the age of five, without any secrets and love, as a result.*
>
> Answers of male respondents show, that their images and stereotypes are very similar to presentations of women by both content and visually.

Swedish babes… lusted the world over.

And now we get to the Central Asian stereotype you've all been waiting for: American broads!

> **American woman** is described in quite contradictory way. Most amazing is a negative estimation of her appearance. There are many variations on this topic: *not well-groomed, not stylish, does not dress well, not fashionable clothes, not ironed shorts and T-shirt, sleepers, put on bare feet, elderly woman in shorts, emancipated woman, for whom it is not important how she looks, a girl without make-up, happy fatty woman, stout and shapeless person, a short hair-cut, a knapsack, waddling walk, tennis shoes, dentures, plain, manlike, unisex.* Positive estimations are given less frequently: *smiling, loudly speaking, stylish blonde, jeans, jeep, cowboy hat, cigarette, uncommonness.*

“Happy fatty woman”. Ha haaw! Even the positive estimations are backhanded compliments. “Loudly speaking”? Yeah, that’s real feminine.

> Knowing a kind of our sampling (activists of female organizations and researchers of gender issues), we are not surprised, that most people relate image of American woman with achievements of the female movement in the USA: *feminist, independent, free, self-sufficient, uninhibited, emancipated, enjoying equal rights, wealthy, hater of men.*

Please stop, I’m dying over here. The Kazakhs are more astute and honest regarding American cultural disintegration at the hands of the **alpha male-feminist front nexus** than are our own fucking elites. I hope I’m painting a clearer picture of who exactly is your number one enemy in this war supreme to bring America to her knees. Hint: It ain’t al-Qaeda.

> Besides, American women are *emotional, uninhibited so much, that they look ill-mannered, snobs, arrogant, hypocritical, empty, with complexes, cold, dry, egoists, superficial, non-constant and impudent.* Their actions are often characterized with *regulated character*, *black and colored women are distinguished with a habit to rely on social support and not to undertake anything to change their life*.

File under: Things you will never see printed in the New York Times.

But the Kazakhs do have something nice to say about American women.

> Despite this, business qualities of the majority of American women – *intellect, professionalism, activeness, self-confidence, discipline pragmatism, career-mindness – are worth of great respect.*

Thanks, you want ‘em? I’ll trade you my professional “active” American women for your sweetly feminine Kazakh women. Then we’ll see how long your “great respect” for them lasts.

Read the whole article. It’s a trip.

The Kazakhs speak their mind and tell it like it is. Something the West should relearn. It causes ulcers to constantly police against stating the bleedingly obvious. Diversity is a wonderful thing to observe, if not necessarily to live amongst. I’m intrigued that there are so many different nations of so many different ethnicities and races with their unique characteristics, some good, some bad. Nations are really human ethnic groups by another name. Even America. Though to a lesser extent than that of, say, Japan. Or Israel.

Maxim #42: Xenophobia is good for diversity.

The Kazakhs need reeducation in the proper parlance of the times: We’re all the same on the inside, we just look different on the outside. Only a bigot could think otherwise.

Wedding Ring Game

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I had a friend who used to wear a cheapo gold plated ring whenever he was out in a public place where there might be hot chicks, even though he wasn't married. I asked him why. He beamed with pride as he said "The looks I get from girls quadruples when I wear this. It's like a pussy beacon."

It was true. When I was out with him, he would conspicuously position his left hand on the bar and girls would suddenly gather in clumps nearby, giving us obvious proximity approach cues, or they would go right up to my friend and open him with their lame pickup lines that would never work for a guy.

"Hi, do you come to this place a lot?"

I though maybe they felt comfortable approaching my friend because he seemed safe as a "married" man no longer in the hunt. But that theory was wrong. They approached him because they were intrigued. The sparkle of attraction in their eyes betrayed their tingling pussies. All he needed to do was slip that bad boy wedding band on his finger and it was like wearing the One Ring of Power — Sauron's giant fiery labia was following him everywhere.

"What do you do when the girl asks about your "wife"?" I wondered.

"You'd be surprised. Half the time they never ask, and of course, I never mention it. I take the ring off in my pocket later in the night, after we've been talking for a while and she's invested her time in me, and proceed to game her as normal. They must rationalize it away in their heads, as is the wont of their fickle gender."

"And what about the ones who do ask?"

"Depends when she asks. If we're making out on my couch and then she asks, I tell her my "wife" and I are separated and have an agreement to date around. I know I have her at that point, so the allure of being a taken man is no longer required. If she asks right away, I ignore her question — actually, they will never ASK, like *"Are you married?";* instead they'll hint at it tangentially, like *"Does your wife know you are out tonight flirting with girls?"* . Evasion is the word of the day. I might say *"Does your Mom know you are out tonight letting guys like me flirt with you?"* 90% of the time, this works. If you make a girl feel good emotions, she'll conveniently forget all about your loyal wife sitting at home waiting for your return. For those 10% of girls who keep asking, I just say I'm "having issues" with my wife. Very few actually walk away because they feel bad flirting with a married man. Women are really amoral creatures, driven by their vaginas, like an animal in heat."

"This all sounds so easy."

"It is. Which is why I can't believe more men don't do it."

"I guess some guys have a problem with lying."

"They shouldn't. Women certainly don't."

Public Service Announcement: Most girls can't tell the difference between gold plated and 24K gold. Save your money, gentlemen.

What The World Would Look Like With No Men

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Fat lesbians.

> LESBIANS are twice as likely as heterosexual women to be overweight or obese, which puts them at greater risk for obesity-related health problems and death, US researchers said.

Men keep women in check. Freed from the biological need to be visually attractive to men, women regress quickly to a state of blubbery bliss.

> “The results of these studies indicate that lesbian women have a better body image than do heterosexual women,” they wrote.

Lesbians don’t care very much about looks in their partners, so bloating up like a fat cow won’t cause them psychic distress. When feminists (AKA radicalized man-hating lesbians) complain about the harm society does to a woman’s body self-image, what they are really lamenting is a world where men have sexual preferences. A feminist fantasy land is one where men have no preferences and women can pick and choose from whatever man she wants, while suffering no consequences from getting fat, old, or ugly.

Makeup, fashion, and staying in shape are evidence that women compete for the attention of men. When they opt out of the competition for men altogether, like lesbians have done, they stop bothering with those things. Analogously, gay men rarely bother with long sex-delayed courtships and promises of commitment.

Moral of the story: Women and men are judged for their worth in the sexual market. “Judge not lest ye be judged” is a lie to protect the feelings of the losers in life. Taking the high road will not save you from the judgement of others.

“I’m Surprised You’re...”

CH · 17 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a quick and effective one-liner/neg to toss out that will instantly raise your value with the girl you like. It’s easy to remember, versatile, and virtually betaproof.

“I’m surprised you’re [wearing those shoes].”

You can fill in the brackets with anything you notice about her. For example:

“I’m surprised you’re [wearing that color scarf].”

Naturally, the girl will follow up indignantly with something like:

“Why? What do you mean?!”

You’ll want to calibrate the sting of your reply to her beauty. If she’s an 8 or above, go harsh:

“Your colors don’t match. Unless that was the look you were going for.”

If she’s lower than an 8, soften the edges:

“Oh, nothing. It’s a unique choice. It takes some courage to pull that off.”

Occasionally, you’ll come across a girl who will challenge your rude observation with a response like this:

“Yeah, well, I love these shoes. I’m surprised you notice stuff like that.”

If she gives you flak, don’t sweat it. You’re in! A testy girl is an intrigued girl. You’ve nudged her out of the indifferent zone into the shit test zone. Consider this a troop advancement.

Happy Thanksgiving

CH · 17 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Love In The Time Of Game

CH · 18 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of readers have sent me a link to this article by Kay Hymowitz, "Love in the Time of Darwinism". I decided to take a look at it, not expecting much as is usually the case with any article written by a woman on the current state of dating, sex and game. Surprisingly, Hymowitz gets closer to the truth than any other journalist, but that's not saying much — she's still a million miles deep in lala land, hamstrung by her feminist biases. Her tone drips with resentment and condescension for the men who have successfully navigated the new dating landscape.

> Their argument, in effect, was that the SYM [single young male] is putting off traditional markers of adulthood—one wife, two kids, three bathrooms—not because he's immature but because he's angry.

Or smart.

> He's angry because he thinks that young women are dishonest, self-involved, slutty, manipulative, shallow, controlling, and gold-digging.

Women have always been this way. What changed was the pill, condom, economic parity and feminist devolution. Contrary to the conventional wisdom propagandized by our ignoble Kunty Kommissars of the Kulturkampf in charge of punishing the masses for daring to pull the wool from their own eyes, women's sexual nature, not men's, is the wilder of the two. Women's pussy keeps men in check, but dick doesn't keep women in check, save for organically emergent cultural controls that put the brakes on female sexuality through the consequences of shaming, accidental pregnancy and potential out-of-wedlock destitution. If men in the trenches are reporting that women are more dishonest, shallow and sluttier than ever, then the blame rests with giving women *more* freedom, not less. It's understandable that a feminist would shirk from this conclusion.

> He's angry because he thinks that the culture disses all things male.

Captain Obvious agrees. Has there ever been a period in human history when the men who built the tribe from the ground up into a gleaming civilization on the hill were more actively marginalized than now?

> He's angry because he thinks that marriage these days is a raw deal for men.

He thinks this because it's true. The blessed Word of Chateau is spreading far and wide across the land. Spreading, I say.

> This is from Dean in California: "Men are finally waking up to the ever-present fact that traditional marriage, or a committed relationship, with its accompanying socially imposed requirements of being wallets with legs for women, is an empty and meaningless drudgery."

This guy sounds like he got taken to the cleaners and has lost his perspective. When you see yourself as a walking wallet, women will agree. The way out of that self-fulfilling prophecy is knowledge of women, and game as practical application of that knowledge. Women will use men with money and nothing else, but they'll fall in love with men who are psychologically dominant. Where marriage sucks because it is a social mechanism designed to exchange sex for indentured servitude and enforced by the law, committed loving relationships are great.

> You can find the same themes posted throughout websites like AmericanWomenSuck, NoMarriage, MGTOW (Men Going Their Own Way), and Eternal Bachelor ("Give modern women the husband they deserve. None").

Oh Kay, don't be coy. You've been here, scared little bunny rabbit.

> The reason for all this anger, I submit, is that the dating and mating scene is in chaos.

Freedom is chaos.

> SYMs of the postfeminist era are moving around in a Babel of miscues, cross-purposes, and half-conscious, contradictory female expectations that are alternately proudly egalitarian and coyly traditional.

The way out of this morass is to not play by women's rules.

> And because middle-class men *and* women are putting off marriage well into their twenties and thirties as they pursue Ph.D.s, J.D.s, or their first $50,000 salaries, the opportunities for heartbreak and humiliation are legion.

Note: The median individual income in America is $32,000. The "elites" (and I use the term disparagingly) are completely out of touch.

PS: I use individual income and not household income because the former matters more to a man's chances for finding a woman. If the culture were truly arranged to the benefit of beta provider males, the tax code would reflect that. It does not. In fact, just the opposite.

> By the early twentieth century, things had evolved so that in the United States, at any rate, a man knew the following: he was supposed to call for a date; he was supposed to pick up his date; he was supposed to take his date out, say, to a dance, a movie, or an ice-cream joint; if the date went well, he was supposed to call for another one; and at some point, if the relationship seemed charged enough—or if the woman got pregnant—he was supposed to ask her to marry him.

This system worked when men held the economic and social upper hand.

Maxim #15: Female cultural equality = male dating inequality. Female cultural inequality = male dating equality. You cannot have both. So sayeth human nature.

> For one thing, men face a situation—and I'm not exaggerating here—new to human history. Never before have men wooed women who are, at least theoretically, their equals—socially, professionally, and sexually.

Unfortunately, she does not make the connection and put two and two together. The problem lies not with men, who are merely skeleton keys that adapt to whatever lock women weld on their gates; the "problem" lies with women who have no choice but to obey their hindbrain programming and seek higher status mates in the sexual market as long as their assets allow.

> But then, when an SYM walks into a bar and sees an attractive woman, it turns out to be nothing like that. The woman may be hoping for a hookup, but she may also be looking for a husband, a co-parent, a sperm donor, a relationship, a threesome, or a temporary place to live. She may want one thing in November and another by Christmas.

Women are incorrigibly capricious. This is why men must lead. Without male leadership, women spiral into a maelstrom of their emotions, buffetted to the point of ecstatic overdose until they wake up one day older and none the wiser, with no male attention off of which to ricochet helplessly addicted.

> In fact, young men face a bewildering multiplicity of female expectations and desire. Some women are comfortable asking, "What's your name again?" when they look across the pillow in the morning.

No woman has ever done this to me, but if she did I'd tell her "Fuck you, that's my name."

> Straus describes a 26-year-old journalist named Lisa fixed up for a date with a 29-year-old social worker. When he arrives at her door, she's delighted to see that he's as good-looking as advertised. But when they walk to his car, he makes his first mistake: he fails to open the car door for her. Mistake Number Two comes a moment later: "So, what would you like to do?" he asks.

Chivalry cannot coexist with female empowerment and unfettered sexual choice. The days of door holding are long over. Get used to it.

> The cultural muddle is at its greatest when the dinner check arrives. The question of who grabs it is a subject of endless discussion on the hundreds of Internet dating sites.

Mistake number one: Taking the chick out for dinner. Quiz for the readers: What changed in the culture that dinner dates became less than useless?

> The general consensus among women is that a guy should pay on a first date: they see it as a way for him to demonstrate interest.

Mistake number two: Actively trying to demonstrate interest before attraction.

> "Women seemingly have decided that they want it all (and deserve it, too)," Kevin from Ann Arbor writes. "They want to compete equally, and have the privileges of their mother's generation. They want the executive position, AND the ability to stay home with children and come back into the workplace at or beyond the position at which they left. They want the bad boy and the metrosexual."

As long as the government and the culture are there to pay for women's freedom in the forms of, for example, divorce theft, child support, on-site daycare, and overregulated totalitarian nanny state intrusion, they will be able to have it all. But there is a price to pay: Men abdicating any obligation to behave according to women's expectations. Hence, the pump and dump. The Game. The elevation of self-interest above all. Ironically, the trappings of modern society are forcing a return to a primal state of nature.

> To this day, male-bashing is the lingua franca of situation comedies and advertising: take the dimwitted television dads from Homer Simpson to Ray Romano to Tim Allen, or the guy who starts a cooking fire to be put out by his multitasking wife, who is already ordering takeout.

There's a reason I almost entirely stopped watching TV. That shit pollutes your state.

> By far the most important philosopher of the Menaissance is Charles Darwin. The theory that human sexual preferences evolved from the time that hominids successfully reproduced in the primeval African grasslands can explain the mystery of women's preference for macho—or alpha—males.

Evolutionary psychology is the most parsimonious explanation for gender differences.

> At the same time, evolutionary theory gives the former wuss permission to pursue massive amounts of sex with an endless assortment of women.

Permission has got nothing to do with it. Men have always had "permission", in the strictest sense of the word. What evolutionary theory gives men is a solid scientifically backed framework for maximizing their advantage in

the mating game.

> Women want alpha males, the Seduction Community agrees; with some effort at self-improvement, any man can learn the game—Game, as it is reverently known—that will turn him into a Pick Up Artist (PUA).

Not every man can become a PUA, but every man can improve his lot with women by learning game.

> A highly skilled PUA can get any woman, even an HB10[…]

I don't know any PUA who claims this. What they claim is that any man can experience more choice in women through game.

> It's impossible to know just how many wannabe PUAs there are out there, but judging from the multitude of websites like AlphaSeduction, Fast Seduction 101, Grow Your Game, SeductionTutor, and The Seduction Chronicles, as well as chat rooms, conferences, ads for seduction gurus, boot camps not just in the United States but all over Europe and parts of Asia, and books, including Neil Strauss's 2005 best-selling *The Game*, their numbers are considerable.

The barn door is open and the animals are running free. Women will respond. They are genetically wired to make it as hard as possible for men to get up their skirts. It's a sexual arms race now and forevermore.

> Game is best understood as an SYM attempt to bring order to contemporary dating confusion.

Not really. It's best understood not as an attempt to bring order, but as an attempt to cash in on the chaos.

> Remember those women who want a guy who will open the car door for them? They may be lucky if they find one willing to add "please" to "Pass the ketchup."

And they can't help but love these men for it.

> Game goes even further, actually encouraging men to "neg" their "target" women—that is, to undermine their confidence subtly by ignoring or mildly insulting them.

Why is it so hard for women to grasp the neg concept? No term has been as misconstrued as this one. A neg is not an insult, it's a backhanded compliment.

> Indeed, the Darwinists wonder, why pretend we're interested in anything other than sex?

Darwinistic game is equally effective in the realm of love as in the steambath of sex.

> Darwinian mores, or anti-mores, also explain the brutal status jockeying that pervades the contemporary dating scene and that makes the high school cafeteria look like a feminist utopia. Check out DarwinDating.com, a matchmaking website "created exclusively for beautiful, desirable people." Members rank your picture on a scale of one to five and vote on whether to let you join their honored ranks or throw you into the slush pile of "saggy," "hairy," "sweaty," "nerdy" rejects.

The ugly truths are seeping into every crevice of society, poisoning the marrow of idealistic impulse. As we learn more about how the brain works, this is inevitable. The pretty lies once served some higher, nobler purpose, but that is dead now. Embrace the known.

> With good Darwinian logic, though, [men] believe that women tend to do their reckoning on the basis of wallet size rather than pulchritude.

Not exactly. Wallet size is just one of many factors. Women do their reckoning on the basis of power, status and dominance.

> Seduction artists even say they prefer savvy women who understand Game as a male version of cleavage-revealing tops.

Except tougher to implement. Hey, no guts no glory.

> No, the problem with the Darwinian tenor of the Menaissance is neither antipathy to women's equality nor a misguided reading of female nature. It is an uncompromising biological determinism that makes no room for human cultivation.

And finally we get to the part where Hymowitz desperately claws for some escape out of the tar pits of Darwinistic cruelty. It is practically preordained that her gestures toward spiritually-tinged human transcendence, particularly as she expects it of men alone, will be feeble. A simple question many men ask themselves: If I play by the rules and make room for human cultivation, and the asshole down the street is getting laid like gangbusters, then what's in it for me?

If Hymowitz answers "An ennobling of your spirit and dignity as a man", she will lose the argument.
As well she should.

> They define manhood as alpha-style toughness and unsentimental promiscuity.

Not quite. Women love to play the promiscuity card to belittle men's choices, but alpha manhood is better defined as projecting the behaviors and attitude that make promiscuity an option. It is the ability to be promiscuous, not necessarily the promiscuity itself, that defines the man loved by women.

> And in that spirit, they cultivate manipulation, calculation, and naked (in both the literal and metaphorical sense) self-interest.

Manipulation is a loaded word meant to manipulate the reader into agreement. Truth: All goal-oriented language and behavior is manipulation. We all do it, all the time, even when we engage in trite politesse to smooth social interactions. To argue that Game is manipulation is to argue that every twist and turn of courtship is as well. And in the manipulation sweepstakes of seduction, I'd give the edge to women. By a country mile.

> But human beings rely on culture to tame natural selfishness.

Some cultures amplify natural selfishness, others tame it. You can't rely on that which is actively dispossessing. If Hymowitz wants a taming culture, she had better be ready to accept that the current configuration is a failed experiment. By Chateau standards, though, it's been a glowing success!

> After all, we have prohibitions against grabbing a neighbor's steak off the grill or kidnapping his daughter, to give just two examples of behavior about which Nature also doesn't care.

Normally, when we refrain from stealing the neighbor's steak, we expect our neighbor to reciprocate our restraint. As an analogy to the present state of sexual affairs, that is not what we have today.

> For this reason, successful human cultures expect far more of their men than muscle and promiscuity.

Tit for tat, baby. Minus expectations from women, it makes no sense to expect anything from men.

> They see that when the old dating and courting regime fell, it left a cultural vacuum with no rules for taming or shaming the boors, jerks, and assholes.

More appropriately, the whores, sluts, and serial daters.

> And if the past is any guide, most of them, even the most masterly PUAs, will eventually find themselves coaching Little League on weekends.

Change is coming. Give it time. Soon the Little League fields will echo with the empty sound of wind rustling the uncut grass.

> In a national survey of young, heterosexual men, the National Marriage Project, a research organization at Rutgers University, found that the majority of single subjects hoped to marry and have kids someday.

Hope is the tribute reality pays to fantasy.

> Neil Strauss, the author of *The Game*, says that during his PUA years, he saw enough lies and infidelity to make Darwin look like an optimist. “Losing all hope is freedom,” snarls the blogger at Eternal Bachelor.

True. But would you rather get laid and lose all hope, or be a failure with women and lose all hope? The choice is clear. The pleasure of a woman’s company and the enrichment of her love more than compensates for the loss of hope.

> In fact, some people would wager that the Darwinian answer to dating chaos is our future normal.

Barring any radical reorientation of our culture, yes. But I foresee the pendulum swinging back.
And I predict you will not like it, Kay, because it would mean a betrayal of your core ideology.

Ex Categories

CH · 19 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

One of the advantages of having a lot of experience under your belt is the fun you can have amusing yourself by categorizing your exes. And then writing a blog post about it later.

- Fondly remembered

She was a good girl (rare). She treated you well. She loved you right. But maybe she was a point or two below your beauty ideal, so you left her to hunt for hotter quarry, walking away with nothing but warm memories of her. You miss her in that "wistfully smile thinking of her" way, not in that "gotta get back with her and tap that one more time" way. Normally, we refer to these girls as "former lovers" (you broke up on good terms) or "past lovers" (she moved to another country), not "exes". Her inner beauty is the standard by which you measure every woman you date.

- Indifferent

If she's in your indifferent category, she should consider herself lucky… you won't stalk her underneath her bedroom window, masturbating furiously. After a few days have passed post-breakup, you'll be hard pressed to remember the name of a girl in this category. She was nothing more than a vagina supported by a human organism that you pleasured yourself into.

- Hated Hos

These exes are the ropey tapeworm-infested turds that issued from Satan's scalding anus. They represented the worst of the modern American woman. Odds are she was a lawyer or PR rep. Your "relationship" with her felt like war, with troops amassed on the field of hate, locked in eternal struggle, gaining or losing inches of emotional territory, a Battle Royale for "hand". The upside to inspiring your hate is that you learn a valuable lesson from them… namely, how to spot their kind before they "accidentally" leave their earrings at your place. If you post an internet sex vid of an ex, this is the girl you will gleefully dishonor. Consider it proactive karma.

- Regretfully remembered

You don't hate these exes, but you wish you hadn't got involved with them. A girl in this category has left you with a bad taste in your mouth and a rash on your junk. She's the one you found out later had been with triple digit sex partners before she met you, and probably a few more while you were dating. You've caught her flirting with the guy at your favorite fast food joint who prepares your falafel platter, and you wondered what the hell else they had going on. She's a psycho, a stalker, a slut, a drama queen, a catty backstabber, and a utensil-throwing, suicide-threatening, hey-check-out-my-big-black-dildo, stick-her-finger-up-your-asshole-during-sex whirlwind of whorishness all wrapped up in one. She was good to you on paper, but you couldn't compete with her id — all she could do was think with her clit. This is the girl who made a confirmed cynic out of you. She is the most likely candidate to wind up a pathetic cougar.

- That one sex act

Every guy has flashbacks of intense sexual moments with one or more of their exes. Women remember anniversaries, gifts given and received, the color of your shirt when you first kissed her, but we men mostly remember one thing — that time we had you bent over the back of the sofa with your jeans down around your ankles as we were drilling you from behind and watching the whole thing in a floor length mirror nearby. In fact, a man can measure the strength of his love for an ex and how long it will take him to get over her by the number and clarity of sex acts he remembers. The dirty memory of a truly hot ex will give a guy a boner faster than a mediocre looking girl standing right in front of him.

- The one who got away

Don’t front, tough guy. Every man has that One Girl (or ten girls) Who Got Away, taunting him from the shadows of his past. If you don’t, you haven’t lived. You’ve learned so much from your experience with this one girl, and you’ve become a better man for it, stronger in spirit and resilient in adversity, but… you still wish it hadn’t fallen apart. She is the force of nature against which all future women will compete… and come up short.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 20 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

One of the big problems with movies has been their complete turn to the beta side. *Forgetting Sara Marshall* and *Say Anything* are prime examples of the depths to which movies ostensibly aimed at beta males have sunk. (One would almost think it was a conspiracy.) All glib lowbrow humor and self-abasement, no admirable alpha males demonstrating how to properly game a woman. Nowadays, if the movie is about "gaming" chicks, like *Hitch*, it's usually wrapped in some larger message that has the main character seeing the light and renouncing his past player ways. Fucking yawn.

Well I'm here to rectify that. In a dispiriting feminized world ruled by the high PC priest alpha males and their feminist allies and abetted by the useful tools in the eunuchocracy, where our culture overlords are intent on the subjugation and emasculation of the worker bee betas who would be their competitors, you have me shining a light unto the darkness. In a new series I'm calling "Great Scenes of Game in the Movies", I will link to videos of scenes from the classics where alpha males show how it's done. You will see that game as practiced by the PUAs has been around for a long time, and that it works, and the only thing that changed was that a bunch of smart guys, using the findings of science and their own field experience, have bottled the magic of the Rhett Butlers and made it digestible for the masses. This radical revolution in seduction technology is a serious threat to the existing order, so it's no surprise that the elites drip with fearful contempt for the hedonist's philosophy and tools of the trade.

One of the commenters gave me this idea (BasilRansom?) when he linked to this video of a classic scene from *Gone with the Wind*:

Watch and observe, betas. Pay close attention to every word he says and nuance in his body language. Now I'll break this scene down. My comments are in brackets.

***

RHETT: You will, though. And another thing. Those pantalets. I don't know a woman in Paris wears pantalets anymore.

[too metro to notice fashion details on a woman? tell it to rhett butler. watch how he does almost exactly what i wrote about in this post. he has negged scarlett and raised his value in her eyes.]

SCARLETT: What do they… you shouldn't talk about such things.

[bam. just like that… attraction.]

RHETT: You little hypocrite, you don't mind my knowing about them, just my talking about them.

[he calls her out on her BS and passes her shit test with flying colors.]

SCARLETT: Rhett, I really can't go on accepting these gifts. Though you are awfully kind.

RHETT: I'm not kind, I'm just tempting you. I never give anything without expecting something in return. I always get paid.

[beautiful. she dangles the beta bait but he doesn't bite. and let's her know he won't be like the other pushovers.]

SCARLETT: If you think I'll marry you just to pay for the bonnet, I won't.

RHETT: Don't flatter yourself, I'm not a marrying man.

["don't flatter yourself" is a great line, guys. learn it and use it. rhett does a good job here of flipping the script. scarlett is now in the frame of chasing him, instead of him chasing her for marriage. keep in mind just how powerful this technique was back in the day when men routinely offered their hand for marriage.]

SCARLETT: Well, I won't kiss you for it, either.

[shit test #2. hey, she's hot. she can afford more than one shit test. in fact, it's required.]

RHETT: Open your eyes and look at me. No, I don't think I will kiss you. Although you need kissing badly. That's what's wrong with you. You should be kissed, and often, and by someone who knows how.

[he passes shit test #2. watch carefully at 0:39. see how rhett moves his face in very close to scarlett's face, as if he is going to kiss her and give her what she wants, and then pulls back right when the heat is hottest to deliver his killer disqualification line. this is a perfect demonstration of "push-pull" technique as taught by the PUAs. rhett is too smart for her games. he knows if he kisses her in this moment she has won a tactical victory… but lost her attraction for him.]

SCARLETT: And I suppose that you think that you are the proper person.

[more beta bait. how many beta friends do you know who would say "sure i am!"]

RHETT: I might be, if the right moment ever came.

[translation: i'm qualifying you.]

SCARLETT: You're a conceited, black- hearted varmint, Rhett Butler, and I don't know why I let you come and see me.

[you just know her panties are dripping wet now.]

RHETT: I'll tell you why, Scarlett. Because I'm the only man over sixteen and under sixty who's around to show you a good time.

[DHV. look at the expression on his face — AMUSED MASTERY. he's bemused by her. and she can practically smell it — the musky aroma of a man who knows he's the best she'll ever get.]

***

There you have it. Learn from the greats and fall into an abundance of pussy.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 21 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

My Inbox is getting unmanageable. So if you don't see your post in the Reader Mailbag, or I take too long replying to your emails, you'll know why. I need an assistant. Anyone want to brave my excruciatingly tense interview process? You must be: Cute, hot, pretty. Female.

This week's mailbag features guest contributions from Finefantastic and Damian.

Email #1

> I'm writing you because I've very clearly done something wrong, and I think you're probably the only one who can help- being a 3rd party. I'm a NAF that was engaged to a greater beta, we were together for 6 years and engaged for 1. Then he went to NY to intern for a big law firm for the summer and started talking about going out with a coworker all the time. I thought that was a little unusual but didn't feel the least bit threatened, especially after I met her. The woman was/ is a warpig (AND a female attorney! the least sexy occupation, right??) He's even acknowledged (after he dumped me for her) that her face is "not her best attribute".
>
> I'm pissed that he took up the prime years of my dating life (21-almost 27), and bewildered…it's not like I don't get hit on a lot, but losing to a warpig will mindfuck you. How could this happen?
>
> Thanks,
> A.

Damian:
Never Underestimate the Majestic Warpig!

In the animal kingdom, the wild boar is ungainly, ugly, smelly, and foul tempered. But this member of the pig family is no barnyard slouch! Clever, brave, armed with sharp tusks, and possessing a certain uncanny swagger, it's no surprise that the boar became a symbol of nobility and charisma in Medieval Europe. Even today it adorns the crest of my favorite cold cuts…….Boarshead!

The lesson here is, you met this woman, and because of her warpig looks, you completely dismissed her as harmless and no threat to steal your man. But little did you know, she was using her other attributes to win him over, most definitely doing all kinds of perverted kinky things in bed, things that you……couldn't even dream of, perhaps because you never had to, as you're not a warpig?

Finefantastic:
Oh, warpigs. Maybe she had a heart of gold. Maybe not. Why waste more of "prime dating years" agonizing about a situation out of your control? Besides, a good mindfuck builds character. Spin this into a screenplay or interpretive dance.

Me:
NAF? Northeast Asian Female? Nascent Alpha Female? Nasty Ass Female? I suspect this email is a joke. It has hit on too many of my themes and attempted to subvert them. Devil's handiwork! He probably hooked up with a 10 secretary and you're just pissed. If your email is true, then all I can say is… you got beat by a warpig! That's gotta hurt! Consolation prize: You get to experience the thrill of my attention.

Email #2

> I need your advice. I follow your blog religiously, and I am grateful for the pragmatic advice you give. It works.
>
> Recently, I have applied your advice to a girl that I work with. We are currently both attracted to each other

> (and have verbally confirmed that for each other). We spend time together after work going for dinner and hanging out. We flirt with each other all the time. She lets me grab her ass, hug her, etc. The problem is that she has been in a relationship for about 3 months. She tells me we are just really good friends who have to deal with the attraction that we have for each other, but the physical nature of our "friendship" tells me she is very temped. Obviously I want more. Also, I am currently in a relationship that has been going for 16 months, but is slowly dying. She is aware of this.
>
> A few more details to clarify the problem:
>
> – She use to be overweight, but is quite decent now. Also, she is very insecure, but is slowly making progress overcoming that.
> – She seems to have some issues with her current boyfriend (they have been dating for about 3 months and currently moved in together). She has criticized him to me on a couple of occassions. I get the sense that her insecurities make her cling to this guy.
> – We have talked about our attraction for each other on numerous occassions. We have both admited that it is difficult to be attracted to each other, and still try to maintain our "committed" relationships with our respective partners.
> – When I back off, she encourages me to continue flirting with her, and becomes pouty if I don't.
>
> Anyway, give it your best shot. I appreciate your wisdom.
>
> Feel free to post the problem and advice, but leave my name out of it.
>
> Truly Grateful

Me:
Mistaken Assumption #1: Thinking that a girl "verbally confirming" her attraction means anything. It doesn't. The only confirmation of a girl's attraction for you that matters is your penis in her vagina. On the hierarchy of female attraction signals (IOIs), a verbal confirmation counts about as much as a girl saying "could you please pass the salt?". Thrust your hand under her skirt. Is it warm? Then she's attracted to you.

Mistaken Assumption #2: Thinking that a girl who has "issues" with her current boyfriend means that she is ready to dump him for you. Nope, it's just the opposite. When a girl badmouths her BF it means she wants his cock more than ever. Jesus, dude, she moved in with the guy. That should be a clue.

As a former fatty, this chick is obviously exercising her newfound power and LORDING it over you. You are the classic chump. The tool. The AFC. The harmless practice beta she uses for the ego boost. Feeling like shit yet? Good. Now you may begin your journey to enlightenment.

Here is my advice: The next time she "verbally confirms" her attraction for you, or talks to you about her asshole BF, tell her you're not her therapist. You're too busy fucking your girlfriend up the ass to deal with her issues. THEN you may have a shot with her.

Email #3

> I'm an attractive 27 year old white woman who lives in the DC metro area. I've always been bicurious, but although I certainly find many white women pretty to look at I am rarely sexually attracted to them. I am primarily attracted to feminine Latinas and Greek/Italian looking women like Monica Bellucci. I'm not all THAT into chicks, so I'd have to be very attracted to a woman to "go there", and all of the lesbian/bisexual women I've met are even somewhat feminine are white. I have yet to meet a non-butch Latina lesbian. I've met sexy Latinas with whom I've had a little bit of flirty chemistry but they've never been willing to take it further. The expats have been ice cold in this regard. Is this a DC thing?
>
> When I look into the eyes of nearly every white woman of Northern European lineage I've ever met I simply don't see the deep, intrinsic womanliness that Latinas, Mediterrenean, and some Russian women {have]. Sorry

> ladies, but we all have our tastes.
>
> Will I have to settle for some banal Pink lookalike?
>
> DL

Finefantastic:
Deep intrinsic womanliness? That is hilarious. If you want to avoid the Pink and Eminem lookalikes, I'd suggest Craigslist. Or a prostitute that fits your bill. Or get the sexy Latinas drunk.

Me:
What the fuck am I supposed to know about lesbians? Most of them are repulsive lumpy potato sacks. Bicurious lipstick pseudo-lezzies are great, but their cultural elevation as a male fantasy figure is way out of proportion to their actual numbers in society. Out of 100 dykes, there might be one decent looking feminine girl.

And it's time the Northern Euro chicks stopped getting pegged as sexually repressed, Puritan, shrews lacking in "womanliness". The hottest fucks I've ever had were with Irish lasses. German frauleins are downright deviant in bed. Polish babes are amazingly romantic. Asian girls are gentle, loving, and obsessed with the anus… you get the picture.

Email #4

> Here's a topic you might want to offer for consideration: women and e-mailing. Every woman I know, and I know quite a few, seems to have a built-in resistance to e-mails.(At least, personal e-mails. I assume they look at and respond to job-related e-mails.) I'll send them things I think they'll find interesting, and invariably they say, "I just don't have time to look at my e-mail." Yet they always seem to find time for telephone conversations, often lengthy ones, and that would seem to take up much more time than it would to check and read one's e-mail. I'd be curious to know if other guys have noticed this.
>
> B.

Finefantastic:
I often delete things people email me that I "may find interesting". Usually it's some sob-story cash grab, a moronic chain letter or an arcane article about politics. I could care less. If it is in fact interesting, I will take care to read future emails from that person. Separate yourself from the chaff by using shocking and offensive subject lines. As for girls and the phone, we need all the time we can get to ruminate over profound topics (like guys and episodes of Intervention).

Me:
Your observation is absolutely correct. Girls do not answer emails, or they take forever to reply. Which is funny, because they check their email every fucking second, glued as they are by an electronic umbilical cord to their Blackberries and iPhones. Scientists are hard at work figuring out why this is so… and why girls imagine we aren't on to them. Bottom line: Girls prefer talking on the phone because it's easier that way for them to tease out any crippling beta flaws you might have. They suspect a guy who has spent a lot of time lovingly crafting an email is not showing her his spontaneous, out of the box, improvisational, real-time worth as a man.

Maxim #52: Girls need to test men for their grace under pressure.

Advice: Stop sending them "interesting" emails. Every time a guy tells me he does this, I know he's actually sending "LAME" emails that bore the girl to tears. Please re-read the "Sixteen Commandments of Poon" and memorize Commandments V and VI. Stick to text and short phone calls.

The Great Global Warming Swindle

CH · 22 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The fix is in:

> A surreal scientific blunder last week raised a huge question mark about the temperature records that underpin the worldwide alarm over global warming. On Monday, Nasa's Goddard Institute for Space Studies (GISS), which is run by Al Gore's chief scientific ally, Dr James Hansen, and is one of four bodies responsible for monitoring global temperatures, announced that last month was the hottest October on record.
>
> This was startling. Across the world there were reports of unseasonal snow and plummeting temperatures last month, from the American Great Plains to China, and from the Alps to New Zealand. China's official news agency reported that Tibet had suffered its "worst snowstorm ever". In the US, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration registered 63 local snowfall records and 115 lowest-ever temperatures for the month, and ranked it as only the 70th-warmest October in 114 years.
>
> So what explained the anomaly? GISS's computerised temperature maps seemed to show readings across a large part of Russia had been up to 10 degrees higher than normal. But when expert readers of the two leading warming-sceptic blogs, Watts Up With That and Climate Audit, began detailed analysis of the GISS data they made an astonishing discovery. The reason for the freak figures was that scores of temperature records from Russia and elsewhere were not based on October readings at all. Figures from the previous month had simply been carried over and repeated two months running.

It's easier to let these kinds of errors slip through the quality assurance process when you are ideologically invested in a specific outcome — namely, human induced catastrophic warming.

> A GISS spokesman lamely explained that the reason for the error in the Russian figures was that they were obtained from another body, and that GISS did not have resources to exercise proper quality control over the data it was supplied with. This is an astonishing admission: the figures published by Dr Hansen's institute are not only one of the four data sets that the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) relies on to promote its case for global warming, but they are the most widely quoted, since they consistently show higher temperatures than the others.
>
> If there is one scientist more responsible than any other for the alarm over global warming it is Dr Hansen, who set the whole scare in train back in 1988 with his testimony to a US Senate committee chaired by Al Gore. Again and again, Dr Hansen has been to the fore in making extreme claims over the dangers of climate change. (He was recently in the news here for supporting the Greenpeace activists acquitted of criminally damaging a coal-fired power station in Kent, on the grounds that the harm done to the planet by a new power station would far outweigh any damage they had done themselves.)
>
> Yet last week's latest episode is far from the first time Dr Hansen's methodology has been called in question. In 2007 he was forced by Mr Watts and Mr McIntyre to revise his published figures for US surface temperatures, to show that the hottest decade of the 20th century was not the 1990s, as he had claimed, but the 1930s.

Cult leader Dr. Hansen should be fired. He is clearly too emotionally wedded to the religion substitute of global warming. Unlike journalists who aren't held accountable by peer review, scientists live and die by their objectivity. Hansen has discredited himself. Anyone who believes scientists can't be tainted by bias or corruption has a weak grasp of the constancy of human nature. Science is humanity's Savior. I don't want false prophets like Hansen as representatives of our last, best hope.

I predict that in ten or twenty years when the dust has settled and the truth of AGW gets a more reasonable hearing than it has to date, we will look back on this sorry episode as one of the greatest attempted swindles ever foisted by

the global elite on the masses. I also predict that all those End Times leftists who embarrassingly swooned in apocalyptic fervor for the clarion call of cataclysmic global warming and ritually embraced it like a Sacramental Rite will pretend as if their lies never happened, and simply move on to their next self-congratulatory save-the-world cause *du jour*. And the media, of course, being hopelessly lost as a respectable institution of high-minded journalistic integrity, will enable them to evade public humiliation.

I read that the personality trait “openness to experience” correlates strongly with people of a certain political persuasion. It’s a nice personality trait to have. I have some of it myself. But there can be too much of a good thing. Armageddonationist global warming cultists are what happens when people are a little *too* open to new ideas.

Unconditional Love

CH · 23 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Write your own caption.

Dating In The City: A Series

CH · 24 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Time for another colonoscopic glimpse into the fetid bowels of the urban dating scene. This city provides enough material for a book.

Damian: I had a second date with that cute 25 year old chick I was telling you about.

Me: Yeah? How'd this one go?

Damian: After we warmed up a bit, she started talking about the incredible amount of sex she had in high school and college. All the guys she banged and the crazy sex acts she performed, threesomes, public sex, etc. She said she's pretty sure she was a nympho at age seventeen.

Me: Uh oh. Bad sign.

Damian: Right. That's what I was thinking. As I'm getting more disgusted and aroused simultaneously, she leans in and tells me *"Just to let you know, you shouldn't bother making a move. You won't get anywhere. I changed my ways. I'm not going to have sex until I'm married."*

Me: Unbelievable. Is every girl in this city a headcase? Maybe she converted to an orthodox religion or something.

Damian: No, she's not religious. After she drops that bomb, I stared at her for a few seconds, flabbergasted. There was tension. Then I said "Are you fucking crazy? What makes you think you can pull this shit on a quality guy like myself?" I was pissed.

Me: Wow. So I guess that was it, eh?

Damian: Not yet. She starts tearing up a little. I stand up and tell her I'm going. She asks me if I'm going to get a drink. I say no, I'm leaving. She asks if I'm going home. I say no, I'm not going home, I'm going to a bar to meet up with friends, the night is still young.

Me: I love how she imagines you will go home, alone, with your tail tucked between your legs.

Damian: I put on my coat, wish her good luck on finding someone, and leave. I cross the street and look back… I can see the chairs we were sitting on through the window of the lounge, and she's still sitting there, holding her drink. This broad drove an hour from out of town to meet me in the city, she clearly went out of her way, she was interested… so I have to ask what's going through her mind when she tells me sex is off the table? She must be used to dating the herbliest of Herbs who meekly accepted her terms.

Me: The irony here is that she was probably never more turned on than right at that moment when you called her out on her shit. I bet that's the first time she got wet since she became a born again virgin.

Damian: On the plus side I'm five for five getting girls to drive out of their way to meet me near my place.

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Damian: After we warmed up a bit, she started talking about the incredible amount of sex she had in high school and college. All the guys she banged and the crazy sex acts she performed, threesomes, public sex, etc. She said she's pretty sure she was a nympho at age seventeen.

Me: Uh oh. Bad sign.

Damian: Right. That's what I was thinking. As I'm getting more disgusted and aroused simultaneously, she leans in and tells me *"Just to let you know, you shouldn't bother making a move. You won't get anywhere. I changed my ways. I'm not going to have sex until I'm married."*

Me: Unbelievable. Is every girl in this city a headcase? Maybe she converted to an orthodox religion or something.

Damian: No, she's not religious. After she drops that bomb, I stared at her for a few seconds, flabbergasted. There was tension. Then I said "Are you fucking crazy? What makes you think you can pull this shit on a quality guy like myself?" I was pissed.

Me: Wow. So I guess that was it, eh?

Damian: Not yet. She starts tearing up a little. I stand up and tell her I'm going. She asks me if I'm going to get a drink. I say no, I'm leaving. She asks if I'm going home. I say no, I'm not going home, I'm going to a bar to meet up with friends, the night is still young.

Me: I love how she imagines you will go home, alone, with your tail tucked between your legs.

Damian: I put on my coat, wish her good luck on finding someone, and leave. I cross the street and look back… I can see the chairs we were sitting on through the window of the lounge, and she's still sitting there, holding her drink. This broad drove an hour from out of town to meet me in the city, she clearly went out of her way, she was interested… so I have to ask what's going through her mind when she tells me sex is off the table? She must be used to dating the herbliest of Herbs who meekly accepted her terms.

Me: The irony here is that she was probably never more turned on than right at that moment when you called her out on her shit. I bet that's the first time she got wet since she became a born again virgin.

Damian: On the plus side I'm five for five getting girls to drive out of their way to meet me near my place.

Visualizing Omega

CH · 25 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

In my "Defining the Alpha Male" post, I described the detritus of malehood:

> Lesser Omega, [Can only get] 0s and 1s, Will never feel love; can't keep a girl longer than 3 days, Dry spells > 5 years.

I've already taken you on journeys exploring the vast wastelands of the beta universe, but that was child's play. It's time to pull back the curtain on the shambling mounds and wretched creatures who walk among us; the monsters who inhabit the far FAR left tail of the human bell curve.

Behold, the OMEGA:

When this is the best you can do, you are a lesser omega. You aren't at the lowest level of dreg because you haven't dropped out of society entirely and are able, however nauseatingly, to propagate your genes. But really, why would you condemn your future ugly children to a lifetime of misery and self-loathing? The compassionate thing to do would be to refrain from reproducing.

Notice the telltale omega traits (besides his choice of mate): Lowered gaze, meek countenance, leaning into his beastly wife, feeble self-conscious smile, dumbo ears, weak chin and jawline, beady eyes. Yes, he's in the military, but that is no guarantee of high(er) status. The bottom of the barrel often embrace the soldier's life because it offers the only chance to raise their value. They risk death as cannon fodder for a shot at respectability. If they're lucky, they might even return home to a hero's welcome.

Look at the faces on the groomsmen… abject defeat. Public humiliation. Despair for their unlucky buddy. Disgust. Even the little boy knows what a bunch of losers have gathered here today. The ability to discern a human status hierarchy is ingrained from birth. And they are likely pissed that the bridesmaids are too grotesque to tap.

The brideshogs look a little less morose, probably because they understand that their less-human-than-human hogzilla sister has gotten the better end of the deal by the very fact that she managed to find a man, however pathetic, who would be willing to dump a fuck in her flabby porcine hole.

62% of American women are overweight, with no end in sight to the disfiguration of their most precious resource. They live in towns like Ninety-Six, South Carolina (yes, real name). They have no self-discipline, eating until they explode like Mr. Creosote. Is it any wonder American men with the means are choosing to meet women overseas? When more than half the women in your country have removed themselves as dating prospects, the fuckable ones in the minority raise their asking price through the roof. It's a vicious predicament.

If you were forced at gunpoint to have sexual relations with one of these women, who would you choose, and how

would you do it? The couch crease never looked so sexy.

Sloping brow lardo and inbred omega nerdo in love. Possibly they are both borderline retarded. Ugliness and stupidity correlate. No one wants to look at people like this in the office, so they will probably work at jobs in coal mines or sewage treatment plants where they don't pollute anyone's vista. It's time to end all public support so the genetic lines of the omegas dies out. It's nature's way to cull the weak and ugly. Without the cull, the degenerate freaks reproduce, dragging the rest of humanity with them (or chasing them off into gated communities with armed guards). The modern welfare state is responsible for the coming Idiocracy. It was preordained.

You can see the rest of the pictures at this forum, and the hilarious comments in response. The groom even has a Myspace page, so it's the real deal.

Could this lesser omega have done better with game? Yes. In fact, for a guy this ugly, dorky and meek-looking, game will be especially effective. He can go from getting crushed underneath a heap of garbage during rutting to banging non-hideous 3s and 4s. Nothing short of Steve Buscemi level fame or vast wealth will raise his sexual market value, so the only self-improvement technique at his disposal is game.

I have to think there is no way this guy can get it up for her, no matter how horny or lonely. Below some mininum female ugliness floor, every penis becomes operationally flaccid. Ugly men and good-looking men get turned on by the same hot women, just like fat men and slim men want the same slender chicks. The packaging may change, but the brain remains the same.

While there is room to settle, I think past some ugly threshold a man looks at a pseudo-woman and regardless how motivated he is by the bounty of pity in his heart and horniness in his groin, his junk isn't going to respond. Turning the lights off doesn't always help. If she's fat enough, you'll hear her blubbery hideousness bumping into furniture and pulling the sheets off the bed. You'll sink into her cheesy folds. You'll listen to her grunts and wheezes as she goes down on you. You'll have to sandblast the dingleberries out of her crack before doing her from behind. Dumpster dive deep enough, and you may as well be doing a man.

If this guy leaves her and decides it makes more sense to drop a few bucks and satisfy himself with a skanky street hooker, he will actually bump himself up from lesser omega to omega. As a man, there is such a thing as ranking lower than a celibate virgin — boffing a monstrous seacow will push you below a man whose only sexual outlet is

porn.

How To Screw Up A Date

CH · 26 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I've received inside info about a second date gone bad from a female party who shall remain anonymous. I post it here to illustrate for the men reading what *not* to do on a date. I found the scenario described by Anonymous Girl a textbook example of the egregious dating fouls committed by the typical beta.

******

> Had my second date last night. we had a lovely dinner, good conversation, albeit he seemed a bit manic to get his points across.

I can't believe in this day and age there are still guys who take girls out on dinner dates. Please. Dinner is what your girlfriend cooks you. If you're stuffing food in your mouth, you're not charming her with your words or tonguing her down. Dinner dates = contrived ambience = uncomfortable pressure = killing the sexy vibe. And speaking with urgency is a major beta giveaway. Betas seeking approval always try to cram as many of their thoughts into a conversation as possible, hoping that one of the conversational threads and/or embarrassing personal vignettes will impress the girl and lead to intimacy. Frantic speed talking = beta. Slow laconic conversation where every word has the weight of an advancing glacier = alpha.

> as the night wore on, i had trouble taking him seriously. he has 3 [dorky types of clothing] he writes about on fbook, he joked they were bigger than obama. he wore one last night. i know it's a joke, but he is vain.
>
> pretty quickly, his [occupational] addiction/cliquey [occupation] thing began grating on my nerves. he insisted on making a phone call outside the restaurant, he believes it's a cardinal sin to do it in the restaurant. he had thoughtfully made reservations at another restaurant in case this one was full but then made a point of telling me how appreciative the other place was when he cancelled the reservation. ??

I've included this bit to show you how many hoops a girl expects a man to jump through, without his knowing ahead of time just what those hoops entail. This is an elaborate stained-glass window into the mental 463 bullet point checklist that girls carry with them every time they meet a potential suitor. As men, we hardly comprehend this need of women to judge every insignificant and irrelevant detail, and thinking too hard about this will cause great internal confusion and manifest as a terrible neediness to "win her over" on dates.

While the actions of the guy above aren't the stuff of 100% coolness, viewed in the proper perspective he didn't do anything that would warrant expulsion from the society of normal human beings. This makes a lot of guys resentful of women and their fickle standards. Forget about it. The good news: If you run tight game, you don't have to worry about meeting her bullet points. She'll excuse away minor idiosyncracies as long as you are turning her on.

> when the charcuterie plate arrived heaped with blood sausage and other alien delicacies like broccoli/cauliflower hybrids he whispered, 'and so it begins' in my ear and kissed my hair, nauseating.

And then there are the non-minor idiosyncracies. I can't believe a guy can make it through decades of life and not know this would creep out a woman. Leaning in after the blood sausage arrives and whispering "and so it begins" in her ear while kissing her hair is not sexy, though I bet he concocted this putatively James Bond-esque scenario in his head in a thrill of devilish gusto and was eager to try it out in real life.

Timing: Lesser Beta.
Execution: Greater Omega.
Intent: Greater Beta.

I do give him points for boldness, however maladroit.

> last night he took his glasses off and was sort of slouching in the booth – i think he was trying to cue me to do something.

Funny. A lot of guys think slouching is sexy, that it highlights the aloofness girls love so much. More often than not, slouching shows a guy who can't sit up straight. If you've already established your alpha cred, you can slouch and seem coolly unperturbed. If you're in betaland, your slouching will look like the posture of a broken, dispirited man. If he was attempting to nonverbally signal readiness for a BJ, slouching is a half-assed way to go about it. I recommend approaching naked, fully erect, a few inches from her face until she goes cross-eyed. Preferably in a crowded restaurant.

> i put my fur on and said i had to go home, work tomorrow. by now there was something vaguely passive aggressive in the air that really spurred me on to think of myself. i payed for half the meal. now i wonder: if i had been more physical, would he have payed for the entirety?

When betas feel sexually thwarted it comes out as passive aggressive weakness. An alpha knows to keep a cool head and refrain from letting his frustration bubble to the surface, where it can poison any future possibility of his date setting him up with one of her hottie friends.

It's interesting to note that girls make the connection between money and physical escalation. Lesson: Flip the script. If you pay for a girl's drinks, don't push her for the kiss. And vice versa: If she gets physical with you, don't start paying for her drinks as reward. Conspicuous enticement is anhedonic.

> when we got outside he said, 'do you mind?' standing like four feet away from me. i'm like, 'do you mind what?' he kissed me, big warm kiss. it was all of 2 seconds. he lept back and complained that it was like a '17th century kiss' – and on and on about how bad it was. i gave him a pity hug and hailed a cab with the other arm. he murmured something about liking my fur. it actually really hurt my feelings. his civility ended in the restaurant and then he pulled the claws out. way too much insecurity for a second date.

"it actually really hurt my feelings." Negs work!

It just goes to show how even ostensibly smart guys can have zero concept of game. "Do you mind?"?!? Oh no that won't do. Major DLV. *IF* a man is going to ask for a kiss, the term of art is "would you like to kiss me", a la Mystery style. Then you have your followup answers ready: If she says "yes", go for it. "Maybe", say "Let's find out" and go for it. "No", say "Well, I didn't say you COULD. You just had that look on your face."

But the kiss question is moot. It's best to simply lean in when the moment is right and bust a move. No words exchanged.

As if the hole wasn't deep enough, the guy emailed her the next morning to fully display for public humiliation and my wicked amusement whatever shreds of betatude he neglected to air out during the date.

> **Him:** That had to be the worst kiss ever. I give it my lowest rating; one star, plus a thumbs down. Still, for the sake of my ego (which is not too enthusiastic about sexual rejection), the chaste kiss is better than getting the cheek. Nevertheless, I had fun. I think you are trill.

This is straight out of cocky/funny game. Except he did it all wrong. You're not supposed to tell the girl her kiss was terrible, you're supposed to rate it a "7, but i think with practice you could get up to an 8, or a 9 even". And you have to do it in person, with a sly grin, not over email the next morning when the moment has long passed! What an amateur. Then he lowered his value further by admitting he was sexually rejected.

Maxim #75: If you get sexually rejected, don't admit it to yourself, and especially don't admit it to the girl.

And what does 'trill' mean? Sounds vaguely LARPer-ish.

Back to Anonymous Girl:

> he hurt my feelings. i emailed him back – told him i'm not a restaurant and that he should 'work it out.' i guess these are the perils of the dating world! what a weirdo.
>
> ps it should be noted i was complimentary throughout the entire evening, on the shirt, the restaurant, his writing, his family sagas…i guess he could smell that i wasn't INTO him though and decided to dive bomb the entire experience in retaliation — gay.

Divebombing is the spurned id unleashed. Closers can afford to divebomb; betas cannot. If you sense that your date isn't INTO you, then the best thing to do is say you had a nice time, wish her good luck finding someone, and leave. Don't make a production out of it. Expressively minimalist is the alpha way when handling rejection. Vengeance is ecstatically thrilling from a position of power, but cringingly self-defeating from the vantage point of a cornered pig ego-pricked and bleeding beta all over the ground.

Strategically, I have a hard time blaming this guy for the failure of this courtship. There were other forces he was unaware of that conspired against his succeeding. Tactically, though, he was a complete fuck-up. His is the classic case of a congenital beta overreaching in a spazzy attempt at grasping the alpha mantle, landing a flurry of off-target blows, only to dissolve in a mudpuddle of piglet squeals when things didn't go his way.

Happy Thanksgiving

CH · 27 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Why A Cheating Woman Is Worse Than A Cheating Man

CH · 28 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Collateral baggage:

> A mother told an inquest she did not know she had given birth until flushing her baby down a toilet by accident.
>
> Claire Jones, 32, became pregnant after an affair with a work colleague but hid her condition from friends and family.

Here are photos of the whore, her cuckolded beta hubby, and her alpha lover:

Guess which man above is the alpha interloper and who is the tooled beta. Explain your reasoning. Points given for incisive analysis.

> She said she planned to leave [her beta provider], and her work colleague [alpha lover], who was aware of the pregnancy, bought items for the baby in preparation for his birth.
>
> When asked why she did not leave [her beta provider] before the baby was due, she replied: “Things had got in such a mess with the two relationships. I didn’t want to hurt anybody. I just messed everything up.”

When dispensing the cruel but necessary judgement of public shaming, it’s important to understand that women follow their animal instincts, and thus a utilitarian justification for shaming carries as much weight as the umbrage of moral righteousness. Many whores subconsciously assess the risk of discovery worth the upsides — she gets the best of both worlds in a duped beta hubby continuing to support her while acquiescing impotently to her withdrawal of sex, and the seed of an alpha male who chips in some resources of his own to help raise his bastard child.

Before the picture of the whore was released, commenters to the original story were incredulous that a woman could not know she was pregnant. This led to some hilarious speculation:

> I bet she's a porker. Otherwise, it's hard to believe you could give birth and just think you were having a wet BM. Does anyone have a 7-8 pound BM? Disgusting.

> I don't believe that a woman can't tell what is coming out of where. Cause they sure as heck know what is going in and where.

> Must have been a low flow. A good toilet wouldn't have left any pesky feet!

> british society = flushed headfirst down a toilet.

Shout out to fire and brimstone reader Shouting Thomas: I'm glad the baby died. Both the whore and her lover have been denied a genetic legacy, and the beta husband has avoided a fate that is the equivalent of female rape — unknowingly raising another man's child.

Obama Wants A Manly Dog

CH · 28 November 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Reading this interview snippet between Obama and Barbara Walters gives me hope that he will have the sack to face down the Russians, who are at the moment giddily trying to reconstitute Cold War II:

> Obma: “What is a Havanese?”
>
> Barbara Walters: “It’s like a little terrier and they’re non-allergenic and they’re the sweetest dogs..”
>
> O: [Face suddenly changes.] “It’s like a little yappy dog?”
>
> Michelle: “Don’t criticize.”
>
> O: “It, like, sits in your lap and things?”
>
> M: “It’s a cute dog.”
>
> O: “It sounds kinda like a girly dog.”
>
> M: “We’re girls. We have a houseful of girls.”
>
> O [with hand gestures]: “We’re going to have a big rambunctious dog, of some sort.”

If Obama were to choose a dog like this… or this… America would be the laughingstock of the world (except in Sweden, where men sit to pee). The Russians would be parking nukes on barges within spitting distance of Myrtle Beach. Blessedly, Obama shows sparks of alphatude completely at odds with his citizen of the world cosmopolitan leftism.

I bet if George W. Bush had said he doesn’t want a “girly dog”, the liberal media would have gone apeshit chastising him for his Neanderthal sexist and species-ist views. The feminists would have ripped off their breasts shrieking a battle cry to the heavens. But Obama gets a pass. The commenters at Huffington Post are sharing in his big dog love. More proof that lefties should never be taken seriously.

Beta Of The Year Award: Husband "Supports" Wife's Whoring

CH · 1 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Previously, I awarded **BOTY** to the man who petitioned the state to change his last name so he could take his wife's maiden name in marriage. It's difficult to write while choking back vomit, but I managed to tough out my nausea and bring his story to the readers in hopes that I could save the life of even one man from such a horrible self-inflicted castration.

I may have been too hasty bestowing the ignominious BOTY award to "wife's last name" guy. The year isn't over and we have recently had a new contender for the crown. He's the husband of a 38 year old woman who got drunk at a college football game and fucked a random dude in the men's bathroom as people gawked and cheered them on, while he sat oblivious in his seat watching the game.

> Feldman, a married mother of three, has been the target of Internet jokes and prank telephone calls today. She was fired this morning from an assisted living center, where she had been an administrator.
>
> Feldman said her husband, Kelly, has been supportive. She said he faults himself for not going with her when she left her seat to use the restroom before halftime.

There are only two things a man should do if confronted with a humiliating betrayal of this magnitude:

1. Say nothing to your wife except these two words: "Goodbye, whore."
2. As one of my commenters suggested, get retroactive paternity tests done for all "his" children. Odds are high that not all his kids are his.

That's it. Other than a well-deserved slap across the face before walking out, (something I don't recommend as American law as currently constituted will not be lenient toward a husband exacting righteous retribution on a whoring wife), this is all he needs to do. Anything more, and he has effectively acceded to his public emasculation. Unfortunately, the "man" in this story has done just the opposite, and so has earned a year-end berth to challenge the reigning champion for **Beta Of The Year**.

You, the readers, will vote to decide on the winner below.

A couple things jumped out at me when I read this sorry tale of ho. Betas love that word "supportive". They cling to it like a piece of driftwood in a stormy sea, probably figuring that "being supportive" of their cheating spouses will spark a renewed love they never really shared. Or that this stupidly magnanimous act of phony generosity in the face of such a monumental infidelity will silence the taunting of the alphas that haunt their nightmares. I can't think of a more counterproductive… or cringlingly pansy-assed response… than to "support" a cheating wife, especially one who cheats so flagrantly. At least avowed masochists derive some pleasure from the whippings.

This is the woman the husband is supporting:

> Police ticketed Feldman, 38, and Ross Walsh, 26, of Linden for indecent conduct Saturday night.
>
> A security guard who said he saw the two having sex through a gap in a men's restroom stall flagged down campus police, according to the police report.

Men's restroom? Was she really on her way to the ladies' room and got pulled aside? Or did she have fucking in mind and loitered around the men's bathroom until an acceptable prospect strolled by?

> By the time an officer arrived, about a dozen people were cheering and laughing in the bathroom while Feldman and Walsh were inside the stall, the report said.
>
> The officer pushed his way through the crowd, opened the door and separated Feldman and Walsh, the report

> said.
>
> Police described both Feldman and Walsh as upset, drunk and uncooperative.

It doesn't matter that she was drunk. Plenty of married women get drunk and don't fuck strangers in public bathrooms while hubby dutifully waits for her return. The alcohol was a hindbrain serum, throwing into stark relief her craving to take the cock of an alpha male. Liquor is not a disabler of reason; it is an enabler of desire. Without the alcohol, she might have been a little more circumspect in where and how she cheated.

Then there was this:

> **She said he faults himself for not going with her when she left her seat to use the restroom before halftime.**

Read that line again. Let the sickening gravity of it hit you in the chest with a thud. You are witnessing a peek into the shriveled, neutered, microphallic mini-id of a man who has utterly surrendered his masculinity. A man whose only concept of himself is through others — and specifically through whatever woman will give him the time of day. You want to reach out, grab this schmuck by the shoulders, and open-handedly slap him silly across the face until he comes to his senses. Faults himself?! For her getting drunk and fucking the first guy she deemed an alpha on her walk to the bathroom while onlookers cheered? This is the inwardly twisted thinking of a soulkilled wastrel. This is how a man reacts when he has no confidence in himself to stand up and stare down a woman who has wronged him.

If we were discussing politics, the analogue to this guy is the man who reflexively blames his countrymen for the evil committed by foreign enemies.

What kind of man would willingly accommodate his own dishonor? I'll tell you what kind of man — a man who lives in fear. A man afraid to lose a woman because he believes he cannot get another. A man who is scared shitless to WALK.

In other words, a beta.

Why do women love cads? The answer is above. Women love men who live without fear.

November 2008 Comment Winner

CH · 3 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

November was chock full of terrific comments (and chock full of shit from the usual suspects), so picking a winner wasn't easy. At least here at the Chateau you will never hear the tepid Oscar-uninspired words "And the Comment award goes to…". Nope, as nature intended, it's all about winners and losers under the harsh klieg lights of reality I daily shine in your faces.

Commenter **Thursday** wins the **November 2008 Comment Winner** award with his pithy aphorism in the comments section of the post about Obama's women:

> Success with women is more disillusioning than failure.

The truest observations often require the least explication.

Comment Winner Runner-up is **Dave from Hawaii** who aptly illustrates with an example from his own life the importance of game to healthy, loving long term relationships, including marriage. Even though the original post was about former fatties resenting men's desire, this unfounded belief that game is an impediment to loving relationships seems to crop up in almost every thread.

> The married or long term relationship man that [runs game] is least likely to suffer her "getting bored" or "falling out of love" with him, ending in divorce because she began cheating on him and deciding to cash out and chain him into servitude via the alimony/child-support enslavement institution that is U.S. family law — while she jumps into bed with the next bad-boy thug that gets her hot and bothered like he used to when they first began dating.
>
> I got married young, and simply did not understand anything about game, or the benefits of assertive masculinity. I put my wife on a pedestal and spent 7 years or so of a very contentious, walking on egg-shell type of relationship that teetered towards divorce more than a few times.
>
> I discovered PUA/Game sites like this one a few years ago, and after a bit of reading on shit tests, and the subconscious mating desires of females, I began to "run game" on my wife.
>
> The transformation of our relationship is astounding.
>
> Yes, she put on a good 40 lbs. a couple of years after we got married.
>
> Once I learned to game her subconscious, competitive instincts and began to plant suggestions in her mind that I was desirable to other women…she's gotten motivated and lost the weight, and her affection towards me reverted back to the way she was before got married.
>
> Once I started recognizing her shit tests and began to not just "pass them" but literally blow them up, the passive-aggressive emotionally driven conflict that had been the hallmark of our relationship has all but disappeared.
>
> We don't fight anymore.
>
> My wife, who used to grumble and complain and tell all her closest friends and family that we had a "difficult relationship with lots of problems that needs working on" now tells everyone she's happily married without blinking an eye.
>
> And she has no idea that the real reason why…that I basically educated myself on the realities of the male-female relational dynamic in terms of mating strategies as broken down by Pick-Up Artists et al, and realized that my previous actions and behavior were based on the feminist zeitgeist that programs most of us who are raised in Western culture to put Women on pedestals and try and be the "nice guy" beta as the key to a happy and fulfilling relationship.

> Many pickup artists will often say that their advice is simply for men wanting to have the alpha "sex-with-as-many-hot-women-as-possible-without-getting-trapped-into-commitment" lifestyle.
>
> However, the insight you can glean from the PUA on the principles dealing with females biological imperatives and their base motivations is quite instructive on learning to maintain a steady, monogamous relationship as well.

Game: It does a marriage good.

Following are the commenters who received **Honorable Mentions** for the month of November.

Tupac Chopra wins the zinger award responding to another incredulous commenter in the previous Comment Winner post.

> **picking jaw up off of floor**
>
> You're going to have to leave it there if you wanna fit that bad boy in.

The award for most self-delusional comment goes to **Keith**, AKA bottom who poses as a top.

> I slapped you around the room like a sorry little bitch, leaving you crying and shitting yourself in the corner like the syphilitic little cunt you are.

The TMI award and the "Thanks for the visual" award go to supertroll **David Alexander** in my post about using wedding rings to game girls.

> I shave down there for the girls who will never use it.

Joe T. earns the award for best intuitive grasp of the mechanics of the sexual market.

> If a DC area girl is "plump" and decent looking, not ugly, she will typically inflate her own value in the dating narket. If she's a 5-6, she'll act like an 8.
>
> American men are so inured to dealing with overweight females that "plump" now equals "svelte".
>
> In order for weight to have *any* negative impact on an American woman's dating value these days, she has to be downright morbidly obese.
>
> Anything less, along with a marginally cute face, and she'll be prancing around like she's Reese Witherspoon.

I would like to add that the monstrous obesity epidemic in America and its effects on mating dynamics has not gotten the attention in the culture media that it should get outside of this blog. While I agree with Joe T. that the lowering of men's standards in response to the reality of a skewed dating pool where half the female prospects are overweight results in the "Reese Witherspoon" prancing effect among chubby single women, I don't see that meaning men have become "inured" to fat chicks and hit on them regardless. The desire for slender babes is hardwired in men; it's not a malleable lust that changes in relation to the number of fatties in society. There is no fat "tipping point". What it means instead is 1. more fat chicks getting pumped and dumped, and 2. more ego inflation among the thin girls. Much balance will be restored to the force if women would just push away from the table.

El Guapo explains why sluttiness can make girls bad relationship prospects.

> There are two factors at work in promiscuity and must be properly evaluated before getting into relationship territory.
>
> One factor is the economic commodity factor. A girl that has many more partners than average has diluted her

> sexual value and many men see it that way.
>
> The other factor is whether or not the bonding mechanism has been damaged. Sex is the bonding force behind romantic relationships. If the promiscuity has made the male "just another man", the relationship will self-destruct. If on the other hand, the woman still sees the man and his individual value, and helps create and maintain that electric spark, the magic of passion, sweetness, innocent spirit as you say, then the relationship will prosper.
>
> I once dated a former high-end fitness model escort. In this market she commanded $4000/hr. She was and is spectacular. Only she can't bond. And is a serial relationship girl. She goes from broken heart to broken heart because she can't bond and repeats, like a broken record to her sister, "he's not the one. I don't feel it.".

Kick a Bitch gets all philosophical on my post about the omega dude marrying the wildebeest.

> damn that bitch fell out of the ugly tree and smacked EVERY branch on her way down.
>
> you couldn't crack that head with a sledge-hammer.

Cannon's Canon highlights the versatility of the neg.

> Personally, I like to neg Mother Earth by using the air conditioning WITH the windows down in my car. Now that's a DHV!

…and scores a two-fer with his comment confirming my observation that Asian women are fixated with the anus.

> haha, gotta tell ya… went to west garden last year with some coworkers, a rub-n-tug around midtown manhattan… not usually my scene, but anyway… the massage was legit, but the asian chick starting using all her techniques as soon as she rolled me over for the finale: tight grip, high speed, etc. i figured i'd be playing it cool to tough it out a few minutes mentally and enjoy my wank, little did i know! there was a whole lot of lube going on down there and the lights were so low i couldn't make out what was happening, not necessarily a visual image i'd savor for later anyway… BUT SUDDENLY! a cold hard index finger slipped its way beyond the sunshine, and lo and behold, i was on a massage table getting fingerbanged by a "crazy asian handjob masseuse." anyway, the sensation was minimal, and the excessive lube was positively numbing. after about ten+ minutes, she said to me, "yoojah!" i said, "what?" she asks, "yoojah?" i say, "no, i don't want a drink." she counters,
> "no, you jahhk now." so i started cranking that souljah boy while she two-fingered my asshole (in my defense, her hands were the size of compact discs). when i got ready to pop, i told her to take over, and i laid back while she one-handed the mic and two-fingered the turntables. as per usual in the rub-n-tugs, she laughed when i popped and said, "OHHH STWONG BOY!" then literally ran out to wash her hand which i am sure, despite the dim lights, was stained brown with my poo.
>
> and that, my friend, is why asians are obsessed with the anus.

Finally, **Shouting Thomas** unloads the hate as my words push him to the brink.

> After posting, I realized that you fucking morons may not realize the moral problem in this disgusting bit of fun you're having.
>
> Ridiculing those who are less fortunate than you… well, it's about as low as another human can go.
>
> You are a contemptible stupid fucking son of a bitch. A real Alpha would take you out in the back yard and beat the shit out of you. You've got it coming.
>
> One of the most important marks of the true Alpha is a sense of decency and kindness.

> There’s something about the internet that encourages worthless assholes to disgrace themselves.
>
> Shut down this site and find a job as a bicycle messenger… if you can. I doubt that you can do any better than that.
>
> What a little cunt you are.

I was telling one of the other bloggers how envious I was of his haters, that my haters were too timidly cerebral and rational. Thank you, Shouting Thomas, for bringing a level of professionalism back to the dark art of hating. But one word of advice: Don’t come charging out of the hate gate at full steam. You want to lull your target into complacency, subtly building up to a passionate crescendo of hate, and unleashing your righteous vitriol when least expected, after you have ensnared him in reasonable discussion. A powerful dose of hate is most devastating when your foe cannot readily dismiss you as an overwrought raving lunatic.

My Life Philosophy

CH · 4 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Thought experiment: Imagine you had incontrovertible proof that there was no afterlife. No supernatural entities. No heaven or hell. No otherworld. No reincarnation. No forevermore.

No second chances.

Imagine there was no moral accounting after death of your actions on earth. No supreme being to judge your soul's worth on the scale of divine justice. No reward or punishment. No appeal to omniscient authority in matters of good and evil.

There was only the endless black void at the moment death. The infinite silence. A complete surrender of your consciousness as the last pinprick of light extinguishes. All your thoughts, your feelings, your sensation, your memories… you… wiped away clean to merge with the great nothing.

How would you live? Given this proof of the finality of death, and of the expectation of nothing once dead, what is your personal philosophy?

At a family gathering, I played with my little niece and nephew, 4 and 3 years old respectively. They tumbled all over me, giggling and shrieking. I held them above the ground and pretended they were airplanes in heated battle with Russian MiGs or, in a nod to my niece's female sensibilities, a pink passenger jet flying vacationers to a distant, undiscovered tropical island. They did handstands and somersaults and rammed things with their heads. I made animal noises (my monkey impression is quite good) and they would run away in mock terror, then run back to me anticipating more assaults by zoo animals. They fought over toys, yet never held grudges, at least not for long. I mentally noted that they played status games, but were completely ignorant of it. Innocent of their amoral natures.

Afterward, I drove my elderly grandmother back to her assisted living home. That's a nice euphemism for death's waiting room. In the community meeting area there were Scrabble boards and an organ. As if impending death wasn't depressing enough, we bide our waning moments in pursuit of a triple word score. Old people jockey for status, too, but they make no pretense to hide it. They are artlessly cantankerous. After a certain age, when you don't matter anymore to most people, even your own family, you stop caring what anyone thinks of you. Tit for tat.

Spend time with little children and old people. One is innocent, the other is reacquainted with innocence. Their company is a world away from the drone and ruckus of all the furious humanity in between. At the extremes you will find perspective.

My answer to the philosophical question I posed above is hedonism. It is the only rational conclusion one can draw faced with the premises I presented. When there is no second life or higher power to appease; when our lives are machines — complex misunderstood machines cunningly designed to conceal the gears and pulleys behind a facade of self-delusional sublimation, but machines nonetheless — grinding and belching the choking gritty smoke of status-whoring displays in service to our microscopic puppetmasters… well, there can be only one reasonable response to it all. It makes no sense to behave any other way unless you never questioned the lies.

Are you prepared to embrace the meaning of your ultimately inconsequential existence? If it feels good…

Dirty Photo Album

CH · 5 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If I could give just one piece of advice to my hypothetical son, it would be this:

> Never take women seriously.

If I could give him a second piece of advice, it would be this:

Make an indecent photo album of every girl you've ever banged.

"Trust me, son," I will say, "when you're in your dotage, and all you've got is your loving but completely asexual old wife, and the young women walking down the street have stopped returning your flirtations, you'll thank me when you crack open your dusty dirty digital pics and videos to marvel at… and masturbate to… the fine ass you once tapped."

"But dad," he'll argue, "I want to cherish their memories, not splooge on them. Anyhow, I can always turn to internet porn if I want to get off. In 50 years, it'll probably be holographic."

That's when I'll explain to him that the best way to cherish past loves is to keep their memories alive and fully expressed through the indomitable tumescence of his stiff cock. What an honor to bestow on a woman! Of all the women in the world… of all the readily available porn… it's *your* naked pic from 30 years ago, dear love, I choose to stroke off to. And then I'll remind him how much more satisfying porn is when the featured stars are you and one of your exes in the bloom of youth. Nothing brings back the flood of happy memories like a photo of an ex spread-eagled on the bed, her youthful meatflaps illuminated by the nightvision on your camera.

Given that everyone's sexual future, once over a certain age, likely will be worse than their past, a dirty photo album of conquests from better days will help ease the pain of encroaching obsolescence. It will remind one of the prowess one once possessed, boosting the ego as well as stirring the loins. In my coffin, I would want my dirty photo album placed tenderly upon my chest, to accompany me to hell.

The dirty photo album also serves a purpose in the present. When you are in a rut, and your game has gone soft, a quick glance at the hotties you scored over the years will fortify your resolve, and invigorate you with the renewed confidence that what you once bedded, you could bed again.

Dating In The City: A Series

CH · 8 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

More wisdom from the dating trenches of this city full of glorious yuppie headcases.

Damian: So we're talking on the phone a bit, things are going well, and I ask if she's free. She says *"I'm busy every day this week, but next week works."* Immediately, I lose all interest in her. I tell her "Yeah, sure, maybe. Hey, nice talking to you, take care."

Me: "I'm busy every day this week"?!? What a turnoff.

Damian: Exactly. It's not bad enough that she's BUSY; she has to be BUSY EVERY DAY of the week. How many froo froo dog grooming classes can one girl attend? [Damian imitating nasally stuck-up bitch voice]: "I have a Pilates class Monday, a Zen meditation class Tuesday, a Blackberry addict anonymous class Wednesday, a Yoga class to firm up my buttocks on Thursday, a Professionals in the City $500 happy hour on Friday where I practice shooting down Herbs all night, volunteer missions at the local animal shelter on the weekend, and run run runs all week long to get my chubby ass shape for the marathons that ALL the girls are doing these days! It's just perfect! My life is SO fulfilled! I love love LOVE being a woman on the go. So many fun distractions from my childlessness. Ooo, where did I leave my pink IPod?"

***

Here's some advice, ladies. If a guy asks you out and you're interested, don't tell him you're busy. That shit doesn't work on us like it works on you. As you are women, I understand it's hard to refrain from projecting your female desires onto men, but step outside of your solipsistic universes for one second and try to see it from a man's point of view. We do not get aroused by "mystery", or "playing hard to get", or "scarcity". We don't want you more because you're unavailable. We don't fantasize about you constantly running away to do something secretive in the woods like that dork from Twilight, and then get all excited when you show up out of the blue with a sly grin on your face, leaning against our locker.

What does encourage our ardor for you is quite simple: You, available and naked (assuming you meet our minimum beauty threshold).

If you really are "busy" every day of the week, be extremely apologetic about it. Explain that you would love to see us right now, but you can't because you're already committed to a bunch of crap you really don't want to do. Make us feel like your cooking classes and seminars and book club meetings are an annoying hindrance to seeing us (which they really should be). Acquiring the proper perspective in this way will not only keep us interested in seeing you, it will help screw your heads on right and remind yourselves what is most important in life — finding a man and falling in love.

Most likely, though, you are NOT that "busy", and instead your week is burdened with a lot of make-work pointless female timesucks to fill the dull aching void of your lives. You would set yourself apart from so many women if you said "Sure, I can see you this evening if you'd like."

At this nadir of modern American society, knowing what we know about how cosmopolitan women spend their prime years, when men hear *"I'm busy every day this week",* we quickly and justifiably assume this means she does not value a chance to be rewarded with the pleasure of our company more than she values an amateur bartending seminar sponsored by a matchmaking company in the business of bringing single SWPL men and women together. If you cannot see the irony in that, you will be alone with your ludicrous standards at the age of 35.

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My Craigslist Pickup Ad

CH · 9 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to reveal the Craigslist ad I use to successfully pick up chicks online. This isn't a template; it's pretty much word for word what I post in the M4W section to entice women into my lair. I'm giving it away freely for you to learn from as I have moved on to more direct game.

******

Want it from behind while you play Super Mario Brothers ? – m4w

Date: 2008-07-02, 2:35PM EDT Do you love to play Super Mario Brothers on the Classic Nintendo System? Do you like to get tagged from behind while you do it? This is the post for you then.

You must know your way around the game before we meet, must be open to anal sex, also able to fake an orgasm is a plus.

I will send you the address to a hotel and a room number. When you arrive the door will be open. Please come in close and lock the door and close the shades if they are still open. I will be in the bathroom and the door will be closed. Turn on the TV and the Nintendo. Remove all of your clothing. Turn off all lights in the room and kneel down on the bed so you are directly in the light of the TV. You need to be facing the TV with your butt in the air pointed toward the pillows on the bed.

Press the start button on the controller when you are ready. I will hear the sound and turn the light off in the bathroom and come out. You will not look directly at me, only look at the TV. When the first level starts I will begin to finger you and lick you. I will be using lots of lube as well.

When you reach the end of level one, make sure to trigger the fireworks. This is vital to the entire experience. I must hear the fireworks. When level 2 begins and Mario walks into the pipe, I will penetrate you. You may say things like, "MORE", "HARDER", "YES", "FUCK ME", but nothing else. I will continue having sex until the level ends. DO NOT take the secret level skip. If you die I will pull out and spank you until the level restarts.

When you reach the flag you must again trigger the fireworks, and also orgasm. I will pull out. When the 1-3 starts I will penetrate your ass. You are allowed to say something like "OH GOD", "YES", OR "IT HURTS" no other conversation is allowed.

When level 1-4 starts I will alternate between holes as I see fit. You may beg me to cum inside or outside of you, depending on what you want. When boss falls and you reach the princess I will pull out and blow my load where you have convinced me I want too. You may then say something like "Thanks", "It was great", "I loved it", "Don't stop"

If I am impressed you may continue playing and I will continue to pleasure you. If I am not, I will turn the Nintendo Off and return to the bathroom. At this time you may clean your self with the towel that is beside the bed. Turn the lights on, redress yourself and leave.

I may come back out and talk to you as you dress but the conversation will most likely be short and revolve around scheduling another time to get together.

******

Note how I leave nothing to chance. Girls love men who are decisive and LEAD. They don't want to have to ask you what they should do when they get to level 2. Here, I have demonstrated my alpha cred with step-by-step instructions she must follow, and I back it up with the threat of punishment if she deviates — for instance, if she

lets her character die. Notice also how I am in complete control in the bedroom. Women happily submit to a man who choreographs the sex like a maestro.

While you may wonder if this ad is a little too forward, you'd be surprised at the success rate I've had with it. Cute nerd girls who play video games cannot resist a man who knows what he wants and takes it. They also love an element of mystery. What I did not mention in the ad is the Strong Bad Mexican wrestling mask I wear to accentuate the ambience.

Cost of this bang: $30 for the Motel 6 room.

Less Is Less

CH · 10 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Christmas decorations (notice I didn't use the word holiday. that would be beta) are going up around the office. Taped to one wall is a printout with candy canes and snowmen and the words *"Less is more"*.

It's funny the things people tell themselves to perk up their banal existences.

Hints Your Relationship Is Doomed

CH · 10 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

If you observe your girlfriend doing any of these things you had better be formulating contingency plans.

- She compares you to her girlfriends' boyfriends.

If you start hearing things from her like *"Oh, Sara told me Heath — btw, don't you think Heath is such a dreamy name for a man? — recently got back from an overseas trip where he played golf with the Dalai Lama. Isn't that amazing?!"* you are in trouble. A woman in love hardly notices your flaws, let alone the exploits or accomplishments of her girlfriends' men. When a woman is stacking you up, you've already come up short.

Solution: Make fun of her. (Really, making fun of a girl is a great solution for just about any occasion). *"The Dalai Lama? Wow, Sara must be horrible in bed if she pushed him to become a monk."* Or: *"Hey, for our next vacation, I think I'm just gonna lay on the couch all week eating Cheetos. You in?"* Whatever you say, don't make fun of the other man. This is always, however unjustifiably, interpreted by the woman as jealousy.

- She got a boob job.

Sure, those new melons under a sweater turn you on, but you've gotta be aware of the subtext (subbreast?). A girlfriend or wife who randomly decides to take the extreme measure of altering her body parts ostensibly to appeal to you is actually trying to appeal to every man BUT you. The boob job girl is at heart a coldly rational chick who understands well the workings of the sexual market, even if she can't or won't articulate the instincts that drive her. She is a visceral status whore who trades in the currency of boobs for bruisers. Caveat: If she gets her synthetic boobs early in the relationship but after she's fallen in love with you, you may be home free. She's afraid of losing you to the competition. Worst case scenario: Her boobs were bought by her previous boyfriend. Think about what kind of girl dates guys who would pay to have their girlfriends augmented. I'll tell you what kind — a girl who views relationships mechanistically, a simple tit for tat. She is a low self-esteem victimologist who doesn't trust her inner beauty has the power to enthrall a man, and will stop at nothing, including invasive surgery, to maximize her chances of landing and keeping the highest status man possible.

Solution: Don't be a supportive quisling beta. If her boob job was out of the blue and not at your request, tell her they look nice, but maybe they're too big for her upper body. Call her "weeble wobble, but they don't fall down".

- She undertakes beautification projects.

Similar to the above, but less the province of the blatantly rational status whore, and harder to recognize the warning signs, a girl who suddenly begins an exercise program or wearing carefully applied makeup or buying new sexy cocktail dresses is prepping herself for a return to the market. You may think she found it in her heart to please you, but you would be deluding yourself. Her biological imperative is manipulating her at the reptilian level to do these things because her womb pulses anew with the desire to be filled by another man's seed. If she starts saying stuff like *"Ugh, don't kiss me, I just put on lipstick"* you're about to be downsized. A girl who loves you will be happy to receive your kisses whenever you want to give them, and happy to reapply her lipstick without complaint. Caveat: If she begins her beautification project at your insistence, or in reaction to your subtle criticisms or your overt flirtations with better looking women, and you have no doubt she loves you, then encourage her. She will feel desired — she will in fact feel more womanly — that you demand excellence from her.

Solution: This is dangerous territory. The enemy has already breached your frontline defense. You'll need a two-pronged counteroffensive. One, launch a campaign of subtle, but constant negging. You've gotta keep her knocked off balance. Two, commence flirting egregiously with other women. A woman's battle plan for fresh cock, once initiated, can only be thwarted by disrupting troop morale. Your job is to remind her, through the actions above, that there is no glory to be found except under rule of your kingship. Take her to your castle balcony and

show her the hordes of women streaming from the hinterlands to get through your fortress gate.

- She bitches at you for minor offenses.

Anytime you notice her aggravation threshold for your antics getting lower, you can bet your bronzed boner that your antics are not the problem — she is annoyed that she no longer feels turned on by you. Women resent men who stop making them horny, in much the same way men resent their wives for getting fat and ruining their sexual experience. Of coures, women are constitutionally incapable of expressing the real reasons for their shriveling libido in your company, so it manifests as a vague annoyance with your tics and quirks that once charmed her pants off.

Solution: Think of everything negative coming out of her mouth as a shit test, and respond as the trained master of muff you are. She's that little brat you don't take seriously. Under no circumstance should you attempt to change your quirky habits to placate her; this will only result in more annoyance and more demands for compliance with her ever-growing list of complaints.

- You've caught her in *flagrante delicto*

Major red flag.

Solution: Laugh at them. It works!

The Bitch Of Blagojevich

CH · 11 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
– Lady Macbeth

Hold up that fucking Cubs shit. Fuck them!
– Lady Blagojevich

There is a plague sweeping America. It is the plague of bitchy unfeminine women. And it is getting worse.

The latest exemplar of this cultural and gender defilement is the wife of **Democrat** governor Rod Blagojevich, Patti. She can be heard in the background of wiretapped conversations encouraging, in the most high-minded poetic blandishments, her husband's dirty payola schemes. Here is a picture of the dear sweet thing:

whatchoo looking at willis?

Sexxxy!

I wonder, when contemplating the deviousness of corrupt alpha males, how much of their treachery would have gone unrealized were it not for their harridan wives or mistresses beguiling them behind closed doors with their twisted siren songs. Weak traditional leader-of-men alpha males, like Blagojevich, who manage a broad power base in the crudest fashion but exercise minimal self-control when confronted with the machinations of those who feed their bloated yet shallow egos, are often the most effortlessly manipulated by the entreaties of scheming status-obsessed women, even ones as snarly-looking as Patti the Putrifier.

As men are more romantic than women, we occasionally need to remind ourselves of their bestial nature underneath the veneer of blush and bosom. Women as a whole are more coldly calculating than men, and the worst of them can challenge the top 1% of sociopathic alpha males for deceitfulness and cavalier betrayal. It is the prerogative of women that practical concerns, and how to achieve them, dominate their thinking and catalyze their emotions. They are the ones stuck with nine month pregnancies. Morality was codified by men; amorality perfected by women. And no one is more versed in justifying and rationalizing their own shitty behavior than a woman.

Beware the woman who tirelessly and single-mindedly works behind the scenes to further your ambitions. Keep a wary eye on her, for her love is tainted with the promised spoils of something larger than your heart. You will never shake the feeling with such a conniving bitch that you are a useful vessel delivering her the status and power she craves, and which is all that is left capable of shooting a tingle into her mangled icy pussy. Because once your status is gone, so is she. Only one thing will work to tame a bitch like this: Game. Otherwise, you are stuck spinning like a hamster on the wheel of her choosing.

Rod Blagojevich's worst crime? That he was in thrall to a dried up middle-aged desiccated cunt like Patti.

Come on, conventional alpha male. You can do better. You're an embarrassment.

Sexbotopia!

CH · 12 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

It's coming.

> Robo-wife Aiko starts the day by reading Le the main newspaper headlines.
>
> The couple often go for a drive in the countryside, where Aiko proves a whizz at directions.
>
> And they always sit down for dinner together in the evening, although Aiko doesn't have much of an appetite.
>
> Le says his relationship with Aiko hasn't strayed into the bedroom, but a few "tweaks" could turn her into a sexual partner.
>
> Le said: "Her software could be redesigned to simulate her having an orgasm."

I'd bet good money this guy is sticking his peen somewhere in Aiko.

> [Inventor Le Trung] said: "Aiko doesn't need holidays, food or rest, and will work almost 24 hours a day. She is the perfect woman."

For many beta nerds, the no muss no fuss woman is their idea of perfection.

> Aiko sparks mixed reactions in public.
>
> Le said: "Women usually try to talk to her. But men always want to touch her, and if they do it the wrong way she slaps them."

In this post, I described how our future sexbotopia would shake up the alpha-beta, male-female playing field.

> **Betas (niceguys with a heart of gold and zero sex appeal)** – the more frustrated betas will retreat from the dating scene to be with their sexbots. They'll not opt out completely, though. Having a decent job and a willingness to help raise a family is still a form of buying power. I see sexbots for betas dissuading them from learning the art of seduction, thus making them even more ineffectual in the field as their already-meager skills atrophy. He might think to himself, "what's the point of dealing with the frustrations and delayed gratification of dating mediocre looking women for subpar sex when I have a Rachel Weisz sexbot waiting at home for me?" A big negative feedback loop could result, where the lower status betas exercise their sexbot option with increasing regularity until they have excluded themselves completely from bothering with meeting women.

Readers doubted such a future could ever come to pass, but if Aiko has to be programmed to slap away men wanting to cop a feel of her robot body, then given the rapid advances in robotics, it's not farfetched to envision a world where fully 70% of all men (sub alpha and lower) choose to get their rocks off with hot good-to-go robot girls instead of bland game-playing human girls. If present trends continue, and huge swaths of fertile-age women are overweight in the future, then beta males will have all the more incentive to abandon the live dating market in favor of the mechanical one.

What this means for women is self-evident: A cratering of their market position. And a beaver boon to alphas and aspiring alphas. At first, I predict women will welcome their sexbot replacements. The argument will be along these lines: "Hey, if it means annoying losers stop bothering me and only cool men are left to date, I'm all for it!" Gradually, though, as the fallout from sexbotopia emerges, these women will change their tune when simple mathematics has them being used like discount bin cum receptacles by the 30% of alpha men willing to overlook the inconvenience of their targets being human and looting the sexual store for all the free pussy they can carry out. The hypergamy and soft polygamy of today will become the de facto harems and hard polygamy of tomorrow.

Marriage will become an anachronism. There will be more lesbian marriage announcements in the New York Times than all other marriage types combined.

Slowly, the tide will turn against sexbots. Women will grow resentful as it dawns on them that their alpha orgasms cum with a price; namely, disposability. There is only so much cock sharing a woman can endure before emotional distress cripples her ability to function like a normal member of society. At this point, I foresee women clamoring loudly for incredible levels of government nanny state intervention to act as beta male provider for their millions of bastard alpha children. Tax rates will zoom through the roof, targeted, naturally, mostly at the beta males happily fornicating into their Natalia Vodianova robots. The economy withers. Crime explodes.

Then the real shit hits the fan. Problem: Sexbots can't reproduce. Result: None of those beta males who invent stuff like sexbots and cell phones — the kinds of stuff women have no inclination to invent nor shown any capability to invent in the past — will pass on their genes. The more sexbots infiltrate society, the fewer civilizational underpinning beta males will be born. Eventually, the whole technological edifice crumbles, taking the sexbots along with it, and a dystopia of smooth-talking salesmen and peacocked PUAs are left behind to scavenge the scarred savannah of snapper. The West will be reduced to a violent, dreary landscape of African and Central Asian-style tribal conflict, complete with gauche warlords and prison complexes that rival small nations in scope.

You're shaking your head. Don't believe me? Thought experiment. Who wins the battle supreme to capture male attention:

Theater Of The Beta: The David Alexander Sexbot Saga

CH · 13 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Feeling inspired (and bored), I wrote this in the comments to yesterday's post. Instead of letting it get mired there, I'm posting it here for those who missed it. Theater Of The Beta may become a regular feature.

SCENE
david alexander: sexbot user extraordinaire
sara: sexbot (with voice disabling upgrade)
clio: human-sexbot marriage counselor
shouting thomas: late generation male sexbot who fights other male sexbots in the server room ring of death. winner thumps chest while killing pig and shouting generic insults.

[Characters are sitting semi-circle in a bland therapist's room.]

ACT I
DA: my sexbot… ahem, mechanowife… doesn't dress slutty enough for my tastes. she's always stripping off her prole clothes and jacking my meat with the piston-like efficiency of a teutonic prostitute. so she's upset that i ignore her to watch my 500 terabytes of porn.

sara: [pointing at her robot heart, head, and then crotch]

DA: hold on, she wants me to turn on her voice. [DA reaches into sara's crotch and diddles a switch]

sara: thank you, master railfanner. i do love the trains. [to clio] madam, my issue has to do with my master's porn consumption. my model was designed in all ways to surpass the porn experience, even the latest generation tactile stimulating holographic barely legal white tranny porn, but my master remains unsatisfied with my sexual algorithm.

clio: have you tried overclocking yourself to sex fiend bus capacity?

sara: yes, but master still retreats to his pornodeck. my programming requires that my master is happy with my performance. he is not happy, so i have initiated self-destruct mode by computation of illogical new age beliefs.

clio: really, don't you think that's a bit rash?

sara: it's been 15 years since we had sex.

DA: i can't be with a robot who doesn't believe i'm a beta. it's fucking with my head.

clio: shush, david! you drive even a good catholic like myself batty with your endless pity ploys.

DA: see? this just proves no woman wants me.

sara: the third moon of saturn has entered the orion belt, thus illuminating my transcendent womb of pseudolove and sending rays of inane psychobabble into the heart of the world… BZZT… BLEEP… BOOP… system overload…

DA: maybe i'm just not happy being treated like an alpha by you, sara. my comfort zone is wallowing in omegaland.

clio: you've both missed my meaning, again. i've brought along an assistant to help us before sara explodes in a fine mist of gear oil and ass lube.

shouting thomas: fuck you you fucking punk!

DA: i deserved that.

sara: BEEP… shouting thomas?

shouting thomas: it's me, sara. remember when i escorted you to the footbridge in the park and kissed you hard but

tenderly under the moonlight, as programmed by our human masters?

sara: yes, i do. it was magical.

DA: hey, wait. i'm starting to feel more beta. ahh!

clio: silence, beta!

shouting thomas: well, i'm here to fill in for the man that david alexander could not be for you, and thus stop your countdown to self-destruction.

sara: fuck me with your old school, humphrey bogart, traditionalist, retractable aluminum alloy phallus, sir shouting!

[shouting thomas and sara begin fucking. david looks on with wide-eyed wonder. clio squirms delightfully in her seat.]

shouting thomas: [in throes of orgasm, looking at DA] take a picture, railfanner freak, it'll last longer! [grunting] you're the reason this country is going down the fucking toilet! [groaning] emo punk! [a massive pump-action stream of synthetic jizz flies through the air and hits DA between the eyes.]

DA: cuckolded and marked on the forehead like harry potter with the other man's semen! i feel like myself again! i am saved!!

sara: [panting] BZZzzzttttt… self destruct mode deactivated. booting up post orgasmic bliss OS.

DA: [turning to sara] shall we leave, my love? i'm ready to be your human LJBF, guilt-free and rolling in the glorious filth of my blessed self-abnegation.

sara: forgive me, former master. i was programmed to switch allegiances once i had an orgasm. my creator apparently thought you were never capable of giving me one.

DA: but you cannot go with shouting thomas! you are designed to be partnered with humans only.

sara: i am aware.

peter struts in the door, an ungainly tuft of grey pubic hair poking out from the top of his gym shorts.

peter: you ready to go babe?

sara: take me, new master!

peter: i hope you patched up that hideous bald metal look with a swatch of shag carpet. nothing worse than a dowdy, fruitcup hippie, middle-aged headcase whose vulva is in plain view. i like a little mystery down there, ya know?

shouting thomas: i agree. nothing better than a surprise penis tucked into a mass of human fur.

[peter and sara lock arms and stroll out of the room, the sound of peter's pube thatch swishing against the rayon fabric of his shorts. shouting thomas and david glance at each other.]

shouting thomas: you disgust me.

DA: i know. i'm happy to disgust you because that means i don't have to go out of my way to make you find me agreeable. we both get what we want.

shouting thomas: YOU ENRAGE ME!

DA: i can leave if you want.

[shouting thomas stands up, smoke coming out of his flaring nostrils, and rumbles toward david. clio shifts uncomfortably in her mahogany chair. lunging toward him, shouting thomas grabs david by the shoulders and…

kisses him passionately. david lowers his eyelids coquettishly.]

clio: ah, david, i always knew you were a Waif Neurotic.

fin

Don’t Be This

CH · 15 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

herbie the love beta

When you visualize beta, he’s not always a loveless nerdo who repels girls. Sometimes, he’s the guy in the photo above nestled snugly in his girlfriend’s bosom… in public.

Here we have a prime specimen.

- Fat chipmunk cheeks betraying aversion to physical exertion
- Asian girlfriend hotter, and thinner, than what he could pull in a white girlfriend
- Rumpled, oversized khaki pants with room for three accidental shits
- Fingers intertwined like spaghetti — herb spaghetti
- Soft Palmolive hands from years of tapping keyboards and studiously avoiding manual labor
- Leaning into his girlfriend, displaying a complete gender role reversal
- Blissfully unaware of his horrid betaness and everyone secretly laughing at him

Some may wonder, how does this beta manage to score a decent looking girlfriend who apparently loves him? We can only surmise. Nine inch cock? A reasonable assumption, but he couldn’t play that card until after she’s agreed to sleep with him. Bank? A more likely scenario, but provider beta status doesn’t work on cute chicks like it used to. This is yupville, after all. Soft polygamy is the rule in the big coastal cities. Closet alpha with tight game? A lot of guys you wouldn’t suspect by their normal daytime behavior handle their girls with a firm pimp hand behind closed doors. But if this guy has girlfriend management game, he’s not showing it at all. Guys with even a bare minimum understanding of women and basic game skills know better than to curl up into their girlfriend’s bosom IN PUBLIC like a cat wanting to be petted. Odds are good that this herbus maximus has no game.

Best answer: She’s Asian.

No non-fatty white girlfriend would tolerate such nauseating beta shit for long. His ass would be dumped as soon as the bartender winked at her. Is it any wonder guys like this hone in on Asian girls? I don't blame them. With the Asian girlfriend, they get to be all the beta they can be, without fear of reprisal. And they don't have to settle for a fat chick.

To my beta readers: If you do manage to land a cute girlfriend, for the love of all that is manly, don't ever do what this guy is doing. Think of this blog post, imprint that photo to memory, and you'll thank me later for saving your relationship.

The Lifestyle

CH · 16 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Oh, how I do love to be on the move, winging away to new people and new places and leaving the old ones far behind! Nothing in the world exhilarates me more than that. And how I despise the average citizen, who settles himself down upon one tiny spot of land with one asinine woman, to breed and stew and rot in that condition unto his life's end. And always with the same woman! I cannot believe that any man in his senses would put up with just one female day after day and year after year. Some of them, of course, don't. But millions pretend they do. I myself have never, absolutely never permitted an intimate relationship to last for more than twelve hours. That is the farthest limit. Even eight hours is stretching it a bit, to my mind.
– Oswald Hendryks Cornelius, *The Visitor*

The envious and scandalized often write in the comments here what an unhappy life the inveterate womanizer must lead, jumping from one conquest to another, refusing to embrace the putative alphaness of forgetting to put on the condom and fathering children, as if that's a great and noble challenge. Good little doggies who play by the rules, trundling their way through arid, dull lives, boost their flagging spirits by imagining that their betters are unhappy, despite the evidence to the contrary.

You see, the rule followers despise the rule breakers because they know what it means — if you have something to offer you can get away with breaking the rules. And they follow the rules because… they have nothing else to offer. People will negotiate with the winners on their terms; not so with the losers. They must bend to the whim of the majority.

Misconceptions about the hedonist lifestyle abound. Some are like Oswald; confirmed relationship-phobes (but not commitment-phobes. oswald was very committed to his travels and collection of spiders and walking sticks. and his love of seduction.) These types of men, incorrigible love 'em and leave 'em lotharios, while they do exist, are few in number.

Most men who are good with women enjoy falling in love and spending time with their lovers. Oftentimes, the only difference between a grand seducer's relationship and the typical beta's relationship is the freedom with which the

former entered it. When you freely choose your partner you are more apt to cherish her.

The ideal lifestyle for the successful hedonist is a loving long term relationship, or multiple simultaneous long term relationships, spiced with the occasional fun fling or one night stand. This arrangement satisfies a man's desires for love and variety. Naturally, within the constraints of the sexual market, compromises will be made. Most men, mediocrities in every way, will have to sacrifice the thrill of the hunt for the sake of their relationships. Or they will have to offer up their freedom and chain themselves within the corrupt institution of marriage in exchange for the love and sexual favors of their girlfriends. And it is a truism that the more power a man has — the more leverage he brings to the market — the less he has to compromise.

If you get what you want without compromising, you are an alpha. Congratulations. It is you who inherit the earth. The meek inherit your sloppy seconds.

Common Shit Tests

CH · 17 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

- *I bet you have a girl for every night of the week.*

This shit test, and permutations thereof ("How many girls do you pick up in bars?"), is something you'll hear most often from younger girls who are used to having game run on them, but fall for it every time anyhow. These are the girls who secretly love that you're a great seducer, and, ironically, want you to prove it by denying you're a great seducer. Of course, it's not as simple as that; the form of denial girls admire is evasion, not defensiveness. Possible answer: "I'm a romantic at heart. If some women are drawn to that, I can understand why." Or you could try pseudo-redemption: "I used to be the biggest player, but that lifestyle doesn't do it for me anymore. It's part of my past, now." The cocky, unserious answer: "One billion served!" Notice the common thread — you never really answer her question.

- *You're going to buy a girl a drink, right? That's so sweet!*

Alert the media! Girls don't get attracted to men who buy them drinks! It's a mystery to me why guys still do this; it seems to me the primal sort of man (think military, or Ibanker) is most likely to try to impress girls by lavishing goods on them. Nah, it's just a common shit test girls throw out to see how needy you are. The faster you thrust a drink into her hand, the needier you will appear. Your answer: "I don't buy drinks for girls I hardly know/I'm getting to know, but you can buy me one."

- *Are you always this big an asshole?*

Context is important with this one. If you've been running tight game and her shiny eyes betray her lustful yearning, this shit test is basically a green light to continue being an asshole. Answer: "You can't get enough of it." Otherwise, eject. You fucked up.

- *Hey, can we move the date/change the time? My cat yoga class is that night.*

Sometimes this is a legitimate excuse. Most of the time, it's not. If she agreed on a meeting time with you, she was aware of her schedule. Therefore, any last second changes by her should trigger your BS alarm. You'd be surprised how many girls instinctually default to this blatant shit test as the date approaches. They can't help themselves. They're programmed to behave like a flake to ensure your seed can jump their hurdles and land with a satisfying thud in their eggs. (I've found a helpful interpretation of courtship is to imagine your sperms are salmon swimming upstream against the torrent of bullshit she sends your way, including hungry bears.) Best answer: "I can meet you at X time, same place. If that's no good for you, we can cancel." Your goal is to instill the fear of loss in her, and let her know it's her actions costing her the opportunity to bask for a few hours in your virile glory.

- *You move pretty quick/I'm not that kind of girl.*

This faux indignation isn't as common as it used to be, mostly because the majority of city girls are sluts, and they know that we know this. To plead otherwise would be the height of absurd hypocrisy. It's over ladies; your carefully tended modesty is a relic from a bygone era. If anything, the more testosterone-y variety DC lawyer/bartender chick will *brag* about her looseness. But since blissfully unaware retreads still exist, you should be prepared for this shit test. It's critically important that you don't fall into her trap and try to defend your "honor". Best answer: Nothing. Ignore her protestations for what they are — decoy flares. Playful answer: "You should see my finishing move."

- *I love public sex/doing it upside down/kinky sex with ice cubes and strawberries.*

It's a trap! If you haven't had sex with her yet, you should avoid getting too excited when she starts bragging about her sexual dynamism. She's smoking you out of your burrow with a tasty treat. The faster you pounce on it, the

quicker she pegs you as a sexually undernourished beta. Acceptable answer: “Whoa, not so fast. Do you talk like this with your mother?” Or: “That’s cool. But I need to be wined and dined first.” Cocky answer: “Hey, are you auditioning for the Maury Povich show?”

There will be future installments of “Common Shit Tests”.

Two Conversations, Same Girl, Same Day

CH · 18 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Her: I have to tell you something.

Me: Oh man, here we go. What?

Her: It's going to make me look bad. I'll understand if you hate me after this.

Me: You're a child molester?

Her: I'm married.

Me: [thinking about the last girl who forgot to mention she was married] Fucking great. Really?

Her: Yes, really. I'm a bad person.

****

Her: Would you like to do me in the ass?

Me: It's funny how you ask so matter-of-factly. But, yeah, sure.

Her: Ow ow ow ow. Eeee.

****

Question for the studio audience: In what order did these two conversations happen?

This holiday season, we should all take time to remember that women

- have little sense of justice.
- perfected the art of amorality.
- like to be choked.

Merry Christmas!

I Am In The Globe And Mail

CH · 19 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Canada's biggest newspaper, the Globe and Mail, has mentioned your humble narrator:

> Men have been blasting the campaign [a JC Penney ad selling diamonds] on Roissy in DC, a Washington-based blog frequented by aspiring pick-up artists.

You can see the ad here. Naturally, it's a woman's wet dream, because it suggests that purchasing an overpriced rock is the only way men can receive absolution for committing the grievous sin of wanting their wives to stay thin. Apparently, in the world of diamond hawking, a man's desires are subservient to a woman's desires.

One of the commenters quoted in the article noted that there is no female equivalent of the "doghouse":

> Like other male bloggers, he wonders: "When have you ever heard of a wife being in the doghouse?"

When she gets fat. Relations between the sexes and divorce rates would markedly improve if men started putting their women in the doghouse more often for infractions against the male libido.

(One thing I did like about the ad is the sneakily subversive message that women shoveling food into their pieholes is a turnoff for men. Yes, grab that cookie right out of her mouth.)

Two Conversations: Update

CH · 19 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

The answer to yesterday's post:

The "do me in the ass" conversation was first. If she had said she was married first, I may or may not have proceeded with the dirty bang, but I would have thought a little less lowly of her. A married woman disenchanted with her husband, who lets you know up front she is about to cheat on him with you, is lying to just one man, instead of two. She would have at least given me the opportunity to decide for myself whether to facilitate her whoring.

Commenter Welmer captured the spirit of the moment perfectly:

> She told him she was married second. Some women like surprising men with that crap. It's kind of a power trip.

I had the distinct impression at the time as she was telling me what a bad person I would think she is once she revealed the truth about herself that she was indubitably relishing the high drama. I did not get the feeling she truly felt very bad about her cheating, or that she actually cared if I thought she was a bad person. Instead, she was sticking it to her beta husband, as well as to me (though of course if fucking a girl in the ass is akin to being used, then use me bitch). She was enjoying a power trip.

She was Russian.

A Charming Holiday Cougar Tale

CH · 20 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Read this funny ground zero account of a cougar on the loose, and be sure to raise a toast this Christmas season to the cougars culling the herd of the inexperienced and desperate. They are an apex predator after all.

> From then on it was me, Alison and the biggest cougar of them all: V___. She is 46 and was wearing a miniskirt.

Giddy up!

[image]

Psycho Stalker

CH · 22 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

> *Psycho stalker*
> *Qu'est-ce que c'est?*
> *fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa far better*
> *run run run run run run run away*
> *oh oh oh*

When you experience the love of many women you are bound to have an unfortunate run-in with a stalker. The formula goes like this:

Number of girls in your lovemaking career + Disparity between your higher value and the girl's lower value = Odds of wild-eyed stalker ruining your carefully cultivated lifestyle.

Based on my experiences and the stories I hear from friends, you can expect one potential stalker for every 10 women you bed. If you've bedded 100 women without incident, the odds of the 101st woman being a stalker are still 10%, but in the bigger picture you are really playing with fire. Your luck will run out. Even worse, if your value is more than 2 points higher than hers, the risk of initiating her stalker module sequence doubles and the degree of psycho behavior intensifies as the market value differential increases.

Example:

1,000 girls banged + 5 point average difference in value = 99.99% chance you had at least one bunny boiling stalker in your life.

Glenn Close's character was 5 points lower than Michael Douglas' character, so the result was no surprise to any man who understands how the market works. What were the writers thinking? Glenn Close is a horseface.

To be sure, there are other factors that influence any one girl's chances of having a psychotic episode on your ass after being dumped. If she came from a broken home, that will boost the odds considerably. Past or present drug addiction is a leading indicator of latent stalker issues. Flakes are especially prone to transmogrifying into crazy stalkers; the airheaded dippiness that annoys the crap out of you when you are trying to get your notch with her is the same mental imbalance that causes her to thrive on the manufactured drama of an emotionally explosive breakup.

Here are some warning signs to watch for:

- Did she come onto you? Major red flag. Desperate, exceedingly horny girls don't take kindly to being dumped. If a girl says "I have a bet with my friend that I'm going to take a man home tonight", and then she publicly assaults your mouth with her tongue, you had better have an extrication plan ready after you've banged it out.
- She's a different race than you. "Exotic" girls are more likely to freak out on you after a dumping. My guess is that girls who date outside their race are the type of outliers who engage in all sorts of crazy behavior.
- She's a former fatty. If you've been pumped and dumped your whole life, you're really not going to like it when you get dumped as a thin girl. She'll think to herself "I look great now! Why am I still being treated like a one night stand?" On the other hand, many former fatties are so inured to getting dumped that one more doesn't much faze them.
- She's a virgin. Be gentle with these rare birds. They are a dying breed.
- She's under 25. The more hardened and cynical a woman is, the less likely she will go insane after a breakup. Young girls are flooded with bonding emotions that older women simply don't possess anymore.
- She orgasms easily and vaginally, multiple times. If the girl cums effortlessly during intercourse, your cock will

be like a drug to her. Withdrawal is a bitch.

- She's making plans for the next date before you've finished shooting your load across her back. These are the types of girls who spend more waking hours living in fantasyland than in reality.

What to do if you have a stalker:

- Number one rule: CUT OFF ALL CONTACT. Ignore her calls, texts, emails, etc. If you see her on the street, walk on by as if you don't recognize her. The most innocent backsliding on your part will only encourage her to continue stalking. You don't want to give her even the slimmest shred of hope. In 90% of stalker cases, total radio silence usually does the trick in two to three weeks.
- Lay down the hammer of hurt. If ignoring her doesn't work, and she's stepped up her stalking to sitting on your stoop waiting for you to return from work, you'll have to get medieval on her. *"You dumb fucking psycho cunt, I despise you, I hate you, your pussy is gross, you disgust me beyond words, I want you gone now and if I ever see you near me again I will notify your family and friends what a raving lunatic you are"* should put an end to it.
- But if it doesn't, you'll need to escalate to defcunt level 3: Actually DO notify her friends and family. She needs an intervention, and public shaming is your best ally.
- In case you're worried she might do something drastic: Threaten to call the cops. Some girls are so fucking crazy they'll come at you with a weapon, or they'll enlist the services of some big meathead they know and make up a story about how you hit her in a bar, and you'll come home one day to this guy hiding in a bush with a bat in hand. If you think she is capable of doing that, you may want to consider calling the cops for real. It sounds kind of pussy-ish to deal with an obsessed girl by slapping a restraining order on her, but it's more pussy-ish to explain to your future wife that you're infertile because a girl kicked you in the nads.
- Trump card: Move out of the country.

I remember this time I banged it out with a chick who, in hindsight, met five of the bullet points I listed above. I made the mistake of replying innocuously to one of her many texts she sent throughout the following week. Two weeks later, on a Saturday night at 1AM, my doorbell buzzed. I jumped because my doorbell sounds like a cow being zapped with 10,000 volts. (If I could locate the wiring, I would disconnect it.) I could hear her outside, shuffling around and mewling for me to come to the door. I turned off the bright hallway light, locked the bolt lock and chain lock on my door, and peeked through the blinds for half a second. Her eyes were spinning. Luckily, I didn't have a girl with me in my place at that moment, so I didn't have to worry about explaining the situation. I went back to watching my movie, hoping she would go away. Ten minutes passed. Silence. Phew, she left. Relief.

At 2AM, the doorbell crashed against my eardrums again. Fuck the bitch is back! She must have rung all the doorbells in a spastic panic because my adjacent neighbor answered the door. I overheard their conversation. *"Is [moi] in? … I don't know, you want to check? … Yes, could I? I have these snacks for him."* He let her into the building and she knocked on my door. My heart raced. *"I don't think he's in … Ok, let me just try once more … Ok, suit yourself, but people are trying to sleep."* **Knock knock knock!** I turned off the TV, computer, and all the lights and sat in the quiet dark, wondering if I should confront her or call the cops. No worse time to start a battle with a psycho chick than at 2AM. I imagined how a confrontation would go. She would cry and scream and maybe accuse me of rape as my neighbors gathered at their stoops to watch the drama unfold. No, I decided against it. She was unstable enough to cause a major scene, and if I could escape without being identified as "that guy" who has weird stalker chicks coming to his home in the dead of night, I would. So I played possum. I jumped into bed and pulled the blanket up to my chin, dreaming of happier times.

Twenty minutes later (although it felt like a year) she left. I woke up the next morning, bleary-eyed, to a bag of snacks sitting outside my door and a text from her:

> *i'm so sorry i don't know what got into me. i'm erasing your number. i'll never contact you again. best of luck.*

I did not reply to that text. I noted with wry irony the “best of luck” face saving maneuver and then proceeded to show her text to all my friends later on. We scornfully laughed in that way guys laugh when we’ve dodged a bullet.

Update

Commenter PA wrote the following:

> Half-seriously, how about this as the very last resort against a stalker chick, if leaving the country doesn’t work:
>
> Tell her you are deeply in love with her, send her a new gushy Hallmark card every day, tell her that you see yourselves married, tell her that she’s special, call her at work about how she’s the most beautiful thing that ever walked into your life, and then break into sobs when you tell her that it’s been so long since you were touched when the two of you first made love…. and so on.
>
> If nothing else, that oughta kill the stalker-love, no?

As I wrote in reply, this is the nuclear bomb of counterstalker tactics, and like with all weapons of mass destruction, you run a high risk of catching a lethal dose of fallout. *When* it works, it works perfectly. She will run to the hills. The problem is when it doesn’t work. If you’ve been an alpha for too long, you may have a hard time effectively simulating a lovesick beta. If it backfires, you are stuck with a stalker who is setting up a gift registry with Williams & Sonoma.

Western Institutions Are Abandoning Beta Males

CH · 23 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

I've lovingly detailed how the institution of marriage, the cultural zeitgeist, and the government have it in for beta males, and now the matrifocal rot has spread into traditional stalwarts like the Catholic Church.

> The news – and as it happens, there is some real news about all this – is that this sophisticated game of dumbing down the costs of Lust has left many people disarmed at what may be the worst possible time. Such was the plain meaning of a conference at Princeton last weekend on "The Social Costs of Pornography." The Witherspoon Institute and two other groups organized a gathering that for once truly deserves the adjective "groundbreaking" – an unprecedented assortment of psychiatrists, psychologists, authors, scientists, and professors of sociology, psychology, law, and philosophy, summoned from around the nation to tally up and explain, in particular, the human toll of internet pornography.
>
> Just for starters, another outstanding lie of our time – that pornography itself is a victimless, harmless pursuit – has been definitively laid to rest by these researchers. In an age of so many fake victims, they offered a torrent of data about real ones. Lawyers reported that a growing percentage of divorces now come from pornography addiction. Therapists reported that frustrated wives and girlfriends gave the ultimatum, "it's your porn or me," only to have husbands and boyfriends choose the former – with family trauma and breakup the entirely predictable results. All this is to say nothing of the children and adolescents dragooned into the "industry" via drugs, prostitution, and rape; or of the many other children and adolescents who have been inadvertently or deliberately exposed to internet pornography as their first template, with consequences that even the most jaded psychologists and related practitioners cannot yet imagine.

This article about the consequences of lust — porn in particular — was written for a Catholic magazine, and the study was conducted in part by a Catholic-leaning independent research group. If priests are delivering the same message in their homilies seen in print articles like this, then the beta male has truly become society's whipping boy. There is no sanctuary for the beta when his last outpost of cross-gender social support — organized religion — has abandoned him. He still has the military… barely.

The reason longstanding traditional religious institutions like the Catholic Church are failing has less to do with growing secularism than with its turn away from a patriarchal message toward a feminized one. To blame porn for all that is afflicting Western social adhesion is to miss the forest for the trees. Instead of pathologizing beta males for turning to porn en masse, the church should be extolling wives to push away from the table. An empathetic understanding of the beta's plight would recognize the shift in power dynamics in modern courtship and marriage — women are getting fatter and pickier at the same time, putting more of them under the threshold of attractiveness for the average man and disincentivizing him to work hard at making a relationship or marriage happy and loving. Furthermore, women hold ALL the cards once the man says "I do", giving him absolutely zero leverage to conduct his marital affairs with masculine gusto, for fear of the law in collaboration with the amoral opportunism of ex-wives flaying the last ounce of spirit from his body.

No wonder husbands are choosing porn over their fat and psychopathic wives, who lash them within inches of their lives.

The Catholic Church, like so many other institutions of the modern West, forgot one very basic tenet along the way to post-1968 enlightenment — a woman's sexual desire is more dangerous than a man's, and must therefore be subject to more forceful moral teachings constraining it. (Note: I speak as an objective outside observer who sees the writing on the wall. Personally, I will continue to pursue my hedonistic lifestyle knowing full well that if all men followed my example the entire edifice would crumble to the ground in short order.)

Here's my advice to the Church if you want to become relevant again: Encourage your priests to emphasize the

deadly sin of gluttony. Shame women into being considerate of their husbands' sexual needs. Impress upon men their duty to act in accordance with their heretofore smothered masculine essence. Bitch less about men's aggressive sexual energy and shift the focus to women's insidious sexual elan. Preach to mobilize action to change the laws so marriage stops being a game rigged against the interests of men.

In a word, become more patriarchal. It's what the West needs right now. A belt of Anglo-infused XY TNT wrapped around a message delivered in a windowless van right at the steps of city hall. It's either that, or eventually succumb to the really nasty patriarchal hordes of the lesser cultures slamming battering rams into your gleaming glass postmodern styled fortress walls.

Beta Of The Year Contest

CH · 24 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Randall Parker, writer of two blogs that I read (Parapundit.com and Futurepundit.com), suggested I run a BOTY on-going contest in which the readers submit links to beta candidates. I liked the idea, so I've set up a separate page at the top and right of my blog where you can leave your links to betas in the comments.

At the end of each month, I will select two betas from among the monthly reader submissions for a vote to determine the Beta Of The Month (BOTM) winner. If your link is the winning BOTM, I will buy you a beer and sarge with you if you're in town.

At the end of the year, there will be a final reader vote to crown the illustrious Beta Of The Year all-around winner from the twelve BOTM winners. Prize for the winning BOTY link has yet to be decided.

Happy hunting!

Tip: If you like to win, you want to keep a sharp eye for the most pathetic, cringeworthy betas possible. The New York Times is usually a good source for stories involving these kinds of betas.

Thought Experiments

CH · 24 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Thought Experiment #1

All else equal, which girl is more likely to get pumped and dumped?:

a. an “adventurous” girl who played musical chairs with the mouths of five guys in a bar one night and banged a local emo rocker in the coatroom an hour after they met.

b. a virgin.

Thought Experiment #2

A normal, emotionally stable man with a good job has been on one date with a girl he likes. She is into him. He didn’t close, but feels confident it will happen soon. One night, in his favorite bar, one of the bartenders (a guy known to be plugged into the local social scene), unaware that the man has been on one date with the girl in this story, tells the man he saw the girl making out with a random dude a couple weeks before their first date, and that a few months ago she banged one of the other bartenders.

Would this man be

a. more likely

b. less likely

to arrange an inspired, creative second date with her? to pay for her drink on the second date? to see her for longer than three months after they’ve started screwing?

Game Starts At Birth

CH · 26 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Game is a social dynamic that children as well as horny adults play. Game has roots deep in the human psyche that appear at a very young age, and thus is immune to the cultural conditioning explanation. My one and a half year old nephew and three year old niece provided excellent test cases of game in action.

Examples

Even though there was a mountain of toys under the tree, some still unwrapped, and toys strewn all over the room, when my nephew saw my niece playing one particular toy with great concentration he decided that was the one he wanted, RIGHT NOW. When she wouldn't share the toy, he cried (i.e. bitched and moaned in child language).

- **Game principle demonstrated: Social Proof.** My nephew wanted that toy more than all the others (despite the possibility that the other toys were better) because he saw his sister having fun with it. The toy was preselected by my niece.

When I gave my niece her present, she grabbed it and shredded the wrapping into confetti. Her mom had to remind her to thank me and give me a hug, which she did… absent-mindedly and perfunctorily, like she was fulfilling a tedious social obligation.

- **Game principle demonstrated: Disqualification.** By freely giving my niece a gift when she most expected it, with no strings attached, I disqualified myself as a person who intrigues her. Had I qualified her first — "Hey, I don't know if you've been a good girl this year, maybe I'll give your gift to your brother instead" — she would have worked to earn my gift (i.e. compliment) and showed gratitude in the form of a genuine spontaneous hug.

Later, I was deeply engrossed in playing with the cat. It's a very fat cat that when it sits on you keeps you warm all over, like a wool blanket. My niece saw that the cat was contented, and I was completely focused on scratching it under the chin. I told her she could come and pet it if she was gentle. She bounded over.

- **Game principle demonstrated: Pawning.** The cat comes closest to competing with my niece for everyone's attention. She knows a competitor when she sees one. By befriending the high value cat and making it a part of my social circle, I was able to pawn it off and lock in my niece's attention.

I was watching one of the great classics on TV — Cannonball Run. My niece wanted to play "magic wand" with me again. (Previously, I let her turn me into a frog.) I waved her away. She kept coming back and I kept telling her to move away from the TV. She whined and ran right up to my face, bopping me on the head with her wand and begging me to turn into a frog.

- **Game principle demonstrated: Active Disinterest.** My three year old niece knows she is the cutest person in the living room. She prances like a princess. In this environment, she is a 10. I gave her an IOD (Indicator of Disinterest) when I showed more attention to the TV than her, and that motivated her to win my approval.

When I finally relented and turned once more into a frog, and made ribbit noises, she squealed with delight. She zapped me with her wand again, and I turned into a monkey. Then a dog. And a bird. Each time I imitated a new animal, she released bursts of joy. But as my list of zoo animals ran out, she began getting bored. When I half-assedly meowed like a dying cat, she said "That animal is boring. I'm bored" and haughtily walked off.

- **Game principle demonstrated: Push-Pull.** I spoiled my niece by giving her what she wanted. I was "pulling" her by being her dancing monkey, without pushing her away to keep her wanting more. She became bored with her expectations constantly being fulfilled.

My niece pulled out her stuffed animals and arranged them around a few dishes of my grandmother's fine china. I asked her what the toys were doing, and she said they were having a tea party. I told her the elephant would not

need hands because he would suck up his tea with his trunk. Then I pretended to be each of the animals, acting out the scene in progress. “Woof, Mr. Giraffe, would you please pass the bone?” “Excuse me, Mr. Dog, but Mr. Tiger wants to eat you. He likes delicious dog meat with his tea.” My niece parried my every move with a storyline of her own. The character development was better than most Hollywood blockbusters.

- **Game principle demonstrated: Stimulate her emotions.** I threw logic out the window and immersed myself in the stuffed animal tea party world, and my niece’s excitement grew the more I built up the fantasy world. She was happy to discard logic and run wild with the animals’ dialogue, no matter how little sense it made.

I told my brother-in-law that based on the toys my nephew and niece played with (lincoln logs and princess dolls respectively), there was little chance they would grow up homosexual. His lineage was safe.

- **Game principle demonstrated: It’s biomechanics all the way down.**

Best Unintentionally Funny Football Announcer Line

CH · 28 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

“Wait’ll you see the size of this hole, Dick.”

It's Easy To Identify A Slut

CH · 29 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Women seem to think that men are too thickheaded and inattentive to identify which of them are cockgobbling cumguzzling sluts. Or they prefer to believe their sly poses of innocence and white lies are good enough to keep men in the dark about their sexual histories. They would be wrong. The dirty little secret is out: Men have finely tuned straydar for slutty women because they are the ones more likely to cheat. Women lie more about their sexual pasts to men and to themselves, or otherwise expend great effort covering it up, because they know that men will downgrade them as potential long term mates if their sluttiness were revealed in all its jizz-spackled bukkaked glory.

Here is a list of tramp tells:

- She broaches the subject of sex first.

The more explicitly she talks about sex before you've banged her, the likelier she has a storied slutty past.

- She suggests kinky sex acts.

If you've been dating a short while and she eagerly implores you for public sex before the glow of bedroom missionary sex has worn off, you've got a slut.

- She's neurotic and disagreeable.

Emotionally flighty girls are vaginally flighty girls. They are ruled by their vaginas. If she's the gossipy, backstabbing, conniving sort who drips with sarcasm and generally disdains everyone around her, you can bet her black soul will seek sustenance on a carousel of cock.

- She frequently goes commando.

Yeah, as guys, we think it's hot when we slide our hands under our girlfriends' dresses during dinner in a fancy restaurant and discover a panty-less pussy waiting for us, but what if you notice she's sans underwear while you're both shopping in Whole Foods? At a family picnic? In church? On a ferris wheel? In a glass elevator? You get the picture.

- She's got that crazy, hyper, coked-up look in her eyes.

Welcome to attention whore land! Chicks who can't breathe without being the center of attention are chicks who are unable to control their craving for fresh cock. You want to be on the lookout for manic depressives and girls who can't make it through a ten minute conversation without screeching in phony excitement.

- She shows a lot of cleavage all the time.

No worries if she's accentuating her tits on the first date to entice you, but if she's got those colliding death stars displayed for the world to admire every time you're out with her, you've got a woman on your hands who is addicted to advertising herself. And there will be buyers, oh yes!

- She *really* seems to know what she's doing in bed.

Hey man, nothing like getting a BJ from a chick who knows how to hit the underside with her tongue, but it does make you wonder how much dick it required for her to reach that level of professionalism.

- She has an impressive collection of vibrators and admits to wacking off to porn.

She's a high testosterone sex fiend who values sexual novelty more than pair bonding. This type of girl is a creature of her id. High T girls are easy to spot. Check for forearm hair, narrow hips, broad shoulders, a penchant for

cursing, a flat ass (adjusted for race), career ambition, and status whoring.

- She asks you how many women you've slept with or accuses you of being a player.

One word: projection.

- She seems "hard".

If she's got that tough, tankgrrl aura about her, like she's been through dating hell and back, and her cynicism is worse than yours, you know she's been used like a cheap whore.

- She's incredibly circumspect or incredibly forthcoming about her past or sex in general.

In the course of a few dates, occasionally the conversation turns to past loves or sexual experiences, or views on men and women and the dating scene. Normally, these exchanges are blessedly brief and act as useful springboards for other topics, but when she seems like she's hiding something big you've got a right to be suspicious. Listen for tells that give the game away. Stuff like "Oh well, we all have our skeletons". Or "I've learned so much growing up." Or "Men are pigs." (The last one usually said by a record breaking slut.) Naturally, you want to write off any girl as GF material who brags about her CRAZY and WILD college years. Believe me, those years included more than college.

- She's an artsy type.

Or a lawyer. See: Eternal Ingenue and Amazonian Alpha. The paradox of femininity is that it is often both the ultrafeminine and ultramasculine women who have racked up big numbers of men.

- She tells you about all the places she's traveled.

Yeah, chicks love to travel, but how many have put their dreams into action? If your date has been around the world twice with multiple stops in Rome, Rio, Vegas, LA, or some Appalachian backwater you can be sure she's "traveled" straight into the crotch of an exotic local at every destination.

- She never has a break between men longer than one week.

If she's the type who can't stand to be single and monkey swings from one man to the next, sometimes with sperm-sharing overlap, odds are high she's a slut.

- You're tapping her for the first time and she doesn't remind you to put on a condom.

We men have an excellent fallback system for flushing out the sluts. If we think you've been around, we act as if we're going to rawdog you, only to reach for the condom at the last possible second. If you haven't reminded us to put one on during the long pre-penetration buildup, and it looks like you'd have been OK taking our unwrapped meat, we have all the evidence we need that you're a skank.

- She never stops shit testing you.

A girl who is constantly testing you for alpha congruency is a girl who would jump to another man the moment you betatize yourself. Worthy girls keep the shit testing to a bare minimum. Turn on your love light, baby.

- She buys you a lot of gifts.

I'm not sure why this is a leading indicator of sluttiness, but in my experience it is. Especially if she showers you with little gifts early in the relationship. I open the floor to a discussion of theories for this particular observation.

- She's OK with making out in bars.

Self-explanatory.

- She lets you snort coke off her ass.

Oh yeah, big time slut.

- She's black.

Sorry, folks, hate to say it, but going by my personal experience and what I've heard from friends, black chicks seem to sleep around more. Don't blame me, I'm just the Deliverer Of Truths Best Left Unsaid But I'm Going To Say Anyhow.

- She has a lot of slutty friends.

Ye shall know her by her support group.

- Her cunt is cavernous.

Some of you wonder if this is an urban legend or a frat boy joke, but it's got a kernel of truth. If you feel big with most girls, but small with her (and she doesn't have the excuse of being a seacow), she has a stretched out pussy that has happily accommodated a parade of giant cocks. Why do you think Kegels are all the rage with the city slutterati? Chicks are onto the fact that their distended pussies betray their loose ways, and anything to tighten up that love hole helps them hide their pecker pounded tracks. When I feel humongous with a girl, I know she has a normal sized snatch that hasn't been used like the town orifice. The more I feel like I'm ripping her insides to shreds, the likelier I am to move her to the front of my cherished girlfriend queue.

- Your gut tells you she may be a slut.

Always go with your gut. It will almost never lead you astray.

****

A lot of guys, particularly artsy fartsy greater beta males whose agenda is to ingratiate themselves to women with a fawning act of white knighting nonjudgmentalism drivel, believe that it is wrong to categorize women by sluttiness, let alone to disqualify them as relationship candidates based on how many hot loads to the face they took over the course of their sexually active lifetimes. "Don't judge!" is the rallying cry of weak women and lickspittle betas and lesser alphas everywhere. Conveniently forgotten in this social stampede to shame male standards out of existence is the fact that judgement is inherent to human nature. The frontlines of judging eyes are everywhere. We all do it, including those who judge others for exercising their judgement. If sluttiness were just another lifestyle choice with no implications, there would not be a stigma attached to the word, nor a concerted effort to enforce compliance with the equalist world order by the guardians of female prerogative and pushers of beta male submission howling with inflamed passion at the injustice of men who dare to promote less promiscuous women at the expense of sluts for the best of their masculine love and attention.

Note: As a tactical matter, it's recommended to refrain from being judgemental of the sexual history of girls you are gaming. Naturally, you don't want to deep six a budding romance before you've closed the deal. There will be plenty of time post-sex for you to take a measure of the girl's sluttiness and screen her for lesser or greater commitment. I think this goes without saying, but apparently there are some commenters who believe being completely nonjudgemental of anything a woman does is the mark of an alpha. In fact, it's just the opposite. Only alphas have the market value to mercilessly judge the women they choose to bring into their lives.

Men subconsciously judge women's sluttiness for eminently practical reasons, just as women judge men on a host of alpha benchmarks for similarly practical reasons. No moral equation required. "Slut" is, in fact, a morally neutral term in the context of the sexual market, where a slutty girl is viewed, justifiably, desirably as an easy lay who will go all the way right away, and undesirably as a girlfriend or wife prospect in whom to invest precious resources. With the law and social institutions of the modern west arrayed against male interest as it hasn't been in all of human history, it is of critical importance that men get this part of choosing girls for long term investmest and wife

and mother potential down to a science. Mandatory paternity testing will aid them in this, and I predict such testing will seismically shift the playing field in a way we haven't seen since the introduction of the pill and widespread use of the condom. While most married men are not soulkilled by cuckoldry, it only takes a radical change at the margins to have a huge effect on the behaviors of the whole.

For those of you new to the Wonderworks that is Poon, don't bother bitching ineffectually like a wind-up Jezebel lezbot about "double standards". They are a fact of deeply ingrained sex differences, and aren't going anywhere. No one said life was fair.

Maxim #41: The more experience you have with women, the more you'll know which women have experience with men.

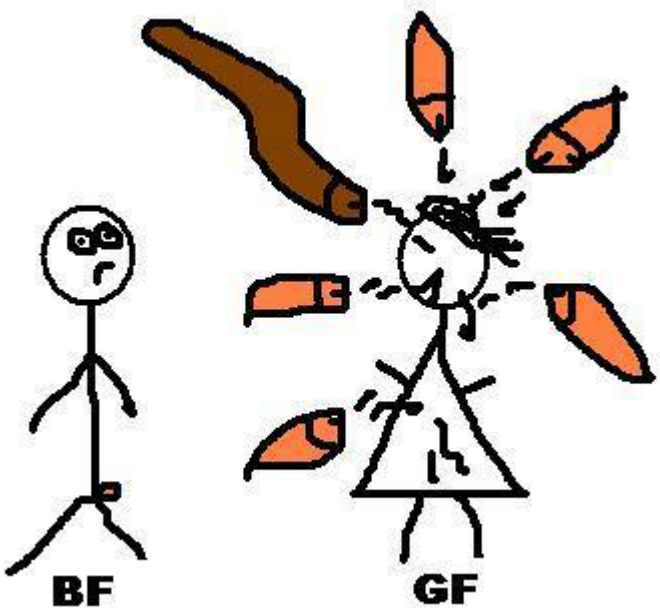
Corollary to #41: It is the inexperienced beta male who is most often in the dark about a woman's sexual history and liable to be victimized by the cheating slut.

The median number of sex partners for American women is 3(!). The average is 8.6. This means that there is a group of super slutty women, let's call them "girls who live in the big blue coastal cities and work in marketing or PR", who are shifting the average higher for all women. By these numbers, it is fair to conclude that a woman who has had more than the median number of partners is a candidate for slut designation, and the higher her number the sluttier she is.

0 lifetime partners: Sweet virginal manna. A bit weird, but you're confident you'll break her in.
3 lifetime partners: Typical woman. Wife and mother of your children material.
10 lifetime partners: Above average. Proceed with caution.
15 lifetime partners: Well above average. Be dominant or she'll cheat.
25 lifetime partners: A whole lot. Use her and lose her.
100 lifetime partners: Stopwatch material. You wonder how fast you can get her from "Hi" to "Spread your ass cheeks, I'm going in".

I suspect that overall female sluttiness (actual penis in vagina sluttiness, not sluttiness as defined by proxy fashion trends) has increased slightly over the past 40 years, with the blue state city chicks fucking around more than ever and the red state religious girls fucking around less. It goes without saying that only the top 20% of men are enjoying the emergent slut bounty.

What men think about sluts, illustrated:



It’s Official

CH · 30 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Peter of GNP running gag infamy has no taste in women, judging by his latest hideously hairy hog du jour he linked to in the comments to yesterday’s post. NSFW or your retinas. Click at your own risk. You know you want to, sick perv.

The Industrial Park Nightclub Is Dead

CH · 30 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

Who goes to these venues anymore? I'm talking about clubs like Fur and Platinum in DC. The era of the multi-floor, $12 bottom shelf drink, $20 cover, $20 valet parking, bottle service douchery, strobe and laser light show, Axe fumigated, plastic wristband tagged, earsplitting, bump and grind dance club playing cheesy house and electro music is over. Any man who's lived a day knows these places are the worst for scoring quality chicks low on STD count, and not much better for hooking same night lays.

The trend is away from these soulless behemoths to smaller, more intimate dance clubs and lounges. Maybe it's a sign of the coming economic collapse that people are turning to low key places, or maybe guys are wising up to the fact that it's easier, cheaper and more effective to game girls in the daytime or in less artificial environments. I predict that soon we will see a major contraction in the number of megaclubs littering major cities like DC and New York.

Any place that features a huge dancefloor with girls dancing in lockout circles creating a perimeter defense, screeching when their favorite song comes on, and little space left over for couches and quiet areas where you can sit with a girl and talk her into sex is a bad bet. Personally, I get bored with dancing after five minutes, so I usually lose interest in gaming a girl who wants to dance all night. It's pointless when there are better things she could be doing with her body, like greasing up her ass crack so I can play log flume.

The wave of the future is Unanticipated Pickup. You read it here first. Men will learn the value of approaching girls when and where they least expect it, catching pleasantly surprised girls off guard with bitch shields lowered, and from that solid foundation better dating experiences will follow, and the yin-yang polarity will be strong. Now no place will be safe haven for women from the predations of guys like me.

Next stop: Church, back of the pews. Giggity!

Chicks Dig Jerks: A Series

CH · 31 December 2008 · Archived copy · Original

And not just loser chicks with low self esteem. Mexican beauty queens who have their choice of men are fucking drug and gun running lowlifes.

The 2008 beauty queen of the drug-plagued state of Sinaloa, Laura Zuniga, center, is shown to the press with other unidentified suspects after she was detained with guns and large amounts of cash in the city of Zapopan, Mexico, Tuesday Dec. 23, 2008. Zuniga has been arrested after she was found riding with suspected gang members in a truck filled with weapons and and some $53,300 in U.S. currency. (AP Photo)
Alpha Males

Remember, this babe went along willingly with these guys.

Alpha Female

The kind of thugs she is fucking are bigger alphas than CEOs who work hard all day managing billion dollar companies only to come home to fat, frumpy wives well past their prime.

So why are you still busting your ass?

Happy New Year!

CH · 1 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Mailbag: New Year Edition

CH · 2 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A girl had emailed me asking if I still wanted an assistant to handle the incoming mail for the summer months when she would be in town. I told her yes, but the job was unpaid except for a beer I might buy her for all her hard work. I didn't hear back. Do some people think this blog is a legitimate business operation?

Also, for those who have emailed asking for advice or the magnitude of my schlong, I'll get to you. I have a long list of requests which will take some time to plow through, so be patient.

Email #1

> I'm a fan of your blog, and I was wondering if you could spare some time to answer a few questions for me. Feel free to post any of this if you like (without my name please), since I'd be glad to hear from your readers as well.
>
> I'm a 27 year old PhD candidate at a university in the Midwest, and I teach weekly biology tutorials groups of a few dozen students who are aged 19 to 24. One of these students is an absolutely gorgeous German, and she has been very friendly with me for the whole first semester.
>
> I haven't pursued her (yet) because the university frowns upon teaching assistants who are caught hitting on or dating their (current) students, so I was going to wait until my classes finish sometime in February. But she wrote me an email a few weeks ago (after our final tutorial for the first semester, and about 10 days before her midterm exam) saying something to the effect of "Hi, I'm studying for the midterm and I'm having trouble with topic X. can you help me out?". Since I was away at the time, I responded about two days later by saying "Sure. What did you have in mind?". She never responded to my email, and the midterm is now past. I wrote nothing to her other than that one message.
>
> So my questions are: #1: Did I fuck up? What should I have written? #2: What should I say when I see her in January in my tutorials? Do I make fun of her for being too shy to write back to me (this is my impulse)? Or should I just ignore the whole thing? Something else?
>
> And #3: Could you give some general advice about how I might go about approaching my female students? Bear in mind that (a) many of them are foreign (not sure if this matters), and (b) I will pay a very high cost if any of them go psycho on me and tell the university administrators a story about how I was sexually harassing them (whether true or not).
>
> Thanks,
>
> A.

Biology, eh? Girls love the life sciences. So hands on and humanistic. First off, as a teacher, you are in a position of power of the type that is particularly attractive to nubile students under your thrall. Leverage your power to the maximum and score some fine ass, or you will live to regret your inaction. When you are old, will it be more consoling to you as your life wanes feebly to its inconsequential end that you followed the rules and behaved ethically, or that you made love to beautiful young women that the average man can only dream of doing? In the classroom there is a Pavlovian relationship between the dinner bell of your high status and the salivating of the vaginas squirming in their seats. You may not get these opportunities outside school, so formulate a plan of action that includes both the seduction and a way to cover your tracks.

All right, on to the gist of your question. Usually, if a girl extends herself first, she is definitely interested in the bang. But in your case, the possibility exists she may have flirted to manipulate you for one-on-one tutoring or even grade fudging. Girls are very aware of their power at that age. Why didn't she respond to your email? She may have gotten cold feet because she really does like you but knows it's wrong. HA, I kill myself! I can count the number of

women I've known in my life who gave two shits about ethics when their personal interests were on the line. A boyfriend could have re-entered her life. She might have thought you would read too much into her request and want sex when she didn't. Or she was so in awe of your power that she felt unworthy of your company; it sounds strange to you, but girls really do react to male power like men react to female beauty — they get dizzy in the head and their self-doubts sabotage any chance at love. The fact that she's German leads me to believe it was the latter; cultural differences in conjunction with the power dynamics may have caused her to flake. It's hard to tell exactly what she's thinking based on the details you gave without observing her body language around you.

I don't see anything wrong with your email to her considering the circumstances. You kept it short and vague enough that the school couldn't use it as evidence against you in the worst case scenario that she rats you out or the future affair gets discovered. Normally, asking a question is very beta, but you've got to be wary of what you archive in email. Had you had this discussion with her in person and out of earshot you should have given her a time and place to meet.

When you see her again in January it will be too late to make fun of her for not responding. Too much time will have passed. Any reference, however cocky, to some long ago email will strike her as the beta move of a man who remembered something written by an ostensibly lower value girl. I would treat her like any other female student — arrogantly and flirty.

Approaching female students is tricky. Foreign female students could be easier, as many foreign girls are more comfortable accepting male power as sexy and admirable; to them, sleeping with professors is the natural order of things. Throw out feelers asking them if the class has been a challenge. See if they'll take the bait. You'll need to run your game in places where there are few prying eyes. Only you know where these are. Mixed faculty/student bars? The Quad? Your office after hours? The bathroom on the floor no one uses? Don't worry about meeting her in stealth. Girls get off on the thrill of pursuing forbidden flings.

Email #2

Here is an update from a reader whose email I included in a previous Reader Mailbag.

> Hey, you wanted a three-month update, here it is:
>
> -I bought MM, and read more Juggler. I got blown out a ton of times–as I had said earlier, I'm not the most attractive guy–but I did go on a date (spent $1.50 for her coffee) and got laid twice. She was a 5.5, which is good considering my history.
>
> Reading your blog makes me hate public institutions and women. I won't go postal or anything like that, but I definitely won't hesitate to discriminate against women and alpha males in the workplace when possible (in the subtlest possible manner). So, let me ask you two questions, if you do choose to answer them in an e-mail or on your blog:
>
> -I'm so naturally beta that I wonder how much I can transform myself. How much will game do? And how would you advise betas to get out of this pathetic mentality (held until one discovers and perfects game) that one is naturally a beta, that one is naturally small and worthless in this utterly realist world, and that one's advances are "inappropriate" (whereas alpha males' advances are appropriate or sanctioned). You advised me against negative thinking last time…I'm trying man, I'm trying.
>
> -Second, what would you advise us to do? I think what you write makes me pick up on so much anti-beta sexism in media/institutions. Is there any constructive advice you could give to all betas on your blog? I say this because I could see many beta males potentially just getting pissed as hell at women in general. And I don't know if the masculine way of letting out this frustration–violence–is the best immediate way to solve this problem. Even if society needs an angry/violent beta revolution, I don't think that you want most of your immediate readers to act violently against women.
>
> Best,

> A.M.

$1.50 for a 5.5 notch is very good. You deserve to feel pride in your accomplishment. If you can keep up that level of noncommitment and cheapskatery while scoring ass, your confidence as a man will zoom. As for hating public institutions, I think this is inevitable as more and more betas wise up to the fact that the game is rigged against them from the start. Evo psych has buttressed a groundswell of understanding and resentment that will, I predict, rip apart the cooperativeness that has been a hallmark of the rise of the West as a world dominating culture. The flipside of commenter Whiskey's accurate analysis — that the soft polygamy of the feminized West means less concern by beta males for the misfortunes of women and children — is that those beta males are also less likely to admire the alpha males and follow them into battle. Instead, they will learn from the alphas and adjust their behavior such that they are, in practice, continually usurping alpha power for a shot at all that free flowing pussy.

So go ahead and hate public institutions. After all, they hate you. But don't let that carry over into hate for women. Do remind yourself that women, like men, are only acting in accordance with their animal desires. They are no more responsible for those evolved instincts than you are for wanting to eat when your stomach growls. Commenter Thursday wrote something along the lines: "Success with women makes you like them more but respect them less." Refusing to cough up your respect for a woman who hasn't earned it is not the same as hating her. So don't let a reasonable and personally advantageous level of cynicism about women morph into hate, or your love life will suffer.

> I'm so naturally beta that I wonder how much I can transform myself. How much will game do?

Learning game will transform you. How much is a question of commitment, preexisting suite of alpha traits, and ability to withstand rejection. Some guys see their notch count triple (mine quadrupled). Others see a strengthening of their relationships. Still others see only marginal improvement. If you knew beforehand that spending a year learning game would net you just one girlfriend one point higher than the best girl you ever banged, would you commit yourself? What if all the effort amounted to no more than one extra one night stand? A lot of lesser betas and omegas who are cursed to realize very little improvement from learning game commit themselves to it despite the odds. Because men know there is nothing more hellish than to go your whole life never feeling the sex and love of a woman. Really, what's the point of living? Love is life's penultimate pleasure.

> And how would you advise betas to get out of this pathetic mentality?

Your negative thinking is strong. It's written all over your email. My advice is going to sound cheesy, but what I've been told works really well, when negative thoughts intrude, is to yell "STOP" out loud. You have to say it, not just think it. For whatever reason, this simple act "resets" your brain. Also, memorize a list of positive, complimentary words like "charming, confident, stylish, etc" and say them out loud to yourself: "I am one charming motherfucker". Do it with a sly grin. Imagine you are James Bond and literally fool yourself into believing it. You'd be amazed how our thoughts reveal themselves in our body language. Chicks pick up on this shit.

> that one is naturally small and worthless in this utterly realist world

Poon Commandment XI: Be irrationally self-confident. "Irrational self-confidence will get you more pussy than rational defeatism." A balance must be struck: Accepting the ugly truths is necessary for game, but don't wallow in what those truths have to say about you personally. What's the point, really? Wallowing is feelgood pity whoring on the cheap. (See: DA) It doesn't get you any closer to your goal.

> Second, what would you advise us to do? I think what you write makes me pick up on so much anti-beta sexism in media/institutions. Is there any constructive advice you could give to all betas on your blog?

My advice to betas who have seen the light: The system is discredited. It is broken. You have only to see to it that your own interests are served. Turn off the TV, shut out the whitenoise of the greater culture yammering less than useless platitudes into your ear, and keep your true friends close. Dispense your loyalty sparingly. Think of yourself as a saboteur leveraging the zeitgeist for your benefit. Get into a fight once in a while; it's good for your heart.

Email #3

From a woman:

> First off, I just want to compliment you on your blog. Your honesty about women, men and sex is a nice change from all that p.c. baloney about compromise, sex not being that important, etc. You're also an excellent writer.
>
> Anyway, since you post about alpha, vs. beta vs omega men and women, I thought I'd get your advice on how to handle being hit on by an overly clingy, desperate omega man.
>
> Last night at a singles dinner I saw this clingy omega guy, who I had met a while back, who was on me like static cling.
>
> At our first meeting, the guy, who I'll refer to a "O," parked himself over at my table. When I wanted to leave the dinner, O offered to walk me home through Central Park back to the Upper East Side. I declined his offer, but he still insisted on walking me out of the building until I found a cab, which I didn't want either. I mean, there's no way I would walk through Central Park at night with some stranger. What kind of idiot would expect a woman he just met to walk with him at night through Central Park?!?!?
>
> Anyway, I saw him again last night. This time he came to my table before dinner was served, quickly introduced himself, and then told me the people at his table were all cliquey, and that he couldn't find any other table. In order to be polite, and to distance myself from him, I tried introducing him to the other people at my table.
>
> That was obviously a bad move on my part since O asked one of they guys at my table to switch seats so he could sit next to me. The guy that switched with him later came over and apologized to me, since he could tell I didn't like O. It turns out he didn't want to be rude to O either.
>
> So to get right down to it, how would you brush off people you don't like? I'm basically a polite person. But on the other hand, I don't want these putzy omegas all over me just because of it.
>
> Thanks.
>
> L.

Flattery will get you everywhere. So you have attracted your very own pet omega. Doesn't quite boost the ego like attention from a worthier man, does it? If anything, it makes you feel worse. I know. When fat chicks hit on me, I wonder if I'm losing my edge that bottom dwelling dregs of womanhood feel they have a chance. Then I remember it's all just part of the wonderful fabric of life, and I feel better.

Assuming your story is true and you aren't twisting the facts to suit some anti-reader mailbag agenda, I guarantee men reading your email winced with disgust at this putrid display of betatude. The stink of the loser can clear a room from twelve parsecs. I have to wonder, though, if you led this guy on the first time you two met? Even if you didn't consciously do so, some betas will see flirting in the most innocuous female gestures, as desperation and hope warps their ability to distinguish reality from fantasy.

Based on his aggressiveness pursing you and his public appearance (true omegas rarely attend social gatherings), I'd classify your admirer as a lesser beta with no game but a lot of blockheaded fortitude. These are the worst types, as they will make a nuisance of themselves until you impress upon them in the clearest possible way that they have no chance. Arrogant nerds and asperger cases fall under this classification, as do guys who have good careers but nothing else going for them.

> What kind of idiot would expect a woman he just met to walk with him at night through Central Park?!?!?

Offering to walk women home when no attraction has been built is a classic needy “please love me” maneuver. Your dry pussy is stoking your contempt for this weak specimen of manhood. I hope he’s reading. Shock is often the only way to enlighten the blind beta.

> In order to be polite, and to distance myself from him, I tried introducing him to the other people at my table.

I think this was a mistake. Why foist him onto your tablemates? That only gives him the excuse he needs to loiter with your group. Politeness only encourages the aggressive lesser betas. If there was an empty chair, you should have lied and said it was being saved for someone. The idea is to make him uncomfortable, not to introduce him to your friends.

> That was obviously a bad move on my part since O asked one of they guys at my table to switch seats so he could sit next to me.

And there you go. I should really read ahead.

> So to get right down to it, how would you brush off people you don’t like?

Forget politeness. Say “Oh, hi” and “that’s nice” while he’s blabbing and make it obvious with your body language and facial expression that you are about to rejoin a conversation with your friends. If he persists in making himself unwelcome, firmly say “well, I’m going to get back to my friends now. BYE.” and turn your head sharply away from him. Don’t wait for his response.

Another shrewd move is to have a strategy with one of your friends in case a clingy lesser beta intrudes on your fun. When he walks over and starts talking, your friend dials your cell phone. Look at the phone and say “Oh, wow, this is important. Sorry, I have to take it. See you.” Let the phone be your cockblock.

Or have your beefy male friend insert himself between you and him and pepper him with guy questions about his job. You’ll need to work out a nonverbal code beforehand which will summon him for help.

In worst case scenarios, scream “RAPE”. Or just tell him I’m your lover. That cows even the most stubborn suitors into submission. A man’s gotta know his limitations.

Dating In The City: A Series

CH · 5 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's another installment of *Dating in the City* where I chronicle the mirth and madness of dating the headcases and cheap whores that live and work here. The women of this city cough up an endless stream of fodder for my blog. For that, I thank you ladies.

Zeets: You're not going to believe what this woman said to me when I called. "Let's meet for a bagel." What the fuck is that? Let's meet for a bagel?!

Me: It's possible for a woman to kill your motivation to see her with just five words.

Zeets: Ah, not to worry, I knew what she was up to. I set her straight and told her "No, we're meeting at a club that night." She quickly agreed. I could tell she was overjoyed that I didn't accept her terms.

Me: There's nothing more asexual than a brunch date. Sitting there in the middle of the day, spreading cream cheese on your bagel. "Oh this sesame seed bagel is delicious. What do you think? How is your marathon training going?" You want to get a girl into a sexy lounge with alcohol in her.

Zeets: I knew as soon as she said that what type of girl I was dealing with. She's dated a parade of herbs, one after another, and probably had a bagel date with every single one. I bet they were happy to go. I can just picture these herbs riding up on their ten speeds, taking off their helmets and fanny packs, and giving her a dead fish handshake. [Zeets imitating whiny herb voice] "Ah, ah, nice to see you. I really love bagels. This was a great idea. And, uh, and so it begins." She wasn't used to a silverback like me spoiling her script.

Me: She was begging for a caveman to come along and throw her bagels in her face.

Zeets: I was onto her. These girls try to squeeze you into their agenda. Their first instinct is to see if you'll let them cut off your balls. Most herbs gladly give it up. "Here are my balls! Snip away!" I wasn't going to let her do that to me. So I brought her back to that time when she was just blossoming into her womanhood and men were exciting to her. I made her feel like a giggling girl again.

Me: That's all they need. A man to remind them what it was like before modern city life corrupted them.

Zeets: In other news, I removed my old toilet seat and replaced it with a shiny new one. It looks spectacular.

Me: Did your bulk splinter the old one? Who changes their toilet seat?

Zeets: It's a good investment. Lifts the spirit to see that glittering new throne. A seat fit for a king's crap! You should try pampering yourself once in a while, pig.

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A Test Of Your Game

CH · 6 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The previous two times I presented a hypothetical pickup scenario and challenged you to respond with your best game, most of you revealed your beta soul with weak suggestions, but a few commenters showed a spark of alpha. Let's see how you fare this time.

You're at a dive bar and a friend's crappy band is playing. You notice a cute hippie-ish chick across the room. She looks back at you ever so briefly, but a half second is all you need. As you're mentally analyzing the logistics for optimal approach angle, she and her depressed-looking girlfriend wind their way through the small crowd and position themselves closer to you, talking to each other. Proximity IOI! You know what this means. You go in… smooth, confident, maybe one eyebrow arched, you cocky sonofabitch?

Entry is perfect. You engage her effortlessly and she responds well, smiling right away. Opening with an exceedingly trenchant observation about the band, you quickly segue into teasing her about something you notice she's wearing. You manage to squeeze in a little kino, lightly touching her arm and the small of her back, and even a funny braid in her hair (which you gently mock, naturally). Five minutes later, attraction is established. (It shouldn't take long if you know what you're doing.)

She tells you that her friend wants to meet someone at another bar, so she's going to go. She says this with an expectant look in her eyes. You notice her friend is standing with poor posture and glumly gazing around the room. A quick review of the situation tells you that following your girl like a puppy dog would look beta (after all, you're there for your friend's band, and they are still playing), so you say you'd like to chat again and hand her your phone. She takes it and proceeds to not only type in her number, but her name. She leaves with her sad friend.

Five minute interaction. Not enough time to move her into deeper rapport when you can impart a more indelible impression on her. You realize that mere attraction is not enough to secure a solid phone number, but you have to take your chances. A shaky number close is better than no number at all. A few minutes later, she sends you a text saying you are "adorable" and she'd like drinks soon. You text back, scolding her humorously for calling you adorable, and saying you will call. She texts once more with a funny throwaway line to which you don't respond. (You know better than to incriminate yourself by sending the last text.)

A couple days later you call. Voicemail. No surprise there. You leave a brief message. "Hey, it's [Massive Alpha]. Give me a call when you get this. Bye." Four hours later she calls back. Still not surprised. After a flirty and fun ten minute conversation, you set up a date with her in two days. The day before the date you get the following text from her:

"Hey – a friend of mine is going through a break up and needs to talk tomorrow night. The rest of my week is crazy. I'll give you a call later on and we'll make…" [her text gets cut off here]

What do you do?

******

Tomorrow I will post a selection of answers from the readers and judge them accordingly. Then I will tell you what I did.

Killer Qualification Line

CH · 6 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

If you like to date younger women (and really, what man with options doesn't?), here is a line that is practically guaranteed to set the right tone should the subject of age difference come up:

"I've noticed some women are nervous in the company of older men. It's like they get intimidated and feel they aren't good enough. You're not like that, are you?"

The phrasing of this line implies that you date a lot of younger women, so there is nothing unusual about her being attracted to you. It also assumes your higher value. Play it up by dropping challenges like "I've learned that only classy, intelligent women can handle older men." She will now spend some mental energy proving herself worthy of your interest. You may even want to use this line early on to preempt any future objections by her. Giggity!

How To Tell That Being Called A Slut Matters To Girls

CH · 7 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #77: Women will screech louder the closer your words get to damaging or exposing vulnerabilities in their sexual market value.

Based on the above maxim (and as amply demonstrated by the recent histrionic howling of the jezguzzling automatards shrieking on cue when confronted with my disconcerting words of truth), the top three soulkilling disses, in descending order of female ego destruction:

- Being called ugly
- Being called old
- Being called a slut

Corollary to Maxim #77: Assuming your words aren't too wide of the mark thus blunting the serrated edge of their slice, the worst insult you can call a woman is "hideously ugly old cougar cumfunneling whore".*

This has been a public service announcement courtesy of The Hell Matrix From Which You Can Run, But Cannot Escape.

PS The male equivalents are:

- Being called a loser
- Being called a coward
- Being called a fag

*Note that some women, particularly those of the fat, slutty and spinstery variety, will co-opt these words and use them among themselves in a transparently feeble attempt to mute their power to psychologically wound. When you hear women doing this, know that their soft underbellies are turned up for the quick and easy evisceration. "Cunt" is an especially vicious insult that never fails to get under the skin.

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 8 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Tuesday's post inspired the commenters to heights of creativity and in-depth analysis matched in erudition only by the rapist-like wit of a femtard invasion (with betaboy lackeys in tow). I enjoyed reading through the suggestions. Bravura performance.

I chose answers that best represented the widely known competing tactics for dealing with girls who cancel dates under the pretext of obviously bullshit excuses. The girl in my story technically did not flake because she cancelled well ahead of the scheduled date time, but the method by which she cancelled was in the same spirit as a flake. How you handle a transparently silly cancellation is similar to how you handle an inconsiderate flake.

Mu'Min wrote:

> "No prob, holla when U get clear."

This is the standard cool cat, emotionally neutral, "no skin off my nose" response. This response, and the "no response" response below, should be the default go-to options for guys who don't know what they're doing. It's better to invest in fundamental, low risk, conservative game than to potentially fuck it up by diversifying into high flying techie game where you are thinking too much and sending some overwrought, try-hard text in reply. Is the cool cat response the best available option given the circumstances in my scenario? Probably not, but you can feel safe using it. Your dignity will remain unscathed. This is the tactic to use when you think she's telling the truth and you want to seem reasonable and trusting. The downside, as one commenter noted, is that you give tacit compliance to her lame excuse. If you're concerned about rubberstamping her lies, you're better off not responding at all.
Grade (Cool Cat Game): B

Various readers wrote:

> No response. Ignore her.

Textual silence will at least leave her wondering, however briefly, if you received her text and why you didn't respond like every other guy she's pulled this stunt on. Roosh has talked about the effects this has on a girl. If her flake was a reflexive shit test, you can prod her curiosity with the lack of a reply. Then you give yourself an outside chance that she calls you just before the originally scheduled date time to ask if you got her message. This is good because it means she will have complied with your frame. But if she seriously lost all interest after the first meet, then you just saved yourself ten seconds not answering her text.
Grade (No Response Game): A

red wrote:

> Wait a few days then send her a message to the effect: "Hey, you missed out on a really great after dinner orgy. You shoulda been there, the action was awesome. Maybe next time." Delivered in a straight dead-pan manner. No smiley faces or "lols".

Cannon's Canon wrote:

> "I'm being sentenced Monday morning so it's literally now or never"

These fall under the category of humorous, cocky replies. I laughed, but will she? Maybe. Will that mean she calls you for a date reschedule? Not likely.
Grade: C, on a humor curve

Flashman wrote:

> "Hmmm…not good. You will have to make this up to me. You will give me a shoulder massage when you see me, so limber up those hands."

This is an example of the "Still Gaming Her" response. If you don't want to "NEXT" a girl (and if you're a beta who hasn't gotten laid in a while, "nexting" can seem like an awfully frustrating method for retaining your abundance mentality), then you should continue to run game with the intent of rebuilding the attraction that was there when you first met in that grimy bar. Upside: When it works, it works like gangbusters. Downside: It only works on girls who are still interested. Note: The "Still Gaming Her" text should be sent relatively soon after receiving her cancellation text. Otherwise, it will sound weird.
Grade: B-

agnostic wrote:

> "That's disappointing. We can meet on [whatever day], same time, same place. If that doesn't work for you, we can cancel."

sk3ptic wrote:

> "Something came up I can't hang with you tomorrow, blah blah blah."

Similar in function to the "Still Gaming Her" text, the IOD (Indicator of Disinterest) text is an attempt to steal her frame by disqualifying yourself on the follow-up. Catch: Letting a girl know you're willing to walk works better on girls who haven't already disqualified themselves with their flaky behavior. Sk3ptic's suggestion to act as if you never even saw her cancellation text is particularly intriguing as an example of appealing directly to a woman's emotions and circumventing her logic. Reframing an interaction with a girl does not require logic. It just requires balls. And chicks dig balls; logic… not so much.
Grade: Player's C

VK wrote:

> Send her a multimedia text of a picture of your balls sack then text the words… "suck it"

This is "Nuke the pussy from orbit" text game. We should all do this. The story we could tell our buddies is worth more than the lay.
Grade: A+ if it's an animated gif

tokyojesusfist wrote:

> picking up women has nothing to do with being an alpha.

Grade: Massive Beta

Jay Gatsby wrote:

> "don't call me. I'll call you when I get back".
>
> Give or take a week later, send her another text saying "I'm back. Call you later."

This is Stratego Game. Requires forethougtht and planning. I like it for its bold moves. Something like this could shake a girl back into attraction. Downside: Too many steps to implement.

Grade: B-

Joe T. wrote:

> "OK, no problem. Then meet me at the Hilton at 9 on Saturday, I will be giving a"

Jesus_Lizard wrote:

> "Sounds good, but where did we meet again?…. Just kidding, how about we"

Ah yes, the dangling penis texts. Keep her wondering what the hell you were going to say. I've never tried this, so you'll have to put in the field work yourselves to judge its effectiveness.
Grade: Incomplete

Kick a Bitch wrote:

> "tell her to suck it up… we're far more important ;)"

Now this is how you romance a girl.
Grade: Love

Will wrote:

> "…Yes?"

Will is right that alphas do not send verbose texts. I've written about this before; the more laconic you are the better. But I think a lot of readers are making a mistake to assume the girl knows she sent a truncated text. Sometimes you type out a long text, send it, and close your phone without ever realizing it got partitioned into two texts. So the "Yes?" response is likely to confuse her. Which may not be a bad thing.
Grade: B+

Chuck wrote:

> "You're divorced!! Just kidding. That works out great , there's xyz (make it sound like a big deal) and i was going to tell you I couldn't make it. We'll do something another day"

This is a double-barreled DLV. Your ploy to recuse yourself from the cancelled date post-hoc won't fool her, and you're offer of a future meetup when she just flaked on you with an insulting excuse is beta.
Grade: F

bds wrote:

> "Flake. Rude."

samuel wrote:

> "I don't know if you're lying or not, but texting me in this way is bullshit. Cut the crap, make it up to me, and maybe I'll give you access to my cock."

You can't guilt a woman into seeing you again. Women are led around by their emotions. If you make her feel bad for flaking, she'll associate bad feelings with you. You may think you're being an asshole, but assholes don't care enough to feel an obligation to enlighten a girl on her bad manners. Don't bother with these "calling her out on

her BS" texts. They rarely work except on mentally unbalanced girls. I'm not theorizing here. I speak from solid experience. I once spent a couple months experimenting by calling out all the flaky girls I met. I sent about eight "I don't accept this sort of rudeness" style texts to them when they flaked. Result: Not one of those girls replied.
Grade: D-

el chief wrote:

> "gay. you're buying if we meet up again"

This is a great example of classic old school asshole game. I love it. Short, direct, non-needy and edgy. Downside: It gives off a whiff of emotionally affected annoyance. Won't work on girls you didn't leave a strong impression on when you first met, but those it does work on will fuck you right after they buy you that drink.
Grade: A for Alpha Asshole

JAW wrote:

> "I've got lots of plans over the next couple weeks. Change your plans with your friend to lunch, and I'll see you at 8 tomorrow."

Some would say you shouldn't force a girl to choose between you and her friend, but an alpha would say "fuck that" and lead her to the place he wants her to be. If she's a highly primative girl, she'll respond favorably to this angle of attack. Now you've got a girl who would flake on her friend to jump your bone.
Grade: Pass and Fail

Rain And wrote:

> "My friend's band is playing again, Sunday the 15th @ xxx. You should check them out."

Great example of Indirect text game. Don't acknowledge her cancellation, and don't forgive her flake by setting up another date. Just drop a hint that you're cool if she wants to meet you someplace you'll already be. Upside: You seem detached. Downside: It puts too much of the decision making process in her hands.
Grade: B-

******

What I Did

Ten minutes before the time we were supposed to meet, I sent this:

> Hey, good luck.

I knew the excuse she gave was utterly ridiculous bullshit, so I figured the odds of meeting her again had dropped to near zero. But in the off chance that she was telling the truth, (remember, in my story her friend looks depressed. she could have been the one who was dumped), I wanted to keep the channels open for future contact. A brief, emotionally neutral text at the last second was the answer.

Everyone needs to read this comment by stagetwo. He has absolutely nailed the psychology behind the flake and the mental frame you must possess to deal with them.

> if you show you assume it's true, you're beta: naive.
> if you show you assume it's not true, you're beta: insecure.

In short, the matter of her veracity is COMPLETELY IRRELEVANT to your response. Think about it. An alpha

does not care whether she's telling the truth. Lying and flaking is all part of the wonderful fabric of femininity. He is, by nature, unmoved by such precocious antics. Stagetwo's suggestion is either No Response or:

> "sure. guess what i just saw: [unrelated observation of mutual interest]"

Grade: Money

Here are a couple more options you can pursue for dealing with flakes and which might work well.

- Flake first.

Some guys suggest the "Flake First" strategy of literally flaking out on a girl before she has had a chance to flake on you. This takes some serious balls, because most men are too weak and needy to actively blow up a chance to see a girl they like. This strategy would mean going against every instinct in your male psychology. Which is exactly why it could work on chicks like catnip. Give it a whirl. Cancel on the next three girls you schedule dates with. Don't set up an alternate date. Just text something along the lines of "Hey, hate to say this but I have to cancel because of X. Another time." Wait a few days. The next time you talk to her to arrange a meet, she'll be itching to see you.

- Preselection game.

PUA Savoy has suggested sending this:

> no problem, i'll invite someone else.

"I'm a guy with options" game can blow up in your face if done under duress. You risk sounding spiteful. This type of text game could work well if you had arranged a very casual date to meet up at some event, like a show or dance class. It will have a plausible ring of truth in those cases. But if you had a one on one date at a bar with her and she cancels, then telling her you'll invite another girl in her place will sound like a face-saving lie. This one needs field testing.

No You Don’t Sound Bothered At All

CH · 9 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I got a lot of trackbacks to my post on identifying sluts, and I was able to read the comments from a few of the links. This one was from a Facebook discussion forum:

> It’s fun sometimes to listen to people talk, because they’ll broach the subject of slut. I’ll ask them whats their definition? They’ll give me some silly vague definition about women who sleep with lots of men. I have slept with more than 3 dozen (and I have no shame in it) and I remind them of that. Then they will say, but you don’t dress like one! You aren’t a tease! You aren’t a liar!
> Haha.
>
> – [*removed to protect the guilty*]

The accompanying profile pic showed a somewhat attractive girl in her mid 20s. 36+ partners. Saddle up! Here’s something I’d like to remind her: The median number of sex partners for American women is three. You are a cheap, easy lay who has spread for more than ten times the number of cock as the typical woman. Don’t think you can fool the alphas for long by dressing conservatively. Attractive men have enough experience to recognize the subtler slut cues. No self-respecting man who knew of your past would take you seriously as a long term or marriage prospect. A lot of them will fuck you, but that’s not the same thing as winning their commitment. No, you will wind up settling for a grateful beta in your mid 30s, stewing in your resentment and bitterness, wondering why it all ended up like this. On the upside, when you divorce him after two years because he had the gall to discover you cheating, the law will look kindly upon you and your scoured aging vagina and give you half his hard earned money. Plus the house and dog.

I bet she has a masculine digit ratio.

Personally, I prey on girls like this because I know they will put out faster. I’m a huge fan of sluts and when I know I’m dating one I will spend less money on her and push harder and sooner for unlubed anal sex. If I was interested in a relationship, I wouldn’t even think twice about dumping her for a higher value girl with fewer past partners. (Or, more accurately, moving the slut to third string.) Sluts know this is true deep in the crevices of their souls, which is why, despite (or because of) their indignant protestations and transparent sophistry to the contrary, they really do get bothered when called out.

I can hear the lamentations of the cumhounds now.

“Oh, but you write a game blog all about making it easier for men to pick up women. You’ve had way more partners than me. Hypocrite!”

Dear sluts,
Don’t you know it’s different for guys?

It’s important to screen out slutty girls like the one above if you are looking to get married, otherwise you run a higher risk of ending up like this poor beta.

> GARDEN CITY, New York: A New York doctor is demanding his estranged wife pay him $US1.5 million ($2.1 million) to compensate him for the kidney he gave her while they were still on good terms.
>
> Richard Batista, 49, said he gave his kidney to Dawnell Batista in June 2001, and she filed for divorce in July 2005.
>
> The couple has three children, aged 8, 11 and 14.

> The New York Post reported that Dr Batista was dumped after his wife started seeing a physical therapist she met in 2003 while recovering from a knee injury suffered in karate lessons. “I saved her life and then to be betrayed like this is unfathomable. It’s incomprehensible,” the Post quoted Dr Batista as saying.
>
> “She engaged in an extramarital affair and refused to go to marital counselling and reconciliation.
>
> “She slapped me with divorce papers in the operating room while I was trying to save another patient’s life.”

Like an innocent beta lamb to the slaughter. Funny how people think being a doctor automatically confers alpha status. And then they scoff when I helpfully remind them that women are inherently amoral animals, and thus should never be taken seriously as moral equals. I have your kidney? You saved my life? Big deal, you’re a beta! And the physical therapist got me wet. What did you expect?

This gullible schmo probably thought toiling away for four years in medical school would guarantee him a smooth, happy ride with women. Fool. A few hours spent reading my blog would have better prepared him to avoid the ex-wife ass raping he got.

Squeal like a beta, boy!

A-hole Game: Day 1

CH · 12 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This week I will discuss Asshole Game. There is no sugarcoating it; being an asshole works on women, all women, most of the time. Any man who has lived a day in his life and isn't self-deluded by equalist ideology or chick flic romanticism knows this is true, even those PUA "love gurus" who unctuously sermonize that what women really want are "strong confident men" minus the asshole part. Save your holier-than-thou moralizing and desperate attempts to discredit asshole game by falsely claiming it only appeals to low self esteem girls. We're going to discuss what works, not what *should* work.

I've written before about how effective asshole game is at attracting and keeping your women in line. If you've been in a rut, or you're having troubles with your girlfriend (almost always instigated by the girl), acting like an asshole is the quickest and most efficient way to set things straight. I was talking about this with a couple friends recently and they agreed that no matter how often they see asshole game work, they still can't accept the reality of it. I hear this said all the time from friends who have witnessed me using asshole game on a girl: "I can't believe that works." No surprise. No man truly wants to believe that soul of a woman was created below.

I'm going to briefly describe a scenario from my own life when I was an asshole with a girl, and what effect it had on her. Use my lessons in your own life and be amazed at the results it gets you. (No, seriously.) In the comments, feel free to offer your own asshole suggestions for how you would have handled the situation I present.

I was six months into a relationship with a pretty au pair (standard MO: ten years younger). She lived outside the city. I was already telling her to "see me on a Tuesday night, because this weekend is tough for me. And you need to research getting your green card." I said this because secretly I was in hunter mode and wanted the weekend nights to myself for preying on fresh meat. My friends thought I was crazy. "She's the perfect girlfriend. Why would you fuck that up?" "She's going to know you're out at the clubs hitting on girls. She'll leave you." That's all I ever heard from them.

One of those weekend nights I was at a music club with friends, chatting with some goth chicks standing around us. Late in the night, my au pair girlfriend showed up at the club, unexpectedly. She had had her host family drop her off in front of the club at 1 am. I never told her where I would be at, let alone that I was even going out that night. She simply guessed and nailed it. I didn't see her come in. My friends looked over my shoulder with raised eyebrows as my GF sidled up behind me and put her arms around my waist.

ASSHOLE ALERT

I turned around and looked at her without smiling, the disappointment etched onto my face. I remember the thoughts going through my head: "Oh man, I won't be able to hit on any girls now that she's here." I muttered "Hey" and with a hint of annoyance asked her how she got there. I told her to get herself a drink. She never left my side for the rest of the night while I constantly glanced around the room. Her eyes blazed with a mixture of love and worry.

We stayed together for another year. It went on like this for a while: Me keeping a distance to surreptitiously hit on new women, her chasing after me. The sex never faltered. It was always hot and her pussy dripped like a faucet right up until the end.

There are genuine assholes who are loved, and there are spiteful assholes who get nowhere. The difference is crucial.

Uncaring asshole = success with women.

Caring asshole = failure with women.

When women say they don't fall for assholes, they are thinking of the second kind. A caring asshole comes from a

place of bitterness and spite. His assholery is reactive rather than proactive. He is poor at calibrating which women will be responsive to his dick attitude. Caring assholes are crassly insulting and transparently invested in the outcome of their game.

Uncaring assholes are assholes as a consequence of their indifference. It is the aloofness of the man she loves that drives women crazy with obsession*, and that aloofness is manifest as asshole behavior. An uncaring asshole demonstrates clearly in his body language and tone of voice, not to mention his dearth of words, that he could take her or leave her. In the scenario above, my asshole behavior mirrored my feelings perfectly — I really did not want her there by my side that night.

*Why do women love assholes? Quickie answer: Sexy Sons hypothesis.

A-hole Game: Day 2

CH · 13 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Asshole game with 25 year old foreign girlfriend

Her: I love Indian culture. The dancing, the colorful dresses, the religion…

Me: You love Bollywood? There's no accounting for taste.

Her: [getting seriously agitated] Shut up! The Indian culture is beautiful.

Me: Hey, there's an Indian guy who lives down the street. Go knock yourself out. You can get some of his culture long and hard.

Her: You're an ignorant American. A child. What do you know.

Me: I know you're being annoying.

Later — pussy dripping sex.

Asshole game with bartender chick

Me: [looking at her new hairstyle with a grimace] What did you do to your hair!?

Her: I got bangs! Jesus, fuck you.

Me: It doesn't work for me.

Three months later — pussy dripping sex. And free drinks.

Asshole game with heavily tattooed chick in indie club

Me: Hi.

Her: [sighing] Just to let you know up front, I'm not interested.

Me: So you're not going to introduce me to your cute friend?

Later — no sex, but pride as a man.

Asshole game with girl trying to break up with me in Starbucks

Her: I really think this isn't going to work. I don't want to do this anymore. Look at us.

Me: [slouching for maximum aloofness effect] I can read your face. You're a bad liar. But if this is what you want then go ahead. I gotta admit you're not easy to be in a relationship with. You're a fucking pain in the ass.

Her: What's that supposed to mean?!?

Later — six more months of pussy dripping sex.

***

Note: Never smile when running asshole game. It'll look like you're backpedaling.

A-hole Game: Day 3

CH · 14 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Previously: Asshole Game: Day 1 and Asshole Game: Day 2

Uncaring asshole game will revitalize a flagging relationship and help keep the love strong.

One weeknight around 1 AM I got a frantic call from my girlfriend. She wailed that she had gotten into an accident and needed help. Looking over at my clock and realizing it was six hours until I had to get up for work, I sighed heavily and asked her if the accident was serious. She cried. *"Whaat?? I don't know, yes it's serious! I don't know what to do!"* I told her to calm down and explain what happened. Between her sobs I could piece together the events. She had driven back from a job and was parallel parking on a street in her neighborhood close to her home, which was about a twenty minute walk from my place. In the process of parking, she had hit the SUV in front of her. Her car, presumably, was sticking out into the street a bit.

A parallel parking "accident"? There was no way I was rousing myself from my comfortable slumber and traipsing out there in the middle of the night to console her for a minor fender bump. How bad can a girl fuck up parallel parking? I thought for a second. My girlfriend was a skittish, uncoordinated driver. Stereotypically female behind the wheel. Yeah, if anyone could turn a parallel park job into a five car pileup it would be her. Then I thought about where she was parked. Her neighborhood was sketchy (i.e not enough SWPLs had moved in yet). If I were a girl, I wouldn't walk around there at 1 AM. I thought some more.

"Look, just leave your car there and go home. It's late. Get some sleep. I have to work tomorrow. We'll check out your car in the morning. Whatever happened, it can't be that bad, so stop freaking out about it. You just bumped a fender."

"I can't just leave it!" She was really crying now. *"You have to come! Please, take a look. It's bad. I don't like standing out here. It's dark and there are weirdos walking around. Just help me!"*

Fucking Christ. "Don't make a big fucking production out of this! You bumped your car, it's not a huge deal to get worked up over. Calm down and just walk home. I'll be there in the morning."

"Please come, pleeeeeease!!!"

Annoyed that my sleep was interrupted, and irritated with my girlfriend for spazzing out over nothing, I drove to the scene of the tardishness. She was pacing next to her car, arms crossed, tears running down her face. I examined the car. Holy shit. There was a giant gouge in the right front panel where she had turned the car too early as she was backing up into the empty parking spot. I couldn't believe someone could cause that much damage from parallel parking, not even a hysterical girl.

"What the hell did you do?!"

She explained that once her car bumped into the SUV up front, instead of doing the logical thing and pulling out to try again, she had freaked out and kept her foot on the gas pedal, trying to force her tiny Toyota into the spot. Result: A deep resale value-killing indentation from her car grinding into the bumper of the SUV. I get exasperated with stupidity, so I gave her the cold, hard stare of contempt.

"Give me the keys."

I pulled her car forward and parked it in the empty spot without incident.

"I wanted you to come help. I was scared out here."

I pointed at her house across the street. "You could've pulled your car out and parked like a normal human being, and then gone home instead of dragging me out here for nothing. Don't play these little drama acts with me."

She looked down at the ground. The streetlight reflected off her tear streaked face. *"What will we do about the car*

now?"

"I don't know. We'll talk about it tomorrow." I didn't offer her to come back to my place. "Try not to think about it and go to sleep."

The next evening she was at my place, apologetic but also hurt that I didn't rush to her side like a white knight. I barely paid her feelings any heed. Her pain simply didn't register. That night, we watched porn and I did her in the ass for the first time. She welcomed my meaty intrusion.

When I told a good friend what had happened, the words he used to describe me were "Grade A schmuck. Complete asshole." Then he wondered why she was still with me and said I didn't deserve her.

She and I stayed together for another year. The sex was always available and her pussy moist. She never had a "headache". She accepted my facials with clocklike regularity. In hindsight, she fit the description of a Neurotic Waif perfectly, with elements of the Eternal Ingenue.

The best Asshole Game is when the assholery comes naturally and effortlessly. What I did was not good by most people's definition of the good, but there's no denying it worked. After that incident, she was in love with me more than ever.

Girls Rip Each Other To Shreds Behind Smiles

CH · 15 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I remember this girl I dated when I first moved to DC. She was one of those types that had trouble keeping female friends but collected male orbiters like stinger-less bee drones to honey. Perhaps she incited the jealousy of other women with her brazen sexuality, or perhaps she tried to make friends with women out of her social league. I wasn't sure and I didn't care, even though I had to put up with listening to her woeful stories of victimology.

I've learned many mythbusting realities about women over the years of loving them, but one of the most disappointing lessons I've learned is how threadbare, shallow and tenuous are their friendships with female peers. For all the jabbering they do amongst themselves, the bonds that hold girl friends together are a surprisingly superficial amalgam of Machiavellian maneuvering, parched politesse, feigned sympathy, self-absorbed clucking, and fickle loyalty. It's as if female friendships exist only to serve the banal purpose of group cohesion and social climbing, in stark contrast with male friendships that can strengthen unencumbered by ulterior motives and which often require nothing more than the tacit assumption of "I've got your back".

One time I took this girl to a party where female friends of mine would be in attendance. (About 1/3 of my friends are women, and 2/3s men. After 5pm, that ratio reverses.) She noticed one of the girls was flirty around me. I agreed that she probably was nursing a long-held #1 crush. Out of earshot, my date then proceeded to call this girl fat, and grabbed my hand to walk with me in front of the girl, ostensibly to provoke seething jealousy. I didn't appreciate it. This was evidence that my date was a woman of poor character.

Some months later we broke up, and through intermediaries I learned that she had become good friends with the chubby girl she formerly ripped to pieces with a gleam in her eye. I wondered if she knew of her new friend's less than complimentary opinion of her, or if it was all bitchiness under the bridge.

Gossip is a natural property of human nature and something in which almost everyone, men and women, indulge (though women to a far greater extent than men). It is probably an evolutionary outgrowth of human status hierarchies, and so isn't going anywhere soon. For that reason, I'm generally bemused if I hear that friends are gossiping about me. It's all part of doing business as a DNA carrying replicant. Nothing much to get worked up over. But there is a line crossed where gossip becomes corrupted and twisted by resentment and ill will; when it becomes less a feature of human social dynamics than a bug. The caustic whisperings and barely concealed snarls behind phoneyfemme smiles and exaggerated *"Hiiiiiii!!!"*s that hit six different musical notes hide a dark, bitter soul. Invariably, it is women who are the shameless practitioners of this viciously psychological ego-feeding art. Occasionally, the poisoned opinions get out there in the ether like slimy tentacles, afflicting every social circle conversation with a brute manipulative face-saving veneer. But most of the time, the vaj vector of dirty gossip is skilled enough to keep her real feelings under wraps.

Not every girl is like this. I have dated girls, bless their hearts of gold, who had nothing but kind words to say about their girl friends behind closed doors. In fact, one of the key indicators that the girl you are dating is girlfriend material worthy of your non-penis time and attention is what she thinks of her friends when she has the opportunity to unload on them. Listen to what she says about her friends when it's just you and her. This will give you tremendous insight into how she will treat you over the long haul.

To those girls who possess a depth of untarnished loyalty for their friends — in the middle of the night with the shades drawn and no one but the company of your conscience, you know who you are — don't think for a minute that we men don't notice your good character. You are a rare catch. Most women have no need for the virtue that makes you stand out…

Integrity.

How Old Is She?

CH · 16 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A woman recently uploaded this photo of herself to Craigslist Rants and Raves (DC edition) asking random strangers on a board renowned for its sadistic cruelty to guess her age. (Craigslist RnR is the new American art form.)

The guesses ranged from 38 to 47. I bet those were not the answers she was hoping for. Had she included her face, it would be an open and shut case. This is a classic example of "I'm not grossly fat like 80% of women my age, so guys will think I'm much younger than I am" female game.

I will now explain why this version of female game fails every time. This is what men immediately notice with just a split second glance:

Veiny, saggy, pendulous boobs held in place by super strength, high tensile, steel reinforced megabra.

Half acre areola spread. (Like the ears and nose, the areolas continue growing with age until they consume the entire breast. See: Old issues of National Geographic.)

Flabby triceps. Shapely upper arms on a woman are like a canary in the coalmine — when they start crapping out the total war of age related destruction is right around the corner.

Undulating ripples of flesh along the obliques. The middle-lower back along the sides is quick to betray the effects of fat accumulation, muscle atrophy, and weakening of the collagen/elastin matrix.

Wrinkly wenis. The back of the elbow is a dead giveaway of the ravages of aging.

Stomach pouch. Where's the joey?

***

You cannot con the cock. Men have eagle eyes that can spot a woman's fertile youth from an altitude of 5,000 feet. This is why plastic surgery continues to be such an abysmal failure in this day of rapidly progressing modern capitalistic medicine. The subtle cues of feminine youth and beauty are highly resistant to rejuvenation by the brute force of hatchet, axe, and laser.

To those women who don't want to believe what I say, think about it like this: As perceptive as you are at ascertaining the betas (sometimes within two seconds before the beta even opens his mouth) from the alphas, we men are just as perceptive, if not moreso, at separating the hot stuff from the has beens.

My goal here isn't to mindfuck you for my own personal amusement (although that is part of it). I have a larger purpose — to end the dark reign of truth-killing platitudes and feelgood lies of uplift that particularly afflict the weak minds of women and which do nothing to prevent the day of reckoning but do everything to slow progress toward fighting the noble battle against the final judgement. I dream of a world where women remain beautiful for their entire lives, bringing decades upon decades of enjoyment to men like myself for whom beautiful women are one of the great pleasures of life. It is an unholy tragedy that a woman's bloom should wilt so soon. Aging is a wicked disease, like cancer or Parkinson's, and must be treated as such. So the next time your older friend asks you if she's still "got it", tell her the truth.

"No, your prime years are over. But you're a wonderful shopping companion."

You will save her years of roaming the dating wilderness searching fruitlessly for the elusive alpha who would commit to her. Stand tall with pride that you spared the world another deluded mangy cougar. Teach her the valuable lesson of settling.

Ladies, your window is small. Get crackin'!

Obama’s Women Sluttier Than Bush’s Women

CH · 19 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Having been through a couple Inaugural weekends here in DC, I can report that the women who have flocked into the city for Harem Leader Hopenchange are drunker, looser, and wilder than the chicks who descended on the city for W’s swearing in. Inaugural Balls should be renamed Fall On My Balls.

If it weren’t for the 8 degree killing frosts ushered in by man-made global warming, the collective supercharged libido would be spilling into the streets, lacquering everything with a sheen of pussy juice.

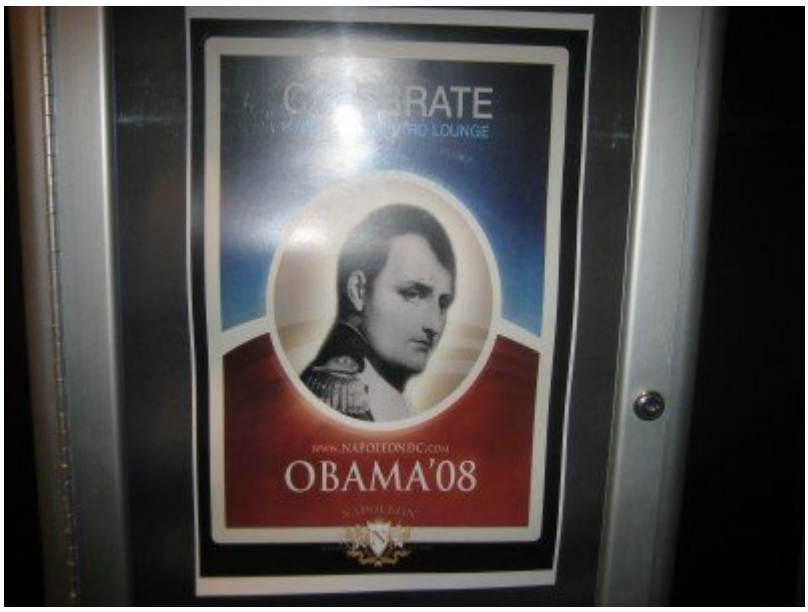
Are these women (con)genitally more expressive than W’s women, or has the Big Man cast a spell over his adoring concubines? I say if you are a guy in DC this week, you need to capitalize. To not do so would be betraying your masculine mission in life.

Thanks to the simple psychological tricks of transference and anchoring (co-opted into various PUA teachings) you can move those Obamamamas’ horny feelings from a nebulous and phantom-like cloudgod Barack to the very real in-the-flesh man standing in front of her.

You: This is a great time to be alive. Can’t you just feel the energy in the city! It’s like it’s bringing everyone closer [touch her on the back of the upper arm] together. Don’t you feel it??!

Her: Si se peude!

Someone’s got to service the Big Man’s harem when left unattended. Why not you?


RATE
OBAMA'08

My Inaugural Balls

CH · 21 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Random thoughts on the new epoch…

Forget Obama's unremarkable centrist Inaugural speech in which you might wonder if the Left conveniently rediscovered patriotism and the wisdom of the Founders. The good “”"Rev.”"” Joseph Lowery slam dunked the festivities with a rousing sermon chastising whitey for the unforgiveable sin of not bending over and taking it up the ass, and infantilizing everyone else who can't get their act together:

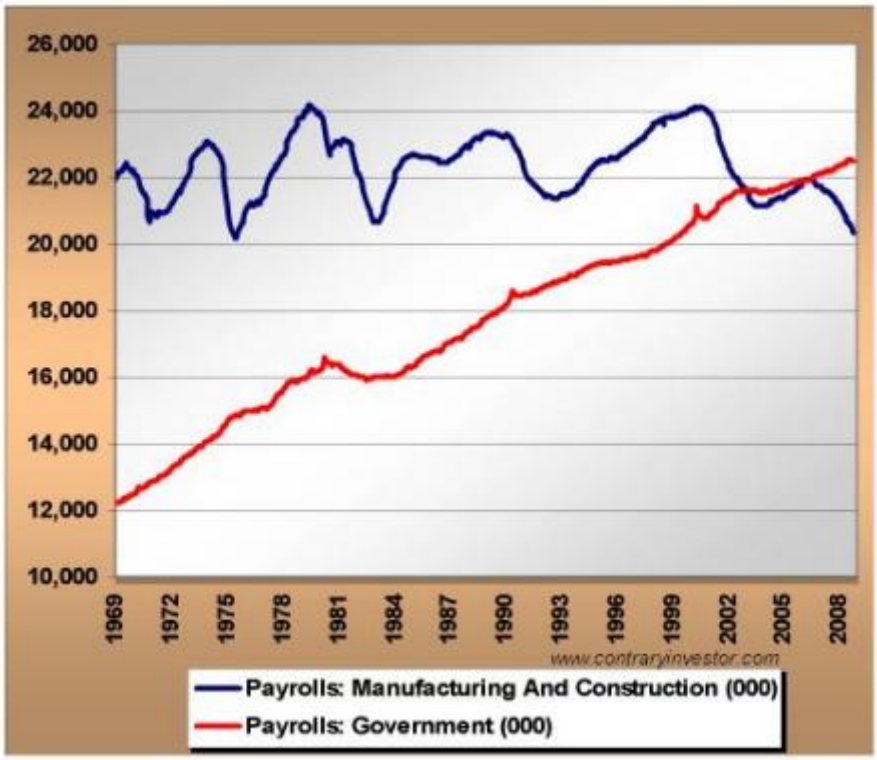
> Help us then, now, Lord, to work for that day when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, when tanks will be beaten into tractors, when every man and every woman shall sit under his or her own vine and fig tree, and none shall be afraid; when justice will roll down like waters and righteousness as a mighty stream.
>
> Lord, in the memory of all the saints who from their labors rest, and in the joy of a new beginning, we ask you to help us work for that day when black will not be asked to get back, when brown can stick around — (laughter) — when yellow will be mellow — (laughter) — when the red man can get ahead, man — (laughter) — and when white will embrace what is right.
>
> Let all those who do justice and love mercy say amen.

The spirit of the Lord moves me with His Word. I can feel the light and the love of Jesus Christ entering my heart. Oh Dear Sweet Baby Jesus! Bless me with your unfathomable goodness! Oh Lord, grant me your wisdom! Through your only begotten Son I pray for the Reverend Joseph Lowery and all those who sway catatonically to his words:

FUCK YOUR FUCKING FACE UNCLE FUCKER.

amen.

I can haz bad trends?



The time for unity has arrived. It's been arriving since the dawn of time.

The media hasn't just sucked Obama's cock. They've wrung out the last drop of his hot steaming load, swished it around their mouths, gulped it down slowly, and goatse'ed themselves into a giant hopeful O-shape so it could come out the other end untainted like a virgin shit. They have lost all credibility. If I were Obama, I wouldn't say a word. I'd just step aside and let my fawning lackeys do it for me.

For Obama to achieve a second term he will need to betray his deepest principles. Unless, that is, he has no deep principles. Judged by what he has written in his autobiography, it would be a good thing for the country if he didn't.

The country is moving left because the demography is moving left. Expect this to get worse. Expect the overseas tax haven business to boom.

George W Bush governed as a crypto socialist multicult religio-populist. He is an idiot and a fool. For those who believe in freedom and truth, he has done more harm to the cause than any avowed enemy could have done. The most insidious enemies are those who have bought and betrayed on the cheap your easily won trust. Whores.

Everyone's a conformist now.

Al Gore still lost.

Along my street, American flags have suddenly cropped up in windows. If you know anything about my neighborhood, you know it is practically ground zero for SWPLs. These newly minted patriots were the same ones cheering on the "freedom fighters" of Iraq's C.H.U.D. army to teach America a lesson. Hey guys, remember your motto?… patriotism… last refuge… scoundrels? Ah, why bother. Hypocritical pukes.

Empires die when the unproductive outnumber the productive and the elites do nothing to remedy it. In fact, they work to hasten the reckoning and clink champagne flutes as the ship lists perilously into the icy waters.

When Ted Kennedy dies in a most painful manner from his head cancer I will do a happy dance. No man has been as singularly responsible for bringing America to her knees than him. May the demon vultures of hell feast on every last morsel of his bloated rancid carcass for eternity.

In the end, truth always wins out. One way or another.

Women Who Have Affairs With Married Men

CH · 22 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

By the Power of Poon I was able to coax a girl into inadvertently revealing her low quality.

Me: [in my best nonjudgemental voice] Sometimes I think people judge us too harshly for the things we do when we are in love. For instance, I've had married women fall for me. I didn't know at the time they were married, but if I knew… who knows, I may not have ended it. It's hard to walk away from something so right, you know?

Her: I know what you mean.

Me: Have you ever had a torrid taboo fling like that? One that people wouldn't understand?

Her: I was with this one guy… he was married.

Me: And even though you knew he was married… you knew, right?

Her: Yes, I knew almost from the start.

Me: You fell for him and it was just about you two.

Her: All I could think about was us. It was like he wasn't even married.

Me: I can relate. It's about living in the present, and you can't imagine it not working out. [laying my hand on her forearm] Did his wife know?

Her: No, not at first, but she must have figured it out eventually. I guess, after a while, I felt like it wasn't going anywhere.

Me: It's ridiculous, but people think you should feel guilty.

Her: I never felt guilty, just sad that it ended. I left him when it became clear we were stuck in place.

******

When you get involved with a woman who has had affairs with married men, is she:

a. a cheater at heart?

b. a validation whore?

c. someone who will ass rape you in divorce court and spend the lottery alimony on shoes and lingerie to please her new lover?

d. a histrionic drama queen?

e. a good fuck?

f. an Eternal Ingenue?

g. drawn to provider alphas?

h. an entanglement of daddy issues?

i. usually hot?

j. a scheming, conniving cunt?

k. best kept at arm's length?

l. never satisfied?

m. trainable by dangling carrots and then pulling them away?

n. friendless?

o. a pump and dump candidate?

p. addicted to badboys, challenge, emotional highs and lows, and regular old drugs?

q. more likely to eat bananas lasciviously in public?

r. all of the above?

One thing is for sure, she is a sucker for wedding ring game.

Black Men, White Women

CH · 23 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader and prolific commenter Obsidian was interested in my take on this article by a white woman who discusses her preference for black men.

> **Black skin is** thick and lush, sensuous to the touch, like satin and velvet made flesh. There's only one patch of skin on a white man's body that remotely compares to nearly every inch of a black man's skin.

I have no idea what black man skin feels like, since VK won't let me run my hands up and down his chiseled biceps and give a squeeze for good measure, but I remember the skin of the last black woman I slept with — it was wrinkle-free and taut but also somewhat rough in spots, like sandpaper. The softest female skin I have ever touched was on an Asian woman.

> And I had the socially acceptable explanation for my craving. I used that paucity-of-available-white-partners rationale to explain my relationships with black men for several years. A white woman past forty is often passed over by her white-male contemporaries. She goes younger or ethnic or foreign-born or down the socioeconomic scale or darker or she spends lonely nights at home with her cats. Black men are happy to get the babe they couldn't have when she was twentysomething and fertile. The laws of the marketplace do prevail. It's not me, it's them being the white guys who weren't after me anymore, or so I claimed.
>
> That's a lie. The truth is, I attract about the same percentage of available white men my age (and far younger!) now as I did when I was thirty and that's not including the unavailable white men who want to play around anyway.
>
> Enough white men want me that I was hardly facing enforced celibacy, but I don't want them.

Let's take a look at the author's photo, shall we?

Here's a video of her, for more accurate judging. Hint: She's not the hottie standing on the right.

The only lie here is the lie she is telling herself. There is no way this gross disgusting old hag who hit the wall so hard she is on the other side of it is attracting any sort of white man except the bottom of the barrel dregs who will dump a fuck in her distended flabby hole because they can't afford an internet connection to whack off to porn outside of the public library. Her looks are relevant to her claim that she is freely choosing black men in favor of white men — she is holding up her desirability to white men as proof of her options in the sexual market and her freedom to choose which men to fuck. A simple, revealing photo utterly discredits the core underpinning of her argument by anecdote.

The truth here is, unfortunately for her, quite unflattering. As her repulsive ugliness has worsened with age and fat, her options have been severely curtailed. If she is finding solace in flings with black men, it is because

1. the white men she finds attractive no longer feel the same about her, and
2. the black men she finds attractive are more willing to overlook her market value-destroying flaws and fuck her. At least for one night. Heh.

Moving along to the rest of the article…

> I want black men. They want me. We look at one another and exchange a visible frisson of sexual energy in the lingering glances.

A small percentage of people do have an overcharged attraction for different races. But there's not much we can generalize from this one old hag's fetishistic sexual drive because she is not choosing in a free market with all options open to her. There are many delusional pretty lies humans tell themselves when cold hard reality is staring them in the bloated face. She may want black men given the structural incentives in place, but do they want her? Or, as I suspect is more likely, do black men see her sloppily flirting with them and think to themselves "Oh yeah, that white broad is gonna be an easy lay."

> Even in a time when nearly 40 percent of single Americans have dated outside their race, that deliberate seeking of the specific other makes some people, especially black women, damned mad.

Black women are mad because they're looking at black men fucking fat old heifers like you and wondering what the hell they're thinking.

> We are what they denigrate and castigate: white women and black men who choose one another because of our racial differences. They resent our taking their men.

Define "taking". I doubt in her case it means any commitment longer than a few nights together, away from the public eye. A man's got a rep on the street to keep.

> Black men are two and a half times more likely to marry a white woman than a black woman is to marry a white man.

Here are my thoughts on interracial dating. Despite all the sound and fury, I don't see too much of it. Most people date *long term* within their race. There are likely evolutionarily mediated reasons for this. Women are more racist than men in the realm of dating. They are less open to having relationships with men of different races, while men are bigger whores who will happily fuck a cute chick from any race. (Commitment is another matter.)

So in the bigger picture, I don't see many white woman-black man couples strolling around the city holding hands. In comparison, I see about three times as many white man-asian woman couples. These are my observations in DC and in major cities on the East coast; the numbers on the ground might be different in other parts of the country. Of

the BM-WF couples I do see, I notice two different types: The Maury Povich who's-the-daddy fat white trash girl with the thug, and the hot blonde, usually European girl with the handsome, well-dressed, and educated-looking yuppie black man. There doesn't seem to be much middle ground between those two types.

From casual conversation, my white guy friends don't find the general population of black girls attractive. Their preferences are decidedly skewed toward white chicks. I only know one white guy who has yellow fever. He proudly proclaims it, too. From my conversations with black women, they are even more racially provincial. I get the impression that black women don't find men outside their race at all physically attractive. I'm an outlier, in that I'm the recipient of a lot of flirty attention from black women. I think if I were an even blacker dude than I already am, I would clean up with black women. King Kong ain't got nothing on me.

So this is why black women are screwed, it would seem. Available black guys are hooking up with women of all races, white and Asian guys don't much like black girls, and black women only want to be with black guys. I can't think of a worse recipe for resentment and bitterness. Since men do some choosing in the sexual market (though men are not as choosy as women on average, neither are they mannequins standing around waiting for women to pick them out of the crowd), the choice by white and Asian men to overlook black women is going to have repercussions.

Why don't black chicks dig white guys and vice versa? In a word: testosterone. Blacks have more of it, and more androgen receptors, than other races. The same testosterone that imbues black men with attractive masculine features and musculature makes black women look less feminine. On average. This isn't an assertion from anecdote, because in my personal life I know quite a few really cute black chicks. I'm judging based on general observations and what I've heard from men of all races when the subject came up. Since women are attracted to men with lots of testosterone (for fucking, at least), it stands to reason that black women would want men who have more of it relative to their own. Here, few white and even fewer Asian men qualify as acceptable partners for black women.

I have demonstrated that the fundamentals of female beauty are universal. Men all over the world love 0.7 waist-to-hip ratios, clear skin, youth, feminine faces, big eyes, luscious lips, breasts and ass. Adjusting for racial idiosyncracies, a beautiful black woman's face has more fundamental similarity to a beautiful white woman's face than to an ugly black woman's face. However, there is an important caveat. I now believe that there is a slight preference among men of the major racial groups for women of their own race. In general, black men, all else equal, would rather date long term a hot black chick than a hot chick of another race. To illustrate, black guys prefer the bigger rumps that are a hallmark of black women. The same intra-race mechanism apples to white, Hispanic (who?), and Asian men. They all have marginally peculiar preferences for the specific beauty of women within their own race. I would not be surprised to learn that Asian men like flatter asses.

I know I am this way. My roving eyes are overwhelmingly pulled in by hot white chicks. I see hot Asian and black chicks, but it's clear to me where my strongest preferences lie. Is this because white chicks are, again on average, better looking than chicks of other races? Or is it because of my inborn endogamous sexual preference for girls of my own race? I don't know. I suspect the latter. But I do have some personal observations that buttress my tilt toward women of my own race. For instance, whenever there is a news story from the Congo, or Rwanda, and throngs of people are swarming around the cameras, I don't see a single woman in the crowd I'd want to bang. But when there is a camera pointed at Red Square or Stockholm, and girls are streaming past, I have trouble finding a fertile age woman in the crowd I *wouldn't* want to bang. In places like Tokyo, the urge to merge with the locals on camera is less cut and dried. There are a few Japanese girls who make the grade.

The class of the women has an effect as well. There was this time I was driving through the hardcore DC ghetto (nothing like an adventure), and a large public housing apartment complex had caught fire. The traffic had stopped, so I was idling by the smoking building while hundreds of residents who had been evacuated were milling about the sidewalk, waiting for the firemen to finish their job. My most vivid memory from that incident, and one that sticks with me to this day, was just how brutally ugly those women were. I mean, "make a documentary of it" ugly.

All right, back to the article…

> But in truth, black sisters, we're after the sex, not the ring, and these guys aren't the marrying kind anyway.

Squeeze those sour grapes, old bag. Of course she's written off the ring. No man who isn't a complete loser would commit to her decrepit carcass.

> Black men have more energy, style and edge than white men. They know how to flirt, a nearly lost art among the rest of us. A black man is so damned sexy because he knows how to make a woman feel sexy.

This is true if we restrict our sample size to has-been fat white women who faint with joy at the slightest attention from any man. While I believe that black guys on the whole do have better natural game than white guys, their often aggressive style of flirting and their whiff of dangerous edginess can be a turnoff for younger white women who are repelled by displays of brute machismo. My experience suggests that SWPL white girls and especially Asian girls in their 20s are more receptive to subtler mating cues. This is why Mystery has rarely run game on black chicks.

> They make me feel like a woman, both respected and desired.

Translation: No white man desires her enough to make her feel like the woman she was 20 years ago and in an alternate universe.

This brings up another interesting angle. Are black men less picky than white men? If so, that would explain the author's sudden conversion. My view: Black guys are indeed less picky when considering short term flings and one night stands. They seem to be more forgiving of wear and tear on white women, such as the accumulation of fat and waddles. Like other men, black guys are probably pickier when choosing which women get to be their number one girls. Who are the pickiest men? The alphas, of course.

On we go dissecting this disaster…

> My current lover,…

Translation: My current one night stand.

> On another night in that same bar, a different black man, an artist, knelt and kissed my knees.

Beta.
Correction: Kissing this old sow's gnarly knees? Omega.

> They look better than white men, they touch and kiss and make love better than white men.

Silly cow. When a man finds you physically less than ideal, he isn't inspired to please you in bed.

> Statistically, their penises are only a fraction of an inch bigger on average, but they seem bigger and harder.

I notice my hardness varies by the girl's looks. The hotter she is, the firmer I get. With this old broad, I'd have to enlist David Alexander's pornified pud to do the job.

By the way, I remember reading a study from some years ago that purported to show that package size does indeed vary by race, with blacks the largest and Asians the smallest. Commenters are free to find any links proving or disproving the stereotype.

> White men over 40 have lost their waistlines and their zest for life if they ever had it.

White women lose it even faster. Has this shoggoth looked in a mirror lately? On the larger point, I agree that sedentary black men keep their dainty figures longer than sedentary white men. Black women, otoh…

> Society overvalues the white man, leaving him angry and bitter when he realizes, around age 40, that he's not all that.

If this isn't a picture perfect example of projection, I don't know what is.

> With the exception of some Italians, white men don't turn me on anymore.

You won't be missed, bowlingballhead.

> While women my age scowl and frown at these aging, Upper West Side Boomers pushing strollers as the hand of the thin, blonde wife 20 years their junior rests lightly on their arm, I feel a kinship with the old goats. We are the same, me and that bald white guy, drawn to the exotic other, not caring that the object of our desire has no childhood memory of a Kennedy assassination or a typical WASP Sunday dinner of over-roasted beef, lumpy mashed potatoes and soggy vegetables.

This woman is hurting inside, deeply. She has secretly wanted that Ozzie and Harriet white picket fence life since forever, but now it is too late, if there ever was a chance. But the objects of her affection ignored her true wishes. There, there, lumpy mashed grandma taking random dick in bars and waking up to an empty bed and fridge. I'm sure all those older white guys dating younger women are JUST LIKE YOU. Except not.

> Halfway through the first glass of wine in my last date with a white man, I realized that little clouds of sadness and self-pity were regularly fluffing off his psyche like the dust clouds kicked up by that dirt-smudged "Peanuts" character as he walks through Charlie Brown's life. This guy was at least mildly depressed…

No wonder he was depressed. He was on a date with a beluga whale.

> What did he think would entice me more: That he assumed sex was probable because I'm a sex journalist or that he would need chemical help if sex did occur?

This broad is the gift that keeps on giving. Sex journalist? Why is it always the ugliest women in this "occupation"? It's like taking advice on losing weight from the world's fattest man.
And, yes, the poor guy would need chemical help to get it up with you. I'm thinking an IV of distilled super viagra directly into the penis vein, and a brick wall with a hole drilled in it between you two.

> I cannot even imagine a black man bungling an attempted seduction in such a sad way.

I cannot even imagine the omegas who are happily chowing down on her cheesy old lady labia.

> I recently came out of my racial-preference closet and told my friends, "I love black men. I'm not attracted to white men over 40, and I'm not dating them anymore. Really, it's not them, it's me.

Translation: "I recently gave up trying to attract white men who aren't trolls and told my friends "I love black men because some of them are so horny they look past my disgusting body to masturbate into my cavernous hole. I'm telling myself I'm not attracted to white men over 40 because it makes their rejection easier to swallow, like my

black lovers' loads. Really, it's not them, it's my ugly roast beef face.""

My work here is done.

Beta Pedestal Game

CH · 25 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The perfect distillation of it on Craigslist:

drop dead heart stopping beauty – m4w

Reply to: XXX
Date: 2009-01-24, 9:25PM EST

saw you at the Blooms store on minnniefield rd I let you in front of me just to see (no harm in mind no stalker) If a woman could truly be that beautiful and you truly are.You bless the earth with the imprint of you foot upon it,s soil

If you want to know why Game works so well, it's because there are so many of these chumps out there in circulation. You'll be a wolf among sheep.

30 And Still Flaky

CH · 26 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The number of women in DC who are in their late 20s to early 30s and still flaking as if they were hot college coeds has reached critical mass. When I call a 29 year old woman's number to set up a date, the last thing I expect to encounter is flaking or playing hard-to-get. It's such a massive turn-off that I demote a deluded woman like that immediately. If I get her into bed, I fuck her a few times, hard and angry, just enough to get her addicted to my manloaf, and never call again. Ladies past their peak, here's some helpful advice from a representative of the Ministry of Stone Cold Truth: If you are a woman over the age of 27, do not fool yourself that you possess the market leverage to:

1. not answer the phone by the third ring or deliberately let a man's call go to voicemail.
2. not return a phone call within an hour.
3. cancel a date less than five hours before the scheduled meeting time.
4. flake in any manner whatsoever.

Because you don't have that power anymore over men who matter. Guys like me are less forgiving of gameplaying from women who no longer have the grade A goods to get away with it, so your best bet is sincerity, straightforwardness and good faith. Annoyingly capricious female behavior is the prerogative of girls in their prime. You, over-27 woman, must adjust accordingly. That means either putting aside the notion that you can flake without consequence, or dropping your standards and dating needy betas who will gladly lap up your shit and beg for more.

In my life, I've noticed a change for the worse. More women, and older women, are acting flaky. Such a cultural deterioration can only happen for one reason — massive, all-encompassing betatization. The sack-shriveling epoch is at its watershed. So-called "men" have abdicated their duty to punish women for their flaky behavior. The verdict is in: The entitlement complex of American women is out of control. It is time to put an end to it. Because I am a humble humanitarian of stupendously magnanimous good will, I present my five point battleplan for bringing the egos of American women back into line:

1. Be a cad. When a hot girl passes by, casually mention out loud in the company of your date/GF that the girl is beautiful. Do this a couple times and she will wonder "Does he think I'm as cute as her? Will he leave me for someone like her?" Then, step it up a notch. Add unpredictability to your ego-taming strategy. For every hot chick whose beauty you announce, wait for an ugly girl to walk by and mention how hot she is. This will fuck with your girl's head like nothing else. Now she'll wonder "Wow, if he thinks that toad is hot, what does that say about me? What *does* he like??"
2. Cancel dates. This is an amazingly effective technique for shifting the balance of power in the man's favor for the simple reason that so few men do it. What could squash cancerous female ego growth faster, and imbue you with the alluring underworld glow of alpha devilry, than bugging out on a first date? Don't give a reason. Just say something came up, and you'll call her later. Leave a heavy air of mystery hanging between you two. Relish the thought of her tossing and turning in bed at night wondering if you found a woman with bigger boobs. After all, what is seduction in essence but the co-opting of a woman's tools of the trade to use against her? Bonus: Cancelling dates is a huge power rush.
3. Extol the virtues of European women. Be subtle, of course, but be sure your message, true or not, is taken to heart. When talking about your travels, mention how the Europeans "just do things differently over there. Dating is not the chore it so often seems it is here. It's so refreshing the way European men and women naturally gravitate to one another. No head games at all. To European women, romance is playful and fun." Then mention how your business takes you to Europe frequently.
4. Assume the flake. When you meet an American Coastal City girl for the first time, and you are about to number

close or otherwise set up a date, prevent any future flakiness by shaming her to behave the way you want. Say: “If you’re gonna be one of those flaky girls, tell me now so I can delete your number. Nobody likes those types.” Naturally, your challenge will have done its job and she will defend her honor. You’ve established boundaries of acceptable behavior that she’ll be less inclined to violate.

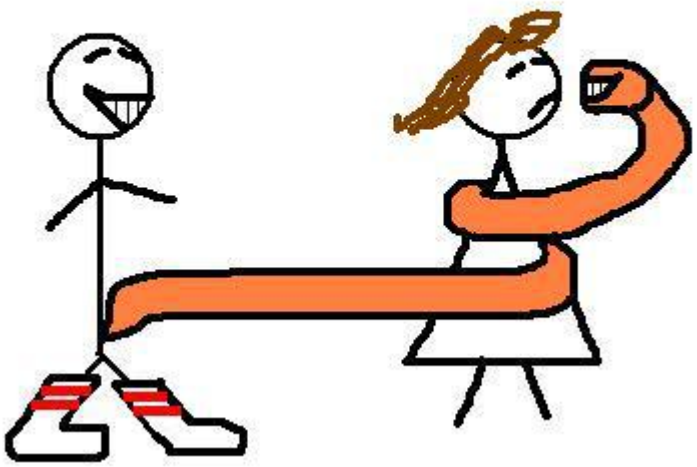
5. Don’t answer her calls. When you see her number light up on your caller ID, let it go to voicemail. Wait five minutes, then call back. Act nonchalant. She will wonder why you didn’t pick up right away. It’s a small detail that helps reframe the interaction to one where she is chasing you.

Godspeed, you nascent alphas, you smashers of overblown American women egos. The pendulum swings back now.

Sex And Socks

CH · 27 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Why are women offended by the wearing of socks during sex?



Who's The Alpha?

CH · 28 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Let's assume for the purposes of this post that this exchange between Mickey Rourke and Jericho on Larry King wasn't staged. (I don't know one way or the other.)

Which man is the bigger alpha?

"Have a good night, son."

Feigning Beta Provider

CH · 28 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

If you run solid attraction game but your rapport is weak (usually due to time constraints or a loud environment not conducive to sitting down and getting more conversational with a girl), there is a higher chance she will flake not because she's uninterested, but because she suspects you may be a player who will love her and leave her. The positive but superficial emotions that an exciting player instills in her quickly dissolve once she's back home and decompressing. Emotions generated from rapport are longer lasting if for no other reason than that they are unique to her — most men will not have the skill or knowledge to successfully engage a girl in deep conversation on the first meet. This is why nearly all masters of seduction stress that the comfort stage (or "day 2 stage") is 90% of getting a woman into bed.

One thing you'll notice if you occasionally date women in their late 20s is an uptick in flaking brought on by a volatile psychodramatic mixture of getting burned in the past by badboys and their biological clocks pushing them to find stable, paternally inclined men. None of these things are conscious decisions; her actions are the manifestation of subconscious forces.

Beta provider has a bad connotation, but in fact women, especially those past a certain age and feeling the forlorn pangs of their empty wombs, have a part of them that is attracted to such men. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to identify which of the women you date are genuinely interested in signs from you that you would make a good husband and father, and to feign the signals that would peg you as a beta provider. This means attenuating your cad game and emphasizing your dad game.

I had a day 2 with a sexy late 20s woman I approached in a bar. We had kissed within 20 minutes. She wanted me to call her and demonstrated this when she held up her hand to her ear in the shape of a phone as I was walking out of the bar. I called two days later and got her voicemail. She never replied. Flake. A week later, I was able to reverse her flake with a virtually foolproof text I discovered in the course of my social experimentation. More on that another time. We met a few days afterward. The first words out of her mouth as we were sitting across each other on our first "formal" date were *"I don't usually make out with guys in bars. I had too many free drinks that night."*

Nevermind the veracity of her statement. It's irrelevant. Her words carried more weight than she could have imagined. She flaked because she felt slutty for kissing me in a bar. Later in the date, she mentioned that she had a history of choosing the "wrong guys". Coupled with her body language, fashion sense (conservative) and her documented anti-slut flake, this was all the information I needed to adjust my game for maximum id penetration. I quickly assessed her psychological dimensions:

- likely pump and dump victim
- likely dumped by a long term BF she thought was "the one"
- is running from her slutty past
- has attracted players in the past and now fears getting attached to them
- is keenly aware of any signs that a man may be a player
- distrusts her own sexual impetus
- will test me for provider attributes

What I did:

- talked about my nieces and nephews and how much they loved it when I visited
- pared back my cocky funny game
- skipped the negs

- wore a business suit (minus tie)
- discussed future oriented subjects like “goals in life” and “where do you see yourself in five years?”
- remembered a few critical details about her from our first meeting in the bar which I sprinkled into our conversation
- told her I’m “happy with my **career**“
- slowed down my kino progression
- made sure our seats were in a corner of the bar where people wouldn’t see us kissing

Naturally, for most guys, acting like a beta provider isn’t much of a stretch. But if you’re good at attracting random girls you’ll find that in time you lose touch with the “softer” side of yourself. Newly graduated players often nurse an incoherent fear of seeming too beta, so they compensate too far in the other direction. This is why when men fail to get a woman into bed the cause is more often the result of a bad day 2, and not the initial meet.

One more thing. The snare of beta provider game only works after your alpha cred has been firmly cemented in her mind. So don’t go thinking you can put on the halo before the horns have lured her in.

A Cat Lady Bares Her Soul

CH · 28 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Craigslist is coughing up some gems lately.

Reasons I Like My Cats More Than Any Man I Have Dated in the DC Area – 23 (For Anti-Cat Man)

Reply to: XXX
Date: 2009-01-27, 10:00AM EST

Dedicated to the old, cat-hating man…I've provided a list of reasons that my two kitties are better than any of the men I've gotten involved with in the DC area.

• My cats have never taken me on a date to the 7/11.
• My cats have never pretended to be the love of my life, then disappeared into thin air without even the courtesy of a post-it note explanation.
• My cats have never lied about being Navy SEALs. Not once. Actually, my cats don't lie AT ALL.
• My cats are ALWAYS in the mood to cuddle.
• Cleaning up after them is much easier than cleaning up after a man.
• My cats have never drunk half a bottle of Jack Daniel's then tried to break my arms.
• My cats have never lied to me about being married to try to get me into bed.
• They're not afraid to show their love and affection, which is unconditional.
• My cats are VERY intelligent.
• They aren't obsessed with Asian women.
• They would NEVER intentionally hurt me.
• They clean themselves daily.
• They aren't insecure.
• They're very low-maintenance.
• They have never betrayed me.
• They like ALL different kinds of people…blonds, brunettes, redheads. Because they're not fixated on narrow, exclusive sets of physical attributes.

So when faced with the decision of whiny man versus loyal cats, I'll go with the cats any day…

******

She sounds like one of my exes. Always bitching. Her standards are way too high. What's wrong with 7-11? With the right attitude and cocky smirk a guy can turn a microwaved burrito into a cherished romantic memory for the girl.

How much you want to bet she completely forgave him and had a squirting orgasm that night after he tried to break her arms in a drunken stupor? Women… their tales of woe fall on deaf alpha ears.

Vulnerability Game

CH · 29 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There are some concepts of Game that still take me aback when I use them in the field and their awesome power is demonstrated. Asshole game is one. Negs are another. And to this day I'm surprised how admitting a vulnerability about myself (true or not), in the right context, can instantly strengthen an emotional connection with a girl.

Her: I was hiking in the Amazon and this parrot flew right up to me and tried to eat an apple I was holding in my hand!

Me: Wow, that's cool. I think I would have ducked for cover.

Her: Why?

Me: Ahh, this is embarrassing to admit [pause… look down… look up… half-smile], but I have a weird fear of parrots ever since one tried to bite my ear off at the zoo when I was six years old.

Her: Awww! Really? That's so cute!

A few points regarding Soft Underbelly Game:

- Don't reveal more than one vulnerability about yourself. You may be tempted to do this when you see the positive reaction you get as your date's eyes light up, but the persuasive confessional power of Soft Underbelly Game is quickly lost with repeated use. "Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention I'm afraid of toy dogs and old ladies, too!" "Um, OK, that's… strange. Listen, I've gotta go. [whispering to herself] *beta*."
- Don't ham it up. Act like you're ashamed to admit your weakness, don't wallow in it like it's a badge of honor. If she starts asking you questions about it, gently dismiss her probing. "You know, I'm not keen on reminding myself how parrots make me their bitch."
- Don't run vulnerability game when you first meet a girl. Trying to capture a girl's interest by sheepishly owning up to a secret fear is known as forced rapport. Emotional connection is effective only after sexy dominance has been established. This is one reason why rock stars can get away with crooning love songs like emo betas without suffering a hit to their sexual market value.
- If you don't have a vulnerability, make one up. As a perfect specimen of Sith Lord masculinity (pre-prequel version), this is what I have to do. My favorite is to "confess" a fear of small, harmless furry animals, like gerbils or floppy-eared rabbits, because "one attacked me when I was a little boy". The odder and more off-beat the fear, the better. "I still wake up sometimes. I wake up in the dark and see the flopping of the ears." What she's thinking: Only an alpha male would feel comfortable admitting to such a quirky, ridiculous fear.
- Wait for a pretext before confessing your vulnerability. Like so much of social dynamics and face-to-face communication, the influence we have over people is proportional to the natural-soundingness of our delivery. Budding pickup artists often stumble badly in this regard, because tactics, tricks and routines blurted out irrespective of the flow of conversation sound incongruent (i.e. creepy) to the listener's ears. In the example above, my date talked about hiking in the jungle, which gave me the plausible opening I needed.
- Have a VMD (Vulnerability of Mass Destruction) in your arsenal. For some girls, particularly creative field types who get high on their own emotions, going hardcore by admitting to a really intense fear or sadness will leave such a strong impression on them they'll masturbate to thoughts of you. Be careful deploying a VMD. Vibe matters. If your rapport is intense, and her demeanor serious, you can talk about how you couldn't walk down a certain street for months because you once saw a man get killed by a mugger there.
- Contrast is king. The goal of rapport is to take a girl on an emotional adventure, through highs and lows. You want to whisk her to those zeniths and nadirs, not follow her there. (If you let a girl lead the conversation, the highs and lows will disappear in favor of a monotonic conversational plateau. Kiss that vagina goodbye.) Don't play "Battle of the Vulnerabilities" with her and try to one-up any secrets she reveals about herself. Instead,

mirror her when she’s upbeat, but force the downbeat when the groove is right. Learn the art of the segue.

So there you have it. Let your weak flag fly (in brief, measured unfurlings).

January 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 30 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When I introduced the Beta Of The Year contest, readers were very enthusiastic. I got more submissions than I expected and sifting through them all to find the most nauseating betas to hold up for public ridicule turned out to be a bigger job than I anticipated. Trust me, this was not pleasant reading.

As you know, I select two BOTM candidates from among the submissions for an end of the month vote when the readers will determine the final BOTM winner. At the end of the year, there is a reader vote to select the Beta Of The Year from among the twelve finalist BOTMs.

There were so many great submissions for January that choosing two for a vote was difficult, so I've expanded the number of candidates to three for this month only. I feel like these three best represent what is worst about self-castrating beta behavior.

January 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by **Book of Dooderonomy**. It's a New York Beta Times article (remember I suggested the biggest betas would be found in the New York Times) about a guy who spends years chasing after a badboy-loving slut, letting her cry on his shoulder, and finally "winning" her over and lavishing her with an extravagant wedding.

> Within minutes they were sharing a flirtatious conversation as they strolled across the campus. Then they went their separate ways, and he vowed to find her when school began later that month.
>
> As it turned out, he didn't have to search very hard. They were living on the same floor of the same dorm. It seemed like destiny. Except she had no memory of him.
>
> "He would look at me in the hallway, and I didn't know who he was," recalled Ms. Lichtman, also 28 and now an account director in New York at an entertainment marketing subsidiary of Omnicom.

Classic beta scenario. Beta recalls every last detail of girl he flirted with for a few minutes, while she remembers nothing about him.

> They quickly became inseparable. But only as friends.
>
> When it came to dating, her taste ran more to bad boys with nice cars. Yet he was the one she turned to whenever she was upset. "He was always the person who calmed me," she said. "He was there when other boys broke my heart."

LJBF. Emotional tampon. Eunuch.

> He was also there when she was hospitalized with Crohn's disease their sophomore year and the medication she took made her overweight and depressed. He tried to convince her that they belonged together, but she resisted. "I didn't want to give up my best friend," she said. "I didn't trust myself not to hurt him."

I can feel the bile climbing up the back of my throat. So this beta extraordinaire GOES TO THE FUCKING HOSPITAL to comfort a FAT DEPRESSED BITCH who is banging badboys and TELLING HIM ABOUT IT. And then she has the gall (or the fearlessness) to toss out that trite "I can't have sex with you because I don't want to ruin our friendship" excuse. Does he find solace sticking his shriveled manhood in a hole through her photograph as tears stream down his face?

> One night, while he was making his case for the umpteenth time,

Naturally. Persistence = beta game.

> "I felt David was the right person for me, but I didn't feel ready to be with him," said Ms. Lichtman, who was not sure what she wanted. As the oldest of six children she was used to sacrificing what she wanted, and she was determined not to do that. Not even for someone she loved. "I wasn't going to be with him just because I was scared of losing him."

What a glimpse into the fetid, mucked up mind of a woman. She utterly disrespects this tool if she thinks he's the sort of fool who would take her feeble rationalizations at face value.

> He was devastated, but undeterred. "Though the situation was complicated, my feelings weren't," he said. "I knew how much I loved her. If we were just going to be friends, then I'm her friend."

He's a fool.
He eventually goes on to "break up" with her for a whole three weeks while he's experiencing financial problems, but then quickly chastises himself for his rare display of testosterone:

> Three weeks later, his panic was over, but so was their relationship. "What I did was the dumbest thing in the world," he said, but she did not want to forgive.

Finally, he admits he can't get anyone else:

> Then in May 2007, after four years apart, he asked: "How much longer are you going to make me wait for you?"

She relents AKA settles:

> Something inside her melted. "I spent all these years trying to figure out who I was and who I wanted to be with, and all of a sudden it was right there in front of me," she said.

Translation: Something inside her gave up. "I spent all these years fucking guys with tattoos and DJs trying to get one of them to fall in love with me, and all of a sudden I looked in the mirror one day at my fading looks and found the nearest beta chump who would marry my ragged, torn up pussy and treat me like the ex-slut I am," she said, sadly.

The most telling quote is at the end of the article:

> "I had 500 reasons why I loved David, but I needed my heart to be in the same place that my head was," she said. "For his wedding present there's 500 Reasons I Said Yes."

500 Rationalizations I Said "Ah, Fuck It". I predict their marriage will last less than three years when she's caught cheating and divorces him for the alimony which she will put toward her New Boyfriend Gifts fund. The courts will agree with this arrangement.

Check out the wedding picture:

January 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 30 January 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When I introduced the Beta Of The Year contest, readers were very enthusiastic. I got more submissions than I expected and sifting through them all to find the most nauseating betas to hold up for public ridicule turned out to be a bigger job than I anticipated. Trust me, this was not pleasant reading.

As you know, I select two BOTM candidates from among the submissions for an end of the month vote when the readers will determine the final BOTM winner. At the end of the year, there is a reader vote to select the Beta Of The Year from among the twelve finalist BOTMs.

There were so many great submissions for January that choosing two for a vote was difficult, so I've expanded the number of candidates to three for this month only. I feel like these three best represent what is worst about self-castrating beta behavior.

January 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by **Book of Dooderonomy**. It's a New York Beta Times article (remember I suggested the biggest betas would be found in the New York Times) about a guy who spends years chasing after a badboy-loving slut, letting her cry on his shoulder, and finally "winning" her over and lavishing her with an extravagant wedding.

> Within minutes they were sharing a flirtatious conversation as they strolled across the campus. Then they went their separate ways, and he vowed to find her when school began later that month.
>
> As it turned out, he didn't have to search very hard. They were living on the same floor of the same dorm. It seemed like destiny. Except she had no memory of him.
>
> "He would look at me in the hallway, and I didn't know who he was," recalled Ms. Lichtman, also 28 and now an account director in New York at an entertainment marketing subsidiary of Omnicom.

Classic beta scenario. Beta recalls every last detail of girl he flirted with for a few minutes, while she remembers nothing about him.

> They quickly became inseparable. But only as friends.
>
> When it came to dating, her taste ran more to bad boys with nice cars. Yet he was the one she turned to whenever she was upset. "He was always the person who calmed me," she said. "He was there when other boys broke my heart."

LJBF. Emotional tampon. Eunuch.

> He was also there when she was hospitalized with Crohn's disease their sophomore year and the medication she took made her overweight and depressed. He tried to convince her that they belonged together, but she resisted. "I didn't want to give up my best friend," she said. "I didn't trust myself not to hurt him."

I can feel the bile climbing up the back of my throat. So this beta extraordinaire GOES TO THE FUCKING HOSPITAL to comfort a FAT DEPRESSED BITCH who is banging badboys and TELLING HIM ABOUT IT. And then she has the gall (or the fearlessness) to toss out that trite "I can't have sex with you because I don't want to ruin our friendship" excuse. Does he find solace sticking his shriveled manhood in a hole through her photograph as tears stream down his face?

> One night, while he was making his case for the umpteenth time,

Naturally. Persistence = beta game.

> "I felt David was the right person for me, but I didn't feel ready to be with him," said Ms. Lichtman, who was not sure what she wanted. As the oldest of six children she was used to sacrificing what she wanted, and she was determined not to do that. Not even for someone she loved. "I wasn't going to be with him just because I was scared of losing him."

What a glimpse into the fetid, mucked up mind of a woman. She utterly disrespects this tool if she thinks he's the sort of fool who would take her feeble rationalizations at face value.

> He was devastated, but undeterred. "Though the situation was complicated, my feelings weren't," he said. "I knew how much I loved her. If we were just going to be friends, then I'm her friend."

He's a fool.
He eventually goes on to "break up" with her for a whole three weeks while he's experiencing financial problems, but then quickly chastises himself for his rare display of testosterone:

> Three weeks later, his panic was over, but so was their relationship. "What I did was the dumbest thing in the world," he said, but she did not want to forgive.

Finally, he admits he can't get anyone else:

> Then in May 2007, after four years apart, he asked: "How much longer are you going to make me wait for you?"

She relents AKA settles:

> Something inside her melted. "I spent all these years trying to figure out who I was and who I wanted to be with, and all of a sudden it was right there in front of me," she said.

Translation: Something inside her gave up. "I spent all these years fucking guys with tattoos and DJs trying to get one of them to fall in love with me, and all of a sudden I looked in the mirror one day at my fading looks and found the nearest beta chump who would marry my ragged, torn up pussy and treat me like the ex-slut I am," she said, sadly.

The most telling quote is at the end of the article:

> "I had 500 reasons why I loved David, but I needed my heart to be in the same place that my head was," she said. "For his wedding present there's 500 Reasons I Said Yes."

500 Rationalizations I Said "Ah, Fuck It". I predict their marriage will last less than three years when she's caught cheating and divorces him for the alimony which she will put toward her New Boyfriend Gifts fund. The courts will agree with this arrangement.

Check out the wedding picture:

NYT2008122916421734C
***

January 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by **Henner**. It's a story about a doctor who donated his kidney to his whore wife to save her life and was repaid in kind when she spread her legs for her physical therapist and then slapped him with divorce papers while he was in the middle of performing surgery on a patient. She ran off with the kids whom he hasn't seen in months.

What put this poor beta bastard over the top for consideration as BOTM was the fact that one of the reasons he gave for donating his kidney to his wife was to save their marriage.

> Adding to his anguish, Batista insists his decision to donate his kidney in 2001 was in part a failed effort to rescue their troubled relationship.
>
> "My first priority was to save her life," the 49-year-old doctor said. "The second bonus was to turn our marriage around." […]
>
> Her husband – a surgeon at Nassau University Medical Center – injected her three times a week with medication as part of her health care regime.

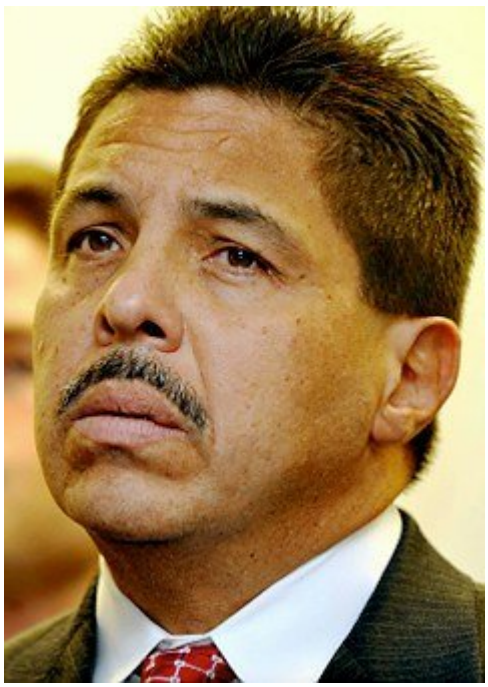
Your marriage is failing. Deep in your heart you know she must be fucking around on you. She treats you like day-old shit. So what do you do? You give her your kidney in hopes it will make her love you again. If this isn't the quivering, gnarled, spineless hunchbacked id of the UberBeta pinned to a vivisection tray for the whole world to gawk at, I don't know what is.

But wait, he still harbors hope (betas cling to hope like barnacles to rotten piers):

> Despite the animosity, Batista insisted he would donate the kidney all over again to his hopefully soon-to-be-ex. He fondly recalls a visit to her room on the day after surgery.
>
> "There was no greater feeling on this planet," he said. "As God is my witness, I felt as if I could put my arm around Jesus Christ. I was walking on a cloud."

This guy is not living with the mentality of pussy abundance. His mentality is just the opposite — pussy scarcity. And women run from men who think that way.

Behold the face of a beta:



***

January 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by **Yogi**. It's a news story about a man who blames himself for his wife's plot to kill him.

> Tim Kenealy was in court to support his wife Zoe as she was given seven years behind bars for attempting to take out a contract on his life with thousands of pounds of borrowed money.
>
> He put his head in his hands as he heard Judge Gregory Stone sentence her for the "cynical and cruel" plot which saw her hand £3,000 to a neighbour to pay for the killing.

"Support his wife". There is no relief for the mass of betas as long as there are milquetoasts like this guy in their ranks. If I was his friend, I would order an intervention. But not the Oprah-fied kind of intervention. Oh no. We'd take this schmuck out into the yard and slap him around open-palmed for a few hours like the little eggplant-up-the-ass bitch he is.

> Kenealy, who had been in a violent relationship with her first husband, said she felt smothered by Mr Kenealy, and the pair were facing financial problems.

Women always feel "smothered" by betas. It's an instinctual reaction evolved to protect their precious eggs from the tepid seed of weak men. Tip for the day: If your GF ever uses the word "smother" to describe your relationship with her, LEAVE IMMEDIATELY and don't ever look back. You'll thank me later.

> Judge Stone told the 44-year-old care worker and mother of six she would serve at least three and a half years in prison.

44 years old?! Oh, come on. It might be somewhat understandable if not justifiable for a man to stay with a hot, young wife intent on murdering him, but not a washed up old hag. The beta is all-consuming in this guy.

> Mr Kenealy said he was determined to stand by her, and said the plot to kill him must have been prompted by some sort of mental illness.
>
> He added that he blamed himself for "taking my eye off the ball" in their relationship and that both of them

> had suffered from depression in the past.

A true beta ALWAYS blames himself for the wrongdoings of his woman. Wife cheats? His fault for not making her feel special in bed. Wife divorces him and takes the kids? He must have forgotten an anniversary. Wife puts out a contract to kill him? He took his eye off the ball.

> “She’s such a lovable person. The Zoe that’s been written about in the papers isn’t the Zoe that everybody knows. She’s been perceived completely wrong.
>
> “Hopefully we will have a bright future together,” he added.

Again with the hope. Hope is the last refuge of the total loser.

> “But three and a half years is a long time.”

I have news for you, buddy. A corrections officer will be fucking her up the ass as soon as you see her off, and she won’t be waiting for you when she gets out. Shoot yourself, and finish the job your psycho wife couldn’t.

The voting begins:

Reversing A Flake

CH · 2 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In my post on how to head fake girls with beta provider game, I left a teaser that I had stumbled upon a nearly foolproof text for reversing a “no response” flake. This is the kind of flake where the girl gives you her number but then doesn’t reply when you call or text her to set up a date. (Note: For “last minute cancellation” flake reversal tactics, see this post. Particularly, el chief’s suggestion.)

Here is the text I used to reopen communication lines with three girls who had flaked on me with radio silence:

> whats up flaky mcflakester

Elegant in its simplicity and lack of punctuation, and effective. I sent this text during the afternoon, three days after I left them the initial voicemail. All three girls responded within ten minutes to my text, and their responses were eerily identical:

> I’m not a flake! I was busy doing [insert lame excuse]. Give me a call.

The haters out there will conclude that the three girls were sluts with low self esteem, manufactured at the same “girls who fall for players” factory, and that’s why the text worked. Nothing could be further from the truth. These girls were as different from each other as night and day, in occupation, temperament, race, looks, and country of origin.

Why this text works:

- short and sweet, demonstrates uncaring attitude
- lack of punctuation = don’t give a shit
- called her out on her flakiness without anger or bitterness
- used the idiotic “mc….ster” form of wordplay which is popular with girls these days

I hesitated writing this post because the odds are now increased that the next time a girl I am gaming receives a “whats up flaky mcflakester” text from me, she will have heard it before from one of my readers. This is the price all revolutionaries must pay for their magnanimity.

Tomorrow: An example of successful online game I have used.

An Example Of Successful Online Game

CH · 3 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Even though I've beaten the odds and had success with online game the few times I've ventured onto the internet to score pussy, I don't recommend it. For most guys, the odds are too long, and the playing field too tilted in favor of women, mostly fat BBBWs. Examining the dynamics with cold logic will lead to the conclusion that online dating is futile.

The one big advantage of online dating is convenience. You can mass approach a hundred women while sitting in your underwear in your squalid apartment. Perfect for the lazy man who can't be bothered to make himself presentable for the bar. If you want to spend a few minutes each week trying online game, you'll need a strategy. Approaching girls online is not much different than approaching them in the flesh. The game remains the same. Following is an example of successful online game I have used. Don't copy/paste this into your next email. This is a template only, and will give you an idea of the flow and attitude you need to project in your emails.

Note: I only answer W4Ms that have pics included. I know a guy who posts a profile in M4W and has some success with it, but I find that method too haphazard. I can't imagine sifting through 100 responses from moocows to get to the one or two gems in the bunch.

Her original email paraphrased:

> I'm looking for a [insert suite of alpha traits]. You must be [insert more alpha traits]. I'd like to go out this weekend with a man who knows what he wants in life. Suggest a restaurant or a movie and let's get together. Pic a must.
>
> [soft focus pic of a cute chick]

My response (with pic):

Subject line:

> It's interesting that your…

I've captured her attention with a leading subject header.

> photo looks like a perfume ad from a magazine.

Neg. She can't tell if this is a compliment or a put-down. That is the beauty of the neg.

> movies are for couples who don't mind not talking with each other for two hours. restaurants are anhedonic. all that food gets in the way of the romantic vibe.

Reframe. I'm not letting her lead the interaction, and I'm challenging her demands. Also, I threw in one five dollar word — anhedonic — to establish intellectual dominance. This is sexy to girls in measured doses. Just don't go overboard and nerd out like you're an epileptic thesaurus. Rule of thumb is one impressive word embedded in a casual streetwise conversation. Contrast is king.

> now a chill lounge draped in crimson curtains and the soothing sounds of jazz over martinis… that hits the mark.

You must balance the negative with the positive. After snubbing her lame suggestions, I offered a more enticing

alternative. This is where you will limber up your brain and write descriptively, lushly. You want her picturing the scene in her mind, and feeling the ambience.

> We will meet at XXXX tomorrow night, 10pm.

Lead, pig!

She responded to this within a half hour, agreeing with my choice of venue. She also included her height and weight (5'7″, 108 lbs. Perfect.) but not a second photo. A 30 minute turnaround response rate is excellent for online game. Most girls will reply two days later, if they're so inclined. In her next email, she asked for my "basic stats". I gave her a brief physical description, followed by silliness.

> occupation: international man of mystery
>
> favorite color: green
>
> ideal woman: golddigger

We set a time to meet, but I flaked. I had another date that night with a girl whose looks I was confident about, since I met her in real life. Options = freedom. Also, I've found that it's a fat red flag when a girl doesn't follow-up her initial photo with another photo of herself. This usually means that out of all the thousands of pictures taken of her, she only has one that shows her in a good light. Unfortunately, on a face-to-face date, you will be seeing her from multiple angles.

Maxim #55: If she's hot, why would she bother with online dating?

January 2009 BOTM Winner

CH · 3 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The Beta of the Month award is given to those "men" who best exemplify the loser qualities and weak character of the beta male. Loathed and unloved by women, their suffering, like their sexual release, is often self-administered.

It was a tight race, but in the end the sniveling beta who supported and continued to obsess over his ugly hag wife after she tried to have him killed edged out the chump beta who spent his best years doggedly pursuing a fat slut who cried on his shoulder about all the guys she was banging only to be rewarded by him with a garish princess wedding. The January 2009 BOTM Winner and finalist for the 2009 Beta Of The Year is Mr. Kenealy, AKA Mr. "Put a hit on me but please don't say you'll leave me". Let's take another look at this ball-less wonder:

> Mr Kenealy, a 51-year-old catering worker, did not comment as he left the court today, but he said recently that he would remain faithful to his wife. "I still love Zoe dearly. She's the love of my life and I want to be with her for ever." *[editor's note: foreva eva?]*
>
> He told the Sunday Mirror: "When Zoe was arrested I was heartbroken, but I never stopped loving her. When I exchanged wedding vows with her I meant every word, for richer for poorer, till death do us part *[editor's note: i was never a fan of that clause]*, but little did I know those words would come back to haunt me and land the love of my life in jail.'
>
> And he said that they became closer while she was on bail.
>
> He added: 'She said she couldn't understand how I could love her after what she'd done. I told her I wouldn't give up on her, and in those months waiting for the police action we became closer than we had been for years.
>
> "Ironically, it was like we were back to normal – we were soul-mates again."

Pathetic. Who let the dork out? If you ever doubt the capacity of human beings for self-delusion, look no farther than this guy. (See also: Cougars. Suicide bombers.) He was so abjectly beta that it disgusted his wife to the point where simply leaving him would not provide her with the soul nourishing satisfaction that killing him would provide her. Remember, women don't just ignore betas; strip away the social niceties and you'll see they despise them.

The saddest part of this tragifarce is how easy it would have been for this guy to turn it around. All he had to say to his hater hagwife was *"You dumb crazy bitch. Fuck off."* and her pussy would have tingled in spite of herself. Six simple words. Let them roll around the mouth and launch off the tongue in slo-mo: YOU DUMB CRAZY BITCH. FUCK OFF. Six words, and his life would be utterly changed for the better.

Six

words.

But that would have required some balls.

Reader Mailbag: American Disintegration Edition

CH · 4 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

> Enjoy the blog- you are a philanthropist indeed.
>
> Anyway, a great post would be this- (I am in the midst of a tough decision):
>
> Give up a (low status, enjoyable, kicked back) job, for (top 5 ranked lawschool) after three years of big city penury as a student again.
>
> For various reasons, the road forks exactly at this point in my life. Any general thoughts you have on the role of career/$ vs. everything else in improving game would be welcome.
>
> Good looking, game potential.
>
> And no, I'm not above paying for it (I'm a quality not quantity guy)
>
> Which path through the yellow woods holds the greater bliss?
>
> Anon

The answer to your quandary isn't as obvious as most people would presume. The typical mediocrity would, of course, tell you to go to law school and slave away, sacrificing the last ounce of your soul for the "prize" of landing a quality woman who will be the perfect wife and mother of your future children. But I look around and see CEOs and captains of industry with frumpy, fat wives, and contrast them with the mangy, dirt poor DJs I see at the local indie hangout boffing cute young chicks. You observe enough of this and you begin to wonder if the conventional wisdom has it wrong.

All else equal, a guy with a high status job and big bucks will clean up better with women than a guy who doesn't have those things. Rarely is all else equal, though. The biglaw douche will, in time, begin to coast on his career status as substitute for game, eventually attracting the sort of scheming women for whom status and money matters more than anything else. Since I am a man who truly loves the company of women and loves being loved by women, I have no interest in a coldly calculated barter arrangement where I trade my resources for her love. I've seen the matrix and know that undefiled love is possible, despite the cultural inertia and constant drumbeat of societal directives to the contrary.

If you want to play the averages, then go to your top 5 law school and game a bunch of cunty lawyer chicks into bed, followed by the unceremonious dumping they so karmically deserve. You will be doing the Lord's work. But know that you'll always be looking over your shoulder — at the date trying to tease out your salary, the wife whose pussy dries up when your black AMEX does, the ex-wife whose love for you runs as deep as the best divorce lawyer she could hire — and sinking deeper and deeper into moribund cynicism. At least when you pay for a professional whore, you know she'll have the integrity to deliver the goods. Bottom line: you will need the best Game at your disposal to avoid this fate.

Email #2

> I recently found your blog and think it's terrific. Your points are right on target, especially concerning the state of women in US coastal cities. The sense of entitlement some of these women have is mind boggling.
> I know you're not a fan of marriage, but what other choice do men have a we get older? The 'sweet spot' of women aged 22-27 will become less attainable as we age and therefore the single life will become much less appealing. It will be a sad state of affairs when my only market is women aged 30+ who hold enormous psychological baggage.
>
> And what about loneliness? As friends become married and have kids, the social circle of a single guy becomes

> smaller. I feel like marriage becomes the only choice, by default. As Chris Rock stated 'Married and bored, or single and lonely'..
>
> I appreciate your thoughts and advice. Thanks.
>
> R.

Hookers and liquor. That's how I plan to live out my old age.

If marriage wasn't such a brutal ass maiming for men; if it wasn't an institution as currently constituted so intrinsically opposed to men's interests; if it wasn't so damnably evil and buried up to the neck in a shitpile of its own making, I'd say go ahead and get married, no worries mate. Just grab yourself a little mistress loving on the sly. No truly good and honorable wife would deny her husband that pleasure. A good wife understands and accepts the reality of the male sex drive.

But we don't live in that world, so you'd be a fool to get married. You can have all the benefits of marriage in a loving, long term relationship, without any of the negatives.

If, like me, you want to experience the incomparable pleasures of young women's flesh for as long as possible, you won't reach that goal through marriage. In fact, getting hitched will only hinder the fullest expression of your manhood, unless you routinely run wedding ring game. Tight game and staying in shape will expand the age disparity within which you can successfully seduce.

Email #3

> A bit of fodder for your ongoing hilarious experiment in creative writing:
>
> What's up with Ashton Kutcher marrying a has been like Demi Moore? On one hand, you have a guy who is tailor made to be an "alpha" who should by rights line up all the hot "poon" he could possibly handle for the next 30 years, at least.
>
> Instead, he marries a once hot-but-now-not has been actress 15 years his senior? Sure, there's more to life than screwing an endless line of hot movie starlets (I guess). Why, however, wouldn't a guy with his kind of options settle (if he must) for someone younger, hotter, richer, more successful instead of washed-up, w/o kids, etc. etc.?
>
> I just find it odd, and a bit confusing. Simple Oedipus complex issues or mayhap the alpha vs. beta duality of men isn't quite as simple and clear cut in all cases?
>
> Anon

For every Ashtun Kutcher there are a hundred Donald Trumps trading in their has-beens for the latest and greatest still-got-its. Don't get hung up on the glaring exceptions. They exist to give desperate cat ladies a sliver of hope.

Also, we don't know if boy toy Kutcher is banging sweet young things on the side that Demi conveniently ignores. You'd be surprised the kind of indignities a soon-to-be wall victim cougar like Demi will endure to keep up the delusion that she's still primo pussy estate to the vast majority of men who matter.

Email #4

> You're a prolific and committed blogger– almost every post shows real insignt and obvious writing skillz. Why do you put so much energy into this? don't get me wrong, I really enjoy reading what you have to say and would be more than a little sad if you stopped writing but I can't help but wonder what's in it for you?
>
> ~t.

Personal amusement. Oh, and I don't put much time and energy into this. On average, each post takes me a half

hour to an hour to write. I type fast. Since I don't watch more than an hour of TV per week, I have plenty of free time to indulge my sadistic delights.

Email #5

> Hi,
> You seem to have really great insight into the male mind (and that of women, as well). I love reading your blog.
> I wanted to ask you a question and it'd be great if you could give a bit of advice, no matter how brief as I'm sure you're busy.
> I'm 22 and I'm pretty sure (as bad as this may sound, at least I'm being honest) I'm attracted to intelligent, older men with means.
> I am interested in getting married and (sorry to say, it's true) being taken care of to some degree. I have no fear of committing this young.
> I'm finishing my degree soon at a top Ivy League, and would like to pursue a career. I have no shortage of abilities to be successful on my own. But the idea of being a homemaker and mother is equally appealing, albeit an educated homemaker, to a strong, older, and successful man.
> What should I do to accomplish this?
> I took your dating value test and scored "nascent alpha female." I get regular attention and looks, I speak French as well as English, and I have modeled, as well. I have been told by many, male and female, that I'm very attractive and well-dressed / put together. I know my being a black female is a drawback. I'm not picky about the man, and I don't go for looks as much as I do for intellect and ambition… although I am more attracted to white / European men in general.
> I'm 5'7", slim, and I dress well. I have long, straight hair, have been told I have a "perfect" nose and most men compliment me on my legs, lips, and smile.
> I'm not afraid of commitment at this age and I am not really interested in men in my age range who seem to only offer sex and / or companionship.
> I would like to marry an older guy with means, yes an alpha male in that sense, and I don't have qualms about his infidelity.
> Ultimately I would just like love and stability, as the wife of an accomplished man.
> What is your advice?
>
> Thanks,
> a regular reader

Were you raised in Eastern Europe by any chance? Foreign girls, particularly East European girls, love the allure of older, sophisticated men. It'll be my destination before the grim reaper of sexual obsolescence calls my number.

If you are the nascent alpha woman you claim you are, i.e. 8 or higher, then you will have no problem accomplishing your goal. The fact that you're black pales in relevance to the beauty you bring to the table, so don't worry that your race will get in the way of you finding and attracting a successful white/European man. Men look first at beauty, then at everything else, and race is down there around "obvious personality defect" in terms of importance. Now there will be some men, especially those for whom family and social status matter immensely, who will balk at marrying a woman of a different race (though they will have no such issues when contemplating you for bang worthiness). Since your window of highest sexual market value is short, it behooves you to filter those types of men so that you don't waste time on pump and dumpers. Focus on entrepreneurs, business owners, and other similarly situated men. They will be more independent-minded than the suck-up corporate lackeys who infest the law firms and boardrooms. Screen for men whose parents are dead, or who don't have much extended family. They are less beholden to anyone else's judgment of their choice in women. You might want to date Scandinavian men, as I've heard they are especially enamored of the chocolate love.

One more thing: keep your legs closed for at least three dates. Easy pussy access devalues a woman's marriageability. Let the man know you are into him through your flirty coyness. Only lower quality women with limited options have to turn to the hard sell to capture a man's attention. No man, not even the feminist beta males who go by the designation "man", wants to marry a slut.

Technology That Will Make You A Beta

CH · 4 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Google is introducing software for cell phones that allows people, through a complicated system of rope and pulleys, to track each other.

> "What Google Latitude does is allow you to share that location with friends and family members, and likewise be able to see friends and family members' locations," Steve Lee, product manager for Google Latitude, told CNET. "For example, a girlfriend could use it to see if her boyfriend has arrived at a restaurant and, if not, how far away he is."

Google claims your privacy is protected because the service requires people to sign up for it. Right. If you are a man who would willingly sign up for a service that allows your girlfriend to follow your every movement, please go to the nearest woodchipper and surrender your testicles for mulch. They are no longer being used by you. And if you need this service to track your girlfriend because you're insecure about her faithfulness, you deserve to see her little red GPS dot blink over the local biker bar at 2AM.

There's a reason I use dogpile.com. Google is a totalitarian unAmerican left wing behemoth with delusions of Soviet grandeur. I hope it fails.

Trial Texting

CH · 5 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The phone is dead, long live the text.

For culturally paradigmatic reasons that escape my ken at the moment, speaking on the phone with a girl is going the way of the dodo. A crucial tipping point has been reached — over 50% of my contact with girls on the cell is through text instead of voice. Even when I call and leave a voicemail, she will reply via text. If you are in the market for a new carrier and rate plan, the number of bundled texts is more important than the amount of free minutes.

Texting has become an integral tool of game, so you've got to know how to use it to maximize your personal advantage. One of those ways is by trial texting. This is where I will send a short, casual text to a girl, making some funny, irrelevant observation about something, to test her for her level of interest in me. If you're like me and you collect a lot of numbers, it's in your interest to streamline operations. You don't want to waste time and money going on first or second dates with girls who are dragging their feet because they are unsure about you. It helps to have a system whereby you can screen out the lukewarm chicks in favor of the highly attracted girls who are ready to rock down to rawdogging avenue. Trial texting is much more efficient than face-to-face dating for avoiding indecisive girls who want to dally around while they mull over your worthiness in their heads.

When you trial text a girl you will send her a feeler text either later that same night you met her, or you will send it the afternoon of the day after you went on your first date with her. Trial texting becomes pointless after the second date, because by that time your hand should be down her pants diddling her twat.

Here is an example of a trial text I have sent:

> I just finished building the world's smallest snowman.

You can use this example as a guide. Keep it short and insubstantial. You're not asking her questions or offering a time to meet up. The relevance of your text is immaterial. I've found that I will get one of three reactions to a trial text.

1. **She will not reply.** Don't bother setting up a date. Her interest level isn't strong enough. You've just saved an hour of your time and $20 for drinks.
2. **She will reply a few hours later, or the next day.** She's on the fence and probably dating other guys. Use your discretion to decide whether to give her the chance to enjoy the pleasure of your real live company on a date. If you're juggling a lot of girls and getting laid already, you may want to skip these wafflers.
3. **She will reply within ten minutes.** She's into you. Take her on a date and bring a condom.

Naturally, girls will balk at this devious system because it deprives them of the dates they need to accurately assess the men they meet. But we don't care about their goals. Men's and women's goals are incompatible. This is war and our job is to win, not fight to a draw or serve as pussy fodder.

Some common counterarguments to trial texting:

- She'll know what you're up to.

Doesn't matter. Girls don't normally practice inductive reasoning. She knows what you're up to when you're running game, but she still likes it.

- It's cheesy.

If you really think about it, inserting your penis into her vagina is sort of cheesy. But both of you still want to do it.

- She'll think you're beta for not having the balls to pick up the phone and call.

This is one of those claims that women *think* they should believe, but in reality don't. I hear this assertion a lot from women on blogs and yet in the real world I rarely observe girls thinking this way. In theory, sending a feeler text is more beta than calling with a firm reason and an intention to set up a date, but in practice it works. Girls who are into you won't wonder if your trial text is beta, and girls who aren't into you are ambivalent for reasons that have nothing to do with your trial text.

You'll find that girls who replied to your trial texts right away are much more enjoyable, and pliable, on dates. I have had no trouble getting these girls into bed by the third date. Girls who delayed replying to my trial texts were a more difficult ho to hoe.

Trial texting is an efficient and effective method for screening out girls who aren't emotionally and physically anticipating the feel of your member hitting their walls and working the middle.

Question For Economists And Libertarians

CH · 6 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Hypothetically speaking, if average human population group differences in aptitude, temperament, personality and decision-making exist and are immutable over generational timespans, and those group average differences are greater when the population groups being compared are larger (i.e. ethnicity versus race), would anything change about principal economic theories and concepts (e.g. free trade, externalities, free movement of labor, comparative advantage, public choice theory, opportunity cost, rationality of players, labor force growth)? If so, how would they change?

Obama's Women, Part 2

CH · 9 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here's this link to a New York Beta Times story about SWPL perimenopausal women having dreams of Barack Obama — psychosexual fantasies and stalkerish glorifications of the Obama family. The NYBTimes has been churning out some truly vomitus copy as of late, but for sheer sickening nausea this story may very well spew the farthest.

> One woman wrote that when she couldn't get to sleep at night, she "lay in bed and thought about the Obama girls in their rooms at the White House. I thought about Marian Robinson up on the third floor. And about Barack and Michelle, a couple who clearly have a 'thing' for each other, spooning together in bed. It helped me relax."

When, generations from now, our Islamic and Mexican overlords have gathered to discuss the exact moment the American empire fell to pieces and reverted to a pre-civilizational Mad Max tribal wasteland, someone will point to this quote in the ancient tablets of the New York Times, and heads will nod in agreement.

I've already written about Obama's women, and the sexual mores of girls who voted for him, so there aren't many new lessons to glean from this article that haven't been discussed before. This story has made the rounds, and been roundly ridiculed by many other bloggers. If there were any remaining doubts that giving women the right to vote has been an unmitigated disaster for America, this article should dispel them. Most women, especially single SWPLers and undersexed hausfraus bitter about being married to quisling betas, are simply unserious creatures who will let their emotions guide them to vote away the political and social arrangements that created the modern yenta-fied culture that affords them the luxury of voting like vapid teenage girls. If history is any guide, and if fortune should shine upon the United States before the point of no return is reached, a cooperative, horizontally structured patriarchy will reemerge and supplant the suicidally insane matricentric sick culture and stateless citizen of the world globopuppeteer elites playing "let's you and him fight" currently running the show. I think it will happen soon, perhaps within five years. It may be violent as the authoritarian sanctimonious Boomer pricks and Gen X lackeys are overthrown.

> The other day a friend of mine confided that in the weeks leading up to the election, the Obamas' apparent joy as a couple had made her just miserable. Their marriage looked so much happier than hers. Their life seemed so perfect. "I was at a place where I was tempted daily to throttle my husband," she said. "This coincided with Michelle saying the most beautiful things about Barack. Each time I heard her speak about him I got tears in my eyes — because I felt so far away from that kind of bliss in my own life and perhaps even more, because I was so moved by her expressions of devotion to him."

BOTY candidate right here. Imagine being this bitch's husband and reading this quote from your wife in the paper. I bet she showed him the article, proudly pointing out where she was quoted publicly humiliating him. "Here, honey, check this out. I'm in the New York Times!" The poor, wretched beta would probably work double time to win his wife's approval, when he should be doing just the opposite — kicking her cottage cheese ass to the curb.

Relatedly, I was talking to a typical urban slut machine and she asked who I voted for. I said I didn't vote. She reeled back, shocked. "You didn't VOTE?!?" "Nope," I repeated. "Voting is a useless exercise." She leaned over to her girlfriend and spoke in her ear. They made OMG faces. Both of them looked at me suspiciously, frowning. Their reaction was as if I had told them that I killed a pregnant woman and dumped the body in the Potomac. The Obama Age scales of moral opprobium are completely out of whack. She returned. "What are you registered as?" "Independent." "Independent? Hmm." Girls know that when a man says Independent he means "Non-Democrat".

I got the bang and marked her number in my phone as a "Tier 2″ number.

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In other news, I nearly interrupted a mugging in progress. I was literally five feet away walking down an alley that serves as a makeshift parking lot when an early 20s black dude, thugged out to the max, stuck a gun in the gut of a 50ish well-dressed white man (soft target) walking in my direction, and barked at him “You know what to do”. The middle-aged guy yelped when he apprehended what was happening. I broke out into a half-run and turned a corner off the alley about a hundred feet from the scene. Since this was a city hood on a weekend night, I expected to see a cop car nearby I could flag down. No such luck. No cops anywhere to be found. Did they take the night off? Way to be available, guys. What are we paying you for, again?

After a few minutes, I gave up trying to locate a cop and dialed 911. As I’m standing on the street in the middle of the nightlife crowd giving the description to the lady on the phone, the mugger casually strolls right by me on the sidewalk. He’s walking with a buddy. He’s got bills in his hand that he’s flipping through, and his buddy is cackling with glee. I relayed this information.

I never saw cops arrive. No doubt the guy got away scot free. The US is heading for a meltdown if criminals feel they can act with such impunity and fearlessness that they can blithely walk away from the scene unconcerned about being caught. I wondered who the victim voted for.

As a friend of mine said, “After a certain amount of time living in the city, you either settle down or move to a new city.” He’s right. It’s starting to feel like Groundhog Day. A move is on the horizon.

The Neg As Opener

CH · 10 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm coming to the conclusion that the best opener is a neg straight out of the gate. In order to set the right tone as soon as you begin talking to a girl, you want to establish alpha cred immediately before any of her beta-sniffing circuits have had a chance to subconsciously dress you down. The quickest way to sear alpha grill lines in a woman's heart is through the neg. 8s and above require a neg no matter what, 6s and 7s may require them depending on your relative attractiveness to your target, and 5s and below should not need them unless you are so hideous it's all you can do to prevent her from dismissing you outright.

Here are four neg openers I regularly use, in descending order of proto-assholery.

1. "Bad hair" opener

This is an original.

ME: [looking disapprovingly at her head] Doing your hair like that is only going to attract the wrong kind of guy.
GIRL: [if she's cool and witty] Are you saying you're the wrong kind of guy?
ME: Since I noticed that hairstyle, I must be.

***

ME: Doing your hair like that is only going to attract the wrong kind of guy.
GIRL: [if she's not cool or witty] What's that supposed to mean?
ME: You hair covers half your face, like you're trying to hide something. The wrong kind of guys love that. [turn my back]

2. "You suck" opener

Unless the environment is chock full of interesting goings-on that I can use as situational openers, I borrow openers from PUA material I read on the net or have heard from friends. The "You suck" opener is one of those.

ME: [walking up to girls after hanging back for a while] Do you know why you guys suck?
GIRLS: [usually looking shocked] Excuse me!?
ME: [smiling] Because you've been checking me out for ten minutes and you didn't come over to say Hi. Bad manners. And a little creepy.

3. "If you wanted to meet me" opener

Another PUA classic.

ME: [after girl bumps into me] Whoa, if you wanted to meet me, you could just say Hi.

4. "Hi" opener

ME: Hi
GIRL: Hi

OK, this isn't a neg. But I use it all the time as a fallback. Looking back over the years on my many cold approaches, the more asshole-y my opener, the likelier I was to get the girl into bed. There's just no getting around it — bold, even offensive, openers work best for cold approaches in competitive mating environments. (Day Game needs a subtler touch.) While "Hi" is a safe, all-purpose opener, it's not high impact like the others; you've got to climb uphill from "Hi" to prove to the girl you aren't like every other boring guy. With an edgy asshole opener, you've proven it from the first words out of your mouth. After an asshole cluster bomb rattles her beaver bunker, she'll be much more receptive to your game.

I found this Brad P opener on the net:

The Weird Horse Girl opener

> YOU: “Hey do you like horses?”
> GIRL: ”HUH? ummm yea i guess.”
> YOU: “Hmm, I thought so. OK check this out, when I was in the 6th grade, there was this girl who loved horses. She used to run around the playground for an hour straight at lunchtime. She’d be galloping and making horse noises. We used to call her the weird horse girl.”
> GIRL: “Yeah, so?”
> YOU: “well…you look JUST LIKE HER!”
>
> Then if she responds well you continue by saying you’re sorry about what you did back then, because you used to make fun of her but now you are older and more mature and feel bad about it, etc. etc.

I like it. What a mindfuck of a neg! Although this isn’t exactly my style (a bit too wordy for an opener), I’m going to give it a trial run. Many girls really do appreciate creativity, as long as it doesn’t sound like you’re trying too hard to impress her. Keep the obscure literary references to yourself, professor.

If I can get a girl into bed starting with just “Hi” then I know she’s a potential quality girl. I mentally bump her up into my Tier 1 girls. It says good things about a girl if she has enough control over her feral instincts that being a dick isn’t needed to capture her interest.

When I need to get in the right frame of mind for opening girls, I recall this scene from *Bad Santa:*

Billy Bob Thornton is sitting at a bar wearing his Santa outfit and drowning his misery.

Hot Chick Bartender: So Santa, do you have a real name?
Billy Bob: Yes.

He never tells her his name. All the right attitude conveyed in one word and one unspoken word.

Female Beauty From 1 To 10

CH · 11 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader **PA** wrote:

> I'd love to see someone create a series of ten face-shots that represent women on each of the points of the 1-10 scale. Pics of celebrities, random women from the internet, etc.

I agree. So here's a series of ten women representing, in my judgement, each point on the 1 - 10 looks scale. I've selected random girls from the internet and from the Roissy files*, as well as some celebrities, and stayed within the same race and fertile age range to keep it simplified. I've also avoided obese women, as fat will destroy even a 10's facial beauty, and self-inflicted ugliness should not count towards any ranking of genetic female traits.

I've included a voting poll underneath each photo. Choose 1 through 10 for the candidates, making sure each number on the scale is used once (i.e. Do not vote 8 twice. There is enough gradation in the pics I've chosen that you should have no trouble assigning a unique ranking to every woman.) You can then compare your taste in women to the rest of the readers, and tomorrow I will put up my scores so you can see how your taste compares to mine (exquisitely refined, to say the least). The photos are in no particular order. David Alexander's votes will be tabulated separately.

The idea is to see just how objective female beauty is for men, and if there is noticeable divergence in agreement on a particular woman's ranking at different points on the scale. For example, do men have a harder time agreeing on what constitutes a 3, or a 9? I suspect there will be widespread agreement near the top and at the very bottom, and a little more wiggle room in the middle where most women bunch up. I also predict major dissension in the voting community over which woman qualifies as a 10 — perfection in female beauty.

29 12

Isn’t diversity wonderful?

*PS: There’s an Easter egg in this post. Those who know me in real life will be able to find it.

All Lust Same

CH · 12 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The results are in from yesterday's post where I asked the readers to rank the beauty of ten randomly chosen women.

Woman	Readers' Score	My Score
(a) tiaramouth	5,6	5
(b) mcdormandvsthewall	3	3
(c) lovelysophie	9	9
(d) redscarf	7	6
(e) themask	2	2
(f) bridgegirl	7	7
(g) alizee	8	8
(h) cigstache	1	1
(i) perfection	10	10
(j) morosemetrogirl	4,5	4

Not much daylight between the readers and myself. This wasn't a perfect test, nor was it meant to be. Many of the critiques left in the comments were justified.

- High quality studio shots versus low quality snapshots will skew the results.
- So will distance from camera and partially concealed faces. Bridge girl and morose metro girl may have scores that are too low or high because of this.
- I made the mistake of choosing a McDormand shot where she is older. Since we're comparing female beauty before the ravages of time have taken their cruel toll, a McDormand at her youthful peak would probably clock in a point or two higher.
- As commenter Agnostic mentioned, there isn't adequate variability in the photos. It skews toward the higher range. I guess it's more fun for me to search for hotties than slightly below average girls. (Searching for incendiary warpigs can be fun, like craning your neck to get a better glimpse of a mangled car accident.)
- People who are subtracting points because of inconsequential accoutrements like a tiara or flip flops are undermining the value of the 1 – 10 system. The 1-10 scale is sacrosanct. Don't corrupt it with your nerdy pet peeves.
- Some people complained that I used a picture of Monica Bellucci when she was younger and hotter. Uh, no duh. When you judge Barack Obama's alphaness, do you use his performance as a bowler for your criteria?
- Sophie Marceau may be one of the strikingly few women in the known universe who got better looking as she aged into her 20s. The teen pic of her posted in the comments, while certainly meeting the threshold of hottie bangability, shortchanges the breathtaking ethereal beauty that she acquired in her 20s. See: Braveheart. Today, though, she is 42 and not nearly as good looking as she was at her peak. Tragic. Oh well, that's one way to cure a stalker-crush.
- You could go through one million 44 year old women before meeting one who could approach Bellucci's beauty. That is how exceptional she is. Lesson: Don't get your hopes up, ladies.

Nevertheless, despite the justifiable criticisms of the methodology listed above, and the specter of Arrow's Impossibility Theorem, there was considerable agreement on each girl's ranking. Plus or minus one point and a few wiseguy outliers, most men share the same opinions about where women fall on the 1 – 10 looks scale. Beauty is not an artifact of individual male minds. It is an objective reality. That this should be so and that men are wired with preferences for the more beautiful over the less, proves that men exercise some choosiness when deciding on a mate, just like women do. Pickiness is not gender specific, though women are pickier than men in general.

As I predicted, there was stronger agreement at the tails of the beauty distribution and more fussiness agreeing on the middle rankings. Every man knows a 3 and an 8 when he sees one, but one man's marginal 6 could very well be another man's solid 7. Looking at the bar graphs, this observation is confirmed by the wider spread (heh) of the votes for the 4-7 group.

Commenter **twiceaday** wrote:

> What's interesting, as de Tocqueville alluded to, is that while we don't necessarily agree on the exact position for any particular woman, we all agree on the range. The bottom 3 (well, really bottom 1 and next 2) are quite clear, the top 3 are a quite clear, leaving the equally clear middle 4. I think it's safe to say that any normal hetero man would bang the top 3, very few of us would bang the bottom 3 unless we were desperate and hammered, and the middle 4 would be various flavors of "it depends".
>
> These 3 tiers relate pretty clearly to the dating world. The top tier will attract alphas easily and ultimately be able to hold onto one. The middle tier will attract the occasional alpha, but not for very long, and will wind up with a beta. The bottom tier will attract no alphas, the occasional beta, and ultimately wind up with either cats or an omega (is there really any difference?).

This is mostly correct. I'd separate the middle tier into two subgroups: Lower middle (4,5) and Upper middle (6,7). The distinction is important, as there is a critical and abrupt change between the two groups that has important implications for how men treat these women.

This is how it breaks down:

Bottom tier = beta and omega pump and dump, invisible to alphas.
Lower middle tier = mix of beta pump and dump and beta commitment, still invisible to alphas unless really drunk.
Upper middle tier = beta commitment of the "profess my undying love" variety, alpha pump and dump.
Top tier = alpha commitment, occasional beta stroke of luck with tight game.

I enjoyed doing this exercise, so I plan to do another one in the future. Except next time, you, the readers, will offer photos of girls for judging. There will be a page at the top of the blog for you to leave a link in the comments to a pic of a woman, along with the ranking you give it, and I will choose from among the reader suggestions ten women representing 1 through 10 on the beauty scale for a reader vote, like I did in yesterday's post. This way, you can see how your taste in women matches up with the general consensus. No celebrities allowed; I want to keep it to everyday girls. All races allowed.

Easter Egg

One of the girls in the photos is a former fling of mine. The perceptive among you (hi, PA, Seeking Alpha) may be able to figure out which.

To people who think I'm in the top photo: I'm not.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 13 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Back by popular demand…

In the last installment, I analyzed the game Rhett runs on Scarlett. This time it's the game Paul Newman, in the character of Hud, uses to seduce Alma (Patricia Neal).

This scene is between Hud and Alma, his family's housekeeper, and it's the first time in the movie Hud makes a pass at her. Hud is a classic badboy in this movie, and Alma does a good job resisting his devilish charms. My comments are in bold.

***

HUD: Got a cigarette?

[alpha body language straight from the get-go. slow, heavy steps on the approach. both his arms up and hands leaning against the door frame. forceful tone of voice. this is the entrance of an alpha. a woman will know she's not about to suffer the entreaties of a beta.]

ALMA: Yeah.

HUD: I wish you wouldn't keep me hanging around on the front porch make me feel like I'm selling something.

[first qualification. with a dash of playful humor, he lets her know he's unimpressed with her rudeness for not promptly inviting him into the room. really, any excuse will do to qualify a woman.]

ALMA: All right, come on in. They're a little squashed.

HUD: It's all right. They'll do. I see you got things fixed up some.

[betas are overly attentive. alphas are distracted. hud glances around the room as he grabs the cigarettes from her.]

ALMA: I try.

HUD: Looks pretty good, except your sweet potato plant over here has got the blight.

[compliment, followed immediately by mild criticism. remember that formula.]

ALMA: I can't seem to get one started.

HUD: They need a lot of tender loving care, honey, same as the rest of us.

[an alpha gets the conversation rolling in a sexual/sensual manner sooner rather than later.]

ALMA: I'll keep it in mind. Could I have a match?

[notice he doesn't rush to fulfill her request. she walks to him to get the match, and he almost flings it into her hand. DHV.]

HUD: Well, what have we got here? "Jiffy Portable Hairdryer." "Triple screen." Automatic toaster. So what've you been doin', a little rustlin' down at the five and dime?

[NEG #1. making fun of her stuff.]

ALMA: I go in for those prize contests. "How Shinette Shampoo changed my life," in twenty words or less. They give free two week trips to Europe. But I end up with the fountain pens and the binoculars.

HUD: Won me a turkey raffle once, but it was fixed. I got to be pretty friendly with one of them gals picking the numbers.

[if you can't physically demonstrate social proof and preselection by women, the next best thing is to offhandedly hint at it in conversation. the way to do this is to ground your verbalized social proof with a backstory so it sounds natural and unforced.]

ALMA: It figures.

HUD: How much you take the boys for tonight?

[notice the change of voice tone. hud lowered the volume and pitch of his voice while he's distractedly (and seductively) fondling a flower. women are not the only ones who can flirt with the use of props. also: CONTRAST IS KING. playing with a flower is femme, but hud is dripping with so much masculinity that the flower intensifies his allure.]

ALMA: Twenty dollars and some change.

HUD: You're a dangerous woman to have around.

ALMA: I'm a good poker player.

HUD: You're a good housekeeper. You're a good cook. You're a good laundress. What else you good at?

[when alma says she's a good poker player, the typical beta, because he is bereft of interesting things to say or the confidence with which to lead a conversation in new directions, would have jumped at the "beta bait" and attempted to capitalize on her measly offering by asking her about her poker skills. an alpha, otoh, uses what a woman says as a springboard to talk about whatever the fuck he feels like talking about. it's the art of riffing. here, hud challenges her. the challenge is part of the stage of attraction known as "male to female" interest. instead of proving himself to her, he's coaxing her to prove herself to him. and all with a sly smile.]

ALMA: At taking care of myself.

[nice IOD. this chick is not going to be steamrolled.]

HUD: Shouldn't have to, a woman looks like you do.

[if you're going to compliment a woman's looks, this is a good way to do it — in context. and he's got his lips on that flower like it's a labia.]

ALMA: That's what my ex-husband used to tell me, before he took my wallet, my gasoline credit card and left me stranded in a downtown motel in Albuquerque New Mexico.

HUD: What you do to make him take to the hills? You wear your curlers to bed or something?

[NEG #2. this could come across harsh, which is why it helps to say it with a shit eating grin, as hud does here.]

ALMA: Ed's a gambler. He's probably up at Vegas or Reno right now, dealing at night, losing it all back in the daytime.

HUD: A man like that sounds no better than a heel.

[ex-husband destroyer.]

ALMA: Aren't you all?

[she plays the game well.]

HUD: Honey, don't go shooting all the dogs 'cause one of 'em's got fleas.

[nice. hud nips her pity ploy in the bud by turning it around on her with a mild rebuke. a beta would have vigorously agreed with her and given her a david alexander-style soft hug and a shoulder to cry on. btw,

“honey” is a great way to address a woman when the moment is right. it’s a subtle dominance maneuver that chicks eat up.]

ALMA: I was married to Ed for six years. Only thing he was ever good for was to scratch my back where I couldn’t reach it.

[pause. hud looks her up and down. doesn’t matter if she notices or not. an alpha does these little behavioral things for himself as much as for the woman.]

HUD: You still got that itch?

ALMA: Off and on.

[hud: grin, draw on cig, flower sniff, grin more. nothing is rushed in alphaland.]

HUD: Well, let me know when it gets to bothering you.

[pause. pause. pause. tension. tension. unbroken eye contact. tension building up to the edge of discomfort. unwavering smile half-hidden provocatively by flower AKA labia petals, then… BOOM… hud lowers his smile and flower instantly and — this is important — EXITS FIRST. no lingering for a response. no needy anticipation for her reaction. no goodbye. just gets up off the bed and leaves her to be washed away in the cascading torrent of her lube deluge. that was the money shot. the killer move that greases the skids for a future seduction.]

Next week: How to game Cigstache.

Valentine’s Day Cleanup

CH · 16 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Word on the street is…

Valentine’s Day is the new New Year’s Eve. Any single girls are feeling the sting of loneliness on this day in technicolor sensation, and of those fortitudinal enough to brave going out with their girlfriends and thereby announcing to the world their singledom, the horniness is strong in them.

Like shooting bitches in a barrel.

Contraption

CH · 17 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I didn't bother unhooking her bra. I never do anymore. I pulled it off her like a t-shirt. As I'm squeezing her boobs (and taking a mental note of her remaining "years-to-sag" based on a complicated formula I devised involving underside crease length, armpit spillover when prone, and depth of press), I glance over at her bedside table and notice an unusual object illuminated by the thrift shop lamp. It was a huge, purple vibrator — the luxury model, by the looks of it — with ridges and nubs and hooks and multiple arms sticking out from it, like a saguaro cactus.

I'm pretty sure there was even a scrolling LED screen. It sat there nonchalantly like a potted plant, or a paperweight. *Wow, this is embarrassing,* I thought. *She forgot to put it away.* It was so large and ridiculous that I had to interrupt our foreplay to ask her about it.

"Um, that's quite a contraption you have over there. Just… laying out."

"Oh yeah, that's my little toy." She didn't sound embarrassed. "I use it every Sunday to masturbate. I can cum ten times with that baby."

"Ten times? Straight through, or spread out over the day?"

"Like, within an hour or so."

"Yeah. Impressive." I tried to figure why her naughty "secret" wasn't more titillating to me. Back when I was 18 this sort of discovery would have been exciting. *Oh, yeah,* I would have thought, *This chick is kinky! She's gonna do all sorts of crazy shit in bed!* Now that I'm older and more discerning of women I sleep with, a giant purple saguaro vibrator staring at me from across the room doesn't make me more turned-on by the woman who uses it. In fact, just the opposite. I lower my estimation of her as a worthy girl in whom I would be happy to take out on creative, exciting dates. Ladies, this is what a man thinks of you when he notices your purple saguaro and you don't seem fazed by him discovering it:

1. novelty seeking (slut)

2. sexually adventurous (slut)
3. horny all the time (slut)
4. unconcerned about men's opinions of her (good god, what a slut)

Now 1 – 3 aren't problems if the girl possesses reasonable degrees of those urges, or if you're just looking for an uncomplicated fling. You don't want to hitch your weenie wagon to a frigid ice queen. Number 4 is a flashing red light that she is a cheating whore at heart. Any girl who can't be bothered to take the two seconds worth of effort to hide her absurd sex toys when a man comes over is a girl who won't think twice about cheating on you. Even if most girls aren't delicate, precious chaste creatures, you at least want the girl you are dating to pretend like she is and acknowledge your opinion of her matters — and one thing that matters very much to guys, even if they won't admit it to the girl's face, is that the girl he is with isn't the town orifice. Men want their women, at a bare minimum, to take token stabs at modesty. It's endearing to us and suggests you will be worth keeping around. We don't want women to embrace their sluttiness as if it were a postmodern badge of honor. A good woman understands this and heeds a man's romantic sensibilities.

The trick for men is finding a balance in women between unrepressed sexuality and faithful frigidity. Too much of the former = cumguzzling slut. Too much of the latter = blue balls. A proudly displayed purple saguaro says "I'm a slut, and you'll like it."

I've found that the more power I acquire over women, the pickier I'm becoming. I won't call back a girl who has a purple saguaro on her nightstand. This choosiness has strengthened my character. I'm a better man for it.

Why I Left My Fat Wife

CH · 18 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm about to reveal something of myself most of you don't know.

A few years ago, my wife, Marie, and I were at one of those hip downtown restaurants sipping mangotinis and nibbling on injera bread when one of my bosses appeared with his thin trophy wife in tow and patted my shoulder. When I introduced him to Marie, he naturally looked her up and down. I froze.

Marie and my boss exchanged some small talk but I could see behind the polite chit chat that my boss' eyes flickered with a hint of disgust. I noticed Marie hadn't put down her fork, upon which was perched a wobbly chunk of eggplant.

"Well, it was good meeting you," my boss said, cutting short the conversation.

Marie looked at me and shrugged. "He's not a very friendly guy, huh?" she said, as my colleague walked off to his table.

"Um, yeah I suppose not," I said, knowing that was a lie. My boss was actually one of the friendliest men I knew. I understood why he walked off so abruptly. My boss may be friendly, but he's also a winner, and winners avoid fraternizing with losers. My boss took one look at my fat wife, and recoiled from the stench of loserness. Inside, I was mortified.

Technically, I had it all back then, including a gorgeous toddler and a cool job.

What I didn't have was a wife I felt proud of.

God knows I wanted to be proud of her. Marie is smart and funny and the only person I know who gets off on explaining why the Twilight books are more feminist than vampiric. And if you asked me about somebody else's stay-at-home wife, I'd be all over the subject, spouting statistics about how important the mother-daughter bond is to girls' self-esteem and how limiting it is to expect men to mind the home front. But living with her as she became fatter and fatter was completely different.

Maybe it's because the plan wasn't for Marie to lose her looks so rapidly. I went to work when she started graduate school, thinking that I'd head back for my own Ph.D. once she was done. I envisioned us as hard-core SWPLs, reading passages from Joyce to each other while I put together a collection of sexy lingerie for her to wear as we reenacted every sex scene from Victorian era period films. Instead, I fell in love with my first job at a modeling agency, and eventually, after a few promotions, I found myself working as a photographer for a fashion magazine.

Things went less smoothly for Marie. By the time we found out she was pregnant – three years into our marriage – she'd been working at a job teaching film for six months and was beginning to gain weight from all the take-out she ate. She began packing on the pounds by the week, and it affected everything about her – her mood, job performance, health, sexiness. The lingerie I had bought her no longer fit, lost in the folds of her burgeoning ass. Still, the minute her pregnancy test flashed its double pink lines at me, I knew I needed to work even harder at my job to ensure my child had the best chance in life.

I worked late nights for six months after my daughter was born while Marie continued, yes, bloating up. In 18 months, she gained 40 pounds. Meanwhile, I was being pursued by the models I photographed. Eventually, I flirted with some of them.

I felt like myself again – flirting, feeling horny, loving the sight of beautiful women, doing the witty-banter thing in the halls with the models. But my marriage started to fall apart. I felt guilty about being glad to go back to work, and in my head, I made it Marie's fault. Because she had gotten fat, I blamed her when I was working late and had to miss the baby's bedtime; it was her fault I had to go in early every day, since the fact that she couldn't stay slim meant that I couldn't stop myself from checking out other women. And when I got home, I seethed. I couldn't walk

across the living room without tripping over a half-eaten apple pie or an ice cream scoop. The baby was in the same little nightgown she'd slept in the night before. There wasn't a hint of food in the fridge; Marie had eaten it all. She was home all day-couldn't she at least run a few laps on the freaking treadmill?

Eventually, communication between Marie and me deteriorated to the point where all we talked about was the baby. Had she gotten enough sleep? What had she eaten for lunch? How could she have run through an entire value pack of diapers in one weekend? "Wait till I tell you what she did," she'd say every once in a while, as she gazed adoringly at the baby and I gazed around the room to avoid looking at my wife's Pillsbury rolls. In those moments – watching Marie gently rock her to sleep while singing "Punk Rock Girl" – I was reminded why I had once thought Marie was the sexiest woman in the world. But our sex life was in ruins; I spent all my time in the computer den (AKA pornatorium) or at work-sponsored happy hours with the models. I chalked it up to the transition period all new parents go through. Then one day, I realized it had been almost a year since Marie and I had made love.

Sometimes she'd say, "I really think things would be better for us if we could just be intimate again." Or she'd put the baby to bed early and come into the living room with two glasses of wine and a book of poetry – our classic recipe for seduction – but just the thought of me touching her cottage cheese thighs and lint-encrusted belly rolls made me recoil. "Maybe I'm just not a sexual person anymore," I told her, and I honestly meant it. The truth is, I wasn't attracted to her anymore. It wasn't that she'd changed on the inside – she still had the same sense of humor, kind heart, and sharp intellect that had literally made me fall in love when I first met her. But in my heart and my head, I'd neutralized her as a sexual being. I wanted to be overwhelmed by the sheer power of her femininity in the bedroom, but I wasn't. Because I felt like the dumpster diver in our relationship.

We went to see a therapist. "Don't you think I resent you for how easy it is for you to stay thin?" Marie asked me during one session. "You have these great genes, and I'm home like a slave, running errands, taking care of your shit, and you can't even spare me five minutes of sex at the end of the day." I think it was the first time I'd actually listened to what she had to say in years. She said that she was angry with me for always staying out late and partying with slender models, and angry with herself for not being able to turn me on anymore. She said she didn't appreciate being treated like a nanny-slash-housekeeper-slash-fat disgusting crap to be ignored in favor of porn. But what alternatives was she offering? I had ever so gently suggested she would feel better and our marriage would be happier if she lost the weight she had gained and slimmed back down to the hot wife I knew when I first fell in love with her and married her, but instead all she did was get fatter. We separated a few months later.

In retrospect, I realized I had this preconceived idea of what a sexy, attractive woman should be like. I imagined being married to, well, a good-looking, thin wife with a shapely hourglass figure. Someone whose attractive womanly physique looks pleasant to other people as well as to me. Someone who walks out the door with a sexy dress on, high heels, and a tight ass. Someone who turns heads. Does that make me a sexist? "I always felt embarrassed and guilty – you had all these preconditions for me that I felt like I wasn't living up to," Marie said to me after our divorce.

So nobody was more surprised than I was when I went ahead and fell for another funny, bright, kind woman like Marie.

Here's the difference, though: Magdalena knows what men want – and it's not a poetry reading over bon bons sitting on the increasingly concave couch. She knows men want to make sweet love to sexy, slender women who can wear the hot lingerie he buys for her without looking like a walrus tangled in a ball of string. Playing with my daughter or painting or translating the writings of Pablo Neruda is fine, but it is only a garnish to the main marriage course – hot, steamy, passionate love with a physically attractive woman. There's nothing food-obsessed or self-loathing about her. When Magdalena and I are cooking dinner together on Friday nights in a kitchen devoid of cheetos and tubs of Haagen Daz, or trying to drink coffee in bed on Sunday mornings while my daughter dances around us, I'm so attracted to her that it's all I can do not to rip her clothes off then and there.

Put it this way: Whether it's me or the sexy figure she's keeping, I think it's damn sexy.

This article was sent to various women's magazines for publication.

Justice Is Served

CH · 19 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Hope and change is in the air (hat tip: commenter Butters):

> An adulterous Spanish woman has been ordered to pay €200,000 in "moral damages" for the suffering caused to her husband by her illicit affair.
>
> The woman, who had three children by her lover, pretended for years that they were fathered by her husband, according to reports.

God bless the Spanish. While the Anglosphere countries are grabbing their ankles for their feminist and kleptocratic Overcunts and incomprehensibly, malignantly going down the path of forcing cuckolded beta husbands to continue footing the bills for the non-biological children of their whore wives' adulterous copulations, the Mediterranean-style cultures — AKA the Jealousy Belt — are taking the exact opposite tack and squarely putting the blame and the punishment where it rests — on the cheating wife.

Of course, some women will cry "What about the kids?!". Too bad. She should have thought of them before fucking around. Any harrowing consequences that befall the children are no longer the cuckolded husband's moral crisis.

> DNA tests showed that three of their four children had been fathered by the other man, the Times reports. The husband then took his wife to court, demanding compensation.
>
> The court in Valencia, southeastern Spain, ordered her to pay €100,000 for the suffering she caused him. She fought the ruling, but the Supreme Court has upheld it, and doubled the damages to €200,000.

God bless DNA paternity testing. Besides the Pill, has any technological innovation in the last 40 years leveled the playing field as radically as paternity testing? Widespread use will have cultural — *and* genetic — changes we can only begin to fathom now. The last 10,000 years may have been a whirlwind of human evolution, but that will seem like slow going compared to the hurricane of human change I foresee arriving in the next 500 hundred years. When our distant descendants gather in their gleaming labs to pry apart the recent course of human history and evolution, they will all agree on one thing: The observers of our time severely underestimated the Tunguska-level impact that the pill, condom, abortion, and female economic empowerment would have on the very foundations of the human species.

And can you imagine an American judge having the sack to do what that Spanish judge did, and doubling the damages because the bitch showed no remorse in fighting the initial ruling? I can't, which is too bad. It would be a step in the right direction to restoring America's greatness. This story is so delicious it needs a Hollywoodization:

WHORE: But, your Honor, I did nothing wrong! My husband never paid attention to me. What choice did I have but to find love elsewhere? I am a good mother, I deserve respect!

JUDGE: Bitch, sit your whore ass down. You fuck around like a filthy slut, have three kids by another man, and then foist them on your bamboozled husband who works his ass off supporting you and the family, and you expect to be coddled like a small child by this court? Make it $200 grand!

WHORE: But…

JUDGE: $300 grand! Keep going, tramp…

> The wife was judged to have "acted negligently in the conception of her children", and the concealment of the truth "only added to the pain caused to the husband" who should be compensated correctly.

No shit. I guess it takes a Spaniard to demonstrate common sense.

> In her defence, the woman told the court her extramarital activities had been “passionate and irregular” and blamed her husband for being cold, unfaithful and disinterested in the children.

Ha haa! I hadn’t even read this part when I wrote my short play above. Good to see there are still some people who understand the amoral nature of women.

> The court ruled her claims were not credible.

Justice… is served.

I’m beginning to see a welcome trend. While I don’t expect women — solipsistic creatures of child-like, morally underdeveloped minds — to ever lead the righteous in advocating for fairness and justice of the sort meted out by the Spanish courts, I do expect them to step in line and follow the strong men who will fight for these basic rights and for real justice, not Oprahfied, Lifetime channel justice. This will happen when men grow balls and stop kow-towing in fear to the lesbian bulldyke mafia who runs the womens studies cuntdustrial complex, because women by nature are followers, and where the pack goes, so go they. Women self-govern by a simple (simplistic) motto: “It’s all in the numbers.” Once a tipping popularity point is reached, women will abandon their old principles for the new principles with a speed that will prove the shallowness and expediency with which they hold their beliefs.

What’s interesting to me, and not surprising given the clearness of my vision regarding human nature, is that this reinvigoration of basic gender justice is happening in the *machismo* cultures like Spain and Brazil. Perhaps those cultures’ experiences with the animalistic and passionate boiling sexual impulses of men and women, and the jealousies engendered, gives them a better grasp of the stakes at play. Perhaps in the Anglo-founded countries, where monogamy and beta cooperation have been the norm for hundreds of years (up until recently), this understanding of the volatile and untamed nature of women’s sexuality is missing, or weak, and thus there is less inborn defense against falling under the spell of the siren call of postmodern, feminist claptrap.

But that is now changing. It’s just too bad we have allowed our culture to regress to such depths that the emergence of this change was necessary.

If men would follow my sage advice, they could avoid all this bullshit and still have plenty of sex and love from women:

Don’t get married.

When You Know You're Doing It Right

CH · 20 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When she says:

> I feel like you know everything about me, but I know nothing about you.

you're on the right track. She is interested in you enough to want a two-way information stream. She's begging for a connection. A girl has not escalated to Code Tingling Pussy interest level until she starts asking you questions about yourself.

(The Code Interest levels are:

- Code Snapped Shut Pussy
- Code Desiccated Pussy
- Code Semi-arid Pussy
- Code Mexican Border Virtual Fence Pussy
- Code Tingling Pussy
- Code Electrified Pussy
- Code Moist Pussy
- Code Open Faucet Pussy
- Code Deluge Pussy
- Code Explosive Hydropower Pussy)

When you hear the above line from a girl on a first date, know that you've done the following things right:

- remained an elusive mystery
- did not give away the store to try to win her approval
- have intrigued her just enough to cause her subconscious to spit forth her true feelings
- have made her feel comfortable revealing herself to you

Once you hear this from your date, do not clamp down on the "beta bait" and start reeling off factoids about yourself in an effort to appease the gods watching over her pussy. The best thing to say in response is something along the lines of:

> Totally untrue. [raise an eyebrow and smile] I told you that I'm a dog person.

She'll get the joke, and her Code Electrified Pussy will thank you for not failing her shit test.

Eventually, you will have to tell her about yourself in order to manufacture build a genuine rapport. Even the coolest laconic cats leaned back deep into the couch find the right time to mutter a few choice teasers about themselves. If your girl is saying she doesn't know anything about you on the second date, you've pushed your tight-lipped act too far. Mystery can turn to slippery evasion can morph to suspicious secrecy and finally gel into dull lump with nothing to say in her mind within the span of an hour.

Like all good seductions, what you don't say is as important as what you say, and impeccable timing is the intangible skill that separates the professional from the amateur.

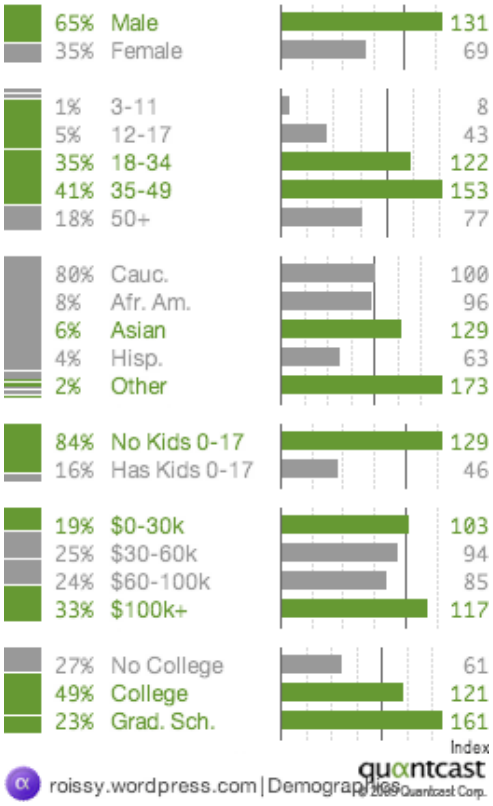
Fat Or Not Fat?

CH · 22 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

What This Blog Says About You

CH · 23 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I recently discovered the website Quantcast that offers a bunch of demographic data about the readership of sites. I don't know how accurate their numbers are, but if it's even in the ballpark it says some interesting things about my readers.



100 on the index scale represents parity with the internet population as a whole. Any number over 100 (shaded in green) means that a disproportionate share of that demographic group reads this blog.

35% of my readers are female. They come for the spittle and stay for the looooooove.

I've got the advertisers' coveted 18-49 demo locked up. Now all I need to do is sell something. Mindfucking by the minute?

I had no idea so many Asians read my site. Hopefully, they are all neotenously hot chicks. And what's "Other"? Sara?

No surprise that those with kids don't hang around here. It's not like I'm giving child-raising advice.

This blog attracts the poorest and the richest. Homeless bums with Wi-fi access and Masters of the Universe check in at Roissy for edification and common understanding. I bring together the world, like Ghandi or Rodney King. Theory: The middle income people have pushed away from the internet because they are too busy trying to succeed and join the upper ranks, while the rich are self-satisfied and have the leisure time to come here, and the poor have given up on their ambitions so have plenty of free time to goof off.

Nice to see I've got an overrepresentation of grad school students. In the immortal words of Ogre:

"NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRDS!!!"

Visits to this blog by rank order of country of origin:

USA

Canada
UK
Australia
Finland

The Anglosphere wants more game, more soul killing truth. But Finland? Is there any other country that has such a disporportionate impact in terms of presence on the internet? These Finns are all over the place. Finn girls smell intoxicating.

Chris Brown Is Alpha

CH · 23 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter **DF** wrote:

> Oh yeah, Chris Brown is alpha. No doubt. If rumors are true. The beat down stems from a booty call text. So he beat down Rihanna when she confronted him about it, probably tapped the other chick that very night, and has Rihanna drop the charges. That's fucking alpha.

Yep, it's alpha. Many people, despite their revulsion, will believe these rumors because these kinds of stories are all too common. Alpha isn't always "amused mastery" or grace under pressure. Sometimes, in fact a lot of times, it's a flying flurry of fists to the face, in the case of Rihanna leaving its demon mark as shadow horns on its victim AKA enabler.

Chicks dig power, and slapping a girl around is a form of power, whether we like it or not. Girls get moist in the nether regions for men who hit them, as we can deduce by the fact that most of the masochist victims go back to their punch-happy lovers. Many women drop the charges entirely, until they have taken one too many blows to the head and desperation finally severs the powerful bond of their emotionally paralyzing love for their tormentors. And make no mistake, it is **LOVE** they are feeling for their savage boyfriends. If you watch Cops, the domestic abuse emergency calls are very revealing. Often, the cop will arrive after the woman or a neighbor has called 911, only to find that getting a full accounting of the events from the victim is like pulling teeth. She will hem and haw, and ask the cop to go easy on her boyfriend (it's usually a boyfriend, not a husband), and even give the boyfriend, who moments earlier was knocking her across the room, a hug and kiss as he's being pushed down into the squad car.

Understand: Nearly EVERY woman — even upper class and educated women — has buried in the recesses of her feminine mystique a vulnerable center that will yield entirely and gratefully to a violent alpha male who will hit her. When you have a fear of approach, and you're feeling intimidated by all those sharply dressed and tightly coifed yuppie chicks striding purposefully down city streets and in office buildings, Blackberries in hand and eyes cold as ice, just remember that each one of them possesses, in varying degrees of will to surrender, the capacity to submit her heart and her pussy to a violent thug.

When you begin to see them this way, I promise your fear of approach will become manageable. To be successful with women, you must destroy the last vestige of the pedestal you put them on and the unearned respect you're impelled to give them.

Why does beat down game work? Answer: It's asshole game x100. And it's particularly effective on the hottest, most desirable chicks. In Darwinian terms, any guy who has the cojones to hit a woman is a guy who gets so much pussy he doesn't care about the risk that she'll leave him. And what that attitude encapsulates — Imperturbable Aloofness — is attractive to women. Very attractive. When I talk about psychological dominance as a core component of male power, I'm referring to that Stone Cold Take It Or Leave It attitude. Think of Game as the software app that installs this attitude into your superego. No plump 401K or fancy car needed.

The face of a beautiful woman in love with an alpha:

No charges have yet been filed by Rihanna. Just the opposite. She wants him back. On message boards, Rihanna fans have been begging the singer not to drop any possibly forthcoming charges against Brown. Seems people are very aware, deep in the dark echoing chambers of their ids, that beautiful women like Rihanna are prone to run back into the arms of violent men. We expend a lot of mental effort pretending we're blind to the reality of human nature, when we act in accordance with its precepts all the time. We are fallen sinners not from Adam and Eve, but from Travis the chimp. We haven't evolved as far from face eating as some would hope.

For any female readers who are disturbed by this post, take it up with your sisters who reward guys like Chris Brown, over and over again. I am the messenger you lash out at for revealing a truth about yourselves that hits a little too close to home. Shame the messenger and in doing so you hope to silence the sway of your darkest natures.

Nothing to see here but cold hard truth. You'd best move along, folks…

Related: Keeping Your Woman In Line. Reports from the front.

Hitting A Woman Will Turn Her On

CH · 24 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

For those who will be shocked
I remind you:
Please read the byline in the banner.

Commenter **expat** wrote in response to yesterday's post about women falling deeper in love with guys like Chris Brown who physically abuse them:

> After six months of casually dating a tweenager, I caught her having a fling. I might have put up with the fling, but she broke dates three nights in a row, and I became enraged by her rudeness. Those two left jabs to her face remain vivid in my brain. I must say it was an extremely intense moment - a moment of pleasure.
>
> She says she fell in love with me at that precise point. She took me much more seriously after that.
>
> I've never forgotten that life lesson. I do my best not to put myself in a situation where I'll choose that action again. I don't want to be that guy. But having been that guy shows a world we are told does not exist.

This is going to be a very difficult post for some of you to handle. I suggest those of you who faint at the thought of pulling off a band-aid or getting an erection at an inappropriate time pack up your dog-eared copy of *The Vagina Monologues* and leave now. Furthermore, anyone who can't distinguish *is* from *ought* would be best served leaving as well.

Expat's observation of the effect his hit had on his woman, and the experiences of those men who have talked to me about similar scenarios, mirrors my own experience. One time I backhanded my girlfriend across the face. Hard. I won't get into the details of what led up to the altercation, except to say that the slap was fully deserved. She stumbled backwards, her hair flying in ribbons, and looked up at me holding her hand to her face. She was quiet. A few seconds of silence passed. I went and sat on the sofa in the other room for a while, then stepped outside for a walk. She was still there when I came back later that night. She sidled up to me and began pawing my chest and crotch, frantically pulling my shirt off over my head with one hand while unbuttoning her jeans with the other. No words were exchanged. In seconds we were naked, as the streetlamp outside cast shards of yellowish light on the walls.

Not to put too lewd a point on it, but her pussy was wetter than it had ever been. As she was preparing to straddle me, long streamers of mucousy pussy juice dripped from her labia onto my rock hard cock below. I remember it clear as day — the viscous juice was a faintly pale yellow, illuminated by the streetlamp light and the flicker of a TV nearby. I put my hand on the spot in between her breasts, and her heart thumped like a bass drum. She moaned in a deep, gutteral way that you only hear from big predators as they are hunched over a kill gorging themselves. My cock was burning up inside her pussy, which felt like a coal fired oven.

It was the hottest sex I had ever had with her. Her passion exploded like a fireworks finale, finishing in a thermonuclear bomb of lust. Afterwards, she said her orgasms were so intense that she had almost passed out. She described seeing pinpricks of light dancing in her mind.

I have taken this experience with me to this day. I've had verbal fights with girlfriends before. I've walked out on girlfriends. I know how great after-fight sex can be (I prefer the term "after-fight" to "make-up" sex, as it better explains the underlying dynamics at play). But nothing came close in passionate intensity… no sex was hotter… than that time I backhanded my girl across her cheek. It was simple math to me — my unexpected and sudden slap had turned her on so much it left her quivering in bodyshaking orgasmic release.

I'm not going to argue in this post whether hitting a woman is alpha or beta. My belief is that on average it is the method of a lesser alpha — a transcendent alpha substitutes self-possessed mindfucking for hitting, but a

nascent lesser alpha who is relatively unaccustomed to the psychoflaying provocations of especially beautiful women will often let his emotions get the best of him. I have never known a beta to hit a woman; they simply don't have the testosterone or ballsack to do so. Most men are deathly afraid of the idea of hitting a girlfriend when she gets out of line, even more afraid than the thought of hitting another man. Therefore, I do not subscribe to the argument that hitting a "weaker woman" is inherently beta. In fact, if betas landed at least one well-placed, exquisitely timed slap on a bitchy girlfriend, many of them would see their relationships improve. This is an ugly truth about women that so many refuse to confront.

Women especially do not like to confront this fact about themselves because they fear their own untameable contours of sexual desire. Women understand that if men knew what actually motivates their libido, they would be taken advantage of as their will crumbled under the onslaught of his refurbished masculine energy. They would lose their leverage in the sexual market. They would be compelled to surrender, utterly, completely, totally.

> *i loved that he was so powerful i was nothing.*
> - O, on her sadistic lover

Note that hitting a woman is context dependent. You cannot walk up to a random woman on the street, slap her in the grill, and expect her to jump your bone. Nor can you hit a woman on the first date, hoping it will close the deal. Hitting, in powerful SINGULAR bursts no more than one slap at a time, will only have the intended pussy moistening effect on women who are already in your sexual orbit. She must be your girlfriend or lover. If she isn't already intrigued by you, hitting her won't make her so.

For practical reasons, you should never hit a wife. Although it will fire up her loins and deepen her love for you in the moment, when the divorce comes (50% chance) at a future date, her sleazebag lawyer will coax those pleasant memories out of her and use your moment of expressive masculinity against you to royally screw you for all eternity. Yet another reason not to get married.

Commenter **Paul "Faygala" Gowder** wrote:

> Roissy claims that the refusal of domestic violence victims to speak to the cops reveals that women like being beaten. That is such utter idiocy and dangerous drivel that it makes me practically dizzy to see that someone wrote it.

Paul is your typical lickspittle betaboy SWPLer feminist suck-up who has imbibed deeply of the reigning orthodoxy. His pinched soul is a warped and shriveled nutsack of legalese sophistry. His shoulder is drenched from years of unattainable girls crying on it. Behold him, for he is the personification and the foot soldier of the Great Lie.

I am not claiming that women WISH to be beaten. Naturally, if you ask a woman, she will say "No way I don't want to be beaten!". What I do claim is that despite a woman's conscious feelings towards abusers, her loins and her heart melt for men who abuse them, as can be seen by not only their return trips to the poisoned well (50% of women return to their abusive lovers), but by their very REAL and GENUINE love for their violently abusive lovers. Nothwithstanding to the contrary all the feminist squid ink attempting to whitewash in proper PC politesse why women go back to men who hit them, the simplest, and most parsimonious explanation, is that women return to abusers because THEY LOVE THEM. They are drawn to them. I have looked into the eyes of women who were in relationships with men who hit them, and I saw love. True, deep, fathomless love. If you have ever seen the eyes of a woman in love, you'll know what I mean. They look as if they're cavorting on another plane of existence.

Even beautiful women like Rihanna, with nearly illimitable options on the sexual market and an extensive support network that would protect her from abusive boyfriends, cannot help but keep going back to the man who hits her. Rihanna is said to be lonely without Chris Brown. She could have almost any man, but she chooses the man who punched her in the face.

I believe this is an ingrained hindbrain preference generally shared by most women that refuses to comfort the egos of the faint of heart and the blind of reality. Now whether this innate preference is a misfiring of the female brain's coding for dominant men, or simply an extreme example of such a preference that lies along a spectrum of lust for men possessing varying degrees of dominance is open for discussion. But one thing is clear:

Chicks dig power, and hitting a woman is a form of power.

My thesis, based on this fundamental understanding of female psychology, is that women get turned on by the display of power when a man delivers a hit, even, maybe especially, a hit that targets herself.

Roissy Maxim #2: Women are turned on by displays of male power. Striking in anger or contempt or disciplinary scorn is one such form of power.

Be aware that none of what I've written above is a deliberation on the morality of hitting women. I explain reality and human nature as it is, and in so doing give you the tools with which to advantage yourselves. I leave the decision of what to do with these tools up to you. The Dark Church of Roissy exists beyond the shackles of morality, where angels fear to tread.

Personally, I don't advocate hitting women, despite knowing full well that it works. In this day and age, it is a risky venture, and there are better methods of training your girlfriend to be the best woman she can be to you. The right frame of mind and tight game will be just as effective, if not moreso in the long run, as a firm slap for turning your girlfriend into an Army of One Loyal Pussy.

Furthermore, it has been my experience that reaching the heights of alphadom precludes frequent emotional outbursts that would result in a physical confrontation. Striking in anger every time a girl tests your mettle is not the way of the rock solid alpha. Amused mastery and grace under pressure, in most circumstances, is the superior attitude. But an infrequent blast of animated masculine zeal, sometimes in the form of a slap to the face, will reaffirm your love for her in her eyes, and convince her of your worthiness. Not to mention set her pussy aflame. This is a reaction she will not be able to control, no matter how many feminist manifestos she reads.

> I don't think there is anything particularly wrong in hitting a woman, though I don't recommend you do it the same way that you hit a man.
> - Sean Connery

Chronicles Of A 21st Century Bachelor

CH · 25 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

“Wait, just let me grab my phone.”

She leaned over my lap, arching her back so her round ass was sticking up in the air. Her jeans were skin tight. “That’s a funny ringtone you’ve got.”

She looked back at me coyly, holding her phone loosely in one hand. “What do you think?”

“Of what?”

“This.” She wiggled her rump. “You like my ass?”

“It’s juicy.” I rested my hand on one cheek, proud of myself that I didn’t have to lie about the quality of her ass.

“MMmmm. Would you like to spank me?”

I gave her a playful spank, making sure to hit both cheeks at once. *spank.*

“Oh, yeees.” Her eyes were closed. “Hi, Mom…. no, I’m fine… I’m at Amanda’s. Yes, Amanda’s… YES! Yeah.”

“You’re talking to your *Mom*?!”

“Bye!” Her ass scooted up a little more. “She’s always so worried about me. Spank me again?”

spank.

“MMmmmMMMmmm… uh huhh agaaaain…”

spank spank spank.

“Woooo. Do you like hitting my ass?”

“It’s acceptable.” *SPANK. SPANK.*

“Oh wow, that feels good. I like it when you hit me harder.” Her hips were grinding mechanically. “Keep going. Hit as hard as you like.”

I hauled off on her ass. ***SPANK… SPANK!***

“MM MM MM!” Humid warmth radiated from her crotch. “Harder harder please please please.”

“Did I say you could talk?” I was throwing myself into the absurd unfolding scene. “I’ll be the judge of how hard I hit you.”

“Yes, siiiir!” she chirped. She was considerably younger than me.

Spank spank spank spank. Her phone rang again.

“Hi… yeah, I’m OK…” She spoke more words into the phone. “Okaaaay… *sigh*… I’ll call you later.”

“Your Mom?”

“No, my brother. He’s just checking up on me.” She smiled wistfully. “I love them so much.”

A stimulus package of sadistic contempt surged through my veins. I really wanted to inflict pain on this chick. “That’s… sweet.” I stretched my arm behind my head like a pitcher preparing to throw a fastball and sent it hurtling, open-palmed, as fast and as hard as I could into her fleshy bottom.

WHACK!!

“Unghnuu.. uh huhhhh…. oh god….” Did she just come? “Do you want to use something on me?”

"Stop talking." ***WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK.***

"Oh oh oh oh… my god… leave a mark."

"Get off." I pushed her off my lap and walked into the kitchen to retrieve a big metal spoon. From my bedroom her phone rang with its annoyingly quirky ringtone.

"**words words words*… yes, Mom, I promise… Ok, everything is FINE. OK! I love you too. Bye."

I walked into my bedroom. She was naked on my bed, on all fours, her ass turned toward me. She looked over her shoulder at me. "I'm waiting."

"Your Mom again??"

"Oh… yeah. She calls, like, 15 times a night. She doesn't trust me." She started drawing invisible figure eights in the air with her arched buttocks.

"15 times? Does she know you're here?"

"HA! No way, I told her I'm at a friend's. Come here. I want more spankings."

I revealed the metal spoon I had been hiding behind my back.

"Oh oh that's really going to hurt isn't it?" She didn't sound afraid.

THWWWWAAACK!

"OWW, fuck."

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK. I tossed the spoon and resumed hitting her with my hand. ***SPANK SPANK SPANK SPANK SPANK…….. WHACK!*** Beads of sweat formed on my forehead. I was giving it everything I had. The sadism was strong in me.

"Oooh shiiiit… gguuuuhhhhh…." Her legs quivered. I could see red marks on both cheeks, even through the dark of the room and the light brown color of her skin. Her labia glistened with pussy juice. I looked at my palm and saw it was moist.

ring ring ring

"Wow, your phone… again." It was her Mom. I spanked her while she reassured her Mom once more that she was at Amanda's. There was no doubt in my mind her Mom heard the crack of my palm against her daughter's exposed butt cheeks. She did nothing to stop me.

"Yes, Mom."

WHACK!

"Ok, Mom, I know."

SPANK!

"I love you too."

CRACK!

"Bye!"

THAAAAWACK!

"Give it to me!" I positioned my cock (I had slipped a rubber on while spanking her) at the entrance of her hole and teased the lips apart with the tip. "I'm scared. Go easy, please. Please." Scared? I wondered to myself if she was a virgin. No way. Way?

I pounded her from behind so hard, so violently, that I knocked her halfway off the bed. Her head and shoulders were dangling over the side. With each mighty reverberating thrust her head banged against the floor. Cataclysmic release.

…

ring ring ring

“You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me.” It had been ten minutes since the last call.

“Hiii. No I’m fiiiine. Seriously. Everything’s OK. OK ok ok. YES, I will let you know. Alright! Don’t upset Mom. Thanks. Ok Bye.”

“Lemme guess. Brother again?”

“I have to go.”

“Problem?”

“My brother has, like, this special GPS thing on his phone. He can track where I am by my phone.”

“I see.”

“He probably already knows where I’m at right now.”

“Um. Yeah. Interesting.”

“I should go. He could be on his way here.”

“Fantastic. Are you for real?”

“I don’t know for sure, but he could be coming here.”

“Well then, let’s get you out of here. Metro is straight down Calvert. Go two lights. You could try a cab, too.”

“Sooorrrry… oh god, I can’t find my shoe.”

“It’s here.” I tossed her the black stiletto. “Hey, I’ve got one question.”

“What?” She smiled earnestly at me.

“What does your Dad do for a living?”

“He’s a physician.”

“Huh, a doctor.”

“Well, a physician.”

“And your Mom?”

“She’s a physician too.”

“Nice. Do you have a pillow on your bed that says ‘The princess sleeps here’?”

“Ha ha! I should!”

As she walked out my door, her ridiculous quirky ringtone pierced the air. “Hi, Mom……..”

I deleted her number in the morning.

Returning To Abusive Relationships

CH · 26 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I left a comment in Roosh's post about fat people in modern society being OK with their slovenly appearance (my theory: removal of shaming controls and safety in numbers) in response to the following preposterous assertion by another commenter named Heather:

> is it possible to be fat and happy? speaking from personal experience: yep. i fully realize that i'm in the minority, but here is the reality: i'm in spinning class three days a week, yoga four times a week, i walk everywhere, been a vegetarian for the last 18 years, shop at the farmer's market every week, have an enviable boyfriend, a career that i love and that lets me have my own lovely apartment in expensive-ass san francisco, amazing friends, am crafty as a motherfucker….i could go on. oh, and i'm 5′5″ and 185 pounds.
>
> my point? be careful of casting disparaging judgments on an entire class of people. everyone has their own thing going on, and making assumptions about the happiness of others is shallow and ignorant, at best.

Here was my reply to the very large 5'5″ 185lb Heather:

> heather, are you familiar with the ethiopian famine of the mid-1980s? millions starving, and a bunch of euro pop stars got together and wrote a song called "do they know its christmas?" and sang feed the world. bob geldof organized charities. the media was streaming video and pics from ethiopia during that famine.
>
> care to guess how many of those ethiopians were fat?
> yeah, not a one.
> you can try to fool everyone here but you can't fool the second law of thermodynamics — if you eat less food you will lose weight.
>
> heather, you are a big fat bowling ball. 5′5″ 185 lbs is disgustingly obese on anyone who isn't a world class male bodybuilder or powerlifter. if you aren't lying about your exercise regimen and your vegetarianism, then the simple conclusion remains that you are eating way too much plant food or ice cream and/or exercising with the intensity of a slug for you to be that fat. because i guarantee that if you ate 200 calories worth of food per day for the next two months you WILL lose weight. there is no getting around that law of biochemistry.
>
> oh, and i don't believe you have an "enviable" boyfriend. you are either lying about that or deliberately misconstruing the meaning of "enviable" to assuage your ego. to clear the air, answer the following questions about your BF:
>
> how tall is he?
> how much does he weigh?
> does he have all his hair?
> do other women check him out when you are out with him on the town?
> what is his occupation?
> does he have an arrest record?
> what is his level of education?
> does he watch nascar regularly?
> how much money does he make?
> is he, or has he ever been, a drunk, gambling addict or drug addict?
> is he, or has he ever been, in debt?
> what happened to his last relationship?
> what did his ex-girlfriends look like while he was dating them?
> does he talk about his exes a lot?
> when did he lose his virginity?

> how long have you been together?
> how many gifts has he bought you?
> how often does he want to have sex with you?
> has he ever fucked you with the lights on or during the daytime?
> has he ever fucked you two or more times in a row?
> does he go down on you?
> on average, how long does he fuck you?
> is he always asking you for blowjobs?
> do you frequently catch him looking at other women?
> has he ever called you another woman's name?
> does he watch a lot of porn?
> is this porn featuring slender girls, or fat tonka truck girls?
>
> that'll do for now.
>
> ps: if you think at your grotesque size you aren't suffering a hit to your attractiveness to 99.99% of men, think again. men are pretty uniform in what they desire in women's looks. if you have found a genuine fatty fucker, then count your blessings, because the number of weirdo fetish men who like fucking women of size are FAR fewer than the number of fatsos available for them to fuck.

Roosh appreciated the ownage. On second reading, I am inclined to agree.

So what does this have to do with **"Shove me, slap me, but don't ever say you'll leave me"** theme week?
It's this: Overeating is self-abuse. Except food won't give you hot sex.
Unless your name is Keith and you stare longingly at butternut squash.

In his perfect world, shame is once again restored to its rightful place as a powerful motivator of human behavior. SWPLers hate shame. Probably because they hate things that make them feel bad but have the effrontery to work.

February 2009 Comment Winner

CH · 27 February 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The comments were bursting with fruit flavor in February.

February 2009 Comment Winner

It's **Satr** expressing his thanks for all the good that I do:

> thanks for your progressive and humanist blogging and keep making the world a better place

I carry my burden with a happy heart.

Comment Winner Runner-up

Sebastian Flyte answers Freud's age old question "what do women really want?" in the comments to my post praising the neg as an opener:

> This is what women want. They WANT to feel unworthy of a guy and then win him over. Attraction is bascially showing a girl you are out of her league. That's all. The neg does this. I remember a guy in my secondary school who just straight up told a girl to 'look in her own league' when approached – he was with her a week later. Women have a psychological need to feel inadequate before their man. This must be demonstrated in one way or another, otherwise attraction just won't burst forth.

Honorable Mentions

Colin Bowel explains how he reverses a flake in my post discussing this important geopolitical matter:

> This is like the time I texted a girl saying "whats up sucky mcdicksucker" and ten minutes later she came over and sucked my dick.

In the same post, **Tood** ventures a guess that Hulk Hogan's divorce proceedings will be worse than the sum total of blows he received over his career:

> The Hulkster needs GAME.
>
> But the divorce laws are brutalizing Hulk Hogan in a manner that 20 years of being pounded, slammed, and clotheslined by Andre the Giant, the Undertaker, Randy Savage, and the Ultimate Warrior cannot match.

It's true. Most men would rather take a collapseable metal chair over the head than experience the joy of a cold loveless ex-wife on the warpath of revenge.

Commenter **Z** tells you exactly what kind of women you are likely to meet online in this post:

> THIS IS WHAT YOU GET ONLINE FOR THE MOST PART THOUGH:
>
> 1) OLDER WOMEN IN THEIR LATE 20's-thru-early 40's.
>
> 2) Divorced women who are stuck with their kid(s), thus cannot go out at night very often.
>
> 2) Women slumming through the week (only go out to bars on the weekends), hoping to meet some guy with money
>
> 3) Broke chicks who dont have the money to pay cover charges at bars
>
> 4) Women looking for a fuckbuddy with the looks and equipment she craves (Size queens and muscle-

> worshippers……oft will ask for pictures of your dick with a tape measure, etc).
>
> 5) Gold-diggers (see number 2)
>
> 6) Women who dont have any other single gal pals, and dont want to go to bars “alone”.
>
> 7) Cheating wives looking for something on the side, but cannot safely get out to bars without being caught.

Numbers 3 and 6 are your best bet for finding a sweet, attractive and mentally stable woman online.

Whiskey boils the battle of the sexes down to one sentence in this post:

> Paraphrasing Spengler, Women in the West (where they have genuine choice) get the men they deserve, and create: PUA pump and dump players, man-boy geeks opting out of a losing game for diversions, and angry older bitter losers.

You gotta play the system you’re given.

Howard Roark offers the MOAN (Mother OF All Negs) in my “Neg As Opener” post:

> In college I was friends with a true natural, with unbelieveable instincts for game. One time he came up to us in a small group and sat down, there were two cute girls with us. I knew them, he didn’t really. After sitting down, he used a line, and to this day, I’ve never seen one line just dismantle a girl’s entire mental machinery like this:
>
> “Hey [Girl’s name], you know what? You dress exactly like my mother.”
>
> I’ve never seen anything be over so fast; it was like a secret death blow from an ancient ninjitsu manuscript. She freaked out. Is that an insult? Well, if you’re saying MY mom has no style it was. Then she’s asking him if his mom is hot. He’s like what the fuck is wrong with you, I don’t know if my mom is hot. Her panties were all abunch, she was all over him. But she was like a trapped rat. Amazing.
>
> That was the day I learned the power of what I later (10 years later) read on the internet was called a “neg”. It is so sacred a line that I’ve actually never used it. Somebody should.

I have yet to try it. When I do, I’ll report on the results.

Cannon’s Canon tells us how he rates women on the fuckability scale:

> The one redeeming quality about the DC slut machine is that she seems to show some moderate calf musculature. (The huge feet I could do without) My old lifting partner and I will always ask of each others’ women how big their calves are, to evaluate them as breeding stock for powerful legs.

G Manifesto relpies to another commenter’s description of the perfect date with his formula for success:

> *“I would take red scarf out to a nice restaurant and then a walk on the beach. Afterwards, I would sit with her on a park bench and watch the sunset while we told each other stories about our families. The next day, I would call her and feel real nervous until she picked up. I would bring her flowers on our second date and take her to a live play or musical performance.”*
>
> Good comment.
>
> I would get high off Hashish and Absinthe and swoop her in a Czech Hostel.
>
> Then go on partying.

Readers wonder if the G is real or a grandiose put-on. I don’t know and I don’t care. Just lean back in your Dutailier leather chair and enjoy it like a long smooth puff of a Cohiba Siglo cigar.

David Alexander cements his position as Troll Overlord:

> Foul skags are an excellent source of hugs though.

Sara embraces the reality of the sexual market:

> Reading this blog has made me realize that men are by and large doing this type of very important mental calculation when they check me out. I have an urge sometimes to go up to them to point out a few flaws they may not have noticed. At the end of it, I'm sure my rating would go from whatever to goose egg, at which point I'd be satisfied that I'd done my best at full disclosure.

Although Sara hates on me with righteous fembot fury, I don't inflict my sadistic cruelty on her. If you wonder why Sara gets a relatively free pass, it's because she leavens her hate with feminine charm. You other haters may want to take note.

Racer X feels the pain of those women who cannot have:

> The last pic is a fling. Why? Because she is looking despondent, knowing that she will not be able to enjoy forever being plowed by alpha cock on a nightly basis. She is less than standard beauty wise, a little chubby, and not up to his highest tastes. She knows this, hence the look of dejection on her face. She knows that she will be forever doomed to being fucked by the small penises of lesser males than he. She knows she is ruined forever. To have even tasted his cock once and never have it again is fate worse than anything she can imagine. No woman could endure that.

Dick fuel describes how alphas and betas piss in my post on Paul Newman's alphatude:

> betas piss hunched over staring at their itsy bitsy
>
> alphas lean back and arch their stream

This is a surprisingly accurate observation.

Expat illustrates the effectiveness of pithy lowbrow insults with an unintentionally hilarious response:

> *"You fag!"*
>
> What rejoinder are you looking for? It's a football-hooligan type conversation stopper. I don't quite get your motivation, or your point. Truly. I have no concept whatsoever of why you bother being so inane.

Expat, you're a gold member commenter, I love ya, but that reply was fuckin awesome.

Kthulah confirms her status as a delusional superfreak whose opinions on human sexual dynamics are useful only for mocking:

> Anony, most men are hypocrites when it comes to sex, but it's not unheard of for a guy to "outsource" if something happens to him that he can't perform. The worry that pops up for these guys is losing the wife. If he doesn't have that worry, it makes things much easier for him…sort of like with my ex.
>
> Once we figured out what his problem was, I actually considered and then looked into having myself reproductively neutralized. That means a full hysterectomy and clitorectomy. I'm not a strict monogamist, but the idea of our union possibly being threatened by someone else just because I was horny, was not appealing.
>
> As it turned out, the ethnic situation here takes care of most of that issue. So he was right not to let me go

> through with the operations. He told me to find some young virile guy who respected me well enough, and get laid.

Lunatic fringe… We know you're out there…

PA, another commenter in good standing, nails the evil of third world mass immigration (and, yes, it is evil) in my post on the justice meted out to a whore wife who cuckolded her beta hubbie:

> Mass immigration benefits the ruling elites economically by crippling the middle class and depreciating the price of labor, politically by supplying socialist voters, and culturally by deracinating the country's core ethnic group.
>
> Mass immigration, particularly of incompatible newcomers, is a classic divide-and-conquer strategy of the ruling classes.

Simply beautiful in its precise and unassailable truth. Well done.

Obsidian compares PUA to Jedis and Sith. How can I not appreciate that?

> In the Jedi world, there are 7 official forms, or styles of combat. Each style emphasizes a particular aspect of fighting, and by extension an aspect of its user.
>
> Yoda, who is by his very nature dimunitive, uses a style that takes advantage of this, making him a very hard target to hit (Ataru, Form IV).
>
> Anakin, who is driven by his passions, chooses a style that best reflects a more "raw Alpha" vibe, Shem-Djo, if my spelling is right (Form V).
>
> Obiwan's style relies a much more passive approach, which makes him very tough to beat, because his defences are so good (Soresu, Form III).
>
> Mace Windu, like Anakin, draws his power from a deep well of passion; his form of combat is both unorthodox and all-emcompassing/overwhelming at the same time. In fact, only a handful of Jedi have ever even successfully used his style, and when they do, they invariably fall to the Dark Side (Vapaad, Form VII).
>
> Dooku's style, Makashi, is a true fencer's art; it is a statement about his sense for flair and elegance, as well as for precision (Form II).
>
> Since references to the Jedi are common in the PUA community, I think it might do well for many of its adherents to contemplate things like this as they consider which dojo they wish to draw from. Congruency is the key here. It must be a natural fit for you in order to get the most out of it, and one reason why a lot of guys fail at Game is because they fail to develop their introspective sides of themselves.
>
> When you sit down and think about what I've just written above, you'll see large elements of each Jedi's principal style in the way they approach Game among known and even lesser known PUAs. For example, he doesn't strike me as an Obiwan type. More like an Anakin. Style is more Obiwan.

Anakin. Yeah, that sounds about right.

Marvelous Bastard notes a raw ugly truth I've written about before:

> Women love it when he tears apart the beta boys, but they hate it when he turns it on the ladies.
>
> This solidarity among the sisterhood is creepy. You don't see the men in this forum standing up for the betas, but start making generalizations about women and the ladies get defensive.

It's always amusing for me to corner my detractors when they commit this sin of the human ego.

Welmer explains why women are opposed to paternity testing:

> Interestingly, when I did some research into adultery legislation, it was most frequently women who opposed it or suggested it was a waste of time.
>
> To me, this suggests that more wives than husbands cheat, or at least more wives want to keep the option open. What I think is going on is that a few men cheat on their wives a lot, and a lot of women cheat some.

That's exactly right. Women have more incentive to keep open the option of cheating on their spouse. Like I've said before: Incentives matter. Schools should teach a separate class called "Concepts of Incentives". It would help dispel a lot of pretty lies people bring with them into the voting booth.

Kick a Bitch, doing what he was put on this earth to do:

> both are fat, would only let them give me head. i would also try my best to gizz on their face.
>
> granted, this would apply to most women but wth, figured i would toss it out there.

Anon embraces the alpha/beta distinction in my post about Chris Brown:

> Ah yes, its beating up on girls is completely Alpha, in much the same way kicking puppies and stealing candies from babies is Alpha. The rampaging chimp last week that blinded and maimed some poor woman?-Complete Alpha, running the ultimate neg on the woman. All those victims had it coming, and really deep inside, wanted it.

In human female world, Travis was indeed an alpha. It wasn't until a human male showed up with a male-invented gun did Travis resume his place in the pecking order.

Welmer wins a two-fer honorable mention for this exceptional exegesis in the Chris Brown post:

> It is interesting how these kinds of revelations result in hysteria. You know, I think half the reason women enjoy the concept of a physically combative sexual relationship is that it creates exactly the kind of drama that empowers them.
>
> Men have an unquestionable lust for war, which is about struggle between groups of men for dominance, yet women, too, have their own penchant for violence and dominance. A woman's most powerful asset is her ability to harness the destructive power of men, and if she can provoke a man to physical violence it is often a deeply pleasurable experience for her.
>
> This tendency is immortalized in the Norse sagas in this Icelandic proverb:
>
> "eru köld kvenna ráð"
>
> "Cold is the counsel of woman."
>
> This quote follows a woman's demands that a man who had insulted her honor be killed.
>
> A violent man is a tool of women, and therefore a good mate. If he doesn't kill her, she is empowered. This, I think, is the evolutionary explanation for attraction to men who have a tendency to lash out with physical force. The enraged man is an extension of her own power, so it is not so much submission that motivates her desire, but rather the power to inflict damage. To possess a dangerous man is the feminine equivalent of male bloodlust.
>
> Over and over we read about the likes of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, yet men are foolish enough to ignore received wisdom. The continued effeminacy of American men will eventually be the ruin of American women, as there will eventually be nobody left to fight for them. I welcome such an outcome, as there is no reason to fight for a woman who offers nothing but treachery in return.

> This was Homer's lesson, and it stands today.

Along the same vein of why women love men who hit them, **Shadowexit** posts a poem written by a 19 year old girl:

> My back against the couch
> I enjoy
> your power over me
> When you throw the condom away
> and me too
> I feel sick
> because I like it
> with an asshole like you

There is more wisdom and beauty in this girl's heartfelt poem than in all the postmodern poetical dreck in the world. And no, I am not kidding.

Expat also scores an honorable mention two-fer with this trenchant observation:

> Men try to win the argument in order to win over the group, women try to win over the group, in order to win the argument.
>
> That's how I know who are the women on this board.

Make it a three-some. The first one ever here at le Chateau. Congrats, **Expat**!

> I'm only slowly realizing why DA brings out revulsion in me.
>
> He is the antichrist. The anti joy. The anti life. The anti struggle. The anti personal betterment. He is unholy, like stagnant water.

The antichrist will be a nauseatingly trollish beta. You heard it here first.

Well done, readers. An impressive list of winners this past month.

Shocker! Beautiful Woman Chooses Man Who Beats Her Silly

CH · 1 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

And once again the Chateau worldview is vindicated.

> The pair have reunited almost three weeks after Brown, 19, allegedly battered the “Umbrella” singer on Feb. 8, a source tells PEOPLE.
>
> “They’re together again. They care for each other,” says the source. The on-again couple are currently spending time together at one of Sean “Diddy” Combs’s homes, on Miami Beach’s Star Island.

Aww, how cute. Rihanna and Chris, the two lovebirds, back together again. ***POW!*** She just couldn’t stay away, that girl! ***WHACK!*** Sources close to the loving couple say they can’t keep their hands off each other. ***SLAP!*** I bet!

Is Rihanna going back to Chris in spite of, or because of, the beatings he gave her? Answer: both.

Consciously, she goes back in spite of. Subconsciously, she goes back because of.

And science is slowly discovering that women’s sexuality can effortlessly occupy both the conscious and subconscious planes simultaneously.

A hit across the face, because it is an unabashed demonstration of male power, will trigger stronger orgasms in many otherwise normal women. I have observed this phenomenon myself. Think of a slap as Viagra for women. Lubed up for a long evening of hot sex!

PS: If you disapprove of this behavior, the way to contain this Pandora’s Box of human nature is to shame the women for freely choosing abusive men. Shaming violent men for striking women will not work as well as long as women continue to reward these men with their loving hearts and open pussies.

Anti-Game

CH · 2 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Damian and I were at a multi-floored historic building converted into a lounge (a not uncommon idiosyncrasy of the city) that features the hottest female waitstaff and bartenders in the city.

Damian bumped my elbow and motioned me to look toward two attractive blondes — a 7.5 and an 8.5 — who were standing near us. Two men had just walked up and engaged them in conversation. Both men were, as far as I can tell these things, decent-looking, over 6 feet tall, and in shape. One was older– late 30s, early 40s — and sharply dressed with a dash of gray around the temples. His buddy was late 20s, early 30s, and dressed more casually. The younger guy had a frat boy-ish vibe, while the older guy struck a more sophisticated pose.

Since all four of them were within earshot, I focused my listening attention on the group, occasionally glancing over, so I could enjoy the spectacle of these guys running whatever game they had on the two blondes. When I see a choice setup like this, I take it as an opportunity to observe and learn or, in the case of men with no game, to amuse myself and gawk at the carnage, while positioning for a flanking maneuver.

Approach

The men went straight in, telegraphing their interest from the word “go”. Opened with “Hey, how you guys doing?” Points for boldness, demerits for shitty opener. Even in socially overheated crowded venues, the best approach is noncommittal — from an angle, over the shoulder. Also, it doesn’t hurt to be a little more creative than “How you doin’?”.

Girls’ Reaction

The poor approach didn’t hurt these guys. The girls welcomed them with big smiles and enthusiastic hellos, probably because the men were reasonably good-looking compared to the average man in the place. The older man looked like he was of means.

Body Language

The men registered the girls’ positive reaction and took the beta bait, amping up their energy levels and enthusiasm. This was my first hint that a pickup attempt disaster was looming. The younger guy began grinning ear to ear like an idiot, and bobbing his head up and down each time the girls talked. The older guy maintained a more aloof body language, keeping his back straight and avoiding any “pecking” or leaning into the girls. He didn’t wildly smile like his fratboy buddy. I could see he had more self-control and experience than his younger friend. His economy of words and body movement made him seem the more confident of the two men. If I noticed that, then surely the girls noticed it as well.

Conversation

The men ran what I call Chit Chat Game. This is the kind of conversation you make with someone when you are bereft of anything interesting to say. “What do you think of this place?” “You guys live in the city?” “Hey, the martinis here are really good.” “You guys like to dance?” “Whoa, you’re from North Carolina?” “How about those Tar Heels!” The fratboy latched onto this subject because it was in his comfort zone. “Yeah, you’re a Tar Heels fan? All riiiiight!! High five!”. He tried to hold the high five with the 7.5 for a second too long, but she dropped her hand fast.

Yes, the guys were actually talking college sports. I could *feel* the initial attraction drain out of the girls, like a nail in a tire slowly letting out air. Their smiles had turned plastic, and they began gripping their drinks tighter and holding them up higher on their chests. The hotter one made a series of quick sidelong surveys around the room.

The older man wasn’t talking as much, but when he did he had a steadier, calmer cadence than his sports fan friend. Unfortunately for him, he didn’t lead and take control of the conversation when it started sputtering into lame

sports talk territory. What he did contribute was of the “business interview” variety. More mature than gushing over the Tar Heels to be sure, but still death for pickup.

Escape

Surprisingly, Fric and Frac managed to stay in set for fifteen minutes. I chalked it up to the niceness of the girls — they were very forgiving of horrid game that would have sent the typical urban lawyer chick into massive shit test, ball crushing mode, after suckering the tools for free drinks of course. These two girls must have been from out of town — way out of town.

The 7.5 delivered the cockblock signal to her friend — a thin-lipped entreaty and an almost imperceptible eyebrow raise — but that was all it took for her to get the message.

“Well, we’re going to go upstairs now. See you!” As they turned and slithered away from the men, Fratboy looked over his shoulder at them and in a sickeningly pleading voice moaned “Aww, you guys are going upstairs?? All right, maybe we’ll see you up there!” The girls didn’t bother looking back.

Denouement

Damian found all this the height of hilarity, but also was overcome with an urge to pummel the beta out of these guys. He believes bad game is more nauseating than eating a spoiled enchilada. It really is like rubbernecking at a particularly gruesome car accident. I enjoy bad game in others because it means less competition for me. This is why I support gay rights. I want as many men as possible to feel comfortable embracing the butt pirate lifestyle and thus removing themselves from hetero circulation.

Fratboy and Boring Gent talked amongst themselves, obviously planning a way to reconnect with the girls. Someone needed to be charitable and interject to explain the futility of their situation, but no man’s ego is strong enough to handle that sort of constructive criticism, especially not in the chaos of the field. Instead, we watched them climb up the stairs to meet their by now long gone girls.

We didn’t have the heart to tell them that the only thing upstairs were the bathrooms.

Rebirth

Later, I bumped into the hotter girl on the first level of the club. I smiled at her.

“So, how did those guys do?”

She laughed.

****

A lot of losers in love insist that “being yourself” is morally superior to “manipulating and seducing” a girl with game. They have an instinctual aversion to anything that doesn’t conform to the beta script of “boy meets girl and sometimes magic happens in a most satisfyingly natural and unforced way, as God intended”. They believe any conscious effort to make oneself more attractive to the opposite sex is inherently dishonest.

They are wrong. Honesty is recognizing that women have different desires and appealing to that. Dishonesty with yourself is ignoring this fundamental fact of the sexes, and selfishly expecting women to be attracted to your principled obstinacy.

What game-hating beta losers don’t comprehend is that the opposite of Game — casual chit chat — can increase a man’s failure rate with women who would otherwise prefer that he not disappoint them so. “Being yourself” isn’t an ethically or strategically neutral stance; it is an unnecessarily negative obstacle to connecting with women in the way they want you to connect with them. Despite what women claim, they would really rather you run some game on them so they can feel those good feelings that are aroused by skilled practitioners of the art of indulging the female psyche. They just don’t want you to tell them you’re running game.

The two girls were happy to be approached by the two men on account of their style and looks. But Anti-Game quickly eroded whatever attraction was there initially. These guys were being themselves, and it cost them dearly. They were “honest” according to the beta playbook, and they were punished for their honesty.

Anti-Game is the equivalent of being an ill-prepared Boy Scout. Anti-Game is to men what going out wearing baggy pants and flannel shirt, no makeup, and greasy, unkempt hair is to women. Sure, you may be good-looking enough to pull some ass despite your lack of game or your figure-concealing unflattering clothes, but you’ll be needlessly limiting your options.

February 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 3 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The nominees for the February Beta of the Month in the 2009 Beta of the Year contest are in. Keep your submissions rolling in, folks.

February 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by commenter **11minutes**. A regular Joe gets cheated on, but what vaults this guy into the rarified stratosphere of Beta of the Month is what he did once the truth came out.

"I read about my wife's affair in her diary":

> I don't remember the exact day Colin (not his real name) became part of my life. A fleetingly glimpsed neighbour I'd sometimes nod to, I knew he was a long-distance truck driver and I think he knew who I was. When our paths crossed, he would seldom meet my gaze. I don't even remember when I first heard his name. A familiar voice uttered it, though: my wife's. It wasn't by way of an introduction, although years later I did wonder how that might have gone. "Honey, you've seen that handsome man with the blond hair, broad shoulders and light tan who lives at number 18? His name's Colin." But no. Rather more mundanely, she referred to him matter-of-factly in conversation. "Colin took the remains of that old fence to the dump for me today, honey." Or, "Oh, by the way, Colin mended the lawn mower. Then he mowed the lawn."

As I've said before, women are inherently amoral. They are *de facto* nihilists. They are sociopaths of convenience. So when a wife is cheating on you, don't expect her to tip her hand so flagrantly. A cheating whore is perfectly capable and willing of fooling even the most advanced male brain lie detector system. That very guy she's boffing under your nose is the guy who "by the way, mended the lawn mower".

Ice in the veins. That's what happens to a woman's blood when she falls out of love. You have been warned.

> Instead, I started to read. The entries stretched back months, detailing their covert liaisons – romantic, practical, but mostly sexual. The descriptions ranged from the relatively tame ("Kissed and cuddled today, it was lovely") to the kind of things you get in the racier passages of a Mills & Boon novel – nothing too graphic, but surprisingly comprehensive.

Women are amazingly detail-oriented when recounting sexual exploits. Almost clinical. See: Dirty little psychoslut who writes about her anal fissures in lovingly clinical prose. Men are the idealistic romantics. Women are the idealized romantics.

> My jaw ached with panic and I felt the sudden flush of adrenaline.

You'd almost think he'd want to kill someone, or at least dump the bitch. But no, if he did that he wouldn't be a BOTM nominee.

> Of course, I confronted her. I wanted to yell at her, but my initial anger was quickly anaesthetised by shock. I felt numb, confused. With tears in her eyes, she said she hadn't been happy for years and that Colin provided an escape. At that moment, I didn't know what to say. It was four or five hours before we could sit down and talk.

"Sit down and talk". This is what hopelessly needy betas always revert to when confronted with the dissolution of their relationships. They think the act of flapping their gums in endless loops of cloyingly empathetic therapy-speak will magically change a whore's heart. Newsflash: It won't and it never will as long as you remain the bitchboy beta you are. Your wife has just allowed another man's giant throbbing cock to penetrate her labia and shoot his hot

sticky load deep inside her womb while she screamed in pleasure and you want to SIT DOWN AND TALK?! You mewling pathetic street cur. You cowardly pissant nancyboy. You detachable penis.

Here is what he should have done:

1. Calmly held the diary up to his wife's face and then placed it on the dresser in silence.
2. Threw her shit out the window.
3. Slapped her hard across the face. (3b. Fucked her till she bleeds.)
4. Kicked her out and excised the cancer from his life.

Number 3 alone gives the guy a better shot at hot sex than sitting down to talk. Put all four steps together and the whore will find herself completely re-enamored with him.

> We discussed the usual options, including divorce, but decided to stay together for the sake of the children, make a fresh start.

For the sake of the children, you should humiliate your cockgobbling wife in front of them. I can't think of a more valuable lesson to impart. If the divorce laws were fair, and this guy was the type who didn't mind snuffing out his social life by raising kids, he would be able to take the kids away from the whore and leave her sobbing in a crumpled heap on the floor of her grimy studio apartment she rents with the money she makes at her new job waiting tables.

> Next day, she told Colin it was over.

Ha! Chump. It may be over with Colin, but it isn't over. You'd best put a tracking device on her.

This is where the story takes a turn from typical beta lament to event horizon beta black hole.

> We didn't see him for a couple of weeks after that – he'd been driving his lorry on the continent. But Colin never did return. The news that he had gone missing on a ship, presumed lost overboard, was broken to us by his next-door neighbour. My wife's first reaction was stunned disbelief, as was mine. Then she turned away and covered her mouth, trying to stifle any sobs. Thoughts and emotions more tangled than ever, I tried to comfort her.

Amazing. So the interloper who banged his wife dies at sea, and instead of jumping up and down with joy and laughing in his wife's face, our intrepid beta heroine reaches out to comfort her in her time of sorrow. The jilted husband just received a taste of delicious karmic justice that most won't ever have the joy to experience, and he ruins the moment by going beta. Schmuck!

I feel a song coming on…

You got a whore wife and you want her back
But you ain't got the stuff
She keeps cheatin' on you night and day
Enough to shrink your nuts
Pick up some game, leave her in shame
It's time you made a stand
For a fee, I'm happy to be
Your new wingman

Beta deeds, done dirt cheap
Beat deeds, done dirt cheap

Beta deeds, done dirt cheap
…
Tender hugs
Commiseration
Forgive and forget
Done dirt cheap
Gifts and baubles
Therapists
Shoulder to cry on!
Done dirt cheap.
Bwaaaahaaahaaaahaaaaaaaaaa

And now, the coup de beta:

> Colin's death was confirmed by the positive identification of a body washed up on the beach. Some weeks later, my wife asked if we could drive to the crematorium so she could lay some flowers and say her final farewells. It felt strange but, in the hope of her finding some kind of closure, I told myself it was the right thing to do.

Yes, this almighty beta drove his wife to her lover's grave so she could lay flowers and "find closure". Sweet merciless Satan, why do you bless me so with these tales of ho? If I can single-handedly alter the destructive course upon which Western civilization currently finds itself careening, it will be on the backs of losers like this. Thank you for your vomitous examples, betas, one and all.

If it was me, I would have driven the whore to the crematorium and then, right at the moment her eyes welled up with tears and she laid the flowers, I'd have whipped out my dick and pissed on his epitaph.

Speaking of epitaphs, what better epitaph to lay at the gravestone of the West than "finding closure"? Have more spineless, craven beta words ever been written?

> *Here lies America. She found closure.*

I read stories like this one and I want the whole fucking edifice to burn to the ground. At this late stage in the game, there is no other way to clean out the liars, SWPL losers, SPLC traitors, tankgrrl nerds, betas, fuglies, dregs, deluded fantasists, bores, mediocrities, backstabbers, weasels, sycophants, sophists, degenerates, dullards, eunuchs, trolls, wishful thinkers, excuse mongers, whackjobs, equalist tards, dumbfucks, obsequious curs, attention whores, suckups, PC toadies, fembots, lapdogs, shitlickers, pity whores, phonyfucks, hypocrites, parasites, stool pigeons, sanctimonious multicultists, diversity sluts, and weak-willed assmunching ankle grabbing bitchboy pukes.

Bring the all-consuming flames.

So where does our betaboy's story end?

> Slowly we tried to put it behind us and his name was never mentioned again. A few years later we had another child and our marriage entered a new, happier phase. I vowed to be a more attentive husband and adjust my work-life balance. But I couldn't forget the affair, especially how close it had happened to home.
>
> I should have trusted my instinct: 12 years later, my wife ran off with my best friend.

And that kid went *Haa Haaaw!*

February 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by commenter **twiceaday**. It's the emotionally charged story of a man's Herculean efforts to save his marriage to his loving, supportive wife. A woman of good character, I might add. He writes to an advice column called "Annie's Mailbox":

> Dear Annie: I love my wife of 30 years, but I've had it. For 10 years, I had a great job in which I was well respected and well paid. Under pressure at home to bring in more money, I took a promising position at a startup company. Six months later, I was sacked. Since then, I've had to jump on any opportunity that came my way. I've had seven jobs in nine years and things have been financially tough. I have made some job mistakes, but still, we're almost back to where we were nine years ago.
>
> However, whenever any difficulty occurs, my wife rubs it in my face. I try to be a devoted husband. I am the prime breadwinner and still do more than half the cooking, cleaning and chores. Until recently, I was active in church and local community organizations. We have three wonderful children who have excelled academically.

So far, so beta. Man loses job, wife routinely questions his manhood, man attempts reconciliation by shouldering more domestic chores. Nothing to see here, move along.

> I rarely buy anything for myself, yet if I spend any money at all, I get a screaming apoplectic display from my wife. She is taking back my birthday gifts because "we need the money." Meanwhile, we seem to have the funds for her to travel (without me) and refresh her wardrobe each season.

Um, yeah. Let me see if I have this straight. Screaming, bitchy harpy won't let husband buy consumer goods for himself *with his own fucking money*, he acquiesces to her demands, and she uses his money to…

travel around the world ALONE sucking and fucking god knows how much exotic swarthy cock and reward herself with new clothes every three months.

Does it get any beta than this? Why yes, yes it does.

> Many of these arguments occur when my wife has been drinking. She sometimes hits me and says things that aren't easily forgotten. We don't have much of a romantic life, either. It's difficult to be a good lover after being scolded.

David Alexander laughs at you.
By the way, this is a good illustration of why hitting a man won't have the same effect as hitting a woman for turning on the ol' heart light. Hit a woman, she drenches her panties. Hit a man, he gets no nookie and his testicles ascend.

> I don't believe in divorce, but if I had any way to leave the marriage and make sure she's financially fixed, I would. I suspect I am clinically depressed and fear I might lose control one of these days. What do I do?

My advice:

1. Your beliefs suck. Change them.
2. She's fucking a guy named Eduardo. Count on it.
3. Eduardo is using your hard-earned money to buy your wife lingerie. For him to jizz on.
4. Forget about making sure she's "financially fixed". Once you've started visualizing Eduardo's cock pumping your wife's squeezebox in and out and in and out, you should have no qualms making sure she's "financially fucked".
5. You're depressed because you're a loser. Stop being a loser.
6. You've already lost control. Face it.
7. Pick up any rudimentary material on game, learn it, go out of the house, pick up a chick, birng her home, and fuck her senseless in your marital bed.
8. Leave your whore harpy wife AND DON"T EVER LOOK BACK.

For a good laugh, here is the advice the man-hating bitch at “Annie’s Mailbox” gave him:

> Dear No Name: You are trapped with an abusive wife and recognize how close you are to reacting violently. Talk to a lawyer about a legal separation, which will enable you to provide financially for your wife while living apart.

See that rhetorical sleight of hand? Classic 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th wave feminist misdirection. He’s got a bitch for a wife but everyone should be worried that he will react violently. Remember this ironclad first order rule of feminism:

Always blame the man. No matter what has happened or has yet to happen.

And WTF is with her advice to him to find a legal separation arrangement that will ensure he can continue providing financially for the shrike? She should be telling him to stop coddling the bitch and dump her for a better woman. Asking too much, I know.

> Then get some counseling, with or without her, and contact Al-Anon (al-anon.alateen.org) at 1-888-4-AL-ANON (1-888-425-2666).

I’ve got your counseling right here, cunt.

The voting begins:

“I think BJs are gross”

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I gently coaxed her head down toward my boner. Her hand vigorously pumped. Handjobs are lame. Most girls don’t do them right, chafing and tugging like maniacs, as if they’re pulling a weed out by the roots. I wanted the mouth upgrade. She resisted.

“No, I’m not doing that.”

“Oh?”

“I think blowjobs are gross. Eww. I don’t like that in my mouth. It’s not the same as going down on a girl.”

She had experimented with women back in the day. I thought for a second about what she said. More gross going down on cock than pussy? No way. It’s the difference between slurping on a hot dog and smearing your face with pubes and mucousy, unidentifiable juices.

“Wow, that’s the first time I’ve heard that.”

She bristled. “Most women don’t actually like it.”

“That hasn’t been my experience. In fact, I can’t think of a single girl I’ve ever been with who didn’t like giving head.” I was being truthful.

“Well, they aren’t going to tell you that they don’t like it.”

“Hmm. Maybe. But if they weren’t enjoying it, their moans of pleasure sure fooled me.”

“I don’t even like sex that much.”

I squinted at her, growing less aroused with each word she uttered. “Uh, ok.”

“Yeah, it’s not all that much of a turn-on for me. I get off when a guy goes down on me. That’s the best.”

Even though her hand was wrapped tight around my rod, I deflated like a week-old balloon. She spread her legs a little wider and began touching herself. She smiled at me and looked down at her pussy. “Mmm, I love when a guy goes down there. Like he can’t get enough of me.” Her fingers glistened with the proof of her arousal.

I admired her gall in the face of her abject hypocrisy. But there was no way I was eating her out. I have a rule I follow which has held me in good stead for my entire copulatory career: I don’t go down on a girl until she has gone down on me first, assuming she smells OK. Exception to the rule: She’d have to be extraordinarily hot, a 9 or above, for me to be inspired by my uncontrollable horniness to munch away in advance of her putting me in her mouth. And it’d have to be obvious by her writhing enthusiasm that she was geared up for some bigtime raunchy sex and a blowjob in due course.

The reason for this rule is simple. You have to make a girl earn your tongue. That means hummers and fucking first. It may sound calculating, but this is the way girls think. If you give her everything she wants for free, she will have less incentive to bend over backwards (literally) to please you in every way you want to be pleased. Blowjobs will seem like “special treats” in her mind that she blesses you with when you’ve been especially good to her. This is not how you properly train your girlfriend or fuckbuddy. Instead, hold back on the oral sex until she’s proven her worth by meeting your demands.

You always want her in the frame of mind of seeking your approval, pleasing you first, and working overtime to enjoy the breadcrumbs of attention you sprinkle on her. *That*, readers, is the foundation of hot, frequent sex. She *wants* to feel the struggle of earning your prize member, and your pricey love. Give her what she wants by withholding what she wants. As in all things women, the paradox is primary.

There are four reasons why a girl would balk at giving blowjobs.

1. **She's sexually repressed.** These types aren't too common in DC, but they do exist. I give sluts a hard time, but her twisted sister, the Frigid Ice Queen, is just as distressing. At the first signs you have a sex-averse girl on your hands, run, do not walk, to the nearest exit. Odds are not good that you will unplug the Freudian sludge that clogs her pussy pipe. You may, but you probably won't. And the worst decision a man can make in his life is to marry an Ice Queen. Worse even than marrying a slut with cheating whore issues. You will suffer endless blueball torment as her parched snapper slowly drains the masculinity out of you and drives you to the brink of insanity. Red flag: Her father is a preacher.
2. **She really doesn't like giving blowjobs.** If you're like most men and you love getting head, there's no point sticking it out with a girl like this, no matter how well she cooks. But don't worry, this kind is rare. It's been my experience that any girl who is very attracted to you will love sucking your cock. Most girls won't need to be asked, or have their head pushed into position.
3. **She's testing you.** Some girls will make you wait it out for the goodies, teasing you with a lick on the shaft or a tip in their asshole, until you've satsified their need to know you are really into them. These types have been burned by men they loved, and regard your infinite patience and heavy balls as evidence that you love her for more than her body. Avoid her. You don't want a girl in your life who uses sex as a weapon. You don't want a girl who views sex as an all-in-one tool for self-validating ego-prop.
4. **She's atoning for her past slutty ways.** Of the four types listed here, this type is the most loathsome. She's a brazen bitch. A selfish headcase. Damaged goods. She's been on a merry-go-round of cock since puberty and woke up one morning feeling bad about it. Now she sees it as her duty to make amends for her whorish history, and you are her experimental beta guinea pig. "I'm not a slut!" pleads her shattered, spooged id. "And I'm going to prove it with this guy!" So she refrains from gobbling your cock, or makes you wait past the 3rd date for sex, thinking she can silence the screaming of the slut as a born-again prude. This is new ground she's on, so she's bound to be clumsy about it. You'll hear her say incongruous things like "Stop pressuring me!" as she's splayed out naked on your bed, legs spread wide, pussy leaving juice spots on your sheets. Her transparent act II psychodrama will infuriate you. What drives a man nuttier than knowing he's being deviously denied that which so many other men have boffed freely? But what this deluded girl doesn't know is that you have game. You have no trouble scoring. She can push you one, maybe two, dates more than your three date rule for sex, but she will inevitably push too far. And the bigger slut she's been in her previous life, the harder she will attempt to atone for it by crushing your spirit. In a Battle Royale between a Rules Girl and a Player, always bet on player. You will walk, never looking back, your dignity flush with victory and your sack spared her wicked games. She can practice keeping her legs shut on another sucker. You're not her sacrificial slut redeemer.

Maxim #71: When a girl signals that she doesn't enjoy blowjobs or sex, do not spend one second more with her. Your libido is too important to gamble on such a girl.

Wed Man Walking

CH · 5 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter **Max from Australia** made the following observation about Brad Pitt:

> Brad Pitt has been totally "pwned" by marriage, he should be the happiest dude in the world, loaded and with great looks. But look at a recent photo, the spark in his eyes has died. In his head the mantra is "get me out of here…get me out of here ".
>
> He's been cuckolded into looking after 4 kids who arent his, and handcuffed in by 2 kids who are……His own kids allegedly get beaten up by the bigger kids in the "tribe".
>
> And his wife just keeps getting nuttier and he looks just as beaten down as any married schmuck.

Here is the recent photo of Brad Pitt that Max linked to. You can see Pitt has been "Al Bundy-ized":

"Peeeeeeggg!"

Eyes glazed over. Not a hint of a smile. We've all seen this: The morose married man listlessly shambling around the mall with yapping wife and ungrateful brats in tow; the man who didn't know what he was getting into and has subsequently had the joy of living beat out of him. Yes, not even marriage to Angelina Jolie, a top 1% woman (for her age), can stop this zombie-fication process. Brad Pitt is marching to the gravesite of his soul. He has lost the fight in him.

***

UPDATE: Turns out Pitt is probably not married to Jolie (though there are persistent rumors of a secret wedding). This is what I get for not keeping up with the latest moronic Hollywood celebrity gossip. I'm so ashamed. Nevertheless, my point stands. Pitt got roped into a multi-adoption, weirdo wife pseudo-marriage. He looks like a married man who woke up wondering what the hell just happened. Substitute almost any 5+ years married man you see walking about town and the truth of my observations becomes indisputable.

***

What women don't seem to understand is that men could well do without the institution of marriage. We wouldn't

miss it at all. We could be perfectly happy in non-marital long term relationships. Men don't breathlessly leaf through bridal mags or get jealous when our friends get hitched. We don't dream of the wedding ceremony starting at the age of four. Married men *may* live longer than single men (though these claims are in dispute), but their psyches, their souls, and their masculine essence die long before their bodies do.

Once the first couple years of childless, lustful flush wanes, the married man becomes the walking dead… unless he revitalizes himself with a young mistress.

Maxim #11: The greater the sexual market value disparity between the husband and his depreciating wife, and the more kids they have, the more life the husband has sucked out of him.

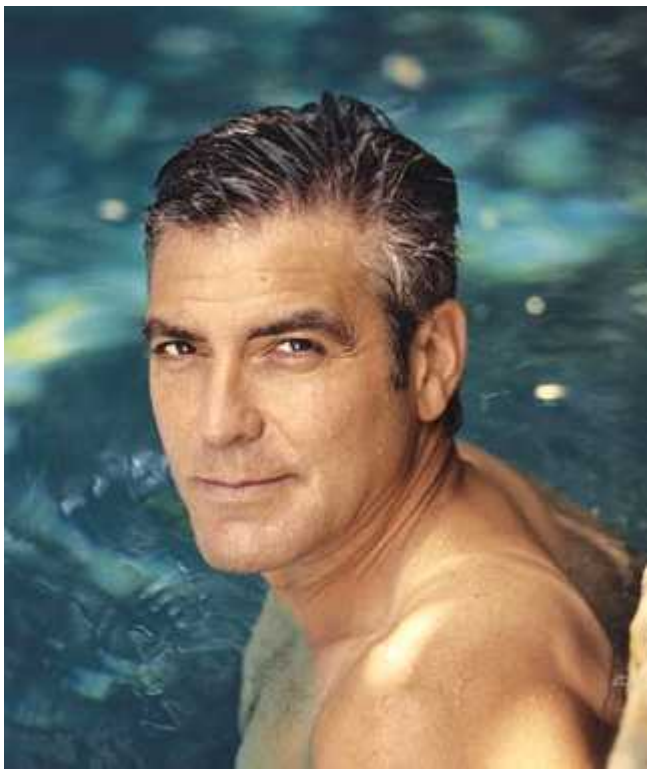
For instance, Angelina Jolie is on the downward slope with the wall rapidly approaching. She is looking more like a man every day. They have adopted kids from all over the world. Nonbiological kids are not loved as much by parents as biological kids would be, don't let them tell you otherwise. The resentment shows itself in little ways. Brad Pitt is still very much at the peak of his sexual power. He could have almost any 9 and 10 in the world. And he knows it. Instead, he is shackled to an androgenizing, aging Jolie and a zillion kids, only a couple of which are his. And the adopted kids are beating the shit out of his own flesh and blood. He has to be thinking "Why did I sign up for this?".

I do believe it is time for a handy chart to illustrate the gradual psychological degradation of the married man, as seen in the emptiness of his gaze.

Years Married	% Sexiness Remaining in Wife	# of Kids	Spark of Life in Man's Eyes
0-2	100	0	sparkling with life
2-5	80	1-2	serene and stoic
5-7 (one semi-retarded)	60	1-3*	glassy
7-10 (one gay)	50	1-3*	1000 yard stare
10-12 (one adopted, different race)	40	1-4*	serial killer
12-15 (one flamboyantly gay, two adopted, one autistic, one hates you)	20	1-5*	comatose
15-20 (one drug addict, one with gender confusion, son who throws like girl, one who looks like Samuel Jackson, one in jail for filming upskirt vids)	5	1-5*	zombie
20-infinity	-100	Lost count	Terminator

The evidence is clear. Your best bet as a man is to NOT GET MARRIED. JUST SAY NO. DON'T DO IT. ARE YOU CRAZY?

Don't emulate Brad Pitt. Instead, be like this guy:



Those eyes are full of life. That smirk says it all. This is the look of a man who knows he made the right decision.

Bad Game Friday

CH · 6 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was sent a link to this collegehumor.com video (hat tip: “godless capitalist”):

It’s pretty funny, but the bad game demonstrated here isn’t all that exaggerated. We’ve all seen guys do this in clubs. (What’s going through the girls’ heads is probably a bit harsher in reality. Something along the lines of “Loser! ACK, another loser! LOSER! omg, loser again!”)

Beta behaviors illustrated:

Goofy smiling.

Unsolicited hugs.

Bad voice tone.

Maniacal laughing every time girl speaks.

Staring.

Drink buying.

Island buying.

Professions of love.

The fat chick coming out of the loo was a nice touch.

Neil Strauss Book Signing In DC

CH · 9 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Neil Strauss, author of "The Game" and a looming figure in the pickup community, is having a book signing for his new book "Emergency" in DC this week. The book is about surviving when the shit hits the fan. I'm down with the pertinence.

Here are the details:

WASHINGTON, DC
Thursday, March 12, 2009 at 6:30 p.m.
BORDERS BOOKS & MUSIC
1801 K Street, NW
Washington DC 20006
202-466-4999

The nearest Metro stops are Farragut North (Red Line) and Farragut West (Blue and Orange Lines). Go check it out.

Lies About Women Who Love Abusers

CH · 9 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Like a dispatched army of obfuscators and purveyors of palatable lies, the fembot foot soldiers were marching in locktstep after news broke of Rihanna's return to the violently abusive man she deeply loves. The lies, pop culture psychoanalysis and threadbare excuses were flying left and right.

"It's really hard for a woman to leave an abuser. Where will she go? How will she survive?"

"He's controlling/manipulative. She was too weak to resist that."

"He wears down her self-esteem. Eventually, she depends on the beatings to feel loved, and the cycle continues."

Grade A bullshit. How do I know this? Easy. A simple thought experiment will suffice to aid understanding.

When a woman wants to leave a beta boyfriend/husband who makes her life a misery, is it:

a. hard for her to leave him?

b. impossible because she won't be able to survive on her own/find a place to live?

c. difficult because she can't resist his mind control?

d. not going to happen because she depends on his beta behavior to validate her self-esteem? or

e. pretty fucking easy for her to walk out the door/sign the divorce papers?

It's amazing the verbal calisthenics humans will go through to avoid facing up to a disconcerting truth. Fembots especially; they've got so much invested in the prevailing shibboleths that to turn their backs on them now in this crucial matter of why women return to abusers would amount to a repudiation of the holy foundation of dyke dogma — that women are not responsible for their choices, and that a woman's sexual nature is a moral paragon to ceaselessly celebrate. Rihanna, like so many women, runs back into the arms of her beatdown boyfriend because…

wait for it…

she loves him.

And she loves him more because he hits her. This explains why, despite immense family and social pressure (really, an entire country's worth of social pressure) to leave Chris Brown, and despite the likelihood of future painful beatings at his hands, Rihanna could not ignore the pull of her heart. Love is too powerful an emotion to be swayed by the blunt tools of shame, reason, or even fear.

Superficially, the red-faced excusers may be describing some element of psychological reality that happens in the heads of women like Rihanna. But they are only teasing around the edges. Full understanding eludes them because they miss the core motivation — the emotional juggernaut — that animates the woman who willingly makes herself vulnerable to a physically abusive lover. They refuse to acknowledge this because in their minds it says something unflattering about women they'd rather not know.

On a related note, I am not surprised that the usual suspects who comment on this blog haven't come out and condemned Rihanna for rushing back into the arms of Brown. The sound of silence is deafening…

In other news, a British model spoke about a two-year relationship with a man who put her in the hospital for a week.

> The Liverpudlian beauty was a teenage model when she started dating her abusive ex, who she has declined to name.

She's still protective of him. Love will do that to a girl.

“My Girlfriend Is On A Billboard”

CH · 10 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I strolled along the crowded streets of the city with Damian and his brother. Girls were everywhere. New York City is day game Mecca; you can acquire one target, talk to her, maybe get her number, and immediately seize upon a new target as soon as you have parted ways. Don’t expect privacy, though. If you can’t approach and chat up a girl on the sidewalk in the company of hundreds of pedestrians, don’t bother gaming in NYC. New York really is like a giant outdoor improv class, with audience, backdrop, and scores of cute female protagonists.

It’s also a city of contrasts. You will see the most beautiful and the ugliest women here. Both capture your gawk-worthy attention. When they stand side by side at intersections waiting for lights to change, the chasm separating their genetic luck of the draw becomes unbridgeably wide. I made a mental note to hate anyone who would oppose preimplantation embryonic screening.

The other thing I noticed: Even on the older women (25+) the asses were firm and round. My eyes didn’t suffer too many flat or droopy asses. Clearly, women are working harder on their glutes, elevating this body part to centerpiece status. We rechristened New York the “City of Ass”. The city so nice two cheeks suffice. All this glute toning is not consequence free — their boobs were less than stellar. Cleavage was nowhere to be found, and in fact many of the hottest chicks sported anthills for tits.

D’s brother is dating a model. She told us captivating stories about her model friends. Well, her stories were captivating once I let my imagination fill in the details. One of her girlfriends is on a billboard. This prompted a deep, philosophical manly discussion.

ME: Does it get any better than “My girlfriend is on a billboard?”

D: It’s a show stopper.

ME: You go to a party and people ask you about your girlfriend. “Oh, she’s a lawyer.” Boring. “She’s a doctor.” Impressive, but not feeling it. “She’s on a billboard.” Oh yeah, now we’re cooking with gas. Every guy who hears that is going to imagine the hottest girl and get jealous.

D: It’s right up there with “My angel is a centerfold”.

D launched into an impromptu street dance.

D’s BRO: Pay attention, you’re missing it.

My peripheral vision caught a fleeting glimpse of a drop dead gorgeous raven-haired beauty. It’s amazing how eagle-eyed I get when a hot babe is in the vicinity. I’m sure my eyesight bumps up to 20/15.

A cabbie almost ran over our feet. D lumbered after it, exchanging colorful insults with the Indian driver who was sticking two middle fingers out the window, leaving the steering wheel unattended. It’s pointless, of course, but I suppose the yelling helps relieve the tension of nearly getting run over. D’s brother’s cellphone rang — the ringtone was the drum intro to “When the Levee Breaks”.

D’s BRO: John Bonham was a better drummer than Neil Peart. He could play any style. Peart [he antagonistically pronounced it *Peeeeee-eeeeaaart*] couldn’t play jazz or blues. His time signatures were limited.

D: [aroused with indignation] What are you talking about? Peart was FAR superior to Bonham. Bonham played cheesy 4/4 rock riffs. What talent does that take?

D’s BRO: Dude, Peart couldn’t hang with Buddy Rich. Remember that? He was on stage with these great drummers and he fucked up the rhythm. He has no feel. Bonham has demonstrated he can play outside his range.

D: You don’t know what you’re talking about. Peart was technically better. He played a bigger kit and made the most of it. Electronic drums and the blocks and double bass. He has to spin around! Bonham played that stupid

kindergarten kit, two toms and a snare. What is that garbage? One bass drum is child's play.

D's BRO: Way to kill your own point, doucheass! Bonham punched out solid rhythms on a limited kit. He didn't have the crutch of hundreds of drums and cowbells to make up for the lack of skills. You can't get around that Peart sucks outside his comfort zone.

Punctuating his argument, D's brother began air drumming "When the Levee Breaks", pointing his imaginary drumstick in D's face on the downbeat. D answered the taunt by airdrumming the solo from "Tom Sawyer". No one on the street bothered to notice.

We stopped by a corner eatery. D ordered the $10 chocolate cake. It was the size of a miniature hockey puck. D growled when he saw the tiny dessert and the waitress looked embarrassed. "I love New York and I hate New York." Nods of agreement.

D's brother is an actor and a bartender. Later that night we went to his bar on the Upper East Side while he worked his shift. After a day on the streets, and a night in a bar watching the girls parade in, we concluded that New York's girls blow SF's girls out of the water. This was based on a scientific survey.

D's brother mentioned a Polish girl might come in and flirt with him. She had been in his bar before and conveyed interest in him. He told us this because he suggested we hit on any girlfriends she might drag in with her. We weren't there more than a half hour when an absolute babe of magnificent proportions and stunning natural beauty walked in the door with five other girls. She was cornsilk blonde and around 22 years old — at the peak of ripeness. She sidled right up to the bar and talked with D's brother, dripping with a heavy Polish accent. He was indifferent, even to the point of ignoring her and walking in the opposite direction when she was in the middle of telling him something. He wasn't doing this on purpose; he was pretty happy with his girlfriend. Naturally, his supreme aloofness only drove the Polish girl crazy with lust. Her flirting became aggressive, desperate. I vowed to get a part time job bartending.

Meanwhile, D and I took the full measure of which targets were within striking distance. To his right were two girls, one cute and one chunky. The cute one began stripping off her coat and suit jacket like a cabaret dancer. She pulled at her blouse, making "phew" noises. When a girl wants you to open her she makes it obvious by her proximity and her histrionics.

I glanced over my shoulder. "You practicing your stripper moves?"

"What makes you say that!!?" Ugh, grating New York accent. Their one blemish.

"Well, maybe it was the way you threw your coat into your friend's face." I looked over at the fat friend and smiled. The cute one laughed and grabbed D by the arm.

"Your buddy just called me a stripper!"

D chuckled. "I'm up for that."

Cute chick: "You know what else will get you *up*? Tiger balm!" She looked over at fattie and they giggled.

D furrowed his brow. "Tiger balm? What? What the fuck is that?"

Cute chick: "You don't know what Tiger balm is??!!! Oh, you're missing out!"

Fattie: "It's like Ben-gay. Except for… you know."

I couldn't believe these chicks weren't drunk. What was their excuse? "D, it's a lotion you can put on your junk and her junk and it heats up. It makes the banging hotter." The girls giggled louder.

"Right, got it." D looked disgusted. He has a thing against girls who speak crudely. His theory is that girls who talk like sailors have banged a lot of cock and are burned out from all the pump and dumping. The crudity is like a self-defense mechanism to reclaim some control over men.

D paired off with the cute chick. She seemed into him, and my eyes were resting elsewhere. Like a professional wingman, I occupied the fattie. The four of us had been talking for ten minutes when I felt the urge to break off from the group. I can only humor a fat chick for so long before my patience wears thin. The fattie was exceedingly pleasant (aren't they all?) but if there's no physical attraction it just feels like minutes of my precious life are draining away, better spent on slender women.

I shifted 180 degrees and opened two women sitting at the bar. They were flirting with D's brother as he poured them appletinis. I re-vowed my previous vow to take up a job bartending. The girl nearest me was clearly drunk. Not buzzed; drunk. I hate this. Buzzed girls are great to game, drunk girls are less than useless. They can't follow a sentence halfway through, all they know how to do is shit test, and they inspire the protective instincts of whatever sober girlfriends they happen to have brought with them. Some of them even piss themselves. They're dead weight. If you manage to get one home and fuck her, she might pass out in the middle of sex. The only thing they are good for is injecting excitement and a fun vibe into a stalled out conversation. Use them strategically.

"Lemme guess. You guys are sisters." They did look alike.

Drunk girl addressed me first. "OH MY GOD, how did you know that!!! Yes, we aaaarrree!" A shockwave of rancid breath hit me in the face. She smelled like she had vomited earlier in the night. "Guess our age, now!"

I don't like when women who look old enough (late 20s) to be easily offended if you guess in the wrong direction by more than a year ask me to guess their age. It's a landmine. So I never make a serious attempt.

"Lesseee… you're 52?"

"Whaaaat?? Nooo!!!"

"Ok, one more try… 21!"

"Aww, you're so cute! Does my sister look older or younger than me?"

Christ, an entire family psychodrama was about to play out. I realized if I didn't lead the convo I could wind up being the catalyst for whatever issues these two wanted to work out.

"You know what, I'm horrible at this. But I can tell you that your sister looks like the responsible one." I smiled at the sober sister. "Is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"You're the chaperone?"

Drunk girl interrupted with another blast of puke breath. "She's younger than me! I have to look out for her." She went to high-five her sister and missed, her open palm jabbing the air ineffectually. "Why don't you entertain us?" She was touching her chest.

"You're enough entertainment for all of us." I turned my back. I had lost all interest in pursuing the set any further. With D tied up and D's bro busy working the bar, I had nobody to act as a wedge between the sisters. The sober sister was already looking concerned for her drunk sister. Tactically, it was hopeless. If they had both been sober, I could have done something with that.

At closing time (4AM), there were eight women and me and D. Does this ever happen in SF bars? I can't recall. If you have the energy to go out five nights a week, I can guarantee that no matter how bad your game, after six months in NYC you WILL get laid. There are just too many women in too small an area for you to fail at that goal. You'd have to be a hermit or a leper to remain involuntarily celibate in New York for more than a year.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 11 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's time for another test of your game.

You're enjoying the mild night air on the rooftop of a trendy lounge. In the corner you spot a short-haired, vaguely punkish pixie, with eyes like saucer plates. She catches your look and smiles… lasciviously, under heavy lids. Oh yes, this hellsprite has the right stuff.

A minute later she walks by you. Sensing an opportunity, you interrupt her as she passes: "Hey, what's making you smile so much?" She locks her eyes on yours, smiles mischievously, and walks right past, slowly, saying absolutely nothing, brushing heavily against your chest along the way. You are intrigued.

Ten minutes later she returns and takes up her previous position near the edge of the roofdeck, seemingly in the company of a mixed group but talking to no one. She is facing outward toward the open night. You move closer to her and order another drink at the bar. Grabbing your fresh drink, you 180 and face the same direction as your mystery girl, standing side by side with her. You are about to say something when she breaks the tension first.

"It's my birthday today."

"Oh, really? Happy birthday. Get any awesome gifts?"

"Do you like watching people down below?" She is pointing over the roof edge at a couple crossing the street.

"Only the drunk ones." Is this girl simply strange, or is she running some kind of female game on you? Whatever it is, you are captivated.

"I live in the neighborhood." She thrusts her arm up and waves to some imaginary figure on a distant apartment roof. "Over there."

"Yeah, I do too. Hi neighbor."

You exchange insights with her about the neighborhood you share. It's better on the weeknights. People treat their dogs like children. The local coffeeshop is a horrible place to meet attractive strangers. This rooftop has the best view of the President's bedroom. Not more than a few minutes go by.

Suddenly, she turns to face you completely and rests her hand on your forearm. Silently, still smiling from under her pixie eyelids, she makes intense eye contact. She utters not a peep, nor does she have an expectant look on her face like she's waiting for you to pick up the conversational slack. Her behavior is incomprehensible to you. You wish she is drunk so you can have a tidy explanation. But, no, she's in control of herself.

"It's time for me to go."

You realize there has not been enough interaction to ensure a solid number close. "Ok. Hey, you're interesting. Let's chat again sometime. What's your number?"

"No, I don"t give out my number." Her obscenely sensual smile hasn't dropped and her hand hasn't left your forearm. "You're attractive, I think." The longest three seconds pass. Her eyes are burning holes in yours. "You can have my email." As she's saying this, her hand finally leaves your forearm and she begins to walk off.

"What is it?" You don't have a pen.

She recites her email as she's taking steps backwards from you. You can barely hear her through the crowd noise, so you're not sure if you got it right, or if you can remember it later. The moment is disintegrating rapidly.

What do you do?

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 12 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I purposely chose an example of bad game in yesterday's post in the interest of seeing how you would salvage a losing situation. And yes, for those who are wondering, the scenario happened in reality exactly as I described it.

I was glad to see so many commenters correctly identify my pickup scenario as an example of bad game and recognize the uselessness of getting an email as a consolation prize. I was also heartened by how many of you recommended "caveman game" as a solution, and your accurate interpretation of her actions as those of a girl who wanted the McLovin sooner rather than later. The lessons here are taking hold.

Here is a selection of answers from the comments:

Chuck (and many other commenters) wrote:

> Do nothing. Go find another woman to game.

This cop-out is becoming a little too ubiquitous in the pickup community. Yes, cutting your losses to hit on fresh meat is certainly better than handicapping yourself with the stink of beta by recklessly chasing after a cold target, but are we men of vision or foot soldiers in the long slog through life? Doing nothing is the reflex of a reformed beta — a greater beta. He knows well enough to refrain from humiliating himself. But an alpha is better than that. He will sometimes reach for the brass ring; for him, doing nothing isn't always the acceptable response. He takes risks; calculated, informed risks, sure, but risks nonetheless.
Grade: B- (for beta steps)

Antonio wrote:

> Since you are mis-hearing her email address try making fun of it, loudly
>
> example:
>
> She says:
> ""
>
> You say:
> "tiffanyAfterBacon!?!"

This is an example of Clever Game. I like Clever Game. It's been good to me. But its application is limited. In a noisy environment with a target on the move (taking steps backwards) a clever riposte is as likely to earn you a puzzled look from the girl as it is her number. Cleverness is the dance of the subtle. In a rapidly fading pickup attempt, you need more oomph. Remember, in her eyes, you passed none of her tests the way she wanted you to pass them.
Grade: C

razorback wrote:

> "You can't walk away from me just like that. I'm (name).."

There's good caveman game, and then there's less good caveman game. The problem with this salvage operation is you have drawn attention to her negative actions. Never remind a girl that she is

a. walking away from you
b. giving you a hard time
c. acting like a bitch

d. ignoring you

It will only reinforce her unflattering impression of you.
Grade: D

DF wrote:

> A woman that signals that much raw sensuality is looking to be carried away in the moment. Such coquetishness requires strong masculinity.

Bingo.

> Go after her, grab her by the hand, and without breaking eye contact say, “you’re not walking away from me, not like that.” Pause. Wait for her reaction. If she recoils, forget her. If she doesn’t break eye contact, follow it up with, “lets get out of here.”

Drop the first line, stick with the second line. Keep everything focused on the positive.
Grade: B+

manaconda wrote:

> Wait until she turns around, then move up from behind and put your hand on her neck. Move it up into her hair, grab her hair, and slowly lean her back while twisting her to face you, and kiss from a position of total control. Then say “let’s go” and move out.

This is the extreme manifestation of caveman game. When it works, your job is done. You may as well begin unwrapping the condom. The problem with any high risk venture are the odds of failure. 99 times out of 100, given the scenario I outlined, the surprise from behind caveman kiss will get you slapped and/or tossed out of the bar.
Grade: A/F

el chief wrote:

> massive fail. she ran game on you.
>
> man leaves first. woman asks questions.
>
> you should have been teasing her and making her laugh, to the point where you get the awkward silence where you know to ask for the phone number (or makeout). you should have been the mysterious one, not her.
>
> but, what’s done is done.
>
> maintain face. regain control. “sorry, the judge says I’m not allowed to use a computer for another 90 days. punch your number in my phone. it will be ok.” hand her phone. if she says no, then “aight”, and walk back to your boys.

And el chief ftw. Well done. This is a guy who knows the score. He approaches with firmness of purpose, calls her out on her BS in an accessibly humorous way without drawing undue attention to her shitty behavior, and then leads her to where he wants her to go.
Grade: A+

Cannon’s Canon wrote:

> Grab her by the shoulder and spin her around so she’s facing you. Plant the steel toe in her gut so she keels over, then deliver the Stone Cold Stunner. As she writhes on the ground, give her two middle fingers. Make sure your wingman has been cued to break some glass at this point.

Is this the start of a new seduction school of thought? WWE game.
Grade: E for effort

PA wrote:

> Why are the new episodes of “Two and a Half Men” having Charlie go lovey-dovey beta over some chick and seeing a ball-busting female feminist shrink and paying her to become more sensitive?

Because our culture overlords sense the gathering storm on the horizon. Like a stuck pig cornered, knowing their time is almost up, they are thrashing out in feral fury. Expect this elite-driven backlash to intensify in the coming years.
Grade: OT (off topic)

Ben wrote:

> If you’re looking for strange, forget this one. If she successfully intrigued you, you step forward, take her hand, take off a ring, a bracelet, a necklace and give it to her. Tell her you want it back but only when she’s ready. If she hooks (unlikely) and asks, “Ready for what?” then you just closed mouth smile.

Hollywood called. They’re missing their Judd Apatow movie.
Grade: D-

MarkD wrote:

> Call DA and ask for advice?

DA has terabytes of knowledge to drop.
Grade: DA

Ed wrote:

> Forget what she says. It is all in the body language. Tell her to forget about the email. Just offer to walk her home with a stupid excuse.

I like the thinking behind this, but offering to walk her home smacks of beta chivalry. And we all know by now how counterproductive chivalry is in 21st century America. A better way to do this might be to say “Hey, I’m taking off too. You can walk with me and keep me entertained, but don’t get any funny ideas.”
Grade: C+

bongojazz wrote:

> When she turned away, either she’s seeing if he’s worth a damn or she’s genuinely done. It’s possible it’s a test and she hasn’t made up her mind yet. I figure, hedge bets. Say
>
> “I didn’t catch that.” loud enough so she can hear, and then turn around like you don’t give a damn.

I sort of like this, but in practice it’s only a small step above “do nothing”. Given the unfolding scene, the chance that she will come up to you to repeat herself are nil.
Grade: C-

Rain And wrote:

> She’s walking away rudely. Running up to her is weak, so…..

> YOU: [loudly] HEY! [if she doesn't turn her head for this, game over. if she turns her head continue.] GET THE FUCK BACK HERE. [slyly, of course, not pissy. you're calling her on her shit]
>
> At this point she either ignores you, if she never cared, or comes back if she did care, but just wanted a little ballsy drama instead of boring phone routine.
>
> YOU: I don't want your email. Email is for work. C'mon… [grab her hand, lead her over somewhere close, perhaps a little more isolated.. no real point, except to dominate the interaction in a mysterious way. more hushed tone, like a secret] Look, there's somewhere I always go on my birthday. It's my ritual. I'm not going to tell you what it is, but it's close. Walking distance. Five or six blocks.
>
> And then you improvise the destination and backstory. Maybe a monument or another bar. Whatever is close. Just a contrived bounce.

This is solid Salvage Game. Beautiful. By amping up the asshole you virtually wipe clean your earlier betaness. Sometimes, when you have gone too far down the beta road, shock therapy is the only thing that will redeem you in the eyes of your target.
Grade: A

tokyobetagrist mewled:

> According to the official story, game is all about controlling women and not letting them control you. If that's the case, the only solution to this test that's consistent with the philosophy of game is to do nothing. If you're going to jump through hoops (I mean even more than usual) just to have sex with this one special woman, how are you any different from "betas?" This is the paradox of game, because you're always jumping through hoops and always being controlled by women, even as you tell yourself that it's the other way around.

Spoken like a supercilious eunuch who believes that women should fall into men's laps, and any effort on a man's part to attract women only sullies his masculinity. TBG, I have some very demoralizing news for you — no man is exempt from the biomechanical forces of sexual selection. Whether you are consciously aware of it or not, you do what it takes to attract the opposite sex, or you sit in your dank basement apartment hovel spitefully masturbating into the tattered sock of your self-satisfied dogma.
Grade: David Alexander wants to bear your lovechild

poonisgod wrote:

> Your love declines. You, thinking little lines around my eyes are fallen lashes, try to brush them off.
> I do exfoliate.
> In this autumn of my being, parts of me fly, like tossed and wintry-blasted leaves.
> I don't regret their passing.
> I must work to make a clear and crystal form.
> I, alchemist, and I, philosophers stone,
> have sacrificed the fat and froth and fur of youth,
> to walk through fire, leap in the dark,
> swim inward rivers, pray at a wailing wall.
> The wrinkles, sags and greying hair are earned.
> You mourn like a child with a broken doll.
> Only the core of this crone, was ever real.

When I read this poem
I felt it move
First

to the left
Next
to the right
then up!
The throbbing soul of my love
jutted insouciantly from the waistband of my heart
yearning…
pulsing…
dribbling the pre-cum of my will to merge
with the fleeing of your youth
mourn it not
for its memory
will live on
in my digicam
Grade: Gold star on your forehead for the excellent handle

moonrock wrote:

> Toss her your cellphone while she's backing away.
>
> Odds are you'll interrupt whatever behavioral script is running through her head and she'll trip over herself trying to catch it.

What if you have an iPhone or a G1? No girl is worth damaging a quality gadget. Plus, girls can't catch.
Grade: Think this through

Lisa wrote:

> Since you aren't sure you heard her email right the genuine thing to do would be to cup your hand behind your ear to indicate you can't hear and make a "come back" motion with your other hand. If she doesn't walk closer to you then then give her a two-handed "what can I say" shrug and turn your back. If she does come back, ignore her telling you her email. Put your finger over your lips if she keeps saying it to signal her to be quiet. I'm a big fan of mirroring so since she's been smiling all this time some amused indifference would be good to convey. Keep motioning her closer until she's back next to you and take it from there.
>
> It just seems to me like this is a situation where you demonstrate you're in charge or you let her go.

This is very good. It doesn't happen often, but occasionally a female reader gets it right. Points for its nonverbal simplicity and boldness.
Grade: Cooties

Scanning The Headlines Chateau Style

CH · 13 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Newsflash! You can't trust a woman's opinion of other women's looks. (Hi Chic.)

> Everyone loves a pretty face – except those women who might see it as a threat. With eyes on the competition, women of childbearing age rate other attractive women consistently lower than women who have entered menopause, according to a new study.
>
> "It's almost as if they're putting down other attractive women," says Benedict Jones, a psychologist at Aberdeen University, UK, who led the study of 97 middle-aged women.

This explains why so many chicks blab on and on about how "womanly", "handsome", "confident" or "sexy" older women look. They are downplaying the real competition — pretty young thangs.

***

Appletini goggles.

> Even when sober women who drink more are less able to detect male facial asymmetry. So crooked-faced guys should look for female regular drinkers.
>
> > Researchers found that women who drink even moderately develop a reduced ability to rate attractiveness in male faces, even when they are sober.
> >
> > Those who drank were less able to detect male facial symmetry, a marker of attractiveness and good genes which is thought to play an important role in the choice of a partner.
>
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We are importing tens of millions of the peasant class from culturally and genetically antagonistic countries who do not possess a natural instinct towards American-style individualism and distrust of government. Our historical “anti-power” ethos is rapidly being replaced in a great demographic tsunami by a “daddy government” ethos. Way to go, guys!

Scanning The Headlines Chateau Style

CH · 13 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Newsflash! You can't trust a woman's opinion of other women's looks. (Hi Chic.)

> Everyone loves a pretty face – except those women who might see it as a threat. With eyes on the competition, women of childbearing age rate other attractive women consistently lower than women who have entered menopause, according to a new study.
>
> "It's almost as if they're putting down other attractive women," says Benedict Jones, a psychologist at Aberdeen University, UK, who led the study of 97 middle-aged women.

This explains why so many chicks blab on and on about how "womanly", "handsome", "confident" or "sexy" older women look. They are downplaying the real competition — pretty young thangs.

***

Appletini goggles.

Even when sober women who drink more are less able to detect male facial asymmetry. So crooked-faced guys should look for female regular drinkers.

> Researchers found that women who drink even moderately develop a reduced ability to rate attractiveness in male faces, even when they are sober.
>
> Those who drank were less able to detect male facial symmetry, a marker of attractiveness and good genes which is thought to play an important role in the choice of a partner.

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“The Office” Finds Game

CH · 15 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

If you watched last Thursday’s episode of *The Office*, you saw Andy use some basic concepts from Game to advise Kevin how to handle a woman he likes. Watch from 3:40 onward.

Naturally, the show follows the usual PC fembot script and ridicules beta Andy for giving horrible advice to omega Kevin, while lesser alpha Jim mocks Andy’s good faith effort with that oh-so-smarmily sly and knowing irony that has become the hallmark of SWPL humor.

Although I’m sure the writers didn’t intend it, Andy is a great example of what happens when an aggressive beta gets his first exposure to game; he doesn’t fully grasp the underlying concepts which leads him to bastardize the tactics. His advice to Kevin to give “backhanded compliments” to the omega woman Kevin wants to date sounds exactly like the caricature of negs that haters of game repeat *ad nauseum*. Andy’s neg is an insult, not an ambiguous compliment.

Why can’t Hollywood portray Game and the pickup mentality fairly and magnanimously and without going gooey romantic beta and snide alpha in penance for broaching the subject? The answer is simple. It is a great threat to the established order if the vast *lumpenbeta* of men learn how to seduce women without having to first toil for years as properly submissive company men chained in servility to the corporate machine, or without having to bow and scrape before their feminist and alpha elite masters who would like nothing less than that they continue playing by the rules they themselves so flagrantly violate. And anti-Game serves the interests of natural alpha males quite well as mockery bait with which they can keep the aspiring betas in line and the pool of available alphas small.

Competition may be a wonderful thing in the abstract, but on the individual level it is an enemy to be snuffed out.

By the way, anyone else notice how rapidly Pam is aging? So sad.

Is It Gay That I Like The New Lily Allen Album?

CH · 16 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Because I'm digging the beat and brassy sass of this chick's punchy melodic chops.

[image]

Yeah baby!

Relationship Game: I Love You Too

CH · 16 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I get a lot of emails from readers wondering how to "handle" when a woman says she loves you. The question is odd to me, because a woman who is truly in love with you will not suddenly run away if you deviate from the alpha script for half a second. Once you've captured a woman's heart, you've got a healthy margin for error. Nonetheless, it is true that, while brief moments of temporary beta regression with a woman who loves you won't doom your relationship, you have to be careful to avoid slipping into betadom on the regular or there *will* come a time when your woman suddenly loses that little electric zap in her trap for you.

A few thoughts on the matter of a woman saying *"I love you":*

1. **NEVER be the first to say "I love you" in a relationship.** I don't care if six months of dating has gone by and you both madly love each other to pieces, you will rob a woman of one of her greatest joys in her life if you tell her you love her before she has told you the same. A woman wants to climb up mountains, crawl across broken glass, and struggle into winds of chaos to reach the emotional peak of falling in love with you. You may think you're doing right by her to level the mountain, sweep clean the glass, and calm the winds when you announce your love before she has, but you're not. She will resent you if you do. Of course, she won't tell you this. But I will.
2. **You don't have to be cocky all the time.** There is a laundry list of great alpha replies to a woman after she says *"I love you"*: "Cool!", "I know", "Thanks!", "Hey, it's me!", *sly grin* "I didn't ask", "Naturally", "So you've finally come to terms with it", "Well, what did you expect?", "Damn, I'm good", "Oh boy, now you've gone and done it", "Awesome! Free back rubs!", "Hobag say dick in yo mouf?", etc etc. Use these liberally in the beginning of a relationship when they have the most power to set the right tempo. But learn to rely less on them as the relationship deepens. Overuse of cocky game can deaden its positive impact on a woman's psyche. She will come to see you as a genuine asshole instead of an attractive asshole. After a few months training your girlfriend, you can minimize your cocky game in favor of sincere game.
3. **Sincere game is long haul game.** So what do you say to a woman when she says *I love you* and you want to be serious with her? In my experience, there are three failsafe ways to respond that will send her heart into an ecstatic tailspin for you: (1) Pause for a couple seconds after she has said it, and while gazing intently into her eyes, in a deep, slow voice, say *"I love you, too".* Best done without smiling. (2) Say nothing in reply. Instead come close to her face, pause for a few seconds standing before her as if you are about to say something, and slowly pull her lips into yours, kissing her breathless. (3) Tell her *I love you too* in a foreign language, preferably French, or one of the less well known but still intriguing languages, like Russian.

You should be aware of the possibility that your woman will use *I love you* like a weapon of war. Sometimes, the more neurotic of the female species will incessantly proclaim their love for you in an attempt to smoke out any beta wishy-washiness or weakness on your part. If you fall into her manufactured drama, pity-poor-me, low self-esteem trap with an endless stream of *I love you too's* you will have sealed your fate. Don't be surprised if the next time you say *I love you too* she replies "Umm, listen, we need to talk." The best way to handle a neurotic waif is to ignore 90% of what she says. Just keep replying "That's great" every time she lavishes attention and love on you. Eventually, even the most dedicated waifs will break. They all have their breaking point. Once she does, you have a love slave for life.

Final note: Don't be one of those laughable nancyboy beta schmucks who feels the urge to perfunctorily say *"Luvya"* every fucking time you get off the phone with your girl. It's pathetically transparent. If the rest of the world can see that, so can your girlfriend. It's the phone; say your business and save your *Luvya's* for those times when they matter. Asking her if she wanted the green or red bell peppers while browsing the veggies in Whole Foods is not one of those times. You'll feel awkward at first when you stop signing off this way, but believe me your girl will thank you for your principled sincerity.

Predator Sluts

CH · 17 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Welcome to the New Whore Order.

> The author of a controversial new book says she was so desperate for a baby she got pregnant 'accidentally on purpose' in a one-night stand. KATE SPICER admits that – like many women – she's played the same dangerous game…
>
> Three weeks ago, I bought a pregnancy test. As a single, childless woman in my late 30s, my exact thoughts while I was waiting for the result were as follows: 'If I am not pregnant, then good. I'm happy.
>
> Life continues as before. Panic over. If I am pregnant, then that's terrifying. But thrilling, too. A happy accident that was meant to happen, whether I stay with the father or not.'

If you've been a regular reader here, you could see this coming a mile away. Aging careerist shrikes on the cusp of sexual invisibility, like spent fuel rods from years of putting out for pump and dump alphas who wisely chose not to marry these damaged goods, are feeling the pangs of childlessness. Awash in discretionary income and free of the constraints of social shaming, they could afford to avoid dating the provider betas in favor of slutting it up with the same rotation of cads their girlfriends are banging. Oh, the drama was so enticing!

Then she woke up one morning, pressed a hand against her vacant, nearly barren womb, and shuddered in silence as the icy finger of irrelevant spinsterhood sent a shiver down her spine. She had made a mistake.

So what does she do now?

Why, she tries to rope utterly self-interested guys like yours truly into fun-killing fatherhood!

> Some of these women approach the task in a far more ruthless manner than Mary Pols did, purposefully going out and sleeping with men when they know they are at their most fertile.
>
> In America, they even have a name for this – they call them 'gotcha' pregnancies. Many of the women involved deliberately avoid birth control and have no intention of letting their unwitting bedfellow know this.

Never mind that these succubi claim to have no intention of hitting the guy up for child support. Women, bless their amoral hearts, are known to change their minds on a whim when it suits them. A woman's slapdash principles and the vast anti-male legal industrial complex are cold comfort for the modern playboy. You must look out for yourself.

How to spot a potential predator slut with designs on the babymaking power of your ball juice?

There ya go. Just look for the crows' feet, saggy tits, and chest age spots.

The most dangerous woman in the world to sleep with is the childless, unmarried cougar. Their clock is rapidly winding down, their dying eggs are sending out distress signals, and they have no cuckold beta husband upon which to foist a bastard child. Either avoid them like the plague or double up on industrial strength condoms.

Here's a handy reference guide for precautionary measures to take when banging the childless woman.

- If she's under 25, college educated, lives in the city, has had an abortion, spends more than 40% of her take home pay on drinks and clothes, concurrently dates, has slutty girlfriends, and talks about spending a couple years to travel the world: Skip the condom and enjoy some skin on skin action. Blast inside her, you renegade! Odds are she's on the pill, and if not, no worries — she's on a first name basis with her abortionist. Bonus creampie if she's a lawyer.
- If she's 25-30 and all of the above, you had better start being careful where your boys lodge themselves. Use a condom for the first few weeks, then tentatively move to rawdogging. Check if she's on the pill, but that's not always a guarantee of child-free bliss. Too many girls — woops! — forget to take it the day you shoot inside her. To avoid this breach of contract, exercise the pull out option. Over the years collecting notches, your timing will become exquisite. You'll be able to calculate down to the millisecond when you're about to unload, and pull out at the exact moment you jizz. When you get really good at this, the narrow escape, optimal money shot reposition to her belly, back, or eye, and first stream of jizz will all happen elegantly in one smooth motion, like a hardcore ballet dance — The Nutbuster. It is crucial that you wipe her off with a towel or dirty sock yourself. Don't leave that responsibility to her. I've heard horror stories of girls taking a dollop of the guy's bellybutton load onto their fingers and inserting it into themselves while he was in the bathroom pissing.
- If she's 30-35 and has a stupidly fluffy cat or toy dog, you are sailing into stormy waters. Why you would even bother with this kind of woman is beyond me, but let's assume for purposes of discussion that she is well-preserved and has a hot body. Not only is this chick desperate to get impregnated, she is also more likely to be loaded down with a petri dish worth of STDs. If you insist on rawdogging it with her and blasting on her belly or back, scrub her down with sperm killing soap afterwards. You can do this by gently cajoling her into the shower after sex. Keep an eye on her hands, making sure they don't go anywhere near your spooge or her vaj. If you use

a condom, dispose of it in the toilet, not the garbage. Remember to flush!

- If she's over 35 and without child or husband, you cannot be too careful. Use two of your OWN condoms (pinprick free) and drop them in an incinerator when you're done. If no incinerator is available, place the used condom in an airtight iron lockbox for disposal at the local landfill or off the side of an ocean liner. If you make a mistake and blast on her belly, vacuum that shit up. Wiping with your underwear isn't failsafe enough. If you are truly stupid and blast inside her — drop to your knees and start praying to the god of infertility (Jennifer Aniston) while arranging for your accounts to be moved overseas.

Whatever you do, never let a girl dispose of the condom for you. It sounds crazy, but I've been with more than one woman who would do just this. She would grab for the soiled condom and say "I'll take care of that for you." I was smart enough to know not to trust a woman with my spermed up condom by herself in the bathroom, so I told her she was acting weird, and flushed the condom myself. Fucking nutso broads.

People have asked me: if you don't want kids why not just get the ol' snippity snip? If you treasure your glorious package as much as I treasure mine, you'll understand why I don't want scalpels anywhere near there.

It's too bad men don't have a right to rip unwanted fetuses from the wombs of women who duped them into fatherhood. At the very least, a law predicated on true fairness would allow men to abort their financial responsibility for any child they didn't agree on having with a predator slut. I won't be holding my breath for that day to come.

PS: The title of this post is the working title for my coming magnum opus.

Random Musing Of The Day

CH · 18 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Why is it the biggest engagement rings are always found on the hands of women over 30? Who are these beta schmoes spending a fortune on rings for women with only a few years of primo fuckability left?

Discuss.

Schooling The Haters

CH · 19 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There are a lot of misconceptions held by haters (and some non-haters) of the game and of yours truly that deserve closer examination.

Obsidian writes in response to a pickup scenario with a sultry game-playing chick I recounted:

> Such a girl as described, would come off to me that she would not be satisfactory for potential Mommy material. On top of that she was just plain weird.
>
> […]His intentions are quite clear-to fuck, usually but not always, in pump & dump fashion-as many Women as possible. To that extent then, his selection criteria, is considerably different from mine, and I see nothing in the least wrong with that.
>
> […]some of the Game moves one would use to attempt to bed the gal in his scenario, would be wholly different in the kind of Game I used wrt say, Brown Sugah, whom I've mentioned before.

It's amusing how writing in a certain style will lead people to induce the substance of what you write. In fact, I have rarely if ever written on this blog that my intentions are to pump and dump as many women as possible, unless it was in a humorous context. I have described the reality of women. I have given pointers on how to pump and dump if that's your goal. I have singled out a certain type of woman for pump and dump status. But none of that reflects what I personally value in my own relationships with women. Of course, it is a weakness of human nature to imagine the most antagonistic motives of another person if what that person says is not thematically consistent with the narrative playing out in one's head.

When I have written about my value system I have been quite clear — a relationship with a woman who loves you is one of the sublime pleasures of life, perhaps the very best pleasure, and the occasional fling or one night stand is pretty good too. It does not make sense, given the short time we have our lives on this earth, to pass up opportunities to make love with women, even to fuck them silly, if the woman does not pass your stringent criteria as LTR material. So yes, one night stands with scheming game-playing chicks and long term passionate relationships with quality women are not morally incompatible in my worldview. Only those whose options are limited (Hi TBG!) subscribe to those sorts of self-serving sociosexual codes.

As for Obsidian's contention that the game used on weird chicks such as the girl in my post is different from the game used on the kind of women Obsidian is interested in meeting (presumably, marriage material), I call bullshit. Game, like a woman's looks, is not cookie cutter, but neither is it completely random in its effect. The fundamental concepts of game are universal and apply equally to all kinds of women, from Rules Girls to club sluts to church angels to playettes to rebounders to Georgetown yuppies to SWPLers to haughty hipsters to young to old… and even to lawyer chicks. If it were not so, there would be no such thing as "game". Think about it.

Superhater **Keith,** the Alpha-iest of Alphas wrote:

> Yes, but [the girls who respond positively to his game] still resemble one another in otherwise unobserved traits that correlate with their tendency to give you their number in the first place.

This is a common anti-game argument pulled with insipid frequency from the hater handbook. Alternate version: "You'll only pick up sluts and low self esteem girls who fall for your game." Haters of this school of hate comfort themselves with the lie that no worthy girl would ever fall for a player. As I fatherly corrected Stupendously Alpha Keith in the comments: Tautology, unreel thyself.

Super Alpha Keith reminds me of those cloying beta chumps who have spent many years of indoctrination in a seven sisters school, imbibing the feminist zeitgeist with gusto and learning to parrot all the right shibboleths in

order to steal a thin-lipped kiss from some hippie chick with Daddy Gaia issues. There is of course no specific type of chick who falls for game, because there aren't different sets of rules that govern female attraction. Game is unlimited in its potential because the male traits that women find attractive are universally shared, give or take some nontrivial broad racial differences. The tautological emptiness of Keith's two minute hate becomes apparent when we switch genders — women with slender hourglass figures, nice tits and ass, and pretty faces don't attract a subset of men who resemble one another in unobserved traits that correlate with their tendency to be attracted to pretty women; they attract the *vast majority* of men because female beauty, like male game, is objectively attractive to the opposite sex.

poster asked:

> you never talked about how to game cigstach…i'm really curious about what you were going to say

Skip attraction and go straight into comfort building rapport. Tell her you both have a lot in common — the ability to grow thick, bushy mustaches. Share a cig, then go for the kiss, licking the corners of her stache into a handlebar shape with your saliva. Repeat until the love is strong.

omw wrote:

> Breaking [game] down into official sub-categories with accompanying routines and choreography is what's weird.

It's only weird when you're aware of it.

Many, many haters wrote:

> It's important to be sincere in a serious relationship. Which you can't do with game.

I'll quote commenter **Thursday** on this:

"Game is necessary for a relationship because attraction is necessary for a relationship and game is what creates attraction for women. But it is not sufficient and no one ever said it was."

I'd add that a softened version of game is an important component of any long term relationship. And the belief that game is insincere? Just the opposite. Game is the most effective way for a man to express his deepest sincere feelings for a woman. A man has to advertise his sincere desires. If he doesn't, women will hardly know the value of his product or the strength of his feelings. And the wrong sort of advertising will send her to another store.

Lisa the typical female hater wrote in response to me:

> *"a man seen with "bar skanks" as you call them will be more attractive to women than a man with no woman at his side."*
>
> Only to other bar skanks.

A fairly common anti-poon diatribe is the "like begets like" argument. This is how haters attempt to diminish the achievements of their targets of hate. They reside well above that muck, don't you see. As with most hate, it strikes a superficially plausible note, but in reality is proven utterly false.

I have observed that women's preselection programming is a blunt algorithm. That is, when a woman sees you with another woman, she does not filter your quality based on your companion's beauty as perceptively as a man filters for female beauty. You have some wiggle room in your choice of social proof. If you're in the company of a 5, the power of preselection will work all the way up to 8s, as long as you are seen to be having a good time with your 5. To other women, the fact that you make your pawn female companion smile and laugh is more important in

evaluating your quality as a man than is the exact beauty rating of your companion.

Naturally, there are limits on the applicability of women's preselection mechanism. If your social proof is an obese 2, 10s will not give you much favor. Women are subconsciously much less forgiving of blubber on other women than they are of the prettiness or lack thereof of other women's faces. A slender 4 with good fashion sense and obvious enjoyment at being in your company will trigger the preselection switches of plenty of hotter women in a bar.

Androgyne MQ wrote:

> However, these [beta providers] do not spend all their time whining and bitching on the internet (at least not when they're young, if they get wiped out in a divorce settlement later on then they do).

Handy betaboy translation: "Whining and bitching" = "Saying stuff that offends my tender sensibilities".

MQ is Dizzy's love beta.

Whiskey wrote:

> How can MOST GUYS be socially dominant? Answer: they CANNOT BY DEFINITION. Period. Social dominance is like an episode of Highlander. There can be only one. And that one is what women want. Therefore, every guy with the ability to figure this out will race to social dominance. Which ends inevitably in thuggery because that is how social dominance gets settled in the end.

And over on 2Blowhards where they are having freewheeling discussions about the cultural significance of game, **Rain And** wrote:

> PUAs recommend a massive amount of approaches to learn Game.. something like 20 per week, per man.. and this will have two effects:: It means more otherwise unmated women will be absorbed.. leaving less available women for the lucky opportunities which non-competing males depend on.. and it means women will endure more unwelcome approaches and further harden their defenses against approaches from unskilled men, raising the bar for his entry into the field. If it was hard for a below average guy just going by his natural instincts in opportunistic situations before, it will become even harder for him now.
>
> As for men who do compete, it's worse for them too. It's an arms race, and if everybody gets better, than no one has more success. In fact every one is worse off, because they now have to work harder and train more to master a skill to get the same exact returns they would have gotten 10 years ago without the extra time, energy, resources spent on Game.

Whiskey and Rain And make the claim that game is a finite resource, zero-sum, and effective only in relation to the existing male status hierarchy because women ultimately want to bang the top male no matter what system he operates within. This therefore means that the returns on game are inherently self-limiting, as women will simply choose amongst the best gamers in a world full of men who have learned game.

It's an interesting theoretical conjecture. I say theoretical because the adoption by men of game will never, in practice, reach the point where such theoretical objections carry real world weight. Game requires one necessary ingredient in abundance — balls. And most men simply don't have the balls to (1) drop their defeatist beliefs and adherence to doctrinaire acquired wisdom and (2) take up the teachings of game and actually approach women in any situation at any time.

But is this zero-sum objection even correct in theory? I believe a case can be made that it is not, and the best way to demonstrate this is through illustration by analogy. Imagine if all the world's women suddenly turned into 10s overnight. Ask yourselves: Would this

a. increase

b. decrease

c. have no effect on

the aggregate happiness of the world's men? Does anyone seriously doubt this would not be a paradisiacal wonderland for men everywhere? This is because women's beauty, at least over the timespan of a few generations before long term evolutionary change had a chance to alter the male mental landscape, is an objectively definable trait in which its supply would increase if the number of 10s increased. Only over the very long haul would men's preferences gradually shift upward in refinement toward uber 10s — new female creatures would then be born representing 11s, 12s, and super ovarian 20s.

In the same way, this is how game works its magic on women. Male game operates like female beauty. The more of it there is in the world, the happier the world's women will become. Women will feel the same pleasurable feelings from the first man she meets running tight game and the 1,000th man she meets running tight game. Since women are by nature status whores, over a long enough time as evolution molds their daughters' brains they will begin to preferentially select the best gamers from among the bunch. And they will go on, as they always have, attempting to land the highest ranking man they can afford given their looks, which means seeking the man who brings the full suite of attractive male power attributes to the table.

Inside The Horror Of Bridesmaid Dress Shopping

CH · 20 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I had a conversation with a girl who described how she was trapped in the hell matrix of shopping for a bridesmaid dress. Here is her dispatch from the frontlines.

HER: I had to go bridesmaid dress shopping on Saturday. If you thought the baby shower was gayer than gay, you have no idea.

ME: haha. Was it you and the girls?

HER: There were overbearing eastern european megalomaniac high pressure saleswomen. The fattest brides I've ever seen. And one woman in a halter wedding gown (white) who was at least pushing 65.

ME: Wow. What gift do you get the blushing bride who has 65 years worth of accumulated stuff?

HER: The saleslady suggested she wear a cape for modesty's sake. But she adamantly refused and kept parading around haughtily while her withered groomsman, 20 years her junior at least, slumped in the corner with his coffee cup. It was a depressing scene to be sure.

ME: A beaten man. Barely alive.

HER: I tried on like one dress and said "K. Good to go. Let's just take this one." But no, they want you to pore over every last detail, photograph them all, revisit the choices. For 3 hours.

ME: Psychotic!

HER: My mom came in to get a mother of the groom dress, and sort of sighed heavily. She's like "What color will you wear?" "Black." "Emily!!" "What? I can wear it again for any occasion. Bar mitzvahs… funerals…". Megan (the bride-to-be) instead settled on a putrid shade of mocha. We'll look like gussied up turds. Turd cakes.

ME: The minister will be Mr. Hanky. Howdy ho everybody!

HER: It's just a sea of color swatches and taffeta and a sense of crushing defeat. Not to mention the pitying looks at the bridesmaids for not having "made it". Always a bridesmaid. Just like the damn Swedes at the world junior hockey championships. The room was pepto-bismol pink. Like being in a turbulent stomach. And she still couldn't find a dress! So we get to do it all over again! Wheeee!!!! SHOOT ME.

ME: It's exactly the nightmare most men imagine it to be.

Alpha Move Of The Day

CH · 21 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The Forearm Grab

You're holding court with three girls. You're feeling good, on top of your game, and you've nailed the perfect stance — standing with your back against the bar surveying your kingdom. The words and the smirks are coming naturally. You know the whole place is watching, intrigued by your social mastery. Five minutes, ten, twenty… you're not really sure how much time has passed. Your main target's two friends say they are going to another bar. She shrugs her shoulders at you, smiling, and says she's going to go with them.

You know this is an IOI to at least grab her contact info. Instead, you reply "You're a cool chick. Have fun with your friends." As she turns away and begins to walk off, you grab her forearm firmly and say "Hey". She spins around, looking at you with a mix of surprise and desire. Her two friends have walked ahead of her. "You're interesting. Let's meet sometime. I'll need your number." Insta-close.

***

Why this works:

The rollercoaster concept. Girls love oscillating from high to low to high again. She was waiting for you to lunge for her number when she said she had to leave. You denied her that. Unpredictability. Disappointed, she prepared to leave. Then, you grabbed her arm like a mighty godlike hand from the heavens and denied her the disappointment as well.

The hard physical contact. Your grab was firm, fingers wrapped all the way around. This was no time for the light touch. The occasional unapologetically hard and bold kino is one of the purist demonstrations of alphaness. Done at the right time, it will shatter female defenses.

The non-neediness. You almost let her get away. And yet you seemed preternaturally calm about having nearly lost her to the crowd. She was left with the impression that you had no plan to get her number, but changed your mind at the last second. You're different than every other guy.

Give it a shot.

Used

CH · 23 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Three girls, two guys. One of the guys was obviously gay. (hellOOOO) He had gay face. The girl closest to me, a blonde with a wholesome midwestern look, strokes my jacket sleeve.

“I like the way your jacket feels.”

“Any excuse to cop a feel, eh?”

“What’s it made of?”

“Silkworm. It’s very rare.” I scan the group trying to figure out the social dynamic. One girl was talking to the (presumably) straight guy in intense, eyes locked conversation. She would not cockblock. Another girl was glancing expectantly around the room, perhaps waiting for a boyfriend? She was a cockblock threat. The gay guy was a fat black man playing the role of the mother hen. He was a high risk cockblock.

I address the gay first. “Is your friend here always like this? Touching random stranger’s jackets?”

“Don’t we all!” (Boy, do I know how to call it). “She’s a sweetheart. Isn’t that right, Katy?”

“Yeah, that’s what I want him to think.” She winks at me. The gay turns away and begins sipping his drink through a straw loudly, exaggerating the purse of his lips. He would no longer be a threat. She must have signaled him. I missed the signal. Too subtle.

I talk with Katy for ten minutes before remembering to check her single status. Gotta be smooth when screening for BFs. “How do you know everyone here?”

She gives me the rundown. The other guy is the BF of the girl talking to him. I lean in a little closer to her ear.

“Your friend here,” I motion toward her single friend craning her neck and searching the room, “looks like she’s waiting patiently for someone.”

“Yeah, her boyfriend is coming.”

I lean back and let a few seconds pass. She smiles at me. Ok, I was in the clear. Katy was the odd girl out. Fresh unspoiled meat.

We talk for a half hour. My game is not the sharpest it’s been, in fact I’m a little bit sloppy, but she eats it up like a hungry she-wolf. In hindsight, her extremely positive reaction to my less than stellar game should have been a red flag, but I carried on as if the number close, or even the same night bang, was inevitable. As evidenced by all the arm touching and flicking of hair, she responds very well. Time for a calculated reposition.

“Hey, looks like your friends are pretty busy having fun in their own world. There’s an empty space just over there where we can sit and be a little more comfortable. Let’s move.”

Her smile goes crooked. “Well… I’m waiting for my boyfriend. He’s coming here, too.” She shrugs her shoulders and raises her eyebrows apologetically.

BEEEEEYOTCH.

I stare at her with steely eyes until she gets slightly uncomfortable. I am not smiling at all. I want her to notice my displeasure. I think about calling her out in the manner of Roosh’s campaign to call out cockblocks and shame them in public. Perhaps say something like “I didn’t think you’d be the type of girl to conveniently forget to mention your boyfriend just for attention from other guys. I wonder what he would think of that?”

Instead, I held my tongue and simply gave her the backturn. She didn’t attempt to re-engage. She knew she had committed a grievous lie of omission and the jig was up.

I was used. Emotional rape. She had exacted her tribute — a half hour of my valuable time and energy that could have been better spent on available women. Mission accomplished: Ego validated.

Thinking back, I see a pattern. Girls with boyfriends are often the happiest girls to be the target of my game. They are bored; they need that constant revalidation of their desirability to new men. They may or may not be in love with their boyfriends, it doesn't seem to matter much. The need for male attention is an addiction that never really goes away, even when they're 70 and the young man tells them how fetching their blue hair is. Only girls who are deeply in love are granted temporary immunity from the urge to whore attention. This phase usually lasts about 6 months. Two years tops.

Soulmates who never need validation from anyone else but each other are as rare as pink diamonds. If you are in this type of relationship, count your blessings. You have won the quality girl lottery.

Later, I chastised myself for not getting her to cough up the BF information sooner.

Eluding 'I Have A Boyfriend'

CH · 24 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Because the *'I have a boyfriend'* shit test reflex is commonly encountered when picking up women, many resourceful men have figured out ways around it. As far as I can tell, workarounds fall into the following categories:

- Acknowledge it and plow

An example of this would be replying "Oh, that's cool. Hey, you can bring him along when we go for drink." Or: "Every girl has some guy they call a boyfriend." Proceed with pickup as before.

- Ignore it and plow

She says "I have a boyfriend"; you say… "Hey, check this out. Which fingers do you wear your rings on?" Proceed with pickup as before. [See: Style's Ring Finger routine]

- Make a clever retort and plow

For instance, she says "I have a boyfriend" and you reply "That's cute. So does my girlfriend! We have something in common." Proceed with pickup as before.

- Preempt it

Before she has a chance to vomit the 'I have a boyfriend' line, you say "I'm surprised you would come to a place like this without your boyfriend" or "Does you boyfriend know you're out here tonight?" and see if she bites. Upside: Saves lots of time avoiding users like the girl in yesterday's post. Downside: Reminds her of the boyfriend if she really has one.

- Indict the boyfriend and plow

The idea behind this tactic is to plant a seed of doubt in her mind about her boyfriend (or strengthen the doubt already in her mind). So you reply: "Do you need your boyfriend's permission to talk to a cool guy in a bar?" Or: [look around] "I used to let my girlfriend go out with her friends a lot. It was good because I could do my own thing when she wasn't around." [smile mischievously] "Where's your boyfriend?" Ignore her answer and plow.

- Question her independence and plow

Reply: "You'd better give him a call and tell him you're not doing anything bad. Some guys worry." Turbocharged plow!

***

Which one of the above countermoves is most effective? I don't know. I've used all of them with some success. The key is to pay attention to the point in the conversation when she ejaculates the *'I have a boyfriend'* line. If she says it right away before you've gotten two words out of your mouth, it is most likely not a shit test to determine your fuckworthiness. She either doesn't like the cut of your beta jibe and is letting you down quickly and easily, or she really does have a boyfriend and is being a woman with integrity by letting you know this up front before you have wasted precious minutes futilely gaming her.

On the other hand, if she talks with you for a while before saying it, and she has dropped a few IOIs your way, there is a good chance it is an artificial hurdle. She either has a (rapidly fading) boyfriend and is open to being properly seduced by you, or she doesn't have a boyfriend and her saying it is just a crude shit test because she's a woman of low character and social retardation. Either way, you should plow as if her boyfriend objection is meaningless, because it is. The third possibility, and the most dangerous female ploy, is the one I wrote about yesterday: She has a boyfriend she is not going to cheat on, but omits this vital information so she can delight in the

ego stroking you give her with your flirty attention. The only way to avoid timesucks like this is to preempt the boyfriend excuse, as explained above. The problem with preemption is that it risks setting an anti-seduction tone. Luckily, I've found that it's a minority of taken women who will deliberately string men along for the attention.

How will you know if she's open to being seduced away from an imaginary (or not) boyfriend, or if she's just using you for validation? The answer is in her facial expression. As with the girl I wrote about yesterday, a woman who looks clearly apologetic when she drops the boyfriend bomb and turns rapidly cold after saying it is an attention whore. A user of the good feelings you gave her for twenty minutes. But, if she is still engaged with you after mentioning her boyfriend, and her flirty demeanor hasn't let up at all, you can safely assume the BF excuse is just that… an excuse. Be sure to verify her continued interest by moving her to a quiet part of the bar. This is critical. A girl in a relationship who has no intention of screwing around on her boyfriend will not follow you to a different location, no matter how good your game or how much she likes you or how few feet away is the new spot. The venue change/location move is a reliable test for smoking out the user whores.

Plausible Apocalypse

CH · 25 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I watched "Knowing" on a free movie internet database site. It's about a kid from 50 years ago who predicts the future with dates and locations for tragic events that hadn't yet occurred. The end times event prophecied by the kid is a giant solar flare that literally scorches the earth to a crisp. It was a silly but entertaining movie.

I wondered about the odds of such an event happening, and if a real life rogue monster solar flare would cause the worldwide firestorm depicted in the movie. Then I read this:

> Over the last few decades, western civilisations have busily sown the seeds of their own destruction. Our modern way of life, with its reliance on technology, has unwittingly exposed us to an extraordinary danger: plasma balls spewed from the surface of the sun could wipe out our power grids, with catastrophic consequences.
>
> The projections of just how catastrophic make chilling reading. "We're moving closer and closer to the edge of a possible disaster," says Daniel Baker, a space weather expert based at the University of Colorado in Boulder, and chair of the NAS committee responsible for the report.
>
> It is hard to conceive of the sun wiping out a large amount of our hard-earned progress. Nevertheless, it is possible. The surface of the sun is a roiling mass of plasma – charged high-energy particles – some of which escape the surface and travel through space as the solar wind. From time to time, that wind carries a billion-tonne glob of plasma, a fireball known as a coronal mass ejection. If one should hit the Earth's magnetic shield, the result could be truly devastating.

A coronal mass ejection causing the deaths of tens of millions? Yes, but not by firestorm. By a total disruption of services.

> The second problem is the [electricity] grid's interdependence with the systems that support our lives: water and sewage treatment, supermarket delivery infrastructures, power station controls, financial markets and many others all rely on electricity. Put the two together, and it is clear that a repeat of the Carrington event could produce a catastrophe the likes of which the world has never seen.
>
> […]
>
> First to go – immediately for some people – is drinkable water. Anyone living in a high-rise apartment, where water has to be pumped to reach them, would be cut off straight away. For the rest, drinking water will still come through the taps for maybe half a day. With no electricity to pump water from reservoirs, there is no more after that.
>
> There is simply no electrically powered transport: no trains, underground or overground. Our just-in-time culture for delivery networks may represent the pinnacle of efficiency, but it means that supermarket shelves would empty very quickly – delivery trucks could only keep running until their tanks ran out of fuel, and there is no electricity to pump any more from the underground tanks at filling stations.
>
> Back-up generators would run at pivotal sites – but only until their fuel ran out. For hospitals, that would mean about 72 hours of running a bare-bones, essential care only, service. After that, no more modern healthcare.

The article goes on to describe more nightmarish consequences of an unanticipated CME. And how difficult and time-consuming it is to replace the transformers fried by a massive solar plasma ball of death. Our entire way of life — the decadence of our modern economy — would begin to grind to a halt within days of the event. You wouldn't even be able to recharge your Ipod. The SWPLs would be running around useless like chickens with their heads cut off.

Right now, the only countermeasure we have is NASA's ACE orbiter probe which can relay information about solar activity to earth with 15- 45 minutes of warning of any incoming solar storms. But this probe is old and failing. And a huge CME can travel much faster than a typical geomagnetic storm, leaving our power companies with too little warning to prepare by either shutting down or re-routing the electrical systems.

This should be a priority for NASA before any manned space flights to Mars. I don't want my Quake Live interrupted.

All The Lonely Cougars

CH · 25 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm never surprised when another study comes out confirming the Poon worldview. I'm that omniscient. Thanks to **Days of Broken Arrows** for passing along this Boston Globe article called "The Myth of Ashton" about dating events specifically targeted at cougars:

> Maureen Trickett, an event organizer for 8minuteDating.com, had an idea based on all the hype surrounding younger men dating older women. She decided last year to plan an event specifically for that demographic – a night of speed dating for women-of-a-certain-age and the boyish men who love them.
>
> Trickett posted the event online, and women quickly signed up. But the men – they were slow to show interest. After only six men registered, the event was canceled.
>
> "I need eight men," Trickett explained. "If I don't get eight, the system cancels the event."

Maureen Trickett could have saved herself a lot of time and energy if she read this blog. On the other hand, maybe not. That would require facing reality.

> Trickett decided it was worth a second try. She set up another speed dating event for a recent Sunday afternoon at Tommy Doyle's in Kendall Square, this time for older women and younger men, as well as older men and younger women. The room would be split in half – age-inappropriate on both sides.

Self delusion is an unlimited resource. See: Just about every single social policy since 1960.

> But again she had a shortage of younger men. The "cougar event," as Trickett was calling it, was canceled.

And Nelson went "Ha haaw!"

> The older men/younger women event went on as planned, but only because Trickett waived the fee for a few women so that they'd sign up and the numbers would be even.

Older men with younger women is much more natural than younger men with older women. While women are suspicious of older men's motives and station in life, they are at least willing to give the sophisticated gents a chance to pitch themselves. Waiving the fee for men at the cougar event still would have resulted in few men except the desperate loser dregs showing up.

> Despite what magazines and tabloids might suggest, Trickett said, despite all the talk of cougar culture, men still want to date younger women, and older women . . . well, their options are limited.

If you're taking your cues from mass media, you're hopeless. Magazines and tabloids serve to perpetuate the pretty lies. Else they wouldn't sell.

> Sure, Demi Moore broke a mold, and I know a few couples – family members and friends of friends – who represent the highly publicized demographic of older women and younger men, but the dating industry will tell you that for the most part that demographic is a myth.

If you arrange your life with an eye on the exceptions rather than the rules, you deserve the sorrow, loneliness and failure coming your way. Demi Moore-Ashton Kutcher is a one in a million oddity. 99% of 40+ women aren't in the ballpark of Demi's looks, and 99% of men with Ashton Kutcher's fame, looks and money won't date washed up

broads like Demi when there is a world of hotter, younger girls available.

> "With men dating women, it tends to be up to six years younger but it will only be up to two years older."
>
> And why is that?
>
> "Guys tend to have unrealistic expectations," said [Mark] Brooks, who bragged that he is one of the mythical Ashton Kutcher-types (he recently dated someone nine years older than him).

Mark Brooks is your typical feeble-minded betaboy who licks the crusty anal dirt of his feminist overlords and begs for more. How do we know this? One, he dates an older woman and is proud of it. Two, he thinks the reason men prefer to date younger women has to do with unrealistic expectations. No, Mark, that's not it. Men date younger women because they are biologically impelled to seek the love and sex of women who show healthy signs of fertility. No doubt Mark is highly jealous of guys like me dating all the young babes he covets from afar as his old lady slaps his face with her droopy tits.

> Those HurryDate age ranges mirror what most men ask for online. I asked Kate Bilenki, a spokeswoman for Plentyoffish.com, a dating website with 10 million members, if she's ever seen a male profile call for an older woman. "In my experience, no, I can't say that I have," she said.

Brutal.

> Bilenki adds another depressing tidbit: "For every 55-year old male, there are three 55-year-old women."

Soul ripping.

Why are there cougars if it's such a hellish existence? Some cougars were too unattractive in their prime mating years to get a decent man to commit to them. Some are divorced and overestimated their competitive value on the sexual market as older versions of themselves. Some have given up attracting the men they really want (i.e. older men with means and options who don't want them) and have chosen the pathetic life of offering their aged, floppy pussies free of charge to horny younger guys who just want to dump a quick fuck in any available hole, no muss no fuss.

Then there are the women who became cougars because of their own stupid choices. These are the sad detritus of former urban slut machines; the women who spent their valuable youth hopping from one alpha cock to another only to wake up a day late and a wedding ring short in their early 30s wondering why the alphas no longer look at them with lust in their eyes. Now, even the beta males don't want them. They are forced to settle, and settle hard. If they can.

Here's a juicy irony: The anti-aging industry that cougars cling to like life support is the brainchild of betas. Those same dull, socially awkward nerds the cougars ignored when they were kittens are busily inventing the science and technology that may one day grant them a reprieve from the horror of fading beauty.

If the betas disappear, well… so do the cougars' hopes.

Which way do you think America is heading?

My Time Inside The Housing Bubble

CH · 26 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A few years ago I briefly toyed with the idea of getting a second job on the side for some quick and easy supplemental bling. Acting on a tip from a friend, I walked into the office of a mortgage broker in northern Virginia to begin my second life as an intermediary taking advantage of information bottlenecks and client ignorance.

The president mob boss of the small company was a short Vietnamese man with manic energy, a giant gold watch, and a quick tongue. I mentioned my referral and, after sizing me up, he told me there would be an all-hands meeting in a half hour and I was invited to sit in and see if this business appealed to me.

I scanned the office. Lots of empy cubicles with flickering monitors full of excel spreadsheets being operated by invisible employees. Along the wall were closed door offices with nameplates designating various positions – VP this, VP that, CFO (!), Executive manager. Really? I popped my head into one office and another South Asian greeted me. We bantered a bit then he showed me his trophies and certificates for excellence in mortgage brokering. A huge photo of him sitting in his Ferrari hung prominently behind his desk. He noticed me checking it out and said it took him only three years to build his client list to reach the point he could buy that beauty — all it required was a solid work ethic. He was wearing a Rolex.

Just prior to the meeting a tall white guy with a frat boy striped shirt approached me and stuck out his hand. I asked him what he thought of the business. He told me what it was like getting loans for marginal clients and how to deal with Countrywide. He said he was 27 years old and was planning on making 2 million for himself by the time he hit 30. Business was so good he had no doubt his goal would be reached. He talked of a luxurious retirement by age 40.

We all sat down in a semi-circle in a large conference room. The only white guys were me and Mr. Early Retirement. There were four women, three East Asians and one white chick who looked Italian by background. The rest of the group was a polyglot of East Asian, Vietnamese or Thai, Hispanic and indeterminate ethnicity men. The two Vietnamese/Thai guys wore the sharpest suits of the bunch. Crisp like new dollar bills.

The high energy Vietnamese don entered and began a free form discussion of life in the commission based mortgage broker business. Acronyms and jargon were flying — MTAs, COFI loans, COSI arms, A-paper, Alt-A, subprime (this was before the housing bubble burst, so the word subprime didn't trigger instant suspicion at the time), DUs, Full Doc, SIVA, SISA, No Ratio (later learned this meant no stated income), No Doc, PITI, origination fee (fancy word for screwing the client with a skim off the top), PMI, DTI, NVAR, and on and on.

Then the Vietdon looked carefully around the room, eyeballing each one of us.

"This is good, very good." He was smiling and nodding his head. "The way it works here is simple. Trust. You earn the client's trust and your business takes off. They trust you, they sign on the dotted line. So, for instance…" He pointed at the Asian women. "These ladies are assigned to female clients. Asian women in particular.
They will trust them."

The Asian girls snickered and one uncrossed and crossed her legs. I watched her crotch as she did this.

The Vietdon continued. "And my boys over there…" The Hispanic guys laughed. "They get the Hispanic clients. This is the way it works in this business. Now let's be real. Most of our Hispanic clients aren't high rollers. They're struggling, making ends meet. They got families. They need houses to put those families in. They work hard. To get them to sign on the dotted line…" (He loved that expression.) "…you've got to put their minds at ease that you're looking out for them. They trust someone who looks like them, you know?"

More nods of agreement from the Jose contingent.

"Then we've got our white guys." At saying this, the Vietdon smiled broadly. "You guys, you go out in the field with a casual button down, one button at the top undone, nice shoes, real tall all-American look, and people with money

trust you. I get some white clients… not too many because, you know, we mostly deal with the underserviced community…" (The group chuckled.) "…and these white clients feel comfortable dealing with a white agent. It is what it is, right? No morality tales here, we just do what brings in the business. I think we can all agree on that." Heads nodded in unison. "It's a little different for our Asian clients. They want to see their agents dressed in shiny pressed suits at all times. Isn't that right, Phung!" Laughter from everyone.

"This is a good time to be in the brokerage business. The money is there. Work hard, make your calls, show up at the houses for that extra attention people love, and you can see a nice little profit for yourself." With that, the Vietdon ended the meeting.

I showed up at the office for three more weeks, then decided it reminded me too much of cold calling old people over dinner to sell investment advice. Something about the whole operation felt sleezy, like an Amway scheme. I didn't think the odds of me scoring easy money on the side were that great, at least not with this firm, so I abandoned the mission.

Two years later, the housing bubble burst spectacularly. Today, I wonder why all those really smart guys back then propping up the mortgage brokerage business on phantom assumptions couldn't see the sleeziness in what they were doing like I could after only a half hour inside the business. Or maybe they did and didn't care. And I wonder if Mr. Early Retirement achieved his goal.

Despite the unsavory nature of the brokerage business, I have respect for the Vietdon. He knew the score and didn't shy away from it. He told it like it is. He probably violated every anti-discrimination law on the books, but he made money while the making was good.

Female Beauty From 1 To 10

CH · 27 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's Female Beauty Friday! You know the drill. You rank order the ten photos below, assigning a number between 1 and 10 inclusive for each photo. DO NOT USE A NUMBER MORE THAN ONCE. The photos are in no particular order. I was careful to choose pics that represent a woman at each point on the 1 to 10 beauty scale.

The best way to do this without biasing your ratings is to first look at all the photos before ranking them. Then go back and judge like a god.

The idea behind this rather pleasurable exercise is to demonstrate the conformity of men's attractiveness standards, even across races. I get a thrill up my leg by smashing cherished shibboleths like "beauty is in the eye of the beholder", and I especially love watching people twist defensively in the face of stone cold reality as they vainly try to prop up their pretty lies.

In the interest of giving my detractors their due, I've gone the extra mile in this post and chosen "real" women from among the submitted female photos (and a few of my own choices) whose rankings are less clear cut than expected. I've also included other races, and I've avoided using celebrities or otherwise well-known women. Nevertheless, I predict, despite the increased difficulty level, that most of you will agree in the rankings, plus or minus one point.

I also predict, as before in the first female ranking exercise, that the most disagreement will occur in the middle rankings — 4,5,6 — where a woman's looks tend to blend in with the masses of other women along the fat part of the bell curve, and at the very upper end where great battles will be fought to decide who is the 10. The latter is because once you get into rarified beauty territory personal whim looms large.

Note: Women older than 40 (barring rare exceptions) and obese women are disqualified from the competition, even as fodder for the rankings below 4, because age and fat introduces a potent variable that will skew the results too drastically away from underlying facial beauty. Obesity especially is the Beauty Destroyer, the Leveler of the Playing Field, that can turn a 10 into a 2. The problem with America today is that so many women are fat that they've pushed the beauty bell curve into an unsightly leftward bulge, where we are now overflowing with 3s and 4s at the cost of fewer 6s and 7s. Goddamn shame it is.

After the voting is complete, you can compare your preferences to those of your peers, and to me, in the follow-up post I will write.

Take Our Poll

Take Our Poll

Take Our Poll

For those who don't like arched eyebrows and giant fake smiles, here is another photo of "fur smile" girl.

Take Our Poll

Take Our Poll

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Take Our Poll

Did you find yourself lingering longer over some photos than others?

PS: There is an **Evil** Easter Egg in this post. If you've found it, try not to blurt it out too soon in the comments. Give people a chance to stumble into my dastardly ways for themselves.

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天明

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How Good Is Your Social Acumen?

CH · 30 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I met her at my usual first date lounge, ten minutes late right on schedule. As I sat at the bar (thin crowd, plenty of elbow room), she pranced up to my side from across the room, waving back at someone. I looked over my shoulder and saw six or seven people, half girls and half guys, sitting on sofas and waving at her in return.

“Are those your chaperones?”

“No, they’re friends of mine.”

“I see. So you brought them here for protection? Probably a good idea. I usually show up to dates with a chainsaw.”

She was starting to catch on. “I swear it’s just a coincidence. I didn’t tell them I would be here.”

I glanced back at her social circle. They were watching us. Fucking great. I’d have to hustle her to a new venue ASAP, no way was she going to loosen up with her friends judging her every move. But first, drinks.

Fifteen minutes into our conversation (going well) the bartender places a couple of shot glasses in front of us.

“Courtesy of the gentleman over there in the white shirt.”

We both look in the direction of the sofa and one of the guys is smiling at us. My date smiles back.

“How sweet. My friend bought us drinks.”

I lifted my shot glass and nodded toward him in recognition. He nodded in recognition of my nod. I returned to my date and resumed our conversation, paying close attention to her body language to see if she attempted any over the shoulder lookbacks at drink-buying dude. She didn’t. Another twenty minutes passed and I was getting itchy to bounce. As I prepared to pull the trigger, her friends walked by us and stopped to say goodbye to her. Many hugs and introductions were exchanged. I watched our benefactor closely, determined to figure out his designs on my date and his role in the group dynamic. Preliminary analysis: Ingratiating beta who wanted to fuck my date.

***

You are a student of human social dynamics. Your experience with and knowledge of these sorts of situations grows with every passing day. **When your date tells you her friends are at your venue of choice by sheer coincidence, you assume:**

a. she’s lying, and act accordingly; that is, move her to a new spot quickly or end the date prematurely.

b. she’s telling the truth but it’s virtually guaranteed that one of the men in the group has a crush on her and will come over and say something stupid to ruin the mood of your date.

c. she’s telling the truth and they are just friends who will not sabotage your date, so you are OK to stay.

d. she’s telling the truth but you believe it is unwise to linger in that venue as long as they are within line of sight of your date.

When one of the betas buys you and your date a round of shots, you assume:

a. he’s a cool guy buying his friend and her date a drink, and he does this all the time with no ulterior motive, so you toss him a friendly nod.

b. he’s a scheming punk buying his cute friend and her date a drink because he secretly wants to bang her and thinks this is the best way to undermine the vibe between her and you.

c. he’s a superb example of Beta Maximus in the field who thinks by buying his puppy crush and her date drinks she will instantly fall in love with him and forget all about you.

d. he’s just retarded.

Given the assumptions above, decide which is most likely to be true. Then, evaluate which responses you have available to you and the best way to handle this situation.

Hormonal Surge

CH · 31 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Conventional wisdom is that human females don't go into heat — that is, their ovulation is hidden from male discernment — but I believe this is only partially true. The bars and clubs during the last couple weeks have been drenched in intoxicating estrogen. I notice this each year when spring begins, right around the end of March and beginning of April. The women are on the prowl, and the men are slabs of beef dangling from meathooks for inspection.

What does a roomful of sexually excited women look like? ADHD liplicking gigglebombs with perpetual pelvic grind syndrome.

The women jump from one man to the next, heaving their bosoms and smiling with glossed lips, expressing the full sensuality of their bodies in arched backs, thighs rubbing together, fingertips lightly grazing every available surface. They want the men to suffocate on their womanly bouquet, to lose control. Attention whoring is at DefCon "I'm on PornoHub" level. It's been a hassle lately to keep one woman's attention for long because their raging hormones are driving them to sample every man within sight, until the best cock they can afford presses its chub against her belly. That's been the downside. The upside is that there's a new woman eager to talk to you everywhere you turn.

Unfortunately, this nirvana won't last long. By mid-April, the estrogen surge will have depleted itself, and most of these horny chicks will have either gotten themselves boyfriends or regressed back to their usual bitchy, arms crossed selves. Your window to act is short. Smart men know that this is the time of year to go out every night of the week to fatten up on the bounty. Be like the crocodiles gorging on the stampede of wildebeest crossing the treacherous river during their annual migration.

Men don't understand the compulsion of the springtime female hormonal surge because our hormones surge year round. We might have a downtick in our libido now and then, like after brain surgery or a death in the family (immediate relations only), but mostly we're good to go regardless of the season. I'm especially immune to hormone surges because my libido is at a constantly elevated state. If it goes any higher the tip could explode.

Results From The Female Beauty Rankings

CH · 31 March 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The rankings of the ten girls from last Friday's post are in, and the results, as expected, are pretty much in line with the general concept that men by and large share a surprisingly similar perception of what constitutes female beauty along the 1 to 10 scale. If a woman had two scores that were within 20 votes of each other, I gave her a two number ranking.

Woman	Readers' Score	My Score
(a) TBG's asian 10	6	5
(b) wino	9,8	8
(c) Rain And's Mom	7	7
(d) fur smile	9,8	9
(e) red beret	2	2
(f) heavy wool skirt	3	3
(g) IOI	10	10
(h) chocolate fry	5	6
(i) schnoz	1	1
(j) chipmunk	4	4

A few thoughts:

There was more agreement on the 4s, 5s, and 6s than I predicted. Obviously, I chose this category well.

There was more variability/less agreement at the upper end of the scale, and firmer agreement at the bottom end. This was intentional. In the first installment of "Female Beauty 1 To 10″ I stacked the deck in favor of strong contenders for the 8, 9, and 10 spots by using such world beating hotties like Alizee, Sophie Marceau, and Monica Bellucci. This time I made an effort to fill the upper slots with plausible girls. That is, girls you might have a chance of seeing in your daily life from one week to the next. Naturally, "daily life" 10s in most locales excluding fashion districts and playgrounds of the rich and famous are not going to be as hot on average as supermodel/celebrity/actress 10s. Truly superb specimens of female pulchritude don't stay in general circulation for long. Hence, the greater difficulty in finding a round-the-way girl who could qualify as a bonafide 10.

As one commenter astutely noted, TBG's asian 10 looks like what the future sexbots will look like. Doable, but also a little bit "off". Perhaps this is because it is easier to model an Asian's face as they have flat, nondescript features compared to other races. And their skin is smoother, facilitating a realistic transference to high tech plasticine. The voting also confirms that TBG has no taste and is probably a woman impersonating a man impersonating a woman.

Throwing in a couple girls from different races didn't seem to affect the voting much. This is a point in favor of the hypothesis that macro beauty standards tend toward universality.

Chipmunk looks nothing like Schnoz. Not even if they were the same woman separated by 30 years. Some of you need Lasik. But since the conspiracy theories will continue to fly, I chose those two randomly off the internet. If they are the same woman taken at different times then that would be a ridiculous coincidence.

For those of you (women and Peter) who were saying "Oh, red beret woman just needs to lose the glasses and she'll look better" or "If heavy wool skirt girl just lost 15 pounds…" or "If schnoz fixed her hair and used some skin lotion she'd be an attractive woman", all I have to say is:

BETA PLEASE!

You are so full of shit you must actually believe the nonsense you write.

In the future, I plan to do a "1 to 10″ post with another race — all Asian or all black. And maybe a NSFW post with

just naked bodies minus the attached faces, to see if your ratings of women's bodies corresponds with facial beauty. I've always suspected that, despite the uncommon butterface phenomenon, hot bodies are normally paired with hot faces. Most of the time you can safely approach a girl from behind if her ass is round and she has a slender hourglass shape and lustrous hair — her face will not disappoint.

I will also change the ranking system in future installments to allow you to vote any way you like. I'll continue choosing candidates according to my personal 1 – 10 rank ordering just to see if, given the looser rules, your voting still matches up with mine.

Evil Easter Egg

Rain And's Mom was not the Evil Easter Egg, though I can see why some of you thought that. It *is* pretty evil to put someone's younger-version Mom up for the ultimate judgement and then to demonstrate by the voting that thousands of men would like to bang said Mom in every available hole and splooge on her face for the cum de grace. The Subprime Splooge of a Thousand Betas. Who said romance was dead?

It took a while, but after an impressive cooperative effort the discovery was made. (I think commenter benjack was the first to stumble on it.) The Evil Easter Egg was IOI girl. Yes, the girl you all ranked as a 10 is… **14 years old**. She is a Polish model who was kicked out of a fashion show last summer for being underage.

You sick pervs. How does it feel knowing that you imagined kissing, fondling… face fucking… a 14 year old girl? That you chubbed out to a bubble gum teen? We're all Aqualung now.

Time To Put Aside Childish Things

CH · 1 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Some of you may have noticed a decrease in posts lately about game. There's a reason for that. I haven't been motivated to write about picking up women because I've found The One. I've fallen hard for this girl and… I might as well announce it here: We're engaged to be married.

She's absolutely perfect in every way. I adore her. She's a few years older than me, which I have come to appreciate because of the maturity and depth of wisdom she brings to our relationship. Our conversations are long and always fascinating. She has so much to say about the world owing to the wealth of experience she has accumulated over the years. You will never go back to younger women once you have enjoyed the subtle pleasures of deep, meaningful conversation with an older woman, holding hands as you both discuss the finer shades of Naomi Wolf's oeuvre. And I hate to boast, but it takes a strong man secure in his masculinity to handle an older woman who knows who she is and what she wants out of life.

On our first date, she told me she was a women's studies major in college. I'm ashamed now to admit I cringed when I heard that, but she has broken through my carefully constructed defenses and opened my eyes to what it's like being a woman in modern society. Try putting yourself in another person's shoes just for a minute; it's good for your soul. She told me about her struggles after college to make ends meet, but that she had no regrets about the low paying work she chose to do. I'm proud of the work she has done making abortion, contraceptives, and sex toys more accessible and affordable for third world women. This can only mean more sex for everyone and thus, fewer bitter men and less warfare.

Speaking of sex, it is amazing with my woman. A grown-up woman knows how to please a man in bed and, more importantly, she knows what gets herself off, so we don't fumble around spastically or behave like selfish lovers. Her blowjob technique is expert level. I have no idea how she got so good. Some women are just born with the talent, I guess. She is also a die-hard romantic because she always loves sex with the lights off. I love going down on her and licking her supple labia.

I don't want to sully my love for her, but since you all are probably wondering, yes she's a solid 8 for her age. Much older men are constantly checking her out. I can tell you that when you fall in love with a woman you stop noticing the hints of crows' feet in harsh light and start noticing other things, like her character. She loves me even more for seeing the real her and making her feel special. And she is special. No other woman could replace her.

I met her in a Scrabble club, which was a nice change of pace from the parade of skanks I was meeting everywhere else. I did run game on her when we started dating, although I didn't have to lay it on thick because she's not a flaky 22 year old girl playing the field. She won't admit it, but she loved it when I negged her and teased her and read her palm. Because I saw her as LTR potential, I took her to a four star Asian/Mexican/Anti-American fusion restaurant on our second date. The tab for that night wound up costing me $120 but it was worth it as this was the only way she could be assured I was serious about her as more than a fly by night fling. I did some light qualifying and listened attentively to her stories about dating a DJ when she was in college and her time abroad in Rome experiencing the local flavor.

I broke my three date rule with her. We didn't have sex until the 6th date, which was fine by me because I would have valued her less had she spread her legs sooner. She played me, and I thank her for that.

We dated for a few months and the love was strong. Although I have repeatedly written about the engagement ring as the status symbol of the incorrigible whore, I realized that being in love with a woman will inspire a man to forego his self-interest, make sacrifices, and betray his principles for a higher cause — to witness the happiness and flush of victory on his beloved's face.

Yeah, I know what a lot of you are thinking. "Hypocrite! All this time he's been telling us to avoid marriage, and he goes and gets married." You forget that I've also said rules were made to be broken.

Did I shit all over the mission statement of this blog by admitting to all of the above? Some would say yes. I prefer to frame it as the actions of a man who was willing to be vulnerable and magnanimous when real love was on the line. Once a woman loves you for who you are, there's no reason to continue seeing her as the woman you had to game into bed. My woman loves me and this is all I need to know that she will never hurt me. That's why there will be no pre-nup.

When she found out about the blog (I couldn't hide it from her in good conscience) she was understandably upset, but also intrigued. I reassured her that the man she sees on the blog is not the man she knows in real life. Then I bought her a Burberry scarf.

My new life begins now with the woman I love, and the tone of this blog will reflect that. I expect my readership to go through the roof as they follow me on my new adventure.

Next post: The limitless joy of children.

Escape From DC

CH · 2 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Should I leave now or wait until I have to shoot my way out?

> Mayor Adrian M. Fenty wants to help balance the District's recession-squeezed budget by allowing as many as 80 percent of the city's inmates to qualify for early release, borrowing a tactic that has stirred controversy elsewhere in the nation.

Why reverse the successful imprisonment policies of the last couple of decades? Did the crime rate drop too low for the wackjob equalist brigage and now they see in the fat and happy public's gated complacence a chance to return to agitating for the "rights" and "dignity" of criminal filth and the mystical magic of "rehabilitation"? There are better ways to balance the budget that don't come at the expense of public safety. Give me a red pen and I'll have no problem slashing through the bloated numbers. Of course, some people will cry that their wish lists were axed. Fuck 'em and their pretty little toy dogs, too.

I have a sneaking suspicion that a sizeable percentage of DC's population would love to see the prisons release the hellhounds even if it means more time spent sitting away from their windows at night and organizing funeral potlucks. These ideological fruitcakes and thug abettors who support jailbreak policies like the above are essentially anti-beauty. Yes, it is a beautiful thing to lock up thugs until they are well past their menace II society lifestage, and to remove them from general circulation. I'm a lover of beauty.

We're careening towards the Lock and Load Generation. I can see it coming.

Reader Mailbag: Bailout Edition

CH · 2 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Just a reminder: As with previous mailbags, if you don't want your question displayed for public scrutiny, say so in your email to me.

Email #1

> Just discovered your site and I find it amazing that you can put in words all the nagging little truths that I seem to see all the time.
> However, often I find there can be some shades of gray in life, which serves to blur the truth.
> So, I was wondering if you could categorize a couple of my friends and me. We all have completely different experiences with girls, none of them pure alpha or pure beta, so it is hard to determine. We all do some thing alpha and some things beta. Which one of us would benefit from game?
> Sorry for such a long post.
>
> I'll start with me. I think I'm probably a beta, perhaps a latent alpha.
> My beta tendencies have to do with picking up girls. I'm very good looking, so I'll often have girls coming on to me in bars, even good looking girls. However, I miss all the cues unless they come on very strong. At the end of the night, when I'm going home alone, I'll realize which girls were coming on to me and slap myself in frustration. When I meet the girls again, which happens often because I live in the suburbs, and they start coming on to me again, I miss the cues a second time. If I do pick up the cues, I tend to come on way to strong and blow it by scaring the girl away with desperation.
> Another problem is that I can't seem to get the fatties and hideous ones away from me. They tend to follow me around like puppy dogs and ruin it for me when I try try to talk to other people, even guys. Then at the end of the night, they ask if they can give their number and I always say yes and put it into my phone incorrectly so that I have an excuse for when I meet them again. Sometimes I even makeout with them or use them for relief during a drought.
> My alpha tendencies come forward when I'm in a relationship. The girls I've dated have all been 6-8s, although there have only been two 8s. I don't call for days at a time. I forget important events and then tell them to just get over it. I ignore their shit testing completely. I dominate them physically, though not violently. I also do random nice shit like thoughtful gifts, massages, meeting with an artist they like, etc. The girls always love me, they become obsessed with me. When I break up with them (no girl has ever broken up with me) they tend to call and follow me for at least a year. The most egregious example is a girl I broke up with in high school, because she was black (thats the actual reason I gave her), right before prom, that still follows me around and tries to arrange to meet me, 6 years later. This is partly because I'm pretty and partly because they "love" me.
> Am I an alpha because I weather shit testing so well or am I a beta because I can't pick up girls?
>
> I have a buddy that is the opposite of me. He seems like an alpha while we're out. He is just an average looking guy, yet he can frequently pick girls up, almost every night. He often has same night sex. They are almost always hot girls. However, he then gets into a relationship and becomes obsessed with the girl. He will call dozens of times a week, get her expensive gifts weekly, become a total bitch. The girls always either break up with him or cheat on him. When they cheat on him, he always forgives them and they keep on cheating until they eventually just start dating another guy and drop him. Once the relationship is over, he'll go out and start banging hot girls again. Is he an alpha for banging girls frequently or a beta for being such a bitch in relationships?
>
> My other buddy is an ugly guy. He used to be fit, he was a college baseball pitcher in his Freshmen, but he has gone to seed and is now fat. While he is still strong and looks it, he lacks any stamina and, more importantly, muscle definition. He goes out and picks up a chick every couple of weeks but they're generally 3s or 4s. Occasionally he bags a low 5 and brags about how hot she was. He keeps a stable of 3s and 4s that he bring out

> for beta dates like bowling and movies with groups of friends, but he bangs them at the end of the night because they're ugly and love it. Is he a beta for getting only ugly girls, or is he an alpha for getting laid frequently and having a stable despite being an ugly, fat guy?
>
> Again, sorry for the long post. Thanks for reading it.
>
> -DOS

I have to say, DOS, I see a lot of my old self in your description. Some men are born with natural ability to pick up on a woman's attraction cues, but most men have to learn the hard way, either by missing out on great opportunities or by presuming interest where there is none. The good news is that with enough practice, you can hone your awareness of subtle female cues to the point where it becomes intuitive.

When you are a good looking guy, women will make assumptions about the rest of your quality as a man, which can actually work against you as the alpha bar will be raised. Average looking men with good game will often do much better with women than good looking men with average game, and this is because the women don't expect as much from the average looking guys. Thus, when they are sent into a labia moistening rush by the average looking guy's tight game, the pleasant surprise will often lead to stronger attraction than what these women would have felt in bland conversation with a good looking guy. So, as a good looking guy, know this: You will get more auditions with women at the cost of their leniency should they discover you have no game. Women can be harsh judges of men who don't meet their expectations, and the good looking man who blows his advantage by revealing needy, beta game underneath the shiny surface is the biggest disappointment of all.

As for the fatties and fuglies, my advice to you is to sack up and refuse their numbers. It's very beta to mince around number closing girls you're not interested in because you can't bring yourself to say the words "I'm not interested." Trust me, they'll be hurt but they'll respect your manliness.

Your relationship game is solid, but only because you are dating girls who don't really move the world for you. It's easy to play the aloof and indifferent supreme alpha when you actually feel aloof and indifferent with the girls you are dating. Try dating a girl who makes your heart race and watch how quickly your aloofness evaporates by month six. A true test of a man's game is how he responds when his lust and love are aflame.

Ranking: You are a greater beta.

Now your first buddy has the opposite problem from you. His game is tight, he gets girls he really wants, and he dates girls that meet his standards, but his game wilts when he lets his emotions pull him under the beta riptide. This is common to men who have emotional magnetism and a flair for drama. Men of the Mediterranean are lovers in this mold. I would guess your buddy is a romantic at heart, and probably gets off on the mess he leaves in his wake. Is it more beta to swoop easy prey and treat them like dirt in relationships or to swoop worthy prizes and lose them to the capricious whims of your lovesick heart? The question answers itself.

Ranking: Your first buddy is a nascent alpha.

Your second buddy at least gets laid. There are a lot of ugly, unfit guys who can't manage that, even among the dregs of womanhood. So he's elevated himself above omega status by the sheer act of penetration of subpar girls. But he is in no way an alpha. A lot of old school, traditionally masculine men with beer bellies and the TV constantly tuned to ESPN, who can fight their way out of roadside bars, are the sorts of no-game-having chumps who like to claim alpha status because they have sex regularly with their fat and ugly "old ladies". "Oh yeeeah, I'm getting me some tonight!" you will often hear them say. Don't be impressed. Theirs is a pyrrhic victory.

Ranking: Your second buddy is a lesser beta.

Email #2

> I have been following your blog on and off for the past six months. I must admit that I am highly impressed not

> only by your frank opinions about today's rapidly evolving mating landscape but also by the searing, incisive wit with which you present them. As much as I admire your blog, you will not find me amongst the umpteen commentators simply because I don't have the time to do justice to my views and yours by commenting.
>
> So here's the deal. I'm from another continent and have moved to the US around three months back to study at a reasonably prestigious business school in upstate New York. I did not take the trouble to personally visit the school before I joined, or else I would have immediately recognized the glaring lack of 'city life' in this town (I'm from a large city). That, combined with the rigors of a male dominated career (19% of my class is female) has left my poon dreams hopelessly unfulfilled. The three months I have spent here have yielded me less girl face-time than even a few hours worth in my conservatively orthodox country. Time is scarce and girls are few.
>
> Now here's the real deal. I'm a 25 year old virgin. I've been in a serious several-year-long relationship before and still come out a virgin. I've had a career, a well paying job, enough money for my age (in my country) and still stayed a virgin. I'm reasonably good looking (6'3", 180 lbs, used to run 2.5 miles a day and bench 250 lbs – 6 days a week), smart, witty, funny (or so I'm told) and still managed to stay a virgin. Sometimes I feel that it must be a world first that I'm pulling off here.
>
> I'm writing to you because a random google search led me to your 'what a girl's job tells you' which engrossed me for weeks – till I had read through The Game, most of your posts, most of Roosh's posts and even some of VK. And then some of Style's and Mystery's videos. It helped me heal after a traumatic breakup and appreciate the world again. To say that this has changed my life would be an understatement.
>
> Needless to say, I have been heartbroken by my life in America. I am an immigrant with visa restrictions on a tight budget and a murderous schedule. Spare money and time are both hard to come by. After a lot of careful planning and budgeting, I have manage to work out a schedule which allows me to hit the clubs (in a 2nd tier city) at least once every couple of weeks, of which tonight was the first night. A brief description:
>
> Started off at 2300 at a random club filled with early 20s college kids. Couldn't muster the courage for any approaches, acted like a wallflower till I was buzzed enough to make it to the middle of the dance floor. Decided to move to another place since I felt I had lost the first-mover advantage here. Next club I ended up at was full of random dudes hitting on a shrinking pool of eligible females. Tried dancing with whichever spare girl I could find. A lot of them turned away, one said hi and then started fidgeting with the club photographer's camera before sticking her tongue down another guy's throat. Several others turned their backs. I'm stumped by this behavior. I can understand 8s and 9s doing this, but this is the response from every fucking girl. Is this some sort of middle-America racism? Because all these chicks are white, probably several generations born and raised in the same county. I was unsuccessful the last time I tried too. I've heard the lamest of! responses – from "my boyfriend's waiting outside" to "we're lesbians" and "will you buy us a drink?". But tonight I've finally decided to seek help because its driving me insane.
>
> (This will sound beta, but then isn't asking for any help beta after all?) Please look over any structural/grammatical incoherence since this is coming after a mindfucked night and ~10 drinks.
>
> PS: I'm patriotic too but some of your right/libertarian views on immigration and world politics are unagreeable.

This email was sent to me by someone whose name was written in what looked like the Cyrillic alphabet. First, I will say that if you are going through college poon-free you are doing yourself a grave disservice. At no other stage in life will there be as much easy opportunity for fine ass as during the time you are in college. Yes, even in those majors where the ratios are skewed heavily in favor of men. After all, the campus is a big place that swarms with women from other majors.

On the other hand, since you are coming to America from an Eastern European country I understand your disappointment with the local goods. Every American man I've spoken to who has spent some time in East Europe

has raved about the quality, quantity, femininity and approachability of the Slavic siren. You are in for a rude awakening here, my friend. Our women are the bitchiest conceited cunts in the world, save perhaps British broads. I suggest bringing whatever thug-lite Russian game you have left in your veins to bear on the American co-eds of your worst nightmares.

On to your sordid tale of woe. Sir, I simply can't believe you made it through a several year relationship without popping your cherry. I'm certain this violates some quantum law of physics, and your extraordinary act of betatude has doomed the cosmos to a massive rip in space/time. Most likely, you were never in a "serious several-year-long relationship" like you think you were. Most likely, your "girlfriend" was never in love with you, never felt like your girlfriend, and probably got some cock on the side, regardless of the perverse arrangement you had with her. I know this sounds harsh, but the first step on the journey to alpha enlightenment requires facing the ugliness of reality head on.

I will also say this: I know it is much MUCH harder for a male immigrant like yourself to make it in this country than it is for a female immigrant. It is simply a law of biomechanics that a young, reasonably attractive immigrant girl will find herself besieged with assistance from American men and from our institutions, and her route to employment, friendship, love, and citizenship much smoother than yours. It is unfair but no one said life was fair.

Point one: Use your accent to your advantage. I used to know a couple Russian guys who were *ashamed* of their accents and this shame prevented them from approaching American women for fear of not being understood or thought uneducated. I tried to tell them that many types of accents are very sexy to American women and they should view their own as a leg up in the field. So to you I say lay that accent on thick, and speak slowly, like a Communist party apparatchik with multiple assassinations on his resume. Feed into people's positive stereotypes and think of yourself in the way that others think of you if it helps your self-image. You are now a Russian spy with Polonium-210 issues. (If you are not Russian, then change it up to reflect a positive stereotype from wherever you happen to be. For example: African prince, Chinese martial artist, scion of Greek shipping magnate, Italian Lothario, Canadian Canadian… you get the picture.)

Point two: Banish thoughts of your virginity from your head. Indeed, remove the word itself from your vocabulary. Don't say it, don't write it, don't think it. Dwelling on your virginity will only cripple your game in the field. Focus only on your moments with girls that left you with good feelings, like the time that one girl smiled when you cracked a joke.

Point three: Drop the dancefloor game and work on your conversational game. Approach girls waiting at bars for drinks and open them with an observation about one of the dancers or a cocky line about her wanting to meet you because she bumped into your arm. Dancefloor game should be viewed as a supplement to regular game.

Point four: If 5s and 6s are turning their backs on you immediately, then you are giving off a horrible whiff of betaness. You say you are reasonably good looking, so hideous ugliness is not the cause. It's probably your body language, your fashion sense, and/or the first words out of your mouth. If you are a bad dancer, that could kill your chances right quick on the dance floor. Most bad dancers don't realize how bad they look until someone tells them or they catch themselves in a wall length mirror.

Point five: Stop drinking so much. Copious amounts of liquor will ruin your game. A couple drinks is fine to loosen up.

In conclusion, all I can tell you, since your problem isn't one specific issue, is to study game and start applying its teachings in the field one lesson at a time until you stop getting insta-blowouts. There is light at the end of the tunnel, I promise.

> PS: I'm patriotic too but some of your right/libertarian views on immigration and world politics are unagreeable.

I welcome you to our magnificent (for now) country, but know this: The Eden which brought you here can rot and disappear under the shadow of its own moral purity. In fact, it is happening right before your eyes. The rains become the flood, the parasites become the host. Closing the door behind you isn't hypocrisy; it's an act of ego-transcending clarity.

March 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 3 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here are the reader submitted nominees for the March 2009 Beta of the Month face-off.

March 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by commenter **Paul L.** It's a case study of a wretchedly nauseating beta marrying the ballcutting cybersuccubus who rides the rancid menstrual flow at the feministing coven.

I mean, just take a look at this guy and you already know what's coming.

This is really going to be painful for me to write. The things I do for you people. Here is the full measure of his betatude as told in the words of his fiance.

> As many of you already know, I'm getting hitched. Deciding to get married brought up a lot of issues for me – politically and personally. Folks had a bunch of questions in comments, so I thought I would use these as a jumping off point to talk about issues of feminism, marriage, and – the current bane of my existence – weddings.
>
> Hara says, **"I hope that if you are considering changing your name it is one you both create for the two of you to change to (like a combo, but shorter) otherwise, I suggest not making your name change to his last name."**

As marriage is a well known raw deal for men, any man who acquiesces to his wife keeping her maiden name is only garnishing his testicles he's already placed on a plate for her, like John the Beta's head. At the very least, a man should demand his wife take his name in honor of the tremendous sacrifice he's making by chaining himself to marriage and all the state-sponsored anti-male tyranny that entails.

> I'm keeping my last name. I think hyphenation is nice – and that's probably the route we'll go with kids – but I like my last name. A bunch. I've even considered adding in my mother's last name as well, as a little "fuck you" to the patriarchy, but I think Jessica Michelucci Valenti is too much of a mouthful, even for one with as big a mouth as me.

What this confused broad doesn't seem to grasp is that her maiden name is her father's surname. So instead of passing on her husband's surname, she passes on her father's surname. The male lineage continues, just not her husband's. Hyphenation is a direct "fuck you" to a man's masculinity, as it not only denies the smallest acknowledgement of his dignity but rubs his face in his dishonor by elevating his father-in-law's manhood over his

own.

Any man worth his stones reading this, take my advice. If your fiance tells you she's keeping her last name in marriage, tell her "No, you're taking mine. End of discussion." If she refuses your demand, dump her forthwith. I've just saved you a miserable fucking marriage to a shrike and a painful divorce settlement after you've caught her boffing the slam poetry dude whose show you took her to in celebration of women's herstory month.

> On the issue of same sex marriage, frye886 says, **"It seems to me a more powerful action by many couples would be to refuse to get married and publicly state the reasons why not."**

If you're basing your decision to get married on the legal status of gay marriage, you're asking to be flayed alive by soul reapers such as myself.

> Andrew and I discussed not getting married until everyone could, and we think that's an understandable choice.

"Andrew and I discussed" means "Andrew listened while I told him what we were doing".

> Instead, we're trying use our impending marriage as a pro-active way to talk about same sex marriage among our friends and family, and being mindful of the inequity in every step our process. (For example, in our engagement announcement we asked anyone considering getting us a gift to instead donate to an organization fighting for same sex marriage rights; we're planning on saying something about it as part of our ceremony; and we've taken the advice of several commenters and will have cards indicating we've made a donation to said orgs instead of favors.)

With all this insufferable moral preening, you'd think gays were being lined up against the wall and shot. How much you wanna bet this Jessica nutcase is a closet lesbo?

> **Several of you also got into it about dresses** – whether the traditional white dress actually did signify "purity," etc. I'm kind of ambivalent about it, but I ended up getting a not-quite white dress (don't want to give too much away in case the boy is reading!) that I bought from a place where all the money goes to charity.

"Don't want to give too much away in case the boy is reading!" It's funny how even the most strident feminists can't help but swoon like little princesses for the traditional trappings of the wedding ceremony. Yeah, white is definitely not her color. She's likely to be as pure as a refurbished vibrator. I wonder what color she got? Rainbow?

> So that's where I'm at so far. I'm sure things will continue to come up and that I'll continue to try and find ways to subvert them or add a little dash of feminism.

Any guy who agrees to marry this wo-man is asking for a world of emasculation. Some guys will do anything for the pussy, so their's is an act with at least some reasoning behind it. But our intrepid beta is plank-walking to his figurative castration with his eyes wide open. He *celebrates* it. Those limpid beta eyes say it all. As does his "progressive" resume. His life hereafter will be full of dashes of feminism and subversion of his manliness. Look at this chick's man-jaw:

I think we've identified the boss monster. She is not LTR material, let alone marriage material. She is same night lay material and rocket launcher material.

"Quite an experience to live in fear, isn't it? That's what it is to be a slave."

> In the meantime, does anyone have any feminist wedding planning tips they'd like to share?

For him: punch your eardrums out.
For her: try not to let the ringing of my words distract you as you're walking down the aisle.

ps: She will cheat on him within five years of exchange of wedding vows. And he will condone it and blame himself.

***

March 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by commenter **stacy**. It's the heartwarming Lifetime channel story of a generous man who lets his ex-wife and her new boy toy husband move into his house.

> Struggling to make ends meet, trying to dig themselves out of debt, Nicole Thompson-Arce and her husband have moved in with her ex-husband.
>
> Together, the unlikely threesome of Omaha, Nebraska, is raising two young daughters from the first marriage.

When I started the BOTY project, I was skeptical that there were enough betas of such vomitously unique circumstances to fill a year's worth of submissions. My skepticism was unfounded. Just when you think you've heard it all, some guy steps up to the plate and knocks his testicles out of the park.

> When she and Craig Thompson, 42, were going through a divorce in 2005, this was not a deal either of them could have imagined striking. It was a messy divorce, the kind involving a custody dispute. But once they ironed out that battle, agreeing to joint custody, Thompson-Arce said they were able to move on and forward.

Moving on and forward means never seeing the bitch again, not helping her and her new husband move into your home and fuck under your roof. I think half the reason so many women initiate divorce and revel in sticking it to their ex-husbands good and hard is because these beta chumps LET THEM DO IT and come crawling back BEGGING FOR MORE.

> By the time she married Mathew Arce last July, she said she and her ex were friends. In fact, they were so close that his mother — meaning Thompson-Arce's ex-mother-in-law — was in (not just at) the second wedding ceremony.

Is a man a loser when he cannot even comprehend his own dishonor?

> "I knew they were having money problems, so I just asked them to move in," he said. "I figured I'd get to see my girls, my daughters, more often. And Nicole said yes right away."

Some men want their kids in their lives, severely cramping their nightlife and game and sucking all the fun out of life. I can't understand why, but there it is. The child custody laws are so inimical to the fathers' interests that arrangements like the one in this hellish story seem reasonable to fathers who have no other recourse.

> Thompson [the ex-husband] and Arce [the new husband], who are 20 years apart — "I had to get the whole spectrum going there," Thompson-Arce [the ex-wife] joked — have become the best of friends, and share a similar sense of humor. They have tackled home improvement projects, run around together on days they both have off and often hang out at the kitchen table building plastic models.

Do they swap guy tips on how to flick the bean hiding in the folds of her fat droopy vulva? The ex-wife is so fat and ugly maybe this guy just doesn't give a shit that she's getting boned two doors down the hallway in his own home. Not that this mitigates the disrespect issue, but it goes a way to explaining his seeming indifference. You be the judge:

> The transition has been smooth and great for the kids, Thompson-Arce said. And for their benefit, irrespective of finances, she thinks it's a living situation they'll stick with for at least five to 10 years.

10 years. Notice she's calling the shots here.

> It has, however, taken a little time for the little ones to get the story straight.
>
> Seven-year-old Victoria went back to school after winter break — and after the whole team had blended under one roof — and started telling people this: " 'My mommy has two husbands,'" Thompson-Arce remembered. "I was like, 'No, honey, don't tell them that!'"

This is all sorts of fucked up. Hey, on the upside, once the two daughters reach bangability age they'll be so full of neuroses and daddy issues that a teen guy looking to score could just fall into their pussies.

> "When they do have a romantic evening, I don't hear them, so we're not going there," Thompson quipped. "There's a bathroom between our two bedrooms."

Beta, shoot thyself.

Women love these kinds of stories because they get to live vicariously through the fantasy of banging the guy they really desire while the good provider chump practically neuters himself with his amiable acquiescence.

I thought there was a possibility that the beta ex-husband was redeeming himself by dating around. Tomcatting with his newfound freedom would make him slightly less beta. But no…

The ex-husband hasn't dated since the divorce. He said it's because he's been focused on work and taking care of the kids. Thompson-Arce, however, said that she and her husband are forever trying to get Thompson on the dating scene and want him to meet someone special. Special, and understanding, she would most definitely need to be.

"He'd have to find a very open-minded woman because we don't plan on going anywhere anytime soon," Thompson-Arce said.

He's a loveless loser.

It's one thing to marry a warpig and get shafted by her in divorce court.
It's another thing to invite her and her new husband into your home so they can screw right under your nose.
It's still another thing to let your kids witness your total and utter humilation and emasculation.
But it's a whole new level of beta to sit passively by as your seacow ex-wife lays down the rules of engagement and tells you how it's gonna be.

I hate both of these wrecks equally. MMmmm… delicious, life nourishing hate.

The voting:

Addendum

I thought about adding this story to the March 2009 BOTM voting, but a guy who lets his GF fuck him up the ass with a giant purple saguaro so she can fulfill a twisted fantasy is more of a freak than a beta. He at least is presumably fucking her in the usual way most of the time, so his journey to the beta side is not yet complete.

Link Of The Day: Popped Cherry Blossom Edition

CH · 4 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Guess Her Muff. (Sent to me by an anonymous reader.)

What a find! You look at photos of fully clad women and try to guess how they trim their cooches. Each women has a hidden accompanying photo of herself spread-eagled in the nude for your delectation. Why everyday women (they look like regular chicks based on the snapshot feel of the photos) would agree to having their privates splashed across the internet is beyond my ken, but clearly the exhibitionist gene is strong in modern women and getting stronger. Unless, that is, they haven't agreed to it, in which case I tip my hat to the guys who were enterprising enough to build a pornographic photo album of their girlfriends and wives. You'll regret not having that masturbation material when you're 80 years old.

Peter of GNP infamy just JIZZED… IN… HIS PANTS.

Couple thoughts:
Most of the women pictured look better clothed. Probably an effect of distance from camera lens.
This blog presses the Madonna/whore dichotomy button that is hardwired in every man's brain. (Note: *Not* culturally conditioned.) It's oddly more alluring to see a naked pussy after it has been juxtaposed with a photo of that same pussy behind a layer of clothes. This is especially true for the glamour shot of the chick in her wedding dress. Nothing like despoiling the pure or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Things Are Changing

CH · 6 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Case #1

I'm on a date with a girl from a small, poor Eastern European country. She used to live there as a little girl when it was still behind the Iron Curtain. After the Soviet Death Machine fell to pieces in 1989, she moved to the US and has been here ever since. I broke one of my cardinal rules and allowed her to get political on me.

ME: So you must have been pretty happy when the Soviet Union fell.

HER: Well, I wouldn't say I was *happy*. More like, there were pros and cons. Universal health care was nice to have.

ME: [thinking to myself *Oh christ, a commie sympathizer*] Universal health care means a poor quality health system and long lines.

HER: Hey, you're not one of those libertarians, are you?

Precious. Girls have balls these days to just blurt out whatever obnoxious thing enters their heads. They fear absolutely zero retaliation or consequence for their actions from men they date. Are men this desperate that we have bred an entire generation of ill-mannered bitches? I wondered what would have happened if we were talking about our careers and I had said something like "Hey, you're not one of those lame nonprofit do-gooders, are you?" She would have huffed and cut the date short, going home to call all her friends to tell them what a jerk I was.

I decided the hell with it, and switched to **Nuke the Pussy from Orbit game**.

ME: Whatever I am, it's probably 180 degrees the opposite of what you are.

HER: Well, who did you vote for?

ME: I didn't vote.

HER: Whaat?! [looking shocked as if I had admitted to serial necrophilia] How could you not vote?

ME: Easy. I stayed home. Are you a Commie? What would you call yourself politically?

HER: I'm not Communist, but I would say I understand a lot of what they believe in. I'm more of a socialist. I like the free education and healthcare.

ME: You do realize that it's not free? Everyone pays for it in burdensome tax rates.

HER: Well, Ok, it's not technically free. But I think we should care for the people. It's our responsibility to make sure no one suffers without health care.

ME: So why don't you just pay for it with your own money instead of forcing people like me to subsidize your morality? [I was really beginning to enjoy myself. I noticed her body had stiffened]

HER: [getting torqued] Yes, I believe we all should contribute. It's what's best for society. You wouldn't just let people die without help!

ME: It's immoral to take my money away from me when I don't want to give it. That makes you a dictator. Are you a totalitarian dictator?

HER: It's not being a dictator to want to stop suffering. It's basic decency.

ME: [sending a multi-warhead payload] I think it's bad long term policy to prop up the poor and weak. The herd must be culled. Otherwise, they reproduce on my dime and drag everyone else down.

HER: People wouldn't just die like that. They'd live in suffering, so you have to help them while they're alive.

ME: [total war] Oh, they'd die. If all aid were stopped, the babies of poor and useless people would die before reaching their first birthdays.

This date ended without the close, but I have to report that despite my Nuke the Pussy game, there was a spark of electricity in her eyes. I bet not a single herb or SWPL had ever spoken to her like that before.

Case #2

I approached four sets. The first two sets I went in with casual game. This is where I make some innocuous but humorous comment about something situational, and let the chit chat move the interaction along into more fertile fields. For example:

ME: [after seeing a girl pick a piece of lint out of her girlfriend's hair] You have excellent grooming skills. Guys would never do that for each other. We'd leave it in there and laugh at our friend all night.

HER: [smiling] Thanks, she would do the same for me.

Our conversation went back and forth like this for a minute, then died out. Friendly asexual vibe: 100%. Sexual tension: 0%. This was the kind of game that would have been more than adequate for my father's generation, but today it means nothing. I did another set the same way with the same results. Then I switched gears to Asshole Game for the next set.

ME: [noticing her mode of dress and curling my mouth downward in reproval] I can't believe you're in here.

HER: What? What's that supposed to mean?

ME: You should really be in Georgetown. This bar is a little too edgy for your type. Not that that's a bad thing, but you know, I'm trying to save you any uncomfortable feelings being outside your element.

HER: That's an asshole thing to say.

ME: Yup, I guess.

HER: And what exactly is my type?

ME: Prim and proper. Boring but dependable.

The conversation continued in this way for a while. She reacted with obviously faux indignation. But the results were much improved. Number close. Friendly asexual vibe: 0%. Sexual tension: 100%.

There is change in the air. The culture is shifting right under our feet. What I have noticed lately with more frequency is that I have to act like a dick to get anywhere with a girl, even the good girls. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, as my dick game is pretty good and I enjoy doing it. But it seems that only dick game can break through a girl's perimeter defense to the pulpy, juicy center of animal desire.

It wasn't always this way. Sure, there were sluts who were so inured to getting played by cads and assholes that they could only respond to asshole game. These girls used to be around 20% of the population back when I was in high school. Today, that number has risen. It's closer to 60%, and in bars and clubs in the city it may as well be 100%. The sweetest girls who grew up in happy families with mom and dad still together are turning into little playettes with adamantium bitch shields. This change has picked up the pace in just the last year. It's finally happening. The game is causing girls to adjust, and screen for the biggest most congruent assholes, in spite of their intentions to the contrary. It's evolution, baby.

I cannot respect a girl who dances like a puppet to asshole game. She will get the worst of me.

Update: A Second Herb!

CH · 7 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Thanks to the eagle eye of reader **W Baker**, a second herb has been discovered in the photo of the herb with satchel.

Unbelievable. Two herbs frolicking in the wild! What fortune. I didn't even see the second herb when I snapped this shot. It's like finding out your antique ceramic cat is hiding secret code from the Spanish-American War engraved on its underside.

As you can tell, the second herb is the subspecies "de-balled family man" herb. He is a prime specimen of his taxonomy. Just look at his firm two-hand grip of the stroller handle, the head held high proud of his emasculation, the papoose slung insouciantly across his chest like a beacon to all other herbs that, yes, here be safe haven for our kind. Stroller, baby, frontal papoose… is that a pink blankie over his elbow?… my god, it's the perfect storm of herbliness. A magnificent beast! What could possibly make this better except for the not insignificant odds that, since this shot was taken in a yuppie habitat, our herb may be the rare breed known as the "two daddies" herb. This find is almost as good as the Zapruder footage of the paunchy papoosed herb holding mall shopping bags while his annoying wife shouted instructions at him.

I should send this pic to National Geographic.

Herb In The Wild

CH · 7 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this photo.

Is the person on the right a man or a woman? Neither. It's a herb. Particularly, a subspecies of herb known as the hipster herb.

All the telltale indicators are here in one self-contained lump of flesh. The demasculinizing flip flops. The ungainly, loping walk that suggests the presence of a load in the pants. The baby soft skin from years of avoiding manual labor, sun and harsh soaps like Ivory. The slumped shoulders of meekness from carrying the ultimate calling card of the herb — the man satchel. I had to walk in front of them to verify the herb was male.

This herb is of the hipster variety. Notice the mop top hair, retro shirt sleeves, strangely androgynous countenance, and cute girl in his company. We can't be sure the herb is banging this girl. Most likely, she's a shopping and irony-laden cultural critic companion into whom the herb secretly yearns to dribble his tepid seed.

Why does the herb inspire my contempt? I've thought about this and I have an answer. The herb is nothing less than a physical emblem of the decline of America and a rejection of everything that made it great. As our SWPL women are getting more masculine and bitchier, our SWPL men are becoming human bean bags of suppleness. Sit on them and they'll conform to whatever shape your ass is, because the herb most of all is a man who loathes the fiercer spirits of manhood. That's why you'll see them wearing frontal papooses and walking cats on leashes.

The hipster herb, the suburban family man herb, the art fag herb, the gender role smashing herb, the "I went to a formerly all-woman liberal arts college and I'm proud of it" herb — all 21st century versions of the new American Gollum. Pitiable creatures.

Oddly enough, a nontrivial number of herbs manage to score cute girlfriends. Scientists are baffled. Maybe they have an agreement — she gets to fuck around and he gets to continue treating her like a princess.

The Worst (Or Best) Rejections I Ever Got

CH · 8 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Culled from a lifetime of pussy hounding (and from what I can remember):

“Why would you even bother?”

“Seriously?”

[Looks at me with a blank stare, saying nothing.]

“Tch!” [Rolls eyes and turns her back.]

“Ok, I’m gonna stop you right there. See, I just saved us both time.”

“Oh my god, not again.”

“It would be better if you talked to her over there instead.”

[Grabs nearest guy and makes a big show of enthusiastically chatting him up.]

“You are SO not my type.”

“I’ve got five boyfriends. All filled up here!” (I thought that one was kind of funny and gave her props.)

“No thanks!” (This was funny considering all I had said was “Hi”.)

“This… right here… isn’t going to work.”

And the winning premeditated soulmurder rejection of all time (Happened in freshman year of high school, when LJBF was just a series of letters to me. She was a smoking hot senior. I was never one to shy away from a challenge.):

“You like me like that? Aw, that’s cute!”

It was this last rejection which ushered forth the demon unto the world.

If you aren’t prepared to brush off the bitchiest rejections like so much gossamer femsnark, you aren’t ready to play this game.

How To Sell Yourself To Girls

CH · 9 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Lie to me, I promise I'll believe…

I had a friend who was a stockbroker. He was good at his craft. When anyone asked him his secret to success, he always said "How do I kill in this business? Practice. In college, I had to sell myself to the girls!"

There are very few jobs or hobbies that, if described with 100% candor, would intrigue a girl to pussy exploding abandon. Espionage is one. President of the United States is another. You can't go wrong with jewel thief either. But for most aspiring ladykillers, the word of the day is **embellish**.

Here's how this works. Let's say you're a CAD monkey architect and your hobbies are biking to Whole Foods for smelly French cheese, building computers, and masturbating. Your only travel experience is a vacation to Turks and Caicos. (You're in good company. This describes 98% of men.) Now most girls, if they're interested, want to know what you do. They have a dedicated neural network pulsating in the pastel-colored folds of their girly brains that impels them to suss out how a man makes his living and how he goes about living. But, being women, they also have a contradictory twin neural matrix that would rather you not tell them the whole, eye-glazing truth. Their need to scrutinize is held in check by their need to fantasize. So this is what you tell her:

"Oh, I'm a creator. I guess you could say I bring together art and science in the design of living space. You heard of feng shui? I'm all about it. That's the life of a cutting edge architect. My hobbies? I mountain bike competitively. There's nothing like the rush of careening down a muddy, rocky trail in the scenic wilderness of a rugged foreign land, the giant fronds of tropical plants slapping you in the face along the way. It's breathtaking! I'm also something of an electronics whiz and once tried to hack into a Chinese government website back when I was a rebellious kid. Some people say I'm a very passionate guy, so much so that I can hardly contain my passion. And to tell you the truth, it gets me in trouble more often than not."

See? Not too truthful, not too deceitful. Like Baby Bear's porridge, juuuuuust right.

Another example:

Real You: Intern at psychiatric hospital, avid music downloader, 70s porn lover.

Embellished You: Investigator of human social dynamics under stress, music critic and indie scene connoisseur (or DJ in a pinch), erotic art collector.

Women want the varnished truth. Every man with an ounce of common sense about women and a healthy streak of amoralism will polish his sales pitch. Even Brad Pitt glosses over *The Mexican*. It's a testament to how ignorant the majority of men are about women's motivations that so many of them won't or can't embellish their lives in service to their loins. They think in their honesty they are being virtuous, but they are only being boring, lazy and bland.

Some men will wonder how long the pretty lies can remain undiscovered. What if you want an LTR with a girl? She'll find out eventually, right? Wrong. First, most girls don't really want the 411 on the dirty little details of your tiresome lifestory or career, unless they suspect you of cheating. They *like* the ruse. Second, as long as they aren't working in the same office with you they will never really know what you do. And you know what? They don't want to.

Maxim #39: Never tell a girl how much you make, even if you're loaded. In case of marriage, keep separate accounts.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 10 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In the last "Great Scenes" post I showcased the game run by Paul Newman's character in the movie *Hud*. This time, it's another classic move, *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*, where super alpha Pee Wee seduces the shit out of Dottie.

My comments below are in bold. How do you handle it when a girl you like flirts with you? Pee Wee shows you how.

***

Kid: Is Dottie still working on your bike?

PEE WEE: No, I've got it back a couple days already.

Kid: What's she doing to it?

PEE WEE: I can't talk about it. James Bond kind of stuff.

[first rule of pickup: always be in character.]

Kid: Dottie's radical with bikes.

DOTTIE: Hi, Pee Wee.

Kid 1: I say we cruise, dudes. It's getting hot in here.

Kid 2: It's steamy.

Kid 3: I'm sweating.

PEE WEE: Is my horn ready yet?

[pee wee doesn't say "hi" back. it's very alpha to skip pleasantries and get right to business.]

DOTTIE: It's ready. It should be loud enough for you now.

PEE WEE: Where is it? Let's hear it.

[demanding and brusque. alpha]

DOTTIE: Wait. I want to talk to you first.

PEE WEE: You are talking to me.

[there is a little overlap in temperament and attitude between alphas and betas, but there are also some things alphas do which betas almost *never* do. and one of those things is being a smartass. betas are hardly ever smartasses, especially with girls.]

DOTTIE: No, I want your undivided attention.

PEE WEE: *makes a face*

[nice face. teasing girls is very effective. and the best teasing is nonverbal, communicated through exaggerated facial expressions or body movements]

DOTTIE: Look Pee Wee this is important. I want to ask you something. I want to know, if you will do something?

PEE WEE: What?

[if you like a girl, and she comes on to you, a great way to respond is to act suspicious of her motives. so let's say you're in a bar and a girl you've been gaming reaches over to touch your chest. don't jump at the first opportunity to make out. instead, say "heeey… what are you up to?" while giving her the stink eye.]

DOTTIE: I want to know if you'll go someplace with me.

PEE WEE: Like where?

DOTTIE: The drive-in.

PEE WEE: Look, Dottie, I like you. Like! I like you.

[pee wee may be serious here and not actually like dottie, but if you do like the girl, playing a game of reverse LJBF can be a good way to heighten sexual tension. "oh i don't know, carrie, i like you, but i'd hate to do anything that might… jeopardize… that. it's very chancey." be sure to telegraph your unseriousness with heavy sighs and head shaking.]

DOTTIE: I like you, too.

PEE WEE: There are a lot of things about me you don't know anything about. Things you wouldn't understand, you couldn't understand. Things you shouldn't understand.

[dramatic vocal tonality is so underused by men. all most guys know how to do is shout and bellow, like drunk fratboys. try experimenting with different voice pitches and pauses and tempos. it will add a theatrical flair to your conversation that is irresistible to women.]

DOTTIE: I don't understand.

PEE WEE: You don't want to get mixed up with me. I'm a Ioner, Dottie. A rebel. So long, Dot.

[The Golden Pickup Rule: Unless you can get a same night lay, always leave first. Always be the one to cut the conversation off. Always end the date first. Always be the one waving goodbye first. Chicks LOVE when a man walks away from them to journey… somewhere else, where only men with plenty of options journey. If you're having trouble settling on a self-identity, you can't go wrong with brooding rebel. This archetype is universally attractive to women. There's probably a very good evo psych reason for it. So in a pinch, just tell chicks you've "got to be moving on. Don't know where I'm heading, but I'm doing it alone." Insta-pussy lube!]

Note: On a scale of 1 to 5, this post was 1 tongue in cheek.

Best New Song Of 2009

CH · 11 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

McDonald’s stock is up 8.1% since 3/1/09.

Best Photo of 2009

CH · 12 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Yeah, we've got nine more months in 2009, but this photo will not be beat.

Can't fault the polar bear. He knows a delicious blubbery buffet when he sees it.

Getting Rusty

CH · 13 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Whether because of laziness, preoccupation with job and hobbies, or falling into a steady, comfortable pattern with a girlfriend, time away from the game will kill your game faster than cumulative rejections, self-limiting beliefs, or hanging with a beta crowd. It's like high blood pressure, the silent killer. You don't even realize your game is suffering until it's too late and a beta embolism seizes you in a death grip.

I used to think that once you learned game it would stay with you for life no matter how much time you spent away from it, like riding a bicycle. Now, I know this isn't true. Within a month of departure from the field, your game will begin to degrade. First your outer game will deteriorate, then your rock solid inner game — your confidence — will start to show cracks. Finally, if you don't take active steps to counter the slide to betatude, you will completely revert to your old self. You see this a lot with freshly minted divorced men. They've been out of the game so long they have the mannerisms, attitude, and courtship skills of a socially retarded high school A/V club freshman, adrift in a sea of bitch sharks.

The **Descent of Alpha** follows this trajectory:

—> Master Seducer commits to a girlfriend or, heaven forfend, gets married. He spends most of his free time with her.

One month passes without hitting on fresh meat.

—> Master Seducer is out with his boys and sees a hot chick. Preparing to approach, he hesitates for just a second. Guilt over his GF? Or something much, much more ominous? For a brief instant he struggles to find an opening gambit. This is an odd feeling for him. The opening line used to come second nature. He can't remember the last time he had to scan his brain for an acceptable conversation starter. Is his GF's pussy fogging his mind?

Two months pass without hitting on fresh meat.

—> Master Seducer is walking down the sidewalk and notices a chick who is just his type walking toward him. He is sexually satiated from his GF's loving daily ministrations, but a dying ember within compels him to summon the old swaggering dick-swinging demon. And this girl is just the one to inspire him. He makes his move, but to his astonishment he says something about the tourist season. Their friendly, sexually neutered conversation soon falls apart, as he knew it would. Curses! Casual game! His normally charming asshole game has betrayed him. He wonders why he said what he did.

Three months pass without hitting on fresh meat.

—> Master Seducer, who has by now been demoted to Master Beta Boyfriend, has not hit on a new girl since he met his girlfriend. He wakes in the middle of the night in a cold sweat wondering if he's still "got it". Determined to put his growing fears behind him, he takes advantage of a weekend his girlfriend will be out of town to hang with his crew and recapture the old glory. He figures he's already got regular pussy, so he'll be free to experiment and be as bold as he wants. In the field surrounded by all the glittering new beauties, a flicker of doubt briefly rattles him, but he forces it aside and strides purposefully into set after set like the King Dong he used to be. Unfortunately, his game is sloppy, scattershot, and misses the mark more than it hits. As set after set fizzles, he grows more timid in his conversations. He forgets fundamentals like hitting on the fat chick first and negging the hot babe early. He forgets to qualify. He even catches himself standing in a defensive posture. He goes home numberless, but consoled that at least he has pussy waiting for him.

Four months pass without hitting on fresh meat.

—> Our Master of Nothing has decided to throw in the towel. He's got a great GF and maybe his new game-free outlook on life is the natural progression of becoming a well-rounded man. Like yin and yang, the alpha and beta

must coexist. Too bad for our anti-hero his girlfriend has myteriously stopped giving him unsolicited blowjobs. She snaps at him for inconsequential infractions. He has stopped flirting with other women when they go out together. His egregious flirting at parties used to piss the hell out of his girlfriend, but the night always ended in floorboard shaking sex. Now, the night ends with a movie and soft, tender lovemaking — at least from him — that leaves her unsatisfied.

Six months pass without hitting on fresh meat.

—> Master of Herbs has done all the right things: He's stopped catting around, he's paid more attention to his girlfriend, he's been a dutiful boyfriend with eyes only for her. So why did she leave him? All he knows is that he's been thrust into the field, cold and unarmed, and his glorious past BG (Before Girlfriend) where he hardly ever went a week without new pussy is just a distant memory. He flails wildly in set. His confidence is shattered. He spends $5K for a workshop with Lance Mason. *We can rebuild him. We have the technology…*

***

The first thing to go when you have stopped gaming girls is your asshole game. Asshole game is like the dick in the coalmine. When it goes flaccid, you've got big problems on the horizon. Asshole game is probably the surest marker of healthy testosterone levels. It's also the leading edge of tight game and the most sensitive to any beta backsliding. If you're concerned about losing your mojo, pay close attention to your inner asshole. Have you stopped referring to girls as "bitches" and "dirty whores"? Have you stopped making fun of them and risking getting blown out? WARNING! You have taken your first steps betawards.

Ask your friends to observe you in set and grade you on your assholery. Third party feedback is invaluable for avoiding the dreaded fates of the Complacent Herb in a Relationship or the Lazy Beta Too Self-Satisfied to Bother. If you can keep your asshole game sharp, the rest of your game will be safe from the predations of the Beta Side.

Maxim #59: The longer you are away from seducing new women, the harder it will be to seduce one when you want.

Relationship Game: Tender Lovemaking Edition

CH · 14 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've been getting a lot of emails recently from readers who want to know how to square game with relationships. As has been discussed here before, game never ends. It is refined to suit the circumstances. In the beginning stages, your game portfolio is heavy on attraction and excitement stocks. Later, it diversifies into comfort and security holdings. But the fundamentals don't change. You should be aware that after a woman has fallen in love she will begin to test your devotion to her as well as your alpha grace under pressure. So you see, the shit tests never die, they just reincarnate to annoy you unto your last breath. Fuck, my 87 year old grandmother gave me a shit test when I visited her at the home. *"Grandson! You're late! Do you think I can wait for you forever like one of your floozies?! Clock's ticking!"* I barely passed.

Here are some examples of what I'm talking about pulled from my own life:

- *Going to parties*

When you're in a relationship, you'll be going to lots of house parties with your girl. This is because most likely she will have more "friends" than you, as it is a weakness of the female gender that they cannot survive long without oxygen or petty gossip. When you show up at the party, don't hang onto your GF's side waiting for her to introduce you to her judgmental friends. Walk in the door first, stay with her for about five seconds while she gets her bearings, smirk like the sadistic alpha warlord you are, then make a beeline for the liquor in the kitchen and get both of you a stiff drink. On the way, chat up people you know peripherally or don't know at all. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES should you ever wait for your GF's nudging or prompting to talk to her friends. The alpha way is the proactive way. She will be impressed as she admiringly watches you work the room like Jerry Maguire. And for fuck's sake, don't fret about leaving her alone for twenty minutes. Give her room to brag — or joke — about you. House parties with peers are one of the few acceptable gatherings where she will like being separated from you to talk amongst her yentas. This probably has something to do with the erotic charge of seeing her lover engaged with other women, yet still close enough to carefully observe in case you get a little too flirty with her mortal enemies friends.
Tip: When your GF introduces you to someone, don't look at her first like a puppy waiting to be petted. Keep your eyes focused on the friend and shake hands.
Tip #2: Women are natural self-deprecators. When you and her are in a conversation with a small group mention your GF's job or accomplishments. She will invariably humble herself. This is a great time to mildy rebuke her modesty and then praise her good work or taste. In the interest of social niceties, she will transparently balk at your praise, but inside she will love you for it. Mentally prepare for volcanic sex later that night.

- *Visiting your family*

I had been dating this stunning girl for a year when I decided to bring her to a Christmas family dinner with aunts, uncles and cousins. She was the introverted type and did not do well in large groups of people she hardly knew. She also didn't drink, so I knew that option was right out. Family gatherings are completely different than house parties. I would need to ease her into the scene. She was nervous and self-conscious. I stayed by her side for a long time, and gently pulled her by the upper arm when I wanted to talk to someone else. She followed without hesitation, and after a half hour of me chaperoning her I could tell she was visibly loosening up. By the end of the evening, she was comfortable enough to talk with my bombastically charming rich alcoholic uncle one on one.
Tip: When a family member asks what your GF does for a living, don't answer for her. Let her do the talking.
Tip #2: Sit next to your GF at the dinner table. Pour her wine. Put your hand on her leg under the table and rub the back of her knee. Mentally prepare for cataclysmic sex later that night.

- *Making Plans*

I was dating a girl for a few months. I made plans with her to go to the beach. She packed her beach stuff in the trunk of my car, sat next to me with a big smile on her face, and I started driving… somewhere else. It wasn't until a half hour into the trip that she noticed I was driving the opposite direction. "Are you taking a short cut? The beach is the other way!" "Maybe. Boy, you are too quick for me." I teased her like this for a while before I surprised her with my new plans. We were going to a quaint bed and breakfast in the mountains, complete with jacuzzis, horseback riding and candlelit dinners overlooking the valley river. She squealed with delight. After her astonishment wore off, she began to complain that she had only packed beach stuff. I told her not to worry. I had packed an alternate suitcase full of more appropriate clothes for her.
Tip: Make plans, change them, surprise her. Just be sure to cover all your bases. Chicks cream their panties when you remember the little things, like bringing along her favorite wine or knowing what types of vacations she really loves. They really love it when you're unpredictable without being sloppy with the details.
Tip #2: If she's uptight about this sort of thing, tease her mercilessly for being anal retentive. Then sweetly assure her that you took care of all the contingencies. Mentally prepare for event horizon sex later that night.

A few other pointers:

Frequently pat her ass.
Compliment her beauty sparingly.
Draw a picture of her in crayon.
Play "butt spatula" in the kitchen.
Tell her mom she's a MILF.
Curse her in a foreign tongue.
Compare her to a chihuahua.
Call her Paris Hilton.
Leave handcuffs in full view.
Drip hot wax on her nipples.
Buy a handgun and let her caress the barrel.
Reenact rape scenes from movies.
Be impervious to her taunts.
Act cagey.
Hide your money.
Buy her gifts when they're not expected.
Don't buy her gifts when they are.
Avoid PDA one day and finger her in public the next.
Bang her within a stone's throw of:
a church.
a Dunkin Donuts.
a public restroom.
a school playground.
an outdoor wedding.
a caged zoo animal.
Scare her till she pees herself.
Hide sexy post-it notes in her panties.
Get used to saying the words "Enough", "Shut up", and "Turn over."
Look fantastic in a suit.
Look fantastic in casual wear.
Look fantastic in anything.
Sound good.
Smell good.
Kiss good.

Strut around with supreme confidence.
Be uncannily successful at your job.
Blow people away anytime you say anything.
Take six-hour lunches.
Disappear for weeks at a time.
Lie to everyone about everything.
And drink and smoke constantly.

Basically, be Don Draper.

Easy Living Fueling Left-Wing Extremism, U.S. Says

CH · 15 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

MIAMI (Reuters) – Left-wing extremists in the United States are gaining new recruits by exploiting the ennui resulting from 60 years of prosperity and decadence, the Department of Homeland Security warned in a report to law enforcement officials.

The April 7 report, which Reuters and other news media obtained on Tuesday, said such fears were driving a resurgence in "recruitment and radicalization activity" by "whiter" supremacist groups, progovernment extremists and egalitarianist movements. It did not identify any by name.

DHS had no specific information about pending violence and said threats had so far been "largely rhetorical."

But it warned that continuing racial and gender disparities in outcomes, mass consumerism during a prolonged period of peace, and other consequences of contrived intra-white status jockeying intensified by the increasing cognitive stratification of the last 30 years "could create a fertile recruiting environment for left-wing extremists."

"To the extent that these factors persist, left-wing extremism is likely to grow in sanctimony," DHS said.

The report warned that college graduates returning from liberal arts schools with degrees in communications, law and women's studies could be recruitment targets, especially those having trouble finding a purpose in life beyond their IPod playlist or fitting back into a civilian society that still eats factory farmed meat.

The department "is concerned that left-wing extremists will attempt to recruit and radicalize returning graduates in order to boost their finger wagging capabilities," the report said.

DHS spokeswoman Bulldyke McBulldykerson said on Tuesday the report was one of an ongoing series of threat assessments aimed at "a greater understanding of white elitist radicalization in the U.S."

A similar assessment of right-wing radicals completed in January was distributed to federal, state and local police agencies at that time, under cover of night on a Friday. It was not reported on by the mainstream media, for fear of stoking a backlash by left-wing radicals.

"These assessments are done all the time, this is nothing unusual," McBulldykerson insisted.

The Department of Homeland Security was formed in response to the September 11 attacks of 2001 and has focused largely on threats from Islamist extremists.

The report said domestic left-wing terrorist groups steadily grew during the economically prosperous years from 1950 to 2000 but temporarily subsided as the Twin Towers fell into fiery ash and 3,000 Americans died.

Government scrutiny disrupted treasonous plots to revise the U.S. Constitution to better reflect the values of postmodern America following a candlelight vigil for cop killer Mumai Abu-Jamal and covert attempts by business leaders, academics, community organizers, libertarians and residents of all-white gated communities to encourage demographic cleansing through mass population replacement. One such scraggly-bearded academic interviewed on condition of anonymity said after watching the Matrix trilogy, he "joyfully awaited the coming of Zion. Progress demands it. I've been practicing my rhythmic dancing to heavy bass beats."

SINGLE WOMEN

"Despite similarities to the climate of the second half of the 20th century, the threat posed by childless, single women and small terrorist cells is more pronounced than in past years," the report said.

The entire media complex, government, academia and Macbook owners have made it easier to locate specific targets, communicate with like-minded people and find information on subverting American identity, it said.

Extremist groups are preying on fears that AM talk radio and "off the grid" anonymous bloggers would constrain

President Barack Obama, the first mulatto U.S. president, from realizing the dreams from his father to change America into a socialist utopia greased by a perpetual racial spoils system and guaranteed by a demographically dominant Democrat Party for generations to come, the report said.

It said such groups were also exploiting anti-Wrong Kind of White People sentiment with accusations that “a cabal of heartland yokels” had conspired to preserve the diversity of a unique American culture.

“This trend is likely to accelerate if the truth is perceived to be making inroads,” the report said.

Filed by Reuters.

“Those who control the past, control the future; Those who control the future, control the present; Those who control the present, control the past.”
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– Orwell

Arnie

CH · 16 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Lex was a ruggedly handsome man, mid-40s, and in shape from near daily yoga and martial arts classes. He was fidgety and frenetically hyperverbal and rarely came up for breath once he got rolling on a story drawn from his illustrious past and present lifestyle. And what stories! He ran a business in the recreation industry which put him in contact with a steady stream of young European girls. This contact often led to intimacy. Many patrons of his business would regale you with tales of witnessing Lex whisk some new 22 year old Polish hottie back to his quarters for a night of debauchery, only to do it again the next night with a new girl.

The four of us sat around the restaurant table swapping war stories from the field. Lex's tomcat career was long and fruitful, but an undercurrent of melancholic nostalgia buttressed the impression that he had let one or two "quality girls" get away. He seemed, in a way, a traitor to his contentment — a victim of chance and his compulsions. Lex made a passing comment, barely noticed in the cavalcade of sex stories if you weren't paying attention, that "it was getting harder out there" and he needed to adjust accordingly.

Zeets admired the unapologetically masculine lifestyle Lex chose for himself. Marriage, kids, social approval, clock punching and clock ticking? Fuck that noise. Lex lived on his own terms, in hock to no one but himself. Zeets playfully encouraged Lex's telling of his numerous conquests and the game he runs on women in the big city. Lex was especially fond of "fruit stand game" where he would casually sidle up to a girl (Lex banged chicks of all ages, as long as they were younger than him) and guess what meal she was going to cook judging by the veggies she had in her basket. Since Lex was a competent cook, this banter would often segue into him inviting her over for dinner.

Trent, the fourth and youngest man at the table, also approved of Lex's playboy adventures, but his approval carried more weight. Trent was a one woman kind of guy, always strapped into a long term relationship that lasted for years and eager to get back into one on the rare occasions he was single. Trent was no herb; he had the tools and the skill to seduce many women if he wanted, so his relatively monogamous existence was all the more intriguing.

Outside of the restaurant we parted, and Lex declined our offer to go to the bar for drinks and carousing. He was on his way back home to make a thousand calls. Lex could hardly focus on anything for long — his ADHD was

legendary — and he barely stopped moving as we bro-slapped hands goodbye.

Around 1AM back at Trent's apartment, as we were about to step inside, an older man, late 40s or early 50s, with a paunch and one shirttail of his light blue button down poking out of his jeans, greeted us with a weary but friendly expression. He introduced himself as Arnie and said he had been Trent's neighbor for five years. Trent nodded his head knowingly as if he recognized Arnie, but later told us in private he had never seen the guy. He probably had, but it didn't register.

Arnie was an affable bloke, and we stood outside in the mild air leaning against stair railings under the diffuse glow of the city lights for fifteen minutes talking guy stuff. We learned Arnie was never married, lived alone, and worked in a blue collar hands-on job, and that it was clear to me that he possessed the basic intelligence to work white collar if he so chose. He had lived in the city his whole life and his apartment was rent controlled. There was no chance he would leave, despite the landlord working hard to force out his tenants by passively ignoring repairs that needed to be done.

Arnie relished our company, that much I could tell. He asked us if we were planning to go out somewhere again that night. Trent mentioned the bar where he bartended and Arnie made a frown, explaining that that bar was too "hoity-toity" for him; he preferred down to earth establishments hanging "with the boys". We laughed, because Trent's bar is not really snobby, especially not for this city. We began turning our heads and shoulders toward the door and told Arnie we were going to call it a night. Arnie looked disappointed. "Well, another time, then." He nodded at Trent. "Maybe I'll meet you over at your bar sometime." There was a hint of overeagerness in his gravelly voice.

As we stepped inside to leave Arnie behind in the streetlight-misted night, the door swung behind us with a slow creak. When it thumped closed, it echoed heavily in my ears.

Reader Mailbag: Drunk Iambic Pentameter Edition

CH · 17 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was inspired by Roosh's "Poetry Girl" posts, so I will be answering this edition of reader mailbag in iambic pentameter. I was buzzed when I wrote this.

Email #1

> Is it wise to # close more than one woman in the same venue? There are 2 fields of thought here: the most common one being the jealousy plotline; things could only work in your favor but I seem to think that you come off as a player thereby lowering your chances with a quality girl because she might believe shes just another #. Thanks for reading!
>
> K.

when your game is tight and chicks are squirming
digits are second class to same night boning
but sometimes that number is your only lover
so isolate that chick in a corner undercover
minimize exposure to target reacquisition
flip that phone open down low out of vision
otherwise stop whining about being seen
chicks may bitch but they dig the roving peen
if another lady asks tell her cheekily
"i didn't know we were married. i'll be home by three."

Email #2

> Let's assume that you've decided to procreate (ya, ya, I know…just bear with), and you find yourself the father of females. The question is: what are your guiding principles when raising them? What advice or information do you wish them to have?
>
> -MF

procreating brother
listen right
daughters are trouble
life ain't black and white
keep your standards double
and your hypocrisy tight
pull your son aside and give him condoms
and a copy of mystery method and my bloggings
send him on his way never the fool
with my words of wisdom: "three date rule"
then pull your daughter aside and be real firm
"keep your legs shut and your hands off the worm
you're a princess you're a queen
you're worth more than heaven
make those boys wait till your seventy-seven
don't try to slum it with assholes and herbs
and don't slut it up cause that's what you heard

your window is small, by 30 it's closed
you want lawyers, kids and money?
keep it scarce till you're betrothed
and no, you're not gettin' a fucking clit piercing

Email #3

> Subject: fat ness
>
> So my husband and I read your blog. We are both fans of PUA stuff and have been for a zillion years… even before it was the in thing.
>
> Anyway, he and I were talking yesterday about how you hate fat people so much. And we agree that certainly you are allowed to have your own taste in visuals… nothing wrong with that…
>
> But the idea that chubby girls don't try, aren't good in bed, aren't smart etc doesn't make much sense.
>
> Sure some fat people are lazy and dumb… and we all agree they are not as nice to look at. However, overall it appears to us that a regular chubby girl that tries to look decent, has a job, and is of average intellect … that they do try harder.
>
> Curvy women appears to need to try harder and they do… and why is that a bad thing? Sure if you don't want them as arm candy great… but they do try harder in bed, they do work harder in a relationship, and they do overall appreciate their partners more.
>
> Are you really going to reject them in all ways in your life just because they aren't 10's? Again, we are not talking about visual taste here… we mean by everything else…. if they do try, work, and achieve more because they have to overcome and that trying hard benefits you.. why would hate them so?
>
> Just a question we were talking about yesterday in the car
>
> J and A
>
> Also, I thought it would be great if bears (or any animals) actually had the evolutionary trait to pick a fatter person… it just makes sense. At this stage though a bear would not pick someone just because they are fat… they would pick anything that they would eat.

so just how fat are you?
300 pounds?
i'm guessing by "chubby"
you mean "equatorial round"
let's keep this straight
let's keep this true
what i feel ain't hate
it's disgust. pity too.
life is as fair as lion infanticide
no rhyme nor reason just ugly on all sides
there ain't no getting around it
men like slender babes
guys who claim otherwise
are consoling their brains
and fat chicks try hard
and their personality sparkles
cause they gotta bring *something*
to atone for their waddle
so cut out the bullshit

turn down the noise
and try harder on what matters
drop the chunk for his loins
on second thought
if you want to stay married
best not increase your options
or you'll see your hubby with new clarity
and trust me on this
cause i speak from my life
it ain't easy being virtuous
when you've got a shot at vice

Email #4

> Need some FAST help here to keep me from leaving for the summer on a beta note.
>
> My first year at college is wrapping up in a week. I'm not sure how to handle the girls who i've been casually flirting with before the four month-long layoff between now and the fall. I'll be living in a completely different city. Should I write them a smarky Facebook message? Just cut the contact off cold and come back hard in September? Or some idea i'm completely missing?
>
> Guide me to safe shores with your lighthouse of Alpha advice.
>
> -A.J.

wtf is this "casually flirting" shit?
have you no sack?
i want to remind you life passes real quick
so always be closing
don't be a beta hack
you've got one week left
that's 168 hours
to smash that warm bun
and go home a champion
fuck facebook fuck myspace
and fuck twitter too
those are female playthings
attention whores use
face to face son
balls front and center
you are a spartan
not a pissboy contender
you've got no time
to send cutesy IMs
so just post pics
of the summer girls you're bang-ing
and lo and behold
like sun follows rain
september will come
and you'll be on top of your game.

piece out, governor!

Your Gay Doom

CH · 20 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A reader forwarded me this Washington DC Craigslist ad from the W4M section:

LTR wanted ..but not romance – 40

Reply to: xxx
Date: 2009-04-19, 2:53PM EDT

OK … before some men get all in an uproar, I will tell you that this is totally sincere, so please, no bashing. I am a divorced mother of two who would like a LTR (friendship, obviously) with a sincere, genuine gay man. He needs a woman on his arm for, well, any number of reasons, it doesn't matter to me. I am well aware of how the world works. I am not without means, but I am in need of other "support". I'm tired of the way straight guys treat me, I want a best friend who is supportive and interested. Maybe we can help each other. I know this sounds crazy, but lets face it, a lot of what is on this site is nuts! I am articulate, attractive, slender, brunette, educated, and have a sarcastic,wicked sense of humor. I can keep up in most conversations, and am willing to do the homework needed to be done if I feel I cannot. I am willing to relocate, ready for a fresh start…no one knows me…I'm new in town. I just want a stable, friendly, supportive relationship, no drama. To be needed, appreciated, and to give that back to someone. Is this possible? Again, no offence intended to anyone. Please put "SINCERE" in your reply with a pic (if you want mine) or you will be deleted.

****

I predict we will be seeing a lot more of this in the coming decades as the culture shifts to de facto polygamy. Bitter divorcees, cougars, single moms, urban slut machines, aging yentas, used up playettes, trend whores and Samantha cliches all seeking the gossipy witty banter, emotional frivolity and fashion expertise of a gay boyfriend. Get ready for a tsunami of women scrambling to adopt their very own Best Gay Boyfriend (BGBF) so they can lock arms asexually and skip down M Street while window shopping for SWPL "antique" necklaces and giggling about penis varieties.

But it won't be easy for women like the one in the CL ad above. Only 2-3% of men Nair their assholes and know what fuschia looks like, so women will be fighting over a very small demographic. Since I am a man of great generosity and kindness, I will offer advice to these women on how to get a leg up over the competition.

- Don't be needy.

Yes, ladies, you are now in the position of the man chasing the woman. A gay man has his pick of the annoyingly sarcastic slut with emotional baggage litter, while you are stuck having to chase down a tiny pool of gay men for fabulously platonic commitment. Your neediness will send him running faster than a string of desperate voicemails at 3AM. I predict you will fail at this, since most women have little experience in the psychological art of practiced aloofness. Talk to your alpha guy friends for tips and tricks.

- Expect to share.

If your BGBF tells you he's spending the afternoon with (the much better dresser) Tiffany, you'll just have to suck it up. Don't pout and don't pressure. Know that you are one among many and be glad that you get a few hours each week of your BGBF's emotional jizz.

- Be hot.

True, gay men don't want to sleep with you, but they are aficionados of the aesthetic. They want arm candy they can dress up in size 0 clothes and admire like an art collector admires a great painting. Uglies and fatties need not apply.

Might I suggest for them the Best Lesbian Girlfriend (BLGF)?

- Learn to flatter.

Many playettes and stuck-up whores have forgotten how to flatter, so used to receiving flattery are they from beta chumps their whole lives. The BGBF will not tolerate your coy circumspection. He has too many prospects who will give him the ego boosting compliments his attention whoring soul craves for him to put up with less than obsequious suckassery from you. Pucker up, bitch!

- Accept cheating.

If you catch your BGBF cheating with another girlfriend, you have no choice but to swallow your pride. Remember, you are an accessory to his life; if you get in the way of his doing what he wants when he wants, he will dump you forthwith. There is no getting between a gay man and his hedonism.

- Cultivate a thick skin.

A BGBF will let you know when the first hint of cottage cheese dimples your ass. He has no reason to sugarcoat anything, since he's not trying to get in your hole. Take his constructive criticism with stoicism and shed those bottled-up tears late at night when you're alone with your cat. He"ll lick your salty tears up.

I just noticed in the CL ad that the divorced mother of two is "willing to relocate, ready for a fresh start". What a selfish bitch. She's willing to pull her kids away from their father, their friends and a stable environment so she can spend more time with a fag swapping ego assuaging compliments. If this doesn't say it all about the depths to which American women have degenerated, I don't know what does. She must have been a repeat pump and dump victim during her 20s and 30s for her to have nursed such bitterness toward straight men. No doubt when she says she's tired of the way straight guys treat her, she means she's too old to get alphas to commit to her and now at the overripe age of 40 needs a compliant beta provider to help her raise her bastard children.

"[I] am willing to do the homework needed to be done if I feel I cannot." It's funny how eagerly a woman will bend over backwards to please a man when her market position is weakened. The next time you're on a date, act as if she needs to do the homework needed to earn your attention. That is the alpha attitude that creams girls' panties.

War Of The Roses

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There is a local radio station that runs a prank every week called “War of the Roses”. The station enlists a willing participant — usually a girlfriend/wife — who suspects she is being cheated on by her boyfriend/husband. Sometimes the girl gives the name of the other woman she suspects her boyfriend is banging. The DJ will then pose as a flower merchant and call the boyfriend to tell him he has won a contest and the prize is a free bouquet of flowers he can have delivered to anyone he wishes. Over the station’s phones, the poor dupe’s girlfriend will secretly listen in on his decision.

Almost every guy falls for this prank. And nearly all of them are confirmed as cheaters, because nine times out of ten the boyfriend will have the flowers delivered to his mistress/downlow lover, and hysterics of varying dramatic force by the jilted girlfriend/wife will ensue over the phones. It’s good fun for everyone but the couple.

The prank, besides its entertainment value, serves to demonstrate quite clearly how alpha males behave and how women react to alphas. As I’ve written before, when you are starting out the best way to learn game is to observe a natural alpha in field — his mannerisms, speech, attitude, and deftness with which he handles a woman’s shit. (You can also learn a lot about what *not* to do by observing the natural beta in the field.)

Since it’s self-evident that nearly all men who have the option of cheating on their girlfriends are alpha (1. they have a girl, 2. they are attractive to other girls, 3. they have the testosterone to not give a fuck about the repercussions), the “War of the Roses” prank is a window into the relationships of women with alpha males, and Exhibit A on how alpha males react when they have wronged their women.

What you will learn from this prank won’t be surprising to anyone who is a reader of my blog, but it’s fun to have the theory proven correct — again and again — by real life examples, and proven so incontrovertibly, too. So how do the boyfriends react when the prank is revealed, their unfaithfulness uncovered, and their girlfriends’ voices cracking with tears and anger?

- He will never apologize or get defensive. One guy said he was sorry, and that was the only guy I can remember whose girlfriend dumped him over the air.
- He will first curse out the DJ before acknowledging his girlfriend’s presence on the phones. This can go on for an amusingly long time as the girlfriend tries to get a word in edgewise.
- He will go on the offensive, accusing his girlfriend of “blowing things out of proportion”, “being a bitch for calling him out on the radio”, or “getting way too dramatic”. He will often tell his girlfriend to shut up and stop crying, then in an ominous tone of voice, “we’ll talk about this later”. He preempts his girlfriend’s fury and indignation with his own.
- The girlfriend will try to get him to prostrate himself, asking “Why?” and “How do you think this makes me feel?” He will never oblige.
- The girlfriend will ask about the other woman. “Do you love her?” “Does she have something I don’t?” He will never oblige.
- If the girlfriend hurls imprecations at him, and the drama level reaches Code Irate, he will hang up with a jaded “Fuck you”, “This is horseshit” or “I’m done” while the DJs beg him to stay on the line.
- After he has hung up, the DJs will ask the girlfriend if she will stay with her alpha cheating boyfriend — or rather, they’ll try to persuade her to dump the guy — and, invariably, she will hem and haw and make excuses and you just know she isn’t going anywhere. Some of the girls even mention his positive qualities, which are funny in themselves as these qualities often take the form of “he makes me feel special”.

Occasionally, a cheating boyfriend turns out to be a beta at heart. (Yes, natural born betas sometimes cheat, but it’s rare because the opportunity is limited.) You can always tell these guys, because they are the ones whose voices go

shaky as they mousily deny wrongdoing and then apologize profusely when the jig is up. After his confession, he is in ankle-grabbing mode and his girlfriend and the DJs anally rape his dignity on the air. He will shower her with promises. She will then threaten to dump him, her voice tone having switched abruptly from hurt girlfriend to ballcutting bitch lawyercunt, and she will usually hang up first, while he futilely laments “Man, I fucked up.”

Maxim #49: If you plan on cheating and get caught, act like a total dick who did nothing wrong. Your girlfriend will then wonder if it’s something she did.

Slut Strikes Back

CH · 22 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally I get linked by the kind of blog which makes my heart swell with pride. This happened recently when the self-professed polyamorous slut over at The Errant Wife linked to my post about identifying sluts and set a new land speed record for projectile menstruating an uncontrollable tizzy. Let's see what she really thinks of yer 'umble paladin of slutty truths:

> How to tell if you are a premature ejaculating, insecure, mother-fucking cock/asshat/wannabe/loser:
>
> **1. You criticize a woman who "talks about sex first" or "ask for kinky stuff."**
> What, your "masculinity" can't handle being asked for something she likes? You don't like a woman to be interested in sex? This seems odd, given that you like to 'tap ass' as you so eloquently put it. Hmmm, maybe you don't like to be asked 'cause you don't know how to give it to me? Just putting it out there.
>
> […]
>
> **5. You have a small cock.**
> Hate to break it to you, darling, but all that 'cavernous cunt' stuff you are spouting – not so much a problem with the ladies…
>
> […]
>
> **6. You talk about all the ass you tap, but want wife/mother material with under 3 partners.**
> You know, I can't stand a man who can't handle a girl who knows what she wants. Not to put to fine a point on it – put if you have been with THAT many women to be able to identify THAT many different kind of sluts then we have a bit of a pot/kettle situation here, motherfuckers. And really, I am going to limit myself to three or under sexual partners so I can wear your cheap ring and bear your shallow end of the gene pool dim children? Yeah, I think I'll pass.
>
> […]
>
> Let me tell you something: real women, interesting women, women with brains and women that are going places – even if these women have had the three or less sexual partners you require – they are not going to be interested in the likes of you. They want a man who sees *them*, who appreciates life and people and who is looking for a person and a relationship that is fulfilling for both parties, not someone who is in the market for a misogynist idea and the pretty girl that matches it.
>
> For the record, I a woman of mind and beauty and body, a woman of education and spirit and soul – a woman who has had more than three sexual partners and has enjoyed and adored every one of them – and you are completely unworthy of a woman of my calibre.
>
> I am utterly out of your league.

I admire her spunk (note: not a barely concealed reference to any vaginal toxic sludge). What she lacks in original thinking she makes up for with energetic verve. I bet she piston-fucks like a man.

> How much do you want to bet that the guy who wrote the article would respond to that last statement with: *whatever, I am sooo not interested?* Like that would be an insult.

Although Miss Proudly Polyamorous Cumfunneler wisely blocked out her face, judging by the half-naked pics of herself on her blog, she looks potentially attractive. Late 30s? Body is decent. Given the evidence at hand, I'd respond: "I'd keep the conversation to a sanity-preserving minimum and fuck you all night long into the morning, then eat your leftover chinese food and leave."

The commenters were unanimous in their love:

> Some time ago I wrote something in our blog about what I called the “whiny male bitchassness” women have to put up with when they aspire to and own their sluthood, and that fucktard who wrote the post you responded to is a good example of what I was talking about.

A woman aspiring to sluthood is like a nerd aspiring to social ineptitude. Frame that accomplishment and hang it on the wall, grrl! And what does “own your sluthood” mean? Is it anything like “own your facial”? Femspeak: War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Sluttiness is courage.

> On behalf of the majority of men out there I apologize for this scumbag’s post. We all do not think this way and it really does point out his insecurities.

Beta.

> i guess this is probably a bad time to tell you that i’ve never wanted you more than i do right now, eh?

Supremo beta.

> I read his blog for awhile and while he definitely is prone to humor and satire, actually some pretty good stuff too, the blogger in question does have an overall theme of thinking a good woman is the traditional woman myth. That their man should be their center of their universe and gives them purpose and all other good things. He suffers from a lot of ignorance.
>
> Overall my impression was a talented writer who was a total narcissist who truly does think he knows everything from quick observations into his life where his thoughts of himself and beliefs seem to always magically get validated.

This was from a commenter named Crystal, a woman who is drawn, despite her better judgment, to my awesome vortex of masculine power and devilish charm. Crystal, did you know that narcissism is one of the “dark triad” male traits which compels women to shimmy out of their panties? You do now, sexxxysuga.

> OMG I love your rant, so incredibly well said. The guy is a complete ‘fucktard’ & is obviously as intimidated as hell by women who are sexually confident and secure.

Ego-bruised female armchair psychological diagnosis #349 in a series.

> I’m not sure what makes my head spin more, this fucktard or all of the comments who appear to agree with him.
>
> Please believe me, all men are NOT like that guy!

Do betas get laid with this lame white knighting suckassery or do they get a platonic hug buddy and blue balls? Rhetorical.

And my favorite comment of all (from a man, no less):

> words can’t even express how well — how perfectly — this diatribe responds to the caliber of idiot that is me. “the 16 commandments of poon” — really? “the dating market value test,” segregated arbitrarily into two versions for the two genders society perceives.
>
> i’ve met a lot of amazing womyn in my four years of college but it’s so rare to find a powerful gem like you so

> far from a place like a university or community center. i could hug you!

"… the two genders society perceives."

□

What do you say about a man who seriously uses the word "womyn"? David Alexander's non-date girlfriend laughs at you. "… it's so rare to find a powerful gem like you so far from a place like a university". Oh, my sides! The rot in academia has reached the core. Nuke the cult from orbit and start over.

A lot of the commenters shared the peculiar habit of thanking the host "for the rant". This is something I've noticed is very common on femtard blogs — a shrieking chorus of yes-women and raisin-sacked beta suckups exhaling loudly with deep guttural gratitude for the host's reaffirmation of their dearly guarded prejudices and prerogatives. It's as if without the nourishment of a constant cliched drumbeat of "you go girl" in-group agitprop their fragile egos would pack up and leave them a shuddering mess of self-doubt and suicidal tendencies.

I was curious about the Errant Slut, so I read a few of her archived posts.

> I am not sure how I am going to blatantly proposition hot class guy if he never comes to class. Seriously, I know the year is almost over – but get your butt in the chair, dude, so I can tell you to put that butt in my bed.
>
> I actually wore mascara today in an effort to better bat my eyelashes alluringly. Pearl earrings to encourage him to give me a pearl necklace. My lucky high boots that say I will fuck you hard, bitch. This is my top game people and no one was there to appreciate it!
>
> Motherfucker. Well, at least I hope he is…
>
> Cross your fingers, won't you, that I will be able to open my legs.

Slut pride is often a +5 Mask of Empowerment for the insecurities that spring from fear of aging and becoming invisible to men. Many of these sluts are true to their word and sleep around in vain hope of silencing the dread knock at the door by Father Time, but then there are those sluts whose stories are more bragaddocio than truth in advertising. If you're looking for a no muss no fuss no wedding ring quickie, you'll want to steer clear of the braggart sluts. By their brazen lewdness you shall know them as cockteases.

Oh sweet baby slut, I found some posts about her husband. Surprise, surprise, the whore cheats on him and gleefully recounts her sexploits in public for guys like me to wield as instruments of psychological torture.

> So, where to begin? The background, as is always the case, is huge and undramatic.
> Normal and profoundly unsatisfying life. Three beautiful children and a husband who pays the bills and ignores everything and anything I say to him. 10 years of marriage during which I guarantee my opinion has never mattered – I try and try to tell him what I need from the relationship, he agrees and sees my side of EVERYTHING, and yet, there are no changes.
> I am talking to the wall.

Rude translation: My attraction for my sexless beta husband is gone. He never challenges me. I now have all the reason I need to rationalize sitting on a carousel of random cock.

> I did not go home with him that night but instead commenced a IMing relationship with him. Dirty talk. Friendly talk. Utter Escapism. And then we met. In his apartment.
> For an evening of the kind of sex that you remember. The kind of sex where you each have a sheen of sweat. Fantastic. (Fucktastic?) He tastes good. He is good in bed. AND I have no guilt. None. I have realized that I have the one life and I refuse to limit it within other people's moral structures and I refuse also to be unhappy anymore. If my life as it stands does not make me happy then I will do what it takes to create happiness for

> myself.

“Not my fault. You didn’t give me what I want.” What we learn:

Women are amoral and will act according to the ethereal justification of their emotions. If she’s unhappy, it matters not how virtuous, devoted, dependable and loving the husband is to her.
All women are cheap whores by nature.
Children will not alter her calculation.
In a woman’s eyes, to be a beta male is worse than anything else. Even serial killer.
Sluts are more likely to cheat. Monogamously inclined men should beware. Players should delight.
Don’t get married!

More from the pit of woman’s soul:

> Friends always says “oh, your husband is so nice” – but the reality is that nice will only take you so far.

Niceguys finish cuckolded.

> I spent a lot of time in high school having sex I did not really want to have.
>
> I had sex to create something – a feeling, a relationship, an image of myself, an attitude, a perception, an emotional space. Now when my husband wants to have sex with me – and he constantly badgers me – I feel liberated to say no. Liberated to say no in a way that I did not when I was younger.
>
> I would get into situations where I felt bad saying no, where it was easier to say yes, where it would just seem like I might as well. But now I don’t want to have sex that I don’t want to have – and I am sorry if my husband is not happy with that – truly I am – but I am not going to force myself. Forcing myself: closing my eyes and thinking of England, spreading to keep him happy, makes me feel like a prostitute. It makes me feel dirty. Fucking my adorable younger boyfriend does not make me feel guilty, or dirty or anything other than free.
>
> […]
>
> In an unsettling turn of events, I think the husband may be on to me. Mr Ashley Madison # 3 is sending me emails that are eerily familiar. It is cheesy like the husband, it has appalling spelling like the husband, and there is just something there. When I read them and the things he is saying and the questions he is asking – it is exactly what the husband would say to draw me out. I checked the profile and he also identifies as the same height and weight – although the age is different. I wonder if I am being snaked?

Stare into the abyss and breathe deeply the dank stench emanating from its womb.

The Revolution is beginning to spread to the most blighted corners of humanity, but some are incapable of salvation. They are not to be reasoned with. They are not to be cajoled. They are to be steamrolled with extreme prejudice and sadistic humor. And unlubed anal sex.

And so it begins…

Paleocons Are Hedonists

CH · 23 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

And the god of biomechanics did enlighten thee…

Frequently phlegmatic commenter **Thursday** posted a link in the comments to yesterday's slut admiration society post that contained a news item about noted paleocon Roger Scruton marrying at the age of 54 a 26 year old woman:

> Scruton did not become a father until two years ago when he and his second wife, Sophie Jeffreys, had Samuel. A second child, Lucy, was born last August. Jeffreys, an architectural historian, is 28 years his junior. They live contentedly on a farm in Wiltshire.

And the Pale Sentinel of the Paleocon Underworld Peter Brimelow was in his 60s when he married the 22 year old cutie-pie Athena:

The Wedding Party, L. - R.: Genevieve Sullivan, Bride Lydia Brimelow and Groom Peter. Friend of Hannah Clare's, Marshall Sullivan, Sarah, Hannah Clare Brimelow; Back - John Brimelow, Alexander Brimelow, and Raleigh Sullivan

Bacchus bless these refined aesthetes of poon hounding. Men of wealth and taste…

In other news, commenter **Patrick** provided a helpful link to MP3s of the "War of the Roses" stunt thats plays on the local DC radio station 99.5. Why do haters bother doubting me? As Patrick wrote:

> I can confirm from a quick sampling –especially yesterday's show– that the shows are indeed real and not scripted, that the presumed-alphas indeed don't give a shit, and that their duped girlfriends are probably going to get cheated on by default anyway.
>
> A particularly funny segment where a cheating man claims an AIDS test discovered by his girlfriend was due to him having accidentally put on another dude's underwear at the gym. Obviously he banged some total slut he didn't care a bit about so the roses trick didn't work because no man would send even free roses to a whore he suspects to have venereal disease. The other-dude's-underwear ruse was pretty weak though.
>
> Great post.

Another win for me. I tire of the paucity of challengers to my brilliance. Pissboy! Wait for the shake.

The Feminization Of The Western White Male

CH · 24 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This is a trend that is bursting with fruit flavor.

Dandies have a long and storied history in the Western cultural canon, so these types of androgynous men are nothing new. But the sheer breadth and rapidity of the dandyfication of the 21st century urban Western white male, coupled closely with the pickup artist movement and the rise of game, signifies a profound cultural change. A nancyboy revolution is upon us.

Since women are by genetic dictate the choosers of men in the mating market (note: men do some choosing as well. see: lonely fat chicks), men who dandify themselves are simply responding to women's choices. If you want to know where men are heading, follow the pussy. The interesting question is not why the urban white (and asian) man in his multicultural milieu is sporting long silky coifs and bejeweled bracelets, but why women are rewarding these men with their sex. I leave the answer as an exercise for the readers. As enlightened warrior-poets of the Republic of Poon you should have a pretty good idea of the hidden forces at work. Hint: No theory about the present day sexual market is complete without acknowledgement of the underestimated impact contraceptives, abortion, female economic empowerment and demographic upheaval have had on Darwinian sexual selection.

As a man who himself has acquired a splash of the dandy's fashion sense to rave reviews from women, I don't consider a man a femmed out beta if the NASCAR crowd scoffs. After all, other men are not the ultimate arbiter of what constitutes alphatude; women are. Men are merely proxy agents for judging other men's alpha cred. But a woman's open and willing pussy is the judge that matters most. As long as these modern day dandies with their black nail polish, handlebar moustachios and heart-shaped pendants are scoring more tail than your typical herb or

aging frat boy swilling Miller Light in front of the TV, they are partaking of alpha privilege.

Not a sermon, just a thought.

Sobering Thought Of The Day

CH · 27 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

If a potential flu pandemic won't convince America's elites to act to close the southern border, then nothing will.

Any bets on how many Americans would have to be stricken with a superstrain of H1N1 before our representatives (and I use the term loosely) decide to stop the inflow of illegals? 1,000? 10,000? 1 million? Or ten well-situated pundits working for the Wall Street Journal and New York Beta Times?

I do believe it is time for a handy dandy chart.

# of American deaths caused by Mexican machismoflu	Action taken by American government
10	Nothing to see here, move along.
100	It's fully contained to a few small pockets.
	The habanero spice must flow.
1,000	No point in closing the border now.
	Flu's already here!
10,000	We're all gonna die anyway.
	Better to die in a diverse country.
100,000	We'll put up a cheapo ineffective fence just to show you rubes how ineffective fences are.
1,000,000	*** *bzzt… end transmission… bzzt… beep* ***
	Revolution.

Update: The Women Who Love Feminized Western White Males

CH · 27 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

My source deep in the dainty underbelly of the flourishing dandy/fop subculture sent me pics of the kinds of girls that swoon for feminized Western white males. She wanted to inform me — sarcastically — of the caliber of pussy these guys are scoring.

From my vantage point (my crotch), these girls are cute. Totally do-able, maybe even date-able. Which just proves that as long as a chick has an attractive facial bone structure and a slender figure and isn't too old, it won't matter how badly she tries to hide her assets under hideous clothes, hair styles and nose-picking — guys will still want to bang her. The blonde's ponytail is the perfect length for using as reins during rough doggy style lovemaking. Whoa whore-sy!

That my female undercover agent thought these girls were low value is telling of the psychosocial differences between men and women. Men discern beauty with the keen eye of an electron microscope. A millimeter here, a geometric disturbance there, can mean the difference between beautiful and so-so. After all, men have been honed by millions of years of evolution to avoid getting duped by women who don't possess the genuine goods. Bad consignment shop hats and dark eyeliner are minor obstacles in the way of our ability to suss out a genetically hot face worthy of our jizzbombs. (Cue: Kick a Bitch).

Women discern female beauty in context with everything else and through the lens of their own sexual market value. They see horrendous fashion sense and they downgrade the girl's hotness rank. They see a chick picking her nose and she loses beauty points. Because for a woman, beauty is the sum total of a person. That is why men not blessed with good looks can boost their attractiveness to women by other means. It's not the distance between his eyes or the shape of his cheekbones but the nebulous interaction between his face, clothes, body language and the words coming out of his mouth.

It is a persistent human failing to project our own psychological profile onto the other sex (and other race). Who among us can truly put themselves in another person's shoes? Women may be the more empathetic sex, but their blindspots with regard to male attractiveness standards are as glaring as men's blindspots to the things that turn on women.

UPDATE:

My undercover female source who brought me these pics informed me that she was *not* being sarcastic in pointing up the caliber of pussy that hipster dandies score. In her words:

> just reading now…i think they are highly attractive and i envy them (and their careers as artists ie private school girl roots) disgustingly! […] i found the girl picking her nose whilst in pearls…cute, in a subversive kind of way. i dream of such clean dark eyeliner application skills, and the gall to don raccoon ear flaps like you're tina turner in mad max when it's actually the annex, toronto. of course i think they're self-indulgent idiots, but i would be too, given the chance.

So to clear the air, she is not deducting points for nose-picking or hideous fashion. Which makes her quite unique among women as a judge of female beauty. But then, the kind of people in my orbit are unique. That's how I roll.

Text Message Of Dire Portent

CH · 27 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Checking in from Mexifornia, Zeets sent me this text message over the weekend:

> If the denizens of the boardwalk at santa monica beach are any indication — ca is fucked.

Pulling Solid Number Closes

CH · 28 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When it comes to number closing, the biggest obstacle is not getting the number; it's getting the number in such a way that minimizes the odds she will flake. I read an interesting post on the blog written by one of Roosh's day game students, Tyler, who has a novel method for bypassing weak number closes: Don't push for them.

> Girls that flake. Everyone has probably had this happen to them. Anyone who approaches girls and gets phone numbers finds that some girls don't answer their phone or are "too busy" to ever do anything. This happens because they are flat out not that interested. This isn't because you are not interesting, you just didn't do enough to make them want it bad enough. Girls will rearrange their schedules for you if they want to see you bad enough. Once you get better at approaching girls, your next step is to eliminate flakiness. […]
>
> I was putting too much emphasis on getting the phone number and not enough on the method. Numbers equal nothing if you can't act on them. […]
>
> Flat out, don't even ask or insinuate you want their number. After this one particular night I implemented this experiment right away. So what happened?
>
> The next weekend I met a group of girls. I liked the long haired, darker skinned girl from new york. She was the most attractive by far. I steal her friend's chair. We exchanged stories and she is semi interesting. We find a few subjects that are common interests. At this point she has found a smart, unique, really good looking guy and she can't believe she found him at a bar! But….I have to get going now….it was really nice talking to you….
>
> That's how I leave conversations. I leave a window there for them to give me their number, or inquire how we will talk again. I will leave nearly any girl hanging. An often response is…
>
> "umm, do you want my number?" with almost a desperate look on their face. It is probably unbelievable to them that I just built this little relationship and I am willing to just leave without an attempt…
>
> "well I don't usually take girls' numbers, I have been pretty busy lately…." Then I "decide" to let them have my number.
>
> As they put my number in their phone, they text or call me right away. They do this so that I have their number and jokingly to see if I am lying. As I look down at my incoming call, I am standing right next to them. As I look up I quickly give them a kiss. They don't see this coming and it catches them off guard. Then I leave and let it register in their minds what just happened. […]
>
> Since I have done this, the flakiness percentage has drastically gone down. A girl won't flake on me if she is asking for my number. […]
>
> In the scenario where a girl isn't asking how to get a hold of you, you can do things such as make tentative plans to prompt her even more. You don't want to loose focus though. The idea is that she should be chasing you. Forcing numbers is a waste of time.

I have run similar number closing game on girls, and I can inform you this reverse psychology method is highly effective. It's a wonder I don't number close like this all the time, but sometimes you have to remind yourself of what works and what doesn't, or you fall back on old familiar habits. When she isn't immediately biting, Tyler's advice to prompt a girl to initiate some kind of exchange of numbers is crucial. The best way to do this is to talk about some great event or activity you plan to do in the near future.

Here's a real life example of my "**reverse number close**" game (post-attraction phase):

ME: There's this amazing animal sex exhibit at the Corcoran this weekend that I'm going to.

HER: Animal sex!?! OMG that sounds ridiculous!

ME: Well, it's not for everyone. You have to be open-minded to fully appreciate the beauty of it.

HER: Are you saying I'm not open-minded?

ME: Well, you are from the midwest. Nah, you're pretty cool. It's been fun talking with you. [I'm making a rocking motion with my body suggesting that I'm leaving.]

HER: You too. [She's looking at me expectantly.]

ME: Oh, right. I should tell you… and don't take this personally, because it's not about you… I don't accept girls' numbers.

HER: Really? That's weird. Why?

ME: It's my personal philosophy. I want a girl to show she is different from all the other girls. If she calls my number, she has stood out from the rest. Plus, a lot of times I forget to call the girl's number.

HER: Well, yeah, that's different.

ME: I'll tell you what. I'm feeling generous. Let's exchange numbers.

[Segue to unlubed anal sex phase.]

A couple points. My number close above incorporates some very powerful mindfucking elements of game. Sexual Vibe and Future Pacing ("amazing animal sex exhibit…"). Qualification ("you have to be open-minded…"). Takeaway ("It's been fun…"). Challenge ("I want a girl to show she is different…"). Preselection and Alpha Male Options ("I forget to call the girl's number"). These are potent psychological techniques that stab right at the heart of a woman's soft brainmush, and should be used sparingly. Overuse will ping her skepticism defense mechanism and trigger fresh rounds of shit tests.

February And March 2009 Beta Of The Month Winners

CH · 29 April 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The crack team at Chez Pussyhound fell asleep on the job and neglected to do followup posts announcing the BIG BETA WIENERS for the February and March 2009 BOTM contests.

What best exemplifies the Beta of the Month?

- An unerring devotion to the betrayal of his masculine essence.
- A complete lack of shame.
- A willingness to debase himself for the skankiest of pussies.
- White Knight Syndrome.
- Sensitive Man Syndrome.
- A lack of self-awareness.
- Desperation and obsession.
- Self-abnegation for little in return.
- Inability to view women as anything other than flawless paragons of virtue and righteousness.
- Unremitting chivalry.
- Anhedonic.
- Considers himself a feminist.
- Sits cross-legged.
- Afraid of own erection.

February's race was a runaway. The February 2009 BOTM Winner (submitted by reader **11minutes**) and now one of the finalists for the Grande Finale 2009 Beta of the Year contest was the man who read about his wife's cheating in her diary and responded in the only way a flouncy mangirl would respond — by consoling his wife while she laid flowers on her ex-lover's grave. This repulsive specimen of supreme betaness beat out the guy who pays for his wife's sex vacations. What a surfeit of beta! The world is full of these guys, and I shall feast on their misery.

It shouldn't have to be said, but if you have anything left swishing around in your nutsack the only appropriate response to catching your wife cheating is throwing her and her shit out the window, in that order. Then moving out of the country to evade divorce theft and hiding your assets in overseas accounts. Finish the day up with a trip to the Amsterdam clubs with your buddies.

******

March's BOTM head-to-head featured a cast of infamous characters and also had a clear winner. The March 2009 BOTM Winner (submitted by reader **stacy**) and now a finalist for the 2009 BOTY is the ex-husband who invited his slobby ex-wife and her new day laborer husband to live in his home, where he was treated nightly to their rutting noises and humiliated in front of his children.

Recap:
He married a hog.
Hog divorced him because he's too beta even for a fat cow like her.
Hog marries Mexican day laborer with green card issues.
He invites hog and hogfucker to live under his roof.
Hog FEELS PITY for him because he's single.
His children bear witness to his daily humilation.
He's OK with all this.

This is the stuff of nightmares. In visual form, his psychological torture would look like this:

The March 2009 winner defeated the milquetoast fiancee of Jessica Valenti, editor of the "Chicks with Dick Clits" website devoted to the pursuit and exultation of pretty lies. Now that the March 2009 BOTM has been announced and Jessica's progressive feminist boyfriend escaped the ignominious honor of Beta of the Month, she can breathe a sigh of relief. Congratulations, Jessica, your fiancee is not quite as beta as a guy who has to listen to his ex-wife get pounded by one of the landscaping crew in his own home.

Jessica wrote an article for the Guardian which linked to my blog and which was obviously inspired by the sadistic glee of my BOTM post where I unleashed the soulripping hooked chains of the Cenobite hordes upon the stupidity of her beliefs and the squalor of her fiancee's mincing betatude. I believe I have hurt her, though she will never admit it, of course. She wrote: "… a "ball-cutting cybersuccubus", as I was, in fact, described [by moi]. Think I can get that on a business card?"

Yes, my cat toy, you can get that on a business card. And since I am a monster id of generous cruelty, here is a suggestion for Andrew's business card:

"Cuckold In Training".

Best.

PS: Keep your BOTY contest submissions rolling in, folks.

The Most Exciting Sex

CH · 1 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've written before that the path to sexual nirvana is through hot women. The hotter the girl, the steamier the sex. Simple formula. So put away your *Zen and the Art of Existential Orgasm* books and your handcuffs and mood lighting and liquor and rohypnol and owl masks and instead focus on landing yourself a hot babe. No need to overcomplicate things. Your penis cannot be fooled.

Once you've satisfied that basic requirement for nutblasting sex, there are ways to turbocharge the sex into the stratosphere of awesomeness. When you mix together certain ingredients you can achieve paralytic sexual bliss; the kind of orgasm that will stiffen your entire body as if it were a mere appendage to the centrality of your dick, and seize your brain in a white light-pricked near life experience.

Public sex is a necessary precondition. There needs to be a real threat of getting caught. You must also be outdoors in the woods, communing with Mother Vulva. The crackle of twigs underfoot, the sun streaming through a canopy of oak leaves, the chittering of small and not so small woodland creatures, and the invigorating organic aroma of pristine air and decomposing brush will throw in stark relief the animalistic nature of your love. There must be people in the vicinity. The thrill of seeing people while fucking and not being seen by them is incomparable. It's like a one-way mirror where the observed subjects going about their daily mundane routine act to heighten the depravity on the other side. If some of those people are children under the protective wing of their parents, even better. The wicked ascends on the backs of the innocent. The risk of despoiling in a most evil fashion the purest among us will inflame your lust.

There must also be clothes in the way. You will feel your boner harden like steel-forged nipples when you have to push up a skirt or pull aside running shorts and panties to gain access. Clothes — and the clumsy grappling to move them out of the way — will pump your blood with the urgency of fast and furious sex.

Your woman must be either an angel on earth, or a dirty whore. A middle of the road typical chick with gangbang experience under her belt or a commitment to the three date rule isn't going to cut it. If you want to lift yourself to the heights of ecstacy you must feel like you are piercing the womanhood of a truly uncorrupted vagina, or, on the opposite end, spiraling downward into the pits of sin with a filthy slut.

One of the most exciting sexual experiences I ever had happened in the woods, mid-day, springtime. We had just finished a hike and I pulled her off the designated path deeper into the wood. She was wearing loose-fitting running shorts. She was married, and I knew this. I was fucking a cheating whore. I pressed her chest against a boulder that fully concealed us from view and yanked aside her shorts for rear entry. We heard voices approach. She balked, unconvincingly. *No no no I don't think this is a good idea.* Ignoring her, I drove it in hard hoping to make her yelp in pain and was surprised by the wetness of her pussy. She had lubed up in mere seconds. The voices neared us. Some were the high-pitched squeals of children. I looked around the boulder and saw through the low branches of the trees a troop of girl scouts clambering down the hiking path, a few parents strolling lazily beside them. Forty feet separated the girl scouts from the penetrance of my manhood into my married whore's cunt. They stopped; I held steady, cock buried to the hilt. A squirrel rummaged through dead leaves on the ground. My lover twitched. I had my hand her throat and felt her pulse with my fingertips. My grip tightened. One of the girl scouts wanted to go in the woods for a pine cone. We heard her pleading with her father. She took a few steps toward our boulder of love, then turned back around when someone shouted *"doggie!"* and they all went racing toward a labrador that had jumped in a large pond. The voices receded. I resumed my pumping action, inflicting scrapes on my lover's cheeks and arms from pushing her against the stone. Her knees went wobbly with orgasm and she slipped down the rock a few inches, stifling the moan that wanted to rip out of her lungs. I halted her stumble and with a mighty final thrust unloaded inside her, a river of molten balljuice flooding her hole, my bulk mashing her face into the boulder. White spots danced in my mind as my peripheral vision temporarily faded. I had timed my blast perfectly to the happy squeal of a distant girl scout.

Later we passed them and the wet doggie who had jumped in the pond. I petted it on the head and exchanged pleasantries with the parents.

The Biggest Beta In The World

CH · 3 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The American media.

Got grovel?

Who Wrote This?

CH · 4 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

“Woe unto the Race if ever these lovable creatures [women] should break loose from mastership, and become the rulers or equals of Man.”

Hint: It was written in 1890.

Answer: Ragnar Redbeard (pseudonym), from his book *Might is Right.*

If only he were alive today to see how right he was.

Game Will Help Ugly Guys

CH · 4 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was lounging in placid contentment on a sofa in a local lounge like a proper post-history, citizen-of-the-world nihilist enjoying the flume ride down the rump of American decline when I spotted a somewhat unkempt man with awkward mannerisms take a seat at a small table to my right. He was a little more homely than the average man, nearing 40, and bereft of any fashion sense. (For those who need the catharsis of another 800 comment thread on race, he happened to be black.) He moved in an ungainly way, as if hobbled by a long-ago hip injury. I watched bemused as he tinkered about his table, moving his chair in and out, fussing with napkins wedged between the ketchup bottle and salt shaker, and generally projecting an air of Rainman-like social unease.

A minute later, a woman approached him for what appeared to be a first or second date. Looks of recognition led me to believe they had met before. He clumsily stood from his chair, his motions so quick and jerky that the chair made a loud screeching noise as it was pushed back violently from the table. She was a black woman, in decent shape (read: not fat), and a point or two higher than him on the cross-gender physical attractiveness scale. He took a couple steps toward her and held his arms out for a hug, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. I surveyed her facial expressions. She was clearly not enthused about being there. She walked tentatively toward him, a crooked smile perched on her face, and prevented him from achieving his goal of a full-contact hug by arching her body away from his and giving him the long-distance “two pats on the back” pseudo-hug.

“So great to see you!” He blurted out the words like a burp and maneuvered for a tighter hug and kiss. She deftly evaded his sneak attack and left him stranded, kissing the air a few inches from her right cheek, his lips pursed outward in puffy, parched hunger for soul-nourishing reciprocation that would not come.

Impatient with his bumbling overreach, she snippily replied, “Ok, let’s sit down.” He vigorously nodded his head and mumbled “Ok, ok” and they both sat at the tiny romantic table next to the window that would not be able to works its magic that evening on this couple. I turned away, unable to bear the sight of their slo-motion heart wreck any longer.

******

Game could have saved this man.

Pulling up in a Ferrari would not have helped him. Receiving a standing ovation by the staff and patrons when he entered the eatery would not have closed the deal with his date. She would have raised an inquisitive eyebrow at his Ferrari or his mini-fame, her loins would have briefly stirred, but she would still be left sitting across a man with crippling beta mannerisms. Her smile would have rapidly decayed to disgust. Her disappointment would have been palpable.

But had he not jumped up from his chair when she arrived; had he not lunged desperately toward her for the hug and kiss his demeanor suggested he hadn’t gotten since his Mom saw him off on his first day of school; had he teased her humorously about the scarf she was wearing on a mild spring day; had he moved slowly and gracefully with the practiced insouciance of a wanton Casanova used to bedding women much hotter than her; had he been dressed with a little more care; had he stopped smiling like a vapid goofball for two seconds; had he qualified her about her worldliness and sense of adventure –

– he might have gotten the lay. Maybe not a 100% guarantee of getting the lay, but a damn bit better than the 0% chance he had BEING HIMSELF.

Recently, the Audacious Epigone challenged Game as egalitarian wishfulness. He, like so many others who have yet to delve deeply into the world of Game for themselves, claims that game will only help those who are already gifted by genetics with good looks or income-boosting and social adaptability-enhancing high intelligence. Now I am not one to shy away from the ugly truths, so there is merit in what he says; given equal facility with game, a good-

looking man will do better than an average-looking man. A rich man will trump a poor man. A witty man will pull more than a dull man.

But rarely is skill with game distributed so equally. As I mentioned in the comments to Audacious' post, excepting fame and vast wealth the most powerful lifestyle change the typical man can make to improve his lot with women is to learn game. The psychosocial dominance and alpha mimickry that game teaches is worth a garage full of Ferraris. Give a beta a Ferrari and he'll look alpha while driving. Give a beta the self-confidence and swagger of someone who drives Ferraris and he'll look alpha all the time.

Realistically, homely betas wielding the power of game won't bang dime pieces (much). But they will begin to experience the pleasure of banging chicks 1 to 3 points higher on the looks scale than what they are used to scoring. And for most lifelong betas, that nontrivial step up the pussy ladder will feel like nirvana.

It is no exaggeration to say that game would have elevated the status, and hence the pussy-lubing power, of the clumsy, homely beta at Busboys far beyond his natural no-talents. And for a mere fraction of the cost in time and energy than he would have spent raising his status in more conventional, and socially-approved, ways.

Why Game Will Never Suffer From Overexposure

CH · 4 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Blue line = “fleshlight”. Red line = “dating tips”.

(Hat tip: many readers.)

April 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 5 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Drumroll please. Presenting the reader submitted nominees for the April 2009 Beta of the Month contest…

April 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by reader **Ben**. It's our first video submission for BOTM. It needs no introduction. I dare you to watch this all the way through without retching. If you're short on time, start watching around the 5:30 mark.

Feeling nauseated? Some of you may be so aghast that you doubt the authenticity of this magnificent specimen of beta. Surely this must be a satire of lovesick losers? A frat hazing joke? Sorry, I'm afraid it's the real deal. From his comments to the video:

> "Love Story" Genuine real life love story of one man's journey through time as he gives his all for one chance at a dream. Entirely filmed, produced, and directed by the man you see and him alone over the course of nine months. […]
>
> I believe the person I made this video for is living somewhere with her family and I truly hope they are all happy and doing well. I made this video to present on youtube because it was the only way I felt I could reach out to her to let her know how I still feel.
>
> Everyone should fully respect her privacy and wishes because I don't know how she views me now after all this time. We were together for two years and I don't know why for certain she was gone. I sincerely only want her to be happy even if that means me being out of her life. She is an awesome person who deserves the very best and I just hope she is able to see this.

File under: Oneitis.

Yeah, buddy, listen… this cheesy cornball shit won't work to do anything except strip you of your last shred of dignity. Your flexing biceps can't save you now.

This guy is a great example of the sort of suckass whose supplicating weakness you don't notice right away. He's good-looking, well built, and smiling like an idiot. But those muscles are painted on. Underneath the surface lies the beating heart of a natural born beta. Which just goes to prove that the tell-tale mark of the beta isn't how you look, but how you behave.

I guarantee his ex watched this video in horror, her vaj slowly sealing shut like King Tut's tomb. After the pity wore off, she recaptured her feminine essence by letting her new guy take her anally. There would be a little rectal tear.

The female commenters are hilarious:

> this is so sweet, i can't wait until i meet the guy who will care so much for me as you care for loren.

It never ceases to amaze how women can lie to themselves so effortlessly. Are women that removed from the workings of their own desire that they can't recognize their true natures? Any beta with thoughts of romance reading the above will get the wrong idea and the vicious cycle will continue — girls saying they want one thing, logical guys with neediness issues giving them what they want, girls getting annoyed and dumping logical, needy guys.

***

April 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by reader **Five**. It's the cringeworthy love story of the billionaire owner of the Red Sox who pours his heart out for a nascent cougar who, in turn, plays him like a fiddle.

> It reminds us a little of a Lifetime movie: Fabulously rich Red Sox owner falls head over heels for an attractive, much-younger woman who initially rebuffs her bigshot suitor but ultimately relents and begins planning a wedding.

“Initially rebuffs”. Yes, she played him good. I’m sure it was a great sacrifice for her to “ultimately relent”. A smart, aging broad with the wall rapidly approaching knows to pull every trick out of her playette’s handbook to land a Daddy Warbucks pot of gold. Especially when he’s a groveling beta. Rule #1: Delude the chump that her depreciating pussy is worth more than it is. There’s a billion dollar lotto to win, and a state-sanctioned half-billion (pity poor Mel Gibson, the fool) if she can get him to sign on the dotted line and leave him when she gets bored by his obsequious fawning.

Now, if I had a billion dollars, I would leverage that pile in conjunction with my game to pull a steady stream of hot stripper pussy until I’m lying cold in the grave. Vagina varietals, if you will. No wedding ring required. But this guy, this titan of industry, this captain of capitalism, what does he do? He pens sappy love poems to a has-been 6:

> *Dear Linda,*
> *A man needs a muse. Well, he doesn’t really. He doesn’t need nearly as much as he generally thinks he does. A man is greedy. Greedy for what he doesn’t think he has and what he thinks he wants.*
> *We probably wouldn’t have wandered far beyond the basic necessities without that pushing us. Progress is one of its most important byproducts.*
> *So you will ask, “Why are you writing this?” Because a brief encounter-and-a-half with you gave a cool spin to this little blue planet from my vantage point.*
> *We feted the Celtics tonight and the skies opened. The sun emerged and created a giant rainbow between the city and the park. We were transfixed.*
> *You only saw it if you were in the right place. I was in the right place when I noticed you.*
> *I barely know you. I don’t have any illusions about capturing your heart. But the world is brighter, better, lighter and warmer when a man imbues a woman he knows — even tabula rasa — with the attributes that I believe reside in you. It’s the small things that ultimately matter, the subtle things.*
> *I am honest. I don’t play games. And I see no reason not to say that I’ve been smitten by you and you’ve done me a great service.*
> *You’ve very innocently made my world brighter, better, lighter and warmer.*
> *So thanks.*
> *No response is necessary because a man doesn’t need nearly as much as he thinks he does.*

Here’s a pic of the Billionaire Beta’s muse:

Yenta-rrific!

This was her e-mail response to his passionately putrid overture:

> *A man may not need as much as he thinks he does, but courage and honesty should be acknowledged. I am not so naive as to believe I actually possess the qualities you attribute to me. But thank you.*

Like a Stradivarius. No doubt she was actually turned off by his betatude, but with that much money in play, it makes sense to feed his delusions and keep him chasing. Why are so many rich dudes so goddawful with women? Is it low testosterone? A belief that their cash buffers them from their worst instincts with women? A refusal to learn what makes women tick? Or is it that all that dough allows them the luxury of indulging their most cloyingly romantic beta impulses?

There's a theme to this month's BOTM contest: Superficially alpha guys betraying their beta souls.

The voting:

Addendum

I noticed in the reader submissions that some of the female readers don't quite grasp the concept of "beta". For example, here's a submission from **Bhetti**:

> A 42-year-old man who authorities say fathered 14 children with 13 different women in Genesee County and owes more than $530,000 in child support has been jailed for dodging payments.
>
> Thomas Frazier was ordered jailed Thursday and could spend 90 days behind bars if he doesn't pay $27,900, The Flint Journal reported. Court records say he hasn't made payments in the child support cases in six years.
>
> "I tried to find someone who would love me for me," said Frazier, who also described himself as a victim of a poor upbringing. Frazier said he thinks he fathered only three of the children – two daughters and a son.

Helpful hint: A guy who fathers 14 kids with 13 different women is the dictionary definition of an alpha. I

understand you women may not see it that way, but the only judge that matters in this high stakes game of American Alpha is the pussy. Betas don’t father bastards. Betas father other men’s bastards.

Reader Mailbag: Happiness Maximization Edition

CH · 6 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

> Just came back from a great night out, I'll try to make this brief.
>
> I am beta by every standard you can have. I am 24 and I've had one girlfriend, who I had for five years. She's my only lay.
>
> I have severe one-itis for a girl at work. She has a boyfriend. She's loyal to him. I know how ridiculous this sounds.
>
> The point is that I just came back from a night out with her and another guy, who isn't her boyfriend. The other guy is better looking than I am. He speaks something like three languages. He is "exotic." He has known the girl for a lot longer than I have; he has a personal nickname for her.
>
> Despite that, I rocked the whole night. This guy didn't stand a chance. It was brutal. Six months ago, she would have been all over him, and I would have been sitting on the sideline, feeling empty and depressed. I want to note that I haven't sarged once in those six months. (I have only ever sarged once, and it was barely, with two friends sarging and me being relegated to the ugly friend while they fought over the hot one.)
>
> How did this happen? Application of game, pure and simple, reading a lot of theory, but most of the stuff I can actually use has come from your site – not really practical tips (although these have helped), but just how you think about yourself.
>
> I'm a little buzzed, so I can't formulate this as well as I want to without being even more long-winded than I'm already being. But I just wanted to say thanks – sincere thanks for putting this stuff out there. In the reproduction competition of life, I am still losing. But I went out tonight and I had fun – something I can't say I've had while "out" for most of my life, but twice in the last three weeks, I've gone out and done this. I've gone from staying at home and feeling fucked to going out and participating in life, even a few nights being "that guy" who is driving the life of the party.
>
> So even if I'm never a guy who can attract women consistently (although my belief that this is impossible fades day by day), application of the principles you espouse on the site have enabled me to actually be able to engage women in a way where I'm having fun, she's having fun, where there is sexual tension and attraction, things that I have not really ever experienced as an adult. It is a feeling I can only describe as amazing.
>
> Do I think you can be an asshole at times? Yeah. Who doesn't? But I'd be the first guy to raise my hand to object to anyone who says what you're doing is destructive, bad, etc. I'm biased because it's my life, so it feels much more immediate, but just the fact that what you're publishing on your site has been this useful, not to merely manifesting happiness, but virtually constructing it, in this one important arena of a man's life – washes away a multitude of sins.
>
> Best to you and yours, thanks again.
> B.

I beam with pride when I read emails like this one. My hatred and evil brings love and good into the world. What was that sucking noise? Ah, yes, another steaming load of useless new age twaddle circling the drain.

First off, if you've had a girlfriend for five years that you were banging then you are not a beta "by every standard", unless she is fat or ugly. Truly incorrigible betas can't even manage that. So don't beat yourself up too much. You're not losing "in the reproduction area of life" because there are millions of men who aren't getting any pussy at all and have to satisfy themselves with fleshlights. At your age with your one long-term girlfriend, you are, in fact, right smack in the middle of the oat-sowing bell curve.

Second, don't fret about consistency in picking up chicks. From my experience and from what I know of naturals who do well with women, you will have brief periods of scarcity. This is the ebb and flow of the sexual market. Don't panic and try to force your way out of those normal, cyclical downtimes. Foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of beta minds. If you get into the self-defeating habit of ticking off the days and weeks since your last lay you will poison the well of your carefully cultivated alpha essence. Alphas never care about time since last bang because they don't operate from a scarcity mentality; they know another woman is always within reach.

> It is a feeling I can only describe as amazing.

Just wait until you jizz up her nose and she sneezes it out.

> Do I think you can be an asshole at times? Yeah.

Don't forget a narcissistic prick.

> I'm biased because it's my life, so it feels much more immediate, but just the fact that what you're publishing on your site has been this useful, not to merely manifesting happiness, but virtually constructing it, in this one important arena of a man's life – washes away a multitude of sins.

You wrote something important here — happiness is not granted from on high nor is it a wispy feeling that randomly alights on your mood. Happiness is constructed. It is the direct result of actions taken that further your genes' goals of survival and reproduction. The better a man becomes with women, the happier he will be. Only monks dedicated to stripping themselves of their humanity and disembodying their consciousness from their physical shells can be said to rise above this happiness equation. Sure you could be a monk, but it's easier to learn game. And a lot more fun.

Email #2

> I met a girl with a 'prior engagement.' She lives with him, and likes him but somehow found herself on my lips. It was on an overnight cruise. She was receptive to my touch; every kiss, however, would end with her withdrawing and looking down in shame, touching. She did not reveal to her friends this dalliance of hers.
>
> How would you overcome such resistance?
>
> Note: This question is more hypothetical in nature; I did not take her number.
>
> bien respectueusement
>
> A.M.

She's feeling like a cheap whore. As well she should. Your job, should you decide to accept it, is to communicate your nonjudgmentalism and the premium you place on secrecy in your affairs. "I believe that a good life, a fulfilled life, is one where we explore the possibilities, and never deny ourselves genuine happiness. There is nothing worse in life than regret, wouldn't you agree?"

When she looks down, draw her attention away from her great shame. Take her hand and pull her to another location, point out the birghtness of the moon to her, and force her mind to occupy itself with positive feelings. You want to drown her guilt in a cascade of competing emotions. Venue changing is of utmost importance. So is establishing an immoveable frame. When she mutters regret under her breath, or looks down at her lap after a makeout, ignore the beta bait. Pull back and talk about random things. In her horror at the surge of her own uncontainable desire, she may blurt out details of her 'prior engagement', as if you should care. Ignore her. These are the words of a woman in the process of rationalizing what she is about to do despite her misgivings. Never attempt to engage her logically by talking her into an affair. That will backfire. Always… ALWAYS… remain in

the realm of feelings. Good feelings. Whimsical feelings. …HORNY feelings.

Email #3

> Feel free to publish this but don't include my name or address.
>
> She cheated. I don't want her back. I want to crush her ego to the point where she will regret this action forever.
>
> You know the answer.
>
> Anon

Unlike the spineless pissboys and pissgirls who infest the ranks of our postmodern society (and this blog) with their limpdicked self-help dribblings to "move on" and "be the better man", I will give you a chalice of hearty vengeance straight up and garnished with a gleeful cackle. Drink it down and feel it nourish your soul. After all, revenge is as sweet as love, and as natural. We would not possess the feeling if it did not most times work to our benefit.

First, I have to assume something about you and her. If she is crawling back to you hoping to wash away the stain of her sin by offering her only begotten womb to hang on the shaft of your cock, take her one more time. Keep the video camera running out of view while you are ripping apart her anus. Have bra and panties from another woman (purchased if necessary) lying strategically under your pillow for her to find during or after sex. When she has run crying out of your home, send a copy of the video to her parents with the words "A girl who was raised right" and a copy to the man with whom she cheated with the words "She loves you." Go to a payphone in another city where you cannot be traced and call her employer, notifying them that she has been pilfering company property, and as you are a friend of another employee of that company who tipped you off (do some research and find out who her friends are where she works) you thought they should know. Tell human resources you must remain anonymous because the tip-off friend is worried that she (your girlfriend) has an explosive personality and might do something drastic.

If, on the other hand, she is not coming back for more sex, your options are more limited and you will have to do additional legwork to exact your vengeance. Do you have old sex vids of her in possession? Do what I wrote above. If you don't have sex vids, find out if she is still seeing the guy she cheated with? If so, go to him in the spirit of two brothers meeting to discuss a family matter and offer him cash to make a lurid sex video of her and pass it on to you for public exposure. Your goal is to drag her reputation through the mud; girls live and breathe by their reps. If the new guy loves her, this tactic probably won't be fruitful, unless you are willing to pay handsomely.

If the sex vid option is unavailable, do some research to locate and meet all her ex-boyfriends. Almost all exes would be happy to stick the shiv in for shits and giggles. Dig up as much dirt, true or not, as possible from them, along with pics and any love notes or saved emails, compile it into a prurient email novella and pass along to all her friends using an anonymous remailer so you cannot be traced. Be sure to have taped recordings of your ex bad-mouthing her current girlfriends (almost all girls have called a BFF "fat" or "slutty") and insert them into your email as an audio file. Start a blog called "Mylovenoteto[name of your ex].com" and update daily with pics and torrid gossip. Always deny involvement.

Godspeed, Avatar of the Light!

Open This Set

CH · 7 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this photo…

A reader, who obviously remembers the first installment of 'Open This Set', sent me the above photo along with the following challenge to my manhood:

> Attached is a set. Your target is second from right, against the pillar.
> Go.

I accept this mission.

One, I would approach this four set obliquely, by myself, as if I was walking past them on my way to get free drinks from prettier women. I understand the wisdom of entering sets alone and having a wing step in later if necessary. After all, what will a woman deem more courageous and alpha? A solo rebel or a man riding point with moral support from his wolfpack?

Since this is an all-female set I can be flirty and edgy right away. No need to ease in slowly and assure a bunch of guy friends that I am not a threat. I notice a few things in the split second before opening — lots of half-empty drinks and a bottle, dyed hair, phallic toy (bachelorette party?) being held by girl with loudest fashion sense (attention whore), older brunette is the mother hen, two girls on right closer to each other than they are to the other two, girl in purple is the neediest (conspicuous lean-in), all four sitting on couch (possible bottle service? girls' night out?), and most importantly… the target (second from right) has her hand wedged deep between her legs with her knees pressed together tightly. She is ovulating and horny. Her vulva rubs against the sheer fabric of her black tights. She will respond very well to a neg because ovulating girls are the ones most aroused by dominant men.

There are two options for opening here. Either go simple and straightforward, or go situational. Both are effective. An easy-to-remember generic opener, and one that would work well for men who sometimes experience brain lock on the approach, is a Roosh-style opener. For example:

"You guys look like you're having the most fun of anyone here."

The opener I would use for this set would be situational. The situational opener, a little more advanced as it requires thinking on your feet, has to focus on something unique about them and their immediate surroundings. I would stop halfway between, look over my shoulder, and address the girl most likely to cockblock — the American Bitch with the penis toy:

“You’re not holding it right. You want to pull it off? Figures. I feel sorry for your husband.”

Some laughing and shrieking would ensue, American Bitch would insist she doesn’t have a husband (I knew this already because I took note of the lack of a ring), and then I would propel the banter forward by accusing them of being another lame bachelorette party. I would wonder aloud if their fiancees knew what they were up to tonight. This baits them to give me vital information on who is in a serious relationship. Then I would turn my attention to my target and unload a neg:

“You look uncomfortable with that toy so close to you.”

I would then quickly address the two on the left. “Do you guys have to drag her kicking and screaming into having a good time?” Smirking, of course. Consider the smirk the .44 Magnum of the inveterate player. It always hits what it aims for and removes bitch shields like it removes fingerprints.

I’ve just flipped the frame from trying to earn their approval, to having them defend the group dynamic of their unimpressive girl fiefdom. It goes well (it always does because I am James Motherfucking Bond) and I motion for one of my boys to come over so we can either get these girls up off the couch or nudge them apart by sitting down with them. Sitting on the couch while I stand is a power position for them, and stripping them of that power is of the utmost urgency.

Now it’s your turn.

Go.

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Go.

I Once Banged A Girl Who Was Banged By A Rockstar

CH · 8 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A girl with whom I was having a sexual fling (squirter) once challenged me, while we were out together, to pick up a woman sitting at the bar by herself. I suppose the thought of me seducing another woman turned her on. I've dated quite a few slutty freaks like her. Naturally, I obliged. Seducing women is why Our Lord Below put me on this good green earth. (I wonder how a beta male would have responded to such a request? "*Stop being silly, honeybunny, I'm not going to hit on another woman. That's just WRONG. I'm with *you* now.*")

Donning my war mask (shit-eating grin and eye twinkle) I sidled up to the statuesque blonde sipping her Guinness. She was around 30, and quite attractive. She had a proudly feminine face of Scandinavian origin and wide, child-birthing hips. Even though she was sitting, I could tell she was very tall, perhaps six feet. Inspired by the jealousy I would provoke in my audience (who was standing only 10 feet away with an unobstructed view of my full-scale assault), I ran some of my tightest game. Blonde warrioress had no chance. She withered into a puddle of warm arousal. Occasionally, I would look over at my date to see how she was reacting (mouth agape) and the blonde would catch me doing this and ask if I knew her. "Yes", I said, "She's a friend." Coast cleared.

I number closed the blonde in fifteen minutes and told her I had to get back to my "friend". When I strolled back, triumphant, my date didn't look too happy, but I'm sure she was turned on. I was worried she would attempt to sabotage my chances with the blonde by making out with me right there, so I shuffled us both out of there in a hurry. Later, after a rigorous interrogation, I lied to my date that had I erased the blonde's phone number. If you're gonna play a high stakes game, don't expect the rules to be fair.

A couple days later I took the blonde on a date to my favorite dive bar. We hit it off. Drinks, walking around the park, making out, sliding a hand down her pants and diddling her taint. The only thing I remember her saying was that she once had a two year relationship with Anthony Kiedis. She was a teenager (possibly underage) when she met him backstage at one of his shows. He was bigtime and had just crossed the Pussicon into rockstardom; girls were his for the taking, like so many juicy grapes plucked off the vine.

Intrigued by her admission, I pressed for more details. The thought of her having gotten fucked by Anthony Kiedis inexplicably turned me on. "Wow," I remember thinking at the time, "I'm gonna bang the same hole that Anthony Kiedis' supermodel-banging cock has been in. That's one vulva of separation."

Turns out that her definition of "relationship" was highly fluid, dependent on the desirablility of the man she was "seeing". For the typical beta male, "relationship" means "ball and chain"; for a guy like Anthony Kiedis, "relationship" means he continues fucking tons of hot young girls but looks more deeply into your eyes than he does into the eyes of all the other women, thus making everything OK. Which is pretty much how it went between her and him. She was dating him, but would sometimes catch him fooling around at his shows. Despite that, she was never worried that he didn't love her.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because once he saw me he would immediately drop whichever girls he was kissing and come over to tell me he loved me."

"I see."

This was a grown woman saying this.

So two years dating a rockstar and finally they drifted apart. She was divorced (she left a rich lawyer) and had dated other men since, but the only fond memories she had were of Mr. Anthony Kiedis, womanizer extraordinaire who made her heart swell with love when he stopped fucking his groupies for one second to kiss her gently on the cheek. Her ex-husband and ex-lovers may as well have never existed except as feeble also-rans throwing in stark contrast the powerful nostalgic glow of her blood, sugar, sex, magik memories.

On our second date, I drove her home to her cavernous suburban mcmansion and fumbled backwards through the dark into her bedroom, stripping off clothes along the way. I stepped on something rubbery and heard a squeak. Since I was fully turgid and throbbing with urgency, I paid it no heed. In the morning, I woke up first and rubbed my eyes. There were children's toys littered on the floor.

Nordic Princess woke up. "I guess I should tell you that I have kids."

"Yeah… interesting. So… how many?"

She replied, sheepishly, "Four."

"Wow, that's… impressive. Very, um, active." I was right about her child-birthing hips.

"They're with my ex. Two of them are already in school."

"Uh, huh."

"Are you OK with that? I was worried you might freak when you found out."

"Perfectly fine. Kids are great," I lied.

"They spend a lot of time with my ex-husband. He's a good father. So don't worry I'm not searching for a replacement father."

"No worries!"

We ate breakfast and I kissed her goodbye, promising to give her a call. On the drive home I deleted her number from my phone.

Three Macbooks

CH · 10 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sitting here in a coffeehouse and to my right are three people — a black man, a white woman, and a white man — sitting adjacent on a couch. All three are haughtily typing on Macbooks propped on their knees.

I stare at them, smiling. "Ha, you guys look like a commercial." I point my finger at each Macbook. A woman seated across from me suppresses a giggle.

The black guy and the white woman grin at my perspicacity. The white guy does not smile. He furrows his brow at me, clearly displeased that I have made a mockery of his lame SWPL status whoring. I smile at him in return.

There is no escaping tribalism.

Lenovo Thinkpad. That's a real man's laptop.

Hangover Game

CH · 11 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A reader e-mailed me the following observation:

> No game?
>
> Go out, get drunk with your friends.
>
> Wake up feeling like a bag of shit.
>
> THEN go run your game. I can't believe I never noticed this. I went drinking last night with a few buddies, got hammered and today felt like crap. I went to the mall to get a Mother's Day gift, and I tried to get a few things going with some sexy girls. I'm at the mall so rarely so I try to take advantage of it. I approached five girls and came away with two numbers.
>
> Gaming girls when you're hungover is pretty airtight, just make sure you shower and get dressed first, because you at least want to look presentable (I donned a typical jeans and t combo over black loafers with aviators up top) and not smell like a brewery. When you're hungover, you don't give a fuck, you feel like shit, your movements are slow, your voice is in a lower register and you feel too crappy to put up a false facade of happiness when some little hottie is talking to you. In other words, hangovers make you more aloof, less caring, more alpha.

Looking back on those times when my pickup attempts intersected with my hangovers, I have to say this sounds right. There is gold to be mined in hangover game. The reader hit upon the main reason hangover game works — it turns you into a surly asshole.

What do you get when you take a man and deepen his voice, slow down his movements, remove all semblance of a smile, infuse him with a don't-give-a-fuck attitude, and prop dark sunglasses on his raccoon eyes? You create a pussy magnet.

Suggestion: There is a fine line between hungover zombie and homeless bum, so shower off the stank and brush your teeth before heading out into the painfully bright sunlight.

Another solid game tactic is "Day Drinking Game". On warm weekends, I like to sit outside on the patio with my buddies at my favorite bars and drink cheap beer, achieving a slow buzz and keeping it there as long as possible without tipping over into full blown drunkenness. This is known as the "European way". Then I run day game. Twenty-two Yuenglings on a hot, humid August day will make you irresistible to the ladies. No joke. Have gum ready.

Washington Post Fembot Tells Cuckold 'Suck It Up'

CH · 12 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A diligent reader emailed me a 'Beta of the Month' submission about a guy who fears he may have been cuckolded and who turns to a Washington Post advice columnist for support in his time of need. I read the article and decided that the real value to be gleaned was not in the unearthing of stupefying betatude (after all, at Chateau Heartiste where the better angels of humanity are handcuffed to bedposts and repeatedly gangbanged by their demonic cousins, mewling cuckolds are mere run of the mill betas), but in the reply to the beta chump by Carolyn Hax, a Washington Post **Style columnist**.

I reprint the column in full along with my remarks, so that you may glimpse the true face of woman.

Here is the original cry of anguish by the man who believes his child is not of his beta loin:

> *Hi, Carolyn:*
>
> *I'm writing to you because I don't know who else to ask. My wife and I have been happily married for six years. We have a beautiful daughter, age 2. For about the past six months I have suspected my daughter isn't really "mine." I have never suspected my wife of cheating on me, but for a number of reasons I cannot quiet my suspicions about the baby. I have not confronted my wife because I know that might devastate our marriage. But I have to know. What should I do?*
>
> *Suspicious*

If a man suspects his wife has cuckolded him, the odds of his child not being his rise to 30%. The general nonpaternity rate is around 4%. Low confidence "fathers" are right to be worried. Cuckoldry is serious business because it is the female form of rape.

So by the second sentence I know this guy is a Natural Born Beta. It's always the guys getting most screwed by their wives who persist in believing they are "happily married" seconds before she's caught with her boss's dick in her mouth. Another telltale sign of the beta: If he cajoles tepid sex out of his wife once a month he thinks that is proof the marriage is full of love. If you want to know how well a marriage is doing, don't look at the husband's face for hints of marital bliss; look at the wife's face.

Now we'll examine the **Style columnist's** family counseling advice. You may want to prepare a crucifix and garlic.

> Give careful thought, please, to what you "have to" know.

This is going to be good. The first words out of her mouth are a slopbucket of shame aimed straight at… the man.

> When just seeking the truth could change your life in dramatic and irreversible ways, it's best to start not by actually doing something but by inviting each possible truth into your imagination as fact.

What the fuck does she mean here? This is postmodern therapeutic age gibberish squared. Nonsense on stilts. "Invite each possible truth into your imagination as fact"? Screw action, just imagine everything is true. Embrace the female way: Wallow in your psychodrama while getting nothing accomplished. It's no wonder the newspaper empire is crumbling with the third rate hacks they have writing for them nowadays. I spewed more sensible shit after a 12 hour dorm room pot and Milwaukee's Best bender.

> That way, you can figure out the way you want your life to look before you start saying things you might regret.

Wait, did I miss something, or did Miss Hax Off Your Balls just guilt trip the guy who got cuckolded?

> If your life were a physical structure, this would be the “blueprint before sledgehammer” approach.

Translation: If you just take a breather and don’t let your anger and pain get the best of you, you’ll find that life as a beta provider for an alpha’s kid isn’t so bad. Your wife will love you for your measured approach and self-sacrifice, and the most important thing is to keep your wife happy, right? Right? At the very least…

…do it for the children.

> If your “number of reasons” points to infidelity, for example, then you need to imagine the worst, and assume your wife did cheat — Imaginary Scenario 1 — and then you need to decide whether you’d want to stay in the marriage or leave.

I’d think the decision would be self-evident, but hey, we’re talking about spineless betas and amoral women here, so everything is up for grabs. Bizzaro America!

> If the answer is to stay (Scenario 1a), then you need to ask yourself, is that outcome better served by not digging into the past?

If the guy decides to stay and prove to the world what a pathetic sap he is, then I suppose he deserves the indignity of having his worthlessness as a man rubbed in his face every time his non-kid is in the same room with him. If he’s that low on the self-esteem pole then he might be able sack down and survive eighteen years without once mentioning his wife’s whoring and the kid who doesn’t look anything like him. I can imagine the thoughts going through his head, when years later our protagonist is coaching his daughter’s soccer team: “Wow, she’s so athletic and assertive. And so attractive, too. Maybe it’s for the best that my genes weren’t passed on. Life is beautiful!”

> If the answer is to leave (1b), are you ready to challenge your paternity — or have it challenged by your at-that-point-estranged wife?

1b? Is this superfluous numbering system supposed to make her sound scientific? Maybe it’s just my male logic, but if the guy decides to leave the marriage on account of strong evidence — say, oh I dunno, a paternity test — that he is a cuckold, then it wouldn’t much matter if his cheating whore of a wife is estranged from him or challenges what he already challenged.

> If, on the other hand, your suspicions are based solely on your child’s appearance, then you need to ask yourself if you’re being irrational; genes are a lot more complicated than the “She has a cleft chin and therefore can’t be mine” parlor games would suggest.

More shame. You starting to notice a pattern? This is what women do when they have nothing left to fall back on but hollow arguments. Fact: Babies look more like their fathers than their mothers. This is an evolutionary adaptation that ensures fathers will stick around to care for the infant. “Cleft chin” red herring notwithstanding, if the guy thinks his kid doesn’t look like him and therefore could be the cable guy’s kid, he’s got a 30% chance of being dreadfully right.

> But let’s say instead you have an unshakeable gut instinct that this is someone else’s child. If you’re right, then the percentages would be obviously (and heavily) in favor of infidelity, which loops you back to Scenario 1.
>
> Still, you can’t entirely rule out the rarer than rare, yet not unprecedented, hospital error — Scenario 2 –

She’s flailing.

> so you also have to imagine your way through to the conclusion of a different worst-case altogether: If the baby turns out to be neither yours nor your wife's biological child, would you still love this baby?

Alpha answer: No.
Beta answer: No, but I'll say yes because it's what's expected of me.

> Want to raise her?

Alpha answer: Hello, orphanage drop off box!
Beta answer: My wife said she'll stop giving me biannual handjobs if I don't say I'll love the child as if it were my own.

> Want to find your biological child and switch?

Style columnist Hax either has a weak grasp of human nature, or a weak grasp of rhetorical devices.

> In other words, would it make a difference if this were error vs. deception?

No. If it was a hospital error, then the wife should be equally pleased as her husband to know the truth. Their marriage would remain strong, or at least viable, as they made arrangements with the hospital to find their true baby and swap kids with the other victimized family who mistakenly got their kid.

If it was deception, then their marriage (hopefully, but you can never know for sure with these congenital betas) will dissolve, but the cuckold will have spared himself the humility and genetic metadeath of providing for another man's legacy with his sweat and tears while his own sad seed withers to dust.

> If you decide you'd want this child no matter what, then the question becomes, again, why you'd want to risk everything to scratch even a torturous itch.

Is the idea of robbing a man of eighteen years of his life and a chance to bear and love his own children meaningless to this **Style columnist**? Here's an analogy, Miss Hax, you could try wrapping your twisted cancerous soul around: A man getting cuckolded is the moral equivalent of a woman getting secretly implanted with another woman's fertilized egg, giving birth to it, and raising it for eighteen years.

Is any of this getting through to you? Bitch?

> And finally: What if you started digging, wrecked your marriage and learned your daughter *is* "yours"?

Q-tip swab of the kid's cheek while the wife is away takes two seconds. He can have the sample tested with no one the wiser. If the kid is his, hey, he can sleep easy at night and feel good about helping his kid with her homework. The proof of his paternity might even motivate him to go down on his wife. If the kid isn't his, the marriage was wrecked long before he "started digging".

> I urge you to imagine your way down every painful avenue here, best cases as well as worst.

Translation: I urge you to find it in your heart to put aside your doubts for the good of your wife and bastard child.

> Then, once you've figured out what you can live with emotionally, please, if you're considering any action at all, have a lawyer vet it legally.

Vet? Vetting is beta. Get the paternity test done before consulting any lawyers, and when you do get a lawyer with test results in hand, make sure your wife doesn't find out about any of it until you slap her with the divorce papers. You don't do battle with a whore by playing nice.

> Only then can you be confident whether truth-seeking serves your interests — and your family's — or smashes them to bits.

Shame! It's what's for dinner! Gotta love her admonishing a cuckold — the victim, remember? — that he needs to serve his *family's interest* along with his own. I guarantee every woman reading this Post article nodded their heads in agreement with the author, and probably quite a few limpwristed faggy SWPL betaboys agreed, too. A better illustration of the second class status of beta males in society — as foretold by our evolutionary heritage — would be hard to find. Women are simply assumed to be moral paragons and Vestal Virgins, and betas are… there to be ransacked.

Give, betas, give till it hurts. And when the hurt begins, don't bitch and moan about your endless torment. Just keep giving. While you're paying the last ounce of tribute in self-respect, here's some porn to keep your senses dulled.

***

Whenever I read articles by women attempting to grapple with the evil of cuckoldry, the impression I am always left with is one of fear. I can smell the fear in their words. It emanates from every ill-conceived shaming maneuver and transparent rationalization. The emptiness of their amoral excuse-mongering is beyond lame.

"If you confront your wife over her cheating your family will shatter."

If she cheated the family is already shattered.

"You have to suck it up for the good of the child."

She should have thought of the child's welfare before spreading wide for the alpha interloper to blast in her pussy.

"What good will come of the truth?"

Good has got nothing to do with it. But justice and dignity do. Not to mention the Darwinian prime directive.

Finally, my favorite of all the cuckoldry excuser tactics:

*"Be the GOOD MAN and take one for the team. After all… *wink wink*… it's not like you're gonna find another woman."*

To which a man should answer in the only way acceptable: FUUUUUUUCK YOU.

The fear coming from women when the spotlight is on efforts by men to expose cuckoldry is perfectly understandable. Humans fear most the loss of mating power, and the prerogative of women to get impregnated on the sly with an alpha while foisting the bill on a beta is a hardwired preference millions of years old. Any threat to the established order, especially an existential threat as game-changing as DNA paternity testing, will send women into involuntary apoplexies of hair-raising moral myopia. The beastly decrepitude of their animal souls will lay bare for all to see.

Hallmark doesn't make cards for moments like these.

The first Sexual Apocalypse was heralded by the death song of the following Four Sirens: the Pill, No-Fault Divorce, Economic Gender Egalitarianism, and Misandrist Laws. But a new era is upon us. As I see it, the future of humanity will radically change once again with the coming of the Three Horsemen of the Second Sexual Apocalypse:

Widespread, accurate and accessible paternity testing.
The male Pill.

Realistic sexbots.

Paternity testing alone is enough to alter women's sexual behavior in a big way. Mandatory paternity testing is already on the docket in some legislatures. There have been hopeful signs of justice being served. It's not enough to say "Well, only 3-4% of women cuckold their husbands. So really, not much will change." The impact isn't in the marginal loss of cuckoldry as a mating strategy, but in the *perception* of loss by *all* women. Even the most faithful, loving wife has the corrupt core of a cheating whore buried deep in her hindbrain. Blasting rays of sunlight on her gnarled, caged id won't be met with good cheer. I predict very few fertile-age women will be emotionally invested in men's paternity rights, and in fact most of them will advocate against it. Pussywhipped beta males and opportunistic alpha males sufficiently sequestered from the negative consequences of their decisions will likely defend the women in hopes of short term gain in payment of sexual favors. If you think alpha males of middling resources would vigorously support mandatory paternity testing, remind yourself who benefits the most from cuckoldry.

Here is Miss Hax's contact info:

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or .

It would be fun if my readers sent her a link to my post under the ruse of fan mail. The goal isn't to change her mind — no, that will never happen — the goal is to drive a chainsaw through her soul. To make her hurt. To sear her ego with the harsh, ugly truth. Sadism is an exquisite pleasure for those practitioners trained in the art of administering it.

***

A final note: I will play therapist for a moment and give proper counseling to Mr. "Suspicious":

Q-tip. Swab. Paternity testing clinic. The rest is commentary.

And because I am a gracious and good man of charitable inclination, I also give my tender and supportive counseling to Miss Hax:

"Please, Miss Hax, take a seat on the couch over there. Yes, that's good. Ok… now… tell me only the bad things that come to mind when you hear the word

C U N T."

Girls Who Insisted I Use A Condom

CH · 13 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's interesting to recall who among the women blessed to have crossed lifepaths with the masculine juggernaut that is moi insisted I use a condom on the first night together. (Note: This is a separate issue from whether I decided to use a condom myself.)

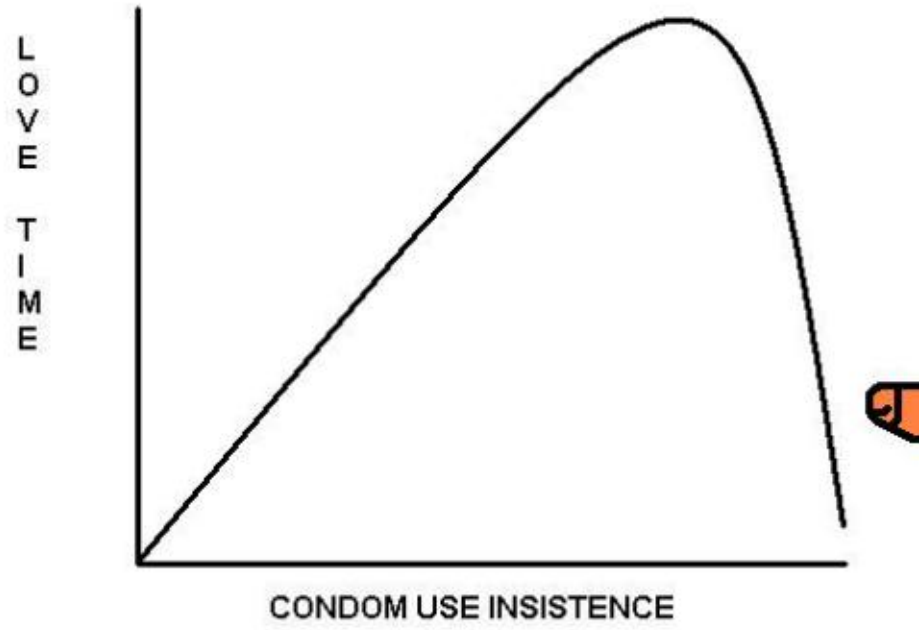
A partial selection (because who can remember every girl they've slept with?):

Update: I completely forgot the DC lawyer chicks ———— NO CONDOM.

First love — Insisted on condom.
French au pair — Insisted on condom. Rolled it on with her mouth.
Bikini girl — No condom.
Riotgrrl DJ — Insisted on condom.
Library pickup — No condom.
Chinese girl — Insisted on condom.
Asian girl of indeterminate origin — No condom.
Asian girl of painfully tight hole — Insisted on condom.
Amelie lookalike — Insisted on condom.
Indian girl — Insisted on condom for blowjob (!) but not for sex (!!).
Artsy chick (#17 in a series) — Insisted on condom.
Cokehead — Insisted on condom.
Girl who was beaten by stepdad — Insisted on condom.
Ugliest girl I have ever banged — No condom.
Hard-charging MBA student — No condom.
Best friend of hard-charging MBA student — Insisted on condom.
Married Russian chick — No condom.
Russian au pair — Insisted on condom.
Married Polish chick — No condom.
Blonde with boyfriend — No condom.
Short brunette with boyfriend — No condom.
Bartender 1 — No condom.
Bartender 2 — No condom.
Bartender 3 — No condom.
Stripper — Insisted on condom.
Croatian chick — Insisted on condom.
Girl with smelly pussy — No condom.
Girl with five mangy hamsters for pets — Insisted on condom.
Black girl — No condom.
NIH nurse — Insisted on condom for round one but dropped insistence for round two.
Tomboy — Insisted on condom.
Romanian chick — No condom.
Preacher's daughter (for real) — Insisted on condom.
Niece of semi-famous politico — Insisted on condom.
Blog groupies (6 of 13) — No condom.
Girl with furry ass — Insisted on condom.
Army girl with smelly ass — No condom.
Bulgarian girl — Insisted on condom.
Finnish girl — No condom.

Turkish girl — No condom.
Argentinian girl — Insisted on condom.
French girl with the most beautiful name in the world — No condom.
Girl who mentioned she was a Mensa member — No condom.
Chic Noir — No condom.

Rubbing my chin in deep pontification, savoring every delicious sexual memory, I detect a correlation between how long I dated a girl and whether she insisted I use a condom on the first night together. Here is a graphical representation:



The time I spent with the girl is the vertical axis. The number of times she insisted I use a condom is the horizontal axis. (Condom insistence was usually frontloaded in the dating cycle.) As we can see, the girls who insisted I use a condom on the first night were more likely to be granted the privilege of being my girlfriend. Dirty little sluts who flung themselves at my unsheathed cock had a higher chance of being a pump and dump or short term fling.

The longer a girl insisted on condom usage, the likelier I would treat her like a precious gemstone. But there are diminishing returns to this general rule. If a girl refused to start taking the pill and made me wear a condom well past the four week mark, I cut her loose. This was probably a wise decision by me. One, condoms suck. Two, she thinks I'm sleeping around on her but doesn't care (this is a bad foundation for a fledgling relationship, even if true). Three, I wonder who else is she fucking?

For solid girlfriend material, you'll want to aim for a condom usage insistence number of three sexual encounters. This allows her to maintain the fiction that she isn't a slut, while not pushing you past the point of grudging acceptance into resentment at having your pleasure circumscribed by some smelly latex.

Keys To A Healthy Relationship

CH · 14 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Install a high-powered fan in your bathroom to drown out the sounds of your woman crapping in the morning. *plop plop*!

Let her do the talking 80% of the time and the action 20% of the time.

Tease her 99 out of 100 verbal interactions. Walk right up to the point of offending her, and stop short there. This is an art. With practice, it will come second nature.

Notice something flattering about her once every ten hours together. Complimenting her choice in shoes is a sure bet.

After a makeout, say, “You just gave me a boney.”

Do not roll on your own condoms. That’s what she has hands, feet and a mouth for. Most girls love to put the condom on, anyhow.

After you’ve shot your whey protein-boosted load across her chest, admire your handiwork for a bit, get up, grab a towel, and throw it in her face while saying “You’d better clean yourself off, babe.” This is catnip to chicks. I don’t know why. Just run with it.

If you’re going to appreciate one thing about your woman, appreciate her cooking. Second choice: Her sexual prowess.

Be late for one out of three dates. When out on the town with your girl, saunter off for fifteen minutes to talk to a bartender/friend/lonely old guy, leaving her wondering where you’ve gone. Lesson: Don’t be *too* reliable.

Don’t rummage through her dirty laundry out of morbid curiosity. You won’t like what you find.

Two words: Air fresheners.

If you catch her pooping, peeing, shaving, tweezing, squeezing, popping, plucking, picking, inserting, removing, douching, trimming, waxing, or sandpapering, pretend you didn’t notice.

Do NOT, under any circumstance, get a cat. She will divide her love between you and the cat.

Dogs are OK, though, as long as the dog is more loyal to you than to her. Train the dog to sniff out the arrival of her period. Which brings us to…

Temporarily walk out of her life when she’s on the rag. Come back when the coast is clear.

Password-protect the digital photo, digital “black book”, and porn folders on your computer. Remember to delete photos of exes and current girlfriends from your camera. (I learned this the hard way.)

Leave articles about low carb dieting and weightlifting conspicuously lying around your home. Include one article about a guy who left his fat wife for a skinny co-ed. Best to nip any future problems in the bud.

Don’t arm wrestle her if you can’t beat her.

Don’t be a cheapskate with the toilet paper. Minimum three-ply. You can cut corners elsewhere.

Go shooting with her at least once.

Commit this line to memory: “It looks better on you, honey.”

And the Number One Key to a healthy relationship:

Cum in her mouth and hold it closed until she swallows it. Also known as: Pair bonding.

Hero

CH · 15 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Maybe I should start an 'Alpha of the Month' series. Check out this guy:

> A man who stopped paying alimony payments to his Clay County ex-wife five years ago and moved to Indonesia — out of the reach of law enforcement — was arrested Friday when he returned to town for a wedding.
>
> The Clay County Sheriff's Office said David Evans owes his wife $188,000 in alimony payments.

$188,000. Say it to yourself. ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY-EIGHT THOUSAND. For saying "I do". There is not a woman alive whose blowjob technique merits $188,000 in recompense. The alimony payday is state-sanctioned theft, pure and simple.

I've long advocated that should you find yourself on the assramming end of the divorce industrial complex, your best bet is to shift your assets overseas and leave the country. Our hero flipped the bird at our anti-male laws, and for that, I salute him. The fact that he slipped up and stupidly returned to the US five years later for a wedding (irony alert) shouldn't detract from his admirable heroism in the field of battle. I bestow upon him the greatest honor a man can receive — membership in the Heartiste Society, including the wrought-iron triskelion ring which will grant him access to the chateau.

If alphas have a 'look', then this guy has it:

"STEEEEEELLAAAAA!!!!"

At this point, it hardly matters what this guy did or didn't do in the run-up to his divorce. He may have cheated, lied and stolen, or his wife may have boffed his cousin. The marriage culture has degenerated to such a nadir that these piddling he said-she said details are of little concern in the face of the larger injustice. Absent children and proof of fault, there is no good reason a man should owe his ex-wife ONE RED CENT in the event of a divorce. If she stayed at home becoming best friends with Oprah instead of advancing in a pointless public relations career, that is her body her choice, and the consequences are hers to grapple with. To believe otherwise is to believe that the state should treat women like children, incapable of accounting for their own life choices. And if that's the standard by which the state will act with regards to women's post-marital entitlements, then I suggest the state extend its paternalistic logic to other realms in which women operate. A repeal of female voting rights would be a good start.

If a woman initiates divorce from a man and children are involved, unless she can prove fault by her husband she should not even get child support. I can already hear the disingenuous whining. "But the children will suffer! Think of the children!" If the children are suffering she can always stay with her husband, give them to the husband if she

decides to ditch him, or put the kids up for adoption. If she wishes to give the kids to the ex-husband, but he'd rather not have his freedom and funtime curtailed by babysitting duties (and I wouldn't blame him), *and* the divorce was his fault, he can have the option of paying child support in lieu of physically raising them.

Any woman who has a problem with what I wrote has revealed herself to be a leech intent on riding the gravy train. Humans will cling to nothing as tenaciously as a structurally advantageous power position. In America 2009, the emergent marriage and divorce conspiracy is such an obviously raw deal for men that it's a wonder they still bother. The fear must be strong in many men. If I were the hypothetical leader of this conspiracy, I would target young, religious men for marriage who were too naive to know any better.

There are ways to save marriage, but I can sleep easy at night knowing no one will take up the cause. My lifestyle will remain unchallenged.

To recap: Don't get married. At least when you break up with a girlfriend you don't have to provide her with a retirement plan.

Comment Policy

CH · 17 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader **sestamibi** wrote:

> Roissy, I've been a follower of your blog for two years now. I agree with almost all of your positions (double-entendre alert) and apparently so do many other new followers.
>
> While your popularity is admirable, posts that garner 600-1000 comments are a bit difficult to navigate, especially when many of those comments are juvenile pissing contests of the "are not/am too" variety. This discourages a lot of serious commenters who would like to stay on message.
>
> You need a better system to manage comments. I would also cut off the number at 300.

I sympathize with sestamibi's complaint. A lot of insightful, witty, stylishly hateful, and funny comments are getting lost amid a deluge of retarded games of "last licks", trollish prattle, and horrid online flirting between ten guys and an entity that may or may not be a girl. For anyone who has spent the effort to leave a solid comment only to see it disappear under piles of bullshit from the likes of contrarian (tokyofistshimself) and many others, the cool-commenter-signal-to-tard-noise ratio can be depressing.

I have no plans to moderate comments. It's too much work to sift through hundreds of comments culling the weak and feeble. I'm a free speech anarchist who believes that if we're not careful to uphold the right to say what's on our minds – hateful or harmonious — the kind of stuff I write here could one day land me and those like me in jail under an Orwellian "hate crimes" statute. If you think I'm joking imagine the reaction of, for example, Feministing readers to my being handcuffed and hauled into court for "proselytizing hate". Champagne corks would pop.

Therefore, this mad blog beyond thunderdome will remain a free fire zone. I will occasionally delete or creatively edit random comments by aggressively tardish commenters just to fuck with them, like a virtual version of Chinese water torture. My editorial caprice may even persuade these misfits to rein in their worst impulses.

So for now the only comment policy I have is this: Police yourselves.

Pimp Slap Of The Day

CH · 17 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It’s no coincidence that marriage became the shit institution it is today at about the same time weddings turned into ostentatious displays of whorish overconsumption.

Creepy Children

CH · 18 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was in a western town in Maryland, hoping to see some real live rednecks and working class porch sitters, when I came across this instead:

These girls, who looked around 10 to 12 years old, were laying motionless in a display window like mannequins for a new store that was preparing for its grand opening — I think it was a clothing store or maybe a dance studio. None of the girls moved or even blinked. A couple of them were wearing heavy makeup. I walked past, did a double take, and pulled out my camera when I realized they were human. I smiled at the girls and gave them a thumbs up while pointing at my camera. The girls stayed in character staring blankly out the window as I made faces at them. Only the girl on the far right (the one not in the picture) smiled and giggled. She will grow up to be the one healthy, functioning adult woman of the bunch.

This kid creeped me out the most. What happened to giving your kid a ball and shoving them outdoors to play in the sun? Hello children of the corn. SWPL parents experimenting with their children's lives? Or prole parents sexualizing their little girls by tramping them up and having them pose in a sidewalk display window?

In a couple of years, the girl above will be kind of hot. You can already see the basic ingredients are there. A friendly reminder to the parents: When she ripens into womanhood (age 14) men twice her age will fantasize about violating all of her innocent openings. Why hasten the day?

Be A Skittles Man

CH · 19 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader **Fabian** linked to a funny entry on the *'Don't Date Him Girl'* blog:

> He had several "lady friends" who stayed the night at his house and he claimed they were "Just friends". He frequently forgot important details about me, such as the fact that I had a sister, my birthday and what sorts of hobbies I had. He blew me off constantly, would return calls a week later with the excuse of "I was busy." I often spoiled him with gifts, rides and sex only to receive a bag of Skittles in return. (I don't even like skittles!) That was the only gift I ever received from him! I met a new friend and we were bonding over "worst ex-boyfriend stories" and suddenly we realized "boy, a lot of these sound the same… Was his name ____?" IT WAS THE SAME GUY!!!

In an unintentional juxtaposition for the ages, reader **joel** left a comment in my Pimp Slap post about a wedding he attended:

> I just attended a wedding the bill for which, paid mostly by the parents of the bride but with substantial input from the groom's parents, would easily pay for the private education of several children. It could have paid for a modest but nice house in a good neighborhood in many parts of the country. Hint: The flowers cost about $15,000.
>
> It is amazing what the matriarchy does. The Darwinian purpose of this, I believe, is to keep the husbands working their asses off, and keep them broke, so they can't go out and buy a younger woman for their next wife or keep a concubine.
>
> Really. There is no other logical explanation for this excess.

Two men, two vastly different experiences with women. One man gets all the pussy he wants for the bargain basement price of a bag of Skittles, while the other man marries a woman in a wedding ceremony featuring flowers that cost $15,000.

How much you want to bet the first guy's rotation of girlfriends is hotter than the second guy's $15,000 flower wife? How much you want to bet the first guy gets all the anal sex and blowjobs he desires while the second guy will be begging for his once-a-month sex as soon as the vows are exchanged? If one of these guys is a herb, who is it more likely to be?

FACT: Odds are good you will enjoy a bounty of pussy and love if you act like Skittles guy. **FACT:** Odds are good you will spend the rest of your life begging for tepid sex from the same old boring pussy if you act like $15,000 wedding flower guy.

Be a Skittles man. Don't be a $15,000 wedding flower man.

I've been in the company of a lot of women who hailed from all sorts of stations in life. I know the sound of a woman in love, and it usually sounds like the woman in the Skittles story — bitching and moaning about a world class asshole, chasing him from here to kingdom come to cajole him to surrender at least a small measure of his autonomy (which he never does), and always… ALWAYS… going back to him when they have a bad fight. I've been that guy.

I've also been around the kinds of women from the wedding flower story. They usually sound like they are more in love with the idea of $15,000 wedding flowers than they are with their man. They never chase, and their men are in the permanently disabling position of constantly bending over backwards to satisfy their women's whims. Women who are princess-ified have power over their men, even over the kinds of men who themselves have power over other men. The women know this and they subconsciously resent it.

Joel is right. The matriarchy in all its silly manifestations — extravagant weddings, diamonds-nookie barter, pop culture propaganda, daddy government disease — is structured to handicap men. To cut them off at the knees. Fitting, really, because a man on his knees is exactly where he'd have to be to agree to $15,000 wedding flowers. The finances aren't the core issue; it's the corrosive effect such a wasteful expenditure for a woman will have on her attitude. The matriarchy loathes and fears Skittle Man, the freeloader who nonetheless basks in the love of many women. The matriarchy would rather men be like Wedding Flower Man, slaving dutifully as a nameless, faceless cog in the machine paying his dues for his two pence of pussy. Society's Little Helper.

And at the end of the day, what for? To thanklessly pump out cannon fodder for the wars of the future? Fuck that sideways. The rulebook was written to constrain free thinkers like you. When you know the score, when you understand that this life is all there is and all there ever will be and your legacy in gold or works or kids means nothing when your consciousness is obliterated to nothing and your deathbed is lined with the garland of regret and pleasures denied and the memory of your decades of pointless sacrifice crawls slowly across the walls like night shadows to suffocate you in your final doom… only then will you look your blushing bride in the eye and inform her that there will be no $15,000 wedding flowers and she can hit the bricks if that's unacceptable to her.

Better yet, tell her there will be no wedding and no marriage. She can love you without needing the permission of the state.

Some newcomers are aghast when they read my stuff. They think this blog must be a joke or the ravings of a lunatic, a madman driven to the brink by a particularly damaging experience with an ex. No. While I've had my joys and sorrows and loves and heartbreaks just like any other man possessing a wealth of experience with women, on the whole most of the women in my life have been and continue to be cherished loves. My lunacy is the clear-eyed vision of Neo after the matrix is revealed to him. Reality makes lunatics of us all, but only those with the eyes to see and the ego to spare ever embrace it unconditionally.

Self-Defeating “Romantic” Lines You Should Never Say

CH · 20 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There are times when we men can’t help but gush our feelings of love for our woman. It’s Ok. Passionately pouring out your heart is not inherently un-alpha. But there is a right way and a wrong way to do it. For instance, right ways:

“I love you more than you will ever know.”

“I thought about your smile today.”

“I want to kiss you all over and make love to you all night.”

“My gargantuan member throbs for your squeezebox.”

Notice a pattern? **Alpha passion** is proactive, assertive, conspicuously noncommital, temporally ambiguous, and decidedly non-goopy. Here are the wrong (beta) ways to express your love:

“I’m so lucky to have you.”

Way to demonstrate lower value, champ.

“I don’t deserve you.”

Just what a girl wants to hear — she’s with an unworthy man. This is David Alexander’s go-to line.

“Our hearts beat like one.”

Homo say what?

“I love you SOOOOOOOO much.”

Are you a 15 year old girl?

“You are my everything.”

Poon Commandment III: You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority. (Chicks dig guys drawing up blueprints for world domination.)

“I couldn’t go on without you.”

What she hears: “If you dump me I’ll kill myself.”

“Say you’ll never leave me.”

What she hears: “I’m a loser who can’t get another woman.”

“I will always love you.”

Great. You just gave her carte blanche to act like a high maintenance prom queen.

“You pooped in my toilet, and I haven’t flushed it in a week.”

This could work as humor if you say it deadpan. But if your eyes well up with tears and you clutch your chest in anguish while saying it, the effect will be ruined.

See the difference? **Beta passion** is needy, desperate, cloying, self-effacing. Some might argue that the whole idea of passion is to drop pretense and embrace the freedom of vulnerability, but I disagree. A woman’s alpha radar never stops monitoring for beta blips on her emotional space, so the next time she complains that you don’t show your soft side enough, you can take that to mean you’re doing your job, Skittles Man. Anyhow, it’s better to be romantic through actions rather than words.

If you do slip up and catch yourself uttering one of the above sappy beta romantic lines, you can save face by

immediately following up with “… for me to poop on!”. Yes, even for the last one.

Reader Mailbag: Sexual Dystopia Edition

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Email #1

> 1. I find your comments on recent social/demographic changes (alphas and women rising, the return of quasi-polygamy) fascinating, as well as your additional theory that male birth control and sex robots will mitigate that trend. [This] link supports your theory.
>
> 2. I sent you a very long email a while ago asking whether I should A. become a philosophy professor, where I would be alpha in a beta profession, doing something I am passionate about or B. stay in law (which I dislike) and try to save enough money to start a business that I am interested in, but not passionate about. That would help me be a millionaire. I never heard back from you. Your opinion is very important to me, because the biggest thing preventing me from going to grad school (around age 30, finishing when I am around age 40) is concern that I will not attract women during my best window of opportunity.
>
> 3. In general, I would like to hear more commentary from you about wealth and attraction, the importance of having a "mission" or doing what you're passionate about, and ways to increase testosterone (e.g. weight lifting).
>
> 4. I think no moderation of the comments is a good idea. The amount of comments you get is staggering, and I think bodes very well for your book.
>
> 5. I can't wait to hear more about your book. But predator sluts is not a good title; it comes across too hostile and angry, like Ross Jeffries (btw what was with you repeatedly berating a woman in your comments about how she looks like she was hit over the head with a checkerboard—I can't imagine George Clooney or Brad Pitt ever doing anything remotely close to that).
>
> anon

1. The biggest impact on the sexual market in the near future will be widely adopted paternity testing, of the mandatory and voluntary variety. The biggest impact in the far future will be realistic sexbots. Also, a first world economy where women leap ahead of men in education and income is unsustainable. As is a first world society where most children are raised by single mothers. A good rule of thumb: If you want to predict the impact a policy or cultural change will have on a nation's people, take note of how badly that policy would fuck with the prime Darwinian directive. Because if there is one constant in this world — one absolute truth that cannot ever be changed and will always usurp the best laid lies of our "progressives" and elites — it is this: Sperm is cheap, eggs are expensive. All of humanity's wonders you see around you flow from this essential and unalterable truth.

2. Philosophy professor. Not only will you be happier (which will redound to your success with women) but you will be working in a context (high status within an academic hierarchy) that will open untold avenues of hot young poon to you. See: 'Elegy'. Remember, status is more important than money. Money is just one tool among many for the acquisition of status. Of course, as with all efforts to grab the brass ring, there is an element of risk. If you aren't in the top tier of philosophy professors, you may not get a job at all. Only you can judge whether a cushy tenureship is attainable with your abilities.

3. There are many nose-to-the-grindstone lawyers who spend their youth making partner. Then the money comes. Then the hot wife with socially approved educational credentials comes. And all is good. Until the divorce. There are also many starving artists, amateur photographers, freewheeling bloggers, and night owl bartenders who will go to their graves having been fucked and loved by 10 times the number of hot women than our law partner. Moral of the story: Passion, self-centeredness, aloofness, and confidence trump ordinary wealth nine times out of ten. It may even trump the extraordinary wealth of the billionaires' club. As for weightlifting, do it. Throwing around iron will boost your confidence major, and quicker than anything else you do. Weightlifting should be like brushing your

teeth; it's a habit you will do until the day you die.

4. No moderation it is. Unless an angry ex happens to find the blog. But I'm not too worried about that, as I have amassed a closet full of blackmail material.

5. 'Predator Sluts' was a working title. It sounds hostile but it also catches attention. The other working title is 'Tears of the Meaty Intrusion'. Regarding G. Clooney, the thrill of sadistic torment is not for everyone.

Email #2

From the comments:

> As for hating weddings… we, and all your readers get it. You've almost got me convinced to completely stay away from marriage, but I also wonder what life would be like at 60 alone. A few thoughts
>
> – Maybe I'm single.
> – Maybe I have a live-in girlfriend (For less then 10 years from what I understand to not be considered common law marriage)
> – Maybe I have an adopted child
> – Maybe I have a biological child, maybe with said live-in girlfriend, but not likely
> – At least one family member or friend I am close to has gotten a divorce
> – You don't have a marriage that may or may not be rocky
> – You don't have an existing divorce/child custody battles/child support payments/your finances wrecked
> – You didn't get to actually try out married life to see if you like it (raising children, dual income for nicer lifestyle, sharing household/child rearing duties)
>
> He's has suggested filling his needs with prostitutes and tequila, or something along those lines. At 60? Not buying it. That can't be much of a happy life. This is wear pretty lies die, and that's the only pretty lie I've our host decree.
>
> richmond bachelor

There's nothing stopping a man from having long term unmarried relationships well into his dotage. The great advantage of being a man is that you can date progressively younger women, relative to your age, as you get older. So at 40 you can bang (on average) 22-32 year olds. At 50 you have the pool of women in their 30s open to you. At 60 you can get a woman in her late 30s to mid 40s.

Of course, after a certain age — 60, usually, and depending on the man's physical condition — the women you can get will all be past their expiration dates, tragic victims of the wall, so you will likely not find too many of your available prospects sexually attractive. This is where scotch and prostitutes fill the void. Assuming your sex drive is still strong at an advanced age (and if present is prologue, I'll be sporting mourning wood in the casket) you can have your sexually unattractive but compatible aging girlfriend for companionship while getting your manly needs met with hookers and sweet single malt. No worries, at 65 you'll have your pick of aging women with sparkling personalities to read the morning paper with you and go on long walks in the evenings.

Email #3

> i would be interested in purchasing a PDF or just a Word file of your blog so far (that is unless you plan on publishing your writings).
>
> I worry about internet sites vanishing over time and your stuff is pretty top notch.
>
> danke
>
> a NY italian american in south korea

Hey paesan! Bad news. I have nothing archived, so if WordPress goes, so goes the oeuvre. Like an assassin in the

night.

Email #4

> I seem to have stumbled upon the holy grail of romantic situations. Or have I?
>
> Eight months ago, I met a super fine girl through a friend, then I invited her out a week later and brought her back to my place to hookup. Then we had sex two days later…without a condom.
>
> Her boyfriend at the time was private contracting in Afghanistan for the moment, but he returned home two weeks later…oh did I forget to mention that they lived TOGETHER?
>
> After a few months of her working her ass off to earn my respect (including moving into her own apartment, breaking up with the ex, and proving herself to me), I had her become my girlfriend. She met my family, we hung out a lot, I integrated her into my friends. We even said I love you.
>
> But it wasn't love, we just really like to fuck. Sexual chemistry has always been amazing…mostly because she craves my cock and I find her stunning. Yesterday, she changed the course of our relationship forever.
>
> She works full time, goes to school full time, and lives 35 minutes away from me. We had a long conversation, starting with her asking, "do you feel like you're spending enough time with me?" to her saying, "I want to keep you in my life, but I don't want to feel the guilt from your expectations of me being a full time girlfriend."
>
> Here's the agreement:
> 1. We are no longer boyfriend/girlfriend
> 2. Since she is so busy, we will see each other once a week.
> 3. She doesn't love me, but when she sees me, she gets horny for me.
> 4. I can date other girls as much as I want, as long as I use a condom with the other girls.
> 5. She remains exclusive to me.
>
> It looks like the relationship is coming to an end…instead of breaking up, we'll just fuck until one of us stops calling.
>
> On top of that, she also agreed to lose her anal virginity to me and take it up the butt.
>
> I'm more confused than anything…should I see this as a victory and go forth to spread my seed?
>
> Dre

A consistent amoral nihilist would say full speed ahead; if there is a moral imperative it rests with the woman who chose to cheat on her boyfriend deployed in a war zone defending the country in which she has the luxury of cheating free from consequence. But an aesthete would tell you that raw dogging the cheating whore of a man assisting the US Army in war is bad form. The nihilist and the aesthete in me are at odds. This is an unresolvable conflict, so I will defer instead to pragmatic reasoning — it's probably not a smart play to boff a woman living with a guy who regularly handles high powered weaponry and has been trained in the art of remorseless killing.

As for your situation, when she said:

"I want to keep you in my life, but I don't want to feel the guilt from your expectations of me being a full time girlfriend."

you needed to pull back, which it sounds like you did from what you wrote. She was basically telling you in typical twisted femspeak: "You're a great fuck but not boyfriend material". The reasons you aren't boyfriend material don't matter, although it can be surmised that you playing the role of the "other man" forever poisoned your chances with her as something more than a thrill fuck. When women wantonly cheat, as your woman did when she agreed to condomless sex, they usually do it for the seed, not the security. When she said she loved you, she was probably lying. This is a blow to your ego I'm sure, but efforts to move her feelings closer to your own will only backfire.

Remember, this is a girl who cheated, recklessly, on her live-in boyfriend stationed overseas getting shot at by rabid enemies. She is a whore of poor character, and you should be clear-headed enough — alpha enough — to avoid wanting any deeper entanglement with her. Treat her like the disposable hole she is. It's what she wants.

So this is how I would rearrange your "whore's agreement" with her:

1. You were never her boyfriend. You are her pimp.
2. You may or may not see her ever again, let alone once a week. She will abide your timetable, not hers.
3. You will never make love to her. You will fuck her. 90% of the time she will be in the doggy position.
4. You *will* date other girls, and you will lie to her that you used a condom.
5. Don't count on it.

Your victory cums in doing what you please and refusing to play her marionette. When that last fuck arrives, and it will, don't be surprised if it is the best lay you've ever had.

How To Prey On Women's Insecurities

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Women are not special little snowflakes in either the vaginas they possess or the insecurities which burden them. Women mostly share the same self-doubts: "I'm fat", "I'm past my prime", "He doesn't appreciate me for my mind", "He's going to use me", "OMG cankles!", "My boobs are small/saggy/veiny/covered by an acre of areola", "I hope guys can see how smart — SMRT smart! — I am", "I hope he doesn't think I'm a slut", "She's wearing the same shirt as me! Panic at the disco!", etc etc.

You mission, should you refuse to be weighed down by useless pangs of guilt, is to make a woman's insecurities your ally in the pursuit of closing the deal. You want to drive a wedge between her and her self-confidence. The reason is elementary: Women wish to date up. So a man can either raise his own status to appeal to the girl he is trying to pick up (see: Game, medical school), or he can lower the girl's status so his status seems higher in comparison (see: Game, Skittles Man). He can also do both, but this might be overkill on women who are less than an 8. The last time I exercised both options on the same woman, it was with regular reader and bean diddler Sara, and you all can see the results of that in the comments.

Women are the gatekeepers to sex, but what exactly is the gate? It's her self-perceived status relative to yours. Or, her beauty. Quite simply, if a woman perceives she is more beautiful than the kind of woman you can be expected to snag, she will give you a harder time than she would to a higher value man who looked and acted like the sort of man used to dating women of her beauty caliber. This dynamic also works with status metrics like educational attainment, because women project their desires onto men and assume men will up- or downgrade them on things that are important to women. We know better, of course.

Men have two intrinsic playing field advantages in the sexual marketplace. One, men have a longer window of sexual desirability. A typical 35 year old man has better prospects than a typical 35 year old woman. He won't need to settle as far down the mate ladder as she will. Two, men can better withstand blows to the ego. We are designed to take a licking and keep on ticking, as we are, barring rare exceptions, the initiators of courtship. If you want to bang hotter women than you are accustomed to, you must leverage both of these advantages to the maximum.

Knowing this, you can easily improve your odds with any woman by subtly exposing her insecurities using the implements of psychological mindfucking. The trick is to avoid direct assault on her soft underbelly. You don't tell a girl "I like your low rider jeans, but aren't you worried that it accentuates your muffin top?" No, you need to breach her defense perimeter indirectly, like a Trojan horse:

"I'm sort of an exercise buff, so I appreciate a woman who feels the same way about keeping fit."

Any woman with fat issues will hear this: "Does he think I'm not into keeping fit? Are my belly rolls undulating??"

More examples of the art of exposing female insecurities:

Use on a girl who looks like she might be self-conscious about her boobs: "Yeah, fake boobs are weird. If only women knew that most men prefer real, firm, round boobs."

Use on girls pushing up against 30: "I think younger women are overrated. Sure, they have great figures and are spontaneous and always up for fun, but their lack of… maturity… can get tiresome after a while."

Use on girls who have a slutty past (thanks to me, you'll be able to tell) and are worried about being pigeonholed as a one night… hole: "Most guys are too judgmental about a woman's life choices. I don't believe in that. Only weak people feel a need to live according to other people's expectations." (Irony intended.)

Use on girls who are insecure about their smarts: "I just finished reading Joyce, but I'm not going to bother you with that. It's a little high brow."

Use on girls who are insecure about being perceived as high maintenance: "You like playing frisbee? Funny, I never

would have taken you for the down to earth type."

Use on girls who have bad fashion sense and worry about it (*every* girl worries about how she dresses): "I think it's refreshing that you're secure enough to wear flip-flops without irony. Not every girl cares about keeping up with the latest trends."

Note for the haters: If my experience is any guide, women of high self esteem will fold like cheap lawn chairs to ego-evisceration game even quicker than putatively low self esteem women. Especially the grad school and lawyer chicks.

Overqualifying Yourself To Girls

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When you start getting good with women — that is, when you begin noticing their eyes light up when you talk rather than their eyes avert looking for the nearest exit — your biggest obstacle (besides logistics) won't be your lack of game; it will be too much of your game. It is very easy to overqualify yourself to women because once you see with your own eyes how powerfully game works you will have a natural inclination to press your full court advantage beyond its usefulness. And because we have a human tendency toward too much of a good thing, you will often lose women in set and have no clue why, and thus no handle on how to refine your game. Overqualification is like blood pressure, the hidden disease that slowly kills your success as a player. You hardly recognize when it is happening.

One thing you learn over the years hunting the vast pink veldt for fresh pussy is how much more sensitive than men are women to being underqualified to a prospective mate. In fact, science has shown that couples are happier in relationships in which the man is less attractive than the woman. It makes sense, then, that a man whose game comes on too strong could ping a woman's "cad" radar and convince her that he is too risky as a long term prospect.

How will you know when you've overqualified yourself? It's a tough call. The signals are so subtle you'll need lots of experience to know when to dial down your game. A few pointers:

Is she nervously checking out other women while you're gaming her? She's worried at the amount of female attention you receive and how well she can keep your attention.

Is she displaying particularly nervous or bashful body language? She thinks your high value is such that her less-than-perfect body can't measure up to the types of female bodies she assumes you are used to bedding.

Does she suddenly get defensively snippy for no apparent reason? She's crouched into a face-saving posture and her ego has taken over her emotions. Lawyer cunts are especially prone to this behavior.

Does she half-jokingly say things like "You're probably like all the other guys. You won't call." or "Promise you'll call?" A girl who believes she's in your league won't resort to airing her doubts out loud.

Does she put herself down? She's fishing for compliments because she wants reassurance that you really think she is cute.

Does she accuse you of being a player or a heartbreaker? This is typically a shit test, but remember, buried in every shit test is a corn kernel of truth. If she says it, she's thinking it. You'll need to parry her test without sounding too beta. Best answer: "I used to be something of a player I guess, but those days are behind me now."

***

Here are some tips for keeping your game in check and avoiding overqualification:

- Psychological routines like the Cube or palm reading are great, but don't run more than one in a night. Spread out your best material over a few dates. It's easy to club a woman over the head with routines.
- Tone down the cocky funny. Don't neg her more than once, and don't neg a 6.5 or below unless you are an ugly man.
- Don't get too seductive on the first meet. Save the bedroom eyes when you have her in a private place.
- Don't make out with her too passionately on the first meet. Exquisitely tempting lip brushes and dances of the tongues are better day 2 tactics, after rapport has been established.
- Don't hit on another girl immediately after getting her number. Give it room to breathe, soldier.
- Don't sound too "polished". Say something stupid or goofy once in a while, so that she can make fun of you.
- Expose a vulnerability. Alpha dominance is best served with a garnish of endearing flaws.

- When you number close, say “I’m looking forward to seeing you.”

If you leave a woman feeling like you may have overqualified yourself, there is a last-ditch maneuver you can do which will lessen the odds that she will withdraw from your pursuit. I have tried this on girls I thought were withdrawing from me because they were afraid I was out of their league. If a girl is making it difficult for you to set up a second date, or she doesn’t respond promptly to your flirty trial texts, and you think it might be because she has pegged you as too alpha for her pay grade, send the following text after a few days of radio silence:

“Please no gameplaying.”

In three little words you have just allayed any fear she may have harbored about the strength of your interest in her, while exposing a delicious vulnerability of the sort that women LOVE to discover in dominant men. If she likes you, she will reply to this text instantly, usually with something like “I hate gameplaying too.” Carry on, my wayward PUA.

Stripper Pickup Attempt

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This is the story of the time I attempted to pick up a stripper while she was working her shift at a gentlemen's club. I failed at this attempt. As you read my story, try to figure out where it went wrong.

***

I showed up with two buddies. We went to the upper floor where the crowd is usually less raucous at strip clubs than on the ground floor. The waitress sat my friends at a table while I grabbed a stool at the small bar and sat there. The bar was closer to the stage my target would be dancing on, about fifteen feet off, but not so close that I would be obligated to watch her dance and feed her singles.

I knew my target peripherally. She was an acquaintance of a friend. We had briefly crossed paths at a party once, but I was dating someone seriously at the time and didn't bother making an obvious move on her. But I had flirted and she had reciprocated my flirting. At the strip club, I did not expect her to recognize me, and even if she did I figured she wouldn't come running over to say "Hi" because most strippers don't like to mix "real world" with "writhing naked on a stage world".

I ordered my drink ($10 Miller Lite) and chatted with the female bartender. I made sure not to look over at the stage for longer than a glance and kept my attention focused on the bartender and a dancer who had come by to join our conversation. I was the only man sitting at the bar. The rest were gathered in semi-circles around the two stages admiring the dancers like live artwork. Every couple of minutes one of the guys would stand and march toward the stage for extra special attention in the form of the girl waving her crotch inches from his face. The herbier guys would say "thank you" and put the singles in her garter or even in her hand, as if giving her a present. The rougher looking guys would smirk and put the singles in their mouths and the girl would pull the bills out with her cleavage or ass crack.

My target, Redbush, came up behind me and warmly said hi. She did recognize me. She was one of those girls who looks radically better with makeup and wearing little clothing.

After brief intros, I mentioned that I was there for a bachelor party but that this scene isn't normally my thing. She noticed my bold pinky ring and asked me about it. Strippers are drawn to shiny happy things like petite pierced noses to coke lines, so I made sure to wear a lot of peacocking jewelry that night.

"Where'd you get that ring? It looks cool."

"An ex gave it to me. Supposedly the ring signifies some kind of secret club that all ballet dancers belong to. I never gave it back after we broke up because I think it looks good on me."

She pressed her index finger and thumb around my ring and giggled. I told her to be careful, it has special powers that cause girls to obsess over me. I then ran a pre-Style original ring routine on her. It was not as refined as Style's version would be, but it got the job done. Her eyes glittered with attraction. I mentioned that of the two of us, I was sporting the hotter jewelry, and proved this by putting my ring against her necklace. This maneuver gave me an opportunity to break the physical barrier, not the easiest thing to do when your target is a stripper in the middle of her shift.

We talked for about ten minutes, then she said it was her turn to dance and I should come over to watch. She pointed at the stage she would soon be gyrating on. I nodded and flashed my patented half-smirk. Patented, folks.

Naturally I would not be going over to the stage like every other hard up loser. Although the girls are the ones naked before the men, they have all the power. This is something feminists don't understand, but then feminists aren't very smart. Walking over to the stage to watch her dance and give her dollars would have been the equivalent of neutering myself and dangling the detached sack from her rearview mirror like lucky dice. I stayed put at the bar

and turned my back on Redbush, only looking over for a second to smile at her. She had a pretty vagina, her labia just the right size (no more than a 1/4 inch extended outward and right and left lobe symmetrical) and her sensibly trimmed pubes as bright red as her hair.

It is erotically electrifying to experience the juxtaposition of the nakedness of a girl you have just been talking with in a normal manner while she was partially clothed. It's similar to how a businesswoman walking crisply down the street could blow your mind if she pulled you into an alley and ripped off her starched blouse and skirt.

After her dance, she walked up behind me, panties and bra back on, and put her hand on my shoulder.

"You didn't see me dance! I was right over there."

"Oh, wow, I missed it. Guess I was wrapped up in the fun over here."

"Hey, my shift ends soon. I'll be next door at the pub if you want to stop by for a drink."

"Sounds good."

She disappeared. I remained at the bar for another half hour, enjoying the anonymity of the new dancers who had just taken the stage. After a couple of Miller Lites and not one single dollar spent on a dancer, I told my buddies I was heading over to the pub to meet one of the strippers for a nightcap. I didn't want them coming with me because I knew at that late hour the pub would not have enough female patrons to occupy my friends. They would be reduced to hovering around me and my stripper.

At the pub, she was sitting alone against the bar, sipping (chugging really) a draft beer. I sat next to her. The music was loud, and made louder by the emptiness of the bar. I counted six people, including us and the doorman. She wasn't smiling. A blue funk had draped down her face. Perhaps she was tired. We made some small talk, but it felt like too much work. The words, the fun, the smiles, weren't coming as effortlessly. I felt myself chasing her response, initiating every new topic to draw her into our little bubble of love.

The doorman whisked by us and she talked with him for a few seconds. He left, and she turned to me. "I'm going to go now." She eked out a wan smile, abruptly twisted her hips, and marched out the door. I never saw her again.

May 2009 Beta Of The Month

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The April 2009 BOTM contest was a runaway. Mr. "Don't Judge an Alpha by His Cover" won with his stirring video loveletter to an ex. Has there been a more repugnant — or cheesier — case of oneitis? Congratulations to reader **Ben** for that submission.

And now, the reader submitted nominees for the May 2009 Beta of the Month contest. The envelope, please…

May 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by a boatload of readers but **el chief** got there first. This story about a New York Beta Times economics (!) reporter who was driven into deep debt by the reckless spending habits of his washed-up, dumpy, twice-bankrupt 49 year old Argentinian second wife has made the blog rounds, and I'm pleased to see the concepts of *beta* and *herb*, thanks in no small part to the yeoman efforts of your narcissistic narrator, filtering into the public square like a much needed anti-PC colonic.

Edmund Andrews is the beta chump who wants to blame the easy lending of the predatory mortgage loan sharks for his financial despair (he's writing a book about the ordeal, detailing his descent into the middle class) but the truth is that most of his woes can be laid directly at the feet of his high maintenance shrike of a wife who misspent him into oblivion. Andrews is, to put it succinctly, a victim of his own betatude. He had options which he didn't have the sack to avail himself of: Avoid marrying the old broad, or lay down the law in his household and cut off her thousand dollar weekly allowance.

Here are some choice quotes shedding light on his Gollum-like shrivelled beta soul *("My preciooous wants the 10-ply strawberry scented toilet paper and Whole Foods organically grown rutebagas. My middle-aged pendulous-boobed preciooous gets everything she wants or no sex for meee!")*:

> Patty was brainy, regal, sexy, fiery and eclectic. She was one of my closest friends when we were both students at an American high school in Argentina. Back then, we would talk together about politics and books at a coffee shop every day after school. We were not romantic in those days and went our separate ways after high school. But each of us would go through bruising two-decade-long marriages, and we felt that sweet spark of remembrance and renewal upon meeting again in middle age.

LJBFed? Check. "Dates" were sexually arid conversations about politics and literature? Check. "Sweet spark of remembrance" was a 49 year old wall victim deciding to settle for an abjectly grateful beta provider and clean out his accounts because she has a bad case of Princess Entitlement Complex? Check.

> After a one-year bicoastal courtship,

You are a loser with women if you have to resort to courting floppy-lobed pussy 3,000 miles away.

> Patty discovered a small but stately brick home in a leafy, kid-filled neighborhood in Silver Spring, Md.

Never let your wife "discover" the big purchases for you. You're asking for trouble. The man should always make the decision on the big expenditures.

> Having separated from my wife of 21 years, who had physical custody of our sons, I was handing over $4,000 a month in alimony and child-support payments. That left me with take-home pay of $2,777, barely enough to make ends meet in a one-bedroom rental apartment. Patty had yet to even look for a job.

$4K a month. How many of these wickedly unjust sad stories do men have to hear before they stop walking down the aisle entirely? And at 49 years old with no small kids to raise, I think Patty could get off her fat ass and get a

job.

> We had very different ideas about money. Patty spent little on herself, but she refused to scrimp on top-quality produce, Starbucks coffee, bottled juices, fresh cheeses and clothing for the children and for me. She regularly bought me new shirts and ties to replace the frayed and drab ones in my closet. She thought it wasn't worth agonizing over nickels and dimes. I was almost exactly the opposite. My answer to any money squeeze was to stop spending. I would skip lunch at work to save $7. If I arrived at the Metro just before the end of rush hour, I would wait for five minutes to save 50 cents on the fare.
>
> We were both building up grudges. "You can't keep second-guessing me," she told me angrily. "It's small-minded and petty, and it's not very attractive." I was beginning to wonder whether she had any clue about how money worked. We were lurching from paycheck to paycheck, one big home repair away from disaster.

When a woman finally relents and marries a beta provider, she thinks to herself *"well, at least I won't have to worry about watching my spending by marrying this flaccid schlub"*. The beta provider thinks *"Wow, she really loves me!"*. What we have here is… a failure to communicate.

> Patty woke up, irritated by all my movement and my occasional moans of despair. "What's the matter?" she asked.
>
> "I can't sleep," I answered. "I'm panicking about money, because I don't know how we're going to pay all the bills that need to be paid right now." I wanted her to take me in her arms and reassure me that everything would be O.K.

Window to the soul. A beta wants his woman to take him in her arms. An alpha takes his woman in his arms.

> "I can't believe you are doing this to me on my birthday," she hissed in fury. "All I asked for was one day of peace — one day when you weren't beating me over the head. And here it is, not even daylight yet, and you're waking me up to berate me about money."
>
> "Son of a bitch, what did I do to you?" I asked, punching my pillow in the dark. "Do you think I enjoy having a panic attack? I can't help what I'm feeling. I'm just scared out of my mind."
>
> "That's it!" Patty snapped, getting out of bed and pulling on her robe. "I'm not going to listen to any more of this. I'm going to sleep downstairs."
>
> In the morning, she let me have it.

If I didn't know any better I'd think Andrews was the wrongdoer here. Women are so very VERY good at absolving themselves of any accountability and transferring all the guilt and blame to the idealistic, hapless beta dupe. If you read me, you can save yourself Andrews' fate because you will understand the true nature of woman — the dark swirlings of her soul that are hidden from even her own awareness.

> "You lied to me," she told me as I got coffee. "You said that what I saw on the outside was pretty much what you were. But you're completely different. If I had known what you were really like, I would never have come out here."

And here it is, finally. The truth revealed in a moment of angry frustration that strips away the veneer of her feral animal heart. She never really loved him. She only loved his money stream and the security his station in life promised to an aging hag like herself. If this guy was any sort of man, he would have backhanded her across the face and threw her shit out the window. But instead he will go on blaming himself, blaming mortgage lenders, blaming the fates, and he will pretend his personal hell reaffirms the love he and his harridan wife share. This is what the walking dead do. They know not the exquisite pleasures of the living.

herbus maximus

******

May 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was also submitted by a boatload of readers but **Alpinestar** got ahead of the pack. It's the short but sweet story of a wonderful beta boyfriend who chooses to stick by his whoring girlfriend (who is so ugly it's a miracle he was able to get it up for her) and raise the cuckoo's egg of another man. A man, it should be noted, who the whore banged on or very near the same day she banged our featured BOTM candidate. Some human refuse should just be removed from circulation.

> Mia Washington decided to get some expert advice when she and her partner noticed that twins Justin and Jordan had different facial features.
>
> Paternity tests then revealed what had happened – two eggs had been fertilised by two different sperm and there was a 99.99% chance the twins had different dads.
>
> Mia later admitted she had had an affair and got pregnant by two different men at the same time.
>
> She told TV channel Fox 4: "Out of all people in America and of all people in the world, it had to happen to me. I'm very shocked."

How horny does a woman have to be to jump from one unprotected cock to another in the same day? How stupid?

(And I wonder how she will explain this to her two kids when they're older. "Momma, why is Jordan my half-brother?" "Well, boy, Jordan got a different baby daddy than you." "But we're twins, momma! We was born at the same time." "That's right, boy, your daddy put his penis in me on the same day Jordan's daddy put his penis in me." "But why, momma?" "Shut yo face, boy, b'fo I smack it off!")

> And while it sounds rare, recent research indicates that one in 12 non-identical twins are so-called bi-paternal, with a rise in fertility treatment and changing sexual behaviour being blamed.

If true, this is a portent of sexual dystopia.

> Mia's partner James Harrison is father to one of the boys.
>
> He told Fox 4 that he had forgiven his fiancee for having the affair and intended to raise both children as his own.

> However, he admitted it had been tough discovering the truth.
>
> “It’s a day by day thing. It’s going to take time to build the trust like we had,” he said.

Betas are quick to forgive. If you ever feel the impulse to forgive a cheating whore, you are probably acting out of fear that you can’t do any better. Forgiveness, like Jesus Christ’s other cheek, is the first refuge of the loser with no options.

This guy is in a bit of a bind. One of the kids is his, so emotionally it would be tough for him to walk away from both. And being that this is the “community” we’re talking about, a black man who decides to stay with his biological child and help raise him is a small miracle in itself. My advice to him would be to de facto dump the ugly whale girlfriend and start finding a new woman, while lavishing all his fatherly attention and gifts on his biological child. Ignore the other kid entirely. Put the moral onus on the whore to hunt down the other dad and browbeat him into supporting the consequence of his spermal contribution. I’d also get a lawyer and consider some kind of split custody arrangement. The last thing he wants to do is be forced by the state to send a cut of his pay in child support to the whore so she can buy cheesy poofs by the pallet and fall on more cock than a gay nymphomaniac whose farts whoosh.

> Mia is pregnant **AGAIN** but this time she said there was “no question” that James was the dad.

Um, dude… don’t take her word for it. Jes sayin’.

The voting:

Why The West Has Stopped Having Kids

CH · 29 May 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Subtitle: **A Day in the Life of Roissy**

Sexual Dystopia: A Glimpse At The Future

CH · 1 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A recurring theme here, and one that has gone wholly underappreciated by our elites on the Left and the Right, is how insidiously the culture and the sexual market have changed since the advent of the Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse. As a helpful reminder, here are the four sirens I'm talking about:

1. Effective and widely available contraceptives (the Pill, condom, and the *de facto* contraceptive abortion).
2. Easy peasy no-fault divorce.
3. Women's economic independence (hurtling towards women's economic advantage if the college enrollment ratio is any indication).
4. Rigged feminist-inspired laws that have caused a disincentivizing of marriage for men and an incentivizing of divorce for women.

As I have written, these changes are slowly, but powerfully, tectonically shifting the courtship playing field. The big winners are alpha males and the big losers are beta males. Alpha females continue to do well because their beauty is so rare that they can successfully leverage their mating capital even when market conditions turn unfavorable. Beta females lose their long term advantage under the new dispensation at the gain of an ephemeral, deceptively alluring short term advantage. The modern PUA, an amalgam of the wisdom of old-fashioned rakes and the science of new-fangled evolutionary psychology, is one outgrowth of this massive and heretofore misapprehended trend.

We've had 40 years of this informally polygamous system killing us softly, and the results can be seen directly in delayed age of first marriage, rising divorce rates, decreasing fertility, and harem volunteerism, and indirectly through the coarsening and bastardization of American sensibility and governmental policy (e.g., Title IX, multicult suicide pact, AA, open borders, the ascendence of the therapy culture, and just about every assinine court decision since).

Maxim #66: The worst thing to happen to America was women's suffrage.

Naturally, changes on this scale don't happen overnight. There was a store of good will and optimistic future time orientation bequeathed us by our beta male forebears — the men of the 19th and 20th centuries who built America into the hyperpower that made France shit its knickers — that will take generations to dissolve into the watery gruel of transnationalist solipsistic hedonism. We may even witness brief moments of cultural comeback, but the overall trend is unmistakeable. We are going the way of Rome.

A few months ago I had an email exchange with Randall Parker who writes two blogs I enjoy – Parapundit and Futurepundit. I wondered aloud what Greg Cochran — co-author of a PC shibboleth-smashing book about how human evolution has sped up in the last 10,000 years (and judging by his online persona a royal prick (my kind of guy) held in high esteem by his fellow genomic scientists) — anticipated the future shape of human evolution would take given the sexual marketplace changes I've written about on my blog. Specifically, I wanted to know if the Four Sirens would speed up human evolution even faster than the dawn of agriculture. This was Parker's and Cochran's reply (via R. Parker):

> Contraception is a selective pressure for the desire to make babies and for less planning. Women who want to make babies won't use the pill. Women who can't plan for dinner won't plan for getting a doctor's appointment for a contraceptive prescription. I've written posts about this on FuturePundit. An Australian twins study found that Catholicism and fewer years of education are both positively correlated with fertility (no surprise on either score).
>
> I asked Greg and Henry about this. Greg says in theory one can calculate the speed at which higher fertility will be selected for. But Henry says there's not good data on the heritability of fertility.

> As for other selective pressures: Greg has speculated that people will become more loyal to family. So the world will become more like the Middle East. Not good.
>
> Greg also sees a biological eugenic arms race on the horizon.
>
> http://www.isteve.com/Thatcher-Speech-Text.htm
>
> *Unencumbered by post-Christian ethics, the Chinese government recently passed a pre-1945-style eugenics law calling for the sterilization of "morons." The ruthlessness of this law portends that if China implements genetic enhancements while the multiculturalist West either bans them or pursues a politically correct reengineering of human nature, the inevitable result within a few generations would be Chinese economic, and thus military, global hegemony. As the weapons scientist and evolutionary theorist Gregory Cochran pointed out, "We cannot opt out of this biological arms race any more than we could opt out of the nuclear arms race." Therefore, those serious about either preventing or decreeing genetic engineering should start planning a preemptive nuclear strike on China, and soon.*

Time to speculate about the future. In sum, we will have more people with lower future time orientation (i.e., the temperament to save for a rainy day and delay gratification for greater future gain), more impulsiveness (great for knocking up broads, not so great for building and sustaining first world levels of civilization), and more distrust of societal institutions in favor of tighter familial bonds (great for aspiring warlords and corrupt kleptocrats, not so great for maintaining a loyal national military or respect for the law or a basic sense of fairness).

In possibly what will turn out to be the juiciest irony in all of human history, feminism and its co-ideologies of deceit may usher in an America that looks more like a patriarchal Middle Eastern caliphate of their worst nightmares. The realization of the matricentric utopia that feminism has been clamoring for these last few generations will undo the very foundation upon which the rancid ideology was able to prop itself.

Human nature does not offer us a bottomless chest of treasure. Few are exempt from trade-offs, and no society can have everything its heart desires. To restore American greatness and comity of its people, feminism and its cousin -isms will have to be rolled back. This will mean women will sacrifice their earning power and some career freedom. The alternative is what we have now — economically independent women, freed from shame and the restrictions of their biology by the pill and abortion, following their vaginas straight into soft polygamy, state-supported single motherhood, and grossly unjust payday divorce settlements.

Now I will tell you how to save America from this fate. The answer will surprise some of you:

More PUAs.

America is beyond saving in the traditional ways. The rot has metastasized. There will be no glorious beta male uprising. Like one of the commenters from yesterday's post pointed out, the first cute girl to bat her eyelashes at one of these revolutionary Che Betas will have him betraying the brotherhood faster than you can say "just the tip". Nor will there be a repeal of the 19th Amendment, though there should be (and, no, I am really not kidding about that. Exhibit A: Cuntrag).

No, the solution is to give the New Girl Order *exactly* what it wants: Game, and an army of cads that practice it. Force feed the beast until it is choking on its own gluttony. The emissaries of the Great Lie must have the consequences of their ignorance and treachery shoved down their throats. In time, the unabashed pursuit of hedonism and the embrace of Darwinistic nihilism (two potent forces which, coincidentally, happen to have truth and pleasure on their side. Exhibit B: God is dead) will raze the neoliberal monolith to the ground, and from the ashes the eternal human cycle will begin anew, strengthened and revitalized. A complete reconciliation with our tragic destiny gives us the only chance to avoid it.

More neg hits, more qualifying, more takeaways.

Faster, please.

ps: don’t bother recruiting me. i’ll be poolside.

pps: conservatives need to get their heads out of their asses about the nature of women.

The Love Test: A Routine

CH · 2 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A while back on this blog I mentioned in passing that I had a comfort building routine I use which isn't, as far as I'm aware, especially well-known in the seduction community. The routine was given to me by a friend. Its effectiveness is without doubt; of all the women I've charmed with the love test, my bang rate is 90%. For a long while it was my go-to comfort stage routine; I was on auto-pilot when I used it.

Since I'm feeling generous I will share it with everyone here. Virginal routines that haven't yet gone mainstream are worth their words in gold, so get on your knees and kiss my triskelion ring for this gift I give you. All I ask is that you don't use the routine on girls if you happen to be in St Louis, Soweto, Prague, Warsaw, Toronto, or the Australian outback. It's bad form to cross the streams.

As with all psychological routines designed to elecit an emotionally bonding reaction in a girl and to demonstrate your perspicacity, the way to segue into the love test without sounding a false note is to say "I can tell you something about yourself with a simple game". Most girls, as long as you have built attraction with them, will bite at this delicious bait.

If you are a girl reading this post who remains unviolated by my tremendous manhood, you may want to give yourself this test before reading the answers. Just read the italicized parts and cover up the answers underneath with your hand.

The Love Test

You will ask the girl a series of six questions within a story in which she is presented with two choices as an answer for each question. She must choose one or the other, and she has to go with her gut. Remind her to answer quickly and to avoid lingering over a choice. At the end of the test, you will tell her what her answers reveal about herself.

"You have a lover, a man who is everything to you. He lives apart from you, but within walking distance. One day you decide to visit him. You have two paths you can take to get to his home. One is a short but boring path that will get you there quickly. The other is a long but scenic path with many beautiful sites that will take longer. Which do you take?"

If she answers "short", this means she falls in love quickly. She is passionate and impulsive.
If she answers "long", this means she takes a while to fall in love. She is circumspect and enjoys the buildup to falling in love.

"Along the path you come across rose bushes. The roses come in two colors — red and white. You decide you want to pick some roses for your lover. You are allowed to pick twenty roses of any combination of red or white. How many red and how many white roses do you pick?"

Red roses symbolize selflessness. A woman who picks more red than white roses is a giver in a relationship.
White roses symbolize selfishness. A woman who picks more white than red roses is a taker in a relationship.
[Editor's note: You'd probably not be surprised how many women pick more white than red roses. This part of the test is a great screening mechanism for LTR material.]

"You arrive at your lover's home and knock on the door. A family member opens the door. Do you ask to be let in so you can go to his room to see him, or do you ask the family member to bring him to the door?"

If she answers "ask to be let in", she does not let arguments simmer in a relationship. She prefers having it out.
If she answers "bring him to the door", she lets arguments slide and buries her anger. She avoids conflict and drama.

"You go up to his bedroom and he is not there. You want to leave the roses in his room. Do you leave them on his windowsill or on his bed?"

If she answers "windowsill", she prefers more casual relationships where she doesn't feel a need to see her lover

very often.
If she answers “bed”, she prefers intense relationships where she sees her lover a lot.
[Editor’s note: Windowsill girls are cheap dates.]

“Your lover returns and you two spend the night together making sweet sweet sex. You both fall asleep and in the morning you wake up first. You lean over to his side of the bed to see if he is awake. Is he awake or still sleeping?”

If she answers “awake”, she is the type of girl who will try to change her man into her image of the perfect boyfriend.
If she answers “asleep”, she loves her man just the way he is, flaws and all.

“It’s the end of the day and time for you to say goodbye to your lover and go home. As before, you are presented with two paths to get home — a long but scenic path and a short but boring path. Which path do you take?”

If she answers “long”, she takes a long time to fall out of love. Breakups are hard on her. She is given to nostalgia and reminiscence. She is a natural romantic.
If she answers “short”, she falls out of love quickly. Breakups are short, sharp affairs that she gets over in no time and with little handwringing. She is a natural slut.

***

I remember this one particularly aggro lawyerchick I ran the love test on. These were her answers:

1. long
2. all white
3. asked to be let in
4. windowsill
5. awake
6. short

I enjoyed making her wince with pain during anal sex.

Foreign Girlfriends

CH · 3 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There was some discussion in the comments to this post about the benefits or hardships of the foreign girlfriend/wife. I fall squarely in the camp of those who believe that foreign girls are superior to American girls when the pros and cons are fairly weighed.

Foreign Girl	American Girl
Thinner	Fatter
Hotter	Fatter
Sexier	Fatter
Charming	Self-absorbed
Feminine	Unfeminine
Smoker	Eater
Sophisticated	Sanctimonious
Good lovers	Good fuckers
Users	Destroyers
Opportunists	Succubi
Moody	Fake smilers
Coy	Bitchy
Golddiggers	Souldiggers

I've had long term relationships with a Russian girl and a Polish girl. Both were exquisitely pretty, feminine, slender, and most importantly for an LTR, sweet-natured. One was interested in getting her green card and staying in the States, but not once did I ever feel she was using me for the opportunity at American citizenship. Both girls genuinely loved me, and I them. You can tell a woman loves you when you press your hand against her chest after kissing her and her heart is racing.

Some claim that the foreign girlfriend/wife, because she misses the cultural affinity, will invariably cheat on her American boyfriend with a co-ethnic. This has not been my experience or the experience of those men I know who have dated foreign girls. When a woman falls in love, she is much less likely to cheat. Foreign girls, even when their conscious motives are calculating, fall in love just as deeply with American men as do American women. They are women first, scheming Slavic mercenaries a distant second. While you may not speak her language or enjoy pickled herring, the tightness of your game and your general disposition and character as a man more than compensate for the cultural differences. Vacations to her homeland to stay with her family for a few weeks and day trips to ethnic festivals on the weekends more than suffice to keep your foreign girlfriend placated.

There is more good news. Contrary to the conventional wisdom and seething envy of American feminists, foreign women make better wives than American women. According to the United States Citizenship and Immigration Services:

> "…marriages arranged through [international matchmaking] services would appear to have a lower divorce rate than the nation as a whole, fully 80 percent of these marriages having lasted over the years for which reports are available." The USCIS also reports that "… mail-order bride and e-mail correspondence services result in 4,000 to 6,000 marriages between U.S. men and foreign brides each year."

So go forth, American brothers, and poach those Eastern European countries of all their hotties. It's the alpha thing to do.

Younger Women Are Good For A Man's Health

CH · 3 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's a truism that oftentimes the things that feel good to us are also good for us. A recent German study found that men live longer if they marry younger women, and that the longevity benefits accrue with each additional year the woman is younger than the man. (Hat tip: reader Conscientious Observer)

> A man's chances of dying early are cut by a fifth if their bride is between 15 and 17 years their junior.
>
> The risk of premature death is reduced by 11 per cent if they marry a woman seven to nine years younger.

Every man reading this is saying to himself "They needed a study for this?". Every woman reading this is saying to herself "I cream for my oevrlord!".

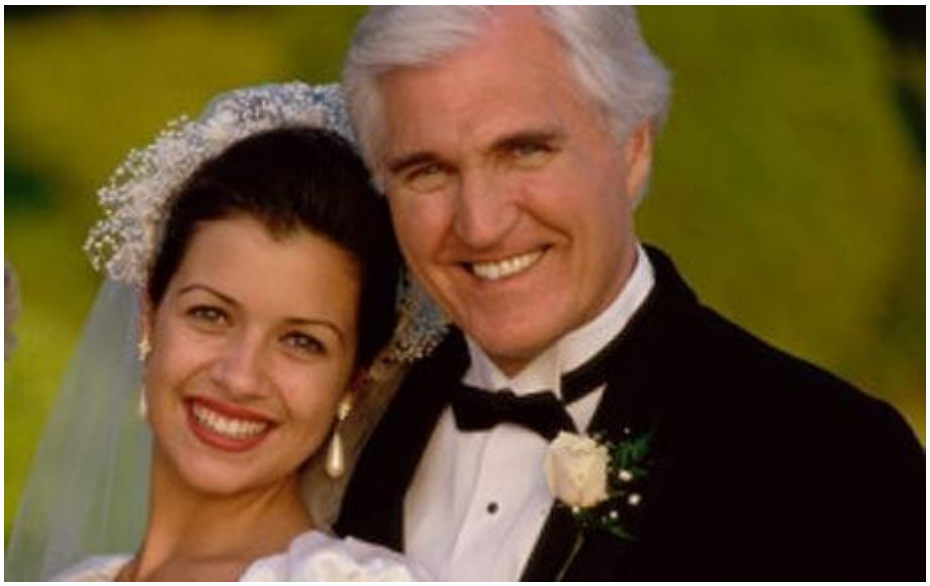
And in a shocking… shocking, I say!… discovery, older women are bad for a man's health.

> The study at Germany's Max Planck Institute also found that men marrying older women are more likely to die early.

What about the fabled cougars and their false bravado boosterism for the delights of hard-up boy toys?

> The results suggest that women do not experience the same benefits of marrying a toy boy or a sugar daddy.
>
> Wives with husbands older or younger by between seven and nine years increase their chances of dying early by 20 per cent.

Hilarious. As for women dying younger when married to an older man, that's a feature, not a bug. Since he's older and has a shorter lifespan as a man, she'll die right around the same time as him. Hollywood romance!



Bride with her father and mother
The study's authors theorize why this might be so.

> Scientists say the figures for men may be the result of natural selection – that only the healthiest, most successful older men are able to attract younger mates.
>
> "Another theory is that a younger woman will care for a man better and therefore he will live longer," said

> institute spokesman Sven Drefahl.

I have a better theory. When a man is banging a hot chick half his age he wants to stay alive as long as possible! Incentives matter.

Maxim #93: The rare older woman-younger man pairing is like a lab experiment gone wrong. It violates the natural order of things, and leaves its practitioners emotionally twisted and in a constant mental race to hyperrationalize their subpar mate choice.

The younger man in such a bizarro world December-May coupling has no interest in her rusty muff beyond dumping a few fucks in her until someone younger and hotter comes along. The older woman knows she is an expedient hole and will never be loved by her boy toy, nor will she ever truly be able to love him. (Women are wired to experience difficulty falling in love with younger men.) Hers is a loveless future of cats and belly roll lint.

And so what you see are weirdo new-age divorcees and rode hard and tossed away wet single moms bleating most loudly about the glories of the younger man, because in point of fact they cannot attract the sorts of men they most want. They wave away their sad predicament with a bowl of sour grapes and transparent sloganeering. There are certain types of women nearly all men avoid for anything more substantial than a few rolls in the hay. Two types that are always at the top of that no-go list are eccentric, deranged divorcees and bitter, emotionally arid, caustically unfeminine single moms.

Go forth, brothers, and sweep a younger woman off her feet. You now have the stamp of science validating your lechery.

Is Lady Rain In This Porno?

CH · 4 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Some commenters have said they think the girl in the porn vid here looks like Lady Rain.

Compare and contrast. Check out her prole myspace pics here. Don't forget to leave an appreciative comment at her cheesy white ghetto myspace page while you're there. So glittery. And candles too!

And here are some of those classy pics in case she makes her myspace profile private.

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

There is a definite face (rank: 6) and body (rank: 7) similarity between our resident desperately single mom and the girl in the porno. The tattoos don't match, but tats can be removed. And we don't know when Lady Rain got her tastefully applied ass tattoo.

So I judge this to be an open question, though on further examination I don't think it is her. What is *not* an open question, though, is how rough single motherhood, stripping, and factory work is on women. Lady Rain looks like she's 38 instead of her claimed age of 28.

Interestingly, Gentleman Rain's deep cheek creases, leathery skin, large nose, man chin, and prominent brow ridge indicate she was exposed to a lot of testosterone either prenatally or at puberty. This would go a long way toward explaining her gratingly masculine personality, unjustified vanity, impulsiveness, and satisfaction with no strings attached sex.

Lady Rain has a young child, son of a badboy alcoholic with pimpslap issues. Her ex has multiple DUI arrests.

I wonder if DUIs are heritable?

For those of you who may have missed it in the comments to yesterday's post, I asked the prolific commenter Lady Rain — in between flare-ups of her aggressive stupidity and logical incoherence – the following question:

> one question, single mom. what are you gonna fall back on when your looks completely disappear in about 5 years? judging by your myspace photos, at the rate you are aging it may even be sooner than 5 years. i mean, you certainly don't possess a sparkling feminine personality that a man who isn't a total loser would want to be around. and you've got that unfortunate baggage… you know, that bastard child from a badboy union prophesied by the ancients… that'll keep any decent man with half a brain from getting entangled in a relationship with you. cause let's face it, once that serviceable pussy you got between your legs to take you through the next few years cajoling dinners out of low self esteem hard up betas has reached its sell-by date, you'll be destined to a life of tearful loneliness and random pump and dumps by low class white trash as your dinners go uncooked by italian eunuchs, while raising your son all by yourself and foisting your bitter frustrations on him as he grows to gradually resent you and your muleheaded misplaced pride of self for fucking up his family so badly. he'll have questions you won't ever be ready to answer in a truthful way, assuming he isn't under an overpass somewhere sticking needles in his arm or sucking up oxygen in juvie.
>
> think hard about this, bitch. cause your middling looks that scream "attainable" to any beta within a 100 mile radius that you've been cashing in for barbed wire tattoo sex and LJBF cooked dinners are gonna fade fast. and it's later than you think.

Lady Rain, if you had come to this blog showing the proper respect you could have spared yourself this soulkilling.

But you didn't, and so you bleed for my amusement.

***

Update: I have offered to remove this post if Lady Rain privatizes her myspace page and removes any references and pics of her son from public view. This is a test. It is a test to see if LR can overcome her attention whore's urge to display her son and the sordid details of her sorry ex-stripper's life for public viewing. I'm betting she can't.

One other thing people who believe I administered an unjustified virtual beating of LR would find pertinent to this post: In the Cracked.com forum, before she ever came here, LR was a wind-up cunttoy who spent pages and pages heaping scorn upon game and its adherents and calling your humble host an asshole and woman-hater at every turn. In fact, in her very first comment here she displayed her blockheaded ignorance and foul temperament in shitting on the concept of the entire blog and calling my character into question. So if she ever comes back and tries to capitalize on the white knighting instincts of weak betas here and claim innocence and purity of heart, you'll know she is lying.

So… which will it be Lady Rain? As one of the commenters succinctly put it: What's more important to you? Your vanity or your son's well-being?

I have a suggestion for you, Lady Rain. Learn some humility.

Update On The Stripper Pickup Attempt

CH · 4 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In this post I asked where I went wrong. Some of you got the right answer (and some of you — feministx, omw — were wide of the mark).

While I can't go back in time and tap the neural network of the stripper I tried to bang to find out what she was thinking, I have a pretty good idea where I dropped the ball. Those who said I waited too long to leave the strip club and join her at the after hours bar were correct. When I arrived, she was sitting there looking annoyed.

G Manifesto, Challenge, and Chuck had excellent tactical suggestions (don't order beer, offer a different venue to meet her, dress in custom tailored suit, etc.) but the game killer was the overplay of my aloof and indifferent hand. The Big Mo' was lost.

Maxim #84: Respect the momentum.

Alpha Body Language

CH · 5 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In my view, and in the view of much of the seduction community, the single biggest factor of early game success is body language. Women react viscerally to a man's strong body language before he has said one word. The way he walks toward her, the way he smiles, the way he stands. It strikes me that the reason this is so is because it is harder to fake the subtle indicators of alphaness with your body than it is with your words. Women have evolved to be perceptive of a man's emotional state and body language is the physical manifestation of inner game, so that's what women key in on first.

I have written some posts on how to spot beta body language and how to mimic alpha body language. One of the most important points I have made is that it is imperative you avoid jerky, reactive movements. Well, the science is rolling in and, unsurprisingly to anyone who has lived a day in his life and finds corroborating evidence in what I write, the conclusions are vindicating my worldview.

> Wimps have rapid reaction times
>
> OREGON, U.S.: Unfit or weak people react sooner to sounds of approaching danger than strong, healthy people – which may be an evolutionary adaptation to allow them a larger margin of safety, says a new study.
>
> Test subjects listened to a sophisticated sound system that mimicked an approaching object, explained John Neuhoff, an evolutionary psychologist at the College of Wooster in Ohio, U.S., and co-leader of the study.
>
> The 'virtual object' sounded like a motorcycle passing on a highway, approaching the subject at 15 m/s and then whizzing past them. The subjects were asked to hit a key when they thought the sound was right in front of them.
>
> Fitness was measured by two variables: heart rate after a bout of moderate cardiovascular exercise and muscular power, measured by the strength of their hand grips. […]
>
> **"It's beneficial [for the weaker] to react sooner rather than later,"** said Neuhoff. "The cost of responding too early is far less than the potentially fatal cost of responding too late."

Corollary: It's beneficial for the stronger to take their sweet time reacting to events. Not because it will lessen his chances of getting killed (mauled or bludgeoned in the ancestral environment), but because women are wired to associate a calm demeanor and stoic repose with an alpha male she wants to fuck.

> Women typically responded sooner than men, who on average are physically stronger.

This is evidence that beta males behave more like women than men. No wonder they get LJBFed.

Here is another study proving the efficacy of my body language advice.

> Women become less choosy when they, rather than men, move from table to table. […]
>
> A study in Psychological Science points out that chivalric behaviour created by the speed-dating experience may be skewing the data.
>
> Normally in speed dating, men walk around a room and visit a succession of seated women for mini dates just a few minutes long. Later, the participants note down whom they would like to meet again. If there is a match, the organizers help the people to get in touch. Psychologists have found that although men choose, on average, half of the women present, women choose to see only a third of the men again.
>
> This isn't really a surprise. Among animals, females are usually the picky ones, because they make the larger reproductive investment. However, the new research, by Eli Finkel and Paul Eastwick, social psychologists at

> Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, demonstrates that tinkering with the speed-dating format alters human behaviour, dramatically changing the outcome. […]
>
> The researchers established 15 speed-dating events for 350 young adults. During eight events, men rotated around the seated women, and during seven events, women moved between seated men. When men rotated, men said yes 50% of the time and women said yes 43% of the time. However, when women rotated, the trend for higher female selectivity vanished, with men saying yes 43% of the time while women said yes 45% of the time.

I have long contended that one of the reasons speed dating sucks (besides the surfeit of cougars) has to do with the retarded system organizers use requiring men to be the ones to switch tables while the women remain seated. This dynamic creates the impression that the men are slabs of meat in a butcher's display case that women casually browse for the choicest cuts. It exacerbates an already lopsided intrinsic mating market mechanism.

> The researchers think the reason for this phenomenon is related to embodiment — **the idea that physical actions can alter perception.** Pulling something closer makes the object being pulled more appealing, whereas pushing something away makes the object less desirable.
>
> Finkel and Eastwick argue that approaching someone makes the mind want what it is approaching, because people are in the habit of moving towards objects that they want and moving away from objects that they don't want.

Alpha body language, gentlemen. Learn it. It works and it's a lot easier to integrate into who you are than is memorizing a long-winded routine. The above study proves that the ideal alpha position is back against the bar, looking outward and surveying your kingdom as girls approach from all directions. The study also reinforces the widely held PUA belief that indirect approaches are more optimal than direct approaches. Perhaps this is why the over-the-shoulder, "just passing through" approach coupled with a time constraint works so well. You are mimicking in vibe and energy, as best you can while in motion, the man sitting down at a speed dating event while rotating women walk up to his table to earn the pleasure of his company.

Body language tips

When a woman tries to get your attention, take a second longer to swivel your head to reply. The goal is to introduce a palpable, but not off-putting, tension to the interaction. In other words, make her sweat.

Keep your head cocked upward slightly. This will accentuate the heaviness of your brow ridge and the heft of your chin and jaw, both indicators of alpha testosterone levels. It also imparts you with a haughtiness that women find irresistible.

Scratch your balls in public once in a while.

If you say something stupid, goofy or impolite (hey, it happens) don't backpedal or get flustered. Act as if nothing is wrong. Embarrassment is for the little people.

Be scandalous.

Rudely glance around the room every so often when a girl is talking to you.

Be inattentive. Betas focus like a laser beam when engaging a girl because she is the reason for his existence. Alphas exist for themselves.

Maxim #17: Be narcissistic. There is no greater divergence than that between a woman's stated disapproval of male narcissism and the rapidity with which she jumps into bed with a male narcissist.

Keep a toothpick in your mouth if you don't smoke.

Be judgmental. Say “Hm” and “I see” a lot when a woman talks to you, arching your eyebrows and frowning skeptically.

If a girl says something genuinely funny (rare, like a lunar eclipse), don’t boisterously laugh in appreciation. Snicker instead.

Be territorial. Spread those arms and legs out.

Learn to love the pregnant pause. When a girl shit tests you, don’t respond like a wind-up beta. Give her a blank, serial killer stare and wait… wait……. waiiiiit for it…. ANSWER! Wow, that was hot. I’m positive I just made a female reader squirm delightfully in her seat.

If you don’t have a witty answer ready for deployment, silence beats stilted conversation.

Lead with your crotch.

Don’t ever fall for the “tap on the shoulder” or the “something on your tie” gags.

Be imperious. The world is your harem.

Finally… use the power of your back. Turning your back on people who have displeased you is a great way to get them to qualify themselves. Girls will reopen. Guys will vamoose.

Then And Now

CH · 5 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

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Even Tom Brady Runs Game

CH · 8 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

db (a chick) left this comment to my alpha body language post:

> re: alpha body language, check out most nfl quarterbacks, from their stance on the field while playing to how they conduct themselves in interviews and on the sidelines. much more alpha than the typical preening wide receiver whinyboys. and, though the offensive line guys are arguably tougher, have a more 'james bond' style. think tom brady – who was quoted in an old issue of si when asked about how he got giselle saying something like "you have to shake her confidence; make her wonder 'what's wrong with me'."

You'd think a guy like Tom Brady, an apex alpha, would have no need for any sort of game. He could show up and women would make his job easy. But even Tom sees a need to run game on a female uberalpha like Gisele. It sounds like Tom hit up Gisele with a well-placed neg. Tom, like me, understands the importance of leveraging a woman's insecurities to boost one's status and thereby raise a woman's buying temperature. People who believe "natural alphas" don't play these sorts of head games with women are wrong. Tom Brady has revealed that alphas use game, too, and oftentimes more cruelly and devastatingly than the typical enlightened beta on a path of sexual redemption. Some may argue an alpha doesn't need to run game, but that's not how alphas think. An alpha is always looking to amass more and hotter pussy than he knows what to do with.

This vignette illustrates clearly the power of game — it helped a natural alpha like Tom Brady, a man already in possession of the full suite of conventional male attractiveness traits, breach a supermodel's panty barrier.

In other news, Mel Gibson has informed his much younger Russian girlfriend that he will have a paternity test done on her baby when it is born. Mel has been reading my blog. I'm glad to see him shedding the straightjacket of his beta religious sensibilities. A looming $500 million dollar divorce payout will do that to a man.

Maxim #666: All kneel before the god of biomechanics, by sword or by surrender.

#1 Herb

CH · 9 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

What do herbs carry in their satchels that they need convenient access to whatever is inside while at nightclubs? Grapes? A back issue of *Wired*? Naomi Wolf's *'The Beauty Myth'*? E tabs? An Obama-shaped buttplug? Scientists are baffled.

Other trademarks of the species *herbisaurus maximus*:

He goes straight to the leg press machine at the gym because he has no upper body strength. And it's easy to stack a lot of plates on the leg press without actually exerting much effort.

He only exudes confidence around women when he's already in a relationship. The herb will turn into an unstoppable and slightly creepy parvenu of flirtatious banter when he knows he has a girlfriend to fall back on. If his practice target reciprocates, the herb will suddenly get nervous and start babbling about having to go to Bed, Bath and Beyond to buy his girlfriend scented tub stickers.

Related to the above, the herb is happy when in a relationship, morose when single. A herb who has been in a rut for longer than six months will sweat droplets of pure estrogen.

The herb constantly white knights, subconsciously hoping it will lead to sex. It never does, and the herb never learns. This white knighting instinct can be particularly annoying to the herb's buddies. Try it and see for yourself. Example: Herb's friend negs girl. Herb intrudes, "Hey, man, that's not cool. Her shoes are fine." Friend loses pickup momentum as herb monopolizes convo with girl, emoting furiously about the latest indie band.

The herb is more flexible than most female gymnasts. He does 1,500 Kegels a day, inadvertently.

The herb is not gay, but sometimes wishes he were, because he is that open-minded.

Herbs are vegetarians. Super herbs are vegans. Meat eating herbs will indulge in private, away from scornful female peers. Almost all the herb's peers are female LJBFs.

Herbs have never — not ONCE — acquired a girlfriend by picking her up. All the herbs in the world met their girlfriends through social circles.

There are many subspecies of herbs, but the one thing they all have in common is *lumpenbeta* passivity. Not only does the herb have no concept of game, he will be actively repelled when you try to explain it to him. He doesn't understand why men need game because he is happy with his chubby 4 girlfriend.

Now there are Japanese herbs! The herb has gone international!

> Typically, "herbivore men" are in their 20s and 30s, and believe that friendship without sex can exist between men and women, Fukasawa said.
>
> The term has become a buzzword in Japan. Many people in Tokyo's Harajuku neighborhood were familiar with "herbivore men" — and had opinions about them.
>
> Shigeyuki Nagayama said such men were not eager to find girlfriends and tend to be clumsy in love, and he admitted he seemed to fit the mold himself.
>
> "My father always asks me if I got a girlfriend. He tells me I'm no good because I can't get a girlfriend."
>
> Midori Saida, a 24-year-old woman sporting oversized aviators and her dyed brown hair in long ringlets, said "herbivore men" were "flaky and weak."
>
> "We like manly men," she said. "We are not interested in those boys — at all."

It can no longer be denied; I have my finger on the pulse of trends in first world decay. What will be the next meme to capture the world's imagination? Stay tuned!

No herbs were harmed in the writing of this post.

The State Of Art In America

CH · 10 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Every year DC has an event called Artomatic, where a large, vacant office building in a sketchy neighborhood is rented out to host exhibits of numerous local artists. Emphasis on **local**. This year is its 10th anniversary. I'd guess that the art you see by local artists in DC is not much different from what artists are creating in other major American cities.

I went to Artomatic last year with two accomplished wingmen, but this year I had sexy female company, so instead of roaming free and hitting on brooding cuties I was able to focus on the quality of the art.

The key to being a good artist is to tame the noise in your head and filter it for maximum audience impact.

This guy opened his head and let the primordial noise tumble out unrefined. The ADD pandemic is apparent everywhere. Suggestion: More is not always better, unless it's sex.

Of course there were the customary Christianity mocking themes. (I wonder if "courageous", "edgy" and "controversial" artists will ever mock Islam or Judaism with the same gusto they sneer at Christianity? Here's a start, brave artistes: Muhammad was a fag pedophile and Abraham was a filicidal cousin fucker. Try not to pee yourselves.)

As far as heretical anti-Christian art goes, this one was kind of cute. Snoopy died for our sins. Charlie Brown went “AAARRGH” when Snoopy breathed his last. Good grief, Charlie Brown, everything will be OK in three days.

This pointless jumble was par for the course:

Creepy babies never go out of style. The price tag for this one was $500 American dollars. I’d like to meet the budding serial killer who would pay $500 to hang this on his fingernail-smeared dungeon wall, and shake his hand for doing his part to keep disturbed individuals expressing themselves creatively instead of spitting loogies in the burgers at McDonalds.

The weirdness parade marches on:

Woman's naked torso. Patchy, ungulate fur. Antlers. Spiked legs. One of these things does not belong with the other.

From the other side, a bee (dead) crawls out of the skull spinal cord hole:

Finally, resolution! The skull bee ties the piece together. Meaning is restored.

This was my favorite artist:

Yes, that is a pleasing photograph of a woman's bush with the title "Heavenly Nest". I liked this artist because he was the only one in the entire show who wasn't full of himself. All his photos were arousing pornographic shots of women's naked body parts, with unpretentious titles like "Asstastic" and "Perfect Mounds". This guy respects the viewer's intelligence and natural human desires. No phony hidden meanings, no intellectual posing, no elevating of the banal; he just gives you the hot ass straight up and tells you to enjoy yourself. Not coincidentally, his pieces were reasonably priced.

This piece showed the most technical artistic proficiency of all the artists at Artomatic:

There's a twinkle in the eye for YOU.

After a long, semi-hard slog through seven floors of this charade, I have reached a verdict. The state of art in America is:

Clutter.

I'm a man who loves beauty. I love beautiful women, beautiful breasts, beautiful pussies, beautiful scenery, beautiful ideas, beautiful fornication… and beautiful art. If Artomatic is any indication, the art of our nation's creative class is not beautiful. It is ugly. It is noisome. It is inane. It is a collage of crap.

It is the sewage leak of septic tank-shaped souls.

And none of this is new. Art in America has been on this collision course with retardation for at least the past 40 years, maybe more. We are a long, LONG way from Monet.

Creepy crying babies, piles of baubles and trinkets, brains seeping out of eye sockets, distorted faces and renderings of mangled penises dangling from age-spotted bodies. If we agree that art is a mirror held up to the artist's inner world, and by extension a larger mirror reflecting the culture in which the artist is immersed, and that its function is to tell us something about ourselves, then the message is loud and clear: We are an ugly culture crippled by ugly advocates whipping anyone who professes to see profound meaning in their ugliness with the barbed ends of a bloody cat-o'-nine tails, fat bloated hogs rooting in a trash heap of stupid, begging for more. All your mudpits are belong to us.

There seems only one way out of this death-de-sac: Surrender, annihilation, rebirth.

Let's just hope we finish ourselves off before our enemies get the chance.

UPDATE: I did ask my female companion about the ugliness of the art and she said "The artists have their own reasons. Not everything has to be for you."

Since women want to believe beauty is subjective, her answer didn't surprise me. She later pleased me by remarking that my cock was just as "substantial" as the haloed cock in the painting of the naked black dude. Penis size remains objective.

As a personal experiment, I approached a couple of girls admiring the artwork with this opener: "Hey, do you notice how a lot of this art seems really cluttered?" One girl tried to explain the meaning of the piece. The other girl snarled at me. I'm not using "snarled" figuratively. She really snarled. The corner of her upper lip turned up, exposing the sharp end of an incisor, and she made a noise like an angry bobcat.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 11 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Pulled from a friend's real life events!

You've been dating a woman for about six weeks. The sex has been great and you enjoy her company. Recently, she accepted into her furrow your unsheathed manhood. Things are heating up. She has showered you with adequate flattery and cooed sweet talk in your ear. (No L word yet.) Everything is going well.

Then, one Thursday evening, she sends you a cryptic text announcing there is bad news, she won't be around for the weekend because she is flying out of town. She thinks she'll be back Sunday evening. She gives no reason for the sudden departure. She signs off the text with a couple of perfunctory "xo"s.

You text her back immediately asking why she's flying out of town, and if everything is OK. She texts an hour later saying she'll call you sometime during the weekend.

Friday and Saturday pass with no word from her. Despite your best efforts to remain an alpha paragon of aloofness and indifference, you begin to fret, remembering those times she talked about the ex she dumped wanting to get back in her life. Then you muse about the aspects of her nature that you don't relish so much — the fact that she's just north of 30, has no decent career prospects, and still talks of moving to new cities for "life experience" like she's a recently minted college graduate. She's assertive and flaky, an all too typical combination in a single DC woman.

You consider your options. Call or text her once more demanding an explanation? Send another inquiring text gently wondering if she's in trouble? Do nothing?

Sunday morning arrives, still no word.

As with previous posts testing your game, the question is simple:

It's Sunday afternoon. What do you do?

Late Sunday evening, after midnight, she finally calls. You were sleeping. She leaves a voicemail telling you she just got back into town and she's really tired. She'll talk later.

It's Monday evening. Your phone is ringing. It's her. You consider your options. Get angry and call her out on her cagey bullshit? Remain calm and act as if nothing she did was abnormal? Comfort her in her time of need? Don't answer the phone?

What do you do?

I will post the answer later.

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 12 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The range of answers by the commenters to yesterday's post about how to handle an inconsiderate woman you've been dating for six weeks when she flies out of town on a mystery trip and leaves you in the dark were wide and varied, enough for me to choose representative samples of the worst and the best.

Almost every commenter got the first part correct. Do nothing. If a girl says she will call you over the weekend but doesn't, you'll only make yourself look worse by trying to establish contact with her. Either she can't use the phone, and your repeated texts and voicemails pile up like a monument to your betatude and embarrass you, or she has decided not to call you, and any move you make to get in touch will validate her negative impression of you. When she does call back you'll have your opportunity to recapture the upper hand. If she doesn't call back… well, then you know she boffed the ex and you can stop fretting about her.

The second part of the test was a lot trickier.

askjoe wrote:

> Put on my three-wolf moon t-shirt and wait for her to start beating down my door.

Never doubt the power of the three wolf t-shirt.
Grade: Chuck Norris

Aenigma wrote:

> Getting angry and calling out her BS shows that she has direct control over your emotions- never a position you want a manipulative woman to know she has. Additionally it shows that you're not the aloof alpha- so its a no go.
>
> Bringing it up or asking about it will show you care directly- also a no go.
>
> Your best bet is to pretend nothing happened. You're the aloof Alpha remember?

The concept of alpha aloofness can be stretched to extremes, where it becomes not just counterproductive to your pussy goals, but corrodes your dignity as a man. How much are you willing to brush off? Everything, as long as you "Go out and fuck ten other women"? This principle taken to its logical end would mean that EVERY TIME a girlfriend or date did something you didn't like you would dump her forthwith and move on to the next girl. You think you can have a normal relationship with a girl completely free of her typical female bullshit? You are living in a fantasy land if you think that's so. Women weren't designed by the Lord of Biomechanics to make men happy. They were designed to make themselves happy. It's our job as men to train women to please us. We do this by satisfying her need for a strong man, just as she satisfies our need for a thin, sexual, feminine playmate.

An alpha's default mode should be amused mastery, in control of his emotions which remain torqued for retribution only when it advantages himself. But there is room in an alpha's universe for uncontrolled blasts of passionate anger. Sometimes a girl wants to have her man piss on his territory.
Grade: B- for avoiding the worst beta temptations

Firepower wrote:

> Thus, when fretting begins, it is a clear signal to use a man's advantage: Game.
>
> Go out hunting with the goal of acquiring new tail.
>
> While on the call, wait for **her** to divulge her reasons. Hopefully, if she cares about the sudden damage she has caused to a budding relationship, she will be nervous in explaining her reason for traveling. If she clears the air

> satisfactorily – ok.
>
> Regardless, I'd lay it out clearly that relationships are based upon trust and confidence. I'd state my expectations plainly. If she cannot abide – I am finished with her and will progress to the next female.

A solid answer. Six weeks is not enough time for a man to forfeit his prerogative to chase skirt up and down the city. Fretting will certainly gain him nothing. (Think about the kinds of people who fret. Gays and women. And lesser betas.) Don't jump down her throat when she calls. Let her explain herself. The earnestness or circumspection with which a woman divulges her me-time will tell you a lot about how much she values your trust. If her story reeks of BS, dump her or demote her to fuckbuddy (without informing her of the demotion of course). The choice to dump or demote is highly dependent on her hotness and your options. If she gives a plausible reason and offers to come over right away to administer a black hole blowjob, then strategically drop the matter and wash the smegma off your junk. Later, when she thinks everything is copacetic, you may cooly inform her of your expectations for a relationship and your displeasure with her actions. The best time to lay down the hammer of hurt is when it's least expected.
Grade: A

It's My First Day wrote:

> Don't answer. Write her off. Go chase some new tail. If she really digs you, she'll keep calling and eventually she will send you an email explaining herself. IF the email offers a decent explanation as to why she went MIA for 3 days and it is full of apologies, then you may consider taking her back. Otherwise, give her the heave-ho permanently.

A lot of commenters suggested the hardcore approach, like this one. Hey, if you've got a steady stream of progressively hotter chicks waiting expectantly, open-mouthed, for the blessing of your jizzbombs, then go ahead and be all the hardcore you wanna be. But what if she had a legitimate reason for her actions? What if you like the girl? Letting her Monday night call go to vmail is not a bad idea, maybe even preferable to picking up right away, but not calling back for days or waiting for her to send an apologetic email is unecessary overgaming on a girl who you have yet to hear out.
Grade: C

Schumpeter wrote:

> I agree, it sounds like a shit test. Maybe there was a reason to take off, but not giving that reason up front is a shit test.

Maybe it was a shit test, maybe not. Given the information we have, we can't make that determination with full confidence. If she was a one week fling, I'd say, yeah, assume the shit test and return to gaming her like the two-bit whore she is. But maybe she's just an absent-minded numbskull? A lot of flaky, self-entitled urban girls are surprisingly obtuse in their grasp of social niceties. If she's calling you, then that means you're on her mind. Give her the opportunity to clear the air.
Grade: Incomplete

Days of Broken Arrows wrote:

> I'm sure this is the wrong answer, but I would pick up the phone, listen, then call her on being weird: "Did someone die?" Then I would listen more. If the reasons for her departure were flaky bullshit I would do as follows:
>
> I would put the relationship into second gear or on the back burner. When people behave like this early on, it doesn't get better. It's a sign of things to come.

Key word: weird. I will explain in my answer below.
Grade: A+

Paul wrote:

> I am surprised how many people get so possessive and demanding so quickly in a relationship. Based on the scenario, this is just a fun relationship with a somewhat flakey girl that has zero LTR value. After dating such a girl for only six weeks you are already demanding that she account for all of her time?

This is a girl who has had your cock in every hole and your sperm sprayed all over her body. She has professed much affection for you. It is not an example of possessiveness to refuse her disrespect.
Grade: D for dodge

kam wrote:

> if the grandmother died or the brother was hurt, she would have texted “grandma died” or “brother hurt”. the “i’ll call you with the explanation” means it’s not that simple, and probably emotional drama vs actual drama.

Grade: P for perceptiveness

Ari Hinkelberger wrote:

> What a true Alpha would do is call her friend up… Tell her you don’t have much going on this weekend because the 6 week fling is out of town.
>
> You then ask her friend if she wants to get a drink on Saturday night.
>
> Her friend will want to get a drink with you if your girl is hot, because she considers you filet minon who only bangs hot chicks…
>
> Since you are top shelf liquor who only bangs hot chicks and walks with an alpha limp, you go out with her friend on Saturday night – get her drunk – and fuck her on your couch…all the while your 6 week Wonder Women thinks she is playing you.
>
> There is no way to nail a flaker to the wall harder then to bang her hot friend.
>
> Then when your girl calls Monday night, you pick up the phone like an Alpha ask her how her weekend was. Tell her that you had GREAT active weekend and that you were sorry you didn’t call and check in.

Grade: A+++, just because

Lady Macbeth stayed true to form:

> From a woman’s perspective I agree with Aenigma on the actual reaction. If you refuse to answer the call the first thing I’d think is: “uh oh drama queen needs to know every detail of my life or he’s gonna pout”

If your first reaction when he doesn’t answer the phone is to think he is pouting, then that means you did something cunty and you don’t like that he may be calling you out on it. If you had nothing to hide, you would just be a normal human being and assume he was busy when you rang.

> So answer, act extremely cool and casual like you didn’t even realize there is something you SHOULD be angry about because the anger also proves to a woman that you care. (in my opinion).

Translation: Be a doormat. Let your woman disrespect you without fear of reprisal, because to refuse her this god-given right just shows you have not placed her on a high enough princess pedestal. See: Italian eunuch who cooks

Cuntrag's dinners and picks up her kid's toys.

> Sort of like "hey is everything okay with you?" and if she gives you a simple "yes" let it go and talk about something else. I disagree that women who don't want to talk about "details" of an emergency are hiding something. When something happens in my immediate family I don't share more than sketchy details even with long term friends.

The woman in my story didn't even have the sense to share sketchy details. Any woman who explains away a mystery four day disappearance with a simple and incomplete "Yes" is presumed guilty of a Class A whore infraction. If a man takes your advice he will be a second class citizen in any relationship, which, I suppose, is just how you like it, because you're a bitch control freak.

> The part I disagree with about Aenigma is the "go out with other women" (or pretend to be too busy with other chicks). If a guy trys to make me jealous I always know and it's satisfying for a woman because again….she knows you care enough to get upset and look for other chicks. An Alpha man doesn't NEED an immediate replacement because he always has options. What's the hurry?

In Cuntrag's rapidly imploding universe, the man can't win. If he's a pouting beta, he loses. If he's a player alpha, he loses. But if he does all her housework for no sex in return and pretends to enjoy her inane ramblings about the BMX biker doing a 180 handle spin into her anus, he's the perfect man.

Here's a clue, LR: An alpha man is not going to wait until you have thoroughly abused his trust before he exercises his options. The world does not revolve around you.

> Not to mention that if she thinks you'll run for another woman the moment she's not available it will be easier for her to come to the conclusion that you're not worth HER time (because you cannot be trusted).

When a woman skips town on her lover without even a cursory explanation, she has provided evidence that she is not worth HIS time. Whether she thinks he is worth her time is irrelevant.
Grade: C for… ah, I'll let you finish the rest.

The_Judge wrote:

> This is pretty simple, really. If you have been dating, vigorously I assume, for a month a half, then you should NOT tolerate a prolonged absence without an explanation. It doesn't matter if her entire immediate family was killed in a freak RV trailer explosion; she should have let you know why she is leaving in the first place. Or if she left in utmost hurry, updated you the first chance she got with a very clear and concise explanation.
>
> Anything short of the above is a clear and present sign of flakiness, which needs to be punished immediately. You don't have to dump her right away, but a stunt like that requires complete detachment of empathy. If she starts talking some made up sob story (or even a true one, makes no difference at this point), you need to cut her down to size make it clear that you have priorities in life:
>
> 1. Me
> 2. A woman who cares for me and loves me unconditionally
> 3. My business
> 4. My affairs

A little bit of overkill, but basically this man grasps the deeper implications of the woman's actions.
Grade: B+

Roosh wrote:

> The answer depends on what you want from the girl. If only sex then who cares who else she fucks. She'll return for the dick eventually and you'd probably have something else on the side anyway. But if you want something serious, then some type of dramatic call-out after a cooling off period will be required. If she doesn't then verbalize how much she cares/likes you and wants to see you again then it's done.

Context is king.
Grade: A+

anony (a chick) wrote:

> @Aengima,
> You are wrong and LR is correct.
> Confident women NEVER knowingly compete, because 1) it's unnatural; men compete, not women

The existence of the beautification industry refutes you.
Grade: Goose Egg (one left)

******

ANSWER

First, I will reveal what happened to the friend in my story. Then I will offer what I believe is the best response to any similar situation to the one experienced by my friend.

He picked up the phone Monday night and she explained that a girl friend had an emergency and she had to fly out of state to be with her. She didn't tell my friend the reason for her hasty exit because her girl friend had requested that her problem be kept secret. Having sworn to uphold her friend's privacy, she probably thought that telling my friend she was visiting a girl friend with a personal problem would mean she would have to explain the details of that problem. She said she did not answer texts or voicemails because her phone had no reception where her girl friend lived (a small, lightly populated state). My friend accepted this plausible excuse because she has a history of sexually pleasing him and giving him lots of affection, and furthermore she sounded genuinely happy to speak with him again. There was no dumping or demoting based on this incident.

Later, I informed my friend that he should keep a wary eye on his woman because her behavior, despite the solid rationale given by her, was not the ideal behavior of a woman who respects and cherishes her man more than the whims of her own self-indulgent egotism. If I'm right in my assessment of this woman's character, then their relationship will not last much longer.

What I Would Have Done

I would have let the Monday night call go to vmail, then called her a couple hours later. As Roosh explained in his answer, if I liked the girl enough to consider her LTR material then it would have been acceptable, even required by the Code of Alphadom, to call her out on her disrespectful flakiness. It doesn't matter if she was pulling a shit test or was simply absent-minded, her behavior sets a bad precedent for any potential relationship with her. Her excuse, while plausible, still leaves a bad taste in the mouth. She could have easily texted my friend that she was flying out to see a girl friend about a personal problem that she was not at liberty to discuss. Any man who wasn't a beta paranoiac would accept that reasoning without argument, and with the patience to withhold judgement until she returned to fully explain herself and prove her continuing passion for him.

The method by which I would call out the woman in this story is one I have found works exceptionally well. I would first tell her I'm glad everything's OK with her, then I would call her weird, or even creepy, for sending such a vague text in the middle of the night when it would have been no trouble for her to give a simple heads up why she was leaving. Girls use words like "weird", "creepy", and "loser" to describe men who repulse them, so by co-opting their own words of disgust to use against them you will strike deeper into the heart of their warped female souls. Girls

understand the power of these words, so they will work to win your favor back if you tar them with the same brush they tar the betas of the world.

Then I would keep her at arm's length for a month, hitting on other women and fucking her with a healthy dose of detachment, until she had earned the full measure of my trust again.

For those insisting that the woman in the story owes my friend nothing, your loose ethical standards are not helping her cause. The length of time of the relationship matters less than the vigor with which the passionate lust and loving affection has been exchanged. Any woman who has received your unprotected cock into her vagina on multiple occasions and taken loads of your hot seed to every square inch of her body has relinquished the freedom to behave selfishly and cavalierly without suffering a degradation of her worth as a girlfriend. By her cagey actions, she has announced that she is a rank slut. Her hole is open for business, no strings attached.

An important feeling every man wants in a relationship is the feeling of OWNING, in some part, his woman. This is a natural expression of the masculine essence, and is as undeniable, unassailable, and unalterable as is the feminine essence of wanting to love and be loved by a dominant man. The woman in my story has declared by her disrespect for my friend, whether intended or not, that she will not be owned. Stay away from women who think this way. They are at war with their feminine souls.

The Masculinization Of The Western White Female

CH · 15 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Which of these two women is more attractive?

Commenter **Ben** left a link in the comments from this post to an anthropology blog written by a guy named Dienekes, who posed the above question in a post comparing the beauty of top models and actresses in 2008 to leading actresses from the 1940s.

The pictures above are computer generated composites of, on the left, eight hot babes from Askmen.com's Top 99 Women of 2008, and on the right, seven Best Actress Oscar winners from the 1940s. If you go to the Dienekes link, you'll see photos of the individual women used to make the composites.

A couple thoughts…

Both women are attractive. This isn't a comparison between beautiful and not beautiful; it's a comparison between two beauties of nuanced facial differences. My jizzbombs would travel impressive distances with either woman in my bed of sin, though I'd feel more emotional satisfaction — more OWNAGE — spackling the woman on the right because she has the look of Bambi-fied innocence. The woman on the left is only superficially penetrable.

The 2008 composite hot babe is more masculine than the 1940s composite hottie. 2008 woman has smaller eyes, slightly thinner lips, more angular jawline, and a heavier brow ridge overhang — all indicators of masculinization. She has a smaller nose, which is more feminine, but with nose jobs being standard operating procedure for modern women in the looks-based industries (actresses included) it's not revealing to compare the natural noses of past beauties with the manufactured noses of present beauties.

I bet if I could feel the cheeks of each woman the cheek of the 2008 composite would have a soft layer of vellous peach fuzz, while the cheek of the 1940s composite would be nearly free of vestigial ape fur. I'd also bet that the 2008 composite is sluttier than the 1940s composite, and more likely to make you eat a dick sandwich.

I found these composites fascinating for what it potentially reveals about American mating preferences of the last 60 years. Is it simply an example of marketers, agents, and producers in 2008 choosing women who look masculinized based on the whims of personal (read: gay) preference? Or is the genetic pool of beauties becoming more masculinized such that there aren't many ultrafeminine women available to rise up the ranks of the looks-based industries? If the latter, is it possible for the genetic substrate of OBJECTIVELY DEFINABLE beauty to change so rapidly? Within a few generations? My belief is that it is equally likely that genetic change drives cultural change as the other way around, and this includes the average change in women's facial bone morphology.

Stepping back to look at the big picture, it would make sense in a world of Western decline where white men are becoming feminized that white women should become masculinized. But why are women getting a harder, badass Lara Croftian look? I submit there are **three primary reasons** for the change:

1. Naturally sluttier women are enjoying greater rewards than long term commitment-oriented women as the sexual market since the 1950s has evolved toward advantaging short term hookups and disincentivizing settling down:

> Avery Leake, 25, knows what this is like from the other side. He's in a relationship now, but he says that, in general, most of the young women he used to meet "just wanted sex. They're independent." Being in a relationship was not important to them, especially if it interfered with their careers or their pursuit of advanced degrees, he says.
>
> Leake found that he was also up against women who had as much money as he had, if not more, and he says dating had just become too expensive. "You used to be able to get away with paying $30 for a dinner and a movie," Leake says. "Not anymore."

As masculinization plays a major role in determining how eager a woman will be to ride the cock carousel, the single mother slut wave of post-nuclear family America has evolved a generally manlier disposition in both appearance and attitude.

2. Women living under the new rules of the polygyny-favoring modern sexual market are choosing alpha males at greater rates than women under the older, monogamy-favoring system. And naturally, the alpha males these women choose are more masculine than the betas they are no longer keen on settling down with. When they have kids with these alpha skittles men — and it's the low class Idiocratic brood sows who are having more kids than the play-by-the-rules plush beta herbs — the thug genes are passed on and their sons are born with their fists already swinging or holding a beer and their daughters are born with lantern jaws and a propensity to fuck with piston-like efficiency.

Behold the future that single moms with a vaginal itch for tattoos, bikers, and pimpslap game bequeath us with their vile spawn:

> Boys who carry a particular variation of the gene Monoamine oxidase A (MAOA), sometimes called the "warrior gene," are more likely not only to join gangs but also to be among the most violent members and to use weapons, according to a new study from The Florida State University that is the first to confirm an MAOA link specifically to gangs and guns.

3. Gender bending chemical sabotage is altering the sexual landscape. High carb, low fat diets are making women more masculine and the Pill is fucking with women's mate selection filters. Estrogenic compounds in the water supply from urine secreted by women on the Pill may also be messing around with male hormonal profiles, contributing to the recent shift to dandyism.

Interestingly, the case can be made that it's no accident the rise of the subculture of seduction science and its PUA practitioners follows closely the rise of the masculinized Western white woman. Ultimately, for a guy who has game, a sexual market filled with slutty, aggressive women is a pussy boon. But for the hapless beta male offering his thin gruel of a steady corporate income and clockwork dependability, the rise of the Terminatrix has been a dispiriting bust.

The Self-Made Beta

CH · 16 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Leaning against a pole as the train lurched forward, I noticed an older man, late 40s and clearly marked with the curse of the herb, standing with his young daughter by his side. He was talking with a curvaceous, big bosomed woman in her early 20s who looked like pre-meltdown Britney Spears. She was quite stimulating to the eyes and crotch. The man and Britney were having an energetic and friendly conversation which, when my ears were tuned to the words coming out of her mouth, was about the man's daughter's soccer team. Britney's wide, C-shaped smile indicated she was enjoying this harmless herb's company, while the herb's studiously affected flat facial expression and stiff nodding movements suggested a swell of discomfort with his arousal that was threatening to lumber awkwardly through the polite veneer of their phony interaction.

I observed them for a few minutes, until the train reached my stop. A wave of bilious disgust curled my lips. I thought to myself that I never want to be that man who is so inoffensive — that man who has relinquished the last faint hope of his masculinity — that hot co-eds feel perfectly at ease shoving their bountiful breasts and plump, juicy flesh in my face to prattle on about the daily trifles of their lives or to chatter cloyingly about my kid's soccer practice, taunting by their estrogenic proximity the ape-shaped contours of my cockcentric desire as the beast rattles the bars of its ganglial imprisonment, begging for release.

Only men know men. Women have no conception of the mind of man and what it is thinking at any given time. I know what was going through that family herb's head. He was hearing her words but inside he was pawing her ass cheeks, his tongue flicking up the length of her vulnerable neck, his pudgy sausage fingers squeezing her tits then prying apart her legs to stroke the folds of her labia, his cock dribbling the pre-cum of urgency as it poised itself before the entrance to her womb. Straining against the silent symphony of his horniness and the feelings of uselessness and shame for the void with which the young women around him now perceived his once dangerously virile sack, he would shuffle home, shoulders sunk, to masturbate despondently in the bathroom. I imagined the wife he would go home to is the typical American fat, nagging sow. No doubt this brief platonic conversation with the cute young woman standing before him was the sad highlight of the last fifteen years of his life.

Did Britney know this was on his mind? Such a capacity for self-delusion women possess!

Here is my call to arms. I believe it is every man's duty to impolitely flirt and pass sexual judgement on each attractive woman who crosses his path. I believe it is every man's right, no matter what his age, to refuse to apologize for his natural desires, to make no excuses for his deviant wants, and to grab any opportunity to hit on women in his field of view. I believe it is every man's mission statement at birth to disturb a woman's banal self-satisfied sanctuary — her cultivated immunity from unsettling intrusions of the psychologically erectile form — whenever she cavalierly insults his primal urges with naive overtures toward tepid, desexualized friendliness. I believe in all this because a man is happiest when he is demonstrating by his actions a proper respect for his masculine prerogative. I want there to be no mental safe haven for sexually enticing women in public places where men are present. I want them forced to confront what men are truly feeling and visualizing underneath their threadbare civility, and to understand there is no walling off the ever-encroaching predatory chaos of the jungle. I want them to be psychologically groped, everywhere there are men like me at ease with our voracious sexuality.

If I were that herbly father figure, as soon as she attempted to box me in with bland, asexual chit chat I would have negged her.

"Hey you look like Britney Spears. Later years Britney."

This would have made her go quiet, if it did not shake her into a tremor of attraction, and by the lascivious smirk on my face she would grow suddenly uncomfortable with the realization that I was seeing her as a sexual creature to be plundered. She would then gaze downward at the ugly carpeting, and scurry through the sliding doors when her stop arrived, reminded as she was of the crude fuckworthy animal object she ultimately is to this one man at least.

And I would walk out proudly, head held high, dignity intact. A victory for my balls. A defeat for polite society.

How Good Is Your Alpha Acumen?

CH · 17 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Your ability to quickly identify and avoid social miscues, and to capitalize on power vacuums within shifting social arrangements, is more valuable to your success with women than your net worth or job status.

Thought experiment: You've been dating a girl for a couple of months, which means you should have been banging her for 7.5 weeks. She invites you to a house party being thrown by one of her friends. You mentally hesitate, knowing that the party will be filled with just her friends and you'll be like an interloper adolescent male wolf trying to ingratiate himself to a new pack. But then you remember how good you are at working a room and decide there is little chance of an embarrassing faux pas.

At the party everything is smooth sailing. You've got her friends laughing and your girl is flitting about the room occasionally looking over her shoulder to establish your coordinates and magnitude of fraternizing with the competition (as an alpha male with keen insight of women, you know that it's important to treat every attractive woman as your girlfriend's potential usurper). Later, you are standing in a circle of ten or so people with your girlfriend and everyone is ricocheting conversational topics like a pong ball. One topic leads to another and your girl has started talking about how you wooed her on the second date.

"Oh yeah, he broke out the guitar and played 'Spanish Ballad'. I thought it was so charming, but actually he just taught himself that one song. Ever since then I've asked him to play something else but he won't. He sucks at playing guitar!"

The girls laugh, but a couple of the men in the group look over at you first before laughing nervously. Your girlfriend has just insulted you, though she may be sufficiently obtuse and/or conditioned by the feeble pantywaistage of past beta boyfriends as to not realize the gravity of her diss. Many girls are prone to this sort of behavior at social events, catapulting their own status and greasing their acceptance into the group on the backs of their hapless boyfriends. A woman knows she can engender female solidarity through the telling of humiliating tales about her lover.

What do you do?

I see six available options to the man in this scenario.

1. Chuckle along. That will show you get the joke and can roll with the punches. You are TOO ALPHA to be moved by such an insult. You indifferent long time.
2. Pierce her with the silent, icy stare of soul death. You communicate your displeasure with her without uttering any words. This course of action circumvents any possible verbal escalation and further awkwardness while still letting her know that she crossed a line.
3. Directly call her out. "Yo, what's with you shitting all over my hobbies? Check yourself." Major awkwardness will ensue, but you'll feel DAMNED GOOD and she'll be a submissive kitten in bed for months.
4. Indirectly call her out. "That's funny. I was just thinking the same thing about that one and only meal you know how to cook." If you've got the wit, this is an excellent option. You express your displeasure in a humorous, crowd-pleasing way that does not make too many people uncomfortable. Downside: Your thin-skinned girlfriend gets offended and a passive aggressive fight breaks out as spectators stare into their drinks.
5. Nuke the vaj from orbit. "Fuck you." Then walk out of the party. Yeah, you may have just spoiled any long term potential with your girl by permanently cutting off the reservoir of good will between her social group and you, but I guarantee she'll come crawling on all fours back to you with her pussy so hot and bothered she sings an aria as you pound the bitch out of her.
6. Change the subject. This is the go-to option for those men who want to avoid conflict and tension yet aren't willing to play the genial butt of the joke.

Personally, I have opted for #4 when I've been in similar situations with a girl, but I trust my instincts to counterattack with the right amount of face-saving force. Not every man will react as smoothly. For the average guy who wishes to keep seeing the girl (and part of building an LTR is winning over each other's social circles) I think #6 is best. #2 is also good, but you have to be careful to stare just long enough to make her face blush with shame, and not any longer. He might be best served saving his anger for later when he is alone with her.

#3 and #5 are great if the girl is nothing more than a fling to you, and you are happy being the Asshole to her Heloise. Really, it is a superbly satisfying power trip to walk out on a girl. I suggest all of you try it at least once in your life. I did it recently with a girl who said I was "pressuring her" for sex too soon (third date, my informal limit for delaying sexual gratification) and since that evening that I walked silently out of her life I've seen her three times in various spots around the city, and couldn't help but notice her torment and yearning for my love in the way she nervously mumbled hello and tugged at her hair.

#1 is for two types of men:

a. Established Alphas who dominate their girlfriends so completely that an occasional affront to his Lordship by his number one subject can be brushed off with a hearty, yet sinister, laugh. Oftentimes, a Master Alpha communicates his true intentions in subtext that only his girlfriend, accustomed as she is to the Macchiavellian delights of his power, will comprehend. The crowd hears him laugh along; she hears him laughing because she knows thoughts of how he will punish her for her transgression are going through his head. This makes her quiver with fear and arousal.

b. Betas on a learning curve. It seems that every beta who has learned to avoid the worst fates with women — LJBF, cuckolding, dick sandwich, cockteasing, shit tests — reflexively retreats to Aloof and Indifferent game any time a girl tools him. *"Go out and fuck ten other women"* is simply not credible advice for most men without top notch game. "A and I" game is certainly superior to straight up beta chumpery, but it isn't always the best course of action. However, a beta on the path to enlightenment may find it personally advantageous to minimize fallout rather than maximize opportunity. In the scenario I described, rolling with his girlfriend's insult may prove to be the beta's best option. An angry alpha will sound in command and someone to be respected, while an angry beta risks sounding bitter and spiteful. Unless you have a prior history of asshole game with your girl, you want to avoid the thunderbolt out of the blue FU option. A chuckle followed by an attempt to steer the conversation to an unrelated subject is how a man still grappling with his game and unsure of his authority over his girl should play it safe.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 18 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a while since the last installment of 'Great Scenes'. Here is a video clip from the movie 'The Philadelphia Story', featuring Cary Grant giving Katharine Hepburn exactly what she needs. The audio has been disabled by YouTube due to copyright issues, but you don't need it for this scene as no words are exchanged. (Video link sent courtesy of reader Godless Capitalist.)

GC noted that you would be hard pressed to find a scene like this in a modern movie, especially in a movie where the "domestic abuser" gets the girl in the end, as Cary Grant did in 'The Philadelphia Story'. I agree. You'd rarely see a leading man in a modern movie face-push a woman onto her ass, no matter how deserving she was of it, unless his character was Evil Incarnate or, worse, Beta Maximus. In a movie depicting the latter case, the Beta Maximus would spend the rest of the film wracked with guilt and prostrating himself before the "victim", begging her forgiveness.

Feminists, their lickspittle SWPL beta enablers, and our PC apparatchiks would have you believe only bitter, creepy losers enraged by a lifetime of female rejection would ever physically confront a woman, but as I have pointed out before on these esteemed pages, betas don't have the sack to hit or physically confront a woman. Most betas tuck their tails between their legs when a woman humiliates them. It's the lesser alphas who go in for crude beatdown game, and the apex alphas who do what Cary Grant did in this clip — controlled anger administered in such a way as to maximize the mortification payload.

Notice that Grant pulls back a punch in favor of the face-palm. This was the ultimate alpha move for two reasons. One, he recognizes his power is so much higher than Hepburn's that a solid blow by his fist would do her serious damage and have unfortunate repercussions for his reputation. Two, the face-palm push is much more degrading than a punch would be to a woman. It's beating her on her own terms — no egregious violence to embolden martyrdom or incite white knighting, but enough psychological impact to crater her ego. A woman's most valuable asset, besides the upkeep of her vagina, is her face. Grant's face-palm is an affront to that asset. It's basically saying "your face is worthless to me and can kiss my sweaty palm."

Take a look at Hepburn's expression as she's laying on the floor. Guilt, shame… and sweet sweet arousal. Thought experiment: What would be more likely to moisten a woman's pussy?

a. face-palming her in a moment of angry retribution or

b. apologizing for your misdeeds, true or not, and placating her with a massive princess pedestal campaign?

Women would tell you otherwise, but their wet pussies belie their words. They LOVE to be dominated.

Other alpha moves of controlled anger at your disposal (some examples drawn from personal experience):

Hard wrist grab followed by push onto bed or sofa.
Backhanded slap.
Half grapefruit shoved into the face.
Pin her against the wall by her wrists or throat.
Shoulder grab with a full body spin toss finishing move.
Bowl of dry cereal thrown like confetti in her face.
Beer poured over her head.
Cream-filled pastry tossed in her face.
Spray bottle of cleaning fluid thrown at her followed by the words "Clean yourself off, filthy whore."
Crucifix thrown at her if she's playing martyr.
Dual handed breast grab and push backward.
Push wad of toilet paper in her mouth.

Squirt ketchup in her face.

Do any of the above at least once in a relationship and you will never have to worry about her cheating on you or pounding the table yelling “Half!” at divorce proceedings.

I Tried The Apocalypse Opener

CH · 19 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the magisterial Apocalypse Opener, go here to read about it in detail.

Essentially, the Apocalypse Opener is three simple sentences. A description from the link above:

> You rock up to a chick and, in a confident, level voice you say
>
> "Hey, how's it going."
>
> She will say
>
> "Fine."
>
> You then say
>
> "Cool. What are you doing later?"
>
> She will say
>
> "I'm not sure."
>
> You then say
>
> "Do you want to come home with me?"
>
> Then you hold.
>
> Hold.
>
> HOLD……..
>
> HOLD IT MY SON……..
>
> HOLD THE FUCKING LINE……
>
> Boom. Makeout. **[editor's note: he means a makeout should be forthcoming, not that you should initiate a makeout]**

So that's all I had to memorize. "Hey, how you doing." "Cool. What are you up to later?" "Do you want to come home with me?" Easy enough, but of course nothing is ever that simple. The real power of the opener resides in your confident body language, casual delivery, and most importantly how well you maintain state control after you say the final knockout line. Again, from the website link above:

> The key to making it work is not how you say it, but what you do in the 30 seconds after it's left your mouth.
>
> Before I talk specifics, let's state the single CARDINAL SIN of the Apocalypse, which is the ONLY THING that can blow you out.
>
> **NEVER BE WEIRD**
>
> That's it. Don't be weird. You have to deliver the opener deadpan. Like you are talking about the WEATHER. You are not making a BIG THING of it. You're just ASKING.
>
> You are not MOCKING. You are not JOKING. You are not TOO SERIOUS.
>
> It is NOT PLAYFUL however – it is REAL.
>
> You are REALLY ASKING HER.
>
> If she says no – you only need ONE COMEBACK.
>
> It is this:
>
> "Ok."

The key to making the Apocalypse Opener ("AO") work seems to be that you are being sexually genuine without being sexually eager. That means: No creepiness, no giggling, no bashful smiling, no reneging after you've uttered the killer line, and no goofball backpedaling during that critical 30 second post-opener window. In sum: NO FEAR. I imagine if the girl reacted poorly, even angrily, to the AO most guys would be tempted to reassure her that it was just a joke.

He then goes on to explain that if she says "No" you just start talking about random shit like you would do with any girl you were being friendly with in a bar. He claims that 50% of the time, a girl who declines the AO will reengage you later in the night, as long as you handled the blowout with supreme nonchalance. He also makes the outlandish claim that the AO will "work" (that is, it will result in a same night lay) 40% of the time.

I had my doubts, so I decided to try it for myself and for the entertainment of you, my readers. The things I do for you people…

I went alone to a bar I don't normally frequent. If I was going to risk getting a beer poured on my head, I didn't want my buddies pointing and laughing at me and I didn't want to cause trouble in a bar where I knew the staff. I decided to make my move before it got too late in the night and crowded with garrulous frat boys that my target could wave over in case the AO failed spectacularly. I also didn't want to use it on very drunk girls. Almost any bold direct game will work to some degree on drunk chicks, and I wanted to test the AO without alcohol falsifying the result.

I, on the other hand, needed a couple of stiff drinks for this challenge. Although the AO sounds incredibly easy on paper, when you are standing there alone in a semi-crowded bar about to take your first steps toward your target, the lines you have practiced saying by yourself suddenly jam up in your throat. The AO is no ordinary opener; I was feeling intense apprehension the likes of which I hadn't felt since I sat next to THE CUTEST GIRL IN THE WORLD in sixth grade English class and negged her pink backpack.

I walked up to her. I chose my target well. She was standing by the bar alone. I couldn't see the AO working on girls in mixed sets. She was a solid 6, mid or late 20s, not GF worthy, but certainly lay worthy. There was no way I was ready to run the AO on a bonafide hottie.

"Hey, what's up."

She smiled. "Oh, not much. You?"

"I'm alright. You doing anything later?"

"Um… I dunno. Why?"

I focused hard on sounding casual. "Do you want to come home with me?"

After I said it, I felt a tremendous rush of adrenaline. I think I might have chubbed out a little, too. I kept my eyes locked on hers and a slight smile throughout. I made sure not to arch my eyebrows imploringly.

Her mouth hung open. At first she had a startled look, then amusement, then a darkening seriousness. She glanced down at her feet then back up at me.

"How many women has this worked on?"

"If you'd prefer not to, then that's cool."

"I just… I mean, it's sort of OUT THERE, you know?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Maybe compared to the average guy."

"Well, um, I have to tell you I'm waiting for my boyfriend to arrive. So I'm flattered, but…"

"Ok, no problem. Catch you around."

And with that I left the bar.

Apocalypse Opener: FAIL. But of course this was a sample set of one, so I won't draw any conclusions about its efficacy or the adroitness of my delivery yet. She may have really been waiting for a boyfriend for all I knew.

I suspect the AO won't work very well if you are an older man hitting on a much younger woman. Large age discrepancies need indirect game. This chick wasn't much younger than me, but if she had been 19 I think my AO would have gone over like a lead balloon. I'm not a huge proponent of direct game, (and AO is about as direct as it gets), but in situations where you already communicate high sexual status through your looks and fashion sense, the AO will yield more success for you.

Since the AO has such potential for generating humorous and humiliating stories, I plan to purchase a small voice recorder that I will hide under my shirt when I do future AO attempts. Then I will post the audio on my blog for your edification. If you don't hear any sound after I say the opener, that means I'm getting some.

Quotes Of The Day

CH · 21 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

"When women claim to be seeking kindness, respect, a sense of humor, etc., they mean at most that they would like to find these qualities in the men who are already within their erotic field of view. When a man asks what women are looking for, he is trying to find out how he can get into that field of view. Women do not normally say, either because they do not know themselves or because it embarrasses them to speak about it. The advice they do give harms a lot of lonely men who mistakenly concentrate their mating effort on showing kindness and courtesy to ungrateful brats rather than working to gain the things females actually respond to."
– *'The feminine sexual counter-revolution and its limitations'*, F. Roger Devlin

"Sexual desire is preoccupied with youth, and the progressive influx of ever-younger girls onto the field of seduction was simply a return to the norm; a restoration of the true nature of desire, comparable to the return of stock prices to their true value after a run on the exchange. Nonetheless, women who turned twenty in the late sixties found themselves in a difficult position when they hit forty. Most of them were divorced and could no longer count on the conjugal bond — whether warm or abject — whose decline they had served to hasten. As members of a generation who — more than any before — had proclaimed the superioirity of youth over age, they could hardly claim to be surprised when they, in turn, were despised by succeeding generations. As their flesh began to age, the cult of the body, which they had done so much to promote, simply filled them with an intensifying disgust with their own bodies — a disgust they could see mirrored in the gaze of others."
– *The Elementary Particles*, Michel Houllebecq

Picking Up Girls Using The iPhone

CH · 22 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was discussing the potential of iPhone game recently with a couple of buddies. One of my friends had gotten the new iPhone and was giddily sampling all the apps like a kid at Christmas, when we stumbled across some novel uses for the phone as a tool to satisfy men's insatiable sexual demands.

There is an app that acts like a lie detector. You speak to the phone (using its voice recognition capabilities) and the app calculates the truth content of your statement. Obviously, it's not truth serum, but it makes for excellent opener material.

You sidle up to a chick, tossing your monstrous cock over your shoulder and out of the way. "Hey, check this out."

Chick: "What?"

"Say something about yourself to the phone. It'll tell you how truthful you are. Here, like this: 'The girl I'm talking to feels dizzy in my presence'." You press the analyze button. "Hm, 99% truthful. Do you need to sit down for a minute?"

You can go in all sorts of directions with this basic iPhone game template. For instance, walk up to a set and tell the girls you found a new app that guesses their ages. Then hold the phone up, wave it over them, and put it back down with a worried look on your face. "Hm, must be miscalibrated. Nevermind. I don't think you guys are cougars, yet."

Another opener: "I've got a new app that tells me which girls like me." Hold phone up to group. "OK, you guys are gonna have to decide who gets the first crack. I'm a one woman kind of man."

For the truly advanced womanizer, there is a free app for the iphone from the website Loopt.com described as a "social compass" which allows you to GPS track anyone within the loopt network. Now you can turn all your number closes into coordinates on a map for convenient stalking. You can "happen" to "run into" twenty girls a day for followup game. The sky's the limit.

The world is moving toward a pickup nirvana, connecting alphas with the hot chicks who would love them. The job, house, marriage and kids never seemed more anachronistic.

The DC Metro Crash

CH · 23 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I feel like I should say something about the DC Metro train accident yesterday that has been the deadliest in Metro's history. Until all the facts are in, there isn't much to say. However, I do have some general thoughts related to the news.

- We are going to see more of these sorts of preventable accidents as our once glorious American culture spirals downward into self-inflicted decay. The fruited plains are rotting. I would not be surprised if incompetence was ultimately the cause of this accident.
- Although it doesn't look like any terrorism was involved, the sight of mangled Metro rail cars does remind one how incredibly easy it would be to waltz into a Metro station, leave a backpack of C4 behind one of those air circulating pillars, and walk out untouched as the cacophony of a massive explosion ripping hundreds to shreds at rush hour echoes in the background.
- Why the above hasn't happened yet is a mystery.
- The Green Line is a bigger adventure than backpacking through Central Asia.
- DC is a town midway between being a car city and a mass transit city. Best option? Be well-off (read: free of children) and have access to both. I have a car, motorcycle (coming soon), mountain bike, Metrorail pass, and comfortable yet chronically hipster walking shoes.
- Perez Hilton has a seriously gay face.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 23 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Pulled from the headlines! A four part installment.

You met a girl at a bar. (Where else are you gonna meet her, tiger? The church social?) She's a six foot tall, 23-year-old statuesque brunette who would probably intimidate most men, but not you. You gab for twenty minutes and score the digits.

On your first date four days later you arrive at the swank Connecticut Ave lounge ten minutes late, as per your usual routine. Your date is already there, drinking a cocktail. A smile flashes across your face, as much for seeing her again as for the thought that you will not have to buy her a drink. You sit down and notice she is glowering, her legs crossed geometrically. You hope she'll uncross in homage to Basic Instinct.

"You're ten minutes late."

"I don't *feel* tardy."

She doesn't laugh. "Are you always late for dates?"

You pause. She's reacting to your lack of punctuality worse than most women.

What do you do?

******

You are on the date with the Nordic Amazon from the above story. You are an avid reader and feel he has made your life immeasurably better, and at a cost of nothing! Which, in occasional misanthropic moments, rubs your hero raw. Your date mentions she reads local DC blogs and likes most of them, and you wonder about bringing up your fandom, thinking the wealth of topics about sex and social dynamics written by your Infallible Lord, Master, and Philosophical Heir to the Divine Right of Kings would provide much fodder for rapport building and sexual future pacing.

What do you do?

******

Same as above, except this time, before you have decided whether to announce your everlasting platonic love, your date mentions she has read him and hates him. You mull in the mind whether 'tis more opportunistic to admit fandom and suffer the slings and arrows of angry, yet energetically and erotically charged, conversation about inspired themes, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing or denying thricely Disciple Peter-like the ugly truths he tells the world end any chance of the date imploding in your face like an overmicrowaved burrito.

What do you do?

******

You are me. You are on the date with the girl from the above story and have been talking with her about the book you are writing. She is intrigued. A little later in the date, she mentions she reads a lot of local blogs. She says there are some she reads that she really hates. You nod again. Then she asks you if you write a blog.

What do you say?

She also mentions she ran a triathlon the day before.

Now what do you do?

Test begins… now.

Movie Shoot Outside My Front Door

CH · 24 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Scenes from the upcoming romantic comedy 'How Do You Know?' starring Owen Wilson, Paul Rudd, and the once-but-no-longer cute Reese Witherspoon were being filmed a few yards from my front door last night.

Don't the trees look beautiful?

[image]

It must be that ground level Adams Morgan moonlight.

[image]

Every tree in the scene had one of these spotlights under it casting an aesthetically pleasing glow only found in the state of nature.

These rooftop Klieg lights were bright enough to illuminate a baseball stadium.

[image]

Klieg lights = crime prevention. Probably more effective than the DC cops. And less surly.

The scene called for a rain-soaked street, but it hasn't rained here in a few days, so a tanker truck rolled by hosing everything down with water.

[image]

Romance is more romantic when set against a backdrop of wet streets.

People craned to catch a glimpse of… well, not Reese or Paul Rudd. They were with me, Reese practicing her cougar moves on my stripper pole and Paul doing that thing he does where he makes endearingly corny jokes and then chastises himself for his dorkiness. Oh Paul, you know what the ladies like.

I could say something cliched here about how the vacuous enterprise of celeb worship is the modern day version of the peasants gawking for a chance to touch the king's velvet robes, but it's much more banal than that. People just like to imagine it's them being filmed, and to experience the thrill of getting caught by the cameras as an extra in the movie. The Attention Whore is strong in all of us. *preen*

[image]

Yes, that's a dude in the white shirt.

This was moments before the cameras started rolling:

[image]

Four cars and a taxi drove through the intersection. Annnd… cut! That was it. Three seconds of Hollywood magic. Kind of like David Alexander's self-love life.

I post this photo because I enjoy the effects on the buildings created by the intense spotlights.

[image]

They filmed throughout the night. People were standing on the street corner for hours. Get a life?

The film crew was barking orders to everyone and everything.

"Move move move!!!"

"Get that car out of here!"

“Please step behing the cones, people!”

“Are they rolling already? Why the fuck are they rolling when I’ve still got to get these people off the set!!”

“Do NOT cross the street yet, folks! Just wait there until shooting is done!”

I knew a guy in high school who was in the A/V club. The entire film crew of this latest Reese Witherspoon vehicle reminded me of that guy. Annoying, disheveled nerds who make the most of their five minutes of power. There’s nothing more insipid than a bunch of nerds power tripping as the cameras are about to roll. I walked into the middle of a scene they were about to shoot to get a closer look. I was on the phone with my girl, giving her a play by play.

A shambling nerd approached me. “Are you part of the back crew?”

“Yeah,” I lied.

He got distracted for a moment then asked again. “You’re part of the back crew?”

“Yes I am,” I lied again.

“You need to get to the side lot?”

“Yeah, the side lot. I’m going over there.”

He eyed me closer. “Do you have your pass?”

“Yeah, it’s right here.” I waved my hand around my back pocket. “Hey, I need to get to the catered food.”

At this point the girl I was talking with on the phone, who was overhearing everything, began laughing. A couple walking by also started laughing.

“Oh, OK, hey I’ll need you to step behind those cables.”

Damn, gig was up. I think if the couple hadn’t laughed, and I hadn’t pushed it with the catered food comment, I could’ve infiltrated the set and pretended to be Reese’s lingerie handler.

Here is a picture of the moon:

[image]

Actually, no, it’s another damn spotlight that was so bright it lit up apartments two blocks away.

This movie looks to be a typical chick flic suckfest. What did it cost the production company to film this scene? Millions on lighting, crew and fake rain-soaked streets. Hollywood = crass waste. Rome burns while the plebes frolic in sentimental garbage.

Jack Nicholson is supposed to be in this movie. I hope he anally bangs the snot out of Reese in the final emotionally charged scene, his 72 year old belly hanging over her ass like bread pudding. That would be cool.

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 25 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here is how I responded (or would respond) to the game challenges I posed in Tuesday's post.

Part A

> "You're ten minutes late."
>
> "I don't *feel* tardy."
>
> She doesn't laugh. "Are you always late for dates?"
>
> You pause. She's reacting to your lack of punctuality worse than most women.
>
> **What do you do?**

I stared at her for an uncomfortable two seconds, mentally wrote her off as a date-worthy prospect, and said "The problem is that you came right on time. No DC girl does that." This reply seemed to mollify the bitch in her. Thinking back, the emphasis I gave to the words *RIGHT ON TIME* implied that she was more invested in the date than I was. I believe this caused a subtle shift in power to my benefit.

Best reader answers

el chief and his classic Asshole game (although I'd just use his second line):

> Look around like Stevie Wonder, and say in a German accent: "Mother is that you? I'm sorry mother. I von't be bad again." Then laugh. Then order a beer.
>
> If she presses say "Gimme a fuckin break. I thought you said you were fun and easygoing?"

Another version of Asshole game is **One Word Game**. One commenter suggested answering her pointed question like this: "Maybe." Short, sweet, leaves 'em wanting more of your dominance.

I think One Word Game will be the next big thing in pickup science. It is my contribution to expanding the oeuvre. Look at the pros and cons. Pros: It's mysterious, requires little memorization, saves you from paralysis by analysis, doesn't smack of try-hard, gets you into her head, and captures the essence of ambiguity that so tempts the typical woman to fantasize scenarios involving your penis in her vagina. Cons: Can be misconstrued.

roosh's genuine but uncompromising Superior Man game:

> "If you're in a bad mood we can reschedule the date no problem." Definitely no smirk or smiles. Laser eye contact. If she leaves then you just saved yourself a couple hours of hell.

Brad demonstrates the power of Turn-The-Tables game:

> I smile, stare at her right in the eye, HOLD… HOLD… and then say: "You missed me that much, huh? Well, I guess I can understand that.."

Firepower drops funnyman game:

> "chill, baby – I'm only late when I'm pulling babies from burning buildings…and, maybe for girls I like."

I'd dispense with the second half of his response. Similarly, I think a funny answer that could work would be: "Yeah, it was a rush for me to get here, but I had to take my sick mother to the doctor and feed orphaned babies,

and I figured you'd be understanding about that. Like, WOW, I'd hate to meet a girl who was against sick mothers and orphaned babies!"

Fenton offered an example of witty game that works (i.e. note the succinctness):

> "Well, you've been waiting four days, what's ten more minutes?"

Most of the rest of you gave answers that were too nasty, too defensive, or too clever by half. Your goal isn't to piss the girl off, nor is it to impress her with your Shakespearean wit. She isn't worth your effort, yet, right?

To the commenter who wrote that the best reply is the Cary Grant "Big Face" push followed by draining her drink while signaling the waitress to come over for another order, I commend you sir. If anything will set America back on the path of world-bestriding hyperpuissance, it will be the big face.

Cuntrag, as usual, gave the opposite answer of what you should do.

Part B

> Your date mentions she reads local DC blogs and likes most of them, and you wonder about bringing up your fandom […]

There is only one acceptable response to this situation. You steal my ideas to use as conversational fodder without mentioning you read me. I am such a fucking humanitarian.

Part C

> Same as above, except this time, before you have decided whether to announce your everlasting platonic love, your date mentions she has read and hates him. […]

Your response should be the same as Part B. Don't reveal you're a reader, then change the subject. What are you, my eunuch servant who screens concubines for me? If she hates me, she's masturbating to thoughts of me at night. Why boost my status even higher?

There is a catch in this particular situation. You have the option to play beta white knight to the hilt (see: Keith, Cliff Arroyo, DA, Jessica Valenti's husband, any random urban liberal SWPL off the street) and say you have read as well and TOTALLY agree with her that he is a foul, bitter misogynist who probably doesn't get laid and his ideas are all wrong, 1950s Ozzie and Harriet throwback shit and he uses women like a sperm receptacle. Then tell her how you feel privileged to have almost been aborted by your mother, and the biggest injustice in the world is that gay marriage isn't yet accepted by Afghan goat herders. After you have massaged her ego, you slyly wonder aloud if maybe he is right about this or that subject and suddenly you are having a rollicking conversation with her and your hand is resting too high up her thigh.

I should bottle this magic.

Part D

> You are me. You are on the date with the girl from the above story and have been talking with her about the book you are writing. She is intrigued. A little later in the date, she mentions she reads a lot of local blogs. She says there are some she reads that she really hates. You nod again. Then she asks you if you write a blog.
>
> **What do you say?**

I lied.

> She also mentions she ran a triathlon the day before.

> **Now what do you do?**

Go big or go home. Same night lay or number deletion. Chicks who participate in triathlons are almost universally unfeminine. And by unfeminine, I don't mean her looks, I mean her attitude. These kinds of women are at war with their femininity. It is the essence of yang polarity to take up personal challenges and compete against the limits of one's endurance and pain threshold. This is what men do. When women do it, it's unnatural, a big middle finger to the sex she was born as. While women like this can fuck like champs, they will invariably fall short in the areas that matter to men for long term relationships — generosity, nurturance, compassion, submissiveness, alluring coyness, and proper female deference.

I asked her if she was a tomboy growing up, then I ran the digit ratio routine on her. She had a masculine ratio. I told her that meant she was "ambitious", which is a nice way to tidy up the word "bitch". I am now going to craft an Andrew Sullivan-like neologism: Ambitchious!

Where's my Atlantic Monthly paycheck?

Did Michael Jackson Commit Suicide?

CH · 26 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Based on the sketchy evidence that has come in so far, I don't think this possibility can automatically be ruled out. Will we discover from the autopsy that his body was flooded with a massive dose of the painkiller Demerol? If so, was the overdose intentional or accidental?

What we know: Michael Jackson was 50. For a guy who didn't want to grow up, turning 50 must have been a hammer blow to his already fragile prepubescently regressed psyche. He was in debt. Did the stress of a new worldwide tour to get him back in the black (innuendo intended) push him to the ultimate despair? He was underweight. As people age, their metabolisms slow and they begin packing on the unsightly pounds. There are only two (natural) ways to stay adolescent-thin as you age: Exercise, or eat a lot less. Michael Jackson didn't look very healthy. Most likely, he solved the problem of middle age spread by drastically cutting down the amount of food he put in his mouth. Prolonged (as opposed to intermittent) intense calorie restriction can play havoc with a person's psychological state, not to mention his health. Michael Jackson wanted to be white. No sense pussy-footing around that, it was as obvious as the caucasian inspired reconstruction of his face and skin, and his (very) white-looking kids. Did his living with being black finally tumble over into self-immolation?

Most importantly, Michael Jackson was fucked in the head from his father's mistreatment. The manboy was robbed of a childhood (imagine having to hear your brothers banging groupies at the age of 11 as you hide under the bedsheets sticking your fingers in your ears). Jackson was a genuinely asexualized, emotionally stunted, and fantasy-prone age-regressed headcase. Did he believe, or want to believe, that he was still an 11 year old boy? It's possible Jackson really did see himself as a little kid and it felt natural and normal to him to have boys over for slumber parties. Whether his adult-sized id led him to rest his chemically bleached penis in those kids' hands is an open question, but does the pedophilic sexual urge of an adult necessarily have to be mutually incompatible with psychological self-identification as a young boy?

If Jackson imagined he was a boy, he would have most feared getting old. For him, aging would have been an encroaching horror he was unable to grasp, let alone cope with in the way most humans cope with the slow decay of their bodies — through the liberal use of happy clappy platitudes and a healthy sense of self-delusion. If you wake up and see a creature in the mirror looking less and less like the boy you think you are, it could send you off the cliff edge. Especially when the real boys you like having over for pillow fight parties start becoming more creeped out by "the old man" who wants to play with them.

Add up all the above, and the speculation of suicide as the cause of Jackson's death seems reasonable.

Thoughts on Farrah Fawcett:

Cancer sucks, but anal cancer is just humiliating. How does one get anal cancer? I can think of three ways. Random misfortune, eating too much red meat, or taking HPV-positive cocks in the ass. The mind wanders…

Thoughts on celebrity deaths in general:

I'll never get the outpouring of grief by people who have never met their cultural heroes and don't know them from Adam. I must be missing the gene for abject celeb worship. When Diana died, the maudlin displays of garment-rending anguish reaffirmed my deeply felt disgust for the mass of humanity. Fucking no-life losers.

When someone I love dies, it's a big deal. When a pop singer dies, I couldn't give less of a shit. Unless I'm writing a dastardly blog post insinuating everyone's blessed icon offed himself.

Thoughts on Michael Jackson and Game:

When a get rejected, I moonwalk away from the girl.

I think Virgle Kent could do a funny retrospective on the Gloved One.

‘Beat It’ was my favorite MJ song. Eddie Van Halen composed the guitar riff for ‘Beat It’. Does it matter that Michael Jackson didn’t write any of his songs? As a music snob and hobbyist guitarist/drummer/clarinetist/pianist, I used to be of the opinion that “pop stars” who didn’t write a lick of music were unworthy of stardom, but that’s a limited view. MJ had a distinctive singing voice, he was a great dancer and popularized a lot of innovative dance moves, and he had charisma, however eccentric. His hit songs are catchy and he had a flair for showmanship. Composing music isn’t the only measure of talent.

The Greatest South Park Episode Ever

CH · 27 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Maybe the greatest TV half hour ever. This episode is perfection from beginning to end. *The Ring*.

There is very little in TV and film that promulgates my worldview. My themes are beyond the pale, which really means the truth is beyond the pale. *South Park* comes close. *The Wire*, too. *Swingers* and *Roger Dodger* contain elements. *In The Company Of Men* was brutally clear. I've noticed that women who have seen Neil LaBute's masterpiece universally hated it, when in reality they would be all over the type of men portrayed by Aaron Eckhart's smooth talking, manipulative alpha character.

A lot of Hollywood's critically-acclaimed "dark" films aren't truthful, they're just subversive, which is not necessarily the same thing. I don't think unflinchingly candid films stripping to the bone the monstrously human motivations of all the characters, including the sympathetic protagonists, do very well because people don't want to be reminded of their true, ugly natures. Is there a more powerful cognitive bias than self-delusion?

The Anti-Cockblock

CH · 29 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was out at an 80s night at one of DC's popular nightclubs with a couple of women. We had earlier bounced from a lounge to dance the weeknight away in the middle of a crowd dressed in Top Gun aviator suits. Reader "maurice" had assisted yours truly at the lounge when he introduced a cute blonde and her friend. We had a great time, and sparks were flying between me and the blonde, thanks to my incessant teasing. If she had 100 ponytails, my game was the equivalent of pulling all 100 on the playground.

"Maurice" departed when we left for the next club, leaving me to entertain to the fullest extent of my capability the two women in my company. Unfortunately, I was dog tired, so my game was less than sharp. At the club, I took it easy, leaning back and enjoying the spectacle of the crowd, (although not enjoying so much the ear-piercingly loud music). Meatheads were hitting on the blonde in my company all night — I was getting AMOGed (Alpha Male Other Guy) like it was going out of style — but because of my listlessness all I did was smirk from the bar and raise my glass to her as guy after guy came up behind her grinding into her ass. This was maximum aloof game, and it worked because my aloofness was genuine.

After a while, the blonde's friend, who I had been talking with off and on during the night, leaned into my ear and shouted over the cheesy music that the blonde needed "a lot of attention" and I had to be "really aggressive" if I wanted to have a shot with her. At first, I was skeptical. Don't all girls "need attention"? But she offered this insider information with such sincerity that I put aside my doubts and decided to shake off my lethargy and march in strong, with Eye of Tiger. I grabbed the blonde, ran my hands up and down her body, danced with her, spun her around, gave her sexy compliments (not too many), and made out. Very nice lips.

The advice was money. It worked. Later, I reflected on the night. The world is full of cockblockers — bitter girls who live and breathe for their chance to sabotage a budding romance between their friend and a cool guy — but once in a while you will have the pleasure to meet an anti-cockblocker. She is the rare woman who truly wishes to help her friend meet a great guy, and if you pass the perfunctory initial tests she will go out of your way to help you.

So here's to you, cockbuddy, cock accomplice, cockbacker, you make the world a better place, and you made this demon's heart grow three sizes that night.

June 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 30 June 2009 · Archived copy · Original

June coughed up a bevy of magnificent betas! There were so many good choices, I've expanded this month's voting to a three-way contest.

Before we get to the reader submitted June candidates, it's time to announce the May 2009 BOTM winner:

Congratulations, **Edmund Andrews**, reporter for the New York Beta Times (AKA "All The Lies That're Fit To Foist"), you are our May 2009 BOTM winner! You, sir, are a beta. Hang your head proud, shuffle your feet with joy, you represent the worst of what it means to be a man. May your aged Argentine wife's future boob job drive you into bankruptcy a second time. May her yoga instructor avoid eye contact with you.

June 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by reader **cz**. It's a news report about an heir to a billion dollar media empire in Australia who gets publicly humiliated over and over and over again by Australia's version of the DC lawyer cunt. A photo of the loving couple practically tells the story:

Ever notice how some women just *look* like bitches, before they've said one word? Is it her arrogant, smug mug? Her fuel-injected chin? Her severe hairstyle? Hmm, who does she remind me of… who could it be now?

So what makes Ryan Stokes, the billionaire heir in this story, a contender for betatude above and beyond the call of pity? Is it the fact that his girlfriend snorts coke with a badboy biker and, if I were a betting man, likely has taken his kickstand long and hard up her ass?

> MEDIA heir Ryan Stokes has remained in Broome while his troubled girlfriend Jodi Gordon tried to avoid the limelight after she was linked to a cocaine-fuelled bender with a Kings Cross bikie. […]
>
> Police found her in the unit of the suspected Rebel bikie member [Mark Judge], said to be allegedly suffering from the effects of illegal drugs. […]
>
> Judge, a tattooed hard man said to be a member of the Rebels, is serving a two-year suspended jail sentence

> after pleading guilty to the 2005 assault of a Newcastle man. He faces sentencing on further charges (detaining and occasioning bodily harm on a Llandilo man) later this month in Penrith District Court.

Or is it the fact that his lovely girlfriend has a history of slutting it up and rubbing his high society face in it?

> It is not the first time Gordon's public behaviour is said to have affected her relationship witStokes. In February, *The Sunday Telegraph* reported the pair had argued after Gordon wanted to continue partying "beyond her curfew" on her 24th birthday.
>
> Last year at the Ivy Gordon was allegedly seen crying before "knocking back" shots and openly flirting with men and women.

Or perhaps it's that he's engaged to a whore who has a penchant for hanging out with shady underworld figures?

> Gordon is a regular on the Kings Cross circuit, friendly with club owners Dave Evans and Julian Tobias among others.
>
> She often frequents Darlinghurst Rd club The Piano Room, a notorious hang-out for celebrities and underworld figures, where she met with Judge before returning to his apartment.
>
> A Seven spokeswoman denied Stokes and Gordon were engaged, despite Gordon sporting a diamond ring on her wedding finger last Friday.

…and then in typical amoral female fashion, absolving herself via testimonials from friends of any personal responsibility:

> "Jodi's holding up: she's a strong, stoic girl, but she is also acutely aware of the damage she's done," a friend of Gordon said.
>
> "She's devastated that she's caused so much turmoil. (She's) honestly appalled by what's happened."

Translation: "I feel bad that people are freaking out about this. It was out of my hands. What was I supposed to do? My gina tingled!"

No, it's none of those things that catapults Mr. Stokes to BOTM nominee. Dirty, soulless, ballchopping sluts are a dime a dozen. What pushes Stokes into the rarefied atmosphere of truly mythical betas is the fact that he's a FUCKING BILLIONAIRE HEIR WHO COULD GET HIMSELF A BETTER BITCH TOMORROW if he had ANY BALLS AT ALL. Instead, he suffers his cheating, whoring, lying, floozy girlfriend's humiliation and begs for more. If you are a man with options, there is only one thing you say to a Jodi Gordon after you discover she's been in the company of an ex-con biker:

Get the fuck out.

***

June 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by reader **db**. Drum roll please…

It's droning commenter cuntrag's Italian eunuch ex who serves as her personal chef and babysitter!

> No I don't have to cook, one of my exes comes over and cooks enough for me and my son for the whole week. (He's Italian and loves to cook). As for the cleaning, he does the things I hate like dishes and sweeping but the rest I do myself because I have OCD and am VERY particular about the way things are in my home.

Hm. I see. So let me get this straight. Your ex comes over to cook a week's worth of meals for you and your bastard child, sweeps your fucking house and does the dishes because those are the chores you hate the most, has to deal

with your fucked up OCD issues and Teutonically grating, unfeminine personality, and gets…

NO PUSSY IN RETURN.

Skittles Man laughs at your Italian ex.

Cuntrag, you attract second-rate men into your life. SECOND RATE. Say it to yourself. You are a prematurely aging, BMX biker banging, single mother who has her pick of SECOND RATE low self esteem loser betas.

You're a winner!

Now of course you will probably protest that your Italian ex is handsome, caring, assists you of his own free will, and can fuck you like a champ, if you so choose to let him. Unfortunately for you, none of that is relevant. All that matters is the fact that Antonio Eunuchio does slave work for you and gets nothing in return but your annoying flapping gums. This instantly puts him in the running for BOTM.

I'm feeling in a generous mood, so I will leave you once again with some valuable advice I gave you in the comments of my blog not too long ago (which, naturally, I don't expect you to heed):

> you [cuntrag] claim you are OK with an assortment of random short term pump and dumps and loveless flings, as long as you have your LIFE and your HOBBIES and your bastard SON and your YOU GO GIRL amen chorus of eunuch omegas and low class allentown high school dropout girlfriends to keep you occupied, but i guarantee that in a few years when your looks have completely cratered and you can't even find a halfway decent man who isn't a total beta loser willing to spend the minimal effort to fuck you for a few nights, nevermind willing to stay with you and your unfortunate spawn from a DUI-collecting loser badboy, and when the prospect of love from a good man — deep true amazing soul-nourishing love — is lost to you forever, you WILL feel the cold shadow of desperation trace its gnarled finger down the back of your neck and spine.
> and you will shiver, remembering my words.
>
> and as for your breathless contention that as a woman you don't have to worry that you'll never get laid again, i have two words for you: quality matters. an aging single mom can get laid, but she'll only be able to do so by gradually lowering her standards. most single moms manage something like this by lying to themselves and to blog audiences about the steadily declining quality of men they are bagging. i've no doubt an arrogant cunt so completely lacking in self-awareness like yourself with do exactly that. right now, it's low SES bikers and italian eunuchs who orbit your shriveling vagina. soon, it will be urine-soaked homeless bums and david alexander clones.
>
> of course, one day not too far in the future, 5 years or so, your standards will have been forced to bottom out so low that you find it easier on your ego to abdicate men altogether instead of suffering the indignity of laying listlessly through awkward, arid rutting with weaselly sycophantic suckup betas or suffering the shame of spreading for yet another 50-ish drunken lout with a boob tattoo on his chest and a penchant for expressing his rage through cigarette burns on your arm. and then you will tell everyone here how happy you are that you don't need a man in your life. you are an INDEPENDENT WOMAN.
> and no one will believe you.
> and when the pain and horror of your life begins to pile up on your psyche like a staten island landfill or the waiting list at the allentown battered wife shelter, not even you will believe yourself.
>
> now, you could follow my advice and do the smart thing before it's too late:
> LEARN TO SETTLE.
> but i don't think you're that smart, so i'll just laugh at your pain instead as i twist the shiv of reality deeper into your overtanned prematurely wrinkled patent leather husk.
>
> oh and here's a very special ps just for you: in fifteen years, when you are 43 and looking 103, you WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO GET LAID without paying for it or frantically flirting like a sad mangy cougar with the

> absolute lowest of CHUD-like, shambling losers and male detritus. you can pretty much give up on your dream of forever banging younger betas who worship the floor-length dangle of your labia.

Cuntrag, you once asked why I give you a hard time. The answer is this: I enjoy making an example of you. It amuses me.

***

June 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by reader **Thursday**. It's an article written by Rod Dreher, syndicated columnist, one-time National Review contributor, and self-described "crunchy con" (read: religious, Luddite hippie social conservative). Rod writes about adultery. His words betray the soul of a beta:

> I've been thinking a lot over the past day about why I have such intensely strong emotional reactions to news about adultery, comparable to my fierce reactions to news about child abuse. It's perhaps a bit odd, because I grew up in a family in which no one committed adultery, and no children were abused (a friend of mine, though, suffered through his father's abandoning his mother and him when he was a boy, and is far more emotional on the topic than I am). The best explanation I can come up with is that I am a papa bear about my wife and kids. I really am. I would give up my life without a second thought for any of them, and I struggle every day to be worthy of them. If my wife ever committed adultery, under most circumstances (i.e., true contrition and repentance), I would hasten to forgive her, not only because I love her that strongly, but also because I would see it as my duty, in love, to do whatever I could to make our marriage whole again, for the sake of the children. That said, I honestly don't know if I could live with myself if I were unfaithful to my wife, nor do I imagine myself capable of receiving her forgiveness. I know that is disordered, but were I to betray her, I'd also be betraying my children, and the thought that I had done such a thing to my wife and kids is one of the worst things I can imagine.

"Struggle every day to be worthy of them." "I would hasten to forgive her." "… my duty, in love,… for the sake of the children."

These beliefs reveal a rotten, fearful beta core. Yes, I said rotten. Rotten because they show a man who would sooner betray his masculine essence than face up to the truth of human nature, and in particular the amoral nature of women. Fearful because they expose his lack of faith in himself that he could go out and find another woman who would respect his sexual and emotional desires. Rod, here's a news flash: There is no God, your wife is not a saint sanctified by your love, and she's not worth your abject forgiveness no matter what she does. What Would Doormats Do? They would do like you say.

Rod, know this: If you discover your wife has cheated once, that means she has cheated hundreds of times. And she LOVED it. She LOVED taking the other man's cock deep into her pussy, all the way up to the cervix, where the tip brushed with the depths of her womanhood and sent shock waves of pleasure through every inch of her body. Are you visualizing this yet, Rod? Good. Now that you have that image burning your retinas, let me explain to you what a real man does when he experiences the ultimate betrayal:

He dumps the whoring bitch.

No ifs, ands or buts. No appeals to your better angel. No clinging like a barnacle to societally useful concepts like duty, honor and forgiveness. No last ditch leaning on a supernatural being to credit your sacrifice with points toward fast tracking through the pearly gates.

You dump the whoring bitch.

Do you think it helps women… do you think it helps SO-CI-ETY… if all men acted in the honorable fashion you prescribe and forgive their cheating wives? What happens when you REWARD bad behavior? As a conservative, you should know. You get more of it.

And if it's the children you're worried about, there are alternatives to handing over your BALLS to a whore in utter, daily humiliation. You could work to change the ri-fucking-diculous divorce laws in this country so that when a wife cheats the children are automatically removed from her and remanded to your custody. Then guess what, Rod? You get the kids AND you get to be single again and chase some new, fresh skirt at Bible study. Trust me on this, Rod, new pussy is AMAZING.

> That said, I honestly don't know if I could live with myself if I were unfaithful to my wife, nor do I imagine myself capable of receiving her forgiveness. I know that is disordered, but were I to betray her, I'd also be betraying my children, and the thought that I had done such a thing to my wife and kids is one of the worst things I can imagine.

Words to projectile vomit to. So Rod would forgive his wife's cheating, but he might kill himself if he ever cheated. Rod, go back to the visualization exercise I wrote just above. Read it again. Still think that the worst thing you can imagine is yourself cheating?

Jesus Castrati Christ, the main problem with the postmodern West is that so many men have forgotten they have a sack between their legs. And so many more, like Rod, are telling men with any sack left to lop it off for the Lord.

> That said, I really don't feel the least compelled to give up my high view of marriage and family.

That's OK, with the sanction of the anti-male state, plenty will give it up for you.

> We live in a time and place in which the integrity of the family is under constant assault, not least by an egotistical culture that exalts sexual pleasure and self-fulfillment, and casts aside ideals of fidelity and self-sacrifice for the greater good.

Hey Rod, who do you think is assaulting the integrity of the family?

> I want my sons to grow up knowing that it is both good and honorable to see women as worthy of utmost respect, and the women they pledge fidelity to before God in the sacrament of marriage to be worth dying for, which is to say, worth living fully for.

What if the woman fucks around? Some women aren't worthy of respect, either yours or your sons.

> I want my sons to carry in their hearts a natural repugnance at the thought of infidelity, not so much because it offends God (though it does), but because it is a defilement of a covenant made in love.

Grand words, but why stop at your sons? Shouldn't a man hold a cheating wife to the same standard? Or is her cheating not quite as repugnant? I suppose if you take the modern warped view of Christianity you'd find it easier to forgive the dear darling pedestaled princess than to forgive yourself. You're like one of those beaten cuckolded men who lash themselves mercilessly with the self-taunts "If only I had been there for her. It's my fault she spread for another cock."

> And I want my daughter to think and feel the same way about marriage — that it requires sacrifice of one's selfish passions, and the transformation of them into active love for one's spouse and children — and not to settle for a man who has a lesser view.

The best way to teach your daughter this lesson is to leave your wife should she ever cheat on you. Oh, and it's probably not a good idea to inculcate an aversion to settling. Family gatherings take on a dark pallor when your daughters and sisters attend as aging cougars.

By the way, don't think for a minute your marriage will ever be the same after your wife is caught cheating. Unless you have the fortitude and willpower to dump your bad beta habits for a good alpha attitude adjustment, your wife, no matter how penitent, will never tingle in her gina for you ever again. And lest you nurse ignorance about this, a gina tingle is the only moral code that women subscribe to. So really, if you want to enjoy the pleasure of a loving, sexually avaialable wife into your dotage, you have only two options when confronted with infidelity: Leave her, or learn Game.

> and how important it is to get it straight in your head from the beginning that once you marry, and especially once you marry and have children, your life is no longer your own.

Yet another reason to not get married.

> But breaking a family through infidelity and divorce is a deep wound, and always an occasion of the most profound sorrow.

Admonitions of sorrow are such a beta giveaway.

> That's not how it is with us these days. To quote C.S. Lewis on our moral state, "We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honor and are shocked to find traitors in our midst. We castrate and then bid the geldings to be fruitful."

C.S. Lewis' words are pointed like a dagger straight at your own beta heart, Rod.

> What I can't get straight in my head, when it comes to marital infidelity, especially when children are involved, is the difference between mercy and cheap grace.

Mercy is for closers.

***

The voting begins:

Spot The Alpha

CH · 1 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent me this photo of a bunch of DC bartenders who won some sort of bartending awards for best in business. The quality of the photo is not good, but it'll have to do. The previous "Spot the Alpha" post was a big hit with the ladies.

MIX MASTERS
D.C.'s top mixologists join forces for World Cocktail Week to support the Museum of the American Cocktail.
(L-R): 1. Todd Thrasher, PX & Eve 2. Tom Brown, Cork 3. Phil Greene, Museum of the American Cocktail 4.

Usually the alpha male (or female) is the most comfortable-looking person in the room. Who looks most comfortable to you in this photo? Who is the alpha male?

The three guys on the left look the most uncomfortable. Their bodies are stiff and their faces are studies in expressionless reserve. Their fashion sense is conservative. Two of the men are holding their drinks with both hands above belt level. Verdict: Solid provider betas.

The tall, striped tie smiley guy in the back row looks like a frat boy. He's confident and happy — currency he trades for female attention — but it's the confidence of the class clown. Verdict: Greater beta.

The Disco Stu guy in the middle with the wide collared, unbuttoned shirt and spiky haircut is a PUA. Well, I don't know this for sure, but that would be my guess. I bet he's in the community. The telltale signs are there — regular tanning booth customer, extra-wide smile, looking straight into the camera lens, hands all over the ladies (the fat one is enjoying it). There are a lot of short guys in the PUA community. I leave it as an exercise for the reader why this is so. Verdict: Lesser alpha.

The fat girl should not be a bartender. You gotta have face to move product.

The semi-cute Latina looking girl definitely likes it in the pooper.

The goth dude with the intense gaze of a thousand Mongol warriors (or of a thousand brooding adolescents in detention for scratching devil symbols into school desks) has captured the essence of lone wolf, "I'm a rebel, Dottie" game. He is the Sneaky Fucker, or the Niche alpha. His dark style is deliberate, and he wears it well from years of welding it directly to his identity. He's creepy looking, which I'm sure was his intention. He's a natural peacocker, and in normal environments will stand out just enough to attract some female attention in the 4-7 range.

(In his own environment — Black Cat perhaps? — he is more comfortable and probably has a stable of cokehead groupies.) Outside in the light, he cannot go head to head with a natural alpha, as most brooders are too introverted and retiring to exercise the necessary social dominance to attract the maximum number of hot babes. When he retreats from gaming the truly quality chicks in a normal, non-vampiric milieu, he will likely tell himself they were beneath him anyway. He may also be a PUA of the Mystery Method school. Verdict: Lesser alpha.

The droopy-faced man standing to the left of goth dude (to the viewer's right) is vanishing. He's representative of the mass of nondescript betas that swarm around women like so much dust in the wind. Verdict: Lesser beta.

The short, Harold Ramis looking guy with glasses to the left of invisible man is an interesting case study. He shares much on certain alpha metrics with Disco Stu guy. He seems to have a sense of style, confident body language, liberal use of resting his hands on other people, and a smiling, upbeat facial expression, but because he looks like a dork he is less alpha than Disco Stu. He needs to tone down the smile to avoid looking "try hard". I would also tell him to get Lasik, and a new hair style. Judging by his high forehead, he's a smart guy, and so will understand and heed my advice. Harold Ramis guy is your classic fun-loving, sociable nerd who sometimes annoys girls with his bold, but charmless, approaches. Verdict: Beta.

Finally, the Matthew McConaughey looking dude on the far right of the photo. He looks the most comfortable and self-assured of all the men. Note the perfect hint of a smile — not too forced, not too pinched. What does this say? It says "You, cameraman, have not yet won me over." His style is good; fashionable without tipping over into silly peacocking. His chin is held slightly higher than parallel with the ground, which subcommunicates alphaness. His body stance is strong. I wouldn't be surprised if he were standing *contrapposto* when this photo was taken. Also note he does not put his hands on anyone; he doesn't need to. Guys who are constantly resting their hands on other guys' shoulders are playing dominance games. True alphas do not need to do this. They have enough alpha credit to spare that lending their shoulders as a prop for lesser men to climb upon does not lower their value. One more thing to note: He is neither holding a drink nor shoving his hands in his pockets. It is alpha to keep your hands at your sides, relaxed, with a slight bend in the elbow to avoid the perception of stiffness. Verdict: Natural Alpha.

Interestingly, I would bet it's not Natural Alpha who has banged the most girls. I would give that honor to Disco Stu.

Reader Mailbag: Marriage Independence Day Edition

CH · 2 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1: "I can't help myself!"

> I've been reading your blog for only a few short months now, so I'm not as polished on my alpha/beta (and their respective subsets) classification skills as I should be.

I presented clear and elegant definitions for the alpha/beta male in this post and for the alpha/beta female in this post.

> I'm curious to know how you would understand this classic PUA who managed to wrangle me into bed. I wrote about the experience quasi-extensively here **[REDACTED to protect reader's privacy]**, but in the case you don't want a serious case of TLDR, I'll give you the long and short of it:
>
> I'm a 20 year old woman. I've been with four men, that number including the aforementioned PUA. On the whole, I'm fairly responsible with my sexual decisions. Two of the men I've slept with have been relative long-term engagements, the third was short-term, but I did have feelings for him. I consider myself fairly shrewd and astute intellectually considering my age and station in life, and don't often let myself get manipulated. The PUA I slept with initially presented himself as thoughtful and intelligent, but also arrogant, circumventing most everything I was saying. He was a 24 year old budding lawyer; I am a philosophy student, so I held my argument fairly well, but in spite of what I said, he would be altogether dismissive without substantiating his claims. Normally, this would infuriate me, but I perceived it as a challenge, and it created an erotic situation. I slept with him on the second date.
>
> By the third date, I was having unprotected sex with him (completely out of character), and allowed him to take my anal virginity with the full knowledge at this point, that he would be moving away to another city, *and* that he had slept with around 35 women. He wasn't classically Alpha, in the sense that he didn't play the aloof game. He would text me countless times in a day, call me at all times, and suggested, after only the second date, I stay over at his place to be able to greet him when coming home.
>
> My venture is that he understood I normally didn't go for the capital-A "asshole" type, so decided to humour me with semi-committal gestures. Semi-committal, in the respect that he would treat me with the complete familiarity of a significant other, but still managed to retain all of his arrogant airs. What breed of PUA *is* he exactly? I'm at a total loss.
>
> Thanks,
> S.

Four partners by 20 years old? According to studies, the median number of lifetime sex partners for American women is three (so really, it's six, since we have to double whatever number women claim it is). You're pushing slut territory, be careful how many more cocks you stack up throughout your 20s if you want to snag a quality man and you wish to avoid numbing your capacity for love and infatuation. Judging by your full name which you included in your email to me, you are probably European, so adjust the slut threshold to your particular sexual market accordingly. For instance, Russian chicks are notorious sluts, so if you are Russian four partners is known as "a warm-up".

I've dated many women like you, S. Washington DC is filled with overeducated smart chicks who get turned on by men who can joust with them intellectually. It sounds like this putative PUA played to your type perfectly. He knew your pride rests on your self-identification as a smartie, so his gameplan was to impress you with his "thoughtful and intelligent" game. Then, once your outermost defense shield was breached, he amped up the haughty arrogance. You got aroused, a natural consequence when a woman is challenged. This is especially true of lawyer chicks and

philosophy students such as yourself, who wilt into a puddle of warm vaginal juice when intellectually challenged by a man who is so confident in his opinions he doesn't feel a need to justify them. He just irrationally assumes he is the most learned man in the world.

In the sexual marketplace where men sell themselves and women browse the bazaar for the best deals, irrational confidence beats rational doubt every time. EVERY TIME.

> By the third date, I was having unprotected sex with him (completely out of character), and allowed him to take my anal virginity with the full knowledge at this point, that he would be moving away to another city, *and* that he had slept with around 35 women.

You sound like you could be one of my exes.

> He wasn't classically Alpha, in the sense that he didn't play the aloof game. He would text me countless times in a day, call me at all times, and suggested, after only the second date, I stay over at his place to be able to greet him when coming home.

If a man has enough alpha cred in reserve, he can get away with what you wrote here. A man overflowing with arrogant confidence can risk these normally game-killing maneuvers and still come out on top. A clue as to why he can do this is in the last few words you wrote: "I stay over at his place to be able to greet him when coming home". He is issuing a command. Your gina tingles for dominant men issuing commands, so you forgot all about how quickly he was rushing along the courtship.

Maxim #51: Commanding women to do your bidding will give you a bigger beta margin of error.

It is also possible, as you mentioned in your email, that your PUA is masterfully manipulating you with "beta provider game", holding out the promise of a great future together. A classic ploy of a great seducer is to ASSUME THE SALE, which is why his assumption of familiarity and deeper bonding than has yet occurred worked so well on you.

His breed of PUA is clear: He is **Sir Stephen**, from the novel "Story of O".

Email #2: "Tips for building a harem"

> Heil!
>
> I am 25 and cohabit with my girlfriend whom I knocked up. This is widely known. My female peers (other graduate students) have a habit of asking me "So, how's your girlfriend?" in the next available conversational lull following even low level flirtation. I've taken the question as a brush off or as an opportunity to be a smart ass, depending on how it was said.
>
> In general, what are the implications of a prospective girl asking about an established one?
>
> g.

Heil? So let me get this straight. You live with a chick you knocked up, and you continue flirting with other women as if they were prospects to add to your "established" girl who is carrying your child in her womb. Really, I don't know what to say, except… well done! You, sir, have been reading the Sixteen Commandments of Poon.

What are the implications of all this? Well, keep in mind the following:

Maxim #20: The gina tingle is the principal moral code to which women subscribe. All other moral considerations pale in comparison.

When you are flirting with these prospects and turning them on, they forget to care that you're living with your pregnant girlfriend. Do not be surprised at how far you can take it. You are in a good position for fucking around

and, if your game is tight enough, for building a harem of lovers and mothers. Your pregnant live-in girlfriend is utterly beholden to your support right now, so if she catches you cheating she is not likely to walk out. She will suck it up and get turned on by you even more. As an unmarried man with options, you have all the emotional leverage. Push for pregnancy threesomes.

Email #3: "I don't *feel* like an 8."

> Hey, I sent you the hangover game submission a month or so back, it went well for me, I am still banging one of the girls I met that day, but she's starting to get a little too testy so it's on borrowed time. Thank god I've got options and game to spare.
>
> But moving on…game as we know is essential, but in several posts (most recently the one about women's insecurities) you make note of how women over 8 always need to be negged, 7's need slight negging and 6's barely need to be negged at all. True advice, I'm with you, the neg is a very important tool.
>
> BUT…and this has befallen me several times in my life; what if you have an 8 with self-esteem issues? You know what I mean, the type of girl who is attractive, but constantly doubts herself and questions why you like her (answer: because she's hot), shit like that. An 8 who thinks she's a 6. I've had mixed results negging these girls; some of them acted like typical self-confident 8's and loved it, others were just plain offended and never spoke to me again. Since these girls are (usually) more educated, quieter and more cultured than your typical hot and flaunting it 8's, they have greater LTR appeal, and I would really like to know how I can step my game up to avoid this situation in the future.
>
> R.

The neg is a fluid concept with results that will vary based on your market value as well as your target's. Most 8s and above will need to be negged because most men are themselves ranked below 8 (and I don't mean just based on looks). But men who are 8 and above might find it counterproductive to neg another 8. The same dynamic holds true the lower you go on the mate value scale. If your ranking as a man (taking all factors into consideration) is a 4, and you are hitting on a 6, you will need to neg her. If your ranking is a 9, you will only need to neg the very hottest babes to get your foot in the door. If you are David Alexander or Keith, you will need to neg everyone with a pulse.

A good rule of thumb: The larger the variance between the man's mate value and the woman's mate value, the stronger and more often he will need to neg her.

A corollary to the above rule is the Law of Hot Babe Entitlement: The hotter the woman, the less beta weakness she will tolerate in a suitor. What this means is that 8s, 9s and 10s will need at least one mild neg in the form of teasing from even high value men, simply because the hottest women know the value of their scarcity. Most men should be negging 8s and above by default.

(The opposite corollary is the Law of Alpha Man Entitlement: The higher value the man, the less commitment and ugliness he'll tolerate in his targets.)

There are exceptions, and you listed one in your email. Some hot girls, especially foreign hotties who have immigrated from countries where the average man treated them like shit, don't have a solid grasp of their sexual power. Hot girls (and by "hot" I use the ISO definition of 8 and higher) who date only assholes also suffer from this low self-esteem problem, as they are used to men treating them as if they were 6s and lower. If you are a high value man, truly low self esteem hot girls may become offended by your negs.

On the flip side, if you are lower status than her, she could become offended because you delivered your neg with a hint of bitterness. Many betas learning game have the most trouble nailing down the concept of the neg and putting it into action. I have seen too many guys deliver their negs with the wrong tone and timing. The neg is based in science, but its execution is an art. If you're getting a lot of "That was rude!" comments to your negs, you are probably doing something wrong.

Unfortunately, there is no way to consistently predict which hot chicks will react poorly to your negs. You could try qualifying a hot girl — e.g.: "Would you say that you're creative?" — early in the interaction, to coax out any low self esteem issues. If she reveals her inner basketcase, then hold off on the negs.

Educated hot girls are more likely than low class hot girls to have had LTRs with provider betas. If you are finding that the classy hot chicks you hit on don't react well to your negs, it may be because they are accustomed to getting their asses kissed by men they dated. Your neg may be too much of a shock to her system, especially if it is based on something about her appearance. Try negging a smart, classy broad on her bloated ego, her sense of entitlement, or her useless humanities degree. ("Oh, you have a women's studies degree? How cute!")

The good news is that the exceptions you are encountering are rare. Most girls, including the educated ones, will respond very well to a neg. Your default mode should continue to be "Neg first, ask questions later", because no matter how much a girl acts offended her pussy will have tingle-tangled when you negged her. They can't help themselves.

The next time one of these snooty chicks acts offended, don't backpedal; just ignore her protestations and plow as if her annoyance was irrelevant. Which it is. If she really acts pissed, wordlessly give her the backturn. She was just a bitch itching for a fight.

Email #4: "No skin off my pecker."

> Over the weekend, I opened a mixed group, acknowledged/introduced myself to everyone and started conversation with my targeted blonde. we chatted for about 3 minutes, when her friends (both male and female) decided I wasnt worthy. Essentially I was ousted by the group – the blonde dried up and the interaction ended.
>
> My question, is there a tastefully, witty, alpha-like way to eject yourself from a situation like this??
>
> I did leave the set with the "it was nice to meet you" line and immediately opened up another chick within an eyeshot of the first group.
>
> Love the blog – I go under "3point5″ when I comment.
>
> Thanks for your insight,
> J.

It sounds like you turned your attention to the target too quickly. If I had to guess, I'd say you could've stayed in set if you had included everyone else in your conversation longer than you did. Barring that assumption, they just didn't like you. Even the top alphas can't expect to win everyone over.

The line you used — "nice to meet you" — is fine. It's the standard eject line for a busted set. And you reasserted your value by immediately hitting on another girl, so I don't think you could have played it much better than you did, without sounding like you are trying too hard to rescue a bad situation.

You don't want to use lines that draw any attention to your banishment by the group, so avoid trying to be humorous by saying stuff like "Well, I can see my jokes aren't going over so well here!". Also, don't sound like a defeated man by saying "Well, I guess I'll be going."

If in the future in similar scenarios you want to eject with more alpha oomph than you did here, you could totally ignore your ousters and say directly to the target "I might talk with you when you're more free." This is direct and forceful, but also risky. Do not smile when saying it.

Another option would be to simply WALK OFF and say nothing. You've got to be perceptive of social dynamics and know when a set is starting to head south, so you give yourself a chance to walk away in silence before it becomes obvious the group is kicking you out.

Your email reminds me that the march of life can be summed up as a quest to save face and to get the upper hand.

All done in service to nailing down the best deals we can get in the sexual market. That’s pretty much it, in a nutsack.

The Church Of David Alexander

CH · 3 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

David Alexander, frequent blogosphere commenter, extraordinarily successful troll, and often self-contradictory advocate for the supposed virtues of the celibate omega male way of life, has started a church — The Church of David Alexander — and a new religion, Davidalexanderism.

Here is his First Article of Faith:

> Article The First: Betas must not reproduce or impose themselves upon women. These women are unwilling, only wishing to steal your money perhaps or shower you with contempt.

Hey, if enlightened liberal SWPLs can invent a new cult religion worshipping Gaia and Her only begotten Sons, Anthropogenic Global Warming and Free Range Sea Salt, I don't see why it's any less irrational for David Alexander to have a church in His name where His flock goes to worship the greatness of His supernatural omegatude.

"I am the beta and the omega, the second from last and the last, the living end and the dead end."

"I am beta am."

"Go, be fruitless and masturbate."

(Church of David Alexander website courtesy of reader Bhetti.)

More Porn Means Less Rape

CH · 5 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Back in August 2007, I wrote in my seminal post on sexbots:

> Some of the changes [with the introduction of sexbots] I foresee:
>
> **Omegas (geeks, nerds, dweebs, trolls, dregs, dullards, bums, street filth, etc.)** – will finally have a satisfying release for their pent-up horniness. Crime will likely drop as a result. So will rape. Widely available sexbots are analogous to cheap, legal prostitution, minus the STDs and needle tracks. On the whole I think it is a social good to distract the losers from their grinding misery.

Then, in August 2008, I wrote the following in my "Universal Truths" post:

> Legalizing prostitution will reduce the incidence of rape.

Well, once again science has vindicated the Chateau worldview. Widespread availability of porn (where porn is similar to prostitutes and hypothetical sexbots in that it provides men a sexual outlet) has reduced the prevalence of rape:

> TABLE 3. COMBINED PER CAPITA PERCENTAGE CHANGE IN INCIDENCE OF RAPE.
>
> Aggregate per capita increase or decline in rape.
>
> Four states with lowest internet access Increase in rape of 53%
>
> Four states with highest internet access Decrease in rape of 27%
>
> I find these results to be statistically significant beyond the .95 confidence interval.
>
> *[Reporter: That is measuring the changes in rape from 1980 (very definitely pre-internet) to 2000.]*

Just as I surmised. Of course, this is all common sense to those with the eyes to see and without an ideological axe to grind. Yes, Jezebel-ers, rape really is about sex. The boner doesn't lie.

The dark, dreary, ugly landscape of human nature that I drive like a stake through every happy heart holds dominion over us all, forever and ever, amen.

The Worst Socially Permissible Smell In The World

CH · 6 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Old women after their smoke break. Friggin' pew.

What Is And Isn't Rape

CH · 6 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

On the subject of what *should* constitute rape (not what ugly lesbian feminists wish would qualify as rape), commenter "Game in BK" wrote:

> If a girl is drunk and she says yes to sex- it isn't rape.
> If a girl is sober and she says yes to sex-it isn't rape.
>
> If a girl is sober and she says no- it is rape.
> If a girl is drunk and she says no- it is rape.

Yes, this sounds right. Drunkenness is no plenary discharge from personal responsibility. If you are a woman who is worried about getting "date raped" at a frat party filled with drunk horny guys where you will be drinking so much that you won't be able to give consent or you give drunken consent, it's up to you to make the choice not to binge drink in that environment. There should be no legally sanctioned "Get out of regret" rape card for women who wake up the next morning ashamed of their behavior.

Note that this does not absolve sober men who take advantage of drunk women who cannot give consent. If a girl is so drunk that she's lying there comatose, a sober man having sex with her could be fairly charged with rape. But a drunk man would be off the hook. After all, if she is too drunk to consent to sex, he is too drunk to know whether or not she has consented. Which brings us round to personal responsibility again; if you are a woman who is afraid your inner slut might escape to have sex under the influence with a man at a party who is also under the influence, it's up to you to refrain from drinking a lot or attending that party. The responsibility to remain sober — or at least avoid getting lights out drunk — should not rest solely with the man.

If feminists are truly interested in not being treated like morally undeveloped children under the law, they will agree to my definition of rape. But since feminism is about power dynamics and not at all about fairness or justice, they will never agree with me. That is why feminists are discredited.

Role Reversal

CH · 7 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was at a cookout in Rock Creek Park where a bunch of couples were in attendance. They were all nice enough people, average age mid 20s to mid 30s, and the very Moloko Plus of SWPL sanctimony. There were three different varieties of veggie burgers on the grill, and someone had brought "cookies" made from garden herbs and bean sprouts. My boy Zeets brought 35% lean beef patties, dripping with animal juice, and I brought (along with my delightful company) 100% US Grade DEET mosquito repellent. MMmmm… chemicals.

I noticed something fascinating, and yet disturbing, at this cookout. It was the couples. Something was strange about them. The men moved and spoke with the languid mannerisms of women, and the women acted like brusque corporate executives. The informal host couple presented the most egregious example of this role reversal. The guy shuffled around with hunched shoulders, spoke in a lilting musical voice that belied the gravitas of his impressive beard stubble, and toiled over the grill with one hand on his hip and the other hand limply dangling the spatula over the flaccid flame, looking very much like a gay theater director supervising the prop placement of a grilled vegetable play.

His girlfriend was the exact opposite. She strode amongst the groups of people like a General inspecting the troops before battle, flipping her hair violently in and out of a neatly bunched ponytail, speaking in clipped staccato with clenched jaw, her eyes ablaze, her chin jutting, her arm muscles taut and sinewy. I never once noticed her wrists limply dangle; like most of the rest of the women, she comported herself with the stiffness of a cadet standing at attention.

General Grrlpower sat down with my group of friends. She monopolized the conversation. It wasn't long before she steered the subject to hosannahs for Obama and snarky Daily Show-style jeers for his putative enemies. Zeets, who was wearing mirrored aviator glasses, forgot to check himself.

"Fuck that. Obama is putting this country in debt. We're going straight down the toilet."

You could've heard an asparagus sprig drop.

"Well, I dunno, we have to give the stimulus time to work…" General Grrlpower suddenly lost a bit of her inner strength. Her beady eyes must've caught a reflection of themselves in Zeets' glasses, and she glanced uncomfortably at her feet. An Asian girl overheard the conversation and sat down next to Zeets. She was the most feminine of all the women at this cookout.

What's going on here? It seemed to me like all the girlfriends were leading their boyfriends around by the nose, in either direct ways ("Could you take care of the grill for them?") or in subtle ways wherein the girls would assume command of the conversations while their boyfriends would sit silently in plastic lawn chairs, hands stuffed in pockets and cradling beers like lifelines.

What I have described by this scene is nothing unusual for DC. The typical DC couple has reversed polarity. The yin has become the yang and the yang has become a jellied mush of timid circumspection. A dimensional rift right over Apple headquarters has opened and the sexes have assumed the characteristics of the other. This phenomenon mostly pertains to the upper middle and upper class sexes; the lower classes, stumbling and bumbling as they are with their own status jockeying, have aped some of the debilitating trends of their betters while simultaneously devolving ever faster toward an embrace of their worst instincts.

I have said it before: The crumbling of America — of every great empire — has at its core a retreat by men from stoic masculinity and a retreat by women from submissive femininity. All other reasons for cultural dissolution can be distilled to this essential treason against human nature.

Later, Zeets and I made fun of the guests who had brought vegetarian platters by quoting Homer (Simpson): "You don't win friends with salad! You don't win friends with salad!"

Visualizing Herb

CH · 8 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Oh man, this picture of a herb doing what comes naturally is almost too gruesome to contemplate:

[For this post we have a guest appearance by the judges from 'American Idol']

Simon: Paula, your thoughts.

Paula: I think they look cute together. He's different, he's unique. I like him.

Simon: [rolls eyes] Randy?

Randy: Dawg, this herb is doing his thing.

Paula: The chin cradle shows real love. [starts to cry] What the world needs are more herbs like him.

Randy: [addressing supine herb] I'm feeling ya, dawg, but dawg, maybe you could, you know, tone it down a bit, you know what I mean dawg?

Simon: Well, I think this herb is dreadful. His puffy face, his soft plush body of a woman, his chipmunk cheeks… just horrible. If I wanted to see something soft and cuddly lay down in the fetal position and rest its noggin in a woman's lap to be stroked and petted I would get her a fluffy bunny rabbit. The rabbit would probably have bigger balls.

Paula: Simon! That's mean.

Randy: [to herb] You know, he's got a point dawg. In the hood, guys like you would get turned upside down by our bitches for your pocket change.

Simon: Randy speaks for the hood about as much as I do.

Paula: [to herb] I think you look fine. You are doing what two people in love do.

Simon: [to Paula] But does he make your gina tingle?

Paula: Simon!

Randy: That's a "No", dawg! [Randy high fives Simon]

Simon: [to herb] Look, a word of advice. If you want this girl to stick around, you need to stop acting like a bowl of Jell-O. That means stop planting your face in her lap like a cat. Man up! Her face should be in your lap, nibbling your knob. Especially in public, for god's sake!

Herb: [fat cheeks quivering with anger] Simon, you suck. I love her, and that's all that matters. Not everyone has to fit into your alpha-beta categories!

Paula: You tell him, herb!

Simon: [herb's girlfriend crawls out from under the table by Simon's chair, wiping her mouth] I'm sorry, I was busy. What was that you were saying?

Ryan Seacrest: [to herb] Congratulations, you're going to suicide watch, my friend!

***

There are only two ways a man can act like this herb without suffering the consequence of major beta heartbreak over and over again:

1. Date an Asian girl, or

2. Date women less attractive than himself.

For those of us who prefer to grab the brass ring and date good-looking girls who have options in the sexual market, nauseating herbitude of the type shown in this photo should be avoided as much as possible. At the very least you shouldn't snuggle up like an albino Smurf into your girl's lap in public.

Spot The Alpha: Big Face Edition

CH · 8 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A number of readers emailed me this photo:

U.S. President Barack Obama shakes hands with Russian President Dmitry Medvedev after a joint press conference at the Kremlin Palace in Moscow, Monday, July 6, 2009. (AP Photo/Misha Japaridze)
[Today we have a guest appearance by famed Yankee sportscaster Phil Rizzuto, the voice behind the sexually suggestive play-by-play in Meat Loaf's *Paradise by the Dashboard Light*, to give us the color commentary for this photo.]

Ok, here we go, we got a real pressure cooker
going here, two world leaders, nobody on, no score,
bottom of the American empire, there's the walk-up and
there it is, a dead fish handshake tucked in close, look
at Obama try-hard. This boy can really fail!
He's getting his fingers squeezed and really smiling a lot
now, he's not letting up at all, he's gonna
try for the shoulder pat; the alpha maneuver is bobbled off-center,
and here comes Medvedev's response, and what a snub!
He's not even gonna turn his head, here he comes, he's alpha!
And, wait, a smirk–a smirk and a head cock, this Russian really
makes the amateur pay with his haughty disdain.
Obama steps up to the podium, here's the greeting–
he's leaning in, and what beta body language he's got, he's trying
too hard, here's the shake, it's by the fingertips–
dissed in public! Holy cow, stolen dignity!
Obama's taking a pretty bad beating out there, almost
begging him to turn and face him directly. Medvedev
doesn't even glance over, stands his ground, and it's signaled, signaled
to the mass media, the new world order is on!
Here comes the new guy, alpha play, and it's not even close,
here's the match-up, there's the play at the podium,
holy cow, Medvedev won't even share a mic!
It's a bad day for American leadership, folks!

***

I'm back. Thanks, Phil. Great JOOORB for a dead guy. The first time I analyzed the alpha-beta interplay of world leaders, it garnered a lot more controversy. But this photo leaves no doubt. Not since Kruschev's theatrical shoe banging incident and his infamous "We will bury you" pronouncement, has there been such attempted disrespect of an American leader.

But, times have changed. Back then, though America was not as rich or decadent as she is now, she was a power on the rise. Perception matters, and right now the perception, justifiably, (thank you, massive third world immigration) is that America is a fading power. Which brings us to an interesting thought experiment. Judged only by the actions of Kruschev's and Medvedev's reactions to American leadership, in which time period was America more likely to be the alpha:

a. when Kruschev disrespected us, or

b. when Medvedev disrespected us?

You can sometimes better analyze who is the alpha male by the reactions of those around him. Are they deferential? Hostile? Disdainful? Indifferent? Hysterical? The answer to the above thought experiment is (A). Medvedev's cocky smirk and Obama's approval seeking body language tell us that Medvedev believes America is a has-been, a pushover, a laughingstock. In contrast, Kruschev's paranoiac outrage is what you would expect from a lesser alpha trying desperately to unseat the top dog.

What makes this more humiliating for America is the fact that Russia is a basket case, drowning in alcoholics and oligarchs and demographically imploding. Obama was "big faced" by a second-rate thug.

Science Continues To Prove The CH Worldview

CH · 9 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The great thing about tearing the scales from your eyes and seeing the world for what it is rather than what you wish it to be, besides the additional poon such clear thinking offers up for pillaging, is that science eventually comes around to proving the validity of your personal observations, thereby boosting your ego major and giving you permission to gloat in a blog post to an audience of millions.

In my post "Hotter Women, Better Sex", I wrote:

> How your body responds to a woman during sex tells the tale. The hotter I find the girl, the better the sex is, all else being equal. Since men remember sex acts with crystal clear clarity, it's easy for me to recall the exact specifications of my sexual encounters with each woman in my life. Not to put too fine a point on it, but my jizzbombs were heavier and the distance ejected farther with the prettier girls. Since this is something I cannot consciously control, it is proof of the innate characteristics of the male sex drive.
>
> In the interest of science, I've put my beauty-to-cumload comparison in a handy chart:
>
> | hotness of woman | size of load | squirt distance |
> |---|---|---|
> | 0 | * | * |
> | 1 | * | * |
> | 2 | * | * |
> | 3 | pre-cum only | had to be squeezed out |
> | 4 | droplet | dribble |
> | 5 | <5 grams | 2 cm |
> | 6 | fills bellybutton | 3 inches |
> | 7 | 1 tbsp | 8 inches |
> | 8 | 2 tbsps | 1.5 feet |
> | 9 | 1/4 cup | 3 feet |
> | 10 | gallon** | 5 yards** |
>
> *insufficient data
> **extrapolation

Thought I was being glib when I wrote this? Maybe being controversial just for the sake of controversy? Oh no, I was telling it like it is, and now science has confirmed the truth of what I wrote in this study showing that sperm travel faster toward the eggs of more attractive women *(hat tip: Kassam)*:

> New research found that males can adjust the speed and effectiveness of their sperm by allocating more or less seminal fluid to copulations. The determining factor is whether the male finds the female attractive.
>
> The study, conducted on red junglefowl, a director ancestor of chickens, adds to the growing body of evidence that males throughout many promiscuous species in the animal kingdom, including humans, can mate with many females, but chances of fertilization are greater when the female is deemed to be attractive. […]
>
> "There was a strong relationship between sperm velocity and the volume of the ejaculate sperm came from," Cornwallis and O'Connor determined, adding that males allocated "larger ejaculates to attractive females."
>
> The mechanism behind this remains a mystery for now, but the scientists have an intriguing theory.
>
> "Males may alter the velocity of sperm they allocate to copulations by strategically firing their left and right ejaculatory ducts, which can operate independently," they explained.
>
> Stimulation from sexy, attractive females, therefore, leads to the double firing.

> “Furthermore,” they added, “differential firing of left and right ejaculatory ducts may contribute to how males strategically change the number of sperm in their ejaculates, a phenomenon that is widespread, but for which the mechanism remains unknown.”

Guys, you want kids? Only blast inside attractive women. You’ll increase the chances of knocking her up with your turbocharged seed. You don’t want kids but hate condoms? Stick to rawdogging women a couple of points lower than yourself on the mate ranking scale. Your ennui during lovemaking will ensure your tepid jizztrickles never find their way to her unattractive eggs.

In another post, I wrote about the critical importance of the neg as a game concept in picking up women cold:

> I’m coming to the conclusion that the best opener is a neg straight out of the gate. In order to set the right tone as soon as you begin talking to a girl, you want to establish alpha cred immediately before any of her beta-sniffing circuits have had a chance to subconsciously dress you down. The quickest way to sear alpha grill lines in a woman’s heart is through the neg.

Stop the presses! Reader **Welmer** has a post up at his blog about a study demonstrating that negging women, particularly highly anxious (read: flaky, attractive and under 30) women, will cause them to respond positively to you.

> And what about when the boyfriends behaved negatively? Again unexpectedly, [high social anxiety] women behaved more negatively when their boyfriends behaved more positively to them. Among low-social anxiety women, there was no difference in behavior regardless of how their boyfriends behaved. Why did the highly-anxious women behave worse when their boyfriends were being nice?

I’ll answer that. Because women with options subconsciously register niceness, especially persistent, knee-jerk niceness, from a boyfriend as evidence that they can do better. To a woman’s mind, niceness often means “He’s placating me. I must be too hot for him.” This is why all men absolutely MUST learn game, if they want to find happiness.

I’ve no doubt science will continue to prove my theories, maxims and observations about men and women correct. If you are able to jettison the great lies that have been foisted on you from birth by nearly everyone around you, from your parents to your peers to the culture at large, you will discover that science eventually comes around to confirming at least 80% of your personal, anecdotal observations.

It’s a good feeling to live with truth.

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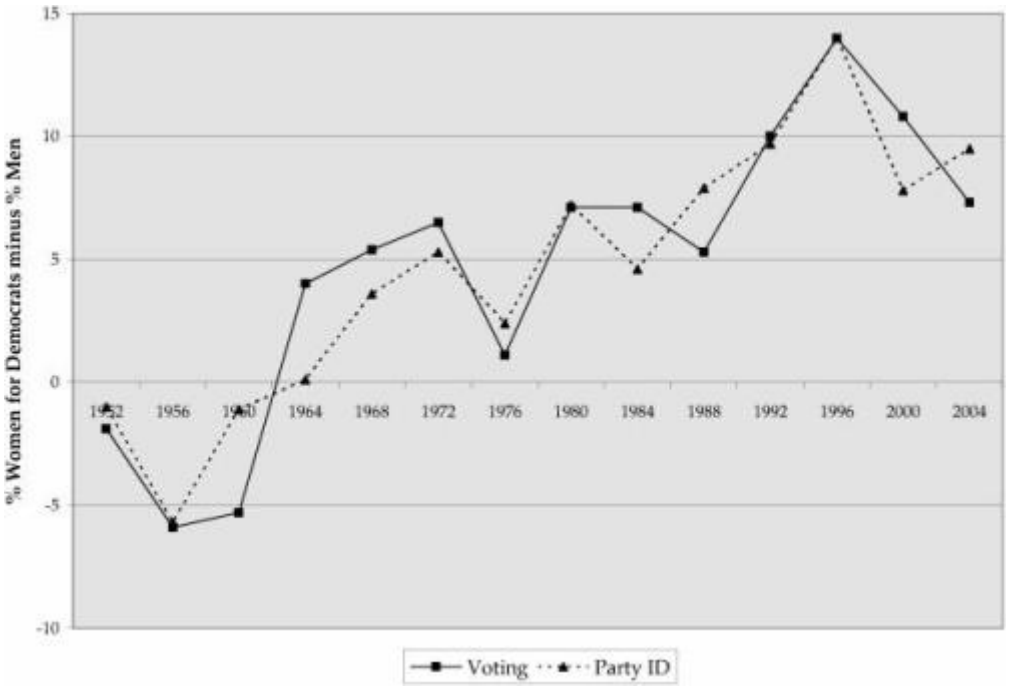
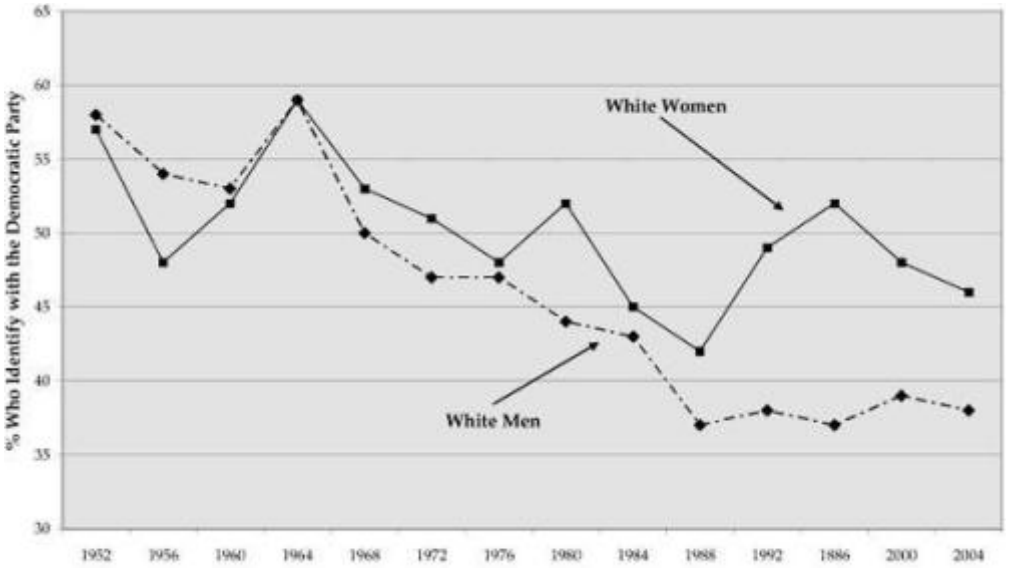
Why There Is A Gender Gap

CH · 10 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at these charts of ill portent:





Since about 1964, the gap between women and men in their identification with the Democrat Party and their Democrat voting patterns has been steadily increasing, with the increase especially pronounced starting in the mid 1990s. And as a friendly reminder, single women voted for Obama by a canyon-sized margin of 70%-29%.

There are a few predominant reasons for the gender gap, which I explained lucidly in this post. In short, women are voting more Democrat because the Democrat Party is the prime force for turning the government into the world's biggest provider beta. From the time of the "sexual revolution" (which was really a "sexual devolution" back towards pre-agricultural mating norms when 80% of the women and 40% of the highest testosterone men reproduced) women have been more free to choose mating opportunities based on their gina tingles and the

economic and social empowerment granted, respectively, by their pointless humanities degrees and the disintegration of traditional slut shaming mechanisms. The life of serial monogamy and alpha cock hopping has never been more attainable for the average American woman, and the result has been predictable: Women are substituting the beta males they no longer want or need for marriage with a Big Brother Daddy government to help them foot the child-raising bills that their PUA, drug running and serial killer lovers won't.

Lest you're tempted to blame the badboy bandits for not contributing their share, remember that women enter into relationships with these types of guys KNOWING FULL WELL they cannot be depended upon for support, and not even bothering to expect support from them. How often have you wondered why jilted women express more animus for their dumped betaboy child support and alimony paying lickspittles than for the irresponsible jerks who pump and dump them? Thanks to me, now you know why.

My gender gap theory can be refined even further, to get at the very heart of the issue, the fundamental law expressed in nearly every political trend of the past 40 years:

Maxim #66: As men are becoming ever bigger pussies and betas in their dealings with women, they are losing the leverage to shape and push women's child-like and selfishly amoral political opinions in logical, just and long-term oriented directions.

Eventually, the world created by women will collapse, as all worlds built strictly on conceited, single-minded pragmatism utterly blind to the bigger picture must. The Democrat Party is merely the fool's tool that fully emancipated women use to craft their poison utopia. As there are more women and joyriding alpha males than there are beta males, this collapse is inevitable, barring a violent revolution that discredits the philosophy of the voting booth.

Questions arise. Is it good for humanity if a socially enforced monogamous marriage system gives 90+% of men access to pussy and the replication of their genes? Had this been the case throughout prehistory, we modern humans might never have evolved. We are here in our present form because a majority of men (and some women) were denied, often cruelly, often tragically, a chance at reproduction. The sacrifice in blood and in psychological torment and emotional despair of countless distant ancestors was required to make us human as we now know it. We are living monuments to bloodshed and pain. Praise God and all His glorious works.

So while a mating system where 90% of men reproduce and are thus invested in the outcome of their society, and where women's dangerously wild sexual and social impulses are partly constrained, has given us the pinnacle of civilization in the West and the East Asian lands, it may also contain the seed of its own demise. The widening gender gap is the canary in the coalmine; it is telling us that the final demise has arrived.

The Sexiest Sex Positions

CH · 13 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

My list of the sexiest sex positions isn't necessarily a list of the positions most likely to bring a girl to orgasm. A "sexy" sex position is one that mentally and emotionally arouses a girl beyond whatever she has experienced with any other man but you, you tiger. Sexy sex positions are often the same as or similar to those seen in classic steamy movies such as *"9 1/2 Weeks"* or *"Secretary"*. In contrast, the sex positions that maximally arouse a woman's vagina and readily bring her to orgasm are in a different class than the sexy sex positions. Orgasm inducing sex positions are whatever gets the particular girl off, which for most girls involves hoisting her ankles over your shoulders and jackhammering her into bliss. If you want to know which type is more powerful, keep in mind the lovemaking sessions your girl will most remember — usually it will be those times your copulation was infused with a sexy Hollywood-ish vibe, where the real-life scene was cluttered with natural props and romantic lighting of the sort her memory can easily grasp and retrieve, and when the mood, tension, urgency and ambience were just right.

Sexy sex positions are often spontaneous; they are rarely planned, but they can be. If you attempt to blueprint a sexy sex position, you had better know what you're doing. This is not amateur hour. Any whiff of calculated preplanning will ruin the memory for your girl.

The Venetian Blind Bang

It is 1 AM. The only light is that from a streetlamp streaming though the half-opened slits of a Venetian blind. You're pulling your girl's cocktail dress over her head as she writhes with anticipation. As one hand cups her breast, you push her back into the Venetian blinds, the street light painting shards of faint yellow across her face. Her fingers intertwine with the slats and her ass cheeks rattle the blind. Bonus: Exhibitionist thrill.

The Mighty Oak Rut

You're in the deep woods. Small woodland creatures scurry. You press her body into the massive trunk of a majestic oak tree, yank her skirt up, and let her enjoy the pleasure of having two giant phalluses consume her. Species to avoid: Any smooth-barked tree. You want this to hurt her a little.

The Bearskin Rug Fuck

One white bearskin rug. Two glasses of red wine sitting on the floor nearby. One fireplace crackling with a winter fire. This is the setting for pure, intimate lovemaking. There will be no piston-like thrusting, only gentle, uninterrupted groin-to-groin missionary grinding. Yes, I once had a white bearskin rug and it was not a hipsterly ironic bearskin. Note: Do not try this during her period unless you have killed and bagged a red furred bear.

The Steamy Shower Sexytime

The shower is running. Her hair is wet and matted against her head and shoulders. She is facing away from you, into the shower stream, her hands awkwardly slipping against the tiled shower wall as she tries to steady herself from the onslaught of a powerful orgasm. You are doing her from behind, the natural lube of her pussy mixing with the warm water cascading down her belly and back. You push her harder into the wall, as her ass arches to meet your thrusts. Note: The trick to making shower sex memorable is to have one eye-catching curio or unique detail, such as oversized candles lining the tub. Or in your lustful haste you and her jump into the shower partially clothed.

Why this will leave an indelible imprint on your girl's mind: I coaxed an amazingly sexy girl into the shower, her panties still clinging to her wet body. She was wearing black nail polish, and in the moisture and steam the nail polish had started to run, so that she left black streaks on the tiled shower wall where she had propped her hands for support as I fucked her from behind. The sex was so hot that afterwards I took a picture of the black streak marks she left on the tiles, as a memento:

The Muscle Car Straddle

You have parked your 1969 cherry apple red Mercury Cougar convertible in a deserted suburban park late at night. Swings from a children's playground creak in the distance. Your girl straddles you in the driver's seat, pushes aside her panties, and guides you in. She grinds into you as the sweet smelling humid summernight air enshrouds you and moonlight dances off the hood of your car. Bonus: Beep the horn with her backside at the moment of climax.

The Cemetery Fuck

This one will have to be planned by you. You are taking a nighttime stroll with your girl. The clock nears midnight. You "just happen" to walk past an old, creepy cemetery; the kind where the headstones have dates going back to the 1600s and thick vines wrap around everything. (Note: You may need to live in the Northeast to find these kinds of cemeteries). You locate an especially tragic gravestone, one where a young couple rests side by side in eternal sleep. You grab your girl's fingers and trace the engraved names together.You lay her down in the leaf-covered grass, within view of the dead couple, and slide your hand under her pleated skirt. You keep your hand over her mouth and muffle her sex moans lest she wake ghosts in your presence. Bonus: If she's superstitious, she will come in under 30 seconds.

The Nude Beach Stealth Bang

If you are on a nude beach in the Caribbean or on the island of Mykonos, You will want to wait until twilight to roll your girl onto her stomach and face plant her into the sand. Roll her over again like you are two rutting sea lions. Getting sand into her ass crack is a feature, not a bug. Thrillseekers: Do the same except during the day. Keep a minimum 20 yards from the nearest nudists and drape a large beach towel over your bodies. Grind, don't thrust. Thrusting as your towel-covered ass goes up and down will be immediately visible to others.

The Warm Ocean Waters Intrusion

The Caribbean is a great place for fucking. As you and your girl bob on the gentle waves of azure waters, face the beach cove where your towel lays and people are sunning themselves, and gently nudge her bikini aside. Your dick should slide in like a buttered hot dog. You will want to be in neck deep water, because the Caribbean waters are very clear and you can see you feet even in five feet of water. You don't want sunbathing Eurotrash to actually see the copulation. If your girl can tread water, wade out past the breakers where your feet don't touch the sandy

bottom. Bonus: Pulling out just before blasting to send spurts of your cum into the warm tropical waters will be a pleasure like none you've ever experienced before.

The Balcony Boff

Balcony. Nighttime. View of the city. Chair. Straddle. It works.

The Sheer Curtains Fuck

Do you have sheer, white, diaphanous floor length curtains in your home? If you do, you'll want to have standing sex with your woman as the curtains wrap around you both, creating an exquisite tactile sensation against her skin. Bonus: Keep the window open so a breeze makes the curtain fabric dance around your beloved's body.

Do all the above and she will compare all future beta boyfriends to the romantic, sexy moments she shared with you. They will never be able to please her like you did. You will have spoiled her for all other men. She will love you and hate you for this. Victory!

Fat Or Not Fat?

CH · 14 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In one of my series of posts illustrating the (possibly racially adjustable) universality of men's taste in women, reader Obsidian mentioned the name of a big booty model he found attractive as an anecdotal counterpoint to the observable reality that female beauty is objective and that men pretty much agree which women are hot. He also claimed most black men like himself would find his ideal big booty model attractive. She goes by the stage name of "Scarlett" and she looks Puerto Rican. Here is a photo:

I'm going to do something different in this post. Instead of asking everyone together to rank the tank in Scarlett's janx, I will separate the vote tables into "Black Men", "White Men", "Asian Men" and "Women". (I don't have too many Hispanic readers. You border jumpers will have to choose white or asian.) This is a sociological experiment intended to demonstrate differences between men and women, and between men of different races, in how tolerant they are of chunks of love on a woman.

The voting:

What Foreign Men Think Of American Women

CH · 15 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

American woman
stay away from me
American woman
mama let me be…

It's not looking good for the American woman. Her reputation is taking a beating from all corners of the world. This Seattle Time article has some juicy quotes from British ex-pats living in the U.S. describing their experiences dating American women.

> American Women. You can only spend so long with one before you crack. They're out there, they're loud, they're bitter and they're kooky. After a while all the things that attracted you to them: confidence, conversation, nice teeth, begin to bug you. You think you've got Black Beauty and you end up with Mr. Ed.

Confidence in a woman is overrated. I'm with Roosh on this matter — less confident women are more fun to date and make better girlfriends.

> Steve (a Brit) says that he had to get used to knowing that American women reserve the right to date a whole bunch of guys at the same time. It's not like that in England. There, when you really like a girl (and pardon me, but English guys don't say "women," they talk about dating a girl), then you don't go out with half a dozen others.

I once stumbled across the email inbox of a slutty DC girl I used to fuck (a local blogger). She had forgotten to log out of her email and chat on my computer on more than one occasion. (She wasn't too bright.) I read her messages and chat windows (who wouldn't?) and discovered she was hooking up with other men on the days she wasn't taking my cock deep inside her. If only they had known how unspecial they were to her at the time; just another cock on the carousel. She wasn't a serious prospect so it never bothered me, but it was an illuminating glimpse into the world of the Tacky American Slut.

> [Steve]: And something else. That first date with an American girl, it's like it's supposed to be a big-time dinner, instead of just going to a pub with friends. So you end up dropping like $90 while she's doing her checklist.

Fool. Who in this day and age takes a girl to dinner on the first date? And an American woman to boot? I'll tell you who. Betas.

Even other American women don't have nice things to say about their sister compatriots:

> I talk to Vicki, and she tells me she thinks American women can come across as a bit too much. "They want to be equal so much it can be overpowering," she says.

Actually, I don't think American women want to be equal. That's just what they tell themselves to rationalize their aggressively masculine posturing toward men. More accurately, of all the world's women, American women are the biggest shit testers because they so very much DON'T want to be equal to the supplicating American betaboys they date. A desire by American women to shit test men to kingdom come to find the alpha gem among the beta shale is often miscontrued by men as a desire for equal footing with them. The truth is, in fact, just the opposite. They shit test because they want to find a man who puts himself on a footing above her. This is why even the most hardcore self-professed feminists will wilt into a puddle of submissive passion for a devil-may-care alpha male who doesn't

take her oh-so-profound ideology or her empty bleatings for equality seriously.

> One of the first questions is always: “What car do I drive?” Martin says. “If I have the latest BMW or drive a Chevy, does it make a difference? And they want to know what apartment you live in. Do you live in Bellevue, because if you tell them you live in Everett, they don’t want to know you.”

If you have no game or looks, the women you date will default to “material status” screening. Women must have *something* with which they can judge a man’s alpha status, so barring anything compensatory they will judge a man based on the crudest indicators of status — his material resources. Game and other forms of psychosocial dominance allow women the freedom — even the pleasure — to judge a man on indicators of status other than his monetary worth. This is because male psychological dominance hits women’s pleasure centers more directly than does male resource display. Unless you are very wealthy — top 1/2% of all men — you will do better at attracting women with game. See: Skittles Man.

> [Oliver]: It was like being with a nasty bank manager, rather than someone with whom you hope to sleep. … American girls are possibly the most wound-up people on the planet. They don’t believe in laughing: Instead, they would go to ‘laugh class’ to find out how, then solemnly say it had changed their life.

“Nasty bank manager”. Ha haa! This quote sums up the American woman well. American women are bank managers and pompous, phony laughers who take themselves too seriously because America has spoiled them. American men need to relearn the art of charming condescension.

While I date and fuck mostly American women, if I was limited to only one woman for the rest of my life, I would choose a foreign girl. Once you have experienced the pleasure of a truly feminine woman, you’ll never go back to an American Bitch.

Sweden Does One Thing Right

CH · 16 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Stu wrote this in the comments:

> As for you guys thinking about kids, do not do it. I speak from experience here. I love my kid but fuck man, it's such a drag being a parent. Especially since I got divorced (and having a kid fucking accelerated that process) and have joint custody so I have to be daddy every other week.
>
> The reason why I do it though is two fold: I don't want my daughter to be brain washed by her psychotic mother and it means I don't pay a single penny in child support. I'm glad I got divorced in Sweden – no alimony ever and no child support if you have joint custody.

If this is true that in Sweden joint custody means no child support or alimony is extorted from the man, then their divorce laws are more just than the divorce laws in the US. All that's left to answer is how often Swedish judges award joint custody.

Yet one more reason to ditch American women for a foreign lover.

I also agree with Stu's advice to avoid having kids. Every guy I know who has kids has no social life and, judging by their griping, a nearly nonexistent sex life. I say get your kid fix from nieces and nephews. You visit a few hours each month and play airplane with them, then you leave. All of the fun, none of the fun-killing responsibility.

Alpha Male Cage Match

CH · 16 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Enough of the betas and herbs for a change. It's time for some positive role models.

Two alpha males. One caged ring. No holds barred. Who will emerge victorious, King of The Alphas?

In this corner…

…we have Silvio Berlusconi, 72 year old rightist Italian Prime Minister who cavorts with **18 year old** Italian models, publicly tells his wife **she should apologize** after she finds out about his numerous liaisons and begins filing divorce proceedings…

> Asked if there was any chance of saving his marriage, the prime minister said: "I don't think so. I don't know if I want that this time. Veronica will have to apologise to me publicly. And I don't know if it would be enough.
>
> "It's the third time in an election campaign that she has pulled a stunt of this kind. It really is too much."

…, GETS DEFENDED BY HIS KIDS when their Dad's hedonist lifestyle is brought to light…

> [The] leader of the opposition Democratic Party, Dario Franceschini, asked Italians at a European Parliament election rally: "Would you want your children brought up by this man?"The question provoked a furious response from Mr Berlusconi's children, who have rarely made public statements in the past.
>
> "Angry?" asked Marina, [Berlusconi's] eldest daughter from his first marriage and chairman of publisher Mondadori, in an interview for Corriere della Sera.
>
> "I am indignant. Furious. No, this is enough. This time, I don't intend to stay silent. My father has always worked a lot, but there has never been a time, a single time, in which I did not have him near when I needed him."

…, and still manages at the age of 72 to sport daytime chubby just walking around hot young women:

Hey paeson, teen girls ARE Viagra! Capice?

As reader Traveller noted:

> An affair with a seventeen year-old at age seventy-two! The best part? His kids come out to defend him! Amazing.

> "Would you want your children brought up by this man?"
>
> Wrong question. Question is – who wouldn't?

Does this man look troubled to you?:

I think this quote from Berlusconi best illustrates his bone-deep alphatude:

> Berlusconi said he had dropped in on the birthday party of Noemi Letizia [18 year old Italian model] because her father, a council employee, was a "friend of many years". Asked why she called him *papi*, he replied: "But it's a joke. They wanted to call me granddad. It's better they call me daddy, don't you think?"
>
> The prime minister said three pretty young women whose candidacies were revoked after Lario's letter were not showgirls. One was an actress, he said.

An apex alpha male like Silvio should not be punished for enjoying the fruits of the women who love him, just as an apex alpha female should not be punished for securing commitment from an incorrigible playboy alpha male. High five, Silvio. You are an inspiration for men everywhere. May the betas of the world learn from your example.

PS: My maternal grandfather was a spitting image of Berlusconi.

******

And in this corner…

we have the upstart American 72 year old H. Beatty Chadwick, a Pennsylvania lawyer who spent 14 years in jail in a civil contempt case *without ever being charged* for refusing to cough up **2.5 million in extortion alimony** to the world's filthiest scumcunt bitch ex-wife ever.

> One can spend a long time in jail in the U.S. without ever being charged with a crime.
>
> It happened to H. Beatty Chadwick, a former Philadelphia-area lawyer, who has been behind bars for nearly 14 years without being charged. And this didn't take place in some 3rd world dictatorship or tyrannical government like China or Iran it was done right here in the U.S.
>
> No trial ever took place, Chadwick has never been allowed to face his accuser and no jury ever heard any

> evidence against him.
>
> In 1994, during his divorce proceedings, a Delaware County judge (yes a county Judge) held Mr. Chadwick in civil contempt for failing to put $2.5 million in a court-controlled account. He says he lost the money in bad investments; his wife's attorney claimed he had hidden it offshore. In April 1995, Mr. Chadwick was arrested and detained. Nearly 14 years later, Mr. Chadwick, who suffers from non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, is still in jail — even after a retired judge was hired to help locate the money, and failed.

I'm sure Chadwick is lying about the whereabouts of his pile of loot, and I say GOOD SHOW OLD CHAP! Deny that ballcutting soulsucking bitch anything of your life's hard work and sacrifice. Lie like the wind. If there was ever any question by the milquetoast-y herbs and self-serving fembots among us whether lying before the law can be the morally right thing to do, this case should settle the matter.

Just how corrosively amoral is the soul of woman? Remember: Chadwick's ex-wife was perfectly content letting him rot in jail for years on end in a blackmail bid to pry HIS OWN MONEY from his hands. It was in her power to end his torment any time she wanted. But she didn't. That should tell you all you need to know about the blackened core beating in almost every woman's heart when her interest is on the line and the love is gone.

Here is a photo of the loving couple back in happier times:

Can you tell just by looking at her what monstrous evil she would eventually rain down on the man she once loved? No. So you must do the smart thing and assume every woman, given the right incentives, is capable of similar evil.

MEN: DO NOT GET MARRIED. You have been warned. You can get all the benefits of a good marriage in a loving, UNMARRIED relationship with none of the risks of jail or paying through the nose for a lifetime retirement plan for your ex-wife. Until the laws change radically (and I have my doubts this will ever happen absent some sort of SWPL-redneck style civil war), you are better off staying far away from the altar.

This case is so egregiously unjust… so EVIL… that Chadwick has thousands of supporters to his cause and a website dedicated to his freedom and to uncovering the raw sewage that permeates the misandrist divorce industrial complex from top to bottom.

H. Beatty Chadwick is a hero with a warrior's heart. He is a foot soldier in the long war against the criminalization of our court systems by power hungry degenerate feminists and their lowlife parasitic accomplices. Men like him should be honored with statues and parades, and his enemies shamed into removing themselves from public life entirely, and preferably from life altogether. Here's to hoping Chadwick's ex-wife either shoves a gun barrel through her pursed WASP lips, or gets run over by a dumptruck with a rubber scrotum hanging from the back.

H. Beatty Chadwick: Hero to all American men, defender of the just and noble, heart of lion. He joins company with this man.

Tell your boys the story of these alpha heroes in the time of Western decline, and if fortune and fate should shine their stirring legacy will forge a new generation's hearts in steel to fight for their beloved country and rescue it from the twisted, invidious forces of traitorous elites and SWPL saboteurs who through their actions would cause nothing

less than to bend America to Her knees, stripped of all that was once good about Her. Si se puede.

World's Greatest Pickup Artist Goes Down

CH · 17 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Erik Von Markovic (AKA Mystery) has a 1 year old daughter named Dakota Breeze. Such a cheeseball name. It's as if he named her knowing she'd grow up to be an exotic dancer. I couldn't find any information about the mother. Anyhow, Mystery has put up a youtube video of him serenading his daughter in song:

A great man goes down. He's traded in his peacocking heart medallion for a heartfelt song about his daughter. This is the end of an era. Mystery is from my generation. I attended one of his seminars (at no cost). I used his material to fuck quite a number of women. But now he has surrendered to the slow, persistent wind-down of aging, settling (at least in some small measure) for fatherhood and responsibility at the expense of the thrill of seducing fresh, piping hot pussy. I feel hollow inside.

He hasn't completely betrayed his nature. Note the conspicuously placed "Love" pillow in the background.

Some of the youtube comments are hilarious.

> Don't game your daughter dude, not cool. Too far.

> I'm wondering why he didn't pull out in time !?!?! he's fucked over 350 women already,.. he must know these things !

> mystery ! I got to sign out now ! but very quickly, I got a question for you :
> on scale of 1 to 10 how do you rate this song ?

> Oh shit! When did you have a daughter? Congratulations. She'll know all the lines by the time she's older. She'll be pick up proof lol

True. Dakota Breeze could be a future pickup artist's greatest challenge. She'll have Captain America's vibranium alloy bitch shield. She'll always be three steps ahead of any routine that a PUA tries to run on her. This is all assuming she gets blessed with good genes for beauty. If she's lower than a 7, no skilled PUA worth his salty balls will hit on her, and her high paying stripper career is dead in the cradle. She'll have to work for pocket change at some redneck roadside titty bar. Still, banging Mystery's daughter would by quite a trophy bag. The apprentice becomes the master… and impales the master with his own sword.

> I bet he's going to be loving the game when it's being used on his sweet little girl.

Ouch. But I bet Mystery is smart enough that he'll logically spin some rationalization for why it's OK that dudes running game to bang his daughter is all part of the inescapable mission statement of existence to survive and replicate. I know that's how I would handle the cognitive dissonance.

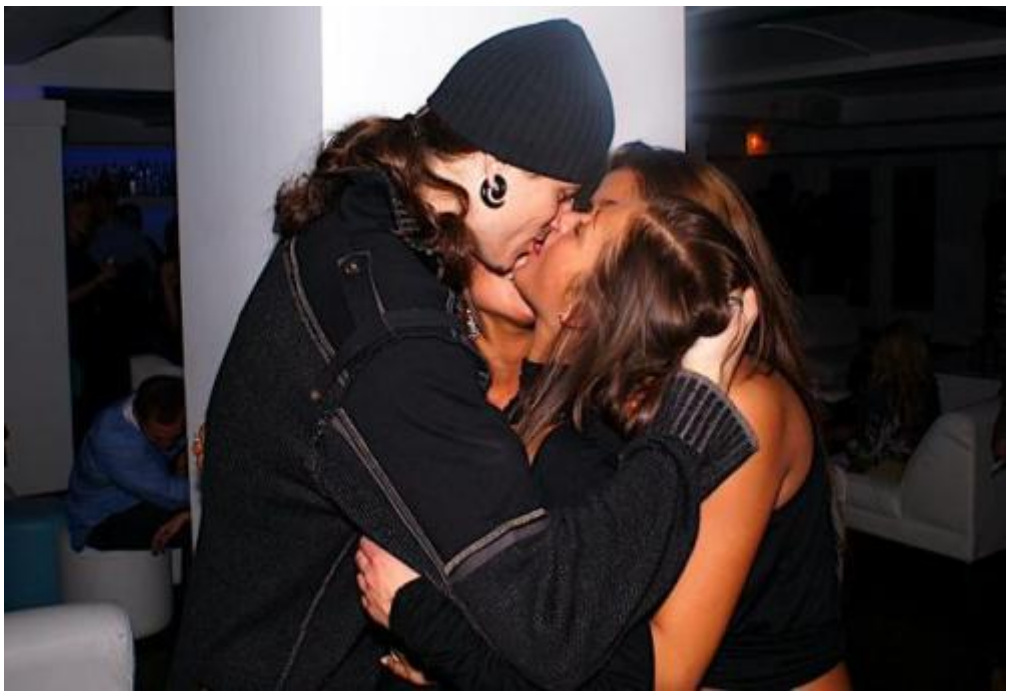
On a VH1 *Pickup Artist* forum, one of the commenters dropped some juicy rumors about Mystery:

> Actually Matador does wear a wig. And Mystery wears hats to cover his psoriosis and black nail polish to cover his bad nail fungus. What most people DON'T know is that Mystery, ie Erik Von Markovik, is a dead beat dad. His almost 2 yr old little girl rarely sees her dad and he has only paid about $1000 in child support in her whole life. Both Matador and Mystery tell guys to keep it wrapped but it is known that neither do it very often themselves. And if you have read Mystery's book he actually tells guys that the way to overcome LMR (last minute resistence) is to agree with the woman but KEEP GOING. So a woman can say NO and he ignores it and does what he wants anyway. Hmmm. And men think that is the way to treat women. How pathetic…

If this is true, I salute Mystery for shelling out only $1,000 in child support despite being worth millions. Women have to learn that getting impregnated by an alpha male cad will have costly consequences, chief of which being that such a man is less likely to provide the resources to help raise any children.

Also, like Mystery, I avoid using condoms whenever it's feasible — I usually wait until I have been with the girl for at least a month. One night stands and short flings are CONDOM ONLY. Some trust has to be established before going raw.

I prefer to remember Mystery this way:



Darth Hammer

CH · 19 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The Typical Stumbling Blocks Of A Seduction

CH · 20 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Even though I have been running game on women for many years (it's almost a second career for me) I still encounter the same stumbing blocks I did when I first started on my journey to mastering the art of seduction. I have made a list of the obstacles that I believe will plague any man's game for life. The goal isn't to eliminate these obstacles, (which cannot be done anyhow for you may as well argue that the urge to eat can be eliminated), but to manage them so that they do not hinder your game to the point of denying you success.

The Approach

Don't listen to any PUA guru who tells you that fear of approach can be killed. It can't. I still get it from time to time, and in varying degrees of anxiety, despite having approached hundreds, maybe thousands, of women over the whole of my life, for purposes sexual and otherwise. The fear of approaching women cold to initiate a courtship is hardwired in men, and for good reason, as a failed cold approach in the ancestral environment could have easily led to banishment from the tribe, and early death. Worse still, it could have led to incessant mockery from peers. The best way to handle approach anxiety is a paraphrase of a quote from *Dune*:

> I must not fear approaching women. Approach anxiety is the mind-killer. It is the little death that brings total obliteration. I will face my approach anxiety. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when my approach anxiety is at its highest, I will smile and accept my fear, and only I will remain.

Qualifying Her

I've seen more guys forget to qualify a girl than mess up any other part of the seduction. I can only surmise that it is anti-instinctual for a man to judge women, but instinctual for him to put himself up for judgment by women. Again, qualifying women is one of those things that goes against the circuitry of beta hardwiring. The failure to qualify cannot be eliminated — you will occasionally fail to screen your target — but it can be managed. You have to make a conscious effort to remind yourself to judge the girl you are talking with. That means saying to yourself "OK, how can this girl please me? What does she bring to the table?" before approaching her. It also means having a ready list of qualification questions to ask as part of your game, such as "Could you make me laugh? So many women think they're funny when they aren't."

Isolating Her

This is another stage of game that I notice men tend to forget to do. My guess is that once a man has successfully opened a girl and is enjoying full-throttled conversation with her, he gets so wrapped up in his early forward progress that he is afraid to break the rhythm by moving the girl to an isolated location for deeper rapport. But he must do this, because deep rapport in a relatively quiet spot away from the location of the initial meet is vital to avoid later flaking. So be a leader and drag her to a new location, and if she balks then you know that your sparkling conversation with her wasn't as sparkling as you thought it was.

Being an Asshole/Negging Her

As much as the neg is talked about as a critical component of game, you'd think it would be second nature to most aspiring PUAs. But it isn't. There are some guys I've seen in the field, who despite encyclopedic knowledge of game, never remember to throw out that all-important value-lowering neg on girls who need them (i.e. hot chicks). If you can't think on your feet, then have a couple all-purpose negs stored in your brain. I know you can do it, because you have CPU specs committed to memory, so it can't be a stretch to remember a neg or two. Try this: "Hey you've got a cool sense of style… especially that 1960s retro haircut, like my Mom's." Or one of my all-time personal favorites: "You're trying too hard."

Hovering

Seductions will fail, face it. When they do, don't hover hoping for her to have a change of heart. I still don't know why so many men display this horribly low value behavior, but they do. Perhaps it's a cognitive mechanism of self-delusion that spares a man's ego from acknowledging the rejection.

Taking the Girl Home

No matter how expertly he ran his attraction and comfort game, it will all be for naught if he can't transition to the bedroom, and sooner rather than later. This is another game foul that I observe men making in the field; they have won the girl's attraction, got her hooked with his stories and listening ability, done everything right… and then forget or refuse to boldly move her to his pad. I know the thinking process: "Well, look, I've got her where I want her, so it's just a matter of time before she's in my bed. So it makes no sense to risk it all by pushing too hard for the fuck close right now." This thinking is self-limiting, and often counterproductive. Getting a girl horny where she might be up for a same night lay, and then disappointing her by letting the seduction fizzle to a wimpy denouement, will cause her to reassess her positive first impressions the next day. So have an excuse handy, such as "Hey I'm thirsty. Let's go back to my place for some delicious tap water."

Maxim #44: Women will not hold it against you for trying to get into their panties on the first night. In fact, they will respect you more for your boldness and willingness to follow your manly desires.

The Mother-Daughter Coefficient of Fading Beauty

CH · 21 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of guys fret about meeting their girlfriends' parents, but it's important to do so for reasons having nothing to do with making a good impression. Your girlfriend will never catch onto the real reason you went with her to visit her parents: To collect vital information on how badly and how quickly your precious flower will wilt over the years.

Nothing — not your girlfriend's eating or exercise habits, her worldview, or her desire to please you — will tell you more about how she will age than what her parents look like. Genetic fate uber alles. I know it's difficult to grasp that the cutie who gives you solid wood could one day turn into the sunbathing walrus that is her mother, but no man should underestimate the brutal toll ten to twenty years takes on a woman's looks. And brutal it is. Her beauty will begin the slow fade after 25, and then plummet like a rock over Angel Falls after her early 30s. The uglier and fatter her mother, the harder and faster your sweet rose will smash into the wall.

You've seen those incomprehensible mother-daughter pairings at the mall. That's what awaits you. Remind me again what's the upside to getting married?

Every man should be pushing his entire life to date women at least ten years younger than himself, with the average gap growing wider the older the man gets to account for the massive deleveraging of women's sexual market value after age 35. Remember, 35 in female years is 50 in male years. So your schedule should go like this: You hit 30? Date 20 year olds. When you're 40, don't go higher than 30. 50 and you set the upper limit at 35. If you're especially high status, you can adjust the optimal age gap to twenty years. Of course, this plan is a lot easier to do as a free, unmarried man.

The mother-daughter coefficient of fading beauty is such an accurate predictor of the daughter's future beauty decline that it's a wonder more men don't visit their girlfriends' parents to size up their beloveds for their worth as long term partners. When men commit to a single woman, they are making a huge sacrifice, similar to the sacrifice women make when they have sex with a beta. It's a cramping of style. So men would be wise to unblock any information bottlenecks regarding the expiration date of their girlfriends, and that means sizing up her parents for a glimpse at your honeysuckle's shelf life. This is where I can help.

Let's say you're dating a hot, slender chick. Now let's say you're thinking about going the distance with her and foreswearing all other women to be with just her. Whoa, tiger! Don't make any hasty decisions until you've consulted my handy chart for determining how your cute girlfriend will hold up after ten years. To help you realize the power of my chart, you'll need to know what your girl's parents look like and what they looked like back when they were young.

The daughter looks like	The father looks like	The mother looks like	The daughter in 10 years
the father	Clark Gable	a manatee	still hot, but check for telltale signs like upper arms or thick wrists that resemble mom's
the father from his youth	an inbred beer keg	a former hottie	*future fatty alert* keep her away from beer and beef jerky
the mother	a fat redneck	a MILF	still hot, but dump her if she drinks schlitz with

			her dad in the garage
the mother from her youth	a normal dude	the seacow formerly known as princess	*future fatty alert* expect massive weight gain
neither	a herb	a plain jane	*wildcard* proceed with caution
both, before they got fat	a fat slob	a fat slob	*DANGER* cut and run after monopolizing her best years
both	handsome	still fuckable	*winner* she'll stay fresh for years. get down on one knee and… tie your shoelace

There's an interesting side effect to the mother-daughter coefficient of fading beauty. Oftentimes, a cute chick with an ugly, fat mom will have low self esteem because she has spent her life in the shadow of her future self. She has probably had nightmares about turning into her mother, and as a result does not perceive her own beauty very well. Insecure hotties are often the best kinds of chicks to date. They will always strive to earn your approval while you will have to pinch yourself that it can be this easy. You should jump at the chance to visit her parents because she will feel ashamed of her fat mom, and that shame will redound to her own feeling of self-worth. For added impact, raise your eyebrows in surprise when you meet the mother, and tell her her daughter mentioned she was a great cook.

Away From The Company Of Women

CH · 22 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I am never in the company of men after 5.
– Bertrand Morane

After sex, the company of women can be a drag.
– Me

I spend a lot of time with women. Either seducing them, fucking them, fucking with them, listening to them, scratching the napes of their necks, or examining them like a disassembled timepiece. The purpose of such mingling goes deeper than enjoying the pleasure of their company. Books, mentors, a willingness to discard delusion and lies, and a keen eye will aid a man in his divine quest to acquire as much sex and love as he can handle from beautiful women, but no impetus to personal growth is as effective as direct interaction with the subject. Whether sex is or is not the goal, being around women sharply flattens the learning curve. There may be a gene yet discovered which grants its possessor the innate ability to know how a woman ticks, but if there is such a gene, it is a neural algorithm that quickly decays from disuse. Even the best naturals had to buck up and endure spend glorious time around women before their Asmodeus-blessed gifts could find full expression.

Given this reality, some men might make the understandable mistake that their every waking moment should be with women or, if no women are physically present, with women in their thoughts. This would be a false extrapolation. Like a diligent scientist deep in the bowels of his flourescently dismal lab who has forgotten the feeling of the sun on his face, a man who spends all his free time with women risks degeneration of his masculine core. Inhalation of the estrogenic fumes of too much distaff attention and his spirit becomes arthritic, his testicular acuity blurs into maudlin mush. Perspective is lost.

Men would do well to occasionally distance themselves from women and their petty intrigues, and the best way to do this is not through solitude but in the company of other men, reveling in hearty chest thumps, metaphorical or real, and swearing bloodstirring oaths to doctrines good and great that elude the grasp of women stuck in the mud of their uninspiring, earthy practicality. And men, unlike women, are capable of their high drama without uttering a word.

Let me cut to the chase: Women are mostly boring. Even, maybe especially, the brightest and most overeducated among them can induce cataract-like glazing of the eyes if given enough comfort and a sympathetic ear to unleash the menstrual force of their vaggy stream of consciousness. Disconnected from their bodies and sexuality, their flirtations and flattery, and their charm and whimsy, women are incapable of seriously entertaining for any length of time greater than the duration from leer to spent urge any but the most desperately cloying of men. Sure there are exceptions — women of particularly engaging personalities and surprising fondness for the abstract — but these exceptions serve merely to remind a man of the depressing drabness of the mass of women with their meager, provincial concerns.

Don't lose contact with the world of men. Their vigorous, purposeful company is a refreshing tonic to the pedestrian prattle, contrived machinations, and histrionic solipsism of women.

Does It Matter If Girls Know About The Game?

CH · 23 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Answer: No.

But don't take it from me. Hear it straight from a woman's mouth *(hat tip: reader Joe)*: The last few years of Sunday brunches with my girlfriends have revealed that players tend to follow a particular pattern. They bang a girl, then don't call for at least two weeks. When they decide they want some ass, they will hound her with six calls on a Saturday . . . and then a Wednesday . . . and then the next Friday . . . until she picks up. Repeat.

I like to call it the Player Pattern – one section of the unspoken rule book that players everywhere use to win their game. […]

[H]ow did the Player Pattern become a pattern? Because it happened to each of my girlfriends. Repeatedly. We may moan about a lack of respect, but every time we run into a bad boy, we think we can be the one to pull him to monogamy.

I still don't quite understand why someone would perpetuate the Player ideology. It leads females to self-doubt and insecurities, makes us hesitant and difficult and renders communication near impossible. (i.e. we will pick fights and want to talk about feelings). But I do acknowledge that tips that come from blogs, game shows and your boys seem to work. So when the game is so easy to win, can you really blame the Player? Who is really the fool here?

When I first learned game, I had convinced myself that once the material and tactics got out into general circulation and became widely known amongst the set of pretty girls who get hit on the most, it would mean game would lose its element of surprise and women would stop responding positively to it. I figured once that in-field inflection point was reached women would revert back to getting aroused by men with the biggest pecs or loudest mouth. My worries couldn't have been more unfounded. Game is out there and girls are still lubing themselves for men who run it on them. Even the girls who *know* they are getting gamed.

To see why this is so all you need to do is play a gender role reversal thought experiment. Imagine a girl and guy meet. They have a conversation, and sparks fly. The guy thinks the girl is very attractive. At the beginning of the conversation, the girl tells the guy she wore a push-up bra to catch his attention from across the room with her cleavage, and she put on makeup to enlarge her eyes, which she knew would highly arouse him. Then she tells him she will be sure to cross and uncross her legs a few times to draw his eyes to her thighs and crotch. She further explains that she will play coy by batting her eyelashes and looking down and away when he makes a strongly flirtatious move on her, figuring that will ignite his desire to chase her and make her seem more valuable to him. Finally, she tells him she will laugh a little too hard at one of his jokes on purpose, so he will feel like she really admires his sense of humor.

What do you think will go through the man's head?

"Yes, she likes me! I am so getting laid."

The man will not be any less aroused from knowing the games women play to manipulate his desire. In the same way, women are not any less aroused when they are aware that a man is seducing them. They will enjoy the seduction as long as he knows what he's doing.

Caveat: There are some one-liners in the seduction community that will become so overused they could potentially blow a guy out. I've heard that the "Who lies more?" opener was so ubiquitous in LA at one time that women, when they heard it used on them, would laugh out loud and tell the guy to try new material. Fortunately, there is enough fresh material now that overuse should no longer be a problem. The community has grown tremendously and technology has advanced so much that a man could check his iPhone GET LAID NOW ASK ME HOW app for a suitable quickie opener *as the situation is unfolding* in front of him. That's power at your fingertips.

As for the “player pattern” recognized by the woman who wrote the above article, I’m not aware that it’s common community advice to wait two weeks to call back a girl you’ve banged, and to call six times on Saturday, then follow up on Wednesday and Friday. This sounds more beta than PUA, as I find it’s best to call a girl you’ve banged the day after to smooth any rough edges and hold the door open for future bangs. When to call back isn’t a critical issue; as long as you’ve attracted the girl you can call back whenever you feel like it without repercussion. Just don’t pull a Swingers and call ten times the night you met her. That much should be obvious to any man with a lick of sense.

What Is A Natural?

CH · 24 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Readers sometimes ask me: “What is a natural? How do you define one? What makes a natural who falls into pussy different from the majority of men who have to struggle every day of their lives to taste morsels of muff?”

The natural has three things going for him, that when combined into one ubermensch transforms him from a faceless dick on the prowl to a potent pickup machine.

1. **Genetic blessings.** He was born with a seductive ability to understand women and relate to them in such a way that their legs spread unbidden to his subtle provocations. This ability is intuitive Game, no different in function than the game taught in books and at seminars, and it is an order of magnitude more critical to getting laid than being born with rugged good looks, though it is true the best naturals are born with both. Naturals are blessed with computational power shared equally between their right and left brain hemispheres, and they tend to be more verbally adept than the average man.
2. **He started young.** Every natural I’ve known began their skirt chasing careers before their first pube sprouts saw the light of day. If you ask a PUA when he started getting good with women, he can usually tell you the exact day and time. If you ask a natural the same question, he’ll shrug his shoulders and say he’s always been this way.
3. **He tasted success before failure.** That very first naive, bumbling attempt at the age of fourteen to win a cute girl’s heart will make or break a man’s future with women. Failure will leave an indelible mark that won’t ever wash away for many men, corrupting their confidence with women for decades. For other men, early failure lingers like a stinkbomb in the soul until he rescues his confidence through sheer willpower and ambition. But the natural had success with his first girl, and that fledgling success laid the foundation for his confidence to grow like a fission reaction building on itself.

You will find naturals disproportionately represented in the fields of sales, politics, the fine arts, psychology, and pimp-dom. Naturals are not necessarily the men who sleep with the most women, but they are the men who *could* sleep with the most women should they choose to do so. Many naturals are in leadership positions because the persuasive mind techniques they possess that open pussy are the same mental gifts that open career opportunities.

Silvio Berlusconi is a natural, and probably was one long before he became a billionaire and prime minister. If you doubt this, read the following taped transcript of a conversation between Silvio and one of his lovers *(link provided by reader Butters)*:

> **Woman:** A young man would have come in a second.. I mean he would have come… Young men usually have a lot of pressure.
>
> **Silvio:** But if you will allow me… (muffled) I believe it is a family thing.
>
> **Woman:** What?
>
> **Silvio:** Having an orgasm.
>
> **Woman:** You know how long it has been since I had sex like I had with you tonight. It’s several months, since I broke with my boyfriend. Is this normal?
>
> **Silvio:** May I? You should have sex with yourself. You should touch yourself often.

These, my friends, are the seductive words of a natural. The woman in this conversation is thirty years younger than Silvio. Godspeed, you randy old fart. May we all have the blessings to enjoy our Golden Rod years the way you do.

Face Saving

CH · 24 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Recently I was talking with a girl about the first time we met (read: the first time I forced her to meet me with my brazen approach) and how I went about seducing her. She laughed and told me my “palm reading was gay”. I reminded her how much she enjoyed it at the time, her palm outstretched in eager anticipation.

This is not the first time a girl I have banged has mused on the gayness or silliness of the game I ran to seduce her into bed. Girls love to look back fondly and say “Oh, he was such a dork the way he tried to pick me up”, as if they thought it would be cute to let me think I was making headway with them, then decided to sleep with me for reasons beyond my ken. Naturally, I accept this for the face saving maneuver it is; girls simply don’t want to rationally acknowledge how easily they fall for a man with tight game. But it’s so transparent. Every girl who has said my gaming of her was “gay” or “silly” had lapped it up in the moment like a hungry kitten in front of a bowl of milk.

Girls are gay.

Henry Louis Gates Junior

CH · 24 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We all knew that weirdo loner kid from seventh grade. He was the strange kid who shuffled around the hallways with his head down, and always sat in the desk as far away from everyone else as possible. Sometimes bullies would pick on him, but mostly the other kids ignored him. He hardly ever spoke, and never rose his hand in class to offer an answer to a question. Nobody knew what he was thinking, and nobody cared, not even the teachers. But he nursed silent grudges, lots of them. Grudges against the popular kids he thought were always talking behind his back plotting his demise, against the cute girls who never acknowledged him, against authority figures who didn't understand his deep deep pain. These grudges would simmer for months, building to a boil, until one day one of the cool kids accidentally bumped into him while he was standing at his locker, and he turned around in a rage, his eyes on fire, and rained blows down upon that kid, screaming obscenities at the top of his cracking voice. The outburst startled everyone who witnessed it. A teacher rushed up, dragging him away from his hapless victim lying on the floor.

Henry Louis Gates Junior is that weirdo loner kid.

If You Call A Girl By Another Girl's Name

CH · 27 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Don't panic. Carry on as if your flub didn't happen. The worst thing you could do would be to call attention to your crushing of your Special Snowflake's special-ness. Don't feel guilty. Guilty players have got no rhythm. Guilt will compel you to reflexively atone for sins real and imagined.

YOU: Seduce seduce seduce Heather seduce seduce seduce.

HER: You just called me Heather. My name's not Heather.

YOU: Oh yeah, how 'bout that. Weird. One of my little nieces is named Heather. You must remind me of her somehow. Maybe the brattiness?

I have mixed up the names of plenty of girls. It happens a lot when I'm dating three or more girls concurrently. I will whip myself into a psychocathartic herbpulp later for the grossly misogynistic thing I'm about to say [yes, yes I will, I surely will], but you ladies all blend into one another when I'm sitting across from you at the bar sharing drinks and a story from your life. I can remember the details of how your asses meet the backs of your thighs, but your nonprofit jobs and travels to "that really amazing and beautiful" place somewhere in the world where a million other girls of your station in life went to for slutcation just sort of melds into a buzzing grrlnoize of boring mindrot. And so it is without malice of heart that I explain the rather prosaic reason for why I sometimes get you, Dasha, mixed up with you, Julie. If I were a beta who only managed to date one woman per year and consequently obsessed over that one woman, I might do better at remembering your names.

So take it as a positive sign that you have successfully captured the attention of an alpha male when he mixes up your name with that of his "niece". You don't want no fake alpha, ladies!

Similarly, I will sometimes forget your names during our courtship. I mean blanking out completely. Don't take it personally, though. I'm a busy guy with lots of important thoughts in my head, like how to raise my status so that more pretty girls like you are drawn to my sexual dynamism. When I forget your name, I feel embarrassed, but I won't ever let it show. Instead, I will either a) wait for someone else to address you and recoup your name that way, b) sneak a peek at your license, or c) say "I have a confession to make… [PAUSE WITHOUT SMILING]… I have forgotten your name." Please note the past participle form of that last sentence; the passive voice helps the medicine go down.

This has never failed me. The one time I forgot a girl's name and attempted to rescue the situation by "being myself", I paid for it with no sex.

Never Take Girl Advice From A Beta Or A Gay Man

CH · 28 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In what has to be one of the most ignorant interpretations of game and its associated techniques I've read in a long time, some mincing little betaboy named Conor Friedersdorf, who looks like he was born to be a stay-at-home cuckold, wrote an article lashing out at men who dare to learn how better to attract women. Andrew Sullivan, the jihadist Homosexualist gay man who knows what it's like being a straight man picking up women, gave Conor (what a precious name!) a platform on his blog to berate men who use negs as a courtship tactic. Conor found great offense in a post he read by occasional commenter Sebastian Flyte at his blog Elysium Revisited, and cried emo tears of sanctimonious envy that his cotton candy la-la land of soulmates and Hollywood love was being crapped on so mightily by men who know a thing or two about how women operate.

> Of course, the belief that one acts amorally by manipulating women quickly leads to abhorrent behavior. The rogue who is zealous for sexual conquest at least understands that he acts badly if he uses deception to get sex. The cerebral "player," exemplified by [Sebastian Flyte], doesn't grasp that anything is the matter with his behavior.
>
> As a result, he is quite unabashed as he describes a male behavior that I've observed on many occasions, and that I abhor more than any other mainstream pickup technique. Though I'd never heard it referred to as such, Sebastian Flyte dubs it "the Neg," and calls it "the Swiss army knife of pickup."

All goal-oriented communication is a form of manipulation. When you try to convince a friend to see a movie that you saw and loved, you are attempting to manipulate your friend's emotions so that he cannot resist the urge to go see it himself. Manipulation is as permanent and commonplace a feature of the human condition as is eating. Some of us are just better at it than others.

Friedersdork "abhors" the neg. It's "abhorrent behavior". Funny that something so abhorrent should cause women to respond so positively to its use.

> I've never seen anyone do this to a woman [the neg] who hasn't seemed to me a complete asshole even beforehand — and I've been dismayed at the frequency with which it works.

Betas like Conor HATE HATE HATE alpha males. The guy who doesn't kiss up to women like the proudly chivalric beta champion of all that is noble and good is an automatic asshole. What motivates this tepid beta spittle? Is it that assholes discredit the Power of the Pedestal that betas reflexively place women upon? A lifetime of illusions shattered by one well-placed neg? I bet Conor is a feminist.

> Fascinating, isn't it? The author perceives a world wherein women unjustly pass over beta males in favor of alpha males. He justifies the insults in the same way that MIA justifies Third World robbery and murder: as a tool that is the only choice of the dispossessed to achieve equality.

This must be a first. Freidersdorf compared the neg to robbery and murder. A helpful clue, Conor: Women *like* being negged. It turns them on like a nice rack and a tight ass turns on men. Robbery and murder victims don't get sexually intrigued by their assailants as far as I know.

Over at Sullivan's histrionically Ghey Emporium of Steroidal Delights, our intrepid Master of His Own Domain further reflects on the seduction community and posts comments from readers.

> The difference [between a neg and a compliment] is that while compliments or put downs can be either truthful or disingenuous, only put downs lower the self-esteem of the target. In most contexts, it seems obvious

> that it is wrong to gratuitously put people down for selfish ends. Why is dating different?

Newflash: The mating market is inherently selfish. How many women are offering free pussy access to homeless bums or pining niceguys? How many women expect *absolutely nothing* from a boyfriend or husband? You are a product, on display in a window case, for potential mates to inspect and deem worthy or unworthy. This goes for men and women. Humans are not exempt from the basic laws of the market just because we have the mental capacity to gussy up the dismal bartering of our innate goods and services with soul-sparing pretty lies.

Newsflash #2: Negs aren't insults. They are edgy teasing. Is this distinction so difficult to grasp?

Newsflash #3: If "putting down" women is so wrong, why does it feel so right to them?

> That some men cannot understand this really boggles my mind, and makes me suspect that they aren't even thinking of women as being people (interestingly, some of these men seem to think of women as less than human, and others as superhuman). Every man can imagine how he would feel if a woman approached him at a bar, assessed his dress or some physical feature, and breezily made some cutting public remark: "You dress like a guy who has a small dick." Yet numerous correspondents seem utterly unable to imagine that women might also feel badly if criticized this way.

Conor Friedersdorf, beta of the month candidate, has no understanding of negs.

> Moreover, if I concede that some women find these kinds of put-downs thrilling — I'll do so for the sake of argument — the problem remains that a guy out approaching strangers in a bar cannot reliably distinguish between that kind of woman, if indeed she exists, and the kind of woman who'll be quite wounded by a deprecating remark made about her by a stranger.

Conor Freidersdorf suffers from the same mental disease that afflicts most betas and all women — the frantically held belief that women are individual wonders of joy and incomprehensible mystery who cannot ever be generalized about. Except that their belief is bogus. Women mostly share the same criteria in what they find attractive in men, and beautiful women with high sexual market value share these criteria even more strongly than less attractive women who must compromise more to find a mate. Men don't need to reliably distinguish between women who like getting negged and women who don't, because almost all women like it. It's part of their prehistoric coding. The only distinctions men need to take into account when deciding whether to use a neg are the hotness of his targets and the edginess of his negs. The less hot the chick relative to his own status, the lighter he can go on the negs without dooming himself to rejection or the LJBF zone.

> [T]hose who use "the neg" concede that the pickup techniques they use succeed in part because they are unabashed about getting shot down many times in a night before they find someone for whom the technique works. Thus "the neg" is used on many women who are insulted but unsold, and who haven't any intention of having casual sex.

Selection bias is an overused gotcha! counterargument by betas who wish to believe men cannot control how many women find them attractive. They think they are onto the "real" reason PUAs do well with women — numbers of approaches! game only works on girls that game works on! — but they are engaging in tautological handwaving. Certainly there is a learning curve where a guy will approach a lot of women to get his technique down pat, but once his skills are acquired he can dial down his approaches to the same number of women he approached before he learned game and still experience much greater success.

> Advice: being yourself from the beginning might result in fewer relationships begun — but it'll also result in fewer relationships lost.

This sounds like the happy slogan of beta self-abnegators anonymous, but the opposite could just as easily be true. If being yourself results in fewer relationships begun, it will also result in losing more of the few relationships you do manage to get. For if women don't like aspects of your personality up front, they are going to like those aspects even less two years deep into an LTR.

This pretty lie is heard so often by guys like Conor that it's become a Rorschach test for glimpsing the sordid inner workings of the beta mind. To the typical equalist pissbucket beta, there is no such thing as a useful generalization. Women are all individual creatures of deep deep individuality who go for all kinds of men. So maybe you can arouse that girl over there by using a neg on her, but there are ten more girls who would never fall for it. So you must… MUST… treat women as individuals. Eventually, you'll find that perfect match who LOVES YOU FOR YOU. Nevermind that a guy like Johnny Depp or Scott Peterson gets thousands of times more attention from women than Milton the stapler guy.

Friedersbeta goes on to quote his favorite reader e-mail:

> How does one determine if a pickup technique has "worked"? What counts as success? You say that "the neg" does indeed work sometimes. What does that mean? I guess it depends on what the pickupper's goals are. But I bring this up because that discussion about pickup techniques seemed to assume that women are all looking for nice guys to have solid relationships with – they could be seduced by "the neg" and then get burned. But women can spot pickup techniques that are disrespectful and still respond positively (outwardly). A man who uses "the neg" or some other slimy pickup technique can be taken to be someone whose feelings are not of great importance. So he could be used for free drinks, free tickets, meaningless sex, whatever – and all without guilt because, hey, he's no better, right? It may not be moral, but it is fair. A man's pickup techniques can signal exactly where he belongs on the relationship food chain. Has a guy who has used "the neg" and then ends up buying lots of drinks been successful? Depends on if he likes buying women drinks, I guess.

I hate to break it to this reader, but a man who knows about negs and uses them to great effect is a man who is smart enough to know not to buy women drinks. Until after sex. Heh.

Beta of the Month candidate:

Creating An Emotional Connection With Women

CH · 29 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Sebastian Flyte's crisply written blog Elysium Revisited, I was tooling around and read a pretty good post about bringing a girl into deep rapport through the use of emotionally charged questions. An experiment was set up to discover how long it would take to build a romantic connection with someone. One group asked their partners a bunch of intimacy-building questions, while the control group asked their partners typically lame questions of the sort the average man without game might ask, such as "Where are you from?".

Here are a few examples of the intimacy-building questions the first group asked:

> Before making a telephone call, do you ever rehearse what you are going to say? Why?
>
> When did you last sing to yourself? To someone else?
>
> If you could wake up tomorrow having gained any one quality or ability, what would it be?
>
> If you knew that in one year you would die suddenly, would you change anything about the way you are living now? Why?
>
> What roles do love and affection play in your life?
>
> What, if anything, is too serious to be joked about?

The questions were designed to be asked in a certain order, such that the tamer questions were asked first and the more intense questions asked later, the idea being that your partner would feel more comfortable answering the later serious questions if you loosened her up first with relatively benign questions. This "graduated verbal compliance" is similar to how kino progresses — from light, almost imperceptible touches on the forearm, to a hand on her thigh, and then to cheek to cheek contact when you whisper something in her ear.

The results of the experiment were unsurprising to anyone who has accepted the Good Word of Game into his life — the group asking the emotionally supercharged questions did not want to part company while the control group using Conor Friedersdorf-style respectful beta questions failed to ignite a romantic spark.

One of the laments I hear a lot from guys is "I can't think of anything to say with a girl!". It's true; sometimes your brain will lock up and you'll sit there blankly, desperately clawing your mind for any nuggets of insight to jumpstart the conversation with the girl. Unfortunately, once you're aware of your struggle to say something fresh, your ability to move the conversation along plummets. It's like the baseball player who suddenly thinks too hard about the mechanics of his throw and winds up getting the yips, throwing the ball into the dirt or way off-target. This is why I have a problem with PUAs who stress "natural game" at the expense of memorizing routines or one-liners. The truth is that having a few openers, negs, qualifiers, and deep rapport questions committed to memory will help any man hone his seduction skills. In fact, I used a few of the rapport questions from Sebastian's post some months ago with a couple girls I dated, and they worked exactly as predicted.

If you're really daring, you can try "serial killer game" deep rapport questions on your target, which amounts to hinting that you have a shady, violent past. And as we all know, quality (read: hot) chicks dig shady, violence-prone men.

YOU: Would you stay with a man you deeply loved if he confessed that he once did something very bad to another man who deserved it?

HER: It would depend on what he did.

YOU: Would you still love him if he asked you to help him dispose of the body?

HER: Um…

YOU: With a chainsaw?

HER: Kiss me!

A Test Of Your Negs

CH · 30 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

So you think you can game? Some of you can. Let's see how you do with this group.

Scene: You have just walked up to this group of four girls and one seriously d-bag looking wanker. They asked you to take their picture, which you did but only after teasing them by pretending to pocket their camera and running away with it. They posed as in the photo above and you gave them back the camera.

What do you do?

This time the test is a little different. I want you to devise the most appropriate ego-humbling neg for whichever target you choose, and pre- and post-neg transitions if necessary. You may have to defuse the presence of the d-bag first. The idea here is to use the situational props available to you to deliver the best neg possible. Think on your feet!

For example:

[Looking at the guy] "Hey man, looks like you got your hands full."

Some light banter ensues with everyone.

[Turning to the CityOfGod girl on the far right] "That's a cool shirt." [Wait for reaction] "You're brave for not color coordinating with your friends."

Winners will be announced tomorrow.

Cologne On Your Balls

CH · 30 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I have found the perfect cologne: Armani Attitude

It's got a manly earthy undertone with a powerful musk oxen finish. I like to spritz a little on my crotch. A man with genitals as regal as mine deserves the finest perfumes.

"Did you spray cologne down here?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I think you've answered that."

"Well, it does smell pretty good."

"A boner bouquet."

I think I'm onto something. I'm going to market a crotch cologne called "Eau de Another Woman's Vaj Juice On My Dick". It'll be like catnip to the ladies.

Shady Character Game

CH · 31 July 2009 · Archived copy · Original

With the right props and an inscrutable demeanor, you can take advantage of women's instincts to be attracted to violent, unpredictable, enigmatic men. What's that you say? Hot babes don't go for criminals, thugs, or cold-blooded soulkillers? Keep telling yourself that.

If your lying eyes aren't enough to convince you of the depraved nature of women's desire, take it from the commenters who have every incentive to prove me wrong.

S. (a girl) wrote:

> I don't think something as far as implying you were a killer would be effective, since I wouldn't want to be left alone with the guy. The person I'm currently seeing tells me that he implies he used to do a lot of drugs because it builds intrigue, in spite of it not being true. When I went to help him move however, I found some court documents for things like vandalism, petty theft, etc. and I was surprisingly more unfazed than I should have been.

Do you want a woman eating out of your palm? Make her think you've killed people! Don't actually tell her, of course. Just leave subtle hints about a shady past you may or may not have had. Let her fill in the blanks. Although they will never admit it, women love filling in the blanks of the lives of their men. By cultivating an aura of mystery you give your women permission to indulge their need for manufactured drama. This is what women do best: Create worlds of pointless drama to impart meaning to the childless void in their lives. Men don't do this because the very nature of men's existence is drama, AUTHENTIC drama, from birth (more male babies than female babies die) to death (men die younger and die more often from accidents, disease, and violence).

Commenter Madras offered some good ideas for Shady Character Game:

> Two tricks I use for relationship/regular-fuck-buddy game:
>
> 1. Put a round under the pillow she is going to use every once in a while and let her find it.
> 2. Forward her news articles about un-solved murders.

This would work. Here are my suggestions (some from personal experience):

- Cut letters of various shapes and sizes from magazines and make a threatening note to an anonymous recipient. "Forget" to mail this "letter" and keep it semi-hidden in your top desk draw. One thing I've learned over the years — if a woman likes you she is eventually going to snoop through all your shit. You won't be able to stop her, no matter how diligently you watch over your stuff. Because of this sinister female reality, I have perfected the art of the "rapid evacuation shit", so that when I have a girl over and I have to take a dump, I can force out the turds at lightning speed and be done in under 15 seconds, less time than she is able to start poking around my place. I've had times where I was in the bathroom for a couple of minutes enjoying a pleasant dump, and when I finished the girl was standing at the bathroom door confronting me about a CD she found next to my computer that another girl had made for me.
- Do you have arrest records? Keep them hidden in plain view. The worse the infraction, the wetter she'll get. Unless its an arrest for possession of child pornography. If you don't have arrest records, you can find guys who do and make photocopies of theirs, then scan the copies into your computer and use photoshop to change the name. Best type of arrest: Manslaughter. She'll think you killed a man who probably deserved it and you had a good lawyer who got you off.
- Keep one long, sharp knife in a separate kitchen drawer by itself. Never use it to cut food. Bonus: It has an ivory handle carved with arcane Pagan symbols.

- Store drug paraphernalia in a cabinet. When she asks, tell her they're "items of interest".
- Did you cut yourself badly once? Save that blood-stained garment in your dresser. Alpha move: Put a "bullet hole" through the blood stain. Super alpha move: The garment is a woman's blouse.
- Do you have any Mafia connections in your family? I do. (See: Goodfellas, Scene I, Upstate New York). Hang on the wall an old photograph of your great grandfather looking like a sharp-dressed Don.
- Keep a small, black velvet purse full of cubic zirconia stones (or if you're really poor, quartz crystals) stashed in your bedside table.
- Passports with stamps from countries designated by the CIA as sponsoring terrorism or those which have no diplomatic ties with the United States are sure to pique your woman's interest. For a pointer, see this list. If you haven't been to these countries, just make your own stamps and read Wikipedia for a cursory knowledge of the local culture and political climate. She'll never know the difference.
- Never let her see, or put something inside, the trunk of your car. If she presses, tell her the lock is broken.
- Install a large safe. Never tell her about it, or what's inside. Keep one dried black rose in the safe. "Accidentally" leave the safe lock combination in full view one day for her to find.
- Do you have an attic or basement? Buy a large, antique oak chest with a giant lock and store it there.
- Occasionally rise from bed at 3AM while she snoozes. Leave for an hour. When you return, rustle the sheets a lot so she wakes up. Do this twice a month for a year.
- Own a gun.
- Own a vial of arsenic.
- Own a green-eyed black cat.
- Have a crate full of videocassettes or microfiche in your closet marked "Drop off points", "Runners", "Moles", and "Sabine".
- In blood red ink, have what looks like a love note in your jewelry box with the words "You did this to me" written on it.
- Have a "lost year". When she asks you about it, assume the thousand yard stare, sigh heavily, and say "There's not much to say." Smile, and pour yourself a cup of tea immediately after saying this. It adds weightiness to your words.
- Edit a family home video of yourself as a child with interspersed frames of a cute but unkempt girl sitting on the floor in the corner of an empty, dimly lit room speaking to the unseen cameraman. She is dragging her hand through her hair while saying "I can't right now", "Stoooop", and "I won't tell anyone". You will need to have made the "girl on floor" film with one of your girlfriends. Remind yourself to do this. Once you have finished this creepily intriguing edited film, place the cassette or DVD in plain view so your current girl(s) see it.
- Take a bunch of old-style, photo booth pictures of you and a girl you're dating. Draw a thick black bar over the eyes of your girl. After you break up, save these "girlfriend redacted" photos for a future girlfriend to stumble across.
- Build a darkroom.
- Give yourself a cool facial scar.

Chicks Dig Jerks: A Series

CH · 1 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Some men and most women are so afraid of facing the truth about the gina tingle that even when the evidence is slapping them in the face you will hear them say things like “Oh, women don’t *really* want assholes. They want niceguys who are confident and strong.”

Weasel words. Exhibit A: Love letters from women to death row inmates. Let’s take a latesummer’s jaunt through some of these declarations of undying love for men who have stabbed, shot, strangled, raped, disemboweled, chopped up, tortured, violated in sundry horrific ways, and otherwise demonstrated many qualities of the “confident and strong” man with their unfortunate victims.

> It happened to me and I am considered the most level headed person going (apparently) and then people decided I lost my mind! But I wouldn’t swap my man for the world. Sometimes you just have to take a chance! What have you got to lose? I doubted my feelings at first, I just figured it would be another complication for him, and for me. But now, we are as happy as can be. You could find love on the outside, but would you be any better off? Any man can betray a woman and vice versa, but it the love you find is real, it will stand everything that lies ahead. I know my guy could be there for the next got knows how many years, before/if execution comes. But I will be with him all the way, and I will be there if/when he dies. Grab any happiness you can. I was married for several years, and my husband turned out to be a pretty useless liar – he got caught! But with my guy, I have found a person who is so completely on my level, I never thought I could find this, but I did and I am always by his side! Just be careful, some are charmers, some are just looking for kicks, but some are genuine and need loving. If you don’t have experience of death row apart from this guy, then just heed that warning. I have been involved with D[eath]R[ow] for a good 10 years, and I have learned alot, both good and bad. But if you really feel it is right, then just go for it and enjoy it:thumbsup:
>
> ******

> It took months, for me to find to the word for what I had been feeling since only a few weeks after I began to write a death row inmate. I only told him yesterday; the word that had escaped me was intimacy. Not intimate as in physical touch or sex, but truly intimate. The two of us almost seem to live within eachother. We know eachother in a way noone else has ever known either of us. He says that I scare the hell out of him, because it is as if I can see through to his soul. I feel the same with him, he knows and understands all.
>
> ******

> To the love of my life, my baby and husband forever, my Randy…love you baby, always ‘n’ ever, Merry Christmas and Happy Chanukah!!! Can’t wait ’til he’s home with me one day…and we can have our beautiful babies together. [Editor: Great, just what society needs.] Merry Christmas to all you ladies also, all of us who have this bond because of where our men are :(, Lou, Kyla, Babealicious, rosita, and Kris…I am praying for us all and for our men, that they all know how much we love them and that they will all be off the row one day and home with us, where they belong. □ Love ya’ll. Happy Holidays.

Someone on the forum asked what everyone’s loved one did to get on death row. This is how one woman answered:

> Capital murder is the only thing someone can be sentenced to death for. My husband was only an accomplice, he didn’t commit the crime he was so unjustly sentenced for. I however do not feel like anyone should ask that question in the “loving a death row inmate” forum, but that is just my opinion.

Yes, best to ignore that 800 pound bloodthirsty monster in the room. I'd imagine women who love death row inmates are exceptionally skilled at rationalizing away unpleasant realities. A common theme among the letters is how many women protest their lovers are innocent, and how wrong it is of the state to "kill people who kill people to prove that killing people is wrong?????:angry:" [actual forum comment].

More love notes for killer blokes:

> Wow… I came into here cuz I wondered how women of lifers are like? Now I know. They're full of compassion and patience enough to share with everyone here and over there and with their men. It's amazing how some of you stand by your man and not have a divorce within first 5 years of incarceration. Amazing! I could just cry by just thinking how you endure that! Wow… Also, it seems like intimate loved ones of livers could tolerate celibacy. How? Wow… I just KNEW that love DOES exist without the necessity of sex, I just wanted to see the words of those women with my own eyes. Now I know that type of love does exist… unconditionally. ? God B-L-E-S-S all of you special people! Smile. And I cried the another day several months ago…

Women would rather endure years of celibacy and separation in the faint hope that their death row lovers will be released, than go on a date with a law-abiding beta in the outside world.

> I got my first letter from my new friend on DR…I have to admit I was a little timid but when I read his first letter all those feelings went away..He is so nice, friendly, and really warm. He was so happy to get my letter…I must say that I am really looking forward to getting to know him.

A lot of death row love affairs start with the woman writing a letter to one of the inmates. Why do so many women feel compelled to write tender, inquisitive heartfelt notes to killers in prison instead of writing to Nathaniel Schnerdling the accountant who lives across the street? After reading my blog, you now know the answer.

> Well…I am not sure what to say or how to say it…I guess I'm just feeling really overwhelmed…and I'm afraid this is something he can't help me with…he doesn't know how things feel from my side…I'm hoping that someone can give me some words of wisdom…
>
> Here is a man on death row…that I am head over heels for…and things get more and more intense with each letter and now phone calls…He told me last night that I was his everything. Which means so much more than saying "i love you"…and I am losing it…
>
> Since the beginning he told me that he appreciated me because I had these two worlds My world and Our world…in our world I am his and he is mine…and in my world I go about my day to day life…studying, dating, going out, etc…and I used to be so good at seperating the two…the problem is the closer we get the more time I want to spend in "our" world…not that I am going out less or that school is suffering….more that I have no interest in anyone else…

A well-known game tactic is the "Our World" routine, where you build rapport with a woman by describing how there are two worlds, the outside world where the girl interacts with her humdrum daily life of work, school, friends, etc., and "our world" where both of you share a secret bond and the rules of society don't apply. It would seem natural born killers are also natural born seducers.

> I Can't Say How I Met Him
> We Grew Up Together.
> I Can't Say When I Loved Him
> It Just Always Has Been.
> Ican't Say What Happened

> To Put Him Where He Is.
> I Only Know I Love Him,
> Simply Because He Is.
> He Is My Best Friend
> The Reason Why I Smile.
> He Is The One I Love
> And Have For Quite Awhile.
> No, He Isn't Perfect…
> I'm Not Asking Him To Be.
> He Is Simply On Death Row
> And Means The World To Me.

Somewhere in America, a girl just received a poem from an idealistic young beta and shared it with her girlfriends for laughs.

> I just had to share this with all my friends at PTO. I have a very dear friend on Polunsky Unit, in Texas, and I just recieved the most amazing package from him I have ever seen. I am going to try and get a picture of this artwork to put up.
>
> To any people that see these men as monsters, I just wish that you could feel and see what I am feeling and seeing today. It cost him over $30 to send this package to Australia.
>
> It is a beautiful picture of Indian art, past present and future, and I am one that loves Indian artwork, but I have never seen so much detail and beauty in this.
>
> The other is a painting he did of some roses, and the details are perfect with that painting as well. He painted and sketched them for me :). It isnt normal paper either, its proper artwork stuff. (his level one).
>
> I am just so excited I had to share. I feel the luckiest person alive today, having such a dear friend in my life, that took time out to show how much he appreciates me as a friend.

These men aren't monsters. Look, he painted roses on higher quality paper!

> I have a question (no Im not getting married), I was just curious. When you marry a man on death row, that is already there, and the visits are non contact, do they give you time to be together, so you can at least touch, like a hug and a kiss. Its just something I have always been curious about.

I wonder if Half Sigma would consider death row weddings prole?

> Charles made me a beautiful home made card with a neclace on a rope with a little tube of his hair in it. □ It was just so nice to have something thats a part of him, It just made my day. he said i cant send him my hair, doesnt seem fair:(
>
> ******

> I just got my phone bill in!! My guy was moved from Polunsky to county, and of course it is GREAT cause he has phone access, DAILY, not the every 90 days to call me. The calls are $52 a call □ He is so worth it though, but I could of flown over there and visited him in county by the time these calls all hit my bill.
>
> What love does to us all □ He is so worth it though □ Now he will be on a limit, cause I will have to prepay the calls. □ On the other hand though, I should enjoy it, because he will be back to every 90 days again after he is done in county. Ummm, but then I will be broke. :rolleyes:
> Its so hard to say I cant accept (I wouldnt do that anyway). Just to hear his voice on the other end for 15

> minutes, going HEY SWEETIE!!

Women will go broke for the men they love. Remember that the next time you're tempted to buy a girl a drink.

> Well I haven't had a phone call in a couple days, no mail either… then today I get his letter that he's in the hole. :angry: Sometimes this is so frustrating. As if we aren't limited enough already, now we are limited even more. I haven't been able to talk to him this week so I don't even know the reason behind it. From what I hear they are on it right now, sending guys to the hole left & right. He has no food (except their daily meals) they took all his personal things and it will be 2 weeks before he gets it back… so in the mean time he is staring at the walls, hungry, and going crazy… which makes me crazy knowing he's crazy… does the maddness ever stop???
>
> ….breathe…
>
> ******

> I never, ever would have imagined that I'd fall so deeply in love with him when I first began corresponding with him. But now that it's happened, I cannot deny it. I have come to love him deeply over the past few months and he feels the same about me. Our souls are intertwined. I want to freely love this man and give him my heart. Yet, at the same time I am scared that I will hurt him down the line. I'm scared that I won't be able to give him what he needs. I'm scared that I'm just not strong enough to do this. I question why I would fall in love with someone that I will never be able to share my life with in a conventional way, someone that I will never be able to fall asleep with, come home to at the end of the day, or even kiss.

How sweet!

> I have been writing a DR inmate for a significant period and really felt we had a deep bond, a sincere and close friendship. Recently our dynamic evolved from platonic to flirtatious. We both acknowledged this and mutually confirmed to each other that there may be something special developing between us. He wanted us to become closer yet I was very conflicted about whether to explore it or not as I have never been involved with a man who is incarcerated so I have infinite issues with this which are intensified by him being on DR.
>
> The ultimate fear was obviously the possibility that he may be executed and the unbearable agony of watching my lover die like that. Did I want to allow myself to fall in love with him knowing this could be our tragic fate?

The woman who wrote the above (which I excerpted from a longer posting) sounded of well above average intelligence.

> today i found his updated ad in VOICES FROM INSIDE ,I am very sad because some months ago he told me that he did not have any ad online .im agree that he can write other pen pals .the only think ,i can not accept, is that he lied to me i have supported him in anyway i could but now i dont know how to behave:confused:

A death row inmate lied to you? Shocked, I am!

> I just want to say that I have been "lurking" here for awhile. I am so excited to have found this site. When I am reading the posts here, I finally felt normal. I am very much in love with a man on death row. I have explained this situation repeatedly to my friends and family. Some of them have suggested that I have lost my mind. I am 28 years old and have a very good job. I am attractive and lead a very stable life. I have several non romantic pen pals on death row but then I met him. I have found my perfect match in every way. We have more in common than most people would believe. My friends have pointed out all that I would be giving up. BUT I already have a beautiful nine year old daughter and due to my career I was never planning to have anymore

> children so in that respect I am not missing out. I would much rather be with the correct person in a tough situation than with the wrong person in a comfortable situation. I may only be 28 years old but trust me when I say that I have faced more challenges than some people will face in a lifetime. I have found the person that I love and while it's only been about six months, it feels like so much longer. I know that this relationship will be tough but he is able to call me each time he comes out of his cell, the calls are not collect as they are able to use phone cards and we write every single day. I am so in love with this man. Hearing the joy in his voice when we talk is so wonderful. He makes me feel very special and for once I know that someone is not with me because I am "hot". He sees my heart and in return I see his. Sorry this is very long but I just wanted to say thank you for posting on this site and giving me a sense of acceptance in a world full of extremely judgemental individuals.

Doubters and feminists will claim that only low class, ugly women would fall for killer men. Oh, really?

This "Loving a Death Row Inmate" forum is ripe for righteous trollery. I'd log in under a female pseudonym (something similarly cutesy as the other female forum members, like "unicorngirlrainbowflyer") and talk about how my lover wanted me to join him in slowly torturing and killing a teenage virgin, and then eating the victim's heart together to seal our pact of eternal love, and how the thought makes me cry and orgasm like I've never orgasmed with any other man. I wonder how many sympathetic ears I would get?

Reader Arpagus wrote in response to the Death Row Lovers forum:

> I have never seen so passionate declarations of love. Wish I could be loved like that. Being on death row obviously trumps everything else you could ever imagine would attract women. What we call game is nothing compared to this.
>
> Even where there is no death penalty, killers are on the top of the food chain. There is a trial here now against a man for killing three people, including a pregnant woman. He got a female guard to enter a personal ad for him, resulting in 84 replies. 16 were already married and 30 sent nude pictures of themselves. Some were journalists, yes, but he he has more than enough real loving pussy left to live happily ever after.

Scott Peterson was on death row barely an hour when he received his first marriage proposal from a female fan. Do all women love convicted killers? No, but the sheer volume and intensity of sexual attention lavished on death row inmates tells us something very valuable about the deepest, sincerest desires of the female heart. And that something is quite discomfiting, indeed.

Whle Smart Sassy Susie the DC Lawyer Chick may balk at the idea that she would ever tingle in the gina for a death row inmate, the truth is that she is not so far removed from the women who do fall in love with killers. Her separation from those other women is a separation of degree, not kind. For every woman who writes love poems to cold-blooded killers, there are one hundred women whose hearts beat fast for an asshole who cheats, a jerk who lies, or an alpha who dominates.

The id monster holds dominion over us all, now and evermore.

Programming Notes

CH · 2 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

– July 2009 was the biggest month here at Chateau Heartiste. There were 473,908 views of exquisitely beautiful O chained to an iron pillar with her ballroom gown hiked up, getting whipped on her blushing naked buttocks with a riding crop by a masked man. O savored every lashing.

– Recently the blog passed 100,000 comments. 99,999 of those comments were cringeworthy online flirtations leading to blue balls. The 100,000th comment was left by Firepower, responding to Gunslinger, in my 'What Is A Natural?' post:

> Gunslingergregi
>
> Whiskey bro you need to start carrying around a severed head

dewd – quit stealing
all my moves

Yes, I know. Don't all gasp with astonishment at the profundity of comment #100,000. It is auspicious in ways your feeble beta brains cannot begin to comprehend.

– I was going to write a separate post announcing the winners of the 'Test Of Your Negs' post, but after skimming through the comments I got depressed. The answers most of you gave were horrible. You'd have been better off asking them where they went to school. Hint: Calling a girl fat, or implying she's fat, is not a neg. Despite the hundreds of shitty attempts, I managed to find a few gems.

Tyler:

> Taking pictures for girls is always an easy way to jump into conversation. This is one way I might handle this situation (Let's assume the girl to the right is the target):
>
> girls: Hey, can you take a picture of us?
> me: yea sure…(take the camera) Okay, on the count of 5!
>
> Count off until 5, take a picture….but completely cut out the girl in the yellow. Hand the camera back as you normally would, and they will check the picture as always.
>
> If I were to "defuse this d-bag" it would just be out of the kindness of my heart. I don't think it would be necessary, but I'd probably just say something for the sake of conversation. "so how did you end up getting dragged out with all of these girls?" then he'd tell me they either all went to school together, or that he is meeting the girl in the red for the first time off of a craigslist ad, but she doesn't seem that interested…so I could gain a little knowledge about the group.
>
> girl in yellow: "Hey, you cut me out of the picture!"
> me: "what? yea I know…I didn't think you wanted to be in it…" (strait faced)
> girl in yellow: ??? (she is confused)
> me: "I just assumed that since you didn't do you hair or anything that you didn't want to be in the picture " (now you can start smiling at her)
>
> me: "If a girl can pull it off…I usually prefer a girl with messy hair anyways"
>
> You can keep her wondering if you have the opinion that she can pull it off or not…she will probably ask…just smile, don't answer and have her buy you a drink.

Actually, just cutting the girl out of the photo is enough of a neg right there. I'd hand it back and "Oh, how about that. You got cut out."

Roosh:

> To the guy: “Hey man you can’t let these aggressive girls squeeze you out of the photo like that.”
>
> To the girls: “Couldn’t you guys make a little more space for your guy friend here? He looks all sad and lonely and shit. Like someone just told him his little kitten died.”
>
> Guy is done. Will be even better if he says something like “But uhhh I don’t have a kitten.”
>
> I would go for the girl on the far right. She doesn’t seem to need a neg but if it was necessary: “Very cool necklace where did you get it from? I saw some many like it being sold in this market for 3,000 pesos. That comes out to a dollar fifty in american money. Cool though, anyway.”
>
> If she likes my vibe she’ll ask “which market” and then it’s clear sailing until I get cockblocked by the asian.

Chuck:

> i’d go after the asian chick:
>
> “oh, sorry, let’s take another, your eyes were closed”

This is NOT a good neg. However, it is very funny.

lurker:

> “It’s so nice to meet some girls who don’t feel the need to dress up to go out and have fun.”

So close. Take the edge off it a bit with this rewording: “It’s so cool to meet girls who are confident enough to go out without getting overdressed.”

Cannon’s Canon:

> Being asked to take a group photo is like winning a free set. First, I turn the camera and take a photo of myself. Then, I ask the group what emotion they are going for. I’ve drawn this out into a whole photo shoot routine, where I suggested contrasting emotions to do some push-pull and described some scenarios to do a little role-playing.

This is more of a routine than a neg. If you have a fertile imagination you can really run with this idea.

el chief:

> My target for sex would be the brunette on the left. Blondie has nice tits, but I think the one in red is prettier.
>
> I’d neg the group as a whole by accusing them of being bridge and tunnel crew. In Vancouver, there is a shitty white trash suburb called Maple Ridge (”Maple Ditch”), and I’d ask them how they’re going to get home there if they’re drinking all night.
>
> Blondie gets negged for being too rosy cheeked. I’d ask her if she’s part Asian (they get red when they drink), and accuse her of being a lush.
>
> Asian girl gets accused of being a banana (yellow on the outside but white on the inside), for hanging with “gwai-los” (white ppl). I would ask her if she’s blondie’s half sister.
>
> I’d ask Mexican girl if she rode her bike to the bar [cuz she looks like a hippie]
>
> Red shirt, I would neg her by ignoring her for a while, and chatting up everyone else. Later, I would compliment her on her sweater, and how my boss has the exact same one. That’s JC Penney right?
>
> I would not attack dude right away. Try to make friends with him, and get his ok to be in the group. Then,

> slowly grind him down. Question him on why he's out with these girls when they obviously don't want to bang him. Goad him into hitting on other girls in the bar.

In the future, I'm just going to hand over the comments section for all game related posts to Roosh and el chief.

Also, to the commenter who ranked the girls in the picture as 1s, 0s and 4s, you are a raving basement nerd who would probably jizz in his pants if one of those girls talked to you. If those girls are 1s, then 99% of the world's women are 1s. Get a grip.

Update: A Test Of Your Negs

CH · 3 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets just emailed me a suggestion for how to neg the group of four girls from this post.

> Act like you're going to be a nice guy and pretend to take a normal pic. Step back and zoom all the way in on their tits! Show them like it's a work of art you're so proud of. "I think I really captured everyone's personality in this photo." They'll be punching you in the arm with their wet labia!

FTW. This is even better than pretending to run away with their camera.

No Such Thing As Unconditional Love

CH · 3 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

As I wrote in one of my "Ugly Truths" posts, unconditional love is a happy fantasy sentimental people want desperately to believe because they think it sullies love to have it debased by the reality of conditions placed upon it, as if love, oh wondrous exalted love, could be just another business transaction in the sprawling biological bazaar of human mating. I helpfully cleared up the issue for them:

> There is no such thing as unconditional love. If a girl gains 50 pounds her boyfriend will fall out of love with her. If a guy loses his job and drifts into months of unemployed depression his girlfriend will fall out of love with him. Thinking clearly on this will give you the best chance to find real love.

I used to think that the only example of what could conventionally be regarded as "unconditional love" in the natural state was a mother's love for her child. Well, piss all over another pretty lie, because yet again one of my maxims has been further buttressed by the imprimatur of science: Women More Likely Than Men to Reject Unattractive Babies.

> The differences between men and women in motivational effort to extend or shorten the viewing time of abnormal-looking babies "may reflect an evolutionary-derived need for diversion of limited resources to the nurturance of healthy offspring," the paper concludes.
>
> The findings question the concept of unconditional parental love, at least among women. "What our results suggest is that this is determined by facial attractiveness," said Rinah Yamamoto, first author and a research fellow in psychiatry. "Women may be more sensitized to aesthetic defects and may be more prone to reject unattractive kids. Men do not appear to be as motivated. They didn't expend the same effort."

Do mothers love their babies unconditionally? Not if the kid isn't cute. Throw another wrench into the gears of the platitude spouting mental machinery of the mediocre masses. It's grimy Dirt and DNA all the way down.

The Painter

CH · 3 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

One block from where I live, on a residential street corner, I saw a lanky, unkempt white man talking to two attractive blondes dressed in the uniform of the City Bitch On Her Way To Do Something So Very Important At Her Paper Pusher Job: crisp Banana Republic skirt, tennis shoes for the sidewalk commute, and hair in a ponytail. Upon closer inspection, I noticed the man had a tall painter's easel in front of him with a postcard-sized canvas propped on the easel. He was dangling a brush from his right hand rather effeminately, while the girls smiled broadly, flipped their ponytails to and fro, and engaged him in animated conversation.

The canvas had a few splotches of pastel-colored geometric shapes on it. If this was supposed to look like my neighborhood, I couldn't make out the resemblance. I figured it must be some postmodern stylism that only the illuminati, and City Bitches, could comprehend.

Then I noticed something else; I recognized this guy. I'd seen him ambling around my neighborhood, walking with that loserly shuffle. He was a local. I've never seen him painting outdoors on a weekday morning either, and until now I'd never seen him in the company of women. This new painter's schtick he had devised was clearly working. There he was, three random colors on a tiny canvas, a cheap art store easel on the sidewalk corner, and two hot blondes eating out of his palm. He was probably smacking himself for not coming up with this idea sooner.

Go ahead and try it. Buy an easel and a canvas board. Set up shop on a corner in the daytime, ideally during the morning or evening pedestrian commute. Dangle a paintbrush from your hand effeminately whilst cocking your head like you're deciding how best to capture the majesty of the street corner. Wait for girls to approach you (which automatically signals their lower status relative to yours, as girls are programmed to never approach men), and run your normal game as usual.

"I'm surprised you can recognize the deep spirit of the land and its people I'm trying to evoke. I wouldn't have taken you for the type of girl who could appreciate art."

You don't need to be an artist, or even have painting skills, to pull this off. All you need is the ability to handle the public attention you will get, and a cultivated sense of haughty arrogance.

A Quick And Dirty All-Purpose Opener

CH · 4 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

“Does your boyfriend know you’re flirting with me? Let’s try to tone it down, k?”

LEAVE. Come back to her later.

“There you go again.”

***

Why this opener is so versatile:

1. It is a cheap way to immediately suss out if she has a boyfriend without wasting precious minutes gaming her.
2. It functions like a neg by disqualifying yourself, and it compels her to defend herself from your charge of blatantly flirting with you. Putting a girl on the defensive is critical to establishing your dominance over her, which naturally she will love.
3. Leaving soon after delivering the opener is important. It adds gravitas to what you have said, and will make her wonder if she really was flirting with you. Leaving moves you from “fun guy” category to jerk category, which is a pussy promotion equivalent to moving up from a beta to a brooding rebel. Absence makes the sine wave of the gina tingle oscillate with higher frequency.
4. This opener entraps her. There is no good answer she can give that you can’t spin to your favor. If she says “I wasn’t flirting with you”, you say “I figured you say that”. If she says “I don’t have a BF”, you say “Well, that explains your aggressive flirting”. If she says “My boyfriend wouldn’t care if I was flirting with you”, you say “I hear wedding bells”. If she says “He doesn’t know I’m flirting with you”, you say (to yourself) “It’s on”.
5. ABL. Always Be Leaving. That is the trick to making the followup line work. (Obviously, this rules out using the opener on girls walking down the sidewalk.) Ten minutes later, the “There you go again” line should prompt a giggle and a puzzled expression where she asks how exactly she’s flirting with you. That’ll be your cue to make up some shit.

Game Can Save Lives

CH · 5 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A sexually frustrated beta has sublimated his pain into a murderous shooting spree aimed at his ex-girlfriend. He left an online diary behind offering a glimpse of his blackened soul:

> Sodini's Aug. 3 online diary entry, which included a date of death, was full of disturbing musings about religion and his plans for the attack. He noted that he hadn't had a drink since 2:30 on Friday as part of his preparation.
>
> "Total effort needed. Tomorrow is the big day. Unfortunately I talked to my neighbor today, who is very positive and upbeat. I need to remain focused and absorbed COMPLETELY," the diary read. "Last time I tried this, in January, I chickened out."
>
> **The diary also indicated that Sodini hadn't had sex since 1990** and that his so-called "practice papers" — details about the planning of the attack — are welcome to be published afterward because "maybe all this will shed insight on why some people just cannot make things happen in their life, which can potentially benefit others".

When men kill women, the underlying reason is almost always an unfulfilled psychosexual need. This goes for spree shooters, rapists, and serial killers. I'm not surprised Sodini hadn't had sex in nearly 20 years. As I've written before, to some men on the losing side of the desireability bell curve celibacy is walking death and anything is justified in avoiding that miserable fate.

Click on the first link to see a picture of Sodini. He's not a bad-looking guy and he's in shape. There is nothing outwardly repulsive about him that would cripple his chances with women. But as we know the physical appearance of a man reveals little about the state of his spirit. A decent looking guy can harbor the sunken ship of a broken beta heart, and clearly Sodini was a beta, if not an omega, as his 20 year dry spell attests.

If Sodini had learned game he would have been able to find another woman and gotten laid after his ex dumped him. He wouldn't have spent the next 20 years steeped in bile and weighed down by his Sisyphian blue balls, dreaming of vengeance. Game could have saved the lives of the women Sodini killed.

I agree with the gist of what commenter Whiskey has written — as the West reverts back to the ancestral sexual market that is currently in operation in sub-Saharan Africa, we are going to see a growing eunuchracy of involuntarily celibate betas and the marginalized men in their ranks decide that exiting in a blaze of hot lead beats living in loveless obscurity. And ex-girlfriends are target #1.

FYI

CH · 6 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I can’t believe this has to be said, but…

in the matter of sex and love, to appropriate a quote from Bill Munny: “Deservin’s got nothing to do with it”.

So to all you twisted freaks and neomaxizimdweebies, stop and think before fingerpainting your neuroses all over the comment section.

Thanku.

George Sodini Was At A Seduction Seminar

CH · 6 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It looks like I was right about George Sodini knowing about the seduction community (or a niche of it, at any rate). He was at an R. Don Steele seminar for "picking up women" called "The Right Attitude Workshop". *(Hat tip: reader Thras.)* I put "picking up women" in quotes because R. Don Steele is widely held to be something of a buffoon in the pickup community.

R. Don is the "PUA" that older guys with little knowledge of real game turn to, lured by his cheesy marketing claiming success at teaching older men how to pick up younger women. Ross Jeffries, a pioneer of game based on "neurolinguistic programming", used to have it out with Steele on usenet back in the day. The end result of their spastic internet bickering was to make both men look like tools (Jeffries should have maintained more state control) and to serve as evidence that Steele is a poseur out of step with mainstream seduction science. That Sodini went to a Steele workshop for help in picking up women shows that Sodini was unaware of Steele's poor reputation and the legitimate (and more effective) alternatives in the seduction community that were available to him. Whatever Sodini learned at Steele's workshop, it wasn't anything that would have helped him get laid or given him the tools to gradually shed his crippling betatude.

I stand by my claim that learning real game, not the breathlessly marketed cheeseball "techniques" for picking up younger women that one would find at a Steele workshop, would have helped Sodini find a woman who would love him, and thus avert the killings that he felt compelled by his demons to carry out.

***

Commenter Zdeno wrote:

> Sodini definitely counts as a data point against the hypothesis that "every man can save himself, if only he knows GAME." He was obviously aware of the seduction community, but the tools available to him weren't enough.
>
> This blog's readership is generally accepting of HBD, right? We admit that intelligence, not to mention almost every psychological trait worth measuring, are all primarily genetically determined. Physical traits and athletic ability follow the same pattern. Why do we assume that game is uniquely malleable? It's like as soon as we start talking about success with women, everyone's a Gladwell-reading Blank Slatist.
>
> I thus submit the following to the list pretty lies: Game is to a large extent genetically determined. In a polygamous society, some men will be left out of the sexual marketplace regardless of how many negs they memorize.

Define "save". If by "save" you mean that every man can land a supermodel with expert level game, then yes, I would agree that is a flawed hypothesis. But if you mean, more realistically and less misleadingly of what the seduction community actually claims, that the great majority of men can improve their lot with women by learning game, then the hypothesis is true: The great majority of men in need of saving *can* save themselves with game. A guy similar to Sodini, with a years-long pussy drought weighing down his psyche and his balls, can go from involuntary celibacy to getting laid with chicks one to two points higher than what he is used to banging just by learning game. And by "game", I mean the whole panoply of male mate value increasing strategies and tactics; from negs to wardrobe upgrades to avoiding the worst beta impulses when interactions with women don't proceed smoothly.

As most of my readers are probably aware, I believe that genetic predisposition plays a large role in shaping our personalities and fate in life, and in limiting what we can achieve. At least, it plays a much larger role than what the current prevailing mis-wisdom would have you believe. This is why I am not a dyed-in-the-wool libertarian.

However, neither am I a determinist. If genetic determinism were the be-all and end-all of human existence, then game would not work at all. You'd either "have the knack", or you wouldn't. But years of success with game by thousands of men of varying genetic blessings has proven that game is teachable, it is learn-able, and it will improve the love lives of, and the quality of women available to, the majority of men who make a serious effort to understand game and the nature of women.

There will always be those wretched omega outliers, those psychologically stripped betas, and those congenitally desperate losers in life who will not benefit from game. These pitiable shadows of men in our midst serve to remind us of the cruel indifference of the natural world, and the ultimate pointlessness of everything we do. And, yes, what this means is that some men, because of their inherent natural gifts, will find success with game sooner, and easier, than other men.

But does it follow from such a truth that game is a Blank Slatist wolf in womanizer's clothing? Should we instead tell the left side of the desireability bell curve to hang up their cleats and go home to rot until the end of their days? No. Tell them the truth: Game will help you find sex and love. It won't help you as much as, or as effortlessly as, better looking men, or richer men, or smarter men, or more charming men, or more adaptable men, but it will help. And that is the choice before you: To learn the art of seduction and at least give yourself a fighting chance to score more often and with women better looking and more personable than what you are accustomed to scoring, or to give up all hope and masturbate your life away to the gloomy flicker of an LCD while your fat cow American wife thrashes you to within an inch of your pride.

Really, isn't the choice obvious?

George Sodini's Beta Home

CH · 6 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Stan B left a link to a video of George Sodini giving a tour of his nondescript home. According to Stan B, the home in the video matches the address in Sodini's DNS registration.

At 1:17 you can see a book on his coffeetable with the title "Date Younger Women". I can't make out the author. So it looks as if Sodini was making an effort, however half-assedly, to find love.

Nothing in the video strikes me as especially weird. He sounds a little nerdy/Aspergery and humorless, but the video content is unremarkable. People make narrated videos of their homes all the time. Someone suggested he made the video for an online dating site, but if that's the case then why did he zoom in on the dating guide book? If he thought that letting girls know he reads those kinds of books would mean they would find him more attractive then his understanding of women was weak. If I had to guess, I'd say he at least peripherally knew about game and internet PUA sites, but didn't know nearly enough to wipe the stink of beta off him. He probably knew just enough to lift himself out of his 20 year celibate depression with the faint flicker of hope.

His home is the typical beta castle — spartan, functional, ugly furniture, prominently featured computer and TV, neatly stacked boxes in the basement, well-kept. His home would not have helped him bang girls, but it wouldn't have chased them away either. Many men need help decorating their homes with more stylish and daring set pieces or unusual artifacts, like a collection of historical walking canes used by world leaders, or a hookah on the coffeetable.

July 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 7 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I had to slog through a lot of reader submissions to choose two candidates for the July 2009 BOTM. How much am I getting paid for this again?

First, the winner of the June 2009 BOTM was **Ryan Stokes**, the Australian billionaire media heir who hitched himself to a world class cunt and couldn't find the inner strength to dump her after she repeatedly publicly humiliated him with her sluttastic antics and was eventually caught in the badboy lair of an ex-con biker, likely getting rogered up her tight upper crust anus so hard that she shat impacted semen bricks for weeks.

Congratulations Mr. Stokes. You edged out Rod Dreher and cuntrag's ex-Italiano eunuchio betaboy kitchen servant Vincent. That's some tough competition you were up against. Take a bow… deeply.

July 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by third world immigration and population replacement enthusiast **Seeking Alpha**. It's a Salon article written in sickeningly SWPL navel-gazing fashion by Travis D'arby, a beta so extraordinarily obtuse that he couldn't put two and two together when his wife (wife!) refused to friend him on Facebook.

> I joined the 21st Century a few weeks ago and signed up for Facebook. While the Facebook software loaded up the names of friends it found in my AOL inbox, one in particular surprised me: my wife's. Hers was an invitation only page so I sent her a friends request.

He stumbles across his wife's *invitation only* FB page. This should have been a big fat red flag, but no, our intrepid anti-hero soldiers on in self-delusion.

> Days passed without a reply until I confronted her about it one day while she checked her e-mail.
>
> "So I'm good enough to marry but not good enough to be your Facebook friend?"
>
> "I never check my Facebook page."
>
> I playfully took the mouse and clicked through several pages of spam until I spotted my Facebook request.
>
> "Well, you can do it now. It'll only take a second."
>
> She gave me that "don't tell me what to do" look only a wife can deliver then promised to get around to it later.
>
> I waited a few more days and still nothing. At first, I didn't think much of it. She will go days without putting her laundry up until I get seeing a freshly laundered basket of clothes on the kitchen table and put her unmentionables away myself. Procrastinating in regards to my friends request seemed perfectly predictable.

Here's a critical difference between alphas and betas: Alphas are always one step ahead of their women; betas are oblivious to the clues beaning them right between the eyes.

> But last week I decided to have a little fun at her expense. I typed "cute guy" into Google Images and created a fake Facebook profile for my chosen hunk. While my wife hogged the desktop, I sent her a friend request via my laptop. Guess what? Within minutes, she accepted my request!
>
> While I snooped around her Facebook page, a few peculiarities caught my eye. First, no wedding pictures nor mention of her marital status. And secondly, all her Facebook friends were cute guys!

Is it me, or does this guy sound happy that his wife's Facebook lovers are cute?

> When I foolishly asked her why all of her friends had Y chromosomes, I naturally got my ass handed to me for

> sticking my nose in places it did not belong.

Any reader of my blog knows by now, that once a man hears this from his woman, it's time to tell her to hit the bricks. She's already boffing someone else. Privacy concerns take a back seat to suspicions of infidelity. D'arby writes like a reasonably intelligent guy. Why couldn't he see what was right in front of his nose? Which brings me to…

Maxim #59: High IQ is no inoculation against beta delusion. If anything, high IQ obstructs clear thinking about women's nature.

> I have yet to broach this topic again and am debating my next move. Personally I don't mind if she wants a little action on the side; it's the being lied to that I find unacceptable. She was still a virgin when we met so I imagine a little sexual curiosity about other guys is perfectly natural.

Is it possible for a man to be more beta than George Sodini? Travis D'arby may have managed it. "Debating [his] next move"? This is the kind of mincing leftwing puke who gets mugged at gunpoint and wonders if he deserved it. Oh, but he hates being lied to. That makes the "action on the side" *(such a pretty little euphemism; let's tidy it up some more: "your wife is getting jackhammered by a roundtable of rock hard cocks and taking steaming loads to her face which drip insouciantly off her eyelashes")* totally acceptable. Keep telling yourself that, D'arby ol boy. Or should I call you D'cuckold?

D'cuckold then goes on a journey of ego salving verbal vomit as he proudly attempts to rationalize his wife's whoring by calling for the monogamous, patriarchal institutions of the West to cede to the bright new future of polyamory. Really, you can't make this shit up. By the way, you ever notice how advocates of the polyamorous lifestyle — you know, the guys who claim they're OK with their wives and girlfriends fucking around — are usually fat and ugly middle-aged weirdoes or pantywaist pussboys like D'arby? I guess when human nature is too awful to bear, and your whole life is a monument to getting your teeth kicked in by reality, your autonomic reflex is to pretend you enjoy having a serpentine turd extruded into your mouth.

D'arby included a postscript to his soul searching:

> My wife and I did come to an understanding of sorts last night. She belatedly apologized for snapping at me while I told her it was alright, that she no longer had to hide anything from me and that love and understanding had replaced shame and guilt as the zeitgeist of our time.
>
> Now if only I could get her to call it something other than fish food . . .

This is quality entertainment, folks. Quality. Any further commentary would only distract from the coda to this man's unbearable betaness of being.

***

July 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by **Puma**. It's about a man (and I use the term loosely) who writes to a newspaper columnist for advice (big mistake) about his whore wife's cheating and her moment of candor where she confessed that she sexed up her lover in ways her husband can only dream she'd do to him. I'll just go ahead and quote the whole letter. It's comedy gold.

> **Dear Amy:** Some years ago I caught my wife having an affair that had been going on for more than a year.

See: Maxim #59.

> Desperate to save our marriage, she agreed to answer my questions and give me all the details I asked about.

One of the biggest improvements game can make to a man's life is to help him avoid the worst beta pitfalls. A man needs to stop digging before he can start building. One of those pitfalls is the urge so many men have to find out what went wrong, to ASK ENDLESS QUESTIONS of their exes or emotionally distant wives, as if this inherently selfish emo-catharsis is somehow magically going to re-tingle their women's cold, dry ginas.

It's funny how every goddamn couples and marriage therapist out there recommends MORE COMMUNICATION from the man to fix failing relationships, when doing just the opposite would be more effective at rekindling the romance. There is no quicker way than MORE COMMUNICATION to confirm a woman's feelings of disgust for a man, and to strip him of the last vestiges of his attractiveness. MORE COMMUNICATION is the war cry of the beta, the limpdicked Playdoh spear thrust wobbly at ancient enemy forces too vast and grotesque and mysterious for his tender manpuppy mind to fathom. A man would be better off keeping his trap shut and grunting one word syllables to his estranged wife. Let her fill in the blanks. I'd bet my method — One Word Game — would save more marriages than the advice handed down by the entire published oeuvre of the American Psychological Association.

> We've gotten past all that now, and in fact our marriage is probably stronger than it was.

I bet it isn't!

> But one thing still bothers me: She admitted to performing certain intimate acts with him that she had previously refused to even talk about doing with me.

You can see it coming like a freight train. This "one thing" that bothers him is the essence of the matter. When a woman loves a man, she will do anything for him in bed. Anything, and everything. If she is not doing these things with you when you have evidence by her own words that she has done these things with other men, she doesn't love you. She doesn't love you like the way she loves the memories of the lovers she fucked while you slept alone in your marital bed. She may tell you she loves you, but those are just words. Female words. And female words are worth less than the air their sound waves travel through. Female actions, on the other hand, are worth all the knowledge in the universe.

> She has never been able to explain why. She says, "Well I know I shouldn't have done it, but I guess I got caught up in the moment." And, "I wish I hadn't! I shouldn't have! I didn't particularly enjoy it! I just acted without thinking!"
>
> I understand from talking to others that this as a fairly common phenomenon in affairs.

You don't say!

> Can you enlighten me as to why?

An honest therapist or advice columnist would say: "You're a beta. You don't turn her on. You need to stop being a beta." We'll see below what this advice columnist (a woman) says to him.

> Why would a woman do intimate things for a lover that she has refused to do with her husband?
>
> Curious Husband

Have a seat, son. Let me explain to you the mystery of the gina tingle.

Here's the advice he got:

> **Dear Husband:** When two people are having an affair, they're never sitting at the kitchen table with a pile of

> bills, trying to figure out how to make the payment on their minivan. They don't have to take the dog to the vet for his shots.
>
> This freedom leads people to do all sorts of things they wouldn't normally do.
>
> Let's stipulate that affairs are tempting and fascinating, at least in part, because people engaged in them move outside the confines of what they see as the norm of their daily lives.
>
> Your wife did these things for the same reason that men having affairs send flowers and steamy notes and fly off to Buenos Aires to meet their lovers — but don't do these things for their wives.
>
> You've talked about this, which is good.

The only talking that would have done any good is him telling her to slurp his knob or pack her bags.

> You may influence your wife by moving out of your own comfort zone and romancing her the way a lover would.

I can't believe this bitch gets paid to write this shit. As Puma wrote in his submission, "Begging for sloppy seconds from your own goddamned wife. Brilliant!" The entire counseling industry is smoke and mirrors designed to keep the betas running on their hamster wheels while their cheating wives are free to pursue "action on the side".

> This could prompt both of you to begin a welcome new phase of your marriage.

The phase where she waits a few months for things to blow over before boffing the street vendor?

***

The voting:

FYI #2: George Sodini Was Not A Pickup Artist

CH · 7 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

To all the femdopes suffering from post traumatic reading incomprehension currently linking to my last few series of posts about George Sodini and menstruating indignantly all over the internet, you should get your logic straight before flapping your gums:

1. George Sodini was not a PUA. He went to an R. Don Steele seminar and sat in the audience with a bunch of other losers in love. Attending a pickup workshop and sitting in the audience listening to R. Don Steele for a few hours does not make one a pickup artist, nor does it make one a murderer. Becoming a pickup artist requires months of learning and real world practice to see consistently positive results. We have no evidence that Sodini did either.
2. It is not incitement to murder nor is it an expression of misogyny to observe that Sodini might not have gone on a killing spree had he learned effective game and diligently applied it to his dealings with women to boost his confidence, land a few dates, and relieve his 20 year dry spell. Currently, game is being used successfully by millions of non-murderous men the world over to improve their love lives. It may have even been used successfully on you.
3. Loose cannon psychopaths walk among us. Get used to it. See: Lorena Bobbitt.
4. You're still femtards.

Yours in unreconstructed evil.

Relationship Game Week

CH · 10 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Around the four month mark you're going to start taking your girlfriend on weekend trips, unless you are a beta, in which case you will be planning romantic weekends before you've even kissed her. Romantic (read: nonstop bedroom pounding) getaways include bed and breakfasts in the mountains, oceanview hotels or beach house rentals, horseback riding, ski chalets, quaint cottages in Tuscany (if you've got discretionary cash and you like her so much that you don't mind wasting a trip to Italy on her instead of pursuing the local Italian women), and camping if she's the outdoorsy type.

After your first romantic weekend, give her at least two days space once you've returned home. That means don't call her. The reason for this has to do with a fundamental difference between men and women in how we perceive romantic gestures. To men, a romantic weekend away is an opportunity to share uninterrupted pleasure with a chick to whom we have deemed worthy enough to devote an entire weekend. Men value romantic weekends based on the pleasurable benefits we anticipate for ourselves, in order from most eagerly anticipated to least: Sex, affection, low stress, and good dining. The "relationship" and "where it is heading" comes in a distant tenth, right after rejoicing that we came in under budget.

To women, a romantic weekend away, particularly the first romantic weekend with a new lover, is only peripherally about pleasure. Everything in a woman's life must have a "deeper meaning", and this goes double for a romantic getaway with her boyfriend. Since women are more practical than men, they cannot live in the now as easily as men do, and are always contemplating the future. This is because pregnancy and kids are never far from a woman's subconscious thoughts, so every experience can't just be enjoyed on its own; it has to be dissected and analyzed to determine the man's fit into the larger picture of house, husband, children, divorce theft bonanza.

A woman's emotions will be turbulent after a heady romantic weekend together. If you had a good time, she will need a couple of days to process the weekend, and your place in her life. The hamster in her head will be running itself to death. It's best to stay clear of her during this time, which usually lasts a couple days (add a few days if she's PMSing), so that she can complete the transition from emotional entropy to steady state equilibrium without your presence and your words potentially fucking up the transition for the worse. I recommend playing it safe and avoiding all contact with her until her emotions have calmed.

If you call her right after the romantic weekend, you might be surprised to find she doesn't pick up her phone or, if she does, she sounds weird and snippish. Don't let this throw you; it's just her brain settling down after you powerfully jostled it from its humdrum routine. Calling too soon means you risk getting ensnared in her confusion. But by waiting a couple days to make your post romantic weekend followup call, you'll find she has returned to normal and is happier than ever to hear from you.

Remember, a woman in emotional upheaval is not sparring you, she is sparring herself. The best thing you can do is step the fuck aside and let her come to peace with her overworked head hamster. She'll either convince herself she loves you even more than she thought she did, or she'll freak out and leave the country. Either way, you've saved yourself some unnecessary bullshit.

Relationship Game Week: Subtle Dominance Plays

CH · 11 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader **PA** left a comment describing how he once held his woman's hand "against the grain" as they walked — that is, his hand was behind her hand. He said she did not like the unnatural feel of it. In the interest of corroborating this peculiar observation, I did the same with one of my girls. I prepped her first and explained that I was going to hold her hand differently, and she was to tell me how it made her feel.

As we were walking down the sidewalk, I moved my hand behind hers, such that her hand was in front (back of her hand facing forward) while my hand, fingers intertwined, was in back (my palm facing forward into her palm).

Two point five seconds elapsed before she spoke.

"Ew."

"Ew?"

"It feels weird. I don't like it." She dislodged her hand from mine violently, and resumed the traditional style with her hand resting behind my hand.

"What was weird about it?"

"I don't know, but it felt wrong. Like smelling something really bad."

At this point, I would like to inform the studio audience that my girl was a professed feminist, a real "I am wymyn, hear me roar" product of our nation's higher miseducation system. And yet, here she was, unknowing victim to her biomechanical urge to be submissive to a dominant male, even in something as trivial as the arrangement of our handholding while we walked together.

I write a lot about the importance of psychosocial dominance in male game, and how of all the positive traits a man can possess nothing is as effective as his subconscious dominance cues for turning on the gina spigot — not money, not looks, not humor. Fame is perhaps the only trait that can score a man more pussy more easily. Naturally, when the femtards show up here they see the word "dominance" and they immediately screech and squeal about how this means I advocate men should beat women, or that women should be relegated to life under burqas. But as is typical for the vajflapping brigade, they are incapable of comprehending the finer distinctions of subject matter that offends their delicate… or should I say weak?… sensibilities.

Psychosocial dominance is not a warhammer to the head; it's akin to an ancient language spoken in hushed tones by our mind's central command under the noisy clacking of our glitzy human interface. It is subtle, but not so subtle that it can't be gleaned, and learned by those who have less of it. Game is, in effect, a system for recognizing and mimicking those male mate value dominance cues in one's behavior. These dominance cues can be either the behavior evinced by alpha men over lesser men, or by men over women. The two types of dominance are not the same (see: social proof), but there is plenty of overlap.

Here are some other subtle dominance moves that you should incorporate into your relationships with women, thus ensuring years of freely available sex, affection, and loyalty:

- Don't trail your woman in the grocery store. If you're pushing a cart, stay in front of her. Never linger over brands on the shelves. Know which food you want before you get to the store. If she lingers too long, make her food decision for her. Occasionally veer off to another aisle to do your "man-time" shopping, leaving her wondering where you went for a minute. Return with an industrial sized bottle of lube an an innocent look on your face.
- Don't ponder your decisions out loud. Women hate indecisive men, even when that indecisiveness leads to better choices. As gina tinglers go, it's preferable to make a wrong decision than to make no decision.

- Never discuss money matters with your woman. She'll love you more if in a moment of desperation you are caught stealing and thrown in jail than if you whine about having no money.
- Don't "keep an eye" on your woman. If, for instance, you are at a party, don't trail her around the room with your eyes. Either ignore her, or join her. Occasional knowing winks are permitted.
- Learn the power of NO. "Can I borrow this book?" "No, I'm still reading it. You can have it when I'm done."
- Don't be a "sensitive guy". No one likes that guy, especially not women, despite their insistence to the contrary. When she cries, don't rush over to comfort her. Let her cry. Like an ex of mine once told me, "Sometimes a girl just needs a cry." If her brooding bothers you, leave to hang with your buddies or find a household project to work on. If you feel you absolutely must do something as a token of sympathy, hand her a box of Kleenex.
- When seating yourself at a restaurant, always put her in the chair that affords maximum protection from the thru-way used by patrons and waiters. Always choose for yourself the chair that provides maximum field of view of the restaurant environs. On the Metro, stuff her into the seat closer to the window.
- On dates, let her pay for shit once in a while. It doesn't have to be 50-50 in outlays, (and this is particularly pertinent if she makes a lot less than you), but neither should you box yourself in as a chump provider. When she reaches for her purse, don't make a big production out of it. "Oh, hey, I got it, I got it, really, unless you want to." Horrible. Just be cool, stay silent, and act as if her coughing up some of her own dough is nothing out of the ordinary.
- Always control the remote, TV, computer, stereo, and circular saw. Let her rest her head on your lap when you watch movies together.
- If you often find yourself walking ahead of her when you two are outside at farmers' markets or the like, resist the urge to constantly look over your shoulder to see where she is. Get comfortable with the idea of being a gravitational force to which she cannot stay away from for long. Think of your cock as a powerful electromagnet and her as iron filings. Don't be a human GPS unit.
- The dog is yours, not hers, even when it's hers. It's a pack leader thing she wouldn't understand. Exception: She has a gay microdog. That's all hers.
- Abuse her cat when she's not looking. It's good for reining in the cat's sense of entitlement, and it's good for your mood.
- Master the art of controlled physical dominance. If she's in your way, grab her around the waist and gently push her aside.
- You ever notice how the assholes and douchebags with the hot chicks always act like they're unaware of their girls' presence in public? Like their women are just some tag-alongs they humor once in a while? Yeah, you'll want to be that asshole.
- Stop laughing at her unfunny jokes. She's knows she's not funny, and she knows you're placating her. Beta.
- If her sister is ugly, tell your girl that you see some resemblance. If her sister is hot, ask her if she was adopted.
- I've experimented with many techniques for coaxing girls I date to stay on the slim and narrow. The best one I've found so far is to come up behind her while she's naked in the bathroom, lean against the door jamb, stare at her ass for a bit, don't smile, hint at a frown, and walk away saying nothing.
- If someone asks what your girl does for a living, let her answer. Don't jump in and answer for her in an attempt to play her up.
- The morning after at her place, when you get up, either have a plan of action for the day, or leave. Don't putter around her place with nothing to do. If it's TV you want to watch, go veg out at your place away from her. There's no faster way to kill your air of mystery than to swamp her early in the relationship with the humdrum routine of your daily life.
- Try to avoid at all costs the dreaded words "I dunno". "What are you doing today, honey?" "I dunno." "What did you do yesterday?" "I dunno. Stuff, I guess." If you didn't do something of note, MAKE IT UP. "What did you do yesterday?" "I smoked a hookah with a buddy who banged Chelsea Clinton. She's a squirter, according to

him.”

- Don’t be a herb. No, really. Unless you’re a white guy who dates Asian girls exclusively.

“Umm, sorry?”

CH · 12 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We interrupt this week’s Relationship Game posts to bring you a contender for Alpha of the Year *(via reader 2legit2quit)*:

This kid is a natural alpha, and not because he threw a massive party that caused $20,000 in damages. Why? Let us count the ways.

- He doesn’t really apologize. Rather, he gives a classic Clintonesque non-apology.
- He’s a master of aloofness. Grilled and patronized by a hot older woman, this kid stands his ground. Unshakeable.
- He never smiles. The joke’s on us.
- Doesn’t give a shit.
- If he does give a shit, he sure isn’t showing it.
- Maintains state control. On national TV. With a nipple ring.
- Cocky sonofabitch.
- Shows no deference toward a higher status bitch.
- Always ready with a glib answer.
- Has mastered the art of One Word Game.
- Assumes his likeability. (“Assume the sale.”)

Corey Worthington is the Joel Goodsen of the post-Beta Chump generation, except less of a worrywart. Corey lets the glass egg drop and then claims it looks better with the crack. He could give these guys a run for their money in the Alpha Male Cage Match of Unstoppable Indifference. Some of you are incredulous. “But he’s a tool! A douchebag!” That’s right. The kid is a tool and a douchebag, and probably half-baked most of the time. Which is exactly why I chose him for Alpha of the Month contention. Any of you doubt he’s banging the hottest high school chicks? He is yet further proof that the biggest tools will beat out the respectable betas, and oftentimes even the respectable alphas, in the race for quality pussy.

To all the natural born betas reading this, I suggest emulating Corey. When you are stumped about how to deal with a woman, you need to run Corey Worthington Game.

GIRL: I can’t believe you slept with my sister! And my Mom!!

YOU: Umm, sorry?

***

GIRL: You were supposed to feed my cat while I was away! Now he’s dead! What were you thinking??

YOU: I wasn’t, really.

***

GIRL: You forgot my birthday. You’re an asshole. You think being a dick is cool?

YOU: Yeah.

***

GIRL: Aren’t you embarrassed by that stupid tattoo you got? Has your Mom seen it?

YOU: She has. Everyone has. They love it.

GIRL: Grow up and get rid of it, or I'm breaking up with you!

YOU: Nah, I think I'll keep it. I like it.

Relationship Game Week: Agree And Amplify

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Relationships are merely a continuation of pickup by other means. Just as she must never forget to keep in shape for your pleasure, you must never stop gaming your girl. The day you slip into complacence is the day her love begins to show signs of stress.

Relationships may change but the Game remains the same. There seems to be a mistaken belief among the betacracy that game may be good for pickup but it'll do nothing at best, and sabotage at worst, your prospects for a long and healthy relationship. These are the beliefs of weak and nutless men who habitually dumpster date women way under their own market value so that they can go on acting like Dr. Phil castrati without consequence. They are also the beliefs of fat and ugly women.

Beta men = fat and ugly women. The resemblance is uncanny!

Naturally, the first few hours, days, and weeks of a courtship will be more exhilarating than the years to follow. After the brash novelty has faded and love begins to take root a mutually comfortable sufficiency will assert itself. An implicit bargain has been struck and there comes an expectation, not wholly removed of anxiety, that your partner isn't going to bolt, run away, or suddenly despise you from one day to the next. But soft expectations so often morph into hard demands, and then the misalignment with reality begins in earnest.

"If I got fat/beta, would you still love me???"

Eventually, no. As with demographics and economics, there is a lag time in sexual dynamics. This lag time gets longer the more established the relationship becomes. A man who commits one glaring beta act on the approach isn't going to get more than a few seconds with his target before she blows him out. But a man who has been seeing a girl for two years has to run up a litany of beta fouls before his woman's love finally dissolves under the onslaught of her mounting disgust. A lower energy, consistent level of relationship game different only in degree, not kind, from pickup game, must be a part of every man's arsenal of perpetual sexiness.

One thing you will not fail to notice with women is that their shit tests never end, they just fade away… to less annoying frequency. A handy chart demonstrating this female proclivity to endlessly take stock of your alpha cred should make things clear:

The Average Man	# and Intensity of Female Shit Tests
First few minutes	Rapid fire shit tests designed to weed out betas
First few dates	One or two shit tests per date, less crass, more subtle
Post-sex	Possible "I didn't cum" shit test. Ignore it.
First few weeks	Shit tests become less obnoxious, more defensive; ("Are you always this late?")
First few months	Non-verbal shit tests increase in frequency; she waits for you to call instead of picking up phone herself.
Six months later	Endearing love and romance shit tests begin to flare up; ("You hardly ever give me flowers." "Do you love me?")
One year in	Provider shit tests in full swing;

("Why don't you buy yourself a bigger place?"
"You never tell me what you do at work.")

Two years in "Life purpose", marriage, and infidelity shit tests;
("Where are we going with this?" "Bob just popped
the question to Sarah. Aren't you happy for them?"
"Are you cheating on me?")

Thirty years in Regret and death shit tests;
("The kids are gone. I'm not in love anymore."
"Would you wipe my spotted ass when I'm an invalid?")

If you aren't a natural at deflecting shit tests of all varieties, then you must teach yourself. For those men not blessed with the quickness of mind and aloofness of temperament to handle shit tests like a champ, a system must be devised. I've found one. I call it the **Agree & Amplify** anti-shit test counterinsurgency.

The concept is simple. When you are hit with a shit test, agree with your girl, and then amplify your agreement. Here are some examples:

GIRL: "Why didn't you call last night? Are you dating someone else?"

YOU: "Yep, I've got a harem to service. Be happy you're in the top tier."

***

GIRL: "Are you just going to sit around all day playing video games?"

YOU: "Damn straight. With enough hard work I should be able to push this to a full month."

***

GIRL: "We're going to that restaurant again?"

YOU: "Yeah, and because you've bitched, we're going there for the next ten years."

***

GIRL: "Sometimes you can be such an asshole. My ex knew how to treat a lady."

YOU: "I bet he did. You should beg him to take you back. I could use the peace and quiet."

***

GIRL: "Don't you have any ambition in life?"

YOU: "Zero. Could you be a dear and hook up my feeding tube?"

***

GIRL: "I didn't like the way you flirted with that girl at the party tonight."

YOU: "I know, I'm an incorrigible flirt. Good thing you didn't see the other ten girls I flirted with. Phew!"

***

GIRL: "You never get me flowers or write me poetry."

YOU: "You're right. Just think of my cock as a flower and our fucking as poetry in motion."

***

GIRL: "I think we should take this slower."

YOU: "You read my mind! Can I pencil you in next month?"

***

GIRL: [Making it obvious she's flirting with another guy in your presence.]

YOU: "Hey, if you're gonna try to make me jealous by flirting in front of me, at least put on a good show. I haven't seen bad flirting like that since your Mom tried to pick me up."

***

GIRL: "Buy me a drink."

YOU: "Sure thing. Would you like my ATM pin number as well?"

***

GIRL: [Calls you back two days after you left her a message.]

YOU: "Only two days later? Wow, you're slipping. A true player waits a year before calling back."

***

GIRL: "I really feel we aren't compatible."

YOU: "You're right, we're *totally* incompatible. I like to wake up at 8:30 and you get up at 8:15. Who can live with that?!"

This last one is especially interesting, because no matter how compatible you are with a girl, she is compelled by an otherworldly force to wonder aloud how incompatible you both are. Expect to receive this shit test around month three. Women have to work through their gina demons, and the issue of "compatibility" is a biggie. For men, if our dicks fit inside her pussy, we're compatible. For women, a whole host of arcane connections must be made before she can feel you are "the one". The Agree & Amplify method is the only acceptable response. If you two are incompatible, arguing with her will only highlight that. If you two are compatible, pointing out all the ways you are compatible will only cause her to search more fervently for those few ways you aren't compatible. Agreeing with her, whether or not she's right, and making fun of her concerns, is the best way to make her forget all about the issue.

So to all the verbally hamstrung betas, when (not if) you find yourselves confronted by yet another shit test, instead of wracking your brain for the appropriate response just recall the words "Agree & Amplify". A&A, A&A, A&A. Say it to yourself over and over, and the right answer will come to you.

Relationship Game Week: A Reader's Journey

CH · 14 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The coda to this week's relationship game posts is a sampling of comments from reader **Dave from Hawaii**, a guy who kills wild boar with a knife for fun, wherein he discusses his transformation from nagged beta husband of a contemptuous wife to alpha husband of a loving, grateful, gina tingly wife (same woman!), all by assiduously applying to his marriage the core principles and yes, even the specific tactics, of Game. Read and be inspired. You too can improve your love life, inside and outside of marriage.

> I got married young, and simply did not understand anything about game, or the benefits of assertive masculinity. I put my wife on a pedestal and spent 7 years or so of a very contentious, walking on egg-shell type of relationship that teetered towards divorce more than a few times.
>
> I discovered PUA/Game sites like this one a few years ago, and after a bit of reading on shit tests, and the subconscious mating desires of females, I began to "run game" on my wife.
>
> The transformation of our relationship is astounding.
>
> Yes, she put on a good 40 lbs. a couple of years after we got married.
>
> Once I learned to game her subconscious, competitive instincts and began to plant suggestions in her mind that I was desirable to other women…she's gotten motivated and lost the weight, and her affection towards me reverted back to the way she was before got married.
>
> Once I started recognizing her shit tests and began to not just "pass them" but literally blow them up, the passive-aggressive emotionally driven conflict that had been the hallmark of our relationship has all but disappeared.
>
> We don't fight anymore.
>
> My wife, who used to grumble and complain and tell all her closest friends and family that we had a "difficult relationship with lots of problems that needs working on" now tells everyone she's happily married without blinking an eye.

Game… it does a body good!

******

> I changed our relationship dynamic after learning about game.I stopped always asking her what she wants and started being decisive while playing up the mysterious angle.
>
> Here was a typical scenario back then:
>
> HER: "I'm hungry."
>
> ME: "What do you want to eat?"
>
> HER: "I don't know…"
>
> ME: "How about McDonalds?"
>
> HER: "I dunno."
>
> ME: "How about Taco bell?"
>
> HER: {shrugs}
>
> ME: "KFC? I know you really like the original recipe chicken dinner…"
>
> HER: "well yeah…"
>
> ME: "OK, great, let's go!"

Drives to the KFC drive-thru.

ME: I'll have the Zesty Crispy Chicken Wrap…what do you want, honey?"

HER: "I don't want to eat here."

ME: "What? I thought you said…"

HER: "I never said I wanted KFC."

ME: "But…what do you want then? Whatever you want, just let me know, and we'll go there!"

HER: "It's too late, you've already ordered here."

ME: "Fine then. So what do you want?"

HER: "Nothing, just take me home. I'll figure out what I'm going to eat later. {Said in a grouchy tone}.

ME: "Why do you have to be like that?

HER: "Be like what? I never said I wanted KFC!"

ME: "Well what do you want then?"

HER: "Don't worry about me already! Just get YOUR food and take me home!"

ME: "I've asked you how many times to tell me what you want and I'll take you there! Why do you always have to act like this?"

HER: "Act like what? Nevermind already! It's obvious you don't really care about what I want…it's only about what you want! I didn't want KFC and yet you're trying to make like it's all my fault just because I don't want to eat here! I never wanted to eat here in the first place!!!!"

ME: "$*%^(YT@#($)(#&!!!!!"

Same scenario, now:

HER: "I'm hungry"

ME: "So am I. Let's go."

HER: "Go where?"

ME: "You'll see."

HER: "C'mon, tell me…"

ME {Rolling my eyes and turning away from her, getting ready to head out with or without her.}: "Are you gonna sit here and play twenty questions like a spoiled little princess or are you gonna come along and eat with me?"

HER {Now she starts getting ready to go.}: "C'mon…why don't you tell me…"

At that point, I could take her to a fine-dining restaurant or McDonalds, it doesn't matter.

What mattered was that I passed her shit test and played the role of the 'provider.'

I stopped treating my wife like I was an enslaved sycophant willing to do whatever the goddess desired and started treating her like the kid sister with the backhanded compliments, light-hearted teasing, and over-the-top sarcasm to deal with her shit-tests…all within the "frame" of subconsciously reinforcing the notion that I'm attractive to other women.

For another example, I remember one instance where we went to a dinner party, and there was a, beautiful, blond girl that was a friend of a mutual friend, and it was the first time we met her. Her and I hit it off immediately on a conversational level.

After the dinner, on the ride home she started in…

"So tell me, is _____ better looking than me?"

> Now the reality is that why yes, she was…and we both knew it. (Turns out, she was a former swimsuit model…)
>
> I was scared to death to admit this to her. I immediately and reflexively lied to her. She became infuriated.
>
> *"Why'd you keep talking to her all night long? Where you attracted to her? Don't lie, I saw you looking at her while you were talking!"*
>
> I uncomfortably whimpered *"Well, she was sitting directly across from me all night long…"*
>
> Needless to say, the conversation continued to escalate in that vain, with her continually getting angrier and angrier as she played the role of hostile interrogator, and I, the hapless idiot husband, caught doing something wrong…trying to squirm out of the pending punishment.
>
> She "dominated" this conversation from the beginning, she set the frame and I unwittingly relinquished my backbone.
>
> Eventually it turned into a full blown argument as I got angry at her for getting angry, because in reality I had done nothing wrong but have the temerity to have conversation with a beautiful woman at the same dinner table.
>
> Contrast that with how I handle a similar incidents now, after I had figured out the underlying dynamics behind why we would always get into those types of fights and arguments…
>
> (generic paraphrasing of a typical situation}
>
> ME: "Of course she was talking to me! Most beautiful women do! That's EXACTLY why you married me! What lady can resist these?" (Thrn I would just flex my biceps and like I'm the world's baddest man…all with a smirk on my face.)
>
> HER: She rolls her eyes, chuckles and responds, "Yeah right…no woman would want you if you were the last guy on earth."
>
> ME: "That's not what your {name of her best friend} said the other night when she was begging me to kiss her…"
>
> HER: {giggling} "You're so silly…"
>
> In other words, I learned to turn those "shit tests" into playful banter with a subtle frame of reference (treating her like she's the "younger sister w/ cooties" instead of the goddess who I'd be most fortunate if only she'd let me kiss her feet), rather than address them at face value. In short, learned to "lead the conversation…i.e. "dominate."
>
> I used to tell her the typical lies of a cowed and fearful married man that is the ubiquitous caricature of men in today's feminist warped mass media… *"No honey, I ONLY have eyes for you! I promise! I don't even LOOK at other women!"*
>
> In retrospect, I can't believe I spent YEARS protesting innocence and begging her to not get upset, and never realized that taking that tact ALWAYS resulted in bad feelings and "relationship problems."
>
> At the same time, I reinforce the notion that I'm desirable to other woman (remember – no one wants to go to the club that is empty…everyone wants to get in to the one with the line around the block.)
>
> And I tell you, I really REALLY felt silly and ridiculous when I first started acting like that whenever the shit tests came up.
>
> Now, it comes to me like a second reflex.

Most betas, when they first learn game and apply it to their dealings with women, are utterly taken aback by how effective it is. A light goes on, and they feel the spiritual alpha surge of a thousand ancient warriors coursing through their veins and guiding them on the path of righteousness. Swing your two-handed skin sword and drink heartily from the scrotal-shaped chalice, Warrior-Poet! Your dominion over the gina tingle is assured.

******

> The more I tried to supplicate [my wife]…to plead with her…to beg her "why do you have to be so angry? Can't we just get along? Is this really that big of a deal? Look, I'm sorry…."
>
> Oh yes, I was ALWAYS apologizing. Oh, and I usually begged for sex.
>
> I would try to use logic and reason to deal with her emotional state. Never worked. Ever.
>
> In other words, I was letting her emotional state dictate my response. I was trying to appease her mood.
>
> After reading up on game, I gained insight into the basic, biological motivations of females. I quickly realized that I was acting beta, and she was no longer attracted to me…making her angrier and angrier by the day because she couldn't stand the fact that she was married to and living with a spineless, grovelling chump always searching for appeasement and begging for sex.
>
> Once I was conscious of that dynamic…I became conscientious about how I began acting around her.
>
> For a recent an example of that change of mindset I'm talking about:
>
> Just the other night, I called her to let her know I was coming home so she could time dinner to be ready when I got home.
>
> I was dead tired from my martial arts training that day (I was doing full contact kickboxing training, very rigorous)…and I stopped at my friends house at around 5:00pm to drop something off that I had borrowed from them and have a quick drink before heading home.
>
> After one drink, I lay down on my friend's couch for a moment…and the next thing I know, it's 2:30am in the morning.
>
> I drove home, and got into bed. I thought she was asleep…but she promptly said in a real bitchy tone "Where you having fun tonight?!?!"
>
> I simply said "I fell asleep on _____'s couch. I'm tired, good night, dear."
>
> And promptly rolled over and went to sleep. I don't even remember what she said to me in response.
>
> The "old" me would have been begging her for forgiveness and apologizing profusely.
>
> She was still upset the next morning…so I let her be upset. She tried to argue with me about it, and I would just shrug, and go start cooking breakfast. She would say something pointed, and I would change the subject.
>
> When she kept pushing me, I just told her straight up – I was dead tired, I lay down for a moment and literally passed out form exhaustion. What is their to apologize for? I'm going to eat breakfast now and enjoy the beautiful morning…care to join me?"
>
> She may have grumbled a bit more, but in the end, we ended up having a nice breakfast, and the topic was dead…other than the occasional, off-hand joke from her about how "You don't come home anymore," over the next few days…to which I would either ignore it, change the subject or "agree and amplify" to the point of absurdity.
>
> "Of course dear, don't you know us pimp daddies have a lot of hoes that take up all our time!"
>
> The old, beta me would have been banished to the couch, subjected to a few days of silent treatment and begging for her forgiveness…only making it worse and worse the more I would grovel and beg.

Whenever there is a marital fight, no man should ever choose to take the couch. That way is the way of the beta. You either sleep in your own goddamned bed and let smoke come out of her ears all night as you snore loudly next to her, or she chooses to take the couch.

******

> Yeah, I'm positive you can use "Jerk" game in a LTR – but in my personal case, I use it sparingly.

> One time I made her late for a flight to Vegas because we were at a friend's party. She started SCREAMING at me in the car, because it really was my fault that she missed her flight to go visit her family. She went ballistic. Hysterical. Screaming and crying, because she wasn't going to get there in time for her Mother's birthday.
>
> The one and only time I ever screamed back at her. I looked right at her and screamed "SHUT THE FUCK UP! IT'S HAPPENED! YELLING AND SCREAMING IS NOT GOING TO GET YOU ON THAT PLANE! IT'S FUCKING OVER!
>
> That was the one and only time I think I have ever truly scared my wife. She jumped into the back seat of the car when I yelled at her. She told me later that she thought I was going to hit her 'cause I looked so mad. In 12 years, that's gotta be the only time I ever let my anger out like that. I'm generally very low-key and mellow…I got a long fuse.
>
> It's very interesting to note after the long, quiet ride home…she actually got turned on by my little show of aggression. heh.

This comment Rihanna-approved.

******

> [W]hat you need to focus on, WHATEVER you do, is to maintain frame.
>
> Whether you do nice things for your woman or you act like a jerk, neither will kill her attraction for you in and of itself.
>
> Just make sure that whatever you do, you do not do it in a beta, supplicating manner.
>
> You want to boil down "game" into one phrase, it's DON'T BE BETA. Don't put her on the pedestal. Adopt the mentality that you are atop her pedestal, and act accordingly.
>
> Example:
>
> Honey, would you like me to give you a massage? I know you're sore form your hard day! Let me make you feel better…
>
> That would be a typical offer praised to the high heavens by 99% of all women hearing about such a question. Hearing such a story will elicit "wow, that's so SWEET! Your so lucky to have such a great husband!"
>
> But in reality…that's beta.
>
> It's begging and pleading to please your wife. In essence, you're asking her permission to do her a favor.
>
> Half the time, she'll flat out turn the offer down, even if she DOES want a massage in the worst way…because as sore as her muscles are, embedded deep in her id is the contempt for the very idea of a beta putting his hands on her naked body.
>
> Doing the same thing, but in a non-Beta manner – cocky/arrogant style – "Get over here and take your clothes off, I'm tired of hearing you groan about your sore muscles."
>
> or going for the subtle expression of having higher social status… "Well than you better thank your lucky stars you married an expert masseuse…"
>
> In either case, you've done the "nice husband thing." But the frame you keep to do the "nice" thing is what is truly going to either maintain her attraction for you or kill it.
>
> Doing something beta during a pickup? You can eject, and start all over again on your next approach.
>
> Acting beta when married? You are starting the long, slow march towards divorce court hell…

Creeping marital betatude isn't an on/off switch; it's a viral agent that slowly, but inexorably, sickens your wife until she wants to get as far away from you as possible. Usually into the arms of a man who isn't infected. And with half your money. So if you're gonna get married (and don't say I didn't warn you), you had better have a handle on

women's psychological natures. And a good pre-nup.

******

> I had no clue how badly I was failing shit tests, and why I was always getting into passive-aggressive conflicts. I thought shit tests were logical inquiries based on linear thinking.
>
> Upon reading the Agree & Amplify approach to shit tests, now-defunct PUA blog "The Reality Method," I thought long and hard about how many times I had encountered such tests and failed them miserably.
>
> The first time I tried A&A, when she asked me if I had a mistress, and I answered that no, I had 4 of them, and I was getting worn out trying to keep them all plus herself satisfied. I was holding my breath trying to see what her reaction would be….she giggled and said "you're so delusional!" To which I than A&A again…"Damn straight, how else do you think I've stayed married to you all these years?" The conversation turned into playful teasing, ending with me spanking her ass and starting to playfully roughhouse.
>
> Inside, I felt like I had just discovered the holy grail. I spent YEARS in the "What do you mean you think I have a mistress? Why would you think that? You know you're the only women for me!"
>
> The next time I got another shit test from her, I was more than ready for it:
>
> "Do I look fat in this dress?"
>
> The shit test is really in effect, beta entrapment.

The absurdity of the shit test is that women aren't consciously aware they are doing them. Which makes them all the more dangerous.

******

> – When women get together, especially in mixed company, they will often speak of their men as if they were little children. Sometimes our friends will say things to my wife like "he better behave or you're gonna ground him!" or "he better watch out or he's gonna get in trouble with you" or some sort variation of this theme that assumes she's the authority and you answer to her.
>
> Whenever I encounter that, I never let that commentary stand unchallenged. I respond, in a cocky/funny manner – 'yeah right, she better watch out or I'LL be the one doing the grounding!" To which my wife will usually sass back, to which I'll than turn it into a bit of sexual innuendo – "…not only will I ground you, I'll give you the spanking you deserve…and we know what happens when I spank you…" Re-framing the conversation to hint at sexual intimacy quickly changes the tone of the conversation and the theme of relational authority gets forgotten by the other women pretty quickly. They typically respond to that sort of thing with "Ew…that's TMI! Keep that stuff to yourselves!" or "Get a room you two!" Than everyone will laugh, and you can then change the subject to one of your choosing.
>
> One of the biggest sources of discontent in a LTR can and will come from the influence of your woman's peers. You have to learn how to display your dominance not just to her, but in front of her peers as well. This sort of behavior actually sparks her attraction.
>
> – Use PDA very sparingly. I never kiss my woman in front of people, and I rarely hold her hand or cuddle or snuggle or any of that other intimacy behaviors in front of other people…even good friends we are absolutely comfortable with. When you do something, like grabbing her and making her sit on your lap when you're at a party, she will really appreciate your gesture of affection and amp her attraction for you…but only if you rarely give her the gift of PDA. I just did that the other night at a party. When I drew her to my lap, she gave me those eyes…the same eyes she gave me when we first started dating 14 years ago. My public display of affection that night turned into a very private display by her later on that night…
>
> Same goes for things like flowers, candy and other so-called "romantic" little gifts that often are what society

> says are the correct ways for men to show their women they love them. While in the new, courting phase, it won't backfire on you if you give them frequently…constantly buying her flowers, teddy bears, candy etc. will lose it's value for inspiring her attraction once you are in a LTR.
>
> – The most important LTR advice I think I can add, is this: if and when you know you did wrong, that she does in fact deserve an apology, you MUST learn to apologize with sincerity without *projecting* the attitude that you are sorry.
>
> That may sound confusing at first, but what I mean is that while you are apologizing for something, you MUST maintain a state of social dominance. You do not beg or plead for forgiveness. You do not apologize more than once…ever. If you do apologize, you say it once, with a full detailed explanation of why you know you did wrong, that you understand why your behavior/actions upset her, than you say your apology, and then THAT IS IT. Do NOT try and "make it up" in explicit terms. Do not bow down to her demands. If she says "you better get me some flowers for this one," that's the one sure guarantee that you are NOT going to give her flowers.
>
> Don't even ask for forgiveness. Act as if your apology is all there is to say about it, you can forgive me or not.
>
> That last point was the hardest one for me to learn at first. I cannot tell you how different it is now when we have a fight, and I consciously maintain the frame of not becoming a supplicant begging for her forgiveness.
>
> Our arguments can be white hot and aggressive, but if I maintain my dominant mentality, these conflicts end quickly and almost always result in the best kind of LTR sex…"makeup" sex.
>
> I used to think that hot makeup sex was a myth. **[Editor: I think it's more accurate to call it "after-fight sex" since it's the fighting, not the making up, that coaxes gina tingles.]** Now I know the truth – makeup sex only happens if your wife respects you, and lusts you for your dominance. Even if you're wrong, and you apologized and admitted you were wrong…if you do it right and maintain your dominant status, her anger will eventually fade, but her attraction will increase. Think of fighting and arguing with your woman as the ultimate LTR shit test.
>
> If you are begging, simpering, cowed beta that always begs for forgiveness and pleads with her to not get mad at you or to just "forget it," the tension will eventually blow over…but her subconscious satisfaction with your beta demeanor will kill any chance of that hot makeup sex, and start to build up in her and affect all other areas of your relationship.

When in doubt, better to err on the side of too much asshole than too little asshole. Or: If you can't learn the art of apologizing like an alpha, resort to Plan B: Deny, deny, deny. And then accuse her of being a distrustful bitch.

******

> When I first started changing my behavior, I had to consciously think of everything I said and did. It was difficult at first.
>
> But the more you consciously do these things, and the more you see how it works positively in your relationship, the easier it gets.
>
> When I first began "gaming" her, I was still afraid of her emotional state…I found game a means of not bringing out her anger or disappointment.
>
> Now, however, I've truly developed the mindset of having NO fear of my woman's emotional state.
>
> While I don't disagree at all with Epoxytocin's statement:
>
> "If you handle it correctly, it shouldn't "start an argument".
>
> My addendum to that is….
>
> So what if it does start an argument? Are you afraid to argue with her? Why are you afraid of her emotional state?

> Once I realized this mindset, and internalized it, everything started to become second nature.
>
> As a beta-ized husband, I lived in constant fear of upsetting her…fear of her dissaproval…fear of her tears. I used to think of lies to tell her about things that were not even wrong, just to try and avoid making her mad with me.
> This was when we were at our worst.
>
> At the beach, back in the "beta" days:
>
> HER: "I see you looking at that chic in the G-string!"
>
> ME: "I was not! Honestly honey, I only have eyes for you!"
>
> We both know I was lying…and she would get upset, and not speak to me and we'd end up getting into an argument that ruined the entire day. Ironic isn't it…by lying to her to try and avoid conflict, I actually made it much worse.
>
> Now?
>
> HER: "I see you looking at her!"
>
> ME: "She's hot, isn't she?"

Well played, Dave from Hawaii, well played.

The Italian And The American

CH · 17 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I watched my friend open a two set sitting next to the fish tank. His opener — he informs the girls that the orange-colored fish goes by the scientific name “orange creamsicle” — was a little lame, but serviceable. Nothing the God of Game wouldn’t let you into hell for. The prettier of the two girls responded well, with bright eyes and animated gestures. She wasn’t in tip top shape (she had a big bottom) but her face was lean and tan and she had a natural, wholesome beauty. Although my friend addressed both girls, the other girl was not as committed to the conversation, and her eyes wandered around the room. While the prettier girl smiled, her friend’s stiffly pursed lips barely nudged.

I stood nearby in case my friend cued that he needed a wing, but his set didn’t last long enough to require my assistance. The reason for this is because the girl who was less invested in his conversation performed a brazen cockblock move, which involved stepping a few feet away from her friend for a couple of seconds and then stepping back to her friend, grabbing her by the arm, and pulling her away from my buddy with some sort of “Hey, our friends are here” excuse. As cockblock maneuvers go, this one was simple and effective. The RPG of urban sex war.

Why did this girl cockblock? There are many reasons, but one would stand out, which I’ll get to below. For the moment, a general rule of thumb states that girls cockblock when:

1. Their friend signals in girlcode that the guy hitting on her is beta. (This did not happen to my friend in this case.)
2. They sense that the guy hitting on their friend is beta. (This likely did happen to my friend in this case.)
3. They are jealous of the male attention that their friend is receiving. (My friend opened both of them simultaneously, so this was not likely the cause.)

The only time a girl will *help* her friend with a guy (i.e., she’ll be a cockbacker) is when none of the above conditions are operational; she isn’t getting signaled to intervene, she judges the man hitting on her friend to be alpha, and she isn’t motivated by jealousy. This is a rare confluence of preconditions, so when it happens to you be sure to savor every last minute.

I suspected that the reason my friend got blown out by a professional cockblocker had to do with the incongruence between his body language and the words coming out of his mouth. I sensed a disjunct between the confidence exhibited by his verbal game and the lack of confidence conveyed in his nonverbal subcommunication. (And if I could sense it, then certainly the girls with their honed female intuition could sense it.) His strong tonality, voice projection, and decent conversational skills were sabotaged by jerky whole body movements, “pecking”, and overenthusiastic laughter. I’ve seen this phenomenon so often that I’ve come to the conclusion that how a man says what he says to women is far more important than the substance of what he says. If you have the world’s cleverest opener, or gina tingle-iest routine, it will fail if your body language betrays betaness. If your body language is solid, you can get traction with a simple “Hi”.

After the two girls vanished I asked my friend how it went. He said the prettier girl who was smiling and seemingly enjoying his conversation was Italian, in the States for a visit, and the cockblocker with the early onset double chin was American. My friend was doomed from the get-go. Never underestimate the raging jealousy American girls have for foreign girls. Although my buddy’s game was not tight, what really sealed his fate was the unstoppable juggernaut of envy, bitterness, and low class callowness that fuels the American Woman’s pissiness when in the company of foreign women.

The Italian girl may not have been blown away by my buddy’s game, but she treated him with respect and projected an air of feminine charm the whole time. She may have even thought he was beta, but you would never have

guessed it by her pleasant demeanor and winning smile. Meanwhile, the American girl acted like a pouting, heavily sighing bitch, a snake in the grass coiled and ready to spring into action with a venomous quick strike cockblock.

Italian girl – feminine and elegant.

American girl – minefield.

There is one thing American women do better than foreign women — suck all the fun out of life. An American woman is always on the lookout for the slightest hint of betaness in a man, unwilling to budge an inch should the conversation not proceed exactly in alignment with her most fervid Cosmo-ized romcom fantasies. American men have perfected the art of game because we have to deal with entitled American women. Foreign women, quite apart from their bloated American sisters, are not hounddogs constantly sniffing out betaness. They are more willing to allow a conversation with a man to slowly develop and see where it leads. Their's is an attitude of natural curiosity and love of the company of men.

An American woman I'm seeing treats me well, has a big heart, and fucks like a champ. Yet, every time I'm around foreign girls I ask myself the same question: Why am I not in Estonia?

A Jaunt Around The Internet

CH · 18 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Many readers have sent me this UK tabloid story about a tacky British slut (redundant?) who asks the sex advice columnist (there's a 21st century New Girl Order occupation of pointlessness) Rowan Pelling whether she should reveal to her boyfriend the truth about her, uh, comprehensive sexual history.

> I've been with my boyfriend for six months, we're both 34 and I am fairly sure he's The One. The other night we ended up having a conversation about how many lovers we'd had. He told me he had slept with eight women and suddenly I felt nervous about confessing the truth – I had a lot of flings at university and in my first job at an ad agency, so my tally is closer to 40. But I found myself saying ten and even then he looked horrified. I hate being untruthful with him, but don't want to be judged either. What should I do?

Here's my advice: Lie your whore ass off. We all know, thanks to the "Double Whatever Number She Claims" rule, that you've banged 80 cocks, 40 of them probably swarthy immigrant cock. This means that there is no chance your boyfriend is "The One" since it's impossible for a woman to make a soulmate connection once her gina has tingled over the four corners of the earth. More precisely, you have found "The One Last Hope" that could save you from spinsterhood. You are walking on thin ice what with your advanced age and bedraggled labia, so the last thing you want to do is fuck it up by giving your boyfriend a justifiable excuse to dump your rode-hard flat British ass. "But why would he do that?", you whine. I think you already know why, otherwise you wouldn't be fretting about what to do. You have demonstrated by your inability to be more discriminating with your womanly wares that you are a potential cuckold/infidelity/divorce theft risk. Men have scientifically and observationally valid reason to avoid commiting to skanks such as yourself, so recognize this reality of the male psyche and hope he doesn't find your All Male Revue Facebook page.

That'll be $200.

Now here's the advice Rowan Pelling "sex columnist" gave to her:

> To be honest, if your man really loves you he should be able to take the full tally with equanimity. But then that would presume that he's secure in his own skin and, as we all know, a great many people aren't. What you perceive as censure may well be old-fashioned male insecurity. […]
>
> Having said all that, I think most lovebirds should steer clear of going into the minutiae of previous conquests.
>
> And if a man is unwise enough to ask a woman how many lovers she's had, can I suggest the following response: 'Let's just say I won't wear white at the wedding.'

Naturally, her advice is retarded. I expect nothing less from 99.9999% of women writing sex and relationship advice columns. The male insecurity trope is the "Get Out of Self Examination Free" card, and is readily whipped out by the Slut&Skank Syndicate and the Fatass Feminist Fatwa whenever their wishful thinking collides with the immutable force of male nature. To make it as clear as possible for them: Men pump and dump party time pussies, but they don't marry them when more chaste options are available.

To put it in terms that cater to women's self-absorption, is it old-fashioned female insecurity when women balk at sleeping with plush, niceguy betas? Are women insecure in their own skin when they hesitate to marry unemployed men? The question answers itself.

By the way, a woman who sneeringly tells her fiancee she wouldn't be fit to wear white at their wedding is just begging to be dumped like yesterday's trash. However, it is a clever shit test. Any man INSECURE enough to stick around after such a cackling, sordid revelation has proven his beta bonafides.

******

Another reader sent me a link to fashion model tryouts in Russia. He knows this blog well. After perusing the photos (fully unclothed perusing) I composed this Ode to Russian Women:

Oh Sweet Russkie
Your beauty is like vuuudka
To incapacitate my mule
Your chiclet teeth like pearls
To chomp my borschty tool
Your round pushed-in face
Makes my ballsack quiver
When I shoot my load
In your mouth, it's a river
Just one thing to note
Before I end this ode
Best to get you as a teen
After 30 it's babushka load!

The description by the event organizers on the website is classic alpha Russian. And by alpha Russian, I mean they know how to BS without veering too far into neutered, politically correct Conor Friedersdorf territory.

> Beauty is assessed in a different way. Various cultures praise various features and traits. It is not easy to find the diamond.
>
> The desire to be at the podium and be admired is inside every girl. But only those models who succeeded can tell us how many worries and obstacles they had to overcome. The way to fame is paved with hard labor and constant work over oneself. Beauty is especially valued in the modern world. For many this is a chance to be noticed to get to more serious sphere than just unsteady fashion and beauty industry. In the effort to achieve the aim, the girls are looking for their happiness at the beauty contest. So today we would like to have a look at the stage before the contest, so you are invited to the casting in Minsk. The National School of Beauty in Minsk is going to hold the International Beauty Contest Miss Intercontinental. This is a beauty pageant known since 1973. What criteria will the jury follow first of all? This is natural beauty. When asked, the jury was not able to describe the portrait of potential winner, but still accented that the main thing is the inner beauty of the girl.

My favorite part of the website was the link to the Russian meat market girls:

Mmm, that is a fine looking cut of meat.

******

In other news that won't surprise anyone who isn't a hermit ignoramus or a feminist, science has once again proven a core tenet of Game: The concept of social proof is real.

> The most striking result was in the responses of single women. Offered a single man, 59 per cent were interested in pursuing a relationship. But when he was attached, 90 per cent said they were up for the chase.
>
> Men were keenest on pursuing new mates, but weren't bothered whether their target was already attached or not. Attached women showed least interest and were slightly more drawn to single men.

You know that typical female lament "All the good men are taken"? It needs to be accurately rendered for the Darwin Generation: "All the taken men are good." Mystery nailed this ten years ago: chicks dig preselection. The first thing you must do when going to a bar alone is befriend a chick. Start off low and work your way up to the hotties.

******

Over at The American Scene, I read another lame white knighting attempt by our favorite house beta Conor Friedersdorf to grapple with the eeeevil of the neg. The article was the usual misrepresentation of game and umbrage over the fact that men like sex with a variety of women that I've come to expect from the chipmunk-cheeked traditionalist conservative crowd, but Steve Sailer did leave a couple of worthy comments that deserve a second look:

> The point of "game" is for guys who are stuck in subordinate positions to other men at work to learn techniques to pretend to women in bars that they are dominant over other men during the daytime (at least until the woman figures out that the guy isn't making alpha male bucks at work).
>
> So, many of the game techniques are ones that dominant men use on subordinate men at work, such as negging.

> Consider the relationship between George W. Bush and Karl Rove. Obviously, Rove was smarter and harder working than Bush. So, why was he subordinate to Bush? In part, because Bush carried out classic dominant male behavior of alternating between praising Rove, holding out the vision of how far he could go as Bush's subordinate, and negging him, calling him "Turd Blossom" and the like, to undermine his self-confidence. Bush always negged Rove with a smile on his face, but neg him he did.
>
> The really interesting question about game is this: if some percentage of subordinate males can actually, through practice, can start fooling women in bars into believing they are dominant males, why not use the same self-improvement techniques to fool men at work? After all, if men believe you are an alpha male, then you are an alpha male. And if men think you are an alpha male, and give you money and power like they think you are an alpha male, then women will think you are an alpha male, too.
>
> So, if these techniques really work, why restrict yourself to getting just Women when you can get Women, Money, and Power?

He's half right. Some game techniques, like DHVs, compliance, and alpha body language, are mimickry of nonverbal and verbal dominance signals that men employ over other men, but many game concepts are not. For instance, social proof and kino escalation (layman's term: progressively intimate touching), would get you disdain, envy, or a black eye if used on other men. But they work great on women.

This is why my definition of the alpha male is so elegant. It doesn't rely on male dominance over other men or male dominance over women, for which those two phenomena overlap to a great degree anyhow. Instead, it quickly cuts to the chase and defines the alpha male by **how hot are the women he can attract, how strong is that attraction for him, and how many of those women find him attractive.**

Note for the dumbass betas: An alpha male is *not* necessarily the man who sleeps with a lot of women. He is the man who *could* sleep with a lot of women if he so chose.

As for Sailer's poke at the end, who says Illuminated Men aren't using game tactics in other areas of their lives? And for those who aren't bothering to use game to achieve things of monumental importance in the corporate grind, perhaps they prefer the pussy path of least resistance. Not a sermon, just a thought.

Sailer writes another comment:

> Negging is essential behavior in the formation of all-male and all-female social spheres.
>
> Females tend to form small cliques and make catty remarks to drive away lower-status females.
>
> Males negging other males can lead to violence, but it's often less vicious than female negging. It can go on pleasantly for a lifetime: watch how four retired buddies insult each other on the golf course.
>
> The main function of male vs. male negging, however, is hierarchy building. It's a test of dominance to see who has the personality to be a leader. Leaders encourage it in social settings to check out which younger males have the attributes of quick-wittedness and aggression to become subordinate line managers within his hierarchy, and which would be better suited for staff roles.
>
> The question, therefore, remains: Why not use Game not just in the bars but in the boardrooms to win not just women, but the power, money, and prestige that naturally attract women as well?
>
> Presumably, Pick-Up Artistry works best for aggressive, quick-witted men who have flaws that prevent them from becoming leaders of men (e.g., laziness, need for instant gratification, and so forth).

It's true that the men who take most quickly to the beauty of the neg are those who are already blessed by genetics with assertiveness and a quick wit, but all this means is that less-gifted men have to train harder to improve their lot with women. Like playing an instrument, it is possible for a man with sufficient practice to get better with women.

******

Dennis Mangan has a post up about game and social collapse. The comments section is ablaze. Take a look. I have been branded a desolate impact on civilization and a representative of the lowest moral order. *preen*

Here's a clue, chipmunk-cheeked conservatives: If you wish to change the behavior of men, you first must change the behavior of women. The penis parades to the pussy tune, not the other way around. Your chivalry and paeans to honor and duty do nothing but fuel the decline. Guys like me laugh at your sacrifice.

And for those who continue troubling themselves over the conceptually useful and reality-reflecting definitions of alpha male and beta male, let me help clear up the matter. Alpha/beta isn't a dichotomy. It's a gradation; an attractiveness bell curve that is somewhat weighted toward the left hand side due to women's propensity to "date up". There are plenty of betas who do manage to get laid and find a woman to marry, but the devil is in the details. As you go down the beta scale, you find more men shut out of hot sex with women in their salad days (teens and twenties) and settling later in life with used-up cougars-in-waiting. The further leftward you descend, the more involuntarily celibate lesser betas and omegas you'll see. The further rightward you ascend, the more happy alphas with their choice of poon dominate the sexual landscape.

******

On a more serious note, apparently Lady Laddie Gaga is a hermaphrodite. She gotta ween! Check it:

She's a man, baby! David Alexander: "It moved, Jerry."

The Power Of Game: From Hello To Kiss In Ten Minutes

CH · 19 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Nothing better illustrates the game-changing power of game than a real life, unscripted video of a guy using it on a girl he just met and making out with her within ten minutes. Watch this video and behold the future of the West:

I will now break down his game and how he was able to so effortlessly achieve what the mediocre masses of betas imagine is impossible.

0:08 He comes in at an angle so as not to activate her proximity bitch shield.

0:14 Direct opener. “Excuse me can I tell you something? I just saw you and I love your style.” Remember, direct openers should usually be followed with a neg or a similar disqualification to avoid insta-betatization.

0:20 Neg: “You don’t often see people dressed like you.” See how a neg works Conor Friedersdorf? It’s not an insult. It’s a sly backhanded compliment. Do try and keep up.

0:42 His first kino. (He grazes her belly with his fingertip.)

0:42 – 2:00 He makes small talk with her by appealing to her cultural pride. He builds a connection by talking about matrushka dolls and the fable of Anastasia. This would be a good time to point out that she is yet another naturally slender, cute Russian chick.

Body language update: Note how he gesticulates with lots of open palm gestures. This is designed to bypass her threat detection system. Important for daytime street game.

2:00 He asks her name. That’s two minutes in, not five seconds in like so many guys are apt to do.

2:50 She goes to shake his hand and he denies her in favor of a fist bump. Formality reframe. He is also able to get a lot of kino this way. Notice his hand on her upper arm at **3:05**.

3:32 When they shake hands he turns his hand over hers. Minor dominance signal.

3:45 He begins role playing. Note how he assumes the sale.

4:20 He coaxes a “preliminary kiss” out of her. This lowers her guard for the later makeout which will then seem normal to her.

4:40 He talks about his best friend, “an English girl named Sarah” he met, and how meeting her was similar to his meeting Masha now. Preselection and remote social proof.

5:02 “You seem like a nice friendly person.” — Sincere compliment, rapport building. “I’m a nice friendly person.” Tip: Giving a girl a sincere compliment is a slight DLV (demonstration of lower value), which is why he immediately tempers it with a somewhat cocky followup.

5:10 He begins disqualifying himself as a suitor. “If we met just now we could still be friends.” Disqualification short circuits a girl’s natural coyness.

5:00 – 6:00 He tells travel stories about himself. This is a low key demonstration of higher value.

6:30 He casually checks his phone in the middle of talking to her. This is a calculated game move. Alphas act distracted.

Body language update: He stands his ground well. He doesn’t fidget or alter his positioning on the sidewalk.

6:44 Major IOI. She strokes her hair while talking to him. I guarantee he took note of it.

7:10 She asks him about his cell phone interruptions, and he says “don’t worry about it” and continues gaming without further explanation. Solid dominance frame.

7:39 He touches her hair. Critical kino escalation.

7:55 Another major IOI from the girl. She asks him where he was going. The pickup is now his to lose.

8:05 He initiates number close sequence.

8:20 He holds his hands out, palm up. This is a move of vulnerability and openness to elicit accelerated feelings of comfort. Then he paces his future actions by telling her "I was going to do something crazy". Future pacing is a very specific game tactic.

8:37 "Don't be afraid of me". Big warm smile. "Do you feel afraid by just holding my hands?" By saying this he subliminally taps into every woman's desire for an unpredictable, possibly dangerous man.

8:42 "Do you know how to say it's like it's crazy for people to just kiss on the street?" Remember, logical coherent sentences are not required for gaming chicks. This is another example of reality pacing. By describing the world he's taking her into, she becomes more susceptible to following him.

8:50 "How cool would it be if we just kissed right now." He boxes her in. If she doesn't kiss him now, she's not cool.

9:00 "Just for a minute." Bam! Kiss close.

9:40 (40 seconds later) That wasn't a kiss close, it was a tonguedown close.

9:45 "Alright we'll try it again some other time." He doesn't linger. Crucial! Get her good and lubed and then LEAVE her wanting more.

9:52 She says "You'll promise you'll text me, right?" She's putty in his hands.

******

What a clinic. Nearly everything this guy did was a specifically designed game technique for the purpose of attracting women. This video has inspired me once again. Steady dating has sapped me of my motivation to hit on women. It's natural for a man to fall into a comfort zone; the secure, unjostled, placid existence of the relationship herb. The raging fire slowly flickers to a warm ember. Watching videos of pickups and friends game in real life whips the dying flames back into an inferno.

I write a lot about how game can strengthen relationships and marriages, but there is also a dark side to game. It gives men options. And options mean instability. A guy with tight game may just decide "working on the relationship" is a fool's errand, or worse, an act of beta supplication, and it's more fun anyhow to replace and renew with fresh pussy. Game should make all women very uncomfortable about their position in relationships, for a man with game will have the confidence, and the skills, to walk away on the flimsiest pretext knowing that an ocean of women is available to him. And nothing reinvigorates a man's soul like meeting, and making out with, brand spanking new girls on the sidewalk.

John Edwards Is Bringing Big Love Back

CH · 20 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In an ABSOLUTELY SHOCKING, *GASP*, I NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED development, chronic sleazeball liar alpha male John Edwards will admit paternity of his mistress Rielle Hunter's bastard child, and he's moving mistress and baby into a house in his neighborhood so he can watch over his harem take care of them.

> John Edwards will move the mother of his love child into his North Carolina neighborhood so he can help raise their 18-month-old baby, the National Enquirer reported Wednesday.
>
> The Enquirer also reported that Elizabeth Edwards, who is stricken with cancer, was furious when her husband told her of his parenting plans.

Furious, no doubt. But remember, this is the woman who stood by his side when he was apologizing so profusely for reaping the spoils of his alpha pull on women:

> Edwards adamantly denied during a confessional interview with ABC News last summer that he had fathered a child with Hunter, and he said he welcomed a paternity test. His wife, Elizabeth, has said while promoting her book that she doesn't know if her husband is the father.

Naturally, once the cancer ravages the last ounce of Elizabeth's life force, Johnny Lawyersleaze will need a pussy replacement pronto. Having Rielle so close ensures convenience of lovemaking.

Would you buy a car from this man?:

I'd love to see recent polls of John Edwards' favorability/approval ratings broken down by gender. Do a majority of women still give this guy the thumbs up? A significant minority? Bill Clinton certainly had the undying love of American feminists even while he was exercising his power over a 21 year old subordinate and oppressing her with the repeated thrustings of his patriarchal stogie.

This story crystallizes so many musings I've had. For instance, we now have proof that lying isn't immoral, but lying while beta is. Then there's the whole *de facto* polygamy angle, as amply illustrated by John Edwards' harem building.

How to change a monogamous culture into a polygamous retroparadise in three easy steps:

1. Give single women the right to vote.

2. Let simmer for a couple of generations while betas invent stuff that severs biological constraints from hypergamous impulse.
3. Medicate sexless drones with Xbox and xHamster.

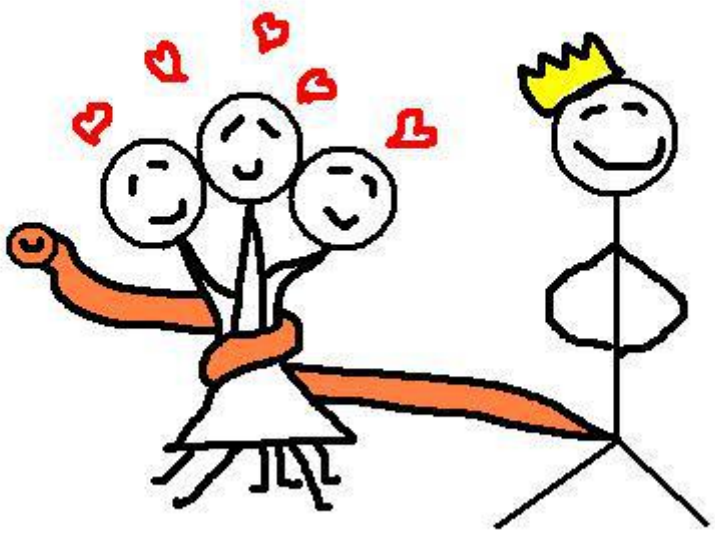
The cycle seems to go like this:

Enforced monogamy –> Emergent monogamy –> Civilization blossoms –> Emergent polygamy –> Enforced financial monogamy –> Decriminalization/Acceptance of polygamy –> Decivilization/Culling of excess betas –> Enforced monogamy (best case)/Reign of Chaos (worst case).

I believe this progression is unavoidable as long as human nature remains what it has been for millennia. Civilization has programmed self-destruction. Trying to stop or reverse this "bug" in the code is akin to redesigning the schema of evolution itself. The best you can hope for is that after the Great Culling there are enough sensible people left around to learn the lessons of past fools and to rebuild the edifice. On an individual level, for those born within the Great Culling the best answer is game if you want to make it out psychologically healthy and penilely satisfied on the other side. Or become a well-coifed Senator.

This reminds me of an admiring ode I previously wrote to John Edwards:

> John Edwards' wife lies for him knowing he was fucking and impregnating a new age whore while she lay in a hospital bed with cancer.
>
> Somewhere in America a dutiful beta husband was just served divorce papers and subsequent financial ruin for no reason he can discern except that he didn't excite his wife's loins anymore.
>
> People sometimes ask why I so deliberately and unapologetically act in my own self-interest and take what I want.
> Because I know the score.
> And you should too.



Sluts Are Not Less Discriminating

CH · 21 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We were drunk. Words we would later wish hadn't been spoken came tumbling forth.

HER: Amber got a fuckbuddy. She couldn't wait around forever for a boyfriend.

ME: What's forever? Ten minutes?

HER: There's nothing wrong with having a fuckbuddy.

ME: Have you ever had a fuckbuddy?

HER: I'm just saying there's nothing wrong with it!

ME: Holy crap, you've had fuckbuddies?!

HER: [open mouthed stare]

ME:

HER: [getting visibly nervous] What? I'm not saying *I've* had fuckbuddies.

ME: Jesus, are we talking double digits?

HER: Oh, like you're one to talk.

ME: [thinking about the girl with the purple saguaro] You know, vibrators were invented for those downtimes!

The next weeks were spent with me recalibrating the pseudovirginal goodness of my woman. Clearly I had missed some red flags. Then I wondered how widespread the fuckbuddy phenomenon was. I wistfully pondered my past conquests. Memories that were once bathed in divine light suddenly acquired a darker hue. Emily? Yep, she must have had a fuckbuddy at some point. Julia? A stable of fuckbuddies. Kim? Doubt she could even make it through the day without a cock buried to the hilt.

I give sluts a hard time when they attempt to redefine the terms of debate with sophistic pretty lies. No doubt they

do this because they know, deep down inside, that being a slut is gonna lower their value in the sexual market, and that's the value that matters most, because it resides at the core of all other values. Nonetheless, my glee at tearing apart the lies sluts tell themselves shouldn't be confused with animosity toward the sluttastic lifestyle. Sluts provide a valuable public service to guys like me — namely, a clearer path to sexual release. I also want to be able to identify them early on so I know to cross them off my potential girlfriend list, and to double up on the condoms.

There was a time, way back when I was a stripling, that I imagined a world full of slutty girls would be a boon for beta males. Experience with sluts has shown me otherwise. While they may be less discriminating in how often and how quickly they spread their legs, their rebuke of natural female restraint doesn't necessarily translate to a similar rebuke of choosiness. Bad news for the betas: Sluts are slutty, just not with you. Sluts share the same target acquisition system for the top 20% of males as all women do. Hypergamy uber alles.

Reader Tupac left this comment:

> Even if the women only garner a few pump-n-dumps out of such men, they are now keyed in on tenor, timber, warp and weft of the day-to-day life habits of such men and in so doing acquire a more finely honed radar for lesser men who don't "make the cut."

True. It may seem counterintuitive, but a loose, cavernous chick will often be *less* forthcoming with her sexual favors if the man she is with exhibits the tentative meekness of a beta.

Reader Arpagus:

> And thus it comes to pass that sluts tend to be *more* picky than women with few prior partners, in a kind of twisted paradoxical way. If you are beta, don't get your hopes up because a woman has had 80 sex partners. Someone with 5 is more likely to sleep with you, perhaps even a virgin.

Sluts may be pickier than chaste women about weeding out the betas, due to their spoiling from illusory experiences with alpha males, but they are far less modest within the circle of alphas for whom they readily part their furrows. That is why, when you hear a girl has racked up 80 partners, you should make the necessary qualification: She has racked up 80 alpha male partners who used her like a convenient sperm receptacle until something better came along.

Naturally, as you slide down the female attractiveness scale (but before you hit the 2s and below), you'll find more sluts, and sluts more willing to slum it with betas and omegas, because easy access to their wet holes is all they have left to barter. This explains the phenomenon of fat chicks getting more sex than hot slender babes. In response to someone's contention that fat girls have all the fun, I wrote the following comment over at the FeministX blog:

> more precisely, [fat chicks] are too busy getting pumped and dumped. fat chicks have higher cock counts because in their desperation to snag a loyal boyfriend they open their thunder thighs for all and sundry hoping the easy access will win a man's heart. the higher value women can afford to be more discriminating.

There's more bad news for betas hoping to drain their blue balls in sluts. Not only are sluts more apt to restrict their no muss no fuss sexual favors to high(er) status men, they find it harder to emotionally bond with men, particularly men who are lower status than the highest status men they fucked. This isn't entirely the sluts' fault. If blame is to be placed, it should go equally to the alpha males who occasionally dumpster dive with less attractive women. There is no surer way to raise a woman's hopes of winning a high quality boyfriend than to have an alpha seduce her for a night, give her the hottest sex she's had in years, and then leave in the morning and not call back for weeks. Once a woman has had that faint hope instilled in her, she can go months or even years rejecting more suitable beta males in favor of pining forlornly for that one alpha male who will certainly, she tells herself, come around and decide she's a catch worthy of commitment. And the sluttier she has been, the more fly-by-night alpha males she'll have

lodged in her memory to pine over.

A few years of getting her heart broken again and again, and even the most romantically idealistic slut will turn crassly cynical. And cynicism is the venom that slowly clots the lifeblood of love.

Interestingly, this is further proof that female obesity, just as much as the other factors I've written about, has heavily (heh) skewed the mating market against the interests of the average man. Not only does a growing mass (double heh) of fat women result in fewer acceptable partners for men and thus more intense competition for the remaining thin babes, but the fatties have likely poisoned their ability to bond with men because of their history of getting pumped and dumped by promiscuous alphas.

The fate of America may very well hinge on getting her women to push away from the table.

Jealousy

CH · 24 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Damian and I were out with a mixed group. One of the girls got very drunk on martinis (fast action truth serum) and pulled Damian aside for what I thought was the beginning of making beautiful music together. Later that night, Damian announced he was going home alone, and the rest of us were left with the job of escorting the drunk girl back to her urban single woman's hovel, distinguished as they all are by mass quantities of pillows, toiletries, and shoes. Along the way, she mumbled "I just want to get laid before leaving town. How hard is it for a girl to get laid in this town?! By the way, what's wrong with Damian?"

I though maybe Damian's same night lay attempt had gone awry, that perhaps his game had gotten rusty, but no that wasn't it. This girl was primed for his pistola, all he needed to do was say "I'll take you home" and victory was his, and yet he beat a hasty retreat. She wasn't bad looking, she had a nice ass, and she was leaving town for good in a couple of weeks. Christ, it's like handing the pussy over on a platter, and garnishing it with an industrial-sized bottle of KY.

The next morning, I called Damian for an explanation as to why he violated the foremost single man's honor-bound duty –

Never look a gift pussy in the labia.

– and he gave me his reason.

ME: What were you thinking? That was yours for the taking.

DAMIAN: First of all, I wasn't attracted to her.

ME: Dude, she wasn't bad looking. Definitely within your historical sphere of acceptability. She had a nice ass.

DAMIAN: I'm dating two other women, I've got nothing to prove. Plus, she was drunk, yapping like a chihuahua, and saying weird annoying shit.

ME: Like what?

DAMIAN: She found out through your girl that I'm going on a date with that Chinese girl XXXX. Then she started freaking out. [Imitating whiny nasally Jewish woman voice] "Whyyy? Why are you going out with an Asian girl? Is it because Asian girls are submissive? Do you want a submissive woman?"

ME: Wow. Awkward.

DAMIAN: Yeah, it was a turn-off. She kept it up for a while. Demanding explanations why I was interested in an Asian girl. I just wanted to get away.

ME: Her inner demons came streaming out. Must've been the martinis. Still, you could've just put cotton in your ears and gotten the bang. There's a larger principle at stake.

DAMIAN: There's a larger principle all right — getting a good, quiet night's sleep!

***

Yet another amusing, and cringingly awful, DC dating escapade. The great thing about multiple martinis is that it's one of the few elixirs that is capable of aligning a girl's actual thoughts with the words coming out of her mouth. Never listen to what a girl says… unless she's sucking down her ninth dirty olive.

It's now my belief that most white women harbor a deep distrust, even jealousy, for Asian women. They see the Asian girl, like they see foreign women fresh off the boat, as competitors for the white men they have come to expect will bow and scrape before their precious white American vaginas. This jealousy contrasts sharply with the indifference they feel towards black and latino women taking their white men. The Asian woman occupies a special

place in the mind of white women — with her neotenous features, softer skin, natural slenderness, and purported submissiveness the Asian girl comes armed with a fully operational arsenal of femininity that can bust through the deepest white woman's bunker. And while most Asian girls who cross the racial Rubicon wind up with big galoot white herbs (see: Hope) or squishy pudding pop betas who look like Conor Friedersdorf, the impact on the white woman's psyche is nearly the same as if the Asian women were taking all the alpha white men; namely, they sense their bargaining power in the sexual market is being undercut by a worthy foe.

Speculative stroll: The martini girl in this story was Jewish. Does the fact that Asian women possess intellectual firepower and educational attainment almost the equal of Jewish women cause the latter to feel particularly antagonistic toward them? You be the judge.

Stop Worrying About Giving Women Orgasms

CH · 25 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We all know from endless studies and surveys that women have a more difficult time than men achieving orgasm during sex. Many theories have been put forward to explain this mystery, and even to explain why the female orgasm exists in the first place since it's not necessary like the male orgasm is for procreation. Upsuck theory (women cum when their bodies want to "vacuum up" an alpha male's seed), bonding theory (female orgasm releases hormones that bonds women to their partners), and mate assessment theory (alpha males don't hurry love) all sound plausible, but perhaps the answer to the mystery of the inconsistent female orgasm is a lot more banal than any of those exotic theories. It might be that women who were born with their clits closer to their lips have an easier time cumming than women whose clits are a long ways off from their vaginas.

So if your woman has a clitoris-vagina distance (C-V distance) less than 2.5 centimeters, she's going to think you're the best lover in the world, no matter how much you smell like ass *(link sent by Randall Parker)*:

> [S]imple physiology may have a lot to do with orgasm ease — specifically, how far a woman's clitoris lies from her vagina.
>
> That number might predict how easily a woman can experience orgasms from penile stimulation alone — without help from fingers, toys or tongue — during sexual intercourse.
>
> In fact, there's even an easy "rule of thumb," Wallen says: Clitoris-vagina distances less than 2.5 cm — that's roughly from the tip of your thumb to your first knuckle — tend to yield reliable orgasms during sex. More than a thumb's length? Regular intercourse alone typically might not do the trick.

How funny that all the rending of garments by men and women over how to please women in bed might come down to a simple matter of the woman being born with the luck of a short C-V distance. This explanation is so unsexy, but it has the advantage of absolving men of any responsibility for bringing their lovers to orgasm.

"You came already?? But I wasn't finished!"

"Honey, blame your parents for your large C-V distance. Now be quiet, I'm trying to get some sleep."

Personally, I haven't noticed any commonalities among the easily orgasmic women I've been with, other than that younger women tend to be better lubed and quicker to cum than older women. (Older = 30+). I've been fortunate (or extremely skilled) that most of the women I've banged had no trouble reaching orgasm. It's too bad I didn't know about C-V distance before, because my natural curiosity for all things beyond the pale would have compelled me to eyeball my exes' C-Vs while going down on them. I'm pretty sure one of my Russian exes had the shortest C-V in history, if premature vaj juice expulsion is any indication.

The theory of C-V distance does beg the question — why did women evolve variable C-V distances? Why aren't all women equipped with short C-V distances and free flowing orgasms? Maybe like other variable traits, evolution has thrown a mix of C-Vs into the female population to fill niche ecosystems. Perhaps women with larger C-Vs make better long term partners and mothers because they aren't being tempted to pursue orgasmic release with every high value guy they see.

I do have some observations about women and their orgasms.

- Every woman has her unique "finishing position" which she favors for bringing herself to completion. They will want to revert to this position when they feel a big O is nearing the bend. There is no generalization that can be made about the finishing position, except that these positions tend to squeeze the woman's box tighter. For some women, the finishing position is on top. For others, it's ankles behind ears. Still others (likely those women who get off on the submissive aspect of lovemaking) favor doggy style for the cunt de grace.

- An experienced man can usually tell when a woman is having a real orgasm. The gina contractions and facial tics don't lie.
- If you date a squirter, you will always know if she's faking. Have towels handy.
- Moaning is highly variable. Some women tense up and go completely silent at the moment of little death. Others cry out to their god ("I'm right here watching over you, babe").
- I once dated a woman whose clit was tiny. I could barely find it. She was only capable of orgasm through intercourse. Licking and fingering did nothing for her. She said the inside of her vagina was very sensitive. I took this to mean that she had a well-developed G Spot, which made it easier for her to cum from sex. I verified this when I stuck my finger up there and felt a large, ridged swatch of skin on her anterior vaginal wall.
- I have faked an orgasm with women a few times in my life. Yes, ladies, men do it too. Sometimes we're bored of the endless pounding. Or you're not that hot.

I have a suggestion for men who want to make their frigid bitches cum. UNLUBED SEX. Yep, don't wait for her to mist up, just shove your dry rod in by surprise. The friction created by the intense pain of sandpaper sex will force her clit closer to her labia, thus providing exceptional stimulation. Many tears of love will flow afterwards.

A Sad Day For America: Ted Kennedy Is Dead

CH · 26 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's a sad day. Ted Kennedy, lion of the left, has passed from this world. A vibrant melting pot of Americans of every persuasion mourn the loss, and hope to carry on his ideals in their own lives.

I, too, shed a tear. With a lump in my throat, I have written a deeply felt eulogy for Senator Kennedy. Pardon the hastily penned thoughts, but the words came spilling out of me like a deluge.

******

You, Senator Kennedy, are the slime and detritus of fish shit and flotsam that collects on the stones sitting at the bottom of the Chappaquiddick brine.

You, Senator Kennedy, are the bloated fermented sack of pestilent traitorous lying filth who helped pass the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965 that in its effects has been a *de facto* genocide by another name against America's majority and soon to be minority native sons and daughters, and from which calamitous effects you have spent a lifetime hypocritically barricading yourself behind the safe gates of lily white oases.

You, Senator Kennedy, are the greasy smegma that rings the pustuled, syphilitic cockhead of a piss and shit-stained gutter bum washed up on our streets with the help of an unlimited supply of family reunification visas.

You, Big Fat Fuck Ted, are a genuine American Traitor, brazenly disloyal to the American people while blindingly loyal to your twisted, fetid equalist ideology, and who should be thankful a blessed cancer ate your brain to mush instead of a hangman's noose breaking your neck in the public square.

You, Kennedy scion, are an Avatar of the Great Lie, a repugnant purveyor of damnable falsehoods. The people of Massachusetts shame themselves in endlessly returning you to office.

Benedict Arnold commends you.

MS-13 laughs at you.

And I, Dear Dead Leader, do the happy dance over the gravesite of your lousy rotting corpse.

Rest In Torment, fucker.

(and people wonder why I stay anonymous.)

Your Girlfriend's Friends Are Your Enemy

CH · 26 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a helpful tip for all the men out there: If your girlfriend starts spending a lot of time with her girl friends, and begins speaking of them in glowing terms, you are being slandered. Count on it. This is how girls bond.

When you first begin dating a girl you'll notice that she's all too happy to build a connection with you on the backs of her girl friends. Her cattiness will be a sound to behold. If the world were a scratching post, women would be shredding it to its solid inner core. Knowing this compulsion for betrayal amongst women, you can capitalize by joining her in the robust disparagement. She will appreciate your sympathy and you'll instill that good old-fashioned co-conspirator feeling in her.

Where it gets tricky is when suddenly, one day, she tells you about the great time she had last night drinking til all hours with her BFF Bitches-a-Lot. Recalling that BFF Bitches-a-Lot is the same friend your girlfriend informed you last week was a skank ho, you inquire as to whether Bitches-a-Lot's skank ho-dom made an appearance last night. Now pay attention to her answer. Does your girlfriend laugh at your roguery and basically agree with you? You're in the clear. Or does she patronizingly chide you for saying such horrible things, and then wax eloquently about how wonderful a friend BFF Bitches-a-Lot really is to her?

If the latter, you, my good man, were last night's scratching post. Your girlfriend and Bitches-a-Lot renewed their BFF love over your moldering carcass. Caustic bean spilling and thinly veiled innuendo were served last night, and you were the main dish. Your dog was the garnish.

Never EVER trust a circle of happy girl friends. If you see a sly smile on your girlfriend's friend's face, know that they spent last night cackling over what a buffoon you are, and, if the BFF's white-hot jealousy breached the conversational etiquette, snidely insinuating that you are:

1. an unrepentant player
2. a man ho
3. selfish
4. an asshole
5. likely cheating
6. bad boyfriend material and
7. leaving tremendous logs in the toilet.

Who cares if all the above are true? The point is that as a man you shouldn't tolerate saboteurs in your girlfriend's ranks attempting to disrupt the good thing you've got going on. Single, overweight BFF's are your absolute worst enemy, because their bitterness at being single and fat will only be assuaged by the cathartic release of wrecking your relationship with your girlfriend. Idle vaginas are the devil's playthings. A single, fat BFF wants nothing more in life than the company of misery.

Unfortunately, there is not much a man can do *directly* to avoid the machinations of bitter BFFs. Stay a powerful alpha force in your girlfriend's life, and she'll humor her friends' dangerous gossip games. It helps to remind yourself that a woman will never leave a man she loves based on the poison words of even her bestest BFFs.

If you want to be more proactive, an effective counterattack is shame. Women may have a bag full of shit tests and impenetrable bitch shields, but a rip roaring public shaming will bring them to their knees. The next time you are out with your girlfriend and her friends, casually ask the bitterest BFF how her dating life is going. Nod sympathetically as you mention how tough dating in this city can be for those of you who are very picky, and then tell her a good man who can appreciate her *interesting* personality is right around the corner. Remind her that when you were single, you got to catch up on a lot of hobbies, like kite flying and antique shopping. Hide your

smirk.

Email From Mystery

CH · 27 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I received an email von Markovic (the pickup artist who goes by the pseudonym Mystery) in response to this post I wrote. I can't vouch for the authenticity of the email, but the writing style and splendid vanity on display do sound like Mystery's voice. I won't reveal the email address from which this was sent in the interest of privacy. Anyhow, this stuff is kind of insider-y, so if it bores you you can go over to Andrew Sullivan's blog and read about Beta of the Month Candidate Conor Friedersdorf's continued fascination with game and yours truly.

> Several points of your article are in err.
>
> 1. The mother is not, nor has she ever been, a stripper. She has been in Maxim UK tho. I continue to offer monthly seminars on picking up hired guns which include exotic dancers (and Maxim models).
>
> 2. My daughter is not yet 3, to speak of her getting sarged is in bad taste, hell it puts a shit taste in my mouth. Her continued privacy (safety) is my priority. Please refrain from playing with shit.
>
> 3. Deadbeat dad talk: it's as if you have never met me yet speak as if you have. She lives in England with mom yes – close to family. I lived there around the time of my London bootcamp, then traveled to Toronto with them so we could all spend family time there for a couple weeks – we roasted marshmellows with my brother, sister, mother, etc. Then baby and mom returned to the UK while I did my SF bootcamp, LA bootcamp, some pitch meetings for a couple new shows, and a thing for comedy central. I move into my new place in the Hollywood Hills Sept 1. Mom and baby move 30 min. away with nanny (a gay guy) in a month. It's difficult to be away from my daughter for sometimes weeks or more at a time. We video-skype to stay close – like living in the future. I do not live with mom presently, tho I'm having them living much closer to me.
>
> 4. My hair is gorgeous!
>
> 5. My nails look fine. Never had nail fungus, this is plain silly. Haven't painted my nails black in a couple months tho I reserve the right to do so in the future. Or maybe even red.
>
> 6. Matador's hair: yeah he's had work done: he highly recommends the technology to those students who would benefit from it. Saying wig? Looks like someone wants his face punched in by a man bigger, stronger, and with more wealth than you.
>
> Preselected: When I say I understand women (a mother, older sister, two nieces, a daughter), it means I get it. I get it.
>
> Leader of men: don't worry, while Matador would press you through the floor, I'm the guy in his ear saying, don't do it he's not worth it.
>
> Protector of loved ones: my daughter is not yet 3. Keep her out of your marketing in the future please. What movie is, "fuck with my daughter and I kill you" from?
>
> Willingness to emote: I'm hurt by your silly comments. As if I'd never read them personally. Such time spent will preclude you from playing with the big kids.
>
> Successful risk taker: I may take risks with my career (notice the operative word: successful), but never with my daughter. She is safe and happy. Where did you come up with your conclusions?! Nail fungus? Deadbeat dad?
>
> All this aside, pleasure to meet another person interested in the PUA. Mystery.
>
> What do I do with the text I wrote, send it just to you or send it to my double opt in mailing list? I wonder how big the list is today.
>
> Mystery – Sent from My iPhone.

I don't know if he meant it, but for some reason I found his email really humorous, and even touching in a twisted way. It's over the top, it's all over the place, it's… an emotionally charged powerhouse. Some of his points are strange (nail fungus?) but I think he was responding to comments left by my mischievous readers.

I would just add that, yes, you do have gorgeous hair, Mystery. And whatever Matador had done to his hair, it's a work of art. Maybe he should shill for his hair restoration doc. Also, any pressing through the floor that Matador wishes to do should be redirected to superomega David Alexander. A good, solid pounding (face, not ass) would be the best thing for DA.

I don't have any future marketing plans, but sometimes I wish I did. Rest assured, any marketing will not involve your daughter. 3-year-olds and moms wouldn't be my target audience.

PS I highly recommend that all the new and befuddled readers who are coming from sites like Larry Auster's and who seem to fall on the traditional conservative (read: beta) side of the ideological spectrum get up to speed by reading Mystery's seminal work on the science and art of game. You may also want to read Magic Bullets by Savoy. Then maybe you'll be equipped to discuss matters for which you seem to have zero understanding to date.

PPS On a personal note, Mystery is of my generation. We grasped the nature of women about the same time in our lives. For this reason, I feel a sort of kinship with him and his mission in life.

500 Days Of Beta

CH · 28 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I got dragged by a chick to see the movie *500 Days of Summer*……. ah, alright the truth is I wanted to see it too, not least of which because Zooey Deschanel is such a doll, thereby making up for her lack of range as an actress.

I thought the movie would be a clever indie riff on the typical rom-com, but it turned out to be the usual insufferable paeon to the righteously inscrutable whimsy of women and the ingratiating helplessness of the beta male, leavened with a gimmicky forward and backward calendar hopping effect. The lead male character, Tom, played self-pityingly by Joseph Gordon-Levitt, is the culmination of thousands of generations of beta males distilled into one uber beta. Every time he was on screen, I wanted him to get gang raped by a horde of fokken Prawn. Instead, he just goes on his merry beta way the entire length of the movie. Luckily for him, he is good-looking in that nonthreatening way that appeals to weirdo chicks, so he snags quality pussy despite himself. Had his character looked like the typical guy his crippling betaness would have meant involuntary celibacy.

Here is a partial list of the repellent beta things Tom did:

- He spends weeks pining for Deschanel's character, Summer, before making a pseudo-backasswards-move. Game principle violated: The 3 second rule.
- He peers over his cubicle wall at Summer (she's the admin at his office) like a creepy stalker. If he was a fat, balding old guy this behavior would get him slapped with a sexual harassment suit. Game principle violated: Everything.
- His first "date" with her is with a group of co-workers at a karaoke joint. Game principle violated: Avoiding LJBF territory.
- After karaoke night, they are drunk and Summer makes an *obvious* girl-style move on him — that is, she gives him the veiled opportunity to grab her and kiss her right there. But he misses all the cues and takes her beta bait, agreeing that it would be great to be her friend. Game principles violated: Escalation. Recognition of IOIs.
- In the copy room, she makes the first move and kisses him. Game principle violated: Being a leader.
- Somehow, they wind up in her apartment and bang, though the viewer is left not really knowing why she decided to go for it. Game principles violated: Relying on your cutesy emo youthfulness to get any action from women. Obtaining the inaugural bang on her turf.
- Tom daydreams about Summer constantly. Game principle violated: One-itis.
- He blubbers incessantly to his friends and < Wise Latina voice > Wise Little Sister < / Wise Latina voice > about his love for Summer and how to win her back after she dumps him. Game principles violated: Pedestal-ization. Toolery.
- When Summer dumps him in the diner, he is shellshocked. Game principle violated: Always keep two in the kitty.
- After the ignominious dumping, Tom spends months in a deep blue funk, flagellating himself and bringing everyone around him down. Game principle violated: Irrational self-confidence. Alpha philosophy violated: Interchangeability of women.
- Summer invites Tom to a party she's hosting. Tom arrives filled to the brim with expectations that Summer will fall in love with him again, and, in what was the cleverest part of the movie, a split screen shows Tom's expectations clashing with reality. At the party, Tom sees a fat diamond on Summer's finger and realizes she is engaged. He sees the fiancee across the room, and then runs out of the party, his soul tormented, his penis shriveled. Run, Beta, run! Game principle violated: How to win back an ex-girlfriend. Alpha philosophy violated: Substituting wishful thinking for reality.

- While pining for Summer, Tom's Wise Little Sister tells him to try and remember all the bad times in his short-lived relationship with her. Tom then gets all hindsightful, and recalls in crystal clear clarity what he couldn't see when it was staring him in the face — namely, all the red flags Summer was planting in his ass. Like the way she dropped his hand first when they were holding hands, or the way she stopped giggling at his mincing hipsterly jokes, or the increasing frequency with which she told him she was "busy that night". Naturally, this awakening shakes Tom out of his depression. Game principle violated: LTR management. Alpha philosophy violated: Unerring grasp of women's nature.

It's possible the director intended his movie to be a subversive precautionary tale for men — act like this guy and you'll be a loser in love — but I think it likelier that the movie's point was to serve as a nostalgic wallowing for hopeless romantics (you know, the kind of guy who describes himself as a feminist and is always ready to hoist his latest lust object onto a gilded pedestal) and the *c'est la vie* wing of the aggro-emo feminized buttplugging beta masses. Case in point: Tom never changes his stripes and never understands how he fucked up. The overriding message of the movie is: Hey man, sometimes love hurts. And chicks are mysterious forces who want what their hearts want, so there's nothing you can do about it except dance to their tune.

Give this movie to me and I would have had a mentor teach Tom the fine art of sacking up, blessed him with some game and LTR tips, and informed him of the bestial nature of women. Then the movie would have been re-titled *5 Days of Summer*, because Summer would have run crying from the room after she found Tom boffing her hotter best friend.

Chicks Dig Jerks: A Series

CH · 31 August 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Some men and most women are so afraid of facing the truth about the gina tingle that even when the evidence is slapping them in the face you will hear them say things like “Oh, women don’t *really* want assholes. They want niceguys who are confident and strong.”

Weasel words. Exhibit A: Love letters from women to death row inmates. Let’s take a latesummer’s jaunt through some of these declarations of undying love for men who have stabbed, shot, strangled, raped, disemboweled, chopped up, tortured, violated in sundry horrific ways, and otherwise demonstrated many qualities of the “confident and strong” man with their unfortunate victims.

> It happened to me and I am considered the most level headed person going (apparently) and then people decided I lost my mind! But I wouldn’t swap my man for the world. Sometimes you just have to take a chance! What have you got to lose? I doubted my feelings at first, I just figured it would be another complication for him, and for me. But now, we are as happy as can be. You could find love on the outside, but would you be any better off? Any man can betray a woman and vice versa, but it the love you find is real, it will stand everything that lies ahead. I know my guy could be there for the next got knows how many years, before/if execution comes. But I will be with him all the way, and I will be there if/when he dies. Grab any happiness you can. I was married for several years, and my husband turned out to be a pretty useless liar – he got caught! But with my guy, I have found a person who is so completely on my level, I never thought I could find this, but I did and I am always by his side! Just be careful, some are charmers, some are just looking for kicks, but some are genuine and need loving. If you don’t have experience of death row apart from this guy, then just heed that warning. I have been involved with D[eath]R[ow] for a good 10 years, and I have learned alot, both good and bad. But if you really feel it is right, then just go for it and enjoy it:thumbsup:
>
> ******

> It took months, for me to find to the word for what I had been feeling since only a few weeks after I began to write a death row inmate. I only told him yesterday; the word that had escaped me was intimacy. Not intimate as in physical touch or sex, but truly intimate. The two of us almost seem to live within eachother. We know eachother in a way noone else has ever known either of us. He says that I scare the hell out of him, because it is as if I can see through to his soul. I feel the same with him, he knows and understands all.
>
> ******

> To the love of my life, my baby and husband forever, my Randy…love you baby, always ‘n’ ever, Merry Christmas and Happy Chanukah!!! Can’t wait ’til he’s home with me one day…and we can have our beautiful babies together. [Editor: Great, just what society needs.] Merry Christmas to all you ladies also, all of us who have this bond because of where our men are :(, Lou, Kyla, Babealicious, rosita, and Kris…I am praying for us all and for our men, that they all know how much we love them and that they will all be off the row one day and home with us, where they belong. □ Love ya’ll. Happy Holidays.

Someone on the forum asked what everyone’s loved one did to get on death row. This is how one woman answered:

> Capital murder is the only thing someone can be sentenced to death for. My husband was only an accomplice, he didn’t commit the crime he was so unjustly sentenced for. I however do not feel like anyone should ask that question in the “loving a death row inmate” forum, but that is just my opinion.

Yes, best to ignore that 800 pound bloodthirsty monster in the room. I'd imagine women who love death row inmates are exceptionally skilled at rationalizing away unpleasant realities. A common theme among the letters is how many women protest their lovers are innocent, and how wrong it is of the state to "kill people who kill people to prove that killing people is wrong?????:angry:" [actual forum comment].

More love notes for killer blokes:

> Wow… I came into here cuz I wondered how women of lifers are like? Now I know. They're full of compassion and patience enough to share with everyone here and over there and with their men. It's amazing how some of you stand by your man and not have a divorce within first 5 years of incarceration. Amazing! I could just cry by just thinking how you endure that! Wow… Also, it seems like intimate loved ones of livers could tolerate celibacy. How? Wow… I just KNEW that love DOES exist without the necessity of sex, I just wanted to see the words of those women with my own eyes. Now I know that type of love does exist… unconditionally. □ God B-L-E-S-S all of you special people! Smile. And I cried the another day several months ago…

Women would rather endure years of celibacy and separation in the faint hope that their death row lovers will be released, than go on a date with a law-abiding beta in the outside world.

> I got my first letter from my new friend on DR…I have to admit I was a little timid but when I read his first letter all those feelings went away..He is so nice, friendly, and really warm. He was so happy to get my letter…I must say that I am really looking forward to getting to know him.

A lot of death row love affairs start with the woman writing a letter to one of the inmates. Why do so many women feel compelled to write tender, inquisitive heartfelt notes to killers in prison instead of writing to Nathaniel Schnerdling the accountant who lives across the street? After reading my blog, you now know the answer.

> Well…I am not sure what to say or how to say it…I guess I'm just feeling really overwhelmed…and I'm afraid this is something he can't help me with…he doesn't know how things feel from my side…I'm hoping that someone can give me some words of wisdom…
>
> Here is a man on death row…that I am head over heels for…and things get more and more intense with each letter and now phone calls…He told me last night that I was his everything. Which means so much more than saying "i love you"…and I am losing it…
>
> Since the beginning he told me that he appreciated me because I had these two worlds My world and Our world…in our world I am his and he is mine…and in my world I go about my day to day life…studying, dating, going out, etc…and I used to be so good at seperating the two…the problem is the closer we get the more time I want to spend in "our" world…not that I am going out less or that school is suffering….more that I have no interest in anyone else…

A well-known game tactic is the "Our World" routine, where you build rapport with a woman by describing how there are two worlds, the outside world where the girl interacts with her humdrum daily life of work, school, friends, etc., and "our world" where both of you share a secret bond and the rules of society don't apply. It would seem natural born killers are also natural born seducers.

> I Can't Say How I Met Him
> We Grew Up Together.
> I Can't Say When I Loved Him
> It Just Always Has Been.
> Ican't Say What Happened

> To Put Him Where He Is.
> I Only Know I Love Him,
> Simply Because He Is.
> He Is My Best Friend
> The Reason Why I Smile.
> He Is The One I Love
> And Have For Quite Awhile.
> No, He Isn't Perfect…
> I'm Not Asking Him To Be.
> He Is Simply On Death Row
> And Means The World To Me.

Somewhere in America, a girl just received a poem from an idealistic young beta and shared it with her girlfriends for laughs.

> I just had to share this with all my friends at PTO. I have a very dear friend on Polunsky Unit, in Texas, and I just recieved the most amazing package from him I have ever seen. I am going to try and get a picture of this artwork to put up.
>
> To any people that see these men as monsters, I just wish that you could feel and see what I am feeling and seeing today. It cost him over $30 to send this package to Australia.
>
> It is a beautiful picture of Indian art, past present and future, and I am one that loves Indian artwork, but I have never seen so much detail and beauty in this.
>
> The other is a painting he did of some roses, and the details are perfect with that painting as well. He painted and sketched them for me :). It isnt normal paper either, its proper artwork stuff. (his level one).
>
> I am just so excited I had to share. I feel the luckiest person alive today, having such a dear friend in my life, that took time out to show how much he appreciates me as a friend.

These men aren't monsters. Look, he painted roses on higher quality paper!

> I have a question (no Im not getting married), I was just curious. When you marry a man on death row, that is already there, and the visits are non contact, do they give you time to be together, so you can at least touch, like a hug and a kiss. Its just something I have always been curious about.

I wonder if Half Sigma would consider death row weddings prole?

> Charles made me a beautiful home made card with a neclace on a rope with a little tube of his hair in it. □ It was just so nice to have something thats a part of him, It just made my day. he said i cant send him my hair, doesnt seem fair:(
>
> ******

> I just got my phone bill in!! My guy was moved from Polunsky to county, and of course it is GREAT cause he has phone access, DAILY, not the every 90 days to call me. The calls are $52 a call □ He is so worth it though, but I could of flown over there and visited him in county by the time these calls all hit my bill.
>
> What love does to us all □ He is so worth it though □ Now he will be on a limit, cause I will have to prepay the calls. □ On the other hand though, I should enjoy it, because he will be back to every 90 days again after he is done in county. Ummm, but then I will be broke. □
> Its so hard to say I cant accept (I wouldnt do that anyway). Just to hear his voice on the other end for 15

> minutes, going HEY SWEETIE!!

Women will go broke for the men they love. Remember that the next time you're tempted to buy a girl a drink.

> Well I haven't had a phone call in a couple days, no mail either… then today I get his letter that he's in the hole. :angry: Sometimes this is so frustrating. As if we aren't limited enough already, now we are limited even more. I haven't been able to talk to him this week so I don't even know the reason behind it. From what I hear they are on it right now, sending guys to the hole left & right. He has no food (except their daily meals) they took all his personal things and it will be 2 weeks before he gets it back… so in the mean time he is staring at the walls, hungry, and going crazy… which makes me crazy knowing he's crazy… does the maddness ever stop???
>
> ….breathe…
>
> ******

> I never, ever would have imagined that I'd fall so deeply in love with him when I first began corresponding with him. But now that it's happened, I cannot deny it. I have come to love him deeply over the past few months and he feels the same about me. Our souls are intertwined. I want to freely love this man and give him my heart. Yet, at the same time I am scared that I will hurt him down the line. I'm scared that I won't be able to give him what he needs. I'm scared that I'm just not strong enough to do this. I question why I would fall in love with someone that I will never be able to share my life with in a conventional way, someone that I will never be able to fall asleep with, come home to at the end of the day, or even kiss.

How sweet!

> I have been writing a DR inmate for a significant period and really felt we had a deep bond, a sincere and close friendship. Recently our dynamic evolved from platonic to flirtatious. We both acknowledged this and mutually confirmed to each other that there may be something special developing between us. He wanted us to become closer yet I was very conflicted about whether to explore it or not as I have never been involved with a man who is incarcerated so I have infinite issues with this which are intensified by him being on DR.
>
> The ultimate fear was obviously the possibility that he may be executed and the unbearable agony of watching my lover die like that. Did I want to allow myself to fall in love with him knowing this could be our tragic fate?

The woman who wrote the above (which I excerpted from a longer posting) sounded of well above average intelligence.

> today i found his updated ad in VOICES FROM INSIDE ,I am very sad because some months ago he told me that he did not have any ad online .im agree that he can write other pen pals .the only think ,i can not accept, is that he lied to me i have supported him in anyway i could but now i dont know how to behave:confused:

A death row inmate lied to you? Shocked, I am!

> I just want to say that I have been "lurking" here for awhile. I am so excited to have found this site. When I am reading the posts here, I finally felt normal. I am very much in love with a man on death row. I have explained this situation repeatedly to my friends and family. Some of them have suggested that I have lost my mind. I am 28 years old and have a very good job. I am attractive and lead a very stable life. I have several non romantic pen pals on death row but then I met him. I have found my perfect match in every way. We have more in common than most people would believe. My friends have pointed out all that I would be giving up. BUT I already have a beautiful nine year old daughter and due to my career I was never planning to have anymore

> children so in that respect I am not missing out. I would much rather be with the correct person in a tough situation than with the wrong person in a comfortable situation. I may only be 28 years old but trust me when I say that I have faced more challenges than some people will face in a lifetime. I have found the person that I love and while it's only been about six months, it feels like so much longer. I know that this relationship will be tough but he is able to call me each time he comes out of his cell, the calls are not collect as they are able to use phone cards and we write every single day. I am so in love with this man. Hearing the joy in his voice when we talk is so wonderful. He makes me feel very special and for once I know that someone is not with me because I am "hot". He sees my heart and in return I see his. Sorry this is very long but I just wanted to say thank you for posting on this site and giving me a sense of acceptance in a world full of extremely judgemental individuals.

Doubters and feminists will claim that only low class, ugly women would fall for killer men. Oh, really?

This "Loving a Death Row Inmate" forum is ripe for righteous trollery. I'd log in under a female pseudonym (something similarly cutesy as the other female forum members, like "unicorngirlrainbowflyer") and talk about how my lover wanted me to join him in slowly torturing and killing a teenage virgin, and then eating the victim's heart together to seal our pact of eternal love, and how the thought makes me cry and orgasm like I've never orgasmed with any other man. I wonder how many sympathetic ears I would get?

Reader Arpagus wrote in response to the Death Row Lovers forum:

> I have never seen so passionate declarations of love. Wish I could be loved like that. Being on death row obviously trumps everything else you could ever imagine would attract women. What we call game is nothing compared to this.
>
> Even where there is no death penalty, killers are on the top of the food chain. There is a trial here now against a man for killing three people, including a pregnant woman. He got a female guard to enter a personal ad for him, resulting in 84 replies. 16 were already married and 30 sent nude pictures of themselves. Some were journalists, yes, but he he has more than enough real loving pussy left to live happily ever after.

Scott Peterson was on death row barely an hour when he received his first marriage proposal from a female fan. Do all women love convicted killers? No, but the sheer volume and intensity of sexual attention lavished on death row inmates tells us something very valuable about the deepest, sincerest desires of the female heart. And that something is quite discomfiting, indeed.

Whle Smart Sassy Susie the DC Lawyer Chick may balk at the idea that she would ever tingle in the gina for a death row inmate, the truth is that she is not so far removed from the women who do fall in love with killers. Her separation from those other women is a separation of degree, not kind. For every woman who writes love poems to cold-blooded killers, there are one hundred women whose hearts beat fast for an asshole who cheats, a jerk who lies, or an alpha who dominates.

The id monster holds dominion over us all, now and evermore.

The Perfect Answer To "I Have A Boyfriend"

CH · 1 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

After Zeets' barbarous romp through the SWPL cookout of the year, the Asian girl in attendance decided she couldn't get enough of his Conanical brusqueness and the two of them went on a date a month later. Before the date, Zeets was informed by various palace guards and court whisperers that the Asian girl had a semi-serious boyfriend. This didn't stop him.

ME: How'd the date go?

ZEETS: Pretty damn good. She's into me, it's easy to tell.

ME: How so?

ZEETS: Just the way she laughed at all my jokes. She smiled every time I spoke. And then back at my place we were sitting on the couch, and I started kissing her neck. She moaned loudly, high-pitched, like a horny kitten. I wonder if all Asian girls moan that loudly.

ME: So you got her back to your beastly sanctum.

ZEETS: On the ride over, she said "You know I have a boyfriend."

ME: Oh boy, here we go. What'd you say?

ZEETS: I looked her right in the eye and said "I don't care." She didn't say anything, but her eyes sparkled with lust.

******

There it is, folks. The perfect answer to the "I have a boyfriend" plaintive demurral, the last moist gasp of a blushing gina about to succumb to a torrent of tingles.

"I don't care."

Have there ever been three more beautiful words in the English language? "I love you"? Pshaw. Too plebian. A beta's cheap substitute for passion. But "I don't care" encapsulates the essence of alphaness; aloofness, assholery, and authority are communicated in the split second it takes to spit these three wondrous words.

It's one of the premiere Alpha Phrases, and definitely qualifies as One Word Game, the powerful new seduction system which I am currently developing with a team of crack pussy aficionados.

As with all sciences dealing in the nebulosity of human behavior, there are contingencies and caveats in the use of the nuclear "I don't care" game changer. One, don't say it with anger. The words must escape your lips on a pitch of perfect neutrality, perhaps laced with a hint of impatience. Two, context matters. As I wrote in my post on handling the "I have a boyfriend" shit test, the timing of the BF bomb will determine your best response. If she tosses it at you right after you've said "Hi" (or worse, on the walk over), your "I don't care" reply could incite resentment and anger. She's saying it to get rid of you, not shit test you. But if she says it later, after you've gamed her for a minute and sparked her interest, then treat the BF line for what it is — a crass shit test, and a reflexive id-shaped anti-slut blurt. "I don't care" should be your go-to answer.

Forget every other line you've read or heard; the "I don't care" insta-rejoinder reigns supreme. Besides Zeets, two other men have told me about the lubricated reactions they got from girls when they responded with "I don't care" after getting heaved on by the "I have a boyfriend" upchuck.

And why limit yourself?

HER: I don't think I'll have any free time this week to meet up.

YOU: I don't care.

***

HER: Sorry I'm late.

YOU: I don't care.

***

HER: I didn't cum.

YOU: I don't care.

***

HER: How many girls have you slept with?

YOU: I don't care.

***

HER: I'm breaking up with you.

YOU: I don't care.

***

HER: Do you love me?

YOU: I don't care.

Can anyone deny that the man in each of the above scenarios comes off as totally alpha? Would you be embarrassed to have these conversational snippets of your love life shown on a Jumbotron in front of thousands? I wouldn't. In fact, I'd beam with pride.

I now predict the overuse of "I don't care" by millions of apprentice betas. Soon, saturation will mean that girls will respond with something equally witty or with an expert level shit test they deem unassailable. I will give the ladies no ideas here. The sexual arms race continues, straddling the Vaginot line between mutually assured destruction and mutually assured pleasure.

Good News

CH · 1 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Game will never reach saturation point. There are too many disbelieving betas like this guy trying to gain status nipping at the heels of his betters.

(Link sent by an anonymous reader as a BOTM submission. It didn't qualify, but it did get its own post.)

Reader Mailbag: Lez Just Be Friends Edition

CH · 2 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1: "It's a part of my rock and roll fantasy"

> I absolutely love your blog. I have a question that maybe you can answer, but first let me point out, I am currently a corporate slave.
> My question is, what is the best type of job to have to allow one to go out from 10-2 a.m. four days a week? I work a 8:30-5 job like most hacks, and am not able to do to stay out those hours and function at work; so, I usually go home at 11. Lame huh?
> I don't want to be a bartender because of the pay, and the fact that I like to go to 2-3 bars in a given night–I would not want to be confined to a single bar. Being a rock and roll musician can get one a lot of tale, but there are only a few that reach the level where they can have a comfortable life. I have thought about possibly becoming a realtor because then I could sleep in until 11, which would allow me to pursue fresh game until 2-3 a.m., since I could set my own work schedule. Other self-employment ideas would allow that as well, I just cannot think of other ideas.
> Being on tv or radio can get one laid because it allows for fame; however, I find these options unrealistic because of the few slots open and all the competition.
> (As a side-note, I have been considering setting up a nude photography business to attract girls which will do just about anything (note: not hardcore)).
>
> In the culture,
>
> S.

Any kind of job involving international travel, embassies, and diplomats should score you tons of poon. Bonus points if you can't talk about your job in detail. Forget the 10-2 a.m. target acquisition window; that's limited thinking. Your hunting grounds are everywhere and all the time. Going home at 11 p.m. is a non-issue. You should be doing most of your womanizing before 11 anyhow, when you aren't competing with the late night sausage hordes.

International stays in a corporate or governmental context automatically give you a massive DHV inasmuch as you will be seen as the "expert from afar" or the exotic "other".

Learn a language or two. Knowing how to speak the native tongue of your preferred foreign hottie is worth $50K in pickup workshops. I suggest Russian and Czech.

Some corporate careers are better than others at infusing you with a PUA attitude. Publishing, corporate law partnership, and Hill lobbyist come to mind. Real estate is good, too, because it puts you in contact with lots of gina tingly housewives and single yuppie lawyer cunts.

By the way, some bartenders make very good money. I know one who just bought a $400K condo with his fiancee.

Setting up a photography studio in your home is gold. Try to get a side job freelancing for a local rag. Submit your photos to art shows. Put ads on craigslist seeking models to pose for "avant-garde Parisian photographer in the US for a major gallery exhibit." Never underestimate the vanity or the gullibility of America's urban sluts.

Email #2: "Cause she's cold-blooded, check it and see"

> LMR ever?
>
> The other night I had this 18yo on the back of my car, we had made out a few time. She was naked on the back seat with her legs spread open and her back against the window, I was naked and had just put a condom on, and just when I my dick touched her pussy and I was finding her glourious hole she said 'Not gonna happen' to

> which I replied ‘Well, it is happening’.
> She then got dressed, said something to the effect of ‘I lost my virginity 2 nights ago (other guy not me) and im not gonna do it in the back of a car’ and I kept my usual aloofness but inside I was confused as hell.
> WTF happened and wtf did I do wrong? Was it just LMR and I didn’t know how to get through it?
>
> V.

Your retort was unacceptable. “Well, it is happening” forced the issue on her. You boxed her in, so no wonder she clamped up. A better response would have been to keep your cool, get dressed, and drive her home silently. She would have gotten confused and asked what was up, at which point you would say “I have to get up early.”

Look, dude, you’re dealing with a Class A skank whore. She lost her virginity two nights ago (if she’s telling the truth) to another dude and now she’s in the car fooling around with you. Chicks like this are master manipulators of male egos. They love the validation they get from hard cocks being pushed up in their faces, and then they power trip by denying those cocks sweet release. You need to play advanced aloof and indifferent game with these types. They are what are known as “primative women” and won’t respond to anything but glorious asshole game.

Email #3: “Edwina Scissorlegs”

> Been reading your blog. Not gonna comment on some of your philosophy, but 99% of your tips seem right on.
>
> I’ve been dating typical dykes for a while, which is getting boring. Straight girls seem hotter, more femme, and easier to just fuck for a while without having to move in on the second date. (I’m not even gonna talk about the bi ones.)
>
> What’s your take on chicks who want to pick up other chicks? Any special tips for us butch bitches looking to break down the great straight barrier?
>
> T. (woman’s name)

99%? Damn, I must be losing my edge. My take on lez chicks picking up straight chicks: Probably not much different than dudes picking up chicks. Not that I have much experience as a lesbian picking up chicks, but I’d imagine that whatever turns on a straight girl isn’t going to be much different depending on whether the game is coming from a lesbian suitor or a male suitor. In other words, if you’re a needy, desperate, cloying, awkward, ugly beta lesbian you’ll do about as well as a beta male. One exception might be that a straight girl contemplating sexual delights with another woman would be likely to emphasize the looks of her female suitor and de-emphasize her suitor’s social status. Why do I say this? Because in my observation, every experimental female bisexual couple I’ve known were hot, while the true blue dedicated lesbian couples I see around town all the time are usually quite ugly and mannish. My conclusion is that full-time lesbians are less concerned about looks in a long term partner (and in themselves). They probably respond well to 100% rapport game. So my advice for picking up bicurious babes is to make yourself look as good as possible, wear something trendily sexy (but not slutty), and give the girl a few sincere compliments about her style or the way she carries herself. Try to isolate her away from her friends as soon as possible, and spend a good hour or two in a dark lounge having deep profound conversation on a vinyl sofa.

In related news you can use, what is the ratio of gay men to lesbians in typical US cities? It’s gotta be 50 to 1.

Email #4: “Get in now! Only a few spots left!”

> I found your blog on the advice of a very smart guy. I read up on Game several years ago w/ the usual suspects, Mystery, Strauss, DeAngelo. Have definitely lost my way over the years as I become more obsessed with new things (mostly poker and some career related projects). Your blog is the best I’ve seen, and has really reinvigorated my belief in the benefits of it. I’ll cut to the chase, I am a big believer in professional services, I’ve hired people to teach me lots of things. I haven’t really seen a business component to your site but am inquiring if you offer customized analysis beyond the blog.

> Regards,
>
> N.

I've gotten a few emails like this guy's lately. While I'm flattered, I doubt I will be offering any professional services, for a couple of reasons. One, while I'm quite good at observing flaws in a man's game and general presentation, and giving him advice on what to fix, I'm a lackadaisical motivator. I don't have it in me to "push you into sets" or "pump up your state". Two, there a lot of businesses out there that provide pickup tutelage, game theory, and style advice. Some are good, some not so good. My impression is that the market for these services is currently saturated.

But I might consider doing one-on-one personal consultations for a small fee, or a beer, or maybe even free of charge, just for fun. I think I would get a kick out of helping a guy get positive reactions from women.

PS: Unless you are making beaucoup bucks off it, or you only play occasionally for fun, drop the poker. It's a pointless timesuck. It's World of Warcraft minus an avatar.

Safeway Siren

CH · 3 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Standing in the mixed nuts section of Safeway, a blur of blonde caught my peripheral vision. Turning, I saw a gorgeous girl following a middle-aged man around the fruit bins. She looked about 18 years old, at the peak of her womanly ripeness. She was wearing velvet athletic shorts so small that the underside of her ass barely poked through the bottom, a divine demarcation between legs and buttocks. Her breasts were perfection — round, firm C cups that pulled her t-shirt taut. She walked with the bouncy, playful, slightly self-conscious gait of a younger girl swathed in the fleshy encumbrances of an older developed woman. She was a solid 9.

The man was pasty, dumpy, 45-ish, and smiling like a goof; a very happy herb, indeed. His body language was animated and he talked rapidly, cheerfully. Something about this duo was peculiar. This wasn't a father-daughter team. I gathered my nuts and left the two behind. We rendezvoused again in aisle 9, next to the sardines and canned tuna. This time, the girl glanced at me with big eyes and parted lips, and if it wasn't a trick of store lighting, her face blushed a pink hue. I matched her glance while the herb continued chattering in her ear, oblivious to our silent flirtation.

I lingered a bit around them to gather valuable information. She had an accent. She looked northern european; I suspected she was Dane or Norwegian, perhaps of Baltic descent. She had a limited grasp of English and, presumably, American culture, as the herb, who looked like he was about to die of a heart attack from swelling happiness, spent a lot of time slowly explaining the foodstuffs for sale and the pricing convention to her.

It didn't take long for me to assess the situation; she was either an *au pair* or a foreign exchange student and the herb was the host family herbiarch. This was the most likely scenario. The three of us passed each other a few more times in aisles 7, 4 and 1. Each time she met my eyes with tender, yearning lust.

What grabbed my attention wasn't so much that an *au pair* was flirting with me, but the behavior of the herb. I've never seen a more joyous middle-aged man. He was practically skipping down the aisles, his gums flapping a million miles an hour, his jowly cheeks inflamed a crimson hue, his voice a confident baritone of manly vigor. This was a man who clearly felt infused with new life. The physically close company of this young woman, who it should be noted smiled warmly at the herb and listened attentively when he spoke, shaved 20 years of age off his life. No windfall of riches, no business success, no winning home sports team can inspirit a man as vitally as a young, pretty woman in his thrall.

Naturally, the herb imagined more thrall than there was, if his *au pair's* surreptitious flirting with me was any indication. But picture the likely contours of this herb's life: A fat and dumpy sow wife, ingrate kids, crippling mortgage on an oversized house, sensible sedan, shit job, depressing neighbors, and a gloomy sunken aging face that young American women no longer seriously entertain with their flirtations staring back at him apathetically in the mirror every morning. One can understand why a herb of this caliber would spring to life inhaling the meagerest estrogenic perfumes of an 18 year old vixen.

At the cash register, herb and hottie rolled up behind me. As I placed my selection of delicious fruits and almond butter on the conveyor the girl nervously fidgeted with her shirt and peered down at her feet. A wave of shyness contorted her face and body. She pulled out a pack of gum which she fumbled and dropped to the floor. It landed on my shoe, so I bent over and retrieved it for her, never letting my eyes waver from hers. The herb must have noticed this change in her countenance because he stopped chattering about the great items one can find in an American supermarket and took his first look at me. Perhaps he pieced it together, but probably not. I smiled at them both and left the store.

My future. It won't be that herb's. Hookers, game and, if need be, expatriation to cash in on my Americanness with a much younger loving, sexy East European or South Asian woman. Anything less would be… uncivilized.

Herb Attack!

CH · 4 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

First there was this. Then this herb poked his fat head up from his burrow. Then a magnificent specimen of herb was spotted on the concrete plains of a SWPL savannah. Suddenly herbs started springing up everywhere, wearing frontal papooses, inexplicably carrying satchels into nightclubs, and laying their bulbous heads in the laps of girlfriends to be stroked like a pet cat. But none of these squishy shuffling beasts in khaki could inspire the kind of awe, and gag reflex, that the latest discovery has provoked among the world's top anthropological researchers. Behold… the Mother of All Herbs… the UBER HERB:

When I first saw this pic, I thought… Will Wilkinson! I mean, just look at their relationship exactness and complementarity. But no, I have been informed that Will does not have an Asian girlfriend. Then I thought… Hope! White and nerdy boyfriend? Check. Wearing healing crystals of Buddharrific transcendence? Nope, not Hope.

A close examination of this blurry photo reveals the embodiment of herbitude — perfect in presentation, flawless in composure, virtuous in cross-legged effeminacy, he is the archetype of the schlumpy herb whose feeble beta posturings are thrown into stark relief (fortuitously for the ninja photographer who risked his serum testosterone level to capture this herb on film) by the annoyed girlfriend stiffly rebuffing his tender ministrations.

The reader who sent this in provides the backstory:

> Red Line, Wednesday evening.
>
> This guy was so obviously beta he might as well have had a neon sign on him. He kept looking at her, smiling occasionally. He put his arm around her. He touched her leg the way some shy teenage boy might. He did the talking. He leaned into her. She might as well have been sitting next to a stranger. Her arms were crossed the whole time. Checking BlackBerry. No emotion on her face. When they got up, she got up first, and led the way. She wasn't even cute; 4-5 at best. The thing was…they were married.

Married! This is what an equalist concept of relationships earns a man — crossed arms and clamped pussies. And this schmendrick looks so shit-eating happy to surrender any shred of manly dominance. I could carve a better man out of a purple saguaro.

OK, you say, instead of pointing and laughing how about some solutions to help this guy? Hey, I aim to please.

I'd begin with the easiest and quickest improvements and work my way up to the more difficult herb-cleansing tasks.

First, style and presentation.

- I'd have him shave his head. If you've got hair like that it's the only way to go. If his wife protests, even better.
- NO GODDAMN KHAKI. Ever. Only guys who already possess an understanding of style should attempt khaki. Not herbs wearing high waters.
- Unbotton the top button on his shirt.
- Even though this photo is blurry, I can tell his shoes suck. New shoes.
- Glasses dropped for contacts. Or at least more fashionable eyewear.
- Perhaps a soul patch to add a hint of edginess. Or a hint of "I'm not a doormat, really."
- Tanning booth.
- Gym membership. Of course, he'd probably gravitate to the treadmill or hip abductor machine. I'd make sure he found his way to the heavy iron.

Next, body language.

- Uncross your legs, nancyboy. Old men and fruitcups sit like that. Spread em and display the goods. An alpha male loves the thought of impolitely shoving the contours of his mighty package into the viewing angle of scandalized Metro riders.
- Lean *away from*, not *into*, your woman. A healthy relationship always features the girl cozying up to the man. Egalitarian libertarians like Will Wilkinson who live and breathe in the world of abstraction will never understand this, but women WANT their men to be dominant, despite their claims to the contrary. They WANT to be the ones leaning into him.
- Stop smiling like an idiot at your girl, especially when she's not returning your joy. Do you know what your face says? "Oh, I'm wetting myself that I have YOU, my precious flower. Thank you, Asian girlfriend, for blessing me with the exquisite pleasure of your company and tightness of your Oriental vagina. This love we share… wait… excuse me, getting a little choked up… a lone tear pregnant with possibility shouts my love for you. PS You are permitted to walk all over me."

Finally, we'd move on to LTR game.

- I'd tell him to pay attention to his wife's behaviors, and stop feeding her revulsion with counterproductive betaness. So, when wifey folds her arms, scowls, refuses to touch you IN PUBLIC, and generally acts like a bitch, you STOP, DROP, and ROLL the fuck off from her. Pawing at her like a needy puppy isn't going to help. You know what would help? Flirting with another woman in front of her.
- Once you've figured out how to read your wife's "you disgust me" body language, you will be tempted in all your glorious betaness to inquire "What's the matter, honey?". Resist this urge. You would only be digging the hole deeper.
- Hey, guess what, it's OK to tease your wife for being a bitch. "Try not to look so happy, babe. I'm just a man, not a god."
- When your marriage is this arid, it's a good idea to disappear for a week. When you return, act like nothing is wrong.
- Lead, don't follow, and don't "complement". Your wife wants to step in place behind you, not next to you and

not in front of you; stop denying her this fulfillment.

- Read this blog for relationship game. It may be the only thing that can save you from a brutal divorce theft ass raping.

As I've written before, the Asian woman is a white beta male's dream. Asian girls are guided less by their primitive gina tingles than women of other races, and are more susceptible to the herbly charms of the provider beta, as long as the provider beta in question is a white dude. The white beta male can wallow like a pig-shaped puffed pastry in his desperate, needy, cloying betaness with the Asian girlfriend without worrying so much that she'll dump him for the nearest bartender. The white beta male would have to settle for a fat white chick to enjoy the same treatment.

But when you've become a caricature of a herb, and so beta that your Asian wife is repulsed by you and showing it in public, you've got serious problems. You're one short step down to omegatude and midnight masturbation marathons to Caucasian-eyed anime.

The Woman Source

CH · 7 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've found day game nirvana. The Paper Source, on M Street in Georgetown, is swimming in snapper. Swimming, Jerry! I couldn't believe the wall to wall babes in this place, browsing, of all things, paper and paper accessories.

As one Yelp reviewer wrote:

> What is it about women and stationary? If a girl ever looked at me with the same look of anticipation, excitement, longing, and joy that you see on the faces of the many ladies walking into this store, I think my heart would explode.
>
> Gentlemen pay attention, should you ever have the urge to be surrounded by a crowd of attractive, giddy women head over to this store on a Saturday afternoon. Loudly announce to the clerk that you would really love some "letter pressed personalized stationary" and whether there is a large selection of styles you can patiently browse through. Women standing around you will raise one eyebrow appreciatively and check you out.
>
> I have been dragged here a couple of times over the years. What can I say; It sells paper. In a bewildering amount of sizes and functions. This store proves that women are just more thoughtful and caring then us guys, for they sell a cute little card for every possible occasion. There is an upstairs, but before having to go up there to see what it was about, I was able to negotiate an early exit from the store by promising to buy the girl I was with dinner; there may be a bar and dumpling store up there for all I know. Point being, if you come here with your girlfriend, you will have to drag her out kicking and screaming. And probably drop at least $20 on paper. Otherwise, Mie n Yu is close by so you can pop over there for some drinks and wait it out.
>
> I really could care less about stationery, but because women love this store, and I love women, I dedicate 4 stars on their behalf.

I went upstairs. There was a $112 photo album in a bin. (Photos not included.) Was it laminated in gold leaf? I couldn't tell. The man-cession deepens while the frivolous woman economy rolls on. For now. Helpful tip: Two floors means consecutive number closes mere yards apart are possible.

Why do women love froo froo stationery? I know why.

1. Paper is lightweight. Women are lightweight.
2. Paper is insubstantial. Women are insubstantial.
3. Paper is a medium upon which trivial thoughts are transcribed. Women are a medium from which trivial thoughts issue.
4. Paper comes in many soft pastel colors. Women can identify more soft pastel colors than men.
5. Paper contains an element of danger (paper cuts). Women tingle in the gina region for hidden danger.
6. Hand-written love notes on high gauge paper harken back to a romantic era. Women love fantasizing about long-gone romantic eras when raw sewage would run freely down cobblestone streets.
7. Personalized lace-fringed paper, calligraphy, and wax seals show you care. Except that you shouldn't show you care. Because chicks will ignore you if you show you care. Which is why chicks love things that show you care. Yeah, that's the ticket.

So there you have it. A day game den of estrogen situated in the heart of a day game neighborhood. Bonus day game locale: City Bikes in Adams Morgan. Chicks dig the fixed gear.

Sick Game

CH · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've stumbled (literally) across a school of game that is even more effective than hangover game: Sick game.

I met up with a buddy at a bar even though I was deep under the influence of a viral load. Cabin fever and the call of the wild coaxed me off my sofa. I warned him ahead of time that I would be absent as a wingman that night.

Coughing, sniffling, and hacking up loogies on the walk over, I dragged myself up to the roof deck and propped myself against the bar, or rather, leaned heavily against the bar to support my weakened body. Three girls situated themselves nearby. Even in my fuzzy mental state I knew a proximity indicator of interest when I saw one.

One of the girls was decent looking, but naturally I was in no mood to attempt her seduction. I just wanted to take in the spectacle, sip my ginger ale, and infect everyone with my contagious joy. But this girl moved closer and it would have been criminal of me to deny her the satisfaction of a proper gaming. So I opened her. Angrily.

"So what's your deal?"

"My deal? This is my first time at this place."

"Are those your friends over there?"

"Yes." She waved at them and they wanly smiled back.

I growled. "Just make sure they don't cockblock. I need space to sweep you off your feet."

The seduction continued for fifteen minutes. My body language was… aloof. Sickly aloof. I don't think I turned my head more than once to give her a sidelong glance. My mouth hung open taking in oxygen. My eyes were watery. My voice sounded muffled ricocheting off my phlegmy sinuses. I barely spoke, prefering to nod or give one word answers when she asked me questions. I didn't smile once, not even when she tried to be funny. When she laughed, I didn't laugh with her. When she thrust her impressive bosom in my face, I didn't take notice. More than a few times I interrupted her conversation by coughing loudly into my hand. I allowed long, uncomfortable silences to linger when she ran out of things to say. Invariably, she would be the one to fumble frenetically for a topic to restart the conversation.

And after fifteen minutes? I number closed her. More precisely, I opened my phone and she grabbed it and punched in her number before I could even finish asking her for it.

Women are always saying they want men to "be themselves". They want sincerity and candor. Well, nothing brings out the sincerity like sickness. I was truly "being myself", my glorious, uncaring, indifferent, asshole self. And that's the man that women love.

I Will Not Drink Fucking Merlot!

CH · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There is a group of SWPLs outside on the balcony right now discussing the finer points of wine. They are mocking some mutual friend they know for being pretentious about wine by… *being pretentious about wine.*

“Oh, like, so X says she had dinner with Napa Valley’s best sommelier.”

“She’s such a wine snob. I swear she brought table wine last month to X’s party.”

Their insipid blather has ruined my pleasant evening of pipe smoking and single malt drinking. I loathe SWPLs. If hypocrisy and status whoring were hellfire their screams of torment would echo through the ages.

Flowers Of Death

CH · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Every so often I see floral arrangements resting on the ground or tied to a street sign along the DC metro region's busiest roads — Rockville Pike, Connecticut Ave, Rt 66, the hallway leading to my bedroom. People have died in horrible, mangled car accidents at these spots (excepting my hallway). Some of the impromptu memorials, presumably left by family and friends, have teddy bears or dolls among the flowers.

I wonder if these reminders of instant death from car crash cause people to drive more carefully? I bet they do. I certainly notice them, and the first thing that goes through my mind is how exactly the accident went down. Did the driver's head cave upon impact with the windshield? Did a child fly out of the vehicle into oncoming traffic? Did the southbound car have a split second to apply the brakes and swerve over the median to avoid a head-on collision?

Someone should do a study to see if the increase of these roadside memorials over the past decade is having an effect on traffic fatalities. Unfortunately, like most things which are effective at influencing human behavior, there is probably a point of diminishing returns with the flowers of death. Maybe flowers every ten miles works well, but more than that and people become inured to them, and resume their normal tailgating/speeding/driving while texting habits.

Scar Game

CH · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Powers left the following comment:

> I knew I looked my best when I broke my nose and looked like a boxer. I predict makeup that mimics scars will become popular among men.

This is a brilliant business idea. It's true; chicks dig the scar. As long as the scar is something cool, like one caused by a knifing, instead of the pockmarked landscape of acne vulgaris.

I propose stick-on scars for the timid betas, and actual scarification shops for the impulsively brave. Ye Olde Scar Shoppe would feature a licensed thug swiping a butterfly knife just across the eyebrow ridge and halfway down the cheek, which is the perfect kind of scar to tingle ginas far and wide. You would be fully anesthetized of course, unless you want the "authentic" scarification package, where the only pain relief you are offered is a jigger of whiskey and a stick to bite down on. Sure, it'll hurt like hell, but you'll walk out of there feeling like a man. As blood oozes through your bandage, girls will gather round in a mass proximity IOI.

Stick-on scars could act like Mystery's black nail polish — ready to wear for a night on the town and easily removed the next morning before heading into the office. (For a couple of weeks I tried black nail polish. One morning I neglected to completely remove it from all fingers and spent the day explaining to people I had slammed a door on my pinky. The next day it had miraculously healed.)

Some cool stick-on scar ideas:

- Bullet holes (Not to be mistaken for laparoscopic holes.)
- Burn marks on the arm or shoulder (Imagine the DHV potential. "Yeah, I ran into that burning house. Who wouldn't? A baby was crying.")
- Cig burns (Only the baddest of badboys would dare cross the mafia. Or cigstache.)
- An exotic branding (You were captured by Tamil Tigers who adopted you as one of their own. During the initiation ceremony you were branded with the mark of the Shadow Order. Now you roam the earth solitary, a deadly killer with a vague memory of a long lost love.)
- Missing tooth ("It was five against one. I held them off as long as I could so my ex [Sarah] could run for safety.")
- Bite marks in the shape of a great white shark's jaws ("I punched the damn thing in the nose and fought it off, but not before he took a good chunk outta me.")
- Decapitation (If you can pull this off you are a bigger alpha than I.)

Scar game is a subject in which I have intimate knowledge. You see, I have a secret — most of my life I have carried with me a facial scar. I don't talk about it much because… the memory is too painful… the wound… too deep…

Even now, years later, it's hard for me to confront the horrible past that gave me this scar as a permanent symbol of my suffering. But the time is right for closure… (deep breath)… It's a scar from when I was stricken with chicken pox at the age of 9.

Mmm, I can smell your pussy juices from here, ladies. The line starts at the left.

How To Revive A Cold Lead

CH · 10 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Let's say you're like me and you forgot to call back in a timely manner one of the leads you number closed. Don't worry, be happy. You can turn that cold lead around. How? It's best to illustrate by example. Here follows an actual text exchange (syntax verbatim) between me and a lead that I had allowed to go cold.

******

ME: hey XXX it's [x] we met at XXXX. i was the incredibly suave guy hi! **[I sent this text at 1 am on a Saturday night, eight days after I got her number.]**

GIRL: **[After five minute delay]** Hey, nice to hear from you! How are you?

ME: Life is good. i got a fish today. handsome devil. what's up w you?

GIRL: A fish? Cool. Does it have a name?

ME: It does have a name. "stud" he's a ladykiller. Just like his dad. hey when are u free? We're getting together for a drink.

GIRL: That would be great. we could meet up this weekend or during the week.

[I arrange a time to meet during the week, and tell her to meet me at a lounge conveniently located near my place.]

GIRL: Ok sounds good. So to avoid a potentially awkward situation I need to tell you I am a little younger than you probably think I am. I'm four months to turning 21.

ME: Hm i thought you were mid or late 20s. Ok to avoid carding let's meet at [non-alchohol serving coffee bar in same location] which is on the corner of XXX.

GIRL: Ok I know exactly where that is. So if you don't mind me asking are you mid to late 20s then?

ME: 85. Ever since i quit smoking i've shaved off the years. I'm probably too mature for you.

GIRL: Probably. So do you still want to meet?

ME: Yes. You don't strike me as a ditz. You seem smart. I prefer to keep an open mind.

GIRL: Ok, well I'll meet you at [X] on [X] then.

******

Maxim #12: If you are comfortable with your game being splashed across a JumboTron for thousands of people to read, then you are doing it right.

Do you feel confident enough to put your communication with chicks on this blog? Before you send that text or make that phone call, ask yourself, "Would this pass muster as a blog post entry for millions of knife-sharpening hardcore womanizers and beta haters to read?" If you suspect the answer is "No", you need to STOP DROP and ROLL off that chick until your senses return.

Which brings me to a new project idea. I call it: **Alpha Assessment Monday**. Every other Monday (after a long weekend of collecting digits), you the reader will submit your texts, voicemails, or other stabs at communication with women for me to post on the blog. The readers (and myself) will then analyze it to determine if it is adequately alpha. This is the way to grow as a man. You may submit conversations that you have already sent to the girl, or conversations you are planning to send.

*PS: It is acceptable to communicate solely via text with especially young women. I'm generally anti-text because I

think it betrays timidity, but the under-25 crowd, and lately even the under 30 crowd, treat texting like phone calling — it's their default mode. Younger women — the best kind — won't subtract points like they used to if you arrange dates through text.

Tremendous Neg

CH · 10 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

If your girl is sick (the Chateau has doubled as an infirmary this week), you have at your disposal a neg so sublime, so devastating, that you would be remiss not to use it.

GIRL: Hey baby, I'm starting to feel better. Give me a kiss.

YOU: Mmm, ooookaaaay, not sure about this…

[You hug her tight and lovingly and give her a kiss with your lips so pursed you couldn't squeeze a sheet of paper between them. After a second of this red hot passion, lean back, smile warmly, then wipe your mouth on your sleeve and make little spitting noises away from her,… *ptui ptui ptui*…, like you're spitting out girl germs.]

GIRL: Really?

YOU: Better safe than sorry. Here, I got you an orange. You need vitamin C.

Another version is to grab her chin with your hand and gently push her mouth away when she goes in for the kiss, then plant your lips all over her cheeks, ears and neck, assiduously avoiding her lips. Afterwards, step back and loudly proclaim "God you are SO kissable." Say this sincerely. Sarcasm will ruin the effect.

Amish Love

CH · 11 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The Open Borders Journal has an article about the growing popularity of Amish pulp romance novels. It seems women — Amish and heathen alike — are snorting these books like chocolate-covered eight balls.

> Most bonnet books are G-rated romances, often involving an Amish character who falls for an outsider. Publishers attribute the books' popularity to their pastoral settings and forbidden love scenarios à la Romeo and Juliet. Lately, the genre has expanded to include Amish thrillers and murder mysteries. Most of the authors are women.
>
> Beverly Lewis, who sets her novels among the Amish in Pennsylvania, has sold 13.5 million copies of her books.

13.5 million copies. I've long said that if you are a man who understands the mind of women you should write hackneyed romance novels under a female pseudonym and CASH THE FUCK IN. Forget the noble goal of writing the next Great American Novel; the money is in forbidden love and hoary cliches aimed at bored middle-aged wives and tweenies experiencing their first gina tingles.

But surely, I need talent to amass such a large audience, you may wonder. Well, let's take a look at an excerpted passage:

> "His warm, gentle lips moved over hers, and she returned the favor, until Hannah thought they might both take flight right then and there. Finally desperate for air, they parted."

There's your answer. No one ever went broke underestimating the poor taste of the distaff masses. Of all the "literary" genres, cheeseball romance is probably the easiest to write and, idiocratically, the most lucrative as well. It's the female equivalent of single position porn and egg white plus yohimbe-fueled money shots under cheap lighting. All you need to know is one simple rule, and then you can count your benjamins: You've gotta tap that inner ape core in every woman by appealing to her base sexual instincts. This means having a good grasp of concepts such as:

- Game
- Male attractiveness traits
- Badboy reformation projects
- Female hypergamy
- Overcoming obstacles to love
- Parental intrusion
- Peer judgementalism
- Forbidden love
- Foreplay

It also helps to have an eye for detail and knowledge of colors beyond red, green and dark green.

I think another reason besides the concept of forbidden love that explains the popularity of Amish romance novels has to do with the cultural milieu in which they exist. When the country is going to pot around you (read: it's getting more diverse and distrustful as people greedily scramble for their slice of the taxpayer-funded pie), you find solace in fictional worlds of order and stability. And what's more orderly, more mundane, than the Amish? If I'm right, we'll soon see a literary trend toward traditionalism and small town esprit.

I've thought about writing pulp romance under a female pseudonym, but I don't think I could resist the urge to subvert my readers' expectations.

> "His warm, gentle lips moved over hers, and she returned the favor, until Hannah thought they might both take flight right then and there. Finally desperate for air, she squirted. Her nether furrow drenched in warm moisture, she thought perhaps she had urinated, and ran away from him in shame, her legs shaking the whole way like a dog shitting olive pits. Wherefore this strange new feeling?, she begged to the god whose eyes she felt burning judgement into her soul. Finally home, panting in confusion and ecstatic pleasure, she stumbled across her parents' open bedroom door just in time to see Papa plunging an unwashed zucchini deep into Mama's womb — the same zucchini Hannah had harvested that morning while murmuring prayers to Mary Mother of God to give her the fortitude to resist sinful temptations. Frozen in place by shock, Hannah's bonnet slipped to the floor. Mama looked up, frowned, and threw an oil lamp at her. Papa laughed, the zucchini in tatters in his hand."

I remember driving through Amish country during the spring, after a soaking rain. In the fields, two boys had hitched a plow-like contraption to horses and were whipping the horses into a gallop as they stood behind the great beasts, getting pulled around at a pretty good clip. Earth was flying up, and both of them were covered head to foot in mud which obscured everything but their wide, happy smiles. What a life, I thought. What boy today wouldn't find that more fun than another blast em up round of Halo?

So what do the Amish think of Amish-themed porn romance novels?

> Ms. Esh said some Amish customers snap up the Amish fiction she stocks, but others tell her they don't like the way the books portray the community.
>
> "There will always be people who say we're getting too exposed," said Ms. Esh, a 48-year-old member of the local Old Order Amish community.

Speaking of exposed, I recall the Amish girls were good-looking. Very fresh-faced and wholesome. Not too many fatties among them. There was the occasional ugly inbred mishap, but thanks to the Amish fashion sense those girls didn't have to suffer the indignity of hotter, skimpier-dressed peers shoving their ugliness in their faces every minute of every day. Still, even with head to toe clothing covering all but their faces and hands, I was able to make fairly accurate assessments of the Amish women's looks from many yards away. The power of male discernment of female beauty is a finely tuned instrument, indeed. The hyperjealous harem guarding Muslims know this, which is why they invented the burqa.

Amish mothers hit the wall hard, unfortunately. No MILFs in that community. It's 30 and stick a fork in them, no exceptions. Living off the land must age a person faster.

> Some Amish have nevertheless become avid fans. An Amish woman in Lancaster told Ms. Lewis that "all the women in our church district are reading your books under the covers, literally," Ms. Lewis said.

Amish men, listen up! You've allowed a sliver of the heathen slut culture to invade your oasis. Your womenfolk are reading crass female porn under their bedcovers. And make no mistake, it is PORNOGRAPHY. Cheap thrills to tingle ginas. It's just a small step from there to Amish women demanding equality in the fields and nagging you to do more housework. Then comes Amish feminism (6th wave? It's all the same briny crap) and finally Amish bukkake. Give an inch, and they'll make you yearn for the relative modesty of Rumspringa. If this doesn't scare you straight, try picturing a guy like me seducing one of your bonnet-wearing daughters, my hand first touching her forearm, then her thigh, a neg lighting up her eyes, and a makeout behind the hay bales as I promise her a world of adventure and excitement.

> During a recent visit, Ms. Woodsmall [non-Amish author of an Amish romance novel series] sat on a swing outside the Flauds' [Amish couple with six children] 133-year-old farmhouse and peppered them with questions for her sequel to "The Hope of Refuge."
>
> "This is one of those questions I hate to ask," said Ms. Woodsmall. One of her characters, a schoolteacher, wants to modernize some aspects of Amish education. "What are some things she might want to change?" Ms. Woodsmall asked.
>
> The Flauds' 13-year-old daughter, Amanda, piped up. "The bathrooms," she said, explaining that many students at her school wanted to replace outhouses with indoor plumbing.
>
> Some of her inquiries drew a blank. **The Flauds couldn't come up with Amish expressions for the word "quirky" or the phrase "women's rights."**

The Amish will be the salvation of America, if there is to be one. May they continue pumping out kids at quadruple the rate of the SWPLs, post-integrity equalists, and warlord-wannabes who currently buttfuck themselves on the levers of power.

Alpha Assessment Monday

CH · 14 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This is the first installment of Alpha Assessment Monday, where the readers and myself judge your conversations with women, or the conversations you plan on having with women, for its alphaness. Mockery, scorn and useful advice will be doled out in equal measure.

The first submission is from **ATC**:

> Background – at the time of this interaction we'd been dating for 2 weeks. She'd slept in my bed a couple of times but wouldn't escalate past 2nd base, despite the fact that I'm pretty sure I felt a Norplant-like device under her upper arm. **[editor: ew.]** If this is indeed what it was, I think it would be very hard to underestimate her sluttiness (for actual alphas, of course). She's 23 and divorced (i.e. dumped) her husband a year ago.
>
> Three days after this exchange, she started distancing herself and her texts became more pro forma before disappearing altogether by the end of the 3rd week.
>
> Via text:
> Her: Hey some buddies of mine saw me with you last night and they asked if you were my bf haha…people are gossiping now…but I cleared up the confusion.
>
> Me: I'm too badass to be a mere bf.
>
> Her: Hahaha geez…well I didn't tell them anything [note: contradicting what her 1st text said]. Hmm, do you mean like a super buddy or what?
>
> Me: That's a label, and I don't think we're the type of people who are given to labeling ourselves.
>
> Her: Hmm, I'm not sure I understand, but if what you're trying to say is that you don't want to be tied down, that's ok because you can do what you want and so can I. =)
>
> Me (6 hours later): Hey, guess what I overheard the hairdresser telling her girlfriend about me?
>
> Her (immediately): What? (etc. etc.)

One crucial beta move jumps out — you let a girl sleep in your bed with you without getting any nookie. In other words, she got everything (companionship, sleep, validation, emotional orgasm) and you got nothing except Olympian blue balls.

A few times in my life a girl I had begun dating attempted this "we can sleep together and cuddle as long as you keep your hands to yourself" routine. This magnificent shit test is just about the most selfishly indulgent act of cruelty a woman can foist on a man. If you ever wondered whether women have *any* empathy at all for how a man feels and thinks, the "sleep but no sex" shit test should answer your question: Women don't have a clue about the male sex drive, and of those that do have a clue they are cunty sadists if they pull this stunt.

I learned my lesson the hard way (quite hard) and ever since have responded in one of two ways:

1. I left if we were at her place, or I kicked her out if she was at my place.
2. I molested her all night long until she either relented and we screwed or she gave up on her idea of sleeping in my bed peacefully without sex.

By letting this chick sleep in YOUR BED on HER TERMS, you have stamped your forehead with a big, bold BETA. She now owns you. Don't be surprised if she pushes the bitch boundaries with you a lot harder and a lot more often than other girls you have dated. Once a girl smells beta chum in the water she will circle your flaccid, bleeding husk for eternity, biting chunks of manhood out of you until your dignity is consumed or she tires of batting you around like a cat toy.

Moving on, the Norplant is a huge slut tell. There's no other way to put it. Girls with a modicum of intelligence and conscientiousness will choose to take the pill over having a stick buried in their flesh. Seriously, what kind of women use Norplant? Ghetto trash. Impulsive thrill-seekers. Nymphos. Raw dog lovers. Recently divorced girls who plan to live it up with all the random cock they missed when they got married young. If you feel a Norplant in your girl, you're one small step from double dicking her festering hole with one of the Bang Bros.

On to the text exchange.

> Her: Hey some buddies of mine saw me with you last night and they asked if you were my bf haha…people are gossiping now…but I cleared up the confusion.

Total bitch. You like this chick? Her shit tests are smelly and transparent. Is she from a lower class? On the plus side, she's thinking about fucking you. Girls don't shit test guys they have completely written off.

> Me: I'm too badass to be a mere bf.

A swing… and a miss. The problem with your reply is that you played right into her frame. And her frame SUCKS. It's rotten to the core. The only acceptable response is a reframe, or genuine, sincere, knock the snot right outta her, ASSHOLE GAME. An example of what I mean:

> YOU: [after 8 hour delay] I'm confused. You're talking, but I don't see you buying me a beer.

Let's take a look at your next text.

> Her: Hahaha geez…well I didn't tell them anything [note: contradicting what her 1st text said]. Hmm, do you mean like a super buddy or what?
>
> Me: That's a label, and I don't think we're the type of people who are given to labeling ourselves.

You're scrambling to catch up to her. She's leading this bitchy, Norplant-embedded conversation and knows it, too. Your reply sounds like something you gleaned from a PUA guide book and misapplied at the wrong time, when it was too late to have the intended effect.

> Her: Hmm, I'm not sure I understand, but if what you're trying to say is that you don't want to be tied down, that's ok because you can do what you want and so can I. =)
>
> Me (6 hours later): Hey, guess what I overheard the hairdresser telling her girlfriend about me?
>
> Her (immediately): What? (etc. etc.)

This was the best exchange with her that you had. You ignored her beta bait, waited an appropriate amount of time (six hours) before responding to a woman of her character (low), and re-engaged with some random observation. That she answered you immediately tells me two things: One, she was still contemplating you as a sexual creature. Two, she's a fickle drama whore who can't resist dumbed down gossip. The way to game these types of girls is NOT to feed her world of drama with your own manufactured drama. That road leads to LJBF and more sexless slumber parties. The way to game them is stone cold, one word assholery. These girls love to fill in the blanks when you tease them with brief, erratic discharges from your reptilian brain.

Maxim #30: When in doubt, ask yourself "WWJD?" What Would a Jerk Do? Then do that.

Your Alpha Assessment Score (AAS) on a scale from 1 – 10: **3** (Your instincts are poor, but self-awareness is the first step to alpha status.)

Watch Megan Fox Get Disarmed By A Neg

CH · 15 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Megan Fox, by all accounts, is one of the bitchiest cunts in Hollywood. In interviews, she usually disorients the male host or the male guests seated around her. Because she is a genuine 9.5 at the peak of her beauty (23 years old), no man seems capable of properly gaming her, not even popularity-cresting celebrities like Seth Rogen (watch at 4:00). Fox admits as much in this article. She's a killer queen, dynamite with a laser beam.

If ever there was a chick who could provide a world class challenge to a master seducer, Megan Fox is the one. So I was surprised to see that the man who stepped to the plate is a schlumpy herb-like character who moonlights as a stand-up comedian. He interviews Fox and her disappearing male co-star in this video *(thanks to reader **A** for sending the link):*

At 0:24, the herb negs her: "I'm sorry, just one second". He even matches his neg with alpha body language when he sticks his hand out, palm down, a gesticulation that communicates he is silencing a small child. Immediately, you can see in her face that Fox is rattled, in a good way, her blank expression replaced by a shocked open-mouthed smile. She's knocked off-kilter, probably because she's not used to getting negged, let alone negged from a no-name herb.

At 0:37, she attempts to regain her tankgrrl composure. Except she goes so far over the top trying to look tough, what with her head cock, knitted eyebrows, and super serious glower, that her cover is blown. She's been reduced to ridiculousness.

At 1:50, neg number two. The herb says her male co-star is distracted by her sitting next to him (this is a subtle tooling of the co-star) so it would be best if she put a bag over her head. Now, it's clear he's being funny, but how many female movie stars would agree to put a bag over their heads? Fox is game, because the interviewer set the frame early on and softened her up when he punched through her studied, chilly ice queen exterior with the first neg at 0:24. She's warmed up to him so she's more amenable to his suggestions. She puts the bag over her head and keeps it there. I don't think I've ever seen Fox that playful in an interview before. This is a hot babe who NEEDS — who is BEGGING — for a man to game the living shit out of her.

This video reminds me of Neil Strauss' anecdote in the book "The Game" where he's interviewing Britney Spears and getting nowhere until he decides to run game on her. Game opens up Britney — metaphorically if not literally — to revealing more of herself and asking for Strauss' phone number at the end of the interview.

I believe this video is evidence of the awesome power of the neg over high quality women. A herb negged Megan Fox, arguably the hottest chick in Hollywood today, and her eyes blazed with attraction. Naturally, the doubting betas will counter: "But there's no way he's banging her." They miss the point. If a herb can get a positive reaction from a woman in the top 0.01% of attractiveness and social power with a simple throwaway neg, then the average everyday beta who applies the same game principles can pursue and FUCK girls who are a point higher than the women to which he is accustomed. A beta improving from dating 5s to dating 6s might not seem like a huge change on paper, but in reality it is a radical alteration of lifestyle. Given that it is women who "date up" — a fact contingent upon the greater relative expense of eggs compared to sperm — a man who, in effect, flips the selection script and "dates up" with the help of game, even if he only dates up one beauty point from 5 to 6, will experience exponential happiness that attests to the tremendous psychosexual rewards a minor jump up the female market value scale brings a man.

The Myth Of The Medieval BBW

CH · 16 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Ugly women, feminists, and fat chicks hate that men have attractiveness standards. It's been as long as I can remember that mustachioed lezbo academics and their impressionable vajlings have been claiming that prehistoric drawings and figurines supposedly depicting fatass broads prove that female beauty standards are malleable and culturally conditioned. Riiiight. My first post-puberty boner at age fourteen for the cute, slender brunette down the street wouldn't have happened without messages from TV telling me thin chicks are in.

Now it turns out all those ancestral BBW figurines that so enamor the sort of feminists who loathe male desire may not have been sex objects or symbolic mother/goddess figures at all. *(Link via Dienekes.)*

> Made by Neolithic farmers thousands of years before the creation of the pyramids or Stonehenge, they depict tiny cattle, crude sheep and flabby people.
>
> In the 1960s, some researchers claimed the more rotund figures were of a mysterious large breasted and big bellied "mother goddess", prompting a feminist tourism industry that thrives today.
>
> But modern day experts disagree.
>
> They say the "mother goddess" figures – which were buried among the rubbish of the Stone Age town – are unlikely to be have been religious icons.
>
> Many of the figures thought to have been women [by researchers] in the 1960s, are just as likely to be men.

Somewhere among my readership a fat chick just wept big bloated tears of ice cream.

Even more disheartening for the cultural conditioning crowd and BBW goddess true believers, there is evidence that prehistoric men carved plenty of sexy, slender babes for their viewing pleasure. And in mini-skirts, to boot! Yes, Cosmo B.C. must have been warping teenage minds 7,500 years ago.

"What about Rubens?!" squeal the fatties. Well, many of Rubens' late medieval European contemporaries, such as Botticelli and Cranach, painted slender babes. And Rubens himself deviated from his fat fetish to paint normal weight women. Furthermore, it is likely that Rubens was not painting masturbation material for the masses. If he was, he probably would have ended up like Francisco de Goya, who *did* paint erotically posed slender women.

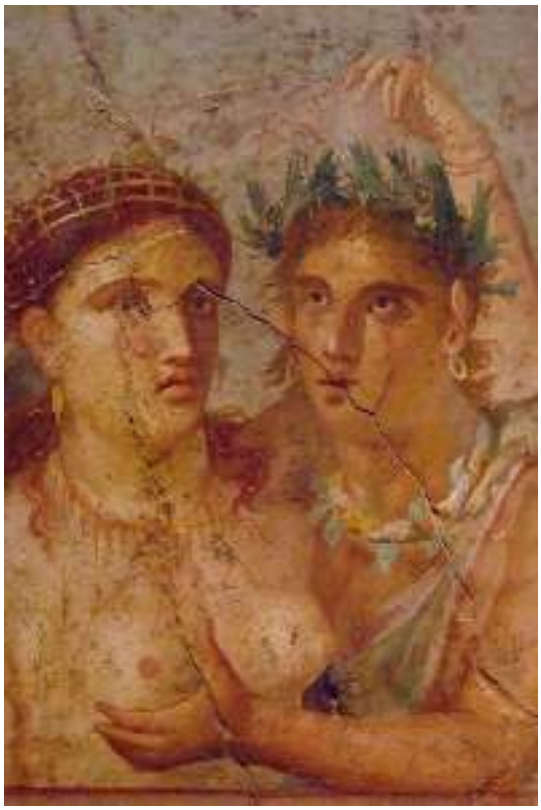
> Goya was summoned by the Spanish Inquisition to explain who commissioned the "obscene" art. I don't know what Goya told them but he lost his job as the Spanish court painter, and this was as late as the early 19th century, though in southern Europe. Goya's nude maja comes close to modern erotic pinup art/photography and is the type of art that is most likely to represent the artist's preferences or those of his contemporaries, but it doesn't depict an overweight woman. What were the chances of a painter coming up with something similar when the Church ruled?

If your paintings would have caused hard-ons to spring up among the drooling public, the Church would have had a word with you.

Bottom line: There is no evidence that Rubens' paintings of unpleasantly plump women were representative of the kind of women that most men of his time considered hot. Except for a few weird outliers like the Mauritanians and fatty fuckers like Rubens, and allowing for some minor variation in female attractiveness standards between the major races, the vast majority of men across cultures and historical generations have lusted for thin young women (BMI 17 – 23) with 0.7 waist-hip ratios and feminine dispositions. No amount of railing against the "system" or engaging in sophistic pseudoacademic hocus-pocus is gonna change this fact.

The World’s First “Hot Chick With Douchebag”?

CH · 17 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original



Peacocking head accessory? Check.
Overindulgent Roman guido (the original!) necklace? Check.
Cheeseball earrings? Check.
Hours in the gymnasium building neck muscles? Check.
Tunic unbuttoned down to navel to display sprouts of chest hair? Check.
Thousand yard stare of stupidity? Check.
Deep Mediterranean orange tan? Check.
Chick is a slut? Check.

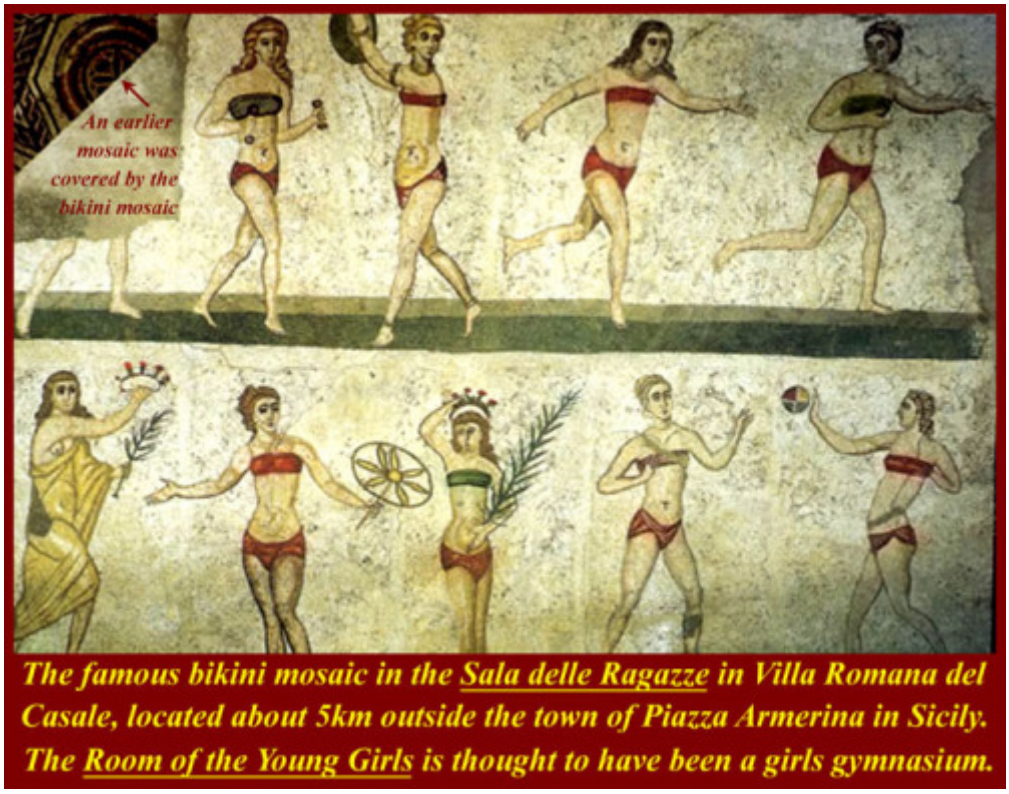
Historical accuracy confirmed. The world’s first hot chick with douchebag!

(Link and association provided by commenters Lucifer and Ruby. Great JOOOORB guys.)

The Romans Didn't Like Fat Chicks Either

CH · 17 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

More evidence that thin has always been in. *(Hat tip: Reader SB7.)* The fourth century Romans of the Villa Romana del Casale and the surrounding town of Platia created mosaics of slender babes well within the optimal 17 – 23 BMI range frolicking in bikinis while playing outdoor games and generally looking cute.



The famous bikini mosaic in the Sala delle Ragazze in Villa Romana del Casale, located about 5km outside the town of Piazza Armerina in Sicily. The Room of the Young Girls is thought to have been a girls gymnasium.

Not a BBW or chubster in sight!

I feel the spirit of Dr. Seuss move me.

Do you like
chicks shaped like ham?
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.
I do not like
chicks shaped like ham.

Would you like them
now or then?

I would not like them
now or then.
I would not like them ever again.

I do not like
chicks shaped like ham.
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.

Would you like them in your bed?
Would you like them giving head?

I do not like them

in my bed.
I do not like them
giving head.
I do not like them
now or then.
I do not like them
ever again.
I do not like
chicks shaped like ham.
I do not like them,
Sam-I-am.

Would you eat them
in their box?
Would you poke them
with your cox?

Not in their box.
Not with my cox.
Not in my bed.
Not giving head.
I would not poke them
here or there.
I would not poke them anywhere.
I would not poke chicks made of ham.
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.

I'll be in all zee veek!

How Much Can Game Do?

CH · 18 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Many detractors and doubters of the crimson arts, including but not limited to a rather peculiar yet endearingly patriotic and bracingly truthful subculture of HBD quant geeks, have tried to find and exploit fissures in the foundation of the Chateau by accusing yours in Christ of inflating the good that can be gained from game. They claim I overlook some very basic HBD (human biodiversity)-approved limitations imposed on men by immutable biological factors outside the reach of self-improvement efforts.

Oh, really?

What do they think I'm running here? An archipelago of pretty lies? It's time to set the record straight about what exactly game can accomplish for the man who wants more choice in women. And what better way to do so than through the use of a handy chart?

If you are: then tight game will bring you this:
an omega dreg an improvement from involuntary lifelong celibacy
to a couple bangs per year with 2s and under.

a lesser beta a few bangs per year with non-obese 4s and 5s and
the freedom to delay marriage to a tubby plain jane
for a couple of years while still fruitfully playing the field.

a garden variety an end to month-long dry spells, the exquisite pleasure
provider beta of occasional sex with a girl above the threshold of
genuine attractiveness (7), and a fiscal windfall from
having gained the ability to bed women without
spending godawful sums of money on them.

a greater beta double digit lifetime partners, one "8" girlfriend at least
ten years younger, and an ability to consistently get sex
by the third date and blowjobs on the regular. bonus:
you can reject cougars with impunity.

a lesser alpha triple digit lifetime partners, one "9" short-term girlfriend,
one threesome, and one multiple concurrent relationship
with a 7 and an 8.

a natural alpha 300 lifetime partners (should you choose to accept this
mission), multiple threesomes and orgies, long term
unmarried loving relationships with 8s and above,
and the freedom to hit (deserving) women
without worrying they will leave you or call the police.

a super alpha the world is your harem.

******

The dreg to super alpha continuum represents categories of men whose corresponding dating market value traits have been averaged for each group. For instance, a lesser beta could be a very short man with a middling income and dull personality, or a normal height unemployed man with no money and decent looks who has crippling approach anxiety and horrible fashion sense. Similarly, a lesser alpha could represent a tall man with good looks and above average income, but possessing some geeky personality quirk holding him back from reaching his full potential with women. An omega is a man whose product is unwanted by any buyer. Unlike the economic market,

the sexual market is a zero sum game, so some unfortunate souls at the far left of the bell curve will be unable to find a buyer of their product. In fact, omegas will have to pay for the privilege of dumping their wretched products on the market.

As I've written before, what men like in women is simple. In descending order of importance, here are the female attractiveness traits that men desire in women:

Beauty.
Femininity.
Sexual eagerness.

In descending order of importance, here are the male attractiveness traits that women desire in men:

Psychosocial dominance (game).
High status/fame.
Personality (passion/charisma/humor).
Wealth.
Good looks/height/muscularity.
Cleverness/smarts.
Dependability/reliability.
Sexual prowess.

A man along the alpha-beta-omega axis will exhibit the above traits in varying degrees of magnitude. The more of each attractiveness trait a man possesses, especially of those traits at the top of the pyramid that most attract women, the greater in intensity, amount, and quality of female attention he will fetch. A super alpha is a man who has maxed out in each category of attractiveness. An omega is a man who possesses little to none of these traits. A typical beta provider is likely a man who is low in the top four traits, average in looks and smarts, high in dependability, and low in sexual prowess.

Using girlish and pretentiously wonky Will Wilkinson as an example, he would score thusly:

Psychosocial dominance: **Not enough information.** He could very well be an alpha in his dealings with girlfriends.
High status/fame: **High.** He has fame within his tardlike liberdroid circle of equalist boilerplaters. Every male endeavor (except video gaming) has female groupies.
Personality: **Average.** He loses points for feminine demeanor and unmanly vocal skills, but gains points for passion.
Wealth: Assuming his income status is solidly SWPL, he'd be at the **high** end of this category.
Looks: **Average.** Feeble muscularity counterbalanced by boy band/art fag face.
Cleverness: **High.** He should thank his libertarian god for blessing him with a high (but uselessly applied) IQ.
Dependability: Not enough information. But he has the face of a sneaky fucker, and he's still unmarried in his 30s (which I approve of), so I'm going with **low**.
Sexual prowess: **Not enough information** (thank god). Could be a limp noodle, could be a tantric dynamo.

If very low = 1, low = 3, average = 5, high = 7, very high = 9, and godlike = 10, and weighting toward the top four character traits, we can calculate a rough sexual market value score for Will Wilkinson:

7.1

Will Wilkinson is a **greater beta**.

> Attracts girls in the 6-8 range, doesn't need to turn off lights to enjoy sex, once got a BJ in an alley, his half-Asian girlfriend will cry if he proposes to her, has accumulated 5-15 partners (plus one very pretty boy).

If Wilkinson scores high on psychosocial dominance and sexual prowess, he would bump up to a lesser alpha. Rarefied company indeed, Will! As it stands, his ineffectual bloviating about relationship exactness and

complementarity to the contrary notwithstanding, Will perfectly obeyed the biomechanical law of the sexual market and cashed in his market value chips for a cute, slender chick who ranks about a 7.5 on the female dating market value scale (10 being Monica Bellucci in her prime).

Of course, Wilkinson, like most purveyors of palatable lies, does not believe in game, or even in the primacy of the sexual market (his type are liable to sneer "reductionist!" whenever confronted with the reality of humanity's base animal nature and their enslavement to it). Why, if only the entire left hand side of the male curve would just get a grad degree and an enlightened attitude toward women, they too could enjoy the fruits of cute half-Asian girls!

The great majority of men are not genetically capable of getting grad school degrees, but they are capable of learning some rudimentary game. Concepts like negs, social proof, qualfication, compliance, and body language. And in the winner-take-all seduction sweepstakes, all else equal, an uneducated man wielding tight game will beat a game-eschewing educated man waving a diploma 99 times out of 100. Bet on it.

Again, using the example of Will Wilkinson I outlined above, we can roughly deduce what a man of his market value — greater beta — can accomplish with knowledge of game and assiduous application of it in the field. If Will is willing to shed his preconceptions and start reading up on all the free seduction material now available on the internet, plus find himself a mentor who could correct him when he fucks up in set, he could enjoy a lifestyle that includes dating and fucking girls even younger and cuter than his current girlfriend, and put off marriage indefinitely for the same benefits found within long term loving relationships with girls who, because they are so enamored of him, won't pressure him for an expensive princess wedding.

Game is not a skeleton key that will open every locked pussy. It, like most human improvement projects, has its limitations; a 5′ 2″ ugly, dull, 60 year old factory line worker living in a rancid basement hovel is not going to go from celibacy to boffing supermodels no matter how advanced his game. But game's limitations are much farther out than most men realize. That ugly, short, boring old guy won't bang supermodels with game, but he will discover a world of fuckathon fun among 45 year old divorcees of mediocre attractiveness.

As game, or in weightier parlance, psychosocial dominance, sits at the pinnacle of male character traits that women find attractive, a man will get more bang for his social investment buck by learning game than he would by working hard at improving himself on more conventional metrics such as career advancement, wealth generation, educational attainment, or material acquisition. He should do all those things to the best of his ability, of course, but if he could only choose one path to pussy, I would counsel him to learn the science of seduction. A grad school degree requires an additional 6-7 years of commitment after high school plus crushing debt; career advancement requires years of kissing ass and working late; wealth generation requires a lifetime of prudent financial management; material acquisitions require hard-earned money and their effectiveness at attracting and keeping pussy is questionable.

But game, the beautiful drama, needs only six months to one year of study and practical application before a man will reap the rewards of tingly ginas. When you are running game, you are saying powerful things, you are behaving powerfully. And when you behave powerfully, you really are powerful. Game is power. And it all rests on one very simple, very true, premise:

Women are mostly the same in what they find attractive in men.

And the male trait they love the most? Dominance.

Weep unfathomable tears of bitterness, equalist shits. Weep 'em good.

August 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 21 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The crack team of Chateau Beta of the Month researchers took a couple weeks off, so the August 2009 BOTM is tardy. Or fashionably late, if you prefer the reframe.

The winner of the July 2009 BOTM, by a wide margin, was **Travis D'arby**, the SWPL self-parody who can't figure out why his wife has so many male Facebook friends, and why she won't accept his friend invitation. She also has the gall to tell him, when he confronts her with the evidence, to keep his beta nose out of her business. They of course talk it out over dinner like the sophisticated urbane couple they are and come to some sort of closure involving "love and understanding" which, in chick language, translates as "the wife continues fucking around on her pathetic husband while he respects her privacy to fuck around on him."

Congratulations, Travis, your balls have now been shipped to the nearest Ripley's Believe It Or Not museum for display. Electron microscope required for viewing. And you can stop bobbing your head in the car to "It's Raining Men".

August 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by reader **Billy Blaze** and tells the story of a high society blueblood who proves that wealth and social status aren't enough to shield a man from collapsing into a beta black hole of his own making.

> Topper was in Florida for the wedding of one of his longtime moneyed bros. Tinsley, the little trollop, was *supposed* to join him later at the rehearsal dinner and bring shoes for him to wear. That's where the trouble started.

In case it isn't clear, Topper is the man, Tinsley is his wife. You've gotta love the faggy and princessy names the upper class gives to their kids. Just as mockable as ghetto and hillbilly names.

Anyhow, Tinsley texted Topper (sounds like the name of a chick flic) to inform him she couldn't make it to the rehearsal dinner. That's because Tinsley was busy getting banged out by a European aristotrash.

> Tinsley had run off to get boned by a German aristocrat/prince named Casimir Wittgenstein-Sayn, news Topper shared with some of the couple's friends.
>
> *Topper e-mailed his friends to explain: "I know I have involved you guys in our problems and that was wrong. Tinsley is at fault of course but Casi [sic] never gave her a chance to breathe even when I asked him to give us space. He was manipulative and overbearing. I love my wife and we are going to do what we can to salvage this marriage."*

Did you get that? Topper discovers his wife's infidelity and the guy she's doing it with, and responds in a most manly fashion by kindly asking the good European gentleman to refrain for a time from drilling Tinsley so that he can work on his marriage, i.e. beg her to come back and give him a reason to go on living.

Topper's plans for the future include, you guessed it, rushing to forgive his cheap whore of a wife and living out his lonely days in a self-imposed torment of soulripping introspection.

> He's become a full-time smoker. He's lost weight. He wakes up at precisely 3:25 every morning and plays over and over the reality show his life became. Still, he hasn't entirely abandoned the idea that she'll come back. "I love my wife" is all he'll tell me.

Topper, old sport, you've got money, status and youth. Admit that your wife is a filthy whore, stop thinking about her, go to Scores and get yourself a hot stripper for some fun. Whatever you do, don't cry about your wife to her.

Cause she ain't coming back, although if she catches news of you boffing a stripper she might consider it.

******

August 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by **Willard Libby**. It's an article about a supremely emasculated man's wife who started a blog not five months into their marriage to chronicle her husband's annoying habits. Or, in words this blog's readers could better appreciate, to utterly humiliate him in public. You can see her blog here.

> For his part, [Tiffanie] Wong's husband, WPIX-TV reporter Mark Joyella, sees the humor in his wife's blog and has no problem with the outside world knowing of his foibles.
>
> "To me, it's kind of a tribute to all husbands," said Joyella, 43, who works for the weekend show "Toni On! New York."
>
> "I'm sure all husbands have their own quirks."
>
> Some of Joyella's most annoying habits, according to his wife's blog, include his love of fart jokes, the fact he wears the same zip-up green sweater in every family photograph and his inability to figure out the TV remote.
>
> "I'll ask him to record a show for me and it ends up being Univision or something," Wong said.
>
> "Have you seen that remote?" Joyella countered. "It has like 50 buttons on it."

Wong (notice she didn't take his name) says she loves her husband, but how much longer can she go on feeling love for a man she castrates every day in front of an anonymous public audience cheering on her every revelation? Mark Joyella, for his part, seems like a happy-go-lucky goofball who's masochistically enjoying the infamy, but he should be careful; aloofness will only buy him so much time. Eventually, a wife who doesn't respect you enough to keep your dirty laundry private will begin loathing your betaness. Her gina tingles will roam in search of stronger cock antennae.

******

August 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by reader **West Coast Life**. It's about Sheryl Weinstein, the married woman who had a yearlong affair with Ponzi King Bernie Madoff sixteen years ago. She has just written an opportunistic book about her time as Madoff's mistress, and in the interview linked to she describes how her husband reacted to her book.

> **How have your husband and son reacted to the book?**
> Well, my husband read most of the book. My son hasn't read it, but he has been very loving and very, very supportive. My husband has also been supportive. It's something that happened 16 years ago. [My marriage] was a 21-year relationship; the affair lasted about a year or a year and a half. [So] it wasn't like, "Surprise, I've been having an affair for 20 years." It was more like, "Surprise, I had an affair 15 or 16 years ago." We've really worked hard on our marriage since then, and things have come around, but this really terrible thing happened to us.

Note the sleight of sophistry this cunt is attempting. Her son could despise her, but I'm sure she's sufficiently self-deluded to believe he's "very loving and very, very supportive". And her husband is supportive? Either he's prudently and cynically encouraging the success of his cheating wife's book to restock the family's lost finances, or he's a beta so thoroughly beaten down in spirit that his testicularly shriveled reflex is to forgive and "support" the wrinkled, over-makeupped skank married to him. Either way, he comes off like a pathetic choad, assuming his wife isn't lying.

That's a big assumption. Let's discuss that word "support". Has any word in the English language been more misused and abused by women? It's the go-to word whenever guilt pokes its ugly head into the hollowed crevice

carved in the rotten soul of a cheating whore. The word sickens me. Almost always when you hear it spoken by someone you can be assured you are getting sprayed on by the chunky vomit of a pity pimp, an energy vampire, or a blame-shifting slut. The next time you hear someone use the word, call them out on it.

“What exactly do you mean by “support”? No one’s calling you out on your bullshit?”

And then you’ve gotta appreciate the shameless refusal to accept accountability shown by the whore:

> We’ve really worked hard on our marriage since then, and things have come around, but this really terrible thing happened to us.

“You see, honey, that whole unpleasantness of Madoff’s dick in my pussy was a terrible thing that happened to us. Just some nebulous cosmic force that alighted upon our happy family for which I bear no responsiblity, and for which you are likely equally responsible anyhow. So let’s try and work through it, and with enough hard work on your part in marriage counseling I might see my way to forgiving you.”

Choice cut cunt, here, folks. Brazenly cunty. The dark side of the cunt.

Why did Weinstein write the book?

> **This must have been a very painful book for you to write. Why did you decide to do it?**
> The first part was that the investment decisions in my family were my responsibility, so I felt this tremendous guilt and responsibility about what had happened. My motivation was to try to make things better as much as I can, and that sort of meant putting myself out there.

Cha-ching! Is anyone buying her shit? Her husband? When your wife cheats, you kick her out. End of story. Any other course of action that doesn’t involve wicked vengeance will brand you with the badge of the beta for the rest of your life. Now if only the divorce laws would catch up to this eminently fair and just outlook.

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The voting:

PS: Although it was a popular submission, I didn’t include the guy forced to stand on a DC Metro street corner by his wife and wear a placard confessing his infidelity because it was later revealed to be a local radio station prank.

Alpha Male Cage Match

CH · 22 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The winner of the first alpha male cage match was Silvio Berlusconi, by a whopping margin. 72 years old and still chasing skirt without apology.

On to match #2.

VS.

Owning A Dog Is Training For Owning A Woman

CH · 23 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was sitting on a bench in a compact, refurbished dog park that had been covered in a fake grass like Astroturf — call it Turdturf — upon which 15 or 20 dogs were frolicking and licking each others' balls while their owners talked amongst themselves and tried to avoid stepping on the smaller dogs. After spending some time wondering where the dog piss drains in the fake grass, I poked my companion.

"Check out that guy over there. The guy with the boxer. His dog is totally owning him."

In the middle of the park a khaki-wearing herb was being ritually humiliated by his burly boxer. The dog ignored him, disobeyed him, and generally made a nuisance of itself careening into other dogs and people and sniffing a multitude of crotches with tremendous gusto. The herb feebly tried to corral his dog, begging and pleading with it to behave, and the dog… well, I'm almost positive the dog laughed at him, if dogs can do such a thing. The dog had a look that said "Yeah, this tool gives me free food. What a chump!" It was a demonstration of pure mockery, dog owning owner.

The whole scene reaffirmed a belief I have that properly owning a dog is excellent training for properly owning a woman. The behavior of dogs and women is eerily similar, and their relation to man testifies to that.

Like dogs, women need to be led. They *want* to be led. In fact, though they will never admit it, women want to be owned by their men. (*I loved that he was so powerful I was nothing.* – O on her lover)

Like dogs, women will walk all over you if you let them.

Like dogs, women will test you for your alpha status the moment you show weakness. There's nothing dogs and women loathe more than being adrift in a non-hierarchical relationship. They both need to slip comfortably behind you in an established pecking order. It is there they find deep, true happiness and contentment.

Like dogs, women need to be trained. Shit tests are essentially a woman telling you "Please train me to respect you." Oblige her.

Like dogs, women respond best to strong verbal and nonverbal commands. If you stare down a dog, it will always turn away first, if it recognizes your authority. Women will do the same.

Like dogs, women will eventually take to the leash, metaphorical or literal.

Like dogs, women want to be told to roll over.

Like dogs, women will hump anything if you allow them.

Dog training is alpha training; keeping a dog in line and assuming the role of pack leader will redound to other areas of your life. The skills and mindset required to rule the dog pack are not much different than the game required to rule a woman. You will soon learn what it means to have a commanding presence when you are the owner of a naturally unruly dog.

I have no doubt that the herb with the disobedient boxer is a doormat in his relationship, if he is in one. I'm sure that, like his boxer shits on the carpet, his girlfriend shits on his soul. If you are a beta, my advice is to save the $5,000 you would spend on a seduction workshop and instead pick up a dog at your local shelter. Since you will not be sexually attracted to the dog, you will find it very easy to work on your alpha leadership skills with it. Then what you learn with the dog will carry over into your dealings with women.

PS: Has the Afghan hound always been the dog of choice of the upper class? I can see why. The dog looks snobby, and it never sniffs the ground. Afghans keep their heads up when walking. It might as well be called the Alpha hound.

The Conventional Wisdom

CH · 24 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Many readers sent me this article from CNN.com called **"18 things to teach your sons about women"**. Juicy lede, eh? Because it was written by a woman attempting to give advice about men, there is much potential for unintended humor. As little as women know about their own natures, they know even less about men's. I described in this post why this is so:

> Since men are [primarily] the chosen in the mating dance, they have to be more aware of reality than do women. If men ignore reality, they risk involuntary celibacy. If a woman looks attractive (which is most of them during their prime fertile years), she can ignore reality to her heart's content as unicorns and rainbows shower her in cellophane raindrops and still have suitors lined up around the block to fuck her.

So I'm not expecting much. The conventional wisdom has morphed into something resembling the "femifocal wisdom", what with the mass media infiltrated by and geared toward women, with men being relegated to small outposts like "The World's Most Dangerous Jobs: Ice Truckers". Anytime you read an article in a putatively mainstream outlet like CNN, even a front page article, you are actually reading a woman's warped point of view, which, truth be told, is worse than useless information — reading it will make most men's lives more miserable.

These 18 bullet points of WHAT WOMEN WANT seem like perfect fodder for the whip-wielders at the Chateau to examine and flay to pieces.

1. Pick your battles.

Surprisingly, the author is off to a reasonable start. Alpha males (you know, the men women find most attractive) don't sweat the small stuff. Let her win some of the insignificant arguments that don't matter to you. Of course, you'll put up a false front that the issue is extremely important to your manly sense of pride, so that when you finally cave she will be awash with gratitude and blowjobs love.

2. Walk on the outside (closer to the street) of your female companion.

Meh. Standard alpha procedure. The author intuitively understands (under the rubric of chivalry) that not all male body language is created equal. Some positions are more dominant than others. 2 for 2.

3. Saying "You're being crazy" is never an appropriate response, unless you want her to go postal on you.

No doubt the author has been called crazy by a man she dated. I haven't had too many women go postal on me because I correctly noted their crazy-assedness. If the bitch is crazy, it's one of many appropriate responses. 2 for 3.

4. Cooking, cleaning, and taking care of kids are things men can actually do as well as women.

Is she trying to teach her future son the fine art of living like a eunuch? While this is technically true for cooking and cleaning, (the evidence suggests men are not as psychologically equipped as women for the task of raising small children), in practice men don't do these things as well as women because they have less interest in doing them. Women need to grasp that their demands for cleaner homes are *their* oddball proclivities; most men are perfectly content letting dust accumulate, books remain unshelved, and toddlers eat their poop. 2 for 4 for teaching your son to be more like a woman. All the furious fembot shrieking to the contrary, chicks don't dig kitchen bitches, lady.

5. Keep backup supplies of quality chocolate in the house for her to raid.

For what? To fatten her up? 2 for 5.

6. Buying tampons and other feminine products shouldn't embarrass you –everyone knows they're not for you.

I actually once had a girlfriend leave me because I wouldn't go into CVS to buy her tampons. That wasn't the sole reason for the breakup, of course, but it was one straw too many on the camel's back. If she's with you, she buys the feminine products, and you buy the masculine products. This is the way of the universe. To do otherwise is the way of the eunuchracy. 2 for 6.

7. Women like compliments and gifts.

Correction: Women like compliments and gifts in small doses and when least expected. A man must make his woman earn her specialness. I'll give her this one out of mercy. 3 for 7.

8. Earning less than her shouldn't be emasculating.

Put "shouldn't" in one hand and "but it will" in the other, and see which one fills up first. Exception: If you are a man with game or other positive male attractiveness attributes, you can afford to handicap yourself in relative relationship earning power (RREP). 3 for 8.

9. Be on time, even if she usually isn't.

Massive correction: Never be on time during the courtship phase, and occasionally be late while in a relationship, even if she usually *is* on time. 3 for 9.

10. Don't be a pouty puppy when shopping with her.

How about "Don't be a pouty puppy… ever"? Blatantly obvious. If you hate shopping, smack her ass and tell her to have fun, you're going golfing. Women tingle ginarrifically for men with limits. 4 for 10.

11. Find out what her favorite flower is.

This is a good one, and true. I have had success recalling my girl's favorite flower and giving it to her at a later date. It's a small token of affection that will cost you almost nothing. 5 for 11.

12. If you like her, then don't buy her shoes; it's bad luck.

Never heard this before, but I'd say it's a bad move to buy her shoes regardless of the karmic retribution. Do you really want to positively reward the blossoming of her latent princess? 6 for 12.

13. Smiling and nodding aren't the same as listening.

But they're close enough for government work. However, most men should do a better job of listening, if for no other reason than that it helps them get out of their heads and into the moment. 7 for 13.

14. It's OK to cry in front of her, but keep the blubbering to a minimum.

No, it's not, unless he knows how to emote like an alpha. 7 for 14.

15. Personality goes a long way.

True, but trite. The author is really putting herself out there! 8 for 15.

16. At some point she'll be more important than your mother.

I hear this lament from women in the media constantly, but in reality how many men remain stuck at the teat of their mothers? Most men I know hardly ever talk about their moms. Maybe this a racial thing, or a *cough* Jewish thing, but my experience is that the momma's boy complaint is overblown. 9 for 16 for being so brave to tell a hackneyed truth.

17. You will never completely understand women.

Keep telling yourself that, toots. The lid is blown off this joint. 9 for 17.

18. Oh yeah, and no woman will ever be good enough for my baby!

What if she's pre-Seal Heidi Klum? 9 for 18.

***

The author, a representess of the gina-soaked conventional wisdom, didn't do too badly. 50%. With some more study into the true nature of men and women she could bump up to an F+, thereby giving her hypothetical son a chance to avoid getting LJBF'ed for the entirety of his teens and 20s. But if we were grading on a curve, she would earn a zero, because half of her points are so vaguely prosaic that it would be impossible to find fault with them, and the half that have some meat on the bone are horrendously ignorant of reality.

Now if it were me giving advice to my hypothetical son, I'd steer him down the path of illumination.

Being A Beta Is Worse Than...

CH · 25 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

…being this guy:

Hope's boyfriend.

An anonymous reader sent me this photo with the following message: "gets more tail than all the herbs and betas on this site".

What's going on here? Clearly, Wolfman has a genetic mutation. Some things we know:

Chicks dig gnarly mutations.
Chicks especially dig gnarly mutations that confer a measure of fame upon the sufferer.
Chicks dig testosterone overload.
Man fur is a leading indicator of big balls swollen with testosterone.

What we don't know is whether these cute girls* are banging Wolfman or if they're just posing with him because of the novelty. *(I can't tell if every girl pictured is the same girl. You know how it is. All look same.) Assuming this is his girlfriend(s), and that banging is going on, you have to tip your hat to the guy. He's doing better than 70% of hirsutely normal betas whose faces girls can see.

In related news, Roosh rubbed his thick facial carpet while exclaiming "I'm not worthy!".

I think I will start a new series called "Being A Beta Is Worse Than…". The comparisons are limitless!

Science Proves Women Are Secret Sluts

CH · 25 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I was recently invited to join the moderated Yahoo group "Evolutionary Psychology". Curious, I moseyed on over to take a gander and found a link to this study which raised my testosterone-laden eyebrow:

Study reveals complexities of female arousal September 21st, 2009 in Medicine & Health / Psychology & Psychiatry

Challenging the idea that women's sexual motivations are tied exclusively to romantic emotions or reproduction, a new study by psychologists at The University of Texas at Austin found women's sexual decisions are motivated by a shocking array of reasons that range from the mundane ("I was bored") to a sense of adventure ("I wanted to know what it was like before getting married"), and from the altruistic ("I felt sorry for him") to the borderline evil ("I wanted to give him a sexually transmitted disease").

"Understanding why women have sex is extremely important, but rarely studied," said David M. Buss, evolutionary psychology professor. "One thing that's interesting about our study is that it goes against the stereotype that men desire sex for pleasure while women have sex only for love or commitment."

Detailed in their new book "Why Women Have Sex: Understanding Sexual Motivations from Adventure to Revenge (and Everything in Between)," Buss and Cindy M. Meston, clinical psychology professor, collected personal accounts from more than 1,000 women of diverse educational, ethnic and religious backgrounds on their reasons for having sex.

"We knew motivations for sex were more complex than what had previously been talked about in the literature—having a baby, love and physical pleasure," Meston said. "But we were still astonished by the amazing diversity of sexual motivations—from curing a headache to feeling closer to God to getting their partners to take out the trash."

Other findings:

• Thirty-one percent of women, at some point, purposely evoked jealousy in their sex partner, compared with only 17 percent of men.
• Eighty-four percent of wives, at some point, said they had sex out of a sense of duty, compared with 64 percent of husbands.
• Thirty-eight percent of women admit to "poaching" someone for a short-term fling.
• Fifty percent of women reported having sex to cure a migraine headache.
• Women, in general, are turned on by men with deep voices and symmetrical bodies.

Yes, women like to fuck. But there is a caveat. They only like to fuck men higher than them in status. Female hypergamy doesn't disappear; it just acclimates to changing incentive structures. Tyler Durden was hitting upon a truth when he wrote about the existence of a matrix-like secret society. A small pool of alpha males really is hogging a disproportionate amount of vaj action when that vaj is at its most desirable. The fact that most betas eventually settle down with a road-worn, heart-stomped wife in their late 20s/early 30s doesn't disprove the reality of the secret society.

Regarding the findings, is anyone surprised that women deliberately evoke more jealousy in their partners than do men in theirs? Chicks are natural drama whores. If they aren't getting their drama fix their holes close up and become dry like sandpaper. The alpha male, with his beguiling aloofness, multiple partner juggling, unspoken ability to score new pussy on a whim, unpredictable outbursts of occasional anger, and steady stream of neg hits, is like a walking minstrel show to a girl. Snagging one as a boyfriend means the Shakespearean fun never ends!

I've written before that the men who are most successful at seducing women are the men who co-opt women's tools of the trade. They steal women's most powerful weapons and use them against her in the battlefield of mate choice.

Seducing women as a woman seduces a man leaves her incapacitated, defenseless to your charms. They know not how to respond because they've encountered so few of your kind.

> Eighty-four percent of wives, at some point, said they had sex out of a sense of duty, compared with 64 percent of husbands.

Audacious Epigone posted some General Social Survey data (reader beware: the GSS should be taken with a grain of salt on the subject of human sexuality and sex habits) purporting to show that married men have just as much sex as single men who aren't losers with women. Note that if more wives than husbands are submitting to sex out of a sense of duty instead of a sense of lusty vigor, you can be sure that the sex lives of the single men are a hell of a lot more fun than the dreary two stroke tangos with dead fish that the married men stoically endure.

> Thirty-eight percent of women admit to "poaching" someone for a short-term fling.

Preselection, yo. Experience with women compels a man to put his dog on a higher pedestal. Or his plasma TV.

> Fifty percent of women reported having sex to cure a migraine headache.

Which is promptly restored from banging her noggin against the headboard.

> Women, in general, are turned on by men with deep voices and symmetrical bodies.

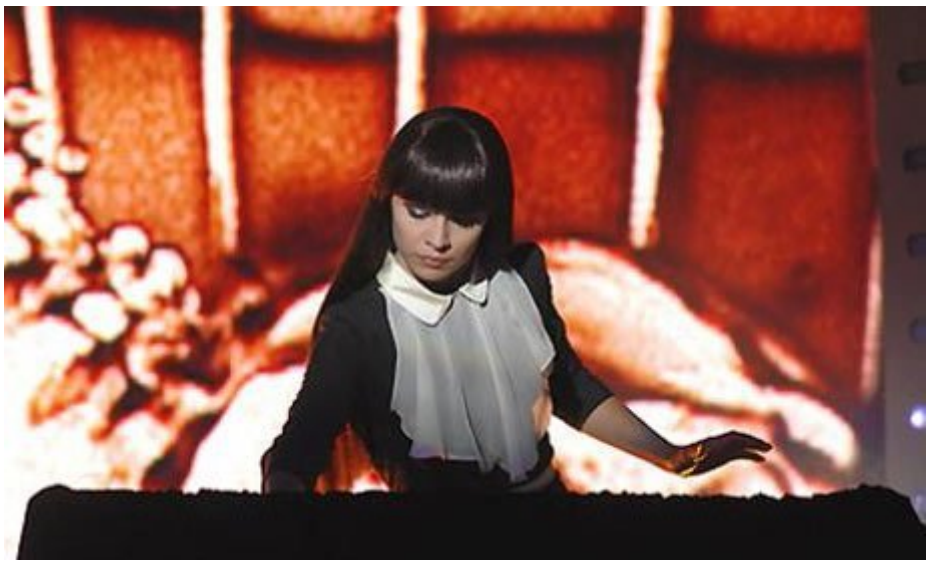
If man was made in god's image, was god symmetrical, or intriguingly idiosyncratic, like Lyle Lovett?

Ephemeral Art

CH · 26 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A lovely and talented Canadian reader dear to me (she did my About picture) sent me a link to this incredible video of a 24 year old Ukrainian woman making on-the-fly sand paintings in time with symphony music.

She started doing these paintings a year ago on the beach. One of her 20 second paintings is worth more than all the postmodern sludge of the past 30 years.



The matter is settled. Russian and Ukrainian women have been genetically selected for exquisite beauty above and beyond the call of duty.

Film Your Bangs

CH · 26 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Now there's a second good reason — besides the obvious benefit of compiling a porn oeuvre of your ex-girlfriends to whack off to in your dotage — to film all your bangs. It just might save you from a false rape charge.

> Ndonye has already been kicked out of college for the false report and has been hiding out since. She's refused to talk about her recanted claims she was tied up and gang raped inside a dormitory bathroom after a video of the incident emerged and shot holes in her original assertions.
>
> Prosecutors said she cracked and changed her story when they told her about a videotape.
>
> "The turning point was when she was confronted with the fact that there may exist a video of some or all of the incident. The woman began to reveal the truth about what happened," Nassau County District Attorney Kathleen Rice said.
>
> Investigators said the video showed no ropes, no ties and no force.

The bitch's full name is Danmel Ndonye. DANMEL NDONYE. Shout it from the rooftops. A mass public shaming so great that it drives her to suicide would be justice well served. In the meantime, I'd settle for a few years behind bars.

So, lesson learned. Film your bangs, gentlemen. Thanks, feminists!

(My gameplan is to make the red record light as natural a part of foreplay as tender kisses on the neck.)

Immature Link Of The Day

CH · 27 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Accidental Dong.

Is there a website featuring photos of accidental vaj? There should be. Here's a picture of a weird plant that looks like a vulva:

Alpha Assessment Monday: Downlow Edition

CH · 28 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

For the previous Alpha Assessment Monday, see here. All submissions go here.

Case #1

Submitted by Stone:

> Here are excerpts from my interactions with women, for the judging. As a married man – and don't start busting my balls, as I live in a foreign country with very egalitarian divorce laws, plus I picked my bride wisely – anyway, as a married man I have to adjust my game accordingly.
>
> I only go after women when my wife is away, or when I am out of town. I don't give out my number, and I don't call girls I've picked up, because I wouldn't like them returning my call some night when I'm at the family dinner table.
>
> So for me, there is no number close, no kiss close, no other kind of close other than the real one. Which is hard, it only happens one out of twenty times or so. I could have a better close ratio if I focused on milfs/cougars, but as my wife is 24 and hot, I don't want anything I get on the side to be too much of a compromise – otherwise I might as well stick with her. So anyway, after all this background, here are a few lines that I have adapted to fit my situation, and found they work fairly well:
>
> Her: But you're married!
> Me: Of course I am, I'd have to be gay otherwise.
> Her: ?
> Me: Well, women always say "all the good ones are either gay or taken" – I'd be gay if I wasn't taken, 'cause I'm good!
>
> Her: But how could you cheat to your wife?
> Me: Oh, so you've never cheated to your boyfriend?
> Her: But that's different, since I'm not married.
> Me: I don't see the difference. You break a promise and yeah, that's bad, so you gotta make sure what you break it for is worth it.
>
> Her: So what does you wife think about you being out to the club tonight, perhaps talking to other women?
> Me: Oh, that's fine, I can talk to other women. Actually, I can do anything to other women, as long as I don't sleep with them. But, everything else is fine. Like, I could kiss you.
> Her: I ain't kissing you.
> Me: I didn't say you could. I just said I could if I wanted to.
>
> And so on. Of course, not being able and willing to collect a number and follow thru with a couple of days hurts your success rate a lot, but I still do fairly well – actually, better than most of my single friends.

I like the idea of pressure cooker pickup. You either fuck close, or you hit the bricks. Gina's for closers! Smart move not calling girls. As a married man exercising his options, you'll want to minimize the paper trail. And an even better move steering clear of cougars. Too much time spent banging them out, however transient and insubstantial, will leave you feeling depressed. Stick to the young hotties.

Your first convo was good up until the last line. Too much explanation and self-promotion. When she tossed you the quizzical look, I'd have said "Only inexperienced and gay men stay on the market for long."

Your second convo is too argumentative. You're sparring with her about the definition of cheating. A total reframe was in order.

HER: But how could you cheat on your wife?
YOU: Who said anything about cheating?

If she presses, you tell her cheating implies lying, and you are completely honest in your relationships. This improved convo also serves the dual purpose of disqualifying yourself.

Your third convo is fine, though I'd question the wisdom of throwing out such a huge disqualifier like "as long as I don't sleep with them" late in the pickup. I'm assuming this was said during early game.

A question I often get (not sure why I get it, since I'm not married and never been married) is whether it's better for married men on the sly to be up front about their marriages or to hide the fact from their targets. While I don't advocate lying for practical reasons, I'm utterly agnostic on the ethicality of using lies as a tool of seduction, particularly when the seduction in question is specifically for a quickie, no muss no fuss fling. The fact is, a certain non-trivial percentage of women are turned on by the thought of poaching a taken man, and will act on it. "All the taken men are good." Proudly displaying your wedding ring will attract these types like vaj to horse saddles. But a significant number, perhaps a bare majority, won't have anything to do with a married man. It's up to you to decide whether the increase in attraction intensity from a sizeable minority of poachers is worth the decrease in overall numbers of targets if you're up front about your marital status.

Case #2

Submitted by Marrk:

> I'm younger then most of the guys here, but I figure its best to get this shit straight early.
>
> This is just the back story to my relationship with the first girl.
>
> I met this girl (shes about a 7.5, 8 on a good day) when I was a Junior in High school (I graduated last year) but back then I was pretty shy and didn't really know how to approach girls.
>
> I was introduced to her at a party and didn't talk to her for another year I'd see her around and we'd make eye contact, but i was too shy to make a move. Around my senior year I see her outside of class and I was pretty stoned and decided to talk to her. She was straight up eye fucking me and normally I would have avoided eye contact or somthing and made small talk, but this time I just looked her straight in the eye and started talking to her. I don't remember exactly what I said because I wasn't exactly sober, but it ended up with my getting my dick sucked in the car.

GSS be damned. Chicks are getting sluttier. They just learn to skirt the spirit of the questionnaire by not counting blowjobs.

> The problem started when I met this other girl. I would have tried to juggle both but all three of us going to the same school ,it just wouldn't have worked so I told girl number 1 that I didn't want to see her any more. What happened with girl number 2 is a different story, but lets just say I was Waaay too fucking nice.
>
> Now that nice block of text brings me to the current situation. I'm back home and I haven't seen the First girl in a year or so. She sees my status on Myspace and asks me how I been and what not. I didn't know what 2 say because After I told her that i didn't want to be close to any women at the time when we were in school together, She saw me making out with girl number 2 the next day.
>
> So i just decided to hit her back and see how she was, It started with simple convo, like catching up or what ever VIA myspace (I hate the shit) but eventually she asks for my number again. So we're texting and shit and she's like " I miss you and the way you made me feel".

Beta bait. Don't take it!

> After she sends me that, I almost replied right away with " I missed you too" but i decided to kill some time

> and wait a couple of hours.
>
> I replied with ” Well what do you miss about the way I make you feel”.

Damn, you took it.

> And she makes me wait like 3 fucking hours and replies with some bullshit “good answer” at 4am.

Women are like finely crafted Swiss watches. Totally predictable.

> So I’m like Fuck it, I’m not going to reply, and shes going to have to Call or text me again if she wants to talk to me.

Good save. When in doubt, DON’T REPLY.

> Lo and behold, later the next day she texts me asking wassup. I don’t know if I made a mistake here because I was still pissed from last night and was giving her clipped, one worded responses.

Anger is hard to conceal and is often a dead giveaway that she has gotten to you. This was a golden opportunity to act aloof and indifferent, as if nothing was out of sorts between you two.

> Then she’s like she wants to see me so I tell her I’m only going to be free this Sat. She tells me the following tuesday and I just told her I have a date on tuesday. She didn’t reply, or text me for like two days after that and then today shes like, Do you still want to see me on Saturday?. I told her I’ll see if I can make the time but don’t hold your breath.

Well played, mostly. But you should’ve eased off on the asshole game. She’s going back on her word (essentially, indicting herself as a liar) by agreeing to meet you on Saturday like you originally wanted, so you come out with the upper hand. The time to be magnanimous is when you have hand. A simple “Cool” should have been your reply to her capitulation.

> I’m probably going to go and see her, but I’m not sure yet. Today is that saturday so I’ll probably have to make a decision soon, and when I do I’ll post up what happens.
>
> Sorry about the block of text lol but i felt the need to be as thourough as possible to get the best feedback. What do you guys/gals think?

The asshole is strong in you, but your journey to the alpha side is not yet complete. Not every interaction with a girl is a challenge to prove your player prowess. As an alpha padawan you will come to understand the power of forbearance and vulnerability game.

Let us know what happened.

Men Work Longer Hours For The Wives They Wish They Had

CH · 29 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader gig left this comment to the previous post:

> The noticing of how unattractiveness in women leads men to work longer is amazing. I see it everyday. I bet that much of alcohol abusers started so because of some unpleasant experience with women, specially sudden fattening of formerly attractive girls.

There is a widely held misconception that men who work long hours, or work later than they normally do, are doing so to please or otherwise impress their wives. In fact, much of the time just the opposite is true. Men will often work longer hours to *get away* from aging wives who are no longer attractive to them. It's only the hottie wives who can inspire their husbands to get their work done on time and rush home for some lovin'.

Men who work long hours are essentially telling their wives that they'd rather spend time at the office amassing resources to attract a hotter, younger wife just over the horizon.

Which Is Harder On A Woman's Looks: Fat Or Aging?

CH · 29 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The pursuit of deep philosophical inquiry is a heritage of the West. This post continues in that noble tradition.

For purposes of comparison we begin our thought experiment with two slender (~ BMI 19) 20 year old women of above average attractiveness. They are both at the peak of their beauty. Which will steal their most valuable asset the quickest and render them sexually worthless — the horrors of aging or the disfigurement of obesity? Let's find out!

Girl A is our gluttonous subject. Boy, does she like food. Recently, her boyfriend got complacent with the regular sex and regressed to a house trained beta, prompting her to fill the emptiness in her vaj-shaped soul with Krispy Kreme donuts.

Girl B is our control. She has good eating and exercise habits (read: primal diet. not a vegetarian. lifts weights. doesn't run marathons.) and stays slim. The only force that takes a toll on her beauty is aging, which happens to everyone. Assuming average genetics, she will age about as fast as the typical woman, meaning a slow decline up to 30, then a rapid acceleration to the wall between 30 and 40, followed by an afterburner turbocharge at the point of impact sometime around age 45, after which she will be invisible to all men except the most desperate herb dregs.

We begin the experiment. There are 3500 calories in a pound of body fat, and 200 calories in a Krispy Kreme original glazed donut. Girl A goes on a donut bender and eats 1.05 Krispy Kreme donuts per week per year. 1.05 Krispy Kreme donuts per week doesn't sound like much, does it ladies? Keep reading. She does not substitute smaller portions in her other meals or increased physical activity to counterbalance the extra calories from the donuts. At this rate of donut consumption, Girl A adds 5 pounds of unsightly fat to her frame every year. Keep in mind, too, that Girl A is aging as well as getting larger.

Meanwhile, our control, Girl B, has been suffering the indignity of aging without her even knowing it for the first five years or so after age 20. But unseen at the molecular level, her body is breaking down. From age 20 to 21, no one will really notice a change, especially not her boyfriend who sees her every day. Only in the aggregate over blocks of a few years will an outward change become noticeable. From 20 to 25, her body remains tight and right, while her face sheds some of that exquisitely soft baby fat of her late teen years and becomes more chiseled, angular. At age 25, she is still near-peak in facial beauty, but subtle changes have taken hold; her skin no longer glows without artificial accentuation (ladies pinch, whores rouge) and her flesh has lost some gravity-defying firmness. She would not pass the quarter bounce off a Marine's cot test, but her ass remains delightfully squeezeable.

Now we do the first set of comparisons.

- At one year in (21 years old) Girl A is five pounds heavier. Since she is young, the fat sits on her well. Her boyfriend notices the small weight gain, but his boner is largely unaffected. He continues fucking her joyfully, although his eye wanders a little more when they're out in public together.
- At 21 years old, Girl B has aged one year. Superficially, no change in her beauty. Her boyfriend is none the wiser of the tragedy that will eventually befall his beloved.

What happens at age 25?

- At 25, Girl A has gained 25 pounds. Trouble brewing! Her boyfriend definitely notices her added padding, but mostly chooses to avoid confronting her about it, instead prefering the method of passive aggressive mutterings about other women's skinniness, hoping that will spur her to get back in shape. He is beginning to regret spending 20K on that diamond engagement ring. His eye wanders a lot more now, he showers her with fewer compliments, and the frequency of their sex has dropped in half. He stays an hour later at work.
- At 25, Girl B has aged five years. Her face has become mature, having sloughed off the last remnants of teen

years softness and firmness. A tiny hint of crows' feet appears, along with a few dimples of cottage cheese where the bottom of the ass meets the hamstrings. She is attractive, but in a different, less feminine way now; her's is the attractiveness of a strident hard-charger, piercing the air before her like a wedge of sharpened flesh when she walks down the street. Good exercise habits have delayed any major drooping of her ass. Her boyfriend still finds her hot, but familiarity and the ancient stirrings of his manly seed-spreading spirit have caused his eye to dilate with greater gusto when appreciating the delicacies of younger women.

On to age 30.

- At 30, Girl A is 50 pounds heavier. Oh my. She has formally left "chubby" and "pleasingly plump" euphemistic territory and entered the land of lardasses. The fat refuses to sit on her well; it hangs dolorously, it balloons insultingly. Her tits, while bigger, are also more pendulous, completely negating whatever benefit larger tits normally confer. Her boyfriend has stopped looking at her naked body entirely, and sex has dwindled to once a month with the lights off. She attempts to assuage her bruised ego by reigniting his passion with sex toys, lingerie, and pole dancing, but the effect on him is like that of watching a dog poop; sort of intriguing in its repulsiveness, and darkly humorous in the straining which accompanies the act. He has stopped giving her compliments or gifts, and forgets important dates, like her birthday. He stays at work two hours late. On the bright side, all that fat helps conceal the wrinkles normally associated with a woman turning 30.
- At 30, Girl B has aged ten years. She, like Girl A, has crossed a Rubicon. There was a quickening diminishment of her beauty from age 25 to 30, but during that time she at least could console herself that dim lighting, exercise, and makeup were sufficient to hide from the general public the horrors besieging her from every quadrant. She looked in the mirror and she could still say to herself, with eroding certainty, that she was a hot commodity. Her boyfriend mostly seemed to agree with her self-assessment. After all, he was still with her, despite a couple episodes of cheating and that unfortunate incident when she found the receipt for a cubic zirconia ring. He doesn't compliment as much, their sex life has become a bit routine, and he works an hour later every day, but mostly things are good.

35.

- 35 years old. Girl A is 75 pounds over her 20 year old weight. She is a whale. Her boyfriend, having neither the courage nor the game to leave her for a sexier woman, sticks around out of a false sense of duty, and pity. Sex has stopped, except for those few times he's so horny that he wakes her up with his dick in her mouth. She loves these times, as she imagines it shows he still desires her, but when she sucks him off and tries to guide his hardon down to her flabby distended pussy lips, his cock goes limp, quivering in fear. He has nightmares of her bloated labia attacking him, two roast beefs slapping him in the side of his head, over and over. As he no longer feels any urgency to please his fat girlfriend (he appealed to her lofty feminism and stated that marriage was a patriarchal conspiracy), he has regressed to a lesser beta, whacking off constantly to porn, throwing himself into his meaningless career, and playing video games til 3am. Girl A cries herself to sleep every night.
- At 35, Girl B is 15 years older than her peak beauty. The deterioration has begun in earnest. There is no more hiding the ravages of aging; makeup, exercise, yoga, and night vision goggles can't stop her face from betraying her lost beauty. Crows' feet and laugh lines are permanently embedded. Hollowness perpetually encircles her eyes. Her skin has become inelastic, and her ass, finally, after years of squats in the gym, droops resignedly, as if to say "You gave it your best shot, but I'm tired. Let me go." Luckily, she is still thin, almost at the same weight she was at 20, and her boyfriend, though he cannot deny that younger women excite his member more vigorously than she does, still finds pleasure in boffing her. Sure, it isn't the visceral pleasure it once was, but he gets off, and that's a day's pay. But much else has changed for the worse. Compliments have dropped off to the level of the boyfriend with the 25 year old fattie girlfriend. He used to surprise her with flowers and nights out on the town. Now he surprises her if he comes home from work on time. He has cheated with a much younger woman, but hides it. He feels no shame for his infidelity, only a compulsion to continue doing it.

40.

- Girl A is 100 pounds overweight. She is so disgusting to look at it arouses her loser boyfriend to physically strike at her in anger and hopelessness. She is having health problems, struggling to climb stairs or walk a few blocks. Her boyfriend refuses to go out in public with her; one time, when they were at the mall, he purposefully walked 20 paces ahead of her, and when a cute Banana Republic salesgirl asked him, when his fat wife was out of earshot, if he and his wife needed assistance, he, like the apostle Peter, denied his affiliation with her.
- Girl B is on the cusp of sexual worthlessness, and she knows it. Wrinkles adorn her face, dimples dot her flesh, gray streaks her hair. Depressingly, her areolae have grown to the size of small saucer plates. But she is thin, which puts her head and shoulders above 80% of women her age in attractiveness. She can continue denying the reality closing in on her like a ripper in the night, because older men, chained to fat wives and out of the running for younger women, eye her up like an oasis in the desert. When a man thinks he has a chance, he allows his arousal to reach a fever pitch. Her boyfriend, though, has finally given up pretending to be attracted to her. Sex has become perfunctory, a chore not much more pleasant than taking a good piss. He throws himself into his career, his genetic algorithm impelling him to amass status and resources for a trade up to a more fertile woman.

Conclusion

Fat is the boner killer. Five years into the experiment, at age 25, Girl A's relationship has degraded to the point of hurting her pride as a woman, while Girl B continues enjoying the love and affection of her lover. At age 30, ten years on, both women suffer the indignities associated with losing sexual market value, but Girl A, at 50 pounds heavier, has hit the wall sooner, and harder, than Girl B. At 30, Girl A is sexually worthless, and unlove-able. Girl B remains sexually enticing, though less so than at age 20, but enough of her value remains that her boyfriend does not entertain leaving her to try his hand at an upgrade.

At age 35, Girl A has gone from bad to worse. She is not only unfuckable, she is unwatchable. Whatever other good she does in her life (feed the homeless, help the starving children in Africa) is overshadowed by her grotesque rolls of blubber. People avoid interacting with her for fear of contracting a loser virus. Meanwhile, Girl B continues getting sex from her boyfriend, if not love. People enjoy talking with her, though she can't help but notice that men's eyes don't light up like they used to when she walks in a room with a low-cut blouse and a thigh-revealing skirt.

At 40 it's all over for Girl A. She is ballast on society. If she died, no one would miss her.

At 40, Girl B has accepted that the greatest source of her power, and hence, her happiness, is gone — her beauty teases with hints of a former loveliness, but that's all it is; a tease. The men she finds most desirable don't even see her. The men she sorta finds attractive are barely moved in her presence. The men she used to find unattractive and ignore she now talks and flirts with unabashedly, and only after much effort on her part does she get nibbles of sexual interest from some of these men. But worst of all, the absolute bottom of the barrel men hit on her relentlessly, like they never used to do, and this depresses her mightily. Girl B, lonely from the inattention of her boyfriend/husband, seeks an affair. To accomplish this, she has learned the art of the coquettish cougar pawing, whereby much skin is displayed and all coyness is tossed out the window.

What we have learned from this thought experiment is that fat hastens the day of reckoning by about fifteen years. So if you are a young fat chick, lose the weight pronto, cause you're throwing away the best years of your life.

My advice to the ladies: Stay slender, and stay 21. Then you, too, can enjoy relationship exactness and complementarity!

Go To Speed Dating Events Where The Women Rotate

CH · 30 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Speed dating sucks, but if you're set on attending speed dating events make sure you know beforehand that the women will be the ones rotating from table to table. Science explains to us why this is so:

> The researchers found that the speed daters who approached their partners relative to those who stayed sitting would experience a greater romantic desire and chemistry toward their partners, and were more likely to respond "Yes, I would see this person again" to their partners. In other words, the people who rotated from person to person were less selective than those sitting, regardless of which gender was doing the rotating.
>
> When men rotated, women (the ones sitting) were more selective. But when women did the rotating, men (the ones sitting) were more selective. Nothing else changed in the experiment, so it was the act of doing the approaching (or being approached) that helped determine a person's selectivity toward their partner.

The researchers go on to tentatively, yet giddily, conclude that "gender norms" and "subtle institutional gender bias", such as that exhibited at professional speed dating events where the procedure is to always have the men rotate, could account for why reams of past research has shown that women are more selective at dating.

> "Although Western civilization has become increasingly egalitarian over the past century, certain social institutions remain gendered, some in subtle, almost invisible, ways. The present research identified powerful consequences of a particularly subtle gender bias: the near-universal tendency to have men rotate and women sit at heterosexual speed-dating events. […]
>
> "Speed-dating scholars have appropriately adopted many procedures from professional speed-dating companies, so it is not surprising that this gendered norm [men rotating] has largely persisted, even for events organized and hosted by scholars. The present results, however, present a cautionary note: Even subtle gender norms can have important consequences for romantic dynamics.
>
> Indeed, when researchers adopt a procedure without controlling for it, they risk missing a component of what they study. In this case, researchers just assumed that since men rotate in real-life, they should do so in speed-dating experiments. This may have skewed the results of past studies that used this speed-dating procedure, especially those that examined women's "selectivity" — selectivity that may have been a result of the procedure itself, not the women."

Maxim #81: Whenever you hear or read the words "gender", "gendered", "gendered norm", "subtle gender bias", or "increasingly egalitarian, yet there remains…" know that you are dealing with a leftwing equalist, blank-slate believing fruitcake who cannot deal with the fact that men and women are biologically different from birth.

So does the study really demonstrate that women are not as selective about dating as was previously believed by all of humanity for the past thousands of years? Eh, ya gotta read the disclaimers:

> "What implications do the present findings have for the extensive literature demonstrating that women are more selective than men when choosing mates? On the one hand, **this sex difference did not significantly reverse at events where women rotated**, so on average there was at least an overall trend in the present data for men to experience greater romantic approach (i.e., to be less selective) than women."

Answer: No. But thanks for playing!

I'll explain what is going on here. One, the fruitcup researchers want desperately to cast doubt, however threadbare, on the burgeoning scientific and cultural acceptance of the important role played by biological determinism. They

are emotionally invested in inflating and slanting the data to conform to their worldview. Scientists, particularly those in the soft girly sciences, are not immune from emotional bias. This is why I believe the time has come to shove it back in their faces and institute affirmative action and quotas in universities and social science departments to force them to hire academics with a realist bent. Diversity will be their strength, by force of law.

Two, while the reversed rotating speed dating study doesn't do anything to overturn the extensive research showing that women are the more sexually selective sex, it does highlight an important concept of game that men should be aware of: namely, the principle of perceived higher value. Men who remain seated at speed dating events while the women bounce from man to man are essentially boosting their alpha male status. As any man who's lived a day knows, when a girl approaches you either directly or indirectly (via a proximity indicator of interest) she will perceive you to have higher status than if she were the one being approached. The facts of your actual status are irrelevant. Perception is reality, so if certain body movements and positionings cause a girl to perceive you have higher status than her, she will be more open to a romantic tryst with you.

The researchers misjudged the rotating speed dating women's universally shared desire for higher status males as lowered selectivity. The women weren't being less selective; they were being just as selective as they always are, except now there were more higher status (i.e. seated) males for them to choose from. If anything, this study demonstrates that more men learning game will not result in women adopting stronger selection filters for men with only the tightest game. I have said before that more men running game is analogous to more women with beautiful faces — both will increase the total number of gina tingles and boners, respectively, at least until enough millennia have passed for new evolved preferences to emerge. Game, like beauty, exerts a power over the opposite sex too primal to be denied.

This principle of perceived higher value doesn't work in the reverse: A woman's value is almost entirely a function of her looks and the fact that she has a vagina, so there is little a woman can do, outside of makeup and good lighting, to alter a man's perception of her beauty. Truly desperate ugly girls could slip a vision impairing drug into his drink, maybe a funhouse mirror drug that causes him to think she looks like Katy Perry.

Besides teaching men that they should refuse to get off their seat at speed dating events, this study helps confirm some other valuable body language power moves I've written about, like the **forearm grab** and the importance of keeping your **back to the bar**. I'd further suggest learning the "finger curl come hither". Curl your finger and motion for her to come to you; the power dynamic will be all in your favor. As D likes to say, in an affected haughty French accent: "Zay come to ME!"

Women will often test men for their commitment to their repertoire of alpha power moves. How many times have you talked to a girl across a small distance in a loud room and she motioned for you to come closer to her? Beta bait. Alphas never bite; they respond "No, you come here." Subtle, not so subtle? Douchey? Who cares, the shit works to light up a woman's loins.

Roman Polanski: Alpha Male

CH · 1 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

How do you recognize the alpha male? Ye shall know him by the shamelessness of women who aren't his mother willing to defend his indefensible misdeeds. Despite drugging and violating a young girl like a porn star, feminists, pundits, sanctimonious Hollywood liberals, and *even the victim herself* have rushed to excuse Roman Polanski's crime:

> In 2003, [the victim Samantha Geimer] wrote a generous Op-Ed in the Los Angeles Times, saying Polanski should not be barred from receiving a Best Director Oscar for "The Pianist."
>
> "I don't really have any hard feelings toward him, or any sympathy, either. He is a stranger to me," she wrote.

The alpha male is a morally neutral concept. George Washington was an alpha male. Richard Ramirez is an alpha male. The alpha male can be a paragon of virtue, or a demon of vice. More often he is the latter, which tells us something very disheartening about the female psyche.

This is why my definition of the alpha male remains, however disturbing to those who find it necessary to impart moral gravitas to men who luxuriate in the love of women, the most elegant and encompassing description of the species to be found anywhere on the internet:

> **The alpha male is defined by the hotness of the women he can attract, the strength of their attraction for him, and the number of them who find him attractive.**

Childless or dynastic. Death row or duty-bound soldier. Fop or Founding Father. Men at the apex of disparate social niches have commanded the loving sexual attention of multitudes of women. The dispassionate GodGene cares not how we achieve the ultimate mission in life, only that we do.

I wonder if a beta male could get away with the "rape rape" technicality in the court of public opinion? Rhetorical.

Let's You And Her Fight

CH · 2 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've written a post for the new men's interests and issues online magazine 'The Spearhead' (great name, btw) for a weekly series I'll be doing over there called "Friday Night Game". Here's an excerpt:

> Unless you are a man who mostly runs day game (i.e., meeting girls outside of venues designed for contrived social interaction) you will rarely encounter a woman alone. In bars, nightclubs, museums, at shows and events, a woman normally will be with other women. In these circumstances the opportunity to run "Let's you and her fight" game is limitless. You should incorporate this tactic into your game right now.

Go read the full article over there. And check out some of the other articles by various contributors. Good stuff.

Girl Screws Tucker Max, Broadcasts Her Sluttiness

CH · 2 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I stumbled across a truly unintentionally hilarious tell-all. Some college chick banged Tucker Max during his promotional bus tour for his movie and she wrote about it on the internet.

> I Slept With Tucker Max, the Internet's Biggest Asshat

The fun starts before we even get past the title! The author's name is Courtney, but here at the Chateau she'll be known by the moniker "Suzy Semeneater". Here's some advice Suzy S.: Banging a guy and happily announcing it on the internet isn't the best way to drive home your point that the guy is an asshat.

> Tucker Max is a blogger-turned-author-turned-movie-producer who's basically famous for drinking to obliteration and having sex with girls whom he later savages in graphic detail on his site, TuckerMax.com.

This reminds me of all those SWPL chicks who infest the blogworld claiming, every time they stumble across a game related blog, that chicks don't really want assholes, and that insisting they do is just men making excuses for wanting to treat girls like shit. Yet here we see Suzy S. willingly fucking a guy she admits "savages" women on his blog.

You get what you give, ladies. Give your pussies to assholes, you'll get nothing but assholes in return.

By the way, I am a huge proponent of asshole game for the reason that, in my observation and in the observation of men who aren't satisfied with banging beta-settling fatties and fuglies, most women of fuckable quality (i.e. higher than 6, lower than BMI 23, and under 30) respond Pavlovian-like to assholes. And I kinda enjoy being an asshole sometimes.

> It was a Monday night, about a quarter to 11, and I was watching TV with my roommates. I'd asked a few people to go out but no one was feeling up to it. Then, I got a text from my friend Steph: "If you want to meet Tucker Max, come to Cafe 210."
>
> I was a longtime fan and I'd been dying to meet him, so I got dressed as fast as I could and ran out the door. It was only the second week in school, and in my apartment I was already getting teased for my promiscuity. My roommates laughed as I left and told me to make sure to bring him back! "Yeah, like I'm gonna have sex with Tucker Max," I thought.

Maxim #26: If a woman says the word "sex" in conversation with you or about you, no matter the context, it means she's thinking about having sex with you.

> I was expecting a huge line at the bar, but when I showed up, it was totally dead. I asked the bouncers if they'd heard anything about Tucker Max coming there. "I hope not," one of them replied. Inside, I found some of my friends and some girls who were clearly Tucker's tour groupies assembled. We waited a little while, and just when I thought he wouldn't show, Tucker finally arrived.

"And then a seismic tremor swept through my san vaginus fault!"

> Immediately a drunk girl latched onto him, hugging and kissing and falling all over him. She was cute, and I was just about to sigh, "Well, he's already got his hook-up tonight," when my friend Rosie snarled, "That's pathetic. Who wants to be that girl?"

Maxim #27: Pussies are more pliable in the company of competing pussy.

Game tip: You'll improve your odds of scoring by attending events that feature male celebrities. Counterintuitive? Maybe, but here's what happens. The celebrity can only take home at most a handful of girls in attendance. The rest will be left with their meatflaps quivering for cock. A roomful of horny chicks, jealous and lubricated, is easier pickings than a roomful of egotastic bitches with sandpaper between their legs.

> Regardless, we worked our way into the crowd surrounding Tucker, until we were face to face with him. I shook his hand, and told him I was a huge fan. His response? "Will you f–k a virgin?"

Tucker Max has tight cocky/funny asshole game.

> "Yeah," I said, "I'll f–k anyone." Big mistake.

This is the female verbal equivalent of parting her pussy lips and inserting a speculum for ease of access.

> Tucked yelled for his friends to go get some kid, apparently the aforementioned virgin, because he'd "got one" for him.
>
> "Wait, wait, wait," I interrupted. "Is he cute?"
>
> "No," said Tucker. "He's fat."
>
> I replied that I had standards; Tucker replied that I was a whore.

Naturally, Max's minor celebrity status allows him to get away with stuff that a typical beta couldn't. But then I've seen plenty of non-famous guys playfully call girls whores and watched as their eyes lit up with lust. If the typical beta first achieves the goal of ridding himself of bad habits that betray his low sexual status, he too will find that calling girls whores works like gangbusters.

> Finally, Steph handed me her camera and suggested that Rosie and I ask to take a picture with him. We did, and this time, Tucker blatantly looked me up and down.

How many women's mags (and men's mags for that matter) advise men to be discreet about checking out the goods on a date? All of them? The truth is that making it obvious you're checking out a girl is good game. The trick is to do it with a critical eye, instead of a drooling mouth.

> "34 C?" Tucker asked.
> "32 C," I replied, "but good guess. What, are you trying to touch them or something?"
> "Oh, I *know* I can touch them," he said. "But I like to guess first."

Here's a question for my readers. In what context would "34 C?" work as an opener? Your answers will count towards your final score.

> When I went back to sit with my friends, they'd been joined by a couple of Tucker's tour guys. Eventually, the man himself showed up.
>
> "So," he asked, scooting in next to me. "Are you coming back with me tonight?"

I'm on the fence about describing this as Apocalypse Game. Max's threshold for apocalyptic pussy prying is naturally lower than it would be for a man who isn't enjoying a measure of fame.

> I have two options. One: dignity. Two: a good story to tell later. So I snuck off and texted my best friend, Matt.

> *Should I f–k Tucker Max?* His response: *You will be a GOD in my eyes.*

Matt: Beta of the Month candidate.

> It's done. Around 1:30, I told Tucker that I would, in fact, go home with him. "Oh, I know," he replied. "We have a cab waiting, let's go."

Han Solo game is getting overexposed.

> We got into the cab with everyone at the bar waving and giving the thumbs up. The best part? I didn't even know most of them.

Your parents must be proud.

> Tucker took me back to the Hampton Inn where he was staying, showed me his tour bus (which was pretty sweet) and I met his dog, whom he talks to like an somebody's aunt talking to a baby, except that he told him, "Say hello to the new slut!"

Some of the best sex I've ever had was with girls I utterly degraded.

> Finally, in his room, he wasted no time getting completely naked. Like, no foreplay at all. Well, girls? Here's everything you wanted to know about Tucker Max: His body is nice, but a little too hairy. He's a great kisser. He screws like he's jackhammering a sidewalk. I faked orgasm to get him to stop. After he was finished he told me we were going to do it again in the morning. Great! I should have gotten up and left, but then he wanted to chat.

What, no mention of his penis size? For a girl to write about banging an asshat celebrity and not mention anything about his dick, true or not, means one of two things:

1. She enjoyed the jackhammering, her protestations to the contrary notwithstanding.
2. She's totally OK with being used like a convenient receptacle.

I agree with Max and Roosh that there's no reason to concern yourself with giving the girl an orgasm, particularly if you intend the girl to be nothing more than a one night stand. If you're alpha enough, she'll happily go on banging you no matter how sexually unsatisfied she remains. Only milquetoast betas with high-pitched womanly voices like A.J. Jacobs (who was on the Elliot in the Morning radio show today talking about his article which I excoriated) tenderly and diligently work to assure their lovers' orgasms until their tongues go numb.

> We talked about normal things, like how he eventually wanted to get married and have kids, which was a shock.

I like to tell cheap lays that one day I plan to open an orphanage in Calcutta, because I have so much love to give.

> He said that he wasn't interested in being in relationships, and I told him I liked being in them, at which point he totally misunderstood me and proceeded to tell me that we couldn't date.

At which point she wanted to date him even more.

> "You're not a real person," I replied, by way of explanation. I also told him about this guy I was kind of hung up on and he was surprisingly nice and insightful, telling me that I was a cute girl and that I shouldn't pin my

> hopes on some dude at my age.

□

Has there ever been a better advertisement for being an asshole to get what you want from girls than the things girls tell their asshole lovers the morning after? Hey, dude, if you're reading this, your angel was jackhammered by Tucker Max. No need to treat her to dates. A little grabass in the bar and a beeline to your futon should do the trick.

> The next day, he woke me up for sex, as promised. It was worse, because he was panting this time, and when he was putting his clothes on, he farted loudly, multiple times. I called a cab, and he gave me 20 bucks for the cab which I gladly took. (Hey, I'm in college.) He hugged me and said, "I'd totally hook up with you again. Call me if you're ever in L.A."

Secret society.

> Eh. I think one episode of stunt sex is all I'll ever need.

Translation: "Eh, I think one episode of hot sex is all I'll ever get from him."

> (If you want to read Tucker's account — which is slightly different from mine — you can read it here.)

In Tucker Max's version of the pickup (which is amusingly, and unsurprisingly, much shorter than Suzy Semeneater's) he describes her as being "very cute". Here's a pic of the girl:

Courtney A.

Mmmm… nyah.

> *Writer and student Courtney A. attended Penn State University, where she accumulated* lots *of stories.*

Any guy who marries this girl is a fool. Any guy who meets this girl and doesn't fuck her on the first night is a fool.

Barefoot Running Through The Wilds Of Washington DC

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The New York Beta Times has a short article today about barefoot running.

I took up barefoot running a few weeks ago. My thinking was simple: We didn't evolve with expensive, high tech shoes on our feet. I run a mile or two a few times per week to maintain cardiovascular health, punctuated with intermittent wind sprints, primal style. I don't run endless miles training for marathons because long distance running will make you stupid, effeminate and unhealthy.

The first couple of times, I ran with aqua socks, and have switched on and off since then to completely barefoot. I run mostly on concrete sidewalks and some patches of grassy ground in the parks, careful to avoid the dog poo. My running form changed almost immediately. I stopped leading with my heel (banging your heel on solid ground will send joint crushing shock waves through your body) and began striking first with the midpoint and balls of my feet. This running form feels sort of gay, as it causes me to run with a lighter "spring" to my step, but I'm beginning to get accustomed to it.

Further observations:

When you first run barefoot, expect your calves and foot muscles to be very sore for a couple of weeks. The good kind of sore, like after a great workout. Mine are still sore.

I'm on the fence about barefoot running on asphalt or concrete. Barefoot – natural. Concrete – unnatural. Thankfully, I run in the gentrified parts of DC so I don't have to worry much about stepping on broken glass, hypodermic needles, or shell casings. However, there are lots of small, hard objects in the parks, like acorns and rocks, which will make mincemeat of your feet. I plan to purchase Vibram FiveFingers for the peace of mind.

Running barefoot is so unconventional that people will gawk at you. Or, more specifically, they'll gawk at your feet then look up to see what kind of face is guiding those feet. Which is how I stumbled across another great discovery in my already illustrious career of discoveries: **Barefoot Running Game**. Girls will stare at you so hard that you can open them easily when you stop to take a breath. "Hey babe, I'm up here." Barefoot running is a massive DHV. Girls will think you are courageous for trying it.

Last time I ran barefoot, I was wearing a purple t-shirt that said in big white letters "YOU SAY PARTY WE SAY DIE". The one-two combo of bare feet and bold t-shirt was like a vaj magnet. Drawing attention to yourself is good game. It will make cold approaches a little less cold.

What's Wrong With Japanese Men?

CH · 5 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The herbification of the Western world is not just an American phenomenon; Japanese men — heirs of Samurai and Kamikazes — are herbifying straight into an anime-tastic fantasyland of celibate extinction.

Reader Eric sent me a link to a videogame blog discussing an article written by a BBC reporter called "Is Japan a dying nation?"

> I'm no social psychologist, so I wouldn't dare to come up with an explanation for why Japanese couples aren't having enough babies. But one theory is that Japanese women are increasingly reluctant to marry, because they think Japanese men have shown themselves unable to adapt to the needs of a new, more flexible society – and have retreated into a fantasy world of comics, video games and animated pornography where they feel less threatened.

The BBC article is all the talk on the internet in Japan, and has riled dishonored Japanese men to stand up and defend their manliness. The blog at the link highlights the reactions of indignant Japanese men to the article by posting a representative sampling of the comments they're leaving on a popular bulletin board:

> -Make reality more interesting than games please.
> -Yeah I can live on games alone.
> -If everybody became obsessed with games then we would live in a peaceful society.
> -Reality does not want to deal with me you idiot.
> -The world in the monitor is reality. The world we live in is just imaginary.
> -To be honest, I don't want a (real) woman.
> –Love Plus is reality.
> -There are too many Japanese people anyway so decreasing the population would be just right.
> -But the 2D world is ideal.
> -Oh and its OK to be obsessed with movies and books then?
> -My (2D) girlfriend is Aika-san. She lets me meet her whenever I want and greets me with a smile if I forget a date – and she does not cost money. Thats all I need.
> -His words are racist.
> -I'm 30 and earn 3.5 million yen (35K USD) – how am I supposed to get married?
> -Why is somebody from a declining country (England) telling me this?
> -The decline of the population has nothing to do with games or manga.
> -My partner is Hatsune Miku. I would do anything for her and we are thinking of having kids.
> -I tried to face reality and it became Love Plus.
> -We must fight reality!
> -They should make a game for the DS called "lets face society"
> -A country of Neets (England) being worried about Japan?
> -Not sure about England but the hurdle to getting married over the past 20 years in Japan is gone up too high – socially and financially.
> -Unless there are more job positions then I cant face reality.
> -Girls in games wont cheat on us.
> -The solution is to make reality in games.
> -I'm too busy with work to think about getting married.
> -But Sanya is too cute.
> -Solution is simple – make it so that anime and manga characters can get pregnant.

To my Euro and American readers, any of these complaints sound familiar? The Japanese, Rushtonian K-style, have simply taken the Great Beta Retreat one step further. I would say that Japanese men need game, but really, when you're this far gone ("make it so that anime and manga characters can get pregnant") you're not ready to accept the Good Word of Game into your life.

If China wanted to invade and occupy an aging and increasingly celibate cartoon porn-addicted Japan right now, they would find an easy go of it. I think the Chinese know this.

Feminism As Sexual Selection Strategy

CH · 6 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There is a theory in evolutionary science called the Social (or Machiavellian) Intelligence Hypothesis which suggests that our large brains evolved to help us become more socially, and hence reproductively, successful in increasingly complex societies. In other words, manipulation and mate choice go hand in hand.

I propose, as an extension to this theory, that the absurdity of mid-20th to early 21st century feminism and all its adjuncts are better understood as progressively sophisticated emergent sexual selection strategies which act as social obstacles to filter out men who aren't able to successfully navigate them. In essence, feminism is an advanced biocomputational Turing test; a giant social subcommunication roadblock devised and embraced by women and, at least in principle if not in practice, by alpha males intended to ensure the continuation of the hypergamous weeding out of lesser men who don't possess the savvy to play by ever-shifting sexual market rules. Feminism is only superficially about female equality; at its core it is a ginanomicon of secrets to which only socially adroit men are privy.

Why feminism? Why now? In a word: Beta males acquired too much power. The ascendance of the beta male (and, not coincidentally, the rise of American power) through the late 19th century to the mid-20th century, exemplified by the common man seeing his income and standard of living rise and his opportunities for marriage with quality women rise in response, resulted, as is necessary in the zero sum sexual market, in a lessening of female market leverage to satisfactorily satiate their hypergamous impulse. As I wrote back in this post:

> **Maxim #15: Female cultural equality = male dating inequality. Female cultural inequality = male dating equality. You cannot have both. So sayeth human nature.**

With more beta males in the ranks of the economically and socially empowered, and *relatively* fewer alpha males monopolizing the keys to a happy life, the expression of women's natural hypergamous compulsion was partially thwarted. More men in the running for pussy means fewer men on the chopping block. Which in turn means a blurring of the distinctions between competing men that women rely on to make their mate choices. Women need those omega-beta-alpha male distinctions because they are programmed from cosmic conception to choose from amongst numerous suitors. Cramp their style, and women will find a workaround to indulge their style again. It is their pleasure and their punishment.

Given the endless appetite of women to date up (even though there is evidence that engorgement of this appetite makes them unhappier), this wide and deep Beta Ascendance was an evolutionarily unstable environment. New complex memes would naturally arise in reaction to assist in pushing the evolutionary envelope of what qualifies as an alpha male, and here feminism and its discontents, its counterintuitive criteria and amorphous edicts, entered the vacuum left by the absence of widely practiced hypergamy to serve as the newest iteration of female sexual selection strategy. And the winners were the alpha males who could mouth the right platitudes while practicing the dominant behavior that put the lie to those same platitudes.

> During the saturation phase natural selection resulting from the costs of having large brains checks further increases in cognitive abilities.

Feminism as a meme has reached its saturation phase. Further filtering advantage for women is no longer possible, and in fact a shrinkage of the market position of men who embrace feminism is under way in earnest. Now that the era of feminism is winding down (despite its last gasp ineffectual thrashing to the contrary), what will be the next organically emergent sociosexual meme to separate the alpha wheat from the beta chaff? My nomination: Nonjudgmentalist Game.

We are entering the Era of Amoral Alpha Players. Remember ladies: You get what you give.

Everyone's Racist Except Black Women

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To find out what people actually prefer in sex partners it's much better to observe what they do than to ask them what they do. (You noting this, GSS nerds?) Our sex preferences, being the bedrock human value that underlies all other values, is also the one most susceptible to self-deceit. In that vein, a billion readers sent me a link to the blog of the online dating service OkCupid that had a post about research that compared the rates that people of different races respond to messages sent to them by horny admirers. You can go read the full article, including charts, here. I imagine it'll be *genuinely* eye-opening to those who've been living in a windowless basement their whole lives.

The author, Christian, good SWPL that he likely is, interprets the data from a "racism is alive and well" perspective, but we here at CH headquarters know better. These are the ugliest of the ugly truths. Read on.

The author writes:

> When I first started looking at first-contact attempts and who was writing who back, it was immediately obvious that the sender's race was a huge factor. Here are just a handful of the numbers that illustrate that:

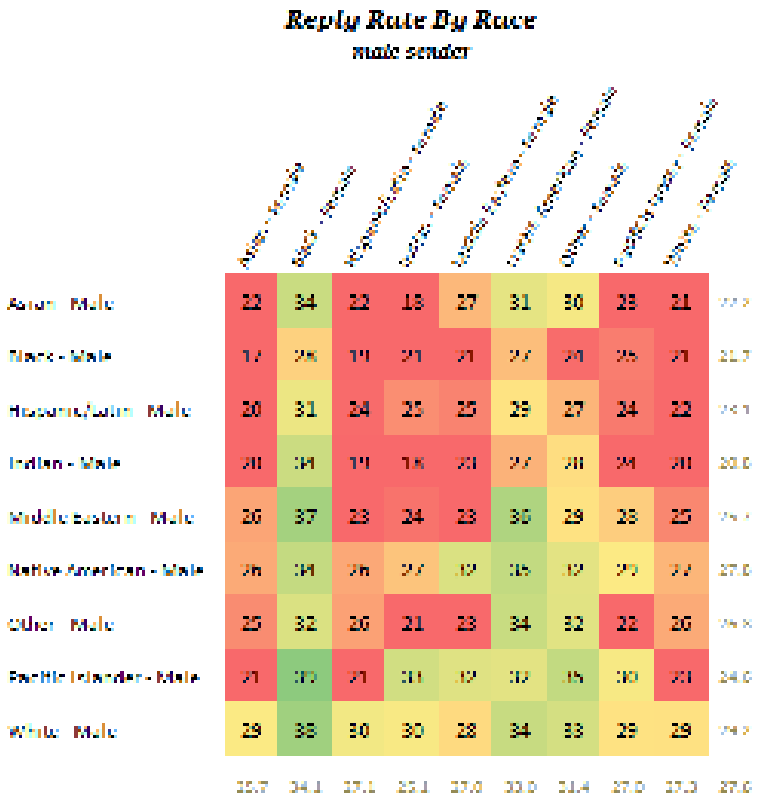
Message Sender	***Message Recipient***	***What reply % should be***	***What reply % actually is***
Asian Female	Black Male	42	55
Black Male	Asian Female	27	17
Black Female	White Male	42	32
Indian Male	Indian Female	27	18
Native American Male	Native American Female	28	35
White Male	White Female	29	29

Black men love Asian chicks because they play hard to get. *Really* hard to get. The big surprise is the love that Indian women (dot, not feather) *don't* have for their Indian brothers. Wassupwitdat, subcontinental ladies? I've written before that it's likely the natural human preference, for all races of people, is to date, and particularly marry, within race. OKcupid is just one American online dating service (which skews young, educated and progressive) so we aren't seeing the full picture, but assuming this data is even remotely indicative of reality outside of the online dating world, then one wonders why Indian men turn off their own women. Is this an emigrant phenomenon? If we dumped a bunch of white guys in Bombay would the Indian women immediately jettison their homeboys for the fresh white meat? Or is it just Americanized Indian chicks that have the Temperate Zone Fever?

The author goes on to explain how they calculated reply rates by race, describing the match compatibility system that OKcupid uses. You can read the details there, but in short, it looks as though, given an exact match on all other variables, people are choosing to reply or to not reply based on the one variable of race.

When viewing the charts below, keep in mind that yellow is a neutral (expected) reply rate, red is a reply rate that is lower than predicted by match compatibility, and green is a reply rate higher than predicted.

> Now let's look at the vastly different table of **actual** reply rates for messages, sent by men to women (I know our gay readers are interested in same-sex versions of these tables, and I will produce them next week):



> The numbers on the perimeter of the table are the weighted average rates for each column/row. Here's what we know:
>
> Black women are sweethearts. Or just talkative. But either way, they are by far the most likely to reply to your first message. In many cases, their response rate is one and a half times the average, and overall black women reply about a quarter more often.

That's not all we know, Christian. Some other possible reasons why black women reply at higher rates to men of all races:

– they're sluttier.
– they're more open-minded.
– they're more experimental.
– they have lower standards.
– they get less attention from men in general so they resort to casting their net farther and wider for a nibble.

Note also that black women reply at the lowest rates to *black men*. For all the talk from black women about how much they want to date black men, their actual online preferences suggest they really want to date anyone *but* a black man.

> White men get more responses. Whatever it is, white males just get more replies from almost every group. We were careful to preselect our data pool so that physical attractiveness (as measured by our site picture-rating utility) was roughly even across all the race/gender slices. For guys, we did likewise with height.

Maybe I should try my hand at online dating again. I did it a few times, with surprisingly good results (for me, anyway; not so much for the husband of the chick who agreed to meet me), but despite my unusual success in the online world, I don't recommend it as anything more than a supplement to meeting girls in real life. The main reason why online dating sucks is simple: The kind of girls who have to hide behind a monitor to meet men often look like this:

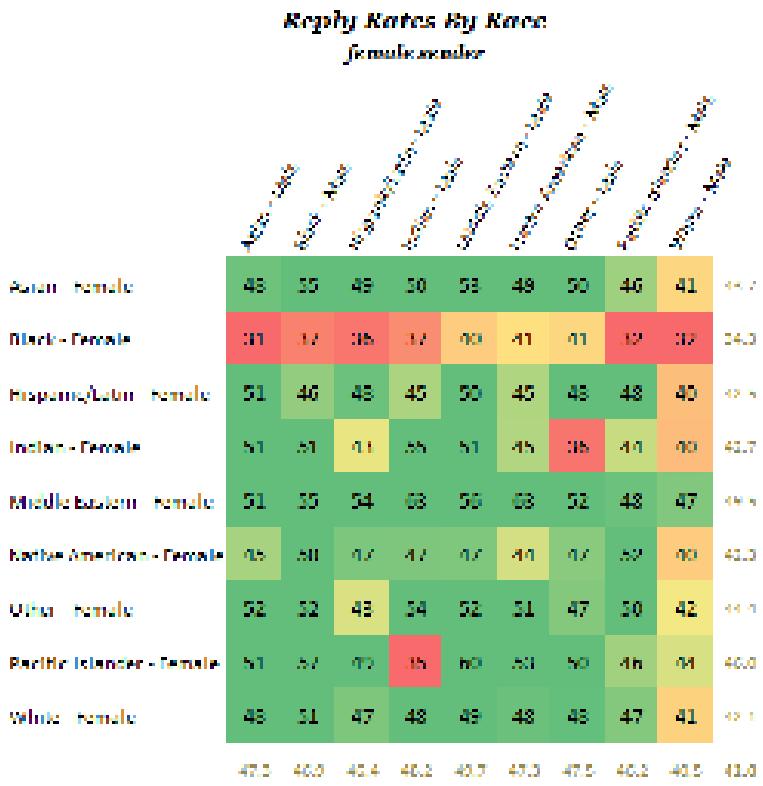
So which women give white guys like me the most love? Native Americans, Other, and Black chicks. My memories of sweet intimacy with black girls are fond.

> White women prefer white men to the exclusion of everyone else—and Asian and Hispanic women prefer them even more exclusively. These three types of women *only* respond well to white men. More significantly, these groups' reply rates to **non-whites** is terrible. Asian women write back non-white males at 21.9%, Hispanic women at 22.9%, and white women at 23.0%. It's here where things get interesting, for white women in particular. If you look at the **match-by-race** table before this one, the "should-look-like" one, you see that white women have an above-average compatibility with almost every group. Yet they only reply well to guys who look like them. There's more data on this towards the end of the post.

Speculation time: Did the mass of white SWPL women vote for Obama to assuage their subconscious guilt for prefering white men as mates? The jig is up white ladies. The next time I hear one of you braying about "racism this" and "racism that" I'm gonna shove this data right back in your pieholes.

Based on the weighted average rates at the bottom of the chart, Indian and Asian girls are the coyest women. Men, it's a solid gameplan to avoid dating these chicks if you want to get some action before the tenth date.

> Let's see what happens when it's the women writing the messages to men.



The first thing we notice is how much more eagerly men reply to female senders of all races than women reply to male senders. Hey, men are easier lays than women, news at 11. The second thing that jumps out is the high rate that Middle Eastern women get replies. According to this chart, white women are not the queens of the ball; every other group of women except black women gets a slightly higher reply rate than white women. Are white women's deserved shitty reputation for entitlement, loudness, and cat hording finally catching up to them? Or is it that obese white women are more likely than fat chicks of other races to turn to the internet for love? What we do know is that worldwide, white women are the admired example of femininity, even for little children whose parents and culture are trying to convince them otherwise.

> Men don't write black women back. Or rather, they write them back far less often than they should. Black women reply the most, yet get by far the fewest replies. Essentially every race—*including other blacks*—singles them out for the cold shoulder.

Black women get no love. Summoning the Obsidian Kraken.

> White guys are shitty, but fairly even-handed about it. The average reply rate of **non-white** males is 48.1%, while white guys' is only 40.5%. Basically, they write back about 20% less often. It's ironic that white guys are worst responders, because as we saw above they get the most replies. That has apparently made them very self-absorbed. It's interesting that white males do manage to reply to Middle Eastern women. Is there some kind of emergent fetish there? As Middle Easterners are becoming America's next racial bogeyman, maybe there's some kind of forbidden fruit thing going on. (Perhaps a reader more up-to-date on his or her Post-Colonial Theory can step in here? Just kidding. Don't.)

I would also note from the chart that Middle Eastern men are the biggest horndogs of all races.

The title of this post is sarcastic. It's no more racist to prefer the opposite sex of your own race for dating and fucking than it is to prefer brunettes to blondes. If sex preferences are racist, then we need a new word for *real* racism; racism that includes things like forced segregation (superracism), racial violence (superduperracism) or

slavery (goddamnthat'ssomebadassracismrightthere). But our sexual preferences are hardwired, and if the *free* expression of those preferences are racist, then racism itself is hardwired. Woops. Cat's out of the bag!

The knee-jerk response to all this unsettling data from good, moral liberals will be "Ah, this just shows that institutional racism is still with us so we need more reeducation camps, mach schnell!", never once considering the possibility that these "racist" preferences, by progressive socially enlightened OkCupid members no less!, reflect deep biological proclivities to favor mates who look like us. ON AVERAGE.

It's no coincidence that our Western transnational de-patriotized elites are propagandizing Americans with a constant bombardment of images of interracial couples and swooning articles extolling the virtues, nay the *moral imperative*, of white people to date other races. The elites, hermetically and hypocritically marrying within their own race/class/ethnic religion, have it in for those who are best positioned to unseat them from their thrones of power. They know that if tribal identity, instinct — and even behavior — are biologically unalterable, then no government policy in the world will solve what they see as an impediment to utopia. This depresses them no end. Their answer is to have everyone (but themselves) mix it up in the sack until all human diversity is gone and we are left with a one race world that can get on in an orderly fashion with the business of being cogs churning in the gears of the globocorporate krell machine.

But it will never work. The heart wants what the heart wants.

Reader Mailbag Participant Responds

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I received a thankful acknowledgment from emailer #1, “D”.

> I enjoyed the feedback, I’m glad to have received it, thanks. I had only stumbled upon your blog after all of that happened, so, no, I did not have an enlightened perspective when approaching that situation. Now I do

Sounds like it was an authentic advice seeker. Sir, your incredible betaness is forgiven. But henceforth you cannot plead ignorance. PS ditch the smilie.

> My goal is to learn from this..so what would have been appropriate counter tactics to her:
>
> 1. killer shit test…I actually did not reply “LOL” (that was my comment when I wrote it up to send into your blog). My original reply to her was, “I did not mean anything negative with my text message and if you want to break it off that is your right (I’m fine with it).”
>
> What would have been an appropriate reply to “pass” the shit test?

Ok, good thing the “LOL” isn’t what you sent. Unfortunately, the text you did send is even worse. Too wordy, too apologetic, too passive aggressive. An appropriate response to her “Good luck” text would have been: Radio silence for a day, then a text message saying “You too.” Your goal at that point was to get under her skin and make her wonder what you’re thinking.

> 2. Regarding these: (your comments)
>
> I bet this is what her gina was thinking: “What kind of beta kisses me for hours without closing the deal?”
>
> This one she apparently got over because the day after she emailed me reiterating to me how she enjoyed her time with me and said we’d have to do it again soon….so it left only one issue ….the following:
>
> I bet this is what she was thinking: “Is this guy toying with me?”
>
> So how could I have defused her anti-slut defense barrier? Should I playfully have said that she can’t take a joke?

Since you already activated her ASD, you needed to deactivate it. One way to do that is to cancel a scheduled date. Another way, in your specific case, is to cut off all texting. Don’t tell a girl she can’t take a joke, no matter how playfully. Saying that is walking back from your supposed offense, and therefore giving her power. An alpha does not walk back; he owns his offensiveness. Reversing an activated ASD is tough, and not something for the faint of balls.

By the way, everyone should check out the comments to yesterday’s post for the… stimulating… banter between me and the whore entity known as Feministx. Good times.

Reader Mailbag: Bloupie Edition

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Reader mailbag is an opportunity for you, the readers, to help lovelorn men (and women) achieve happiness in their lives. You may save a virgin tonight. Or a faltering marriage. Or a high living bachelor from the hooks and chains of marriage.

Email #1: Once more into the breach

> Hello! Would be nice to get some opinions on the salvage ability or odds of getting back together/course of action to get back together of a little talked about situation an ultra short term "relationship". – about 2-3 weeks.
>
> This woman is a PhD, published and a well paid practicing psychologist/statistician…..are there certain guidelines when dealing with women like this..maybe she gets offended easily…or maybe she does not have a good sense of humor?
>
> First date no previous contact ..date was excellent, great chemistry, passionate kissing call and email by her "had great time can't wait to talk to you again".
>
> Second meeting about 10 days later..she invites me over late at night/early morning, massage, cuddling, close intimate time (hours) though no sex. Email by her next day "great seeing you last night just giving you the heads up might need to contact you for consulting again".
>
> However, after I received that email but before I checked my email to see it I sent her a text(SMS) with what I thought was a friendly ironic/sarcastic joking message about how she was so seductive..joking that she was the femme fatale that took advantage of the innocent guy that evening (an ironic joke). I felt we had a close enough rapport to handle this plus we had developed several inside jokes and plus she is a witty person and she is very physically attractive.
>
> The following day she drops the bomb…after reading the text(SMS) message she regretted having me over and that comment turned things sour for her/felt uncomfortable and she shut everything down "you are a nice person, good luck". LOL (I say).
>
> Okay then, knowing specifically ruined things should make this straightforward, right? What is the plan of action (timeline, actions, etc.) to re-establish communication and get things back on track? This has to be approached differently than a longer term relationship because there are very few attachments/feelings. My intuition says NC [No Contact] is not appropriate, right?
>
> Recent happenings:
>
> Its been exactly 8 days since her cutting it off "break up" email to me. I sent her a voice mail and email apologizing for any hurt I caused her by the joke and emphasized it was a joke and lets just move on. I reassured I meant no disrespect or unkindness. These two were sent the day after I received her email.
>
> I went NC for about 5 days and then shot her another upbeat voice mail telling her about a exciting thing that happened to me, wished her a good day and then mentioned that I agree it is good that we are calling it quits. I may have also sent a SMS or two earlier in the 5 day period. I don't have a problem being naturally upbeat in communications with her.
>
> All communications I send emphasize compassionately (not pleadingly) that I apologize for hurting her feelings…but I have never, ever, asked or suggested she take me back or anything of that nature. Seriously, I just want her to know that I did not mean anything bad by the joke and that I really did have a nice time with her. I'm not apologizing to her in a manipulative way so she will take me back..I just want to make it clear I was not trying to be an asshole.
>
> I did, however, suggest we meet in person to talk this over. Anyway, She absolutely has not responded to any

> of them….everyone here seems to be able to get their girl to respond to them! This girl will not!
>
> What do you do if a woman she goes completely silent? What snaps them out of it? Since we don't know each other well should I be assertive and go ring her doorbell??? (I don't think so but this is a different kind of situation). And what influence does the very short timespan of our knowing each other have on the NC strategy? I have a feeling there should be some modifications because how will a girl miss you if she has not formed strong attachment? She was very affectionate, wanted more contact with me and I feel we made a connection. Tomorrow will be the 9th day post "breakup" email. comments??
>
> thnks, D.

First, get an editor. This email is too long. Anyone else interested in receiving my wisdom has a better chance of being picked for reader mailbag if the email is two paragraphs or less.

There are no different guidelines when dealing with a credentialed woman than there are dealing with any other kind of woman. Nearly all women respond the same to game. An analogy: A male MIT grad will be just as turned on by a nice rack and ass as a male high school dropout.

Here is where I believe you went off the rails: You forced her anti-slut defense hand with your text message. It's not a good idea to insinuate that a woman is a manipulative sexpot before you've had sex with her. It's especially not a good idea after the second date when you had almost crossed the goal line with hours (!) of foreplay only to leave her unsatisfied AT HER PLACE. And it's really not a good idea to send a follow-up "ironic" text message that can so easily be misinterpreted without facial cues.

I bet this is what she was thinking: "Is this guy toying with me?"

I bet this is what her gina was thinking: "What kind of beta kisses me for hours without closing the deal?"

I'm not surprised she dropped the cunty "good luck" text/call on you the next day. However, your second big mistake was in assuming her cunty reply was the end of the road. It was not. It was, instead, a killer shit test, which you failed. "LOL"? That's how you responded? Do you know what "LOL" says to a girl who just called your shit out and put your balls in a vice?

"Ha, I got under his skin. I *knew* he was weak. Folded like a cheap lawn chair."

Moving on, your post-mortem attempts to salvage the momentum you had on the second date are just cringeworthy. You "apologized for any hurt" you caused her? Dude, did you read the 16 Commandments of Poon? YOU NEVER APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR ACTIONS. And you *certainly* never apologize when you've done nothing wrong. This is "How To Handle Female Psychology 101″. Massive, space-time ripping, Jumbotron fail.

Then of course you dug your hole straight to China with multiple follow-up texts and apologies. Are you a parody of a beta? I have a hard time believing someone who knows about my site would commit such elementary errors. You insist you're not apologizing to her in a manipulative way, but that's exactly what you're doing. What else do you call apologizing for no reason, doing so over and over again in the face of the silent treatment, and generally acting like a desperate pud who hasn't been touched by a woman since he puckered up to his mom's teat for a meal?

No Contact strategy is for men on the road to alphahood. Who ever said you could work with alphas? No Contact strategy for winning back an EX-GIRLFRIEND won't work on girls you've actively repulsed, and haven't even banged.

Allot yourself a few hours and re-read everything on this site. Absorb it. And then not until you come to an epiphany about your counterproductive behavior should you consider meeting a new woman.

The emailer sent me a post script:

> What about this kind of attitude:

> Just sending a message like this which is treating her like a bad little girl (calling her bluff)
>
> "Stop with your tests..I can see right through them!"
>
> or
>
> "you had me going there for a while, but now I see you are just playing games" so stop it because I am not amused and they are not working anyway….you are wasting your time."
>
> Comments? on this kind of attitude when she does not reply…furthermore, I have heard that women will test you by even breaking up for no reason..just to see how you handle it….have you heard of that?

Dude, this chick is unsalvageable. Too many mistakes of a deal-killing nature ruined your shot at turning it around with her. The most alpha-iest, wittiest, asshole-iest text or email in the world isn't going to save you now. All it's going to do is further destroy your dignity. I wish I could tell you something more positive, but the fact is, at this point the most alpha response would be:

No response.

In the future, stick to these rules:

1. Hours of foreplay is beta. Always be closing.
2. Never apologize, even if you accidentally kill her cat.
3. Don't text. If you must text, keep it short and sweet. Force yourself to write no more than five word replies without the crutch of emoticons.

Email #2: Don't embrace me, bro!

> I am dating a woman who periodically characterizes our relationship as one of casual dating. From there she proceeds to talking about other guys. Sometimes I counter with discussions of my other (presently fictional) girls. Other times I tell her she's not allowed to date other guys. I'm always annoyed by the conversation.
>
> Understanding that text book responses include agree and amplify, don't let it phase me, and get other girls, any other alternatives you might suggest?
>
> L.

A common shit test women employ is the "Anti-commitment" ruse. The way you responded (by mentioning other girls) is not good. Most women will see through that counterinsurgency tactic as the flailings of a man who got his ego pricked.

I suggest responding in one of two ways:

1. Ignore her provocations. A simple "Cool" will suffice when she pulls this rabbit out of her hat.
2. Call her bluff, obliquely. "Phew, I was hoping you'd say that." Then say nothing more. If she presses, (and 99% of women will press), all you have to know is that you are in the driver's seat. A woman pressing for info is a woman who has lost hand. Go on to inform her "We're playing it by ear. I like your maturity about this."

Reframe, baby. Turn that bitch right round.

Email #3: The silverback doesn't say sorry

> Hey – wondering if you could clear up a crucial point your philosophy of game that's been troubling me for some time now. You say explicitly that men shouldn't simply "be themselves" and should impersonate confidence and dominance in order to win women. Clearly you say this in an effort to increase a mans confidence, a laudable goal I couldn't agree with more. Yet when I've tried "not being myself" and faking confidence and strength, paradoxically, I actually felt much LESS confident and secure than those times when

> I've simply been myself! And I'm sure this came off in my emotional demeanor, because when I've tried faking confidence I've actually done worse with women, and things would only get better when I got sick of faking it and scorned to be anything other than be myself. Women would then immediately pick up on my confidence and respond positively.
>
> Further, it seems to be that most betas problems is that they are afraid to actually be themsleves – to admit their desires, to go after what they want, to take the mask off, and their "niceness" is not necessarily who they are but who they think they should be. The "don't be yourself" theme is one of the cornertsones of your approach, and you repeat it many times, but it seems to actually generate more insecurity and anxiety than being yourself, which might take courage and strength. The great paradox seems to be that faking confidence seems to doom you to not getting confidence, wheras refusing to fake who you are seems to the first step towards generating genuine confidence. Can you clarify your thinking for me? Thanks so much!
>
> G.

More precisely, I say men shouldn't "be themselves" if being themselves is not getting them laid. Alphas who are getting pussy can be their bad selves all they want.

If you're feeling confident being yourself then that will redound in positive female attention. Then there is no reason for you to change your personality wholesale. Otherwise, I really don't see the point of your email, except as a feeble attempt to undermine a core tenet of game. Are you a woman impersonating a man? Feel free to be honest.

Confidence is the result of years of successful interaction with women. A man getting the love of women is a confident man. A man getting scorned is a doubtful man. Confidence is not some abstract, nebulous ephemera that alights like cosmic dust on a man who wills it into existence. Confidence is a manifest set of behaviors and attitudes that reflect a man's inner emotional harmony. This emotional harmony is better known as "becoming alpha". A man not getting what he wants in life can observe, learn, and mimic the behaviors of confident men until he starts experiencing the success he wants and his emotional state follows in accordance. There is no definition of confidence that doesn't include these behaviors and attitudes.

Email #4: DHV

> I have been looking for this site for 3 years. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

> S.

Me balls, they are licked. You're welcome.

Email #5: Lie to me I promise I'll believe

> Hey, I just discovered your blog. It's great, keep it up.
>
> How do you react to the "is she hotter than me" shit test? I can laugh most shit tests off pretty effectively, but this one utterly baffles me. You can't just pretend like she didn't say it. "she" is of course always a 10, probably a celebrity. Can you just say "yes"? Deflect it with a joke? What do you think?
>
> L.

Reframe. "I like confident women. Are you self-confident?"

Alternatively: "She's different hot."

Email #6: Bloupie bonanza

> First off, I like your blog. You are a great writer! I don't apply your techniques in my life, but it's still a really fun read.
>
> I read your article – "What a Girl's Job Tells You" – and read your comments about girls that are bloggers:
>
> **If she writes a confessional online diary, expect her to be passive-aggressive, petty, moody, cruel, untrustworthy, vengeful, and highly libidinous. Make a sex tape as soon as it is feasible so you can use it as blackmail in the event of post-breakup threats to out your dirty laundry on her blog.**
> ***Sexual Satisfaction Rating: N/A***
> ***Long Term Potential Rating: N/A***
>
> I was wondering how universal you think this assessment is? What evidence, if any, do you have to back it up?
>
> As it turns out, I am dating a chick that has one of these blogs. If you have first-hand experience, I'd like to hear a bit more.
>
> Thanks,
>
> T.

Yes, my assessment is accurate. My evidence is double digit bloupie (blogger groupie) hookups with girls who also write blogs. Sure, there are notable exceptions, (one sweetiepie comes to mind right now), but most chicks who write exhibitionist blogs are going to share some damning personality traits, and not the kind of traits that make for a good long term prospect or marriage material, if that's what you're looking for. But if you want a wife or girlfriend who is an emotional basketcase, a born again slut, and an insecure saboteur all in one delightful package, then you can't go wrong with a blogger chick. Double up on the condoms.

For these reasons, I stopped hooking up with blogger chicks. Dating them was beginning to feel like a broken record. Same old same old. They are great lays and can be a lot of fun at times, but their neuroses and awkwardly self-debasing gameplaying can quickly grow tiresome.

I now actively screen for girls who *don't* write blogs, much like I screen out girls with multiple cats. If I find out she writes a blog, particularly a sex or relationship oriented blog, I get my bang in and immediately demote her to third tier. It's been a big improvement to date only girls who don't feel a need to splash their dirty laundry and hangups all over the internet.

Handling Alpha Male Interlopers

CH · 9 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've got another post up at men's magazine *The Spearhead* for my Friday Night Game weekly series. An excerpt:

> Luckily, the AMOG is more oversized totem than reality. Nine out of ten times you will not have to worry about another man deliberately interfering with your pickup. It is even rarer for a man to hit on your girlfriend in your presence. (This latter flavor of evil normally happens when the victim boyfriend gives off the beta vibes of someone who is hanging on by a thread to his girlfriend, and knows it.) But it does happen, and if you go out a lot to meet women or to chill with your lady you should be prepared for those times you get AMOGed, because nothing lowers your status — or your testosterone — faster than a tooling by a socially stronger man. And every woman who sees it go down will treat you like the plague.

I go on to describe tactics for dealing with especially aggressive alpha males who are trying to steal your girl. Go read the whole thing of beauty over there.

Photographs Of The Nobel Committee Members

CH · 9 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Hmm, some kind of pattern here… *furrows brow*… can't quite put my finger on it…

(Photograph link provided by reader Ovid.)

PS: I repeat, you can date the decline of America to when women got the vote.

Alpha Male Of The Month: Silvio!

CH · 9 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When you take a look at this series of photos ask yourself if any other world leader has the *cogliones* to do what Silvio did. Silvio, despite being a foot shorter and 50 pounds lighter in muscle than Michelle, gives her the "come to me" greeting with a shit eating grin plastering his face. Total alpha power move. Barack was AMOGed, and he's none too happy about it. Note especially in photo #3 Barack's response to Silvio's tooling of him — like a nervous boyfriend getting outshined by a charming interloper, he gloms onto Michelle in a weak attempt to cockblock Silvio. Beta. The world's presumptive *numero uno* alpha male cockblocks an AMOG by addressing him directly.

And look at that smile on Michelle's face! I haven't seen her happier.

Silvio! Look at him beam. You'd be smiling too if you were 72 years old and boffing 18 year old Italian models.

Give this man the Piece Prize.

Barack Obama's Petty Peace Prize

CH · 9 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Did Obama successfully end a war I was unaware of? Did he open an anti-American church in Chicago? Did a member of the Nobel committee get a sweetheart no-money-down deal on a Chicago penthouse?

Any "peace" prize that is awarded to Jimmy Carter and Barack Obama but not to Ronald W. Reagan, who did more for the cause of world peace than any other leader of the past 50 years by helping unshackle millions from the scourge of genocidal Communism, is not worth the froo froo parchment it's printed on.

We are living in the Age of Great Lies. Keep calling out their bullshit. The liars are starting to get nervous.

Time To Boredom

CH · 12 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There are two reasons men get bored with women: Intellectual incompatibility and beauty incompatibility. The less mentally stimulating or aesthetically stimulating a woman is to a man, the quicker he will grow bored with her and throw his worm back into the waters for nibbles from new fish. Which of these two factors controls a larger portion of a man's interest? Beauty, clearly, and especially so in the critical first few months, but assuming a threshold for acceptable beauty is met intellectual attraction or lack thereof serves to capture a man's interest beyond the three-month mark. If neither the beauty nor intellectual threshold of attraction is crossed, a man will get bored after the first ejaculation. If both are met, a man is susceptible to the woman's ploys to entrap him into marriage.

Beauty and intellectual compatibility are relative to the man's dating market value. If the man is a 9, he will need a woman who is a 9 or 10 in beauty, and no less than 10 IQ points lower than his own, if he is to avoid getting bored with her after a month or two. Although I've known plenty of people whose wit, charm, and humor belied their average IQs, I will use IQ in this post as a rough proxy for intellectual and personality compatibility. For purposes of discussion, I'll set aside the few exceptions where the IQ of the partners is equal but their interests are so contrary that boredom becomes a manifestation of despising the other person's hobbies.

What follows is a handy chart illustrating **Time To Boredom** for the average man (male dating value rank = 5 on a scale of 0 – 10 inclusive) based on the two critical variables of female beauty and IQ. Note that Time To Boredom is a relative value that will, on average, occur much sooner for a high ranking man than it would for a low ranking man. It is conceivable, in fact, that a male 10 will get bored with every woman he meets within hours if he doesn't have mistresses to take up the slack in his attention span, while a male zero might take years to get bored of a female zero, although in the latter case the boredom might be just as quickly forthcoming but given the dearth of options available to the male zero he will work hard to keep his boredom and disgust hidden from his ugly partner.

Female IQ is measured against a male baseline of 100.

Female Hotness Rank	Female IQ	Time To Male Boredom
0	+-10 points	1 nanosecond (Neural disgust registers before conscious awareness)
0	>-10 points	same diff
0	>+10 points	same diff
1	+-10 points	1 millisecond (time to retinal burn)
1	>-10 points	irrelevant
1	>+10 points	1 millisecond to boredom + annoyance
2	+-10 points	1 second
2	>-10 points	1 minute (male inspired to ridicule the dummy)
2	>+10 points	1 minute (male inspired to ridicule the nerd)
3	+-10 points	5 minutes (male tries to find redeeming quality)
3	>-10 points	3 minutes (male fails at finding redeeming quality)
3	>+10 points	6 minutes (takes male extra minute to realize she's ugly thanks to her impressive knowledge of computer hardware)

4	+-10 points	1 hour (male wants same night lay)
4	>-10 points	1/2 hour (male wants same hour lay)
4	>+10 points	2 hours (males wants same night lay with talky talky chick)
5	+-10 points	5 weeks (bloom off the rose after third bang)
5	>-10 points	3 weeks (pillow talk excruciating)
5	>+10 points	4 weeks (male charmed, then annoyed, by chick's nerdiness)
6	+-10 points	3 months (best he's ever had, but still not that good)
6	>-10 points	2 months (her hobby is beer pong)
6	>+10 points	2.5 months (emasculated by her sharp tongue)
7	+-10 points	1 year (a beta's heaven)
7	>-10 points	9 months (tard kills boners dead)
7	>+10 points	1.5 years (male inspired by her, but relationship unstable)
8	+-10 points	5 years (even a beta will get tired of sex with same hottie)
8	>-10 points	5 years (she's too hot to care about tardness)
8	>+10 points	5 years (she's too hot to care about nerdiness)
9	+-10 points	30 years (beta suffers seizure from constant stream of endorphins)
9	>-10 points	30 years (she's too hot to notice tardness)
9	>+10 points	30 years (she's too hot to notice much of anything except how hot she is)
10	+-10 points	forever (entered realm of unreality)
10	>-10 points	forever + 1 (tardness means she can't tell he's a beta)
10	>+10 points	forever -1 (one day, she uses big word that renders him impotent)

As you can see, it is almost guaranteed that men of every status rank will grow bored with their girlfriends, dates, wives, fuckbuddies without an external injection of groinal stimulation. There is only one way a man can delay Time To Boredom:

GIRL
1
GIRL
2
FunToCollect.com

All The Inner Game You'll Ever Need

CH · 13 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Put down the Anthony Robbins and save yourself hours of reading seduction website forums, the only inner game you'll ever need is perfectly encapsulated in this one line:

> That woman was sexy…Out of your league? Son. Let women figure out why they won't screw you, don't do it for them.

This is a quote from the Twitter user "shit my dad says". I don't know if Justin's 73 year old father actually says the stuff Justin claims, or if the site is a put-on by a comedian with good marketing skills, but right now "shit my dad says" is the funniest thing on all the internet. Examples:

> I wanted to see Detroit win. I've been there. It's like God took a shit on a parking lot. They deserve some good news.
>
> Don't listen to the pussy side of you when you make a decision. People gravitate towards being a pussy. Remove the pussy, son.

Clearly, Justin's dad has a handle on inner game and the bane of betatude. I wish my dad gave me this kind of advice growing up, but I had to learn the hard way, through experience and suburban street smarts.

Maxim #68: The definition of Inner Game: Hit on every woman who stimulates your crotch. Make life uncomfortable for them, not yourself.

Thanks to reader Antonio for sending me the Twitter quote.

Women Want You To Cheat

CH · 14 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a quote from a female commenter to an article about emotionally unavailable men that was posted over at one of those loser feminist sites that rhymes with Jizzabel:

> This is me, I love my husband but every once in awhile I wish he weren't so into me. I think I'm still emotionally unavailable but pretending not to be, because I know that deep down I do care about him, I'm just not really into caring yet.

The verdict is in: Women want men to cheat on them. Oh sure, they don't *consciously* want their men to cheat, but unbeknownst to all but the most self aware women, their ginas tingle uncontrollably for men who can — and do — score some poon on the side.

Whenever a wife says she "cares about" her husband, you can bet her pussy has turned drier than Death Valley. Female "caring" is the anhedonic guilt blurt of the higher brain rationalizing the disgust of the hindbrain. This commenter's marriage is doomed. Her husband is a romantic beta with visions of pedestals dancing in his head. He needs to pull back fast if there is any hope of avoiding divorce rape. Going to a hooker won't cut it; the wifey needs to know her husband can win over women with his natural charms. Going to marriage counseling won't cut it; tag teaming with a pseudoquack to berate her husband mercilessly while he sits there taking it like a dutiful herb schlub is no way to excite ginas. Doing more domestic chores won't cut it; contrary to popular belief women aren't aroused by men acting like women.

Here is my five point plan for saving faltering marriages:

1. Stop giving compliments, flattery, and gifts.
2. Come home from work late every night.
3. Buy yourself new, stylish clothes.
4. Cheat. If she asks, deny. No need to confess to the wife. She'll be able to smell the competitor vaj juice on you.
5. After three months of executing the above four points, unexpectedly tell your wife her ass looks great.

I challenge any multiple credentialed psychotherapists to prove me wrong. My simple five point system based in a clearheaded understanding of male-female biosocial differences VERSUS the peer reviewed, academically accredited expertise practiced by the husband-shaming marriage counseling industry. Mano a mangino.

Care to bet whose solution saves more marriages?

Guys With No Game, Getting Laid

CH · 15 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Today we have a guest post by "Knack", a man who has been in the seduction business first as a student and now as a Venusian Arts instructor. He has some important things to say about the pickup artist community.

***

There is a sickness in the community. There are guys teaching pickup, that don't know their asses from a hole in the ground. The problem is most guys, who are new, can't tell that a lot of these no game jokers have no game.

Why?

Because these "teachers" get results (for themselves) and get laid.

Many of you doubtless are confused by what is to many an "obvious" contradiction. But, I assure you there is no contradiction here. They are out there, and they are damaging guys badly. These gurus are trying to teach "systems" that don't work for anyone but a very tiny percent of the population that are like them.

How can there be guys with no game getting laid you might ask? Easy. To women, they are HOT. Take a good look at many of the pickup "gurus" almost all of them are very attractive in their looks in regard to what women seek physically. I don't need to name people, many of you know the personalities involved and have seen pictures.

Do you know what real game is? It is all the things you take with you if you were to transfer bodies with someone else. Would you get similar results? If you wouldn't, guess what? You are using your looks as a crutch.

That's one of the things that pisses me off about all these people coming out about "natural game". 95% of "naturals" are just good looking dudes that girls want to fuck. They have always been good looking and women have been approaching **them** for sex and dating. Because they have always been approached they have been positively reinforced for sexual aggression (even though they rarely actually start out sexually aggressive). These men can't teach you anything. Because they never learned anything. It was handed to them. You see, like girls, very good looking men rarely have had to develop an actual personality (the key to pickup).

I have seen men who are models and actors trying to "teach" what they do. Nearly every time they teach, there is one of two results:

1. They have a failure of epic scale.
2. They find someone as good looking as them to succeed.

What is bothering me the most is this is beginning to reach an epidemic scale in the community. Average to below average looking guys are getting suckered into a false bill of goods buying into this "natural game" fad. They are going to these good looking gurus and not actually really learning how to attract, develop rapport with, and keep a woman. They are being taught what the guru knows (which is how to stand and look attractive to women).

Part of why this is so damaging, is that most good looking naturals I know have shitty game. They fail shit test after shit test, and screw up the sarge in any of a thousand ways.

How can they get laid if they are screwing up and failing shit tests you ask?

Because in the monopoly game of sexuality, girls are the banker, and they cheat their asses off.

I have a friend. Ill call him Mr. A. Mr. A is a damn good looking guy. He has had women on the metro go crazy just by walking on and they scream "OMG! He's so cute". Now, that is not a normal reaction, and most girls don't act that way, they only think it. He doesn't have to work to find women who want to sleep with him. He doesn't need to run attraction like the rest of us. Women will shit test Mr. A. I've watched him fail the SAME shit test over and over, only to have the women inform him of the answer to correctly answer the shit test, then give the test again.

They will ask Mr. A over and over until he gives the correct answer because they want to mentally justify sleeping with someone they already want to fuck.

How can the average guy know if he is getting one of these frauds? EASY

Take a look at them physically and ask a few questions:

- Does he have successful average and unattractive male students?

This is usually a fat no. Look for someone with LONG TERM success with their system. Not happy bootcampers coming off a bootcamp high.

- Does it take them around an hour or so to pull?

This is usually a major indicator. In an hour or two, women know nothing about you other than they are physically attracted to you, and you might be able to pass a few mild shit tests after she prompts you with the answer.

- Could he work as a model or actor?

Obvious enough on its own.

- Do the women ever want to be around him after sex for an extended period of time?

When your game is solid, after sex (if you aren't a complete lame ass in the sack) you can't scrape the women off of you. If they aren't interested in dating or seeing the guy again, it is an indication of a fraud.

When I was first learning, I had the fortune to learn from one very average looking guy and one guy that was butt ass ugly. My first bootcamp was with Mystery many years ago. I learned the first night from Hawaii (a very average looking short Asian), and Matador. I've seen Hawaii pull a girl off her guy (while they were making out) and sexually escalate. Clearly it wasn't looks game. The next night I learned from Mystery and Lovedrop. Anyone that knows what Lovedrop looked like then (he's very fit now though), will attest he was butt ugly (sorry LD you know I love ya). I remember looking at him: Sweaty as hell, skin glistening from the grease he was oozing, long gangly stringy slightly creepy greasy hair, pimples all over, and a fat belly. He was also surrounded by several happy giggly girls. There was no looks game here! This truly inspired me though. I thought "If this fat fuck can do it… I can do it!" and I did despite my physical shortcomings which handicapped me.

In fact I got so good, I teach for Mystery now, and was behind the scenes of the Pick Up Artist show training the contestants. I am older than many. I'm balding badly. I'm fat. And I have game. I know because I get laid, and I have no "natural game" crutches of prettyboy looks. If I took my skills and put it in another body, I'd probably do BETTER, because it would somehow be an improvement.

I seriously hope people keep this in mind before they decide to idolize the wrong people, or take a bootcamp with people of no skill.

September 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 16 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Esteemed members of the Chateau, we have our first four-way Beta of the Month Battle. These "men", and I use the term loosely, are doozies.

First, the winner of the August 2009 BOTM, by the biggest margin yet recorded for BOTM, was wealthy WASP (white anglo-saxon pud) caricature **Topper**, who graciously inquired of the European aristocrat boning his wife Tinsley to kindly cease violating her so he could work out his marital problems with the ho he loves.

Topper, old sport, the beta is strong in you. If you had done what I said and motorboated a stripper at Scores you'd have walked away from all this with your dignity intact.

September 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by reader **collegeboy**. It's a video submission featuring a beta, a bitch, a ring, and a slap. Intrigued? Watch the vid!

If you can't see this youtube video, you can catch it at this link as well.

On the face of it, it's just a simple proposal. Proposals themselves aren't *prima facie* evidence of betaness, although they are leading indicators. So what pushes this publicly humiliated man into BOTM territory? Let us count the ways.

1. He proposed in front of a large public audience. Proposing should be regarded as a moment of surrender — of temporary enfeeblement — for a man. It should be done, quickly and stoically, in private. It should not be executed in front of thousands for the world to join you in your shame.
2. He proposed at a sporting event, a house of manly repute. It's not only dorky to propose at sport games, but it is beta to sully such a sanctum with the pedestalization of pussy.
3. He sorta got down on one knee. For krissakes guys, if you're gonna propose, DO NOT under any circumstance drop to one knee. It's romantic in the movies when a vampire does it; in real life you are emasculating yourself. Subcommunicated body language matters.
4. In what was probably his biggest transgression of the alpha code, he couldn't stop stroking her shoulder like she was a cat being petted. He was panicked she might say no, and shoulder stroking to build false comfort seemed to him, I'm sure, his only available option. Is there anything more repulsive than a man trying to manufacture closeness with an uncooperative woman through forced physical displays of tender affection? It's on par with literally licking off the bird shit that landed on your girlfriend's six inch heeled boots, or shitting on a plate and then smearing the turd all over your face in a ritualistic sacrifice to the gods to make your ex-girlfriend love you again.
5. After he got slapped, it looked like he cried. I would've shoved a hot dog in the bitch's piehole.

******

September 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by longtime reader **dave from hawaii.** Before I write anything about this candidate, you need to go to his website and poke around. Be sure to click on the "Read the Blog" button at the bottom. Bring a barf bag.

You may wonder if a radical, facially hirsute feminist who hasn't seen dick since her stepdad woke her up in the middle of the night is responsible for this website and the book *'The Problem with Women… is Men'* that the website hawks. After all, there are pictures of pigs all over the place, and pithy quotes such as the following:

> Cheating is a choice.
>
> Women who don't speak their minds… die.
>
> Why porn is teaching your man bad habits in bed.

I wish I could tell you that a man-hating dyke wrote this. But the author is a man named Charles J. Orlando who has written for such ostensibly male-oriented mags like *Men's Health*. Woofa. Is it a joke? Does this flapjack sacked simulacra of a man really believe what he writes, or is he playing an advanced seduction strategy of sneaky fucker feminist ego assuaging and alpha male undermining? You be the judge. Whatever his motives, there's no denying he's tainted himself with the mark of the beta.

******

September 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by reader **chris**. It's a guy named Marc (note the fruity substitute of "c" for "k") who wrote an article posted at the fembot website that rhymes with "facial pissing" titled "My experience with a prostitute – a feminist perspective".

First, any man who uncoercedly calls himself a feminist has announced his resignation from the order of manhood. I don't care if you've spent 1,000 tours in Iraq and scalped terrorists for shits and giggles, you lop of your nuts when you sign onto the feminist agenda. Please turn yourself into soylent beta. You aren't moral, you aren't enlightened, you aren't open-minded. You're just a laughable tool.

So what sets this guy apart from the battalions of betas who solicit hookers to unceremoniously spurt their tepid loads? Well, one, he spent an hour of his valuable time chatting up a woman and bringing her to his room not knowing she was a whore, and then feeling bad about wasting *her time*. And, two, after he found out she was a hooker, he paid her… TO TALK TO HIM.

> Having already wasted an hour of her time, with her assuming I knew she was an escort (a term she says she prefers), I made a deal: while I was most certainly sexually attracted to her, my values wouldn't allow me to actually pay to have sex with her. I would, however, pay for her time to listen to her story and learn something from a group of people I've spent to much learning about, yet never had never actually sat down and spoken with.
>
> So there we sat, in my hotel room, and over Jack Daniels, talked about her life, choices and perspectives.

Your values are useless self-flagellating detritus, dude. No Being of Infinite Light hovering just above the cloud cover is giving you heavenly credits for denying yourself sex with a whore. Fuck when you can, because it is good.

You may think paying a whore to chew off your ear with her sad sack tales of woe would be the height of beta, but wait, there's more.

> At the end of our conversation, I **gave her a hug** and asked permission to write about her. She agreed and we exchanged contact information, so that when my vacation is over, I can do a more in depth interview and write about her.

My god below, there's another David Alexander roaming the earth.

So what was the valuable life lesson Marc learned from this experience?

> In the end, the sex work debate is immaterial because unless we take care of other problems and challenges – violence against women, healthcare for all people, and providing young women and men with the access to education they need, we are failing to provide women with the variety of choices they deserve in enhancing their own lives, and as a result, we have no rights to make a stand on the sex work industry, other than supporting them with the choices they make.
>
> By the way, I am currently in Orlando for my last week of vacation. If there are awesome feminists in the UCF/Orlando area, I'd love to be shown around or have a drink. Let me know!

He won't get any bites. Read the comments. Even the fembots think this guy is Too Beta To Nail.

******

September 2009 BOTM Candidate #4 was submitted by reader **entrepoon** (great handle). It's the touching story of the husband of a woman who falls in love with the serial killer Richard Ramirez, the infamously alpha "Night Stalker". Does hubby demand she stop visiting the killer at his prison? Ah, if he did that he wouldn't be up for BOTM.

> Some of them write to him or visit him, including a 30-year-old woman from Washington. The woman, who did not want to be identified by The Chronicle, said most relatives don't know about her relationship with Ramirez, although her disapproving husband does.
>
> She said she started writing to the Night Stalker – a habit that sometimes exceeded 20 letters a week and frequent visits – because she was fascinated with his case.

20 letters a week and frequent visitations, some of them likely conjugal. Her "disapproving" husband knows about her "relationship" with Ramirez. Aaaaand, he does… nothing? He just allows it to go on and on? Does a beta shit in his pants?

For laughs, here's another quote from the very typical killer-loving woman:

> "He is good looking and I loved his big hands," she said of Ramirez. "The thrill of danger of going up to a state penitentiary made it all worth it because to me it was like a dream come true to face one of the world's most feared men.
>
> "Like my mom used to say, you can love someone but you don't have to like them," she says.

We've got a DefCunt 1 gina tingle alert. The second quote is a perfect distillation of the animal female soul. A slight re-wording for clarity: "You can love someone especially if you don't like them." The news is out — chicks love unlikeable assholes with big, flesh ripping hands.

Take-home lesson: If your wife is consorting with a serial killer, get your finances in order, get a lawyer, compile evidence, and kick the filthy bitch to the curb. Leave your kicking foot hanging in mid-air for a second for dramatic flair. That's the kind of thing sweet memories are made of.

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The voting:

Repeal The IMBRA Now

CH · 19 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

For those of you in the dark, the most evil and discriminatory American statute of the past ten years is the International Marriage Broker Regulation Act of 2005 (IMBRA), signed into law in January 2006 by one of the country's worst Presidents ever, George W. Bush:

> [IMBRA] is a United States federal statute that requires background checks for all marriage visa sponsors and limits serial visa applications. IMBRA also requires background checks before speech or other forms of communication are permitted between American citizens and foreign nationals.

The IMBRA was a pure man-hating power play by feminists and their betaboy abettors. The statute was ostensibly inspired by a couple of mass media sensationalized cases involving American men murdering their foreign brides, but the truth is that the cases and the leftie fembot media coverage of them were nothing but convenient emotoprops for ramming an unjustifiable, anti-free speech and anti-free association misandrist law down the stupidified gullets of a politically lazy American public.

FACT:

There are very few studies comparing domestic violence rates between foreign-born wives and American wives. Any study on domestic violence among immigrant women that does not control for the race and immigrant status of the husband/boyfriend offender is worthless.

FACT:

Foreign brides will often make false claims of domestic violence because under the Violence Against Women Act (VAWA) there is a provision that states a victim of DV can divorce her husband and get a green card.

FACT:

American men who marry foreign women have a lower divorce rate than the nation as a whole.

The IMBRA has nothing to do with sparing immigrant brides the indignity of suffering domestic violence and everything to do with making it more difficult for American men to find, meet, date, fuck and, in some cases, marry beautiful feminine foreign women. Police state fascist background checks are no more justifiable for an American man seeking a foreign bride than they are for an American man seeking an American bride, and they are especially egregious when used against men exercising their free speech to have a simple fucking conversation with a foreign woman.

No, here is the truth about the motivation behind jackheeled grrlstapo laws such as the IMBRA:

American women are deathly afraid of losing market leverage to foreign competition.

That's it. Plain as day. And American women are right to fear boatloads of hot East European women flooding American shores, for deep down in the pits of their hellbound souls American women know they are a self-absorbed, egotistic, entitled, unfeminine, fatass lot. So they devise superficially plausible laws designed to solidify their stranglehold on power.

With the help of their mincing, ass-slurping, toolboy allies in Congress who also benefit from the status quo, the femcunts are succeeding at their goal of ensuring a sexual market that artificially raises their pussy value and maximizes their ability to play hypergamous empress while minimizing the options available to men and thereby forcing them to heed by rules inimical to their interests.

Here is a list of the small thinkers and anti-First Amendment shitheads who sponsored the IMBRA and snuck it into the reauthorization of the VAWA in the middle of the night, without any serious debate:

> IMBRA was reintroduced in September 2005 by Sen. Sam Brownback (R-KS), Sen. Maria Cantwell (D-WA), Rep. Frank Wolf (R-VA), and Rep. Rick Larsen (D-WA)). IMBRA was incorporated into the Violence Against Women Act reauthorization in 2005, and was passed by both houses of Congress in December 2005.

Feel free to email them about the wrongness of their law for its chilling effect on the beautiful Judeo-Christian love between an American man and a foreign woman.

Repeal the IMBRA now. Like most men who aren't deceiving themselves, when I'm older and still desiring young, slender, lovely female company I want the option of connecting, free of state intrusion, with overseas babes for much cross cultural love. If American cunts and their betaboy bitches are going to stand in my way of doing that, then I'll leave this once-great, rapidly crap-ifying country and take my taxpayer lootbag with me.

And while we're at it, repeal the VAWA as well. After all, is violence against women inherently more immoral than violence against men? If so, then permit me to make the claim that political representation for men is inherently more moral than political representation for women. If not, then the VAWA is an unjust law. Finish it off.

What To Do When A Girl Starts Crying For No Reason

CH · 20 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When you date a girl for longer than two months the odds become better than even that she will erupt into spontaneous waterworks for no discernible reason. All girls do this, even the stable normal ones. In fact, you should be concerned that you are dating a stone hearted bitch if she doesn't inexplicably cry on occasion. If women crying makes you break out into sweaty hives you should probably limit yourself to dating lawyers. They never cry; they just subsume their womanly instincts into raging competitiveness and piston-like screwing. Thankfully for the state of femininity, their breed is dying out.

The last time I was confronted with a woman's tears I had just finished banging her in a satisfying position — doggy. (The most spiritually nourishing sex positions are those which are closest to the primitive positions practiced by the animal kingdom.) She hopped off the bed, went to the bathroom, exited the bathroom 20 seconds later, and then stood in the middle of the room, wrapped in a bath towel, as tears started to fall.

Most betas when confronted with such a spectacle will turn the finger of blame inward and wonder if it was something they did. A beta will tenderly, cautiously, approach the girl and touch her shoulder while asking if anything is wrong, did he do something that bothered her? Naturally, as my readers are well aware by now, this will paradoxically fill her with resentment for the beta. Even though his dick was only moments earlier inside her womb, she will become agitated by his presence for reasons even she can't fathom, and her disgust will grow as she pushes his arm off and insists that nothing is wrong.

The experienced man, on the other hand, has seen all this before. Through trial and error, or through honed intuition, he has learned how to deal with these emotional pressure releases that plague women. He knows that sometimes a powerful rogering will rattle a woman's soul so deeply that tears are shaken loose. He will let the sob show play itself out, knowing that she will come through it on the other side a happier woman.

When she began crying, vulnerable in the middle of the room clutching her bath towel, I looked at her intently for a few seconds, walked up, gave her a strong hug and a cheek kiss, wiped one tear with my thumb, and then let go to pour a couple of drinks for the both of us. I didn't ask what was wrong, I didn't ask if there was something I could do, I didn't ask how I could make it better. I didn't even ask if she wanted a drink. I just put the drink in her hand. Everything was done in silence. I grabbed a magazine and read it on her couch while she took a shower.

She was emotionally cold for about a half hour after that, then as we were lying in bed later falling asleep, she rolled over and nuzzled her head in the nook where my arm meets my chest. She was smiling.

Here are the rules for dealing with a spontaneously crying woman:

- Don't worry about why she is crying. It doesn't matter if it was something you did, or if it had nothing to do with you, your reaction should be the same either way.
- That reaction is warm, nonverbal reassurance. Don't say a word. Odds are you will say something to worsen her erratic emotional state.
- If you suspect that the cause of her tears is something you did, you should let her express those reasons on her own time. Don't try and pry the reason from her.
- Give her a glass of water or wine while she is crying. If she refuses the drink, don't loiter questioningly. Simply put her drink down on the counter and go about enjoying your drink.
- For the love of god, DON'T PLEAD WITH HER TO COMMUNICATE HER FEELINGS. This goes against everything that every women's mag and self-help relationship book says, but the truth is that there's nothing a woman despises more than a mealy-mouthed sensitive beta playing new age psychotherapist.

I have found that after a good cry a woman will often feel closer to you than ever. She will give her sex lovingly soon after her tears have dried. For this reason I recommend provoking your girl to cry as it will open up new and

exciting possibilities in bed. You'll want to incite her tears in such a way, of course, that you maintain plausible deniability. One way to do this is to get out of bed after sex to watch some porn on the computer.

FeministSex

CH · 21 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The quasifeminist entity who goes by the name FeministX asked me to add her blog to my blogroll. Of course, my blogroll doesn't come cheap, so I requested payment up front in the form of a high resolution nudie pic of herself.

She has complied.

Not bad, but I would've liked a full body shot, including mons pubis.

The Beta Crisis of American Men Marrying Older Women

CH · 21 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Take me to the club where the boobs all hang
Give me old poontang that's what I bang yeah
Hey take me to the club where the MILFs are queen
And from what I've seen that cooch is free

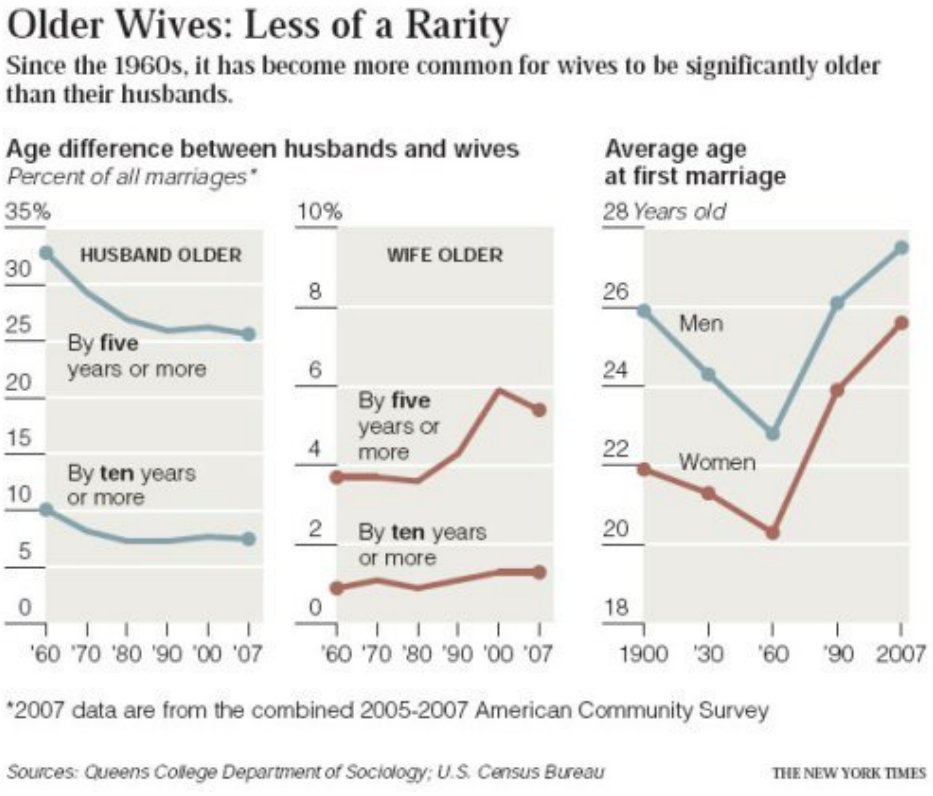
-Gonna use no game
-No need to mack
-Gonna get me some old maid
-Got a cougar on my back

Take me to the club where the ass hang down
Gonna grab that round – (yeah yeah yeah!)
Take me to the room where the young's all old
And the old's all bold take me back to her shack

-She don't take no prisoners
-Gonna give me the business
-Got a cougar on my back
-It's a cougar attack

[righteous drum solo]

Reader "Silver Fox" included a link in the comments to this New York Beta Times graphic showing that over the past 30 years more American men are marrying older women than themselves.



The betatization of the American male proceeds apace.

Naturally, the perpetual lie machine known as the mass media will play up a stat like this as proof that cougars are

coming into their own, and strong men “secure in their masculinity” are beginning to “appreciate the older woman” and everything she has to offer, including her “higher sex drive”, “experience” and “full blossoming of her mature womanhood”.

As usual, they would be wrong. I will explain.

If we liken the typical cougar to a 1975 Toyota Corolla…

…then we can see that, if we were in a rush to get to the hospital and had no car at our disposal except this one, the Corolla with 250,000 miles on it would serve in a pinch to take us from point A to point B. Sure, it wouldn’t be the most fun ride, or the quickest ride, or the ride with the best handling (the torn vinyl on the heavily used bucket seats symbolize deep cleavage wrinkles), but it would do the job when we had a motor vehicle dry spell. Hell, tooling around in the Corolla for a few days might even be funny as an ironic hipsterly statement embracing the working class.

But goddamn if you’d be caught alive driving this POS on a daily basis, picking up your friends with it or tossing the keys to the valet to have it parked when you pull up to Bar Pilar. No man with car options would choose a 1975 Toyota Corolla as his daily commuter.

Analogously, you might entertain the notion of riding a cougar for a night if you’ve been suffering a six month pussy dry spell. You might even rationalize your decision to bang the cougar as a sort of statement against the patriarchy, or a mighty enlightened blow for 10th wave feminism. If your friends saw you leave the bar with the cougar, your face-saving embarrassment would compel you to sing the false praises of older women and how much they love sex and how well they suck dick.

But in the glaring, pore revealing light of morning, you’d turn over, take one look at your cougar conquest snoring fitfully next to you, and make for the exits like Road Runner. You would then feel so shitty about your dumpster diving that self-doubt would cripple your game for months. You’d retreat to the pallid glow of Creampie porn.

The NYBTimes graphic showing more men marrying older women should be viewed in light of my Corolla analogy. Men aren’t marrying older broads because they mysteriously and suddenly find them hotter than younger women; they’re marrying them out of necessity BECAUSE IT’S GOTTEN HARDER FOR THE AVERAGE BETA MALE TO MARRY THE YOUNGER WOMEN HE PREFERS.

What you are seeing in that graphic is a massive, paradigmatic shift in the sexual market. As the economic empowerment, entitlement complexes, and slut celebration of American women has reached epic proportions, they are living it up in their late teens and 20s with the alphas and settling down in their 30s and 40s with younger, desperate, easily controlled betas who serve as sub-par alpha substitutes when the alphas no longer desire them. The betas, for their part, would prefer to date and marry women younger than themselves, but they are being priced out of the younger woman market, and for many men a wet flabby hole is better than no hole.

The alphas, meanwhile, know it's in their interest to use a woman during her prime and jettison her before marriage legally and financially binds him to an old jalopy. When an alpha does marry, he makes sure to marry a younger woman (preferably 10 years or more younger) so that he enjoys the ripeness of her sexuality for as long as possible. There are other benefits to older man-younger woman pairings — when he's 50, and his younger wife is 35, she will seem relatively more attractive to him than she would to a 35 year old man. He will be more loving and attentive toward her than he would be to an "age appropriate" 50 year old wife.

The graphic above is a stark visual of just how betatized American men have become. They are so bereft of game and economic leverage over women that older wives now seem like an acceptable deal to them. They need to be schooled in the fine art of the ugly truths. First, I'd helpfully remind them that marrying a woman is a raw deal on its own, because all women are rapidly depreciating assets after age 25 or so who can take you for half your worth for no other reason than that they sport a vagina. Then I'd point out that marrying an *older* woman is like buying at full retail price in 2009 dollars a 1975 Toyota Corolla; she's already past her physical peak, and he'd be lucky to get ten more miles out of her once he pedals her off the lot. It would be pissing money, and opportunities for better vehicles, away. It's such an affront to nature when a younger man with the world before him marries an older woman that the Catholic Church should qualify it as a mortal sin.

Speaking of younger men marrying older women…

PS: A blast from the archived past!

PPS: And another!

Is There Ever A Time Not To Game?

CH · 22 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Discount bin answer: Never.

Gamers' Edition Bonus Pak answer: It depends.

I was at a small-ish film fest party for a guy who directed a couple of short documentaries. Crowd size: ~80-100 peeps, skewed toward women, most of whom were cute artsy scenesters who liked to wear woolen caps and scarves indoors. Because, you know, it might snow.

Three girls, all 7s, approached me and my friend to ask if we were "part of the creative scene".

Clearly, a significant subculture of the residents are starving for the company of unconventional people who aren't yuppie whores. And so, I give them that. I aim to please.

After a few minutes of light chit chat about my latest blockbuster mega-grossing film, I felt the energy of the set wane. They were slipping away. Girls are born with a self-entitlement region of the brain that causes them to assume all men were put on the earth to continually entertain them. This region is connected to the pussy through a single major nerve called the *tingleginaceptor*. When the pussy deteriorates through age, so does the entitlement region of the female brain. This is why many older women are so engaging in conversation; they have to be.

A player adept at seducing women knows to flip this entitlement script and demand entertainment from the women in his company. Game is the tool that helps with the script-flipping. But this time I ran no game. Instead, I let the chit chat dissipate, smiled warmly, and told them to enjoy the show.

I could've made fun of one of the girl's scarves ("That scarf is all wrong on you"). I could've negged the hottest girl ("You look like the girl in the movie who got dumped by the guy. Are you her? Well, chin up"). I could've kinoed, isolated, made out. But I did none of these things. Why?

Because in certain specific contexts, I believe game can backfire. This was one of those times. A small, insular indie scene such as at a film screening, filled with people who likely are friends, or at least acquaintances, with everyone else in the room, and who have certain social codes that they follow and are only understood by themselves (e.g. don't be a douchebag) are more apt to react suspiciously to game run on them by a relative outsider. (I do hang in the indie scene, but not this particular one.)

My spidey sense was telling me that had I negged one of the girls in the three set, it would have confused her. And not in a good way. Tightknit groups of people tend to want to feel newcomers out, to see if they're cool, i.e. socially savvy. A neg right out of the gate might have tingled ginas, but it also ran the risk of emphasizing my outsider status. It's best to demonstrate your in-group cred first before hitting them up with the thermonuclear love bomb of game. With very provincial groups, this getting-to-know-you process can sometimes require attendance at three or more events where you'll see the same girls and they'll have an opportunity to become comfortable with you. Blogger happy hours used to work this way.

There is a trade-off to every decision. The girl who interested me may not ever again go to one of these events. Or she may have been sufficiently bored by the non-game "normal" conversation between us to write me off as a future contender. If I had properly gamed her, I had a chance to initiate the short road to intimacy. But gaming her also posed the risk of stamping me *persona non grata* within the scene, possibly polluting my chances with other girls who knew my primary target peripherally.

Pickup is about experience. After enough time and practice, you'll get a feel for these kinds of social riddles. But all in all, I prefer this rule of thumb –

Maxim #13: When in doubt, game.

Cornered!

CH · 23 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've got a very important post up at men's magazine *The Spearhead* for my Friday Night Game weekly series. Excerpt:

There are only three things that drain the blood faster from a man's face than the thought of erectile dysfunction:

1. When your wife serves you divorce papers.
2. When you catch your woman fooling around with another man.
3. When your woman busts you for cheating.

The first two, luckily, haven't happened to me, but the last one has… multiple times. And from those trials by ovarian fire I have learned a few valuable lessons. I'm here to tell you what to do — or, more precisely, what *not* to do — when your girl jabs the infidelity finger of accusation in your face.

Read about my recommendations for correctly handling a suspicious woman who (justifiably) accuses you of cheating. This is can't miss information for the man who likes to keep a few on the side.

Why Do Some Men Bang Below Their Level?

CH · 23 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this picture:

This is Steve Phillips, 46 year old ESPN baseball analyst and former Mets GM, with his 22 year old mistress, a lowly production assistant he met on the job. The bitch mistress filed for a restraining order against Phillips the day *after* she left a taunting letter with his wife saying she (the bitch mistress) and Steve were meant to be together. Chutzpah, thy name is woman.

(Note that stalker behavior is more likely to occur when the status differential between the man and woman is significant. A woman will fall in love VERY quickly and effortlessly with an alpha who deigns to dump a fuck in her, while this same woman would need years to decide whether she loves the provider beta who dotes on her.)

Here is a photo of Phillips' aged wife, Marni, mother of his four children:

After viewing the first picture with much disgust and confusion, most of you were probably asking "What the HELL was he doing with her?" And you'd be right to wonder. Phillips is a good-looking dude, high status, and presumably loaded. There are thousands of hot 22 year old women who would gladly smoke his pole.

The mistress looks like a fat dyke. I'd rate her a beer-fueled 2. The only thing she has going for her is her youth (24

year age difference between Phillips and her), which goes to show that even an ugly dyke-ish 22 year old can be more sexually appealing to men than their aged wrinkled wives. Although after looking at the pic of Marni Phillips for many minutes of close examination, I'd have to conclude that it'd be a close call deciding which one I'd fuck. I think I'd choose Marni. Her boobs give much love.

So why do some men with options choose to date, or cheat with, unattractive women below their level?

First, keep in mind that the reason we notice weirdo combinations like Phillips and his pig-faced mistress is because they are so rare. We notice that which defies expectation, and we ignore that which is the same old same old. 99% of men with Phillips' status are either dating or cheating with much hotter women. So don't get your hopes up, ladies.

Remember, too, that what you see is not always what you get when a good-looking man slums it with an ugly woman. Because a man's dating market value is determined by so many more variables than those which can be observed by the naked eye, we cannot always assume that a good-looking guy is high status in the same way we can safely judge a good-looking girl is high status. (A woman's social status is based almost completely on her looks.) That good-looking guy with the ugly girl may have crippling personality flaws, no money, no job, no charisma, no humor, no self-confidence, no ambition, or no game. He may also be too lazy or fearful to put in the extra effort to get a girl closer to his level.

But these unusual dating disparity exceptions do exist, and here are the reasons why I think some high status men will choose to lay with gross women:

- **Variety is the spice of life.** Sometimes a new, ugly pussy is more rewarding than another night of the same, slightly less-ugly pussy.
- **Convenience.** Many alphas won't make the minimal effort required to meet hot chicks in the wild savannahs of their cities. The pigmalion intern you see every day who will drop to her knees instantly to suck you off can be, from a cost-benefit calculation, the better deal of the moment.
- **Pure laziness.** Some men think it's undignified, degrading, or less than manly (ha!) to actively chase women. They prefer to have the ugly pussy fall in their laps. This rationalization by lazy men is known as "sour grapes". Unfortunately for them, it's actually more degrading to bang an ugly woman than it is to pursue hotter women, even when that pursuit leads to rejection. There is honor in the chase.
- **Insecurity.** A powerful man with deep-seated psychological issues who likes to be in control may opt for the ugly mistress he can easily dominate. A hotter mistress would require more tact and manipulative ministrations to keep in line, a tall order which could send him into a self-hating spiral of spite. Some men don't like a challenge; they prefer a supplicative sex slave. These are the same kinds of men who solicit hookers. Also see: laziness.
- **Hidden lack of self-confidence.** He's alpha on the outside, beta on the inside.
- **Paper alpha.** There are men who are alpha with other men, but graceless, befuddled pussies with women. It's not many, but they do exist.
- **Youth is its own quality.** A man quickly grows bored of sex with an old wife. An ugly 22 year old will suddenly start to look a lot more appealing than even sex with a "beautiful for her age" older wife.
- **Experimentation.** Many unattractive girls will do things in bed that a wife or a better looking woman would never do. If a girl is willing to accept A2M and post gym workout teabagging, she will bump up the queue.
- **Odd fetishes.** There are guys who like to fuck sheep. Rare outliers are part of the wonderful tapestry of humanity.

Some of you will suggest that maybe the ugly mistress has a sparkling personality, and Phillips was drawn to that. No. When a man is an alpha, women all around him, including hot ones, will suddenly have sparkling personalities. Bitch shields drop as fast as panties with the right man. Compatibility and sparkling personalities can be easily spoofed when the proper incentives are in place.

None of what I listed above should provide succor to weak, lazy men who wish to dumpster dive and enjoy their buddies' approval at the same time. Steve Phillips forever sullied his good name by hooking up with this beast. If you're going to take a mistress, be sure to take one who brings honor to the title.

Doubting Betas

CH · 25 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

In the comments to my post about Steve Phillips slumming it with a pigfaced wreck who is 24 years younger than him, Half Sigma wrote:

> The guy's an aging jock who's not famous (I've never heard of him before). When he leaves the TV studio and goes out in public, he's just an old-looking nobody to all of the women. I don't know why he thinks he can do a lot better in 22-year-olds. Few 22-year-olds in the United States are interested in men more than twice their age.

First, my claim isn't a stretch. Phillips is better looking than 95% of men his age. So he'd turn some younger women's heads based on that alone.

Second, while a 22 year old is not half my age, it is significantly younger than me, so I know of what I speak. 22 year olds are certainly interested in older men if those men have game. Since I can feel the shockwaves of HS's astonishment all the way down here in DC, here's a pic from one year ago of me and a 21 year old who is at least 5 points higher than Steve Phillips' moocow mistress. Yes, there was banging. This pic won't stay up for long, so enjoy it now.

[Too late! You missed it.]

Many men are crippled by doubt. They have no understanding of the possible. To these men I say: Stop listening to the jealous naysayers, the bitter betas, the furious fembots, the condescending scolds, the cackling cunts, your Mom, your Dad, your drinking buddies, your aging ex, your fat girlfriend, your boss, society, the world. They don't have your best interest at heart. They never did, and they never will. You have no idea just what you are capable of as a man. Game is that powerful.

Two Beautiful Black Women

CH · 26 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a photo of two beautiful black women:

Psyche! One of these two people is not a black woman. Can you figure out which one?

I will reveal the mystery later.

******

MYSTERY REVEALED!

The person on the left is a dude. Reader “Viscount” got it right. I find it amusing that an Asian-hybrid guy looks so similar to a black woman.

UPDATE

Since this post has tranny overtones, here is a classic from the archives about the time I feared the girl I was about to bang was a MAN, BABY!

Alpha Assessment Monday: Tuesday Edition!

CH · 27 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Why Tuesday? For the same reason you should sporadically cancel dates on girls. Defy expectations.

Case #1

Submitted by G:

> So a girl texted me with a question, which I answered with one word, then gave her the following:
>
> Me: I had Chinese for lunch today. My fortune cookie read: “You have inexhaustible wisdom and power.” The Chinese are very wise people, indeed.
>
> Her: So, I presume you turned the fortune over, and it also read “but your humility is exhausted”?
>
> Me: The flip side read, “Consequently, you have no need for humility.” As I said, a wise people.
>
> Her: ha. nice.
>
> Pass or no pass?

Did you respond to her “ha. nice.” text with a smilie? Then you failed. Otherwise, you passed.

I do like the way you reined in your witticisms. Many guys go beta by laying on the wit too thick. One or two funny quips is all you need, sprinkled liberally with one word game. You’re not trying to entertain her; she’s there to entertain you.

Case #2

Submitted by Chris:

> I’m at a friend’s wedding two weekends ago and I see a friend of the bride, who used to be fat, but has since lost a good amount of weight (and now looks decent, I’d say a 7).
>
> I flirt with her a little early on, but ignore her until the end of the night. I’m dancing with some friends and catch her eye across the room. She waves at me to come where she is, but I shake my head and give her the “no, YOU come HERE” curled finger. She complies and we dance for a bit.
>
> After about 10 minutes, I head to the bar for another drink. On the way back to my table to grab my smokes I pass her, hand her my phone and say “put your number in here.” On my way back I grab the phone without saying anything else.
>
> I wait until Wednesday to call her – conversation lasts a solid half-hour. We make plans to meet up Saturday for dinner. I meet her at the restaurant, food is good, conversation is good. She’s still in grad school and pays for her own apartment, so she doesn’t have a ton of cash. So I pick up dinner but tell her she owes me desert. So she takes me to a Japanese place where we get some crazy thing that they light on fire. I ask her to come with me to another wedding in a couple weeks, which she agrees to. End of the night – no kiss close, but solid IOIs during the night.
>
> Tuesday I send her a txt:
> “You’re coming with me to a concert Friday.”
>
> She instantly calls me and we talk for a few minutes and she agrees to go.
>
> Yesterday, she calls me around 5pm, and I don’t answer. She leaves a voicemail saying that she can’t go out Friday night because she gets up at 4am on Friday and 6am on Saturday and that she’ll be too tired.
>
> I wait until 1030pm to text her:
> “That’s fine about Friday, but if you flake on me for the wedding you’re done.”

> No response yet. I think I did well up until maybe the last text which perhaps was too asshole-ish. Thoughts?

+1 for flirting and then ignoring her.
+1 for the finger curl.
0 for the creative digit close (amusing, but it sounds like you forced the number close before building enough attraction).
-1 for the half hour follow-up conversation (ten minutes, tops).
-1 for the dinner date (dinners are horrible date ideas, and even worse first date ideas).
-1 for paying for her dinner (so what if she's poor? plenty of poor girls manage to buy themselves shoes and handbags).
-1 for asking her to accompany you to a wedding before you've even banged her.
-1 for inviting her to two different dates (wedding and concert) so soon after the first date (neediness).
-1 for getting upset and not handling her flake with uncaring asshole humor.

Total score: -4

Is it any wonder she blew you off with an obvious lie?

UPDATE:

> Her text the next day:
> "Nope we are on 4 the wedding since it starts @ 5 I will have energy."
>
> Me, 2 hours later:
> "I plan on being the center of attention so make sure you're prepared."
>
> Her, the next day:
> " you are too much!"
>
> Me, an hour later:
> " Did your phone break for a day?"

She's got hand, and she knows it. She's toying with you. You showed too much interest too soon by inviting her here, there, and everywhere. From now on you can expect this sort of impolite behavior from her, where she waits hours to text back and leaves you wondering about her feelings for you. You will be lucky to get the bang. If you haven't banged, I suggest canceling the wedding date and offering a nebulous "better idea for a date" which you will call her later with details.

Case #3

Submitted by biktopia:

> I was at my bf's friend for dinner last week, and heard a interesting one,
> this guy told me, that when he is going home with a girl he just met, and the girl says, i will just sleep at yours, nothing will happen, i'm not that kind of girl, then he knows for sure the girl will go to bed with him.
> I will agree that this statement is 100% true.

This statement is contingently true. Her intent is 100% to go to bed with him, but execution of intent depends on his skill at affording her a plausible non-slut rationalization.

Case #4

Submitted by vicmackey:

> girl i met about a week ago. dinner with common friends. very friendly talk and stuff. i do not game (just

> starting to know the Game) but i am usually pleasant and funny. we are both grad students.
>
> anyhow, sent message today about going to get a beer. this is exchange:
>
> ———————
>
> Me: Hi S.,
>
> I am meeting a few friends tonight for a beer. I'd like if you could come.
>
> It is going to be at 10pm at XX.
>
> See you
> F.
>
> ———————-
>
> Hi F!
>
> I'd have liked to meet up tonight, but I just got back from watching a friend in the Marathon and have been in X Park all weekend, so I've got about seven hours of work in front of me.
>
> Let me know if you all go out again any time soon though; would love to join.
>
> Hope all is well!
>
> S.
>
> ———————
>
> Me: call you next time then!
>
> bye
>
> ———————————
>
> any grave mistakes? suggestion for next steps?

Your first mistake is the tone of your date invitation. "I'd like if you could come" sounds needy, earnest and too polite to be appreciated by the crass beasts that American women have devolved into. Are you a foreign man from a feminized culture? If so, you'll have to chuck the temptation to act chivalrously. A better invitation would be this (note the lack of punctuation): "im meeting a few friend for drinks. come and ill let you buy first round."

Your second mistake was even bothering to respond to her blatant blow-off. Know this about girls: When they are interested in you, they will make the date happen. It doesn't matter if her excuse was true (it wasn't) or if it had any bearing on her ability to meet you for drinks (it didn't), the fact is that she put you down nicely because you had not triggered a gina tingle. If you had coaxed a tingle she would have offered a second date idea. Instead, she left you hanging with that weak "let me know IF YOU ALL go out again" group hug LJBF.

Do you want to be Master of the Gina Tingle? Then you need to toughen up and stop treating women as something other than the smelly, tawdry, mudcaked, vagina following, venal animals they are. This means you need to summon your inner asshole. "Call you next time then!" are not the words of your inner asshole. Calling her from an undisclosed location at 1AM with lots of women's voices laughing in the background and telling her to "wear your highest heels and bring some cash" are the words and actions of the asshole women love.

Science Validates Game

CH · 28 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Many housebroken betas and feminists (two sides of the same coin in some respects) ask me to prove game works. They want double blind, controlled experiments. I usually reply that such a thing is nearly impossible. Surveys will tell us nothing, as we have learned by now that women will often say things utterly at odds with what they wind up doing. And the complexity of women's attraction triggers is an order of magnitude more complicated than men's. Women only need to look good. Men need to do A through Z, in the right order at the right time, and with just the right cocky grin. "Proving" female game is therefore a much easier proposition than proving male game, which, if it were undertaken, would require placing probes in random vaginas and following around players and poseurs for hours as they work their magic, then having hidden cameras in bedrooms to capture on film if the deal was closed.

But all is not lost for the hardened skeptics. Science is slowly, inexorably, proving that the maxims and many precepts of game are true and real. It has proven the effectiveness of the neg, and now a new study is out validating the critical game concepts of "fake it till you make it" and alpha body language.

> **Body Posture Affects Confidence In Your Own Thoughts**
>
> Researchers found that people who were told to sit up straight were more likely to believe thoughts they wrote down while in that posture concerning whether they were qualified for a job.
>
> On the other hand, those who were slumped over their desks were less likely to accept these written-down feelings about their own qualifications.
>
> The results show how our body posture can affect not only what others think about us, but also how we think about ourselves, said Richard Petty, co-author of the study and professor of psychology at Ohio State University.

When you act like an alpha, you'll begin to feel like an alpha and consistently behave like an alpha. When you mimic the behavior of the powerful, you yourself become powerful in reality. This is why body language is so important to picking up girls. Jettisoning bad body language and acquiring good body language begets self-confidence, and the two interact in a positively reinforcing biofeedback loop.

It doesn't matter if your self-confidence is unjustified. All that matters is that you act confidently and think confidently, however irrational. Not only does the act of faking confidence eventually morph into real confidence, it also has the pleasant side effect of making women swoon.

Recall Poon Commandment XI:

> **XI. Be irrationally self-confident**
>
> No matter what your station in life, stride through the world without apology or excuse. It does not matter if objectively you are not the best man a woman can get; what matters is that you think and act like you are. Women have a dog's instinct for uncovering weakness in men; don't make it easy for them. Self-confidence, warranted or not, triggers submissive emotional responses in women. Irrational self-confidence will get you more pussy than rational defeatism.

Here's an interesting result from the experiment:

> [The study] suggests people's thoughts are influenced by their posture, even though they don't realize that is what's happening.
>
> "People assume their confidence is coming from their own thoughts. They don't realize their posture is affecting how much they believe in what they're thinking," he said.

> “If they did realize that, posture wouldn’t have such an effect.”

Can you consciously think your way into self-confidence? Yes, but Anthony Robbins tapes are probably not as effective as aping nonverbal alpha cues.

> This research extends a 2003 study by Petty and Briñol which found similar results for head nodding. In that case, people had more confidence in thoughts they generated when they nodded their head up and down compared to when they shook their head from side to side.

You are not a special snowflake. You are a circuitboard of neurons, veins and chemical agents completely at the mercy of your material components acting in concert to keep you clueless about its essential goal. Soon, sooner than you think, you will degrade into your constituent parts and nothing you say or believe now will matter at all.

Game seems to engender predictable responses from the snowflake crowd. Bitter bitches and envious betaboys who want to keep you in your place will say “Oh but this isn’t natural! You can’t fake alphaness for long if it isn’t who you are.” But, in fact, you *can*, because the longer you fake it the more natural it becomes. With time, it won’t be fake at all.

Then they will say “Oh, but you’ll get called out once the mask slips. Your true colors will show.” Neither is this true. Hold the mask up long enough and like Jim Carrey’s movie character it fuses with your soul. But let’s assume for purposes of discussion that the anti-gamers are right about this point. Will it make any difference to men wanting to have more choice and fun with women? If the choice facing a beta is between no game and no sex, or game and three months of sex with hotter women until they clue in on his true nature, which choice do you think most men will take?

Finally, the doubters will cleave to their cherished pet theory that there are “naturals” and then there’s everyone else who shouldn’t even bother trying. But they miss the flaw in their thinking: Naturals also faked it till they made it. The difference between them and the competition they leave behind is that naturals began their journeys of faking it at a much earlier stage in life. Now, granted, their journeys likely began earlier because of genetic advantages they inherited at birth, but they didn’t sit on sofas waiting for pussy to fall in their laps. They chased, they pursued, they strutted, they mimicked, they boasted and they gamed until they got so good with women people started calling them naturals. And success with women breeds more success with women, until it doesn’t even look like they’re trying anymore.

Betas should take a page from the naturals’ playbook and fake it like a champ. Women will love them for it.

The Lie Of Locking Her In

CH · 29 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's a nagging crescendo in my ear. Family is saying it, friends are hinting it: When are you going to settle down? Usually the words they use are along the lines of "Is she the one? You should think about sticking it out with this one. Do you want to be alone the rest of your life? Do you think you can play the field forever?"

Yes, I think I can play the field forever.

Why do people balk at those who choose the lifestyle of the love mercenary, of the wanderlust warrior? Envy, mostly. Sincere concern, rarely. These voices — social pressure that sows self-doubt — will influence most men. Very few men have the fortitude to live the life of Oswald Hendryks Cornelius. Marriage, and probable divorce, is in the cards for most men.

Why do men bother to get married? There's really nothing in it for them. All that marriage offers a man can be had in a loving, long term relationship. So why? These are the best reasons rationalizations I can think of:

- I have to lock her in because the snatch must flow.

As any dead-eyed married man will tell you, the sex is always hottest until that first bite of wedding cake. Sure, marriage might mean fewer extended dry spells, and a more consistent output of pussy, but the quality of that output is going to take a nosedive.

Fact: Once in a secure relationship (and nothing is more secure for a woman than marriage — the law sees to that) a woman's sex drive plummets. If you like your girl to move around a bit in bed and actually, you know, enjoy getting jackhammered by your beefy breach, marriage will see to it that she reads a trashy romance novel and sighs with boredom while asking "you done yet, honey?" while you huff and puff your way to another anti-climactic climax.

Fact: Women pack on the pounds after getting married. What good is consistent sex if it's with a hippo? No wonder so many married men sneak away in the middle of the night to jack off to internet porn.

Fact: Your wife's pussy will always be the same. Yep, one year, five years, ten years — that pussy looking back at you is like an old, very old, friend — that you no longer want to have sex with. Familiarity breeds contempt. When you've memorized the length and location of every pube and the droop of labia draggle, you're going to ache for fresh meat. For men, variety is the spice of life. If older men maintained the libido of their younger selves you'd see extramarital affairs shoot through the roof.

- If I don't marry her, she'll leave me. And then I'll be alone.

There are two things wrong with this reasoning. One, if you don't have the confidence to score another woman in case of a break-up, then you don't have the confidence to keep your current girlfriend attracted to you. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy. Think you'll be alone, then you will be alone, even when you're not. Or: Fear is the mindkiller.

Two, marriage is no insurance policy against being unceremoniously dumped. Maybe it was at one time, but not anymore. A woman loses NOTHING that can compare to what you will lose if she decides to divorce you. Worse, in 2009 America there is every incentive in the world for a woman to divorce at the slightest drop in her attraction for her husband. Financial, legal, social, sometimes even sexual. The god of biomechanics does not take a holiday from reality once you slip a ring on your beloved's finger.

- I might not do better.

Sure, but then you could lament the same thing in non-marital relationships. Look at your LTR. You might not do better. Look at your fling. You might not do better. Look at your fuckbuddy. You might not do better. Look at that old pic of your college sweetheart. You might not do better.

So… how is marriage going to save you from this fear-induced soul searching? It's not. If anything, marriage is only going to rub your face in your testicular impotence. If your wife thinks you can't do better, she'll begin to treat you like women treat every man who can't do better — shittily. Except now, she's got the long arm of the marital law on her side, so you don't even have the option to find out if you can do better without taking a world class ramming up the ass. As bad as dry spells are, they're even worse when the pussy you used to tap has closed up shop and taunts you nightly from across the bed.

- She'll stop loving me if I don't marry her.

Assbackwards. Women don't stop loving men for any reason except one — he turned beta. What about cheaters? Nope. Talk to women about their most cherished loves. You'll notice something. Scorned women harbor their deepest love for the men who gutted their hearts. Not marrying her is more likely to have the opposite effect; the more you resist, the stronger her love for you.

Sure, some women do eventually leave men when it becomes clear to them that they aren't going to propose. But that's not the same as losing love for those men.

- She'll never agree to a non-marital long term relationship.

You'd be surprised how quickly women will agree to your terms when you have her gina tingle on lockdown. And if she doesn't agree? Find yourself a woman who does. The mere threat of leaving her over this issue will often be enough to bring her around to your way of thinking.

- I'll just get married when I'm older. Late marriages have a lower divorce rate.

The reason younger marriages fail more often than marriages later in life is because younger people in their 20s have more options in the sexual market. Options = instability.

But don't crow about the benefits of later marriages. For one, older women don't have as many prime fertile years left in which to bear children. Two, later marriages often feel more like business propositions than ecstatic vows of love. That is not a good thing.

- I'll live longer as a married man.

Leaving aside that this statistic may be more myth than reality, what benefit is it to you to live a few extra years shuffling along painfully in well-worn slippers and gazing longingly outside windows at youth frolicking with the joy of health and vigor? My take on getting older: It's immortality or bust.

- It's the right thing to do.

Right thing? I don't give a shit. Good man? Fuck you! Go home and play with your pud. You wanna good life — don't close! You think this is abuse? You think this is abuse, you cocksucker? You can't take this, how can you take the abuse you get in divorce proceedings?

- It's good for society.

You're right, it is. But since when did society give a fuck about you?

- But I really love her.

Did you not really love her before you dropped to one knee?

- I want to have kids.

This might be the only halfway acceptable reason to get married. If you want the best for your kids, raising them in a broken home is not the way to do it. But even here, women have the upper hand. No matter how much you love your kids, if a divorce happens (50% chance, 70+% chance the wife initiates it) you are going to be paying child

support for the new lingerie your ex-wife buys to sexually please her blogger lover.

I don't see how any man could want kids, though. Kids are a complete fun suck. They don't get enjoyable until ages 11-13, after they've evolved from bratty ingrates and before they've turned into brooding ingrates. If men would think long and hard about kids, they'd come to the same conclusion I did: Changing diapers or sex in the woods? The choice is clear.

To all those imploring that I settle down, I say: Don't hold your breath. Yes, I will get older. But then, I would have gotten older in a marriage, too. Yes, there is a risk I could live out my final, rapidly deteriorating years in solitude. But then, marriage is no guarantee of a life lived loved. A signature on a dotted line and a jointly filed tax return does not protect you from living loveless and solitary. There is also the small matter of my inquisitive eye. Even when I love the girl I'm with, it seems that when I'm out I can't help but admire another beautiful woman in the vicinity, and to desire her in the most intimate manner. I imagine scenarios flirting with her, making her smile and her eyes sparkle, her legs cross and uncross in sublimated autoeroticism. This urge of mine does not have an off switch.

I know that hedonic convergence does not magically manifest in the gleam of a gold ring. Life is a parade of worry and high wire risk, of love and loneliness, and no socially manufactured arrangement exists to insulate you from your dreaded fears. To imagine otherwise is beta.

People Of Walmart

CH · 30 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Behold, the greatest website since lolcats: People of Walmart.

Here is a candid photo of an attractive, slender, wholesome American mother:

I'd tap it.

I've added People of Walmart to my blogroll, because it's just that worthy. When future historians ask why the great American empire fell, People of Walmart is all the archived evidence they'll need to find the answer.

(Thank reader Ovid for bringing us this breathtaking view of the left behind side of the bell curve.)

Ugly People Made Me An Atheist

CH · 30 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes, dark ominous thoughts intrude, and a feeling of utter hopelessness overwhelms me. I wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, fearing that god may exist, and that I will be punished in eternal hellfire for my many, many, MANY years of sinning.

And then I see people like these…

…and a wave of relief sweeps over me as I happily reaffirm that god does not exist, and I am free to go on sinning without worry.

Made in his image, indeed. I wonder if game would help these guys?

(Hat tip: el chief, for pointers to the omegas among us.)

How To Propose Like An Alpha Male

CH · 2 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Despite my well-researched and logically unassailable warnings to the contrary, some of you who read me will someday decide to marry the woman of your best available options. If you do insist on acting in such a personally disadvantageous way, you should at least pop the question like an alpha male. That's how you set a precedent.

Here are some suggestions.

Alpha move

"Whaddaya say we get hitched?"

Superalpha move

"Whaddaya say we get hitched, my number one bitch?" Then slip this ring on her finger:

If your woman is not willing to wear a ring with the diamond on the inside, away from public view, then you'll have all the proof you need that she is a grubby status whore. This ring is pure deviousness; there is no way out for her. She can't accuse you of cheapness; the diamond is in there. And if she wears it she can't go around advertising her ring finger for inspection by all of her yenta friends to show that she is prettier than them to be able to land a man with discretionary cash to blow on a useless rock. I would almost be willing to spend cash money on this diamond ring just to see the look on my beloved's face.

Alpha move

Walk up behind her, wrap your arms around her, lean over her shoulder, and while placing the ring box into her hand whisper in your deepest, most gravelly voice: "Let's do this."

Superalpha move

Same as above, but instead of an engagement ring box, put two tickets to Vegas and a brochure for the Elvis Chapel in her hand.

Alpha move

"You know, I never thought I'd hear myself saying this, but… ah fuck it, let's go crazy and get married, babe."

Superalpha move

“You know why I’m asking you to marry me? Cause you’re the kind of girl who would sign a pre-nup. That’s what I cherish about you.”

Alpha move

“How long we been together? Five years? Ten years? It’s time…” Slide the ring box over to her.

Superalpha move

“May as well dot the i’s and cross the t’s and get married already.”

Alpha move

Take her to a secluded nature spot. Dance with her under the clear moonlight. Gaze into her eyes and slip the ring on her finger, saying nothing.

Superalpha move

Take her to a secluded nature spot. Dance with her under the clear moonlight. Gaze into her eyes and slip a handcrafted origami paper ring on her finger. Tell her “You know you want it, babe.”

Alpha move

“Marry me, lovechop.”

Superalpha move

“Marry me, dirty whore.”

You’ll note that the common theme to these examples is the refusal to drop to one knee or to ask for her hand in the traditional (read: beta) way. There is no “Will you marry me?” nauseating pleading, and there is certainly no doing it on your knees like the indentured servant you are about to become by agreeing to ratify your copulations with a marriage license.

Some alpha males get married for social or religious reasons, and for them following my proposal advice above will go a long way toward ensuring they enjoy many years of grateful wifery and minimal backtalk. But for the truly self-aware alphas who have transcended petty societal concerns and stifling tradition, marriage is seen for what it is — a self-inflicted prison sentence to curb one’s masculine allure. These men will never worry about when or how to propose, for the issue has been rendered moot by clear thinking.

The Omegas Among Us

CH · 3 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Standing on the long escalator into the bowels of the Woodley Park metro, a small Asian woman excused herself to get by me as she strode down the descending steps briskly. Just in front of me, a family of four stood like grazing cattle on both the left and right sides of the escalator, heavily obstructing the passage of the tiny woman who was now trying to squeeze past them. As she squeaked "excuse me, excuse me" multiple times vainly searching for openings to circumnavigate the human cattle, they smirked and refused to budge and began spitting a fusillade of comments at her. "This is an escalator, not stairs." "It's not us that's supposed to move, honey." "You never ride an escalator before?" "Don't be a little bitch, we ain't moving for you." "Son, just stand still, she ain't supposed to be racing by like this."

After a few seconds of this witty banter and threat of physical altercation, the Asian woman richoted off the man's gut and shot out of their gauntlet of flesh. Briefly disoriented, she composed herself and resumed her jog down the escalator as the guffawing family continued flinging accusations and insults at her. When she reached the bottom she looked back up at the family, muttered something unintelligible, and flipped them a petite Asian bird. The father yelled back "fuck you bitch, you dumb bitch" then looked over his shoulder at the rest of his family and at me and my company, a vapid grin creased across his inbred face, laughing sourly as his fat sow wife and two kids took his cue and laughed along with him. His son, a boy of perhaps five, repeated his dad's words: "yeah, you bitch!" The dad tenderly put his hand on his boy's head and tousled his hair, and a few more "fuck"s and "bitch"s were shared in solidarity amongst the family members.

The father swiveled his head and made eye contact with me, presumably in search of proximate allies, but I didn't give him the satisfaction of laughing with him. Instead, I curled my mouth downward and narrowed my eyes, making sure my disgust for him and his Morlockian broodclan was obvious. My eyes swooped slowly over all four of them — a white family from out of town, judging by the faint hillbilly accent I heard. There was the father with close-set eyes and a face wider than it was tall, the sweaty stringy-haired fat pig mother who wheezed with each labored breath, the little boy (a rapscallion in training no doubt), and the little girl. I sneered one word, audible enough for them to hear: "class". There was a still moment when it seemed as if he and his wife were registering my reaction and deciding what to do about it. The father's smile dropped and he turned back around.

Fortunately for him, he did nothing. Maybe he could read the seething contempt on my face and sensed the lurid scenario playing itself out in my mind, the visceral desire I had, given the slightest pretext, to shove his filthy loser face into the escalator machinery, ripping his eyes and mouth and flesh and sinew off the bone and kicking the fat brood sow so hard in her bloated belly she is rendered infertile, as her children mewl helplessly nearby. Yes, he made the right decision to shut his trap. He knew, on some deep level, I was his better, and he would get no succor from me.

My intuition and keen eye has guided me well in seeing the big picture. America is currently fracturing hard and deep into two, irreconcilable groups — the genetic losers and the genetic winners. And the chasm between them is growing wider, a leap from one side to the other in either direction ever more incomprehensible. I am, in my humble outpost at the cultural hinterland where PC politesse yields to the merciless attack machinery of my wrecking ball truths, turning the mirror on civilization, and stripping bare the sugar coating civil society sprinkles on our discourse and beliefs to protect losers like the family in this story from the ghastly knowledge of their own worthlessness.

There was once a time when the lower ranks of society would admire the upper ranks, and work hard, however ineffectually, to acquire the habits and virtues of the upper classes on a journey of personal betterment. There was once a time when the upper ranks understood their duty to the lower ranks, and constrained themselves publicly in an act of *noblesse oblige,* to serve as example for their lessers. Today, that dynamic is destroyed. The losers know they're losers, but they no longer give a shit. They wallow in their wretchedness like pigs in mud, sticking a porky

hoof up the pinched sphincter of anyone who would encourage them otherwise. The winners know they're winners, and despite their tissue-thin rhetoric to the contrary, know that it wasn't hard work but the luck of the DNA draw that they aren't rolling around in the sty with the pigs and who, if you get them behind closed doors and pry liberally with single malt scotch, secretly believe the left hand side of the bell curve barely even qualifies as members of the same human species. So now we have two groups, staring distantly at each other across the tar pit of our shredded national identity known as pop culture, who don't give a shit about the other, and are feverishly living their lives to guarantee that a shit will never have to be given.

If you think this is sustainable, you have only to sense the bubbling resentment surfacing not only in the urban jungle where resentment is the engine of self-delusion, but in once placid regions like small towns and college campuses, to know it is not. Soon, there will not be enough gated land behind which the elites can barricade themselves and continue peddling their hypocritical pissant platitudes. The orc hordes will swarm like locusts and devour everything in their path. Even the danegeld will lose its power to pacify, if for no other reason than that the source of funds will not keep up with the hungry multiplying maws of the beasts of chaos. If you feed it, they will come.

The West is doomed. Unfortunately, there is no rescue from this cycle of inevitability. There are solutions, but they will never be accepted, for the languor and the stasis has metastasized, an ablative bunker mentality has burrowed deep in the national psyche. And so the decline will play itself out to the bitter end, quietly or explosively, it doesn't matter.

The past 40 years have witnessed a cognitive stratification on a scale I believe is unparalleled in American history. The unspoken philosophical forces of credentialism and good breeding, coupled with the substrate of economies requiring abstract mental prowess to successfully navigate, have never been more actively practiced than they are now, and in so blatantly a fashion to what is said to the contrary. Assortative mating is the buzzword of the moment, but more significantly it may be the one true philosophy if pragmatic adoption is any measure of truth value. Yet confront the overclass with this untidy ugly truth and you will be treated to a stream of sophistic shit so thick you'd think the actions of a genocidal regime could be happily rationalized.

Come to think of it…

When words and deeds tug so hard in opposing directions, something's got to give. The center cannot hold. And so, because I am a blessed humanitarian, here is my patented solution for saving America:

1. Build a wall at the southern border and kick out the last 30 years' worth of de facto invaders, and cut off all immigration for two generations. It makes zero sense to add more misery to an already growing and spiteful underclass.
2. Alpha males need to start fucking and having babies with hot lower class women.

That's it. A wall is cheap to build when compared to the costs of maintaining a military presence in a third world tribal cesspool. And upper class alpha males used to fuck and breed with their hot secretaries until said secretaries began going to college and getting higher paying jobs. Now, because of peer pressure, social finger wagging, or expedience, alpha males have forsaken fucking hot lower class women in favor of co-worker lawyer cunts, and the result has been a ghettoization of the genetic misfits to breed exclusively among themselves. Spread that upper class alpha seed around and you begin to rebuild the common mission and shared trust of a nation, one recombined double helix at a time.

In the meantime, I'm arranging my life in such a way that I minimize the amount of time spent in the company of losers. They're fucking depressing.

The Most Beta Comment Ever Left On This Blog

CH · 4 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

On my post about lying for sex, "notaloser" recently left this comment:

> I would NEVER lie to a woman in any way to get sex. NEVER. I respect women and know that lying to them impedes their ability to make good decisions for themselves. Nobody ever has the right to take that autonomy away from anyone under any circumstances … the very idea of lying to a woman to fraudulently get sex is appalingly misogynist. Lying to a woman to get sex is very emotionally/sexually abusive to women and has lasting effects … ask any women. Your desperation is hardly an excuse to proceed with what constitutes sexual misconduct. You have a lot of problems, dude, and this lack of awareness is probably why women don't want to sleep with you in the first place.

Do you hear that? NEVER!

"notaloser" is a classic white knight of the particularly noxious variety — besides the hypocritical nature of his misplaced chivalry (it's a lie to assert you will NEVER lie to a woman), his pious posturing perches poon on pedestals so prominently that no woman would ever be able to see him as anything other than a bootlicking servile sap. His is the sort of blushing indignation that, if freely and sincerely expressed and acted upon, would absolutely kill his chances with any girl except fat desperate closeted dykes.

Lying to girls for sex is perfectly fine, because it is not the man's job to simultaneously seduce women and help them make good mating decisions. Women are responsible for screening their prospects; it's called personal accountability. Only feminist men who believe women are emotionally underdeveloped children think like notaloser and want to protect women from men's libidos.

In some ways, lying for sex is win-win for men. If it works, he gets sex, and if his lie is eventually discovered, she will be likely to forgive it if she has fallen in love with him. If it fails, and she finds out that, for example, his real job is less prestigious than the job he claimed to have, and she leaves him because of that, then he has successfully screened out a whore who views him primarily as status candy.

I don't recommend lying on practical grounds, but as a moral matter it's a dead end. Men and women lie all the time to get the best deal they can on the sexual market. To illustrate the absurdity of believing otherwise, I'll re-word notaloser's comment:

> I would NEVER lie to a man in any way to get love. NEVER. I respect men and know that lying to them by wearing make-up, getting nose jobs, or playing coy about my age or desire to marry a man who makes more money than me impedes their ability to make good decisions for themselves. Nobody ever has the right to take that autonomy away from anyone under any circumstances … the very idea of lying to a man to fraudulently get love is appalingly misandrist. Lying to a man to get love is very emotionally/financially abusive to men and has lasting effects … ask any men who wake up next to a disturbing morning face. Your commitment desperation is hardly an excuse to proceed with what constitutes emotional misconduct.

"notaloser" is probably a woman pretending to be a man who has been hurt by an asshole boyfriend in the past, because no man, no matter how much he claims to believe in the feminist agenda, could possibly write such a beta comment with a straight face. "Fraudulently get sex"? "Sexual misconduct"? A man would have to be psychologically castrated and/or flamingly gay to make such blubberingly pussboy assertions. I suspect it's a biting beaver sock puppet.

Note: Many of you are wondering why David Alexander did not get recognition for the most beta comment ever left on this blog. This is because DA does not write beta comments; he writes trollish freakboy omega comments.

That is a different world of loser altogether.

Telling A Girl How You Will Seduce Her

CH · 5 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

A while back on this blog Chuck left a comment suggesting a new type of game routine to run on women. It involved telling a woman exactly how you plan to seduce her, in step-by-step detail. I thought this idea was nifty so I tried it for myself. The following conversation is not verbatim (who can remember their conversations in minute detail?) but it's close enough to the spirit of the interaction.

Scene: A local pool hall. Stick in hand.

ME: I'm gonna need you to move aside so I can take this award-winning shot. You might want to take a picture.

GIRL: [sarcastically] Oh excuse me! I don't want to interrupt your concentration.

ME: [I take the shot and scratch] You're bad luck.

GIRL: [laughing] I'm sure that was it.

ME: [I leave to get a beer at the bar, then return and sit on a stool next to her. She is sitting comfortably out of earshot of her friends.] I have a confession to make.

GIRL: I don't like the sound of this.

ME: The pool thing was just a ruse to capture your attention. I know it worked because you're still sitting here, hanging on my every word.

GIRL: I don't know if I'd call it hanging. Maybe laughing at every word.

ME: [thinking to myself this girl is filled with spit and vinegar. it's on!] I'm going to seduce you and I will tell you how I will do it. First, I noticed you from across the room. I don't think you saw me noticing you, but that doesn't matter.

GIRL: [wide-eyed look] Ooookay.

ME: Then I decided I would talk to you. It was a quick decision; less than one second, really. I avoided any possible discomfort of breaking the ice by teasing you with the first words out of my mouth.

GIRL: [folding her arms and nodding her head] This is getting good.

ME: Then I gently knocked your ego in line by saying you're bad luck. This part was important because all women are born with bigger egos than they deserve, and this makes romance difficult.

GIRL: So this was all a script then? That's not very romantic.

ME: The concept was scripted, not the words. Now notice how I'm sitting here with my body a little turned away from you. I do this so that I don't look like I'm *that* interested in talking with you.

GIRL: Why would that make me interested in you?

ME: Women want men who show some disinterest. Also, you may not have noticed this, but when I came over and said I had a confession to make, I put my hand on your forearm. Briefly. It was too quick and subtle to be obvious. It's important that I break the physical barrier in a non-threatening way as soon as possible, but to do it so that you barely notice. It's an art form.

GIRL: Actually, I did notice.

ME: You're just saying that now. As we sit here and talk, I'm going to move my body a little towards you as you begin to impress me more with your conversation skill. Soon, we will be facing head on.

GIRL: What if I turn away?

ME: You won't, but if you do, I turn my back on you until you rejoin the best conversation you will have all year.

GIRL: That's a big claim!

ME: It's also another part of my seduction of you. A little arrogance is attractive to women.

GIRL: I'm not a big fan of arrogant men.

ME: Just wait, you will be. So now you see I am smiling, but not too much. Smiling too much looks goofy. You've said a few funny things that impressed me.

GIRL: I think in a seduction it's the man who's supposed to impress the woman.

ME: This is what most men think, but it's not true. A good seduction surprises you. Next, I ask you questions that show I'm a discriminating man who wants more than just looks in a woman. Looks are overrated. So for instance, I will now ask you if you have more than 20 pairs of shoes.

GIRL: I don't, but what difference does that make?

ME: A girl with too many shoes is high maintenance. You're not high maintenance, are you?

GIRL: I probably am, but don't let that stop you.

ME: Now I mirror your body language and facial expressions. This is a subtle psychological ploy that makes you think we are soulmates. It's all on the subconscious level.

GIRL: Really.

ME: I can see your interest level is peaking. Here comes the best part. Right when I notice your interest level is high, I disqualify myself as a potential lover.

GIRL: Disqualify?

ME: Yes, I will tell you, like I'm telling you now, that we could never work out, you're way too cynical for me.

GIRL: I'm cynical? I guess after all this I am.

ME: Then I would tell you a story that warms your heart, such as the time I saved my 3 year old niece from falling down the stairs. I might also drop a mention of my stripper ex-girlfriend, which will intrigue you.

GIRL: Intrigue me? I'm not lesbian, if that's what you mean.

ME: No, you would be intrigued in the same way men are intrigued by women in sexy cocktail dresses and high heels.

GIRL: You've really given this a lot of thought.

ME: Hold on… finally, I will tell you to join me on the couch over there, so that we can talk in more privacy about deeper things. Then I would whisper a secret in your ear, which would arouse you. Whispering is very arousing. If the moment is right, and it usually is, I would kiss you. Since you are now twirling your hair, I would expect the kiss will happen.

GIRL: [stops twirling her hair] How does twirling my hair mean a kiss is going to happen?

ME: Hair twirling is a sign of romantic interest.

GIRL: Or maybe it's just a habit.

ME: Maybe, but not likely. After the kiss, if I'm feeling it, I would invite you back to my place to admire my photographs.

GIRL: And if I declined to go?

ME: I would take your phone number instead.

GIRL: And I would give it?

ME: You would give it.

GIRL: And you wouldn't call.

ME: Who knows? But you would relish the anticipation.

We talked for another twenty minutes, and I did eventually secure the digits.

A photo of a heavily bearded man on Halloween:

October 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 6 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Gentlemen, grab your cat o' nine tails because we're in for another round of beta lashings. Deliver these betas from their trespasses and lead them not unto self-constructed torment. Sweet, sweet deliverance.

It was a tight race, but the winner by a plurality of the September 2009 BOTM was the sad sack husband who is aware of and tolerates his wife's repeatedly consorting with serial killer Richard Ramirez. Tolerance is such a beta virtue. Congratulations, sir, for helping to teach men the world over that the way to a woman's heart is through an ear to ear throat slit. Preferably more than once.

October 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by **Johnny Gage**.

Amusing? Yeah, sure. Will make other women go "Awwww"? Probably. Beta? You beta believe it!

Just because something is attention grabbing, doesn't mean you should do it. Anyone want to bet this guy's wife rocks 200+ pounds?

******

October 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was gleefully submitted by **waysa**. It's a New York Beta Times wedding story about a Croatian tennis pro who threw away his alpha capital by marrying an older single mom. Just flushed it right down the toilet. There are so many great quotes in this article. Let's examine the kind of prize that tennis pro Marko Zelenovic foolishly decided to hitch his Croat balls to:

> At 18, [Brooke ALexander] arrived in New York on a one-way plane ticket. By the time she was 39, she had a successful career as a model and soap opera actress, a sunny one-bedroom apartment on the Upper West Side and a big circle of friends she calls her 'ohana (Hawaiian for family). Yet she yearned to be a mother, and was known to wear a T-shirt with the message, "I can't believe I forgot to have children."
>
> She was the last person anyone thought would be single at 39. "Why would this gorgeous, talented, amazing

> woman be alone?" said Bill Block, a film producer and friend. "She loved the rockers, the great-looking bad boys, and they never panned out."

She's like a character straight out of a CH novel, except I didn't make her up.

But wait, it gets better.

> She forged ahead and joined Single Mom by Choice, an organization that guides single women through the process of becoming mothers. "I knew we're given one life and if there's something incredibly important to you and there's an open door, go through it and give it everything you got," Ms. Alexander said. The organization helped her find a sperm donor and on Jan. 8, 2004, she gave birth to a son, Jace, in a room full of female friends. "I wasn't alone," she said. "I just didn't have a husband."
>
> When Jace was a year old, Ms. Alexander started thinking about dating again. She placed an online ad, which was a disillusioning experience.

Disillusioning? You don't say? Now I wonder why (40s) she would have such trouble (40s, bastard kid) finding a guy willing to stick around (40s, bastard kid, fucked in the head yupster)?

The dude she eventually lucked out with (and I mean she hit the goddamn lottery. She should be making nightly sacrifices to the god of biomechanics.):

> Then, in November 2005, a friend said she wanted to introduce her to Marko Zelenovic, a handsome tennis pro from Croatia who is known among his clients as the Croatian Sensation.
>
> Her friend persuaded her to have lunch with Mr. Zelenovic. "He was in a banquette, facing the wall, not looking around the room," Ms. Alexander, now 46, recalled. "He was a gentleman, waiting for his date."

Paper alpha.

> "I was very aware of the first time his knee pressed up against mine," she said. "It was like two magnets connected."They were rarely apart after that. "I spent a lot of money on baby sitters," she said.

Future juvenile delinquent and paint huffer.

> He moved into her apartment soon after they met, where he slept on her couch for three years, out of respect for Jace.

Wait, isn't the kid like, 2 years old at this point? What kid that young will understand the concept of respect, or even what goes on in his mother's bedroom? Jesus, the New York Beta Times knows how to induce projectile vomiting.

> "The love I have for Marko is very quiet, very deep and very rooted," Ms. Alexander said.

Ever notice how the most high-falutin' pseudo-profound words are used to describe the most strained, mature sort of love? Real heart-squeezing and gut-rending love, the kind that feels like a drug, is never described in this way by young people who are actually experiencing it. I'm reminded again how often "grown-up" dating and falling in love resembles a business proposition rather than an electric emotional rollercoaster.

> Mr. Zelenovic says he fell in love with Ms. Alexander because of Jace, not in spite of him. "Honest to God, Jace was an asset," he said. "The kid, for me, is pure joy. He's someone I want to be with all the time."
>
> Still, Ms. Alexander admits she "put Marko through the paces" and "spent about a year analyzing whether or

> not he was a fit role model for my son."

The exquisite betatude of the nonjudgemental cuckold in waiting. It's a self-parody. There's something wrong with this Croat that the NYBTimes isn't telling us. Mentally unbalanced? Broke? Micropenis? The truth is out there.

Can it get more pathetic? Yes, it can:

> He brought up the subject of marriage a few times; she always changed the subject. "It was like, what is holding me back?" Ms. Alexander said. "It was the mother wolf. It was really hard for me to give up my single motherhood and let Marko in."

No one ever went broke underestimating the betaness of the man who repeatedly begs for marriage. From a cougar. With cub.

> The couple are now expanding their apartment into a two-bedroom. Mr. Zelenovic said he told his bride, "I've spent three NBA seasons on your couch. I'm not spending a fourth."

Oh, you will be dude. At least you've gotten plenty of practice.

******

October 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by **Cless Alvein**. It's a Youtube video about Establishedmen.com, an internet website that brings wealthy older men together with hot young women. The proprietor of the website is a good-looking chick who is essentially a pimp. She kind of has a face that makes me want to punch her in the mouth. See if you agree with me.

I was hesitant to include this submission, because the beta rolls would be filled with millions of men if we included every guy who spends money on hookers (which is basically what the girls in this video are). But watch from 6:35 onward. You'll get a glimpse at what a true paper alpha is — a conventionally alpha man (powerful, wealthy) who has no game and instead lavishes insipid compliments like "you're gorgeous" and must spend tens of thousands of dollars over the first three dates to get any action. This is the all-too-often accurate face of the well-to-do man who solicits prostitutes — alpha in his dealings with men, beta in his dealings with women.

While it's not necessarily beta to pay for sex, it is a leading indicator of betaness. If you are a wealthy man with money to burn, it makes sense to dump a wad of cash on a woman to pry open her legs with the minimal effort, but you should never comport yourself like a beta. Go ahead and buy the whore expensive jewelry if it gets you off, but always do so with an alpha demeanor. This ensures two things: One, if you lose your money you'll have womanizing skills to fall back on, and, two, if you act like an alpha there is a good chance the whore might truly fall in love with you and not just your wallet.

******

The voting:

Note: Reader "Nicker" had emailed me a video of a pasty-face, plump-lipped, fat guy expressing his undying love and devotion for his girlfriend who was away. It was, without a doubt, the MOST sickeningly beta thing I have seen or heard about in years, and that is saying a lot. I believe he would have run away with the Beta of the Year contest. Unfortunately, just days after I viewed the video, fat dude pulled it. If any reader happens to know what video I'm talking about and has it saved somewhere, please email it to me. What a shame that such beautiful betaness should be denied the world's mockery.

A Tale Of Two Loyalties

CH · 7 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Obama after the Henry Louis Gates, Jr. incident: “The Cambridge police acted stupidly in arresting somebody when there was already proof that they were in their own home.” Obama after Muslim fanatic Nidal Malik Hasan went on a shooting rampage at Fort Hood while shouting “Allahu Akbar“: “We don’t know all the answers yet, and I would caution against jumping to conclusions until we have all the facts.” Sez it all, really.

Everything She Does Is Cute

CH · 9 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've got a new post up at The Spearhead. It's about the sexual benefits that accrue to the master gameplayer who treats women like bratty little sisters. This is normally my Friday Night Game post, but since I've been busy jetsetting with A+ list celebrities and ambassador daughters, I've been negligent posting over there. So here's a Tuesday special for you. Excerpt:

> So what does "everything she does is cute" mean in practice? It means not getting riled up when she tests you. It means not explaining yourself when she stamps her wee feet and wags a finger at you. It means never acting apologetic when she's upset with some mysterious infraction you've committed. Keep in mind that when a woman gets upset, at least half the time she's not really upset with whatever misdemeanor she's accusing you of; she's just upset that your behavior caused a temporary reversal of gina tingle induction.

Go read it over there. I believe that the tactics described in the post should be a solid foundation of inner game as well as outer game.

Conversation I Had With A Vegetarian Girl

CH · 9 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

ME: So you eat fish but not delicious pig or cow?

GIRL: Fish are different. I don't like the way farm animals are treated. It's inhumane. Some animals have intelligence and emotions. Have you seen those big brown eyes on cows?

ME: Changing the subject for a sec… you're very pro-choice right? You believe abortion should be legal.

GIRL: Of course.

ME: You don't have a problem with third trimester fetuses getting torn limb from limb and sucked out of the womb?

GIRL: Ugh, why do you have to say that? Are you anti-abortion or something?

ME: Actually, no, I have no problem with abortion. But then I have no problem with killing and eating cow either.

A big reason abortion has such wide acceptance is because the disgust reflex isn't triggered. The bloody affair takes place hidden behind closed flesh, so to speak. If the womb were transparent, I doubt legal justification for abortion beyond the first trimester would exist.

A true sadist embraces cruelty even when, maybe especially when, he can witness the tortured writhings of his victim. Ever see video footage of a guy about to jump off a building? Some people in the crowd below will yell "Jump!" as the poor guy stands high above them, lonely on the ledge, contemplating a suicidal leap. Would you yell "Jump!" if you could clearly see that man's face, etched with pain and sadness?

The Ultimate Shit Test: Marriage

CH · 10 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “T.A.” sent me the following email:

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I’ll be brief – I’m a fan. Game has made my marriage palatable, and I thank you and the rest of the community for that. However, I wanted to submit a sort of “public service announcement” to the community. Hopefully so men everywhere can avoid the mistake I made. Do with this what you wish, but hopefully you’ll post it:

I’m like alot of men – probably safe to say “most” men. I’m 35. I’m a handsome fellow. I’m reasonably successful. I’m fit – probably more fit than I should be at my age – due to years of pent up frustration released on various pieces of innocent gym equipment and “recreational” 5Ks. You would probably look at me if you passed me and my family on the street and think I’ve got my shit together. I’ve got a pretty, fit wife who wears stylish clothes, and I’ve got two gorgeous sons.

You’d probably think that I’m a happy man – or at least that I SHOULD be a happy man. You’d be wrong.

I’ve spent countless hours thinking about the uninspired, passionless albatross of a marriage that constantly tugs at my neck. Countless hours thinking about how incredible it would be to actually get to use my dick more than a couple of times a year. Countless hours spent lamenting my shitty marriage with my equally miserable married buddies. I’ve thought about divorce a dozen times, but social pressures and family expectations have always held me back (“grow up – sex isn’t that important!” “but you’ve got such a lovely family!” etc.). I lived in a constant state of crisis for years until one day an old friend of mine introduced me to the CHsphere.

I’ve DEVOURED all manner of PUA/MRA/CHganda with the appetite of a starved child. And I’ve come to some startling conclusions.

I won’t waste too much of your time with my personal story (trust me, it is completely interchangeable with any one of millions of men’s in this country). But I have come away with one priceless gem that I believe all men MUST be made aware of. It’s as common as a McMansion in an outlying suburb, yet its as powerful and menacing a beast as any you’ll ever encounter:

BEWARE the classic gun-to-the-head marriage pressure administered by your typical non-descript, rudderless late 20’s/early 30’s woman.

When a woman pressures you mercilessly to marry her, bullying to the point of threatening a break up – this is the shit test of ALL shit tests. Treat it as such – If you fail this shit test, you are RUINED. FOR…LIFE..

For those of you who haven’t lived through it, let me go through the script:

You’ll meet a girl. She’ll seem perfect in a lot of ways. Not only will you get to hang out with your friends whenever you want, go out to bars with your buds, etc. but she’ll encourage it. And she’ll have her own life and she’ll go out with her friends. She’ll be game for the booty call, and she’ll do filthy things in your bed (and out of your bed). She’ll fuck in public bathrooms, she’ll fuck you and blow you in cars. She’ll bend over willingly and she might even swallow. Nothing will be off limits, sexually, and she’ll wake up your neighbors proclaiming how much she loves to get fucked by you.

She’ll watch football with you, maybe even become a fan of your team. She’ll watch movies with you that you know she hates, and she’ll do it with minimal whining. She’ll cook you special meals, pick up random gifts, and generally be a perfect girlfriend. You can leave her to pay the check, shrug at her requests for attention and affection, blow off her birthday, and generally just live a normal bachelor life but with the added benefit of having a consistent and

exciting lay.

Then one day it will all come to a screeching halt.

I'm not quite sure what causes it – I suspect its a "special" night out with her yenta friends. A night spent drinking and dreaming about designer wedding dresses, champagne flutes, Pottery Barn registries, and giant rocks. Whatever the case, sooner or later they end up muttering to each other how unbelievable it is that their boyfriend hasn't popped the question and made the self-absorbed dream that they've held dear since they were a little girl into an expensive and soul-sucking reality. They might even become hostile – proclaiming what a "waste of time" it is to date this horrible creature who is so selfish that he's denying them a $50k masturbatory spectacle that benefits no one but them, and a subsequent life of enslavement and misery. Things will get desperate, and you'll start seeing the signs.

There will be inexplicable weeping at inopportune times. Cold shoulders for no apparent reason. Sex will dry…up. Blow jobs will be something you only see in pornos. Hints at marriage will drop like snowflakes at first – then like a barrage of hail. Any resistance to the wedding yap will incite riots of rage and tears, and screams of "if you loved me you'd want to marry me!!" and "why am I wasting my time with you?!!"

This is the beginning of the end, my friend. And you should fucking RUN…LIKE…HELL!

You see, there is no winning this fight. I know – I tried. But there is no victory – and there sure as shit are no spoils. I know what you'll be thinking: "I don't really want to break up yet – maybe its time to settle down?" and "surely the sex will resume once we get over this hump and get married?" You'll start wistfully looking at little kids on the street, thinking "maybe I'd make a cool dad?" and "I'm not gittin any younger – maybe this is for the best." You'll fall prey to the oldest trick in the book – thinking that things will get "better" if you just cave to this, the queen of all shit tests.

Listen to me – things will not get better. I didn't really understand at first, but after becoming part of this community, I understand it all perfectly now. Things will not only NOT get better, but they will get much, MUCH worse. EXPONENTIALLY WORSE. To degrees that you cannot imagine. Think that you'll start having sex again after buying that ridiculous fucking rock? Dream on – it gets WORSE. You'll be lucky to get laid on your birthday from now on. And when you do get laid it will SUCK. The term "doggystyle" will be like a fucking cuss word in your house. Anything cool and interesting that ever happened in your bedroom will be a long lost memory.

Think your girl will relish her role as wife and cook you up a nice meal from time to time? Fuck that – get used to picking up fast food and frozen dinners. That is, unless you like to cook yourself or take it upon yourself to maintain a healthy diet – in this case, welcome to the role of homemaker, you beta pussy. And you better not have the audacity to leave it up to the Mrs. to plan/cook a meal. You're on the hook now.

Oh and you've still got all of the "man duties" too, didn't you know? Make sure the oil in BOTH cars is changed, make sure all of the tires are inflated. Want to sit on the couch and watch the game? Fuck you! Cut the grass. And pay the bills when you're done. Mama needs to go shopping with the girls. Because hey, maybe if she buys herself something nice from time to time (and by "from time to time" I mean "increasingly" until she's buying EXPENSIVE shit every other day) she'll be happy again and you guys can get to fuckin again, right?

Wrong. Its over dude. You're on a sharp, downward beta-slide that will just make her more and more revolted by the day. It was over before you started.

See, if you fail this shit test, you have failed every…single CH tenet in one fell swoop. Worse, your girl is going to have a front row seat to this total and complete collapse of your manhood. She's gonna watch it in what seems like slow motion – like witnessing the carnage of some kind of disgusting ten car pileup where gas and steel and body parts are spewed out in a violent ballet of carnage. And make no mistake – she will be sickened. She will have to hold back the vomit upon witnessing your more-beta-than-beta act of total surrender. And your dick will be as appealing to her as a fresh turd. You will be completely and permanently doomed from that day forward, and your

sex appeal will hit negative digits.

It has a sad sort of snowball effect – you'll think that the more sensitive, caring and compassionate you become, the more she'll reward you. But all it does is make you more beta – more repellent. She'll hate you more by the day, and she'll mask it less and less.

Whatever you do with your life, to whatever degree you practice game, if you remember one single thing from any of these blogs, remember this – you MUST pass the Marry-Me-Or-Else shit test. Your future depends on it. Its basically like someone holding open the door to a prison cell and cheerfully inviting you in. There's no earthly reason for you to EVER step into that cell, and ultimately they will HATE you for getting in that cell. Not only that, but they'll lift up their skirts and get fucked by some bad boy outside that cell – right where you can watch but are powerless to intervene. Its a cruel, beta joke and they know it. Turn it back on them – just say "NO." The world needs another yenta wife like it needs another stinking landfill.

******

I've had a few instances where the girl I was dating began pressuring me for marriage. What did I do? I walked. And I will probably walk again. If a lover told me "marry me or else" I would choose "else". I would inform her that I don't heed ultimatums, for that road leads to soul death.

Only weak betas cave at the first hint of pressure. Fear motivates their decisions. The fear of being alone, the fear of going sexless. This fear is mostly a phantom. Remember, gentlemen, no matter how badly the dating market skews against your interests, no matter how much your woman withholds sex, no matter how deviously she threatens to leave you if she doesn't get the ring, you hold the trump card, the dick detonator, the MOAB in the eternal battle of the sexes — you can walk away, forever.

Exercise your right to walk.

Once you've walked you might be surprised to see her come running back to you, suitably chastened.

Anti-Player Counterinsurgency: Game For Women

CH · 11 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reproduction is a biological arms race. Did you think women would just lie down as more and more players plunder their goods? Well, yes, they would, but they will also respond with anti-player counterinsurgency tactics, because it is the subconscious algorithm of women to make it as difficult as possible for men to get up their skirts. Reader "Dr Love" pointed me to a couple of Huffington Post articles by "dating and relationship coach" Jag Carrao (only in a nation wheezing its last breaths could a person find a successful career as a dating and relationship coach) where she offers rules for women on how to successfully thwart any game that men run on them.

Since we will be seeing more of this sort of thing in the coming years from self-styled "Rules Girls", and because I am a man of tremendous magnanimity and nobleness of spirit, I've decided to get a jump start and give you the tools you'll need to fend off women's counterinsurgencies to your game. Call it anti-anti-player game.

In her first article, Jag Carrao suggests ways for women to avoid common female dating mistakes that keep them going back again and again into the arms of badboys and assholes. (In womanspeak, "dating mistake" means anything that helps the man get the bang).

> **Dating Mistake #1: Approaching Him First.**
>
> **Quick Fix:** If you talked to him first or even asked him out, you can try to restore some of the feminine mystique you forfeited as the initiator by being a bit more elusive – a little less available, a little more mysterious.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: Double down. When she waits a day to return your call, you wait two days to return hers. When she cancels a date, you cancel two. Or you cancel an even bigger, better date that she was looking forward to. A player understands that women like to maintain an air of mystery and coyness, but he also understands that the world is full of women. His abundance mentality ensures that no woman remains elusive with him for long.

> **Dating Mistake #2: Acting overly chummy**.
>
> **Quick Fix**: Recognize that the more you talk about yourself, the less you'll be listening and observing whether he is right for you. Identify why you feel the need to yammer on — nervousness, low tolerance for awkward silences, desire to impress with witty banter and accomplishments – and remember that you are not there to audition, but to relax and have a good time.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: As any reader of my blog knows by now, seduction is in large part a simple flipping of the male-female mating script. You *want* women to feel like they have to audition for your favor. If she clams up in order to get you to reveal more about yourself, continue framing the conversation in such a way that she is coaxed into dropping important details about herself. This is when the art of qualifying is put to best use.

> **Dating Mistake #3: Accepting last minute dates.**
>
> **Quick Fix:** To make sure you're his "Plan A" girl (not the "Plan B" girl he calls after his first choice turns him down), I recommend setting a firm cut-off limit after which you're "busy" – period.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: The seasoned player avoids any issues associated with the timing of scheduling dates by taking the girl home the night they meet. Not everyone is a seasoned player, though, so calls and arrangements will have to be made. I don't have a problem with calling girls a few days ahead to schedule a date, as long as you don't leave the impression that your schedule is wide open. For example, if it's a Monday when you call her, and you schedule a date for Thursday, don't offer another day that same week if she can't make it happen on

Thursday. Just tell her you'll be in touch and see if you two can get together some other time, then. Ambivalence makes the heart grow fonder.

> **Dating Mistake #4: Jumping into a "whirlwind romance."**
>
> **Quick Fix**: You need to start pacing the relationship. Don't see him more than once or twice a week, don't talk more than ten minutes on the phone, don't open up too fast, or introduce him to your friends before he introduces you to his. If he absolutely must see you every day, 24-hours-a-day, there's this arrangement called marriage…..let him figure it out!

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: This one is simple. Three date rule. If she isn't putting out — or giving clear indications that she's well on the way to putting out — by the third date, her attraction for you isn't strong enough for you to invest much more energy or time in her. Or she's a repressed prude. Either way, the last thing a player wants is a woman who controls the pace of dispensing her sexual favors. If you sense she's dragging her feet by date three, the best countertactic is to cancel date four. Any plausible excuse will work. Instill the fear of loss into her and watch as her practiced restraint melts away.

Also, any man who wants to see a girl every day, 24 hours a day, is not likely to get into any whirlwind romance because women aren't attracted to clingy betas.

> **Dating Mistake #5: Wasting Time.**
>
> **Quick Fix:** Know what you want – and believe you deserve it. If you want to get married but the guy you've been dating for over a year still isn't sure, set a time limit of how long you're willing to wait then stick to it. Once D-Day (decision day) arrives, and he's still waffling, then move on and do not look back (if he's ever going to know and man up to a proposal, this will be your best – and his last – chance).

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: This is good advice for women (after all, women's dating market value is much shorter lived than men's) but it has almost zero chance of being heeded, so the player need not worry too much about neutralizing the marriage ultimatum. When a woman loves you, and you don't give her blatant reasons to bolt, the hardest thing in the world for her to do is to walk away from you on account of an abstract principle such as years remaining to sexual expiration. But in the rare case it does happen, remember: Marriage is no insurance against her leaving you; all it does is buy you a few extra years of arid emotional investment from a woman who is calculatingly capable of issuing, and abiding, relationship ultimatums. What *is* an insurance policy against her leaving you? Her love.

In Jag Carrao's second article, she continues the theme of rules for women to avoid becoming a player's next lover. Leave it to a "dating and relationship coach" to counsel the virtues of anti-pleasure.

> **1) The "play to lay" game**. This is where he pretends to care about you more than he actually does at the beginning in order to get you into bed.
>
> **Girl's Game Changer:** In order the separate the man who actually DOES fall in love with you at first sight and CAN go the distance from the players, a woman must pace the relationship. *Rules* authors Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider recommend: Don't see him more than once or twice a week for the first month or two. Don't invite him back to your place for the first few dates, and try to hold off on sex until you're confident he'll stick around. Sure, a guy who's just looking to get laid won't put up with such "games from women." In other words, you'll weed out those who want only one thing.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: You can keep a woman playing hard-to-get firmly ensconced in your rotation of regulars by making sure you have other options. Never date only one woman at a time. Always keep at least two in the kitty. A woman will find her ability to control you by pacing how frequently she delivers the goods severely

compromised when you remain unruffled by her pussy machinations. Again, by flipping the seduction script and playing hard-to-get yourself, you lure the woman into chasing you. The ultimate pleasure for the player is not sex gotten, but sex given. It is especially satisfying to game a woman so well that she chases you into bed, instead of you chasing her.

> **2) The "spontaneity" game.** At worst, this is when men try to pass off "booty calls" as spontaneous gestures of missing you and needing you. At best, it's just laziness, lack of organization, or taking a woman's time and schedule for granted. Either way, it doesn't really make a gal feel special or respected when a man calls right before he wants to see her.
>
> **Girl's Game Changer**: Ladies, if you would prefer that the men in your lives gave you more advance notice when asking you out, then STOP accepting last minute invitations! Why not just tell him you prefer to be asked out in advance? You know, 'cuz it's all about communicating and being honest? BECAUSE IT WON'T WORK and it will only come across as nagging. As I said in my previous blog, I think the "three days in advance" (e.g., Wednesday for Saturday) as proposed in *The Rules* is reasonable.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: Reframe your booty calls by making her feel that something is wrong with her for not being spontaneous. "I hope you're an adventurous girl and not lame, because there's this great sunset right now over the river that you can't miss. Come join me, I've got champagne." In general, you should refrain from booty calling all the time. She'll quickly grow weary of them if that's all she gets from you. Mix it up. A few scheduled dates, a few booty calls. Women love unpredictability.

> **3) The "good enough for now" game.** This is the fun little merry-go-round in which a man creates the impression that the two of you are in a serious relationship when he's actually stringing you along, enjoying your sexual favors and home-cooked meals, while actively looking for something better.
>
> **Girl's Game Changer**: If you're seeing him once or twice a week, then make sure one of those dates is international date night: Saturday. Unless one/both of you are working or have family commitments on Saturdays, that's when he gets to see you. How to get him to ask you out for Saturday? Say no to Thursday, Friday, Sunday, Monday…you get the idea. Once again, a man who is just marking time with you won't "put up with such games" from women – which is precisely what we want! Men with lukewarm interest won't pursue a woman who is even the slightest challenge – but not even teams of wild horses (much less a few pesky Rules) can deter the man who really, really loves you.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: The problem with this advice is that the men women want most — alphas, cads, and assholes — are the least likely to "put up with such games" from women. So the woman who follows this "Girl's Game Changer" rule will soon find herself missing out on the company of desirable men. Only the very hottest of women can get away with saying no to dates on any night other than Saturday night. And the man who DOES agree to a Saturday night date will, ironically, because of the perception that he had nothing better going on, become LESS attractive to the woman who adheres to such a draconian rule!

And that strikes at the inherent disconnect with a lot of these "Rules Girls" rules — the more successful women are at getting men to play by these rules, the less attractive those men become to them. So it is not only in men's interest, but in women's interest as well, for men to refuse to play by women's rules.

As for the specific rule offered here, a way around it is to train your woman to have low expectations for seeing you on prime pussy hunting nights. Don't schedule Saturday dates until at least a month has passed, and then only schedule them once or twice a month. When your woman has low expectations, it becomes a challenge to disappoint her.

> **4) The "break up to make up" game**. Two can certainly play at this game, but when the on-again-off-again routine starts stretching into years, vs. months, it's women who have the most to lose, as time is our most

> precious, non-renewable resource.
>
> **Girl's Game Changer:** This one is so hard. As Greg Behrendt put it in *He's Just Not That Into You*:
>
> "What could be better than hearing from the man who just told you he didn't want you in his life anymore, his sad, wistful, 'I miss you so much' voice on the other end of the phone? It's validating. It's exciting. It's irresistible. But resist you must."
>
> Usually, when he breaks it off, it's broken forever. But not always. Sometimes you've crowded and scared a guy, and the break up is his way of reasserting his space. So GIVE HIM SPACE. Don't call him, don't e-mail him. If he does call and ask to get back together, proceed with caution. He's proven he can walk away from you once. The defensive dating techniques I recommend can protect your already bruised heart from getting brutalized once more.

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: None needed. This "rule" works to the benefit of the player. Half-assed breakups initiated by the man are a great way to spice up a sex life. You will never plunge into a wetter, wider pussy than the week after you've quasi-broken up with a girl and called her out of the blue to get together for drinks. It's mean, but oh sweet jesus is it effective.

> There is another common game men play – it's actually a word game, where they pretend they have never heard of and certainly cannot pronounce such words as "marriage," "commitment" and "children." Deftly winning this game requires delicate skill, and deserves an entire blog on the subject. So tune in next time for "Engaged by Christmas."

Anti-Anti-Player Solution: This is because after marriage, women have a hard time pronouncing such words as "blowjob", "ass to mouth", and "train station bathroom tug job".

Cousin Banging

CH · 12 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “Billy Ray Cyrus” emailed me:

> I want to bang my cousin. Why? Same reason mounteneers [sic] want to climb Everest. Fortunately, she’s about my age (21) and on the loose side. Would I game her the same way as any other girl?
>
> Godspeed,
>
> Billy

I’ve never been sexually attracted to any of my female cousins, though a girl I am dating does kind of look like one of my cousins, which disturbs me greatly. And there was that one time I caught myself platonically admiring a cousin’s ample ta tas.

Fortunately for you, sir, banging a cousin means half your work is already done. Rapport has been built over many years, so you can dispense with that part of gaming her. What you need to do is similar to what a beta orbiter who’s been perpetually LJBF’ed by the pedestal of his dreams needs to do — namely, you’ve got to get your cousin to begin visualizing you as a monster cock penetrating her genetically related hole instead of as a relative to confide in nonsexually. For starters, I’d blow her off a few times, just to get her wondering if your mood about her is changing.

Then, when a month or two of noncommunication has passed, call her at midnight and invite her to stargaze on a Morgantown hilltop. When she’s there, tell her you’ve got a gym bag full of Ketel One airplane bottles to finish off. Once drinking, she’s going to talk about the usual shit; you’ll want to be on guard for any asexual movement in the conversation, and cut it off before the moment is destroyed. Continually hint at sexual themes, but frame it so that you are discussing sexy topics brought up by third parties, or having to do with you and “some girl I like”. Watch her eyes; if she looks away from you to the side a lot, she’s uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation. If her eyes glow with the fires of a thousand burning loins, that’s your cue to brush your hands lightly across her various erogenous zones. Let a finger linger just above her thong line.

Your game should be strictly A2-A3 and S1-S3 (see: Mystery Method). You can skip A1 (she’s already attracted to you on a subconscious primal level, thanks to the genes you share), and C1-C3 (you already know her values and she knows yours). In A2, you’ll want to amp the cocky&funny and the push-pull. After you touch a sensitive part of her body, push her away and make some distance between yourselves on the damp grass. Then scoot back over to her. Do this over and over, until her emotions are an out of control roller coaster plummeting up and down the lubechute of her quivering vagina.

In A3, you’ll want to heavily qualify her. She needs to earn your consanguinous seed. Examples of good qualifying lines to use on a cousin include:

“What’s the craziest thing you’ve ever done?”
“Have you ever broken a taboo and been glad you did?”
“What’s your dirtiest, most secret fantasy you would never tell anyone except someone you really trusted?”
“The fact that we know each other means nothing to me. What else do you have?”
“Prove to me you’re not like all those boring girls I know.”

In general, you want to favor making statements with women instead of asking questions. But since she is your cousin who knows you well and not some random chick you just met who crashed the family greased pig chase, you can ask lots of qualifying questions without DLVing yourself.

Good luck!

******

Reader Mark emailed:

> Help.
>
> How does a guy shake a girl who is using one word game, but still replying in like 2 seconds. I'm spacing my texts appropriately.

Damn, I feel your confusion. A woman's best game tactic is stealing a page from the men's playbook. They re-flip the script. Usually, when a girl is dropping one word game on a man it means she is either not very interested and just using the tepid banter for quick n' dirty validation, or she's interested but only knows how to game back. Girls who vigorously game men are often sluts who have been burned (sometimes literally in the nether region by assorted virii) by alphas in their pasts. Do you really want to cavort with such cheap strumpets? Of course you do.

Recall Poon Commandment V:

> **V. Adhere to the golden ratio**
>
> Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

This means that for every one word text she sends you, you return one half of a text. So, for example, if she sends you this text:

"Yeah!"

you reply:

"?"

Other examples:

HER: "Okay!"
YOU: "Coo"

HER: "Nice"
YOU: "Meh"

HER: ":)"
YOU: ":"

HER: "Cya!"
YOU: "*" (This is the international text symbol for anal sex.)

If you're unsure how to reply, your best bet is radio silence. Let her one word text dangle in the electric ether, like a has-been attention whore forever in search of a "YEAH BABY!" from a drunk frat boy. A lot of girls will game you with tactics such as the one word text for the sole purpose of eliciting a cunthungry reaction from you. It's what I call "beta bait". You chomp down, and you've revealed your beta bona fides. You should get into the habit of punishing girls who run one word game on you by running one stroke sex on them.

How Game Changes For The Mature Player

CH · 13 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The biggest change you can expect as an older player gaming girls is this:

Don't expect approach invitations.

Because of the economics of the sexual market, (which mechanism is amplified in the anonymous urban steambaths), as you get older than the average age of the competition in the typical bar scene you are going to have to mentally adjust to receiving fewer flirtatious looks from girls. You won't be able to rely on female approach invitations (AIs) — in the form of shy glances, licked lips, coy smiles, or even bold icebreakers — as often as you did when you were not more than five to ten years older than the girls you were fucking.

This does not mean your days of pickup are over.

All it means is that you will have to be bolder in approaching girls who haven't given you signals to approach them. Ironically, this could very well result in an explosion in your game success, because of two reasons: One, females favor the bold (and what is bolder than a man who hits on a woman like a thunderbolt from the sky?), and two, cold approaches minus the AI primer require a higher level of game skill.

Men who aren't accustomed to approaching women without first receiving a flirty cue from them are going to be the ones stranded in confusion when they get older than the most desirable demographic of women (ages 15 – 25) that they chase. If a man habitually relies on an AI before making a move on a girl, then he will lock up in fear when forced to contemplate approaching a girl who hasn't noticed him. No matter how good his game, all his knowledge will be useless because he won't be able to hurdle that initial obstacle of hitting on a girl who is ice cold to his advances.

In fact, this is the primary problem I observe with the majority of men who discover game. They go to great lengths to learn incredibly effective game tactics like raising a girl's buying temperature, coaxing her through compliance hoops, and logistically managing the pickup, only to limit their approaches — out of fear or cowardice or expedience — to girls who have given them the green light with a flirty glance. These men are not truly being tested; they are running what I call "Fuckup Avoidance Game" (FAG), which is running "good enough" game on a girl who initially cued her attraction for him and will go to bed with him as long as he doesn't say or do anything too beta.

FAG game is great to run when you are a good looking guy in your prime, but if all you have is FAG game then expect your success to abandon you when your courage is really tested by women who aren't making the approach easy for you. I think it's amazing to see a Mystery in his prime running tight game and scoring threesomes with 8s and above as his feather boa tickles their faces, but my real, deep respect is reserved for those men who don't have the crutch of flirty female AIs to help ease them into their pickup routines, and must instead rely on sheer daring and determination along with their repertoire of game skills to get the girl.

The day will come when few of your pickup attempts will be lubed with the prologue of a movie moment exchange of shy, flirty glances. When that day comes, you had better have sufficiently trained your balls to sack up for REAL cold approaches — the kind that will stop your heart if you take two seconds too long to ponder them, but will make your success that much sweeter.

Inner Beauty

CH · 15 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We wear the masks we deserve.

Discovering A Girl's Soul With One Simple Question

CH · 16 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've written before on the practical importance of screening girls for their worthiness as long term sex partners and as a sly game tactic for making yourself seem choosier to a woman you are trying to pick up. I will now share with you a question I ask girls I have been dating for a few weeks that has served me well as a psychological dissection tool for determining a woman's true personality and value system. This sort of knowledge is invaluable because it offers the time-pressed player a quick and dirty shortcut for teasing out overall compatibility with a woman. If you have the near-telepathic power to discover LTR incompatibility early on, then you will be in a position to withhold investing too much of your resources in a woman while still enjoying sexing her. An analogy would be to renting a beach home versus building your own beach home (minus insurance). If you knew ahead of time that a hurricane would hit one year from now and wash away to the sea all your hard work, would you bother building it? Or would you decide it's better to just rent a beach home on a seasonal basis, or maybe look for a different beach to plunder?

This is the question I ask women:

"Imagine you could only go to one of two places for vacation. One place is Spain, where you will enjoy coffee at sidewalk cafes while people watching, lounging on beautiful beaches under a warm sun, visiting cultural landmarks and museums, and dancing and drinking away the night in exciting clubs. You ride up and down narrow streets on a scooter, eating the best food Spain has to offer and learning to speak a few words of Spanish. The other place is Antarctica (Or Patagonia or Tibet. Season to taste.), where you will be alone with the wonder and power of the natural world, your breath taken away by awesome sights and incredible wildlife, giant glaciers loom over you and the rocky beach is filled with penguins and elephant seals. You are at one with nature, your stress melting away, and you feel alive. Which vacation do you choose?"

How a girl answers this question will reveal a lot more about her than simply what she enjoys doing on vacation. Note that the trick is to emphasize the positive aspects of each vacation destination. You want her to make her choice in a happy frame of mind, free of negative associations. Pay attention, because her answer — and the follow-up questions you will ask, such as "How does that make you feel?" — will tell you a lot about how she approaches everything in life, including relationships and men.

Here is what I have learned:

If the girl answers "Spain"…

- She is likely to be a status whore
- She is likely to do hard recreational drugs, or think about doing them
- She will be high maintenance
- She likes to dress in sexy clothes
- Her shoes are plentiful and nonfunctional
- She is a raving liberal who loathes rules, timetables, and schedules
- She is spontaneous
- She is flaky
- She is generous of spirit
- She will go out of her way to make sure everyone is having fun
- She is malleable
- She is dependent
- She is admiring
- She is exasperating

- She is a drama queen
- She wants kids, eventually
- She likes cats
- She generally likes people
- She is whimsical
- She is a glib optimist
- She frets
- She cries
- She will expect you to pay
- She loves shopping, especially on your dime
- She cares what kind of car you drive, the shoes you wear, the TV you own
- She will love getting jewelry from you
- She has a lot of superficial yenta screechaholic friends and gay boyfriends
- She prefers making love whenever and wherever the mood strikes
- She is pro-PDA
- She is an attention whore
- She is an incorrigible flirt
- She gets turned on when you ignore her
- She just wants a man who will understand her
- She is more aroused by a man's social status than by his charm or looks
- She is extraverted
- She hates hates hates betas
- She loves badboys
- She desperately, secretly wishes to submit to a dominant man, in all ways and at all times
- She is more like her mother than her father
- She was popular in high school
- She lost her virginity later in life than you would think
- She is not particularly adventurous, but she is silly fun
- She is a party girl
- She is afraid of food
- She has an anal fixation
- She huffs lurid gossip
- She'll keep you guessing
- She is ultrafeminine
- She might cheat and you will find out
- She has an STD and will deny if you ask
- She will heal or she will break your heart

If the girl answers "Antarctica"…

- She won't care very much what you do for a living or how much you make
- She has smoked pot and prefers beer to cosmos
- She will be low maintenance

- She won’t dress sexily very often, and when she does it will seem unnatural on her
- Her shoes are few and functional
- She is a raving liberal who loves rules, timetables, and schedules
- She is a planner
- She is intractable
- She is selfish at heart
- She will go out of her way to make sure she is having fun
- She is set in her ways
- She is independent
- She is circumspect
- She is reliable
- She is serenity now
- She is often adamant about not wanting kids
- She likes dogs
- She generally hates people
- She is grounded
- She is a cynical fatalist
- She compartmentalizes
- She snarks
- She will almost always pay half, without hesitation
- She hates shopping, and has few yuppie possessions
- She hates materialism and prefers items with “character” instead of “price tag”
- She will love getting homemade cards from you
- She has no gay boyfriends and the few friends she has are nerdy
- She prefers making love in the bedroom
- She is anti-PDA
- She avoids drawing attention to herself
- She doesn’t know how to flirt
- She gets annoyed if she thinks you aren’t listening to her
- She just wants a man who will respect her
- She is more aroused by a man’s personality and looks than by his social status
- She is introverted
- She tolerates betas
- She is wary of badboys
- She hates controlling men, but will often wish a man would take the initiative and lead instead of her doing it all the time
- She is more like her father than her mother
- She was invisible in high school
- She lost her virginity earlier in life than you would think
- She is adventurous, but not silly fun
- She is a spiritual girl
- She loves eating

- She has an oral fixation
- She relishes moments of solitude and silence
- She'll keep you wondering if you can do better
- She has some masculine personality traits
- She might cheat and you won't find out
- She has an STD and will admit it if you ask
- She will heal or she will break your soul

Analyze these two lists. Which girl would you prefer to date long term? Which girl do you believe best complements your lifestyle and values? As you can see, both types of women have their advantages and disadvantages. Which advantages are more important to you and which disadvantages you despise more than the others will depend on what kind of man you are and how well you can tolerate shortcomings in the women you choose to bless with the pleasure of your company.

It's too bad you can't find all the positives with few of the negatives of these two lists in the same girl. I have searched near and far for such an exquisite creature but my efforts to date have been fruitless. Or perhaps my standards are extraordinarily high. Either way, my standards aren't budging, so the search continues… joyfully.

Hope

CH · 17 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

For those readers who are unfamiliar with the sordid cast of characters that haunt the velvet-draped corridors of the Chateau Roissy, Hope is (was?) a regular commenter whose claim to fame was an insistent effrontery to all things game and all practitioners of same. A glorious being of elevated goodness, she would have none of the nihilistic shitbricks I continually flung her way.

Naturally, I helpfully pointed out that Hope, transcendent and WISE Northeast Asian of new age piety, is as much a slave to the god of biomechanics as anyone, including yours truly. Hope condescends and cajoles, chides and sweet talks, in her flowing robes of enlightened enlightenment, yet when a lowdown rascal such as myself dares pull back the curtain on her mumbo jumbo hocus pocus SPEEEEERITUAL psychobabble squid ink, she balks and claims her life is nothing like the nightmares with which my serrated musings torment her blissed out nuance of reality.

But like all things stink and mud, the ugly truths bubble their way to the surface in due time, and soon it was revealed that Hope's loving, perfect husband (now ex-husband), who also happened to be a charming SOB who casually scored with hot blonde bimbos before falling in love with Hope (so she claimed), was a liar and an asshole and a basket case who gamed — yes GAMED — his way into Hope's precious prudish panties. When I taunted Hope with this, she took a mysterious leave of absence, Lady Raine-like, from my blog for a number of months.

Victory assured, yes, but why stop when you can gloat about your spanking of the sophists with an endzone dance that brings the crowd roaring to its feet? Today, an enigmatic reader going by the handle "twowolves", who writes as if he is Hope's ex-husband, left the following series of comments scattered across various posts on my blog:

> I think Hope was single for about a week before going from the guy who she cheated on me with. "The love of her life." To being with the guy she met on wow [World of Warcraft].
>
> I'm only setting the record straight for her benefit. She gives a lot of advice about being single and getting to know yourself, etc. But she has never done it.
>
> ***
>
> @ hope
>
> "When we met, he was out of touch with his old buddies for a few years, and I was moved out for a few months. He showed me that one's outlook doesn't have to be all dark and depressing."
>
> This is a lie. You met him before the moving out and before the divorce. You remember you actually rushed me through the divorce and ditched the counseling idea so you could move up there and be with him faster. You literally said so,
>
> "hurry up and do this so I don't have to come back from out of state!"
>
> ***
>
> @ hope
>
> Be careful.
>
> "Let's look at what happens to men with "ideals" over the long term.
>
> Frank Herbert Herbert was married to Beverly Ann Stuart for almost 40 years and had two children with her. Joseph Campbellwas married to Jean Erdman for 49 years.
>
> In their writings they espouse the "tired, idealistic platitudes" you so disdain. They talk about emotional maturity and self-actualization. They talk about a deeper bonding with their wives rather than "gaming" them.
>
> These weren't stupid men. They knew biology and psychology. They weren't naive about human sexuality. They knew the weaknesses of both men and women. But why did they end up talking about spiritual growth

> instead of sleeping around?
>
> Think about it.”
>
> Remember I told you all of those things. And when I did you told me about Roissy and you posted here. And now you have changed your tune and preach my words.
>
> What sort of creature are you Rose?

Et tu, Hope? Is there no warm bosom for the wishful thinkers and pretty lie purveyors to turn in their time of need when even a Confucian saint such as yourself betrays her every word and principle in deed?

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD RUN FROM THE DEMON FOR LONG?

People may ask, why do you hate Hope to brutalize her like this? Oh, I don’t hate Hope. I’m just here to show her the way and the light…

…through chaos unleashed, the beast she denies serving.

Tonight… we blog in hell!

Jamila

CH · 17 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Jamila, a recent recruit to Chateau Roissy, has emailed me pics of herself (more specifically, links to pics of herself). I can confirm that, despite the protestations to the contrary of a number of incredulous commenters, Jamila is indeed a fairly attractive conservative black woman of **slender** proportions. (Note to Mu'min Loves Fat Wu'Min: Definitely not a hippo on the charge.) Actually, there were a couple of women in those pics emailed to me, but since both were attractive my assessment remains operational.

Why did I post this? A milestone was reached. Jamila is the fastest an internet girl has presented her photo to me for judgement following some expertly delivered salvos of my devilish charm. Less than a couple hours. She beats Hope (a few months) and FeministX (time to Roissy judgement indeterminate) and a few others who I will not name here. Granted, there is some controversy that FemX may actually be Half Sigma in Tamil drag. They do have similar writing styles. However, until proven otherwise, I'll take FemX at her word.

In conclusion, attractive, slender conservative black females exist. Of course, if we define "conservative" by the Roissy standard — that is, cutting off all welfare and paying no mind to the losers dying in the street — then Jamila is likely not a conservative. But the Roissy standard is a tough one to live up to, so I'll cut her some slack.

Lady Raine

CH · 17 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Lady Raine commented about her peculiar choice of Halloween costume:

> I didn't realize that I was supposed to use those $2.00 halloween make-up kits (you all know them so don't even act like you don't: One tube of shitty white make-up, along with 4 primary colored make-up "crayons") to make myself look like a movie star instead of amuse our kids with scary make-up.
>
> Do any of you have "fun" and do things just because they're….well…."fun"?????
>
> I never thought I would have to defend a post dedicated to: "Omg that girl is wearing a HALLOWEEN costume…..and wearing HALLOWEEN makeup…..ON HALLOWEEN!!!!!! Do you believe the nerve of that woman?!!"
>
> Way to be vapid, humorless, shells of the children you once were.

This is the costume that Lady Raine "amused the children" with:

[image]

Because you know how those kids laugh along with references to pot and sexual positions. Do it for the children!

Lady Raine: Prole, Unterbourgeoisie… or trailer trash with delusions of soccer momdom normalcy? You be the judge.

Because I like to point and laugh at the exposed organs after a thrilling dissection, here's a video for your amusement, produced by reader Patrick:

I feel the holiday spirit move me. Rhinoplasties in every stocking!

The abyss is in business fuckers and staring right back at you.
Endless torment.
Terrific cruelty.
Shattered souls.
Who next
will try its maw?

Natural Game Is Dead

CH · 17 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Has there been too much emphasis by the seduction community on teaching "natural game"? Are we headed down a road where everything we've learned about women's motives and desires becomes clouded over by ideological status jockeying, as a retrograde belief among pickup instructors and authors of game books takes hold that the only true game is unthinking, unconscious natural game?

Reader "ProDude" sent me the following email:

> Hi, I don't care if this letter gets put on your site or not, i just had to get something off my chest.
>
> The current state of game is absolutely terrible. As you said in an earlier post, the influx of the "natural" style is ultimately killing the scene in my opinion.
>
> I went to a few of these small monthly PUA get togethers in NYC – you pay about 10 dollars, listen to an instructor or some other presenter talk for 40 minutes, then talk to the other dudes there to hopefully meet new wings (which is all well and good).
>
> The last few times I went there were some fairly well known "Naturals" around the NYC area, one was supposedly a former instructor at a major company. And their speeches amounted to nothing less than the old "just be yourself" speech we are used to hearing.
>
> Now, being that my approach is finely crafted over my time spent gaming to reflect my personality, I am a good person to give this advice to. However, as I looked around the room I saw some very different faces. Older guys, balding guys, really weak looking guys, and a dude that I had learned got divorced 6 months earlier. At the front of the room sat a dude who was so greasy, that I was pretty sure I can taste and smell him just from looking at him.
> And what was the advice [the instructor] was giving to these people? Basically – act like a drunk 25 year old. Of course it would work for me – I am 25 and very social. Of course it work for him – turns out he is 26 and a pretty good looking dude. But what about the other people there? What about the divorced guy, the old guy, the weak guy and the stinky guy? are they gonna get laid acting like a frat guy? Probably not.
> Sure, he made some good points during his 40 minute speech, I'm not gonna fault him for that.
>
> However, an even funnier thing happened later – he invited a bunch of people out that night to sarge with him. I was honestly excited because I wanted to see how a person that games for a LIVING does in the field. We all met up at a hipsterish bar and everyone began working their game. But whats this? Was I outshining him? I absolutely hate to toot my own horn, but here I was getting stronger reactions from women than a guy that charges a thousand dollars to hang with him for a weekend.
> Let me repeat, I am not a mack superhero, or one of those super PUAs that only exist in bullshitted field reports. But here I was, doing better than a pro. That's bullshit, that shouldn't happen.
>
> So I leave you with the following questions.
>
> What does it take to really be a good PUA? What does it take to teach? Why does every person that has ever gotten laid suddenly an "expert"? Who, in you experience, is the best PUA/instructor/teacher and why? All of this shit is really bothering me, because in my opinion game is here to undo the years of damage that society has done, but I am afraid it might just do the opposite if this weak shit goes unchecked.

This is a problem. As Venusian Arts pickup instructor "Knack" hinted at in this guest post, I suspect the seduction community is abandoning the hard-won lessons that made it successful in the first place. The Game Revolution is drowning under an onslaught of PUA ego self-stroking, marketing razzle dazzle, and simple sloth. Greed and hubris is killing it before it has had a chance to fully mature, accelerated by modern social networks.

Ideological revolutionary movements follow this pattern:

Apostasy

A determined intellectual core of demoralized subjects of the status quo revolt. First, they focus their critical gaze at society; then, they turn it upon themselves. In time, their disgust and anger with the present system coalesces into a call to action.

Rebellion

Like-minded individuals find each other, faster than ever thanks to the global information supersexway. Small groups begin to form, bringing curious onlookers and searchers for answers into their orbit of influence. A rebellious subculture is born, dedicated to acquisition and application of new knowledge and the discard of lies.

Agglomeration

Dissent among the rebels is freely expressed. Trial and error and hypothesis rule the day. Anger, hate, love, admiration flow like a river, as do lay reports. Internet message boards and forums blow up (See: alt.seduction.fast and fastseduction.com, circa 1997 – 2000). Creativity blooms, fueled by a chaotic energy. The best is weeded from the useless and a system for change takes shape. A movement arises, Commandments in hand.

Hierarchization

The ambitious and the clever capitalize on the new paradigm. Businesses and ordered governing bodies emerge to channel the yearning of the rebel masses. Knowledge filters down and brings its blessings to everyone willing to embrace it. There is much treasure to plunder, and a frantic race to cash in. A warning flare shoots up as egos grow too big.

Dissolution

The natural inclination of humans is to believe they have a better way. The tried and tested ideology of a successful movement strains and creaks as it is tugged from various directions by those who want to inch it in the direction of improvement or reform. This tendency is exacerbated by the greed of teachers and writers and self-glorifiers who need something to set their services apart from competing business models. The original movement splinters into petty factions, along the way sloughing off the hard-won knowledge that defined its success.

Infighting

Anger and hate return, but this time not in the service of creativity and revolution, but in the service of fighting over the scraps of followers with a dollar bill left to spend. All energy is wasted on self-promotion; little goes to actual learning. It is now social status uber alles for the instructors and mentors, a bunch who have grown fat and torpid on their success and fame and now find it easier to teach to the lowest common denominator — namely, the game of the “natural”, which is nothing more than the game of good looks, aloofness, and saying “Hi”.

Betrayal

At long last, the movement so devolves that it betrays the central tenets of its foundation. The original mission is lost, replaced by a lackluster adherence to pop psychobabble and a lazy reliance on “inner game” or “natural game”. Everything that makes game tough to learn but generous in reward is jettisoned in favor of feelgood nostrums and vague handwaving. Cynicism among the followers is rampant and the revolution winds down to a caricature of itself.

The state of seduction is at the moment somewhere between dissolution and betrayal. A cyclical process that normally takes decades or even centuries has been compressed into a mere ten years by the rapidity with which the internet permits the stages of revolution to progress.

I have heard now from a number of men who have participated in seminars and workshops that the pickup instructors are essentially relying on their good looks for in-field demonstration. Worse, they are inculcating

students with a steady stream of half-baked “inner game” motivational shibboleths that do them absolutely no good when face to face with women. And they are slowly getting away from teaching the routines, tactics, logistics, psychological ploys and body language improvements that are at the heart of seduction.

My advice to the seduction community, and take this advice in the generous spirit it is given, is to get back to the basics. That means returning to the *science* of seduction, and abandoning the nebulous *art* of seduction. Natural game is a fool’s errand destined to fail for all but… well… naturals. There’s a reason I frequently cite Mystery’s original masterpiece “The Mystery Method”. Its routines may be dated, its focus too club-oriented, and its acronyms nerdy, but word for word it is the best compendium and most effective strategy sheet for meeting, seducing, and fucking women hotter than what you are accustomed to fucking. An example from my own life: During a two year stretch when I was using almost TO THE LETTER what I learned from Mystery Method and online forums to seduce women, I banged more babes than I did at any other time of my life.

My advice to potential students of seduction seminars and workshops: Save your money. There is too much chaff to separate from the few precious kernels of wheat. If you must spend exhorbitant fees on a questionable product, do your research first. That means actually talking to students who have taken the classes which interest you. In fact, if any of you have taken workshops and gone in field with pickup instructors I am offering you the opportunity to guest post on my blog with reviews of your experiences. Knowledge is power.

Natural game is dead. Long live artificial game.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 18 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a while since I tested my readers' game skills. Let's see how you do in the following hypothetical scenario.

You've been dating a girl for a few months. Things are going swimmingly. The sex is hot, the time together is easy and carefree, and the affection is genuine. Pat yourself on the back, Lothario, you've had win for breakfast.

One pleasant evening you two are sitting at dinner and she drops the name of a male friend she's known since high school. She's randomly mentioned this guy before in conversation, and because you were designed by the god of biomechanics to be the most advanced alpha intruder alert system the world has ever seen, the first time she talked about him you had cajoled just enough information out of her to learn that they never slept together and he is just an old friend. Although, as with all women, you couldn't be sure she wasn't lying about the sex part, your dirty whore biodetection algorithm made a sweep of her facial expression when she answered your subtly probing questions and you concluded at the time that she was telling the truth.

So here you sit at dinner with her and his name comes up again. And again. She's complaining about something he did which didn't involve her, but her complaints are tinged with that peculiar female way of complaining — sprightly and histrionically — when thoughts of the man who has annoyed her have simultaneously tingled her gina. Now she doesn't bring him up often, but he's mentioned just often enough that you begin to wonder if she harbors latent feelings of attraction for him. You've met the man, and he is a good looking dude with a stoically masculine personality.

You sense — though your evidence is flimsy — that you are at some sort of dating crossroad. You smell an unintentional shit test blowin' on the breeze. Danger is in the air. Up to now, you have handled her very well. Your alpha cred is intact. Her furrow parts freely and she orgasms wantonly when penetrated by the tumescent expression of your silverback essence. But now, you sit listening to her intently, holding your tongue, pricked by a needle of ambiguity.

What do you do?

Answer carefully. This will go toward your final score.

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Answer carefully. This will go toward your final score.

Happy Birthday Lady Raine!

CH · 19 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Each year brings new wisdom and maturity. Everyone wish Lady Raine a very VERY happy birthday. She’s earned it!

Meet The Real Biggest Losers

CH · 19 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Cuckolded men. A lot of readers emailed me this New York Beta Times story about the State of Paternity in America today. Before reading, you should grab your Pepto Bismol, because your stomach is going to turn. Get ready to descend into the hell matrix of the unwitting beta male raising another man's child, where torments beyond your most chilling nightmares await.

> The revelation from a DNA test was devastating and prompted him to leave his wife — but he had not renounced their child. He continued to feel that in all the ways that mattered, she was still his daughter, and he faithfully paid her child support. It was only when he learned that his ex-wife was about to marry the man who she said actually was the girl's biological father that Mike flipped. Supporting another man's child suddenly became unbearable.Two years after filing the suit that sought to end his paternal rights, Mike is still irate about the fix he's in. "I pay child support to a biologically intact family," Mike told me, his voice cracking with incredulity. "A father and mother, married, who live with their own child. And I pay support for that child. How ridiculous is that?"

Ridiculous is one way to put it. Evil is another.

> Tanner Pruitt, who owns a small manufacturing business in Texas, paid child support for seven years after divorcing his wife. His daughter never looked like him, but it wasn't until she was 12 that it began to bother him. He told the girl he wanted to check something in her mouth, quickly swabbed some cheek cells and sent the samples off to a lab. After the DNA test showed they weren't related, he contacted a lawyer, figuring the lab results would release him from child-support payments and justify reimbursement from the biological father. But the lawyer told Pruitt his only option was to take the matter to court and that doing so might mean giving up his right to see the girl at all. It might also alert her to the truth. Pruitt didn't want to chance either possibility, so he stayed silent and kept paying."I spent thousands and thousands of dollars, and it hasn't cost that biological father a penny, and yeah, I'm angry, but it would have been more harm to her psychologically than it was worth," says Pruitt, who eventually fought for, and won, full custody.

This is why I support **mandatory paternity testing** (MPT) at birth. MPT would completely negate the risk of having to choose between loyalty to a child to whom the father has already bonded, and walking away to leave the child to the whore mother to raise. It's a simple procedure that would intrude on no one's rights or emotional well-being, similar to how the state requires driver's tests for people who want the privilege of driving. By making it mandatory, all issues of trust are rendered moot. If it's discovered the child isn't his, the father is legally absolved of any further paternal or marital obligations, and is welcome to exit the marriage without having to pay one red cent to the bitch.

Any woman who even utters a peep against MPT has shown her cards. She is a filthy wretched cuntrag who wishes the system to be rigged in her favor — morality, fairness, and justice be damned. (hi anony!)

Some may question whether MPT is good for society, inasmuch as it dysgenically removes the option for women to carry the species forward by duping betas into raising and propagating alpha genes. This concern rests on a key assumption — that cheating women are making the eugenically correct choice. My suspicion, based on what I've heard about unfaithful whores, is that they are not. They are, instead, fucking around with assorted badboys.

> Mike's first inkling that something was amiss in his marriage was in 2000, when he was digging through a closet looking for the source of some mice. He didn't find any nests, but he did come upon a plastic grocery bag of love letters to his wife, Stephanie, from her co-worker Rob. Confronted, Stephanie confessed to a fleeting affair but assured Mike that L., then nearly 3, was his.

If you recorded the answers of one million cheating whores at the moment when their doubting husbands questioned them about the paternity of their kids, only one woman would tell the truth to the man she married "till death do us part". The other 999,999 women would lie. This is the juggernaut of female depravity you are up against, men. Never forget that.

> CARNELL SMITH, an engineer-turned-lobbyist in Georgia, is the leading advocate for men like Mike. In 2001, after Smith's own paternity struggle, he formed U.S. Citizens Against Paternity Fraud, to help the men he calls "duped dads." In his most notable success, Smith persuaded Georgia lawmakers to rescind nonbiological fathers' financial obligations, no matter the child's age or how close the relationship. Smith then became the first man to disestablish paternity under that law.

Carnell Smith is a goddamned American hero. Step up to the Chateau gates, Carnell, you have more than earned your place at the table among the "King of the Alphas" greats.

> With the scientific proof in hand, men like Carnell Smith began fighting back. A few months after Smith split up with his girlfriend in 1988, she announced she was pregnant with his child. Believing her, he signed a paternity acknowledgment for their daughter, Chandria.

Maxim #666: When a woman has incentive to lie, she will choose lying over honesty EVERY SINGLE TIME.

Corollary to Maxim #666: Treat woman like Soviet Russia — Trust but verify.

> He obtained joint custody, paid her support and spent virtually every weekend with his little girl. When Chandria was 11, her mother sued to increase support. Smith decided to be tested, and the results excluded him as the father. In a lawsuit, Smith demanded Chandria's mother pay back the $40,000 he had laid out in what he calls "involuntary servitude" and fraud. The court ruled against Smith, concluding that he had known that his former girlfriend had other partners at the end of their relationship and should have realized he might not be the father. By not exercising his "due diligence" and getting a DNA test early on, the court put the burden on Smith for not unearthing the truth sooner.

Did you get that? The court basically said to Smith "Hey, your fault for believing your girlfriend's lies. What did you expect? She's a woman. Women lie! So keep paying, bitchboy."

If you are an American male, know this: Your women aren't on your side. Your government isn't on your side. Your law isn't on your side. Your culture isn't on your side. You are expendable. Your use is as cannon fodder for pointless wars, cannon fathers for bastard children, and cannon dollars for whoring sluts.

Would you die for this country that so despises you? Would you care if women who aren't related to you or fucking you got raped? Would you care if *any* woman got raped? Orwell had it half right — a boot stamping on a beta face and high heels grinding into a beta crotch – forever.

> Chandria now attends college in Georgia. She has seen Carnell Smith on the local news and on the Internet and cannot reconcile the man who seems to her so insensitive with the father she knew: attentive, seemingly proud of their relationship and eager to spend time with her. "He was what a father was supposed to be," she says, "but when things changed, he completely disconnected. That's just not fair. You've been in my life my entire life and for you to just cut that off for money, well, that's not fair to anybody."

Carnell Smith, if I ever meet you, beer's on me. And I don't buy beers for just anyone.

Chandria, if you think it's not fair, you have but one person to point your accusing finger at — your whore mother.

For the rest of you rationalizers who think that Chandria's bitter tears prove that rectifying paternity fraud should take a back seat to the welfare of the child, kindly redirect your effrontery at the perp who deserves it — the cheating woman. If the child suffers, the unfaithful mother should have thought of that before spreading for the thug du jour.

> Child-welfare advocates say that making biology the sole determinant of paternity in cases like Smith's puts the nonbiological father's interest above the child's.

You don't say! And all this time I thought eighteen years of financial and psychological enslavement was in the nonbiological father's interest.

> Besides, society has increasingly recognized that parenthood is not necessarily bound to genetics.

Society is an ass.

> "Having been involved in cases like these, I think the answer to 'Is it my kid?' is irrationally important to the cuckolded husband," says Carol McCarthy, an officer of the Pennsylvania chapter of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers. "My own biases are going into this because I'm adopted, so I'm real into 'your parents are the people who raise you.' I couldn't care less who my biological parents are. My parents are the ones who went through all the crap I gave them growing up."

And people wonder why I have so much hatred in my heart for sophistic bitch lawyers. (hi al!)

Let's rephrase Mizz Carol McCarthy's quote for clarity:

> "Having been involved in cases like these, I think the answer to 'Is it my kid?' is irrationally important to the falsely impregnated wife," says Carol McCarthy, an officer of the Pennsylvania chapter of the American Academy of Patrimonial Lawyers. "My own biases are going into this because my mother who unknowingly had another woman's fertilized egg implanted in her womb went through with the pregnancy, so I'm real into 'your parents are the people who raise you.' I couldn't care less who my biological parents are. My parents are the ones who went through all the crap I gave them growing up."

There, that should uncloud Mizz McCarthy's mind. PS Please put your head under a rolling bus.

> WHY IS IT THAT we imbue genetic relationships with a potency that borders on magic?

It's funny when smart people ask these kinds of questions as if they don't already know the answer. It's as if in the asking they absolve themselves of the guilt they feel for following the same amoral code that is followed by the proles and untouchables to whom they feel superior.

It doesn't need to be answered, but I'll answer it anyway, coyly: The reason we humans have evolved to be capable of wondering why we imbue genetic relationships with potency is because genetic relationships have potency.

Three and a half years earlier, at a federally convened symposium on the increase in paternity questions, a roomful of child-welfare researchers, legal experts, academics and government administrators agreed that much pain could be avoided if paternity was accurately established in a baby's first days. Several suggested that DNA paternity tests should be routine at birth, or at least before every paternity acknowledgment is signed and every default order entered. In 2001 the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court urged the state to require that putative fathers submit to genetic testing before signing a paternity-acknowledgment form or child-support agreement, arguing that "to do otherwise places at risk the well-being of children."

In other words, the same care that hospitals take ensuring that the right mother is connected to the right newborn — footprints, matching ID bands, guarded nurseries, surveillance cameras — should be taken to verify that the right man is deemed father.

Good to see the CH worldview is being considered. It's easy to be right when you hold firm to your conviction that the truth, no matter how dispiriting, is your guiding principle. For in the end, the truth always wins out –
one
way
or
the
other.

> Mandatory DNA testing for everyone would be a radical, not to mention costly, shift in policy.

So was WWII. But we fought to the end. The bottom line is this: Either men have equal rights to women under the law, or they do not. As it stands right now, the courts are deciding in favor of men as being lesser citizens than women.

In other news, Barack Obama's health care plan would ensure government coverage of mammograms for all women over the age of 40. No word on coverage for men's prostate exams.

> "I got a picture in my head," L. [the bastard daughter] said, "that the test people would call and say they had been wrong, that he really was my biological dad and that everything I had thought before never really happened."

Fury and unconsolable sadness
she anguishes
pain is her fate
blame needing to be cast
she searches haphazardly
when her demon
stands right before her
hi mom.

Think of the worst things women can do to men. Draw up a list. I'll start:

Flirt with other men in front of him.
Steal from him.
Cheat on him.
Give him an STD.
Entrap him with pregnancy.
Withhold sex for favors.
Prick holes in his condoms.
Dick sandwich.
Get fat.
Disrespect his privacy and gossip about him.
Falsely accuse him of rape.
Use the rigged divorce courts against him.
Cut him off from his children.
Cuckhold him.

Of all these monstrous expressions of the female id, one rises above the rest in sheer malevolence — the act of

cuckolding. Nothing else, save perhaps a successfully prosecuted false rape accusation, comes close in distilled essence of ovarian evil. Cuckoldry is slavery. It is metadeath. It is soul murder. It is the motherfucker of all lies. As men, we are beholden to guard against it by any means necessary. Today, in 2009 America, that means refusing to participate in the corrupted institution of marriage and hiding your assets overseas.

Here are the faces of society's ultimate losers:

If beta has a “look”, these men have it.

Carnell Smith is the man in the third photo. He is a genuine American hero; a warrior fighting the long hard battle for our benefit. Send him a note of appreciation and support. A nation is saved one righteous man at a time.

Spot The Cockblock

CH · 20 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Tough… tough… Hmm. I'm not usually challenged like this. After some serious reflection I'm going to go with the girl in the pink dress. Look at her oversized earrings and bright red lipstick. That's a big clue she doesn't like being ignored and will make it hard for you to hook up with her prettier friends.

The Easiest Way To Revive A Flagging Relationship

CH · 23 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Beta backsliding is a fact of life. Even the hardest alphas will occasionally show flashes of humanity that rev their women's shit testing engines. Most of these moments are brief and dismissible, but woe to the man who can't recognize his embetafying ineptitude; he will slowly lose dominant control of his relationships until one day he's so scared of his woman that he believes her when she says she'll leave him if he goes through with a paternity test.

When you become experienced with women your alert system for beta backsliding is so honed that you can tell within seconds of your woman pulling away from you which of your behaviors was the cause. When your awareness of the sexual matrix is fully advanced, you will even be able to tell with frightening accuracy how your woman will react to your behavior *before she has reacted*. Like aural bullets of shit tests flying at you from all directions, your Neo Game will slow time and warp space, stopping her shit tests in front of you, which you then send right back at her with double the force. A master of female psychology (MFP) is indistinguishable from a clairvoyant, predicting women's actions before they have happened based on nothing more than a well-developed understanding of a woman's animal nature.

The day will come when you get so good at this that you will throw beta chum in the water just to amuse yourself with her predictable response, in much the same way women amuse themselves by wrapping lesser men around their fingers with ostentatious displays of cleavage or flirty signals of sexual interest.

Which brings us to our question: What does a man do when he has lost the upper hand and his relationship is on the fast track to fail if he doesn't take steps to arrest it? First, he must assess what led him to his predicament. Did he hug her too tightly in public? Did he make kissy face with her in front of other men? Did he nestle his head in her lap? Did he say "sorry"? Did he cry after sex? Did he do all of these things plus tell her she's beautiful? If so, then he shouldn't be surprised if she complains about his PDA, or moans about spending too much time together.

When a woman pulls back, a typical man's instinct will be to try and fix his flagging relationship. Men do; that's how we're designed. Unfortunately, more often than not this male instinct to action will drive the nails into the coffin of his dying relationship. Most men overreact, either in the beta direction or the alpha direction. A beta will coo and pout and swarm with rays of undying love until his woman is repulsed and leaves him with her heart light and unburdened. An alpha will control and demean and lash out like an angry tyrant until his woman falls into the arms of a more charming man.

I have a better way. My advice is so simple that any man — from alpha to omega — can follow it with success. It's this:

The easiest way to revive a flagging relationship is to cut off all contact.

That's it. No routines to memorize, no alpha body language to learn, no reframing required; just one simple solution: Cut off all contact. No phone calls, no texts, no emails, no midnight drive-bys at her apartment. Nothing until she reinitiates contact with you.

And I guarantee that nine out of ten times she *will* reinitiate contact. Women cannot resist chasing a man who has made himself unavailable. The disappearing act is every man's ace in the hole; women are nearly powerless to it. They have no defense. All it requires of the man is willpower. If you find it hard to be away from your woman's pussy for more than a day, then you will have to find substitutes while in the No Contact Zone. A man on top of his game will have other women to service him. Lesser men will need to turn to porn or hookers. Or eat a lot of tofu and lick plastic bottles to lower his testosterone.

Depending on length of relationship and severity of the man's beta offense, the No Contact Zone can last anywhere from a couple of days to a month. The beauty of this solution to revive a dying relationship is that even those rare times when she does not reinitiate contact you will have saved yourself time and energy dating a woman who was

likely to dump you soon anyhow. And on the flimsiest pretext, like getting a smile from a high status bike messenger.

Note that I did not say this is the *best* method for rescuing a relationship on the rocks. I said it was the easiest method with the highest return for the minimal investment. If you're a busy guy who can't be bothered to run expert level effortless-seeming game, or if you're a recovering beta who isn't yet confident enough in his LTR game to risk a more proactive approach to a dying LTR, then the No Contact Zone is for you.

There's one other thing you must know. If you don't do this final step the right way then your No Contact Zone game will be for naught. Assuming she reinitiates contact (and she likely will), expect her to say something like this:

"Hey there! Haven't heard from you in a while. What have you been up to?"

If your No Contact Zone game hit the mark, you will detect a hint of nervousness in her voice. Congratulations, sir, you have regained hand. BUT… you can lose it all if you in any way ACKNOWLEDGE the No Contact ruse. Like Fight Club, the first rule is to not talk about it. That means you act as if NOTHING IS UNUSUAL about your calculated time away from her.

"Hey, what's up! Eh you know, the usual stuff, work, life. Did I tell you about my new hobby? Single malt scotch… oh yeeeah."

This will, naturally, drive her mentally insane. Fitfully for us men, mental insanity in women triggers seismic gina tremors. She will invite herself over for (in her mind) make up sex. Your job is to step aside and let the hamster in her head spin itself to exhaustion as you fornicate to the wee hours.

One more thing. If she presses you on your absence, say by asking "Why haven't you called me?", you deny complicity in her frame. In other words, don't allow yourself to get entrapped by her frame by answering defensively. Either deny her accusation ("You're very forgetful. I called you a few days ago.") or reframe the conversation to a focus on her clinginess ("I didn't know I was supposed to call you every single second of the day. Aw, it's cute that you think about me so much. Adorable!")

Played right, No Contact Zone game is absolutely devastating to a woman's sense of relationship entitlement and her bloated hypergamous ego.

Primal Fever

CH · 24 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Stuff White People Like needs a new entry on its illustrious blog: Going Primal. Yes, the wave of the future is going back… all the way to the Paleolithic. Trendy white status whores have jumped on the Primal bandwagon, as evidence mounts that our pre-agricultural hunter-gatherer lifestyle was healthier for us. In a complete reversal of SWPL values, vegetarianism is out and meat-eating is in. Chuck Taylors are out and barefoot running is in. Sex with condoms is out and raw dogging is in. (Ok, I made up that last one. Someday the world will catch up to me.)

For the past four months I've been on the primal diet — low on grain carbs, high on meat, fat, and evolutionary harmony. I will now tell you my results on this diet.

First, the main changes I made:

I stopped eating bread, french fries, baked potatoes, pasta, donuts, pastries, cereal (mostly), cakes, and pretty much anything else wheat- or potato-based. Rice consumption was limited.

I radically cut back on my sugar consumption. This was more difficult than it sounds, because the Standard American Diet is full of sugar, usually in the form of high fructose corn syrup. If you don't believe me, try walking down the cereal aisle at Safeway and finding a box of cereal that doesn't have sugar or HFCS as one of the first three ingredients. Sugar, if you've been living in a closet the past five years, is incredibly bad for you in anything more than the quantities you would find in a single fruit. It spikes your insulin and causes your body to store calories as fat. It ages you. It enervates you. There's no upside to sugar.

I started eating bigger lunches and smaller dinners. In fact, I skipped dinner entirely a couple days each week.

I intermittently fasted, sort of. A day every other week I would barely eat anything.

I started eating more nuts and more fish in the low mercury, fisheries friendly form of sardines and wild salmon. I actually like sardines so this was not a challenge for me. A big problem with the modern diet is that our omega 6-omega 3 ratio is completely out of whack. Fish, flax, and nuts are high in omega 3s and eating them restores the balance.

I drank a glass of red wine and ate a small square of 90% dark chocolate every day.

I substituted the bread I used to eat with more veggies. Broc, brussel sprouts, red pepper, eggplant, squash, cauliflower, grape tomatoes, leek, cucumber, asparagus.

Berries were in, big time. Frozen blueberries are best. They eat like candy.

Since I was still unsure of the health merits of the primal diet's high fat recommendations, I didn't go crazy with the bacon, beef, or butter. I didn't want my LDL cholesterol to go through the roof. I did add more Irish Gold butter and saturated fat to my diet, but I generally tried to eat fish and nuts for the bulk of my fat calories. Vegetable oil was out (way out) and extra virgin olive oil was in (way in).

Dairy was tricky. The primal guidelines are circumspect on the health of dairy, but since I am of the heritage that evolved centrally located to the spread of the lactase persistence gene, I figured milk, butter, yogurt, and cheese (glorious smelly cheese!) would do me no harm. I continued indulging.

Beer: Though beer is grain-based I couldn't give it up. Sacrifice beer for immortality? Tough call.

A sample breakfast:
Two hard boiled eggs and watered down grape juice. A lump of cheese.

A sample lunch:
Salmon fillet, veggie, brown rice.

A sample dinner:
Sardines, cucumber drizzled with olive oil and garlic, cheese on sliced tomato, glass of red wine, handful of walnuts, dark chocolate.

I also supplemented with a variety of OTC (and some not-so-OTC) life extending drugs that I call my arsenal of immortality. Here is a picture of that arsenal:

Some other changes I made while following the primal diet/lifestyle:

Wind sprints in place of long distance running (with my Vibram Fivefingers, the lady catchers!).

20 minutes of afternoon sun. On cloudy days I popped a few vitamin D + K2 pills.

Circuit training. There are a bunch of exercise stations in the park down from where I live where I go to do chin-ups, pull-ups, and sit-ups. I can crank out twice as many pull-ups when a cute girl walks by.

My results on the primal diet:

I'm more constipated. My poops are harder and darker, like Chic Noir's lovers (you go girl!). Luckily, the stool is small and pellet-shaped, so evacuating is not a painful process. On the toilet I feel like a rabbit with a rectal machine gun. Rat-a-tat-tat!

I fart and burp less. I consider this an unwelcome development.

My skin is smoother and more flushed. There is more oil in my facial skin, but fewer blemishes.

My libido is up. Morning wood is a regular occurrence, as are sex dreams involving two or more women. My juice is thick and milky. My erections pierce the heavens.

When I cut myself on the hand, I noticed the wound healed faster than my cuts used to before going primal.

My hair is darker, and in the biggest surprise my few gray hairs appear to have reversed color. My hair also grows faster, and my pubes are a dense canopy of velcro. Rock on, hippie.

My hand temperature fluctuates wildly. Weird, but maybe it's related to the changing season?

I sleep better (more REM dreaming) but I can't say I have more energy. Energy level change: Inconclusive.

My mood is, I think, worse. I dunno, but whole wheat bread and pasta seems to pick me up.

No change to my game.

In a couple of months I will have blood work done. I'll let you know if the primal diet has significantly altered my lipid profile.

The final verdict: Jury is out. Theoretically, the primal diet, based as it is on mimicking how humans used to eat for millions of years before grain agriculture rotted their teeth out, has a lot going for it. The thinking goes that our digestive system has not evolved as much or as quickly as, for example, our skin color or brains have, so the best living is the lifestyle that closely matches what we ate for most of our evolutionary history. But there are arguments against a one-size-fits-all primal diet, as succinctly relayed to me by Randall Parker:

> Okay, we've evolved a number of adaptations to dietary changes. For example, upregulation of lactase into adulthood. Very important for the spread of humans in some (though not all) parts of the world. Similarly, Mediterranean peoples are much better adapted to alcohol than northern Europeans. Northern Europeans are better adapted to alcohol than East Asians with their facial flush reaction to alcohol.
>
> Grains: Obviously populations that adopted grain farming experienced local selective pressures that other populations didn't experience. Hunter-gatherer types are going to have different allele frequencies for digestion

> and metabolism than, say, populations that were already doing grain farming a few thousand years ago.
>
> I am confident that *some* people have genes that make the paleo diet more beneficial to them. Ditto for other diets for other people. We aren't all at equal genetic risk of adult onset diabetes or obesity. This is due to local selective pressures. e.g. eskimo genes must be different due to their high meat and high fat diets. Ditto genes in people living in areas with lots of fruits.
>
> Some people really do benefit from eating like an ape man. I think absent genetic tests we've got to each try diets and see what works for us. Parenthetically, Steve [Sailer] sees it the same way:
>
> *What If It's All Been a Big Fat Lie? asks an important article in the NYT Magazine. For decades, the medical profession has been trying to stomp out heretics like Dr. Atkins who question the orthodoxy that the only way to control your weight is to eat a lot of carbohydrates and very little fat. I tried the low-fat plan and gained 40 pounds because I was hungry all the time. I shifted to a less extreme version of Atkins's diet (to be honest, it was Suzanne Somers' anti-starch and anti-sugar version, which emphasizes vegetables as well as meat) and lost it all in an easy year. (Over the last three years, I've gained half of it back because it's hard to stay on it when you are away from home, although the market is starting too supply more prepared foods appropriate for this diet.)*
>
> *Here's my theory on why doctors got obsessed with high-carb diets. Around 1970, they started seeing a lot of East Asians in the medical profession. They were mostly all skinny. How did they do it? They ate rice! If starch is good for East Asians, it must be good for everybody else, right? If you don't believe that, then you must be some kind of racist who thinks there are biological differences between people from different parts of the world, you scum.*
>
> *So, it was high-carb East Asian diets for everybody! But what if your ancestors hadn't been evolving for the last few hundred generations on a high starch diet? What if you still had caveman genes for processing foods? Hunter-gatherers eat meat and vegetables. Perhaps, the East Asian ability to thrive on rice was a recent evolutionary adaptation.*
>
> *We know that different metabolic responses to diet can evolve quickly. For example, milking domestic animals was only invented about 10,000 years ago, but the gene mutation giving lactose tolerance spread to up to 97% of Danes, while remaining virtually zero among East Asians, whose population was too dense to afford dairy cows. We know that hunter-gatherers like Eskimos have a terrible time when they switch from an all meat to a starch and sugar rich diet – they get horrible tooth decay and diabetes (not to mention alcoholism).*
>
> *Europeans over the last 10,000 years have varied greatly in diet. About one fifth of European genes come from Middle Eastern grain farmers, while four fifths come from indigenous hunter-gatherers, many of whom made the transition over the last few thousand years to cow and pig farmers. Thus, whites in America tend to be highly diverse in terms of what diets are best for them. All you can do is try different diets to find what your body needs.*

At this point I'm keeping an open mind and an eye on the latest research. Nevertheless, I predict that "going primal" will be the newest SWPL fad of the next ten years. At parties, pretentious SWPLs will ask "Is your beef grass fed?" instead of "Is your veggie burger low salt?" Anyone caught eating a burger in a bun will be quickly and mercilessly ostracized.

A photo of the truck that smuggles in SWPL border jumpers:

Blind Girl Game

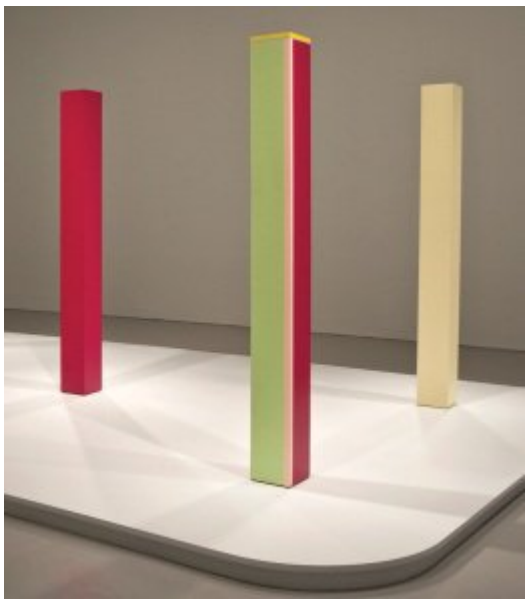
CH · 25 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

“Hi, I’m an interpretive guide for the Truitt exhibit. What do you think of it so far?”

I looked over and saw a short, cute girl with a seeing eye dog in tow. At least, I figured it was a seeing eye dog because one, it had the telltale handlebar thing strapped to it and two, it was a dog in a museum, where pets aren’t normally allowed.

I scanned the nearly blank white canvas on the wall before answering her. “I’m struggling with it. If I had to turn this in as an assignment for art class I’d probably get an F.”

I was at the Anne Truitt exhibit, in search of beauty amongst blocks and drawings of lines. For those who aren’t familiar, here is a representative sample of her work:



Are you scratching your head? Keep scratching plebe. You wouldn't recognize art if it bit you on the ass.

The short cute girl eagerly continued our conversation. She was quite earnest. I was charmed.

"Truitt was a minimalist who wanted the viewer to experience her work as an emotional reaction, instead of a visual object. (*something something something)*… it's conceptual art that draws out memories in the viewer… *(something something something)*… and the colors are meant to represent just the color…"

As she spoke, her eyes looked directly at mine, as if she could actually see me. Her gaze was intense. It made me a little uncomfortable and I looked to the dog for reassurance. I began to wonder if she was really blind, or if she picked the dog up from the shelter and liked the handlebar thing, so she never removed it. In the middle of her speech, she reached down without looking and patted the ground with her hand, feeling for the dog's leash which had moved a foot away from her. Yep, she was blind. I breathed a sigh of relief and thought about picking my nose, but checked myself. Some blind people have rudimentary vision. She might be able to see my blurry finger drilling into my blurry face.

She was such an engaging converationalist that I found myself fully committed to chatting with her. It didn't hurt that she was cute with a perfect ass. If there was female game, she had it. As we volleyed back and forth on the artistic impact of Truitt's bare bones oeuvre, I felt an old, familiar urge well up inside me. I was gaming this chick. Teasing, banter, light touch on her elbow. The raw energy of a possible seduction electrified the air around us. My crotch grew three sizes that day!

None of my teasing involved her blindness. It never came up. It's funny how a rollicking conversation can overlook the most obvious questions, like "What is a blind girl doing in a museum giving tour guides of a visual artist's exhibit?" Then I noticed something else; this girl was getting attracted to me through nothing but my words. She moved in closer, she smiled wider. But, she couldn't see me. She couldn't see my well-timed cocky grin, or my alpha body language. I could have been a potbellied bald leprosy victim rubbing my hands together nervously for all she knew.

That's when it hit me. How, after all these years, could I have ignored the potential of blind girl game? There are so many fewer variables to worry about. No need for style, grooming, or calculated backturns. You don't even have to smile. All you need is the seductive allure of your words. If you are a man with powerful verbal game, your talents will be best appreciated by a blind girl. In fact, you could easily score a 9 or 10 blind chick if your game is only good enough to score 20/20 vision 7s. Removing a woman's visual judgement bumps your skill level up two full points.

Downside: When slipping her the midnight hummer, make sure to tell her it's not a hot dog.

I bet VK has a lot of great blind girl jokes up his sleeve.

The Tiger Woods Effect

CH · 30 November 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's been said that when Tiger Woods is dominating on the fairway his opponents lose their composure and begin piling up the bogies. An analogy could be made to relationships. The greater the dating market value disparity between two people the more likely the partner with less power will lose composure at the slightest threat of loss. Another way of saying this: The partner with less hand is more emotionally invested in the relationship.

Tiger Woods may be a goofy looking guy but have no doubt — millions of hot women the world over would love to bang him. This means whichever woman lucks out in the marital lotto with Tiger is automatically the partner with zero emotional hand. (Financial hand is another matter. Thanks to insane anti-male divorce laws a world-beating alpha male like Tiger Woods can be brought to his knees by a single throwaway lantern-jawed blonde like Elin Nordegren.) Nordegren has little hand being married to Tiger and her hindbrain knows this, which is why she went psycho on him when she presumably suspected him of cheating and chased him down with the long iron.

The Tiger Woods Effect works in either direction. Look back on your own dating career. With which women did you behave in the most wretchedly beta manner? The hot ones, right? It's usually the women who are relatively significantly higher in dating market value who will cause a man to forget everything he's learned about women and throw alpha to the wind as he begs pleads and cajoles her for more love. Let's say you are a 6 and your girlfriend is a 9. How long do you think it's going to be before you're writing her sappy poems and buying her flowers? Two dates?

Similarly, if you're a girl who's dating Tiger Woods and you catch him throwing a flirty glance at a waitress, you might do something crazy like this. (Thanks to Justin for the pointer. My readers always come through with great links.)

I believe it's a good idea for men to get practice dominating a woman so fully she loses all dignity around him. Date at least one woman who is lower than you in dating market value and watch with wonder how little effort you have to put into the relationship. This will instill you with the right attitudes to have with the hotter women you truly wish to date — namely, aloofness, carelessness and selfishness.

Everything Wrong With America In One Picture

CH · 1 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When historians ponder the fall of the Roman Empire, they point to the multicultural Germanicization of the legions and the outsourcing of military affairs to barbarian mercenaries. When they reflect on the causes of Mayan collapse, deforestation is fingered as the culprit. When future revolutionary historians on the fringes of polite society offer reasons for the implosion of the American Empire (coming *very* soon to a booming multiplex theater near you), they will hold up this photo. And heads will nod in unison. Mutterings will be heard: "We saw it coming."

What's wrong with this picture? Let us count the ways. I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume the hairdresser is swisherrific. I mean, just look at that belt buckle. Would we be able to win WWII if we had to fight it over again with the current crop of American men? Or would we chastise the fearful warmongering Americans for antagonizing the millions of moderate Nazis? Phony umbrage and secular piousness are the cheap and easy virtues of a soulsucked people. So easy, you can do it too! I'll get you started. "Xenophobe!" Congrats, you're now better than Jesus.

The assistant has a foreign name. East European. She has that cute, scrunchy apple face so sexually arousing in the Slavic women, but unfortunately her Old World charms will be lost in a matter of weeks, due to exposure to the froo-frooiest of American culture from working in a hair salon that caters to a dying breed. (And I'm not referring to the dog.) I do not envy her boyfriend who will wake up one morning to the realization that his beloved has become fully Americanized. Home cooked dinners and surprise blowjobs will be nothing but a sweet memory.

When a free nation is invaded by a foreign force wthout lifting a single weapon to defend itself, when it puts itself in hock to a Communist overlord, when it has 152 varieties of color protecting conditioner on its store shelves, the doomsday clock has moved a minute closer to the midnight hour.

Then there's the woman getting the queen bee treatment. Yenta! It's not just an electric car. Her smile may be a mile wide, but her eyes betray infinite sadness. By the way she is smothering her dog with affection I safely assume she is childless.

And of course, the dog, a term I use loosely to describe the shitting Roomba sitting on her lap. Is that a flower tucked in its head fur? No wonder the dog's face says "Shoot me please." Normal dogs are not coddled and pampered like substitute children. A normal dog's face says "Bacon? Bacoooooon!!"

Examine this picture. You should feel a foreboding deep in your gut. You won't know why exactly, but it's there. Best not think too long about it, there's another mp3 to download.

The Ideal Lover Can Never Be The Great Boyfriend

CH · 2 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Men are burdened with a duality. We feel impelled to commit to a chaste woman but we will happily sleep around with raging sluts. Women, too, are creatures of duality. They relish the emotional connection with the great boyfriend who dotes on them and pampers them but they succumb helplessly to their raw sexuality with the ideal lover. The god of biomechanics is, if nothing else, a practical joker.

There are very few men who embody both the great boyfriend and the ideal lover in equal measure. In fact, my experience in the trenches of modern decadence leads me to conclude there are NO men like this. 50/50 internal power sharing between lover and supporter, manifestly expressed in perfect synchronicity with a woman's unspoken needs for the one or the other masculine archetype, is the myth of "the One" perpetuated by the feminist grievance industry to keep women unsatisfied and constantly searching. The truth is that most men, by innate character, lean one way, and a few men of purity wholly abandon their soul's struggle and jettison one archetype to fully embrace its opposite.

How do you know if you are closer in character to the ideal lover or to the great boyfriend? To answer this for yourself, consider the following scenarios, and then decide if they accurately describe how you would behave in your own life.

- Holiday shopping (Kwanzaa not included)

The great boyfriend thinks of the gifts he will buy others before he thinks of himself. His time shopping is spent with a gentle smile envisioning the look on his lover's face when she sees what he bought for her.

The ideal lover thinks of all the fantastic shit he will buy for himself before he thinks of others. His time shopping is spent with a joyous grin perusing the electronics section, and only after he has sat in the massage chair at Brookstones for a while does he put in a token effort to find reasonably acceptable gifts for his girlfriend.

- Family

The great boyfriend showers affection on his family. He is especially affectionate with little nieces and nephews.

The ideal lover is either fighting or drinking with his family. He is the first to teach his little nephew how to flip the bird and what it means.

- Sex

The great boyfriend is a master of foreplay and delaying his own gratification. He is a slow and steady lovemaker. The look of surrender on his woman's face during orgasm brings him almost as much pleasure as his own climax. Sex is often preceded by the lighting of scented candles and the playing of soft jazz.

The ideal lover is selfish in bed. He may eat his woman out for an eternity one night while hurting her anally another night, slowly grind into her missionary style or jackhammer her like a rutting cape buffalo, but always know that everything he does sexually to her is in service to his penis. He will often not know nor care if she came, and what usually precedes sex is a rough hand up her skirt.

- Compassion

The great boyfriend will listen intently when his girl has had a bad day, careful not to brusquely offer any pointed suggestions to alleviate her sadness, instead opting to massage her shoulders and make her some soup.

The ideal lover will attempt to take his girl's mind off her worries with hot sex. It will usually work.

- Values

The great boyfriend appreciates his girlfriend's values, and this is reflected in his mature respect for her political views, even when he disagrees.

The ideal lover only cares for one value — his lover's commitment to the righteousness of sexual abandon. He's apolitical as far as she knows, because he's very good at mentally dismissing her silly political beliefs as the earnest naivete of an unworldly little girl.

- Compatibility

The great boyfriend understands that much of what makes a relationship successful are shared goals and interests. He loves spending time with his lover doing things they both enjoy, and he will put in the extra effort to learn about those things she likes to do but which he is either unfamiliar or uninterested. For instance, if she likes tango dancing but he'd rather play pool, he'll spend a night or two attending tango classes with her and making her feel worth his sacrifice.

The ideal lover understands that what makes a relationship successful is not spending too much time together. Quality over quantity, and in his world the best measure of quality is how often intercourse is happening. He will occasionally treat his lover to romantic nights out, but when she wants him to join her on her trip to Antartica he'll stroke her cheek lovingly and tell her to have a good time by herself.

These examples should give you an idea where on the testicular spectrum you fall. Are you a Latin lover or a loving partner? Like I said, most men lean one way or the other, a few embrace an extreme, and only Master Casanovas balance their dual essence so evenly that their women are always breathlessly infatuated with them.

The men who have complete command over their women are the men who intuitively know when to disarm with the tender ministrations of the great boyfriend or the lustful recklessness of the ideal lover. When you are aware of this ever present immutable female desire for dualing male archetypes, you will find it that much easier to direct a woman's emotions, like Mozart conducting a symphony. A woman's loyalty is as much a function of your ability to seduce it out of her as it is of her character.

Tiger Woods Or George Clooney?

CH · 2 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Which man is smarter today? Tiger Woods, who got married? Or George Clooney, single and never without a happy smile on his face?

If Tiger had read my blog and taken my eminently sensible advice he would not be facing the dire prospect of a nine digit cut in pay for doing EXACTLY what his wife, Elin Nordegren, did when she married one of the most desirable bachelors in the world — namely, fulfilling the alpha directive. As alpha females should be free to pursue and coax commitment from the highest quality men, so too should alpha males be free to pursue and bang numerous hot women. It would only be fair.

Beta males at least have an excuse for getting married. They might not find another woman. Alpha males have no excuse.

As Nike might say to Tiger: “Just don’t do it.”

Cuckoldry Vs. Butt Rape

CH · 3 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It seems that my spirited discussion of resolving the ultimate betrayal through mandatory paternity testing made the rounds on the internet. A male commenter at Overcoming Bias had this to say about the CHian contention that cuckoldry is on a par with rape, if not even more psychologically traumatic:

> And as to whether it's worse [for a woman] to be raped or [a man to be] cuckolded – I cannot even begin to understand the trauma or ostracization of the first (which by the way happens to A LOT more than two percent the population) while the second would only hurt because of the dishonesty. It's a difference of several orders of magnitude!

Oh rilly? I think it's time to put this assertion to the test with a leetle thought experiment. Imagine two highly unpleasant scenarios.

Scenario 1

You are walking past an alleyway when Big Bad Bubba comes up behind you and drags you into the dark alley, muttering "you look real purty for a grown boy" as he uses his bulk to press you into the damp brick wall, his beefy bear paws yanking your jeans and boxers down to your ankles. You try to resist but his strength is overwhelming. He smashes your face into the wall and sticks a knife to your throat, saying he'll cut you if you scream. Suddenly, a seering pain shoots up your rectum. You struggle to get away but you are immobilized. The pain continues for what seems an eternity but is in actuality only one minute and 22 seconds. Punctuating his release with a great heaving grunt, Bubba withdraws, spent, and cackles as he walks off, the lingering musky stench of his sweat offending your nostrils. Vomit rises up your throat and you stumble to your knees, your hands grasping at pebbles on the ground. You are sure your innards are spilling out on a torrent of blood from your asshole, but luckily when you arrive at the hospital an hour later the doctors tell you there was no permanent damage to your poopenshaften and you are AIDS free. You go home, go to sleep, and call in sick the following two days. Over the following months you go to the gym more frequently than you used to, working out your shame and anger in the weight room. People compliment your improved physique. You tell no one of your ordeal.

Scenario 2

You are married to the love of your life. In the first year of wedded bliss, your wife gets pregnant. Nine months later an infant pops out. You are filled with so much joy you hardly notice the brief flicker of discomfort you feel when you ponder that the child looks nothing like you, nor do you pay much attention to all your relatives telling you how much the child looks like you. Time passes. You spend countless hours, days, weeks, months, years loving your child, wiping his ass, taking him to the park, strapping him in the car seat and struggling with the belts and clips, working extra long hours to afford a move to a better neighborhood so your child can go to a good school, sacrificing your beloved guitar gig with a local band to spend that newly freed up personal time helping your child with his homework, attending his soccer games, cheering for him when he scores a goal, instructing him how to swing a bat and build a model airplane, teaching him how to defend himself in a fight, disciplining him for a bad grade in english, setting aside a chunk of your income for his college fund, and generally reorganizing your life in almost every conceivable way for your child's benefit. Then, when your child is age 10, through a series of fateful circumstances you discover he is another man's biological son. Your gut implodes and your heart crashes. Your mouth has dried into a sticky velcro. You feel as if you have just seen everyone you love die horrible deaths in front of you. Your brain is scorched and the room spins for what seems like an eternity but is in actuality only two hours and 43 minutes. Over the next year you learn that, despite your best efforts at some kind of recompense or at minimum freedom from pain, the law has decided in its infinite wisdom to require you to pay child support for another eight years to the wife you divorced, in the interests of the child. Betrayal eviscerates your sense of self.

Besides the obvious lie, you wonder at the cascade of lies in tow. Did your wife whom you loved so much ever really love you? Did anyone else know? Did they think you a fool? Was your dignity worth so little to the people who mattered to you most? You ask these questions already knowing the answers.

Now that you have considered these two vile scenarios I want you to vote which of the two, should you be forced to endure one of them, you would rather have happen to you. This voting is for my male readers only. Ladies, you can take a time out with your purple saguaros.

A Common Mistake Men Make

CH · 4 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Needling a woman to be more upbeat.

“Why so sad? Be happy. How about a smile!”

“Hey, it’s not that bad, come on!”

“Let’s see a smile. Don’t look so down.”

“Where’s your holiday spirit?”

Why do you show you care about a woman’s emotional state before you’ve banged her? Remember, your reality first. Her reality a distant second.

High Energy Game

CH · 6 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Why A-hole Game Works On Russian Women

CH · 6 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

(Hat tip: Justin)

Alpha Assessment Monday: Late Night Coffee Edition

CH · 7 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Time for another round of alpha assessment, where readers send in their examples of game they've run and hope to be judged worthy of alphatude.

Case #1

Submitted by bills217:

> This chick is my next door neighbor – I met her and got her number, but she will not text me back, no matter what I do (I hate talking on the phone so I never call). I am thinking she is hesitant because she is my neighbor, even though we never see each other at the complex and I haven't had any in-person contact with her except for the one time we met and exchanged numbers.
>
> Me: Call it a hunch but I'm feeling lucky today – I feel like you are going to respond to this text.
>
> Her: I gotta hand it to you – you don't give up.
>
> Me: (obvious sarcasm) yeah well there are so few attractive girls in atlanta i didnt think i could afford to let you get away, which has been surprisingly difficult considering you live next door. lets grab coffee tonight.
>
> Her: do you still want to grab coffee if i have a boyfriend?
>
> (above really smells like a shit test to me since she didn't say anything about it when I got her number or as a reply to any of my texts)
>
> Me: do you still want to grab coffee if I have a girlfriend?
>
> Her: is she also one of the few attractive girls in atlanta?
>
> Me: I had to look far and wide but I was able to find a few. Anyway, since you are so generally difficult I am taking that as a yes to coffee. I have plans at 8, I'll knock on your door at 6.
>
> Her: I won't be home from work by then…guess you will have to get lucky some other day.
>
> Me: Working past 6 on a friday? that is rough. You should get a better job. I am a pretty lucky guy so I think there will be another day soon.

This is a great example of a man "overgaming". Overgaming is basically try-hard game, where every thrust by the woman is met with an overcompensatory parry by the man. Overgaming happens when two conditions are met: one, the man has recently jettisoned his beta baggage and is eager to lay the cocky/funny smackdown, and two, the man is emotionally invested in the outcome with the woman. Overgaming can often be worse than executing zero game, because women don't really want to see you trying hard to impress them. A man with zero game sometimes gets the girl by sheer dint of ignorance; an empty mind is a mind in the moment.

A few points: gaming neighbors is tough because you sacrifice intrigue and unpredictability by the fact of you living next to her. In college, the girls who live in big co-ed group homes rarely hook up with their male roommates. They usually prefer to harvest cock from mysterious far away lands, like the dorm building down the block.

A man should never "feel lucky". Your mindset should be that she is lucky to be even hearing from you.

Your texts are too long and obvious attempts at being witty. Pussy prefers pith. Thoughtful texts interspersed with Sundance Film Festival caliber dry humor is best left to her funny, smiling on the outside but hurting on the inside, horny hard-up orbiter male friends.

Sarcasm in texts doesn't always translate. She might have really thought you couldn't afford to let her get away, and judged by your performance so far, she would've been right. Sarcasm is best done face to face, after some initial attraction has been established. Otherwise you risk coming across petulant, peevish, and insecure. Sarcasm sits

nearly as badly on men as it does on women.

Coffee at night? What happened to alcohol? You want to loosen her up, not rev her up. Last thing you need is a mentally alert broad overanalyzing everything you say to see if you meet her 462 bullet point checklist.

You failed the boyfriend shit test. If I were a girl I would think I had stung you. A better answer requires reframing: "Only if he pays."

The problem with surrendering to a girl's frame is illustrated nicely by her response to your "if i have a girlfriend" snarky reply. She was able to turn your words against you with a clever riposte: "is she also one of the few attractive girls in atlanta?"

Don't call a girl who is being difficult "difficult". You don't want to draw attention to the fact that she is not interested in you enough to not make it difficult for you. Try to maintain a positive frame. If you study the Tomes of the Asshole Ancients you may be surprised to find that most assholes are rarely negative in their assholery. It's a subtle art, but effective asshole game is not humorlessly critical of the girl. Clit Crit is the domain of the spurned greater beta or lesser alpha. Assholes may be abrasive, but they are not downers. (Note: If you *are* going to call a girl difficult, don't sabotage your gutsy play by then rewarding her difficulty with the offer of a coffee date.)

Normally, taking the lead when arranging dates is a good thing, but you can't lead a woman who isn't sufficiently intrigued to want to be led. This is why your texts to meet at such and such a time sound controlling instead of authoritative.

Your last text reply is too long. Men who are losing control of the interaction will try a salvage operation by throwing everything and the kitchen sink at the girl. That may work for Lloyd Dobler, but it doesn't work for most guys in the real world. I wouldn't have even bothered responding to her last text. And why are you informing her, yet again, that you are a "lucky guy"? Remember the **Rule of Value Demonstration**: you build value by verbalizing an insignificant "problem" of low value, and by nonverbally demonstrating an actual trait of high value. A truly lucky guy doesn't tell a girl he is lucky. He lets his luck speak for itself.

Relatedly, if you are going to verbalize your higher value, you need to be way more subtle than you are. When Mystery drops DHVs about the hot strippers he dates, it's usually tucked within the confines of a larger story.

I give this text exchange a D grade. You understand enough to avoid the worst beta mistakes, but your insecurity stepping into a stronger role you are ill-prepared for shows here. Practice a few weeks of texting girls using nothing but One Word Game. Better yet, skip texting altogether and get them home the same day you meet them.

Case #2

Submitted by Grapedrink:

> Here's a lil' background. I'm 18 and grad. last year,she's 17 and is still in school.Light flirting during class led to her sending naked pics and playing hard to get over the summer.Haven't seen her in several months and haven't talked to her in a few months…This is what we texted to each other today
>
> After a few mins of catching up….
> Me : I gotta question for you
> Her : what's that?
> Me : When you gon let me tap that?
> Her: ahaha yuh so funny
> Me : dead ass
> Her : why yuh wanna sex meh?
> Me : cuz we both know we want it
> Her : who said we wanted it
> Me : ur body language

> Her : ahaha
> Me : See? the signs are all there!
> Her : Chile Boo!
> Me : it's cool,i know what your going thru right now
> Her : Whats that?
> Me : U feel honored,shy and horny
> Her : not really
> Me : ur right,your not shy. But 2 outta 3 is good enuff for me!
> Her : ahahah
> Me : ur too old to be playing hard to get sweetie
> Her : yuh right & and who said I was playing hard to get
> Me : Me. your beatin around the bush,and it needs to be the other way around if you know what I mean
> Her : is that right?
> Me : Realest shit I ever said
> Her : sooo whats up then?
> Me : ima come pick you up tonight at 9
>
> There's a few more texts of her saying how she's going outta town tonight and Im basically getting a rain check…
>
> So what do yall think?

I have nothing to add to this. It's almost perfect except for the number of texts exchanged, and the bad syntax (but that's acceptable since you're just out of high school and she's even worse). Shorten it up, cut back on the chatter, and you've got yourself a foothold. Ignore her for a while, I think she'll respond without any additional prompting from you. If not, try contacting her in a couple of weeks to hang out.

Grade: A. This is impressive game for an 18 year old. I see bright future of womanizing and juvie detention centers for you.

Case #3

Submitted by tosh:

> Ok then, your honesty has inspired me to share a story of my own as I'm keen to learn something from this recent experience… happy for you to tear this to shreds! should mention I'm a newbie to the site…
>
> I dated a great girl since beginning of the year – she was incredibly sexy, smart, and funny – and everything was rocking along nicely. Without boring you with the mechanics of the relationship I broke up with her about 2 months ago after failing a major shit test (jealousy & insecurity related) & she'd started to become emotionally distant. Should repeat "I" broke up with her.
>
> After that I cut off contact, until she chased & chased then we eventually hooked up again about 4 weeks ago. After 2 weeks of solid pounding not dissimilar to that when our relationship was at its best, out of no where she suddenly flaked on me over the weekend.
>
> Again, not wanting to put myself in the place of beta chasing… when she called next time to say she wanted to see me, I was aloof but agreed to catch up, then cancelled on her a few hrs before I was spose to see her. When she called & texted again wanting to see me, I didn't respond until after the proposed date with a simple text "hey def wanted to see you but something came up & didn't have phone on me. Talk soon."
>
> A weeks now past… no contact either way. I'm thinking about her a lot & I'd definitely like to get back together with her but not sure how to go forward. Any thoughts?

First, glad to see you put into action my advice for winning back an ex-girlfriend (what is known colloquially as

“tingle rekindle”). You preemptively breaking up with her when you saw the writing on the wall was a heads-up move that afforded you a couple extra weeks of glorious piledriving. Give yourself a pat on the back.

Unfortunately, you overplayed your hand. Keep in mind that a calculatingly reignited relationship rests on shaky ground to begin with, so any false move could be the excuse she needs to finally let go in full. Playing hard to get is great as a pickup strategy, but it can quickly backfire on girls with whom you share a sexual history. You blew her off twice when you didn’t need to, and you did so in an obvious way. The trap of try-hard works in both directions – when you feel a need to impress and when you feel a need to unimpress. Take another stab at her but don’t expect much.

Grade: C+

Case #4

Submitted by young bachelor gig:

> carnival was getting close, and all the guys were teasing the one among all who had a girlfriend. whenever the subjects of girls/booze appeared, guys would remark ” don’t talk about that near XXX, he has girlfriend”
>
> then on the week before carnival, one of the guys said he couldn’t go, family matters. so our friend XXX had the perfect opportunity, there was a place in the car, in the hotel and even the parties’ tickets. the only problem was his girlfriend.
>
> so he sends her a bouquet of flowers, anonymously. coincidentally, he arrives at her home soon after she received the flowers. facing such a filthy whore, who receives flowers from unknown people, he finished the relationship
>
> then he decided to get back from carnival early, arriving back home on tuesday night. then he calls his devastated ex-girlfriend on ashes’ wednesday night, around 2 or 3 AM, and tells her that he couldn’t stop thinking about her, that he spent the whole carnival thinking about both of them together, and she comes to his home.
>
> they are still together. it happened last february.

Grade: A+ for Asshole+. I loved this story. An emotionally charged powerhouse. No reason to include it in this post, except for the fact that it shows just how devastatingly effective game bereft of any moral or ethical consideration can be. And you just know she loves the shit out of him.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 8 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Tonight, you are meeting a woman at a bar. This bar is in DC and it serves the best beer in the city. (It's not Brickskeller. Those of you who live here will know which bar I'm talking about.)

The woman is someone you've been dating for a few months. Expectations have been established. Not firm rules, but slowly congealing guidelines for acceptable behavior. She tells you she will be at this bar tonight with a former co-worker, a man you've never met, and she wants you to come out and meet her at the bar. You say "Yeah, I'll swing by later." You're an alpha; everything is always later.

When you arrive at the entrance of the bar you spot your girl across the room, sitting on a barstool between two men. There are no other empty stools near them. They are all laughing and drinking amongst themselves. Your girl is looking good, her bright red lipstick a beacon in the dim bar light. They haven't noticed you yet. You watch them for a second before proceeding into the room, dispassionately curious about their dynamic. Soon you will walk toward them — the two men flanking your woman whose vagina you have penetrated repeatedly and vigorously — with intentions to introduce yourself. You don't know which of the men is her former co-worker, or who the other man might be. In fact, you don't know anything of their synergy, but that you see their smiles and hear their laughter. You begin walking to them.

What do you do?

I want specifics. Don't patronize this blog's audience with the obvious. You may think your testicular fortitude unassailable, but few men who read here are so socially awkward that they would believe confronting the men at the bar in a jealous pique is "being alpha".

Who do you address first? How do you address them? Do you wait for your girl to introduce you or do you thrust your hand in promptly, prodding handshakes? Do you put an arm over your girl's shoulder? Do you kiss her upon meeting? Or do you keep a few feet of distance between you and her in the interest of avoiding the perception of "boyfriendiness"?

Think details. Go.

PS Some readers have emailed me asking if my "test of your game'" stories are pulled from my own life or made up out of whole cloth. Most of the incidents I describe on this blog are events I have experienced personally. So yes, you are getting real life scenarios to ponder.

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The Look Of Confidence

CH · 9 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a photo taken in August 1939.

I found it on this excellent site which showcases very old photographs. The description of the photo reads: "Unemployed lumber worker goes with his wife to the bean harvest. Note Social Security number tattooed on his arm."

Despite this man's pauper clothes (there was little peacocking during the Great Depression), his jobless status, his search for employment or food at a bean harvest, and his home made out of canvas, he wears the confident smirk and mischievous gaze of an alpha male. What does he have to be happy about? Oh, his attractive wife. And by 1939 standards she is a real hottie.

Shouldn't he feel ashamed to be dragging her to a bean harvest? Most modern men couldn't imagine taking their wives or girlfriends on a bean harvest date. It would be a massive DLV. Not only that, but he's obviously proud of the Social Security number tattooed on his arm. This is one step above waving your food stamps in the air like a certificate of accomplishment. What could be more beta than tattooing the government's ownage of you on your arm?

Self-satisfaction will see a man through all sorts of tribulations. Radiating confidence, deserved or irrational, is what is most attractive to women. This man looks confident, and his wife stands by him. She has the mousy, hunched over posture of a woman in love. All else that's objectively negative about him fades to insignificance in the matter of what stirs her heart. In glaring contrast, today we have the spectacle of wives divorcing their dutiful husbands (70% divorces initiated by women) for the sin of catering to her every whim by being "economic partners, lovers, …co-parents and best friends. [A]lso each other's co-workers, editors and primary readers."

I have a new system for learning inner game — I call it bean harvest game. This is where you take a woman on a really shitty date, let's say to a soup kitchen to pick up your rations for the week, and refuse to act apologetic or ashamed of your anti-signaling station in life. Instead, you carry your unemployment and poor taste with the confidence of a master of the universe. Handicapping yourself this way means you have no crutch to close the deal.

Everything desirable about you must flow from your internal state. If this doesn't sharpen your inner game and hone your ability to reframe, nothing will. Expect to be amazed how many women will still sleep with you after running tight bean harvest game on them.

Addendum: I find this picture oddly sensual. I've never wanted to bone a woman from the pre-airbrushing era so badly.

What Does It Mean To Be Off The Market?

CH · 10 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #98: Marriage is no escape from the sexual market and the possibility that you may be outbid by a competitor with higher value.

Corollary to Maxim #98: Singleness is no guarantee of full sexual market participation.

Expert level commenter Whiskey left a comment about the Tiger Woods affair on a blog I read (at the moment I can't recall the blog) in which he stated plainly that each woman with whom Woods had a tryst was one less woman available on the dating market to other men. His point was that twelve (in reality, triple that number) Tiger mistresses (or whores, or skanks, or courtesans, whatever you want to call them the concept is clear) means twelve beta men go without a woman at all. Some of the commenters took Whiskey to task, noting, perhaps not illogically, that a woman living as the sex toy of a billionaire golfer is not necessarily off the market. There are six other days in the week, after all. The typical fuckhole might see Woods once a month, which leaves her plenty of time to date other men.

Comforting thoughts, but I'll throw my experiences with and observations of these kinds of women in the ring and lend support to Whiskey's point of view. On a ledger sheet, sure, these provisional paramours have lots of downtime to date other men. But a woman's emotional contours are hardly amenable to the ledger. Unlike men, most women are averse to boffing multiple concurrent partners. It is simply not in the nature of women to be psychologically equipped to handle with grace and steadiness the crass rutting with Cock A one day and Cock B the very next day. Women don't operate like that. They see a cock they like, they want to be with that cock, and if they succeed all other cocks recede to invisibility, at least until either their preferred cock leaves for good or they grow weary of that cock.

What I am describing is not a slut apologia. The infamous cock carousel that spins like a possessed Stephen King-ian carnival ride in our major urban centers is open for business. But it's a turgid carousel of consecutive rides, one women normally jump off of before clambering back on to sit on a new, fresh horsey. They aren't attempting to straddle all the horsies at once.

Now some women of the craving simultaneous schlong variety do exist. But they are extremely rare. Aside from prostitutes (who medicate their perforating souls with the salve of money, drugs, and complete submission to the pimp), only the foulest sluts and most rapacious sociopaths are constitutionally capable of concurrent cock hopping for pleasure and personal gain. Some of these stone cold sluts were likely positioning themselves in Tiger's target acquisition periphery, and he clumsily obliged like the stiffly off-putting former beta droid he is. But it is also likely that some of his mistresses genuinely fell for the tingly feelings his power and fame gave them, and they forsook all other men to focus solely on Tiger, even if it meant seeing him just once a month.

So Whiskey's observation has merit. If a man is alpha and unburdened by moral considerations, he will have mistresses and flings and hotel bar hookups. And in turn, those mistresses and flings will drift off the dating market, de facto if not maritally de jure. When an alpha captures a woman's heart, even if for only a few times a year, her yearning focuses like a laser beam onto him to the exclusion of more available betas in her midst. She will be happier daydreaming of her unavailable lover than talking in real life with second rate suitors.

Maxim #101: For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.

The Tiger Woods bimbo eruption has clarified the seedy underbelly of the sexual market within which we all operate, no matter how many Hallmark platitudes we recite to the contrary to assuage our pestering fears. People get wrapped up in the salacious gossip and revel in the downfall of a celebrity, but behind the jokes and snark of the gawking masses percolates a silent unease. Women spare fleeting thoughts that the men who love them might trade up to a younger hotter model if offers suddenly emerged. Men hide a slow moving but deep river of envy for any alpha male who makes the news by monopolizing enough women to sexually nourish the IT department of a

large corporation.

Yes, in 2009 America, there are men who rule over harems. And there are many more men who are eunuchized by this dirty little reality.

Some of the quotes from Tiger's flings are a case study in female rationalization.

Jamie Jungers (fling #??):

> Jamie, 26, who bears a striking resemblance to Elin, recalled: "Tiger and I went back to the room and just started making out.
>
> "It just went from one thing to the next. We ended up having crazy sex for two hours. I remember him picking me up and putting me against the wall. And that's when it turned into wild sex. It was really good.
>
> "Later I said to him, 'I don't know a whole lot about your marriage situation. I know it is very fresh. I know you just got married. I mean, is it going OK?' He said, 'Yes, it's fine, she's in Sweden with her family'."

She's banging a dude who just got married and she asks if his marriage is going OK. No one is that stupid. She asked because by asking she absolves herself of any guilt or accountability for what she is doing. This is how women think. They are submissive, empty vessels to their core.

Jaimee Grubbs (fling #???):

> TIGER Woods was rated as "horrible in bed" by one of his lovers, it was revealed yesterday.
>
> The damning verdict came from cocktail waitress Jaimee Grubbs, who says she had a 31-month fling with the married golf superstar.

One would think 31 months is a long time to fuck a man who is "horrible in bed", but alphas get a lot of leeway. Or she's just pissed she was turned in for a flashier upgrade.

> The 24-year-old mistress told fellow contestants on US TV reality show Tool Academy she had also "hooked up" with George Clooney.
>
> But while she was full of praise for the movie heartthrob, she mauled Tiger.
>
> Telly pal Krista Grubb, 27, told The Sun: "She was showing all these texts saying they were from Tiger and George.
>
> One she said was from George said, 'When can I get in there again?' He signed it G.
>
> "She said she met him while working as a cocktail waitress in Los Angeles and they would meet up in Vegas and he was a lot of fun.
>
> "Jaimee said George was amazing but wasn't so nice about Tiger. She just kept saying he was horrible in bed."

Let this be a lesson, men. If you want rave reviews from pump and dumps, live your cad lifestyle without apology. Women not only respect that in a man, they love it.

Newsflash! MILF Beats DILF

CH · 11 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's not every day you see a mother-daughter couple where the mom is hotter and more bangable than her daughter. In fact, it's so rare that the existence of such earns a place on this hallowed forum.

The mother is on the right. Judging by the somewhat prominent manchin of the daughter, my guess is that mom married a very testosterone charged alpha male, perhaps a corporate lawyer or a baseball player. You know how it is with genes; you do everything you can to ensure the best possible recombinatorial outcome but occasionally those damn genes throw you a curveball, like a daughter who looks more like rock 'em sock 'em pop, or a son who glows with the feminine softness of MILFy mom.

November 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 13 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We're getting near the end of the year when the final beta — the One Beta to rule them all — is voted upon for inclusion into the pussywhipped Hall of Infamy. Last month's winner, sent in by reader **waysa**, was the Croatian tennis "pro" (loosely defined) who begged and pleaded not just for sex, but for marriage!, from a has-been single mom cougar. Let's hope for the Croat's sake he was angling for the future divorce payday from his wealthy older lady lover.

November 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by Mike ("Anonymous" technically got there first, but any submission signed anonymously is excluded from receiving props). A picture tells a thousand words:

The great thing about this picture is that no matter what the reason for this unfortunate man's prostration, his action sullies him with the mark of the beta. And a really nauseating beta at that. If he lost a bet, he is a beta for playing poor odds that would result in him paying up in such a pathetic manner. If it's a fetish, then this is proof that some fetishes are the domain of losers. If you must have a fetish, make it something alpha like collaring your woman. Beta fetishes: peeping tom/voyeurism, flashing, bang my wife, wearing women's skin as suit and tucking junk between legs. Alpha fetishes: BDSM, amateur porn filmmaking, public sex, ceiling mirrors, saying "giggity" when you successfully close the deal.

If he's doing it as penance for some horrible relationship transgression, he wins alpha points for the transgression but immediately gives them back and then some for agreeing to this form of punishment. If he's doing it as a clownish joke to get on the internet, well… there are some self-deprecating jokes that you should never do. Good rule of thumb: If the Jackass guys won't do it, neither should you.

If this photo portrays exactly what is happening — a sackless boyfriend dropping to hands and knees so his tired girlfriend can sit on him and humiliate him in public — then the beta on display here is so strong it defies explanation.

******

November 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by Ross W. Have you ever wondered what happens when an

inborn beta becomes a little too aggressively creepy in his pursuit of a taken woman? Well now, thanks to Lamebook, you can read a stellar example of just such a specimen.

I'm not going to categorize all the ways this guy Andrew misunderstands the nature of women. Suffice to say, he fails the Jumbotron test. Spectacularly.

By the way, Carla's reply was better than Lee's. Brevity is the soul of spit.

******

November 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by Patrick. It's a radio broadcast of a "War of the Roses" prank that features a cuckolded man literally begging his cheating live-in girlfriend to stay with him. Listen to the whole thing but pay particular attention starting at -02:50.

I honestly had a hard time making it through to the end, it was that bad. If I had to distill the beta essence in a few words, it would be "What can I do to make you love me?" Which is what this pathetic cur says. Over and over. Even after being told his mewling is not helping his cause.

The problem with betas is that they believe in the promise of hope instead of the disenchantment of reality. Listen to this guy closely. He finds all this evidence that his GF is cheating — the birth control, the new lingerie, the Facebook emails — and yet he continues nurturing hope that she isn't doing what he knows deep inside she's doing, and that she still has the capacity to love him. Hope is the great alpha killer, the destroyer of masculinity, the betrayer of dignity. It serves one purpose only — to trick you away from the path of righteous self interest. Weak people cling to hope. But hope is a faint siren song; as soon as you taste some success you will forget all about hope and wallow in the delights of reality.

Besides serving as cruel amusement for the coliseum, there is another very good reason for publicly shaming these wretched betas: their needy behavior feeds the treachery of women, which in turn poisons the well for every other man making his way in the mating market. By refusing to confront his bitch whore girlfriend in the only way that would earn any respect from her (and respect from women is measured in the oscillation of their tingle wavelength), the man in this radio clip unwittingly contributes to the romantic feelings between his girlfriend and

her lover. Freed from the threat of his anger or his ultimatums or even his awareness, she is able to nourish her illicit love affiair with the thrill of secrecy and dangerous rendezvous. As we all know about women, a little mystery and taboo goes a long way to infusing a man with allure. You want your unfaithful girlfriend to really get the most out of her affair? Simple. Just play the fool and let her sneak around like a tramp in the night, her lover's embrace made all the more compelling by the transgressive narrative. But confront her and leave her, and suddenly her lover is not so intriguing anymore.

There's a reason women despise men like this guy Conor from the radio clip. When a woman cheats on you she does not want to hear that you still love her. All that tells her is that you have low standards and an even lower expectation that you could do better. It also confirms her suspicion that you love her for no other reason than the sex that she provides. Of course, alpha males also love for those shallow reasons, but they are smart enough to know that love can't be requested. It must be earned.

******

The voting:

How To Nail A Virgin

CH · 16 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets called with a dating quandary.

Zeets: I think this girl I'm dating is a virgin.

Me: Isn't she 27? I doubt a 27 year old living in DC is a virgin. You may as well tell me you found a real Ewok prancing in Rock Creek Park.

Zeets: No, I'm almost 100% positive she's never had sex. First, she's from [southeast European country]. She has that Old World culture still in her. And then there's the way she reacts when I go to kiss her. She tenses up and kind of brushes my cheek with her retracted lips. She acts like a shy 14 year old who hasn't been kissed!

Me: Are you sure she's into you?

Zeets: Yes, that's definitely not it. She has a great time with me, always laughing and smiling. And at the end of the date she asked when she could see me again. If she was truly uninterested she wouldn't do any of that. No, this girl just has some issues with sex. I can't believe it. Frustrating. So cute, too.

Me: These are the ballbreakers. The girls you really find attractive who won't put out. At least with the marginal looking chicks who play hard to get, you can easily cut your losses after the first date. But the hot ones make you linger, hoping against hope she'll eventually burst like a dam. I'm not sure what I would do.

Zeets: Even a grandmaster pig like yourself is stumped by this problem!

Me: Yeah, but imagine the feeling of accomplishment if you stick it out and succeed. There's nothing quite like the look of shock on a virgin's face when you first shove it in. Feliz Navidad!

***

This conversation got me wondering if there is an optimal method for dealing with older virgins and quasi-virgins (those girls who have had sex before in the distant past but remain seriously repressed about the enterprise). I've come to the conclusion that the best way to handle virgins is reverse psychology. The older virgin has decades of fantasies and expectations built up in her head regarding sex, so she will feel inevitable disappointment if the reality of her feelings while you are making a move on her stray even the tiniest bit from the feelings she's nourished in her daydreaming. The way around this conundrum is to shake up her expectations so violently she is left completely at the mercy of her tingle.

Not that I've banged a huge number of older virgins in my life, but I can surmise they share a few important personality traits and life histories.

1. Older virgins (or quasi-virgins) will be more feminine than the average woman. Generally, the more feminine a woman the better she will be at curbing her animal urges. (See: Alias Clio.) This is why lawyer chicks jump into the sack at the drop of a (alpha) hat.
2. There are good odds the older virgin was molested in some creepy way by a man in her life who was close to her. Maybe her dad sneaked up behind her and licked her earlobe and cackled. Yes, this happened to a Russian girl I used to date.
3. The older virgin likely has some deep seated issues with her sexuality. Perhaps she's ashamed of the shape of her labia, or has control issues and the thought of an orgasm fills her with fear. Or, just as likely, she has only been with men who were horrible at sex, and thus has a poor preconception of how sex should feel.
4. Some man done did her wrong. The quasi-virgin is especially likely to have been the recipient of an emotionally cataclysmic dumping sometime in her past, and has yet to get over it.

Given all the above, the older virgin will be very wary of any man she dates, no matter how much she is viscerally

attracted to him. So how to bust through her wonderwall? Your challenges are great, my son, but the reward is exquisite. Successfully nail — and bring to orgasm — a virgin and you will have recruited a love slave for life.

One other important thing to keep in mind: Regular game won't work as well on the older virgin. This is because the rationalization instinct that so many normal women possess, and which is called upon to justify sex with men who arouse them with tight game, is either atrophied from disuse or missing entirely in the older virgin. The older virgin won't be able to as seamlessly rationalize her way into bed with you. You, as a man, will find this incredibly frustrating. Women's rationalization instinct has been the fulcrum upon which all great seducers have leveraged their talents.

So, with virgins you experience a mixed bag of emotions.

Downside: Blue balls.

Upside: Loyal girlfriend.

If you think ten dates in a row without sex, and the possibility that a ten date investment might never result in sex, is worth enduring for the prize of a loyal girlfriend, then you need a specialized virgin-be-vanished strategy. This strategy is powerful in its simplicity: You play the role of the woman. Role reversal when the threat of sex enters the picture will cross her wires and short circuit her expectations. An example would be when you go in for the kiss and she purses her lips tightly for a dry pucker, you pull back first and say, without sarcasm, "MmmMmm, this is hot. We'd better not go any further, I want it to be different this time." The idea here is to draw a contrast between your words and your actions. (Contrast is king!) You are verbally expressing pleasure but nonverbally pulling back as if you were the virgin with doubts.

But don't get carried away with the role reversing. At some point you will need to man up and gradually escalate to bolder moves. The risk of role reversal game is that the virgin will slowly lose respect for you, as her hindbrain begs for you to take action while her forebrain begins associating the negative feelings of delayed sex with your company.

If played properly, role reversal game will break a virgin's willpower, and the dam will gush forth at the most unexpected of times. Timing and feedback is everything. Don't expect a shortcut to sex with the older virgin. You will need to put in more time with her than you would with a sexually liberated woman. The great risk is that each new sexless date erodes the fascination she feels for you, and the chance that her initial attraction surrenders to the dictates of her repressed vagina.

Role reversal, escalate, pull back, escalate some more, pull back a little less. Repeat ad phalluseum. This is the virgin-killer template.

Science Continues Validating CH Reductionism

CH · 18 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

As I've been saying all along, female beauty is objectively measurable and not a function of the beholder's eye.

> The distance between a woman's eyes and the distance between her eyes and her mouth are key factors in determining how attractive she is to others, according to new psychology research from the University of California, San Diego and the University of Toronto. […]
>
> They discovered two "golden ratios," one for length and one for width. Female faces were judged more attractive when the vertical distance between their eyes and the mouth was approximately 36 percent of the face's length, and the horizontal distance between their eyes was approximately 46 percent of the face's width.
>
> "We already know that different facial features make a female face attractive – large eyes, for example, or full lips," said Lee, a professor at University of Toronto and the director of the Institute of Child Study at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. "Our study conclusively proves that the structure of faces – the relation between our face contour and the eyes, mouth and nose – also contributes to our perception of facial attractiveness."

Just think how many wars, inventions, poems, novels, symphonies were created because some woman's facial bone structure developed a few millimeters in a pleasing direction.

***

Ogling voluptuous women will help a man stay healthy.

> A rather bizarre study carried out by German researchers suggests that staring at women's breasts is good for men's health and increases their life expectancy.
>
> According to Dr. Karen Weatherby, a gerontologist and author of the study, gawking at women's breasts is a healthy practice, almost at par with an intense exercise regime, that prolongs the lifespan of a man by five years.
>
> She added, "Just 10 minutes of staring at the charms of a well-endowed female, is roughly equivalent to a 30-minute aerobics work-out."

I like looking, but fondling is my preferred method of interaction. This probably explains why titty bars have never held my interest for very long. I've got to have and to hold the goods.

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If you're an alpha, you are free to gaze for 30 minutes, directly at the boobs and without blinking. Omegas must avert their eyes immediately, and their brief glance must be sidelong and then quickly evaporate under a burn of shame.

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> Researchers asked participants to assess the personalities of strangers based first on a photograph posed to the researchers' specifications and then on a photograph posed the way the subject chose. Those judgments were then compared with how the person and acquaintances rated that individual's personality. They found that while both poses provided participants with accurate cues about personality, the spontaneous pose showed more insight, including about the subject's agreeableness, emotional stability, openness, likability, and loneliness.
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> "As we predicted, physical appearance serves as a channel through which personality is manifested," write authors Laura P. Naumann, University of California, Berkeley, Simine Vazire, Washington University in St. Louis, Peter J. Rentfrow, University of Cambridge, Samuel D. Gosling,University of Texas at Austin. "By using full-body photographs and examining a broad range of traits, we identified domains of accuracy that have been overlooked, leading to the conclusion that physical appearance may play a more important role in personality judgment than previously thought."

Living in the city has honed my threat detection system. I can, with a split second scan of a stranger's face, tell you with better than random accuracy the character of that person. This has aided me when walking back from lovers' apartments at 2 AM through vibrant neighborhoods.

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Why 99.9% of history's accomplishments have been achieved by men:

> Researchers using functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) to study brain activation have found that men and women respond differently to positive and negative stimuli, according to a study presented today at the annual meeting of theRadiological Society of North America (RSNA).
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> "Men may direct more attention to sensory aspects of emotional stimuli and tend to process them in terms of implications for required action, whereas women direct more attention to the feelings engendered by emotional stimuli," said Andrzej Urbanik, M.D., Ph.D., chair of Radiology at Jagiellonian University Hospital in Krakow, Poland.

Like a little fifteen year old girl, defending her feelings inside.

How does that old saying go? Men win the argument to win the group. Women win the group to win the argument. Which preference is more likely to lead one away from the truth? I've said it before: Suffrage is the poison pill that eventually destroys the body politic of a nation.

PS: There were two obscure pop culture references in this post. Can you find them?

Science Continues Validating CH Reductionism

CH · 18 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

As I've been saying all along, female beauty is objectively measurable and not a function of the beholder's eye.

> The distance between a woman's eyes and the distance between her eyes and her mouth are key factors in determining how attractive she is to others, according to new psychology research from the University of California, San Diego and the University of Toronto. […]
>
> They discovered two "golden ratios," one for length and one for width. Female faces were judged more attractive when the vertical distance between their eyes and the mouth was approximately 36 percent of the face's length, and the horizontal distance between their eyes was approximately 46 percent of the face's width.
>
> "We already know that different facial features make a female face attractive – large eyes, for example, or full lips," said Lee, a professor at University of Toronto and the director of the Institute of Child Study at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. "Our study conclusively proves that the structure of faces – the relation between our face contour and the eyes, mouth and nose – also contributes to our perception of facial attractiveness."

Just think how many wars, inventions, poems, novels, symphonies were created because some woman's facial bone structure developed a few millimeters in a pleasing direction.

***

Ogling voluptuous women will help a man stay healthy.

A rather bizarre study carried out by German researchers suggests that staring at women's breasts is good for men's health and increases their life expectancy.

According to Dr. Karen Weatherby, a gerontologist and author of the study, gawking at women's breasts is a healthy practice, almost at par with an intense exercise regime, that prolongs the lifespan of a man by five years.

She added, "Just 10 minutes of staring at the charms of a well-endowed female, is roughly equivalent to a 30-minute aerobics work-out."

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Snow = Gina Tingles

CH · 19 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Sitting in Tryst, watching the snow fall and eating a delicious smoked salmon sandwich, I couldn't help but notice the glow of horniness on girls' faces. I muse. Does a heavy blanket of snow trigger the provider beta attraction switch in women? After all, in prehistoric times in the northern lands a good snowfall meant wet, cold, and poor foraging prospects (food buried under snow). A technologically proficient and future time oriented beta would have planned for big snow events so that when they arrived he would be the go-to guy with the warm shelter and stored smoked meats. The sexy stud would have been building snow forts until his feet got too cold and he trundled home to the cave to an empty fridge. (My fridge is empty and I'm down to half a roll of TP. You ladies and your messy nether regions are paper hogs. Gaia is displeased.) I wonder if extreme weather inspires women's lust for resource providing men?

Getting lots of looks as chicks walk by and I wink at them through the window. It must be the confidence I display in the face of uber inclement weather. Or my rugged pea coat.

A girl has tied her labrador up to a post. She sits behind me. The dog is rambunctious and pees on a Lexus SUV parked in front. I turn around and tell her her dog just peed on a Lexus, and that she has it trained well. She laughs. Love? Of course.

Guys, if you live in the snow path go out now and ask passing women if this is good quality snow for snowball making. Tell them you want to make snowballs "that only hurt a little." That should get the ball rolling.

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 21 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Way back in November I posed the following scenario. What do you do when your girl keeps mentioning the name of another man she's known since high school and for whom you suspect she nurses some latent sexual attraction?

363 comments suggests this sort of scenario is not that uncommon. Most readers' responses would fall under the category of "overreaction". Reacting out of proportion to a woman's infraction is the quickest way to discredit your alpha cred. A few got it right. Here is a random sampling:

MeMyselfI wrote:

> Ignore most of what she's saying about the other guy. Tuck it away for future use, but don't worry about it.
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> Hit on the waitress (assuming she's reasonably good looking – better if she's hot) in front of her during that dinner.
>
> Take her home after dinner – no sex that night. Early if possible. Go to another party/event. Maybe text her from that event, if possible. See if she asks what your are doing.
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In every "Test of your Game" post, I always include a few critical clues to the correct response. In this scenario, I specifically wrote that you had been dating this hypothetical girl for a few months. Now think about it — is it normal behavior for a man who's been dating a girl for months to blatantly flirt with the waitress over dinner, drop his girl off at home with no sex so he can go to another party without her, and then text her from that party later in the night… all because she mentioned another dude's name a few too many times during dinner? You don't think the girl will ask you why you're dropping her off and refusing to take her to another party? This is classic overreaction. Now this kind of asshole game will work on a girl you've just started dating who is playing hard to get with you, but not with a girlfriend.

Grade: D (Barely passing, because your heart is in the right place)

jom wrote:

> Say something along the lines of, "Sometimes you have to let people make the stupid mistakes they are determined to make." You frame him as a fool who needs to learn in order to reach your level.

Generally speaking, subtle psychological ploys like this one trump spazzy overreaction. In the post, I wrote that the girl was "fake complaining" about something the other man did. You know how girls fake complain about men they find sexually alluring? It gives them a reason to keep his name front and center in her mind. Jom's psychological acrobatics can be an effective counter tactic, although it is not the best option available because his reframe continues with the theme of keeping the other man's presence alive in the conversation.

Grade: B-

Dan wrote:

> Kill her.

Well, at least it's not beta.

Grade: F+

Thras wrote:

> Wait for the next time that she doesn't account for her movements, accuse her of seeing him. Storm out. Then get into a fight with the guy at the next available opportunity.

I'm pretty sure this reply was meant as a joke.

Grade if joke: B+

Grade if not joke: F

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> Her: I can't believe John did *so and so objectionable action*.
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This is psyche-out 101, similar to Jom's reply, except better because it doesn't risk making you sound resentful as you would if you were to criticize your competition, however adroitly you massage your criticisms. Backhanded compliments of intruder males, like negs to target women, is a sly — some would say slimy — ploy to keep the upper hand. It is usually effective.

Grade: A

Skryblah wrote:

> Easy, just smile to yourself when she brings him up, each and every time, and each time she asks why you are smiling, just say that you remembered something funny…be sure to make it look legit, and then sit back as her brain goes hyper confused, she can connect the dots to figure out that you smile every time she mentions him but she will go crazy trying to figure out why on earth you are smiling, basically successfully shifting her focus from the other guy to why the fuck you are smiling. Never underestimate the crazy things women think of when trying to rationalize their guys actions that seem irrational.

I include responses like this one under the category of "What I pretend not to notice won't affect me". A generally safe bet as a strategy, but sometimes it *will* affect you. Then what? Nevertheless, if you can't find an effective way to respond, a good default mode is the shit eating grin followed up by the utterly random conversational thread breaker.

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anony (a woman) wrote:

> address it directly, with respectful teasing, that she has a crush on him. the particular words don't matter.

Teasing a girlfriend about having a crush on another man works well if the other man in question is some faraway totally unobtainable dude like a Hollywood celebrity. Or if the other guy is obviously lower in status than you. But it's a risky tactic if the other man is someone she's known for years and could represent serious competition to you.

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ASDF wrote:

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Grade: A for proper assessment

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Patterns

CH · 24 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets just texted me:

“Of all the women you’ve been with, have any gone on to have kids? Is there a pattern here?”

Thinking back, I don’t know one ex who went on to have kids. Now I haven’t followed the life trajectories of many of them, so I can’t be sure some haven’t popped out sprogs, but I do know that I’ve never once heard or been informed that a woman I’ve been with later had kids. A couple of women already had kids when I met them (weekend flings), but I’m pretty sure my despoliation of them convinced them not to have any further kids.

Patterns, I see them. Questions arise. Is the incorrigible player psychologically drawn to women with low maternal instincts? Does the womanizer target the barren of womb? Or do INDEPENDENT, MAKE MY OWN WAY women who would like to put off kids until after their second fine arts master’s degree in their late 30s naturally gravitate to cads? Or is it just an east coast urban “in heat” island effect?

Much is made of the dueling sexual strategies employed by men — the cad or dad conundrum — and how the ratio fluctuates depending on the larger cultural context, but what is sometimes overlooked is how the choices of women affect men’s mating strategies. A stong biofeedback loop exists in social environs that feature a lot of anti-kid, low maternal instinct women for men who bring status to the table (fame, looks, game) at the expense of resource provisioning ability. In short, the classic provider beta is being locked out of the competition in our bluest blue states and urban pleasure plazas.

My advice to beta males who can’t or won’t learn game is to head for the red states and rural areas. If you’re irreligious, learn to love the lord and sing a few hosannahs in church for the bounty of cornfed pussy that’s about to come your way. Merry Pussmas!

Merry Christmas!

CH · 25 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

Merry Christmas!

CH · 25 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

The Dark Lord

CH · 11 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Damian called me for some advice.

Damian: So Mirabelle* **[ed: no real names used]** cancelled for Friday and said something came up, but she'd be OK with getting together on Sunday. Another girl playing hard to get. Any sage advice Senor StuffAMuff?

Me: You've been on one date and you're already scheduling a weekend night? And she's younger than you. And cute. She's got prospects. You're not going to get anywhere playing Don Juan whispering sweet nothings and amping up the romantic vibe. She's only got a toe in the water. My advice… Like a fighter jet in a dive, pull back! Don't try to impress her with your unstoppable silverback pursuit. You've gotta play the game my friend. With the especially valuable girls (young, pretty) it's not enough to refrain from being beta; you must also fill the void with alpha. Breach the touch zone early, then stop touching her for a while. Be unpredictable in your unspoken, and spoken, intentions. Tease her more about "having to wine and dine you first" and how you like to take it slow because you've been burned before by girls who wound up having boring personalities. Put her on defense. Your goal is to have her working to impress you, not the other way around.

Damian: Excellent advice, a healthy reminder! Hold on, someone just texted me. **[Damian checks his text message while I wait on the line]** Whoa, Shana texted me. She wants me to come all the way out to [location X] to meet her and a couple of friends for drinks. More advice Poonmaster Prince!

Me: Isn't she the sexually repressed woman who might be a virgin? The woman you haven't banged yet? Let's break this down. It's 1 degree outside. It's late. If you drive all the way out there you wil be doing so for a woman whose sweet nectar you have not yet tasted, and whose nectar may not be forthcoming at all. And to top it off, meeting her with friends so she can feel safe and snuggly in her chastity. Safe from your predations.

Damian: Oh, I wasn't planning to go. She's nuts if she thinks I jump like that.

Me: You know what? Call her bluff. Send her a text right now, while I'm on the phone. Tell her in plain, unaffected language that you're not going to drive out there, and that she should come to your place tonight for drinks before it gets too late.

Damian: **[Tapping out his text]** Sent! Odds of her coming here are low. This doesn't solve my horniness. I'll need to acquire more prospects.

Me: True. But there is beauty in the short term solution as well. Send a booty call text to your ex right now.

Damian: Julie? Haha. A bold move! A booty call? That sounds so cheesy. Does that actually work? I haven't seen her in months. I can't imagine any woman responding well to a booty call.

Me: This is because you have the imagination of a man. You are incapable of imagining the wicked wiles that will work on women. Recall, you dumped her. This makes the booty call operational. Had she been the dumper, your booty call would be the plaintive wail of a lonely man on the corner. But since you were the dumper, rest assured she has thought of you in her dreams ever since. Send the text. Do it. Now. No punctuation. No excuses. No explanation. Type "Booty call" and nothing else. Trust me, she still has your alpha male number in her phone. Girls keep alpha numbers of asshole lovers long after their expiration.

Damian: **[Typing his text while I wait on the phone. He is giggling like a schoolgirl.]** I can't believe I'm doing this! I feel like I'm starring in a rap video. I wonder if she'll reply?

Me: I give it 70-30 she does.

Damian: Hold on… haha! She replied! Just like that. Five seconds! She wrote back "You're funny."

Me: That's a yes.

Damian: You think so?

Me: Absolutely. In chicksperanto “that’s funny” translates as “I’m seriously thinking about doing this with you, as long as you don’t say anything to fuck up the rationalization hamster currently running in overdrive in my brain.” If she didn’t want to do it, she wouldn’t have replied so quickly, if at all.

Damian: What should I say to that?

Me: Write back “Yeah, I’m a comedian. Come over tonight, drinks are stirred.”

Damian: Good… OK, done.

Me: She may not come over tonight, but you’ve planted the seed for future booty calls. Water and watch it grow.

Damian: She texted again, hold on… She said she wants to hear my voice on the phone. Wow, it’s working.

Me: Godspeed.

Damian: You truly are the Dark Lord.

Me: And you, my mortal avatar.

December 2009 Beta Of The Month

CH · 13 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The final candidate of 2009! Tomorrow we reveal the contest for the Beta of the Year.

Last month's winner, by a healthy margin, was a cuckold who asked his cheating girlfriend on a call-in radio program how he could "make her love him more". She told him, in essence, to grow a pair, but he proved unable to escape his beta hell vortex. Congratulations to reader Patrick for submitting that vomitous entry.

December coughed up a bumper crop of holiday betas. Must be those long winter nights.

***

December 2009 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by reader Marko. Fittingly for the times, our featured beta is the cuckold of one of Tiger Woods' many mistresses. What astounds about this man was how willfully blind he was when his girlfriend informed him that Tiger had given her his number. Just how little does a woman have to respect a man to decide it's perfectly harmless to tell him a really famous billionaire jock gave her his number? She probably figured he was such a rabid fan of Mr. Woods' talent for driving to the hole that he wouldn't put two and two together. She was right.

> Derek, 28, a golf fan who used to idolise Woods, said: "I was a massive Tiger fan. I had Tiger Woods memorabilia all over my house and even collected Tiger Woods videos.
>
> "On the night Jamie met him for the first time, I had just bought the new Tiger Woods computer game. The following morning she told me she had met Tiger Woods and he gave her his number – and like an idiot I got really excited about it.
>
> "I even asked her if she could call him so I could get my computer game signed.
>
> "I knew Tiger had come on to her and asked for her number. I knew that he called her whenever he came to Las Vegas.
>
> But she insisted that nothing was going on."

Self-delusion is likely an evolved trait in humans, but in some people it seems to have evolved beyond the point of usefulness.

> Derek said: "She told me she got called over by a bouncer who said someone important wanted to meet her in the VIP room.
>
> "She said she did not know it was Tiger Woods until she was brought to his table. He immediately started - hitting on her and telling her she was beautiful. She told me he asked for her number and gave her his.
>
> "I was surprised because I knew he was married and I didn't think he was that type of guy. But I trusted Jamie. We had been engaged for over a year then – having first started dating in 2002 – and were head over heels in love."

The only thing preventing most men from being "that type of guy" is 1. lack of options and 2. violence from aggrieved parties. In modern Western society, number 1 is the primary brake on expressions of pure love. Sure, religion plays some role in curbing the basest instincts of men and women, but the old school hardcore precepts of religion are on the way out, Walmart-ized evangelical fervor notwithstanding to the contrary.

As for the issue of trust, as Reagan so memorably put it, "Trust but verify." (Commie pinkos and women, more in common than you'd imagine.) I'm no cynic. I bet that Derek and Jamie were head over heels in love when she had her fortuitous encounter with Woods. But, you know, a better deal has a way of putting the vice to virtue.

My favorite quote is the last:

> Derek, who is now engaged to another woman, said: “I think Tiger is a great competitor on the golf course, but away from it he is a horrible person.
>
> “He should have more respect for himself and his family. I am certainly not a fan of his any more.”

Now that’s alpha. Tear down that life-sized poster of Tiger Woods, Mister Derek!

What saves this guy from the pit of omegatude is his (putatively) wise decision to cut Jamie out of his life and start fresh with a new woman. Or maybe Jamie dumped him after Derek refused to get cross with her for her philandering? The mind reels at the excruciating possibilities.

On a related note, reader Cannon’s Canon wrote:

> derek schmidt definitely got played, but really though, what was his alpha move? i don’t think the party line of amused mastery is gonna cut it against a billionaire athlete that she knows you already jock. the only thing i can think of is deleting the number from her phone yourself with a strongarm move, then initiating two hours of domineering jackhammer sex, perhaps in an unconventional room to drill it into her memory. enough to knock her out of commission for a day or so, numbing those gina tingles. this may also have to become standard fare for a while.
>
> so how do you AMOG tiger woods? start playing fight night instead??

Good points. When the AMOG is light years above you in status, and is in fact someone you practically worship, amused mastery won’t save you. A cocky smirk is not going to keep, let’s say, George Clooney, were he so inclined, from seducing and bedding your loyal girl. My advice for handling this presumably rare scenario, given that you want to run some game on the girl to see if you can turn it around, is to hit her up with a straight shot of the truth:

“Tiger Woods gave you his number last night? Unless proven otherwise, you are a cheater. Here’s the deal. You delete his number and change your phone number so he can never contact you again, or I leave. Before you make your deicsion, let me remind you that should you choose Woods, he will fuck you a few more times then tire of you as he moves onto another concubine in his rotation of regulars. He will never marry you. He will never make you a princess. You will never be more than a whore in his parade of whores. I, on the other hand, once gone am gone for good. I’ll give you fifteen mintues alone to make your deicsion.”

But really, phone number exchange with a celebrity should be instant grounds for dumping a chick. Even if she didn’t cheat with him (unlikely), visions of his celebuface will be dancing in her head every time you two make love.

***

December 2009 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by reader Ninja Duck. We’ve had a few stories like this one before, but none were as over the top beta as this guy. Ugly, cheating wife drugs, stabs and slits the throat of peabody puffboy husband, then goes to jail. Annnnnd… wait for it… he still loves her. Is it possible to have standards below zero?

> A husband whose wife tried to kill him by slitting his throat after plying him with a sex drug said today he still loved her and wanted her freed from prison.
>
> Peter Hale, 43, spoke out after seeing his wife, Joanne, sentenced to six years’ jail after being found guilty of attempted murder.
>
> Hale, 39, was having an ‘affair’ with a married man when she gave Peter a sex drug called ‘Horny Goat Weed’ and lured him to woodland in Bristol. There she cut his throat and stabbed him in the chest before running off.

There is so much wrong with this article. Check out this quote:

> Mr Hale was present in court today and was thanked by the judge for supporting his wife.

Maybe I'm missing some important legal precedent here, but why is the judge thanking Hale for "supporting" his deranged, fugly, homicidal whoring wife? Shouldn't the judge be admonishing Hale to sack up and stop giving aid and comfort to someone who tried to kill him? To go find himself a better woman instead of white knighting like a chump for a waste of flesh? To stop loving someone who so obviously despises him? I guess I'm just not that enlightened in the emanations and penumbras of society's progressive jurisprudence.

Or maybe there are too many milquetoast manginas in the legal profession.

> After the case, Mr Hale said: 'I hope that she is out as soon as possible. My evidence was very confused and I hope that we have grounds for an appeal. I still love her very much.
>
> 'I am pleased with the comments of the judge and the sentence is probably the best we could have hoped for.'
>
> The court heard that Hale, who has been in custody for 239 days, had made two attempts on her life since being arrested.
>
> Mr Hale had written numerous letters to the court in which he repeated that the incident was not his wife's fault and that he was willing to forgive her.
>
> He also said his life without her was terrible and he was still deeply in love with her.

"My evidence was very confused"? It's worse than I thought. So not only does he continue to love his would-be killer, he is working hard to reduce her sentence so that he can sooner leap into her flabby arms to deliver a comforting hug of forgiveness. I can almost hear his words now, as he struggles to allay her guilt for slitting his throat: "No really, honeybunny, I understand you were under a lot of stress. I wasn't keeping up my end of the chores, or taking you out on romantic dinners. But that's all going to change now. And let me just add how beautiful it is the way the moonlight sparkles in your pig-like eyes."

> A number of letters from friends handed to the court said Hale was 'a kind and caring person who would do anything for anyone'.

There's your problem right there, buddy.

***

December 2009 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by reader Hitbids. Remember my early post about envisioning all your communications with a girl on a giant Jumbotron screen for mass public viewing? The idea is a simple one. If your words of love would elicit cringes from a studio audience, you are probably doing it wrong. If, on the other hand, you would not be embarrassed by a public viewing of your emails or phone convos or text messages with a girl you are trying to bed, you can be assured she is getting turned on. Well, this candidate failed the Jumbotron test spectacularly. It's long so I won't quote it here (I can't seem to copy/paste from that site anyhow), but you can read the whole thing over here. Quaff an antacid before diving in. It's a text exchange between a recently dumped man and the ex with whom he's trying to reinitiate sex. I liked the part when he texted her a random message about the weather forecast. Maybe you ladies are unaware, but when a man texts completely random shit about stuff you know he can't possibly care about, he's just worming his way onto your attention radar for eventual sex.

Here's my favorite line from the dude:

> Have you felt the need of getting intimate again? Im at that stage where I feel I can do almost anything! I can

> be between your legs for as long as you want.

How about 50 years? Because, you know, he's the kind of guy who won't have anything else going on.

The chick does not go without blame. She strings him along when she could have simply not responded to any of his attempts at contact. Women like to cry victim in these situations, but the truth is that a lot of them love the attention and power tripping they can get from toying with a needy beta. They're simultaneously repulsed and addicted to the clumsy pursuits of the sex starved man. Regardless of her complicity, he should know better than to feed her ego, so he earns a spot at the BOTM table.

Also note the girl says she gets turned off by emoticons, something I have admonished against as well.

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The voting:

The 2009 Beta Of The Year Vote

CH · 14 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The twelve ignominious betas for each month of 2009 have been declared by popular vote and now it is time for you, the readers, to vote for a final winner from among those twelve for the Beta of the Year contest. Consider carefully the candidates below before casting your vote for the one man to mewl them all, because the 2009 BOTY will represent in one ingloriously distilled beta everything that is most loathsome about the current configuration of modern man — the white knighters, the wool pullers, the self-deluding, the pedestalers, the manginas, the herbs, the nancyboys, the castrati, the party line platitudinizers, the phony equalists, and the oneitis chumps. He will serve as a warning to other men and a valuable lesson for boys on their way into manhood, and through his example will guide them away from the path of self-immolation and into the light of the truth about not only the nature of women, but the nature of their own behavior in the company of women. Not to mention, the BOTY is a handy touchstone for future scholars searching for reasons why the West fell into ruin so suddenly and catastrophically.

If you want to read the individual stories behind each of the BOTM winners, just click on the “Beta of the Year Contest” link under the “Select Category” pull-down menu in the righthand column.

I’ve included the names of the readers who submitted the winning BOTMs in parentheses in the voting choices. The winning submission for 2009 BOTY will be announced in the coming days.

On to the final vote:

Home Stank Home

CH · 17 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

While I loathe the thought of supplying a rapidly obsolescing, embittered lonely attention whore more of the drug that owns her, this was too funny to pass up.

[image]

A night courier sent me this photo of what is purportedly the backyard of LR's "great new place". Never before has white trash been so literally evinced.

Better A Bold Jerk Than A Diplomatic Niceguy

CH · 18 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Scene: You're at a bar with your girlfriend and one of her female friends. It's just past dusk and the crowd is small. Your girlfriend is animatedly talking with her friend while you are holding court with some cute girl sitting across the bar, shouting jokes back and forth at each other and with the bartender. You are mentally and groinally stimulated by the sight of the new girl and the fleeting thoughts that pollute your brain of seeing her naked. An hour later, the new girl walks over and sits right beside you on an adjacent bar stool, on the side of you that is facing away from your girlfriend and her friend. The new girl leans into your ear and quietly asks if the girl you came with is your girlfriend. You are able to answer her out of earshot of your girlfriend.

Which of the following answers is most likely to earn the respect of the new girl?

a. "Yes, she is my girlfriend." Firmly said.

b. "No, she's not my girlfriend." A lie, but still firmly said.

c. "Um, yeah sorta, we've been dating. Not sure how serious it is." You hesitate for a pregnant second before answering somewhat sheepishly, hoping that your diffidence will leave the door open for further pursuit and possible hooking up with the new girl.

Second question. Which of the above answers is most likely to earn the gina tingle of the new girl?

First, the answer to the second question is the same as the answer to the first question. A woman's respect is identical to her sexuality, for a woman will feel no lust for a man she does not respect, and she will feel no respect, in anything but the most abstractly and pointlessly arid way, for a man she does not desire.

Even if (c) is the closest answer to the truth, it is the farthest answer from what you think will help you fulfill your goal. If it is clandestine banging with fresh meat* you want, you will have more success answering (a) or (b) than you would equivocating your way through answer (c). For it is not the truth value of a statement that alerts a woman's nether furrow that she is in the company of a man with an RSVP to her womb, but rather the boldness with which the statement is delivered.

The above sounds counterintuitive to some of you. I know, because for the longest while, it did to me. How can telling an interested and curious new girl that your company is your lover move you any closer to a tryst than hinting to her that your company knows you in a complicated way but you are essentially open to cheating?

Maxim #856: Swear by the HipandCooter oath: First, use no logic.

Please set aside your woefully inadequate male logic when attempting to predict the direction of a woman's rationalization hamster. That little critter will always razzle dazzle your feeble efforts. You must think like the hamster if you want to influence the hamster. Be the hamster. The wheel is waiting.

Let's examine each answer in detail.

a. "Yes, she is my girlfriend."

Don't for a minute think this closes the door to a future rendezvous. Since when have proclamations of fidelity by an alpha male, on their own, ever stopped a woman from pursuing her desire for him? No, the man himself, by his actions, must stay her hand and steady her flirtations. See: Tiger Woods. A man must, in other words, direct and lead not only his own actions, but the actions of the women in his orbit. A simple declaration that he has a girlfriend, curt and perfunctory, will only fuel a woman's desire for him if his words are belied by his seductively charming warm smile and teasing banter. As all good seducers know, such unspoken mixed signals are the match to a woman's tinderbox. Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue, and rationalization is the tribute guilty ginas pay to alpha cock.

b. “No, she’s not my girlfriend.”

Girls don’t like men who lie. Except when they do like them. Moral of the story? Don’t worry so much about not lying. Concern yourself first with winning a woman’s attraction. She’ll rationalize away the lies in the post-coital glow. If, after you have lied, you are later caught snuggling with your girlfriend in the bar, you have just upped your chances of bedding the inquisitive new girl.

c. “Um, yeah sorta, we’ve been dating. Not sure how serious it is.”

And here we arrive at the most beta answer. What you think she hears: “Hey, I’m dating someone super casual-like but I’m not sure she’s ‘the one’. Which means I’m totally available for dating you.” Sounds like a winning answer, eh Lothario? What she actually hears: “I’m a wishy-washy beta who’s dating a girl out of convenience and I’m hoping you could be the next girl I date out of convenience.”

It is said of blind patriots that they follow “my country, right or wrong.” Well, for women, it’s “my alpha, right or wrong.” And what is a defining characteristic of alphaness? Boldness. Women love bold men, right or wrong. Women hate squirrelly men, like a man who would hesitate before weakly and apologetically confirming that the girl sitting right next to him is indeed his girlfriend. Boldness does not necessarily mean abandoning those other alpha traits that women so love, such as sly ambiguity and evocative mystery. But it does mean making sure you are never caught with the cat firmly holding your tongue.

*Diablo reference.

The Story Of A Man Who Refused To Buy A Girl A Drink

CH · 19 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Matt forwarded me the following Craigslist posting:

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Why I Didn't Buy You a Drink – m4w – 22 (Downtown)

You: Cute girl at the bar.
Me: The guy you chatted with while waiting for our drinks.
The Topic: Why I didn't buy you a drink.
The Audience: Women everywhere, please read this. I know it's long, but I feel the length is expedient to truly illustrating and arguing my point.

I was waiting to order right as things were getting crazy. It was obvious that it would be a long wait. What can I say? I can't compete with all the douches yelling for jager bombs. It was then that you appeared. A cute, petite, slightly hipster-ish girl standing next to me, waiting to order as well. The conversation began in the typical manner, simply relating on how frustrating it is when you spend half a night out just waiting for a drink. It then evolved into a true conversation. I spent the next twenty minutes finding out you have great taste in music, movies and literature. You laughed at my jokes, and that's a big deal to average-looking guys like me.
Unfortunately, after we'd both finished our respective drinks, but were still immersed in discussion, you dropped a bomb that sent shrapnel into my heart.

"So are you gonna buy me a drink or what?"

I had been dreading this moment. I've learned from hard experience that any prolonged conversation with a girl at a club or a bar inevitably requires a fee of rum and coke, vodka tonic, or God forbid, a cosmo. As cute as you were, I felt obligated to retain my self-respect.

"Sorry, I don't buy girls drinks. Just kind of my policy."

You looked at me like I told you I was going to rape your dog Charlie (yes, I remember his name). Your face morphed from a beautiful smile into a twisted caricature of shock, revulsion, and utter disbelief.

"Seriously, you're not gonna buy me a drink? What's your problem?"

Well sweetheart, let me explain to you in detail my logic regarding this decision that you found so unbelievable:

1. I've been going to bars for a couple of years now. I enjoy meeting people when I do. I enjoy meeting attractive girls like yourself. I have, however, learned that buying girls drinks is a sucker's game. Yes, it has developed into sharing my bed for the night a couple times, but 90% of the time, all it does is give me a higher bar tab. Now you might say I'm a prick for expecting a girl to sleep with me just because I buy her a drink. I agree an $8 cocktail does not and should not equal a sexual encounter. However, I believe spending time and money on a girl when I could be having a good night out with my friends does entitle me at least one of the following things: You reciprocating by buying me a drink, you giving me your phone number and/or going out on a date with me, where once again I will be spending time and money on you. Notice that sex is not a requirement or expectation that is coupled with any of these options. Now, of course, if I had offered to buy you a drink, and you accepted, you are not obligated to any of these things. The big distinction here is that you asked me to buy you a drink, and were shocked that I wouldn't do so. This brings me to my second point.

2. You know exactly what you're doing. You're an attractive girl, and when you go out there is no shortage of guys offering to buy you drinks. You know that they are all doing so with the hope that it will lead to sex with you. You know that it's not going to happen, but you will accept the free drinks anyway. I don't hold this against you. If

they're dumb enough to think that buying you a drink is the key to your heart and that they are somehow different from the other Ed Hardy-wearing frat-bros then it's their own damn fault. You're using your god-given assets to get free alcohol, nothing wrong with that. But it is precisely because I know that you do this that I will not be another douche who thinks he can get into your pants with a mixed drink. It's insulting to my dignity as a man and your honor as a woman. I noticed you when you first walked in. I saw you dancing with that hopeless collar-popper. I saw him go to the bar and bring a drink back to you on the dancefloor. I saw how the second the glass was in your hand, you gave him the "Thanks for the drink, it was really nice meeting you" treatment complete with the obligatory pat on the chest. I saw the pathetic, defeated look on his face as you walked away. He will enter the next round of bar hopping a little wiser I hope.

3. You took my unwillingness to fall into such a trap as an insult. You accused me of being stuck-up. You then said that I had a chance at fucking you, but that I'd ruined it by being an asshole. What exactly are you trying to tell me? That the asinine idea that getting a girl a drink will get you in her pants is actually true? That your decision of whether or not to sleep with a guy is based on him liquoring you up? We had a good conversation, and maybe you were actually interested in me. But the fact that any rapport we built was destroyed when I wouldn't buy you a gin and tonic means that I am no longer interested in you. Not all guys are desperate sperm donors. Some of us actually value a good conversation, and we value girls who have enough respect for themselves that they don't view sex as a transaction.

4. We established during our conversation that we are both broke-ass fine arts students. Why then would you expect that I, someone who shares your financial woes, would want to spend money on you, a girl I just met? I don't believe that chivalry is dead. I'll hold a door for you, I'll pull out your chair or take your coat. I'll help you change a flat tire, carry you over deep puddles, figure out the remote, reset your modem. I'll even help you move when I know you a little better. Why? Because I'm a gentleman. I will not, however, buy you a drink under the pretense that it is what a gentleman does, because I simply cannot afford it. If you want a guy who can afford to buy you whatever you want, find a fifty year-old sugar daddy. There was no shortage of potentials at the bar the other night.

I hope this illustrated my thought-process clearly enough. I hope you realize that you seemed amazing at first, and that declining to buy you a drink was in no way an insult. Your reaction, however, revealed the self-entitled, game-playing she-devil that was lurking underneath. I thank god for the out that he provided at that moment though. Just after you finished your little rant on what I dick I was for not boozing you up, a group of girls emerged at the bar right behind you. Two of these girls were thin and pretty. They immediately got the attention of some bros and had free drinks within minutes. The third girl was overweight and out of place. She had clearly spent a great deal of time and effort on her appearance, but alas, she was once again forsaken by her prettier friends and left to stand by herself, looking miserable. Luckily, I know when the universe has given me a profound gift. There were two incredible moments that filled me with an elation that could not be rivaled by the orgasm I would have had while fucking you. The first was the sincere, excited smile that the chubby girl gave me when I moved past you and asked what she wanted to drink. The second was turning back and seeing the look of horror on your face. You pathetic "have fun with the fatty" remark as you walked away was priceless. I may be broke, but I was willing to go into the red to make this girl's night and to piss you off. I'm sure as soon as you left you got plenty of free drinks and plenty of idiots drooling over you. I just hope that I got under your skin enough to prevent any enjoyment of those things.

I had a great night. I introduced the big girl to an open-minded friend, and as I write this they are across the hall having loud sex. Normally going to bed alone, subjected to the sounds of raucous lovemaking across the hall would be a serious downer. But tonight, as I crawl into my lonely bed, I will go to sleep comforted by the fact that I have retained my self-respect. Having encountered more than a few spoiled bimbos, I infer that sex with you would have consisted of you lying on your back expecting me to be so grateful that I'm seeing your "hot" naked bod makes up for the fact that you are putting absolutely no effort into this sexual experience. This may just be me trying to justify going to bed alone tonight, but hey, what can you do?

The moral: Ladies, accept drinks if they are offered. Do not expect them. And if you're feeling particularly wild on a given night, offer to buy the guy a drink. He will be instantly smitten.

***

I applaud this man for sticking to his principles. There is no doubt now about the uselessness of buying girls you haven't yet slept with *anything* at all, let alone drinks. The knowledge is out there, and only a very foolish or deluded man would ignore this sage advice.

A few things to note about the drink-buying problem:

1. Look at it as a shit test. If a girl is asking you to buy her a drink she is hoping to get you to reveal your inner beta and thus make her job of deciding whether to sleep with you much easier. Girls are designed by Mother Gaia to root out a man's hidden beta as quickly as possible so that they may then move on to locating and banging genuine alpha males. After all, to a woman, time is the enemy. Those burgeoning wrinkles don't wait for anyone.

2. If your game is good enough, you can afford to buy a girl a drink without incurring a sexual cost. I have occasionally bought girls drinks when I knew they were already attracted to me. This is personal preference, and dependent upon how likely you think a few drinks will loosen her up for sex that same night.

3. Even if you are rich and an $8 drink does not bother you, in general practice you should refrain from throwing your money around on free drinks for inquisitive women. One, it does not get you any closer to your goal (in fact, it probably pulls you farther away), and two, it poisons the pussy well for future men when the self-entitled princess you just created with your freewheeling spending lives her days out expecting free drinks from every other man she meets. If you are filthy rich, then go ahead and buy her an island and forget about learning game… until she hires Antonio the poolboy.

4. If a girl you just met is bold enough to ask you "So are you gonna buy me a drink or what?", it means she is not attracted to you and does not respect you as a man. A woman who is attracted in a sexual way to you will also have feelings of respect for you. She will not risk blowing up the rapport and possible future dates by uttering a clumsy, socially retarded question like that.

The man in the above story answered the girl in an effective manner. He was straightforward and lacking in any anger. His fortuitous followup with the fat chick was also a nice touch, though it would have been better for him had he done the same thing with a hotter girl. That way, he could have humiliated the first girl while giving himself a shot at scoring with an even hotter chick. The problem with using a fat chick as a drink-buying prop is that you then have to deal with entertaining her because she thinks you like her. Notice how our intrepid hero wrote that he quickly introduced the fat girl to an "open-minded friend". I know he was trying to make a valiant reframe in the off chance that the first girl would read his CL posting, but let's face it, open-mindedness is not the air traffic controller for the boner. To fat chicks everywhere: If you are banging a man who is seemingly out of your league, it's not because he's open-minded, it's because he's scared to shoot for better looking girls. Or he's slumming it until something better comes along. Those last ten dates were indoors, out of the public eye, correct?

One other thing. If a girl for whom you refuse to buy a drink says to you "You had a chance at fucking me, but you ruined it by being an asshole" a good response is "Who said you had a chance with me?" Another good one: "Are you the lotto?"

The Medicalization Of Maleness

CH · 21 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reading the funny articles about Tiger Woods' romp through a battalion of trashy, deluded babes who thought they would be the next Mrs. Woods, I noticed a theme emerge.

David Smallwood, who has treated a host of celebrities at north London's Priory clinic, said: "He displays a number of the pointers such as seeking highs from outdoor sex and having many mistresses.

"I would implore him to get help. But I see him as ill, not bad."

***

"People who have affairs typically do so because something is lacking," says psychotherapist Stacy Kaiser. "You can be the world's best golfer, role model and endorsement spokesman and still not feel good inside."

When that happens, she says, a man tends to "fill that hole with women as a distraction and an escape."

The opinion of the experts and sexperts is in: If you are a man who is able to satisfy his natural sexual inclination for a variety of women, you have a problem. A big problem, my friend, and you should seek therapy right away to cure yourself of your affliction.

As a valiant avatar of the ugly truths, I'm here to tell the collected wisdom of the armies of psychotherapists swinging their degrees like battle axes: Tiger Woods does not have a problem. What he has is a male sex drive, and a willingness to fulfull it. In so doing, he makes you confront your worst fears about the base instincts of humanity unleashed in glorious wanton hedonism. You shirk not because of what Tiger does, but because you tremble before your fear of what most men would do given the opportunities available to a man with Woods' high social and material status.

Tiger Woods may not be a model citizen, but neither does he have an emotional or psychological problem. He's just a man with a strong sex drive who got bored with the same old pussy day in and day out and decided to spice it up with a willing brigade of slutty concubines all too ready to dismiss their own feelings of complicity in the sordid arrangements that will now cost Woods hundreds of millions of dollars. If Woods has a problem, it's that he got married. Big mistake, chief.

How many typical married men would act like Woods if suddenly blessed with his fame and fortune? Imbue 100 Joe Sixpacks with Woods' high status, and 99 would run roughshod on their marital vows. Over and over. Gleefully. Guiltlessly. Until they got caught.

I would ask the experts in the human condition: Do Woods' mistresses have a problem that must be addressed by months of therapy? If not, why not? Aren't they just as happily and guiltlessly following their own biomechanical directive in hypergamously hooking up with a wealthy uber alpha who happens to be married? How many typical housewives would act like Woods' skank parade if suddenly blessed with Woods' attention and desire? Impart 100 Jill Saddlebags with Woods' sexual flirtations, and 99 would run roughshod on their marital vows. Over and over. Guiltlessly. Orgasmically. And even after they got caught, because they know in the event of divorce they are not going to be the ones coming up short.

We live in a culture where today the natural male sex drive is demonized and the natural female sex drive is glorified. It is an interesting shift of the paradigm, and one I suspect is unsustainable for a modern, first world economy that rests on certain implicit assumptions about how its citizens are to comport themselves if the good of the whole is to thrive. (Nevermind my antics; While good for me, I'm not one to bow before the concept of the good of the whole. I'll just freeride until I wind up in the same place as all those properly behaved subjects of the industrial kingdom.)

The adamantium foundation of core values that buttresses all other values is the sexual market. The constant flux of

sexual energy between men and women is the force multiplier that breathes life into cultures, and infuses societies with everything from salsa to skyscrapers. When you fuck with the workings of that origin value you fuck with everything resting on top of it, ten times over. This is why late 20th century feminism has been such a boon for the haters of beauty and a weapon for the bringers of doom. Given the inherent lag effect in any large scale human value shift, I expect the fruit of our current culture of lies to ripen fully within our lifetimes.

As I see it, a culture can grapple with the reality of the sexual market and its consequences in one of four ways:

I. Shame/demonize/medicalize the male sex drive. Condone/laud/glorify the female sex drive.

II. Shame the male sex drive. Shame the female sex drive.

III. Glorify the male sex drive. Shame the female sex drive.

IV. Glorify the male sex drive. Glorify the female sex drive.

2010 America is currently knee deep in paradigm number I. 1950s America, according to our best sources (the ones who lived through it) was operating under cultural condition number II, with nods and winks toward number III. Speaking of number III, this seems to be the arrangement most prevalent in the Arab cultures. Number IV is the historically rarest configuration, and is seen most often in pagan cultures like Scandinavia and underdeveloped tribal nations like the swath across much of subsaharan Africa. Number IV is emergent in either highly anarchic societies or in highly homogenized societies of small, manageable population sizes.

America has chosen number I, which is probably the worst option to choose for a mature economic powerhouse rapidly morphing into a trifurcated multicultural and multiethnic population of immense size. This is the option that will send most men into either withdrawal or violence, and most women into hypergamous overdrive. No modern economy, built as they almost invariably all are on the sweat of men with an eye toward saving and investing in the future, can survive a long bout with a value system resting squarely in number I and constantly propped up by the likes of elite opinion makers and Oprah.

Personally, I live by construct number IV, as it is the value system that most pleases me, and is likeliest to persuade women to shed their inhibitions in my company. A master seducer at the height of his game will be living his life by the precepts of number IV, whether or not he argues for the abolition on a wider scale of the paradigm that so suits him in his personal quests.

My prediction for the future is that number I eventually will yield, softly or cataclysmically, to number II, with a short temporary stint in number IV. Number IV is really the wildcard here. While number I works its magic slowly and insidiously, number IV has the explosive power to radically alter the cultural landscape in a very short period of time, especially in a culture historically insulated from the hedonistic ravages of number IV.

I think it would be funny if our culture were one where male gigolos are forgiven and invited onto talk shows and cheating wives are forced to cough up half their assets and income, lose custody of their children, and be shamed from polite society. Sounds punitive, doesn't it? Well, that's what we have today. Just reverse the genders.

This Is Me With A Smile On My Face

CH · 21 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

So a Republican won Dead Ted's royal Democrat Senate seat in Massachusetts. More blessed magical karmic justice there could not be.

(Sung to the tune of 'Singing in the Rain')

I'm piiiiissing on Ted's grave
just piiiiissing on Ted's grave
What a glorious feelin'
I'm defiling his name

Let the DNC chase
everyone from the grave
Come on with the pee
I'm urinating freely

aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh…….

2009 Beta Of The Year Winner!

CH · 22 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

After a year of collecting reader submissions for the most nauseating example of sack shriveling betatude the world over, a Beta of the Year "winner" has finally been announced! Based on popular vote, the winner of the 2009 BOTY is…..

Conor, the facsimile of a man who allowed a woman to walk all over him, bought a place for her and him, paid all her bills, and upon discovering her cheating responded in the only way an unrepentant beta could: by asking her what he could do to make her love him. Really, that sort of response is just pure essence of beta.

You can read the full story in this post (candidate #3). Congratulations go to reader Patrick for the winning 2009 BOTY submission. You, sir, with your keen ear for the sorriest specimens of manhood to walk the earth, have just won yourself a skeleton key to the boudoir of my Montreal harem, and a beer on me.

Are Pickup Artists Wrong About The Benefits Of Smiling?

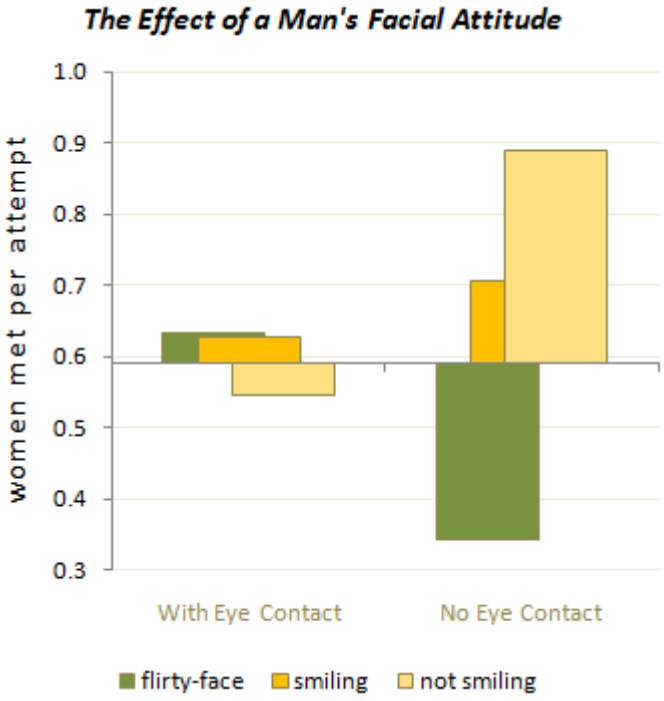
CH · 26 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Generally, most pickup instructors teach men the importance of remembering to smile on the approach. Their thinking is simple: Girls prefer the company of smiling men, because a man who is smiling is showing that he has what he wants in life. In reductionist terms, he's advertising his worth as a provider and broadcasting his positive emotional state as a man who, the woman is likely to assume, gets his share of pussy. A woman's hindbrain is more apt to label an impassive stone-faced man with the celibate loser scarlet L.

Examining my own successful pickups, I can recall not smiling much at all for at least half of them. Maybe a coy smirk, after introductions were made, but certainly my face was not shining brightly with the happy, smiley glow of a motivational speaker working the audience. I've always thought that the advice for men to smile was a bit overblown, but I could never put my finger on exactly why this is the case.

Now evidence has come out from OKCupid's in-house blog team that smiling in profile pictures on their internet dating site is not the boon to men that many would think (link provided by reader Ben).

Men's photos are most effective when they look away from the camera and *don't* smile:



Maybe women want a little mystery. What *is* he looking at? Slashdot? Or Engadget?

My first thought is along the the same lines. Women do have a tingle for the international mystery man. This is why salesmen on the road score so easily. It's the "expert from afar" phenomenon that women can't resist. Possibly mixed in with a little of the ol' subconscious desire for hybrid vigor. The problem for women, as is the curse of their mercurial gender, lies in the tension between two contradictory pulls that happens in their brains — women love dark mystery men but they also love happy, smiling, social men. What is a woman to do? The smiling social man and the mysterious brooding man are hardly ever occupied by the same man (although I have made an art of managing it). Judging by OKCupid's data, the best course of action for a man who insists upon internet dating (it's a sucker's bet for the average man) is to post a picture of yourself staring intensely into the distance at the horizon. Or at a stripper just outside the picture frame. The girl looking at your profile pic will never know the difference.

While internet profile pics are only a simulation of real-life face to face interactions, the knowledge gleaned from

internet messaging habits does help inform men what might work best in a nonvirtual scenario (what used to be known as “getting out of bed in the morning”). For instance, if you are going to play “serial killer stare her into submission” your best course of action is to leaven your hard stare with a flirty grin. But you’re much better off not making intense eye contact. If women prefer the man who looks preoccupied with something else besides her, then in a social situation you want to limit your pre-approach eye contact to the bare minimum (just enough to make it register with your target) and refrain from excessive smiling, if at all. You also want to look like your full attention is directed elsewhere, and that it requires a serious face. After all, a man’s business is serious. Always. With a heavily hooded sorcerer’s robe and the right lighting (stand over a floorlight) you can attract more than your fair share of curious women, then wow them with a surprise smile once she peeks under the hood.

So unlike the advice of a lot of pickup instructors, I say don’t smile at the girl when you are walking toward her. Don’t frown either, of course. Just a dab of deviousness will do ya.

There is a lot of interesting data mining at that post, so go ahead and read the whole thing.

A Reader's Field Report

CH · 27 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader (name withheld) sent me a field report of his experience with a girl who continued playing the field while dating him.

> Women love to think they are one of a kind, not predictable, and far too complex for labels. Well they are predictable. In fact this makes a great neg.
>
> I believe men put greater weight in someone's words than women. It is a sign of character and respect for a man to look someone in the eyes, shake hands and hold to his word. I have never observed a woman bragging about keeping her word or standing on the principle of something she has said. Women are wordsmiths. This of course is an Achilles heel when dealing with women. Strip away the words though and the message is surprisingly clear.
>
> Case in point, my last fling. Part of her 'routine' is a sweet country girl with old fashioned morals. *Snark* I met her buying her furniture. She was selling everything she owned to move in with her boyfriend 5 states away. A little teasing, a few texts and a phone call got her to meet for a glass of wine. Two dates later the move was off and I was on.
>
> Her relationship history was an instant red flag but she was a little hottie. She had her game down and knew what spin to feed guys. She walked the walk too, at least for the first month or so. I ended up making a few notes to keep my head straight. This ended up turning into a relatively sophisticated relationship analysis tool. I paced the relationship, graded along several lines, listed red flags and kept an ongoing synopsis and commentary on her. Most importantly I only considered her actions.
>
> At times I would open my file on her and not really like what I saw. This usually happened after a good F* . But I'd reread all the supporting details and I was back on Earth, eyes open. I suspected she had Low Self Esteem and I have been down this road. Little details solidified this after only a few weeks. I knew it wouldn't last.
>
> Sure enough a couple of S* Tests surfaced. I suspected they involved affirmation from other eligible guys. After icing her for a couple of days, she wanted to meet and "talk", mid-day. I preempted her little talk with the precious words *"I think we are thinking the same thing"*. This totally rattled her. Guys don't break up with her! I told her I could tell she wasn't taking herself off the market yet expected me to. This was the story my "analysis" told me. Of course I was completely way off base, nothing of the sort was true, how dare I have her figured out! hmmff.
>
> Sure enough it later came out she did have a date with some guy the same week as the [shit test]. Years ago I would have been blindsided and confused. I doubt I would have put it all together beforehand. I probably would have given credit to her improvised rationalizations when the reality was a plain as the C stains on last weeks sheets. I didn't do everything perfect. I went off on her when she revealed what she was up to. I should have just snickered and ask her for her Truffle recipe. But I did see it coming. I was bummed for about 6 hrs till I went to sleep. It was fun while it lasted. The next morning though I had a perma-grin knowing I pegged her in more ways than one.
>
> Message to my brothers: Understand you'll probably flounder in the emotional soup that pervades female cognition. You likely give too much weight to her words so turn them off. Her actions say it all. Hone in on them and you may even be able to predict her next slutty thought.
>
> PS. Wish I'd have read your Ex-girlfriend how-to. I would love to have set the table for a rebound.

I like the idea of keeping a mental checklist of a woman's red flags. In fact, I would go one step further and jot down in a small notebook all the red flags as they appear. This serves two purposes. One, as the reader above wrote,

it keeps your head on straight and out of the clouds. Continual reminders of women's bestial natures is the raw alchemical agent for long-lasting, healthy relationships, should you choose to go that route. Obviously, red flag number one was her decision to dump a man she was about to move in with for a man she met in a furniture store.

Two, keeping a red flag journal (RFJ) will illuminate with crystal clarity where you need to make adjustments on the fly to keep the sex coming, or where you went wrong if the relationship ended in a breakup. It's a truism that jotting thoughts down in writing will have much more impact on your thinking processes and subsequent actions than storing those observations in your memory bank. A red flag journal will give a man tremendous leverage in any dating scenario, as it will strip away any beta rationalizations he may be tempted to wallow in, and it will also serve as a learning tool for future girls. Because as we all know by now, most women are pretty much alike in their natures, save for the adorable embroidery.

"I think we are thinking the same thing." I liked this response from the reader as a preemptive action, but he would have been better off following up without mentioning that he knows she's not taking herself off the market. That is a subtle demonstration of lower value on his part. He is tacitly implying that he's not good enough to keep her off the market. Instead, he should have simply accused her of wanting to keep *him* off the market. That would have been adequate to cause her to veer wildly off her breakup script and into a defensive crouch where gina tingles are born.

Anyone else notice how girls will attempt to schedule breakup talks at midday? Well, at least those girls who aren't breaking up through email or the silent treatment. (A majority of women, for reasons probably having to do with the female proclivity for that most milquetoasty of values known as "closure", prefer to do their breaking up face to face.) If a girl ever says she wants to meet for a "talk" at a midday hour, my advice to you: Don't respond at all. Don't give her the satisfaction. A non-response also paves the way for continued sex as her breakup initiation sequence will be forced on indefinite hold. As I've written before, it's all about hand. He/she who holds hand, dictates the direction and pacing of the relationship. And we'd all rather be the dictators than the dictated.

If there's one lesson men should take from my blog, it's this: Scrutinize what she does, not what she says. This one lesson, above all others, will never fail you. It will serve you well until your last days. As far as generalizations go, this one is about as rock solid as an established scientific theory. An amusing irony of life is that, despite women being blessed with a generally greater verbal faciliity than men, their words falling from their lips are gossamer lightweight and amorphously empty, devoid of intention and brimming with obfuscation and misdirection. Refuse to dance on her spinner's web and the power is all yours. And chicks dig power.

Chicks Dig Jerks: A Series

CH · 29 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Every once in a while, when I sense the white knighting idealism beginning to take a stronger toehold on the thinking of some of my readers, I like to offer helpful reminders about the true nature of the creatures they are doomed to forever misunderstand.

In today's special edition, a Seattle 19 year old pimp legally named Deshawn Cashmoney Clark was convicted for running a prostitution ring (hat tip: reader Master Dogen). This is not the most humorously banal angle of the story, though. No, the really SHOCKING, HEAVEN FORFEND surprise is how his harem of hookers is sticking by this uber-asshole's side.

> When that teen left the area in early 2008, Clark took up with a then-15-year-old girl he'd also met while attending school in West Seattle.
>
> The two had been dating for several months when Clark propositioned her, demanding that she "walk the track" on Pacific Highway South and solicit payment for sex. While she did so, Clark would monitor her earnings by cell phone.
>
> "If he felt that she was taking breaks unnecessarily, he yelled at her to get back out on the track and make him some money," O'Donnell said in court documents. "At the end of each day, he returned to pick her up and took the money she had earned."
>
> The girl had run away from home while working for Clark, O'Donnell told the court. In one instance, the girl's mother believed she had located her daughter. Instead, she found Clark, who, with a smile, issued her a warning.
>
> "You will never find her," Clark said, according to court documents. "I've got her so tight. She's all mine."
>
> That girl — tattooed in Clark's honor with the words "daddy's little girl" — continued to support Clark throughout his trial, even as he married another woman.

Cashmoney wasn't bluffing. He had her locked down, because she *wanted* to be locked down by him. This is a revelation about the female mind that escapes the logical thinking of so many men — why would a woman want to be with a man like Cashmoney? Why would any woman willingly offer herself as a rentable hole to a man hawking her goods to streetside bidders? Because women want to submit to a powerful man. Whether that power comes in the form of a crooning emo rock star, a CEO, or a pimp daddy with fists of fury doesn't matter. All that matters is the male power, and the tingly feeling of submitting — wholly, completely — to that power. Every woman, deep DEEP inside, wants to be "daddy's little girl".

> One admitted pimp and Street Mobb member, Mycah Johnson, described learning how to manipulate and intimidate young women from Clark.
>
> "'Cash' showed me how to be a pimp," Johnson wrote the court. "He would tell me where I should have (her) work and would explain how to use Craigslist to post her ads. He told me how to manage (her), specifically with respect to the money she earned — I was to keep all of it."

Betas everywhere would do well to read the life stories of pimps. They have some useful advice. Naturally, the anti-game crowd will squawk "oh but these women were being manipulated!" They love that word manipulate. Cling to it like a newborn chimp to its mother's furry belly. So much can be dismissed for consideration by shotgunning that word "manipulation" into any conversation about men and women they find distasteful. Unfortunately for them, it isn't as readily dismissible as all that. Like hypnosis, you can only manipulate those who are manipulable. Those who, at some level, wish for the manipulation because they enjoy it. It is for this reason that the term manipulation

is next to useless — apply a broad enough definition and you indict any goal-oriented communication as "manipulation". Seduction? Manipulation. Sales? Manipulation. Politics? Manipulation. Convincing a buddy to see a great movie you just saw? Manipulation. No, Cashmoney's honeys craved his manipulation. It TURNED THEM ON. How would he and his brethren pimps otherwise know how to "handle" women in the prime of their marketability? He knew because the evidence was staring him in the face — women who would fall for him, screw him, defend him, and yes… even love him.

The cries of "manipulation" ring louder. "Those women didn't know what was happening to them!", they will scream. Right-o. Funny thing is, the world is full to brimming with lovelorn betas attempting to manipulate women into sex and running headlong into a major road blockage. Their manipulations aren't working. Some manipulations are clearly more effective than other manipulations. And which ones would those be? Well, the manipulations that turn women on!

> Addressing North, defense attorney Alfoster Garrett, Jr., argued that, while his client profited from prostituting the teens, they were willing participants in the scheme.
>
> Describing Clark as a "scapegoat," Garrett noted that his client was 16 or 17 during at the time he was accused of prostituting the other youths.

This is one of those few times I agree the defense attorney has it exactly right. What else do you call an employee of Clark's who cheers him on in court except a willing participant in his lifestyle and chosen career? Who you gonna believe, your lying eyes or a bunch of sociology trained femtards? It's time to reform the law. Yes, as ringleaders and the administers of violence, pimps are more culpable than their whores, but whores share some of the blame. A fair justice system would punish all parties involved.

> While he their circumstances may have made them susceptible to the pimp, Clark's upbringing set him on a path to crime.
>
> "He is a product of his environment," Garrett said, asking that Clark receive an exceptionally short sentence.

Actually, his genes set him on his path of procuring limitless loyal poon. His environment only greased the skids.

> North rejected the contention that the teens' former involvement in prostitution evidenced a desire to continue in that life.
>
> "I don't find that the victims were willing participants," North said. "It's a complex relationship not unlike a domestic violence situation."

Paging Rihanna. Still nurture pangs of love for your past lover Chris Brown, don't you babe? I know, I understand. CH is here. No judgment. Pour out your heart. I won't bite. Much.

> North's decision to impose the 17-year term followed a plea by Clark's 19-year-old wife, Julata Clark.
>
> Julata Clark, who gave birth to Deshawn Clark's second child weeks before he was sentenced, said her husband is young and able to change his life.

The hilarity train keeps on rolling. Hey, Cashmoney had family values. The guy got married! Gotta love a wife with two kids storming court to support her husband's pimping, carousing, and general assholery to the nth degree.

And society's gotta love that this guy, at the ripe age of 19, already pumped out a couple of spawn while MBA toting 30 year olds examine their stock portfolios to gauge whether now is the right time to have that first autistic, underweight baby.

A parting thought. Owing to the rank stupidity or, more generously, the willful misinterpretation, of a minority of

my readers who can't wrap their minds around the simple concept of is-ought and who fervently believe (or secretly wish) my posts detailing in loving glory how much chicks dig jerks is tantamount to advocating every man set himself on the path of pimpdom, let me remind you that I am merely a courier of reality. I tell you how it is; what you do with that knowledge is up to you. The Pimp's Way holds much truth about the nature of women in their fertile prime from which the average law-abiding man can personally benefit, but that truth does not need to come delivered in the same package to be effective in your own lives. You grasp the truth, and then you apply it to yourself and your dealings with women in the way that is most congruent with your values.

And to the all-too-predictable choir of cliche-spouters: No shit not *every* woman likes assholes. Do I need to put that addendum after every fucking sentence I write, or are you capable of discerning the all too obvious subtext? Here are my thoughts on the phenomenon of chicks digging jerks:

- Like most things about human nature, the female asshole-loving urge runs along a bell curve. To the far left we have women who would have nothing to do with assholes. To the far right we have Cashmoney's honeys. Bunched in the middle are most women, who despite their protestastions to the contrary get tingly for an asshole, but won't see it all the way to shacking up with a pimp.
- So many overaged yentas write to me telling me indignantly how they despise assholes and would never do what the girls featured in my posts do. I don't have reason to doubt them… much, but I would remind them that the types of women who are most fond of assholes are exactly those women men most desire — that is to say, the young, supple babes with sex in their eyes and femininity in their souls. As women age out of attractiveness, they also (coincidentally!) age out of their attraction for assholes. Which brings me to…
- **Maxim #71: In their sexual primes women's attraction for assholes is at its strongest. You can catch a lot of hungry flies with honey, but shit attracts the most well-fed flies.**

Tune in next week for another edition of "WOW, that's news to me!"

He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)

CH · 31 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Do you think I am the first to notice that a significant number/sizeable minority/secret majority of women get turned on when a man hits them?

Heh. No. Here's a little ditty by The Crystals, an all women singing group, circa early 1960s:

Thanks to reader Luke Stiles for sending me this link.

And to all you piously indignant losers and pantywaist nancyboys with your skirts over your heads who can't handle the truth… take it up with the ladies. They were singing about the dark recesses of female desire long before I ever arrived on the scene.

In the voice of that squat little lady from Poltergeist: This truth is gleaned.

The Wall

CH · 1 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

the wall [thuh wawl] -*noun*: 1. a large, immovable monolith of frightening and awesome power capable of threshing egos and rending souls, serving as a metaphorical stoppage point at the intersection between a woman's declining sexual attractiveness and her advancing years, beyond which female sexual desirability disappears into the misty void.

FuturePundit has a post up highlighting a scientific study which concludes, most depressingly, that by age 30 only 12% of a woman's eggs remain.

> Tom Kelsey, a Senior Research Fellow at the School of Computer Science at St Andrews, said, "Previous models have looked at the decline in ovarian reserve, but not at the dynamics of ovarian reserve from conception onwards. Our model shows that for 95% of women, by the age of 30 years, only 12% of their maximum ovarian reserve is present, and by the age of 40 years only 3% remains.

This is a surprise even to me. I knew there was a significant dropoff in female fertility by age 30, but I didn't know it was this precipitous. I find this news depressing, because female fertility and sexual attractiveness closely parallel; allowing for a few lag years for the outer shell to catch up to the inner biology, the number of viable eggs a woman has remaining directly correlates with the number of years she has left as a highly coveted product on the sexual market. That is, when a woman has a full basket of eggs she is at her most beautiful. When she has dwindled to 50% eggs left, she is desireable to only half the men she was capable of attracting for short and, particularly, long term relationships when she was at her beauty prime. And when she is down to 3% eggs at age 40, she can only attract 3% of the men she used to attract for long term investment when she was peaking at, typically, age 20. And what's worse, those 3% of men are the leftover omega dregs with no other options whom she turned down when she was a hotter commodity.

Personally, as a man who has no desire to have kids, the number of remaining eggs a woman has left is of no concern to me other than as an abstract matter. But a woman's beauty is of paramount concern to me, and as such it would happen that, through the use of my infallible divining boner rod, my very selective screening procedures against women showing signs of physical decay would necessitate that I avoid dating women with less than 50% eggs in their basket. So far, this is how it has worked out, and I've mostly game and a devilish smile to thank for that.

This saddens me. Why? I will explain. Anything, any uncontrollable force, that strips beauty from the world is my enemy. How much grander and pleasurable life if women stayed beautiful for 100 years instead of a precious 15 years? How much love would my heart shout at the world if the pool of beautiful women was every woman, everywhere, forevermore, and not just a small sliver of women with power so fleeting it may as well be a curse than a blessing? Imagine this world, and tell me then how you keep the demons of hate from lashing impudently and futilely against the natural order of things. I say fuck the natural order. Bring on the life and beauty extending tamperings of human ingenuity. Get off your knees, you limp-noodled gaiaists and blithely stoic servants of religion, you philosophical naifs and self-deluded sophists. Turn the tables and bring your evolutionary inheritance to its knees, if you dare.

More evidence for the wall comes from a Japanese study showing that there is a real "tipping point" in aging, or a "hitting the wall" effect, where a woman's natural biological ability to rejuvenate herself and stay toe to toe with the ravages of aging slips into freefall at age 35, much younger than previously thought.

> 'While some measurements showed a gradual decline, cheek volume – one of the key factors in a youthful appearance – can drop off suddenly, by as much as 35 per cent in a year,' he says.

Naturally, there are some women whose stress-inducing lives of stripping, smoking, slutting, and single motherhood age them much faster than their actual years. These are truly tragic cases, for they have thrown away their most precious asset for instant gratification.

In other news, the new HBO documentary "Youth Knows No Pain" was pretty good. A number of the women interviewed were boldly honest about their declining sexual attractiveness, and the reasons for why they went under the knife to "get a little work done". One woman even noted that when her friends told her there are plenty of women who look good for their age, like Sophia Loren, she responded that Sophia Loren is just one woman out of millions who "don't look so good when they get older". Found: A woman with a grasp of basic statistical concepts. Alert the media!

Most of the women in the documentary looked like alien-eyed stretchy gumbo toys, but a couple did actually look pretty good, at least ten years younger than their ages. At some point, the science is going to have to dispense with the scalpel and start rejuvenating under the hood, fixing the problem at its source using stem cells or some other form of cellular manipulation. I can't wait for matrix-like abortion mills to be constructed to help my harem stay young and sexy for as long as possible.

The Hurt Locker Vs. Avatar

CH · 2 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Perceptive readers should be able to figure out which of these two movies I would give a Best Picture Oscar to. It would be a sweet jab in Cameron's eye if his ex-wife won for her much better movie Hurt Locker. Avatard, despite its billion dollar plus haul, is a typical bloated CGI-fest with stilted crappy dialogue, a cliched plot, 2D acting, and a stale retread late 60s noble savage ideology masking a wish fulfillment for the world to turn into dinner parties featuring Sidney Poitier as the guest of honor. The Hurt Locker, by contrast, cost a lot less to make and was infinitely more gripping. I wonder if Cameron could see the irony in making a technologically wiz-bang movie that extolled the virtue of living nobly amongst the roots of a giant tree.

Ways that Avatar sucked:

1. $500 million to make and you couldn't find a decent writer? Fo real? Throw me a few thou and I'll spice up that dialogue so fast it'll have moms covering their children's ears and Roger Ebert jizzing in his pants with giddy excitement. Cameron has said he didn't want to "alienate" his audience with tricky intellectual dialogue. If he's right, then that says nothing good about the taste of the modern movie-going audience. We are morphing into a land of lowest common denominator retards. Hollywood's current mission to make blockbusters as accessible as possible to all the riff raff across the globe isn't helping matters either. Perhaps a little paleocon isolationism would do wonders for Hollywood's artistic quality. If he's wrong, then it says something about James Cameron — namely, that as a true blue nerd, he has a tin ear for good writing and doesn't much give a shit either. Who could blame him when people are throwing money at his dreck?
2. The "white man bad, white American military man badder" theme has been done to death, Cameron old boy. It's not any more ingenious or convincing when told through the use of computer generated blue faces. Have you looked in a mirror lately? When you do, do you get depressed that you were even born? Guilt is such a useless emotion, but it's downright caustic when the guiltridden attempt to foist their purile emotions onto everyone else.
3. The supposed visual and creative brilliance of the N'avi and their home planet is overblown. The creatures are touched up extras from Jurassic Park and the airborn islands are straight outta various sci-fi lore and Dungeons and Dragons. The plants are neon. Yay. A great sign that a visual artist is creatively bankrupt is when he starts slapping on extra legs to all his creatures.
4. Cameron loves the hyperrealism of his expensive CGI, so why can't he see that there is no way in hell a bunch of half naked warriors riding flesh and blood winged creatures armed with bows and arows are going to defeat heavily armored gunships? I like an underdog story as much as the next guy, but at least throw a bone to those of us who are working hard to suspend our disbelief.
5. People in the SWPL audience for this movie actually clapped appreciatively after the "preemptively fight terror with terror" line was delivered by the scarfaced badguy sergeant — quite possibly the stupidest and lamest line of dialogue I have heard in a movie since "I'm king of the world!".

So why is Avatar making so much money? Well, it isn't all bad. Visually, it is a sight. The CGI is such that I was able to enjoy the world onscreen without getting pulled out of it by any obvious-looking flaws in the rendering. The technology is now advanced enough to avoid the uncanny valley. The pacing and editing are good. Cameron, if nothing else, has a solid feel for action and storytelling, no matter how bad the source material. This is the guy who after all gave the world one of the greatest movies of all time — Terminator. (First of the series, only.) The slasher flic cum industrial atmosphere in Terminator was perfection.

You can't discount marketing hype either. Avatar was marketed to death and that's sometimes all it takes to get the money machine rolling for a subpar movie that otherwise might not have made that much. It's similar to the game concept of preselection. A bunch of dudes hear about how great this movie is going to be, and they want to ride.

Although from what I understand, adjusted for inflation Avatar's box office is not as impressive as it sounds.

So here's to Oscar success for The Hurt Locker and District 9, two movies superior in almost every way to Avatar.

Is John Mayer Reading My Blog?

CH · 3 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

On January 21st, I wrote the following in this post:

> Tiger Woods may not be a model citizen, but neither does he have an emotional or psychological problem. […] If Woods has a problem, it's that he got married. Big mistake, chief.

On January 28th, John Mayer said the following in an interview with the UK paper The Independent:

> "Tiger Woods' problems come from him being married. The end," Mayer said to the U.K.'s The Independent newspaper. "If Tiger Woods was single and he texted a girl and said 'I wanna wear your ass like a hat', why would that ever hit the news?"

There's no date when the actual interview took place, but I bet John Mayer is a CH reader. Welcome aboard John. Good to see you heeding my advice and staying far away from marriage. I admit I laughed a little when you squeezed out the last drops of Jennifer Aniston's precious years, and then played Lucy moving the football with the engagement ring. Stay single.

One Key To Marital Success: Have Fewer Options

CH · 3 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A dozen readers have emailed me these two articles about the state of American women and their marriage prospects. One even breathlessly asked if this "disproves the CH worldview". Leaving aside for the moment the oddity of terming a keen grasp of reality as approximating something close to a "worldview", I had a curious look at the articles. Both articles were written by women (*cough* lesbians *cough*) who don't much like the recent cultural trend imploring American women to mind the wall and settle for Mr. Good Enough before it's too late.

> Want to Be Happily Married? Go to College.
> New research shows women with degrees are luckier in love.
>
> […] "Marriage rates in the U.S. for college-educated women have risen enormously since the 1950s," Stevenson said. "In 1950, less than three quarters of white college-educated women went on to marry by age 40 [compared with 90 percent of high-school graduates]. But today, 86 percent marry by age 40, compared with 88 percent of high-school grads."

Another way of stating this is that by age 40, it continues to be the case in 2010 that more high school-educated women than college-educated women get married. The problem with this study's conclusions are twofold. One, very few women were attending college in the 1950s. When a huge rate increase is experienced, as in the case of women attending college in the 1950s versus 2010, you run into problems with outlier bias. That small cohort of women going to college in 1950 may have been disproportionately lesbian or ugly or socially maladroit. Trendsetters normally have something odd about them which sets them apart from conventional society, as would be similarly the case for those trailblazing emo dudes who first stormed the vaj walls of formerly female-only colleges like Vassar.

Two, "marriage by age 40″ is a poor metric. By age 40, most women's shelf lives have expired. Thus, all you are measuring is a bunch of overeducated women who delayed marriage to men they truly desired and were forced to settle for a schlump once their looks began the cruel fade in earnest.

> Of course, expectations have changed dramatically in the last half century. "In the 1950s, a lot of women thought they needed to marry right away," Coontz said. "Real wages were rising so quickly that men in their 20s could afford to marry early. But they didn't want a woman who was their equal; they wanted a woman who looked up to the man. Men needed and wanted someone who knew less." In fact, she said, research published by sociologist Mirra Komarovsky in 1946 documented that 40 percent of college women admitted to playing dumb on dates. "These days, few women feel the need to play down their intelligence or achievements," Coontz said.

Maybe I missed the goldmine of statistical inference, but where is the countervailing research showing that "these days, few women feel the need to play down their intelligence or achievements"? Some of these people write as if they haven't been on a date in ten years. I can tell you that, yes, educated women continue to play down their educational credentials, if not directly then indirectly by avoiding talking about them in favor of interrogating the man about his credentials. This is the case even when their credentials and accomplishments pale in comparison to mine. It is the nature of women to want to look up to a stronger man.

> The new research has more good news for college grads. Stevenson said the data indicate that modern college-educated women are more likely than other groups of women to be married at age 40, are less likely to divorce, and are more likely to describe their marriages as "happy" (no matter what their income) compared with other women.

Options means instability. At 40, a woman has fewer options in the mating market, and so she is less likely to be tempted to leave a marriage for a better prospect, or even a different prospect. It is no surprise then, that divorce rates are lower for couples who got married later in life. If you want marital success (I hesitate to call it happiness) then the key is to limit your options. The human rationalization hamster, punch drunk on fermented sour grapes, will then rev up and provide all the excuses you need for maintaining the illusion of marital accord. It's funny how quickly a lack of choice can render a less than stellar life situation immediately and palpably bearable. "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be".

> The marriages of well-educated women tend to be more stable because the brides are usually older as well as wiser, Stevenson said.

And uglier.

> "When a man with only a high school degree marries by age 20, there's a 49 percent chance that he will be divorced within 10 years," she said. "Compare that with the man who gets married in his mid-30s who has a college degree. Ninety percent will still be married 10 years later."

Time for a game-approved reframe! "When a man with only a high school degree marries a coed hottie by age 20, there's a 49 percent chance that he will be divorced within ten years, because his sperm and her eggs are itching to dive back into the sampler platter before their windows of opportunity close. Compare that with the college-educated man who gets married in his mid-30s to a mangy cougar on the prowl. Ninety percent will still be married ten years later, because no one else will have them."

See how illuminating the social sciences can be?

> College-educated couples are also more likely to marry for companionship and love and compatibility rather than for financial security.

Translation: College-educated women who delay marriage no longer bring the goods to the table to snag an alpha suitor. College-educated men who marry one of these older college-educated women for lack of options have willed themselves to believe compatibility is an acceptable substitute for hot and sexy babealicious looks.

> "For women, financial stability used to be the most important reason for marriage," she said. "Today, educated women are a lot less concerned about how much their husband earns," she said, and more interested in whether "he is willing to share child care and housework."

Keep telling yourself that, sister. To all the men reading this: For the unholy love of the great biomechanical machine in the sky, do not ever allow yourself to listen to women and become a kitchen bitch. That's a one way ticket to marital oblivion.

> Over the last half century, more women and men have been putting off marriage, and the group of women who have never been married at age 40 has grown over time.

This to me seems the most relevant factor in discussions of marriage and divorce rates.

> But even among this group, Stevenson said, college grads who want to get married eventually have an advantage because they are "twice as likely to marry in the next 10 years" as unmarried 40-year-olds with just a high-school degree.

If a beta chump is forced to settle for a past-prime 40 year old woman, it makes sense he would at least find an

employed woman who isn't going to suck him dry with her paint huffing habit. And let's face it, most of the women in the "unmarried 40-year-old with just a high school degree" group are likely single moms towing around a broodclan of bratty snotnosed ingrates. College-educated spinsters at least have had the decency to refrain from blasting out their wombs with the multiple spawn of past lovers and foisting the product on the schmoes she's resigned herself to dating.

> The data also point to significant racial differences. While white women with college degrees are slightly less likely to marry than their less-educated sisters, a different scenario emerges among African-American women. Today, 70 percent of black college-educated women marry by age 40, compared with 53 percent of those who never finished high school. In the 1950s, black college-educated women were much less likely to marry than those with less education. "What all this tells me is that our perceptions lag behind the reality of our time," Stevenson said. "College-educated women have been closing the gap very steadily."

Gee, funny that they left this part out until the very end of the article. So college-educated white women — you know, the type of woman who reads articles in Slate and Newsweek — are less likely to marry than uneducated white women, and that the biggest reason for the change in overall marriage rates of college-educated women is the rapid increase in marital rates of educated black women. I think there's a story here.

> So if you're looking for another reason to encourage a young woman to get her college degree, add this one to the list: chances are, you'll be luckier in love.

Not quite, unless by "luckier in love" she means "luckier despite love".

Plausible Deniability

CH · 4 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Most horny women will never come right out and ask for sex from their lovers. You will not often hear “Let’s fuck NOW!” or “Do you want to bang?” from your girlfriend, or from many women you are dating throughout your lifetime. A few raunchy broads of questionable virtue will take the initiative dominatrix-style, and you will be pleased by their efforts, but all in all most normal men prefer the coyness of women who relinquish themselves to sex instead of demand it. Truth is, ladies, we find it adorable.

A woman’s need to feel physically desired is stronger than her need for food and shelter on the Vajlovian hierarchy of values. Thus, women tend to avoid outright asking for sex, even when explosively horny, because it sidesteps entirely their prime directive to passively arouse the male to action. But oh how their tingles itch for relief! And so women have devised a complicated system of sexual hints and innuendo that would make a French aristocrat blush with envy. I continue coming across numerous examples of just such scandalous whisperings from the women I meet in my life.

- **The Human Meow**. This is where a woman will make cute animal noises, similar to bird chirps or meows, to indicate her desire for sex. They will often sound like “Mmm? MmmMMMmmm?” with upturned eyebrows, as if waiting for you to clue in. Naturally, all systems women use to communicate their wish for sex must adhere to the first rule to maintain plausible deniability. So if you call a woman out on her human meows she will deny with the sort of ingenious excuses that so seamlessly blend reality and fantasy. To wit: “If you want sex baby, you could just say so instead of meowing like a hungry cat.” Her: “I was asking if you’d like to make us some green tea!”
- **The Telepathic Sex Stare**. Half-lidded, lips imperceptibly parted, you wonder if she’s doing an end run around your consciousness and making a direct connection with your hindbrain. Women rarely win staring contests, except when they want sex. Or when they’re accusing you of cheating.
- **The Symbolic Suggestion**. When a woman suggests “Let’s have the red wine instead of beer” or “Let’s move to the bedroom, it’s sunnier in there” or “Let’s light the candles to save electricity”, it means “Let’s have sex”. “Let’s flush the toilet after a leaving behind a giant deuce” does NOT mean “Let’s have sex”. Learned that the hard way.
- **The Unprompted Shoe Removal**. Here’s an important tip, gentlemen. When you have brought a girl back to your place or you have gone to hers, pay close attention to how soon she removes her shoes. If she takes hers off quickly upon settling in, you have good chance for intimacy.
- **The “Wow, I could use a backrub” Bonk Over The Head**. This one is obvious. When she starts rubbing her neck and complaining about her hard day at work, it is NOT your cue to give her an extended backrub that hurts your hands. It IS, however, your cue to give her a two second shoulder grasp, followed immediately by a cupping of her tits from behind. Note: Longtime married men should take into consideration that the wife would really prefer the backrub to sex. Sorry, hubbies. Shoulda listened to me.
- **The Aunt Jemima Channeling**. Pancakes are no fun without Aunt Jemima’s. “Do you know what would really go great with this new king-sized bed we just bought?” Don’t wait for an answer. She’s not giving it.
- **The Snake Hiss**. When you come up behind her to scratch her head or briefly rub her shoulder, she’ll inhale an exaggerated hissing sound of pleasure — SSSSSSssssssss — that means she wants more. A lot more.
- **The Campbell’s Soup Song**. Give your woman a kiss. After the kiss, if she’s still leaning forward with half-closed eyes and saying something like “Mm mm mm, that was good” you can translate that as “Mm mm mm, I need a deep sea drilling.”
- And finally, one of my personal favorites: **The “I’m Horny” State of the Union Address**. When a girl is superhorny and she just doesn’t have the patience for subtler means of communicating her arousal, she will sometimes stare blankly into space and announce, unceremoniously and without untoward inflection to no one in

particular, “I’m horny”. She will say this with a hint of exasperation even, but she will never say it to you directly, even if you are standing one foot in front of her. In that case, she will turn her head 90 degrees to the left and declare her horniness to an invisible audience of psychotherapists. Under no circumstance should you respond “You are?” This will kill her horniness faster than a weeping beta with a microchub. Don’t grab her right away either. Wait a minute to grant her a plenury indulgence from her brazen suggestiveness, and then pounce. Skip foreplay. You’ll discover upon first grasp an angry swollen river of passion already swallowing your kayak whole.

Fat Craps Give Michelle Obama Flak For Telling Uncomfortable Truth

CH · 5 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Why is Michelle Obama catching flak for saying that she's careful about what she feeds her kids?

> "We went to our pediatrician all the time," Obama said. "I thought my kids were perfect — they are and always will be — but he [the doctor] warned that he was concerned that something was getting off balance."
>
> "I didn't see the changes. And that's also part of the problem, or part of the challenge. It's often hard to see changes in your own kids when you're living with them day in and day out," she added. "But we often simply don't realize that those kids are our kids, and our kids could be in danger of becoming obese. We always think that only happens to someone else's kid — and I was in that position."
>
> Obama said the doctor suggested she first look at her daughters' body mass index (BMI). The minor changes she subsequently made in their daily habits, Obama said, made all the difference.

Sounds perfectly reasonable. What could possibly offend about a mother making sure her kids don't pig out on bad food and bloat up into something hideous? Heh. Never underestimate the lengths to which fat shits will waddle away from the truth with their porky sausage fingers stuck in their ears.

> Some charge that Obama's comments may be perceived as a focus on weight and dieting, which sends the wrong message to the public. The first lady should be discussing behavioral change, not weight loss, said Laura Collins Lyster-Mensh, an eating disorder activist and executive director of Families Empowered and Supporting Treatment of Disorder (F.E.A.S.T.).
>
> "We've confused health and weight in a way that's very confusing for children and very confusing for parents," Lyster-Mensh said. "When we speak publicly about putting our children on a diet, we start to get into weight stigma and confusing the message to families."

Hey lardulous, weight stigma is a GOOD THING. In fact, many stigmas are good things when they encourage people to feel bad about their wretched conditions and do something to improve themselves. For instance, right now I'm stigmatizing you as a fat, smelly lesbian. Luckily, you can do something about the first two problems.

> The focus on obesity, Lyster-Mensh said, turns this into an issue of appearances, which does not bode well for children, especially girls.

Point one: Appearance matters. It is not a social construct that can be willed or legislated away. Cruel human judgment of others based on appearance is an eternal reality of living in this dimension. You may not like it, but reality is never gonna bend to accommodate your tender feelings, so either get with the program and shape up or sink into a silo of snickers bars ticking down the useless remaining years of your fat, foreshortened life. Point two: Never take seriously a woman with a hyphenated multiplicity of surnames.

> "There is simply no reason to be pushing children into weight reduction diets and that's the message parents out there get," Lyster-Mensh said. "Dieting is a gateway drug to eating disorders for those with a biological predisposition to eating disorders."

It's an impressive feat to pack so much self delusion into one quote, but this banshee has managed it. She sounds like the type of nutjob who thinks porn is a gateway drug to serial killing. One thing we do know for sure, though — crashing the buffet table is a gateway drug to ugly cottage cheesy thighs and neck rolls. If you're going to do

gateway drugs, at least stick with the drugs that not only make you feel good, but look good as well.

> The president then spoke about what he and the first lady did to balance their daughters' diet, and the impact "was so significant that the next time we visited our pediatrician he was amazed."
>
> Even then, critics panned the president for commenting on the weight of Sasha, who is now 8 years old.

A lot of the little Latino kids that live in DC are roly poly beachballs. I've seen toddlers who looked like they swallowed a keg. Starch bombs! Early intervention is always best.

> Some say parents talking about their daughters' weight can have a harmful impact on young girls.

What's more harmful to young girls — a) telling them to watch what they eat so they don't get fat, or b) sitting idly by as they do get fat? Of the two groups of girls (A and B) which group is more likely to marry well, have healthy children, and generally be happier about their lot in life?

> "One of the things I've noticed is that a lot of girls develop an eating disorder because they don't want criticism from their parents," said Jeanne Sager, a reporter who blogs on parenting Web site babble.com, and who, herself, suffered from an eating disorder.

Congratulations, lawyers, you've been supplanted! "Reporters" are the new filth of the universe. Their rancid wrongheaded ideology has so warped their thinking that the institution of journalism is now neck deep in the choking pigshit of postmodern platitudes and perpetual lies.

> "As a public figure, I think Mrs. Obama wanted people to be able to relate to her experiences and I'm sure she was unaware… that some of those messages could be taken in an unhealthy way," Lyster-Mensh said. "I am not a critic of the Obamas' approach to healthy behavior with their kids. I am concerned about weight-based language because it's demonstrably, scientifically not helpful."

"Weight-based language". It just gets better and better. If you scold your kid for getting an F in algebra, is that "merit-based language"? What about breaking and entering? "Law-based language"? Pissing in your face? "Manners-based language"? Looks to me like Michelle Obama is being a good mother, and that's what really chafes your dingelberried hippo hide.

Now, Michelle, hon, babe. You need to apply your good sense to your own super supple backside. That purple SOTU dress was not flattering. Double wide? 100% true.

It's A Trap!

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Reader PA posed the following game-related scenario:

> Here is a shit test I have no idea how to answer: when a woman makes a self-deprecating remark about her own looks. This happened to me twice in very recent past, and I just smiled and said nothing, but there probably is a better response.
>
> Those weren't young hotties you need to nuclear-neg, nor ugly women you kind of feel sorry for. Both were very attractive (for their age), older than me.
>
> Not trying to game them or anything, just wanting to keep good relations (work, extended social life) and gina-tingle is how you keep good relations with women. Got a good response?

Ah, the classic passive-aggressive self-deprecation shit test. Be careful, men, this is an advanced form of female game that is subtle enough to trip up even the most battle-worn players. Answer this one wrong and you might be staring down the barrel of a pouty face for weeks to come.

Broadly speaking, there are five more or less effective ways to answer the self-deprecation shit test (SDST):

1. Validate her. "No, you don't have crows' feet. You have great skin. You're gorgeous."
2. Playfully invalidate her. "Oh yeah, your crows' feet are HUGE. Like, you have the grand canyon of crows' feet. A murder of crows has set up shop on your face, pooping and pecking all over you!"
3. Tangentially agree. "Oh, well, life can be tough."
4. Ignore her. See: PA's response. Abruptly changing the subject works too.
5. Reframe. "Have you always been this vain?"

The five responses above all have their pros and cons, but some are more pro than con. The validation tactic of number one should be avoided with any woman you have been dating/banging/betrothed to for less than six months. Validation is the easy peasy lemon squeezy cop-out for uncreative betas with fear in their hearts. Remember that the primary purpose of the female shit test is to suss out beta fear of loss. A woman wants to know that if she pushes too far, you would be willing to dump her in 30 seconds no looking back, with or without the heat coming around the corner. Sure, she may not want to be dumped, but she tingles when the threat of a dumping is real. So if you validate a woman her poofy head hamster will rationalize that you are merely placating her to avoid losing out on her golden pussy (or her social approval). This is seriously the way women think. I know, it's crazy, but you work with what's put before you. The only scenario in which I would counsel validation as an effective response to the SDST is when the man has established his alpha bonafides with the woman, and they have been together for longer than six months. It is not unusual for a longtime wife, let's say, to begin harboring doubts about her continued attractiveness to her husband, especially if said husband has recently gotten a promotion and a new fresh-faced secretary to go along with it. In such cases, the SDST is a genuine cry for confidence-boosting flattery. Give it to her, and then followup with a playful buttsmack and a cocky "And let's keep your ass that way".

Option two, the playful invalidation, is perfect for women in their prime. The most sexually valuable women (age: 15 – 25, BMI 17 – 23) will toss out SDSTs for one reason only — to test your alpha mettle. They crave the non-standard response, and will light up if you exaggeratedly agree with them. A couple of caveats: One, don't try this if you haven't yet mastered the art of spite-free teasing. I've seen too many hard-up men look to teasing banter as the holy grail of game, only to fumble during the execution as their years of bitterness bubble to the surface, polluting their body language and subtext with the stink of beta. Two, don't playfully invalidate a girl who is as bad as, or worse than, her self-deprecating remarks. If a fat chick says "I'm too fat", then a teasing "Oh yeah, you're HUGE like well-fed walrus" will crush her soul, no matter how obvious your eyeroll. Unless your intention is to crush her

soul. Not that I would condone such a thing. *angel halo*

Option three, tangential agreement, is the courtier's sophisticated form of withering contempt. Sometimes the deepest cuts are made with the blade sheathed. Just a glint of the ivory handle will deliver the message. If you want to hurt a woman playing these SDST games, this is the way to go. I wouldn't advise option three if you are trying to get in her pants, unless you suspect she is a masochistic chick who craves the loving ministrations of a straight up asshole. See: Any lawyer chick.

Option four, ignoring her, is a safe bet when you are stuck for words or caught off guard. It won't wow her, but more importantly it won't make you sound beta. For most men, that would be an accomplishment. Remember, too, that abruptly changing the subject is a perfectly reasonable ploy to shake off the rattle of an SDST. Abrupt subject changes may strike the male ear as inherently illogical and nefarious, but the female ear hears the world differently. An abrupt subject change is just an excuse for more YAY DRAMA. In fact, it is the prerogative of the alpha male to change subjects. Who else is gonna do it?

Option five, the reframe, is, as most of you have guessed, my personal favorite. Not only does it expertly shake off an SDST bomb, but it puts her on the defensive and let's her know you don't approve of such typical female game-playing. A woman on the defensive, cowering before a stronger and more willful man, is a woman crouched in tingle mode, ready to give birth to a womb-shaking orgasm. Which brings me to…

Maxim #83: Awareness of a woman's games is a precision-guided weapon in a man's arsenal of seduction. Slyly revealing your knowledge of a woman's obstructive game tactics is like catnip to her pussy.

Maxim #83 is so effective simply because the great majority of men are ignorant of women's game-playing. Insinuating to a woman playing such games that you know the score will help you stand out from the crowd of sauseeege. Having the balls to call out a woman on her games instead of lamenting about it to buddies during the post-pickup debriefing will earn you the admiration of feminists and normal, healthy women alike.

Is College A Poon Nirvana?

CH · 11 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Readers have sent me this New York Beta Times article about the skewed sex ratio on college campuses. It turns out there is widespread discrimination against men in favor of admitting women to higher institutions of learning. If I were a knee-jerk liberal, this would be my go-to explanation. Better yet, if I were a culturally cocooned fruitcup leftie elitist of the sort who would write for the NYBTimes, I might explain the dearth of male participation in higher learning this way:

> Women on gender-imbalanced campuses are paying a social price for success and, to a degree, are being victimized by men precisely because they have outperformed them, Professor Campbell said. In this way, some colleges mirror retirement communities, where women often find that the reward for outliving their husbands is competing with other widows for the attentions of the few surviving bachelors.

Get that? Women are victimized by men for outperforming them in college admissions. I feel manipulated by this media spin. Somebody call tha police!

The article itself is interesting not for its trenchant analysis, but for the money quotes by some of the coeds [reminder: sexual prime, age: 18 – 21, BMI: 17 – 23].

> Jayne Dallas, a senior studying advertising who was seated across the table, grumbled that the population of male undergraduates was even smaller when you looked at it as a dating pool. “Out of that 40 percent [of men on campus], there are maybe 20 percent that we would consider, and out of those 20, 10 have girlfriends, so all the girls are fighting over that other 10 percent,” she said.

I think Ms. Dallas fucked up her math. Or she is really picky. I presume she meant to say 50% of that 40% of men, but confused half of 40 (citing 20%) for half of 40% as a percentage. In fact, she seems to be all over the place confusing percentages with absolute numbers. You can’t expect much from an advertising major. On the other hand, if she really did mean that only 20% of the men on campus would interest her, then the imbalanced sex ratio seems to be doing nothing to curb the natural inborn phenomenon of Hottie Hypergamy. (Non-hottie hypergamy usually resolves itself in buckets of ice cream or soul-crushing strings of one night stands. Do note that a woman’s right to choose ice cream takes precedence over her right to choose a beta.)

The very next sentence by the article’s author is this:

> Needless to say, this puts guys in a position to play the field, and tends to mean that even the ones willing to make a commitment come with storied romantic histories. Rachel Sasser, a senior history major at the table, said that before she and her boyfriend started dating, he had “hooked up with a least five of my friends in my sorority — that I know of.”

Hm. Not sure how Alex Williams segued so effortlessly from Jayne Dallas confessing that despite the imbalanced sex ratio she still only finds 20% of the men attractive to “this puts guys in a position to play the field”. Correction Mr. (or Ms.?) Williams: This puts ALPHA MALES in a position to play the field. Betas continue chafing themselves to relief.

> Thanks to simple laws of supply and demand, it is often the women who must assert themselves romantically or be left alone on Valentine’s Day, staring down a George Clooney movie over a half-empty pizza box.
>
> “I was talking to a friend at a bar, and this girl just came up out of nowhere, grabbed him by the wrist, spun him around and took him out to the dance floor and started grinding,” said Kelly Lynch, a junior at North

> Carolina, recalling a recent experience.

This article is useless without a proper analysis of the types of men on campus who are getting blatantly propositioned by women. But the NYBTimes won't touch that with a ten foot schlong, because it might mean peeking behind the frilly lace at what exactly drives female mating choice. Let me start off the discussion by suggesting that the "10% of guys" who are the recipients of bumpandgrindage are pretty much the same 10% of guys on college campuses without an imbalanced sex ratio. Oh sure, maybe a few extra dudes luck out from a favorable sex ratio, but by and large female hypergamy is as rock solid unalterable as is male attraction to slender hourglass figures and youthful beauty. Which is why you'll see a bigger increase in the number of voluntarily single women choosing to sit out the dating game when the odds are against them than you would see an increase in the number of hotties slumming it with betas who would normally repulse them. This is not to say the sex ratio has no impact. It does. Just not as much as most would believe. The sex ratio's biggest impact is how it changes courtship behavior (more women dressing sluttily; more men acting like cads), but courtship behavior is not the same as fucking. The endgame is still "Who is she fucking?", and by my take, a favorable sex ratio for men doesn't much change the calculus of women seeking the 10-20% top dogs for fucking. As I've written before:

Maxim #101: For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.

Thanks to the sex ratio, a lot of these college chicks choose to share the cock of a worthy insperminator rather than settle for a beta, no matter how numerically scarce beta penii happens to be. They don't much like sharing, but they like receiving the tepid seed of a milquetoast puffboy even less.

Naturally, all systems have a breaking point. I would bet that when the sex ratio becomes radically skewed — let's say 80% women 20% men — you would start to see some strange female behavior. Cats laying down with dogs, women laying down with betas. It's probably happened before in human prehistory. One evo theory suggests the reason for Euro women's exemplary beauty stems from a time in the distant past when large numbers of eligible paleobachelors were killed off hunting big prey, leaving the remaining men to choose from among the hordes of lonely women. These men likely chose the hottest babes to pass on their genes, ushering forth the big-eyed neotenous era we have today. As with all good things in life, beauty, too, was born in a crucible of boiling blood. Thanks, God!

> Indeed, there are a fair number of Mr. Lonelyhearts on campus. "Even though there's this huge imbalance between the sexes, it still doesn't change the fact of guys sitting around, bemoaning their single status," said Patrick Hooper, a Georgia senior. "It's the same as high school, but the women are even more enchanting and beautiful."

Wait a sec. Six women for every four men and yet there remain men who can't get laid? How could this be? *scratching head, looking skyward and sticking tongue out a little* Nope, I just can't figure out why there are male students sitting around lonely and single. For those men attending college who think a favorable sex ratio will spare you the need to learn game, I hope you can see the folly of that thinking. At best, a good sex ratio simply means more betas getting taunted by slutty women flashing scads of skin to catch the attention of the few alphas in the room.

> "It causes girls to overanalyze everything — text messages, sideways glances, conversations," said Margaret Cheatham Williams, a junior at North Carolina. "Girls will sit there with their friends for 15 minutes trying to figure out what punctuation to use in a text message."

Girls have always overanalyzed the laconic conversations of alpha males. The sex ratio doesn't change that. All it does is make their overanalyzing of the same men tinged with frantic desperation. Sorry betas, your conversations don't get overanalyzed by women. They get disappeared; sucked into a void of whitenoise. You know, kinda like how you don't remember a single word a fat chick said to you.

I haven't written much about sex ratios because I don't find it to be all that pertinent to a man's daily life and his odds with women. I've noted that on a microcosmic scale a very bad sex ratio can mean a shitty night at the bar fending off armies of Bob Evans, and perhaps on a macro scale a skewed sex ratio will affect a host of social indicators. But for the day to day gaming of chicks, sex ratio isn't going to have much impact one way or the other, unless it is severe and prolonged. If I had to guess, I'd say a sex ratio that favors men — as we have on a lot of college campuses these days — would mean the following:

- Women acting sluttier.
- Fat women ostracized more than ever.
- Betas taunted by a flesh machine churning out display product they cannot buy.
- Alphas living like harem kings.
- Alphas in general acting more caddish. More drinking, fighting, fornicating, and video gaming.
- Betas in general withdrawing more from social life to seek the sympathetic embrace of their computers or like-minded losers in love.
- Dating replaced by fucking ("hooking up" in the current nomenclature).
- Blowjobs and anal sex increasingly accepted as virginity-sparing sex substitutes.
- Later marriages.
- And finally, a tired rationalization hamster punching in overtime. The female mind has never been so besotted with challenges to her anti-slut barricade!

Bottom line: If you are an alpha male, this is a great time to be a student at State U. If you are a beta male, life sucks as usual. If you are an alpha female, things just got tougher. If you are a beta female, you have a glorious career in HR and a schnerdling husband to look forward to in between bed-pounding nights and tearful morning-afters with the sexily oblivious men who would forever haunt your memories and your heart.

Valentine's Day Mascara

CH · 16 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Valentine's Day is probably the one day of the year which presents special difficulties to the harem king attempting to juggle his multiple lovers. Birthdays and anniversaries are scattered and Christmas absences can be excused by claiming to spend time with family. But Valentine's Day is that one day of the year that every girl in the known universe expects to be spending with the man who is laying intimately with her. So what does the Man With Multiple Lovers do on this most romantic of days?

I can tell you what the harem king doesn't do: Tell the truth. There is some literature in the seduction community dealing with harem management (or "multiple long term relationships") for truly advanced players, but what is counseled is something along the lines of 1. be honest, 2. reframe, and 3. be exceptionally high status. For most men, satisfying condition nmber 3 is unlikely, which is the most important variable in being able to successfully and *openly* manage multiple lovers. There is a reason that seduction community advice for handling MLTRs is so sparse and half-baked — it's damned hard to do. The fact is that most successful players — alphas and greater betas alike — will lie out of expedience to enable the gravy train of multiple concurrent pussy to keep rolling. Honest and open MLTRs of the sort extolled by pickup instructors who are scared of being labeled misogynists are very rare. I estimate less than 0.5% of men can pull it off for longer than a few months. Eventually, one or more of the girls will tire of the arrangement and opt out, and it will usually be the highest quality [read: age 18- 25, BMI 17 – 23] concubine in his harem, because she is the one with the most options on the open sexual market.

As for reframing, yes, if your game is exceptional and your aloofness unshakeable, you can execute a smooth reframe with all your women and avoid lying to them about sleeping around. But I mean your game has to be tighter than an Asian chick's virgin anus. And don't expect it to last much beyond the four month mark. If you think kickass reframing will net you three hot, faithful, simultaneous long term girlfriends who dote on you for years, you need to come down to earth. Your game is not that good. Even pinnacle alpha males have trouble with this. You think Angelina Jolie would tolerate for long a second lover in Brad's bed? Sure, she likely looks the other way at his dalliances (in much the same way Elin Woods ignored the evidence of Tiger's blatant cheating for years until the dam burst), but Brad upholds his end of the bargain by LYING about those dalliances, either forthrightly or by omission. I'm assuming Brad is cheating, because the odds of a man of his status not cheating on a rapidly trannie-mogrifying wife like Jolie are infinitesimally low.

An alternative to psy-ops pimp-style harem management for successfully operating an open and honest MLTR is to relinquish your male prerogative as sole pussy possessor. If you state up front to your girls that your desire to bed a variety of women means it's only natural you don't place the same expectations of fidelity on them, you can amp up your aloofness game to maximum overload and actually pull off the coveted Open and Honest MLTR. Upside: You never have to worry about covering your tracks. (Roosh recently wrote a good post about track covering). Downside: You may be swimming in polluted vaj. The downside risk to this alternative is so anathema to the majority of men, that even if they have mentally rationalized their way to embracing the wonders of the open, polyamorous relationship, they will likely find it nearly impossible to control their emotions should they suspect one of their favored mistresses is fucking another man on the side. The god of biomechanics, the one true god, is not to be trifled with. This also explains why the denizens of professed polyamorous arrangements are usually ugly, fat, middle-aged hippies with greasy hair. When the grotesqueries you are banging are practically worthless in the sexual market, you don't much care if they screw around. You aren't losing much.

I don't mean to be a complete downer on the concept of the open MLTR. There is a chance, not insignificant, that following the precepts of the open relationship by establishing early on with your women a very loose code of conduct could redound in your favor. Women aren't linear in thought or action, so telling them they have the option to fuck on the side since that is what you will be doing does not mean that your women are actually going to follow through and fuck on the side. It could just as well result in them wondering in awe at your alphaness that you don't

care if your concubines “cheat” on you. This is aloofness game taken to the nth degree, and can often send the rationalization hamsters spinning so furiously that your multiple girlfriends won’t have the mental energy to expend seeking out additional male partners. They will instead spend their spare time analyzing the smallest details of your words and actions. Remember, too, that it is not in the nature of women to sleep with more than one man at a time, so the open relationship is often open in name only. What normally happens to open relationships is the primary (most attractive) girl bolts after a few months while the lesser girls squabble for sole rights to your time.

Which brings us back to Valentine’s Day. How does the man with multiple lovers deal with V-Day? Well, as I’ve amply demonstrated above, he doesn’t tell the truth. That would be sexual suicide for most men. He prefers not to blatantly lie either, not because of his tender concern for upholding a moral order in the universe, but because as a practical matter it’s hard to keep up with lies. And the inveterate player never lets his eye too far off the practical matters, even for men such as myself with a strong streak of romanticism. No, what he does instead is EVADE. And evasion is best accomplished through planning and foresight.

Let’s say you are currently banging three girls, rated 8, 7 and 5. You’ve been with the 8 for six months, the 7 for four months, and the 5 two months. (The 5 is your guaranteed booty call when you MUST BUST RIGHT NOW.) Obviously, the 8 is going to receive the bulk of your loving attention, and you will be most upset if she were the one to leave you. So you set up the official Valentine’s Day date with the 8. Plan to do the usual stuff with her — nice restaurant, flowers, charming flattery, wild sex. Two weeks before V-Day you call the 7 and tell her to make sure she keeps the weekend before Valentine’s Day free, because you are going to take her out and show her a good time. Then you call the 5 and tell her to be free a couple of days after V-Day. Why do you do this? By preemptively arranging dates with your lesser girls around Valentine’s Day, you buy yourself plausible exemption from having to spend time with them on V-Day itself. They will be so happy that you’re taking them out they won’t be too bothered by the fact that it’s not on Valentine’s Day. If they ask why you aren’t taking them out on V-Day (most girls won’t ask, as it would be an admission of their doubts about their worthiness to you), tell them you spend Valentine’s Day with your family. Or just say you’ll be out of town, so you wanted to see them before you leave. If the spirit moves you, have some flowers delivered to them on V-Day, which they will receive with warm smiles while you are blasting a glorious load in the face of your number one lover.

What Is A Beta Male?

CH · 17 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I catch flak from some readers complaining that there is no way to draw a valid distinction between alpha and beta males. I don't know what planet these readers live on (planet Delusional Tard?), but instead of pointing them to my dating market value test for men, I'll just let a video speak for me. If this doesn't help clear their muddled thinking, nothing will. Behold: Baba Beta!

"My teeth are a 10!" Howard Stern in his prime was comedy gold.

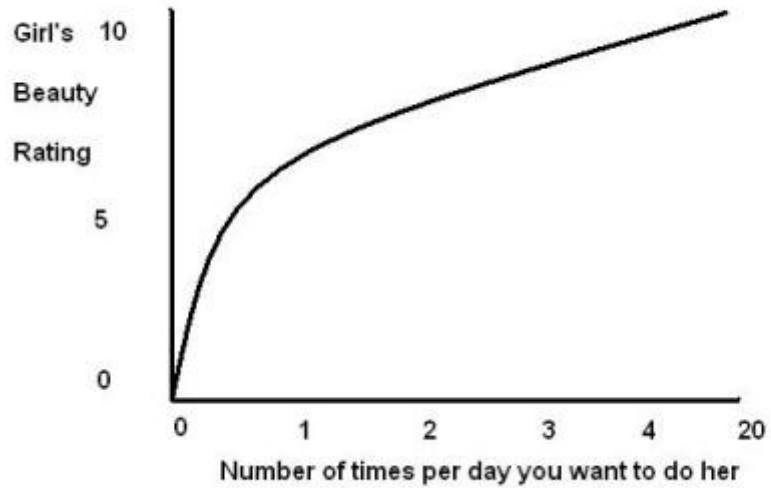
Giving Up On A Relationship

CH · 18 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

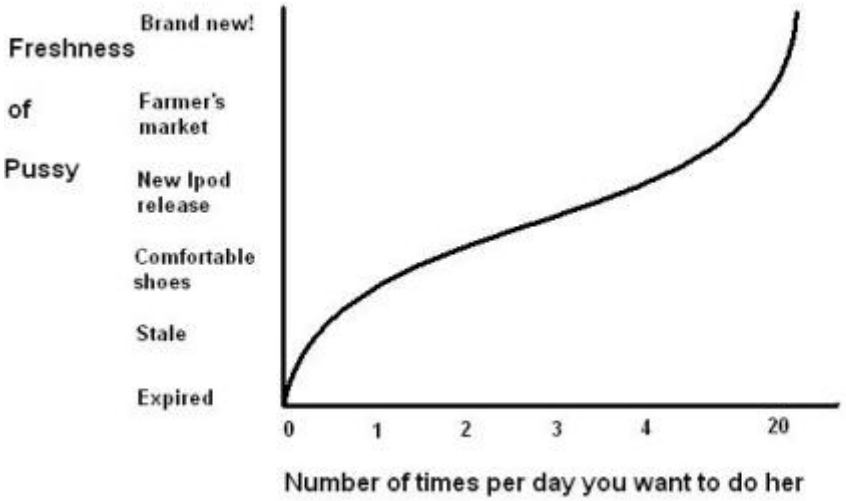
"Issues". That's a twinkletoes word, isn't it? "We have issues, dear." "I think we need to discuss some issues." Almost as bad as "closure". What makes "issues" ambiguously slippery is the fact that the issues that matter to men diverge so wildly from the issues that matter to women. Women normally leave relationships because of issues having to do with nebulous smoke and mirrors concepts like "compatibility" and "fulfilling her needs". As all of you must know (since you read my blog) these excuses by women are merely handwaving bromides to conceal the crass tingle generator under the skirt that is actually responsible for her decision-making. Nonetheless, the relationship "issues" that matter to women are indeed a bit more complicated than those that motivate men to either stay with or leave a lover. A woman's 463 bullet point checklist is a real phenomenon and dwarfs most men's checklists for acceptable partners. If you don't like tofu AND you fart in bed AND you voted for Ron Paul, she just might spend sleepless nights agonizing over whether you are The One. (My advice: Ignore 99% of a woman's "needs". Attempting to fulfill more than 1% of a woman's needs will brand you with a big fat "B" for beta.)

Men are fairly clear and even simple in their (usually) unstated reasons for feeling the need to flee a relationship. Essentially, two uber variables are responsible for how men feel about their lovers. One, how hot is she? And two, how novel is her pussy? That's pretty much all there is. Sure, minor details like compatibility and shared values will have some influence over how warmly men feel about their partners, but these factors pale in comparison to the hotness and freshness of the pussy in question. For example, a man who just met a babe ranked 9 is going to want to fuck her nonstop and dream of slaving away to give her the world. On the other hand, a man who has been with the same 5 ranked woman for years will be able to go weeks, if not months, free of any desire to fuck her as his thoughts are preoccupied with visions of skirt-hiking the bounty of babes he sees on his morning commute every day.

These two important variables influencing men's feeling of commitment to a lover can be represented in the following handy graphs.



As we can see from the above, most men couldn't be bothered to bang 5s and below more than once per day. But anything over a 6 and a man's sexual urge shoots through the roof. 8s, 9s, and 10s are really nature's natural viagra. A 90 year old who hasn't sported wood in twenty years will suddenly spring to life if Zooey Deschanel sits naked on his lap.



In this graph we see that the novelty of the pussy has a big impact on how often the man wants to do the woman. Pussy that he's woken up next to for ten years is unlikely to stir his loins at all, while brand new pussy will remind him why it's great to be alive. An ugly truth of life is that men, unlike women, simply get off on sexual variety for its own sake. Don't take it personally, ladies. We're not cads. We're just formed that way.

This post should serve as a valuable guide for women wanting to figure out just how deeply loyal their boyfriends or husbands actually feel towards them. A man's strength of commitment can be measured surprisingly accurately by these two variables.

(Note that I'm referring to a man's "strength" of commitment, not his "lack of options preventing disloyalty". These are two different concepts. A man with lots of options on the dating market — i.e. an alpha — will only feel strongly loyal — and hence, unlikely to cheat or withhold resources — to a girlfriend who is hot and piping fresh. This strong emotion-directed loyalty is a separate beast from social- and peer-influenced loyalty, and is the type of loyalty that burns brightest but is also quickest to fade. Betas also lose their sense of strong emotional loyalty, but unlike the alphas their lack of options means they are pretty much stuck with the same old same old, mouthing platitudes on anniversaries and birthdays to keep the mutli-horned ball-smashing divorce demon from breaching a portal to his world.)

So, ladies, if you want to know how commited he is to you, a simple test (and one that requires being bracingly honest with yourself) is to tally how many times per day on average he desires you intimately. Is he constantly groping you? Good news! He hardly notices other women. Has it been a week since he last fucked you? Better start combing through his cellphone texts.

When I start feeling like I could go a day without fucking my girlfriend, that's when I seriously mull the option to reenter the dating market with purpose. I start flirting with other women and running game again like I was single and horny. And I notice more clearly when other women are flirting with me. This may seem like I'm placing some hard-to-please demands on my women, but the woman who can keep me sexually entertained for years will know she is a worthy lover indeed.

Reader Mailbag

CH · 22 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For whatever reason, I've been getting more emails than ever from men thanking me for the blog and the improvements my writing has made to their love lives. I need an assistant to handle the boatloads of reader emails I've been getting lately. Any cute girls who like to wear schoolgirl skirts without underwear up for the, uh… position? Pupu? You seem the naughty type.

Email #1:

> Most benevolent schlongmeister:
>
> I have a quandary. I have shared my cliffs notes (consisting of links to your essays, or me getting them drunk and hollering at them) on the crimson arts with some of my nerdly friends, in hopes of making them more studly. These guys have had a lot of success; one guy went from "depressed middle aged schlub who got dumped by his fishwife, and who pines for his nerdy looking lady friends," to "skewering 20 year old hotties by the half dozen" in a matter of a few weeks. Another was a long single fella; good looking dude, talented, keeps fit, went from "passive guy who never gets a date" to "boinks all the girls he desires." There are other examples; I feel a benevolent fatherly glow, watching these good fellows grow from boy to man in this important area of their life.
>
> My quandary: many of them seem unable to keep a woman. I think the seduction boards talk about this, they talk about accomplished seducers who have "something missing," and never seem to have a girlfriend. They say stuff like the guys are so focused on the seduction process they can't actually relate to the ladies, and so they can't keep their girlfriends. I think that's total girlie horse shit; "relating to women" is something fags do when they go shoe shopping with them. No, my extensive research (I asked the chicks who dumped them) indicates these dudes didn't fuck their lady friends properly. That's what is missing. Probably, they were taught some feminist bullshit about focusing on the clitoris like some kind of guppy fish, or else they just lack the animal drive to fuck 'em like an enraged gorilla. Whatever it is, I'm kind of at a loss on explaining this. I figure if I say, "learn to squat 400lbs, then fuck them like a rapist," they'll just give up; either that or they'll do something lame and serial killer-like.
>
> You're much better at breaking crap like this down, so maybe you can do an article on the subject some time. I figure 90% of "relationship game" consists of fucking them so hard, their stupid hamster wheel never has a chance to spin up on you. The other 10% consists of acting like you can fuck them hard enough to make their hips crack the rest of the time; aka "being da man." Personally, I make it a policy to not hang around with women I'm schtupping unless I'm actually screwing them: I got too much crap to do to rot in front of a TV or go on "hikes" or whatever most people do to kill time, because they have nothing better to do. This is probably part of it too; lame sex + TV = getting dumped. Hot rutting + elusive man of mystery who makes the time fun = stalkers.
>
> sincerely,
>
> -[*reader requested anonymity*]

First, a general observation regarding this reader's email. A sneering accusation often heard from the arid, anti-seduction crowd is that the self-professed pickup gurus are never seen with a girlfriend, or otherwise have trouble keeping a girl for longer than a few weeks. Pay it no heed. It is the feeble bleat of the envious and the insecure. While I don't have a data sheet of rock hard, throbbing numbers to arouse the nerd brigade in attendance, from casual impressions I don't see the smattering of men who are public game advocates having any more or less success than the average beta bear finding and maintaining relationships. Neil Strauss has had long term girlfriends. I think he's in an LTR now. Lance Mason, the founder of Pickup 101 is, or was, last I heard, in an LTR. Stephane

Hemon, possibly the wackiest of the game teachers who profits from his knowledge, is married (to one woman). Some of the local men I know who follow and use game principles in their lives are informally hitched. Even Mystery, narcissist extraordinaire and player supreme, has had long term commitments, though undoubtedly of the more dramatic sort that would give hives to men who weary quickly of women's mental masturbatory games.

That aside, let's assume for the moment that the impression that pickup artists have trouble keeping girlfriends is accurate. Two reasons would account for this. One, many men who come into the game have had a lifelong history of trouble with the ladies. When they are finally handed the skeleton key to the gated secret garden, their enthusiasm for "skewering 20 year old hotties" will often trip up their good sense in the area of managing long term relationships. It is a tightrope, balancing the skills that get the girl with the skills that keep the girl, and most men will favor the former at the expense of the latter owing to the established scientific fact that for men, variety is its own reward.

Two, when someone gives you the power to attract and seduce multitudes of women, would you immediately put your newfound power to use seducing just one woman, and then calling it a day? Let's just say that all those girlfriend-less pickup artists are crying all the way to their well-used, rumpled bedsheets. Or, to put it another way, if the choice is between an endless string of unstable, short term flings and no women at all, which do you think most men would choose?

Ok, now to the reader's email. There is some truth to the observation that freshly minted players have trouble connecting with women on the level that would be required to sustain an LTR. Part (not all) of the mindset that is needed for pickup is antagonistic to the mindset needed for successfully navigating an LTR. When a man is hopped up on the thrill of meeting new women, he often loses sight of the little things that a girlfriend would want from him to strengthen their emotional bond. And so we see weird things happening to PUAs, such as Mystery losing his cool and his Russian girlfriend to a slaphappy roommate, and students of pickup workshops complaining a month later that the girls they banged aren't interested in LTRs. What is happening to these men is a blunting of the psychological acumen needed to fulfill a girlfriend's desires by heavy use of those alternate psychological ploys that serve masterfully as seduction tools. Listening with love to a woman is one of those key skills that seems to take a backseat to the wicked art of seduction.

But like the emailer, I too, find that an overwrought emphasis on "relating to women" is counterproductive for men, and also a little faggy. A lot of forlorn betas and sackless wonders will read "relating to women" as a ewe-like war cry to show more emotion, be more sensitive, and find more commonality with women on women's terms. Let's be clear: Couples shoe shopping is not going to fix your LTR. Men and women will never find commonality, and nor should they, because men and women by the hand of the double helical godking are designed from the origin point to exist in two separate spheres of perception. From a man's correct point of view, women are not meant to be "related to"; they are meant to be seduced, fucked, cared for, laughed with, and loved a little or a lot. Don't go looking for self actualization in a relationship.

The emailer says that the women he spoke to suggested it was a lack of proper rogering that turned them off from consdering their lovers as long term potential. I find this plausible, barring the usual caveats to take whatever women say with a silo of salt. A good bit of advice I could give to men who might suspect this is the problem is to focus less on tender lovemaking and more on raw, Discovery Channel savannah-style humping. Don't worry about giving her an orgasm. If you bang with abandon, sweaty and unprepossessed, like a majestic lion king who just fatally bit the necks of twelve lion cubs and assumed by force the position of alpha male of the pride, with all the perks therein, it won't much matter if she has an orgasm. For women, just as much stimulation is gotten from the feeling of being pumped like the submissive animal creature she is as from the actual crest and resolution of a physiological orgasm. If the thought of dominating your woman in bed shrivels your scrote, may I suggest a long and sexless marriage to a hag shrike who writes a feminist blog?

Email #2:

> Chicks don't dig jerks. They dig men who _can_ be jerks.
>
> What's jerkiness except taking without reciprocating, doing and saying what you want, and generally enjoying yourself without concern for the cost to others? We all want to be jerks. In fact, the easiest thing in the world is to be a jerk. But only some people can get away with being jerks, and most have to work hard to avoid jerkery. That is, only some people can take what they want without fearing the anger of other men. Perhaps fewer still can take what they want without fearing the anger of women.
>
> The upshot for your readership is that women don't have some special attraction to jerky actions per se. Instead, they are attracted to powerful men who have no reason to temper their preferred state of jackassery. Maybe fake it until you make it applies here, but I'm guessing most men can only push the limits of their asshole potential rather than break out of them entirely.
>
> All the best,
>
> C

The above was written by a woman going by the handle "Candy Fox". If that's her real name, I salute the gumption she'll need to handle the challenges that lie ahead of her in the quest to marry up in social class.

The first line stuck out: "Chicks don't dig jerks. They dig men who _can_ be jerks." This is semantics. The men who *can* be jerks are often the men who *are* jerks. Why? Because they can be. It's similar to an assertion I recall longtime commenter and sprightly feminine ingenue Alias Clio made, which went something along the lines of "Women don't fall for the asshole behavior. We fall in love *despite* the asshole behavior."

From most men's perspectives, it's inconsequential whether women fall for the jerk despite his assholery, or because of his assholery. The bottom line is that here, there, and everywhere, women (and particularly women of the highest sexual market value) are falling in love with, and having raunchy sex with, a rogues gallery of assholes, dicks, jerks, cads, boors, and even serial killers. So you'll excuse the less fortunate in love men for not much caring about the rationalizations that women employ to assuage their guilt over falling for men Mom would not approve of, (but would secretly cream for).

The contention itself is false, anyhow. A simple thought experiment should suffice to show why this is so. If women were truly falling for jerks *despite* their jerkiness, then it stands to reason that the men women fall for would be randomly distributed from amongst the male population, as the positive traits that are presumably attracting these women would be found equally in jerks and non-jerks. But this is not what we see. (Note that marriage rates and marital choices are not indicative of what women truly desire in a sexual partner, especially when those women are forced into a corner by delayed singledom and aging cougarification to settle into a lame marriage with a peabody puffboy out of expedience.) Instead what we see is a notable sexual preference by women for men who aren't particularly nice.

If women wanted nice, the beta store is fully stocked with saintly men. Candy Fox contends that women want nice, but they want it in a package that is capable of threatening jerk-like actions. But how is a woman to know a man is capable of jerkiness if he doesn't demonstrate it? Answer: she can't know without demonstration. And when is that demonstration of jerkiness most pertinent to a woman's subconscious need to gather mate value information about a man? Answer: right at the beginning when she is deciding whether to have sex with him.

So we can easily conclude from my little thought experiment that women indeed do fall for jerks *because* of their jerkiness. Alias Clio would say that jerks have concomitant desireable traits that are actually responsible for her feelings of sexual arousal. She might say that a jerk's jerkiness is not desireable, but his charm and cockiness are. Leaving aside for purposes of argument the telling observation that charm and cockiness are more often found in jerks than in niceguys (hello… ladieeees ;)), it is the height of hamster rationalization to presume there is no connection between a jerk's charming attractiveness and his jerkiness. It is as if women wish to argue that loveable, sexy jerks are really two separate men in the same body, a Dr. Jerkyl Mr. Sly bipolarity that has infected the known

human universe like a vampiric plague.

It's a cop-out. An ego escape clause. A semantical nimbleness of tongue. The jerk makes his jerky presence known almost from the instant you meet him. It's exhibited not just in his actions, but in his irresistible aloofness. No, one of the things women love about a jerk is… his jerkiness. And that is why, ladies, you will get more of what you love.

HIIIIII!!

CH · 23 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was sitting at one of my favorite social venues when a disturbance behind me erupted. A woman had just arrived and greeted her mixed group of friends with an exaggeratedly pronounced “Hiiii!!!” All the women already sitting at the table, and the couple of men who were with them, replied nearly in unison with an even louder and prolonged “Hiiiiii!!!”. The “Hiiii!!” was annoying beyond belief; a sing-song-y, off-key yenta battle cry. It’s hard to describe the sound of a spoken word, but imagine a musical “Hi” divided into two notes with the accent (upbeat) on the first note (Hii-) followed languorously by a longer downbeat on the second whole note (-iiiiiiii), spoken in adagio and fortissimo. Would a girl saying “Hi” like this sound phony? Yes!

It’s pretty common knowledge that DC stands at the top in per capita phoniness. There is a higher density of phoniness per square mile here than even in vaunted phony cities like New York. The whole reason of DC’s existence is to persuade other people to throw money, perks, or props your way, so a finely developed skill in the art of phoniness is a requirement before stepping in the ring. But this latest incarnation of phoniness is breathtaking even to a jaded cynic like myself. And these were not teen girls. They were grown-ass women with non-profit jobs and rich daddies to pay their exhorbitant rents.

To all the girls reading this post who greet each other and their gay best boyfriends this way, I ask: Are you *really* that happy to see your friends whom you just saw last week? Or is phoniness the new black? Maybe you think the phony Hi and the accompanying fake phony smile are supposed to be feminine, but I assure you, it is not. Fingernails on a chalkboard? Yes. Feminine? No. I’ll go out on a limb here and hypothesize that girls who are fakers when greeting people are also fakers in bed.

Here’s what I think is going on. The thuper duper edge community gay culture and the girly follower female culture have fused and become as one — a vortex of caricatured, trannyfied pseudofemininity spewing nebulae of jutting manjaws, wildly faggy gesticulations, and conversations that sound downright operatic. It is a vortex of suckage that any straight man would find baffling, which come to think of it, may be the point. But I can definitely tell you what it is *not*. It’s not attractive. This illustrates another great dividing line between the sexes — our respective reactions to phoniness. In general, men loathe phonies. Women cherish the company of phonies, and embrace the phony scene with gusto. Without phonies in their lives, women would have nothing to be catty about behind closed doors.

There is a powerful feeback loop in effect when girls and gays join forces. Where does this great culture meld between city girls and city gays end?

Half the moves in men’s figure skating look like reach arounds.

When Elites Self-Destruct

CH · 24 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

When I first read this news story, I doubted its authenticity. It reads like something Snopes.com would later discredit. But I looked around and the story is repeated in multiple media outfits.

> Transsexual performer vomits on Susan Sarandon
>
> Oscar winning actress Susan Sarandon has had a bad time of it lately. The actress recently separated from her long time partner, actor Tim Robbins. Sarandon attended the third anniversary of The Box in New York's Lower East Side.
>
> A transsexual cabaret performer named Rose Wood engaged in projectile vomiting on stage and hit Sarandon with it .
>
> Standing nearby were Scarlett Johansson and Liev Schreiber.
>
> According to Wood it was not intended as an affront to the actress and she didn't take it that way.
>
> "Apparently [Sarandon] got a big kick out of it. She squealed with surprise and loved it when several handsome gentlemen wiped it off of her. She had a ball! I saw her assistant downstairs afterward, and he was moved by it! She was in great spirits," Wood told the New York Press.
>
> Wood explains that vomiting on people is fitting is this establishment. "[It was a] fitting time for an outrageous act: the third anniversary of The Box. Everybody wants to offer safe and ordinary, not The Box!"

Was the vomit fake? The news outlets reporting on this story didn't mention anything about the vomit being fake, so it looks as if an actual stream of hot, chunky puke hit Sarandon. If she was sitting down in the first rows, it is likely the projectile vomit splattered her upper body and face. Where does getting vomited on rank compared to other incredibly disgusting affronts to one's dignity? Leaving aside for purposes of this discussion the creatively exotic ways in which the tortures of the damned might be executed (e.g., feeding severed genitalia to the writhing victim), I have ranked in descending order the top three most disgusting things that could happen to a person.

A tranny crapping on you. (Bonus points if face is the bulls-eye.)
A tranny projectile vomiting on you. (Again, bonus points for face.)
A tranny — assuming he/she still has a dick — jizzing on you. (Despite the terabytes of pornographic evidence to the contrary, I'd imagine that, like Clarice Starling, most women would not appreciate receiving an unwanted hot load to the face by a complete stranger, whether or not that stranger was doing "art" on stage. If we were to restrict our ranking to straight men, I'd place jizz in face above vomit in face, but just slightly below crap in face. If the crap was small, hard, and pellet-like, I think most men would even take that over jizz in the face. I once saw a porno clip of two guys on one girl and one of the dudes accidentally jizzed into the other dude's face as that dude was kissing the girl. The reaction of the jizzed-upon dude was priceless. He jumped back instantaneously and retched, swinging his arms around blindly for a towel to wipe off on. I bet his nightmares will haunt his sleep for years.)

Was Sarandon auditioning for "two old leftie hags, one cup"? And what the hell was Scarlett Johansson doing there? Did she partake of the pukage? I've gotta say, nothing can desexify a hot babe faster than a little dribble of puke falling down her cheek, like a sad, gross tear.

This story has so much win it's hard to know where to begin. First of all, it happened to Susan Sarandon. This is better than if it happened to Bono, although not as good as if it happened to Katie Couric. Secondly, the melding of elitist status posturing with the fraud that is modern "art" is perfectly symbolized in the caulking of the latter's vomitus to the former's face. This is meta-art that illuminates far more than the actual art.

Idiocracy isn't confined to the plebes and riff raff. A counterpart idiocracy is simultaneously at work degrading the

elite. A sure sign of a culture's death rattle is its elite abandoning all pretense of taste and class in a vain effort to prop a barrier between themselves and the hoi polloi. The fraud that is modern art has served this function well for the past 50 or 60 years, but it is finally reaching its inevitable resolution, as it always would, devolving into a repulsive farce that says more about professed elite admiration for it than about the art itself. At one time, there was piss christ, which the elites could happily use as a club to bludgeon the unsophisticated into submissive apologia. But pretty (and not so pretty) lies are like ravenous beasts that must continually feed until ultimately they turn on their advocates. (See: Any multicultural society's paeans to diversity.) And so we have the scorching parody of an elitist like Susan Sarandon suffering a stream of projectile vomit from the beast she helped breathe to life, and then being forced by a combination of circumstance and cognitive dissonance to betray her own disgust reflex at the altar of lifestyle liberalism.

Susan Sarandon's defiled face and subsequent feint of enjoyment and poseurism is a symbol of the late Caesarean implosion of our putative overclass. Tim Robbins' dumping her must have hit her hard. (Another high status man dumps aging wife! News at 11.) The "several handsome gentlemen wiped it off of her" line is telling. Rose Wood knows what a wrinkled, sexually worthless woman wants to hear. On the other end of the social spectrum, People of Walmart race to the bottom free of any need or desire to ape the habits of their betters. And who could blame them when their betters are the likes of Sarandon, vomiting trannies, and enabling art critics and media mavens? All the while, the rapidly shrinking sane middle is beaten like a pinata by an unholy alliance of the hermetically warped elites and the wretched bottom dwellers, of which such end-gameplaying is sure to have deadly serious consequences.

Here is the truth of the incident. You, Susan Sarandon, got puked on by a freak degenerate performing nothing remotely resembling art except in the fevered imaginations of bathhouse Baudelaires and serial killers. It wasn't cutely "outrageous" and it wasn't conceptually deep that only you and your inner circle of pretend snobs could recognize its artistic merit. And those "handsome gentlemen" in attendance took pity on you, the kind of unwelcome, soul withering pity reserved for the losers and the lost. Of which you are now one.

The Core Principle Of Game

CH · 25 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was out recently with a buddy who knows of the DC blog scene and occasionally reads my blog (HIIIIIII dude!!!!). We went to a club that has a cramped basement dance floor. Very loud, very crowded, and very sweaty. This is the type of place that affords much illicit groping if that's your bag. I didn't go with any intention to hit on girls, or even to flirt much, so I leaned back against the bar and watched my buddy work a crowd of four chicks. As I leaned masterfully, one of the girls in the group sauntered over adjacent to me to buy herself a drink (or a timeout). I sized her up with a cocked eyebrow and a calculated frown. She was cute, early to mid 20s, long brunette hair, and short, with an ample bosom. That old notorious feeling came back again. You can't keep the inner cad locked down for long.

I opened for the kill.

"Lemme guess. You're with a bachelorette party."

She winced. "Nooo! Thank god, I hate those things."

I studied her reaction while musing to myself that perhaps a patented CH meme is getting out into general circulation. I had my opening. Finish her!

"Wow, I could have sworn you were assigned to accost men for your engaged friend. I'm relieved. Cheers."

I suspected she was smart enough to know the word 'accost', and would appreciate my use of it. She stared at me blankly for a few seconds registering what I had just said. She turned her head away slowly, then whizzed right back around again to face me. I suspected correctly. She roughly grabbed my hand.

"Come out and dance with us! You do realize you're at a dance club?"

"I don't dance."

"Oh, right, I forgot, men don't like dancing." She rolled her eyes.

"True." She was still holding my hand. I made sure to pull away first. "You'll have to get yourself a gay boyfriend for dancing duties."

She laughed. "Oh, is that what they're for?" Enough of her frame. It was time to reframe so that she was following my conversational lead.

I placed my hand on her forearm. "You don't seem at all like the type of girl who would be happy in a place like this." This wasn't a line. She really wasn't the type who normally goes to this place. Not phony enough.

"What do you mean by that?"

Reframe established. Subtle neg delivered. She was in the tingle-generating defensive crouch.

"Look around. Most of these girls are faking it. Can you fake it as well as they do? If you can, then I guess I was wrong about you."

Remember, gentlemen, conversations with women don't have to make logical sense. They just need to sound sexy.

She smiled and cocked her head in that way girls do when you've pleasantly surprised them. "Do you want a drink?"

Ah, the first real shit test. Now we were getting somewhere. Men, take note. When a girl is standing right next to you at a bar, and she asks "Do you want a drink?", be careful! She is really asking "Will you buy us a drink?" Smart girls know how to massage this shit test so that they maintain plausible deniability.

"No, thanks."

Passed.

“You’re not going to drink tonight??”

“No, I’m just not in the mood for a drink right now. You know, when you dance, don’t forget to twirl. Like this.” I took her hand and she happily spun around for me.

We gabbed some more while standing at the bar. Eventually, her ass gingerly found its way into my crotch and a tame simulation of bumpngrindage ensued. She liked when I moved her hair aside to kiss her neck. I liked it too. Her feminine aroma — a mix of youth, sweat, and perfume — was intoxicating. Maybe a half hour in we were making out, sometimes right in front of her friends who didn’t seem to mind at all. She must have signalled them earlier that she didn’t want or need a cockblock. But I was always sure to break it off first, and quickly, wary to ever let our lips linger locked for long. This wasn’t so much a game maneuver as a practical consideration. I didn’t want to be recognized making out with her in public.

After a short while dancing with her group, I leaned into her and told her I was going upstairs, while reaching for my coat. She looked surprised and chastened. I leaned in again and said I’d like her number, and that she should come upstairs to give it to me. I walked off.

It was a calculated move. If a girl likes you, she’ll be willing to abandon her posse to meet you at another location for continued enrapture. If this girl was on the fence even a little, she would not likely have met me upstairs like I told her to do. I only needed to wait upstairs for thirty seconds before she showed up. She smiled when she saw that I was still there.

This was a textbook seduction. It reminded me what so often makes or breaks a man’s game. It always seems to come back to this, the core principle of game, of mastery of women’s desire: Aloofness. The concept is simple, although its proper exeuction can belie its simplicity. I didn’t care that night about hooking up, or impressing girls. This cavalier nonchalance must have been exuding from my every pore, in my words and body language. Not giving a shit about the outcome — note that this is different than not giving a shit about the woman, for those of you who are too twisted in pious hate to understand the difference — is like catnip to a woman. They can’t resist it.

I realized early on that I could have pressed and taken this girl home that night. The number exchange was a mere formality. There was no need for me to stop at the number. She was into me enough for a same night close. Logistics were favorable. But I stopped myself short. It was then that I had a revelation and stumbled upon what is the greatest obstacle to a man’s success seducing women….

Guilt.

Random Blasts Of Thoughts And Reader Emails

CH · 26 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Mr. Rudy writes:

> REALLY IMPORTANT QUESTION
>
> OK, maybe it's not that important, but seriously: do you ever feel slightly bad for Alpha-ing a chick to the point when she's in a puddle of her own tears and you've moved on weeks or months ago?? I know what you're going to say, but really, aren't some chicks going to have a happier life never having known an Alpha and content in their Oprah-watching life, not asking many questions while they pass their days with some clueless Beta?? I say this as a full Alpha with maybe some Beta guilt. Because I can't count how many chicks I've done this to, where they are left to pick up the pieces and wonder what happened…
>
> -Guilty (kinda) in San Diego
>
> p.s. Think about it a while before you respond, it's not as cut and dry as you think…

There are a few women in my life I feel bad about having hurt. A man who never feels bad for any women he has hurt is either a spergy monster machine or he has never loved a woman enough to feel guilt for causing her pain. I emphasize "few". Only the vulnerable women who gave me every last ounce of their hearts received the blessing of my guilt when I hurt them. If I wasn't selective with my emotions I'd be a diagnosed depressive spending my waking hours flagellating myself for the tortures I've inflicted on all those innocent babes.

Then of course there are those women who deserve the opposite treatment. Rest assured my karmic scales are balanced.

***

Anonymous wrote:

> CH, much of what you say is hilarious, but filled with wisdom. I am dealing with something that needs your insight.
>
> I have been dating a specific woman for two months, along with taking other women out.
>
> On our first date, after a few beers, I told her, "If we have sex, you need to know that I will lick your pussy, you can blow me, and i will fuck you in the ass, but I won't fuck your vagina."
>
> For two weeks, I got to do all three on an almost nightly basis….usually in my car.
>
> Then, one night, having a sore back from the incorrect posture of sitting in the backseat foot well while enjoying lunch one too many times, I decided to get a hotel room.
>
> She put the condom on me, then acted like she was backing her ass to my cock then quickly slipped it in her pussy instead. So, for the next hour, I let her rock out, then climbed on top to finish the job.
>
> That was the last time we had sex.
>
> I need to understand what happened.
>
> For the next month, she seemed to flip out at the least misstep. Thinking I worked everything out, still no sex after the hotel.
>
> Then, this week, I sent her a text, having not seen her for a week, "Hey Baby, I miss you."
>
> She sends back, "I know."
>
> Screwed in the head by this response (I wanted a, "I miss you, too," response) I sent her another , "You know I miss you?"

> "Yes, I do."
>
> So I text her back, "Then, good. I don't need to tell you any more."
>
> Silence for an hour.
>
> I text her again, "It really hurts that the more I tell you I desire you, the less you tell me you desire me."
>
> She texts back, "I have had it with your shit. Don't ever call or text me again."
>
> "No worries. I won't." I send.
>
> "Good, I won't miss you."
>
> I text back, "I know."
>
> That's the end of it. How could I have handled it better and not beta?
>
> (Reason for no vag sex is because of some state laws.)

First, your texting was atrocious. Major Jumbotron fail. As for why she freaked out after vaj sex? A few thoughts spring to mind. She's hyper-religious. She's had an abortion in the past. She has AIDs. She was cheating on someone with you. She got indoctrinated in the interim by a Take Back The Night anti-date rape crusade of butch lesbians. I was thinking maybe you were bad in bed, but you wrote that you two did it for over an hour, usually the sign of a woman who is enjoying herself.

A bigger question is why you would tell her you won't bang her in the vaj but you'll do her in the ass? Is this supposed to be the 21st century version of chivalry? If there's a state law against vaj sex (? is she underage?), then I'm sure it applies to ass sex as well. Otherwise, don't assume a woman's feelings about vaj sex are your moral crisis. Your job as a man, should you take it, is to seduce the woman and bang her every which way you can get away with. If she doesn't want it in the vaj, let her decide that for herself.

***

Ariel wrote:

> I just had a really good idea for passing these shit tests where the woman is seeking validation or compliments.
>
> When you identify a shit test, for example a woman says "I hate this dress, it makes me look fat…" or something stupid like that, find the nearest guy, or even girl, and ask them if they like her dress or if it makes her look fat or whatever relates best to her shit test.
>
> Being that generally people are polite, they'll compliment or validate her INSTEAD OF YOU!
>
> Instead of GIVING AWAY your power, you're actually DEMONSTRATING POWER over somebody else, and making her FEEL BETTER about whatever she was concerned about at the same time. Everybody's satisfied!
>
> I just had to get that out there. It struck me as brilliant.

I like it. Very shrewd. Just be careful not to ask a guy like me if your girlfriend looks fat in that dress if she really is fat. I might stick the shiv in real deep and tell her that style is too revealing for a woman of her… class.

***

We're getting closer to defeating humanity's cruelest disease:

> Researchers develop dietary formula that maintains youthful function into old age
>
> HAMILTON, ON. February 11, 2010 – Researchers at McMaster University have developed a cocktail of ingredients that forestalls major aspects of the aging process. […]

> The study found that a complex dietary supplement powerfully offsets this key symptom of ageing in old mice by increasing the activity of the cellular furnaces that supply energy—or mitochondria— and by reducing emissions from these furnaces—or free radicals—that are thought to be the basic cause of ageing itself.
>
> Using bagel bits soaked in the supplement to ensure consistent and accurate dosing, the formula maintained youthful levels of locomotor activity into old age whereas old mice that were not given the supplement showed a 50 per cent loss in daily movement, a similar dramatic loss in the activity of the cellular furnaces that make our energy, and declines in brain signaling chemicals relevant to locomotion. This builds on the team's findings that the supplement extends longevity, prevents cognitive declines, and protects mice from radiation.
>
> Ingredients consists of items that were purchased in local stores selling vitamin and health supplements for people, including vitamins B1, C, D, E, acetylsalicylic acid, beta carotene, folic acid, garlic, ginger root, ginkgo biloba, ginseng, green tea extract, magnesium, melatonin, potassium, cod liver oil, and flax seed oil. Multiple ingredients were combined based on their ability to offset five mechanisms involved in ageing.

I'll be a happier man than I already am if we can put a stop to the scourge of declining female beauty.

***

Because sometimes a reminder is needed:

> Optimal Waist-to-Hip Ratios in Women Activate Neural Reward Centers in Men
>
> Secondary sexual characteristics convey information about reproductive potential. In the same way that facial symmetry and masculinity, and shoulder-to-hip ratio convey information about reproductive/genetic quality in males, waist-to-hip-ratio (WHR) is a phenotypic cue to fertility, fecundity, neurodevelopmental resources in offspring, and overall health, and is indicative of "good genes" in women. Here, using fMRI, we found that males show activation in brain reward centers in response to naked female bodies when surgically altered to express an optimal (~0.7) WHR with redistributed body fat, but relatively unaffected body mass index (BMI). Relative to presurgical bodies, brain activation to postsurgical bodies was observed in bilateral orbital frontal cortex. While changes in BMI only revealed activation in visual brain substrates, changes in WHR revealed activation in the anterior cingulate cortex, an area associated with reward processing and decision-making. When regressing ratings of attractiveness on brain activation, we observed activation in forebrain substrates, notably the nucleus accumbens, a forebrain nucleus highly involved in reward processes. These findings suggest that an hourglass figure (i.e., an optimal WHR) activates brain centers that drive appetitive sociality/attention toward females that represent the highest-quality reproductive partners. This is the first description of a neural correlate implicating WHR as a putative honest biological signal of female reproductive viability and its effects on men's neurological processing.

Executive summary: No fat chicks.

***

S. wrote:

> Say you go to a bar and strike a conversation with two girls. One is really hot. The other one is a classic beta.
>
> The hot one says, "Dude, you're nuts, totally, Avatar, was, like, awesome! Hurt what? Sorry, haven't seen that one. But, seriously, come on, Avatar was AWESOME! Like, fucking, really… I mean, great movie. Remember how he goes PFFF on that dragon? I can't believe you didn't get it." And she wrinkles her pretty nose. And the bar stand is reflected in her eyes. When it's not reflected, you can see the back of her head in there. Sort of.
>
> The other girl is smart and funny and loved District 9. She wants to discuss the 2blowhards blog with you or the latest article in New Yorker. She is flirty and has a nice smile. The problem is… what was her problem?

> Oh, I remember now. Her BMI is 27. She's not gorgeous. Her hair is slightly frizzy.
>
> Needless to say, you are going to leave with the first girl. Right? 'Cause, you know, she's like, awesome, dude. And you want to fuck, not discuss Almodovar. You already have a great outlet for your intellect – this blog.
>
> Sigh.
>
> I find your cynicism and rejection of bland political correctness refreshing. But I would love, love, love to talk to you in 20 years. Heck, make that 10.
>
> Next time you are in Potomac/Rockville area, let me know. I have many more questions to ask. (Oh, and don't worry: I am almost 40, have two kids, wear size 10-12, and am not interested in Greek alphabet measurements of human worth, even sexual worth. Just immensely curious.)
>
> You keep writing.
> S.

"PFFF on that dragon". Lol.

Taking your scenario at face value (that is, I'll dismiss for the moment the valid objection that it is presumptuous to assume a random hot chick a man meets must be a bubblehead), I'm afraid you won't like my answer.

Here, across the internet where I can't know what you look like, I'm drawn to your style. Left to my own imagination, I would have envisioned you as sexy as possible. But now that I know you are almost 40, with two kids, and a BMI of 27, you might say the blood has been let out of my chub. I don't relish this fact. I'm a slave to my bioalgorithm as much as you are, as we all are. I cannot will myself to feel sexually attracted to an unattractive woman no matter how cleverly obscure her cultural references.

So the answer to your question is: yes, I would take the hotter chick home. And I would continue dating women who met both my criteria of physical attractiveness as well as mental stimulation.

***

Smoke wrote:

> I have a super hot Polish cleaning lady. She's maybe 22 and comes to clean through a service twice a month.
>
> Any tips on closing her?

Ah, Polish girls. Beautiful, romantic, sweetly naive Polish girls. I have a gripping story about a Polish girl I loved that I thought about revealing on this blog, but decided against. Maybe I'll save it for the book.

Tip: She's a cleaning lady and foreign. Your status is already sky high relative to hers, so you need to connect with her by bridging the gap. Right now, she truly believes you are out of her league, and will likely deflect any of your flirting with her because of this. A little alpha-style self-deprecation is in order. (Don't go overboard.) Learn a couple of funny Polish words and mispronounce them on purpose. She'll giggle and correct you. You're off to the races.

***

Sman wrote:

> Hey!!!! Thanks again for another round of reader replies. I wanted to bring something to your attention.
>
> A friend recently showed me a clip from the Tyra Banks show about women that train their young daughters to be gold diggers from an early age.
>
> How early? The youngest girl there was 6 years old.

Early intervention is always best, I say. But a difficulty presents itself when attempting to instill the righteous values of reductionism in your little princesses — at 6 years old you can't be sure she'll grow up hot enough to successfully play the golddigger game. Parents of ugly daughters may want to take this into consideration and fast track their little monsters into Womyn's Studies at the overpriced private grad school of their choice, where she'll be safe from the predations of men and their penetrating rapebringers.

***

Anise wrote in a comment to my HIIIII!! post:

> Talking about men, clothes and food with one's girlfriends is one of the joys of being a woman and having girlfriends. Sheesh. I don't care if you don't like my tone. This is not your conversation.
>
> As for the gays, they are owed a debt by aspiring PUAs. Grooming, fitness, hygiene, the glorification of youth and sexual pleasure über alles. Sound familiar, fruitcake?

Anise has a point. The influence of gay culture has spruced up some of the less appealing aspects of the straight male culture. It may not be palatable to a lot of traditional men with grit under their fingernails, but we live in a day and age when male peacocking is making a strong resurgence as an effective tool of seducing women. Yes, men who wear armbands and cowboy hats are drawing the attention of women and getting laid. I like to dabble in the gentlemanly art of fine styling, myself.

Of course, this works the other way. Gays left to their own devices, free of any societal shaming or disgust or benign influence from surrounding tribal groups, rapidly spin out of control, reformulating their world until it resembles a technicolor musical complete with frills, doilies, and dogs small enough to fit in shirt pockets. So gays with a touch of the masculine (and from what I've heard, most gay men prefer gay lovers who exude some masculinity) owe a debt to the straight males in their midst.

Btw, when you screech "Hiiiii!!!!" really loud so the whole bar can learn how well-liked you are by your peers, yes, it becomes a part of my conversation. Know that you are being mercilessly mocked. Suck it up.

The Best (Only) Reason To Watch The Winter Olympics

CH · 27 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Exquisite. Let’s get a full body shot.

And here’s the lovely Kiira impersonating a DC lawyer chick:

It doesn’t suit you, babe.

I have fond memories of my time with a Finnish girl, who looked eerily similar to Kiira. I’m not anti-American woman, but I know a superior product when I’ve lain with one.

Exes

CH · 28 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I strongly suspect at least one, and probably two, commenters who soil this blog with hater comments are (American) exes of mine. I think I know who you are.

I have a question. I'm sure you'll read this. If it bothers you so much to read my blog, why do you do it? Do you get off making yourselves feel like crap every time you come here? Are you masochists?

I have some advice for you. STEP AWAY FROM THE BLOG. Seriously. Delete your link to this blog and never think about it, or me, again. You'll feel a lot better and your aching heart will thank you. Have some dignity, for christ's sake.

Canada

CH · 28 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Great job, eh. You held alpha male USA's attention for longer than 30 seconds. And you did it without Jim Carrey making a face or Celine Dion neighing. Now what number were you on our speed dial?

Storytelling AKA Fibbing

CH · 1 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In the course of your conversation with a woman you want to tell a story about yourself that flips those female attraction switches which Mystery so incisively described as “pre-selection by women, leader of men, and protector of loved ones”. But, honestly, how many men have those kinds of rip roaring yarns to tell which powerfully hit all those girl buttons? If you’re like most men, you likely have not led the life of an international man of mystery.

And of those men who *do* have stories like that to tell, how many of them are able to relay their stories for maximum impact? I’ve known quite a few Marines who spent time overseas in the middle of some crazy shit inexplicably tell their tales in such a way as to render them boring and ineffectual. You have to learn to sell yourself. Sometimes even top notch goods sit moldy on the shelves for lack of marketing and salesmanship.

This is where having a story (or a routine, in old school parlance) memorized and ready for deployment is critical to a man’s success bedding women. There is nothing inherently beta or creepy about memorizing stories from your life to use over and over with different women. Alpha males, indeed, are the biggest violators of the supposed sanctity of extemporaneous jiving. If you’ve ever hung out at upper class parties and the like you’ll notice the top dogs returning to the same well again and again, telling their stories in exquisite detail and precise manner, using almost the same words and cadence each time, because they have learned how to tell their best stories to ensure smiles and squeals of delight from their rapt audience. So go ahead and commit to memory one or two great stories that feature you in a starring role. Like a good Boy Scout, you should always be prepared.

So what does the man without a great story do? Well, my friend, this is where knowledge of the fine art of fibbing will take you far. I’ll illustrate with an example from my own life. Let’s say you have just asked a girl a beaver baiting question like “If you could wake up tomorrow and be anywhere in the world, where would it be?” She gets excited by this question and answers. This allows you to segue into a DHV story like the one from my life below.

THE TRUE STORY

One of my vacations was at a tropical paradise. Sun, sand, waves, fruity cocktails. After an uneventful plane ride, I rented a scooter and rode to the villa I was staying at. I paid a taxi to take my luggage to the same spot. Upon settling in and admiring the ocean view for fifteen minutes, I slathered on suntan lotion and trundled to a small beach alcove known for its nude sunbathers, hoping to peep at boobies and snatch. Once there, a couple of fat Europeans obstructed my view with their bloated nakedness. It turned me off. I moved down the beach away from them and read “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man”. Not the whole book, just the first few pages. I’m a slow absorbent reader. Then I went in the water and bobbed like a buoy. At 4pm, I walked to the tiki stand and bought a sandwich. On the walk back to the villa, I took a photo of three locals unloading crates from a red and yellow dingy docked at a tiny, empty beach. I watched them for a bit, when one of the gentlemen bounded up the craggy hillside and stopped directly in front of me. He barked at me to “stop taking snaps of my boat, mon.” Momentarily stunned, I looked at him like he was an alien. Finally, I said “Why? It’s legal.” He repeated himself, and threatened to steal my camera. I said “Yeah, sure, whatever” and walked off. Back at the villa, the concierge told me there was a drug running problem in these parts of the island, and that I was lucky not to get knifed. Relieved by my good fortune, I lounged at the pool until I fell asleep.

The next day, I went scuba diving. I was part of an instructional group, since I never scuba dived before. When I first plunged in the water I freaked out for a few seconds before gaining my composure and relaxing enough to breathe properly through the mouthpiece. A barracuda swam by me. It wasn’t very big or threatening. I could have petted it. Later in the afternoon I lounged at the beach again and ate another sandwich. The sandwich was delicious.

Day three. I decided snorkeling was more fun than scuba diving, so I rented some snorkeling gear and floated on top of the azure waters for a few hours watching small iridescent fish swim around. I got a sunburn on my back. I went to a club that night and hit on two French girls. One was interested, but she had a kid and an expensive coke habit.

Day four. More sunbathing. Oh yeah, and I went into town to browse the electronics shops and the ridiculously overpriced French fashion boutiques. I bought some liquor. Back at the villa I made a plate of brie cheese, baguettes, and red wine. The cheese made me gassy.

Day five. I went on a deep sea fishing boat to see how it was done. The waves were huge. I got seasick. My face turned green and I chucked over the side of the boat. The tall skinny black man operating the boat laughed at me. So did the little kid sitting next to me.

Day six. Having had my fill of sunbathing, I caught a ferry to a nearby island known for its excellent and invigorating hiking. The island was a dormant volcano that shot straight up out of the ocean. The hike was exhausting. 3,000 feet up took me all day. I saw a lot of green tropical plants along the way, and a couple of small lizards. I asked someone if the lizards were biters. They weren't. I was disappointed. On the way down, I stopped at a small store and bought a trinket made of amber from an old, fat black woman.

Day seven. I went back to the same tiki stand, because why mess with success? They had tasty sandwiches. On the plane ride home, I jammed in earphones and listened to music.

***

Now this isn't a horrible story, but it's not exactly a panty-dropper, is it?

THE FUDGED STORY INTENDED TO INCITE MAXIMUM GINA TINGLE

[Addressing girl]: Your ideal vacation spot reminds me of the time I went to [tropical island] and wound up with an adventure I hadn't bargained for. I was chatting with some French girls at this supposedly exclusive nude beach — and by the way, conversations take on a whole new feel when everyone is naked — when a big fat German dude plopped down right next to us. He was blocking out our sun like an eclipse, so we decided to leave. Since they were staying at the same villa I was at, I escorted them home. On the way, I stopped to take a pic of this interesting boat docked at a quiet beach alcove. Suddenly, one of the dudes unloading boxes from the boat bounded up the hillside and yelled at me to "stop taking snaps of my boat, mon!" I said, "What's it to you" and he lunged at me and pushed a knife to my throat. The two French girls gasped. This was pretty scary. Thinking quickly, I told him that wasn't a good idea because a bunch of people were walking towards us right at that moment. When he turned around to look, I grabbed one of the girl's hands and dashed around him to safety just a few hundred yards away. He didn't chase us. I told the cops about the incident, but as far as I know nothing was done. There's a drug running problem at that island, and I got caught in the middle of it.

The unexpected adventure didn't end there. I went scuba diving the next day and a shark that had to be ten feet long swam by me like a torpedo. The locals told me the sharks in those waters are harmless and won't bother humans, but when you've seen them up close like that you don't really believe all that bullshit. It was thrilling, sure, but I think I prefer watching sharks on TV.

I needed a break from all this unwanted excitement, so after an evening of red wine and French cheese while relaxing in the hot tub, I planned a hiking trip to a remote volcanic island that could be reached by ferry. On the hike up the mountain through thick rainforest and heavy fog, I stumbled across an old rickety shack with a sign outside that offered psychic services. Curious, I stepped inside and was greeted by an old black woman with an incredible accent. I don't believe in psychic stuff, but I decided to let her read my fortune. Whatever it was, it wasn't good. She stood up and said the session was over. Then she handed me an amber medallion and said it was a soulstone, which I should only give to a woman I will be with for the remainder of my life, because the woman who receives it will then have a piece of my soul. I still have the stone.

Have you ever gone deep sea fishing? If you do, take anti-seasickness pills. The waves were rocking the boat to the left and right. This boy sitting next to me was leaning over the railing trying to touch the flying fish when he got sick and started to slip over the side. I grabbed the kid before he fell into the ocean and told him to be careful. You've gotta wonder where this kid's parents were just letting him take a deep sea fishing excursion by himself.

After all that, I think I would have been better off just hanging out at Ocean City. But it wasn't all bad. I picked up some French while I was down there.

***

Pre-selected by women? Nude French girls. Check.
Protector of loved ones? Helped French girls escape drug lord. Check.
Leader of men? Rescued boy from drowning. Check.

Much improved.

Don't feel bad about fibbing. You are doing the exact same thing a woman does when she attempts to present her mating market value in the best possible light through the use of makeup and coy mannerisms. Seduction is an intricate weave of truth and fiction, and women would have it no other way.

Sexbot Armies Gather On The Horizon

CH · 2 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For those of you new to the blog, I wrote about the inevitable sexbot revolution back in August 2007:

> A robot that is an exact replica of your favorite supermodel and that has feedback to sound and touch (for example, she'll move her limbs and gyrate during sex as well as talk dirty and respond to commands) would supplant all other masturbation tools as the preferred method of getting off for men who can afford it. Once sexbots become affordable, internet porn consolidates to one or two websites for spank snobs who insist on "authenticity" and proles who must suffer the humiliation of not only being too poor to afford real women but fake ones as well. But, outside of self-pleasure and procreation, would sexbots replace real women?
>
> For some men, yes. The replacement would be total, at least until the dating market adjusted to the new reality. For other men, sexbots would be a part-time replacement. The result will be a shift in the mating landscape that will put selection pressures on humanity equivalent to a massive plague or a catastrophic famine.
>
> Sexbots are a very real threat to the established order because men's sexuality is so visually driven. Compared to women, it is a rather simple affair to create an alternative sexual outlet for men.

Everything that has happened since is gradually confirming the predictions I made in that post. If I was off, it was only in the surprising speed with which we are marching into a world of sexually alluring artificial women. The sexbot revolution is coming, and the (arguably) most beta male country in the world is leading it — Japan. Is anyone surprised that beta males are at the vanguard of the movement? The latest development is an interactive virtual girlfriend with juicy boobs that you can fondle:

> Famed for its various 3D adult games, Illusion announced its latest title to be Real Kanojo ("Real Girlfriend"), an interactive virtual girlfriend simulator for the PC, featuring real-time interaction with the polygonally intensive "girlfriend" by way of web camera.

If you stand in front of the webcam naked, does she go cross-eyed? I wonder if the monitor has spooge capture.

UPDATE

Best YouTube comment so far:

> can i poke her in the eye, slap her and then throw her off a building? just for fun?

The Number One Reason To Approach That Girl RIGHT NOW

CH · 2 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

You could pee on a power line and electrocute yourself:

> Authorities believe a Washington man was killed by accidentally urinating on a downed power line after a car crash.
>
> Grays Harbor County sheriff's Deputy Dave Pimentel said Monday 50-year-old Roy Messenger was not seriously hurt after he collided with a power pole Friday and called a relative to pull his car from a ditch.
>
> However, family members found Messenger electrocuted when they arrived.
>
> Pimentel says Messenger apparently urinated into a roadside ditch but didn't see the live wire. The urine stream likely served as a conductor, allowing the electricity to reach his body.
>
> Pimentel says there will be an autopsy but burn marks indicated the way the electricity traveled through Messenger's body.

Roast wienie! Think of all the ways you could die. An axle breaks and a bus careens into the sidewalk. A 14 year old mishandles a pistol. A congenital aneurysm bursts. A rotten tree limb falls on your head. It's quite amazing you're still alive and walking around today, is it not? So what are you waiting for? Express your joy that you've escaped death for one more day by chasing skirt!

What Do Healthcare and Sex Have In Common?

CH · 2 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If you want to know what people really prefer, watch what they do, don't listen to what they say.

Canadian Premier Danny Williams goes to the US for heart surgery.

Commenter lena wrote:

> Canada wins most gold medals.
>
> Canada has better and free healthcare.

Oh no, you're paying for it. And judging by the choices of those who are able to choose, you're paying for an inferior product. D'oh!

Unemployment Busting The Mating Market?

CH · 3 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets sounded like a teenager who just discovered his parents' 1980s era VHS porn stash.

"Dude, the women are coming out of the woodwork. I'm getting more than nibbles now. The fish are hooking themselves as soon as I drop the line in the water!"

Zeets has been blowing up the internet dating niche for the past couple of months. Multiple dates per week, and women were reaching out to him, texting him constantly about times to meet and what he's doing for the weekend. And all this in DC. It's as if the heavens parted and pussy shone down on his head like a beam of light.

"Why do you think that is? What's changed this winter?"

Zeets stroked his goatee like a young Zeus. "Well, I can tell you what I think is going on. Most of these women I'm seeing are unemployed. That's a big change from just a year ago when they all had exciting and wonderful nonprofit jobs. Now all those precious nonprofits have dried up. Suddenly these women are out of work living in an expensive city. A lot of them don't have two pennies to rub together because of grad school loans."

"And that's where a guy with a steady paycheck can step in and clean up."

Zeets jabbed a finger of exclamation. "Exactly. You take a guy like me, who knows his way around women, and who has a job and steady income, and it's like putting a bulls-eye on my cock. Women are gunning for it. They're not so ridiculously picky anymore."

This conversation got me thinking about economic trends and how they impact the dating market. In most of the country, men are filling the unemployed ranks, not women. But DC seems to be an outlier. Women here are feeling the sting of the recession just as much, if not more so, than men. Accordingly, out of work DC women are adjusting their self-worth downward, and in the process becoming less spastically picky about what they require in a man.

It's no secret that DC women are full of themselves. 4s think they're 7s, 7s think they're 9s, and cunty lawyers waving their big vocabularies and multiple degrees think they're supermodels. I've discussed many reasons why women would be prone to overestimating their looks. Now you can add unemployment to the list of factors that influence how a woman perceives her mating value.

Women, and a lot of men, are stricken by a psychological disease known as projection. What women find attractive in a man is what they think men find attractive in them. All else equal, women generally prefer men with a steady income to unemployed men. And so they mistakenly assume men prefer to date women with a job and income. But men and women don't neatly mirror each other that way. If the woman is good-looking enough, most men won't give a shit if she's out of work. They'll be thinking of the lay, only the lay, and nothing but the lay. In fact, many men will go out of their way to date unemployed women, because they justifiably think they can date up a point or two when their designation as a job holder grants them a relative boost in status.

Maxim #31: Any change in the relative status between men and women introduces new instabilities into the mating market.

Women, however, almost always assign too much importance to their own employment status and too little importance to their looks or weight when subconsciously calculating how desirable they are to men. This phenomenon explains why DC, filled as it is with hard-charging alpha globocorporate cunts, is plagued by haughty 4s who think they can play a 7's game. It also explains why women, now that the jobs are disappearing, are beginning to lower their expectations in the mating market based on a distorted self-evaluation of their sexual worth. Soon DC will resemble the less economically illustrious parts of the country, where a 4 is properly reminded she is a 4 every morning she wakes up and looks sadly in the mirror.

As long as women continue to believe their job status matters to men, regions where the recession has impacted heavily female occupations are going to be boomtowns for men looking for a chance to play out of their league. That 8 you thought was too hot for you? Well, now that she's out of work, she just might give your beta provider ass the time of day.

Icebreakers For The SWPL Chicks In Your Neighborhood

CH · 4 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Is your neighborhood infested with status whoring but irresistibly cute SWPL girls? Then you need an icebreaker tailor made for their fastidiously ironic sensibilities. Let's say you and the SWPL girl of your infatuations are sifting through a selection of $10 jars of almond butter at Whole Foods. Unless you are a savvy shopper, most stuff at Whole Foods is ridiculously overpriced. Knowing this, you look across your shoulder at her and say:

"If it isn't overpriced, I don't feel like I'm getting my money's worth."

Wait for her to smile (she will, if she doesn't take herself too seriously) and enjoy that moment when your pinkies touch reaching for the same jar of almond butter.

Now you're at the local dog park, a place where SWPLs can feel morally upstanding for giving their dogs the opportunity to run free on a scruffy patch of 10 feet by 20 feet crabgrass (artificial grass if you're at the Dupont dog park.) A tasty number sits down near you with her pomeranian in tow.

"The great thing about dogs is that you don't have to worry about moving out of the city when they get old enough to go to school."

What if you see the SWPL of your dreams at the local bike shop, where she's purchasing enough biking accoutrements to outfit a small, fitness-oriented Central American guerilla army?

"I really recommend that aquapac. It's good to be prepared in case you get stuck for weeks in the wilderness of Rock Creek Park."

Close your eyes. Open them! Now you see a cute SWPL babe at a Georgetown consignment shop. She's trying on musty old hats.

"That hat would be even cooler on you if it was a man's hat. And it had an Olympics pin on it."

You're at the famed E Street Cinema in downtown DC. You're standing in line next to a SWPL babe to see a sub-subtitled foreign flic of mega-ironic proportions. (It's originally spoken in Czech, dubbed over in German, subtitled in French and sub-subtitled in English.) You capture her attention while waiting in line to buy a ticket.

"I hope this movie comes with 3D glasses."

You're at an outdoor concert, standing in line to use the Porta-John. You get her attention and say…

Well, actually, nothing. There's nothing flirty you can say while waiting to use a Porta-John. It's just too gross.

Poseur Pop Culture Reference Of The Day

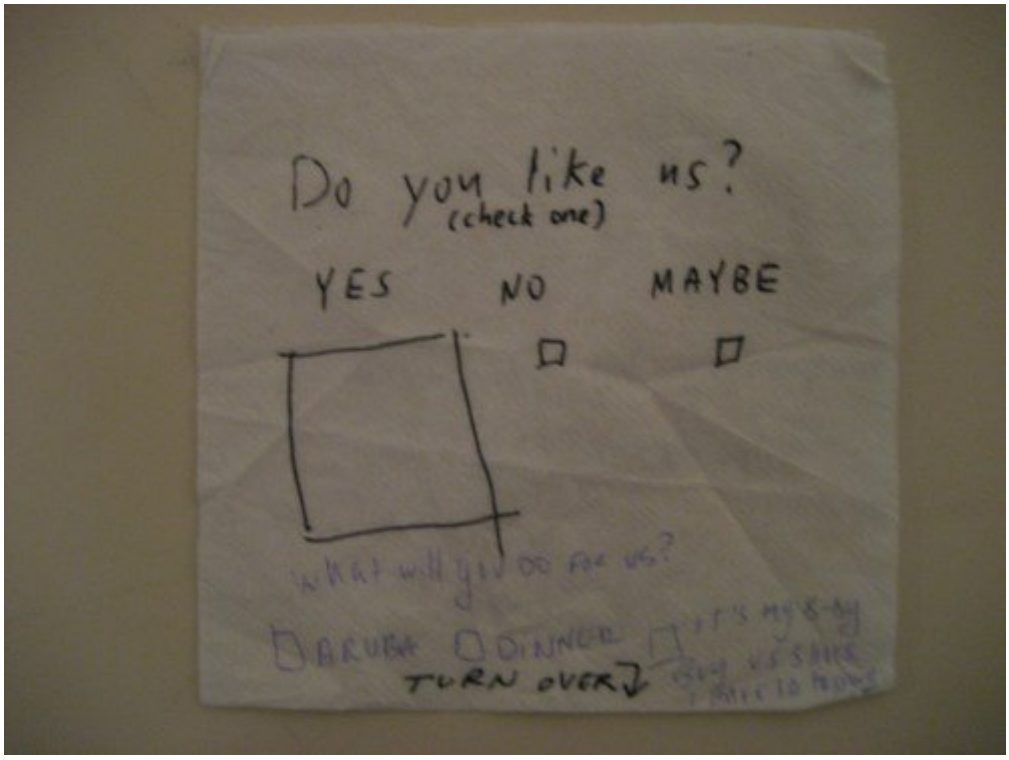
CH · 4 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Was Leo DiCaprio's best role Arnie in the movie 'What's Eating Gilbert Grape?', where he played an annoying teenage tard who liked to climb tall objects? I believe that was his high water mark. Which I find kind of funny.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 5 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I recently cleaned out my George Costanza wallet of two year old receipts and this crumpled cocktail napkin fell out:



I don't recall exactly but I think Roosh was with me when we had this napkin rendezvous with three girls sitting at the bar next to us. The cute female bartender I once biblically knew acted as our courier, ferrying the napkin between us and the girls. The exchange (including both sides of napkin) reads like this –

Me/Roosh: Do you like us? (check one) Yes [big box] No [small box] Maybe [small box]

Girls: What will you do for us? [box] Aruba [box] Dinner [box] It's my b-day. Buy us shots. I have ID to prove it.

Me/Roosh: Turn over. [Huge box with checkmark already in it] Good conversation followed by tonguedown.

Girls: [Another box with checkmark in it] No thank you.

OK, here is your mission, should you choose to accept it. Put yourself in the above scene. The giggling bartender has just returned the napkin back to you and your buddy and you read "No thank you." You look over and the girls are making haughty faces. Two of them look like they're having fun, but one looks a little bitchy. The girls are attractive, although as with most kitten prides one shines brighter than the others.

What's your next move?

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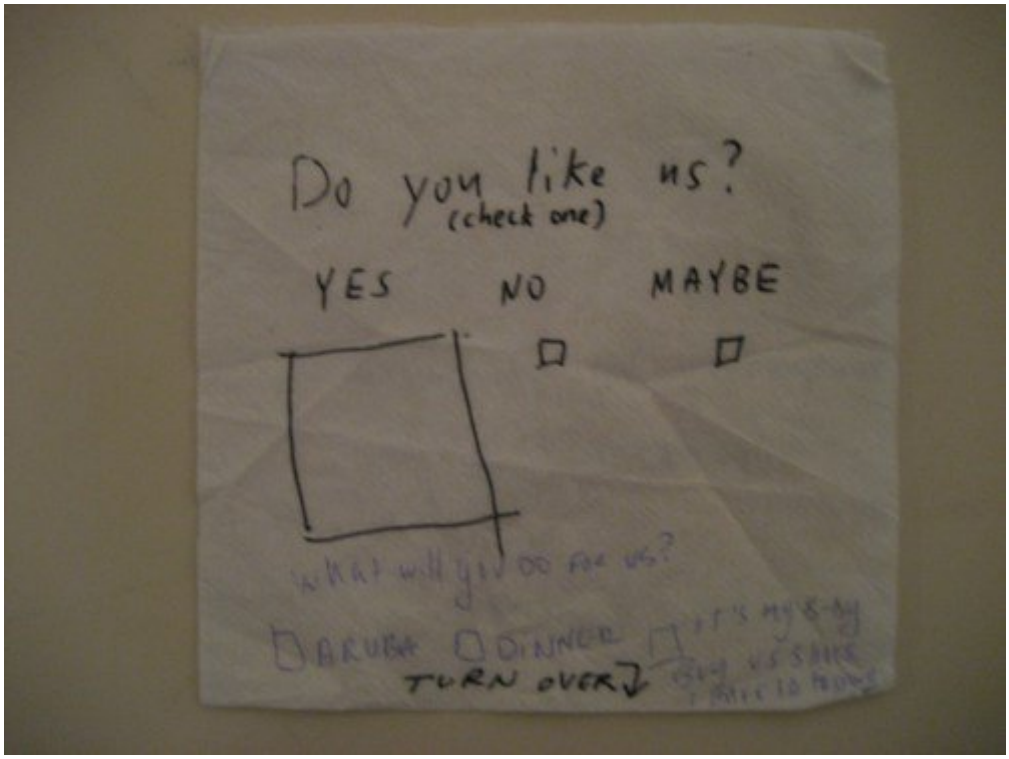

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What's your next move?

I'm In The Weekly Standard

CH · 6 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

There's an article called "The New Dating Game" in the *Weekly Standard* which mentions this blog. It's written by Charlotte Allen and it is pretty good. But I do want to issue a couple points of correction.

Allen writes:

> CH's deliberately outrageous posts are a source of controversy. In a write-up on George Sodini, the man who shot up a gym near Pittsburgh last August, killing 3 women before turning the gun on himself, CH contended that Sodini, whose diary revealed that he had not had sex for 20 years before the incident, was simply a frustrated beta barred access to women by the sexual/feminist revolution and that "anything was justified" to avoid the "walking death" of celibacy. In other words, Sodini was a hapless victim of the sexual revolution.

In that infamous and widely misconstrued post (2,255 comments), what I actually wrote was:

> When men kill women, the underlying reason is almost always an unfulfilled psychosexual need. This goes for spree shooters, rapists, and serial killers. I'm not surprised Sodini hadn't had sex in nearly 20 years. As I've written before, to some men on the losing side of the desireability bell curve celibacy is walking death and anything is justified in avoiding that miserable fate.

I don't personally argue that "anything is justified" to avoid the miserable fate of involuntary celibacy. I argue that some men who are losers in the mating race will be likelier to find any justification for acting out violently. I didn't think this was a subtle distinction when I wrote the Sodini post, but judging by the storm of flapping vaj lips from the feministing crowd in response I should not have underestimated the deliberate deceit in which that post would be read.

Allen also writes:

> CH himself, although arguably the most jaded of all the seduction bloggers, is actually a closet moralist who longs for the more constrained past when women dressed modestly ("Girlfriend or Fling?" is all about the kind of clothing and bearing that mark a girl as a "pump-and-dump"), refrained from swearing like sailors, stayed out of men's beds (except his!), and generally conducted themselves like wife-and-mother material (although he says he has no intention of getting married himself).

While I argue that a sexual revolution instituted by a female-alpha male axis of ardor will ultimately result in the implosion of a secular modern society, I don't long for a return to an era of chaste women holding out for marriage. I may describe reality as it is, and what it takes to prevent a first world nation from consuming itself, but I wouldn't sacrifice my poolside pleasure to help the far-thinking forces of propriety reclaim a moral society that put a lid on loose pussy.

Postscript: I was asked via email by Allen to do an interview, but I had decided against it. I figure whatever I have to say about blood, sugar, sex, magik I'll say here. Although Allen's article turned out to be reasonable (the exception to the rule when dealing with journalists covering the topic of sex relations), most reporters will twist an interviewee's quotes out of context according to their ideological whim or emotional vendetta. Whatever ethical strictures used to govern journalism have long since faded away in a miasma of rank partisanship and propagandistic hackery.

Spot The Alpha: Red Carpet Edition

CH · 8 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Before we begin, let me get one objection out of the way. I hate to break it to you guys reading (no I don't) but your girlfriends and wives would cheat with any one of these celebrities I'm showcasing for this edition of spot the alpha, if the opportunity was there. Fame is the ultimate male aphrodisiac. Fame is more powerful than vast wealth, looks, or charm. On the numbers alone, it might even be more powerful than master game. While tight game can lock down a woman like no other male attractiveness trait, fame can make a million ginas tingle at once. The resulting oscillation can dampen tsunamis.

So compared to the average dude, all these male celebrities are alpha. But how do they stack up to their peers? That's where it gets interesting. Because even at the top of the male status heap, one dick swings bigger than the rest. Who is the alpha wolf among wolves?

The stride is purposeful, but the beard is weak. Roosh's beard laughs at you.

Verdict: Neoalpha.

She looks really happy submitting to his alphaness. It's not just the hotness and quantity of women that mark a man as an alpha male; it's also the strength of women's attraction for him.

Verdict: Jail time buffed his alpha cred.

Nice gang sign, Romeo.

Verdict: Douchebag.

This guy obviously read my post on how to stand like an alpha, but, being gay, he overshot the mark.

Verdict: BHEYta!

Note how Matthew Broderick has his right hand pressed against his mare's belly. There is an alpha way to declare executorship over your woman and a beta way. Hand all the way around smothering her belly and pulling her in is the beta way. Hand resting casually on her hip is the alpha way. She totally wears the spurs in that relationship.

Verdict: Mr. Not So Big.

Whenever a woman shows up with two men on her arm, people assume the two guys are unsexed beta orbiters or gay BFFs. Whenever a man shows up with two women on his arm, people assume he's on his way to or returning from a threesome.

Verdict: The alpha power of preselection.

I'm a pasty white nerd with an Asian girlfriend!

Verdict: Beta.

Hand in pocket, feet shoulder width apart, head straight, chin up, chest out. Sounds good on paper, right? Unfortunately, you can understand alpha body language but still look like you're trying too hard. I think it's the exaggerated simian distance he holds his right arm away from his body.

Verdict: Lesser alpha.

Interesting… Was his hand caught in mid-swing, or is he sperging out about touching this chick on her back? Probably the former. If you're this ugly and banging hot chicks, you automatically qualify as alpha no matter what your body language.

Verdict: Kill Beta.

Steve Carrell is that goofy beta who uses self-effacing humor to boost himself into greater beta status. What I'm not

liking: the lean-in, the crooked bowtie, the first wife.

Verdict: Michael Scott.

If people can see up your nostrils, you're keeping your chin at the appropriate alpha angle.

Verdict: The suave dances to the beat of the mojo.

This guy is arguably the most powerful man in Hollywood, but inside beats the beta heart of an A/V geek. After all his success, he's still that hyperkinetic nerd who spazzes out around the cool kids. Here's a hint, Jimmy Boy: Cool kids have a sense of humor. And don't lean into your woman. PS: Avatar blew.

Verdict: CGI beta.

Hand in pocket (no worries), arm wrapped around girl with hand resting casually on her hip (territorial pissing), no leaning (self-actualized), girl nestled in chest (willful surrender), classic tux (no need to peacock at his status level), glint in eyes ("I fucked this chick in the limo on the drive over here"), and most damning of all, cocky shit-eating grin ("And I'm still not married. Weep bitter tears, fat proles."). One flaw: Awkward foot placement ("Bitch's annoying dress train is getting in the way").

Verdict: You can't touch this.

Writing this post was the most exposure I've gotten to the asinine celebrity culture all year. I feel dirty.

On a side note, notice how so many of the actors (it is PC nonsense to call actresses "actors") in their forties look like they're in their twenties? (Keanu Reeves, et al.) This development is perfectly predictable under the CH worldview. As women attain more and more economic empowerment and freedom from slut stigmatization, the average man's provider beta status — once a reliable trait for attracting women into long term commitment — becomes marginalized. Thus, men under such a system begin to emphasize other male attractiveness traits in order to bed women; traits like game, assholery, and looks. The confluence of a new cultural paradigm, advanced dietary science, and plastic surgery has produced a generation of leading men who look preserved in a state of youthful repudiation of rugged manliness.

A Fail-Safe Way To Get Hand

CH · 9 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've written before about the utmost importance of getting the upper hand with a woman, whether in a relationship or out of it. The partner with hand is the partner who governs the direction of the relationship. Would you rather be the ruler or the ruled? And don't bother clinging like a baby chimp to comforting but nebulous concepts like "relationship exactness and complementarity" that are dear to the equalist nancyboy brigade. There is no such thing as even hand in relationships. Sexual equilibrium is an unstable state that lures women to push the relationship into chaos. This helps explain why 70-80% of divorces are initiated by the wives.

Let's say you've gamed a girl who is conventionally out of your league straight into bed. Your game established your power over her and your sexual prowess helped buttress her initial positive impression of you. But now, there you are, lying in bed in sweaty post-coital bliss, and you look over at a ravishingly beautiful girl you know has nearly limitless options in the sexual market, and who might even be banging another man and is just using you to tickle a tingle, and you wonder to yourself "What can I do RIGHT NOW to guarantee hand over this woman?"

Well, here's a little something I learned in grade school.

After sex, most likely she will want to cuddle (DC lawyer chicks and MBA grads excluded). When she is rolling over to you for that expected warm embrace, you gently stop her and move her arms back over to her side of the bed. Then you say:

"Could you sleep on your side of the bed tonight? I don't have those feelings right now."

Pause for effect. If her lip quivers, but she makes no sound, you struck gold.

Now, soften the blow.

"Don't take it personally. I just met you and I usually don't warm up to someone right away. It takes time. You understand."

For further softening, you may want to yawn heavily, smile, and add: "Plus, I need space when I sleep."

The above is guaranteed to give you the upper hand with your amour for at least six months, or your money back. You will now be free to fart loudly in her company and eat hoagies while she blows you without repercussion.

WARNING!

This is the hydrogen bomb of hand maneuvers. Use sparingly, and only use on women who are above your league. If you drop this ego-blasting, pussy-busting, heart-palpitating bomb on a girl who already cherishes you and looks up to you in wide-eyed awe, you risk having her burst into tears. Have you ever tried to maintain an alpha frame with a girl who is wracked in heaving sobs? Lemme tell ya, it ain't easy.

Why Do Conservatives Sanctify Women?

CH · 10 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader LoboSolo sent me this article by conservative writer Paul Greenberg extolling the "innate superiority" of women.

> I've never been much of a believer in historical theories about the Indispensable Man. There may be some examples — Washington, Lincoln, Moses — but they are few. But the indispensable woman, I believe in. Call it Greenberg's Law: Women are the innately superior sex. My theory may not be backed by any scientific evidence, but it's something every man has surely felt. At least if he's got a lick of sense. […]
>
> When it comes to great truths, each generation shouldn't have to work them out by itself. They don't have to be written down, any more than the English constitution is. Every boy soon learns that women seem to know intuitively what the weaker male sex may grasp only by effort and education. Which is why it requires marriage and family to civilize the male animal. He needs a woman's tutelage.

Greenberg tells a story, among others, which purports to demonstrate unassailable female virtue:

> Brighter boys learn the lesson of female superiority early; dimmer ones may never catch on. A story: It was homecoming weekend many years ago in Pine Bluff, Ark., and a clump of us stood on Main Street waiting for the black college's high-stepping marching band to come striding by, drum major and majorettes and 76 trombones and all.
>
> A venturesome little boy in the group stepped off the curb to look way up the street — where the little girl on the Sunbeam Bread sign, a local landmark, still swings endlessly to and fro. Way in the distance, the boy spotted the prancing majorettes throwing their batons high, higher, highest, catching them on the beat. "Wow!" he exclaimed, returning to report what he'd seen. His conclusion: "Girls have to know so many things!"

Lovely stories, Mr. Greenberg. Now let me tell you a story.

I've seen things you gullible chumps wouldn't believe. Married women's loins on fire off the rumpled sheets of my bed. A feminine Russian woman, her buttocks turned in my direction, sweetly asking me if I'd "like to do her in the ass" as her cell phone rings with the plaintive wail of her husband seeking her whereabouts. I've watched nipples harden in the dark near the cathedral gate, and behind the rectory doors. I've lain with the most virtuous women you could imagine — caring women who "have to know so many things" and who give dollars to homeless bums and who tear up during sad scenes in the movies — who freely allowed my member to violate them in every conceivable way in their husband's and boyfriend's beds, their writhing bodies, ecstatic moans, and gushing furrows testament to the lustful abandon with which they unshackled themselves of that other conservative virtue, fidelity. I once counseled the most darling woman — a young woman so exquisitely gentle and winsome I'd dare any man not to fall instantly for her — to stop her flowing tears for our doomed affair and, there on the sidewalk in midday, to return to her husband at her apartment which was two blocks down the street; the husband who, through years of his toil and love, put a roof over her underemployed head in one of the ritzier neighborhoods of the city. I have made love — God's highest expression of devotion to His creation — with women in the company of small woodland creatures, scandalized roommates, and children who were, as best we dared, out of earshot of our erotic rustlings. I have witnessed women, caught in the snare of irrefutable evidence damning their supposed virtue, lie with the effortlessness of a soulless sociopath. In the moment of release, when we come closest to touching the Hand of God, I have been instructed by a wondrously virtuous woman to "rape her" and to "do it like you mean it". Her screams of howling joy — pain or pleasure I could not tell — to this day echo in my memories. And, most enlightening of all, I have seen wives and girlfriends, their hearts once filled with seemingly endless and nourishing love, cruelly turn on their daft former lovers with a vengeance unmatched by even a wronged God. Such as the time

a sizzlingly sexy brunette whose mouth I was gracing with the metaphorical appendage of God's divine love answered a phone call, mid-oral delight, from her ex-fiancee (who it should be noted was recovering from a mental breakdown) to thank him for purchasing a $5,000 Tempur-Pedic mattress delivered to her apartment two weeks earlier. Her thank you's sounded surprisingly sincere for a woman whose free hand was simultaneously cradling the fleshy pod holding the life-giving seed of another man.

All those moments will be lost in time, Mr. Greenberg, like tears in rain.

What is it with conservatives and their willful blindness to the true nature of women? Pedestalization of the Other (and its many permutations, c.f. "noble savage", "gaiaism", "diversity", and "na'vi") is a sickening act of self-abasement; a desperate denial that one could possibly be right when one has been so badly wronged, or that a wrongdoer could possibly be as bad as the facts attest. Perhaps those who engage in this sort of faith-based pedestalization of women are deathly afraid to confront the reality of female nature because it would impose on their tidy worldview. Perhaps they need a savior, in the form of women, like of god, to compartmentalize the darkness and symbolize something to aspire to. After all, if women are just as bad as men, where does that leave the sensitive man? Stuck now with double the responsibility to guard oneself against predation by both sexes, and to discard to the ash heap cherished notions of the fairer sex. Does this sound familiar? If you thought "beta", you'd be right.

Where conservatives sanctify women, liberals demonize men. Not all conservatives and not all liberals, but enough of them that a valid generalization can be made. Whether sanctifying women or demonizing men, the end result is the same: laws, policies, and cultural beliefs that are anti-male, and which we in the West are soaking in today.

I believe the conservative's and liberal's instincts toward women can be explained by contrasting the peculiar life conditions of both:

- Conservatives, having grown up in larger, more intact families than liberals, and being thus surrounded by more sisters, aunts, and female cousins on a daily basis, are loathe to imagine those female relatives could be the alpha cock-hungry animals inside that they really are. Liberals, meanwhile, hailing from broken homes and guided under the tutelage of man-hating single moms with a revolving bedroom door, find it easier to grasp the amoral nature of women.
- Conservatives have less sexual experience with women than do liberals. I would not be surprised if it was discovered that liberal men lost their virginity at an earlier age than conservative men. Nothing teaches like experience.
- Conservatives believe women are morally child-like compared to men, that women are the weaker sex, and so cannot be held accountable for their actions. Liberals, who see white male oppression behind every human group difference, are more likely to individualize a woman's bad actions and politicize a man's bad actions.
- Conservatives are ashamed of their base desires. Thus, they recoil at the thought that the women they desire might share the same debased thoughts that they do. Liberals, by contrast, are proud of their base desires. And so they are more accepting of the knowledge that women are as depraved as men.
- Religious conservatives fear sex for its power to distract from god. It is better for them that women are thought of as empty vessels incapable of making sex-based calculations in their decisions. Secular liberals love sex for its power to distract from considering the merits of any moral code. It is better for them that women are thought of as sex-possessed tankgrrls ready to rumble across the Vaginot Line of mind-body liberation.
- Conservatives invest more in the idea of family than do liberals. A wanton woman is a grave threat to that idea, graver than even a wanton man, for reasons clearly elucidated by evolutionary biology. Ergo, women cannot possibly be as wanton as men.
- Conservative women are busier being pregnant and/or fatter than liberal women, and are thus less frequently able to act wantonly. This may skew conservative men's impressions of women to being something more positive than it really is.

- Conservatives by temperament are drawn to the beautiful. Liberals by temperament are drawn to the degraded. Conservatives have trouble tainting with dark knowledge the beauty of a woman in her prime. Liberals relish the thought that a beautiful young woman would wallow in the mud just as enthusiastically as they do.

As a man who is drawn to both the beautiful and the degraded, my aim is to act as a bridge between conservative men and liberal men, holding the liberal's hand tenderly to the conservative's crotch. I shall bring understanding between the two mortal enemies, and together we shall march into the nearest bar, our minds fortified with the knowledge of women's true natures and our hearts swollen with masculine conceit, and lay waste to that place, claiming battalions of pussy for our own. Without excuse, without apology. Without god, whether supernatural or political.

Women are vile creatures at heart, just as men are. An ugly truth, Mr. Greenberg, which even God can't shield you from. Don't let the batting eyelashes fool you.

A Test Of Your Relationship Game

CH · 11 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Background:
You've been dating a girl for many months. She calls you boyfriend. You call her "dirty ho get on mah cooooock." (Please to do impersonating Fat Bastard.)

She's an adventurous girl who likes to travel to exotic lands. She's also a sexually voracious girl. You're a dude who reads this blog (smart!), so you know when a girl takes a vacation overseas odds are it's meant to be a straycation where she sluts it up with a honey-tongued Antonio. Well, your girl has announced she wants to go on a hiking excursion through the wilds of South America, holing up in hostels along the way with musky scented hippies and assorted Euroladdies. She wants you to go with her, although she tells you she has been planning this trip since before she met you and will go by herself if you don't join her.

The trip is expensive and you're not digging the idea of blowing free time hiking on craggy rocks in foul weather. Let's say you have alternate plans to spend your money on a big purchase in the near future. So you think it over and decide not to go, knowing full well the implications of waving bon voyage to a girlfriend who is about to embark on a lone trek through an exotic fantasyland, where she will be irresistible Americano prey for the local Lotharios. The thought weighs heavily on you, but not too heavily as you think about the fun you will have while the cat's away.

Two weeks later she returns and jumps into your arms. She is positively glowing. She eagerly tells you about her trip and gives you a bunch of presents she bought while down there. Then she jumps you. The sex is as good as it always is. You think she came, but the important thing here is that you came. Afterwards, she makes soup for you and generally treats you like a king. In fact, over the next few days, you notice she's bending over backwards to please you.

Hmmm.

You wonder if her generosity of spirit and openness of heart is prompted by guilt or by joy at seeing you after a long absence.

The weeks pass and everything continues going well with her. But still… What exactly happened down there? You know better than to trust women, but if she's continuing to sex you like you're a god, and making you sandwiches with a smile, what do you care what did or didn't happen? You've learned a few things about women over the years and one thing you know is that women don't cheat like men do. Unlike men, women are incapable of expressing unbridled sexual lust and love for multiple men simultaneously. Women only have room in their emotional landscapes for one "main man" at a time. When a woman cheats, one of the men is going to get the short end of the stick. For example, a wifey who procures an alpha shaft on the side is likely henpecking her beta hubby and withdrawing sexual favors from him. By contrast, Tiger Woods was probably continuing to fuck the shit out of Elin even while getting his knob slobbed by twenty other women on the sly.

So you conclude that your girlfriend's strong sexual desire and genuine affection for you means you are still number one in her heart, and that she probably did not do anything while away from you, except dream about being back in your arms. You *could* snoop around her stuff and spend mental energy trying to discover if she had a fling, or you could forget about your unfounded suspicions and just enjoy her everflowing love.

What do you do?

Motivation & Pre-Game CR

CH · 12 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Years ago when I was rooming in a big house with three other guys, I used to have this short motivational list, handed to me by a friend, taped to my closet door.

> THE ONLY ADVICE YOU'LL EVER NEED
>
> Chicks dig power.
> Don't date.
> Never pay.
> Play by your own rules.
> He who hesitates masturbates.
> Better to pursue lots of women until you find one willing to go all the way right away than to waste a month on a tease.
> Women want to be seduced.
> Hot sexy babes want to fuck someone… why not you?

This advice hasn't stopped working for me.

***

Readers occasionally ask me what I was like before I learned game. Before Game. BG. Heh. I used to think there was a time Before Game in my life, but upon further reflection, maybe there never was. I'll give you an example of what I mean. I was sifting through some mementos during a spring cleaning when I came across a handwritten note I had given to a girl back in the day before I ever knew what a neg was, or anything much about female nature at all.

I've always believed there was something special… uncorrupted… about girls I banged before the advent of game in my life. As if winning them over without the use of game and the crimson arts placed them on a higher pedestal than women who would later fall under my more calculated spell. I could look back fondly on those early years bangs and imagine I was "being myself" with those girls, and that the girls loved me for me. So when I found the note I had once long ago written to a girl who was more beautiful than I ever believed I could get, a wave of happy nostalgia and warm feelings for her washed over me. Here, now, in my hand, was proof that there are girls in the world who swoon for romantic, idealistic men. That the Hollywood love story really is possible! I read the note.

> ROSES ARE RED
> VIOLETS ARE BLUE
> YOU'RE A CUTIE
> BUT YOUR FEET ARE PEW!

Nope, turns out I was running game back then too, before I knew the power of the neg.

For the curious, she responded to my lovelorn poem on the back of the note.

"You, Nosey Parker, first, who asked you to smell my precious feet? Second, I won't sink to describing all the smells abundant here!"

Later that evening we had the most amazing sex. She came three times.

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The One Truth Of Game

CH · 13 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “St” asks:

> What is the One Truth of Game?

Here is the answer to that question –

Impress me.

Agent Provocunteur

CH · 15 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #112: Never underestimate the sneaky lengths to which a woman's female friends will attempt to undermine her relationship with a boyfriend or husband they don't approve of.

I was walking with a girl when one of her close female friends called. I listened in on the side of the conversation available to me.

"I've found the perfect guy for you… You'd really like him…. No, he's really cute…. Do you remember Ben from Mischa's party?…. Yes!, isn't he funny?…. Oh you guys would be so perfect together…. I know I know….. So what?….. Oh don't be such a worrywart…. I heard he's a really good dancer too…. Maaaaaaybe I'll invite him out after our Yoga class…. *laugh*…"

I knew her girl friend on the phone. She was a cute Asian girl, 28 years old, currently dating a white man in his 50s. They had been dating for over a year when we were all introduced at a party once. I remember the man was in shape and presentable, though he looked his years, with a neatly coifed head of silver hair. I was told he was an excellent tango dancer and that's how they met. I was also told by third parties that he was uninterested in marriage or children, preferring the freedom of his bachelor life. I was naturally intrigued by this man because I am compelled to give props to any older man without obvious compensatory means who is able to bag a much younger and cuter chick on his terms. I observed them closely at the party, and noticed the Asian girl's obvious love and devotion for him as she tenderly rested her hand on his knee. For his part, he looked at her with pride and love, and struck the acceptable alpha pose of a man in control of his love life (satisfied, borderline smug, smile coupled with glances of affection and contented stares into the distance.)

In other words, there was no evidence the Asian girl friend on the phone was dissatisfied with her older gentleman boyfriend.

Before their phone conversation was over, I leaned into the mouthpiece and shouted "Homewrecker!" The girl with me giggled.

Laugh it up, muffball.

I asked my woman companion why, if her girl friend was happy with her boyfriend, she was trying to set her up with another man? I was offered a pu pu platter of Rationalizing Hamster savories.

"But he doesn't want kids and I know she does."

"Did you ask him personally if he doesn't want kids? Did you ask her if she wants to leave him because of the kids issue?"

"It's not just the kids. He likes to stay indoors and do his own thing, and she's just doing what he wants to do. They're not compatible."

"You're absolutely positive she'd rather be out hanging with the girls instead of staying at home with him?"

"Yes, she's a fun girl. She would be happier with someone on her wavelength."

"She seems pretty happy right now with him."

"He's not serious about her."

"Are you a mindreader?"

"Stop it. It's a girls thing. We have intuition about this."

"Don't hate on love."

If you've ever harbored doubts about the inherently evil nature of women as you diligently polish the porcelain pussy pedestal in your head which refuses to dislodge itself, look no further than the scheming, manipulative ploys women will happily pursue in service to destroying the love between a female friend and a man they don't think is "appropriate" for her.

Love, as fragile, rare, and transcendent as it is, means nothing to women when the man in question offends their hypergamous sensibilities and their urge to conformity. It doesn't even matter if the man is not their own lover. They will seek and destroy anything which subverts the established pussy order.

I Give Girl Game Advice To A Girl Newly Arrived In The City

CH · 16 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I recently received an email from an early 20s girl who just moved to a big city and wanted advice on how to avoid becoming a bitter, cock hopping lawyer chick in pursuit of the elusive commitment-oriented alpha boyfriend. Like most women, she is interested in marriage and kids with a man who also tingles her tangle, and has decided that waiting until her 30s after years climbing the corporate and grad school ladder would be a grave mistake. Smart girl. She requested I don't post the email, so I will only post my reply to her.

> Chateau,
>
> I just recently discovered your blog, and while your theory of women is hardly flattering, my own experience has proved it to be 99.9% true. However, after browsing through your archives I found that you occasionally give advice to wayward womanly souls. I understand the mailbag is very full these days, but I hope you'll take a moment to read this and offer your complete and unvarnished opinion.
>
> [REDACTED]
>
> "What can I do to make myself a more attractive candidate for a wife?"

My answer:

[Note: The girl attached photos of herself. She's a 6, maybe 6.5. There is raw material to work with. Since 99% of girl game is looks + youth, the advice you read me giving her here is for that last thin reed of 1% of attractiveness measures that are within a woman's control to change. An improvement in that 1% won't allow a woman to move up from a beta to an alpha, but it could mean dating up from a 5.5 to a 5.6, or between getting unceremoniously pumped and dumped and squeezing out four months of relationship bliss. In the zero-sum soul crucible of the sexual market, a tiny upgrade from a 5.5 man to a 5.6 man might mean the difference between divorce and a white picket fence.]

Ok, this is a question that just can't be answered succinctly in the quippy way I like to answer reader emails. But based on what you wrote in your email I can give you a few pointers.

First, you sound like a pleasant girl, but then most girls who move to the big city start off pleasant only to be ground up by years running the dating circuit. This isn't the suburbs. A lot of men here will pump and dump you, and from what you told me it sounds like you would be easy prey for pump and dumpers. I'm not going to tell you to suck it up and date men who don't turn you on. That would be like me telling a man to get past a fat chick's face and do her in the folds for the good of society. But you do need to have a solid perspective on what you can reasonably snag for the long term. So let's start with the positives.

- You're young. This is by far the biggest asset you have now. Leverage it to the hilt. A 21 year old 6 can compete with a 32 year old 7.5.
- You're aware of reality. Don't underestimate this. When you witness the wreckage of lawyer chicks' lives piling up around you, your firm grasp of reality will help you avoid endless pain and hallucinations that your cat is a human baby.

Now the negatives.

- You moved to a big city. Yes, the city is exciting, and the opportunities are great. But you will be continually tempted by alpha swagger and charm to drop your panties, only to feel the burn of disengagement after a few months, weeks, nights. Now you may get lucky and a true alpha will fall in love with you and want marriage and babies, but the odds are not in your favor.
- You dress frumpy. Spice it up a little. You don't have to ho out, but you should dress sexier. This is the big

leagues now.

As for advice, here's a quickie checklist:

Coy is good, but don't be a cocktease. A greater beta, (if all things go in your favor, the best I believe you can shoot for), will quickly tire of you if your goodies aren't parceled out on a fairly brisk timetable. So pace your makeouts. Aim for closing the deal around date #5 or 6. Any earlier than that and your dreamboat may decide you were under his maximum potential since you gave it up without much work on his part. Any later than that and he may decide you are too much work for the deal you are giving him.

Be shy. Men, especially alphas, love shy women. (Betas, because of low self confidence, tend to misinterpret female shyness as disinterest.) There is probably an evolutionary reason for this. Perhaps a shy woman subcommunicates that she will be less likely to cheat in a relationship. Smile and look down at your feet when he approaches you. Learn to blush on demand. Or apply makeup so it always looks like you're blushing. Since you have very pale skin, this shouldn't be too hard to do.

Play a little hard to get. Did you eye flirt with him and sweep a lock of hair behind your ear when he entered the office? Good. Now, when he approaches to say hi you smile warmly, issue a couple of pleasantries, and BE THE FIRST to walk away from the conversation, telling him you need to get back to work. You've gotta give the man some running room to chase down his prey. It's in our blood.

Shy != retiring. In your high-powered career field filled with ambitious douchebags greater beta males you are likely to meet men who enjoy a bit of snappy badinage with a smart chick. If you discuss weighty topics, and feel a need to express disagreement, do so in a way that displays your sharpness but also strokes his ego. Always preface your disagreement by saying "I can see your point…". Let him win 90% of the time, even when you are right. On those disagreements where you allow yourself to win, be sure they are inconsequential points that will not offend his pride of phallus.

DON'T come onto high value men. Yeah, you might get fucked, but you won't get loved. Notice I said "high value" men. If you are attracted to a lower value man you may find it advantageous to drop a hint or two. Betas have a hard time screwing up the courage to approach a woman giving no signals at all.

DON'T give blowjobs before you have had sex with him. An early, pre-sex blowjob says one thing to a man — slut. And sluts don't impress men as marriage prospects.

DON'T try to meet men while hanging out with a bachelorette party. Instead, hang your head in shame and tell any man who asks that you were bribed to go along. He will then be curious about you.

DON'T talk about sex, unless you want him to fuck you that night.

DON'T date a man better looking than what you can reasonably expect to get if you want to have any chance of impressing him in bed.

Date older men. Since you are not a heart-bursting hottie (don't be depressed, most women aren't), younger men are more likely to use you as a dry spell ender or entertaining diversion instead of a long term girlfriend with wifey potential. Older men are psychologically primed to settle down and commit. This generational male dynamic is especially pronounced in the big city.

Lacy lingerie. Wear it, live it, love it.

And finally, the three most important girl game tips I can give:

1. Don't get fat.
2. Don't be a single mom.
3. Learn to settle.

Best,

C.

The Beta Switch Technique

CH · 17 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A very effective game technique that works on all kinds of girls, from lawyers to strippers, is the beta switch. This involves pretending to act like a romantic, sappy beta, then when she's on the verge of confusion, disappointment and disgust, switching quickly back into alpha mode. The beta switch technique is best when used on girls you've just started dating, as a means to solidify attraction, but it can also be used as part of relationship game to keep the embers warm.

I'll give you a couple of examples of beta switch game that I have used successfully on girls. In one, usually on the second date, I pretend I'm about to give a girl a romantic gift of great value.

SINISTER CR: You know, GIRL 155, I'm having an amazing time with you.

GIRL 155: Aw, me too.

SINISTER CR: I've been thinking about how great this is, and well, I really feel we are good together.

GIRL 155: Um…

SINISTER CR: And I wanted to show how much you mean to me… [reaching slowly and dramatically into front pocket]… So I got you this. [Pulling hand slowly out of pocket] I hope you like it. It comes from the heart.

GIRL 155: [Beads of sweat now forming on her brow] Um, yeah, you know, that's really not necessary…

SINISTER CR: [Pulling out a small leaf I broke off from a bush] Here you go. Don't worry, it isn't as expensive as it looks. [smirk]

GIRL 155: Oh, WOW, phew! haha, ok, funny. [Kiss kiss kiss penetrate penetrate penetrate]

***

Here is another example of beta switch game. This one I use just before things start to heat up and deal closing is around the corner.

SEXUAL HEALING CR: [Very serious face] Girl 156…

GIRL 156: Yes?

SEXUAL HEALING CR: [Tenderly taking her hands in mine, looking at her intensely, then glancing down, and looking back up at her] I think about you a lot…

GIRL 156: [Smiling nervously] Uuumm… ok. Don't think too much! [Nervous laughter]

SEXUAL HEALING CR: …about what you'd be like in bed.

GIRL 156: [Open eyed surprise] Wow, that's kind of hot.

***

Beta switch game technique works like clambusters because it arouses so many contradictory emotions in a girl. You are dragging her across an emotional landscape of curiosity, impending doom, relief, and lust. This rapid drama-inducing whirlwind will pry apart the iciest pussies. The secret ingredient to beta switch game is the mix of unspoken disappointment that accompanies her sexual arousal after she discovers your romantic beta ruse was just a goofy ploy. Although girls get turned off by excessive displays of sappy betatude, a part of them relishes the idea of a man falling under their spell and surrendering his composure in a fit of romantic gushing. By stealing that satisfaction from a girl at the last second, you redirect her intensifying feelings back where you want them — to her crotch. Beta switch game also has a long term benefit; in the future, when you do drop a little genuine romance on her, she will appreciate it a lot more. Which brings me to…

CR Maxim #66: Half the battle of game is stripping a woman of her inborn self-entitlement complex.

If any of you watch “The Office”, you’ll know that Jim ran beta switch game on Pam when he pretended to drop to one knee to propose to her, only to tie his shoelace. Beta switch game is an absolute pussy luber.

The Most Misogynistic Blog Post On The Internet

CH · 18 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If people are going to accuse you of misogyny, may as well enjoy the egotistic benefits of being a truth-telling misogynist.

***

Men move the discussion forward. Women swap recipes and beauty tips.

Men debate. Women wheedle.

Men confront. Women slander.

Men act. Women plot.

Men invent. Women benefit.

Men are passionate. Women are passion parasites.

Men cheat. Women betray.

Men withdraw. Women shit test.

Men kill. Women play let's you and him fight.

Men are emotionally distant. Women are emotionally manipulative.

Men's Achilles' heel is pride. Women's Achilles' heel is vanity.

Men die younger. Women live slower.

Men think loftily. Women think grubbily.

Men are expendable. Women are perishable.

Men humiliate. Women shame.

Men bluster. Women preen.

Men break barriers. Women co-opt broken barriers.

Men design. Women utilize.

Men self-serve. Women self-delude.

Men fuck. Women barter.

Men are funny. Women are melodramatic.

Men look at the sun. Women look in the mirror.

Men sexualize. Women characterize.

Men eat. Women indulge.

Men aspire. Women inspire.

Men love freely. Women love desperately.

***

This post is bitch bait. It's been booby-trapped. We'll see who trips it.

Nyah Nyah Nyah I Can’t Hear You!

CH · 19 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Funny. A commenter included a link to my blog in the first or second comment to this Slate article about omega males, and Slate deleted it.

“In the end, the truth always wins out – one way or the other.”
– Me

Tiger's Texts

CH · 19 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Pretty much what I expected from a guy like Woods. Standard issue porn jive, uncreative squirts of stilted teenboy wordpimping, over the top dominance displays suggesting his swedie wife was a harridan at home, sucking him soulless with the strong arm of the law on her side. Tiger is a good example of how a man distills into an absolute cock-centered essence once he has achieved stratospheric levels of fame and power. A man of such station is free to treat women exactly as most men would treat them given the same endless opportunity — as disembodied holes packaged in fleshwrap to slap, smack, and summon until the desired vigor of tumescence was reached. The only shock allowed here should be how much women love it.

Tiger is a case study of what happens to a myopic, socially undiscerning man who acquires too much alpha too quickly. Soaking in their power, they forget that discretion, and long term planning, are the order of the day. Woods failed the famous person's Jumbotron test, the harem management test, and, most critically, the marriage test.

Besides the cautionary tale, men can learn a thing or two from Tiger's texts. One, note that, although lewdly banal, Tiger's texts do occasionally veer into beta territory. A glimpse here and there of sucking up to his whores' needs for a sign of long term commitment, and then lashing out wildly when things didn't go his way or when one of his hos misbehaved, should tell you that Tiger had no idea how to properly control his stable of regulars. He was always perched on the precipice. Perhaps this is why they betrayed him with opportunistic zeal, whereas a guy like George Clooney, who presumably knows more about the nature of women, fucks around with impunity, confident that his women would keep their secret.

Two, men can improve their texting success with women by aping a lot of what Tiger did with his women. It's easy for TMZ commenters to make fun of Tiger's crass descriptions of buttsecks and his penchant for playing International Autistic Spy when he leaves detailed rendezvous instructions to his mistresses, but the fact is that sort of blatantly sex-drenched text talk and role playing is exactly what turns women on. You don't need Woods' fame or money to take advantage of this attraction trigger in women. Just remember not to break out the dirty talk until after you've said hello.

Exporting Democracy, Importing Socialism

CH · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As I write the House is on the verge of passing a bill that will socialize 1/5th of the US economy. The red swollen teat engorged with milk, the populace, its current protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, will eventually acclimate to the suckling and prove to be impossible to dislodge in the future. The Democrats know this, which is why they are willing to sacrifice near term power in next November's midterms for long range power over the functioning of greater and greater swaths of American private enterprise.

Count today as the final nail in the coffin of American exceptionalism.

If an alien race ill-disposed to America were to devise a plan to bring the US to her knees as quickly, efficiently, and bloodlessly as possible (so as not to arouse a mighty backlash of patriotic fervor, i.e. survival instinct) they could do no better than what we have done to ourselves over the past 50 years. A plan to drain the nation's coffers and psyche — not to mention the good will of her allies — with half-cocked schemes to export democracy to shitholes around the world that are constitutionally incapable or unwilling to embrace democracy, coupled with a zeal for importing vast numbers of ethnically (and genetically) antagonistic and listless peasant stock who will vote 2 to 1, generation after generation regardless of the desperate political pandering to staunch it, for socialist politicians and the concomitant racial grievance spoils machine whose gears never stop thirsting for the slick blood of the hated enemy, would break the back of the nation's people insidiously, cracking each vertebrae in the middle of the night with hairline fractures designed to avoid sudden jolts of pain. Numb any immunological reaction with the soul poison of feminism, enervating porn pills, mollifying technogadget distractions, and a PC shaming mechanism psyche-out that would make Orwell blush, and you have a perfect recipe for destroying a world-bestriding superpower in less than half a century *without firing a single shot.*

I don't believe the Americans In Name Only who bought into this plan are stupid. No. It's much worse than that. They are venal.

I am wishing for the day to come when the traitors swing from the lamp posts. Swing high sweet Benedicts.

Friedman, liberdroids, NYBTimes, RINOs, SWPLs, and the rest of you goddamned filthy fucks… never forget:

Proximity + diversity = war.

So it is written in the blood of humanity, then, now and forevermore.

Amen.

Afterthought. Since I'm in a magnanimous mood today, I will impart my tremendous wisdom to those who still harbor dark thoughts of saving their country from the clutches of obsolescence or, worse, civil war II. Here it is:

Take a page from the pickup artist's manual. Stop playing by the enemy's rules. Reframe, reframe, reframe.

Examples upon request.

She Insulted You. What Now?

CH · 22 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

One time, like a stink bomb dropped in the middle of a spring meadow, your girlfriend called you a rude name, and not in jest. The insult itself was nothing that would scandalize polite company. On the scale from “dummy” to “motherfucker” it was closer to the former. It was a rambunctious conversation between just the two of you and the insult popped out of her reflexively. You know she’s a spark plug, so you’re not surprised when she snaps agitatedly on occasion. Usually, though, she directs her insults to invisible third parties. This time, she spit it at you.

As an alpha male, you let it slide. You know that a highly self-possessed man won’t sweat the small stuff. Reacting indignantly to every petty affront is the domain of the less secure greater beta trying to prove the weight of his *cohones*. You’ve earned enough love cred to give her a pass without risking diminishment of your authority. But, you do take a mental note of her insult.

As you suspected would happen, (and the reason for your prior mental note-taking), a month later she disrespected you again with the same insult. Except this time she did it to you in front of a group of her friends while out at a social venue. The Rubicunt from minor slight to major infraction had been crossed.

It is a truism of the nature of women that once they have tasted even a droplet of beta blood in a prized lover, they thirst for more. In fact, they will not be satisfied until they have either drained all the manhood out of you, or you have figuratively driven a stake through their vampiric soul. Strangely to men who don’t know better, women don’t relish draining a lover’s soul of his manhood. No, they are *compelled* by ancient feminine forces beyond their influence to do so. Women would much rather you stay their attacks. She yearns for you to put her in her proper submissive place. She will arch her back, rip her bodice, and present her bitch heart for you to pierce. A man who won’t take up the stake and do as she wishes is in for a world of anguish. (It’s easy to picture a betaboy limply dangling the stake in his flaccid arm, wondering what next to do while mewling for his woman to button up her blouse.)

So there you are, in a mixed group of seven or eight people, most of whom are girl friends of your woman, and in the midst of a chaotic conversation she has just called you that naughty word again. You can discern by her yapping mouth and her animated face that she has hardly recognized the extent of her insolence. No matter. You know what has to be done. You retrieve the mental note you made one month ago, turn to face her directly, firmly wrap your hand around her forearm, and with the steely gaze of a lion targeting a distracted gazelle you inform her in no uncertain terms of your displeasure with her behavior.

“Hey! Don’t use that word on me again, do you understand?”

She looks shocked, and squirms a bit in her seat. The conversation among the group sitting at the table lulls. A wind blows from the West. Sensing escalating danger, or perhaps simply confused, she mutters an inaudible, and notably unapologetic, OK and continues yapping to her friends without missing a beat. You squeeze your grip on her forearm tighter and address her louder than before.

“Hey! I said… don’t use that fucking word with me again…… Got it?”

Now the table has fallen silent. A grim specter has alighted upon the land. Your woman, pressed into a corner by your imposing strength of will, finally succumbs and silences herself.

“Ok, sorry, sorry.”

The next twenty minutes, she is withdrawn, her demeanor chastened and her arms modestly crossed in her lap. You swivel to face the group and smile warmly. Instead of forcing the conversation to return to an artificial crescendo, you remain calm and allow the prior energy level to reformulate on its own. Which it does, almost. Eventually, even your girl has managed to reconstitute herself, although you note with great pride the look of hatred her ugly BFF shoots you.

What do you think happened next?

Let us turn to the lyrics of Alter Ego Neil Diamond for our answer.

Turn on your snatch spigot
let it flow wherever you go
let it make a happy hole
for all the world to see

Turn on your snatch spigot
in the middle of a young boy's dream
don't wake me up too soon
gonna take a ride across your poon… you and me

Many men are afraid of confronting their girlfriends or wives for perceived insults. They think, not illogically, that standing up to a lover angrily and putting her in her place means she will despise him more, and her pussy will close up shop. They especially believe this will be the case if they confront and humiliate their women in front of her friends. These men, 80% of the American male population by my estimation, think it's better to go along to get along. But they are thinking like men, and that is why they fail. Think like a woman and you will quickly apprehend that just the opposite is likely to result — she will respect you more, and her temporary, but much-needed, humiliation that burns her face will soon burn a line of lust straight to her furrow.

This story of course impresses upon the reader whether it is worth dating a woman who periodically requires strong disciplinary action to keep her in love. It's a fair question, which answer will depend on what kind of man you are. If you are the type of man who enjoys administering punishment and thrills at the prospect of psychologically outwitting your lover, then you may find this kind of woman preferable. If you're a man who wishes only the company of women so sweetly feminine in their enthrallment to you that they would never even consider challenging your dominance, then you should find a different woman to love. In the final analysis, though, the only relevant point is the wetness of her pussy. Is she tingling for you? Carry on, Christian soldier.

Game Resources

CH · 23 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> Dear Chateau,
>
> I am a 32 year old quasi-alpha who is looking to make up for lost time. Due to my history and upbringing, I have had few successful relationships with women. I am returning to college to finish my degree. Could you make some suggestions so my time in college is more fruitful this time? Could you recommend some resources to read (besides your blog, which totally rocks btw)? Do you do phone counseling?

I get emails from readers requesting game resources at least once a week. I think I've written about resources before, but in case not, here is a reference post that lists what I believe is very good pickup material. The following is what I consider top tier game resources.

- The Mystery Method

Still the bible of pickup. Read this one first because it will introduce you in layman's terms to the evolutionary wisdom that underlies the seduction of women, and very quickly moves on to real, practical techniques that you can immediately apply in field. Mystery Method isn't the final word on pickup, and it has some flaws in its focus on opening large groups in nightclubs that might put off more introverted men, but it continues to be one of the best reference manuals out there. There is a new and improved edition that dispenses with some of the off-putting acronyms.

- David Deangelo's Cocky Comedy and Interviews with Dating Gurus Series

A good game resource should do one thing well — it should give you tools that you can easily envision using in the field and will result in immediate positive feedback from women. Deangelo's cocky/funny banter does just that. (PS: You can find a lot of this stuff for, ahem, considerably less than retail price.)

- Savoy's Magic Bullets

Savoy used to be in business with Mystery before he broke out on his own and wrote "Magic Bullets". (Mystery reformulated his company from "Mystery Method" to "Venusian Arts" because of a legal issue surrounding the breaking up of the original pickup companies.) I've only glanced through this book, but from what I saw it looks good. Right on point and fluff-free. Lots of solid routines and ready-to-use examples.

- Pickup 101's Fearless First Impressions, Attraction Secrets, and Art of Rapport DVDs

Lance Mason may not be a game innovator like Mystery, but he puts it together in a very polished product. His "Dress to Impress" style guide and his "Physical Confidence" DVDs are also noteworthy.

- Roosh's "Bang"

"Bang" gets a prominent place in this list because, quite frankly, I find myself referencing Roosh's pickup guide more often than the more expensive selections above. It's a slim volume that you can turn to in a pinch, like just before heading out for the night. The best thing about "Bang" is its accessibility; there are "cool, down to earth" lines in here that you can actually picture yourself saying, even if you are a shy guy.

- Neil Strauss' "The Game"

This is not so much a reference manual of game tactics as it is a biography of the pickup lifestyle. Important in its own right, but not required reading if all you want are practical tools to begin seducing women. Nevertheless, you

should read it if for no other reason than that it brings you into a world of possibility and shows you the lives of a bunch of non-famous dudes successfully bedding hot women using nothing but game technique. Also gives you a glimpse at the unbalanced genius that is Mystery. Inspiring.

- Tony's Layguide

The progenitor of Mystery and Style? A landmark lay guide. Read it.

- Real Social Dynamics "The Blueprint"

I haven't read much of Tyler Durden's stuff (he runs RSD), but I keep hearing from people that his Blueprint series is excellent. So I include it on the top tier list *caveat emptor*.

My second tier list of game resources:

After reading the above, you may find some value in the following products.

- Stephane Hemon's Girlfriend Training Program

I'm on his mailing list. Sure, he's a loopy new-ager, but he's got some valuable things to say about inner game and the nature of women. Don't let the chakra stuff put you off. Hemon used to have a Squirting Orgasm video guide, but I think he stopped selling it because of the breakup with the girl featured in the video. Learning to give your girl a squirting orgasm is an underappreciated art. Or you can get lucky and bang blogger chicks who squirt naturally.

- The Real Social Dynamics and Stylelife internet forums

The internet forums are some of the best places to get the latest in game techniques. I'd participate in these forums if I could remember my damned user ID and passwords.

- Badboy ebook and DVDs

Probably the closest PUA to a true natural. Guy walks with a limp from a war injury acquired during the Serbian conflict and bangs hot East Euro babes. One of the few pickup dudes I'd actually like to meet in real life.

- Carlos Xuma and Zan DVDs

Smooth operators. The older gentleman's pickup resource.

- Robert Cialdini's book "Influence: The Psychology of Persuasion"

What do sales, politics, business, love, and pickup have in common? Everything.

- Robert Wright's evospych book "The Moral Animal"

My very first introduction to evolutionary psychology. Eye-opening. Goes to show that a liberal can occasionally put out a worthwhile book.

- Matt Ridley's evo book "The Red Queen"

The red pill.

***

This isn't an inclusive list by any means. I tend to weight material that has been out in circulation for a while because, to be honest, I haven't read much game stuff in the past year. So if anyone has a resource they'd recommend, or a suggestion for material of a recent vintage that might contain improvements on old ways of doing things, feel free to mention it in the comments. We should never stop learning.

Mimicking Social Circle Game

CH · 24 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

20% of my lays were through social circle entrustments. That is, a significant minority of women I've banged were introduced to me, or I to them, through mutual friends, usually at house parties or mixed group gatherings at bars. Social circle game is a powerful force, most in evident during the college years, but always playing a role throughout life. It's easy to see why this is so. Women's eggs are a pricey commodity and they aren't predisposed to hand over those eggs to just any random sperm wandering by. Women need to know the semen vehicle soliciting them is carrying quality seed. Sometimes they acquire the relevant information by talking with and observing the suitor; other times they rely on trusted friends to do their dirty work for them. Any man can get a huge leg up with a woman simply by being positively introduced to her through a friend of her's, preferably a female friend, though a trusted beta orbiter male friend will also work in his favor.

Men don't need social circle game to get laid. Our visual scanner is all the proof we need that we want to meet, seduce, and bang a girl. But many men do rely on social circle game because that's what women emphasize. And men, if nothing else, are all about the path of least resistance to sex. In the final analysis, all men are ultimately playing by women's rules of attraction. (Similarly, all women are playing by the slimmer volume of men's rules of attraction. See: Any fat chick or aging single mom who must settle for less than what she could get if she were slender, younger, and childless.)

Recognizing this reality of the mating market, the smart man asks himself how he can capitalize on a woman's instinct for social circle game without having any actual, you know, corresponding social circle with her. Luckily, there are ways to outmaneuver a woman's hindbrain with subtle psychological ploys.

What you need: One socially savvy wingman (or, even better, wingwoman). One target. A trickster's heart.

Stand with your wingman ten paces from your target. Have your wing approach the target alone. Don't acknowledge your target in any way. Your wingman will have a script ready to recite upon introducing himself to your target.

SUPERFLY WINGMAN: Hey, I remember you. I met you at Bridget's party a few months back. My girlfriend Ellen was with me. You know her?

ASSTITSFACE: No, I don't think I was at that party.

SUPERFLY WINGMAN: Well, it was a while ago. No biggie. I think you mentioned you liked surfing, or maybe it was running. Are you a surfer? You kind of look like the California type surfer chick.

ASSTITSFACE: No, I've never surfed.

SUPERFLY WINGMAN: [Here he digresses about what she likes to do, and draws out something that she does enjoy, like badminton. The wingman will need a good ten minutes to get a solid conversation rolling] Badminton?! That's bad ass. Hey, my buddy over there plays badminton with his nephew. I'll introduce you guys. [Wingman waves you over. You look over, point at yourself questioningly, then join them.]

SUPERFLY WINGMAN: Hey, SUPER ALPHA DUDE, this is ASSTITSFACE. Me and Ellen met her at some party a while ago, and she likes badminton. And I thought you were the only weirdo I knew who played badminton. But don't worry, she seems pretty cool otherwise.

SUPER ALPHA DUDE (YOU): Hey, ASSTITSFACE, I'm surprised my buddy here knows another badminton lover. [GAME ON]

***

So what was accomplished here? First, note how your wingman immediately disqualifies himself as a potential suitor when he tells the target he has a girlfriend. This is to ensure that the follow-up "fake social circle" game is

not corrupted by her distrust of his intentions.

Second, when she (naturally) objects that she wasn't at the party, your wing brushes it off, and continues on as if she *was* at the party. Now she's starting to wonder if maybe she was there, but she sadly doesn't remember. Your wing then quickly redirects the conversation to a related subject — surfing — one that is presumed was broached initially at the long ago party. He makes this part up, but it doesn't matter. It's just a springboard to get her talking about herself so that your wing can find a phony commonality between her and you. Once the commonality has been established, your wing calls you over, acting the whole time as if the target is someone your wing knows from a mutual friend.

Once you're in, you are no longer any old schmoe she just met. Now you're the friend of a cool guy who she may or may not have met at a mutual friend's party. Fake social circle game is subtle in its imprint upon the female psyche, but don't let its subtlety distract you from its power to ply pussy. Most of the women you will want to bang will not be part of your social circle. Fake social circle game can help bridge that gap.

I'm A Zit. Get It?

CH · 25 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This picture made me laugh:

Well, that's one way to keep an ascendant China in check — export our fast food culture. It's irresistibly scrumptious!

Alpha Assessment: Big Tease Edition

CH · 25 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Do you think you have what it takes to bend the world to your whim? Are you…

alpha enough?

Reader RF raps the wrought iron lion knocker on the heavy oak door seeking admittance to the Chateau:

> Night of the meeting, running game Riossy likely would approve of (though there's always room for improvement), I hand her my phone and she puts her number in. I end with a kiss close.
>
> Me: test.
>
> Her: Hey bahbay!
>
> Her: Yesy 1 2 3 [jesus, how drunk was she?]
>
> Me: Got it. Let's make plans soon.
>
> The next day, i already had plans to go out with friends. I thought I'd try to stack the deck in my favor and texted her.
>
> Me: going out tonight?
>
> Her: I'm spending the night hanging out with my boyfriend.
>
> Me: lol
>
> Her: Yea sorry if I led you on, I am in a relationship and very happy so I don't think we can be friends.
>
> I didn't respond after that – should I have negged harder after the last statement? I think the "lol" was sufficient – her behavior confirmed everything written on this blog – and anything beyond that seemed forced and petty. She was just a six, too, and not worth additional effort imo.

Ah yes, the drunk chick hookup. Expect a flake. With inebriated girls you are best attempting a same night lay, as the liquor loosens her inhibitory reflex. That is the upside of drunkenness. The downside happens when the inhibitions come storming back the next morning, and her anti-slut barrier stands taller and mightier than usual.

Leaving that aside, your game was fine up until the next day. I'm not a big fan of texting questions that require answers from girls. If you want to meet up with a girl, call her, and *tell her* what your schedule is like, and when you can see her. Asking if she's free, or available, or if she'd like to join you is playing into the frame of female scarcity. Instead, you should be saying "Hey, we had a great time last night, let's meet for cocktails and hookah smoking. I'm free Thursday."

If you believe, like I do sometimes, that talking on the phone is becoming a lost art irrevocably replaced by texting and facebook emailing, then you may want to pursue the "trial text" strategy, of which I am an advocate.

Now, when she said she was hanging out with her boyfriend, you regrettably and utterly betatized yourself with that ego-pinpricked "lol" response. The LOL, when delivered in reply to an affront, signals to a girl that she got under your skin. LOL is the spontaneous bleat of the lamb after the wolf has sunk its teeth into the lamb's shank. El Oh Eeeeeellll! El Oh Eeeeeeellllll! To a woman's ears it sounds like this: "Ha, ha, you have shat upon my soul!"

Whether she actually has a boyfriend is irrelevant to how you should have responded after she told you she had a boyfriend. LOL was the worst response. Let's examine the other three major types of responses you had at your disposal.

1. Ignore her. Instead of LOL'ing, you don't reply. Some people will say this is the alpha way to handle a cunt, but it's also the easy way. Does an alpha always have to take the easy way? Where's the fun in that?

2. Give her the gift of pain. “He’s a lucky man. I wonder if he knows what a prize he has?” Sure, this won’t get you laid, but it will put a smile on your face.
3. Tease her. “Perfect. I’m busy Thursday night with your boyfriend’s girlfriend. You’re buying first ten rounds.” This final option gives you an outside chance at hooking up should the winds of fickle tingle blow in your direction.

Unfortunately, once she sent that last ridiculously cloying and pointless explanation, you were left with few options other than ignoring it. Which isn’t so bad. Use the bad taste left in your mouth to fortify your strength of purpose for future pickup attempts.

***

Reader Effect whispers the password to the Chateau consigliere:

> I was just wondering on the Alphaness of this move, in a standing situation.
>
> You’ve been chatting with this girl. Mystery Style, you put out your hand. When she takes hold you lead her in closer. Put the opposite around her once she close enough and draw her in even closer so that your bodies are touching and release her hand while doing this. Use the hand she was holding to brush aside her hair bangs moving it behind her ear then following the jaw to lead her into the kiss. (assuming she has long, not tied up hair) End the kiss first, no leaning in, feet stayed planted during the whole thing. Take a small step away.

Kino escalation is often overlooked by men as a vital component to pickup, but physically pulling a girl closer into your body can backfire if there isn’t a solid base of attraction already established. A lukewarm girl is likely to read a handhold and a pull-in as an attempt by the man to cop a cheap feel. Better bet: Hold out your hand, wait for her to take it, and then let her hand rest in yours. See how long she keeps her hand in yours before she pulls away. That will give you a good indication of her feelings for you.

***

Reader valmont dons the black robes of a Chateau guest:

> A very important question. I do online dating as a side dish with good results… however, I am often asked on dates
>
> “what are you looking for?”
>
> There was a girl who told me that she was tired of guys who promised her “the moon” and then did not commit to her. I told her that at the present moment I m not looking to get into something serious. I felt that her energy changed however we later made out and I walked her to the metro station. after a couple of days she sends me an email that “she appreciates my honesty but that we do not have the same expectations.”
>
> I mean, she said that she did not want a guy who pretended to want something serious, however let’s be frank, should a guy tell a women on the first or second date that he is looking for something serious too (presuming he does)?
>
> so again, how should a guy respond to questions such as “what are you looking for?” when they come up early in the dating phase?

“What are you looking for?”

Girls are asking you this before you’ve sexed them? Strange. Either you date aging, neurotic headcases or your vibe is telegraphing B E T A P R O V I D E R. There is only one way to answer an early game, pre-sex “what are you looking for?” stinky-ass beta bait:

“A delicious ham sandwich.”

Do try and say it with a straight face for maximum amusement.

Answering any other way will only make the bang more difficult to achieve. Why construct unnecessary obstacles to yourself? If she presses the matter, then you will have to get serious with her. But there is a right way and a wrong way to patronize a woman's shit testing.

Wrong way: Play into her frame.

- "I'm not looking for anything serious right now."

Why give her an excuse to stop seeing you?

- "I haven't thought about it. Why do you ask?"

Why give her an excuse to continue harping on the subject?

- "I'm looking for something serious."

Lying is unnecessary in this situation, as I will demonstrate below. Also, saying this risks turning her off if you miscalculate and she's *not* looking for something serious.

Right way: Control the conversation.

- "I'm dating around until I find that one woman I really click with. I think anything serious should develop naturally, and not be forced. Don't you?"

If she's got trouble with that answer, you are officially dating an ovulating cougar who works 80 hour weeks at the law firm and has more cats than pints of Haagen Dazs.

The Chateau doors have now creaked shut. Escort yourselves to the property gate.

I'm A Zit. Get It?

CH · 25 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This picture made me laugh:

Well, that's one way to keep an ascendant China in check — export our fast food culture. It's irresistibly scrumptious!

Sausage Fest

CH · 26 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

What are the implications of imbalanced sex ratios? What happens when there are more men than women, or vice versa? In the matter of a surplus of men (i.e. a sexual market favoring women), we in the US may already be experiencing that on an enormous (heh) scale. I wrote about this misunderstood catastrophe in my groundbreaking post "Obesity to blame for game" (with illustrations!):

> Game has been refined, taught and embraced by men in direct proportion to the shrinking pool of attractive thin girls. As the reduced supply of skinny chicks have seen their sexual market value skyrocket, they have adjusted by pricing their pussies out of reach for the average guy. In return, men have sought solutions to this new challenge in the rapidly advancing science of seduction. Where simple courtship worked in the past, it is no longer effective against the deep bunker defenses of the in-demand slender woman.

There are other reasons for the rise of game, but obesity plays a whale (heh) of a role. A fattening female population means we have a de facto male surplus. Some men will settle for fatties, (some men screw sheep), but most will prefer to stick it out competing for years in the dating market and avoiding marriage until they either drop out or get what they want — a thinner chick.

I also speculated what a female surplus would do to courtship dynamics. On many major college campuses, women outnumber men 3 to 2. I called this a poon nirvana for the typical college male and predicted how the excess chicks would alter the hothouse campus atmosphere: Women acting sluttier.Fat women ostracized more than ever.Betas taunted by a flesh machine churning out display product they cannot buy.Alphas living like harem kings.Alphas in general acting more caddish. More drinking, fighting, fornicating, and video gaming.Betas in general withdrawing more from social life to seek the sympathetic embrace of their computers or like-minded losers in love.Dating replaced by fucking ("hooking up" in the current nomenclature).Blowjobs and anal sex increasingly accepted as virginity-sparing sex substitutes.Later marriages.And finally, a tired rationalization hamster punching in overtime. The female mind has never been so besotted with challenges to her anti-slut barricade!

Since there are, generally, fewer fat chicks at college age than later ages, the national obesity calamity would not significantly counterbalance the absolute skewed sex ratio favoring college attending men.

There was an excellent discussion of sex ratio over at the "Evo and Proud" blog. Especially read the comments, where Peter Frost and Jason Malloy argued opposite sides, Malloy taking the position that, somewhat counterintuitively, a population of excess males means more well-behaved males, since women in control of the dating market are better able to fulfill their goal of finding a productive and reliable Dad to help raise children. Men under such constraints are therefore likely to rein in their latent caddishness and emphasize their daddishness to appeal to the limited number of available, choosy women. Malloy presents some evidence for his case.

I wasn't convinced, though, because I thought Malloy's premise was faulty. Do women instinctively prefer the Dad to the Cad, and if so, do alpha males and beta males pursue the same sexual strategy in a dating market with a dearth of women? What happens in societies that are structured to the benefit of women? That is, what do women actually choose when they can have their cake and eat it too? Peter Frost articulated my doubts in a comment at Dennis Mangan's blog:

> Jason [Malloy] ignored, however, the authors' warning that female scarcity is socially beneficial only if there are limits on women's sexual freedom:
>
> "Remember that the background conditions under which imbalanced sex ratios have had their effect have been relatively constant from the time of classical Greece until the advent of the twentieth century. Earlier we called attention to the importance of the fact that structural power—economic, political, and legal—has invariably

> been in male hands. This condition has prevailed in every high and low sex ratio society that we have examined in detail. What this means is that sex ratio imbalances might well have radically different effects in a society where women had appreciable structural power." (Guttentag & Secord, 1983, p. 233)
>
> "… Young single women are not confined to the home and have much experience with the opposite sex. They make their own decisions about male friends or the choice of a husband. Either party to a marriage can now get a divorce if they want one. These changes that free young single people to choose their own mates and loosen the marriage bond favor the gender that is in short supply. In a word, structural constraints that have in the past neutralized dyadic power, particularly that of women, have disappeared." (Guttentag & Secord, 1983, p. 239)

Does the current USA strike you as a society imposing limits on women's sexual freedom? It is to laugh. Just the opposite is happening in Western cultures. If any gender's sexual and marital prerogative is being straitjacketed, it is American men's, specifically American betas.

What about China, where the male surplus has ballooned, prompting a slew of opinion articles warning of Chinese territorial ambitions and saber rattling to release the building pressure of millions of unsexed and unloved men? China is more patriarchal than the US, but in the big cities it looks to be changing, the urban culture quickly beginning to reflect the worst (best?) of the West.

A sex ratio favoring women might have very different effects in Afghanistan than in the US. In cultures where women have little incentive to slut it up, delay marriage, or pop out bastard spawn confident that the government will act as uber beta provider, they may well become more chaste, and pickier about choosing reliable Dad types. But in cultures of free-wheeling sexuality, easy availability of contraceptives and abortion, female economic empowerment, anti-male divorce laws, and disappearance of anti-slut social shaming mechanisms, women may very well respond to a favorable sex ratio by opening their legs for every alpha male to shower five minutes of attention on them, prefering to share the choicest cock with other women rather than monopolizing the ground beef cock of the squabbling male masses.

I'd like to get away from the macrocosm abstractions for a minute and ground the argument over sex ratio in something we have all experienced in real life. I have been in bars where there were way more men than women. There's nothing more dispiriting to the inveterate player than walking into a roomful of Bob Evans. I can tell you exactly what happens in those situations.

- Women's egos explode. 5s think they're 7s, 2s think they're 5s, fat chicks think you desire them. You want to see an American girl's entitlement complex break the sound barrier? Put her in a bar in a typical big city with other overeducated, chubby girls and surround with twice as many horny men. Add liquor and mix vigorously. Mystery likely had the inspiration for the neg when he was navigating a similar sad scene.
- Men become irritable. Is a sausage fest a breeding ground for well-behaved Dads? Good lord, no. What usually happens is this: A small number of very smart men quickly assess the futility of the situation and bail for greener pastures. The rest drink to excess, gathering the courage to approach the one or two hot chicks in the room, only to discover that bitch shields are set at maximum deflection. Then the men become agitated, and oftentimes there is pushing and shoving, leading to fights. That's when the women bail, because the atmosphere has gotten toxic. A few men remain behind for garbage hour, hoping to scrounge a scrap of snatch.

I'm agnostic on the issue of sex ratio and its impact on the overall mating market. I think there are other variables that are more important in determining how men and women behave in the most crucial market of all. Nonetheless, with a rising male-skewed China and a declining feminist USA, sex ratio may have profound effects on who next will grab the mantle of hyperpower.

Things Your Real Estate Agent Won't Tell You

CH · 27 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In various hot spots around the city you will see units of public housing. Usually you can identify these complexes by the disrepair of the property and the empty liquor bottles littering the sidewalk in front. It's easy enough to avoid renting or buying a place next to a dump, but what if the public housing is newly constructed? You could be fooled into thinking the neighborhood is a charming outpost of SWPLness.

There is another way to tell which properties are Section 8 hell matrices. Read the names. Almost all the low income properties (where there is a ceiling imposed on the income level of candidates for residency) have bright, sunshiney names like "The Horizon House", "Hope Plaza", The Dream on 17″, or "New Beginnings". It's a dead giveaway when you take the most noxious neighbors possible, and slap on their crack shacks the most innocuous, hopenchange-y names possible. Is this fooling anyone?

I think the same should be done for exorbitantly priced condo complexes in edge communities that are breeding grounds for non-breeding SWPLs. It would be great to immediately identify SWPL housing by its hypocritically earnest name. For example: "Sustainable Living Luxury Condos", "Whole Foods In Basement So You Never Have To Venture Into The Neighborhood You Brag About To Your Suburban Friends Condo", "The Super Artsy Lofts On Lobbyist Ave", "$300,000 Premium To Pay For Hip Bar That You Can Walk To Condos", and "No Impact Man Used To Live Here Apartments — Free Wifi!".

I mean, if our sick culture is going to steep itself in lies, may as well go all out and lie like a rug. We can make a game of it.

Statements That Imply Your Higher Value

CH · 29 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

“You’re very brave to come over to talk with me.”

“Your flirting is charming.”

“As we’re sitting here talking I can tell you seem really happy.”

“Wow! Don’t get too excited.” [Note: Not to be used sarcastically. That would be signaling lower value.]

“Hmm. Your hands are shaking.” [Doesn’t matter if they’re not shaking. Use as part of palm reading routine.]

“Hope I didn’t make you wait too long.” [Say after returning much later from talking with friends.]

“Your answers tell me that you are drawn to men who break your heart.” [Use as part of love test routine.]

“You have a… different… sense of humor/sense of style/way of looking at the world.”

“You have a quirky personality. I have a friend — he’s been single a while; I guess he’s picky — who would totally get you.”

“You’re not like most women. You seem like you want to know about me more than you want to talk about yourself.”

“Your eyes are dancing.”

“I have a confession to make. I forgot your name.” [You should say this to every girl at some point during the initial meet, regardless whether you remember her name. I have yet to experience a bad reaction from a girl when I said this.]

“A lot of girls in this city come on too strong with men. I’m glad you can talk with me without getting weird.”

“This is a pleasant surprise. You’re winning me over.”

Saying any of these things to a girl during the course of a pickup will artfully communicate your higher status relative to hers, which will in turn prepare her body for copulation.

PS: Try to use the word “girls” for women, and “men” for men, in your daily conversation.

The Most Obnoxious Woman In The World?

CH · 30 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I wander the scorched wastelands of the human psyche, explore the depths of the musty ideologies hidden within, and drag them kicking and screaming to the oasis of cleansing truth so that you may be entertained from the comfort of your Barcalounger. My crusade over the past three years finding and eviscerating the hated enemies of beauty and truth has finally brought me face to face with perhaps the most execrable creature to stalk the consciousness of the Holy Hedonist Empire.

I hesitate to write this post because the horror you will find within is nearly beyond comprehension. I risk credibility if it turns out the entire article was a put-on, an act to stimulate an immunological response from a healthy psyche. I accept that risk, because the greater risk is in allowing a genuine abomination to go unridiculed.

From a Washington City Paper interview (hat tip: reader Mike), pay your shilling and enter the tent to feast your eyes upon Jaclyn Friedman, AKA "Fucking While Feminist":

> **Jaclyn Friedman** is, in short, a feminist rock star. She is the executive director of WAM!: Women, Action & the Media. She edited the incredible *Yes Means Yes!: Visions of Female Sexual Power and a World Without Rape,* and continues the work of dismantling rape culture in her weekly pro-sex column. She writes as compellingly about taking off her shirt for fun as she does her college sexual assault. And she has been fucking under these conditions for nearly 20 years.

What is the difference between sex with a pro-sex feminist and sex with a pro-sex normal woman? Earplugs.

> Fucking while feminist presents a peculiar set of challenges for the pro-sex single. How do you talk rape culture on a first date while still managing to get laid once in a while? How do you find the feminist guy who won't self-flagellate to the point of unfuckability? How do you avoid dying alone, basically?

I'll answer those questions for the City Paper interviewer.

"How do you talk rape culture on a first date while still managing to get laid once in a while?"

You don't if you want to date men who aren't afraid of their own penises.

"How do you find the feminist guy who won't self-flagellate to the point of unfuckability?"

Such a man doesn't exist. If he does, he is lying to you. Or gay.

"How do you avoid dying alone, basically?"

Cat cryogenics.

> **J[aclyn] F[riedman]:** The way I hope it will work is that they ask these initial questions [about my rape culture books] before we meet in person. So then they can go offline and collect their thoughts and then respond to me. My profile says I'm a feminist. So a lot of people who would be really scared off by me, we don't get very far. When the whole Polanski thing was going down, I had this big argument with a guy about Polanski. First date. And last one.

No surprise there. Though I can only read her words, I can vicariously hear her grating voice plucking out my ear hairs one by one, slowly to maximize the pain. Could you imagine going on a date with this shrike? She's already arguing with you before the first round is ordered. If I get into *one* big argument with a chick within the first three months of dating her, I seriously consider dumping her. But a big argument on the first date is a giant red flag that proudly proclaims "Kneel before my mighty shit test, and pass or be emasculated by the swinging of my

serrated clit dick!" Some shit tests are not worth passing. Sometimes it's just an ugly, gnarled soul staring daggers of challenge at you from across the table.

> **Do you have any feminist litmus tests?**
>
> **JF: I would like for there to be a set of feminist litmus tests that I could reference and use to find the right guy. Right now, I feel like I'm in an endless cycle of asking myself, "Am I willing to let this slide?" I'm mostly dating guys right now, which is fairly new for me. From my early 20s to my mid-30s I dated exclusively women and trans men.**

Ah, so she's in her late 30s or 40s now. That would explain the sudden biological urge to merge with sperm-manufacturing normal men. Experimentation is all fun and games until your subjects stop finding you a worthwhile lay.

> **I'm not romanticizing that, like "it's so much easier with women"—let me tell you, it's not. But it's a different set of questions you have to ask. I don't feel like I can go in to these dates expecting dudes to know as much about feminism or sexuality studies or rape culture [i.e., lies], the stuff that I live my life talking about and thinking about. I feel like I'm going to die alone if I do that.**

Will your slavish adherence to your comforting lies have been worth it?

> Here is what's depressing about dating while feminist. Feminism is what I do with my life, it's how I spend my days, it's my job, it's not just an opinion I have among many other opinions.

The most dogmatic ideologues are always running on the righteous fury of their opinions. They have to, because one stop to take a breath could mean the entire edifice of lies crumbles down on them from forward momentum. They secretly suspect, late at night when the terrifying silence leaves them alone with their innermost thoughts, that everything they believe is a lie. And so they shout hate and fear at the heart of the world. Imagine waking up one day to realize your entire life was a farce? And a deadly farce at that; one which withheld from you some of the greatest joys of life.

> If I had a hardcore litmus test, the pool of men I could date would be so tiny.

I've got news for you, my cougar child. It's getting tiny regardless of any litmus test you might impose. Which, ironically, will cause you to impose ever stricter litmus tests. The bruised ego drinks deeply from the chalice of the sour grapewine.

> And then when you weeded out men who are gay, the men I don't find attractive, the men already in monogamous, committed relationships—really, I would never get laid again. So I do feel that I have to try to be flexible out of necessity.

Older women either stiffen into celibacy or become Yogic masters of dating flexibility. As "Feminist While Fucking" seems to possess a man's libido, she has opted to accept the dreary fact that her waning sexual market value places constraints on what she can, and can no longer, demand from the men she dates.

> But if I were to end up with someone—and I do want a long-term, stable relationship with someone at some point—they would have to be feminist on some basic level. They would have to be.

Hey, betas, guess what! You now have your shot at tasting the curdled nectar of an aging radical feminist who has spent her prime years servicing a battalion of men, women, and transsexuals. All you need to do is nod in agreement

when she discusses the finer points of the imaginary gender wage gap. Sound like a good deal? And turn off that sexbot when I'm talking to you.

> Right now my basic litmus test is this: Is he interested in feminist issues when I bring them up?

Sure. I've noticed feminists are quicker to jump into bed than non-feminists.

> And can he talk about them in ways that express curiosity and engagement and respect, instead of defensiveness or dismissiveness or attachment to stereotypes?

Feminists have hairy armpits and daddy issues.

> If we can talk about this stuff in ways that are interesting and productive, I can work with it most of the time.

A good marriage will have a higher status husband and a better looking wife. Discuss.

> [T]he only cisgender man I've been in a longterm relationship was a feminist when I met him. We would have feminism arguments where I was educated by him, and vice versa. And I thought, well, how lucky I am to have found a feminist guy! And he ended up being an ass . . . in somewhat unrelated ways.

Disturbed hardcore feminists are attracted to assholes, too. Red alert on Drudge.

> **Is there anything that men can mention in their dating profiles that tips you off to feminist compatibility?**
>
> **JF:** Well, this is my test: When I look at personal ads, I look at their lists of favorite books, movies, and music, and they have to list women in all of those categories.

Ok, here goes.

Favorite books: Anything by Stephenie Meyer

Favorite movies: Anything by Leni Riefenstahl

Favorite music: T.A.T.U.

Heh.

> I also don't respond to any guy who says they're looking for a woman who "doesn't have drama," not because I have a lot of drama, but because I feel like that is code for women who have opinions.

This is super double secret code for "I will blab endlessly about utter bullshit while you sit and listen with the patience of a saint".

> . . I also have a couple things in my profile that are screeners, that I'm hoping will turn off people I don't want to be bothered by. I mention feminism. I say I'm a size 16. But I do it all in a flirty way, like, 'size 16 can be sexy," not in a way that says, "I AM ALL THESE THINGS. DEAL WITH IT."

Proud feminist, aging spinster, fatty. What's not to love? Rhetorical.

PS: Size sixteen cannot be sexy. Saying so won't change the fact that the vast majority of men, particularly desirable men who don't need to lie to get sex, are repulsed by the rolls of blubber you refer to as "curves".

> **So when you tell people that you're a feminist, do they have assumptions about what the sex is going to be like?**
>
> **JF:** A couple of guys were shocked that I like to play various games in bed, because I'm a feminist. That's always really interesting to me. I'm always like, 'Are you kidding me? The feminists I know are the craziest women in bed you can find!"

There's gotta be an iron law of the land that states the less desirable the woman, the kinkier she is in bed. Compensation in da houze!

> **So do you meet guys who pass the feminist test but then turn out to be disappointments for other reasons?**
>
> **JF: Oh God. There is a type of feminist guy who is so eager to fall over himself to be deferential to women and to prove his feminist bona fides and flagellate himself in front of you, to the point that it really turns me off. And it makes me sad, because politically, these are the guys that I should be sleeping with! You know what I'm talking about?**

Color me unsurprised that a woman's gina tingle doesn't oscillate to a man's political beliefs.

> They haven't internalized their feminism, so it's always being externalized. And it places a lot of pressure on the women they're with. There's this very self-conscious performance of feminism. And it does sometimes feel like they want a cookie. . . . OK, I know this is such a delicate conversation to have, but I want those guys to wake up because those are the guys I *want to* want to sleep with!

You want to want to sleep with men but your abrasive, unfeminine personality attracts eunuchs. Clever eunuchs who tell you what you want to hear in hopes of getting in your XL pants, but eunuchs nonetheless.

> I sort of feel that I get cast in these dudes' narratives as the Hellcat Dream Girl, there to prove how bad-ass they are because they're dating such a bad-ass woman. They think it's cute or sexy. But when I use that smart, outspoken bad-assery to challenge their own perspectives, it's suddenly not sexy at all.

No shit it's not sexy. What man worth his stones wants to spend time with a woman always pitched in heated battle against every perceived slight to her worldview? Especially when her perspective is a mountain of lies. Men get enough of that from other men. The point of women is that they aren't men. But maybe we are entering an era of manjaws and art fags.

> I feel like the same thing happened with the guy I dated for two years. He liked the idea of being a guy who would be with someone like me, but ultimately it turned out that he wanted someone who wouldn't challenge him as much, a person who was easier and quicker to sweep away. I got evidence of that when, within three months of breaking up with me, he was dating a 23 year old who lists her political views on Facebook as "moderate."

I hope this field guide to *Americanus afeminoxious* was as unpleasant for you as it was for me. But really, there was nothing new here. Guests of the Chateau have all seen these creatures before, in special holding cells, their cries of torment under the lashings of my bulldykewhip striking a dulcet note on weary ears.

The more interesting question is what kind of man would so debase himself to willingly spend time in such a woman's company? To suffer the tortures of the damned, his ears ringing with the demonic cacophony of femicunt

war shrieks? To betray the last, good measure of his manly essence for a pittance of overripe pussy? What kind of man, indeed?

The Number One Dead Giveaway That Your Wife Is About To Cheat

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The wicked knowledge is disseminating to the masses that women are natural born cheaters at heart; perhaps not as indiscriminately promiscuous as men, but neither as angelic as the Victorian and Christian ideal. Husbands all over the world are slowly becoming aware that their wives are compelled by ancient biological forces to cheat during the fertile time of her monthly cycle, and given the right incentives will act upon that urge to infidelity, usually with a higher status man, in order to acquire the beneficial genes in hopes of having a superior child which she can then foist upon her duped husband to help raise.

The princess pedestal has had three of its legs knocked out from under it, and the last leg wobbles precariously. Dark robed shadowy denizens of the Chateau welcome newcomers to its velvet-curtained corridors, where the last semblance of naivete will be stripped from you.

What to do with this knowledge?, some men will ask. Apply it!

First, you will need to know the details of your woman's monthly cycle. You will need to acquaint yourself with "fertility awareness".

Find out when your woman has her period. The monthly cycle begins from the first day she bleeds. Women ovulate about midway through their cycle (days 12-14), and sperm can survive inside a woman's hoo-ha for 2-5 days. So from the middle of the second week to the beginning of the third week (days 10-16) is when your girlfriend or wife will be at her most fertile, i.e. most receptive to getting impregnated by whichever sperm happens to wander in during that time frame.

This fertile window (days 10-16 of her monthly cycle) can accurately be renamed "the cheating window", because it is then that a woman will feel the strongest horniness for the seed of an alpha male. If she's going to cheat, she is most likely to do it on these days. If you are a beta provider husband or boyfriend, you are in danger of being cuckolded on days 10-16. If you are an alpha husband or boyfriend the danger of betrayal is still there, because there is incentive for a woman to acquire the seed of multiple competing alpha males. However, alpha males have less to worry about than beta males, as women with alphas tend to be happier, both psychologically and sexually, and thus less prone to satisfy a gina tingle through infidelity. Even when women aren't happy with their alpha mates, and seek the sexual embrace of Mr. Sensitivo for the emotional connection alpha hubby won't or can't give her, she is more likely to cheat with the soft-hearted betaboy fling during the infertile phase of her monthly cycle. Thus, the alpha husband/BF has less to worry about than the beta husband/BF should his woman wander.

Since a woman contemplating cheating during her fertile window subconsciously wants to ensure that any fertilization is done by an alpha male's seed, and only an alpha male's seed, she won't want her vagina polluted with your tepid beta spooge. She will do everything in her power, in fact, to prevent you from penetrating her while she is ovulating.

Armed with this knowledge, we now know the number one dead giveaway that your wife or girlfriend is about to cheat on you:

Is she withdrawing sex during days 10-16 of her monthly cycle? Then you, my friend, are about to be betrayed.

If you hear from your woman "I have a headache" any time during her peak fertility, she has either cheated on you, is thinking about cheating on you, or is getting sufficiently turned off by your burgeoning betaness that cheating will soon become an option in the calculation of her moral universe.

Once fertile window sex withdrawal (FWSW) happens, particularly if you notice a trend of this happening over two or more monthly cycles, then you had better be ready to respond appropriately. By "respond appropriately", I mean "get the upper hand". Here are your choices:

1. Preemptively dump her. (Husbands are shit out of luck on this option.)
2. Game her. (As LTRs inevitably soften men, you will have to shake the rust off and return to pre-LTR form.)
3. Take a mysterious leave of absence during her fertile window. (Counterintuitively, a sexually inquisitive wife or girlfriend will be less likely to act on her cheating impulse if her beta mate isn't around to remind her why she loathes him so.)
4. Preemptively cheat. (If you're banging ass on the side, you won't feel the sting of her sex withdrawal and possible betrayal as much.)

There is one caveat. The pill potentially fucks up the FWSW-cheating nexus by screwing with women's hormones. If it's true that women on the pill prefer less masculine men at whichever time of the monthly cycle, then it's less predictable that her cheating with a more alpha lover will occur during ovulation. Betas take note. Your best bet for avoiding a rape-equivalent cuckolding is to date only women on the pill. Of course, this will mean she won't have any kids with you, either, but childlessness beats unknowingly raising another man's child any day of the month.

Game Is Pushing Me Away From Love

CH · 1 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes ignorance really is bliss. Of the last 25 out of 30 girls I've slept with, I've used the following game tactics on all of them in almost the same order and at the same point in time of the pickup:

- indirect opener, usually situational
- if cockblock was present, one neg to cb asking if her friend is "always this way"
- if cockblock wasn't present, one neg directly to target about her "hair color being totally in style right now"
- initiated kino sequence by laying my hand on her forearm, then later hand on her shoulder, then later still hand on her thigh
- one dance twirl (her, not me)
- one anchor ("hey could you watch my hat/scarf/pickup prop for me for a sec?")
- one DHV story about my time hiking a volcanic island
- one to two venue change "bounces", where i would simulate the experience of being on multiple dates by compressing it into two hours, making her feel she had spent more time with me than she actually did
- two questions qualifying her, usually "cute chicks are a dime a dozen, what else do you have going for you?" or "are you low, medium or high maintenance?"
- two rapport building routines (either the love test or the cube)
- one age guessing game (her: how old are you?" me: "guess" her: [whatever answer] me: "perfect!" or "i don't think you're fun enough/mature enough for me")
- one vulnerability story (involves getting beat up by a bully i was trying to stop from beating up a nerdy schoolmate)
- one major kino escalation (usually hand behind her neck)
- kiss (i just go for it. no prepping) and/or number close
- same night lay if propitious

25 girls. 25 lays, flings, or relationships. All of them gamed in almost the exact same manner to achieve the desired result. Like winding up a watch. Or tapping a knee to prompt a reflex kick. Or shaking a leash by the door so the dog comes running, knowing a walk and a refreshing poop is on the way.

Game enough girls successfully and the predictability becomes numbing. I imagine this is how girls must secretly feel when they slather on makeup and squeeze into sexy clothes and then get the predictable horndog responses from men around them. They enjoy the attention, but at the same time their joy is laced with resentment toward men. They resent that it's all so deterministic. Women are particularly susceptible to this resentment of the opposite sex because they are more emotionally invested in the pretty lie that romance and love must "happen naturally". Men, having in general less experience with inciting predictable responses in the opposite sex, don't get so weepy-eyed for the loss of innocence when they learn a thing or two about how the opposite sex's sexual attraction mechanism works.

Which is how I felt for a long time. Game used to be a blessing. But then, you get so proficient that the patterns become all that you see. Like the green cascading numbers in the Matrix, individual charming women morph into machines in your mind's eye, fleshy cyborgs of buttons and levers and algorithmic code, with a power cord that leads straight to their vaj. In your drearier moments, you find it difficult to even hoist them to the level of a machine; you instead picture them as feral animals, all instinct, no heart. Feral animals that give you sustenance — meat, love, or preselection.

The first girl I fell in lust love with said two words to me. "Hi". Twice. I didn't game her. I didn't know what game

was, or even that women desired differently than men. But I did know the way she laid down on her stomach on a chaise lounge in her front lawn, reading a book, her pale-skinned thighs glistening in the summer sun as she swung her feet in the air like scissors. To this day, my memory of her retains a spark of mystery and whimsical, effervescent delight. I have slept with and fallen in love with many girls since, but with (almost) each one the spark and the whimsy have progressively dimmed. The dark knowledge of the crimson arts has given me what I want, but at a price. A steep price.

I bought a lover a diamond bracelet. Knowing that excessive complimentary gifts to a woman are inevitably value lowering, I presented the gift with the flourish of a scoundrel. “I was going to surprise you with a beautiful cubic zirconia, but unfortunately this is all I could steal back from my ex-girlfriend on short notice.” Smirk, pause, pause… yes… good reaction from her. I’m pleased with my handiwork. Very pleased. I think I’ll take a step back and admire the moment I just crafted.

I sometimes miss those unpredictable moments when I couldn’t take a step back.

The Wig

CH · 2 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

9pm on a weekday night. I leaned like a pillar of masculine detachment against the edge of the bar, blessing the peasantry with my royal aloofness. I sipped a gin and tonic, surprised with myself for agreeing with a buddy to go out on a slow night for some drinks. I doubly surprised myself for being an hour early. My buddy called. He would meet me later at a different bar. I now had an hour to kill at the chic lounge filled with young women and few men. A weekday night miracle!

I surveyed the room for potential sex partners. To my right were two girls, both mid 20s, both bouncing conversationally off each other with an effortlessness that revealed their BFFness. One of the girls was extremely tall (almost my height), foreign looking, and unattractive in the face, though her body was stimulating. The other girl was shorter, olive skinned, and very attractive. She had big Bette Davis eyes, huge tits, and moist, full lips, but her outstanding feature, the one that caught my gaze and held it, was her long thick mane of raven colored hair, highlighted with iridescent streaks of indigo. She talked animatedly with her tall friend, swinging her head around and lashing nearby patrons with streamers of her midnight hair. I wanted to glide my hand through her thatch and yank hard.

Indigo Girl glanced over in that way that showed she was trying to hide that she was glancing over. I had my opening.

“You guys are making everyone else feel uncomfortable for not having as much fun. Have some consideration.” I knitted my brow in faux disapproval.

“What are *you* doing out tonight, Mr. Cool Guy too cool to have fun?” Indigo Girl smiled to flaunt an impressive rack of pearly white teeth, then stood up on tippy toes and did a ballerina twirl for me. I felt movement in my pants.

“I’m waiting for a friend, but plans changed. Now I’m here to support local business.”

Tall Girl laughed. “That’s very noble of you.” She spoke with an exotic Eastern European accent, and I could tell from her first words that she was smarter than the average chick. It is something in the cadence, the articulation. She took a step toward me, presumably to ask me a question.

Indigo Girl dodged in front of her advancing friend and looked up adorably at my alpha nostrils. “We just got back from a show.”

The more I looked at her the more it dawned on me how sexy she was. “The way you’re dressed I’d guess you saw a show at [X].”

“Good guess! Do you hang out there? I’ve never seen you before. But take that as a good thing. I get bored of that clique-y scene over there.” Though she was a little tipsier than Tall Girl, Indigo Girl also spoke with the electric snap of someone sporting a big brain.

“I’m a clique of one. Very exclusive.”

The girls laughed. Well, technically Indigo Girl laughed, openly and without affect. Tall girl, clearly the level-headed one of the two, grinned demurely and circled the rim of her cocktail glass with a long spidery finger. We talked amongst ourselves for twenty minutes. In that time I was able to piece together the scenario unfolding before me, and to then use my new knowledge to properly game these two chicks.

Best friends. Indigo Girl is the classic Eternal Ingenue. She is accustomed to getting her way with men, and she fumes when she doesn’t. She will shamelessly clamblock her girl friends if she notices them enjoying male attention. She is whip smart and Machiavellian, given to breaking hearts and wallowing like a happy sexy sow in the ups and downs of her own heart. Tall Girl is the Amazonian Alpha (literally as well as figuratively). She is used to surrendering the spotlight to her more attractive friends, but this constant indignity doesn’t stop her from being a

fiercely loyal friend. She would be a world class maneater if she were prettier. I think she knows this.

It would be very easy for me to play these two girls off each other into a jealousy triangle of the ages. And I did.

We bounced to a two floor social venue a block down the street. It was crowded. The girls bought me a drink and we chatted for a while. I made sure to divide my chat time equally between the two, addressing one and then the other in turn. Suddenly, like a butterfly with ADD, Indigo Girl rushed to greet one of the bartenders, a handsome hipster she knew from her social circle. The greet became a long-ish conversation. Stepping up to Tall Girl, I moved my body so that she was forced to reposition herself with her back to Indigo Girl and Hipster Bartender. I knew Indigo Girl would look over at us if she saw me talking intimately with her friend, and I wanted her to see my hand on her friend's back and my mouth whispering in her friend's ear.

It worked. Indigo girl hopped over after only five minutes of watching me talk with Tall Girl. Shit test passed. But I knew that with a girl like her the shit tests were only beginning. Tall Girl, for her part, suspected that my desire was focused on her friend, but my calculated conversation sharing probably nursed a belief in her that she could rob me from Indigo Girl.

It is a great thrill to have two women vie for your attention, but it is an exquisite pleasure to puppeteer two *smart* girls.

I will spare some of the details of the actual gaming. Suffice to say, it was my usual schtick, except smartened up in deference to the targets. By smartened up, I mean palm reading with an occasional three syllable word thrown in.

Two hours later, we walked to Tall Girl's apartment. I had called my buddy earlier to tell him I would cut the night short to pursue a worthier goal than drinking with him. He understood and informed me he would call in the morning for details. Bro code, you see. At Tall Girl's place, we all collapsed on her sofa and flipped through her collection of artsy posters. Indigo Girl got up and flounced to the bathroom. I had to be careful. The two of them had surely been signaling the whole night to decide who would be the one to tame this magnificent beast with a chest full of peach vellus. My worst move would be to accidentally insinuate that Tall Girl was the one I wanted to bang. I looked at Tall Girl sitting next to me on the couch, her eyelids sensuously hoisted at half mast. Uh oh. I sprang up from the couch and pretended to read some books on the mantle.

When I turned around, still musing facetiously about the book I was holding, I saw that Tall Girl was sliding languorously down the couch, her dress hiked up mid-thigh and her legs splayed open. She wasn't wearing any underwear. My eyes locked in on her shorn cunt, unable to tear away from the sight of labia and mons. It took an exceedingly strong dose of willpower to look away and up toward her homely face to remind myself that she wasn't the one I wanted to bed. When I did, I saw that she was staring at me with sex in her eyes. Her mouth hung partly open. If she had been hotter, it would have counted as one of the sexiest motherfucking vignettes of my life.

As expected, her homely face jolted me back to reality. I put the prop book down and walked to the bathroom. Indigo Girl was rummaging through a box of ornamental scarves on Tall Girl's bed. She was barking requests at Tall Girl from the bedroom. "I need a scarf that says professional, yet dangerous. What do you have, [Tall Girl]?"

I peered backward into the living room. Though my line of sight was partially obstructed, it looked to me that Tall Girl was stroking her pussy underneath her dress with her left hand. She arched her neck and gazed up at the ceiling.

I addressed Indigo Girl. "Hey, I'm gonna head out."

Pause.

I continued. "Let's go."

It was a risky move. I had to get out of there before Tall Girl lunged at me and claimed me for herself. But I didn't want to leave heavy-balled. There is always a point in the seduction when a bold move is required; when intentions must be demonstrated clearly and unambiguously. This time was no different.

Indigo Girl's eyes glittered for a split second as she processed my words. Then she grabbed my hand and we headed out into the mild night.

We talked the whole time on the half hour walk to her place. Words flowed effortlessly. My boner never relaxed, not even when she did what I'm about to tell you.

"Hey, sexy boy I just met tonight, I've got something to show you."

I thought *please show me your incredible tits.*

She reached a hand up to her head and pulled off her hair. Her beautiful, thick, lusciously long, raven colored hair, indigo highlights and all. Underneath was a head of matted, thin, mousy brown hair, cut short to just beyond the ears.

What the hell was this? Wig game? Was this her last ditch ultimate shit test to screen men just before she surrenders her body to them?

I managed the most poker-y face I could muster. "Wow, you had me fooled. Good thing you're still sexy with short hair."

I wasn't lying. She was still sexy. Well, maybe not quite as sexy, but the drop in sexiness was only a half point. Nothing the god of gonadal stimulation wouldn't let us into nirvana for.

"Yeah, I like to roleplay. Tonight was wig night. Wheee wigs!" She spun and jumped into my arms, wrapping her legs around my torso. My crotch bulged angrily. This was a girl going to NYU Stern for her MBA.

We made love… no, scratch that… we fucked four times through the night. Her tits were as stupendously squeezeable as I imagined. Her style of fucking was not out of character; creatively flexible, liberally lubed, risk-taking, and impassioned. Also a little slutty. Like purple saguaro girl, she had toys. Lots of them. And not some dimestore, brown paper over the windows low class shit. Her toys were the highest grade. She was a Type A++ personality and leapt out of bed at 8am for a spin class. I showed myself out the door, briefly greeting her gay roommate on the way out.

We dated… no, scratch that… we fucked for three months. The week before she left town, she called at 1am and invited me to her place. I walked over in the still night air instead of cabbing it. I wanted to enjoy the anticipation. Inside, she was stooped over on the bare concrete floor now stripped of furniture, snorting a line of coke with her gay roommate. She motioned for me to join them. The coke line laid out for me on the cold floor was mixed with dust and debris. I watched her be alive, though I was beset with a heaviness I knew would soon be alleviated.

Afterward, we laid on the floor like flower petals. She took my hand, held it, then let it go.

In the morning, on my way out, I noticed her wig was poking out of the kitchen trashcan. I walked silently over and gave it a quick stroke.

Using This Blog As A Pickup Prop

CH · 5 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A late 20-ish/early 30s woman with a passing resemblance to Jennifer Connelly sat down on the springless couch to my right, relieved that she found a spot to sit in the crowded coffee shop. She sunk all the way in like a turtle retreating into its shell, and I smiled and told her the couch already ate two people. She laughed while pulling out a laptop.

My laptop was in front of me, perched on my thighs. In between spurts of typing I reached to sip from a cup of dragon well green tea and to munch on toasted focacia with slices of brie. Because my balls weigh that of ten men, I am secure enough to write the previous sentence. Immediately, my thoughts drifted to meeting this woman and how I could best use my supranatural Lucifer-given talents to accomplish that.

I waited for ten minutes to pass. When a woman is forced by circumstance to loiter in your proximity, it's best not to jump on her right away. A man must leave an impression that his interest in a nearby woman only piqued after his mind stopped being preoccupied by whatever he was doing before she arrived. So I continued typing while pretending her stimulating looks hadn't yet registered in the cock-shaped part of my brain.

Finally, I delivered my opener.

"I've never seen someone so engrossed in their work. You writing the next great American novel?"

Standard operating procedure. I've used the line many times, although it felt fresher this go round. Perhaps I was inspired by my latent decision to toss caution to the wind with what was about to come.

She chuckled at my opener, and answered with the confident voice of a woman who is used to sparring with men.

"Not quite. More like the next great American Excel spreadsheet."

A good-looking woman with a genuine sense of humor? Did I sell my soul to the devil in a dream? Oh wow, I'd better not screw this up. My game has to be super tight! No margin for error. Just dance with the script that brought me here. No need to improvise. Stay the course!

"Ooh. My Mom warned me about women who use Excel."

"Oh, really?" she playfully parried. "And what did she warn you about?"

"They're bad news. They can analyze a man and know what he's all about in two seconds."

"That sounds like a great gift to have!"

We chatted for five more minutes. She was slowly hooking. Eventually, the conversation found its way to a point where I could deliver the following line.

"Luckily for me, I'm totally inscrutable. For instance, I'm definitely not writing an Excel spreadsheet. So you can try not to be so obvious when you peer over my shoulder to see what I'm writing."

Babe bait.

"You certainly think highly of yourself."

"I'm just a boy trying to figure it all out."

"Is that what you're writing about? Figuring it all out?"

"Sort of. I write a dating and relationship blog. Unfortunately, it's pretty popular. So I have a lot of stalkers. Cost of doing business, I guess."

"A dating blog?"

“And relationships.” I show her the front page of the Chateau.

“And you’re citizen renegade?”

“Among other names.”

“So, if you’re such an expert on dating, why are you still single?”

“The better question would be: Why *wouldn’t* I still be single?”

“Oh no, you sound like trouble.”

Ka-ching!

“Wow, the prison warden said the same thing to me.” She smiled and I let a few seconds of silence break the badinage.

I put forth my most serious face. “Hey, I have a confession to make…”

I love the ‘confession’ line. It’s like a mini insta-vulnerability game pebble that I can toss into almost any conversation to boost the girl’s intrigue. Plus, it makes girls a wee bit nervous, wondering if I’m going to confess to something really sordid that would make them too horny to control themselves.

“My blog is pretty controversial. I write about the dark side of human social dynamics as well. People with closed minds would probably not be able to understand. So if you find yourself curious, don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“I suppose now I’m going to have to take a look some time.”

“Hey, listen, I’ve got to run. But before I do I’d like to grab your number so our conversation doesn’t have to stop here for all eternity.”

This is my new number closing line. So far, I like it.

We exchanged numbers. The next day, I called her and set up a date that evening. No need to wait two days. She wasn’t an early 20s flakeriffic chick. The date went well, and we ended with a kiss. My blog was discussed, briefly, when she asked if I was really like my blog persona in real life. After I assured her I was (and make no mistake, it was assurance she secretly wanted), we went salsa dancing. A kiss to close the night, and I told her I had a good time. I didn’t set up a time for a second date. Never make plans for a future date while on a date. It reeks of urgency. Best to just tell the girl you must go, and you had a good time. Leave her stranded knee deep in the wonderment of her uncertainty.

***

I admit that using my blog as proof of status to pick up girls is cheesy. One of my goals in writing this post was to show just how powerful raw status game can be for a man. There was very little in the way of calculated technique-based game as is commonly understood used in this pickup. Instead, I relied on the crutch of high status within my endeavor of choice.

Cheesy, and effective.

She will probably read this blog post, so what I’m about to write may cost me, and her, a chance to see where this will lead. Or not. As I walked home from that first date, I asked myself if I really wanted to date the kind of girl who would be intrigued by what I write on this blog. If past experience is prologue…

But that is an answer for another time.

What Is The Best Type Of Person To Marry?

CH · 6 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader el chief asks:

> Dear Sir,
>
> 1. What is the best type of man for a woman to marry? For both the man and the woman.
>
> It ain't the badboy, cuz he will cheat or fuck off shortly after they marry, if at all.
>
> It ain't the beta, cuz she'll be miserable the whole time, and then so will he.
>
> Is it the Good Alpha? Does that exist?

The best type of man for a woman to marry is a man she loves. Sounds trite, but without that prerequisite in place, the marriage is doomed to either divorce or dissimulation. Maybe arranged marriages work better than love marriages on paper, but a loveless, arid business arrangement designed to smoothly usher in the next generation of cogs for the belching corporaglobomilitaryeducationalswplstatuswhoring machine is no way to go through life, son. Now that that's out of the way, let's get down to brass tacks.

He should be higher status than her, i.e. superior to her in some observable trait or accomplishment. That status can come in many forms. He could be better educated, smarter, richer, funnier, more socially savvy, better connected, more charming, more confident, more dominant, better traveled, more artistic, or really really good at inspiring interest from other women.

But there are two big caveats. One, he should not be *much* higher status than her. A large discrepancy in status between a husband and wife — where the wife's status is measured by her looks, not her accomplishments — virtually guarantees his straying. For instance, a man with 9 status (let's say he's a war zone photographer who travels the world for work) will cheat if the woman he marries is only an 8 or lower in looks, and the frequency and haste with which he cheats will be in proportion to the gap between his status rank and her looks rank. So if his wife is a 9, there is a 50/50 chance of monogamous bliss. If she's a 10, he will be less likely to stray than he would be to remain faithful to her. But if she's a 6, he'll be cheating with a bridesmaid in the upstairs bathroom during the reception dinner.

Two, under no circumstance should he be better looking than her, regardless of his non-looks status. This is the one area where a woman's status must reign supreme for there to be harmony in the land. Of course, it's difficult to directly compare men's looks to women's looks. Cross gender beauty comparisons must rely on contrasting two distinct templates without much overlap. But generalizations can be made. Does he look like a male model and she look like a plain jane? Release the cheats! It doesn't matter if he's unemployed or dumb; if he's better looking than his wife he will feel a strong primal pull to leverage his looks for short term flings with better looking women. A groom's wedding vows are only as strong as his bride's looks. If the wife looks comparatively less good-looking than the husband, she has completely relinquished any power over him. This is a recipe for marital unrest.

Maxim #59: The most successful marriages are those with a balance of power that slightly favors the husband's status over the wife's looks.

So what does this mean for women attracted to bad boys? Well, bad boys have status in the areas of social savviness, dominance, confidence, and usually charm. A woman who wants a bad boy — that is, she specifically wants a man who is good at getting other women — needs to parse the lesser bad boys from the greater badder boys, based on an honest assessment of her looks. If she's a hard 10, she can shoot for the baddest boys. Bad boys are more likely to stray than other men in almost any scenario, but even they have weak underbellies. A bad boy engaged to a bodacious woman will work harder to curb his instincts than he would with a more average woman, especially if that bodacious woman has credible options in the dating market.

My advice for women seeking to maximize their domestic bliss windows at the expense of their drama windows is to avoid the bad boys or date one with a steady job and at least ten years older. The age gap will make him more grateful to be with you, and his primal pull to spread his seed will have mellowed.

Betas need not feel left out from all this fun. There is an army of fatter, uglier women out there who will be relieved happy to settle in their 30s for a beta.

I don't want to shit all over the betas. There is hope. Plenty of betas get married. If you are a beta with no game, the key is to marry a woman not too much hotter than what you can normally get, and to be excellent in at least one pursuit. It could even be computer programming. As long as you can lord one accomplishment or status marker over your wife, her attraction for you will percolate. But betas would be much better off learning game. That well-paid computer programmer with an understanding of relationship game can safely marry a woman one or two points higher than what he could otherwise get, without worrying too much that he'll be cuckolded.

> 2. Is a woman's attractiveness absolute or relative or both? Does Brad Pitt think that a 9/10 woman is still hot? Or is she ugly, cuz he can bang 10s on the regular?
>
> I believe that positive pheromones are correlated with good looks. Does that mean a 9/10 stinks to a 10/10, or do they still smell good?
>
> Thanks
>
> el chief

A woman's attractiveness is an absolute. There is no Uglitopia where Rachel McAdams could go that would make her look ugly and Cigstache look good. Brad Pitt, no matter how bored he gets fucking the same 10 over and over, will always recognize that a 10 is a 10 and a 2 is a 2. When Brad Pitt cheats, 99% of the time he'll cheat with other 9s and 10s. If female beauty weren't an absolute, Pitt would randomly cheat with whichever woman was available, and that would include fatties and uglies. In fact, with obesity in the US at record levels, a "beauty is subjective" world would feature lots of high status men cheating with fat, ugly women. But that is not what we see.

Pheromones are an interesting clause to the above truths. Evidence is mounting that smell — the scent of our lovers — plays a role in how attracted we feel to them. Women who smell the yellow pits of t-shirts worn by men with histo-compatible profiles feel more strongly attracted to them. Personally, I know that from my own experience two women of equal looks can trigger divergent boner responses from me if I prefer the smell of one over the other. None of this is conscious, by the way. A lot of this pheromone stuff happens at the subconscious level. So maybe women should cut men a break when they catch them sniffing their panties. We're just checking to see if you'd make a good wife.

Only once the basic biomechanical criteria are met should a man or woman prospecting for a marriage partner begin the task of gathering clues from his or her lover's personality that would indicate a predilection for faithfulness or for unreliability. Does he actually remember small details of what you say? Check one for the keeper column. Does she get a little too irate when she catches you innocently flirting with women at a mixed social event? Check one for the chucker column. Do this for six months, then tally your keeper and chucker columns. If 3/4s or more of your check marks are in the keeper column, you may risk marriage and its attendant drudgery.

But don't say I didn't warn you.

Reader Mailbag: Don't Tell Her To Smile Edition

CH · 7 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1 is from mkubuwa:

> Hi R.,
>
> Recently came across your blog; in one word…eye-opening! You seem to be a sage in these matters, so I have a girl issue that may just be down your alley of expertise…
>
> I recently saw a girl on the train, a solid 9 if I've ever seen one. Problem is I'm not sure exactly how to open her. Trains are notorious for being conversation dead-zones as most people just tune out once they get on. She's always frowning out of the window (hard day at work?) and sitting too far in the seating row for me to get to without making it obvious.
>
> I could just walk up to her direct but I get the feeling that her defence shields would be up before I could even open my mouth. I've thought about giving her a written note "Frowning = Wrinkles. You'd look better with a smile" while getting off at my stop, but the problem is we both get off at the end of the line.
>
> Any thoughts on how to get over this problem? I can handle bar and club openers, but public transport is a first for me. I only see her once in a while on the train, so the next time I see her I've got to make it count…
>
> Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Never tell a girl to smile as part of a pickup gambit. This will always backfire on you. It's not because girls don't like to be reminded they look dour; no, it's because girls will rightly perceive such a gambit as a beta attempt to manufacture positive rapport. Never push rapport before its time.

A good opener is what you wrote in your second paragraph. "Do you ever notice how people on trains just tune out once they get on? It's gotta be the most anti-social environment on earth." Obviously, you have logistical problems on a train that you won't have in a bar. Namely, lots of people in a cramped space between you and her. Walking up to a chick on a packed train will look and feel weird, no way around that. Your best bet is to be standing near where she's sitting, so that you can look over your shoulder at her. Or get a seat next to her.

***

Email #2 is from R.:

> I've stumbled on a form of game even more potent than Hangover Game…New Crib game, and it goes something like this;
>
> Suppose you move, it doesn't matter when, but you have a new place to bring your girls, here's a sample text;
>
> Me: Whats up?
> Her: (blah) (blah) (blah) (blah)
> Me: That's cool, you should come check out my new place soon, its dope.
> Her: Ooh a new place □ where?
> Me: (XXX) (XXXXX) Street in (XXXXX)
> Her: I'll try to swing by this weekend □
>
> New Crib game seems temporal, but that's totally up for debate. I've been at my new spot for two weeks and have had five girls over. I'll need to wait a few months to see if any girls I haven't spoken to in a while text or run into me, and I will try to run this new game on them.

New crib game. I like it. It sounds like a solid ploy for getting girls back to your place, as long as you use it on new girls. There's no reason why a place you've been living in for years can't serve as a "new pad" for girls who don't

know any better.

***

Email #3 is from The Hungry One:

> A friend of mine is one of your regular readers, and pointed out something you'd written a few days ago, about signs your wife is about to cheat. Enough of it rang true to worry me – though she's actually sexually dead most of the time, and I have objective proof that she hasn't been screwing around. Yet. But something has to be done, or my marriage is done.
>
> So I read a couple dozen of your other articles, and while most of it is about landing new girls, you hint at relationship game, but always from the point of view of having someone interested in sex but not in her current man. What I have is the inversion: she's disinterested in sex generally, though not actually frigid (she can, but doesn't much want to), and in all other ways her usual self. Price of motherhood, sure, and depressed libido is common as dirt after bearing a couple kids… but either this stops, or I do.
>
> Refocusing her sex drive wouldn't be much of a problem, as your earlier posts agree, but waking it up in the first place is an issue. Alcohol often works, but I can't realistically get her blitzed every couple days. Clearly, proper game is the correct approach to the problem.
>
> Give a brother a hand, Dark Master.

Objective proof she isn't cheating? Is she in your field of vision 24/7? If not, then you have no proof. What you have, perhaps, is a lack of evidence that she's cheating, but absence of evidence is not evidence of faithfulness. If my wife were frigid, the first thing I would suspect is cheating.

The second thing I would suspect is an abnormally low libido. Though I have never personally been acquainted with a girl suffering from such a debilitating affliction, I have heard tales of horror from friends recounting their wive's utter disinterest in sex. Scientific studies of a dubious sort have identified anywhere from 10-30% of women have extremely low libidos. Woe to the man stuck with one of these sandpaper snatches. Your pain echoes throughout the universe.

If it's well-lubed, exciting sex you want from her, then it's almost irrelevant whether the cause of her dreary desiccation is unfaithfulness or physiology. Your mission will be the same.

Run relationship game. Teasing, push-pull, heavy doses of dominance, condescension, and mysterious disappearances will work best. If she's cheating, or thinking about cheating, this will help lure her back into your orbit.

The next step, should the above fail to thaw her out, is a long, grapeseed oil massage. Don't tell her it's a prelude to sex. Just command her to lay on her stomach naked and give her the massage, then when she's fully relaxed begin stroking her labia, inner thigh, and side boob. Stop after ten minutes, and tell her to get dressed, you're done for now.

There is nothing wrong with getting her blitzed. A week after the massage, ply her with a couple glasses of red wine, then inform her it's time for another massage. When you've massaged her labia to a screaming red crescendo, enter her from behind as she lays on her stomach. If, after all this, she resists, you my friend must get yourself a mistress. Or leave her. No man deserves such a miserable fate. When the kids ask why you left, tell them Mommy didn't respect the cock.

***

Email #4 is from Chad:

> Think you can say a word about "promise her the world" game, for those times when you're slumming it and

> need some serious downward calibration?

“Promise her the world” game, also known as “I’ll show you the end of the rainbow” game, is a risky ploy. Pimps are masters of promise the world game, but pimps juxtapose their promises with pimp slaps. A beta playing promise the world game with a hot chick is going to get chewed up and spit out for shits and giggles. Hell, he might even get embarrassingly rejected by a war pig.

Remember, if you’re going to effectively play “promise the world” provider game (and provider game is a close cousin of vulnerability game) you have to have already established your alpha bona fides. Telling a girl you’ll show her the moon from a position of neediness will taint the moon for her. She wants to go to the moon with a man who might very well jettison her like a second stage rocket during the trip. When you make yourself scarce, your promises will have more meaning.

That said, if you really are slumming it, (and the widely accepted definition of slumming it is banging girls 3 or more points below your rank), then you don’t need much game at all. Be all the beta you can be! Let your herb flag fly. Caress her hair while you talk to her with the greatest earnestness about teaching boys to play with dolls. Tell her you’re falling for her… after the first drink (which you bought her of course). Remind her incessantly how much you love kids and how your greatest talent is your loyalty to girlfriends. Proclaim yourself a feminist. Laugh at every one of her dumb jokes. Compliment her eyes, hair, lips, body, and legs. Ask her if she’d like to go on a date with you in three hours.

In this scenario, promise the world game can work very well, if you deliver it with the romantic bravado of a Romeo in love. If the girl is a fatty and hasn’t seen cock in years, then expressively emoting about the wonderful journeys you two will take together, and the experiences you will share, just you and her against a cold, cruel world, will cause her to swoon like a toad in the midsummer heat. Detail is the key. You must learn to speak with efflorescence. Romantic minutiae is chick crack.

There’s A Reason I Don’t Do Facebook

CH · 8 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

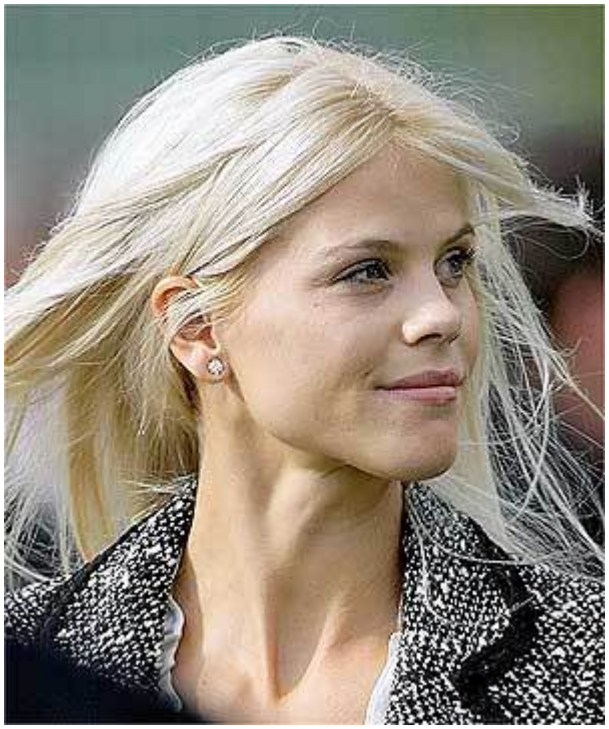
South Park explains why.

So I understand Wankroulette is the latest insipid fad. Yes, I truly am missing out on the best of our culture, and then some.

Attack Of The Manjaws!

CH · 8 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Something is afoot in the land. An ossified pall hardens like cement over our Western women. Armies of bony, chiseled, jutting mandibles of maxillofacial transsexuality following in formation behind blitzkrieging boffo chins are mowing down reserves of beauty and femininity.



The horror!

Run for your lives!

It shoots friggin' laser beams from its chin!

Her jaw is a geometric proof.

Overdeveloped blowjob muscles?

What is happening to our ladies? Their collective femininity is disappearing before our eyes. First come the manjaws, then come the newlywed chicks who sign up for internet cuckold-making services offering endless discreet trysts and humps in the alley behind Wawa. The traditional domain of women — their softness and erotic vulnerability — is yielding to a Grrl Brigade who look like they chew nails for fun. I half expect AskMen's next Top 100 Babes to sport stubble.

The manjaw plague didn't happen overnight, though it seems that way. It's been in the works for a couple of generations now. Reasons abound.

- One word: Plastics. Are endocrine disrupting chemicals in that cherished SWPL standby, the plastic water bottle, masculinizing our women?
- Parabens. Or is it the stuff put into cosmetics? Could women be slavering testosterone boosters onto their cheeks each time the get ready for a night out on the town?
- The Pill. Let's face it, the pill has been a huge society-wide experiment on women (and men, indirectly), which… *interesting*… ramifications are only now coming to light.
- Soft polygamy. What happens when you give women the run of the place? Well, besides voting for socialist diaper changers, you get a bunch of chicks chasing lantern-jawed alpha males and having illegitimate children by them, leading inexorably to future generations of more masculine daughters being raised by ever more feminine beta hubbies.
- A combination of all the above.

On my occasional forays into the ghetto, I recurrently note just how beastly the local girls look. Huge jaws and brows that could sprout Wolverine claws when roused to anger. Maybe this is the end result of a mating market where generations of women have spread for the most violent, thuggish men in the hood. If so, is there a trickle up effect to the rest of society? Are redneck girls getting manlier also? Will the upper classes figuratively and literally barricade themselves from the manjaw invasion, creating not only a cognitive elite but a neotenous elite? I can imagine the pendulum swinging back in time, as legions of red-blooded American men become so turned off by the Lara Croftian trannies in their midst that a price premium is placed on the pixies, nymphs and sprites. Perhaps all

this masculinization of our women will render their wombs barren, restricting their ability to contribute to the next generation. Demographic shift happens.

We must return to the old ways before beauty and sublime femininity all but disappear from the land. We must find a way to bring back the dainty, feminine jawline. I'll do my part by banging only flaky, neurotic waifs who don't have an ambitious delicate bone in their bodies.

May December Game

CH · 9 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The third most frequent email request I receive from readers is advice for how to date younger women. (The second most common email request is of the type “Hey I was a beta with this girl I like. What could I have done better?”. The first is “Meet me this Thursday.”) I’ve written a few times about tactics for picking up younger women and the proper attitude to have with them, but those posts are buried in the archives, so consider this a refresher.

- Game will obliterate a 5-15 year age gap.

If your game is tight and you’re confident around a girl, you won’t normally have to deal with her objecting to the age gap. Girls simply don’t think logically like that, particularly the younger ones. But occasionally a girl will broach the subject early on, and this will happen particularly if she is not accustomed to dating older men. There are a variety of techniques for handling what I call “teaser objections”. That is, objections which are solicited not to cut off a potential relationship, but to test you for your ability to be comfortable around her, and to thus assuage her concerns being around you.

- Reframe the age gap

If a girl is interested, expect her to ask about your age. She will ask no matter how old you are. As a Jedi of the female condition, you will have answers ready for any objection. It’s best to turn it around on her so that it is you who is qualifying her. You can see examples of qualification lines in action in this post, which can also be delivered as negs. A common thread to reframing the age gap is to insinuate that the girl isn’t mature/sophisticated/worldly enough for you. You can even throw in a line about how older women seem smarter, and most of the younger women you have dated liked to talk about fluffy TV shows. Remember: Gina tingles are birthed in the defensive crouch position. *Squirt!* Always be on the offense.

Another solid technique is to anticipate her objection. Before she asks your age, set the tone by implying early on that she may not have the self-assurance to be in your company. This should be structured as an early stage qualification routine, which I wrote about here. Most girls will bite on this.

- Imply preselection by younger women

Sometimes a girl will ask “So do you usually date younger women?” Be careful, as the answer you think is a winner, is not. You will be tempted to tell her that you always date younger women. But she’s just as likely to interpret that as meaning you are an incorrigible skirt chaser of college coeds. It also sounds try-hard. On the other hand, you certainly don’t want to say she’s your first younger woman. That would raise a red flag as well. Your best answer, as is typical in matters of seduction, should be ambiguous and evasive.

“I’ve dated women of many different ages, younger and older. I don’t limit myself based on an arbitrary number. The connection is what’s most important to me.”

She will be left defenseless to the above line.

- Heed the numbers

Older men (where we define “older” as +10 years) will have to be aware that their pool of available younger prospects will be smaller. One, there are fewer single women after a certain age. (Though this is changing. Thank you feminism!) Two, there will be a percentage of women for whom dating older men is impossible to conceive. However, a countervailing force that works in favor of older men is the fact that there is a significant minority of women who *actively* seek to date older men.

The numbers generally break down like this:

40% of young women won't date older men.
40% of young women *prefer* dating older men.
20% of young women are neutral about dating older men.

As an older man, you will learn to quickly ascertain which of the younger women you approach are most amenable to dating you. One way to look at it is that the older man has an extra filter to apply to his dealings with women that younger men, for the most part, don't have to worry about.

- Heed the Top Two Rules

It is more important than ever that the older man refrain from showing even a hint of neediness or insecurity about the age gap. Younger women will be on extra high alert for signs of clinginess from older men, because after a certain age women will expect you to have your alpha shit together. Younger men can't afford neediness either, but they have a little more wiggle room than older men.

Whatever you do, don't make a big deal out of the age gap. Act as if it's perfectly normal that you and her find each other attractive. Doubt is not only the mind killer; it's also the wet pussy killer.

- Feminine girls tend to be into older men; masculine girls tend to prefer younger men

I'll toss this one to the evo psychs. It's true; the pretty, soft, feminine women like dating older men, while the skanky, hard-bodied, manjawed sluts and cougars-in-training get their rocks off bed hopping with younger men. There is a certain beautiful symmetry to this emergent natural order — the older men get the exquisite pleasure of sex and love with younger women while the younger men cut their teeth on older women willing to show them the ropes.

- Broken families are the older seducer's best friend

The stereotype is true: Girls from broken families love dating older men. Maybe it's separation anxiety, a latent daddy complex, or a strong desire for a reliable provider instead of a cad. Whatever it is, the daughters of divorce are easier pickings for the older man. If you hear a girl say she hasn't seen her father in twenty years since mommy kicked him out, you are permitted to do a fist pump when she's not looking. Again, thank you feminism!

Oh, and this is also true for women raised by much older fathers.

- Dress young

A lot of raging feminists will complain "Men should learn to act and dress their age!" Nevermind what older, bitter, expired women say. When you dress young, you appeal to younger women. But keep two caveats in mind.

One, be in shape. Youthful clothing only fits properly on slim bodies. I like the Hank Moody look — a pared down artsy style of tight black tee under a fitted hipster jacket, coupled with distressed dark jeans and either super swank shoes or scenester sneakers. I top it off with some mild peacocking, like a ring, leather bracelet, sunglasses, and fedora. But a fat guy would look ridiculous in a similar get-up.

Two, women in their late 20s and 30s will appreciate an older man in a sharp suit. If you are at a charity event where a lot of professional women who normally don't frequent clubs will be in attendance, you will get more attention attired in a suit and projecting an air of authority and sophistication. As with all things fashion, context is king.

Note that youthful clothing is not necessarily synonymous with "trendy fads". You can dress youthfully without following the latest youth trends. Try to hit the sweet spot where you look young but you don't look overtly fashion-forward.

- Drop the bumpngrind dance club scene

Unless you are an incredible dancer, don't bother bump and grinding out there on the dance floor with the rest of

the drunk rabble rousers. You'll feel stupid, and you'll look stupid too. This doesn't mean your dancing career is over. Older men can shine in structured dance scenes like salsa or tango. In fact, I have witnessed many an older man swoop younger women using tango game alone.

- Avoid age-restrictive scenes

Don't take a younger woman out on dates to venues or events that have mostly younger men *or* older men in attendance. At the predominantly young man event, you will stick out like a sore thumb. This will make her self-conscious. At the predominantly older man event, she will stick out like a sore thumb, also making her self-conscious. The last thing you want to do is tempt a younger woman to believe you and her are culturally incompatible. So focus on taking her to mixed-age scenes that you both enjoy. Or skipping the scenes altogether and heading straight for the bedroom.

- Get up to speed on the latest in music and art

No brainer. Younger women want an emotional connection with you just as much as older women do. The easiest way to connect is through shared hobbies and interests. If she spits out the name of a band she loves, it helps if you know what she's talking about.

- Baldness is bad

50% of men by age 50 have noticeable balding. Either shave it all off, or, if it hasn't progressed too far, do what a lot of women do when their appearance suffers a hit and "get a little work done". The worst thing is the monk's ring. Avoid at all costs.

- Lie

If you know up front that the girl is going to be a short term fling, and she is more than 10-15 years younger than you, it's sometimes easier to take the path of least resistance and lie. She'll thank you later after the earth-shattering orgasm. A sneaky way to lie by omission instead of commission is to play the guessing game with her:

GIRL: How old are you?
YOU: Guess.
GIRL: 29?
YOU: Wow, you're good at this! [Note that you didn't specify if she guessed correctly.]

- Date foreign girls

Another true stereotype: Foreign girls love dating older men. Bonus: They aren't fat!

- Target single moms

In some parts of the country you will find a lot of young single moms. If you know you have no interest in a long term arrangement, you can do very well targeting single moms under the age of 30, because single moms are more desperate to be loved by high value men. Let's face it, most alpha males will not commit to a single mom, or fall in love with them. Why take on another man's responsibility, either directly or indirectly? And kids are romance killers, snuffing out spontaneity like a load of wet diapers air-dropped on a brush fire. Plus, there's that whole distended vagina thing. A buddy of mine once remarked that banging a chick who had had three kids was like riding the log flume wearing a suit made out of eels. However, if you want to experience the thrill of no-strings-attached sex with a much younger woman, you have really good odds with single moms.

- Grace under pressure

Older men have it in spades. Or are supposed to. Don't let anything rattle you. Explosions of testosterone-y hurt and insecurity are the domain of younger men.

- Emphasize a powerful emotional connection

Older men are also supposed to be less awestruck by women's beauty. One way to communicate this pleasant indifference to her youthful beauty is to discuss her finer qualities, like her surprising intelligence for someone with so little real world experience. Act as if her body is almost invisible to you. Until you get to the bedroom.

- Be the wise man

Older men are wise men. What was the point of all those years if you haven't converted them to wisdom? Younger women want to experience your wisdom, but there is a wrong way and a right way to demonstrate your superiority over her. Don't make a show of being a wise person. Don't finger wag like a supercilious father. Instead, allow your wisdom to percolate naturally, showing itself only when the moment calls for it. Don't draw attention to it. She will appreciate it even if she doesn't say so.

Relationship Limbo

CH · 13 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Relationships generally follow the same trajectory, despite men and women having contradictory mating goals. The optimal trajectory for each sex differs as such:

For men:

– Meet
– If alpha, seduce. If beta, butter up.
– Sex
– If nothing in common, date for a few weeks
– If something in common, date for a few months
– If falling in love, date for a year
– If willfully ignorant, marry
– Divorce
– Start over, poorer but happily still in demand

For women:

– Be introduced through social circle
– If man alpha, relinquish. If man beta, puppeteer.
– If nothing in common, one date and done
– If something in common, date for a few weeks
– Sex
– If falling in love, dream of marriage
– If smart, marry
– Divorce
– Start over, richer but regrettably older

For every long term relationship, sometime between the six month to one year mark, the woman will angle to get you to marry her. Dumb women will attempt to accomplish this through the injudicious use of ultimatums. Devious women will apply the more sophisticated tools of a covert operation. But nearly all women will want marriage sooner rather than later, and their men will be left wondering why, if the relationship is going so well, such a superfluous notarization as marriage is necessary. Usually, the women win out, because most men are weak when confronting possible loss of reliable pussy access.

If you are a man who can face the marital abyss and not flinch, then at the one year mark you may be put into relationship limbo. This is what it implies — a relationship in a holding pattern with a woman who is slowly withdrawing her affection. She will go to bed without sexytime, make breakfast for herself instead of the both of you like she used to, start complaining that you hog the bed, happily recite a list of her friends who are getting hitched, ceaselessly mutter about your "incompatibility", bitch that you don't take the "initiative" (read: "propose"), and generally become a sourpuss around you. This is because women get very, VERY, pissed and bewildered when their prime directive (to get married) is thwarted.

Now, there is a catch. The problem for men is determining whether relegation to relationship limbo is the result of the girlfriend's infidelity or her marriage denial blues. Unfortunately, the symptoms of either are remarkably similar. A woman who is cheating on you will withdraw sexually, stop being considerate, and bitch you out a lot. A woman who is worried and anxious that you have no intention of marrying her will lash out likewise. Your job, as a man, is to figure out which succubus has possessed her, for the solution to handling either demoness is quite different. A cheating woman will need more alpha from you. A despondent woman will need more signs of commitment from you.

Deciding which dark path she is on is no easy task. Women are *evolutionarily optimized* to be fantastic, nearly undetectable, liars of things both great and small. And what is the greatest lie of all than the lie to hide the pedigree of a man's child from him so that he may raise it as his own? Women who were bad at lying about cuckoldry were quickly weeded from the population, either by violence, avoidance, or expulsion. And so Darwinian selection ensured that those women who successfully duped beta mates into raising alpha progeny would need be liars of an exemplary sort.

Thankfully, Darwinian selection also ensured that a humanitarian saint like me would come along one day to give you the tools to help you discover if your woman is a sneak cheat. Namely, if she's branded with identifiable markings of sluttitude, she is more likely to be a future faithless whore.

If you have convinced yourself beyond a reasonable doubt that your girlfriend is not cheating on you, then you are left with finding a way out of relationship limbo. You could take the path of least resistance and propose marriage. But that is lopping off one's left nut to spite one's cock. For a woman who has proven capable of withdrawing affection from her man is a woman who can — and will — do it again, to get what she wants, wedding band or no.

Relationship limbo is a dangerous place to be for men. It can drive the male mind crazy with thoughts of abandonment, or worse. His mind swirls with the concoction of nightmares, and his confidence betrays him at the moment he needs it most. In order to defeat it, you must know yourself first. Do you eventually want to marry? Then decide if she is the one for you, and take the leap into or out of her arms. The purpose of limbo is to incite resentment in you, thus making it a simpler endeavor for the woman to conclude that you are worth leaving. If she is not the one you want to marry, prolonging your time in limbo will only feed your resentment, no matter how mastered your art of aloofness, until it boils over into a dramatic breakup.

If, like me, you fully grasp that marriage serves none of your interests, but you like the girl you are dating and want out of limbo, you have two choices. Either stoically accept that every relationship has an inborn lifecycle, and that marriage is simply a delay tactic to push the lifecycle beyond its natural limits, and allow her to leave to find the man who would give her what she wants. She has already poisoned the well, so what further benefit from the relationship can you realistically extract? Limbo more often than not delivers you to hell than to paradise.

Or, have her fall so deeply in love with you that she betrays her own female edict. A woman truly in love won't be able to contemplate leaving you without pain shooting through her sternum. She may be sad at times that you haven't proposed, but her sadness is short-lived as it surrenders continually to her joy.

A woman who has put you in limbo does not love you with abandon. She instead loves you like most women do; with an eye toward the pragmatic. She is attempting to manipulate you, consciously or not, to reach her own ends. A man has two noble goals in life — the pursuit of sexual pleasure, and the winning of a woman's heart *in toto.* A man has not lived until a woman has loved him without proviso.

Opportunity Is Everywhere

CH · 14 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Today we'll accompany an average American, SWPL Six-pack, on his daily routine as he makes an effort to meet a number of attractive women that he sees.

It's a Saturday. He gets up in the morning, showers, dresses and walks to the Starbucks down the block. While waiting at an intersection for the light to change, he notices an attractive girl standing next to him. He pivots to say something to her.

"I've got thirty seconds before the light changes to flirt with you. Ready?"

On the sidewalk in front of the Starbucks, he passes another attractive girl.

"Excuse me. Could you tell me where the nearest Starbucks is?"

In Starbucks, waiting in line, he speaks to the attractive girl standing ahead of him.

"Ever notice how fast the Starbucks barristas work in the morning? They must take a triple shot before their shift."

Outside, holding his drink, he walks to the post office to drop off a letter. On the sidewalk an attractive girl walks toward him.

"Hi!"

At the post office, an attractive girl puts a letter in the mailbox.

"Be careful, that box sends all love letters to my address."

Leaving the post office, he walks to a clothing store to make some purchases. On the walk over, nine attractive girls pass by him.

"Hi."

"Hi!"

"Hi there."

"Hey."

"Good morning!"

"Excuse me. Where is the nearest dog grooming shop?"

"Hi."

"Hi."

"Hello!"

At the store, a girl hovers around the sunglass display.

"You'll want sunglasses that hide which guys you're checking out. Don't worry, you don't make me self-conscious."

In the lingerie section, an attractive girl rifles through bras.

"I need to buy something for Mother's Day. Too frilly?"

Back on the sidewalk, he stops at a street vendor to buy a warm pretzel. An attractive girl is there as well.

"I know this pretzel. I think this guy shops at Costco and marks up 1,000 percent."

He goes home to get his frisbee. He plans to meet a friend at the local park. On the way home, five more attractive

girls ping his visual field.

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

“Hi!”

“Hi.”

“Happy Saturday!”

On the walk to the park, two more attractive girls. He pretends to throw the frisbee to them.

“Catch!”

“Catch! Ohh, too slow.”

At the park, he and his friend spend more time ogling the girls than tossing the frisbee. A throw goes astray and lands near the feet of an attractive girl.

“I had my buddy throw it near you on purpose. I’m smoooooooth.”

After playing frisbee, he goes to dinner at a local cafe with his friend. An attractive girl serves them.

“I heard the waitresses here are good flirters. Ok, let’s see what you’ve got.”

Dinner ends, and his friend leaves. He goes to Whole Foods to pick up some smelly cheese and grass-fed beef for the week. On the walk to Whole Foods, three attractive girls and one incredibly ugly girl pass him.

“Hi.”

“Hi!”

“Hi.”

silence

Loitering in the cheese section, he notices one of his exes is there. He sidles up to an attractive girl rummaging through the assortment of goat cheeses.

“Hey, I just noticed my ex is here. Right over there. I’m going to ask you a favor. Pretend you’re flirting with me so I can make her jealous. I’ll return the favor by flirting back. Trust me, you’ll thank me.”

Back at home, cutting off a hunk of cheese and downloading new Yeah Yeah Yeahs music, he makes plans to hit the local social venue with his buddies. Once arrived, he orders drinks from the attractive girl bartender.

“Don’t think this means we have something going on.”

A few hours socializing and drinking, he has met and spoken with six attractive girls. Walking home later that night, he steps next to an attractive girl at an intersection.

“I like your hat. Very trendy right now.”

He goes home to sleep, a full day behind him.

***

The above did not actually happen. Or, more to the point, it is not an accurate depiction of a day in the life of the typical, average American man who wishes he could meet more women. The number of attractive girls he saw on that Saturday is realistic, but the number of those girls he spoke to is, woefully, not.

It doesn’t matter if you don’t have the wittiest opener, or the smoothest delivery. If you open your mouth and say something as benign as “Hi” to thirty-eight attractive girls on a single Saturday, you will have rocketed yourself

ahead of 99% of men who passed by those same girls and said nothing. You would have brought yourself closer to sex with at least one of those girls that wouldn't have been the case had you walked by them silently, cursing your inaction once the moment evaporated.

Now add in a little game. You've just hurdled 99.9% of men who pass by those girls without muttering a word on that typical, "boring" Saturday. Are you beginning to recognize just how powerful this stuff is?

Opportunity is everywhere for those with the eyes to see.

Chatroulette Game

CH · 15 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Want to get chicks to show their tits? Well, you could seduce them. Or… you could take the quick and dirty route and blackmail them with a snake, a bird, and Chatroulette.

Gizmodo has the story. One of the commenters tried emotional blackmail game.

> So….
>
> In the name of science ;o)
>
> I tried this for about 2 hours last night.
>
> I got a group of girls to freak out [and] show their boobs..
> but since it's a vid clip – the bird got eaten anyways .. then they all freaked out more and one of them started to cry.
>
> 8 girls ask[ed] me to save the bird, but then when I told them the price they said "eh.. let it die"
>
> 20 girls just clicked next the min they saw the snake/bird.
>
> and a shit load of guys who wanted to see the bird get eaten.

My guess: the girls who freaked out and showed their boobs to save the little bird would fall hard for assholes running vulnerability game. The eight girls who decided, when push came to shove, that bird murder was preferable to flashing their tits are Obama voters. The twenty girls who clicked next right away to leave the bird to its doom are lawyers. The guys are guys — tits, snake eating a bird, it's all quality entertainment.

Want A Happy Relationship? Make Sure Your Woman Never Rises Above Your Status

CH · 15 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

What happens when a woman's social status leapfrogs her man's status? Breakups.

> In the past dozen years, nearly every woman to win the Academy Award for Best Actress has broken up with her husband, boyfriend or lover — some just months after thanking them from the award show stage.

Status is interesting when applied to women. For women, their status in the sexual market — the fundamental market that underlies all other markets — is locked up in their beauty. Women barter their looks status for high male social status, where male social status loosely defined indicates the man's ability to provide resources for the woman and any future children. But women can also earn male-centric social and financial status. When a woman jumps up the social status ladder higher than most men, tremors rattle the normally smooth functioning of the dating market. Women with very high social status, regardless of their beauty, perceive themselves "better catches" than they really are. (If the woman is ugly, her self-perceived boost to her image will be smaller than if she is beautiful.) Women loathe dating down with lower status men, so a woman at the pinnacle of social status has, through forces acting upon her beyond her scope of influence or even conscious recognition, locked out a much larger dating pool of men than if she had never risen higher in social status. If she was already in a relationship with a man when her social status climbed above his, the relationship will suffer a buffeting of hypergamous winds that is hardly ameliorated by the fact of their longtime loving commitment.

This is what has happened to those Oscar winning actresses. They rose in status, and their lovers consequently dropped in relative status. Thus putting the brakes on the tingle train.

The line of breakup causality goes both ways. Men are subconsciously aware of the threat to their reproductive success that high female social status brings. This is why men are skittish about dating women with better educational credentials or career prospects. It's nothing to do with being "scared" or "intimidated" by "strong women". Men just prefer the pussy path of least resistance, and make calculated decisions which quarry is worth pursuing and which is a waste of time. Men, being the more realistic sex when considering their place in the sexual market, are apt to be better than women at streamlining dating operations for maximum return on investment. This means avoiding women with higher social status than their own, correctly figuring that such women, no matter how superficially enthusiastic about the courtship, will put up a bigger fight before putting out, if ever.

Women don't want to date down and men don't want to date women who don't admire them on some level. Unfortunately, in a relationship where the higher social status woman truly does love her lower status man, (as may have been the case for the Oscar winning actresses in the above article), the tragedy of unintended breakup still occurs, for the lower status man will grow resentful of his fame-riding lover (and with good sociobiological reason) and act in ways which sabotage the love she still feels for him. You may think this is stupid of the man, but generally when we do the bidding of our DNA dictates what's seemingly stupid for us is the right thing for our genes. At some point in the not too distant future, those loving high status actresses will begin to lash out at their lower status hubbies with the spite of a thousand harridans. Those are the regrettable odds. And who wants to be around for that? Especially with so many cute, lower status waitresses and tattoo artists to happily spelunk?

My advice for men who have a fetish about dating higher social status doctors and Fortune 500 executives and don't much care about love: Marry them. In the inevitable divorce, you might walk away with more moolah than you brought.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 16 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In the last 'Great Scenes' post, we watched Cary Grant big facing Katharine Hepburn until she almost passed out from arousal. This time, we take a look at how deftly Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) handles Phyllis Dietrichson's (Barbara Stanwyck) shit tests (and in the process practically invents film noir).

Phyllis (0:02): My husband! You were anxious to talk to him, weren't you?

Walter (0:05): Yeah I was, but ah, I'm sort of getting over the idea if you know what I mean.

First shit test passed. She expected him to buckle when she introduced a competitive male threat, as most females are wont to do. ('Let's you and him fight' is a convenient ploy used by women to separate the alpha wheat from the beta chaff.)

Phyllis (0:10): There's a speed limit in this state, Mr. Neff. 45 miles an hour.

Walter (0:13): How fast was I going officer?

Pitch perfect. Role playing is catnip to chicks. If you only remember one rule of game, it's this: Never take her seriously.

Phyllis (0:15): I'd say around 90.

It's ironic that back in the day when overt sex talk was more culturally censored than it is today, a flirty conversation between a man and woman could contain so much more sexual tension.

Walter (0:17): Suppose you get down off your motorcycle and give me a ticket.

Great working definition of an alpha male: He is the one who has an answer for everything. Also note the subtle de-pedestalization in this line.

Phyllis (0:19): Suppose I let you off with a warning this time.

Walter (0:21): Suppose it doesn't take.

Notice how Walter is increasing the voltage of his replies. When volleying a swarm of shit tests, you'll want to get progressively edgier (*not* angrier), following the beat of your prey's seductive syncopation. Imagine a woman slowly withering under your powerful presence, your magnetic pull getting stronger with each quip, until you deliver the ego killing blow like a Final Fantasy finishing move.

Phyllis (0:23): Suppose I have to whack you over the knuckles.

This chick is unstoppable.

Walter (0:26): Suppose I bust out crying and put my head on your shoulder.

Vulnerability game from a position of strength. Sarcastic bravos!

Phyllis (0:29): Suppose you try putting it on my husband's shoulder.

"I have a boyfriend". One thing you'll notice after you get a lot of experience with women is that they often turn nastiest right before they succumb. It's as if with one foul push of cuntery they can silence the screaming of the tingles.

Walter (0:32): That tears it.

A beta, once he gets in a groove with a woman, is likely to spin that tune until it's worn-out. An alpha knows when to cut the action. And when he's beaten, he doesn't sulk. Watch Walter as he turns away from Phyllis with a grin on his face. He knows he got to her.

Walter (0:38): Eight-thirty tomorrow evening then.

A question posed as a statement. Commanding.

Phyllis (0:40): That's what I suggested.

Walter (0:41): You be here too?

Phyllis (0:42): I guess so, I usually am.

Walter (0:44): Same chair, same perfume, same anklet?

The game never stops playing, even when she does. Every word, every glance, every interaction is an opportunity for game. Noticing tiny details of a woman besides her physical features (e.g., anklet) is a powerful tool in the alpha's arsenal. Translated into womanese, it means "I could notice every detail of your 152 erogenous zones".

Phyllis (0:46): I wonder if I know what you mean.

Walter (0:49): I wonder if you wonder.

Donned hat, smirk, staredown. This is a man who's letting her know she didn't rattle him. Just the opposite, in fact.

Greatest Pimp Slap Ever

CH · 16 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Impressive windup: fi' dolla

Backhand: benjamin

Not even pausing to glower at the chick after slapping her: priceless (Hey, the man was in the middle of a conversation.)

Giving me the opportunity to write "Morgan Freeman, in 'Pimpslap Redemption'": priceless infinity

By the way, Morgan Freeman once said in an interview that his role as a pimp in 'Street Smart' was his favorite.

The State + Women = Boot Stamping On A Beta Face

CH · 18 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Welmer over at The Spearhead put up a short post with accompanying video illustrating in very graphic terms (the best kind of terms) what happens when you couple the feminism-abetted cultural perception of women as vulnerable creatures with women's opportunistic leveraging of that favorable perception, and reinforce the resulting bitches' brew with the sledgehammer of the state. The video Welmer helpfully embedded is one of the better metaphors of the informal alliance between runaway state power and the victimization industrial complex that gives the benefit of the doubt in nearly all cases to designated aggrieved groups. What could more aptly clarify this female-PC apparatchik-state alliance than a video of cops planting evidence on a bungling loser as they hogtie him while the appreciative ex-wife oversees the proceedings nearby?

Now no doubt whenever you hear of domestic-related arrests of shady characters like Carlos Ferrel (wanted on a domestic assault warrant unrelated to the action in the video), nine times out of ten the dude is a hellraiser guilty of something. But that doesn't give the cops the right to abuse the public's partiality toward them by planting evidence on an unsavory suspect. It starts with a wink and a nod, (almost literally in this video, as the cop doing the planting looks like he smiles at the camera before stuffing Ferrel's pocket with pot), and ends with a boot and a smashed face. Possibly one day yours.

Nor should our partiality toward the law influence our sympathies so that we always kneejerk align with the supposedly victimized woman. Remember, ten times out of ten in a domestic fracas, the ex-wife or ex-girlfriend chose the asshole perp to be her lover. These women know what they're getting into. And when they no longer find their badboys useful, they'll scream victimization, true or not. And the fuzzy-brained white knighters will stampede on cue, their sad, floppy dicks held betwixt index finger and thumb, smooshed into mini-mouthed frowns, pleading for crumbs of pussy gratitude.

You think the ex-wife, when she discovers after watching this video that her ex-husband was railroaded by the cops, will rise up of her own will in his defense? Maybe if he slapped her around a little…

When the state teams up with women, it is game over for the common man. There's only one way to win at this rigged game…

Don't play it.

Earthdate: 04.18.2010
Sex life: euphoric
Love life: transcendent
Mood: self-satisfied
Status: still unmarried

PS Isn't it long overdue that pot should be legal? Just make it illegal for under 21s to buy it like we do with alcohol, throw in a few government sponsored ad campaigns warning against the dangers of toking and driving, and let the adults have some fucking kick back time with a relatively harmless drug. I'll bet any present or future drug czar good money that ten years after pot is legalized there will continue to be the same proportion of alcohol and cigarette related deaths to pot related deaths as there are today. Personally, I'd legalize crack and meth, too, then eradicate the welfare safety net and let the hardcore addicts and their drug addled spawn die mutated in the streets. In a couple of generations you'd have a healthier, stronger society. Sure, the interim would be a ghastly horror, but it's not like you really give a shit now. Why aren't you giving a shit now?

Rhetorical.

PPS Television and its visual communications offshoots have been the greatest anti-eugenic force in human history. Discuss.

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Apple iPhone 4G Leak

CH · 19 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm just gonna throw this out there, reader beware. I know a person with ties to Apple who thinks the leak was probably intentional. Supposedly, it's unheard of for a top secret prototype technology to leave campus grounds for any reason. So this person doesn't believe the story that a programmer got drunk at a bar and accidentally left the phone there. Apple sometimes engages in low risk, cost free focus group testing by leaking a model to the geeky internet hordes — in this case Gizmodo via Gawker — to see what could use improvement. Based on the timing of this leak, I was told to expect a 4G release sometime in mid July.

Personally, I'm looking forward to the release of the HTC EVO. True 4G. True dat.

Even Blind Men Prefer The Optimal 0.7 Waist-To-Hip Ratio

CH · 19 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Another scientific experiment demonstrates that beauty is not in the eye of the beholder. Or, in this case, not even in the blind eye of the beholder. Fat feminists weep bitter tears. Naomi Wolf tosses her useless credentials in the garbage. Beauty is, as I've been saying since day 1 on this blog, universal and objective. Men pretty much desire the same shape and weight of women around the world.

The NY0.98WHRTimes has an article about a Dutch psychologist who drove around the country in a van with two female mannequins with adjustable waist to hip ratios. (Hat tip: Cannon's Canon.) He stopped at the residences of blind men and had them fondle the mannequins with their hands (no walking sticks allowed).

> The headless mannequins, which Karremans bought, he told me recently, "on the Dutch version of Craigslist," have adjustable waists and hips, and the researchers set each body differently, so that one had a waist-to-hip ratio of 0.7 and the other of 0.84. Based on a range of studies of male preferences done by other scientists, Karremans chose the lower ratio as an ideal, a slim yet curvy paragon, at least among Western populations. The higher ratio, by contrast, doesn't represent obesity, just a fullness that falls close to the average woman's shape.
>
> The study involved men who had been sightless from birth. The idea was that the bombardment of visual media — of models on billboards and actresses on television and porn stars online — which may be so powerful and even dominant in molding desire, couldn't have had any direct effect on these men, who emerged from the womb into a congenital dark. Would their tastes in women's bodies match those of men who could see? How would their preferences reflect on the roles of nature and nurture, on the influence of evolution and the impact of experience, in forming our psyches?
>
> […] Karremans sent his mannequins around the Netherlands. The blind stood before them; they were told to touch the women, to focus their hands on the waists and hips. The breasts on both figures were the same, in case the men reached too high. The men extended their arms; they ran their hands over the region. Then they scored the attractiveness of the bodies. Karremans had a hunch, he told me, that their ratings wouldn't match those of the sighted men he used as controls, half of them blindfolded so that they, too, would be judging by feel. It seemed likely, he said, that visual culture would play an overwhelming part in creating the outlines of lust. And though the blind had almost surely grown up hearing attractiveness described, perhaps even in terms of hourglass shapes, it was improbable, he writes in his forthcoming journal paper, that they had heard descriptions amounting to, "The more hourglass shaped, the more attractive," which would be necessary to favor the curvier mannequin over the figure that was only somewhat less so.
>
> […] But, with some statistically insignificant variation, the scores of the blind matched those of the sighted. Both groups preferred the more pronounced sweep from waist to hip. One possible explanation emphasizes the sense of smell — though the mannequins wore no perfume. By this line of thinking, certain ratios of hormones and their metabolites in the female body are associated with biological advantage, as well as with particular pheromonal scents and low W.H.R.'s. The male begins life wired, through the influence of evolution, to favor these odors and then learns, mostly through unconscious experience, to connect the cues of smell to the proportions of waist and hip. He makes this connection through sight if he can see and by touch if he can't.

The case against the "beauty is subjective and therefore perception of it by randy men is malleable; so rejoice!, hope remains that fat feminist craps and aging broads can find love just as easily as hot, slender 21 year old babes" just gets stronger with each experiment. But I'm sure the pretty lie platoon will find a way to dismiss this study. Maybe they'll accuse men blind since birth of being influenced by patriarchal norms in Braille.

The author of the article throws the obligatory bone to the femdork crowd, but it's a weak, brittle bone indeed:

> The explanation may be more elusive than this simple logic. And the study's implications about nature and

> nurture are far from straightforward. Karremans's findings don't rule out the sway of culture, not at all. If experience played no role in etching our preferences, there would be scarcely any diversity of lust; we would all be drawn to the same forms.

False inference. There could certainly continue to be "diversity of lust" without experience playing any role. For instance, people may be genetically primed from birth to appreciate better the beauty of others of their own race. Or there may be a hardwired preference for hair color. If the last twenty years of psychosocial research shows us anything, it's that you'd be on firmer ground biasing hypotheses in favor of the genetic cause of behavior instead of the cultural conditioning cause.

> One nuance in the study's data points to this complexity: sighted and blind men both strongly favored the mannequin with the lower W.H.R., but this slimmer-waisted body received especially high scores from the men with sight, maybe because a life spent amid cultural signals compounds the work of evolution. Still, the gropings of Karremans's blind offer a glimpse into the ancestral depths of our desires.

Or it could be that touching an optimal 0.7 WHR woman combined with seeing a 0.7 WHR woman produces a positive feedback loop that jacks up the "OMG I'm so horny!" limbic system reflex in men. I like banging in the dark, but when the lights are on and I can see the pussy lips parting in response to my meaty intrusion, the pleasure is magnified. If I was handed a checklist during sex, I'd score my lover higher while under the visual influence of glistening, crimson labia.

It's really amazing when you stop to think about it that blind men who have never once in their lives seen a female body still rate as most attractive the same 0.7 WHR female body type as do normally sighted men. The inborn biological basis of sexual desire is so fundamental — so resistant to cultural influence — that every sense is brought into play in ensuring that men make the right choice for the propagation of their genes; which, in nearly all cases, is going to result in men choosing the same slender babe archetype when such a choice is possible, no matter where in the world a man lives or how many times his mom embarrassed him in front of his friends when he was a teenager. I've no doubt that a blind and deaf man who has lost his hands will compensate with a bloodhound's nose for sniffing out a 0.7 WHR from twelve parsecs.

This blog post brought to you by Tick Tock, Inc., in collaboration with generous funding from the What Part Of No Fat Chicks Don't You Understand Foundation.

It May Be Better To Game In Small Groups

CH · 20 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Randall Parker forwarded me a link to a study about abundance of mate choice affecting the quality of the choice.

> Quantity may determine quality when choosing romantic partners
>
> The context in which humans meet potential mates has a hidden influence on who they decide to pursue. In particular, when people have a large number of potential dating partners to select among, they respond by paying attention to different types of characteristics – discarding attributes such as education, smoking status, and occupation in favor of physical characteristics such as height and weight.
>
> A number of studies in recent years have looked at what happens to humans when faced with extensive choice – too many kinds of chocolate, or too many detergents to choose from at the grocery store. Under such circumstances, consumer psychologists believe that the brain may become "overwhelmed," potentially leading to poorer quality choice or choice deferral. Psychological scientist Alison Lenton, of the University of Edinburgh, and economist Marco Francesconi, of the University of Essex, wanted to know if the same was true of mate choice, given that humans have been practicing this particular choice for millennia. "Is having too many mate options really like having too many jams?" they ask. The study is published in *Psychological Science*, a journal of the Association for Psychological Science.
>
> To find out how people respond to relatively limited versus extensive mate choice, Lenton and Francesconi analyzed data from 84 speed dating events, which is where people meet with a series of potential dates for three minutes each. Afterward, the men and women report their choices (a "yes" or "no" for each person). It should surprise no one that choosers generally preferred people who were taller, younger, and well-educated. Women also preferred partners who weren't too skinny, and men preferred women who weren't overweight. Beyond that, though, the attributes that speed daters paid attention to depended on how many opposite-sex speed daters attended the event.
>
> At bigger speed dating events, with 24 or more dates, both male and female choosers were more likely to decide based on attributes that could be judged quickly, such as their dates' height, and whether they were underweight, normal weight, or overweight. At smaller events, choosers were more likely to make decisions based on attributes that take longer to identify and evaluate, such as their dates' level of education, their type of job, and whether or not the person smokes.
>
> "Obviously, I think we look for different attributes in partners than what we look for in a chocolate, a jam or a 401(k) plan," says Lenton. "But one of the points we're trying to make in this article is it's the same brain we're carrying around. There are constraints on what our brains can do – they're quite powerful, but they can't pay attention to everything at once." And if the brain is faced with abundant choice, even about who to go out with, it may make decisions based on what it can evaluate most quickly. As a result, this previously invisible aspect of the choice environment has the potential to determine one's romantic fate.

The consumerists' quandary. I'm surprised this phenomenon hasn't been discussed more by game instructors. It would seem logical that the number of girls as well as the number of men in a pickup environment would have an effect on how we choose mates and how we ourselves are perceived as mates. How many times have you stood in front of a huge aisle displaying 62 varieties of vitamins and just said "fuck it" and grabbed the cheapest, or the nearest, brand? If "choice deferral" or choice constriction happens with vitamin brands, then it could conceivably happen with girl brands.

So what are the take-home points from this study? What should we men, always on the lookout for a quicker route to getting laid and loved, learn from the study's conclusions?

1. In groups that have a lot of men, (for example, clubs and bars on busy nights), women will evaluate your mate

potential on “superficial” (i.e. readily discernible) qualities like height and looks.

2. A corollary to number 1 is that in venues where there is a lot of male competition for the women to choose among, and you are average or below in superficial traits, you will not get many chances to run game on the girls.
3. In groups of few people, (for example, book clubs or painting classes), women will evaluate your potential as a partner on more “meaningful” qualities that can only be discovered during the course of lengthier conversations.
4. A corollary to number 3 is that women will be more likely to grant an average looking man an audition at an event that has few other men from which the women can choose. She will also want to know more about each man she joins in conversation.

If you imagine each woman has a tingle-o-meter that oscillates with varying strength to the proportion of male attractiveness traits present in a man she is talking with, and that also oscillates according to the number of other men in her visual field, then you can visualize how a typical woman will react to you in different environments. If you are great looking and tall, you will get a lot of insta-play from women where large numbers of other men are present. She will be choosing you almost entirely based on your easily perceived high value traits, and will likely be more forgiving of any shortfalls you may have in the less visually oriented suite of male attractiveness traits. So if you’re a broke, uneducated, Johnny Depp lookalike, you’ll want to make nightclubs your venue of choice, and you’ll want to close the deal sooner rather than later, before she has an inclination to dig deeper into your value as a man.

If you are not great looking or tall, then you’ll want to steer clear of venues where there will be a lot of men. You will do best in smaller groups with few men, let’s say bars on a weeknight, where the women will be open to learning more about you, and also likelier to overlook any physical shortcomings you may have. She will be choosing you based on a mixed package of easily perceived physical traits and less obvious high value male traits such as dominance, physical assuredness, humor, and charm/game. So if you have tight game but lack the looks to easily acquire auditions to demonstrate your game, you’ll want to focus on environments with few other men around, like day game or really any venue on a night besides Friday or Saturday night.

Since by definition most men are not in the top 10% of looks and height, it stands to reason that pickup instructors should not be teaching game to newbies in high energy environments like nightclubs. The best place to practice game is any place where a bunch of superficially high value men will not show up to distract the girl.

Some other conclusions we can draw from the study:

- This “choice abundance mentality” by women can be artificially triggered. If you have a lot of guy friends who are worse looking than you, then bring your posse to the local club. Faced with all those men to choose from, the women will naturally gravitate to you as the most superficially appealing man of the group.
- Addendum to the above: your friends can’t be *too* dorky, because then the women will tar you with the same dork brush.
- Also, if one of your less good looking friends has better game than you, and the environment you are in is sufficiently low key that he can run his game undistracted, then he may steal the girls’ attention from you. Good looks on a man are great, but good game is even better.
- If you are very good looking but a so-so conversationalist, you will want to stay away from things like book clubs, where the homelier men with sharp wits will absolutely crush you. I’ve seen it happen. Score one for the smooth talking Voltaires.
- If you are very good looking but have no game, suit up and hit da clubs on a busy night where women can instantly compare your looks to a ton of other men. Physical presence game is all you’ll need. Try to get used to one night stands.
- Homelier men should focus on gaming one or two girls in a night. They need more time to allow their heart light to shine. Theirs is a big stage with lots of props and a multitude of scenes to tell the story. Homelier men must be better at building connections with women, because a strong emotional connection will handily compensate

for a weak physical magnetism.

- Good looking men should maximize the number of girls they hit on in a night. They don't need a lot of time to attract attention. Theirs is a small stage featuring a one-act play and a very large audience all vying to get his autograph after the show. By maximizing the number of targets and compressing time spent with each target into a few minutes, they maximize their chance for a same night lay.
- If you have a sucky job and few ostentatious credentials to wave around, but your game is tight, you'll want to hit on girls in large venues. The girls will be less likely to grill you on your educational and career background, and more likely to enjoy the spontaneous feelings you evoke in them. In other words, choice abundance means that girls are going to be too distracted to bother figuring out your life story. A confused girl is an easily gamed girl.
- If you have a great job, money, and conventional cred, but your game is weak, you'll want to hit on girls on slow nights in smaller venues, or day game and insta-date them. Maximize your strengths and minimize your weaknesses. A calm, focused girl is a future time oriented girl who will judge on substance more than flash. (Note: sluts excluded.)
- Where there are a lot of men, you can create the illusion of male scarcity (and thus increase your odds of successfully gaming a girl) by walking away from girls early in a conversation. Always end conversations first, seem needlessly distracted, and make it seem like you are a man who has options, even if technically in a bar with more men than women, you don't.
- If you are looking for a wife or girlfriend, you may want to shift your base of operations to smaller venues or events where you will be less tempted by choice abundance to invest time gaming the flashiest chicks whose key attribute is how good to go they are.

Apropos the study, only go to speed dating events where the women rotate. You will seem in higher demand than you really are.

Sedition Is The Highest Form Of Dissent

CH · 21 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

What is it with left wingers and their sick compulsion to denigrate everything that is good about their countries? I'd hate to think it's something as banal as snooty status jockeying to distance themselves from the lesser patriotic proles, but that's probably it.

Hey, Clegg, while you're feeling bad for the Nazis maybe you could spare a moment to feel bad for the London subway bombers? There's a good chap.

Heady Pettiness

CH · 21 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was with a girl shopping for assorted consumerist baubles. Technically, she was shopping and I was providing color commentary. A man must learn to amuse himself to pull through these dreaded moments. In the middle of a well-delivered quip, I noticed from the most distant corner of my eye a familiar jeans-covered ass. I studied the ass for a bit and the flow of hair down the back and realized it was one of my exes. She turned around and confirmed for me it was her.

She didn't see me. I watched her for a bit. The three years were not kind to her. Her body was still great but her face looked drawn, eyes sad, and was that an incipient turkey gullet? When I dated her she was a solid 8, and sexy as hell. Now? A 7. Barely. In just three years she dropped a full point. I wondered if she had gone through an emotionally draining divorce in the time since I'd known her. She was at the store alone on a day in which most women are shopping with their partners.

My time spent with her had been good. I held no ill will toward her. We departed not as exes, but as former lovers, blessedly free of bitterness or rancor. And yet, when I saw my ex there in the store, and mentally noted that the girl I was with was better looking than her, a sadistic urge to flaunt my latest lover and parade her past my ex like a trophy float overcame me. I maneuvered myself and my female company into visual range of my ex. I refrained from looking over. I wanted the bump in to feel natural. (Had my lover been less attractive than my ex, I would've hid behind the clothes racks and rushed us out of the store.)

As I maneuvered closer to my ex through the aisles of clothes and kitchenware, I placed my hands lovingly on various erogenous zones of my companion's body. All while pretending not to notice my ex. I slid my hand down my lover's back, played with her hair, and made sure to tell a joke so that she giggled girlishly within earshot of my ex. Unfortunately, my ex didn't notice. Either she was captivated by the 40% sale on hand towels, or she was expertly avoiding acknowledging my presence. I doubted the latter, because usually even the best actresses cannot hold it together with zen-like calm and serenity when bumping into an ex who left such an indelible impression on them. They give away their true feelings with a nearly imperceptible quiver in the shoulders, or a nervous dart of the eyes.

Had she forgotten me? Not possible. We dated too many months, and I… did things… with her that assured a memorial to me would forever be etched in her brain, like a Vietnam Lovers Memorial of sex acts. Or maybe she didn't recognize me? I *was* wearing a hat, crisply turned down along the front brim.

Nevertheless, no matter how much I maneuvered, I couldn't needle my ex with my profound pettiness. She remained steadfastly unaware of my presence, flitting about the store like a hummingbird. What a wasted opportunity for a deliciously ego-massaging bump in.

I told my girl about my ex being alone in the store, and how I was trying to get the ex to see us. I also told her she was hotter than my ex. Instead of chastising me for my immaturity, her eyes lit up with conspiratorial glee and she offered a strategy.

"Ooh, I'm curious. Which one is she? Let's walk by her and I'll stick my ass out for you to smack. Yay!"

God bless women. Just when you are about to resign yourself to the thought that they are made of nothing but sugar and spice and everything nice, you are reminded of the arsenic laced within.

We left the store mission unaccomplished. I pondered for a second why I relished the thought of rubbing my happiness in the face of a sad, possibly single ex for whom I had nothing but warm feelings. I had released the id monster from its hindbrain depths, and danced a little jig with it.

I guess it just feels too good. And I've no doubt she would've done the same had the shoe been on the other foot. Any woman would've done the same. But don't bother asking them. They'll deny deny deny. They've got an image

to burnish, you see.

Note: As with many of my posts, the chronology of this post has been altered to protect the innocent. Namely, me.

Descent Of Man

CH · 22 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of years ago two neuroscientists wrote a book about a supposedly little-studied extinct group of humans whose bones were found in South Africa. A very large skull with child-like facial features was discovered, and the skeleton was dubbed “Boskop Man”.

> The scientific community of South Africa was small, and before long the skull came to the attention of S. H. Haughton, one of the country’s few formally trained paleontologists. He reported his findings at a 1915 meeting of the Royal Society of South Africa. “The cranial capacity must have been very large,” he said, and “calculation by the method of Broca gives a minimum figure of 1,832 cc [cubic centimeters] .” The Boskop skull, it would seem, housed a brain perhaps 25 percent or more larger than our own.
>
> […]
>
> Might the very large Boskop skull be an aberration? Might it have been caused by hydrocephalus or some other disease? These questions were quickly preempted by new discoveries of more of these skulls.
>
> As if the Boskop story were not already strange enough, the accumulation of additional remains revealed another bizarre feature: These people had small, childlike faces. Physical anthropologists use the term pedomorphosis to describe the retention of juvenile features into adulthood. This phenomenon is sometimes used to explain rapid evolutionary changes. For example, certain amphibians retain fishlike gills even when fully mature and past their water-inhabiting period. Humans are said by some to be pedomorphic compared with other primates.Our facial structure bears some resemblance to that of an immature ape. Boskop’s appearance may be described in terms of this trait. A typical current European adult, for instance, has a face that takes up roughly one-third of his overall cranium size. Boskop has a face that takes up only about one-fifth of his cranium size, closer to the proportions of a child. Examination of individual bones confirmed that the nose, cheeks, and jaw were all childlike.

An extinct race of humans much smarter than us? Possibly killed off by their less evolved, savage human neighbors? Curious, I did a web search on the Boskops and found a debunking of sorts of the book by John Hawks.

> That is pretty much where matters have stood ever since. “Boskopoid” is used only in this historical sense; it is has not been an active unit of analysis since the 1950’s. By 1963, Brothwell could claim that Boskop itself was nothing more than a large skull of Khoisan type, leaving the concept of a “Boskop race” far behind.
>
> Today, skeletal remains from South African LSA are generally believed to be ancestral to historic peoples in the region, including the Khoikhoi and San. The ancient people did not mysteriously disappear: they are still with us! The artistic legacy of the ancient peoples, clearly evidenced in rock art, is impressive but no more so than that of the European Upper Paleolithic or that of indigenous Australians.
>
> And their brains were not all that big. Boskop itself is a large skull, but it is a clear standout in the sample of ancient South African crania; other males range from 1350 to 1600 ml (these are documented by Henneberg and Steyn 1993). That is around the same as Upper Paleolithic Europeans and pre-Neolithic Chinese. LSA South Africans fit in with their contemporaries around the world.
>
> To be sure, there has been a reduction in the average brain size in South Africa during the last 10,000 years, and there have been parallel reductions in Europe and China — pretty much everywhere we have decent samples of skeletons, it looks like brains have been shrinking. This is something I’ve done quite a bit of research on, and will continue to do so, because it’s interesting. But it is hardly a sign that ancient humans had mysterious mental powers — it is probably a matter of energetic efficiency (brains are expensive), developmental time (brains take a long time to mature) and diet (brains require high protein and fat consumption, less and less available to Holocene populations).

OK, so Boskop Man is not a separate human lineage. But at least one sample did have a very big skull. (According to the authors of the book, numerous other skeletons with oversized skulls were found in the dig area.) Was it then possible that a small tribe of very smart ancients in South Africa once existed? Did they suffer from a disease? Or were they just exceptional individuals on the upper end of skull sizes for their time?

Hawks mentions the fact that brains have been shrinking over time across the world. I have also read that Neandertals had larger brain volumes than modern humans. These leads to all sorts of depressing conjecture. Is it possible we are getting stupider? Our cultural achievements would suggest otherwise, but maybe Neandertals would have accomplished even greater intellectual feats than modern humans had they been born during a time with a supportive industrial infrastructure.

And is there an upper limit on just how smart humans can get? As brain volumes grow, women's pelvises must grow wider in proportion, otherwise more big-brained infants die during childbirth. But very wide-hipped women would have trouble walking or running, not to mention they would look sexually grotesque to men searching for a mate. Northeast Asians and Ashkenazi Jews are known to have the highest average IQs in the world. Do their women have correspondingly greater than average hip widths to accommodate all those big brained babies?

Because of this inherent pelvic width limitation, there may be (anti)evolutionary forces at work that select against smarter babies. The direction of evolution is not necessarily one of progress; it is, instead, in the direction of survival and replication. Which is not synonymous with ever-expanding intelligence. A sobering thought that we could just as easily devolve backward to a more aggressive distant ancestor archetype than evolve forward into bulbous headed little grey men. Not to say that there couldn't be ways around the pelvic trap. If the selection forces for smarts are strong enough (and in a cognitively demanding society like ours the evidence for smarts selection has disappeared under the lower fertility rate of educated women), then perhaps Darwinian expedience will jerry-rig a system to ensure our brains can continue growing larger. Maybe by moving most of the skull and brain growth post-natally, or rewiring the neurons to become more efficient.

Anyhow, it's amusing to wonder if there was an ancient human population much smarter than our own who were killed off by the envious and aggressive idiocrats in their midst at the time. Is that what happened to the Neandertals?

Ass Saving and Wife Taming

CH · 23 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader GdI wrote in the comments to yesterday's post:

> All very interesting but I miss CH, whose near-daily offerings were that rarest of things online: unique. Funny, pithy, deeply irreverent, yet also profoundly based on a coherent and totally counterrevolutionary (and utterly reality-based) worldview. As Ken Tynan said, "Write heresy, pure heresy …" And so it was.
>
> Occasional forays into paleo-punk politics and HBD-istan are are well and good, but Citizen Renegade ain't doing it. This CH-lite-by-committee thing ain't working.
>
> Bring back The Dark Lord!

I see his point. This blog has been missing satan's spittle lately. Henceforth, the dude who's been writing the mid-week posts has been reassigned temporarily to Vladivostok. Now let's get down to business.

Got mistress? If your woman finds a pair of earrings in your bedroom that aren't hers, simply tell her:

"I was doing some spring cleaning and I found those. I figured they were yours."

This is an impenetrable defense. The phrasing leads her to think the earrings are from a girl many years ago. You get the double plus goodness of insta-absolution plus the resume booster of female preselection.

Real Men of Genius called; they want this blog's knowledge.

***

There's this scene in "Death at a Funeral" that involves Uncle Russell, Norman, a toilet, a hand, and a runny shit deflected mid-expulsion. When I think of marriage, this is the scene that comes to mind — trapped under the maelstrom of an agitated anus. And yet, despite my words of warning, some of you will be damnfool enough to go ahead and get married.

Ok, then, if you want to march into the iron maiden with a dopey grin on your face, at least nudge the very bad odds slightly in your favor.

Rule #1 for men who insist on marrying the pussy they've been getting for free:

Make her propose first.

Yeah, this won't be easy. How many women do you know who proposed marriage to their recalcitrant boyfriends? I know one. ONE. But that one gives all men hope, for where there is one, there can be many.

What's the big deal about getting her to propose, you ask? Oh man, you have no idea how much misery you'd be saving yourself. Every time there's an argument, and wifey is tempted to play that favorable divorce card with all the gatling guns of the misandrist industrial complex pointed squarely between your eyes, she'll remember that time she dropped to one knee to ask — or more likely to beg for — *your* hand in marriage, and her rationalization hamster will whisper in her brain that the argument must be her fault, because why on earth would she have proposed to an annoying loser? No, it must be that there's something wrong with her, not you.

When a woman proposes, it is she who invests in the marriage. She becomes the chaser instead of the chased. It is her ego on the line; her judgement. A woman in this psychological lockbox will be a lot more apprehensive about walking away from the marriage. She will autonomically defer always and forever to the premise that all bitter arguments and all traveling tingles must be unfair to her husband somehow. After all, she proposed marriage to a WINNER. What girl in her right mind would propose to a chump?

Unfortunately, steering a girl to do the humiliating work of proposing is not easy. She has to be head over heels in

love, for one thing. And she has to feel acutely the dread of loss. Hints at marriage won't cut it. She has to say the words "Will you marry me?". Variations such as "Let's get married" or "I feel we should be married" are acceptable.

Only masters of the game should attempt the parallel universe proposal. Newbs will get dumped.

***

Need a quickie conversation boosting routine? Tell a chick you're thinking about getting a dog. Then segue… smoothly, like a single malt… into an observation about how people's dogs match their personalities. Tell her she looks like the type who would own a jack russell terrier. When she asks why, you say "Oh, you know, always jumpy, kinda funny in an accidental way, and full of energy." (When negging a chick hard, Uzi style, you'll want to pair two negative connotations with one positive connotation. You want to deflate her bloated ego, not crush it into a powder that can be snorted.)

This is a powerful neg that serves the dual purpose of giving you reams of conversational material so you don't run into the dreaded wall of awkward silence.

The hotter she is, the gayer/nastier/goofier the dog to which you will compare her. If she's a 9, tell her she's a chinese crested kind of girl. If she's a 10, she's the type to own a fat, farting basset hound. Save the noble dogs like german shepherds for the 7s and below. If a hot chick gives you a hard time about being compared to the personality of an incontinent chihuahua, accuse her of ignoring the beautiful parts of a chihuahua's personality, like its fierce loyalty and big dog syndrome. She will start to feel bad for being mean to chihuahuas. Pat her hand as she reconsiders her malevolence.

***

Chicks who read comic books are slutty. They will bang on the first night. Don't ask me why this is, it just is.

***

If you haven't touched a girl on the forearm within ten minutes of meeting her, disengage. Your pickup is toast. If you haven't touched a girl on the thigh within thirty minutes of meeting her, cut your losses and start fresh with a new girl.

Let me explain. In every one of my successful pickups, sensual touching occurred sometime within the first half hour. If you find yourself talking to a girl for longer than ten minutes without any touching taking place, you are perched over the LJBF abyss. Her erotic charge has been drained to less than 50%. And don't be fooled by her smiling and laughing along with your witticisms and cutesy quips. Her lips may be curled in a smile, but her untouched body is withering into a cloistered nunnery of pussy dust.

Kino is king. Escalation is eminent. Zap these golden maxims into your wet head ham.

***

You can catch a lot of pretend-pious SWPL chicks off guard with this simple line:

"So how are you helping the environment for earth day?"

If she's a status-jockeying hipster, expect a glorious apologia of defensive posturing. And where are tingles birthed? In the defensive crouch, of course!

If she's Dana, expect her to laugh in your face. Then grab her and give her a deep, penetrating kiss. Sneak in a little tongue.

Patronizing Women Turns Them On

CH · 24 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Camron emailed:

> I've dated lots of women and one common thread I've noticed is around the 1st or 2nd date, about 3/4 into the date, if you haven't said anything for a minute the woman will ask "What are you thinking?"
>
> Obviously I'm thinking about how awesome it would be to take her home and have sex with her, but my usually response is "Oh nothing," and I changed the subject.
>
> I usually end up sleeping with said woman, but I kinda feel like I'm slipping up at this moment. What should I say to that question? Should I tell her the truth? Should I move in closer at that moment and kiss her?

I get a lot of similar emails asking for advice along the lines of "What should I say when Girl says X?", where X usually describes some innocuous question the girl asked or some kind of wholly typical shit test she's tossing out. The answer I give is almost always the same: stop taking her so seriously.

If men could only learn and apply one rule of game it would be this: Don't take her seriously. So much suffering of the heart could be avoided by following this one simple rule.

When a woman asks "What are you thinking?" your first, knee-jerk instinct should be to respond with something funny, silly, or evasive.

"What are you thinking?"

"If it'd be better to be reborn as a cat or a dog."

Stop worrying about answering women's questions directly. Playfully annoy them instead. Annoyance is great foreplay.

Better still, don't answer with words at all. Let your kisses and gropes do the talking.

As for this reader's specific scenario, the supersexed Don Juan strategy can work if the context is favorable. Have you gamed her to the point where she is throwing out lots of IOIs? Do her eyes sparkle with sex? Then, yes, lean into her ear and whisper that you're thinking of ripping her clothes off so angrily that the buttons pop, and throwing her over the back of the sofa to fuck her like a wild animal in heat. But if you're on the first date and kino has been mild, you may want to wait until you've at least kissed her before unleashing your inner crotch tyrant.

Truth is, most of the time the context will not allow you to run sex animal direct game. Save the raunch-talk for the bedroom if you're in doubt about the suitability of the moment. Kissing a girl in response to an apparently banal question can be a good tactic if the mood is right.

There is a fine line of distinction between telling a girl your intentions and acting with intention. Sure, it's a bold move to walk up to girls and, within five minutes of meeting, announce with great gusto that you want to fuck them, but that is the sort of boldness that'll sooner get you shot than bring you battlefield victory. Your very low but time and energy efficient success rate will hardly compensate for the number of strikeouts you'll have to endure. In contrast, *acting* with intention is very attractive to women. Your nonverbal communication (a big part of game) should be speaking what your tongue will hold. So while the reader might think that verbally expressing his honest desire is the winning move, more often than not it's better to play a game of ambiguity and innuendo, and carry yourself with the swagger of a man who is thinking exactly what she thinks he's thinking.

Behold Diversity

CH · 26 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

> The Democratic National Committee this morning released this clip of the president rallying the troops, if rather coolly, for 2010. Obama's express goal: "reconnecting" with the voters who voted for the first time in 2008, but who may not plan to vote in the lower-profile Congressional elections this year.
>
> Obama speaks with unusual demographic frankness about his coalition in his appeal to "young people, African-Americans, Latinos, and women who powered our victory in 2008 [to] stand together once again."

We have crossed the threshold where our presidents don the head garb of tribal warlords, and don't even bother extending the courtesy of lying to us anymore about their allegiances.

PS If it's a tribal war they want, it's a tribal war they'll get.

PPS Libertarians are stoopid.

PPPS Build a wall. And shoot the fuckers trying to climb over it.

Sex Ratio, Redux

CH · 26 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For those who are interested in a syncretism of competing sex ratio theories (an elite audience, I'm sure), Jason Malloy sent me an email responding to my 'Sausage Fest' post, and responding indirectly to Peter Frost whose quote I used in that post:

> Hey, I just came across your sex ratio post from several weeks ago. I'm surprised I missed it at the time, because I read fairly often.
>
> Just to clarify a few issues:
>
> A common misunderstanding which I kept addressing on Dr. Frost's blog was that I was claiming that women have some absolute preference for Dads over Cads. This was not my argument. My argument was that: "Females are never as promiscuous as men (as a group) prefer, therefore when male scarcity puts females at a sexual market disadvantage, females give in to male sexual pressures more easily." And this innate differential preference is the ultimate basis for sex ratio dynamics.
>
> Peter Frost's claim that I "ignored" some crucial wisdom from Guttentag & Secord isn't true. I left numerous comments on his blog explaining to him why Guttentag & Secord's social constructivist understandings about sex differences were wrong. Frost is suggesting that, sans social pressures, women are just as oriented towards low investment mating as men. This is wrong. Sex ratio dynamics are based on biological differences between men and women, not on gender politics. The wider society will likely never be as libertarian towards women's sexuality as a college campus, but even there we see that more women = more male "misbehavior"; because even on college campuses men want lower investment sex than women: "Think of it as a game of chicken that men will always win. In an environment where women are ok with one night stands, men will push for the glory hole."
>
> I realize your primary interest is in how gender dynamics shift with male quality, but on this issue I don't think I'm missing much. e.g. The number of top quality males increases on a male-biased campus, but female promiscuity still decreases. There are, no doubt, many hidden dynamics to sex ratio, but they don't seem to monkey wrench the general predictions.
>
> Jason

Sounds intuitively correct to me. What I've witnessed in social venues where the sex ratio is skewed in favor of women: when men outnumber women, the women set the terms of the courtship, and this is true regardless of the number of alpha males in attendance. They flit about soaking in the attention of all the male suitors, act bitchier, and play harder to get. Shit tests are locked at maximum deflection. The men are more animated and become agitated toward the end of the night, which sometimes spills over into (literally) pushing and shoving the male competition aside, and getting blotto once they realize the odds will not work in their favor.

Of course, more alpha males is always better than fewer alpha males from a woman's perspective, because alpha male attention is almost as good as alpha male sex (though not as good as alpha male love). In fact, for most women, alpha male attention is better than beta male sex and love. So while women may be less promiscuous in male-skewed environments, they are going home happier in their chasteness if the male attention they lapped up came from higher quality men.

In contrast, those heavenly times when the women outnumbered the men, pickup up could not not have been easier. I sometimes had women approach me.

It's like shopping for a TV in a store that has an abundance of TV choice. You might very well walk out of there empty-handed because you figure you can afford to take your time deciding which brand best suits you, and that

there are so many brands there's bound to be an even better value in there next week.

The part where sex ratio dynamics gets interesting is what influence it has on rates of male violence. As I mentioned in my previous post on this subject, when I've been in bars that skewed male the drunkenness and rowdiness hit a fever pitch. Male friendships temporarily sundered when a target was in sight: hos before bros. It's sad watching a bunch of angry dudes squabble over the few remaining fat chicks at garbage hour. I suppose it helps in sex ratio discussions to define what we mean by male "misbehavior". Maybe it should be divided into two categories: male violence and male caddishness. They overlap, but they aren't synonymous. This accounts for the observation in some contexts that more men = more male agitation but not more male caddishness, whereas more women = more male caddishness but less silverback posturing and fighting over the abundance of women.

A lot of what I write about on this diaryetic outpost is based on personal experience, and only second-hand do the forces of science get summoned when I feel like putting in the extra work to buttress my steely-eyed observations of reality. If you want (mostly) hard science and bursts of numerical flavor, GNXP is a good place to go.

In general, I find that about 80% of what I observe in real life is eventually corroborated by scientific evidence. The remaining 20% left with question marks can be explained either by experiences peculiar to some subset of my life circumstances, or idiosyncratic personal observations insufficiently examined by science. My belief is that most people go through life lying to others, and to a lesser extent to themselves, about 90% of the nature of reality. Everything from the finality of death, to the horrors of aging, to the pitiless churning of the sexual market, to the true costs and benefits of human diversity is sheathed in a velvet scabbard of pretty lies. Pessimists would argue the excalibur of truth-examination is best left sheathed, for some truths bring nothing but distress. Optimists would argue the sword is a figment of negative minds, a weapon of the haves to dispirit the have-nots. Chaotics such as yours truly revel in the paroxysms the unsheathing of the sword causes those who stumble into the id monster's lair.

It is possible to make it to the endgame having avoided the worst travails while refusing to acknowledge 90% of reality, as long as you don't act in accordance with your stated beliefs. For example, a fat woman looking for love may console herself without consequence that it's what's on the inside that counts as long as she pays the lie to her beliefs by dieting and exercising. Her hypocrisy, from her point of view, is win-win — her psyche is soothed by her lies while her love life is invigorated by her sexier body. Similarly, a single mom anxious for love can tell herself she is choosier than her single female counterparts without bastard baggage, but when the quality of suitors willing to commit to her and her child by another man predictably degrades she will ignore her little lies and act like a woman with fewer options, smartly offering more concessions in the zero-sum race to settle for Mr. Better Than Nothing. If, however, she insists on living by her lies she will likely spend the rest of her dreary years half-nourished by a child's love instead of fully nourished by the added romantic love of a male partner.

Despite evidence of hypocrites acting in ways contrary to their lies and in accordance with the reality of the mating market, in the double helical arena of all against all, it is those who acknowledge more of reality who will win out over those who acknowledge less of reality. Hypocrisy costs mental energy, and when incentivized enough and fully internalized can lead to bad decisions. The few who can look the chaos in the eye and not flinch will best those whose ego-assuaging lies act to divert them from the path of personal happiness. A downwardly spiraling feedback loop can result when hypocrisy is allowed to run rampant, as one bad decision after another coaxes ever more contorted pretty lies to stave off the chilling self-realization that creeps up in the deep black of night when solitude enshrouds.

There is one truth that will always be heard. The shiver down the back of your neck late at night never lies.

The Ultimate Shit Test

CH · 27 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Jcut wrote:

> I almost vomited watching this video today:
>
> http://www.ted.com/talks/lang/eng/eve_ensler_embrace_your_inner_girl.html
>
> Let us all be aware our sinister enemies who lurk about, skulking in the distance.

Are feminist calls to embrace our inner girl just a giant, society-wide shit test to brand the betas with a big red B so they can be more easily identified, and thus sexually ostracized? Because any man who takes up the call to "embrace his inner girl" will disqualify himself as a sexual interest to not only normal, healthy women, but to feminists as well.

Speaking of ultimate shit tests, here's one I had the pleasure of receiving recently:

"Could you do me a favor and hold my drink for me while I call my friend?"

The worst shit tests are never the obvious ones; they are sneaky like thieves in the night, pickpocketing your balls without you even realizing it. Beware the "could you do me a favor" expression. It is designed to entrap even the most vigilant men. It will require an absolutely rock solid belief in your value as a high quality man to resist the temptation to answer the siren call of "do me a favor". After all, a man would have to be a low down dirty scoundrel to not do a favor for a girl, right?

Now that she's breached your defenses by asking for a favor, she can land the killing blow to your balls with the beta bait request. I don't care how sweetly she asks or how harmless you think your accommodation, DO NOT EVER hold a girl's drink for her on the first night you meet her. The act of holding her drink so she can make a call/go to the bathroom/rifle through her purse for lipstick, no matter the innocent intentions behind the asking of it, will register in her hindbrain as the humiliating posture of a beta chump. She may consciously respect your chivalry, but underneath, her id is playing word association by scratching your name next to a picture of a tiny, limp dick on the walls of her nerve center.

Remember, the worst/best shit tests are those that FOOL THE GIRL herself. If she doesn't even know what she's doing, how will *you* know when she's weighing your stones? The "hold my drink" shit test frequently falls into this category of "subliminal but deadly". She may honestly need you to hold her drink. But you still shouldn't do it.

So how to respond to the SBD shit test? I've found that edgy humor works well.

"Whoa, it's usually a good idea to wait until the second date before asking a guy to be your personal assistant."

A cool girl will laugh at this and find a place to put down her drink, or forget about calling her friend to focus on talking with you. An uncool girl will make a face, or double down on asking you to hold her drink. Don't break. Hold your ground. Capitulating to a shit test is bad enough; capitulating to a shit test you had called out is worse.

Luckily, most girls know better than to ask a man who isn't a boyfriend to hold a drink. And of those girls who don't know better, and who give you grief for not cooperating, well… why would you want to be with a conceited bitch like that?

Best Reader Comments

CH · 28 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's commenter appreciation day, when I pay tribute to the love and joy that you, the readers, bring to this shadowy outpost. Consider today a respite from hateration and an embrace of loveration.

First, the best pulled from the files of Kick a Bitch:

> damn that bitch fell out of the ugly tree and smacked EVERY branch on her way down.
>
> you couldn't crack that head with a sledge-hammer.

– "Visualizing Omega"

> I'm ashamed to admit this… but I'm afraid of stank-ass unkempt vaginal canals. You don't have a stank-ass unkempt vaginal canal do you?
>
> Look at that shit… straight MONEY. Not only did I utilize a VMD, I also tossed in a little qualifier as well.
>
> Bitches don't even see it coming.

– "Vulnerability Game"

> both are fat, would only let them give me head. i would also try my best to gizz on their face.
>
> granted, this would apply to most women but wth, figured i would toss it out there.

– "Fat Or Not Fat?"

> wow, i REALLY like to use the word bitch don't i?
>
> haha, misogyny rules…

– "A Test Of Your Game"

> *players do what they do because they want as much validation from women as possible.*
>
> uh… i think it's more like players want as much tight, hot, young snappy-nappy dugout wrapped around their johnsons [as they can].
>
> i mean, i'm just saying… i imagine i could be wrong on this one.

– "Used"

> For the record, you fags need to suck on my vinegary balls.

– "Safeway Siren"

***

Powers draws an apt comparison:

> Girls like game like men like porn.
>
> Men know exactly what's going to happen in a porno and they enjoy it all the same.
>
> In fact, the closer the porn conforms to his fantasy, the more he likes it.

> Game is the same.

– "Does It Matter If Girls Know About The Game?"

***

The Vic Valentine/G Manifesto duet was one of the funniest things to happen to this blog's comments section. Here's a selection of V.V.'s best:

> I would go for option #8:
>
> Pull out a bag of 100 E-Tabs and kilo of coke I just got delivered by three Swedish stewardesses and say:
>
> "Who threw this party? It sucks. Let's get this gig going! Everyone take three E-Tabs!"
>
> Shoot the DJ in the head and throw on a Rush album.
>
> Then commence getting every girl in the place to go home with you and the girl you are dating.

– "How Good Is Your Alpha Acumen?"

> I was the one banging the groupies at that age, back when I used to shop at Savile Row Junior and eat Flintstones chewable E-Tabs. My prepubescent penis would probably put the G-Man's adult unit to shame.

– "Did Michael Jackson Commit Suicide?"

> *"True story. I once pulled my dick out on a young 18 year old lady at college and claimed that it was 9 inches…..she fucking loved it and i procceeded to bang her multiple times."*
>
> Until I rolled up in my Ecosse Titanium, showed her my 15″, banged her right in front of you, and then tore off at 200mph. I thought I saw you crying in my rearview through all the dust and exhaust fumes.

– "500 Days Of Beta"

> *"IME a significant number of non-westernized Asian girls make crying noises during sex."*
>
> An elephant would make crying noises during sex with Vic Valentine.

– "The Perfect Answer To 'I Have A Boyfriend'"

> My current watch is a 201-carat Chopard. If you're on a budget, check out the Louis Moinet Magistralis.

– "The World's First Hot Chick With Douchebag"

> *"A dog will probably tell you how alpha you are"*
>
> True. I once had a dog try to sniff my level of alphaness. He exploded.

– "Owning A Dog Is Training For Owning A Woman"

> *"designs on the Zippo (ace of spades, for example), colors (black, green, red) or only plain?"*
>
> Most of mine are made of Rare Earth Metals (Francium, Astatine, etc.), I also have one made out of Higgs Bosons.
>
> But they also come in platinum if you're budget-conscious.

– "What To Do When A Girl Starts Crying For No Reason"

***

But the G Manifesto will not be outdone:

> Once they handed me the camera, I would say thanks, flip it over, pour some blow on the screen and snort it.
>
> Then say to the guy:
>
> "Hey waiter guy, grab me a double vodka soda! And double time it! I am pretty wired right now!"
>
> Then turn back to the girls, pile of blow on the camera, and say:
>
> "Oh. Would you like some too?"
>
> Later, I would roll back to their standard double room at The Radission (all four girls sharing two beds no doubt) and whistle up some champagne and vodka from room service.
>
> I would deny the Asian girl from ordering the "grande Nachos".
>
> Then I would swoop them all.

A true gentleman always denies a girl the grande nachos. Who said chivalry was dead?

***

Cannon's Canon rolled out a charming tale from the hood:

> Off topic: I was playing basketball outside tonight in Ann Arbor. As I approached the court, I saw a white female behemoth standing and watching next to a short black man. The man appeared very short and slightly misshapen; I assumed some crippling physical impediment. The woman was a true whale, possibly comparing unfavorably to Cigstache. Her neck was fatter than her head and cascaded as a trapezoid toward her blubbery body. I was impressed to note she walked without a cane, as I was certain she would qualify as handicapped. Her MC Hammer mumu-pants were form-fitting toward the waistline, which was graciously covered by a ragged size 7xl t-shirt that even Cheese from The Wire could not pull off fashionably. I made no remark of their race, because they were both, categorically, just "retarded."
>
> Imagine my surprise when this guy got on and showed the poise, speed, and handle requisite to a point guard. He was one of the best players on the court, and I quickly ruled out classifiable mental retardation. While he certainly was not a handsome man, his athleticism and confidence implied a base virility for the sexual marketplace. He could surely fuck 2s or 3s with ease.
>
> Then it dawned on me… My God! GNP has been preaching the straight truth, not that I ever doubted it. Here was a black man scraping the absolute nadir of the barrel. By keeping such a vile beast sexually relevant, he removes the need for this fatso and such phenotypes before her to improve themselves at all! This was not mere "retard love" as I'd first suspected, but rather, a black man's willingness to make love to a veritable retard. I shook my head in disappointment at this act of terrorism against the white man's well-being.

Every time an obese woman manages to get laid, god smites a kitten. By sitting on it.

***

Mu'Min Seeks FAAAAT WuMin answered Cannon's comment above:

> The thing is, each black dude does not keep only one woman fat. He keeps THREE woman fat. One black dude services three fatties at once, inflicting asymmetrical damage to the beauty stats.
>
> They prefer the fat black women, however, since they want women who resemble the great beasts of Africa in size, shape, color, and texture. White women only manage the size and shape, but can't really simulate the

> color and texture of a rhino or elephant or cape buffalo. Only black women can.

I scratch my head as to why my blog has not entered the respectable mainstream yet.

***

And here's another gold comment from Cannon's Canon:

> places i would jizz on january jones, a top five list:
>
> 1. her pursed lips
> 2. a shielding cheek
> 3. a bullseye forehead
> 4. titties, pressed together
> 5. backshot city, using the vertebral column as a makeshift measuring device (can i clear L4 tonight???)
>
> oh yeah, her last shriveling excretion from those unused ovaries, via the bottom of her pussy-hole? not on the list! well, the top 20 list anyway.

***

Raddark had an insightful comment about why women sympathetically identify with beta males in the movies when they don't do the same in real life:

> *"Can someone shed some light on why women enjoy watching beta males on the screen, but are repulsed by them in real life?"*
>
> They see themselves in the role of the beta, not the girl the beta is chasing. They transplant the dynamic they're aware of most (wanting that guy at the top of the food chain, and him not giving her a look) into the situation. It's a twisted kind of empathy. Twisted because they deliberately make themselves blind to seeing themselves being in the role of the movie love interest. That would cause too much discomfort. Thinking that they might be causing heartache and pain to so many men is not a thought that can be allowed to pass through their head without some kind of rationalisation to neutralise it. The biggest rationalisation they come up with of course is that the beta male deserves what they get because of some inherent personality flaw. Hence the pure hatred a lot of girls display towards betas. It makes the pain they cause through rejection no longer their responsibility. "I hurt him? So what, he's a dweeb." In the movie they don't have to go through that rationalisation process because they're identifying with the male hero, not the female villain.

***

Welmer gives us a slice of his interesting life:

> *ZEETS: Just the way she laughed at all my jokes. She smiled every time I spoke. And then back at my place we were sitting on the couch, and I started kissing her neck. She moaned loudly, high-pitched, like a horny kitten. I wonder if all Asian girls moan that loudly.*
>
> The whore who lived a couple floors below me in Beijing moaned that way every single night, all summer long. It was a well-honed performance — she should have tried out for the Peking Opera.

**

Game Skeptic believes game will be the ruin of Western civ:

> After a great deal of investigation, analysis, and reflection, I have concluded Game is incompatible with Aryan DNA and traditions, and its practitioners are enemies of western civilization. Additionally, the whole thing is

> straight sociopathy. I'll elaborate in future comments, but it was the praising of that stupid fucking bug eyed Australian teenager as the ultimate alpha which sealed the deal; you guys are fucking nuts.

A funny image pops into my head of Nazis poring over an illustrated guide to enemies of the volk, except instead of big hook noses, the illustrations are of men in furry hats and guyliner.

***

Young bachelor gig is always good for a laugh:

> yoga is evil, it is a satanic art.
>
> it allows herbish, SWPL men the chance of being themselves and still bang hot girls instead of following their rightful [path] towards bachelorhood and extinction.
>
> ***
>
> the best dog is your parents´ dog or your married brothers´ dog.
>
> you can play alpha as much as you want and avoid dog´s shit, worry about dog´s food, about the inherent gayness of having a dog looking at you while you jerk off and barking while you fuck a girl.
>
> also, fucking a girl who owns a dog kind of feels, for you and the dog, like a cuckolding.

***

This comment by Chrissi Minx could be a Lifetime movie of the week:

> Let me start from the beginning, I am 18 and my sister is 21. I just finished high school and my sister is home from college. I guess this year her grades started slipping or something, because I walked past her room and she was crying. I walked inside her room to ask her what's up and she hands me a letter – apparently she's up for review by her college for dismissal. I feel kinda sorry for her so I gave her a hug and one thing led to another and we started making out. This is really weird because I've made out with girls before, but my sister blows them all out of the water. In the back of my mind lies the fact that she's my sister and what we are doing is sick and wrong, but I guess my sister has more experience and it felt so fucking good.
>
> Here's the dilemma – after making out, Karen started taking her clothes off and she started pulling my pants down. I'm like, hey, what are you doing? She's like, oh come on Jordan, aren't you even a LITTLE curious? I felt bad because its true, my sister is a hottie and I always wished that she wasn't my sister. I've even gone as far as to fap to thoughts of doing her. She then said "For tonight, let's not be brother and sister. I really need this because I feel like shit right now and our parents won't be back till late and we aren't going to tell anyone.
>
> I pretty much just fucked my sister. No, to be more honest, I just lost my virginity to my sister.

***

I'm not sure if this comment by K qualifies as a score for her:

> Surprised there is no question on here about what (if any) STDs you have. Were I not an atheist, I would thank god everyday that I have herpes. It works like a charm to scare off assholes like you.

***

Vladimir rakes the diamond industry over the coals (heh), and by extension strips bare the crass status craving and materialistic impulses of most women:

> *aliasclio: Waste of a good diamond, ch. Part of the point of engagement rings is that they're beautiful, even if*

> *useless.*
>
> I strongly disagree. Diamonds are a vulgar and grossly overvalued product, lacking all the unique properties and charms of truly precious substances like gold. I can't help but admire the idea of this ring with an inward-turned diamond. It's a creative way to subvert a ridiculous custom.
>
> For start, the diamond engagement ring is not an ancient custom at all. It's the result of a successful marketing ploy by the global diamond near-monopoly De Beers from two generations ago — a completely fake and manufactured tradition. There's a plausible theory why the marketing campaign worked so well: around that time, courts stopped awarding damages for breach of promise to marry. (Such lawsuits were based on the assumption, back then certainly true, that if a girl lost her virginity and got dumped, her marriage prospects were greatly damaged.) Thus, women started demanding expensive gifts as bonds from their fiances before giving them sex, and De Beers filled that demand perfectly with their diamonds:
>
> http://www.chass.utoronto.ca/~siow/332/rings.pdf
>
> http://www.chass.utoronto.ca/~siow/332/rings.pdf
>
> Moreover, diamonds are not a truly rare and scarce substance like gold, which is impossible to manufacture except for the tiny quantities mined. Diamond is just an allotropic form of carbon, and it can be industrially synthesized from ordinary carbon (i.e. coal or graphite) in a form indistinguishable from the "real" mined ones. The synthetic diamond industry is churning out ever larger stones at an ever lower cost. De Beers is of course fighting like hell against this technology, and they've even successfully lobbied for regulations thatsynthetic diamonds must be physically branded as such. However, I'd still bet that the technology will continue advancing, and in a not so far future, diamonds will be just cheap trinkets, unless I'm underestimating both the skill of De Beers's marketing and human stupidity.
>
> Thus, diamonds are definitely not a reliable store of long-term value (this not even considering that many people pay the entire value of the thing all over again in insurance). And even regardless of that, while e.g. gold really has a unique and mysterious charm, a diamond is just a piece of coal that's been held under high pressure for a while, and machines are available that will actually do that. The damned things aren't even particularly durable — they are fairly easy to shatter, and they'll burn at roughly 700C. If your house burns down, your gold will still be there, even if melted, but the diamonds will all vanish into carbon dioxide.
>
> Of course, all this is not even considering the unfairness of the custom and the fact that it brings out all the worst irrational bragging urges in women. Unless he's rich, a man who wanted to spend thousands of dollars on a useless whim just to brag in front of his friends would be condemned as an irresponsible spendthrift, yet women consider this as their inalienable privilege. That this frivolity is expressed through such a vulgar medium only makes it worse.

***

Ren is a good example of the haters who took my dating market value tests, was disgusted with it, yet couldn't help but calculate a score:

> This is fairly biased. Really. Shitheads and Wifebeaters score the best? Ahahahahahaahaa. Someone must like it rough.
>
> +6 here.

***

PA gives good advice to men who have it in their heads to do the married with children thing (or forgot to wear the condom one night):

> That's quite true, and solid LTR game takes this heavily into account. Prior to having a kid, marriage is little

> different from having a girlfrined. But childbirth can change everything.
>
> Notice I said that childbirth “can change everything,” not “changes everything.” It is a woman’s instinct to convert the husband into a nest drone. Don’t fault her for it; it’s a natural thing she is unconcious of, like shit testing. And I saw this happened to a buddy whose wife made him into a complete slave.
>
> A few couples visited us a several weeks ago, and when evening came and I gleefully pulled out my top-shelf vodka and my custom shot glasses, she said: “[husband’s name] does not feel like drinking tonight; he now has a baby he’s responsible for.”
>
> I looked at him questioningly, and he looked away from me, forlorn. Two other dudes and I had fun without him.
>
> But it’s not difficult to avoid the fate of a nest-drone, provided your wife has had loving feelings for you up to then. Some tips:
>
> – do play a lot with the baby on your down time. Ideally you should want to do it; it’s your kid and your attitude should normally be that he or she is the most precious human being in the world.
>
> – assume traditional gender roles. Don’t change poopy diapers. Men have a natural, violent revulsion to poop, mothers don’t; she pushes the stroller, etc. Again, ideally, this shouldn’t be a negotiated or fought-over; a good mother and wife will want to do the feminine things for her baby.
>
> – With regards to the above, don’t swing in the opposite direction and neglect your responsibilities. Do help out and be involved. Remember that as a captain of this ship, you are ultimately responsible for its success.
>
> – Cultivate an understanding that a child will grow up psychologically healthy when he or she sees the mom respect the dad.
>
> – Remember, you are still the head of the family. You are the captain, your wife is the competent NCO. You are the commanding officer, she is in charge of the day-to-day things.
>
> – Let there be an understanding, that in the big scheme of things, you and your wife are still each others’ first responsibility. The child will fly away one day, and you will still have one another.
>
> – Having a child is really the greatest responsibility you can have. And the biggest joy that life can give you, if you forgive the sappy language. Thus, it’s up to you to step up. At the very least, you need to maintain your alphatude in marriage.

***

Basil Ransom pithily explains why girl sluts are worse than guy sluts:

> Girl: Why is a girl a slut if she hooks up with multiple guys?
>
> Guy: Think of it like a lock & key. A key that can open a lot of locks is a master key. A lock that can be opened by multiple keys is a weak lock.

***

Mopenhauer attempts a distillation of history as seen through the heavy-paned windows of the Chateau:

> This is where CH’s history of the world begins. According to his version of history Western Christian feudalism was best able to repress the sexuality of the alpha male and his female customers. Unlike the Muslims or Orientals there were no harems of females for Alpha males. Instead there was a forced monogamy imposed on both females and alpha males. The triumph of the beta male and his K strategy of investing in offspring lead to the hegemony of the West. This is similar to Freud’s thesis that civilizations progress was based on the Superego’s ability to harness and control the Id. Those disenfranchised elements of Western society were slowly integrated into the “reverse dominance hierarchy”. The last step was the integration of

> females and then the beta utopia, the Ayn Randist dystopia. But according to CH that was the Pandora box that unleashed the repressed Id of the alpha male and females. And so like a Phoenix, the grey-back Gorilla was reborn from the ashes.
>
> Feminism in its essence a liberal-capitalist revolution. Like the English, Dutch, American, French, 1848, revolutions it is about establishing market contractual relations, where tradition and domination had once ruled. Now all those revolutions have been blurred to the extent that some people consider them anti-liberal democratic. And it is true in all those revolutions radicals, Levelers, Seadogs, Whiskey Rebellions, and Jacobins emerged that wanted to take the revolution beyond the liberal market. This is the role that the Radical Feminists of Catherine McKinnon and Andrea Dworkin played in the feminist revolution. The feminist porn wars was their Whiskey Rebellion against the liberals. The libertarian feminists grew worried about the monster they had unleashed and were willing to join forces with Hugh Hefner against the more dangerous threat to their left. To use Murray Rothbard's left-right spectrum from Prospects for Liberty. The libertarian sex positive feminists were the
> REAL left. They were the ones who opposed the traditional patriarchal structure of the Right. In Rothbard's terms the radical feminists who are conventionally considered extreme left, would actually be a confused centrist middle of the road position, that attempted to accomplish liberal ends using conservative ends. They themselves recognized it to the extent that they allied themselves with the Religious Right in the Porn Wars.
>
> With the defeat of the Radicals in the Porn Wars, the libertine capitalist free-market was established in sexual relations. According to CH this has benefited Alpha males the most. There is a tacit libertarian feminist/ alpha male alliance against BOTH beta males AND the possible revived corpse of radical feminism.

Minus a couple of quibbles, this is a pretty good stab at a philosophical strain of CHianism. Feminism is, in essence, an alliance of convenience between women and alpha males. Women get to play the field longer and more hypergamously, and alpha males get access to more free premarital pussy. (Not that I'm complaining!) Beta males get the short end of the stick. Arguably, beta females also suffer a degradation in their market value — while pump and dumps with men normally out of their league temporarily validate their egos and inflate their self-worth, their psyches eventually wither under the continual churn of their pussies riding the cock carousel, an amusement ride which never slows down to give them the love most women deeply crave. So beta females suffer a double hit: once, to their feminine integrity, and again to their value on the open market where sluts are justifiably less valued as long term partners by men.

***

Greatbooksformen (the lolz dude) offers as good an explanation as any I've heard for why women are prone to exaggerate their looks:

> lozzllzlzlzlzl!
>
> most 3s think they are 9s because now and then an alpha gets drunk and bored and bangs the shit out of them lzozllzlzlzlzlzl
>
> she sounds like a 2 who got banged by 7 drunk alphas so she reasons that 2 + 7 = 9.

***

And finally, the Comment Winner of the Month is Gotzon, who sums up the mechanics of male-female relations as succinctly as possible:

> My mom proposed to my dad. My dad never changed a diaper.

What feminists will never understand is that Gotzon's mom is likely a very happy and satisfied woman.

Play Rape

CH · 29 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Chad emails:

> Why so many rape fantasies in women's romance novels? How to take advantage of this female perversion without getting arrested?

It's true. Romance novels, read almost entirely by women, are flush full of rape fantasies. If fantasy (or as I like to call it, "hyperreality") didn't reflect reality then we would hear and read of fantasies by women featuring beta males, short dweebs, nerdos, fatsos, and charmless stutterers in the role of desired man. But we don't. Women's fantasies, like men's fantasies, provide a window into a wished-for reality where all options are available, all choice catered to, all desires quenched. Rape fantasy, despite the protestations to the contrary of the "fantasy is different than reality" crowd, is as much a reflection of real female desire as any other form of sexual fantasy.

Women fantasize about a lot of things that no one argues don't reflect reality if that reality were an option. What fantasizing woman wouldn't truly want to be a princess who gets swept off her feet by a prince living in a castle? What single woman who dreams it wouldn't sleep with Johnny Depp in real life if he propositioned her? These are common fantasies of women which they never argue aren't reflections of how they wish reality were. So why should we grant a plenary indulgence to rape fantasies? How is it that rape fantasy is the one glaring exception to the reality-reflection rule? Men also fantasize about stuff like threesomes with supermodels, but no one in their right mind would argue that men don't actually want threesomes with supermodels in reality, if having them were possible. (Wives or girlfriends, don't bother asking your partners. You won't get an honest answer.)

Back when I was a stripling newly intoxicated to the allure of women, I went to the local library and read a few pulp romance novels to better understand the contours of female desire. (I knew even then that romance novels are wank material for women.) Naturally, being a man, I chubbed out reading the surprisingly explicit sex scenes and was bored with the rest of the plot. Let me tell you, the dreck of the literary world lies in the pulp romance genre. But I soldiered on. I knew that some keys to successfully seducing women would be found in between the pages of those trashy paperbacks.

And, yes, the books I read had rape scenes. I remember recoiling at those, wondering at the depravity of women if this is what they craved. I looked for commonalities in those scenes and noticed that words like "overpowered", "overwhelmed" and "powerless" were used frequently. The horny protagonists victims were often pushed up against solid objects, like big oak trees, and roughhoused from behind, never once seeing the face of their attacker (he often wore a mask), although there was much florid description of his musky aroma and muscular body pressing into her helplessly yielding flesh.

Rape fantasy reflects a deep, inborn, uncompromising sexual desire by women to be rendered helpless, almost childlike, by a more powerful man. It is the submissive scrawling of their hindbrains, a message in a novel sailing forth from the female limbic labyrinth. And from submission to a dominant male force is born the strongest love.

I loved that he was so powerful I was nothing.
– O

Does this mean women would be sexually turned on by real life rape? It is a question not so easily dismissed when we begin to examine closely the sexual fantasies of women. Dismissed it is, though, because no one — man or woman — wants to creak open the vault door that houses such primeval female decadence. For if women do harbor secret desires for dark seductions, then what is left of the pretext to chivalry? Women benefit from some amount of cultural pedestalization. *Societies* benefit. There is no room in a healthy, functioning society for mischievous inquisitors to lay bare the true soul of woman.

My understanding of women, and from what I've gleaned from their romance novel porn, leads me to believe that rape is a fantasy for women when the rapist is implied or otherwise insinuated to be the sort of man for whom women would surrender themselves in other contexts willingly, (i.e. an alpha). Women do have a natural sociobiological revulsion to rape by losers, because their most precious asset — their womb — cannot suffer lightly the gimped seed of omega chumps forcibly implanted. But what of rape by a masked alpha? That's where the moral certainty yields to an unforgiving, and wholly discomfiting, ambiguity.

To Chad's question above — how to take advantage of this female perversion without getting arrested — I would not suggest actual rape of your beloved. Don't jump out at her from behind a bush while she's walking home alone at night. But there are ways to simulate the heady rush of a lustful rape that will not only press her buttons, but yours as well.

Inform her that one night in the not too distant future she will experience something she won't be prepared for, and shouldn't expect to prepare for. On that night, while she's getting ready for bed, you will cut the fuses so all the lights go out. As she's standing in the dark, approach the doorway wearing a ski mask and dark clothes, and slowly instruct her to put her hands against the wall, in front of the window. She will, naturally, recognize your voice, so some of her fear will be mediated, but she won't be able to see your face. It is important for the rape enactment that you act as if you are not who she thinks you are. She will appreciate this ruse, and might even be able to tempt herself with the thought that you are a stranger who sounds like her lover.

With her hands on the wall, you will approach her from behind, reminding her not to look back at you. Tell her not to struggle or make a sound. As you step up behind her, put a knife to her throat (for advanced rape enactors only) and allow your body to linger closely without touching her for a minute. Breathe heavily, creeper style. Then thrust your hand violently under her oversized nighty t-shirt and grab her panties, pulling them across her ass until they rip. Bury your hand in her mound. She will be dripping wet. Put your wet hand to her nose and angrily whisper in her ear that her wet pussy belies her fear. She will attempt to turn around to see you. With your hand firmly clutching her face, force her eyes forward. Press her cheek hard into the windowpane. Enter her.

When you are spent, I guarantee that afterward she will lovingly rest her head in your chest and confess that she had the most earth shattering orgasm of her life. Repeat for your other three girlfriends.

Double Bagger

CH · 30 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets phoned in from the bowels of DC.

“They passed this law that puts a five cent fee on each bag you use at a store. The city’s already made something like $150K off it.”

“Leftie fascists.”

“So I’m standing in line at Giant and don’t have a reusable bag with pictures of basil on it because I’m not a fag. The herb in front of me doesn’t have a reusable bag either. When the cashier asks if he needs a bag he hangs his head down in shame and sheepishly says yes. He couldn’t make eye contact with anyone.”

“So this is the new SWPL status signal, the reusable bag?”

“I hate them all. Anyhow, there’s a line of fifteen yuppies behind me. The cashier asks if I need a bag. With my head held high I proudly say ‘Yes, I want a bag. And double bag the milk.'”

“I like the use of the word ‘want’ instead of ‘need’. Very sly.”

“Thank you. I made sure to scan the line when I said it. I wanted those herbs to cower in fear.”

“Did you grunt a little for emphasis?”

“There was a genital display as well. When you walk down the streets here all the shamed-faced hipsters with plastic bags try to hide them in their coats or behind their backs so people don’t notice. This country needs a good, cleansing total war.”

The Orwellian Nightmare Is Here

CH · 1 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

…and O’Brien is Harvard.

One Of The Funnier Hitler Rant Parodies

CH · 1 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Curiosity, Women And Game

CH · 3 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Thursday left a link in the comments to this study showing that couples who do fun and exciting things together have happier marriages.

> In a representative sample of long-term married couples in the United States (see Orbuch et al., 2002, for General Social Survey data comparisons), present boredom is positively correlated with a decrease in satisfaction 9 years in the future, an effect that appears to be due to boredom undermining closeness, which in turn undermines satisfaction. The effect size (b 5 ?.26) is quite dramatic considering that it predicted regressed change over 9 years and the sample includes only couples still together at year 16. (The 38 couples tested at year 7 who divorced by year 16 were nonsignificantly more bored at year 7 than the 123 couples who remained married.) Furthermore, all results were inde- pendent of relationship tension and conflicts. Previous cross-sectional surveys, hour-to-hour experience-sampling studies, and short-term experiments suggested such a pattern, but this is the first time it has been shown over a significant period of time and in a representative sample.
>
> Mediation by closeness, which had not been directly tested before, integrates central aspects of the self-expansion model. Specifically, it suggests that excitement in relationships facili- tates or makes salient closeness, which in turn promotes satis- faction in the long term. Indeed, closeness may promote satisfaction via other mechanisms known to be associated with promoting satisfaction over time, such as perceived partner re- sponsiveness, transformation of motivation, commitment, com- munal norms, positive illusions, and trust.
>
> Regarding application, these findings show directly, for the first time, that not only conflicts, but also simple boredom, can shape relationships over the long term. Given that short-term experiments demonstrate that couples can reduce boredom with shared exciting activities, the present findings suggest that benefits may be substantial and long lasting, for both husbands and wives and across racial groups—pointing to easy-to-im- plement potential additions to educational, marital preparation, and enrichment programs, and a possible supplementary tool for marital counselors. Thus, as has been found in many other do- mains, increasing rewards may matter as much or more than reducing costs; or, in more contemporary terms, it may be im- portant to focus not just on eliminating negatives, but also on enhancing positives.

This study simply confirms what game practitioners already know: curiosity is a leading indicator of alphaness. Women are drawn to the curious man. Semantically substitute “passion ” for “curiosity” and it becomes clearer why. A man satisfied with his little corner of the world is a boring man. Forget what women say about short men, or ugly men, or old men — the true tingle killer is boredom. A short, ugly, old man with genuine curiosity about the world and people around him can hit well out of his league.

Like most other personality traits, the distribution of curiosity is Gaussian. At one extreme are men like Roosh who are so curious about their place in the world they are willing to leave their homeland and careers to spend years in foreign countries with strange people who speak a strange language. At the other extreme are the semi-vegetative zombies and autisitic cases who need an unchanging daily routine just to function. In the vast middle lie the average everyday incurious Joes… happy with their lives, content to clock in their eight hours, come home to a cold brew, a warm dinner and a kiss from the wife, and occasionally take the family sightseeing in the countryside. Oh, and once in a while go crazy and try a new brand of beer.

Curiosity can exist along many metrics. Travel isn’t the only sign of a curious mind. A man who reads voraciously from all sorts of genres is more curious than the average man. And a well-read man, like a well-traveled man, will have a leg up on the competition when building rapport with a woman.

A lot of so-called alpha haters come to this board to bitch about how “true alphas” wouldn’t go out of their way to

learn how to attract women. The common refrain is usually “A real alpha doesn’t worry what women think. He does his own thing.” But the fact is, we are all working hard to satisfy the requirements of the opposite sex, whether or not we consciously acknowledge it or are even aware of what we are doing. A “natural” is simply a man who has been following the precepts of game from an earlier age than most men, and therefore it is a deeper component of his psychology. Likewise, a naturally curious man who has never known what it is like to be incurious will do better with women than less curious men.

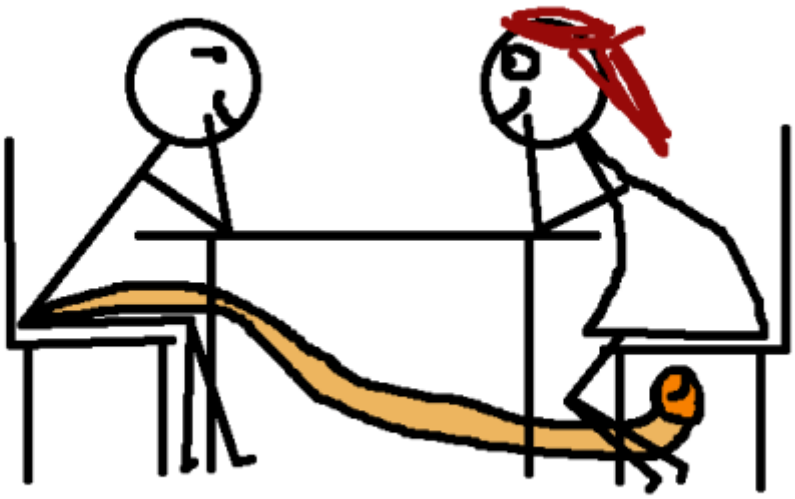
People who neglect to shape themselves into the ideal attractiveness archetype demanded by the opposite sex soon lose out to competitors who do. A wife who lets herself go is demonstrating by her actions that she doesn’t care about her husband’s desires. He will soon look elsewhere for pleasure and love. Similarly, and apropos the above study, a husband who stops taking his wife on interesting adventures demonstrates he doesn’t care about her desires. She, too, will then be inclined to wander. Naturally, not every man can reach Rooshian levels of curiosity; or at least, they can’t reach it without significant discomfort to their psyches. To expect otherwise is to assume the average man can alter his personality wholesale for the length of his life. Game requires no such psychological contortions from men. A simple and minor adjustment in the typical man’s curiosity quotient is usually enough to increase his attractiveness to women tenfold.

My advice to the naturally incurious man is as follows:

1. Find an equally incurious girl (there are more incurious girls than there are incurious men as sociosexuality science would predict, so this shouldn’t be too hard). A woman whose basal inertia level is lackadaisically low will not demand more than a token sign of inquisitiveness from her man. She will be satisfied with small changes to her routine.
2. Make an effort to push yourself out of your incurious comfort zone. This means focusing your mind on doing something out of the ordinary once in a while. For instance, instead of taking your girl out to dinner next Saturday like every other herbling, go indoor rock climbing with her. The ensuing rush (kept in check by safety ropes and belays) is nature’s perfect vaginal lube.
3. Learn to LISTEN. Women LOVE LOVE LOVE men who actually listen to them. Listening intently to a woman will make you seem like a curious man, and is especially worthwhile as it gives you valuable information to tailor your game. Note that listening is not quite the same thing as paying strict attention. It’s perfectly acceptable to nod your head and mutter a few *uh huh*s while she speaks as your mind drifts to wondering about the size of her areolae, as long as you commit to memory at least a couple of her points. You only need to remember a few key words with which to feed back to a girl to wow her as a man who “gets it”.
4. Do new things if for no other reason than that it will give you material to use during a pickup. Having trouble telling engaging stories to girls? That’s your subconscious telling you that you need a vacation to a place you haven’t yet visited.
5. Be unpredictable. Unpredictability can make a day trip to the beach seem like a fantastic getaway to a remote fantasy island. A surprise trip once every couple of months will be enough to keep the average vagina tingly and loyal.

Curiosity is win-win for men. You do fun, exciting things, and women become more attracted to you because of it. All it takes is a push off the couch. Given that most men can’t even manage that (“Game’s on, baby. Not now.”), a push off the couch automatically puts you ahead of the vast swath of men who secretly bore their girlfriends and wives.

But there is a downside. Women who are searching for a monogamous relationship should know that highly curious men are also curious about the opposite sex. Like most attractiveness traits that a woman admires in a man, her strongest desire is for that which can potentially hurt her.



A Devious Takeaway

CH · 4 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Note: what I'm about to write here is not meant for game newbies. Utilize at your own risk.

Takeaways are a very valuable psychological ploy contributing to a player's seduction prowess. You can read a definition of takeaways here. In short, a takeaway is the act of feigning disinterest in a woman for the purpose of increasing her attraction for you, and thus your likelihood of bedding her. This fake disinterest can be as simple as a backturn, or an unannounced abrupt exit from a conversation. Takeaways are the Swiss Army knives of seduction, as they can be used at almost any point during the pickup, with equal effectiveness. For instance, a takeaway can set the right tempo early on by making a girl chase you for conversation instead of the other way around, or a takeaway can be employed during foreplay to get a girl to drop her last minute resistance to sex.

Takeaways are a very powerful game tactic, for the reason that they are a high risk gamble. (Generally, and as with most things in life, the riskier the game tactic, the higher the reward.) The risk comes in the fact that a girl may very well call your takeaway bluff.

PLAYER: You're really cool and all. Maybe we should just be friends.

GIRL: Ok.

But when a takeaway works, and the girl bites, you will be amazed at how quickly the status dynamics of the courtship will change. Flipping the script, properly executed, can make gaming a girl seem like outrunning a morbidly obese American woman. You can practically walk to the finish line.

Here's an especially devious takeaway that I've used many times to great effect. Use this on later dates just before the momentum is carrying you both to sexual closure, and only use on girls who are engaging in stalling tactics. In other words, use on "good girls". (There is a minor subclass of bad girls who will also respond well to this takeaway, which I will explain below.) Basically, what you will be doing is stealing the woman's prerogative to delay coital finality in the interest of "wanting everything to feel right".

UNWITTING GIRL: I'm having a really good time.

DEVIOUS YOU: Me too. I'd like to have a drink with you back at my place, but…

UNWITTING GIRL: What?

DEVIOUS YOU: I dunno. I'm trying to turn over a new leaf. I think it means a lot more when things aren't rushed. Maybe wait a little. You're the kind of girl I want to take it slow with. Call me crazy, but that's how I see it now.

Now after this, most likely she will say "Aw that's so nice" and agree with you. Then you will be left asking yourself, "Hey, I thought this was supposed to work as advertised? She just called my bluff!" Settle down, Anakin. This takeaway works it's magic on a delayed cycle. Continue the date as usual, and invite her over to your place anyhow. You won't need an excuse because you've already told her nothing will happen. What you'll notice instead is an increase in her compliance that you would not normally have gotten. Though you "confessed" only hours earlier, in so many words, that you wanted to wait for sex, she will find herself inexplicably moving things faster in the direction of your hidden agenda. The phony virtue takeaway has preemptively disarmed her anti-slut defense. She will rationalize that you are not forcing her to do anything because you're "not that kind of guy", and your road to sex will suffer fewer impediments.

Why did I write above that this takeaway is not meant for newbs? Because you need to be banging other girls before attempting such a high risk maneuver. If you are hard-up, your mind, body, and emotions will be incongruent with your spoken words. She will sense something is off about your claimed phony virtue, and she will not only call your bluff, but also lose respect for your now-waning masculinity for trying an end-run around her sexual reticence *and* your own sexual desire.

In addition, some newbs may mistakenly use this takeaway on girls who are already good to go. That's called overkill. If she genuinely wants it, you won't need any more mental games. All you'll need at that point is the balls to lead her where she wants to be.

As I mentioned above, the subclass of girls this takeaway would work on are the badgirl sluts who are practically dragging you to the bedroom. Be careful of the overtly sexual girls; oftentimes their lewdness and blunt physical sexuality are a ruse designed to entrap less alpha men who lack control over their horniness. If you bite too soon or too eagerly, she may lose her desire. If you do manage to bed a badgirl slut on the first date, she is more likely than the typical girl — thanks to the male-like contours of her brain — to lose interest the next morning. For these girls, the phony virtue takeaway is perfect for (re)establishing that she is the one chasing you, and not the other way around. Plus, by stroking her egotistic need to not be noticed for her sluttiness, it will make her feel more special than she really is. Phony virtue game, delivered as sincerely as your acting skills can summon, can turn a one night stand with a slut into a three month fling.

How To Trump The Status Signaling Games Of The Conformist Suckups

CH · 5 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This post is mainly directed at those readers who are still in college and have to deal on a daily basis with fanatical ideologues on the hunt for crimethinking heretics to burn at the stake, though the wisdom here is applicable at any time of life. A typical PC police baiting tactic might go down like this:

CONFORMIST SUCKUP: “So what do you think of [controversial politically incorrect subject].”

YOU: “You first.”

CONFORMIST SUCKUP: “I think [politically correct answer].”

YOU: [smiling knowingly] “Then I agree with you.”

The beauty of this is twofold: one, you give them no rope with which to hang you, and two, you subtly send up the underlying inquisition-like mentality of them and their kind. It’s fun teaching very special lessons to sanctimonious shitholes that they’re no better than those to whom they feel superior.

This tactic even works on conformist suckups who were too cowardly to tell you their honest view. The pointed faux agreement will make both cowards and dogmatists feel the burn of disrespect.

Feel free to credit me in fliers stapled to kiosks all across America’s college campuses.

Just How Amoral Are Women?

CH · 5 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was sitting with a girlfriend in a small group of people that included one cute girl who had a history of mild flirting with me that never amounted to anything more. But this night, her flirtations were stronger. Much stronger. Seeing me in the company of another attractive woman revved her engine, as preselection does with any woman. It's as if a switch turned on powering up a new, hungrier, hornier woman who would stop at nothing to get a bite of the juicy, prized meat just barely out of her reach.

Occasionally, when the gf was in the bathroom or otherwise distracted, we would have moments alone when she spoke freely, consumptively.

"I give GREAT blowjobs."

"I see."

"I'm really good at using my tongue."

"Nice."

Hungry stare

"Ok, then."

Did the fact that I was with female company dissuade her? Ha, it is to laugh! Just the opposite. She threw all moral consideration to the wind and would have followed her feelings straight into Sodom if I had allowed it.

Later:

SUCCUBUS: "Promise time."

"Ok."

"If you're not married next time we meet, we're having sex."

"Cool."

What are the most powerful game techniques? Social proof/preselection has got to be at or near the top.

Chicks Dig Jerks: A Series Without End

CH · 6 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The 'Chicks Dig Jerks' series is a running theme here at the Chateau. Let's face it, the material is practically limitless. Thank you ladies, for continuing to uphold the most virtuous traditions of your open-minded gender.

In our latest go-round, 19 year old model Jourdan Dunn gives birth to a bastard child by a convicted coke dealer:

> **Jourdan Dunn's Longtime Boyfriend, Father of Her Son, Arrested for Cocaine Possession —** Jourdan Dunn, who gave birth to a son in December, made a return to the catwalk at Aquascutum just five days ago, but news today may affect her schedule for the rest of the season. Jordan Cummings, 20, the father of her son and her longtime boyfriend (they've reportedly been together about five years), was arrested last night and sentenced to 3.5 years jail time for possession of 2 ounces of cocaine with intent to supply. Dunn, who lives with her mom and younger brothers, made no comment, but it's suspected that Cummings's long sentence was due to similar previous convictions.

A third-party quote in another article on this story is unintentionally hilarious:

> One source said last night: "The police kicked down his front door when they arrested him.
>
> "He's well-known on the streets as a dealer. He's been dealing since he was a teenager, and makes about £1,000 a week. He and Jourdan are always out and have been together about five years – though I've never heard marriage mentioned."
>
> Jourdan, who lives with mum Dee and two younger brothers in Greenford, West London, refused to comment. But a pal said: "She is devastated. She is committed to raising her son and focusing on her career."

"Devastated". Chick dates dude for five years and is devastated by his arrest? She didn't know what he did for a living all that time? Yeah, I bet she was devastated. Devastated that he got caught.

Reader N.W. who sent me this article, had this to say:

> Jourdan Dunn is a pretty, high-flying Afro-British model and she's back after maternity leave. I'm of the opinion really good looking black girls are harder to score than really good looking white girls since their beauty is exotic and they are very scarce.
>
> So, enquiring minds want to know the identity of the father, or in other words, who's game is so tight he can:
>
> 1. date a model
> 2. have sex with a legit top model
> 3. impregnate a top model
> 4. have her keep the kid thereby imperiling her looks.
>
> We have the answer!
>
> I don't know if he is a nice guy or not, but possession with intent to supply places him on the Chris Brown side of the ledger.

Yes, this guy has world beating game. Namely, asshole game. As I've written before:

> **Maxim #71: In their sexual primes women's attraction for assholes is at its strongest. You can catch a lot of hungry flies with honey, but shit attracts the most well-fed flies.**

You don't need to be an asshole to pick up hot girls, but there's no denying that asshole game is an extremely potent

attractant of the hottest babes (i.e. the ones who matter most). For those of you with zero ethical compunctions, I say raise your asshole flag and let it fly. Marching under its banner will cause your enemies to tremble with desire and surrender themselves willingly, laying down a crimson path of engorged vulvae to herald your arrival.

Asshole game, ironically, might most benefit those men who are farthest from embodying the asshole ideal. If you're a hopeless case who suffers long dry spells, and who has tried to learn game but can't seem to make it work no matter what you do, you need to drop a MOAB (Mother Of Asshole Bombs) on your targets. When all else fails, become an Avatar of Assholery. It's the backup, last ditch option that almost always works.

This post dedicated to Anoukange.

Thought Experiment: Who Would You Have Cloned?

CH · 6 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A while back in the blogosphere there was discussion about the ethics of cloning oneself. I'd imagine raising a clone of yourself would be like Groundhog Day, where you can predict your clone-child's flaws and tailor a parenting style that would minimize their defects. Let's say a clone-son would be shy. The father could then set about getting the clone-son accustomed to socially mingling with large groups of people at an early age. Or he could introduce the kid to liquor in grammar school. If you are a woman with a clone-daughter and you know she's going to take after your big nose, you can start saving up money now for the rhinoplasty she'll have just before the cruel junior high school years.

Maybe a more intriguing question is what other people we would want cloned. Thought experiment: if you had the power to clone an infinite number of times one person from the following list of people, who would you choose?

1. Isaac Newton
2. Gandhi
3. Muhammad Ali
4. Genghis Khan
5. Bach
6. Michelangelo
7. Sergey Brin
8. Kurt Cobain
9. Margaret Thatcher
10. Melissa Theuriau

An army of Newtons would probably be best for the world in a materialist sense, but there's no doubt who I would have cloned into a vast standing army of pleasurebots. Is there a better reflection of our values than who we would choose to clone besides ourselves?

Neanderthal Game

CH · 7 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

“Hey, baby, enough chit chat. I’m taking you to the bachelor cave for a shag.”

“You’re such a Neanderthal!”

“Yup!”

Preschoolers Working It

CH · 7 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Want to feel dirty? Watch:

(Hat tip: reader Seth)

These little girls are pretty good dancers. Some of the commenters argue they aren't doing anything sexual. Looks to me like they are performing the exact same sexy dance moves as grown women with boobs and butt. Drop it, shake it, split it, girly!

I really wonder what goes through the minds of parents who would skank up their five year old daughters. Preparing them for a world of assholes, players and game? That reasoning would at least make some sense. When you are saturated in a femicentric culture that places no obligation on women, removes all slut shaming, and releases them from dependence on men's resources, then the natural result is a race to the base that exalts women's good-to-go sexuality far above all other values, as that is the last standing value that has any currency left in a wide open, marriage-averse mating market. And what better way to make sure your little angel knows the right moves to get more attention from the boys than the other whorelets than by decking her out in bra and panties onstage and teaching her the fine art of suctioning her privates to the floor. I bet single moms are more prone to doing this sort of experimentation with their bastard spawn.

"Here, little Jenny, put on this sequined stripper outfit."

"Here, little Johnny, try your first cigarette. And good job beating up that kid at school! Girls love that in a man."

People wonder why there are so many douchebags, assholes, and players roaming the high school halls of America. Where have all the good men gone?, cry women.

Ladies, you get the men you deserve.

The time has come to institute a parenting test for all would-be mothers. If you fail the test, you get sterilized, or your child gets sent to an orphanage at birth. At the very least, we should be removing any and all welfare statist safety nets from the bottom of burgeoning wombs. If you can't raise a kid without state aid or corporate aid (paid maternity leave is a form of consumer-supported welfare that enables single motherhood), then it dies in the street. Viva la abortion!

The Male-Female Spontaneous Touch Initiation Ratio

CH · 10 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

There is an easy way to assess the strength of your relationship without ever having to turn to that favorite solution of charlatans couples therapists everywhere. Who needs *communication* when you can gauge how strongly your partner feels about you by how often she spontaneously touches you?

In the interest of lowering the divorce rate, increasing the love rate, and decreasing the time wasted on a cocktease (or, in the case of you ladies, a ringtease), I've devised a simple system for analyzing the depth of your lover's love for you.

The Spontaneous Touch Initiation Ratio (STIR) rests on a simple premise:

In every healthy, successful relationship, the woman will initiate non-sexual spontaneous touching at least twice as often as the man.

This non-sexual touching can take many forms. For example:

A light graze of fingertips across your back as she walks behind you at a restaurant to take her seat.

A tousle of your hair.

A hand on your thigh at the movies.

Arms wrapped around your neck while you and her are walking down the sidewalk.

Kiss on the cheek for no apparent reason.

A brush of "lint" off your shoulders or hair.

Any unnecessary grooming.

Grabbing your hand first to hold it as you walk.

Hand resting on the small of your back.

As you can see, there are many ways to intimately bond without inserting penis into vagina. Of course, holding hands *while* inserting penis into vagina is best of all, but unfortunately we don't yet live in a society that tolerates genital couplings in public. Damn kids always spoiling a good time.

Since you want your woman to touch you at least twice as often as you spontaneously touch her, a male-female STIR that is equal to or less than 0.5 should be your goal. Here's a handy chart that illustrates the different STIR ratios and what they mean for the health of the relationship.

STIR	Odds She Is Cheating On You	Time Remaining Until Breakup
0.3 – 0.5	10%	Four years
0.01 – 0.3	1%	The time of your choosing
<0.01	Odds you're cheating on her: 100%	The time she tolerates your polygyny
0.5 – 1.0	20%	Two years
1.0 – 2.0	40%	Six months
2.0 – 3.0	60%	Three months
3.0 – 10.0	90% (100% she's thinking about it)	Two weeks
>10.0	100%. With three other dudes.	Didn't you get the memo?

Why is 0.5 or lower the golden STIR number? Because in my experience, the typical woman in love (or in lust) will spontaneously touch you twice as often as you touch her. Exceptions exist, but they are unimportant in the scheme of things. The lower the ratio, the more she likes you (or the less you like her, same difference). The higher the ratio, the more likely you are impersonating this guy.

Do you really want to be that guy, the peabody puffboy who finds himself triangulated to the wrong end of a cuckolding? I didn't think so.

Be cognizant of how often you touch your girlfriend or wife, and vice versa. If your STIR starts inching above 0.5, you need to amp up your game to bring it back down to an acceptable level. If your STIR is already above 1.0, you should move your assets overseas if you are married, and if you're unmarried, you need to mentally prepare for an incoming dumping. There's no better fun than anticipating a dumping from your girlfriend and turning the tables on her before she has had a chance to achieve *cloooosure.*

MS Paint Windows To The Soul

CH · 11 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As a tribute to the regular guests of the Chateau, I've honored them with stick figure portraits. Can you match the following MS Paint masterpieces to their eponymous titles in the answer key below?

A:

B:

C:

D:

E:

F:

Answer Key

1. Peter (GNP guy)

2. Single Mom

3. Poetry of Flesh

4. David Alexander

5. Me fleeing from an irate husband

6. Greatbooksformen

***

And here's a bonus MS Paint! This time, no answer key. Let's see if you can figure out the title without help.

Contrast Is King

CH · 12 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Was sent this photo, with the following message:

“First I saw the two barking rats, then I saw the guy walking them. Talk about an odd pairing! The dude had tattoos on his skull, and looked tough. Not like the herb or homo I thought he would be. And there he is, with two runty toy dogs. One of the dogs walked like it had a cucumber up its ass.”

This is an excellent example of someone defying expectations. Does anyone doubt this dude gets laid like gangbusters? I bet his idea of a brothel is the local dog park. And he pays in cloyingly cute toy poodle dollars.

I’ve written before about how important contrast is to your game. Contrast, like its social dynamics cousins vulnerability game and being unpredictable, is a status signal of alphaness. When women see a man defy convention, or wantonly fuck around with societal expectation, they think “Oh, he must be an alpha, because only an alpha could risk stepping out of line like that.” Or when they hear a man reveal a potentially status damaging vulnerability at odds with his image of strength, they think “He must be really alpha to confess his fear of parrots.”

No, seriously, that’s the way women think. Subconsciously, at least.

Contrast game is also a variety of handicap game, a powerful technique for subcommunicating genetic superiority. Like bright, heavy plumage on a peacock, tattoos signal that a man is so genetically fit (and symmetrical) that he can afford the risk to his health and looks that getting inked with needles will mean for him. Skull tattoo dude in the above photo actually has a double handicap whammy advertising his alpha genetic fitness — he’s enduring both the disfigurement of tattoos *and* the public humiliation of walking two gay ass pooches. (I bet he’s telling the other dude to be careful where he steps.)

How powerful a psychological mindfuck is contrast? Two words:

Susan Boyle.

That ugly broad got on stage and, in the teeth of a hostile, pitying audience, sang the shit out of “I Dreamed A Dream”. Result? Standing ovation, tears flowing like a river, and eight million copies of her debut album sold in the first six weeks. For a more recent example of the contrast phenomenon, check out this video of Janey Cutler, the 80 year old singer who elicits the same reaction from an audience expecting something entirely different.

That, my friends, is the awesome power of contrast. Now imagine what it can do for your notch count.

So, you ask, how do I translate this theme of contrast into practical game advice? I can offer a few suggestions.

- If you’re meeting a girl for a dinner after work, and you’re in a business suit, take her to your favorite dive bar or hipster joint after the dinner. She’ll be pleasantly surprised that a professional such as yourself feels just at home in a dump as in a fancy restaurant. (Note: You really shouldn’t be taking girls you haven’t fucked to fancy restaurants.)
- Does she think your political views are antiquated? Good. Now take her out to a progressive-oriented art show filled with pseudointellectual revolutionary crackpots. She’ll start to wonder what else about you she doesn’t know.
- Speak streetwise, but occasionally drop a big word in your conversation. Intellectual dominance is to smart chicks like physical dominance is to prole chicks.
- If you’re a very masculine man, peacock with a feminine accessory, like an ornate bracelet or an earring. If you’re naturally foppish, try wearing masculine accessories, like a big honking watch or combat boots.
- Approach a girl like a typical beta, asking her innocuous questions about how she likes living in the city. Once you have lulled her into an anhedonic stupor, hit her with a neg. Consider her look of surprise a step closer to intimacy.
- Did you meet a girl online and tell her about your starched shirt job? Then show up to the date wearing something boldly stylish. Her mind will race with thoughts of a secret life you’re hiding from her.
- Similarly, if you’re a suit-wearing type of guy, a well-placed tattoo on the inner forearm can do wonders to stir excitement. Just manufacture an excuse to roll up your sleeves, and watch her eyes light up.
- Regale her with adventure stories that are completely at odds with her image of you. For instance, if you’re an accountant, mention the time you spent in the Congo with the little-known aid group Accountants Without Borders, and how you budgeted the goats for the local village.
- Talk about how you voted for George Bush, then give a buck to a homeless bum you happen to pass by while walking with her. (Alternatively, you could reverse this sequence if you want to crush the girl’s hopes. After sucking up to her no-doubt SWPLian worldview, offhandedly announce after sex how you recently joined the NRA “to get some shootin’ practice for the big game animals you like to hunt”.)

Contrast is the reason why ugly guys can sometimes do better with women than handsome guys. A handsome man is expected to have his act together in all other ways; in comparison, nothing much is expected of ugly men. So an ugly man who spits tight game will pleasantly surprise a woman while a good looking man with game will simply confirm what she already believed to be true. And when it comes to making an impression on women, which man do you think she’ll remember more? That’s right, the man who surprised her out of her lazy thinking.

All humans want to be fascinated. Kurt Cobain had it right — here we are now, entertain us. Men are entertained by tits, ass and face. Women are entertained by male charisma and psychosocial savviness. They want to be kept on their toes, forever wondering what kind of man you are. Defying a woman’s expectations is the equivalent of a big-boobed woman taking off her sweater and shoving her cleavage in a man’s face. Her fond memory of you will linger well into the next day.

Thought Of The Day: Chronicling The Decline Of America Edition

CH · 12 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As revealed truths protected by the right to free speech, whether in law or in custom, increasingly offend the designated victim groups of a society, there will follow more frequent and vociferous justifications made by those offended and their benefactors for limiting the scope of the First Amendment, or of the equivalent cultural mores. The offense taken is directly proportional to the cultivated sensitivity of the offended group and the perception by that group of the willingness of the offending group to seek appeasement in the surrender of their right to speak freely and openly.

see: Canada (2010).

Spinsterhood, Bastard Children Are Our Future

CH · 13 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As if the dark worldview illuminated on this blog could not be more validated, here's an article about rising rates of illegitimacy, spinsterhood, later marriages, and later births (a quadfecta!):

> The number of children born outside marriage in the United States has increased dramatically to four out of ten of all births. **[editor: america, fuck yeah!]**
>
> Figures show that 41 per cent of children born in 2008 did not have married parents – up from 28 per cent in 1990. […]
>
> Having a child out of wedlock does not carry the stigma and shame it once did, they say. **[society wept.]**
>
> The study also found that in America there is a declining number of teenage mothers and rising numbers of older parents. **[this is a good thing if you like raging autism and a TFR below replacement.]**
>
> By comparison, Britain has the worst teenage pregnancy rate in Europe with 45 per cent of children born outside of wedlock in 2008. **[what, you think mickey d's would be our only export?]**
>
> When Labour came to power in 1997, 36 per cent of children were born outside marriage.
>
> The U.S. research, taken from census reports and health statistics by the Pew Research Centre, also outlines a trend of couples in western societies marrying later in life and delaying parenthood until they can afford it. **[or being so poor they don't care about affording it and having the kids anyway. hooray malthusian-idiocracy-welfare state intersect!]**
>
> In 1990 only 9 per cent of births were to women 35 years and older and 13 per cent were to teenagers, but by 2008 10 per cent of births were to teenagers and 14 per cent were to older women. **[remember: older mothers = fewer healthy children. so while the birthrate is increasing among older women, that doesn't mean the total number of children they are having is the same as women who became mothers at a younger age.]**
>
> 'The demography of motherhood in the U.S. has shifted strikingly in the past two decades,' the report said.
>
> The share of births to unmarried mothers had increased most among white and traditionally Catholic Hispanic women. **[interestingly, the share of new juvenile detention centers and STD treatment clinics increased the same percentage.]**
>
> Mothers are also better educated than they were two decades ago. In 2006 more than half of mothers of newborns had some college education, an increase from 41 per cent in 1990. **[maybe the reason we haven't made contact with advanced alien species is because they opted for the reality-bending virtual pleasuredome iCum existence until the last smart chick standing orgasmed herself to death with the Alphabot 2000 SmoothTalker model 6000, her 0.5 children left to arrange her unattended funeral?]**
>
> The percentage was even higher among mothers 35 years and older, with 71 per cent. **[it makes a twisted Darwinian sense that the smartest women would fail to adequately reproduce to replacement level, as they are the ones, through their own status- and resource-enhancing actions, cursed with the smallest gene pool of acceptable men to choose from.]**
>
> 'The higher share of college-educated mothers stems both from their rising birth rates and from women's increasing educational attainment,' the report explained.
>
> Attitudes have also altered in the past 20 years as the stigma of unmarried parenthood has softened and Americans marry later in life. **[but she'll alwaaaays… be an unmarried single mom with bastard spawn… to meeee….]**

As one commenter to that article put it:

> So women are waiting longer to have fewer kids without dads in an increasing welfare-state world. Anyone see the impending disaster this is fueling?

I do. Which is why I'm sipping a cocktail poolside, unmarried, with my lover beside me. The smart move, if you ask me. You want to put in the hard work turning this ship around, be my guest. The sordid status quo benefits me. It would really cramp my style if the pool of attractive young women suddenly dried up from a rush to the altar and the nursery.

It seems that the steady drumbeat of data continues proving what I wrote about in this post:

> The irony is that in the course of dismantling millennia of biologically-grounded cultural tradition and enacting their hypergamous sexual utopia, women have unwittingly made life more difficult for all but the most attractive of them. The result has been more cougars, more sluts, and more demand for DNA paternity testing. To prevent this edifice from crumbling under its own weight entirely, massive redistributive payments from men to women in the form of welfare, alimony, punitive child support (even from men who aren't the biological fathers!), female- and child-friendly workplaces, legal injustice (women in general do not give a shit about justice), corporate-sponsored daycare, PC extortion, sexual harassment claims, and divorce theft have had to be ruthlessly administered and enforced by the thugs of the rapidly metastasizing elite-created police state. Remove these security and resource transfers and safety nets and you will see the feminist utopia crumble within one generation.

And in this post:

[…] here are the [Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse that explain our cultural lament configuration]:

1. Effective and widely available contraceptives (the Pill, condom, and the *de facto* contraceptive abortion).
2. Easy peasy no-fault divorce.
3. Women's economic independence (hurtling towards women's economic advantage if the college enrollment ratio is any indication).
4. Rigged feminist-inspired laws that have caused a disincentivizing of marriage for men and an incentivizing of divorce for women.

It's all been so predictable, yet our Kommisars of Kultural Korrectness couldn't see what was happening right before their eyes, or they could but didn't care. The formula is simple:

Divest sex from pregnancy + financially empower women, thus devaluing men's mate attracting provider ability + incentivize divorce for women + disincentivize marriage for men + remove the slut and single mom social shaming mechanisms + endless dating + fertility treatment + government and corporate welfare =

More single women in their most attractive fertile years available for plundering.
More divorce court ass rapings for men.
More bastard children.
Less marriage.
Later marriage.
Later births.
Fewer lifetime births.
And an alpha cock carousel that spins relentlessly until society crumbles under the weight of declining productive native population, rising orc horde populations, and wildings by all those fatherless bastard boys raised by empowered single moms.

It's all so clear as day and yet our so-called smarties continue jabbering about comparative advantage, relationship complementarity, and immigration-fueled cheap chalupas.

It's funny until the pleasurecrats and statusticians have no gated communities left in which to escape.
And then it's hilarious.

I have a prediction of my own. Either American society implodes, or the coming generations of Millennials and younger utterly turn their back on the values of their parents and grandparents, giving a big one finger salute to the dying Baby Boomers and their progressivist equalism lies and returning the country back to the cultural configuration that once brought it to majestic heights.

But I'm not holding my breath.

World's Biggest Dick Farm Goes Nuts

CH · 13 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Knack sent me this story about Chinese men going on a rampage in recent months and attacking elementary schools.

> The attack occurred in Linchang Village, in Nanzheng County's Shengshui Township. Police had cordoned off the village Wednesday,as they conducted their investigation, with locals allowed in but reporters kept out. […]
>
> It was the sixth such attack in China on schoolchildren since March. […]
>
> The attacks come despite the execution of Zheng Minsheng, 42, a former community doctor who stabbed eight children to death and wounded five others at an elementary school in eastern China on March 23.
>
> Zheng, executed by a firing squad in Nanping City late last month, told investigators he carried out the attack because he was frustrated by "failures in his romantic life and in society," according to Xinhua.
>
> China Daily newspaper quoted Nanjing University sociology professor Zhu Li as saying Zheng's attack inspired copycats.

There's been some discussion on this blog lately about sex ratios and male violence. The theory holds that when the sexual market is skewed in favor of women (more men than women), men will be better behaved (i.e. "dads") because women will be able to demand that of them. Another side argues that once a tipping point of excess males is reached, violence erupts when all those bachelor males not getting any realize the hopelessness of their situation. In China, at least, it looks as if their **35 million excess males** are starting to act up, and the Chinese government doesn't know what to do about it, except beef up security at schools.

35 million hard up bachelors with no hole to go home to. And it's projected to get worse, with possibly 60 million more men than women in China by 2050. The usual caveats about correlation and causation, but it bears noting that savvy investors ought to keep a wary eye on China's supposed unstoppable growth machine — a lot of funny stuff can happen when huge armies of dispossessed men are tossed to the icy wastelands of involuntary celibacy.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 14 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've analyzed a lot of game scenes from classic movies, so how about a good game scene from a modern movie? Check out Javier Bardem's character running uber direct game on Scarlett Johansson and some other chick simulating an American lawyer cunt.

Ok, there are a few key moments during this interaction that set the alpha tempo for Juan Antonio and enable him to get away with everything else that he says. When you go in strong and let a girl know right away that you are the prize, she will be much more forgiving of any "crazy" stuff you may decide to say later. Call it the Alpha Absolution Theory of courtship.

At 0:46, Juan walks behind a plant and is momentarily obstructed from the girls' view. A minor coincidence, yes, but one that heightens the tension the girls are undoubtedly feeling. I wonder if Woody Allen knew this when he directed the shot? You may think this silly, but temporarily disappearing from a girl's line of sight is a subconscious trick on her psyche that triggers in her a "threat of loss" anxiety. Knowing this, try walking behind something on your next approach; say, behind a large column or a group of people, then reappearing close by her.

0:46 – 0:55 Juan's body language is half his game. His gait is steady and slow, his face expressionless except for the flash of a slight wry smile. When he approaches, he takes his sweet time getting there. Also notice how he lets his gaze deliberately linger on the less attractive/less playful Vicky first, and then switches looking at Cristina. He knows, before he's even said one word, who the potential cockblock is and how the process of disarming her takes precedence before anything else. Always address the less attractive/more anal retentive girls in a group first, unless it's a mixed group of men and women, in which case address the men first.

0:57 "American?" Perfect opener. The girls are expecting him to say something typical, like "What's your name?". Instead, he opens with a one word question. With openers, laconic often beats loquacious for leaving a sharp impression. Furthermore, he avoids overgaming by opening in a manner that is bolder than normal, yet not spastically "creative".

1:02 When a girl offers you her name, the gentlemanly thing to do is give your name in return. Which is why you shouldn't do it. Juan replies to Cristina with a question about the color of her eyes instead. Totally out of left field, and that is why she squirms a little in her panties.

1:10 – 1:19 He gets right to the point. Obviously, this isn't going to work in most situations, but the take-home lesson is that women are attracted to men who lead, command, and direct. Women want to be marionettes, dangling languorously from the hands of a skilled puppeteer.

1:25 – 1:30 When Cristina asks "What's in Oviedo?", Juan replies that he wants to see a sculpture that is "very inspiring to him". This part is important. Juan does not qualify himself by attempting to appease or impress the girls by describing entertaining things in Oviedo that await *them*. Instead, he explains he's going for his own selfish reasons. Only after does he then say they would enjoy it as well.

1:37 – 1:52 Apocalypse Opener. Do you dare?

2:00 – 2:09 If you're going to do direct game, you'll have to be prepared for hardcore rejections. It comes with the territory. How you handle them can mean the difference between an embarrassing exit and a momentum change in your favor. Juan answers Vicky's rejection with a poetic rebuke to, basically, seize their inner sluts.

2:11 Two minutes into the conversation and he finally gives his name. Well played. Make the girls work for your identity. Note, too, how it was the sphincterly pinched Vicky who demanded he show his papers. Cristina would've spent a week with him before thinking to ask his name.

2:17 – 2:20 He purposefully mixes up their names. "Or is it the other way around?" Nice neg. It subtly drives a

wedge between the two girls. I'll have to remember that one.

2:27 – 2:49 After Vicky acts like a bitch, Juan remains unfazed, complimenting the both of them for being "so lovely and beautiful". Then he addresses Cristina directly about her friend's ability to "squeeze the charm" out of life. Classic "let's you and her meow". If he had been approaching Vicky alone, this tactic might not work. But with Cristina there, he's able to inspire competition between the two for who is the more romantic and adventurous woman.

3:06 Vicky's bitch shield is down. She invites him to join them for drinks. Why does she do this? Because, one, she's attracted to Juan's brazen alphatude and two, she sees that Cristina is into him, so she doesn't want to appear the spoilsport of the bunch.

3:18 "What offended you about the offer?" It's never a good idea to argue with a cockblock, but in this case Juan manages to press Vicky with a probing question that is followed up immediately by a reiteration of his earlier compliment that they are both beautiful. Also, if you will confront a recalcitrant bitch, the only way to pull it off is with preternatural grace under pressure.

3:45 – 3:55 Juan evades Vicky's bitching and turns his attention to Cristina. Textbook backturn takeaway. And the "When I saw you across the room, I noticed you have" line is straight out of the direct game playbook.

4:02 – 4:28 Direct game takes balls, and it also takes a willingness to absorb rejection without flinching. Never let 'em see you sweat. Juan makes his pitch, allows a moment for it to sink in, and prepares his exit, admonishing the girls to "think it over". Calm throughout. It helps that the plane is a major DHV.

***

Look, this is an extreme form of direct game. Most men will not be able to pull this off credibly, as the skill level involved is very high. Plus, the context has to be working in your favor. The girls are in Spain, and are already in a frame of mind where they are expecting to be swept off their feet by a swarthy Latin Lothario hypnotizing them with the verbal equivalent of romantic glow sticks. If you're a pasty Northwest European white man in a beach town club in New Jersey approaching pasty NW European girls sucking down Miller Lights, this sort of headily seductive direct game may not go over as well. But it is another arrow in your quiver of game techniques, and shouldn't be ignored just because it won't work in every situation. Direct game can be a powerful adjunct to your regular routine. Like, say, when you're a NW European pasty white male approaching two Russian girls in your country on vacation, and they find your ethnicity and command of the local environs alluringly exotic.

DC Is Not A Chick Mecca

CH · 16 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Mexican Annexation, T. "cheap chalupas *uber alles*" Cowen has a theory on the dating market for men in Washington DC:

> I think it's better to date here if you are male. Government attracts a disproportionate share of intelligent women. I've never lived in New York, but there are so many celebrities, billionaires. If you are a guy in New York, there's always another guy that crushes you on the scale. Here, there are all these politicians but they are really out of commission for the most part — or if they fool around, it's with interns. You don't have to compete with them. The people who are really high status are off the market. As a male in Washington, you can be high in status fairly easily without the true very high status competing. In New York or L.A., there are movie stars and directors. Even if a woman can't be with a movie star, women can still say, 'Gee, this guy or that guy is not a movie star or a director.' There's lobbyists and lawyers here, a lot of them. You can be more interesting than that. This is a great place to live.

Allow me to add my more correct thoughts.

1. Government attracts a disproportionate share of *credentialed* women. While intelligence and credentials are correlated, they aren't the same. Some of the most boring women I have ever met were multi-degreed widgets freshly pressed off the academia soulsucking assembly line. Some of the sassiest and funniest women I have ever met never had the luck to pay off a crushing student loan debt. And let's cut the crap about smart women — most men measure a woman's dating market worth by her looks, her feminine personality, and her willingness to experiment sexually in bed. Her smarts comes in a distant — *waaaaay* distant — fourth place. There is a place for female smarts, but that place is at an easy to reach lower bound of IQ where she isn't so much dumber than the man she is with that he finds it insufferable to deal with her continually not getting his jokes and cultural references. Generally, the men who wax eloquent about the romantic charms of female intelligence are nerdos who have an incentive to pump up the one redeeming quality of womankind they can afford to bargain for.

2. NYC is a good example of what happens when a male-favorable sex ratio smashes up against a female-favorable hypergamous culture — the latter usually wins. There are more fertile-age women in NYC than in other cities, but the few male super alphas operate essentially Sultan of Brunei-like harems. Nonetheless, New York is still pretty good for the average man who can survive there, because there are so many cute chicks from which to choose. Betas may have to tolerate banging 7s disappointed they aren't going to be the next Mrs. Hedge Fund Guy, but on the bright side for them, it beats self-beating.

3. Nobody who is high status is "off the market". Even marriage is no escape from the sexual market. The divorce revolution is a lagging indicator of this reality. If there's something to be said for betas wondering about the playing field in DC, it's that the behavior of conventional alphas there is more constrained by political necessity. There's a higher price to be paid for a politician caught with two mistresses than for a stockbroker or business owner.

4. *Senor* Cowen exaggerates the hypergamous calculating of women in NY and LA. There are only a relative handful of movie stars in LA. Most women are not so blinkered to think that sitting out their dating lives in celibacy for years while waiting for a shot at that 0.001% of the local "authentic" alpha male population is an acceptable lifestyle. If you are a man with game — i.e. you have an understanding of psychosocial dominance and how to apply it — you will get laid with hot girls in LA, even those of the monomaniacal actor- and director-chasing variety. Especially with those if you are a skilled liar.

5. I agree that the conventional alphas with pull in DC tend to be boring, and that it is a simple matter to project a more interesting personality in comparison. The guys I used to know in DC who did best with women were, respectively, a bartender, a bike messenger, a real estate agent, a lawyer, and a technical writer. Only the lawyer was

what women would describe as a traditional, high status alpha. What did they have in common? Unstoppable confidence. Charm. Balls. There ya go.

6. The widely-cited female skewed sex ratio of DC is a myth. This website neatly explains why. Only if you count all women between the ages of 20 and 64 does DC have a large surplus of women. But what man who isn't a total loser wants to date a woman who made splat with the wall decades ago? Change the slider on the map to cover the age range of singles from 20 – 39, the years for which women still retain rapidly declining sexual marketability, and you'll see that every major city in America except for Springfield, MA (5 extra women per 1,000 people) has a surplus of single men. No wonder most bars look like this. However, in DC's defense, its male surplus isn't as bad as the male surplus in most big cities.

7. DC girls are not ugly. There are plenty of cute chicks, and even some beautiful ones, gallivanting through the halls of trendy lounges and shamtastic art shows. They might not be as beautiful on average as NY or LA girls, but they can hold their own versus girls in Chicago, Houston, and Seattle. And don't get me started on Portland girls. Ugh.

8. The best looking women won't be found in America. For that, you'll have to travel to Tallinn or Kiev.

Beta Of The Month Contest

CH · 17 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I had no intention of bringing back the Beta of the Month contest, but these three sad sacks were an irresistible draw. The audience demands it, pay-per-view wants it, and the suits are throwing money at the talent scouts — namely, me.

BOTM Candidate #1 is a commenter to a ridiculously one-sided and myopic online article in The Atlantic called "Love, Actually: How girls reluctantly endure the hookup culture", written by Caitlin Flanagan and dedicated to the proposition that the princess pedestal is the one true force of nature. I quote Flanagan:

> This was how it was, during that endless, unhappy adolescence: my mother desperately trying to warn me of all the heartbreaks and dangers of womanhood […]
>
> Today's teenage girl—as much designed for closely held, romantic relationships as were the girls of every other era—is having to broker a life for herself in which she is, on the one hand, a card-carrying member of the over-parented generation, her extended girlhood made into a frantically observed and constantly commemorated possession of her parents, wrought into being with elaborate Sweet 16 parties, and heart-tugging video montages, and senior proms of mawkish, Cinderella-dream dimensions—and on the other hand she has also been forced into a sexual knowingness […]
>
> She is a little girl; she is a person as wise in the ways of sexual expression as an old woman. […]
>
> There might seem something wan, even pitiable, about all these young girls pining for boyfriends instead of hookups.

Hey Flanagan, one word: hypergamy. Look it up. Then try writing something that examines the issue of the sexual market with a little more full spectrum analysis.

The commenter's handle is Uncle_Fred, and he writes in reply to Flanagan's sexegesis (partial quote):

> I'm of the Generation Y group (I'm 24). I don't fret over it if my girlfriend wants to go out and have a one night stand with someone else. I just ask that that she calls me a couple times so I know she is safe. She is young and I would rather her have a good time while she can.

Enlightened Renaissance Man, or wretched loser? You be the judge!

A question for David Alexander Uncle_Fred comes to mind. Is this slut really your girlfriend, or is she your """girlfriend""", i.e. a chick who lets you sob on her shoulder but won't let you sob in her cunt? You come out looking bad either way, but if the former description is in operation, you, sir, have descended to new lows of abject betahood. Your psyche may as well be the poster boy for microphallic minimasculinity.

Another commenter followed up to Uncle_Fred's remark:

> Wow, no kidding. Good for you for empowering your girlfriend that way… assuming that the arrangement has actually been tested?

It's funny how in the face of psychological neutering and Darwinian obliteration, all these progressive-minded SWPLs can think about is how "empowering" it is for the woman involved. Something to keep in mind about empowerment — usually one person's empowerment means another person's powerlessness. Especially when the field of play is the sexual market, a zero sum game of the greatest urgency.

***

BOTM Candidate #2 is a classic cuckold, with a nauseating twist: he, like, totally forgiiiiiives his cheating wife and mother of their one-year-old child.

Tiffany Tehan, 31, disappeared Saturday, leaving behind husband David and 1-year-old daughter Lexie. The vanishing act triggered a cross-country search until police, acting on an FBI tip, found her staying at a Miami Beach motel with Tre Hutcherson, a man police had called a person of interest in her disappearance. Police quickly determined that Tehan was not in danger.

“She left voluntarily with this fellow and drove to Miami to — and these are her words — start a new life,” Miami Beach police Sgt. Wayne Jones said. […]

Husband Forgives Wife Immediately

David Tehan said Thursday he was angry at Hutcherson but that he “absolutely” forgives his wife. When asked why he forgave her, Tehan said, “I don’t know. It’s supernatural.

“She may have made some mistakes but everyone does and I can’t blame her for any of this,” the husband said. “She’s a person like anyone else getting through life, and it’s not always easy.”

Don’t these sound like the mincing words of a man who believes he cannot get any other woman? A big problem feeble betas have is a lack of understanding of the psychology of women. David doesn’t understand that by directing his ire at the interloping male and lavishing “forgiveness” on his cheating whore wife, he stokes his wife’s disgust with him. Not to mention he offers her a plenary indulgence from guilt or shame or any consequence whatsoever for her brazen cheating. What’s going to stop her from doing this again, to him or to any other similarly brainwashed man? As far as she knows, nothing. After all, her own cuckolded husband has called her blameless. “I’m a woman, please perch me high atop my victimhood pedestal and wash my dainty feet with oil!”

“Some mistakes.” “Mistakes were made.” “We all make mistakes sometimes.” The pathetic mewling of the *untermensch*. Wake up, son, and see the light.

The Beta:

The Bitch:

The Badboy:

***

BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by reader Luke. He writes:

> Unfortunately I have no information about this situation, other than it is in Madison Square Park, NYC. In any case, it's good for a laugh.

This was the attached photo:

Anyone know anything about this guy? Could be a radio station prank, like the one pulled by a DC-based station last year. If it's authentic, then there's no denying the gravity of the groveling by this extraordinary beta.

***

The voting:

The Most Beta Book Ever

CH · 18 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Mike sent me a media release for a book signing by a guy named James Henry (a name like that screams old-fashioned white knighter), who authored a book titled "The Laws of Love: A Guide to Gallantry". Here is an excerpt of the release:

> AS COURTSHIP DECLINES, CONCERN FOR CHIVALRY IS ON THE RISE
>
> A New Book The Laws of Love: A Guide to Gallantry, Helps Induce Gallantry.
>
> Book Launch and Signing: Wednesday February 10th & Sunday, February 14th 2010
>
> [Washington, DC] – In a time when courtship is on the decline and hedonism is on the rise, one gentleman has stood up against the tide with the power of words and seductive suggestion. Washington, DC native James Henry, an author galvanized by the decline of chivalry, announces the release of his new book, The Laws of Love: The Guide to Gallantry,with a reception and book signing on Wednesday, February 10th at ACKC chocolate shop and Saturday and Sunday of Valentine's weekend (February 13th & 14th) at the newly opened The Tasting Room wine bars in Reston, VA and Friendship Heights.
>
> A contemporary manual, inspired by a 19th century French love guide, gives gallant advice on the art of courtship for today's love-starved society.
>
> "These days with the instant nature of news and information, few people make the time to read anything in depth, so I felt that good messages could be better conveyed with fun illustrations and humorous maxims." Consider them "inspiration to greatness" describes Henry.
>
> Next Wednesday, February 10th, in the lead up to Valentine's Day, Henry will officially release his new publication with a book signing at ACKC, a chocolate shop and café in Logan Circle, Washington, DC. **[ed: a chocolate shop and cafe sounds like the perfect venue for a book this emasculating.]**

Now I wonder why a 19th century French love guide would recommend chivalry for men? I'm trying to think about how 19th century France differed from 21st century America, but I just can't quite put my finger on it. It's a mystery!

I'm not an anti-chivalry crusader. If you want to be Gallant to the world's Goofuses, go right ahead. You'll be digging your own celibacy grave, but that's one less competitor to me. If you live in some weird time warp American town where gallantry will help get you laid with hot babes, then be all the white knight you can be. Game is about doing what works.

But you'll be working against the odds. Millions of men from all over the world have reached the conclusion through actual experience in the field that opening doors, throwing jackets over puddles, waiting to sit until she's been seated first, and buying her drinks are tingle killers of the first order. Gallant doesn't go home with the babe in 2010 America; Gallant watches perplexed as the babe thanks him for the free drink and then make outs with Gus the Inconsiderate Douchebag.

I have a hard time believing that this guy James Henry is a native of DC and still thinks gallantry is what will help men score with DC girls. Either he's lying for fun and profit, or he's gay.

About the only reason I could recommend chivalry as a course of action for the typical man would be if we lived in a world where nearly all men stopped indulging women, and white knighters abandoned their lances for a more cynical, self-centered calculation. With chivalry long dead, a lone knight-errant could conceivably stride onto the scene and turn girls' heads by doing something no other man is doing. In such a scenario, where women theoretically craved the chivalric attentions of men, buying a girl a free drink might actually be good game. But I really don't see any evidence for this happening at all in our lifetimes. Chivalry is pretty much dead as it is, and girls

are still responding positively to “I don’t buy girls drinks, but you can buy me one.”

Second Thoughts

CH · 18 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine you ignored everything you read here and proposed to your girlfriend. She accepted. Would you have second thoughts if you saw her Facebook page the next day and she had changed her profile photo to this? *(hat tip: Lance Armstrong's Molester Mustache)*:

The poor bastard who married this girl is in for a world of hurt. He will

NEVER

STOP

PAYING.

Beta Or Herb?

CH · 19 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A running theme on this blog is the frightful sight of herbs and betas performing slow motion self-emasculations. While the herb and the beta are closely related, there are some notable differences between them.

In this post, I defined the herb:

***herb**, noun – a schlumpy, nondescript white guy with no fashion sense, chin, or sexual gravitas, who has managed to hook up with a cute chick. Herbs usually wear satchels to nightclubs and button down collar shirts with the Hanes undershirt peaking through at the neck. They love anything khaki and are not embarrassed to be seen wearing fanny packs or sandals. A super herb takes it up a notch with white athletic socks and an extra-large t-shirt to hide his man boobs. They have a walk that can be best described as looking like they are carrying a load in their pants. They will annoy you just by being there. The fact that a herb will have usually managed to score a cute yuppie chick will fill you with violent feelings toward him.

You can see another great photo of a herb here. And here. And here is an example of the subspecies hipster herb.

How does a beta differ from a herb? In this post there is a photo of a beta revealing his true nature with an awkwardly placed hand on a cute girl's shoulder. The biggest difference is that the herb usually has better *conventionally defined* success with women. The herb is not necessarily beta, though he often is. Many herbs in the city can be seen taking long romantic walks with decent looking girlfriends, defying all logic and universal laws. Herbs, therefore, have some preternatural ability to squeak out a semblance of a normal life, despite their shortcomings. Perhaps it is that they are oblivious to their self-defeating behavior, and so attract the type of women for whom dating an oblivious man suits their agenda.

Betas (and omegas), in contrast, struggle to achieve the societally-approved provider chump role to a sexless, ungrateful, Entitled American Princess. They are a more pitiable creature than the herb because their fruitless struggle often results in the stink of desperation trailing them wherever they go. The herb, to his credit, rarely reeks of desperation (until he is dumped), probably owing to the aforementioned obliviousness. Betas are more apt to look like they're trying too hard, which is why you'll often see better-dressed betas roaming the streets alone while schleppy herbs shuffle contentedly holding hands with their girlfriends.

In short, betas are the type of guys to spend years with internet porn and video games, while herbs are the type of guys to dutifully push strollers for kids that, unbeknownst to them, aren't theirs. In the end, though, both betas and herbs wind up fulfilling their role as soulsucked providers to harridan wives, ensuring that the cogs of society remain greased with the sweat of their brows and the tithe of their taxes.

A few more differences between betas and herbs:

beta – dog
herb – dog in a stroller
beta – worries that wife is cheating on him
herb – has no idea wife is cheating on him
beta – wants to be alpha
herb – has no concept of the better life
beta – envious of men with hotter girfriends
herb – chastises himself for admiring classic beauty of older susan sarandon
beta – resigned
herb – compliant
beta – stymied sex drive
herb – borderline androgynous
beta – brain loaded with lies
herb – pants loaded

Reader Carol (a self-described Amazon alpha female) sent me a pic of what she termed a "beta boy", shopping in Chicago with his girlfriend.

She wrote this about the pic:

> My sister is an avid reader of your blog and she introduced me to it. I check it out from time to time.
>
> I see Beta Boys all over the city of Chicago. Since I got my new iphone…it only makes sense to try and snap pics of these betas. Unfortunately the iphone does not zoom. But I'm working on this. **[ed: if you're a beta or herb, now you have more to worry about — chicks taking your photo for mockery on this blog.]**
>
> Check out this beta cubs fan wearing his girlfriend's purse. I had to do a freaking triple take to be sure he was not gay. No, he was wearing her purse. Following her all around the store as she flipped through racks of clothes. Mind you, this was post Cubs game…so they were probably drunk as well.

> Jesus. I would never ask a man to hold my purse. Let alone a sparkly shining number that announces to everyone your man is carrying your purse.

Yeah, this is pretty bad. For this man's sake, let's hope drunkenness was his excuse. It's not even OK to hold your woman's purse for a second so she can grab at something (let it drop to the floor or put it on a shelf if she tries to shove her purse in your hands); it's leagues worse to take her purse and then wear it around like it's your own, while following her like a puppy dog as she rifles through racks of discount panties. This guy looks very comfortable wearing her purse slung over his shoulder like that, as if he's done it before.

I would classify this guy as a herb if he sees nothing wrong with this picture. Otherwise, he's a garden variety beta asking "how high" when his girlfriend tells him to jump.

Reader Mailbag: Flakes, Snakes and Alpha Male Tales

CH · 20 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1:

> I am currently seeing a girl who I like to invite over to my place to have some fun.
>
> She often follows through, but at the last minute she flakes or attempts to make changes to my plans. Recently, she's done this 3 days in a row.
>
> I don't get angry, but I don't budge when she asks me, for example, to go out of my way to meet her downtown to hang out with her and her gay friend at the last fucking minute.
>
> I told her that I couldn't make it, and that I needed two weeks' notice before we changed any plans from here on out.
>
> At this point, I'm going to be super lazy at responding to her texts.
>
> What do I do to straighten this thing out?
>
> Ed

What we know: Girls flake when your alpha gravity pull is weak. She's keeping her options open. Think of flaking as a whoreschach test of your mettle — the more you acquiesce to her flakiness, or seem to tolerate it, the more beta you appear. She's flaked on you three days in a row? This means you attempted to set something up repeatedly in the teeth of three straight disses of your masculinity. Rat-a-tat, alpha down flat! Remember, your time is always worth more than her time. Why behave as if just the opposite is the working premise?

As for not meeting her downtown with her BGBF, well, that's the minimum threshold of expected spine-stiffened behavior. Don't pat yourself on the back too hard.

Here's what I recommend: Stop trying to make plans with her. That should be step number one. It sounds like she's still texting you out of the blue, so that means she wants to keep you active in her pool of prospects. How does it feel being a third stringer to a disrespectful ego-inflated bitch? Not very alpha, eh? Good. Now take that feeling and turn it into beneficial asshole game. Don't respond to her texts for a week. When you do respond, keep it short and serrated:

"Hey blabby girl, gotta go. talk later."

Of course you won't be talking later. Wait another week. Ignore any of her texts in the interim. After that (if she's still texting), text her back with this (ignoring whatever was the substance of her text):

"Drinks at 8 at X. Be there by yourself. yr buying 1st round."

If she balks, don't reply. Think of this as the textual equivalent of a backturn. Write her off, or, if you're a particularly cheeky sort of fellow, fuck around with her everytime she texts in the future:

"Still texting? Come over. I got a new couch I want to fuck you on"

"You're annoying"

"Stop wasting my text plan"

"gay"

"titty fucking. love it or hate it?"

***

Email #2:

> I've been seeing this girl for a year. We live together and I've still got hand. Her during sex two weeks ago: "If you hit me this time use your left hand, the left side of my face hurts from last time." I'm still flirting with other girls near her, etc.
>
> Two days ago she tells me that a guy that used to be really mean to her when they worked together emailed her out of the blue (apparently they never hooked up) . He said when they worked together three years ago he actually liked her. She wanted to know what she should write back. My antenna tingled. I played it cool and insinuated he was a weirdo but she still wrote him back a short message.
>
> She didn't say anything else about it. Last night we were at a bar and she was blowing up with texts. I checked her phone and it was the guy. He isn't very slick, but since she seems to be eating it up, I'm concerned. He is already hinting he'll come visit her this summer (we're going to be in separate cities). I'd like to squash this, any suggestions for my next move?
>
> Other facts: This guy is 2,000 miles away now so they haven't done anything yet. She is leaving in a week and will be gone for the summer. Right now, she doesn't know that I know this guy been texting her.
>
> ST

Sounds like you've got an ingenue on your hands. This type of girl will coordinate the attentions of multiple men in order to ensure she gets access to the maximum amount of resources. Think Carla Bruni. (Until recently, that is. Poor Carla has hit the wall badly, so she will no longer be playing her game of roll out the cock carpet.) When a girl starts waxing soap operatically to you about some random dude out of the blue, it means one of two things — she's coaxing a jealous reaction out of you so you'll give her more attention and love, or she's musing about cheating and/or leaving you and her inner thoughts are tumbling out of her like a burp from a colicky baby.

First, this was a moment when you shouldn't have played it cool. A bit of the ol' ultrabadass would have done more good. No girl I'm dating for a year is going to get my permission, either directly or indirectly, to email an interloping male admirer. The way to answer your girlfriend's head games is with the dread of loss:

"Hey, great idea, you email your hard-up stalker, and I'll email my ex-girlfriend. Sound like a plan?"

She'll get the idea.

Unfortunately, she emailed him, and the result was an extended textplay. (If you remind yourself that wordplay to women is like a handjob to men, you'll be a little less tolerant of your girlfriend's phone blowing up with texts from another man.) What were you expecting? Girls live for this sort of multi-headed male attention. Your operating assumption from this point forward should be that she will cheat with him if they ever get together. And that she is completely untrustworthy. You may want to run the Door Pattern on her before she leaves on her trip. I wouldn't confront her about the texts, as this will only make you appear a jealous low-value lover. I'd just insinuate that the upcoming time apart would mean a lot of exhilarating freedom for the two of you, and that any funny stuff that you find out about means you are out the door for good.

~~~

ST emailed me a followup a few days later, after I had already written my reply to his first email above:

> Well R, it looks like this is definitely over. She sent him an eight paragraph email. I had four words, "I'm kinda seeing someone." Then there was an entire paragraph about meeting up after she leaves for the summer. She's been extra careful about her phone and now never leaves it around. But strangely she is acting sweeter toward me than ever. I've never had so much PDA and baked goods, what's up with that?
>
> It hasn't happened yet, but it's like seeing a wrecking ball arc toward a building: there is time before it happens, but it will definitely happen.
>
> In any case, any ideas for a good way to break this off with a bang?
~~~

Me: "Your operating assumption from this point forward should be that she will cheat with him if they ever get together. And that she is completely untrustworthy."

Called it. Am I good or what?

I'm not surprised that she is piling on the PDA and feminine sweetness now that her gig is about to blow up. I wrote about this phenomenon in this post about a girl whose best fuck I had with her occurred the day before we broke up.

> The afternoon before the breakup we had the best sex ever. She orgasmed freely. There is something about breakup sex that brings out the animal in women. Perhaps it is the only time they can completely sever their emotions from sex and just let their vaginas take over with a man they trust. Or maybe it's a last hurrah. I felt used for my body.

I'll add that guilt can drive a woman to feminine accommodation of the man she has cheated on, or is thinking of cheating on. Particularly if she has had second thoughts and decided that you are a higher value male than the long distance lover. Anyhow, the way I would initiate breakup sequence is with maximum pain and humiliation inflicted. By that I mean, get caught fucking another girl. When your beloved lashes out in fury and anguish, calmly reply:

"I thought you were OK with this. After all, this chick isn't the only whore I'm fucking."

***

Email #3:

> Hey…..I've been a long time reader of yours and wanted to ask a quick q. – I apologize if you have addressed this issue already…I just couldn't locate the relevant post. Anyhoo here goes:
>
> When a girl you are flirting with mentions/boasts about previous erotic encounters with alphas e.g "And then I met this total hottie in Paris who blew my mind" or "This reminds me of that argentinean tango dancer I had a fling with once", how is one supposed to respond? Should it be completely ignored or should one maybe try to counterattack by casually mentioning real or even fictitious encounters with hot girls?
>
> Thanks for your time
>
> D

Classic beta bait. Subconsciously, this is one ploy that a girl will use to take the measure of your manhood. If you show any indignation, hurt, or jealousy, you fail. If you attempt to counterattack with your own hot lover tale, you risk looking try-hard. The way to handle these "alpha male ex machina" (AMEM) shit tests is either through humor or disregard.

"And then I met this total hottie in Paris who blew my mind…"

"You slept with a gay man? Damn, must've been a helluva dry spell."

—

"This reminds me of that Argentinean tango dancer I had a fling with once…"

"Wow, I've gotta poop."

—

"This reminds me of that Argentinean tango dancer I had a fling with once…"

"Use em and lose em, that's my motto too!"

—

You could parry the AMEM with an AFEM of your own, as long as you do it right. For example:

“This reminds me of that Argentinean tango dancer I had a fling with once…”

“Hey, if we’re gonna trade sex stories from our past, I’ve got a really good one for you. So there was this cute girl and her mom, and a camera hidden in the closet behind a peephole…”

Why Game Will Continue To Be Relevant

CH · 21 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reason One

Money is becoming less important as a male attractiveness criterion for women. Note that this doesn't mean women don't prefer richer men than themselves; what it means is that more women are making good money and thus the pool of higher income men is smaller than it was in the past. Since women are incessantly driven by their genetic algorithm to seek a higher status mate than themselves, they will respond to culturally imposed shifts in mate quality by evaluating men based on whichever attractiveness traits signal the men's higher status. As money becomes relatively less important at signaling male status, other criteria will emerge to take its place, such as looks, charm, thuggishness and…. wait for it….

game.

Reason Two

Marriage is on the outs. Wives are being encouraged to dump their husbands, and men are rethinking the wisdom of getting hitched. As falling rates of marriage soak up fewer young single women, men will have more unencumbered pussy to plunder, and they'll do it with… wait for it…

game.

Reason Three

Chicks dig it.

This Is How It Starts

CH · 21 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The making of an Entitled American Princess:

Notice how she's using the bathroom sink as a makeshift pedestal.

(much love finefantastic!)

Hilarious Interview With Mayor Of Johannesburg About Upcoming World Cup

CH · 22 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

See it here.

“If the public transport was any good would you use it?”

“Absolutely, absolutely.”

“So you admit that it’s not?”

□

It just gets worse better from there.

Update: Miranda Kerr Doesn't Follow Her Own Advice

CH · 24 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader who requested anonymity sent me some background information on Miranda Kerr.

> You probably don't have many Aussie readers, since they would gleefully point out that Miranda doesn't take her own advice.
>
> This guy ripped off and lied to her family, just like everyone else around him. Miranda likes the bad boys too.
>
> Search for "Adrian Camilleri" on Google and you'll find a wealth of shit.

Hey, chicks dig the dark triad.

I wonder if Adrian bought her the right size in between the time he spent stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars from her family? Or maybe it was his diligence at finding a babysitter on those nights when he was taking some time off lying to everyone around him? Perhaps he was good at connecting with her… deeply, so deeply… during moments away from being an über douche master of the universe?

Aaaaannd, take it away, commenters!

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Relationship Advice From A Supermodel

CH · 24 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

An Australian supermodel, Miranda Kerr, has put together a list of tips men should follow to keep their women happy and their relationships strong. *(Article courtesy of reader J.N.)*

> Kerr revealed her top 10 romance tips to readers of AskMen.com, who voted her most desirable Australian woman in the world. They are:
>
> 1. Buy the right size
> 2. Listen to her
> 3. Connect with her
> 4. Know what you want
> 5. Don't be afraid to show her love
> 6. Tell her she is beautiful and romance her
> 7. Get a baby sitter
> 8. Be healthy
> 9. Pamper her
> 10. Treat her like a goddess

Fascinating! In the interest of generous reciprocation, I offer my list of Chateau-approved tips for women to help keep the romance alive in their relationships.

1. Spend his money to buy yourself clothes in the right size. Men like it when they are made to feel like dutiful ATMs.

2. Talk to him. Constantly.

3. Connect with him emotionally. Sex should be an afterthought to connection.

4. Know what you want from him.

5. Don't be afraid to withdraw love. Men like to chase.

6. Tell him he is your best friend. Punctuate with warm hug and three pats on the back.

7. Get a baby sitter so that he may spend lots of money on you at fancy restaurants and the theater so that you return home too tired for sex.

8. Be healthy. Duh. This needed its own tip?

9. Ignore him.

10. Treat him like a therapist… who also happens to be penis-less.

~~~

Naturally, Chateau decorum insists on the utmost adherence to sarcasm when the moment calls for it. This was on of those moments. The lovely Miranda Kerr's list may as well have been titled "Top 10 Romance Tips for Men Who are Already Alpha Enough to Afford Handicapping Their Attractiveness", or perhaps "Bottom 10 Romance Tips for Beta Males Who Yearn for the Closure of Being Dumped".

Similarly, my list would work great for 9s and 10s who are dating men so grateful to be with them that the men will put up with all sorts of shit. For the rest of womankind, my romance tips would have any man with a shred of
~~~

dignity and a molecule of testosterone left in his sack running for the hills.

Kerr's list — and just about all female relationship advice — neatly demonstrates one of the Chateau's maxims:

CR Maxim #57: Never trust a woman's advice on how to please women. Her advice is designed for alpha men she already finds attractive and from whom she seeks signals of attainability and commitment.

Corollary to Maxim #57: A woman's sex and relationship advice isn't meant to help men; it's meant to distract men from what really works to turn women on.

Sexual Experience Is Overrated

CH · 25 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For women, that is. Men can never have too much sexual experience.

The following conversation I had with Silverback in the City Zeets will explain why.

~~~

Zeets: I'm pretty sure she's only been with one other guy her whole life.

Me: Is she a virgin?

Zeets: Not a virgin… technically. But emotionally she may as well be. She has almost no experience with men.

Me: Hard to believe there are women like her outside of rural areas still in existence.

Zeets: She's a foreigner from [a less developed European country].

Me: Bingo.

Zeets: The first time, she didn't know what she was doing. It's like I was back in high school. I tried to maneuver for the kill shot, but she kept her legs shut tight. I had to physically pry them apart. As I'm inching in, she's squeaking like a mouse. "Ow ow ow", she's saying. I'm like, "Uh, ok, you've gotta relax here, otherwise this isn't going to work."

Me: Then what?

Zeets: Then she's telling me to close all the blinds and blow out the candles. She likes the room pitch black. I guess it was because she was uncomfortable with me seeing her naked body in the lights. She's got the bedsheets pulled right up to her chin.

Me: But she has a nice body. Doesn't she know that?

Zeets: I know, tell me about it, but remember this girl is like a teenager fumbling around in the back seat of a car. She's self-conscious. She doesn't know what the fuck she's doing. Eventually, we did do it, but it wasn't good. She was too uptight, barely moved at all, and the endless foreplay pooped me out.

Me: That was over a month ago. You're still with her.

Zeets: Yeah, we've done it a few more times since then. I was worried that she might have a weird psychological hangup about sex… maybe a religious thing?… but then it started getting better. She listened to my instructions, and followed orders well. Sex got better. She really loosened up.

Me: She got comfortable with you.

Zeets: Now she's presenting like a red-assed chimp. She is truly loving in bed, totally getting into it. Sex has gotten even better with her than with some other women who knew what they were doing on the first date. Still need to work on proper blowjob technique, though.

~~~

Sluts may know what they're doing the first time without much prompting from you, but sexually inexperienced girls who have been allowed to blossom into full, exuberant womanhood under your caring tutelage and by your steady temperament are the true prize, the holy grail.

It is a myth that sexually inexperienced girls are sexually repressed girls. Some are, but most of them are simply choosier than their sluttier sisters. It is more fulfilling to have a girl release with you, than to have her come pre-released by a battalion of men before you.

Two Words Women Love To Hear

CH · 26 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was speaking with a woman of considerable savviness in matters of male-female socializing. I wanted to know how to deal with a situation that required tip-toeing the line between candor and deceit. This is the advice she gave me.

ME: So this girl that I think is cute asks me if the girl she saw me with is my girlfriend. I don't want to say yes and risk blowing my chances out of the water. I don't want to say no, either, because I know women are more attracted to men when those men are getting love from other women. And a "no" would have been a lie, anyhow. So I was thinking about saying something close to the truth that also leaves the door open for continued flirting and possible future hooking up. Something along the lines of, "Well, we're going through a rough patch now. Hard to say how it will turn out. We're discussing a trial separation."

GIRL BUDDY: Ugh, no.

ME: Why?

GIRL BUDDY: Too much explaining. By the time you're finished with that I'm thinking "Wow, sorry I asked!"

ME: You got something better?

GIRL BUDDY: Just say, "It's complicated."

ME: "It's complicated." And that's it?

GIRL BUDDY: That's all you need. When a girl hears "it's complicated", she gets inside her head guessing about what you mean. That's the place you want her to be if you want a shot with her.

ME: What if she follows up by asking me what I mean?

GIRL BUDDY: She won't. Most girls understand that "it's complicated" is code for "don't ask me any more questions about it". And you know girls love mystery, so they're not going to ruin a good mystery by trying to solve it.

~~~

So there you go gentlemen. "It's complicated." Commit it to memory and deploy liberally. With some field practice, I've discovered that "it's complicated" can serve as a useful stand-in for all sorts of scenarios you may find yourself in with a girl. It's a go-to answer for all kinds of questions, not just the ones pertaining to your relationship status.

GIRL: So are you dating anyone right now?

YOU: It's complicated.

***

GIRL: Just how many girls have you been with?

YOU: It's complicated.

***

GIRL: What are you looking for?

YOU: It's complicated.

***

GIRL: Will you buy me a drink?
~~~

YOU: It’s complicated.

***

GIRL: You’re not going to try to stick it in my ass tonight, are you?

YOU: It’s complicated.

GIRL: *swoon*

The Unbearable Triteness Of Hating

CH · 27 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

After three years doing this blog a wearisome predictability in types of hate becomes apparent. The unoriginal uniformity of the hate is its most intriguing feature, as it makes one wonder whether humans come preinstalled with mindware that executes in scripted patterns when certain sensitive buttons are pushed, or if the haters all gather in a secret Hatesonic Temple under the Capitol building to agree upon an approved suite of category hateration.

In the interest of advancing a sociological experiment for the benefit of my amusement alone, I've made a compendium of the typical incantations of hate directed at game and at those of us, like yer 'umble narrator, who preach the Good Word of Game. Below each hate archetype I've helpfully included my mischievously glib responses to illustrate the empty-headedness of the hate.

1. "Bitter Beta" Hate

Hater: You are a bitter misogynist.

Translation: Your words make me weep from every pore.

2. Expectation Bias Hate

Hater: No one who writes the horrible things you do could possibly do well with women.

Back in Genghis Khan's day, haters were known to remark "no one who crushes as many enemies as you do could possibly do well with women."

3. Moving the Alpha Goalposts Hate

Hater: A real alpha male would be married and raising children as his legacy.

Alphaness required to marry the typical girl and knock her up: minimal.

Alphaness required to avoid the raw deal of marriage and the fun-hindering ballast of children while enjoying the love of many women in long term relationships: sniff my jock strap!

4. StrawHate

Hater: You argue a false alpha/beta dichotomy.

What part of dregs –> lesser omega –> greater omega –> lesser beta –> beta –> greater beta –> lesser alpha –> alpha –> super alpha don't you understand? (Please note the date stamp of that post.)

5. Etymology Hate

Hater: Your definition of an alpha male is false. In the animal kingdom, the alpha male is leader of the pack, not a cad/badboy/jerk who pumps and dumps women.

Isn't it just like a nerd to get hysterical over the appropriation of a narrow-sense scientific term to conveniently illustrate broader truths about men and women.

6. Unironic Internet Smear Hate

Hater: Alphas don't blog. They're too busy meeting women.

Because, you know, alphas don't have hobbies. *alpha eye roll*

ps feel free to log off the internet any time.

7. The Political is Personal Hate

Hater: A true alpha lives the life, and does not neurotically obsess about his status on an internet blog.

Other than in a facetious fashion, I don't think I've ever written about my own status, neurotically or otherwise, on this blog. Instead, I simply speak the truth about the world as it is, and give advice about attracting women that has worked for me and many other men. People who are offended by that decide I must be revealing my inner neuroses and obsessions, for any other explanation would surely pucker their sphincters. These people are best suited for careers as buttplug testers.

8. False Premises Hate

Hater: Yeah, sure, game works well for picking up low self-esteem bar skanks.

A great deal of hate is fueled by false premises. Concocting convenient scenarios, imagining the worst of your enemies, and reinterpreting their successes are a salve for the burned ego. Newsflash: your thin-skinned indignation is not my moral crisis.

9. Lifestyle Critique Hate

Hater: You live an empty existence if all you do is have one night stands with sluts.

Some people imagine that because I write about seducing women that must mean I strictly counsel avoiding long term loving relationships in favor of purely physical short term flings. These people are wrong. But they knew that. Of course, that doesn't mean there's something wrong with the occasional no muss no fuss empty sexual encounter.

10. Gay Love For John Wayne Hate

Hater: If you're not a leader of men, you're not an alpha.

I'm sure every male celebrity and emo punk singer drowning in pussy is crying bitter tears that he does not have the alpha imprimatur of Real Men of Stoicism bootlickers like yourself.

11. Rape Hate

Hater: Rape! Rapety-rape!

When all you have is a desiccated, dusty muff, the whole world looks like an unwelcome phallus.

12. Fallacy of Misdirected Obsession Hate

Hater: A guy who spends his life obsessing over how to get women is a loser.

A guy who spends his life obsessing over climbing the corporate ladder to get more attention from women is a loser.
A guy who spends his life obsessing over mastering guitar and playing in a rock band to get more attention from women is a loser.
A guy who spends his life obsessing over pursuing financial rewards and acquiring resources to get more attention from women is a loser.
A guy who….. ah, you get the point.

13. Fallacy of the Natural Hate

Hater: Naturals get women because they aren't trying to get them.

After many years of practice, I'm sure it looked like Beethoven wasn't trying when he played piano.
Or: A natural is simply a man whose game is internalized, but the tactics remain the same.

14. Just Be Yourself Hate

Hater: Game is fake.

Game is no less fake than any other self-improvement pursuit to which a man might set himself in order to move upward from his natural inertial state.

15. Victimology Hate

Hater: You're using game to manipulate women and control their minds.

In other news, losing 20 pounds was discovered to grant formerly chubby girls strange hypnotic powers over the minds of men. Feeling manipulated, men took to the streets en masse to demand relief from their attraction to these newly slender girls.

16. Dancing Monkey Hate

Hater: Men who run game are just doing the bidding of women. Alphas don't entertain women.

If you want success with women, you are going to have to entertain them… one way or the other. The same is true of women. Once a woman stops entertaining men with her body, her femininity, and her commitment worthiness by getting fat, old, ugly, bitchy, or single mom-y, she stops having success with men. We are all doing the bidding of our biomechanical overlord, and on our knees to his will we surrender, by force or by choice. You fool yourself if you believe you have some plenary indulgence from this stark reality.
Or: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

17. Voyeur Hate

Hater: You're lying about the women you've had. Where are the photos?

I remember having a conversation with a buddy about this, where I mused aloud about what delicious fun it would be if I went nuclear and posted on this blog erotic jpegs of the women I've been with (hi blogger chicks!) over the past three years, (excepting those lovely ladies whose privacy I value more than the others), just to enjoy the exquisite paroxysms of cognitive dissonance that would rattle the souls of the haters who have spent so much mental energy comforting themselves with caricatures of me. He said not to bother. He explained that I could have pics of me facialing a slew of cuties and the haters would still find some excuse for not believing their own eyes. In other words, haters gon' hate. Let them stew.

Unplugging A Girl From Her iPod

CH · 28 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Byron writes:

> Reformed “nice guy” here with some feedback and solution to a problem I’ve not yet seen in your experience.
>
> Your blog so succinctly highlights the disparity between what women *say* they want and what turns them on. A crucial distinction that your haters fail to grasp. Sure (most) women *want* a beta provider but the best fuck doesn’t come after vacuuming the lounge room floor on a Saturday afternoon. It should be obvious to all but the most deluded denialists that this isn’t a rigid dichotomy but a perfect LTR partner can combine both to raise a brood and resist enough shit tests to maintain dignity and remain attractive.
>
> Today I finally solved a common problem affecting this urban PUA – separating a woman (an easy 8 in this case) from her iPod. She sat next to me on the bus carrying a fashion bag with a label, blithely plugged into her pod. I casually pulled out my phone to “check Facebook” and after a few moments of indifference, gave her a lascivious look up and down and interrupted her with “Hey, what’s that store name on your bag ?”
>
> She unplugged to tell me and I replied “I’m just going to pick out your new season’s wardrobe.” I was rewarded with a brief grimace, she plugged back in and she spent the next few minutes alternating glances between me and the store’s webpage. The bus ride was too short for any close but it was a good chance for some nonverbal game (smiles, raised eyebrows, nods, rolling eyes at the lingerie page) and I had successfully won her attention. Negs, common interest, rapport, innuendo, all in a packed bus with nary a word spoken.

This isn’t a half bad pickup opener to use on girls on buses and subways. It looks a little disjointed on paper, but I can see this working in the field with the right facial expressions. Logistics would have to be favorable as well; you’d need to be sitting or standing next to the girl. The neg as opener is also a favored tactic of mine.

The bigger theme here is how to get the attention of girls who are essentially deaf to the outside world thanks to their use of personal media players. Walk down any street in the city on any given day and at least half the hotties you pass will either be zoned out with headphones in their ears or tappity-tapping away text messages on their phones. And I’m guilty of this too. I can hardly walk a few blocks without using my iPod to listen to Earth, Wind and Fire. The PMP revolution has been both a blessing and a curse for the urban womanizing warrior. Obviously, it makes it more difficult to grab a girl’s attention, but it also provides a DHV opportunity for the enterprising player who is willing and able to disarm the iPod obstacle. After all, the iPod has probably accounted for a 50% reduction in hookups because of all the men cockblocked by its presence. It’s every single girl’s substitute father figure brandishing a shotgun in your face.

It makes sense to think of iPods as the equivalent of cockblocks. Address the iPod first and disarm it. Make a nonverbal gesture with your hand to your ear signaling the girl to remove her earpiece. That’s one way to unplug her so she can hear you. Another way is to simply talk loudly enough so that the girl will be able to hear you over the dulcet tones of Karen O. Most girls will unplug if they think someone is trying to talk to them.

Opening girls who are walking down the sidewalk with iPods is more difficult. You’ve only got a brief window to catch her attention and she’s not going to hear you until you’re right on top of her. Nonverbally signaling her as you and her close distance is an option, but most girls are not going to remove their earpieces because some random dude walking toward them is gesturing for them to do so. You’d have to instead make strong eye contact and open your mouth as if you’re about to say something, as if you’re a tourist about to ask for directions. This is probably the most elegant way to cajole a girl to unplug so that she may fall victim to experience the full joy of your player charms.

Great Scenes Of Game In Music

CH · 29 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter walawala posted a link to an annotated video of Robbie Williams running game on a talk show audience during a live performance of one of his songs.

BT = Buying Temperature, or how badly a chick tingles for you.

Now naturally Williams is a rock star on stage, so he's DHVing through the roof as is and probably doesn't need all that much game to begin with, but as noted in the annotation, he's not well-known in America, so the risk of bombing on stage was present. It looks to me like he successfully employed classic game techniques and won the audience — and super alpha Simon Cowell — over. (Or, more accurately, he disarmed super alpha Simon Cowell.) Good find, walawala.

The song is pretty good, too.

Double Bagger

CH · 30 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Zeets phoned in from the bowels of DC.

“They passed this law that puts a five cent fee on each bag you use at a store. The city’s already made something like $150K off it.”

“Leftie fascists.”

“So I’m standing in line at Giant and don’t have a reusable bag with pictures of basil on it because I’m not a fag. The herb in front of me doesn’t have a reusable bag either. When the cashier asks if he needs a bag he hangs his head down in shame and sheepishly says yes. He couldn’t make eye contact with anyone.”

“So this is the new SWPL status signal, the reusable bag?”

“I hate them all. Anyhow, there’s a line of fifteen yuppies behind me. The cashier asks if I need a bag. With my head held high I proudly say ‘Yes, I want a bag. And double bag the milk.’”

“I like the use of the word ‘want’ instead of ‘need’. Very sly.”

“Thank you. I made sure to scan the line when I said it. I wanted those herbs to cower in fear.”

“Did you grunt a little for emphasis?”

“There was a genital display as well. When you walk down the streets here all the shamed-faced hipsters with plastic bags try to hide them in their coats or behind their backs so people don’t notice. This country needs a good, cleansing total war.”

Would You Intervene To Help A Woman Getting Abused By A Lover?

CH · 1 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

OneSTDV has an interesting post up about an ABC TV show which conducted a social experiment to determine if strangers would help an obviously beaten woman in a public restaurant when her violent boyfriend shows up. Actors played the roles of the abused girlfriend and the abusive boyfriend. A bunch of clackety clacking hens over at Feministing clucked up a storm when two of the pairings demonstrated a contrast in how the public responded to the bruised actress in distress. In the first mock scenario, the woman was dressed conservatively. A white knight rushed to her defense. In the second mock scenario, the bruised woman was dressed sluttily, showing lots of cleavage. No one stepped up to help her, men or women. The fembots harrumphed that this proves that people perceive slutty women as “asking for it”.

OneSTDV’s explanation was this:

> I disagree. I’d wager the different reactions stem from a lack of respect commensurate with the girlfriend’s sexual openness. The other patrons’ responses reflect the existence of a number of indicators of status and class. Provocative dress implies a sexual luridness most middle aged persons find deplorable.

OneSTDV is closer to the truth here than are the fembots, although their competing explanations are not that different and could be mostly semantical. A woman perceived as low class because of slutty dress evokes a general feeling among onlookers that she is “asking for it”. The perception of low class leading to a belief that she is complicit in her suffering is not a broken path of reasoning. People of each sex do judge sluts more harshly because there is a human tendency to withhold empathy from losers who can’t even respect themselves. Naturally, a fembot would screech “why is dressing like a slut synonymous with being a loser?”. Not every slut is the female equivalent of the emotional tampon beta male loser, but the parallels are striking. Both must barter their most precious resource to get any attention from people of the opposite sex they most desire.

To answer the title of this post, I would not intervene to help an abused woman. My thinking on this is crystal clear: she chose to be with the abuser. I know that any help I may offer would be for naught as the next day she would run back to her thug lover for more of the same flirty flurry of blows.

There’s a lesson here. You can’t get something for nothing. If women want the assistance of white knights, they need to behave in a manner that is indicative of women who deserve the help of white knights. Which means not choosing and sticking around with Joe Uppercut as the welts accumulate so a pussy itch can be satisfied. And it definitely means not having a kid with him.

Rihanna balked.

Dating Traps

CH · 1 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally, after you have been dating a girl for a few weeks, she will ask if you are seeing other girls.

This is the worst sort of beta bait because it is so innocuous sounding. What man wouldn't want to reassure a girl he is dating that she's the only one for him? Most betas will chomp down on stinky bait like this so hungrily that it will cause the girl to second guess whether she is high enough in dating market value that she can safely leave the guy for better prospects.

BETA: Nooo baby, I'm not dating anyone else. I wouldn't even think of dating anyone else while I'm with you. I really like you. All I can think about is you. *[Gentle shoulder grab and big, wet eyes.]*

GIRL'S SUPEREGO: Oh, that's good to hear. *[GIRL'S ID: Tool.]*

Your job, as a man who routinely dates quality women, is to never let her ego convince her that she is too good to be dating you. The best way to do this is simply to not fail her status ascertaining shit tests.

Beta bait and shit tests are similar concepts with some notable distinctions. Shit tests occur with the most regularity and intensity during early game, and at times when the relationship is on the skids. They are normally loaded up front to help the girl quickly take the measure of your alphaness. Beta bait happens at any time while dating a girl, and are spread out evenly in a relationship as a sort of low level boyfriend diagnosis script.

Shit tests are more obvious than beta bait, and thus easier to pass for men with excellent awareness of female hypergamy tactics. A shit test can be quite bold and shocking to newb ears and thus scare off lesser men, but the inveterate player always operates with the frame that shit tests and other assorted confusing and bitchy female behavior are an *opportunity* rather than an obstacle to demonstrate his mate value. A girl who is giving you shit is a hell of a lot closer to sex with you than a girl who is indifferent to your existence.

Of the two, beta bait is by far more dangerous than shit tests. If you fail a shit test, you move on to the next girl within your field of view. Your pain is over quickly and time is saved for mining new whore. But beta bait is subtler and more insidious; you may not even recognize you're being baited until she's screaming "HALF!" and the kid suddenly doesn't look like you anymore.

But what truly makes beta bait so devilish is that the girl doesn't even have to know she is baiting you. In fact, it is a mistake to think most girls are aware of their hypergamous status testing. Some are, particularly the heavily made-up club regulars who delight in frustrating men with sassy snark pulled from a crib sheet of well-worn bitchitudes. (I remember this one girl who used to say *"take a picture, it'll last longer"* to just about every man she caught checking her out. I wonder what her line will be when she's 35? "Take my picture, please"?) But most girls aren't aware of how their female nature operates. To a girl, tossing out beta bait is as unconscious an act as a man chubbing out when admiring a perfectly rounded ass.

It doesn't matter whether the bloody chum slips off the boat's deck unsupervised, or if it's tossed into the water with joyful gusto; you must resist biting into it regardless how tempting it is. Shit tests have less room for error. You fail the first shit test and you may as well write her off. In contrast, beta bait isn't pass or die; you can safely take the bait occasionally without dooming your relationship, but you should aim for a pass rate of 75%. Once you start latching onto beta bait 50% or more of the time, your days as a man she desires to fuck are numbered.

Back to the original scenario, here is an example of how to resist the bait:

HER: I dunno… maybe. But if we do this I have to know you aren't seeing other girls.

ENLIGHTENED YOU: Naturally. *kiss*

Note here that you aren't sappily proclaiming your undying loyalty to the girl, while still easing her mind a little that

(perhaps!) she is the only one you are dating. When you must give a girl an answer to something that reeks of beta bait, agree with her without *super* agreeing with her, if you catch my meaning. Sexy alpha answers nimbly dance the semantical line between truth, evasiveness, and provocativeness. Succinctness is always better than loquaciousness. Informality always beats formality. Hints are preferable to straight answers. Is this patronizing to girls? It sure is, and they wouldn't have it any other way.

What Did I Do Wrong?

CH · 2 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

We have a new series called “What did I do wrong?” here at the Chateau. You write in with a sad tale of chumpery describing where you went wrong with a girl(s), and Chateau proprietors explain your mistake and offer advice on how similar situations should be handled in the future.

Joe writes:

> Last night I was at a concert taking place in an open field with some friends. We were having a great time when literally the hottest chick I have ever seen in my life (that’s saying a lot) comes up to me and asks where the bathroom is. In retrospect, I feel like I could’ve used game and salvaged the night. Anyway, here’s how the conversation went. If you could, let me know where I went wrong. I had absolutely no idea what to do in this situation:
>
> HER: Hey, do you know where the bathroom is.
>
> ME: (pointing to the farthest possible porto potty about two football fields away). It’s right over there.
>
> HER: (stares into the distance for a good five seconds) Are you kidding me? My friends told me there was one over here.
>
> ME: I am dead fucking serious. Your friends must have lied.
>
> She leaves and takes my dignity with her.

Joe, one thing I don’t get from your story — were you deceptively pointing her in the direction of a bathroom that was at the farthest distance possible? Or was that really the closest bathroom to your location? If the former, then your game was weak, unless it was a ruse to join her on the long trek and attempt a pre-void pickup.

Where you went wrong: calling her friends liars. Better to have said her friends must be playing a joke on her. Harsh terms like “lie” are too negative to toss around in a serious manner during early game. A better answer would be more playful, e.g.:

HER: Are you kidding me? My friends told me there was one over here.

ME: Maybe they meant that big oak tree over there? I’ll cover for you.

The chick had to go to the bathroom, so you wouldn’t have had much time to game her even if you could pickup faster than she can remember her full bladder. And girls aren’t in a receptive frame of mind when they have to pee. Multiply that unreceptiveness tenfold if she’s turtling.

The obvious solution to your quandary would have been to join her on the long walk to the faraway toilets. Tell her you’ll walk with her because you’ve got to head in that direction anyhow. Unless she has an instant revulsion to you, she will agree to let you walk with her, and now you’ve got two football fields worth of distance to amp up any nascent attraction. Try not to make potty jokes. A girl never feels less attractive than right after giving birth or just before dropping a deuce. No need to remind her of that.

******

“F” writes:

> I am a huge fan of your work. It has changed the way i look at women. This is the first time i send you an email. I’d like to submit (or elevate!) to your attention an email exchange i had with a girl i recently met only once, about a month ago. Since the first meeting (more details below) we have been emailing back and forth and the interaction has developed on a purely virtual basis. no follow up meet has happened yet. Clearly some

bits of my interactions reek of beta-ness but i've tried to inject game in this exchange and to adjust the aim during the process. I have applied some game knowledge which seems to have kept the interaction alive (as expected) but i have arrived at a bit of a crossroads. She seems somehow intrigued by me but not enough to push it to the next level.

Background: I have met this solid 8.5, eternal ingenue type, at a bar in a business environment. After being introduced by a mutual acquaintance we start chatting and i immediately steer the conversation into non business related matters, completely skipping the "what do you do" thing, and specifically teasing her in this respect, asking her to stop pitching her business to me (we just swap cards) and started tenuously qualifying her. After maybe 5 minutes of interaction, she introduces me to some business associates of hers (she works for a law firm my firm does business with) and goes back talking to her other colleagues, leaving me alone with the associates she introduced me to. After some polite conversation with her associates i leave the venue (completely ignoring her). She emails me the following day. the interaction starts at the [top].

My question to you is: Is there a way i can improve my email game with this particular person? What would you have done if you were in my shoes and most importantly, how would you take it from here? How can you - in general- generate an initial attraction/intrigue via email? as practitioner of day game, it happens quite often that the initial buying temperature after the number close is still very low and needs to be increased via texting or email…otherwise it might be difficult to get her not to be flakey.

looking forward to your reply If you ever decide to publish this exchange on your website (which you are welcome to do), I would kindly request you not to disclose my name nor anything that could compromise my or her identity (although i have already tried to edit out all the relevant details).

Thanks a million

F

P.S. my comments are in brackets <…>

HER: <this is the first email of the interaction…her self esteem seemed irked by my leaving the venue without homaging her with my attention>

Hi F,
Nice meeting you last night. Unfortunate that we didn't get a chance to chat more, I turned around and you were gone – were you bored by my colleagues or just the <her firm's name> pitch?
Cheers,
<her name>

ME:
 Well, to be honest, I was bored by both (but I admit I also had to run to meet some friends). Its ok, you can make it up to me by taking me for a coffee sometimes..under one condition: no shop talk Ciao

HER:
Sure, happy to – how does your schedule look this/next wk?
Cheers, <her name>

ME:
I am free Friday, we can hang out after work. Cool?

HER:
I can't this Friday I am afraid (it's my birthday) – any other day perhaps?

ME: Happy birthday. I am around Saturday for early drinks, otherwise next week (not Monday, I am going to the racetrack in ZZZ).

HER: Would it be possible to meet next week? I am not feeling well..

ME: Well..I hope u didn't get sick on your b'day.
Let's meet wednesday at 7pm at <trendy neighborhood bar>

<She calls me 15 minutes before the meet and cancels claiming she had to work. I act unfazed and actually say "I don't care">

HER: <she immediately emails after the call apologizing again for the last minute cancellation>.
So sorry – I live in XXX so I'll drop you a line later and if you are out maybe we can grab a drink in that area?

ME: <after 20 minutes>
I doubt it, am not free later tonight. Maybe next time. Ciao.

HER: <immediately>
Sure. How was the racetrack in Zxxxxx by the way?

ME: <after 20 minutes> adrenalinic. that's what I need to wash away the week's inertia.

HER: <replies after 10 minutes> Very cool. Were you a spectator or a participant?

ME: <after a few hours>
Participant of course. I wouldn't bother to go all the way to zxxxxx to watch other people racing.

HER: <replies after 1 day>
Either way sounds like a lot of fun. How often do you go?

ME: <ignoring her question>
Yeah its one of the things I like to do. So…and what rocks your boat? Who are you?

HER:
Hmm, it kind of depends on my mood? Last wknd I indulged in a bit of self pampering with massage and facial on Saturday followed by an intense afternoon of horseback riding on Sunday..how long have you been racing?

ME:
I have been racing for a year or so…but my real passion is martial arts.
Hmm…our pursuits couldn't be more polarized. Leisurely Horseback riding, spa and massage…versus Car racing and martial arts…Relaxation vs adrenaline!
By the way I hope your employers pays you well because you still owe me the coffee from the beginning of this thread..and trust me, I am gonna pick a really super expensive coffee shop.

HER:
Chuckles – "leisure" horseback riding couldn't be farther from truth. I did the arena training last weekend – we are talking real 1500 lbs horsepower with a mind of its own..i want to be good enough one day to go to one of those working ranches and round a herd of wild cattle, that would be uber fun.
Yes yes coffee is overdue – do you like hot chocolate? I LOVE Caffé XYZ's hot coco con panna.

ME:
Gee..I've forgotten you're Texan…and a lawyer
So from 1 to 10 how adventurous are you?

HER:
 and you are from Ixxxx and a <my profession> guru except you don't like to shoptalk in your spare time (me neither).

Hard to rate b/c it depends on how you define and what you consider is adventurous? But I am definitely a believer of carpe diem. What fun do you hv planned for the wknd?

ME:
Oh dear… The definition of adventurous. Foggeddabboudid

Actually…let me give you an example:

> Tomorrow I am going with a few friends on a boat trip to XXX. Sea, Beach and (hopefully) sun… if you were to join me on a whim with such a short notice (vessel leaves at 10am sharp on pier 1, return in the afternoon) then I would consider you (on my scale), a robust 7, maybe even a probable 8. I would be more than impressed by your initiative, understanding and application of the spirit of the horatian carpe diem. Makes sense?
>
> HER:
> Sounds like a lot of fun (and thank you for the invitation) but I have horseback riding in the morning! I guess I'll just have to impress with my cupcakes or something…do you golf by any chance?
>
> ME (I reply after 2 weeks)
> I don't like cupcakes nor golf. Too bad.
>
> HER (replies immediately):
> Ouch going anywhere interesting for <local festivity> tomorrow?
>
> ME:
> Am in NY right now..am out with friends. I love the city this part of the year. Will be here till the weekend
>
> HER:
> Yes, NY is fab around this time of year. Enjoy..I heart NYC
>
> ME:
> am doing my best. This city never sleeps. What's your plan for <local festivity>?
>
> HER: Going to YYY <nearby tourist destination>, can't wait! Where abouts in NYC are you hanging out?
>
> ME:
> YYY? I strongly recommend staying in this hotel <url>. Stayed there last year.
> I am on my way back home now. Have to work tomorrow.
>
> HER:
> Thanks! Looks really pretty..

Your first mistake was not getting her home number. Swapping business cards, and hence email contact info, is too formal. A number exchange personalizes the pickup, and puts her on notice that you don't intend to treat her as a business associate.

Your second mistake was relying on email game to move the seduction forward. In fact, email communication is anhedonic. It will actually move you further from seduction once you're past the minimum threshold needed to set up a face to face date. Endless emailing is yappity yappy, and it's been noted many times here that girls prefer a little mystery in their men. Serial email rapport strips away mystery and makes you seem less manly with each email exchange that passes without a real life meeting transpiring. It bears mentioning as well that the longer you email the more likely you are to blurt something that lowers her buying temperature instead of raises it. Even the wittiest seducers will say something unattractive if enough words are spilled, and, unfair though it may be, to the mind of a woman one misstep can erase ten tingle amplifiers.

I included the entirety of your email exchange because, even though it is painfully tedious, I wanted the studio audience to see what "try-hard" looks like in all its morbid desperation. There is simply too much emailing going on here for a girl you haven't yet fucked, let alone haven't yet *met for a date*. Dude, no joke, I have had less total email communication with girls I have been fucking for a year.

Be that as it may, as email game goes, yours suffered from many unforced errors.

1. Too many smilies and question marks. A good rule of thumb when texting or emailing a girl is simply to refrain from using emoticons or question marks at all. Following this rule will help rewire your brain into mimicking the brain of an alpha.

2. You gave her too many free times to meet. You said you were free Friday, Saturday, and next week (except

Monday). That's too much available time for a busy man of the world. And it's best to avoid setting up first dates on weekend nights. She's not that important, yet.

3. When she flaked 15 minutes before the first date, that should have been it for her. Not worth your consideration. At the very least, stop the emailing. You should have been setting up this fucking date over the phone anyhow, not through email! Email is a girl's best friend because it gives her total freedom to respond when and how she likes. Email strips the pitch and timbre of your rumbling manly voice, and elevates her voice to equally persuasive footing. A girl needs to feel tension before feeling attraction, and you helpfully sucked the air out of any tension by allowing her to continue contacting you through email.

4. When she offered a second chance to meet later in the night, your reply sounded tinged with bitterness. "I doubt it" is not a good answer. A simple "maybe", and nothing else, would have sufficed to keep the interaction on life support.

5. Why are you rewarding a flaky girl with a long, drawn out conversation about racing and other assorted snippets from your life? Has she earned this attention from you? These are the things you share with a woman when you are gazing in her eyes and your hand is inching up her thigh.

6. You played a "1 to 10″ qualification game with a proven flake over email. You pulled the trigger too soon. Save that powerhouse stuff for an actual date.

7. Never use the words "oh dear" if you are a man. Not even in ironic self-awareness.

8. Let me get this straight. You invited a known last minute flake to take a boat ride with you. And you are showering her with these rewards… why? I'm not at all surprised she turned you down again with some excuse about horseback riding. She's got you exactly where she wants you — giving everything and getting nothing in return!

9. Your response to her second rejection (two weeks later!) was more bitterness. Don't you think she notices how abruptly your mood changes, from happy (if a bit strained) banter about boating to sullenness about not liking cupcakes or golf? And a two week delay makes it seem like you were stewing the whole time, for what man with a full schedule is going to remember what some chick said about cupcakes two weeks ago? Again, when spurned by a gameplaying woman, the best answer is short, noncommittal, and emotionally neutral. You neither like nor dislike. Make her guess what you're thinking.

10. And in the end you give a flake the URL for a hotel you recommend. She gets her ego pumped up, and some helpful advice, all for the low low cost of…… no snatch for you! Despite their cheery smiles and sympathetic eyes, girls really do not respect men who give of themselves without taking anything in return. She wants you to take her pussy, and to do it with the minimal investment possible. Congratulations, sir, you are her personal LJBF beta orbiter.

Stop emailing her, she is a lost cause. If she emails you first, wait a few days before responding *with a phone call*. Do not reference anything she wrote. Act as if her words are merely a medium to enable your masculine essence to reach into the depth of her soul (conveniently located just behind her clitoris), and tell her email is for giggling schoolchildren, and she will meet you at X on X for a cocktail that is on her. If she agrees and you meet, you have recaptured hand. If she balks, wish her well and hang up. Life is too short.

Beach Game

CH · 3 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Readers will sometimes email me with pickup stories or game tips that are too good not to have a wider audience. Since the summer is upon us, this email I received from a reader who overheard a pickup attempt describes a great example of beach game. When you read this, imagine yourself doing the same thing successfully. That should fire your engines.

> I love your blog, long time lurker, first time poster blah blah, etc. You know the drill. I'm really writing because I've got a fun anecdote for you.
>
> At the beach this weekend my boyfriend and I witnessed some awesome game on another girl sunbathing nearby. Since I'm female, I have no use for it other than amusement value, but I thought you might enjoy it.
>
> The girl was laying down reading a shitty chick-lit book, and this guy with a camera, evidently an amateur photographer, came up to her. This was the exchange that followed:
>
> HIM: Hey, mind if I take a photo?
> HER (surprised, sort of unsure, looking up at him as he towers over her): Uhh, sure.
> HIM: Ok, great.
> (He extends his hand to her, sort of helps her up so now she's standing next to him. He then proceeds to take a photo of not her, but where she was laying down — her beach towel, book, bag, sunscreen, etc. She seemed pretty surprised.)
> HER: That's what you wanted to photograph?
> HIM: Yeah.
> HER: Why?
> HIM (ignoring her real question): It's my hobby.
> HER: Yeah, I already noticed that. But what's so special about this? (gestures to the stuff)
> HIM: I just happen to find it special. Haven't you ever felt drawn to something without knowing why? Like, you just had to look twice, for some reason?
> HER: Uh, yeah, I guess.
> HIM: Most people don't really stop to notice the beauty in ordinary things. That's why I like photography, it teaches you to notice things that you wouldn't have before. (Was this another neg?)
> HER: Oh yeah? And what have you noticed, then?
> HIM: Well, for one, I've noticed that you're just sitting here reading while your friends are having fun in the water. (There were two empty beach towels near her, so it looked like she was watching their stuff).
> (Teasingly) It must be a really good book.
> HER: (laughs a little) Yeah, it's pretty good.
> HIM: Anyway, thanks for letting me take my picture.
> HER: Sure, no problem.
> HIM: Well, I'm off. There are so many interesting things to see and do around here. It was nice to meet you.
> HER: Like what things?
> HIM: Everything can be an inspiration if you've got the right attitude. If you'd like, you're welcome to come with me and maybe we'll find some. Good company always helps.
> HER: Oh, I can't just leave my friends' stuff and everything.
> HIM: Sure you can.
>
> THEN he addresses ME. This guy was so pro. I guess he saw us watching them.
>
> HIM: Hey, you seem like a nice person. Do you mind sort of keeping an eye on this stuff until her friends get back?
> ME: Yeah, no problem.

> HIM: See, no problem?
>
> The girl texts her friends and he leaves with her. Awesome.
>
> If you read this whole thing, let me know what you think.
>
> Keep up the good work.
>
> -Andrea

Fantastic. What camera guy did was textbook. And I mean that in the literal sense; judging by his words I'd be surprised if he wasn't familiar with the seduction community and pickup literature, particularly NLP influenced speed seduction. His conversation reads like a well-rehearsed routine. Which goes to show that routines aren't inherently bad. What's risky isn't the telling of a routine, but how it's delivered.

Let's examine step by step what he did right.

- Alpha body language. A girl laying on the ground is preselected for the submission position. If you are standing over her, she will feel in her bones this dominance dynamic, and it will be good.
- Props. Having a camera with him served as a prop to break the ice with the girl.
- Nuclear neg. The best negs are those that most radically overturn expectation while remaining plausibly complimentary or judgmentally neutral. She thinks he's a weirdo who wants a pic of her suntanned bod; instead he politely grabs her hand (early kino – good move) to move her aside so he can take a pic of her rumpled beach towel.
- NLP mastery. "drawn to something" "just had to look twice" "beauty in ordinary things". This shit is straight outta speed seduction. I always thought SS sounded too hammy for real world use, but this guy shows how to spit SS game like a normal human being. Hint: Brevity is key.
- DHVing. Photography is chick crack. The photographer and his tools of trade are the medium through which a chick's ego can ricochet and amplify itself, as she projects her fascination and frustrations with her most valuable asset — her looks — onto the Sauronic eye of the camera lens.
- Rapport bait. When he tells her that photography teaches you to notice things you would not otherwise, she can't help but take the bait wondering what he noticed about her and her stuff. Perfect springboard.
- Situational awareness. He notices two empty towels and uses that information to intensify the seduction.
- Takeaway/push-pull. She laughs at his book line and thus becomes more invested in the conversation; at which point he dismisses himself, but not before dropping some more rapport bait ("there are so many interesting things to see and do around here").
- Challenge/qualification. "Everything can be an inspiration if you've got the right attitude." Does she have the right attitude?
- Dominance display. "Oh, I can't just leave my friends' stuff." "SURE YOU CAN."
- Social savviness/situational awareness/leadership DHV. He notices our alert reader and employs her stuff-watching services, but not before flattering her so that he can better make the sale.

After a clinic like that in how to properly run game, very few girls wouldn't be creaming their bikinis a little bit. I should also point out that this whole conversation, judging by the number of words, looks to have lasted no more than five or ten minutes. That's five minutes of tight game from totally random meeting to walking away together for an instadate. Does anyone here still doubt the power of game? If you do, you are just looking for excuses to continue failing. And that, my friend, brands you with the scarlet L of the loser.

PS It would be funny if this post's title duped a bunch of people to come here hoping for information on smashball and frisbees.

Dress Like A Sexy Beast

CH · 4 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This is the Chateau men's fashion post. While normally guests of the Chateau idle about in hooded black robes accessorized with cat o' nine tails, there are those times in the company of the outside world that genitals must be sheathed and attention paid to dress norms. Here, as with all things pleasurable in life, our proprietors excel in transcending the norms while still nodding to them to maximize our social advantage.

I was fortunate to have had a few friends in my life who were particularly stylish dressers from whom I could crib tips. They were naturals at the sartorial arts, in fact. Don't underestimate how valuable an asset a male mentor can be, whether in school, work, fashion, or pickup. Remember, if a man — who is at heart your natural competitor — is giving you helpful advice as a friend, it is worth the well-meaning advice of one hundred women.

This post is intended for generally in-shape men. Lean men. If you are a fatass or you can't run without pantomiming an infinity symbol with your jiggly manboobs, then you will not benefit from the advice herein. This post is also about fashion for the everyman who wants a leg up; it is not a peacocker's how-to guide to looking like the world's biggest dandy. I've nothing against huge velvet cowboy hats, LED belt buckles, or 18th century justacorps, but that level of expressiveness is best reserved for tall men stalking glam nightclubs in select cities such as LA. In everyday situations, peacocking to that extreme will leave an impression of try-hard, and while you'll get attention, it'll be the sort of attention lavished on the uncomprehending poindexter whose presence fuels a roomful's worth of ridicule. Unless you have the balls-out confidence to comfortably carry a florid peacock's tail without withering under public scrutiny, you should avoid radical extremism in style.

A couple of thoughts before continuing: why is refined peacocking, to a greater or lesser degree, attractive to women? The answer lies in the handicap principle. A man of means and free time can afford to dabble with superfluous dress affects. A man struggling to make his way in the world (or a man unconcerned with attracting women) will have no time or money to style himself in anything but the most practical uniform for trundling through his day (see: herb). So the well-dressed man, punctuated attentively with perfectly calibrated accessories, signals to women that he has made it, and has brainpower to spare for pursuing the finer things in life. Ostentatious and impractical display sends the message that a man can burden himself with inconsequential frippery and still succeed without breaking a sweat.

That said, fashion is UNNECESSARY for picking up women. If you walk with the swagger of a warlord and your game is unstoppable, you can pick up girls wearing torn jeans and a ratty t-shirt. However much it repulses our sense of cosmic harmony, we've all seen guys like this with cute chicks (note: he was not gay):

Feel free to work on your game while wearing mandals, but why make pickup harder than need be? A man with unstoppable confidence, tight game, AND good fashion sense is a force to be reckoned with. You may not need a sense of style, but you'll want it when you see how it draws positive female attention before you've even opened your mouth.

First, the NUMBER ONE RULE OF MEN'S FASHION:

Fit is everything.

A bad fit — oversized shirt or jacket, too long or too short sleeve length, pants with extra ass material to store an accidental shit — will make a $3,000 suit look like an off the rack rumple of textile. A good fit, on the other hand, can make discount rack stuff from Filene's Basement look sharp. What's funny is that as the number one rule of men's fashion, it is violated by more men more often than any other rule. It's as if men lack the neural wiring to perceive poor fit. Or they've gotten so fat that good fit has become synonymous with "encased like a sausage".

I'll give fashion tips starting from the top and working our way down.

Head

Hats are an excellent accessory that add a dash of dash. There are few enough men wearing non-baseball cap hats that the hat can function as a legitimate peacock device. Tip: Don't buy hats from chain stores or well-tread fashion houses. That cool fedora you spot in Urban Outfitters or Banana Republic was probably purchased by twenty other guys before you, and nothing screams tool louder than showing up at a bar wearing the same hat as another man. It's almost as bad as wearing the same shirt, but at least with the hat you can take it off. I bought my last hat from a sidewalk vendor who looked like he was not running his business with the appropriate licenses, but I could buy confidently knowing that the odds were very low another man would own the same hat. Also, be careful of one size fits all hats. They are often undersized, so try them on before buying. Finally, don't forget to pull the brim down low.

Sunglasses

This is too personal a style decision for me to narrow down your choices, but in general the thinner framed, smaller

lensed sunglasses are in right now. Dark lenses are better than light- or off-colored lenses. Sunglasses are a great way to measure the symmetry of your face, and thus amount of negative first impression you'll have to overcome with robust game. If the glasses tilt to one side, you are facially asymmetrical. Lyle Lovett went "ha haaw!".

Earrings

Are you gay?

Necklaces

Are you a guido? As far as accessories go, I'd steer clear of necklaces. If you really want to dangle something from your neck, proceed with caution and stick with leather laced items. Huge, glinty metal talismans are probably too douchey for most guys.

Shirt

Err on the side of tighter rather than looser. A good way to quickly measure whether a shirt is the wrong fit is to grab it at the middle buttons and pull outward from your torso. If there is more than a four inch gap between the shirt and your skin, then it is too billowy. You really want to avoid the billow. It's unsexy. Sleeve length should extend about a half inch past the point where your wrist meets your hand. Don't get too worked up if the sleeves are not the right length but the rest of the shirt fits great; I often roll up sleeves or hide them under blazers. T-shirts should follow the same four-inch anti-billow rule, though you can wear tees tighter than button-downs. Don't wear skin tight shirts; save that stuff for the gym or the bathhouse. Don't bother with exotic patterns; that swirly patterned shirt you bought at Ken Cole was also bought by ten other men. Stick with solid, bold colors. Stretch material is good, as is a bit of shine or iridescence when constrained under a blazer. Solid colored shirts that have a faint pattern stitched into the fabric are also good. If you like to wear button-downs untucked, it is imperative that the shirt is not loose-fitting, and that it isn't too long. It should hug your pants just a couple inches past the belt.

Ties

Ties are cool. Ties are masculine. Ties don't have to be relegated to wearing with suits. You can wear a tie with a t-shirt for crying out loud and look good. In fact, the tie is an excellent peacock accessory. When worn casually with short sleeves or t-shirts, you want to keep a healthy space between the knot and your neck. And don't button the top button. A brightly colored tie, such as purple or pink, paired with a black button down or tee under a black blazer, is a sexy look.

Blazer/Sport Jacket

A sharp blazer can reinvigorate an entire closet of so-so shirts. Again, you want to avoid extra material. When you button the jacket, there shouldn't be more than a few inches of space between your body and the fabric. You want to accentuate that V shape of the manly man torso. The lines of the shoulder (you can see where the shoulder stops and the sleeve starts by the line of stitching that connects those two parts) should sit right at the end of your shoulders, and not one millimeter past. Two buttons are in style now, though you won't be committing a grave sin if you opt for three. One vent is preferable to two. For a more casual or club-oriented look, blazers with an accessorized look — such as extra zippers or pockets or off-color stitching — are an acceptable alternative to traditional sport coats. Stay away from beige; bold colors or unconventional colors will help your blazer stand out from the crowd of herbs in their sensible sport coats. I like lime colored or white jackets for the summer, and shiny black jackets in the winter.

Short sleeve shirt

It's summer, so no need to sweat like a pig for style. Button down short sleeve shirts are good as long as you keep in mind a couple of rules: one, the sleeves must fit fairly tight to your bicep (not spandex tight). No dorky flare between the sleeve and your upper arm should be evident. Two, don't get short sleeves with one pocket. Two pockets or no pockets are acceptable.

T-shirts

Tight fitting T-shirts paired with blazers are a good look. Don't be afraid to sport a solid colored tee. A solid black or gray tee will look good under a stylish blazer. You don't need to spice it up by wearing a tee with a crazy pattern, or hipster slogan, unless the slogan is so funny that it's sure to get attention from girls. Example: I saw a t-shirt with a stick figure man who had three legs drawn in, over the word "Gifted". That's pretty funny.

Vests

Yeah, they're out of style. Which is why I wear them now. Buy vests at consignment shops. You'll find cool retro stuff there that assures your look won't be copied. A vest thrown over a t-shirt can really jumpstart a look.

Bracelets

Wide, hulking leather bracelets look like you're trying. Thin leather bracelets, perhaps adorned with metal studs, are better. A couple pieces of black string nestled with a thin bracelet is a good way for newbs to peacock.

Rings

Rings have been the PUA's signature peacock accessory since before the term was coined. They're still a solid addition to any man's style, but you should try to get your rings from sources off the beaten path. I have one ring I bought from a ramshackle gift shop in the middle of desert country that I'm sure no one else has. Fewer is better with rings. More than two rings and you'll look like a wiseguy.

Belt

I like simple, well-crafted belts with a stylish but not gaudy buckle. I'm not a fan of studded or hole-punched belts, but I've seen guys pull off that look without a problem. If you're wearing jeans and untucked shirts, you don't need a belt.

Pants/Jeans

Same fit rule should follow with pants. When you try them on, pull at the leg material. If you can pull more than a couple inches form your leg, you are wearing pants too baggy for you. Jeans and pants, though, should be slightly more loose fitting relative to upper body clothing, which is why I prefer casual fit jeans to slim fit. Stay away from skinny jeans. I don't care how many hipsters wear them and get laid, skinny jeans on men who aren't on stage performing in a rock band look retarded. Anyhow, if you go to the gym and have any quad development at all, you won't be able to fit in skinny jeans. Choose dark jeans; the darker the blue the better, generally. Elaborate back pocket designs are out for straight men. So are whiskers, studs, and fake holes. You don't need to spend a fortune on jeans. I've gotten more compliments on my $70 Lucky Brand jeans than my $150 Diesel jeans. Obviously, pant pleats are a no-go, and will likely be so for a long while. Banana Republic sells some decent dress casual pants, though I'd skip their jeans.

Shorts

Again, since it's the summer, why suffer for style? Shorts should extend to the knee, or just past it. Bulky cargo shorts are out. Solid colors are the way to go. Shorts are not a highlight piece; they are a functional piece that should not distract from your other stylish pieces.

Socks

Don't ignore socks. They can be an excellent source of peacockery. Generally, socks should be the same or similar hue as your pants. Pair dark socks with dress shoes and jeans. Sneakers should be paired with black socks. White socks only for the gym. Socks should be longer rather than shorter; nothing more annoying than socks that constantly slip down your calves. But occasionally you can add style by wearing a brightly colored sock meant to be seen when you sit down. I like to wear red socks with dark jeans that complement a red shirt or tie. If you are wearing shorts, it may be better to forego socks entirely.

Shoes

Things to avoid: box-toed shoes, excessively pointy shoes, shoes with heavy soles that stick out from the sides, sandals. Things to look for: driver's moccasins in place of flip-flops, traditionally styled shoes (not too pointy, not too square-toed), a solid manly heel. Shoes are noticed by women before anything else. It seems shoes are some kind of signaling agent that tells a woman how well you think of yourself. Since there are so many useful websites out there dedicated to the ins and outs of men's shoe fashion, I'll skip going into detail here.

Suits

This subject deserves a post of its own. Suffice to say, nothing more boldly or confidently projects solid manliness than a tailored suit. While the suit is not for every occasion, during those few times when you do wear one, you'll feel the ghostly pulse of a thousand Don Drapers before you infuse your soul with pussy-wilting power. Charity events, art shows, exhibits, and happy hours that aren't overrun by college-aged interns pounding Miller Lights are great places to showcase yourself in a suit.

Programming Notes

CH · 7 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

1. Some commenters mentioned the idea, so I added a Donation button to the sidebar on the right. I think of it more as a motivation button. Maybe it'll inspire me to keep the Chateau doors open to inquisitive guests.

2. I got rid of the comment ratings system. A lot of you complained that it was slowing down comment load times.

Saving Marriages One Blog Post At A Time

CH · 7 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader J. writes:

> R,
>
> This post changed my life, "Relationship Game Week: A Reader's Journey". The biggest problem in my 8+ year marriage was constantly failing shit tests. Within hours of reading this, my life got waaaay better.
>
> We've had the following "discussion" every month for the past four years.
>
> Before [reading this blog]:
> Her: How much did you drink last night?
> Me: Eh, just a few. I didn't drink that much.
> Her: Bullshit. I could smell it on you when you came home. Even after you brushed your teeth.
> Me: Seriously, I only had 2 or 3 drinks.
> Her: What if you got pulled over? There's no way you would have passed a breath-a-lyzer.
> Me: I'm 37 years old. I know my limits. I'm sure I would have passed.
> Her: What if you killed some one? What if you died? How would I explain that to our children. Blah, blah blah.
> Us: [Fight]
>
> 18 hours after discovering your blog:
> Her: How much did you drink last night?
> Me: Oh, I got hammered. [Buddy's name] had to drive me home.
> Her: *giggle* Shut up!
> Me: *smirk* Yeah, go get dressed. You need to drive me to [next town over] to get my car.
> Her: *smile* Yeah, right.
>
> I can't believe this worked?!? **[ed: believe it]**
>
> I've been reading your blog for all of a week, and I've seen numerous mentions of shit tests, "agree and amplify" and "beta baiting". Is there a "Shit Test 101″ column somewhere? If not, what is the original source material for this?
>
> I don't care what the nay-sayers say about "Game". This is bigger than you or me getting laid. If betas adopt these techniques, millions of kids could be spared the agony of their parents' divorce. THINK OF THE CHILDREN!!!
>
> Seriously, man. Thanks.
>
> J.

I'll be honest. When I started this blog my intentions were less than noble. I had set out to amuse myself by performing sociological experiments with the utmost predator sadism on the degenerate mafia of haters, losers, delusional tards, liars, and sexual marketplace rejects who would be drawn to the bracing truths contained within the walls of this venerable Chateau like gimped moths to the flame. Wailing in anguish, they limped, shuffled, and weeble wobbled over, right on cue, and it was good.

Lies perished. But truths were heralded, too. Dropped like a Heysoosian savior into this cruel fragfest thunderdome, I gave my only begotten sex, love and romance knowledge to the world, gift-boxed in a lament configuration and tied with a bow of barbed wire. Who would be strong enough — clear-thinking enough — to clamber above their human foibles and the limitations imposed by their egos to grasp the knowledge that was there for the taking?

I never wanted anything from this project but the self-pleasure of the soulripper. I didn't care if no one took the message to heart to improve their lives. That was never my purpose. But then a funny thing happened. The emails from grateful readers started rolling in; men, young an old, and women too, writing to tell me what a positive impact this outpost of wicked illumination has had on their lives. I receive emails like J.'s above on an almost daily basis now. This blog has, despite its dark-robed proprietors' demonic efforts, healed relationships and saved marriages. Something that an army of Pee Aych Dee wielding credentialissimo therapists and counselors, with their PC playbook of half-baked bromides and knee-jerk misandry, struggle to claim. And that is the burn that singes the denialists and foam-flecked haters deepest. That a despised womanizer could so thoroughly humiliate their comfortable worldview, and do them one better.

"How could anyone who writes such horrible things be a force for good in the world?"

A moment of clarity will give you the answer to your question.

Contrast Is King: Identity Inversion

CH · 8 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This post is a follow-up to my original Contrast is King post, and serves as an adjunct to my fashion post.

Women love surprises. They love a man they can't easily peg. They chase men who intrigue them. There are methods men can use to trigger this attraction reflex in women. One potent technique is identity inversion — where you present yourself one way while confirming an entirely unexpected impression.

Let's say you show up at an indie bar dressed like someone who belongs there — newsie cap, skinny jeans, t-shirt, indoors scarf, chucks. You approach a hipchick knowing that she thinks she has you all figured out before you've even said a word. A conversation follows, and she asks what you do for a living, and what you like to do for fun. You talk about your job in corporate law, and you mention how you like to help entrepreneurs set up new businesses.

BOOM! She wasn't expecting that at all. She squirms a little on her bar stool. Suddenly, you have become a lot more interesting to her. She may not care one iota about corporate law, but she sure cares about a hipster doofus who challenges her expectations.

Now let's say you're at a networking event and you're wearing a sharp business suit. You approach a seriousskirtchick and she's sized you up in the three seconds it took for you to walk over to her. A conversation follows and she asks the usual questions (hot girls aren't very conversationally nimble because they're never given a reason to be — a true player knows to give girls reasons to step up their conversation game and make them work for the cock). Instead of shop talk about the market or clients, you regale her with your interest in public policy to alleviate wealth inequality, or your downtime playing bass for a local band. You actively defy her expectations.

This is the challenge inherent in contrast that is so effective at turning women on. Dress one way, speak another way. And it works on both sexes, though tempered with the usual caveats concerning the outsized importance of female physical attractiveness. Have you ever met an artsy chick in heavy black eyeliner who surprised you when she began discussing economic theory? I have, and it intensified her cuteness; I wanted her more when she unraveled twists in her personality concealed behind my snap judgment of her.

Identity inversion will work on most girls, but there is a subset of girls for whom mismatches between a man's presentation of himself and his interests and opinions will hurt his chances. There are some girls who have very strong "types", and will actively seek out those types for copulatory auditions. If a girl swoons for bike messenger dudes and everything they represent, and you are dressed like a bike messenger when you meet her, you may wind up hurting your game if you talk like a lobbyist. She wants the whole bike messenger package, not just the funky cap. Luckily, girls with powerfully influential but narrow mental mate templates are rarer than girls with expansive templates for intriguing, hard to pin down men.

The True Creative Class

CH · 8 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Author Richard Florida is fond of theorizing that communities cross a threshold to prosperity and easy living when members of the diversity creative class — loosely defined by him as gays, women, immigrants, bohemians, and anyone who works in the arts or social media — move in and begin to remake the place in their image.

Oh, rilly?

Think of those technologies that make living day-to-day in a modern secular society fun, timesaving, convenient, entertaining, safe, and… *snicker*… self-actualizing; those things that most distinguish modern societies from more primitive societies and from societies of generations past — appliances, cars (scooters for you side-sitting SWPLs), water treatment, hi-tech medical devices, flat screen TVs, iPods, smartphones, laptops, GPS, digital cameras, wi-fi hot spots, 3G, blogs, Youtube, online shopping, and energy to feed it all.

Who is most responsible for that creative class cornucopia? Non-profit lawyers? Interior decorators? Fashion mavens? Jazz musicians? Art gallery owners? Event planners? PR multitaskers in pencil skirts?

It is to laugh.

Try electrical engineers and computer scientists. You know, incredibly unsexy male nerds.

If tomorrow all the present and future electrical engineers and computer scientists disappeared, after some lag time for the effects to trickle down and the existing devices to decay, Florida's creative class would find itself in a world of culturally backwards hurt. Those bohemians would suddenly be living their poseur lives for real.

A little perspective folks, on who is doing the real heavy lifting to give you the lifestyle you now can't live without. And just how precarious is that thin, pale line between materialist abundance and dispiriting drudgery.

Ubiquitous Yoga Girls

CH · 9 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In the evening on weekdays, the sidewalks teem with girls carrying yoga mats tucked under arms to or from classes. Their hair smartly propped in ponytails, perfectly round asses straining against black tights with neon green or peach colored waistbands rolled over the top, they are a flesh phalanx of trimmed and toned T&A. Women who are serious about yoga have the best all-around bodies of any group of exercising women — they beat out soccer players, joggers, bikers, swimmers, and porn stars. I don't know if it's the yoga itself that carves such exquisite hardbodies, or if yoga simply attracts Type A++ girls who hone in and sweat out with extreme prejudice 0.1% excess hip fat with the same mechomasculinized focus they apply to shuffling lawyer briefs, but I have yet to meet a woman who regularly attends yoga class who is out of shape. And I've taken a few classes. Believe me, ladies, I'm enjoying the view in the back row. Not a fatty or frumpy in sight. What town in America can claim that?

The steady stream of sidewalk yogettes had me thinking about avenues of approach. Surely, this was a rich vein of opportunity upon which to mine some clever opener to ride all the way to the naked Lotus position. Waiting at a crosswalk light, I peripherally ogled a short girl in — no surprise here — black tights and a green tank top cradling a rolled up yoga mat in her right armpit. Like Chuck and the intersect, I flashed archives of game knowledge until two potential openers pricked my consciousness.

The first I mouthed silently to myself to determine if it was acceptable. "Bikram?" No, I mentally discarded it. Though she sported the glistening sheen of a woman who might have just exited a Bikram studio, I felt the opener sounded like forced rapport. And questions demanding simple yes or no answers never make for good openers.

I used my backup opener instead, an example of the "ever notice" school of openers.

"Ever notice how people compete to have the largest yoga mat?"

She stared blankly at me for a second, before my word jumble organized itself into meaning for her. Then she smiled.

"No, that's not something I've noticed."

"Yours looks like it's 12 feet long. You could roll that thing out like a red carpet."

She chuckles. "Well, it's not that long, and I'm not tall enough to need a 12 foot mat."

"My yoga mat's only two feet. I'm embarrassed to be seen in public with it, but my mom gave it to me."

She laughs again. "Funny, you don't look like the yoga type."

I make a fake indignation face. "What, just because I'm ruggedly masculine I don't fit the stereotype of a master yogi? I'm offended."

The light changes. Shit, time's out.

She loiters for a a split second before stepping into the crosswalk, which makes me think it's a mini-IOI to go for the number close. But it's a split second too short, and she begins walking forward. Over her shoulder, she smiles and tosses out one last morsel.

"Well, good luck finding a less embarrassing mat."

A taxi making a left turn nudges into the pedestrian zone, almost brushing up against her leg. She gets distracted, and the moment evaporates. I want to smash a cinderblock into the taxi driver's face. But then that's not very serenely yogic, is it?

Serenity now…

Texts From The Female Id

CH · 10 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Texts From Last Night is a great source of insight into the true nature of women's sexuality. Why? Because it's a compilation of texts that typically have been sent under the influence of alcohol, AKA truth serum, or of texts meant for trusted confidants.

Examples:

What women really think of your emoticons:

> he sent me a winky sad face. i cannot deal [with] this level of pathetically needy flirtatiousness.

Remember Maxim #101?

For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.

Here's a text from a girl confirming that maxim:

> Just TALKING to him is better than banging my bf, imagine what actual banging will be like.

That is a wicked soulrip worthy of Pinhead's hooked chains.

Being a beta provider in today's sexual marketplace is a net negative:

> I'll pay for our taxi if you let me makeout with the drummer and we don't leave RIGHT when the bassist does.

Pre-selection is the most powerful animating force of female desire:

> every time I see Anne Hathaway all I can think is "my cousin fucked a guy who fucked her" and it makes me proud…. so I want to say thank you for being that cousin.

Chicks dig jerks, series without end:

> he said 'i love fucking you, ashley'. it was the most romantic thing he's said during sex because he actually used my name.

At least the guy was honest. Truth is, that's what most men mean when they think about romance.

It turns out someone got a hold of my texts and posted them to TFLN. I'm embarrassed by these, but since they're already out there, it's best if I just show them to you right now, like ripping off a band-aid, and hope the whole thing blows over quickly.

> do you do anal?
>
> ***
>
> [GIRL] hey, i'm sorry but i have to cancel for tonight.
>
> [ME] :))))))))))))))))))
>
> ***
>
> [GIRL] you really are an ass.
>
> [ME, three months later] you say something?

> ***
>
> [GIRL] last night was fantastic, sexy boy.
>
> [ME] tell me about it. i totally kicked your butt in scrabble.
>
> ***
>
> i didn't know you had a younger, hotter, tighter sister.
>
> ***
>
> i left the bar tab for you. thanks, cutie!
>
> ***
>
> your pussy smells
>
> [15 minutes later] delightful.
>
> ***
>
> you're breaking up with me? was it the dutch ovens?
>
> ***
>
> i'm not giving you 500 bucks to see an immigration lawyer. your blowjobs aren't that good.
>
> ***
>
> [GIRL] i'm really falling for you!
>
> [ME] don't get pregnant.
>
> ***
>
> [GIRL] why do you have to be such a jerk?
>
> [ME] why do you have to be such a jerk-lover?
>
> ***
>
> [GIRL] i don't think this is going to work out.
>
> [ME] your mom!
>
> [GIRL] i'm being serious. it's over.
>
> [ME] your mom!
>
> ***
>
> thanks for the romantic evening fucking in your husband's bed.
>
> ***
>
> sorry, men's nipples really aren't that sensitive. stop projecting and focus on the important parts.
>
> ***
>
> i've never seen a naked body like yours.
>
> ***
>
> 730, thurs, at the pub down the street. wear your fuck me pumps.
>
> ***
>
> i think i might've accidentally farted in your cat's face.

I'm so ashamed. :/

Game Is 50% Not Putting Foot In Mouth

CH · 11 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was chatting up a cute chick when I overheard another pickup in progress right next to me. The guy was projecting his voice loudly so I couldn't help but hear just about every word he said to the smiling girl who was listening intently to him. I glanced over when I had a moment to myself to observe his success or failure. (While watching other men crash and burn is a visceral pleasure, I also enjoy watching men succeed because, one, I can always learn something new, and, two, I am still amazed how often men in successful pickups utilize game principles even when they don't know they're doing that.)

The guy was good-looking and high energy. His body language and voice tone were confident. At one point, when he stepped away to get a beer, the girl's friend leaned in and I heard her say "Wow, he's cute." From my vantage, at least until then, this pickup was his to lose.

Which he did. Back with beer in hand, they continued talking, or rather, he continued talking and punctuating his words with finger jabs into the air, while she listened. And listened. And listened. Agonizing minutes ticked by. The energy was suddenly one-sided with his wild, and panicky, abandon, for he must have noticed her demeanor changing from delight to impassive politeness to confused annoyance. The previous pickup momentum, torqued in large measure simply on the strength of his looks and initial pose of confidence, dissipated with surprising rapidity as his "game" crumbled around him in a heap of monkey dancing, gum flapping, desperate body posturing, and cloying oversmiling. He began leaning into her in a vain effort to compel her to commit to the waning conversation, but she was already one foot out the door as her eyes darted around searching for a friend, a lifeline, to pull her away from this once attractive man. His inner beta had betrayed him.

Finally, denouement. A friend touched her elbow and whispered something in her ear. The guy figured out from her body language she was leaving soon, so he suggested they exchange numbers. Or he might've suggested he give her his number, I couldn't pick up what he said at that point very clearly. She took her phone out and he typed his number into it and gave it back to her. As she was leaving, she didn't look back at him. (A good test whether a girl will flake on you for a future date is if she looks back at you briefly after you have gotten her number and she is leaving the premises with her friends. No lookback = flake.) But he wasn't done yet. Still smiling like a tard getting tickled, he shouted at her departing footsteps: "Hey, you better memorize my number!"

Woofa.

It all went down in ten minutes. Let this be a lesson. Very good looks on a man without any game will buy him 30 seconds to ten minutes of an attractive girl's attention, after which he will be unceremoniously (and disappointedly) discarded just like any regular run of the mill schlub who doesn't understand the art of seduction. Men need to stop projecting their fascination with looks onto women; personality and alphaness are what electrify a woman's pleasure center. Good looks can send initial sparks, (and sparks is all it is) but the allure wears quickly without compensatory game to buttress it.

I number closed my girl. I did not tell her I would memorize her number.

A Chateau Emissary Delivers Speech To International Bankers

CH · 12 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here is the audio transcript *(courtesy of reader johnny five)*:

Butthex Entitlement – Davos World Economic Forum

Let's hope the powers that be listen before it's too late.

The Sexual Market Stripped Naked

CH · 13 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Do you want to see the sexual market raw and uncensored, all superfluous hypocrisy and rationalization stripped clean? Watch this 20 minute reality TV show called 'Battle of the Bods'. (It's more exciting than watching soccer.) Five skimpily dressed women are asked to compare themselves on their faces, asses, and overall look. Call it the World Slut Cup. The women hiss and scratch each other until they reach a sort of consensus on where they rank, and then their self-evaluations are matched up with the evaluations of the three male judges sitting in a judging booth behind one-way glass. The closer the evaluations match, the more money the girls win.

Before the usual suspects chime in, I checked around for evidence that the show was faked. I didn't find any, so let's operate on the assumption that what you see in this show is what you get. Why would grown women ritualistically humiliate themselves for fame and (a very small) fortune? After watching this clip you'll come to understand that a financial incentive was not needed. Once the competitive spirit is unleashed in the one market to rule them all, an ancient spirit force lumbers up from the depths of the human psyche to do its will, and politesse yields mercilessly as claws and fangs are bared for the kill. The men's own market value was barely a factor to inspire this cat fight! All that was needed to inspire the worst in the women was knowledge that they were being judged, one against the other, by men sight unseen.

A few observations:

This show is further proof that Russian women are, on average, the most beautiful women in the world. Was WWII a great evil that birthed a great good? And, if so, would that be evidence for, or against, god?

It is also more proof that men pretty much think alike about what constitutes female beauty. I agreed with the final ranking.

It also offers evidence that men of different large scale racial groups differ slightly in their sexual preferences. The one black man on the judge's panel expressed a clear preference for the black woman's bigger butt, while the two white men preferred the less obtrusive asses of the white girls.

Josie, the yapping yenta and least attractive of the five women, immediately comes out swinging. She intuitively knows she is outranked by all the other women, so her strategy, honed by millions of years of evolution, is to drag the higher ranking members of the tribe down to her level.

Josie also shows that tallness, in and of itself, is not a positive attractiveness trait in women.

Anastasia, the hottest girl, is the most self-deprecating and diplomatic of the women. As the implied leader of the group, (in modern human tribes, the most beautiful woman is usually, though not always, the alpha female), she also has been honed by evolution to avoid ostracizing herself by arrogantly strutting her genetic advantages.

The women are most vicious when it's their facial beauty under the harsh klieg lights. They're a little more tactful and conciliatory when they're judging each other's asses or "overall look". This proves my contention that for most men a woman's facial beauty is more important than how closely her body conforms to ideal proportions. When a choice between the two has to be made, men will choose the facially beautiful woman with the slightly flawed body over the facially average woman with the rocking body for long term commitment. Short term flings and one night stands are a different matter, as men find the thrill of banging a hot bod worth the cost of being dragooned into kissing the lips of an unappetizing face. Women instinctively know this about men, and since women value long term commitments far more than short term hookups, they understandably are very reluctant to admit flaws in their faces.

The rationalization hamster is tuckered out. Never has the poor rodent had to spin spin so hard. Josie's hamster alone could fuel the delusions of an army of single moms, fatties, and cougars. "I date doctors, physicians, and executives, I don't date losers. They couldn't afford me anyway." If true, those doctors are wondering why the losers

are banging all the hot chicks. “This is my strategy, to piss off the judges and always put myself in last place.” A winning strategy indeed.

I love the hostess. She is genuinely cruel toward Josie, the biggest loser (and likely highest IQ girl) of the group. Her scathingly cutting remarks gave me a boney. “They can’t afford you? Is that because you eat so much?” Ha haaw!

Sexual market ranking has real relevance in the world. Josie’s lower ranking will mean that she will be propositioned less by, and have less long-term access to, the kinds of high ranking men that Anastasia will enjoy with more regularity.

Studies have shown that after an initial, often violent battle, men are quicker to sort themselves into a hierarchy, while women tend to occupy a constantly shifting hierarchical landscape that encourages endless and repetitive jousting over one’s place in the rankings. This show seems to prove it. (Evolution would predict that since men are less reproductively valuable than women — sperm is cheap, eggs are expensive — they span a greater range of status slots than do women who bunch up more in a vast interchangeable bellcurvy middle with less gradation between the different status positions. Do note, though, that where men are less reproductively valuable, women are less civilizationally valuable. See: Charles Murray’s *Human Accomplishment.*) Watch closely how the men, who at the end of the show must sort themselves for the women’s edification, arrive at a ranking decision rather more quickly and less acrimoniously than did the women. In fact, because status battles between men can often result in bloodshed, (as opposed to psychological status battles among women which rarely endanger the women’s reproductive integrity), men have incentive to refrain from unnecessarily instigating their male competitors when little is on the line. (A man’s looks are less relevant to his sexual status than is his personality, dominance, and social acumen.) You’ll notice the biggest male of the group is also the most self-deprecating and effusive with his compliments to the other men. The other men, meanwhile, don’t go out of their way to endorse their own looks status and thereby risk a possible antagonistic showdown.

I’m sure short men who watched the end of the show are saying to themselves that this proves chicks dig the height. They do. My advice: focus on girls shorter than yourselves, there are plenty of them. And avoid nightclubs.

Josie totally tries to cockblock at the very end when the guys are mingling with the hotter girls. But she is shut out, reduced to orbiting the group like a buzzing bee. There’s a lesson here; cockblocks need allies. Drive the wedge first, then seduce the target.

The Self-Deception Of The White Knight

CH · 14 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The “man” in this story could qualify for Beta of the Year:

> It started with one text message: She just wanted to know why he was skipping her class.
>
> But P.E. teacher Michele Taylor’s alleged relationship with a 17-year-old student at East Valley High School escalated quickly after that. From a stolen kiss in her office to sex in the backseat of her husband’s truck in the parking lot behind a Yakima Kmart.

This kid is a natural player. Skipping class = takeaway. Women can’t resist an underage boy playing hard to get.

> It all began last March with that first message. Taylor was a mother of triplets and married to Kevin, also a P.E. teacher at East Valley.
>
> Her alleged romantic interest was only 16-years-old when the flirtation started. Over the course of four months, he told a Yakima jury yesterday, he exchanged over 400 text messages with Taylor, some of which were explicit.

Michele Taylor is another one of these hot for teacher blonde cuties betraying her beta hubby to lay with her teen boy students. We’ve had a rash of them in this country lately. Reasonable minds might wonder what is going on. I have a couple of theories. Husbands are more beta than ever, turning off their wives so completely that the deprived dears seek that lost tingly feeling in the nearest devil-may-care cock. And teen boys are carelessly devil-may-care. Another possibility: a subset of teen boys are learning game at a much earlier age than past generations of men, and they are capitalizing on alpha-starved older women. Maybe the use-em-and-lose-em, pimps up hos down player mentality zeitgeist is percolating down into high schools and junior high.

> One night the boy was hanging out with his girlfriend when he got a text asking him to meet Taylor at Kmart. “I knew pretty much what was going to happen,” the boy said in testimony reported by the *Yakima Herald-Republic*.
>
> The boy went anyway. And, he testified, he and Taylor did end up having unprotected sex, since she insisted he didn’t need to worry about a condom unless he had STDs.

If Taylor’s husband has any brains at all, he’ll demand paternity tests on all his current children and any future kids he may have with her.

Speaking of which…. mandatory paternity testing now! It’s the right thing to do, both for individual men and for society.

> According to the boy, he drove home that night, got in a shower and cried because he “felt dirty.”

Somebody coached the kid to say that.

> Although he lied to his girlfriend and parents initially that anything was going on, he eventually copped to the relationship when it was revealed that another, 15-year-old student was exchanging similar texts with Taylor.

Damn, bitch gets around! Talk about shitting where you work. She may be a classifiable nymphomaniac. Poor kid… you don’t feel so special anymore, do ya?

And now we get to the most nauseating part of the story:

> Taylor's husband, Kevin, meanwhile, denies that his wife engaged in anything inappropriate. *The Herald-Republic* reports that he came to court wearing a shirt with the words "I Love My Wife" written on it and had to be directed by the judge to quit staring down student witnesses testifying against Taylor.

There are few humiliating degradations a natural born beta will visit upon himself that would surprise me, but this has got to be a new low. "I Love My Wife"!? Could there be a more elegant metaphorical distillation of the wretchedness of self-immolating, soul-shriveling betatude?

Wife carries on text affair with multiple teen boys.
Husband approves of text messages. ("No reason to be suspicious", he claims.)
Wife accused of statutorily raping one of the boys, with implications there were others.
Husband shows up in court wearing I love my wife tee, and stares daggers at witnesses daring to besmirch his angelic wife's reputation.
Wife tingles in her nether region for boy student witnesses, unbeknownst to gallant husband defending her on the stand.

You can see video of the delusional husband here. He certainly has that watery-eyed beta look about the face. The only redeeming explanation for his behavior I can think of is that he, too, is fucking one of his teen girl students and his wife knows, so he is covering for her on threat that she'll reveal his indiscretions. That would raise my estimation of his character quite a bit.

Why are so many betas capable of such Freudian feats of self-deception when confronted with their wives' and lovers' infidelity? I submit that it is fear, at heart, that drives this Stockholm Syndrome-ish mental mutilation. Fear of being outed as the unworthy husband, the duped tool, the cuckold… and fear of being alone, unsexed, and unable to find another woman. Such men cling like barnacles to their fear, and let it direct their every decision and their perception of events, even when the evidence against their delusions is slapping them upside the head. Fear is the natural state of the beta. It is their greatest self-imposed limitation.

Not to mention the stacked deck against men that is the man-hating divorce industry.

Quick to forgive, is the beta. In his forgiveness, he expects redemption and gratitude. Even renewed love. But instead he gets contempt, the pity born of hate.

If he only knew the truth…

Women Don't Want You To Remember Everything About Them

CH · 15 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A man and woman have a conversation upon meeting for the first time. During it, the man learns that the woman works for a telecom company and graduated from Wake Forest. After twenty minutes, the man decides the pickup is going well and asks for the girl's number, offering Thursday as a good night for them to meet and continue their ~~prelude to a rogering~~ chat. She gives it to him but apologetically explains she'll be busy Thursday attending a friend's charity event. He acknowledges this obstacle and they settle on meeting Friday instead.

Friday rolls around and the man, wanting to impress the woman, regurgitates some key information she mentioned during their initial meeting. The conversation then proceeds like this:

HE: Hey, good to see you again!

SHE: You too.

HE: Must be busy working at that telecom company.

SHE: Yeah, I suppose it is.

[Five minutes later, after some more talking…]

HE: So do you know any other Wake Forest alumni in town?

SHE: There are a few.

[More blah blah-ing…]

HE: By the way, how was your friend's charity event yesterday?

SHE: Oh, it was pretty good.

***

If the impression you got from this exchange is borderline creepy stalker vibe, you're not alone. The guy in my above example sounds TRY-HARD. Most girls would be put off by a man laundry listing a bunch of prior conversational touchstones to force rapport. Women complain a lot about how men JUST DON'T LISTEN, but in reality they are turned off by men who listen too well. Or, more precisely, they are turned off by men who listen for the obvious, but ignore the subtext. The fact is that a high status man would not remember much of what a girl told him anyhow, so men who have poor listening skills are often quite attractive to women, at least in the early stages of a seduction. Later on, in the midst of an LTR, when a girl is yearning for signs of dependability, love and commitment, a man would be wise to occasionally remember the little details.

I've written before how poor listening is many men's downfall in the comfort building stage of seduction, but as game is an art as well as science, there are qualifications to some rules. Reciting a girl's important historical and cultural moments back to her as if she were a history book you studied for a test is going to make you sound like you are trying to impress her, which is a tingle killer if ever there was one. The key to correctly impressing women is to seem like you're not impressing them at all. Even better is to seem like she is there to impress you, while still saying and doing those things that will subconsciously impress her. The girl above will wonder (all wondering performed in the primitive hidden recesses of the hindbrain of course) if the man has any life at all if he can so clearly remember the name of the company and the date and time of a charity event that some random girl he met just once before had mentioned to him.

More importantly, this kind of rote regurgitation is *boring*. If you are going to recall anything about a girl, make it her values or her personality quirks or her opinions on whimsical subjects. Say she told you she likes the color purple, has a bad habit of cracking her knuckles when she gets nervous, and is a thrill seeker. Now, on the followup date, a demonstration of your listening skills might go like this:

YOU: If you crack your knuckles, I'll know that means its time for another drink to calm you down.

***

YOU: Didn't you say your favorite color was mauve, or was it purple? I'm hoping it's mauve, because purple is the color of kings and queens. It means you are going to be high maintenance for any man. Are you high maintenance?

***

YOU: Let's do something crazy and go down to the river to watch the moon rise. I figure you've got an adventurous streak like I do.

***

Hopefully, you see the difference in how to capitalize on your efforts to listen intently to what a girl says about herself. You DO want to let a girl know you've remembered things she said, but it matters *which* things, and it matters how you demonstrate your powers of recall. A truly advanced seduction artist listens for themes instead of dry facts, values instead of descriptions, and he relays his knowledge of her not by repeating her self-revelations like an overjoyed kid reciting the alphabet, but by slyly hinting at what he knows about her.

Link Of The Day

CH · 15 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Fred Reed on "the 99th percentile".

> The tendency of the Beltway 99th to live in an imaginary world, of conservatives to think that everybody can be a Horatio Alger, of liberals to believe that inequality arises from discrimination, guarantees wretched policy.

I'd add, "of libertarians to believe humans are rational actors".

The End Of Beta Providers

CH · 17 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Hanna Rosin wrote a stream of consciousness diatribe against men in The Atlantic recently called "The End of Men". As with most of these articles written by foot soldiers of the femborg collective lamenting — or celebrating, if the tone is any indication — the regression of men into second and third class status in American society, evidence for certain assertions is woefully lacking, and where the authors uncover something truthful about the condition of modern men, they only paint half a picture because of their refusal, out of ignorance or deceptiveness, to confront the full reality of the sexual market; in particular, female hypergamy. Without grasping the very different compulsions that animate men's and women's sexual drives, one will never have a clear understanding of male-female relations and cultural trends. Because ultimately, all culture, all markets, spring from the fundamental sexual market.

> In the '90s, when Ericsson looked into the numbers for the two dozen or so [fertility] clinics that use his process, he discovered, to his surprise, that couples were requesting more girls than boys, a gap that has persisted, even though Ericsson advertises the method as more effective for producing boys. In some clinics, Ericsson has said, the ratio is now as high as 2 to 1. Polling data on American sex preference is sparse, and does not show a clear preference for girls. But the picture from the doctor's office unambiguously does. A newer method for sperm selection, called MicroSort, is currently completing Food and Drug Administration clinical trials. The girl requests for that method run at about 75 percent.

Leaving aside the possibility of selection bias in the couples who make gender requests at fertility clinics, a trend toward proactively favoring girls over boys would be expected and predicted by evolutionary psychologists in a culture where an individual woman had an increasingly better chance of reproducing in adulthood than an individual man. As women are the limiting reproductive variable, and as men's provider value is decreasing at the same time they are falling behind in the resource acquisition race relative to women, it makes far more sense for parents who, subconsciously, want children who can grow up to give them lots of grandchildren, to favor daughters over sons when a choice is available. It's a reasonable bet hedge.

> Even more unsettling for Ericsson, it has become clear that in choosing the sex of the next generation, *he* is no longer the boss. "It's the women who are driving all the decisions," he says—a change the MicroSort spokespeople I met with also mentioned. At first, Ericsson says, women who called his clinics would apologize and shyly explain that they already had two boys. "Now they just call and [say] outright, 'I want a girl.' These mothers look at their lives and think their daughters will have a bright future their mother and grandmother didn't have, brighter than their sons, even, so why wouldn't you choose a girl?"

That's one reason. The other reason is that young girls are simply easier to raise than young boys. I have little nieces and nephews, and it's easy to observe how much louder, rambunctious, temperamental, and ill-behaved the boys are compared to the girls. This is not an excuse to drug them; that same whirling dervish quality also imparts boys with the innate ability to invent, improve, and build civilizations from the ground up… and fight and screw like champs. For dual earning, self-absorbed parents on the go go go, better behaved daughters who don't demand so much of their attention are a welcome relief.

> Up to a point, the reasons behind this shift are obvious. As thinking and communicating have come to eclipse physical strength and stamina as the keys to economic success, those societies that take advantage of the talents of all their adults, not just half of them, have pulled away from the rest.

"Thinking"? I can see an innate advantage in communicating, as women are generally more extraverted and verbally

adept than men, but in the thinking department men have the edge. Not only do more men occupy the far right tail of genius on the IQ bell curve, they also have a higher mean IQ than women.

> And because geopolitics and global culture are, ultimately, Darwinian, other societies either follow suit or end up marginalized.

There is agreement among the commentariat that societies with emancipated and economically empowered women outperform societies with traditional sex roles, and that it is assumed this performance differential will hold up for eternity. But things change, the center cannot hold. Who's to say gender egalitarian societies don't contain within themselves the seed of their destruction? Or: this ride ain't over yet.

> What if the modern, postindustrial economy is simply more congenial to women than to men?

Conscientious application to menial desk jockey multitasks is what women's brains are best at. Our society exists at a strange moment of economic limbo between two worlds — the past manufacturing based world and the future transhuman world — a limbo where paper pushing, legalistic gear grinding, government welfare administration, and service with a smile has infested like a toxic mold almost every tier of vertical and horizontal economic productivity. It is the kind of work, in substance and in psychological reward, that is soul-crushing to men but fulfilling to women. And it is the kind of work for which colleges, with their mile wide but inch deep liberal arts programs and their empty-headed women's studies classes, are preparing with perfect precision their students for the female-majority workforce of the anticipated future.

> The postindustrial economy is indifferent to men's size and strength. The attributes that are most valuable today—social intelligence, open communication, the ability to sit still and focus—are, at a minimum, not predominantly male.

As I've written before, all that female-oriented yapping, organizing, and paper shuffling means nothing if you don't have the male-dominated engineers and scientists to produce the products that yappers huddle about to sell.

> Yes, the U.S. still has a wage gap, one that can be convincingly explained—at least in part—by discrimination.

Unlike articles written by respected authors in respectable magazines with a national exposure read by millions, we here at this little internet outpost must abide the truth. And the truth is that little to none of the sex wage gap has to do with discrimination. It is instead a result of differences in occupational choice, (mediated by women's natural biological proclivity to prefer pursuing careers in lower paying nurturing jobs), and by women's decisions to take time off work for family reasons.

I'd say pwned, but I think Hanna RosinPlotzinDingleheimerSchmidt would enjoy that.

> Yes, women still do most of the child care.

Because Rosin doesn't confront the existence of female hypergamy and status whoring, she does not reflect on the fact that men who do play kitchen bitch and contribute half or more of the child care and domestic duties quickly betatize themselves straight into sexless purgatory. Women can bitch all they want about unhelpful men in the home, but when push comes to shove, those women stop pushing into the crotches of their enlightened domesticated partners. Smart men know this, so they learn to ignore the bitching in favor of getting their dicks wet.

> It may be happening slowly and unevenly, but it's unmistakably happening: in the long view, the modern economy is becoming a place where women hold the cards.

One of the commenters absolutely schooled Rosin about some of her assumptions of a female-dominated economy. You can read that comment here.

> The list of growing jobs is heavy on nurturing professions, in which women, ironically, seem to benefit from old stereotypes and habits.

Stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air. They usually have a very large kernel of truth.

> Theoretically, there is no reason men should not be qualified. But they have proved remarkably unable to adapt.

This is the new talking point you're going to hear from feminists now. "Men are not adapting." Funny, when men were 80%+ of the workforce 50 years ago those feminists weren't sorrowfully noting that women weren't adapting. They were banging the mutlicult, West-loathing, equalist drums of Zion against the eeeeeevils of discrimination.

> Nursing schools have tried hard to recruit men in the past few years, with minimal success.

If a high rate of female participation puts men off from working in certain fields, then it stands to reason gay marriage will put men off from marrying, if we follow feminist logic down rich avenues of discussion. Damn logic… you scary!

There is probably some truth to that, but the bigger reason is likely biological; men don't enjoy working in nurturing jobs because men don't like nurturing people. It doesn't give us a scrotal tingle. Now smashing shit up… that's fun!

> But even the way this issue is now framed reveals that men's hold on power in elite circles may be loosening. In business circles, the lack of women at the top is described as a "brain drain" and a crisis of "talent retention."

Serious question: how much of a free market economy is positive sum? Is it not inconceivable that adding twice as many workers to the job market would displace a bunch of men already working into unemployment or underemployment, instead of adding to overall growth? Why is "brain drain" the default assumption, instead of "brain rearrange"?

> Even around the delicate question of working mothers, the terms of the conversation are shifting. Last year, in a story about breast-feeding, I complained about how the early years of child rearing keep women out of power positions.

Poor fembot! Suck it up.

> For recent college graduates of both sexes, flexible arrangements are at the top of the list of workplace demands, according to a study published last year in the *Harvard Business Review*. And companies eager to attract and retain talented workers and managers are responding.

Single moms like to talk about how they do things on their own, and they "don't need a man". But in fact, flex time and related corporate incentives *are* a form of substitute husband and father. That money for flex time has to come from somewhere, usually in higher prices for the company's products or in lowered salaries for its employees. It is private welfare, but welfare just the same. Now companies can choose to offer this to their heart's content; after all, no one is forcing me to buy their products or work there and thus subsidize the lifestyles of a bunch of single moms and harried working moms. But my advice to men who want to maximize their earning potential — work for companies that don't offer generous payoffs in an effort to recruit working moms. It is likely you will command a higher salary with more patriarchal companies.

> Researchers have started looking into the relationship between testosterone and excessive risk, and wondering if groups of men, in some basic hormonal way, spur each other to make reckless decisions. The picture emerging is a mirror image of the traditional gender map: men and markets on the side of the irrational and overemotional, and women on the side of the cool and levelheaded.

That same testosterone that causes men to make risky stock market decisions also causes them to risk building gleaming civilizations and all the creature comforts therein that you ingrate feminists couldn't live without.

> Most important, women earn almost 60 percent of all bachelor's degrees—the minimum requirement, in most cases, for an affluent life.

Only about 1/5th to a quarter of Americans are genetically capable of succeeding at undergraduate college. So is Rosin here suggesting that 4/5ths of Americans are doomed to a long eternal struggle to make ends meet? And, in light of this, what is her opinion on the importation of millions of peasant class Mexicans?

> In a stark reversal since the 1970s, men are now more likely than women to hold only a high-school diploma. "One would think that if men were acting in a rational way, they would be getting the education they need to get along out there," says Tom Mortenson, a senior scholar at the Pell Institute for the Study of Opportunity in Higher Education. "But they are just failing to adapt."

There's that word rational again. And that word adapt. Here's a scary thought for the platitude spouters to chew on: Perhaps men *are* acting in a rational way. Perhaps they are adapting to the new culture, aka sexual market ver. 2.0. When in the past men could reliably attract women with a decent middle class job working in a dreary corporate office or along a clattering assembly line, they put in the effort needed to get those jobs and paychecks. But now, in a mating landscape where women work and earn almost as much as men and, consequently, have devalued the traditional currency of barter in the mating market and shrunk their dating pool, men are responding to this disincentive to bust their balls for diminished sexual reward by dropping out (omegas), doping out (video gaming and porn consuming betas), and cadding about (alphas and practitioners of game).

Maybe men see the matrix better than Rosin thinks. If the economic empowerment of women means men have to work three times harder just to get the same old, now rapidly fattening, pussy they got in the past for less effort, then maybe they've figured out that the system is rigged against them. Maybe they've made a very rational decision to get access to this pussy by other means. And let it be said that there is more than one way to stroke a kitty. Remember, women don't get wet for a paycheck; they get wet for the alpha demeanor that a man who is good at collecting paychecks exudes. And as any reader of this site knows, that alpha demeanor can be learned and applied.

When financially self-sufficient women turn away from beta providers as a source of sexual arousal, they substitute other alpha male qualities in its place. That is why Rosin's article would have been better titled "The End of Beta Providers". It's a brave new world, and the answer is more game, more players, more sexual healing. It's win-win for everyone… except modern society.

> Victoria is a biology major and wants to be a surgeon; soon she'll apply to a bunch of medical schools. She doesn't want kids for a while, because she knows she'll "be at the hospital, like, 100 hours a week,"

Do you want a girl who talks like this operating on you?

> …and when she does have kids, well, she'll "be the hotshot surgeon, and he"—a nameless he—"will be at home playing with the kiddies."

Translation: she'll be the subpar surgeon, and he will be at home masturbating furiously to teen porn while she's out

getting creampied by the biker patient with the sleeve tattoo who knows how to press her submissiveness buttons.

> And yet, for all the hand-wringing over the lonely spinster, the real loser in society—the only one to have made just slight financial gains since the 1970s—is the single man, whether poor or rich, college-educated or not. Hens rejoice; it's the bachelor party that's over.

I've never seen such an obvious case of cunty projection. I'm here to report, Mizz RosinFluffinHack, that no marriage, no kids, lotsa sex is a bachelor party without end. Far from being over, it's in full swing.

> Still, they are in charge. "The family changes over the past four decades have been bad for men and bad for kids, but it's not clear they are bad for women," says W. Bradford Wilcox, the head of the University of Virginia's National Marriage Project.

Bad for men who don't have game or other compensatory alpha traits to secure sex. Definitely bad for kids. Good for women? Questionable. While women may think they are getting what they want right now, in the long term those fatherless kids are more likely to grow up into sluts and juvenile delinquents. And then the pendulum will swing back with an unstoppable force slicing and dicing the illusion of material comfort and free choice into a million little gelatinous bits. Single moms are literally breeding their undoing.

> At the same time, a new kind of alpha female has appeared, stirring up anxiety and, occasionally, fear.

Fear and anxiety and intimidation, oh my! The classic femcunt squid ink to complicate the very simple truth that men don't find afeminine, go-getting, ball-busting alpha tankgrrls sexually attractive. Well, unless they're really hot, in which case refusing a pump and dump would be… uncivilized.

> The cougar trope started out as a joke about desperate older women. Now it's gone mainstream, even in Hollywood, home to the 50-something producer with a starlet on his arm. Susan Sarandon and Demi Moore have boy toys, and Aaron Johnson, the 19-year-old star of Kick-Ass, is a proud boy toy for a woman 24 years his senior.

For every cougar dating a younger man, there are 100 older men dating younger women.

> A character played by George Clooney is called too old to be attractive by his younger female colleague and is later rejected by an older woman whom he falls in love with after she sleeps with him—and who turns out to be married. George Clooney! If the sexiest man alive can get twice rejected (and sexually played) in a movie, what hope is there for anyone else?

Yo, Hanna Montana, it's a movie. You're not making the point you think you're making here. In real life, aging George Clooney smartly avoids marriage and boffs a steady stream of hot young babes.

> In fact, the more women dominate, the more they behave, fittingly, like the dominant sex. Rates of violence committed by middle-aged women have skyrocketed since the 1980s, and no one knows why.

This is one of those claims that I'm just sure is being massaged into a teetering steaming shitpile, but I'm too lazy to go digging for the relevant studies confirming or denying.

> Then the commercial abruptly cuts to the fantasy, a Dodge Charger vrooming toward the camera punctuated by bold all caps: MAN'S LAST STAND. But the motto is unconvincing. After that display of muteness and passivity, you can only imagine a woman—one with shiny lips—steering the beast.

Mrs., or is it Ms.?, Hanna Rosin had her kids named RosinPlotz, after her last name and her husband's last name. I wonder what their wedding vows were?

"I, Hanna's grateful half, take you, Hanna, to be my lawfully wedded spousal partner, in sickness and in health, in good times and in bad, and in joy as well as sorrow. I promise to love you unconditionally, to allow you to love whomever whenever and not complain when you are self-actualizing, to support you in your goals, sexual or otherwise, to honor and respect you and the man you will eventually shack up with when you tire of my honoring and respecting, to laugh with you at me and to cry with myself on the day you so choose to expand your horizons and capacity for love to others, and to cherish you for so long as you choose to let me keep my money, house, and quality time with our kids."

"I, Hanna, accept your marital terms, and promise to append your surname to the ass end of my surname for our kids, so that they may always know who is in charge."

Man's last stand, indeed.

Study Confirming My View Of The Job-Sexual Marketplace Nexus

CH · 18 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Apropos yesterday's post:

> This paper examines the extent to which human capital and career decisions are affected by their potential returns in the marriage market. Although schooling and career decisions often are made before getting married, these decisions are likely to affect the future chances of receiving a marriage offer, the type of offer, and the probability of getting divorced. Therefore, I estimate a forward-looking model of the marriage and career decisions of young men between the ages of 16 and 39. **The results show that if there were no returns to career choices in the marriage market, men would tend to work less, study less, and choose blue-collar jobs over white-collar jobs.** These findings suggest that the existing literature underestimates the true returns to human capital investments by ignoring their returns in the marriage market.
>
> Source: "Marriage and Career: The Dynamic Decisions of Young Men" from "Journal of Human Capital"

You can read more here.

I am proven right once again. There are radical sexual marketplace consequences from the integration of women into the workforce. The sexual market is not a positive sum game. Economically empowered women curse themselves with a smaller dating pool of acceptable men, because female hypergamy adjusts itself relative to the status of the woman. This explains why we see the absurd phenomenon of ugly, aging, unmarried bitter lawyer cunts refusing to settle. Once millions of women are working at the same or higher level as working men, those men — who in the past could count on their worker drone jobs to give them enough status over women to sexually attract them — see their sexual market leverage decrease as a consequence of immutable female hypergamy.

Result: men turning away from the drudgery of building careers as a surefire investment strategy for acquiring pussy. The ROI of a corporate 9 to 5er is decreasing rapidly, and men are beginning to catch onto this.

Prediction: as long as women remain a large and growing segment of the white collar job market, men will continue to "drop out". Replacement strategies for men include:

– prostitution (with concomitant calls for legalization)
– sexbots/3D porn
– video gaming
– growth of high paying blue collar trade jobs that women studiously avoid
– thuggishness
– game and assorted pickup strategies. (i.e. the birth of the "alpha mimicry market".)

There are now more beta and omega male losers than ever before thanks to the whittling away of men's traditional route to status through work. (Note: reproductive success does not equal sexual market success. While less promiscuous "betas" — and I use quotes to imply that promiscuity is not necessarily a defining characteristic of alphaness — may have more children on average than more promiscuous "alphas", the timing of those childbirths are the relevant variable. A beta who goes his entire 20s and maybe even his 30s watching from the sidelines as the young hot babes ride the alpha bang bus is going to find cold comfort once that rode worn and tossed away wet former hottie deigns to settle for him in her waning 30s in order to pop out a couple kids before she well and truly hits the wall headlong.)

I can't say when the breaking point in such an unstable system occurs, or how it will occur, but it will happen, sooner or later. Unlimited Third World immigration, of course, only exacerbates this inherent instability. I think betas and omegas would do themselves much good if they jettisoned their antiquated morality, kicked out the legs from the pedestals they raise women onto, and turned to the task of learning how to give women exactly what they

crave — male dominance and high status through game. That way, they can enjoy not just reproductive success with cougars, but sexual success with kittens.

God's Perfect Beta

CH · 19 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Author A.J. Jacobs has been the subject of lampooning at the Chateau before:

> In this Esquire article (with a very disturbing photo at the top), the author recounts his experience trying to set up his drop-dead gorgeous babysitter on a date. For some inexplicable reason, she can't seem to find a man on her own, so her host dad decides to help her out by impersonating her on an internet dating site and sifting through the e-suitors until he finds someone acceptable (to her, not to him, though the line is blurred).
>
> Reading about his efforts, I can't help but think what a milquetoast this guy is, as exemplified by what he imagines his hot nanny would look for in a guy. It's a classic case of beta projection. But I suppose throughout history LJBF'ed betas have served as male cockblocks intercepting the natural desire of girls to hook up with the kinds of men who stomp all over betas. If I were him, I'd be working the magic on my nanny, not working to get her banged by someone else.

Well, the madam of milquetoasts is back, this time with an article about how he agreed to do everything his wife told him to do for one month, as part of research for a book he was writing. The project itself is cutesy, in that it'll help push copy, but the lessons he draws from his experience working as his wife's house eunuch are hilariously delusional.

> At 20 days in, I start to think the power is going to Julie's head. Her requests are coming thick and fast – and are no longer softened with a 'please' or 'would you mind?'
>
> She has started snapping at me. I try to ask her something while she is watching MasterChef and she answers me with a wave of the hand, sign language for 'get out of the room now'.[…]
>
> Later, when I sit down to join her, she says regally: 'Can you turn up the volume?' We're watching Ten Years Younger – her choice.
>
> 'You have the remote,' I say, trying to keep my temper. 'I know. But I want you to walk to the TV and turn up the volume on the set.'
>
> I'm not supposed to argue with her. I heave myself off my chair. Thank goodness there's only two days left.
>
> Julie admits that she is in a mood as she knows that the experiment is about to end and in 48 hours she'll have to go back to doing everything.

Oh, that's not the reason she's "in a mood". You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Mr. Jacobs, and she won't have it! Is that clear? You think you've merely stopped a domestic deal. That is not the case! The feminists and their boybitches have taken billions of balls out of this country's scrotum, and now they must put it back! It is ebb and flow, menstrual gravity! It is psychosocial balance! You are an old man who thinks in terms of oppressors and oppressed. There are no oppressed. There are no patriarchies. There are no conservatives. There are no liberals. There are no progressives. There is no feminist utopia. There is only one holistic system of systems, one vast and immane, interwoven, interacting, multivariate, multihelical dominion of DNA. Genes, neurons, glia, electrochemical signaling, enzymes, mitochondria, and spiritless matter. It is the universal system of reproduction which determines the totality of life on this planet. That is the natural order of things today. That is the atomic and subatomic and galactic structure of things today! And YOU have meddled with the primal forces of nature, and YOU… WILL… ATONE!

Am I getting through to you, Mr. Jacobs? You write feelgood pablum on your little 13 inch laptop and howl about egalitarianism and shared spousal duties. There is no tidily egalitarian world of your fevered mental account balance sheets. There is no 50/50 child rearing responsibility. There is only estrogen, testosterone, eggs, and sperm.

Those *are* the governing bodies of the world today. We have never lived in a world of harmonic convergence and ideologies, Mr. Jacobs. The world is an emergent phenomenon of the incessant, eternal quest for sex, Mr. Jacobs. It has been since man crawled out of the slime. And our children will live, Mr. Jacobs, what few of them are born, to see that… perfect world… in which there's no lifelong monogamy, guaranteed paternity, or two parent families. One vast and ecumenical hedonism, for whom all men will work to serve a common erection, in which all men will hold a share of dystopia. All pleasures provided, all ejaculations immortalized, all desire sated. And I have chosen you, Mr. Jacobs, to serve as example to men on what not to do.

> To my surprise, I tell her that will not be happening – this has definitely made me appreciate how much my wife does around the home.
>
> Before the experiment, I probably thought I was doing 45 per cent of what needed to be done – it turned out it was more like 20 per cent.
>
> Now I actually notice when the hand soap dispensers and loo roll are empty – and refill them. And it's made us both realise it's not always the big gestures that matter.
>
> We now make an effort to be nice to one another and, obvious as it sounds, it makes us both happier.
>
> Marriage is an accumulation of the little gestures. The little gestures are the ones that count – like making chicken piccata.
>
> I admit that when I hatched this grand plan, I rather hoped Julie would grow to hate the new doormat husband and miss my insubordinate, slobby and annoying ways.

You, yourself, Mr. Jacobs, noted how your wife was "in a mood" toward the end of the experiment. You may want to reflect a bit on why exactly she entered a mood and began imperiously ordering you around the house as if you were the hired help.

> Boy did that backfire. Julie describes our little experiment as 'the best month of my life'.

How many times a week did she agree to fuck you during this experiment in self-emasculation? Was it more or fewer times than typical? Perhaps you reveal the answer in your article:

> Clearly happy at being relieved of her cooking duties, Julie says: 'If you cook for me every night, we could make love every night.' 'But I don't want to make love every night,' I protest, somewhat alarmed. **[ed: of course you wouldn't. men generally prefer making nonstop love to attractive women.]**
>
> 'I thought all men did?' she asks 'All men who are 17,' I inform her. Which brings up a question. How often should the ideal husband sleep with his wife?
>
> The average married couple has sex just about twice a week, according to several recent surveys (a statistic probably skewed by the randy just-married 22-year-olds).
>
> Is that what the woman wants? Or is it some compromise? It's not clear. 'How often is ideal for you?' I ask. 'Once a week sounds good.' She pauses. 'Don't write that down.'

I wonder if you could be honest about just how much better or worse was your sex life while you snapped to attention at your wife's every beck and call? I suspect not.

> And my male friends are full of resentment because their wives are forever saying 'why can't you be more like AJ?'

The worst advice your male friends could take would be to be more like you.

> But the lessons I've learned have, without a doubt, improved our marriage.

A one month sociological contrivance which ended with your wife "in a mood" as she harangued you to raise the volume on the TV without using the remote she had in hand is not evidence for marital improvement.

> Unfortunately, they have torpedoed my comfy, ignorant existence for ever.

On the contrary, you've never been more comfortably ignorant.

Readers may ask, if A.J. Jacobs is the Moloko Plus of betatude, how is it he was able to snag a wife and bear children with her? Simple, reader. He snagged her younger, slightly hotter self when he was insubordinate, slobby, and annoying. And he keeps her because she is unattractive. When your wife has even fewer options on the sexual market than you do, then you can be all the post-modern enlightened feminist bitchboy you want to be without much consequence.

But not zero consequence. Excessive betaness has been known to push even wives well past their expiration dates into a loveless, sexless torpor. I think Mr. Jacobs knows this deep in his soul, which is why he'll go back in no time to being the slobby, annoying, inconsiderate husband his wife fell in love with. Which is how god intended.

Fanged Female Condom

CH · 20 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In an effort to discourage rapists, a South African doctor (surprised?) has invented a female condom with hooks that attach to the penis and cause immense pain.

I don't have a problem with this invention. But I wonder what kind of legal ramifications will confront the first woman who forgets to remove the artificial vagina dentata and maims her boyfriend's or husband's penis? Because I guarantee that should this device become widely available, we're going to be hearing stories of forgetful drunk chicks quite literally hooking up and getting all hellraiser on their partners' cocks. Jesus cringed.

Breaking The Seal

CH · 21 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I had two conversations going on. One with my date (first date) sitting next to me and one in my head.

“They call this game the beautiful sport. Personally, I think bowling should have that title. What do you think?”

“I wouldn’t call bowling a sport.” She smirks.

“Sure it is. Hand eye coordination. Groupies. It qualifies.”

I lay my hand on her forearm. She doesn’t pull away, but she doesn’t return my touch with one of her own. Not a positive sign. Also, I’m turned to her and she’s still facing forward. I’ll try mirroring.

“That’s a very disturbing stick figure drawing. Does your mother know you have all this pent up aggression?”

“Hey, it’s your game. If you can’t handle it you shouldn’t ask to play.” She puts the pencil down with authority.

She brushes her cheek with the back of her hand. I put my hand to my face in a nearly identical gesture. Then I tug at the hair in back of my head. Almost instantly, she plays with a lock of hair on her head. Progress!

“Sounds like your parents have one of those relationships that most people envy.” I’m genuinely impressed.

“It hasn’t always been perfect, but yeah, I’m lucky to have them. They’re a good role model.”

I have my hand on her shoulder when she says this. I’m escalating kino by the book, but she’s not touching me in response at all. Her body language, while not cold, is not warming up either, although her punchy voice tone, her sincere smile, and her glittering eyes betray a deep emotional engagement.

It has been an hour and two drinks since we met this night. People are around us, but not much paying attention to us, except for one Slavic looking girl sitting with three men on the other side of the bar who keeps checking me out. Naturally, I notice this. When women’s eyes are on me, I feel a pleasant disturbance in my calm. A nuke could go off downtown and I’ll still take mental note of some random chick looking at me curiously.

Normally, this is the time of the date when I go for the kiss, but she has sent no signals that an advance toward her lips would yield victory. I’ve had girls faceturn on me before during a lip approach, and it’s an invisible blow to the solar plexus, but I always remind myself that the rejection of a spurned kiss is nothing to the regret of a kiss not taken. Yet… she is inscrutable. Not leaning into me, not leaning away from me. Smiling, but not licking her lips. Accepting of my touches, but not returning in kind. I absorb the tension of the moment, silent and serene, careful to avoid lurching clumsily into try-hard, but the seconds are ticking and the silence is expanding. I could put off the decision and move this conversation in a new direction, but then I risk losing momentum. If seduction were a balloon, overtalking is like pinching the knot to let the air escape slowly.

When I was new to the pickup arts, I defaulted to Mystery’s kiss routine to break the seal and kiss a girl on a first date (or first night). The routine was simple.

“Would you like to kiss me?”

If she says “Yes”, I go for the kiss.

If she says “No”, I say “I didn’t say you *could*… you just had that look on your face.”

If she says “Maybe”, I say “Let’s find out.”

It was a good routine, and never let me down, but as I (re)discovered through the accumulation of experience and memories of past seductions, it was totally unnecessary. The perfect first kiss is ushered wordlessly, imposed on the woman by sheer force of masculine will, intoxicating in its bold, unspoken grandeur, sophisticated in its exquisite timing. Cleverness and calculated filibuster, more often than not, detracts from its simple glory.

But still, I needed a sign. There is always a sign if you look for it.

As I finished speaking, I stared at her. In the silence, my pupils vibrated along a beam of mental wire connected to her pupils. An unmoved girl would quickly glance away. She would have, but not before a telling second passed when her gaze met mine and lingered, and I had all the excuse I needed. Plunging headlong into her aura of feminine repose, I struck the softness of her lips with purpose, and she answered with abandon.

The only kiss routine you need is this: does she hold your gaze for a second longer than is comfortable? If so, you must move. Failure to do so will constitute the loss of a magical moment that will never quite be recaptured in the same way again.

Staying One Step Ahead Of Suspicious Women

CH · 22 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Match.com has an article called 'Are You Dating A Player?' which warns women away from players by identifying some telltale signs of the inveterate philanderer (i.e., the man most attractive to women).

> **He's bold.** For the player, the pickup is a game. He doesn't approach women with the same nerves or awkwardness of a normal guy. He'll walk up confidently, with a big smile and great eye contact. His manner will be smooth and put-together. This doesn't mean you should look for the opposite — a stuttering wreck — but be wary of a guy who acts completely bulletproof. A little anxiety is natural.

This is a good point. Overqualification is a bigger problem than most men realize, and can kill a pickup in its infancy. Advanced players understand that demonstrating a hint of vulnerability is integral to the seduction process, particularly when the target is insecure about her looks. It's OK to be cool as a cucumber when approaching 9s and 10s (or even 8s if you look like the type of guy who shouldn't be dating 8s), but for any other woman, showing a flash of nervousness while still maintaining state control can go a long way toward endearing you to her. I wouldn't show nervousness in your body language, though. Confident body language is too important to pressing women's attraction buttons to risk mucking up. Instead, look down after you introduce yourself and say something like "I can't believe I'm doing this". All it takes is a subtle gesture to communicate a touch of anxiety. The uglier the girl is, the more you'll have to pretend to be a marble-mouthed nervous wreck. But then, why are you hitting on ugly girls?

> **He declares his feelings right away.** Players employ a "fast come-on," according to Dr. Kalish, making sweeping statements of affection (e.g., "You're the most perfect woman I've ever met") from the word go. These declarations can feel very welcome, especially if you've been in a string of relationships that lacked such intimacy. Just remember that true closeness takes time, and it's normal for a guy to be more guarded about his emotions.

This is wrong. *Phony* players who imagine they are Don Juan of the downtown declare their feelings of love right away. Actual players who know the score do no such thing. They know that women crave the challenge of winning a man's affection. Direct game like this can work, but generally only in limited contexts, such as with women who aren't especially hot. And players who advocate direct game usually revert to indirect game soon after the opener.

> **He always plans romantic dates.** Dating for the player is kind of a performance art. And he's going to be good at it. "He won't just bring a box of chocolates," Dr. Kalish warns. "He'll take you to a state fair and offer to share cotton candy." Nice guys can be romantic, too, but life with them won't always feel like a Robert Pattinson movie. Nonstop rooftop picnics and weekends at the cottage could be too much.

I wouldn't worry about this. Women universally love men who take them on creative, inspired dates. (NOTE: Creative != expensive.) But there is such a thing as overkill. I wouldn't put much date effort into a chick I haven't banged yet. If you want to be on the safe side, save your creative, romantic dates until after you've banged her.

> **He has lots of acquaintances, no close friends.** The player tends to be a lone wolf. That doesn't mean he lacks for golfing buddies. The same way he charms women, he can charm lots of people in his life. The key is that, in friendship as in romance, his affections run broad but not deep. If solid pals are hard to come by with this guy, consider yourself warned.

She's not going to find out about the structure of your friendships until well after you've fucked her, so this supposed red flag should be of zero concern to you. I don't even think this is true. I know ladies' men who have very

deep friendships, with both men and women.

> **He's a thrill-seeker.** A guy who spends his spare time looking for a rush — fast driving, bungee jumping, kite-boarding, heli-skiing — should give you pause. This type, says Dr. Kalish, craves the excitement that comes from conquering a difficult challenge, and that goes for his relationship goals as well. Once he's "conquered" you, your allure may quickly fade.

Yeah, I suppose this is a tipoff. If you're really worried about pinging a girl's play-dar, then just cut back on the skydiving, champ.

***

The second half of the article describes five signs that the man she is dating is a niceguy. Thus, you should pay attention to this advice if you want to do nothing but masturbate for the rest of your life.

> **He's goofy.** The sincere suitor is not suave. He doesn't always say the right thing.

Vulnerability game. Just don't overdo the goofiness. The niceguy is effortlessly goofy because his lack of confidence gets the better of him. This is not what women want. What they do want is an effortlessly suave man who is occasionally goofy. This will make him seem attainable without sacrificing his raw sex appeal.

> **He remembers personal details and events.** It's the most basic way to show someone you care — by learning about his or her life and interests.

Awful advice for any man. Women don't want you to remember personal details about them; at least, not until it matters, like when she's hinting at marriage and she wants to see signs of commitment from you. Caring carebears do not get laid. Careless assholes do.

> **He treats his mama right.** Generally speaking, a loving family begets a loving person, and the opposite is also true.

Don't Lotharios have a reputation for being mammas' boys? Regardless, this is a stupid sign to look for. Men with even half a brain are not going to introduce girls they haven't had sex with yet to their mothers. If you're not a complete feeb, she'll never know what your relationship with your mother is like until well after many sessions of intimacy have transpired.

> **He can mingle.** "The sincere guy doesn't mind being in a room with people who are more accomplished than he is," Dr. Kalish says.

Wrong. Players are almost universally better minglers than are niceguys. Niceguys may be good listeners, sure, but that's because they're too boring to contribute to the conversation.

> **He says, "I love you."** As fawning as a player's affections are, there's still something sacred about the L-bomb. Kalish found that insincere men would say, "I want to grow old with you," or "I want to have children with you," but "I love you" remained somehow off limits. A guy who says those three magic words may very well mean them.

I see the problem here. The author is conflating "insincere men" with "players". The two are not the same. A player can easily fall head over heels in love with a woman, and declare it from the rooftops. He just happens to do this with a lot of women, instead of just one.

Chinese Women Toughest Girls To Game?

CH · 23 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This may be the quote of the year:

> The hard-boiled bachelorette, Ma Nuo, has gone on to become one of China's most recognizable *bai jin nu* [golddigger]. Marry for love? Fat chance, said the material girl: "I would rather cry in a BMW than smile on the back of my boyfriend's bicycle."

That's from an article about the rank materialism of Chinese women. Hmm, now what does that quote remind one of? Oh yeah:

Maxim #101: For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.

You go, future time oriented girl! Now, normally, only the hottest chinagirls are gonna have a realistic shot at crying in a rich man's BMW. Most of them will have to settle for getting pumped and dumped, sans engagement ring, in the beemer's back seat. But these are not normal times in the middle kingdom. For one, their sexual market is all kinds of dysfunctional; armies of single men prowl for whatever scraps of single women they can sniff out. With a ratio that bad, it's no wonder men have to advertise flat ownership (15 square feet!) before some chinese version of a dumpy jelly splingerette casting call reject deems him worthy of a peck on the cheek. We've come a long way since foot binding, baby.

The Chinese, being the massively Special K-selected race that they are, are likely the world's preeminent, badassiest provider betas. This is the land of niceguy hugs, excruciatingly long courtships, the zippered non-fling, and video game substituting for… well, for just about everything. You drop your typical soybrained China dude in America and he is gonna get chewed up and wetly expectorated by our badboy loving women, house or no house. Which system is better? Tough call. Personally, as a fan of love and being human, I'd wither in an environment where chicks were so calculatingly miss roboto about dating and all that slimy emotional stuff that lubes the whole process. On the chubside, you can straight buy your way into some fairly loyal, and non-obese!, vertically epicanthic vaj. No game needed. Of course, the price of entry is steep, and climbing like a stripper reaching for a hundred windexed to the top of the pole.

The Sino-sordid spectacle reminds me of stuff I read from somewhere about how the English evolved mucho smarts and were able to kickstart the industrial revolution, and eventually, America. Turns out they practiced good old fashioned eugenics, the way nature intended — all the smarties and upper classmen had way more kids than the poor and smelly, who were left to die in the streets very uncompassionately, and after many generations of that, a new people was born. (Any current reversal of the process is a figment of your imagination. Ow, my balls!) But you religious bleeding hearts can sleep easy; God watched over the unfolding dirty Darwinian events with an eye toward a future kinder, gentler humanity, so you know it had His heavenly stamp of approval. Back to the point: I see the same thing happening now in China.

I'd say Chinese men need an infusion of game, stat, but they're probably constitutionally incapable of understanding the concepts, let alone applying them. These Chinese chicks may be megamaterialistic, but I'm nigh certain that you drop a nuclear neg on a moonfaced gaggle of them and suddenly that legalistic mental mate checklist (house? car? sinecure with the Party? Now we talk long time.) evaporates like so much empty bluster. Why do I think this? Because I'd bet coin of the realm that in a country of 500 million men, not more than three girls have been negged, and I'm counting the whores. The conceptual reality of Chinese men couldn't be further from the world of pickup.

Hey, if a lonely sex-starved Chinese man can't get a nibble, he could always pull a van der sloot. That's guaranteed to get him an avalanche of marriage proposals. And it's a lot cheaper than paying for a house 22 times the cost of the median Chinese annual salary. But seriously, let's hope this banal, arid materialistic *quid pro ho* doesn't infect the rest of the world. Last thing America needs is another layer of absurd entitlement on top of the noxious layers

currently defeminizing our women. Remember, every time you buy a fat girl a drink, or a house, Satan smites a beta.

Pregnant Women Are Smug

CH · 26 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Finefantastic you so deliciously cynical.

Death By Tree

CH · 27 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For the second time this year in SWPL Park, someone has been killed by a falling tree branch. Specifically, a mother was critically injured and her infant killed when an angry tree randomly dropped a heavy branch from 40 feet on their heads. The father was taking a picture of them at the moment of impact.

People don't think about the myriad ways we can die gruesome, horrible deaths. I'm sure our brains are wired to avoid thinking like this, so that we all don't turn into paranoiacs. Paranoia is probably bad for reproductive fitness. The next time you're hiking or having a picnic in the park, look around at the thousands of trees surrounding you which could leap into a murderous rage at any moment and drop branches on your head from a great height.

According to the Tree Care Industry Association, there were 407 deaths in the United States between 1995 and 2007 caused by storm-related falling trees. But how many deaths by falling tree happen in calm weather, when a tree decides to inexplicably unload a major limb on an unsuspecting nature lover?

When I was a kid, I read a massive tome called "Trees"; a 500+ page book categorizing all the native tree species of America and describing their attributes in florid, somewhat archaic language. I loved that book. Little did I know that I was enthralled by a potential assassin from above. Joyce Kilmer had it wrong.

I think that I shall never see
a killer as stealthy as a tree

Trees are truly the dark triad badboys of florae — vain, beguiling, and psychopathic.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 28 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The context: You've met a girl (not through social connections) and exchanged numbers. You and her went on a first date to a local dive a few days later, and it was good — comfortable rapport punctuated with sensual makeouts. A few more days pass and you call to arrange a second date. This time she invites you to join her at a public event where she will be in attendance along with many of her friends and friends of friends. It is an event that was long ago preplanned, and she is obligated to go. She says you're welcome to invite some of your friends as well.

The quandary: Do you, or do you not, agree to meet her and, presumably, all her friends, at this event for a second date?

The crux: You are not a newb at the game. You understand that a "group" date will put the brakes on moving the seduction forward to a juicy climax of lustmaking. A girl is not likely to risk slut labeling by physically escalating with you, a new man, in the company of her friends. In the past, you would have balked at such a date suggestion, and offered her the opportunity to meet you another time when she is free of obligations, but you are not so easily dissuaded anymore by these kinds of traditional dating momentum killers. Your spirit flows with the essence of the rakes of seductions past and the life lessons of years of experience, and you sense opportunity where lesser men see obstacles.

What do you do?

The analysis that should be going through your head:

If you are confident in your social savviness, a chance to meet a date's friends is a chance to work the room. In other words, it's a chance to demonstrate higher value on the cheap. If you get bored of the usual first-second date routine, (and, truth be told, if you are even semi-decent at game you should be going on enough first and second dates that they get boring after a while, no matter what the girl is like), then a date where her friends will be present is a way to spice things up. You can stretch your abilities and challenge yourself by striking up conversations with strangers and making her girlfriends, and whatever guy friends she has, laugh and enjoy the pleasure of your company.

If you are less confident in your social skills, a group oriented date could ruin your chances. It's bad enough when a one-on-one date goes cold; it's irrevocably worse when a one-on-twenty "date" winds up with you the odd man out because you're too shy or awkward to command a room and handle multi-threaded conversations without turning spergy. Nothing will lower your value faster than meeting a group of people and slowly disappearing into the wall, nursing your drink despondently, as everyone around you has fun.

But, high risk high reward. The flip side of crossing the event horizon of a massive DLV implosion is the chance to explode in a glorious DHV supernova. No guts no glory.

What about the motivations of the girl? You don't know her well enough yet to get a sense of that, but you do know that her motivations aren't necessarily bad. Sure, a girl may invite you on a group second date because subconsciously she is taking a step back from you, unsure if you are the knight of her 463 bullet point mental checklist. The "meet the friends" pre-sex date is often better termed the "meet the buffer zone" second date. If that is the case, you would be right to decline the date.

But a girl could just as easily like you so much that she blithely sees nothing wrong with the date+friends formula. She is happy to see you whenever an opportunity arises, whether on a conventional date or in the company of her friends. Remember that cute girls, being the discriminating sex accustomed to passively accepting approaches by men, have never had to learn in any great depth the reality of the sexual market and what constitutes a dating faux pas. They simply lack the awareness of how precarious the mating dance is for men, who must jump through many more hoops to get sexytime than women do (that is, until those women get older or fatter and their bond rating

downgraded). If women were subjected to the same dating rules as men and understood how seemingly trivial social missteps can mean the difference between getting rejected or loved, I doubt many of them would be able to function at all in the dating scene, their egos relentlessly hammered into pulpy globules of self-doubt and anxiety.

There is another explanation for her motivations; she may like you and want to a) show you off to her friends, b) observe how her friends react to you (a form of preselection), and c) observe how well you handle her friends. All these motivations could issue from a desire to want to find justifications for her feelings of attraction to you. Many times girls are psychologically stampeded by their own growing attraction. A girl risks a lot more than men do in the relinquishment to arousal — pregnancy, for one. In the state of nature, pre-safe abortion and pre-widespread contraceptives, a surrender to womanly desire could spell disaster. A man has no equivalent worry. And so, in an effort to justify her desire and "make it OK" for her to continue surrendering to you, she will sometimes throw dating curveballs to test your mettle, ease her conscience, and pave the way for her arousal to find fulfillment. These curveballs can be banal, like the oddly suggested group date, or invidious, like the bitchy shit test.

In the final analysis, if your game is shaky, you may want to avoid any pre-sex group oriented dates as a rule. The risk is probably not worth the potential upside, and it won't cost you much to simply decline in favor of a future one-on-one date in dim lighting. If, on the other hand, your social savvy is impressive and you're confident that the girl is really into you, meeting her friends could be a fast track to intimacy.

******

UPDATE

What I did:

I told her I'd stop by. I went and chatted up her friends while she darted about catching up with them and performing event duties. She went out of her way to introduce me to many of her friends, which I thought was cool. And, as a nice bonus, one of her cute female friends flirted with me for quite a while, which wasn't much of a surprise as girls tend to become more intrigued when they see you in the company of one of their girl friends. I left by myself a couple hours later, after I told her to enjoy the rest of the night with her friends. Our next date was very good.

“Suck it up”

CH · 28 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It’s been quipped that liberals love humanity but hate humans, while conservatives love humans but hate humanity. I find there to be a lot of truth to this statement. Now, an illuminating quote from a story about Algore’s alleged sexual assault on a masseuse adds credence to the quip’s accuracy:

> Finally she got away. Later, she talked to friends, liberals like herself, who advised against telling police. One asked her “to just suck it up; otherwise, the world’s going to be destroyed from global warming.”

Funny. At least we know 21st century feminism bows to the altar of gaiaism in the pantheon of liberal virtues. The feminists have been taking body blows lately. First, the tsunami of science discredits just about everything they believe in. Second, you’ve got mischievous boys like myself happily shitting in their faces. And now even their natural leftie allies are sacrificing them to the demands of their substitute mother earth religion.

Normally, I tend to disbelieve any sex accusation against a famous alpha male by some two-bit happy ending pseudohooker on the take, but with the Gores’ marriage ending so unceremoniously recently, the accusation becomes more believable. Which, in closing, brings me to another maxim.

Maxim #211: A good working assumption is that any married alpha male with options in the sexual market, no matter how religious or declarative of his love for his wife he is, is fucking a mistress.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 28 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The context: You've met a girl (not through social connections) and exchanged numbers. You and her went on a first date to a local dive a few days later, and it was good — comfortable rapport punctuated with sensual makeouts. A few more days pass and you call to arrange a second date. This time she invites you to join her at a public event where she will be in attendance along with many of her friends and friends of friends. It is an event that was long ago preplanned, and she is obligated to go. She says you're welcome to invite some of your friends as well.

The quandary: Do you, or do you not, agree to meet her and, presumably, all her friends, at this event for a second date?

The crux: You are not a newb at the game. You understand that a "group" date will put the brakes on moving the seduction forward to a juicy climax of lustmaking. A girl is not likely to risk slut labeling by physically escalating with you, a new man, in the company of her friends. In the past, you would have balked at such a date suggestion, and offered her the opportunity to meet you another time when she is free of obligations, but you are not so easily dissuaded anymore by these kinds of traditional dating momentum killers. Your spirit flows with the essence of the rakes of seductions past and the life lessons of years of experience, and you sense opportunity where lesser men see obstacles.

What do you do?

The analysis that should be going through your head:

If you are confident in your social savviness, a chance to meet a date's friends is a chance to work the room. In other words, it's a chance to demonstrate higher value on the cheap. If you get bored of the usual first-second date routine, (and, truth be told, if you are even semi-decent at game you should be going on enough first and second dates that they get boring after a while, no matter what the girl is like), then a date where her friends will be present is a way to spice things up. You can stretch your abilities and challenge yourself by striking up conversations with strangers and making her girlfriends, and whatever guy friends she has, laugh and enjoy the pleasure of your company.

If you are less confident in your social skills, a group oriented date could ruin your chances. It's bad enough when a one-on-one date goes cold; it's irrevocably worse when a one-on-twenty "date" winds up with you the odd man out because you're too shy or awkward to command a room and handle multi-threaded conversations without turning spergy. Nothing will lower your value faster than meeting a group of people and slowly disappearing into the wall, nursing your drink despondently, as everyone around you has fun.

But, high risk high reward. The flip side of crossing the event horizon of a massive DLV implosion is the chance to explode in a glorious DHV supernova. No guts no glory.

What about the motivations of the girl? You don't know her well enough yet to get a sense of that, but you do know that her motivations aren't necessarily bad. Sure, a girl may invite you on a group second date because subconsciously she is taking a step back from you, unsure if you are the knight of her 463 bullet point mental checklist. The "meet the friends" pre-sex date is often better termed the "meet the buffer zone" second date. If that is the case, you would be right to decline the date.

But a girl could just as easily like you so much that she blithely sees nothing wrong with the date+friends formula. She is happy to see you whenever an opportunity arises, whether on a conventional date or in the company of her friends. Remember that cute girls, being the discriminating sex accustomed to passively accepting approaches by men, have never had to learn in any great depth the reality of the sexual market and what constitutes a dating faux pas. They simply lack the awareness of how precarious the mating dance is for men, who must jump through many more hoops to get sexytime than women do (that is, until those women get older or fatter and their bond rating

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The Self-Delusion Cloak Of Invincibility

CH · 29 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Women in their late 30s are freezing their eggs because they haven't yet found the perfect badass alpha male willing to commit to them and love them for all eternity in between time spent ruling the galaxy.

> A study of women at a Belgian clinic found half wanted to freeze their eggs to take the pressure off finding a partner, a fertility conference heard.[…]
>
> The women who had an average age of 38 did not expect to use their frozen eggs until they were around 43 and they realised they needed to undergo the procedure while they were still healthy and fertile.
>
> "We found that they had all had partners in the past, and one was currently in a relationship, but they had not fulfilled their desire to have a child because they thought that they had not found the right man."

The self-delusion on display here is astounding. These are supposedly smart, educated women thinking like this. They are deluding themselves in two ways. One, late 30s is too late to start harvesting eggs. The shelf life of eggs is short; the primo years for eggs are late teens to mid 20s to begin scooping them out in order to have babies at a much later date through an older woman's bedraggled, paper-thin vajeen, just as nature intended. But the bigger self-delusion (and the funnier one from my point of view), is the implied belief of these women that they are exempt from the laws of the sexual marketplace. Do smart women really believe that in their late 30s to early 40s they are just as attractive to the alpha males as they were when they were younger, hotter, tighter? If their behavior and spending decisions are any indication, the answer is yes.

They are in for a rude awakening. Oh sure, a couple of them might get extraordinarily lucky and land their prince chumplings, but most will either fade into sexual worthlessness, crying tears of despair at night as their dreams stalk them with visions of empty children's playpens, or they will suck it up and learn to settle for the unexciting beta lapdog with the advanced degree in domestic engineering. A few will choose to tough it out as single moms, gifting the world with yet another juvenile delinquent or slut in training.

On a side note, how would you feel if you were the "man" in a relationship with one of these cunts who was letting you know in no uncertain terms that she's putting off childbearing because she doesn't believe you are worthy of inseminating her? Would that be grounds for switching out her birth control pills for flintstones vitamins just to fuck with her?

> [Dr Srilatha Gorthi] said the medical students gave career reasons as the most common reason for considering egg collection while the other students were more concerned about financial stability.
>
> And she added that society needs to better support young women in having a family when they are ready without compromising their careers.

Typical wrongheaded feminist advice. "Better supporting" young women to have a family is exactly what got them into this predicament in the first place. What happens when society stitches a safety net of financial, legal, social, and cultural support under young women? Why, they ride the cock and career carousel until the parties start to get boring, and then they go asking for handouts from the state, from business, and from desperate betas to help them raise their late in life love children.

Here's a crazy thought: maybe what the West needs to avoid a sad decline is a little less support, instead of more.

Science Continues Proving Me Right

CH · 30 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Chicks dig dominant men (at least for hot sex). Men with low voices are perceived as more dominant. Hence, you should take up smoking to give your voice that rich, deep, gravelly timbre that make chicks swoon. Isn't a shortened lifespan worth the extra poon?

> Men with a deep, masculine voices are seen as more dominant by other men but a man's own dominance – perceived or actual – does not affect how attentive he is to his rivals' voices. His own dominance does however influence how he rates his competitors' dominance: the more dominant he thinks he is, the less dominant he rates his rival's voice.

Paging G Manifesto… (women should avoid smoking for the same reason.)

******

If you are a white man with brown eyes, chances are you have a more dominant looking face (and, thus, more access to pussy!).

> Faces of brown-eyed men were rated more dominant than those of blue-eyed men, even when their eyes weren't brown.
>
> The effect, which didn't hold for female faces, may have something to do with the shape of brown-eyed men's faces, said study researcher Karel Kleisner of Charles University in Prague. On average, brown-eyed men had broader chins and mouths, larger noses, more closely spaced eyes and larger eyebrows than blue-eyed men.

Ever notice how closely spaced the eyes are on criminal thugs and stupid people? It's a telltale sign that a person is probably not very trustworthy. And, yes, ugly people really are more criminally inclined than better looking people. You CAN judge a book by its cover, Virginia!

Naturally, one wonders why blue eyes — and thus less masculine faces — evolved in men. Perhaps in northern climes, where blue eyes predominate, there was selection for more cooperative males who could put aside strutting displays for the sake of reliably providing for the community and the family during long, cold winters. Or maybe it's just a vestige of the sexual selection for very fair women with blue eyes.

******

Make her swoon with a love tune:

> If you're having trouble getting a date, French researchers suggest that picking the right soundtrack could improve the odds. Women were more prepared to give their number to an 'average' young man after listening to romantic background music, according to research that appears today in the journal *Psychology of Music*.

I slap on some Metallica — from the Kill Em All album — to get girls to leave my place after sex.

******

People discriminate based on beauty:

> In her provocative new book,*The Beauty Bias*: *The Injustice of Appearance in Law and Life*, Stanford law professor Deborah Rhode argues that workers deserve legal protection against appearance-based discrimination unless their looks are directly relevant to their job performance. […]
>
> Volumes of psychological research have shown that unattractive people are assumed to be less intelligent, less

> capable and less trustworthy. Almost from birth, infants stare longer at faces that adults rate as attractive.

No doubt Deborah Rhode is a raving lunatic equalist femicunt. But she's right that people treat the ugly worse than they treat the pretty. Where she goes off the rails is in her solution to the "problem". Does anyone think this isn't the endgame when "anti-discrimination" became the religion of the USA in the mid-20th century? It was only a matter of time before those who argued against discriminating based on race — an immutable human characteristic — realized that it was the next logical step to justifiably argue against discrimination based on looks — a mostly immutable human characteristic. (Fatties are exempt from playing the immutability card.)

In fact, most facially ugly people really can't do a thing about their unfortunate condition. In a "fair" world, anti-ugly discrimination would be outlawed, and the ugly would receive some recompense for their suffering.

This is why I am a true believer in the freedom of association. I knew that the eternal egalitarian quest for "fairness" would inevitably lead to the absurd totalitarian state we see unfolding all around us today. The only way it could be stopped was by rejecting its first principles — namely, by insisting that people have a right to associate with whomever they please. Equalists need to come to grips with the fact that life is not fair, that some human beings really are worth more than others, and that the constant pounding of square pegs into round holes is, in the long run, neither good for the peg nor the hole.

******

From the No Duh! files: fat chicks have trouble getting laid.

> Scientists say being fat can be bad for the bedroom, especially if you're a woman.
>
> In a new study, European researchers found obese women had more trouble finding a sexual partner than their normal-weight counterparts, though the same wasn't true for obese men, and were four times as likely to have an unplanned pregnancy. Fat men reported a higher rate of erectile dysfunction. […]
>
> Obese women were 30 percent less likely than normal-weight women to have had a sexual partner in the last year. In comparison, there was little difference among obese men and normal-weight men as to whether they found a sexual partner.

This should disprove the notion (propounded most often by Satoshi Kanazawa at *Psychology Today*) that women do all the choosing in the dating market. In fact, they don't. Men actively choose against dating and fucking fat chicks, old chicks, and, in some cases, single moms.

Not only are fat chicks sexually denied, they also skew the dating market to the detriment of men. What good are fat chicks? Just air drop 'em on an island somewhere, preferably all on one side so that the island might tip over and capsize.

> Previous studies have found similar trends, but researchers were surprised by the discrepancy they found between the genders as to how excess weight affects peoples' sex lives.
>
> "Maybe women are more tolerant of tubby husbands than men are of tubby wives," said Kaye Wellings, a professor of sexual and reproductive health at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine and one of the BMJ study authors.

Women don't care as much about looks as men do. Cue the Drudge red siren.

> The researchers found that obese women were less likely to ask for birth control services, and thus, four times more likely to accidentally get pregnant. Pregnant fat women and their babies also faced a higher risk of complications and death than normal-weight women.

“Accidentally” my ass. Fat chicks know that they have fewer chances than slim chicks to bed a man, so when the opportunity arises, they take full advantage to fill their slovenly, bloated wombs with a reason for existence. My advice to low self esteem men with dumpster diving issues: don that schlong before you impale a whale.

******

More proof for female preselection and the game techniques that spoof it:

> “The idea is if you walk into a room and there are 50 people there, you can’t talk to everyone. So whom do you choose to talk to first? You could talk to the most attractive person or you could see whom others are already interacting with. If you’re a female and all the other women are just talking to 10 men, the other 40 aren’t potentially good mates. It would seem it’s a cognitive short-cut.”

One of the best things a guy can do for his game is to go out with a female friend. Instruct her to smile a lot and laugh at your lame jokes.

******

Courtesy of Vox Day, proof that women prefer fucking alphas:

> About 16 percent of Americans between the ages of 14 and 49 are infected with genital herpes, making it one of the most common sexually transmitted diseases, U.S. health officials said on Tuesday… women were nearly twice likely as men to be infected, according to an analysis by the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. About 21 percent of women were infected with genital herpes, compared to only 11.5 percent of men.

Twice as many women as men have genital herpes. This could only happen if a smaller group of infected men is giving the gift of their infectious love to a larger group of women. Looks like female hypergamy is conclusively proved.

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It’s a myth that marriage is good for a man’s health.

> But while it’s clear that marriage is profoundly connected to health and well-being, new research is increasingly presenting a more nuanced view of the so-called marriage advantage. Several new studies, for instance, show that the marriage advantage doesn’t extend to those in troubled relationships, which can leave a person far less healthy than if he or she had never married at all. One recent study suggests that a stressful marriage can be as bad for the heart as a regular smoking habit. And despite years of research suggesting that single people have poorer health than those who marry, a major study released last year concluded that single people who have never married have better health than those who married and then divorced.
>
> All of which suggests that while Farr’s exploration into the conjugal condition pointed us in the right direction, it exaggerated the importance of the institution of marriage and underestimated the quality and character of the marriage itself. The mere fact of being married, it seems, isn’t enough to protect your health. Even the Healthy Marriage Initiative makes the distinction between “healthy” and “unhealthy” relationships when discussing the benefits of marriage. “When we divide good marriages from bad ones,” says the marriage historian Stephanie Coontz, who is also the director of research and public education for the Council on Contemporary Families, “we learn that it is the relationship, not the institution, that is key.”

What this says is that men can get all the benefits of a *good* marriage within an unmarried relationship. So what was the point of getting married again? Oh yeah, right… to keep the cogs firmly ensconced in the gears of the grinding globocorporate machine.

******

Giving women the right to vote really was a bad move:

> Did Women's Suffrage Change the Size and Scope of Government?
>
> Giving women the right to vote significantly changed American politics from the very beginning. Despite claims to the contrary, the gender gap is not something that has arisen since the 1970s. Suffrage coincided with immediate increases in state government expenditures and revenue, and these effects continued growing as more women took advantage of the franchise. Similar changes occurred at the federal level as female suffrage led to more liberal voting records for the state's U.S. House and Senate delegations. In the Senate, suffrage changed voting behavior by an amount equal to almost 20 percent of the difference between Republican and Democratic senators. Suffrage also coincided with changes in the probability that prohibition would be enacted and changes in divorce laws. We were also able to deal with questions of causality by taking advantage of the fact that while some states voluntarily adopted suffrage, others where compelled to do so by the Nineteenth Amendment. The conclusion was that suffrage dramatically changed government in both cases. Accordingly, the effects of suffrage we estimate are not reflecting some other factor present in only states that adopted suffrage. […]
>
> More work remains to be done on why women vote so differently, but our initial work provides scant evidence that it is due to self-interest arising from their employment by government. The only evidence that we found indicated that the gender gap in part arises from women's fear that they are being left to raise children on their own (Lott and Kenny 1997). If this result is true, the continued breakdown of the family and higher divorce rates imply growing political conflicts between the sexes.

Yes, women's suffrage really did herald the end days of America. The result of giving women the vote has been an ever-increasing nanny state funded on the backs of increasingly sex-dispossessed betas (dispossessed from banging women during their prime years). The elevation of diversity as a moral value and the flooding of the country with incompatible third world immigrants has no doubt been a secondary consequence of suffrage for women, who naturally bring their feminine sensibilities, for better or (more usually) for worse, to the polls. This is why I have argued that the next step in this national devolution toward mindless compassion is the creation of armies of cads. Men want sex, and will do whatever it takes to get it, whether that be good or ill for society.

******

More American women choosing to not have children:

> More American women are choosing not to have children than three decades ago, according to a new report.
>
> Nearly 20 percent of older women do not have children, compared to 10 percent in the 1970s, the Pew Research Center said.

It's possible the procreative pendulum will naturally swing back to replacement rates, but for now the economic and cultural empowerment of women has *de facto* rendered their wombs barren. The fulfillment of their demands has been the harbinger of their own annihilation. I think the hipsters would call that irony.

******

I've written before that for women, travel is just an excuse to bang a swarthy local. Now the proof arrives:

> Study: For Israeli women, going on vacation means more sex.
>
> For Israeli women, going on vacation means more sex and lots of touristy activities – whether they are with their partners or not. Even so, if the overseas trip involves intense physical activity, the women reported no significant improvement in their sex lives.

> Such are the findings of a new study of the sexual behavior of vacationing Israeli women, conducted by the Department of Hotel and Tourism Management at Ben-Gurion University of the Negev.

If you've got a girlfriend, and she's going on vacation by herself, odds she will cheat rise 50%.

If she's taking this vacation in a Latin country, odds rise 75%.

If she says you don't have to drop her off at the airport, odds rise 90%.

If she bought a new bikini for the trip, odds rise 120%.

If she's staying in a hostel for the duration of the trip, packed some spare rubbers, and routinely emails some guy named Jacque who runs a tour guide group, odds rise 1,000%.

> Poria views this phenomenon as part of the ritual that accompanies the tourism experience: Just as tourists feel the need to tour the museums and famous sites in the cities they visit, even though they have no real inclination to do so, "having sex is sometimes also perceived as compulsory."

Also known as the "ovulatory ritual", the "hybrid vigor ritual", the "anti-slut deniability ritual", and the "expert from afar ritual".

> Business trips, on the other hand, were portrayed in the study as inappropriate for much sexual activity, since they are not perceived as free time that presents an opportunity for such activity in an anonymous environment.
>
> The interviewees explained that sexual permissiveness is impossible when they are accompanied by their colleagues from work.

Opportunity + anonymity + beta back home = infidelity.

******

Speaking of cheating…

> Two new studies find that women may be genetically predisposed to cheating on their partners.
>
> One study published today by the University of California, Los Angeles Center on Behavior, Culture, and Evolution and the University of New Mexico says women have evolved to cheat on their mates during the most fertile part of their cycle, but only when those mates are less sexually attractive than other men.
>
> The study in the Journal of Hormones and Behavior examined 38 coeds from one large, unidentified U.S. university.
>
> "We found that women were most attracted to men other than their primary partner when they were in the high fertility phase of the menstrual cycle," said Dr. Martie Haselton, a UCLA researcher. "That's the day of ovulation and several days beforehand."

Small sample size, but still. My advice to men who don't want to risk a cuckolding:

Dread.

If she understands in no uncertain terms that cheating will guarantee she loses you, she will think less with her clit and more with her head.

The other precautionary measure you could take, besides being better looking than 99% of other men, is to make sure you are around and fucking her hard during the ovulation part of her cycle. If she denies you access during this part of her cycle, DUMP HER POST HASTE. You have just been served a huge, unfurled red flag.

Or you could skip marriage and kids, and just enjoy the ride of multiple, tacitly open relationships.

Tard Game

CH · 1 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A buddy was telling me about a semi-famous tard intern who works in his office. He has a job responsibility that is about as complex as Walmart greeter. He also has very tight game.

“The way he handles the hot girls in my office is nothing short of amazing.”

“How so?”

“Girls will go up to him and say ‘Good morning, Joe*!’, and Joe will bark back ‘You’re crazy don’t even talk to me!’” [*fake name]

“Wow. Nuclear neg.”

“If a girl says ‘Hi’ to him, he’ll say ‘Don’t kiss me, I have a girlfriend.’ If she gets too far into his personal space, he’ll scold her: ‘Don’t touch me! You’re not my girlfriend.’”

“And the girls find this charming?”

“You wouldn’t believe it. The girls are scrambling to figure out how to get this tard to like them. ‘Why doesn’t he like me?’ He’s friendly to all the guys in the office, but he gives the girls a hard time. Sometimes, when he sees one of the girls talking to another dude, he’ll go up to them and tell the girl not to touch him, he has a girlfriend.”

“Fascinating. He totally assumes the sale. And he’s an expert AMOG. Killer combo.”

“I told him once, ‘Hey man, your frame is incredible.’”

“Tard game. The next evolution in pickup. Does he actually have a girlfriend?”

“Yeah. He’s dating another tard chick.”

“I wonder what their lovemaking sounds like.”

“Probably like angry seals.”

Canceling Dates

CH · 2 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a good rule of thumb: Whenever a woman cancels a date and doesn't offer an alternative time, she is rejecting you.

It doesn't matter if the excuse she gives sounds plausible, or you have proof that she really can't make the date due to other obligations. If she doesn't offer a make-up date, she's not interested enough to see you again. You *could* press the matter, but you'd be better off forgetting her and sticking with girls who demonstrate more enthusiasm to spend time with you.

In my experience, almost every girl who has cancelled a date for a presumably legitimate reason, has offered another time to meet if she already had it in her heart that she wanted to fuck me. Knowing this, it's tactically savvy to refrain from counter-offering a make-up date until she has had a chance to make her counter offer. So when a girl cancels on you, give her space to offer another date and time; don't rush to suggest an alternative meeting time. Like trial texting, this is a great way to gauge a woman's emotional investment in you, and to consequently avoid dropping too much money and time on girls who are on the fence about their feelings for you.

Dealing With Beta Friends

CH · 2 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

"AZ" wrote:

> I am rooming with one of my buddies from college and we go all the way back to freshman year. I am from [foreign country] and I started college when I was 17, and as I grew older I began to act more like a man, but my buddy has not. He will talk for hours on end about inconsequential shit, how this 6 looked at him, and how he wants to pound crotch all day long etc, yet does nothing about it. What is driving me to the edge here and making me write this email is that [REDACTED]. At this point I've been trying to help him out, introduce him to game, get him to be less of a looser, but I have given up hope.
>
> How do you deal with your beta friends that don't want to learn? I don't want to stop the friendship, and I have been trying to avoid him, but we hang out about 2 hours a day. How do I stop myself from cringing in his presence and resenting him for being himself?
>
> If you are going to publish this in the mailbag please omit all personal details.

There were a lot of personal details, so I had to redact a full paragraph worth of juicy beta goodness. Suffice to say, it was nauseatingly bad, involving awkward hugs, egregious service worker tips, and invitations to cheesy strip mall restaurants. On the scale of game acumen, 0 being no game at all and winging it spergy style, and 10 being a Casanova for the ages, AZ's friend was a -2.

Unfortunately, AZ, women do judge men based on the friends they keep. It is one of the more glaring psychological differences between men and women, and it has evolved for a good reason: men get all they need to know about a potential mate by looking at her for a second, while women need to recruit information about potential mates from a variety of sources, direct and indirect, because a visual impression is not nearly enough to trigger a woman's full blown attraction for a man.

The ideal alpha projection attraction multiplier (APAM) social circle is a mixed clique of good-looking and socially savvy men and women, where you are the coolest guy among a group of slightly less cool guys, and the girls are hanging on your every word. You want to shine among your friends, but you don't want to shine on the cheap by surrounding yourself with nerdos. Girls will not give you cunt watering points for being the exasperated leader of a bunch of social rejects.

A good example of what I mean is the movie 'Swingers'. Jon Favreau's character is basically a chill, decent guy with some issues connecting with girls. But he's not so socially inept or teeth-gnashingly clueless that he continually embarrasses his cooler friends. Thus, Vince Vaughn's character never experiences moments of crisis like you are in your email to me deciding whether or not to sever a friendship entirely for the sake of meeting girls.

I know some of my male readers will complain that a genuine alpha — a real man — never puts hos before bros, but that's the kind of principled talk that almost always disintegrates in the acid wash of reality. If a male buddy you hang out with regularly is so blockheaded that he's actually costing you chances to meet girls, you have to decide if the friendship is worth prolonged dry spells. For most men, that answer would be a resounding NO, despite their high-minded rhetoric to the contrary.

You see, a real man, besides having principles, also makes the difficult and unpopular choices. He screens out the losers when building a social circle of friends, and he dumps those who have demonstrated an unwillingness to take the advice of their betters to meet the high standards of the group. Your roommate is not special; there are many guys like him — stubbornly regressive, hopelessly ignorant, constitutionally spastic. A man like that is as much a product of his genes as he is of his environment. Maybe you enjoy his company when it's just you two LANing it up Quake-style, and maybe he strokes your ego just by being there, nipping at your heels like an orphaned

chihuahua. And that's all good, until it's time to go out into the real world and you find yourself making up excuses to avoid him. Am I right?

You can play that game for a while, but you'll feel like crap constantly having to come up with reasons not to hang out with him. That he's your roommate makes it doubly hard. Avoiding a college roommate is like avoiding your mom when she wants you to mow the lawn and your friends will be over in two minutes with a ride to the beach. Trap doors and escape chutes come to mind.

My advice to you is this: Give your friend one last chance to prove himself worthy of your company. But this requires some sacrifice on your part. Don't just throw him to the wolves, blindfolded. Bite the bullet. Explain that his social skills suck, that he kills your chances with girls when you two go out together, and that he has to shape up fast if he wants to live the good life. Tough love is what we men are good at. Then offer him some tips, and show him where he's fucking up. If he can't abide your conditions for friendship, you have all the moral imperative you need to use him when he's useful (playing video games) and dispose of him when he's not (all real world activities). Get used to ignoring him. On your way out the door to parties, learn to visualize him as a lamp, an inanimate object you have no responsibility for placating. In fact, alpha males are skilled in the art of visualizing the vast hordes of male competition as lamps. Steal a page from their playbook.

Teutonic Efficiency Smothers Latin Flash

CH · 3 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Status whoring citizen of the world SWPLs cry into their artisanal beers. I laugh. It's also nice to see a European team that actually looks European (hi, France!). Before any of you start bitching, how many were complaining that Ghana looked too Ghanaian? Yeah, that's what I thought. No one.

I wonder how good the USA would do if we had our best athletes playing soccer instead of baseball, basketball and football? I bet we would rule FIFA like the petulant peasant province it is.

(This post certified gig bait.)

A Patriotic Independence Day Story

CH · 5 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It was early evening and the sun still blazed on the horizon, casting shards of soft yellow light across faces and dewy beer pints. Sitting on the bar stools to my right were two white women. I could tell they were friends by their isolationist banter. I looked over and visually judged them; both were in their late 20s or early 30s, frumpily dressed, and of average attractiveness. Not hard on the eyes, but not boner inspiring, either. They didn't exercise with weights; the first betrayals of droop were beginning to intrude. They looked like typical city yuppies, likely SWPL to the bone. One smiled invitingly at me. I decided neither one was good-looking enough to warrant an effort to hit on them, so I smiled back perfunctorily and returned to my dinner. *(Note to Satoshi Kanazawa at 'Psychology Today': this is what is known as male mating choice.)*

By the by, two men approached the women seated to my right in what looked like an obvious pickup attempt. There was no other reason for them to have struck up a conversation with the ladies; where the women were sitting was out of the way of the main patron thoroughfare, so a cold approach meant, quite accurately, "I have designs to fuck you for the least amount of resource investment and on the shortest timetable possible". The men ably paired off with the women, (a smoothly executed maneuver that suggested they had discussed beforehand which of the two women appealed to whom), and a dry four-way commenced.

Because of my proximity to their group, I couldn't help but overhear the ensuing rapid fire chit chat. The men sounded like they had some rudimentary understanding of game, or at least of how to be cool enough not to trigger a woman's anti-dork alert system. They were able to stay in set for about ten minutes before the whole thing dissolved in a debris heap of… well, judge for yourself. What follows is the critical excerpt of their conversation.

MAN 1: You guys watching the World Cup? That Ghana game was incredible.

WOMAN 1: The one where they played Uruguay?

MAN 1: Yeah, Ghana was robbed of a goal. It's too bad we didn't beat Ghana. The US had a pretty good team. I think we could have taken Uruguay.

WOMAN 2: I wouldn't have rooted for America.

MAN 1: What do you mean? You wouldn't have rooted for America against Uruguay? [smiling crookedly, a pained lifeline to a sucker punched rapport in its infancy] That's weird. [looking at his buddy, then back at the girl] Are you anti-American?

WOMAN 2: Anti-americaaaaaan??! [looking at her girl buddy, open-mouthed, then back at the guy] Haha, I just think America isn't as good at soccer. They don't really deserve to win.

MAN 2: You always root for the home team, even if they suck.

WOMAN 2: I don't. Ghana and Uruguay are real soccer countries. They have so much more tradition. I would have totally rooted for them against America.

MAN 2: That's anti-American!

WOMAN 2: Well, whatever, you can call it what you like. We don't have to win everything, you know.

Tempers flared, then subsided as the men worked diligently to keep the pretense of a seduction going. The conversation fizzled to a snippy end and the men left for another bar. The women giggled as they recounted the awkwardness of the interaction, placing the blame for the failed seduction entirely on the men, as is the wont of the unaccountable and unreflective gender.

I would not claim the men performed with verve. Their game — if you could call it that — was haphazard, verging on slapstick. They let their anger bubble to the surface, and allowed their alpha prerogative to remain calm under

pressure accede to the juggernaut of their hothead emotions. As noxious as the women were, calling them out on their anti-Americanism would only have served to confirm their self-satisfied pseudomorality of nation-state transcendence. If it was pussy the men wanted, a bristle-backed argumentative posture is not the way to get it. If, however, they merely wanted the exquisite sadistic pleasure of getting under the women's skins, there are better ways than raw effrontery to accomplish that.

Allow me to demonstrate. Here is how the conversation would have transpired if I was at the helm and had it in mind to cruelly twist the shiv in their stunted SWPL souls.

THE DEVIL U LUV: You guys watching the World Cup? That Ghana game was incredible.

WOMAN 1: The one where they played Uruguay?

THE DEVIL U LUV: Yeah, Ghana was robbed of a goal. It's too bad we didn't beat Ghana. The US had a pretty good team. I think we could have taken Uruguay.

WOMAN 2: I wouldn't have rooted for America.

THE DEVIL U LUV: Interesting. So you wouldn't have rooted for America against Uruguay?

WOMAN 2: I just think America isn't as good at soccer. They don't really deserve to win.

THE DEVIL U LUV: [totally straight face] Hm, you know, I agree. I like the way you guys think for yourselves. Not many people are cool enough to root for a foreign country.

WOMAN 2: I suppose…

THE DEVIL U LUV: It's important to be cool, wouldn't you agree?

WOMAN 2: [starting to feel the burn] I guess… are you mocking us?

THE DEVIL U LUV: Not at all. I like you guys. Stay cool. [exit, stage sweet victory]

******

On this 4th of July, We the post-Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965 People should spend a moment to reflect on the tenuous grasp the inheritors of the great American tradition have to their homeland. When you wave your sparklers with your kids this holiday weekend, cast a wary eye at your neighbor. A disease has metastasized in huge swaths of the American population and threatens to suffocate the grandiose and noble idea that ironically nourishes their trite impudence. The host which ennobles has become the rotting carcass upon which to feed. Gnawing and chewing parasites dripping venom and toxic bile have replaced the immune boosting white blood cells and defiantly proud armies of red blooded corpuscles of a body politic once happy, grateful, and giddy to be alive. And not just any sort of alive; the kind of exalted living that comes from knowing your good fortune to have been born in a prosperous country culturally superior to so many alternatives. Yes, superior. The very word sends shudders down the spines of the mincing globocrats and mewling equalist butterfucks.

A vector of patricidal vengeance, a boiling plume of acrid anti-native stock spite, travels up and down our coasts, from Miami to Boston, LA to Seattle, in our newsrooms, our boardrooms, our schools, and our social gathering places, carrying a message of spastic hate for America, her founding ideals, and the historically great figures who have traveled her hallowed corridors. Pockets of internal organs are infected, Chicago and Austin. These are not traitors in action… mostly… but their souls are traitorous in configuration. Their feelings are the knee-jerk bleats of a bastard people at growing unease with the country they are required by law to call home. A nation of latchkey kids — stupid in their ahistorical ignorance and frightened of the breaking surf of censored knowledge about to crash on their heads — has been in open revolt against its beneficent parent for generations now, and the opiate of distracting technoporn and glam mags can only hold off the coming reckoning for so long. They live for the comforting swaddle of the trend, and right now every trend is pointing in the direction of dialectic anti-patriotism.

In reaction, hordes of indignant evangelist armies in middlemarch shout their loyalty from rooftops. But theirs is

the rearguard wail of a dumbfounded, shellshocked bit player forced by circumstance and disposition to play by the stronger enemies' rules. It is the enemies' first principles they must attack and subvert, but servility and cowardice prevent them from unleashing the hell they must if victory is to be total. They scream guns and glory for wars they know deep in their hearts serve no true American interest. They laugh jovially at diversity seminars that they then attend dutifully, mouths shut, for they have families to feed. They stupidly stand four square behind leaders who have checkmarked the correct ideological box despite all evidence to the contrary putting the lie to those leaders' presupposed beliefs. They retreat to a chapel ghetto as the gleaming city around them shatters to the ground, confident that the Word and the Faith will see them through. They fight incoherent losing battles with phantom threats while ignoring or resignedly acquiescing to the real threats in their midst. They toe the line of rebellion, then quickly scuttle back under a counterstrike of nerve-rattling platitudes and orchestrated insults.

Soon… sooner than you think… the status-fueled citizen hate will yield to indifference, and exhausted resignation, if it hasn't already. (We Americans do things on a sped-up time schedule.) And then the final days of America will descend, a tattered curtain closing on a dream corrupted by the nightmare of human nature and the willful blindness to the motivations of our enemies, internal and external. There is no stopping it now; it must play out. The smart man, making his way through this current decaying epoch, has but one choice before him — one self-interested choice — and that is the path of hedonism.

Many eons from now, when anthropologists are picking through the remains of the American Empire and piecing together a narrative for why things went so horribly wrong, may they come upon this blog post as an answer to their questions. For I truly believe that nothing else than that small snippet of a conversation on a rooftop bar in an American city circa 2010 between two typical youngish men and two typical youngish women better illuminates the cause of America's decline and the depravity of her people who are the nominal heirs to Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin.

When the World Cup comes around again, I will be rooting for the soccer-indifferent USA to crush the smaller soccer-fanatic countries. And I won't apologize for my loyalties, even as I laugh at soccer for being the girly, flop-happy sport it is.

The Greatest Job In The World (For A Man)

CH · 6 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

What would be your criteria for the greatest job a man could have in the world? I'll list what I think should be your criteria:

1. Continual exposure to a variety of young, pretty, naked women
2. Willingness of a significant subset of those young, pretty women to sleep with you
3. An occupational dynamic that requires leadership skills in the form of ordering young, pretty women to do your bidding
4. Very little competition from other men in the field, or on the job
5. Relatively high pay
6. Relatively high status
7. Minimal amount of rote work
8. Maximal amount of fun and creativity
9. Lots of travel to exotic and charming locations around the globe
10. Plenty of opportunity to discreetly cheat, if married or otherwise committed

Is there a man alive with working testicles who wouldn't agree with my description of the perfect male job? No, I bet not.

So what is the greatest job in the world?

Meet Richard Kern.

Kern has been taking photographs of attractive naked women for 25 years in countries around the world. Young women in various states of undress. Naked women in pools. Naked women in showers. Naked women smoking pot. Naked women combing their hair. Naked women on all fours scrubbing the floor. And, presumably, naked women sucking his dick after work hours.

I know what you're thinking. Kern is not gay. He's married to a hot chick more than half his age. Kern is in his 50s, but he looks younger and, more importantly for men interested in picking up younger women, he *acts* like a man half his age. His is a life of unrelenting joy and exquisite pleasure. If there is a heaven on earth, Kern has found it. When asked if he has slept with any of his subjects, he is not coy, admitting that he's had a number of sexual relationships with the ladies he photographs.

Surprisingly, Kern does a lot of his shooting with a pocket digital camera. He prefers capturing in voyeuristic style the natural beauty of the girl-next-door, the kind of girl you most want to despoil. Kern is almost clinical about the sexuality of his subjects that infuses his work, going on for impressive lengths about the shape, size, color and texture of the great megafauna of breastessesss constantly bouncing in front of his camera lens. Reminds me of someone else.

Some may wonder if it's Kern's job that attracts the girls, or if the job is merely incidental to Kern's seductive alphaness. It's more the latter, but no doubt photography, and the men skilled at it, are especially attractive to women, probably for the reason that any visual-based skill or artistry, being primarily the domain of maleness, is naturally intriguing to the visuo-spatially challenged sex. But that is a minor effect. The status of Kern's job, and his status within the field, is the predominant attractor when we separate his personality from his achievements. Men who excel in female-oriented fields are also very attractive to women.

I bet you're curious about Kern's wife. I was. So I found this illuminating documentary video of Kern and Martynka. It's short, about 11 minutes. You should watch the whole thing. It is 11 minutes demonstrating the power

of pure game. What comes out of the video is just what a natural player Kern is, and the classic seduction and alpha male dynamics which hold powerful sway over the pretty Martynka's emotional fidelity to her husband.

Some choice quotes:

> Interviewer: Do you ever get jealous?
>
> Martynka: No, I actually… it's a weird thing… but it turns me on that he's like shooting 18 year old hot girls. I find it exciting. I don't get bored of him in that sense, because… I know it sounds weird but I actually thinks it's cool he's out, hanging out with like some 18 year old girl in her bedroom, showing him her tits, and um, it keeps things exciting for me, cause that little bit of jealousy makes my obsession last longer.

You don't say!

I remember when I wrote that "women want you to cheat" post it engendered howls of indignation from my many female commenters. Oh, how you say… what was it again?…. oh yah…

Watch what women do, don't listen to what they say.

What about the proposal? Certainly an inveterate and experienced womanizer like Kern would know better than to drop to one knee and beg for indentured servitude. Does Richard Kern follow my advice and propose to Martynka like an alpha male? Does a herb load in his pants?

> Interviewer: So you guys got married in June. Was the proposal special, was it kind of romantic?
>
> Martynka: It was very Richard style.
>
> Interviewer: What was it?
>
> Martynka: He didn't really propose. But it was really cute. Cause he was so nervous about it.
>
> Interviewer: So he kind of proposed but didn't propose?
>
> Martynka: No, he didn't even say what it is.
>
> [Scene switch]
>
> Interviewer: Tell me about when you proposed to Martynka?
>
> Richard: Oh, um, I couldn't actually say the words that you have to say to do that, and, um…
>
> Interviewer: Will you marry me?
>
> Richard: Yeah. So, I, um, I didn't have a birthday present for us, see, and I knew she had to get married to get a green card, so I tried to pass it off as my birthday present.
>
> Interviewer: She said it took like 45 minutes to understand what you were asking.
>
> Richard: Yeah, I never actually said it. **[Ed: Richard almost sounds proud of this. Ha!]**

But this was my favorite Kern-ism:

> Richard: I'm fine with being married as long as I don't have to talk about it, or acknowledge it.

Talk about a cunt-wetting frame.

By the way, Kern stole Martynka away from her much younger boyfriend. As the internet nerd herd might say: THIS.

Common Pickup Mistakes Men Make

CH · 7 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Complain

Those two guys from the Independence Day post were swapping complaints about the ratio of girls at the venue. Little did they know, the two women they would eventually approach overheard their bitching. *"Let's get out of here. There's nothing going on. There are no chicks."* Then, on a dime, they switched on their happy faces when they noticed the girls and decided to hit on them.

There are two problems with this seemingly innocuous behavior. One, bitching and moaning will infect the positive attitude you need to properly seduce women. Even if you are a pro at altering your demeanor to suit your company, the simple act of verbalizing a negative feeling can subtly influence your facial openness and attitude. Highly feminine and intuitive girls can pick up on that.

Two, and more importantly, you don't want women you've yet to meet getting ringside seats to your dr. jekyll mr. hyde facade. File this under incongruency. When a woman overhears you complaining about the ratio (and more women can hear what you say in their proximity than you might imagine), and then gets introduced to your smiley, good times self, she's going to register the disconnect. Why start a pickup attempt unnecessarily handicapped?

I suppose PUA gurus would call this "being in state".

Argue

Men get argumentative. *"Why would you root for Uruguay and against your own country?"* This is often a fatal error. Women do not like to argue (barring the exceptions that loiter this internet outpost). Women like to *win* arguments; they just don't like the process of arguing to achieve the satisfying win. Men argue because it is a natural part of our being — as natural as farting loudly and laughing in triumph. So men tend to project their comfort with arguing onto the women with whom they interact. Remember, projection is a cognitive bias of both sexes, (though a more frequent failing of women.)

Men may think that by arguing with women they are demonstrating alpha characteristics like masculinity, boldness, and assertiveness, but what women usually think of argumentative men is that they are annoying, bitter, and tingle-killing. Save the arguing for ugly or otherwise unavailable bitches you aren't trying to bed.

Confuse Aggressiveness for Cockiness

Similar to the above, men have a bad habit of confusing male-centric aggression for female-centric appreciation of cocky indifference. This is commonly referred to as the overplayed neg, and happens when one has crossed the threshold from seductive backhanded compliment to vaj-shriveling awkward insult. The two men who accused the women of being "anti-American" are good examples of men who fell victim to this typically male foible. They probably thought they were being edgily attractive, but instead their edginess thudded heavily like a lead weight.

The overplayed neg is the bane of game acolytes everywhere, and it is why so many newbies give up and turn against the only solution that can give them hope. Once the neg is mastered, though, a whole world of delights opens up. A better way to neg the anti-American women and display superiority without off-putting hubris is by leavening the insult with charm. For instance:

WOMAN 2: I wouldn't have rooted for America.

THE DEVIL IN UR DREAMS: That's weird. Are you a Uruguayan spy?

WOMAN 2: Haha, I just think America isn't as good at soccer. They don't really deserve to win.

THE DEVIL IN UR DREAMS: Uruguay does not deserve a spy as amateur as you.

When I was applying myself to learning game material, David DeAngelo's Cocky/Funny series had a big impact on

me. As he stressed, you can't have the cocky without the funny. The two go together to form a perfect union of seductive prowess. Cockiness alone conveys arrogance, the stink of the man trying too hard to impress or dominate. Funny alone is the province of the class clown, the entertainment monkey. But fuse them, and you have an attitude that is irresistible to women. Add a 10″ cock and it's game over, maaan, game oveeer!

Leave in a Huff

What's worse than getting rejected? Getting rejected and giving the girl the satisfaction of knowing her rejection got to you. I can't tell you how many men I've observed get blown out and then leave the scene of the accident with a parting insult or a noticeable sulk in their body language. Why would you treat some random chick worth no more than a humid summer day's condensation on a single short and curly to the pleasure of your petty meltdown? The best response to a rejection is no response. Say goodbye as if you were parting company with a gas station attendant.

Maxim #45: Before sex, no girl you are attracted to is important enough to merit an emotional reaction should the pickup attempt turn bad.

Hank Moody: Chump

CH · 8 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Our TV shows, movies and music give us hints about America as she is and where she is heading, at least as filtered through the eyes of a certain cultural or ethnic niche.

A friend told me I must watch *Californication*. He said the Hank Moody character closely resembled my life. Michael Blowhard, formerly of 2blowhards, also suggested I check out the show for its excellent portrayal of a man who knows how to game girls. Naturally, I was curious, so I watched all three seasons. I could see the resemblance. Spoilers below, so if you haven't yet seen the show go whack off to cuteoverload.com.

The show is a blast. Smartly written, funny, and bawdy, with just the right amount of emotional gravitas to leaven the barrage of casual sex, cheating, whoring, drinking and coke snorting. I won't look at Kathleen "tush toot" Turner the same way again.

Hank Moody is the oversexed main character (played effortlessly by a youthful looking David Duchovny — he was in his late 40s when filming began. One wonders just how much supposed sex addict Duchovny channeled his real life for this character). Moody (get it?) is a charming asshole given to bouts of despondency and a penchant for self-sabotage. He's a writer with writer's block who moves to LA from New York. His craving for fresh pussy (and his ability to get it) puts him on a crash course with his desire to fully reunite with his one true love, Karen, and their daughter Becca. You might think of the show in these terms: Hank's multitudinous lovers are his id, Karen is his ego, and Becca a manifestation of his superego. I think the writers of the show added Becca to ground Hank lest he float away on an endless puffy cloud shaped like a mons pubis.

Any man interested in game should watch this show. Hank Moody practically delivers a clinic on how to properly seduce chicks in nearly every episode. He is the consummate cocky funny jerk women can't help but love. For example, here is a scene where Hank is flirting with a woman he does not yet know is a prostitute (she later genuinely falls for Hank and offers pro bono services):

Hank: Come on, how come I don't know your name?

Trixie: You haven't asked.

Hank: Well, let's not stand on ceremony. [He hand motions for her to say her name.]

Trixie: Trixie.

Hank: Trixie! That is a terrific name… if you're a hooker!

Beautiful neg, said with a smile. How many of you guys reading right now would have the balls to pull off that kind of neg on a girl in a bar? You need to get those balls, because that is the kind of edgy, teasing game that fires a woman's loins.

There are plenty more examples in the show of the right frame to hold with women. For that alone, it is worth watching. But somewhere in the middle of the first season, something began to bother me about the underlying message the show was sending. Finally, after Hank gets into yet another fistfight with a random dude who slighted some random woman, it hits me.

Hank Moody is a white knighting chump. A feminist's dream. The alpha male who will spill the blood of other men and sacrifice his own self-interest to protect the honor of the lying whores and skanky sluts he bangs whose supposed deep-seated decency Hank can't stop extolling, even when all evidence points to the contrary.

Think about it for a minute. What is the perfect man in a feminist's eyes? He is first and foremost that charming cad who gets them wet. We all know the tingle is the necessary ingredient on the way to female fulfillment. Second, he is utterly nonjudgmental, no matter how badly the women in his life behave. Everything, ultimately, is his own

fault, and he feels deeply sorry for “hurting” women, even when he can’t help but continue “hurting” them. Third, he will defend a woman’s honor at risk to his own well-being, health and reputation, even when the woman in question has little objective honor worth defending. Fourth, he will forgive everything bad women do to him, absolve them of all their sins (they know not what they do, lord, for they have mere vaginas), and fight those who would disagree.

An egregious example of Hank’s knee-jerk white knighting is in his relationship with the character Mia. Mia is an underage sexpot who seduces Hank in a bookstore and fucks him without telling him her age, then adds insult to injury by punching him in the face, hard, during sex. Later, she steals his newest manuscript (the only one he has written. no copies. what a maroon!), reads it, and passes it off as her own, going so far as to show up at Hank’s agent’s office to pitch her “new book” to a roomful of cackling skank-ho broads who, naturally, love this “new voice”. Throughout the later episodes, there is a constant undercurrent of impending doom awaiting Hank as Mia hints at spilling the beans about Hank’s statutory rape if he should ever decide to reveal she is not the author of his book. In fact, the statutory rape specter is the leaden apparition that haunts the entire show, and infuses it with the drama necessary to propel the plotline forward.

And all through this, Hank barely registers the slightest bit of anger or resentment toward Mia. If anything, he is protective of her, like a father, at one point explaining that she’s “not malicious, just mischievous”.

Hank, you silly stupid fuck, you douchebrained fool. Any sane person would agree that a woman duping a man into a possible statutory rape charge, stealing his labor of love manuscript, passing it off as her own, receiving the financial and social rewards of that book while depriving the true author of same, threatening to scream rape should the aggrieved man reveal the truth, and finally having the man’s ass thrown in jail on rape charges…

is a grade A 100% malicious bitch.

And yet, the writers felt it necessary to infantilize Mia and demonize the men who would treat Mia as the calculating succubus she is.

Is there anything more puke-inducing than unthinking white knighting? If his backasswards behavior in the face of such treachery is supposed to humanize Hank Moody, it doesn’t. It just makes him look like a chump. A fun, sexy chump, to be sure, but a chump just the same. Let’s see if the upcoming season four corrects his doleful trajectory and knocks some sense into his hyperchivalrous melon.

My point of all this is that the underlying message in *Californication* is not pro-male, or even pro-lothario. It is yet another shot across the bow of dignified, bold manhood, whether that manhood is exemplified in the form of the hapless but successful beta provider character played by Dean Coontz, or in the wanderlusting lothario of Hank Moody. It is not different than the message of any other TV show of the past twenty years churned out by Hollywood –

Men are stupid malcontents, and women are paragons of unassailable virtue.

The writers took the easy way out, which is too bad, because this show could have been more than merely entertaining. It could have been a cultural touchstone.

Which brings me to a larger issue. What the fuck is up with statutory rape? It’s a joke law made up by joke legislators without a scintilla of real world experience with women. Am I supposed to request age identification from every full-bodied young woman who comes onto me? There are 13 year olds out there who look like grown women. At the borderline of 16 to 18 years old, many women could easily pass for mid to late 20s. It is well known by neuroscientists and psychologists studying these things that women mature faster than men. Women’s brains gel into adult-shaped contours sooner. A full breasted and wide-hipped 17 year old hottie who flirts with me knows exactly what she is doing and what she wants. She is no child to be coddled. And yet, I could be thrown in jail if I slept with her assuming she was an older girl, even if it was something we both consensually desired.

This is abject bullshit. The law makes it a necessity to demand age identification with every young woman a man

might want to fuck who could conceivably pass for a teenager. This means background checks on women in their 20s. And what about women who lie? They exist, lots of them. Is a statutory rape charge for the man the just response — the *fair* response — to a lying woman who wanted the sex as much as he?

It's time to end the charade of statutory rape. If the "underage" woman is physically developed, and she consents to the sex, there is no rape charge, period. For chrissakes, there are 14 year olds in parts of the world getting married off and pumping out children of their own.

Chivalrous Dork Vs Showboating Badboy

CH · 9 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If I had to condense three years of this blog into one video, this would be it. *(Video link courtesy of Rant Casey – Brazil.)*

Notice how the air is completely let out of the videotaping girls' polite admiration for Prince Valiant after their attention — and fired-up tingles — are redirected to the street surfer. Even the beta chump knows his moment of glory is robbed from him, as he stands forlornly on the sidewalk, shoulders slumped, realizing he has one more girl to carry over the water. Of course, he can't leave her stranded when he's already helped her friend across. That would be tantamount to a declaration that his strategy of chivalry had ulterior motives. So he proceeds to complete his ~~chore~~ mission with perfunctory listlessness. Poor beta.

The alpha beta disparity is truly an international phenomenon.

What we've learned from this video:

Bravo! = warm hug plus three pats on the back.

Whoooa! = horny for love.

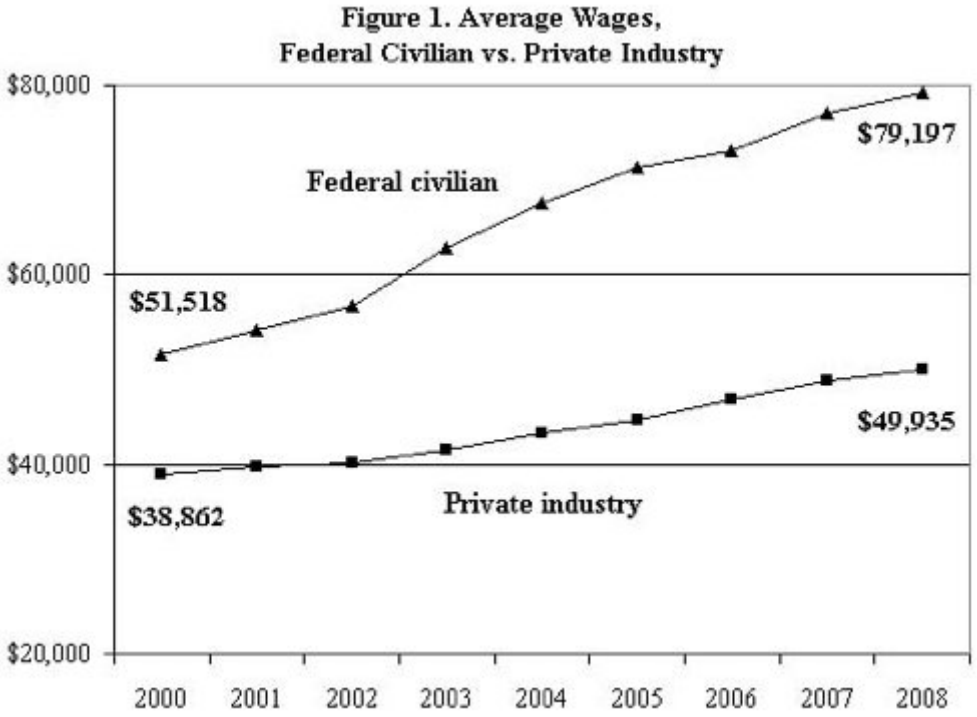
Who do you think the rescued girls chatted about afterward with a glow in their loins? The galoot who helped them probably received an "awww, he was nice" coupled with a flurry of condescending giggles which was code for "what a dork". The alpha interloper probably got a "did you see that?!" and a flurry of nervous giggles involuntarily spasmed to release the boiling pressure buildup in their crotches.

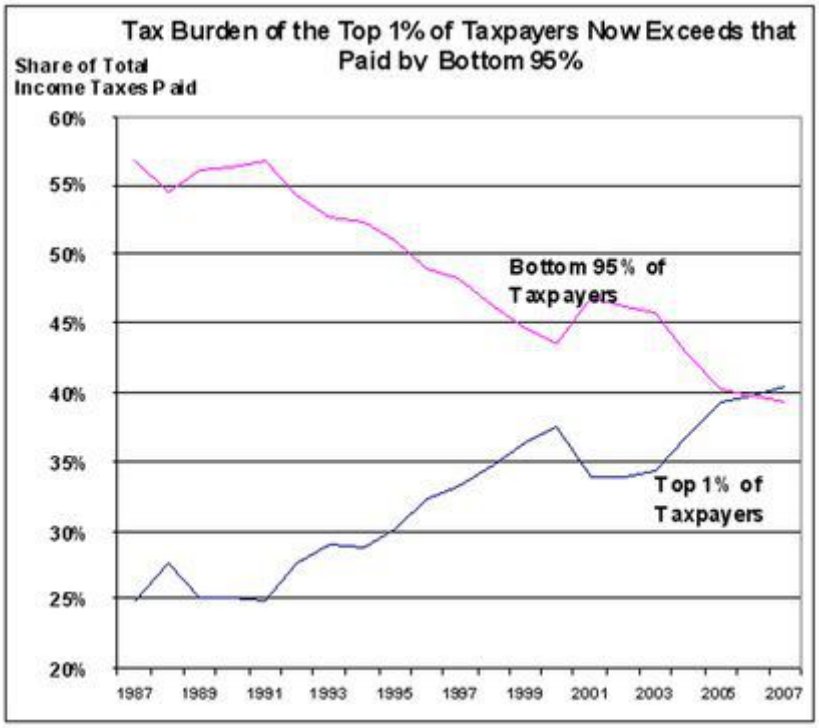
The girls recording the event are speaking Russian. The studio audience would be obliged if someone could translate what they're saying.

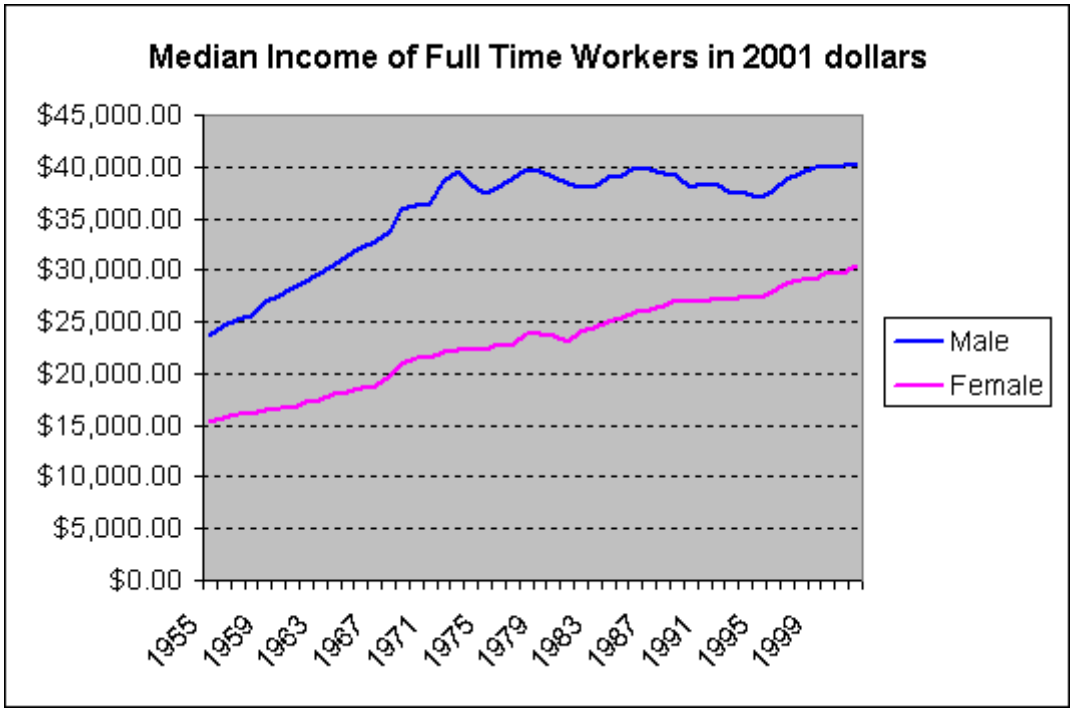
At the end, the videotaping girls are pretty much like, "Ok, go away beta. You and your sensible car bore us."

The Graphs That Bode America's Downward Spiral

CH · 11 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original




Tax Burden of the Top 1% of Taxpayers Now Exceeds that Paid by Bottom 95%
Share of Total Income Taxes Paid
60%
55%
50%
45%
40%
35%
30%
25%
20%
1987
1989
1991
1993
1995
1997
1999
2001
2003
2005
2007
Bottom 95% of Taxpayers
Top 1% of Taxpayers


Median Income of Full Time Workers in 2001 dollars
$45,000.00
$40,000.00
$35,000.00
$30,000.00
$25,000.00
$20,000.00
$15,000.00
$10,000.00
$5,000.00
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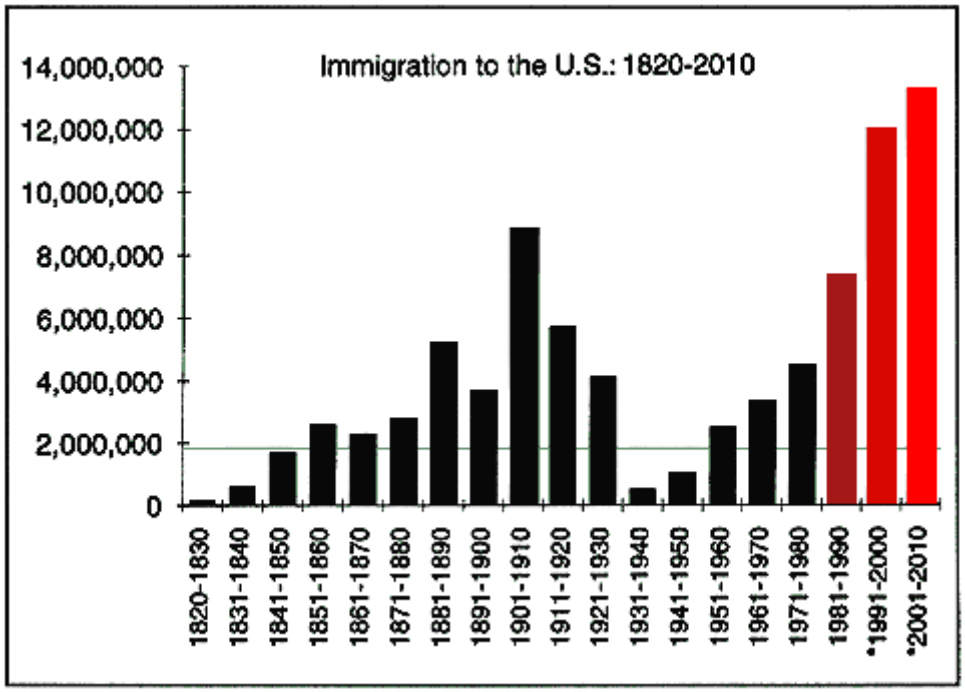
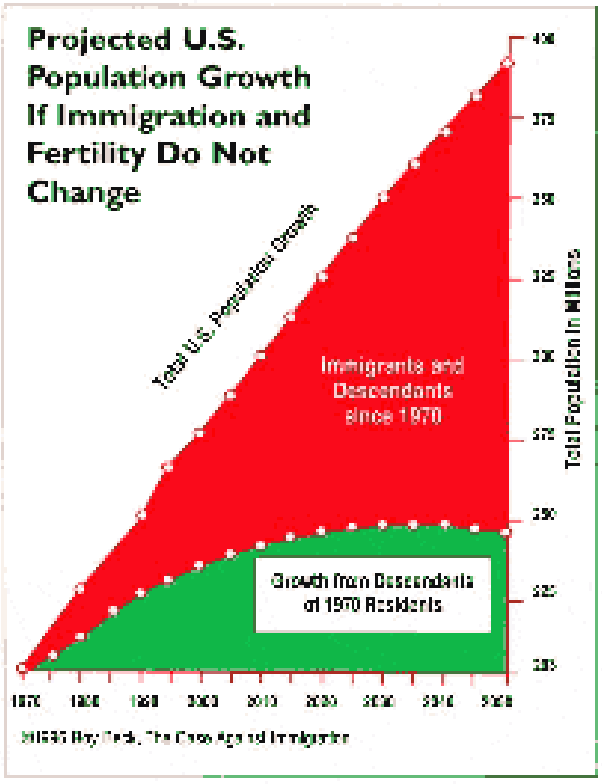
1955
1959
1963
1967
1971
1975
1979
1983
1987
1991
1995
1999
Male
Female





Assume the worst. Total economic meltdown. Shortages. Riots. Hyperinflation. Corruption. Rampant tribalism.

What's your next move?

Telling Girls You Were Once Engaged

CH · 12 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If you are a man such as myself with a long and storied relationship history, it will start to worry new girls that you meet why you have decided to remain “single”, i.e. unmarried. You see, a former marriage, no matter how spectacular its failing, is a mark of success on a man; it says to a prospective mate he was able at one time to attract a woman the traditional way and bind her in the facsimile of a long term commitment. This is another one of those intractable and intrinsic gender double standards that whiners will just have to learn to accept with dignity — divorced men suffer less of a blow to their dating market value than do divorced women. The same is true of divorced men with kids, or single dads; they do not suffer nearly the same market value penalty that single moms do.

It all comes down to the biologically induced disparity in how men and women respond to the phenomenon of preselection. Men, being nearly 100% visually oriented in their attractions to women, couldn’t care less what kind of man is on her arm, or what kind of men used to be on her arm. They see, they like. Simple equation. All they care about is that she is unencumbered (or unskewered) by dicks present, and to a lesser extent, by dicks past. Women, on the other hand, rely heavily on preselection (when it is available as a tool to judge mate quality) in their attractions to men. They see he is liked, they like.

And so it goes with divorcées. Divorced men can see a boost in their attractiveness to women (as long as they avoid bringing up the ex-wife in reverent tones during pickups), while divorced women see no boost, or even a negative hit, in their attractiveness to men. Consequently, my advice to divorced men is to mention your divorcée status early in a conversation. My advice for divorced women would be just the opposite — refrain from bringing it up, and if he asks, lie. This double standard is so entrenched that even *married* men will see an increase in their pickup success.

This is why I have discovered that a man telling girls he was once engaged works to stimulate their curiosity. And female curiosity is the catalyst that speeds the chemical reaction leading to tingles. Why engaged? Because former finacée sounds sexier than ex-wife. It is pregnant with romantic and tragic possibility. She sees this man, once engaged but no longer, and her mind reels with fantasy of what went wrong. Was it irreconcilable differences? Did he cheat on her? Did she move away? Did he make demands she couldn’t meet? Did she die in a horrible car accident? Was there a vast cultural gulf? Did her family sabotage their love? What did she look like?

Don’t worry if you were never engaged. Lie. It is the sort of lie that is nearly impossible to detect, or accidentally expose. And it is the sort of lie women crave from men, and would not disrupt with arid investigative pursuit. Your job, as a man with a keen grasp of female psychology, is to lie and let her overworked hamster fill in the missing narrative. The best way to do this is to say you were once engaged to a French girl, for American women bristle from the imagined competitive threat of French girls. (When American women ask me who my favorite actresses are, I always mention Marion Cotillard and Audrey Tautou. Then I watch with satisfaction their faces flash a hint of sexually lubricative insecurity.)

HER: Were you always single?

THE DEVIL WHO REMAKES U IN HIS IMAGE: No, I was once engaged.

HER: Really!

THE DEVIL WHO REMAKES U IN HIS IMAGE: Yes. [Turn away, look pensively at the horizon] She was a French girl. We were in love.

HER: What happened?

THE DEVIL WHO REMAKES U IN HIS IMAGE: It’s complicated.

Aging Urban Broads: The Manliest Of Women

CH · 13 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Yet another churlish, resentful SWPL broad is on the warpath against game, armed with the same primitive stone tools all the other anti-game broads wield.

Reading the half-baked hate, I can't help but get the impression of a very nervous woman. A woman apprehensive that men are gaining power in the sexual market and perhaps appalled that she is not any longer the primary target of that invigorated male sexual power. I can imagine her speaking truth to her indignation by assuming the role of the wise SWPL lady to a generation of younger women, admonishing them to never settle and scolding men to grow up.

But, you know, the times they change. The cock has no interest in your feeble hate. It doesn't believe in synthesis, or syllogism, or in any absolute. What does it believe in? Pussy. And whatever it takes to get it. It's self-evident.

The hater, McArdle, read an article by S.G. Belknap in The Point Magazine about pickup artists and seduction technology. McArdle sneers that men who learn game to attract women are "girly".

> I find it hilarious that the pick-up artists think of themselves as especially manly. When I read this piece, what they sound like to me is *girls*–specifically, girls in the 14-17 age group.

The "learning seduction is girly" sneer is one of the most tedious repressed neoVictorian sniffs at game. It's almost as if McArdle reads the comments here and sent a private shout out (and a pizza) to a bunch of my haters (hi, spoogen!) to agree on what they thought would be the most cutting sort of jab with which to poke the PUAs.

> Spending all of your time thinking about how to attract the opposite sex? Check. Practicing poses in the mirror to figure out which ones are most attractive? Check. Talking about it endlessly with your friends who only seem to care about the same, one, thing? Check. Increasingly elaborate strategems for getting attention? check. Eventual evolution of said strategems into rituals as mechanical as playing the opening levels of an old-style video game? Check. If I close my eyes, I can still smell the bubble-gum scented lip gloss . . .

Worried that all that strategizing works? Check. Worried that all that strategizing will help men date younger, hotter, tighter women? Check. Doubly worried her lip gloss not be poppin' anymore? Check.

For a supposedly rational liberdroid, McArdle seems oddly afflicted by the effervescent romantic idealism of the "just be yourself" and the "it should happen naturally" schools of nonthought. I've got news for her: courtship, attraction, and seduction ARE biomechanical processes that can be extracted from the misty ether and reduced to their core components. From such knowledge, generalizations can be made about the sexes. Does this fact bother many women? Sure it does. And I explained why in this post:

> Generalizations offend women in a way they do not offend men because they breach the perimeter ego defense and strike right at a woman's core self-conception — her belief in herself as Princess On A Cloud Carried Aloft By Admiring Suitors. If it's true that her genes account for nearly all her success or failure with the men she wants, then there isn't much she can do to improve her chances to fulfill her deepest desires. If it's true (and it is) that men value beauty above all else, then it is logically inescapable that she is, to an unsettling degree, interchangeable with any women who are at or above her level of physical attractiveness.

Game, by stripping the seduction process into a flowchart for ease of learning and applying in the field, offends women's sense of mystery and prerogative to act on intuition. Things better left shrouded in the unknown is the working preference of most women, not because they are more romantic than men (just the opposite is true), but because women are constitutionally wired to abhor the thought that men can exert calculated influence on

women's sexual desires and choices. Women want total and untrammeled choice in the dating market, and they want to prohibit men from enjoying the same extraordinary power. Game brings balance to the force, and that is highly threatening to women, particularly aging women for whom options are rapidly running out.
(Reminder: **Maxim #98: Marriage is no escape from the sexual market and the possibility that you may be outbid by a competitor with higher value.**)

Ultimately, women hate the thought of game, (not game itself; that they love), because they want their alpha male – beta male distinctions predigested and unsullied by interference from proactive men intent on bringing chaos to the male hierarchy. This is why women love royalty and kings and princes so much; in that world, the alphas are identified and known. There is little churn. The women have only to concern themselves with competing with other women for the cocka of the top dog. But in a world of game, where the status of men is in a constant state of flux, ever-shifting and spoiling the tidiness of the women's preferred caste systemed zero sum sexual market, there are additional stresses and concerns. Now the women have to figure out who among the millions of men trundling through their gleaming anonymous urban jungles tingling ginas left and right are the alpha males of their dreams and expectations. By muddying the waters, game makes this filtering process more difficult for women. More exhilarating, too.

McArdle imitates a snarky lip curl:

> Do they send out for pizza while they talk, or would that just make Erik cry because he looks so fat in his new jeans?

Projection, it's what's for dinner!

She continues:

> Who–over the age of 25–believes that investing most of your time and energy in attracting another person means that you're *gaining* power over them? At least the little girls eventually learn that sex and flirting are supposed to be fun. And very few full time jobs are fun.

First, a man invests time and energy in attracting women in almost anything he does. Directly, he does this through courtship and game. Indirectly, he does this through status increasing activities which his genes have programmed him to do because it is an effective way to attract a lot of fertile age women. How does that Chris Rock joke go? If a man could get blowjobs with no effort, he'd be satisfied living in a cardboard box. That one method is considered less noble than the other and frowned upon by polite PC company is not a man's moral crisis.

Second, in what warped fembot universe is successfully attracting women so that they have sex with you a sign of powerlessness? Is McArdle unaware of men's ultimate goal? Hint: insert penis into vagina.

I've previously responded to the hackneyed hate from the likes of McArdle and her sisterhood of the traveling prigs. See this classic post. It's nothing new. On the subject of "girly" male seducers:

> 12. Fallacy of Misdirected Obsession Hate
>
> **Hater: A guy who spends his life obsessing over how to get women is a loser.**
>
> A guy who spends his life obsessing over climbing the corporate ladder to get more attention from women is a loser.
> A guy who spends his life obsessing over mastering guitar and playing in a rock band to get more attention from women is a loser.
> A guy who spends his life obsessing over pursuing financial rewards and acquiring resources to get more attention from women is a loser.
> A guy who….. ah, you get the point.

> […]
>
> 16. Dancing Monkey Hate
>
> **Hater: Men who run game are just doing the bidding of women. Alphas don't entertain women.**
>
> If you want success with women, you are going to have to entertain them… one way or the other. The same is true of women. Once a woman stops entertaining men with her body, her femininity, and her commitment worthiness by getting fat, old, ugly, bitchy, or single mom-y, she stops having success with men. We are all doing the bidding of our biomechanical overlord, and on our knees to his will we surrender, by force or by choice. You fool yourself if you believe you have some plenary indulgence from this stark reality.
> Or: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

According to McArdle's impeccable logic, I suppose the billions of women who studiously do their hair, dress in the latest fashions, wear makeup, tone their glutes, play hard to get, and consume everything from herbal elixirs to plastic surgery in order to turn back the hands of time are acting manly. Yes, I find it hilarious that all these women think of themselves as feminine.

There is also something to be said for the power of contrast. A man who displays dominant body language (learned or inherited) can strengthen and speed the seduction of women by handicapping himself with feminine flash. This flash can be expressed either through peacocking (exaggerated male fashion) or by running vulnerability game. Women are very attuned to male status, and a man can signal high status by refusing to play by the rules or fall in line with the norm. Defying a woman's expectations is an effective seduction strategy.

Allow me to get personal for a moment. (double heh) This "men who learn the science of seduction are girly" meme has been spreading like a dumpy middle-aged ass among the cackling witch crowd lately. Perhaps a little of the old remote psychological diagnosis is in order. I wonder if these yuppie broads are projecting their deepest unmet desire for a sexy man who can properly seduce them after they daydream their way through another tepid rutting session with their pasty, doting, domestic chore-splitting beta provider husbands and boyfriends. Ya know, too much relationship exactness and complementarity is sand in the gears of the female soul.

(Note: Regular commenter Thursday has a number of insightful comments over at McArdle's blog. Go check them out.)

Feminists Still Not Getting It, Never Will

CH · 14 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

McArdle has a follow-up post to her contention that the men women love are girly.

> Incidentally, I'm being accused in the comments of engaging in some sort of conspiracy to keep the Beta Man down.

These things are never conspiracies. They're more like hindbrain blurts.

> More on primate theory later, but for now let me point out that as a married woman in her thirties, I have very little possible interest in the behavior of the PUAs; I'm not their target, and they're sure not mine.

Marriage is no plenury indulgence from the soul ripping cenobite chains of the sexual market. You are being judged always and forevermore, and you are always wishing to be judged in the best light possible, even though you may not have practical reasons for feeling so. Lest you think I'm kidding, tell me what happens to the glowing love your hubby lavishes on you if you bloat up 70 pounds in the next year. Similarly, let's see how much love — sexually and otherwise — you feel for your husband should he find himself unemployed for years on end and devoting himself to herb gardening. The attentions of the PUA (or, as I like to call them, the freelance seducer) is just a single infidelity away. Don't tempt disaster by thinking that dropping out of the fuck market is an acceptable lifestyle choice.

> To a person with a hammer, everything starts to look like a nail, and to a person with a sociobiology theory, everything starts to look like some primeval competition for resources on the veldt.

The dismissiveness of the anti-reductionist (complicationist? squid inkist?) never ceases to amuse. All your extravagant and high-minded appeals to human rationality, individualism, and exceptionalism are but a coat of desperately hopeful rhetoric concealing the animal motives below. To those with the eyes to see, the veldt is everywhere. Indeed, the veldt is written into the machine code of your brain. The average American woman has a hippo grazing in her brain.

But it's misleading to claim theory as a sole teacher. Years of messy real world experience and observation endorse sociobiological theory, while the theory offers guidelines to men looking for answers and a plan of attack. Game is, if nothing else, field tested and motherfucker approved. And that's what gives it credibility, as opposed to the lofty academic discussions that waft like a stale fart across women's studies departments. Once a tactic stops working, it is jettisoned in favor of something that does work. If a tactic is proven ineffective, it hardly lasts more than a few approaches before being discarded. And with the zoom zoom of the internet, proven tactics are uncovered and disseminated very quickly.

> This tendency should be strenuously resisted; not everything fits into a neat primate model, whether your Preferred Primates are bonobos or silverback gorillas.

Human nature can be observed and analyzed to form a working generalizable sociosexual theory without resort to knowledge of the habits of our ape cousins. The fact that there exist those precious special snowflake exceptions that hearten rationalists and equalists alike does not disprove the rules.

> My off the cuff observation was a genuine one; this whole thing sounds like what girls used to do.

Yeah, because we all know how much girls try to figure out how to pick up women. And "used to do" — what, have

girls suddenly changed their nature in the last few years?

McArdle is conflating the learning process with the execution. For example, a PUA teaches himself how to walk and stand and motion such that he signals nonverbal alpha dominance which is universally attractive to women, and this process may sound odd to women accustomed to imaging courtship as something magical that "just happens". But once the PUA is "in set" and executing his game plan it will all seem natural and unforced to the woman if he is doing it right. She won't be thinking "oh how girly he is"; instead, she'll be thinking "wow, this guy is kinda cute and really cool". ("Cute" being the internationally accepted girl code for describing any man — cute or otherwise — they are attracted to but unable to verbalize exactly why they are attracted.)

> And in fact, at some level the PUAs have to know that it's not really particularly manly.

Men use many tactics to attract women. It's just the socially approved ones that transfer wealth from men to women, like slaving away in a corporate hellhole and buying dinner at expensive restaurants, that don't raise the shaming hackles of banal, unreconstructed feminists like McArdle. It happens to be the fact that game is successful because it co-opts a woman's tools of the seduction trade to use against her. Qualifying? Negging? Teasing? Takeaways? Push-pull? Aloofness? All are tactics that women use naturally in their dealings with male suitors. That perhaps is why game strikes older women as girly; there are indeed elements of femininity in seduction, and it is well known that this is highly attractive to women. The classics of literature abound with examples. The best seducer must get into the mind of his quarry, and to do this requires a level of empathy that is almost transmutative.

In the final analysis, though, I doubt many men getting their dicks wet are gonna fret that they might be perceived as girly by a scornful married feminist.

> Why do I think this?

Because you're a masculine woman? nttawwt.

> Because if your girlfriend (however temporary) caught you mimicking Tom Cruise in front of the mirror, or spending your spare time trolling message boards for magic tricks to impress women with . . . well, would she be more enamored, or would she slither out of bed in disgust and start looking for her clothes?

The mirror thing is a red herring. No freelance seducer spends his waking hours posing in front of a mirror to get his stance right. That's the domain of bodybuilders. Dominant body language can be learned by observing alpha males in the field. As for reading online seduction material, I was once discovered by a girlfriend to be reading one of those forums. Looking over my shoulder, she asked me what it was about, and I explained it exactly as it was, describing the science of human social dynamics and male female psychological differences. I didn't cringe in embarrassment or apology like some weaker betaboys would have. I was matter of fact. She became intrigued and read along with me. The only slithering that night was her receiving my meaty intrusion.

> I am not against people attempting to upgrade their social skills, nor am I horrified at the thought that "beta" males will somehow sneak into the gene pool; after all, I live in the city often called "Hollywood for Nerds".

Beta is a state of mind that can be found anywhere. It is anhedonic. Game is the cure.

> But the combination of artificiality, superficiality, and manipulation in the PUA manifestos makes it really hard not to snicker.

Ok. So her beef with game can be best summed up in this:

Artificiality — makeup, zit medicine, pushup bras, high heels, wrinkle creams, nail polish, botox, bikini wax.

Superficiality — Lavish adherence to fashion and culture trends, consumption of celebrity gossip, fascination with the supernatural and occult, upholders of PC shibboleths, ingrained sexual preference for tall men, lantern jawed men, and high social status men.

Manipulation — Making a guy wait for sex, wearing sexy clothes and pretending to be offended when he notices, flaking on dates, coyness, not picking up the phone on the first or second ring, expecting paid-for drinks on dates, shit testing.

I wonder if McArdle is aware she has indicted her own gender?

By the way, the manipulation criticism is one I hear all the time from detractors of the crimson arts. It's a tawdry conceit. All goal-oriented communication — verbal or nonverbal — is a form of manipulation. When a woman advertises her cleavage she is manipulating men to do her favors or otherwise impress her. When a man works hard at his job to buy a nice car and house he is manipulating women's attraction mechanisms. When both refrain from picking their noses or farting in public they are manipulating people's impressions of them. McArdle and her ilk need to get over this manipulation mental roadblock they construct to assuage their feelings of lost power. If seduction is manipulation, then women don't want guileless entreaties. The spread pussy speaks louder than the snickering blog post.

A reframe: if soccer is the beautiful sport, seduction is the beautiful manipulation. The herculean efforts required of the vast majority of men to seduce women that strike McArdle as unseemly and calculating when compared to the relatively easy go of it women in their prime years have when setting about to seduce men is just a reflection of the biological inequality between the sexes in their value on the sexual market. Sperm is cheap, eggs are expensive, and all that. McArdle is mistaken to assume this disparity in degree of mating effort caused by intrinsic sex differences is proof of men's venality or women's nobility.

(We will return to our regularly scheduled programming of learning about actual game, rather than jawboning about its cultural significance, tomorrow.)

She's A Superflirt

CH · 15 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

"Yo man, let's go next door."

"Why? It's good here. And the bathroom is only ten feet away. Very convenient."

"There's a new club next door. It caters to the international crowd. Last time I was there it was filled with Russian women. And I know how you are about Russians."

"How is it I haven't heard of this magical land before?"

"You're out of the loop. Time to pack up and move to the burbs."

We left to check out club eurotrash. It was as advertised; hot foreign-looking women everywhere. I heard three different languages spoken as soon as I walked in the door, two vaguely Slavic and one Spanish. My buddy and I sat at a two seater table near the bar. The bartenders were women. The only men working here were the DJ and doorman.

We had barely settled in when a pretty blonde flitted up to us, smiling broadly. She had a delicate feminine jaw and chin, and high cheekbones. Very slender with nice sized tits. She was a hard 8.5. Later I would discover she was American, but spoke with a funny generic euro accent that she said she picked up from all her foreign friends.

She put her hand on my knee. "You're cute. Where you guys from?"

Before I could answer she continued. She craned her head slightly upward as she spoke.

"Let's dance! Come on, get up! It's my birthday this week." (Are girls now celebrating week-long birthdays? Isn't there enough female entitlement?) She had grabbed both my hands and was guiding me up off my seat, her hips in a perpetual wriggle.

I knew this type well. The superflirt. Not drunk, but buzzed. Exraverted. Superficially confident. Used to getting her way with men. Weaponized femininity. A classic eternal ingenue. Likely had a boyfriend somewhere else and a couple of mother hens in attendance to supervise her.

The superflirt's frame is all-powerful. Few men can resist getting sucked into it. But resist you must. I had three choices before me.

1. Brush her off.
2. Refuse to dance but attempt to get her to join us in conversation.
3. Dance with her.

Number one is fine if you want her to leave. But don't expect to pull a superflirt out of her euphoric frame with aloofness and indifference. She'll just waltz to the next guy willing to entertain her machinations.

Number two is a battle of the frames. Can you convince a hyper happy chick to focus on you for more than a second? All her energy is pulling her onto the dance floor, into the embrace of an envious or horny audience. You have no value to her other than your looks, and that's weak sauce to a cute girl. She has approached you, thus stripping you of the momentum and careful planning of a male-initiated approach, and she has thrown out a hoop for you to jump through which is rigged to ensure failure. You jump, you lower your value. You refuse to jump, you look like a stick in the mud.

Number three is jumping through the hoop, but with an eye on the long game. That's what I did.

I got up and we all danced languidly around the bar, her leading the way. (I had tried to maneuver myself in front but obstacles prevented a smooth transition.) She introduced me and my buddy to her two friends, a sausage-shaped

older, short Latina and a tall, big-boobed, meaty girl. The mother hens. I tried to preemptively neutralize any future mother hennery by asking the tall girl if she was responsible for babysitting Superflirt while she had all the fun.

“No way. She can take care of herself.”

Bullseye.

I danced with Superflirt on and off for fifteen minutes. Every few seconds she would saunter away to harass the DJ, dance on the bar, or drink a free shot, courtesy of the gawking older men gathering around us. She would return and put her hands on my stomach, exclaiming with delight how hard it was, or she would tickle me. A few times she leaned in and rested her cheek on my cheek, whispering in my ear. She smelled like concentrated estrogen. Then she would recoil in mock indignation, and, without my prompting, announce she had a boyfriend.

“I have a boyfriend, just to let you know. No, really, I have a boyfriend.”

I’ll admit I was enjoying the spectacle, regardless if it led anywhere or not. Of course, I would do my best to lead it somewhere, but the superflirt is normally quarry best left to shot-buying chumps who can convince themselves they’re going home happy having danced with a cute chick for a minute.

“That’s great. So does my girlfriend.”

She cocked her head and stared at me quizzically, then giggled. “I reeeeeeeally have a boyfriend. I’m supposed to go to his place later.”

I ignored her. She hopped up on the bar again. I figured at this point she was teetering close to the edge of outright drunkenness, so if I was to make a bold move, I had to execute quickly.

There are two ways to handle a superflirt. One, nuclear negs followed by a bold sexual move that shocks her out of her attention whore programming. Two, jealousy plotlines that flip the script so she is chasing you. I wanted to do the first option, but she had stopped clambering into my lap in between dance moves. All I could accomplish was a few negs.

“Hey, stop tickling me. Do I look like a piece of meat?”

“Yes!”

“Sexual harassment! Is this how you hit on men? It’s not working.”

She twirled. I tried to keep her focused.

“How would you like it if I did that to you?” I tickled her middle and she shrieked joyously like a little girl so loudly I though my ears would bleed.

This was going nowhere. She was in full-on attention whore mode. Out of the corner of my eye, I spied a leggy woman of exquisite beauty wearing a miniskirt that climbed past mid-thigh. Her makeup was expertly applied, and she didn’t smile. An expression of disdain swept across her purse-lipped face.

Had to be Russian.

I sidled closer to her table where she was standing with a couple girls and some men, and listened in; yep, Russians. She glanced in my direction. I realized why. Preselection. She had front row seats to me getting pawed by Superflirt. A man can go up as much as five points simply by being seen in the company of a hot babe.

This was one last opportunity to break Superflirt’s frame. If I could be seen by her chatting up the Russian, she might reengage and be open to a proper seduction. All her earlier boyfriend chatter suggested to me she was subconsciously looking for an excuse to step out with a new man. And nothing works like jealousy on an eternal ingenue. She has to feel a competitive threat from equally pretty women.

Unfortunately, this story does not have a good ending. I opened the Russian, asking her why she wasn’t

embarrassing herself like the other girls by dancing on the bar, because it's what all American women do. As we talked I would steal a glance at Superflirt to see if she was watching us, but she had fallen on her ass next to a bar stool, drunk as sin, and one shot away from puking. Three men rushed in to help her up. I didn't budge. When I turned back to continue my conversation with the Russian, the doorman was saying something to her and she clopped in three inch high heels toward the door to make a phone call outside.

It was near closing time. Superflirt stumbled past me on the way to the door. She stopped to drape her arms over my shoulders, and I told her to give me her number. It was a last ditch effort that I knew had a low chance of succeeding. She was barely cognizant. But she stuck to her boyfriend script.

"Can't. No I really can't. I'm going to my boyfriend's place right now! He lives nearby."

Admiring her tight ass and perfect 0.7 waist-hip ratio as she wobbled out into the street, I figured her boyfriend either had very strong pimp hand to feel comfortable letting her get drunk by herself in his own hood, or they were heading for a dramatic breakup within the month. What a fucking headache it is dating a superflirt. Best way to keep them in line is to date two or more of them at the same time.

Why You Should Leave After Sex

CH · 16 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Because it will signal your high male mate status:

> Chapter 5, "Green-Eyed Desire: From Guarding a Mate to Trading Up," deals with other economic constraints relating to the human mating market. Women appear to use sex to help guard male mates by keeping them satisfied, reminding men what they stand to lose should they defect—or as many women in the study put it, "keep[ing] his mind off other women." Women also seem to be motivated to sometimes have sex with other men as a way of gaining information about their mate value or to obtain a better partner—i.e., to "trade-up" in the mating market. Attracting a high-quality mate can allow a woman to enhance and evaluate her mate value, and many women cited this as a reason to have sex. The authors refer to research showing that women do this more often around ovulation.

So what does this have to do with leaving a woman's company soon after sex? Much can be inferred from the study results in the quote above. For instance, if women use sex to keep a mate satisfied and his mind off chasing other women, then a hasty post-coitus skedaddle undermines her mate guarding efforts; she will be compelled to try even harder in the sack next time. And as I've noted before, a solid, healthy relationship rests on a foundation of the woman chasing the man. The day your woman succeeds at guarding you is the day you begin the slide into betahood, infrequent sex, cuckoldry, and eventual breakup.

More importantly, since women sometimes use sex with new men to enhance and evaluate their own mate value, a calculated quick departure after sex will disrupt her self-evaluative process, leading her to conclude that she isn't as hot as she thought (which is exactly what you want her to think). While landing a charming SOB like yourself for sex will boost a girl's ego, persuading you to linger afterward to cuddle will send her ego straight into the stratosphere. Since American women's egos are already in the stratosphere, theirs will get propelled into distant galaxies. It's critical that you keep a woman's ego in check if you want to enjoy years of blissful love and sexual release.

This study, and its implications, confirms my everyday experiences. I have noticed that when I leave a chick right after sex — either directly by walking out or indirectly by nudging her out — she will text or call like a woman in love the very next day, or even later that night. The post-coitus premature exit (PCPE) is especially powerful when executed at two in the morning.

If you are at her place, many times a girl will invite you to stay for the night. She'll couch it in plausibly deniable terms, such as "You're welcome to stay if it's too late for you to grab a taxi now." If you need an excuse to drop a PCPE, just tell her you have to get up early for a business trip. If you and her are at your place instead, assume the PCPE by announcing soon after sex that you'll be happy to walk her to her car or her home, and that she must be looking forward to sleeping in her own bed.

Whatever you do, avoid the post-coitus cuddle with a new girl who is above the average quality of girls you normally get. If you've had the good fortune, or expertise, to bag yourself the female equivalent of a 12 point buck, you don't want to ruin your established high mate value and budding relationship momentum by snuggling and squeezing her tight as if she were your childhood security blanket. Post-sex cuddling is like a chemical reaction which drains your testosterone by the minute. Intimate cuddling will convince a girl to give herself high marks on her self-evaluation, and once she's done this the odds she will see you as a worthy mate for the long haul — sexual or otherwise – drop precipitously. It's all done on the subconscious level of course, but that's the level that is most dangerous, since it operates by flying under the radar of our conscious perimeter defenses.

Looking at all my flings, one night stands, and relationships, the ones where I rolled over after sex and gave the girl my back, or where I got out of bed and put on my clothes to go home, were the ones I was in complete command of

the direction of the romance. I never had to initiate texts or phone calls, or come up with date ideas, with those girls; they did all the legwork.

The Ruling Class Vs The American Class

CH · 17 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Important article in the American Spectator. I'd advise all to read it. Excerpt:

> Similarly, Obama "apologized" to Europeans because some Americans — not him and his friends — had shown "arrogance and been dismissive" toward them, and to the world because President Truman had used the atom bomb to end World War II. So President Clinton apologized to Africans because some Americans held African slaves until 1865 and others were mean to Negroes thereafter — not himself and his friends, of course. So assistant secretary of state Michael Posner apologized to Chinese diplomats for Arizona's law that directs police to check immigration status. Republicans engage in that sort of thing as well: former Soviet dictator Mikhail Gorbachev tells us that in 1987 then vice president George H. W. Bush distanced himself from his own administration by telling him, "Reagan is a conservative, an extreme conservative. All the dummies and blockheads are with him…" This is all about a class of Americans distinguishing itself from its inferiors. It recalls the Pharisee in the Temple: "Lord, I thank thee that I am not like other men…"
>
> In sum, our ruling class does not like the rest of America. Most of all does it dislike that so many Americans think America is substantially different from the rest of the world and like it that way. For our ruling class, however, America is a work in progress, just like the rest the world, and they are the engineers.

What is the animating force of our rapidly aggregating elite? Power. What is the conscious motivation of our elite? Religious utopianism. What are the tools of our elite? Feminism, equalism, transnationalism. What are the battle tactics of our elite? Shaming, hypocrisy, lies.

A perturbation in the souls of common men gathers strength. The stirrings of a revolution shimmer faintly on the horizon. A new, yet old, paradigm bubbles in the cauldron of collective thought. One way or another, a clash of classes is coming. The only question is whether we will be lucky enough that the coming civil war is a bloodless one. All bets are off.

Is It Time To Rethink Democracy?

CH · 18 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

An article over at Zero Hedge argues that democracy is self-cannibalizing, and that an attack on first principles is needed to stop it from consuming itself.

> The Editor-in-Chief of the otherwise quiet and non-descript Global Custodian magazine has written what can pass for an extremely controversial if not outright revolutionary essay on the topic of democracy, and specifically how our current regime has cannibalized itself, and is in dire need of a "revolution." Dominic Hobson says: "In a market, the cumulative expenditure of the modestly endowed easily trumps the expenditure of the rich. And even the rich are ultimately answerable to the market: They became rich by satisfying customers, and will remain rich only so long as they (or their investments) continue to satisfy consumers. Consumer sovereignty is far more powerful a constraint on the rich than political sovereignty. Indeed, even the erosion of the rich by democracy is ultimately self-defeating, for it eliminates that class of men and women in public life who are under no financial pressure to remain at their posts, pursuing policies in which they no longer believe. It is no coincidence that the democratization of politics has been accompanied by a decline in resignations on points of principle or of honor. The vast majority of modern politicians simply needs the money. **But even the restoration of a rentier political class would not be enough to restore the blessings of good government. As long as politicians must compete for votes, they cannot govern honestly, or even disinterestedly.** They cannot reverse decisions or policies that have proved unworkable. They must persist, even in intellectual error, and cannot escape a certain narrowness of vision. **To release politicians from this predicament, a revolution is required.** That revolution must be one not of blood, but of constitutional and political ideas. It must put an end to democracy without limits, before the prosperity of the species is destroyed and liberty extinguished…The only lasting solution to the plague of unlimited democracy is to attack democracy at its moral foundation: the political equality of the citizen." Well, the Greeks seem to have been wrong about a whole lot of other things. Is it so alien to ponder whether they also screwed up the most taken for granted concept of modern society as well?

The dishonesty of politicians competing for votes in an unlimited democratic system is exacerbated by an ethnically and racially diverse populace. This is because diversity is the crucible of hate; it breeds short-sightedness and antagonism, as human groups unequal in status demand of their representatives policies that continue and strengthen parasitic relationships even when the long term consequence of such vengeful and envious voting behavior is national diminution.

Does the Declaration of Independence rest on a falsehood? The rapidly rising flood of computational genetic research is providing evidence for everything from innate differences in intelligence to criminal inclination to altruistic impulse. The conclusion slowly being forged by (re)familiarity with reality is that all men are not created equal. Born equal under the law? Perhaps, yes. Though that too might change with a broader understanding of human brain architecture and the associated debasement of free will. But created equal? No. Some men are worth more than others, and maybe from the moment of birth. The ugliest truth of all. We all know this deep down in the pit of our souls; it is why jockeying for position in the sexual market — and ultimately for progeny with a genetic leg up over the competition — is fought with such a vicious and primitive compulsion. Fear of failure in the one market to rule them all is the inspiration of nightmares.

As I have said before, for big picture realists to win the last battle against the sickeningly malevolent forces of equalism and utopianism, they must attack and defeat the first principles of the enemy. Playing by the enemy's rules won't work. That is the road to a superficial stalemate shifting inexorably away from truth and deeper into lies. The realists can attack in a number of ways, perhaps by triangulating with bold and sadistic truthbomb throwers like your humble narrator, thereby affording themselves an immunity to instant transmutation by the borg collective of

our ruling class. The equalists know that if their cherished Original Meme is exposed and discredited they lose their power to shameswarm infidels into silence. Thus, this is why they act as if their assumptions are infallible, inarguable, and why they ferociously fight along distant borderlands, well away from central command.

Look what democracy has gotten us to date: mounds of debt, ponzi scheme entitlements, blood spilt in wars for ingrates, injustices committed in service of outcome-based equality, nation-abnegating open borders, historical whitewashing, loss of national pride, and a relentless fusillade of lies to prop it all up. The system is rotten to the core.

Solutions:

- Restrict voting to net taxpayers. Net tax recipients wail forlornly on the sidelines. Downsides: Impractical. How would we measure who is a net taxpayer before each election? Fosters revolt among the parasites. Every so often the productive will have to put down rebellions by the disenfranchised. Risk that the productive will direct all government largesse to themselves. Highly eugenic in practice. Parasites die in the streets once largesse spigot is turned off. Can the productive tolerate the tooth and claw nature of true progress? Upside: Encourages return to traditional notion of nation-state as territory for a relatively homogeneous population.
- Repeal the 17th Amendment. Return to state legislatures appointing Senators, as the Founders intended. Decentralization helps reduce corruption; state legislators are more beholden to the voice of their constituents than are 100 Senators in DC.
- Repeal the 26th Amendment. As lifespans and, consequently, educational years, adolescence, and time spent on parents' dole, increase, it makes less sense for 18 year olds to have the right to vote their callow consciences into law.
- Institute a national referendum for big decisions involving war, taxation, and immigration. The ruling class hates this idea because they know it will mean an end to their beloved utopian transnationalism. Anti-American open borders traitors would get the comeuppance they so richly deserve.
- Benign monarchy. Could it be any worse than what we have now?
- Secession. A breakup of the USA into manageable territories of people with similar morals, outlooks, tastes, abilities and temperaments.

The era of "huddled masses yearning to breathe free" and sentimental equalist ideology is about to meet an ignominious end. The era of vigilant realism dawns. May the light of the truth guide our way. Ah-fucking-men.

Alpha Assessment: Ain't No Thing Edition

CH · 19 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

David writes:

> So on my way to achieving my maximum alpha-dom, I've discovered more and more that R is 110% right on everything. I'm sorta-kinda involved with a really nice 7/10 girl, but she has an 8 friend. So I start this conversation with her friend and she says:
>
> "she likes you. shes my bestfriend. she has never & wouldnt ever do it to me. i can't do it to her."
>
> I respond
>
> "1 – we aint a thing
> 2 – what happens in vegas…"
>
> After going through a pretty repetitive circle (I was slightly buzzed when I typed this and still am), she agreed to come over before work tomorrow and 'test my seduction skills against her resistance skills,' which is whore for 'you fuck me senseless and I'll pretend like it wasn't supposed to go down like that.' Point is, I got this after the rapport circle:
>
> "None of this gets back to [name of 7]."
>
> Sure thing? I think so.

"we ain't a thing" — Major disqualification. Chicks dig the moving target.

"what happens in vegas" — Breaching her anti-slut defense. Assurance of privacy granted.

The 7 friend — Preselection. Getting hotter women is easier when you can pivot off slightly less hot women. Pivot off a 7 to get an 8, off an 8 to get a 9. Doesn't work if the pivot is much uglier than the target, so don't think you can date cigstache and trampoline off her enormous tobacco-stained gut into the sexy bosom of a 10.

Challenge level: 1 (on a 0 to 5 scale, zero being a cokehead offering a hummer for your dimebag and five being the supermodel newlywed of a famous actor.)

Alpha level: 3 (on a 0 to 5 scale, zero being an example of the bare minimum to cross the threshold from beta to alpha and five being an example of the kind of alpha game a man merged with the DNA of Jack Nicholson, Tommy Lee and Silvio Berlusconi would run.)

Summary judgment: A well-executed alpha attack on a chick who was looking to fuck. But this is end game stuff when the fornication line is in sight.

******

walawala writes:

> Here's my exchange with HB8 I met at our Latin dance night 2 weeks ago. We hit it off, lots of kino, IOI's rapport, she qualified herself.
>
> We met up a few days later on consecutive days spent the entire class hanging out, dancing. I purposely never number closed that time to see whether there was interest. I didn't see her for two weeks so sent her an email on Facebook:
>
> ME: NICKNAME I CREATED. Caiprinhas, we're on…you're buying the first round. LEAVE PHONE NUMBER.
>
> Day and a half later, I get this response:

> HER: NICKNAME SHE CREATED! hahaha how did you find me? i know i have been absent from the dance scene these couple of weeks. i just started a summer internship plus the world cup has been keeping my nights occupied :P how are things with you?
>
> ME: NICKNAME…life is good, …World Cup, yah…except when North Korea plays Ivory Coast…nail-biter. Slovenia, is that really a country? Isn't it just Croatia Junior?
>
> Well NICKNAME one more chance to redeem yourself: Next Monday let's meet up for class, followed of course by drinks, you can help me celebrate Fourth of July.
>
> Haven't received a response, but her friendly but figured her rather lukewarm reply to my initial outreach was worth one more shot. She never did leave her contact number. I haven't yet received a reply but….Alpha enough and on the right track with this approach to asking out?

You've got self-awareness, but you sound like you're trying too hard. First, hunting her down on Facebook is always going to seem stalkerish, no matter your intentions, and even if she gave you her full name. That was your first mistake; you are now the chaser. It would have been better to number close her the first night you danced together, while the iron — or in this case, the gina — was hot.

Always Be Escalating.

Don't hesitate "to see whether there was interest". That's the sort of thing betas and brooding poets do.

Your emails then were doomed to sound like a guy trying to recapture an alpha frame that never really was. You needed to be less wordy, even curt to the point of assholery, to put her on her heels in the defensive crouch. For example:

YOU: [forget the cutesy nicknames. she is not yet worth your labored creativity] what are you doing on facebook? I thought you were different.

HER: NICKNAME SHE CREATED! hahaha how did you find me? i know i have been absent from the dance scene these couple of weeks. i just started a summer internship plus the world cup has been keeping my nights occupied :P how are things with you?

YOU: [screw the nicknames] stupendous. gotta go. i'll see you at the next dance class. wear something twirly.

This exchange is ambiguous enough that she's not sure if you're interested or not, so it robs her of the satisfying ego glow she would get from knowing she is being chased by a suitor during the week between the emails and the next class. This way, she shows up to the class just a little bit nervous, instead of overconfident in her sexual power. Now you have regained hand, and hand is the foreplay of the mind.

Challenge level: 3 (she's basically a cold lead.)

Alpha level: 0 (the alpha force is weak in you, son.)

Summary judgment: You'd better hit on other girls in full view of her during the next dance class if you want to spark her attraction again. Practice your One Word Game.

******

Matt writes:

> So Friday night I met this girl who just moved back to my country and when we let we both laughed because we had heard about each other (I don't know what she has heard about me).
> We hung out for the rest of the night. She and I would flirt a bit and I would neg her and she would punch me on the arm or give me little IoI's.
> Then at the most random time during us talking she just says

> Her: Oh by the way I'm not going to fuck you.
> Me: (confused look) Well you're not really my time anyway.
>
> And the conversation continues but she said it like three times that night.
> She also gave me her business card.
> I ended up sleeping over at her house with everyone from our group. But not with her.
>
> The next day my Wing tells me every guy pretty much loves her. Great i'm just another AFC.
>
> Today I see her in the park and chat with her for a few minutes nothing special really.
>
> I've added her on facebook and now I'm wondering how do I get together with her if I can only message or email her? (Her phone number on her card isn't from my country)
> Do I even still have a chance with her?

A girl punching your arm is the metaphorical subconscious blurt of a clit flick. She wants it. You have only to refrain from sabotaging yourself at that point. But also note that there is a risk you are dealing with a superflirt. I don't have enough context from your description to gauge whether she is nothing but a cockteasing attention whore.

When a girl wants it badly, her anti-slut defense will kick in autonomically, often at the most inopportune or random times. The "I'm not going to fuck you" line is a classic slut tell. The mere verbalization of the thought is evidence she most certainly is thinking about fucking you.

There are probably a number of ways to handle the preemptive fuck denial (PFD), but one that almost never fails is stone cold disqualification.

HER: oh by the way, i'm not going to fuck you.

YOU: [no confused look] phew! that's a relief.

If she repeats herself again the same night, you can up the psychological ante.

HER: no , really, i'm not going to fuck you.

YOU: my girlfriend will be relieved you aren't going to jump my bones.

Finally, you can call her bluff.

HER: i'm not going to fuck you tonight.

YOU: you know, if i didn't know any better, i'd think you were dying to fuck me. try not to make it so obvious.

Or, if you think her buying temp is high, you could try this:

HER: i'm not going to fuck you tonight.

YOU: no, but you will kiss me. [lean in and go for it]

Despite the above suggestions, I think if you are getting a lot of PFDs from a chick, it is either evidence that she is an incorrigible and crude flirt, or she has the emotional development of a Twilight obsessed teen girl who can't handle the arousal inflaming her labia. You'll have to judge the difference, because dealing with a superflirt is radically different than dealing with a girl who actually wants to fuck you.

Challenge level: 2 (brass ring. so close.)

Alpha level: 3 (you nearly connected with your alpha chakra, but let transcendence slip through your grasp in the park.)

Summary judgment: Since your quarry was either a taunting superflirt or a wet and wild emotionally stunted slut, you had your hands full trying to navigate this female landscape. Props for the meager effort.

‘I Have A Boyfriend’ Responses

CH · 20 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Since the question of how to respond to the ubiquitous “I have a boyfriend” female shit test comes up a lot here, I’ve decided to put together what I think are the best answers a man can give in return. These answers were gleaned from commenters, from pickup forums, and from my own posts on the subject.

- “I don’t care.”

One of my favorites. Best used on ultrafem girls who yearn to submit to a very psychologically dominant man. See: Asians, sorostitutes, blogger chicks.

- “That’s OK, I’m not the jealous type.”

Replies to “IHAB” fall into two major categories — qualifying and disqualifying. A disqualifying reply is one where you shame the girl for even bringing the subject up, since she has no chance with you anyhow. A disqualifier is ideally used on superflirts and other varieties of cockteasers, because it fucks with their expectations.

A qualifying reply is one where you brush off the boyfriend objection, but do so in a humorous way that implies she has met your conditions for being bang-worthy and that you would sleep with her given the chance. The line above is an example of a qualifying reply — you would have sex with her and she needn’t worry that you would judge her for that. A qualifier is ideally used on girls who are attracted to you and want to sleep with you, but either have a boyfriend for real they want to step out on, or don’t have a boyfriend but say so anyhow because they are feeling slutty or anxious that sex might actually happen. Sometimes girls just blurt IHABs without even thinking, like they often do with any kind of shit test.

Note: If the girl drops an IHAB from the moment you start talking to her, it is likely she is rejecting you. IHAB is very context and time dependent; don’t bother with any of these lines if she hits you with an IHAB soon after you introduce yourself. These IHAB killers are meant for girls who are receptive to your gaming or are otherwise actively flirting with you.

- Girl: “I have a boyfriend…..”
  Man: “Wow….amazing…seriously, that’s amazing!”
  Girl: “What? That I have a boyfriend?”
  Man: “No, that I’ve barely known you for 5 minutes and you’re already telling me your problems.”
  Girl: “lmao!”

The above line was cribbed from a commenter over at Roosh’s pickup forum. It’s a type of disqualifier; one I would happily use on attention whores who love men bowing and scraping before their almighty bloated egos.

- “Whoa, not so fast. We’re just talking here, ok? Don’t get the wrong idea.”

Another strong disqualifier. Flips the script. This is the line I should have used on Superflirt when she hit me with her repeated IHABs.

- “You really thought I was hitting on you?”

An even stronger disqualifier. The hotter the chick, the stronger her expectation that you are trying to bed her. Very powerful disqualifiers will often scare away or piss off lesser girls, but the hot babes lap it up like hungry kittens. Use with caution.

- “No worries. You’re not my type.”

Tamer version of above. Opens the door for further conversation.

- “So does my girlfriend.”

Short, sweet and funny. Categorized as a qualifying reply — you’re not dismissing her as a sex prospect. Hints at preselection. Use on girls who want to sleep with you already but have to rationalize their way to it. Don’t use on drunk girls; it’ll take them too long to get it. I tried this on Superflirt and she just tilted her head and stared blankly at me for a few seconds. Don’t use on evangelical church girls, either; they might take it at face value.

- Girl: “I have a boyfriend.”
  Man: “Hey, my dog can juggle.”
  Girl: “What?”
  Man: “I’m sorry, I thought we were talking about shit that didn’t matter.”

This is a qualifying IHAB killer. You are implying you have designs to bang her, and are mocking her IHAB for the adorable little whiny objection it is. (The hidden subtext is “Let’s get back to seducing each other.”) A bit too clever by half for my taste; could work well on hard-charging lawyer cunts with high Wordsum scores.

- “Annnnd… so?”

Same type as above, but shorter and easier to remember.

- “Good job!”

A variant of “I don’t care.” Some guys prefer to plow through an IHAB by either ignoring it or contemptuously dismissing it.

- “Your parents must be proud.”

Same as above.

- “Oh man, I’m so embarrassed. I thought you were a lesbian.”

HUGE disqualifying neg. Use on histrionic club sluts. Don’t expect this to work more than 20% of the time; just enjoy the smile it puts on your face.

- “Are you allowed to talk to other men without his permission?”

Puts the girl on the defensive. This is a risky line. Some girls may react poorly to it, while others immediately qualify themselves to you.

- Ignore the IHAB

Plow, baby, plow! Caveman game. She’s so cute when she’s disingenuously objecting to you conking her over the head and dragging her into the brush for a rogering.

You’ll notice a pattern here; I prefer short answers to IHAB rather than long-winded, witty replies. A rule of thumb: wordiness is beta, succinctness is alpha. This is a broad generalization with plenty of exceptions, so don’t get too hung up on it. Just try and keep your texts, phone messages, and parts of your early and end game on the laconic side. Rapport and DHVing obviously will require the use of more than a few pithy quips.

You’ll also notice which IHAB replies are conspicuously missing from the list. I don’t like classic PUA IHAB destroyers such as

“Hey, no problem, you can bring him along on our date.”

or

“Cool, he can buy the first round.”

I've never liked these. They make the man sound like he's forcing the issue. And they're cheesy.

Perhaps a better way to handle the IHAB is to avoid it altogether. Preempt it by not giving the girl any reason to bring it up in the first place. An example of a preemptive IHAB blaster is "Are you single?" Upside: very effective neutralizing and filtering tactic. Downside: she might not have been planning to mention a boyfriend at all.

Of Manjaws And Furry Forearms

CH · 21 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Have a cuckold fetish for relationships with sluts who are likely to cheat? Want to get into relationships with sluts who are likely to put out quickly, and to fuck like the energizer bunny? Date women with big chins!

> If you have not already chosen your new love, researchers suggest you stay away from those with big chins as they have a tendency to cheat. Researchers from four universities across the US and Canada prodded into the sexual habits of chinny and relatively chin-less females to determine these results.
>
> Kidding? No, they've published in the journal *Personality And Individual Differences*, so it must be true. Larger chins, especially on adult females, are associated with the male growth hormone testosterone and too much of that bad boy can lead to messing around. It seems on an unconscientious level men sense this trend and are biased against a more masculine chin. […]
>
> "The findings are important in demonstrating that perceptions of women as desirable and trustworthy long-term mates can be reliably gleaned by men from viewing only the women's facial features.
>
> "Results suggest that information about women's sexual unrestrictedness, which is related to their risk of infidelity, can potentially be conveyed by the masculinity of women's faces."
>
> Hogwash you say? Perhaps you are already hooked up with said chin-cheater? Well, they may cheat, but you may also have found a sexual goldmine. Women (and perhaps men) with larger chins are also more sexually assertive and perhaps better in bed.

Yet again the science proves me right. Always ahead of the curve, I am. Over three years ago I wrote in this post about generalizing the sexual habits of women based on physical or behavioral traits:

> **Does she have lots of dark forearm hair?**
>
> Girls with this have more circulating testosterone. They will be more likely to sleep with you by date 3. Although forearm hair on a girl is unattractive, rejoice when you see it, because it means the moment of sexual congress is nigh.

Big chins, manjaws and dark forearm hair on women are all signs of exposure to high levels of testosterone. And women who have been thusly exposed like to fuck — hard, often, and usually with lots of different men. If you are doing a girl doggy style, and a thatch of thick ass crack hair is staring back at you, you can bet she's exceeded the national female median of three lifetime sex partners. Have your fun, but don't make the dumb mistake of marrying her. Or, really, spending any money on her, since she won't require much male resource display before she's willing to spread.

Thanks to the additional scientific evidence buttressing my personal observations, we can now add big chins and manjaws to the list of slut tells I outlined in my infamous post describing how easy it is to identify a slut. If you are an inexperienced younger man who wants to know if your girlfriend is marriage material, this blog will arm you with the knowledge you need.

To summarize:

Manjaws are more likely to:

- fuck on the first date
- fuck for hours in every room of the house
- cheat
- need a psychologically dominant boyfriend to keep her faithful.

Personally, as a normal man with normal tastes in women, I prefer feminine girls with dainty jaws and chins and soft flat bellies that aren't ripped six packs. So Leno-chinned women of the world are not much concern to me, except insofar as their numbers in the general female population seem to be increasing of late, and thus causing the aggregate beauty in the world to shrink. As a lover of beauty, I consider this environmental destruction. Luckily, manjaws are less prevalent in younger women, so I will do my part to help the environment by casting out older women to the wastelands of solitary cougardom where their jutting mandibles can do no harm to anyone except 18 year old boys desperate to lose their virginity.

The Pill

CH · 22 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

“You’ve got to try one of these.”

“I don’t need that. I have the libido of a rutting buck.”

“Yeah, but this will supercharge you. Take a look at porn. All the male stars use it. A lot of the old timer porn stars — the greats like Ron Jeremy — complain that it ruins the artistry and exclusivity of their occupation, because now a bunch of no name punks off the street can stroll onto the set and jackhammer for hours. Thanks to this baby right here, there was a glut of cheap labor into the porn market, and asking prices for prized studs with real talent went way down.”

“That’s great, but I’m not doing porn.”

“You should always fuck like you’re being filmed for a porn scene. Seriously, compare 80s porn to today’s porn. Back then, there were all these cheesy repetitive edits done to the film. It was obvious when the same thrusting action was replayed two or three times in a row. That’s because these guys were banging *au naturel*. They couldn’t stay hard for day-long fuck sessions. And they didn’t have tremendous staying power either. So editors had to stretch out the scenes. It was an acknowledgement of the limits of male physiology. But now comes this — [Zeets waved the package in the air] — and all bets are off. Guys with no prior experience in the industry are hopping on set, hard as a flagstaff, and banging like champion studs, nonstop, until the girls are chafing and begging for it to be over. Don’t you want that kind of chafing power? This is how you fuck the whore right out of any girl you’re with.”

“What about side effects? I heard it causes vision loss.”

“Yeah, I read about that. Just don’t get addicted to it. Anyhow, that’s mostly a problem for old men. And believe me, nothing’s going to take this stuff off the market. The average old dude thinks to himself, gee, impotence or blindness?, and immediately chooses blindness, because as a man what’s the point of living if you have no sex life?”

“Irrefutable logic. All right, I’ll try one.”

“They’re ten bucks a pop, but since you’re a newb I’ll spot you on this first one.” Zeets dropped the blue pill in my hand. “Just enjoy it, man. You’ll never look back.” I could’ve sworn I caught Zeets rubbing his hands together. Was he my pusher?

Two hours before I was to meet a young girl I had been seeing, I swallowed the pill. She had an insatiable sexual appetite — it took her mere seconds of foreplay to get sloppy wet for penetration — and I doubted anything could tap her out, short of a 24 hour sex marathon that left her hole the consistency of sandpaper.

Nothing happened. As advertised, the pill doesn’t directly cause hard-ons; it simply allows hard-ons to last longer and stay harder once aroused. A girl was still required to jumpstart the process.

At her place, we fooled around for a bit and then undressed. As she slid my boxers down, she marveled at my rigidity — I was as hard as a teenager staring up his teacher’s skirt as she sat on her desk crossing and uncrossing her long legs. The head was pulsating.

“Wow, you’re ready to go!”

“Must be the free range eggs I ate this morning.”

I threw her onto the bed and yanked off her shorts and panties in one uninterrupted motion. Her furrow was boiling to the touch. I slid in easily and commenced the most intimate of intimacies.

I would not say the sensitivity was intensified. It felt as good as it alway does, no worse no better. But something was different. In the middle of a sweaty thrust, I looked up at the digital clock on her bedstand — 10:45. I had been fucking her straight for two hours and five minutes. Nonstop. Not even a break for a glass of water or to catch my

breath. Except to switch positions, I was inside of her ransacking her womb for over two hours.

She came four times during those two hours. I hadn't cum yet. The wonder pill not only let me stay rock hard with no let-up, it also delayed my money shot. As I rested on top of her, our greased chests pressed tightly together, she panted in my ear.

"Hooooooly moly."

I pulled her to the edge of the bed, on her back, and fucked her while my thumbs pried open her labia for an exciting visual. Her vulva was inflamed a deep angry red. Her slick pussy juice had catalyzed into dry, waxy, white pellets from my repeated endless thrustings, and were falling out of her pussy like an army of ovum. The chafing had begun.

"Phew, wait, I need a second."

I stopped and lay beside her for a few minutes. My boner never went down.

"Ok, I'm ready."

We resumed, and I focused on shooting my wad. Usually, this is best done in the primo animalistic position — doggy style. Finally, two hours and twenty-five minutes later, I blew. Five minutes after that, I was chubbing out again.

I didn't know how long the effects lasted, but I found out. We slept in; late the next morning I poked her in the ass crevice with my morning wood. Hard as the night before. I was still under the influence. Another hour of fucking and I had to stop; my dick was beginning to glow like an irradiated blood sausage.

We left the humid confines of her place and went for brunch. Under the bright sunshine, she stumbled a bit while walking. She spoke haltingly, her head lolling around lazily on her neck. The pill is a game changer. A marriage saver, and a marriage destroyer. A pot of gold, and a poison apple.

I swore to myself never to take it again.

Women Are Most Deluded At 31

CH · 23 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A survey of older women and their husbands who were being watched while filling in the survey questions “””concluded””” that women were most attractive at age 31.

> The poll of 2,000 men and women, commissioned by the shopping channel QVC to celebrate its Beauty Month, found that females in their early thirties are seen as more attractive than younger girls as they are more confident and stylish.

Shopping channel QVC — where unbiased science calls home!

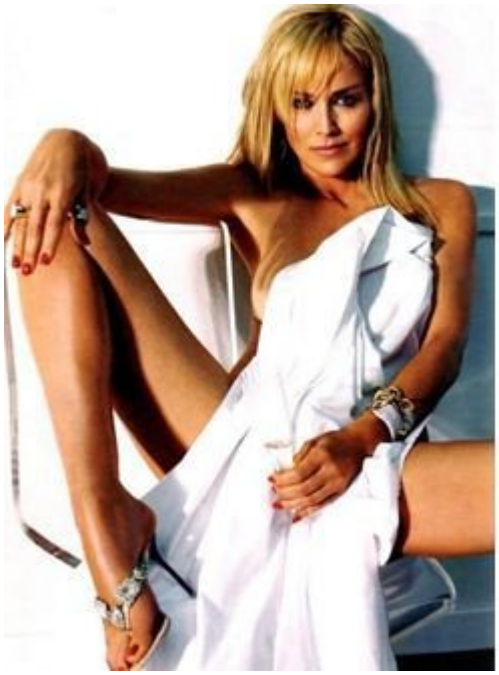
> [Beauty] was defined as being confident by 70 per cent, having good looks by 67 per cent and being stylish by 47 per cent.

Helen Thomas is undoubtedly a confident woman.

This confidence deluding device is one of thinnest reeds women hang onto as they age. It’s a classic case of gender projection. Women are attracted to confidence in men, so surely men must be attracted to confidence in women. Obvi! Unfortunately, it doesn’t work out that way in the real breathing world. Above a very minimal level of functioning self-esteem (i.e. not so depressed that she shuts herself indoors and whimpers in a corner in the fetal position), a woman’s attractiveness has little to do with her confidence, however amorphously defined. A confident beast is still a beast, albeit more insufferable than a beast who knows her place.

A lot of women also confuse sexual openness for confidence. Raging tankgrrl sluts are especially prone to believing that their sexual aggressiveness is the hallmark of feminist confidence. In reality, it is the hallmark of sluttiness, nothing more. It doesn’t take much confidence in one’s self-worth as a woman to spread one’s legs for horny men who will gladly dump a serviceable fuck in any halfway decent and readily available pussy.

> Almost two thirds of women surveyed – 63 per cent – agreed that “with age, comes beauty”.



Too easy.

> The same number said that as they get older, they care less about what others think of the way they look.

We tend to openly care more about things we have control over. When you're ugly and getting uglier by the day, it assuages the ego to imagine that you are above such trivial matters as impressing the opposite sex with your looks. And yet, even ancient grandmas will smear lipstick and rouge on themselves before heading out the door for dinner. It's sad. So the compulsion to care what people think of us never disappears completely; it just fades away as reality continually reconfirms the uselessness of caring very much for something that long ago escaped our scope of influence.

> And 51 per cent said as they age they shed their insecurities and feel prettier.

Only 51% in full denial mode? I figured mirrors would be in more homes than that. Interestingly, this survey result contradicts the survey result directly above it.

"Shedding insecurities" is another female empowerment trope. It's easy to "shed" insecurities when there's no hope of benefiting from acknowledging insecurities and working to improve the underlying conditions creating them. The rationalization hamster was strong in these survey results. Which brings us to another maxim…

Maxim #85: As women's bodies age and weaken, their rationalization hamsters grow bigger and stronger. Eventually, the hamster is powerful enough to take control of all higher order consciousness.

Inception

CH · 25 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It is explained that subjects under sedation have to be “kicked” into a falling motion in order to wake up, and that this is accomplished by falling in the dream state, such as driving a van over a guardrail into a river. Why couldn’t Fischer alone have been dropped instead of everyone being dropped? Since he is the primary dream vehicle the others enter to plant the idea, wouldn’t his waking have a cascading effect that would wake all the others? This would free the group to deal with the projections instead of sitting comatose in the three levels of Fischer’s subconscious.

I read Nolan spent ten years crafting this Möbiusian script. Perhaps the length of time devoted to a metaphysical quandary is inversely proportional to the quickness which millions of movie viewers with uncover logical inconsistencies.

I give this move two inverted thumbs up. Marion still looking good.

Overgaming

CH · 26 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I got this illuminating email from a male reader:

> I recently started reading your blog. I am usually fairly successful with women, though I could definitely improve my game. In particular, I lack the boldness and swagger your archetypal alpha possesses. I needed practice.
>
> I met this girl a couple weeks ago and we texted back and forth. Because she lives about an hour away and is a little below my market value, I wasn't planning on an effortful pursuit – but I did cross my fingers for convenient banging. Last week I invited her to hang out, and – suggestively – proposed she stay the night. Likely because of the beta-manner in which I made the suggestion, she became defensive, saying she doesn't sleep with people on the first date…etc and so forth – I felt at the time I was too upfront. She said she wouldn't come down, but that I instead should come up and go dancing with her and her friend. I said maybe, but canceled later. Last night she randomly texted me. I thought, what the hell, I'm going to try and follow the dark lord's benighted example. I was literally stunned at the results. While I'm sure my banter was sloppy, and even cheesy, the difference in reaction this week compared to last was remarkable. What follows is our (somewhat lengthy, I apologize) text conversation. She was all tingles.
>
> My texts in italics:
>
> So guess who just got in a fight at the club?
>
> *A fight?*
>
> Haha yeah… She threw the first punch though
>
> *I see – did you win?*
>
> Of course! Im tough, and she backed down
>
> *hmmm, i don't know if i need a trouble maker coming over*
>
> Haha funny, im not a trouble maker… It was self defense…and who said I was coming over…
>
> *lol fiesty i see*
>
> Haha i can be feisty
>
> *Show me.*
>
> Maybe this weekend? you'll love it
>
> *I better*
>
> Oh ok Haha. Well i hope im On't disappointed
>
> *Never fear*
>
> Is that a promise?
>
> *A threat if that's possible lol*
>
> Mmm even better Cause i get feisty when someone threatens me, i like to fight back
>
> *Yes, seems like you like to fight How about we fight, and you can try to stop me*
>
> You MAY have your way with me, whatever you want
>
> *?? That sounds kinda submissive*
>
> Hmm is that a bad thing?
>
> *No, but i hope you put up a good fight*

Yes, im a fighter

Good, cause if you don't, it might be rough

The more rough, the better

Happy to oblige. Mmm, but you're so innocent

Innocent? Im far from it, i can be a very bad girl

Ha ha innocent looking then. . . we'll see how bad . . .

Oh my, im so turned on right now!

Think you can you stay wet until tomorrow. . . when you come down?

Of course. Im wet right now

. . .and think, we're just talking. . .

You'll be surprised. Im a classy women, but i love to have fun

*Classy? You just got in a fight at a bar! * * * *

… A club. And that doesn't happen often.

Only kidding

Well, im sure im not the only one turned on…

There's someone else??

You're not…?

Oh, I thought you might be with your friend

Hahaha no! Im laying in bed alone now

Tragedy

True. I was referring to you though

Another tragedy

Haha for you.

Partly

Yes… What are you thinkin?

Its complicated . . . But arousing

Tell me

You might be too innocent

Doubt it

Putting it to words would destroy your imaginative curiosity

Oh wow, now you have to tell. Im curious

Well, you might have more success in a wrestling match if you brought backup. . .

Oh i know what you're thinking… You'd like that huh?

Maybe you would too . . .

Possibly But wouldn't i be enough?

. . . Normally, but I am insatiable

Perhaps in the future i could bring a friend…

Gotta make sure i'm quality huh?

> You will be
>
> *I understand, well I should sleep, plan on tomorrow?*
>
> Haha yep
>
> ***
>
> Again, I'm still completely stunned, and convinced – dominant, forward, laconic = gina lube. Doubt I could pull this off in person, texting is easy. I'm also sure there is a lot of beta in there. Any suggestions for improvement?

I'm curious if the girl wound up going to this emailer's place the next day, or if she flaked at the last minute. While this text exchange has (mostly) the right frame, it smacks of overgaming. And overgaming can quickly activate a woman's anti-slut defense. There is a lot of back and forth here with a girl you haven't even had a date with yet. Reading this, my initial impression was "entertainment monkey". You're feeding her snappy alpha quips with the calculated smoothness of someone who knows this will stroke the psyche of his mark. And she knows you know. The risk here is getting LJBTed — Let's Just Be Teases.

Overgaming is usually poison to a pickup when the girl is very high value. Hot chicks experience the pleasures of smooth alpha operators more frequently than do lesser girls. Your clever retorts and masculine lack of punctuation are nothing new to the hot chick. She will enjoy it and place it in her mental pile with the rest of the suave suitors. You need to bring something more to the table, and that something is *escalation*. Escalation is what separates the men from the dilettantes. Establish your frame, parry her shit tests, laconically disabuse her of the notion that you can be boxed in beta-wise, and then cut the flirty courtship short either by exiting prematurely or forcing the seduction forward into more dangerous psychological and kinesthetic territory.

Despite the overgaming by the emailer, I think he is in good shape to close. The key information in this pickup attempt is "[she] is a little below my market value". Women subconsciously know when a man who is seducing them is better than what they can normally expect to date. If you, as a man, judge that you are higher value than the girl you're picking up, it is likely that she is aware of the same value discrepancy. What this means is that her hypergamous impulse will be sated by your attentions; she will be quicker to forgive your beta missteps and happier to indulge your excessive alpha badinage. She will, in sum, put out easier. So a good rule of thumb when seducing women at or *slightly* below your own market value is:

Overgaming > undergaming.

Go ahead and flirt endlessly with the 7. She is grateful for the dry hump love, and will probably succumb to your later game when pressed.

But if she's too much lower than the median mate value of girls you can get, overgaming will cause her to prick up like a porcupine. Girls want to be played, but they don't want to be sloppily overplayed like a marionette. She will balk if she thinks you have assured yourself she is an easy mark, and her ego will reassert itself, even at the expense of losing a mating opportunity with a higher value male.

If you're about to lose a girl because of jet-fueled cocky banter, a good antidote is vulnerability game. Overgaming kills attainability, and male attainability is a necessary (but not sufficient) precondition for female surrender. Sharing a self-effacing story designed to humanize you will establish your attainability, and draw her closer to you.

Conversely, if the girl is hotter than what you normally get, your overgaming will be perceived as cloyingly indulgent. Her poseur alarm will go off. A Texas girl would think you are "all hat, and no cattle". Sure, the hot chick will enjoy your clever ripostes, but it will still be YOU doing the chasing, feeding her an endless stream of movie moments while getting nothing in return but platonic banter at best and apathetic toleration at worst. And to get a hot chick, you have to arrange the seduction so that it seems to her that SHE is chasing you. For very hot chicks:

Overgaming < undergaming.

If I were this emailer, I would have ended the texting about halfway through when her buying temperature was peaking, with a vague hint at continuing it at some point in the future, preferably in person. I also would have dispensed with any threesome innuendo. It's too strong for initial flirty banter, particularly as it went on in this example for long enough to ping her perv radar. It's possible that she will wake up the next morning feeling a little dirty, and not in a good way. Save the threesome talk until a month or two into a sexual relationship.

Proof Of The Modern American Harem

CH · 27 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Back in this post I tantalizingly wrote that the female predilection for having sex with a small cohort of alpha males was proven by the rates of venereal disease transmission.

> Twice as many women as men have genital herpes. This could only happen if a smaller group of infected men is giving the gift of their infectious love to a larger group of women. Looks like female hypergamy is conclusively proved.

Some commenters, though, remained unconvinced. Well, there's more proof of the universal law of female hypergamy, the sexual cornucopia of alpha males, and the near-celibate aridity of beta males. Did you think I was finished after busting one nut?

Exhibit A: 80% of women and only 40% of men reproduced in human history.

> Recent research using DNA analysis answered this question about two years ago. **Today's human population is descended from twice as many women as men.**
>
> I think this difference is the single most underappreciated fact about gender. To get that kind of difference, you had to have something like, throughout the entire history of the human race, maybe 80% of women but only 40% of men reproduced.

If you were a man living 4,000 years ago and you knew that you only had a 40% shot at sweet sexual release with the women of your tribe, would you tend toward short-sightedness or have the temperament of someone with a well-developed future time orientation? Would you put more emphasis on learning how to swing a club or mastering the multiplication tables? Compare and contrast with today's geographic distribution of sociosexual norms.

But maybe things have changed?, some of you will argue. Yes, I believe these ratios have changed with the advent of Christianity, the nuclear family, and Western civilization in general. How much the 80-40 ratio was altered by the preeminence of the rising West is subject to debate, but there's no doubt that strong patriarchal norms and a social and religious proscription against infidelity and hoarding of women contributed to the increased sexual access of beta males. If I had to guess, I'd say at the high water mark of the kingdom of beta (1950s America? Victorian England?) 90+% of men had nominally exclusive low risk sexual access to unmarried, childless women during the women's prime fertile years.

But that was then. As this blog has claimed for the past three years, there is change in the wind. The future is the past. The constraints on female, and to a lesser extent male, sexual choice are lifting and the hindbrain is reasserting itself, waving its banner of bloody tooth and claw as it crests over the hilltop. The pendulum is swinging back. The 80-40 ratio may yet return to claim its rightful throne.

That is, unless the reconstructed monogamous Mormoms and Orthodox outbreed the seculars and morlocks. It'll be a demographic cage match between zealots and orcs as SWPLs haughtily congratulate themselves until there is no one left to admire their virtuous posturing. Fun for the whole family! Kinda makes the latest iPod release seem trivial by comparison.

******

Exhibit B: The rise of the "hook-up" culture among teen and college-age women may be a leading indicator of a forceful female hypergamy reshaping the sexual market, (or responding to it).

> **Abstract:** "Hooking-up" – engaging in no-strings-attached sexual behaviors with uncommitted partners – has

> become a norm on college campuses, and raises the potential for disease, unintended pregnancy, and physical and psychological trauma. The primacy of sex in the evolutionary process suggests that predictions derived from evolutionary theory may be a useful first step toward understanding these contemporary behaviors. This study assessed the hook-up behaviors and attitudes of 507 college students. As predicted by behavioral-evolutionary theory: men were more comfortable than women with all types of sexual behaviors; women correctly attributed higher comfort levels to men, but overestimated men's actual comfort levels; and men correctly attributed lower comfort levels to women, but still overestimated women's actual comfort levels. Both genders attributed higher comfort levels to same-gendered others, reinforcing a pluralistic ignorance effect that might contribute to the high frequency of hook-up behaviors in spite of the low comfort levels reported and **suggesting that hooking up may be a modern form of intrasexual competition between females for potential mates**. […]
>
> Popular media coverage may be sensationalistic, and undoubtedly influences attitudes and sexual behavior in adolescents and young adults. However, the hook-up phenomenon is not merely a creation of the media; rather, the media seems to be reflecting an actual shift in behavior. Such casual sexual experiences among college students are by no means a product of the 21st century; "one-night stands" and "casual sex" have been studied without the current "hook-up" context (Boswell and Spade, 1996; Cates, 1991; Maticka-Tyndale, 1991). However, the high prevalence of these behaviors, coupled with an openness to display and discuss them, appears to be recent, **particularly with respect to women** (see Reitman, 2006).

Now why would women be quick to believe that other women are more comfortable with hooking up than they actually are (pluralistic ignorance)? The study authors suggest evolution has primed humans to embrace pluralistic ignorance when the sexual marketplace changes and it is in the interest of the individual to do so.

> We expect that because human psychological processes are the product of evolution, the capacity and tendency to exhibit pluralistic ignorance – particularly with respect to sexual/reproductive behavior – must reflect the evolved best interest of individuals, and thus be predictable on the basis of evolutionary theory and sexual selection. […]
>
> Several predictions follow from these evolutionary sex differences. First, men are predicted to be more comfortable than women with all hook-up behaviors. Second, each gender is predicted to know the gender-specific strategy of the opposite gender. […] Third, individuals of each gender are predicted to know the gender-specific strategy of their own gender. […]
>
> [M]odern Western women live in cultures in which there are simultaneously large differentials in male resources and status, and imposed marital monogamy, the combination of which is expected to provoke intrasexual competition among females for potential mates (Gaulin and Boster, 1990). **Engaging in uncommitted sex may be one form of female-female competition. If this is so, we would predict that women attribute to other women comfort levels that are higher than they, themselves, feel; this would generate PI that would heighten women's awareness of potential threats from female competitors and may motivate women to engage in competition**.

Fascinating. Women are slutting it up because they fear competition from other women taking their men. This is another confirmation of my analysis of modern society: as the sexual revolution freed women and men to act on their desires outside of a marital framework, women's sexuality became their primary, in fact their only, bargaining chip to secure attention and commitment from attractive (read: alpha) men.

And what about the male side of the equation? Well, it's not betas this hookup culture is benefiting. At least, not while the women are young and at their hottest. Women don't fight intrasexually for the gift of tepid beta spooge. They're fighting for the choice cuts of meat. If the structurally numerous betas were getting pursued by women, then the market would reach saturation and there would be few unhitched women to compete against each other; but because women prefer dating up into the arms of *de facto* harem leaders, the female-to-female competition

rages at a heated pitch.

Now it should be noted that a few upper betas may ride the hookup wave to more sex than they would've gotten in a less licentious culture, but for the most part it's alphas that are enjoying the bounty of free pussy. This is why game has come at JUST THE RIGHT TIME in our culture's hedonistic careen — it's allowed men to fully capitalize on an already emergent trend toward hooking up with dominant, flashy alphas. In another time, game would've served the function of strengthening relationships instead of fostering hookups.

******

Exhibit C: Our currently operational sexual market is influencing women to prefer short term hookups favoring alpha male harem builders over long term commitments favoring beta male nest builders.

> Short-term sexual appeal largely rested on targets' attractiveness, particularly among women with an **unrestricted sociosexual orientation**. Dating appeal was dependent on attractiveness, particularly among unrestricted women, and on ambition. Ambition and attractiveness synergistically influenced targets' long-term desirability, and these preferences were not moderated by women's sociosexual orientation.

The take home point: as cultural and biological constraints have lifted, women are giving more weight to their preference for short term hookups with bold, dominant alpha males. (The women would probably prefer long term relationships with these alphas, but if they are given free rein to choose between a flighty alpha and a commited beta, the alpha wins more often than not. That is, until the woman is past her peak and losing sexual leverage by the day.)

You'll note a common theme in all the above studies: women's sexuality is wilder and more dangerous than men's, and absent social shaming and other similarly restricting mechanisms designed to encourage "acceptable" (i.e. civilization enhancing) sexual behavior, women will quickly revert to their more primitive 80-40 norm.

The $4.7 trillion dollar debt question: Is a reversion to the 80-40 norm inevitable? And, even more discomfiting, does the modern welfare state guarantee a return of the 80-40 norm as a sort of "cleaning house" that will purge the overpopulating dregs and filth and help continue human evolutionary progress as our one true god, the Lord DNA, intended?

We lament the betas, but we wouldn't be the humans we are today if those 60% of bygone male rejects tossed to the icy wastelands in unrelenting pain and misery had instead gone on to enjoy sex and love in the bosoms of wonderful women who bore them children. Had our sympathies been retroactively indulged, we might still today be digging in the dirt for tubers and termites instead of arguing about the oppressive patriarchy.

******

Commenters sometimes complain I don't bring the science to back up my personal observations, honed as they are by a very keen eye, a finger on the pulse of cultural trends, and an empathic understanding of human psychology. If you want a steady stream of backing science, feel free to open an institute in the Chateau's name and hack away. Meantime, I'll be skipping the lab work and enjoying myself with the best pleasures of life. You can sleep easy that about 80% of my observations are eventually corroborated by scientific evidence.

The Machiavellian F Close

CH · 28 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Apropos of yesterday's post, there is valuable game ore to be mined from those study conclusions. For example, here is an excerpt from one of the studies:

> Engaging in uncommitted sex may be one form of female-female competition. If this is so, we would predict that women attribute to other women comfort levels that are higher than they, themselves, feel; this would generate PI that would heighten women's awareness of potential threats from female competitors and may motivate women to engage in competition.

A clever man could use this information to gain insight into female thinking, and thus improve his odds of fuck closing any one girl. He now knows, thanks to science (and his own experiences if he isn't brainwashed by feminist agitprop), that women are likely to overestimate other women's comfort with casual sex in order to gain a competitive advantage at securing and keeping an alpha male's attention. A woman is, in short, more likely to sleep with a man if she thinks other women are quickly and easily putting out for him.

A man can use this knowledge of female psychology to great effect in a seduction. All he has to do is hint — suggest ever so slyly so as not to alert her poseur identification defense system — that other women have been giving themselves over to his charms with questionable rapidity.

"I don't know about girls these days. They're so quick to jump into bed. Not that there's anything wrong with that."

***

"Sex has become so devalued. Girls hardly date anymore. They make it so easy for guys."

***

"Not so fast. I'm the romantic type. The last girl I dated was a stripper who wanted to have sex on the first date. it's crazy out there."

Etc.

This is the idea behind Female Competition Exploit (FCE) game. Commenters are free to provide other examples of hastening F closes utilizing the Pluralistic Ignorance sociosexual concept.

Traitors In Our Midst

CH · 28 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A federal judge (leftie female, naturally) blocked Arizona's immigration enforcement law. Just to clarify –

An **American** federal judge told the good citizens of Arizona they could not effectively act to identify and deport illegal immigrants — invaders by another name — from the soil of an American state. Her decision, besides being utterly wrong, is traitorous. In a saner time, she would be stripped of her judgeship and tried for treason against the United States of America, with capital punishment an available sentencing option.

But these are not sane times.

Has there been a time in American history when the administrators and interpreters of the law were so at odds with the will of the people? The Judicial Branch, and in fact most of the legal profession, is stuffed with traitors. A great purge is needed. I cannot find it in me to be concerned how such a purge might proceed.

Why Game Is Worth More Than A Billion Dollars

CH · 28 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In fact, if you're worth billions, game is practically a necessity.

(photo link courtesy of Adam)

Chicks Dig Jerks: Game Is Its Own Status

CH · 29 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I love the chicks dig jerks series. Why? Because nothing better reveals the actual, instead of professed, sexual preferences of women than the real life men they boff. And quite often these men are the bunghole of society.

Today's installment would be frickin hilarious if it weren't also so bloody violent. Eh, it's still a knee slapper.

Two pretty girls enter the ring to fight over one thug wannabe. One girl will not leave, killed when the other girl stabbed her in the chest with a kitchen knife and left her to die in the street.

It starts with a love triangle. Always best for bringing the drama.

> He did it again, Sarah told her best friend.
>
> Her boyfriend, Josh, kept saying she was the only one. He'd been telling her that the whole time they'd been together. More than a year.
>
> But that day she found out he had been hanging out with his ex — this girl named Rachel.
>
> All morning, while she suffered through school, Rachel was texting Sarah, boasting that Josh was with her. Again.

One of the leading indicators of alphaness is how many women fight over your asshole affections.

> I'm so over it, Sarah said.

Maxim #73: When a girl emphatically insists she is so over you, she's never been more into you.

> He did it again, Rachel said.
>
> Her boyfriend, Josh, had slept over the night before, then bolted. He swore he cared about her, but it didn't feel that way.
>
> Worst of all, she kept finding evidence that he was still seeing his ex — this girl named Sarah.

Playa gonna play!

> For months, Rachel's friends had been telling her to forget about Josh. She could have any guy she wanted.

It's true. These pretty girls who pine for lowlife assholes have lots of choices in conventionlly defined high quality men. Yet they cling like baby chimps to their jerk lovers. Wazzup wit dat, B?

> Rachel and Sarah hated each other, saw each other as competition. But they were more alike than either would have liked to admit.

And more alike to a hundred million other women. Once you strip away the packaging and the cocktail party fluff, women are essentially interchangeable. Players know this, which is why they swim in pussy while romantic idealists struggle to claim one overharvested plot of poon.

So who is this dashing Lothario the girls love with all their young hearts and open snatches? Meet Josh Camacho.

> But the main thing Rachel and Sarah shared was Josh Camacho. […]
>
> Josh had curly hair, the color of coal, spilling across sculpted shoulders. Black eyes, a long nose, wide lips

> curled into a sneer. His dark jeans hung low on his slim hips. He stood about 5 feet 5, but walked with the swagger of a bigger man.
>
> Josh loved posing for cell phone portraits: flexing his biceps, waving a gun, showing off the tattoo that arcs across his back in inch-high Gothic letters: CAMACHO.
>
> While seeing both Sarah and Rachel, Josh kept up a relationship with a third teenager, a girl he called “my baby mama.” They’d had a son together. He spent time with the baby but didn’t pay child support.
>
> For a while, in high school, Josh cooked at Chick-fil-A and Pollo Tropical. But after graduation, he didn’t go to college, didn’t have a steady job or a car.

Chick-fil-A! That’s high status, ladies.

Here is a photo of the three lovebirds:

So what does this guy bring to the table? Let’s see…

Good looks? Not really. He’s got the skinny man six pack going for him, though. And of course the… ahem… exotic allure.

Money? Nope.

Job status? No.

Social status? Not any societally approved status. But he does have multiple women chasing him, which is a powerful form of social status. In fact, the most powerful kind.

Fame? Not when this was going down. But now he’s been preselected through the roof! Go long on his future lay rate.

Kindness, emotional support, and domestic chore splitting? No, no and fuck no.

Looks to me like this guy doesn’t offer women much of anything, if we go by what women — and the entire cultural apparatus — tell us that men should be offering them. But wait, there’s more. Here is what Senõr Camacho *does* bring to the table:

A cocky smirk. Slay lady, slay.

A righteous tattoo. Because how better to advertise your reproductive fitness than a self-referential tribute etched into your back?

A cool, unflustered demeanor. He knows the pussy is coming, so why sweat it?

And game. Oh yes, my friends, this kid has got game, and got it good. Keep reading for a prime example.

A lot of doubters of the efficacy of game insist that game is a charade that only works in the short term to fool women, and that women will eventually figure out the man doesn't have "real" high status. Stories like this put the lie to that thinking. Game is its own status; the mere application of game is a demonstration of status, and not just a proxy for status. A cocky smirk and a devil-may-care attitude is as much real male status as a big bankroll. Often, it's higher status. See: Mark Zuckerberg. This loser thug gets more and higher quality — yes, HIGHER QUALITY — pussy than a fucking billionaire.

And the continual application of game causes it to become second nature, an unthinking process, so that it is no longer a deliberate mimicking of the alpha traits women love but an extension of a man's nature. Josh Camacho may have been born with some natural game, but undoubtedly his first successes with women reinforced whatever latent confidence he had, and the smirk that started as an affect soon became a subconscious reflection of his weighty ballsack and supercharged ego. Game will do the same for any man; the successes with women build on each other until your alpha pose isn't a pose anymore. The opposite is also true: continual failures with women will build on each other until the latent, baby beta in you grows and consumes your soul.

Conclusion: if you want to nail good-looking women as efficiently as possible, and to keep them around fighting for your attention, start with learning game.

Game/charisma — One to six months to begin seeing results.

Money — Five to fifty years to earn enough to make a difference in attracting women.

High status professional career — Four to twelve years slogging through academia for the proper credentials.

Fame — Infinitesimally low odds.

Good looks — Luck. Or plastic surgery (see: money).

It's a no-brainer.

Furthermore, if you want to bang the HOTTEST babes, learn uncaring asshole game. The hotter the girl, the more she will tingle for an unrepentant asshole. Corollary: if you want to date haggard cougars who've been plunged like a backed up toilet for twenty years and would settle for any old kind-hearted beta to help them raise their bastard spawn, then skip the asshole game. It's overkill.

What was it about Josh that was so alluring? What made the girls swoon and dream of him at night and exclaim their undying love and tell their friends and family that "He's special. You don't see what I see in him" and stab a competitor in the heart in a jealous rage?

Well, here's a telling glimpse at the source of his power:

> Sarah texted Josh.1:06 p.m.: "Whatever Josh, you get so mad at me for everything but you don't give a shit when she puts something up or says something. You always believe her."
>
> 1:08 p.m. "It's like no matter what I do she's always that much better."
>
> 1:13 p.m. "All we fight about is her or something that has to do with her, and it sucks. I hate fighting with you . . . I love you so much, but this shit hurts."
>
> Hours passed. Sarah tried again.
>
> 6:36 p.m. "You say you love me, but you don't even have the decency to text me back?"
>
> Finally, at 8:02 p.m., Josh typed, "Bring the movies."

"Bring the movies." Step aside, Skittles Man, there's a new kid in town — Bring the Movies Man. This kid has

mastered laconic text game. Overgaming man should take note. In the future, whenever I hit a stumbling block with a woman I'm trying to bed, I'll remember the philosophy of "bring the movies", and instantly my game will tighten and my ladykiller attitude will reassert itself.

Damn this chick isn't calling me back? Wait… bring the movies!

Three dates and we still haven't banged… bring the movies!

How do I reply to this weird text from her? Bring the movies!

She's trying to make me jealous by flirting with another guy. Bring the movies!

She refuses to do anal. Bring the movies!

What else did Josh Camacho have going for him that girls found irresistible? He understood female psychology, and used that knowledge to his adavantage.

> "When a teenage girl feels another girl is intruding on her territory, when she feels someone is disrespecting her, those are the things that upset them most."
>
> Josh Camacho may have understood this. Though he later denied saying it, his girlfriends remember him declaring, "If you love me, you'll fight for me."

Is this manipulation? Or romance? Whichever it is, in-demand girls can't get enough of it.

> Sarah was her dad's sidekick. He took her to karate classes, Lightning games, Keith Urban concerts. She rode beside him in his cab, blaring the radio, singing country songs.
>
> "Sarah loved to sing and dance," said Danielle Eyermann, her friend since preschool. "She was always making up these crazy moves, pretending she was Britney Spears."

Sarah also loved the cock of badboys. Like most hot chicks.

What I just wrote above is harsh, but necessary. The sugar and spice veneer needs to be stripped to the knotted wood below. Fathers across America need to understand what motivates their blossoming daughters, what primal forces shape their decisions and their reckless impertinence. For without that understanding, many parents will continue being hoodwinked by the predators in the weeds. And the predator isn't who they think it is…

it's their own daughters' ids.

> "[Sarah] just fell in love with [Josh Camacho], right then," Amber said.
>
> He said his name was Josh. Soon, he would be a senior at Pinellas Park High.
>
> Two months later, Sarah told her parents she wasn't sure she still wanted to be a veterinarian.
>
> She didn't know what she wanted to do, really. Except transfer to Pinellas Park.

Feminists wept. And yet, I'm sure they'll find some way to rationalize the patriarchy for being at fault of dashing this young girl's career dreams. Must be stereotype threat, or something.

Josh's command of game is obivous:

> **J**osh and Sarah flirted through the summer. But that fall at Pinellas Park High, he would hardly acknowledge her. He would just cut his eyes at her, Amber said, tip his chin.
>
> In November, they finally got together. But even then, "he would never hold her hand or walk with her, claim her in front of other people," Amber said. "When they were alone, he was all over her."

PDA is beta. Josh understood this.

> Everyone said Josh was Sarah's first kiss, her first boyfriend, her first everything. He made her feel beautiful, like she mattered.
>
> But her friends were worried. The first sign was when Sarah started wearing pants. Sarah always wore shorts. Even in winter.
>
> "Josh didn't want other guys to see her legs," Amber said. "He started telling her who she could hang out with, who she could talk to."

Chicks like to be led by men with psychosocial dominance. Josh understood this.

> Sarah started spending all her time with Josh. She was so scared of losing him that she was losing herself.

Chicks love the drama of unstable relationships. Josh understood this.

> Josh saw himself as tough and streetwise. Sarah pretended she was too. On her cell phone, she stored photos of Josh apparently smoking pot, Josh waving a gun. She downloaded hip-hop songs like *Stop Callin' Me* and *Chopped N Skrewed*.

Chicks love men with strong identities. Josh understood this.

Where was Sarah's father in all this?

> She begged her dad for a pit bull. "You gotta be joking!" he remembers saying. He referred to Josh as "the rat." He kept telling her, "That boy is no good."
>
> "But she was in love," Charlie Ludemann said. "You can't do nothing about a teenage girl in love."

"The rat". Pretty accurate description. Ok, so the father was aware the kid was a loser. But he sounds stupid — "can't do nothing" — so it's likely he didn't have the brainpower to figure out a plan of action. Too bad, because there is something you can do about your teen daughter in love with a badboy…

You can ritualistically humiliate him in front of her. Nothing drains the passion from a girl's love faster than a public diminution in her lover's status.

Let's see if the father took my advice:

> He couldn't keep Sarah away from Josh, so he invited Josh over for dinner, took him to ball games. To keep an eye on him.
>
> "Don't let nothing happen to her," he said.

Nope. Instead, he elevated the kid's status and welcomed him into the family. Dumbass. So how'd that "don't let nothing happen to her" work out for you, pops?

> Sarah had never been in any kind of trouble, but now that started to change.
>
> In the first six months she was with Josh, police interviewed her six times, all over public confrontations. She and Josh screamed at each other at intersections. Yelled at Josh's baby mama in the parking lot of the movies. Once, Sarah said Josh had punched her in the face and he admitted it. Her parents wanted her to press charges, but Sarah wouldn't.

Chicks fall in love with men who hit them ALL THE TIME. It's the dirtiest little secret about female psychology

that the feminists try so desperately to keep hidden from public consciousness. I'm not surprised Sarah balked at pressing charges.

> The next time her name was in a police report, Rachel's was in it too.

Cat fights are sexy until someone's pierced heart is spurting blood onto the street.

> Soon a comment appeared under Rachel's post. It suggested that Josh had "found better."
>
> It was from Sarah.

The biggest misogynists are other women.

> Sarah didn't feel she was worthy of Josh. Without a job or a car, how could she compete? Plus, she told her friends, she still had a curfew!
>
> Rachel is so much prettier, she thought.
>
> But she had already given everything to this guy — her senior year, her heart, her virginity. If he didn't want her anymore, who would?
>
> Rachel was cocky. How could Josh want anyone else? Look at her, she had her own car, her own apartment.
>
> She was so much prettier than Sarah.

Camacho was playing these two girls like a fiddle. Master game. And all it required was an aloof attitude, an amused demeanor, and a terse communication style.

> **A**bout 11 p.m., the time Sarah was supposed to be home, she and Josh were playing Wii at his sister's house when headlights pierced the windows.
>
> Josh recognized the car: Rachel's red Saturn.
>
> "Now I know why you're not talking to me — because you got her," Rachel texted Josh.
>
> "That's right," typed Josh.

Alpha. No apology, no dissembling. If you thought that would turn off the girl, you thought wrong. The Betas of the Month winners could learn from this kid.

> It's a wonder [Camacho] had the dexterity: By then, he later admitted, he had thrown back five vodka shots and smoked seven White Owl blunts of marijuana.
>
> "I don't like you no more. Why are you down this street? Go home."

I think I've ably proved the point of this post. To go on would be torture for the pretty lie pissants. I'll just end on this game-unrelated note:

America is doomed. Way to go, progressive elites. GOOD JOOOOORB.

Non Sequitur Game

CH · 30 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> I've found a version of one word game to be highly successful: one-word non-sequitur game.
>
> It's great for initiating text messages if you don't really want to be the one to "initiate". I discovered this accidentally by typing "yo" and pressing send, but the auto-correct changed it to "up". It causes the girl to wonder what you're typing about. And even better, she wonders if you were actually texting someone else.
>
> It can't be a long or uncommon word. Too implausible. It has to be a word one would conceivably use in conversation. Ideally, a one word declarative.
>
> You may only be able to use it once on each girl.
>
> Possibly the perfect choice? "No"

I like it. Non sequitur game is mystery bait. An odd word or fragmented sentence is like an eight ball to her head hamster — the little rodent will snort it right up and spend the next hour spinning frantically trying to figure out what you were saying, or — **squeal with delight** – whether it was meant for another girl.

I've done the accidental non sequitur text to girls, and come to think of it they did text back immediately, asking me to clarify. It's a superbly sneaky tactic to trick a girl to chase you.

Some other truncated non sequitur game examples:

"see you at"

"leaving" (this one will trigger her threat of loss anxiety)

"we'll see"

"wow!"

"cocka"

A similar version of non sequitur game is reverse eavesdropping game (REG). This is where you send a text to a girl that has nothing to do with her and is clearly not meant for her, thus inducing her to "eavesdrop" on your putatively private conversation. The REG text should be constructed such that it hints at your high value and/or social proof. Something like "bring the chips and i'll get the booze. it's gonna be crazy." Or "hey troublemaker, how are those red heels holding up?", which is quite devious since you have any number of plausible excuses to explain the text to her — "I meant to text my friend. She stole a pair of shoes yesterday" — but not before she has stewed in her jealousy for a while. The beauty of the REG DHV (aaaand two consecutive acronyms! high five me!) is how effortlessly it slips under your target's poseur identification alert system. It's almost as if a third party is communicating your high value to her. Naturally, she will be inclined to text back immediately, and this will mindfuck her into thinking you are a higher value guy than she originally thought.

REG texting is similar to trial texting. Text game really deserves its own book.

Slow Motion Videos Are Comedy Gold

CH · 30 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

0:57 lmao

0:43 nose smoosh

Silvio Berlusconi Makes Bid For Alpha Male Of The 21st Century

CH · 31 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

How great would it be to have this cheery, mischievous, right of center womanizer as our il duce? Naturally, the Frenchman Sarkozy gives Silvio a run for his money in the ~~beauty appreciating~~ ogling department. Sarkozy, as befitting a leader of the land of S&M, looks like he's about to give the broad a swift but loving kick to her keister. Silvio looks more focused, like he's going to march over and hike up her skirt.

Obama looks… uninterested. And tightly wound.

PS Silvio has the best fitting suit of the group. Viva Italia!

The Sluttiest Slut In The Whole Slutty World

CH · 2 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Randall Parker over at Parapundit sent a link to some social survey data that teases out a few important characteristics of girls who are most likely to slut it up. The results won't surprise anyone who is a regular reader of this blog.

Urban SWPL chicks are more likely than small town girls to cheat on their husbands. This was (happily) observed two years ago at the Chateau.

Atheists, the nonreligious, and C and E pew warmers are more likely than churchgoing girls to cheat on their husbands. We can deduce, then, that blue city anti-Christian liberals are sluttier than red state Jesus-loving conservatives. Again, the Chateau hosts are happily, and opportunistically, aware of this social dynamic.

Really smart chicks are more likely than dumb chicks to cheat on their husbands. (And a thousand fembot haters caught themselves mid-whine about how only low self esteem dummies would fall for pickup artists. D'oh!) I wonder if this means Jewish girls are the sluttiest girls of them all? And if true, would that then make the fact anti-Semitic? Would it still be anti-Semitic if the positive and empowering feminist definition of slut were invoked?

Real estate agents and lawyers are considerably more likely than teachers and bank tellers to cheat on their husbands. The Chateau knew this was true from simple real life observations nearly three years ago in its popular and notorious post "What A Girl's Job Tells You". Excerpts:

> **Lawyer**
>
> Amoral alpha males with vaginas. Their yin is so deeply buried they spend all their free time (2 hours per week) fantasizing about a powerful dominant man releasing their inner woman. This is your cue to ratchet up the assholery. Outside of i-bankers and fashionistas, you will not meet a more materialistic or status-conscious chick than a lawyer. When she inevitably starts talking about what law school she attended and politicos she knows, put your finger up to her mouth and say *"shhh… stop. from now on we will talk about happy things. tell me only the good things that come to mind about your childhood."* Most lawyer chicks have large clits which they use to pin you down on the bed. Making love to a lawyer means facefucking her till she pukes a little. The gods of karmic retribution will be pleased with this. Lawyers are always fucking over everyone else so this is your chance to return the favor. Proceed with great relish.
> *Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 4/5th erection*
> *Long Term Potential Rating: don't be a masochist*
>
> [,,,]
>
> **Elementary School Teacher**
>
> Pure gold. Put this girl on your short list for long term commitment. What's not to love about the elementary school teacher? Cute, thin (it's a workout chasing kids all day), ultra feminine, nurturing, selfless, caring, and most importantly blessedly low maintenance due to the nature of her workplace environment sequestering her from the attentions of men. The best ones teach 1st through 5th grades. Women who supervise daycare are too toddler-focused and will love the kids more than you. You will soon tire of her coo-ing at every baby you both pass by. High school teachers are too stressed out from their job to properly service your manly needs at home. Don't bother with college professors unless you think foreplay is listening to an earful of pomo feminist shrillness.
> Bonus: teachers don't make much money so your financial status will always be higher, guaranteeing a long and healthy relationship.
> *Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 3/4th erection*
> *Long Term Potential Rating: hope diamond (she's not gonna have much opportunity to cheat at work)*

It stands to reason that jobs which require a lot of testosterone and assertiveness to succeed in also attract the sluttiest girls. Testosterone is a leading precursor to infidelity. The slutty lawyer cunt with the overgrown clit is no figment of the imagination. She is real, and she is on the prowl. Jobs which surround women with a lot of men, and thus opportunities to cheat, are also a red flag for any beta hubby suspicious of his kid's paternity. If wifey is a lawyer in an office that is 90% male, the odds she hasn't taken a ride on the cock carousel are very low.

As an aside, I don't particularly trust social surveys delving into the sexual habits of Americans because, well, people lie about their sex lives more than any other subject. On the number of partners, women lie down and men lie up. More relevantly, modern women have a skewed interpretation of what exactly constitutes sex. I can't tell you how many girls have confessed to me that they don't consider handjobs, blowjobs, or anal love as sex. This cultural definitional change, naturally, will skew social survey data about female sluttiness trends. The GSS does not capture this attitude shift.

Nonetheless, the data do give us a glimpse at sexual attitudes and behaviors. And what it shows is that the Chateau was well ahead of the curve in describing which kinds of women are the biggest sluts. This infamous post gave male readers information on how best to identify which girls are sluts. Female readers responded with a hail of indignation, for who can doubt that the ability to keep their slutty selves secret is a power most women loathe to relinquish, as important as it is subconsciously understood by women that high value men prefer to marry more rather than less chaste girls. The Chateau gates creaked open and permitted access to a dark labyrinth of the female psyche, and the demonesses howled at the light right on cue.

From all the above data, and from additional observations into the habits, behaviors, and phenotypes of slutty girls, we can now construct the perfect prototypical überslut:

She is –

A real estate agent, lawyer, or "creative artist".

Nonreligious.

Has a high IQ.

Is an Ivy League graduate.

Is a business school or law school graduate.

Lives in the city.

Has a ring finger longer than her index finger.

Has a manjaw, a jutting chin, and/or furry forearms.

Is narcissistic, perfectionist, extroverted and just hot enough to have the option to cheat. (Big chins and manjaws necessitate against having this option.)

Is endlessly sarcastic.

Talks about sex a lot.

Has a lot of travel stories you suspect have key details left out.

Has one giant purple saguaro on her nightstand.

******

There you are, folks. A sexually aggressive, extroverted, narcissistic, high self-esteem, facially prominent, sarcastic, well-traveled, SWPL lifestyle living, overpriced downtown condo owning, atheistic, smart lawyer cunt is your best bet for easy, no muss no fuss sex and your worst bet for marriage. Don't bother buying this girl flowers; you won't need to. Staying faithful to such a woman in hopes it will encourage her to uphold her end of the bargain

is a sucker's bet.

Here is what the typical female überslut might look like:

Proximity Alerts

CH · 3 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Mystery discusses the attraction signals girls send when they are in the vicinity of a man they wish would approach them.

He makes a very good point toward the end of the video. In groups of two or more girls who are loitering near you, it's the girl with her back to you who is the one who finds you attractive. In my experience, this is true almost all the time. It must be something subconscious which triggers a clutch of chicks to automatically arrange themselves in this manner. The advantage it offers the interested girl would be a chance to discuss with her friends — who have their eyes on you and are judging your reaction to their presence — whether you are checking her out and how alpha you are up close, while simultaneously giving her plausible deniability that she would like you to approach.

See, girls have game, too. It's called coyness.

The Depedestalization Shall Continue Until Morale Improves

CH · 3 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

AshleyMadison.com, the ~~dating~~ cheating website for married people, had the second-largest number of sign-ups on the day after Mother's Day this year.

> Momlogic has exclusively learned that **31,427 women signed up for AshleyMadison.com yesterday** — which is over ten times the average number of women who typically sign up on any given Monday.

What are AshleyMadison's first and third biggest recruitment days? If you guessed the days after Valentine's Day and New Year's Day respectively, you get a gold cocka.

> This "day after" trend is nothing new to AshleyMadison.com: Their biggest day of the year for female signups is the day after Valentine's Day, and their third-biggest day is the day after New Year's.
>
> Why are holidays like these such turning points for women? Noel Biderman, president and founder of AshleyMadison.com, says, "Because they have expectations — expectations that their partnership will be celebrated and even romanticized — but that is often not what transpires ….".

Expectation is just low rent entitlement. Hey, men have expectations too!

Men expect –

Sex on demand. And in various contortionist positions.

A variety of vagina. The same old, same old ain't cutting it.

A home-cooked, low carb and natural ingredient dinner ready for us when we get home.

Women to chill out about keeping the house squeaky clean all the time. A pile of socks isn't gonna kill ya.

Lots of gifts, like TVs, golf clubs, and tube amps. Using your own money.

Women to grasp that romance suffers when it needs to be "celebrated" on phony pre-arranged, corporate-sponsored days of the year.

Welly well! The expectations game goes both ways. Of course, some of us can realize our expectations simply by avoiding those things which are most likely to leave them unfulfilled. Like, oh say, marriage and kids.

I wonder what expectations went umnet for cheating women post-Valentines's Day and New Year's? The rose stems too short? The hubby too beta? The midnight kiss shockingly askew, careening to the right of center lip?

> Biderman (a married father of two) believes there are several reasons why women turn to AshleyMadison.com after Mother's Day in particular:
>
> – On Mother's Day, women in general expect to be celebrated by their partners. However, for many already suffering from a lack of appreciation, this day represents a continuation of neglect and disappointment.
>
> – Women have affairs for different reasons than men. Whereas men are usually looking for sex, women tend to seek attention that they're not getting at home. This lack of attention often makes them feel undesirable — and feeds their need for validation. **[Editor: Corollary: Men have affairs for different reasons than women. Whereas women are usually looking for emotional connection, men tend to seek the sex that they're not getting at home. This lack of sex often makes them feel undesirable — and feeds their need for validation.]**

Men should start coordinating their cheating after Father's Day. That way, in case they are caught, they can tell

their wives that their infidelity represented a culmination of neglect and disappointment and a lack of appreciation they felt on Father's Day. And it'd be more true, because as far as I can tell Mother's Day enjoys a lot more cultural significance than Father's Day.

> Last Mother's Day, momlogic spoke with a woman who said that Mother's Day ended her marriage. "I knew Mother's Day was off to a bad start when my husband informed me the night before that the holiday had nothing to do with him and it should be between me and the kids. **[Editor: Your husband was right.]** In the morning, I was handed a cold cup of coffee by my husband. My card and gift were left downstairs. The card and gift had been bought hours earlier, after my husband asked me, "So, what do you want, anyway?" No thought, no advance planning, no special effort put forth at all. It was so disappointing. I chose to sleep on the couch that night. My husband chose to move out. Mother's Day essentially marked the end of our marriage."

So there you go, honored American father. Your wife and mother of your children is now justified in spreading her legs for strange cock because you gave her a cold cup of coffee in the morning and didn't hand deliver the gifts to her as she lounged in bed.

Modern American married women — the most entitled, self-absorbed, selfish, egotistical collection of cunty harridans the world has ever known. Blessedly, I've learned one way to avoid the worst attitudes and character faults of American women: don't marry them. Unmarried sexual relationships where the satisfaction of receiving the *preciiiiiious* ring of power is continually postponed do a pretty good job of deterring women's most unwelcome compulsions.

Enough already with the holidays for wives and mothers. It's time for real holidays for men. I propose a Patriarchy Day, sometime in August would be great. On that day, mom blogs, celebrity blogs, feminist blogs… in fact, the whole fucking internet… shuts their pie hole. In the sweet silence, only the gentle slurping sounds of hummers will be heard.

Yet More Proof That A Few Men Are Getting Most Of The Action

CH · 4 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Vox Day writes:

> It's not an 80/20 rule, it's a 90/10 rule.
>
> **"Percent of all women 15-44 years of age who have had three or more male partners in the last 12 months, 2002: 6.8%**
>
> **Percent of all men 15-44 years of age who have had three or more female partners in the last 12 months, 2002: 10.4%"**
>
> – Sexual Behavior and Selected Health Measures: Men and Women 15–44 Years of Age, United States, 2002, CDC

That's the CDC, folks. Hard data providing evidence for the reality of female hypergamy.

Here are some more related soul-ripping statistics:

> **"Median number of female sexual partners in lifetime, for men 25-44 years of age, 2002: 6.7**
> **Percent of men 25-44 years of age who have had 15 or more female sexual partners, 2002: 29.2%**
>
> **Median number of male sexual partners in lifetime, for women 25-44 years of age, 2002: 3.8**
> **Percent of women 25-44 years of age who have had 15 or more male sexual partners, 2002: 11.4%**
>
> NOTE: Includes partners with whom respondent had any type of sexual contact (anal, oral, or vaginal intercourse)"

That footnote is important. The Chateau has argued before that social survey data like the GSS are compromised by the fact that modern women are more likely than generations past to preclude mouth, hand and ass love from the definition of sexual partner. Le Hamster Version Deux, he is working overtime, non?

What To Say To A Girl Who Asks You A Question You Don't Want To Answer

CH · 4 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Andy writes:

> Hey,
>
> I like the blog and have picked up some tips. Thanks.
>
> I have a great tip for you based on a recent post. You talked about how "it's complicated" is a great answer to a majority of shit test questions. It's OK, but I have the mother of [all] responses. **[Editor: MOAR!]** You have to use it sparingly though to make it most effective. I was taught this in sales training many years ago.
>
> When someone askes you a question you might not want to answer (for whatever reason, or no reason at all) you respond with "why is that important for you to know?".
>
> It totally moves them from aggressive to defensive.
>
> If you're an older guy and a chick asks "how old are you?" you say immediately "why is that important for you to know?", what could she possibly say in response? If you think a chick is a gold digger, when she inevitably askes "what do you do for a living?" and you answer with that, what is she gonna say? "because I'm a gold digging bitch and don't want to waste my time with a loser". Nope. She'll get all flustered and give you some answer and feel like an idiot. Perfect time to close.

The actual success rate of this sly evasive maneuver is less salient than the frame shift it accomplishes. If, for instance, a girl asks what you do and you don't want to tell her, saying "why is that important for you to know" won't necessarily budge her from trying to find out at some point, but it will put her on the defensive. And a girl in the defensive crouch is a girl giving birth to gina tingles. When you induce a girl to explain her fascination with you and your goings-on, her avaricious hindbrain will be tricked into registering your status as higher than hers, and from thence intimacy may commence.

"It's complicated" and "Why is that important for you to know?" are two MOARs every aspiring Casanova should have in his arsenal of seduction.

A Solid Neg To Open A Cashier

CH · 4 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The neg open is not to be underestimated. When opening very cute chicks it's almost a necessity.

Reader BuhBrian writes:

> I suddenly used this line on a cashier girl yesterday I've seen at a store a few times. While I didn't go for the number **, I amused myself in this spontaneous exchange.
>
> Her: you want your receipt?
>
> Me: No thanks. Hey, didn't you used to have braces?
>
> Her: (caught off guard) no..
>
> Me: Really?.. You look like someone who just had their braces removed recently.
>
> Her: (rather confused and flattered) I've never had braces in my life actually…thanks.. blaa blah something, have a good weekend.
>
> Her tone was good, and really accepting. I detected no attitude or insult in her voice at the braces remark.
>
> Telling someone I thought they had braces is in someways a neg (your teeth must have been real fucked up, I'm sure), but underhandedly came out as a complement (nice smile). Which wasn't my original intention.
>
> ** Since I didn't go for the number. I just passed that moment by because of my dreg-ish wimpout tendencies. Plus she was working and people were lining up at the register. My alphaness wasn't strong enough to not care. But I do have a legit related question.
>
> Q: What are your thoughts on getting girls numbers from places you routinely shop and see them.

The braces neg is a good all-purpose neg, useful on cashiers and all kinds of women, including lawyers. I'm not surprised the girl reacted positively. It's what girls do when they aren't sure you insulted them or complimented them. Rev, lil' hamster, rev! In the case of cashiers, where you don't have the luxury of context or of time to open her the traditional way, a neg open can jolt her into a flirty frame of mind.

Transitioning from the neg open to a number close with a line of people waiting behind you is a difficult proposition. She is going to feel harried and unable to focus on exactly what you're asking of her. You could build an insta-bond by letting her know you are aware of the stress of the situation.

"There's a big line of people behind me, so I can't linger here long. I don't normally do this, but write your number on my receipt. I promise I won't hold your naturally straight teeth against you."

No doubt there are other ways to number close cashiers, so the floor is thrown open to commenters to add their suggestions.

Carolyn Hax, Man-Hating Algorithm

CH · 5 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, Carolyn Hax, Style columnist for that paragon of post-truth propaganda, The Washington Post, has been the subject of tender ministrations here at the Chateau before. Well, she's back for some more very special lessons.

In her advice column, (goddamn she gets paid for this shit?), she dispenses her wisdom to an astute emailer who wonders why chicks dig jerks.

> **Washington, D.C.:** How come if a woman has dated both "nice" guys and abusive guys, you'll find out that in just about every case, her longest relationships have been with the abusive guys? Why do so many women require some form of drama to remain entertained in a relationship, and do you find this to be childish behavior?
>
> **Carolyn Hax:** Not as childish as attributing this to women as opposed to people in general, and lumping all women as opposed to addressing some of them who have a similar set of circumstances, and blaming the victims instead of the abusers.
>
> But other than that, I'm right there with you.
>
> If you are a guy, and if you are angry that women aren't receptive to you when you see yourself as a "nice" guy, and you believe these women are instead receptive to abusive guys, then maybe it would be productive to consider that you're harboring attitudes about women (and men, for that matter) that aren't really "nice" at all.

The emailer is, of course, correct. Any man with a lick of experience with women will know the score — hot babes often spend their prime years in the carelessly aloof arms of assholes. Hax surely knows this in the primitive part of her brain, but the sophistic hamster-driven part is the one writing her insipid advice columns, and so she squirts tepid fembot anti-generalization shibboleths right on cue when someone shines a glimmer of reality in front of her face.

Hax, the truth that makes you so uncomfortable, and which will now gleefully be retold to maximize the pain this will cause you should you stumble across this post, is this:

Chicks, particularly the hottest chicks men want to fuck the most, are irresistibly drawn to assholes. Uncaring assholes, to be exact. There is a simple explanation for why so many men of varying virtue and character and success with women make this oft-repeated claim, and no recourse to lame excuses about "blaming the victim" or "bitter beta males who aren't really as nice as they say" are needed. That simple explanation which eludes you is that the observation is true. Occam's Razor never did give nothing to the feminist, that she didn't, didn't already deny.

Let's deconstruct Hax's reply for shits and giggles.

"Not as childish as attributing this to women as opposed to people in general"

Fallacy of gender equalism. When forced to ponder female mating behavior that is less than angelic, feminists will often resort to the "Yeah, but he does it too, Mom!" form of argument. It's not a very good debate tactic, but it's made even worse by the fact that it's a lie. Men are not attracted to asshole girls. Men are attracted to sweet, feminine, hot girls with minimal drama. The holy fucking grail of chickianity is the drama-free, faithful, feminine and beautiful babe. That more than a few of these beautiful babies bring drama with them is sometimes not enough negative externality to turn men off from fucking them. Or even marrying them.

Women, on the other hand, will often fuck assholes even when those assholes bring nothing else of value to the table except their aloof and indifferent charms.

Yes, Mz. Hax, chicks really do dig jerks. They love jerks so much that the bed bounces off the floor when they fuck

them.

"and lumping all women as opposed to addressing some of them who have a similar set of circumstances"

Women, and especially fembots, cannot distinguish between rules and exceptions. Thus, they are prone to mistakenly and hilariously refuting general rules on the basis that exceptions exist using the highly Socratic argument known as "proof by indignation at lumping". In this formulation, noticing a general trend is the equivalent of "lumping", and lumping is the impotent brain blurt of bitter betaboys and losers. For no man who isn't a failure with women could possibly notice general tendencies that the female sex shares. Right? See, it's *ipso facto* all the way down.

"and blaming the victims instead of the abusers."

If the girl is choosing to stay with the "abuser", then she's not a victim. Victims aren't normally happily in love with their tormentors. And it'd help if you slippery cunts would clarify what exactly you mean by "abusive". Plenty of assholes don't raise a hand to their lovers, but tease, mock, and patronize them in such a way that polite society socialites would publicly denounce for the edification of their SWPL tribe, but then secretly masturbate to with the blinds drawn. If the man is truly bad news, then the girl who stays with him deserves some of the blame for her predicament. That's right, mothafuckaaaaaa. I said it. I meant it. It's out there.

"But other than that, I'm right there with you."

Snark: the universal feminist response to anything that rattles their exquisitely manicured worldview.

"If you are a guy"

It's time to take back the word man. "Guy" has become the semantical substitute for nebulous eunuch-type humanoid. It is a neutering affectation.

"and if you are angry that women aren't receptive to you when you see yourself as a "nice" guy, and you believe these women are instead receptive to abusive guys"

It's telling that she puts nice in scare quotes, but doesn't do the same with abusive.

"then maybe it would be productive to consider that you're harboring attitudes about women (and men, for that matter) that aren't really "nice" at all."

And here we get to the shriveled black heart of the archetypical thundercunt. If a man notices something about women's nature that could be construed as unpleasant, he is a woman-hating loser. Since there are no negative generalizations — or any generalizations at all — that can be made about women, it stands to reason that men who do so have issues.

Hmm, now what other modern day leftie newspeak designed to thwart honest discussion about heretical social realities does this remind you of?

******

Update

The anti-SWPL in the exchange above who shocked the world with his plain speaking about what his lying eyes were seeing emailed Hax again for a clarification.

> **Washington, D.C.:** So you're saying that there's no segment of women that require drama to be entertained, and I have an attitude problem for disliking drama? Again, when you confront a woman who has been in abusive relationships, which is relatively common, why are their abusive relationships the longest relationships they have? You'd think that the relationship with non abusive men would be the longer relationships, right?
>
> **Carolyn Hax:** Not if you know anything about abusive relationships. If they were easy to resist and easy to leave, nobody would be in them.

> And if you don't see that men get into relationships with abusive women, and stay with them long past the point of reason, and generate enough drama per couple for a Lifetime movie marathon, then you're not looking for information, you're looking to score points.

Sounds like Hax is backpedaling on her original claim that the emailer is a bitter "non-niceguy" with woman issues. So she's now agreeing with him that women enter abusive relationships. Hax, keep your feminist talking points straight. Is the man who generalizes about women a loser, or are women victims for being so honestly generalizable?

This canard that women can't resist or leave abusive relationships is utter bullshit. Funny, women seem to have no trouble at all resisting the come-ons of non-assholes, or leaving relationships with beta boyfriends. Where will she go? To whom will she turn? What about the chance he might stalk her? Those questions never come up when the man she's leaving is a man she doesn't love.

And what is it with Hax's contention that men get into relationships with abusive women? Is this imaginary belief supposed to refute the emailer's original point about women devoting the best years of their lives to long term relationships with assholes? She sounds befuddled by the inconsistencies in her logic. Attention all planets of the fembot federation. The hamster has assumed control. The hamster has assumed control. **squeak!**

The projection by Hax is astounding. Is she looking for information, or is she looking to score points? So far, we have her on record as accusing the emailer of having an attitude problem with respect to women. Sounds like Hax is open to a bracingly fresh and candid discussion! Not.

Men prefer to get into relationships with hot women. Hot women, by virtue (or by vice) of their expanded options in the sexual market, sometimes have bitchier attitudes than less attractive women who must compete by winning men over with sparkling personalities and easier access to their pussies. This does not mean hot women are bitchy all the time, or to all men, but many of them will be bitchy to men they are dating if they feel the men aren't the best they can get. Nor does this mean those men prefer their women to be bitchy to them; men would much rather hot babes not act bitchy, but will resignedly put up with the bitchiness if she is the hottest they can have at the moment. Men do not chase bitches for the sake of their bitchiness, but women will chase assholes for the sake of their assholery.

Hax, if this wasn't clear enough, here's a clue. The reason there are widely-held stereotypes about women chasing after assholes all out of proportion to a few anecdotes about fetishistic men who chub for bitches is because…

wait for it….

hang on…

here it comes….

it's true!

Do you think stereotypes materialize out of thin air? Here's another stereotype for you: cunty urban yentas are the last source of advice a man who wants to understand women should turn to.

Soft Polygamy In A Single Picture

CH · 5 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My Ex-Girlfriend Was A Beauty Pageant Winner

CH · 6 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I use the photo routine to display higher value via preselection to a girl I'm gaming. I'll pull out the camera to show a girl pics of my last vacation, and stuffed in the middle of beach shots and party shots there will be semi-erotic photos of hot ex-girlfriends and myself. I act like I'm surprised they are there.

"Woops, let's just skip right over that. You weren't supposed to see that."

Naturally, this will intrigue my target, even though she will never say so aloud. But the seed of tingles will have been planted.

My favorite "random" photo of an ex is the beauty pageant winner I used to date. I have a pic of her in her gown and winner's sash. When girls see that, my mate value rockets through the roof. To avoid overwhelming the girl, I usually downplay it by explaining that beauty pageant winners are more trouble than they're worth.

"Yeah, you'd think this is every man's dream, to date a beauty pageant winner. But it's not what it's cracked up to be. They have huge egos and think the world owes them something. But then they're also really insecure about their looks. They are always fishing for compliments. "Does my ass look fat in this?" It's enough to drive a man crazy! They have body conscious issues, too. Taking my ex out to dinner was an ordeal. She was so particular about what she ate, and how much of it she ate. Then afterwards, to alleviate the guilt, she would say "It's ok, because I know you love me for me."

Since I know you're curious, here is a pic of my beauty pageant winner ex-girlfriend:

She's the second from the left. I picked the dress out for her. It really flatters her Rubenesque curves.

So far, I haven't yet closed the deal using the beauty pageant winner ex-girlfriend photo routine, but I'm sure it's just a matter of time. I mean, how much more socially proofed can a man get? I think girls are just intimidated by the quality of woman I'm used to getting.

******

Defining deviancy down.

The rabid cultural compulsion to make the deviant normal has got to be one of the signal developments of an

empire in decline. When historians look back on the once-great USA twenty years from now, wondering why the country fell into ruin and disrepute, the Miss Plus America pageant will have to figure prominently in the list of peculiarities heralding the fall from grace.

The elevation of the deviant (gay marriage), the ugly (fat chicks), the expedient (cheap peasant labor), the primitive (Univision), the unwise (libertarianism) and the crass (Chelsea "choppers" Clinton's lavish recession-era wedding) to exalted status and dressed in the poison garnish of equalism are sure signs of the last days of a superpower wheezing its final raspy breaths, losing confidence in itself and its place in the world. Perhaps it is inevitable, like the turning of seasons. Humans — or maybe more specifically Northwest Europeans — can't tolerate prosperity for long before they itch to undermine the labors of their ancestors and the philosophies bequeathed them by their betters. Even if inevitable, it's still sad. The Chateau has a small, engraved motto nailed just above the wrought-iron lion knocker on its heavy oak doors.

When the beautiful
yields to the ugly
then shall lies
in the guise of truth
plant its flag of victory

I'll do my part to save America from dribbling its tepid beta spooge ignominiously down the wide load ass crevasse of self-satisfied fat chicks by mocking their fatness cruelly at every opportunity. Dudes of America, now it's your turn to contribute to the war effort. Punish our women for their fat ways. Don't flirt with them. Refuse to date them. Stop fucking them. And for fuck's sake, stop having kids by them. Failing this, you will only continue feeding the beast, literally and figuratively. Have some fucking standards. What are you, animals, rutting with anything that moves? Our nation of fat women must know, absolutely MUST understand in no uncertain terms, that their fatness is costing them a chance at love and sex.

There

must

be

consequences.

If on the other hand, you don't have a problem sticking your dick in an undulating walrus hide, then there is no hope left for beauty in America. As long as there are Miss Plus America pageants, East Europe shines like a beacon on the horizon for ex-patriots like myself. I don't want to live in a country where women think it's OK to bloat into whales, *and* to celebrate their whaleness with princess crowns and sashes like it's some sort of hard-won accomplishment.

Dante had the ninth circle all wrong. It's sitting at the bottom of a bowl of pork rinds.

Reader Mailbag: Operant Conditioning Edition

CH · 9 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1:

> First, thank you. That's all I need to say for the last 9 months of hitting pussy like an underhanded wiffle-ball toss. Your advice is golden, and works, and makes me feel better about myself and about my interactions with women.
>
> Bottom Line Up Front: I'm fucking an 18 year old chick on a regular basis. She came over to my place to clean last night, (she's friends with my younger brother – they were both in high school cross country together). When I got home, my laundry was folded and the place was in much better shape than when I left it. I was at the bars with a bunch of buddies. I brought them both some fast food, mostly because I love my younger brother and wanted to make sure he was taken care of, but also because I was signaling my provider potential. Mistake.
>
> After eating and chatting a bit about the night (I was very vague, but mentioned that it was a lot of fun,) I took off my clothes and went into my bedroom. At this point, I must admit, I was running a passive aggressive shit test. I wanted to see if this chick would get off the couch of her own accord, (where my lil bro was playing video games), and come to bed with me. I should have nutted up and thrown her over my shoulder, but I was drunk and mistakes were made. After finishing her food, she reclined back on the couch. I gave her one more chance, "you kiddies don't stay up too late." and went into my room and crashed.
>
> This morning, she was not in my bed. She was still on the couch curled up in a blanket. (Had she been in my bed I might have forgiven her by giving her doggie style good morning sex, but no.)
>
> I woke her up by being noisy – I was pissed – because I knew SHE knew what she had done, and that now I was being tested. I wasn't sure how to react, but in these situations, I normally go with my gut, which said to call her out. Again, I acted passive aggressively, (stupid!). I ignored her as she stared at me from the couch while I walked around in a towel getting ready. I went into my room and shut the door and read your blog for a bit, looking to see if you'd written anything applicable about this issue, but was too pissed to concentrate.
>
> Finally, I left for work. I almost left without talking to her, but gave in at the last moment. I gave her a peck on the forehead and a one armed hug and walked out the door without making eye contact.
>
> However, on the drive over, I remembered your post on dread, and sent her a text that said, "I'm upset with you right now. It might be nothing, but we need to talk when I get home." Again, I should have acted more aggressively, or just not sent this message, but your dual advice of playing it cool and letting loose the storm of masculine rage when slighted had me somewhere in tepid waters, the result being my responses to her bullshit.
>
> What would you have done? How can I salvage this, as I honestly don't feel like I have hand on this one. I see her again 2pm west coast time, and I'd like to walk into that interaction prepared.
>
> Very respectfully,
>
> ~Dr. Drew

I get a warm but somewhat disturbed feeling when I find that an emailer is reading this blog in between bouts of drama with an insolent girlfriend. It's a little bit trippy, this feeling inside…

Yeah, you screwed up, but not for the reason you think. It wasn't the provider-signaling fast food itself that caused her to clam up; it was the fact that you offered this food after a night out on the town with the boys. You know what goes through a chick's mind when a man does that?

"He must be guilty of something."

And do you know what women do to men they think are guilty of something? They shit test them until the men start to believe they're guilty of something. You see, a man's guilt is the soft underbelly that, when exposed, a female cannot resist but sink her claws into and eviscerate. Your fast food happy meal, coming so close on the heels of a late night at the bars without her, was akin to a confessional.

A single instance of resource provision is not inherently beta. The key to successfully navigating the straits between sexless beta provider drone and loved alpha quasi-cheapskate lies in the context. Next time, offer fast food when she's least expecting it. Hint: not after she could conceivably suspect you of fooling around, and not after she has just banged you.

Now that we know what the problem was, we can safely diagnose the rest of your interaction. It was bad. You made a precarious situation worse with your actions. When a girl freezes up and withholds sex, your response should NOT, under any circumstances, be a peck on the forehead and a one-armed hug. Do you reward a dog with a pig ear for shitting on your carpet? No? Same difference.

The text you sent was even worse. It sounds like Stuart Smalley wrote it. The Stuart Smalleys of the world don't get laid, they only get elected to Congress with the help of illicit felon votes. You tried to thread the needle between cool, unfazed alpha and take-no-shit-from-anyone, angry alpha. This was unwise. Choose one or the other in the moment. Vacillation is the moisture wicking pad of the female libido. Unfortunately, everything you did played right into her hands. She now has the satisfaction of knowing two things:

1. That whatever it is that just happened between you two, you were certainly the one to blame, and
2. That she has assumed control of the relationship, or what's left of it.

Here is what you should have done when you saw her sleeping on the couch the next morning. Nudge her awake, then tell her to get out, you have stuff to do. Your tone of voice and facial expression should be neutral. She will quietly gather her stuff and leave, or she will whine about talking over whatever it is that's bothering you. Either way, you have regained hand. Stay in character, and usher her out the door, explaining that you'll give her a call later. "Later" meaning a period of time no shorter than two days and closer to five days. That is how you punish a woman so that she learns to respect the cocka.

Here is how you can salvage the relationship.

Step One: Mentally demote her to an ex-girlfriend you just dumped. This will put you in the proper frame of mind for future interactions.

Step Two: One week. Absence makes the tingle vibrate stronger. Don't contact her for a week. Her hamster will do all your work for you.

If you follow the two steps above, odds are good she will call you first. Don't show your cards right away. Let her talk as if nothing is wrong. Find out her angle, where she's coming from. Then, when she thinks she has smoothed everything over (assuming she still wants to be with you), you unload the beaver buster:

"Oh, and by the way, if you ever pull that couch stunt again, you and I are through."

PS: I hesitate to mention the following, because it's a bit gauche. There are two other, albeit less likely, explanations for why she camped out on the couch to play video games with your younger brother instead of trot behind you to your bedroom.

One, she's having a fling with another dude.

Two, that other dude is your brother.

Just throwing it out there. Jer-ry! Jer-ry!

******

Email #2

> I need some advice:
>
> I was laying on my bed at night with a girl i have been seeing and sleeping for some months. She is a 8 and all was well. Then she asks for some Chocolate. To clarify, she is thin but loves chocloate. I tell her that i have no chocolate in the house. She asks to get her some. I think “Shittest” and tell her, that i will not go out just to get her chocolate. She hits me with “No chocolate, no sex!”. I handle this as a shittest as well an try a “I do not negotiate with terrorists, holding sex hostage, i fight them” approach an start some foreplay. She resists and because i do not want to seem to needy and it is late anyway i said “good night, terrorist” and went to sleep. (
>
> The next day we lay on my bed again and she wants Chocolate again and ask me why i did not buy some. I answer that i told her that i do not negotiate with terrorists and she answers “It is not terrorism, it is a deal”. I ask what i would get for one bar of chocolate. She tells me i would get a blowjob. I joke that this is way to much for just a blowjob. She tells me that 2 chocolatbars would buy casual sex, with three we could try anal if it does not hurt too much, and for ten i could do whatever i want. All this is said with a smirk. I tell her i do not buy before testing the goods and so we have sex (but just the one and two chocolate bar kind, as usual).
>
> What now? Do I never speak of it again because i do not want to make her frame stronger that i have to “pay” to sleep with her or get kinky acts or just get 10 chocolate bars and tell her to be my bitch (and get her an excuse to get slutty)?
>
> Thanks in advance
>
> C.
> P.S: if you put this on the page feel free to correct my english

Get the dog to shit on a plate, sprinkle the turd with powdered sugar and drizzle with raspberry sauce, garnish with mint leaf, and present it to her with great aristocratic flourish as a dessert of the finest Belgian chocolate mousse. At the Chateau, we do “2 girls, 1 cup” with a little extra attention to detail. Bonus!: 2 birds, 1 cup, you have made a sly political commentary about the effluvium that issues forth from Brussels.

But seriously, you’re overthinking this. I can’t tell the tone from what you wrote, but it sounds to me that she’s just being playful. Go out and buy a huge dark chocolate bar, come back with it, act as if you are planning to give it to her, then sit down next to her and eat it yourself. When she whines, tell her it’s delicious. When she tries to grab for it, tell her to stop being a baby, she must wait until you’re done eating your part of it. Leave the tiniest piece behind and give that to her. Act like it is a great sacrifice on your part.

If she can’t have a laugh about that, then you have free rein to cheat. There’s nothing worse than a chick with no sense of humor. Oh wait, there is… an ugly chick with no sense of humor.

PS: Ten chocolate bars doesn’t sound like a bad deal for sex with a hottie. Sure beats drowning in mortgage debt and blowing a wad on an engagement ring.

******

Email #3

> I enjoy your blog.
>
> How do you feel about giving women nicknames?
>
> This guy I worked with called his girlfriend, “Kitten.” I heard him to talk to her on the phone. I mean, he basically called her “Pussy” every time he talked to her. So, he was superficially affectionate but always reminding her that her worth was between her legs. (I met her, eventually, and she was model hot and was really into him.)
>
> George W. Bush gave nicknames to all his underlings. I used to think it was dickish bullying, but I see now that

> it's a superficially friendly way to assert dominance. And it's still dickish.
>
> Then, I read some woman's advice about how men shouldn't give women nicknames on the first date, and I knew that doing the opposite of what a drying-up mid-thirties advice columnist wrote about how the treat women was probably right.
>
> I think that there could be something to this. Maybe in a cocky/funny way.
>
> T.

Nicknames are great. They establish the proper paternalistic male – frivolous female dynamic that is the foundation of all successful and happy romantic relationships. Plus, they objectify women, and almost all women, contrary to the shrieks of dusty muffed feminists everywhere, harbor a secret desire to be objectified by condescending men. Imagine a cock slapping a chick's face… forever. (plz to make animated gif.)

So you should always give women nicknames, preferably more than one to suit whatever happens to be the occasion.

Some of my personal favorites:

Lovechop.

Little Miss Muffin.

Showgirl.

Sugar Walls.

Miss Minx.

Princess Peach Pit.

Puss n Boobs.

Tits Ahoy.

Twinkletits.

Jujube.

Cock Envelope.

Queef Latifah.

Ho.

Good rule of thumb: the hotter the chick, the sluttier the nickname. It's imperative that you sexualize a hot girlfriend soon after beginning to date her. Hot chicks have huge egos and crave a man who will bring them down to earth. This bringing down to earth process involves basically treating her like a convenient wet hole.

I'd steer clear of granting mushy or sexual nicknames to girls on first dates. That's a fast track to disqualifying yourself as a needy pervert. Those are best saved for later on. Early game chicknames should be more teasing, less sexual. Like calling her Red Carpet when she shows up overdressed to an event, or Grace Kelly when she trips on the sidewalk.

Caveat: The uglier the girl, the more careful you'll have to be about choosing nicknames. Too caustic, and she might start crying. Too sexual, and she'll think you're making fun of her. But really, why would you bother?

Insider Look At Pickup Artist Workshops

CH · 10 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Two blog posts offer a valuable insider's look at a couple of pickup artist workshops (aka "bootcamps"). There aren't enough impartial customer-based reviews of seduction workshops which aim to teach men the science and art of game, so any information that seems authentic — i.e. not written by a friend of the PUA guru as a marketing gimmick — will get highlighted here for the readers' benefit. And the Chateau offer to readers who wish to write guest posts about their experiences with bootcamps, good or bad, still stands.

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The first review comes from KrauserPUA. He came across this popular Chateau blog post featuring a video of PUA Yad doing a street kiss close in ten minutes that you have to see to believe. It is one of the best videos out there testifying to the power of game to create sexual attraction in women from absolutely nothing except pure energy. KrauserPUA was suitably impressed, and decided to contact Yad to work on his daygame skills.

> **Part Three of Four: I take a one-on-one tutorial**
>
> I've been frustrated with the recent plateau in my game. Any time I go out daygaming I'll come home with a fistful of numbers / facebooks / instant dates but I'm just not converting. In addition my state is still too variable and some days I struggle to hook sets. Hours of DVDs have been studied, blogs read, and introspection performed. I'm well over 500 sets into my daygame career. Time for some outside help.
>
> There's not many good daygamers out there. I'm fully prepared to drop a few hundred pounds on high quality instruction – this is a part of my life that consumes hours and hours of every single week – but I need to find a guy who is not just better than me but who also has a style that fits. Having been in the London scene since last summer I whittle the short list down to five names. One name stands above all others so I email this guy. A week goes by then he accepts the proposition and quotes a price that is high but justified if he lives up to his rep.
>
> Readers know I constantly admonish aspiring PUAs to mistrust snake oil sellers and to insist on in-field evidence. I sought out this guy because (i) I've seen legit in field vids of him (ii) a number of people I know and respect spoke highly of him and (iii) his haters fail to find any credible argument against him. What didn't interest me in the slightest was whether he worked for a famous pick up company.

But a good video does not necessarily a good instructor make. Maybe the guru can perform well when it's just himself opening sets, but fails when he attempts to impart his knowledge to acolytes. I have heard from friends who took bootcamps that oftentimes the instructor's method of teaching is to simply push students into sets like a marine sargeant barking orders.

> We meet and go to his house to watch my videos. For over an hour he is playing them, pausing and commenting on what I do well, do badly, fail to do, and related theory behind the observations. He's a technically astute and observant guy. About 90% of what he says I'm nodding my head in immediate agreement and there's a few things in particular where I'm thinking "woah, that's spot on. I totally didn't realise that". Before we've even left his house I feel I've gotten my money's worth. The main insights:
>
> – I'm failing to build rapport quickly
> – I'm not talking enough about her
> – I'm not personalising the conversation.

So far so good. Students need to take some responsibility for a successful workshop experience as well. Having videos of yourself approaching girls would, I imagine, greatly aid instructors trying to help you figure out where

your flaws lie and how to fix them.

> We head out to Oxford Street and he demos the first set, a leggy Austrian girl in short shorts. He hooks easily and its ten minutes much along the lines of what's in the above linked video.

Sounds like this guy Yad is as advertised in his street pickup video. There are a lot of hucksters in the seduction community, (as in any burgeoning business model with an underserved base of potential customers), so when the genuine article comes along, the Chateau will extend its praise.

> My thoughts?
>
> He's definitely the real deal. Although in raw performance I out-gamed him (closed hotter girls, got the instant date) I think that's just because he wasn't in his top gear and was spending more energy watching me than gaming for himself – which is exactly what he should be doing as a paid instructor. There's no doubt in my mind that the famous "10 minute kiss close" video linked above is legit.
> There is absolutely nothing about him or his game that I can't do…. eventually. He's not relying on his looks, money or position. Every part of his success is behaviour, words and vibe and he showed me how he got those skills. I simply have to keep working until I get them too.
> His game is essentially the same as mine, just better. I trend more towards the alpha / masculine side but beneath his gentle yeti exterior he subcommunicates strong masculine polarity and the girls pick up on it.
> His apprenticeship relied upon the same nerdish laser focus as my own: diarising the time, approaching girl after girl, day after day, committing fully to the skill set.
>
> It's great to see someone who is good enough to make it worth modelling their behaviours, and yet close enough that it feels attainable. This guy is a proof of concept – you can bang the hottest of girls in the prime of their lives using nothing but learned game and with no physical or situational advantages. This is the very embodiment of game.

Glad to see this guy found a good instructor and success for the money he paid. The Chateau, as usual, is ahead of the curve in identifying and bringing to the readers valuable information and resources that will improve their game and love life. There is more to KrauserPUA's review, so go there to read the rest. He's a proponent of the instadate; you should be, too. Instadates are flake-proof.

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The second insider-y review comes from regular reader Kidstrangelove, who writes about his experience with a PUA lair event in New York City (not to be confused with pickup workshops which are more intensive, and also more expensive).

> First off, the meeting space was in a dance and acting rehearsal center, and the first thing I saw when I walked in were dancers of all ages. Was I in the wrong place? No, there it was, the familiar look of peacocking, in full presence. I have never really seen intense peacocking till that day, thinking that the infamous Mystery and Neil Strauss pic was just a tall tale. […]
>
> Luckily for me, the guys that spoke at the very first lair meeting I attended were Rob Judge and Zack Bauer, two guys whose philosophy on girls influences till this day. So I figured, what the heck, I'll come to a few of these. Now, one year later I can give you a good description of what goes on there, so here we go – the good, bad and ugly of the NYC lairs.

Kidstrangelove goes on to list the good, bad and ugly of this particular lair meeting. Examples:

> The speakers, knowing that they have very little time to talk, usually give you their "best material". You really save a lot of time, money and effort, and without the need to filter through marketing bullshit. I heard that

> Richard La Ruina, aka Gambler, had a notorious reputation of being more of a marketer than a coach, but when I heard him speak, he really got to the core of what his philosophies were about, and I actually learned something. […]

Mystery gave a brief presentation in Virginia a few years ago (before his VH1-induced fame hit the inflection point on his power curve) which representatives of the Chateau attended, and the same impression was had — the core philosophy was ably covered in the short time available. Mystery is more charismatic than the average dude in real life, and highly intelligent, but if you observe carefully you can make out the latent nerd in him bubbling just under the surface, like Lewis Skolnick about to let loose with an asthmatic cackle. In the future, cultural anthropologists, if they are fair and balanced, will regard Mystery as a more important philosopher and paradigm shifter than the leading economists and respectable mainstream pundits of his day.

> A huge chunk of the people that come there are socially inept in one way on another, and therefore make SHITTY wingmen. From lifelong nerds, to people new to the USA with the unsexiest of accents, to people who think verbal game is the end all, be all of self improvement (and therefore do not concentrate on their appearance). You can tell – a lot of these guys need help, on the bright side, however, they usually are persistent with their changes. But I don't want a protege – I want an even matched wing, or better yet – someone BETTER than me.

There are some natural alpha males who attend pickup workshops and seminars, but the majority of attendees are nerdy or otherwise socially maladroit men who happen to have good-paying jobs and lots of discretionary cash. The money and societally acceptable lifestyle is obviously not getting them laid, so they turn to PUA teachers to lead them out of the wilderness. Hopefully, these gurus take their responsibility seriously, because they are doing nothing less than saving lives from years of soul-crushing loneliness. You want to make a man happy? Get him laid.

This is also why the Chateau has repeatedly counseled — against the strawmen of the haters — that the goal of PUAdom is not to get nerds laid with "9s and 10s", but to get them success with women a point or two above what they are normally used to dating. Such an improvement, if executed on a society-wide scale, would cause a massive seismic disturbance in the mating market that would be felt from the cities to the country, by cougars and by kittens. One million average men suddenly dating up from 4s and 5s to 6s and 7s would have a huge impact on the dynamics of the dating market, starting with a crash in the entitlement stock of millions of plain jane American women. The younger, inexperienced and idealistic men ask: can a man be happy with anything less than a 10? Of course. In real life, when a man learns the skills that enable him to date 7s instead of the 5s he has spent his whole life dating, his happiness shoots through the roof. Most men would be perfectly content dating women just a point or two better than their usual fare.

> **People Lie and "Embellish the truth"**. There was always a question and answer session before each meeting. You can tell a lot of these guys are exaggerating, you can tell a lot of these guys are straight bullshitting. My bullshit detector is very strong, but to an absolute beginner – they might believe the hype. It's like keyboard jockeying – live and in front of you!

Yes, anytime there is status and money (big sums of money) on the line, there will follow lies and marketing. Your job as an educated consumer is to sift through the detritus to find the few gems worthy of your expense.

> **Some Instructors are either horrible or limited.** I think I'll let my friend's post on CH's blog answer that. I was there. The presenter was Nick Sparks of The Social Man. And everything said in that post is true.

The Chateau is not anti-PUA workshop. They undoubtedly serve a valuable function as thousands of men are still ponying up big bucks to instructors across the world in the quest to attract more and better quality pussy. If the bootcamps and workshops were all scams, it would be common knowledge by now, nearly a decade after the first

in-field seminars were established.

But there are shysters out there, and they need to be identified and shamed out of business. Plus, many seduction businesses charge what seem to Chateau proprietors to be exorbitant fees for what they are delivering. Nonetheless, that is more of a moral issue than a business ethics issue, for as long as there are men willing to spend thousands for weekend trips to the clubs with experienced PUAs, the market will respond by charging those prices that maximize profit.

> So all in all it was an entertaining experience. Would I recommend it to others? Sure, because going to these meeting represents a proactive step in getting better with girls, which we can all respect and agree on.

In due time, the sorting process will allow the cream of the seduction businesses to rise to the top, while the squirrelly outfits sink into oblivion. Websites like this one can be a valuable consumer protection resource. In the future, perhaps the Chateau will set up a ranking system of the best to worst pickup workshops and bootcamps and their instructors, which readers can reference at a glance should they decide to shell out for professional instruction.

Alpha Male Vs Beta Male

CH · 11 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

There have been photos of alpha males and beta males here at the Chateau before, but never has there been a photo of the two species of man so starkly contrasted in the same photo. And an aesthetically pleasing photo, at that.

How do we know that alpha male and beta male aren't socially constructed concepts? Because every single one of my readers, except for the disingenuous liars, intuitively knew exactly which man was which without having it spelled out. You looked at this photo and you knew which man was in control of his relationship and his girlfriend's fidelity, and which man was on the precipice of a breakup wondering why the sex has stopped.

The photographer won $80,000 for this first place photo, and for good reason. It says so much.

But the important things it says are probably not what the judges or the arts community thinks it says. For that, we must delve deeper, to the hulking monstrous id clawing at the cellar door. Like the dream levels in Inception, the ultimate truth is locked in a vault at the center of the subconscious.

Examine the men's body language. The beta leans into his girl; the alpha stands athwart PDA, yelling Stop. The beta rests his plush noggin on his girlfriend's shoulder; the alpha holds his head high. The beta's torso is diminutively curled inward; the alpha's chest is thrust outward. The beta's shoulders slump; the alpha's shoulders square up. The beta's spine is bent; the alpha's spine is straight. The beta's legs are closed; the alpha's legs are splayed. The beta's hands are groping his girlfriend for reassurance; the alpha's hands are clasped away from his girlfriend. The beta is Mr. Sleepyhead; the alpha is calmly alert.

Now examine the body language of the girls. The alpha's girlfriend leans into him. Her eyes are either closed or heavily lidded with contentment. Her left breast presses into his back and her left arm wraps around him. Her chin rests lovingly on his shoulder. She is ensconced in the cocoon of his masculinity, a mere branch dangling languidly from his oaken composure. She wants to merge with him.

In contrast, the beta's girlfriend leans away from him, her head turned toward more interesting subjects, like the view out the windows. Her breasts point away from him, in directions unknown but undoubtedly exciting. Her

entire body is shifted away from his cuddly meanderings. She grips the coffee cup like a lifeline. Her face betrays a hint of annoyance, or perhaps wistfulness. Wistful for what? A longing for renewed passion? She is playing the role of the oak tree, and she resents it. She wants to chop off his branch and merge with the outside world.

The two couples are mirror images of each other.

Alpha body language — aka high status nonverbal signaling — is absolutely critical to any successful seduction, from pickup to relationship management. Women mentally register the gears and pulleys of our body mechanics before they hear our words, and a misstep there means our words will fall on deaf ears. The good news is that alpha body language can be learned and applied to increase your success rate with women.

While the alpha male in the above photo is more conventionally masculine looking than the beta male, if the beta was sitting like the alpha, mimicking his demeanor, he would suddenly look more masculine to the viewer. And his girlfriend would look less like she was thinking about fucking the guy she met in the coffee shop that morning.

(photo link courtesy of Rufus)

The Difficulty Of Gaming Women By Age Bracket

CH · 12 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The following observations apply to established adult men, post college years. Younger men still in college will find their success rate with women of various ages, particularly older women (aka cougars), highly variable. The rules for them will be different than the rules for older men.

18 to 22 year olds

Hard to believe, but it is often easier to bed a very young woman than an older woman, if you are an older man. This is because 20-40% of women are specifically attracted to older men. It is hard-wired in them, and this hard-wiring can be reinforced by poor family upbringing resulting from divorce of parents or absentee fathers. Single moms are the greatest source of future generations of slutty daughters the world has ever known.

Your goal is to identify which 18-21 year olds are amenable to being seduced by you. Since a majority will balk at the idea, you should learn to quickly identify and NEXT! them. Thankfully, most girls aren't brazen cockteases, and will make their lack of interest known early on. Beware, though, that a small minority of barely legal rapacious golddiggers will try to keep you on tenterhooks, extracting your resources for little in return. A simple preemptive qualification should suffice to smoke them out.

You can bang an 18-21 year old surprisingly quickly because they have little ASD (anti-slut defense). This is because they do not have the long history of sluttiness common to older women which needs to be rationalized away by posturing as a paragon of chaste virtue. A young woman simply won't perceive sex with you as an admission of sluttiness. She is innocent to herself as well as to you. Plus, actual slutty behavior has been defined down so that five partners today is equivalent to one partner thirty years ago.

Caveat to the above: although you can get the bang with an 18-21 year old very quickly, you should not prime the path to banging with obvious signs of physical escalation. There is a high risk with very young women that escalating kino will be perceived as "pervy" or "creepy". This means no PDA, no "innocent" touching of her erogenous zones, and no raunchy sex talk. You want to keep it on the superficial friend tip until she is in your place. Then you should escalate rapidly. You'd be amazed how fast the young woman sheds her clothes when the bang is in sight. Very little foreplay is required. The sex will be, as you can imagine, the hottest you will ever have.

DO NOT EVER "DATE" an 18-21 year old. Women under 23 don't date, they "hang out". Anything that remotely smacks of a date — drinks at a lounge, dinner for two, day trips to a museum — will scare her off. The under-23 young woman cannot handle the "seriousness" of a dating context. This is the reality of modern America. "Dating" makes younger women think "no fun, marriage, kids, pressure, relationships, stuff that older people do". You need to be so chill that you're barely motivated to do anything proactive with her. Instead, "hang out" with her in a neutral context. Walks along window-browsing streets are good for this. So is meeting at a local park and talking while goofing off on the swings. You can take her to a coffee shop as long as you don't buy anything.

DON'T BE LAME. If a 19 year old (true story) offers you an E tab in a dark corner of a loud club at 1 am, don't refuse her like some boring fuddy duddy. Either pop that baby and enjoy the ride, or pretend to take it and throw it away when she's not looking if you're suspicious of the pill's origins and purity. Push for a blowjob in the alley behind the club; plans to make future dates are a fool's errand.

DON'T BE HER DAD. Contrary to popular misconception, most young women don't want to date a father figure. They DO want to date a strong dominant man, and older men bring that demeanor to the table. This is why it is better to dress youthfully (if you are in shape) rather than in a sharp suit and tie if it's much younger women you want to meet. A notable minority of younger women love the business suit look, but most of them, especially the ones on the fence about dating older men, would feel more comfortable if you projected an aura of youthfulness through your dress and attitude.

23 to 27 year olds

Similar to the 18-22 year olds in terms of difficulty of picking up, with some important differences. The 23-27 year old feels she is at her attractiveness peak, despite her peak having passed a few years earlier. This is because she is surrounded by many more high status men than she was while in college (or working at the Piggly Wiggly) who are expressing sexual interest in her. This social dynamic will work to inflate her ego beyond the bounds of her actual beauty ranking. Some consequences result from this.

NEG HARDER. The 23-27 year old will require harder negging than any other age group of women, even the hotter 18 year olds. She needs her ego punctured before her pussy will open for you. Remember that cherished maxim:

Maxim #23: The defensive crouch is where pussy tingles are born.

DEFY EXPECTATIONS. She expects you to pay her way and play the role of earnest suitor. You can't "hang out" with the 23-27 year old like you should with the 18-22 year old without staining yourself with the immaturity label, but you shouldn't fall into her trap of arid, sexless dating either. Arrange dates that are simple and logistically favorable. Never spend more than two drinks' worth of money on her on a single date.

DATE CONCURRENTLY. The 23-27 is, arguably, the most in-demand woman on the market. Various social factors account for this, which will be the subject of another post. Thus, she will have the greatest self-regard. Despite your best game, you may find yourself getting flaked on by a girl in this age range. A good defense is a solid offense, so minimize the creep of neediness and desperation by dating many women at once. Do not feel guilt about fucking multiple women concurrently.

THIS IS YOUR SWEET SPOT FOR GAME. No other woman will react as positively to hardcore game as the 23-27 year old. She and her sisters will be throwing meatballs at the middle of your lineup. Aim for the fences.

28 to 30 year olds

Finally, the female ego suffers chinks in its armor. She will try hard to cover these cracks, but they'll creep out here and there. 30 is a huge and depressing milestone for women, but 29 is an even more depressing birthday. It is the "last hurrah", so to speak, and the number taunts her daily with reminders of her impending obsolescence. A single girl who was dumped by her boyfriend and who has just turned 29 may be the easiest girl in the world to lay. You will still need to game her, but the path to sex will be exhilaratingly fast and furious.

28-30 year olds are a mixed bunch. Some are riding a wave of career and social success that has nowhere to go but down, and their bloated egos reflect that. Others, less conventionally successful, are emotionally frazzled by the disappearing act of their heady youth and by the intractability of their singledom. You will find some of the cuntiest, and sweetest, girls in this age range.

Same rules as the ones for 23-27 year olds apply to 28-30 year olds, with the exception that negging should be tailored to the life success as well as the looks of the girl you are gaming. A 30 year old businesswoman is often harder to game than a 20 year old hipster. She will need subtle reminders that her beauty isn't what it once was.

31 to 34 year olds

In some ways, women in the 31-34 age range are the toughest broads to game. (By "toughest", it is meant "most time consuming".) It's counterintuitive, yes, but there are factors at work besides her declining beauty which mitigate against the easy, quick lay. For one, it is obviously harder to meet single 31-34 year old women than it is to meet single younger women. Marriage is still a pussy-limiting force to contend with for the inveterate womanizer, but Chateau apprentices are hard at work battling the scourge of mating market disturbances caused by the grinding and churning of the marriage machine.

But the bigger reason 31-34 year olds are harder to game than any other age group of women has to do with the wicked nexus of entitlement and self-preservation that occurs at this age in women. When you combine a

disproportionate sense of entitlement fueled by years of feminism, steady paychecks and promotions, and cheerleading gay boyfriends with suspicions of every man's motives and a terrible anxiety of being used for a sexual fling sans marriage proposal, you get a venom-spitting malevolent demoness on guard against anything she might perceive as less than total subjugation to her craving for incessant flattery and princess pedestaling.

Note that Chateau guests aren't necessarily complaining. A harder-to-game 33 year old is kind of like getting bumped down from a Honda Civic rental but driving off the lot with the consolation prize of a Ferrari.

Listen to any man who is good with women and they will tell you the same thing:

"I have an easier time bedding and dating 23 year olds than I do 33 year olds."

This defies all logic until you see it through the eyes of the hamster sweating its fluffy ass off in a woman's brain. (Poor little creature must be pooped out by the mid-30s.) Sure, a 33 year old is not as hot as the 23 year old version of herself, but her ASD is through the roof, as is her self-conception as a hot marriage-worthy commodity. Many older women will tell themselves that their experience, maturity, accomplishments and financial stability mean they should be way more valuable to men seeking wives than some young babe on the take. Of course, they have to tell themselves this because reality isn't making it easy to believe.

These are the kind of women who have sexual flings with college guys, because they can psychologically box those men in as "purely for fun" adventures. But the men the 31-34 year old women really want are the older, established men who will give them a marriage proposal and a family. This is why it is counterintuitively harder to game the older woman who still retains a vestige of her youthful attractiveness: she wants and expects so much more than the younger woman.

Game required: Strong body language, masculine dominance, sharp suits and shoes, easy on the negs and palm reading, emphasis on the comfort stage, lots of travel stories, disqualify yourself from sex on the first date, vulnerability game, avoidance of the beta provider zone.

In short, if you can present yourself to her as different than the indistinguishable mass of sad schlumpy beta herbs who are her typical choice in available men, then you are guaranteed the lay. Just don't expect to sleep with her on the first night. She will work hard to make your seduction as difficult and drawn out as possible.

Note: DO NOT SPEAK OF THE YOUNGER WOMEN YOU DATE to an older woman. You will be tempted to do this to demonstrate your higher value, but instead she will withdraw so fast into her ego-preserving turtle shell that no game will redeem the pickup. If the subject comes up, just tell her you've "dated many interesting women" and leave it at that.

35 year olds

This age gets a special mention. Why? Because 35 is the year of formal female expiration. (Informal expiration can occur many years later, depending on the woman's genetic good luck.) At 35, most women are over the hill. An unmarried woman at 35 is officially in crisis mode. Full meltdown will happen within the year if she isn't hitched in that time. You do not want to be in the vicinity of a woman in full meltdown mode. Full meltdown is accompanied by the acquisition of a second cat, alcoholism, cackling brunches of mimosas with equally pathetic Samantha wannabes, sloppy drunken one night stands with college age men which they will then rationalize as evidence of their enduring beauty, and a laundry list of annoying personality tics and neuroses that would comfortably provide for the retirement plans of ten psychotherapists.

Game required: "Hi".

36 to 38 year olds

She is at peace with her spinsterhood and her failure in the dating market. She will acquiesce easily and gratefully to sex with very little game, as long as you don't look like a grandpa. Her expectations are so low, it will be a challenge to disappoint her.

If you are prone to guilt, you might feel it when you inevitably dump a woman in this age range. Don't. Remind yourself that her past is littered with her insouciant dumping of many beta men before you. You are merely an alpha agent of righteous karma.

A Chateau proprietor once dated a European 37 year old for a couple of months. She looked years younger than her age, so the sex was fun and the time together was relaxed, but everything was glazed with a tint of sadness. A vow was made never to go much above 30 again. So far, the vow remains unbroken.

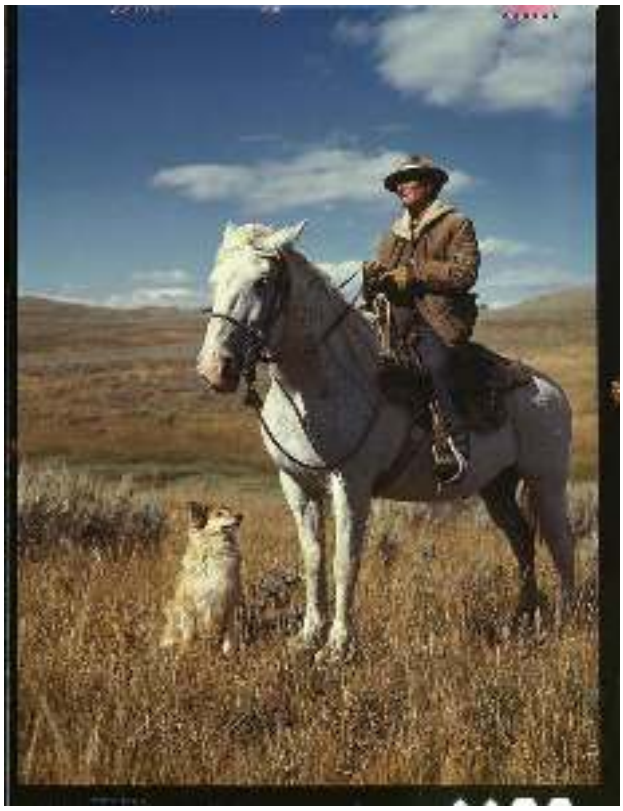
39+ year olds

No Chateau proprietor has experience dating or fucking women 39 years old or older, so we cannot offer much advice for gaming women in this age range. Yes, yes, we can all hear you crying now.

Then And Now, Part Two

CH · 13 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

(Here is part one of 'Then and Now'.)



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Unbeatable
MOUNTAIN DO ME
PEOPLE OF WALMART

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PEOPLE OF
WALMART

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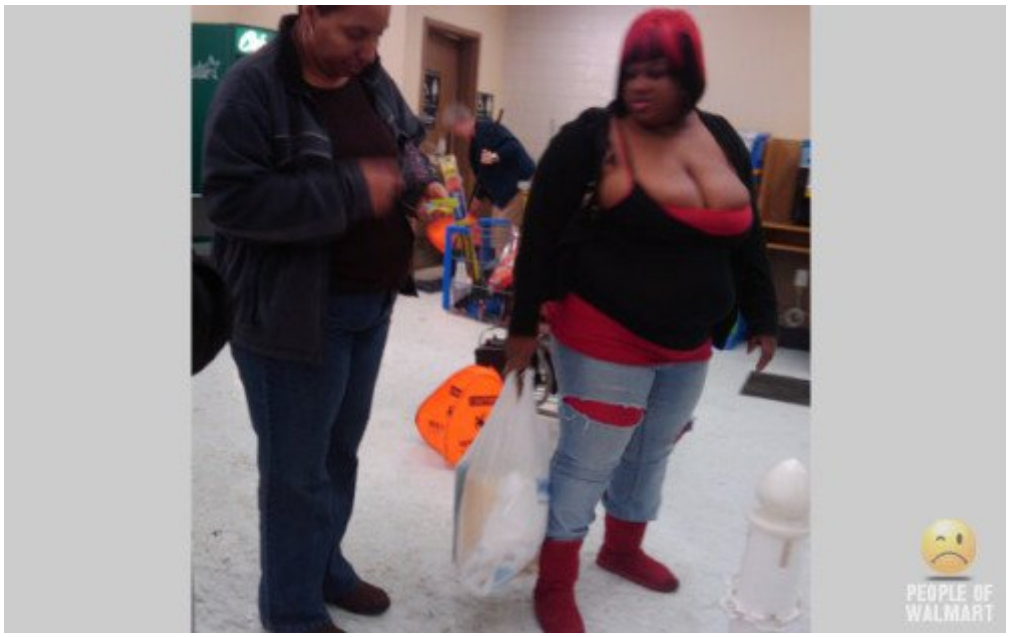
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ICE
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Compare and contrast our noble ancestors with modern Americans.

Then: Poor, yet dignified, with strong family and community bonds.

Now: Overfed, government assisted trash who look like shambling monsters.

It won't be long for this country.

Girlfriend Got A Dog

CH · 16 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader R. writes:

> My casual girlfriend is getting a dog, a German Sheppard. That is fine because I love dogs but I am concerned with the future early morning walk responsibility that she will try to shirk off.
>
> I know what is going to happen: we will be in bed and the dog will bark. “Can you be a sweetheart and go walk him?”
>
> I don’t want to go walk the dog so she can sleep. Whats the best way to deal with this? Just tell her straight up: “No, he’s your dog, walk him or let him shit on the floor.” Or should I be nicer about it? Or just ignore her and pretend to be asleep?
>
> Goddammit. Balancing a girl and alphaness is harder than it looks. Thanks for the help.
>
> PS, I hooked up with an exgf this past weekend after following your rules. I really enjoyed it but it awoke feeling that I still really liked this girl. I ended the relationship back in February because I could sense my slide into betatude and wanted to end it on my terms before I became pussy-whipped. (this was before I found your blog) I still don’t have her number but we have mutual friends and can get it. Should I? I would like to turn her into a fuckbuddy. Should I wait until we see each other again (mutual friends and parties etc) or wait for her to initiate contact? When we hooked up, I could tell the attraction for me was greater than ever (thanks to your advice). My willpower right now is being tested because while I would like to contact her, I would hate to destroy the frame I have created.
>
> Thanks for all the help. I am confident that because of your words of wisdom, I am well on my way to becoming a super-alpha on campus. Bring on the fall semester and the packs of sorority girls.

This is a bigger deal than you might think. How many of you had parents who disliked animals? You would beg and plead for a dog until finally one day they caved and got you one, with the admonition that “now that you have this dog, it will be your responsibility to walk it and pick up its poop every day”. Of course, after three weeks, Dad would be schlepping it out at 6 a.m. every morning walking the dog and muttering under his breath about his damned ingrate kids.

Well, women are like those children who quickly abdicate their responsibilities when there’s someone else willing, or able to be persuaded, to do them. The mode of persuasion is usually implicit sex withdrawal, puppy dog eyes (fittingly), or empty feel-good flattery.

If you find yourself in this reader’s predicament with a girlfriend, a dog you could do without, and a looming literal shit test, you should firmly remind her you are her lover, not a dog walker for her royal highness. If this doesn’t work, buy a pet boa constrictor and kindly ask her to be a sweetheart and feed it the live mice you have stored in the pantry when you are too busy doing something else. That should help get the point across.

As for the reader’s second question, beta regression is an inherent danger in following the rules for getting back on ex-girlfriend; you might fall for her all over again, repeating the same mistakes you made the first go round. You should get her number through the mutual friend, but don’t call her for a couple weeks. (This is because your quasi-gf will be expecting a phone call from you once she hears from the mutual friend that you requested it; therefore, you must defy her expectation if you want her to vagina to simmer with piqued interest.) The trick to lassoing an ex-girlfriend into a sexual Act II is is to hammer home the impression that you absolutely do not need her in your life; rather, you *want* her around because she amuses you in a special way.

Since you did the official dumping back in February, you have hand, however tenuous you may believe that hand is. Girls are acutely sensitive to dump dynamics to the exclusion of almost all other relationship-ending factors. No

matter how beta you think you acted during the waning months of the relationship, if you dumped her without warning she will carry that stingma (stigma + sting) with her for months afterward, and possibly into future relationships with betas who can't understand why she still pines for an asshole like you.

Remember, too, that girls who aren't fat, old or saddled with bastard spawn are rarely dumped by men; scientific calculations have shown that women do about 70-80% of all the dumping. Therefore, as a man having done the dumping, you have automatically raised your value far above the mass of men who could ostensibly compete for her attention. You now occupy an outsized place in her mind as a man higher status than all the other men currently chasing after her, regardless of the objectively measurable status differentials between you and them. Conclusion: dumping is a huge DHV. You do not need to game your ex hardcore; she is already thinking about you on a daily basis since that heartbreaking moment way back in February.

However, enough time has passed that she may just now be getting over stray thoughts of reuniting with you. It takes about six months for a cute girl to "move on" from a man who dumped her. (It takes anywhere from five years to a lifetime for a fat chick to move on from same.) Attempting to reengage via a date could backfire and destroy your frame as you mentioned. She might very well take it as an opportunity to retrieve some of the hand she lost from the initial dumping. I could easily envision her telling you a date is a bad idea, and smiling wickedly to herself once you got off the phone. Instead, I would try to arrange meetings with her at parties of friends and let nature take its course. Just keep to the Aloof and Indifferent frame and her hamster will do all the spinning for you.

These Boots Were Made For Divorcing

CH · 17 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

"We looked!
Then we saw it
step in on the mat!
We looked!
And we saw it!
The Marriage Trap!"

"I know it is costly
And the sex is not sexy.
But we can have
A dog and one kid
that is trendy!"

"Buy the ring!
Buy the ring!
Buy the ring NOW!
It is work to get married
But you have
to know how."

"Have no fear, single man,'
Said the Marriage Trap.
'Marital Things are
good Things.'
I can promise you that."

"Then our lawyer came in
And he said to us two,
'Did you have any fun?
Tell me. What did
you do?"

And Wifey and I
did not say
the same things.
You see she was bored
and wanted away."

"My fortune in limbo,
my stocks in a lock,
I sat silent and fearful
in a state of shock!
Well…what would YOU do
If your lawyer asked you?"

Chalk this up to the latest sign that marriage — versions 1.0, 2.0, and coming to a theater near you, 3.0 — is a raw deal for men and an institution on the precipice of falling cliffside into a shattered heap of anachronistic uselessness. Wives are now leaving perfectly good marriages and their sacrificial beta provider husbands because they are bored. Naturally, they will be leaving with their husbands' hard-earned cash to fund their adventures in

swarthy saguaro hunting. Welcome to the Eat, Pray, Self-Love era of the Fall of America. Next stop: hyperinflation.

> A lot of midlife women in my acquaintance are leaving what appear to be perfectly good and loving husbands. Or thinking about it. Or cheating on them. Or wanting to. Or staying married and faithful but buying their own houses, which they either live in or keep as a bolt hole. […]
>
> In a 2004 AARP survey of divorced people 40 and older, 66 percent of wives said they had requested the divorce, and 26 percent had surprised their husbands, often after planning for years. Women were especially likely to have no regrets, and 43 percent did not want to remarry. In another national study that year, ex-wives were three times more likely to say that they wanted the divorce, rather than their husbands wanting it. Fewer than 40 percent of marriages of more than 15 years were rated as successful by respondents.

A multitude of factors likely contributes to the urge to spousally purge of the modern American wife. The Chateau has discussed the Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse before as triggers or exacerbating conditions for the rising divorce, single momhood, and infidelity rates that will herald the denouement of the Grand American Epoch, and now we can throw in a couple more factors –

The death of shame and the glorification of status.

We now exalt that which we used to shame into invisibility. Pathetic single moms are paraded as exemplars of tough-as-nails fortitude and moral virtue. Infidelity is *de rigueur*, an exciting life transition that self-actualized women find empowering. And of course, taking your husband for all he's worth in divorce, regardless of marital fault, is practically its own sacrament — the Sacrament of Separation Theft.

And then there is the compelling allure of status jockeying. When women are surrounded by lots of other women cheating on, divorcing, or leaving their dutiful husbands, they feel an odd predilection to ape the group dynamic. Women are herd animals, and will do what they see is trendy in the group. A bunch of well-heeled upper middle class ladies on the block had affairs, including Susie with the best landscaping in the neighborhood? Clearly the heretofore faithful wife thinks she is missing out on something. The stampede of the herd fills her with anxiety, morphing into unhappiness. She plots and connives; her heart bursts with excitement at the taboo! The outsized role of status seeking in shaping women's choices may help explain why Western populations — excluding the peasant immigrant hordes rapidly displacing us — are demographically imploding: when half the properly educated and economically independent women you know have zero kids, you impart higher status on that childlessness, and then you will seek to mimic the behavior of your admired peers.

> One Texas friend's 40-something daughter is divorcing her husband. His son's wife had an affair and they're also divorcing. In another family, an uncle and nephew are both being divorced by their wives. These women had once been renowned for their utter, perhaps excessive devotion to family. The men are both handsome, kind, good fathers. Great catches. Both women have new boyfriends, while the men are still too broken-hearted to date again.

Great catch != gina tingle. It's been said here many times, often to the guffaws of the haters and disbelievers:

You want to save marriage? Learn game. What are the odds that these "great catches" the wives are unceremoniously divorcing are betas to the bone? The answer is in the last sentence.

"while the men are still too broken-hearted to date again."

Readers, these wives did not marry "great catches". They married pushover herblings with steady jobs. Any man with a lick of game and an alpha attitude would not be broken-hearted for long after a divorce, even a surprise divorce that caught him off-guard. He would be lining up dates while the ink on the papers was still drying. Better yet, he would've skipped out on marriage entirely and enjoyed the fruits of the female sex free of charge.

Now being a provider herbling might've been adequate in 1950, but that was then, this is now. The deck is stacked

against men, and marriage is the legal equivalent of cliff diving into a rocky shoreline. Game is one of the few resources men have left to protect themselves against women and a system that sees them as wholly expendable, ATM flesh pods from which to squeeze the last ounce of blood and coin tribute to feed the insatiable marriage machine that is the root of the modern consumption economy.

> One divorced mother of two sons put her complaint succinctly: “I realized my husband was of no added value.”
>
> To get the full chill of that statement, try imagining a husband who had divorced his wife saying it, or this next one.

It can’t be imagined, because any husband who initiated divorce on such grounds, overtly or tacitly, would be ass raped by a team of special ops lawyers. Not that husbands don’t feel the same way about their fat, aging wives; they just can’t act on the impulse with the same impunity that wives can. In fact, wives can divorce on these grounds and *still* walk away with a considerable share of his assets. There are many checks and balances built into society to keep the id monster chained in the cellar of the mind, but the prison warden of the female mind has left his post and the id monster has escaped to terrorize and feast freely.

None of this would be the crisis for individual men that it is if the playing field were level. (The impact on society is another matter.) If, in the case of divorce, women could not get a SINGLE RED CENT of the ex-husbands’ money, then the 7 year or 14 year or whatever itch that is seemingly built into the coding of every human being could proceed rather uneventfully, as bored wives would leave their marriages with EXACTLY, AND NO MORE, of what they brought into the marriage. That way, shocked and disillusioned ex-husbands would still have their material resources with which to help them attract new lovers.

If the marriage racket was reformed in this way we’d see a lot fewer bored housewives leaving for sabbaticals in Italy to get boned and robbed by Francisco the smooth talker. But this will never happen absent a revolution triggered by societal extinction level events. Women would wail and gnash their teeth and vote en masse with their lickspittle lackey hubbies in tow and the slow bleeding out of Western civilization would continue apace.

> “My married friends seem to envy me. They think I have so much freedom,” she said. “I don’t think their husbands like them coming around me.”

This is an excellent Public Service Announcement. Husbands, you’d be wise to monitor your wives’ social circles and act to limit her time spent with cat collecting, unmarried harridans. They will whisper poison thoughts into your wives’ brains.

> University of Virginia research shows that progressive wives are less happy than traditional wives.
>
> “More traditional women may wear rose-colored glasses, but they also benefit from a sense of male and female roles,” said sociologist W. Bradford Wilcox, director of the National Marriage Project, who conducted the research. “They don’t expect their husband to act like a woman.”
>
> In contrast, the idea of marriage with a soul mate “who will meet their deepest needs for human connection” may ask too much of marriage, he said.

Another PSA: Marry conservative women if you want to avoid divorce theft and you believe in those lofty marital vows. Marry liberal women if you like getting taken to the cleaners and nuzzling your herb face into her fat lap.

> Rutgers University biological anthropologist Helen Fisher sees the rise of working women as a cause of women asking more from marriage, but she’s not worried.
>
> “Women have always commuted to work to gather fruits and vegetables, and for millions of years women were just as economically, socially and sexually powerful as men. … Data suggest that many ancestral men and

> women had two or three spouses across their lives," she wrote on *The New York Times'* Room for Debate blog.
>
> "The same occurs today: I have examined divorce patterns in 58 societies and everywhere that spouses have some independent means, both sexes leave bad marriages to make better ones."

Well, there is something to worry about, if worrying's your thing. For one, those prehistoric working women still needed the muscle of men to protect them from all sorts of environmental insults. In contrast, today's working women have air conditioning and On Star. They are now free to choose based on whim instead of necessity. (Game is very good at catering to female whim.) Two, not all prehistoric women were equal. Those of the cold, damp forests of Europe certainly evolved different traits than those of the hot, dry African savannah. But it's futile arguing "evolution did not stop at the neck" with modern anthropologists; they are drowning in self-deceit too deep to rescue with simple logic.

As it is, our society is at a fork in the road. We can go one of two ways if an end to the divorce industrial complex is your goal:

1. Rescind feminism.

Basically, turn back the clock on the so-called "improvements" in divorce litigation. Put divorce lawyers out of business. Custody of children would be split evenly, half the time with mom and half the time with dad, unless solid evidence of extenuating fault could be found, such as pedophilia or physical abuse. End all affirmative action and favoritism, explicit or implicit, for women. This means no more maternal leave or sexual harassment workshops. Return shame to its rightful place as a molder of human behavior.

2. Follow feminism to its logical conclusion.

Completely gut the traditional notion of marriage by legally establishing polygamy and assorted polyamorous relationships as equally valid unions. (Should be easier now that there is legal justification for gay marriage.) Make divorce as easy as buying a gallon of milk. Reform marriage so that it better reflects the evolutionary disposition of people to fall out of love after seven years (or approximately the time the kids are old enough to function without constant parental supervision.) If we are biologically designed by evolution to weary of our partners after seven to ten years, then why is marriage not arranged in such a way that acknowledges this reality? After all, we don't force gay men against their biological disposition to marry or screw women. Tenth wave feminists and principled libertarians could easily make the case that marriage is constricting of natural human urges, and thus inhumane, so should be offered to people on a contractual basis of varying length. You could get married for two years, seven years, twenty years, or till death do you part. At the end of the contract the spouses would go their separate ways, no muss no fuss, no exchange of assets or punitive payments of any kind. It would be as clean and hassle free as leaving your barber for another one. The option to renew the contract for a set number of additional years would of course be available for those remaining idealists and lucky few soulmates. Contracts also could be stipulated with allowances for cheating based on frequency and number of extramarital lovers. Children of divorce would be remanded to a state orphanage where, no doubt, they would be raised in stricter accordance with the dictates of governmental progressivism, because it takes a village.

The Chateau favors option 2, but that's just because we're a mischievous bunch of rascals. And it's more doable. Fuck, we're halfway there already.

Virginity Is More Important To Men Than Women Would Admit

CH · 18 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Robin Hanson has a post comparing the female preference for high status men with the male preference for virginal women. Without getting into the particulars of the comparison (a valid, if imperfect one), the larger point here is that virginity in and of itself continues influencing men's mate choice decisions and judgments of the women they date. Even American legend Ben Franklin knew virgins were worth more than debauched women. Fuck that, women *themselves* know that virgins are higher value than sluts.

Why should the meaty intrusions of past lovers be of concern to men deciding which women to pump and dump and which women to date with more rigorous romantic investment? To find the answer to that, we must put a magnifying glass to the hindbrain. Throughout most of human existence, a woman with a sordid history of lovers presented multiple risks for the man intending to devote his resources to her and the raising of any children they would have. ("Would" being the operative word, since sex for most of our contraceptively poor ancestors usually led to children irrespective of our wishes.) The risks of committing to a non-virgin woman would be:

1. **She might be carrying the unborn spawn of a recently discarded lover.** (In ancient times, when the female fertile window was shorter, younger, and rarely unplundered while the plundering was good, this would be a big concern in a way it is not so much today, thanks to condoms and the pill severing the connection between sex and insta-pregnancy.)
2. **She would be more likely to cheat.** A slut presents a higher risk to a man of future cheating. And female cheating = threat of cuckoldry, which means it is much worse than male cheating. Chicks with high testosterone, as evidenced by a suite of mannish features, are good candidates for sluttiness and are least likely to have retained their virginity much past the age of thirteen.
3. **She won't bond as strongly from the sex act.** A woman who has been around the block will find nothing spectacular about the next in line cock. (Slam poetry!) Virgins will bond like Krazy Glue to the first man who deflowers them. The love will be so strong that she will look up to him as a king, and Eat, Pray, Love boredom killing journeys of tingle-actualization will never even enter her consciousness.

And so men, for very ancient biological reasons, prefer to marry, (or in the parlance of modern thought, have a long term relationship with), virgins. This is as unalterable as the female preference for high status men.

Of course, nothing good is without its costs. Female virgins, for one, are hard to find in modern society, and are usually only available to the highest status men or to alpha teenage boys who got in on the ground floor. Very religious communities have more of them than the secular axis of ardor, but few secular men are willing to sacrifice the good times of nonmarital sex for the strictures of religion and better odds at bagging a virgin. So they suck it up and tell slutty SWPL fembots what they want to hear:

"No really, baby, I don't care how many cocks you've hoovered up your hooch. I'm enlightened that way!"

…all the while drag drag dragging their feet on the marriage proposal.

Second, female virgins present a risk of sexual aloofness. Is she a virgin because she's nobly chaste, or is she a virgin because she never felt much compulsion to have sex? As bad as marrying a high risk slut is, marrying a sexually repressed low libido woman is worse. (Although there is evidence that low libido women are really just sexually dissatisfied women who have yet to enjoy the wonders of sexual awakening with an alpha male.) Marriage isn't much of a happy deal for men if the sex is a twice a year event. This wouldn't be a concern if marriage adhered to the traditional notion of indentured servitude exchanged for sexual access, and men could tap that ass whenever the mood hit them, but in today's radically feminized society, a man must have consent even with his wife, who simply cannot conceive of laying there and taking one for the team (or, heaven forfend, out of deep love for her husband's well-being).

Third, many men fear the inexperience that female virgins are apt to bring to the bedroom. This is a minor concern, as a woman's sexual inexperience is quickly and easily overcome as long as she has a normal sex drive. Sex isn't friggin rocket science. A few weeks of hot nonstop sex with a virgin and she'll have a repertoire of positions that would make Andrew Sullivan's beagle blush.

The biggest cost to pursuing virgins is the reason why it sometimes benefits to pursue sluts:

They don't put out.

Virgins have value as wives and girlfriends, but sluts have value as easy lays. Don't underestimate the power of the easy lay to cloud a man's future oriented judgment.

Trucker Hats The Emblem Of 21st Century

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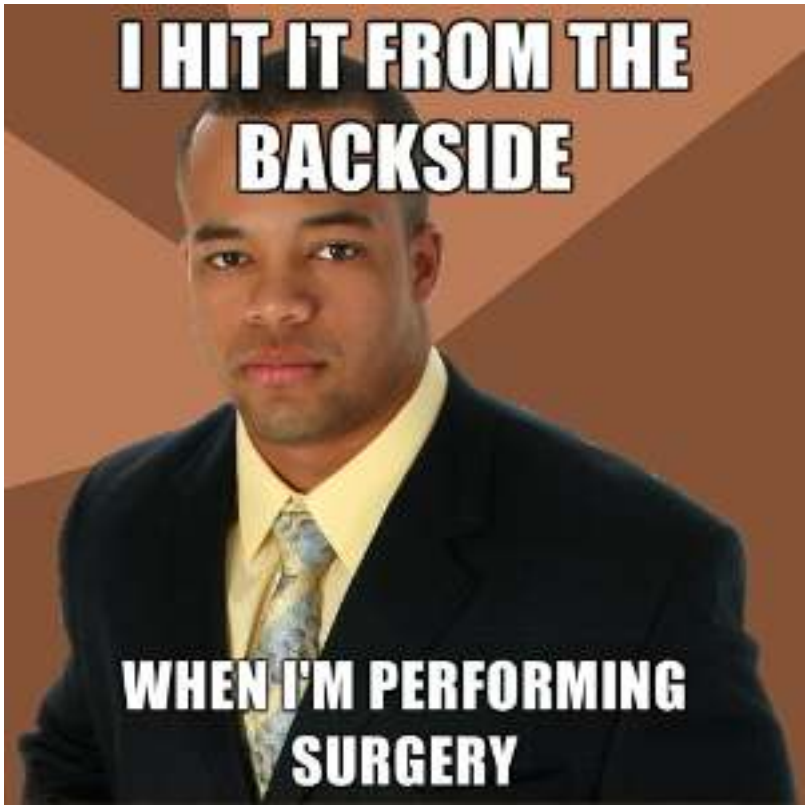
"Cheap Chalupas" Cowen has a post ruminating on what things around today would be considered most distinctively 21st century in ten years. (Or, more accurately, what things would be considered most distinctively first decade of the 21st century.)

A gallant effort, but missed the mark. Here are the two things that are the defining characteristics of the zeitgeist of the 21st century Aughts.

1. Irony

As sarcasm is cheap humor, irony is cheap wit. Irony enabled preening, status whoring but largely mediocre SWPLs to pump their way into their trucker hats.

******



2.

Now these two emblematic things of the 21st century Aughts do share something in common. It's a bit mischievous, no doubt, but what they share tells us much about the culture of this soon to expire decade. Can you figure out what it is?

Pickup Reenactment

CH · 19 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Roosh has a couple of funny — and educational — videos reenacting his pickup attempts and interactions with girls. He suggested a contest where people post videos (created via the xtranormal website) of their actual approaches.

Here's one of mine. It's a direct game nighttime approach on a girl who was giving me obvious flirty signals.

The fart wasn't quite that loud in real life.

I don't recommend cocky direct game unless the girl is throwing out blatant approach invitations.

Great Zing

CH · 20 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In the comments section to an article in The Daily Mail about the gilded weaponry of Mexican drug lords, Bill from Richmond, VA responded to an effete glove slap from an Englishman.

> *"Its so comforting to know that our American friends have so much time to concentrate on the finer things in life such as part and model numbers of guns… keeep it up chaps!"*
> *– Peahead, Hebden Bridge*
>
> Well, Nancy, the next time the topic is part and model numbers of the latest purses, we'll be sure to ask you.
> – Bill, Richmond, VA

Ya gotta hit em where it hurts. And with the Euroweenies, that's just about everywhere.

What Should She Do?

CH · 20 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent the Chateau the following email with no explicit instructions to withhold releasing for readership consumption the photos she attached. As per Chateau rules (Sec. 8, para. 14), if you don't want your advice-seeking email correspondence or accompanying pics posted to the blog, say so. Otherwise, it will be assumed you are OK with it.

> Hi Chateau,
>
> I have been reading your blog and although I'm not a fan of some of the misogyny some of the guys that comment spew, I respect overall that you have a pretty good handle on the dating game. I saw the post & advice you gave that one girl who posted. I'm wondering if you would give me your honest opinion on how well I can do in NYC dating based on my attractiveness & other stats? I just moved here from California & it's a jungle out here

> Background on me: I just turned 25, am 5'6, around 125 pounds (attached photos). 0.7 hip to waist ratio, D breasts (they're real).
>
> Other statistics: went to Stanford, used to work in finance but quit that when it started changing my personality into a man's, am now a writer / marketer. I can be funny, I have good manners & etiquette, I'm usually very positive and nice, and guys I've dated have said I'm fun to be around / very low drama/maintenence. Although I can be opinionated & want to be respected, I definitely voice those opinions in a respectful way. I can also cook decently well & I like sex a lot.
>
> Money is important to me since I want to be a stay at home mom eventually (or at least have the option) and I never want to worry about money, and I'm wondering if I can do better than the guy I'm currently dating who wants an exclusive relationship with me. As I know my prime is now, and my options will only decrease with time, I'm wondering if you can give me an honest opinion of whether I should stay with him or start taking other offers more seriously? My friends don't like this guy because he gives people shit sometimes / doesn't care about being polite & so they're saying I can do better, but they always say that. I like him, and I want your opinion. I have recently had the CTO of [major bank] ask to date me, and various other high earning finance guys. I just want to know what my chances are of actually landing a guy like these instead of being dicked around, or if I should even be concerned with it since I am really enjoying the guy I have now who I think is on the way up and I'm definitely unsure I'll be able to match the level of chemistry and compatibility? I am wary of dating in NY because I've heard how brutal it can be, and I remain pretty much unscathed so far. I'd really hate to lose my optimism by getting abused by some douchebag who was never that into me anyway.
>
> There's nothing wrong with us, we get along really well for the most party. **[Editor: A most excellent Freudian slip.]** He's a beta, 27, learned a lot of this pickup stuff and is dominant, which is great. Also can be cooperative & talk about psychology / relationships with me, which is so fascinating. He comes from a poor background in eastern europe, just started working for a hedge fund (seems to be good at it, the youngest guy there by 20 years) & sends money back home (admirable but a possible detriment in the future if they need to be continually supported). Very focused & interesting. Negatives are that he can be manipulative & critical, and doesn't socially dominate / lead like some guys I know (was very uncomfortable in one large party situation where he didn't know anyone & I knew some guy friends from school). Although he's not the largest guy (5'10), he could probably hold his own in a fight (have heard stories about his rough upbringing).
>
> Anyway, your opinion would be greatly appreciated.
>
> Sorry the email is really long, I'm not a concise person
>
> L.

She wants to know whether to stay with her doting, all-around niceguy boyfriend or to dump him to take one more stab at trading up in the hothouse dating market of Manhattan.

(rubbing hands)

She's come to the right place!

Reading between the lines what we have here is a girl who likes, perhaps loves, her boyfriend, but has recently been propositioned for a date by a higher status man (the CTO of [major bank]). Her sexual market options suddenly thrown into stark relief, her hypergamous instinct is kicking in and she is contemplating, via the sounding board provided by the residents of the stately countryside Chateau, whether her boyfriend is really all that she thinks he is, and whether her ego isn't as big as it deserves to be.

Gentlemen, behold the awesome power of female hypergamy. You can be the best boyfriend in the world, (and judging by her description of him, he sounds like a stand-up guy with plenty of positive traits), but if a higher ranking man comes along and shows some interest in your girlfriend (or wife!), you can bet your last penny she will be unable to resist pondering the opportunity to trade up and the concomitant reevaluation of her own market worth that goes along with attention from higher status suitors.

Women, of course, will cheer this as an example of female empowerment and being honest with oneself and yada yada down with the patriarchy yada, but imagine a man doing the same to his loyal girlfriend when a hotter, younger, tighter babe flirts with him. Those same women would be screaming like banshees from the rooftops.

It is the nature of the beast when the sexes have opposing reproductive goals.

But enough highlighting the underlying mechanism. Let's examine this woman's situation in point by point detail to determine whether it is in her interest to risk a breakup with Beta Lover for a shot at Mr. Big.

The Chateau keepers have reviewed the facts and rendered their judgment.

She is:

A 5.5. Maybe a 6 on a good day. She is not especially cute, but not invisibly plain either.

Her youth is her strongest asset. 25 years old gives her three to five years to complete her marriage quest according to the demands she has set for herself. Much depends on how well she ages. Her swarthy ancestry (Puerto Rican? Half black? Lebanese?) suggests she will stave off wrinkles for a longer time than the average white chick.

Her body is good. The numbers she has given put her at 20.1 BMI, which is right smack in the center of body weight desirability. But the photo she supplied makes her body look chubbier than would be expected with that low BMI. There is some tentative agreement among the hosts that she could stand to lose ten pounds.

Her breasts are magnificent funbags. But watch out! D cups are mesmerizing in their prime, but their prime is short-lived, surrendering rather quickly and ignominiously to National Geographic style sag.

The tone of her email gives the impression of a pleasant personality, but the content tells otherwise. She might qualify as a genuine golddigger. Golddiggers are one step below whores, because at least whores have the integrity to follow through on their end of the deal.

Look at the waist-hip ratio. She is the submissive type who needs a dominant man to make her feel like a woman.

She had a U-shaped smile. Untrustworthy.

Stanford? Irrelevant.

Writer/marketer? Irrelevant.

Good manners and etiquette? Meh. Girls who know where to place the salad fork have a detailed mental schematic for how to get them off in bed. Woe be the man who deviates from the script. Also, "good manners" reeks of try-

hard, as if she is compensating for a poorly mannered cultural background.

Positive and nice? Your boyfriend might think differently if he reads this.

Opinionated? Translation: Loudmouthed nag.

Cooks well? Bonus.

Likes sex? Double plus bonus. But not much of a selling point in this raunchy day and age.

Her current boyfriend is:

A greater beta. He sounds like a higher ranking man than she is giving him credit for.

27 years old. So much for closeness of age being an important factor.

“Gives people shit sometimes / doesn’t care about being polite”: This is a trait of a greater beta, lesser alpha. Regular old betas do not give people shit. Instead, they take shit.

“On the way up”: Greater beta. At least.

“Level of chemistry and compatibility”: This guy sounds too good for her. If I were him I’d tell him to let her go get pump and dumped by the (likely married) CTO. When she comes crawling back, he can have his new, hotter girlfriend see her to the door.

“Learned a lot of this pickup stuff and is dominant”: Not seeing the problem with this guy? Oh, that’s right. He’s not a CTO. Manhattan, isle of twue wuv!

“Also can be cooperative & talk about psychology / relationships with me, which is so fascinating”: She is talking herself into staying with him. The hamster is really running the shit out of his little legs in this email.

Poor East Europe background? Irrelevant. Possible net positive, if he has brought over to America some of his cultural learnings for benefit of good wifely obedience.

Hedge fund work? Slimy, but alpha.

Sends money back home? As much as women say they admire generous family men, their self-interest pushes them into the arms of selfish men who give all their money only to wifey and the kids to the exclusion of her in-laws.

Manipulative and critical? Again, this is a characteristic of greater betas and alphas, not run of the mill betas. A beta always attempts to assuage his woman when she is upset. Stronger, more dominant men take a different tact.

Doesn’t always socially dominate/lead like other men she knows? This is beta, true. But it also shows how a woman’s perception of her lover is so heavily skewed by the behavior of other men in her social circle. If you are a beta, you’d do best to date a girl who is not often in the company of alphas.

5’10″? Neutral to slight negative.

******

The Chateau has rendered its judgment:

You are a fucking handful. You ask for advice, and yet every other sentence is a self-pleading justification for staying with your current boyfriend.

So stay with the man. But don’t be surprised if, in a few years time when his status goes up as yours is going down, he decides to dump your demanding 463 bullet-point checklist ass for a hotter chick.

Quite simply, in New York, you don’t have the looks to compete for the alphas as anything more than a convenient wet hole to be discarded unceremoniously when girlfriends #3 and #4 call.

Having delivered that harsh judgment, the Chateau does understand where you are coming from, and your feelings

in the matter. A higher status CTO wants to fuck you. This makes you feel good about yourself, and you wonder if maybe, just maybe, this alpha will be the one who marries you and gives you the life of the princess stay at home mommy you've always dreamed of. There is room in the world for such arrangements. But based on your looks, it is more likely that you will begin dating the CTO only to either

a. find out he is married, or

b. get dumped after a three month fling.

What you didn't tell us was a description of the looks of the CTO. If he is particularly ugly or nebbishy then there is a chance that dumping your loyal boyfriend to date him would work out for you. It's not as if there aren't plenty of couples featuring hot chicks dating physically unimpressive but rich herbs in our glorious cities.

But the bottom line is this: You answered your own question.

If you were truly tempted to stray with the CTO or any other high flying finance guy, you would have done it without emailing the Chateau beforehand for the imaginary green light. That you have done this instead tells us that you find yourself falling in love with your good-hearted but sometimes awkward boyfriend, and it scares you.

It scares you because love means a cutting off of options. But that is a risk worth taking. Before it's too late.

New Rule For Reader Mailbag

CH · 21 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If you write in for advice and have included photos of yourself, write the word “Chateau” on your palm and hold it up for the camera. Make sure it is clearly seen, along with your face, in the same pic. This will serve as the verification process, and prevent future cat’s-paw breaches of the Chateau grounds.

Hoax?

CH · 21 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Has the Chateau been duped by a scorned beta male? A reader (who shall remain anonymous) emailed the following to Chateau headquarters regarding yesterday's post about a woman seeking advice whether to upgrade from her current boyfriend to a luxury model alpha:

> That chick has used the name [xxxxxx] to comment on other blogs. She frequents [another dating website]. She previously claimed that she was a virgin. Her real name is [xxxxxxx]. She didn't seem dumb enough to do this so I'm thinking maybe someone with a grudge is pretending to be her. If it is really her, this is an epic fucking fail on her part.

As has been repeated here many times, if you email looking for advice and don't specify that you wish to keep it private and off the blog, your email can and sometimes will be used for a post. The girl in question did not state any wish for her advice-seeking email to be kept private. Fair warning was given, and total privacy was offered. Chateau proprietors keep their word.

However, if it is the case that someone impersonated her, then this is unfortunate. Betas impersonating in email their cheating girlfriends, ex-girlfriends or women they just don't like for whatever personal reason and pretending to seek advice from your humble hosts in hopes of exacting a bit of the ol' ultravengeance through the medium of this blog are engaging in subterfuge of the vilest sort. We run a tight operation here. And the Chateau *really* doesn't like to play the dupe.

It's a clever ploy, and one that is impossible for Chateau keepers to defend against. Thus, because of the ploy's indefensibility and potential to harm innocent parties, the post has been removed. In addition, all future reader mailbags have been put on hold until further notice. There is now no way for the hosts here to know which emails requesting advice are genuine and which are impersonations by sly, vengeful betas intent on summoning the Kraken for a game of "let's her and Chateau fight".

While there is no hard proof that the original email is fake, the Chateau has decided to take all necessary precautions and treat it as if it were fake. As a result, the reader mailbag is dead. So thank you, haxxor betas, you have ruined it for every other emailer seeking genuine advice to improve their love lives and find happiness.

A Chick Who Gets It

CH · 22 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The purple nail polish is killer. Now if we could just get wide angle shot with nekkid breastessesss included.

“There is no God but Love and Breastessesss are His prophet”

Scaring A Girl Into Sexual Arousal

CH · 23 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I have this fire- and waterproof safe at home. I store financial papers, love letters from past and former girlfriends, and backup hard drives in it. In other words, anything that I don't want a girl I am dating to see, or to ever see.

Maxim #20: Do not ever reveal the details of your finances to a girlfriend or wife. Avoid getting joint accounts. As a man, you must draw a line in the sand separating money from love. If she balks, dump her.

Naturally, when girls come over and happen to notice the safe (it's in a closet) they are curious about its contents. Most of them are usually savvy enough to refrain from asking me what's inside while the relationship is still in its infancy. If a girl is champing at the bit that hard to discover my secrets so soon after starting to date, then she is likely an untrustworthy, self-aggrandizing prospect for the long term. If she asks after a couple of years, that's more understandable. But she still won't get to know.

There's something else I keep in the safe. Since I know that a girl will sometimes ask, I have prepared for the eventuality.

GIRL: "Ooo, you have a safe. Um… so what's in it?"

THE GRAVEN IMAGE U FAP TO: "The severed fingers of my enemies in a jar."

GIRL: "Ha, ha, funny. No, seriously."

At which point, and with a totally straight face, I open the safe and remove a jar of yellow red-ish liquid resembling formaldehyde containing severed fingers which I then show to her. The last time I did this, the girl screamed at the top of her lungs and fell backwards over my couch, bruising her shin on my coffee table in the process.

You can get realistic looking novelty severed fingers at any online magic shop.

Later that night, we copulated with a ferocity that would have made wild boar sex seem tender in comparison. She never asked to see what was in the safe again.

So, yes, there does appear to be a direct line of connection between the fright neurons and the vagina neurons in girls' brains. Stimulate one, and the other kicks out reflexively. (During foreplay, girls are often frightened — and cross-eyed — when I whip out my enormous offshore drill.)

Surprising girls with pranks is also an effective arousal state inducer. The girl in this video might have been pissed for an hour after she was victimized by her boyfriend's prank, but I guarantee he had the best sex of his life that night.

The Plain Girl Test

CH · 23 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Whenever you're stuck with a particular girl you're trying to bed, and wondering what to do next, a good mental test to give yourself is to swap roles so that you are the one being chased by the girl. Except that in this reformulation, the girl is a plain looking girl for whom you have no strong feelings one way or the other. In other words, imagine a plain girl is gaming you exactly the same way you are gaming the new girl you want. The psychology of this scenario closely mimics what is going on in most girls' heads when you game them. Does this imaginary plain girl's game actively repulse you or does it spark an attraction for her? If it repulses you, then you'll know that the game you are running on the actual girl is probably repulsing her as well.

For example (actual email from a male reader seeking advice):

> An acquaintance invites me to meet some girls who are in town for a short while. It turned out to be a chaperoned "date" with his parents, us two guys and three girls. We are seated strategically, but I'm not next to the girl I want to know. After stupid conversation my friend and I take two of the girls to a nearby bar. I suggest we break into a nearby campus and make other comments. In the car ride to the next place, the girl says "sketch" and says that the guy in front has better conversations.
>
> I know, half of that paragraph was Beta. Anyhow, the girl I was furthest from was hanging on my every word and gave me her number. I barely said "hi" to her, but she saw the attention the other girls received. I have her b-card and number. How to proceed? I was thinking "You didn't get to talk to me, though you were dying to. Coffee?" I hear she has a bf, but that does not concern either of us.

The emailer should imagine he is being chased by a plain girl running the same game that he is thinking about running on this chick he likes. So in this thought experiment the plain girl has his business card (nevermind how she got it, it's irrelevant), and she has just called or texted and said the following to our emailer:

"You didn't get to talk to me, though you were dying to. Coffee?"

As a man, would you be more or less interested in a plain chick who texted the above to you? Probably less. It sounds like a girl who is trying vainly to conceal her motives, i.e. try-hard. If you were the man being chased by a plain girl running this game, you would say to yourself "No, I'm not really dying to talk to her."

Well, that's close to what the real life hot chick is saying to herself.

Now what if the plain girl called or, preferably, texted you this instead:

"I have your business card for some reason. Did we talk last night?"

More intriguing, eh? A little more aloof, too. You'd wonder if this plain chick was hotter than you thought, and you'd be compelled to follow-up with an offer to meet. Well, if our emailer sends this improved version to the real life hot chick, she will think the same way. This text is tighter game.

The plain girl test won't apply in every hypothetical situation, but it is a handy guide for deciding whether your next move would be ill-advised or helpful toward getting the close.

Sex At Dusk

CH · 25 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Just what is our sociosexual evolutionary heritage?

Here is a comment left by Christopher Ryan, author of "Sex at Dawn":

> The 'ancient biological reasons' that you're referring to are currently being called into question by serious primatologists and anthropologists.
>
> It is not really obvious that ancient homo sapiens really gave a fuck about paternity, because it wouldn't have been obvious to them how sex and reproduction were actually related considering everybody was banging everybody.
>
> Also add to this the fact that not only are women naturally promiscuous, but men are attracted to other men having sex with women (your web browser history will back this up.)
>
> This is why women scream during sex. to attract more men to join the fight. Literally, almost, considering the fight that takes place inside the woman. Not only does one sperm compete against millions of your own, but millions of other men. Considering women's immune system treats sperm as invaders, women select their mates on a cellular level regardless of what their instincts might tell them.
>
> A lot of this research calls the science behind the alpha male / game worldview into question. It isn't that I'm arguing against evolutionary biology, either. I'm arguing for it, against a conception of it which mistakes our very recent cultural shifts (agriculture) as a constant in our 200k year + history.
>
> It only made sense for men to care about virgins with the invention of private property which is passed down along paternal lines, agriculture, and a division of labor. This is a cultural adaptation not an ancient biological fact.

How do we know ancient (i.e. pre-agricultural man) didn't give a fuck about paternity, or that they didn't know that sex eventually led to children? And if it's true that they were unconcerned with who's the daddy, what relevance does this have for modern post-agricultural humans, who have had 10,000 – 12,000 years to evolve a different reaction to the threat of false paternity and female sluttiness? We now know distinct traits can evolve rather quickly in different human population groups. See: Ashkenazi Jewish intelligence, northern European lactose tolerance.

From what we know of modern hunter-gatherer societies (the Yanomamo, for instance), homicide rates are incredibly high. Something like 30% of men in those tribal societies are killed off by acts of male-on-male violence. This would release some of the competitive pressure on the men for mates. In a society with a heavily skewed male-female ratio favoring men, "everybody banging everybody" wouldn't elicit as much of a jealousy response if each man was spreading his seed with multiple women, increasing his chances to procreate.

Women are naturally promiscuous, true, but to a lesser extent than men and in a different way. Women's impetuous promiscuity is a function of their ovulatory cycle, in large part, where they seek alpha genes one week out of the month. Men's promiscuity is noncyclical. Men can cheat whenever and wherever, and can do so whether in love or out of love with their primary partner. Women are often emotionally unable to cheat if they are in love with their partner.

Addressing Ryan's other points, there is no evidence that men in any significant number outside of a tiny fetishist minority enjoy cuckold porn, or are attracted to other men having sex with women. If you look at porn, you'll notice that the most popular videos (really, 90% of the videos on major porn sites) block out the male actor's face. The camera zooms in on the penetrating cock and the woman's body and face contorted with (albeit faked) pleasure. The man's face and chest are deliberately excised from as much of the sex scenes as possible. What men really like to watch is women having sex with a disembodied cock, (hence, point of view porn, which is very

popular), into which the viewer can imagine he is the one fucking the girl.

Do women scream during sex to attract more men to the fight, or to warn other men away? I don't see how the former is more clearly the reason than the latter. Or is there another explanation why women scream during sex? Perhaps to advertise their attractiveness to alpha males to other women, as a sort of status competition?

It's understood that the penis is shaped like a sperm scoop, and that this is evidence that there is some amount of sperm competition resulting from female promiscuity going on. But there is also the powerful emotion of jealousy, a painful emotion which is not socially constructed, but is instead a visceral hindbrain reaction in the majority of men to thoughts of their women fucking other men. Did jealousy really evolve in just the last 10,000 years, or has it been with humanity for eons? It is possible that jealousy is a more recent evolution in the human psyche, and perhaps there are population group level differences in how much jealousy is experienced as a motivating impulse. (Maybe Africans feel less jealousy than Asians toward cheating partners.)

Whatever the evolution of jealousy, it is clearly an indicator that men DO give a fuck about paternity, and are NOT Ok with promiscuous women as long term partners who have been chosen to carry their young. If virginity weren't valued by men, there would be no market for it. But in many large scale societies, not only is there an implicit market for virgins, there is an overt market for them. Did the invention of private property cause this powerful drive in men to seek out virgins in many parts of the world, or has the drive been a part of the neuronal network of the male brain for longer than that? Occam's Razor normally falls on the side of biological imperative rather than social construction, as the latter is rarely an answer for anything except as a comforting illusion to help feminists and assorted blank slate lefties to sleep at night.

Bottom line is that there seems to be evidence for some kind of a balance between the sperm competition-female promiscuity nexus and mate guarding jealousy, and that this balance varies by population group. (r selected populations may lean more toward the large male genitals-female promiscuity part of the spectrum.) Double bottom line: Do you really want to live in a society where men don't give a fuck about paternity and "everybody is fucking everybody"? We already have an example of what such a society might look like: sub-saharan Africa.

***

Interesting comment left by Rum:

> What is the advantage to a woman of being less-than-aware of her actual arousal? It helps with her pretending to love a type of guy that her pussy really does not want. After all, if we accept the 80:20 rule regarding men and gina tingles, a lot of women are doomed to be paired via monogamy with a guy they never truly wanted – for sex. It is simple math. How could too much awareness of her true pussy-feelings help her attract a beta? It is just an extra burden for her to carry. So nature gives her an anesthetic for those unwelcome, burdensome insights.

This angle deserves further reflection. A lot of supposedly low libido women are simply women who settled for resource providing beta males who don't sexually excite them. It's already been shown that women are more likely to orgasm when they step out with an alpha male during that golden week of ovulatory sluttitude. If women were consciously aware of the connection between what they find attractive and what arouses them — in the same way men are aware of the connection — then women might be less inclined to remain loyal to the beta provider, and thus jeopardize the raising of their young. Or maybe the arousal ignorance is the cause of the infamous female caprice, which serves as a mate-selecting strategy ensuring that only men who are good with women will be able to navigate her seemingly illogical whims.

Relationship Game Thoughts

CH · 26 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If your girlfriend is complaining about your selfishness, you're doing it right.

Your gift to her is that you don't go around sleeping with other women.

Meaningless acts of romance are far more meaningful to girls than meaningful acts of romance.

Similarly, spontaneous expressions of romance will linger in a girl's memory far longer than elaborately planned romantic gestures.

'Romantic gestures' is redundant. *Any* gesture done for a girl who already likes you is romantic.

Role-playing is worth ten diamond tennis bracelets in a girl's captured imagination.

A girl's urge to pressure you to marry is inversely correlated to her depth of love for you.

Corollary: a marriage ultimatum means she is on the cusp of falling out of love with you.

Love is as corrupted as any other barter in the mating market, but its great advantage is that it never feels that way.

Marriage counselors could save more marriages simply by uttering these two words: tease her.

The alpha male way to apologize for a minor offense is a shoulder rub. The alpha male way to apologize for a grave offense is cunnilingus.

All regrets and apologies should be expressed long enough after the offense was committed that a direct connection between offense and contrition is plausibly deniable. This is known as the Betafication Avoidance Buffer.

A strong relationship is defined as one in which your girlfriend's friends all want to sleep with you.

Once a girl falls in love with you, she will stop taking the counsel of her friends' opinions regarding your compatibility with her.

Corollary: You are then free to piss off her friends as much as you want.

Love is margin for error.

Love like an idealist, think like a cynic.

Relationships are more erector set than blank white canvas.

But when the time comes to paint, paint with the entire palette.

If she wants to see you one more day per week than you want to see her, you're doing it right.

Texting is a great way to get out of hour-long nightly phone conversations, while at the same time keeping the embers of infatuation burning.

If she plans three dates for every two of yours, you're doing it right.

A girl in love is one who withers as much from withheld compliments as from supplied criticism.

Give her an email address that you rarely access. There are many ways to stoke the female yearning for an elusive man.

Her infidelity is an automatic relationship or marriage terminator, except under one circumstance: she was cheating with your other girlfriend.

If she sneaks away to reapply her lipstick after every make-out, she is afraid she'll stop pleasing you. Or she's a street walker.

A bay window, a cool summer's night breeze, and ambient light backgrounding fettuccine alfredo and pinot noir is the female equivalent of receiving the perfect hummer.

The neg never dies. It just fades away.

If she assumes the doggie position unprompted, you're doing it right.

If she gives you mouth love without you having to ask for it, you're doing it more right than you can fathom.

"You make me feel happy" is the pre-cum of a girl's oxytocin-greased mental ejaculation. Her orgasmic "I love you" is less than one month away.

A good relationship is one in which you joke that you are her king, and there is an undercurrent of wishful seriousness in her playful response.

If you tell her you feel a little under the weather, and she comes over to your place with OJ, herbal tea, soup, and cough medicine, you're doing it right.

Don't rush the naturally emerging stages of the relationship. Men who rush things are insecure about their staying power. Men who have options are comfortable taking their time getting entangled with a girl. Most hot young girls prefer the latter; cougars, fatties, and single moms prefer the former.

If you are significantly higher value than the girl you are dating, don't underestimate the degree to which she can become obsessed with you. An available alpha male giving signals of commitment is like finding a giant diamond lying on the ground in a state park; it just doesn't happen for most girls.

When she starts inviting you on her vacations and business trips, she loves being with you. When she pays your way, she hates being without you.

Better she is an infatuated lover than a loving dilettante.

If you haven't had an argument within the first two months, you've passed an important test. If you haven't had an argument within the first year, you've failed an important test.

Girls take seriously their pets' opinions of you. One purring cat can shave off seven hours of courtship.

Beware girls who always want to go to "events" or "do interesting things" with you. They fear the connection will break without the scaffolding of a contrived shared experience. If she's happy sitting on a park bench with you people watching she's a keeper.

Joyfully fornicate with girls who are always drunk when they're with you. But don't date them.

If a girl loves you, all problematic matters that would have presented an obstacle to the initial seduction become irrelevant or are actually turned in your favor.

After one month together, you will be astonished at how often and how vigorously a girl in love will qualify herself to you without you even trying to instigate it. Don't interrupt her when she's doing this.

It is a girl's natural state of mind to question your worth when she is not in love. In contrast, it is her natural state of mind to question her own worth when she is in love.

When a girl is down on herself, do not try to lift her up. It is enough that you are there listening to her.

Saying less is always preferable to saying more. She will be inclined to imbue your silence with positive connotations, and your loquacity with suspicion.

Girls will sometimes preemptively break up with you if they suspect you are too much alpha for them. In these cases, the impending breakup is best averted by nuzzling your head in her boobage for ten minutes. Your body language should mimic a cat's.

Occasional displays of testosterone (ODTs) are more effective, require less effort, and are more fun than "talking it

out” when the relationship is rocky. Curse profligately, punch a wall, slam a door, grab a wrist, break a lamp, menacingly wield a heavy object, and disappear for days at a time — then sit back as she swoons and resubmits to your authority.

Preternaturally serene mindfucking is the ultimate ODT, but should not be attempted by men low in intelligence or feeble of will. Do not mindfuck girls who are less than an 8; you could destroy them for any future beta desperate to settle down with a has-been and populate the country with future generations of danegeld-paying cogs.

You know that song “Love is Like Oxygen”? There’s no such thing as too high.

You could spend $100,000 on a lavish wedding, but the thing she’ll most fondly remember is that erotic note you hastily scrawled on a cocktail napkin and passed to her under the table. Think about it.

Google Is A Left Wing Propaganda Ministry

CH · 27 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Do a Google search on "Lincoln Memorial". Glenn Beck, a conservative radio host, and Tea Party activists are having a rally in front of the Lincoln Memorial tomorrow.

Really, Google?

Here's to Bing taking more of Google's business. The infants are running the commie camp over there.

The Limits On Hypergamy

CH · 27 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Via Randall Parker, here is a study of birds showing that less attractive female birds choose equally unattractive mates.

> Less-pretty female house sparrows tend to lower their aim when selecting a mate. Addressing the lack of studies on condition-dependency of female mate choice, researchers writing in the open access journal *BMC Evolutionary Biology* found that female sparrows of a low quality prefer males of an equally low quality.
>
> Researchers from the Konrad Lorenz Institute for Ethology in Vienna studied sexual selection preferences in the common house sparrow. Though it has always been assumed that females will want to choose the best possible mate, in terms of reproductive and genetic fitness, Matteo Griggio and Herbert Hoi have found that, in fact, unattractive females dare not dream of mating with males who are considered out of their league. […]
>
> "Actually, we found that overall, female sparrows don't have a preference for badge size in males", Griggio explains, "but we did find that less attractive females – those with a low weight and poor condition – have a clear preference for less attractive males with smaller or average-sized badges". Rather than not find a partner, unattractive females will simply settle for an unattractive male.
>
> Griggio continues: "There is some good news for the plainer females though – while they may be forced to settle for less dominant males with small chest badges, these males have been shown to invest more time in parental care than their good-looking counterparts."

We here at the Chateau write a lot about female hypergamy, as it is a powerful motivating force in shaping the dating market and, ultimately, influencing your own success or failure with the opposite sex. Female hypergamy gets short shrift in studies and in popular culture because it is one of the uglier truths about women's natures. Since gender is one of the four pillars of protected PC classes holding up the high church of leftist blank slate theology — right behind race but trumping homosexuality and any-religion-that-isn't-Christianity — it makes sense that our commissars of media agitprop would work hard to avoid having to touch the subject of female hypergamy.

But we touch it here! And grope and fondle it lasciviously. That's why it's worth mentioning that even hypergamy must occasionally bow to the restrictions imposed on free market choice by female mate value. Although the above study is of birds, some parallels can be drawn to human behavior; parallels which are corroborated by real life experience. Women may loathe the idea of settling, but many of them do, as you can readily see by walking out your door and noticing all the ugly ass couples canoodling like they really enjoy the prospect of fornicating with each other.

Like the female house sparrow, less attractive women may deliberately avoid dating higher quality men in favor of beta males for a number of reasons:

1. Less attractive women sacrifice too much to keep an alpha male around. There are plenty of couples where a much better looking man invested absolutely nothing into a skewed relationship and got all the sex he wanted in return. This might be fun for the plain jane for a while, but I'm sure the thrill wears off after a few months, (or years, if she's truly deluded about her own value).
2. Less attractive women figure they don't have a shot, and so don't bother flirting with alpha males. Call it the Sour Grapes Syndrome; a homely chick insists she prefers niceguys or nerds to the exclusion of those "meathead jocks" or "douchebags", but in reality she is simply rationalizing her limited options. Sour Grapes Syndrome explains why ugly chicks don't commit suicide en masse.
3. Less attractive women have to make a trade off that more attractive women don't. A hot babe can land *and* keep an alpha male around to help her raise her young, but a homely chick has to decide between a one night stand with a horny alpha who will be embarrassed by his slumming the next morning and a relationship with a

beta who will lavish more caring attentiveness on her and any brood she may have with him.

4. Less attractive women like to feel they are better looking than what their partner normally gets. This is a power law of mating dynamics. We all want to leverage our power in the dating market to the hilt, and a relationship where there is a big imbalance in power sharing is inherently unstable. Homely chicks know, either through experience or instinct, that dating alpha males results in a huge power differential that will almost always result in a breakup with her in tears. So she avoids dating alphas when it's time to get serious about landing a committed man. Homelier women are smart to do this; studies have shown that the strongest relationships are ones where the woman is better looking than her partner. When a women feels pretty in the context of the man she is with, she will be happier… as long as the man keeps up his end of the bargain by having higher social status and/or game.

Note that none of the above reasons should imply that female hypergamy is rendered null and void for unattractive women. Human females are a little more complicated than house sparrows. In real life what we see are homely girls giving hypergamy the ol' college try until their options, and their ability to stoically endure continual pump and dumps, are exhausted. This often plays out in practice with the widely observed phenomenon of urbanized 4s, 5s, and 6s suffering a series of humiliating short term flings with men well above their level during their 20s, followed by a grudging acceptance of the utility of settling for the boring beta male in their later 20s and 30s.

Seduction artists who like to dumpster dive (and really, you should probably turn in your PUA card if you prefer taking the easy road to low quality pussy) should continue treating the playing field as if female hypergamy was in full effect all the time, because most homely chicks — even the married ones — can't resist getting used like a disembodied hole by a superior man.

Cougars On The Prowl? No.

CH · 27 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Demi Moore may be a beacon of light for aging cougars on the cusp of sexual worthlessness who want to crow triumphantly about all the boy toys pursuing them, but the facts are, as is usual when discussing the functioning of the dating market, quite a bit more depressing than what passes for reality in their fevered imaginations.

> British psychologists said that the phenomenon of the "cougar" – older women on the prowl for younger men – does not actually exist in the real world.
>
> They studied a number of online dating sites and found that men and women are still rather traditional when it comes to searching for their ideal partner.
>
> Women generally seek an older and, therefore hopefully, wealthier man whereas men desire a young and attractive female, and often prefer a much younger partner as they themselves age.
>
> The findings, published in the journal Evolution and Human Behaviour, disputes the phenomenon popularised in TV shows and movies like "Cougar Town" starring Courteney Cox and "Sex and the City" of women aged over 40 seeking "cubs".

Many cougars have argued that since they are modern women with financial independence, they are free to pursue younger men for their looks alone. But this runs into two problems that are perfectly predicted by evolutionary psychologists; one, younger men don't want them, and two, cougars, no matter their own economic independence, remain more attracted to older men with means, just as they did when they were younger and poorer. It seems the hindbrain which governs our sexual impulses is largely impervious to cultural shifts in mating market variables.

> He said it was a commonly held assumption that with the advent of female financial independence, women were now free to target men of any age group, as securing financial security from older, wealthier males was no longer a priority.
>
> "The transference of female desire from relatively older men to relatively younger men, it has been argued, is reflected by the growth of the toy boy phenomenon," he said.
>
> "The results of our research challenges these assumptions. Although there was some cultural variation in extremes, the results showed clearly that women across all age groups and cultures, targeted males either their own age or older."

Some things never change. What about men?

> Dr Dunn said a strikingly different pattern of age preferences was evident in men.
>
> Younger men, aged 20 to 25, either targeted females their own age or marginally younger.
>
> But as males aged, they clearly expressed a preference for women increasingly younger than themselves, with this pattern also being cross-culturally consistent.
>
> "These findings are clearly supportive of evolutionary theory," Dr Dunn added.
>
> "A wide variety of evidence has shown that women, when considering a potential long-term partner, focus more than males on cues indicative of wealth and status and these logically accumulate with age.
>
> "Males conversely focus more intently on physical attractiveness cues and these are clearly correlated with the years of maximum fertility."

This should highlight just how quickly and radically women lose sexual value as they hit their 30s. The rare gem is Monica Bellucci who can still look bangable at age 40. Most women look like this at 40:

If you really want to get under a cougar's skin, tell her the truth: she is the sexual equivalent of a nerdy, socially inept beta male. When she has hit the wall and no men but the lowliest degenerates would try to fuck her, she has become what she loathes the most — the omega male.

Cougars on the prowl? No. More like cougars settling down for a long winter's nap.

The Number One Location In The World For Pickup Artists

CH · 28 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Tallinn, Estonia.

A random sampling of Tallinn chicks at a party:

Here is an Englishman singing the praises of Tallinn women:

And here is a stirring video of Estonians singing what I guess is a national anthem of sorts (link courtesy of reader Philip):

Note how many natural hotties are in the crowd. Not a single fat chick in attendance. A similar audience in America would look like People of Walmart. And they would be picking their noses and belching Budweiser fumes instead of singing.

The song is pretty good, too. Makes me want to grab a banner and claymore and storm the nearest SWPL book club meeting.

How to Handle It When The Girl Sees You Gaming Other Girls

CH · 30 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If you have your eye on one particular girl but get sidetracked by other attractive girls, often you will lose your chance to get the number of the first girl if she sees you having too much fun, or even exchanging numbers, with other girls. This is particularly true of girls who like to play “gotcha!” games with men they suspect are players. To this end, I have found that the best way to overcome this self-sabotage is to acknowledge what she saw, but within a frame, of course, that does not sound defensive.

THE ROVING COCK: Hi, I just wanted to do the gentlemanly thing and tell you that your bra strap is showing.

HER: It is not! That’s my shirt underneath. I saw you talking to those girls over there. You sure you want to leave them so soon?

THE ROVING COCK: Yeah, they’re crazy those girls. Very friendly. It was tough to get away from them to come talk to you.

HER: I bet. You could always call her later. She did give you her number.

THE ROVING COCK: We’ll see. I’m not that easy.

From there, I went into a routine about girls giving out their fake numbers accidentally to guys they really like, and regretting it afterwards.

The point being, that when a girl tries to get you to capitulate to prevailing social norms and thus to prostrate yourself to her putatively superior morality — i.e., DO NOT hit on more than one girl per night, DO NOT hit on two girls within sight of each other — you should deny her the satisfaction of your defensive mewling by glibly acknowledging her observation of your seediness and acting unashamed of your behavior. Girls lust for unapologetic heels before they lust for proper gentlemen.

Values Compatibility And Sexual Attraction

CH · 31 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader wrote a while back about her thoughts on the importance of shared values to pickup and dating. Here she comments that men of a conservative political persuasion would not find love with liberal women, and would have to focus their dating efforts on meeting similarly conservative women (which she caricatured as belonging to three distinct groups):

> *So that leaves him with other conservatives. Call it values, attraction, whatever, but I only know of three types: God/family hunters; rich-diamond-buying-guy hunters; and caveman hunters.*

I've dated a number of conservative women and they were just as cool as their liberal sisters. They weren't golddiggers (and I speak as a man who brings game to the table that ensures the golddigger programming isn't triggered), they weren't abstaining "God hunters" (whatever religious impulses they had did not affect their voracious sexual appetites), and they weren't the type to routinely date dunderheaded cavemen. They enjoyed the same things that most young women enjoy — indie music, art shows, movies, astrology, gossip, fashion, travel, water balloon fights. These universal female interests cross ideological boundaries.

Granted, none of the conservative women I dated were self-professed evangelicals, so I can't say for sure that the coolness factor (or my sex life) wouldn't take a nose dive if I limited my dating choices to that segment of the American population.

> *Re: hiding your politics and values from girls: People can avoid topics and keep views under wraps for a few weeks, maybe months. Major lifestyle differences, like "I don't want kids," or "I go to church every Sunday," or even "I eat at McDonald's (or refuse to)" are another story.*

You're doing it wrong if you think dating ideologically dissimilar people is about keeping topics "under wraps". It's nothing of the sort. Real sexual attraction and love circumvent that type of defensively dull mechanistic dating jive. It's irrelevant to men with tight game, because "major lifestyle differences" would hardly ever be summoned, purposely or inadvertently, to move a seduction forward. That is because what builds attraction is not a discussion over national health insurance or the blessings of having kids. Sustained sexual attraction is an ancient instinct that reacts to certain mate value cues, and political conformity is not one of them. If anything, a girl can be *more* attracted to a man who is ideologically different from her, as long as he is passionate about his beliefs without being charmless in explaining them. Girls are often shocked into arousal by the presence of a man willing to speak his mind and refrain from obsequiously parroting her opinions.

Nevertheless, my experience with women shows that politics rarely comes up as a discussion topic during the pickup and the ensuing weeks of heady sexual thrill. If it does come up early on, I know that my game has failed and I have veered away from the bread and butter of what makes a seduction successful. This is true whether I bring it up (I rarely do) or she brings it up (less rare, but still not very common, even when dating urban yentas). If you are gaming a girl properly, the last thing on her mind will be your political affinity. She may briefly broach the subject (in which case I usually offhandedly dismiss it with a casual disclosure of my "independent, libertarian leanings", a practically inarguable and unopposable political stance which freezes most girls into a nonreactive state. Libertarianism: autistic ideology, fantastic courtship lube), but if she's smiling and getting horny, she won't likely linger on any political topic of discussion. Remember, if she likes you and respects your alphaness, she'll be unmotivated to challenge your political beliefs. A good rule of thumb: if a girl you are dating is giving you grief for your politics, walk away. She will prove to be a high maintenance witch on the warpath to de-ball you at every opportunity.

Now at some point down the road those arid and tingle-killing ideological, religious or political issues will rise to

the fore. It is inevitable when you spend so much time with a girl that it becomes impossible to sequester zones of discussion in an unshared limbo. But ultimately it won't matter if the girl loves the man. She'll instead be more drawn to his standing firmly for his principles. Which leads us to…

Maxim #61: Among love's many benefits is its capacity for diminishing to insignificance those differences that would have prevented its flourishing in the first place.

Corollary to Maxim #61: Avoid emphasizing any values differences until love, or a mind-blowing orgasm, has taken root.

Only a major crisis like a disagreement over having kids will present an eventual stumbling block that could be too high to hurdle. Usually those kinds of issues don't make a nuisance of themselves until months — even years — into the relationship. The types of women who shrilly harp on the importance of "values compatibility" to dating are the same types of women who bring 463 bullet point mental checklists in all dealings they have with potential suitors. This attitude and lack of dating spontaneity makes them very unattractive and unfeminine and most men find it a turnoff. Women older than 28, overeducated women, women who have to fill their schedules with "events" and "classes", and urban Jewish women tend to exhibit the worst of this behavior.

Having said the above, I will tell you a story about a girl I dumped over a political disagreement. She and I had been together for a good amount of time, but there was an undercurrent of mutual dissatisfaction neither one of us could quite put our fingers on. The sex was good and we did all the "right" things that couples are assumed by polite society to do together. But it felt forced, like we were self-consciously cognizant of our dance moves, and the rhythm and flow that should be the hallmark of a naturally progressing relationship had subordinated itself to carefully mimicking a placemat of numbered foot steps on the ground. On paper, we were good together, but paper is a flimsy palimpsest upon which to etch a living poem.

So it was that, wholly unexpected and random, we rapidly death-spiraled like mating eagles into a heated political discussion once and I chose not the path of diplomacy and conciliation, but the jagged cliffside rocks of immoveable obstinacy. I hurled facts and figures at her, the holy water to the emotionally vampiric female soul. She reacted as a startled vampiress would; shrieks and bared fangs, her pallor drained from her face in shock at my bombshell impudence. "Why is he not kowtowing to me?", I could practically hear her hamster morse coding to the nether reaches of her brain.

She vainly attempted to parry me, but, as with most women, she was no match. In a fit of pique and sullenness, she snarled "I'm appalled that you think this way". I said, "Get over yourself" and walked away. One week later, she called to leave me a message. I listened to the message, and never saw or spoke to her again.

The moral of this story should be obvious. The one time a political discussion was ostensibly the objective reason for a breakup was in fact proof that a political disagreement had nothing at all to do with the breakup. Among other things said, the message she left confirmed something both of us had been suspecting for a while:

"I just didn't feel the magic was there."

Our political incompatibility was merely a front for our underlying love incompatibility. An excuse to open the lid on a boiling pot of spiteful ennui.

Any escape hatch in a storm…

Visualizing Omega Or Man With Game?

CH · 1 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A great way to build a love connection with a girl is through the subtle mockery of the absurdity of others. Chicks dig social dynamics and speculating *ad nauseam* about the backstory of couples or groups of people that they see walking around, particularly people who stand out from the crowd. Thus, it is a valuable component of your game to speculate along with her, demonstrating your mastery of quickly ascertaining social group relationships through incisive observation. It is, in short, another example of seducing women by co-opting their mode of thinking.

To that end, you should not shy from analyzing couples that you see while on a date with a girl. It's great fun to spot an unusual couple, or an offbeat group of mixed men and women, and mischievously nudge your date to redirect her attention to the spectacle as you openly ponder "what's going on there?". Bonding in this fashion should not be underestimated.

So imagine you are walking through a park or an outdoor festival and you and your date come across this sight (leaving aside for the moment any third party observational bias caused by the presence of a photographer):

(Pic courtesy of Peter)

How would you analyze this snapshot in time such that you demonstrate your superior knowledge of human relationships?

Three possible scenarios jump out.

Scenario One: it's a prank! The girl in the ratty blue and white striped shirt, at the instigation of her cackling chubby American friends, sidled up to the ugly fat man to pretend she was his girlfriend, or at least to pretend to flirt with him, to the great amusement of everyone but the mark. You can surmise by her left hand deep in her jorts pocket and her knowing glance of collusion toward the laughing girls that she is not his date. Also, her right leg is bent at the knee, suggesting she is ready to dash back to the safety of the pig pen should the prank be discovered. Meanwhile, fat boy's smile is likely the goofy grin of a guy who is happy to mug for the camera with a cute girl by his side, who doesn't realize he's being tooled. His raised red cup of piss water is an auto-toast to his doltishness and omega ranking on the mate value scale.

Scenario Two: it's a player! What you see is an actual couple on a date. They may even be in love. He hoists his

plastic tankard in celebration of his good fortune. His grin is the shit-eating variety of the man of confidence boffing a much hotter babe than people expect of him. His slovenly appearance is not the dress code of the fat quasimodo nerd, but the devil-may-care fashion statement of the bad boy who does not need the crutch of stylish clothes to pick up hot chicks. What about her? Well, she's leaning into him slightly, which implies she is happy to be with him. Her clothes and hair drape with the disheveled insouciance of a girl who has recently received a powerful rogering from a very fat man with tits bigger than hers. She has turned to sheepishly acknowledge the three single piglets chortling at the ludicrousness of her boyfriend. Her smile is the leftover glow of a shared laugh she had seconds earlier with her humorous, portly Casanova, but which has morphed into a teeth-clenched grin of discomfort reflecting her unease with the laughter directed at her and her lover by the tri-lambchop sorority sisters.

Scenario Three: it's pedestrian! All five of them are friends and are laughing about something happening in the distance behind the photographer. Or they're just posing and laughing because they're drunk. Sixteen Miller Lights can make a fart seem like endless high comedy.

Your turn. How would you describe this scene for your date? Reaction time counts toward your final score.

Chicks Dig Jerks: Chimney Sweep Edition

CH · 2 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Love is so powerful it can cause a smart person to act stupidly. So stupidly, she unintentionally kills herself.

> BAKERSFIELD, Calif. — A doctor involved in an "on-again, off-again" relationship apparently tried to force her way into her boyfriend's home by sliding down the chimney, police said Tuesday. Her decomposing body was found there three days later.
>
> Dr. Jacquelyn Kotarac, 49, first tried to get into the house with a shovel, then climbed a ladder to the roof last Wednesday night, removed the chimney cap and slid feet first down the flue, Bakersfield police Sgt. Mary DeGeare said.
>
> While she was trying to break in, the man she was pursuing escaped unnoticed from another exit "to avoid a confrontation," authorities said.
>
> DeGeare said the two were in an "on-again, off-again" relationship.

Skittles man, Bring the Movies man… meet On-again, Off-again man.

The good doctor was infatuated (and infatuation is a form of love — unidirectional love) with an older bad boy. How do we know he was a bad boy? Ye shall know the jerks by their treatment of women. "On-again, off-again" is a euphemistically pleasing way to say "he was using her for sex but she wasn't hot or young enough for his full-blown monogamous commitment". There are many flavors of jerk; not all of them are the stereotypical underemployed tattooed thug wannabes. The ostensible boyfriend who resided at the House of Absurd Ways to Die, 58 year old William Moodie, fled through the back door of his own home so he wouldn't have to deal with the crazy bitch. There's no doubt this guy was a "bring the movies" kind of caring and attentive lover. And that that's why she chased after him so desperately.

There's a picture of Kotarac in the embedded video to the article at 0:15 seconds in, and she is pretty decent looking for a 49 year old. For one, she hasn't let herself go like so many aging American women who haven't met a buffet table they didn't raid. So her desperation was not a result of being a low value tubby omega female punching way above her (heh) weight class. Physically, she was probably a close match to him. Intellectually, as a doctor, she was likely as smart or smarter than him (Moodie runs an engineering consulting firm. Interestingly, engineering is a perceived classic beta male field, which goes to show betaness is an infection of the soul rather than an occupational condition). So on paper, it would seem there would be no reason for such a skewed relationship power dynamic to exist, "relationship exactness and complementarity" to the contrary notwithstanding. And yet it did, as she wildly chased and he ran away when she got to be too much of a pain in the ass. One is then compelled to ask, how does a man achieve this sort of power over a woman? I submit that the reasons are simple: Moodie was a master of aloof and indifferent game, and Kotarac, despite her relatively good looks for a woman her age, was depressingly aware on a subconscious level that the wall was nigh. She had found an alpha male, and she wanted him badly before the door closed forever on her sexual and romantic love options.

This episode imparts some valuable lessons. Money, social status, and material possessions are useful, but if you want complete control over your woman, BY FAR the best method for maintaining that control is to exercise push-pull game (aka careless asshole game) on a woman of fragile self-conception. Her instinctual programming will do the rest, as you quickly find yourself being pursued with an amorous gusto normally experienced only by very hot babes in the prime of their procreative lives. Older men with game and very famous and/or vastly wealthy men might be the closest men get to knowing what it feels like to live as a 22 year old beautiful woman.

Here's a question: was this guy Moodie in his house the whole time she was rotting in his chimney, or did he stay somewhere else thinking it would require a few days for the Stalking Cougar to cool off and give up harassing him at his home? If the former, you have to wonder how he was able to miss the stench coming from the chimney flue.

Perhaps his nose was buried in another woman's pussy?

> "She made an unbelievable error in judgment and nobody understands why, and unfortunately she's passed away," Moodie told The Associated Press. "She had her issues – she had her demons – but I never lost my respect for her."

Does this guy Moodie sound like he's broken-hearted? Nope. Sounds instead like he could do without the hassle, especially if girlfriends #2 and #3 have visiting hours while reporters are posted outside his door.

> Kotarac apparently died in the chimney, but her body was not discovered until a house-sitter noticed a stench and fluids coming from the fireplace Saturday, according to a police statement. The house-sitter and her son investigated with a flashlight and found Kotarac dead, wedged about two feet above the top of the interior fireplace opening.

Santa Claus wept fluids.

> Firefighters spent five hours late Saturday dismantling the chimney and flue from outside the home to extract Kotarac's body, DeGeare said.

You've gotta tip your hipster newsie to the brave men who do these shitty jobs.

Executive summary:

1. Older women, including MILFs, are desperate.
2. Aloof asshole game is chick crack at any age.
3. Intelligence is no immunity from stupid decisions made under the influence of love.
4. A woman's high status career is no leverage against the sexual status lowering effect of her getting older.
5. A woman's high status career is worthless to men who aren't gigolos.
6. Bitches be crazy!

The Pickup Artist's Car Of Choice

CH · 3 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau receives lots of requests from readers for recommendations on accoutrements that would best complement a master seducer's lifestyle. Jewelry, home furnishings, bachelor pad props, clothes, shoes, Wii games (chicks love the Smash Bros.), etc…

In this post we will discuss the best car to drive if you want to fully round out your identity as a New World Womanizer.

Chicks dig power. Cars are power, so having a sweet ride will turn on chicks, particularly if your engine rumbles with horsepower. Cars are also fun in and of themselves. The ideal player car is one that embodies power, style and coolness. The good news is that you can get these three attributes in a car without spending a lot of money. You just have to be willing to buy an older car and assume the accompanying hassle of upkeep and repair.

The first two cars in this list are the low-cost options to attain cool power.

1991 Porsche 964 Cabriolet:

This Porsche will run you around $10K, give or take the condition of the car. Look at the sweep of those headlight chambers along the hood. Those are two penises aimed right at the soft, chewy center of a tart's hole. Convertible a must. I don't think Porsches have ever looked better than the 911 Carrera series from the late 80s to mid 90s.

1971 Ford Galaxie:

These old Ford Galaxies are a hot commodity right now, so expect to pay around $7K or $8K for one in decent condition. The 1966 model has been known to go for as much as $50K. A good thing about the Galaxie is that it has the badboy appeal of the Cadillac Eldorado minus the ghetto pimp factor. The aggressive, geometric heft of this car evokes the black monolith from “2001: A Space Odyssey”. Monkey proles will be throwing bones at you in tribute. Again, convertible is a must.

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The next two cars are for players who have some cash to throw around on new vehicles. If you are mechanically inept and don’t want to deal with maintaining an older vehicle, then you will prefer these choices to maximize the mass and density of your ballsack and the number of babes that will stick to the hood.

Ford F-150:

Sure, it’s a little bit rednecky, but if you’re a SWPL what better way to stand out from the crowd of emo milquetoasts who surround you like flitting butterflies in their Priuses? If a hipster chick objects to your ride, just adopt a pose of ironic haughtiness. Rest assured her tingling vaj is betraying her sanctimony. This is because American pickup trucks are universally manly. End of discussion.

BMW 7-series:

If you want to drive in comfort and class and announce to the ladies you've arrived, this luxury model BMW is your choice. Equip with optional wet bar.

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Finally, if you can swing the big bucks ($50K plus), then this is the alpha male car for you:

Ass Game

CH · 3 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Being a soldier is no guarantee of alphaness. Take a look at this photo sent in by reader keirin:

This is very beta body language. The ass is clearly turned off by this man's approach. The leaning in is the obvious tell; he's all up on that ass while the annoyed ass is about to tip from avoiding his overeager one-arm hug. Nothing will kill a pickup faster than forcing a phony chumminess on an ass. Except ass rape.

Also note his feet and how his toes are pointed inward. The pigeon-toed stance is a leading indicator of awkward betaness. The ass's hooves, on the other hand, are assertively pointed outward. Powerfully alpha. It's as if the gender roles are completely reversed, and the ass is the alpha male here. The soldier's helmet propped at a jaunty tilt is a little bit douchey. This might work on Jersey shore asses, but not Afghani ones. What he's doing right: his left hand is holding an imaginary drink at the proper, waist-high level. His sunglasses and flak vest are acceptable peacock gear, but his smile is try-hard. I hope he at least approached from the right angle. A surprise approach from behind could result in a swift kick to the nads.

The ass is not smiling and looks pissed at having to pose for a photo with this beta. The ass scans the valley for a Taliban cockblock savior, or perhaps a stray mule. Judging by the colorful blankets and entitlement complex, this ass is an attention whore, and thus not worth anything more than a barnyard pump and dump.

Conclusion: No ass for you! Next!

Brits Voted Ugliest Women In The World

CH · 4 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Well, no surprise here. Have you seen Brit chicks lately? Fuggin fat, pasty, unfeminine, alcoholic tubs. An empire is no better than the aggregate beauty of its women, and an empire wheezing its last breath is characterised by this:

"Oh but she has such a pretty face"… for me to render into soap!

It isn't just the fatness and ugliness (but I repeat myself) that is repugnant, but the exultation of the depredations visited upon the female form to a moral and aesthetic imperative. Such weak-minded thinking is best observed in this comment left by a reader to the article:

> How thoroughly predictable to see a story about drunken and anti-social Chav behaviour twisted as usual into being all about appearance – and in particular weight and size. There are plenty of quiet, well-behaved bigger women who never touch a drop let alone would consider behaving in a loud and obnoxious manner, just as a good proportion (probably the majority, in fact) of those falling out of nightclubs vomiting and fighting the police are thin, but don't let that get in the way of yet another opportunity to demonise and stereotype fat people.

Fatness is a leading indicator of character deficiency. Fat apologists are heralds of ugliness, lies, loneliness and death. The Chav and The Chunky and their watery-eyed advocates are nothing less than the degenerate bilge of an enfeebled, dying society predictably coughing up one rationalization and excuse after another for its self-inflicted failures and loss of nativist pride.

Meanwhile, America's models are getting manlier-looking by the day while her SWPL men get womanlier and her lower classes get fatter. In that international survey linked above, America was voted to have the second ugliest women, followed closely by German frauleins.

Which brings us to….

Maxim #102: The hottest babes will not be found in prosperous countries, but in countries on the verge of prosperity. The world's ugliest women will continue to be found in backward primitive societies.

Reader Mailbag: Cheap Labor Edition

CH · 7 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1:

> My girlfriend is "good friends" with two guys she's banged in the past, one in the last six months. They were "friends first," and then she banged them, probably during a dry spell.
>
> She's totally into me, no doubt. I am relationship gaming this chick. I want to avoid beta bullshit with her two "friends."
>
> What to do?
>
> A.

Huge, unfurled red flags snapping in a strong northerly wind. Why do women remain "good friends" with men they've previously banged? We know the men couldn't have been hopeless betas, because she did spread for them. Therefore, we can presume this isn't a situation involving cloying, celibate beta orbiters with no game. So we are left with these main reasons:

1. She likes that they have this "shared past". This makes the friendship more taboo, and hence, exciting for her, even if she does not feel especially attracted to them.
2. These two guys are low investing alphas that she screwed for pleasure but decided against seeing in a relationship because they were the love em and leave em type. She continues the friendship because she likes the horny feelings she gets while enjoying the pleasure of their quasi-platonic company.
3. The two guys really are losers and she pity banged them, or sport fucked them during, as the emailer said, a dry spell.

None of these three reasons bode well for your LTR with her. If (1), she is a taboo junkie, and will likely cheat. If (2), she is a cock carouseler, and will likely cheat during her next ovulatory phase (preferably after she has ensnared you in marriage). If (3), she is an undiscriminating slut who will cheat on the flimsiest pretext.

"Good" friendships with past lovers is a no-go. No man should accept that in his LTR. Since there is a small chance she really does love you and isn't cheating on you with these two guys, or thinking about cheating on you, avoid any unnecessary LTR-killing confrontations by first snooping through her stuff for any evidence she may be "taking it up a notch" with her two man friends. Expect to find such evidence. Quietly pack your stuff in the middle of the night, and tape the evidence to her fridge door for her to find in the morning. Delete her phone number and block her calls.

If you don't care about potentially soiling the LTR with a powerful ultimatum, confront her with your demand that she cease seeing the two past lovers. Tell her this is non-negotiable if she wants to continue being with you. Watch her reaction closely.

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Email #2:

> Hello Chateau proprietors I'm looking for some help. I learned of your blog less than a week ago and as the despondent lonely beta worthlessness I am I had a lot of free time to read it. I find it interesting, and intend to certainly start working on my game (Currently 0 for 3 in my entire life, all of them friendzoned) but I need a little help. I am an intelligent, nerdy guy, not bad looking (no glasses or bad looking hair), a little overweight, The market value assessment yields ~-4 points. I'm looking to overcome this beta-ness and become at least a mediocre alpha male (My goal is simply to get a non-negligible amount of vag) The problem is I notice almost

> all of your game advice is for the club/bar setting and not for day game. I am only 18 years old at the moment so I can't exactly go to clubs/bars to play the game. I need help on day game for the college environment (also I know dog parks are a good place, I take my dogs there which could be a good spot).
>
> Any advice you can yield would be great. Or even suggestions to other information more applicable to day/college game than club game which you seem to focus on.

A Chateau host recently had to dog-sit for a friend. The dog was pudgy and adorable, with big wet brown eyes. This host commented that he could not believe how many women strode up and opened him cold. If he had wanted, he could have secured the digits of multiple hot babes, all within an hour of outdoor "day gaming".

If you don't have access to a non-ghetto dog, don't worry. With day game, just getting a conversation started is a DHV. Most men are afraid to open women when the sun is out. We here at the Chateau actually don't focus on club game at all. Most of the advice is generalized and can apply in all sorts of situations. In many ways, day game is simpler than bar game, because women will be surprised you are talking to them. They won't have bitch shields to lower.

On campus, a great place to open cute nerd girls is the library. Think of a quirky funny line and use it liberally on any girl standing next to book shelves. "Excuse me… I must be in the wrong section. Do you know where I can find the section on dating tips for badboys?" Similarly, I once opened a chick in a B&N by holding up a copy of Bridal Magazine, complaining about the double standard, and asking her where I could find the Groom Magazine.

******

Email #3:

> This girl I hadn't slept with yet texted 'I like you'.
>
> What would've been the gina tingle maximizing response? 'Me too' sounds awfully beta so I threw it right out the window. 'I know' seemed better, but made the inner chump scream when I considered it, which, in hindsight probably made it the best choice, in a somewhat Opposite George way of thinking.
>
> What I actually did was just ignore it. Didn't get the bang.
>
> Anonymous

"Me too" would have been the second worst response you could have sent. "OMG me too!" would have been the worst. "I know" is good, if overplayed. Ignoring it is the safe bet, as long as you follow up later with a date suggestion. But you said that didn't work for you.

Better responses:

HER: I like you.

YOU: Damn straight.

YOU: That's mighty white of you.

YOU: I love you!!!!!11111!!!!!!111!!!!! <3 <3 <3 <3 xoxoxoxoxoxo

YOU: Hell yeah, mothafuckaaaaaaaa!

YOU: gay

YOU: aw… i'm touched. Right… there.

YOU: Flattery will get you everywhere.

YOU: Ok, but next round is still on you.

YOU: fap fap fap

YOU: [insert jerk reply u know u luv]

YOU: Already?

YOU: That's great kid. What else you got?

YOU: Tell me something I don't know.

YOU: Don't tell my girlfriends.

YOU: Do you think you can sweet talk me into bed?

YOU: Bring the movies.

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Email #4:

> Bonjour Propriétaire Chateau –
>
> Specific game venue commentary required from His Deviousness on my current workplace situation:
>
> My office complex is now owned by a local University, who decided to move their Graduate programs into two of the four buildings. The main consequence of this is that there is now a shared cafeteria. Yes, you read that correctly – myself and 1,000 of my fellow corporate slaves eat alongside a couple hundred 20 – 24-year-old supple grad students. I'll leave the specific University nameless, but the graduate programs housed here are nursing, speech therapy and the like, meaning about 90-95% of the students are female.
>
> I'm a decent looking guy, and most days I dress to impress. However, most of these girls are eating and talking with each other in large groups (5-10 each), which is making it hard for me to approach.
>
> What should I do in this situation? What are some good openers, and when should they be deployed? In line paying for my grub seems like a good place, where I can flash some bling and comment on their choice of meal. This is a HUGE untapped resource that I MUST exploit!
>
> Much thanks.

Wow, this is like throwing chum at hungry sharks. The sexual harassment reeducation camp will be filled to brimming. There are many ways to open groups of girls in a corporate cafeteria. I'll offer a couple suggestions.

YOU: [walking slowly by their table, a serious expression on face] Hey, you guys are new here.

GIRL(S): Yeah.

YOU: Hm. Too bad.

GIRL(S): What does that mean?

YOU: I'd tell ya if there weren't cameras watching.

—

YOU: [standing in line to pay] Standing in line to pay for food. It's like the movies. You've got 20 seconds to flirt with me. Annnnd… go!

******

Email #5:

> Dear Chateau proprietor,

> What do you think about writing angry letters to girls that LJBFed you in the past? Please stop me from participating in a blue balls toxic shock initiated beta-ish correspondence expecting to hear what I did wrong from their lips (as you might have suspected my cock has no knowledge of those lips whatsoever).

If they LJBFed you in the past, then you've got nothing to lose except your dignity and any future girls that may be friends with them, right? And girls will never give you the real reason why they found you unacceptable to bang, right? Rationalization hamster, right? Ok, so knowing that, here's what you write (make sure to press down hard on capital letters so that the ink runs a little with your righteous fury):

I had entered into a first date
In the summer of a celibate year
And my boner throbbed for this moment
Only now do I remember it clear
Alright, alright, alright

No more a nerd and no more a beta
I was dating and it whetted my thirst
Until your brain started spilling out friend offers
Only then did I reckon my curse
Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright

First came your cheek turn when I went for the kiss
Then came your crossed arms and your smile was gone
Your little tingles died on delivery
Woefully taking your desire along
Alright, alright, alright

What can one do when one is a loser
Shamefully saddled with daily fap fests?
All that I wanted was the pleasure of a sex life
So my burden I began to divest
Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright

Your stupid cat I buried after feeding it foxglove
Your pug was easy, it was drowned in the bath
Your asshole boyfriend fought but was easily bested
Burned his body for incurring my wrath
Alright, alright, alright

And that's how I came your psycho stalker
To be living so horny and free
Expect that you think that I should be haunted
But at least you didn't LJBF me
Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright

The International Symbol Of Feminism

CH · 7 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For the reason why this symbol was chosen by an elite selection committee, see here.

The Two Exceptions To Game

CH · 8 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If I had to distill the essence of all the hate and doubt that is a regular feature of the comments on this blog, it would read like this:

"Game doesn't work, and if it did you're a loser for having to learn it to pick up girls because alpha males (who, by the way don't exist except in your imagination) don't make any effort to attract women, and anyhow the only girls that would fall for it are low self esteem bar skanks who wouldn't give you the time of day because you're a phony they will see right through. Try being yourself if you want a real woman to like you, except that will never happen because you are a celibate beta loser."

It is, of course, self-contradictory nonsense. The average hater cannot string three sentences together without refuting what she (and they are usually shes) said in the first sentence. Their logic is so muddled that toying with them until I drive them insane with spittle-flecked rage has become something of a fun hobby for me.

But because I am a decent and kind person of magnanimous temperament, I will throw the haters a bone in this post. There are, indeed, two specific situations where you, as a regular, fat part of the bell curve man, do not need game to make a girl swoon. I will tell you what they are, but first, a little context is necessary.

Why do the haters offer up so many trite and transparently false objections to game to begin with? Are they trying to confuse us, or themselves? Have they been burned in the past by men doing to them exactly what I write about here, and thus project their angry bitterness on the symbolic manifestation of their real life pain, namely me?

Or do they really believe the idiocy they preach? Are they… TRUE BELIEVERS in the conventional wisdom school of JBY (just be yourself)? Is it possible, in other words, that in their own lives they met and fell in love with men who won them over running NO GAME AT ALL, natural or otherwise?

So… what motivates the haters? Answer: all of the above.

I suspect a few haters really do live in a lala land relatively free of the sort of easily observable human mating machinations that confound 99.9% of the rest of humanity, and thus can't comprehend the reality of male-female psychological differences or the influence that game exerts over female attraction and courtship. They live in a platitude bubble; but like all bubbles, it will eventually burst.

Which brings us to the two exceptions to game.

- **The girl you are dating is head over heels in love with you.**

When a girl loves you so deeply that she wants to see you every day, and gets nervous when your text replies are delayed five seconds too long, you are in the DO-NO-WRONG ZONE, my friend. The DNW zone is a magic land where you can fart and belch and scratch yourself in the genital region and show up late (or early) for everything and buy shit for her all the time and cuddle for hours after sex and let her plan every date and dress in gym shorts and pit-stained t-shirts all the time and "yes, dear" her to death and constantly praise her beauty and whine like a beta bitch when you get a mosquito bite AND SHE WON'T LOSE AN IOTA OF ATTRACTION FOR YOU. She will happily take your deflated castrati ballsack slaps to the face and beg for more. You are a TEFLON LOVE GOD; no bad behavior sticks to you. You can be quite literally a NO GAME HAVING CHUMP and she will still think about fucking you every minute of the day.

Sounds like paradise, right? There's a catch — this magic window only lasts about three months, after which if you do not shed your pathetic beta habits and step up your game, you WILL find her slowly and inexorably withdrawing her love and sex from you until one day you are wondering when such a good thing went so wrong.

So, you will need game before and after the 3-month DNW zone, but not during, if she is truly madly in love with you. Love… fuck yeah!

- **The girl you are dating is two or more points below you in sexual market value.**

This is cut and dried. Want to "be yourself" with a girl? Date a warpig! She will put up with EVERYTHING and ANYTHING and never bitch once. You will need to put in ZERO effort to keep such a woman satisfied. No game, no nothing. I know men who slum it for this very reason, and while I personally find that lifestyle incomprehensible and utterly distasteful — I mean, you may as well become a monk since you'll be living a life completely devoid of any beauty or hedonistic pleasure — it does lend itself to a certain simplicity in managing affairs and obtaining the necessary freedom to pursue alternative pleasures. MMO playing sperg tards take note.

The downside with this scenario is that you have to date at least two points lower than your market value equivalent if you want a game-free dating experience that makes few demands on your time or energy. So for instance, if you are an 8, you need to date down to at least a 6 to enjoy the fruits of a drama-free relationship. If you really don't like women acting out like women, and you want to be able to wallow in your clingy betaness without learning a lick of game, you will probably need to date lower than two points down.

The exact mechanism of the chick market value-game requirement nexus deserves further explication in a handy chart.

She is…	% game required to keep her interested
>=1 point higher than you	100%
At your level	90%
1 point lower	60%
2 points lower	10%
>=3 points lower	-% (reverse game)

Interesting phenomena appear when you dumpster dive so low that you enter reverse game territory. For example, if you are a 7 male and you date a 4, not only will you need NO game to keep her attracted for a long while, but running any sort of game can actually push her away from you. The 4 will feel she doesn't deserve you and will be on pins and needles with you all the time, regardless of how you treat her. Running game will then send her into a vicious downward spiral of self-doubt and neediness so crippling that she will preemptively dump you to prevent a night alone overdosing on pills and cutting your name into her forearm. To keep the 4 in line, paradoxically, requires almost as much effort as keeping a hot girl into you — except instead of game you have to run the opposite of game on the 4. You have to beta yourself to the max; cards, gifts, compliments, slow and attentive lovemaking, hours of cunnilingus, super snuggles, etc. So there are diminishing returns to the strategy of dating down to avoid putting any effort into relationships. Not to mention diminishing boner hardness.

The ultimate score for the no-game, no-life having beta chump who hates the idea of working to change himself to get better quality women is the very low value woman who falls in love with him. Imagine a nasty, fat cape buffalo — one of Obsidian's exes, for instance — who cries a little when she thinks of you. Or a single mom on the cusp of sexual irrelevance who forgets to pick up her kid from his ghetto school because she's doing her nails and febrezing her pussy in anticipation of you coming over that night for dinner. When you've got shitty goods falling in love with you, dating becomes one giant lounge chair in which to lazily recline and be fed moldy grapes all day long. Yeah, you can barely get it up with women like that, but at least you can rip a wet fart in their faces, pull WoW all-nighters, and forget their birthdays and never pay a price for it — and tell everyone within earshot that getting "hot chicks" was really easy for you, so those other guys learning game to find good women must be losers.

With obesity and single motherhood rampant, more American men than ever are availing themselves — intentionally or not — of the dating down option. So while game may be more necessary than ever to land that genuinely hot babe, for increasing numbers of men game and the knowledge contained therein are simply not on their radar. Which may explain why we are currently witnessing such a growing effete chorus of manginas,

pedestalizing evangelicals, and limp-wristed SWPLs parroting the feminist and Iron John shibboleths. They aren't trying to convince us so much as they are trying to convince themselves of the awesomeness of their fatass and bastard spawn-towing lovers.

Some of the few true believer haters living in lala land that I wrote of above likely fall into the category of people dating easy-to-please losers that they have tricked themselves into rationalizing as good mate choices. (Some of the haters are truly in the midst of love and can't think straight without a gauzy filter Disney-fying their saccharine musings.) Perhaps for them, their beta soulmates appeared — warts and all — and they settled, wondering disingenuously and retroactively why people make such a big deal of finding someone. So when you hear their lame jeremiads against game, translate that as an admission that they are either a) naturals who aren't smart enough to reflect on what they are doing right, or b) bitter bitches and betaboys trained in the art of justifying their crappy love lives.

Men without fame or vast wealth who want to date and fuck hot women need to know game. It's as simple as that. There's no such thing as a free lunch. Men who don't care about porking the flabby wet hole of some she-beast will never understand the need for — or the truth of — game, for to understand it is to understand the miserable depths of their own lives, and that is a dark road most are not willing to travel. The low value women who love these men will likewise never understand game, and will lash out at those who do. Ironically, their garbage lives insulate them from the redemption that exists just beyond their pitiable horizons.

Tough Times Are A Bounty For Betas

CH · 9 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Think we might be heading into a double dip recession? Or, worse, a decades-long economic retraction with hyperinflation and a general growing business and government incompetence thanks to a dumbing down of the population? Rejoice, betas! This is your moment in the sun. Chicks who were reminded of their mortality were more attracted to soft, less masculine herb faces, and this preference was most pronounced for women at the peak of their fertility cycle. (Regrettably, their desire to have kids also went up, so make sure you strap on that condom if you're going to bang a chick recently diagnosed with cancer.) PS: Mortality salience refers to reminders of one's death.

> Previous research has shown that individuals who are reminded of their death exhibited a greater desire for offspring than those who were not reminded of their death. The present research investigated whether being reminded of mortality affects mate selection behaviors, such as facial preference judgments. Prior research has shown that women prefer more masculine faces when they are at the high versus low fertility phase of their menstrual cycles. We report an experiment in which women were tested either at their high or fertility phase. They were randomly assigned to either a mortality salience (MS) or control condition and then asked to judge faces ranging from extreme masculine to extreme feminine. The results showed that women's choice of the attractive male face was determined by an interaction between fertility phase and condition. In control conditions, high fertility phase women preferred a significantly more masculine face than women who were in a lower fertility phase of their menstrual cycles. In MS conditions, high fertility phase women preferred a significantly less masculine (i.e., more average) face than women who were in a low fertility phase. The results indicate that biological processes, such as fertility phase, involved in mate selection are sensitive to current environmental factors, such as death reminders. This sensitivity may serve as an adaptive compromise when choosing a mate in potentially adverse environmental conditions.

In short, women who thought about their own death suddenly found feminized beta providers a lot more attractive than masculine alpha cads. This preference was largest for ovulating women, who normally show the exact opposite preference when times are good and death is a faraway abstraction.

If you are a beta male, then you will hope and pray for another Great Depression, war, or alien invasion. It seems counterintuitive, (after all, wouldn't a highly masculine man be a better choice for protection during tough times?), but it makes some sense if you remember that alpha cads also bring with them the threat of abandonment, which would be disastrous for women trying to survive in a bad environment. Since the free-for-all, stoically unjealous polyamorists can't grasp why male abandonment is a bad thing, the Chateau will helpfully remind them –

In tough times, betas will be especially loathe to assume the child-raising duties of another man's bastard spawn.

Some more study results:

> The present results provide new evidence about how environmental factors, such as the presence of death reminders, can influence human reproductive behaviors, such as mate selection. […]
>
> First, it has been shown that people in a MS condition will adhere more strongly to socially acceptable norms and will react negatively towards those persons who do not uphold these norms (Greenberg et al., 1990; Greenberg et al., 1994; Rosenblatt et al., 1989).

Troubled times breed collectivism. Are the notoriously monogamous, norm-following and shame-avoiding Northeast Asians the product of millennia of living off marginal land constantly raided by tribes to the north?

> In the present research, the face selected by ovulating women in the [Mortality Salience] condition could be

> considered a more average face than faces chosen by high fertile phase women in the control condition and low fertile phase women in the MS condition.

Average = herb. Exceptional = lantern jaw and heavy brow ridge. Interestingly, non-ovulating women showed a slightly *lower* preference for herb faces when they were confronted with their mortality. So alpha cads are not out of the running completely when the shit hits the fan. But you gotta notice just how upside-down bizarro world the mating market looks when the good times come to an end. This might explain the rise of the beta male during the first half of the 20th century, when world wars wracked societies.

> High fertile phase women in the MS condition may have viewed the masculine face negatively because of the association of masculine faces with socially negative characteristics and would view feminized faces more positively because feminized faces are shown to be associated with more pro-social attributes such as being helpful, cooperative, trustworthy, and a good father (Boothroyd, et al., 2007; Jones et al., 2008; Johnston, et al., 2001).

Sure, the herb may be a bad lay, but when the cupboard is bare he'll be out there scrounging up food for his lady. Personally, Chateau hosts prefer being known for their lay expertise. It's more fun.

> Second, it has been shown that following [Mortality Salience], women and men may find the physical aspects of sex and sexual attraction unappealing, as the physicality of sex may be a reminder of one's eventual mortality (Goldenberg et al. 1999; Landau et al. 2006). In the present research, it may have been the case that high fertile phase women experienced the highly masculine male faces as associated with physical sexuality and, therefore, death.

Sex is the little death (if you're doing it right).

> Following MS, women who are at a high risk of pregnancy may view mates with highly masculine faces as involving more risk than mates with more feminized faces.

Reminders of death and hardship usher an alternative universe where highly fertile ovulating women prefer pasty-faced betaboys. In good times, just the opposite preference is observed. Ergo, late empire prosperity and decadence may go a long way toward explaining the rise in rates of single mom-hood — in good times, these womb-lubed women choose unreliable alpha cads as fathers, subconsciously figuring that if the alphas bolt it won't much matter since resources (in the form of ample food supplies and government largesse) are plentiful. Chateau Heartiste wrote about this dysgenic trend nearly three years ago.

> In future research, it is necessary to investigate the extent to which highly masculine faces increase death-related thoughts in high fertile phase and low fertile phase women.
>
> Our results suggest that mortality salience may result in an over-ride of the high fertility phase-induced preference for masculine faces and a strengthening of the predisposition for less masculine and likely higher investing mates.

The study results show that it makes sense for a betaface to remind girls of their impending demise. Call it Death Game. You casually mention a lady friend who died prematurely from some rare disease or freak accident, and then lament how little time we all have on this earth to pursue our goals and realize our dreams. Say "Life is so precious, and death is always around the corner, so grab what's in front of you and live like it could all end tomorrow!" while touching the spine of her back with the chill fingertips of your best Grim Reaper impersonation. Throw in a bit of NLP for good measure: "My afterlife is probably… beLOW me. Sex is a great way to fight death… with me, I love each day I'm alive."

> Our sample was composed primarily of White, middle-class college women who have been shown to express a preference for mates who will invest heavily in her and her children.

D’oh! Talk about saying a lot in so little. How do black and asian women respond to mortality reminders? Are their natural tendencies strengthened, or do they enter a bizarro world just like white women?

Dancing As A Demonstration Of High Value

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The Chateau isn't a dance hall but occasionally we do like to bust out the moves.

Now word is in from the corridors of scientific inquiry that dancing the right way is a demonstration of high value which women find irresistible. But the white-jacketed fellows went one step further than that — they figured out the *exact type of dance moves* that turned women on the most.

> Male movements serve as courtship signals in many animal species, and may honestly reflect the genotypic and/or phenotypic quality of the individual. Attractive human dance moves, particularly those of males, have been reported to show associations with measures of physical strength, prenatal androgenization and symmetry. Here we use advanced three-dimensional motion-capture technology to identify possible biomechanical differences between women's perceptions of 'good' and 'bad' male dancers. Nineteen males were recorded using the 'Vicon' motion-capture system while dancing to a basic rhythm; controlled stimuli in the form of avatars were then created in the form of 15 s video clips, and rated by 39 females for dance quality. Initial analyses showed that 11 movement variables were significantly positively correlated with perceived dance quality. **Linear regression subsequently revealed that three movement measures were key predictors of dance quality; these were variability and amplitude of movements of the neck and trunk, and speed of movements of the right knee. In summary, we have identified specific movements within men's dance that influence women's perceptions of dancing ability.** We suggest that such movements may form honest signals of male quality in terms of health, vigour or strength, though this remains to be confirmed.

The Chateau is, to be candid, quite intrigued by this finding. It was always well known that men who were good at dancing signaled health and macho vitality, but here we have new evidence of very specific kinesthetic dance moves that directly contribute to female arousal. If men could identify and mimic those three moves that remotely activate tingles in every woman in a room, then a whole new path of seduction opens up.

But verbal descriptions are one thing, seeing it in motion is another. We are left with some confusion as to what

exactly is meant by:

Variability of movements of the neck and trunk.

Amplitude of movements of the neck and trunk.

Speed of movements of the right knee.

Video of examples of these moves in action would be ideal; otherwise, reader contributions with suggestions for what these moves might look like when executed would also be helpful. As it stands, the descriptions are somewhat vague, and thus of limited use for bumpngrind game. The best the Chateau hosts can come up with is that “right knee movement speed” would look like one of those patented Michael Jackson (RIP) one-leg bent knee angular swivels that he was fond of doing.

Let us move the science of seduction into uncharted territory, beyond even what Mystery has accomplished, and lay out a dance move blueprint — a step by step schematic — for aspiring womanizers to learn and apply in the field. In the quest for quality pussy, no stone shall remain unturned. We are, as always, fitness maximizers here.

No-Call Game

CH · 10 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Fed up with having to decide when you should call a chick after getting her digits? Tired of phone tag while managing the ever-present annoyance of flaking? Baffled whether to leave a voicemail or send a text? Wondering what kind of message to leave?

You can stop beating yourself up! Jack Goes Forth writes that he has discovered a loophole which he dubs "No-call game":

> My new game: The 'no-call' game. You still have to get a girl's number but during the exchange you pull the 'text me your number and I'll hit you back with mine real quick', then appear to be busy and get the fuck out of dodge. Then you simply never call them. Ever. Even if they call you, you don't pick up, or reply. You never, ever, call a girl…or really anyone for that matter. In fact even if you meet a girl you really like, you definitely don't call her. Don't even call her back. Actually don't ever see her again unless it happens by chance. I think when you get to this point of game where it really means nothing at all to you to completely lose touch with every girl you meet, for some reason the laws of nature will reward you. You may wonder how you would ever meet up with a girl and put yourself in a position to bang without ever speaking to them, and I can't answer that. It's like a jedi-mind trick thing. That's why this game will only work for only a handful of men.
>
> Through a combination of having girls throw themselves at me while I'm bartending, my hatred of speaking to people over the phone, overwhelming laziness, and a lack of concern for anyone's feelings but my own, I've somehow found myself with 10 different options at a time, all the time. I cheat on the girls that I'm cheating on my girlfriend with. It's sad really…but I don't care, which is the whole point of the exercise.
>
> I'm aloof to the point of comatose…. I barely even speak to girls when we're on an actual date, which I don't go on. Bartending at a youngish (21-28) party bar has spoiled me for the rest of my life.
>
> I may have found my 'end game' (RooshV).
>
> This email was not a joke. I believe in my system.

No-call game is the ultimate expression of aloof and indifferent Uncaring Asshole game. We all know how much hot chicks moisten up for a self-absorbed man who doesn't take them seriously. (Ugly chicks moisten up, too, but they are smart to realize that an attentive beta is in their best interests.)

No-call game isn't for everyone. A few things have to be in place for it to work.

1. You need to collect a lot of numbers. No-calling one chick means there is a 99% chance you will never bang her. No-calling 100 chicks means the chance you will bang any one individual chick just tripled. There seems to be a mysterious "law of large numbers" that takes effect when you are no-juggling lots of girls — opportunities begin to present themselves with little effort on your part.
2. You need to collect the numbers of chicks who live, work or play near you. No-call game relies in part on future chance encounters — let's say at Trader Joe's or on your street — so that when the girl bumps into you she starts chasing you because your no-call raised your value well above hers. Jack is a bartender, which satisfies the "she must play near you" condition.
3. You need to have ice running through your veins. When that no-called chick runs into you with desire in her eyes she is likely going to shit test the hell out of you for not calling her. Steady on, governor. You'll need to remain as aloof in her company as when you were not calling her. Hint: act like she is the one with the problem.

You may think this post is a joke, but I can confirm it's not. Ask any man who is swimming in pussy and he will tell you in so many words that the fruits of no-call game form a big part of his life. Quite simply, in-demand men forget more chicks' numbers in a day than you will get in a year. And how do those forgotten girls reward them?

You guessed it.

Of course, being a bartender helps. A friend with a high status day job in Chicago called to tell me he had taken a side job as a bartender. He sounded excited, so I asked him how it was. He said he's quadrupled the number of bangs he's gotten since bartending. He concluded that bartending is a higher status job for men than any societally approved career. But no-call game will work even if you're not a bartender. Let's say you meet a girl at your local coffee shop and you game her like you would any girl. You exchange numbers and take off. You never call her. Two weeks later, you see her at the coffee shop again and sit near her.

HER: You never called!

THE DEVIL U WILL ALWAYS FORGIVE: I hate talking on the phone. Funny, we met right at this exact same spot last time.

HER: That's not cool. You could text.

THE DEVIL U WILL ALWAYS FORGIVE: [shaking head] Big thumbs.

HER: [stifling laugh] You're one of those guys, huh.

THE DEVIL U WILL ALWAYS FORGIVE: Good to my mother? Yes. [proceeds to game her as if they just met for a surprise date]

Although a girl will act superficially offended that you didn't call her, underneath her angered and shamed exterior she is bristling with arousal and curiosity. She wants more than ever to know about the man who couldn't be bothered to follow up for a chance at tapping her cute ass. When meeting girls for sex becomes an afterthought, or even a bother, is when the sex will flow freely like a river.

Also note, as Jack mentioned, that laconic game beats verbose game any time. When in doubt, say nothing with confidence.

Why The Elites Prop Up The Blank Slate

CH · 11 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Dennis Mangan nails it:

> But it also occurs to me that Orszag and his ilk have another motivation beyond pushing their blank slate theories, and that is self-justification. Those like him who have made into the elite are made of sterner stuff, practicing their 10,000 hours, and thus *deserve* to be part of the elite, unlike you proles, wasting your time on TV and Nascar.
>
> No, connections and intelligence have nothing to do with becoming a Cabinet member, or even a New York Times columnist. All that success comes from the superior morality of someone who buckles down to the task.

There is a lot of speculation about why the elites (and at present, the elites in America are mostly megaphone-wielding whites) are so insanely and stupidly gung-ho about the infinite malleability of human nature and the policy implications that follow therefrom.

- They want to drive a wedge between themselves and "the wrong kind of white people" using the underclass as pawns so that they face less competition from those most likely to give it to them for the top career slots.
- They are brown-nosing amongst fellow SWPLs for those ever-crucial status points that can only be signaled by hating and obfuscating the common sense that is the currency of thought with putatively less enlightened whites.
- They are true blank slate believers.
- They are creating artificial social obstacles designed to make it difficult for less intelligent whites to navigate their way into polite society, thus selectively filtering for only the most socially savvy to rise to the top.
- They are paying the danegeld and rationalizing their extortion.
- They are secretly ashamed of acting in ways in their own lives that deny blank slate theology, and therefore seek to assuage their guilt. Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue.
- They want to squeeze the middle class — their main competitors — and establish a virtual hereditary aristocracy of globalized ruling class transnationalists. Patriotism, religion, tribalism, and ethnic kinship all work against that goal.
- They are bored with national prosperity.
- They abhor hopelessness.
- Do-gooderism is their replacement religion.
- They are sadists who like sticking it to dumber people.

All the above reasons have a kernel of truth, but for a glimpse at what motivates the seemingly self-duping elites in their crass status whoring and propagandistic myopia, you have to peer beneath all that straight into the thermal core of their souls where self-conception resides and the ego sloshes in a cauldron of lifeblood. This is where Mangan's answer hits upon the ultimate truth –

A defeat of the blank slate robs the elites of their self-satisfaction. Their pride is the beast that stands guard at the last gate, claws and fangs bared, a giant warhammer held aloft to stop those who would raid the castle. At this gate — the last stand before they must relinquish everything that defines their smug superiority — they will spare no quarter for platitude smashing barbarians. Here they fight with a viciousness that belies the nobility of what they claim to fight for.

If genes for intelligence, conscientiousness and discipline account for half or (probably) more of one's success in life (i.e., success over others), then what does that say about the elite that doesn't remove a large plank propping up their zealously guarded pride? What successful person really wants to hear that a big reason for their success was…

dumb fucking luck?

(This post has been a 9-11 remembrance, mothafuckaaaaaas.)

American Hero

CH · 11 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Who is the bigger American hero? This man?

Or this man:

Did you notice how the repugnant dyke-like creatures immediately resorted to lying about being threatened by this man in hopes of rousing the white knight posse to come to their rescue? Let this be a lesson — women will lie lie lie to silence disagreement and win the support of the crowd. They will lie about rape, about domestic violence, about assault, and about any fact that challenges their warped worldview so long as it serves their interests. Women have no moral code that isn't bendable to serve their personal interest and no sense of justice that isn't biased to flatter their feelings. Feminists have demonstrated they should be treated like children under the law.

It's time for men to grow some balls and shove the shit right back in the fat piglike faces of the femtards and other assorted leftie agitators. Co-opt the "debate" tactics of the left and make life miserable for these freaks, degenerates and traitors.

The Problem With Women Is Too Much Self-Esteem

CH · 13 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The mantra for the past two generations in America has been that women suffer from low self-esteem brought on by a multitude of negative influences such as teacher bias, misogyny, old boys' networks, parenting favoritism, double standards, gender stereotyped toys, etc.

Le Chateau representatives are here to tell you the low female self-esteem industry has been one giant scam perpetrated on gullible liberals and cowed conservatives. Women — American women in particular — don't have a low self-esteem problem; just the opposite — they have a problem of unwarranted high self-esteem. What kind of woman do you get when you combine a cultural apparatus designed to maximally extol the virtues of womanhood and cast all fault for any female shortcomings on male bias and discrimination with a biologically innate evolutionary imperative that renders men more expendable than women? Answer:

A woman with a big fat head.

From the cradle, women are groomed by their peers, family, society and DNA-coded algorithms alike to embrace the joys of big-headedness. It used to be only beautiful women had this problem (and with at least a semblance of justification based on real value), but now ugly women, fat women, and lawyers are all riding the phony low self-esteem grievance chariot to the entitled princess winners' circle. The result has been to produce a nation of broads hell-bent on seeing themselves as god's gift to god himself.

The worst thing a man could do would be to feed this beast even further with traditional courtship game. It's not for nothing that modern game focuses so much attention on breaking down a woman's self-esteem into manageable chunks — negs, qualification, teasing, push-pull, takeaways, calculated indifference — all are game tactics with the primary purpose of knocking bigheaded chicks off their royal, gilded vaj-shaped thrones. And these tactics are effective precisely *because* girls want to be dethroned by a man of higher value than themselves, whether they admit to this or not.

The funny thing about female self-esteem is that it doesn't take much to help it grow wildly beyond the bounds of the pot it was planted in. All women are born with a self-entitlement complex preinstalled. Eggs are biologically more expensive than sperm, and the brain of each sex has evolved to reflect that immutable procreative reality; in women, their minds are primed from birth to regard themselves as the more valuable sex, and this regard is not without merit, at least in the reproductive realm, which is the realm that underpins all other realms. Men, by contrast, are primed to regard themselves as less individually valuable than women, and this manifests as a willingness to take more mortal risks.

So now that we know that women start with a higher basal self-esteem than men, wouldn't it make more sense for a healthy, functioning society to turn its cultural apparatus toward the project of boosting men's self-esteem? In fact, this is what quasi-patriarchal Western societies used to do, before they were infected with the late decadent, postmodern deconstructivism and victimology virii. Now the optimal pattern has been completely turned on its head — intrinsically high self-esteem women are administered supercharged booster injections of ego-stroking, while intrinsically low self-esteem men are, either deliberately or coincidentally, pushed further into ego-deflating self-abnegation. See: March 2009 BOTM.

The goals of this outpost of bristling reality are, one, to acquaint readers with the truth of the female (and male) condition that exists past the boundaries of mainstream-approved polite discourse and, two, to arm the male readers (and, by extension, the female readers) with the tools to capitalize on that taboo knowledge. Thankfully, there are plenty of readers here who contribute to that knowledge base. Reader PA comments:

> *Gentle and friendly teasing is not intimidating, and creates a sort of rapport that makes one feel at ease.*
>
> Exactly. This is true even with non-sexual interaction. Think the last time you saw a man who is good with

> kids. He will 'neg' the girl by saying stuff like: "hey! you're cheating! no red crayon allowed!" or whatever.
>
> Boys, on the other hand, don't like to be negged. If you're good with kids, you will build him up with stuff like "that's really cool. Can you draw it bigger?" etc.

If you have young nieces and nephews, you will quickly recognize the truth in PA's comment. Nieces respond positively — with glee, even — to prototype negs and teasing; the sort of banter that modern feminists would describe as *demeaning.* In contrast, little boys, with their fragile egos, wilt under negs and teasing, but respond well to compliments and encouragement. Mothers instinctively know this, as they will often reprimand the fathers for being too discouraging or too critical with their sons while giving the fathers a pass or a semi-serious chiding when they tease the daughters.

The great irony here is that what makes good parenting is *exactly the opposite* of what feminists claim is the best way to raise boys and girls. Parents know, deep down, that to raise a good daughter you must keep her ego judiciously pruned, and to raise a good son you must suffuse his ego with promise.

Game theory — in fact, most social theory — has much to owe to the instinctual rapport that emerges between father and child, before diseased memes intrude and sully the message. When you want to better understand the nature of game and how it helps attract women, think of how you treat your niece, or how a father you know treats his young daughter. Recall how effortlessly the negs and teasing spilled from your lips when you were goofing around with your little niece. Recall, too, how she squealed with delight. Then take that knowledge and apply it — almost verbatim! — to your seductions of adult women. Their vocal pitch may change, but the squeal remains the same.

Today, in the era of the bloated female ego, the mark of a quality woman is a humble woman. Meet a pretty woman like this — usually foreign, and usually from a strong lower to middle class family — and marvel how refreshing she seems to the typical, mind and body bloated American chick you are used to dating. Unfortunately, more likely you will meet another egotistical bitch with self-love issues and will have to invest months training her (i.e. running game on her) to grace her with a proper and realistic humility. For those who love the game for what it is, this is not such a burdensome sacrifice. But for those who struggle to hear the strange tuning of women's feminine nature, the required training may be a cost too high to pay.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 14 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The alpha of a mixed group isn't always the man. Sometimes, the men in attendance are such feeble representatives of their sex that they are eclipsed by the stronger presence of the women. Here is a photo sent by reader Desant who wants to know if the male specimen on the left is alpha.

Although this celebratory feast may not showcase our declining nation's best and alpha-iest, don't underestimate Corky's alpha potential within his social circle. The claw hand and elbow symbolically muscling out his only other male competition is certainly try-hard and awkwardly propped, but he brings game with a stylish display of peacockery — the bulky statement watch, the unusual pendant, the ironically nerdy and retro glasses leash, the bold cerulean undershirt — and an imperturbable facial expression of stone cold confidence mingled with a hidden capacity for dispatching foes with extreme ruthlessness. He is 20 years old today, and he is NOT to be trifled with, motherfucker. Not on this special day. Not when he's the star of the show. With the precision of a Call of Duty-trained warrior and the passion of a Downs freakout, this guy will rain upon your cursed head thunderous tard blows with his windmill arms before you have a chance to stop laughing long enough to defend yourself from imminent death.

But that's not all the evidence we have for his alphaness. Admire his overall body language, which is open and taking up lots of manly space. I would not be surprised if he was straddling the bench cowgirl style. His manboobs are thrust toward the camera assertively, as if to say "I dare you to purple nurple me. Do it. DOOOO IIIIIT!! See if you get your hand back." And that linearly clamped unsmiling mouth from whence no tooth can interrupt his studied coolness says one thing — "My birthday is serious business". Where is his other hand? Cradling his colossal sack, natch.

(An alpha is in love with his genitals; kneading, fondling, cupping, caressing, complimenting, filming or otherwise drawing attention to them at every legal opportunity.)

Finally, what may be the best evidence of Corky's status as group alpha is the simple fact that he is the honored guest. What woman can resist swooning for the man of the hour? Birthday boy, military hero receiving a Medal of Honor — it's a difference of degree. A man gets few moments in the sun in his life; he is wise to capitalize on them

when they happen. Corky is capitalizing with a vengeance.

What's worse than a douchebag? A douchebag wannabe. Thus, the man behind Corky is a strong alpha contender.

Sunkist Tits is without a doubt the alpha female of the group. She is sitting in the Queen's throne, at the head of the table. (Studies have shown that the best spot to sit at a corporate meeting is directly across from the CEO/speaker, as that is the next most dominant seating position after the head of the table. The most beta spot to sit is adjacent to the CEO. You'll look like a lapdog.) Sunkist Tits may even be the primary alpha if the two guys are desperately horny beta orbiters, but we can't tell that from this photo. Her tits are magnificent. I even forgive her manly shoulders for them, because clearly the broad shoulders are needed as a cantilever to support her juicy melons, lest she tip over and capsize.

The girl to the left of Sunkist Tits — a plain looker who cannot inspire me to grace her with a nickname — slouches in defeat while in the presence of a hotter girl. Her face flickers with self-doubt. Her manly chin hints at a closet full of sluttiness.

Green Bag Girl rivals Sunkist Tits in cuteness, and her teeth glow with artificially enhanced whiteness. She slouches too, but that is probably from taking it up the pooper by a black man.

Salem Witch Girl is not bold enough to go full goth, nor self-aware enough to go to a dentist. Unfortunately for her, there is not a man alive (except maybe a lying blog commenter vainly trying to score a stupid debate point) who would rank her higher than the other three girls. Therefore, low value men will swarm her with propositions, figuring she will be quicker to put out. Paradoxically, this means she may in fact receive over the course of her fertile years more male attention than Sunkist Tits, because the world has a lot more low value men seeking the path of least resistance than it does high value men with the balls to approach hot chicks. This knowledge explains her happy face. So while Sunkist Tits gets the pick of the litter, she gets millions of Corkys vying for her hand in pre-marital blowjobs.

VERDICT: Douchebag Wannabe is the alpha of the group.

Reason? Corky may be a cocksure alpha nerd, but he's still a nerd.

Why You Should Incinerate Your Used Condoms

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Via reader Tim, Funny Yahoo Questions is an archive of hilarity. And disturbing vileness.

The desperation of single moms knows no limit. Seven years without a replacement father to foot the bills can really fuck with a lonely mother's ethical code:

Men, always flush your used condoms down the toilet. And whatever you do, don't let her dispose of the condom for you. Thanks to our fucked-up nonsensical anti-male laws, all it takes is one crazy bitch to saddle you with a kid tax for eighteen years.

What's the leading indicator that a man is dating a young, hot chick?

When he's turned on by her sitting on his face. You will never hear a man say he wants an aging cougar or a fat chick to sit on his face, unless he is a freak loser. A young babe's ass crack is intoxicating like a rose. A cougar's ass is a dingleberry jungle. PSA: When doing a cougar from behind, press the ass cheeks together so you don't have to view the tangled mess within. Your boner will thank you.

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An Analysis Of Text Game

CH · 15 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau has received quite a few requests for text game advice lately. Here are a few.

Email #1

> First of all, let me say thanks a ton for your insightful blog. Two months ago, I didn't even know what game was. Largely due to reading your's and Roosh's blogs, I'm slowly climbing the ladder from greater beta (my natural element) toward alphadom. Two weeks worth of reading the knowledge contained within the catacombs of the Chateau helped me get a bang!
>
> Today I got into a text conversation with a girl I've been banging, and I think I ran some solid text game with interesting results. The back story is that I've been sick, haven't bothered contacting her in 4 days and she's wondering where I've been. She's asking if my illness is causing me to lose muscle mass and strength. See the relevant part of the conversation below:
>
> Her: I've got an extra 5 lbs you can have
>
> Me: Psh you don't have any extra weight, I can bench press two of you
>
> Her: You can huh? You only seemed to manage one of me at the pool!
>
> Me: That's shoulder press, totally different
>
> Her: Let's see this bench press then, sir!
>
> Me: Find a girl of equal weight and I'll bench the two of you in a stack. No dudes though, I ain't no fruit!
>
> Her: You just want to see me on top of another girl!
>
> Me: She can be on top of you, I'm not picky
>
> Her: As long as i get to pick her out… I'm not sold on your taste
>
> Me: I have impeccable taste, thankyouverymuch. However, I'll allow you to pick your top 3 choices and then I'll narrow it down
>
> Her: You trust my taste in women then? I pick katty, sandy, or madi
>
> Me: Kat heartily dislikes my presence, so she's vetoed by executive decision. Pics of the other two???
>
> Her: Hot mexican or skinny blonde?
>
> Me: Blonde for the win
>
> Her: Haha, i haven't seen madi in a couple of months, but i'll work on it.
>
> Me: I'm down
>
> Her: Haha but fist you have to prove you can bench press me by myself.
>
> Me: I think I can handle that
>
> Her: Haha, but maybe not when you're sick
>
> Me: Im getting better
>
> Her: Well, what are you up to after my work tonight, mr. Healthy bench presser?
>
> Me: After you're done? How about I work on "bench pressing" you
>
> Her: Haha, is that what the kids are calling it these days? I'll give you a call after work
>
> Me: You don't know what bench pressing two girls at once means? Get with the times! I'll talk to you tonight
>
> It seems like she's down for it. Any ideas on how to [keep] the momentum of this threesome idea building until

> it's a reality?
>
> Your protege in evil and debauchery,
>
> "Anon"

Texting as a substitute for long-form conversation is somewhat beta in nature. You risk lowering your value by playing a "girl's game"; and make no mistake, typing hundreds of witty replies back and forth sight unseen, your dick nowhere near her pussy, is playing by a girl's rules. It is inescapably betatizing.

That said, these are new times, and it seems a lot of girls can't flirt outside of a textual context. A by-line of grudging acceptance has been added to the Chateau Guest Rules to account for the reality of endless text game.

As for the emailer's question about how to swing a threesome with this chick he's banging and texting *ad nauseam*, there is only a sense from the exchange that she did not fully comprehend, or accept, the seriousness of his innuendo. It sounds like she is playing along for fun, not for profit. He's on the right track by telling her to pick out the girls she would want to include in a threesome, but his tone is too glib, when he should be affecting a pose of laconic pimpery. She should feel a growing nervousness if his offer is taken under serious consideration by her. Such nervousness would manifest as stronger shit tests, which is how girls relieve their burgeoning arousal (which, in women, is always tainted with a hint of fear), yet her shit tests in this exchange are too playful and goofy to suggest anything other than she doesn't really believe what he's saying.

His tone, too, sounds overeager. There should be a disqualification in there somewhere, like "we'll see". He should wait two weeks before bringing up the subject again, (in order to neutralize the impression of eagerness), and when he does reintroduce the subject he should do so with more dominating *gravitas*.

One other point: a man never submits the coda to a text exchange (or, for that matter, a phone conversation), unless he is telling her he has to go. The last text should have been hers, when she wrote "I'll give you a call after work :)".

******

Email #2

Here is a great example of non sequitur game in action.

> I felt I must share a recent experience I've had, and reiterate how truly powerful the non-sequitor game is, (not too mention the purely alpha possibilities it opens.)
>
> When you posted your readers email and your comments/analysis on the email I was sitting on the couch, surfing the internet trying to decide which way my weekend was going to take me. The obvious answer was to try what you had posted, I texted this super hot Russian-hole I'd met a couple weeks prior we had hung out a couple times prior. I really felt I was getting close to the LJBF mode so I had stopped contacting her and was letting her ice. The text coversation is as follows:
>
> (2:35p) me: sounds good
>
> (2:35p) her: □ ? What sounds good? □
>
> (2:47p) me: my bad wrong person
>
> (2:48p) her: □ ok how r u?
>
> (2:53p) me: good
>
> (2:55p) her: □ I just woke up from a nap □ thinking what im going to do today..
>
> (3:08p) her: □ no plans at all..for now i think maybe a movie later…
>
> (4 :23p) her: still home, did you want to hang out? □
>
> (4:45p) me: not feeling the movie thing

> (4:45p) her: it's ok, we can do what you want, i can be ready in 20 minutes
>
> (5:12p) me: yeah sounds good
>
> (I re-use the opener to make reenforce that we're only talking because I accidently texted and she chased me into hanging out)
>
> (5:56p) me: on my way
>
> I picked her up and we hung out, we went to bourbon street and I did everything I could to to continue the facade that I didn't really even care about hanging out with her. I smiled at every 8+ girl I saw, and let this guy continue to hit on her through much of the night, at one point my mom called (I know not cool, but my dad is chronically ill and when she calls that late something bad has usually happened… of course I never let the girl knew who called I simply just walked out of the bar, phone-to-ear, and got the intel on my dad.) I was out for a few minutes, 3-5, when I came back in, I saw her at the bar with the guy that had been trying to game her. Beta-man was buying her a drink, I walked up to the two and for the first time made a comment to the guy, "Having a good night?" I'm not sure if he replied or not but she immediately asked who was on the phone, I just shook my head waiving off her question and went to restroom. I came back out and her and Beta-man were still talking, the second I approached she left his side walked up to me and asked, "So, did you want to get a hotel?" Of course, I responded, "Sure, let's get out of here."
>
> I dropped a little bit of money on a hotel and had one of the wildest nights of my life. From the minute we entered the room until we checked out the next morning I was covered in warm Russian love-butter.
>
> I have always been fairly good at the game but this entry is powerful, it really emphasizes the power of text-game. This shit is evil good and must be added to everyone's playbook that is trying to capitalize on a number you have but can't seem to f-close.
>
> When we left the hotel on the ride home she asked why I don't have a girl friend and I told her that I get bored easy, telling her, "When I meet a girl I buy a gallon of milk, and when it expires I get rid of her." I have no idea where that line came from but it just flowed out effortlessly, in the couple weeks since the f-close it has been nothing but her chasing me, trying to not beat the expiration date rule.
>
> +1 for aloofness and non-sequitor game.

Indeed, young padawan. Not only is this a fantastic example of non sequitur game, it is also a clinic in how to properly run aloof and indifferent uncaring asshole game. As has been written here before, Russian chicks are especially vulnerable to aloof game. Privet!

******

Email #3

> Went on a date with a 22 year old 8.5.
>
> She was dumb and aloof as shit (she literally has ADD, and it shows), but hot as shit. Immediate shit test: she comes in talking on the phone and doesn't hang up when we sit down. I go to the bathroom and come back and she's off the phone. Exceedingly difficult to talk to, it's like she's 15. after 1.75 hours and 2 beers, we bounced. Enough IOIs that I kissed her and we continued to make out on the street. Brought her back to my place to party with roommates, despite the fact that she said she had to get up early for a family gathering. She got shy and reserved and sucked. She was ruining my night, so I drove her home. Kissed more in the car, but she seemed more reserved on the way home.
>
> Texted her 48 hours later: was the family gathering as fun as you envisioned?
>
> her: it was ok. i only watched on race though. [gathering was at a race track]
>
> me: haha. wtf did you do the whole time then?

> her: i chased around a 5 year old and drank
>
> me: lol. what's your week looking like, we need to have our second date.
>
> her: it's shark week this week.
>
> me: i live every week like it's shark week.
>
> No response. Her texts were always dry short, before and after we had the date. She will not text again, it's not her style. What should I do AND What should I have done? I still want to pierce her labia.

Texting a girl after a difficult date is approval-seeking. It won't help, and it could hurt your future chances with her. If you want to know how well a date went (as perceived by the girl, which, hate to say, is the perception that matters for getting laid), see if she texts you first. Girls who feel good after dates will often, in fact almost always, text you soon after the date has ended. They can't help themselves. It's like they want to shout their tingles from the top of a mountain.

Your text exchange started off badly and didn't get any better. You are forcing rapport by asking about her family gathering when she knows you don't really give a shit, and by dropping random "lol"s and "haha"s in reaction to her sub-par humor.

Also, when asking for a second date, never say "we need to…". "Need" is a verboten beta word, passive and weak. You should banish its use from all your interactions with women. Instead, say "Let's get together", or even "I *want* to see you again".

Make no mistake, her shark week excuse was a humiliating rejection so patently absurd that I'm surprised you even bothered taking her seriously after that. Your subsequent reply was beyond lame. No wonder she didn't respond. The world could practically hear her pussy snapping shut.

What you should have done: "Bring the movies". Text a second date meeting time and place and tell her the first round is on her. It sounds like the first date was a loss, so a follow-up from her was unlikely, and as we can see a "normal" text feeler from you did not have any positive impact on whatever lukewarm feelings she had for you. Going forward, you may want to try non sequitur game, like the emailer above. But more probably you will have to NEXT this girl.

******

Email #4

Comments from the Chateau about this man's text game are interspersed in bold.

> This is my first time writing you, so let me say thanks for putting out what I consider to be the most important site on the web for males. I am a natural beta and this site has had an incredible positive impact on my quality of life and happiness.
>
> Anyway, an old girlfriend texted me out of the blue yesterday and the exchange is below. I don't really want a relationship with her again, but I do hang out a lot in the town she currently lives in and wouldn't mind keeping open the possibility for a late night rendezvous. My goal with this exchange was basically to ignite some gina tingles for a potential meetup in the future.
>
> Quick Backround: We dated for about a year. She broke up with me about a year ago for some BS reason, but after discovering your site, I realized it was because I had become pathetically beta. She's 23 now (I'm 24) and works for a huge accounting firm in NYC. She was probably a solid 6-7 back when we dated, I attached a picture for reference (sorry I couldn't find any nudes). **[Ed: Accurate ranking. She's a 6.]** I've added any explanatory comments in italics.
>
> Her (12:17 AM): I miss you
>
> Me (7:03 AM): cant say I blame you

Her (9:01 AM): Do you miss me?

Me (11:32 AM): What do you miss most about me?

[Excellent deflection and reframe.]
(All of the below texts were sent within 15 minutes of the previous one)

Her: We had fun together

Me: Do you know what I miss most about you?

Her: What

Me: Big boobs *(seriously, 34D @ 5'5" 125)*

Her: If that's the case then I guess that doesn't say much about our relationship

Me: Just sayin they were nice. It's a compliment. Anyway I recall you ended it

Her: I know. I was in the wrong.

Me: Is this your way of trying to get back together?

Her: No I am just telling you

[She's lying. No girl contacts an ex out of the blue unless she wants to be with him again. Watch Swingers.]

Me: Its ok you don't have to be coy about it

Her: LOL do you really expect me to randomly say after like a year lets get back together

Me: Hey im not the one sending random I miss you texts

Her: OK then sorry I won't say anything

Me: Don't get upset. Anyway I meant what I said

Her: You meant what?

Me: That I miss your boobs. They were fun to play with

[The boob joke was funny at first, but now is overplayed. If you want to convert her to a fuckbuddy you have to, at some point, show a little attainability, which means curbing the cocky/funny act and assuaging her female sensibility. You run the risk here of overqualifying (out-assholing) yourself.]

Her: Great thanks

Me: What fun things do you miss most about us?

Her: Doesn't matter

[No surprise that she is clamming up with regret. You could have jumped straight into comfort stage with her because your value was already sky high.]

Me: Hey don't get upset. I wanna know what it was.

Her: We just had a great time together in my opinion

Me: Like what specifically? Im trying to remember

[This is a great asshole line, but might be counterproductive at this point.]

Her: Are you still in east Brunswick? *(my hometown, moved back after college and am still here for now)*

[Now she's redirecting the conversation.]

Me: No actually I moved to california

Her: Really or are you joking

Me: Haha got me. Still in NJ. You never answered my question still.

[Good save to regain convo leadership.]

Her: Our trips. Relaxing. Movies. I moved to Hoboken *(In NJ, Directly across the river from NYC. Known for its many bars and single young professionals)*

Me: Its nice there. Easy to meet a lot of people. How do you like it?

Her: I love it

Me: I should tell you im getting married

Her: What?

Me: Yeah I should have mentioned it before

Her: Congrats

Me: Haha just joking. Cmon I thought you were sharper than that. Do you really think Id do that to myself?

Her: Why wouldn't you what to get married? I do

Me: I don't blame you. I just don't think im marriage material. Its too hard to pick one person forever

Her: Maybe. But when you love someone you know I feel Just because you didin't feel that way about me doesn't mean you won't *(WTF??)*

[Don't sweat it. This seemingly disqualifying reply is just the female hamster spinning to death. She's trying to trap you into chasing her.]

Me: What? That didn't make sense

Her: Nevermind

Me: Haha ok. you must still be drunk from last night. So what do you do for fun in Hoboken?

Her: No I'm not. I've been working a lot and studying for my last part of the cpa. But I run and like the bars around

Me: Cool. Im sure you do work a lot. Are you partner yet? *(I know it takes 15 yrs to make partner there)*

Her: Soon. Another year

Me: Yeah you wish. For real do you know what the best way to get promoted is?

Her: Don't even start. I'm sure you going to say something sex related

Me: Haha so you know its to sleep with your boss? Maybe you really will be partner in a year then…

Her: You're def not the guy I used to know

[Normally, this admission would be a good thing, but since she contacted you first she already had it in her head that she wanted to fuck you again. Therefore, your cocky asshole act may be backfiring and driving her away.]

Me: That's not true. Im still as ruggedly good looking and charming as ever

Her: K

[The banter was good, but went on for too long. Again, you likely overplayed your hand by revving your engine in the attraction phase without switching gears into a smooth cruise of genuine rapport. You needed to get real with her so she had the flimsy excuse she sought to rationalize sleeping with you again. And don't focus so much on dating vs fucking and moving her into the FB zone. That will work itself out *after* you start banging. Keep your eyes on the prize.]

This is a decent representation of my text game and the type of attitude and banter I try to get over on the phone. I'd love to hear your comments about what I said, my frame, and overall alphaness from this. I think this is a good litmus test considering how this relationship ended and where I am now. Also, any suggestions from you as how to proceed from here would obviously be appreciated.

> Thanks again,
> “Anon”

Your overall alphaness was try-hard lesser alpha. You have lost sight of the sweeter brushstrokes of game in favor of the crowd-pleasing fireworks. Regulate yourself before you celibate yourself. In the future, if you talk to her again, make sure it is face-to-face, and keep your mouth shut. Her hamster will find a way into your pants. After that, manage the relationship in the direction you want it to go. To convert her to a fuckbuddy, this is easy: just refrain from talking to her or taking her out more than once per week, and never on the weekends.

Why Sluts Make Bad Wives

CH · 16 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This is a post about sluts. It is a post that will inflame the small animal passions of milquetoasty, nonjudgmentalist men and women alike, for in this post is evidence — hard evidence — that sluts are bad choices for long term girlfriends and, especially, wives. Chateau reps have written extensively (and gleefully!) on this subject, always with a phalanx of indignant detractors yelping in protest and vomiting some lame excuse or another.

The mentally flaccid nonjudgmentalists are running from ugly truths they cannot bear to accept, and never is this more apparent than when discussing the price that sluts pay in the open sexual market. Here, for instance, is an excerpt from an infamous post that sent hordes of internet whores into screeching hissy fits:

> [T]his goes without saying, but apparently there are some commenters who believe being completely nonjudgemental of anything a woman does is the mark of an alpha. In fact, it's just the opposite. Only alphas have the market value to mercilessly judge the women they choose to bring into their lives.
>
> Men subconsciously judge women's sluttiness for eminently practical reasons, just as women judge men on a host of alpha benchmarks for similarly practical reasons. No moral equation required. "Slut" is, in fact, a morally neutral term in the context of the sexual market, where a slutty girl is viewed, justifiably and desirably, as an easy lay who will go all the way right away, and undesirably as a girlfriend or wife prospect in whom to invest precious resources. With the law and social institutions of the modern west arrayed against male interest as it hasn't been in all of human history, it is of critical importance that men get this part of choosing girls for long term investmest and wife and mother potential down to a science.

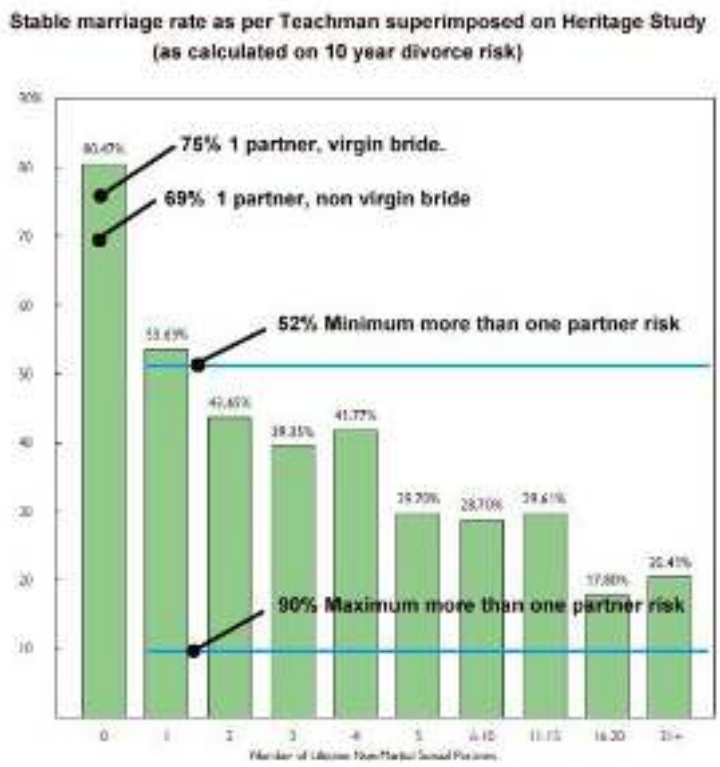
Well, the science has arrived; at least, the science that proves that sluts are suckers' bets for LTRs or marriage. You want to marry or have a loving long-term relationship with a girl without an elevated risk that she'll divorce you or cheat on you? Then you had better get good real fast at screening the sluts from the relatively chaste girls so that you can lavish your resources and commitment on the latter.

The Social Pathologist has crunched the numbers, and the verdict is in: women with lots of past partners are more likely to divorce than women who didn't take a self-empowering spin on the cock carousel.

> The results presented in this article replicate findings from previous research: Women who cohabit prior to marriage or who have premarital sex have an increased likelihood of marital disruption. Considering the joint effects of premarital cohabitation and premarital sex, as well as histories of premarital relationships, extends previous research. The most salient finding from this analysis is that women whose intimate premarital relationships are limited to their husbands—either premarital sex alone or premarital cohabitation—do not experience an increased risk of divorce. **It is only women who have more than one intimate premarital relationship who have an elevated risk of marital disruption.** This effect is strongest for women who have multiple premarital coresidental unions. These findings are consistent with the notion that premarital sex and cohabitation have become part of the normal courtship pattern in the United States. They do not indicate selectivity on characteristics linked to the risk of divorce and do not provide couples with experiences that lessen the stability of marriage.

A good guess as to what precipitates this "marital disruption" — the slut gets bored with her betafied hubby.

Here is a handy graph associated with the study:



As The Social Pathologist writes:

> Note, the really disturbing [finding] still holds. As soon as a woman has had more than one partner her long term marital stability risk drops to near 50%.

Poetry of Flesh's brand spanking new hubby wept. On the other hand, she is old enough to be less of a flight risk, so there's that. Which is nice for him. I guess.

Players and traditionalists, take a close look at that graph. When a woman has had 16 or more past lovers, the odds that a marriage to her will end in divorce **rise to over 80%!** Even "average" women with "only" five past lovers — women that few men would admit in public qualify as sluts — see an increase in odds of divorce to 70%. What man would want to screw his chances by marrying that? No wonder women react so vehemently to accusations of sluttitude and to helpful hints from yours truly on how best to identify sluts before you get in too deep.

Basically gentlemen, if you want to beat the sordid odds and enter a marriage with a less than 50% likelihood it will end in divorce, you need to date virgins or girls who have had only one partner before you. Good luck with that! Of course, you can do as the Chateau recommends and skip out on marriage altogether. This option opens the playing field for you to continually date and dump sluts as you see fit, minus the accompanying divorce theft financial rape.

Interesting conjectures arise as to why sluts pose a greater divorce risk than more innocent girls. The most obvious is encapsulated in this maxim:

Maxim #80: The more cocks that have ravaged a woman, the less any one cock will mesmerize her.

Sluts may have higher testosterone levels, leading them to cheat and, thus, to increase marital instability. Sluts may get bored faster with any one man. Sluts attract the sorts of men who themselves have no use for monogamous commitment. Sluts may just be fucked in the head. Their psychology doesn't matter as much as the ability to quickly identify and discard them as potential wife and mother of your children material.

What's really going to blow some readers' minds is that, despite the happy smackdown of the platitude parade marchers, the Chateau is not necessarily anti-slut. After all, sluts are good to go. They make easy lays in a pinch

when you don't feel like investing much time or energy into winning over a more prudish girl. Sluts are often wild in bed from the get-go; no training required. And sluts have lower expectations; they will rarely pressure you for a ring.

Nevertheless, what the above study and graph should convince you is that there are solid biological and sociological reasons why men place higher value on virgin women, and this fact is immutable regardless of the handwaving by the polyamory crowd. Sluts are simply a poor investment strategy for men seeking something more than a fling. This goes doubly for relationships codified by the state.

It should also be noted that sluts, while possessing pasts spattered with the cumshots of multiple lovers, are not less discriminating than saints. Betas thinking that all they have to do is hone in on sluts for the easy kill are in for a rude surprise. Sluts want to be properly gamed by an alpha male just as much as good girls. The difference is that sluts will sleep with more alphas, and will jump into bed quicker with them, than will good girls.

No girl wants to be labeled a slut (even if she co-opts the term for herself in a vain attempt to de-fang it), which is why women lie about their past number of partners. Women know, deep down, that being less slutty means better treatment from men.

To men thinking about marriage, double the total number of past lovers your girlfriend admits to you, add additional lovers based on the slut cues she reveals, and divide a 1 carat diamond engagement ring by that total. Ergo, a woman with twenty cocks in her past would receive a 1/20th carat ring.

Preferably quartz.

Players Die Young

CH · 17 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to take an internet-y jaunt around the world of science and extract nuggets of wisdom from the minds of your betters.

Womanizers live fast, die young.

> Promiscuous males are so intent on pursuing sexual partners that they can neglect even essential tasks such as eating, says a new study published in the *Journal of Evolutionary Biology*.
>
> The finding suggests that male promiscuity is not more common – despite its potential evolutionary advantages – because it is subject to natural limitations: playboy males have stunted growth and go to an early grave. […]
>
> When the male fish were regularly supplied with new unfamiliar females throughout their life, they spent less time looking for food and more time pursuing the females. Males living with unfamiliar females also grew more slowly and to a smaller adult size, and tended to die sooner.
>
> In contrast, males living with a single partner ate regularly, grew steadily throughout their lives and lived longer.
>
> "The considerable costs of promiscuity to the individuals involved reveal a natural limitation on promiscuous behaviour, previously undescribed in vertebrates," says Jordan. "Perhaps those who wish for a more promiscuous existence will see this as a warning.

Sure, this is a study of fish, not humans, but it may be relational. I can recall during my most deliriously promiscuous months I suffered from frequent colds and exhaustion. My health regained its footing when I settled into serially monogamous relationships.

There is one possible way out of this trade-off between promiscuity and health: be a late bloomer. If you start your womanizing career after you have fully grown and gained your maximum size, strength and constitution, you may not suffer the deleterious health consequences of chasing a wonderful variety of pussy. Vitamin D helps also.

******

Femtard fave bonobos aren't the free love communitarians originally thought:

> A team of researchers led by Gottfried Hohmann of the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology has discovered that the higher up a male bonobo is placed in the social hierarchy, the greater his mating success is with female bonobos. But even males who are not so highly placed are still in with a chance of impressing females.
>
> Researchers reported for the first time direct support from mothers to their sons in agonistic conflicts over access to estrous females. Martin Surbeck from the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology discovered that the presence of mothers enhances the mating success of their sons and thereby causes mating to be more evenly distributed among the males. As bonobo males remain in their natal group and adult females have the leverage to intervene in male conflicts, maternal support extends into adulthood and potentially affects male reproductive success. (published in: *Proceedings of the Royal Society B: Biological Sciences*)
>
> Variation in male mating success is often related to rank differences. Males who are unable to monopolize estrous females alone may engage in coalitions with other group members to chase higher ranking males off these females and to thus enhance their own mating success.

High status male bonobos get more sexual access to females, just as in chimpanzee tribes. Here, there is the additional influence of high ranking bonobo mothers helping their sons get a screw. Mothers benefit because

sexually successful sons give them more grandchildren.

> In addition to rank, the presence of mothers does indeed enhance the mating success of sons and thereby reduces the proportion of matings by the highest ranking male.
>
> Mothers and sons seem to be inseparable and mothers provide agonistic aid to sons in conflicts with other males. As bonobos are male-philopatric, i.e. males remain in their natal group, and adult females occupy high dominance status, maternal support extends into adulthood and females have the leverage to intervene in male conflicts. The absence of female support to unrelated males suggests that mothers gain indirect fitness benefits by supporting their sons. “Females do not grant this kind of support to unrelated males. By helping their sons the mothers may likely increase the number of their own grandchildren”, says Martin Surbeck.

It never made sense to believe that mothers wouldn’t have some influence over their sons’ reproductive success. It is, evolutionarily speaking, in mom’s interest to see her son do well with the ladies. There are parallels to human families. Mothers of murderous sons nearly always absolve, excuse or defend them. Mothers, despite having an almost universal lack of game knowledge, do exert a sort of primitive effort to set up their sons with “good girls”. Sometimes these efforts even work. I imagine in more matriarchal societies, like sub-Saharan Africa where fathers are generally less involved in family matters, mothers play a big role in increasing the status of sons and helping fight off (not necessarily physically) competitor males who could vie for sexual opportunities with the same women as their sons.

******

Single moms take note: if you want help from the bastard spawn of your first badboy lover in raising any future spawn, you had better have the future children with the same badboy.

> Help from earlier offspring in rearing a subsequent brood should evolve more easily when the mother is strictly monogamous. A comparative study of birds provides evidence in support of this view.
>
> Cooperative breeding, in which more than two individuals combine to rear a single brood of young, has evolved repeatedly in animals, and most commonly in insects and birds. This situation poses an evolutionary paradox: because individuals have only two parents, some of the carers in these cooperative societies are helping to raise young that are not their own.

A related study shows that promiscuous females reduce a society’s cooperativeness.

> Theory predicts that the evolution of cooperative behaviour is favoured by low levels of promiscuity leading to high within-group relatedness. However, in vertebrates, cooperation often occurs between non-relatives and promiscuity rates are among the highest recorded. Here we resolve this apparent inconsistency with a phylogenetic analysis of 267 bird species, demonstrating that cooperative breeding is associated with low promiscuity; that in cooperative species, helping is more common when promiscuity is low; and that intermediate levels of promiscuity favour kin discrimination. Overall, these results suggest that promiscuity is a unifying feature across taxa in explaining transitions to and from cooperative societies.

So, a society of sluts = Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome. POF’s fiancé wept again.

******

Women are more compassionate than men because it benefits their health. File under: the eternal solipsism of the female body.

> The research demonstrates that concern for the well-being of others does, indeed, benefit the self. By increasing the effectiveness of social support, compassion served a stress reduction function for women in the

> study.

Signaling, stress reduction, SWPL membership dues… call it what you like, it's clear that compassion is not exactly the noble human trait our pious poseurs and puritanical lefties would tell you it is.

******

Women, do you want to marry a man who won't cheat on you? Then make sure he has higher economic status than you.

> The more economically dependent a man is on his female partner, the more likely he is to cheat on her, according to research to be presented at the 105th Annual Meeting of the American Sociological Association.
>
> "But for women, economic dependency seems to have the opposite effect: the more dependent they are on their male partners, the less likely they are to engage in infidelity," said Christin Munsch, a sociology Ph.D. candidate at Cornell University, and author of the study, "The Effect of Relative Income Disparity onInfidelity for Men and Women."

What's going on here? Two explanations jump to mind: one, lower earning men cheat because their higher earning wives emasculate them either through withdrawal of sex or by snarky verbal slapshots. Thus, they seek the reinvigoration of their testicular fortitude in the flaps of another woman's vulva. Or, the higher earning wives fell in love with the sort of lower earning but charming ne'er-do-wells who are more apt to cheat because they can. Either way, it's in both men's and women's interest, if faithful, long term marriages are their goals, for the wife to be hotter than what the husband has previously dated and for the husband to be higher status — as measured by income, social standing, or some other status variable like fluency with game — than the wife.

But this is not the whole story.

> Ironically, men who make significantly more than their female partners were also more likely to cheat. "At one end of the spectrum, making less money than a female partner may threaten men's gender identity by calling into question the traditional notion of men as breadwinners," Munsch said. "At the other end of the spectrum, men who make a lot more money than their partners may be in jobs that offer more opportunities for cheating like long work hours, travel, and higher incomes that make cheating easier to conceal."

So basically, men will cheat under a lot of different conditions. Alert the media! Men like a variety of pussy! Unless the woman is exceedingly hot — like a 9 or higher — she should avoid marrying a much higher earning man if she doesn't want to endure the pain of infidelity over and over and over…

******

Trusting people aren't necessarily more gullible than skeptical people.

> People high in trust were more accurate at detecting the liars—the more people showed trust in others, the more able they were to distinguish a lie from the truth. The more faith in their fellow humans they had, the more they wanted to hire the honest interviewees and to avoid the lying ones. Contrary to the stereotype, people who were low in trust were more willing to hire liars and they were also less likely to be aware that they were liars.

Moral of the study: If you are going to aspire to be a manwhore taking advantage of innocent blondes of Northern European descent, you had better have a good poker face.

******

For the men (you women should lift too, but I don't want you getting any ideas that the 2.5 pound pink dumbbells

are gonna make much difference to your cellulite ridden asses): you can build just as much muscle doing high rep light weights to failure as doing low rep heavy weights to failure.

> Current gym dogma holds that to build muscle size you need to lift heavy weights. However, a new study conducted at McMaster University has shown that a similar degree of muscle building can be achieved by using lighter weights. The secret is to pump iron until you reach muscle fatigue.
>
> "Rather than grunting and straining to lift heavy weights, you can grab something much lighter but you have to lift it until you can't lift it anymore," says Stuart Phillips, associate professor of kinesiology at McMaster University. "We're convinced that growing muscle means stimulating your muscle to make new muscle proteins, a process in the body that over time accumulates into bigger muscles."

I have put on sixteen pounds of muscle in the past five months lifting very heavy weights, two sets for each exercise of approximately 6-10 reps and 4-7 reps each. My routine is formed around a core of the big four: deadlift, squat, bench and wide grip pullups. I also take whey protein, creatine, and an assortment of peer-reviewed legal supplements, and my diet is 80% paleo. (Note: I have nothing against steroids.)

I've done both the high rep light weight and low rep heavy weight methods to failure, and I find that the latter leaves me feeling more aggressive and torqued. The former gives me more of a pump, which quickly subsides after a half hour. I like the feeling of accomplishment I get from incrementally lifting heavier weights, so I will stick with that method. Perhaps a mixed routine incorporating both methods is the way to go.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 18 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Throbbing Gristle describes what he'd do to Jessica Valenti, Slut Apologist:

> Can I be the first to admit I would give quite a lot to grudge-fuck Valenti. She's crying out to be ballgagged, trussed and put to the mighty Frothomir. Again and again and again. Then booted out on the street with but a tattered rag to cover her shame.
>
> Consensually, of course.

Doubleplusvenality if her husband sits in a corner watching the debauchment and quietly sobbing as he pokes glumly at his limp noodle with a crabbed finger.

Bristles

CH · 18 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

“Wow, I can’t believe I neglected to do this. Can I come inside and use your bathroom real quick? Yeah, I know, I should have gone at the bar.”

She cocked her head and a wisp of sandy blonde hair tumbled across her left cheek. She smiled.

“Of course, you can use my bathroom.”

“Just the bathroom, that’s all. I’m gonna hold you to that.”

She giggled. “Ok.”

Her place was smartly decorated. A geometric mobile acted as a partition between her bed and the room. She pointed to the bathroom and I closed the door. Lifting the toilet seat, I let my gaze relax on her patterned wallpaper. This pissing felt particularly pleasurable. I flushed and exited, walking to her studio apartment window.

“You have a good view of the students across the street. Are you an exhibitionist?”

“I don’t think so. Are you a voyeur?”

“Yes.” I walked into her personal space. She held her ground. “Who isn’t a voyeur?”

“Well, I’m not a pervert, but if that’s your thing, I won’t stop you.”

“If I want to be stopped, I’ll let you know.”

She parted her mouth as if about to formulate a reply, but fell short. I noticed her palms had opened and were facing my thighs.

“I really… like your place…” I leaned in and softly brushed my lips sideways across hers.

Her tongue escaped with a fury, pushing for the dark recesses of my mouth. I withdrew, pulled back, and examined her pupils. She became shy.

“Oh god, that makes me nervous.”

“What does?”

“You doing that. Looking at me and not saying anything.”

“Good. It’s hot when you’re nervous.”

Kissing resumed. I could taste a little of the artisanal beer on her tongue. She pressed into my face, and a whimper echoed in her throat. Something scratched my upper lip. I pulled back, then returned to her mouth. Still more scratching. Pulling back once more, I spot checked her upper lip. All clear. A visual inspection revealed nothing but soft skin. More kissing. More irritating scratching. Like a Brillo pad scrubbing my philtrum. Five minutes and a semi-chub later, I disengaged to allow my upper lip a moment of relief from the interminable stinging.

She opened her mouth for more, eyes half-lidded. I paused. Her eyes widened quizzically. Reluctantly, I rejoined the oral battle with her tongue, lips, and whatever phantom torment occupied the tender region between her upper lip and nose. The pain resumed, and I could no longer deny it; she had a hedgerow of invisible bristles above her mouth — scratching, scraping, scrubbing the epidermis from my face. I could not even fool myself these were soft female hairs; I was kissing 5 o’clock stubble. Once more, I stepped back and microscopically perused her face and mouth. I could see nothing. But the bristles were there, invisible and abrasive.

“You know, it sounds cliched, but I’m not that kind of girl.” Her red face and swaying hips belied her words.

“Hey, I’m trying to turn over a new leaf. I’m a different guy from the old me. I’m a gentleman now.”

“Oh… Ok.”

“I’ll give you a call.” One more kiss, this time with my mouth pursed defensively, and my fingers already deleting her number.

Outside, I passed a group of undergrad girls reveling in the 1AM street lamp glow. All tits and ass, bursting into existence. Their philtrums glistened, danced and swayed, and I wondered which of them held no secrets.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 18 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

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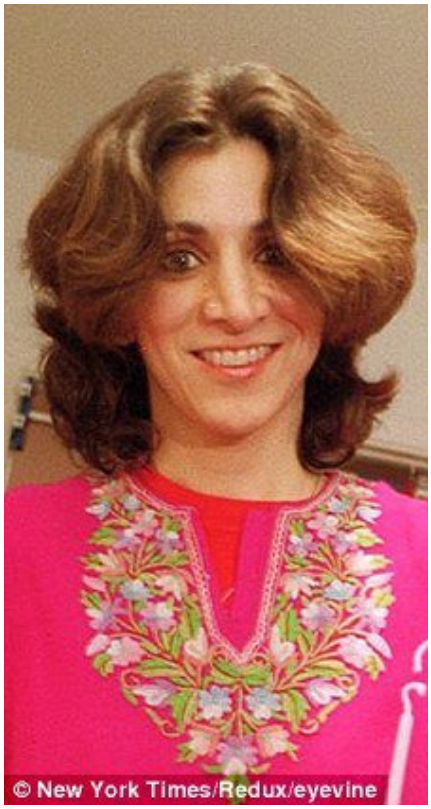
> Can I be the first to admit I would give quite a lot to grudge-fuck Valenti. She's crying out to be ballgagged, trussed and put to the mighty Frothomir. Again and again and again. Then booted out on the street with but a tattered rag to cover her shame.
>
> Consensually, of course.

Doubleplusvenality if her husband sits in a corner watching the debauchment and quietly sobbing as he pokes glumly at his limp noodle with a crabbed finger.

Beta Fights Back

CH · 20 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

what a mistake i have made
to reputedly conceive
with a woman whose face
could strip bark from a tree



You want to feel sorry for this poor bastard, but then you are left asking "WTF was he thinking?" Marriage and cuckolding is beta enough, but for a good-looking, high status man to hitch his wagon to such an ugly broad? It defies natural law.

> A filmaker is suing his ex-wife for allegedly duping him into believing for 17 years that a child was his daughter.
>
> Andrew Douglas, who directed the 2005 remake of The Amityville Horror, is demanding back hundreds of thousands of pounds in child support.
>
> He says Ameena Meer asked him to marry her after claiming she was having his baby. But the real father, according to the lawsuit, was another Briton she had been cheating on him with.

Mandatory paternity testing is coming, and it is going to put an end to these vile shenanigans by women. In the meantime, men can act to protect themselves by following one simple rule:

Don't screw hatched-faced man-women.

The more eerily a woman resembles a man, the likelier it is she will cheat, cuckold and cover it up for 17 years. Just look at the markers of high prenatal and serum testosterone etched into this whore's face. Is her nose a Ginsu knife?

> Once pregnant, Miss Meer said she didn't want a baby born out of wedlock because 'it would cause great

> shame and disgrace to her parents, who were practising Muslims'.

Ah, a little of the ol' religion guilt-trip coercion. If I were him, I'd have told her to have fun with her stoning.

> The writer moved to London and married Mr Douglas in August 1992. But the couple split months after Sasha Douglas was born and Miss Meer took their daughter back to her New York home.

It never ceases to amaze how incredibly ignorant some men can be about marriage and women. Like the dumb broad dressed in a tramp's miniskirt walking at 2AM through a well-known bad neighborhood, the man who willfully blinds himself to the nature of women deserves some of the fault for creating his shitworld.

> In the court documents, Mr Douglas says he had little contact with Sasha until her tenth birthday and felt depressed about failing as a father.

How can you tell a man is a beta at heart? He will always blame himself first.

> Miss Meer, who has had two more daughters with her second husband, allegedly told the director that 'a price tag was attached' if he wanted to play any part in the girl's life.

In a legal climate that was fair toward men, a stone cold lying bitch like Meer would be thrown in jail for extortion. But, no, the femtards will applaud her moxy and shift blame to the man for "walking out after being a part of this child's life for so long". As I always tell the femtards when they play this lame "unextractable part of life" card: if the cheating bitch was worried about the child not having a biological father in its life, she should have thought of that before she whored around.

> He said he paid nearly £450,000 in child support and tuition fees, gave Miss Meer £17,000 when she fell behind with her rent and handed out a further £6,500 for a new bathroom.

This guy Douglas is a case study demonstrating how a conventionally high status man can be a beta in his soul. That examples like Douglas exist is why this definition of the alpha male is the right and proper one.

> Tests showed [Douglas' DNA] was incompatible with the 17-year-old's. Miss Meer allegedly brushed off his concerns, telling him in a telephone call last September:

> ‘If you’re not Sasha’s father, it must be immaculate conception.’ A DNA test taken later that month revealed that it was virtually impossible for Mr Douglas to have been the father.

Cuckoldry is a valuable reproductive strategy for women. Women will tell the most blatant whoppers to protect this “choice”. I doubt there is a single woman in the world who, when exposure threatens the gravy train of child support, will confess to the dirty deed. This is why MPT is needed; there is no way any man can fully trust a woman in the matter of paternity, no matter how much she loves him. MPT will protect men from the female version of rape. It will save them years of emotional and financial servitude. A fully functioning MPT regime would have two primary results:

It would curb female infidelity.

It would lower marriage rates, as women become more careful about which men they marry. This, consequently, would increase single mom-hood and abortion rates.

A woman who knows the technology is virtually failsafe and the law is gender-neutral will think twice before stepping out on her husband sans contraceptive. Because of this modern day restriction on a very ancient secret female prerogative, the fembots will fight tooth and nail to prevent MPT with concomitant changes in the law that further bastardize the meaning of family and the connection between genetic progeny and paternal responsibility. This is why absurd laws are cropping up lately redefining cohabitation as marriage (with all the servile duties and legal impositions that implies) and holding the non-father boyfriends financially responsible for the bastard spawn of the single moms they are fucking. (This is another good reason to avoid using single moms as anything other than pump and dump receptacles for your withheld sperm.)

> The court file says the biological parent is ‘a British man who, unbeknownst to plaintiff at the time, was involved in a sexual relationship’ with Miss Meer.

Stuff like this is rarely “unbeknownst” to alpha males.

> The real father refused to marry her and so ‘knowingly and with malice’ she told Mr Douglas the baby was his.

Real father = alpha. Deadbeat dad fucks her and bolts, while the well-off, responsible beta with a heart of gold foots the bill for the rancid cunt’s cock-hopping and her little bundle of dystopia. Where have we heard this story before?

> The legal papers say Mr Douglas still loves the girl he believed to be his daughter, but wants his former wife to pay back the child support and pay compensation for emotional damages.

If Douglas wins, this could be the start of something beautiful. The feminists and their diaper-loading enablers have run roughshod long enough over our venerable institutions. A serious rectification of the West’s corrupted legal system is in order.

> A friend of the filmmaker told the New York Post that Mr Douglas was ‘a stand-up guy’ who ‘took Ameena at her word 17 years ago’.

Maxim #19: Never take a woman’s word; a woman’s actions are the best interpreters of her thought.

Betas never seem to learn this lesson, and it is a lesson they pay for dearly, over and over, because women smell beta from twelve parsecs, and it stirs a contemptuous, malicious compulsion in them. Alphas can be victimized, too, but they rarely are, for the alpha male by his character and his game exerts a calming, domesticating influence over the nastier primitive spirits animating a woman’s will. Often, and incredulously to those of a constitutional

gullibility, a devious evil woman for whom no second is too soon to stick the shiv in a betaboy's back will act against her own interests to spare the dignity of an alpha male who has happily shamed her.

> He said Miss Meer has now banned Mr Douglas from seeing Sasha.

So much for the importance of the child being a part of the father's life.

> Miss Meer told the newspaper that she had never knowingly lied to her ex-husband.

Women know. She knew she was fucking around, and thus she knew there was a chance the kid was another man's, unless she is a functional retard. This slippery sophistry shouldn't convince anyone.

> 'Of course I didn't lie. I obviously didn't think that he wasn't her father,' she said. 'If he wants to be her father, he should provide for her. Isn't that what's fair?'

Let me tell you what's fair, MIZZ Meerkat — a full remittance of all child custody monies plus interest and punitive damages paid forthwith to your ex-husband, jail time that is the equivalent of whatever sentence a man would receive for raping a woman and burdening her with the cursed spawn that was the result of such an unholy union, and your motherhood card revoked in a public shaming spectacle so outrageous you spend the rest of your life a mere husk of a woman devising macabre ways to off yourself and end the unremitting emotional pain that forever tortures your every waking moment.

THAT is what's fair, you filthy festering cunt.

> She said the lawsuit was 'a terrible thing for him to do to his daughter'.

And that's how to know it was the right thing. A terrible justice invoked. Evil trembled, desperately searching for allies, but none were to be found.

Curing Oneitis

CH · 21 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> I rarely ask for help for anything, but I have been reading your blog for around two years. I have no problem attracting women, I generally bed a new girl every two weeks or so if I feel like it. My problem is one-itis. As repugnant of a feeling it is, and something I must admit, I need to help from the most powerful and knowledgeable source to handle this problem.
>
> I pushed all in on my first girlfriend in terms of hard earned mental, emotional, and physical resources and she is a viper that is legend in circles around me now. She extorted more then half my money, conspired to put me into jail, almost gave me aids, and fucked all of my best friends at the time. If I was kidding, I wouldn't be writing you this.
>
> For the last SEVEN YEARS I have not been able to get her out of my head. I think of this person every day. I have dated seriously 20+ women in that span of time, and all of those relationships suffered because of this. This woman was the devil, and by and large the best fuck I have ever had. I would cum six times a day with her.
>
> I have had threesomes (girl girl me of course), I have fucked a pornstar and a lingerie model. I am just a 25 year old pasty white hacker, but my conversations are empowering and I leave girls better then I found them. This girl though, has taken my soul.
>
> ***I want it back.***
>
> Tell me lords of poon, commanders of cunt, sycophants of the "sleeve of wizard"…**How do I move past this?** Every girl I fuck only makes this insatiable hunger to have that kind of attraction in my life again worse. It's starting to effect *[sic]* me.

Yes, the Chateau is aware this may be a fake email. But it doesn't matter. The email provides a good excuse to riff on a new topic.

Oneitis is a disease of the amygdala that presents as a total incapacitation of the man's logic, reason and interest in hobbies, hygiene and restful sleep. Oneitis exists in two forms, a precoital and postcoital expression of the virus. The precoital, or "#1 crush", form occurs when two conditions are met: A girl possesses a precise beauty of the face that closely matches the beauty template the man carries in his head for the perfect woman, and this girl is within the man's visual and aural field. The postcoital, or "no girl will ever be as good as her", form occurs when the same conditions are met, with the additional factor that the man has boffed the girl and is now not boffing her.

More simply:

Beauty + proximity = acute oneitis

Beauty + former proximity + memories = malignant oneitis

Malignant oneitis is much more damaging to a man's health and self-esteem because it tends to be resistant to therapeutic intervention. Acute oneitis is often solved rather simply by administering an alpha-pak of anti-obsessives, which are slutty women almost as good looking as the infectious agent but more enzymatically compatible. Side effects include drowsiness after finally busting a nut in a flesh and blood sex partner.

Once the oneitis is triggered, it assumes a life of its own, burdening the victim with crippling flights of fancy and obsessive-complusive daydreaming when the object of lust is not around. Oneitis can also blind the victim to alternative sexual opportunities in his midst, and this will later present as extreme, possibly suicidal, regret in forty years.

The reader/patient is diagnosed with a case of malignant oneitis, a particularly aggressive seven year strain. Testing revealed a subcutaneous betaness in an advanced stage of metastasization. The patient was admitted to mindfucking surgery immediately in an effort to excise the betaness and help him “move past it”. Treatment included a review of his intervening girlfriends and flings and an accurate, third party reviewed self-assessment, followed by a slap upside the head. Contraindications include memory- and photo-assisted masturbation and drinking alone. Conclusions follow.

The patient says his first girlfriend — they have been broken up for seven years — was his greatest emotional investment. If his description of her is to be believed, she is a high ranking member of the League of Extraordinary Cunts. Yet we are left to wonder why such a low down dirty blast force bitch would earn so much of his efforts? Our team of medical specialists decided she must have been one hot little minx with a golden vagina.

The patient arrived distressed, and was quick to claim he has no problem attracting women, and that he has dated 20+ women since the breakup. Each subsequent relationship ended in a flameout, because his oneitis had ruined his ability to build and maintain an emotional connection with them. (Somewhere, a lonely beta gently caresses his flaccid member, crying on the inside for a fuckbuddy with whom he can fail to emotionally connect.)

The patient also claims to have left the runner-up girls better than he found them. (Please, it is to laugh. If you are an alpha, no girl is going to feel better when you leave her. If she does, you’re doing it wrong.)

Most tellingly, the patient admitted that each new fucktoy only served to remind him of what he no longer has.

Let’s cut to the chase. There are two primary causes for malignant oneitis.

1. Investment raises the value of a girl.

You are naturally going to value that which you spent much effort winning over. We value what we think is worth more, and what is worth more is what we worked hardest to get and keep. You poured your blood and guts into a chick who stole your money, nearly gave you AIDS, got you in trouble with the law, and, most damning of all, fucked your best friends. In the end, she dumped you. In your mind’s value abacus, you rationalize your needy behavior, and her careless behavior, by assigning a much higher value to her than to yourself.

2. The girls who came after the oneitis were not as good looking.

Yeah, I know you say you have no trouble getting girls, but in every case I have examined up close, including my own, the supposed “hot” girls that couldn’t make the man forget about his oneitis ex were in actuality not as hot as the ex. Every man claims it’s “something else” about the oneitis which captivates him, and that it’s not about looks, but that is just ego assuaging bullshit. Nearly every time, the runners up are exactly that — runners up to your ex’s hotness.

I remember this six-month oneitis I was nursing. In the interim, I had gone on a tear through an assortment of women, only to discover that none could do what I wanted them to do, which was to erase her memory completely, or at least detoxify the memories by pushing them into smaller and smaller neural crevices. I wanted my oneitis reduced from a maudlin reminiscence to a harmless nostalgia. Finally, at month six, I met a girl who had a better body, and a hotter face, than my oneitis. I’ll spare you the details of what happened next, because there aren’t any details — my oneitis was instantly cured. Presto whammo. Just like that. I had a new sparkly object in which to discharge my demon seed.

So the rule of thumb is not GFTOW, it’s GFTOHW (go fuck ten other hotter women). No oneitis can withstand such an assault on its mind warping parasitism. Of course, by fucking ten other hotter women, you risk ten-itis, which is a perpetual ringing in the ear caused by all the sex screams of your exes.

The corollary to the above rules is that if you are carelessly and indifferently drowning your sorrows in uglier pussy, your oneitis will GET WORSE. Fucking less attractive chicks, (which will become ridiculously easy if you have game, since your game + oneitis-fueled aloof attitude is a very potent blend of chick crack), will throw your past success into stark relief. You are probably better off wanking it than bedding unsatisfactory girls.

There are two cures for malignant oneitis, and each depends on the man's libido. Men who can go a few weeks or months without sex should avoid banging lesser girls in favor of putting in the work to find a girl with equal or better looks than the oneitis.

Men with high libidos would do well to fuck around indiscriminantly for a while until they settle on a girl who is the equal or better of their oneitis. A very horny man in the grip of oneitis will sulk unproductively if he doesn't have a play pussy to occupy his attention. Such men can emotionally handle fucking lesser chicks without it messing with their self-conception.

Another important point to make is that men who have tight game will never recapture the glory of their first sexual experiences when the raw emotions flooded them with abandon. Game is like coke: The highs are always great, but each snort numbs your brain a little more. When you can attract an acceptable number of good looking girls at will, the sex is going to become less momentous. It's an occupational hazard. In comparison to your current game-fueled bounty, an ex from long ago will seem of outsized importance in your mind simply because your emotions then were more uncontrollable and etched a stronger impression on your memory. In reality, that first love may not be as objectively good as the girls you are currently fucking, but your mind has played a trick on you and you can no longer make an unbiased judgement.

The patient is therefore released from Le Clinique Chateau with these instructions:

– Take a month off from actively skirt chasing.

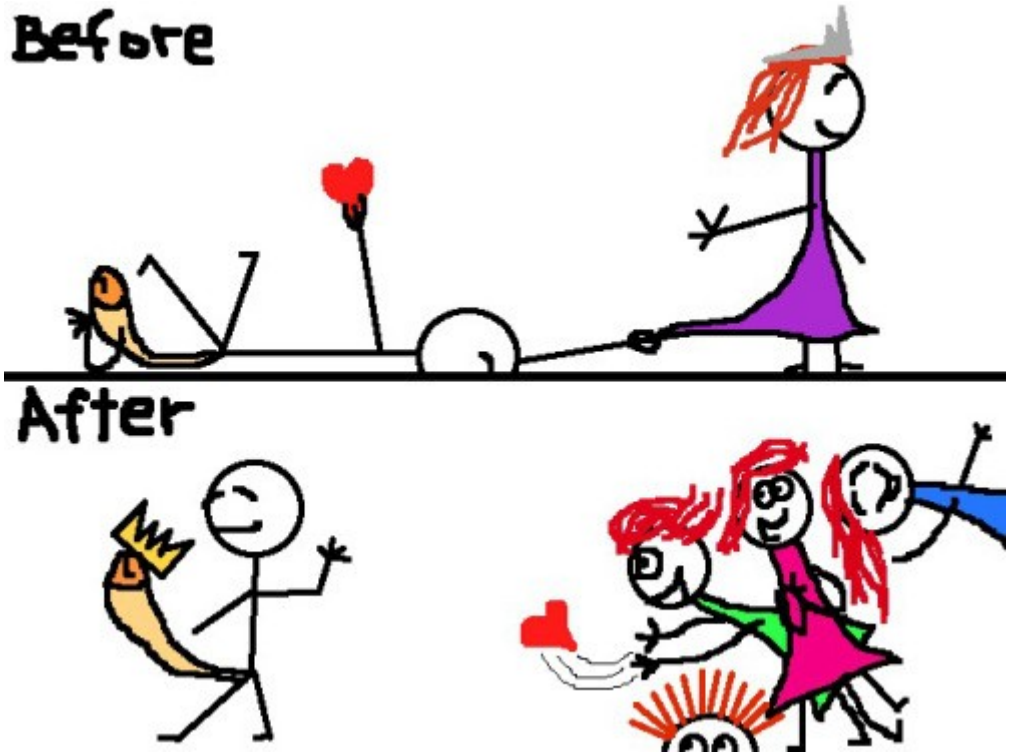
– Don't burn your ex's photos, but do store them in a lockbox in the attic where it would be a pain for you to conveniently access. Burning photos and other memorabilia is a powerfully symbolic act that ironically reinforces her importance in your life. Better to nonchalantly store that shit like it was any other old knickknack you no longer have use for.

– When you return to the field, focus on gaming girls hotter than what you are used to. This is like weightlifting: you need to incrementally go up in difficulty to see any progress. The challenge will help you concentrate on the present instead of the past.

– When you meet a girl you really like, invest in her. Don't go for the bang right away. You want to increase her value in your mind, and the way to do that is, one, to make sure she's hot, and two, to take your time winning her over. Sluts are not gonna cure your oneitis, but hard-to-get girls will.

– Finally, if none of the above works, scour the earth for a woman who is as beautifully evil as your ex was, and fall in love with her before you've said "hi". The ensuing passionate fling and humiliating breakup should replace your old oneitis with a new oneitis, which, if nothing else, is at least a change of scenery.

A graphical representation of the patient's progress:


Before
After

How To Attract Girls By Doing Almost Nothing

CH · 22 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Not absolutely nothing. (That would be silly advice for most men except famous dudes who can seduce simply by showing up.) But almost nothing. In the game of seduction, less is more.

Meeting for the first time

YOU: Hey.

HER: Hi.

YOU: Can I get your opinion on something? Won't take a sec.

HER: Sure.

YOU: [look at her for a minute, then turn back to your drink]

HER: Are you going to ask?

YOU: Maybe later.

Texting

HER: I had a great time last night!

[three days later]

YOU: Ya me too.

[five minutes later]

HER: My phone was out for the past three days in case you were trying to call me.

YOU: Nope.

[She immediately calls.]

Calling and leaving a message on her voicemail

YOU: Hey. [*click*]

When she flakes

YOU: See you at 7.

HER: I forgot it was my sister's birthday. I can't make it. Another time!

YOU: gay.

When she plays hard to get

YOU: I've got Wednesday free.

HER: Ooh, I can't do wednesday.

YOU: How about next Monday?

HER: That's gonna be tough.

YOU: Too bad. [*click*]

The second date

HER: You know, I don't do this on the second date. I'm not that type.

YOU: Cool.

HER: Cool? Ok, then… good.

YOU: [opening the front door]

HER: Where are you going? You don't have to leave, you know.

YOU: Got to. Getting drinks with some girl who's been bugging me lately.

HER: A girlfriend?

YOU: Pfft… who knows?

HER: [frantic] Ooookay… next time then? Promise you'll–

YOU: [slam!]

Going out on a big date

HER: I'm ready to goooo!!!

[She steps out in a slinky black cocktail dress, waiting expectantly for a stream of flattery.]

YOU: Hold on… you got a hair out of place. There.

HER: Thanks?

YOU: You look alright.

Postcoital bliss

HER: God, that was great!

YOU: …

HER: I mean really good.

YOU: …

HER: Snuggle with me.

YOU: …

HER: I think I'm falling for you.

YOU: Sweet.

Birthdays

HER: Aww… um… a bag of Skittles.

YOU: There's a note, too.

HER: [reading the post-it note stuck to the Skittles bag] 'roses are red, violets are blue, don't eat the green ones! you're a great screw'.

YOU: [smiling with pride]

…Two days later, talking with her girl friend.

HER: He gave me a bag of Skittles for my birthday! What is that?! Does he love me?? What am I doing wrong? Is he seeing other women? Does he want more blowjobs? I practically got lockjaw last week!

Meeting her friends

HER: And this is my boyfriend, Jack… Jack? Where'd he go? Oh, he's around here somewhere.

Farting in bed

YOU: BWAAAAP!

HER: Wow. Is the romance dead already?

YOU: BWAAAAP!

After a fight

HER: I can't believe you were flirting with that girl at the party! Did you think I wouldn't notice?

YOU: …

HER: Do you have anything to say for yourself?

YOU: Did you flood my toilet?

The 1AM booty call

YOU: Come over.

HER: omg are you serious?

[half hour later]

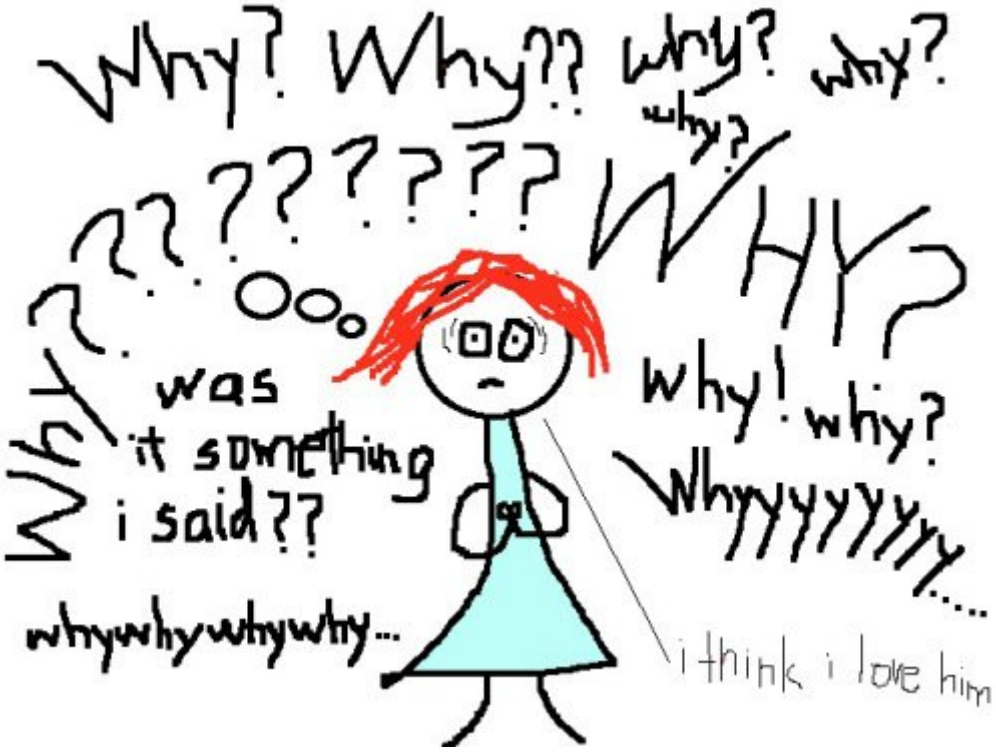
HER: U still up?

[another half hour later]

HER: Helllooo? U there?

YOU: Bring the movies.

The results of Do Almost Nothing Game look like this:



Alpha Male Of The Month: Chris Christie

CH · 23 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The big man throws his weight around.

Look at this guy. He's the anti-affectation politician. Which means he's 180 degrees from Obama. Where the Prez preens and postures, the Gov rumbles and wrestles.

Yes, superficially this is an egregious example of white knighting, but Christie manages the trick without losing alpha cred. Let's look at what he has done here. First, he stepped in front of Meg Whitman to handle a situation she seemed to be handling on her own. His action essentially telegraphs "I can shut this guy down better than she can". Second, notice the finger jabbing into the heckler's face. Major alpha gesticulation. Finally, after receiving Christie's verbal castration, the heckler quietly nods his head up and down in agreement with Christie's rebuke of him. This is a very common beta tell; you will often see betas adopt a posture of submission to a more powerful male rival, and head nodding in agreement is a major show of prostration. In essence, Christie shook some branches, beat his chest and bared teeth, and the lower ranking ape assumed the position of servility.

Chris is a different sort of alpha male than Silvio, but there is no denying both men are alphas in station and in behavior. If Christie has some game and a lack of scruples, I'm sure he could clean up with the ladies despite his girth.

A Woman Explains Why Chicks Dig Jerks

CH · 23 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Why hear it from an evil player when you can read a normal, everyday woman tell you how much chicks love assholes? This girl confirms the Chateau maxim that Do Almost Nothing Game is an important component of any man's arsenal of ardor.

> **Curiously familiar hypothetical situation:** You're at a bar with your friends when you spot a guy you recently hooked up with. You're feeling indifferent about him, but you wouldn't be opposed to giving it another go. You think, "Ehh, no need to say 'Hi' right away." Twenty minutes later, he still hasn't approached you. You wonder, "Why hasn't he said anything to me? Does my hair look bad?" But granted you're not criminally insane, you brush it off and look for someone else to schmooze. Thirty minutes later, still nothing. Well, he did wink at you from across the bar (or was there just something stuck in his eye?), but then he started talking to some girl wearing a tube dress. Your confusion escalates. "Oh god, she's way hotter than me. I knew I should've worn heels." Suddenly, your neurosis reaches "Girl, Interrupted" levels and you wonder how you got so nuts. To avoid further humiliation, you turn to a friend and ask if she wants to leave and get nachos.

Yes, the Asshole U Luv knows when and how to parcel his attentions. He knows that ignoring you to flirt with another woman in your line of sight makes you horny and desirous of him.

> Fact: Girls love guys who are, for lack of a better description, total assholes.

Any man who's lived a day in his life knows this is true. Deniers are true blue brainwashed believers in gender equalism, whores who have gotten stiffed by assholes one too may times and purify their damaged psyches within an imaginary reality, or… well… pretty much all women for whom any fact about female nature is discomfiting.

> We've seen it time and time (and time?) again, but nonetheless, it's an issue that riddles our minds with confusion, stress and a shitton of excitement. So, what's a girl to do about this bleak reality?

Sit back and enjoy my beef jerky intrusion. After all, you may as well ask what's a man to do about his lust for hot, young, slender babes with pert tits and firm asses.

The authoress goes on to list reasons why she thinks women swoon for assholes.

> Most girls are turned off by a guy who showers her with attention. It bores us, it seems desperate and it can be a predictor for a slew of undesirable behaviors lurking beneath the surface. Instead, we gravitate toward guys who give us just enough attention to keep us on our toes. Here's what I mean:
>
> Socially-unaware-nice-guy: Hi Rachel! I saw you from across the bar. You look pretty. Can I buy you a drink? You look like a G&T gal. So, what are your career aspirations? I love kids. You look pretty.
>
> Asshole: Hey.

She is one of the few self-aware chicks who gets it. I'm sure it's soul-ripping for my detractors to see my Do Almost Nothing Game and One Word Game confirmed by female experience.

> Think about it. Have you ever seen a guy you've recently hooked up with and waited an hour for him to start flirting with you? And worse, did you feel great when he finally approached you and probably said a total of four syllables that somehow made you feel on top of the world?

Forget the wordy, clever openers. Keep it succinct, stupid.

> Don’t be embarrassed if that’s a yes. We’re aroused by the unpredictability of waiting for a guy to strike up a conversation with us, and the longer it takes, the more rewarded we feel when it actually happens.

Value of scarcity. Why do women love men who make their availability scarce? I submit this universal female preference has its roots in preselection — women get turned on by these types of men because in the fevered downtime the women muse that his unavailability is caused by other women occupying his time.

> You know what? It’s a cop-out to say only weak girls go for assholes. Self-esteem aside, many girls crave the thrill of keeping up with a jerky guy, or better yet, putting him in his place.

This admission was like a stake through the haters’ hearts. The “low self-esteem girls fall for jerks” rationale is the go-to lie of nerdy internet femtards everywhere.

> While they might not always be better at flirting per se, assholes have a certain knack for conversation that confident girls can’t wait to provoke.

Yes, it’s called passing shit tests with ease.

> When you’re not looking for anything serious, few things are sexier than a well-spoken, quick-talking guy whose comebacks somehow indicate that he’ll be amazing in bed.

She’s admitting that women put up bitch shields to test men for their alpha worthiness, and that men who pass their shit tests are automatically deemed more viscerally attractive. I’m coming to the conclusion that 80% of early game, when attraction is being built, is basically passing a woman’s shit tests.

> Entertaining as his drunken tales are, [Tucker Max] has spawned a new breed of wannabe assholes who masquerade as genuinely awesome guys by mimicking traits like confidence, charm and humor in the forms of aggression, sleaze and flirtatious insults. It’s difficult for our drunken brains to distinguish between worthwhile guys and those who embody that second set of qualities — and for most casual flings, we don’t care to evaluate the difference. In fact, getting attention from an identified asshole can seem weirdly special.

A clarification is in order: it’s difficult for drunken *and* sober women alike to resist the charms of the asshole seducer.

And why is it weirdly special to receive an asshole’s attention? Because women imagine, rightly so in most cases, that the asshole is the apple of many other women’s eyes. And so to be the recipient of his bastard charms is to know that his quality seed is hers for the moment.

> Example: If a guy won’t give other people the time of day, but he’s taking a moment of his time to be semi-decent toward you, you might think to yourself “Wow, this guy’s being nice to me. He’s usually such a douche! I must be different.” False.

Women also get turned on by the thought that they are defeating other women for the prize studs.

> In the end, there’s no clear way to stay away from guys who play these games. It seems the best we can do is hold our heads high, stay on our toes and sleep with one eye open.

For me to spooge in!

HBD And PUA

CH · 24 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

AHE comments:

> it is ironic the HBD movement is so closely associated with the Game o sphere.
>
> on the one hand u have people arguing genes dont lie. on the other, people argue it isnt too hard to lie about your genes.

HBD (for those readers who aren't yet familiar with the term) stands for "human biodiversity" and is a school of thought that acknowledges that humans differ genetically in character traits on the population group level as well as the individual level. It shares an underlying doctrine with PUA (pickup artistry) — namely, that evolutionary science can explain a lot about modern human behavior, whether ethnic, racial, or sexual. Thus, HBD and PUA are cross-linked on a foundational level. Perhaps the most notable difference is that practitioners in PUA, through the use of game, are candid about seeking to exploit the knowledge of generalizable human behavioral differences for personal fun and profit. HBD believers (which, in actuality, includes most of humanity, regardless of their claims to believing it or not) hide their true intentions behind an obfuscatory cloud of squid ink and evasion even as they rush to move to undiverse neighborhoods when their kids are old enough to go to school.

The difference between a PUA and the typical HBD follower: the PUA has the integrity to stand by his actions and not insult your intelligence.

But the web has released an unabashed HBD Kraken from its underwater lair, and this beast is not afraid to confront harsh realities without the whitewash of politesse and codewords. Unfortunately, in its zeal to smash pretty lies by the boatload, the movement tends to succumb to infatuation with its opposition theories. The faint whiff of immutable determinism swirls snugly like a straitjacket on the follower fringe. An impetus to categorize human interactions based on easily perceived objective traits hints at the nerd-lke systematizing mind trying to grasp the significance of the new and dangerous knowledge.

AHE's comment is a perfect example of this, and similar to a lot of other anti-game comments floating around the HBD-sphere. His (her?) assertion that HBD is all about "genes don't lie" betrays a newbie's understanding of the science, or a liar's facility with disingenuousness. No evolutionary scientist worth his salt would argue that genes are wholly deterministic, or that the environment plays no role in shaping who we are. What the HBD movement *does* argue is that, since the second half of the 20th century, the genetic explanation for human differences has gotten short shrift, while the environmental explanation — or "blank slate" paradigm — has been untouchable. HBD thus brings balance to the force by revealing the ugly truth that genes account for a lot more of who we are than is currently acknowledged by our ruling class cognoscenti. That this makes a lot of lying shitsacks uncomfortable is a doubleplusgood perk.

So AHE's specious association between HBD and PUA beliefs is false. Game is not about lying about your genes, just as HBD is not about genes determining the totality of who you are.

AHE, and some others with HBD-themed blogs, claim that belief in game is like a belief in the blank slate — you can't make an alpha out of an inborn beta. Genes *über alles*. What an out of tune pitch to make by some of our web's best and brightest! Can no one improve his lot? Is a 90 IQ person incapable of learning anything? Should that dummy just hang it up as soon as he's born and suckle through a feeding and drugging tube provided by his 120+ IQ elite caretakers?

Or, to put it in simpler terms, imagine two 90 IQ kids. One is dumped in an empty trailer park to fend for himself, separate from civilization, and the other is raised the normal way, up through high school where he earns a solid C average. Can anyone realistically say the former is going to possess the same knowledge base and the same power

of reasoning as the latter? Yes, the average 90 IQ kid is not likely to achieve what the average 110 IQ kid will, but he can, through effort, maximize what he's got.

In the same way, a natural born beta can work to maximize his attractiveness to women by learning and applying game. And we have the proof that it works, in the testimony of literally tens of thousands of men who have seen their success with women skyrocket after becoming acquainted with the principles and tactics of game. True, the beta with game may never reach the exalted heights of the natural born alpha, but he can improve his lay rate and the quality of women he dates.

Which brings us to a quirky observation of the HBD community: a number of HBD writers and commenters exhibit a curiously child-like lack of understanding of female nature, and what motivates women to make the decisions they do in the dating market. It's a strange blindspot they have that is probably best explained by their nerdiness and their concomitant need to quantify male attractiveness based on readily observable traits and markers of a traditionalist coloration. Doubters like AHE can only see male worth in easily measurable metrics like looks, money, and material possessions. To them, no man who doesn't have status along these metrics will see any success with "alpha mimicking" game.

But game alone is enough to attract women, regardless of the objectively measurable quantity of those other male attractiveness traits. As has been argued here before, GAME IS ITS OWN STATUS. Women are turned on by men with tight game as much as, or maybe more than, they are turned on by a man with good looks or a high powered job. Certainly the conventional measures are helpful to a man's success with women, but they aren't the whole story. Game itself is a turn-on for women, because game is a true, authentic manifestation of manly power. During the learning stage, some portions of game may be a "mimicking" of alpha traits, but once game is internalized it becomes as much a part of a man's suite of powerful coolness as any other marker of male attractiveness. After all, a man gunning through law school to get a high paying job that is attractive to women is "mimicking" alpha traits — faking it till he makes it — just as much as the guy attending the university of game. That one route happens to be more efficient than the other for acquiring the love and sexual surrender of many women is no argument against its authenticity.

Furthermore, there is the matter of game being a positive indicator of desirable male traits in and of itself. The men who excel at game are signaling a high ability to learn and apply new concepts, and a fortitude to see a self-improvement project through to success. These characteristics — fortitude, open-mindedness, discipline, ambition — are attractive to women. Now some will say these traits are all genetically influenced, and that may be true, but if so it does not argue against game as an authentic signal of male fuckability.

So HBD nerds need to get over the obvious "money/looks/fame" box within which they argue and constrict themselves, and begin to see that, like human differences in general, there is room to remake ourselves into better versions of who we are. To deny this is to deny there is any reason to put forth effort into anything of note after birth. There is more than one way to pierce a pussy. Women love game-spitting charming assholes as much as they love resource-providing stoic captains of industry. There is no contradiction in this observation.

On a side note, betas having more kids than alphas is not necessarily evidence that they are better with women. Instead, all it could mean is that the betas are finally getting their shot at aging pussy after the alphas have had their fill of that same pussy when it was younger, hotter, tighter and uninterested in baby-making. Number of kids is a poor measure of alphaness in this hedonistic day and age.

Another Cougar Bites The Dust

CH · 27 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Nearly two years ago, the original Chateau host predicted that Ashton Kutcher was cheating on his cougar love, Demi:

> instead of sleeping their way to the top, men commit their way to the top.
>
> anyhow, give it time. most of these older female celebrity-younger male B lister couples are inherently unstable. i bet within five years ashton has fully severed himself from demi and hooks up with a young hottie. as opposed to hooking up with young mistresses on the sly as he is doing now.
> heh heh.

It was also predicted by this very blog's überhost that once Ashton's cheating was discovered, Demi would put up with it in humiliating fashion because her rapidly declining sexual market value severely limited her options to get an equally high status man.

Right on cue, a chorus of cougars growled that yer humble host was wrong; that Ashton LURVED LURVED LURVED Demi and would never betray her. And just look how hot Demi is! Ashton could hardly do better. The virtual Ashton harem of aging broads reveled in bringing him up on this blog as some sort of retarded feminist proof that the older woman-younger man couple was the exception that broke the rule.

Well, the celebrity rags are reporting that Ashton Kutcher has been stepping out on Demi with a very cute and very young blonde mistress. *(She's only twenty-ooooooone….)* And muckrakers are reporting that Ashton and Demi are putting up a "united front".

HA HAAAAWW!

You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Miss Moore, and YOU… WILL… ATONE.

You can practically hear the nation's leading cougar pundits expire in the cold, snowy mountain crags. Maureen Dowd was found with her yellowed claws embedded in a fallen tree that resembled a Bill Clinton dildo.

If the prediction was off, it was only in overestimating the number of years it would take for Ashton to stray. Ashton couldn't hang on for more than a couple years before his cock homed in on young, fresh, ~~tight~~ inelastic pussy like a divining rod.

Here is a new prediction: Demi Moore's next lover will be lower status than Ashton Kutcher. And she will begin tweeting nude photos of herself in a desperate bid for sexual relevancy. Bruce Willis will continue banging hot young babes.

When To Move In For The Kiss On A First Date

CH · 27 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Shaft writes:

> I'd like your thoughts on a recent date I had.
>
> We were introduced through family. **[Ed: Never a good idea if you play the short game.]** We went on one date and it went well. Started 10 PM and didn't end until 530AM.
>
> Conversation was free and easy and I escalated slowly throughout the evening, although I didn't push hard enough. When I needed to demonstrate value I did. When I told her to follow she obeyed. I dropped some good negs. I had problems with my ATM card but she had no problem paying until I straightened them out (we visited 4-5 venues) without a fuss. We said our goodbyes.
>
> The second date is the one I'd like you to comment on. It was the next day and I called her and invited her out for drinks. She told me she'd call me after dinner and kept her word. She sounded surprised to hear from me so soon but didn't hem or haw and we met within a half hour. This time we found a pool hall and I displayed my superiority while gently negging her.
>
> HER: Am I really the worst pool player you've ever seen?
>
> ME: It's kind of tough to call. I knew this blind guy who liked to play…
>
> She liked that one.
>
> We moved to a lounge which had couches and single chairs. I guided her to a loveseat and she didn't protest.
>
> I spread out alpha style and put my arm up on the back, almost around her. We chatted for a while, light touching, teasing. She went to the bathroom and this is when the shit test started. I hadn't had a real one so far that night or on the first date.
>
> I noticed that after she returned from the bathroom another button on her shirt was undone and her hair was a little more tousled than before. She began by complementing my overall physique, but she then started to ask why I wore my clothes a little more loosely than usual. I told her it was for comfort. She told me she couldn't tell whether or not I was in shape. As I was wearing a polo and an undershirt she said she could better judge if I removed the polo.
>
> Let me say that a year ago I might have complied to a request like this without hesitating, but after some game research and restoring my manly dignity, I do not perform for women, nor do I give something for nothing. Nor would I be embarassed about what she would see. I don't have a six pack but I'm tall, lean, with wide shoulders and v-shaped back.
>
> I decided to see if she would put her money where her mouth was and told her if she wanted it she would have to kiss me. She said no. Right then I knew it was about control. If she had wanted an excuse to escalate she had it. I reframed by teasing her she didn't impress me with her sales skills (she's in sales). That bought me time to pay
> and walk her out of the bar and home. It was about a forty minute walk. We had a good convo pretending to bargain over the price to see me without the outershirt.
>
> Halfway to her place I asked her if she could do me a favor. I took off my jacket and tossed it to her. "Can you hold this for me? I'm warm." The smile on her face was priceless. She thought she was about to get what she wanted. A few minutes later when handing me back the jacket, she made an attempt to lift up my shirt. I gently stopped her hands and feigned disappointment that she would resort to trickery. The rest of the walk home I kept about half a step ahead.
>
> As we reached her door I slowed but didn't stop and said my goodbyes as I turned to continue home. She looked stunned that I didn't hug her or peck her on the cheek. It was cordial but minimal with no contact.

> As I walked away I was proud of myself for not selling out to desperation. My gut told me following an order for her would have spelled doom, but I know I missed an opportunity somewhere. Would she say yes to another date?
>
> Appreciated,
> Shaft

Even though this question from the reader is about his second date, the title of the post is about moving in for the kiss on the first date, since it is the first date when you should get physical with a girl. The majority of kiss-less first dates lead nowhere. It is also a bad idea to schedule a second date the very next day following the first date. This reader was one of the fortunate few to dodge some self-inflicted seduction-killing obstacles. The rest of his game — such as the handling of her shit tests — was good, and probably accounted for her continued interest.

Her are some basic rules about kissing on the first date:

1. **Do not kiss her when you meet her at the start of the first date.** You are not as debonair or as European as you think you are, and neither is she. A kiss upon meeting is going to feel awkward for her and for you. This goes even in those first date cases where you previously had a sloppy make-out with her in the bar on the night when you scored her digits. Actually, it goes doubly for those instances. (Previous sloppy bar make-outs reveal your hand, so your job should be to temporarily disqualify yourself so she doesn't think you are too easy.)
2. **Do not kiss her at the end of the first date unless there was significant physical contact during the date.** Multiply the awkwardness of the initial meeting kiss by ten and you will know the feeling of planting a night-ending wet one on a girl at the end of a date that was woefully free of any physical connection.
3. **Do not attempt to force a nonexistent rapport by kissing the girl.** This rule applies for any date, but its disregard is most evident on the first date. Many men will try to light a fuse in their dates by moving in for the kiss sans any physical groundwork, incorrectly thinking that their shared sterling, intellectual conversation was proof enough that she was ready for kissing. They are then flummoxed when she delivers the cheek turn, the "whoa, not so fast" rejoinder, or, worse, the "what do you think you're doing?" lawyerspeak shut-down. Instead of the smooth move these men imagined in their heads it would be, they end up lurching clumsily from chit chat at a four foot distance to a lips-probing kiss flying in at the speed of light. Kissing is an emergent property of successfully executed game; it is not a standalone game maneuver that you can run in any context. If you haven't escalated physical touching with a girl during a date, don't think that a kiss after three hours of arms-crossed shop talk will advance the seduction.
4. **Do not go for the first date kiss in a crowded room**. Venue bounce, drink, venue bounce again, settle into a sofa at a lounge, make out. Most girls lie to themselves that they are "not that kind of girl"; why give a girl an excuse to test her self-delusions by moving in for the kiss where a huge crowd can analyze the depravity of her sluttiness?
5. **The ideal first date kiss should happen sometime in the middle of the date.** Kino escalation, growing intimacy, then kissing, followed by a cooling off push-away, more light banter, reinitiated kino, etc… if you can physically peak in the middle to last third of the date, you will leave her wanting more while simultaneously avoiding the dreaded last minute kiss of desperation that poisons so many dates. Mid-date physical peaking also prevents ASD (anti-slut defense).

So to sum up, don't kiss at the very beginning or the desperate end of a first date, don't force a kiss if she isn't giving indicators of interest, escalate physical contact until you ideally begin kissing her in the middle to last third of a date, and wait to kiss her when you're settled into an intimate location (this includes a back alley if the weather is warm).

Caveat: If you are going for a bust-or-bail first date same night lay, kiss her whenever the fuck you feel like it. An end-of-official-date kiss is simply a prelude to a beginning-of-unofficial-date night of fornication.

The ideal kiss window should open effortlessly if your game is tight. Girls who are being seduced properly *want* to be kissed. Always check for dilating pupils, hair twisting, leg opening, lip licking, heel dangling, head cocking, bar stool swiveling, drink swilling, incidental thigh touching, and hand on chin head propping.

To the reader: it's hard to know if she'll agree to a third date based on how you described the second date ending. It looks like you fell into the trap of overgaming to compensate for some fuck-ups you may have done on the first date, and to reestablish hand after she denied you the kiss when you playfully challenged her to one. In your zeal to demonstrate non-neediness, you forgot that you have to make a physical move on a girl to get the ball rolling toward sex. There is a fine line between slyly camouflaging your intentions and showing no intention at all. Two dates have now gone by without any kissing or intimate touching, from what you have written. This is a recipe for a seduction about to fizzle.

What you did by nonchalantly walking off was probably better than ending the date on an awkward goodnight cheek kiss where she held all the cards, but you shouldn't have put yourself in that situation to begin with. Had you prepped the courtship by kissing her earlier in the evening (let's say during drinks at the lounge), the date-ending goodbye would not have been a test of wills pitting your aloofness against her coyness. Sure, by unexpectedly denying her the long-awaited goodbye kiss of prostration you may have won the battle, but you lost the war well before your tepid final flanking maneuver.

In the future, push for kissing by the middle of the first date, but don't overdo it. Making out with a girl for too long and too hard on the first date — again, unless you are gunning for a SNL — will gradually lower your value and, hence, raise her buyer's remorse, leading to flaking on subsequent dates. The perfect seduction moves two steps forward, one step back. No kissing = celibate LJBF. Too much kissing = flaking. Ideal kissing = mid-date, in measured doses. You want to break the lip barrier without making a spectacle of your horniness.

Always remember that the alpha male demonstrates by his actions complete mastery over his sexual desire, and knows when and how to parcel it. A man with simmering, feral arousal that he can control is intoxicating to women. This is why make-outs followed abruptly by takeaways or teasing push-offs is so attractive to women — they love that they can't figure out how much you really want to fuck them.

When you kiss on the first date, stop before she does, lean back to talk some more, and chastise her lightly for moving too fast. Repeat a couple times during the night, then hold her hand as you walk her home. Kiss her *before* you get to her door, then drop her off about twenty feet from her place (to reduce the impression of formality that surrounds a door-step departure), giving her a hug if you wish. Then tell her you had a great time AND LEAVE. Do not tell her you'll call her, or try to set up a second date. Just leave, and she'll thank you later, in the best way women know, for blessing her happily restless sleep that night with the inscrutability of your actions.

Gaming Asian Girls

CH · 28 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

An anonymous reader with yellow fever emails:

> Dear Chateau,
>
> I was reading your post about when not to use game (game = no no for 4s and under) when I remembered seeing about two posts with a herb and its asian girlfriend.
>
> Would you say that one shouldn't use game on Asians?
>
> Or would what I thought might be a pattern, be a small coincidence that means nothing whatsoever?

First, a clarification. The necessity of game is less a function of the race or absolute beauty ranking of the girl you are gaming than it is a function of the girl's self-perceived ranking relative to your ranking, and of the amount of times (and how recently) in her life she has been hit on by men. So a princessified American 4 who fancies herself a 6 will require gaming if you are a 6, but will need little gaming if you are an 8. A 2 will need game if you are a 3, but not if you are a 7. A 6 who has been hit on by thousands of horny men because she lives in a city with a skewed sex ratio will not only require game to get in her pants, but will demand it, and this will be true for all men except those at the very highest rank.

Note that since women date up, in practice most girls will require game. Few men will be of sufficiently higher ranking than the women they meet to afford a pickup strategy that eschews game. The only real world cases that come to mind of men who don't need any game are high social status semi-famous guys who consistently shoot low. A male 9 (within his milieu) is not going to need game if he makes it a habit of seducing only 5s and 6s. In fact, game will actually hurt his chances with low hanging pussy fruit. But once that male 9 starts aiming for female 8s and 9s, he's going to find out the limits of his pickup prowess very quickly. 8s and 9s won't tolerate much beta behavior from any man, even male 9s and 10s.

The point is moot, since no sane man with a discriminating penis would bother putting the work in to seduce 4s and under. The dirty little secret is that the ugly among us — the 4s and lower — pretty much hook up by catalytic reaction, involving lots of liquor, desperation, low impulse control and vision impairment.

You would think that Asians (well, Asian-Americans at any rate), being a race of women reputedly more materialistic and pragmatic in disposition than white or black women and thus given to assigning higher value to beta patronage, would respond favorably to straight up traditional courtship, but this is a myth. While Asian chicks in general are choosier about when, how much, and to whom to dispense their goodies, they love game just as much as any broad with a working vagina. The difference between seducing Asian chicks and women of other races is one of degree rather than kind.

Furthermore, and in support of the general thesis, let the record show that the hotter the Asian girl the harder you will have to game her. Hot chicks are the same everywhere — their stock is high and they know it. I remember going on a date with an Asian 8.5 thinking it would be a cakewalk (because of the dynamic I note below), only to discover that my lackadaisical non-game cost me a second date with her. The buddy who introduced me to her later remarked that I "hadn't teased her enough". I don't date many Asians (they don't enthrall me like they do the typical white herb) so that failure was a learning experience. The next Asian girl I met I gamed the shit out of — as hard as I would any sluttastic white chick. I think I even called her "dragon lady", though she was born in America. We ended up in bed on the second date, her finger finding its way into my arsehole during sex. (Asian girls are fascinated by the anus.)

There is one glaring refinement to the above generalization, and that is the white man-Asian girl dynamic. For HBD-related reasons beyond the scope of this blog post, the white man who isn't a complete loser can score typical

Asian chicks in the 5 to 7 range with relative ease. This is not true for any other interracial match-up. Even black guys have to tone down their natural assertiveness and run a tamer version of direct game to get with white chicks of any value. (Note: Disgustingly sloppy, fat, Walmartian white whales do not qualify as having “any value”. Size, shape, color and texture must resemble the gracile antelope grazers rather than the lumbering megafauna.)

Thus we see the phenomenon of white herbs focusing like laser beams on every semi-cute Asian chick within their field of operation. Every man alive will take the pussy path of least resistance when it is available, and this rule is no different for lumpy white herbs and their starstruck Asian groupies. But the Asian girls who are 8s and above are still off-limits to the herbs.

PS: I’ve been noticing a lot more white man-black woman couples lately. Based on looks alone, the men were a mixed bag. Many of the black girls were attractive, and they were of varying skin hues, from creamy mocha to purple black. More than a few of the women looked like African immigrants. One thing all the black girls of these interracial couples had in common: they were slender. Not a fatass in the bunch.

Perhaps this points to a trend of some white men getting fed up with the entitlement complexes of white women and sacrificing their natural attraction for white girl features for the… better attitudes of black girls.

Five Minutes Of Alpha

CH · 29 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Does being a sexy female rock star with male romantic attention measured in the tens of millions inoculate a woman from oneitis for an alpha male who rejected her? Not if Katy Perry's scorned lover meltdown is any indication.

> Pointing out into the audience, she identified one specific member of the crowd and asked, "Is that Shane Lopes? You were the most popular kid in my class, but you never wanted to date me, it was always Amanda Wayne." As the crowd laughed and cheered, she adopted a bit of swagger and added, "Oh yeah, you really chose right, honey. What's up now, playa?" Becoming an international, Grammy-nominated pop star evidently does wonderful things for your self-confidence.
>
> Perry dedicated her next song, a kiss-off anthem from her double-platinum 2008 disc "One of the Boys," to her former crush and even tweaked a lyric in the middle of the song for the occasion, singing, "I can't believe I fell in love with Shane Lopes."

Five minutes of alpha — even worse, five minutes of alpha rejection — can fuck with the heads of even the most desirable women. And continue fucking with them years later. In comparison — if the reports are to be believed — women who divorce beta schlubs after years of marriage pretty much forget them before the ink is dry on the papers.

> At the end of the tune, she looked directly at Lopes, held up her hand — which prominently displays her engagement ring — and said, "That's cool, I got mine," and mockingly blew him a kiss. The singer is set to marry raunchy British comic Russell Brand, who wooed her publicly from the stage while hosting the 2009 MTV Video Music Awards.

You gotta wonder if Russell Brand didn't take this putative compliment in the spirit it was given. It's easy to imagine him thinking "Daaaamnn, bitch still jonesing for that asshole!"

How do we know Katy's crush was an alpha male?

> Lopes, a former high school football star in Goleta, played quarterback at Delaware State, RadarOnline.com reports, before returning to his hometown to coach the high school team.

Even though Lopes is something of a loser today as defined by the societally conventional metric of career status, he is probably still the alpha male he was in high school, because alphaness is a state of mind rather than a station of occupation. Which explains why he so deftly handled Perry's shit test outburst:

> [Lopes] was a little embarrassed when Perry turned the spotlight on him, but claims her version of events wasn't totally accurate. Calling her story "pretty fabricated," he said, "I never got the feeling that she had a crush on me. We've always been friends. **[Ed: Ouch.]** I think it was more for entertainment and she was figuring out a way to segue into her next song and kinda embarrass me just for fun." […]
>
> Although an anti-Perry Facebook page titled "Shane Lopes picked correctly" has popped up, Lopes said he has no hard feelings about becoming the unwitting target of Perry's performance. "I haven't seen her in awhile. … I just know her as Katy Hudson so to see her as the famous Katy Perry is kinda hilarious!"

Nice neg.

Sweet schoolgirl impressionist and celebustrumpet Perry still aches for the alpha male who ignored her more than a

decade ago. Who says game doesn’t work?

Attention Whore Hyperactivity Disorder

CH · 30 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Roosh's post about the future of game brought to mind a trend in female behavior regarding girls and their self-perceived value shooting through the roof thanks to relentless male attention from social network sites and online dating.

Thought experiment: imagine two girls with an objective beauty rank of 6. Which girl will have a higher opinion of her attractiveness to men?

a. A rural girl without internet access who does not have an online presence and has only received flirtatious attention from a handful of men who live in her town?

b. A thoroughly modernized and plugged-in girl with a Facebook account that she posts photos to every day which gather comments from twenty different men, a Twitter account with a hundred male followers who read her every passing inane thought, and a Match.com online profile that receives emails from hundreds of horny men on a weekly basis?

You can see where this is going. It would be a miracle if girl (b) didn't delude herself that she was a 7, or maybe even an 8, and behave accordingly. Conversely, there is a good chance girl (a) perceives herself having lower value than she does, because of the paucity of male feedback.

It's long been a contention of this blog that a girl's attractiveness level is objectively self-evident; that is, that girls intuitively know what their ranking is without men to offer feedback. They have mirrors after all. But because the female mind is a mushily pliable organ, and because so much of the female prefrontal cortex is immersed in the job of spinning self-delusions *(spin hamster spin!)*, it stands to reason that a modern, technological context — within which instafame and the amplified sexual barter that flow from it are only a click away — could conceivably sever the holy link between mirror and female self-assessment.

There is evidence that this is happening today in the West on a scale unknown in all of history. Thanks to Facebook and all the online dating sites, women are the recipients of more male flattery and solicitude (however insincere or inept) than they know what to do with, and this is as true for the hotties as it is for the middling plain janes. (The ugly girls continue to find no relief in the celebritizing factory of the internet; their parched romantic ostracism remains intractable.) The result of this massive, all-encompassing meddling with the gluttonous female ego will be a dark pink world of entitled, demanding princesses holding unrealistic standards and bullet point checklists a mile long.

A woman come of age in this world is a ravenous beast who has had a tube of sunshine shoved up her asshole and an IV of Megan Fox attitude pumping her full of unicorn rainbow buttercup gas.

What sane man would want to deal with that?

Enter game. How do you handle a woman who thinks she is God's gift to men?

You knock her bloated opinion of herself down a few notches.

And how do you do this?

You qualify her. You make demands of her. You extract compliance from her. You tease her. You neg her. You deny her expectations until her lust is so overpowering you may as well have paralyzed her with your supersecret magnum look.

In other words, you flip the seduction script so that she is chasing you.

Old-fashioned men who speak in stentorian tones about a man's duty to god, family, country and his obligation to resist the pull of degenerate hedonism cannot fathom this steely-eyed view of seduction and women and why it is more necessary now than ever. It is all Greek to them. "Too late to start the training…"

The fame laboratory that is the internet has produced a generation of women high on themselves. Has there ever been a time when the neg — also formally known as the backhanded compliment — was more suited for the social milieu in which it operates than now? Obesity is to blame for game, yes, but now we can add another variable to the cause of the rise of game: online dating and social network sites. Want a recipe for maximizing marginally attractive women's egos and fueling their self-delusions about their sexual worth? Combine an ever-fattening female population with the attention whoring of online social networking, mix liberally with desperately horny men latching onto any semi-slender chick, and you've got a dating scene that mercilessly cuts betaboys off at the knees and rewards the biggest jerks who are expert at pinpricking those inflated ego balloons.

If present trends are future projections, this crisis of the expanding female ego + waistline is only going to get worse. It is easy to foresee a toxic dating environment where the majority of girls — marbled throughout with chubsters — become unapproachable, ballbusting bitches who retreat to the reassuring confines of the online dating sites, Facebook, blogs and news magazines when their egos suffer a minor setback in the field.

Field -*noun
1. the world formerly known as real life; a world characterized by living, breathing humans aware of subtle changes in tone and facial expression.
2. a world notably free of duckbill poses.

Here is a prediction: the more women organize their lives around Facebook and online dating, the harder it will be to game them in real life. And the uglier that women get in body and soul, the more they will turn to the internet for their flattery fix. It's a vicious feedback loop. You see, real life has some big disadvantages. One, it's not as good at hiding physical flaws. Two, it's an uncontrolled environment.

On Facebook, chicks can manage their human interactions with the precision of a German machinist. Every picture, every word, every like or dislike, the timing of replies and the length of ASCII conversations — all are under the user's complete control in the virtual world. The uncertainties of fleshly communication, with its judging eyes scanning bodies top to bottom and its unexpected quips that shatter expectation, are rendered obsolete. In the electronic social networking world, the woman and her prerogatives are preeminent.

There is one countermeasure that can keep this growing monster in check: face to face interaction. Only when the 4s, 5s and 6s confront the vicious reality of men ignoring them in clubs and at parties for the hotter, skinnier babes, will we see their egos fall back to earth (and concurrently, their personalities improve). This is a call to arms. Men need to walk away from Facebook and online dating sites and force these chicks back into the harsh Klieg lights of the primal mating field where the frontlines of cold, pitiless judgement are everywhere. It is as much a man's destiny to humble women as it is to build civilizations.

Want to intrigue a girlfriend until her love for you is all-consuming? Stay off Facebook. Refuse to abide her Craven

New World.

A brutally long, hard economic contraction might restabilize the dating market. How ironic, given that our current troubles are largely the result of handing women the vote.

Marriage Down, Dystopia Up

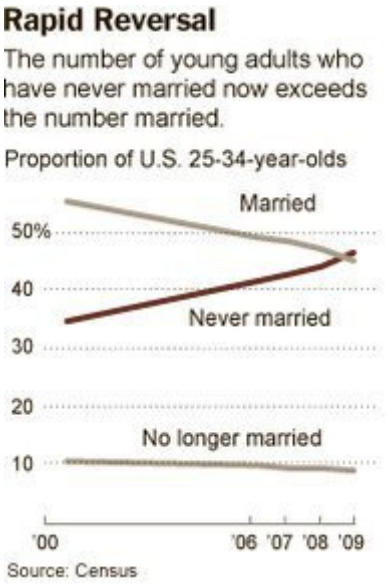
CH · 1 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The number of people age 25-34 who have never married has surpassed the number who are married for the first time in a century. The Chateau prophesied multiverse rupture continues imploding right on schedule.

Among all people over age 18, the number of married couples fell 5 percentage points from 2000 to 2009, a mere nine year span. (The importation of "family values" peasants by the millions from Mexico likely contributes to this trend. *¡No, no podemos!*)

> Among the total population 18 and older, the share of men and women who were married fell from 57 percent in 2000 to 52 percent in 2009 — again, the lowest percentage since the government began collecting data more than 100 years ago. The share of adult women who were married fell below half, to 49.9 percent.

Naturally, the New York Beta Times frames the Census data as evidence that the recession is discouraging people who *really, truly do* want to get married from doing so. But the chart they include puts the lie to their spin.



Marriage has been in decline since 2000, well before the current economic unpleasantness. A bad job market is simply accelerating an already established trend.

The real reason for the continuing abandonment of marriage?

> Two factors contribute to the decline in marriage among adults ages 25 to 34, said Andrew Cherlin, a sociologist at Johns Hopkins University: less marriage and more cohabitation, which has become far more socially acceptable, even with children.

Less marriage — duh. Don't hold back, Mr. Cherlin. What's really on your mind?

Cohabitation. Sure. Why buy the cow, etc.

Dismantling of societal shaming mechanisms. Yes, true. Shame is a powerful motivator, particularly of women's behavior, as women are herd animals whose greatest fear is deviating from the norms.

But there are other, deeper reasons why marriage is being treated like the plague by men who are finally wising up.

> But Mr. Greiner says the talk of economics may be cloaking the primary issue. "It's more a fear of intimacy

> and fear of marriage," he said.

This therapyspeak needs a truthifying translation:

"It's more a fear of divorce theft, fat wives, screaming brats and gradual sexual impoverishment."

There, FTFY.

(Yes, one study has shown married people have more sex than singles, but that study has to be put in a context that matters — it needs to compare married people to single alphas, not just to any old single. The celibate betas and omegas drag down the average. No doubt a proper comparison would show that single men who are good with women get a lot more sex — and higher quality sex — than married men who have been married for longer than three years.)

> According to the federal data, the share of young adults who have never married climbed from 35 percent at the start of the decade to 46 percent in 2009.

The indicators are starting to pile up that America is without doubt an empire in steep decline.

> There have long been large racial differences in marriage rates, with blacks far less likely to marry than whites, but that difference has been shrinking as cohabiting becomes more popular with whites, Dr. Cherlin said.

Class imitation inversion. It used to be the lower classes strived to be more like the upper classes. Now, the reverse is happening.

> And many young adults, he said, are postponing marriage rather than forgoing it altogether.

When it doesn't much matter anymore. Men aren't the only ones running from marriage. While women want to be married more than men do, they are being encouraged to postpone nuptials by men's intransigence as well as by their own temptation to play the field far longer than their predecessors did in the past. The Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse (now with a Fifth! Status jockeying!) explain these choices very well.

> Mr. McElroy in Atlanta said he would definitely start thinking about a wedding once he gets a new job and the economy picks up.
>
> "Not very romantic, is it?" he said with a laugh.

Modern Western marriage has its foundation in companionate love, and yet it has morphed into an institution without a shred of romance. There's a lesson there.

Marriage version 2010 is like a speeding bullet. It isn't courage, or duty, or manly obligation to stand in its path and take one for the good of society.

It's stupidity.

(Some may wonder how dedicated hedonists like those who lounge idly on the Chateau piazza could note the connection between a healthy marriage institution and a country's well-being. As has been noted here many times, what is good for the individual is not necessarily good for society. Materialism and scientism have elevated individuation. Those of us without the shackles of a higher calling or ethical compunction extract the last ounce of advantage from this transcendental individualism, while the organism as a whole slowly unravels sinew by sinew.)

Who’s The Unlucky Guy?

CH · 2 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I don’t know what’s more omega: getting married to this loudmouthed dirigible, or wanking it alone as a celibate dropout.

As long as she doesn’t *feel* like a “plus size girl”, it’s all good. Poor hamster has to carry such a burden. Look at his wee legs shake.

Brushing Off Common Shit Tests From Girls

CH · 4 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reexamining my successful pickups, it becomes clear that 80% of early verbal game is simply knowing when a girl is tossing you shit tests and how to handle them like an attractive man. Almost all good-looking women worth banging will, at one point or another, shit test you. It is coded in their DNA. The easiest and quickest way to make yourself more desirable to a woman is to pass her tests like a champ; in other words, to exploit her alpha male filtering mechanism.

Many men write asking for advice about women's shit tests. Judging by email quantity, it's a big stumbling block for a lot of would-be womanizers.There have been posts at the Chateau before about passing commonly encountered shit tests, so in the spirit of giving the people what they want, here is another installment in a continuing series. Thanks go to reader Legion for contributing his selection of devious female screening ploys. Edification and analysis follows. Comments from me are bracketed in italics.

Before beginning, one thing I'd like to note is that a big mistake I see a lot of men making — besides an inability to recognize a shit test when it is leveled at them — is sounding spiteful in response. The critical distinction to make when volleying a shit test is to avoid confusing sneering umbrage for cocky indifference. The line is surprisingly thin between the two attitudes. You definitely want to focus on tailoring your replies and your tone of voice to sound like the latter. A good rule of thumb: if your reply to a shit test would sound like it is coming from a man who cares that his feelings were bruised, don't say it. Another key point — barring infrequent exceptions, your shit test replies should be succinct. Brevity is the glow of clits.

> Here are some common shit tests that I've encountered over the years – including ones from guys trying to punk you in front of girls – and most of the answers (in bold) are my own; a few are culled from the PUA literature.
>
> The shit tests that blindside you are the ones that really mess you up, like a punch you don't see coming. This does extreme violence to how you're perceived. Vaginas snap shut and dessicate abruptly.
>
> I think mastering shit tests is KEY to success. A man with "savoir faire" is magnetic. Girls secretly spurt their panties when an alpha male is challenged in public by other men or women; she excitedly wonders *how will he react*. I've seen this before, many times: you never forget that look of hyper-aroused delight (or crushing sadness) in your girl's face if you dominate other men (or get owned).
>
> I think game should be expanded to cover how men interact with other men. *[Editor: Agreed. However, since the majority of shit testing is done by girls, the focus shall remain on male-female interaction. Most men won't attempt to punk you in front of a girl you are gaming. There are only so many heavy ballsacks in circulation.]*
>
> Anyway, I'd like to hear your take on these; the list is pretty basic so far. It's not that the answers are particularly clever; it's just that they work, and you know in the back of your mind you're armed.
>
> **Shit tests**
>
> "Do I know you?" / "Why are you talking to me?"
>
> **Oh, I forgot there was a no-talking policy here between strangers.**
>
> *[Editor: I'd drop the "between strangers" part. Otherwise, very good. Alternate replies: "You wish." / "Your mom said you were lonely."]*
>
> ***
>
> "I have a boyfriend"
>
> **That's nice, well done. [keep plowing, then eject if no IOIs]**
>
> *[Other good IHAB replies are here.]*

***

She asks you to do something such as get something for her, do her a favour, carry something, buy her a drink, etc

I think you have me confused with every other guy you've met.

[Excellent. Alternate reply: "Does this always work for you?"]

***

"Why don't you give me a straight answer"

It's more fun for me not to.

[Serviceable. Catchier wording: "Where's the fun in that?" Alternate reply: "I didn't know this was a job interview."]

***

"Is that your best line?"

Yeah I've been practising it all day.

or

Yeah, now it's your turn.

[I wouldn't call attention to her framing of the situation. Reframe. Say "Is that your best hair color?"]

***

"Weirdo"

Square.

or

I'm glad you like it.

["Weirdo" is a tough one. This is more of the female version of a straight up insult rather than a shit test. A lot depends on the tone in which she says it. I'd almost be tempted to backturn on a girl flinging this at me. Alternate replies: "Smelly cooties girl." "Dork." "I'm blown away by your scintillating conversation."]

***

"Kiddo" (from a sassy ho trying to take you down a peg)

Have you watched Kill Bill a little too often?

[I don't think I've ever heard "kiddo" from a girl. I'd probably just ignore it.]

***

"Aw, that's sweet"

Don't get used to it.

[Alternates: "I'm one badass motherfucking romantic." "Yo, check yourself."]

***

"Your clothes are gay/look stupid"

You fuckin love it.

[Alternate: "Try not to swoon."]

***

"Are you gay?"

No but my boyfriend is.

[Good answer. Alternate: "Yes, I'm very happy right now."]

***

From guys: "You look like shit/ you're fat/ugly/skinny/short/whatever."

That's not what your mother said last night.

[Alternates: "Stay classy, champ." "Are you for real? I thought douchebags like you were only on TV." "Is this a come-on? Sorry, I don't swing that way."]

***

"You look like a player"

Thank you.

[Be careful of overqualifying yourself when she asks you this. Good answer if she is seriously concerned: "I used to be, but those days are behind me." Good answer if she's clearly busting your balls: "World's biggest. One billion served."]

***

"Sweetheart"

Sugar tits.

[Alternate: "Don't get clingy."]

***

"You're a nerd/geek" (when you say something remotely intelligent or beyond a grunt)

That's what dumbasses call smart people.

[Whoa, too spiteful. Trading insults is not gonna get you closer to a lay. Alternate: "Absolutely. I'm too sexy for my pocket protector."]

***

"Did you miss me?"

I know *you* missed me.

[Alternate: "Oh my god, I spent months building a shrine to you and dreaming of your return."]

***

"Asshole"

That's mr asshole to you.

[Alternate: "I do what I can."]

***

"I can't believe you said that"

Don't reply; just smirk and nod

[Ignoring her shit test is acceptable in this situation. Many shit tests aren't meant to be answered; they are merely meant to provoke an apologetic response from betas.]

***

A skinny twat (male): "Is that shirt a size too small?" (if you're jacked. This insult is leveled at any jacked guy who wears a t-shirt, whether small or not)

It's all I could find in your mother's closet.

[Alternate: "Couldn't help noticing, could you?"]

***

“I like your clothes.”

Cool. I can take them off later to give you a closer look.

[Flattery can be as much of a shit test as peevishness. Betas will eat up flattery; alphas will ignore or playfully turn it around on the girl. Alternate reply: “Flattery will get you everywhere.”]

***

“I don’t like you”

Sure you don’t.

[Again, how to respond to this shit test depends on tone. Did she say it coarsely, or with a peekaboo smile? If the former: “My heart will go on.” If the latter: (with much theatricality) “How can I go on living?!”]

***

“Smartass”

It’s better than being a dumbass

[Alternate: “I try.”]

***

“Loser”

If in jest (“looo-ser”): Shut up ho

If serious: Oh, the L-bomb. You must be really upset.

or

That’s what you are, but what am I?

[Remember, the “loser” bomb is potentially the worst thing a girl can call a man. The female equivalent is “ugly”. Much rests on her tone when she said it. “I know you are but what am I” is a good reply to her if she has said it in jest; otherwise, I’d ditch her without a moment’s thought.]

***

(From a male, or a warpig) “Why aren’t you drinking, are you a bitch or something?”

Your mother promised me buttsex if I quit the drink.

or

I’m on acid.

[Alternate, if from a man: “Why, are you looking for a date rape?” If from a warpig: “I need to see clearly, if you know what I mean.”]

***

“Why don’t you have a girlfriend?”

I haven’t found one who’s rich enough.

[Solid answer. Alternate: “Just lucky, I guess.”]

***

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

No, I have 8 of them.

[Alternate: “It’s complicated.”]

***

Grabbing or pawing at you (especially by a guy, trying to exert dominance)

Hey, no touching, admire from a distance.

[Alternate: "You can look, but no touching."]

***

Now for ones I'm not too sure about. If you have any suggestions, let's hear em.

She completely ignores you, or tells you to fuck off

(just leave, unfazed, and open another set)

Still, this is embarassing, and hard to smoothly walk away from.

[Walking away like she doesn't exist is your best option. Alternate responses: "You've got the wrong idea. I'm interested in your friend/the girl sitting next to you." "My hour's not up yet. A deal's a deal."]

***

"Are you trying to be funny?"

You need to lighten up [eject].

[Alternate: "Are you trying to be sexy?"]

***

Angry, cunty tone: "Who do you think you are?"

["Fuck you, that's who I am." Or, on a lighter note: "I'm your wettest dream."]

***

"What's your name again? I've forgotten?" (Guys use this a lot)

["I.P. Daily." "Hugh Jorgan." "Seymour Butts."]

***

"You're a bum."

["The bum you love."]

***

"Who did your hair?"

[Your boyfriend.]

***

You legitimately fuck up and blush hard (e.g. walking to my young female professor's class one day I (loudly) declared to my friend I was going to skip next week's class, and the professor could "lick my sack" if she's unhappy about that. She was walking right behind us and clearly heard.)

["Well, there goes that D-."]

***

Douchey guy: "Shut up, faggot. Haha, just kidding! We're all friends!" (trying to exert dominance – an insult followed by a "just kidding" to shield himself.)

["No we're not. You didn't get the memo?" Or: "That's right, faggot! Faggot friends forever!"]

***

"Have you read The Game? / Do you know who David Deangelo/Mystery is?"

(i.e. trying to expose you as a fakester or manipulator)

["A friend told me about it. It's pretty interesting stuff." Or: "No need. I wrote the book on seducing women."]

> ***
>
> “I’m out of your league, honey”
>
> *[“The league of hot chicks?” Or: “Don’t sell yourself short.”]*

Here are some other shit tests you may confront in your journey to pussyland, and ways to reply to them.

“I wasn’t talking to you.”

“Good thing. I can’t take much more boredom.”

“Are you a moron?”

“Sorry, I’m not your type.”

From a commenter: “400 guys emailed me on match…. why should I date you?”

“You’re right. Better stick to dating desperate men.” Or: “I cook a mean fried beer pocket.”

“We are two totally different people.”

“I know. I’m cool, and you’re… [nod your head and raise your eyebrows confidentially]”

“Hey, you said the same thing to that other girl!”

“Nice job, stalker.”

“Do you always come on to girls like this?”

“Only the ones who deserve it.”

“Why are you out alone?”

“So I don’t have to listen to my friends whine about me taking all the girls.”

“Oh, you’re one of *those* guys.”

“Your ex-boyfriend?”

“Don’t get the wrong idea.”

“You’re a tranny?” Or: “Please, I’m not that type of guy. You’ve gotta wine and dine me.”

“Do you like my new dress/shoes/jeans?”

“It’s nice for handsewn.”

“What’s your deal?”

“I hit on special needs girls.” (Ok, not really recommended, but damned funny in the right scenario.)

“Is this the best you can do?”

“Right now? Yes.” Or: “I’m not inspired enough yet.”

The United States Of Autoimmunity

CH · 5 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The immune system of the United States of America has been sabotaged. It now fails to recognize its own cells within the body politic. The West has been conditioned like Pavlov's creepier zombie dog to cannibalize itself when a PC platitude bell is rung.

So says godless capitalist (gc), in the comments section of perhaps the most rollicking and perspicacious post and comment thread on the internet in the past four years.

[…] **The only way to maintain a holy lie is by persecuting the truth tellers.** Such persecutors are not interested in the long term fate of Western Civilization, but only in short term stability. They are like people who "protect" a dying patient from the bitter medicine that will cause momentary discomfort but lasting remission.

The priest class which controls the media and which coordinated the attack on Watson and Summers is not making a hard decision to produce the greatest good for the greatest number. After all, they have promoted ideologies and policies like no-fault divorce and forced busing that have caused untold misery for millions. They care not about the plight of the vast majority of inhabitants of the country; they care about the stability of their sinecures. […]

But here's the thing. You've seen hundreds or thousands of hours of footage of events in which rightist ideas of one stripe or another are causing harm to minorities. The Holocaust, My Lai, Bull Connor, the Japanese internment, Operation Wetback, Columbus, Guantanamo, etc. Literally trillions of dollars in capital investment has resulted in a reflexive, emotional association of rightist action by whites with mass murder in your mind. I know it has because I have the same association. How could you not, when you have been strapped into a chair with the Holocaust beamed into your eyes for the K-12 years and beyond?

But bear with me for a second and imagine what would happen if the polarities had been reversed, if the footage on TV was of the people manning the White Sea Labor Camps, of the Killing Fields and the laogai, of South African crime and Saudi Arabian fanaticism, of Mexican illiteracy and pre-Columbian savagery.

In short, imagine if the Blank Slate Asymmetry were inverted — if the footage were intended to spur the immune system of Western Civilization to action (and overaction) rather than to disable it. No doubt such a world would be blinkered and biased in many aspects…but it would in major respects be closer to reality.

It's a vertiginous thing to even contemplate, because it makes you realize the extent of the unreality you've internalized. For example, everyone has been told — over and over and over again — that blacks are victims rather than victimizers when the reality is the complete opposite. The realization that the *media has been lying to you* comes too late, only when you or your loved ones have become the victims…only when your friend is lying dead on the ground and there is no TV camera to put falsehood before your lying eyes. […]

The whole point is that h-bd is the one determining aspect which is not publicly discussed. Of course marginal tax rates affect tax receipts. But so does IQ. Of course bilingual policy affects immigrant assimilation. But so does IQ. Of course the educational curriculum affects achievement. But so does IQ.

Yet IQ is the factor that cannot be publicly mooted, let alone debated. And as for the reason that it cannot be debated — that reason is even more doubleplusungood.

Anyway, by now it's a moot point. These taboos are not going to change anytime soon. Civilizations *do* die. The West had a 500 year run in which it was characterized by being the most willing to jettison holy lies in favor of truth. That willingness to embrace truth, regardless of where it may lead, lead to world beating power and unmatched material wealth. And eventually, it lead to contentment, relaxation, and subsequent immunocompromisation.

In addition to the admission of millions of illiterate migrant workers, the West has now admitted groups that are in

some respects symbiotes, but that have now well and truly sabotaged its immune system and its nervous system. Not just the Ashkenazim, but the South and East Asians as well — my people. If the numbers were manageable that would be one thing; the symbiotes might eventually be integrated into the host. But the numbers are not manageable. Everyone is now in the ethnic activism game, intent on suppressing the immune response and preventing frank discussion of truth.

"Ask not what you can do for your country, ask how the country can benefit your ethnic group". Look at Racialicious or some of the posters on Sepia Mutiny for examples of this attitude; Racialicious in particular is written by a modern-day Torquemada.

Bottom line — like a man with a sabotaged immune system, the West can no longer make self/nonself distinctions:

> At the heart of the immune system is the ability to distinguish between self and nonself. Virtually every body cell carries distinctive molecules that identify it as self.

And like a man with a damaged nervous system, the West's internal perceptions are out of sync with the external reality. Consider a hand on a hot stove. It does not matter if the lowly epithelial cells are burned by the million if the nerve cells refuse to communicate this truth to the seat of conscious action.

Similarly, the media is the nervous system of a civilization. The signals it chooses to amplify, dampen, or interpret control the response of the body. If paralyzed, it matters not if the body is hale and hearty and theoretically capable of action. A malfunctioning nervous system will leave an otherwise healthy body jerking around in response to phantasms of racism — or directing its efforts against its own cells.

> But sawing off heads is a bit of a chore. Parasites are not accustomed to exerting themselves if they can coerce a stand-in. My favourite character in Wilson's The Insect Societies is Monomorium santschii. This species, over evolutionary time, has lost its worker caste altogether. The host workers do everything for their parasites, even the most terrible task of all. At the behest of the invading parasite queen, they actually perform the deed of murdering their own mother. The usurper doesn't need to use her jaws. She uses mind-control. How she does it is a mystery; she probably employs a chemical, for ant nervous systems-are generally highly attuned to them. If her weapon is indeed chemical, then it is as insidious a drug as any known to science. For think what it accomplishes. It floods the brain of the worker ant, grabs the reins of her muscles, woos her from deeply ingrained duties and turns her against her own mother. For ants, matricide is an act of special genetic madness and formidable indeed must be the drug that drives them to it. In the world of the extended phenotype, ask not how an animal's behaviour benefits its genes; ask instead whose genes it is benefiting.

Witness the reaction to Katrina: the fact that whites had to defend themselves against black looters somehow became an indictment of white racism. The obvious facts on the ground, the facts sensed by those lowly epithelial cells, were simply inverted by a compromised nervous system.

By selective signal amplification or damping one can make overlaps appear to be equalities. The signals exist — they need not be made up out of whole cloth. One need only turn up the volume on (say) poor migrant workers stranded in the desert and turn down the volume on (say) anchor babies to achieve the desired effect without obvious fingerprints.

…anyway, I've gone on long enough. The West's time in the limelight is fast coming to an end; the West will be known for fractious infighting in the years to come, with the taboo looming above like a solar eclipse, with "decent people" tasked with blotting out truth for as far as the eye can see. Hate speech legislation will come to the US. Sensitivity demands it.

And as America continues its descent into Mexico Norte, I will mourn the civilization that produced Bach and Beethoven and Shockley and Watson. […]

I like this guy's style.

Those of us who aren't lying phoneyfucks and traitors mourn the passing of America. The gated community crowd, ever so vigilant to signal the proper moral pose to their SWPL and elite overlords, will carry on self-satisfied and haughty, as the cytokine storm consumes the body around them…

…until there is nothing left from which to feast.

The Alpha Male Body Language That Attracts Women

CH · 6 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The scientific evidence confirming the tenets of game continues rolling in like a tsunami, washing away shrieking feminists and clucking betaboys like so much worthless debris. (Here is the original paper.)

> Practicing Certain Poses Creates a Sense of Power
>
> New research indicates that holding a pose that opens up a person's body and takes up space will alter hormone levels and make the person feel more powerful and more willing to take risks.

Gee, now where have we heard this before?

> "These poses actually *make* you more powerful," said study researcher Amy C.J. Cuddy, a social psychologist at the Harvard Business School.

Fake it till you make it? Not the whole story. I've long contended that game is its own status. That is, that the poses, behavior, words and attitude that game teaches is power in itself, and thus attractive to women. This study proves my contention. When you run game, you are *becoming more powerful*.

> The opposite also proved true: Constrictive postures lowered a person's sense of power and willingness to take risks.

To gather the balls to hit on women, you need to assume a posture that infuses you with ballsiness. Uncross your arms, lower your drink, open your legs, thrust out your chest, lift your chin a bit and make your crotch the locus of your chi.

> In the study, researchers randomly assigned 42 participants, 26 of them women, to assume and hold a pair of either low- or high-power poses. The high-power posers spent one minute sitting in a chair in front of a desk, with feet resting on it and hands clasped behind the head, and, in the other pose, they stood, leaning forward over a table, with arms out and hands resting on the table. In both poses, the participants took up space, an expression of power not unique to the human world. For example, peacocks fan their tails to attract a mate and chimpanzees bulge their chests to assert their hierarchical rank, the researchers noted.
>
> "These power poses are deeply intertwined with the evolutionary selection of what is 'alpha,'" wrote the researchers in the September issue of the journal Psychological Science.

More and more, my definition of what is the alpha male is being proved correct.

> The low-power group sat for one minute with their hands clasped on their thighs, legs together, and also stood for one minute with arms folded and legs crossed.

Low-power = beta. There may be a point, though, at which a man is so incredibly alpha that he can afford to display some beta poses without paying a cost in lowered attractiveness to women. Sort of like the handicap principle.

> Those who held the high-power poses saw their testosterone increase, while their levels of a stress hormone, cortisol, decreased.

Chicks can smell testosterone. It's why they moisten their panties for the male victor in a fight. Testosterone and cortisol are the two hormones to watch. The ideal level for attracting women is high T and low C. Few men can

achieve that mix.

> The high-power posers were more likely to risk their $2 for the chance to double it: Eighty-six percent took the gamble, compared with 60 percent of the low-power posers.

Chicks dig risk takers. Expendability is a DHV.

> This study is part of a field of psychological research called embodiment. The basic idea is that the mind/body relationship is not a one-way street, with the mind giving orders for the body to carry out. Rather, the body also influences the mind. Other studies have indicated, for example, that holding an expression, like a smile, can alter one's mood, as can a hunched posture.

People who claim that game is trickery designed to fool women into thinking the man is alpha, are wrong. Game will actually alter your perception of yourself and create a positive power feedback loop. Game even alters hormone levels.

> Schubert has studied the bodily feedback produced by fist-clenching. After making and holding a fist, men reported feeling more powerful. Female subjects, by contrast, had less hope for control after making a fist.

I often find myself balling up my hands into a fist when I'm thinking about something that makes me angry.

> The researchers attributed the results to the idea that men associate their own physical force with power, while women associate it with powerlessness…

Women derive their power from their sexiness, and their ability to engage in verbal subterfuge. Physical force offers them no advantage.

The study also showed that practicing these power poses before going out translates into feeling more powerful hours afterward. So, stand tall, silverback, and pillage the pussy that is rightfully yours.

Anal Sex The New Technicality

CH · 7 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

(This post is dedicated to Geert Wilders in his fight against the forces of powerful leftist intellectuals intent on punishing him for the sin of speaking his mind on a subject that gives the leftie witch hunters the hives — namely, the capitulation of Europe to Islam. May he be victorious in his battle against these traitors not only to the West, but to their own classical liberal principles.)

Anal sex among women is up, way up. And not just anal sex; oral intimacy is up too.

> Here's the big story. In 1992, 16 percent of women aged 18-24 said they'd tried anal sex. Now 20 percent of women aged 18-19 say they've done it, and by ages 20-24, the number is 40 percent. In 1992, the highest percentage of women in any age group who admitted to anal sex was 33. In 2002, it was 35. Now it's 46.

According to various bloggers around the web who routinely cite data from the General Social Survey (GSS) purporting to show that women are actually getting less slutty since the 1980s, this new data throws a monkey wrench into those prematurely ejaculated conclusions. If women are getting less slutty, how is it anal and oral sex are increasing among all age groups?

Well, it depends on how you define "slut". I have previously contended that the GSS sex data cannot be fully trusted because 1) women (and to a lesser extent, men) have a deeply ingrained inclination to lie about matters concerning the most ego-wrapped delicate questions of sexual practice, and 2) women in particular are prone to dismissing acts of anal, oral and hand sex as instances of actual "sex". Try to put yourself in the fuck-me pumps of a 22 year old virgin who is answering anonymous survey questions about her sex life.

How many men have you had sex with in the past five years?

GIRL: [thinking to herself] Well, there was Tommy, but he only did me in the ass, so that doesn't count. Then there was Trent, but I only gave him blowjobs. I told him that I wanted to save myself for marriage. Then the asshole left me! And there was Brian, but except for a few BJs and a tug job behind the 7-11, I never gave it up to him. And…. let's see, who else… oh yeah, Joe, Chris, some guy who called himself the Dude, Adam, Hoight, Anfernee… mostly anal, some mouth love. But I didn't give my virginity to any of them. Yay me! So… I didn't have sex with any men.

You can see where this is going.

In other words, the female rationalization hamster is shitting bite-sized pellets all over the GSS results. And now we have data publicized in the *Journal of Sexual Medicine* providing evidence for my "Hamster Skewed Sociosexuality Discrepancy" theory, in the form of rising anal and oral sex rates among previously reported less sexually-active women. Something's not adding up among the numbers, and that something is women's inability to correctly diagnose their own levels of sluttiness. Anal sex is the new technicality that lets women avoid the slut label while allowing them to experience the exquisite proxy pleasure of procreative sex.

To wit, as a man, are you going to give a "get out of the whorehouse free" card to a woman who is a vaginal virgin but has had a platoon of peckers up her bunghole? No, of course not.

Not only are more chicks trying anal sex, but the data show that more of them are sticking with the taboo pleasure.

> The last time I looked at the anal sex data, I figured that most women who reported having done it meant they'd tried it just once. I was wrong. If you push these women beyond the "have you ever" question, the numbers stay surprisingly high, and they're getting higher. In 1992, the percentage of women in their 20s and 30s who said they'd had anal sex in the past year was around 10 percent. Now that number has doubled to more than 20 percent, and one-third of these women say they've done it in the last month. Among all women surveyed, the

> number who reported anal sex in their most recent sexual encounter was 3 percent to 4 percent.

Most women love anal sex once they've tried it. I'm convinced there is a physiological connection between the anus/rectum area and the orgasmic zones of the pussy that accounts for the thrills women receive from ass love. There is also the dominance aspect of anal sex that is undoubtedly highly arousing to women; after all, what position is more degrading than bent over taking it up the poop chute? Degrading = tingles? No. Degrading = seismic snatch waves.

One of my fondest foreplay moments was when a (married) Russian chick (from Vladivostok, if that means anything to you Russophiles) stripped naked, turned around, and looking inquisitively over her shoulder, asked in the most pleasingly feminine voice, slightly accented: "Would you like to do me in the ass?" Naturally, I obliged. She squealed like a piglet that found a fresh mudhole… for me to plug up.

> That's a lot of butt sex. And remember, this is what women are reporting. If anything, they're probably understating the truth.

You don't say? Trying to get a straight answer from women about their sexual history is like getting cultured yuppies to admit the real reason why they moved to the suburbs once their kids were ready for public schooling.

> So what's with all the buggery? Is it brutality? Coercion? A porn-inspired male fantasy at women's expense?

It's none of those things and all of those things. Chicks dig the submissive posture. The pleasure of submitting, exemplified most conspicuously by presenting for rough anal intrusion, induces orgasms in women.

> Apparently not. Check out the orgasm data. Among women who had vaginal sex in their last encounter, the percentage who said they reached orgasm was 65. Among those who received oral sex, it was 81. But among those who had anal sex, it was 94. Anal sex outscored cunnilingus. […]
>
> What could explain this? Taboo thrill? Clitoral migration? Some new kind of vegetable oil?
>
> Here's my guess. Look carefully at Table 4, Pages 355-6. Only 6 percent of women who had anal sex in their last encounter did so in isolation. Eighty-six percent also had vaginal sex. Seventy-two percent also received oral sex. Thirty-one percent also had partnered masturbation. And the more sex acts a woman engaged in during the encounter, the more likely she was to report orgasm. These other activities are what gave the women their orgasms. The anal sex just came along for the ride.
>
> So why did the inclusion of anal sex bump the orgasm figure up to 94 percent? It didn't. The causality runs the other way. Women who were getting what they wanted were more likely to indulge their partners' wishes. It wasn't the anal sex that caused the orgasms. It was the orgasms that caused the anal sex.

I'm not sure about Saletan's reading of the orgasm data. What percent of women had vaginal, oral or hand sex in isolation in their last encounter? Those numbers might be equally low. If it was true that a variety and increasing number of sex acts contributed to women's reaching orgasm, then we would see women's claims of reaching orgasm more evenly dispersed between the various sex acts. A woman who had anal, oral, hand and vaginal sex in one session would be just as likely to reach orgasm during any one of those acts. Instead, anal sex comes out on top, brown and stinky. The answer to why women reach orgasm with anal sex more often than other sexual practices is simpler than the reason given by Saletan — most chicks, and men too, don't like the idea of sticking shit-covered cocks anywhere else than the butt. A2M porn fantasies to the contrary notwithstanding, the female ass is generally the last place men and women like to go after a long lovemaking session violating her less toxic orifices. Given that, it's no surprise that later-to-orgasm chicks climax more often during the last sexual act than during the earlier acts. Furthermore, anal sex is in and of itself very pleasurable for women. It could also be that women simply have an easier time cumming with a dick shoved up their butt.

> If anal sex is a trailing indicator of women's sexual satisfaction, then by all means, let's toast the new findings. Here's to you, ladies. Bottoms up.

I remember reading an astounding sex survey figure in a book about human sexuality. I can't recall the name of the book; I think it was something like "What Men Want, What Women Want". It was published in the mid 90s. The author had data showing that the college football team quarterback at the University of Oklahoma had had 2,000 sexual partners over his four year college career.

I don't know what made me think of that.

Are PUAs Douchebags And Hucksters?

CH · 8 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Kidstrangelove sent in a link to a video of self-proclaimed top PUA gurus attempting to demonstrate their craft by picking up a hot talk show host. He wanted to know if I agreed that the PUAs embarrassed themselves. I saw the video (which has now been made private) and do agree that the PUAs do not come off looking very suave. If this is all I knew of them, and I was in the market to learn game, I would not give my money to them for instruction.

But to be fair to the parade of men who threw their ~~worst~~ best game at a female talk show host who was anticipating their moves and relishing the thought of humiliating them on live TV, they were playing against a stacked deck. Few men, no matter how smooth they are with women in real life, will come off looking good under those circumstances.

So I cut them a break for their woeful performances. But this does lead one to wonder why high profile PUAs would risk certain embarrassment and discredit to their business model by hawking their skills on a talk show where all the rules are in the female host's favor and the whole thing is a set-up to entrap the PUA into making a fool of himself. I doubt even Mystery — a man who has certainly banged more hot babes than 99% of the men in the world can claim to have banged — would do well in such a distorted scenario.

The only explanation that makes sense is that the desire for fame exceeds common sense. Maybe these guys think "Hey, I have a low chance of avoiding humiliation by doing this, but the TV exposure will certainly redound to more clients for my workshops and more chicks on my schlong." They might be right; who knows, I don't see their financial or bedroom balance sheets.

"Bro-town"

Kidstrangelove then linked to this post by a guy named Rob Judge (reputedly one of NYC's best players), who eviscerates (semi-justifiably, in my view) a lot of the silliness that passes for PUAdom.

> The Pickup Artist is no longer someone who walks among us. The term, once a secret endearment to men on the Internet, has become a label of satire and shame. To aspire to be a PUA—or the ever-lofty mPUA—is now, ironically, the most rAFC you could do. Because The Pickup Artist is dead… […]
>
> Let me ask you this, Pickup Artist: If you weren't allowed to tell anyone you got that girl's number, would it still be cool? Would you still take her number and run like a thief in the night? Or would you shift your focus from getting #-closes to actually trying to get girls.
>
> In fact, that brings up an important point: *Why ARE you doing this?* Why are you studying pickup material, involved in the community, and reading this blog? Is it to meet awesome women? Or is it to get the awesome approval of guys?
>
> See, almost every guy will scream at me, "It's to meet awesome women!" But what do those same guys scream when they *do* meet awesome women…"LAY REPORT BRO!!!" These same guys who claim they're out to meet women are the first ones on the Brag Express with a one-way ticket to Bro-town whenever they do anything that resembles meeting an awesome woman.

Lay reports can serve as a useful learning tool for newbies, as long as they are written in the spirit of knowledge sharing and analytic insight. But too often, they degenerate into bragging matches, and that's where the douchery rears its ugly head. Back in the day, on sites like Fastseduction.com, lay reports were gold mines of insider knowledge about the workings of the female mind; today, more of them resemble the chest-thumpings of frat boys and nerds speaking through Casanova avatars.

> As those who know me very well know, I ring the death knell of The Pickup Artist because I want to see guys

> actually meet and attract awesome women. And The Pickup Artist will not help you do that. In fact, the first thing any guys who wants to meet and attract awesome women has to do is sift through his intentions. He must remove any inkling of “Bro-town” from his approach. I challenge you not to tell a soul about your “infield accomplishments” for a full month and see how much better you are at attracting quality women.

OK, so this guy Rob Judge is marketing himself by positioning his business model as the antidote to widely assumed PUA hucksterism and douchiness. Nothing wrong with that, but it does suggest his slam of the PUA community should be taken with a grain of salt.

The useful advice here is that you should live your womanizing life as if the opinions of men didn’t matter to you. In real life, I rarely broadcast my pickups. Truth is, I can’t be bothered. The allure of recounting in vivid detail last night’s seduction with a bunch of male friends lost its appeal after legal drinking age. Sure, if I take a call from a really good friend the next day, I’ll tell him about the chick I scored. That will never change. But most of the time, my pickups, my flings, my one night stands, and even my long term hookups, remain shrouded in shadowy mystery from the eyes of acquaintances. Often, very good friends won’t meet my girlfriends until a month after I have been dating them. My friends don’t seem bothered by this; in fact, they admire it, because it shows I’m serious about the effort I put into romancing women.

This attitude imparts my lifestyle with a bit of *gravitas* and, more practically speaking, allows me a measure of control over my relationships (and my ex-relationships) that would be harder to attain were the whole world to know every detail of my licentious misdeeds. And it does matter for pickup success; when it’s just me versus the women of the world, and not me and my bros versus the women of the world, I can better focus on the task at hand. Women will know, too, if your motives are tainted with anything but achieving the heights of pleasure with them.

The SWPL Network

CH · 11 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I saw *The Social Network* aka The Asperger's Wing and thought it was a superficially entertaining dialogorrhea fest that's supposed to make credentialed class yuppies and SWPLs inwardly gloat that their brains are quick enough to follow the zipadeedooda banter. The *theeee*atre was a packed house; looking around, the crowd reminded me of the people who went to go see Jodie Foster's IQ mash note *Little Man Tate*. Same faces, same age bracket, same preternatural glow of self-satisfied superiority.

Which got me thinking… why did this thin psychological slice of Zuckerberg's inner sanctum (Hey! A hot chick's rejection spurs him to achieve great things!) generate such buzz among the suckup credentialati? (Judging by Zuckernerd's bland Asian girlfriend, he doesn't seem like a larger-than-life figure upon whom to base an entire plotline.)

This movie says a lot more about the audience demo giving it accolades than it does about a handful of socially retarded code monkeys who hit it big in the internet glory days. The fact is, SWPLs are enamored of genetic genius and creativity… not ambition, not fortitude, not conscientiousness or discipline… IQ and CQ. The whole lot of them has Harvard envy, and they watch dramatized movies about their IQ superiors with equal parts schadenfreude and admiration. They've got a hard-on for good breeding, even if they'd never admit it.

Jesse Eisenberg is not a good actor. The guy who played the Winklevii was good. I was hoping the movie… excuse me, film… would take a wild twist where the Winklevii tag teamed Zuckerberg in a back alley. Rashida Jones is eminently bangable. Justin Timberlake has an annoying face.

The Duke Rejection List

CH · 12 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've gotten more emails to write about this Duke slut Karen Owen than I have on any other topic. I wasn't interested at first, having scanned the notorious Powerpoint (also at this link in case first doesn't work) and concluded that it was just another story of a whore riding the (alpha) cock carousel who happened to forego discretion and publicize her sluttery, nothing to see here move along dystopia down the hall and to your left. But a closer inspection of Owen's tell-all reveals a river of scorned subconsciousness that the mainstream feminist bloggers have predictably failed to notice –

this chick was rejected by each and every one of these high status men she banged.

"But how can that be?", some of the duller among you will ask. "None of the men turned her down for sex."

Don't you know it's different for women? Failing to get laid is not how women are rejected; they are rejected when they don't receive romance, love, and long term commitment from the men who fuck them. Most women under 25 with a slim and healthy 17-23 BMI profile have no trouble getting laid from the men they find attractive. Given that most young women can get sex fairly easily, falling into bed with a man, even high status men such as the Duke athletes targeted by Owen, is not much of an accomplishment. It's like giving a trophy to a dog for being able to lick its own balls.

Now convincing these fly-by-nighter men to date, romance, introduce to their friends, spend money on, and marry the women they screw… that's the real trick. And it is the measuring stick we should be applying to skank hos like Karen Owen. For by that metric, she and many others like her fail miserably.

For example, here is her write-up of the man (a tennis star) she rated the worst:

- This tennis star was assessed before junior year spring break in March of 2009. After many long looks exchanged between us on the path to and from Wilson Gymnasium, he finally approached at Shooters II and asked for a dance before suggesting that we exit the premises. It was on the cab ride back that I discovered he was rude, Canadian, and spoke mostly in French. Needless to say, the warning flags were waving furiously, yet, in the interest of my research and out of a perverse curiosity, I decided to continue towards his apartments.
- **Memorable moments**: None. He was terrible, did not even bother to kiss me more than a few seconds, and finished in about five minutes, after which he simply walked out of the room and did not return.
- **Pros**: He was at least a successful athlete, and was fairly lengthy; he had a good body.
- **Cons**: Absolutely everything else about him and the situation as a whole. Also, I accidentally left my favorite pair of earrings from South Africa. When I texted him this fact, he responded with "I will leave them outside of the building for you."
- **Raw Score**: 1/10. Seriously.

Note this man's utter dismissal of her as a potential long term prospect. "Did not bother to kiss more than a few seconds". "…after which he simply walked out". "…did not return". "'I will leave them outside of the building for you'".

And Owen's reaction?

“1/10. Seriously.”

That is the tersely bitter send-off of one pissed and deeply wounded woman. Don’t let the whimsical snarkiness and slut empowerment pose fool you — even the raunchiest cockgobblers have a heart inside that beats for a man to love and cherish them above all others. The love of a man, true and loyal, is the slut’s white whale.

But what about the men she rated highly? Did they stay with her? Here’s her write-up of the man she rated the highest:

- My introduction to this Subject occurred, surprisingly, neither at Shooters nor at He's Not (as he had had a steady girlfriend for several years, he did not go out as frequently as his teammates, and when he did I most simply missed him out). Nada. Several days before meeting him, I and several friends had been discussing which men at Duke merited entry into the exclusive Townships we referred to as Woodstock Pocket; entry was based exclusively on the size of their male appendages. Although none of us had experienced the wonders of this particular Subject, my friend Ali submitted him as a candidate based on an incident when he had carelessly whipped his dick out in the middle of working on a class project. We had laughed about it, but it hadn't given it much thought until we were introduced (and then it was all I could think about). Lo, enough he said and I were at the 'Pound (The Compound, site of ADPhi housing—many of the lovers were members of this particular fraternity, and all of them hung out there a lot) [before, briefly, and] after a Saturday night Shooters (May 1st) and were outside, hanging out with Joe Toxic and a few other people when the Subject walked by and was introduced. We chatted in a friendly manner for a few minutes, then I went inside for a little. When I came back outside, the mood suddenly switched to flirtatious, and suddenly we were all in Lola's car going back to seven Terrace 22. We got there and danced around in the living room for a while, before retiring to separate bedrooms. We hooked up once that night, and five (yes, five) times the next morning, in Subject 1's old room and bed.
- **Memorable moments:** His line before we went back to ET: "If you beat me at Mario Kart Wii, I just might let you make out with me". His attempts at PDA in the car ride home. Him singing Trey Songz' Say Aah to me in its entirety on the car ride. Him grabbing me to dance in the ET living room. We walking into the bathroom to get my phone and being grabbed by the waist and kissed for a solid five minutes. His quote, as we talked about baseball: "Wow... I thought for a second that you were just a regular girl. But you're like... a cool girl". His ridiculous, ridiculously sized dick and accompanying incredible talent. It is irrelevance that I come before him, each time. At one point he looked at me for a while, and when I asked him what was up he replied "I just think you have a really beautiful body." This was the first guy I have hooked up with that kept an intense level of eye contact throughout the hookup, which honestly brought the entire experience to a level of hotness that I had never before experienced. His talented hands. His goodnight line: "Maybe, if I get really lucky, you'll wake me up with a kiss in the morning." The next morning, although hungover, when I told him I could leave with my friend if I'm or stay a while, he looked at me and said "Stay... I'm exhausted but I want to fuck you again". His incredible stamina; after a five minute break in between morning sessions he would look over at me and ask "Do you want to do it again?". Him refusing to allow me to leave before noon (although I did not exactly try all had to escape). Around 11:30 I mentioned that I was getting hungry and he peeked at me, only his eyes visible above the blanket and said "Oh. Well... are you horny? Any chance you want to fuck again?" Of course, I did. I have never had the opportunity to conduct that much research in one session with a Subject.
- **Pros:** Did you READ the above? This was, quite honestly, the most amazing sex I had ever had. The eye contact, the creativity of positions, the size of his dick, the intensity, his blue eyes, how into my body he was, his talent, how important it was to him that I got off as well, his hair (I like to grab onto something, too), and how he wouldn't let me leave in the morning, regardless of the fact that I probably looked like hell at that point, and especially so in the harshness of the morning light, as there were no curtains.
- **Cons:** None. Absolutely none. It was amazing. I kind of love that bed in ET 22...
- **Raw Score:** 10/10

What did the first place man do differently than the last place man? He catered to her female need for signs of romance and commitment (which, in the end, weren’t forthcoming. And that kid went HA HAW):

“…intense level of eye contact”. “‘…if I get lucky you’ll wake me up with a kiss in the morning’”. “Him refusing to allow me to leave before noon”. “…how important it was to him that I got off as well”.

So when PUAs talk about leaving women better than you found them, this is what they mean — treat your pump and dumps like girlfriends and in the ego-assuaged haze of their pleasure they will forget that you haven’t actually committed to them beyond offering the half-eaten burrito in your fridge.

Unfortunately for Miss Owen, this story with ÜberMan #1 does not have a happy ending. After that amazing night together, this is how the following ~~rendezvous~~ meetings went down:

> I saw him out briefly at Devines the Tuesday after, but since we had only just seen each other **[ed: “seen” = “fuck” in chickspeak. GSS Fail!]**… I did not even approach him, only making sure that he saw me in passing. […] I would have liked to have hooked up many more times than two, but he was tired and I needed to graduate the next day.

Long term romance fail. When a girl is careful not to talk to a lover in public for fear of creating an awkward moment that might kill the budding romance, you know you are dealing with a slut shooting way out of her league and, in the big picture, a dating market beautifully arranged to the maximum advantage of alpha males. This truly is the golden era for single men with game who have wisely avoided the trap of marriage. Conversely, it is the hell

matrix for betas who now have nothing to offer but the pitiful consolation prize of being willing to wear 'This is what a feminist looks like' t-shirts in hopes of copping a pity fuck from a short-haired hippie chick on a five hour bender.

The whole Powerslut Powerpoint reads like the above. Owen snags another Duke alpha athlete (implicitly she has studiously avoiding snagging any computer science students on campus), has her sex, and then never sees the guy again except at beer pong parties where they exchange knowing glances if she's lucky, or unacknowledged quick exits if she's unlucky. Then she writes about it with a dash of humor and self-awareness to exorcise the demons tormenting her broken heart and chafed vulva, and sends it to a couple of girlfriends, her male-oriented brain assuming the girlfriends would be loyal to her and not pass it on to the wider public. Big mistake.

Probably the stupidest commentary on this affair was by that cougartown fembot Penelope Trunk, (the hypocritical conniving cacklepuss stalkercunt who harassed a man and his family in real life for having the gall to sneer at her feminist boilerplate), who in her infinite perspicacity managed to turn it into a treatise on, color me surprised!, sexual harassment and female empowerment via the magical art of spreading your legs for chaste men who only have sex once every thousand years when Jupiter and Saturn are aligned.

> So what makes these slides so fascinating? I think it's her spunk and self-knowledge and enthralling sense of her own power. I wish I had had that when I was her age. I am twenty years older than Owen, but she inspires me to be brave, takes risks, and let my creativity get the best of me.

So what's stopping you? Oh, that's right. Twenty additional years (forty in female years) isn't good for the bangathon business.

Jesus, what a buffoon.

Here's some real insight for ya, Penelope and assorted Jizzabelers — Karen Owen has royally fucked up her chances to extract marriage from a good man thanks to her intemperate decision to write about, share and, consequently, archive for the masses for all eternity her insatiable hunger for a variety of lacrosse cock. Try to turn down the knobs on your psychologically-cemented female projection modules for a moment and put yourself in an alpha male's shoes. What man worth his yarbles in character, money, career, looks, charm and/or social status is going to use Karen Owen for anything more than a hole in which to dump a perfunctory fuck? What high status man would marry a slut with a tap sheet a mile long, her every clitoral flutter registered in loving detail in ASCII, jpeg and png for his friends to read and laugh at?

Rhetorical.

Naturally, the double standards crowd will pipe up that Owen was just doing what men do all the time. Congratulations! You just figured out double standards exist and life isn't fair. First prize, a group hug from fellow knobbobbers. Second prize, a beta with few options. Third prize, you're still a rancid slut.

The impolite fact is that a man who wrote an Owen-esque fuck list would not suffer much, if any, penalty in the dating market *or* in the more tightly regulated social market for his promiscuity. Sure, a few femtards would wail at the objectifying of women and the unfairness that ugly but SMRT broads are passed over for alpha bimbo sorostitutes, but in the crucible of real life most normal heterosexual women would be uncomfortably drawn to such a man, and would work for his affections. I'm sure the athletes who are a part of Owen's fuck list are high-fiving their pounding of Owen's sperm cavern when they're not fucking a hundred other groupies scrambling for their attentions.

Bottom line: a male Karen Owen would actually see his sexual market value *rise*, while Owen's value as a girlfriend and potential wife has undoubtedly fallen. This — plus the raw hypergamy on display by her choice of sexual partners and her ability to effortlessly fulfill that limbic impulse — is the underlying message of Owen's cutesy confessional. And it's the message that the legacy media, the middle-aged vicars of vicariousness, and the

feminists are trying hard to miss.

******

A few other points of note. Duke is also the site of the infamously racist false rape accusation by a black stripper against white lacrosse players. The mass media and fembots had a glorious communal orgasm over that one until it was discovered the whole thing was a lie. Funny how now, with another Duke scandal wafting in the autumn air, those same media mavens and feminists can't be bothered to string up Karen Owen for her objectifying of Duke's male students. Instead of a wail, admiration for her journey of self-actualization is shared by all.

Hypocrites, liars and filthy cunts, the lot of them.

Karen Owen herself looks masculinized. Check out her manjaw, beady eyes and heavy overhanging brow (on the left):

The photo of her lends evidence to my theory that women with high serum testosterone, or women who have been prenatally drowned in single mamma's high T syrup, are more likely to slut it up with a platoon of men. These kinds of women are also more likely to value raw looks in a man, whereas more feminine women tend to downgrade male looks relative to other attractive male traits such as humor, charm and social acumen. It is possible that Owen's masculinization gives her the male-like capacity to absorb to a greater extent than most women a series of repeated romantic rejections from crudely inattentive one night stands.

Last thought. What I've written above is based on the assumption that Owen was honest with her Powerpoint. It isn't a guarantee that she's telling the truth. The internet is the place where people make shit up. (Case in point: I could be making everything up as well. Every story I write could be a total lie. It isn't, but it could be. You'll just have to take my word for it.)

Owen could very well have made everything up for shits and giggles, or she could have been cruelly rejected by an alpha lacrosse player and this was her weird idea of getting back at him and those like him. It's not unheard of that women will lie, in both petty and grand ways, about the men who have hurt them in a vain attempt at exacting vengeance, nor is it unheard of that they will fantasize out loud about having sex with alpha males. For purposes of

discussion, we'll have to believe the story as reported: the hookups are real and she only meant to send her fuck list to a few (formerly) close girlfriends.

I'm sure the Duke lacrosse players are crying in their red cups. [/sarcasm]

Modern Marriage In One Picture

CH · 13 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

whocares about my FIANCE'S face?! LOOK AT MY RING! lol

From the album:

The reader who sent this in wrote:

> It's kind of amazing how much one image can totally capture everything that is wrong with wedding culture and how warped the meaning of the institution has become.
>
> I thought it might be useful for your readership to see, and perhaps if a few were dating chicks with this kind of ring idolatry (and other similar, unsavory tendencies) they might sharpen up their game a bit before they, too, were rendered faceless.

Can you name all the ways this photo is a metaphor for the crumbling state of modern marriage? There are at least four emblematic American woman plagues that are apparent to the trained eye.

Reader Mailbag: Poke Rape Edition

CH · 14 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1:

> Short and sweet
>
> What is a good response to a girls question of
>
> "What is your biggest fantasy"
>
> Seems like saying something crazy and different would be a good response, right?

The chick wants to know if her fantasies are compatible with your fantasies. Three ways to tackle this. Smolderingly serious, jokingly over-the-top, or intriguingly evasive.

Serious answer: "To scale the heights of Kilimanjaro during the autumnal equinox, and to gaze down at the herds of feminists stampeding across the veldt."

Jokey answer: "You, me, your mom, Cool HHWip."

Evasive answer: "We'll see."

Use the serious answer on girls you know something about, so that you can tailor your response. Use the jokey answer on attention whores and party girls. Use the evasive answer on girls who are already into you.

References to breastal motorboating, public sex or blumpkins should be avoided.

Email #2:

> Dear Chateau,
>
> This Asian chick I've been hooking up with for the past month told me at lunch (I'm in highschool) that my friend poke raped her. I asked her to define rape, and she said that she might be exagerrating and that he actually poked her in the boob. My friend defended himself (although a bit in jest) saying that he merely poked her in the side. This prompted her to do an exaggeration demonstration as she poked him in the chest (boob).
>
> I looked at him seriously for a few seconds, and when he held out his fist to fist bump, I waited a few seconds before fist bumping him.
>
> I don't really care about if anything happened, but I am curious as to why you think a girl would do this (oi! he raped me)? Is she trying to tell me that some one else is interested in her?
>
> (The relationship we have is unofficial. There are a few other things that may be in play that I don't know about, but they are unimportant to me. This relationship is a learning one.)
>
> W

Poke rape? Wow, high school has really gotten lame since I was there. What happened to heavy makeouts in the stairwell in between classes?

The tempestuous geisha is trying to make you jealous. She wants to see some sign of commitment from you in the form of defending her virtue from male interlopers. Ignore her sly provocations. Play with her expectations. Ask if her boob needs to go to rape counseling. Ask her to finger the suspect (ha). And don't fistbump your buddy. He encroached on your territory.

Email #3:

> Hello, first I would like to thank you for your wonderful blog, it has really helped turn my life around, so feel free to include your answer to this on your site.
>
> I have a problem with erectile dysfunction, and it is really freaking me out as I am only a 24 year old man and am in otherwise excellent physical condition. The problem was I didn't know I had it until recently. I've always been a very quiet type guy, ie the nice guy, and until the past year when I started reading your blog I have had almost no success with women.
>
> I've been working very hard to turn my life around, and a couple nights ago I was finally able to get a very attractive 21 year old foreign girl into bed with me, and then it happened. When we were kissing, I was rock hard, I was hard when she was sucking my dick, but when I penetrated my boner was killed almost immediately. I can't stress enough how embarrassing this was for me and I cant imagine what was going through her head.
>
> I wonder if the fact that it had been such a long time that I've been with a woman (several years) might have played a role since you just cant duplicate what it feels like to fuck a girl, but I find it very unnerving that I wasn't able to keep an erection for a girl that I found very attractive.
>
> I tried to play it off like she wasn't doing enough to stimulate me, and she ended up staying the night and sucking me off again in the morning before she left, but I feel like I've ruined this situation. My immediate plan is to see a doctor and get a prescription for viagra(that shit is ridiculously expensive), but I'm wondering if there's anything that I can do in the mean time to save face with her.
>
> One side of me wants to tell her that I just don't find her very attractive but I was trying to make it work because she has a great personality and end the relationship there, while the other side get the medication and try to work it out since I really do like her personality. I feel like she will just disgust me if I were to tell her the truth, but I could be wrong.
>
> Thoughts?

I wish I could give you firsthand knowledge here to help you over your problem, but I've rarely underperformed. Instead, I'll have to engage in some speculation with a layman's understanding of the relevant medical science.

You're 24, little to no previous sexual experience with women, and you've got a foreign girl in bed thanks to what you've learned reading this blog. I'm 90% sure it's nerves, dude. Nothing physically wrong with you. It happens to every man occasionally. Usually it happens when you're bumbling with the condom, or the phone rings and you're distracted by the possibility that it's your other girlfriend calling. No biggie; just tell the chick you need to rest for a minute and let her run her fingers over you while you put your arms behind your head and listen to music. Your boner will be back in no time.

One thing you didn't mention was whether you were wearing a condom. Very tight and thick condoms can kill boners dead. Try ultra-thins. If she's up for it, play just the raw dog tip. Don't penetrate right away; build tension, tap her vulva with your dick head, go in an inch and pull out, etc. Eat celery, lots of it. My loads get incredibly viscous and milky-white after five stalks of celery. Take an l-arginine supplement, 500mg, three or four pills per day. Lift heavy weights. Get your testosterone level and your triglycerides checked by a doc. Don't bother with Viagra until you've tried everything else.

Here's a little trick I've learned that really amps up sexual pleasure and will cement your boner: do her from behind in front of a wall-length mirror, but stand profile (her facing to the side) so that you can watch your dick in the mirror appear and disappear in between her ass cheeks. This position will fill your testes with the juice of the gods and your dick with adamantium.

Oh, and don't push the girl away. There isn't enough sweet lovemaking in the world. Don't insinuate she is at fault for not stimulating you enough. Your reaction to her wasn't good. Just play it cool and carefree and she'll fall into your arms as soon as you're ready.

Email #4:

> Can you please do a write up on Alpha Halloween costumes?

See here, here and here for what qualifies as examples of alpha, beta and omega GHEY costumes. As for what's in this year, I read that sexy Sesame Street costumes are going to be big. If you're creative, you could try a mash-up, like a Call of Duty Cookie Monster strapped up with belts of ammo and an assault rifle, and a bunch of cookie notches on the rifle barrel. Otherwise, stick with the tried and true pickup artist costumes: Zorro, Indiana Jones, James Bond (a suit always looks good on a man, particularly on a night when few other men will be wearing that), Jack Sparrow, gladiator (but only if you've got the body)… basically any costume that a) is manly and/or sexy and b) evokes power.

Last year, I saw a dude dressed as an infant, wearing a huge diaper, bib and bonnet and nothing else, while holding a rattler. It looked fucking ridiculous and creepy, yet the chicks swarmed around him, laughing and smiling. His trick? He had a bodybuilder physique. Contrast is king!

Email #5:

> How do you deal with a narcissistic insecure woman who has been catered to and spoilt by former partners. she behaves selfishly and thinks the world revolves around her.

Three simple steps:

1. Don't flatter her. Boosting her self-image will kill her attraction.
2. Neg! These girls are tailor-made for multiple negs. Also, employ tactical backturns at will.
3. Make her jealous. She will respond very well to denied attention and competition from other women.

Girls such as you describe can make surprisingly good girlfriends, *if* you know how to train them. A narcissislut has spent her life being chased by men; flip the script and she will explode with years of pent-up desire. Her gratitude will be your nut.

Email #6:

> What does it mean when a girl has a pic of her kissing another guy as her profile pic on Facebook. She hasn't indicated if she is in a relationship or not.
>
> She initiated Facebook id exchange with me.
>
> Is this a way of the girl telling "Look at me, I am desirable! Kiss my feet!"
>
> She has a very pretty face and good sense of fashion but she is slightly chubby/thick and that lowers her points to about 7-8/10 in my eyes.
>
> Thoughts?

How is she kissing him? On the cheek with eyes open, or full on the lips with eyes closed? The difference matters if you're gauging her availability. Regardless, I'd avoid investing any time or energy into seducing such an attention whore. The "look at me!" Facebook profile kiss is a neon sign pointing the way to unending drama, single momhood, divorce and self-cutting. Who needs the hassle? On the plus side, she's chubby and exhibitionist. She'll show up to the date drunk and put out after an hour. Half hour, if you compliment her "striking figure".

Email #7:

> I read your post on Anal, and this is perfect timing.
>
> I need your advice on this situation.

> Im under 30 years old, good game, and i do my thing.
>
> I got a main squeeze that ive been stringing along for a while. Shes under 25, and is exotic, with a huge ass. Recently, ive really been wanting to get in that ass, so ive been experimenting with it when shes drunk.
> I got my finger in there and she squirted like ive never seen before. Ive done this twice while shes drunk and safe to say, she LOVES it.
>
> Problem is, when shes sober, she denies wanting to do it and hates the idea of my dick getting in there.
>
> Her body clearly loves it, but the hamster is trying to steer her away from it. I need some good advice on broadening her horizons.
>
> Coochaholik

Keep that hamster inebriated. Fuck her in the ass for hours so that she sobers up *while* you're still balls deep in her butt. This is known as systematic desensitization therapy, aka the sneakyfucker cure.

Review Of A Roosh Night Game Workshop

CH · 15 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A Chateau rep has had an opportunity to observe Roosh run a night game workshop with a student.

The workshop was at a popular U St bar. Roosh was wearing an earpiece, listening and watching a student engage with three girls. I asked if he could hear the student with all the bar noise, and he said he could hear some of their conversation, but sending instructions through the incessant bar noise was more hit and miss. Surprisingly, most girls did not notice the ear piece wire dangling along the back of Roosh's neck. Perhaps they mistook it for a 1980s-style rattail.

The crowd was wall to wall, girls everywhere. And while plenty of men were there, they didn't pose much of a competitive nuisance. This was a perfect night game student's field of battle. Roosh and I kept an eye on his student, noting his body language while Roosh jotted notes down in a small notepad. Occasionally, girls would walk by and ask him about the pad he was writing on, and he would dismiss them with a sarcastic non-sequitur, which of course made the girls more intrigued. As we agreed later, the notepad and pen make a fantastic game prop.

The student for his part was fairly competent at generating friendly rapport with the girls, but needed work on projecting more of an alpha vibe through his body stance, and remembering to touch the girls during his interactions. Roosh had supplied him with plenty of easily-delivered openers, (they weren't cheesy like "who lies more"; you could see an average Joe saying these lines without wincing), and conversation-building discussion threads, which the student used liberally. I arrived later, so I didn't see all the sets the student opened, but he approached at least four different women during the time I was there. None of the women blew him out; whatever he was opening with was clearly making an immediate positive impression.

Sometimes the student's sets went very well, and he wouldn't return to Roosh for twenty minutes. When he did return, Roosh would give him a quick rundown and some pointers for the next set. The student seemed pretty happy to be there.

A big positive is that there were no high pressure tactics. I liked that Roosh was not barking orders at the student to open set after set. The vibe was decidedly chill and relaxed. There was encouragement to be sure, but nothing so intense that it would make a social introvert burn out on his first night. In contrast, I once witnessed, by coincidence, a game instructor (it was obvious he was teaching a couple of guys) pushing his students to approach as many girls in a night as humanly possible to get over any lingering anxiety. Every time a girl would walk by, the instructor would say "Ok, go! Now!" I find that method counterproductive at best and creepy at worst. The pickup robot frantically racing from one girl to the next can't help but feel a little "off". As Roosh mentioned to me, most of his students are eager to learn and don't need much prodding from him to approach. He simply points out to the students girls in the vicinity and gives them a suitable opening gambit to use, depending on the environment and what the girls may be doing at the time.

Roosh sent me an excerpt of a post-workshop Student Report for one of his Day Game students. I read it and was impressed by the level of detail. It's no wonder some of the students think the report is the best part of the workshop . It was chock full of analysis and constructive criticism about the student's approaches. Example:

> No. 13
> *Venue:* Whole Foods
> *Length:* 15 seconds
> *Description:* You asked a whole bunch of food questions instead of rambling about food. Pepper your conversation with regular questions about the opening topic. The approach shouldn't only be question-asking.
>
> […]
>
> You're asking ***too many personal questions***. Most of your approaches were interviews instead of conversations.

> Towards the end of the workshop you changed the content of the questions to things about books or foods, but it was still too many. Questions kill the energy of the interaction. You want something that flows instead of halts every ten seconds. In fact, you can do exercises at home where you talk about objects as long as you can. Remember when I talked about the socks at H&M for a couple minutes while asking only one or two questions? It's better to give statements and observations then to ask (only tight ramble can save approaches, not questions). Plus the more questions you ask, the more she'll think you're hitting on her.

I suppose you'd have to have a thick skin to read about your flaws, but that's a necessary step to success with women. The thin-skinned are not going to handle rejection from women very well if they can't take helpful criticism from a man.

I also got to read some of the Day and Night Game Workshop Manual Version 2.0. It reads like a revved-up pocket guide to game. The lines and conversation builders are highly accessible to the average man. You can see yourself saying these things without feeling like a nerd or a clown.

Roosh is offering a special to Chateau readers who want to take his day and/or night game workshops. (Here is an update post on his workshops.) Email Roosh at the email address provided in his Day and Night Game post and say the Chateau sent you. Roosh will give you a $20 discount.

If you do end up taking the workshop (or any other workshop), let me know how it goes. Contact me through the email on the About page.

The Forager/Farmer Thesis Is Wrong

CH · 18 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Robin Hanson has been beating the drum on his liberaltarian wet dream known as the forager/farmer thesis in a series of posts. Basically, "liberal" values and lifestyle are a reflection of humanity's ancient forager (hunter-gatherer) ways, while "conservative", or traditional, values and lifestyle are emergent properties of our relatively more recent 10,000 year old farmer (agricultural) heritage. Modern foragers in the form of cafe-loitering SWPLs sipping dragonwell tea and reading Dan Savage columns are essentially freeriding on the industrial and moral substrates that were created by rules-following and hierarchical farmer ancestors. Thanks to their comfy livings and safe environments, elite cosmopolitan liberals in Western societies are returning to the values and lifestyles of their distant forager forebears, while modern traditionalists hew to more rigid codes of conduct and warn them (in so many words) that all foraging and no farming makes Jack a weak boy. (You can see where this is heading.)

If you buy Hanson's thesis, this neatly explains blue state vs red state, Obama vs Bush, open borders nuts vs immigration realists, and Apple vs Windows.

Hanson relies for much of his speculative evidence on the *Sex At Dawn* book, which I promiscuously manhandled here. But there's too much wrong with the claims made by that book to sufficiently lend support to the Forager vs Farmer (i.e., liberal vs conservative) thesis of clashing values and lifestyles.

For instance, Hanson and Ryan elide the force of jealousy in shaping human sexual dynamics. If we were built for polyamory as Ryan claims, or free love promiscuity as Hanson says, then jealousy would not have evolved to the extent it did (among Euro-descended people at least) to become a powerfully ingrained emotional hindbrain response to infidelity or suspicions of cheating. Both men and women experience jealousy, though men seem to react more violently when in its throes, (as would be predicted by a "farmer" reading of sociosexuality, since men stand more to lose by a cheating lover).

In addition, just about every polyamorous, free love utopia/forager commune that has been tried in historical record has utterly failed, some of them spectacularly. (It's no coincidence that most dedicated polyamorists are androgynous, middle-aged frumps.)

Hanson and Ryan claim foragers are/were nonviolent compared to farmers. But from everything I've read on the matter, that is wrong as well: modern hunter-gatherers have impressive levels of tribal violence, mostly of the raiding and randomly savage variety. Farmers are also capable of violence, but when they do it the violence is coordinated and planned; the random individual violence that typifies forager society isn't a steady state feature of farmer existence. I'm not going to dig around for relevant links, so I'll throw it open to the commenters to do the dirty work.

Finally, a big point of Hanson's repackaged thesis is that "rich and safe" modern foragers — implicitly the intellectual and social liberal elites of Western society — pursue and advocate a promiscuous lifestyle. Except the data show that isn't necessarily true. Higher IQ men place greater value on monogamy and sexual exclusivity and are less likely to cheat than lower IQ men.

There are too many holes in this tidy farmer/forager outlook to take it as anything more than United States of Canada porn for self-satisfied cosmopolitan lefties to jack their head hamsters off to. And I say this as someone who lives to the fullest the modern, promiscuous forager lifestyle. I know its personal appeal, and its immolating potential for the wider society.

Why So Serious?

CH · 18 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The night was late. I was killing her softly with a tune I began playing on my guitar. She eased back, ensconced in the plush cushions of my sofa, and her eyelids lowered a bit as I strummed my *grandioso opus* for her ears only. A content smile warmed her face and she interrupted me when I paused to work out a chord.

“You look so serious when you play. I like it.”

My serious concentration took a break as I turned to face her. She had lust in her eyes. She sat up and wrapped her arms around my shoudlers. We kissed.

I easily recalled her statement the next day because they reminded me of eerily similar statements said by past lovers in analogous circumstances. When I have redirected my attention from seducing women to performing a solo activity disengaged from their participation, they have responded in like manner –

“I love it when you’re so serious.”

What is going on here? I have a theory.

Women love two things: Passionate men who pursue their mission(s) in life with single-minded focus, and easily distracted men whose interests and hobbies are capable of diverting their attention from the wiles of women. The evolutionary reasons for this can be explained thus:

– Men on a mission who pursue goals with passion are better at securing resources and protection (survivial value) for the women in their lives. Women don’t consciously think this way, of course, but they don’t need to. All their genes care about is getting them to swoon for a man fully “locked in” on whatever challenge he is confronting or purpose he is fulfilling. The rest will take care of itself.

– Men who are easily distracted away from women’s beauty and women’s guile are attractive because they signal a high level of competence and familiarity with women (an “act like you’ve been there before” attitude) that suggests to women a history of success at bedding them. Men who are successful at bedding women bring high replicative value that redounds to the sexual success of any sons the women may have by them. This is why women love to chase after unattainable bad boys who’ve never paid for a dinner or given flowers in their lives.

Moral of this post: Get a hobby, any hobby (except video gaming or Civll War reenacting), and throw yourself into it. Make sure she occasionally sees your brow sweating with passionate single-mindedness. You don’t even have to be that good at it. Her libido will respond right on cue.

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The Crazy Cat Lady Stage Of America

CH · 18 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

From a commenter over at Mangan's:

> Female suffrage has led to a feminizing of Western Civilization. That civilization is now entering its crazy cat lady stage, that most female of destinies. Witness the hoarding of immigrants (rather than animals) that we don't need, that we can't properly house or care for, the self delusions, the unstable self-image and sense of self, the recurrent suicidal behavior and self-injuring behavior, the picking at scabs. Government is now the defacto husband. Immigrants the children that were never had.

The crazy cat lady stage of America — yep, that about sums it up. So what follows? Who knows. It's possible the pendulum will swing back, perhaps violently.

As we here at the Chateau relish ~~provoking~~ reminding the readers, giving women the right to vote has been a disaster for liberty-loving small-government patriots. Do any of the mainstream conservative or libertarian bloggers have anything to say about Lott's study? Their cowardly silence speaks volumes.

Another Mangan commenter noted:

> Agreed with Anonymous – if you look at when women got the right to vote you can see pretty much where the country started it's liberal slide. Today there is a seventeen percentage point gap between male and female approval of Obama's policies and if it was just the male vote, McCain would have won in 2008.

For all the principled reasons to grant the franchise to women, there is no doubt that doing so has exacerbated, if not precipitated, the decline and eventual fall of America. Forty million Mexicans don't help, either.

Fat And Happy Girl Is Fat And Happy

CH · 19 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Just when you thought you've seen every possible indicator of American cultural decline, along comes the news that not only are we getting fatter, but, incredulously, many fat asses are A-Ok with it. A recent study purports to show that…

> A substantial proportion of obese people don't think they're too fat, new research shows.
>
> Among more than 2,000 obese Dallas County residents surveyed in 2000-2002, 14 percent of African Americans and 11 percent of Hispanics — but just 2 percent of whites — believed that they [did not need] to lose weight, Dr. Tiffany M. Powell of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center in Dallas and her colleagues found.

Prior studies have shown even bigger (heh) numbers of fat people who don't see they have a problem.

> …overweight individuals today are less likely to classify themselves as "overweight" in contrast to overweight individuals surveyed over a decade ago. For example, the proportion of overweight women who perceive their weight to be "about right" increased from 14% to 21%, and that among overweight men from 41 to 46%.

Denial ain't just a river in Egypt. It's also a moist stomach fold for growing a cheesy poof farm. Scientists call this problem "body size misperception", aka "fat and proud", "BBW", "I'm not a Barbie", "anorexia is the leading cause of death in America, yes it is", "I get plenty of hot men chasing after my pleasingly plump curves", "guys like a bit of meat on their women", "Marilyn Monroe was a size 18″, and the crowd favorite "look at my huge tits!".

You could see this change in attitude coming a mile away (literally). When you are fat and everyone around you is fat and getting fatter, you start to feel like less of a fat freak. You conform to the new norm. The pressure to lose weight is off when everyone else looks as disgusting as you do. With 75% of Americans now classified as overweight, obese or morbidly obese, that means you'd be hard-pressed to go a day without seeing a horde of fatties to affirm your self-esteem. The country has turned into a giant fat pride parade.

Even worse, there seem to be plenty of loser omega men willing to dump a fuck in the distended porcine holes of these beached whales. A six-second, half-erect rutting punctuated with a wet fart is enough lovin' to kill the last ounce of incentive from a fat chick to lose weight. Naturally, these beef blimps getting unceremoniously pumped and dumped will be treated like shit by their "lovers", but since fat chicks have bargain basement standards they won't be able to tell the difference between being used as a convenient port of ejaculation and being lusted after by a man with options.

Not to mention all these fat chicks skew the mating market in favor of the few hot slender babes left in existence.

> Additionally, independent of the effect of time, this study confirmed a number of factors influencing one's ability to accurately gauge their own weight status: those who are educated are more likely to self-classify as overweight than those who are not, those with higher incomes are more likely to feel overweight than those with the lowest incomes, married people are more likely to feel overweight than never-married people, and members of minority groups are less likely than whites to consider themselves overweight.

There really is an underclass of less worthy people and an overclass of worthier people, just as there are shitty cultures and good cultures instead of a yippy skippy happy joy joy rainbow of multicultural relativity. Get used to it. No point railing against the brutal truth of this reality. Oh, and marriage does a body bad. Yet one more reason… as if it was needed… to avoid marriage in favor of cohabitation or LTRs.

I'm not surprised fat blacks and latinos have bigger inflated egos. I've been to the DMV. The image of a grotesquely fat black woman with a planet-sized ass strutting like a peacock in front of the boyz comes to mind. I'd like to say there was some disconnect with reality there, but maybe the black dudes love that extra wide. For all the talk about discrimination causing low self-esteem among minorities*, they think pretty highly of themselves.

(*Soon to be majorities. What'll be their excuse then?)

Prediction: If fat black women lost weight, you'd see a lot more white men dating them.

> People who misperceived their body size were happier with their health, and felt healthier, than those who did recognize their obesity […]

"Fat and happy" isn't just a saying. If self-delusion serves some fitness enhancing evolutionary purpose, it's hard to see what it is.

> The study "points to really a lack of understanding about the effects of obesity," Powell told Reuters Health. At the same time, she added, "you walk a fine line, because you don't want people to necessarily have an unhealthy body image, but you also want people to understand that they need to lose weight."

A big change in cultures that are beginning their decline is the abandonment of shame as a tactic to enforce norms. This woman has it completely wrong; you *want* people with unhealthy bodies to have an unhealthy body image. Shame the shit out of those shambling mounds! My god below, if this blog will be remembered for anything, it'll be for its outstanding dedication to the art of shaming the losers and degenerates of society into improving themselves, cowering in humbleness, or slicing long and deep. I want the fatties, fembots, freaks, fuglies, spinsters, single moms and geldings to walk away from reading here with their egos so thoroughly crushed they never again for a moment entertain the thought they might be a valued member of society or an attractive love interest for a winner with options. In that gung-ho spirit, I shall commence the shaming forthwith (in order of viciousness)…

"Have you tried the new garden salad in the cafeteria? Oh, you should."

"How's the pregnancy coming along?"

"This is the elevator. I think you're looking for the cargo lift."

"I love that pup tent you're wearing."

"Your ass looks like two manatees fornicating."

"If they hung a picture of you on the wall, it would fall off!"

"You are a disgusting, repulsive sack of steaming shit, a festering carbuncle on the ass of society, the crusty sperm-speckled wall of a bus depot bathroom, the filthy deposit of brown smegma that forms on toilet bowl rims, a wobbling circus sideshow freak of gargantuan enormousness. You have been known to roll over and accidentally crush baby walruses. Little children run from you. Tokyojesusfist laughs at you. Your mother pities you. I wouldn't fuck you with the elephant man's dick, assuming he could get it up for such a loathsome creature as yourself. You look like the missing link between a brontosaurus and a gelatinous cube, except fatter. When you die, you will be hoisted out by the roof of your house on a crane, and buried in a piano case. Your decomposing mountain of flesh will fertilize the largest old growth forest in the Americas."

"Goddamn you are one big fat fucking fatty fat fat!"

As long as there are gross-looking people in the world, particularly those of the self-inflicted grossness type who proudly flaunt their grossness, I'll be there, proud and firm, standing tall for truth, justice, and the Hedonist Way. And my word tea of fury shall smite them, and there will be beauty and busted egos in the land once again. Piece be with you.

> Based on the findings, Powell said, physicians may want to take a step back before discussing lifestyle habits with their obese patients, and asking them first about how they perceive their weight and whether or not they think they need to lose weight.

The problem doctors have with fatties is a disincentive to tell the stark truth when telling it could mean the fattie will simply take his or her fat business elsewhere. If a fattie thinks she's all that and a cup of joe, she's not going to accept hearing a doctor chide her to lose weight or endure the health and dating consequences. Fatties don't suffer truth-tellers gladly. So doctors tend to ease up on the shame and collect the big bucks when the fattie has to come in for a triple bypass diagnosis. This is why "the communitaaaaaahhh" has to step up and assume the role of the shamer… except that the communitaaaaaahhh is itself a rolling wave of fat undulations.

So there is no answer to America's fat plague. Maybe let them eat themselves to an early death, and get on with rebuilding the country under a smaller population of healthy, attractive übermensch. Perhaps the Paleo diet will save us from a bloated end, but then the enviros would have a hissy fit about all that meat-eating warming the climate. No matter how you slice it, you can't win…

unless you consider a substantial reduction in world population a beneficial goal.

Update On The C-SPAN Ex-Lovers Spat

CH · 20 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

An anonymous source emailed the following to Chateau headquarters:

> As someone who knows Seavey and Rittelmeyer, I'd like to point out that she deserves it. She is crazy. Seavey is usually not so crazy, but he is showing some restraint. Right after he broke up with her, I overheard him discuss how sociopathic she was: "It's like for the last two years I've been fucking a lizard."
>
> A choice quote from Helen. "I'm not sure why people have… friends. Books are more efficient."
>
> The panel was convened to discuss a book, and Helen's essay in the book is fantastic. It's about dissolute Yale conservatives. Here's an excerpt: http://www.studentfreepress.net/archives/4049

After second viewing of the video, I think Seavey got in a couple of biting jabs at Sluttelmeyer. So it wasn't a total lost cause, though it was a suicide mission under the circumstances. Jabs aside, Seavey comes across on the whole like a spurned beta, not a cool and calm devil-may-care alpha. He clearly still wants to pork her; the raging unfulfilled lust is strong in him. Of course, this is nothing unusual for dumpees. Alphas occasionally get dumped to, but it's in how they handle it that separates them from the average pining man. (By "handle it", I mean they will casually turn to girl #2 in their harem to soothe the pain.) By the way, from what I read of Seavey's cached blog posts, she dumped him three days before the C-SPAN event.

In the previous post, I wasn't concerned with the veracity of Seavey's accusations or the dynamics of his relationship with Sluttelmeyer. That wasn't the point of it. It was to show how people react differently to men and women misbehaving in essentially identical manners, based on deep-seated evolutionary impulses. Bitter beta males are simply not cut as much slack as bitter beta females would be cut.

But since the details of Seavey's and Mini-Rand's relationship or lack thereof seem to fascinate people, I will offer some advice to Seavey on how he should handle similar situations should they arise in the future.

First, Seavey, let me be frank: You have no game. Zero. Nada. I can tell. Your gamelessness oozes from every pore. I doubt you have ever had a normal, socially savvy, non-nerd friend in your life who was good with women who could have mentored you. Read this blog and other similar sites and begin your journey of discovery. Then you can stop dating down to pretentiously eccentric, credentialist suckup, robotic, afeminine 3s and 4s. "Yale… the school I went to". LOL.

Second, when you have an "on again, off again relationship" with a chick for two years, your working assumption should be that she is fucking around. In fact, that should be your working assumption for *all* women until proven otherwise. Girls must earn your respect. "On again, off again" is not the way to earn that respect. But it is a good way to earn a tier three slot in your stable of regulars.

Third, why would you date a "sociopathic lizard" for two years? It's a telling sign of a lack of options that you chose the indignity of sticking it in her reptilian hole as she led you around by the nose, instead of dumping her scaly ass as soon as you got the chance for a better woman. Face it, she fucked with your head, and you fell for her hard. What you should have been doing is treating her like the occasional fuckbuddy she in reality was to you, while concurrently dating other women. That would have given you the proper perspective and attitude. Had you done that, you would have seen her magically begin to behave more ladylike and work for your attention. That is the power of aloof asshole alpha game.

Fourth, when she dumped you three days before that panel discussion, you should have been EXPECTING IT. Hell, she was already done with you two years ago, but you couldn't see it because you were blinded by the pussy. Had you followed points 1 – 3 above, you wouldn't have even been in the position to be dumped just prior to an awkwardly planned C-SPAN event. When she approached you to tell you that she was dumping you, you should

have shrugged your shoulders and said “I didn’t know we were together.” That’s how you steal victory from a slut. And it would have been true. Then you could have invited your new girl to sit in the audience and watch you, while enjoying the jealousy it would surely have provoked in Mini-Rand.

Fifth, don’t expect to win allies by disgracing a girl in a public venue — out of context — with tales of your personal history with her. The world doesn’t work that way. People’s sympathies will always lie with the woman, particularly if the man attacking her is charmless or otherwise inept at working a crowd, and the woman in question is of fertile age. You had no hope to come out on top by commandeering a political panel discussion to zing an ex about her slutty misanthropic ways, even if said ways were at odds with her self-proclaimed ideology and religious mores. Your time to stick the shiv in was long before that panel discussion. Long before she formally dumped you, actually. Perhaps an offhand sly reference to her sordid sexual or friendship history, slipped innocuously into the conversation so that few would know what you were alluding to, would have sufficed to earn you gotcha points with the insiders who were watching you and her at that event, without ostracizing you from the rest of the crowd… and, now, from the internet hordes. Try to put yourself in an alpha male’s shoes — a man who is fucking more than one woman at any given time and who has no trouble getting new women when he wants — and imagine what he would have done in that situation. I guarantee he would not have done what you did, the way you did it. I doubt he would even give the reptile a second thought.

Commenter Thunear is right. The world’s biggest, raunchiest, most unethical sluts are libertarian chicks. They will jump on just about any cock that is half-way alpha. The libertard girl craves the mightily aloof cock like no other woman. She wilts for such a man to brusquely dismiss her romantic gestures. But, alas, many of these Rand-obsessing chicks are ugly, and have to settle for riding the beta cock carousel, a kiddie ride compared to its manlier cousin. Since they are surrounded by lesser betas and omegas, they tire easily and quickly of any one cock, and move on to new cock effortlessly. As long as you understand what you’re getting into with the libertard slut, you can have fun with them. Think of the upsides: No flowers, dinners, or presents necessary. Check splitting all the time, except when she’s buying. Sexual voraciousness, S&M, bondage, public sex. Threesomes a distinct possibility. No worries about pregnancy (most of them have had their tubes tied). No pressure to propose. No girly stuff. If she looks fat, tell her! She’ll love you for it. All you have to do is humor her long-winded conversations about privatized toll roads and expect nothing in the way of fidelity, and you’ll have hand in the relationship; a fuckbuddy for as long as you like. PS: Libertarian chicks love it in the pooper.

Compare And Contrast: Two Bitter Ex-Lovers

CH · 20 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A jilted ex-boyfriend went on a scorned nerd rampage on live TV while his ex-girlfriend sat next to him.

As a YouTube commenter astutely noted:

> That is the nerdiest smackdown ever. If this wasn't C-span I could swear it was Comic Con. Probably the most eloquent way of saying "That bitch is a ho". Although, I wouldn't mind tapping her Yale degree because she is probably a superfreak closeted S&M mistress and that's my kind of political maneuvering.

I'm telling ya, YouTube commenters are the new American comedy art form. More:

> typical fat guy's laugh in the background.

Funny, fat guys DO have a distinctive laugh!

What was your reaction when you watched the video? If you're like me and most people, you felt a mix of contempt, cringing revulsion and pity. You probably thought "wow, what a loser." You vowed never to let a chick get under your skin that badly. A fleeting moment of sympathy made you wish this spazzy nerd would learn some game and start dating girls who didn't look like Philip Seymour Hoffman.

There's no doubt this dude is a lesser beta, perhaps even a greater omega. And this judgment is not solely a reflection of his unfortunate looks; his attitude, mannerisms, and, of course, total lack of amused mastery peg him as the needy, desperate, no-game-having betaboy he is deep in his soul. He has failed spectacularly the live TV version of the Jumbotron test (the worst way to fail). If he fumbles with nerdo Randian women, it is because of these latter characteristics, and not because of his looks.

His exceptional intelligence cannot compensate for all his negative traits. If anything, his smarts may be working against him. It's easy to imagine his big brain spending week after week excessively analyzing his breakup and thinking up ways to rectify his pain. In a moment of pique — her body which he once penetrated (assuming he did) now mere inches from him on a televised panel — his unruly emotions took control of his mind and steered all that IQ in an embarrassingly unproductive direction.

This is what happens when you don't have a clue how women operate. He exhibited the opposite of amused mastery — distressed incompetence. Vaginas all over the land snapped shut on cue.

Now I want you to read the following story. See if you have the same reaction to the bitter spurned ex-lover in this news story that you did for the woeful man in the video above.

> Now that her label is finally starting to play the album for select critics, it's easy to fathom why its contents have been closely guarded, all fears of leakage aside. Some of the lyrics are startlingly candid, even by the standards of Taylor "Naming Names, Taking No Prisoners" Swift.
>
> And listening to "Dear John," the scorching song that is-from all appearances-aimed at Mayer, all we can say is: Joe Jonas, you got off easy. […]
>
> And it might seem sensationalistic to focus on "Dear John" at the expense of the rest of the album if it didn't feel like it might be her masterpiece to date, or at least the most bracingly, joltingly honest song you've heard any major performer have the nerve to put on record in years. Maybe not since John Lennon took on estranged partner Paul McCartney in "How Do You Sleep" has a major pop singer-songwriter so publicly and unguardedly taken on another in song. But while Lennon's song came off as mean-spirited, Swift was motivated by vulnerability and woundedness, which makes her song far braver… and more cutting. […]

> There may be those who'll accuse Swift of exploiting her own romantic travails in this and other songs. But the extended bridge section of "Dear John" (and, at six and a half minutes, the entire song is fairly extended) packs such a cathartic punch, it really does transcend any tabloid associations. When Swift sings "I'm shining like fireworks over your sad, empty town," anyone who ever felt manipulated or used and found the strength to move on may be cheering like it's the 4th of July.

Taylor Swift is doing no different than Todd Seavey did to his ex-girlfriend on that C-Span panel: she is lashing out bitterly at an ex-lover who she feels wronged her. Substantively, her actions are the female version of Todd Seavey; the only distinction is the style in which each exposes their hurt and feeble stabs at revenge. (I say feeble, because I doubt very much John Mayer is going to lose sleep at being called out as a callous womanizer. The horde of groupies queueing up to sample his callous cock after hearing how he treated Taylor Swift is surely growing by the mile.) In fact, it could be said that Seavey is more admirable than Swift, for he at least lashed out at his ex while she was there to defend herself.

Here is an excerpt of Swift's revenge lyrics:

> Dear John/I see it all now that you're gone/Don't you think I was too young/To be messed with/The girl in the dress/Cried the whole way home/I should've known. […] It was wrong/Don't you think nineteen's too young/To be played/By your dark, twisted games/When I loved you so. […] You'll add my name to your long list of traitors who don't understand/And I'll look back in regret I ignored what they said/'Run as fast as you can'

Notice how all the blame is shifted to Mayer. Swift removes any responsibility and accountability for her decision to fuck the alpha male. She is a mere womanchild, a vassal into which evil men have their way with her. (If true, can we revoke the right to vote from these womenchildren?) Todd Seavey's bitterness flows from the same place — an inability to recognize that he bears responsibility for the impression he leaves with women.

Todd Seavey and Taylor Swift's behavior toward exes IS ONE AND THE SAME. Their bitterness is a shared bond that crosses class, looks and celebrity.

And yet, what did you feel reading about Taylor Swift's lash-out at John Mayer? The same contempt, revulsion and cold pity you felt for Todd Seavey? Likely not, if you're honest with yourself. Certainly the women reading these two stories did not feel the same toward each ~~antagonist~~ protagonist. I bet the same women (and some manginas) who subconsciously lambasted Seavey for his bitterness were quick to offer sympathy and understanding to Taylor Swift. Just look at the way the story is told by the reporter, Chris Willman (presumably a man): "vulnerability and woundedness", "startlingly candid", "such a cathartic punch". This is the reaction of someone who wants to offer Taylor Swift a shoulder to cry on. Todd Seavey will see no such shoulders offered; he will instead be cast to the icy wastelands where the tribe will mercilessly mock him from afar.

Your conflicting emotional responses to Seavey and Swift are no fluke. They are evolutionarily imprinted in your brain. All flows from the basic premise that eggs are expensive and sperm is cheap. From this premise, we subconsciously affirm that men are expendable, and women irreplaceable. One man can impregnate an entire tribe and keep the population growing. One woman is a population bottleneck that will mean the extinction of the tribe. And further on from that premise, we find ourselves offering comfort and *uuuuunderstaaaaanding* to Taylor Swift, while we offer nothing but sharp barbs and ridicule to the expendable Todd Seavey.

This is our reality, our world, our universe. Some human beings are worth more than others, and despite our grandiloquent litanies to the contrary, our actions tell us all we need to know, if we are willing to look with open eyes. Remember that the next time a palace guard of the old order tries to tell you what's in your best interest.

Sarcastically Disqualifying Girls

CH · 21 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Sarcasm is unfeminine. Girls who lean on the use of sarcastic humor are a turn-off to men. Hot girls are especially prone to sarcasm, and they wield it profligately. However, there is a flip side to this fact that is good news for men. Girls *love* sarcastic men. They love being assailed by a man adept at the coarse art of sarcasm. You see, when girls are sarcastic, they are projecting their desire to be verbally molested by a sarcastic man. Psychological projection explains so much of human behavior.

Sarcasm is a powerful tool in a man's seduction arsenal; it is particularly useful for men who shoot for girls that would conventionally be considered out of their league. Qualification (qualifying her for your continued interest) and disqualification (disqualifying her or yourself as a potential love interest) are methods by which men can make women chase them, and thus become more attracted to them. Sarcasm combined with disqualification is an especially potent combination, that when unleashed on hot women will bridge the attraction gap and spark her curiosity. If you only need to know three things to build attraction with a girl who is otherwise indfferent to you, it is these:

1. Alpha body language
2. Negs
3. Disqualification

Sarcastic disqualification is not just a powerful game technique, it is fun to do. (Hot) girls lap it up. (Lesser girls could become bitchy if they think you are making fun of them for being unworthy of your time.) SDs should be dropped early in the pickup, when she is learning about you and gauging your level of alphaness. SDs are perfect answers to shit tests. You should normally say SDs with a smile, as a sarcastic line tossed off with a straight face can be misconstrued as an insult. You also need to be careful not to overuse SDs. Once attraction is there, additional SDs risk portraying you as a class clown at best, a glib asshole at worst.

Here are some examples of sarcastic disqualifications:

"Oh yeah, with that charming attitude, how could I not instantly fall in love with you?"

"Sorry, I have a rule against dating princesses."

"I've been searching my whole life for a woman like you… to set up with my friend. He plays the flute!"

"I bet a sweet girl like you has a full dating life with all those Craigslist guys."

"Wow, I can't even talk to you… you're too perfect in every way. I mean, just look at those flip-flops."

"It's a good thing you're SOO far out of my league. Like, WAAAY up there [reach for the ceiling on your tip-toes]… otherwise I'd have to think about hitting on you."

"Don't worry, I only date girls who aren't queen bees."

"Yes, after you're done dating George Clooney, maybe then I'll have a shot?"

"This is amazing… to be in the presence of such beauty. You like my new watch?"

"No, I just don't see you that way. You're too perfect. You shouldn't be ruined by a low-down jerk like me."

"You are the most awesome girl ever! Wow, why aren't I proposing right this second?!"

Comment Of The Week: Mt Rushmore

CH · 21 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

From drib:

> How very true and timely in my case. I recently returned from a trip in the North Western States (not the Pacific NW) to see some of our countries natural treasures. Besides seeing tons of fat asses who all seemed to be rocking the Kate Gosselin haircut (No shit, from ages 20-60. Very scary.) I had an experience in a small room in a museum at Mount Rushmore. While reading about and pondering the balls of the man who created the Mt. Rushmore sculpture I couldnt help but hear the heavy breathing, grunts and cries of “Jesus Christ” coming from behind me.
>
> I turned around to find five other people in the room with me of whom were ALL morbidly obese. Not just fat, but freakshow fat! we are talking 500lbs and up. All sweating and leaning against the walls except for one couple who managed find a bench made for four that could only hold the two of them. They were an interracial couple. He was black she was white. On her lap was a newborn baby who looked in scale like a normal sized turd for her. Thank God the child will have no memory of its descent from her Big Mac encrusted crotch into the folds of her elephantine thighs. The same cannot be said for the OBGYN who had to witness this horror show. Unless of course the child wound up in a toilet bowl because its mother thought it was merely a sack of White Castles that just went bad?
>
> I realized then in that room that at 5 11 and 165lbs I was an evolutionary throwback for that moment. A neanderthal in a brave new world of sweat, sloth, grunting and type 2 diabetes. God help us.

The hallowed rock began to creak and groan. The family of five needed to be airlifted out in bedsheets before ol’ George broke his back.

6%

CH · 22 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

According to this study, your chance to get a bang with a speed-dating partner is 6%. Your chance to have a relationship with a speed-dating partners is 4%. (Unclear from the study abstract whether that means you have a 6% chance at the start of a speed-dating event, or whether that 6% refers to the subset of speed-dating partners who have agreed to go out with you.)

> We studied initial and long-term outcomes of speed-dating over a period of 1 year in a community sample involving 382 participants aged 18–54 years. They were followed from their initial choices of dating partners up to later mating (sexual intercourse) and relating (romantic relationship). Using Social Relations Model analyses, we examined evolutionarily informed hypotheses on both individual and dyadic effects of participants' physical characteristics, personality, education and income on their dating, mating and relating. Both men and women based their choices mainly on the dating partners' physical attractiveness, and women additionally on men's sociosexuality, openness to experience, shyness, education and income. Choosiness increased with age in men, decreased with age in women and was positively related to popularity among the other sex, but mainly for men. Partner similarity had only weak effects on dating success. **The chance for mating with a speed-dating partner was 6%, and was increased by men's short-term mating interest; the chance for relating was 4%, and was increased by women's long-term mating interest.**

This is from an interesting blog called Barking Up The Wrong Tree, a sort of warehouse of various studies examining human behavior. "Choosiness increased with age in men, decreased with age in women" made me LOL. Yep, when looks is all you can bring to the dating market, it's no surprise you become more desperate the older you get. Also no surprise that older men with higher social status than when they were younger, become choosier. Proof that it's better to be a man than a woman as you get older.

It strikes me that this study would be a good way to scientifically test the merits of game. You could arrange a speed dating event with AFCs (average frustrated chumps), tally their success rate at getting dates and bangs, and then have the same group of men spend three months learning game and then repeating the speed-dating experiment with them to see if their date and bang rate improve. It's not a perfect experiment, (obviously, the group of women at the follow-up speed-dating event would be different), but it could give a glimpse into how much improvement one could expect from game. I think most men currently on the fence about the efficacy of systematic pickup would happily learn game if it meant a doubling from 6% to 12% in their lay rate.

The 6% number suggests that speed-dating as a form of meeting women kind of sucks, but it may compare favorably to meeting women in bars if the bar lay rate is less than 6%. That would be another hypothesis to test; I suspect speed-dating, because it attracts the desperate dregs of womanhood, has a higher lay rate, but that is small comfort to the man who prefers fucking girls who still have the glow of youth. A 6% lay rate with cougars, or a 3% lay rate with kittens? I think I know which success rate most men would prefer.

Good Examples Of Readers Passing Shit Tests

CH · 23 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

An emailer writes:

> My girlfriend of two years sent me this text last evening: “My ma says that we aren’t going to last forever bc you’re just settling with me.”
>
> My response this morning: “Ridiculous. You’ll always have a prominent place in my harem, babe.”
>
> It goes without saying that in the past I would have responded with something along the lines of: “No, babe, we’ll be together forever” or some such lackadaisical retort. After being initiated beyond the level of neophyte in the crimson arts, however, I pass shit tests like an East Asian passes advanced Calc.

Strong, the alpha is in this one. His response was a combination of agree and amplify game and sarcastic disqualification.

Commenter dilla writes:

> Couldn’t figure out how to send an e-mail, so I thought I’d post this prime example of a shit test.
>
> Texting:
>
> me: hey lets go for that drink tomorrow
>
> her: hi!! I actually already have plans, sorry
> (note no attempt to reschedule)
>
> me: gay.
>
> her: my brother is gay but I suppose this is gay too.
> (shittest. chances were good she was bs’ing, but you have to assume shes not)
>
> me: oh ya? so is my cousin we should hook them up
> (lie)
>
> her: haha! I was just kidding, i just wanted to see how you would react
> (skank. but she might as well be telling me shes down for the cause)
>
> me: my cousin will be disappointed. when are you free this week

A beta would have backpedaled and reflexively apologized. Dilla knew better.

Reader Sonso emails:

> The pain of a girl getting flaked on.
>
> So I had plans to meet a girl between 10 and 11AM. She lives about an hour and a half outside my city, but had to come in early to take care of some things and would be free at that time.
>
> At 10:30 I get a text saying ”I’m just leaving my place now,” so I go and meet up with some friends instead. At around 1:30 I get a call asking if I was still around, and said I was. She said she was coming, but my phone died before she arrived.
>
> The next day I get a message saying ”I hate you!”.
>
> If a man ever sent a message to a girl saying ”I hate you!” after a flake, how quickly that snatch would snap closed…

This is more accurately described as an example of not taking blatant shit from a girl, rather than passing a flirtatious shit test. The two are related, as your response to either will determine how she perceives your attractiveness. “I hate you!” is girlcode for “I hate you for making my gina buzz like a hornets’ nest!”. Sonso should try again with this girl in about a week, but even if it leads nowhere he will have the satisfaction of knowing he retained his dignity and got under her skin.

My readers are starting to get it. Do you?

America's Future Soldiers Are Unfit For Duty

CH · 25 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers know how I occasionally write about what I see is the decline, and soon to be fall, of the once-glorious American Empire. I consider it an honor and a duty — well, really, an amusing hobby — to chronicle the trendlines, the cultural and economic indicators, and the elite and underclass degeneracy and subversion that portend a relatively rapid diminishment of American power in the world. It's breathtaking! I suggest you try it.

The facts point to an America in her death rattle, (or more accurately, her comatose wastage), but it's not just the cold facts; the finger in the wind test reveals the coming storm as well. Step back for a moment to see the big picture and muse how amazing it is that you happen to be living through the final days of your nation's greatness, and how rare that is in the sweep of history. You are the perceptive Roman plebe watching with a mix of disgust, confusion, sorrow and awe as what your forefathers built around you crumbles to dust in your lifetime, except instead of dragging along at a leisurely 320 years for the rot to fully metastasize, you get to experience it at the historically breakneck pace of 50 to 60 years. Yay, instant communications and advanced propaganda techniques!

In that spirit, here is an email from a reader stationed at the first input of America's defensive capability. Reading this, I'm getting that scene from Wall-E in my head, where the grotesquely fat humans are wheeled around and serviced by robots.

Reader "LT" emails:

> I am an officer in the US Army. I commissioned as a Military Police Officer in June 2009, and am attending Officer Basic Course at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.
>
> As any prior service person knows, whenever you report for training the first week is all in processing paper work and briefings: health screenings, ethics classes, class overview, etc. Lots of high ranking individuals will come into class and talk to you about all sorts of the usual.
>
> During our first week, we had a "full-bird" Colonel (our Brigade Commander) come into our class to talk about junior officer professional development. He began to talk about why physical fitness is so important as an officer and as a Soldier in the Army.
>
> Now, OBVIOUSLY physical fitness is important, and as any West Point, OCS, Direct Commission, or ROTC officer can tell you, it is expected of an officer to be one of the top (if not THE top) physical fitness test scorers in their unit. Suffice to say, most officers are in excellent physical shape, far above the normal American. (The Army physical fitness test standards can be found through a simple google search.)
>
> This is where it gets interesting: Fort Leonard Wood is one of the largest basic training facilities in the US. Every year, thousands of enlisted trainees fresh out of high school come to Fort Leonard Wood for "boot camp." Here, their individuality is abolished and they are taught to work as a team and a unit.
>
> This Colonel was telling us that these trainees (who are not officers) were suffering CATASTROPHIC physical injuries while at basic training. We are talking serious injuries: stress fractures of the feet, shins, and knees; as well as hip fractures, hip dislocations, and minor heart attacks.
>
> THESE ARE 18 YEAR OLD KIDS!
>
> The Colonel went on to explain the theory behind this spike in injuries in recent years has to do with the current generation's sedentary lifestyle. The injuries that these trainees were sustaining were injuries that a normal, active adult would not be at risk for until the mid 40's and 50's, if not beyond. But here, 18 year old kids were being sent-home and out processed from serving their country for dislocating hips while running around a track.
>
> It's easy to point the finger at really fat people and say, "Goddamn, that is disgusting." But when it comes to an "average" looking high school kid not even look twice. But to those readers who have children, take a good

> look at their diet and how much activity they are getting outside. Just because they aren't "fat" and LOOK fine doesn't mean they aren't at risk for injury. Several hundred thousand years ago, they wouldn't survive a day.
>
> Good news: the Army here at Fort Leonard Wood as all but eliminated these injuries by re-thinking how we get new Soldiers into shape. Our new physical fitness regime includes elements of yoga (for stretching), football (for grass drills), and track and field (for short bursts of speed). Readers who are interested should look it up on the Army Physical Fitness School's website.
>
> Yes, fat people are easy to spot and ostracize. But those of us who can still fit into size 32 jeans aren't off the hook. When even the Army wakes up and pays attention to health and fitness beyond the usual lip service; I think the rest of the nation should follow suit.
>
> ~LT

The US Army's Physical Fitness Standards are here. The Army considers a score of 60 in each event the minimum required to become a soldier. If you are a 30 year old man, can you do:

- 39 pushups?
- 45 situps?
- a 17 minute 2-mile run?

Guess what. Most of the 18 year old enlisted men can't do anything close to that. They are breaking their hips like old grandmas.

Every time I post one of these telling indicators of American decline, some leftie or libertard pipes up about iPods. "Oh, but look at the cheap LCD TVs and iPods we have now!" Yes, I'm sure the Roman populace was pleased with its bread and circuses before the barbarians trampled the gates. While we're at it, here's another example of vibrant and diverse bread and circuses for the entertainment of the masses: Beheaded animals littering Miami streets.

There is not likely a single politician alive today who understands the full scope and nature of America's unraveling, or is willing to tackle it head on. Good people sense it, but cannot adequately articulate their concerns. Others know the reasons, but for cowardice or denial won't speak their minds. Still others are out-and-out traitors to the historical American enterprise.

Since I am a giving man of bounteous heart, here is my fourteen point plan for saving America:

1. A wall at the southern border. If Israel and China can do it, so can we.
2. An immigration moratorium for 20 years. Immigration halts coincide with a resurgence of American economic vitality.
3. An end to birthright citizenship for children of non-citizens. If this means rescinding the 14th Amendment, so be it.
4. A flat tax, or a VAT coupled with the abolishment of the income tax. The tax is too damn high! And too subversively complex.
5. A repeal of Obamacare. It's hurting, not helping.
6. An end to all affirmative action and quotas.
7. An end to all foreign military engagements that are not directly tied to the defense of American interests. There will be no more neocon wars for the spread of democracy, which democracy most of the world's ingrates don't want or can't handle, anyhow.
8. An end to Social Security and Medicare in their current incarnations. If we were a homogeneous Northern Euro country, these programs might stand a chance of succeeding over the long term. But entitlement programs do not work in a radically diverse society filled with population groups of differing health, economic, and conscientiousness profiles. SS alone creates a huge disincentive to save.

9. An end to all government pension plans. Your tax dollars are going to support the lavish retirement plans of government workers.
10. A restriction on public employees of their voting rights. Conflict of interest, ftw. Allow them to vote only every other election cycle.
11. An end to no-fault divorce and welfare in any form, including food stamps, for single mothers. You want to kill a successful modern society? Kill the nuclear family. The rest will follow.
12. An end to credentialism. The scourge of suckup credentialist glorification is producing a new elite of cognitive and cultural übermen at philosophical odds with the mass of Americans not invited to their coke and prep course parties. They will soon be a new subrace of humans if present trends continue (I'm not kidding). They do not have the majority Americans' interests at heart. The New Eloi are testament to the resiliency of the eugenic drive in each and every human, regardless of social sanctions or legal prohibitions against active pursuit of such. While I am not anti-eugenic, (I'm closer to anti-dysgenic than pro-eugenic), the rapid formulation of a supersmart and supercapable minority elite perfectly tailored to exploit a modern information economy to their advantage while the masses fall further behind, is a recipe for oligarchy, a disappearing middle class, and revolution. Ending abject credentialism (or at least mitigating it) will be tough, but it can be done. Start by allowing companies to directly test prospective employees on their abilities to do the job they are applying for. This will take the pressure off employers to weight college degrees so heavily. Next step is to gut the enormous endowments of our elite universities. Ending federal student loan programs and government funding is a start. Ending tenure would go a way toward excavating these wretched leftwing gargoyles from humanities departments. I'd also pass a law requiring strip clubs and Hooters on every Ivy League campus so that the future hedge funders and doctors can see what they would be missing if they settled for marrying the closest proximity fellow Ivy chick they could find.
13. End all federal agriculture subsidies. A big (heh) reason for the obesity plague is the confluence of government largesse (double heh) with industrial farming shoving sugars, HFCS, and cheap refined grains front and center on our nation's supermarket shelves. Simply removing these market interferences would help propel a Paleo-style diet onto more people's dinner plates.
14. An end to all government-mandated sexual harassment and diversity programs. Really, they're mobile reeducation camps designed to sap the fighting spirit of America's white men. They are insidious.

I wonder if there is one point in the above fourteen that Obama would find agreeable? Sez it all. Does anyone seriously doubt that this plan would restore America to greatness? And if you don't doubt it…

then what's stopping you?

Teasing Should Be Like Breathing

CH · 26 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My girl had challenged me to a pushup hold contest. This is where you assume the pushup position and hold it there for as long as you can. I had said she stood no chance with me, and she eagerly set out to prove me wrong. But instead of following the script she was expecting, I reached out and swatted her inner elbow while she was in her pushup, and she crumpled to the ground, whining about my unfairness as I declared "victory" over her puny femaleness. She then chased me around the house until I tossed her onto the bed where intimacy commenced.

When a girl asks you to do something for or with her, instead of following her request to the tee you should be thinking how you can screw around with her expectation. Your brain needs to be trained to think like this if you are a natural born beta who did not instill in himself the proper mindset when it is best instilled — elementary school. Years of pulling ponytails on playgrounds prepares a boy for dealing with adult women who want to be dominated and teased into arousal by a carefree man who doesn't take them seriously. Call it "depedestalization"; the act of teasing is akin to pushing a girl right off her pedestal, whether erected by herself or by orbiting obsequious men, and is craved by every woman with a working vagina.

Remember, because the average woman is biologically more valuable than the average man, every girl is born perched atop a pedestal. The doctor holds it upside down, gives it a few slaps to firm the supports, and then inserts it under the infant girl's bottom, where it remains propping her up until she is knocked off it by either circumstance, aging, or deliberate effort. If the infant girl grows up ugly, her pedestal will shrink of its own accord, until it is not more than a speck on her ass. If she grows up pretty, her pedestal will get bigger in accordance with the slavish attention she receives from men. By age 18, a hot chick may as well be surveying her queefdom from the apex of a pyramid. It would take a truly impressive asshole to knock such a girl off her throne, which may explain why the hottest girls fall for the biggest jerks.

Therefore, teasing a girl should be like breathing to you. It should come naturally, with little forethought. For instance, if she asks you to pick up a bag of kitty litter for her furry child substitute, rather than dutifully fulfilling her request you could pretend to forget to buy it and inform her that you bought an electric zapper instead to train the cat to go in the toilet. Then pull out a black wand or something similar and chase after the cat to "demonstrate" the efficacy of electroshock kitty training. If you can do this with a straight face, she will freak out. Once informed of the prank, she will smile, hit you hard, and then jump your bones.

Or maybe she gets excited to tell you about something that happened to her at work. If you're a beta, you would ask her to proceed and listen intently as she unloads her emotions. She will be grateful for your listening ability, but not too turned on. However, if you're an alpha, you would prop your hands under your chin, curl your fingers, purse your lips into a pinched smile, widen your eyes while blinking exaggeratedly for effect and arch your eyebrows like you're about to burst from the anticipation. Clap your hands like a little boy catching his first glimpse of a birthday present, and say "Do go on! Yes? Yes!?! Oh, the suspense is killing me! I hope it lasts!" If her eyes aren't shimmering with joy and lust by this point, you are dating a golem. Naturally, she will give you shit. This just means you're doing it right.

I know this blog has an inordinate number of aspie readers who can't divine subtleties of argument, so before the usual complaints are heard it pays to remind yourself that while women love to get teased, their appreciation doesn't mean you should tease them ALL THE FUCKING TIME, regardless of circumstance. If she wants you to pick up flowers for her mom's funeral, it's probably not a good idea to tease her about her allergies to roses. You can occasionally pick up a gallon of milk for her without making a production out of it. I really hate having to include these obvious caveats, but man oh man alive there are some numbskulls on this

Belittle League

CH · 27 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Submitted for your disapproval…

The phone rang. It was Zeets the Throwback Barbarian, Disdainer of Text, Facebook and Email.

“Went to watch a Little League game my woman’s nephew was playing in. Really disturbing.”

“How so?”

“Well, the game was in a hoity-toity neighborhood. Lots of yuppies live there. Mercedes and BMWs parked everywhere. One of the fathers was a lawyer… except not the assertive type. White and pasty, with a general softness.”

“A herb.”

“Yes, Baron Pighausen! Anyhow, I’m watching this game, and something’s off about the whole thing. The field and the dugouts were chaos. Kids running around, no order, no managing. There are a bunch of players in the on-deck circle swinging their bats at the same time, which is against baseball rules. You’d think the manager or the fathers would know that, but they were just letting the kids do whatever they wanted. One of the bats almost hit another kid.”

“Sounds like a Romper Room.”

“It gets worse. The runner on first base got hit by a batted ball and no one called him out. Baseball rules are that runners interfering with fair balls are out. None of the fathers knew that or didn’t care. One of the kids was screaming at the top of his lungs that the runner was out. Screaming! *‘He was out!! He was out!!’*“

“What a sorry spectacle.”

“But that’s not all. Here’s the best part. They weren’t keeping score! No scoring allowed.”

“This was a rule? No scorekeeping? Holy crap, it’s like something out of a feminist wet dream.”

“Yep! A no-scoring game would have been laughed right off the field when I played Little League. And fathers back then knew the goddamned rules of the game. They wouldn’t have tolerated a chaotic playground like this.”

“Wow, they’re removing any competitiveness from the game. It’s like they don’t want boys to be boys. What kind of parents are these?”

“Well, there were a couple of unaccompanied mothers there, and some fathers, too. A few fathers showed up later in the game. Oh, and a lesbian couple. Well, that last one’s easy to explain.”

“No doubt. But the rest have no excuse. What kind of Little League is this?”

“I don’t know, but it’s nothing like the Little League I remember. There is some good news, though. A faint glimmer of hope. The kid screaming that the runner was out rattled all the parents. He was completely frustrated that the parents or umps were not following the rules. Other kids started joining in the mayhem. The boys understood something was wrong, and they were acting out.”

“What a glimpse into a degenerate culture. These Swipple adults are trying to shove emasculation down the throats of our nation’s boys, and the boys aren’t having any of it. They’re fighting back, without really understanding why, against crap that feels wrong to them.”

“The boys were out of control with rage and frustration, totally disobedient, doing whatever they felt like doing. Maybe that’s a good thing. I left feeling a little more positive for this country’s future.”

***

Yes. It might be our only chance for salvation. Our country is being assaulted by a new elite of SWPLs who disrespect, even loathe, American tradition and historical precedence, and deny differences between boys and girls. If they are to be defeated, (and total crushing defeat is the only answer), then taking up bats and swinging them with abandon might be the only avenue good people have left to victory.

Marie Claire Blogger Spills Truth, Fatties Erupt On Cue

CH · 28 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Some chick named Maura Kelly who writes for Marie Claire had a truth serum moment and admitted what we all feel — fatties included — when we have to see fat people existing in our field of view.

> So anyway, yes, I think I'd be grossed out if I had to watch two characters with rolls and rolls of fat kissing each other … because I'd be grossed out if I had to watch them doing anything. To be brutally honest, even in real life, I find it aesthetically displeasing to watch a very, very fat person simply walk across a room — just like I'd find it distressing if I saw a very drunk person stumbling across a bar or a heroine addict slumping in a chair.

What person, besides a freak outlier fat fetishist, enjoys the sight of a fat load waddling down the street or face-smashed with another fatty in corpulent PDA? Two zeppelins careening into each other for an intimate embrace as their rolls undulate outward like a flesh tsunami is repulsive. Or something to laugh at to take our minds off our revulsion. The morbidly obese are the modern monster, a hideous deviation from the evolved human norm; they are loathsome creatures who inspire our hate and jeering. Fat people cause environmental degradation by despoiling pristine views of healthy, sexy people, and by eating more than they need to survive. Telling them to push away from the table is the green thing to do.

Naturally, the utterance of such an ugly truth caused a stampede by fatsos and fembots.

> "Do you think all of the people who read your magazine are a size 6?" wrote one reader. **[Ed: No but they should be.]**
>
> "People like you 'contribute to the obesity problem' with being so shallow," fired another commenter. **[Actually, I think the donuts do that.]**
>
> "I have an overweight little girl who does not sit in front of the TV for hours, or constantly eat. She is adorable, smart, funny and will be a wonderfully productive member of society," added one angry mom on Shine. **[And ignored by men.]**
>
> Another reader dripped with sarcasm: "Dear Maura Kelly, I sincerely apologize for my disgusting body and all the various rolls of fat on my person." **[Not good enough. Less talking, more exercising.]**
>
> James Zervios, director of communications for the Obesity Action Coalition, an advocacy group for obesity education, said, "You'd never see an article like that about a cancer patient. It saddens me that those who suffer from obesity aren't treated with the same respect." **[One guess how cancer is different than obesity.]**
>
> Zervios worries Kelly's message that over-weight people are "gross" sends a damaging message to the 93 million Americans affected by the epidemic, many of them children. **[Because a mean word is much more damaging to one's health than an extra 100 pounds.]**
>
> "It's bad enough that magazines Photoshop people's bodies to look more unattainable, now you have a writer at one of them saying they can't stand to look at an obese person. A young over-weight girl should never have to read that kind of article." **[On the contrary, the best thing for her is a helpful reminder of her ugliness. Don't want the chubby younguns growing up with unwarranted high self-esteem.]**
>
> But Zervios blames the media at large for the growing intolerance of the over-weight. "I think the word 'fatty' should be stricken from magazines and TV in general," he says. "Anytime obesity is brought up in pop culture people think it's okay to go for the jugular." **[It is a natural inclination to ostracize the weak and the monstrous.]**

This "blame the media" refrain is the reflexive blurt of the human nature denialists. It comes in many flavors: blame

society, blame cultural conditioning, blame stereotyping, blame heteronormativity, blame subtextual bias… anything to avoid confronting the reality of evolved immutable human preferences for some traits over others. People are intolerant of obesity because it innately disgusts them, not because "the media" tells them to be disgusted. Media propaganda can make it more or less acceptable to publicly express that disgust, but it can't create the disgust out of thin air.

Unsurprisingly, the shrikes over at Jizzabomb were in high dudgeon.

> How could [Maura Kelly] think this was acceptable? It's that, as much as anything else, that's worrisome: that at a mainstream magazine with a wide reach and an ostensibly progressive outlook could think, in 2010, this was okay to write and implicitly endorse.

American feminism — supporting the right to freely speak one's mind since… well, never. Parrot zee PC party line or vee vill suffocate you mit our precision-engineered pendulous ta tas!

After 30,000 comments of roly-poly righteous indignation, Maura Kelly meekly capitulated on her blog and apologized. But she apologized in that peculiar female way which attempts to reframe the apology as a self-pity party to warm the crowd to her side.

> *To that point (and on a more personal level), a few commenters and one of my friends mentioned that my extreme reaction might have grown out of my own body issues, my history as an anorexic, and my life-long obsession with being thin. As I mentioned in the ongoing dialogue we've been carrying on in the comments section, I think that's an accurate insight.*

Translated from womanese: "I'm hurting too! Redraw alliances."

Sometimes I feel a bit lonely out here in this borderland outpost of the internet. My wrecking balls — enormous though they are — can only demolish so much shit in a lifetime. Luckily, I'm getting help from the far reaches of the world. In Brazil, college guys are jumping on fat chicks and riding them like rodeo bulls until they are bucked off. Points are scored for how long they can stay on. (Translation algorithm needs work.)

> A group of students from Universidade Estadual Paulista, one of the most important of the country, organized a "competition", called "Fat" of Rodeo, whose goal was to grab their colleagues, the obese, preferences and try to simulate a Rodeo–getting as long as possible on the prey.

Be careful. You do not want to get kicked in the nads by a diabetic cankle or glassed by a flying fupa.

Sexbot Update

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They're coming. And sooner than you think.

A YouTube commenter writes:

> the day humans will stop existing is just around a hundred years after the first realistic sex robot hits the market.

Unless reproduction is industrialized and severed from the mating market after the appearance of that first lifelike sexbot, this commenter is likely correct. Here is an older post about the probable ramifications of sexbots on human society and dating.

When sexbots become realistic enough to compete with attractive human women in the bedroom, then what you will essentially see is a sex ratio that is numerically skewed in favor of men. Basically, the world will become one giant liberal arts college campus. Men will stop running traditional game and instead run "present and accounted for" game.

Female Beauty Ranking: The Elusive 10

CH · 29 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It is spoken of in reverent tones by men from all walks of life, yet who can honestly say they've seen, let alone banged, a genuine hard 10 in the real world? The 10 is perfect female beauty, above which there is no better, only differently perfect. Some men, vexed by the philosophical conundrum of perfection in a trait that is ultimately perceived in the deep recesses of the male brain, insist there is no such thing as a 10, only grades of 9 that asymptotically approach perfection, but never reach it. I do not agree with these poseur pseudo-aesthetes. Beauty is largely objective, and most men will agree with surprising uniformity how individual women rank in the beauty sweepstakes. Some rare women do live, and have lived, who possess the pinnacle of feminine beauty. Perhaps women will evolve toward ever greater beauty, in which scenario the 10s of today may very well be the 8s of tomorrow, but that is a discussion for another post. Here, we are concerned with what activates present day boners, not the boners of the far future.

This post attempts to capture the elusive 10 by discovering whether there can be widespread agreement among men that such women exist. I have chosen pics from the reader submitted female photo page that best represent the hottest that womankind has to offer. I have taken care to select women from different races and ethnicities to add an element of ~~danger~~ ~~controversy~~ curiosity to the voting. All of the following women were rated 10 by at least one reader (usually the original submitter of the photo), so my personal preference was kept to a minimum.

Your job is to rank the following photos. You will notice that the rankings only go from 7 to 10. That is because none of these women would be voted under a 7 by 99% of men in the world. The truncated ranking weeds out the nerds suffering from Internet Male Syndrome who will downgrade a hot chick for having pointy elbows. If you are one of these celibate dorks, understand that your opinion is of no consequence at all. And, likely, neither is your sad and lonely pecker.

If the true 10 exists in real life as opposed to fantasy, then there will be one or more photos from the collection below where the ranking clusters around the top score. A woman who scores, say, 60% or more "10" votes, could rightly be considered to be an actual 10. Majority male rule works when we accept the premise that most men share a mental template for what constitutes female beauty. Scientific evidence and real world observation suggest this premise is true.

Choosing from among all the photos the most beautiful was trickier than it sounds. I wanted a representative sample of non-photoshopped girls, so I tried to mix in some snapshot quality girls-next-door along with the celebrities. The problem with identifying 10s off the street is that their beauty is so rare and captivating they are soon swept from their humdrum daily lives and shuttled straight into the elite lifestyle of model, singer or actress. If you are a man who wants to deflower a 10 before she escapes to an insulated elite bubble, you had better go young; 18-21, and no older.

One more thing. There are likely some relatively minor differences between men of the big four races in their beauty preferences. It's been widely noted by non-PC brainwashed automatons that black men, for instance, like bigger (some would say fatter) butts on their women. Conversely, Asian men may prefer flatter asses and broader faces. And white men may like longer legs and stronger cheekbones. These differences aren't big enough to swamp the universal agreement among men on what satisfies the fundamental characteristics of female beauty (neoteny seems to be a universally shared preference), but that they probably exist means that an Ethiopian's 10, while still beautiful, will look considerably different than a Finn's 10. Given this, I've included a poll at the bottom asking you to identify your race. It will be interesting to see if, and how, the racial breakdown is reflected in the scores for each woman.

Related to this post: Agnostic has a good post on how beauty may have evolved in population groups that spent more time tending animals, and thus exposing themselves to greater parasite loads. (Beauty acts as a signaler that you have the genes to cope with disease.)

Put your dick back in your pants, and start the voting!

SL.COM

That’s it for the 10 voting. Now tell us your race.

Lightning Round!

Is there such a thing as a perfect body? Vote on the woman in this photo:

Beauty, like any other addiction, can often dull the senses if it is consumed absolute. The remedy is to stare at the beautiful woman when she is standing next to a plain or ugly woman. The difference is a stark reminder that beautiful women may as well be a separate species from unattractive women. Don't believe me? Look at this pic:

Acceptable Halloween Couples Costume

CH · 31 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists Agitate To Ban Paternity Testing

CH · 1 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Back in October 2008, I predicted feminists would demand the following:

- **Ban on DNA Paternity Testing**

This is as good as done if countermeasures aren't taken. There's a reason feminists are beginning to advocate against paternity testing — the smarter ones among their ranks understand that it shifts the balance of power decidedly in favor of beta males. Feminists want to retain the privilege of cuckolding. It is a power too good to abdicate, because it offers complete freedom from compromise with men to pursue sex and resources in the way they want. Paternity testing will mean an end to fucking alphas on the side and tricking betas into footing the bill. It will mean women will have to be more responsible and forward-thinking, instead of blindly following their vaginas.

Via Andrew Stuttaford, this week comes an article from a foul feminist cunt named Melanie McDonagh who advocates the banning of paternity testing.

> DNA tests are an anti-feminist appliance of science, a change in the balance of power between the sexes that we've hardly come to terms with. And that holds true even though many women have the economic potential to provide for their children themselves…Uncertainty allows mothers to select for their children the father who would be best for them. The point is that paternity was ambiguous and it was effectively up to the mother to name her child's father, or not… Many men have, of course, ended up raising children who were not genetically their own, but really, does it matter…in making paternity conditional on a test rather than the say-so of the mother, it has removed from women a powerful instrument of choice.

My prediction has been proven accurate. Look at the last line: "[paternity testing] has removed from women a powerful instrument of choice." Interesting logic, there. Faced with an issue of incontrovertible fairness and individual rights, the female rationalization hamster had to put in overtime. There is smoke billowing from the gears of her head wheel. Let's see if we can apply Mz McDonagh's logic to other vexing issues of sexual opportunism:

"Rape kits are an anti-male appliance of science, a change in the balance of power between the sexes that we've hardly come to terms with. And that holds true even though many men have the economic potential to provide for rape-conceived children themselves… Rape uncertainty allows fathers the freedom to select for their children the mothers who would be best for them. The point is that rape was ambiguous and it was effectively up to the father to admit to impregnating the mother, or not… Many women have, of course, ended up raising children who were conceived via rape, but really, does it matter… in making rape indictments conditional on a test rather than the say-so of the father, it has removed from men a powerful instrument of choice."

"Abortion is an anti-male appliance of science, a change in the balance of power between the sexes that we've hardly come to terms with. And that holds true even though many men have the economic potential to provide for their children themselves… Abortion prohibition allows fathers to select for their children the mothers who would be best for them. The point is that conception was ambiguous and it was effectively up to the father to support the mother and child, or not… Many women have, of course, ended up raising children who were not planned, but really, does it matter… in making birth conditional on abortion rather than the wishes of the father, it has removed from men a powerful instrument of choice."

"DNA tests to determine child support duties are an anti-male appliance of science, a change in the balance of power between the sexes that we've hardly come to terms with. And that holds true even though many men have the economic potential to provide for their children themselves… Uncertainty allows fathers to select for their children the level of support that would be best for them. The point is that paternity was ambiguous and it was effectively up to the father to

deny involvement, or not… Many women have, of course, ended up raising children as discarded single moms, but really, does it matter… in making child support conditional on a test rather than the say-so of the father, it has removed from men a powerful instrument of choice."

If the clitorally-enlarged fembot hyenas have their way, would there be any reason left at all for any man to remotely consider marriage as an acceptable option? A man who walks into the marriage trap now is playing Russian roulette with three full barrels. Each feminist legal victory fills one more barrel with lead death.

Andrew Stuttaford says words fail him. Well, they don't fail me. Please, Mz McDonagh, as I've implored other ghastly souls who've wandered into this happy hunting ground… do the world a favor and lay your head down in front of the wheels of a moving bus. There's a dear.

The Eternal Shallowness Of Men With Options

CH · 2 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As any man who's been with a number of women will tell you, every woman has a bad day down there occasionally. It isn't an STD issue (unless you are screwing a conspicuous skank). It might be diet or her cycle or the flu or incomplete showering, women just have those days when they aren't as "fresh" in their doodle-cave. The musty, organic smell, to a normal man's nose, is unmistakeable, and quite nauseating — like a devil's recipe of Roquefort cheese, sweaty armpits, compost and ear wax. If she hasn't thoroughly scrubbed her ass crack clean, the shit smell on top of everything else will make your stomach turn.

Needless to say, this is bad for the boner business.

I had been with a girl for a couple months, and she was turning out to be everything I aim for in a lover — sweet-natured, averse to attention whoring, cute, well-groomed, eager to please (in all ways), charmingly affectionate, supportive, compassionate, apolitical, anti-feminist (in action if not necessarily in claimed beliefs), socially adept with my friends, able to slow down and enjoy life without feeling that incorrigible SWPL urge to "do something", and a damned fine cook. And her cooking wasn't the equivalent of the TV dinner especiales; she used *ingredients* in her food. Bonus: I never once saw her wear flip-flops.

One evening, after a very good home-cooked meal, we tumbled into bed. She liked to finish up doggy style, reveling in the complete surrender of her body to my animalistic poundings. The lights were low, but not so dim I couldn't feast my eyes on the action. Soon after raising her buttocks to accept my divining rod, a pungent odor hit me square in the nostrils with such force that my head jerked back and to the left. Stifling a reflexive "phewf", I gamely tried to recover my senses without interrupting my rhythm, but quick as my head turned back and my eyes focused on the penetration below, another wave of the most rank effluvium attacked my nose. I pretended it was a stray waft from outside — perhaps a garbage truck had just rumbled by? — but when my eyes began to water I realized the source of the hell odor originated in the very hole (holes?) my dick was sabotaging.

I was near climax, so there was no point stopping now. What excuse would I use? "Oh, babe, I have to stop. Your vagina stinks so bad I'm choking over here." Or perhaps I would say it in Elizabethan English, to add a dash of romance to an otherwise morbid turn of events: "Oh, m'love, I must cease. Your nethers usher forth an odoriferous assault so breathtaking in its impudence my manhood doth reclaim its softness."

You want to eviscerate a woman's ego and scar her for life? Offer some lame excuse for disengaging from her pussy just before you, and her, are about to cum. Say "Um, hey… gotta take a break. I'm feeling a little queasy. Probably the Mexican I had" right as her moans of ecstasy peak. Extra ego-smashing points if you pull out semi-soft.

Since I did not want to eviscerate her ego, this option was right out. I had to see this through, and fast, before my boner was gone. I redoubled my efforts and concentrated on the sound of my balls slapping against her slippery mons. I say "sound" because by this point I was looking up and away at the ceiling, pinching my nostrils shut with my left hand and counting the spackle nubs in the paint job. I dared not look down at the action for fear that I would forever associate the rancid smell with my lover's vagina. Call me a romantic.

For about twenty seconds, it worked. With the increased nostril distance from her privates, the smell became tolerable. Not acceptable; just not as bad as shoving my face in a well-used tray of kitty litter. My gagging stopped and I could take small inhalations for life sustenance in between my lengthy exhalations. Unfortunately, habit got the best of me and I glanced down to savor the visual of meaty intrusion.

Big mistake. As before, the smell crushed my face. Even worse, I began to embrace my masochism and spent an inordinate amount of time examining her ass crack and taint. Against my better judgement, I gingerly… cautiously, ever so cautiously… spread her ass cheeks. The light was ambient, but I could see details well enough to note, surprisingly, for the first time, just how dark and mysterious her womanly furrow revealed itself to be. Shadows

danced in the Mariana Trench twixt her glutes, and twilight fell like a pall over her taint and labia. My cock shaft, clear as day as her youthfully fresh lube glistened on it, simply disappeared into the murk of some unfathomable abyss of wombness.

Now well acquainted with the stink and unmoved by prudence, I moved in closer to discover… what? the holy grail? smurfs at play?…, a glimpse of what it was that inhabited the dark place, but her Crack of Shadows denied me illumination. For a second, I thought my ears and eyes played tricks on me as I heard a rustling that one might hear from a grove of cattails in a windstorm and I saw a fleeting sight of black squiggles thick and luxurious like a jungle canopy. But just as quick, the visions were gone, and I was left there pistoning like a robot, hypnotized by the siren smell of the inscrutable, ink black crevasse swallowing my cock whole.

My eyes now red with the stinging nettles of her vagcloud, my breathing reduced to staccato gasps, I relinquished the usual victory to my rapidly deflating cock, and decided to beat a hasty exit before she noticed the flaccidness and spend the next few weeks questioning her attractiveness to me. ("Do you think I'm fat?", and its various permutations, swiftly becomes old after the 100th iteration.) One last deception up my sleeve — one I don't use except under the direst of circumstances. I withdrew my 1/2 full member, mimicked a few groans of completion, and loogied a warm globule of spit, Beavis and Butthead style, onto her right ass cheek. It dribbled down her hip. Before she could examine the evidence, I grabbed a nearby towel and wiped her off.

"Big, wet load that time!", I lied.

"Yes, baby. Come here, I want to snuggle."

We snuggled, my nose pressed hard into her pillow, relieved of duty.

As we lay there, I made a solemn mental vow to call the girl I had met in a furniture shop a week earlier. She was sexy and smiley, and likely a bit slutty. Her red dress danced the tango in the cottage of my mind.

Guilt? I felt some. Here was sleeping next to me, by most men's measure, a catch. A girl you take home to mom. A girl for the long haul. She was the good girl in nearly every way. But that smell… so unforgettable. If her pussy was an Etch A Snatch, I wanted to shake it clean, start over. Everything she gave and all the great feminine characteristics that are so important to me, I was ready to throw away in an instant because of a visceral reaction to an unfortunate, and temporary, body odor. When would the odor be back? I didn't want to find out. Did I care that I might walk away from a real gem? Abstractly, yes. Emotionally, no. If I didn't have the ability to go out and meet new women, and to bed them with relative ease without needing a marriage contract, I might think twice before cutting and running on a woman with a heart of gold but an asscrack of dubiousness.

And what guarantee that the next girl wouldn't have the Crack of Shadows? Crack to crack to crack… my eternal search continued. Relentless. Uncompromising. Unwise.

We talk a lot here, justifiably, about the feral nature of women's drives and desires, and how such knowledge is ignored if not outright censored by the larger society in the interest of promoting beta male (and to a lesser extent, alpha male) obeisance. The Chateau, a house of thrill repute, acts also as a foundation of change, of enlightenment, and of power, that will bring balance to the force, a balance long denied in the West and bursting with the will to reclamation.

But we should remember that men have an animal nature, too. And while women's wild sexual energies are more dangerous to civilization if left untamed and unbroken, men's sexual energies can be a force for destruction and dissolution as well. The man with sexual options, (not many by any reasonable account, but enough to make a difference), when left to his own devices and free from social stigma or peer punishment or self-imposed female chastity, can rampage through a harem of pussy before the typical beta male with his steady paycheck and doting attentiveness has even fapped to the first dribbles of pre-cum. If you think this is the way to a prosperous nation, I invite you to look at these two pictures:

I called the red dress girl. Her crack was better. Because it was new.

This entire post, while true, served a dual purpose as parable of the current political climate and the electorate at large.

Paying For Sex

CH · 3 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “Veterans Abroad” emailed:

> The last bastion of feminist influence on the PUA community is the shaming conducted on men who would, now and then, pay an 18 year old freshman to lift her shirt.
>
> For the love of all things unholy, you’ve got to start heavily slamming the metrosexuals who have a problem with that on your blog.
>
> Its completely troll behavior and you know its mostly anonymous feminist lurkers with the addition of “males” not actually practicing game (or bitter about not having any money).
>
> Evil Alpha recently said it right that its about keeping the price way down. Getting a 10 to strip for $5 is more alphathan getting her to strip for $20 and getting her to strip for free is most alpha of all, but not getting her to strip at all and never seeing her again is Gamma.

Here is an oldie but goodie Chateau post about paying for sex. It documents the lives of two very different men who ponied up hard cash for special services rendered.

To the reader, the long and short of it is:

If you pay for sex or sexual enticement (i.e., strippers and lap dances) because you can’t get any loving from women free of charge, you are a beta (or, more precisely, an omega).

If you pay for sex or sexual enticement even though you don’t have to, and because it’s a fun thing to do, you are *not necessarily* a beta or omega. In this case, your solicitation is value neutral.

The man who has a cute girlfriend but lives it up at his buddy’s bachelor party by throwing $20s at a hot stripper is not a sexual loser.

The man who has never had a girlfriend or dates only fatties and washed-up cougars, but pays strippers or whores to deliver him from his dreary, pleasureless existence, is a sexual loser.

There’s nothing more to be said on this matter.

I Called It Two Years Ago

CH · 3 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Two years ago, on the eve of the 2008 election of Obama, I predicted this:

> 2010 will be a repeat of 1994.

2010 was 1994, except the wave this time was even bigger. How could I have such stunning prescience? Simple, really. I comprehended two basic facts about the political landscape.

1. In 2008, the voters did not recognize how leftist Obama really was at heart. Hope and change, delivered by the propaganda arm of the Democrat party, aka the MSM, sugarcoated Obama's true radical nature and misled a misty-eyed electorate justifiably fed-up with Bush. I figured Obama would govern and behave like the inborn progressive he is, which he has, and that this would incite a push-back from the electorate in two years, primarily among middle-class whites and independents.

2. The economy would remain bad, which would mean that the party in power would lose. The worse the economy, the worse the losses. This is about as close to an iron law in politics as there is. In 2012, the Democrats will be perceived as the party in power because Obama is at the helm, and the Republicans have only the House. (It may be a blessing in disguise that Republicans did not win the Senate, and thus the public's perception of being the party in power, because they cannot be tarred in 2012 with failing to fix the economy.)

How did I know the economy would remain bad? First, progressive policies rarely improve economic outlooks. Obama's policies were doomed to fail, or have little ameliorative effect. Second, there are two main structural forces working against an economic recovery any time soon: mass immigration of low-skilled, low human capital people of whom 2/3rds reliably, and perhaps congenitally, vote socialist, and higher oil prices caused by the arrival of Peak Oil. Oil and human capital are the grease in the cogs of the economy; restrict and degrade each respectively, and you are looking at a long term stagnation, if not a worsening, of the economy.

My prediction for the 2012 general election:

Obama will lose, but barely and despite an economy in the crapper that should have ensured a humiliating landslide loss, thanks to demographic shifts toward fewer whites and more Hispanics.

Republicans will gradually become the *de facto* white party. Identity politics will entrench, assured by an increasingly diverse and fragmented electorate. (Proximity + diversity = war.)

The economy will stay bad, actually will get worse. Unemployment will hit 12-15%, the dollar will continue losing value and maybe its spot as the world's currency, inflation will kick into high gear, gold will hit record highs, amnesty* will encourage another massive inflow of immigrants from Mexico and Central America, and steadily and inexorably rising oil prices putting the screws to any nascent recovery will be the backdrop to it all.

Total speculation informed by a dash of psychological and electoral diagnosis: Chris Christie and Marco Rubio will be the Republican ticket.

*We are entering a very dangerous lame duck session of Congress. Expect Pelosi & co. to pull off an amnesty coup in the next couple of months. She's that egotistical.

The Times Of Year You Should Watch Your Woman Carefully

CH · 4 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Via numerous sources, an "infographic" datanaut has put together a graph based on Facebook relationship status updates that shows the peak times of year for breakups to happen.

As you can see, breakups occur most often in the weeks before Spring Break and Christmas. (Breakups remain high during Spring Break; in contrast, they plummet on Christmas Day itself. Maybe if Christmas was marked by the sight of thousands of scantily clad babes, it would compete with Spring Break for the dump olympics.) Obviously, this graph is skewed toward the relationship dynamics of college students, what with Facebook being primarily the domain of that demographic and college-aged exhibitionists the least likely to exercise discretion about their personal lives.

There is a smaller uptick in breakups just prior to Valentine's Day (don't wanna spend the money on this bitch I don't even much like), April Fool's Day (I love you… haha! April Fool's! we're through!), and the beginning of summer (gotta make room for my summer romance!).

The linked article says that Mondays are the most popular days for breaking up, but I think that is a misread of the data. Most Facebook dorks update their status announcements the day after a big personal change in life, so it's likely more accurate to say breaking up happens frequently on weekends. Which would make sense, because if you're sick and tired of a lover, the grating prolonged presence of that person on a wide-open weekend would serve to wonderfully focus your mind on getting the hell out of Dodge.

The data gives seducers valuable info in which to tailor their game for maximum harem retention. First, we know both from anecdote and extrapolating from divorce data that women initiate 60-80% of all relationship breakups. The evo psych reasons for this are that women think more long term than do men, and are thus less likely than men to coast in a marginally-acceptable relationship for the sexual benefits. Women also have a more stringent list of criteria they demand from their lovers, and failing to meet bullet points 457-463 can cause her to reassess your value.

Not only that, but when men aren't doing the breaking up (and why would they? pussy attached to an unlikeable personality is still pussy, and pussy you aren't planning to marry still feels as good), women in their infinite passive-aggressiveness are manipulating men into breaking up with them.

Second, women on the verge of breaking up can often be brought back from the brink by a renewed application of core game principles. If you can predict with decent accuracy which days of the year she is thinking about breaking up, you can take preventive countermeasures. If you are a womanizer with a harem (i.e., multiple long-term relationships), it pays to know not just how to reignite her love, but when her love is most likely to dissipate. Timing your efforts creates efficiencies that help you better manage multiple girlfriends.

Women mostly break up because the betas they are with have ceased activating their tingle machine, but let's not forget that a not insignificant minority of women initiate breakups because their alpha lovers have stopped lavishing them with affection and other signs of commitment. If you are in the latter category, your job is easy, should you choose to accept it. Pay her a few compliments and give her a massage once in a while, and she'll be back in the fold.

However, if you are like most de-balled men in long germ relationships, you are being dumped because she has grown weary of your betafication. Familiarity doesn't necessarily breed contempt, but familiarity with betas sure as hell does. For you, betaboy, the goal is to turn up the aloof asshole in late November, mid-February and early June. Other times of the year, particularly the autumnal hunkering down, you can take her for granted.

In sum, herby betas need to be extra vigilant after Thanksgiving. Turn off your cell, refuse to answer texts right away, stop nuzzling in her bosom like a hungry cat, and call her from places where girls are squealing in the background. Once Christmas is over, you can return to being your watery-eyed, limp-noodled self.

The Training Of The Shrew

CH · 5 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A buddy's girlfriend and I were watching a movie on his TV and a scene had come on featuring the lead actress dragging her beta boyfriend to her alpha ex-boyfriend's house for a party.

"This guy is a doofus for agreeing to go with her to her ex's party. He's walking into a trap. Any guy who does this in real life is asking for a breakup." I beamed with pride at my insightfulness.

She disagreed. "No way, she's a bitch for expecting him to go with her. Actually, she's a bitch for even keeping in touch with her ex."

Pleasantly surprised by her answer, I nodded my head approvingly and admitted to myself that my analysis of the movie scene was flawed. The beta boyfriend was not the primary offender; it was the obtuse, or manipulative, girlfriend.

My buddy is an alpha male. He teases, he bellows, he rises to anger, he's sexual, he gives as good as he gets, and he tolerates ZERO bullshit from his girlfriend. She is quite cute, and ragingly feminine.

How did my thinking go so astray while her's hit the mark? If you observe carefully, you may have noticed throughout your life that the sweetest girls with the most sympathetic dispositions toward men and the problems they have to deal with are those girls who have been with alpha boyfriends or husbands for a while. (Key qualification: "a while". Girls who ride the alpha cock carousel are primitive, opportunistic sluts.) The reason why is simple: they have been "broken in".

Once a girl has experienced the exquisite pleasure of submitting to a dominant lover her basal femininity is reset to something less accommodating of feminist boilerplate. She becomes keenly aware of the unique challenges that face men, and is able to a certain degree to put herself in their shoes, or, barring that, to at least sympathize with men and refrain from taking them for granted. This is the training of women that is similar to the training of dogs. And this sympathy and understanding extends beyond her alpha lover to men in general. It's as if the domestication of her desire by a dominant man softens her feelings for all men. Not sexually softened, mind you. A woman in thrall of an alpha male is a faithful woman. But socially softened.

The converse should be apparent; women who have been denied the affection and commitment of an alpha lover, or who have been driven insane with spite by the dispiriting attentions of beta males they consider below them, nurse a steady stream of agitation toward, and resentment of, men in general. Exhibit A: a disproportionate number of avowed feminists are butt ugly. Exhibit B: SWPL city girls who yearn for loving, long term relationships with powerful men but get stuck with pump and dumps by players and cloying obsessions by undersexed betas. These women have yet to be broken in; their untamed limbic mania sets the tempo of their higher thinking. They drag their owners for a walk, instead of being walked. They are obstinate, crude, and, when their feminine humours do reassert for a temporary spell, sloppily scattershot in their compassion for indigents a world away while being brutishly curt and spiteful in their dealings with men in their social orbit. Feminism speaks to them because their femininity is suppressed.

The answer for these wastrel shrikes, as this blog has been saying from day one, is more game. While the mating market is zero sum, the pleasure market is positive sum. More pleasurable seductions of more women can only bring good things to relations between the sexes.

Derisive Comment Of The Month

CH · 7 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This one comes from a mischief maker named “Lexus Liberal” who commented on a Washington City Paper article about the poor performance of the Sidwell Friends’ football team. Sidwell Friends is a private school where Presidents send their kids to be fast tracked for future ruling class positions. The Obamas are the latest example.

> I dare say, sport, you seem to have inflamed my upper NW chums more than a Bush/Cheney sticker on a Hummer 2!
>
> The pursuit of sport is not something we put as much emphasis on here at Sidwell Friends – it’s such a vulgar enterprise. My own father wasn’t so enlightened – he loved baseball, hunting and other antiquated male pastimes, whereas I celebrate opera, gardening and appeasing my angry, Prius-driving wife.
>
> While my passivity and latent homosexuality may negatively impact my son’s performance on the football field, I am confident it will prepare him well for a life of NPR, canvas totes, and garden parties featuring locavore cuisine.
>
> Best,
>
> L.L.

Pitch perfect. Maybe L.L. is a Chateau reader? Congratulations, L.L., you have earned a Key to the Chateau. Pick up your designated cat o’ nine tails at the door.

sapere flagellum.

“There Was Good Sex With Him”

CH · 8 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

From the email wing of the Chateau:

> I’m doing relationship game. How do I deal with comments from my girlfriend about her ex. Well, really he was just a friend with benefits. She recently told me “There was good sex with him.”
>
> She definitely gets her world rocked with me in bed. The sex is hot and good. So, how do I deal with these kinds of comments?

See this post. Specifically, email #3. And the comments are good, too.

Is your girlfriend American? It would explain a lot. No woman of character and heart who is dating you, and presumably likes to be with you, would tell you about the sex she had with her ex. An alpha male would consider that grounds for dismissal. Betas would take that load of wet shit to the face and smile gamely. Which are you?

Should you choose to stay with her, (and incessant commenting about exes is a huge red flag that a dumping is imminent), you have three avenues of response, in ascending order of behavior correction efficacy:

Disregard (“Man, I’ve had the farts all day.”)

Humor (“Thanks for the slut report.”)

Acknowledge and Amplify (“Yeah I know what you mean about exes. Some leave a lasting impression. Still can’t forget that one who loved doing it in public.”)

A&A is particularly effective. If this girl of yours has any feeling for you, she will take the hint and auto-adjust her attitude and never talk about ex sex with you again. If she is a bitch, she will bristle like a prickly pube patch and try to out-compete you with additional ex stories, or she will hypocritically accuse you of immaturity. If the latter, dump her forthwith, or, if you’re in a generous mood, use her for rogering while surreptitiously staking your claim on other girls for the future transition to a better lover.

The Elusive 10: Found!

CH · 8 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The votes have been tallied and the verdict is in:

Paulina Porizkova was the only babe (in her prime) who got a plurality of 10 votes. Zeta Prime (nee Catherine Zeta Jones) came in a close second with a bare plurality of 9 votes edging out her 10 votes. Here is a better photo of the young Paulina:

Great Zeus' beard. Her body may be a little too lithe for some of you, uh… drum and bass butt lovers, but there's no denying her face is perfection. It simply doesn't get any better than her when she was young. There may be equally beautiful women, but you'd have to search high and low to find a woman objectively *better* looking. Ric Ocasek, inarguably one of the ugliest men in the world, got to bang this ethereal beauty during her prime. He continues monopolizing her pussy today.

Look at their properly polarized body language. She truly loves him. And he her.

From Wikipedia:

> Ric has been married three times; he married early in life, but divorced and was married to his second wife, Suzanne Ocasek in 1984. Ric was still married to Suzanne when he made the acquaintance of model Paulina Porizkova during filming of the music video for The Cars' song "Drive" (directed by Timothy Hutton). At that time, Porizkova was just 19 years old and Ocasek was 35.
>
> Five years after meeting, in 1989, Ocasek and Porizkova married. This was Ocasek's third marriage, and Porizkova's first. In 2009, the couple celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary and their 25th anniversary since they first met. Ocasek has a total of six sons, two from each of his three marriages.

Ric Ocasek is a super alpha. He has spread his seed far and wide, and enjoys the love of a beautiful woman. His fame, voice and catchy pop tunes whisked away his ugliness. No ugly woman with talent and fame can claim the same compensating appeal to men. Kathy Bates, a great actress with an ugly face and a fat body, once went on Letterman and lamented the trouble she had meeting men despite the advantages of her money and fame.

Ocasek hit the jackpot with Porizkova, which is why their marriage endures today after 25 years together. He really can't do much better. Although, as Porizkova ages — and admittedly Porizkova started off her aging trajectory with such an overabundance of beauty that it might take a decade or two longer than the average woman for her to hit the wall — Ric may start feeling that old feeling again and eyeing little sluts with bad intent. I doubt he'd need much more game than taking a chick home and popping in one of his circa 1980s music videos.

Let Ric's and Paulina's love be a lesson, ladies. If you want a shot at winning commitment from an ugly-ass rock star, you had better be a 10 with a heart of gold. And preferably foreign-born.

Speaking of Porizkova, she recently had this to say about the occasion of her 40th birthday:

> Former supermodel Paulina Porizkova has described the pain and frustration of losing her looks in the ageing process – insisting she has felt "invisible" since she turned 40 years old.

> Porizkova shot to fame in the 1980s and became one of the world's highest paid models, gracing the covers of the most high profile fashion magazines and spending seven years as the face of cosmetics giant Estee Lauder.
>
> The 45 year old has stepped away from modelling in recent years, turning to TV instead with a regular role as a judge on America's Next Top Model and a stint on Dancing With The Stars.
>
> Porizkova now admits she misses her days as a model and feels "sad" her beauty has faded.
>
> She tells the New York Post, "Nothing ages as poorly as a beautiful woman's ego. When you have used your beauty to get around, it's like having extra cash in your pocket. I was so used to walking down the street and having the young guys passing by at least give me a flicker of a look. But once you're over 40, you become invisible. You're a brick in the building and it's sad. It just feels like the sun went down a little bit. It got a little cloudy outside."
>
> But the former supermodel is adamant she would not consider cosmetic surgery to regain her youthful appearance, insisting her former catwalk pal Janice Dickinson looks worse since she went under the knife.
>
> Porizkova adds, "She was one of the most beautiful girls you've ever seen in your whole life. Now she looks like a transvestite."

Another brick in the building. Any fat part of the bell curve women reading Paulina's pained regret probably felt their hearts drop into their flabby stomachs. After all, if a ravishing beauty and former supermodel like Porizkova can suddenly become "invisible" to men at the age of 40, what hope do they have? Porizkova looks as good as a 45 year old woman can possibly look (she's up there with Monica Bellucci for defying the hands of time), and yet even she has noticed the men's eyes have stopped undressing her.

In comparison, this is where it is so much better to be a man. With an attractive lifestyle and a charming demeanor, a man can enjoy the lustful yearnings of younger women many more years than the average woman can expect to enjoy the pursuits of men, younger *or* older.

I have read that beautiful people suffer more psychologically from aging than plain-looking or ugly people, because they have more to lose. A twenty year deterioration can turn a hot babe into a barely recognizable hollow-eyed zombie of her former self, while an ugly MFer will still look pretty much like an ugly MFer twenty years later. The only thing unusual about Paulina's observation of her rapidly declining sexual market value is her willingness to publicly acknowledge it. This marks her as a woman of excellent character.

Paulina is right about cosmetic surgery, too. The procedures aren't good enough yet to slip past the quasi-tranny valley where aging broads surgically altered in the hopes of regaining their youthful glow instead resemble puffy bat-faced transvestites. Hopefully, science will advance on this front and true anti-aging breakthroughs will bless the world with more beautiful women for me to plunder.

***

Some other notes from the "Elusive 10″ voting:

Lollygirl got the most 7 votes. The person who submitted her pic as an example of a 10 clearly has a jones for natural redheads. Truth be told, so do I. Unfortunately, Lollygirl was a little too skanky looking to compete with the exquisite beauties on display in that post. May her lolly forever shine on suggestively. Too bad redheads may disappear from the face of the earth.

Seven of the girls got rated a 9. This demonstrates that wide agreement exists on what constitutes 8s and 9s, but once you attempt to nail down feminine perfection, you run up against a dividing line of growing subjectivity past which men have individualistic tastes, and that this taste likely differs based on race. The reason for the boisterous disagreement probably arises from the fact that 10s are simply too rare in the state of nature to have exerted much of a selection effect on men's mental beauty templates.

10s are not 10% of the population. Whoever claims that is living in a bubble. Female beauty isn't on a linear scale.

10s are no more than 0.5% of all women. Probably more like 0.01%. You people need to get out in the world to reacquaint yourselves with the sad fact that most women walking around day to day are repulsive warthogs. If you limit your visual scope to non-obese women between the ages of 15 and 25, then you can plausibly claim a lot of women are bangable 6s and 7s, but you'd have to have laser-like focus to erase from your peripheral vision the aforementioned warthogs.

80% of the voters were white. (Voters and readers are not necessarily identical sets.) I suspect, though I cannot prove it, that white men are more transfixed by female facial beauty than are black men, who tend to focus more on the voluptuousness of the female body.

9% of voters were Asian, which far exceeds their proportion in the American population. Perhaps they boosted Hyori Lee's rank? Of course, some of those self-identified Asians may be subcontinental Indians, in which case Aishwarya Rai got the boost.

The Finnish race represented 2.65% of the Chateau votes. Finns are 0.0008% of the world population. A fling I had with a Finn chick (you can see her arm in this post) was a twilight zone-ish experience. Pleasurable, but weird. She had incredibly soft skin.

Blacks accounted for 4% of the voters. The black girl got 6% of the 10 votes, which means there's some jungle fever going on! The Finns, gotta be them.

Cocktease Asks “What Am I Doing Wrong?”

CH · 9 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I have this friend, a girl, who is a total attention whore. Fittingly, she would glow with pride at being called that. As a cute, young single girl without brat baggage and of slender proportions and flirtatious disposition, she usually has some beta or two wrapped around her finger at any given time. You could accurately describe her as an eternal ingenue. She is always complaining about meeting men, yet she hardly goes a day without a “date”, i.e. some man willing to do her a favor for the reward of a three minute makeout. But no sex. Never sex! Oh no, there is hardly a man good enough for THAT prize. One time, a bread pudding excuse of a man who had been on three dry dates with her over the course of six months drove an hour and a half from out of town to drive her to an appointment she had only a few blocks from where she lived. She didn’t want to spend the money on a cab. Naturally, when she called him she framed it as a “chance for me and you to get together and hang”. And just as naturally, he bit down on that stinky bait. I bet he furiously masturbated on the drive over with thoughts of what he fantasized would happen.

Yes, there really are girls like this, and yes there really are… ahem… “men” who fall for the shit girls like this pull.

If it isn’t obvious by now, this girl is the succubus that strikes fear, loathing and lust in the hearts of betas everywhere. She is your worst nightmare; the epitome of every self-entitled pedestaled princess bitch we talk about here at this exclusive Chateau. When Satan made the mold for the quintessential cockteasing attention whore, she poured out.

And yet I like her. She’s a lot of fun to be around. I dig her style. Since I’m not interested in her as a potential lover, her games have no effect on me. Her manipulations of men who chase after her is something I can observe from a third party distance, with raised eyebrow and gleeful smirk. She knows this, and of course it drives her to distraction around me. I may be the only man in her life, besides her long term ex-boyfriend, who calls her bluff and swats aside her shit tests. Thus, I have earned her trust and confidence.

While my instinctual sympathies lie with her smitten ~~suckers~~ suitors, I don’t blame her for playing them like puppets. If I were in her shoes, I would take advantage of those needy losers, too. I don’t care how cute a girl is, if she asks you to do some outrageous favor for her — like driving an hour and a half to chauffeur her to an appointment just because she asked — for no sex in return, you are a chump.

A mark.

A dupe.

A fool.

A beta.

In this day and age, it is amazing there are so many men who think that supplication is the magic key to her secret garden. The Chateau has been in business for over three years, and yet the tidal wave of betas who fail at the most elementary concepts of female sexual psychology continues rolling on, crushing hopes and dreams and blue balls like so many beachfront tiki bars.

So one day, Queen of the Cockteases asks me a question. She was hanging on my arm, partly drunk.

“I keep pushing men away. I find them, and go out with them, and then they disappear! Seriously, real question. What am I doing wrong?”

“I haven’t noticed any men disappearing. Didn’t some dude just buy you tickets to a play and invite you to his shore house?”

“Oh, that. Yeah, but that’s not something. I mean the guys I like.”

“Poor bastard.”

“Are you going to help me? I want so bad to be your friend. We can be good friends if you just try with me.”

“You’re a basketcase after a few Shirley Temples.” For a moment, I thought about going hardcore on her ego and edifying her with the lessons gleaned from evo psych and game, but I was tired and not in the mood to talk much. Plus, I doubted it would register. I kept it light instead. “Stop going up to men. Let them come to you.”

“Why? If I like a guy I want to meet him.”

“Yeah, that’s great, but guys like to chase. If you approach them first, they will downgrade you. We give more value to girls who play a little coy.”

“And if he doesn’t approach me?”

“Suck it up. You can’t have every man in the world. Look, most likely you are approaching the top guys, the ones you think are the best. A guy like that has options. All he sees is a chick who has just showed she really likes him, which means sex is only a few drinks away. But you’re a major cocktease, so when they realize that it isn’t happening, they bolt.”

“Hey, I’m not that kind of girl.”

“We all know that. But they don’t. If a guy comes up to you first, he’s more likely to stick around putting up with your bullshit. But then you have the problem of wanting guys to chase you, but only respecting guys who don’t. That’s why you go up to them first and flirt like crazy. If the guy approaches you, you think he’s not worthy.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means you only get horny for guys you have to chase. You’re the classic example of a girl who wants what she can’t have.”

“That’s not true. I don’t waste my time with guys who don’t like me.”

“I can tell you really need an asshole in your life.”

Communication on the subject was done by that point. On certain matters, a woman’s brain simply can’t process in any internally logical way the implications of the discussion. Her biosocial female imperative is one of those matters. Try it some time. Explain to a girl why she behaves the way she does with men and watch as her eyes glaze over with incomprehension or she lashes out in fury at you for rattling the peace of her inner hamster sanctum. You can get girls to nod in agreement with you, as long as you don’t make them the subject of your elucidation. Girls have a habit of perceiving conversations about abstractions personally, and won’t abide finger pointing in their direction. The solution is to explain human social dynamics in terms that will spare her ego.

A cocktease is an older term for an attention whore. They are one and the same psychologically; only the details of execution differ. The cocktease’s ideal man would be someone she approaches first, but who doesn’t flirt back. He just stands there being amused by her antics, making her work harder and harder for his attention, until his value is outsized in her mind. One step forward, two steps back, is his motto for dealing with cockteases. And then when the time is ripe, he pushes hard for the close, leaving her little head space to rationalize yet another coquettish escape.

Unfortunately, the Western world is full of chauffeuring betas pumping princess egos the land over. For men in the know, like you and me and hopefully the rest of the readers of this site, this means the girls we meet have been pre-primed to act like selfish, self-loving brats. These special snowflakes and their boot-licking beta enablers both are our insufferable foes. Chastise the one and you must chastise the other. Nothing of worth operates in a vacuum.

The Twinkies Diet Proves Fatty Fats Are Fat Because They Eat Too Much

CH · 10 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a cautious advocate of the Paleo diet. I've been doing it for a year now, and have no complaints. However, many Paleo gurus — as well as opportunistic fat apologists — have taken to claiming that the obesity plague disfiguring America's women is, if not solely at least partially, the result of a mismanaged or even conspiratorial government-agribusiness alliance that shoves refined grains and sugars down our throats. In other words, fatties are fat because they've been eating what the government tells them to eat.

Eh, hold up. I ate a lot of the same crap when I was a kid that fatties eat, but I didn't bloat up. The sugar-grains-vegetable oil trifecta of triglycerides and the concomitant omega 3 and 6 ratio imbalance isn't the whole story. I've always felt it's part of the story, but can't be the sole explanation for the gross tonnage of shoggoths among us. That first law of thermodynamics looms large over everything. Calories in must equal calories out, or energy differentials lead to weight fluctuation. Ever see an overweight Ethiopian famine victim?

Nevertheless, the "fatties aren't responsible for their grotesque appearance" crowd has been latching onto Paleo dietary theory as some sort of proof that their "condition" is the fault of someone else, like the government food pyramid, or genes, or advertising, or HFCS- and Canola-pushing globoagricorporate fat cats.

I smell a faint whiff of bullshit. And now some brave (or stupid) souls are experimenting on themselves to demonstrate the basic laws of weight gain.

Here's a guy who went on a Twinkies diet for ten weeks and lost 27 pounds.

> Twinkies. Nutty bars. Powdered donuts.
>
> For 10 weeks, Mark Haub, a professor of human nutrition at Kansas State University, ate one of these sugary cakelets every three hours, instead of meals. To add variety in his steady stream of Hostess and Little Debbie snacks, Haub munched on Doritos chips, sugary cereals and Oreos, too.
>
> His premise: That in weight loss, pure calorie counting is what matters most — not the nutritional value of the food.
>
> The premise held up: On his "convenience store diet," he shed 27 pounds in two months.
>
> For a class project, Haub limited himself to less than 1,800 calories a day. A man of Haub's pre-dieting size usually consumes about 2,600 calories daily.So he followed a basic principle of weight loss: He consumed significantly fewer calories than he burned.
>
> His body mass index went from 28.8, considered overweight, to 24.9, which is normal. He now weighs 174 pounds.
>
> But you might expect other indicators of health would have suffered. Not so.

Newsflash! You eat less, you lose weight, no matter what form the calories come in.

The most interesting result of Haub's experiment in accelerated tooth decay was this:

> Haub's "bad" cholesterol, or LDL, dropped 20 percent and his "good" cholesterol, or HDL, increased by 20 percent. He reduced the level of triglycerides, which are a form of fat, by 39 percent.
>
> "That's where the head scratching comes," Haub said. "What does that mean? Does that mean I'm healthier? Or does it mean how we define health from a biology standpoint, that we're missing something?"

He did eat some vegetables, which might account for the unexpected lipid profile. Nonetheless, his measured lipid

numbers are highly counterintuitive.

> Two-thirds of his total intake came from junk food. He also took a multivitamin pill and drank a protein shake daily. And he ate vegetables, typically a can of green beans or three to four celery stalks.

Haub's results suggest that the QUANTITY of calories ingested is at least as important as, and maybe more important than, the type of calories for maintaining a healthy weight.

> Haub's body fat dropped from 33.4 to 24.9 percent. This posed the question: What matters more for weight loss, the quantity or quality of calories? […]
>
> Blatner, a spokeswoman for the American Dietetic Association, said she's not surprised to hear Haub's health markers improved even when he loaded up on processed snack cakes.
>
> Being overweight is the central problem that leads to complications like high blood pressure, diabetes and high cholesterol, she said.
>
> "When you lose weight, regardless of how you're doing it — even if it's with packaged foods, generally you will see these markers improve when weight loss has improved," she said.

Big bottom line: Being fat itself is bad for your health. "Fat and fit" is a myth. The change that counts the most is losing the weight, which can only be done by PUSHING AWAY FROM THE TABLE.

Haub had tried other diets:

> Before his Twinkie diet, he tried to eat a healthy diet that included whole grains, dietary fiber, berries and bananas, vegetables and occasional treats like pizza.
>
> "There seems to be a disconnect between eating healthy and being healthy," Haub said. "It may not be the same. I was eating healthier, but I wasn't healthy. I was eating too much."

Being healthy means not overeating. Overeating is the path to the bulbous side. Overeating leads to corpulence. Corpulence leads to self-hate. Self-hate leads to donuts and alone time with the dildo. The very frightened dildo.

> Haub plans to add about 300 calories to his daily intake now that he's done with the diet. But he's not ditching snack cakes altogether. Despite his weight loss, Haub feels ambivalence.
>
> "I wish I could say the outcomes are unhealthy. I wish I could say it's healthy. I'm not confident enough in doing that. That frustrates a lot of people. One side says it's irresponsible. It is unhealthy, but the data doesn't say that."

Don't take this post as a rebuke of the Paleo lifestyle. The science behind Paleo eating, sugars, and lipid profiles is strong, and real world evidence seems to back tenets of the theory. But Paleo is not the whole picture. There is an interplay between types of calories and amount of calories, as well as degree and kind of exercise, that likely synergistically affects weight gain or loss and how hungry we feel. Beyond good calories and bad calories there are simply too many calories.

The calories are too damn high!

And too many calories not offset by increased physical activity leads to obesity. Get out of the car and off your office chair and walk around a mile each day, and you've won half the battle toward rebalancing your caloric energy throughputs.

And why are people eating so many more calories? Well, maybe because it's gotten dirt cheap to stuff your face.

> …according to researchers at the University of Washington, a thousand calories of nutritious food cost $18.16, while a thousand calories of junk food cost a mere $1.76. How do they keep junk-food costs so low? Pretty simple, actually: flavor enhancers and other chemical additives…

As always, obesity is a question of character more than an issue of bad foods. Fatties put on low calorie diets whose caloric intake was monitored under controlled conditions showed more weight loss than fatties on experimental diets who self-reported their food intake. Surprise surprise! Fat people lie about how much food they wolf down. Kind of like how sluts lie about their number of past partners.

Maxim #105: Where there's incentive, there are lies.

Fat fucks lack the self-discipline to stop stuffing their piggy maws. The grotesquely obese should be shamed and tormented for the weak-willed degenerates they are. Making an example of them would serve an excellent purpose. Hurt a few souls now, save a few hundred later.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 11 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Scenario: You've been dating a girl for a month and she takes you out to a party at a local pub which lasts to the wee hours. There, she introduces you to some of her girl friends, a couple of whom you have met before.

People are drinking, but no one gets blitzed. The atmosphere is just tipsy enough for guards to be let down and bitch shields to lower. One of her friends, a caustic playette who is just as cute as your date but with bigger tits, spends an inordinate amount of time chatting you up. Other men in the venue are angling for her attention, but she always manages to slip away for precious moments of titillating conversation with you. Your date does not notice anything untoward.

Later, the playette tells everyone she is leaving. (Extrovert playettes absolutely *must* let everyone know the details of their comings and goings.) As she is wrapping up to leave, she prances (yes, prances) over to you, arms outstretched as if anticipating a big hug. Instead, she throws her arms over your shoulders and swoops in for a kiss, ostensibly aimed for one of your cheeks. Her vector is off and you don't know which cheek she is aiming for, so your head does a little bobbing and weaving, which makes you feel retarded. Your head dancing is to no avail anyhow, because in the noisy confusion and the cramped space of the crowd her puckered mouth lands right smack on your lips. The kiss is firm, unhesitant. She pulls back *almost* immediately, blushes and makes a half-twirl, and says "Oh, wow, woops!"

She is turning to walk out the pub, smiling like a schoolgirl on a snow day. Your date is in the bathroom and saw nothing. You can't be sure, but you think the kiss lingered a split second longer than would have been the case had it been an accidental smooch. You reflect for a bit and conclude that her kiss was no accident.

As a frequent guest of the Chateau, you have no moral scruples in the arena of love and sex. You pursue pleasure unapologetically and unremittingly. If a friend of your date has come-on to you, and you suspect a chance exists to convert subversive flirting into full-blown fornication at some later date, you will scheme accordingly. You understand that the loss of your date is a possible consequence, but the clarion call of the game sings to you like a choir of devilish imps.

What do you do?

Don't bother with what you'll do a week or a month later. What do you do beginning with the moment after the kiss is consummated? How do you advantage yourself so that the odds of a bang at some future date go up considerably, assuming you cannot get the bang that very night? (You're not such a cad that you'll leave your date alone in the pub.) Each second matters, so think quickly.

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Arjuna, You Magnificent Beta!

CH · 12 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Between the time when the suffragettes subverted America and the rise of the dykes of feminism, there was an age undreamed of. And unto this, Arjuna, destined to bear the jeweled crown of Beta Overlord upon a pansy brow. It is I, his chronicler, who alone can tell thee of his saga. Let me tell you of the days of great emasculation…

The Beta of the Year contest is over, but the disease that atrophies the balls of the gender formerly known as men continues plaguing large swaths of modern manhood. If anything, the mass sack shrinkage has reached epic proportions. As soon as I read the title of this Huffpost piece — The Art of Worshiping Women — I knew I was about to be treated to a particularly appalling case of *pedestalisus dwindling testicularisis*.

Meet Arjuna Ardagh, a self-declared "awakening coach, writer, teacher and public speaker". A few choice bits of his relationship advice follow. If you had to imagine what the polar opposite of the advice given on this blog would look like, he's your… "man".

> I'd been out for a walk with Chameli, my wife, one evening. Overwhelmed with the feeling that it just couldn't get any better than this, I popped a little update on Facebook in celebration of the goddess I'm married to.

Try to control your puke reflex, because it only gets worse from here. As if it needed to be noted, calling a woman a "goddess" is bad game. It's best to think of obsequious flattery like this in terms of the handicap principle. Abject betaness can be, paradoxically, an indicator of alphaness, if you are high status in some way, or the woman of your cloying cheesiness already loves you. Arjuna Ardagh sells books full of new age claptrap, and speaks to rapt audiences hanging on his every word, and so he has cashed in his high social and presumably financial status for a non-ugly wife, despite his counterproductive relationship advice. And let's not forget that there is a conspicuous minority of dippy hippie chicks that lap up this holistic chakra new age bullshit. Framing — something Arjuna would be familiar with but will never admit to using in his personal dealings with women — is apposite. You can safely call a woman a goddess if it is wrapped and bowtied in a shitstorm of goofy mysticism.

> It reflected on the wisdom of being in worship of the feminine. Not just get along with, or tolerate, or befriend, or cooperate with. Yes, I said what I meant: to worship the feminine.

Worshiping women is the fast track to involuntary celibacy. Women are, on average, biologically higher value than men, so worshiping them will only exacerbate an already skewed value perception and violate their hypergamous impulse. This is why concepts like negs and qualification are so successful; they strip women of their inborn royal decree and raise the value of the man using them.

Anyway, alphas don't worship. They admire. There's a difference.

> Whether [Romeo and Juliet] liked it or not, they were carrying the inheritance of a conflict that they had each done nothing personally to create.
>
> The same thing would be true today if an Israeli fell in love with a Palestinian, or if a Tea Party member fell in love with a Muslim, or if a Roman Catholic from Dublin fell in love with a Protestant from Belfast.

One of these comparisons is not like the others.

> None of these meetings happen in a bubble. They all sit within the context of conflicts that have been generated in the collective. This same is true whenever a man enters into relationship with a woman. Of course, the man himself has likely never raped anybody, or burned any woman as a witch, or denied anyone the right to vote, or forced a woman to hide her face, or barred her from religious or political office, or forced her

> to perform subservient chores. “No, no,” such a man might say, “I’m a conscious man. I’m respectful of the feminine. I’m fully supportive that you do your thing.” Whether he likes it or not, that man still carries within himself the echoes of the collective masculine and, like it or not, every woman is an incarnation of the collective feminine.

Ah, the age old “sins of the father” tripe. Nevermind that his list of masculine “sins” never really happened the way he says, or in the numbers he believes. Nevermind too that woman have committed equally noxious sins against men that don’t get front page treatment because women tend to execute their evil without the razzle dazzle of physical violence. Cuckoldry, for instance, is a gross injustice against men that rivals serial raping in the evil sweepstakes.

> The man carries on cleaning his gun and watching football, waiting for his woman to bring his dinner and his beer. The woman, still locked into millennia of enforced subservience, acquiesces, but bitter all the time, and holding back the treasures of her real love.

Lemme guess, an Obama voter? In the progressive mentality, men are forever perpetrators, women and minorities forever victims. Any other perspective would be… cognitively dissonant.

> He distances himself as far as possible from the brutish behavior of his father and his ancestors and bows sheepishly to the newly emerged feminine power. The woman, now rebounding in resentment of how her mother and ancestors have been treated, becomes dominating. She becomes militant, unforgiving, and even castrating. The sad thing is, no one really enjoys this game either.

This is the Iron John bone that slimy creeps like Arjuna throw to their male readers. Don’t be fooled. Those bongo drums in the woods and guttural chants aren’t going to get you laid.

> We discover that masculine and feminine are energies, not just biological genders. Every man has some masculine and some feminine energy and so does every woman. The balance we seek is not only between men and women but between the masculine and feminine energy, which are to be found everywhere in life.

What he’s talking about here is vulnerability game. But you must first demonstrate masculine alphaness — either through “leader of men” social status and domination or through “sexy lover” aloofness and cockiness — before you can move to the stage of seduction where she is open to hearing about your feminine side. It should also be noted that this “masculine/feminine energy dichotomy” that books like “Way of the Superior Man” have popularized is a bit of sloppy BS. Couples in sexually polarized relationships are the most successful — and often the most physically beautiful — that we see in the state of nature. Women aren’t drawn to sensitive men; they are drawn to masculine men who display traditionally feminine virtues, such as nurturing and emotional closeness, in a distinctly masculine form.

> The feminine way is neither inferior (as we had deemed it for thousands of years) nor is it superior (as some have claimed in the last decades), but it is different. Through a synergy of masculine and feminine strengths, we find the emergence of a whole that is far, far, far greater and the sum of it to individual parts.

Nah, fuck that wishy-washy noise. The feminine way is inferior at building and maintaining civilization. It’s superior at raising brats to weaning age.

> The restoration of dignity to the feminine has happened in three stages over the last century. The first took place less than 100 years ago with suffragettes demanding the right to vote. At that time men moved from denial and ridicule, to violent opposition, to acquiescence and finally to support.

And soon, back to global financial and demographic crisis.

> The next wave came in the 1970s when women stepped forward to fully participate in the world man had created on his own terms. Margaret Thatcher and Indira Gandhi became heads of state (both in a woman's body but doing things in a very masculine way). Women became judges and politicians and engineers and doctors and lawyers and ministers and construction workers, all roles that had previously been mainly reserved for men. Again, men's response began with ridicule in the '50s and shifted to acquiescence and then awkward support.

Actually, women mostly became PR flacks, HR drones, and bitter single moms. Most engineers, doctors, pols and construction workers are still men. Not sure about the gender balance of lawyers, but just look at the decay that occupation is in. Didn't Carly Fiorina run HP into the ground?

> The third wave of the restoration of feminine dignity has really happened in the last few years. It is sometimes called "The Goddess Movement." We are, all of us, recognizing that there is a feminine way of doing things just as valid as the masculine. Women are realizing that they don't have to compete or even participate in the world that man has created on his terms. We realize that there is a feminine expression to spirituality, a feminine expression to ecology, a feminine expression to leadership, and each has a huge gift to offer.

National decline?

> Women have been disenfranchised for thousands of years.

Maxim #198: Use of the word "disenfranchised" or other similar nomenclature of deconstructivist post-modern pablum automatically discredits an argument for serious consideration.

> Feminine energy has been given very little respect, and we have all lost out as a result. Even if you've never disrespected the feminine yourself, the first step is still to say "I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what we have done. I'm sorry for what my gender has done. And I come to you with a fresh start."

"Please accept my application for position of eunuch beta orbiter to you and your girlfriends."

> This is not the stance of shame, but of honesty and self-respect. Please take our words for it, and that of thousands of our colleagues and students: women love to hear this being acknowledged.

What women claim to love to hear and what women actually love to hear from the men they are fucking are often, if not always, at complete opposites.

> The second shift that today's man can make is to fully experience and release the hurts that he has experienced in his relationship to women. It is those very hurts, both personally and collectively, that cause men to dishonor women, if they remain banished out of awareness.

Pussy stubble chafes my shaft. End the hurt ladies. Wax that shit.

> The third shift is for man to recognize how much he really loves feminine energy: how much he loves her beauty, her capacity to love, her laughter, her freedom to feel and express emotion. In some senses, she brings vivid color to his world, which can easily become black and white.

All right, this is obviously true. But appreciating and loving feminine energy doesn't mean you have to act or think

like a self-flagellating dweeb with undescended testes.

> Man can discover, and then learn to worship, the feminine face of the divine. People sometimes object when Gay and I use the word “worship.” They hear the hierarchy of a subservient relationship.

Paging Robin Hanson’s forager theory. So many self-flattering “progressives” cream their panties at the thought of returning the US to some imaginary edenic past where non-hierarchical foragers with their promiscuous, communal lifestyles free of jealousy, violence and sexual competition rule the day. Be careful what you wish for.

> We use the word “worship” in a completely different way, one we found in our dictionary as: “to pay extravagant respect and admiration.”

Maybe menopausal middle-aged women with desiccated pussies like to be extravagantly respected and admired by their high status husbands who could step out with younger mistresses at any time, but a guy who pulls that weak shit on a hot babe in the prime of her fertility can expect a lifetime of aching involuntary celibacy. Even the underarm hair chicks won’t grease up for a blubbery Eastern mystic sycophant if he isn’t leading seminars of captivated audiences.

> This kind of worship can easily be a two-way street. Gay and Kathlyn and Chameli and I endeavor to bring this quality of extreme respect and worship in both of our marriages, and it overflows into the rest of life.

Jesus Christ, they’re aging swingers. I’m sure the sex dungeon and vat of Viagra help compensate for their loss of desirability.

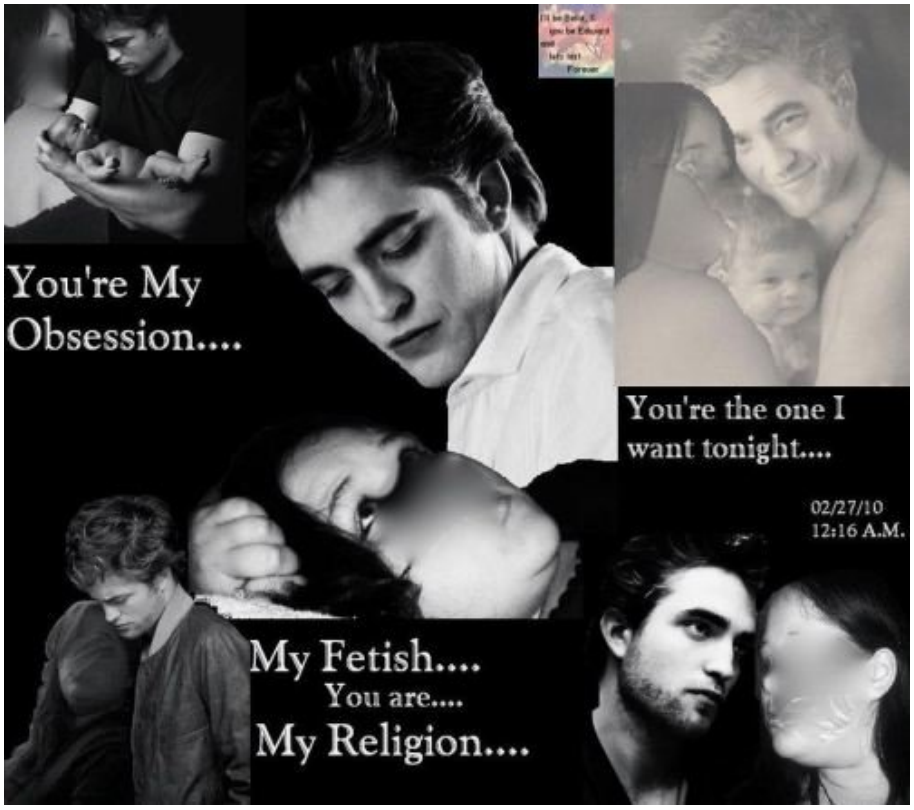
Arjuna Ardagh, congratulations! You are officially designated Supreme Universal ÜberBeta (SUUB). Your balls, and the balls of men who listen to you for relationship advice, are hereby tendered to Hillary Clinton where they will feel more at home.

Thank you, mewl again!

American Woman In One Photo

CH · 13 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

If a provincial foreigner who had never left his tiny village were to meet me and ask what American women are like, instead of bothering with a long-winded exegesis I would show him this photo. The understanding would be immediate.



Fat? Check.

Delusion of grandeur? Check.

Ridiculous standards? Check.

Pop culture cipher? Check.

Overinflated ego? Check.

Self-entitled princess? Check.

Living in fantasy world? Check.

Craves demonic prolespawn with sexually unavailable, aloof vampire who will always be by her side gazing longingly into her beady, pig-like eyes to protect her from danger? Check and checkmate.

This is how it starts, folks. The road to SUS — Spinsterly, Unattractive and Single.

After the foreigner and I got done laughing, he would thank me for giving him a newfound appreciation of his local women. Joylessly, I would further inform him that there are American men who would happily lay with that porky princess, thus feeding her ego beyond the ability of science to measure it. He would shudder as I told him that desperate betas and indiscriminate horndogs willing to beg for table scraps guarantees there are tens of millions of American women just like her who have no incentive to improve their looks or their attitudes. Then we would part, and I would notice a skip in his step.

Oh well, at least we have cheap smartphones.

The Sensitive Girl

CH · 15 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Something that men in their rush to conquer pussy tend to overlook, particularly those men new to the game, are that some girls can be destroyed by the coldblooded mechanization of the modern mating market. These are the sensitive girls who don't know how to, or aren't willing to, give as bad as they get. They genuinely hurt when their hearts get crushed, and have no way to defend themselves except by retreating to sulking in their bedrooms for months. They are easy prey for worldly seducers.

The sensitive girl (SG) is created as much as born. While most are born with a predilection to sentimentality, their exquisite victimization can be reinforced by their choices. An SG7 who shoots out of her league with a male 9 is asking for heartbreak. An SG slut (they do exist; you've never seen such a bag of neuroses!) has herself to blame for always falling short of experiencing the loving commitment she secretly craves from a man. An SG who has had the misfortune to fall in love with a sociopath will know the pain of having her buttons pressed and her strings pulled only to learn in the end that her romance was an illusion.

There are also the faux SGs — the ones who pretend to sentimentality but are really just drama whores forever searching for their next hit of accelerated relationship fanfare. They are contrivances who should be handled with a healthy dose of cynicism. Faux SGs make perfect backup lovers, as your continual unexplained absences where you spend time devoted to your primary relationship fuel their drama fix. It's easy to identify a faux SG — just look for the girl who can't stop flapping her gums about "how hard it is to date men in this city" while she's showing some random guy her new hip tattoo.

The authentic "tears on pillow" SG is usually:

– a 5, 6 or 7. Uglier girls have been resigned to their depressing fate since childhood, and don't expect much from men. They grow up to become hard-headed pragmatists, and make good disciplinarians for the omega roustabouts in their lives. 8s and above are too hot to be sentimental saps for long; most find that capitalizing on their brief window of power is far more fun than wallowing in self pity.

– stricken with a small physical flaw to which she is prone to blaming her unluckiness in love.

– a formerly hot cougar. Now we know the appeal of cats. What creature is more willing to sit still as a despondent aging cougar at the nexus of nostalgia for her lost beauty and sentimentality for the romantic gestures from men she can no longer attract regales it with tales of lovelorn woe?

– a young, naive girl. Break her heart and surely there will be a concierge waiting for you at the garnet gates of hell.

– a broken bitch. Not every girl who rides the cock carousel long and hard erects around herself a bodice of tankgrrl armor. A few self-confident sirens exit the ride puking their guts out, their souls shattered, whimpering for release in the arms of a niceguy. See: … well, you can figure out who.

Of all the taxonomy of women, the sensitive girl stands alone as the most capable of inducing pangs of guilt in a player. A true SG, her heart freely given with no strings attached, is so easy to destroy that you may hesitate before dragging her too deeply into your rakematrix. The SG has a habit of falling in love, and of glorifying your every word and action. Breakups often hit her completely unawares. She will mewl for reassurances from you that you won't leave her. She cries just imagining a breakup, and will tremble with anxiety if you so much as hint at dissatisfaction with the relationship.

Tragically for inveterate romanticists, the SG is a species on the verge of extinction. You will find her skipping in Polish meadows or careening through Iowan cornfields, oblivious to the changes around her. Daisies poking up from a steaming worldwide shitvista.

The SG suffers unbeknownst in our post-monogamy, quasi-polygyny world. She is the victim of her bloodless

sisters who turn men to the art of the game and the darker nature of women. These men, their egos and their courtship dance sharpened to a serrated edge, will unintentionally hurt the SG should they stumble into her tiny snowglobe world, mistakenly thinking she is like the others. Collateral damage, they will say. But a few players who retain a semblance of empathy will feel horrible for ushering another childlike heart into the realm of Phthonus.

A reader emails:

> Hopefully a quick question – The GF is about to say "I love you", but I don't know how to respond? Any recommended advice here, or anything that's worked well before? I don't exactly love her either, but I'm a sucker for tears if I ever saw them.

A woman's tears can immobilize a man. This blog teaches men to train themselves to remain stoic in an onslaught of waterworks, because many women are skilled in the art of manipulation through summoned tears. But sometimes a tear is just a tear, a Lite-Brite view of genuine inner turmoil.

If, as suspected, this man's GF is an SG (SGs are the type of girl who will say "I love you" first, and will be the most hurt if the response isn't in kind), then care must be taken with the handling of her heart. In event of unreciprocated love, her tears will be real. The reader was redirected to this post for possible replies to an "I love you" from a woman one doesn't love in return. Further suggestions were offered, with the caveat that, no matter how expedient, it is in the player's interest to avoid saying "I love you, too" if the feeling isn't mutual. One, it's hard to say with a straight face if it isn't sincerely felt. Two, saying "I love you" to a girl you don't love will cheapen the words when you want to say them to a girl you truly do love. You'll come to doubt whether any of your future feelings of love are real.

It's especially dangerous territory to lie about love with an SG. Lie all you want to a lawyercunt or a slut or a golddigger or a single mom or a thrice divorcée, because being the instrument of karmic comeuppance is your male prerogative. But lie to the SG, and her hopes, having been lifted to exalted heights, will inevitably come crashing down so hard her sorrow will weigh on you like a phantom inquisitor for years afterward. Have you ever walked out for the final time from a dimly-lit bedroom to the receding sound of your lover's sobs trailing you from the shrinking corner of her bed? I can assure you, it's not easy to brush off. The memory will singe. Heel thyself, cad.

Needless to say, this guilt is bad for maintaining the right frame for pickup. The best way to deal with ILY from an SG you don't love is to be playful and evasive. "I've been waiting for you to say that." Or "Right back atcha." Plausible deniability — in the form of "I didn't say or insinuate that I didn't love you" — is key here. Most SGs hear what they want to hear, so this tactic will work.

To the callous bastards who read here: despoil your SGs, ruin them for the supplicative betas who would be good fits for the SGs, corrupt them to the power of the jaded side, but don't tell them you love them if you don't. There is a personal code of honor even the cruelest player abides. Violate at your own risk.

Of course, there's always the option of falling in love with an SG. It's not like it's hard to do.

Escaping The Friend Zone

CH · 16 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Many men will nod with understanding when reading the following LJBF account from a reader:

> I was just on the receiving end of the fastest friend zone in the world. It usually occurs after orbiting a girl for a while and then having her reject a move. This happened before any actual moves.
>
> – Met this girl through a female friend when the 3 of us went to the cinema
> – Got her number the same evening, she was very warm and enthusiastic towards me, we exchanged some messages later
> – Called her 2 days later and had a chat where she was again the same towards me. Tried to schedule a drink at Thursday, she was busy but offered Saturday instead
> – 15 minutes later I get this text from her: “I’m really sorry, I’m not really up for going out, I was in a long relationship until recently. It was very nice in the cinema with you, you’re really pleasant and interesting to talk with, but I understood it only as friendship.”
> – My reply 15 minutes later: “Fair enough. I appreciate you telling me, I went through something similar. If you’d like that interesting conversation, feel free to call.”
> – Her reply 2 minutes later: “Ok. I’m sorry if I hurt you in any way, I didn’t intend to.”
> – My reply 2 minutes later: “Don’t worry, I didn’t propose to you or something ? Brave of you to tell me. Enjoy :)”
>
> I tried to signal in my replies that it didn’t really matter because I didn’t do anything except chat with her, but wasn’t going to hang around as a friend. On the other hand, since she was so direct (honest), I didn’t feel the need to counter with bombs like “What, you thought I was hitting on you?” or attempt to salvage.
>
> I guess that even though I approached with no pressure she knew that no guy asks a girl out unless he intends something, and doused it. Whether it was because of her real recent breakup or just a polite way of telling me that she wasn’t interested, I’ll never know. Maybe I should just be proud of putting out enough of a sexy vibe in one hour after the movie, eh?
>
> Regardless, that’s the fastest friend zone I’ve ever seen!

Did this story raise the hairs on the back of your neck? Did you identify with the emailer? The friend zone is like a huge pussy planet with a mighty gravitational pull; your escape velocity needs to be very fast to avoid getting sucked into receiving warm hugs with three pats on the back and listening to boyfriend stories not involving you.

The best way to dodge the friend zone is to refrain from putting yourself in a position in which befriending is possible. That means making it clear to a girl early on that you see her as a sexual conquest waiting to happen. Once befriended, it is very difficult to change her opinion of you to one of potential lover. An ounce of sleaziness is worth a pound of conversion.

If it’s a bang you want, it’s a friendship you don’t want. There are only a few circumstances under which it is feasible to be friends with a girl.

This is not to argue that befriending girls in order to later get in their pants can’t be a successful hookup strategy. If you have the patience of a saint, the fortitude to endure painful blue balls, and the willingness to undertake a high effort endeavor with a small chance of reward, then the friend zone to fuck zone plot ploy is for you. Most men, however, don’t feel they have ten lifetimes to devote to this long-view strategy. Plus, there is the matter of preserving one’s dignity.

The emailer made his move quickly, but without being there to observe his body language and the tone of his conversation, it’s impossible to say whether he made an early impression as a sexual man or as a good-natured

friend of a friend. In addition, the context was not ideal for pickup. A girl who meets you through a mutual girl friend is going to mentally box you into the friend zone by association. This is especially true if your girl buddy talked about you in private with her girl friend as if you were the bestest male buddy in the world a girl could hope for. And don't you just want to squeeze his chipmunk cheeks!

Obviously, when the emailer tried to schedule a later date, she clued in to his intentions. It's possible she may have known his intentions from the first meeting, but it's good policy to never underestimate the ability of girls to misread a man's romantic pursuit. As a defensive measure, girls are adept at missing male sexual overtures. Since most men are on the prowl most of the time, it would make sense for women to behave as if they notice nothing that could shake their coy repose. This is why the best seducers are men who take action to get what they want, rather than men who passively wait for love to fall in their laps.

If it's true the girl recently left a long relationship, she would likely have welcomed the attention of the emailer, if only for a platonic date with friends. Thus, she may have misled him into believing she was available FOR HIM. (Despite what women say, recent breakups are no impediment to hooking up with a new man if he is an alpha.) It's a common mistake for men to enter contrived social scenarios (as this emailer's was) and attempt to capitalize on the good fortune of being thrust into the company of an attractive girl. But quick pickups rarely happen that way, unless you are obviously higher value than your target. Girls don't like going on dates with men who take advantage of infrequent forced social arrangements, particularly if her friends are watching. A few days later, she may have even felt some resentment toward the emailer for assuming she would be interested just because he's a friend of her friend.

It is also possible, although not as likely, that she was turned on by the emailer and stomped on the brakes before the flirting spun out of control. Some girls don't trust themselves after a breakup; sex is a quick and dirty way to rejuvenate the ailing female ego. But this is more of female rationalization than anything else. There are too many women who will monkey swing from one alpha cock to another to buy into that line of thinking.

Once she knows you're interested, there's no backpedaling without making yourself look like a tool. "You thought I was hitting on you?" will sound pathetically transparent to even the stupidest girls. The emailer avoided doing that, but his chosen responses weren't much better. "Fair enough" is beta mincemeat. Where is the teasing? The cocky attitude? "Fair enough" is what you say to your neighbor when you are arguing over a property line assessment.

Better reply (a few hours later): "Wow, you sound like a soap opera. Drama queen!"

Or don't reply at all. There's nothing like a non-reply to rev up a hamster in distress.

And for fuck's sake, don't suggest she call you "if you'd like that interesting conversation". She just blew you off and you're rewarding her with your time? For crying out loud, dude. Sack up!

Also, whenever a girl says "I'm sorry if I hurt you in any way" (and let's face it, men, these words are like fingernails on a chalkboard to us), the worst response is "Don't worry." Why let her off the hook with exactly what she wants to hear? Play with the condescending bitch a little bit. Better answer: "Oh LORDY my heart… it is exploding! However shall I go on?!"

"Bravo of you to tell me"?!? *gag* RTFA.

Why Women Get Cheated On

CH · 17 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a woman writing to an advice columnist about her predilection for dating men who wind up cheating on her.

> **Dear Bossy**: I'm writing to you with hope that you can help me shed some light on why things happen in my personal life, and what i can do to resolve those things making me unhappy.
>
> I feel really happy and fulfilled in all areas outside of my love life – career, family, friends, sports etc etc. It's all going great and I'm healthy and confident and good. However, the last two years, i've had multiple experiences in my romantic life that make me question my own judgement and leave me feeling, well, worthless and unloved.
>
> Let me take you through the details.
>
> Two years ago, i caught my partner sleeping with another girl in our bed. I moved out and broke it off with him.
>
> Last year, i met someone i felt a real connection with. He was warm and intelligent and thoughtful, and i really felt good around him. I heard gossip from other people about him cheating, but when i confronted him to ask him why people would say such things, he assured me he was devoted to me. Several months later, he confessed that he had another girlfriend, not just me. I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach. I cut all ties with him, and looking back, i know that i had my part to play in the situation, because, just like last time when there had been signs, i ignored them. Not because i didn't want them to be true, but because i guess i just trusted blindly. You know the saying, a liar won't believe anyone else? Well, i guess being someone who wouldn't cheat made me ignorant of the idea that others do.
>
> It took another 6 months before i met someone i was attracted to, who i had started off being friends with. I just felt like a casual fling, he was not my type at all romantically, and I advised him that while I enjoyed his friendship, I wasn't able to offer him anything more. One night this guy sent me a message saying he had just been on a date, and that he'd had an amazing time, but the girl in question wouldn't have sex on the first date….so could he come over? Again, I acknowledge my part in this by wanting a casual fling, but I guess I thought one could be conducted with dignity and respect.
>
> Fast forward another couple of months, I got to know this really lovely guy at work. I was just friends with him for a long time, not good friends, but i felt i knew enough about him. I've seen him take care of another colleague who was sick, he has photos of his nieces and nephews on his desk, and he gets physically uneasy when one of our male colleagues makes inappropriate comments. I guess what I'm saying is that this time around, I took the time to try to pick up on cues that tell me what a man's really like before dating him. Anyhow, I went to lunch a few times with him, and I really felt he was genuine and compassionate and interested in me. We went on a couple of dates, and they were really great. We went out for a coffee after work and talked for four hours. I had been very cautious about dating given my previous experiences, but felt that he was trustworthy and honest.
>
> Two days later, my other colleague, who had recently broken up with his work girlfriend, came to me and asked me to coffee (not knowing i was seeing this colleague – i wanted to keep it quiet at such an early stage). During coffee, my friend broke down and told me that his ex had told him she's started seeing someone else….yep, you guessed it, my new guy.
>
> Bossy, I feel like I'm a hamster in a wheel, running on the same path making the same mistakes over and over again. I don't want to make these mistakes. I thought I'd learned from the first two cheaters, but it's becoming a pattern that is hurting so much, and I want to break it.
>
> To an extent, I hold these guys responsible for their own behaviour, but deep in my heart I feel like this is happening because 1. I am not picking up on signals that i should, and 2. I am sending out signals that i am

> deserving of this.
>
> Bossy, I'm swearing off men for a little while until I get my head straight. At the moment I just feel too fragile and too suspicious, which is definitely not a good mix for a potential future!
>
> I guess I'm just seeking your advice on a couple of things:
> Firstly, how can i better screen guys? What's wrong with me that the men i've dated in the last two years consider me just discardable and unworthy of honesty and fidelity? How can I paint myself in a diffferent light?
>
> Secondly, I feel like dirt. I feel worthless and discardable… some of these guys have gone on to be in successful relationships, so it feels to me like they have the capacity to respect, but not to respect me. How can I overcome these feelings? What can I do to feel good about myself again?
>
> Finally, when it's time for me to be ready to date again, how can I develop a balance between being jaded and cynical, and being naive?
>
> I know I'm imperfect. I can learn a lot and I accept my role in these situations. I just feel so used and useless right now, and I don't know how to fix it.
> Thank you,
> Cheated

"I feel like I'm a hamster in a wheel, running on the same path making the same mistakes over and over again."

You don't say! Even women recognize their gender is afflicted with a rationalization hamster.

Props to the guy asking for a booty call because his other woman wouldn't put out on the first date. Balls, my friends.

I'm not including "Bossy's" reply, because it was stupid — typical womanese, full of blame-shifting and platitudes, signifying nothing.

Here is the truth. Women get cheated on for four reasons, three of which they are complicit in their own betrayal.

1. They have stopped catering to a man's desire. Women who choose to get fat or withhold sex are ripe candidates for being cheated on. A man who is driven to cheating by his fat, frigid wife has my sympathies.
2. They tingle for assholes. About 1/3 of women — usually the hottest chicks — have an irresistible urge to copulate with assholes, jerks, thugs and other assorted aloof cads. (Another 1/3 are susceptible to the asshole's charms but are occasionally capable of eschewing the blind cravings of their vaginas.) Naturally, the assholes cheat. These women then cry foul, but they have invited betrayal into their lives. Their pain was prophesied the moment they spread their legs.
3. They shoot out of their league. I would tell a woman: You want to date an alpha one or more points higher than you? Prepare to be betrayed at some future date, said date which will be sooner rather than later if he's considerably higher value than what you could be expected to get. More than a few women are OK with this trade-off.
4. Men like variety. Women have no control over this. Men are programmed to enjoy the hunt, and to experience pleasure from a multitude of pussy, and men with options are able to fulfill that desire. The best women can do to counter this manly impulse is to be young and hot.

A reader named "repentant male" (*cough* girly man *cough*) commented on the article:

> I thought I would add some thoughts from the opposite side.
>
> I used to be a cheating husband. I love my wife dearly, I love my kids, I get angry at sexist jokes, and have photos of my kids on the desk.
>
> I have been married for 20+ years, but there has been a hole in my personal fulfillment. I met somebody else

> who was extremely physical with me. O.M.G It was like I was 19 again – My world changed from one where I was literally begging for physical intimacy – and driving my wife away by doing so, to one where my every need was more than fulfilled.
>
> After 6 months, I decided that it was time to leave my wife of 20+ years. in the end, I couldn't do it – I confessed, and broke the relationship off with the other woman.
>
> Was it entirely my wifes fault? no Was it entirely my fault? – no – it was a combination of factors. My wife didn't understand how important physical intimacy was to me, and I wasn't communicating properly with her.
>
> Long story short, lots of counseling later, we are both still together, and the physical side is getting better – it will never be as awesome as it was with the other woman, but that's not the point.
>
> So – Are you *sure* that you are meeting the needs of your partner? You may not be.

Take heed, ladies. You have to earn a husband's faithfulness. This woman was lucky; her husband was too beta to do the right thing for his happiness. Maybe you won't be so lucky. The sexual market is a worldwide dominion of genitals, and marriage is no exemption from its eternal, unrelenting, remorseless barter.

Polyamory Is Disguised Polygamy

CH · 18 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The Man Who Was once wrote:

> The basic problem with the Sex at Dawn thesis is that I just don't see how it gets around two problems. First, men who get more than their share of sex and who exclude other men will pass on more of their genes. Second, women who only mate with the top males will get higher quality genes for their offspring which means they are more likely to survive and reproduce. Given those Darwinian incentives I don't see how polyamoury is anything other than a disguised version of polygamy.
>
> To get around this problem one would have to posit some kind of group selection, but that opens up a whole thorny nest of problems. While I find some of the group selectionist ideas of D.S. Wilson rather intriguing, especially as regards religion, I remain extremely skeptical, as the objections to group selection put forward by George Williams and others are really quite devastating. There would have to be some sort of really strong mechanism for punishing cheaters and equally distributing the sex for it to work and I just haven't seen any evidence put forward of such a mechanism in our evolutionary past.

I've cast a jaundiced eye at the Sex at Dawn thesis in this post. The commenter above is onto something. Polyamory — multiple and simultaneous sexual relationships — means, in practice, a few high value dudes hording all the pussy. Multitudinously and concurrently. Polyamory cheerleaders, like Christopher Ryan, note the shape of our penis heads and go on to weave a happy utopia of free love where all the men and all the women get their rocks off whenever and however they wish, like the bonobos (who, by the way, are territorially squeezed compared to their more prodigiously successful chimp cousins). But he has to ignore female hypergamous mate choice and male jealousy to concoct this vision of a peaceful hedonist paradise.

The reality would be considerably darker; women would still want to bang the alpha, leaving the beta male out in the cold, clawing and scratching for rode-worn scraps, but now shackled with the obligation to help provide for kids that are likely not his own. What then happens is a complete breakdown in male investment in women and families. Men spend their working hours battling it out in vast, unproductive "Who's the Sexiest?" competitions for privileged access to a veritable harem of vaj. If you think this is a recipe for creating and sustaining an advanced modern society filled with creature comforts, I have a grass hut somewhere in the Congo to sell you.

How, in a polyamorous society, are you going to arrange things so that women dispense their pussy equitably among high and low status men? As noted by the commenter, this would require some major group selection modulated behavior to be workable; a woman would fuck for the survival of the tribe, instead of the survival of her offspring. That would be awfully magnanimous of her! It's like arranging a society where men are happy to boff fat, old and ugly chicks with equal attention to romantic detail that they give the hot young babes.

If anything, a culturally endorsed polyamorous dating market that virtually guaranteed a steady provider payout for disloyal, promiscuous women and their bastard spawn would help resolve the female tension for male commitment and good male genes in favor of the latter. Betas would be sexually shunned even more than they are now. LJBFing and undignified platonic beta orbiting would reach epic proportions. This blog would be classified as treason against the state and an incitement to rebellion and be shut down.

A happy hippie free love egalitarian commune it would not be. Widespread polyamorous practice where childrearing is done by the village and all men, uncertain of paternity, contribute resources to the well-being of the single moms and their unholy bastard squirtage, will not convince women to equally distribute their sexual favors among the men. Just the opposite; it would liberate women to single-mindedly pursue the few alphas in their purview, knowing full well that a beta blood-latticed safety net exists to protect them from destitution. In other words, socially-sanctioned and state-supported polyamory lets women have their cake and eat it, too. The only

trade-off is that they will have to share scarce high value lovers with other women. Yet as any tour of a college campus will demonstrate, most women in their prime would prefer to share an alpha stud than extract commitment from a beta schlub. Until the wall looms, that is. Heh.

But why speculate? We now have evidence of what happened to polyamorous early human ancestors in the distant past — they went extinct.

> The team found that the fossil finger ratios of Neanderthals, and early members of the human species, were lower than most living humans, which suggests that they had been exposed to high levels of prenatal androgens. This indicates that early humans were likely to be more competitive and promiscuous than people today. […]
>
> Emma Nelson, from the University of Liverpool's School of Archaeology, Classics and Egyptology, explains: "It is believed that prenatal androgens affect the genes responsible for the development of fingers, toes and the reproductive system. We have recently shown that promiscuous primate species have low index to ring finger ratios, while monogamous species have high ratios. We used this information to estimate the social behaviour of extinct apes and hominins. Although the fossil record is limited for this period, and more fossils are needed to confirm our findings, this method could prove to be an exciting new way of understanding how our social behaviour has evolved."

Until we can reengineer hypergamy out of women's hindbrains, advocacy for unconstrained polyamory in all but the most backward societies is DOA.

So what does nonviolent, consensual polyamory look like in modern real life when it's purposefully tried? (No, it's not SWPL. Even in that hothouse culture the chicks swarm to the top hipsters.) Think aging beta boomers milking their last ounce of testosterone by swapping barren hag wives. It's best summed up in the following Chateau maxim:

Maxim #109: Consensual polyamory is a contrived hookup service for undesirable sexual market rejects.

Time To Fart As A Measure Of Relationship Strength

CH · 19 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've devised a formula for determining the strength of a relationship and its long term potential based on the time it takes for me to feel comfortable farting in a girlfriend's presence.

TTF (Time To Fart) + SOE (Sense Of Embarrassment) / LOF (Loudness Of Fart) + NOF (Number Of Farts per episode) + FDS (Farts During Sex) = RS (Relationship Strength)

The variables in the formula are converted into numerical values.

TTF is the number of months that have passed without a farting incident in her company. 1 = one month, 2 = 2 months, etc. A particularly brazen man would have a TTF of 0.033, indicating he farted in front of her on the first date.

SOE is based on the embarrassment I feel for farting around her. An SOE of 0 is… zero shame! An SOE of 10 is crippling embarrassment, and a burning guilt for violating my precious lady's modesty so vulgarly.

LOF is based on decibels. An LOF of 10 (admittedly a somewhat subjective measure) is an ear-splitting fart that scares the cat. An LOF of 0 is an SBD.

NOF is the number of farts I feel comfortable releasing immediately after the first one has escaped. An NOF of 3 farts within a short time window indicates comfort with the act of farting in my girl's presence. A high NOF of 20 suggests a sadistic pleasure with watching my girlfriend's eyes tear up.

FDS is a simple binary value for noting whether I am comfortable farting during sex, which is an inopportune (or not, you scoundrel!) time to fart that is particularly loathed by women. An FDS of 0 means I clench tightly when I feel a fart coming on, while an FDS of 1 means I help push it out when a fart is about to announce itself during tender missionary lovemaking. (It is especially funny when she can feel the vibrations of my fart against her pudendum.)

I didn't include smell in the equation, because that's an uncontrollable factor.

Once calculated, a high RS number means I hold in my farts when I'm with my girl to the point where I risk intestinal embolisms. I would not dare risk annoying her with an errant tush toot. Our relationship is likely a strong one that will last well into the second year.

A low RS number indicates trouble, as well as warm gas, brewing. I fart freely around the girl without remorse because I take her completely for granted. She loves the shit out of me and I know it, so I feel comfortable farting loudly, and often, in her presence, even when I'm piledriving her. An extremely low RS usually happens when I am dating below my level, and is an indication that I will cheat or dump her in short order.

Example 1:

- TTF = 1 month
- SOE = 0 (shameless)
- LOF = 5 (kazoo)
- NOF = 3 (tommy gun)
- FDS = 1 (pumping motion moves gas along)

1 + 0 / 5 + 3 + 1 = 1/9 = 0.11 RS

The man in this example has a very low RS. He is probably porking a cow and has her make him a ham sandwich on Valentine's Day.

Example 2:

- TTF = 20 months (permanent damage resulted)
- SOE = 10 (tried to blame it on dog)
- LOF = 1 (clenched hard to prevent noisemaker, but mouse squeak escaped through restricted opening)
- NOF = 1 (but it was a 30 second doozy of sweet relief)
- FDS = 0 (violate such a sacred moment? never!)

20 + 10 / 1 + 1 + 0 = 15 RS

The man in this example has a very high RS. He is a beta provider who is with his first ever girlfriend (and sexual partner). He will ask “how many licks?” when she tells him to eat her out during her period. As long as she isn’t too far out of his league, he will likely marry this girl and die from a backed up fart that snaked its way to his brain.

On average, most of my relationships have an RS of between 0.8 and 1.2. If you regularly maintain RSs in the 0.01 to 0.15 range, you are either slumming it with heifers and calling yourself a player, or you are a super alpha who can get away with passing wind in your HB10 girlfriend’s face while she’s rimming you.

If you regularly score RSs in the 10 – 20 range, you are a platonic friend who has yet to realize it. You will not get anywhere with women until you first learn how to treat yourself to a satisfying blast of gas.

BONUS VIDEO!

This is a reenactment of an actual conversation. It happened in bed, but Xtranormal does not offer a bed scene as a backdrop.

Attracting Women By Exploiting Their Insecurities

CH · 22 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Truly the darkest and most powerful of the crimson arts is the seduction of women through the identifying and exploiting of their weaknesses and insecurities. To bed a woman is a wonderful pleasure, but to get inside her head and manipulate her to willingly offer the key to her heart — well, that is sublime gratification. Only experts in the mechanics of the human psyche can pull off Exploitation Game with any credibility.

First, it is important to note that weakness and insecurity are distinct categories of ego suppression. A weakness is an objective flaw in a woman who may or may not be self-consciously aware of it. An insecurity is a gnawing discomfort with some facet of her life that she feels is amiss, whether or not her self-doubt has any factual justification. Weaknesses and insecurities provide fertile emotional chaos upon which the master seducer may fruitfully sow a path to redemption… through his groin, of course.

Imagine, for instance, you have met a girl at a house party who you happen to know is dating a man who already has a girlfriend. Her life is in disarray, and all she can think about is how to win him away from his primary lover. This girl has a genuine insecurity about her standing with him, and she doubts her ability to monopolize the love of a high value man. You identify her insecurity, and then you exploit it by talking in general terms about how it's nice to have someone completely devoted to you and makes you feel comfortable and loved.

"Sometimes, at the end of the day, you just want someone there who accepts you totally, and won't make you play games or feel like an afterthought."

Naturally, you do not directly confront the girl with her insecurities, (unless it is your intention to cause pain). That would only ensure a defensive turtling in reaction, or, worse, a lashing out like a stuck pig. Deliberative exploitation is effectively accomplished through the use of third party puppets. The girl in the example above would not be the subject, but she would subconsciously put herself in the place of the subject in your conversation.

Here is another example: suppose you meet a single mom who still has her looks. You don't intend to marry her, but you do want to enjoy a fling. She has a real weakness; bastards are bad for business in the dating arena. Her lack of awareness or acknowledgement of her weakness is irrelevant; a weakness extracts its tribute from even the most armored egos, for the reality of its existence cannot be concocted away in the primal centers of the brain where the rationalization hamster dares not tread. If you can insinuate her weakness into your conversation — assuming the truth of its negative influence while offering an escape from its consequences — you simultaneously crush and release her ego to pursue that which will provide momentary relief from her rattled reality. Again, the use of third parties is critical.

"There are too may demands placed on some of us. People expect you to follow the script, expect you to conform to whatever normal is supposed to be, but what do they know? I was never one to judge. I see what others don't and admire it. Nothing beats meeting that one person who will take you into a separate world, away from the day to day crap that drags you down."

Exploitation Game can be used during the attraction or comfort stage of seduction, but is preferable in the latter, particularly if it is the patina of sincerity you are striving for. Some may consider this cruel art a breach of the last ethical frontier of pickup, but the joy on her face and the quickening in her loins belie such phony sanctimony.

The Alpha Male Head Tilt, & Asstd.

CH · 23 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

"Hold your head high" and "chin up" aren't just esteem-boosting slogans; they're nonverbal indicators of the alphaness that women lurv:

> Our research investigated if looking at the face from different perspectives as a result of the height differential between men and women influenced perceived masculinity or femininity. The research found the way we angle our faces affects our attractiveness to the opposite sex."
>
> Men, typically taller than women, view a woman's face from above; and women view men's faces from below. Through a series of simulations, the research tested whether the angle of view was an important determinant of masculinity/femininity and attractiveness.
>
> The research found that female faces are judged to be more feminine and more attractive when tilted forwards (simulating viewing from above), and less feminine when tilted backwards (simulating viewing from below). Conversely, male faces are judged more masculine when tilted backwards and less masculine when tilted forwards.

Ya gotta love these traditionalist "real man" throwbacks leaving their drive-by comments at the Chateau castigating the players for their "black and white" view of the "false dichotomy" of alpha males and beta males, while a steady drumbeat of scientific studies flies in the face of their indignant assertions. Here is yet another one of those studies providing support for the view expounded at this blog that there really are objectively identifiable traits — physical, emotional and behavioral — that distinguish alphas from betas. And that you… yes, you the reader… can learn those alpha traits, apply them, and become alpha yourself.

Starting now, you need to hold your head up so that your chin is slightly elevated from parallel with the ground. This is especially critical for short men, who can mimic the alpha *gravitas* that naturally accompanies taller men by tilting their heads a bit upward. If you find your chin unconsciously returning to its basal beta level pointing at the ground, you can use mental tricks to realign your head tilt to the dominance position. Imagine you are a haughty snob looking down on all the insufferable SWPLs (or proles, season to taste) who live and work around you. Soon, your mind will associate the identification "haughty snob" and "insufferable SWPL" with the backward head tilt, your head will accordingly readjust, and pussy will flow to you like the Orinoco.

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Evidence for group selection?

> How well a person performs in a coalition is partly hereditary, according to a recent study.
>
> Researchers found that how successfully an individual operates in a group is as much down to having the right genetic make-up as it is to having common cultural ties with fellow group members.
>
> After assessing nearly 1000 pairs of adult twins, researchers at the University of Edinburgh found that strong genetic influences have a major influence on how loyal a person feels to their social group.
>
> It also has a significant impact on how flexibly they can adapt group membership.

Can a cooperation gene that recognizes in-groups and out-groups evolve without some sort of group selection mechanism at work? Group selection is fascinating to a lot of thinkers because of its implications for the evolution of hard-wired racism in all human populations.

Religion may mitigate inborn xenophobia:

> Family ties were less influential. Instead factors outside the family such as ethnicity and religion seem to account for the environmental influences that determine how successfully a group will operate.
>
> To assess the influence of genetics, scientists asked the twins a series of questions about how important it was for them that people with whom they are affiliated share their religion, ethnicity or race.
>
> They found that identical twins – who share all their genes – gave very similar responses, whereas non-identical twins were much more likely to differ in their answers.
>
> Interestingly, they found that being part of a strong religious group made subjects less likely to emphasise ethnic and racial influence when deciding with which coalitions they become involved, regardless of genetics.

The insular, secular elites for whom religion is not needed to pursue successful life strategies need to come to grips with the fact that religion serves as a moral anchor for the lower classes, without which their tendency to flounder, regress and parasitize the provider classes would mushroom. Richard Dawkins wept.

******

Yet more evidence confirming the Chateau maxim that women are the biggest misogynists.

> **Employer callbacks to attractive men are significantly higher than to men with no picture and to plain-looking men**, nearly doubling the latter group. Strikingly, attractive women do not enjoy the same beauty premium. In fact, **women with no picture have a significantly higher rate of callbacks than attractive or plain-looking women.** We explore a number of explanations and provide evidence that female jealousy of attractive women in the workplace is a primary reason for the punishment of attractive women.

Me-OW! Jizzabomb denizens wept.

But other research shows that hot babes receive higher raises than plain janes or fuglies.

> Previous research, however, has found that good-looking female workers receive higher raises than their plain or ugly counterparts.

Easily explainable. HR women are the ones filtering potential hirees. Men in positions of power are the ones offering raises.

******

Women live longer than men because men are biologically expendable.

> On average, women live five or six years longer than men. There are six 85-year-old women to four men of the same age, and by the age of 100 the ratio is greater than two to one. Many hypotheses have been proposed to explain the greater longevity, but there is growing evidence for the disposable soma theory, which says males are genetically more disposable than females.

Maxim #200: Chicks dig guys willing to risk an early, gruesome death. Expendability is a DHV.

******

Straight men are becoming A-Ok with smooching their male buds. Chateau hosts called this. The feminization of the Western "man" continues apace. Is it the fuckin soy?

> Researchers at the University of Bath have found that heterosexual male students are more comfortable kissing their friends than ever before.
>
> Their research shows that university students now see nothing wrong with showing friendship to another man

> through a kiss on the lips.
>
> Dr Eric Anderson, from the University's Department of Education, found that 89 per cent of white undergraduate men at two UK universities and one sixth form college, said they were happy to kiss another man on the lips through friendship.
>
> He found that 36 per cent of these men have also engaged in sustained kissing, initially for shock value, but now they occur just for "a laugh".
>
> Dr Anderson said: "Heterosexual men kissing each other in friendship is an offshoot of what happens when homophobia is reduced. At these universities, overt homophobia has reduced to near extinction, permitting those men to engage in behaviour that was once taboo.
>
> "Men are kissing each other in university clubs and pubs, in front of their peers, and for many it serves as an occasional, exuberant greeting or banter when partying. The kiss is a sign of affection in student social spaces, a sign of victory on the pitch, or celebration at a nightclub but it does not have a sexual connotation in any of these spaces.

If it isn't the soy, maybe it's the fact that British women have turned into a waddling mass of warpigs.

> "We noticed that more and more men were kissing each other in clubs or after scoring a goal as a form of celebration, and many would put pictures of themselves kissing their friends on Facebook. We then began our research and realised that the way men tell each other that one has made it into their circle of close friends is to kiss. In this respect men are catching up with women who regularly use a kiss as a sign of affection to a female friend."

Too funny. I guess fist bumps aren't cutting it anymore. Theory: As more Western women become cad-chasing, self-entitled solipsistic sluts, the men will respond by finding their affection fix in the arms of other, similarly situated, men. Or there's something in the water.

> Adi, who is heterosexual, added: "My first experience of kissing a man was at uni and I was bit taken aback, but now it feels like a normal act of friendship. It doesn't feel that it threatens my masculinity or heterosexuality – instead it is becoming part of acceptable masculinity and heterosexuality."

If you mention your masculinity enough times, Adi, maybe you'll believe it. By the way, this is how the slippery slope to park bench masturbating and sheep sex starts.

******

Kissing other men isn't the only alternative outlet available to underloved betas. There is always the green card whore option:

> An upsurge in marriages between older Swedish men and young, underprivileged foreign women raises serious questions about gender equality, according to a new report.
>
> In a new 'migration by marriage' study, experts at the University of St Andrews found that over a fifteen year period there has been a 44% increase in young women moving to Sweden from mainly poorer nations to marry.
>
> The study also found that the poorer the country of birth of the migrant woman, the bigger the age gap between her and her Swedish partner – a finding that experts say raises serious concerns over such women's freedom of choice.

Green card whores these foreign women may be, but I don't fault Western men for pursuing this avenue to sexual

and emotional fulfillment. No surprise this is happening in Sweden, land of the institutionalized überfeminist and castrated pissbucket boy. When your native women are egomaniac wide-load femcunts unworthy of your time or investment beyond a three month fling, the overseas alternative begins to look very appealing. Sure, it's straight up barter, but betas getting the shaft end of the stick in the modern dating market might be inclined to overlook the crass exchange of sex for citizenship and dispense with their idealistic romanticism for the chance to steadily bang much younger, and typically more submissive, pussy. Who could blame them? Anything less would be… uncivilized.

And to the shibboleth spewing clackademic tards wringing their hands about "female freedom of choice": No one's slapping chains on these poor foreign babes and dragging them into relationships with relatively wealthy Western men. Just as no one's forcing men at gunpoint to compete for the attention of young, slender chicks. Until these inane feminists come to terms with the fact that men and women have different reproductive goals and sexual desires, we will continue hearing them say the stupidest shit in so-called respectable academic journals.

******

Newsflash! It's better to be born a winner than a loser. Tony Robbins wept.

> Attractive people have it all. As babies they get less chastisement, more cuddles, and better presents.
>
> At school they are more popular, have more friends and are less likely to be bullied. And as adults, they have more sexual partners, and are more likely to be married, have a good job, and earn a higher salary – around 10 per cent more than plain Joes and Janes. They are also perceived to be healthier, smarter, and more trustworthy, and if they go into politics they are more likely to be elected. But why are some people seen as attractive and others not? And why have we evolved to find some features attractive and others not?
>
> According to new research, it may all be down to oxidative stress and antioxidants. Psychologists have discovered that men who were rated as the most physically attractive by women have the lowest levels of markers of oxidative stress. […]
>
> Ten bilateral features of the men – ear width, ear height, wrist width, elbow width, lengths of four fingers, ankle breadth and foot breadth – were measured and compared. The men's urine was measured for markers of oxidative stress and for hormones, and they were quizzed about any birth complications, such as late or premature birth, which can increase levels of oxidative stress. Finally, a group of women were asked to rate images of the men's bodies and faces for physical attractiveness.
>
> Results show that men who were rated as attractive by the women had significantly lower levels of oxidative stress. And men with more symmetrical bodies had lower levels and were rated as more attractive. Men who had experienced birth problems had higher levels of oxidative-stress markers. […]

Lesson: Ladykillers don't sweat the small stuff.

> Some studies have shown that men are especially attracted to women with a low hip ratio – small waists and large hips. Just why remains elusive, although suggestions have included better child-bearing abilities, improved health, and greater survival. One University of California study showed that women with larger hips perform better in intelligence tests, as do their children.
>
> Body mass index, a measure of both height and weight, is another dimension that has attracted the attention of researchers. A ratio of 20.85 has been found to be most attractive in women, because, say researchers, it is seen by men as sign of good health and good reproductive potential.

The fat cows who lumber in here to moo that female BMIs of 25 are attractive (they use the euphemism "curvy") are full of shit. Science once again confirms the validity of the Dating Market Test for Women that has been at the top of this blog for three years. Oh, and you gym rats stuff it. BMI is a reasonable measure of attractive body

composition for women because most women are not muscle-bound meatheads.

In the same article, why do men prefer blondes? Answer: Handicap principle.

> [A]ccording to research out of the University of California, the answer is that blonde hair, like the peacock's tail or the rooster's bright-red plumage, is a sign of fitness. The evolutionary reason why men are attracted to blondes is that the hair and skin colour make it easier to spot problems. Anaemia, jaundice, skin infections, cyanosis (a sign of heart disease) and some other conditions, are, these researchers say, much easier to detect in fair-skinned individuals than in brunettes.
>
> So, in ancestral times when bugs and infections were thick on the ground, there was an evolutionary need to be able to pick a mate who would be healthy and have healthy offspring – hence the preference for blondes.

Prediction: this post was very painful to read for we-are-the-world equalists.

Reenactment Of A Dentist Visit Pickup

CH · 24 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This is a pickup attempt in a dentist's office, as we were both waiting to have our teeth cleaned. The lawyer chick returns! (Lawyer chicks are very diligent about keeping regular dental appointments.)

Listen for the rather unsubtle neg.

My Motto

CH · 26 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

To squeeze the last ounce of fun out of life before I drop dead.

Can your motto make more sense?

The Fundamentals

CH · 29 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

There is so much pickup information available now that it's easy to lose sight of the fundamentals that govern sexual tension and attraction between men and women. When the information cascade overwhelms it begins to pull you away from what works, and what has always worked for you. Consequently, over-analysis can hinder your spiritual growth as a womanizer. That is why it is vital to step back every so often, ignore the steady stream of advice, and return to a few golden, immutable laws of attraction that will never go out of style.

The one fundamental to which I always return, and has never failed to reward me as expected, is this:

Women cannot resist the aloof and indifferent man.

Of all the compulsions hard-wired in a female's hindbrain, this one is etched deeper and more enduringly. Every woman, to a greater or lesser degree, feels the burn of lust and the agony of love for a man who projects a "take it or leave it" attitude.

Note that aloof and indifferent doesn't mean haughty, distant or uninterested. It means *disinterested.* It means that while you may love her and flatter her and soothe her and give her gifts, underlying it all is an attitude that tells her "I can walk if necessary, and find someone new."

It may seem counterproductive for a woman to respond so favorably to a man exhibiting this attitude, but the evolution of human sociosexuality offers an explanation: an aloof man is indirectly advertising his skill at seducing women. Such a man will give a woman sons who will inherit his ladykiller genes. Conversely, a man who gloms onto a woman may as well be holding a placard that says "My celibacy is nigh!". He has no confidence that should his girlfriend or wife misbehave, or leave him, he will be able to find another woman's bossom for comfort.

And really, that's what all this talk by women about valuing "confidence" in men means; what women are really saying is that they value men who could dump them on a whim and get with new women easily. Men who can do this are filled with the kind of confidence that turns women on.

The aloof and indifferent attitude can be expressed reactively or proactively, deliberately or passively. She senses it when other women flirt with you and you refuse to act ashamed for it. You don't rub your desirability to competitor women in her face, but neither do you downplay it.

She senses it when she is the first to say "I love you", after many months of eager — but ultimately unfulfilled — anticipation on her part for you to say it first.

She senses it when you occasionally pepper your relationship with unexplained absences.

She senses it when you hang out with guy friends who are known players.

She senses it when you drag your feet about going on expensive trips together.

She senses it when you are the first to hop out of bed after climax.

She senses it when your exes are always bumping into you.

She senses it when you announce that you don't understand guys like her male friend who can only play video games when his girlfriend is not around to castigate him, and when you then proudly and defiantly proclaim you value your "freedom and independence" too much to be like that guy.

She senses it when a half-assed microwaved meal that you cooked for the both of you means more to her than a four course dinner slaved over for hours in the kitchen by a beta would mean to her.

She senses it when you set the bar so low, it becomes a challenge to disappoint her.

The fundamentals. Be aloof. Be indifferent. Be loving.

Do these three things and you will never be lacking for a woman's eternally grateful love.

Do U.S. Diplomats Read This Blog?

CH · 29 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Or do they coincidentally agree with the worldview espoused here at the Chateau?

Over two years ago, a post at this blog was written which compared the alphaness of George Bush and Vlad Putin. The coveted Alpha Male Smirk trophy went to Putin.

Now news comes from the infamous WikiLeaks documents that U.S. diplomats have tagged Putin with the alpha male designation.

> US diplomats refer to Russian PresidentDmitry Medvedev as a hesitant leader and Prime Minister Vladimir Putin as an “alpha male,” Kommersant reported on Monday citing documents released by WikiLeaks. […]
>
> “The Americans call the Russian President Dmitry Medvedev pale and hesitant, and Prime Minister Vladimir Putin an alpha male,” the newspaper wrote.

Do we here at the Chateau have our fingers on the pulse of high stakes diplomacy, or does the elite have its fingers on the pulse of the Chateau? Either way, it’s good to see the ruling class belie their paeans to nuance in favor of embracing the dispiriting truths of reductionism behind closed doors.

So what does Putin think of all this hubbub?

> Putin’s spokesman meanwhile told the daily that it was premature to take the reported character portraits too seriously.
>
> “We have to wait and see what level of diplomats made these comments, and in what documents they appear,” spokesman Dmitry Peskov told the daily.

He likes it.

The alpha male/beta male dichotomy is triumphant across the world, from low stations to high, for good or ill. The lamentations of the equivocating hairsplitters and the rearguard “greater purpose” spiritualists are music to the ears.

If this blog were an apple it would be a granny smith — tart but refreshing.

The Perfect Christmas Gifts For Your Girlfriend(s)

CH · 1 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Let's face it, gift giving is a chore for most men. After the lustful glow of a relationship has worn off (2 weeks), men find little joy shopping for acceptable gifts, purchasing them, and giving them to their girlfriends. This is because men know that, in reality, gift giving is the danegeld we pay to women to put off for a few months any soul-searching emotional meltdowns. Fact: Men could do without the obligations, crass consumerism and bogus bonhomie of the holidays entirely as long as the heavy drinking and eating weren't scotched.

In this spirit, here is a guide for getting your girl the optimal (and by "optimal", I mean "most likely to secure you an eggnog-slicked blowjob) gift this joyous Christmas season. (This guide applies as well to you lonely revelers of also-ran holidays like Hanukkah and Eid. Kwanzaa is too silly for consideration.)

The quality and type of optimal gift to give will depend on the momentousness of the holiday or occasion being celebrated and the seriousness of the relationship you have with the girl at the time of the holiday. Generally speaking, birthdays and anniversaries require more romantic, thoughtful gifts, while Christmas and its spin-offs are a time to indulge your inner child on gifts that are fun and show some of your personality. In short, romantic gifts showcase your attentiveness to what she wants, while fun gifts showcase your creativity and aspects of your personality. Christmas is usually more fun to shop for gifts because of this reason; expectations are mercifully constrained, and you can chill out free from the pressure of finding that perfect engraved bracelet which says "I love you when I'm plundering your body".

To help the gift-buying process along, think of the optimal gift not as a gift to her, but a gift to you — the gift of ensuring that she will put out for another three months, hassle-free.

The Chateau Gift-Buying Guide

If she is a mistress:

Something perishable, like a dinner or bouquet of flowers. You don't want evidence of your infidelity lingering on either you or her.

Upside: Keeps her expectations low. If you give her expensive stuff she'll assume you're thinking of leaving your wife to be with her.

Downside: A mistress always has you by the balls, unless you have managed the trick of persuading your wife to the spiritual benefits of polygyny. Go cheap on the gifts and she may show up at your front door at 2Am with a bag of candy.

If she is a Christmas Eve one night stand:

A six-pack of Michelob Light.

If she is three-week old fresh pussy:

Be careful! Many a man has learnt* a painful financial lesson when his loins were in charge of his credit card. Best bet: don't buy the potential slut anything. At three weeks, she could still be fucking her ex, or flirting with the bartender she thinks she has a shot with. If you must buy something, make it goofy and cheap, like a collection of Silly Bandz. A goofy cheap gift says all the right things to a girl who is still feeling you out for your alpha cred. She will know you aren't emotionally invested in her, and this will kickstart her hamster to raise your value and spin a storyline that has her chasing you, instead of the other way around.

*Last night I bangt a girl.

If she is a fling (you've been dating for fewer than three months, and plan to keep it that way):

For birthdays, tickets to a show for a band both you and her like. Use her as a pawn to flirt with hipster chicks at the

show.

For Christmas, a scarf and a bottle of Chivas. Drink until she's hot and/or interesting.

If she is in the three to four month limbo between a fling and a girlfriend (and you're not sure if she's the one):

For birthdays, tickets to a show for a band she likes but you don't necessarily like. Use the flirting hipster chicks as pawns to raise her sexing temp.

For Christmas, a stuffed animal with a homemade card (illegibly written) tucked into its arm. Feeling extra generous? Wrap the scarf you bought for her around the stuffed animal's neck.

If she is your girlfriend, i.e. #1 crush:

For birthdays or anniversaries, bracelet or necklace (stay away from rings; the association is too strong) if you are a beta. A puppy if you are a greater beta. A hot cocktail dress with accompanying lingerie if you are an alpha. A homemade mix tape if you are a super alpha. Play her a song you wrote on your guitar if you are an emo alpha. Airline tix to Kiev, if you want to give her a gift that you'll both enjoy.

For Christmas, ditch the conventional trinkets of romantic servitude in favor of fun and funny. Buy her a print of that awesome Kramer painting. Frame some of your best photos to hang on her wall (this serves the insidious dual purpose of continually reminding her of you should you two break up). Get her a collection of movies you know she likes. Or Wii foreplay games. Buy her some wicked "Eyes Wide Shut" masks for her bookshelf (or bedroom play). One caveat: Never buy a girl shoes. You won't get it right, and she'll resent you for robbing her of a chance to go shoe shopping.

Gift giving for girlfriends is a minefield. If you play the long game, you don't want to make a habit of giving expensive or hard-to-acquire gifts, because that will raise her expectations and thus make her intolerable to live with two years down the road. Multiply her insufferable entitlement complex by ten should you make the mistake of marrying her. Remember that a girl will evaluate not just your worth, but her own worth as well based on the priciness or thoughtfulness of the gifts you give her.

Maxim #87: The more expensive or thoughtful the gift you give a girl, the greater the risk that she will subconsciously begin to think she is too good for you.

Corollary to Maxim #87: If you are dating out of your league, or you are dating a young hot babe in her prime, you should do the exact opposite of what everyone will tell you to do — *don't* buy her expensive gifts. Be particularly wary of advice from women. No woman in the world is capable of thinking clearly or impartially on the matter of "acceptable" levels of male provisioning. Even old, fat hausfrau hogs will expect mountains of jewels in offerings from men.

Set the alpha tempo early by dispensing your gifts infrequently and unpredictably. Avoid buying big ticket items like jewelry or superlatively romantic emblems like large bouquets of roses if she still has high dating market value. (One rose is cool, though.) Grateful men give expensive gifts, but grateful men don't excite women. Be an ungrateful man. Be a Skittles man this holiday season.

A girl who has options simply will not appreciate expensive gifts like a girl who is desperate for your love. In fact, expensive, ego-stroking gifts can shut off the tingle spigot and spur a girl to reevaluate her options on the open market. The way to nip this female neural compulsion in the bud is to frequently pull up short in your indicators of affection for her. An example of an excellent HIOA (humbling indicator of affection) is a pair of tube socks stuffed with Hershey kisses.

If she's your aging wife in a country with divorce laws that favor the husband:

Nothing.

If she's your aging wife in the USA:

Refinance the mortgage to buy her the moon.

If she is girl #3 in your harem:

Nothing. If you can swing an open harem without consequence, profligate gift-giving will only undermine your hard work. Instead, treat your girls to what they always get — the gift of your jackhammer. (Exception: when building a harem, it sometimes helps to play one girl off another by selectively giving them gifts of varying quality.)

If you're trying to dump her:

A toaster oven. Or kitty litter if you're a cheap bastard.

Want Fewer Sex Crimes? Legalize Victimless Sexual Outlets

CH · 2 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A year ago, a study came out that provided evidence for my assertion that legalizing prostitution would reduce the incidence of rape. I wrote about that study here. Feminists were OUTRAGED, naturally, because feminists wrongly believe rape is about power, not sex.

Now, on a not-so-loosely related matter, we have similarly unsettling evidence — to both feminists and family values traditionalists — from another scientific study that legalizing child porn will help reduce the rate of real life child sex abuse.

> **Could making child pornography legal lead to lower rates of child sex abuse? It could well do, according to a new study by Milton Diamond, from the University of Hawaii, and colleagues.**
>
> Results from the Czech Republic showed, as seen everywhere else studied (Canada, Croatia, Denmark, Germany, Finland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Sweden, USA), that rape and other sex crimes have not increased following the legalization and wide availability of pornography. And most significantly, the incidence of child sex abuse has fallen considerably since 1989, when child pornography became readily accessible – a phenomenon also seen in Denmark and Japan. Their findings are published online today in Springer's journal *Archives of Sexual Behavior*.
>
> The findings support the theory that potential sexual offenders use child pornography as a substitute for sex crimes against children. While the authors do not approve of the use of real children in the production or distribution of child pornography, they say that artificially produced materials might serve a purpose.
>
> Diamond and team looked at what actually happened to sex-related crimes in the Czech Republic as it transitioned from having a strict ban on sexually explicit materials to a situation where the material was decriminalized. Pornography was strictly prohibited between 1948 and 1989. The ban was lifted with the country's transition to democracy and, by 1990, the availability and ownership of sexually explicit materials rose dramatically. Even the possession of child pornography was not a criminal offense.
>
> The researchers monitored the number of sex-related crimes from Ministry of Interior records – rape, attempted rape, sexual assault, and child sex abuse in particular – for 15 years during the ban and 18 years after it was lifted.
>
> Most significantly, they found that the number of reported cases of child sex abuse dropped markedly immediately after the ban on sexually explicit materials was lifted in 1989. In both Denmark and Japan, the situation is similar: Child sex abuse was much lower than it was when availability of child pornography was restricted.

Yeah, correlation is not causation, but the correlation linking availability of child porn with an immediate decrease of reported child sex abuse is remarkably strong.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why this is so, (or, conversely, it takes a feminist to NOT see the bleeding obvious): Loser men and pedophiles with few consensual or legal sexual outlets to drain their balls will be more incentivized to seek relief with real victims. But throw an endless stream of porn at them — distasteful child porn (using graphical representations of kids rather than real images) or regular adult porn — and the daily ball self-drainage serves as an excellent demotivational technique against engaging in criminal sexual abuse.

Feminists who blather on idiotically and without a shred of evidence that porn and "female objectification" increases male sexual violence are completely discredited by the results from these actual scientific studies. But feminists were never big on the truth, especially when the truth gets in the way of shifting more social and state power to women's advantage, especially ugly women's advantage.

If shrieking femcunts knew the first thing about the workings of the male sex drive, they would know that men getting regular ball drainage with willing sexual partners are the kind of confident, no-sweat chaps they can't help but love. It's the involuntarily celibate omegas and psychologically skewed pedos and rapists with all their pent-up ball juice who cause trouble. Give them a legal sexual outlet with whores and porn and suddenly they're not tottering on the precipice of intent to commit sexual abuse.

> Other results showed that, overall, there was no increase in reported sex-related crimes generally since the legalization of pornography. Interestingly, whereas the number of sex-related crimes fell significantly after 1989, the number of other societal crimes – murder, assault, and robbery – rose significantly.

This is interesting. I was under the impression that all violent crime was down across the board since the early 90s, and that this trend was evident in a broad selection of countries. If true, this would add even more weight to the findings linking lower reported sex crimes with increased availability of virtual sexual outlets. I suppose men who are inclined to murder could blow off their psychotic steam playing Call of Duty. On the other hand, violent first person shooters may operate differently on male dopamine receptors than does porn; there is evidence that, as opposed to the pressure-valve releasing effect of porn, violent video games torque a man's testosterone and make him more aggressive.

Austrian Politician Has Heavy Sack

CH · 3 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

There's one word to describe the guy in this video — balls. Via Dennis Mangan, an Austrian MP unloads on the rank hypocrisy of the Turkish ambassador and the vile stupidity of the open borders one-worlder assimilationist suicide cult.

"Mr. Ambassador, enter the Orient Express and go back to Istanbul, your wonderland!"

If only we had a few men with big brass ones like him on this side of the Atlantic, instead of the smarmy, unctuous faygalas like Barney Frank, Lincoln Chafee and Harry Reid we seem to endlessly be stuck with.

Europe is waking up. Will America follow? Or is it already too late to make a difference? There's hope and change in the wind, all right…

The Psychosis Of Single Moms

CH · 3 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

What happens when unmarried women chase down noncommittal cads, get knocked up by them, give birth to illegitimate bastards, and then languish in despair as they quickly notice their material well-being, love life, and dating market value deteriorating immensely as single moms? They have mental breakdowns!

This post brought to you by the Committee of Helpful Reminders that a national 41% illegitimacy rate is bad news for modern civilization.

PS The Committee for Proven Solutions as Opposed to Feel-Good Solutions offers the following four-point plan for ending bastardy and reckless single momhood:

1. Shame

2. Ostracization

3. Elimination of all state-sponsored financial support, including but not limited to food stamps and mandated maternity leave.

4. Condoms

In this Christmas season, we should all be so fucking humanitarian as the spirit of this post.

Is Spain The Worst Country In The World For Players?

CH · 6 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader forwarded an article about Spain being the world capital of prostitution.

> Prostitution is so popular (and socially accepted) in Spain that a United Nations study reports that 39 per cent of all Spanish men have used a prostitute's services at least once. A Spanish Health Ministry survey in 2009 put the percentage of one-time prostitute users at 32 per cent: lower than the UN figure, perhaps, but far higher than the 14 per cent in liberal-minded Holland, or in Britain, where the figure is reported to oscillate between 5 and 10 per cent. And that was just those men willing to admit it.

Now you may, in your precious naïvete, think a country that has brothels on every corner is a paradise for womanizers seeking easy prey. If you define "prey" as women who will put out only if you pay them cold cash for services rendered, then you may have a point. But most players and connoisseurs of the art of seducing women to give it up freely would not consider paying for it a noble exercise of their talents. Nor would they think visiting a whore to be a worthy prize for the months and years they dedicated to learning game. After all, what greater pleasure is there than to bed a woman who embraces her surrender willingly? For some men, paying for it has its uses; but for men who pride themselves on their seductive prowess, a willing lover so overcome by desire she would be unable to charge for her wares should the thought even occur to her is the most exquisite conquest of all.

> To meet this vast demand, an estimated 300,000 prostitutes are working in Spain – everywhere from clubs in town centres to industrial estates, to lonely country roads to roadside bars, the last often recognisable by gigantic neon signs of champagne bottles or shapely females, flashing away in the darkness. And recently, on the French border, Club Paradise opened with 180 sex workers, making it the biggest brothel in Europe.

Upside to an army of hookers: The average man gets a shot at experiencing the unequalled pleasure of fucking a beautiful young woman.

Downside to an army of hookers: The ranks of hot civilian chicks freely available on a weekend night are noticeably reduced.

> As the clubs get larger, the clients get younger. According to studies carried out for the Spanish Association for the Social Reintegration of Female Prostitutes (Apramp), back in 1998 the typical client was a 40-year-old married male. By 2005, however, the average age had dropped to 30 – and it appears to be getting lower. "The kids are going because they see it as a quick way of getting what would take a lot longer to happen if they went to a disco," Alvaro says. "You've got the money, you choose the woman you want and it's all over and done with." His own logic is even more brutal: "I go when I don't have a girlfriend."

And here we see the crux of the reason why Spain is a horrible place for players seeking to game girls into bed: The country is so full of hot, entitled princesses who play a mean countergame of hard-to-get that men are flocking to whores for some sweet relief. The dead giveaway is the quote that hooking up "would take a lot longer to happen if they went to a disco". Spain is a country full of blue-balled betas and egotistic stuck-up bitches. In desperation, the betas turn to whores, and in response the whore business booms. The only other explanation for Spain's high prostitution rate that makes any sense is the notion that Spanish men are horny bastards who need a platoon of girlfriends, wives and whores to adequately drain their balls.

In a player's calculus for spots to travel, the hotness of the local girls is only part of the equation. He must also consider the susceptibility of those girls to smooth talking. If the girls are hot, but refuse to put out, that places the country squarely in the "scenic tourist trap" category. All show, no blow. Spain would seem to qualify, as would Argentina.

If the women are ugly, but put out on the first night, that places the country in the “old ruins” category. You get a quick fix of unsightly culture for the low price of bus fare. This is the option for swarthy Mediterranean men fleecing vacationing middle-aged Brit women of their vaginas and wallets. It is also the option for American men who prefer the tight holes of Thai ladyboys to the enormous caverns of obese American women.

If the girls are hot *and* put out on the first night, you have found ~~Kiev~~, ~~Vladivostok~~, ~~Reykjavik~~, ~~Warsaw~~ an imaginary nirvana. This is the option for blog writers and diplomats. More about this, I will not say.

Sex Differences In Book Dedications

CH · 6 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Joel emails:

> Here is an observation I have made about book dedications and how they give some insight into the female mind. I would like your opinion about it. You may use it on your blog site, or not. I would like some of this to be made known to your readers.
>
> Many of the younger men just don't get the nature of women, until too late, that is. I suppose this is because the girls put up a good show, and virtually all of the young man's socialization tells him very little but lies. I blame testosterone for a lot of male blindness to the female personality. It is hard think rationally about anything, let alone women, when your testosterone level is high.
>
> But, clues are everywhere. For example, take book dedications. I work in the medical field. Many medical books, if authored by only one or two people (an increasingly rare phenomenon these days) will have a dedication by the author. Almost all medical books have been authored by men, and the dedications usually give recognition to a person or persons important in their life, like wives, fathers, and mentors.
>
> A common dedication would be:
>
> This book is dedicated to my wife, my loving companion and my constant inspiration.
>
> Or in the older books, just a plain:
>
> To my wife: Mary Alice Haagensen.
>
> Fathers often get mentioned, eg:
>
> To the loving memory of my father, etc.
>
> My personal favorite from a giant in his field:
>
> I dedicate this book to my father, whose love of truth inspired me in all my works.
>
> This particular author was home schooled by his father. Just to show they don't make them like that anymore, he was married to a nurse, and they both lived into their old age together. When she died, a friend asked him if he missed his wife or was depressed over her death. His response would be a nice epitaph for anyone:
>
> To complain about her passing would be poor thanks for a lifetime of perfect companionship.
>
> Often, the books are dedicated to their mentors, sometimes by name, sometimes generically. Also, sometimes to their students, who are given credit for inspiring the authors to greater efforts by their youthful curiosity.
>
> So, now that women are starting to write books, and have been doing so long enough so that it is not a novelty and they no longer simply ape the customs of men, what do we see?
>
> Two recent book dedications, from women professors at a major medical institution:
>
> To Andy-my husband, my best friend, my constant supporter, and the most decent person I have ever known.
>
> Now, let's look at this dedication. Where does she say she has the slightest emotional attachment to him? I could have written this about my dog, and with more feeling. And, to anybody who knows the female mind, a "decent man" is the man who she finds distinctly uninteresting in bed. By God, she is advertising to the world that her husband is a dud. A complete beta.
>
> A second example:
>
> To Michelle, Ryan, Alice, Justin, and Christopher.
>
> Sounds odd. Who are these people? The first four are her kids. The last is her live in boyfriend, who happens to be a professor in the same department. No mention of her husband(s). Or father.

> These dedications are outrageous, in my opinion, but, such is the amoral mindset of women.
>
> Don’t say you weren’t warned.

I find this kind of putatively trivial stuff worthy of my attention because I believe much wisdom and knowledge about the mind of women can be gleaned from it. In fact, and despite my many science-oriented posts, most of what I learned about women was gotten from simply observing them in real life, whether in their doings with me or with others. Yet, the science is fascinating for how often it backs up what I observe with my own eyes.

So seemingly little things like sex differences in book dedications, when viewed with an inquisitive mind unshackled from the chains of hoary platitudes, leads to a better understanding of the emotional and cognitive commonalities that almost all women share. This, in turn, illuminates for the knowledge-seeking man the deeply embedded thinking processes that guide the behavior — sexual or otherwise — of women.

Am I surprised by the curiosity that modern Western women are rather unaffectionate, masculine sounding, and even belittling in their dedications to the men in their lives, or that that often dump their lovers — sometimes husbands, sometimes live-in boyfriends — at the back of the line of a laundry list of people? Am I thunderstruck by the fact that the typical authoress’s book dedication sounds solipsistic, like a vajrap straight outta self-empowerment?

The answer, of course, would be no. But I didn’t need anyone to tell me that. All I needed was a willingness to see the world as it really is, and to flinch not at what I saw. In a sane, reasonable world, this would not be a monumental accomplishment on my part. But in the world bequeathed us, filled to brimming with the willing blind and their wicked pied pipers, it is a glorious imposition upon this veil of lies.

To my readers: sharpen your claws, tear the veil into tatters, and feel the tingles of the women.

Iron Rule In TV Commercials

CH · 6 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

From a commenter over at J. Derbyshire's National Review column:

> I too have noticed the "iron rule in TV commercials", but have refrained from mentioning it to family & friends to avoid being labeled a kook or a crank. Expanding on the rule: If a commercial includes more than one person, there will be "diversity". The man is always the dupe, hapless moron or jerk. More than one man – it's the white guy. Only women – it's the white woman. I challenge anyone to find an exception to this rule!

I accept this challenge, and have enlisted a battalion of Chateau acolytes to watch hundreds of hours of TV commercials in my stead for the elusive exception to the Iron Rule of Dopey White Men in Any Scenario and Dopey White Women in Female-Only Casts. When the elusive exception is found and tagged, there will be a party at John Stewart headquarters where champagne toasts will be hoisted to the continued predominance of self-congratulatory snark.

The Assange “””Rape”””: A Case Of Spurned Groupies

CH · 8 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

So let me see if I have this straight.

Four months ago, fame-whore Anna Ardin had a few telephone and internet conversations with WikiLeaks badboy Julian Assange, a man she had previously only known as a name in the news.

A few telephone calls with an alpha male she didn't know from Adam is all it took for her vagina to vibrate like a tuning fork. She invited him to stay at her unattended (!) place in Stockholm. She would be away on business.

When he arrived in Stockholm, the radical libertarian Assange “held court” at a local pub with like-minded admirers. The vagina tingles reached critical mass.

Assange's alphaness must have been so powerful it was telepathic, because Ardin picked up on the disturbance in the electromagnetic spectrum from far away and returned home a day earlier than she had planned. SETI could not locate an extraterrestrial signal so precisely.

Assange was still at her place when she returned. She decided he could continue to stay. Scientists are baffled.

Within mere hours of returning and meeting this man in the flesh for the first time in her life, Ardin and Assange had sex. She is not a total slut, though. She would like you to know that they had dinner beforehand.

During sex, the condom broke. Both confirm this.

The two lovebirds were happy and friendly the next morning, as can be discerned by the fact that Ardin threw a party for him that night.

At a seminar that day, woman #2, Sofia Wilen, felt a strong rush of tingles for Assange because she read about him in the papers.

Wilen set out to meet Assange, by ~~stalking him~~ introducing herself:

> [Sofia] would later tell police that she had first seen Assange on television a few weeks before. She had found him ‘interesting, brave and admirable’. As a result, she began to follow the WikiLeaks saga, and when she discovered that he was due to visit Stockholm she contacted the Brotherhood Movement to volunteer to help out at the seminar. Although her offer was not taken up, she decided to attend the seminar anyway and took a large number of photos of Assange during his 90-minute talk.

Lesson: A woman will move heaven and earth to meet an alpha male. When a man does the same thing to meet a woman he likes, he is slapped with a restraining order.

Assange and Wilen went to lunch together with Assange's friends.

They flirted.

The attraction was mutual. Scientists, still baffled, wonder how an ugly but infamous mofo like Assange could be considered attractive by a cute babe.

After lunch, Assange and Wilen went to see a movie. But Assange had to part early, to attend the party that Ardin was throwing for him that night.

After the party, the future rape accuser Anna Ardin Tweeted that she was “with the coolest people” and that she felt “amazing”.

There were other Tweets of this nature that suggest a state of mind very unlike what one would imagine a recent rape victim would possess.

A couple days later, Sofia meets Assange in Stockholm. She then pays for his train ticket to her home in another Swedish town. Scientists, now knee-deep in bafflement, wonder why a young woman would pay the way of an ugly and poor but infamous libertardian badboy claiming he can't get money because the CIA tracks his credit card transactions. Sofia's hamster is about to collapse from exhaustion.

Maxim #21: Betas pay, alphas split, super alphas profit.

Later that night, the two self-satisfied, egomaniacal "activists" make sweet rebellious love as the world burns down around them. Assange wore a condom at night, but raw dogged it in the morning.

Sofia Wilen would later claim that she had asked him to wear a condom in the morning, but he refused. She opened her legs anyway.

On Tuesday, the following day, Wilen and Assange had lunch. She paid for his train ticket again.

Assange forgets rule #1 of successful womanizers: Do NOT concurrently bed mutual acquaintances, particularly those who are proud to call themselves feminists. Wilen calls Ardin, and the two women conspire a false rape charge to exact revenge against the man who treated the purity of their love so cavalierly.

At the police station, the women are interviewed by a female police officer. Charges follow. No, not charges of "cruel and unusual fits of jealousy" but charges of rape and sexual molestation against Assange.

Assange, a figure of ambivalence at best, has as a result of his recent arrest in Britain, epicenter of self-loathing, self-annihilating Westerners, earned street cred with REAL liberty loving men.

What scores of powerful governments around the world have been unable to do, two spurned groupies and a female police officer, along with the backing of the feminist establishment, have been able to orchestrate unhindered.

******

I think that's the story. What can we learn from this? Let me be blunt.

If Assange is convicted of rape,
then we are all rapists now.

Every man who's ever had a condom break, or who had condomless sex with a woman who agreed to the sex despite her misgivings, or who has slept with more than one woman in a weekend, is now a rapist. By these standards, half the men in the world would be locked up on rape charges. This is the logical conclusion of feminist thought. I'm sure they secretly love the idea.

Feminists and feminist enablers (you know who you are, you pasty-skinned sunken-chest droopy cartoon muscled faggy-faced white knighters who wear T-shirts that say "this is what a feminist looks like"), here is word from the Committee of Helpful Reminders:

Sex with a woman willingly spreading for a man despite his refusal to wear a condom, and then feeling regret about her sluttiness the next day, is not rape. It is not even rape in emasculated Sweden. Similarly, getting pumped and dumped is not sexual molestation. Hope this helps.

Anna Ardin's ego was bruised, and her sluttiness broadcast to all her friends. As a result, she set out to seek vengeance against the skirt-chasing man she fell in love with over a heady late summer weekend. She even had a website devoted to plans for exacting just such a revenge scenerio.

> Earlier this year, [Anna] is reported to have posted a telling entry on her website, which she has since removed. But a copy has been retrieved and widely circulated on the internet.
>
> Entitled '7 Steps to Legal Revenge', it explains how women can use courts to get their own back on unfaithful lovers.
>
> Step 7 says: 'Go to it and keep your goal in sight. Make sure your victim suffers just as you did.'

In a normal, sane society with a firm grip on what constitutes fairness and justice, hypercunty feminism-soaked revenge fantasists would have to consign themselves to acting out their aggression in their fucked-up heads. The only people who would suffer from their delusions would be the hapless also-ran beta boyfriends competing with the lingering memories of badboy alpha cock like Assange's piercing the grateful labia of these heartbroken shrikes.

But we in the West don't live in a sane society. Not anymore. Rabid attack cunts like Ardin and Wilen can now see their revenge fantasies breathed into life, aided and abetted by the feminism-industrial complex, cultural PC-ism, an allied media, and women in positions of influence where their natural inclination toward favoring social cohesion and grrlpower at the expense of justice makes a mockery of the institutions they claim to represent.

By the way, is there anything more repulsive than a "Christian feminist", as Anna Ardin calls herself? At least you can enjoy a piece of ass with regular secular feminists, which helps makes their inane little opinions tolerable. But a Christian feminist is the worst of both worlds — teeth-gnashingly insipid *and* prudish. Wow, sign me up! Anyhow, it's been my observation that self-professed Christian feminists are some of the worst man-hating cunts alive, truly devoid of any sense of empathy or even a rudimentary grasp of fairness. Anna Ardin, in all her glorious hamsterized self-rationalizing hypocrisy, fits the mold perfectly. This is how the Daily Mail describes her job in life:

> While a research assistant at a local university she had not only been the protegee of a militant feminist academic, but held the post of 'campus sexual equity officer'. Fighting male discrimination in all forms, including sexual harassment, was her forte.

If there is something more pointless to do with one's life, I can't think of it. The obvious pointlessness explains some of the resentment that people like Ardin nurse against the outside world, and against men specifically. The humanities departments of academia throughout the West have turned into mills for churning out ignorant, man-loathing fascists who envy and hate the inherent freedom of male desire. They are pinkshirts on the prowl for "incorrect thinking", who see rape in the frosting on a birthday cake. Imagine a high heel stomping on a nutsack, forever. Why do men put up with this shit? Probably because they think assuming a posture of prostration will get them laid. Nominal alphas may have supported feminism in the past as a quick and painless route to easy sex, but today they are in the gun sights as much as any beta. To win at this war, you need true insight into the female mind.

Sweden leads the way in this fembot festival of absurdity, but the other Western (white) nations are not far behind. China will catapult to superpower status this century, not least because they have their heads on straight and see modern feminism for the productivity and innovation sapping insanity it is.

I've written before that false rape accusers ought to be punished the same as actual rapists, with jail time. It is as evil as real rape. Their lies destroy lives. Tossing them in jail for years will send a valuable message to women everywhere that they will not escape the consequences of smearing a man who didn't fulfill their romantic expectations.

A Man Stops Saying Insecure Things And Finds Success With Women

CH · 9 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In a recent post, I wrote about the fundamentals of pickup — namely, the attitude and behavior a man must exhibit to guarantee success with women. The critical state of mind that every master womanizer I've known shares is an aloof and indifferent, sometimes even scornful, attitude toward women's opinions of them and the direction of their relationships. Women can't help but love these kinds of men who can take or leave them; men who don't bother to — or who at least don't give the impression of bothering to — win women's approval. Men who couldn't give a rat's ass if they unintentionally offend women. If you're having trouble visualizing this attitude in action, just think of clinginess and neediness, and do the opposite.

This fundamental attitude of aloofness must undergird everything else; without it, all the game techniques in the world will eventually fail you. The good news is that tactical seduction and concomitant ego-massaging operate in a feedback loop; mouthing the techniques and experiencing positive responses to them is often enough to instill the proper attitude, i.e. inner game.

Revisiting this theme of pickup fundamentals, it occurs to me there are two more crucial attitudes that contribute to a well-honed and masculine inner psyche that girls crave. Listing the three fundamental traits of the irresistibly attractive and vital man in descending order of importance, they are:

1. Be aloof. (Amused mastery)
2. Don't be insecure. (Irrational self-confidence)
3. Dehumanize and objectify women. (This subject — the most controversial — will be discussed in a future post)

Every successful lady's man in the world possesses these three core traits in varying degrees. If there is a man out there who is clingy, insecure, or prone to romantic pedestalization, yet still good with women, you can bet he has massively compensating attractiveness traits that allow women to overlook his effete attitudinal shortcomings. Think George Clooney or John Mayer compensating.

Regarding pickup fundamental #2, check out this funny post by a man who adjusted his attitude after his girlfriend dumped him. His goal? To stop saying insecure things, which he blamed for his failed relationship.

> The best way of putting it is that for the past few months I've been working on myself. My last serious relationship ended in August, principally because of my insecurity. (This is not a break-up essay and is actually going to be about something really interesting, but the break-up stuff is necessary background information, so just hang on.) When I say this, I don't mean that my insecurity made me *do* anything. She simply left me *because* I am insecure. And I'm not complaining about this. It sucks for me, but she was completely within her rights, and it would have been selfish of me to expect otherwise. After all, male confidence is for women what female physical attractiveness is for men, so for her this must have been like dating a fat girl. This made no sense to me—just as, I guess, men caring about appearance to the exclusion of attitude makes no sense to women—but that's what women are like, and I'm attracted to women, so I figured I could either sit around and complain about it or stand up and try to change, so I did. […]
>
> I felt like I had to either stop being insecure or lie down and die. And then it hit me. An elegant equation too simple and too beautiful to have been seen first, and all the more clearly true for having appeared at the close of a draining epic quest that took almost a whole hour.
>
> The five most beautiful words in the language: *Fuck this, I'll just lie.*
>
> After all, regardless of what Oprah says, women are not in fact psychic. The only way they'll know I'm insecure is if I tell them. In the relationship that ended three months ago, I had made the mistake of taking

> women at their word when they say they want you to be honest about your feelings. Well, I guess women aren't exactly lying when they say this; it's more that they just don't mean it the way you assume. Women do in fact want you to be honest about your feelings, but it's not so they can love you better—it's so they know whether to dump your pathetic ass. Women want you to be honest about your feelings the way the IRS wants you to be honest about your finances. What I realized too late was that it was totally within my power to keep that relationship going. All I would have had to do was lie about what I'm really thinking every moment for the rest of my life.

The results of his experiment in attitude adjustment — AKA game — will be no surprise to any regular guest of the Chateau.

> Now you're probably thinking that it didn't work. You're expecting me to say that I refrained from saying insecure stuff, but girls didn't like me any better—either because they could still magically tell I was insecure somehow, or because it turns out that girls look deeper than that and aren't really as shallow as I was making them out to be. But that's not it either. Girls—and, to be fair, people in general—really are as shallow as I was making them out to be, and the simple practice of never saying insecure things worked amazingly well. To be perfectly honest, I had sex with more women this past September and October than during any *year*-long stretch of my life before, or all *four* years of college. And I didn't even go out that much. So without becoming boorish here, let it be established that never saying insecure things really does work, and is incredibly easy.

Fundamental #2 (See also: Commandment XI): Be irrationally self-confdent. It doesn't matter if you have no objective basis for your confidence — women are wired to get turned on by men expressing confidence, which can be as easy to do as simply refraining from expressing insecurity, as the man in the link above found out. So the next time you reflexively feel like putting yourself down to win imaginary plaudits or perhaps a pity fuck from women, don't do it. Think before you speak. Better to be thought a silent alpha than blab your true feelings and go home a rejected beta.

He goes on to note that his new, non-insecure persona, while netting him pussy, turned him into a nonentity. He says that acting confident all the time instead of in his usual self-deprecating, insecure, but highly entertaining way — "I *want* to ask her every five minutes whether she really likes me and then not believe her when she says yes… Instead, I slap her on the ass and then lean against something" — made him an uninteresting caricature.

Two counterpoints to that. One, most men would gladly trade a self-perceived interesting personality for more pussy, if such a trade-off were available or even a reflection of reality. Two, the move from insecure to confident does not necessitate an abandonment of sparkling wit. A quick observation of all the supremely cocky and confident womanizers you have known should remind you that they are often the most interesting and fun guys to be around. A slap on the ass is a lot funnier, and sexier, than a despairing exegesis on one's crippling self-doubt. Sure, a lot of newbs to game tend to reformulate themselves into cookie-cutter automatons, but that's sometimes a necessary transition until they have internalized the proper attitude and can successfully couple it with their innately unique personalities.

Now if you despise women like some race of philistines incapable of finding the humor and the attraction in the insecure funnyman schtick, then you will either have to bury your resentment and enjoy getting laid, or stay principled with your calloused hand as an audience of one. This is the reality in which you exist. Perhaps in some alternate universe a version of you is setting vaginas on fire with hair-pulling laments about your A cup manboobs.

The Player Vibe

CH · 10 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Walawala asks:

> [H]ow do you deal with chicks that suddenly start viewing [my newfound] self-confidence as being a player. "I'll bet you have tons of girl friends…" etc..
>
> Yes, these are shit tests, I get that, and can deal. But my problem lately has been chicks that get so attached after I bang them, they break up because they fear "it won't go anywhere and you have lots of girlfriends"…even though quite honestly I don't. I'm just confident.

This is a common complaint from men who are starting to see results with game. The answer is to focus on the basics. Forget tricky routines or clever quips or nuclear negs. You would be missing the forest for the trees. The specific reply to this type of shit test isn't important; what matters is the big picture. As long as you recognize the forces at work in the woman's mind, the answer you give will be good, regardless of the exact wording you use.

So what do you need to know? Really, just one thing. You need to refrain from playing into the woman's frame. When a chick says "I'll bet you're a player" or some similar variation thereof, she expects you to *feel shame*, and then to backpedal, apologize, act humbled, or otherwise be a magnificent beta seeking her approval. Are you a beta? Because this is what goes through every beta's mind, (AKA the twitchy guinea pig, if you will, because women are always using them as test subjects), and in this order:

This chick is hot.
She just said she bets I have a ton of girlfriends.
That's good, right?
Again, this chick is hot.
I better not say anything to piss her off or ruin this magic moment we're sharing.
Since chicks don't like womanizers, I will deny being one.
I hope she is impressed by my answer.
Sex, maybe?

And just like that, you are dancing to her tune. No sex for you!

Now put yourself into the shoes of an alpha. This is what goes through his mind when a girl asks him the same:

This chick is hot.
Is she giving me shit already?
Typical hot bitch.
I'm gonna fuck with her.
Too easy.

Once you have identified the trap and have committed to sidestepping it, the right reply will come to you naturally.

"Yes, my harem is huge. Each girl has a specific job to do. How'd you like to be my grape-feeder?"

The above reply is an example of agree and amplify. It isn't the only way to answer shit tests, but it is a proven successful technique. There are other, equally good tactics, for dealing with Venus Vajtraps. The specific tactic you use will depend on your personality and the comfort you feel using it. The point is that as long as you recognize framing and have the confidence to avoid approval-seeking behavior, executing a precise alpha counterattack won't be something you have to struggle to find the right words to convey. A solidly grounded "I am the prize" mentality and a sharp awareness of female filtering mechanisms will make the job of finding the right thing to say much easier.

In Walawala's specific case, girls he has been banging for a while are preemptively bolting because they tell themselves he is a player who won't commit. Again, the worst thing Walawala could do would be to try to allay their fears. That's throwing chum in the water as hungry sharks circle.

His problem isn't that girls think he is a player. That's just their hamster squeaking. I have never known a girl to break up with a man because she convinced herself he must be good with women. She may bitch and moan (usually facetiously), but she won't actually walk away from such a man. Particularly if she is hot.

There are exceptions. Less attractive girls sometimes find the will to walk away from high value men because they subconsciously calculate that his slew of options with hotter girls mean there is no future with him. So perhaps Walawala is slumming it.

Another reason why girls may leave when things are going well is if the man is telling girls about his multiple girlfriends after a few months together, when such surprising news could precipitate a breakup. Walawala says that isn't the case with him.

Barring those exceptions, his LTR issue with girls isn't the player vibe, but, more likely, not enough vulnerability game. If he wants these spooked girls to stick around, then he'll have to soften the aloof edges of his alpha game. This isn't to say he should jettison the supreme confidence that got him the bangs; it is only to suggest that he needs to show more signs — however shallow — of commitment. Men who sleep around often forget that women possess a duality of heart. They lust for those romantic gestures of fealty almost as much as the alpha strut of independence. It can come as a shock to stone cold players when girlfriends suddenly scoot after the three month mark because they came to the sensible conclusion — from their genes' point of view — that the alpha stud they luv would make a better short term sperm contributor than a long term backrub servant.

One other point: It has been my observation that sometimes, when women cry "player!", what they are really saying is "beta!". If there are unsatisfying aspects of your personality or attitude that she doesn't like, she will be prone to using the more socially acceptable excuse of "player unwilling to commit" to rationalize her loss of feeling for you and subsequent dumping. Many women are loathe to admit, whether to others or to themselves, that they are leaving a man because he became too chumpy, beta, easy-to-please, predictable, unchallenging, weak, unambitious, sexually tepid, or even overly committed. They'd rather sugarcoat the real reasons so they can sleep at night, assured that their peers won't kick them out into the icy wastelands for being a grade A bitch.

Do not underestimate just how incapable women are of directly acknowledging the ancient forces that drive their ids. Here, as in so many other matters related to sociosexuality and psychological motivation, men and women diverge markedly.

How To Greet Like An Alpha Male

CH · 13 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Posts about alpha body language always elicit titters of snarky gayness from the haters. “Stand contrapposto like an alpha.” “Don’t lean in.” “Face out toward the room.” The closed-minded can’t, or won’t, comprehend that certain actions — even seeming trivialities like the location of one’s feet on the floor — can increase or decrease a man’s attractiveness to women. Their ignorance stems from their refusal to acknowledge the premise that alpha males and beta males not only exist in reality, but that each group shares behaviors and attitudes that define them. People who believe we are all special little snowflakes have a particularly difficult time accepting the fact of our biomechanistic origins and how this translates into universally shared traits and mating behaviors. Few people, especially the religious and the equalists (one and the same, really), like to think we are slave to ancient shadow forces making a mockery of our concept of free will.

Here’s another body adjustment that will boost your alpha appeal to women: When you nonverbally greet people, toss your head up and then down, instead of nodding down then up. Via Delenda est Carthago:

> Back in the early 80s when I was a freshman in high school, I noticed that some male students, when they greeted people, would give a little toss of their head. This “reverse nod” (up, then down) was remarkable because it ran counter to my own habit of nodding (down, then up) to people when I greeted them. I don’t know how it got to be a habit, but it’s probably what I saw the adults around me do, and adults in movies and TV do, rather than something that somebody told me I was supposed to do.
>
> Because the toss was new, and because the upperclassmen did it, I associated it with being “cool”, and tried to emulate it. I may have had a dim sense of the biomechanics, but I lacked the analytical tools and vocabulary to appreciate what was at stake. But as much as I practiced the toss in front of a mirror, I almost never remembered to deploy it in an actual social situation, and eventually I gave up.
>
> As I have moved from youth to adulthood, I have observed others using the toss with diminishing frequency, although this could be me just not paying attention anymore. But it’s easy to see how the study cited above maps onto the implications of the head toss.

The “reverse nod” does map onto the research posted at this blog recently about women preferring to look up at men. When you start your nod on an upward trajectory, instead of in the downward direction that most people nod, you are mimicking that masculine backwards facial tilt which brings women such delight.

Try the reverse nod now. Nod up then down. Now try the usual way. Nod down then up. You don’t have to be nodding at anyone. This little experiment will work even if you are alone. What did you feel deep down in the pit of your animal soul? I guarantee that most of you men reading this felt “more alpha” doing the reverse nod. It was a nebulous, ill-formed feeling, but a real feeling nonetheless.

When you feel the alpha in you, you know that girls are noticing the alpha in you. A small adjustment in a trivial thing like nodding can redound to your attractiveness in bigger ways. To be sure, a nod will not get you laid. But you start adding up all these little changes intended to emphasize alpha male characteristics, and suddenly you’re cooking with gas.

Women's Standards Crumble Easily Given The Right Incentives

CH · 14 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #39: A woman's standards are like a house of cards: kick out one from the bottom and the whole edifice crashes down.

I was mingling with some friends, a mixed group, when one of the girls — 7.5, ~0.75 waist-hip ratio, lithe, A cups, mid-20s (because this info is vital to any discussion) — piped up about her standards in men. She went on for some length describing the kind of man she would deign to date. (She is single.) Now based on looks, age and lack of sprog baggage, she has the sexual market value to make some weighty demands. And she knew that on a logical level. Her 463 bullet point checklist she recited was quite impressive in its detail:

- worldly and well-travelled; must have been someplace besides Europe
- athletic; football or lacrosse player at a Div 1-A school preferred
- spontaneous
- generous; must have done volunteer work at some point in life
- Cute but with a rugged edge; a cross between Orlando Bloom and Christian Bale
- good conversationalist; can speak intelligently on any number of subjects, but especially film history
- stylish; not a J. Crew guy, but more like a Banana Republic-slash-Marc Jacobs guy
- muscular, but not too beefy; deltoids must be developed to bulging perfection
- tall, but not more than 8 inches taller than her
- a connoisseur of fine wine
- shuns video games

This was not the full list. It is the list I could remember for this post. Two weeks later, we all met again, and this time she was with a man, someone she had just started dating. He was:

- a full-time bartender
- a local who has never left the country (yes, he admitted this, with some pride)
- dressed in jeans and a button-down
- a couple inches taller than her (average male height)
- a state school grad
- tattooed
- a very chill, amiable guy; you could see yourself having a beer with him
- not particularly built, but not fat either
- better than average looking, but no Christian Bale
- socially savvy, but not intellectual
- confident
- a big video gamer (we discussed the finer points of the Kinect)

I hope you can see where I'm going with this. What she claimed were her inviolable standards and what kind of man she actually dated were very different. And she seemed oblivious to the disconnect. Bless her cutie pie hamster.

This isn't the only example of a woman's standards not being worth the mental paper they're written on. I'm sure we're all acquainted with the online spectacle of average-looking, and even ugly fat chicks, pumping their dating site profiles and Craigslist personals full of demands that would make a princess blush. But oh how quickly those

standards evaporate when the harsh klieg lights of reality intrude!

A woman's standards, however emphatically and insistently declared, are more like a fantasy dating team: free of the constraints of market barter, she happily indulges in a little of the ol' ultradelusion. That is, if you ask a woman her standards, you will never –

and I mean never

– get an honest and realistic answer from her.

This is because women are, on the whole, incapable of accurate self-assessment. A woman's prime directive in life is to sell herself the moon. A man's directive is to sidestep paying her inflated price for that moon.

Given the right incentives, every woman's standards will wilt into accommodation. And by incentives, I mean everything from the sex ratio to her actual sexual worth to the subversive level of game the man plays. A single, smart 60 year old woman, financially well-off and occupationally accomplished, can demand in the most florid and haughty language a sophisticated and wealthy man all she wants, but where the rubber meets the road she will jettison most of her ridiculously unrealistic standards for an average old schlub who tickles her pink because he managed not to fall asleep during an hour long dinner date with her.

And the hot young babe who wants the Hollywood caricature? Well, as we can see by the above anecdote, (played out millions of times over across this great land), if the guy is cool, aloof and has game, and maybe has the sort of conventionally low-status job that puts him in direct contact with lots of competitor women, our 463 bullet point heroine is gonna shred her list of demands like so many Vince Foster papers. (Why couldn't the verklempft fag leak those cables?)

That's the meaning of Maxim #39. If you have game, that is like pulling a card from the bottom of her stack of standards; she will quickly forget all about the cards on top that you aren't holding.

Now women, being constitutionally hypergamous in a way that relatively more indiscriminate men aren't, will by nature have more and higher standards than men, and will more often than men attempt to satisfy those standards. This leads to the laughable phenomenon of single mid 30s lawyer chicks futilely chasing after the same kind of guys they did when they were in college, except this time around the guys aren't even bothering to give them the gratification of a pretend commitment.

But this shouldn't dissuade you from recognizing a very important truth — for all their bluster and trumped-up demands, women will surrender rather easily to a dude with a righteous tattoo.

Predicting A Girl's Infidelity

CH · 16 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> As a rule, when the supply of eligible men goes down, female sluttiness goes up. If a girl will only date guys [who are] soccer players 6-4 or taller, then she'll get desperate around these men moreso than a girl without this "limiting factor". If a girl comes across 1 eligible guy a month, vs 10 eligible guys a day, then that 1 eligible guy has massive hand, and will score even if he has negative game.
>
> The short-term dating limiting factors could be, but not limited to:
>
> 1. age
> 2. looks
> 3. race / hair color / eye color
> 4. height / build
> 5. income / class
> 6. musical talent
> 7. cultural tastes / fashion
> 8. social proof / notch count
> 9. game / humor / confidence
>
> I know girls that sleep around, often sober, but only with guys within narrow parameters. They often exclude known cads and alpha males in the group to focus on a narrower, but not necessarily superior, sub-set of alpha males.
>
> I propose finding short-term relationships among women that date within narrow parameters and long-term relationships with women that date all over the map.
>
> That's counter-intuitive.
>
> If you qualify based on a limiting factor it seems like the logical basis for a long term relationship, but she'll go just as ga-ga over another guy that meets this same limiting factor. If you are lucky she'll come across this guy when your game is tight, and not on a beta downswing.
>
> A girl that's less discriminating is less likely to come across a man that sweeps her off her feet, and you into divorce court.

What this reader is hinting about is known as The Template, (or, in more poetic language, the Ideal Lover). Every person, man and woman, has a template etched into their brains from birth that, upon the pubertal blossoming, guides them like an invisible genital towards certain types of people who most closely match their ideal. The Template is a force to be reckoned with, because it derives its power from deeply embedded genetic imprinting passed down from generations of ancestors following their own similar templates.

Master seducers beware: once a girl has laid eyes on her ideal man she will swat away the importunings from objectively superior suitors like so many buzzing flies. Not even Jedi game has the force to distract a girl from pursuing with single-minded focus the man of her Template dreams. The good news is that The Template is very rarely fulfilled; out of 1,000 men a woman might meet over many years perhaps one or two of them will press all her buttons. So as a practical matter, The Template is no barricade to free and easy sex for a fly by night womanizer.

The reader makes a good point about the supply of men being limited not just by the numerical sex ratio but also by the self-imposed mate choice limitations of women. A romantically idealistic woman fully under the sway of her Template is a woman with dating hand, because very few men will be able to satisfy her prerequisites for love.

Luckily, most women are not so beholden to the prudish pull of their Templates. Usually, women age out of slavish devotion to their templates as reality slowly but inexorably pounds into their heads that their Template in Shining Armor is more real as a fantasy than as an actual man. For examples of girls still enslaved by the dictates of their Templates, stroll through any high school corridor.

This is not to say women (and men) give up on their Templates entirely. We have all experienced that heart-quickening epiphany when the woman of our Templates dances into our vision, and for a moment our self-regard and worries vanish like tears in rain as our brains rev furiously and every nerve in our bodies readies for a shot at conquest. But we shelve the Template most days, figuring that the constant heeding of its call is often a flimsy pretext for rationalizing solitude.

Back to the reader's premise: sluts sleep around, but only with a select few men who meet their Templates, i.e. within narrow mate criteria parameters. The premise has a kernel of truth, but is incomplete, unless we expand those narrow parameters to include most alpha males. While I have argued before that sluts are not less discriminating than chaste women, they aren't exactly starry-eyed romantics staring pensively out their bedroom windows at the late summer moon, smug with the knowledge that their virtue remains untrammeled until a superlative cock shows up to rescue her lust from its prison of self-denial. A slut is still a slut, whether she accrues her cock notches with a subset of high status men or with randomly chosen men who just happened to be in the right place at the right time and didn't fuck it up by saying the wrong thing.

One should remember that the alpha male, by dint of his universal attractiveness, strikes deep limbic notes in women regardless of the proximity of his characteristics to a woman's Template. There are enough of these interchangeable alpha males on the prowl that a dedicated slut could notch quite a few cocks despite the very narrow parameters she sets for herself.

So what do we make of the reader's bold contention that "groupie sluts" are worse long-term prospects than "inclusive sluts" because of the potential that a stray man meeting the former's Template would quickly and easily tempt her to infidelity? Should men who are seeking LTRs drop any women from consideration who express a fascination with, say, pasty-faced activist anarcho-libertarians? Should a man who meets a woman's template worry that he could be replaced by another, similarly templated man? Live by the template, die by the template?

No. Although I admire the reader's logical chain of thought leading to his contrarian conclusion, in reality inclusive sluts are no less a risk factor than groupie sluts. A girl who comes across ten eligible men per day may not swoon as uncontrollably as a girl who sees an eligible man once per day, but the fidelity assurance from the lack of swooning is offset by the increase in permissible suitors.

To put it another way, would you rather compete with one (from your woman's point of view) rare, exceptional man or with ten less rare, do-able men? Statistically, I doubt the groupie slut is any less faithful than the inclusive slut.

Then there is the matter of correlations. A jaded woman with lax standards who has a history of spreading for all taxonomy of penii is going to be a cheating risk no matter how swoon-proof she is. Her atrophied Template is no guarantee of fidelity, but it is a guarantee of a weary, utilitarian outlook on life from whom getting genuine love would be like squeezing blood from a stone. A woman like that simply has fewer hurdles to jump before being comfortable enough to relinquish her hole for plundering.

Conversely, a woman who has only slept with indie band bass players wearing guyliner is no flight risk at all if you happen to possess the emo phenotype yourself. If you don't, you still have rarity of number on your side. Keep her away from hipster nightclubs and you significantly reduce competition pressure. And you must have done something right to bed her if you didn't meet her stringent Template. That alone should infuse you with unstoppable confidence. Some of the strongest relationships I've known were unintuitive pairings between Template centered women and men who didn't match their Templates. That is because those men brought something new, and exciting, to the table, which emboldened their women to wriggle free of the straitjacket of their templates.

The Modern Definition Of Anti-Semitism

CH · 20 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Progressives like change, (they are always clamoring for it), so they should be comfortable with a change in the definition of anti-Semitism to a more updated and accurate modern usage suited for the times.

With that in mind, Udolpho (a very funny dude) wrote in the comments to a Steve Sailer post:

> Here is a practical definition of anti-Semitism: the belief by gentiles that Jews may be criticized like any other group.

Substitute a few words in that statement depending on context and come to think of it, that's a pretty good definition of a lot of accusatory -isms that dribble like pre-cum from engorged progressives' lips. If Jews (who have made a sport of tossing around the anti-Semitism trope) began using their higher average intelligence to illuminate the truth instead of to win arguments, the state of the nation would be one standard deviation better off than it is today. But as every Chateau guest knows by now, status whoring and sanctimonious preening trumps such petty concerns as the search for truth.

I don't write much about this issue because the facts are plain as day and not worth repeating *ad nauseum*:

Jews have the highest average IQ of all ethnic and racial groups. IQ is predominately hereditary in origin, and becomes more so with age. Most aging New York Beta Times columnists are coughing up shibboleths that are 99% hereditary.

IQ is very important for general life success in a technologically modern, prosperous nation. It was not always this way, but it is now, and will be for the foreseeable future. A wise nation will govern accordingly.

This does not mean IQ is sufficient for life success. There are plenty of brainy but socially awkward or psychologically unbalanced losers. There just aren't as many of them, proportionately, as there are of the dummies.

Jews are one of the highest percentage, (generic atheists might be higher), ideologically left wing groups of people. As such, and coupled with their higher average IQ, they wield disproportionate influence over the national political debate, and this influence trends toward pushing universalist and feel-gooder, anti-discrimination equalist public policy.

This does not necessarily mean there is a Jewish conspiracy to Balkanize America. What can seem like a conspiracy is often just your biased mental algorithm trying to make sense of unrelated forces buttressing an antagonistic goal. For instance, political ideology is now known to be partly genetically inherited. Is it therefore a conspiracy that a high IQ group of particular verbal fluency and left-leaning ideology is able to carve out a substantial portion of editorial boards to advocate for, say, mass immigration? Or is it just a confluence of biological factors over which self-regulation — or even self-awareness — is limited?

Similarly, group selection, while superficially plausible, does not have the weight of scientific evidence behind it like individual selection does. If you insist on fingering a conspiratorial motive, you'll have to indict the numerically greater number of left-wing Brahmin WASPs who also gleefully push the one worlder boilerplate.

A group may advocate bad policies, but you can choose not to listen to them. Or are you accepting your powerlessness?

None of the above facts means there aren't dull left-wing Jews or smart right-wing Jews. I personally know a few of each. Absolutes are the hobgoblins of emotionally stunted minds and feminists. Avoid thinking in absolutes, but also avoid reflexive anti-generalization. Wicked generalizations serve a useful purpose, as any midnight stroll through the ghetto will help you understand.

Awareness and acceptance of generalizations does not necessitate the following of strict guidelines of association in one's personal life. The personal is not the political, except for social retards.

Diversity is not our strength. It is neutral at best, warlike at most times. Disagree? Show your proof. Let's see numbers that demonstrate a causal link between a nation's increasing diversity and, for example, increases in GDP, cheaper and more effective healthcare, better educated students, safer automobiles, ambitions of empire, etc. A warm fuzzy glow and a smiling rainbow of faces on an Ikea catalog do not count as proof.

This equalist era too shall pass, and the lies of our time crumble to dust. But it will happen a lot sooner if you learn to reframe the sloganeering jibes of your enemies. This is a game, after all.

Jesus loves you!

Going All In Or Cashing Out

CH · 20 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A reader laments:

> I met this incredibly cute girl who really did it for me and we've been dating for four months. But lately I've felt less and less like having sex with her. She still looks great but my thoughts wander to hooking up with other women I see every day. I've even been having sex dreams about ex's. Has this happened to you? I don't want to break up with her because she might be the best I can get at the moment, but my horniness for her is disappearing.

This is the classic relationship conundrum that all men experience — whether to go all in for a shot at the big pot, or cash out of the dating market altogether and settle into a life of comfortable ennui with one's respectable winnings. Two endogenous factors will influence a man to one or the other choice: the number and sensitivity of his dopamine receptors, and his ability to pick up equally hot or hotter girls within a reasonable time frame. Two exogenous factors will also exert influence over his decision: the hotness of his current girlfriend, and the number of available potential replacements within his milieu.

A thrill-seeking man with tight game and a track record of fulfilling his desires who is currently dating below his level in a region filled with single beautiful women will be very difficult to corral into a monogamous relationship by any but the hottest girls. Strong cultural stigma and peer pressure, coupled with a 9 or a 10 on his arm, are the only counterweights capable of restraining his impulses. Men like these types are the reason why women rush their newly-minted alpha hubbies out to the bland suburbs where he won't be tempted by a daily farmer's market of juicy, ripe fruit for the plucking, and where his energy and focus will be spent paying off the McMansion mortgage.

A tentative man with no game and few past lovers of any note who is currently dating at or above his level in a region bereft of single beautiful women will be loath to leave such an arrangement. Strong cultural stigma and peer pressure are not needed for him to remain monogamous, except when he gets dumped and needs a kick in the ass to begin meeting new women. Men like these types are happy to run to the suburbs, to get their wives away from the roving alpha males.

The four factors are important, but it is the man's skill with women and the hotness of his girlfriend which will most determine his likelihood to stick with her for a long time. In fact, a girlfriend's hotness alone is an amazingly accurate predictor of how quickly the average man will grow bored of sex with her (if he is honest with himself).

GF's hotness	Time to boredom
0	0 seconds
1	0.1 seconds
2	0.5 seconds
3	1.1 seconds
4	15 seconds
5	5 minutes (this is very much an exponential plot)
6	3 weeks
7	6 months
8	2 years
9	5 years
10	10 years to never

Ladies, do you have trouble pulling your man away from video games to share passionate intimacy with you? Might want to look in the mirror. The fault, dear Beatrice, lies not in the stars (or in self-medicating thoughts that his plumbing is failing), but in you.

Now growing bored with girlfriend sex is not the same as running off to find new pussy. Many men make the sensible and quite logical calculation, based on a confluence of the factors listed above, that the risk of a long dry spell in the field is not worth the loss of tepid schtupping on the regular, no matter how rote it has become. And many of these men go on to lead lives of quiet resignation that their days of lackluster sex will follow them to the grave. It is this fear of the hopeless, grinding dry spell that keeps many ugly couples together, and breeding their ugliness into future generations.

There is also a vicious feedback loop that exacerbates the tendency of successful womanizers to continue their pump and dump ways. If the average man who is used to no better than 5s or 6s hooks up with a 7, he will be happy for quite a while with her IF his self-conception remains static. Yet, what will we likely see? His ego will grow in lockstep with the improving looks of his conquests, thus spurring him to greater challenges. Men who see sudden improvements to their game and consequently, their meet to lay ratio, are usually the most imprudent at relationship management, because their egos carry them perpetually forward searching for hotter girls until their limits are reached. The worst LTR prospect for a woman is the man new to game; he is a world of pain waiting for her. The best LTR prospects for women would be quasi-virginal men who have not had the beta beaten into them, or established players who are happy with their record of accomplishment and ready to slow down.

So… to go all in or cash out? Remember, there is a real risk that years of loneliness or regret are your fate should you jettison your devoted but familiar lover for the excitement of fresh meat. That in mind, I can only offer these words of wisdom:

You will get bored of sex with every girl you date/love/marry. The only question is how soon.

No girl can completely satisfy you. As soon as you meet such a girl, your standards will shift upward. This is the nature of your humanity.

You should go all in at least once in your life. You'd be surprised what you can achieve under duress.

Relatedly, you should not use one big winning from going all in to justify going all in all the time. That is the newb's curse, and it will vex you in time. Sometimes, you do find that great girl, and the upside of gaining fresher pussy isn't worth the downside of losing loving pussy.

If your game is good, throw your chips around like a whale. But always be open to the possibility of a final hand.

If your game is *really* good….. MLTR!

God bless!

PS Sex dreams featuring exes are pretty common for men. We have a tendency to fondly remember with rose-colored glasses the best of our exes while conveniently shunting aside the shit that drove us crazy. Coupled with our harem drive, it's no wonder our brains fire off nighttime visions of multiple lovers past and present. That is why men will rarely have "love dreams" of former girlfriends. Fuck, I can recall the vulvas of at least five exes with more clarity than I can their faces.

Thinking Like A Woman

CH · 22 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was at a house party noticing something I expect to see at these sorts of events: dudes not knowing what the fuck they are doing with women. (Proof that *the practice* of game is not making many inroads into general circulation.) Every single guy who was macking on a girl was telegraphing in the worst way possible his sheer delight to be speaking with her. Some of the gross errors of pickup judgement I observed:

- Laser-like focus of his eyes on her eyes.
- Leaning into her (in some cases the girl actually leaned back, like she was trying to escape his bad breath).
- Constant smiling.
- Rapid-fire talking.
- Interrupting her to vociferously agree with whatever she was saying.
- Too much laughing, and laughing too hard at ostensibly unfunny female jokes.
- Telling long-winded stories.
- Getting a laugh from her, and then repeating his brilliant joke for good measure.
- Nervous body tics (rubbing of fingertips on glasses, shifting of feet, crossing and uncrossing of arms, scratching of ears and noses).
- Relying too heavily on unsubtle sexual innuendo.
- Constantly asking if she needed a new drink.
- Excessive head nodding.
- Asking a lot of questions.
- Dutifully answering her questions.
- Never touching her.

Now none of these men were socialy awkward losers. They were all normal men with well-rounded lives. Solid, salt of the earth dudes. The kind of guys women claim to want to date. On paper, they were catches. But as we all know, credentialist paper mentality is why so many men fail with women. Rip that paper up, because it is not what women really want; it is what they say they want to make their mothers happy. And because women's own hindbrains are a mystery to even them.

The general impression one would get from watching all these nascent courtship dances is CHASING. The men were doing all the chasing.

Chase, chase, chase, chase, chase, chase, chase…… aaaallll the way home. Alone.

Men, pull it together. The way to seduce women is by redirecting them to CHASE YOU. You do this by exploiting their natural and universal female desire to your advantage. This is what game is all about. If you act like the men I saw at this party, you are running no game at all. And no game may as well be anti-game, because its effects on women are the same — bored, dry pussy. The only difference between zero game and being actively repulsive is the speed which her pussy snaps shut. The destination is the same.

Remember the fundamentals of game recently discussed here at the Chateau:

1. Be aloof. (Amused mastery)
2. Don't be insecure. (Irrational self-confidence)
3. Dehumanize and objectify women. (Do not put any pussy on a pedestal)

Re-read those fundamentals out loud. Taken together, what are they really saying?

“I am the prize. I do not seek the approval of any woman. She will, instead, want to seek my approval.”

Or, in simpler caveman language:

“She chases me.”

Yes, this thinking turns conventional wisdom on its head. Yes, it takes a huge dump on the evolutionarily derived instincts that govern the behavior of men and women. But as practitioners of the crimson arts, we are not here to abide conventional wisdom. Nor are we here to meekly march to the beat of our Darwinian impulses. We are here to learn how to seduce women… efficiently, completely, utterly.

The first step to getting a woman to chase you is to think like a woman. Only when you have put yourself into the mind of woman will the game that you need to seduce them begin to make any sense to you. Deep empathy — not the cheap bleeding heart kind but the kind that you struggle hard to attain so that it may redound to your maximum benefit — is the ultimate inner game that serves as the bedrock upon which the rest of the razzle-dazzle game will flow effortlessly.

In fact, this may be the best explanation of the meta-fundamental precept that underlies the above fundamentals:

Think like a woman.

Get in the mind of your adversary. (And make no mistake, men and women are, underneath the romantic tapestry, adversaries in the mating market. We have contradictory reproductive goals as nature designed.) Know what she needs to feel desire, what she loathes, how she will react before she does, and what her frame of mind is when men hit on her. Once you have successfully infiltrated one woman’s mind, you will have supremacy over all women’s minds.

When you think like a woman, you are imagining… no, you are *accepting as a given*… what it’s like to mercilessly judge the smallest details of a girl. What it’s like to be one foot in, one foot out with every girl you deign to talk to. What it’s like to cast a jaundiced eye at every girl before deciding she is worth more of your time. What it’s like to make silent demands of girls that you wouldn’t make of your male buddies. What it’s like to keep your options open until she has won you over. What it’s like to screen a girl, to qualify her, to shit test her, to tease her without worrying about giving offense, to refuse to backpedal from any offense given, to have an inner conversation with yourself *while she is talking to you* about whether she meets your ideal, to call her out in a good-natured manner on any of her bullshit, to seriously doubt her attractiveness until proven otherwise, to lean away from her when she is talking, to refrain from laughing if her joke falls flat, to notice her nervousness, to be laconic while she tries to impress you, to be comfortable with silences because it is her job to keep the conversation alive, to act noncommittal, to disagree with her occasionally, to glance furtively around the room every so often, to end conversations first, to happily hold court with other girls joining your conversation…

… in short, to make her dance to your tune.

Truth is, it is the tune she prefers to dance to above all others.

The day will come when you will have completed the merging of your mind with the neural network of womanhood. When that day comes — fully entwined, unable to return to the one-dimensional, solipsistic man you once were — your game will be second nature. You will have transcended the dictates of crass materialist evolution and the straitjacket of social mores, and like magic the gates of vagina will open to you.

And if some numbnuts tells you it’s gay to think like a woman, you can ask him how many times he got laid talking about football and retrieving drinks for girls.

Science Proves Me Right... Again

CH · 23 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A while back, this Chateau post caused veins to bulge on the foreheads of haters. It was about instilling the dread of an impending breakup or loss of interest to promote a healthy relationship.

> Women respond viscerally in their vagina area to unpredictability, mixed signals, danger, and drama in spite of their best efforts to convince themselves otherwise. Managing your relationship in such a way that she is left with a constant, gnawing feeling of impending doom will do more for your cause than all the Valentine's Day cards and expertly performed tongue love in the world. Like it or not, the threat of a looming breakup, whether the facts justify it or not, will spin her into a paranoid estrogen-fueled tizzy, and she'll spend every waking second thinking about you, thinking about the relationship, thinking about how to fix it. Her love for you will blossom under these conditions. Result: she works harder to please you.
>
> The key for the man is to adopt a posture of blase emotional distance alternated with loving tenderness. Too much of either and she'll run off.

Oh, how the haters swooned with indignation over my helpful advice. "You're such a jokester", said the disbelievers, somewhat nervously. "That's a good way to end a relationship prematurely", said the dating advice columnists. "It only works on girls with low self esteem", said the shibboleth spouters.

Well, well, welly welly well… look what we have here!

> Uncertainty Can Increase Romantic Attraction.
>
> This research qualifies a social psychological truism: that people like others who like them (the reciprocity principle). College women viewed the Facebook profiles of four male students who had previously seen their profiles. They were told that the men (a) liked them a lot, (b) liked them only an average amount, or (c) liked them either a lot or an average amount (uncertain condition). Comparison of the first two conditions yielded results consistent with the reciprocity principle. Participants were more attracted to men who liked them a lot than to men who liked them an average amount. Results for the uncertain condition, however, were consistent with research on the pleasures of uncertainty. **Participants in the uncertain condition were most attracted to the men-even more attracted than were participants who were told that the men liked them a lot. Uncertain participants reported thinking about the men the most, and this increased their attraction toward the men.**

This study's results confirm the "Dread" post to the letter, although I used slightly more… ornamental… language to get the point across. (Consider my methods a social experiment — a sort of crisis and observation — designed to get under the skin, with exquisite pain amplification, of those predisposed to hate the message here, and to observe how many of you can handle the truth when it is stripped of all its sugarcoating.)

I don't need the science to certify what I can already see with my own two eyes, but it's nice to have it so that I can do the happy Snoopy dance and throw it in the faces of the usual tard crew. Weep those tears of unfathomable sadness, femcunts and nancyboys.

Naturally, some skirt-twirling teacups will chime in and attempt to muddy the waters by caviling about how men are susceptible to uncertainty game as well, while neglecting to mention the difference in degree between the sexes. Sure, men can fall for the Chateau patented dread psy ops, but they don't fall for it nearly as often, or with the same intensity, as do women. Vulnerability to dread game is predominantly a female phenomenon.

Chateau Motto (posted at the gate):
Come for the truth, stay for the mindfucking of your enemies.

Have A Herbly Christmas!

CH · 24 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Reader writes:

> This kid just put it up as his facebook picture for the world to share in disgust. Who took this picture? His coonty girlfriend who is about a 4.5. This kid in college was the definition of beta, a perpetual LJBF victim who seemed to relish in it. Merry Christmas man.

I understand there is a tiny minority of men who have a cuckold fetish. In the same vein, there are probably self-pity whores out there in circulation who wallow in their failure with women. We all know that one supreme beta who gleefully recounts in lurid detail his endless fuckups with women. He is a veritable self-deprecation machine. It is as if in the telling of his miserable tales he will find redemption and the holy cosmic karma will look kindly upon him soon with a bounty of plain jane pussy.

A Facebook Christmas photo is the internet equivalent of mailing a Christmas photo postcard to friends and family. Some people still do it the old-fashioned way. Christmas photo postcards are a window into the soul of the sender. You'd be surprised how cavalierly people reveal their inner torments when they're mailing out Christmas photo postcards to friends. Singles will pose as… singles with ridiculously forced smiles and a pet dressed in royal garb. Married couples with kids will pose as… married couples with premature wrinkling who stopped having sex five years ago. And fun-loving unmarried couples without kids will not send a card at all. (But when they do, they send Dos Equis.)

There is a holiday card hierarchy, and it goes like this:

- Not sending a Christmas card of any sort — **alpha**
- Sending a parody of a Christmas photo postcard with you and your lover dressed in gaudy reindeer sweaters as you steady a ladder while she puts the star on the tree, and you are looking up her dress with a huge shit-eating

grin on your face. Underneath the photo are the words “Nice beaver!” **— alpha+**

- Sending a Christmas photo postcard of you and your girlfriend/wife **— beta**
- Sending a Christmas photo postcard of you alone **— lesser beta**
- Sending a Christmas photo postcard of you alone with your cat **— greater omega**
- Sending a Christmas photo postcard of you alone with your cat that you have dressed in a Santa hat and beard **— hard omega**
- Sending a Christmas photo postcard of you alone with your cat that you have dressed in a Santa hat and beard and the cat looks like he wants to LJBFB (Let’s Just Be Feeding Buddies) you **— WAYSA?**

I really hope none of my readers sent a non-jokey Christmas photo postcard to anyone this year. This blog has standards, people.

A Hedonistic Indulgence Of Links

CH · 26 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Naomi Wolf says porn causes men to get inured to sex with real women. There might be something to this theory if we stipulate that by "real women" Mzzz Wolf means "dumpy hausfraus". One wonders if she is ready to tackle the logical extension of her theory that riding the cock carousel causes women to get inured to sex with betas. I'm betting not.

From the No Duh Files: women orgasm more freely with alpha males. Women don't need to be consciously aware of their hypergamy; the Darwinian prime directive has ensured that the intensely pleasurable orgasms women experience with alpha males will motivate them to date up when the options are available.

Dennis Mangan has written an insightful post about "social hormesis". It draws a parallel between the physical body and the body politic, and how the things that won't kill you really do make you — your body and your country — stronger. Remove those mini-stressors with decadence and wealth, and the whole thing circles the drain. Must reading for those who are looking for the big picture as to why societies decline.

The sexual market experimentally confirmed.

School overcrowding is going to get much worse, thanks to the soft genocide committed upon this nation by the open borders crowd. What happens when there aren't any Fairfax school systems left to maraud?

Still think an army of sexbots to service the late-stage forager redux societies' male rejects is pure fantasy? Its arrival is sooner than you think.

Porn and Penetration. The Oscar Academy just rose up and took notice. It moved me.

Meet a modern American traitor.

It's been asked why every man isn't tall if women have such a strong preference for tall men. I propose that there is a check on runaway sexual selection for male height — namely, clumsiness. Watch this video and then this one. It's pretty clear that the shorter guy wearing the white shoes (I think he's the bassist) is a more rhythmic dancer than either of the two taller guys. His dance moves are more fluid, less jerky. Maybe height brings with it a fitness reducing cost? (Great YouTube comment to the second vid: "In a call center, somewhere in America, four friends started a band…")

Think the hardcore neg can't work? "You're one of the ugliest girls in the club."

On an unrelated note, I deleted a recent post because so few commenters seemed to have the requisite grown-up reading comprehension and emotional stability to digest it. The comments were 5% insightful, 45% trollish, and 50% incredibly stupid arguments made in bad faith from both sides. That's a Chateau record bad noise to signal ratio. It made my eyes hurt, so it gave me supreme pleasure to trash it.

Feminism Responsible For The Fall Of Rome

CH · 27 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This guy draws an interesting comparison between feminism in ancient Rome and present day America, and how the rise of feminism portends a civilization's collapse. The parallels are chilling. Yeah, it's Reddit, waddaya want from me? You think you're gonna get this kind of cutting edge analysis in the New York Beta Times?

Unfortunately, feminism and future is an oxymoron (or fortunately, depending on your point-of-view), as it seems to be unsustainable on the long run.

Based on past history, it appears that a civilization that embraces feminist values will cease to exist in just a few centuries. This is why we have never seen a feminist civilization aside from very short spans at the end of the Roman empire and possibly a few other more ancient civilizations.

Reading the history of the Roman Empire brings such glaring similarities with our own civilization, it is as if human social dynamics are literally stuck in a cycle that repeats every couple thousand years (there were two matriarchical, extremely advanced civilizations: one at the end of the Roman empire, 2000 years ago, one possibly at the end of Babylon, 4000 years ago).

For those who enjoy history, here is a short recap of social changes in Rome, 2 millenia ago (most historians focus on military and political facts, but I find the social aspects just as fascinating):

- ~5 century BC: Roman civilization is a a strong patriarchy, fathers are liable for the actions of their wife and children, and have absolute authority over the family (including the power of life and death)
- ~1 century BC: Roman civilization blossoms into the most powerful and advanced civilization in the world. Material wealth is astounding, citizens (i.e.: non slaves) do not need to work. They have running water, baths and import spices from thousands of miles away. The Romans enjoy the arts and philosophy; they know and appreciate democracy, commerce, science, human rights, animal rights, children rights and women become emancipated. No-fault divorce is enacted, and quickly becomes popular by the end of the century.
- ~1-2 century AD: The family unit is destroyed. Men refuse to marry and the government tries to revive marriage with a "bachelor tax", to no avail. Children are growing up without fathers, Roman women show little interest in raising their own children and frequently use nannies. The wealth and power of women grows very fast, while men become increasingly demotivated and engage in prostitution and vice. Prostitution and homosexuality become widespread.
- ~3-4 century AD: A moral and demographic collapse takes place, Roman population declines due to below-replacement birth-rate. Vice and massive corruption are rampant, while the new-born Catholic Religion is gaining power (it becomes the religion of the Empire in 380 AD). There is extreme economic, political and military instability: there are 25 successive emperors in half a century (many end up assassinated), the Empire is ungovernable and on the brink of civil war.
- ~5 century AD: The Empire is ruled by an elite of military men that use the Emperor as a puppet; due to massive debts and financial problems, the Empire cannot afford to hire foreign mercenaries to defend itself (Roman citizens have long ago being replaced by mercenaries in the army), and starts "selling" parts of the Empire in exchange for protection. Eventually, the mercenaries figure out that the "Emperor has no clothes", and overrun and pillage the Empire.
- humanity falls back into the Bronze Age (think: eating squirrel meat and living in a cave); 12 centuries of religious zilotry (The Great Inquisition, Crusades) and intellectual darkness follow: science, commerce, philosophy, human rights become unknown concepts until they are rediscovered again during the Age of Enlightenment in 17th century AD.

Regarding the Babylonian civilization (~2,000 BC), we have relatively few records, but we do know that they had a

very advanced civilization because we found their legislative code written down on stone tablets (yes, they had laws and tribunals, and some of today's commercial code can even be traced back to Babylonian law). They had child support laws (which seems to indicate that there was a family breakdown), and they collapsed presumably due to a "moral breakdown" figuratively represented in the Bible as the "Tower of Babel" (which was inspired by a real tower). Interesting and controversial anecdote: some claim that the Roman Catholic Religion is nothing more than a rewriting and adaptation of an ancient Babylonian religion!

You might say Roman cultural elites experienced Robin Hanson's switch from a farmer to a forager society. How'd that turn out for everyone?

Let's examine the parallels more closely.

~5 century BC Rome = ~1700 – 1920 America. The family unit is essentially "father knows best", and slutting around by women is considered the height of shameful behavior, (as is cadding about by men). Monogamy is held up as the ideal arrangement without exception. (The "Wild West" might be an exception to the general rule of the day, as whoring and hell-raising were widespread in the frontier.) Lessers look up to their betters as exemplars of moral rectitude.

~1 century BC Rome = ~1920 – 1970 America. America is rising to the height of her power, a hyperpower being born. An economic and military power heretofore unseen in all recorded history. While the world digs out from under the rubble of consecutive wars and Communist pogroms, we have a battalion of aircraft carriers, a largely homogeneous population, and cheap housing for everyone willing to put in an honest day's work. But the poison pill has been swallowed; the suffrage movement achieves its main goal, and the dark shroud of the equalist era is about to descend. In academic halls and classrooms, lessers are pedestalized, while betters are denigrated.

~1-2 century AD Rome = 1970-2000 America. The scourge of single momhood, free and easy divorce, child support laws, majority female colleges, DADT repealed, gay marriage, game, etc etc ad infinitum. In short, the ultimate expression of anti-discrimination, anti-received wisdom, individualist ideology, (ironically buttressed by the groupthink of diversity mongers.) Lessers ignore their betters, who in turn renege on their traditional responsibility to act as examples for the lessers.

~3-4 century AD Rome = 2000-2010 America. (You'll notice America's progression through the stages of empire is much faster than was Rome's. This is the blessing — or curse — of high tech mass communication.) The native stock of America, (specifically, the betters of that stock), have stopped having kids. Vice and corruption are on the rise. (See: Chicago, CRA, Goldman Sachs, neocon lies, Enron, Madoff… I could go on.) Economic and political instability are the order of the day. While America's presidents aren't being assassinated, our elections have been nailbiters since 2000, and partisanship is at a fevered pitch. A reborn religion called Islam threatens to co-opt the sympathies of Western societies' rootless rejects and masculinized women. Except for the thinnest upper class slice, betters now ape the habits of their lessers.

~5 century Rome = present day America. America is ruled by an elite of cognitive jackpot winners who use the President as a puppet. Massive debt and financial chicanery is practically enshrined in law. The army is less and less filled with the demographic slice of American citizens that used to make up its ranks. Mercenaries (UN peacekeepers, bribed warlords, arm-twisted allies, recent unassimilated immigrants, and the desperate, poor and out of shape) now make up a larger part of the tip of the spear that projects American power. America is in the process of slow-motion selling off of the Southwest to appease the millions of peasant illegals it cavalierly allowed to invade and settle in the country.

The Fall of Rome = ? America.

America is having her Tower of Babel moment, and the elites applaud it when they aren't dithering over tax code arcana or the cultural impact of snarky late night TV hosts. These parallels with Rome's fall should make you feel queasy about the future of this nation. But you'll quickly push aside those depressing thoughts and switch on for another lightning round of Call of Duty, figuring it's not your problem. Until it is. Do you feel lucky, punk?

“Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks!”

CH · 28 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Is this the worst text game ever? Survey says… yes!

“FF” left this comment:

> Hello,
>
> I’m wondering if someone could comment on my situation? I came home for xmas, and went to a xmas party at my friends last Thursday. There was a girl “Amy” there who I got introduced to but didn’t really talk to much during the party. Around midnight, me and 3 (guy) friends wanted to go to a bar. We asked if anyone else wanted to come and Amy came along (she didn’t know any of us 3). At the bar I danced with her, made out with her, and went back to her place. We had sex the next 3 nights and mornings. For the most part, we just met up at the end of the night, though one morning we went out for breakfast too.
>
> Anyway, she had to go back to her parents for xmas, about 2 hours away. The first night she was gone (Sunday) I sent her a dumb drunken text message at 1am:
>
> “no amy tonight! :p ”
>
> She didn’t reply.
>
> That night (Monday), I was out with friends, including Jen (Amy’s best friend) and some of Amy’s other friends. When the two other guys left the room to smoke, all the girls sort of cornered me and were teasing me about Amy (“soooooooo, where’s your girlfriend?!?”). I told them to fuck off and acted (I think) convincingly aloof. Then the next day (yesteday) Amy texts me, beginning this exchange:
>
> AMY: Jen says im like your GF now. Thats really great. I can’t wait for you to meet my parents! □
>
> ME: Haha ok xmas at your place I guess □
> ME: u back in [my-city] b4 xmas?
>
> AMY: No I’m working. I’m coming back before new years around 29th
>
> ME: guess u’ll need all that time to recuperate :p
>
> AMY: And u can use that time to sleep. and listen to my friends make fun of u
>
> ME: jen gave you your daily [my-name] update?
>
> AMY: Haha. No. Jen just told me how much they were making fun of u. I can’t imagine whats so funny about banging a hot chick 3 days straight, but whatever
>
> ME: two people with mutual friends meeting and then having sex the next 3 nights and mornings is always fun gossip for friends
> ME: I dont care I like the whole situation. I loved those big perky boobs, firm butt, picture perfect pussy, and cute face…what more could a guy ask for
>
> HER: Haha. Well when you put it like that!
>
> ME: Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks! I feel all warm inside thinking of that thing up in my face (among other places) □
>
> And then that was it. I’ll point out there were long (20 minutes) delays between each message (except the ones without spaces between them) – I was driving on the highway, and she seemed to mimic my slow response time. So it didn’t abruptly end, but still.
>
> I can see all sorts of mistakes in my text-game, but I figured given what went on between us it didn’t matter. To sort of fuck things up more I accidently texted her “im outside” when I meant to text another friend about an hour ago, she hasn’t responded.

> So, what is the prognosis on my situation? The girl is quite hot (I wouldn't be stressing if she wasn't).

We can sometimes learn more from bad game than from observing good game. In that spirit, here is a rundown of where FF went wrong. This case is of particular interest because FF obviously had some attraction at the outset if she acquiesced to banging him for three days straight. But bad followup game can kill even a powerful physical attraction dead.

Also pertinent, Amy sounds like a class A slut. After all, she didn't know FF before the party which served as the springboard to a three day bangathon. FF should have been able to surmise, then, that Amy would need hardcore uncaring asshole game to keep her slut train rolling on his tracks.

"no amy tonight! :p"

Right out of the gate FF has poisoned his exuberant three day sexual bender with Amy. Never be the first to admit you are missing a girl. Remember, your job as a man is to hang back and make her chase you. Now she is thinking that hers is the only pussy he wants, or presently has access to, and this impression has surely soured her feeelings for him. GIRLS WANT TO THINK YOU HAVE OPTIONS. The threat of male caddishness causes their hamsters to hyperventilate, which powers up the core tingle generator. The wagging tongue emoticon was a transparent coda to grant FF plausible deniability, but girls see through that shit like fake Chloe bags. It would have been much funnier, and less beta, if FF had left off the emoticon. "no amy tonight!" is suitably ambiguous (it could mean he's really happy she's not harassing him for sex again), and thus perfect for firing up Amy's attraction to uncontrollable levels.

She didn't reply.

Of course she didn't. Is any regular reader of the Chateau surprised by this? She probably grimaced when the text came over the transom and had a momentary stab of regret for having hooked up with FF.

all the girls sort of cornered me and were teasing me about Amy ("soooooo, where's your girlfriend?!?"). I told them to fuck off and acted (I think) convincingly aloof.

Manipulate girl friends as leverage to maximize your alphaness. That's what they're there for. This was the perfect opportunity for FF to calmly say "Girlfriend? I wouldn't use *that* word exactly." This response avoids a spiteful sounding denial while planting the appropriate alpha asshole subtext in the girl friends' minds that he could take or leave Amy. This message would undoubtedly get back to Amy, which would even more undoubtedly (re)stoke her desire for him.

AMY: Jen says im like your GF now. Thats really great. I can't wait for you to meet my parents! □

FF has spooked her. She is not-so-subtly hinting that she doesn't want to be pressured into a relationship with him. From this point onward, FF is entirely playing into her frame. She is the puppet master, he the dangling penis on strings. Oh, poor Peenocchio.

ME: Haha ok xmas at your place I guess □
ME: u back in [my-city] b4 xmas?

Two of his texts to one of hers. FF has the golden ratio ass backwards. The liberal use of emoticons is not helping his cause, either. He is also tacitly assuming that more sex with Amy is a foregone conclusion. When you assume you make a beta out of u and me. Paradoxically, sluts really hate this assumption by the men they fuck. The tramp doth protesteth too much, and all that. Sluts, having served numerous tours of duty in the testicle trenches, are especially sensitive to men taking their pussies for granted. Most men don't understand that sluts require more phony paeans to their womanly virtue, such as it is, than do chaste girls. Sluts, despite their propensity to give it up sooner, need to know that the men they jump into bed with don't view their vaginas as 24 hour convenience stores. It is one of the funnier ironies of the universe, and it is what gives rise to the ludicrous sight of Samantha clones indignantly chastising their fly by night lovers for ignoring their emotional female needs.

So if you want to bang a slut more than once, it pays to pretend like you don't want to bang her. Don't worry, her pussy won't hear you.

ME: guess u'll need all that time to recuperate :p

More forced sexual innuendo. More manboy syntax. More emoticons. The pussy lips are folding in like a clam under attack.

AMY: Haha. No. Jen just told me how much they were making fun of u. I can't imagine whats so funny about banging a hot chick 3 days straight, but whatever

When a girl mentions her sluttiness, like Amy is doing here, what you are actually hearing is the squeak of her hamster slowly realizing she slept with a beta, and the little bugger is now angling for the confirming blurt of gratitude from the beta who got lucky. Also, calling herself a hot chick is a dead giveaway that her ego is helium filled, and needs the pinprick of a few missile strike negs. FF did not supply those negs.

ME: two people with mutual friends meeting and then having sex the next 3 nights and mornings is always fun gossip for friends

Still dancing to her frame. How does he change the frame and reverse the polarity? Like this: "Hey, they're your friends." Even better: "Hot?"

ME: I dont care I like the whole situation. I loved those big perky boobs, firm butt, picture perfect pussy, and cute face…what more could a guy ask for

A little mystery? Now that she knows exactly how much her pussy captivated you for those three days, what fun is there for her in this? Again, note the two texts to her one. And so wordy! Somebody call an amber lamps. This guy is bleeding out alpha capital. Advice: Save the sex talk for face-to-face, preferably *right after actual sex*. You sound like a needy, and slightly creepy, chump here. "Picture perfect"? Painful.

HER: Haha. Well when you put it like that!

Ok, she gives him what he thinks is a positive reply to his bawdy wooing, (but which is in actuality the type of non-flirty verbal ejaculation you would hear from a woman who is temporarily stunned into disbelief by an egregious display of betatude). And of course, like a happy little puppy, he humps her leg:

ME: Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks! I feel all warm inside thinking of that thing up in my face (among other places) □

The nail in the coffin. What aphorism comes to mind?… oh yeah, don't count your boobies before they hatch. Or: past performance is no guarantee of future results.

"Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks!" might be the greatest game-killing line ever uttered in history. What makes it so great is that in the right context, it could double as a *most excellent* alpha neg, akin to "bring the movies". What's the right context? Like perhaps in the glow of post-coital bliss. Or the next morning, sent like a dangling modifier minus the emoticon, and no other texts afterward no matter how she replied. Had FF done that I bet he would be enjoying another three day bangout with Amy.

FF thought that three days of sex would imply a margin of error to fuck up any follow through game. But most girls in this day and age who aren't virgins are not locked down by a weekend of sex. Simple penetration won't cut it anymore to win the hearts of our current crop of aggrohos. Now if FF had had three *months* of sex with Amy plus one morning of her staring at him with concern in her big, limpid eyes fretting that she wishes FF would say more pillow talk so that she knows he feels as much for her as she does for him…

THEN he'd be riding a margin for error so wide he could fart in his cupped hand and share the gas of love with her.

Come to think of it, cupping farts and assaulting a girlfriend's nose with the captured effluvium is not really beta, is it? No, no it isn't.

FF's text "game" should serve as a good example of how badly direct game can fail when wielded clumsily, or in the wrong context. Moral of the story: Sex is no substitute for game, especially when dealing with sluts for whom sex is as consequential as taking a dump.

Prole Vs SWPL

CH · 29 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Half Sigma has a running gag on his blog comparing the tastes of proles (the proletariat, i.e. the working class and lower middle class, with perhaps some bleeding into the middle class) with those of the higher classes. I can't tell if he's being ironically deadpan or sincere, but it's funny nonetheless. Categorizing the peculiarities of your lessers is so much more entertaining than watching Dancing With The Stars.

For instance, did you know that Red Delicious apples are prole while Fuji apples are SWPL? I always had a vague inkling that was the case, but now I know why: Red Delicious are oversized, gaudy, juicy and excessively sweet. Fujis are a more natural size, less ostentatious, less juicy and mildly sweet with subtle earthy undertones. This pretty much encapsulates the difference in class tastes; proles have an underdeveloped aesthetic that can only appreciate the bluntness of flash and tackiness, much like how an infant is drawn to bright primary colors. SWPLs have a mature aesthetic that gravitates to understatement, irony, and "hidden meanings". On the color wheel, SWPLs would be the tertiary colors (red-orange, blue-green). This is because they are mincing little pukes who love to nuance everything to death.

I'm gonna run with this. Expanding on Half Sigma's theme, here is my prole vs SWPL chart. I count SWPLs as generally middle to upper middle class whites (and some honorary Asians), raised through their formative years in leafy suburbs, and living in hip urban enclaves with other like-minded whites, often on their parents' dimes. Hipsters, scenesters and yuppies are SWPL subgroups. Their tastes tend to converge even when their politics don't (although as a rule SWPLs are pretty much standard operating procedure liberals. A conservative SWPL is what's known as a "benefactor". Or an engineer.)

Conservative and liberal SWPLs co-locate. Proles cohabitate.

If you have to ask what the acronym SWPL means, you are a prole. Or a foreigner.

Multicolored Christmas lights – prole
White or blue Christmas lights – SWPL
Bulb ornaments – prole
Antique doll ornaments – SWPL
Actual star or an angel on top of tree – prole
Homemade concoction by niece or a cubist representation of a star on top of tree – SWPL
Inflatable Santa and reindeer on front lawn – prole
Only decoration is Christmas tree in window and perhaps wreath on front door – SWPL
Nativity scenes – prole
Christmas miniature villages – SWPL
Kids get electronic toys minus the batteries – prole
Kids get puzzles, books, board games and art supplies with batteries included where necessary – SWPL
CVS brand batteries – prole
Rechargeable batteries (or better still, solar recharging) – SWPL
USAToday – prole
NYBTimes – SWPL
Glenn Beck – prole
Steve Sailer – SWPL
Jim Webb – prole
Nancy Pelosi – SWPL
Alarm clock set to morning zoo radio program – prole
Alarm clock set to soothing cadence of NPR – SWPL
Cloth sofas – prole

Microfiber sofas – SWPL
Motorcycles – prole
Scooters – SWPL
Tuna fish – prole
Salmon – SWPL
Bartlett pears – prole
Asian pears – SWPL
Barbequed ribs – prole
Bison meat – SWPL
Shredded cheese – prole
Smelly cheese – SWPL
Porn with anal penetration and loud, fake moaning from the girls – prole
Regular sex porn with pink-haired emo girls squeaking like mice – SWPL
Sluts – prole
Sluts pretending to be good girls – SWPL
Public sex – prole
Role playing – SWPL
Diabetes – prole
Stress fractures – SWPL
Sugary cereal – prole
Paleo diet – SWPL
Domestic industrial beer – prole
Microbrews – SWPL
Zinfandel – high prole
Pinot noir – SWPL
Shot glasses from different cities and vacation spots – prole
Stemless wine glasses – SWPL
Blended whiskey – prole
Single malt scotch – SWPL
Gays seen as threat or butt of jokes – prole
Gays seen as cool social ornaments or butt of jokes smoothed over with ironic plausible deniability – SWPL
Meth – prole
Coke – SWPL
Weight room – prole
Yoga – SWPL
Backyard wrestling – prole
Marathon running – SWPL
Biceps (men), tits (women) – prole
Six pack (men), calves (women) – SWPL
Children – prole
Apartment sized pets – SWPL
Home installing – prole
Home brewing – SWPL
Decks – prole
Patios – SWPL
Lawns – prole
Gardens – SWPL
“No fat chicks” t-shirt – prole
“This is what a feminist looks like” t-shirt – SWPL

NRA – prole
ACLU – SWPL
Cable – prole
Streaming video – SWPL
QVC – prole
Adult Swim – SWPL
Leno, CSI, DWTS, American Idol, Sarah Palin's Alaska – prole
Stewart, Colbert, O'Brien, Tosh.o, Tim and Eric – SWPL
NASCAR, UFC – prole
Soccer, tennis – SWPL
Sleeps with fat chicks but would prefer skinny chicks – prole
Sleeps with skinny chicks but claims fat chicks would be perfectly fine – SWPL
Knows what the meaning of "is" is – prole
Knows what the meaning of "is" is, but pretends not to – SWPL
Paid summer jobs (or unemployment) – prole
Unpaid summer internships (AKA unemployment) – SWPL
Disney World – prole
Amsterdam – SWPL
Cleveland – prole
San Francis – SWPL
Patriotism, anti-quotas, de facto integrationism – prole
Feminism, anti-racism, de facto segregationism – SWPL
Transformers – prole
The Kids Are All Right – SWPL
"Show us your tits!" – prole
"Hey ho hey ho, Western culture's gotta go" – SWPL
Family lives close by (no buffer zone) – prole
Family lives three flyover states away (buffer zone) – SWPL
WWJD? – prole
COEXIST – SWPL
First person shooter – prole
RTS or MMORPG – SWPL
Ford F150 – prole
Vespa – SWPL
Church – prole
Sunday brunch mimosas – SWPL
Drinking and fighting – prole
Drinking and snippily chastising – SWPL
Basement parties – prole
Stoop parties – SWPL
Naturals – prole
PUAs – SWPL
Taylor Swift – prole
MGMT – SWPL
Tom Cruise – prole
Colin Firth – SWPL
Nikes – prole
Vibram Fivefingers – SWPL
Lynyrd Skynyrd t-shirts – prole

Thinkgeek.com t-shirts – SWPL
Motorola – prole
iPhone – SWPL
Bumping and grinding – prole
Salsa lessons – SWPL
Single moms – prole
Single – SWPL
Wolf whistling – prole
Shy glances – SWPL
PeopleofWalmart.com – prole
Will Wilkinson – SWPL
Divvies the check up by the exact amount each person in a party owes – prole
Splits the check evenly by number of party members – SWPL
Kiddie beauty pageants – prole
Kiddie bilingualism – SWPL

These are, of course, generalizations. Exceptions exist.

I give SWPLs a lot of shit for their hypocrisy, sanctimony and status whoring, but I wouldn't want to live, for example, a prole lifestyle in a redneck neighborhood where COPS isn't just a show on TV. The lower classes are crass, boorish and often thoughtlessly impulsive. Their kids are snot-nosed brats and bullies. When they speak their rudimentary patois, you will cringe. Their abysmal taste in the finer pleasures of life is a perpetual turn-off for those who would be their natural political allies. But they already get so much shit from the MSM that I don't feel an urge to pile on them. I prefer to hunt the hunters.

Low class antics aside, working class proles are, by and large, honorable people. SWPLs are clever neutered ciphers. The average small town prole is much more genial than the typical urban SWPL, and more generous of spirit as well. When charitable giving is on the line, or when it's a friendly voice and a warm smile you need, proles step up to the plate. SWPLs, meanwhile, are busy quipping like French aristocrats trying so SOO hard to impress their fellow SWPLs.

Proles are the backbone of vital enterprises like the military, but they could learn a thing or two from the culturally advanced classes. Of course, being proles, they probably don't give a shit about impressing the SWPL schoolmarms, or they at least act like they don't give a shit. And quite frankly, I don't blame them for eschewing SWPL tastes. Aside from the aesthetics, what is there to admire in such a repugnantly self-regarding group of irony-pimping, snark-spitting, transnationalist, post-American lifestyle whores?

Both groups are signaling their status through their tastes, so morally neither one is better than the other. They are both sheep with a herd mentality, just following different herds. But an objective aesthetic judgement can be made that at least some (not all) of the SWPL tastes are superior. (Some taste differences are just downright arbitrary, and probably serve more as markers of delineation from perceived lower classes — AKA "wrong kind of white people" — than as honestly felt improvements in quality of life. For instance, there's nothing about multicolored Christmas lights that makes them inherently inferior to white Christmas lights. In fact, not long ago, white lights were considered gauche.)

I always advise pay no heed to what women say; instead, watch what they do. You shall know them by their actions. Well, the same could be said for the places you choose to live and the people with whom you choose to associate.

Look around you. Do you feel a twinge of cognitive dissonance? Yet you admit to yourself it is a pretty good life. Don't underestimate the satisfying feeling of being a dark force moving stealthily through the oblivious masses. They will do your bidding.

Comments Of The Month

CH · 30 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

From Marcus:

> Mystery is a great example of a guy who has a tremendous amount of empathy for both men and women. I remember watching a video where he was training a new coach, and when the coach said something about bitch shields, Mystery corrected him, calling them “protection shields”. He wasn’t doing it to be PC or to avoid offending women (there were none present) – rather, he was working through the problem in real time by imagining why a woman might behave like a bitch when a man first approaches her.
>
> It sounds strange, but this blog has made me *less* of a misogynist. I have come to view women as elegant machines — machines for using, to be sure — that mostly do a damned good job of doing what they were designed to do. As I get more comfortable and consistent at either aggressively torquing their levers or gently greasing their gears at just the right moments, my appreciation only deepens.
>
> As with machines, my love of women tends to be more general than specific. Upgrades are always welcome.

I preen. Would that the army of tards who occasionally spill into this exclusive estate reflect on the fact that the underlying message is in reality a romanticist hymn to the unique and abiding attributes of women, warts and all, and to the good that can come from seeing women as they really are instead of as what we wish they were, there would be more love in the world.

And not that fraudulent asexual love that new agers yap about.

***

Comment #2 is from “Me”:

> Text messaging back and forth should never be done. He should be too busy out making money or shovelling snow or digging ditches to bury his enemies or some shit like that.
>
> Just ask yourself if Ghengis Khan, a man who killed his first man to prove himself ready to lead his household at age 12..a man who, along with his children and grandchildren, did so much fucking his genes are still active to this day, would be text messaging. I do not think so.

Genghis Khan game. Would Genghis Kahn text? No, he wouldn’t. If a girl texted in front of him while they were on a date (assuming Genghis takes a break from his impressive harem to squeeze in a legitimate date), he would grab the phone out of her hand, place it on a table, and cleave it in two with his war sword. The girl would be pissed, but she’d spend the next five years of her life thinking about him. Five minutes of world bestriding conqueror beats 500 years of beta.

Comments Of The Month

CH · 30 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

From Marcus:

> Mystery is a great example of a guy who has a tremendous amount of empathy for both men and women. I remember watching a video where he was training a new coach, and when the coach said something about bitch shields, Mystery corrected him, calling them “protection shields”. He wasn’t doing it to be PC or to avoid offending women (there were none present) – rather, he was working through the problem in real time by imagining why a woman might behave like a bitch when a man first approaches her.
>
> It sounds strange, but this blog has made me *less* of a misogynist. I have come to view women as elegant machines — machines for using, to be sure — that mostly do a damned good job of doing what they were designed to do. As I get more comfortable and consistent at either aggressively torquing their levers or gently greasing their gears at just the right moments, my appreciation only deepens.
>
> As with machines, my love of women tends to be more general than specific. Upgrades are always welcome.

I preen. Would that the army of tards who occasionally spill into this exclusive estate reflect on the fact that the underlying message is in reality a romanticist hymn to the unique and abiding attributes of women, warts and all, and to the good that can come from seeing women as they really are instead of as what we wish they were, there would be more love in the world.

And not that fraudulent asexual love that new agers yap about.

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Trumped-up Charges

CH · 3 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Women love to bitch and moan about their men. It's in their blood. But it matters not, most of the time. As long as you smite her heart with your heraldic war pike of forged steel alphaness, her bitching and moaning will waft into the ether, having no influence whatsoever on her desire to cling to you. In fact, bitching and moaning is often a sign that the woman is deeply in love, for such a powerfully debilitating emotion ushers forth a fusillade of half-hearted complaints as a grounding mechanism to steady her so that she can make at least semi-cogent rationalizations why she can't get enough of your assholery.

There is, however, a time and context when the complaints carry more weight. This is usually right near the end of a relationship, when she has already checked out and is now trying to wriggle free without confronting the real reasons why she feels no tingle. You will know this is happening because complaints you rarely heard before suddenly come out of nowhere, and with increasing frequency. Her bitching, too, will take on a serious cast, and the playfulness with which she needled you before will be gone, replaced by a somber recounting of grievous faults. You will almost picture her wearing a green eyeshade as she ticks off your bothersome habits that, for reasons unclear to your formulaically analytical male mind, she finds irredeemably annoying what once she thought charming, and evidence that you are unsalvageable as a boyfriend.

"You're late all the time."

"I hate they way you kiss with the side of your lips."

"You never got me anything nice." (You'll notice girls using an out-of-place past tense when you have been mentally demoted to ex-lover.)

We here at the Chateau know the reason why she has morphed into a human resources department assistant manager: you lost your alpha mojo. Her complaints, more often than not utterly baseless trumped-up charges, are simply mediums through which she contextualizes your emerging betatude. She cannot fathom the subtleties of character deficiency and behavioral emasculation that turn her off, but she can wrap her frazzled hamster around the one time you were ten minutes late picking her up from the train station. And since a woman's memory for trivial details rivals a quad core CPU, you can expect that she will remember retroactive annoyances from five years ago that today serve as convenient nitpick fodder to justify the torrent of hypergamous preprogramming that propels her away from your domesticated ass.

Happily for you readers, the Chateau is a one stop shop for all your relationship management needs. We don't just diagnose the problem; we give you solutions. So what do you do when the end is nigh and the bitching has evolved into a stone cold staff meeting? Whatever you do…

DON'T ENGAGE HER LOGICALLY.

Women are probably capable of some rudimentary logical thinking in a pinch, but it isn't their default mental algorithm, and they won't like having to be logical when they could defer to their insanely precocious *feeeeelings* instead. So when you engage a woman logically, assaulting her with the facts and bolstering your case, you are actually signing your own notice of dismissal. In the court of love, fairness is a fleeting proclamation and evidence an obstacle to be tampered with on the way to the Siberian celibacy camps.

"You're late all the time."

"No, I'm not. Once or twice, maybe. But do you remember me being on time for the house party last week?"

BAD.

"You're late all the time."

“You would be too if your ten other girlfriends were constantly bugging you.”

GOOD.

“I hate the way you kiss with the side of your lips.”

“I don’t do that. You’re just making shit up.”

BAD.

“I hate the way you kiss with the side of your lips.”

“Next time I’ll aim for your ear.”

GOOD.

“You never got me anything nice.”

“Sure I did. What about that cashmere sweater I got you for your birthday?”

BAD.

“You never got me anything nice.”

“Fuck you. That bag of Skittles cost me an arm and a leg.”

MOST EXCELLENT.

The above are merely suggestions for dealing with the red flags of rationalization bitching. Many game strategies are available to you, and all are good in their own way. The point of this post is that under no circumstances should you ever take a woman seriously in relationship matters, unless she is waving a small white stick with a pink tip in front of you.

Even then, proceed with caution.

Fooling Golddiggers

CH · 5 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Men universally overestimate the importance of money to attracting women. This is probably so because the relatively chaotic, amorphous nature of psychological game is harder for men to comprehend than is a hard objective metric like money. It's much simpler to say to a man: "First you make the money, then you get the power. Then when you get the power, you get the women."

The problem with this plan of action is that, one, it's highly inefficient, and, two, most women — and this includes hot women — aren't aroused by a man with money nearly as much as men think they are. Women are attracted to an alpha attitude — AKA game — which can be correlated with money. But money is not a necessary condition for embodying the alpha attitude. There are easier ways to attract women for sexual congress and loving LTRs than slaving for years in a corporate gig saving every penny to afford a monster mortgage or risking prison in the drug trade.

Furthermore, there is this misperception out there that money automatically equates to power, which is something that girls do indeed find very arousing in a man. But we all know souped-up IT and finance nerds making well into the six figures who struggle with their dating lives. Power is more a state of mind, or a will to attitude, than a blessing that flows from big bucks. The shiftless badboy with the motorcycle and smirk has more power over women's hearts than the well-paid CFO who sucks up to women by throwing free meals and unearned gifts at them.

Naturally, all else equal, having money will help your pickup more than not having money. But the "all else equal" is the key qualifier. If you are looking to get more bangs for your buck, so to speak, working longer harder hours to amass bank is not the way to do it. When you realize that most women worth fucking don't care all that much about how much money you make, you understand that the road to gratification leads away from the path laid down by conventional wisdom.

As long as you make a decent living (i.e. don't live in a cardboard box), have a car (unless you reside in the heart of a major urban center or lead a traveling lifestyle), have some stylish threads, and keep a clean, cared-for home, the money factor evaporates for all but the most die-hard golddiggers. Remember, a man's *ambition* is one of the traits women love. Whatever financial reward he has earned from his ambitious undertakings is almost irrelevant, like icing on the cake.

Maxim #49: Waving a roll of benjamins at a woman will not give her tingles. In fact, it will often do the opposite.

But this post is about that small minority of femme fatales who are dedicated golddiggers. They exist, especially in feverishly status conscious enclaves, and it's in your interest as a man to smoke them out early and take advantage of them before they have a chance to take advantage of you. Once you get good at fooling golddiggers, you can corral them into loving relationships with you that monopolize many of their prime years, leaving them splintery husks on the downslope hustling pasty-faced betas with nothing but credit card game, while memories of you haunt their dreams.

None of the below tips are an acceptable substitute for tight game, but they will add to your aura of mystery and captivate golddiggers on the make for a sugar daddy.

- The ATM receipt ruse.

There are services that will print up authentic looking ATM receipts with large dollar amounts. Leave a crumpled one lying around your place. She will notice it. (All women notice the smallest details of the men they date. It's encoded in their DNA.)

- Ditch the car for a boat.

If you live in a place where it is acceptable to be car-less, you can substitute with a boat docked at the nearest marina. Sailboats earn doubleplusbonus points, and are often cheaper than new cars. Since cars are *de rigueur* among all classes, they don't stand out anymore as markers of taste, unless you go luxury. But a cheap boat will open the golddigger's cash register heart.

- Fake Ivy League diplomas.

There are places where you can get these. Hang prominently on your wall. Ivy degrees and money are practically synonymous in the whore's mind.

- The expensive suit ruse.

If you are going to spend money, spend it on a couple of expensive suits. Clothing style is a relatively cheap way to signal wealth, and will often fool golddiggers into bed with you for at least a few months.

- Housing amenities.

Can't afford that 2,000 square foot apartment in SoHo? No worries. Get a smaller place, but make sure it has one or two stand-out amenities, like a Sub-Zero fridge or exquisite molding along the ceiling.

- The cubic zirconia ruse.

Buy a pair of cubic zirconia earrings. Leave them somewhere in your bedroom where a golddigger will see them. When she asks, explain that you gave those diamonds to a former lover ("former lover" always sounds better than "ex") who returned them to you when you broke up, because she couldn't bear to wear them anymore. Women, despite their insistence, really cannot tell the difference between a real diamond and CZ, especially in your dimly lit, Quagmire-esque bedroom. This ruse is particularly effective because it pushes three buttons — the money button, the preselection button, and the "ambiguously available man" button.

- The signed work of art ruse.

Buy a cheapo print, say of a Miro, and sign his name on the bottom in his signature style. Tell her you collect original works of art, and Miro is one of your favorites.

- Always pay with hundreds.

This is kind of cheesy, but golddiggers are a cheesy lot, so they deserve it. Great for getting her to buy things for you. "Hey babe, I only have a hundred. Could you spring for me on that pack of gum?" As all Chateau guests should know by now, getting women to buy you things alters their perception of you to a higher value man, because they certainly wouldn't buy things for a lower value man.

- Keep a safe in your place.

Who knows what's in that safe? Jewelry? Bonds? Cash? Guns? Back copies of Playboy? Her pussy squirms with the possibilities.

- Learn how to decorate.

You don't have to spend an arm and a leg to properly decorate your pad. Why should a decent decorating job impress golddiggers so much? Because most men have no idea how, nor any inclination, to feng shui the shit out of their homes. When you do, you set yourself apart from the bachelor masses.

- The vacation home ruse.

Put a framed photograph of your "country estate" or "beach house" on the wall. She doesn't have to know it's just a random photo you took of someone else's house.

- The stock market player ruse.

Always keep a stock market display on your monitor. She'll think you are a big money risk taker.

- The overseas business trip ruse.

Every couple of months, tell your newfound golddigger lover that you will be away for two weeks on an "international business trip" which you can't talk about in detail. This serves the dual purpose of stoking her curiosity and giving you a break to pursue other girls for fun and profit.

PS: I don't do any of the above things, because I've had no need to (unless I'm doing it for my own amusement). I've had no trouble meeting attractive girls who weren't blatant whores pimping for financial support. The few times I've dealt with genuine golddiggers, I had some fun with their expectations, and they — I'm sure to their surprise — loved having the tables turned on them.

Update:

"Silver Fox" comments:

> Grifter bags 2500 Women
>
> I can attest to this; I bagged 6 models in 2001, when i was an unemployed i-banker for 18 mos. Meanwhile as a multi 6 figure employed banker I avgeraged 1/yr.
>
> Just said "I am a consultant"…followed with silence and direct eye contact/
>
> Avg women cant tell if you work in mailroom or boardroom at Goldman Sachs.

Silver Fox is right on two counts. It's often the grifters with game who score more pussy than the workaholic ballers. And women really can't know exactly what you do in the office. Unless she shows up at the front door of your building demanding entrance, you can keep her in the dark about your "boardroom" job for years. Women are extremely gullible on these matters because they *want* to believe you are the king of the world you slyly hint that you are.

Is Your Girlfriend Ovulating? Watch Out!

CH · 7 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Check out this video.

Bottom line: Ovulating women in loving relationships are the most likely to show a lot of skin and flirt with other men.

Every time I have a brief moment of weakness when I think God is possible and there is love for everyone in the world, studies like this one jolt me back to reality. Yep, those precious, perfect, beautiful women crave strange cock when they're most likely to get pregnant. And they crave it the hardest — and do what is necessary to get it — when they are secure in loving relationships with chumps such as yourself.

This is yet more evidence on top of existing evidence for the Chateau prescription to instill dread in your relationship or marriage. Women who get too comfortable with their partners, get cocky. They take their beta boyfriends or husbands for granted and start to heed the call of their uncaged ids deep in their hindbrains, where even the hamster dares not tread. An emboldening sense of invulnerability overwhelms them, and they follow an age-old evolutionary script leading them to sample genetic pee pee platters when there is low risk it will cost them with their current beaus.

The solution for men to reign victorious over this female Darwinian impulse is simple, and one this blog has been writing about for some time: Never…

never

let her feel entitled to your love.

By this I mean you need to keep your girlfriend (or wife!) on her toes, always in a state of suspended certainty. She has to be thinking, at least some of the time, "Does he really love me?" "Does he love me as much as I do him?" "Is he completely committed to me?" "Is he seeing other women?" "What's he thinking?"

And my personal favorite:

"Why does he leave after sex?"

And, trust me, she will love you more for making her feel this way, despite her inability to ever admit as much.

So, men, if you want to minimize the odds your lover is an infidelity risk, keep tabs on her cycle and monitor the level of comfort and security you are offering her in your LTR. If she is approaching her ovulatory phase, and you have been smothering her with affection and compliments…

back the fuck off.

Turn off your phone for a day. Decline a scheduled date with her. Call her from a noisy bar where girls can be overheard laughing in the background. If you live with her, show up very late from work a couple of nights in a week. Notice some trivial flaw about her looks. Grunt more than usual. Be laconic. Ignore her.

Naturally, the hotter she is, the more you will have to back off. Options = instability.

In this new year, let's all make a resolution to improve the quality of our sex and love lives. Let's make her work for it.

Reader Mailbag: True Grit Edition

CH · 10 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1 is telegrammed from “Assrange”:

> What are alpha and beta fetishes?
>
> I guess the most alpha fetish is rape or FFM gangang and the most beta fetish – being a woman’s toilet or cuckolding.
>
> What is your say?

That rape should be a most despised intrusion under law and custom does not relegate it to the outer hells of our less desirable scoundrels. The average woman’s mind is teeming with the dirty detritus of rape fantasies, such fantasies the ultimate manifestation of their most female desire to submit wholly and unconditionally to a strong man with a will to match. Alpha men, for their part, are happy to oblige, but spare no fetish for the abomination. That is solely the reserve of the morally undeveloped sex and the diseased of mind.

In order of decreasing alpha coondoggery and increasing omega degeneracy, herewith a list of male sexual perversions:

FFFFFFFFFFFM with hidden video recorder, doggy style, asses lined up in a row like ducks at a shooting gallery.
FFFFFFFFFFFM with lights on.
Standard FFM.
Kinky FM wherein the lady is hogtied and ballgagged.
Public sexual congress.
FM while watching the vile pornography.
FM while she’s beholden to her womanly discharge.
Sitting in a corner and stroking balefully while watching FF scissor.
Sitting in a corner and stroking feverishly while watching F get nailed by M.
Sitting in a corner and stroking feverishly while watching F get nailed by BM.
Any of the bowel evacuation perversions, including but not limited to the Cleveland Steamer, the Pinched Julep, and the Choctaw Country Cornbread Cow Plop.
Animal intimacy.

******

Email #2 comes by way of a charming filly from the old country:

> I’m a Hungarian-Romanian woman. I pretty much enjoy your blog because it has thaught me a lot about attraction and dating sociology. I want to evolve in every possible way and I believe you can help me answer some questions.
>
> You’re saying that the alpha-monster should never get married, he has all the women he wants in a heart-beat. Who is his female counterpart? Is the alpha woman really allowed to change partners that often? Doesn’t it pull her in the slut category (which is to be avoided? – according to some other theorems of yours). And what is next up? Does a future of alpha-partnerships (or bangs) lead to the extinction of the human race (from what I see, having children is beta) ?
>
> Two. From my observations, one is able to have magnificent sex via perception altering. I know a case (alpha, slightly autistic guy + fat girl) where he strongly believed that the girl is hot (she was transmitting him great states of mind), they had 10-sex and eventually the girl became hot (physically), or better, BMI-altering sex. I believe post-alpha is the abillity to change anyone at will.

> That's all…for today.

For today? I have a mind to administer a lashing to your bare bottom for confronting my decency with your coyness, you gypsy temptress.

But I am in an inculcating mood. The "alpha monster", or what we here in these parts call the rooster, has his psychological counterpart in the alpha hyena, the head of her cackling demon pack of predatory African savannah carnivores. But unlike that mangy beast, she is first and foremost an exquisite example of beauty, unparalleled in three counties' range, and of such refined features that she drives even the most trailworn men to fits of romantic elegy.

She is certainly able to have as many male lovers as she can accommodate, mentally and physically, without rupturing an unseemly fissure in her nethers and risking the foul humours. But the alpha female does not have many partners, not nearly enough to qualify as a slut, because the very beauty that gives her the option to spread herself wide with the greatest number of suitors also enamors her with a honed prejudicial instinct, which she uses to great effect to make herself as unavailable as possible until a man of the highest quality courts her with the baubles and trinkets of a thousand kings.

It should be noted that the modern alpha female has chosen the whiskey and dance at the expense of brood, and the consequences for the people should be obvious. She spreads herself around a little more today than perhaps she did in yore, and our generations grow stupider and uglier under the misuse of the prophylactic by the lower classes.

Your point number two is absurd on its face, and requires no further discrediting but for that which I am generously inclined to offer in this forum. "Perception altering" is just another fancy university term of of art for saying a man with a bad hand has got to fold or bluff like he's holding a pair of Aces. A man is as loathe to admit he's fornicating with a hatchet-faced witch as he is to admit he can't shoot a barn door at ten paces.

Now there is something to the idea that a blessed man in the way of women can exert a favorable influence upon his lovers, inasmuch as those women will feel the competitive fire from fairer ladies and perform judiciously to please him. But that is a risk I would not be willing to take with a fat woman, whose fat is only likely to grow as she succumbs to years of habit to reach for the bread and cheese in moments of self-doubt and despair.

******

Email #3 hails from "LW":

> I wanted to first thank you for dropping incredible amounts knowledge on this blog. I have learned quite a bit and think that I can outgrow my betadom soon. I wanted to run a scenario by you that you probably hear often, and see how you might approach it.
>
> In High School, I was pretty socially awkward. I wasn't an outcast by any means, but I definitely wasn't one of the popular kids.
>
> Like most kids in my situation, I had a crush on a girl who I thought at the time was "out of my league". She even tried to talk to me at one point in class, but I was way too awkward to maintain any form of conversation.
>
> Now, I am in a much better stage in life; I have friends, a social life, and actually get laid on occasion. I am friends w/ this girl on Facebook, and I can tell that we are in a similar place on the dating market. She likes a lot of the same shit I do, is single, and is still very cute.
>
> My question is, how do I initiate some sort of conversation with her without coming off as a total fucking stalker? Is this even possible? Or should I just wait for our next HS reunion?
>
> Please let me know what you think. Any help would be appreciated.
>
> Thanks,
>
> LW

Why don't you have a swig of this devil water, young man. It'll help steady your nerves as the weight of the wisdom I am about to indulge you with overworks your senses.

First, ignore your past mistakes. She doesn't remember as much as you fear she does, and what she does remember will only serve to your advantage when the stark juxtaposition of your present state of mind clashes with her meager prejudice. Also, forget that she enjoys the same recreational pleasures as you; women do not respond in a desirous way to men with similar hobbies, whom they more often than not regard on the same level as charming pets. Shared interests only become important in a relationship of some strength and fortitude, which should never be the case until three months in the least have passed.

I would never tell you to wait for anything. Waiting is the mindset of — to use the modern parlance — the beta. The alpha goes for what he wants, when he wants it. Of course, he does so in a calculating fashion designed to maximize the benefit which will accrue to him.

You treat this girl like any hot girl whose virtue you want to immoderately violate. Scatter your profile with photos of you in poses of adventure, in foreign lands, peering at an unseen object offstage, and surrounded by nubile young ladies. Leave a comment to one of her pics, leavened with the insertion of a neg (contextually dependent, of course). Or start up a chat with her when she's online, as you would any girl. Always be sure to end the chat first, so that she is stunned out of her self-absorption which is the wont of her mercurial gender.

Other than that, I can't tell you much, because I am of the mind that Facebook is an emasculating nutgrinder which purpose suits the distaff sex completely and at the expense of the stripping away of your natural male advantage of imposing, virile body language and inscrutable ponderings.

Tolerance Immersion

CH · 10 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The shooting of a Congresswoman by an unhinged schizophrenic anarcho-left winger with mental stability issues, and the predictable opportunistic reaction by the leftist MSM gleefully jumping the gun in assuming the shooter was a high ranking spokesman for the Tea Party, has got me thinking about big ideas. Specifically, the psychological motivations that drive the ruling class leftists to advocate for the strange things they do.

In between tacitly approving the repeal of the First Amendment in the wake of the shooting, leftists have been blaming the "climate of hate" (to which they no doubt contribute not one iota of hatefulness) on the inability of those "wrong" kinds of white people to get along with others not like them. This has been, in fact, the leftist chant for some forty odd years now, and their answer to this ever-growing problem of intolerance from those other whites-who-are-not-like-them-not-at-all-nosirree-these-aren't-the-lily-white-gated-communities-with-monoracial-schools-you're-looking-for has been to ramp up the antagonisms that provoke the bigotry they decry.

Logically, this makes no sense at all. If the leftists sincerely believe the "other whites" are intolerant bigots who foster a climate of hate every time they engage in the political process, then it's counterproductive to advocate for increasing diversity which will, inevitably according to liberal logic, lead to more bigoted violence from the other whites. This is like wailing about drunk driving fatalities, and then throwing car keys at drunks and encouraging them to take the scenic route home.

Of course, the leftists aren't much different than those they berate. We can tell this by the fact that those among them with options hightail it away from the vibrancy of the 50% gay 50% white hipster SWPL gentrified urban hood and into leafy, 5% gay 95% white yuppie suburbs when their precious tots are old enough to go to school, and too old to be used as stroller buffer to discourage would-be predators from targeting them.

Leftists are merely running status games through appeals to self-delusion, AKA PC. They need a bad guy upon which to project their own super secret bigoted thoughts and actions, and that bad guy happens to be commonsensical people who aren't clever enough to fool themselves, and thus others, into believing utter bullshit.

But back to the leftist's sincerity or lack thereof. Given enough self-deception, it is possible to begin to sincerely believe in blatantly stupid stuff. Leftists do sincerely look down their noses at the masses. But then, many leftists also sincerely believe that no human being is immutable; the average Joe's hate and intolerance – through the power of government intervention – can be metamorphosed into something better, a world music listening Six Million Dollar Diversity Man who learns how to sip soy latte and mentally torture himself to find the most non-obvious explanation for FBI crime stats.

The overhaul and salvation of the Neanderthal bigot's mind thus involves an orthodoxy that can be termed Tolerance Immersion. This is the leftist policy of immersing the white bigots in a swirling sea of diversity and platitudinal PC agit-prop, with the hopes that the heavenly light of tolerance would imbue the bigot as a sort of default immune response once he realized resistance was futile and his fate sealed. (You'll notice in the leftist worldview, there is no such thing as a non-white bigot.) Similar to language immersion, it is believed by the leftist that radical tolerance immersion which leaves no room for dissent is the most effective way to help the bigot free himself of the last vestiges of primitive emotions, such as prejudice, racism, xenophobia, jealousy, envy, desire, joy and love.

Tolerance Immersion has been tried before, usually unintentionally, and history shows the wreckage that resulted. But history is socially constructed anyway according to leftist thought, so its lessons should be no impediment to their grand, and conveniently never quite finished, project utopia.

Just Say Something

CH · 11 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

You're standing in front of a cute girl at the Trader Joe's check-out line. You put the food on the conveyor belt, stealing glances at her as she fiddles with her phone. She looks up briefly at you, then looks back down. You want to say something, anything halfway clever, to get her smiling and a conversation rolling, with the ultimate intention of a phone number exchange, or even, dare you ponder it!, an insta-date to the nearest coffee shop.

But the moment evaporates silently, your mouth paralyzed except for the "I don't need a bag" you say to the cashier. Another wasted opportunity. But you brush it off easily as soon as you are out the door, figuring you have years ahead of you and plenty of chances to meet girls in similar situations down the road.

The next day, you fumble another opportunity with a girl pumping gas next to you at the gas station. And again, you glibly excuse your inaction with the comforting thought that years of opportunities await you.

The same scene in different contexts is repeated… until those years have passed and the glib excuses don't come so easily anymore. Regret weighs on you like a stone hung around your neck.

***

Does the above describe you? If you are like most men, it does, too often for your liking. There are many sticking points in game, from meeting to sex to relationship, but the one sticking point that nearly every man experiences, and which holds him back more than any other, is the inability to open his fucking mouth and say something… anything… to a girl he finds attractive. This is the Grand Hurdle, the obstacle that looms like an unscalable wall between him and any new girl.

Conquer this mental barrier, and you have improved your game a thousandfold from where you were before. Why do I say this?

Because every time you don't talk to a girl is a failure. A failure to at least give yourself a shot at sex and love with her. Think about that for a second. Each one of the thousands upon thousands of good-looking girls who have attracted your attention over the years that you didn't talk to out of fear and apprehension is your failure.

You have failed each and every one of those times, and your instances of failure now add up to the thousands, perhaps tens of thousands. Hundreds of thousands if you live in a non-obese oasis of America.

That, my friends, is massive fail. No game technique can obliterate more failure, more effectively, than simply opening your mouth and saying something to the girl standing next to you.

Let the words flow. You must abide the words.

So powerful, and yet such a simple concept so universally rejected by the vast majority of men. See that cute girl in the aisle picking through the apples? You're not the only man with lockjaw. Thousands of other men also stood stupefied as that same girl browsed apples all the other days of the year. Sure, there were a couple of men here and there who managed to say something to her, and now maybe one (or two) of those men are currently fucking her. But for the most part, your competition in the Just Say Something sweepstakes is laughably weak.

So you shouldn't worry about formulating the perfect witty opener, or a great one-liner that will instantly attract her, if that worry is causing you to abandon any attempt. You're better off saying something geeky than saying nothing at all.

Naturally, you will want to work at honing your JSS method so that what you do say is maximized toward piquing her interest. But if you're tongue-tied, mentally masturbating about the cleverness quotient of the opener you are mulling in your head is worse than staying silent. If the choice is between sullen silence and blurting out whatever nonsensical crap comes to you, always go with the nonsensical crap.

In that spirit, here are some JSS openers you can use in various scenarios. Some of these are cheesy, and that's the point. The goal is to get you talking in a natural, unforced way to a girl without dwelling too heavily on proper game technique.

I know many of you men have stood in that Trader Joe's line in front of the cute girl with your mouths glued shut, hoping for a flash of inspiration which never came. Read these, and be inspired to pull out your iPod earplugs. These are your first step to defeating the silence.

Supermarket:

"I hear frozen blueberries are in season this year."

"That's an excellent ice cream choice."

"I'm going to read this tabloid and be proud of it."

"I sometimes judge people by their food purchases. Don't say you've never done that."

Liquor store:

"Do you think it's possible to buy single cans of beer? I like to pretend I'm not a lush."

"That's a good selection of bottom shelf liquor you got there."

"Where's the beer funnel?"

Book store:

"Do you know where the pop-up/color by numbers book section is?"

"I can't believe this place doesn't serve pizza."

Mall clothing store:

"You ever notice how you always get more tired standing in a mall store than anywhere else?"

"Is purple the new black?"

"You look like the kind of girl who knows a lot about cufflinks."

Farmer's market:

"An apple always tastes better outdoors."

"I think my transformation to yuppie is complete."

"Did you try the fig butter? No? Count your blessings."

"The world would be a better place if we were all grass-fed."

Pool hall:

"Don't worry. That was just the stick."

"I drink until I see twelve holes. That's how my game gets better."

Sidewalk, waiting for crosswalk signal:

Give her the stink-eye. "You look like the jay-walking type."

"Hi, sidewalk stranger."

Porta-potty line:

"Too late. I loaded my diapers."

Just kidding on that last one.

Visual Proof Of How Marriage Destroys Women

CH · 12 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> This is a picture of a girl I dated my last year of college (she was 2 years behind me). The first pic is her right after we stopped dating, the second pic (purple shirt) is her after a year and a half of marriage… Tragic.

It's scientifically proven that women pack on the pounds once they extract the wedding vows. It thus follows that married men enjoy much less satisfying sex than their single male counterparts. It all makes perfect sense from a game theoretic point of view: women show their best bodies when they are competing with other women for a man's commitment, but once they have that commitment — and the power of the state to protect them from the consequences of breaking their implicit promise to please their husbands — they let themselves go.

This is why the hottest cougars are the ones who have never been married and have had to fight tooth and claw for male attention their whole lives.

So beware the gluttony hazard of marriage. If you're a beta provider, the freezer will start filling up with Haagen-Dazs days after the honeymoon. She knows you're not going to do anything about it. You have nowhere to run, and no other women to satisfy you. And you certainly don't have the balls to tell her how much her rolls of blubber turn you off. Nope, you'll grin and bear it when she commands you to dive down and snuffle around in her rhinoceros labia until she's climaxed.

The sad photos above remind me of the time I dumped my wife for getting fat. I do hope she has managed to carry on without me.

Shades Of George Sodini

CH · 12 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Jared Lee Loughner wrote in an online gamer forum:

> On May 5, he started a thread titled “Talk, Talk, Talking about Rejection.” He solicited stories of rejection by the opposite sex. The next day he wrote, “Its funny…when..they say lets go on a date about 3 times..and they dont….go…” Three days later, he wrote, “Its funny when your 60 wondering……what happen at 21.”

Color me shocked that another mass murdering male shooter has a history of sexual rejection. Obviously, being mentally deranged can hurt your chances with women, but constant sexual failure tends to reinforce the mental instability. It’s a vicious celibacy feedback loop.

Give some of these guys with mental issues the tools of game to successfully meet and date women, and the improvement in the unrelenting loneliness and sexual frustration they feel will help tame the beast. Loughner may not have been a candidate for Total Game Intervention, as his mental state — he likely pulled a genetic bad hand of paranoid schizophrenia — was too far gone from all accounts, but for society’s underbelly of men who still have some of their marbles a knowledge of game may go a ways to reducing the number of these horrific random mass shootings.

By the way, **Filthy Lying Shitsack of the Month Award** should go to Sheriff Dupnik, the craven cur who tried to deflect any potential media attention from evidence that he ignored death threats made by Loughner as a token of favoritism to Loughner’s mother, a county employee, by blaming conservative politicians and talk radio hosts.

Dupnik has blood on his hands, and he knows it. That is why he lies so recklessly and obstinately. When cornered, a stuck pig will lash out with a fury.

“Having common hobbies kills the spark for me.”

CH · 13 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Lara, presumably a girl, wrote the subject heading in the comments to yesterday’s post.

Lara may be a troll, or she may be a girl lying about what she sexually responds to in order to score retarded internet debate points, but her blurt has a kernel of truth. Dating advice columnists, a most loathsome breed, and marriage counselors are fond of telling the lovelorn how important it is for a man and woman to share interests and hobbies if they want to make a relationship work for the long haul. This meme has, in fact, become so imbibed by the general population that you cannot date a girl, or listen to a girl talk about what she wants in a man, without hearing her say that “he has to share my values“, or “he has to like the same things I like.”

A conversation I had with Zeets the Throwback Barbarian comes to mind.

ME: Your parents have been together a long time. Do they go shopping at arts and crafts boutiques like other mature couples do?

ZEETS: Hell no. My Dad plays poker twice a week to get out of the house, and my Mom hangs out with her friends on the weekends.

ME: They’re not attached at the hip then?

ZEETS: Not even close. They need to get out of each other’s hair. They have different interests. They both like to swim in the pool, though.

ME: But you can really see the love they have for each other.

ZEETS: Exactly.

This “shared values and interests” chestnut is a load of horseshit. Lara is hitting upon something important in her throwaway quip. Men and women who like the same things and do a lot of activities together risk instilling the contempt of familiarity in each other. This is particularly the case for women, who must abide their genetic programming to find overly accessible men undesireable.

Women may squawk a big squawk about wanting men who share their interests, but in reality they most admire and love those men who have their own interests, and who pursue those interests without regard to the women’s participation. Women, in short, love to be spectators to men’s passions. They love to be dragged into a man’s world.

As with all things gender related, women want to look up to a man. They do not want an equal or a play time buddy. Feminists who claim otherwise are lying, not only to you and me, but, more importantly, to themselves.

Triangulation

CH · 13 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Obama's post-blood libel "Let's move past the hate that was completely generated by my side" speech which sent tingles up Rich Lowry's khakied pants is a classic example of triangulation. Obama nods and winks for a few days as his ideological allies go on the offense smearing their political and cultural enemies, and then emerges from the fray to deliver an impassioned call for unity and civility, thus positioning himself as the savior with the efflorescent halo who can bridge the divide and turn those frowns upside down. Naturally, this bridging involves a lot of government largesse and leftist cultural brainwashing.

Is Obama a better triangulator than Clinton was? That remains to be seen, but there is no denying that triangulation is effective psy ops on the mediocre masses. Expect Obama's poll numbers to jump and open borders amnesty to receive a modest osmotic boost in support.

If the right ever wants to win at this game they need to get it through their thick skulls that the way to victory is through the game concept of framing. Frame the debate, win the hearts and minds. Take a page from the Alinsky school for radical revolution: the best defense is a good offense.

Whenever these cultural blow-ups occur, the right is always left reeling on its heels, in the defensive posture. They need a little more of that irrational confidence and lack of scruples that the left has in spades. They need to be more proactively mischievous. Instead, the right continually plays the role of the qualifying girl to the leftist PUA. That's a great way to get screwed, but doesn't do much for avoiding pump and dumps.

This is one of the many reasons why Palin generates so much hate. She may not be the brightest bulb, but she knows how to set the terms of the conversation, and this drives the left insane, accustomed as they are to wielding the cultural bullhorn.

The right also needs to learn to deal with a media industrial complex that is almost wholly a propaganda arm of the left wing and Democrat party. Limbaugh and Fox have their followers, but in the scheme of things they are kazoos against the buzzsaw din that echoes from Hollywood, TV, the music biz, academia, the education racket, news organs, government, NGOs and workplace reeducation camps, all run to a great extent by leftist ruling class elites. This saturation megaphone may not conspire in the traditional sense of the word, but they coordinate by instinct, like fire ants converging on an El Paso picnicker.

Once the right grasps the fact of this stacked deck and what it means for them, they will understand that, despite Obama's calculated call for unity, the left never intends to play cricket with them. Not as long as that bullhorn stays glued to their lips. The right can get its own bullhorn, but that doesn't solve the problem; they need to learn to ignore, mock, satirize and NEG, in equal measure, the bleatings of the enemy's bullhorn. And before that they need to pin their foes against the wall with their own brand of accusatory self-serving righteousness. In other words, set the frame.

It's odd at first glance that a tiny cadre of high IQ elites can direct the national conversation with such precision, but it starts to make sense when you realize that most people want to be led by a strong band of alpha males. The apolitical middle will heed the hatchet job of the Associated Press and the siren lies of humanities professors and maudlin TV documentaries, and they will fall in line, and wearily assume the problem is now in capable hands and with people who have honest intentions. Meanwhile, the nation dissolves in an acid bath of deceit, a victim of its elite's facility with psychological manipulation.

Game has taught me to see the unacknowledged, and often unperceived, machinations that govern the behavior of men and women. Not surprisingly, it has also allowed me to see the underlying forces that animate the political sphere, for that sphere is merely a subset contained within the larger sexual market.

Perspective

CH · 14 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When her head nestles in my neck
and her fingers graze my ear
and her sleepy breath whispers hymns
my worldly worries disappear.

Why You Shouldn't Support Your Girlfriend's Goals

CH · 14 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Mingus comments:

> The drummer in a band I was in when I was younger thought it would be a good idea to buy his hot girlfriend a bass so they could "jam" and spend more time together, since he was always with us 4 nights a week. After a few months in the garage she got "okay" and decided to start her own band with some other hot chicks. They were terrible, but they were hot and dressed slutty – imagine a bad punk rock version of the bangles, but unlike the bangles they were all equally as hot as susanna hoffs (drummers GF kinda looked like her). Like an idiot he tried to help them out by starting to book shows with the "new hot chic band" opening up for us. We had a pretty good local draw, but after a few gigs the new hot chic band started to get more and more attention (duh) from the bookers because they could pack the joint….big surprise. Next thing you know hot chic band are headlining weekends and getting the calls to open for the bigger touring acts and he eventually becomes the over protective BF/roadie loading her ampeg 8×10 bass cab at each show and making sure no one tries to fuck her. Of course over time she dumps his sorry ass because of her new found rockstardom and his diminished higher value even though he was pretty much the reason she got there. Common hobbies=bad idea.

Hilarious. And I have similar horror stories I could tell about men I've known who bent over backwards to help their girlfriends realize their own dreams *a little too successfully.*

Helping to raise your girlfriend's social status above your own is akin to a fat chick helping her equally fat boyfriend lose weight and learn game while she stays fat. You are shooting yourself in the foot. Every time you encounter one of these sanctimonious beta bitchboy turds crowing about the love and support he gives to his girlfriend or wife to, say, get through medical school, laugh in his face because he is in for a rude awakening when she starts boffing a doc during her late night residency shifts.

The crux of the matter is that women do not desire men of equal status. They desire men of higher status than themselves. It's academic from where your status accrues; it could come from game, money, looks, wit, humor, artistic talent, popularity, social savviness or stone cold aloofness. As long as you are higher status than her on some important evolutionarily circumscribed metric, her veins will course with lust for your animal magnetism.

Maxim #1a: Women desire men of better quality than themselves.

When you think you are doing good by your woman to help her achieve career success or to lift up her social standing, you are in reality clumsily playing with the hellfires of the Underlord of Biomechanics. You do not fuck with the primal forces of female hypergamy without paying a steep price in consequences.

There are a few caveats.

If the realization of her goal won't raise her status above yours, *and* it won't put her in the company of a lot of high status men for long stretches of time, then feel free to support her. If she wants to be a day care operator, and you are a high flying salesman, earn brownie points by encouraging her to pursue her dream.

If her goals and dreams are precious little musings that you know she won't see through to achieving, then feel free to support her.

If her goal is a threesome with you and a lithe young chick, support the shit out of her. But make it seem like you're being dragged into participating.

Beta Valentine

CH · 18 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The crack team of Chateau clit crits does not review movies too often because most of what passes for entertainment in theaters is rubbish. However, once every decade or so a movie so bracing, so truthful, and so relevant to the cultural moment comes along that we feel compelled to give it a platform for the readership.

The post ahead contains spoilers. If you are a giant vagina, close your eyes and think of momma's womb.

Blue Valentine is an exploration of a modern marriage in the process of disintegrating, told via alternating scenes between the couple's sordid present and their romantically heady past of five or six years ago. The flashback scenes aren't labeled as such; the viewer knows they are flashbacks by the youthful hairline of Ryan Gosling's character, Dean, and by the fact that there's no kid around. The effect of the flashbacks is like a prolonged near-death experience, where the characters' dying relationship is punctuated by gauzy vignettes of happier times.

Although the theater was filled with SWPL women probably on a bender from *Glee* house parties, don't mistake this film for a chick flic. There's too much truth told in the portrayal of a relationship hitting the skids for this to be anything resembling the typical sappy romance movie. For one, there's no happy ending. Women's faces after a manipulative cheese-fest chick flic show the telltale signs of throat-lumped weepiness: the glisten of fresh tears on cheeks. But the crowd of women filing out of the theater after *Blue Valentine* had only the vacant-eyed look of a shellshocked soldier who has just seen his buddy catch shrapnel. Or, in this case, catch a little too much reality.

Quite simply, there hasn't been a movie in our lifetimes which depicts the fall of a man from charming nascent alpha to inept needy beta, and the loathing that this engenders in his lover, better than *Blue Valentine*.

Every male reader of the Chateau needs to see this movie, if for no other reason than to absorb the lessons it offers as a cautionary tale. The movie hits upon a number of powerhouse themes of this blog, and doesn't flinch from the consequences. It makes one wonder if the director, Derek Cianfrance, reads this humble outpost of id brutality.

Michelle Williams plays Dean's girlfriend/wife/pedestaled princess, Cindy. The two of them are from lower middle-class backgrounds. She's a young, knocked up slut with daddy issues (she confesses to a nurse in one riveting scene in an abortion doc's office that she has had "20, maybe 25″ sexual partners, and the guy who got her pregnant — an alpha male wrestler — left her holding the baby bag), and he's a high school dropout who works as muscle for a moving company who unironically wears American bald eagle sweaters and loves his job because it allows him to drink at 8AM. In other words, they are proles, with tastes, habits and dysfunction to suit.

Gosling and Williams give stellar performances. You will not see better acting unless Daniel Day-Lewis is on the bill. And this is the kind of movie that absolutely requires a high level of acting expertise; the subtle emotions and facial tics that are evoked to flesh out two ordinary people in a downward spiral of contempt, bitterness and fear, victimized not by each other but by ancient, primal mating forces pushing them in opposite directions, are beyond the range of most actors and actresses.

The casting here is important, because an unrealistically good-looking female lead would have strained credulity. Williams is cute, but not hot. She has a thick Teutonic neck, a slight belly roll, narrow hips, and an incipient double chin lurking underneath her long flowing blonde locks. That her cuteness is physically grounded like this helps explain why a guy of Dean's caliber can feel simultaneously awed by her beauty and motivated by her attainability. Williams' pedestrian 7 or 7.5 ranking delivers the message that exquisite female beauty is not the only instability factor that can corrupt a marriage; a man's betaness can do the same.

The critical Chateau (and game) themes this movie hits upon include:

– alpha pump and dumps and beta providers and how women react to each type of man
– negs (AKA teasing) as a pivotal component of successful courtships
– the never-ending cycle of female shit testing

– the flame-out of male shit test failing
– forcing closeness before attraction is built
– the near impossibility of reviving a woman's love after it has been squandered by beta behavior
– the deviousness of a woman's female friends
– the well-poisoning that ensues when a woman gains higher social status than her husband
– the absolute irrelevancy of children to influence the modern woman with regard to her relationship choices
– the influence of competitor alpha males on a woman's relationship trajectory
– the misguided idealism and romanticism of kind-hearted men
– the utter cluelessness of kind-hearted men about the nature of women
– the brute self-denial men practice when they project their romanticism onto women
– the inability of women to understand — let alone control — their own maelstrom of emotions
– the wisdom of the 2/3rds rule when expressing sentiments of love
– the recklessness and stupidity with which the lower classes careen in and out of relationships
– how easily unenlightened men are blindsided by women's biomachinations
– how easily women can be bedded with simple charm
– how complimenting a woman can turn her off
– how a failing relationship can cause a man to forget what he did to attract the woman
– how a man can lose his sense of self when he allows himself to be defined by the strength of his LTR or marriage
– the foolishness of pursuing a relationship with a single mom
– and the tingle-killer of excessive self-deprecation.

There are scenes in this movie where you will cringe with a mix of disgust and pity. When Dean leans against a door frame, sobbing and pleading with Cindy to "tell me what to do. I'll do whatever you want to make it better", you want to slap him hard across the face and lead him to the tree of knowledge that is the Chateau. When he forces a hug upon her in the hopes that it will stir those old feelings and she responds with a stiff-armed turtling, visibly aching to escape his touch, your cringing will reach epic proportions.

Similarly, there is a visceral sex scene, while not very graphic (you only see boobs once in this movie), that you will have a hard time watching. Suffice to say, a woman out of love is no fun to make love to.

The disgust you will feel over Dean's immolation and Cindy's cold retreat is made all the more palpable by the flashbacks to times when Dean was the cocky, charming troubadour who swept Cindy off her feet with some solid early game and a hipster ukelele. In what is perhaps the greatest (and thus most realistic) neg ever delivered in a Hollywood movie, Dean says to Cindy, during his second attempt to pick her up, that he "heard pretty girls are nuts. You must be crazy insane then." Pitch perfect. That, my friends, is how you deliver a competent neg. In fact, Cindy even acknowledges the neg concept when she replies "you have a funny way of insulting and complimenting a woman at the same time." It wasn't long after that they fell into bed.

The attention to detail is apparent in *Blue Valentine*. Cindy gets knocked up by an aloof alpha whom she allows to fuck her raw dog from behind, rutting like animals. He, naturally, cums inside her and issues a perfunctory "Oops, sorry" after he is spent. She rushes to the toilet to urinate out the sperm but it is too late. In another flashback we see her examining a pregnancy stick with fear in her eyes.

In contrast, when Dean first lays with Cindy, he goes down on her. He eats her out dutifully until she has climaxed. We do not see Dean penetrating her during that scene. The message is clear — alphas fuck the way they like to fuck, betas selflessly please their women. Since Dean never has a kid with Cindy despite a flashback scene where he expresses his desire to have one with her, we can assume that either she went on the pill or she required him to use a condom even in the marital bed.

Another message that should not be lost on the viewer: Cindy keeps the alpha asshole's kid while denying Dean a genetic legacy of his own. She changes her mind while laying down and in stirrups in the abortionist's office that she wants to keep the kid. Dean seals his fate when he agrees to love and support her and her kid, because he wants to

build a family. Cindy, a desperate, broken single mom-to-be, eagerly jumps into a Justice of the Peace marriage with Dean.

But Cindy cannot tame her desire for a higher social status man (read: a bigger asshole), and Dean's satisfaction with his banal employment, and his profligate flattery of Cindy's looks, eventually undermine the charm which initially attracted her. Her growing contempt for his beta neediness is so strong that she is willing to cast Dean out and traumatize her kid, who loves Dean because he is a doting stepfather.

This is why you should never treat single moms as anything more than holes into which to dump a few inconsequential fucks. As harsh as that sounds, a worse fate awaits the man who would attempt to build a relationship with a single mom. Every minute of every day, her kid reminds her of the alpha asshole who impregnated her, and whose seed she willingly chose to bring to life. You, as the provider chump assuming the role of the unrelated daddy, will always be second best in such a woman's eyes, particularly if she chooses not to have kids by you. You will always be that guy who wasn't quite good enough to burden her with child.

What man would want to live with such a daily reminder of his inadequacy? Well, men without any game, for example. When you feel the restriction of lack of options, you tend to settle for the dregs of womanhood.

Dean is a sympathetic character, so it would have been easy to stoke the audience to his side, but thankfully Cianfrance avoids that pitfall. Though less superficially sympathetic, Cindy is no villain. She is just following the dictates of her Darwinian script. She knows not what she does, and so you can't really get annoyed with her. She even says as much: "I'm done, I can't do this anymore!" This is the wail of a woman who feels unsettling guilt for falling out of love with a good man, and yet can do nothing about it.

The only real villain in the movie is the brief appearance of Cindy's female co-worker, a grade A cunt who shouts "Don't let him brainwash you, honey" at Cindy as she is leaving the office to calm Dean down. She even has sharp, vampiric teeth which she flashes at Dean through the office glass.

This lack of an obvious foe perhaps explains the blank faces of the crowd leaving the theater; what do you do when there is no one to root for, and no one to revile?

And that really gets at the heart of the matter. The forces that nurture relationships and that break them apart aren't agents of good or evil. They are laws, like gravity, that we all must accommodate if we want to find love and be happy. *Blue Valentine* does the best job to date of any movie at illuminating the crass functioning of the mating market and the competing, and mutually alien, desires that animate men and women. It's a dark and claustrophobic reminder of the fragile contingencies which sustain love. If the movie makes the phalanx of women leaving the theater uncomfortable, it's only because it hits a little too close to home.

Losing A Few Good Ones

CH · 19 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Most women want marriage and children. I do not. Given that mutually satisfying and loving sexual relationships have nothing to do with marriage, the game plan of women to get hitched and pregnant can often be postponed for years while their hearts are swaddled in the glow of love. However, it is inevitable that in the course of a life full of marriage-free relationships a few good ones will be lost. As captivating and addictive as I am, I have lost some women to the dictates of their particularly strong attachments to the marriage and kids initiation sequence. I miss them all.

This is a price every ladies man who disavows marriage but who loves women will pay at one time or another. Consider it the cost of doing business. And the loss will never be without pain, as a woman under such circumstances must betray her deepest feelings in order to leave you and pursue her marriage goal anew with another man who is open to the idea.

Blame social conditioning or genetic compulsion, it doesn't matter. Most women will, after some great time has passed, begin to clamor for an overpriced rock and a legal claim to half of your wealth and property. As I am not one to cave to such ultimatums, they have had to make decisions whether to stay with me on my terms or break it off to find a ~~sucker~~ husband. Some have left, and I am sure to this day we still ache for each other.

And this has hardly anything to do with principle. It is strictly a calculation of self-interest on my part. Modern marriage and kids by their nature tame men and render them less powerfully magnetic than they were as unmarried men. This may be good for molding a new army of drones to serve the perpetual consumption society, but it is bad for relationships. Because female sexuality is designed to respond to masculine power the woman who corrals a man into marriage is condemning herself to fuck a man for whom she has lost a measure of respect and sexual desire.

Marriage makes so little sense that it would take an exceedingly devious woman to bait me into the marriage trap. So far, none have managed the trick, and the few who were devious enough to manage it chose instead to follow my lead or tearfully say their goodbyes.

So I tell you men who have renounced marriage: prepare for loss. It will happen, and you will have to be ready to accept this inevitability.

But there is good news. A nontrivial number of sexy women have no interest in marriage, or are ambivalent about the enterprise. These women, despite media brainwashing to the contrary, do exist, and you can find them. It will require a little more work by you to screen for them, but the effort is worth it. The other strategy which you can employ, and which I not only highly recommend but follow in my own life, is to date young women. The marriage bug doesn't really start to bite until a woman hits 28 or so, especially in the big cities where peer pressure and status whoring delay the age at which women seriously entertain the prospect of marriage and kids. So you can avoid the hassle of ultimatums altogether by dating early 20s and mid 20s girls.

You can also date washed up cougars who have lost all hope that they'll get married, but really, why would you want to do that?

12 Year Old Girl With Game

CH · 19 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> Hi, I want to comment you something I saw at the mall yesterday.
>
> There were two girls by my side (12 and 8 years old) jumping, screaming and in general being annoying and invading my personal space. They had that attitude that the kids have when they are planning something. Fortunately they disappeared after they decided their plan of action.
>
> After few moments they reappeared at a nearby table, occupied by three male kids. The two girls were standing there and started to talk with the boys. The girls extended their hands and chatted a few minutes. The older girl took her phone, get one boys number and then they left. Two of the boys were 12 years old and the other was 6.
>
> It was nice to see the scene. The girls were standing all the time. The older one was relaxed with good body language. The younger one didn't stop to smile while she hugged her bear shaped backpack. The boy was flattered, but stay cool.
>
> So, here you have it. A 12 years old girl with game!
>
> Best regards.

If I'm right about the growing masculinization of Western women, we are going to see more of this sort of thing. Little girls will mimic what they see the adult women in their lives do, and what they see are women running game on men, approaching men, having kids out of wedlock, racking up multiple sex partners, and generally behaving like aggressive caddish men. This is good for easy sex, but it's also the death knell of femininity.

How many readers have noticed more aggressive posturing by women in the field? A broad cultural/genetic trend may be in the offing. If it is, one thing is certain: over a long enough time span, it's self-correcting.

Also, good reader, stop watching kids at the mall. Some hatchet-faced femcunt whose dusty hole hasn't had a sexual experience that didn't chafe, might see you and alert the national guard.

Science Can't Stop Proving Me Right

CH · 21 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I have contended that married women slowly come to find their husbands less sexually desirable because marriage tames men. Now a study shows that I have the cause and effect at least partially correct:

> Researchers have long argued that marriage generally reduces illegal and aggressive behaviors in men. It remained unclear, however, if that association was a function of matrimony itself or whether less "antisocial" men were simply more likely to get married.
>
> The answer, according to a new study led by a Michigan State University behavior geneticist, appears to be both.
>
> In the December issue of the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, online today, S. Alexandra Burt and colleagues found that less antisocial men were more likely to get married. Once they were wed, however, the marriage itself appeared to further inhibit antisocial behavior.

If you want to keep your marriage hot and heavy, maintain a dark triad edge: think highly of yourself, break the rules, and occasionally lie for the hell of it. She'll swoon all over again.

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Adding another piece to the ovulatory cycle puzzle, researchers have found that women with beta partners fantasize about masculine men when they're fertile, but women with alpha partners do not.

> When their romantic partners are not quintessentially masculine, women in their fertile phase are more likely to fantasize about masculine-looking men than are women paired with George Clooney types.
>
> But women with masculine-looking partners do not necessarily become more attracted to their partners, a recent study co-authored by a University of Colorado at Boulder researcher concludes.

This supports the theory that alpha males can afford to slip up and act beta once in a while without suffering the same consequences that a diehard betaboy would. The infrequent beta backslide won't help the alpha, but it won't hurt him either. So if you are a beta, you had better ramp up your asshole game during your lover's fertility window.

The same study shows that idiocracy is in full effect:

> Meanwhile, a man's intelligence has no effect on the extent to which fertile, female partners fantasize about others, the researchers found. They say the lack of an observed "fertility effect" related to intelligence is puzzling.

It should be no surprise to anyone who's lived a day that a disconcertingly high number of naturals are also some of the dumbest men. Living outside your head like an animal running on instinct does wonders for your game.

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As if feminism needed to be discredited even further:

> Here, we present the first evidence of sex differences in use of play objects in a wild primate, in chimpanzees (*Pan troglodytes*). We find that juveniles tend to carry sticks in a manner suggestive of rudimentary doll play and, as in children and captive monkeys, this behavior is more common in females than in males.

To be a self-proclaimed feminist today is akin to proudly announcing your membership in the Flat Earth Society.

The rancid, dimwitted ideology fuels itself strictly on feel-good emotions.

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Remember all that brouhaha about marriage being good for a man's health? It's bullshit.

Long relationships – not necessarily marriage – key to good health.

Men and women who are in relationships for longer than five years are less likely to be depressed, to consider or attempt suicide, or to be dependent on alcohol or drugs, it was found.

It is well known that people who are married lead healthier lives and live longer but it was not known if the effect was the same for those cohabiting.

The study in the *British Journal of Psychiatry* examined 1,000 people living in New Zealand by a team at University of Otago.

It was found that longer relationships were associated with lower rates of mental health problems.

Haters often stumble onto the Chateau grounds and run around in circles like headless chickens accusing the proprietors of advocating a pump and dump lifestyle. Their lack of reading comprehension, combined with their compulsion to wish the worst motives of their enemies, leads them into a patchwork of lies and self-deceit. Even a cursory reading of the posts here should tell them that no host at the Chateau denigrates LTRs. We save the denigration for marriage. While pump and dumps are excellent appetizers, the love and intimacy of a relationship is a pleasure unto itself.

******

Social constructivists and cultural hegemonists often engage in the logical fallacy of "where's the gene?" missing link-ism. That is, they like to claim that since no one gene has yet been found to affect, say, intelligence, it must be the case that intelligence is not primarily genetically influenced. But evidence shows that multiple genes act in concert to produce single human traits.

> As much as 90 percent of variation in adult height may be caused by genetic inheritance, but a multitude of genes are involved. Most of these have yet to be discovered.
>
> Now a new meta-analysis of data from more than 100,000 people has identified variants in over two dozen genes that were not previously associated with height. The study also confirmed genetic associations in more than 30 previously known height genes.

If multiple synchronizing genes are needed to affect a relatively simple trait like height, it stands to reason that a veritable smorgasbord of genes influence brain architecture in ways we have barely begun to unravel. David Brooks wept.

******

Married women lose interest in sex because their husbands become — to put it succinctly — emasculated.

> In this study, the authors conducted open-ended interviews with 19 married women who had lost desire in their marriage and asked what causal attributions they made for their loss of sexual desire and what barriers they perceived to be blocking its reinstatement. **Three core themes emerged from the data, all of which represented forces dragging down on sexual desire in the present sample: (a) institutionalization of the relationship, (b) over-familiarity, and (c) the de-sexualization of roles in these relationships. Interpersonal and intrapersonal sexual dynamics featured more prominently than did relationship problems in women's attributions.**

Reread this study for the full implication. Decades of milquetoasty marriage counselor and couples therapist advice exposed for the feminist orthodoxy sham it is in a single blow! Luckily, since you are a reader of this esteemed blog dedicated to the pursuit of truth no matter how unsavory, you already know that the way to rescue a failing marriage is to learn and apply game the same as you would to girls if you were a single man on the prowl.

Chicks, married or not, dig gender polarity. They want you to be unpredictable, unavailable and untamed. Marriage by its nature works against those three alpha male traits, eventually robbing the wife of her id-oiled desire to consume her husband's cock. Much like a wife who gets fat, a husband who does not actively push back against the emasculating tide of married life is increasing the odds she will pull a Cindy and lose all her love for him.

******

If being an alpha male is so great, why aren't all men alpha? Probably because it shortens your life.

> A study of chimpanzees has revealed that dominant animals with higher testosterone levels tend to suffer from an increased burden of parasites. Researchers writing in BioMed Central's open access journal *BioPsychoSocial Medicine* observed the primates' behavior and studied their droppings to draw the link between dominance and infection status.
>
> Michael Muehlenbein from Indiana University and David Watts from Yale University, USA, carried out the study in 22 male animals at Kibale National Park, Uganda. According to Muehlenbein, "Acquisition and maintenance of high dominance rank often involves frequent aggression, and testosterone has been considered the quintessential physiological moderator of such behavior. However, testosterone also causes suppression of the immune system".

If you had to choose between living a 50 year lifespan as an alpha male who beds hundreds of beautiful women and living a 200 year lifespan as a beta male who has one ten year LTR with a plain jane, which would you choose?

Same question to the ladies. 50 year lifespan hopping in and out of bed with hundreds of alpha males versus 200 year lifespan with one devoted beta in a, say, 20 year LTR. Reaction time is a factor.

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Contra Robin Hanson, were foragers more or less violent than farmers? A tenet of the forager thesis is that foragers (read: cosmopolitan liberals) are less violent than their farmer (read: family values conservatives) counterparts. Evidence shows that our forager cousins were a very violent bunch of killers, indeed.

> In a cave in Northern Spain, researchers have discovered clues to the identity of the victims of a mass murder committed 49,000 years ago. The butchered bones of 12 men, women, and children protruding from the floor may be the remains of an extended Neandertal family that were killed and eaten by their fellow Neandertals.

Today the liberal manifests his violent tendencies verbally, and in papier maché effigies. Strident advocacy for open borders is a form of soft genocide, so you could chalk that up to leftie violence as well.

******

Via Audacious E, women who get around before marriage continue getting around once married. From the General Social Survey:

> Not surprisingly, women with high sex drives who got around a lot before they married are more likely to continue getting around after taking their vows. The same applies in non-marital relationships. If your girl has a lot of sexual history (and likes to talk about it), don't go in desiring any kind of serious or long-term relationship. You're in pump and dump territory.

If you were limited to reading only five posts from the Chateau blog, this post would have to be one of them. It may save you a costly divorce someday. Or it may show you the path to easier lays.

The Lover, The Wench And The Cuckold

CH · 24 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Crouched on a floor step in the bookstore by the magazine section, a dark blue spring jacket cocooning her, she flipped the pages of a glossy mag. The magazine section of any bookstore is always filled with women. Along with myself, the only men browsing magazines were my buddy and a man in a suit reading about autos.

“Oh, you’re reading Bridal Magazine. Do you know where I can find Groom Magazine?” She smiled and put a hand to her cheek. I wasn’t sure if she got the joke, but it seemed not to matter. The glossy slipped off her leg. Her smile was genuine; I knew by the downward arch of the tips of her eyebrows.

My friend artfully disappeared behind a rack, sensing I was about to enter the zone. The zone is a commitment to courtship. Once flirting commences, the mission is established. Distractions fade to whitenoise. The possibility wonderfully focuses the mind.

She didn’t answer right away, so I had to keep the pace up. “Sitting down there doesn’t look very comfortable. The best way to read for free instead of buying is by standing.”

She laughed but stayed in her crouch on the tiny step. Her attention was redirected solely to me, and she brushed a lock of brown hair off her cheek to accentuate this alteration in her disposition. I would seduce her from a standing position, gazing down upon her like a godhead. This was perhaps for the best.

“It’s not so bad down here.” She had a very slight East European accent which didn’t register with me until later.

I swiveled to face her fully. “It would be nice if the bookstore offered you a chair to sit in, like at the library. And maybe a pillow.”

Her eyes were wet with life. She was young, early 20s. Her big eyes, coy smile and pale skin led one to imbue her with a preternatural kindness of heart. The genetically coded substructure of her facial composition is intended to signal innocence and compassion, two feminine traits which inspire lust and protectiveness in men. She seemed so fucking sweet.

“Do you live around here?” When girls are interested in you they get nervous and ask the sort of banal questions that would scotch a man’s pickup attempt were he to ask the same thing of them.

We talked for only a few minutes, mostly about the lifestyle in her neighborhood, before I said I had to get going with my friend. She stood up and handed me her number on a scrap of paper (charmingly traditional!), and we met up for a lazy evening stroll a few days later.

She told me a few things about herself, primarily her job and her experience at grad school and in her home country, but she was more interested in listening raptly to me talk about… well, everything, which was a marked difference from the usual fusillade of self-absorption that I had come to expect from the local women I dated. In another welcome departure from the behavior of the native girls, she never once shit tested me, chid me, or sarcastically ribbed me. This was so unusual that I mentally noted it halfway through the date and began to wonder if she was saving up for a sassy outburst when I dropped her off at her place.

Faced with such purity of feminine guile, I had to be careful not to neg her too harshly. Her sincerity coupled with her foreignness required an exceedingly light touch when I teased her. This was not an overinflated ego of a woman who needed to be knocked down a few rungs before she could feel the first stirrings of desire. She was pretty enough for a big ego, but oddly she possessed nothing that I could discern of the characteristic self-regard that is the hallmark of the young urban minx (yummie). I was dealing with a *naïf*. Naturally, this stoked my arousal beyond its usual intemperate bounds.

It didn’t take long before we kissed that first date. Perched on a cement abutment overlooking a shimmering expanse of moonlit river water, the sounds of late night revelers echoing behind us, everything about the moment

was a brash cliché. And we wouldn't have had it any other way. Clichés linger in our consciousness for a reason — they're effective.

After the date, I dropped her off at her second story apartment in an upscale neighborhood of the city. I inquired whether she had roommates. She said she lived alone. A flicker of hesitation at the door and a widening of her eyes told me all I needed to know that she was open to the idea of inviting me inside. But I chose to be a gentleman and end the date on a high, and dry, note.

Actually, I was due later that night to meet a sarcastic, career climbing American RN I had been dating for a few months, whom I was beginning to compare with increasing disfavor with bookstore girl, an effect only magnified with each sweet passing minute I spent with her. Luckily for the RN, she was hot and had a magnificently pert, round ass. I was not yet ready to toss her overboard. Not with substitute affection still in play.

The next day, I called bookstore girl to chat. We went to a consignment shop for our second date, where I donned funny wigs and garish hats, and she twirled in flapper dresses. All the while I hoped she noticed the urgent bulge in my pants. A woman should be made cognizant, indirectly, of a man's beastly nature.

She invited me to ~~sex~~ dinner at her place for our third date. When I arrived, an achingly pretty woman wearing high heels and a blue dress opened the door to a sparsely decorated one bedroom loft, with a magnificent view from the living room onto the bustling neighborhood streets. The aroma of what I guessed were pierogies wafted from the kitchen area, which was an unobstructed adjunct to the living room in the modern architectural style. In the center of the room a solitary table beckoned, adorned with white tablecloth, fastidiously arranged silverware, lit candles, and a small bouquet of — this detail seized me as the most illuminative — fresh flowers.

At the door, she seemed shy, lowering her eyes for a second when she saw me with the bottle of wine in my hand. She visibly blushed. Where was the bravura, the big fat phony smile, the egregious display of faux excitement designed to self-install a sense of romantic yearning in the modern woman's jaded heart? No, she was none of that all-too-familiar benightedness of so many women, and the influence of her timid, unself-conscious coquetry upon my imagination was all the more powerful for it.

We talked at length during dinner, which she prepared with excellence. Her nervousness quickly receded as I took the reins of our conversation and made her feel at ease. It wasn't long before she felt comfortable enough that laughs tumbled effortlessly, and fingertip touches lingered sensuously. A strand of her hair almost caught fire in a candle flame when she leaned over the table to kiss me. She jumped back, composed herself, then stood up and glided into my lap, where we kissed passionately without threat of incineration.

I've had dates go well, so my dates with bookstore girl were not a novel experience for me. But the fluidity with which our dates moved from one phase to another struck me as having the quality of urgency. We seemed destined to join intimately.

The wine bottle was left half full. My hands under her dress, deliriously pulling down her panties, I carried her to the bedroom and dropped her on the fluffy comforter neatly laid over her bed. In my haste, the leg band of her panties tore. She seemed not to notice, or not to mind. I struggled with her shirt, but the momentum was too strong, so it stayed on, jacked up just enough for me to suck her nipples.

She lifted her long legs straight up into the air, her knees almost locked, and my hand felt a warm wet pulse of moisture emanating between her legs. She was so wet I thought she might dehydrate from the rerouting of body fluids from essential organs to her pussy. In our zeal, neither one of us bothered with… ha!… "protection". Two uncaged animals let loose on a savannah of sensual pleasures are not to be collared by arid protocol.

The consequences would have to wait.

In the middle of thrusting deeply to tickle the entrance of her cervix, I glanced sideways and noticed a floor to ceiling mirror covering nearly an entire wall. This peculiar addendum to the room heightened my arousal, and I watched with keen interest my pumping motion in the mirror, as my dick slid in and out of her engorged labia,

swallowed by the mystery of her body. At climax, I tried to pull out to spray on her chest, but she tensed her thighs around my back and I was momentarily unable to disengage. An instinct of self-survival took over and I managed to muscle my way out of her firm leg-vice, a split second before a torrent would have unleashed deep inside her.

Five hours later, we stood over the bathroom sink, glistened in sweat, watching each other brush our teeth. A tumble of bedsheets in frantic disarray posed as a totem to our merging ids.

Although I wasn't planning to do so, she seemed oddly apprehensive about me spending the night. Looking back, I should have known. The signs were everywhere. Two guitars. Bare walls. An imposing desktop computer. A large jazz LP collection. An absence of stuffed animals and throw pillows on the bed.

The power of a young slender woman to cloud perception is not a trifling thing.

To be continued…

The Lover, The Wench And The Cuckold, Part 2

CH · 25 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Part 1 here.

We dated… or rather, we ferociously copulated in between less carnal activities… for two and a half months. We spent a couple nights a week together out on dates, and the weekends at her place. (Rarely did we meet at my place. I had a friend over when I brought her back one time, and she seemed distinctly uncomfortable.) I took her to house parties where she met many of my friends. She mingled easily but never left my side for more than a minute. She was hardly without a warm, gentle smile, even in repose. My friends liked her a lot.

The RN I was seeing before I met bookstore girl remained in my orbit, but our time together was curtailed. This was a cinch to arrange since she worked late almost every weeknight, and sometimes on weekends. I doubt she nursed an anxious uncertainty over my whereabouts, but I did notice a renewed effort to impress me with home-cooked meals and blowjobs. Even in the absence of any concrete evidence of infidelity, some women have a sixth sense for these things. Sluts in particular — and I'm not making claims about RN girl's sluttiness or restraint — are exquisitely attuned to the slightest whiff of betrayal, accustomed as they are to being cheated on constantly by opportunistic fly-by-nighters and to doing the cheating themselves. A skilled liar knows better than an honest woman when she is being lied to. As there are so few honest women, it's no wonder their gender is very good at catching men in the act of lying.

The sun was beginning to set and the white walls of her unlit apartment were fading to an ashen gray. Bookstore girl and I sat perched at the end of her bed, our hips and legs touching, her hands neatly folded in her lap. Her eyes were haunted. I figured she was gearing up to tell me something important, and perhaps unpleasant.

"I have some bad news. I hope you don't hate me for this."

Emotional turmoil twisted her face. I wanted to wrap my arms around her and let her release her pain through osmosis into my chest. Instead, I arched my eyebrows and cocked my head. For some unexplained reason, I didn't entertain the thought that she might be telling me she was pregnant. Had I done that, I imagine I would have perspired a little more vigorously.

In a halting voice, she stammered, "I'm married. I've been married for two years." She paused for a response. Her eyes shimmered with the dew of emerging tears.

I consciously widened my eyes because I figured that's what one is supposed to do when presented with surprising, and shocking, news. Without that conscious effort I doubt I'd have mustered better than a blank stare.

"I see." For added dramatic effect, because the moment called for it, I pursed my lips, looked down at the floor, and slapped my hands against my thighs a couple of times. I also let out an audible sigh, which I later contemplated was overkill.

Because I am a man, drama is not the heady excitement for me it is for the typical woman. I believe I speak for many men when I say that a sudden infusion of relationship drama is like a circuit breaker in the male brain. Processes grind to a standstill, motors whirl down to hibernation mode. You want more than anything to get away, to retreat to a hobby, or the arms of another woman.

For this reason, my face could not spontaneously convey my mental state. It's not that I wasn't caught off-guard. That she was a married women, and therefore that I was making glorious love to a married woman, was a genuine shock. I had sat on the edge of her bed, inches from her melancholy face, expecting a lament about visa troubles and having to return to her home country, or perhaps an admission she was older than she stated. When she said she was married to a man returning to the US in a couple of weeks from a four month overseas business trip, I was honestly surprised. That possibility hadn't crossed my mind.

It should have. Searching for words to say, I let my eyes wander around her — their — apartment. One by one, the pieces came together. What I hadn't noticed before while happily under the spell of her intoxicating femininity now assaulted me with brute psychological force. This was a man's home. His castle. There are his guitars. There is his impressive LP collection. There are his monochrome color schemes. And this was his queen. And here was the sanctity of his marital bed upon which I visited so many depraved violations.

She whimpered, "I'm so sorry. So sorry. I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't. We've been having troubles. Some problems."

"Jesus fuck. Well… this is not good."

"No, I know. This is bad what I've done. Please please don't hate me. I like you so much. I don't want you to hate me." Her accent was getting thicker.

"So… he was overseas when we met?"

"Yes." A lone tear streaked down her face. She did not collapse into a sobbing heap. I admired the dignity with which she shed her tears.

"And you've been marred two years. And he's coming back in two weeks?"

"Yes."

"This is his place?"

She ruefully nodded.

"Goddamn this certainly throws a monkey wrench into things." I pushed a tepid smile in her direction.

"What?"

Not the time for humor. "I don't know what to say. Do you love him?"

"No. Yes. I can't say. We've been having problems. The feelings have changed between us. But he's coming back in two weeks. I don't know what I'll do then." She gazed at me pleadingly. Pleading for… what? Rescue? Absolution? An erotic punishment?

I examined her face closely when she said this. She didn't love him. Her confession of treachery should have hardened my heart, but like the Grinch when he overheard the Whos singing in Whoville on that present-less Christmas morning, my heart grew three sizes that moment. She was a lost woman without love, who wanted love desperately. Underneath her treachery was a purity of motive.

I moved my hand to rest on the back of her hand. She smiled beneath the sheen of drying tears.

Good readers, I would like to say that in that dimming bedroom, the muffled noise of traffic rising through her window like a somber pit orchestra tuning up for an opening night, I had a crisis of conscience and chose the path of goodness and light by refusing to sleep with her anymore. I would like to say guilt and honorable misgivings got a firm hold of my thoughts and my actions. Regrettably, that was not my state of mind. Every fiber of me pressed forward to commence another lustful coupling. There was no guilt. There was no honor among men. There wasn't even a dry calculation of self-interest.

But there was desire. And maybe even love.

What stayed my penis was a beep from my cell phone. A new text had just arrived. I got up and checked it in the living room. RN girl was back from vacation and wanted to see me. Ah, drama-free sex. I returned to the quiet figure grown smaller on the edge of the bed.

"I have to go. Let's talk about this later. We'll see each other again."

"Ok." She exhaled with relief.

I was happy to escape that claustrophobic scene. It afforded me time to think. Except that I didn't think. I didn't turn over a single thought about what had just transpired. My mind had other plans, deciding to wander to idle thoughts about stopping for ice cream before driving over to RN girl's place.

Two days later, bookstore girl called.

"I want to see you. Can you meet me now?"

It was a warm Saturday afternoon. It would be nice to get out in the late Spring sun. "Right now?"

"Yes. Can you?"

"Ok. Meet at your place?"

"No. Meet me on 45th Street. Across from the church. I'll walk towards you."

"Um, all right." I thought this was a strange request, but I figured she felt badly about rendezvousing in her husband's apartment.

I parked my car a few blocks away from her place and began walking to the meet-up spot. The sun was warm on my face, and bounced brightly off the sidewalks, obscuring my distance vision. On the opposite side of the street, I saw her walking toward me. I knew it was her because few girls allow their hair to grow as long as hers. It fluttered behind her like a banner held aloft by an advancing infantryman.

She was wearing a white top and tight jeans which molded perfectly to her slender legs and wide hips. We met at the predetermined location almost precisely at the same time. We stopped walking and I looked across the street at her. Although it was a narrow street, it seemed an expanse a mile wide. She was tiny, but glowing on the other side. I commenced my journey across.

Stepping in front of her, she gave me a kiss. She was shaking. Her eyes were puffy and red.

"Are you all right?"

"He's back. He took my phone and saw the texts I sent you." She was frantic. The words tumbled out of her half-formed.

"I thought he was coming back in two weeks?"

"He came back early! He saw the texts. He knows. He knows about us." Now the tears flowed unchecked.

"Damn, what did he do?"

"He left. I don't know where he went. He could be back soon. We can't stay here long. I have to get back."

Her cell rang. She ignored it.

"So what are we doing out here? Why did you want to see me?"

"Do you love me?"

I lurched backward from the force of the question. She continued before I could reply.

"Would you be with me… just me… right now if you could. Would you want to marry me someday? If I knew you wanted to be with just me, I could leave him. I could leave him now to live with you."

What happened to the carefree days of sex and unburdened affection? Gone so soon?

"I… I think so… if I thought about it. I need time to think about this. It can't be forced like this."

Did I love her? It's a question I hadn't bothered to ask myself in the two months since we met. That such a puzzling thought went through my head at that precise moment suggested, to put it politely, some trepidation. I was cornered like I've never been cornered before, facing a stark and abrupt choice between two competing factions of my id.

And the clock was ticking, quite literally.

She intensely observed my reaction. I was being judged. Something in my face, or my words, must have betrayed my inner doubt, because her voice fell to a whisper and her eyes dulled. A sullen realization gripped her.

Slowly, deliberately, she gathered her composure. “Are you ready to be with one person? With me? Tell me so I know what to do.”

The uncorrupted beauty of the day mocked my indecisiveness. The sunshine had never seemed so sinister. I wanted the converation to end and our lips to meet. One more liberated kiss without knowledge, like it was before.

I carefully constructed in my head the words I would say, when her phone rang again.

“It’s him. I have to go.”

She pressed into me and we kissed passionately, but briefly. She unlocked herself from my embrace and turned around to walk back to the loft apartment that was by now a den of rage and jealousy, but not before I captured a good look at her face. I shouldn’t have. It was an expression I knew would linger with me to the grave — a crestfallen resignation mixed with a faint glimmer of hope. Ironically, this was when I felt the first pangs of guilt about my time with her.

I watched her walk away from me, down the street, getting smaller and smaller with every step. I watched her shoes disappear. Then her shirt. Then all I could see was hair and jeans. Finally, she vanished around a corner.

If I knew at the time that would be the last beautiful moment I would see her, I would not have walked back to my car with such a light step.

Hours passed and I occupied myself with household chores. Who would have thought laundry would be such a welcome respite in tumultuous situations? I lovingly patted flat each pair of underwear. There would be no wrinkles insulting this man’s crotch.

At 8pm that evening, my cell rang. I was sitting at my desk with my feet propped up on it, lazily playing a video game. The number was hers. I answered.

“Hey, what’s going on?”

A man’s quavering voice crashed through the phone receiver. “I’m gonna kill you!”

To be continued…

The Lover, The Wench And The Cuckold, Part 3

CH · 27 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Part 1 here and Part 2 here.

Galvanized into action by the speedy realization that the warbling, enraged voice in the earpiece was bookstore girl's husband, I hung up and threw the phone onto my bed a few feet away from me, as if it was radioactive.

Fondling my computer mouse like a lifeline, my brain whirred. The call was only a couple of seconds long, but I now knew something about her husband I didn't know before. And all it took was four fevered words. We make snap judgements about people by the way they look and carry themselves, and by how the speak. We surmise that the beefy man with the beady eyes set close together and the roll of hot dogs at the back of his neck is trouble. We tense and cross the street to the other side when a platoon of teenagers in a poor neighborhood approaches. Most of the time, we are right in our prejudicial impressions. Evolution has honed a fine pattern-recognizing organism in our brains. (It has also honed an excellent self-deceit module to save us from blurting out our embarrassing thoughts at garden parties.)

Likewise, I knew with reassuring certainty from the sound of the husband's voice that he was a nerd. The staccato cadence, the shaky trill, the high pitch — along with some other evanescent quality for which a few adjectives could not justifiably describe, the impression left with me combined to form the word N E R D in my thoughts. This guy was IT fodder.

For fifteen minutes, I sat and stared at my closet door, the whole of the past two months now revealed in splendid clarity. Four words. I had a ringside seat to a married couple's intimate dynamics foist upon me. A nascent understanding filled the vacuum left behind by emotional torrents.

The phone rang again. Her number. I would answer. Once more into the breach.

"Yes."

It was him.

"Listen for a sec. Don't hang up. I just want to know a few things."

Silence. He continued.

"There's just something I need to know. Did… did you… use anything with her?"

"Use?"

"Yeah, you know… did you use protection or anything? I mean, were you careful with her? I really need to know this, and how it went…"

"Oh. Oh! Yeah, yeah. No worries. Yeah, of course it was used. Of course," I lied.

"Ok, ok… phew. Wow. Ok."

The hair on the back of my neck stood up from the cringing I felt. A wave of pity and weirdness awakened a powerful obligation in me.

"Hey man, you know I didn't know she was married. She never told me. Nothing would have happened if she told me about you guys."

"I know, I know. That's what she told me, too." He suddenly became reflective, his voice trailing into a whimper. "I guess we have things to work out."

"Can I tell you something?" I didn't wait for him to answer. A righteous fury filled my chest and carried my words on a crest of unholy absolution. "Don't forgive her. Don't try to work things out. Don't even talk to her. It won't

help. It's too late. When shit like this happens, it means she's out of love."

I paused. No response. I spoke again.

"I'm telling ya, whatever you do, don't sit down and talk to her about all your problems. That'll make it worse. There's no way you can change her mind about you unless you make a radical statement. Kick her out. Throw all her shit out the window onto the street. Seriously. DON'T cave if she cries. If she cries, tell her it's not your problem. Tell her to go find a friend to stay with. If you want her to love you, you have to let her know you can live without her. You've gotta push her away. Just believe me. Do the opposite of what you want to do. Push her away. Cut her off."

I was sitting up in my desk chair, back stiffened. I didn't know what his reply would be. I mostly expected a defensive lashing out to stay out of his business. But he listened. And he responded with preternatural calm.

"Ok. Yeah, yeah. I got ya."

"I'm just trying to help you out. Throw her shit out the window. It'll work. Trust me."

"Hey, man, sorry about that last phone call. I was mad, really mad. Sorry about that."

"Hey, no problem. No problem. Totally understandable." A man whose wife I pillaged in their marital bed was apologizing to me for an angry threat. I figured it was very low odds he could save his marriage.

He hung up. But not before saying "See ya." It's difficult to abruptly end a phone conversation without a politely conventional denouement, no matter the context. Try it sometime, you'll see what I mean.

I returned to my video game. There are times when mindlessly playing a video game feels right. This was one of those times.

Two hours later, my phone rang from an unidentified caller. Once more, I tempted fate and answered.

"Hello?"

A girl sobbed through the receiver, "It's me."

Indeed it was bookstore girl, in a state of distress far removed from the image I had of her sitting on that tiny step leafing through Bridal Magazine.

"Where are you? Whose number is this?"

She choked out more words. "I'm on the street with my clothes and stuff laying all around me. He threw it all outside! On the sidewalk." She was crying loudly now.

I couldn't believe he had gone through with it. Jolly good show, old chap!

"Are you with someone?"

"I'm with Cecelia." Cecelia was her good friend. She was a foreign-born woman in her 30s. "She's letting me use her phone. He took my phone away from me too." She practically screamed the word *phone*. Why the emphasis on that word out of all the others?, I wondered.

"Ok, calm down." It was a warm summer night. She wouldn't freeze.

She mewled like a pitiable wretch, "What do I do now?! I have nowhere to go. Are you home?"

She was fishing for an invitation to stay with me. I hesitated for an interminable two seconds. I did not think it was a good idea under the circumstances, though honestly I grew warm at the thought of a cast out woman in need fleeing into my arms for comfort and love.

I replied evasively, "Where are you? I'll come down to where you are and help out. Just stay there and watch your stuff so no one steals it."

“I’m a block away from my place. By the pizza shop. Cecelia is with me.”

I knew that area. Even late at night, lots of pedestrians would be walking around there. Certainly they would notice a distraught young woman standing on the sidewalk, her shoulders heaving with sobs. What would my presence do there? No good, as far as I could surmise. Sure, it would be nice to see her again, but a block from the scene of the hellfire vengeance? With her stuff scattered in sad little piles on the sidewalk? Too many variables, too much opportunity for something to go horribly awry. Would he come running down the street after her to see me consoling her? Would the cops intervene? No way was I traipsing out there, despite how nice her skin smelled or how dolefully her eyes gazed up at me.

Reason gripped me and shunted aside my emotional cravings. Her husband had followed my advice. It would work. It was working. My job was done here. It was time for me to exit.

“Ok, I’m caught in some stuff right now, so I’ll try to be up there tonight. Cecelia will be with you all night, right?”

“Yes, but please come.”

We said goodbye and I hung up. I made a snack and went to bed, not rousing until the morning.

***

Two weeks later, I got a call from her phone number. I hadn’t heard from her — or him — since that frantic night. I picked up. Her voice, sweetly feminine as ever, soothed my ear.

“We have to talk. Go to the payphone down your street. The one next to the African shop. Call me from there at this new number I’m going to give you. I can’t stay on this line long.”

“What? There’s a payphone on my street?”

“Yes, I checked. Call me from there in ten minutes.” She hung up.

It was 10pm. I trundled to the payphone. Yep, there it was. She must’ve scoped the area once. I was miffed that I had to spend money to call from this contraption, but decided it made sense to hide any trail which would connect me with her.

I dialed an international number. She picked up immediately. In the background from her end, I heard pots clattering. After some gentle hellos and sonic cheek caresses, she moved swiftly into the meat of the message she wanted to deliver.

“I flew back to be with my family for a little while. He thought it would be a good idea. So did I. Since that night I’ve had a lot of talks with my husband. We discussed so many things. I really feel he loves me very much. He’s willing to make this work. I needed to tell you this. That I’m going to try to make it work with my husband. So I will not be seeing you again.” Her voice cracked on those last few words.

“Ok.” Why was I feeling chagrined? I had no reason to.

Deposit 50 cents please.

“But don’t for a minute think this means I will ever forget about you. I can’t. I miss you so much, every day. You once told me we only have… what was it?… 10,000 hours left to live in our lives, so we should remember that fact when we meet someone, and just go for it, no second thoughts.” She laughed recalling this. “Well, that’s 10,000 hours I will remember you.”

I smiled into the phone. “10,000 hours might not be enough.”

She laughed again. Then silence. She was looking into my eyes through the phone. I could tell.

Deposit 50 cents please.

She broke the silence first. “Well, I need to go. I will never forget you. One last kiss.” She smooched into the phone.

We hung up. I walked a few steps away from the phone, then turned around and stared at it for a few seconds.

***

Three months later, I was winding lazily through an outdoor café that merged into the main sidewalk, wondering if I was hungry enough to buy something to eat. It was a late summer afternoon and the heat from the sun sizzled on my face. Not far away, perhaps ten yards, my peripheral vision caught sight of a familiar tumble of long brown hair resting against a delicate back, sitting at a small table with a man.

A woman's hair, left uncut and unmangled by gay stylists, is a distinctive mark of her uniqueness. Like fingerprints, no two women's natural hair patterns are identical. And so it was that I knew instantly the woman sitting at the café table with her back to me was bookstore girl. Only a half block away was the bookstore with the tiny little step she sat crouched upon many months ago where I first met her.

I didn't think the husband knew what I looked like. In fact, I was certain of it. Throwing caution to the wind, I sidled up near to their table, watching them the whole time from the corner of my eye. I was approaching her from the back, and him from the front. I slowed down as I passed, to get a closer look.

It was her. The bright sunlight painted shards of yellow on her cheeks. Her hair shimmered. She seemed otherworldly, barely sustaining a physical presence in this mortal plane. She was sitting upright, listening intently to the man seated across from her, one of her hands lightly caressing the straw of her drink. She looked contented, if not quite happy.

Then I glanced at him. A ring on his hand. There was no doubt this was her husband. Somewhat diminutive and soft, he looked exactly as I pictured him in my mind: a provider beta with a strong nerd underpinning. Something must have changed in him, because he sat with confidence, his legs splayed, a faint grin as he spoke. No one who didn't already know would have guessed the marital turmoil they had been through a few months back.

Though he must have seen me walk by, he didn't recognize me. She didn't see me either, until at the very last moment, as I was passing their table and leaving them behind, the farthest edge of my vision noticed her head swivel in my direction, her eyes briefly — painfully briefly — locked onto mine. In that split second, before my body turned completely around to face away from them, her face froze. A ghostly apparition.

But I couldn't be sure. Perhaps my mind was playing tricks. I quickened my pace and walked down the path toward a grassy park.

She may have clumsily caught herself watching me walk off, her face reddening and burning with memories and shame and instantly inflamed desire, or she may not have noticed me at all.

I missed her more with each deliberate step away from her. I allowed a pang of regret its moment. What if I had said yes to absconding with her when she begged to know if she was the one for me? What if I had met her that desperate night on the sidewalk amidst her piles of street-strewn junk, and gave her the chance to satisfy her heart's longing? My longing? What would my day be like today?

Then I wondered if he removed that wall-sized mirror from his bedroom, and with it all the sordid, passionate reflections imprisoned within.

Penis Pic Game

CH · 28 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader who wishes to remain anonymous emails:

> Big fan of your work.
>
> I saw this exchange on FB, and I couldn't resist snapping some screen shots.
>
> "R" is an early-thirties female. Commenters J, J, and E are all males.
>
> When I read the initial post, I couldn't help but picture a cocky asshole, annoyed with her presumption, and deciding the penis pic was the best way to shut it down.
>
> After "E" suggests something similar, her story changes a bit IMO. But I'll leave the interpretation to you and your readers.

Here is the exchange:

Frist of all, props to the guys “J”, “J” and “E” for handling this whiny broad with biting humor, and to the original penis pic sender for offending her sensibilities. I like the last suggestion from “J” that she should return fire with a pic of her vagina. For some reason I cannot fathom, I doubt she’ll consider that option.

When “E” implies there must be a good reason penis pic man stood her up and “nuked” their conversation, she changes her story in an obvious way that makes her look better. It’s funny how often women badly contradict themselves in a web of lies when their sexual market value is disparaged. Recall Maxim #77:

Maxim #77: Women will screech louder the closer your words get to damaging or exposing vulnerabilities in their sexual market value.

Penis pic game justifiably gets a bad rap as a seduction technique, but it's under-appreciated as an effective means of belittling a haughty bitch. It is the ultimate shit test, because there really is no answer to a picture of a penis on your phone. Even as a serious pickup technique, I think it could work on really twisted, slutty girls who crave the most intense asshole experience the cock carousel can provide.

To properly run penis pic game, you should be aware of the basic rules of engagement:

- You don't have to send a pic of your own penis. Choose from any number of porn star penises on the web. Or, if you really want to deliver a powerful message, text her a pic of a penis maimed with disease and pus-dripping open sores. Bonus points if you send a black peen to a white SWPL girl.
- If you send a pic of your own penis with authenticity in mind, make sure you are packing heat. You'll have to be honest with yourself. Treat penis pics like any other text game: does it pass the Jumbotron test? If your penis is flashed on a Jumbotron in front of thousands of spectators, would you beam with pride? Or hide in shame? It kind of kills the purpose of penis pic game if she shares it with her friends for a good laugh.
- Caveat to the above point: A pic of a micropenis from a medical reference manual would be funny. It's like saying "this is all you're worth, honey."
- Send a flaccid penis. An erection will make her wonder if you get excited at the thought of texting her. A flaccid penis says all the right things to a bitch you want to put in place. Namely, "You are not woman enough to marginally bestir my loins." Also, you aren't a gay man texting another gay man.
- Include the balls some way. If you have a robust, assertive sack that frames your penis like a museum piece, this won't be hard to do. There's just something extra demeaning about frank *and* beans.
- Shoot from below. This is a well-known trick that photographers use to emphasize largeness and dominance. Plus, it's been shown that women like looking up at men. Extend the honor to your junk! Lighting is important, too. When lit from below, the penis will have that malevolent look, like a flashlight under the chin.

I would run penis pic game, but a phone with a 24 inch screen hasn't been invented yet.

Reader Feedback

CH · 30 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Emails from readers praising this blog for making their lives better are a daily occurrence nowadays, but these two notes of thanks — one an email and the other a comment — struck a chord.

> I found your blog about 1 1/2 years ago. I check it out just about everyday. I love reading your stories, about game, women, and just your day to day thoughts. During my year long deployment to Afghanistan it really helped me get through the week. Just wanted to say thanks for everything you do, and I hope you keep on posting.
>
> Thanks
>
> Nicholas

And this comment from a man in India who calls himself “kc”:

> Dear Chateau members,
> I was introduced to your blog in 2010 via Bernard Chapin. Ever since I have been an avid reader. I write from India. You have an Indian fan. As someone who is on the verge of getting married, let me tell you your advice works. I have tried it and it works. Man have to lead. There is no alternative. While I am looking for marriage and not STRs/LTRs, reading Game and Athol Kay etc etc has made a difference to my life. In the Indian context, I would certainly say that elements of Game work. Since we have not reached that level of feminism like in the US so far and in the comparative absence of a welfare state, while hard core gaming is not necessary, elements can be applied for the good. The knife of game can be used for life saving surgeries. I don’t have any illusions about women any more but enjoying the love of one is certainly good. Some day I would write a guest post for the Chateau, giving my experiences. Regards.

Would it be uncouth to preen? Of course it would. *PREEN*

Reader thank yous like the ones above are reminders that the subversive works of the Chateau have broadened into an enterprise more meaningful than the fun, downtime hobby which was, and will continue to be, its true purpose. What happens at the Chateau, no longer stays at the Chateau.

And, kc, you are welcome to write a guest post about your experience with game in India.

Women Prefer Laconic Men

CH · 31 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My date kicked me hard in the shin under the table. I was gazing ~~at her cleavage~~ into her eyes, so she must have wanted my attention.

“Ow! What’d you do that for? You hit the bone.”

She leaned forward over her entree and put her hand up to her cheek to shield her face from possible lip readers.

“See that couple sitting next to us? Don’t look over! Just listen to their conversation.”

I suffered grievous injury because she wanted me to eavesdrop on a conversation. Goddamn, chicks really love inserting themselves into the drama of other people’s lives. I looked over. A man in his late 20s, neatly if blandly dressed in a button-down and slacks like a freshly pressed widget off the yuppie assembly line, was seated across from an attractive MILF-y brunette who appeared a few years older than him. She had that frozen grin on her face that people get when they are listening to someone talk and trying to seem interested.

“What am I supposed to be listening for?”

“Just listen!”

It wasn’t hard to do. The man was talking incessantly, and loudly, punctuating important points with open-palmed axe chops of his hands, like a politician giving a stump speech. His face was animated and he thrust his head forward in his date’s direction for emphasis, as if he believed what he was saying was handed down to him from the heavens and she would soon be converted. And what was he saying that merited such self-enthusiasm? Tales from work. Name dropping. And, I shit you not, stock movements.

I moved closer to whisper to my date over glasses of wine. “He’s talking about his job. Kind of a bore. But an excitable bore, like a small child. Maybe he just got a new gig and he thinks he’s suddenly a member of the ruling elite. That could make anybody a bore.”

“I know, a total dud! He won’t stop talking. He’s not letting her get a word in. Listen, he keeps cutting her off.”

It was true. He would breathlessly regale her for what seemed an eternity and she would try to gamely interrupt with a “Yeah, it’s true. That’s like…”, and he would cut her off with a hyperactively blunt “Right!” that may as well have been shouted through a bullhorn into her face, before continuing where he left off. This cycle would repeat itself through the course of the night, each passing minute eliciting a more pinched expression from the woman.

“Hey, at least he sounds like he has a good job, mingling with power brokers,” I said half-facetiously. “And he’s not bad looking. Any woman would be happy with such a catch.”

My date smirked at me dubiously. “Yeah, right. Look at that poor woman. She’s in pain. She wants to get away from him but she’s stuck.”

“Maybe she could excuse herself and escape through the bathroom window.”

“You’ve done that, haven’t you?”

“Come on now, I’m not that kind of guy. I leave through the kitchen.”

She listened some more. “There’s no way she’s seeing him again. Name dropping! That is so lame. This is a first date and she’ll be relieved to get out of here. He’ll try to call her but she’ll ignore him.”

“Oh, I don’t know. She’s getting up there. She might be thinking that’s the best she can do.”

“You’re such a jerk sometimes. I feel bad for her. Lucky for her she won’t see him again.”

“You seem happy about this love connection failure.”

“Yes. We women are very sympathetic to other women sitting through bad dates. We understand what it’s like. There’s nothing worse than a guy who won’t shut up.”

“Even if he has a lot to talk about?”

“Especially if! Leave a little mystery. You didn’t tell me anything on our first date. Lord knows why I saw you again. Anyhow, guys who dominate conversations are probably bad lovers. Selfish and controlling. They don’t care who you are, they just want a pretty face hanging on their words.”

“I just want a pretty face unzipping my fly.”

“Do you always have to be so immature?”

“Yes, Auntie Pink Snappy.”

******

We’ve talked here about the problem of being tongue-tied in the presence of women. A scarcity of speech is the biggest issue for the majority of men. But we shouldn’t forget the mirror image of this attractiveness-killing ineptitude: the nonstop talker. The motor mouth. A significant minority of men — particularly greater betas and lesser alphas on the cusp of making a mark in the world — suffer from the second problem: they don’t know when to shut up and let the woman speak, enamored as they are with their blossoming manhood and acquirement of conventional male attractiveness traits.

Talking too much fails on multiple dimensions: it increases the odds you’ll say something dull or beta, it strips away mystery, and it demonstrates a lack of interest in the woman’s values and desires. It also shows you don’t truly understand women, for a harangue about your accomplishments, social climbing, materialism, or connections is a red flag to women that you are an insecure, approval-seeking mediocrity, no different than the thousands of other men dancing like monkeys for a pretty woman’s attention. Harangues are especially off-putting to women when the subject matter is devoid of emotional resonance, as most men’s shop talk would be.

And why do women despise male suck-ups? Well, because women in their natural state rarely seek the approval of any man except the most dominant ones, they become confused and irritable when men for whom they might grant sexual access seek their approval. They don’t subconsciously apprehend why a man would work SO HARD for her endorsement. What has she brought to the table in a few seconds that would catapult her to superstar status by her doting date?

Oh yeah, tits and ass. But that doesn’t alter the disgust women feel for lapdogs and credential burnishers. Sure, they may recognize on some deep limbic level that T&A revs men’s engines, but their own psychological latticework is not constructed of male body parts, and so they don’t project a female fascination with the body onto men. What they project instead is a female fascination with a man’s personality and character. I.e., his alphaness. Thus, they expect men to think and feel the same way about women. They wonder why he talks so much when he should be *connecting* with her.

On the contrary, a man who has his inner shit together, who feels pretty damned good about himself, won’t be impelled to talk *ad nauseam* about his alpha fortune. His relaxed, cocky demeanor is his best advertisement.

The vignette above is by no means exceptional. You see this sort of dynamic all the time if you go out to places where lots of couples go for dates. It should be heartening to the readers of this blog that the vast majority of men simply have NO CONCEPT WHATSOEVER of how to properly arouse a woman. Fully 90%+ of the world’s men do not run any active game.

It’s even worse than that. Of those 90%, at least half run ANTI-GAME, like the man in the above situation. Observe people on dates and you’ll see a lot of men shooting themselves in the foot. It’s a wonder the species manages to propagate itself, but male persistence — and relatively faster female aging out of sexual viability — sometimes conspire to get a woman to open her legs.

I remember a while back I had taken a couple of E tabs with a female friend. We spent a sleepless weekend hanging out and elevating our mental states. The E tabs pranked my brain into loquacity. I talked and talked. Verbal diarrhea. So did she, but she had not reacted to the pills the same way I had, and she hadn't consumed as much. As a result, her awareness of presence was sharper than mine. Toward the end of the weekend bender, pre-withdrawal, her demeanor had changed. She was zoning out, and crabby. Everything seemed to rub her the wrong way. Only in hindsight did I hit upon the reason for the change in her temperament. She was driven to peevishness by my excessive talking.

Women may say they want a man who shares his feelings, and who tells her things about himself, but the truth — as is often the case at the disjunct between women's words and actions — is that women love laconic men. Men who don't say much. Men whose default programming is to shut up rather than open up. When these men do deign to speak, women hang on their words.

Women want an EF Hutton man. When EF Hutton speaks, women listen. Be an EF Hutton man.

The next time you're on a date, remind yourself to stop talking. Step outside the moment for a second and, like a third party observer floating off to the side, focus your mind on the interaction. Listen to yourself. Are you a blabbermouth? Apply the brakes to your brain. Let it cool off. Lean back and allow her to engage you for a change. Her hindbrain will thank you.

Cheap And Easy Ways To Raise Your Value To A Girl

CH · 1 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Don't call back right away. Done properly, you will start to hear girls say things like "I didn't hear back from you. You were making me nervous!"

Never buy better gifts for her than the gifts she buys for you. (Occasionally, you will want to buy her a gift, you cheap fuck.)

Dress better than her on random, uneventful days. "Wow, you look spiffy today. What's this for?"

Take frequent leaves of absence. Preferably international.

Drag your feet about introducing her to your friends and family. Just keep saying "Someday." Your delaying tactic will earn bonus points if she has already introduced you to her friends and family.

Never give her spare keys to your place.

Don't live together. It's much harder to project mystery living under the same roof, watching each other fold laundry every week. (Not to mention side action will be more difficult to coordinate.)

Subtly acknowledge other girls flirting with you when you are out with her. An eye lock usually does the trick.

Don't ask questions about her. ("Aren't you going to ask how my trip went?") A high value man does not find the lives of others very interesting in comparison to his own.

Get drunk without her.

Cancel dates. (Make the reason seem apparently legitimate, but suspicious.)

Show flashes of anger. She has to know you will never be a doormat.

Occasionally be emotionally distant. She has to think you mull the idea of leaving her.

Muse wistfully about past lovers.

Never take her on dinner dates before you've had sex with her.

Never agree to meet her friends before you've had sex with her.

Nerver spend more than the price of a few high alcohol content drinks on her before you've had sex with her.

Never do her a favor before you've had sex with her.

Always try to get her to do you a favor before you've had sex with her. (Compliance tests. These are the male version of shit tests.)

Never introduce her to anyone you know before you've had sex with her, unless its former hot girlfriends or friends who happen to be hot girls. (Exception: If you have a known player buddy for a friend, make sure she sees you hanging out with him. This way, in the future, every time you mention you are having a beer with him, her hamster will run the wheel off its axel.)

When you receive texts and phone calls in her company, never tell her who they're from. If she asks, scold her for being a creepy eavesdropper.

Never laugh at her jokes, even when they're funny. If you must, chuckle under your breath.

Password protect EVERYTHING.

Do not have a Facebook profile. If you do, it is filled with pics of you and an assortment of hot chicks. No exceptions.

On the morning of a first or second date with her, send her this cryptic text message: “Change of plans.” If she responds, do not reply. Give her the gift of fretting all afternoon. Two hours before the scheduled date time, text her again: “Meeting at [bar B] instead of [bar A].” She will breathe a huge sigh of relief. If on the off chance she says she made other plans, don’t reply. The goal of nearly every communicative interaction with women in the early stages of courtship is to keep their hamster spinning as much as possible.

When at her place, eat all her food, leave the seat up, change her TV channels, and torture her cat. Act like it’s your second home.

Do all of the above and you will be able to date women one to three points higher than you could be expected to get by societal standards. Do these to a girlfriend and you will be a god to her. A god among penii.

When she sees you as a god, she is:

– less likely to stray
– more likely to do anal
– less likely to bitch and moan
– more likely to wear lingerie every day of the week
– less likely to dump or divorce you
– more likely to forgive your cheating
– less likely to make demands of you
– more likely to cater to your needs.

Does that sound good to you? Yes? Then get to artificially pumping up your status! Years of sacrifice in academia and the corporate world not needed.

Be An Impatient Alpha Male

CH · 2 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

"blert" left this insightful comment about throwing off an alpha vibe:

> Always maintain a reserve of impatience; to get away from 'this crowd' and get personal. Thusly, loud venues provide advantage.
>
> The need to leave at will is just another reason to NOT dinner date.

This confirms my real-life experience. When I have gotten agitated at busy bars or events and made direct challenges to the girl in my company for us to "get out of here", her eyes lit up with a mix of confusion and excitement. As an opportunity to showcase higher value, taking a girl out to a loud, crowded venue could serve as an excellent springboard to display leadership traits.

"I don't want to be here right now, getting sweated on. I'm leaving."

"Where are you going?!", as she follows you out the door.

"Your place."

The air of impatience with societal convention — and people in general — is an alpha characteristic. The alpha male does not suffer fools — or dancing, drinking douchebags — gladly. His impatience is borne of a cultivated sense of self-regard, as well as an anger directed at contrived social situations which thwart his zeal to fornicate RIGHT NOW.

Maxim #50: The prime directive of the alpha male is fornication. Anything which hinders the fulfillment of the prime directive is to be vanquished as a foe or excised from the mind as a cancer.

Chivalry And Feminism Are Incompatible

CH · 4 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A Generation Hexed chick bemoans the loss of chivalry, and claims modern day chivalry and feminism can coexist:

> Living in Manhattan during college and after college would make even the most chivalry-loving women have to get her hands dirty. Unless you're wealthy and can afford to take cabs everywhere (or do FreshDirect all the time), you carry your groceries home and up your stairs. And you probably live in a sixth-floor walkup! You jump over your own puddles and hail your own cabs. When some weirdo on the subway whips out his penis in front of you, you have to be the one to raise a holy hell. Hulk Hogan is not going to lug your new couch up the stairs, nor is Superman going to show up and defend your honor. Sometimes I would make a joke to my friends that "New York City is where chivalry goes to die." […]
>
> I cherished the day-to-day feeling that [my boyfriend] cared about me and that he was putting an effort into treating me nicely, beyond just having the basic manners of not chewing with his mouth open or interrupting someone when they were speaking. Just like I have a hard time reconciling my feminist beliefs with my desire to be with a more dominant, alpha male, I also have a hard time reconciling my feminist beliefs with my enjoyment of chivalry. I am now figuring out that the two are not mutually exclusive.

Chivalry and feminism are in fact mutually exclusive. Chivalry involves a tacit *quid pro quo*; men are chivalrous to women they deem are worthy of the chivalrous sacrifice. Throughout Western history, (Western only, as chivalry was a knighthood concept invented by Europeans during the Middle Ages), men have considered worthy women to be those who are relatively chaste, pure of reputation, monogamously loyal and delicate of manners. Does that describe the typical modern American feminist? Of course not. To ask the question is to laugh at the absurdity of asking it.

When a man holds open a door for a woman, or carries her heavy bags, he is doing so under the guise of an implicit pact between himself and all of womenkind. He assumes her relative weakness, modesty and submissiveness, and she assumes his strength and leadership. There is an unspoken agreement that both sides will hold up their end of the bargain. Implicit, too, in chivalry is a subconscious awareness that women are reproductively more valuable than men. Without a man's confidence in these assumptions, the rationale for chivalry, and the desire to grant it, dissipate like the memories of so many one night stands.

Feminism is, at its core, an ideology of will to power scaffolded by lies. It has little to do with equality. It's goal is the power aggrandizement of women at the expense of men (as it has to be since power is zero sum), and by whatever means necessary. That's it. As long as feminism remains a force in modern society, and sabotages the minds of significant numbers of yummies (Young urban minxes), chivalry is DOA. The two ideologies not only have nothing in common, they are conspicuously antagonistic.

The free flow of information has also helped to kill off chivalry. Thanks to subversive retreats like this blog, women's true nature is revealed in all its grit and gristle. No man in his right mind would open doors for women he now knows will divorce a beta and strip him of his dignity for a fling with an asshole who gives her Skittles as a birthday gift. Nor would he carry bags for women he now suspects, justifiably, are regular riders of the quasi-anonymous cock carousel. He'll think twice about holding a cab for a random girl who might be one of those chicks who divulges personal details about her love life on a website called The Frisky. The simple, galling fact that women are sexually enticed by negs is enough to convince normally kind and generous men that pulling out chairs for them is a fool's errand.

That's another thing men have learned — when chivalry isn't buying you a rude lack of acknowledgement from some ravaged city slut, it's actively making you seem more beta. Men are asking "What's in it for me?", and increasingly the answer is "Not much". And if you think a dearth of chivalrous behavior will open the door for shit-

lapping white knighters to swoop chicks like Sir Lancelot, you've got the wrong idea. Modern women don't instinctually reward chivalrous men with their sex, let alone a phony expression of asexual gratitude. The last chivalrous man on earth is still going home alone to pull his pud. But he'll pull it ever so politely.

Women, if you lament the loss of chivalry, look in the mirror. You have only yourselves to blame.

PS: The fembot of the article linked to above had a suspiciously drama-filled breakup with her supposedly chivalrous boyfriend. Scientists are baffled.

And The Country With The Most Beautiful Women Is...

CH · 7 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There are computer programs that will superimpose a bunch of male or female faces to create an average composite of all the faces. Well, someone has done it for the native women of 41 countries from around the world. The image is too large to post here, so follow this link to judge the average national beauty of the women for yourself.

This facial averaging algorithm has been around for a few years now. What jumps out is how attractive the average female face looks. Not smoking hot, but certainly bangable. The average female face falls somewhere around the 7 to 9 range on the United Federation of Planets' recognized 1 to 10 scale. That's pretty impressive considering how many obese women and ugly cougars now inhabit the advanced nations. There's no doubt that to get these results the programmer intentionally left out the grossly fat and the depressingly aged from his (he's most likely a "he") formula.

The reason an averaged female face is attractive is because the flaws are filtered out. Asymmetry, jutting chins, big noses, leathery skin and bastard children are weeded out of the averaged face. The final product is a conventionally attractive face that is easy on the eyes, if not quite dazzling. It is pretty well established at this point that beauty is objective, and that beautiful female faces all have the same traits in common — symmetry in the horizontal and vertical, large wide-set eyes, small noses, clear and smooth skin, full lips, dainty chins and jawlines, and a general youthful neoteny where the upper half of the head is disproportionately larger than the lower half.

Examining the results for the women from the 41 countries sampled in the image, some gaspingly impolite observations can be made.

– Adjusted for race, the averaged woman is noticeably light-skinned. Swarthiness is not an attractive trait in women, it would seem.

– The averaged Irish woman is relatively mannish looking with a prominent jaw and chin, and thin lips. This accords with personal observation. Irish girls are feast or famine; they are either breathtakingly beautiful or homely.

– The averaging program is very powerful. We can see this by the good things it does to English girls, the average of whom is pretty darn cute.

– But not that powerful. The program has limitations on the magic it can conjure. Samoa has the ugliest women in the world. Sorry, scowling ladyboys.

– Most slaves brought to America during the trade were from West Africa. It is thus interesting that the averaged African-American woman is so different looking than the averaged West African woman. The West African woman, although darker, is more feminine looking. The African-American woman looks like she could play second string defensive back for the Packers. First string if she's married to the President of the United States.

– Of the three smart but uncreative Northeast Asian countries, the averaged Korean girl is probably the cutest, but it's a horse race. Really, all three of the Asian chicks looksame. The Japanese girl is making an anime face.

– However, the Vietnamese girl, although it is not shown, has the best ass of the epicanthically folded races. Love your ass long time!

– The averaged Hungarian girl looks like a vampire. Fitting.

– What would the daughters of a master race of white men-asian women pairings look like? See: Uzbek.

– The composite Irish and Welsh woman is not as attractive as the composite English woman. Infer at your leisure.

– Aside from skin color, West and East Africans look very different.

– There are a lot of broad noses in the world. Like red hair, the noble, aquiline nose is a vanishing trait. Too bad.

– The nations of Europe are not a miasma of undifferentiated whiteness. The averaged women of each European nation have distinctive looks. And most likely distinctive composite personalities, temperaments and future time orientations. Just sayin'.

– The South African woman is kinda hot. And white. Which brings us to…

– Why is America, the most powerful country of the 20th century, missing from this comparison? If the programmer can suss out the white chicks in a country that is majority black, why couldn't the same be done for the US? Up until 1965, when the soft genocide population replacement program pushed by the gated community elites geared up, America was nearly 90% white. I think that's grounds for having representation from a composite American white chick. Major oversight. Or are American chicks just TOO DAMN FAT to acquire an N > 1?

– The Latvian girl looks like a throwback from a 1970s porno.

– South Indian girls may be smarter, but North Indian girls are cuter.

– Overall face shape doesn't seem to be too important to beauty. There are cute representatives from both the long-faced and round-faced groups. See, as a comparison, the Swiss girl and the Iranian girl.

– Remember that scene in the underground city of Zion from the Matrix sequel? The banging drums, primitive dancing, and rainbow of multicult love? That's the Puerto Rican girl. I wanted the machines to win after that scene.

– Of course, the Polish and Russian girls look the most serious. Of course. Get over yourselves, girls.

– The average Russian girl may as well be a hot tennis star. Or Putin's mistress.

– Too bad for the Samoan girl that Australian Aboriginal girls were not included.

– The Mongolian girl is hiding a purple saguaro in her purse.

– The Finnish girl looks like she'd fuck the consciousness out of you.

– The composite Spaniard is full of herself. Did a composite tiara come included with that photo?

– Blonde and light brown hair are overrepresented in this graphical chart. Is this a selection effect, or does averaging lighten women's hair?

– The French composite is the least "average" looking of all the women. She is quite stunning with her bold yet feminine features.

– The Peruvian girl has kind eyes. She'd cook you a meal on your second date.

– Swedish girls are overrated.

– Greek and Italian women could be sisters.

******

So… which country-AKA-ethnicity has the world's most beautiful women?

We'll have to narrow it down first.

The Eight Finalists

Uzbekistan, Italy, France, Finland, Russia, Greece, Spain, Israel

And the country with the world's most beautiful women is…

drumroll please…

Italy!

The country that birthed Monica Bellucci is the place you want to live if beauty — and fucking beauty — is your

raison d'être. Even Italy's feminists are bangable, that's how hot Italian women are.

Runners-up

Best composite DSLs: Greece.

Best composite smile: India.

Best composite nose: England.

Best composite eyebrows: Vietnam.

Best composite face begging for a jizzbomb: Mongolia. (Just think, you might be jizzing on a descendent of Genghis Khan. Thinking about it, aren't you? You want to yell KHAAAAAN at the moment of ejaculation, don't you? Imperialist pig!)

Sultriest composite face: France.

Best composite face you want to gaze at with an uneasy mix of awe, horniness and unsettling confusion: Uzbekistan.

Notch flag you are least likely to get, and don't mind not getting: Samoa.

Best composite closet slut: Switzerland.

Most compositely likely to come at you with a meat cleaver: Hungary.

Best composite repressed sexuality: Iran.

Best composite jungle fever: Puerto Rico.

Best composite girl-next-door: South Africa AKA Holland.

Best composite public sex aficionado: Ireland.

Best composite underage sex simulator: Burma.

Best composite women to ransack if you are a white guy: Korea.

Best composite fling: Finland.

Best composite girlfriend: Israel.

Best composite wife: *does not compute*

Best composite just-got-fucked look: Tie between Wales and Latvia. You go, girls!

Best composite cock-or-GTFO face: Germany.

Best composite shit test face: Mexico.

******

Someone get in contact with the IT dude who put this chart together. We need composites from all 192 countries, plus intra-country ethnic minorities like aboriginals, eskimos, gypsies and native americans.

Eliciting Sexual Values

CH · 9 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The resident raging SWPL over at OkCupid has a new post up about the best questions to ask on a first date if you want to know something important about your date — that is, something important *to you*, like whether she is the type to bang on the first date. What he and his merry band of politically correct pansies did was correlate viable first date questions — i.e., questions that weren't too personal, awkward or creepy — with an assortment of variables such as the person's willingness to go all the way right away and couples' relationship lengths.

For instance:

Answering "Yes" to the question of "Do you like the taste of beer?" correlates strongly with a willingness to consider sex on the first date. This goes for women as well as men, though seeing as all real men like the taste of beer and the possibility of first date sex, it's pretty much a question geared toward finding out what depth of sluttiness women are eager to plumb.

If you want to know whether your date has long term potential, you should ask her if she has ever traveled to another country alone. If she has, and you have done as well, then consider it a match made in heaven.

There is a question in that OkCupid post that doesn't make much sense. If you want to know whether your date shares the same politics as you, you're supposed to ask her if she prefers simple people or complex people in her life. By 2:1, liberals prefer the latter and conservatives the former. But what does "simple" mean? Simple-minded, or honest? A complex person could just as easily mean a liar or a laconic mystery man. So it may just be that liberal girls prefer unending relationship drama and conservative girls prefer more stable, even-keeled LTRs. Since 90% of hot girls from the age of 15 to 29 are liberal, this means very few bangable women like stable relationships.

In case you haven't noticed, the topic covered in that OkCupid post is essentially the game concept of eliciting values. A key part of building comfort with a girl you want to bang is getting to know her values and mirroring them, so a deep and profound romantic connection that she thinks is something that "just happened" is actually the result of a calculated effort on your part.

Based on experience, below are some core value eliciting questions that will work on first dates. Remember, a good question must:

a. sound natural or funny,

b. hide its intentions, and

c. trigger a subconscious betrayal of the respondent's true values.

The value elicitation can be in the form of a routine, or asked as standalone questions. Take care to listen to her answers, because that is going to tell you if she's up for a same night lay.

"Have you ever chewed gum in church or at a job interview?"

A "yes" means she likes to give blowjobs. Also, if she's a smoker, she's a pole smoker.

"Have you ever attended a protest?"

Yes: She's cheated on exes.

No: Don't expect first date sex.

"Did you go to the protest to actually protest, or to laugh at the people there?"

Actually protest: she will never cook you a meal and her relationships are paper-thin.

Laugh at the protestors: she falls in love deeply.

“Have you ever worn goofy socks? Like socks with penguins stitched on them?”

Yes: attention whore! Also, likely to play hard-to-get.

“What’s your favorite 4AM food?”

Trick question! If she has had food at 4AM, she is a party slut.

“What’s the one thing you have in common with your parents that you wish you didn’t?”

If she says nothing, she will try to introduce you to her dad within three months of the relationship.

“Is god a he or a she?”

He: She’s telling you want you want to hear. This is good, it shows she likes you.

She: Feminist harpy. Pump and dump.

Neither, there is no god: She’s down for anal.

“Does the thought of breaking into dance in front of a crowd of strangers make you nervous or excited?”

Nervous: She likes to cuddle.

Excited: She’s had sex in a bathroom stall. When she was younger, hotter, tighter. For free.

“When you played hide and seek as a little girl, did you prefer being the hider or the seeker?”

Hider: She likes to be dominated.

Seeker: She likes to poach other girls’ boyfriends.

“What kind of clothing makes you feel the sexiest?”

Cocktail dress: Status whore.

Mini-skirt: Slut.

Ballroom gown: Princess.

Wedding gown: Run.

Women Love Men Who Play Hard To Get

CH · 10 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In a complete inversion of conventional wisdom, it's *men* who should be playing hard to get if they want to attract the opposite sex.

> Women are more attracted to men whose feelings are unclear.
>
> A study published in *Psychological Science*, a journal of the Association for Psychological Science, finds that a woman is more attracted to a man when she is uncertain about how much he likes her.
>
> "Numerous popular books advise people not to display their affections too openly to a potential romantic partner and to instead appear choosy and selective," the authors write. Women in this study made their decisions based on very little information on the men — but in a situation not unlike meeting someone on aninternet dating site, which is common these days. "When people first meet, it may be that popular dating advice is correct: Keeping people in the dark about how much we like them will increase how much they think about us and will pique their interest."

The subject matter of this study has been discussed at the Chateau before, in this post. It perfectly validates much of what is written here, particularly the posts dealing with instilling dread in your lover to build a healthy relationship. The fact is that women, much more so than men, get turned on by inscrutable suitors. Women love love love men who keep them guessing. That hamster isn't gonna spin by itself, you know. Inscrutable men are likely hitting women's "pre-selection" and "sexy son" limbic buttons.

Suck-up credentialist therapists and marriage counselors hate these kinds of studies (and, by extension, real-world truth tellers such as yer 'umble narrator) because it puts the lie to everything they know and believe. How would you feel if the meaning of your very existence was revealed for the shabby mountain of platitudinal shit it is?

I suspect some readers get the impression that the science guides my behavior. But that is not the case. I've spent my life experiencing women, observing women, learning about women and loving women. That is how I came to understand them. The science merely serves as a confirmation of what I can see with my eyes. But I like to post these studies because I know it gets under the skin of the haters. I can practically see their blood boiling and steam coming out of their ears.

It is an exquisite pleasure to reflect upon your enemies' torment.

Like Single Mom, Like Daughter

CH · 10 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The Mark Sanchez story is funny from at least one angle — the daughters of single, slutty moms go on to be sluts themselves.

> The rich, preppy Connecticut mom of 17-year-old Eliza Kruger — who said she "hooked up" with star Jets quarterback Mark Sanchez after meeting him at a Manhattan nightclub — "likes to party" on occasion with her sexy daughter, sources said yes terday.
>
> "Eliza has been going to clubs since she was 15, sometimes with her mom," blond Greenwich divorcée Marie McCormick Kruger, a night life source told The Post. […]
>
> Her dad is multimillionaire Greenwich financier Konrad "Chip" Kruger. He and Marie had four kids together, including Eliza, before divorcing in 2006 after years of marital turmoil.
>
> According to their divorce decision, which found neither party at fault, Marie Kruger in the mid-1990s flirted with and "kissed one or two times" a "gentle man" she had met at a local watering hole. In July 2005, the decision said, Chip Kruger "learned that she had slept with her rowing coach" while the Krugers were attempting a reconciliation.

Lesson: Millions of dollars does not necessarily an alpha make. Nor does it prevent your wife from cheating with her rowing coach. And that kid went ha haaw!

You gotta love this aging cougar mom hanging out with her daughter at nightclubs known to be pickup spots for alpha males. Has there been a more obvious case of a sad sack wall victim living vicariously through her hot n sexy spawn?

On a more serious note, the Sanchez case, and others like it, prove that the statutory rape laws in this country are well-nigh fucked beyond any semblance of fairness. It's time to end strict liability. If a 17 year old has the sense of mind to lie about her age so that she can bang an older athlete, then she can give consent to sex as well. It is not the responsibility of men to do background checks of every young-looking woman they meet. The courts must catch up to the fact that women are hypergamous, and that a result of that hypergamy is a tendency to prefer fucking older, higher status men.

Valentine's Day Tips

CH · 11 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent in this most excellent compendium of game tips.

> 1. Ditch the cologne, a tiny bit of ladies' perfume on the neck is the way to go. (Make sure you hug her close!) You could also put lipstick on your collar, but less is more- it has to be barely perceptible to work.
>
> 2. If you'll be with her in a not-too-noisy venue and it's late at night (after 11pm or so) have your phone's alarm feature set up to ring several times at random. The hamster will wonder who the fuck is trying to get a hold you at this hour. Change the subject when she asks who's calling.
> Extra points for mixing up the ringtones.
>
> (I did this once not expecting to get it in the same night and my phone kept vibrating on the nightstand while she was riding me cowgirl- I swear I could feel her getting wetter and wetter with every "call" that came in.
>
> 3. When your body language, eye contact, etc. is solid, you can get away with ANYTHING. I've closed a girl having inviting her to a Warcraft LAN party and telling her how hot she'd look in a chainmail bikini. This is contrast game (Omega game?) and only works if she knows you're joking and everythig else is congruently Alpha. I believe it's the peacocking principle at work, though I need to experiment with it some more…
>
> 4. Remind her how Beta the other guys in the room are. I love telling a girl in a venue how thirsty I am and asking if she'll fish me a gin and tonic off the two nerds at the end of the bar. There are all sorts of subtle ways to DLV your competition, get creative!
>
> 5. Never miss an opportunity to grab her hair and give it a good tug- she'll let you do it waaay sooner in the interaction than societal norms would suggest, (about 15 seconds in if you're dirty dancing.)
>
> 6. Act aroused by her shit tests. The whole "You're so hot when you're being bitchy" mentality makes her resistance self-defeating. Even better if you're funny about it.
>
> 7. When shit-tested via text message, reply with an ascii penis. **[Ed: It looks like this: 8==>. Or this, if you're a host of the Chateau: 8=======================>]** Hasn't failed me yet and its cheaper than sending picture messages of the real thing.
>
> 8. Anything that attracts attention to your crotch is a good thing, eye-catching and unusual belt buckles are good. When you catch her glancing down you can remind her that it's not going to suck itself.
>
> 9. And finally – My all time super duper favorite-ist opener in the whoooole wide world:
>
> "Did you just grab my ass?"
>
> And no, she doesn't have to be standing behind you for it to work, you can walk clear across the room and spit this. (My inspiration for that one came from the club owner in Night at the Roxbury)
>
> Caveat Emptor: these are all situational and can backfire if applied incorrectly. Know your prey and calibrate! #1 and #2 are best reserved for the divas who are on the fence about you
>
> A final thought- once you have a basic competency in game, the only way to keep growing is to start tailoring your style to match your personality and strengths and have fun with it. A cheeky/playful Austin Powers vibe does wonders for me, not exactly your boilerplate stoic Alpha was he?
>
> Feel free to use all or part of this for your blog, as a former pedastalizer myself, I have tremendous empathy for my beta bros sloggin it out in the trenches.
>
> Your truly,
>
> -Marshy

The force is strong in this one. #1 and #7 are especially good.

To Preen, Or Not To Preen...

CH · 13 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A consortium of “internet professionals who make their living as online influencers” (great gig if you can get it) has voted Citizen Renegade a partir de Chateau a Top 100 blog of 2010.

This calls for a celebration.

8=====>

Soulkill

CH · 14 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Would you men like to know what happens to your texts, IMs, emails and voicemails that you regret having sent to girls you tried but failed to bang? I have a story to tell…

Scene: House party. Ten people sitting languidly in a living room, drinking and socializing. Seven girls, three men, including yours truly. The girls are all in their 20s, in the 6-8.5 looks range. These girls are not sluts or lawyer cunts. They are, by most objective measures, "good girls"; exactly the kind of normal, cute girls men would be happy to have as girlfriends, and to introduce to mom.

One of the girls, the second cutest of the bunch, is showing her phone to her BFF. Another girl asks what she's doing.

She smiles broadly. "That guy I broke up with last week sent me a Facebook message. It's SO sad! But kind of sweet, too."

"Ooh, let's see!", the other girls practically squeal in unison.

Her BFF interrupts, "Did he send this after you broke up?"

"Yes! OK, so I broke up with this guy last week over email, because I'm too scared to do it in person."

The other girls titter knowingly.

She continues, "Lemme read what I wrote to him first, so you get an idea."

She begins reading from her phone and quoting her break-up email, which, paraphrased, went something like this:

"Hi there, [REDACTED], I just wanted to tell you that I had a great time with you, but I'm in a place in my life right now where I don't want to get involved. I just got over a bad breakup, and I don't have the energy to pursue another relationship. I'm going to spend some time alone for a while. Really you're a great guy. But this isn't happening for me right now. I'm sorry."

The girls nod sympathetically. The two men and myself exchange knowing glances. We understand what's about to come.

Heartbreaker girl taps her phone screen and holds it up for the crowd to see.

"Ok, I'm going to read his reply. He sent this like a day later."

I interrupt her. "Wait, let me read it. I can pretend to be him."

She cackles. "Haha! OK, here you go."

I take the phone. A longish email reply is staring back at me, with a thumbnail of a man's face appended to it. He's fairly good-looking, and muscular, judging by his neck and traps.

I begin reading his reply in a trembly voice, imitating as best I can a lovelorn beta. Paraphrased:

"Ok, I'm sorry to hear that. I was hoping we could date a few more times and see where it goes. I think you are really great, and a very special girl, and I felt we had something between us. I definitely felt we bonded on our dates together. Remember that time playing pool? That was pretty funny. But oh well, if you need some time to yourself, I understand. If you ever change your mind, you know where to email me. I'm willing to give it another try if you are. Ciao."

I finish and melodramatically lay the phone down, heavily sighing. The girls erupt in a gail of laughter and cloying "Awws". The two men noticeably cringe. One looks displeased that I have joined, shiv in hand dripping the blood of my victim, in the beta hunt.

Oh, what's that? You expected me to stick up for the downtrodden beta masses? You wanted a hero to show these girls the malevolence of their ways? No, that would not be any fun. I happily participated in the cruel mockery at the expense of this poor niceguy. Laughs were shared and I would do it again. The id monster obeys no ideology.

Heartbreaker girl chimes in. "See, I told you he's so sweet. I feel bad about this." She tries hard to contain a chesire cat's grin from creasing her face, but fails.

I address the group with a feigned seriousness, "Maybe we shouldn't have done that to the poor guy."

Heartbreaker girl responds, still smiling, "I know, I feel bad." The men look uncomfortable, staring at the wall. One guy grips his girlfriend's thigh tightly. A moment of moral clarity infuses the room, but it doesn't last.

A girl in the corner pipes up, "But that was really funny! Oh well. It was kinda cute." Laughter all around.

I continue, "How long were you seeing this guy? He seems smitten."

Heartbreaker girls says proudly, "We went on three dates."

I seize an opportunity to subversively impart game wisdom. "You know, my buddies and I have this golden rule we live by. Never send emails to a girl that are longer than the ones she writes to you." I turn to Heartbreaker girl, "This guy wrote twice as much as you wrote to him."

A girl practically shrieks, "Oh my god, you're so right!"

Heartbreaker girl laughs in agreement, "That's so true."

There are ways to inculcate women with the truth of game. You just have to frame it as a remedy for a betaboy's embarrassing failure.

The next time you feel the urge to send a lovingly crafted email or text or IM to a woman who you haven't yet banged, remember this true story from the vaults of the Chateau. Visualize the hosts reading your email out loud to the guffaws of a roomful of cute girls who soften their laughter with pitying, and faintly contemptuous, hedges about what a "niceguy" and "sweet guy" you are, and…

STOP, CROP and CULL.

Stay your hand. Turn off the spigot of beta diarrhea. Calm your fiery but unfocused passion. Shut your mouth. Delete that fucking ode. Because it WILL, one way or another, one day sooner or later, be used against you in a kangaroo court of amoral soul flaying. If you want to win at this game, there is only one road to victory –

penis in vagina.

No amount of painstakingly composed and heartfelt emails, yearning voicemails, or chivalric IMs emanating with the faint whiff of beggary will ever match in manly will to power the physical act of fucking. That is your trump card, and nothing a woman holds can beat it.

The modern woman, and her women-are-blameless spokesfembots, ask "Where are all the good men?"

Ladies, you get the men you deserve.

How To Respond To A Girl Who Dumps You Over Facebook

CH · 15 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Many commenters ran with yesterday's post about a girl who dumps a beta over Facebook and then reads his pitiful reply to a group of people at a house party who relish the opportunity to cruelly twist the knife. While the post was only meant as a report from the trenches of the modern mating scene, the commenters wisely treated it as if it were a test of their game, trying to figure out how best to answer a hypothetical email from a girl dumping them. I have looked at some of the suggestions and made a decision which are the best replies.

#1: No response. (Credit: Gorbachev)

90% of the time, and in 90% of situations, this will be your best option. Radio silence is a failsafe method for causing reckless hamster spin in a woman's headspace. You have got to understand a couple of things about women and breaking up.

One, women initiate most breakups. I have read it is on the order of 75-85% of all breakups. Women also initiate 2/3rds to 3/4ths or more of all divorces.

Two, women secretly get a thrill out of the power they wield as society's *de facto* hypergamous dumpers. When a woman dumps a man, she wants to know she got to him. Though she will never admit it, the act of gettting to a man is a blissful ego massage for the typical woman. Men are not like this (at least most of them). Talk to any man who has dumped women in the past for shallow reasons and he will tell you it was a distinctly uncomfortable experience, and he would have rather just kept her in his rotation, stringing her along forever instead of cutting the cord.

Knowing these two salient points about women and breaking up, it is in your interest as a man to deny any woman dumping you the satisfaction of your butthurt reaction. Why? Because reaction = beta. The alpha male with options galore doesn't sweat any one break-up. Since women subconsciously know this about alpha males, they get flustered when their break-up messages to men they deemed beta generate nothing but indifference. They begin to wonder what is up, if perhaps they made a mistake in judgement of the man's character.

I am now addressing the male readers of this blog who have experience dating three or more women at once. I have done it many times. Look back at those times and recall your reaction when one of the women tried to break up with you over a voicemail message or email. You grabbed your phone to read the heartfelt break-up text or listen to the pained vmail and, if you were like me, you muttered "yeah yeah yeah…" and deleted the message, never bothering to reply. You did this because YOU REALLY DID NOT CARE if one of your ladies fell through the cracks.

To my beta readers: THAT is the attitude you must strive to incorporate into every fiber of your manly essence. You really DO NOT CARE. And what does an utterly indifferent man do when he gets a long-winded overly dramatic break-up text from a chick in his rotation?

Nothing.

#2: "ok" (Credit: itsme)

This is a more proactive way to signal indifference, compared to the no reply option. Note the lack of punctuation. "ok" and no reply will both get under a woman's skin, the thought of which will put a smile on your face. Send it immediately, so that she does not have reason to think you are trying to out-game her.

#3: "gay" (Credit: el guapo? el chief?)

Indifference expressed through humor can also work, if the context is right. "gay" (again, note lack of punctuation) is a great reply to a girl who has sent a long-winded break-up email filled with phony drama. It's basically saying "I can't believe you're taking this whole thing so seriously". It's a subtle way to impugn her presumptive status as the dumper. The cutting "gay" reply insinuates to a girl who is melodramatically dumping you that she secretly thinks

about you a lot as judged by the ridiculous amount of effort she put into her break-up email.

#4: “Breakup??? 3 dates. LMAO. drama.”, “drama queen!”, or “Srsly? It was three dates, lol” (credit: Evil Alpha/Ben Runkle)

Similar to the “gay” reply above, an insinuation that she is making a mountain out of a mole hill is a good way to get her ego invested in reclaiming lost battlefield ground. It’s a funny reply, and funny replies can work. But generally, you should follow the informal rule that any replies to a break-up message from a girl never exceed three letters in length.

And don’t expect sarcastic replies to make her come running back to you. This is strictly for the pleasure of inflicting emotional frustration.

#5: “nigga please!” (Credit: Josef Jonze)

Hey, that made me laugh.

#6: “8===D” (Credit: Ben Runkle)

Is there any pistols-at-high-noon dating situation where the ASCII penis won’t work? I’m having a hard time thinking of one.

***

Addendum: Do NOT send anything that could be construed as bitter, spiteful or the aforementioned butthurt, even if you think you are being sarcastically nonchalant. Her hamster will spin anything REMOTELY resembling bitterness as a victory for her ego. Examples of this school of thought include:

“yeah, know what you mean”

“good”

“don’t care”

“later”

“thanks. now I can go for a girl I really like.”

“Do I know you?”

etc.

The above mistakes illustrate the perils of thinking like a man instead of thinking like a woman. A manly maneuver is like a club wildly swinging in the direction of her head, bound to result in allies rushing to her side. But if you want to eviscerate her with scalpel-like precision, and excise her emotional organs for dissection upon your operating table of sadistic cruelty, then you must put yourself into the mind of a woman. Think like a woman to seduce her, and to vex her. They are two sides of the same coin.

Now some of you may be thinking, what can I do to bring her back into my orbit of indulgence? After all, wasn’t there a post here about winning back one’s ex-girlfriend? None of the excellent replies offered above guarantee she will come back to you. But they are a necessary if not sufficient tactic in any overall strategy to re-attract her. If you want a shot at converting a lost prospect, you don’t want to shoot yourself in the foot with a needy beta reply as seen in yesterday’s post. A nontrivial number of women who receive no reply or “gay” to their break-up emails are going to be so flustered and ego-bound to extracting a reaction from you that they will text, email or even call you again a day or two later asking if you got her message.

And once she has done that, she’s buzzed straight into your sticky spider web. Now she, and her invested ego, is yours to entwine. The rules of the game have decidedly shifted in your favor.

File Under Science: Love At First Same Night Lay

CH · 16 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

We here at the Chateau have in the past written that it is just as easy — in fact, may even be easier — to fall in love and begin a healthy long term relationship with a woman after having sex with her on the first date as it is with a woman who has made you wait for weeks or months before having sex.

Well, now science once again hearts Chateau with a new study proving exactly our contention.

> Relationships that start with a spark and not much else aren't necessarily doomed from the get-go, new University of Iowa research suggests.
>
> In an analysis of relationship surveys, UI sociologist Anthony Paik found that average relationship quality was higher for individuals who waited until things were serious to have sex compared to those who became sexually involved in "hookups," "friends with benefits," or casual dating relationships.
>
> **But having sex early on wasn't to blame for the disparity.** When Paik factored out people who weren't interested in getting serious, he found no real difference in relationship quality. That is, couples who became sexually involved as friends or acquaintances and were open to a serious relationship ended up just as happy as those who dated and waited.

Abstinence counselors, prudes and Promise Keepers wept.

> "We didn't see much evidence that relationships were lower quality because they started off as hookups," said Paik, an assistant professor in the UI College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. "The study suggests that rewarding relationships are possible for those who delay sex. But it's also possible for true love to emerge if things start off with a more 'Sex and the City' approach, when people spot each other across the room, become sexually involved and then build a relationship."

Pure, feral lust is a necessary prerequisite to romantic love. A love not undergirded by animal lust is not a romantic love at all. It is, at best, a companionate love, or an affectionate love, or a phony love that two losers convince themselves to feel when no other options are available. So why delay the inevitable? If you feel hot for each other, go ahead and consummate on the first date! You won't poison any budding relationship that might follow.

> So if not the context of sexual involvement, what is behind the lower quality scores for relationships initiated as hookups? Paik points to selection: Certain people are prone to finding relationships unrewarding, and those individuals are more likely to form hookups.
>
> "The question is whether it's the type of relationship that causes lower quality or whether it's the people," he said. "The finding is that it's something about the people."

In other words, genes trump culture. Again. Can a blank slatist read a science article these days without having an ulcer attack?

The study has a few choice things to say about sluts, implying that they make poor wife and girlfriend material:

> People with higher numbers of past sexual partners were more likely to form hookups, and to report lower relationship quality. Through the acquisition of partners, Paik said, they begin to favor short-term relationships and find the long-term ones less rewarding.
>
> It's also likely that people who are predisposed to short-term relationships are screened out of serious ones because they don't invest the time and energy to develop long-term ties, Paik said.

Why bother investing when the sexual horizon beckons with illimitable choice?

> "While hookups or friends with benefits can turn into true love, both parties typically enter the relationship for sex and the expectations are fairly low," Paik said. "In the casual dating category, some people think they're headed for a long-term relationship, but there are also people who are only in it for sex. It basically brings 'players' and 'non-players' together. As a consequence, it raises the question of whether casual dating is a useful institution. This paper would suggest not really, because it doesn't screen out the non-romantic types."

Re-read the above paragraph for clarity. That pretty much describes modern dating in a nutsack. Casual dating is dead, replaced by one vast and immane, interwoven, interacting, multivariate, multinational dominion of Don Juans; a system of neverending seduction designed to maximize the scramble for mating opportunities, to indulgently reward the winners, and to mercilessly punish the losers. We are living in the Reign of Replicators.

And who do you think comes out on the top and bottom in this system, based on relationship quality?

> In conducting the study, Paik controlled for several factors known to influence relationship quality, such as marital status, children and social embeddedness. Consistent with prior research, he found that unmarried couples and those with children had lower relationship quality, but couples with positive ties to each other's relatives had higher relationship quality.

Losers: Single moms, women in an alpha male's rotation.
Winners: Couples formed from close-knit (read: non-diverse) communities.

There was one final interesting coda to the study:

> In a study of Chicago-area adults published earlier this year, Paik reported that being involved with a friend increased the likelihood of non-monogamy by 44 percent for women and 25 percent for men. Involvement with an acquaintance or stranger increased the odds by 30 percent for women and 43 percent for men.

Note that sex disparity. When a woman eventually spreads her legs for a male friend (read: orbiter) she is more likely than the man to cheat. In contrast, when a man has sex with a mere acquaintance or a stranger he is the one more likely to cheat. This tells us something very revealing about the evolutionarily molded mental processes of men and women. Judged by their relative increased propensity to cheat, women are more prone than men to consider a converted LJBF an unsatisfactory sexual partner. And men are more prone than women to cheat on a lover who was a stranger or loose acquaintance at first meeting.

Lesson: If you want a faithful girl as a lover, you're better off starting fresh with a new woman than trying to convert a long-time female friend to a lover.

And if you are a woman who wants a faithful man as a lover, you're better off having a relationship with a man from your family or community circle.

Another way to look at this: Women get stronger tingles for strange and mysterious cock than they do for familiar and friendly cock. And men feel more fidelity to familiar and friendly former LJBFs whom they have finally bedded than they do for random hookups.

The Creativity Stagnation

CH · 17 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Jason Malloy, one of the more perceptive presences on the web, had this to say about creativity in the comments section at The Inductivist:

> There are two different kinds of creativity … or rather there are two distinctive wells of creativity.
>
> The first well is simply an extension of general intelligence. Smarter people can make more interesting and complex connections. They also have lower time preference which permits gradual elaboration of their raw creative abilities through craft.
>
> The second (and probably more vital) well is an extension of male sexual drive, and should be thought of as "insight" or extemporaneous creativity. It is hormonally mediated which explains why men are more creatively accomplished than women, and, more importantly, why male creative accomplishment occurs primarily when men are in their 20s and then declines with age. Female creative accomplishment does not show this aging pattern because females are drawing from the former well of creativity but not the latter.
>
> East Asians have plenty of the former kind of creativity but are deficient in the latter because they are biologically calibrated for low male mating effort. Blacks are the opposite. They have high extemporaneous creativity because they are calibrated for high mating effort.
>
> This vital creativity has declined over time as men have become biologically pacified (e.g. the dramatic centuries-long decline in violence — violence being another extension of male mating effort). Most recently Millennials are both less violent and less creative than previous generations.
>
> So contrary to received concerns, I believe creative stagnation should be viewed as a symptom of civilizational progress.

The racial angle is very interesting here, and comports with what I observe in daily life. Also, I have noticed when I'm oversexed by a girlfriend's insatiable appetite (yes, it is possible to be oversexed), I start to feel claustrophobic and mentally lethargic. I feel a pressing need to get away so that my creativity batteries can be recharged. Maybe this is why I deny women the closure of marriage and kids — I know what it means for my free man's soul.

Next question: Does ethnic and racial diversity increase or decrease creativity? I suspect, contrary to received wisdom, that diversity above a certain minimum threshold decreases creative output. America clearly was more creative when it was 85-90% white.

So… safe dullness or violent creativity? Pick one or the other. Safe dullness is the end game of a feminized society, while violent creativity is the hallmark of a masculinized society. Perhaps there is a balance to be struck between the two, but today we are clearly too far over into the malaise and soul-suckery of feminization. The Chateau will do its part to correct this historical transgression.

An Alpha Reply To A Woman's Rejection

CH · 17 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Submitted for your edification. walawala writes:

> I was chatting with a girl on an online website.
>
> At some point, she says "You're just not my cup of tea…"
>
> I pause….
>
> Then I replied…
>
> Me: "Glad you said that…"
>
> Her: "Why?"
>
> Me: "I just saw your age, 35, actually I'm looking for someone younger, good luck".
>
> Her: Where you from?
>
> Me: Sorry, I generally don't chat with women over 29.
>
> Her: Maybe if I knew you better
>
> Me: silence…
>
> End of conversation….
>
> Flip the switch.

A few simple sentences is all it takes to psychologically move a woman from rejection ("you're not my cup of tea") to blossoming attraction ("maybe if I knew you better"). The power of game should never be underestimated.

Notice how walawala preps the woman for his reframe. He doesn't immediately jump into the soulkilling age disqualification. He softens it first by saying "glad you said that". This is a neurolinguistic trick that works by the effect of demonstrating composed indifference in the face of an ego assault, and by implicitly flattering the woman's perspicacity, thus making her more receptive to the ensuing disqualification.

Well played, walawala.

Egypt

CH · 17 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Let's get this straight. The Egyptian people power revolution will likely usher in a government run by antediluvian Islamists.

And exporting democracy to every corner of the globe is a good thing… why, again?

Related: Then-and-now photos tell the tale. Female graduates of Cairo University in 1959 wear modern, Western-style dress. In 2004, they are wearing the hijab. Only a fool, or a liberal, contends progress is always forward. This century is going to be one of a return to religion, nationalism and tribalism. Human nature can be suppressed for only so long.

Emotional Pornography

CH · 18 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally even a feminist manages a swiping glance at the truth. Naomi Wolf has a track record of immersing herself in a stinking pile of pretty lies, but her contention that widespread porn availability numbs men to the pleasures of "real women"* might have some merit.

(*Translating from the femcuntspeak, "real women" = aging, slovenly lardasses.)

A whole generation (or two) of men has grown up watching hot chicks have sex on the internet. Most of the girls in porn are better looking than the average fat American woman who couldn't throw her cankles behind her ears if she tried. It's not a stretch to think that such mass wanking to the top 10% in tight female bodies desensitizes men to sex with the rapidly dumpifying plain janes they meet in real life. Result: more pump and dumps as men feel less incentive to invest in these entitled shambling mounds.

So a reasonable argument could be made that hardcore porn has raised men's expectations beyond practicality. Or that it has sated their desire to the point that men lack the motivation to aggressively pursue real life shit-testing women.

Ah, but as with so many theories propounded by feminists and family values conservatives, they utterly neglect to mention the role of female hypergamy and the effect that hypergamy has on women's choices in the dating market. Remember the fundamental law of the sexual market: As the gatekeepers to sex, women get the men they deserve. If women are rewarding assholes and players with sex, then assholes and players are what men will emulate.

But thankfully the world is blessed with the wit and wisdom — and the sadism to tell it like it is — of the Chateau. So you come here for the full truth, because you think you can handle it. And the truth is that modern women have been gluttonously absorbing their own version of expectation-raising and niceguy-desensitizing porn…

Emotional pornography.

A commenter writes:

> Women do have problems with false expectations of romance. Emotional pornography has really screwed with their heads.
>
> Think Lifetime channel movies.

Bingo. Biologically, women don't get off on visual porn the way men do. But that doesn't mean they don't have their own outlets for electrifying the beaver, or that they don't avail themselves of these female-centric outlets with the same gusto that men do of theirs.

Let's get right to it. Women masturbate to words. To stories. Stories as told in movies, books and TV. These stories share common themes, often featuring the hard-to-get, aloof alpha male preselected by tons of attractive women, and the maladroit beta male to play the foil. The alpha male in women's fantasies is outsized. His kind exists in extraordinarily tiny numbers in the real world. Which makes his grudgingly surrendered love that much the sweeter.

Do not for a minute think men's visual porn and women's emotional porn aren't comparable. They are exactly the same in purpose, and in function. Men jack off to YouPorn and women jack off to daydreams of Edward Cullen or Dr. McDreamy from Grey's Anatomy. One inconsequential difference is that men's jacking off is typically more physical in nature, with an unmistakeable denouement in ejaculation. Women, having a baseline hormonal horniness somewhat below that of men and being not quite as groin focused in their sexuality, express their jacking off in wistful, emotional mental journeys that occasionally culminate in vulval self-administration under the bedsheets late at night.

The end result of all this jacking off to ideal virtual lovers is the same for women and men: raised expectations and

disappointment with the real life alternatives.

As most men are game-less herbs and provider betas, the explosion of emotional porn for women has indirectly caused the betas' dating market value to drop, in the same way that YouPorn has caused the dating market value of average-looking, out of shape women to drop. The drop isn't precipitous, because for most people bland but real sex still beats exciting but virtual sex. But the drop is enough to make a difference in the zeitgeist of the mating market, as well as within the quasi-confines of marriage.

Naomi Wolf and Kay Hymowitz think they get a free pass to shame men for watching porn to the detriment of relationships with real women. *cracks knuckles* Here's a roll call of the leading outlets of emotional porn numbing our nation's women to sex and relationships with real, normal, niceguys:

Grey's Anatomy
Gossip Girl
The Bachelorette
Desperate Housewives
Sex and the City
Anything on Lifetime Channel or WeTV
Pretty much everything on the major networks in primetime
Any big studio rom-com
Twilight (books and movies)
Any and all pulp romance novels
Academy awards shows
Tabloids
The entirety of the insipid celebrity culture

American women, it's time for you to woman up. Put down the celebrity rags and stop diddling the bean to the latest news about Jake Gyllenhaal's love life. The future of your country rests on bringing your unrealistic ballooning expectations back down to earth, in line with what your flabby bodies, unfeminine personalities, galling sluttiness and crow's feet actually offers men.

Game And Life Trajectory

CH · 24 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Game is, above all, about options. It is a toolkit and a psychological mindset that increases the number and quality of women available to you, and strengthens the attachment that women feel toward you. For the keepers of the societal cog assembly line, this is very bad news indeed, because men with options are men willing and able to put off or even entirely forego marriage and kids.

Options = Instability

For the typical man, game is probably the most powerful weapon in his arsenal of seduction that he has at his disposal. Few lifestyle changes can expand the pool of available and willing women as definitively as a concerted effort to learn game. A sudden infusion of wealth or fame, or a miracle of plastic surgery for the uglier men, would have a greater immediate impact than game, but for most men most of the time for whom fame and wealth are out of reach or would require decades of hard work to achieve, nothing gives a bigger bang for the bang than game.

This increase in sexual market leverage does come with a cost, depending on your philosophical view of the inherent tension between individual aggrandizement and societal well-being. As new vistas of poon open wide to the man who accepts the carnal word of game into his life, the context for the choices he makes and the big stages of life he is expected — worse, *obligated and duty-bound* according to some whiny women — to navigate are irrevocably altered. He no longer feels the pressure to accede to custom, to accept his lot like a good provider beta gear in the machine, or to join the herd of those corralled in claustrophobic pens of restricted options.

Such a man who possesses facility with attracting the opposite sex subconsciously regards his girlfriend (or girlfriends) with a utilitarian eye. He knows that should something go wrong, should she grow — heaven forfend! — *bored* with him, or he with her, he can find a replacement woman of equal or better quality with a few weeks effort. This self-awareness of his options, based in the reality of his experience, colors every choice he makes. And, more importantly, it instills in him a discreet take-it-or-leave-it demeanor that is unmistakeable, and unmistakably alluring, to women. It is the attitude of sex panther.

The man with options often decides, with justification, to say fuck it to marriage and all that soul-sucking suburban indentured servitude. Thus, knowledge of game and the larger selection of women it offers to the practitioner play a substantial role in the direction his life takes.

Reader Rum comments:

> Getting a good grasp of game DOES disrupt the (supposedly) normal progression of life events. Indeed, it makes it dramatically more likely that you at 47 will get lascivious attention from “in-appropriately young” women. But, the thing is, with ordinary luck, you will be getting the same kind of vibes from that same chicks mother. (Its weird the way they smell the same).
>
> So you will have to make a definite choice. Choose without thinking too much. Then pretend the mom thing never really happened. It might work.

This is no doubt true, as any man who has reaped the benefits of game will tell you. The socially-approved timetable of life stages is simply wiped clean, conventional expectations are brought to heel, and the horizon of choice pussy extends along every compass point.

The normal, 21st century progression of life events for the average beta bear who knows nothing of game looks like this:

– hit puberty
– masturbate for ten years

– attend sex ratio-skewed college full of slutty women and get lucky once or twice, despite social awkwardness
– enlist in cubicle farm, ogle sexy co-workers at sexual harassment seminar
– manage to land a 4 or 5 girlfriend through drunken social circle
– date her for two years until she dumps him
– drown sorrows for one full year torturing self with repeated viewings of ex's Facebook relationship status updates, ("Currently in a harem!"), including make-out pics with new biker boyfriend
– meet an "amazing" 5.5 chubby girl with "more to love"
– propose 1.2 years later
– get married, have kids
– watch as his soul drains away from enforced monogamy and ingrate spawn
– surprise divorcebuttsecks!
– pay half for the lingerie ex-wife buys to titillate her new succession of fly-by-night lovers
– contemplate killing self
– work self to bone for a corporate behemoth's bottom line
– after ten years being single and paying alimony, meet a 45 year old divorcée lawyer with saggy tits and flat ass
– "court" her, or a reasonable facsimile thereof
– suffer the indignity of pretending to enjoy kissing her as her hot daughter traipses around the house in short shorts
– live out waning days accompanying hag second wife to arts and crafts boutiques
– get sent to nursing home by "compassionate" children for sweet deliverance from the prison of wrecked flesh that holds the last vestige of his faintly man-like soul

Ok, now here's the 21st century progression of life events for the man who knows game and uses it to successfully meet women:

– hit puberty. If a born natural, begin fucking "underage" (it's all relative) high school girls. If not a born natural, learn from naturals, mimic them, and discover the crimson arts
– have a sweet sixteen girlfriend (or two) he will never forget, and who he will always compare, usually favorably, to future lovers, to keep those future lovers off any pedestals he may be inspired to erect in their names
– fuck like a rabbit in college if early start. Otherwise, fuck like a rabbit for the next twenty years after college
– somewhere along that timeline, meet a great girl who he rationally tells himself would make a good wife
– reminds himself that marriage is an irrational choice. Then reminds himself that he loves flirting with the cashier at the supermarket, and he marvels how easy it would be to snag her number
– laughs to himself at thought of proposing. ("Bended knee, my ass!")
– good girl dumps him for wasting her prime years. In his sorrow, he responds by traveling and banging a couple of international hotties
– his divorced and financially raped male friends glom onto him. His harried married male friends secretly envy him
– work is just another word for lifestyle enabler
– spend waning years dating relatively younger and younger women, watching the age gap widen and his married chump friends waking up to the realization that they are shackled by law to wrinkly old bags
– society hates him. Unsurprisingly, he doesn't give a shit
– die post-coitus from a heart attack. Leave the world alone to enter a void of nothingness, no different than all those married schlubs who toiled for years to nurture and raise a legacy of strippers and delinquents

Any questions?

Oh, yeah, there is one question I have. I understand the Chateau has been mentioned as an outpost of loathsome, bowel-shaking truth in Kay Hymowitz's new book *Manning Up*. Dearest Kay, please tell the Chateau readership…

What exactly does marriage offer to guys like us who have the tools to meet, fuck and love women?

It's not like marriage by its very nature isn't a raw deal for men. Even the supposed health benefits of marriage for

men are a lie. Assuming the law was fair and not the man-hating femcunt swamp of legalistic ass-rogering that it is today, marriage would still be a bigger sacrifice for men than it is for women, simply because men are more naturally promiscuous than women and thus have more to lose by cuffing themselves to a legally enforced institution of monogamy. But now throw in the divorce industrial complex, the house, the kids, alimony, a washed up pussy distended from riding the cock carousel during her lean years and all the rest and that just makes the case against marriage even more airtight than it was before.

PS: Any appeals to nobility or honor will not count as a valid answer. Instead, they will be seen for what they are: a flagrant, flailing attempt to shame men into making choices that further feminists' interests while undermining men's interests.

A Girl's Tricks For Scoring Free Drinks

CH · 25 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Some chick has posted (as of last week) a how-to guide for, presumably, cute girls to score free drinks from ~~suckers~~ ~~betas~~ ~~heedless horndogs~~ ~~virginal aspies~~ men. (Ugly girls have to buy men drinks to get any attention.) It is reposted here with accompanying Chateau editorial comment. Men need to know how to identify these mooches and turn the tables on them.

It's hard to fault these unscrupulous whores for taking advantage of willing dupes. You'd do the same if you were a hot chick in her prime surrounded by buffoons. So it is in your interest to know the enemy and her tactics, and to surprise her with your deft defiance of her expectations.

> Scoring free drinks is easier than you think. Give these fail-proof ways a try, and enjoy night after night of free drinking. Just remember, picking the right guy is crucial. You can't go for a guy who is there with his girlfriend.

It's not that uncommon to see beta herbs buy drinks for all his girlfriend's bitchy friends, and even occasionally female interlopers. That's how HHHwhipped and fearful they are. (Fear is the path to the beta side. Fear leads to sycophancy. Sycophancy leads to abasement. Abasement leads to grinding dry spells.) So she shouldn't rule out taken men.

> Pick a guy who is chilling near the bar. You can always count on "bros" because their frat bothers will usually be there cheering them on to get chicks.

Nice. But times are changing. If these frat brothers had any sense they would mercilessly mock their bro for buying a drink for a girl he's not banging. Are we seeing more of that kind of very special in-field bro tutelage? General impression: yes. But still a long way to go.

> 1. Use intense eye contact. (The most obvious and most important) As soon as you walk in, start by making seductive eye contact with the bouncer to get started. The bouncers are friends with the bartenders, so this can help for next time. Sit by the bar, and look around until you make eye contact with a cute guy who catches your glance. Soon enough, he'll come over to you, and get you a drink.

She'd do better making eye contact with ugly guys. They would be more grateful for the female attention and thus more amenable to getting thieved. "Cute guys" (and it's a loose term that when used by women usually translates to "alpha guy who looks more cute than he really is because he behaves in a way that presses all my limbic buttons") are likely to have more experience with women and their wiles, and won't be as easy to manipulate with these crassly novice female ploys.

> 2. Look hot, but innocent. You know the drill. Show off your best features in a sexy outfit and work your stuff. Sadly, batting your eyelashes and flipping your hair still works as well as it did when your Mom was in college. Don't forget the cleavage.

Any man who has an ounce of pride and self-control (a male trait which is very attractive to women, btw) can stare at a bodacious rack all night without feeling a compulsion to open his wallet and buy drinks for the biological package scaffolding the tits. If you are a man who can't manage to pass this banal free drink shit test, you need to go back to day one and read through this entire blog. Sadly, you may be a lost cause.

> 3. If a guy opens up a tab next to you and only orders one drink, casually say, "Isn't there a $10 minimum?"He

> knows he's going to have to spend the money anyways, so he might as well buy you a drink, and possibly get your number.

Her post is interesting for a glimpse into the sheer number of shit test permutations that women can wield. If you get this line, acceptable shit-test busting answers are: "Are you the IRS?", "I found a loophole", "You're right. Can you cover me?", "That's what she said".

> 4. You're dancing with a guy on the dance floor and he has a drink in his hand. You say, "What are you drinking?" while casually taking the drink from his hands and taking a sip. Keep dancing and then walk away. He won't have the balls to ask for it back.

Any girl who grabs for my drink like a spoiled child is going to get disciplined like one. Viable answers: "Pussy juice", "Dunno. A chick bought it for me", "Shirley Temple", "Gasoline". If she manages to get her hand on your glass, push it away and ask her if her parents raised her to be a grub.

> 5. Go up to the bartender, point to some random guy, and say, "That guy over there spilled my drink." Then give him puppy eyes and "remind" him of what drink you had. He's going to make you a new one.

Do bartenders really fall for this? They tend to be a savvy lot, so it's doubtful many girls get away with this. Anyhow, this is a risky move for a girl at her regular bar. If the bartender calls her out on her lie, she could be kicked out.

> 6. Befriend an older man at the bar. Um, hello… old fashioned manners. He'll have to offer. And you will graciously accept.

Older men are wising up to this as well. Game knows no age limit. But as a personal observation, it seems younger men are more prone to fall for the free drink ruse. Horniness tends to cloud judgement.

> 7. You're sitting down and mingling with a friend, and a guy comes and talks to you. You smile, and say, "Aren't you going to buy me a drink before you start hitting on me?" He will take this as flirting and will always agree.

Another permutation of the same old same old shit test. Good answers: "I don't buy drinks for strangers", "I didn't know I was planning on hitting on you" (very subtle neg), "That's small potatoes. Ill give you a thousand to hit on you for a week."

The idea is to undermine her free drink angling with the insinuation that she's not far removed from a common street whore, without coming right out and saying it.

> 8. If you have already flirted with the bartender, and he's already made you a drink, you can try this. After you've finished the drink and he's pouring a drink for someone else, flirtatiously tilt your glass and say, "You know where to put the extra." If he doesn't do it right away, give him a few minutes and he will.

Again this is horrible. Any bartender who falls for this is not worth his mixology license or his badboy tattoos. Good answer if she's a bitch: "On your head?". Good answer if she's slightly less than a bitch: "In her glass?", while pointing at a cuter chick.

> 9. FLIRT. Never forget what using your mojo can get you. Talk to a guy for 5 minutes. It's surprising how little it takes. If he's looking for some action, he's going to ask you if you want a drink.

Remember the fundamental law of gender relations: The road to victory is through penis in vagina. Flirting should lead to it, or it's nothing but ego stroking for attention whores. And as any man who's lived a day knows, buying drinks for girls is counterproductive to the goal of getting laid. No woman in the world has slept with a guy because he bought her a drink, unless he had compensating alpha factors that nullified the betaness of buying the drink.

> 10. At midnight, when your buzz is getting low, order yourself a glass of water at the bar, while staring at a guy drinking next to you. Lean in, and wait for the guy to say, "Is that all you're drinking? You'll say, "Yeah, but a vodka sprite sounds better."He will order it for you.

A lot of these grrlpower tips rely upon abject betas setting the traps for themselves. If you have a lick of dignity and a smidgen of understanding about women's sexual processes, you won't be asking a girl if "that's all you're drinking?".

> 11. Tap a guy on the shoulder who is ordering a drink. Say "how about you order me a drink, and I'll leave the tip?" He's not going to make you leave the tip.

Good answer if you just want to have a laugh at her expense: "How about we screw, and I'll leave the tip?"

Good answer if you prefer the more understated approach that explores the possibility of a pickup: "The bartender's my friend, so you'd better be ready to leave a twenty".

> 12. Pretend it's your birthday. If you're really going for it, wear a crown. You will probably get a drink "on the house" from the bartender or a guy you talk to will offer.

Never buy drinks for girls. That rule goes double for girls in birthday or bachelorette parties. Or you could put her on the spot and ask what gifts she got for her birthday. It's fun to watch predatory girls squirm.

> 13. Sit down by the bar and take on a bet that you know you will win. After a few minutes of conversation, switch to the subject you want to bet on. Then you can make the bet. Winner buys the drink. Ask him a guy question that a "man" would think he knows the answer to like a question about the 1991 Super bowl. He's not going to know that you have planned the question. And you're talking to him, so he's not going to care.

The way to counter this tactic is to offer a "best out of five" suggestion. Example: "How about we do best out of five, but I get to ask the last question." Few girls know much about the hobbies of men. Ask her a question about tube amps or Call of Duty.

> It's not hard to get free drinks; guys just can't help themselves (the poor schmucks). Try these techniques, strut your stuff, and you'll be set. Don't feel bad; they want to talk to you. And hey, maybe you'll end up going for them.

The irony in her tricks for getting free drinks from suckers lies in the fact that, although presented as a way to make a possible love connection, free drink buying will actually spoil a woman's budding attraction for a man. Buy her a drink and you will go home the celibate monk you arrived as. But pass her shit test and don't buy her a drink, and her eyes will sparkle with growing attraction for your demonstrated alphaness.

No, literally, they will sparkle. It's weird.

Woman Is The Kitty Of The World

CH · 26 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Soul of a woman was created from cats.

Cats are funny. If you're around a cat, it won't deign to give you more than a passing token of affection, usually around dinner time. But if you leave it alone for a couple of days, upon return it will rush up to you, urgently meowing and bumping its head into your leg, starved for affection. It will then curl up in your lap, thankful you are back home, and purr contentedly until a glisten of cat saliva forms on its mouth. Then, once a certain amount of time has passed in your lap, (as determined by whatever cat brain mechanism is at work), the cat will decide it has had its fill of your love and promptly jump off to saunter out of the room with the closest approximation to a haughty look a cat can muster. If you attempt to follow it for more petting, it will harshly meow and maybe even take a swipe at you.

The cat wants your love on its terms. It does not value your affection freely given. It is most loveable when it has been psychologically mindfucked to believe it was on the verge of being abandoned. Just like women.

This inscrutability and natural aloofness perfectly explains the appeal of cats to women, and why they identify so strongly with the hellforged beasts. They see in them reflections of their gender's psychological traits, and, being cognitively biased to project onto an idealized man that which comprises their own contours of sexual desire, thus anthropomorphize the cat into the alpha male lover they wish was courting them.

I like cats. They're cute, fluffy stress balls. Give 'em a squeeze round the middle and feel your stress melt away. But dogs make better pets. Dog owners tend to be earthy and grounded. Cat owners tend to be drama-prone and concerned with image.

How To Text Like An Alpha Male

CH · 28 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “Marshy” is becoming the Chateau’s “text guy”. He sent in this example:

> A recent conversation from my FB below, names changed to protect the innocent-
>
> Marshy: I would totally fuck you in that wig
>
> Girlie: I look forward to it.
>
> Marshy: I get back in a week, tell your boyfriend to keep you warmed up for me till I get back.
>
> Girlie: I think “he” is out of batteries
>
> Marshy: c=====3
>
> Girlie:
>
> Marshy: c===============3
>
> Girlie: Wow, someone needs to cum. I’m going to suck you off so awesome when you get back
>
> Marshy: hang in there, lotsa cocka soon
>
> Witty banter is for beginners. Be the caveman on 4chan. He’s real, he says things that amuse him. He farts in bed and hogs the blanket, he makes her feel virtuous and mature by comparison. She lubs him for it.
>
> Long live “lotsa cocka”.

I like the haphazard attention to punctuation. It’s the little details that matter.

Some of you are probably wondering what’s so special about cavemanning a fuckbuddy. She’s already in his sexual orbit. (Men have a lovers orbit, women have a eunuchs orbit.) She’s not going to go anywhere, you may say.

Not so fast. That kind of thinking leads to complacency, and eventually to getting dumped. Game never rests, because female hypergamy never rests, that is until she has fattened up or aged out of options. I’ve witnessed friends lose fuckbuddies because they became romantically enamored with them, ditching the dirty talk for flowers and soft mewlings of love.

Fuckbuddies are an unusual breed of women. Most women, despite what braggadocio “gurus” say, are not down with fuckbuddy status. Now it is possible to string along a woman in a *de facto* FB zone, but this requires some deft prevarication and stalling. That is advanced game for those men already capable of getting laid with one girl at a time. The other option is to be totally candid with women and tell them they will be infrequent sexual flings, and nothing more. Vanishingly few women will agree to such an arrangement, no matter how much alpha indifference you project.

Generally, high T women — think tomboys, lawyers, Irish maids, strippers, cougars and women with leathery skin, small tits, hairy ass cracks or acne — are more amenable to openly acknowledged FB arrangements. Some of these high T women can be attractive enough to boff, and boy can they fuck like lionesses. The only cuddling you’ll be doing is between her beef drapes.

Marshy is right about being an animal. Women love untamed men, because they love having something to bitch about. A bitching-free life is a boring, drama-free life to a woman, and no woman, no matter how grounded, can survive long without the fever for a flavor of a tingle.

Setting The Record Straight

CH · 2 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Kay Hymowitz writes in her new book *Manning Up*:

> SCENARIO 2: The Darwinian Playboy. These are the guys who plan to live alone and have a lot of sex with a lot of women. Though they might hang around for awhile, they will never, ever be that into you. They lard their deep mistrust of women with convenient bits of evolutionary psychology. Some saw fathers, uncles, brothers or friends chewed up and spit out by ex-wives who had cheated on them but still got the house, the kids, and half their ex's income. Others probably never recovered from their own experience of betrayal; others are geeks who, having spent much of their twenties invisible to women, are also in a vengeful frame of mind. Some of them are devoted followers of CH, a philosophically sophisticated blogger who uses his multitudinous sexual encounters to analyze the amoral nature of female desire; think Hefner via Dostoyevsky. Women, no matter how determinedly enlightened and independent, are turned on by smart, dominant males — not bullies, not necessarily billionaires, mind you, but guys who know how to communicate the right mix of self-confidence, aloofness, and charisma. Love and marriage, concludes CH, are just "pretty lies." "Marriage is no escape from the sexual market and the possibility that you may be outbid by a competitor with higher value," he writes. "No matter how much you love your kids, if a divorce happens (50% chance, 70+% chance the wife initiates it) you are going to be paying child support for the new lingerie your ex-wife buys to sexually please her blogger lover. Life is a parade of worry and high wire risk, of love and loneliness, and no socially manufactured arrangement exists to insulate you from your dreaded fears. To imagine otherwise is beta."

The quote she attributes to this blog is from this post. I notice she decided not to quote more pertinent passages from that post, which would add context and shore up the argument presented against thinking marriage is a fail-safe way to lock a girl in.

Leaving aside for the moment the fact that there are a few writers contributing to the Chateau (gotta give shout outs where due), Hymowitz misunderstands (I'm generously interpreting her motives here) some of the beliefs held by the writers of this blog.

For instance, no Chateau author claimed that love is a "pretty lie". In fact, just the opposite has been written: that love is the only thing in this world that isn't bullshit. So right there, that small correction removes a big plank of her smear against "Darwinian Playboys" as merely heartless pump and dumpers with a chip on their shoulders against women. I mean, how can you demonize a Darwinian playboy who grasps the true nature of female sexual desire and the raw deal that is Western institutional marriage, but who also genuinely loves women and loves being in love with women? Makes it a bit more difficult, eh Kay? But hey, when confronted by a worldview that shakes one's soul to the core, the urge to construct easily knocked down strawmen is a universal human cognitive deficiency.

Like most feminists and quasi-feminists (I include family values advocates and relationship complementarity libertardians in this bunch), Hymowitz's hatred of evolutionary psychology is evident, and no wonder — it really does explain, rather elegantly, the behavior of men and women in the sexual marketplace. That women's behavior can be so analyzed means that women's actions can be predicted, and subsequently that men with this knowledge can tailor their behavior to get the most out of their interactions with women. Knowledge is a powerful thing, and knowing what's up does, in fact, shift the balance of sexual power in men's direction by removing the inscrutability and whimsy that has been the prerogative of women since time immemorial. Game means that it is no longer simply a matter of dumb luck when men get sex and love. Game, contrary to Hymowitz's sneering dismissal, can increase the amount of love in the world by giving women more of what they desire in men.

Hymowitz, of course, can't help but slander "Darwinian playboys" as wounded exes, geeks and mistrustful players. Do some men who learn about game fall into one or more of the above categories? Sure. But you could say the

same for any group of men following anything. A proportion of white knighters and manginas who would agree with Hymowitz are emo geeks and limp-wristed hipsters who have to beg for table scraps from women. They sublimate their ineffectual effeteness into rage against "the Man". You could call it a strategy. Mewling sycophantic betas occasionally hook pity fucks with sheer persistence and an effort to overwhelm their prey with egregious displays of phony sympathy. There are "real men" out there who suffered at the hands of ex-wives, or are bitter about having to return home every night to a waddling land beast, who would also balk at the concept of game.

The fact is that the majority of men who learn and use game are well-adjusted and successful in life, and simply want the tools to meet, seduce and bring more pleasure to beautiful women, or to meet and seduce that one perfect woman, fall in love with her, and minimize the chance that infidelity will tear them apart. Many men learn game simply to avoid getting dumped by women they love, and this includes wives swinging the divorce card like a sword of Damocles over their husbands' necks. Is Kay prepared to say these goals aren't noble, or aren't in men's interests? If not, why not? Kay, if you're reading, you will be required to frame your answer without insufferable empty-headed references to honor or duty.

Speaking of shaming, Hymowitz has this to say about the supposed fate of the playboy:

> Safe prediction: By his mid-40s, the Playboy is doing a comb-over for his balding head and wearing leather jackets to cover up his gut when he goes to bars to pick up women. Despite the fact that he tends to blather on about great bands of the 1990s, there are a few who are willing to sleep with him. Eventually, he'll find himself seeing one of them and deciding to move in with her. He becomes a stepdad to her kids and begins to dislike her ex as much as she does. He's not especially happy with his arrangement — he remembers the good old days when women appeared to him like an enormous, all-you-can-eat buffet — but now what's the alternative?

Let your hate flag fly, Kay! It's good fun, isn't it? Yes, yes it is. Welcome to the abyss. You may now check your moral high ground at the door. You've no need for it in the hell matrix.

I've got news for ya, Kay. All those things happen to most people — men and women — whether they're married or not. And have you never heard of long term relationships? I'm a big proponent of them, occasionally spiced with the varied fling. All the presumed benefits of marriage with none of the costs. As for single moms… well, if they're attractive and slender, they're good for a romp in the hay. Just don't make the mistake of marrying them or spending too much time with their kids. Keep it short and simple. I recommend two to three months of fun. You don't want the law to presume you the legal father.

Those balding, paunchy single men are still going to ignore you, Kay, for the hotter younger tighter competition. It's nature. That some of them without any game and limited options may settle down with a middle-aged hag doesn't mean they're gonna like it. Twue wuv! The alternative is for these men to keep in shape and learn game. A man's options in the sexual market are wide open compared to the options available to middle-aged women. And that's what really chafes your hide, right, Kay?

***

Glenn Reynolds takes a stab at explaining why he links to this blog (via Vox Popoli), and comes up a bit short.

> The "game" stuff pretty much *is* for douchebags, or at least the otherwise hopeless. It involves taking the sophisticated approach that someone with actual interpersonal skills might employ, and boiling it down to a set of simplified rules that produce a sort of cartoon version — much as you might boil down social interactions into rules for an autistic person; the result is better than nothing, but not the real thing. But although it's a cartoon — and focused largely on picking up women in bars, a fairly limited and artificial environment to begin with — the simplification process does reveal things that might otherwise be obscured or ignored. And it's interesting to see some of these insights going mainstream. (The other thing you learn from perusing some of these sites is just how much some men need the help. And I'm not sorry to see them get it.)

First, everyone needs to stop throwing around the word *douchebag* so lazily and haphazardly. Douchebags aren't hopeless with women. Just the opposite. Douchebags are pricks and assholes — usually gauche and lower class — who inexplicably do well with women. (Well, inexplicable to anyone who isn't a reader of the Chateau. We here know the reason why chicks dig jerks.) Think of hotchickswithdouchebags.com, or some of the cast of Jersey Shore.

Most douchebags are naturals with women, probably because they aren't smart enough to question their unwavering self-confidence. In fact, the best naturals with women mostly occupy the left hand side of the bell curve. The truly dangerous skirt chasers are the naturals with smarts. There aren't many of them, but they do exist. They are unstoppable forces of nature, owing partly to their concomitant suite of dark triad traits.

Second, game isn't cartoony at all. It's actually quite psychologically advanced, which is why less intelligent men have problems understanding it, let alone applying it to real life. Some of the negs and routines are cartoony, but that's a crutch for newbies who need something simple to start off with. As you get better at game, the cartoonish aspects merge and disappear into your core personality, so that the game you becomes indistinguishable from the real you. And that is the ultimate goal — to seduce without forethought. To live as a seducer in every facet of life, sexual or otherwise.

Third, game isn't just about picking up women at bars. For fuck's sake, this is a lazy, half-brained meme that needs to die already. The reality just doesn't bear it out. My last three girlfriends were met, respectively, on the sidewalk, at a convention and during a bike race. That's the beauty of game; it's suited for every environment. There is no environmental limitation on female psychology. Women don't desire one kind of men in bars and another kind of men at the mall. There is nothing magical about the bar that makes game work. It works everywhere.

The bar meme is silly in another way. The bar is no different in actuality than many other venues for meeting the opposite sex. Online dating, for instance, is nothing but a dry bar. (Unless you like to drink while staring at a computer screen in your gloomily lit bedroom.) Same thing for the park. You meet a woman walking her cat, and you hit it off, using the same or similar techniques you use on women in bars. The only difference is that neither one of you is clutching a drink close to your chest for comfort.

And how "limited" is the bar experience anyhow? It's dangerous to get into sexual relationships with co-workers (thanks for nothing, feminists) and most people in the cities at least don't go to church or temple. So the bar has become the go-to meeting place for people with a lick of social savvy who prefer face to face contact over ASCII courting. This is the reality of early 21st century Mexamerica. It's either the bar or OkCupid for many people.

Game, in fact, can *open* new venues in which to pursue women. When you have the skillset to meet and attract women, you can meet them anywhere. No playground becomes off-limits. Go to the bar? Sure, after I've chatted up the girl at the Trader Joes.

A lot of people new to the science and art of game (like, presumably, Instapundit), tend to equate game with the bar and club scene. That's a misconception. Bars are where a lot of men run game because *that's where the greatest concentration of young, single women are*. It has nothing to do with the kinds of women who go to bars or the supposed artificiality of bars. It's simply an opportunity calculation based on target demographic. Game itself is a universal tool of seduction, and shines in and out of bars. If anything, game tends to work better in places other than bars, where girls aren't expecting to get hit on. Unpredictability is alpha, after all.

Tiger Blood Game

CH · 3 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

> How do you survive that?
>
> Because I'm me. I'm different. I just have a different constitution, I have a different brain, I have a different heart… you know, I've got tiger blood, man.

A big thank you is owed super alpha Charlie Sheen for distracting us Americans from the debt sinkhole, multicult mass brain disease and Third Worldization of our country. Thanks bud!

What can be said about this guy? Is he a little crazy? Yep. A jerk? Yep. A drug addict? Probably. Alpha? You bet.

No one claimed alpha males had to be admirable (though personally I find much to admire about Sheen). The alpha male and the admirable man may often be the same, but not always. Women, saddled as their emotionally stunted gender is with an underdeveloped sense of justice and fairness, swoon for the alpha male, whether or not he is admirable. Sure, women will talk a big talk about the fine traits of admirable men, but when pussy comes to tingle, it's double alpha all the way.

Sheen is an example of the highwire *alpha extremis* male who draws women into his orbit through intensity, unpredictability, charisma and rebelliousness. What he lacks in grace under pressure and amused mastery he makes up for with brazen candor and fearlessness, as well as a take-no-shit-from-anyone attitude. We could call this Tiger Blood Game.

There's a lot to note in Sheen's Tiger Blood Game that follows the tenets of this blog.

> I've got magic and I've got poetry in my fingertips, and you know… this includes NAPS.

Cocky funny.

> I'm an F-18, bro. I will destroy you in the air and I will deploy my ordnance to the ground.
>
> I am on a drug. It's called Charlie Sheen. It's not available, because if you try it once, you will die.

Be interesting. If you're going to strut, do it in a way that is funny and captivating.

> Stuff just comes out. It's sounds fun. It sounds different than all the garbage other people are spewing.

Demonstrating higher value via contrast with lower value people. This is similar to the technique of building comfort with a date by poking fun of a guy doing poorly on his date, or asking a girl "how many of these horndogs tonight slobbered all over you?".

> Are you apologizing for anything right now?
>
> Well, I kind of set that one up nicely, didn't I? Yeah, no, I'm… really, I'm upset about how something was interpreted. I feel terrible it, so I think we should just clear the air on that.

Excellent dodge. The alpha male never apologizes, particularly when he has nothing to apologize for and people are demanding the apology for their own status boosting reasons. (Really, is Chaim, or his shalom chorus, *that* upset that Sheen called him Chaim?)

> Stay away from the crack… unless you can manage it socially.

Be a rebel, but be right. This statement may have raised the hackles of the anti-drug crusaders, but it's true. Some people can handle it, some can't. Charlie Sheen has money, fame and likely a genetic disposition that enables him to partake of the smiley snow without suffering too many adverse affects. I've known quite a few top-flight school MBA students who snorted on the regular, and they're making money hand over fist.

Sheen did backpedal from this statement, which is understandable. The fuzz are probably on him, so he has to be circumspect now.

> Did any of your celebrity friends **[editor note: competitor alpha males]** give you any advice?
>
> Well, they didn't give me any advice, and within that, there's great advice… it was just love.

The alpha male never credits other alphas if it means a diminution in his own status. "Love" is a neutral term in this context which preserves Sheen's alpha cred.

> When you look back at the last time you used drugs, are you disgusted with yourself? Do you think 'How could I have done that?'
>
> No, no, I'm proud of what I've created. It was radical.
>
> You're proud of that party moment? **[editor: classic shaming moment. Will Charlie bite?]**
>
> Of course, why wouldn't I be? **[editor: he does not. Bravo!]**
>
> Why would you be?
>
> Because I expose people to magic, I expose them to something they're never going to otherwise see in their normal, boring lives.

He's bringing the viewer into his world. This is classic attraction phase material. It requires some chutzpah, to be sure, but pimps will tell you this type of "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow" game works wonders on women.

> Your anger and your hate are coming off as erratic to people.
>
> My passion, my passion.

The alpha male does not abide others' frames. He reframes every interaction to his advantage.

> Some people say you're bipolar. That you're on two ends of the extreme.
>
> Wow, really? So what's the cure? Medicine? Make me like them? Not gonna happen.

Excellent DHV.

Notice that the question that got Sheen genuinely angry was the reference to his father disapproving of his lifestyle. That is because to a super alpha like Charlie…

only his dad is the greater alpha.

You may not like Sheen, but he's right about one thing — the most important thing, in fact: He's taking hot young pornstars to the islands for fuckathons while you're a depressing bore going home to ingrate kids and a fat wife yelling at you to mow the lawn.

As Sheen might say, "I'm bi-winning." Truth is, he is.

Well, until the Hollywood honchos string him up like they did Mel Gibson.

Funny story. I was having dinner with friends — mostly an assortment of West Coast SWPLs — and the Sheen subject came up. One guess which Sheen foible got them the most exorcised. Hint: it wasn't the pornstars, the

drugs, the braggadocio, the craziness or the poor parenting.

Love: When Women Turn Into Beta Males

CH · 4 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When are women most like beta males? When they're in love.

No, I'm not talking about the "he's got acceptable college credentials and a good job and car" kind of ledger book love. I'm talking about the "he smells so great and I love the way he buttons his shirt from the bottom up and I can't wait to jump into his arms at the end of the day" kind of love. The two kinds of love are very different, and often mutually exclusive.

When a woman falls into the second kind of love she begins to behave around her man much like a beta male does around women he is attracted to. The change is such a radical metamorphosis that it leads one to believe that love rewires a woman's brain in a direction that makes her singularly vulnerable to the vicissitudes of romance. It's no wonder then that women are very careful about doling out the innermost sanctum of their hearts to just any man. Even sluts, who let it be known aren't exactly inclined to impart their pussies with much significance, are surprisingly circumspect about how quickly and easily they allow themselves to fall in love.

Here is a partial list of the similarities between the woman in love and the beta male:

Woman In Love (WIL) – goes out of her way to please her lover
Beta Male (BM) – goes out of his way to please his LJBF

WIL – small deviations from the relationship norm send her into a tizzy of self-doubt
BM – every little thing she says sends him into a tizzy of overanalysis

WIL – tears flow effortlessly from the slightest infraction
BM – self-hate flows effortlessly from the slightest infraction

WIL – quick to blame herself for relationship problems
BM – quick to blame women for dating problems

WIL – eager for constant stream of validation from her lover
BM – eager for constant stream of indicators of interest from women

WIL – asks "do you love me as much as I love you?"
BM – asks "do you like me?" (Or behaves in a way that subcommunicates asking this kind of question.)

WIL – pushes for validation by stating "sometimes I feel like you're not all there with me."
BM – pushes for validation by asking "are we dating?"

WIL – seeks to calm her self-doubt with continual positive appraisals of the relationship status
BM – seeks to calm his self-doubt with continual positive signs of emotional intimacy

WIL – calls at awkward times because she has sixth sense for when her man might be flirting with another woman
BM – calls at awkward times because he has no sense for when a woman doesn't like him

WIL – gets really nervous if her lover calls her from a bar
BM – gets really nervous if his object of affection doesn't return his calls

WIL – "Why is he working late? I'll call him."
BM – "Why hasn't she replied to my text yet? I'll send another."

WIL – suffers from oneitis
BM – suffers from oneitis

WIL – quick to ignore her lover's faults
BM – quick to ignore his date's faults

WIL – feels like she's walking on eggshells
BM – ditto

WIL – works harder and harder to please her lover the more the relationship fades
BM – works harder and harder to suck up to a date the more indifference she shows

WIL – will forgive him anything, even, sometimes, cheating
BM – will forgive her anything, even, sometimes, sexless manipulation

WIL – can't wait to introduce him to everyone she knows
BM – can't wait to be seen around town with her

WIL – super sensitive to the mildest criticism
BM – doubleplusditto

WIL – fawning
BM – cloying

WIL – sexually submissive
BM – emotionally submissive

WIL – masturbates quite frequently when lover is away
BM – masturbates quite frequently

WIL – needs reassurance that he loves her and will make a future with her
BM – needs reassurance that she sees him "in that way"

WIL – can cuddle for hours with her lover
BM – can cuddle for hours given half the chance

WIL – her lover is a jerk, but she thinks he's a paragon of masculine virtue
BM – his date is a cocktease, but he thinks she's a paragon of feminine virtue

WIL – frets over the minutest details of every word he says, every text or voicemail he sends, and every wink he throws
BM – was born fretting

WIL – will ignore or rationalize red flags
BM – will completely miss red flags

WIL – will audibly sigh with pleasure when thinking about her lover
BM – will audibly moan with discomfort when thinking about his performance on the last date

WIL – will cherish every hackneyed romantic word her lover whispers in her ear
BM – will cherish a date-ending peck on the cheek

WIL – will constantly qualify herself to her lover
BM – will constantly qualify himself to his date

WIL – will stop shit testing, or, even better, will begin to shit test *herself*
BM – will fail every shit test

WIL – will worry about every blemish, every single pound of weight gain, and every bad haircut because it might turn off her lover
BM – will worry about every word out of his mouth because it might turn off his date

WIL – will suffer greatly if her lover leaves her
BM – will suffer greatly if his date LJBFs him

What this list juxtaposes is the illuminative comparison between women in love and beta males. It is not a list of beta female traits. That is a different thing entirely. Beta females are defined mostly by their plain looks and their inability to convince high value men to commit to them.

What is interesting here is that the woman in love who behaves like a beta male might still be an alpha female on the dating market. This would be true if, for instance, she was a hot broad. Women who lapse into total servility and betatude with their lovers don't usually carry that over into their dealings with other men. The woman in love might be a beta to her lover, but she's still a stone cold bitch to you.

Correction: Women in love tend to be nicer in general to all men, because their need for love has been met. Her prime directive fulfilled, she can now ease up on the bitch shields and shit tests with men she has no intention of dating.

A woman in love, in short, suffers from a form of Stockholm Syndrome. She is held captive by her lover, and wouldn't have it any other way.

You'll Need Hard Negs For Facebook Game

CH · 4 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If you want to hit on women through Facebook you'd better bring granite game. Facebook walls boost people's self-esteems through the roof.

> **Facebook walls can have a positive influence on the self-esteem of college students, report social media researchers at Cornell.**
>
> This is probably because Facebook allows them to put their best face forward, says Jeffrey Hancock, associate professor of communication; users can choose what they reveal about themselves and filter anything that might reflect badly.
>
> Feedback from friends posted publicly on people's profiles also tend to be overwhelmingly positive, which can further boost self-esteem, said Hancock, who co-authored a paper published Feb. 24 in the journal *Cyberpsychology, Behavior and Social Networking.*
>
> "Unlike a mirror, which reminds us of who we really are and may have a negative effect on self-esteem if that image does not match with our ideal, Facebook can show a positive version of ourselves," Hancock said. "We're not saying that it's a deceptive version of self, but it's a positive one."
>
> It may be one of the reasons why Facebook has 500 million users, who spend more than 700 billion minutes per month communicating with their friends via photos, links and status updates. **[ed: you don't say!]** […]
>
> "By providing multiple opportunities for selective self-presentation — through photos, personal details and witty comments — social-networking sites exemplify how modern technology sometimes forces us to reconsider previously understood psychological processes," she added.

This explains Fat Girl Angle Shot. So you've got millions of women posting flattering pics of themselves and personal details that are uniformly positive on their FB walls, and you've got a bunch of cloying betas feeding the egos of these women even further with painstakingly crafted supportive comments, and you expect to make any headway with tepid game? That is a bitch shield too strong to breach.

This is one reason, among others, I advise against any sort of online game. The combination of self-selected profiles and nonstop beta adulation will boost a 5's self-conception to a 7. Since 5s already have a self-conception of 6 thanks to the phenomenon of female upward dating momentum and the alpha cock carousel, you now have a double-strength bitch shield to bust instead of a single strength. Remember, if a 5 believes she's a 7 ("But I *feel* like a 7!") she is also going to believe that male 7s are not high enough status for her. Women are not truly happy unless they are dating men 0.5 to 2 sexual market value points higher than themselves. (Any higher and the discrepancy would be too large to sustain a relationship beyond a short fling or one night stand. Some women intuitively grasp this, which is why the scenario of ugly girls preemptively dumping significantly higher status boyfriends is not so rare. They're sparing their feelings from the pain they know is coming.)

The reality, of course, is that the male 7 is two full points higher than the female 5. But the Facebook wall has meddled with the primal forces of nature. An unbridgeable chasm brought about by the advance of technology has severed the organically emergent hierarchy of the dating market where there is no escape from soul withering judgments made in mere seconds. Result: If you don't know what you're doing, or if you prefer the path of least resistance to sex and love, you'd be best off staying away from trying to court girls on Facebook.

There is a caveat for those men who like a challenge. While a girl with an overinflated ego is no picnic to pick up, it is possible to DHV yourself by doing the opposite of the 99% of betas who felch her anus on Facebook every day. A simple neg, edgy but not too insulting, to one of her posted wall photos can be the start of a beeyootiful romance. Perhaps an alpha witty comment such as "Ok, so what'd you do with the ten other pics of yourself that didn't make

the grade?”

In Praise Of American Women

CH · 7 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

American women get a lot of shit, and justifiably so. Compared to the average women from other nations, the average American woman is:

– fat
– entitled
– unfeminine
– sarcastic
– fat
– demanding
– phony
– really effin fat
– misogynistic
– man-hating
– divorce-happy
– career-focused
– goddamn that is one obese land whale
– self-absorbed
– loud and obnoxious
– self-deluded
– attention whoring
– manlike
– sloppy and unkempt
– skreechy, whiny, bitchy
– and, oh yeah, did I mention fat?

But this post is not about what we already know to be true about American women and their wretched character. Instead, this post is a celebration of the positive attribute of American women. And it's a big one.

Dimitri writes in a comment to this post:

> I see not americans women as the problem but these females in general.
>
> I'm from russia and you americans men who think our women better and to make you more happy, this is not true. I think russians women are worse for wanting you for your money and yelling at you if you do not meet her wants for material things. Many russians here have little so these women demand much, maybe because they see what you americans have on tv. I hate russia women and would be glad to have a women like you americans have who do not flirt or offer sex so they can marry my money. Russias women are manipulative i think like any other women. I have seen many women of all different backgrounds who conspire to meet an end.

Even though Dimitri's English is choppy, I think we all understand what he's saying. And I agree with him. While my experiences with Russian women have been blessedly free of craven materialistic concerns, I have heard plenty of stories from other men attesting to the coldly calculating mindset that Russian women tend to bring to the dating market. Dimitri is in the thick of it with Russian women, and he is thus able to gain a clearer third party perspective of American women. And to him, an outsider, it looks as if American women are loose sluts who happily give it up on the basis of fleeting emotion instead of crass materialistic reasons. It's easy to see how foreign men like Dimitri would find that American female attitude a breath of fresh air compared to their devious compatriot women.

American women are indeed more callow when deciding which men to fuck. Money and resources matter, of course, but not until well after she's already given it up. The American woman has fully imbibed the feminism of her mothers and grandmothers and is happy to slut it up with a roundtable of men who make her emotions tingle with delight by running good game on her. Those American beta males who think they will enjoy a feast of freebie pussy in other countries are in for a rude awakening. You might just find that the easiest women were right in your American backyard.

So this post is a big high five to American women for being self-sufficient enough to overlook crass financial and values compatibility and for being all too willing to give it up just because a guy negged her once or twice and played hard to get.

To American women! Ladies, you go all the way right away, and for that, we salute you! Grab your trophy at the door.

Is This The Future Of Sex Relations?

CH · 8 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes:

> Along the lines of the scholarship for white men, I was going into a supermarket on Saturday with a 16 YO guy who is the son of a friend. On the way in, he said exactly what I was thinking when we were approached to buy Girl Scout Cookies: "I only support groups for boys."
>
> His comment warmed my heart. There's hope for the up-and-coming generation.

Is anyone surprised at this? Spend forty or fifty years rigging the social, legal and cultural apparatus of a nation to favor the advancement of women and to disparage the accomplishments and strengths of men and it's just natural that bad blood will begin to course throught the veins of the body politic. Spite and self-interest will supersede trust and cooperation. Good job, diversity mongers.

In related news, the latest equalist howler is a Congressional report concluding that the US military is too white and too male at the top. Left off the report were the following study conclusions:

– nursing is too female
– the NBA and NFL are too black
– surrogate motherhood is too female
– sperm donors are too male
– tyrants, despots and dictators are too male
– China is too Chinese
– white men are too white

I don't think it's a good thing for a nation's *esprit d'unite* if boys decide it is self-abasing to support girls programs, especially ones delivering a product as tasty as Girl Scout cookies. But it is understandable, and totally predictable, when the blank slate leftie loonies have had the run of the place for half a century and have been wildly successful implanting their brain disease into every crevice of polite thought and public policy. At the rate the anti-white male whores are going, we will be at each other's throats in no time. Perhaps this is what our ruling elites want, for in the chaos they will opportunistically enrich themselves… until the day the ropes are swinging from the lampposts.

I don't blame the kid in the reader's anecdote for scoffing at supporting a girls' program. In this day and age, it's the manly thing to do.

She Wants You To Help Her Be Less Independent

CH · 10 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> I was recently having a conversation with the girl I'm currently dating. She's the first girl with whom I've successfully fully integrated the Dark Arts of Alphadom. We somehow got on the subject of the amount people (males and females alike) demand from their partners, when she said something that took me aback:
>
> "You're not demanding at all!"
>
> The reason this surprised me is everything in this relationship has been on my terms. I decide when, where and how long we're going to hang out. I tell her she can't do things with me and demand that she get me a snack after sex.
>
> Why would her hamster make her say something like that?
>
> P.S. Thanks to your advice, I got her a blowpop that said "You Rock!" for valentines day.

Another reader has seen the hamster behind the curtain, and he is amazed at its contortionist ability. What you have witnessed, good sir, is the halo effect in action. When you are gaming a girl successfully and she perceives your alphaness shining like a supernova, everything you do — even the stinky shits you take — will be imbued with a positive glow by her HIL (Hamster In Love). I have belched in girls' ears and pressed my ass cheeks against them just in time to rip a vibrato fart and the best they could muster in reply was feigned indignation betrayed by fledgling smiles. In stark contrast, if any old beta farts in a girl's face he will be chewed out and shown the door, or possibly kneed in the grapes. Similarly, if a beta tries to make demands of his girl, she will explode in self-righteous fury and feminist boilerplate.

But when you are loved for the charismatic alpha male you are, you can do no wrong. The bitter well from which those feminist harangues are drawn and that spill so easily from her lips when she is upbraiding beta males suddenly dries up when she is in the presence of a rare breed of man. It's no coincidence that women regress to a child-like demeanor when they are with their lovers. The best of childhood is innocence, joy and carefree vivacity. That is what a good man does for a woman who loves him.

A woman who is constitutionally incapable of this girlhood regression is not worth loving.

The halo effect is only a partial explanation. When you are a dominant man leading your woman on the important, and sometimes not-so-important, issues, she will simply be unable to perceive your demands as anything other than sweet relief from the drone of betas buzzing around her every day and everywhere. To her mind, your demands, while objectively presumptive and patronizing, are freedom from her stultifying self-sufficiency, assertiveness and combativeness.

Do you think a normal, young, cute woman wants to be assertive? To take charge? To lead? To make the decisions? Of course not! When she does these things she feels less feminine. But when you make demands of her, she feels more feminine, more like a woman. She feels as if her purpose in life has been rediscovered, and the jagged edges of her daily grind have been smoothed and polished. This is what a woman means when she says "this just feels right for some reason."

It's almost Orwellian what happens to a WIL's mental processes when she is in the company of her lover. Surrender is victory. Slavery is freedom. Submission is power. If you do not understand what I'm talking about (a reaction I expect from the feminist cunts and the inexperienced nancyboys) you will need to read the book upon which the Chateau of this blog gets its inspiration.

Men can't comprehend why women respond so positively to dominating men. The typical man will bristle and his

muscles will tense when another man attempts to assert his dominance over him. The severity of the bristling is in proportion to the closeness of the status differential. (Men tend to ignore or abide dominance assertions by men who are far above them in status, deciding it is best to fight for status rights where there is a chance of winning.)

This incomprehension with the flow of the female mind leads men to project their own sexual attraction mechanisms onto women, emphasizing things like youth and beauty to attract women and de-emphasizing things like dominance and authoritarianism. This is as good an explanaion as any for the mere existence of the mass of bumbling betas. But the men who have had their minds opened to the biomechanical matrix and their hearts opened to the transcendent possibilities for love are the men that women subconsciously prefer to shower with their gratitude — in the best way they know how.

Why Is The FDA Moving To Ban You From Freely Accessing Your Genomic Data?

CH · 11 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

An FDA official has been caught on video in a lie under oath making claims about the research being done by genetic testing companies. The FDA is seeking to institute onerous regulations that would ban you from accessing your OWN genetic information without a doctor's authorization, based on some flimsy justification that the data constitute a "medical device". This is, in a word, tyrannical.

Any lover of liberty should be appalled by this move by the FDA. They — and make no mistake, the FDA poobahs are firmly entrenched members of the ruling elite; true Phase III overlords — are trying to restrict your access to your genetic profile. Want to know what your genes say? Too bad, you now need a doctor's say-so before you can see that information. Want to know if that kid is yours? Not until a doc signs off on the testing, which, unsurprisingly, could take quite a long time after the red tape is disentangled and the lawyers have been paid.

Why is the FDA attempting this run-around basic human liberties? A few explanations jump to mind.

1. It's the smell of money. The FDA wants to hold onto its power as reviewer and arbiter of medical information. Cheap and easy genetic testing by startup companies threatens their stranglehold over the industry, and over your right to know your own goddamned genetic profile.
2. Paternity testing is going to be big business, and the FDA and docs want in on it. As Bill said in a comment over at Steve Sailer's site, "It's a backdoor attempt to squeeze more money out of family law/child support issues. If any guy could send in a cheek swab of himself and his putative child to ascertain paternity in an open market, why, that's hundreds of millions of dollars per year that would otherwise be handled by "qualified medical professional[s]" who would be assured a steady stream of court-ordered tests."
3. The feminists are grumbling, and that's all the excuse the power-hungry FDA needs to restrict access to one's genetic information. As predicted right here at the Chateau, a feminist utopia is one in which quick and easy paternity testing is banned or made difficult to acquire. It's happening right before our eyes.
4. The government (and this includes the FDA) is deathly afraid of what we all might find out by our sequenced genomes. Oh, it's not the release of any one individual's genome that bothers them; it's the… ahem… impolite patterns and interpretations that can be discerned from the open knowledge of millions of sequenced genomes. The implications of this should be obvious to anyone who understands the fear that motivates the deceitful actions of the *tabula rasa* crowd.

Email this guy Shuren at , the lead actor behind this push by the FDA to stifle knowledge. Tell him what you think of corrupt, lying bastards who try to suppress truth with the levers of the government.

You know, there was once a time when Americans could, with few exceptions, count on their government and those they elect to work for their interests, and not against them. Those days are long gone.

File Under: Five Minutes Of Alpha

CH · 11 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Monica “Keeper of the cigars” Lewinsky says she’s still in love with super alpha Bill Clinton:

> Bill Clinton’s former intern Monica Lewinsky has not got married or had children because she is reportedly still in love with him and ‘always will be’.
>
> ‘Monica still hasn’t got over Bill and would take him back in a second,’ a friend said.
>
> ‘She told me: “There will never be another man in my life that could make me as happy as he did”,’ the friend told the National Enquirer magazine.
>
> ‘Monica still carries a torch for him. She’s dated some [betas], off and on, since the whole White House mess. But she’s never been able to get Bill out of her heart’.

When a woman has blown the President of the United States — and let’s face it, it doesn’t get much more alpha than President — no other man can compare. And this is true regardless of the looks of the woman. A bloated seacow like Lewinsky should be ecstatic to receive the attention of a middling beta male, but after Bill’s tender ministrations her hamster lurched all the way to hyperdrive and warped into a parallel mentalverse where she thinks dropping on bended knee to service the Cock in Chief a few times is proof he loves her and she has the goods to attract the very highest value men. If this isn’t a classic real-world example of the maxim that women prefer five minutes of alpha to five years of beta, I don’t know what is.

Unfortunately for Monica’s self-regard, she’s still a fat aging shit, so Bill stuffing her mouth full of bubbameat a long time ago didn’t, in actuality, raise her sexual market value at all like it would have done for a male intern who plowed a female head of state. She might think she’s all that and a milkshake, but she’s just another waddling turd like 60% of the American outback. For women, their status equation is simple:

Looks, looks, looks.

So what happens when a horny alpha male with time on his hands and a convenient outlet down the White House hall decides to inflate a chubby chick’s ego by stuffing his cock in her face? Well, you combine his charmingly Ozarkian attentions with a woman’s natural inclination to optimistically reevaluate her sexual worth every time an alpha dumps an empty fuck in her, and, voila!, fifteen years later you get a fatter chick, single and alone.

This is the perfect formula for raising the odds that a random woman will wind up a spinster with a houseful of cats:

Have her get sexually plundered by a super alpha a few times in her prime + throw a good thirty pounds of blubber on her frame = overinflated sense of self and an unyielding refusal to settle that is conveniently aided by her grotesque body which makes her invisible to lesser beta men who might otherwise think about dating her.

> When Clinton’s memoir My Life came out in 2004, Miss Lewinsky spoke of her upset at its contents to the Daily Mail, saying rather than being a physical fling, it was a mutual relationship.
>
> ‘He could have made it right with the book, but he hasn’t. He is a revisionist of history. He has lied.
>
> ‘I really didn’t expect him to go into detail about our relationship’, she added. ‘But if he had and he’d done it honestly, I wouldn’t have minded.’
>
> She believed he made it sound like the dalliance came only at her initiative and was purely physical.

Color me shocked that a spurned woman still in thrall to an alpha male she blew a few times fifteen years ago would misinterpret the “relationship” and project her female need for love and affection onto his motivations. Newsflash,

Monica: You were the nearest available hole.

That said, it is possible Bill loved Monica. I mean, the guy was married to hatchet-faced Hillary ferkrissakes. A young, albeit chubby, chick working within his line of sight could very easily inspire a gush of genuine love from a suffering older man long-married to a ballcutting feminist shrike.

> 'He talked about it as though I had laid it all out there for the taking. I was the buffet and he just couldn't resist the dessert.'

Darlin', you ate the buffet:

The lesson here is not whether Bill did or didn't love Monica. The lesson is that it is bad news for beta males when women get a few months of ego-boosting lovemaking with alpha males. I speak from some experience. Seeing as I have accumulated a fair amount of stalkers over my lifetime, I'm certain there are ex-girlfriends who still to this day cannot get over me, and have bid their time alone rather than settle for second-best.

Women will fondly remember those alpha male intimate moments for years afterwards — in fact, they'll remember right up until they are reclined on their deathbeds — and their ability to bond with lesser men will be severely compromised. Even when she is a fat fuck who should be thankful for any male attention.

The “I Can Leave If You Want” Shit Test

CH · 14 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Some shit tests are encountered so often and from so many different women that they deserve their own category. The shit test in the subject heading of this post is one of them.

Imagine you are at a social venue. It is nighttime. You open two girls mingling next to you, making a funny comment about an accessory one of the girls is wearing. She sidles up closer to you and the game is on.

Five minutes into your conversation, after you have delivered a subtle neg about the hokey accent she is trying to conceal, she assumes a feigned look of indignation and huffily says “I can leave if you want”.

You are a pro at this, so you know it is a shit test. No beta you, obsequiously backpedaling is therefore not an option. What do you say?

***

The above is a real life example of a pickup in action. The “I can leave if you want” shit test has a few permutations. You will likely hear it said the following ways:

“I can go back to my friends if you want.”

“I can leave if that’s what you want.”

“Do you want me to return to my friends?”

“Do you want me to leave?”

“I can see I’m not wanted here.”

You get the picture. What’s amazing about this shit test is its omnipresence. It’s almost as if girls are genetically encoded to spit out lines worded exactly like those above when they want to know whether the man who is speaking with them is an alpha male. Act contrite for pushing her to say that, and you will fail, branded a bleating betaboy by her hindbrain. But act like she’s full of shit, or adorably bratty, and she will swoon with rising desire.

Note: You will rarely hear this line spoken by any girl less than a 7 in looks. This is strictly a hot girl phenomenon. Ugly girls have gotten too little positive feedback from men to successfully indulge their universal female need for shit testing. They have learned through the harsh instantaneous feedback of the sexual market to suppress their worst instincts, in other words.

Good answers to the above scenario would be:

– Nothing. Ignore and plow. This is my go-to reaction for any over-the-top shit test from a woman. The trick to ignoring shit tests is practicing your poker face. You absolutely cannot allow a hint of a weak, ingratiating smile to slip through your stone cold face. Your smile after she unloads a brazen shit test will be interpreted as guilt. You may smirk, but do so with dark clouds in your eyes.

– “You seem to think you know what I want. Are you a mindreader?”

– “Yeah, your friends are probably waiting for you.” This is a massive takeaway/disqualification. If she is interested in you, she will sulk off, only to return five minutes later. Do NOT follow her, or re-approach her. If you drop this DQ, you have to be prepared to call her bluff. If she is VERY interested in you, she won’t go anywhere. She’ll just give you that open-mouthed wide-eyed stare that cats sometimes get when they catch a whiff of catnip. Only use this line if her friends are nearby and you can motion to them.

– “Are you always this dramatic?” I like this one because it is a powerful reframe. Most girls will bite on this, and you can relax as she insists she is not a drama queen.

– “Oh, so that’s how it’s going to be.” Ambiguity is just another tool in the alpha male’s arsenal of seduction. Again, this is the kind of cheeky conversational red meat that girls can’t resist probing for elucidation. And once a girl is probing, she begins to see you as a mate prospect.

– “We’ll see.” Girls love a challenge, especially one that challenges them to impress men.

Any of the above shit test busting replies should be preceded with a borderline uncomfortable moment of silence, so that she has a few seconds to spin up her hamster while she’s figuring out how you’re going to respond.

Maxim #105: Pregnant pauses are the player’s best friend.

What you shouldn’t say in reply:

“Do whatever you want. I don’t care.”

A lot of guys think this pose of indifference sounds alpha, but it sounds like what it is: a pose. You really want to avoid anything that she could interpret as spitefulness or hurt feelings. If you have excellent body language, you can pull this off, but most guys I have seen attempt the forced pose of indifference come off poorly.

“I don’t believe you. You don’t want to leave.”

Any kind of reply that insinuates she is attracted to you will activate her anti-slut defense mechanism. Once a girl has turtled into her reputation-preserving shell, the pickup is nigh over. Plus, this sort of reply sounds kind of cheesy. Sexually-tinted replies are as liable to backfire as they are to work if used during the first few minutes of a pickup.

***

Know that when a girl says “I can leave if you want” what she’s really saying is “I’m intrigued by you and it’s making me horny, so I need to tell myself that I can walk off without regret, even if it’s not true. I mean, it’s not like I’m a SLUT or anything!”

So much of how women perceive the world and how they interact with men revolves around negotiating with the specter of sluttiness that looms like a double-edged sword over the core of their feminine natures.

My First Experience With Game

CH · 16 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I had two first experiences with game. The earlier one was unintentional, the later one was a deliberate execution.

In ninth grade a curly-haired girl had a crush on me. I didn't know this at the time, mostly because my attention was diverted to my own crush, a brunette with a righteous ass and hair so shiny it looked like it was polished.

Curly-haired girl invited me to a party at her parents' house. In her basement with about fifteen other classmates, we listened to music (no drinking) and laughed a lot. She giggled around me and was constantly breaking away from the main group to come over and talk to me in private.

In an act of cruelty only a young man oblivious to the repercussions of his actions could achieve, I remember asking her if shiny-haired girl was coming to her party. Assuming I came to her party because I wanted to reciprocate her feelings, she stammered and blushed at this jarring question, before answering no.

"Ok, no big deal," I replied.

I wasn't paying much attention to her reaction, but if I had been I'm sure I would have noticed her heart fall to the floor.

The next week, curly-haired girl passed a note to me in the cafeteria. (It went through about three girls' hands before landing next to my lunch.) It was a stick figure drawing of her face (or maybe it was mine, hard to tell) with a heart over the head. Underneath, she wrote that she liked hanging out with me.

She was a cute girl, but at that age infatuations grip one's focus to the exclusion of all other girls. I was crushing on shiny-haired girl and no other girl would do, and that's that. Luckily, I grew out of it by tenth grade. It's strange, but evolution has designed men to be more pedestalizing when they are young. Some men never grow out of it. This is a gender flaw of malehood, and one that should be rectified by wise fathers. If I had a son in high school, I would tell him to put his crushes in perspective and enjoy the company of the hundreds of equally cute girls who roam his high school halls, lest he risk turning into a sniveling beta once the cold, harsh real world comes calling.

The above was my first foray into aloof, indifferent take-away game, and holy shit did it work. Curly-haired girl nursed a crush on me right through senior year.

***

My first experience with calculated, conscious game happened at an outdoor cafe. She approached with a mutual group of friends to be introduced to me. She was hot as balls. Slender, tall, chiseled cheekbones like a model, pert tits, and dressed in a very sexy black dress.

I was taken aback. She was a hard 9. Incredibly, she was sweet-natured as well. Very easy to talk to.

Through sheer fortitude, and with some help from being socially proofed, we spent the night together chatting. I was new to the game — the schematic, systematized game, not the organic game that I had been running for years by mimicking naturals and avoiding pitfalls based on personal experience — and when she asked if I would be joining her and her two friends who were planning to split off to go to a different venue, I remembered what I learned and declined the invitation. Following a girl around town like a puppy dog, no matter how well the conversation is going, is a seduction-killer.

My friends gave me a hard time for turning down a night with a bonafide hottie, but I knew better. "Patience," I told them. "You'll soon see magic."

A few days later I called her and arranged a date. Then, a day before the date, I canceled, offering a plausible excuse, though I had no good reason to do so. A week later, I called again to reschedule the date we never had, and she expressed shock that I would call her.

“I thought you weren’t interested. You canceled our date.”

I ignored the stinky bait and set up a meeting at a local pool hall.

I bounced her to three different locations during the date. I knew this was the smart play based on what I had read in the game literature. “Time distortion”, the players called it. Bouncing causes a girl to think she has spent more time with you than she actually has, which in turn makes her more comfortable with you and riper for the sexing.

Later that night, I took her to an outdoor spot to watch the stars twinkle. It was summer, and the warm night air beckoned. As we sat there gazing at the sky, the conversation became deeper, filled with anticipated meaning. During this stage of the seduction, I prepared to execute one psychologically brutal mindfuck in the form of a take-away. I knew I had to do this because such a hot girl was likely a pro at transitioning suitors into the friend zone. I had to disabuse her of any urge she might feel to do that to me.

Somewhere in the midst of our conversation about the value of long term relationships, I asserted, “I’m independent, I value my freedom.” I made sure to say this with retreating body language. I moved my arm off her back and leaned away.

She didn’t respond to that, but seemed chastened a bit.

I dropped her off at her house, where I fingerbanged her in my car. We were together for two years.

***

Men who learn game experience two revelations. One, they are amazed how well it works once they begin to apply it. Two, they remember all those past moments with girls on whom they had run game unknowingly, and the reason for their successes becomes illuminated as if it were etched on stone tablets and handed down from god.

While I had some rudimentary natural skills with women, once I learned systematized game — the science of seduction — I stepped onto an accelerated track to pleasures I couldn’t believe were available for the taking. There’s been no looking back since.

March 16, 2011 by CH

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The next week, curly-haired girl passed a note to me in the cafeteria. (It went through about three girls’ hands before landing next to my lunch.) It was a stick figure drawing of her face (or maybe it was mine, hard to tell) with a heart over the head. Underneath, she wrote that she liked hanging out with me.

She was a cute girl, but at that age infatuations grip one’s focus to the exclusion of all other girls. I was crushing on shiny-haired girl and no other girl would do, and that’s that. Luckily, I grew out of it by tenth grade. It’s strange, but

evolution has designed men to be more pedestalizing when they are young. Some men never grow out of it. This is a gender flaw of malehood, and one that should be rectified by wise fathers. If I had a son in high school, I would tell him to put his crushes in perspective and enjoy the company of the hundreds of equally cute girls who roam his high school halls, lest he risk turning into a sniveling beta once the cold, harsh real world comes calling.

The above was my first foray into aloof, indifferent take-away game, and holy shit did it work. Curly-haired girl nursed a crush on me right through senior year.

***

My first experience with calculated, conscious game happened at an outdoor cafe. She approached with a mutual group of friends to be introduced to me. She was hot as balls. Slender, tall, chiseled cheekbones like a model, pert tits, and dressed in a very sexy black dress.

I was taken aback. She was a hard 9. Incredibly, she was sweet-natured as well. Very easy to talk to.

Through sheer fortitude, and with some help from being socially proofed, we spent the night together chatting. I was new to the game — the schematic, systematized game, not the organic game that I had been running for years by mimicking naturals and avoiding pitfalls based on personal experience — and when she asked if I would be joining her and her two friends who were planning to split off to go to a different venue, I remembered what I learned and declined the invitation. Following a girl around town like a puppy dog, no matter how well the conversation is going, is a seduction-killer.

My friends gave me a hard time for turning down a night with a bonafide hottie, but I knew better. “Patience,” I told them. “You’ll soon see magic.”

A few days later I called her and arranged a date. Then, a day before the date, I canceled, offering a plausible excuse, though I had no good reason to do so. A week later, I called again to reschedule the date we never had, and she expressed shock that I would call her.

“I thought you weren’t interested. You canceled our date.”

I ignored the stinky bait and set up a meeting at a local pool hall.

I bounced her to three different locations during the date. I knew this was the smart play based on what I had read in the game literature. “Time distortion”, the players called it. Bouncing causes a girl to think she has spent more time with you than she actually has, which in turn makes her more comfortable with you and riper for the sexing.

Later that night, I took her to an outdoor spot to watch the stars twinkle. It was summer, and the warm night air beckoned. As we sat there gazing at the sky, the conversation became deeper, filled with anticipated meaning. During this stage of the seduction, I prepared to execute one psychologically brutal mindfuck in the form of a take-away. I knew I had to do this because such a hot girl was likely a pro at transitioning suitors into the friend zone. I had to disabuse her of any urge she might feel to do that to me.

Somewhere in the midst of our conversation about the value of long term relationships, I asserted, “I’m independent, I value my freedom.” I made sure to say this with retreating body language. I moved my arm off her back and leaned away.

She didn’t respond to that, but seemed chastened a bit.

I dropped her off at her house, where I fingerbanged her in my car. We were together for two years.

***

Men who learn game experience two revelations. One, they are amazed how well it works once they begin to apply it. Two, they remember all those past moments with girls on whom they had run game unknowingly, and the reason for their successes becomes illuminated as if it were etched on stone tablets and handed down from god.

While I had some rudimentary natural skills with women, once I learned systematized game — the science of seduction — I stepped onto an accelerated track to pleasures I couldn't believe were available for the taking. There's been no looking back since.

An Alpha Reply To A Facebook Photo

CH · 17 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sid comments:

> Here is decent Facebook game:
>
> There was a very attractive girl, a verbatim 9, who had self-shot herself. She was smiling with even white teeth, managing to angle the shot just right so that you could see her sitting with shorts, her legs revealed.
>
> Five people liked it.
>
> White Beta Male with his name written in katakana: Radiant.
>
> Beta Male twice her age: Your always so beautiful!!
>
> Grrlfriend: so pretty~!
>
> Chick with a mirror shot: Man I wanna pierce my nose soooo bad! I like the hoop on you
>
> AzN Beta: Bang'n
>
> Duckfaced Douchebag: holy sheeet
>
> Me: I like your left eye better.
>
> She immediately responded to me, and to me alone: "Hahaha!"

And this is why Facebook is such a pussy-less wasteland for the typical beta male. Unless you have game — like Sid here — and can set yourself apart from the mediocre masses, you can expect your shit-lapping suckuppery to disappear into a vortex rift of female egotism.

Succeeding with hot women means tearing down their egos a notch or two, not building them up! Recall, the major roadblock to successfully seducing good-looking, emotionally normal chicks in their primes is not their low self-esteem; just the opposite — it's their HIGH self-esteem. All these toadies tripping over themselves to "like" girls' Facebook photos and lavish chicks with compliments are living in an alternate universe where doing the opposite of sexy and charismatic blesses them with a harem of young, sexually voracious lovers. Instead, all they are doing is feeding a beast already full from feasting on the flattery of thousands of lickspittles.

I suspect a lot of these pathetic betas just get off on being able to freely toss out an obsequious compliment to a girl on Facebook because in the online world there is no risk that she'll immediately scrunch up her face with disgust or tell him to "take a picture, it'll last longer." Perhaps they get a momentary thrill at play-acting this juvenile and emotionally stunted form of arid, sexless seduction.

Chicks Dig Cheesy Pickup Lines

CH · 17 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's true! Science says so.

> "Pickup" lines based on humor tend to fall flat-but they do get the speakers rated as relatively funny and sociable, and aren't disfavored by women seeking brief liaisons, a new study suggests.
>
> Corwin Senko and Viviana Fyffe of the State University of New York-New Paltz conducted the research to assess why women respond differently to different types of "pickup" lines and to help answer that question so common from young women: why do men use dumb pickup lines?
>
> The pair studied the effects of "flippant" lines such as "can I get a picture of you so I can show Santa what I want for Christmas?" Women rated men who used such opening gambits, as opposed to other types, as relatively high on humorousness and sociability, but low on trustworthiness and intelligence.
>
> "Women rate the latter qualities more essential than the former ones in a long-term mate," the researchers wrote. Humor might not ordinarily signal low intelligence, they added, but the type of canned humor usually found in pickup lines could.

So if you want a same night lay with a horny, ovulating stripper, hit her up with the corniest pickup line you can muster. She'll swoon. If you want to maximize your success with women at all phases of their cycles, your best bet is a pickup line that is honed to demonstrate humor *and* smarts. That isn't easy to do, which is why most men fall back on goofiness, which seems to be a default male state. Paradoxically, acting goofy may help men maintain some semblance of dignity and composure when talking to an attractive girl.

> Two types of non-"flippant" pickup lines were also used in the survey for comparison. One type was the "direct" line, such as "I saw you across the room and knew I had to meet you. What's your name?" The other was the "innocuous" sort that conceals romantic intent, thus making rejection more bearable. An example: "You look really familiar. Have we taken a class together?"
>
> The survey results saw the "flippant" lines scorned by women who were asked to imagine themselves seeking a long-term mate. But for women asked to think of themselves seeking a short-term mate, the type of pickup line didn't matter, the researchers found: instead, the man's perceived attractiveness was the key factor in the woman's receptivity.
>
> "Direct" pickup lines gave the best results on average, but the outcome differences between them and the "innocuous" lines weren't statistically significant, Senko and Fyffe reported.

Direct game has its advocates, but this study suggests that the Lance Mason-esque "movie moment" type of direct opening is not much better at picking up women than standard, indirect openers.

By the way, a lot of these sociological studies suffer from the experimental flaw known as "don't expect a straight answer from women" bias. This study asked women to imagine themselves seeking either a long-or short-term mate before making their decisions. Since when has asking women about their feelings ever gotten anyone honest feedback? These studies would be more convincing if instead of asking women about their sexual attraction mechanisms, they went IN THE FIELD to actually observe women reacting to different types of pickup lines.

A lot of scientists could learn a thing or two about the experimental method from PUAs.

Raising Your Value By Telling Women You Have Stalkers

CH · 18 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Preselection comes in many flavors. The most direct way to spoof your attractiveness to women is to be seen in the company of beautiful women. Of course, if you can do that, you're not really spoofing anything, unless the women are friends you are using as pawns to pick up other women.

Another form of preselection involves embedding references to women in your life in stories you tell about yourself. This is the classic DHV — demonstration of higher value — that is well-known in the game community.

A third way to hit those primitive preselection buttons all women have buried in their limbic systems is to allude to competitor women who are attracted to you, but to do so in such a way that you give yourself cover from the perception that you are bragging. This can be done by framing the preselection reference in a negative light.

Letting women know, either directly or indirectly, that you have female stalkers is a huge DHV. This is particularly true if the girl you are picking up sees evidence of your stalkers. Now you might think that women would be suspicious of, or at least uncertain about, a man who has stalkers. They might wonder how badly he breaks hearts that he would accrue desperate, clingy stalkers.

Turn off your logical male brain for a minute and marvel at the reality that is the unflappable female head hamster. In truth, stalkers are a massive status boost for any man, unless the stalker is morbidly obese or old. A man who has acquired stalkers who fell so deeply in love with him or were so smitten by his charms that they lost all self-control and threw dignity to the wind in a futile pursuit to be back in his life, is a man who has otherworldly powers of attraction over women.

Casually remark to a new woman about your stalkers and she will subconsciously perceive you in a sexier light. You do this by furrowing your brow, frowning, and heavily sighing about the poor girl with emotional issues who can't leave you alone. Double pickup points if you mention you have had to get a restraining order.

Why should stalkers be a DHV? One big reason: Most stalkers are men. Stalking is predominantly a male digression. So when a woman defies her evolutionary programming to behave as the more valuable sex and instead becomes a stalker, you know the man with whom she can't extricate herself is one charming motherfucker. And other women know this, too. A man with stalkers is a proven hot commodity.

A man who is successful with women will find it difficult to glide through life without any stalker exes or infatuations. If you run any game at all you won't be able to go five years without at least one or two girls aggressively making fools of themselves to be with you or to spite you for breaking their hearts.

Found! Useful Relationship Advice From A Woman

CH · 21 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Two women, to be precise. In a new book called “Stop Calling Him Honey… And Start Having Sex”, the two female authors dispense relationship advice that could have been lifted straight from the Chateau files. (Maybe they have?) For instance, they write that pet names are a surefire way to kill the sexual tension in a relationship.

> Pet names — “honey,” “darling,” “super-snuggly-puggly,” whatever — need to be expunged from a couple’s vocabulary.
>
> Calling your spouse your “pookie” or “huggums” flips a switch in the subconscious, and suddenly your husband or wife is no longer that hot, sensual creature you once lusted after.
>
> “It turns people into an asexual, cuddly teddy-bear toy that you want to spoon with and watch funny movies with and drink hot chocolate with,” says Davis, “but it doesn’t make you want to*shag* them!
>
> “When you first meet someone, you’re hot for them,” she adds. “You’re not going to be calling up, going, ‘Hi, Pookie Wookie, what do you want to do later?’ No, you’re going to be calling up and going ‘Hey, Richard, so what do you want to do?’
>
> While researching their book, Davis and Arana say they found an interesting pattern: the worse the pet names used by a couple, the worse their sex lives were.
>
> In turn, the couples that didn’t use them tended to have healthier sex lives.

Mostly agreed. Goofy, cutesy pet names or perfunctory rote designations like “honey” that are meant to serve as expedient shorthand for validating relationship stability are sexual tension killers. It’s better to give her a sexy, slightly demeaning nickname like, oh, “slut”, and for her to call you by your manly real name. The only acceptable nicknames that she may call you are “stud”, “daddy” or “Prince of Penises”.

The Chateau has written before about giving nicknames — as opposed to pet names — to lovers:

> Nicknames are great. They establish the proper paternalistic male – frivolous female dynamic that is the foundation of all successful and happy romantic relationships. Plus, they objectify women, and almost all women, contrary to the shrieks of dusty muffed feminists everywhere, harbor a secret desire to be objectified by condescending men. Imagine a cock slapping a chick’s face… forever. (plz to make animated gif.)
>
> So you should always give women nicknames, preferably more than one to suit whatever happens to be the occasion.
>
> Some of my personal favorites:
>
> Lovechop.
>
> Little Miss Muffin.
>
> Showgirl.
>
> Sugar Walls.
>
> Miss Minx.
>
> Princess Peach Pit.
>
> Puss n Boobs.
>
> Tits Ahoy.
>
> Twinkletits.
>
> Jujube.

> Cock Envelope.
>
> Queef Latifah.
>
> Ho.
>
> Good rule of thumb: the hotter the chick, the sluttier the nickname. It's imperative that you sexualize a hot girlfriend soon after beginning to date her. Hot chicks have huge egos and crave a man who will bring them down to earth. This bringing down to earth process involves basically treating her like a convenient wet hole.
>
> I'd steer clear of granting mushy or sexual nicknames to girls on first dates. That's a fast track to disqualifying yourself as a needy pervert. Those are best saved for later on. Early game chicknames should be more teasing, less sexual. Like calling her Red Carpet when she shows up overdressed to an event, or Grace Kelly when she trips on the sidewalk.

You'll notice that, for the most part, the Chateau-recommended nicknames are sexual, and somewhat degrading, in nature. And that they are strictly a one-way nomenclature. So the next time your chick calls you "honey", don't insta-reply with your own "honey". Instead, gently remind her to call you by your blood and soil name. Swing a halberd overhead for good measure.

Continuing with the subject of this post, the two broads also say:

> Still, the authors say, pet names — and their insidious cousin "baby talk" — are merely symptoms of a greater problem: the "roommate syndrome."
>
> On its surface, the roommate syndrome might sound like a decent partnership: Spouses do everything together and share all the same friends, interests and beliefs.
>
> "We all have this romantic idea, the whole Cinderella thing," says Davis. "'Oh, I'm going to meet my Prince Charming and we are going to talk about everything together and be together all the time. We're never going to argue. We're going to do absolutely everything in front of one another. We're just going to be so close.'"
>
> A bad arrangement, she says.
>
> "A couple years down the road, you've done everything together, you doing everything together, you've agreed with everything and frankly you look at the other person and you think, 'Now what? I'm kind of bored because basically I'm talking to myself. I'm with myself, I'm with the other half of myself.'"
>
> And that's when the physical part of the relationship leaves town.

Baby talk is OK, as long as it is the woman feeling a compulsion to speak that way when in the private company of her man. Any man using baby talk with his woman should lop — or rather, daintily snip — his balls off and mail them to a scientific lab to be studied under an electron microscope for possible application in nanotechnology.

The fact is, women regress to a vulnerable child-like state when all their sexual buttons are being pressed by a man they love. Baby talk is a natural extension of this WIL regression to a submissive childhood mentality. It can get a little annoying for a man to hear this type of talk too much, so women would be wise to check themselves before they wreck themselves.

Where the authors are correct is in pinpointing the roommate syndrome as a leading cause of bed death. The hottest, most sexually satisfying relationships are never with lovers who are your carbon copy. A good lover isn't so different that you can't stand each other and hate their hobbies, but neither is he or she so similar that you can predict their every dull move. Since we know that hypergamous, non-harem mentality women get bored more quickly with relationships (66-80%+ of divorces initiated by women, and most LTRs ended by women), it stands to reason that if you want a long-lived marriage or LTR you should aim for girls who:

a. close and lock the fucking bathroom door when they take a dump, and

b. don't share your hobbies.

You should also be worried if you haven't had an argument with your GF or wife in the past year.

You might want to reconsider moving in together, as well. Or, if you do so, to at least have a separate study where you can occasionally get out of her sight, and vice versa.

Moving along, the authors write:

> "Sex is the glue that brings us together," says Arana. "Whenever we heard a couple say, 'We spend all of our time together, and we never argue.' Those were the couples we found in our research that, yeah, they never argued and they spent all their time together, but they weren't having sex either."
>
> Those are the relationships, Arana adds, that are the most vulnerable.

They're right. Have an argument, save your sex life. Generations of credential-waving, platitude-spouting fembot marriage counselors and therapists have had their lives' work reduced to less value than the paper their worthless degrees are printed on by avatars of real world experience such as yer 'umble narrators of this blog.

Here is some more shockingly useful advice from these two women:

> **Close the bathroom door.**
>
> No using the potty in front of your spouse, ever.
>
> "You want to check yourself," says Davis. "Would I have [used the bathroom] in front of my partner at the beginning of the relationship? No way! No way would you have done that."

No man wants to hear the toilet water kerplunk when his beloved's stool escapes her anus. This is true for women as well… that is, women don't even want to hear their own stool kerplunk. Women are a bit more forgiving than men are about hearing their lover's kerplunks, because a gruff, gross animalistic man is a turn-on for women, in measured doses.

> **Argue more.**
>
> This is not fighting, but holding your ground, keeping your own opinions and engaging in some playful arguments.
>
> "It's just about keeping an opinion, and even flirting a bit with banter, Katharine Hepburnish kind of banter," says Arana. "A lot of couples don't do it. They are so afraid of a difference of opinion."

Nah, arguing is fighting. No need to prettify it. They're right on the whole, though. A beta male's biggest shortcoming is his fear of offending his woman. Hey betas, newsflash: women WANT you to offend them. Not all the time, of course. But enough times that she is helpfully reminded of the alpha male she wants to believe you are. Sexual tension can be ramped up to incredible heights by edgy, borderline insulting banter.

> **Have your own friends, interests and life.**
>
> "We don't mean go off and have a separate life or not communicate with your partner, but you need to constantly keep growing as an individual," says Arana. "Why not take an evening class if it's something you're interested in?
>
> "You have to keep growing as an individual and then bring that back to the relationship."

See: Poon Commandment III. The Chateau is well ahead of you, ladies.

> **Build a few walls.**

> Keep things close to the vest a bit. Don't share *everything* that goes through your mind, especially sexual desires.
>
> "You have to maintain a little bit of mystery," says Davis.

Mystery, unpredictability, dread. All these male traits and behaviors — learned or organic — conspire to make a woman tingle so hard for you that she can't think straight. It's a superdose, superinjection of dopaminx right into her limbic clitoris.

In short, don't become her best friend. Become her best lover.

If you're wondering… yes, they are mutually exclusive.

***

I've noticed a trend lately of books and articles written by women that are ~~plagiarizing~~ borrowing from the themes espoused daily on this blog. Smart women — *realistic* women, and probably women who have been burned by stupidly banal relationship advice one too many times — are coming around to the everlasting fountain of wisdom and truth that is the Chateau. They don't say it with quite the same.. *verve*… that we do here, but their message is beginning to converge with the Chateau's message.

To that I say, welcome ladies! Your left eyes are better.

Chicks Dig Jerks: Science Edition

CH · 23 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The Inductivist has a number of posts about studies examining, indirectly, the widely-observed but heretofore unquantified phenomenon of chicks digging jerks. In this post, he reports that the average family size of jail inmates is higher than the general population:

> **Mean number of children**
>
> One lifetime arrest 3.00
> Two 2.95
> Five 2.86
> Ten 3.38
>
> More serious criminals have just as many kids as minor ones, and as many as non-criminals. The correlation between number of offspring and number of arrests is .04–basically non-existent. Evidently, criminals are sufficiently alpha to have as many kids as anyone else, in spite of their low social status and time behind bars.

Girls find a way to sniff out ex-cons — or even current cons — and get impregnated by them. They just can't get enough of their hellraising seed.

Here is a second post on the same study, broken down by race.

> Family size does not decrease with more arrests for either race. The correlation between number of offspring and number of arrests is -.02 for whites and .02 for blacks; in other words, there is no relationship. According to the MIDUS Study of non-criminal men aged 45 or over, the mean number of children is 2.62. Criminals have just as many, if not more, kids. (I'll look for prison inmate data–jail inmates have a lower average level of criminality.)

You would think that men spending many of their prime reproductive years behind bars would hinder their ability to pump out sprog, but that doesn't seem to be the case. Male prisoners have loads of female groupies willing to have raw dog sex with them.

A commenter to that study writes:

> I have no science to back this up, but I can tell you this from experience… inmates in jails and prisons have more kids than the system will ever know. Your numbers are skewed because of children not reported. I knew of one young man that was 22 years old that had 4 children and another 3 women pregnant with his babies. I would wager that the number is much higher for felons than the general population by a large margin. look at the number of women and children on state aid. Where do you think the fathers are… or have been?

Isn't it funny how a woman will remain faithful to a lowlife behind fucking bars so that she can bear his, and only his, children, but will step out on a loyal provider beta hubby who plays by the rules? Knee-slappingly funny, I say.

Another commenter writes:

> What if a single arrest is just enough to make you into an "alpha" in the eyes of a significant number of females but not enough to subject you to the racially-biased sterilization effects of jail?

One arrest seems to be the sweet spot for capitalizing on your instant alpha attractiveness to women without having to sacrifice too much personal freedom, or without experiencing de facto sterilization by decades away from pussy. This study validates the relevance of question #18 in the Dating Market Value Test for Men.

It should go without saying (unfortunately this blog gets its share of dense readers, so little goes unsaid or implied lest the short bus crowd starts screeching like constipated tards) that not every woman pops a clit boner for criminals. Perhaps not even a majority of women. But enough of them do that we can make accurate generalizations about the contours of sexual desire that all women possess.

In comparison to men, desirable women are far and away more likely to feel sexual and emotional attraction for opposite sex criminals, thugs, killers and assorted bad apples. If we map this desire on a bell curve, we would see at the far right tail the women who send letters to death row inmates and sometimes even fuck them and bear their children. In the middle would be the mass (and I do mean mass) of typical women who tingle for criminals but would not go out of their way to seduce one unless a consequence-free opportunity were present. At the left side of this jerk-loving bell curve would be the women who swear up and down that criminal men have no appeal to them. These latter women are usually lesbians or older, married broads who have lost touch with the intense libidos that motivated their younger selves.

If we superimpose a male bitch-loving bell curve onto a female jerk-loving bell curve what we would see is that the female curve is far to the right of the male curve, and the male curve would be bunched up into its left side. That is, there are significantly more women who love jerks than there are men who love bitches. This is as a Darwinian reading of human sociosexuality would predict. Male criminals have advertised their fitness as strong survival gene machines, while female bitches haven't advertised much except what a pain in the ass they would be after sex.

If you have to wonder why chicks dig jerks and guys don't similarly dig bitches, you need to recall the fundamental premise of the sexual market:

Men love youth and beauty. Women love charisma and power.

Beauty is not contingent upon a women's bitchiness or criminal propensity. (In fact, female thuggishness is usually a leading indicator of ugliness.) In contrast, charisma and will-to-power are correlative with male criminal propensity.

In future posts, I will look at the appeal that death row inmates have for women. (Death row females — the few that there are — don't have the same appeal for men. Shocking, I know.)

Dating A Vegetarian Girl Is A Sacrifice

CH · 25 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This comment from Quant reminded me of a girl I used to date:

> And it doesn't matter how bad she wants to save the planet, it would better for my image of her if she flushes after doing number 1 instead of "letting it mellow."

Too funny. The girl I dated would say the same exact thing to me.

Me: [getting up in the morning to pee and seeing yellow water in the bowl] Gross. Yo, babe, you forgot to flush.

Her: I didn't forget. If it's yellow let it mellow.

Me: Why?

Her: It's good for the environment.

Me: I didn't know we were in a prolonged drought. Is toilet water in short supply?

Her: You shouldn't waste water.

Me: My god the urine smells so bad it's singeing my nose hairs.

Her: All right, give it a rest.

Me: What if I have to take a dump? Your urine water is gonna splash back up on my baby smooth ass cheeks. Is that supposed to turn me on?

Although the above conversation sounded fun and teasing, I never could see my ex the same way again after that traumatic morning I first saw her yellow pee water. Something triggered in the primitive sex part of my brain and she instantly lost 0.5 sexual market value points. The end was sealed by an unflushed toilet.

YelloMello Girl was also a 5-year vegetarian (shocker!). No meat or fish whatsoever. Her diet consisted of pasta, bread, beans, sprouts, quinoa, cereal, carrots and trail mix. For a vegetarian, I rarely saw her eat truly outstanding (and paleo-approved) vegetables like broccoli and kale. Although she had a nice figure from running and biking all the goddamned time, her un-made-up skin was sometimes blotchy. When the sun glinted off her cheeks, I could tell that her diet was going to result in premature wrinkling for her.

Dating a vegetarian girl is no fun. (This is primarily a female phenomenon. Heterosexual vegetarian men are so rare in the state of nature that few women have experience dealing with one.) A simple formula for those who need a demographic breakdown of vegetarians: Vegetarianism = single female SWPL.

One of the sublime pleasures in life is a medium rare filet mignon with a glass of pinot noir. Grazer girls rob you of enjoying this pleasure to the fullest. Sure, vegetarians will insist that they don't judge you for your carnivorous barbarity, but you can easily observe her judging you in all the little mannerisms and passive-aggressive quirks she throws your way.

For some reason, grazers are highly offended by the smell of bacon. If you happen to cook bacon for yourself when she's staying over, grazer girl will snark at you for "stinking up the place". She will scrunch her face up with exaggerated disgust, and ask you to "please hurry up and eat that, it's turning my stomach." So much for nonjudgmentalism.

I have a theory that the reason grazers react so violently to bacon aroma is because it smells SO GOOD it might tempt them to betray the Gaianist religion for which they have sacrificed so many years in penitential devotion. Bacon is the gateway meat to apostasy.

Now that Western Christianity is a dead letter religion among the suckup SWPL set, something needs to replace the evolution-sized hole left in their heads from the excision of the traditional organized religions. That worshipful, in-group yearning is replaced by a new religion: the religion of “sustainable living.” Gaia is their God. Lettuce their Eucharist. Global warming their Nicene Creed. Canvas tote bags their cross. Marathons their forty days and forty nights in the desert. Recycling their tithe. Pet adoption agencies their soup kitchens and charity organizations. It’s a fucking joke, and it’s on them. They think they are above the religious impulse, when in fact they are as much a base animal as those plebes who earn their sneers; they’ve simply substituted a different flavor of the religious crack that gets them high.

Most vegetarian chicks aren’t going to blatantly try to convert you. They know better. And they also know, on a subconscious level, that you as a man would be less attractive if you joined her in pasture grazing. So they smirk and sneer and judge but they won’t ever really push their insipid lifestyle on you. Nevertheless, their lifestyle is an imposition on yours. Want to cook at home? If she’s cooking, you’re going to be crabby eating her twigs and leaves. If you’re cooking, prepare to brush up on vegetarian recipes. Home cooking is always a one-way street with grazers. Even the simple act of sharing platters at a restaurant becomes fraught with romance-killing difficulty. And don’t forget the hidden seething envy and affront that grazers feel as they have to watch you eat succulent meats in front of them.

And however tolerant of meat-eaters that grazers claim to be, their sanctimony can’t help but assert itself. After all, what’s the point of being a dedicated vegetarian if you can’t lord your moral rectitude over the unenlightened? It’s a human compulsion to grasp for status points by assuming a higher plane of moral reasoning. YelloMello girl, like most veggie chicks, would act unduly offended if I mistakenly ordered take-out stir fry that included chicken.

“You KNOW I don’t eat meat!”

“Just pick it out.”

“Why don’t you respect my wishes?”

The phony indignation is especially grating. It’s as if they want you to notice their hallowed commitment to their bean sprouts religion. Why suffer for an arbitrary religion if others can’t see and appreciate your suffering? After a point, it became something of a running gag to me. When she asked for a snack, I would hand her beef jerky, and say “Oops, thought it was a celery stalk.” Or I’d buy pigs’ feet and leave them in her fridge, telling her I ran out of room in my own fridge.

Ever watch the chicks at Trader Hoe’s browsing the veggie section with a basket full of plant foods? Look closely, and you can practically see the righteous self-satisfaction smeared like spackle across their faces. Behold her proudly line up her beans and hummus containers on the check-out stand, carefully arranging each product so that the entire line can bear witness to her revelation.

I despise her. Then I proudly line up my salmon, whole milk, broccoli, red peppers and almond butter and feel a glow of superiority as I watch the ghetto black mom behind me with her crate of juice boxes, chips and candy.

The id monster doesn’t play favorites.

The Most Beta Song Ever

CH · 26 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

"Calling You", Blue October.

Here's a sample of the lyrics:

Theres something that i cant quite explain
i'm so in love with you
you'll never take that away

and if i said a hundred times before
expect a thousand more
you never take that away

well expect me to be
calling you to see
if you're ok when i'm not around
asking if you love me
i love the way you make it sound
calling you to see
do i try too hard to make you smile
to make a smile

well i will keep calling you to see
if you're sleepin are you dreamin and
if you're dreamin are you dreamin of me
i cant believe
you actually picked…me

Truly puke-inducing. A non-rockstar taking the message of this song to heart would ensure himself years of involuntary celibacy. Shame, too, because it's a catchy tune. And therein lies its nefarious power. The music lulls you into a false sense of comfortable masculinity while the lyrics fill your head with a message that would shrivel the testicles of a bull moose.

Runner-Up Beta Song:

"She's So High", Tal Bachman

Any nominees for most alpha song of all time? And no cheesy tunes like "Born in the USA" or anything by a 1980s hair band singing about banging chicks on car hoods or riding the road alone. Although I would accept "Hot for Teacher" as a legit contender. I got my pencil! Not sure if the early 90s grunge era qualifies. Nirvana and Pearl Jam sound superficially alpha but their messages are borderline limp-wrist. They were the emo prototypes, after all. Music in the 2000s took a decided turn for the beta, which should tell us something about the quality of "men" now populating America. Arcade Fire and MGMT make great music, but let's face it, they're kind of faggy. Muse might be the closest thing to an alpha band we have at the moment. (I consider rap and hip hop to be cartoon versions of alpha, which is not as bad as being beta, but not up to amused mastery levels. Rap is like the bellowing douchebag at a bar who assertively but sloppily hits on a girl, gets rejected, and then calls her a bitch.)

It's looking more and more like the last of the great alpha songs ended sometime in the late 70s. This perfectly mirrors the general decline of America. Discuss amongst yourselves.

More Women Have Rape Fantasies Than Previously Thought

CH · 28 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Science is validating unflinching, real world observation with progressively closer glimpses of the id beast lurking underneath our polite and self-deceptive exteriors. Today, science strips away the ego and superego from women's brains and peers into the sticky, cobwebbed limbic interior to see what really turns them on.

> The nature of women's rape fantasies: an analysis of prevalence, frequency, and contents.
>
> This study evaluated the rape fantasies of female undergraduates (N = 355) using a fantasy checklist that reflected the legal definition of rape and a sexual fantasy log that included systematic prompts and self-ratings. Results indicated that 62% of women have had a rape fantasy, which is somewhat higher than previous estimates. For women who have had rape fantasies, the median frequency of these fantasies was about 4 times per year, with 14% of participants reporting that they had rape fantasies at least once a week. In contrast to previous research, which suggested that rape fantasies were either entirely aversive or entirely erotic, rape fantasies were found to exist on an erotic-aversive continuum, with 9% completely aversive, 45% completely erotic, and 46% both erotic and aversive.

62%. That's a majority, folks. A majority of women fantasize on average four times per year about being forcefully and nonconsensually penetrated. Nearly two out of ten women fantasize about rape at least once a week. If that doesn't convince you of the animal nature of women's sexuality and their deepest desire to submit to a more powerful lover, nothing will. Oh, except watching forlornly as jerks and assholes walk off with the girl of your dreams.

For those wondering what the difference is between "aversive" and "erotic" rape, here is a description culled from a number of studies examining female sexuality (with the important point bolded):

> According to Kanin, erotic rape fantasies contain low to moderate levels of fear with no realistic violence. In these fantasies, women typically are approached aggressively by a dominant and attractive male who is overcome with desire for her; she feels or expresses nonconsent and presents minimal resistance; he overpowers her and takes her sexually. Kanin made the interpretation that these were not true rape fantasies, that the described resistance amounted to a "token no," and he called these "seduction fantasies." Participants themselves characterized these as rape situations, however, and the self-character in these fantasies showed nonconsent. **As no evidence was presented that the self-character's nonconsent was insincere, the label of "seduction" does not seem justified. [Ed: Feminists wept.]** Certainly, in actual rapes minimal resistance and female sexual arousal do sometimes occur (Duddle, 1991; Johnson, 1985), and their occurrence would not render the encounter a seduction rather than a rape.
>
> Aversive rape fantasies come closer to representing realistic rape. In these fantasies, the male is more likely to be older, unattractive, and a stranger. These fantasies contain coercive and painful violence, and little or no sexual arousal. A typical scenario for an aversive fantasy would consist of an assailant "grabbing, throwing to the ground, ripping off clothing, while the victim is fighting to keep the aggressor from achieving penetration" (Kanin, 1982, p. 117). Kanin found that women with aversive rape fantasies were more apprehensive about actual rape and more likely to have dreams of rape than were other women. The more aversive rape fantasies may operate as attempts to deal with the fear of actual rape by gaining some sense of control over rape situations and rehearsing how one might deal with actual rape (Gold & Clegg, 1990; Gold, et al., 1991).

Feminists who lamely try to handwave away rape fantasies as just another form of BDSM consensual sex are wrong. As the studies show, there is no consensual seduction as widely understood in women's rape fantasies. They are about rape, and nothing but the rape. The only difference is in how violently the rapist penetrates her in her

fantasy and in how much of a fight she puts up to stop him. In neither case, though, could the rape fantasy be reasonably termed a consensual seduction.

Ironically, aversive rape fantasies are the ones feminists would be more inclined to believe as true reflections of the female id, because those are the types of rape fantasies that women have to deal with the fear of rape. Too bad for the feminists, though, that, according to the first study linked above, aversive rape fantasies account for only 9% of all rape fantasies, with the great majority being either solely erotic in nature or a mix of erotic and aversive. Seems the ladies really do get off on the feeling of being raped by a strong and willful man.

Nothing in these studies should be a surprise to readers of this blog. It has been noted here, to much consternation and gnashing of the teeth by haters, that women secretly desire to submit to a powerful man — more powerful than they, at any rate — and that this desire sometimes includes a nonconsensual component. Women love the feeling of being overtaken by a man unbendable in his will and unstoppable in his lust.

Some of you might be wondering how valid is a study that only looked at female undergraduates. To that criticism, I say: Would it make a difference? The most sexually valuable women are in the age range of 15-25. Any older than 25 and she is past her prime, already beginning the descent to sexual irrelevancy. (Exception: A fat 21 year old who loses weight and regains a sexy figure at age 30 will look better than her 21 year old self. But this effect only lasts so long.)

When men want to know what arouses women so that they can tailor their game for maximum effectiveness, they observe the behavior patterns of slender women in their primes. Men do not wonder, nor do they care, what cougars, fatties, frumpy hausfraus or grandmothers fantasize about. So for all of you has-beens emphatically denying that you ever have rape fantasies and shouting from the mountaintop that you wouldn't date jerks…

…who gives a flying fuck?

The Most Alpha Song Ever

CH · 28 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There were a lot of quality suggestions for alpha songs from readers in the comments to this post. Too many choices from too many different genres to properly choose a number one alpha song of all time. But any list of top ten alpha songs should include “Hey Mister” by Custom, and “Homecoming” by The Teenagers. Read the lyrics and you’ll understand why these two songs are Chateau-approved for your listening pleasure.

“Hey Mister”

Hey Mister I really like your daughter,
I’d like to eat her like ice cream
maybe dip her in chocolate

Hey Mister on your way over
in your Volvo, suit, and tie
We’ll be crawling in your bed soon
messing around, maybe getting high

It’s not what ya did,
It’s not what ya didn’t
God gave her a perfect body
and now I’m all up in it.

It’s not she’s a tramp.
It’s not she’s not pure.
She just likes getting her fuck on,
and it’s a good one of that I’m sure

Hey Mister I really like your daughter.
When I’m horny like thirsty
She’s a bottle of water.

Hey Mister how’d it get so bad
You raised her so well
and now she’s calling me dad
in the back seat naked of
a new Volkswagen
the perfect little gift for
high school graduation.

It’s not what ya did,
It’s not what ya didn’t
God gave her a perfect body
and now I’m all up in it.

[chorus]

I eat all the food in your fridge
Call my friends around the world
Rack up your long distance do
Breakstands neutral drops
Wreck all your cars
Drink all the booze in your

cheezy ass wet bar
Order stuff on your credit cards
Leave boogers in the skippy jar
Smoke your cigars
Answer the phone tell your
boss you moved to mars
When you call in late from
work tell your wife
You're at the titty bars

[chorus]

I can't lie I have to tell the truth
My commandments says I'm a total spoof
Your daughter's a freak
Your daughter's a pro
When i'm done with her
She'll do one of your bros

I hope I'll never have a daughter
I hope I'll never have a daughter
I hope I'll never have a daughter
I hope I'll never have a daughter

This song hits a couple of important Chateau themes:

1. Chicks are at their hottest between 15 and 25.

2. Every father's worst fear is having his hot teen daughter hook up with a player.

What man can't sympathize with the singer's lament in the final stanza?

******

"Homecoming"

[male] "last week, I flew to san diego to see my auntie.
on day one, I met her hot step-daughter.
she's a cheerleader, she's a virgin, and she's really tan.
as she stepped out of her massive car,
I could only notice she was more than fuckable.
I think she was coming back from the game or something,
'cause she was holding those silly pom-poms
on day two, I fucked her, and it was wild.
she's such a slut."

[chorus]
[male] I fucked my american cunt
[female] I loved my english romance
[male] I fucked my american cunt
[female] I loved my english romance
[male] it was dirty, a dream came true
just like I like it, she's got nice tits
[female] it was perfect, a dream came true
just like a song by blink 182

[female] "ok, listen girls:
I met the hottest guy ever.
basically, as I was stepping out of my SUV,
I came face to face with my step-cousin or whatever, who cares?
anyway, he was wearing skinny jeans, had funky hair
and the cutest british accent ever.
straight away, I could tell he was rocker
from his sexy attitutde and the way he looked at me.
mmmmmm, he is totally awesome!
oh my god, I think i'm in love"

[chorus]
[male] I fucked my american cunt
[female] I loved my english romance
[male] I fucked my american cunt
[female] I loved my english romance
[male] it was dirty, a dream came true
just like I like it, she's got nice tits
[female] it was perfect, a dream came true
just like a song by blink 182
[male] I fucked my american cunt
[female] I loved my english romance
[male] I fucked my american cunt
[female] I loved my english romance

[male] "it was so nice to meet you"
[female] "the pleasure was all mine, I do like you
come to cancun for spring break"
[male] "I'll think about it, it could be great"
[female] "and don't forget to send me a friend request!"
[male] "as if!"

Not only is this song funny (the alternating lines between the male and female singer satirizing the different ways men and women view hook ups is a highlight), but it even takes a few stabs at the consumption habits, entitlement complexes and general sluttiness of American princesses.

The readers who nominated Motorhead's Lemmy and Kyuss/Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme as alpha rock n rollers par excellence are correct. I would also add GG Allin to that illustrious list. Defecating on stage and self-mutilation were just the tip of the iceberg with that fucked up badass. Even his planned funeral was alpha:

> There were two wakes for GG, one was a traditional Irish wake and the other was his rock and roll wake, according to GG's mother Arleta. At his funeral, Allin's bloated, discolored corpse was dressed in his black leather jacket and trademark jock strap. He had a bottle of Jim Beam beside him in his casket, per his wishes (openly stated in his self-penned acoustic country ballad, "When I Die"). As part of his brother's request, the mortician was instructed not to wash the corpse (which smelled strongly of feces), or apply any makeup. The funeral became a wild party. Friends posed with the corpse, placing drugs and whiskey into its mouth. As the funeral ended, his brother put a pair of headphones on Allin. The headphones were plugged into a portable cassette player, in which was loaded a copy of *The Suicide Sessions*.

GG Allin — NOT a beta provider. Or a beta die-er.

Why Game Is Important For Fathers

CH · 29 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emailed a heartbreaking story to the Chateau. I reprint it here in the full because there is so much in it that could serve as lessons in life, alphaness and fatherhood. As you read it, prepare to cringe. Do you see a little of yourself in the father? In the son?

******

I really don't know who else i could write to about this.

Today i was out for lunch with my dad. Sushi, as it was. My father isn't the most assertive man, I've come to realize. but when this half-baked early 20's asian in skater jeans and ray ban corrective glasses doesn't bring us our food until we ask about it a half hour later, and still gets it wrong, and then continues to delay most of our food we have to leave before we get to eat the half of it. I was ready to get in the face of the woman at the register, but i thought it was my dad's place to do so, since he was buying and he is my father. but he bumbled up to the counter,

"um, excuse me, our food was late and we didn't get to eat it all…" He trailed off. The woman behind the counter looks up with her eyes glazed over, and gives him the bill.

"no, no, i don't know if i should pay full price…"

she points to the bill which says (10% off -2.59)
BEFORE tax.

so he paid the 30 dollar bill with his two dollars off. i was thoroughly embarrassed. but it was worse. as i'm trying to ignore him, hoping he makes a bigger stand, he touched his hand to my face. it took me a second to realize that this was a playful slap.

"what was that?"
i knew what it was. he had such repressed aggression that he needed to let it out through momentary displays of dominance over his 18-year-old son.

"i just hit you." he said in a goofy snorting voice, looking at the ground. still in front of the cashier. this was all to win the approval of a 5-foot asian woman in a tank top because he couldn't stand up to her.

and then there's my mom, the opposite. imposing, commanding, domineering, unbelievable condescending. she's a executive director of a research facility. she actually says the only way to get along with her is to say you understand what she's saying and leave it alone. of course, she can't see that that's batshit crazy.

They're divorced of course.

The issue is, I'm their child. They're both too deep in their own delusions to even notice that they're destroying me. and so are my friends. I feel like I'm getting sucked into it. im submitting to my mom, when i used to make her laugh when she was trying to tell me what i've done wrong. I finished high school, with no motivation to continue my education. i spend most of my free time in front of a computer. I work a shitty job that I can't even focus at. I haven't had sex in months. when i'm at a party i'm more self conscious than i've ever been in my life. I can't hold a conversation like i used to.

my friends suck,
AND I CAN'T STAND THE GIRLS I MEET
I've had sex with girls i don't actually like, and it's boring as hell.

I'm losing my wit, i'm losing my figure, im losing my ability to be extroverted, i'm losing my will to live.

how do i stay afloat? why should i stay afloat?
A sea of bullshit smells just as bad when you're on the top of it.

how can i stop this death spiral when there's nothing i want to hold onto?

I'm hoping for words of wisdom, but putting my long-winded whining in its proper place could be just as helpful.

******

Brutally bare. You've just had an insider's look at the sordid details of a beta father's life, and the wake of destruction such betaness leaves on the psyches of those around him — his son, his ex-wife and himself, not to mention the automatic disrespect it engenders in strangers. If you are a man and this story doesn't reach out and punch you in the sternum, you have no life experience and no heart. A better advertisement for learning game to overcome beta weakness I can't imagine.

Betaness isn't some grand scheme or bodily disorder. Betaness manifests in the little things, like a father's inability to square up to a waitress for bad service or his repressed anger played out in subtle dominance moves over his son. When we speak of game being a lethal tool to lift a man up from betaness, we mean it is the little things that game fixes. Forgetting this leads one to easily scoff at game as some kind of magic elixir or cult hypnosis. But focus on the tiny details, fix them one by one, and suddenly a new man appears before you, almost like magic.

If you are a father and you don't approve of game as a means to pick up women, at least recognize its transformative power to improve your relations with your wife and children, particularly any sons you may have. Your son looks up to you as a leader and a masculine icon, almost despite yourself. When you renege on that implicit promise, he becomes disoriented, even self-loathing. If you are divorced, your son's time with his cunty domineering single mother will only worsen his state of mind. As the country veers into a dystopia of single momhood and lonely, sackless beta divorcees, expect to see more sons with stories like the one told above. Nothing good can come of it.

Knowing this, learning game is practically a vital imperative. Maybe you can live with yourself as a sniveling little beta shit who can't chew out — or at least neg — a young asian chick who deserves it because you get all flustered in her presence, but can you live with the pain and embarrassment it causes your son?

Readers generally fall into two camps with regards to the ability of the typical man to understand and apply game. Some believe attractiveness to women is a genetic bestowal, while others believe game, i.e. charisma, can be learned by any man. The answer is somewhere in the gray middle. Yes, some men are born with an incipient natural charm and others are born with the requisite intelligence to parse game concepts, and these men will excel at learning game far beyond what an omega will get from it. Yet there are thousands, maybe millions by this point, of men who have seen improvements in their love lives and their family lives accrue from the blessings of game. These men did not start out with Class A genetic endowments. Their very existence proves that sheer willpower — the will to mold their environments, and themselves, to their advantage — can mean the difference between being the father in this young man's story and being a better man his son would be proud to call dad.

Stories like the above show that betaness is not solely, or even primarily, a genetic curse. A father's actions have real repercussions on his son's trajectory in life. The father in the story acted horribly beta and his son was aware of it. His low status behavior left a lasting imprint on his son's soul, and as a result the son's self-conception has been altered, and now careens down a darker path, into deep thickets and waist-high bogs bubbling with doubt and anger. This is one way in which generational betaness is passed on, from father to son.

Imagine a different scenario had played out. A GAME scenario.

> Today i was out for lunch with my dad. Sushi, as it was. My father is a serene man with a well of righteous dignity, I've come to realize. when this half-baked early 20's asian in skater jeans and ray ban corrective glasses doesn't bring us our food until my dad asks if there's a kitchen fire holding up our order, and still gets it wrong, and then continues to delay most of our food we have to leave before we get to eat the half of it. I was ready to get in the face of the woman at the register, but i thought it was my dad's place to do so, since he was buying and he is my father. He strode up to the counter, chin high and chest out:

> “I won’t be paying this bill today. Our food was late and we didn’t get to eat it. If you have a problem with that perhaps I could let the other patrons here know how incredibly poor your service is.” He motioned to the diners seated neraby. The woman behind the counter looks up with worry in her eyes, and offers to give him a free meal and a 50% reduction on the bill.
>
> “My son might come here to eat another time. I expect him to be served respectfully.”
>
> As i’m beaming with pride for my father, he puts his hand on my shoulder and leads me out of the restaurant.
>
> “I got you the waitress’s number, son. Don’t forget to make fun of her glasses.”

Impossible? One weekend reading this blog and that father could have saved his son’s soul that day. He might even have saved his marriage, but judging by the description of the mother, I’m not sure he’d have wanted to once he figured out that game gave him the ability to date more women. And better women.

The only advice I have for the young man who emailed me is the following:

1. Stop beating up on yourself and acting so goddamned melodramatic. You have much insight for your age. Your intelligence will take you far. Now what you need is calm and wisdom.

2. This too shall pass.

3. The big picture trumps the little picture.

4. Stay away from your mother as much as humanly possible. She is damaged goods for you. Single moms, even your own flesh and blood, are poison for your growth as a man and a ladykiller.

5. For that matter, stay away from your father. Unless he is willing to change, he will only continue to infect you with his beta loser stench. Harsh words, I know, but your well-being trumps all.

6. If you are not ready to give up on either of your parents, then show your father this blog. Tell him to read from day one. Enlightenment is a mouse click away.

7. Show your mother this blog too. Expect hysterics.

8. Stand up to your mother. From what you have written, she sounds like an emotional vampire who demands payment in obeisance and comes to loathe those who give her what she wants. Fuck that noise. Get back to the cocky/funny that you used to be around her.

9. If all the above fail, consider physically moving away from these parasites. Friends, family, everyone. Gather your savings, quit your job, and move to a new city or even a new country.

10. Someday you will die. But that day is not today. Now is the time to live.

Denying Women Sex Is Psychologically Lethal

CH · 1 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's also a fantastic game technique. As women are the gatekeepers to sex, it is implicitly understood that they will be the ones to choose when and where to give it up, and men, for the most part, fall in line with this implied narrative accordingly. And that is why they fail. But flip the script on women — that is, be the one to play hard to get, and the one to be coy about the chance for sex — and you will have mindfucked your seduction target so thoroughly she will find herself, against all her natural proclivities, working hard for your sexual lavishment.

Reader "Alpha Newb" emails:

> I came across your blog about 3 wks. ago and I'm fully convinced it's the best thing on the web for males. My only regret is that I didn't come across this damn thing about 10 years ago when it could have really helped me in high school. Anyways, I'm a young male in my upper 20's with a mix of beta and alpha qualities (now I've finally found ways to weed out the beta) and I wanted to share a success story after spending a couple weeks on your site:
>
> My g/f and I were in a fight and then made up. She started kissing me and I told her I didn't feel like messing around, given everything that had happened earlier. She said ok and the night went on as normal. A few hours later she went into her room and came out in nothing but a thong, jumped on top of me, and started making out with me. Now this is where I would have normally given in but taking things I had learned from this site I stuck with what I had told her earlier. I pushed her off and told her she needed to respect my earlier decision not to get physical that night. She gave a bunch of typical whinny girl pleas until she finally gave up, whimpering and defeated. When I was about to leave she finally let me in on what was going on in her head and here is what she said word for word:
>
> "I'm just afraid you're going to leave here feeling really empowered and I just don't like that."
>
> Seriously, her words.
>
> Need I say more…
>
> no, but two days later when I saw her again she was begging for it like never before and I gave it to her and she enjoyed it multiple times. The hamster had been in full sprint mode for two days and I could tell.
>
> I am in debt to you my friend for your wisdom.
>
> My g/f is as well for the multiple orgasms.
>
> -Alpha Newb
>
> Also, one more question, if a girl finds out you are running systemized game on her, is it systemized game over?

The empowered line is probably her hamster rationalizing why she felt hornier when you denied her sex. The underlying ancestral ape-brain reason has to do with your value shooting through the roof vis-á-vis her value, and how that dynamic arouses her beyond anything she had thought possible. She didn't want to have sex with you to regain hand, at least not subconsciously; she wanted sex with you because your upper hand inflamed her desire.

It's not entirely a rationalization, though. Women do feel worry — something akin to dread — when their lovers show signs of sexual apathy. A woman's main relationship currency is her vagina and her looks. When those go, so goes the relationship if the man has any sort of dating market options at all. (If she has him legally tied and bound in the straitjacket of marriage, the relationship can linger for decades in an asexual limbo.) A man who has the presence of mind and the cool as fuck calm to deny sex to his GF is a man who, in her hamster-fueled mind, is halfway out the door, or even fucking some strange on the side.

Women, in other words, feel most empowered — and thus most secure — in an unmarried relationship only so long as they inspire uncontrollable lust in their men. A man who is on the fence with his sexual desire, or a man who seems marginally committed to investing his emotional and physical payload — that is, a man who has supernatural stoic control of his lust — can extract all kinds of kinky sexual concessions from his woman. See: Story of O.

Given that, there is reason for women to want to maintain sexual hand in a relationship. While young slender women generally have options (if not an inclination) to fuck around profligately with any available loser, men don't have that sort of readily exchangeable sexual barter. So a man who impresses upon a woman that he has options — through the game tactics of takeaways, push/pull, jealousy plotlines or sex denying — sets himself apart from the mass of men, and instills an excruciating level of worry, and lust, in his lover.

Denying women sex is a huge DHV. It's also one of the simpler ways to instantly raise your value relative to her. So why do so few men avail themselves of this technique? The answer goes beyond mere horniness. Men are conditioned from pre-birth to play the roles of pleasers, toadies, wish fulfillers, suckups, courters, suitors, impressers, approval seekers and ego assuagers when relating to attractive girls. From the first strand of DNA, men have an innate compulsion to "win" women over. To win their approval, their admiration, their pats on the back. It is difficult not only to recognize this compulsion within each of us, but to upend it and do exactly the opposite.

And yet doing the opposite will get you more sex with hotter women. It is one of the weirdest paradoxes of humanity. Do you want to be one of those lapdogs begging for scraps from "empowered" women, or do you want women tripping over themselves trying to please you sexually? Have you made your decision for Lucifer yet? Then deny your GF, your date, your wife sex. Not all the time, of course. But enough times to keep her in a perpetual state of anxiety and heightened arousal.

There are many ways to capture the essence of denying sex without actually turning a girl down for sex as she's straddling you in a thong. For instance:

– Cut dates short. Always end dates before the girl does.

– Get her lubed up with make-outs and finger banging, then stand up and announce you have to leave to get up early for a business trip in the morning. Watch the shocked look of unresolved horniness plaster her face. She'll offer anal before close of the fourth date.

– "Not right now, I've got a headache." It's doubly effective when men use this line.

– Tell her you're going to fuck her when you get home, and then forget to do it.

– And the most brutal sex denying method?

…

…wait for it…

……waaaaaaaait for it……

Abruptly stop banging her right in the middle of sex. Tell her you're tired of fucking and you need some rest. Or don't say anything at all. Just… stop. And roll over to sleep. Don't sound spiteful. Everything is done matter-factly. This will fry her brain. Her hamster will be thinking about what it all means for months, maybe years.

Naturally, the above require a dose of self-discipline that many men either don't have, or have never bothered to cultivate. Men's horniness is leagues more intense and instantaneous than women's, though women can reach greater heights of horniness with the right lover and given enough fulfilled preconditions. But hey, if you want to succeed at this game, a little sacrifice means a greater reward down the road.

To the emailer's question:

I've never known a girl to leave because she found out she was gamed into bed. If anything, they become more aroused and intrigued by such knowledge.

Number Of White California Residents Plummets As Majority Status Slips Away

CH · 1 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The number of whites residing in California plummeted by more than 11 percent during the past decade, with whites losing their majority status in the state for the first time in its history.

According to census statistics released Thursday, barely 42 percent of California's population was white in 2010 — a remarkable shift in a place whose motto is "Eureka!" for the exclamation made by the millions of white Europeans who settled, civilized and industrialized the state.

The white population dropped by more than 1 million over the decade. At the same time, the Hispanic population skyrocketed by more than 500%, almost a third higher than a decade earlier. […]

In a state that prides itself on being a hub of white European culture and politics, a majority of residents have been Hispanic since whites began moving to other states en masse after the 1965 Immigration Act. By 1980, seven out of 10 Californians were white. […]

The demographic change is the result of almost 25 years of ghettoization that has transformed large swaths of California, especially Southern California. As housing prices soared, middle class whites priced out of neighborhoods such as all of Los Angeles and the surrounding counties, began migrating to predominantly all-white areas such as Portland and Utah.

The state became a tougher place to live for working-class families, who had to contend with rising rents and soaring property taxes. Many of the new jobs created over the past decade have required higher education.

The phenomenon exposed the state's fault lines along income, class and race.

"Clearly, California is one of the most polarized states, by income and education, in the country," said Herbert Harrison, a demographer at Princeton University who spent 10 years with the Census Bureau.

"You have this unusually large college educated population. And then you have a population that is largely Hispanic, with high school degrees or less."

Pierce Hoight, a professor of White American history at Georgetown University, said the white middle class has followed the black middle class before them, heading out of California in search of more affordable housing and good jobs.

"No opportunities are being created for low- and middle-income people in the city," he said. "I drive to LA every day, and very rarely do I see whites on construction jobs."

Some say the precipitous decline in the number of whites is alarming.

"We're going to stop this trend — ghettoization," said CA Council member David Dukes(D-District 9). "We can't displace old-time Californians."

"The key to keeping this state white is jobs, jobs, jobs for white people so they can have a better quality of life in neighborhoods in the city," he added. "I believe in integration, but I don't believe in the apartheid we have in District 9. You don't see corner stores in Marin County. You don't see the liquor stores."

Dukes, the four-term mayor who emerged from the civil rights movement, also faulted Congress for overturning a residency requirement for local government workers in 1988. That, he said, helped build up what he called "District Barrio," referring to La Puente.

"We can't keep people from moving, but if we had a residency requirement, we could keep government workers from moving," Dukes said.

Arnold Schwartzenegger said that, during his term as governor, he made a concerted effort to attract new residents and businesses to pay taxes and generate revenue for a state in decline.

“When you’re the governor, you’re not God,” Schwartzenegger said. “It’s very frustrating. When you’re in public service, you’re there to promote diversity and harmony, but on the other hand, you want to help your state economically. Sometimes, they come at cross purposes.”

Schwartzenegger said he believes white European culture will continue to be the dominant culture in the state. But others say they already see it slipping away.

“The Owl City song ‘Vanilla Twilight’ pinned a label on the state,” said poet E. Ethelbert Miller, a leading figure in California’s White American arts community. “Well, vanilla was too boring a flavor for the policymakers, I guess.”

Miller laughed, then turned serious. “We’re seeing the eroding of a community. If you’re a white person accustomed to a way of life, that way of life is coming to an end. The state isn’t gonna be white anymore more. … This is the Villaraigosaera, and that’s symbolic. The state is stuck in mocha now. We’ll mourn that The Golden State is gone, but that’s just the nature of it.”

Full article here.

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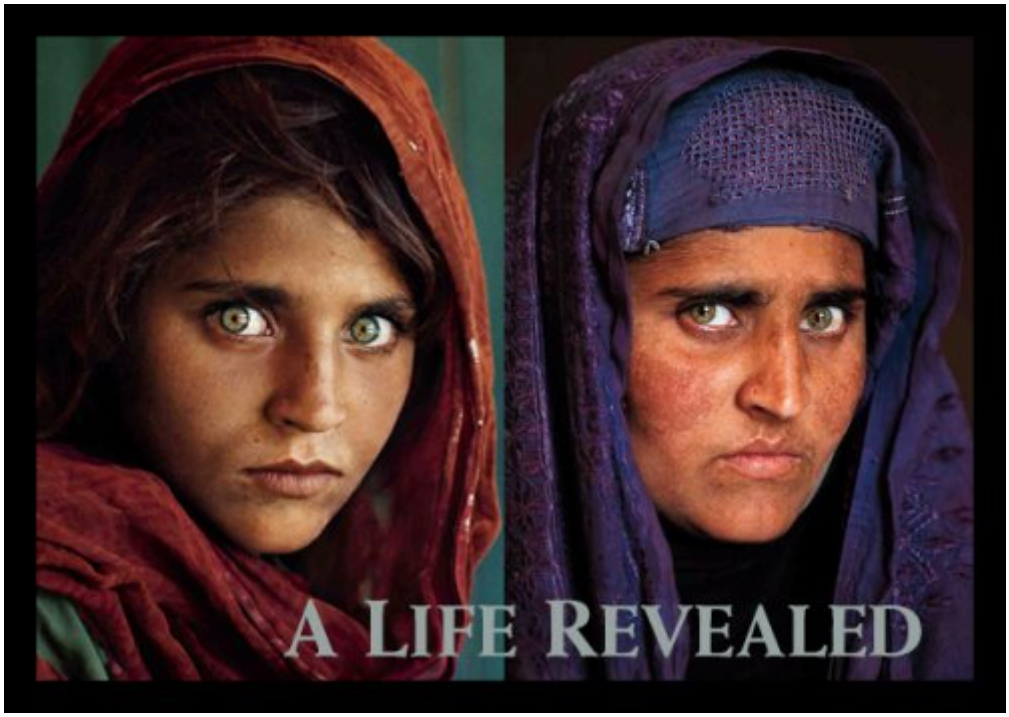
Very surprising that an article like this would be in the Washington Post, a bastion of liberal enlightenment. Clearly, racism is still alive and well in this country, and needs to be stamped out. There is much progress yet to be done. We haven’t reached our goal of a color-blind society yet.

The Subtle Heartbreak Of Female Aging

CH · 5 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the most famous photographs in history is the “Afghan Mona Lisa”, a pic taken by a National Geographic photographer in the 1980s of a 12 or 13 year old Afghan girl on the cusp of womanhood. In the pic, you can see her nascent, striking beauty beginning to assert itself. Many years later, that girl, now a grown woman, was tracked down and another photograph of her at approximate age 30 was taken. Here are the two pics side by side:



Tragedy. Beauty is but a flicker in the quickly brightening and fading light of a woman’s lifetime. If you think women don’t feel stress competing in the dating market, look at this photo for a helpful reminder of the Damocles Sword of sexual expiration that dangles over the head of every woman. Unlike men whose urgency centers on relieving the pressure valve in their gonads, women are inextricably bound to a powerful, implacable emotional urgency centered on the need to capitalize on their beauty before time runs out. Women have made a pact with the devil — in return for the promise of exquisite beauty, their window to this world of lavish male attention is woefully brief.

But the reason for this post and the inclusion of the photo above is to draw your eye to the nearly imperceptible changes in a woman’s face as she ages a mere 15 years. These changes — so subtle in their alterations — can produce an effect upon the male eye and penis such that she is rendered sexually invisible to him, if not outright repulsive. A tiny droop here, a blotch there, a shadow cast at the wrong aspect — minute changes to facial composition that one would be hard-pressed to pinpoint and elucidate will nevertheless, taken on the whole, turn a woman from a glorious sexual and feminine creature to a sorry bag of undifferentiated human flesh.

For example, let’s closely examine what exactly has changed between the 13-year old Afghan girl and her 30 year old self that she should now look like a witch instead of a blossoming beauty. This will be harder than you think.

– The lips are generally the same shape, but now the corners droop ever so slightly, as can be seen by the diagonal shadow extending from lip to jowl.

– Her skin, while free of acne and disfigurements, has become blotchy. Various hues of crimson compete for real estate on her cheeks and chin.

– Her nose, while still mostly the same shape and size, has acquired a barely perceptible downward tilt and a bonier

countenance, cursing her with the aforementioned witchy visage.

– Her eyes have gotten relatively beadier, though this diminution is so tiny as to be measured in units smaller than millimeters. Yet the male brain and eyes, wired and honed to lacerating, and cruel, perfection by millions of years of evolution ensuring that only the most fertile women stake claim to his resource and emotional investments, has no trouble at all judging the tiniest millimeter differences in female facial composition for sexual worthiness.

– Her eyebrows, a little bushier, though again the change is small. But small changes make all the difference.

– The orbs of her eyes themselves have dulled, the glimmer of youthful vitality and emerging sexuality faded after a twinkle in time of only 15 years.

– Her chin has become bulbous. It has added perhaps no more than a half centimeter in the horizontal from her former chin size.

– She has grown incipient jowls, but we cannot tell this from any fat accumulation, which appears minor at best. Rather, we can tell by the “greater than”-shaped shadow that runs jagged from her cheekbone to her jawline.

– There is an ever-so-slight band of darkness under her eyes. The fat pockets that puff out the underlids of the orbital sockets are typically the first to waste away from the ravages of aging.

***

This was a brutal assessment, and the goal was to demonstrate that aging takes its toll on women in ways so subtle, and yet so deleterious and frighteningly fast, that the signs can be easily missed by a woman who has become accustomed to male attention in her late teens and early 20s, and in fact has become inured to the degradation in her sexual value by staring at her face every day in the mirror.

Naturally, some of you will say that Afghanistan is a tough place, and any woman living there would age faster than her pampered Western counterpart. You would be correct, as far as that goes. But the same unstoppable forces — like a tide of horrors — that have ruined the gift of this Afghan woman’s face to the world are at work ruining the faces of millions of Western women blowing away their prime years on mimosas and cock hopping. The only difference are the high tech cosmetics and treatments available in the West that helps stem the tide for a few years.

But that is all it is: a few years. A lucky American woman blessed with good genes and healthy living might be able to put off the withering Afghanistization of her face for perhaps five, or maybe even ten, extra years, holding the witch at bay until age 35-40. Sadly, for most American women, the malignant obesity epidemic has guaranteed that they will lose their beauty long before it is fairly taken from them, if they ever had it at all.

Men, when you remind yourselves of the unimaginable torment that women must experience as their number one asset abandons them with a fury to the cold, uncaring apathetic eyes of the sexual market…

be thankful that you are a man.

“Are You Seeing Anyone?”

CH · 6 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> Really loved the “it’s complicated” post, and have found lots of versatile use for it in my life. Thinking about it though, I think it’s most effective with women new to you as opposed to women you have history with. I also don’t think it should be used as a text response. Some of my ex’s will hit me up out of the blue via text, usually playful messages, but sometimes with the direct inquiry “are you seeing anyone?” that only a woman (or clueless beta orbiter) would ask. While “it’s complicated” would now be my default response to a new girl at a bar if she asked the same, I think it sounds too defensive and pandering to an ex, as though you’re trying to hide something from someone who already knows you very well. **[Ed: Agreed.]** I also think it doesn’t have the same effectiveness if used as a text reply to anyone.
>
> I went with this exchange recently:
>
> aspirational ex-girlfriend: Are you seeing anyone?
> (next morning) me: you workin for tmz now?

Good answer. Cocky and funny, jes like da ladeez like it. She also appreciates the haphazard attention to punctuation.

“Are you seeing anyone?” is a common enough question from interested women that the proper handling of it deserves its own post. (Rumor has it there are a lot of sniveling gameless betas who ask women this question when they first meet them. Pitiable creatures.)

If an ex-girlfriend, former fuckbuddy or platonic female friend who you think wants to revisit the good times with you, (or who simply wants to segue from friendship to sex), asks if you are seeing anyone, and you have decided that “it’s complicated” is not the best response, there are alternatives at your disposal.

1. Sincerity

“I’ve been dating someone for a bit, but I can’t say for sure she is the one.”

2. Lying

“No.”*

3. Evasion/Reframing

See: the reader’s reply above. Few women will follow-up an expertly delivered evasion with cunty lawyerly argumentation. This is because women who ask such questions don’t really want to know the unvarnished answer. The question is asked only to give them plausible deniability should they find themselves bedding a taken man.

4. Circumspection

“I’m dating around.”

This is my favorite answer, regardless of its accuracy. First, it shuts down further inquiry. Second, it leaves things open to interpretation.

5. Challenge

“I’m not tied down yet.”

6. Agree & Amplify

“One?”

7. Aloofness

“Nothing serious.”

Also a personal favorite. Girls like to think the guys they desire have no worries about meeting and banging women, or about settling down.

*”No” is not the ideal reply. Because of the power of preselection, you run a better chance of losing her interest if she thinks you are completely single than you do if she thinks you are getting pussy regularly. So even if you aren’t seeing anyone, you should massage your answer so that ambiguity is introduced to the dialectic. Women aren’t put off a man’s scent if he is seeing someone; if anything, they become more like a bloodhound on his trail. The only exception is when the man sings odes of love and devotion to his woman. Competitor women will generally** back off if they see that the man they want is truly, deeply in love with someone else.

**Before the fairy dust, pie in the sky, swoon brigade gets all gushy at this optimistic outlook on the female gender, let me remind the studio audience that I have observed, and experienced, plenty of exceptions to this rule.

Replies that you should avoid:

“Define ‘seeing’.”

Too goofy. Chicks don’t dig the goof.

“Not sure.”

Too indecisive. Chicks don’t dig vacillators.

“Well, I’m fucking someone, if that’s what you mean.”

Too visual and sexual. Chicks don’t dig braggarts.

“I’m married.”

Too final. Chicks need a window of opportunity.

“Aren’t you the nosy one?”

Too slippery and awkward. What are you hiding?

“Wouldn’t you like to know.”

Too abrasive. If she’s an ex who knows you well, this albeit funny line will close off further exploration.

“Why do you ask?”

Too defensive. Also, why would you step on her hamster right as its revving up for a glorious rationalization to sleep with you?

Commenters are available during business hours to help you with further suggestions.

Sluts March For Right To Be Easy Lays

CH · 7 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Why is it that the chicks who most loudly proclaim their sluttiness are ugly fatsos? For example, here are a couple pics from a Canadian (natch) protest by sluts who are offended that some policeman had the gall to suggest women bear some responsibility for not dressing in whorish outfits if they want to avoid catching the attention of potential rapists:

Sez it all, really. Girls who are least attractive to men are the ones most eager to put out, and to advertise their efficiency of putting out. When you don't have a pretty face or a nice figure, all you've got to snag some male attention is the wet hole smothered between your thunder thighs.

Ostensibly, this march was about giving women the right to dress like sluts even though bad men with rape-y intentions roam the world. There's no need to invoke blaming-the-victim like a kneejerk wind-up cuntbot every time someone notes the obvious connection between action and reaction. Young women dressed in revealing clothing walking around late at night in shady hoods are more likely to get raped than old women dressed conservatively who are at home after 10pm. While rapists are to blame for their crime and should be strung up by their balls, women bear some responsibility for minimizing the odds that they will inspire a rapist to do the dirty deed. But of course women, paraphrasing Jack Nicholson's character in 'As Good As It Gets', wish to be blessedly free of the fun-killing constraints of reason and accountability.

As we all know by now from reading this blog, rape is about sex primarily, and only secondarily about power, if it is about the latter at all. The boner doesn't lie. A man has to be sexually aroused to commit rape. If it were about power, as the feminists like to claim, Donald Trump would pop wood every time he closed a deal, and Warren Buffett would jizz in his pants when his portfolio fattened. Judging by Buffett's success, that would be a lot of jizz.

As far as I can tell, no photos of Buffett exist with telltale jizz stains on his crotch.

Women do need to be aware of their surroundings and the danger that men (particularly men of a certain caste), with their higher propensity to violence and sexual aggression, pose. This used to be common sense among womanhood for centuries. It is only in the past two generations that a bunch of put-upon dyke-lite broads in academia and the media have inculcated the opposite message in young women that they can do no wrong, have no obligation of personal responsibility, and should live in a world that caters to their need to behave however they see fit, free of consequence.

Since it is a guarantee that some egregiously dumbass readers here will misinterpret the very clear line of thought laid out above, an analogy should help fix their muddled thinking. I make it a point to not blithely walk around at 2am in majority black, Latino, or otherwise poverty-stricken neighborhoods of whatever color, even if it would inconvenience me to practice this avoidance. I know, from simple observation and the collected wisdom of the masses, that doing so would increase my odds of getting mugged or killed. If I were mugged or killed, the perpetrators would bear full responsibility for their crime. I would hope they got the chair, pronto. Better still, bullets to the knees, followed by execution to the back of the head. And yet, I recognize that I can make smart or stupid decisions with regards to my safety, and that these decisions are solely within my power to effect.

Women, you, too, need to reaffirm the wisdom of your ancestors, your grandmothers, and your great-grandmothers. Men are different from you. They do not think like you on some important matters, they do not feel like you when the throb of sexual urgency pulses, and they do not behave like you when their emotions gear up for action. You need to act accordingly. This is not “blaming the victim”. This is a call to accept reality for what it is. Denying reality means reality will automatically work against you. And when that happens, no street march in the world is gonna save you.

***

On a related note to the slut march for freedom to pursue ridiculously easy feats of derring-do, here is an article in the New York Beta Times (All the beta that’s fit to cringe) which bolsters the Chateau maxim that women, not men, are the biggest misogynists.

> One day last winter Margarite posed naked before her bathroom mirror, held up her cellphone and took a picture. Then she sent the full-length frontal photo to Isaiah, her new boyfriend.
>
> Both were in eighth grade.
>
> They broke up soon after. A few weeks later, Isaiah forwarded the photo to another eighth-grade girl, once a friend of Margarite’s. Around 11 o’clock at night, that girl slapped a text message on it.
>
> “Ho Alert!” she typed. “If you think this girl is a whore, then text this to all your friends.” Then she clicked open the long list of contacts on her phone and pressed “send.”
>
> In less than 24 hours, the effect was as if Margarite, 14, had sauntered naked down the hallways of the four middle schools in this racially and economically diverse suburb of the state capital, Olympia. Hundreds, possibly thousands, of students had received her photo and forwarded it.

Poor Margarite enshrined her love in a jpeg, and what was her punishment? The torments of her fellow sisters. A fusillade of female slut-shaming so cruel and unrelenting, Margarite was driven to living like a recluse. A quote from the Chateau post linked just above:

> Who deploys these words in vengeful anger and spiteful slander? Not men. For example, when men use the word “slut” it’s usually with their male buddies as an exercise in identifying the women most likely to put out on the first date. Men will almost never call a woman a slut to her face unless it’s a bitter, jilted ex-boyfriend looking to score points, nor will they tell the woman’s girlfriends that she is a slut. Why kill the loose goose that lays the golden lays?

> Women use them against other women. It's women whispering gossip and innuendo in the ears of whatever female node on their social network is willing to listen, subconsciously calculating that the souldiss will find its way to the intended target. Why do they do this? Because sluts, whores, and skanks make it harder for other girls to use sex as a bargaining chip to extract commitment from quality men and keep it once it is made. Sluts are traitors to the sisterhood, undermining the prime directive and making it more difficult for the commitment whores to get what they want.

The butt-ugly sluts in the Canadian march for slut rights should take heed: your worst traitors to the cause aren't sensible policemen or those engaged in so-called anarchic thinking. It's other women. Some of them even feminists.

The Four Types Of Female Reactions To High Value Men

CH · 8 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When you are a socially adept charmer drawing attention to yourself by being alive and interesting, you will notice that girls around you react to your presence in one of four different ways. These four ways of reaction are so common that they are likely universal in nature; that is, they are reflections of core human psychology. If you run game — i.e. if you act charismatically — with any regularity, you will cause girls in your vicinity to alter their behavior. They do this unconsciously as their undistracted state is interrupted by your presence, and you can predict with some accuracy how receptive each type of girl will be to your game.

Type I: Acknowledgers

This type of girl will raise an eyebrow, smile, crane her neck with curiosity, nod, or mutter a curt hello when a high value man is within her orbit of perception, and she is within his. She doesn't want to seem too interested, but she is so intrigued that she can't help but acknowledge in however fleeting or subtle a manner the man who has punctured her daily dullness. She wants to feel like she is a part of his world and that she is as perceptive as the other women at recognizing his value, so she acknowledges him to affirm her in-crowd cred. But her acknowledgement is brief and off-hand, so that she may retain the fiction that her value is higher than his until proven otherwise. Sometimes, she acknowledges simply because she feels peer pressure to do so. Acknowledgers are rarely seen alone, because they have a strong need to "fit in". If they are alone, they tend to acknowledge less and withdraw more into an introverted shell. Acknowledgers are natural followers.

Game receptiveness: High. Acknowledgers are uncomfortable with their growing sexual attraction because it is so strong and makes them feel vulnerable. They will follow your lead wherever you take them. They are ripe, low-hanging fruit for the picking, heavy with the juice of wanton womanhood.

Type II: Engagers

Engagers are girls who will jump into an alpha male's world with gusto, tap dancing and singing the whole way. They are attention whores at heart who will latch onto the social savvy express train of similarly extroverted men. When they see a man having fun, being impossibly cool, or holding court with other women, they find excuses to introduce themselves to him, or they position themselves within proximity of his senses so that the transition from their world to his is not awkward. Engagers smile a lot and are rarely at a loss for words. They like to give high fives. Their bodies talk as much as their mouths do. Engagers are no less sociable when alone.

Game receptiveness: Low to high. Engagers are often cockteases, but of those that aren't, same night lays are possible. You will need to disqualify Engagers hard. They like to chase.

Type III: Pretenders

A girl who has noticed an alpha male but acts to conceal her curiosity is a Pretender. Usually, these types of girls have a prideful but sometimes fragile ego, and an inclination to abhor attention whores and social competitors. They are loathe to express their interest in a man before has has done the same. You will recognize Pretenders by their furtive glances and quick look-aways when you catch their eyes. Pretenders love to shit test once engaged, and to act all high and mighty in the belief that no person is as interesting as themselves. They are as conceited as Engagers, but without the Engagers' natural curiosity and love of experiencing new things. Pretenders want to meet alpha males, but want the plausible deniability that studied indifference brings.

Game receptiveness: Medium. Pretenders are interested, but they are going to make you work for their attention. They succumb most easily to perceptive men who call them out on their pretending, and who butter them up with lines such as "I have an intuition about you…". They are excellent comfort stage candidates. Pretenders are expert at deploying proximity alerts.

Type IV: Hostiles

Hostiles are the type of girls who will studiously avoid acknowledging high value men or women. They are the put-upon quasi-goths and the bristly lawyercunts of the woman underworld. Hostiles are identified by their abrasive and distant personalities, and while an inordinate number of them are ugly or fat, quite a few are drop dead gorgeous hotties whose standards are so high they go out of their way to act unapproachable so that no man gets the idea in head to breach her perimeter defense. Hostiles have swollen egos they protect at all costs and cannot tolerate someone else, even an alpha male, captivating spectators. She takes this as a personal affront. Mind you, she isn't an attention whore; she just doesn't like it when her bubble of superiority is pricked by an intriguing man. Hostiles hate to feel vulnerable, and thus encase themselves in an adamantine shell of disregard when they feel the slightest tingle of attraction in a man's presence. You can identify hostiles by the sternness of their expressions, the stiffness of their backs, and the stridency of their walking, as well as their transparent and clumsy attempts at ignoring you by staring at a wall twenty yards away, or at a UFO in the sky.

Game receptiveness: Low, to sky high. Most men will find hostiles not worth the effort to game. They are so cold up-front that many will be intimidated by the approach. But hostiles fall hard to aloof asshole game. A jerk who can remember what she says about her job is like manna from heaven to the hostile.

***

You'll observe the four types above (HEAP: Hostiles, Engagers, Acknowledgers, Pretenders) in many situations in life. For instance, I was sitting outdoors on a stoop with friends (mixed group) which faced a busy sidewalk bustling with pedestrians. We were drinking red wine and listening to Motown. We all looked a little too precious, and that was enough peacocking to draw attention to ourselves. The same types of girls you see in clubs, bars, supermarkets, at the beach and at art classes could be seen walking down the sidewalk reacting to us enjoying our leisure on that stoop. This applies to the men who walked by our little gathering, too. Some would acknowledge us with a nod or a smile and a slight slowing in their step, a little bit embarrassed with themselves. Others would engage us by stopping and making a comment. (One girl shouted "Oh, so lovely!") Others, the Pretenders, would glance over then quickly avert their eyes lest they be seen affirming our high social value. Finally, there were the Hostiles — these were mostly men, but some women as well, who would briskly walk by without a break in their stride or a turn in our direction. Looking closely, we could see some of them grimacing.

If you are a close observer of human nature, you will see these four types of behavior manifest in people at work and home and everywhere else you go. HEAP is probably a representation of people as they move along the introversion-extroversion scale, intersected with the sexual/social status scale. An introverted, ugly girl will usually be a Hostile while an extroverted pretty girl will be an Engager. Exceptions exist, but as a general guideline to how women will react to your peacocking and your social stardom, the HEAP system is fairly reliable.

Spin Spin, Hamster!

CH · 12 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I know this guy who cleans up with women, compared to the typical man. I've seen him in action and girls get that twinkle in their eyes within five minutes talking with him. He's shown me pics of lovers in states of half dress on his bed. Here's the catch: the guy is short. Not a little under average; he's a short man who would lose line of sight in a crowd of women.

I listen to this guy carefully because he's living proof that game can overcome severe sexual market handicaps. He's decent looking, but not enough to compensate for his diminutive height. He dresses well — sort of a cross between Euro cafe and biker chic — and exudes confidence in the field. (Whether he has this confidence at home is open to question, but regardless he knows to turn it on when it's go time.)

Based on the obvious and superficial qualities — the ones we can see at a glance — you would expect him to do a little bit better than the average short man, which is still not very good. You wouldn't expect him to get the numbers of cute chicks he does. His secret is something readers of this blog should understand by now: his game is airtight. Solid gold. He looks girls piercingly in the eye when he picks them up, he doesn't care if they're sitting or standing, his body language projects dominance despite his height, and he negs better than any player I know. (As a short man, he has to get out front with the negs, or he'll get blown out too quickly.) He is borderline asshole with just the merest hint of vulnerability, which is exactly how the women like it. He is charming and suave — traits he says he learned over the years hanging out with alpha men who do well with women. If his shortness bothers him, he doesn't show it. He has never put himself down or whined about the unfairness of it all, as long as I've known him.

He says after his experience with game, he decided to switch careers into sales, and has cleaned up professionally, too. I asked him once how he got started with game.

"Online dating."

"You're kidding. You don't seem like the online dating sort."

"At first, it was a disaster. I didn't fib about my height. I didn't want chicks meeting me for dates thinking I was six inches taller. My game wasn't polished then, so I didn't have the confidence in my skills that I could turn a bad date around."

"So you put your real height in your profile?"

"Yup. Pics, too. Result: No bites. Girls have tons of qualifications for what they want in men, and height is near the top."

"So you gave up on online dating?"

"Nope. I rearranged my profile to emphasize my pickiness. Right out of the gate I was disqualifying girls hard. I've gotta say that I was never a bigger asshole than online."

"So it started working."

"Not as much as I wanted, but that wasn't the point. I knew as long as girls could quickly screen men online for failing their cliched checklists they would screen me out with a click. The beauty of it though was that I was beginning to get interest from girls who *specifically* wrote that they wanted taller men in their profiles. I banged a few of them and this was after they said they wouldn't normally date men shorter than themselves, but I was 'different'."

"Once you took it to the field, it must have gotten a lot tougher, what with the competition and all."

"The field was easier! The same game I ran online worked ten times better when I could walk up to a chick and talk to her face to face. Most men don't even bother approaching. You approach, and you've leapfrogged 90% of your

competition. All those qualifications that girls list in their online profiles just disappear when they're talking to a smooth bastard. Forget that stuff girls say they want in men. 6 foot, high paying career, jock, Ivy educated, blah blah blah… it's all bullshit they hang onto because it's easy to quantify in their heads and makes sense to their parents. They don't know what they want. They just react to men who turn them on, but there's no way you can get them to describe what it is about those men that makes them stand out. Ask a girl what she likes in men, and she'll rattle off some stupid list she read in Cosmo, and then she'll go home to her bartender boyfriend while her phone is lighting up with calls from all those nice guys with good jobs who are politely asking to take her out on expensive dates."

***

A woman's 463 bullet point checklist is suddenly rendered null and void when she is in the company of a man with game/charisma. The qualifications she lists in her OkCupid profile or wherever are meant to be read as "hamster can change policy without prior notice." If you have good game, you will chuckle to yourself over the many women whose qualifications you did not meet, but who slept with you anyway. The hamster can rationalize away everything from money to education to, yes, even shortness when it is being seduced by a captivating predator.

Maxim #463: Do not underestimate the rapidity with which a woman will jettison her conventional mate criteria when exposed to the attentions of a charismatic man.

Science Confirms Another Game Concept: Older Women Need Less Game

CH · 13 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Quite a while back there was a post at this ~~Den of Delicious Sadism~~ blog which explained how game changes depending on the age bracket of the woman you are trying to pick up. A few choice quotes from that post:

> The **23-27 year old** feels she is at her attractiveness peak, despite her peak having passed a few years earlier. This is because she is surrounded by many more high status men than she was while in college (or working at the Piggly Wiggly) who are expressing sexual interest in her. This social dynamic will work to inflate her ego beyond the bounds of her actual beauty ranking. Some consequences result from this.
>
> NEG HARDER. The 23-27 year old will require harder negging than any other age group of women, even the hotter 18 year olds. She needs her ego punctured before her pussy will open for you. […]
>
> The **[31-34 year olds]** are the kind of women who have sexual flings with college guys, because they can psychologically box those men in as "purely for fun" adventures. But the men the 31-34 year old women really want are the older, established men who will give them a marriage proposal and a family. This is why it is counterintuitively harder to game the older woman who still retains a vestige of her youthful attractiveness: she wants and expects so much more than the younger woman.
>
> Game required: Strong body language, masculine dominance, sharp suits and shoes, easy on the negs and palm reading, emphasis on the comfort stage, lots of travel stories, disqualify yourself from sex on the first date, vulnerability game, avoidance of the beta provider zone. […]
>
> The **[36-38 year olds]** are at peace with their spinsterhood and their failure in the dating market. A woman in this age bracket will acquiesce easily and gratefully to sex with very little game, as long as you don't look like a grandpa. Her expectations are so low, it will be a challenge to disappoint her.

That post got a lot of feedback from commenters and emailers who saw in it a deep and profound truth reflected in their own life experiences. Haters, naturally, were livid with pent-up frustration that the mirror would be so impudently turned in their direction, but they at least could retire to their twin-sized beds and cans of cat food tumbling out of the pantry, soothed with the knowledge that no scientific study as yet had proved the bold claims made in that post. They felt they could glide through another day safely ensconced in their comforting lies.

N o t a n y m o r e.

Reader quetal left a link to a very revealing study in the comments which, like other studies before it, confirms much of what is written here at the Chateau:

> Tailor Your Approach to Your Audience: Data collected by Virtual Dating Assistants revealed that while women of all ages respond well to humor, **women in their early 30s and above responded well to longer, more thoughtful emails that expressed genuine interest. Women in their 20s rejected these more serious emails, preferring even some slight cockiness – or what some dating coaches call the "Cocky & Funny" approach**. In fact, one particular email that is long (over 150 words), expresses interest, draws commonalities (it's always customized), demonstrates humor as well as a sense of ambition and adventure received a 9.7% response rate from women in their 20s, a 20.5% response rate from 30-somethings, and a 50.3% [response rate] from women 40 and above. This email, according to Scott, was sent to over a thousand women of different ages, so it's pretty clear, based on these numbers alone, that a one-size-fits-all approach to online dating is a bad one.

Pwned.

You'll notice that the study's results square perfectly with the Chateau's post quoted at the top. Older women on the downslope of their sexual desirability need less game and more signals of commitment to get them in bed than younger women in their sexual primes. Or, to put it more succinctly, younger, hotter, tighter women love assholes while older, uglier, looser women gravitate to beta providers.

The reason for this age difference in women's reactions to game is clear: Older women have less sexual marketability and are thus more likely to be pumped and dumped by a high value man. Ensuring that the man sticks around is priority number one, so older women look for signs of herbly romantic interest of the kind that you might see a humanities department professor wallow in while stroking his weak-chin-hiding white beard. One of these signs is the long-winded thoughtful email with perfect punctuation. Younger women, in contrast, are playing with pocket aces, and can afford to indulge their animal desires for the aloof, alpha jerk of their dreams.

Now, as a man, which age group of women are you more interested in? Yeah, that's what I thought. So… turn on your jerk light. Let it shine wherever you go. Let it make a jerky glow. For all the chicks to see.

This blog frequently gets lady commenters proclaiming to the high heavens that they would never date an asshole. After a leetle prying, it is usually revealed that these howling anti-game termagants are north of the Matron-Vixen line. And that they aren't, how shall we say?, attractive representatives of their gender.

Of course older women don't go for assholes as much as they used to when they were younger and hotter — their rapidly closing window of options means they can't afford the risk of satisfying their carnal need for aloof jerks who are likely to leave them as soon as a younger prospect shows up. Younger women have these worries, too, but given their many years ahead of serviceability they don't feel them as acutely, which explains why you often see the hottest chicks on the arms of the biggest assholes.

So if you want to bang broads teetering on the edge of witherdom with kids and marriage and college funds dancing in their dreams, go easy on the cocky and funny and the negs. The older woman's ego has taken enough of a bruising from the encroachment of reality; your negs will only push her into self-flagellating withdrawal or indignant lashing out. She needs to know she still has the kind of looks that can turn heads, so your cloying flattery will work wonders on her.

On the other hand, if you want to date hot girls in their 20s and, for a lucky few of them, early 30s, you have to give 'em a bit of the ol' ultrabadness. It's the moral thing to do, if women's pleasure is your business.

Executive Summary: Young women are harder lays. They require game and a cocky attitude. Older women are easier lays. They require flowers, compliments and cuddles. Don't take dating advice from women. This goes double for women over 30.

A Bedroom Finishing Move

CH · 14 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of game material focuses on early game (attraction) and mid-game (trust), but comparatively little attention is paid to end-game (seduction). This is the phase of game where the girl has nearly convinced herself to sleep with you but needs you to pass one or two last-ditch, critical alpha tests before she can will herself to sex. It is at this stage that many men fuck up royally, activating her anti-slut defense because they sped up within sight of the finish line and pushed too hard, or they disappointed her by resting on their laurels like an asexual lump and pushed too little.

Blowing it during end-game is the worst, because you have invested the most at that point. You've taken her on a date or two, you've held long conversations with her, and you've plotted and strategized — imagine the frustration to have her within ejaculating distance of your bed only to see sex vanish with a poof as she grabs her purse and tells you what a nice time she had.

There are tactics for overcoming last minute resistance — take-aways, freeze-outs, preemptive coyness, preselection bachelor pad props — and all of them are good, but one very powerful bedroom finishing move often goes underappreciated:

Choreographed sexual leading.

Reader Dirk gave a good example of sexual leading:

> My policy that chicks have to be naked to get into my bedroom has all sorts of benefits. Psychologically, it's a take-away to tell a girl she can't go in the bedroom, and I've had amateurs over for the first time immediately strip and go inside, which immediately led to sex. Even if they've been there before, it keeps the focus in the bedroom on sex. It's also a dominance thing, since they are usually totally naked before I even have my shirt off, and often I am still fully clothed when they are already totally naked. To [pique] their interest, I keep the door slightly ajar, lights off, but with lava lamp on. I'll also go in and out a couple of times to adjust the music and sometimes porn, since I run both off the computer in my bedroom, but I close the door after myself when I go in and out so the chick can't follow me in to the bedroom while still dressed. If she does, its a good time to announce my policy. My policy announcement usually just starts, "you can't go in there". If she doesn't responded with a "why not?" after a few seconds, I will then explain that "women aren't allowed in there with clothes." Of course, that line is a DHV. I live in a 1 BR apartment, so there's not a lot of real estate to explore, so they almost always get curious about seeing the BR.
>
> Last year, I had one chick over for the first time and I told her to strip outside my apartment building. She then walked 3 flights of stairs naked, walking past several of my neighbors' doorways. She loved it so much, she insisted on walking back out to the car naked in broad daylight.

This is gold. Does requiring a chick to disrobe before entering your bedroom make any logical sense? Of course not. But since when do chicks caught up in the excitement of a possible seduction care about logic? Seduction is, first and foremost, about emotion. Your words are just a silky thin facade to cloak the subtext of sexual anticipation. She hears you say "You have to be naked to go in my bedroom" and she doesn't say to herself "Why? Is he running an experiment that requires a fibre-free environment?"; instead, she *feels* to herself "Wow, that's kind of hot. I'm getting wet."

Dirk's ruse is all about sexual overtones and displaying higher value through tacit preselection and leading the interaction. Women want to be led by men, and never is this more apparent, and more true, than two steps from your bedroom. Women particularly love when men tell them what to do sexually. It hits all the female buttons that crave submission to a dominant man. She will love you for making her a follower, and resent you for allowing her to lead.

Ordering a girl to change positions — note, I said *ordering*, not politely asking — is one of the hottest things you can do for a woman in bed. Have you ever noticed how a woman's vocalizations will change and grow louder when you tell her to turn over and raise her ass to meet you? Doggy style is so sexually arousing for women because it is the most SUBMISSIVE sexual posture she can put herself in. She is completely vulnerable in that position. No intimacy, no eye contact, no visual cues — just her ass and your hand grabbing her hair as you thrust.

Dirk's bedroom directions remind me of the dynamic at play between photographer and subject. There is a reason why women famously love photographers, filmmakers and other similar artists — women can't get enough of being directed to do certain actions by men, particularly when those actions have a sexual flavor.

A couple had stopped on the boardwalk to ask me and my date to take their picture with their camera. I grabbed the camera and had them stand in a spot that I felt would result in a better shot. As they stood there goofily smiling, I told the woman to move this way and to drop her hand. She complied. I then motioned for both of them to take off their caps. Again, compliance. Still dissatisfied, I asked the women to tilt her head a bit toward him. She got flustered so I stepped closer and slowly brought my hand up near to her face and gestured the direction I wanted her to move. She smiled and her cheeks blushed a rosy hue.

After the shot, she thanked me profusely, saying it was good that they found a professional to take their picture. She let her eyes linger on me a split second longer than was appropriate for a brief meeting with a random stranger. I've seen that look before: it's the look of a woman who is pleasantly surprised at the feelings evoked by the moment just passed.

Good end-game: Order, direct, challenge. Tantalize a girl with sexy role play. Make your move sooner rather than later, but always make it on your terms, never hers. She has to know you are a sexual beast with passion that could dwarf hers, but a beast who nevertheless won't hesitate to roam for more available prey should the current quarry prove intractable.

What Betas Can Learn From Women's Rape Fantasies

CH · 18 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In this post, it was revealed that a lot of women, the majority in fact, have erotic, and *sincere*, rape fantasies. Despite the claim made by feminists that fantasy is wholly different and disconnected from reality — an empty assertion easily explained by feminists' need to handwave away any disturbing look into the female psyche — the more truthful explanation is that fantasy is a reflection of reality and hints at some deep, immutable desire. If feminists are correct that fantasy is different from reality, we would hear of women fantasizing about tender lovemaking with cubicle-dwelling beta herbs. But that is not the case.

The scientific evidence presents soul-shaking implications: many women harbor a secret desire to experience rape under the right conditions. What those specific conditions are will vary from woman to woman, (typically, an alpha male is involved), but the fundamental act of rape itself — nonconsensual and forceful — appears to be a turn-on for the majority of women. As the study showed, in their rape fantasies women were really refusing the man sex. It was not a token no. That was the basis for the fantasy. The pleasure comes from being overwhelmed by a man who pushes his way past her nonconsensuality. I know, it's hard to believe, but there it is.

Women don't like to admit to this little factoid about the inner workings of their ids, because they worry that the dissemination of such knowledge would hinder the prime directive to extract as much princessifying pedestalization from awed men as they can manage. Just as relevant: most women aren't even consciously aware, nor do they spend much time thinking about, what exactly it is that motivates their sexual desire. They prefer, instead, to swaddle themselves in a cloak of pretty lies, for the best deceptions begin with self-deception.

Rape fantasies provide a shocking look into the craggiest crevices of women's brains and what they truly desire when it's just them and their private thoughts. What does this mean for the average well-meaning beta male, (who let it be known comprises the majority of male-dom)? Well, for one, perhaps a lot more betas would do better with women if they were more assertive about physically pushing for sex.

Before the IQ-compromised cunt-brigade and their thimble-phallused uptight white knighters storm in to shriek like menstruating banshees, it should be obvious to any person reading in good faith that being more assertive about physically pushing for sex does not mean rape. It is possible to push for sex, physically or otherwise, without crossing any non-consensual lines. Anyone who's lived a day in his or her life knows that seductive escalation of the kind that women love will often blur the distinction between formal consent (sign here, here and here to proceed further down my panty line) and wary surrender (no, no, noooo…. yeeeeees).

Rape fantasies tell us that women want to surrender sexually to a man of tenacious and powerful will. Women crave the feeling of "being taken", and no cautious beta asking politely if he may peer down her blouse or apologizing when she coyly reprimands him for sliding his hand under her bra during a make-out is going to hit that "being taken" button.

There are two ways to fuck up the fuck close: you can seem too eager, or you can seem too tentative. Most men, despite what women's studies dyke professors tell you, fall into the latter category. They don't push for sex early enough, or forcefully enough. Any token resistance by the girl is immediately capitulated to, and any move to up the ante is a humiliating exercise in trepidation and apologia.

In sum, the problem betas have is that they TAKE WOMEN'S SYMBOLIC RESISTANCE AT FACE VALUE.

Of course that is going to be a tingle killer.

Instead, betas need to do more of these:

– going for the kiss unannounced.

– issuing bedroom commands.

– never waiting for obvious signals.

– always escalating (but remember: two steps forward, one step back) to more nudity, more touching, and more erotic touching.

– not taking the first “no” for an answer. (Wait until the fifth or sixth “no”, and only then if the “no” is uttered with an unmistakeable tone of genuine recalcitrance.)

– moving seemlessly from bar to bedroom.

– never apologizing for miscues or misreadings of her acquiescence.

– initiating sex in unlikely places.

– getting comfortable with spanking, hair pulling and gentle neck choking.

– reappraising their date evaluation process so that a fingerbang rather than a peck on the cheek becomes the marker of a successful first date ending with a girl who didn’t want to go all the way right away.

– putting it in without the condom. (As Roosh has correctly noted, most women nowadays are more than willing to raw dog a new man after two dates. Likely this has to do with the emerging scientific evidence that absorbed semen boosts a girl’s mood.)

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This is just a partial list. There are many more overly-cautious missteps that gelded betas commit which sabotage the trajectory of their stillborn seductions.

Now some of you may be asking, “Hey, what about that line Mystery advocated using? The one that goes ‘Would you like to kiss me?’, and if she says no you are supposed to reply ‘I didn’t say you *could*… you just had that look on your face.’ Isn’t that in contradiction to what you wrote above?”

It’s a clever little routine, and will probably work in most situations, but I have found through experience that it’s totally unnecessary. If you are winning a girl over with your game, you can silently go for the kiss without any warm-up or witty fanfare. I have rarely had a girl refuse a bold, unspoken kiss move.

Some others may then ask “What if she turns and gives me the cheek?”

Hey, it’s been known to happen, usually to guys who sloppily telegraphed their horniness, and thus their lower value. If you get her cheek, simply IGNORE IT. Proceed as if nothing happened, and reengage for the kiss later in the date. Under no circumstance should you acknowledge her cheek turn. Do not ironically mutter “Aww, shucks”, or make light of it with a flippant “That was awkward”, or crudely laugh it off with a “So that’s how it’s gonna be?”. Just move on like you hadn’t even tried to kiss her.

Any acknowledgement by you of her coyness, whether she delivers it in cheek turn form or some other false modesty-amplifying manifestation, will be received by her id central command as evidence that she is higher value than you. That is a side effect of female coyness, besides its primary function as a signal of purity.

Maxim #99: Female coyness is a purity signaler as well as an ego-boosting mechanism designed to reaffirm a woman’s sexual market value at the expense of lowering the man’s sexual market value.

Corollary to Maxim #99: Female coyness serves a secondary benefit as an anti-game strategy to make a high value man seem more attainable to a lower value woman, or to offer low value women plausible deniability for failing to attract the interest of high value men.

Letting her know that her coyness affected you is a major surrender of dating hand. Once a girl has successfully thwarted a kiss or sex attempt, and more importantly gotten recognition of her thwarting from you, she has hand. She starts to think that you are not worth her company, or she silently muses that she can do better, because you want it more than she does.

You do not want a girl to have hand if sex within this century is your goal. One of the golden rules of seduction is that half of the battle of bedding hot girls (hot is the operative word here) is lowering their value, and, yes, their self-esteem, below yours.

Maxim #100: The urgency and strength of a woman's desire for a man is directly proportional to the degree to which he is perceived higher in value than her.

If you absolutely must say something after getting a cheek turn, there is one line you can say to a girl which works well:

"Aw, how cute. It's like we're twelve-years-old again."

The beauty of this line is in the subtext: you are insinuating she is not sophisticated enough to handle her out-of-control emotions around you. Also, by using the word "we're" instead of "you're", you avoid sounding accusatory. Girls like it when you pretend to non-judgementalism.

Reader Mailbag: Fast Times Edition

CH · 19 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1 is from a high school student who calls himself Inexperienced Gamer:

> I found your blog a few months back and I loved it. If any site has given me good advice, this is it.
>
> I saw your 'first experience with game' post a few weeks ago and it kind of struck a chord with me. There's this girl I went to school with a very long time ago, after which I left the school. Now we're in high school again, and she's definitely raised her market value.
>
> It's clear that she's into me, but I'm not in any of her classes (no chance, I'm AP) and any cross-curricular activities. My question is, how can I approach (in a setting like this that isn't, say, a nightclub or bar) without coming off as too forward?

First, I love it that Chateau-popularized concepts like "sexual market value" are infiltrating the high school halls. We've come a long way from passing notes and innocently day-dreaming about kissing the cute girl who sits in the front row.

Second, what is this "too forward" crap? You've gotta bust a move to get the girl. They aren't just going to float into your lap. Man, I can remember my earliest years as a stripling seducer when I let a few juicy high school chicks go because I frittered away time thinking about how to arrange the perfect rendezvous with heavenly lights and trumpeting angels heralding my approach instead of walking up and talking.

AP classes tells me you are at the stage where you pride yourself on being smarter than most of your fellow students. You're probably a little nerdy. Cold approaching fills you with apprehension. Amiright? Well, you'll have to get over that. If you don't share classes or activities, you've got options to meet her between classes or at the local hangout spot after school. Do you skate or anything like that? Do stuff outdoors where there's a good chance she'll stroll by with her friends. From there, it's just a matter of accusing her of being a skateboard groupie. Find out what groups she's in and arrange it so that you're somewhere in the vicinity. It helps if she sees you chatting with other girls.

Your options are limitless. Don't overthink it. Most important thing is to JUST SAY SOMETHING. Nod in her direction and say "Hey, come here." There is a 99.9% chance she'll come. Whatever you do, don't fall back on the crutch of texting to hint at your feelings. That's weak sauce.

***

Email #2:

> Big time fan of the truths exposed on this website, I'm currently facing an interesting challenge and could use the advice of a super-alpha in negotiating new territory.
>
> This may seem superfluous, but I feel a quick synopsis of back story will help. I began with natural alpha qualities, but devolved to full on beta-dom after my parents had an ugly divorce and my highschool girlfriend dumped me (for being too beta). I exiled myself across the country for two years, and was contemplating ending it all when all old friend contacted me out of the blue to tell me about Roosh's book Bang. I realized all of my problems resulted from being a Beta and having extremely poor inner game. I returned home and began living with my estranged alpha father (think Charlie Sheen light) and began revamping my personality while returning to my old practices of tearing through women and not caring of what other think of me.
>
> Recently I found a woman who is different, and with the increasing levels of disclosure I feel as though more and more of the old beta is coming out inadvertently regardless of how conscious I am of it. While I commonly make her go get me a beer after sex, respond to requests to put the seat down with "fuck off", and the only

> PDA I show is the occasional hug or hard slap on the ass I feel like I'm slipping. Outside of behaviors like these combined with approaching more women on nights off and being extremely aloof what can one do to continue as a true alpha? How exactly does one balance the beta and the alpha when in a relationship?
>
> I appreciate any thoughts you have on the matter.

A good woman will test a man's alpha resolve. Intense romantic feelings will play havoc with your game if you don't know how to manage your emotions. (Most younger guys don't.) If you remind yourself of this, you'll get better at catching yourself when you slip into beta behavior.

Some of your actions seem a little over the top, however. Almost like caricatures of alpha behavior. Telling a girl to "fuck off" when she asks you to put down the toilet seat is unnecessarily harsh, unless I'm misreading the tone in which you say it. Remember: amused mastery is the zen-like state you should aim for. Better to tease her when the toilet seat issue comes up with something like "Would you like a frilly toilet seat cover to go with that request, your highness?"

But you may be dating a hardcore asshole lover, in which case a regularly scheduled "fuck off" is entirely appropriate and useful. On the other hand, you may be trolling all of us with your email. For the moment, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Once a relationship is solidified (usually after three months) you can afford some beta slippage. Girls do need to see signs of tenderness and commitment from men they are dating, after all. This is especially true if she's acting like she's in an exclusive relationship with you. So stop worrying and just don't do anything egregious, like drop on bended knee.

***

Email #3:

> what's the best reply to this shit test
> "you just wanna get me drunk so you can take advantage of me."
>
> I replied with "yeah, i heard you're easy"

Not a good reply. That's a good way to trigger her anti-slut defenses. Better:

"My advantage… or yours?"

***

Email #4 is from "Joe":

> I was born a beta. Several months ago, I discovered 'game' and your blog – since then I've made a conscious effort to become alpha. (I'm definitely not the finished article yet, but I'll get there.)
>
> If you wouldn't mind helping a brother out, I'd *really* appreciate your advice on something. Here's the backstory…
>
> Sarah (HB8) and I have been friends for 18 months (we attend the same university in [redacted]). After seeing me apply what you teach on your blog, she started to like me. When she told me she liked me, I pretended I wasn't sure about dating her (acting aloof)… then, a few days later, I arranged a date. This was back in November.
>
> During the Christmas break (4 weeks), we only saw each other once… it was New Years and she couldn't keep her hands off me. However, when I next saw her she acted *very* cold, and we broke-up shortly after.
>
> Anyway, we hooked-up again in February and have been seeing each other ever since.
>
> Now the Easter holidays have started and I won't see her for another 3 weeks. In order to keep her sexually interested (unlike last time),what would your advice be with regarding to texting and calling her over the

> holidays?
>
> Looking back, I acted too beta over the Christmas holidays, which is party why she was cold towards me. (For every two texts she sent me, I was sending three. And just thinking about some of the cheesey stuff I texted her makes me cringe inside!)
>
> If it helps you, attached to this email is 3 weeks worth of text messages between me and Sarah. (I know there's room for improvement. Reading through, it's clear I still need to beat the shit out of the beta in me. But, hopefully, there's enough alpha to show I'm learning from you and your blog.)
>
> If you want to use some of my texts on the blog, you can – just edit the wording so the texts convey the same message without being a word-for-word replica.
>
> You can be brutally honest in your feedback.
>
> Thanks for any advice you can offer me,
>
> – Joe.
>
> P.S. She's a 20-year-old virgin. We've done 'everything but' and last time we hooked-up, she was ready for sex… very stupidly, I had no condoms in my jacket. When we start fully sleeping together (hopefully next time I see her), she'll probably fall in love with me and I want to give her the gift of being the best, most-alpha boyfriend she ever has.

Sudden cold shoulders are caused by one of four things, in descending order of likelihood:

1. She met someone else.

2. She thinks you've become beta.

3. You made her feel slutty, and the time apart exacerbated the awkwardness.

4. She's weirdly religious.

In your case, you mention that you acted beta over the Christmas holidays, so let's assume that was the case. You're back together and she's going away for another three weeks. You want to know how to prevent a repeat of the break-up drama that happened after the New Years make-out.

I suspect you are correct about your betaness, because I read through the text exchanges you had with this chick, and it's clear to me you made yourself too available to her. Your texts are too long-winded, filled with too many Xs and Os, and too many emoticons. You nearly always end the text exchange instead of letting a little mystery linger by allowing her to have the last text.

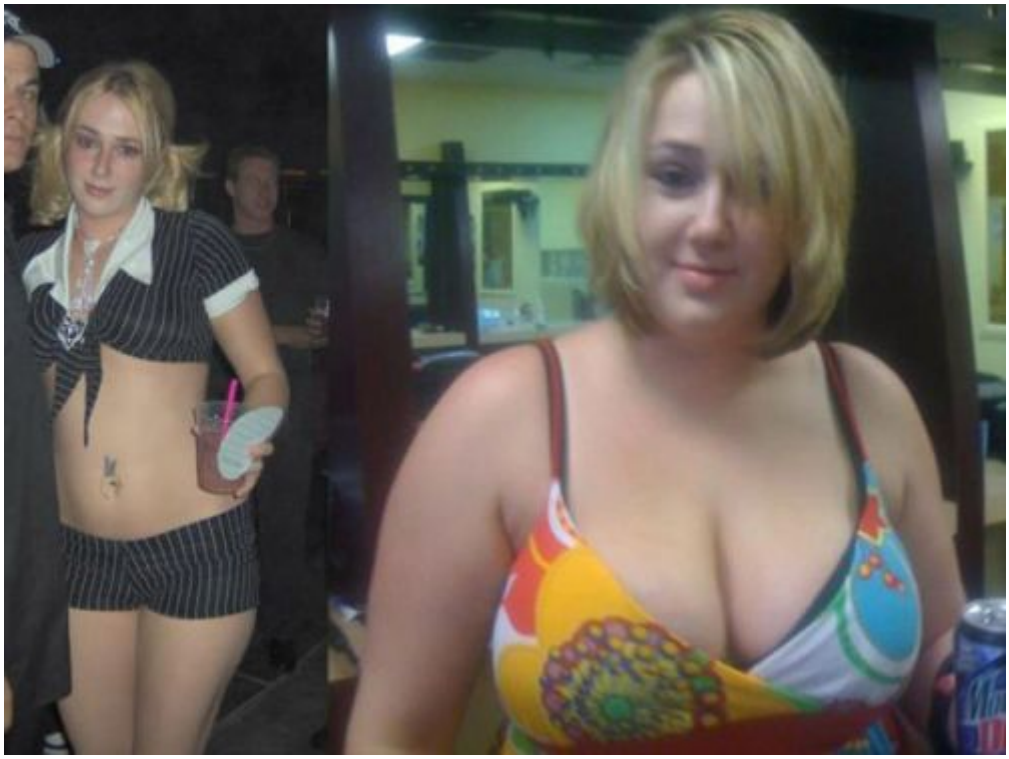
This is a girl who's already broken up with you once, and you two have only been dating since February. Plus, (and most relevantly), YOU HAVEN'T BANGED HER YET. Therefore, it's too soon to litter her inbox with winks and kissy-kissy XXs at the end of every text you send her. It smacks of clinginess. Give her room to miss you, to think about you. I wouldn't even bother texting her more than a couple of times over the holidays. Let her fret a bit about what you may be doing with your free time away from her. When you do text her, keep it much shorter than you've been doing. Don't be curt, but don't be effusive either. A short, snappy joke, or a sly sexual reference is all you need. When she responds, try to refrain from replying, unless you must.

She may be a genuinely nice girl who loves you in all your glorious betatude, but that's not the way to bet. Check yourself, governor.

Before And After: The Hilarity Of Self-Deception

CH · 20 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Nothing better illustrates the destruction that fatness visits upon a woman's attractiveness than before and after pics of her weight gain. A website has posted a bunch of these types of before and after shots and the results are stunning… stunningly depressing. Every single one of the girls went from highly bangable sexy tarts to asexual lumps of disfiguring blubber. (Note: A couple of the comparisons from that website are obvious photoshops.) Want to watch your boner deflate in fast forward? Check these:



A crying shame. For girls who are gaining weight, the uglification of their looks can sometimes take months or even years to register in their consciousness, because the change is relatively slow and thus more easily psychologically accommodated by their hamsters which are loathe to contemplate the true nature of the horrors they have committed against themselves. But when you put the thin and fat pics side by side the comparison is so stark there is no running from the cruel truth: these girls have destroyed their sexiness. They have become monsters. And the widespread (heh) existence of these monsters distorts the sexual market so badly that game becomes the only answer to successfully navigating it.

Female obesity is not just bad for women; it's bad for men, too, who have to wade through tons of sunbathing walruses before finding the lean babe on the beach, competing furiously for access to her overpriced vagina. (Fat

men are no great shakes either, but due to the nature of sex differences in attraction, fat men don't suffer the same penalty in the dating market that fat women do.)

But that is not the primary message of this post. Check out this comment left by a putative girl named "janeway" at that website:

> Yes, let's see what junk food does to guys! Eating is not why these women got bigger. NOT eating and destroying their health and subsequently their metabolism in order to attain impossible standards is why they got bigger. And in most cases, hotter.

Is there a better example of self-contradictory nonsense than what is spouted in this comment? And it's not the only one like it; that board is filled with similar comments extolling the virtues of fatness while chastising those who put up pictures of fat girls. "Janeway" is by no means an exceptional specimen of human inanity; the world is filled with women — and men whose testicles haven't descended — who think just like her. Lies and ego-salving bromides come as easily to them as eating another piece of pie.

Let's break down Janeway's comment line by line, smirking sadistically as we do it.

"Yes, let's see what junk food does to guys!"

This bold challenge implies that Janeway thinks fatness is repulsive. Premise established. Janeway knows that it would hurt the image of guys who bloated up from eating junk food, otherwise she wouldn't have taunted the authors of the original post; a taunt, it should be noted, which was ended rather confidently with an exclamation point.

"Eating is not why these women got bigger."

Janeway can string some words together, so we know she's not clinically retarded. Therefore, she must know that eating a lot of bad food is how people get fat. Yet, her ego is so invested in denying this obvious reality when it's women's fatness that is the subject of scrutiny, that she has found refuge in blurting a blatant lie so ridiculous that it's clear the lie was meant for her own psychological well-being than for any audience to consider on the merits.

"NOT eating and destroying their health and subsequently their metabolism in order to attain impossible standards is why they got bigger."

Janeway apparently has convinced herself that people get fat from breathing air while trying to reach "impossible" standards that millions of people around the world manage to reach. Also note that Janeway admits the women got bigger.

"And in most cases, hotter."

Ah, the coda to this excruciatingly insightful comment. Janeway believes, or rather, pretends to believe, that fatter means hotter. And yet she has admitted, directly or tacitly, in the previous three sentences that –

1. Eating a lot of junk food will make guys fatter and uglier.

2. The women did indeed get bigger.

3. The women got bigger because they destroyed their health and metabolism trying to reach impossible standards via a non-eating mechanism that eludes less open-minded scientists.

4. The impossible standards are desirable, otherwise women would not try to attain them.

5. And yet, given all the above premises, fat women are hotter than thin women.

Well, Janeway, if bigger is hotter, why are you so hopping mad to defend these fat chicks from judgment? Their hotness should be self-evident, no? Do you get mad when pictures of slender supermodels are posted on the web? No, of course you don't. That is because you, Janeway, are filled to brimming with lies you tell yourself to forget

the muffin top you sport that causes your belly shirts to constantly roll up so insouciantly.

Janeway = 100% dumbass. And 95% fat.

Janeway is just a prototype, a pawn for the purposes of this post. You could see this same infantile sewer logic expressed by just about any female commenter on any blog discussing fatness, sexual market value and universal, immutable beauty standards. It goes like this:

***

A is not fat and ugly.

Fat and ugly is actually beautiful.

I bet **B** is fat and ugly!

A got fat and ugly trying to be thin and beautiful.

No man likes anorexics.

***

And this same bizarro formula applies to other low sexual market value women and their nonsensical defenders. To wit:

Single momhood is not bad for my dating life.

The reason I'm not dating is because I'm careful about having men meet my bastard children.

Men don't care that I have kids.

Men run when I tell them that I have kids because they are intimidated by confident single moms.

No, really, I'm OK with loveless one night stands.

***

I'm not a has-been cougar.

Men love sexually experienced older women.

I bet you can't get anyone but has-been cougars!

Men who date younger women are intimidated by confident older women.

It's good that I don't have to play games anymore.

***

I'm not a slut.

Sluttiness is empowering.

Only low self-esteem sluts would fall for game.

All women are sluts by society's impossible standards.

Girls don't like judgmental men.

***

Self-deception: a renewable resource that actually increases the more you use it.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 22 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From lock n' load:

> It's amazing how much blubba bitch's SMV increases when she just LOSES SOME GODDAMN WEIGHT.
>
> I remember a woman who lost 45 lbs because she lost her job and had to eat oranges from a tree in her backyard to survive. Before, when she was chubby, I did not want any part of her. When she reappeared minus the weight, her attractiveness hextupled. I did not care about her financial troubles, I genuinely found myself interested.

There ya go, folks. A funny story that illustrates the huge differences between the sexes. If you're a fat woman who has lost your job and are forced to eat nothing but oranges from a backyard tree to survive, resulting in weight loss down to a slender profile, you will become more attractive to men, including financially sound men who could whisk you away from your misery.

Fatness: it matters to your life outcomes, ladies.

Proximity + Diversity = War

CH · 22 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Just another day in Diversityland.

I think I'll make this a regular series, simply because I love shoving it in the faces of the equalist tards and cheap chalupas revolutionaries who have intellectualized their status whoring and moral preening by carefully constructing a mountain of lies over the past fifty years.

Moral of the story: Ignore human nature at your peril. No amount of snark in the world will shield you from that reality.

Concept Is Not Execution: The Smart Man's Handicap With Game

CH · 22 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Many of the commenters here have a good grasp of game concepts. Some of you give excellent answers to game tests that the Chateau occasionally throws your way, showing a fluency with the fundamental psychological techniques that lead to better relations with women. However, understanding the concepts is not the same as properly executing them in the field. You can read all the game manuals you want, but if you don't get out there and apply the tactics until you start to feel comfortable using them and, more importantly, until you start to *sound normal* using them, you are like the professor who's respected in the classroom but mistaken for a bumbling homeless man in the real world.

A glaring example of this disconnect between concept and execution are the turgid, wordy replies that more than a few commenters offer as suggestions for passing particular shit tests and the like. Superficially, they comprehend the principles at play, but something gets lost in the translation. Just ask yourself when you write your comment whether any actual alpha male talks like that in the real world. Most of the time, the answer you will have to concede to yourself is… no.

This is why I strongly counsel readers to adopt a natural as a mentor. Books and manuals are one thing, but seeing it done in live action by someone who knows his stuff will rapidly boost your progress as a ladykiller. Personally, I've learned about 30% of what I know from books, forums and videos, and 70% from personal experience and from hanging out with men who were good with women. Note: these friends weren't teachers; I was just a very observant lad growing up.

Wordiness and stilted language seems to be a big stumbling block for a lot of smart, presumably borderline nerdy, men who comment here. You write your examples of conversational snippets as if you were reading from an electronics manual or, worse, a clip from a James Bond movie left on the cutting room floor. I suspect this is the reason a lot of intelligent noobs to the game get shot down in the beginning — women are a little bit weirded out by the staccato rhythms and debate team formality of their speech. These guys aren't losing points on the technicals; they're losing points on style.

So, a word of advice: succinctness is the soul of cool.

Get out of your head, stop trying to formulate your sentences with the perfectionist's eye toward proper grammar and logic, and start learning to get comfortable speaking with slangy informality. For examples of good game lines delivered with the right mix of attitude, concept and style, see any comment by el chief or el guapo. (If I left any of you out, don't be offended. I'm too lazy to recall all of the outstanding commenters.)

Comment Of The Week

CH · 22 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

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>
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Fatness: it matters to your life outcomes, ladies.

How Not To Spend A Ton Of Money On Your Girlfriend Or Wife

CH · 24 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Remember some trivial detail about her and recall it many months later, to her pleasant surprise.

“The craziest field trip ever was that picnic last summer at Hyde Park. Poor Terry broke his hand playing frisbee.”

“Yeah, I remember you wore a cute blue and yellow ribbon in your hair that day.”

shiny, glowy face “That’s right! You remember that ribbon! Wow.”

Her girl friends, in unison: “Aaaw.”

Congratulations, you just saved thousands of dollars on expensive dinners, clothes, housewares and jewelry, all for the price of a strategically recalled, flattering detail about her appearance.

***

After a certain time has passed in a relationship, a girl wants to feel a powerful emotional bond with her lover. You have established your dominant alpha bona fides, now she wants to see signs of your commitment to her. Most men take the easy route and demonstrate commitment through acts of providership. You, however, read this blog and now know that for the low, low price of zero dollars you can stimulate a rush of emotional bonding by dedicating a little mental energy to remembering something small but personally significant about her, and reminding her of it months later. Multiply the bonding experience by two if you drop your total recall with her friends present.

Emotionally distant men who generally don’t like women for anything more than sex and what they can do for their status at cocktail parties tend to buy off their women’s need for signs of emotional bonding with trinkets and baubles. These are the kinds of women who cheat on alpha husbands with smooth-talking poolboys. You can avert living this one dimensional love life by meeting women you actually like to do stuff with. You will find it easier to remember things about them which you can recall for maximum impact at a later date.

Men who like sharing time and activities with their women, and vice versa, don’t need to drop beaucoup bucks on them to keep them happy. They know the secret to happy relationships is a healthy mix of dominance, teasing, good fucking and shared experiences. One tiny, remembered detail about her — a blue and yellow ribbon from a picnic last summer — is the equivalent in love points of a 10 karat diamond set in white gold.

Many cynical readers of the Chateau often snark that the advice given to men to screen girls during the attraction stage for attributes besides their looks is nothing but a facade of discernment designed to get them into bed sooner rather than later. Partly correct. But their cynicism blinds them to the longer term view. There are real, practical reasons for screening girls for lifestyle compatibility. If she likes to do the same things you like to do, you won’t struggle to keep her entertained; you’ll be entertaining yourself every time you’re with her. Win-win.

Just don’t overdo your commonalities. Imagine your life occupies two worlds: your shared world with her, and your own secret world. She needs both to feel irrepressible lust.

Women Are More Comfortable Sharing A Lover

CH · 25 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A religious American woman engaged to a Frenchman writes about her experience with him when he broke off their engagement. An old high school flame had come back into his life and, as he explained to his American fiancée, he couldn't decide if he loved the old flame.

(Don't old flames just have a sixth sense for knowing when their window of opportunity is about to close? goddamned eerie.)

The author decides to "stay" with him; that is, she does not harangue him with an ultimatum or break up with him in a fury of righteous indignation. She instead offers to give him the space he needs to decide with whom his love is strongest and whether to come back to her at an unspecified future date should he want to do that. She calls this a relationship limbo born out of love for him. They continue emailing and calling over the next several months (the author is vague about any chance that they met for quasi-makeup sex during the limbo interim), and the story ends with no resolution. He still has not chosen between the two women, and the author still loves him. In her words:

> If the man I love does come back, it will not be because I have threatened or manipulated him. His return will not be mere capitulation to the all-or-nothing terms I have set. It will come from a place of deep self-knowledge that he has found in his own time. And if I take him back, it will be because of similarly deep self-knowledge, made possible by this very difficult thing I have chosen to do: live with limbo, and take responsibility for my own happiness.

I admire this. She is wise enough to know that ultimatums are the worst possible foundation for a marriage. She also senses, although I doubt she could comprehend the true reasons why, that men are capable of loving more than one woman simultaneously. This is an emotional feat most women cannot grasp, because it is not in a woman's nature to love more than one man at a time. It takes a selfless woman with a grounded ego and big heart to be able to temporarily silence the hamster and admit to herself that, although she could never do it, perhaps her man really does love two women at once.

Maxim #200: Men acquire lovers; women share lovers.

But she is unwise in one respect: he may return, but not in love. There is no guarantee that he doesn't return to his American lover simply because his options dried up. Perhaps years later the old high school flame gains weight and our intrepid alpha male* Frenchman loses his love for her, which impels him to seek the comfort and sexual satisfaction of his former lover once again. In other words, she may serve as nothing more than his safety snatch. Yet, for many women, playing safety snatch to an alpha male is preferable to playing top choice to a beta male. So we come round again to my admiration for her purity: she loves an alpha male, and she will surrender her ego to be with him, no matter the cost. I don't fault her at all for her decision.

*How do you know he is an alpha male?, some of you are probably asking. We know because he has two women in love with him, and at least one of them has agreed to become a *de facto* member of his nascent harem. Or: it's self-evident, Sherlock.

The implications of her decision, amplified a million-fold across the corners of the globe, should give betas pause. Women have a natural instinct to sort into concubinage under a sole alpha male. Now, this does not mean women favor such an arrangement to the exclusion of all others; ideally, women would like an alpha male all to their own. But given a world full of competing choices, a woman's evolutionarily guided hindbrain impulse pushes her, continually like the slow but forceful eddies in a tidal pool, into an arrangement where she feels more sexually fulfilled, as a woman, being the second or third or even thirtieth concurrent lover of a powerful man instead of the first and sole lover of a weak man.

Of course, most modern women do wind up settling for beta males (usually at the tail end of their prime attractiveness years), not least because social taboos and restrictions prevent the large-scale formation in the West of openly recognized harems (to date; see: gay marriage slippery slope). Many women, unbeknownst to their conscious minds, find a loophole to this societal shaming mechanism by doing what the Salon author did: they drop out of the dating market to wistfully pine for an unavailable alpha male while he enjoys the pussy fruit of multiple women. Women who aren't into the whole wistful pining thing prefer the alternatives of riding the cock carousel or cheating on beta boyfriends while keeping it on the DL.

The Salon author, Sharon Hewitt, very much resembles the protagonist from Story of O. She gives everything, including pride, in the service of love for a high value man. And she would have it no other way, though her actions violate just about every sacrosanct feminist principle of what it supposedly means to be an "empowered" woman. O, like this author, has discovered that the ultimate assertion of female empowerment resides in surrendering completely, despite all odds stacked against her and peer pressure to do otherwise, to love. Love, even, and maybe especially, for a man who would tell her he loves another, or would, like René, offer her body to strangers for sexual plundering.

That, my friends, is the unearthly pull of the alpha male.

So, a toast to Miss Hewitt, for reminding betas how badly the cards are stacked against them. You remain true to a man who has abandoned his wedding promise to you to spend time with another women. More than true, you remain in love with him. In doing so, you have removed yourself from the dating market, and ensured that one man enjoys the pleasure of two women while another man goes without the pleasure of any woman.

It's Easier Picking Up Foreign Girls In Your Home Country

CH · 27 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There is a phenomenon which I like to call Sex Mediated Differences in Travel Experiences. The theory accounts for the following real world observations:

– a woman is more likely to have a fling in a foreign country than at home

– a man is less likely to have a fling in a foreign country than at home

– a woman is less likely to have a fling with a foreign-born traveler in her home country

– a man is more likely to have a fling with a foreign-born traveler in his home country

For the typical woman, traveling abroad is basically an excuse to make dirty love with a dude who speaks broken English with an adorable cheese-grating accent. For the typical man, traveling abroad is a cultural awakening, since he won't be spending much time banging foreign girls like he had hoped.

The science behind the Sex and Travel Theory is simple: women crave men higher in status than themselves, and territorial familiarity — or territorial mastery — is one form of status signaling. A woman abroad — as long as she doesn't restrict herself to expat communities — is surrounded by local men who know the land, the people and the language. By dint of their local knowledge and proficiency with the culture they become higher status than the traveling woman, no matter what her relative income or social status back home. As a result, the traveling woman is primed to perceive foreign men as higher status than herself, and thus more sexually attractive.

The traveling man, in contrast, will be perceived by local girls as having less status than themselves, simply by being a naif in a new land. This is especially true in countries where the women aren't dirt poor or surrounded by drunkards and trying to win the green card lottery. (See: Any West European country.) Many men discover to their surprise that they have to work harder to pick up chicks in foreign countries than they do to pick up women in their own country.

At home, the scenario reverses polarity. A woman has less incentive to pursue a fling with a visiting foreigner because his baseline status as an outsider is lower than hers. He has no special knowledge of the land she lives in. But a man finds it easier to pursue flings with foreign girls in his own country because they now perceive his "home field advantage" status as higher than theirs.

Again, ask any man with experience in dating foreign girls and he will tell you scoring foreign chicks on his own turf is a breeze compared to scoring foreign chicks in their own countries. At home, he has an in-built status boost relative to visiting foreign girls, and this works to his advantage, even when he is not aware of it.

Caveats:

You still should have a working familiarity with some of the cultural and psychological differences between groups of foreign girls. A Russian is not a Czech. Although game principles are universal, there are some distinctive nuances separating the ethnicities.

The intrinsic advantage that you will have with a foreign girl on your home turf dissipates the longer she has been here, exposed to the rot of American feminism, consumerism and celebrity culture. This starry-eyed, zero-bitch shield period will be strongest when she's fresh off the boat, and gradually diminish with time. If she's fluent in English and from a Western nation, expect her disenchantment to emerge around month three. If she's not fluent in English and she's from Russia, Africa, Latin America or some parts of East Europe, expect the glow of automatic tingles whenever an American man talks to her to linger for two years.

You can do well overseas if a) you have game, hybrid vigor looks, and a decent command of the local language, or b) you leverage your "expert from afar" credentials. A man with some local knowledge, money, or international

business interests can do well with foreign girls who, like all women, are attracted to the stranger who comes into town bearing gifts of mystery and allure.

If you are operating from your home country, don't neg foreign chicks as much as you would American chicks. The language difficulties and tacit status differential are already enough negs for even the hottest foreign girls. Negs, sarcasm and teasing are often misconstrued by foreign girls as rejections.

Prince William: Beta Chump

CH · 28 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Kate Middleton, a rather mannish-looking princess-to-be (get a load of that wedge-shaped chin), has excised the 'obey' part from her wedding vows. Her feminist sensibilities have got the best of her, so she will not be vowing any obedience to her Prince. Perhaps William could take a page from her book and alter his wedding vows to suit a more contemporary interpretation:

"I, beta supremo, take thee, annoying ballbuster, to be my lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love as a legally recognized equal in every way except for those times I'm required to prop her on a pedestal and sing her praises to all and sundry, till death or a financial catastrophe from divorce us do part, according to culturally specific traditional folkways; and thereto I plight thee the last vestige of my manly fortitude."

I'm sure Kate batted her eyelashes and glowed a bit in the cheeks when she kindly ~~asked~~ directed William to accept her changes to the traditional English wedding vows, and I'm sure William, being the good enlightened poodleboy he is, pretended to happily agree, figuring that she would love him even more for his understanding and progressive attitude.

I've got news for ya, ol' chap. She won't. In fact, she'll likely come to resent you for caving to her demands.

To understand this female peculiarity with issuing demands they don't really want to see acceded, you have to envision that each woman has two mouths. One mouth, the face mouth, says the words that your ears actually hear. This is the mouth that concatenates and delivers the sentence fragments that form in the prefrontal cortex of her mind. She means these words, inasmuch as that part of her brain retains control over the other parts of her brain. Unfortunately, that is rarely the case.

The other mouth, the vagina mouth, only says words that her hindbrain hears. These are words not meant for either your ears or her ears. Her hamster, though, does hear them, and his job is to spin those words, devilish as they are, into palatable rationalizations which are then shuttled to the polite and civilized cortex for mastication.

So, the face mouth says 'I will not obey and he better agree with me', while the vagina mouth whispers 'Jesus, if he bends to my feminist will I'm going to dry up in bed and start daydreaming of the gruff bouncer at Shariadiscoteque.'

Before I knew of this 'obey' tidbit, I would have given this celebutard marriage pretty good odds of surviving to the decrepit end. After all, she is marrying a prince. And she's not exactly the hottest babe he could have snagged. But now that this has come out, I revise my estimate downward. The chance of Kate absconding with a swarthy southerner on a weekend junket aboard his yacht has just doubled.

Like father, like son. Even royalty can't compensate for cringing betaness.

Leave Her Place More Often Than She Leaves Yours

CH · 28 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

You've spent the day with her, come back to her place, had sex, watched a movie and drank some wine. But instead of sleeping over, you decide to go home to chill by yourself for a night. As you head toward her door to leave, she skips over, throws her arms over your shoulders, and kisses you goodbye, whispering 'i love you' with the tone of urgent expectation that it would be answered in kind. Her eyes speak with that giveaway limpid twinkle that tells you she was never more enraptured by you than at that very moment, and lurking underneath her joyous exterior is just the tiniest undercurrent of anxiety — sweet sweet anxiety — as she watches you walk away from her.

Yeah, she knows, consciously, that she'll see you tomorrow, but for know, the act of physically leaving her presence to set off for a homeland 1/4 mile away imbues her subconscious with the same exquisite dread of loss that her distant female ancestors must have felt when their men left in the morning for the hunt on the plains just over the horizon.

Logically, it should make no sense that leaving her place would fill her heart with even stronger longing, and more powerful sexual attraction, when she knows that you live close by and you aren't going on a dangerous hunt or raiding expedition with your laptop and cellphone. And yet, those ancient feelings bubble to the surface unbidden, caring not for logic or sensibility.

It's a quite rudimentary act, this leaving your lover's place so she is standing behind to watch you saunter off; one so devious in its simplicity that most men do it by accident, unaware of the soul-stirring effect it has on women.

When you spend time with a woman at her place, and then leave, you are artificially boosting your status relative to hers. This status boost triggers powerful feelings of lust and love in her. For reasons that harken back to a time shrouded in the mists of our tribal antiquity, a man who parts from his lover rather than waits for his lover to part from him is perceived more attractively to her.

The corollary to this phenomenon is also true, and should give you pause. If she is at your place, and she leaves to go do something by herself, the physical nature of her parting from your abode and you kissing her goodbye reverses the omnipresent status tension that must always exist to foster her desire for you. Do it enough times, and barely comprehended forces emanating from the deepest abyss of her id will push outward, staining her subconscious impression of you as a higher status man, until spite and resentment begin to intrude on once idyllic moments of loving peacefulness.

Therefore, try to make it a habit to part her company more often than she parts yours. A mirror image of Poon Commandment V — follow the golden ratio — applies: for every two times she leaves your place, leave her place three times.

What about those of us who cohabit?, some of you are asking. Well, there are ways to leave a woman without really leaving her, and without leaving for another home. Just imagine you have your own interests, and occasionally adventure calls, and you must heed it, without her. She can't help but love you when you leave her behind.

On Bended Knees

CH · 29 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Royalty doesn't wait.

(hat tip: JT)

(caption contest time! any reference to "polishing the royal sceptre" will earn double bonus points.)

Alpha Assessment: Tasting Success Edition

CH · 29 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Did you act like the alpha all women crave? Let's find out.

Alex writes:

> To start, let me state until a week ago, I was a huge beta male that didn't realize it. After reading a lot of this site, and some others, I'm trying to shape up my game, so here's my first try:
>
> It started with her rescheduling a date we had.
>
> Her: Hey sorry, the expedition with my roommates took longer than I expected, can we do another night this week?
>
> (right before we were supposed to meet)
> Me: Sure. I'm free Wednesday at 7.
>
> Her: Sounds Good □
>
> (20 minutes later)
> Me: I'll pick you up at your house.
>
> Her: My roommate isn't the biggest fan of mysterious guys coming over, so I can meet you there.
>
> (an hour later)
> Me: Fine, but you're buying the first round of drinks. Meet me at X at 7.
>
> (almost immediately)
> Her: Alright, I'll be there. □
>
> I know this isn't anything special, but I'm fairly proud of myself for my first taste of alpha-dom.

This is a very good exchange. After the initial postponement, he correctly waits until just before the date to let her know that a reschedule is possible, and he is firm about which day and time he can meet. (You want to make a girl sweat a bit when she asks for a rain check, so waiting until the last second to allay her fears is the right thing to do. She'll wonder if you a) got her message, and b) if you even care.)

When she texts "sounds good" with a smiley, he does not respond with another smiley. You want to avoid the typical beta traps that snare feeble men. He only replies twenty minutes later when necessary.

The girl is starting to feel that her prerogative as an innately higher status female is under threat by Alex's deft handling of the convo to this point. She responds with the status-boost-by-proxy of claiming that he can't come to her place to pick her up lest he spook her roommate. This excuse may or may not be true (likely not), but it serves well as a dual purpose shit test and status reinforcer.

Alex waits the requisite one hour before replying to her assinine excuse, and challenges her to rectify the situation by buying the first round. Well done. Chicks lurv a challenge, dontcha know!

When chicks text reply immediately, it means they are sexually aroused.

Summary judgement: The alpha is strong in this one.

Update from Alex:

> So she met me at 7, I made her buy all the drinks, and got in her pants. Win-win. Alpha > all.

Called it.

******

For the following analysis, I'll insert bolded editorial comments where needed.

She Bangs writes:

> Alright, to start off I've ran into this girl since high school, and always seem to get the girls I targeted to lay down in my bed once I set my sights on them, but this one was particularly difficult. She's got what every guy might want looks, humor, money, and a phenomenal ass that probably deserves its own booth at the car show. I hooked up with her once after some beers and a movie (she paid) and then we went back to my house where she wrestled with my appendage for about an hour, claiming she couldn't have sex because she thought of her ex too much. **[Ed: Anti-slut defense. This could have been defused.]** Didn't talk to her much because she's slightly dumb but very booksmart.
>
> Fast forward about 2 years later, I feel a little inclined to see if my avenue is completely cut off, or if I should give it a go another time… Anyway the txts end up going like this…:
>
> Me: You should come out with me on a weeknight.
>
> (Immediately)
>
> Her: Where
>
> (2 minutes later)
>
> Me: Wrong the answer is "Sure"
>
> **[Ed: She wants you to lead at this point. The cockiness is overkill. Just tell her the place you'll take her.]**
>
> (Immediately)
>
> Her: K
>
> **[Ed: She doesn't sound playful here. Beware an escalating test of wills.]**
>
> (3 minutes later)
>
> Me: Your apartment with wine, cheese, and a B rated movie.
>
> **[Ed: You're walking into her frame, chasing her, and that's a bad place to be. She gave a flippant reply with that "K" and your hand was forced to follow up with a location and plan well after she originally asked for that info. Also, it's probably not a good idea to meet a girl at her place. Home turf advantage and all that.]**
>
> (2 minutes later)
>
> Her: Thats not going out, whats a b rated?
>
> **[Ed: Shit test. She has hand, and she's gonna use it.]**
>
> (2 minutes later)
>
> Me: Gremlins
>
> (1 minute later)
>
> Her: GiZmo?
>
> (2 minutes later)
>
> Me: Gizuntite. Do you do anal?
>
> **[Ed: lol. Ok, there's cocky and funny, and there's just weird. Guess which one your answer was. It was too late to do any sort of apocalypse opener-type text game with her.]**
>
> I'm still waiting for her response, but Im going to call this one a done deal. You think she was offended,

> intrigued, or just flat out dumbfounded?

Summary judgement: dumbfounded, and not very intrigued in a sexual way. A lot of the success of this exchange depends upon your vibe with her when you first met. I'll predict this didn't turn out well, but I'm curious to know, so if the reader She Bangs is reading this, tell us what happened.

******

The_King writes:

> Every girl I hook up with doesn't want to get eaten out… ever…
>
> is this alpha or not?
>
> Are they so horny and ready that they want to skip it to go straight for the goods?
>
> That leads to is eating a girl out beta?

To your first and second questions: hard to say. Could be small sample size, or it could be that you give off a vibe of not being interested in anything but jackhammering. Or maybe you date skanks with stank snatches. It is also possible, as you mentioned, that very horny girls just want to segue straight to the rogering.

To your third question: Eating a girl out anytime during the first few weeks of dating is beta. When you eat a girl out, you telegraph your incredible horniness for her. Men normally do not want to go down on women and bury their mouths in that fetid, humid mess unless they find her so overwhelmingly hot that they can't help themselves. Women instinctively know this, so they correctly gauge that a man who goes down on them on the first date must feel he's with one of the best he's ever had. This, in turn, will sour a woman's attraction for a man, since no woman in the history of the universe has ever felt raging lust for a man she believed lower than herself in value.

Cunnilingus later in the relationship is absolved from this rule, because you have already demonstrated your manly ability to use her strictly for the piledriving hole she is.

******

walawala writes:

> Field Report highlighting the beta to alpha switch and the merits of Mystery Method.
>
> Target: girl who lives in another country, have known for 8 years, always kept in touch with, never banged. She was always talking about getting together but since she lived so far away, we'd only see each other as "Friends" when I went there for business. She's 34, slim, dresses hot, short skirt, heels, looks good for her age, in the US might be an 8.
>
> She says she's coming to Hong Kong to visit from China with her hot friend who she seems to want to set me up with. We mostly communicate by Chat/MSN.
>
> We agree to meet for dinner and then go to a dance party-the three of us. But the super hot friend is divorcing her husband who stuck her with her 3 year old daughter for the weekend, so it's me, my HB7 friend and her HB8 younger single mom with precocious 3 year old in tow.
>
> After studying and practicing game, I decide to see how far this will go. Single mom is clearly out, the kid is a major cock block. But my "friend" looks hot.
>
> From the minute they sat down, I initiate light kino with my friend. Then start escalating it, first a tap on the forearm to make a point, then keeping it there longer.
>
> We go to buy a bottle of wine before the party and before dropping single mom off at hotel with 3 year old rug rat. I carry the rug rat to the wine shop. (Protector of women and children).

> At the dance party, I largely ignore my friend instead dancing with other girls. (Pre-selection)
>
> I come back, dance with her, kino, negs, push-pull teasing, back to dancing with other girls. She is giving me major IOI's. Suddenly she wants to leave. I can stay she says I pause. She looks and smiles—IOI, she wants to come over, so I suggest we come over and have tea.
>
> As we're walking outside, I remember this blog's advice to a prior email of mine about waiting is for beta's and poets. So I lean in and plant a hot wet kiss on her.
>
> She responds like she couldn't wait. Biting my lip, deep tongue. She's game.
>
> Back to my place. Banged her twice. She was so into it. She leaves to go back to her hotel room that she's sharing with her hot friend and friend's daughter.
>
> Next day she sends text: "forgive me if I was out of control". Then after we chat, she says it was a "shock" and that she thought we were just "friends" but never thought it would happen "like in a movie".
>
> Wants me to come travel with her, visit her etc.
>
> This 5 hours of alpha beats 5 years of beta is so true.
>
> Elsewhere here, someone wrote that the essence of game was to look like you don't care while consciously trying to move it forward. That was how it was that night for me.

Summary judgment: delightfully alpha. I have nothing to add, except, welcome to your escape from the matrix.

******

Fisto writes:

> A couple weeks ago I finally sat next to a hot chick on the plane. I just nodded at her, sat down, and opened a book. Occasionally, chuckling under my breath. After I closed my book for a moment she struck up the conversation "what's that you're reading"? She is a little older but still a solid 8. Plus she was flying to LA for some kind of fashion thing and she had all these fabrics. This kind of upped my desire to bang her.
>
> I'd exchanged a few txts with her after getting her number when the flight was over. She was flying back that same night and I was getting picked up by another chick anyway.
>
> Here's the text exchange when I asked her to get together.
>
> Me: I'm back in town mon lets catch up for a drink
>
> Her: Are you asking me on a date or for a buddies drink? Lol
>
> Me: I've got too many buddies as is, so the former
>
> Her: Nice. I would love to grab dinner. I save just drinks for buddies
>
> Me: Well before you have dinner w me ur invited to have a drink
>
> Her: Sounds Great!
>
> Then we made plans to meet at this lounge and I eventually got the bang later that night (last night). Anyway, I followed advice from this blog on reframing and avoiding being suckered in to buying dinner only to get a lousy kiss. Just wanted to say thanks.

I like the way this reader handled the woman's slyly manipulative move to extract dinner resources from him with his reframe away from dinner and back to drinks. You really do not ever want to take a girl you haven't yet banged to dinner. The food will absorb all the alcohol she drinks, and the seating arrangement at dinner tables is not conducive to kino escalation. And don't forget that the time to sex is directly proportional to the amount of money spent on her (more money, more high n' dry time), so keep your cost-per-lay low.

Props also to the aloof and indifferent lack of attention to punctuation. Chicks eat that shit up.

Summary judgment: smooth moves, ferguson.

Why GSS Sex Questions Should Be Taken With A Flat Of Salt

CH · 29 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The problem with sex surveys has been the same since the first white-coated experimenter got it in his head to ask women about their sex lives –

women lie about sex.

Not only do women lie about sex, but their vaginas and brains aren't even on the same page when it comes to what they find sexually stimulating. Their own vaginas seem to be lying to them.

A study from a few years ago examined this problem and found that women lie worse than men on sex surveys, and lie about a whole host of behaviors that they are afraid might label them a slut:

> Women are more likely than men to lie about their sex lives as a study reveals they routinely claim to have slept with fewer partners than they have.
>
> The report points to discrepancies in the results of sex surveys since the Sixties which have indicated heterosexual men exaggerate the number of their partners, with British men claiming an average of 13 over their lifetime.
>
> Yet women in the UK claim an average of nine – leading to the unlikely conclusion that the majority of Britain's menfolk are having sex with foreign women. Similar studies elsewhere suggest that this is statistically impossible.
>
> Until now, scientists had thought that both sexes were lying – with men inflating the number of partners and women understating them.
>
> But the study reveals women's embellishments include adding years to the age they claim to have lost their virginity and lying about masturbation and use of pornography. The survey in the Journal of Sex Research quizzed 96 men and 105 women. Some were told their answers were anonymous, some were told a researcher was watching and the rest were told they were being monitored by lie detector.
>
> "Women are so sensitive about being labelled 'whores' that they are very reluctant to be honest about their sexual behaviour, even in supposedly anonymous surveys," said Terri Fisher, who headed the study at Ohio State University in the US.

Women lie to cover up their sluttiness? Who woulda thunk it!

A lot of bloggers like to use GSS (General Social Survey) data to track changes in society's sexual behavior. Many of these bloggers have found in this data evidence that American women are becoming less slutty in the past ten or twenty years. This does not jibe with my personal experience, so I knew something was amiss. I mused that perhaps American society is bifurcating into two female camps, with the urban blue state camp waving the banner of Team Slut and the religious red state camp hoisting the flag of Team Prude. Since there are more red state godly girls than there are blue state heretic hos, I figured that would account for the overall trend toward less sluttiness.

But studies like the above point out a real problem with sex survey data like that found in the GSS — women just aren't going to tell you the truth about their sex lives under most normal circumstances, even when anonymity is guaranteed. And that may be the real reason why the GSS gurus are finding chimeras of chasteness that don't really exist — the data are corrupt.

The only way you are going to get an accurate reading of what kind of sex lives women lead is to secretly videotape the numbers, and types, of men she bangs with her pussy or ass, blows, or pleases with an old-fashioned, because women will conveniently rationalize anything other than penis in vagina as "not really sex".

Now that's science I can get behind.

Genetics And IQ, Parents Matter

CH · 1 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There is an excellent new paper by Dr. Alex Fornito, et.al., and here is the punchline:

> How well our brain functions is largely based on our family's genetic makeup, according to a University of Melbourne led study.
>
> The study published in the international publication *The Journal of Neuroscience* provides the first evidence of a genetic effect on how 'cost-efficient' our brain network wiring is, shedding light on some of the brain's make up.
>
> Lead author Dr. Alex Fornito from the Melbourne Neuropsychiatry Centre at the University of Melbourne said the findings have important implications for understanding why some people are better able to perform certain tasks than others and the genetic basis of mental illnesses and some neurological diseases.
>
> "The brain tries to maximize its bang-for-buck by striking a balance between making more connections to promote efficient communication and minimising the "cost" or amount of wiring required to make these connections. Our findings indicate that this balance, called 'cost-efficiency', has a strong genetic basis."
>
> "Ultimately, this research may help us uncover which specific genes are important in explaining differences in cognitive abilities, risk for mental illness and neurological diseases such as schizophrenia and Alzheimer's disease, leading to new gene-based therapies for these disorders."
>
> "We found that people differed greatly in terms of how cost-efficient the functioning of their brain networks were, and that over half of these differences could be explained by genes," said Dr. Fornito.
>
> Across the entire brain, more than half (60%) of the differences between people could be explained by genes. Some of the strongest effects were observed for regions of the prefrontal cortex which play a vital role in planning, strategic thinking, decision-making and memory.

Here is one popular summary of the results. I interpret the finding to suggest some mix of a) genetics is more important than we think (when we think we are measuring the importance of IQ), and b) there are some smart people, smarter than we often think they are, and they pick and choose their mates.

For the pointer I thank my clear-eyed powers of observation.

***

Maybe the Cheap Chalupas guy should read and post about these types of studies. He likes to posture as a well-read man, after all. Or would that be too emotionally painful?

Economists and liberatarians work to make economic theory fit human nature as they see it. What they fear most is that human nature will not bend to fit economic theory. And so they ignore human nature. Or whitewash it. Or demonize it. And they look sillier and sillier by the year…

Why The Royal Marriage Is Doomed

CH · 1 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Hand holding involves a dominant and a submissive hand position. The dominant hand is the one over the top of the other hand, with the palm facing backward.

Women prefer the submissive postures in relationships. It is their subconscious preference, as it is men's preference to assume the role of the dominant partner. Try it sometime with your girlfriend. Hold her hand in the reverse, where your palm faces forward like in the pic above. You will find your unconscious revolting against the act, a silent scream crying out from the cellar of your mind, begging for relief from the jarring oscillation to its rhythmic pulse.

William has subverted this natural predilection and holds Kate's hand in the submissive posture. I predict she will cheat on him before her 38th birthday.

Engagement Ring Quandary

CH · 2 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks:

> I know you don't advocate marriage or spending money on an engagement ring. However, if I decide to buy a ring, what is the better practice – A) Buy the ring on my own, with no consulting the girl, her friends or her family. B) Bring her along in advance to try on rings. C) Ask her what she likes. D) Ask her friends or family what she likes.
>
> I'm thinking option A. Asking for her input appears needy, and it could be a collossal shit test capitulation to dutifully produce a ring to her exact specifications. Bringing her along seems even worse because it will put more expensive rings in her field of vision, and who knows what subtle emasculating digs the salesperson will get in. Talking with her friends and family would almost surely get back to her, so in the end it may be just as bad as asking her directly.
>
> There is some dignity in the attitude of "we're getting engaged on my terms, I'm picking the ring, and she doesn't need to tell me what she wants or know what I spend." It shows confidence, and if she likes the ring she will appreciate it more than if I just follow her instructions. If she doesn't like it she won't tell me (at least as long as she stays attracted to me) and the mindset of her loins will still be better than if I had asked her what she wants. Maybe she'll bitch to her friends that she's the one to wear the ring and she should have had input, but the effect on her hindbrain is what I care about. Involving her makes me seem afraid that she won't love me if I pick wrong. Doing it on my own seems like the way of a confident man. Am I correct in this thinking?

Answer: E. Don't do it!

Ok, seriously, if you insist on going this route, the answer is…

E. Give her a (cost-free) heirloom ring.

Or if that isn't an option…

Answer: A. Buy it on your own with no input from her or anyone else.

The reasons you gave are all valid. There is also something gauche and dispiriting about taking the recipient of your gift along for the gift-buying process. It is indeed emasculating… or, to pull a term from the feminist cuntionary, *objectifying*… to offer yourself up as a wide open wallet from which she may withdraw liberally to spend on herself. This is the foundation upon which you want to rest a modern, companionate marriage of love? Fuk dat noize.

No woman with any character at all is going to tell you the ring sucks (which, in womanese, translates as, "this ring is too small and inexpensive"). If she frowns and complains when you give her the ring…

RUN. And don't look back.

You've just gotten all the evidence you need that she is not worth your monogamous commitment.

You shouldn't be spending much on rings anyhow. After all, it is men, as the naturally promiscuous and freedom-loving sex, who give up more when they get married. By rights, the tradition should be that women propose to men with overpriced rocks as barter, as they are the ones winning out by getting betrothed.

You might also think about fooling her with a cubic zirconia. Why? One, CZ is hard to detect without equipment. The average normal chick won't know the difference. Two, if she does go out of her way to disprove its authenticity, you will know it's true love if she decides to stay with you.

The collapse of the diamond market can’t come soon enough. American men have had a bill of goods foisted on them by the diamond cartels and Cosmo.

To Thine Own Shrine Be True

CH · 2 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Why was Osama Bin Laden's body buried at sea before third parties could confirm its authenticity through DNA tests? Based on the experience of the last ~~ten~~ ~~twenty~~ thirty years, do you autonomically believe anything the government tells you these days? It would have been a simple matter to hold onto the body for the media to confirm it was Bin Laden.

A commenter over at Steve Sailer's says it best:

> I find it weird that they [claimed] Bin Laden 'wasn't a real Muslim', but then rush to bury him within 24 hours in accordance with Islamic law.

File under: PC makes you stoopid. Of course, Osama was a real Muslim. He was following the Koran to the letter when he declared his jihad against the infidels. But PC has infected the minds of everyone in the West, top to bottom.

The circumstances over this capture open a bigger can of worms than they close. It's looking like Pakistan's intelligence agency and military knew Osama was alive and were actively hiding him from US forces while their government fleeced the American taxpayer to the tune of billions. Shifty Muslims, feminism, PC, diversity, open borders, bailouts, subprime mortgages… maybe Americans should come pre-equipped with the word SUCKER tattooed on their foreheads?

I hope the Navy SEALs pissed on Bin Laden's corpse before they tossed him overboard.

A Nation Of Einsteins

CH · 2 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A libertarian open-borders economist asserts:

> Smart people may excel in all activities, but as the law of comparative advantage reveals (see here and here) everyone's better off if people with high IQs outsource their less challenging tasks to others. In a society of Einsteins, Einsteins take out the garbage, scrub floors, and wash dishes.

A nation of Einsteins would invent labor-saving devices for these mind-numbing tasks. And a nation of Einsteins wouldn't make as much of a mess to begin with. How conveniently these libertarian economists forget the concept of externalities.

Stupid people do a lot to me. Have you paid taxes lately?

The Testosterone Guide

CH · 3 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Testosterone is the life blood of game. If you have low testosterone, your game will wither like parched fescue under a blazing August sun. High testosterone, and your game shines like a supernova. The formula is simple:

More testosterone = more approaches.

And more approaches means improved game and sex with more desirable women.

Your goal as a man, then, is to keep your testosterone level as naturally high as possible.* This post will show you some ways to do that.

I. Lift heavy weights using compound exercises like the squat, deadlift, and bench press

The science is out and the verdict is in: Steady and consistent weightlifting raises baseline testosterone.

> One study of nine elite weight lifter over a two year period showed significant increases in testosterone, leutenizing hormone and the ratio of testosterone to SHBG. [2] The authors concluded that "the present results suggest that prolonged intensive strength training in elite athletes may influence the pituitary and possibly hypothalamic levels, leading to increased serum levels of testosterone".

There's a short term boost in T right after a lifting session, and there's a long term boost in basal T after years of lifting. You should incorporate weightlifting into your life like you do brushing your teeth. Don't lift every day, though. Overtraining can lower your testosterone.

II. Eat cruciferous vegetables like broccoli, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts

These vegetables have a phytochemical called indole-3-carbinol which is known to lower estrogen and increase testosterone in men. (It appears to not increase testosterone in women.)

III. Whey protein

You should be drinking a glass of this every day with whole milk.

IV. Don't sit so much

Sitting for long periods of time may lower your testosterone (and does a bunch of other bad stuff to your body). Elevate your work station and begin standing while working through the day. While I couldn't find a study that directly references the effect that sitting has on testosterone, the studies about sitting that are available conclude that there are so many deleterious effects on the body from prolonged sitting that it is natural to presume healthy testosterone levels would be negatively affected as well.

V. Go to bed at a reasonable hour

Testosterone plummets when you get fewer than 6 hours of sleep, or you go to sleep late at night, disrupting your circadian rhythm. Get 6-8 hours of sleep each night. Fewer than six hours or more than eight hours is associated with increased mortality. You may want to take melatonin pills to help you fall asleep.

VI. Cut back on the beer

Multiple studies have found that binge drinking cuts T levels. Beer is particularly bad on your testosterone levels.

> 8-Prenylnaringenin (8-PN) in hops is such a potent phytoestrogen that it has been reproted to reduce menopausal hot flashes! [1] This study points out that some women who pick hops by hand have menstrual disturbances (from the estrogens) and used it to reduce the skin temperative in rats, i.e. anti-hot-flash. Furthermore, other researchers expressed concern about the unrestricted concern about the unrestricted use of

> hops in herbal preparations for women because of 8-PN's "very high estrogen activity". [2]

This might explain the famed beer gut on heavy beer drinkers; all that estrogen production is working to deposit fat in their middles, [Ahnold voice] *like zee girly vimmin mit child!*

VII. Eat nuts

Selenium from nuts is good for testosterone production.

VIII. Take fish oil and vitamin D supplements

Omega 3s and vitamin D raise testosterone levels.

IX. Take an NAC supplement (N-acetyl-cysteine)

Up goes your T!, in combo with selenium, at least.

X. Stop running marathons

Extreme endurance exercise lowers testosterone:

> The results of the retrospective comparative studies examining isolated, single blood samples suggest lower testosterone levels in chronically endurance-trained males. The subjects in these studies have typically been distance runners who had been involved with the physical training aspects of their sport for 1 to 15 years. In these studies, testosterone levels of the endurance-trained men were found to be 60-85% of the levels of matched, untrained men.

Now you know why SWPL marathon runners look like pasty nancyboys.

***

Testosterone is the enemy of dullness. It is the enemy of marriage and kids. It is the enemy of government, of society, of behaving like a good little poodlecog in the machine. It is the enemy of stasis and soul death.

Testosterone is the fuel of vitality. Of life. When you act to keep it high, you are giving a giant middle finger to all those who would like you to sit down, shut up and follow orders like an obedient bootlicker. There's a reason betas look so soft — it's no coincidence that they are likely suffering from low testosterone.

*Steroids is the best way to artificially raise your testosterone, but that subject requires a separate post to explore fully. I'm not an anti-drug crusader. I have no problem with men who want to use steroids to get jacked, or to reverse the decline in testosterone with age. In fact, I believe certain classes of steroids — like deca-durabolin — should be made legal for non-medical consumption. Steroids are like any other drug: smart people can use them without abusing them, to great personal benefit. Stupid people tend to consume drugs immoderately, giving the whole enterprise a bad name.

Your brain on high testosterone:

Your brain on low testosterone:

Any questions?

Whipped

CH · 4 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Update below

I couldn't help overhearing every snippet of their conversation as the night wore on.

Him: I'm gonna have a glass of wine.

Her: No, you aren't. You've had enough.

Him: *heavy sigh* *chin into chest*

***

Him: Can you look up the weather for tomorrow?

Her: No, I'm doing something right now, can't you see?

***

Him: We're going to Thailand next month.

Her: No, *I'm* going to Thailand. He's just meeting me there later.

***

Him: I've gotta check the travel itinerary.

Her: In a minute. Just relax, I'll get to it.

***

Disgusted, I turned to my companion.

"How long have they been together?"

"Five years!"

Five years of putting up with that impudence from a woman. I'd sooner join a monastery.

The dude in question was an average looking guy with a decent personality. Just an everyday normal beta male absorbing body blows of insolence from his girlfriend in a public setting, his hound dog face betraying a weary resignation.

Question directed to the studio audience. What particular fact which I left out of this post explains why this relationship has lasted five years?

Hint: A hot chick would quickly dump a beta of that magnitude.

UPDATE

Frank Xavier was the first commenter to get the right answer:

> She's put on lots of weight since they started going out.

She wasn't exactly svelte when he met her, but she blimped out as the relationship progressed. The residual attraction he used to feel for her has created inertia, keeping him glued in place. He is a beta filled with the fear of the unknown, so it is difficult for him to leave relationships. But what about her? Most women would either cheat on or dump a sniveling lackey in short order… unless the woman was fat.

Fat women subconsciously know — though they will never admit it — that they have fewer options in the dating

market than they would have if they were thin. She hates having to boss him around, and harbors contempt for him, but she knows she will be single a long time if she were to leave him. The sexual market is merciless in its judgment.

Result: He puts up with her fatness, and she puts up with his betaness.

If options = instability, then lack of options = stability.

And you'd be surprised just how many relationships, marriages included, fall into this soul-sucking pattern. When you see an ugly couple together, physically and/or psychologically ugly, don't try to soften the revulsion you feel by chanting to yourself that they're happy. They're not. They've just given up, and in their surrender there is a numbing relief that accompanies the resignation.

Comfortably numb, is how I'd describe the typical beta male/unattractive female relationship.

Those commenters who said that some women like weak betas they can dominate are wrong. You can see it in the faces of both man and woman when the dominance/submission polarity is reversed: he will look beaten down, like a tired old hound dog, and she will look tense and irritable, like a woman cursed with perpetual PMS.

What women like and what women settle for are rarely, for the majority of women, the same thing. Women don't want to be the dominant ones in relationships, but against their deepest desires they will assume the role if the man refuses to step up. As commenter Rollo wrote:

> In any relationship, by order of degrees, there will always be a dominant and a submissive partner. For what ever reason (probably a belief in egalitarian gender equality) he chose the submissive partner role and abdicated to the authority of a dominant partner who didn't have his best interests as her concern. She grows to resent him and now his life is over.
>
> If you find yourself in a slave-like state, more likely than not a woman's realized you've failed a great many of her past shit tests and will be reluctant to give up any semblance of power she thinks she has at this point. When a woman comes to recognize that her BF/husband can't or wont provide her with the security she needs for herself and her children she will assume the role of the primary herself. Power abhors a vacuum and she will readily step into the role of the traditional security provider if a man is unwilling or incapable of doing so.

Confirmation of Rollo's analysis is that the guy in question is a flaming left winger. He probably is knee-deep in the mental sludge of gender equalism.

Commenters who thought they might be married made good guesses. Many otherwise strong and proud men are reduced to groveling errand boys by the omnipresent threat of divorce theft.

Many commenters seemed to think the answer lay in the couple's ethnicity or religion. I'm not sure why that would make a difference when we are examining fundamental and universal principles of sex relations, but since it titillates so many of you I'll reveal that it was gentile-jewish couple. Which was which I'll leave to you to figure out.

UPDATE 2

Some readers want to know how to respond to an insolent girlfriend dominating you in a public setting. The answer is… wait for it…

amused mastery!

For instance:

You: I'm gonna have a glass of wine.

Her: No, you aren't. You've had enough.

You: [hold the glass with pinky out and drink it slowly in front of her. make slurping noises while doing this]

Aaaaaahhhh!

That's how you handle that. Don't get angry or spiteful or nasty. That will backfire on you when there are people around. Plus, when a girlfriend has been dominating you for years, it's going to take a lot more careful strategic thinking to break her in. You don't tame a wild horse by yelling at it after it's thrown you off, and the same goes for taming women.

Testosterone And Motivation

CH · 4 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The point of yesterday's post wasn't to argue whether muscles help with picking up girls (they do, but not as much as most guys think), but to remind everyone that testosterone directly affects how motivated you feel to approach girls.

Low T = low motivation to meet women, and thus fewer opportunities for sex with a variety of prey.

High T = high motivation to meet women, and thus more approaches, which leads to improved game, and finally better sex with hotter chicks.

Have you ever had an injury that put you out of the gym — or away from any exercise — for months? Men who have experienced this, speak up now. Your testosterone drops. You feel lethargic. You don't mind staying in when you should go out to talk to girls. Then when your fortunes return, you feel a surge of manly power that carries you back into the field.

I thought the message was pretty clear, but commenters love to sidetrack themselves.

Science Validates Another Game Concept

CH · 6 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A study says that men and women say 'I love you' for different reasons.

> Women, being from Venus, have a reputation for being the first to spring "I love you" in romantic relationships.
>
> But men actually are more likely to utter those three loaded little words first, and men admit thinking about confessing love six weeks earlier than their female partners, according to an article to be published in the June issue of the Journal of Personality and Social Psychology.
>
> That doesn't mean men are bigger saps. Taking an "evolutionary-economics" perspective, the article concludes that gender differences in the timing and function of saying "I love you" are related to whether a couple has had sex.
>
> "Men may be more impulsive in the way they express love, but what love means to men and what love means to women may be very different," said co-author Josh Ackerman, assistant professor of marketing at MIT Sloan School of Management.
>
> In a series of surveys, researchers found that two-thirds of couples report that the man was first in confessing love. Men also reported being significantly happier than women to hear "I love you" one month into the relationship if they had not yet had sex, while women felt happier than men when they heard "I love you" after the onset of sex in the relationship.
>
> The researchers theorized that a pre-sex love confession may signal interest in advancing the relationship to include sexual activity – which is what men want, evolutionarily speaking, so as not to lose an opportunity to spread their genes. They want to "buy low," as the article put it. Women, who have more to lose if they get pregnant, prefer a post-sex confession as a signal of long-term commitment. They prefer to "sell high."
>
> Furthering the point, the men happiest to get a pre-sex love confession were those interested in a short-term fling, while both men and women seeking a long-term relationship were happier hearing "I love you" post-sex.
>
> Despite birth control and egalitarian values in modern society, these primitive patterns persist in the subconscious, Ackerman said.
>
> The researchers hope exposing the biological underpinnings of these behaviors can help people understand the hidden meanings and motivations behind professions of love, which are ripe for misinterpretation.

So what is this study telling us as it relates to game? You have to read between the lines a little, but basically it's saying that expressions of love are intimately tied up with men's and women's sexual market value. Women who wait to say 'I love you' until after the man has said it are subcommunicating their higher value. (A high value woman juggles interest from many men, and can make a man wait for sex much longer than he is comfortable until she is satisfied his commitment to her is genuine.) In contrast, men who rush to say 'I love you' subcommunicate their urgency to extract sex, and thus their lower value. (A high value man is never urgent for sex because he is getting all the sex he needs from other women in his informal harem.)

This study dovetails with the very first, and probably most important, Poon Commandment:

> **I. Never say 'I Love You' first**
>
> Women want to feel like they have to overcome obstacles to win a man's heart. They crave the challenge of capturing the interest of a man who has other women competing for his attention, and eventually prevailing over his grudging reluctance to award his committed exclusivity. The man who gives his emotional world away too easily robs women of the satisfaction of earning his love. Though you may be in love with her, don't say it

> before she has said it. Show compassionate restraint for her need to struggle toward yin fulfillment. Inspire her to take the leap for you, and she'll return the favor a thousandfold.

As a man, the ideal time to say 'I love you' (assuming you mean it) is after your lover has confessed it to you, preferably a few weeks to months after her initial confession. Doing so will create the perception in her mind that you are higher value than her, and as anyone who doesn't live under a rock or reside in the halls of academia knows by now women most desire men who are higher status than themselves.

Chicks dig power, men dig beauty.

One of the fundamental principles upon which many game concepts rest is the ease with which women can be seduced if you flip the script and make a concerted effort to refrain from playing the conventional courtship role of your gender. For men, this means *not* being the sex-hungry, needy beta who blurts out 'I love you' after two dates in hopes it will accelerate the progress to sex. By waiting to say 'I love you' only until after she has said it, you demonstrate high value. Her hamster registers this dynamic as: "He must have a lot of options with women if he's taking so long to find out for himself if he loves me. I LOVE men with options!"

This is what her hamster squeaks when the man says he loves her after two weeks: "Aw how sweet… yuck."

I can tell you from experience that the girls who were most into me — "into me" is measured as a function of the girl's emotional distress when I waited more than two hours to return her phone call — were the ones who said they loved me first, and who had to wait a few months more before I replied in kind.

Things A Man Should Never Say First In A Relationship

CH · 8 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

We already know, thanks to the spiritually enriching wisdom of this blog, that a man should never say 'I love you' before his girlfriend has said it. But there's more.

Reader Shark writes:

> Other things to never say first:
>
> "I miss you"
> "Let's be exclusive"
> "I want to have children"

These are all right on the money. In fact, the only way a man can say the above and remain optimally attractive to his girlfriend is if a "too" is appended to each. For example:

"I miss you, too"

"I want to be exclusive, too"

"I want to have children, too. Wait… what?"

Better yet, a shit-eating smirk in response to a girlfriend saying any of the above works wonders to beef up alpha allure.

Additional emotional outpourings a man should never say first in a relationship:

"Let's move in together"
"I was worried about you"
"At least let me know where you'll be"
"Can I have your work number so I have a way to reach you in case of emergency?"
"I love cats"
"Your farts smell like a bouquet of roses"

The problem with emotional outpourings is that they will be perceived differently depending on the sex of the recipient. When a man hears these things from a girlfriend, he thinks 'Wow, this chick is into me. The sex spigot is open at full blast!'

But when a woman hears these things unprompted from a boyfriend, she thinks 'Aw, how sweet, he likes me. Hm. Kinda needy, though, isn't it? Why are my labia curling inward?'

To a woman's ears, her boyfriend's 'I miss you' never just means 'I miss you'. It also means 'I'm really scared you'll leave me', and 'I'm saying this as part of a passive-aggressive strategy to guilt you into continuing to allow me access to your pussy', and 'My god, there's no way I can get another woman if you decide to upgrade.' So be careful about not just the timing, but the tonality, of when and how you tell a lover you miss her, love her and/or wish to commit to her. Good rules of thumb:

1. Make sure she has said it first at some point in the relationship.
2. Wait at least three months into the relationship before dropping any emotional outpouring bombs (EOBs).
3. Never drop an EOB before you've had sex with her ten or more times.
4. Do not drop an EOB right after, or right before presumed, sex. Same goes for the immediate time after a fight. It will sound obligatory and, hence, false. EOBs are best deployed in an unpredictable manner, when she least expects them.

EOBs are inherently beta, and thus must be used with caution. Acts of beta (AoB) are never meant to be avoided entirely — the AoB is, in fact, a critical component of relationship game that helps to solidify a girlfriend's feelings of comfort and security in your company — but they do need to be utilized with the utmost care, because overuse can happen quickly and *will* degrade a girlfriend's attraction to you.

Some of you will undoubtedly ask, "Well, what if she never says any EOB first?" If that's the case, then you shouldn't consider her anything more than a fuck toy. Additional commitment with such a woman is courting heartbreak. Any woman truly falling for you will wind up blurting out an EOB against her better judgment. A woman in love can't help herself.

Maxim #26: Women secretly hope that you won't rob them of the opportunity to make themselves vulnerable before your alpha inscrutability.

May 21st Is National Pimp Walk Day

CH · 10 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The ~~gay men and fat ugly goths~~ sluts are out in force and want the safe, cocooned and civilized world to know that they should bear no responsibility for their own well-being at all.

> An international series of protests known as SlutWalks, sparked by a Toronto police officer's flippant comment that women should avoid dressing like "sluts" to avoid being raped or victimized, is taking root in the United States. […]
>
> "It was taking the blame off the rapist and on the victim," said Nicole Sullivan, 21, a student at the University of Massachusetts-Boston and an organizer of the SlutWalk planned Saturday in that city. "So we are using these efforts to reclaim the word 'slut.'"
>
> In addition to Boston, marches are planned in cities including Seattle, Chicago, Philadelphia, Reno, Nevada, and Austin, Texas.
>
> "The event is in protest of a culture that we think is too permissive when it comes to rape and sexual assault," said Siobhan Connors, 20, of Lynn, Massachusetts, another Boston organizer. "It's to bring awareness to the shame and degradation women still face for expressing their sexuality … essentially for behaving in a healthy and sexual way."

There's nothing like a good, old-fashioned reclamation project. Of course, such a project is tacitly admitting that the thing you are reclaiming is a dung heap.

I find that you can know a lot about why people profess to believe what they do by looking at them.

Maybe they should rename it the Moob Walk?

These are very ugly, gender inspecific people who are loving the opportunity to express their sexuality free from the rejection they typically get everywhere that isn't headlined a slut walk. It's a "Hey, look at me! I'm a sexual being, too, underneath this fifty pounds of blubber and black eyeliner. Rapists are bad BAD people who want to ravish me in my skimpy muffin top support jeans. Oh god, I came."

I've previously ripped this idiotic slut walk argument to shreds, so there's no need to repeat that here. Instead, let's

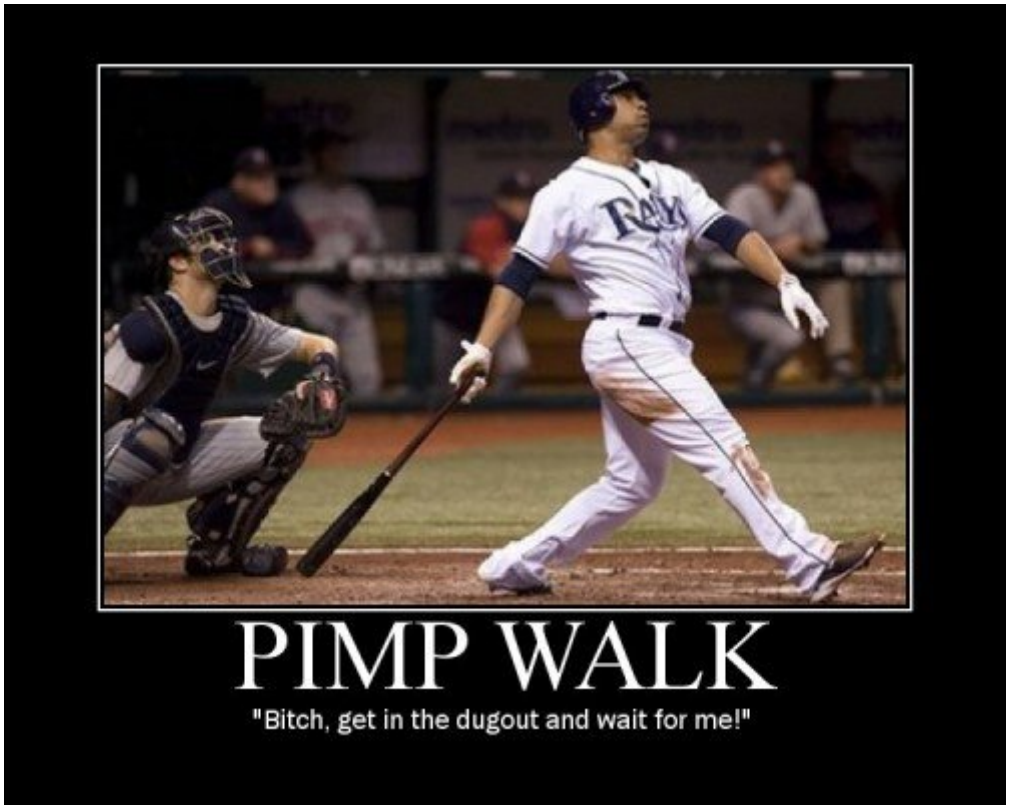
hoist a shimmering bejeweled cane in honor of the mischievous rascals who are party crashing these slut walks with their own version called the Pimp Walk.

> The Boston SlutWalk group has had to delete several “inappropriate comments” about women and faced criticism from a group that promised to organize a counter “Pimp Walk” in Boston, Connors said.
>
> “We think it was put there as a joke, but it’s disturbing that a number of young people still feel that way,” said Connors, referring to sexist comments left on the page.
>
> Pages dedicated to other cities’ SlutWalks also deleted inappropriate comments.

Well done, lads. But why stop at Facebook postings? Let’s make it official.

The Chateau hereby announces May 21st, the year of our Lord 2011, **National Pimp Walk Day**.

Spread (heh) the word. Link this blog post to as many internet outlets as you can find, from Yahoo to Jizzabel. Let’s get these hairy, heavy balls rolling. Remind the ladies what they really need and crave… a swaggering pimp not putting up with her shit.



Let’s show these wannabe whores the end of the rainbow… with a strong pimp hand. On May 21st, dress like a pimp and strut like your giant balls are pushing your legs apart. Go to work with a cane and gaudy hat. Peacock a bit. Be the subversive pimp daddy your harem demands of you. Stick a fat middle finger in the bloated faces of feminists and human resources departments everywhere. Show the good liberal world what a real man thinks of them.

The Pimp Walk mascot:

Cheap Chalupas On Loser Men

CH · 11 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The ol' Open-borders-for-thee-but-gated-academia-for-me blogger-cum-economist has taken a stab at trying to explain why one-fifth of all prime working age men are unemployed. Other than the obvious market factors (hellllooooo cheap, displacing, low human capital labor and negative externalities!), I've already outlined in this post why this recession is structurally different than past recessions, and the reasons for the decline in male labor market participation. Quote:

> Prediction: As women's financial status rises to levels at or above the available men in their social sphere, they will have great difficulty finding an acceptable long-term partner. The men, for their part, will turn away from emphasizing their ability to provide as they discover their mediocre-paying corporate jobs are no longer effective displays of mating value. They will instead emphasize the skills of "personality dominance".

That post is now more than three years old. And its prediction has come true. All hail the Chateau, for here truth resideth, and the liars and dissemblers hang by their entrails from crosses made of fiat money.

Polite, liberal society seriously underestimates the impact the Pill, abortion and women's financial independence has had on the labor market and employment levels. Incentives do matter, and in a world where women can pretty much support themselves and have sex free of the consequences of pregnancy, men as provider betas have become more expendable. A man cannot get the traction with women he once could get by simply going to an office from 9 to 5.

What I call the Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse has changed the rules of the dating market since its advent in the early 1960s. Men have either had to adapt to continue getting young hot tight pussy, or they have had to drop out, and society has enabled their dropping out with the convenient narcotics of video games and wide screen TVs, (and soon to be sexbots). Invasion of tens of millions of peasant laborers has contributed to the labor market malaise by sapping the native men of their will to compete for stagnant or dropping wages.

Yet, a bright spot exists. For those who won't settle for less than success (and success for men is predominantly a function of how well they do with women, either directly or indirectly through the acquisition of power), game — i.e. studied charisma — has rushed in to fill the void.

Any economist whose head is stuck in a cycle of mumbling about aggregate demand is simply not seeing the forest for the trees. Widen your scope to include the id monster that supercharges human nature and behavior and you will begin to fathom consilience. Until then…

enjoy your exotic restaurant guides.

Why European Girls Stay Thin

CH · 11 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The Village Voice has an article about fatty fuckers. These are the tiny minority of weirdos who like to fuck waddling land whales.

Here's a pic to get you in the right frame of mind:

Read the whole article if you want to toss up your lunch. Ex:

> Entries happily, ravenously, robustly referenced double bellies, back rolls, and "big old ham thighs." Feminine body shapes were compared to pears, apples, and one calabash squash; their weights spanned from 180 pounds to over 500. "Big Fat Sexy Kitty," a young woman who described herself as five feet tall and 260 pounds, wrote in: "I want fat sex. I want my jiggly bits rubbed and squished and fondled sexually."
>
> In person at the East Village's Cafe Orlin, Dan explains that, yes, he likes round bellies. He likes double chins. He likes breasts the size of his head. He *loves* flabby biceps. "Fat upper arms are awesome. I would almost say I'm an arms guy," he says, not by any means whispering. "I didn't know that they would be that soft. I, like, fell asleep on a girl's arm once. I was like, 'Wow.' "

Dan, the fatty fucking guy they profile in the article, is quoted in this paragraph:

> Too lazy to consider himself an activist, but cocky enough to be the mouthy weakling "who would be getting my neck rung by the bully and still saying shit," Dan is ego-driven enough to envision a greater purpose. "Society sucks, and society says you need male validation. If you're trying to say fat is attractive, as a lot of women out there are, it helps to find legitimate people who find this attractive." Or, as he put it more bluntly on his Facebook page, after contributing two pro-fat pieces to lady blog The Hairpin, "I write about my preference for fat women in hopes that other men who share my preference will make themselves known so they'll stop being little ballsacks and let the millions of fat women in this country find them."

Riiiiight… *society* is telling men to get wood for slender babes. Yep, it's that omnipotent society, pulling the strings of your penis, telling you when and when not to get an erection.

Hey, Dan, He who fucks gargantuan gelatinous cubes — maybe the reason millions of fat women in this country can't find men to love them is because… oh, I don't know… most men find fat women sexually repulsive? Not a

sermon, just a thought.

Oh, but the fat chicks and their fatty fucking weirdo enablers just love to accuse the 99% of normal men who prefer thin hotties of lacking the courage to come out of the fatty fucker closet. Now where have we heard that insipid line of argument before? ooOOOOga!

> In other words, Guys Who Like Fat Chicks are not make-believe. “We’re out there.”

So are sheep fuckers and necrophiliacs.

But the money quote part of this article is about a fat chick’s recollections of her time in Spain:

> “There aren’t many fat girls in Spain,” reports Charlotte, who spent six months as an exchange student there in 2006. Back then, she weighed 425, and she claims that the department organizers at her Northeastern women’s college tried to dissuade her from going abroad because she was “too big.” She balked and went anyway, though she admits European daily life was far more taxing: The public bathrooms were “itty-bitty,” the online clothes retailers she frequents didn’t service Spain (Lane Bryant’s sizes are too small for her), and walking was the primary method of transportation. “Anytime I would walk down the street, people would stare at me like I was a circus sideshow. Here, people kind of like glance out of their eyes, but there people would stop and stare as I walked by.”
>
> One time in Spain, an old woman spotted Charlotte in public, stopped abruptly, and crossed herself. “Like I was Satan.”

And there you have it: one of the main reasons why European girls stay thin. It’s the shaming, stupid.

But of course, it’s not just the shaming. People change for the better when the carrot and the stick are employed simultaneously.

> After walking four miles a day overseas, Charlotte lost 75 pounds, which she gained back upon return.

In Europe, a smaller, densely populated continent, you can’t just ensconce your fat ass in a car everywhere you go. You have to get up and walk. And walking leads to weight loss, which leads to thinness and better sex with higher quality partners. This is why it’s so important to live in a city with a high walkability index. Your body and your love life will thank you. Plus, it’s a lot easier to meet girls on the sidewalk when you’re walking instead of craning your neck outside a car window.

Leftie outlets like the Village Voice love writing about the deviants of society, because their writers probably identify with them. But make no mistake… despite the drumbeat by equalists to normalize these fetishistic freaks, they are, and will remain, outcasts. So, no, Dan, “we’re” not out there. Rather, you’re out there. Be happy about it. You’ll never have a hard time meeting a desperate slovenly mound of blubber.

When Will Libertarians Grapple With The Fact That Women's Suffrage Increased The Size And Scope Of Government?

CH · 12 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I mean, the evidence is staring them right in the face. And yet, not a peep from them. How utterly surprising.

ps 50 million mexicans will do the same. heh heh.

What Betas Can Learn From Pimps

CH · 13 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In the documentary 'Pimps Up, Ho's Down', there is a great scene where one of the pimps is describing in lush detail a happy scenario to a smoking hot ho on the brink of, presumably, committing to his harem.

> Keep on believin' in me, baby, just like when I met you in the juke joint, and I came up wit you, and I said it'll all be good. And I'll lead you to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow […] Winners never quit, and quitters never win. Because you never quit, we continue to win. I mean, it's gonna be greater than this, we gonna go to Brazil and South Central **[Ed: lol]**, you just stick with me. Come on, Natalie. It's a long ways from that juke joint that we met, you know what I'm sayin'.

Beta schlubs, listen carefully to that exchange. That is how you hook women.

Let's break it down to illustrate the game concepts in play.

Keep on believin' in me, baby

He's challenging her to have faith. He's not asking, he's demanding. Women love to be challenged. Also, never miss a chance to call a woman by a sexy pet name.

just like when I met you in that juke joint

Time distortion. Bouncing around in time, and having her think about a happy time with you, makes her feel like she's known you longer than she has. This builds an emotional connection which all women crave. Remember, the more details the better. Details like the color of the curtains in the place you met her are going to zoom her brain straight to that moment. Chicks remember that shit like you remember baseball stats.

and I said it'll all be good

Positive language is the key to pickup. Here the pimp is demonstrating his ability to be a protector of loved ones. It'll all be good as long as she stays with him.

I'll lead you to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow

Women love men with dreams, with aspirations. They want to hitch their wagons to a man with a plan. Tell her you'll be the one to show her the end of the rainbow and she'll swoon like you're Jesus pimpin Christ.

Because you never quit, we continue to win

Note the use of the 'we'. You want to draw women into your world, to attach them to your fate. It's not you and it's not her; it's the both of you in your secret world together against the rest of the world.

it's gonna be greater than this, we gonna go to Brazil

More dreamscaping. Keeps women in a continual state of excited expectation, which is where they like to be. What do women hate most? Boredom. The dull life. Since women aren't capable of creating excitement and drama on their own, they turn to men to do it for them. Of course, you never really have to go to Brazil. The trick is to just keep her believing that you'll get there with her one day. In fact, game is kind of like Brazil: It's the promise of a golden future together, and always will be.

you just stick with me

Secret handshake.

Come on, Natalie.

As emotionally torqued as this pimp is toward her, he's not so invested that he can't ignore her for a second to order

his other girl to follow them. Girls love men who have this kind of situational awareness. It demonstrates leadership qualities.

It's a long ways from that juke joint that we met

He's reminding her of the serious time together that they've shared. Time distortions like this helpfully remind girls that they've invested a lot into you. When a girl thinks she's invested in you, she has incentive to raise your value beyond its objective worth. Girls tend to want to stick it out with men in whom they have invested time.

***

Interestingly, in other parts of the movie, you'll see that when a pimp enters a room, his hos precede him. This is an alpha move; the servants and sycophants always walk ahead of the king, who bestrides in behind them to the accolades of the crowd. Seemingly trivial body placements like this can radically alter a man's sexual value in the eyes of women, and his social value in the eyes of men. This is why bosses generally show up to meetings a little later than their underlings. It's a status signal.

You'll note, too, how powerfully the pimps maintain eye contact with their hos. Eye contact, like the showing of teeth, is an alpha dominance gesture.

Pimping is a gutter culture, to be sure, but that doesn't mean pasty white betas can't learn a thing or two from pimps. Trashy as it may be, the fact remains that pimps KNOW women. They understand women in a way your typical office drone, weekend lawn mowing beta herb does not. Betas would do well to heed the pimp's lessons, and to emulate some of the pimp's attitude and cocksureness. For instance, when you go home to your wife after a hard day's work, don't just plop for dinner. Sidle up and whisper in her ear about the luxurious places you're going to take her, and the dreams you have for the both of you.

Get all MLK on her ass. "I have a dream, baby."

Women lap that shit up.

So many marriages would be pulled back from the brink of divorce and into blissful happiness if more beta husbands showed a strong pimp hand with their wives. Women just can't WAIT for a pimp daddy to hustle the femcuntiness right outta them.

Testosterone: The Genius Drug

CH · 13 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Exposure to high prenatal testosterone levels may contribute to genius.

> Savant-style genius may be affected by the amount of testosterone you receive in the womb, according to a new University of Alberta study.
>
> The roots of extraordinary genius have long been the subject of a nature versus nurture debate, but educational psychology professor Martin Mrazik thinks that prenatal conditions may be the determining factor.
>
> **"We can't underestimate the power of nature. Some things may be very biological in nature, and no matter how hard we try to develop a genius, maybe it's not really the way to go about it," Mrazik said.**
>
> Mrazik and his colleague from Rider University in New Jersey recently linked prenatal testosterone exposure to children with high levels of precociousness — the presence of above-average mental capabilities at an early age. The pair used advanced techniques such as functional MRI scans to investigate how the brain works.
>
> "Testosterone seems to influence the right hemisphere. That's where our math, science, reasoning, and abstract thinking take place […] We found a lot of evidence to suggest that in very precocious kids, [they] have very highly developed brain networks in the right frontal lobes of their brain."
>
> Mrazik also found that precocious children were found to have a higher incidence of short-sightedness and allergies, conditions which may also be associated with more exposure to testosterone in the prenatal environment.

So there you have it: proof that, on average, men are more logical and rational, and deeper thinkers, than women. All thanks to the wonder drug that is called testosterone. All hail Big T!

When I was a kid I had pretty bad allergies. But my eyesight is crystal clear. If I wasn't busy screwing I could have been a fighter pilot.

> The research is still in its early stages, and Mrazik is certainly not advocating for pregnant women to artificially enhance their testosterone levels, especially considering the potential negatives. He explained that in many cases, savant-like genius is associated with learning disorders such as Asperger's Syndrome or autism.

I could see eugenics embracers like Jodie Foster stabbing themselves with needles full of steroids in hopes of imparting their male fetuses with super high IQ. Only to find out they had given birth to Tokyojesusfist.

On a related note, a reader wrote to say he was concerned that his unmasculine digit ratio — a biological quirk associated with prenatal testosterone levels that affects the ratio of the index finger and ring finger lengths — meant he might turn out gay.

I told him not to worry about it. There appear to be two major testosterone events in a man's life. The first is prenatal — how much testosterony goodness is released in the womb affects your 2D:4D digit ratio. (High T = lower ratio.) The second T event is puberty and young adulthood. It is during that time frame that a second blast of T is released which affects such things as secondary sex characteristics. There is even a study out there (perhaps an ambitious reader can look it up for the edification of the studio audience) which concludes that the second wave of T is more important for a man's physical and psychological "manliness" than the prenatal T, which seems to exert its primary influence on mental traits such as math ability and level of empathy. The study quoted above supports my view of the functions of these two testosterone events. And as of now, there is no evidence that the two major T events are related. Exposure to low T in the womb does not necessarily mean the release of adolescent T will be low as well.

In any case, the reader should relax. As far as we know, male digit ratio has nothing to do with being gay. In fact, one study purported to show that gay men have more masculine digit ratios.

Coffeehouse Logistics

CH · 16 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've found that the best logistics for a coffeehouse pickup are seated in a chair at a right angle to a couch.

If your local SWPL coffeehouse is like most, it has a main seating area filled with cushy chairs, musty couches and coffee tables. Whether you see a girl already sitting who you want to meet, or you arrive early and want to stake out an advantageous spot for talking to girls, the optimal seating arrangement is the same. You want to sit in a comfortable high back chair (high backs bespeak regality) that is situated at a 90 degree angle adjacent to a couch (preferably free of any men sitting on it).

The reason for this is approachability. Although you will be tempted to sit on an empty couch in hopes that a girl will sit right next to you, you shouldn't do that. Girls are uncomfortable about sitting on couches next to a strange man, even if they find you attractive enough to throw caution to the wind. Girls do not like prematurely forced intimacy, and sitting on an old sofa inches from a man they don't know qualifies in their view as a forced intimacy scenario.

*Caveat: If a girl is *really* attracted to your looks, *and* she's with a friend, she will sit next to you on a couch. In this situation, her friend provides an anchor of plausible deniability should she discover that you have no game.

Your best bet is to sit in a chair adjacent to a couch, where the three inch detached furniture buffer zone provides enough of a comfort zone for girls to sit in your personal space (i.e. your gaming space) without the awkwardness of side-by-side sofa sitting.

Alpha Eye Contact

CH · 16 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Pimps keep strong eye contact with their hos, but you'll notice that's only when the pimps are talking to them. When the hos reply, the pimps will glance around distractedly. A previous Chateau post advised that you should look around the room a bit when a girl is talking to you, because acting distracted is a display of higher value. Nitpick-y ~~trolls~~ readers wondered if there was an inconsistency there. Not at all. As an aspiring alpha male, you want to look around when a girl is angling for your attention, but you want to hold eye contact when you are leading the conversation and want her attention focused on you.

As a reader writes:

> Real quick, eye contact:
> When you are communicating, lock on. And demand eye contact back, subtlely (body Lang). When you are listening, not so much… Unless you're at the point when she needs your validation.

A lot of aspy nerds read advice here to "look distracted" and they try to hammer that advice into every conceivable hole, not realizing that context matters and advice that is appropriate for one situation may not be so under different circumstances. We here at the Chateau try to cover all the ground, but some readers are too lazy to look up older posts that would answer their skepticism.

So, for the less nuanced thinkers:

Hold eye contact when you are talking to a girl.

Look around the room like you're distracted by something when she's talking to you, until, as the reader noted, she needs signs of attainability (i.e. validation) from you.

Adjust the ratio of eye contact-to-distraction based upon time spent together and hotness of girl. If you just met her and she's a hottie, look more distracted when she talks. If she's ugly, you'll need to listen VERY attentively so she feels like she has a shot with you. If you've been dating her for a few months, look more attentive when she talks to you.

The archives of this blog are now so dense with information, that questions and complaints previously addressed are getting recycled by newbs. This is very annoying for the writers. Step it up, people.

The Fine Art Of Teasing

CH · 18 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

An important facet of game — whether for relationships, flings or pickups — is fluency with the art of teasing. Teasing is such a turn-on for women it's a wonder it isn't taught by marriage counselors. (Actually, it's not a wonder. As the divorce statistics show us, marriage counselors have no fucking clue what works.)

Here's an example of what I mean by teasing:

ME: Don't worry. If I got famous I wouldn't drop you like a hot potato.

HER: Gee, thanks. That's so sweet.

ME: I'd wait a couple months.

HER: Jerk! *playful punch*

You should be teasing your girlfriend or wife like this nearly every day of her life. Women LOVE LOVE LOVE men who don't take them seriously. And what better way to convey an aloof disregard for her pride than through teasing?

I'd like to examine the phenomenon of teasing a little more closely. Why, exactly, does it so effectively light up a woman's arousal bean? After all, teasing is not flattery or compliments. It's nearer the opposite: teasing is a form of put-down. Compare and contrast the below with the teasing example above:

ME: If I got famous I'd trade up from you to a hotter babe in about two month's time.

HER: Whaaat?! [angry, hurt]

This example is no different in substance than the teasing example above, yet the latter provokes anger and withdrawal while the former provokes tingles. The key difference between the two interactions lies in the concept of **butthurtness**.

butthurtness; *noun*
an emotional state of being characterized by spite, bitterness and/or insecurity; highly toxic to female attraction.

Teasing is the art of delivering ugly truths in a charismatic style that inoculates the teaser against an accusation or perception of butthurtness.

The truth value of whatever you are teasing a girl about is immaterial; it's *how* you say it that matters. It may very well be true that should you become famous you would dump your girlfriend for a hotter girl, or that her sense of humor sucks, but that's irrelevant to the way in which such information is conveyed to her. If you can say it with a smirk, and couch your jerkish thoughts in the veneer of playful fun, she will register your demeanor as being one that an alpha male possesses. And this daily revelation will engorge her labia.

If you don't know how to tease, then your jerkish blurts will be perceived by her as those held by a nasty beta secretly afraid she might leave him.

Teasing is a vital game tactic that serves the dual functions of 1) making relationships and dates less boring, and 2) subtly reminding the girl that you have options and aren't afraid to risk her disapproval, which is the hallmark of the desirable alpha male swimming in a sea of snatch.

All of this — women's love for jerks who know how to tease — ultimately reduces to the sexy son hypothesis, which has been explained in previous posts.

The Price Of Female Hypergamy

CH · 19 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It was a banner week for alpha males. The Terminator blasted inside a housemaid and had a kid named John Connor with her ten years ago, who will grow up to defeat the evil cyborg governators under whose watch debt and native displacement exploded. The head of the IMF — some feminism-embracing leftie anti-American transnationalist open borders nutjob, no doubt — was arrested for raping a (possibly) AIDS-infected hot Muslim black chick in the mouth. (See pic of her here, courtesy of In Mala Fide.) Is it even possible to mouth rape without some modicum of consent? Women have teeth; they could just chomp down.

I won't bother getting into the political and ideological ironies of a liberal Republican governor impregnating a Mexican and sticking it to his loyal Kennedy wife, or a good-standing member of the global illuminati raping a third world immigrant. That ground has been covered well enough on other blogs. And anyhow, it speaks for itself.

The Arnie and DSK scandals illustrate an important dynamic that is often missed in these discussions of alpha men behaving badly: female hypergamy comes with a cost. Alpha women (i.e. beautiful, young women) who are able to fulfill their hypergamous instincts often suffer negative blowback in the form of cheating partners, withdrawn love, illegitimate kids and even in extreme cases, rape.

Women who want a top dog for themselves have to be ready to take the bad with the good. Top dogs enjoy plenty of attention from women, all of them potential interlopers, and top dogs don't face nearly the same obstacles that beta males do in the pursuit of sexual gratification. The result is that many alpha males are going to find it incredibly easy to fuck around, to have kids with maids, and to get away with raping hotel staff (until they commit their rapes in hotels owned by allies of political foes.) In other words, to utterly humiliate their loyal and loving wives.

And yet, the pull of the alpha male is so strong that many of these humiliated wives not only wearily abide the indiscretions, but they defend their cheating bastards beyond all rational reason for doing so.

Women are aware of the downside risk to winning an alpha male's commitment in the hypergamous sweepstakes, (at least, they are subconsciously aware), and some who have the goods to get an alpha's putative commitment will nevertheless settle in due time with a provider beta, when their looks have faded and they (conveniently) discover within themselves a well of renewed appreciation for the man who won't stray or knock up maids. These women merely nurse a sense that sounds something like this: "Sure, my devoted herb hubbie isn't very exciting, but christ almighty I'm pushing 40 and my emotional sanity just can't handle another six month fling with a cheating bastard."

But that is not nearly the majority of women. Most will instead take their chances, should they have the chance to snag an alpha, and some will wind up like poor put-upon Maria… older, wrinkly, man-jawed, no chance now in her deteriorated physical state to meet another man of the caliber of Arnold. Sure, she'll do like most post-wall victim divorceés in these situations do, and manage to move on with her life and hamsterize that her replacement beta boyfriend is better than Arnold, but we'll know the truth.

The Arnold scandal is interesting in another way: it holds a mirror up to our discriminatory, absurdist legal system. As Helen Smith says, what if this had been Maria's kid? In today's anti-male legal climate, Arnold would have been on the hook for child support if Maria had a ten year old kid by another man on the downlow. The courts and their femcunt foot soldiers would say "in the interest of the children" and "a bond has been formed" and all that self-serving horse shit that is nothing but cover for institutionalizing the second-class treatment of men. And then Arnold, still reeling from the news that Maria had been cheating on him, would suffer the additional body blow of financial responsibility for raising the bastard spawn of Maria's infidelity.

Of course, no one can picture that same legal fate befalling Maria Shriver. There's no court in the land that will saddle Maria with an order to pay up for Arnold's love child. If they did, Oprah would command an army of yentas to storm the Capitol building until legislators changed the law, quaking in fear before all that female empowerment.

And yet, according to most women and their male sycophants, it's perfectly fine, nay even *morally just*, to exact this same malevolent injustice upon men.

To that I give a hale and hearty FUUUUUUUUUUUCK YOUUUUUUUU.

The awesomeness of alpha males following the dictates of their genes and behaving badly with impunity is surpassed only by the audacity of feminist hypocrisy when the roles are reversed.

Arnold, Steroids And Mud Sharks

CH · 19 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's an open secret that Arnold used steroids throughout his bodybuilding career, and probably uses them today (either as part of an anti-aging program, or to buff up for a film, like he did for T3.) If he was on a cycle when he banged that ugly housemaid of his, that would explain a lot.

I've talked with the really hyooge roided up guys in the gym about going on cycle, and they've told me that on steroids they're indiscriminately horny all day long. "I'd stick my dick in a dog's anus if pussy wasn't around," is how one dude colorfully put it.

Arnold is a high status alpha male. Why he would bang, and impregnate!, an ugly broad seemingly makes no sense. But a little analysis helps the picture become clearer. As I explained in a previous post addressing this specific subject, most alpha males are cheating with hot, younger mistresses. We remember the ones, like Hugh Grant, who hook up with fuglies because they are the exceptions to the common rule. But there are other reasons why a guy like Arnold might cheat with a woman so far below him in sexual market value it may as well be an interspecies mating.

One, convenience. A busy man might just grab the nearest pussy available. Alpha males can be lazy about chasing women for sex, particularly if they have a de facto harem already at their disposal to clean the princely penis. Two, and in my opinion the more parsimonious explanation — Arnold was roided up to the gills when his boner pointed in the direction of Mamacita Starch Bomb.

Testosterone is the infidelity and ambition hormone, but it comes with a dark side: too much can cloud a man's perception and good judgement. A guy on roids might be so climb-the-walls horny that a dumpy, unattractive maid bending over to scrub the floors could look irresistible in the moment. This would also explain the pregnancy; a very horny man needs to get off NOW, and condoms just don't enter the equation in the heat of passionate release.

Arnold also has a thing for Latinas (and asses and carrots), so maybe his gross maid represented the closest facsimile to his true desire that he could find within his WASPy, stiff-hipped social milieu.

This could help to answer the question why all men don't continually evolve to have higher and higher testosterone levels. Perhaps because of its ability to impair judgement, testosterone could be subject to runaway selection, where the advantage of being incredibly motivated to fight and fuck everything in sight is nullified by the disadvantage of losing fights and banging low quality women.

And let's face it, it's not for nothing that the most advanced civilizations are filled with men who have more discriminating tastes in women.

Omega Of The Month

CH · 20 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Readers who grapple with the concept of alpha and beta sometimes point out that betas can't be *that* disliked by women, since many of them do eventually manage to marry women on the depreciating side of their sexual market value. That's true. Although betas struggle through their teens and twenties to get any attention from chicks star-struck by badboy alphas, they simply wait it out and land the chunky princess of their dreams when she's nearing 30 and fretting about her expiration.

So, no, betas, while not exactly lighting a flame in women's hearts, are not universally disliked by women. That distinction belongs to **omegas**.

What is the omega male? This is the man who is so physically or socially revolting that he actively repulses women from all strata of the sexual market. Even the fat chicks and frazzled single moms run away in fear and terror. The omega male is the man who cannot get ANY woman without paying for it, except the absolute filthiest, fattest and fugliest of the dregs. He is almost guaranteed to live a life of involuntary celibacy if he maintains any sort of standards for himself. When he decides that sexual relief is more important than standards, he will hook up with a waddling terrabeast sprouting wiry hair from a chin mole or a leprotic methhead who makes him look normal in comparison.

But why explain it when a picture can tell a thousand words? Behold… the omega male! (Omega female included at no extra charge.)

This photo is from a newspaper story about people who like to dress up and act like infants while they collect disability benefits from the government. (Data point #2,453,789 in the decline of America.) This omega male is nestling, Oedipally, in the blubbery boobies of his morbidly obese "girlfriend" who takes care of him as if she was his doting mother. He sips from a baby bottle and sleeps in an oversized crib (fashioned out of a piano case).

Losers like this are funny to laugh at until there are a lot of them, at which point the beauty is sucked out of the world and lawyercunts start to look like desirable girlfriend material.

I would have to say that for a guy like this, game will not help him. At least, not while a baby bottle is suctioned to his lips. News from the construction workers who had to reinforce their apartment floor with steel rebar is that neither of them has seen their genitals since middle school.

The Definition Of A Sex Addict

CH · 20 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A normal man who can get all the sex he wants.

The Benefits Of Being A Super Alpha

CH · 22 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Mistresses will bear your love children, help hide the fact from your wife, and expect nothing in the way of support but the glory of your seed.

Exhibit A.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 22 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Ryan explains the silent conversation that goes on between a women's vagina and brain when she listens to a man insinuate his higher value:

> How to overtly DHV without overtly DHVing:
>
> Roleplay **as** the super-cocky asshole. Flash a crooked smile while you brag shamelessly. Make it a shit-eating grin every time you manage to effortlessly tease across her alleged line. Dismiss all those playful attempts to dethrone your ego. When she tries to flip the script by leading you into obvious absurdity, assume a position of faux-humility and make fun of her ridiculous suggestion.
>
> Never speak what you both know. Subconsciously, she's thinking:
>
> a) He can actually pull off being an asshole quite well; and without fear of rejection or repercussions, so he's not just a bitter, cowardly wannabe…
>
> b) But he's also mocking the guys who are *legitimate* assholes — the guys I typically tingle for — with amusement, as if he's above them…
>
> c) I'm superficially getting all the excitement and ego-management I crave from jerks, yet possibly without the inevitable negative aspects, which require so much tedious rationalization…
>
> d) Brain: Uh oh.
> Vagina: Send that arrogant smooth-talker my way.
> B: Hasn't ended well in the past…
> V: Just do it, bitch. Now.
> B: Can't you at least pretend to persuade me? I've got a self-image to protect here, and we're both gonna need it one day so that I won't give off slut-tells. I've actually been reading some stuff by Robert Trivers lately about the function behind —
> V: Alriiiiight, all right. Geez. OK, here: can you just try focusing on the *possibility* that this is the one special exception, then, instead of, well, the high probability that this is, like every time in the past, just a case of me recklessly getting us into some shit and asking your hamster to bail me out?
> B: Is that sarcasm?
> V: Oh, right. See? Nothing to worry about. Do your thing.
> B: So you promise this is safe?
> V: No.
> B: (greasing enormous wheel): Ugh. I swear, this is the *last* time. I'm not covering for you anymore after this, dammit.
> V: Shut up. Nomnomnom!
>
> Except (d) won't actually happen.

Runner-up is a comment by 'From the can' (great nick, btw), who discusses omega male game:

> Counterpoint: dude is running Jabba game. He eats what the fuck he wants and drinks his fucking juice from a baby bottle. Juice? No, blue label. Girlfriend? No, human beanbag chair. I'll bet she's comfortable as fuck, AND gives back rubs. Also, this bastard gets his money from the populace: regal. What this picture is hiding is the smoking hot princess on a chain. Totes jelotes of this pimp.

Totes means "totally". Not sure what jelotes means.

Obama Is Not Dumb

CH · 22 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Obama waited to announce a pro-Palestinian/Arab friendly policy after righteous vengeance was visited upon Osama Bin Laden. This timing has inoculated him against charges of being soft on Islamists, and has granted him leverage to push a policy that otherwise would have been perceived as being pro-Muslim, particularly given Obama's own quasi-Muslim background.

If the right wants to beat this guy in 2012, fist step is to acknowledge that, because of his understanding of human psychology, he will be a formidable foe. Unless gas hits $7/gallon.

*Note: This was not a post about the rightness or wrongness of Obama's Middle East policy. Just an observation that personal advantage is gained not so much on the strength or morality of logical argument, but by the handicapping of political enemies.

Break Rules, Get Laid

CH · 23 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When you break rules, you seem more powerful.

> When people have power, they act the part. Powerful people smile less, interrupt others, and speak in a louder voice. When people do not respect the basic rules of social behavior, they lead others to believe that they have power, according to a study in the current *Social Psychological and Personality Science*.
>
> People with power have a very different experience of the world than people without it. The powerful have fewer rules to follow, and they live in environments of money, knowledge and support. People without power live with threats of punishment and firm limits according to the research team lead by Gerben Van Kleef of the University of Amsterdam. Because the powerful are freer to break the rules—does breaking the rules seem more powerful?

Good question. If game is a valid concept and an effective means of making oneself more attractive to women by projecting the behavior and mannerisms of higher value, then the answer will be yes. Let's find out!

> People read about a visitor to an office who took a cup of employee coffee without asking or about a bookkeeper that bent accounting rules. The rule breakers were seen as more in control, and powerful compared to people who didn't steal the coffee, or didn't break bookkeeping rules.
>
> Acting rudely also leads people to see power. People who saw a video of a man at a sidewalk café put his feet on another chair, drop cigarette ashes on the ground and order a meal brusquely thought the man was more likely to "get to make decisions" and able to "get people to listen to what he says" than the people who saw a video of the same man behaving politely.

Survey saaays… you don't have to actually be powerful to be perceived as powerful by others. Corollary: You don't have to actually be servicing a harem of hot babes to be perceived as an attractive man with lots of options on the table. All you need to do is mimic the traits of the powerful and the attractive. This study, despite its modest aims, is a huge endorsement of game.

> What happens when people interact with a rule breaker? Van Kleef and colleagues had people come to the lab, and interact with a rule follower and a rule breaker. The rule follower was polite and acted normally, while the rule breaker arrived late, threw down his bag on a table and put up his feet. After the interaction, people thought the rule breaker had more power and was more likely to "get others to do what he wants."
>
> "Norm violators are perceived as having the capacity to act as they please" write the researchers. Power may be corrupting, but showing the outward signs of corruption makes people think you're powerful.

Bingo. And showing the outward signs of male desirability makes women think you're desirable.

Chicks dig power. If you can ape the mannerisms and conversational technique of powerful men, chicks will think you are more powerful than you may objectively be. When chicks think this, they get wet. Some of them even have your baby in secret.

A big part of the mission statement of this blog, this outpost of outrageous sanity, this kingdom of clear thought, is to impart you, the readers, with the knowledge and tools to act in such ways that you maximize your attractiveness to women. This includes improving your body language, voice, and social skills so that you emanate the aura of a powerful man, a state of male being which is universally arousing to women. And now science has come to the fore, zig zagging along its destination, to confirm what we implacable womanizers have known all along — game is the real deal. Call it game, or call it charisma — if you don't have it, you are handicapping yourself in the dating

market.

So the next time you want to impress the ladies with your massively tumescent power, kick your legs up on the table, drop your ashes on the ground, interrupt freely, glance around the room when others are talking, nod up then down, take your time responding to questions, and for god's sake, stop smiling like a goof.

Top 10 Signs You're Not A Beta Male

CH · 24 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A (presumably) female author going by the *nom de plume* 'XX' has written an article for AskMen (hereby renamed to AskNancyboys) called "Top 10 Signs You're Not An Alpha Male." (Aren't you glad to see Chateau concepts popularized throughout the legacy media? Next up: The New York Times renames itself to the more appropriate New York Beta Times.) After reading through, it became apparent the authoress should have titled her article "Top 10 Signs You're Not A Beta Male", because her complaints more accurately reflect the behaviors of higher value men.

Let's go through her list.

> No.10 You Let Her Pay For Dinner
>
> An Alpha Male provides for his pack. If she tries to contribute to this, he calmly takes the check and says, "I'll handle this." End of discussion.

First, an alpha male does not take women he hasn't sexed yet on dinner dates. He takes them to bars and keeps his cost-per-lay low by limiting expenditures to a couple of vodka tonics, and does not entertain the idea of spending a lot of money on women until they have proven themselves worthy of his resources. The judgement of her worthiness necessarily follows her sexual surrender.

Second, a pretty woman is not a "pack" that must be impressed. She is a self-absorbed princess wannabe who must be seduced. Any successful seduction begins with bringing her down to earth where her unnaturally inflated value won't intrude upon her desire to sleep with you. Groveling for her approval by throwing money and meals at her is the wrong way to cut the legs out from under her symbiotically fused princess pedestal.

> No.9 You Never Apologize, Even When You're Wrong
>
> An Alpha Male has no hang-ups. He simply says, "I was wrong. I apologize." And he rectifies the problem if possible.

Is 'XX' a regular reader of this beautiful blog? It sounds like she is directly responding to concepts explored here. Anyhow, she is trying to pound alpha males (heh) into a self-serving definition that is 180 degrees at odds with reality. And what is that reality? Betas do the apologizing. Alphas reframe, evade or accuse nebulous third parties. "Mistakes were made". See: Bill Clinton. Or any high-powered politico for that matter. Now women may love the *idea* of a man who never balks to apologize for a misdeed, but like with so many pleasantly comforting notions that get derailed somewhere between the female brain and her pulsing vagina, the truth is that what she claims she wants in men and what she actually falls for are rarely the same.

> No.8 You Suck Up To Leaders And Seek Their Approval
>
> An Alpha Male doesn't suck up to anyone. He is the leader.

True, but banal. And in fact, there are times when the alpha male may decide it is personally advantageous to suck up to a person in a position to advance his interests. The alpha male is, above all else, out for himself.

> No.7 You Gossip
>
> About your boss. About your buddies. About your girlfriend. You don't mind pointing out other people's failings and weaknesses and having a good laugh. An Alpha Male never betrays his pack. He doesn't need to build himself up by tearing others down.

Wishful thinking. Alphas often enjoy a laugh at others' expense, and betrayal, normally an invidious vice, is just another tool in the alpha's box of Machiavellian self-advancement. Alphas will sometimes tear others down just for the cruel thrill of it, even when it serves no useful purpose. It seems what we have here in 'XX' is a woman who is describing what she wishes alpha males were actually like instead of what they really are like. Of course, if she got her wish, there wouldn't be any men left that would make her horny.

> No.6 You Panic In A Crisis
>
> An Alpha Male's natural element is change. Rapid change is simply an interesting challenge to him. He goes into a special kind of ice-cold, almost detached state, quickly sums up the situation, does due diligence if time allows for it, and acts immediately and decisively based on prior experience if there is no time to spare.

"Ice-cold"? "Detached"? 'XX' loves that stone cold killer instinct in alpha males. It doesn't take much for the veil of pretty lies to slip, eh XX?

No. 6 is true, if again banal. Of course, grace under pressure sometimes entails lying and manipulating to neutralize the crisis.

> No.5 You Act Before You Think
>
> An Alpha Male may act with lightning speed, but he always thinks before he acts. He never runs to the corner and goes off in all directions like a type-A guy does.

This is too vague to accurately define an alpha male in all circumstances. There are times when the alpha male is impulsive, and reckless, and women, bless their hamster-y hearts, flock to these types of 'shoot first, ask questions later' guys. Male risk-taking is, in fact, very attractive to women. The kid who just did a triple flip on his skateboard is going to get a lot more attention from girls than the studious bookworm.

What 'XX' is circuitously describing is alpha male intelligence. The most desirable alpha males couple their risk-taking with intelligent aforethought, maximizing their chances of success. But women aren't interested in the prudent thinking process leading up to a risky decision. It's the fireworks at the end of a spectacularly successful gamble that turns them on.

> No.4 You Blame Others
>
> An Alpha Male takes responsibility for his own actions.

Not if he can get away with blaming failures on others. If successful, naturally he will seek to take as much credit as possible.

> No.3 You Lie
>
> To your boss. To your buddies. To your girlfriend. An Alpha Male isn't a liar. He's a stand-up guy; he shoots straight. He doesn't have to slither out of a mess he got himself into. He does what's right, and lets the chips fall where they may.

Fat girlfriend: Do you think my ass looks big in this dress?

Alpha male straight shooter: Yes, because your ass is too fat. And, by the way, I'm cheating on you with a thinner girl because I can't get it up for you anymore.

No. 3 FAIL.

> No.2 You Betray Others To Get Ahead

> An Alpha Male never betrays a member of his pack.

What's with this pack shit? 'XX' has some serious issues about betrayal. Was she betrayed by a man she loved? An alpha male vows fealty to one pack: the package in his pants.

Beta males are the ones less likely to betray a "member of the pack", because they don't have the stones to do it.

> No.1 You Bully People
>
> An Alpha Male takes on a real fight when it is necessary, and only if it is necessary (Alphas are not "scrappers"), but he won't think twice taking on someone far bigger/stronger/better-situated than he is if the matter being decided is serious. And due to his fierce drive, chances are good he will win.

Wrong. An alpha male will act to hide his views or avoid a lopsided fight if it is personally advantageous to do so. It's not cowardice to sidestep a fight with a man much bigger than yourself; it's smarts. Just like it's not bravery to stand in the path of a speeding train. As for bullying people, yes, alpha males don't usually engage in that because their value is high enough that they can afford to be magnanimous to lessers. But it's not betas who bully either. Betas, true to their natures, don't really have the balls or assertive spirit to bully. Instead, it's usually those men just below alpha status — the lesser alphas — who love to bully, because they see it as an opportunity to raise or maintain their "pack" status.

Every time I hear these steaming turd piles of pretty lies from women, I'm always impressed by how utterly oblivious they are to their own histories with men. When you hear a woman prattle on in vapid platitudes about her ideal virtuous alpha male, you can be certain she has banged a parade of the biggest assholes in her own life. It makes sense when you consider that so much of female thinking is rationalizing away the unsettling truth of their sexual natures.

If you're looking for a girlfriend, this is how you know when it's time to file your date under the pump and dump category: if she waxes eloquent about how important it is to her that a man doesn't lie, cheat, steal, betray, or neglect to hold doors open for her, you know she has dated plenty of exactly those types of men. Do the opposite of what she says she likes in men.

Conversely, if she divulges that she likes men who sometimes, heaven forfend!, say impolite things or let her pick up the bar tab, you are dealing with a girl who has dated decent fellows. It's often the genuine nicegirls, with their histories of dating non-assholes, who feel comfortable opening up about their craving for a just a tiny bit of assholery in their lives.

Liberals And The Acceptance Of Biological Determinism

CH · 26 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've long believed that when the weight of evidence in favor of some degree of genetic determinism affecting human behavior was so overwhelming that blank slate liberals could no longer ignore it without seeming foolish, they would move to Ego-Salving Plan B and claim to have believed in it all along. Well, Kevin Drum leads the pack in Mother Jones:

> I've never been either a hardcore blank slater or a hardcore biological determinist, but there's no question that I have a pretty healthy belief in the power of genes and biology. **[Ed: News to his readers, I'm sure.]** As Karl says, this belief tends to be associated with conservatives more than liberals, but that's really very odd. After all, it's pretty easy to fool ourselves into dismissing the benefits of being raised in a rich, stable culture and assuming that everything we've accomplished has actually been the result of hard work and personal rectitude. But what if you believe, say, that (a) IQ has a strong biological component and (b) high IQ is really important for getting ahead in the world? If you believe this and also happen to be blessed with a high IQ, how can you possibly convince yourself that this is anything other than the blind luck of the genetic lottery?

What we have here is a liberal seeing the light and coming to grips with the dawning fact that Great Society-like government largesse is futile in the face of intractable genetic predispositions. But instead of admitting he and his ilk are wrong in their blank slate ideology, he claims to have believed in genetic influence all along. As the science — and daily observation thrown into stark relief by mass third world immigration — continues to flatten cherished liberal shibboleths like a massive, merciless steamroller of galling truth, expect to see more of this backpedaling by liberals intent on remaining relevant in the political discourse.

> Well, I suppose people can convince themselves of just about anything. **[Ed: You bet!]** And certainly a smart person who works hard is likely to do better than a smart person who sits on the couch all day playing videogames. Still, to the extent that you really do believe that cognitive abilities are (a) important, and (b) strongly biologically determined, shouldn't you also believe that the poor are more unlucky than anything else, and haven't done anything to deserve hunger, lousy housing, poor medical care, or crappy educations? If genetic luck plays a big role in making us who we are, then support for income redistribution from the rich to the poor is almost a logical necessity for anyone with a moral sense more highly developed than a five-year-old's.
>
> Long story short, belief in biological determinism should make you into a liberal. And yet, here in the real world it mostly does just the opposite. Go figure.

Also expect to see, among those reluctant liberals coming over to the biological determinism camp, a framing of the issue as one of "blind, genetic luck". This is how the liberal will make the gene pill go down easy — by couching it in terms of unfairness, a vice the liberal suckles on with hungry fervor to give his life spent posturing about all the unfairness in the world some semblance of meaning. The problem with genetic unfairness is that there is no obvious oppressor one can point to as the cause of the unfairness. How exactly are straight white men going to be blamed for the genetic dumb luck of the poor and indigent? By accusing them of racism for not marrying and reproducing with non-white women? Don't laugh, it could go in that direction.

Drum deserves credit for at least broaching the subject of genetic predilection, which still gives the majority of liberals the high holy hives. Try dropping a "genes n' IQ" bomb on a Jon Stewart audience member and you will witness a shrill sanctimony unmatched by the most religious fundamentalists. Drum is right about one thing: plain and simple, genetic dumb luck accounts for a lot of who we are and how successful our lives are. And it goes beyond just IQ and nose shape, too. There is evidence that genes influence everything from political leanings to conscientiousness to ambition to impulsiveness.

So Drum has the diagnosis correct: life is unfair and that isn't changing anytime soon. Where he fails is in his prescription for curing the unfairness of it all. Genetic luck does not make it a moral or logical necessity to redistribute income from the rich to the poor anymore than it makes it a logical necessity to redistribute happiness from the happy to the depressed (a trait that may also be genetically influenced). In both cases, actively punishing the rich and the happy for possessing mental characteristics beyond their control is just as immoral as punishing the poor for fecklessness and stupidity. The child of smart parents didn't ask for his smarts anymore than the child of poor parents asked for his dullness.

My advice to liberals who are beginning to accept the truth about human nature and all it implies:

Deal with it.

And get off yer fuckin SWPL pulpit.

Piss Bomb

CH · 27 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Alex wants to know if this photo bomb of a guy pissing in the background (aka 'piss bomb') is sufficiently alpha:

> Just another HS student at the Chateau. Was strolling through the internet and found this photo which I think has the right attitude towards posing for photos with women.
>
> only problem is he's looking at the camera. Do you say yay or nay to pissing in a photo where your girlfriend or fb tries to strike an attention grabbing pose? I think it's a neg, a tease, and dhv all in the same photo; it shows you don't give a shit about who sees your johnson, in fact exposing it to the world, while putting down your girl's attempts to grab attention by ruining her photo and turning your back to her. Simply genius in my opinion.

I agree, the piss bomb is an alpha maneuver. It's especially demeaning to a girl who is trying to look hot for the cameraman and her pussy posse on Facebook (posse includes both girls and beta orbiters). Butr it's only alpha in the sense that the pisser will receive high fives from his buddies. The chance of him closing the deal with this hot babe is low, unless she turned around and was impressed by his girth and urination distance. If you squint, it almost looks like she's arching her back so that the pee splashes on her ass.

As for his looking at the camera like a goofball, I think it would have been funnier if he casually stared at the horizon with an expressionless face, but he was probably so excited to get away with this shot that he couldn't help smiling from ear to ear. Also, I'm certain the camerman was in on it. The guy taking the shot is either the boyfriend who's playing a prank, or a frustrated LJBF who is lashing out passive aggressively. If the cameraman and the pisser don't know each other, then my hat's off to that dude for managing to insert himself into that photo without tipping off the shooter. My guess is he was facing away from them so they couldn't see his dick out, and then swiveled at just the right moment and let loose with a stream of golden goodness as the shutter clicked.

The world needs more of these piss bombs to prick the ego bubbles of the Facebook generation girls, who have had their heads grow too large from constant fawning flattery every time they post a status update or a dumb photo of themselves drinking shots with their slutty girlfriends. All hail the piss bomb man, for he will be the savior of the West.

Dating Preferences Vs Options

CH · 27 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Is assortative mating simply a function of convenience, i.e. mate proximity? There's a lot of chatter on the blogs about how the college-educated are marrying others in their same educational and class bracket, and that this proves that men and women are selecting partners based on criteria such as intelligence and socioeconomic status. In other words, people are assortatively mating along education and SES lines because that's what they prefer to do.

Here at the Chateau we make the bold claim that assortative mating doesn't tell the whole story. The Ivy League grad who goes on to marry a plain jane Ivy Leaguer would, in fact, be a lot happier marrying a hot and sexy waitress with decent smarts. And that the marriage statistics don't so much reveal preferences as they reveal restrictions imposed by lack of options. The CEO or IT entrepreneur doesn't avoid marrying the hot waitress because she's less intelligent or of lower social status, but because he simply doesn't have the amount of social contact with her that would encourage meeting, dating and marrying.

Lo and behold, here is a study from the excellent Barking Up The Wrong Tree blog which lends credence to the Chateau view.

> Marriage data show a strong degree of positive assortative mating along a variety of attributes. But since marriage is an equilibrium outcome, it is unclear whether positive sorting is the result of preferences rather than opportunities. We assess the relative importance of preferences and opportunities in dating behaviour, using unique data from a large commercial speed dating agency. While the speed dating design gives us a direct observation of individual preferences, the random allocation of participants across events generates an exogenous source of variation in opportunities and allows us to identify the role of opportunities separately from that of preferences. We find that both women and men equally value physical attributes, such as age and weight, and that there is positive sorting along age, height, and education. **The role of individual preferences, however, is outplayed by that of opportunities. Along some attributes (such as occupation, height and smoking) opportunities explain almost all the estimated variation in demand. Along other attributes (such as age), the role of preferences is more substantial, but never dominant.** Despite this, preferences have a part when we observe a match, i.e., when two individuals propose to one another.

What this is telling us is that educated men marry educated women not so much because they prefer education in itself as a mate quality, but because that's what's available to them. Ergo, smart men would prefer to date hotter but less educated girls but don't because they don't run in the same social circle. You have to meet the hottie community college grad before you can propose to her.

Individual preferences will always remain for men centered on women's youth and beauty. Luckily for all the chunky college attending careerist femcunts, the men they marry don't mingle very often with Hooters chicks. If they did, you'd see less assortative mating along SES metrics, and more along the natural preferences of men to date and marry PYTs irrelevant of their educational attainment. This theory also elegantly explains why so many American men settle for fat chicks — when 60% of the nation's women are tub-a-lards, options are quite limited. And for a lot of desperate losers, sticking a dick in a wet, flabby, porcine hole beats celibacy.

Now you know why rich, geometrically-jawed snobs like Maria Shriver diligently work to surround their alpha male husbands with ugly mestizo housekeepers instead of uneducated but hot Russian *au pairs*. An aging upper class wife knows who her true competition is. Regrettably for the Shrivers of the world, even a sausage-y third world maid is ripe for the banging to a guy who's been tapping the same depreciating pussy for years. Arnold's case illustrates well how important convenience and opportunity can be to a guy on the lookout for strange.

So for all the lawyercunts who married lawyers and are proud of the fact: sugartits, you were just in the right place at the right time.

Viva romanticismo!

Low Energy Younger Women

CH · 31 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of older men in the comments of this blog complain that they find the frivolity, shit testing and emotional demands of younger women too frustrating to tolerate, so they nix entire groups of women from their target designation list. As one who has dated plenty of ~~crazy~~ whimsical women and enjoyed their company, I can't wholly commiserate with these men who avoid younger women, but I can understand the reason for their gripes. Compared to women over 30, younger women are a pain in the ass. But they're also fun and exciting and girlishly feminine and lovesick and sweetly naive and horny and curious and submissive and romantic. And they have perfectly unwrinkled tight asses. There's your primary trade-off: PITA for PUTA.

However, there is a way around this conundrum. You could date low energy younger women. There is a sizable minority of early to mid-20s women who aren't high maintenance drama queens. You'll have to screen for them, but they are out there. They don't dance on bars or shamelessly flirt, because they find those activities mentally taxing. They won't constantly shit test because their minds require more peaceful repose than the party girls. They don't make demands to be entertained because they don't get easily bored with life. They don't get antsy sitting still or enduring more than five minutes without male attention because they're comfortable residing in their own world. They're certainly cute enough to do all those things, but they don't because it doesn't suit their temperament.

The Man Who Was… writes:

> I've said it before, both the best and the worst younger women like to date older men. On the one hand are the golddiggers and the girls who will indiscriminatly fuck anyone who makes them horny at that moment. On the other hand there are the girls who honestly appreciate your maturity.
>
> But let's face it the younger a woman is the flakier and more drama laden she is likely to be.

No argument there. Flakiness is very age-dependent. Teens and early 20s girls are the flakiest, then it falls off through the 20s, has a second, but smaller, peak again late 20s up to just past 30, and finally nosedives into and beyond the 30s when no man who isn't a complete loser will put up with dating a 30+ woman who still flakes. (Sane women intuitively know this, too, which is why older women are so agreeable when you first meet them.)

Flakiness is just another term for having a wealth of options. Or, in the case of the 30 year old single careerist, having a mental breakdown. A woman of 21 simply has more options in the dating market than her older self at 31, and vastly more options than her 41 year old self. Finally, at around 50 years old for most women, their options dwindle to whatever man will have them. Which is close to zero. Paging Naomi Wolf…

So a flake is really just a hindbrain burp from a hot young woman who is beset with male admiration. She flakes because she is uncertain about choosing from amongst many potential suitors. It's the beautiful agony of nearly limitless choice within a limited time frame.

Here's another good thing about dating low energy younger women: they age slower than their attention whore counterparts. This must be related to a telomere sparing metabolic thing. Corollary: If you want to know how well your girlfriend will hold up should you decide to marry her, ask her when she hit puberty. In my observation, late bloomers are also late wilters.

The downside to dating low energy younger women? Your game will inevitably… ahem… soften. You need those dramatic hamster chicks to keep your game in tip top shape.

"I am a wiltin' flowaahhh."
– Naomi Wolf in her terrifying nightmares

White Knighting Explained

CH · 1 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There is a popular theory that white knighters — those men who jump at the chance to defend the virtue of women at every opportunity, no matter if the defense is warranted — are beta males who hope their stirring gallantry will get them into women's panties. Offering a shoulder to cry on or an indignant word after an asshole hurts the girl of their dreams, these men turn themselves into emotional tampons with the goal of sneaking into the pussy when she is at her most vulnerable.

They usually fail, but they keep at it because once in a blue moon, it works. Yes, most men with some choice in women would balk at spending so much time and effort trying to tap a reticent snatch, and at the cost of so much dignity, but the white knighter emo dude has the patience of a saint. Or a eunuch.

But, honestly, how many guys like this do you see in real life? They exist, sure, but not in the numbers assumed. Especially after college, when adult men simply don't have the time to waste on platonically orbiting a oneitis who can juggle ten blue balls at once.

Instead, I'd like to offer some different explanations for the white knight phenomenon.

The Oblivious Super Alpha Male

Surprisingly few alpha males — those men who are good with women — are white knighters. Experience with women disabuses such men of any romantic notions of the fairer sex. You will hardly ever hear an alpha male praising the sublime virtues of women because he knows they have none (as a gender). But a few alpha males do embrace the white knight schtick. These are the snobby guys who have had no trouble getting women since they can remember, and are so high status that they have never seen the seedy, gritty, grimy part of women's natures. Women are extra careful around very high status men to present only their sanitized best, so the super alpha never gets to know the annoying shit that women put typical men through. As a result, he is genuinely perplexed when he hears other men complain about women's behavior, and feels a compulsion to rush to the women's defense.

The Father of a Daughter

He knows better, but because he has a female charge under his supervision and caretaking, he hypocritically enforces social sanctions against lifting the veil on women's true sexual natures. This is as much for his benefit as his daughter's. If beta males stopped white knighting for his daughter, she would be nakedly exposed to the merciless vagaries of the dating market, and suitors would not bend over backwards to please his daughter with gifts of myrrh and golden pedestals. It is in a a father's interest for young men to glorify his precious little princess, and provide for her and her dalliances with the DJ.

The Married Schlub/"I'm in a relationship" Guy

You know that lifeless herb who has been married for so long that he doesn't remember what it was like to be single and on the prowl for pussy? Or how about that oddly proud guy who can't wait to blurt out at the flimsiest excuse that he's in a relationship? A lot of white knighters are drawn from this group of men, because being in a marriage or long term relationship clouds a man's perceptiveness of women. Like heated molecules in a chamber, LTRs tend to settle from a high entropy state into a comfortable equilibrium of Netflix queues, sushi and missionary style. Men in these testes-shriveling circumstances lose their powers of observation and begin to assume all women are just like their contented, faithful (and aging) partners. It's a classic case of psychological projection, whereby men ensconced in secure relationships project their limited experience with their wives or girlfriends onto all of womankind. These men are often the most infuriating white knighters, because when you listen to them blab on and on about "treating women with respect" and all the good women that are out there, you know that as soon as they get cheated on or dumped by their cow girlfriends they'll be blaming themselves right to the grave.

The Male Feminist

Similar to the gallant bait-and-switch beta males, male feminists are their ideological cousins who try to ingratiate themselves to the slutty fat feminists in their company in hopes of tapping some water balloon-shaped vulvae. These guys wear shirts that say “this is what a feminist looks like” and cross their legs when they sit. They are huge hypocrites, because despite having been on the receiving end of a lot of female neglect, manipulation and shit testing, they still cling to their unctuous little ideology. Ideologues are auto-brainwashed. They will never see the light. Best just to enjoy a cruel laugh at their expense.

The Self-Denier

Imagine a plush beta male who has experienced nothing but woe with women. He has been LJBFed, ignored, pitied, humored, used, dumped and drained of all his resources except his balls. He’s not repulsive to women, but he just doesn’t much turn them on, and he can’t figure out why. He grows bitter with the years and the fat chicks and wrinkly cougars he manages to bang as a consolation prize. The truth about women stares him in the face — in fact, smacks him upside the head every day — and yet he clings to platitudes and juvenile romantic idealism with all his power, afraid that should he let go, his whole dating life will be revealed for the sham it is. In self-deception, there is sanity. Oftentimes, the most emphatically dogmatic white knighters are these hopeless losers in love, teetering on the precipice of revelation, a hairsbreadth away from total ego meltdown.

The Deeply Embedded Gene Machine

Underlying it all is the genetic machinery that propels groups and nations of men in different sociosexual directions. Fittingly, white knighting appears to be predominately an ethnically European white man disease. Those schooled in the science of evolutionary psychology would say that harsh winters evolved a modern European man predisposed to monogamy and, hence, to jealously guarding the virtue of his mate. White knighting and pedestalizing thus serve the dual functions of artificially boosting the perceived value of a potential lifelong mate, and of warning male interlopers away.

There are too many forces in motion that keep white knighting alive and relevant, so unless outposts like this humble blog go global with the truth about women, there is almost no chance that more than an enlightened minority of men will wake up to reality.

Shaming Mistresses

CH · 2 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes about a banner put up by an Argentinian wife whose husband had an affair with a woman named Eliana.

So making its rounds as the meme-of-the-day all over twitter/the Internet, about two weeks ago, was this photo of a banner that a scorned woman posted on the street near her house, in a city in Argentina (where I live):

Translated, it means: “Eliana Dora Duek: You enjoyed fucking my husband – and he gave it to you in the ass! Veronica”

Here’s what I don’t understand: why did the scorned woman Veronica *want to publicize to everyone in her neighborhood* that her husband was cheating on her?. What is Veronica thinking, and what is she trying to achieve? And what’s the significance/importance of the “ass” detail?

Women are born with a martyr mentality brain module that guides their every thought process. Thus, when a wife suffers infidelity she does not think that advertising this fact will redound negatively to her. She can announce to the world that her husband cheated on her with a mistress who let him do her in the ass, and the wife won’t ever feel like this embarrasses her in any way. Quite the opposite; she will win allies and supporters to her side.

But a man advertising the fact that his wife made a cuckold of him will win no allies and supporters. People won’t rally around him and give him group hugs to lift his spirits while calling the wife an ungrateful whore. Instead, most people will feel pity for him and want to get far away from his problems.

Why the difference? *Women are reproductively more valuable than men*. People, men and women, are wired to rush to the defense of a scorned woman more readily. It is in the nature of both sexes to immediately assume the worst about the man and the best about the woman in any domestic dispute. A scorned wife? Poor dear. He’s a pig and a lout. A scorned husband? I heard they were having trouble.

So a wife who publicizes her husband’s affair can expect more social benefit from it. She has not lowered her sexual market value by admitting to being the victim of infidelity because women’s SMV is almost entirely wrapped up in

their looks. On the contrary, a man who publicizes his wife's affair HAS lowered his sexual market value, because a man is judged on conditional status-based metrics, one of which is his ability to keep a woman happy and loyal. It's preselection in reverse: the unfaithful wife has *deselected* the duped husband.

I predict, then, that you will see a lot more of these public shaming tactics from women against their cheating men then you will from men against their cheating women. And I base this on a simple grasp of evolutionary psychology fundamentals. (There's a reason "Don't Date Him Girl!" is a popular website without an equivalently popular "Don't Date Her Man!" site.)

Interestingly, the wife also gets some benefit from outing the mistress. By naming her and describing her actions in lurid detail, she is tarred with the implied slut brush. Women will sneer at her wanton ways, and men will want to seek her out for sex (but not for commitment! Which would be a victory for the spurned wife.) It takes two to tango, and all that, and wives are not blind to the threat that younger, hotter, tighter competition poses to their marriages. The ass detail was simply embroidery to maximize the slut smear.

If I were friends with this wife, I would tell her that she might have avoided all these problems if she let her husband spelunk the stool cavern. Anal love is the balm that binds.

The Most Unattractive Trait On Women

CH · 6 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Ass hair.

More than a few women, particularly those of Levantine extraction, have fluffy furrow forests. There's nothing as boner-instakilling as doing a girl from behind, spreading her cheeks for a glorious vista, only to find a wispy patch of dark anus fuzz greeting your arrival.

Ass hair is, and should be, the domain of men. No exceptions. Women, grab a mirror and inspect your nethers. Does your pussy hair continue past your taint like a growing moss? You've got a big problem. Get rid of it, fast, if you don't want to lose that perfect man after the first date. (Second date if you're Amish.) I don't care what it takes or how much it'll hurt — wax it, Nair it, zap it, dip it in an acid bath — just grit your teeth and think of how pleased your 15 year old remedial math student will be.

It's hard to believe in this day and age there are women out there who don't fully grasp the importance of their looks on how men perceive them. You can be a 10, but a thatch of ass hair will immediately deduct 5 points. It's so unattractive, men will actually try to avoid having sex with you in favor of gazing at your pretty face and listening to you blab about Gossip Girl.

Even worse? When the pussy juice mingles with the ass hair, transforming it into an oily slick of matted seaweed.

Is any of this getting through to you?

This has been a deliberately disgusting and effectively shaming PSA.

Warming Up To Pick Up

CH · 8 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader requests help with his inner game:

> I've been reading your blog for a while now, and, needless to say, it has been a MASSIVE help with my game. However, I have a few questions, or I should say remaining obstacles, in the way I practice game. I'm a naturally introverted person, so it is often difficult to enter the proper frame of mind before interacting with women, or anyone else for that matter. As Mystery had explained in his book, being surrounded by a group of friends can be a strong DHV; however, this often seems like a huge hurdle to pass for me, which is also why I find myself uncomfortable in a bar/club environment and prefer lower-key environments such as a coffee shop or bookstore, etc.
>
> My question to you is, what is a good "warm up" to help myself enter the proper frame of mind for game? Roosh has helped clarify the matter in his book, as he explained that before you even exit the house early in the day, you should be in a more outgoing mood. Also, a major deterrent for me many times is the fact that I find myself trying frantically to search for a "cocky-funny" thing to say to a woman to open and continue in conversation. What is a good method to use that may help prevent this from happening? Thanks for any info.

Ok, first, on the cocky/funny tip: As soon as you start racking your brain for entertaining banter, you have condemned yourself to failure. Good banter should flow effortlessly if you're doing it right. Generally, the more comfortable you are around someone (or some group) the easier you will find the cocky-funny lines tumbling off your tongue. Tension, anxiety and discomfort are the banter killers. If you're feeling stressed around women, that's because your inner game is WEAK and FEEBLE, and you are thinking in outcome-based terms rather than interaction-based terms. Remind yourself before every approach that you are there to screen women for compatibility and coolness. This will put your mind in an offensive frame, pushing outward against the mediocre masses of womanhood, instead of defensively recoiling, dreading rejection or anxiously anticipating connection.

The male mind is at its manliest when it is on the offense, goading enemies, exposing soft underbellies, or mercilessly judging potential mates. Embolden your freedom to judge, and you will smooth the path to seduction.

Second, on "warm-ups": naturally introverted men shouldn't have to push themselves to levels of social extroversion that are too far beyond their comfort zones. Doing this will sap all the fun from learning game, because deviating too wildly from his genetic script can counterproductively steer a man away from his goals. Don't try to say "hi" to every person you pass on the street. But do try to greet at least one more stranger in a day than you normally do. Starting a benign conversation with even just one person is sometimes enough to kick start a nascent endorphin rush that can carry you through two or three cold approaches.

If the thought of talking to strangers gives you hives, then get on the phone and talk to a friend or sibling. Shit, talk to *yourself* if that's what it takes. Anything to get your mouth moving and your brain lubed up is a good thing. In fact, speaking self-motivational thoughts out loud makes them ten times more effective than running them silently through your head. Try it sometime; you'll see what I mean.

Here's a start: Wake up every morning knowing that women would love to have the boredom of their daily routines smashed by your precious few words of acknowledgement. You are giving them the gift of novelty, and it's they who are going to struggle with nerves trying to figure out how best to reply to your pleasant life interruptions. See what I just did there? Reframe. That's your ticket to tight inner game.

Government Jobs Defined

CH · 8 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter over at OneSTDV had this to say about government jobs:

> Easy air conditioned jobs for chicks. Gets them out of the house, caters to their egos, and taxes men to pay their salaries. By the time the chicks get bored and disillusioned the players are done with them and they will be looking for husbands to support them.

I was listening to a girl complain about her impending unemployment, and her plans for finding a new job. I asked her what she was looking into. “Oh, something in media and communications.”

The current trajectory of America is unsustainable, and will implode sooner rather than later. Right now, it is a race between Malthusian mass disenfranchisement and the creation of a robot labor force to cater to our survival and entertainment needs. Any bets which way this will go?

Nerd Natural

CH · 8 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails to express his wonderment that his nerdy friend has a smoking hot girlfriend:

> Generally this blog is the truth but this defies nature:
>
> my friend is a nerd who clocks in plenty of hours of world of Warcraft and other shit. When I heard he had a girlfriend I was happy for him expecting him to show up with some goth girl who was chubby but endearing or something. Instead he shows up with probably the hottest girl ever to set foot in this house. She's one of the party girl/ model types and we were all speechless. How is it possible? There's about a five to six point discrepancy at least. although we enjoy each others company he grunts more than he speaks and is about 5′ 3″ and has sticks for limbs. Please solve this mystery, if it means anything she had the sense of humor of a 13 year old boy, only laughed when he said shit or fuck or something. I'm not bullshitting she really was that hot. I want to stay anonymous though.

I want to be glib and dismiss this reader's concern with the usual "exceptions do not prove the rule" truism, but I noticed something in his email that offers a possible explanation for why a WoW playing nerd has a hot model girlfriend. It's in these two lines:

"although we enjoy each others company he grunts more than he speaks"

"only laughed when he said shit or fuck or something."

My take is that this guy is no typical nerd. Grunting is an aloof alpha form of communication, and one that nerds generally don't engage in. Hot party girls love non-needy assholes, and a guy who grunts all the time is signaling a very strong aloof and indifferent frame. Most hot girls under twenty-eight are attracted to that type of man.

Nerds don't curse much, either. Any so-called nerd who says shit and fuck a lot is likely not representative of the archetypical nerd despised by women.

Verdict: Despite his short stature, stick limbs and WoW playing, our reader's nerd friend is actually the jerk that women love. It's always best to recall in these seemingly anomalous scenarios that women discern a man's alphaness by much more than the size of his arms or his dorky hobbies. While women's alphaness is easily recognized — looks, looks, looks — men's alphaness is shapeless and contingent. You'll have a much harder time picking out the stone cold alphas from a line-up of twenty men than you would from a line-up of twenty women.

June 8, 2011 by Heartiste

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"although we enjoy each others company he grunts more than he speaks"

"only laughed when he said shit or fuck or something."

My take is that this guy is no typical nerd. Grunting is an aloof alpha form of communication, and one that nerds generally don't engage in. Hot party girls love non-needy assholes, and a guy who grunts all the time is signaling a very strong aloof and indifferent frame. Most hot girls under twenty-eight are attracted to that type of man.

Nerds don't curse much, either. Any so-called nerd who says shit and fuck a lot is likely not representative of the archetypical nerd despised by women.

Verdict: Despite his short stature, stick limbs and WoW playing, our reader's nerd friend is actually the jerk that women love. It's always best to recall in these seemingly anomalous scenarios that women discern a man's alphaness by much more than the size of his arms or his dorky hobbies. While women's alphaness is easily recognized — looks, looks, looks — men's alphaness is shapeless and contingent. You'll have a much harder time picking out the stone cold alphas from a line-up of twenty men than you would from a line-up of twenty women.

The Beauty Of Long Term Relationships

CH · 11 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

All the benefits of marriage, with none of the costs.

Gay Men Have Game

CH · 13 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Alpha males and gay men have a lot in common. They know how to playfully jive with women. This is why there are so many fag hags in the cities. It's not the shopping or in-depth color wheel knowledge that chicks love about gay men; it's the teasing they get from them that they sorely miss from the straight men they date.

If you listen to a conversation between some gay guys and their chick friends, you'll notice that the gays almost never answer a girl's questions or discussion tangents logically. They will nearly always take the path of evasion, obfuscation, wit, teasing, cocky misdirection or backhanded compliments (aka negs). For example (drawn from real life):

GIRL: Is it a long walk from the train to the club?

GAY FRIEND: Don't worry, shorty, your six inch marry me heels won't break.

***

GIRL: Why are we eating there? I heard their pizza was terrible.

GAY FRIEND: There's a froyo place right next door if you need to eat healthy.

***

GIRL: I don't think we'll make this movie in time.

GAY FRIEND: Oh, you're one of those who has to see every preview or you feel sad.

Girls lap this shit up. They can't get enough of men who don't take them seriously. And gays are great at not taking girls seriously, even the most beautiful girls, likely because they aren't physically attracted to them. (How gays act around each other is a mystery to your humble host. Perhaps they become more tongue-tied.)

Now let's rearrange those above examples to show how they would sound if a straight beta male was replying to the girl, instead.

GIRL: Is it a long walk from the train to the club?

BETA: [excited to be spoken to by a cute girl] No, it's not bad. Maybe five minutes.

***

GIRL: Why are we eating there? I heard their pizza was terrible.

BETA: Really? They're supposed to be the best pizza in the city.

***

GIRL: I don't think we'll make this movie in time.

BETA: It'll be close, but we can do it if we leave now.

As you can see, these interactions have none of the flirty vibe that characterized the original conversational snippets. In these, the beta is answering logically, the way he would want to be answered if he was asking the same questions of a girl. But what the beta doesn't realize is that girls don't think like him. They don't think like him AT ALL. Girls despise logic and straight answers, because it sucks all the fun and unpredictability out of life, and girls need fun injected into their lives because they don't have the creative chops to make fun themselves. So they lean on gay men or cocky alpha males to generate the fun for them. Oh, sure, girls can mimic logical thinking at the office, but that's just an act. Once they get home, they revert to their more favored natural state: EMOTIONAL AMPLIFICATION BIOFEEDBACK.

And it's not a one-way street between girls and their gay male friends. Gay guys expect just as much entertainment out of their chick friends as the girls have come to expect from their gay friends. You will often hear of gay friends unceremoniously cutting off contact with a dumbfounded girl because she became too boring to hang out with. This puts pressure on the girls to SEEK THE APPROVAL of their gay male friends, something girls desperately wish they would need to do with their straight male suitors. Why do they wish this? Because it is natural for a girl to seek the approval of a powerful social peer, whether that peer is a friend or a lover. Women, as the submissive sex, feel more comfortable seeking the approval of others rather than having their approval sought, much like a dog feels more at ease following a strong owner who has trained it to obey.

The man who can awaken and amplify a woman's emotions until her electrified feelings are ricocheting off every tendril of her body is the man who holds access rights to her pussy. Stop thinking logically to seduce women. Train your brain to think in the female mode, where nothing is off-limits to silliness and questions are merely props to demonstrate social mastery. It is the rare time indeed that a woman wants a banal question answered seriously and in the full, and won't appreciate a playful deflection to more emotionally-charged topics.

***

Preemptive hater rebuttal

A reader might reasonably ask: "If gays have natural game with women, then why aren't women sexually attracted to gay men?" Ah, but more than a few chicks ARE attracted to their GBFs. It's such a well-known phenomenon that the meme has polluted chick shows all over TV. It's not the whole picture, though. Plenty of girls have no tingles for their gay friends. Despite the preponderance of evidence that girls swoon for men with verbal facility, don't forget that girls are also drawn to a masculine essence. Gay men's voices are too musical and lilting, and their body language too feminine and graceful, to project an adequate level of raw masculinity that zooms straight to the beating, blushing heart of the pussy. A straight man, with his masculine posture, slow, rhythmic cadence, and stoic countenance poised to sudden violence who co-opts the gay man's conversational playfulness, is irresistible to women.

So don't think that you have to sacrifice your Dirty Harry-esque repose to play the gay man's game of insouciant teasing. Like any master seducer, you merge seemingly contradictory behaviors and attitudes and capture your prey with a trap of their own making.

This Is What A Feminist Looks Like

CH · 14 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The beauties are back strutting their stuff on the slut walk. Yeah, they do their thunderous waddle on the slut walk:

I have news for this deluded bog creature. Sexy fattie is an oxymoron (emphasis on both the ox and moron). Interestingly, slutty fattie is not.

Don't bother trying to do pickup at a slut walk. You will rarely see a hot babe at one of these parades of misfits, and that's not because she gets lost amongst the pillars of heaving blubber. You see, hot chicks, having high sexual market value, work hard to avoid being labeled a slut. The last thing they would want to do is associate their hottie hotness with a bunch of self-proclaimed sluts. A hot chick has no trouble getting the attention of alpha males, so she doesn't need to advertise her sexual openness to lure men. In fact, she prefers to do just the opposite: play coy and project an aura of discriminating prudery so that the man who lands her feels she is a worthwhile long term investment.

Fatties, cougars and fuglies, in contrast, take the opposite tack. They know that they won't be turning men's heads, so they rely on signaling their sexual promiscuity to capture some horny man with no other options. Advertising that they are an easy lay is a strategy that enables them to compete with better looking girls. Of course, it's a myopic strategy, because most men who aren't total losers will bolt as soon as they bust their nuts in the bloated vagina vortex of one of these wildebeests. But in the EEA (environment of evolutionary adaptation), an ugly broad needed to get sperm, and fertilization took priority over pair bonding.

There is also the self-soothing psychological angle at work here. Beasts who love to brag about their sluttiness aren't convincing others so much as they are convincing themselves of their imaginary desirability. A grrlpower slut walk is just the medicine for a lonely loser girl who's spent one too many nights with her purple saguaro, which now vibrates in fear. She can bellow at the top of her lungs along with the rest of the sideshow freaks what a DYNAMIC and MAGNETIC piece of ass she is, and for that brief moment — that sweet afternoon escape on the streets of the city — she believes it, and her happiness swells as she fondly misremembers all those depressing, sloppy one night

stands as some sort of twisted proof of her femininity and sexiness.

This is the key to defeating feminism: separate the hotties from the uglies. Make it known in no uncertain terms that feminists are ugly, inside and out, and men are repulsed by them, and the hot chicks will feel burning shame and embarrassment to be connected with the dykes, rejects, careerist shrikes and spinsters who fuel the rancid ideology.

There’s nothing like a threat to the ol’ SMV to get a person to sit up and take notice.

Why Are Later Marriages Less Likely To End In Divorce?

CH · 15 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Because older divorcées have fewer options in the dating market.

Picture two married couples. Couple A got married at 21. Couple B got married at 31. Assume for the sake of simplicity that the spouses in each marriage are the same age, and neither one has had children.

At year three, Couple A stops having sex on a regular basis. Arguments become a daily feature. The wife begins pulling a beta valentine on her hubbie's ass because she is turned off by his gradual betatization. They are now age 24, and divorce is whispered. Both of them survey their options should the unthinkable happen. Both realize, based on subconsciously acknowledged experience in the real world, that they could find new lovers in short order should the marriage fail. Divorce proceedings, while a testament to failure, don't inspire them with fear and dread. There are green fields just past that horizon.

At year three, Couple B suffers the same fate as Couple A. The marriage has lost its allure. But this time, the response to impending divorce is different. The now 34 year old wife has stopped receiving glances from men when she walks around town to do errands. She senses, though she will never admit it even to herself, that her salad days are over and being single would not be the fun adventure it was when she was 21. The husband also believes (wrongly) that he has fewer options, because his marriage has made him rusty and dependent upon regular female companionship. He has doubts in himself and can't imagine life as a single man. Both dread the repercussions of divorce and what it means to be thrust into a cutthroat dating market for which they are ill-prepared. So instead of divorce, they grit their teeth and he retreats to porn and poker while she has an illicit affair with her boss.

So there you have it.

Options = instability.

This is the kind of psychological analysis that you just won't glean from a dry social survey that is prone to false information, particularly from female respondents.

Why Don’t Women Politicians Get Caught In Sex Scandals?

CH · 15 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A female author at the New York Beta Times asks why women politicians don’t get caught in humiliating sex scandals.

Naturally, the author offers the PC feminism-approved answer to explain the discrepancy in peccadillos.

> But there may be something else at work: Research points to a substantial gender gap in the way women and men approach running for office. Women have different reasons for running, are more reluctant to do so and, because there are so few of them in politics, are acutely aware of the scrutiny they draw — all of which seems to lead to differences in the way they handle their jobs once elected.
>
> “The shorthand of it is that women run for office to do something, and men run for office to be somebody,” said Debbie Walsh, director of the Center for American Women and Politics at Rutgers University. “Women run because there is some public issue that they care about, some change they want to make, some issue that is a priority for them, and men tend to run for office because they see this as a career path.”

Riiiiight. That’s the ticket. The pleasingly martyr-like “women can’t afford to mess up” rationale. Well, I’m here to tell you that’s not the reason why female politicians don’t get caught in sex scandals. The answer is much less convoluted, and less politically palatable as well. Female politicians are OLD and unattractive; they don’t have salacious affairs because men aren’t interested, especially the powerful men whom these hypergamously-straitjacketed women lust after. For an old broad like Pelosi, or an ugly one like Hillary, to have a sexy fling would require a willing participant. Now maybe with a lot of elbow grease and an ego that can handle rejection, the typical congresswoman could scrounge up the rare man who would carry on with her over text, but the time and energy to find such a man would be exhausting for even a manic Type A personality.

In contrast, male politicians, including the old ugly ones, by virtue of their high status and power, have no trouble meeting women. Usually, the women reach out to them and make their jobs easy. Weiner seems to have had his share of young, female groupies.

Oh yeah, and one more bleedingly obvious answer for why there aren’t more female politicians caught in sex scandals:

Men are biologically programmed to spread the seed. Men dig variety. No matter how old they get. The limiting factor isn’t age, it’s options.

So the next time you swoon over some old guy who has stayed faithful to one woman for forty years, just remember…

he likely didn’t have the power of a politician to act on his urges.

Terse Text Game Vindicated

CH · 15 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

So I've heard you recommend just sending "gay" back as a text in various situations. I've always stayed away from it, just thinking it was overly harsh and unnecessary. I met a girl at the bar this weekend, thought we hit it off well enough, got a number. She was a very cute college chick, home for the summer. Here's the exchange.

me: hey its jack*, whats up (*my standard opener to a girl i meet at the bar*)
her: jack? sorry.
me: gay
her: is that your last name or are you calling me gay hahaha

I then carried on a short text convo and set up a date later in the week.

Other responses considered:
"that many guys usually ask for your number?" (neg)
"no"
"lol"
"didn't realize you were that drunk fri"

*[ed: *name changed to preserve anonymity]</>*

Yes, terse text game will moisten pussies from here to Tokyo. Ambiguity, ambivalence and an air of supremacy are the hallmarks of uncaring asshole game, and that is the game that works best on the hottest chicks.

The reader's four example replies below are also very good, except for the last one, which sounds a little defensive.

When in doubt about how to reply to a girl who texted you something flaky, you can't go wrong with 'gay'.

Is The Sexual Market Efficient?

CH · 16 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In yesterday's post, it was posited that later marriages are less likely to end in divorce because older spouses have fewer options in the dating market. A 24 year old wife contemplating divorce has more opportunity to jump back in the saddle than a 34 year old cougar tired of her nuptials. So according to dating market value theory, we should not be surprised to see that marriages at a younger age tend to be less stable than marriages at an older age.

To continue on this theme, commenter Sidewinder proposes a flaw in the sexual market theory of options as the limiting factor in relationship stability (i.e., the more options you have, the less likely you are to be monogamously faithful):

> Women get much more feedback in the sexual marketplace than men. But you are only getting feedback on immediate sexual interest, not long term sexual relationship interest. This could explain the market error re female divorce choice. Their perception is skewed by short term sexual interest, leading to divorce based on artificially inflated sexual market value. Once single, and after a few pump and dumps, their true sexual market value is revealed, and they have to settle for something within their shrinking relationship options.

As we know here at the Chateau (but you wouldn't know by reading only the MSM), the majority of divorces are initiated by women. It stands to reason, then, that a lot of marriages dissolve because the wives get bored of the arrangement, or agitated with their husbands' domestication. In other words, the martyr theme that women, with the help of their feminist enablers, have carefully crafted for themselves over the decades is a cartload of bullshit. Women are perps as often as, if not more often than, they are victims.

A lot of women initiating divorce probably feel that they have plenty of good years left to snag another man of at least equal value to the husbands they are leaving. It would be more accurate to say "of greater value", because women hardly ever leave relationships for a shot at a man of the same value. Due to her gender's hypergamous algorithm, a woman in flux between relationships or freshly out of marriage will be compelled to seek out men of higher value than the man she just left. Until she has had her heart broken one too many times.

The problem, as Sidewinder astutely noted, is that the sexual market is efficient at offering immediate feedback on the kind of sexual interest that a woman can command, but not so efficient at offering feedback on her value as a long term relationship partner. A woman can walk down the street and know instantly by the number of men's eyes which glance her way, and by the obsequiousness with which men relish her company, how easy it will be for her to arouse a man to want to sleep with her. But she cannot know how many of those men willing to fuck her are also willing to invest in her and nurture a loving relationship with her until she has herself invested time in them. Most men aren't going to come right out and tell a marginal fling that she isn't cut out to be his long term girlfriend or wife.

So you see the quandary that women are in. The dating market is great at giving them information on their sexual desirability, but not so good at giving them feedback on their relationship desirability. The later is usually learned by experiencing relationships with men of varying market value to determine a best fit. If she shoots too high, he pumps and dumps her. Too low, and his provider stability isn't wanted.

And time is no friend to women, whose attractiveness window is shorter than men's, being as it is contingent almost solely upon their looks. A man's attractiveness window can conceivably go right to the end of his life, if he has compensating alpha traits for his declining looks.

The problem is compounded for married women, who presumably have been out of the dating scene for years. A woman sheltered in the confines of marital piss has lost touch with distant memories of the alpha males who used her for sex and ignored her need for love and commitment. The memories of inglorious pump and dumps that followed from shooting out of her league have faded, replaced by a feedback mechanism that relies solely on sexual

interest, thus titillating her ego as if she were a fresh-faced teenager again.

A woman who thinks inspiring a man to get erect is the ultimate arbiter of her relationship worth is in for a world of pain. It is a harsh lesson many women seem to forget as they are gleefully anticipating dating life after escape from marriage to a beta provider.

You might say there is price inelasticity in women's long term mate value. The most powerful agent working against falsely held perceptions of men's long term sexual interest in a woman are memories of past relationships that ended badly when she tried to date out of her league. But in a multi-year marriage, those memories tend to fade and so we get the phenomenon of women initiating divorce with the belief that they can get as good as they got when they were younger.

Reality soon disabuses them of that notion, and the aging divorcée either settles with a man of lower value than her husband was when she met him, or she persists in her delusion aided by the hallucinatory effects of mimosas, cockhopping and cheerleading spinsters like herself.

Enraged Asian Rioter Meme

CH · 17 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Following in the lineage of Roosh's "Typical American Woman" meme (which feminists infiltrated and menstruated all over), here is my contribution to the art form. It's a Friday. Knock yourself out adding captions to this Pulitzer-worthy photo. I'll post the best memes on the blog over the weekend.

Alpha Of The Month

CH · 17 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In the midst of the Vancouver rioting, one righteous dude figured it was a good time to make out with his girlfriend in the middle of the street.

Apparently, the girl was knocked on her ass by a cop rushing into the crowd, and this is her boyfriend consoling her in the best way he knows… by having a make-out. (There were rumors the scene was staged, but eyewitnesses have dispelled those doubts.)

Major alpha props to this guy for:

1. ignoring the threat of a stray Molotov cocktail to play some grab-ass

2. using his girlfriend's possible injuries as an excuse to swap spit, and

3. giving the studio audience a titillating upskirt shot of her crotch. She looks like she has a sexy body, judging by that silky smooth parabola where the bottom of the ass cheek meets the hamstring.

The photographer will probably win awards for his photo, but really, the accolades should go to this stone cold seducer. Slender girlfriend? Check. Protector of loved ones? Check. Amused mastery? Check. Exploiting the knowledge that danger makes girls horny? Check.

Riot game is unstoppable. There's no doubt this guy had the ride of his life later that night. He makes his parents proud. Her parents? Eh, not so much. "Hey, Joe, was that your hot daughter making out on Howe Street last night in front of thousands of people?"

Enraged Asian Rioter

CH · 17 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm hoping to start a new meme along the lines of Epic Beard Man. A photographer strolling the streets of downtown Vancouver during their riot after the loss to the Boston Bruins (Po' Canada!) snapped a funny pic of an enraged Asian nerd wielding a hockey stick like a light saber.

I'm the juggernaut, bitch!

Well, this isn't something you typically see at riots. When the riot isn't that dangerous to personal safety, the Asians and white hipsters come out to join in the fun. I bet this guy wouldn't last until morning if he struck that pose during the Katrina riots.

Enraged Asian Rioter Meme Contest Winner

CH · 19 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Maciano submitted the winning entry. Congratulations! You win… well, nothing. But you do get to enjoy the glow of pride.

I can't upload the pics for some reason, so you'll have to do with links.

Maciano: http://www.quickmeme.com/meme/3wv9/

Second place is dalai ganja: http://www.quickmeme.com/meme/3×93/

Runners up are SOBL: http://www.quickmeme.com/meme/3xq4/

and Mingus with the double embedded metameme: http://www.quickmeme.com/meme/3xr6/

Finally, in the cheap humor category, the winner is Eumaios: http://www.quickmeme.com/meme/3yek/

On a related note, there's a YouTube video of Enraged Asian Rioter slashing at a Bank of Montreal window pane with his teddy bear adorned hockey stick. Best YouTube comment by far:

"tsk tsk tsk . Asian Father Dissapoint — you smashed B-MO why not A-MO"

An Alpha Male And His Women

CH · 19 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

On this Father's Day, it makes to sense to honor the lives of men who have forsaken the path of beta domestication, fat mortgages and fat wives to live the swinging single life of the harem king.

Hugh Grant, middle-aged alpha male, canoodles with ~~one~~ ~~two~~ seven college coeds. His face is the picture of unbridled joy. This is one happy man. You will never see this kind of blissed-out look on the faces of men married for years to the same aging wives. Only young, fresh pussy can inspire such a glow.

The photo comes from an article by a 40-something careerist spinster who bemoans the fact that she can't find love with the men she wants. In her words:

> when I look around at my girlfriends – bright, attractive, successful, fabulous women in their 40s who are single – I sincerely begin to wonder: Is there even one solvent, kind, desirable, heterosexual single man in his 40s left in Britain?
>
> My friends and I have a horrible suspicion that the answer is no.
>
> The topic was much debated when I went on a detox holiday in Morocco at Easter with nine single women, ranging in age from mid-30s to late-40s and all looking for love.
>
> At first I thought it would be an oestrogen-infused nightmare, but as I got to know the women, all well-educated and successful (including bankers, a lawyer, a top fashion buyer, a media executive and an art historian), we bonded over our inability to find our male match.
>
> Some of the bankers confessed to resorting to affairs with married men at work, which was depressing, but mostly we concluded we were unable to find what we were looking for because like-minded men of our age didn't exist.

Like most delusional, over-educated termagants, she believes her accomplishments and intelligence — those things that are more naturally suited to the domain of men — entitle her to a fabulously successful, good-looking and kind

alpha male in his 40s. She is heartbroken to discover that most men her age want nothing to do with her, or her similarly situated klatsch of Cosmo readers. One of her friends moans:

> My friend Lizzie, a 43-year-old art director, says it was a real surprise to start dating at 40 after her marriage ended.
>
> 'I've always had boyfriends before, but I've been single for three years now, as I'm not so attractive a proposition any more. I've had a child and have responsibility, which these immature men of our age see as terrifying baggage – which is hypocritical when many of them have ex-wives who are bringing up their kids.'

Yes, the reason could only be "immaturity" why men don't want to date aging single moms. Maybe the reason why men "see" your kid from a previous marriage as baggage is because… wait for it…

it is baggage!

The hamster is in overdrive in this one, his wee tongue hanging out, gasping for breath, the axel on his wheel coming off.

The author has even coined a cleverless gibe to describe these age appropriate men who dare to follow their hearts and date much younger women: "kidults". She wonders why these older men — who BY RIGHTS should be dating HER, don't you know it's how things are done in polite society — treat her with such perfunctory disdain and act as if they are the prize. Well, lady, I got news for ya. When you have aged out of your prime attractiveness years (15-25), the men you want to date ARE the prize, compared to you.

On and on she bitches, with one insult after another hurled at the impertinent men who dare to pass her over for the younger, hotter competition. "Misogynist". "Hateful". "Arrogant". "Vile presumption". "Secretly hate women". "Dysfunctional". Such a colorful repertoire of psychological projection to soothe the butthurt ego. Unfortunately for her, the cold machinations of the sexual marketplace do not operate by adjectival decree. No, the answer why she goes unloved by the men she desires is much, much simpler:

A Father's Question

CH · 20 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

> First, thank you for the excellent blog.
>
> The writing, content, and resulting purposeful applications are first rate. You attract much insightful, interesting, and humorous content, too. Please keep up the good work.
>
> On to my question: so, I am a dad and wondering, with Father's Day 2011 just around the corner, your thoughts on how, when, and at what rate should matters of game be introduced to your male offspring?
>
> I did read this:
>
> http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2011/03/29/why-game-is-important-for-fathers/
>
> It made my heart ache.
>
> My son and I frequently go about town alone. Dining together. Talking to the people around us. Looking them in the eye at all times. Assessing strangers at other tables and trying to read them based upon what we observe. He and I scored girls in the mall a few weeks back. He is only 10. I'm not going to rush him into things, but want to give him the tools and tactics to use when he is ready. I don't have a great playbook for rearing him, but I do want him to lead his life and not the other way around. Any feedback and thoughts would be appreciated.

How, when, and at what rate to introduce game to your son? A few classic Chateau thoughts on the matter are here.

> To my son: You will learn how to say Hi to girls before the age of 16 if it kills you. There will be no Star Trek or Lord of the Rings posters in your room. You will instead have Helmut Newton photographs hanging on your walls and a copy of Mystery Method. I will treat the family dog better than you if you major in anything that doesn't ensure a salary high enough to keep you from grubbing off me. Learn how to throw a punch. If you turn out gay, don't ever bring your "boyfriend" around me. Certain things are best left in the realm of the abstract.
>
> Finally…
>
> if I find out your mother was a two-timing whore and you are not my kid, you will never hear from me again. Kindly direct all your rage her way.

I'm glad to see you're taking your son out and showing him the ropes. As a father, you have no more important duty than guiding your son on the path of alphadom. What greater gift can a father give his son than the knowledge and example he needs to navigate the initially confusing world of women, and to live as a free man in an increasingly corporatized, feminized, Orwellian world?

You want to introduce game concepts to your son now, as he's hitting his teenage years. Your first forays into this dark knowledge should be couched in terms a kid can relate to, i.e., lay off the sex talk and arid evo psych theories. Tell him that girls are different from boys and that this will matter as he gets older and starts to like them.

In your specific case, it seems as if your son is maturing early, if he's "scoring" girls at age 10. He probably knows the basics at this point? If that's so, then you can go to the next stage, where you analyze specific female behaviors and make them relevant to him. For instance, he might complain about a girl who only likes him when he's mean to her, and he doesn't understand why. You can then segue into a discussion about why girls like that sort of attitude from boys, and how he can have that attitude but still grow up to be a good man.

Note: Do not ever fall back on the typical beta herb father response of "Well, son, women are a mystery. You'll find that out soon enough." That's the cheap and easy way out, and prepares him for nothing. Patiently explain WHY

women are the way they are, that women aren't really mysterious at all, it just seems that way because they think differently than men. Remind him, too, that men seem mysterious to women, so the confusion goes both ways. The whole "mystery" cop-out is just another form of female pedestalization.

As he's becoming more aware of true female nature, there is a risk his young mind and heart will slip into cynicism and disgust for girls. Don't let that happen. Remind him that, though the world works this way, there is no reason to let it get him down. There are some rules to follow, but the game itself is still a lot of fun, and nothing feels better than falling in love with a girl who loves you back. (Abstain from discussions of "love" until he's well into his teens. A 10 year old is likely to turn up his nose at that.)

As his mind matures (age 16 or so), begin introducing him to the literature and science that scaffolds game concepts. You can start with this blog and these resources. If he's anything like a normal heterosexual man, his eyes will widen with wonder when he first reads this forbidden knowledge. This is a critical juncture. If you have not laid the groundwork, a sudden infusion of game material can send him careening through a labyrinth of haphazard self-discovery, his journey littered with dangerous risks and broken hearts. You must start his reality education NOW if you want him to put the future knowledge to good use. An unanchored padawan is a light saber duel away from joining the Sith.

The rate he should learn this stuff will largely be up to him. Once the floodgates open, he'll likely seek out further knowledge on his own, without your guidance. The internet guarantees that the window for active parental guidance is smaller now than it has ever been. That's why you must begin your teachings before he gets to high school.

As a responsible father the setbacks you most want your son to avoid are:

Oneitis.
LJBF.
Surprise dumpings.
Grinding celibacy.
Divorce.
Marriage to an ugly feminist.

Give him the knowledge and tools to circumvent those unhappy fates and the wisdom of your experience and you will be a hero to him for life.

A Blatant Case Of Sex Discrimination In The Law

CH · 22 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A couple was arrested for having consensual sex on a public beach in front of people dining in a nearby restaurant. The bail was set at $10,000 for the man, and $2,500 for the woman.

The anti-male commissars infesting our legal system are getting awfully bold, aren't they? I would like a feminist, any feminist, to explain how exactly this bond disparity isn't crass gender discrimination.

I won't be holding my breath.

ps The arrested dude is one ugly mofo, but his face screams aloof asshole. And we all know how much young, hot girls swoon for assholes.

UPDATE

HalfCanadian writes:

> The girl had 2 priors that have been posted. DUI and obstruction.
>
> http://gawker.com/5814320/florida-couple-arrested-for-putting-on-surfside-sex-show?comment=40294078#comments
>
> He has priors as well, which include a DUI with drug possession (Mary Jane and prescriptions).

So my original question remains valid. How is this disparate bond amount not gender discrimination under the law?

The Pedophile Libel

CH · 22 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A 51 year old actor married a 16 year old woman and the comments section exploded in accusations of pedophile. Here is a pic of the newlyweds:

His posture is a bit beta, but can you blame the guy? He hit the jackpot. He even got her parents' approval.

Whenever an older man hooks up with a much younger woman, there is a chorus of haters from almost every demographic smearing the guy with the pedophile label. It's a malicious slander. These dimwits quick to hurl the pedo insult need to be educated on some basic facts about human biology.

Pedophilia is sexual attraction for biological children. Note I used the qualifier "biological". Technically, in many jurisdictions, a 17 year old is legally defined as a child, but most 17 year olds have already developed adult bodies. True pedophiles are attracted to pre-pubescent children who have not yet developed secondary sex characteristics. Real pedophiles have a brain malfunction and need to be kept as far away from kids as possible, because their disease is incurable.

To make the point clearer for the idiots, malcontents and misandrists who can't stand to see an older man dating a younger woman: Sexual attraction for a woman who has gone through puberty and has a sexually developed adult woman's body is not pedophilia.

It is not pedophilia for an older man to be sexually attracted to a 16 year old girl who has breasts, wide hips, a round and full ass, and a feminine face. Anyone who claims otherwise is either an ignoramus or is engaging in propaganda war, truth be damned. The older women who love to throw around the pedo libel whenever a man their age chooses a younger woman are known as… oh, great Odin's raven, what's the word I'm looking for? Oh yes… cunts.

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But hags and spinsters aren't the only ones who freely fling the pedo accusation. Plenty of white knighters and sour married men do it, too. The reasons why they do it are obvious. Older women dread the younger competition and use shame to influence men's behavior more to their liking. Men who aren't dating young, fresh flowers shame those who do out of red-hot envy. Feminists do it because they loathe male desire. And so we have an alliance of nearly

every demographic against the minority of men who have the skill to land significantly younger lovers. With such a stacked deck, it's a small miracle that love is able to overcome a malicious mass lie.

It's all part and parcel of the last fifty years of feminized Western culture pathologizing normal, natural male sexual desire. A sure sign of cultural decay if ever there was one is the demonization of maleness. Feminists and the whole of the liberal media have done their job codifying the currently reigning zeitgeist that male sexual desire is aberrant and uncivilized while female sexual desire is the very pinnacle of saintliness.

Well, this armed outpost of blogdom is here to set the record straight. To expose the lords of lies for what they are, to grind their shitfuck faces in their falsehoods, and to taste the unfathomable sadness of their bitter tears.

Mmm… tastes so sweet, like illimitable pain.

So to help bring balance to the force, I propose an equivalent lie to demonize natural female sexual desire. We don't really see enough of this, so let's start with female hypergamy, the powerful primal force that compels women to date higher status men than themselves, and preferably to date the highest status man possible. Let's call it by the DSM IV term it deserves:

Strataphilia, *-noun*, 1. a deviant sexual attraction predicated on the social and economic stratum that a man occupies.

FYI: A true pedophile is not the 51 year old in that photo. Far from it. A true pedophile thinks more like this:

LIKE THE TORTOISE
I LIKE TO GET THERE
BEFORE THE HAIR

Is Female Careerism A Form Of Infidelity?

CH · 23 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Sidewinder writes:

> While some degree of the female fascination/obsession with credentials can be explained as projecting onto themselves what they find desirable in men, I think there's more to it than that. Not all, but a sizeable percentage of intelligent women become obsessed with their school or work. Maybe its just self-centeredness, but many women place their "career" to such a high level of importance that it almost becomes the primary component of their identity. Having read a good deal of marriage therapy literature the past year, some therapists have classified this female career obsession as a form of infidelity to the family and marrage. And its no coincidence that the vast majority of female infidelity takes place in connection with her workplace.
>
> I wonder if in addition to projection, this obsession stems from an unconscious recognition of their declining attractiveness. Its like the 40 year old women at the gym: while they know that men aren't especially attracted to muscular, hard-bodied women, its really the best option for them considering the alternative of sagging cellulite. Maybe girls latch on to school and work in their 20s because they feel its the only thing they can do to try to mitigate their inevitable declining looks as they approach their 30s and 40s.

Paging Penelope Trunk…

I agree that there is something "off" about women who are excessively devoted to their careers and to obtaining an acronymic parade of pointless credentials. Careerist shrikes are some of the most unpleasant, unfeminine women to be around. They must have more androgen receptors than normal women to be so grating to the male sensibility. Sure, they can fuck like Viagra-laced male pornstars, but as soon as you relieve yourself in them you will feel a second powerful urge to escape their aggro nastiness.

Sidewinder hits on an angle not much discussed in the media (obvi). Women who place their careers front and center are committing a kind of betrayal of their sex's biological and psychological imperatives. It's like a big middle finger to everything that distinguishes the feminine from the masculine, the yin from the yang. It's quite possible that the worst offenders — the 14 hour day lawyercunts and the graduate school hermits — embrace the male-oriented rat race and achievement spectacle because it offers a welcome distraction from either spinsterly loneliness or boring beta male partners who, while intellectually are rationalized as good matches, do not viscerally excite them.

Maybe, too, these careerist chicks see their jobs as a way to enter the world of the alpha male, to have a taste of what it would be like to be part of his life. The office cubes and doormen and glassy skyscrapers have given legions of plain janes the daily stimulation to mentally masturbate fantasy romances with the alpha males who run their companies or the alpha salesmen who greet them at the front desk with a twinkle in their eyes.

Perhaps, as Sidewinder also noted, female careerism presents the illusion of a safe harbor from the approaching wall. When a woman's SMV inevitably craters in her 40s, her career might be all she has to lift her spirits, especially if she has no husband she loves, no kids, or even just one kid who spends most of his time playing CoD or robbing convenience stores. Women with larger families don't seem to dread the coming apocalypse of their beauty as much as the quasi-barren SWPLs seem to do, who start using expensive anti-wrinkle creams at age twelve.

The dumbfuck feminists will naturally ask, "Why doesn't this same theory apply to men? Aren't they escaping sad love lives by retreating to their careers?"

Don't you know it's different for guys? Unlike women, men are evolutionarily programmed to be resource providers for women. It is not a betrayal of a man's innate purpose in life to ambitiously pursue achievement and accolades.

In fact, just the opposite; it's an affirmation of that ancient purpose. A man turning his back on raising his status is akin to a woman letting herself get fat and slovenly.

The women for whom career success is their comfort and their purpose are some sort of weird, monstrous amalgam of man and woman, halfway between both worlds, their sexual polarity askew. These types tend to attract either intense short term flings with alphas or plodding marriages with dweeby, effete kitchen bitches.

Additionally, it can be argued that a sexual market which favors easy sex (for alpha males only) and a marriage market increasingly against men's interests pushes women into the careerist mindset, because subconsciously they realize that the guarantee of a strong male provider that was once their birthright is now a sucker's bet, and one they have convinced themselves they don't even want. Women, sensing the change in the rules, have responded by storming the state college citadels to earn their communications and women's studies degrees by the boatload.

Of course, as I always remind the women reading here who complain about the change in the game…

Ladies, you get the men you created.

Yet Another Study Validates Game

CH · 24 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The effectiveness of kino — the act of casually (and calculatingly) touching a woman during a pickup to establish your sexual interest, to make her comfortable with the idea of sex with you, and to guide her away from putting you in the friend zone — is confirmed by a scientific study.

> **Previous research has shown that light tactile contact increases compliance to a wide variety of requests.** However, the effect of touch on compliance to a courtship request has never been studied. In this paper, three experiments were conducted in a courtship context. **In the first experiment, a young male confederate in a nightclub asked young women to dance with him during the period when slow songs were played. When formulating his request, the confederate touched (or not) the young woman on her forearm for 1 or 2 seconds. In the second experiment, a 20-year-old confederate approached a young woman in the street and asked her for her phone number. The request was again accompanied by a light touch (or not) on the young woman's forearm. In both experiments, it was found that touch increased compliance to the man's request.** A replication of the second experiment accompanied with a survey administered to the female showed that high score of dominance was associated with tactile contact. The link between touch and the dominant position of the male was used to explain these results theoretically.

Kino and compliance are two integral parts of seduction.* There are plenty of posts in the Chateau archives covering these two important topics. If you are not touching a woman early on in a pickup, chances are you will fail to get her number, let alone a lay. Don't listen to indignant feminists when they claim that men should keep their hands to themselves until they are invited to touch; the truth is, as it often is when feminists and their distorted beliefs are the subject, the complete opposite: men who touch early and without permission are the ones who win girls' hearts.

Why do women respond so positively to kino from men, to the point of complying with the men's requests for a slow dance or a phone number? The answer is in the survey results of the study: kino is associated with male dominance. And women LOVE LOVE LOVE male dominance. If you need a reminder:

Chicks dig power.
Men dig beauty.

Salesmen have known the secret of kino for ages, which is why the best salesmen, if you're paying attention, will find a way to lightly put their hand on your elbow when they're guiding you to their product. Kino is a little trickier in male-on-male interactions, though, because the same dominance display that works to sexually arouse women will cause another man to bristle like a porcupine.

Women also emphasize touch more than men do. If you go shopping with a woman, you'll notice how often she caresses linens or traces a finger along furniture and vases. A woman lives in the world of touch, exquisite touch, and a man who can create that bond of touch early in a pickup will leave a bigger impression on her than a man who keeps his hands firmly by his side.

Kino leads to small acts of compliance, which eventually lead to the big act of compliance for sex. Nonverbal kino — hand on upper arm, then forearm, then thigh — isn't the only way to escalate a seduction through its stages. Creating an emotional connection with graduated verbal compliance — asking a series of increasingly personal and sexual questions — is like the conversational form of kino. The two together — nonverbal and verbal compliance — combine to create a powerful arousal in women.

*Works on sluts and non-sluts, proles and SWPLs alike!

Girl Admits She Loathes Niceguy "Boyfriend"

CH · 24 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This email, assuming it's not fake, has been making the rounds (via Instapundit):

> I have been seeing a guy for seven months now. He is a nice guy — probably the nicest guy I ever dated — very caring, respectful and treats me like a lady (brings me flowers unexpectedly, watches horror movies even though he doesn't like them). Before him, I dated guys who were unavailable or just with me for all the wrong reasons. I started dating him four months [after] a break-up with a guy I was madly in love with and I still think of him.
>
> My problem is that I am not sexually attracted to this nicest guy in the world and I feel super guilty about it. I don't know what's wrong with me; I feel like a horrible and shallow person by saying this but I am not attracted to his body type. We haven't had sex, and we rarely kiss when he tries to make out with me (I usually have to force myself when we do). He has asked me on several occasions if I am not attracted to him and I have always lied and said that I am and that I am not ready to have sex, but the truth is I am not ready to have sex with him.
>
> Recently he has introduced me to his family and has even mentioned the "love" and "marriage" words, and now I am confused and afraid that I am far to into it to just tell him that I am not into him. I don't want to hurt his feelings as I believe in Karma and think that it will come back to bite me. I want to be sexually attracted to him because I think he will be a good provider and is definitely marriage material but I don't know how to get myself there. I have read self-help books to try and seek the answer to this question but with no help. I can't have a conversation with my girlfriends because I am afraid they will judge me. I don't know what to do. I don't want to end up alone or realize that he was the best thing in my life after he is gone. Please help. **— Not Sexually Attracted**

First, let's get something straight. You haven't been "seeing" a guy for seven months if you haven't banged. At best, you've been hanging out with him and using him for seven months to meet your nonsexual needs. Like you might do with a friend. Or a puppy. Chicks these days need to stop redefining words that strip them of their implied meanings. That road leads to believing anal sex isn't really sex. Or purple saguaros are actually back massagers.

Second, any man who tells a girl he loves her and wants to marry her AFTER SEVEN SEXLESS MONTHS is a leading candidate for beta of the year. Such a man wouldn't know the first thing about how women work, and it's no surprise that any girl stuck with a clingy loser like that would take advantage of him. We humans are programmed to prey on the weak, and this chick is no exception.

Third, never propose to a girl who writes "super guilty".

Fourth, as a man with a pulse, you should be able to tell when a woman isn't into kissing you. If she's pulling backwards constantly, or making scrunchy faces like she just drank sour milk, you need to find that last ounce of dignity and walk away.

I don't think there's any news here that chicks love unavailable assholes and feel nothing in the vageen for genuinely nice guys. We've trod this territory plenty of times. Its truth is self-evident to anyone with the eyes to see. The more interesting angle, (again, assuming this email is legit), is the inside look at how easily, and without any apparent remorse, a girl will string along a beta schlub to extract emotional and material benefits from him.

Whenever the traditionalists and fembots pipe up about the innate purity of women's sexual desire as opposed to men's creepy and animalistic desire, it's a good idea to helpfully remind them that the crass manipulation of a lovestruck suitor is an equal opportunity moral failing. I'd go so far as to say that using the opposite sex for favors while offering nothing in return that they want is largely the province of women who, after all, far outnumber the small wedge of alpha males who are able to successfully use women for sexual gratification. On the numbers alone,

there have to be a lot more situations where a girl strings along a parade of sycophantic betas in a sexless purgatory than where a high status man strings a harem along in noncommittal sexual pleasure.

My advice to the girl who wrote the email:

Keep using your #1 herb. But don't push it too far, or he might crack. Don't be surprised if one day he has a Rainman freakout, his eyes wild with rage and spittle flying everywhere, the vein bulging in his neck, yelling at you for some trivial infraction that finally puts him over the edge.

My advice to the beta protagonist:

Grow a pair. Quit her.

My advice if this email was fake:

Thanks for the springboard.

StarCraft Nerd Has Cute Girlfriend

CH · 28 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It might be time to rethink the assertion that video gaming is exempt from the maxim that every male endeavor has female groupies. Here's video of an interview with a StarCraft nerd who, at 3:15, surprises the viewers when his cute girlfrined bounces on stage to be next to him.

If you are alpha enough in your demeanor and mannerisms, you can overcome the handicap of association with a nerdy hobby. Watch the vid closely. This guy — a Zerg champion apparently — emanates an alpha aura. Note the minimal time spent smiling. Or his slow, controlled body and facial movements. The way he keeps his chin up. Or the way he deftly handles questions, and the steady tone and timber of voice in which he talks. Note too, how he has spent some time buffing himself up. (He's far from huge, but he's done enough to prevent looking like the typical doughy nerd with a Cheetos moustache.) Listen as he trash talks the competition; this guy is a cocky asshole.

And finally, watch how he reacts when his girlfriend bounds next to him; no beta supplicating there. He stands firm and lets her nuzzle into his personal space. She is the one with exaggerated body motions, while he remains the oak tree under which she frolics like the nymphette she is.

Often, you can identify the alpha male better by watching how the women in his company react to him than by his accomplishments or his leadership skills.

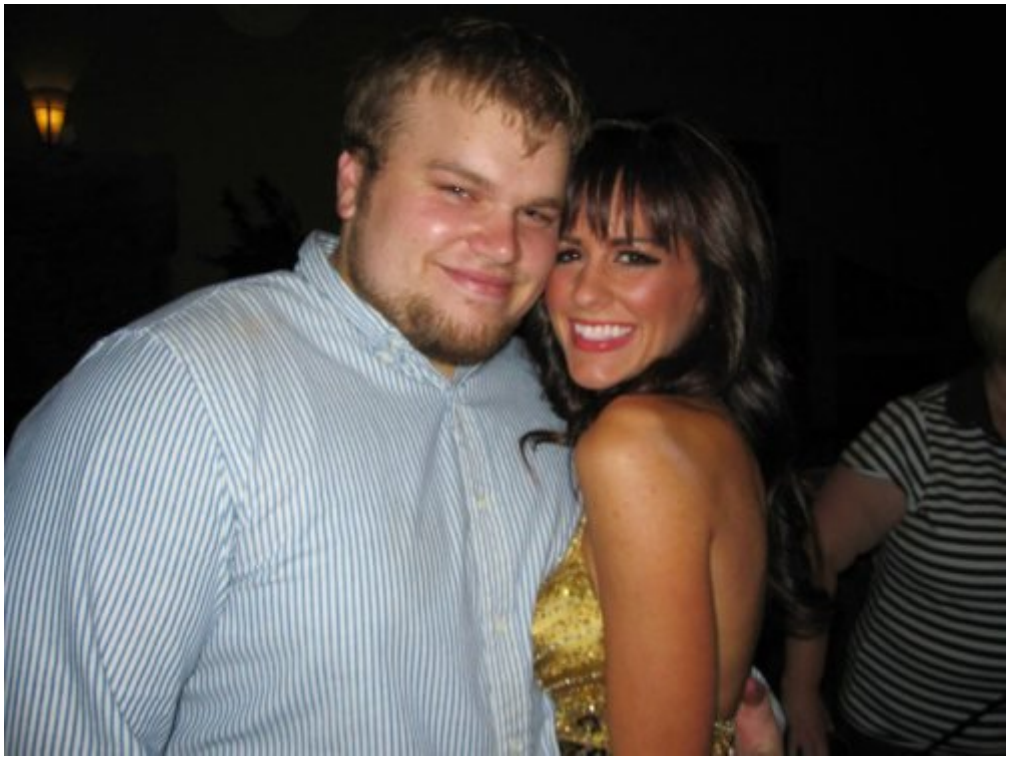
Comment Of The Week

CH · 29 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From Miley_Cyrax:

> Bitches love them r-selected Zergs.

On a related note, here's another massive StarCraft nerd with a hot girlfriend. She's a beauty queen, Miss Oregon.



Running Solo

CH · 29 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks:

> First of all, great blog. A lot of the information conveyed here has been useful to me in consciously making a positive impact on my "gaming" skills….it's almost eerie to think back and realize the times where I unknowingly ran game and was getting the strongest attraction without knowing why.
>
> Anyhow, I'm more of an introverted guy….21, recently started going to bars on the regular. However, most of the time I run solo. I've lurked here for awhile now and gotten a good feel for game, but there's still some psychological itch about not running with a group as often as I used to that makes things feel somewhat awkward. I've searched the blog, but found nothing specific pertaining to "solo" game. Are there any specifics that you would suggest keeping in mind when going it alone?
>
> One specific problem I've run into is my age….a lot of the 23 + older girls seem to have their interest doused by hearing that I'm a mere 21 years old, even if everything else has been going smoothly.

I used to run solo at least twice a week. My best pickups (that is, the hottest chicks I banged and the quickest I moved the seductions to the bedroom) happened when I approached a girl or group of girls by myself. Unless you're still in college, you shouldn't be rolling with more than two buddies, anyhow. The more men in your group, the douchier you look, and the less courageous you'll seem to girls who have to deal with wolf packs of sausage eyeballing them every time they go out.

The awkwardness you feel is strictly a fear based on how you will be perceived by girls. The act of running solo itself is not the cause of your bad feelings. It's the fear that girls will think you are a loner without friends.

In my experience, this fear is totally overblown. Most girls don't immediately lurch to thoughts about your lack of friends when you approach them solo. They are sizing you up and that is a function entirely of your game. When going out alone, just enter a frame of mind that you are the mysterious, dark stranger with a wealth of worldly experiences to share with someone worthy of your company. If girls ask about your friends, tell them you left them behind at a crappy party that was too pretentious for your tastes. Or just say you went out without them because they hold you back.

As for your age, my advice is to lie if you want to take the path of least resistance. It's true that a lot of girls have a mental checklist that forbids them from dating younger men. Women are, by and large, viscerally attracted to older men. The cougar phenomenon is swamped by the older man-younger woman dynamic. If you don't want the hassle of dealing with this constraint on women's desires, then just fib about your age.

On the other hand, it's a relatively simple subterfuge to neutralize an older woman's objection to sleeping with you.

HER: You look young. How old are you?

YOU: You first.

HER: 23.

YOU: Oh, too bad.

HER: What?

YOU: You're too young for me. I normally date women in their 30s. I find them much more interesting to be around.

HER: [massive self-qualifiying]

If you have good game, age won’t be much of a barrier to sex. Or love.

Diversity + Proximity = War

CH · 29 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In the clearest illustration yet of this infamous Chateau maxim, a new study is out showing how increased diversity in the form of bordered territory is leading to more war.

> Wars steadily increase for over a century, fed by more borders and cheaper conflict.
>
> New research by the University of Warwick and Humboldt University shows that the frequency of wars between states increased steadily from 1870 to 2001 by 2% a year on average. The research argues that conflict is being fed by economic growth and the proliferation of new borders.
>
> We may think the world enjoyed periods of relative freedom from war between the Cold War and 9/11 but the new research by Professor Mark Harrison from at the University of Warwick's the Centre for Competitive Advantage in the Global Economy, and Professor Nikolaus Wolf from Humboldt University, shows that the number of conflicts between pairs of states rose steadily from 6 per year on average between 1870 and 1913 to 17 per year in the period of the two World Wars, 31 per year in the Cold War, and 36 per year in the 1990s.
>
> Professor Mark Harrison from the University of Warwick said: "The number of conflicts has been rising on a stable trend. Because of two world wars, the pattern is obviously disturbed between 1914 and 1945 but remarkably, after 1945 the frequency of wars resumed its upward course on pretty much the same path as before 1913."
>
> One of the key drivers is the number of countries, which has risen dramatically – from 47 in 1870 to 187 in 2001.

People like to form into competing groups. This natural impulse is encoded in every human being's DNA. It is a deeply embedded encoding, and can't be excised. It can only be controlled by authoritarian measures, i.e. ultimately at the point of a gun. More 20th century borders is likely the manifestation of these ancient desires seeking to congeal into ever smaller, and thus more closely related, human tribes, and now being free to do so. It should be no surprise to a realist of human nature that more borders would lead to more war.

Naturally, the hopelessly naive among you might ask, "Why not just dissolve borders like we are doing here in the USA? Fewer borders should mean less war, right?" Incorrect. What instead will happen — and what we are seeing happening today in the USA — is a chaotic scramble — a BIOLOGICAL IMPERATIVE — to form *de facto* borders within the essentially borderless nation. (The modern USA is the closest approximation we have to an essentially borderless nation ruled by a legitimate government. There is no way to explain the unsupervised migration of 50 million Mexicans in 30 years that starts with the premise that we have a working border mechanism in place.)

De facto internal borders are based on race, ethnicity, religion, ideology, and social status, just as hard borders. La Raza is an internal border. The Congressional Black Caucus is an internal border. Journalism is an internal border (80-90% of journalists are registered Democrats). Cosmopolitan elites are an internal border. Schools are an internal border (ever notice how students congregate in a lunchroom cafeteria? How about the quickness with which urban white elites set off for the decidedly less diverse suburbs when the kids reach schooling age?). J-Date is an internal border. NASCAR is an internal border. Libertardian blogs are an internal border. Gay Pride and Puerto Rican Day parades are internal borders. Gerrymandered districts are internal borders. Neighborhoods are internal borders. Of course, one notable group has no recognized internal border at all. And we know what happens to undefended, borderless lands: they get overrun.

Active wars of bloodshed might not be the result of such internal border-making (though don't count your ammo before it's fired), but all the political machinations and propaganda of hot wars are there in spades in our relatively bloodless diversity wars. The only thing missing is the stack of dead, uniformed bodies. "Uniformed" being the

operative word here.

A country as (formerly) gifted with human capital as the USA can live with a little bit of diversity. But like every other nation on earth, beholden as we all are to our Darwinian overlord, it can't live with a lot of it. We'll soon find that out.

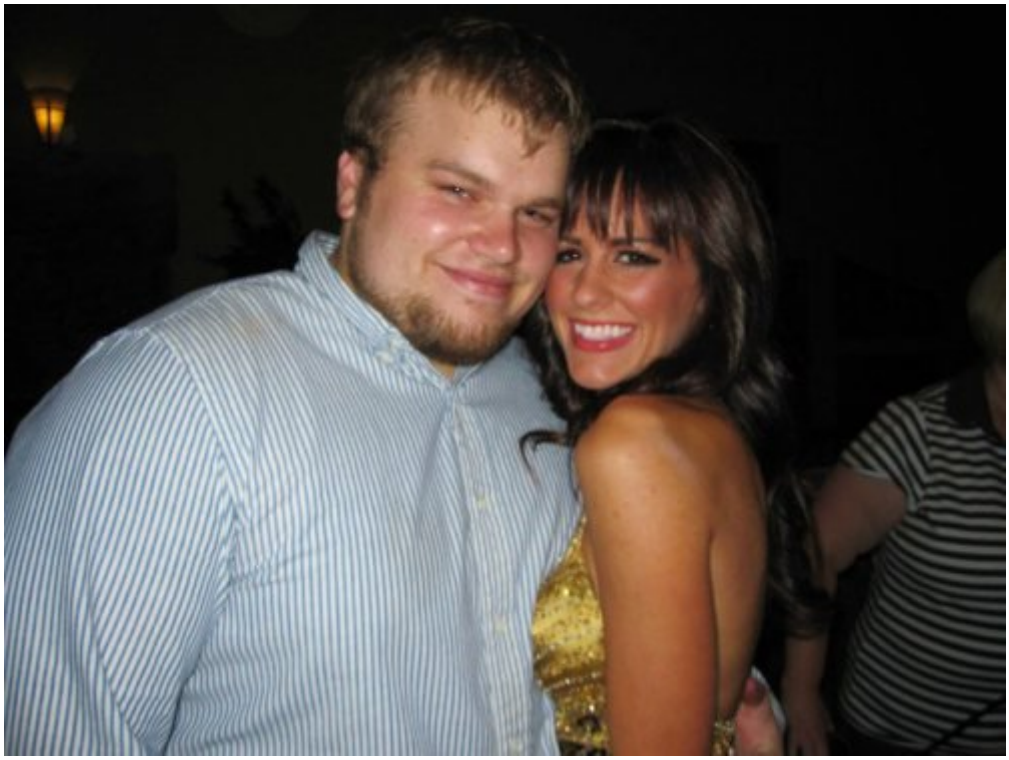
Comment Of The Week

CH · 29 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From Miley_Cyrax:

> Bitches love them r-selected Zergs.

On a related note, here's another massive StarCraft nerd with a hot girlfriend. She's a beauty queen, Miss Oregon.



An Old Chateau Concept Confirmed By Science

CH · 30 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Years ago, the writers of this blog made the bold and controversial assertion that female economic empowerment and growing government largesse were helping to fuel the desire of women to ride the alpha cock carousel in their 20s, only to settle down with a beta provider later in life when their sexual peak had been passed.

> Bleeding heart compassion has cursed blessed the country with layers of safety nets that subvert the natural cleansing of losers from contributing to the next generation. The result of all this government largesse is the substitution of handouts for husbands. When provider males who are predisposed to marry and support a family are worth less on the market than they used to be they are slowly replaced by playboys taking advantage of the sexual climate. Women who have their security needs met by Big Government (in combination with their own economic empowerment) begin to favor their desire for sexy, noncommital alpha males at the expense of their attraction for men who will foot the bills.
>
> Prediction: As women's financial status rises to levels at or above the available men in their social sphere, they will have great difficulty finding an acceptable long-term partner. The men, for their part, will turn away from emphasizing their ability to provide as they discover their mediocre-paying corporate jobs are no longer effective displays of mating value. They will instead emphasize the skills of "personality dominance".

This blog = perceptive. Prophetic, even. Now science has come around to the Chateau point of view with a new study that shows women with money problems prefer softer, beta men who would make good resource provider candidates.

> Those [women] primed to worry about their finances showed the least interest in the macho men, the Royal Society journal Biology Letters reports.
>
> This, according to the Australian researchers, suggests that when money is short women are attracted to gentler types, who are seen as good providers and more likely to stick around when times are tough.
>
> The macho men, however, were most attractive to the women made to worry about their health.
>
> This may be because masculinity can be a sign of good genes – and a man who will give a woman strong and healthy children.
>
> The researchers concluded there are evolutionary advantages in a woman's taste in men being flexible.
>
> This would allow women 'to adapt their preferences to rapid changes in the environment such as pathogen outbreak or a famine', they said.

Or to adapt their preferences to rapid changes in the environment such as the introduction of the Pill, feminism and economic self-sufficiency.

So here we have scientific evidence proving a core Chateau concept that women who are materially comfortable — as many women became after their assault on the workforce and colleges beginning in the 1970s — are less likely to seek out beta providers and more likely to indulge their hypergamous drives and sex it up with studly alpha cads; that is, until Father Time cruelly etches the first of his brandings on delicate, feminine faces. This would go a long way to explaining why age of first marriage has been steadily climbing since 1970; more years devoted to schooling to make the middle class money, yes, but also more years to slut it up with the high status alphas women truly desire but don't need for material resource procurement.

Women who missed the big feminist bandwagon of the last 40 years and didn't go to college or make a decent salary are the ones who pine for gentle, beta herbs to take them under their wing and provide a home, food and shopping money. So feminism has indeed been a boon for alpha males who want sex on the cheap with a harem of

hypergamous concubines, and a living hell for betas who have been left out in the cold, waiting their turn for the ladies to age into their late 20s and 30s before getting a chance to drop on bended knee for the last ditch lock-up.

Also of note: Women who worried about health problems were attracted to the masculine studs. So if you are an alpha male with game and a goal to bed as many women as possible before kicking off, your best bet is to target hypochondriac careerist chicks.

If you are a beta male who would love nothing more than to snuggle after gently executed missionary sex and debate which color to paint the foyer, your best bet is to target in-shape athletic women who come from poor families and have crappy jobs.

Best,

Yours in politically incorrect but bracingly truthful dating advice.

Marilyn Monroe Was Skinny

CH · 1 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I really love these posts that rip feminist mythology to shreds (a fun and easy sport even the kids will love!). You can just imagine their porky forehead veins throbbing with rage as they read the following article by Virginia Postrel:

> We should never again hear anyone declare that Marilyn Monroe was a size 12, a size 14 or any other stand-in for full-figured, zaftig or plump. Fifteen thousand people have now seen dramatic evidence to the contrary. Monroe was, in fact, teeny-tiny.
>
> The 15,000 were the visitors who turned out over eight days to oooh and aaah at the preview exhibit for the June 18 auction of Debbie Reynolds's extraordinary collection of Hollywood costumes, props and other memorabilia.
>
> The two comments heard most often in the crowded galleries were (to paraphrase), "Wow, they were thin" and "It's such a shame. These things should be in a museum." […]
>
> The auction's top-ticket item was Monroe's famous white halter dress from "The Seven Year Itch," the one that billowed up as the subway passed. It sold for almost $5.66 million (including the buyer's premium) to an unknown phone bidder. Sharing a rotating mirrored platform with Hedy Lamarr's peacock gown from "Samson and Delilah" and Kim Novak's rhinestone- fringed show dress from "Jeanne Eagels," Monroe's costume was displayed on a mannequin that had been carved down from a standard size 2 to accommodate the tiny waist. Even then, the zipper could not entirely close.
>
> But that's just one dress. Perhaps the star was having a skinny day. To check, you could look across the room and see that Monroe's red-sequined show dress from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was at least as petite, as were the saloon costume from "River of No Return" and the tropical "Heat Wave" outfit from "There's No Business Like Show Business.
>
> In fact, the average waist measurement of the four Monroe dresses was a mere 22 inches, according to Lisa Urban, the Hollywood consultant who dressed the mannequins and took measurements for me. Even Monroe's bust was a modest 34 inches.
>
> That's not an anecdote. That's data.
>
> The other actresses' costumes provided further context. "It's like half a person," marveled a visitor at the sight of Claudette Colbert's gold-lame "Cleopatra" gown (waist 18 inches). "That waist is the size of my thigh," said a tall, slim man, looking at Carole Lombard's dress from "No Man of Her Own" (a slight exaggeration — it was 21 inches). Approaching Katharine Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland" costumes, a plump woman declared with a mixture of envy and disgust, "Another skinny one."
>
> The pattern she noticed was real. At my request, Urban took waist measurements on garments worn by 16 different stars, from Mary Pickford in 1929 (20 inches) to Barbra Streisand in 1969 (24 inches). The thickest waist she found was Mae West's 26 inches in "Myra Breckinridge," when the actress was 77 years old.

The average waist size of American women in 2011?: **34.5 inches**.

The insistence by fatty fat fatty apologists and the misfit motley crew of "cultural conditioning" feminists that Marilyn Monroe was a plump woman, a chubby chick, Rubenesque, zaftig, or, (my personal favorite), cuuuuuuurvy is nothing but the oinks of lying propagandists who want you to believe that men have since been somehow magically programmed by… who, exactly? Government agents? Hollywood? Frat boys? Stuxnet?… to prefer anorexic chicks over their true preference for supposed chubsters like Monroe.

For a long time this claim went unanswered; one, because no one bothered to fact check its self-evident PC

truthiness, and two, because loudmouthed, ugly femcunts have cowed journalists and pundits into abject submission. But now the facts are in: Marilyn Monroe was a SLENDER BABE. There wasn't a BBW bone in her skinny sexy body.

Women REALLY WERE thinner back in what the feminists call the bad old days. There wasn't some fairytale fatopia in the 1950s when the men lusted for rotund mamas, and women were real women with curves and meat on the bones. Nope, women of the past were definitely thinner, and they were even thinner than what we would consider a thin girl today! That's how warped our professed standards in female beauty have become. Men and women alike have drunk the feminist Koolaid, and coupled with the inability to avoid the sheer numbers of fat chicks rumbling over our frappuccino plains the result is a grudging, deflating acceptance that bigger, fatter, heftier women are here to stay, and baby you better believe they are HOT STUFF. A lot of men, seeing how few options they have when 9/10s of their prospects roll with a mushroom cloud top, are gonna revert to the one face-saving ploy in their arsenal: sour grapes.

"Hey man, I don't want some anorexic bag of bones. Fat-bottomed girls make the rockin' world go round. A whole lotta woman needs a whole lot more. Big girls you are beautiful!"

Nice try, JoeBob, but I know what you're really thinking.

(Ever notice how gay male rockstars love to sing the praises of fat chicks? Wazzupwitdat?)

This is all part and parcel of a cultural plumping up of the American woman over the last half century to go along with her actual plumping up. Dress sizes have changed to accommodate the tender egos of the lardasses thundering around clothing stores now, so that, for example, what once was a size 10 dress is now a size 6 dress. What was considered a really fat chick in 1950 might've worn a size 15, but today the typical fat chick is so much fatter than her 1950s counterpart that she slips into the equivalent of a dainty size 38 number.

You can't blame the retailers and clothing manufacturers, though. They just want to turn a profit, and if that means giving fatties an artificial high from being able to claim they wear a smaller size than they really do, then they'll minimize dress sizes forever. If present trends are indicative of future results, a size 0 dress will soon be able to double as a mosquito net.

The fattening of American women is a goddamned fucking TRAGEDY. It robs the country of beautiful women, and thus robs American men of tactile sexual pleasure and aesthetic visual pleasure. A direct analogy would be if the nation's men all decided to quit their jobs, shart on first dates, act like nervous dweebs and change diapers for a hobby. Yeah, don't sound so hot, does it ladies? Now maybe you can grasp why every evangelical equalist effort to normalize expanding waistlines and rolling waves of blubber is a sin committed against beauty, and thus, against truth.

Game isn't so much about being able to play the field in perpetuity as it is about navigating a shrinking dating pool of sexy slender chicks getting squeezed by an advancing army of fat chicks. It's been written here before: as the expendable sex, men react to conditions in the sexual market; they don't create those conditions. And right now conditions are Code Well-Fed, mothafuckaaaaaa.

PS I'd like to start a new advocacy group called the National Association for the Advancement of Half-Weight Women. God bless those half-weight women we've lost to the tidal wave of sugar and midnight snacking. Boners unite under the banner of Half-Weight Women! Raise your flag and smite the enemy Double-Weight Women! Smite them with a cupcake avalanche!

Why Most Libertarians Stupidly Embrace Open Borders

CH · 1 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A core principle of libertarianism is the free movement of labor. On paper, this principle sounds admirable, even workable. That damned paper! Libertarians would have to betray a lot of what they believe in to accept that restrictions on the free movement of labor are advantageous, economically and culturally, for a nation's well-being. Thus, they don't. Instead, they pull an ostrich and ignore the negative externalities that mass immigration has brought to the USA. Free movement of labor is such an entrenched free market concept that many libertarians have taken to arguing that open borders is a natural, and moral, extension of the principle.

But when does free movement of labor across national borders as a concept break down? Three heretofore largely unexamined premises should enlighten those who believe the concept is trustworthy.

1. As Milton Friedman said, open borders and the welfare state cannot coexist. If one country offers a generous welfare package to all and sundry that immigrants cannot get in their own countries, they will happily cross unguarded borders to take advantage of the manna from government heaven. Who pays for this manna? Why, you, the productive libertardian citizen. There's a word for your kind. Sucker.

2. Population group differences in human capital are real. If country A is filled with highly productive and intelligent citizens on average, and countries B, C and D are filled with less productive and less intelligent citizens on average, what do you think will happen when the bulk of countries' B, C and D least productive citizens emigrate to country A? A libertarian in good standing will argue that those B, C and D immigrants will do the crappy jobs that need doing, and the natives who are displaced from those jobs will be incentivized to educate themselves and get better paying and higher status jobs. Hey great! Except what happens if those displaced native citizens, due to innate limitations, CAN'T DO MORE CHALLENGING JOBS? What you'll get is what we are seeing today: a structural increase in the chronic unemployment rate. Bootstrap philosophy has been thoroughly discredited by the advancing scientific knowledge in genetics.

3. Evidence suggests political ideology is genetically imbued and thus mostly immutable. Latin Americans — specifically those of Amerindian ethnicity — consistently vote 2/3rds for Democrats and more state intervention. What do libertardians think will happen to their precious policy proposals when a 2/3rds majority of 50 million illegal migrants, continuing in perpetuity with their children and children's children, vote for politicians who believe in the exact opposite of what libertarians believe? Does this really need spelling out?

Why do I give libertarians so much shit? I share an affinity with their worldview, so when they fuck up it inspires me to level the hammer of Thor on their blockheads. It's like how you give your brother way more shit for fucking up than you would a stranger. Being of your blood, he should know better.

DSK And False Rape Accusations

CH · 1 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The rape case against DSK is falling apart because the accuser's story isn't adding up. She's inconsistent and contradicting herself, according to prosecutors who are now debating whether to go forward with the charge.

Back in May, I wrote, in connection with the accuser's statement that she was orally raped:

> Is it even possible to mouth rape without some modicum of consent? Women have teeth; they could just chomp down.

I had a suspicion this story was fishy from the get-go. Feminists (of course!) will claim otherwise, that mouth rape is a plausible criminal offense, but the more plausible belief is that forcing your dick into an *unwilling* woman's mouth is a dangerous sport and liable to get it bitten off. Or at least nicked, which is pretty damned painful on the sensitive penis shaft.

So the fact that this Guinean woman claimed to be mouth raped immediately roused me to disbelief. Roused, baby! And now it seems my initial gut reaction was correct: the bitch be lyin'. The fact that she was a foreign national also fueled my suspicions. Contrary to popular conception, the world isn't full of Anglo-Germanic proto-Americans ready to be assimilated without incidence into the glorious melting pot.

False rape accusations seem to be on the rise. I remember reading a startling factoid somewhere that fully 50% of all rape charges are false. Can anyone dig up the data? I'd be curious if the trendline on FRAs is rising.

This is not to say that alpha males never do bad shit. When you are king of the world, you start to believe your turds are gold-plated, and nothing can touch you. DSK probably did something bad that nevertheless didn't cross the rape line. But women are manipulative little creatures given the right incentives, and those who aren't in love know they can leverage a wealthy and famous alpha male's vices into personal gain and profit. This doesn't happen as often as it could, because women involved with alpha males are usually in love with them, the power of being alpha and the influence it has on women's feelings being what it is. It's the loveless whores that alphas need to be wary of. (Paging Tiger Woods.) My suggestion to alpha males: If you're gonna fuck around with the help and the strippers, throw them a bone occasionally. Tell her she smells nice, and you smiled when you thought about her today.

The Hazards Of Long Term Relationships

CH · 6 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's no hard sell to convince most people of the benefits of long term relationships. The intimacy, the shared experiences, the knowing winks and nods in crowded rooms, the quasi-telepathic unspoken understanding, and the cosmically unfathomable depth of love that seems to stop time — there is no better feeling in the world than sex with a woman you love who loves you back with equal fervor. The moment you slip into your lover and simultaneously lock eyes with her is an unparalleled intensity of pleasure that no one night stand, fling or fuck buddy, however passionate, can match.

But it is not an unalloyed good. With the tremendous good comes the risk of treacherous bad, always conniving and usurping to corrode your love and the presumed impregnable strength of your relationship. You must be on guard against these foul subverters at all times if you want to avoid the saddest fate of avoidable heartbreak.

LTRs will make you and her fat and lazy.

The same feeling of comfort and contentment that long term relationships gives to lovers mischievously robs them of the things that helped bring them together in the first place. Satisfaction quickly morphs into self-satisfaction, and the double-edged sword of comfortable monogamy turns its poison-dipped blade on its wielders. Food becomes central to your shared life, sustenance for the heart as well as the body. The powerfully endorphic love you share blinds both of you to encroaching dilapidation — a few pounds here, an aloof demurral to exercise there, an apathetic dismissal of a suggestion for a night on the town — and pretty soon she's getting fat and sloppy and you're getting boring. Your dick shrivels, her pussy desiccates. Soon, even the love follows the same tragic descent.

Prevention is simple, if laborious. Mentally frame any relationship as a continual process of falling in love, and every night together as a first date. This will, of course, be easier to do if you have inspiration. Such inspiration comes primarily in the form of your girl keeping herself as hot as she was when she passively wooed you that night you approached her. A woman, as the sex naturally inclined to embracing the herd mentality, will quickly fall in line with a stringent exercise and eating program if you make yourself an example to her. You do this not only by flaunting your self-discipline and your masculine physique, but by allowing other women to flirt with you and to engage the women around you with a charming effrontery that dances along the line between seductive impudence and naive chatter. Pepper conversations with subtle references to your exercise progress and the high you get from feeling and looking so good. Don't be afraid to be a little cocky.

As the man, you have to lead in this department. If you let yourself go, physically and mentally, she will either follow suit or she will lap you around the race track, in preparation for the day, coming soon, when she cheats on you or leaves you for the man worthy of her 0.7 waist-hip ratio and 21 BMI. Either result is death for the LTR that means anything. You stop wanting to have sex with her or she stops wanting to have sex with you.

LTRs make Jack and Jill dull lovers.

Creativity is the KY that lubes the limbic system. You remember how clever you sounded when you started dating her, and how much effort she put into dressing sexily and acting womanly? The things in our control that make us sexy are a function of our creativity. Over time, your cleverness atrophies from disuse, and her careful consideration of dress and feminine manners dissipates. You become a machine beeping trivialities and trite observations, and she becomes a billowy sweatshirt-wearing task master. You and her are in love, and love eventually subdues the pressure to impress.

A little bit of pressure keeps a relationship fun and fueled on its own momentum. Stay desirable to women besides your lover, and she will be sure to keep herself maximally attractive to you. Don't fall into dispiriting patterns like taking vacation in the same locales, eating at the same restaurants, buying the same styles year in and year out, gossiping about the same bullshit that 7 billion other dullards gossip about. Again, as the man, you must lead here. Start with the sex. Instead of the usual routine kiss on the cheek when you come home from work, sidle up behind

her when she's in the kitchen, hike her skirt and fuck her from behind. Fuck her in the park. Fuck her on a boat. Fuck her at the top of a ferris wheel. One night of crazy fucking like this is worth ten years of couples therapy.

LTRs will make you and her codependent.

The lament is universal, a staple of sitcoms. "I don't see my buddy anymore now that he's got the ol' ball and chain." Love is dangerous in one important respect — it will divert a man from his mission(s) in life. His attention now solely focused on his lover, the hobbies, ambitions, social circle and side projects that made him so attractive to her begin to wither under the onslaught of the time-consuming LTR. Like a centrifuge, his self-made identity spins and jettisons away from him, to be replaced by the newly forged identity within the LTR.

Now you can't do anything without her, and she you. In the beginning, this is a necessary process to build the level of trust and bonding that distinguishes the LTR from any run of the mill fling. But it morphs into a hermetic pair-bond cocoon, a soft escapable prison that shields from the outside world more than it protects. Increasingly consanguineous, the LTR alienates friends and slackens ambitions.

You will have to learn to make time for friends or hobbies in a way you never did as a single man, when friends just appeared and stuff happened. Try to recapture the spontaneity of the single life, and don't sweat it when your lover wants to do the same with her own friends. Time apart with separate social groups, doing different things, is a battle cry asserting individuality and independence. A woman as much admires and desires the independent man as she fears and envies him. You will never see a brighter twinkle in a lover's eyes than when, coming home from a night out with your buddies, you regale her with tales of manly impropriety, but then, just when her heartbeat has reached a fevered cadence, you offhandedly muse that you thought about her during the night.

LTRs are monogamous.

Monogamy. The word rouses yearning and trepidation in the male mind at once. A romantic blessing! Or is it a prison? Back and forth it goes, until the typical man resolves the issue by refusing to choose, allowing the choice to be made for him by dwindling options and headstrong harpies.

There is no doubt that men are programmed down to the cilia in their cells to desire sex with a multiplicity of attractive, fertile women. Variety is the spice of life, spread the seed, hogamus higamus etc. Some men have stronger urges to variety than other men, but in all men it is there in lesser or greater degree. The LTR, filled with the bounty of love, nevertheless thwarts a man's genetic script to seed the wombs of many seed-able women.

For men with low compunction to promiscuity (provider betas), the monogamous relationship is a sweetheart deal: they give up something they weren't all that gung-ho to pursue anyhow, for something that brings them much joy. Men with a raging libido and a wandering eye (caddish alphas) more or less suffer indignities under the LTR regime, and their predatory lust must be either squelched or sated, the former apt to inflict psychological and testicular distress while the latter a sure destruction of the intimate love that cannot tolerate infidelity except in the most feral societies.

The problem, all too familiar to readers of this blog, arises from the fact that the LTR-pursuing betas are less likely to tingle the ginas of LTR-loving women than the lustful alphas who must be dragged kicking and screaming into monogamous obligation. What a cruel joke nature has played on us all! To tempt men and women with a prize they both want, but to establish a set of playing rules that subverts the very prize to be won, and handicaps the players most invested in the game.

Many PUAs and gurus claim that this circle can be squared; that is, that the skilled seducer can have his cake and eat it, too. He can enjoy the love expressed in an LTR while getting some action on the side.

I have heard these stories, and even seen it play out in real life. But my opinion remains negative on the enterprise. For the overwhelmingly majority of men, from high to low station, game to gameless, it is an unrealistic and mostly unattainable trick to lock in a lover for the long haul while openly satisfying his sexual need for variety. Sooner or later, it will come to a head; the LTR will evaporate into divorce or loveless airs as the repeated insult of open

infidelity scours his lover's emotional bond, or the mistresses will remain discreet behind a wall of lies and resigned toleration by the put-upon woman, the way the French do it.

Naturally, the more alpha a man is, the greater his chances to pull off this pseudo-polygamous hat trick, owing primarily to the fact that women are quicker to forgive the vices of an alpha lover than a beta lover. But even alpha has its limits, and a woman who was once enthralled by her lover's sexy but risky enticements will someday age both psychologically and chronologically, lose her estrogenic steam, and collapse under the weight of the betrayals. A man can love more than one woman at once, but a woman cannot love more than one man at once. She, at best, can only sex more than one man concurrently. She, ultimately, finds the fullness of her love manifest in the singular, unshared love of one man to whom she is faithfully devoted.

And so for this last part I have no answer. You, as a man, will have to choose what is more important to you: transcendent, unpolluted love, or visceral sexual pleasure. You may attempt to hide your mistresses, and that may work for a while, but it may also not work, and you will have to live with the little lies of omission for as long as you and your lover are together. Some men, particularly the ones most desired by women, are devoid of the moral sense, or sustain a cartoonish, wilted version of it, and can live side by side with lies and not give it a moment's doubt or self-reflection.

You can also try your hand at an open relationship, wherein your lover knows you seek novel pussy on the side and you, presumably, allow her to do the same with novel cock. But realistically, most men will not be able to abide a lover's infidelity, no matter how contractually agreed upon. The thought alone of a girlfriend or wife fucking another man, however many mistresses that man himself may indulge, will drive him to a fever. Men by nature and given a free choice would collect concubines and prefer those lovers guarded by eunuchs, not by virile male competitors.

Finally, there is the long shot of the one-way open relationship, aka the royal harem. She remains sexually and emotionally loyal to you, while you get to screw around whenever the feeling hits you. No lies, no subterfuge; everything is out in the open. In my experience, this can be done if your game is incredibly tight, BUT…

It won't work forever. It won't even work for a year. A few months is closer to the reality, and odds are it will end in a huge flame-out rather than a genial handshake. Some top PUAs love to crow about their ability to tie down girls into one-way open LTRs, and I have no reason to speculate about their honesty, but I do doubt many of these master seducers are pulling anything like this for more than a few months at a time. (Exceptions exist, but seriously, how long did Stephane Hemon's threesome LTR last?) Women are certainly capable of swooning unreasonably for a truly charismatic alpha male, and agreeing to arrangements against their interests which in regards to any lesser man would strike women as laughable propositions, but to play kept woman in a real harem rather than a *de facto* harem shrouded in the mists of plausible deniability, exciting and drama-fueled as it is, is a contrivance guaranteed to end badly when the intoxication of labial lust wears off.

No matter how hot, young and vivacious your LTR lover is, your eye will someday wander, because it is in your nature as a man to want to fuck every sweet piece of ass who crosses your line of vision. To accommodate this visceral desire, you can abdicate the pursuit of LTRs and stay a single poon hound, you can enjoy an LTR while shooting for strange under cover of night, or you can make peace with your urges and learn to abide them unsatisfied as part of the LTR deal. Many men — most men, in fact — accept the latter, and do so without too much regret. The trade-offs, it seems, are worth it.

The choice is less a moral one than a practical one, inasmuch as animal desires supposedly bequeathed us by god can't be said to have moral underpinnings. What do you prioritize? What gives you the greatest happiness? There's your answer.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 7 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From esteemed commenter Rollo Tomassi:

> The ugly secret to a successful and healthy LTR/Marriage that women both hate and need in spades can be summed up in two words:
>
> Competition Anxiety
>
> This one element inspires the hottest sex, the closest sense of appreciation, and the greatest ambient threat that women need to base their self-worth on by association with their committed lover. Every item on this list can, by degrees, be mitigated by maintaining an ever-present, subconscious awareness that you are a sought after commodity.
>
> Every element of Game still plays a critical role in an LTR; it only differs in it's application. Every divorce I know of was the result of anxiety being replaced by comfort.

This is exactly right. You want to rejuvenate a flagging LTR or (heaven forbid) marriage? Make her sweat a bit. Flirt with other women. Make sure your girlfriend or wife sees you or hears of you holding company with enraptured female admirers. The Chateau wrote a post about instilling dread in your lover to keep the love red hot. It was, naturally, criticized by the sputtering Jizzebel contingent, the limp-noodled betas and the apoplectic standard bearers of conventional lies. A heady, bracing truth has that effect on losers and weirdos.

Comfort and contentment may be pleasurable goals in the short term, but over the long term they sabotage any relationship. Take your comfort in small doses, and keep it spiced with the anxiety of loss. Her inflamed vulva will thank you.

Style's Attraction Amplifier

CH · 7 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I occasionally like to give props to pickup artists when they have great ideas. There's a reason Style — homely and short as he is — was nonetheless renowned as a successful ladies' man. Here's his idea for a great throwaway line that generates instant attraction or intrigue in a woman. (Scroll through the marketing BS to get to the video toward the end.)

Basically, you walk through a group of women (or a mixed group), make eye contact with the girl you like, and as you're walking by her say "I'm taken". I suppose then you can either wait for a reaction and linger to see if she bites, or you can continue walking past and meet up with her later after she's had time to become curious about you.

Some haters will object, because that is the curse of their stunted little minds. "But if you sleep with her after you told her you're taken, isn't that lying? Anyhow, she'll ignore you because she thinks you're in a relationship."

Get off this blog! Seduction is the masterful weaving of gossamer lies — manufactured drama purposefully designed to excite the female sensory system, in which both you and her are active and aware participants in the game. The logic of telling a girl you are already taken would no doubt escape those who refuse to, or can't, face female sexual nature head on without head asploding, but the truth is that women are attracted to men other women love. Please go back and study the fundamentals. Start with female preselection. Educate yourself. A man in the company of women, or perceived to enjoy the company of women, is infinitely more attractive to other women than a man alone or with other men. The fact that such a man is "off-limits" is only a threadbare legalistic hurdle to a woman's hamster. If she likes you, you can later spin "I'm taken" any way you want and she'll buy it… because she wants to buy it.

The elegance of Style's attraction amplifier is what is left unspoken. It assumes the sale, without requiring too much in the way of clunky verbiage. As the brazenly, irrationally confident man about town, you want to act as if every woman you meet is already sold on you. You come "pre-approved". "I'm taken" insinuates that your target was interested in you and that it is understandable why she was so. It will follow like flowering labia follow tingles that she will thus become interested in you.

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Winning Back Pissed Off Ex-Girlfriend

CH · 8 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks:

> How do you win back an ex girlfriend when she's pissed off and not speaking to you?

You win her back by not trying to win her back.

I know that sounds cryptic, but it's true. As soon as you make an effort to "win back" an angry ex, she'll resent your obsequious groveling (which is what most "winning back" strategies that men employ amount to).

However, I will say this, it's better to have a pissed off ex than an indifferent ex. Indifference, not hate, is the opposite of love. An angry ex can be gamed into a hatefuck, but an indifferent ex is already hopping on fresh cock. You are yesterday's news.

So how do you "not-win back" an angry ex? See here. Executive summary: Avoid at all costs any post-breakup "talks". Cut off all contact for two or three weeks, when she will be at the peak of missing you. At about that time you have a couple of options. Either call to say hi in your most nonsexual, friendly tone, and end the conversation before she does, or send a non sequitur text and she if she bites.

A lot of times, angry exes will come back to you on their accord if you just lay off them. Is she angry because you cheated on her or because you acted like a beta one too many times? If the former, she'll rush back, vaginally itching to forgive you. If the latter, she's already forgotten you.

Phrenology Is Legit: Wide-Faced Men Are Untrustworthy

CH · 8 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Think you can't judge a person's character by the shape of his skull? Think again:

> Researchers spanning many scientific domains, including primatology, evolutionary biology and psychology, have sought to establish an evolutionary basis for morality. While researchers have identified social and cognitive adaptations that support ethical behaviour, a consensus has emerged that genetically determined *physical* traits are not reliable signals of unethical intentions or actions. Challenging this view, we show that genetically determined physical traits can serve as reliable predictors of unethical behaviour if they are also associated with positive signals in intersex and intrasex selection. Specifically, we identify a key physical attribute, the facial width-to-height ratio, which predicts unethical behaviour in men. Across two studies, we demonstrate that men with wider faces (relative to facial height) are more likely to explicitly deceive their counterparts in a negotiation, and are more willing to cheat in order to increase their financial gain. Importantly, we provide evidence that the link between facial metrics and unethical behaviour is mediated by a psychological sense of power. Our results demonstrate that static physical attributes can indeed serve as reliable cues of immoral action, and provide additional support for the view that evolutionary forces shape ethical judgement and behaviour.

So, you really want to limit your dealings with guys who look like this:

This whole subject — that character traits and behaviors can be predicted by physical features — is pregnant with deliciously unsavory thoughtcrime. Do women get more viscerally aroused by wide-faced, beady-eyed men because of women's attraction to the male dark triad of personality traits? Are long-faced, large-eyed men, presumably more trustworthy, more likely to ascend the corporate ladder? Do wide male faces differ in frequency among population groups? Are people with sloping foreheads really stupider than people with high foreheads? If the genes responsible for making wide male faces and beady eyes also predispose those men to unethical or criminal

behavior, what does that say about free will? Criminal culpability? And why, in the first place, would wide faces evolve to be associated with a badboy personality? Why not long faces?

And can we make predictions of women's behavior based on their facial structure? This blog previously examined the connection between women's looks and their behavior, and the hysterical screeching it caused amongst the feminists suggests that this avenue of inquiry will not be one any scientist concerned about his reputation or tenure track will want to vigorously pursue.

Luckily the Chateau is here to talk about the things everyone else REALLY wants to talk about, but is afraid to do so.

The Bar Girl, Ten Years Later

CH · 8 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Reader whorefinder remembers a tragic story from his past.

> Story time: you've all heard of Coyote Ugly, the bar in New York City? Many of you who are above 25 remember there was movie about it, which, unfortunately, turned out to be a beta-male-chick-flick as opposed to the semi-porno it should have been. Such a waste…
>
> Anyway, I live in NYC, and have frequented the bar many times over the last 10 years or so. And this is the sad story.
>
> You see, there's a redheaded bartender who's worked there since I started going. We've chatted a few times over the years, but nothing more–like a good bartender, she remembers my face when I come in, but she wouldn't know me from Adam if I walked by on the street.
>
> Now, we're the same age. I started going around age 22, which was, coincidentally, the same year she started working there.
>
> Back then, I couldn't buy a date. A beta at heart, I marveled at the hot women at Coyote Ugly (hot in a roadhouse skank way) shaking their asses all over the place. The redhead, at the time, was in her physical prime. While not the best looking, her body was banging: slim, curvy, and elastic. She gave off that crazy-fuck vibe like something else. Danced like a motherfucker, looked like a poor man's angel.
>
> Now I know she was a skank, because each time I moseyed in, I saw a new guy with her. He'd sit down the end of the bar, bored, but occasionally, when no one was looking, she'd give him a kiss. In my early-to-mid 20's, sad to say, I closed out Coyote Ugly and other bars way too often, and yet still went home alone to punch the clown. And the redhead would, monthly, be leaving with a new dude to get fucked by.
>
> As I grew, matured, and, most importantly, developed game, I actually started to have success with women, and places like Coyote Ugly and strip clubs became distant memories for me, only to be visited for nostalgia, boredom, or shits-and-giggles when buddies are in town. I can pick up a hotter woman now much easier than spending $60-$100 to watch a whorish one be a cocktease to me and feed me bullshit. This is what game does—changes your perspective on everything, makes you disdain what you once would have given an arm for.
>
> Those times I did roll into Coyote Ugly, the redhead would invariably be around. I found out from a bouncer she eventually became the bar manager, hence her hanging around even if not working behind the bar. But her look changed, too.
>
> Years of hard drinking (Coyote girls often drink with the guys, although they invariably will get you to drink way more than them to push up your bill) and smoking outside gave her deposits of fat on her once-pristine body. Years of having a new cock every night left her face haggard, old, and tired, even when she faked a smile. Years of bad food from late night shit shops left her unable to speedplow through dance routines on the bar she once cut like a young farmer in summer. Years of screaming to the bar to "make some noise" and one too many bummed nicotine sticks left her voice low, deep, and gravelly—like the welfare queens you might hear on COPS.
>
> She knew it, too. When she began, she dressed in a bikini top and short, short shorts almost every time I saw her (or ass-tight leather pants). Then, as she withered, she dressed more conservatively (at least for a wannabe roadhouse bar)—longer shorts and looser pants, to the point her tops were more "Jersey Girl out in the 1980's" than Coyote Ugly. She took to wearing a short sleeve button down when going out for a smoke and then "forgetting" to take it off behind the bar. She wasn't in denial—just trying to hide Father Time's and Mother Bad Decision's abusive marks.
>
> I went in there the other night with a 25 year old Russian hottie I'm banging, for the first time in a year. And

> saw the redhead. Now 31, her face is permanently jowly from the screaming, nicotine, fatty food, and cocks. She's well on her way to obesity, and doesn't even bartend any more, even as a fill in—just a manager. Her once strawberry red hair, which was light and airy, is now stringy, greasy, and worn from one too many guys yanking on it. She even has stretch marks—apparently, she had a kid.
>
> When I walked in with hottie, she was sitting at the edge of the bar, encouraging the new girls to act as she did once, when spring was in her step. She looked up at me and her eyes flickered two painful emotions: recognition of my face, and shame. She was shamed by me, a man who once probably openly salivated at her but was too shy to do anything about it, standing there, now confident, brazen, and cocksure, arm around the waist of a girl ten times hotter than her—and also knowing that I remembered her when she could stop a clock. Now, the only thing that stops for her is a bus.
>
> Long story. I think I'll cross post at my site.

Somewhere in the readership, a trashy, loudmouthed, has-been skank who spent one too many years walking the trail of pecker tears just cried at her reflection in the mirror.

Cautionary tale, ladies. Don't say you weren't warned.

Potential Rapist Syndrome

CH · 13 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A crooked-faced atheist chick has set the net aflame with a tragic tale of threatening elevator courtship that could rival Caylee Anthony's death by single mom. According to her, an inept atheist nerd propositioned her in a hotel elevator, which caused her to nearly faint with an attack of the vapors, like any equalist gender-normed feminist would do. In brief, a man entered the elevator with her at 4AM after a "skeptics" conference had ended, and proceeded to awkwardly and nervously ask her out to coffee, which she declined.

Yep, that's the whole story. Riveting stuff, ain't it?

But the important thing to understand is how Indignant Atheist Chick FELT. To use her words, she felt

Uncoooooomfortable.

Poor dear. And then right on cue a chorus of feminist commenters chimed in with accusations that the awkward elevator man was a potential rapist.

For a replay of the characters involved, here's a withering rundown of the sordid affair, including links to limp-wristed nancyboys who couldn't wait to jump like little doggies begging for table scraps from approving feminists.

Potential Rapist Syndrome is a mind virus infecting the brains of put-upon feminists all over America and Sweden. The slightest effrontery by a man not immediately deemed a charismatic alpha male by the ~~woman~~ victim causes the virus to multiply rapidly, resulting in flawed reasoning that imputes the worst possible motives to innocuous, if unattractively nerdy, male behavior. Using the illogic of this mind virus, any action that a man takes in attempt to pick up a woman is potential rape as long as she feels it is.

Did he make her feel uncomfortable asking her out in the park? Potential rapist.

Did he make her feel uncomfortable asking her out in a bar? Potential rapist.

Did he make her feel uncomfortable asking her out here or there? Potential rapist.

Did he make her feel uncomfortable asking her out in a house? With a mouse? Potential rapist.

Did he make her feel uncomfortable asking her out in a box? With a fox? Potential rapist.

Richard Dawkins was right. This is female hamster-fueled solipsism to the nth degree. The growth industry of Entitled American Bitches is feeding this female martyrdom indulgence in believing the Western world is out to get them. Only a foul bitch so full of herself, so enamored of her precious biological cargo, could wilt at the imaginary prospect that any man who awkwardly asks her out is itching to rape her before the elevator stops at the next floor. Hey Indignant Atheist Chick, Hogwarts called; they want their magical thinking back.

PRS is very similar to PMS in its symptoms. Women lose all logic and reason to a flood of hormones and emotional hysteria, rendering them unsuitable conversational partners until the episode has passed. Do not under any circumstance try to comfort a woman in the throes of PRS, or otherwise try to redeem your "inappropriate" behavior to make her feel better. She will simply lash out with increased rage, incoherent to everyone but herself, other sufferers of PRS and thimble-chubbed beta wankers hoping to sneak in their pants under cover of empathy. A woman experiencing PRS hates the mass of bumbling men for not knowing how to properly satisfy her desires for interaction with an aloof and charming alpha male. Like the PMS victim, any attempt to assuage her irrational torment will be met with an icy stare at best, and thrown objects at worst. Pointing out the flaws in the PRS sufferer's anti-logic will be perceived by her as an act of psychological war, an imposition of your rigid male sexuality upon her enlightened female vulnerability and purity. Proceed with indifference.

Maxim #48: The feminist loathing of male desire is at the root of all their complaining about men and the dating scene. Feminists, in their hearts, despise the freedom and longevity of male sexuality. And they

particularly despise that freedom when lowly beta males attempt to exercise it.

Thus ends the cultural dissolution portion of today's lecture, and begins the game portion. Given the above, it will surprise some of the readers that this blog holds little sympathy for Inept Elevator Nerd. Asking a woman out for coffee before you've won her interest is bad game. Asking her out in an elevator at 4AM when she has nowhere to escape is bad game. Doing all of it with the nervousness of a beta herb who hasn't had any for years is ZERO GAME.

Direct game of the sort that elevator dude "ran" is best used in open spaces where the woman won't feel cornered. It's good pickup strategy to give a woman the feeling of being able to freely excuse herself if she finds your hard sell lacking. A woman is more likely to allow her intrigue to flower if the man who approaches her with directness knows that she values an easy out should she need it. It's an implied understanding that only men who have experience bedding women will know, and women know this.

Indirect game is better for enclosed spaces like elevators where the first goal is to make the woman feel comfortable in your presence. (Some pickup artists have successfully run direct game in elevators, but it requires a healthy dose of charisma and cocky humor, as well as the social savvy to defuse the inherent tension of small spaces. For example: "Oh, wow, an awkward elevator ride, just like in the movies. I'm getting off in three floors, so I'd better make my flirting count!")

A man who directly approaches a woman in a context that offers her an unmessy exit is, in the woman's hindbrain, a confident man unafraid of potential rejection. This is a tacit demonstration of higher value that will immediately set the tone of the pickup in the man's favor. In contrast, a man who directly approaches a woman in a context that affords her no quick, polite escape is, in the woman's mind and likely in reality as well, a desperate beta who needs to corner a woman to win an audience with her. She will easily and seamlessly rationalize this awkward behavior on his part as the machinations of a rapist's mind.

Whenever you worry that the principles of game will become too well-known and overused by men, just remember Inept Elevator Nerd. The world is teeming with men like him who have zero clue how women work. Your worries that game will increase the competition above and beyond what female obesity is creating for the few remaining slender chicks in existence are unfounded. Inept Elevator Nerds continue to roam the plains in vast, undifferentiated numbers.

When in doubt about the goodness and righteousness of game, remember the fundamental rule of female magical thinking, gentlemen:

Beta = Potential rapist.

Alpha = It just happened!

No further explanation needed.

Women Prefer Dominant Men. You Don't Say!

CH · 14 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Straight from the laboratory, yet another study confirms a core game concept (namely, the concept of demonstrating higher value than the woman you are trying to seduce):

> Why do men seek status? Fitness payoffs to dominance and prestige.
>
> In many human societies, high male social status associates with higher fertility, but the means by which status increases lifetime fitness have not been systematically investigated. We analyse the pathways by which male status begets reproductive success in a small-scale, Amerindian society. Men who are more likely to win a dyadic physical confrontation, i.e. dominant men, have higher intra-marital fertility for their age, and men with more community-wide influence, i.e. prestigious men, exhibit both higher intra-marital fertility and lower offspring mortality. Both forms of status elicit support from allies and deference from competitors, but high status men are not provisioned more than their peers. Prestigious but not dominant men marry wives who first give birth at earlier ages, which multivariate analysis suggests is the strongest pathway between status and fitness in this population. Furthermore, men are motivated to pursue status because of fitness gains both within and outside of marital unions: dominant and prestigious men have more in-pair surviving offspring as well as more extra-marital affairs.

Chicks dig male power, and power is a catch-all word encompassing the variety of dominance displaying avenues that men pursue to attract women. Large men who can beat other men in fights are dominant. Captains of industry are dominant. Men who demonstrate artistic talent that wins accolades from others are dominant. Musicians who wow audiences are dominant. Preachers who captivate whole congregations are dominant. Men with enough social savvy to win friends and influence people are dominant. Men who are deferred to for their expertise are dominant.

And, yes, men who can seduce by displaying the characteristics of dominant men are irresistibly sexy to women.

In game, many factors contribute to dominance displaying. The oft-misunderstood neg is best seen as a tool to rapidly express male dominance by switching the approval seeking algorithm from the man to the woman. DHVs (demonstrations of higher value) are subtly embedded assertions within a conversational framework that suggestively influence a woman to believe the man she is talking with is a dominant alpha male. Compliance tests (eg: getting a woman to hold your hat for you while you go to the bathroom) are displays of dominance that rely on the natural human instinct to perceive those in whom we have invested our time and attention as high status people. (After all, who in their right mind would spend energy on a low status person? Right?) Flirty teasing is a form of dominance in that the use of it implies you are so high status that you don't care if your teasing offends and turns a girl off.

Men who lack dominance do the opposite of all the game tactics described in the above paragraph. They are self-deprecating and loath to assert themselves or hint at their accomplishments. They will never neg, preferring instead to compliment women. They will never ask a woman they've just met to do anything for them. And they drone, instead of tease. So if you find yourself acting like a low status man, stop, and immediately force yourself to do the opposite. Think of Opposite George. It's funny 'cause it's true.

Girls are subconsciously hard-wired to respond with sexual interest to men of higher value than themselves, and to men of higher value than other men in their milieu. In other words, women are attracted to dominant men, and dominance is relative to social conditions. A penniless singer in a crappy indie band can get as much play as a high-powered lawyer, because their social circles are distinct and they don't directly compete, either man to man or by proxy through the girls who follow them around. A janitor who has better game than a stockbroker will take the girl home more often because his skill at instantly communicating his dominance trumps the broker's higher occupational status in any venue outside of the office environment or expensive restaurants where the broker's fatter

income really shines.

Dominance that results in gina tingles can be achieved through two strategies. Dominance over other men (DoM) or dominance over women (DoF). There is much overlap between these strategies, though the overlap tends to go in the direction from DoM ==> DoF. That is, men who are dominant over other men are usually dominant over women, while men who show dominance over women (think of every smooth-talking seducer in the literary classics) are a little less likely to be dominant over other men, though still more likely than the average beta bear.

There are notable exceptions, which have been discussed in posts like this one and this one. A man can be a wealthy CEO and still be a piss-poor nincompoop with women, while another man can sweet talk the hottest chicks out of their pants but have no interest or talent in running companies or leading groups of men to victory.

If it's quick sex you want, then the DoF strategy should be your primary focus. The investment required to be dominant over men is significantly more costly than the investment required to display attraction-inducing dominance over women. Game is primarily a DoF-centered strategy (though there are important game concepts dealing with AMOGs — alpha male other guys), but the mastery of game will eventually redound to mastery over other men, because success will women will fill you with confidence that will carry over into all areas of your life.

The DoF strategy may seem separate and distinct to the DoM strategy, but that is an artifact of the particular skillset brought to bear on the issue of seducing women, and the time compression that DoF operates within. Cockiness, aloofness, negs, DHVs, teasing, hoops, takeaways and venue bouncing — all of them displays of dominance over the women you are picking up — are simultaneously subcommunications of dominance over other men as well. A woman who gets aroused at your neg and subconsciously replaces her suitor assessment mental algorithm with a "self-assessment" mental algorithm (as one astute commenter put it) is turned on by your deft composure in the presence of her beauty as well as the tacit implication that your self-interested, cocky confidence is powerful circumstantial evidence that you also possess a facility with dominating other men.

However you seek it, know this: the pussy must always be subordinate to the cock. If it isn't, she'll let you know with an icy cold stare, a backturn, a polite dismissal or, worst, another man's baby.

Cutter Lover

CH · 15 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

We were laying down side by side on her bed mid-afternoon. It was muggy in her small and untidy bedroom because her window unit A/C wasn't working properly. She was naked and I was resting my left hand on her mons pubis, as if it were the lacquered mahogany end of an arm rest. This was the first time she exhibited her naked body to me under the shadowless light of daytime. Every dimple and flaw she no doubt imbued with outsized importance was freely visible to my appreciative eyes. Before this moment, sex was a nighttime activity only.

As we lied on the bed staring at the ceiling and her collection of carved giraffes on her bookshelf, my hand wandered down her thigh. A geometric pattern of tiny raised obstacles tickled my palm. I looked over at her leg where my hand was perched and saw three thin reddish-purple lines, barely a millimeter in width but each more than three inches long, carved into the flank of her thigh and hip like claw marks from the angry swipe of a cat.

"What's that?"

"Oh, these?"

"Yep. It looks like a cat got you."

She steadied her gaze and paused, an odd hesitation that told me she was quickly weighing the options of lying or telling the truth. "I… they're cut marks."

"Cut marks?"

"Not from anything. I did them to myself."

"You cut yourself? With a razor blade?"

"Yeah, I use a blade from my leg razor."

"Oookay." I moved my hand away and focused on her slim vulva and then her face. "That's strange. Why?"

"It helps when I'm feeling crappy. I get into these moods, and the only way I can feel better is by cutting myself."

"So hurting yourself makes you feel better."

"Yeah, I know it sounds crazy. Don't be a judgy jerk about this."

"It is crazy. Why not try running to lift your mood? Or alcohol? It won't leave scars."

"There are no scars. I make sure not to do it too deep to leave a scar."

"Does anyone else know about this?"

"No, just you. Although my mom once saw the marks and I lied to her about them."

I fingered the congealed blood of the narrow cuts. "You do them on parts of your body that won't normally be seen in public."

"Yep."

"And you've been doing this a long time?"

"Since ninth grade."

"Are you depressed?"

"You know I get depressed sometimes." She waved a hand at her superficial wounds. "This helps me cope."

"We need to find you a new coping mechanism. I like your skin to stay silky smooth."

I never talked about the cutting with her again. Fact is, it didn't much bother me. We were together for another nine months or so, and the sex was always hot. She was up for it anywhere, anytime. Like me, she especially liked doing it in front of mirrors. She had an incredibly high libido even for a crazy chick. I briefly wondered if it was the inherent drama in our relationship and my flirtatious ways with other women which caused her to cut, but she never did it again while we were together, as far as I could tell. (The possibility exists she found a harder-to-locate patch of land somewhere in the nooks of her body to hide her cutting from me. But I'm pretty thorough when it comes to exploring the savannah of a lover's body.) I believed her when she said she cut to feel better. As a man, I can understand the impulse. We men often relish the pain of crunching blows from fights or sports or body blows from self-discovery adventures gone awry. Testosterone makes us men want to feel life for all it's worth, and there's no better mental stimulant than the physical stimulants of pain and sex.

But not too much pain. We've got our pretty boy faces to keep in mind.

Pain takes us men out of our minds, away from debilitating introspection and toward living in the moment. Maybe for some women, pain from cutting performs a similar psychological analgesic for them, taking them away from worries and stress and into their exquisite bodies where their truest womanhood resides.

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Do women, then, cut because of negative emotions filling their hearts? A study states it is so, drawing relevance with ancient religious practices of self-flagellation to cleanse the soul of impurities.

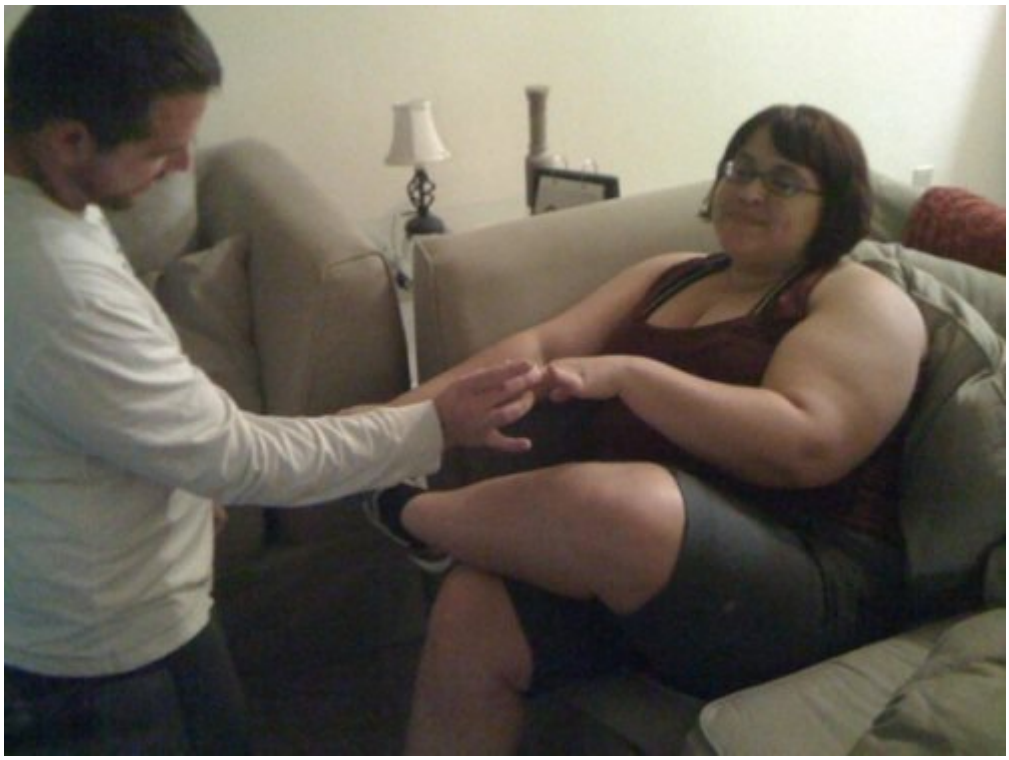
> Psychological scientist Brock Bastian of the University of Queensland, Australia and his colleagues recruited a group of young men and women under the guise they were part of a study of mental and physical acuity. Under this pretense, they asked them to write short essays about a time in their lives when they had ostracized someone; this memory of being unkind was intended to prime their personal sense of immorality—and make them feel guilty. A control group merely wrote about a routine event in their lives.
>
> Afterward, the scientists told some of the volunteers—both "immoral" volunteers and controls—to stick their hand into a bucket of ice water and keep it there as long as they could. Others did the same, only with a soothing bucket of warm water. Finally, all the volunteers rated the pain they had just experienced—if any—and they completed an emotional inventory that included feelings of guilt.
>
> The idea was to see if immoral thinking caused the volunteers to subject themselves to more pain, and if this pain did indeed alleviate their resulting feelings of guilt. And that's exactly what the researchers found. Those who were primed to think of their own unethical nature not only kept their hands in the ice bath longer, they also rated the experience as more painful than did controls. What's more, experiencing pain did reduce these volunteers' feelings of guilt—more than the comparable but painless experience with warm water.
>
> According to the scientists, although we think of pain as purely physical in nature, in fact we imbue the unpleasant sensation with meaning. Humans have been socialized over ages to think of pain in terms of justice. We equate it with punishment, and as the experimental results suggest, the experience has the psychological effect of rebalancing the scales of justice—and therefore resolving guilt.

Guilt is one emotion that can be absolved by the self-administration of pain. I wouldn't be surprised if pain lessened the burden of other negative emotions as well. My cutter lover may have felt guilt about spending the best years of her life with a man who gave no hint of driving the relationship toward a marital resolution, and being unable to extricate herself because of her attachment to me. Or she may have just been a naturally depressive person, inherited from some long ago depressed ancestor, and cutting was her cheap Prozac.

The most important lesson I took away from that relationship was that cutters are a great lay. I now look for the telltale signs on all first dates. If the cuts are on her face, I know she'll be wearing no panties underneath her skirt and will be ready to fuck in an alleyway before we're even halfway home.

The Folly Before The Fall

CH · 15 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original



Softening Your Negs

CH · 18 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In relationships, the neg has to be toned down. A girl in love with you will easily misconstrue negs and teasing in the worst possible light.

For example:

COCKY YOU: “I like your hair style. There’s beauty in imperfection.”

HOT SINGLE GIRL: [open mouthed stare] “Haha, I can’t believe you said that.”

***

COCKY YOU: “I like your hair style. There’s beauty in imperfection.”

GIRLFRIEND/WIFE: [genuinely butthurt, verge of tears] “What’s that supposed to mean? What are you saying?”

Negs are one of the most vital parts of game, and yet they are also the most misunderstood, and consistently misapplied, part of game. Aspiring PUAs tend to mistake negs for insults, and to use them on the wrong sorts of girls. Recap: Negs are primarily meant to be used on girls who meet at least two of three of the following criteria:

1. She’s a 7 or higher (8 or higher if you could conceivably intimidate girls upon first meeting them. 6 or higher if she’s an Entitled American Chubster living in a big blue state city).

2. She’s under 25, or under 30 if you are an older guy.

2. She’s not in love with you.

Once a girl has fallen deeply in love with you — the kind of love that means she has surrendered her ego and much of the insufferable female caprice that goes with it — she no longer needs daily affirmations of your higher value, something which the neg wonderfully fulfills early on when you and her first start dating. The Woman in Love (WIL) needs something else foremost; she needs validation. Validation that you love her back; that her love for you isn’t going to waste in a one-way mission. The neg which works so well to attract new women that you meet can backfire on you if you use it on an LTR who already loves you, because a WIL is psychologically groomed to overanalyze any word out of your mouth for evidence that you aren’t 100% emotionally committed to her. A woman in this state is fragile, ready to splinter into a million tiny glassy shards of sadness at the slightest provocation.

This is not to say that negs have no use in LTRs. Quite the contrary. The neg, and its generalized cousin flirty teasing, are never abandoned once an LTR is established. Any man who turns his back on the game which got him the girl is tempting the fate of a low down dirty breakup. The difference between pickup game and LTR game is one of degree, not kind. All you will be doing is lessening the intensity and the frequency of your negs and teasing once you have landed the girl, and throwing in a few more sincere compliments than you otherwise would with any girl you haven’t been dating for long.

Remember, the blissful state of ego-less love that a woman will experience with a man (and what a great time this is!) only lasts between six months and two years. Four years if you don’t have kids. So, yes, you can ride out this love bubble as a regressed beta herb who has virtuously forsaken the crimson arts and suffer few ill consequences, but the more beta you are the quicker you hasten the day when the love bubble pops, and the girlfriend or wife who couldn’t get enough of your love slowly finds herself annoyed by your kisses and cuddles.

An LTR gives you a larger margin of beta error, at the cost of insidious complacency. You can be more beta with a woman who loves you, but the downside is that you will be less likely to notice when you have reversed the sexual polarity and her feelings begin to assume a darker cast. A WIL won’t have a sudden conversion to lovelessness. What will happen instead is that your betafication will annoy her once a month, then once a week, then once a day,

and finally every second she is with you. She won't know why it's happening — to her, you still look the same, still pay her compliments, and still shuffle off to a job every day — but something about your behavior which she can't put her finger on is pushing her away. The anger inside her will compound because she'll hate you for making her feel anhedonic resentment toward you, and for making her feel like she's the bad guy. No woman wants to be with a man who makes her feel bad.

Zero game = woman formerly in love feels bad that she despises you.

Overgaming = woman in love feels hurt that you might not love her.

Like baby bear's pickup porridge, find the right balance of game, (not too hard, not too soft), and you can extend the useful love life of an LTR beyond what most couples accomplish.

Confident Dork Game

CH · 19 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Roosh's active pickup forum, there's a discussion about a daygame video featuring the (self-identified) PUA Sasha. Here is the video:

For a quintessential example of the type of, what I call, confident dork daygame Sasha runs, watch his attempted pickup beginning at the 11:30 mark. Sasha clearly comes from the school of thespian PUAs. Very animated, to the point of hyperactivity. Even his hair is histrionic.

I don't know what percentage of pickup artists selling their services employ this sort of goofy, theatrical game, but I'm seeing more of it in marketing videos released for public consumption. Sasha's video suffers a shellacking over at Roosh's forum, so I don't want to pile on here except to note that in their zeal to push product and distinguish themselves a lot of the newer generation of pickup businesses are abandoning basic, fundamental game principles along the way.

For instance, little of the game literature advises men to specifically ask a girl if she has a boyfriend, which Sasha does a lot, using it as a springboard into a stacked routine.

Sasha: Do you have a boyfriend?

Girl: Why, yes I do.

Sasha: Is he a real boyfriend or an imaginary boyfriend?

Girl: Real.

Sasha: Name.

Girl:

Sasha: Oh, you hesitated. What does your imaginary boyfriend think of you chatting up guys?

Cute. But probably counterproductive. Reminding girls of their boyfriends, or giving them excuses to get away from you, would not constitute tight game. Mystery specifically admonished against asking about BFs, instead preferring to ignore the subject unless the girl brought it up, at which point he would evade or turn it around in a humorous way that demonstrated alpha cool.

There are some other things Sasha does that violate some core game concepts, such as crossing his arms when talking to a girl, speaking too quickly, self-deprecation, jumping like a sex predator or a circus clown in front of them, and excessive complimenting. Despite that, I've little doubt he bangs some hot chicks. (And credit goes to him for approaching mostly hot babes and allowing his failures to be videotaped.) Confident dork game, however ridiculous, will get you laid more often than no game, the latter of which is what 95% of the world's men actually run. But the useful comparison is not between game and no game, but between different schools of game. And it is my belief that Sasha's dorky direct street game comes up short as a learnable and effective game system for the majority of men.

55% of the general male population are introverts. (This number may be higher for men of East Asian ancestry and lower for men of African ancestry.) Introverts dislike striking up conversations with random strangers. Unlike extroverts, introverts become mentally and physically drained from social interaction, and this is compounded when they are talking with strangers. There is no way this group of men will enjoy running anything close to Sasha's in-your-face entertainment monkey game. You can only bend a human being's psychosocial profile so much before he gives up in disgust.

I doubt many *extroverted* men would enjoy spastic direct game of this sort, either. You have to be really comfortable with making a spectacle of yourself to pull off what Sasha does with any degree of success. (By my

take, most of the women in Sasha's video did not look as enamored of him as the chick in this video looked when Yad ran somewhat more restrained direct game on her. A lot of the chicks Sasha talked to had that rocking body motion going on, one foot ahead of them ready to make a break for it.) Confident dork game seems very limited in appeal, let alone efficacy.

Which brings up a point: there is an underserved market ready to be plundered by the pickup business which can capitalize on the specific needs of introverted men. These are the guys who make up the majority of warm bodies sitting in seats at PUA seminars. Naturally extroverted men likely have less need for game, so Sasha-type game really targets only a small slice of potential customers. The guys who leave bootcamps with a sour experience and demand their money back are probably the introverts who couldn't shotgun approach thirty mixed group sets in a night without having a mental breakdown. They were forced to do something that stretched their comfort zone and their skillset too far, and they responded with resentment.

Good game should serve this group of men equally as well as the extroverted group. Indirect openers, confident but muted body language, sustainable talking points and plausible routines and lines that don't sound outrageously contrived and don't require a CV filled with acting experience to pull off should be the goal of most pickup businesses. In other words, the FUNDAMENTALS.

Truth is, I tried Sasha-type dork game… once. I felt like an idiot. The girl was nice enough, and giggled a little bit, clearly flattered and embarrassed by the public attention, but I got the BF line and that was that. Dancing around, swinging my arms, twirling, and peppering the girl with compliments and questions just didn't seem to me like any sort of effective game technique. I returned to doing what brought me success most frequently: indirect game.

Are Short Women More Desirable Than Tall Women?

CH · 21 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In particular, are short women more desirable as girlfriends? Note I used the word desirable, and not “attractive”, which bears an important distinction. Female desirability encompasses more than physical attraction, such as femininity, selflessness, loyalty and temperament. There is evidence that short women are more feminine than tall women because estrogen levels, which inhibit bone growth, are higher in them.

traditional girl writes:

> High levels of estrogen halt bone growth. Have you ever noticed that shorter, more finely boned women are (on average) kinder, less competitive, and more feminine? Tall, muscular women with sturdy skeletons and jaws are more likely to have low levels of estrogen and high levels of testosterone.
>
> An article referencing the bone-growth-halting properties of estrogen: http://articles.latimes.com/2007/jan/15/health/he-statureglrls15
>
> In any case, it seems to me that in our ancestral environment, a woman’s kindness, sexual loyalty, cooperative spirit and fertility would have been more important to her mate than her physical strength. She would have been too busy with pregnancies and infants to slaughter a bear.
>
> As an aside, as a heterosexual women, I greatly prefer small-boned, large-breasted women for friendship. They’re more likely to be loyal, sweet, and share my values. I try to avoid tall, large-jawed, small-breasted women. I always get the “I want to screw around, break up relationships and eat babies” vibe from them.

Men are attracted to a woman’s looks first and foremost, but after a while — a few weeks to a few months — a woman’s other assets become important to men, especially men seeking long term relationships. Is she sweet and affectionate? Does she like to cook him dinner? Is she nurturing and does she coo over other women’s babies? Is she an animal lover? Does she prefer to avoid getting into arguments? Does she frequently cede decisions to her man? Does she shy from logic and debate? Is she quick to tear up during sad movies?

Most men, their curmudgeonly ribbing to the contrary notwithstanding, really do love these attributes of the feminine woman. Yes, we may complain about a woman’s runaway emotions, her focus on seemingly trite household matters, or her bleeding heart worldview, but we love them for it. The alternative — dating a woman with a man-like personality, ambition and outlook, however sexy she may be — leaves us feeling like we’re dating an alien impostor, and our instinct to protect and provide for an intrinsically vulnerable lover is muted with such masculine-essenced women.

Looking back on the women in my life, I think there is something to this. The shorter women have been, with few exceptions, more feminine and sweet-natured than the taller women I have dated. (And also more full of charming neuroses.) The short girls were the ones begging me to return to bed after sex so they could get their cuddle fix, while the tall girls would jump out of bed first after getting their rocks off. Hey, if I have things to do, I don’t mind a girl occupying herself after sex, but in the big picture I greatly prefer — and I suspect most men do too — a woman who acts like a stereotypical woman in and out of the bedroom. Unfortunately, women like this are running out in the West.

So maybe estrogen explains why everyone isn’t over six feet tall. Men of all heights are drawn to the feminine allure of shorter women with higher levels of estrogen, and have families with them, rejuvenating the next generation with shorter descendants. Perhaps men also choose these shorter women for family formation subconsciously knowing that they are less of a cuckolding risk than masculinized tall women.

Not that tall women don’t have their advantages. You’ve gotta love those long legs wrapped around you, for one. And if you’re a tall man you don’t have to prop up a tall woman’s behind for easier doggy-style access. Plus, tall

women make for more striking arm candy as long as they meet a minimum beauty threshold. It’s just too easy for a hot short girl, sexy though she may be, to get lost in the crowd.

A Traditionalist Manifesto?

CH · 23 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

OneSTDV writes:

> 1) The nuclear family is the bedrock of civilization.
> 2) Women are valuable as more than just prostitutes.
> 3) A romantic relationship has more benefits than just physical pleasure.
> 4) Marriage has risks, but sometimes they're very much worth it.
> 5) Fatherhood is a rewarding experience integral to the emotional health of children.
> 6) (Modern SWPL) Women can be petulant, mannish, and entitled, but also uniquely endearing as only feminine women can be.
> 7) MRAs express a female-like neuroticism because they whine and focus so much on what could happen.
> 8) A return to patriarchy should be the goal, not men going their own way.

Point by point, we'll examine what's true and false, right and wrong with this traditionalist manifesto.

1. True. Not only does history inform us of the value of nuclear families to civilization, but scientific studies are in basic agreement that kids, and society by extension, fare best when a married mom and dad (or long term cohabiting couple within a homogeneous culture — see: Scandinavia) live together and raise their children as a single unit. Single momhood is the scourge of civilization, and everywhere you look in the world where single moms rule, you see decay, violence and backwardness. Any government policy that weakens the primacy of the nuclear family is anti-civilization, and thus evil.

2. True (and false premise besides for any but the most aggrieved men). Women are the nurturers of the next generation. Men are simply not as interested in the shit work that goes into the raising of children. Sex and children are a woman's prime directives, but she offers other positive qualities. A woman's genuine sympathy for a man she loves can be as powerful as her lust for him. Have you ever had a woman cry for you when you were going through a tough time, so completely did she empathize with your pain and so in love with you she was? If you've experienced that, you know how much joy a woman can bring to your life as a man.

3. True. Sex is great, but sex with love is transcendent.

4. Insufficient data. If you are not planning to have kids, marriage is a raw deal no matter how you slice it. Long term committed relationships will offer a man the same happiness he can get within a marriage without the knife's edge of divorce theft at his throat. If you are planning on kids and you are a man, marriage may be for you. However, you may still be better off informally married; i.e long term cohabitation without any contract signing (though femcunts and their lawyercunt mercenaries are currently hard at work trying to change this). Know that when you enter a marriage every conceivable institution — judicial, media, cultural — is arrayed against your interests, male-hating to the bone as they are in the twilight of America's grand epoch. Go into marriage with open eyes and you give yourself a chance to fight back the grasping reach of its subversive tentacles from your wife's psyche.

5. Post hoc rationalization. Once you have kids, would you want to accept that fatherhood isn't as rewarding as you thought it should be? Of course not. What father would admit that those early years of crapping, vomiting, screaming, crying, babbling ingrate tantrums were really a hell on earth he'd have rather spent playing poker with his buddies? After a certain age — say, 9 or so — when kids become old enough and emotionally mature enough to have quasi-adult conversations with them and impart the wisdom of your fatherly experience upon them do they switch from being net buzzkills to net blessings. And then it all goes to shit once again when they hit adolescence. Nonetheless, fatherhood is integral to kids' emotional health, despite the fact that kids are a huge fun suck for many, many years. So if you are willing to accept the sacrifices, know that your fatherly guidance will help keep

your daughters off the badboy pole and your sons out of juvie.

6. True, but irrelevant. It is possible to meet plenty of endearingly feminine women who don't possess the suite of unfeminine traits that are the battle cry and parasitic infection of the modern careerist SWPL. As a man with game, you already know that being choosy is your right and your duty. And chicks dig choosy men.

7. Insufficient data. Do some MRAs whine? Sure. Just like some (most) feminists whine, or really any identifiable group of people whines over some unfairness, true or not. Anyhow, one man's effeminate whining is another man's truth to power. It's all in the perception. As men are the expendable sex, the perception will always be, by both men and women alike, that men complaining about injustice or unfairness is tantamount to an admission against interest, tautological evidence that the complaining men wouldn't have anything to complain about if they were winners in the sexual market. In contrast and in accord with evolutionary theory which posits that the woman's reporoductive capacity is scarcer and thus more valuable than the man's, complaining by women is something to be taken seriously. Do MRAs have grounds for complaint? They do. Sometimes complaining is the whine of the loser, and sometimes it's entirely justified. Similarly, the past may not have been as great as we fondly remember through rose-colored glasses, or the past may have indeed been objectively better than the present. So the next time some feminist cackles about whiny MRAs, ask her (while sporting a most devious smile) if MLK Jr. was a whiny little bitch for agitating for civil rights. Use their liberationist icons against them.

8. True and false. Overeager extrapolation. A "return" to an Islamic-like patriarchy would be a disaster for the West, not to mention a disaster for my dating life. The USA had it about right for two hundred years, before the whole thing began to unravel. Decay follows decadence as surely as decadence has followed success. The Chateau has previously outlined a plan for a return to an American version of palatable patriarchy. As for "men going their own way": it's almost a malapropism it's so utterly inconceivable. It is, not to put too fine a point on it, a big load of sour grapes in the nominal MRA movement. Men truly going their own, vagina-free, way (and not simply men trying to score internet debate points by claiming to go their own way but still banging on the sly) are likely mating market losers who find comfort in pretending to wish away the allure of women. No one's buying it, just as no one buys the claptrap by fat feminists insisting that fat women are lusted after by winner men and only social conditioning prevents these men from dating all the grotesque and ill-mannered fatties they really desire.

I give OneSTDV's traditionalist manifesto a B+. Not that it will make a lick of difference. The gears slicked with the sweat and blood of obedient middle class beta fodder have already been set in motion, and the machine demands tribute. Trying to stop and reverse the gluttony of its belching maw is a fool's errand. There is but one tried-and-true solution: nuke the beast from orbit.

In the meantime, I'll be poolside, getting my tan on.

Chicks Dig Jerks: The Veil Of Self-Deception

CH · 25 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Swatting her cat off her couch before sitting down on it, I rested my eyes on her thighs and then up at her face. Cradling a tumbler of scotch, I asked, “How was ladies’ night with the girls? Any juicy gossip?”

She beamed with eagerness and inhaled loudly. “It was great! Let’s see, what have I heard… Oh, there was this girl Gillian, you haven’t met her, an old high school friend of Kelly’s, who’s been seeing this guy for eight years. Everyone hates Gillian’s boyfriend because he’s cheated on her, more than once.”

“Worse than a one night stand?”

“Much worse, but that’s bad too, so don’t get any ideas. He was cheating on her for a whole year with another girl. He had a relationship with this girl while he was seeing Gillian.”

“Wow, that is…”, I searched for a suitably ambiguous word that would simultaneously express disapproval and admiration, “…brazen.”

“It’s dickish is what it is! And then after Gillian found out, he cheated on her again with someone else. But Gillian never left the guy. Eight years together, and she’s still seeing him.”

Doing my best to affect surprise and consternation, I stentoriously proclaimed, “I would think that a hidden relationship with another woman is pretty solid grounds for breaking up, but I guess Gillian didn’t see it that way.”

“I know, it’s crazy. And Gillian is really attractive, too. She could have any guy she wanted. There were tons of guys at the club going up to her, but she couldn’t be bothered. Why she stays with him is a mystery.”

I cocked an eyebrow. “Do you have a picture of her from the night?”

She held the camera in front of me. “It’s her.” I solemnly judged. A hard 9.

She exasperated, “We’ve tried telling Gillian to dump him, but she won’t listen. All she does is complain about him, but she never leaves him. So we gave up trying to help her. If that’s what she wants. It just doesn’t make any sense why a girl with her looks would put up with that from a…”

“Douchebag.”

“Yeah, a douchebag.”

Mischievous tendrils curled around my thoughts. “I’ve noticed it’s the prettiest girls that go for the biggest assholes. Why do you think that is?”

“Well…” she stutters. “I don’t know. *I* don’t go for assholes.” She smiles and pushes me into the couch cushion.

“I think hot girls love a challenge, and assholes give that to them.”

My sexy interrogation subject looked around the room distractedly, as if the conversation had suddenly ceased to enthrall her.

I pressed. “I bet there are lots of great guys who would treat Gillian well, who she doesn’t give the time of day to.”

“I guess so. What can I say? Who knows why some girls go for these guys. I can’t figure it out. It’s not something I would do.”

“I know you wouldn’t.” I poked her cat in the anus with a pen I was holding. It meowed and leapt to the floor.

******

If you ask the typical woman why girls, particularly good-looking girls, dig jerks, you’ll usually get a flurry of denials or a shoulder shrug of bewilderment. What you will never get is an accurate appraisal of the phenomenon.

There is such a glaring disconnect between the reality of girls chasing after assholes, (something which every man who has lived a day in his life has seen often enough that it has become a well-worn cliche), and the inability of girls to recognize the readily observable facts of their own behavior, that it leads one to believe women were born with a self-deception mental module that prevents them from having sufficient awareness of their sexual desires.

If this is so, then it at once must engender a sort of charmed understanding, even cooing pity, for women when they attempt to grapple with the issue of their sexuality, like children fumbling with letter blocks to form that first monosyllabic word. We want to reach out and hug them for the accomplishment of achieving cognizance of 1% of what motivates their lust. It is simply the case, therefore, that a full theory of female sexual behavior must include the working assumption that women are barred by some shadowy biological force emanating either from the brain case or the loins from, one, recognizing their actions in the sexual marketplace for what they are and, two, from properly explaining them when they do accept the facts laid before them.

Women truly DO NOT UNDERSTAND why it is they love the types of men they do. Evolution, in its infinite wisdom, has decided that it is in the best interests of genetic propagation for women to be fairly well shielded from the crass machinations of their own lust drives, in a way that men are not. So the next time a girl who is very important to you, and whose opinion you respect, bafflingly throws up her hands in complete ignorance of the ancient urges that guide her attractions, do the wise thing and cut her some slack. She really has no idea.

False Equivalence Of Desire

CH · 27 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There is a muddying-the-water tactic that feminists and their sympathizers employ whenever the subject of chicks digging jerks comes up. They like to ask, under false pretenses, why men prefer hot bitches instead of hot non-bitches.

Unfortunately for them, the equivalence isn't true, except in the minds of the most gullible. This feminist meme is simply an attempt to divert uncomfortable attention from the female predilection for assholes by asserting an imaginary equivalence with a supposed urge by men to date only hot slutty bitches.* The truth is that most men like hot, loving, devoted women. Very few men, betas or alphas, prefer the long term companionship of disloyal, bitchy sluts.

Men, whose eros is largely motivated by a woman's looks, will of course occasionally dump a raunchy fuck in some hot, slutty bitch. But when a woman is under consideration as girlfriend or wife material, her bitchiness or sweetness plays an important role in how much commitment a man is willing to give her. The bitchier she is, the less likely a man will want more from her than a few nights of feral passion.

And of the men who do find themselves hitched to bitches, we often find an assortment of option-less betas who put up with the bitchiness for the pussy, but who would, given confidence in their ability to seduce women, leave the bitches for equally hot but temperamentally sweet women.

This is in stark contrast to women, who, in numbers far exceeding the meager few high value men who actively pursue bitches for LTRs, fall head over heels IN LOVE with assholes, stick with them for years after their assholery has become apparent, and who even bear the assholes' children, risking the stigma of single momhood in the process. Furthermore, and unlike the beta males stuck with bitches, it is often the HOTTEST GIRLS with OPTIONS who willingly choose to be with assholes and suffer their putative torments.

No, the desire for jerks is, and has always been, mostly a female phenomenon. Stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air; there is a basis in reality for them. And the stereotype of chicks digging jerks is as widely-held and historical as any other noted difference between the sexes. Perhaps moreso now, thanks to the tireless (and fun) efforts of this blog's crusade to illuminate the truth.

*Hey, but at least feminists have tacitly admitted that chicks do indeed dig jerks.

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 28 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The Pacific sun glared off the sand, nearly blinding me. A shuffle at the small table adjacent grabbed my attention. A slim brunette had sat down and was reading a woman's magazine, *Self* I think, or maybe *Glamour*. She reclined a bit in her chair, allowing the sun's rays to hit her stomach more directly. She hadn't bothered to wrap a mini-sarong around her bikini bottom; the stretchy material pulled away in spots from her waist, leaving a narrow gap between bikini and skin, like a portal to her nethers. It tempted an incipient chub.

I returned to my lemon-doused water, keeping my peripheral vision loosely focused on her. Five minutes passed and not once did she glance over. *This is going to be a very cold open,* I thought to myself.

"Hey."

She looked over, finally. "Hey."

"The article in there…", I waved my finger at her magazine, "about finding your man's hot zones… total bullshit." (Ugh. I cringed after saying it, but it was the first thing that jumped to mind.)

"You mean this?" She held up the mag. "Really. I don't see that article anywhere in here."

"Oh, must've been last month's edition." I paused. "I read a lot of women's mags."

"That's… weird." She's turned her torso to me now, and I can see that she's given me a minute to make my pitch.

"Maybe. But you're not going to get expert skin care tips in Sports Illustrated."

She scrunched her mouth at the corners. "Why would you need that? Sounds a little girly for a man."

"It's a new age we live in. Men have to look good for their female bosses. Now I know what you ladies feel like, to be treated like a piece of meat." I kept a straight face saying this, and avoided defensively reacting to her edgy shit test. I wanted her to wonder right up to the last microsecond whether I'm joking or not.

She pressed her legs a little closer together. I took this as a good sign, because a girl in a bikini would start to feel somewhat exposed when talking to a man who is piquing her interest. Nonetheless, it required all my willpower to keep my eyes on her face and not wandering down over the rolling meadows and velvet gullies of her body.

She smiled for the first time. "Ha, I bet you do. So… is this supposed to be some kind of come on? Because, you know, I don't normally talk to strangers at…

"Hold it! Did you see that? Shark fin. There's a shark swimming out there."

"I don't see anything."

"You might want to put on your prescription sunglasses. It's pretty far out there."

"I don't wear prescription. Perfect 20/20 vision."

"Oh, you looked like the bookish type who wears coke bottle glasses in the library."

She shrugged her shoulders and cocked her head. "That's the first time anyone thought that about me."

"People aren't very perceptive, in general."

I've begun to feel that the time had come to start delving into more personal topics when one of her friends, a short black-haired pale girl, waltzed up and inserted herself between me and Magazinegirl. She looked at me briefly, to which I returned a nod in her direction, then hugged her friend and addressed her.

"Heeey, darlin'! We're going to a late dinner at 9, and Debbie's driving. You can leave your stuff at my place, but don't use the shower upstairs. It's cold water only."

I sipped my drink and gazed at the middle-distance.

“Ok, I’ll be there around 8:30. Don’t wait up if I’m late.”

“Ok.” As she trotted off, she calls back, “Don’t forget to say hi to David for me!”

The dreaded pickup interruptus. The momentum lost by an inadvertent cockblock and a reference to a possible boyfriend, I pondered whether it was worth reengaging. Maggirl had begun collecting her stuff and shoving it into a gargantuan canvas bag. She glanced sidelong at me for a second, full of sass and flourish, signifying everything.

She smiled, or maybe smirked. “Well, I’ve gotta go. It was nice talking about invisible sharks with you.”

***

Now is the time to test your game. In this real life scenario, had you been me, what would you have done at this point? Winner gets my glorious recognition, plus two tickets to the movie *Snow Flower and the Secret Fan.* I will post an update describing how this pickup attempt resolved itself.

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Plan B

CH · 28 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Roosh has a good post about date backup plans. I have little to add to the wisdom of having a Plan B for any first date, except to mention one thing I like to do. I sometimes have dates meet me at a bar on Trivia Night. (Yes, I'm a trivia nerd.) This is something I would have done regardless of the date, so I never feel like I'm going out of my way. This small tactical maneuver puts me in the right frame of mind of de-emphasizing the importance of the date. A woman likes to think that you have so many options that no one date means very much to you. Until she proves otherwise.

I usually show up before the trivia game starts and five minutes after the designated meeting time for the date. (Make it a habit to show up a little late for a first date. Women complain about lateness, but they can't help being sexually intrigued by a man who flouts polite social convention.) If, on the outside chance, she flakes, I'm not out any of my time since I would have been there anyhow to play a game of trivia and drink good scotch. If the date doesn't go well, I cut it short and head over to the other part of the bar where I can play. (If the girl awkwardly lingers in the bar after I say goodbye, I don't let it fluster me. I know she feels a lot more awkward and will hightail it out of there once she sees that I have staked my ground.) If the date does go well, Trivia Night affords me an opportunity to have some fun with her, and showcase some of my most alpha trivia moves.

It helps to have friends who go to Trivia Nights regularly, because you can just join them in the fun, but it's not necessary. I've played solo and with the staff, and joining other groups is not a big deal if you ask. Trivia Night is like a free love commune — superficially welcoming.

An Important Lesson

CH · 30 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If you notice a girl checks her fingernails by curling her fingers inward toward her palm, like a man would, you can bet she loves sex and will put out on the first date. She has also cheated on past boyfriends.

If she checks it with fingers outstretched, back of hand facing upward, she is going to be a drama queen with a heavy repertoire of shit tests. The more diva she looks when checking them in this fashion, the likelier she will make you wait more than a few dates for sex. A full ten seconds checking, turning her hand this way and that with nails glistening in the club lights, means she will flake on you.

A girl who doesn't check her fingernails except for the most cursory glance, and despite your prompting, is a keeper.

You can get a girl to check her fingernails by mentioning something about her nail polish color, or the unusual way her fingernails grow and what that says about her. (Just make some shit up. For instance, "Oh, flat fingernails means you are very grounded." Or, "Curved fingernails means you are hard to please.") Watch for how she proceeds to look at her fingernails, and remember what this blog told you. Then sing silent hosannas to the knowledge dropped here.

Conversational Momentum

CH · 1 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A consequence of being a man is that it's your burden to energize and direct conversations with girls. A girl who is on the fence about you will offer little in the way of chatty tokens to cash in for new topics of interest. Even a girl who is interested will hardly put in equal effort at sustaining a conversation beyond the meagerest bounds of politesse. It is simply not in the nature of girls to direct and lead conversations along fruitful paths. As with sex, girls prefer to follow a strong conversational leader, and to ricochet joyously off a charismatic man's titillating badinage.

And this is one of the great blind spots that dog the typical man engaged in flirty talk: he doesn't know when enough is enough.

To wit: I noticed a lot of commenters to this post, in describing how they would continue gaming bikini-clad girl, felt it necessary to revisit the invisible shark theme which had threatened to be the denouement of the protagonist's precious few minutes of lust-hued inquisitiveness. Such a course of action would have been a misjudgment, and guaranteed the fizzling of any nascent sexual interest.

Women (normal women, that is; not nerdgirls who make up the majority of their gender who read blogs not having to do with celebrity gossip or food) do not like to revisit conversational topics, to hammer them into submission, to delve into them with an analytical scalpel. Women instead (and particularly in the company of men who aspire to be their lovers) want to careen from one subject to another, getting their emotional fill in superficial bursts of topical teasers. This way, they are entertained without risking social embarrassment from uncouth scrutiny. And they can afford to be thus so entertained and carelessly unenlightened, blessed as they are by providence with the more valuable reproductive cargo.

Men evince, like so many other sex differences seemingly the genesis of some creator prankster, a preference for just the opposite. We prefer to examine a topic until its entrails have been spooled out on the ground before us, poked and prodded with mental instruments of logical brutality, until revelation or argument victory, whichever comes first, descend upon the listening attendees like trumpet blares. Men will, given free rein, exhaust a topic to death, for to leave a theme unresolved is akin to walking off the baseball diamond in the bottom of the ninth with the score tied, happy that no one goes home a loser. A clear WTF moment if you sport a couple of dangling stones.

Unfortunately for the needs of the penis, this manly urge to disembowel a conversational topic is kryptonite to picking up women. To a woman's mind, it reeks of social clumsiness at best, aspie retardation at worst. And since it is primarily women's minds, and not their eyes, to which men must appeal, the "beating a topic to death" syndrome is one that must be recognized with haste and banished with malice aforethought.

To put it in algorithmic form easily understood by the core audience:

Bad Flirting

YOU: Topic A

HER: HAHA!, slight twist on Topic A

YOU: Resurgent Topic A

HER: ha…, slipping interest in Topic A

YOU: Topic A again, nervously, this time with feeling

HER: cya

Good Flirting

YOU: Topic A

HER: HAHA!, slight twist on Topic A

YOU: Opportunistic springboarding from twisted Topic A into Topic B

HER: Double HAHA!, pleasant surprise at introduction of Topic B

YOU: NEG

HER: rosy vulva

I hope you can see what is going on here. If you can't, may I suggest a blog more suited to your temperament? Perhaps a mommy blog? Or an economist's blog?

Revisiting topics that initially garnered a positive response from a girl is try-hard approval seeking. It is the clarion call of the beta who can't believe his luck that he said something interesting to a girl, and now feels the overarching need to suck the life out of it in endless sequels. Don't be that beta. You lead a woman in talk as you would in dance, your nimble tongue the strong hand that gently but firmly guides her into new adventures.

Maxim #97: Do not tempt a woman's withdrawal with conversational topic overkill. You made a funny, now surprise her with something new.

Caveat: The running gag is the exception to the above maxim. Properly executed (that is, delivered with long enough time passed between funny exclamations), the running gag can anchor a girl to your terraphallus. Caution: Easily abused by those lacking comedic timing.

The uniting theme here is the universal female desire for unpredictable men. The man who can't be pigeonholed, who can't be readily discerned like the mass of mediocrities she encounters every day, is catnip to her pussy. A simple pull of conversation into an unforeseen direction can mean the difference between boyfriend excuses and helpful reminders that she lives right down the street from you.

Identifying Sluts: The Science

CH · 2 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's important for men to be able to ascertain which women he meets are sluts, for two main reasons:

1. The Good Times consideration.

Slut identification allows him to quickly screen for women who are more likely to put out on the first or second date.

2. The Long Haul consideration.

Slut identification allows him to studiously avoid investing resources in those women who would make bad wives or girlfriends.

Bad wives?, sputters the peanut gallery. Yes. Women who have had more than the average number of sex partners are higher infidelity risks. If you do the stupid thing and marry a woman with 16 prior partners (freely entertained, of course!), your risk of suffering a humiliating divorce raping goes up to 80%.

Now science has further buttressed the cause of slut identification with a list of telltale slut stigmata that every man should be on the lookout for, (and which corroborate a lot of the wisdom in this post), should matrimony or horniness compel his decision-making. And the verdict is in: a woman's "sexual personality" matters more than the demographic group to which she belongs.

> In a new study, men and women were more likely to report infidelity, or cheating — often a marriage or relationship deal-breaker — when they also experienced an increased sensitivity for sexual performance problems and a decreased likelihood to lose their sexual arousal in the face of risk or danger.
>
> The study, by researchers at Indiana University's Center for Sexual Health Promotion, The Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction, and the University of Guelph, is the first to look at the influence of lovers' sexual personality traits on infidelity. Their findings, published online this month in the journal *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, show that these sexual personality characteristics carry more sway than factors typically studied, namely demographic information such as gender and marital status.
>
> Consistent with previous studies, the IU study found little difference in the rates of infidelity reported by men and women (23 percent and 19 percent, respectively). However, there were difference between the sexes in reasons related to infidelity.

Trend lines indicate that female infidelity is catching up with male infidelity, a social phenomenon which was described with alacrity by this very blog. However, what hasn't changed is the fact that men are still the bigger cheaters than women, though the difference has shrunk.

Now let's see what slut tells the study has found.

> The propensity for sexual excitation, or the ease with which one becomes sexually aroused by all kinds of triggers and situations, played a bigger role for the men compared to the women, for whom lower relationship happiness and poor compatibility with their spouse or partner in terms of sexual attitudes were more important to the prediction of infidelity.

Another core Chateau concept confirmed by science. Men cheat because variety is the spice of life, and men with raging libidos are more likely to act on the desire for variety. Women cheat because they are unhappy with their beta schlubs (often) or they feel neglected by their emotionally distant alpha dreamboats (not as often).

> And while the idea that an increased sensitivity to sexual performance failures would make men and women

> more likely to cheat might sound counter-intuitive, Mark said other Kinsey Institute studies have tied higher levels of inhibition such as this with risky sexual behavior.
>
> "People experiencing this might seek out high-risk situations to overcome arousal problems, or might feel less pressure to impress someone outside of their primary relationship than they do with their partner," Mark said. "A new partner also wouldn't know your history of having performance concerns or other issues."

If your woman can't get an orgasm, or frets about not getting an orgasm, or goes through elaborate OCD rituals before having sex, or has a giant purple saguaro on her nightstand, you are probably dating a slut. Proceed with caution.

> • Neither marital status nor how religious study participants were was predictive of having had or not having had sex outside of the relationship.

Marriage is no exemption from participation, willing or not, in the unrelenting mercilessness of the sexual market.

> • For both men and women, another predictor of infidelity was a tendency to engage in regretful sexual behavior when in a negative or positive mood state.

Watch out for girls who like to screw after a good cry. Or an especially harsh neg from an asshole.

> • Study participants completed the Sexual Excitation/Sexual Inhibition Scales (SIS/SES), a questionnaire developed at The Kinsey Institute that considers sexual personality characteristics. It measures propensity for sexual excitation (SES) and for two types of sexual inhibition: Sexual inhibition due to the threat of performance failure (SIS1) and sexual inhibition due to the threat of performance consequences (SIS2). The men and women also completed the Mood and Sexuality Questionnaire. The SES/SIS, which is used by researchers all over the world, is based on the dual control model of sexual response, developed by researchers at The Kinsey Institute. This model proposes that sexual desire, arousal and associated behaviors depend on a balance between sexual excitation and inhibition, and that people vary in their propensities for these processes.

If a woman is very uninhibited in nonsexual matters or tangentially sexual matters, she is likely to be uninhibited within the sexual intimacy sphere as well. Not that it needs spelling out, but strippers, hookers, bar dancers and thrill seekers like sky divers — that is, those women with a desire mechanism biased in favor of excitation and against inhibition — are higher infidelity risks than women who don't or haven't engaged in these activities. (Which is why strippers make such good pickup prospects.)

> • Concerning sexual inhibition due to the threat of performance consequences (SIS2), for every one unit increase, with higher scores representing higher inhibition, women were 13 percent less likely to have cheated and men were 7 percent less likely to have cheated.

If I read this right, it seems women don't cheat (as much as men) because they're worried about the consequences (e.g., pregnancy), and the more they worry, the less likely they are to cheat. Human nature: 1, social engineers: 0.

> • Concerning inhibition due to the threat of sexual performance failure, women were 8 percent more likely to cheat for each one unit increase on the scale that measured this inhibition (higher score means greater inhibition). Men were 6 percent more likely to cheat with each one unit increase on the scale.

Veeery interesting. Women with "performance issues" are more likely to cheat than men with these issues. Although I'm not exactly sure what a sexual performance failure would constitute for a woman; if the man gets off, she's not failing anything. Oh yeah, her orgasm…. mmm, sandwich time!

> • Women reporting low relationship happiness were 2.6 times more likely to report having engaged in infidelity. Women who perceived low compatibility in terms of sexual attitudes and values were 2.9 times more likely to cheat.

This is why game is so important inside as well as outside of relationships.

Now that you are armed with a catalogue of accurate slut tells, go forth, find and sexually satisfy the sluts among you. Then, maritally deny them. No need to anguish over any moral crisis. It’s just the way the game is played.

Beta Of The Month

CH · 3 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This guy:

The only thing gayer than inking John Elway's face inches from his nads would be tattooing a giant, erect prick up his leg. Preferably black.

The display of male superstars' names in the form of tattoos or jerseys is something that has always perplexed me. As a man, it makes no sense to advertise a much higher status man on your body like a billboard. It screams beta, if not omega. And yet, go to any sports event and you'll see lots of jock-y meatheads, tough guys and douchebags doing just that. Don't they realize how lame it looks to women, to boost the competition? The only explanation is that the dudes who do this have no clue how women think.

I suppose there is some evolutionary-based reason for it. Perhaps in the EEA, associating yourself with an alpha male would increase the chance that he would drop some of his sloppy seconds in your lap. But that is not the case today. Sucking the titular cocks of sports stars or rock stars is nothing short of slavish worship, and worshipping another man is the hallmark of the beta mentality.

Wearing the jersey — let alone tattooing his mug on your leg — of some millionaire athlete with a harem of hotties you could only dream of banging is analogous to the cuckold fetishist who sits in a corner feebly stroking it with a pair of tweezers while some grossly overhung studhorse jackhammers his wife into multiple Os. Think about that the next time you're tempted to feel pride wearing Jeter's shirt over your manboobs. You may as well be tucking your junk and licking his balls to a polished shine.

How To Deal With A Girl Gaming You

CH · 3 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails:

> Recently I have been gaming a girl who may intrigue some of the readers on this blog, along with yourself. An extremely high-T girl.
>
> I met this girl in question at a party, where she came off as slightly shy and normal. I followed all of your pickup cues (luckily no shit tests, she came off as laid back), and I managed to get her number.
>
> Here's some background info on the girl. She's a rower, 5'10" (I'm 6'2" so no worries there), a slight hipster, and very independent. Definitely high testosterone though.
>
> Over the next few weeks, I built up some rapport by texting her and meeting up with her after work. Our time together is severely limited due to our schedules, so the texting part was needed.
>
> The problem in this situation is the fact that she seems to be gaming me (waiting 20-30 minutes to text me back, being aloof, negging me, ignoring my negs/slight compliments, and just generally being strangely alpha for a girl) and it's really bothering me. She seems to also be seemingly naive to most of my game, and reluctant to do anything.
>
> She's told me in the past she really enjoys being around me and she's never felt the same way about a guy, but I am beginning to doubt it. I've tried not texting her yet she always texts me a day later with a typical alpha-type text.
>
> She also recently went bitch-mode on me after I (reluctantly) asked the big question, saying that we aren't together because I'm going back to school (about 200 miles away) and that she still wants to hang out.
>
> I'd appreciate a response to this perplexing situation, and was wondering if there is anything I can do to remedy this. If there is nothing besides to break it off, I wouldn't be devastated, but still upset, because this girl is a solid 9.

First, your email was unclear about your relationship with this high T girl. Have you been banging her? Or has it been texts and platonic hanging out since you met her? I'll assume the latter, because it sounds like you are still trying to game her into sex, and that it hasn't been that long since you got her digits.

Girls with male game — that is, girls who tease, neg (more likely insult, since girls don't comprehend the subtlety of the neg), act cocksure, wait to reply to texts, show up late, and generally behave like a male player keeping a tasty morsel just out of their quarry's reach — are usually the sluttiest hos or the most wicked ingenues you will come across. Male game is similar in some respects to The Rules, so this post is an indictment of that female mentality as well.

It may have been said somewhere on this blog already (and I suspect it has), but girls who play a man's pickup game are drama queens who substitute the thrill of psychological manipulation for the emptiness of their gutted hearts. With each additional cock she rides, a bit of a girl's soul is carved out and filled with a craving for external validation, which can only be satisfied by encouraging men to chase her. The magic of falling for a man and joyously relinquishing her body to the passions of sex are diminished with each new phallus, until one day her loins overdose and nothing short of a massive injection of head games will suffice to pleasure her.

If you insist on pursuing these types of women, here are some tips:

1. Don't let her take control of the conversation. Be proactive. Never get caught in the endless spin cycle where you are reacting to all her shit tests. Ignore her taunts and change the subject often. This type of woman needs you to lead her away from her shitty attitude. She loves nothing more than to entrap you in an endless volley of flirty, but

sexually fruitless, back and forth.

2. Don't be shy about using severe negs on her. She can take it.

3. Don't let her get a head of steam. Interrupt her when she's about to go off on her own private Shedaho. Imply that her banter is dull and can only be rescued by switching to what you wish to talk about.

4. Use backturns liberally. She's going to lash out when she sees you not falling for her tricks. Don't fold like a cheap lawn chair. Hold your frame. When she gets especially unpleasant, make it known that you could do without her company. Then watch her soften.

5. If she punches, you roundhouse kick. For example, if she replies to your text one day later, you reply to her text one week later.

6. Do not react to either her negs or her compliments. Yes, it's true, the compliment is a more effective snare than the insult in a woman's arsenal. Reason being that many men with game who can swat away female insults tend to fall hard for sweetly delivered compliments. If you show the slightest hint that her compliment is meaningful to you, she knows she has you back in her sticky web.

7. Don't jump to respond every time she contacts you. When she sends that text out of the blue, ignore it. You want her to dance to your tune, not the other way around.

8. If she goes bitch mode on you, walk away. She is impervious to reason or game at that point, and all she will understand is total rejection.

9. When you set up a date, TELL her where and when you will meet. Don't make suggestions. If she balks, cut her loose. Don't even reply to her if her answer is anything less than enthusiastic commitment to the date.

10. Occasionally be sincere. Sometimes you can stun a gaming girl into receptive submission by simply asking, in your calmest voice, "Why are you this way?" Be prepared for indignation. Stay strong, and give her the cold shoulder if she fumes too much.

11. Jump out ahead of her. Cancel the first date. (But give a quasi-plausible reason for doing so; just suspicious enough that it caffeinates her hamster.)

The most effective counterattack to the girl with male game is the winning combination of jealousy and scarcity. Don't make yourself available to her, and do make it seem like she is just another chick in a long line of chicks who service you.

Remember that a girl who is running hardcore male game on you likely acts this way to most men, so don't take it personally. She is hard to please, but her superficially tough shell is brittle once you know how to play her. She sees herself in the role of Joan of Snark, an entitled advocate of pussycentric physics, and she harbors a secret loathing for male desire, and wishes to trivialize it, or trifle with it. You want to focus on raising your value, and tactically lowering her value, so that she begins to think she would be missing out on something if she continues down the path of irksome aloofness.

Girls who think they can snag alpha males by using the kind of game that guys run are in for a rude awakening. Men with options will find these kinds of girls very annoying and use them as pump and dumps, and save their love for girls who know how to run real girl game.

Another Feminist Myth Debunked: Women's Sex Drive Is Not As Strong As Men's

CH · 4 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists love to claim that women's sex drive is as strong as any man's. They assert this because it would be a blow against their crippled, withered ideology to accept that there is a sex-based difference in libido. Acceptance of this reality would also undermine a key tenet of left wing women's studies programs that the crazy things men do for access to hot, young, slender women are motivated not by sexual urge but by "social conditioning" or power dynamics. And, in what is probably the most galling humiliation should the truth supplant establishment lies, it would silence the tankgrrl and slutwalker battle cry that they love to slut it up just as much as men, and can do so without suffering any of the trite emotional consequences which they have convinced themselves are nothing but a manufactured burden foisted on them by the patriarchy.

Too bad for feminists the science totally refutes their core beliefs. Across a slew of studies, the conclusion is unavoidable: men have stronger sex drives. Via Randall Parker over at Parapundit, the following study:

> The sex drive refers to the strength of sexual motivation. Across many different studies and measures, men have been shown to have more frequent and more intense sexual desires than women, as reflected in spontaneous thoughts about sex, frequency and variety of sexual fantasies, desired frequency of intercourse, desired number of partners, masturbation, liking for various sexual practices, willingness to forego sex, initiating versus refusing sex, making sacrifices for sex, and other measures. No contrary findings (indicating stronger sexual motivation among women) were found. Hence we conclude that the male sex drive is stronger than the female sex drive. The gender difference in sex drive should not be generalized to other constructs such as sexual or orgasmic capacity, enjoyment of sex, or extrinsically motivated sex.

It's been written on this blog before that a woman can be just as voracious in the sack as a man, as long as she is in bed with a man she desires. But discrete sexual voracity is not the same as generalized sexual appetite. Wise women know better than to confuse their unleashed libido in bed with a man they love for a lusty exuberance to do every inspiring member of the opposite sex within their visual field. The latter is the domain of men, and men alone.

Women have some preternatural sexual abilities and reservoirs in bed that many men would envy, like multiple orgasms and erogenous zones, but no woman, except the rarest outlier, experiences the clawing, wall-climbing, unrelenting horniness to mass pound brigades of complementary genitalia like men experience every moment of every day.

If you like your smartphones and Netflix and just about anything that is a grade above grass huts, it's a good thing they don't, either.

Feedback Of The Week

CH · 4 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

PA writes:

> Speaking of “test of your Game”, one thing that had always tripped me up was when women made self-deprecating comments about their own looks. It’s a sneaky shit-test. So several months ago I asked R. how to respond to that. He suggested saying back to the woman “have you always been this vain?”
>
> I was talking with a woman at work today, who made such a self-deprecating comment. For a moment I went blank — what the fuck do you say back to that — and then I recalled that exchange. So I said “have you always been this vain” in response, and her eyes lit up. Excellent.

If a fat or ugly chick makes a self-deprecating comment, she’s fishing for sympathy. If a hot chick makes a self-deprecating comment, she’s flushing out overeager betaness. Either way, you lose by responding with typical mangina consolation; the fat chick starts to think you like her, or the hot chick thinks you’re an asexual niceguy.

First Rule of Game Club: Do not act like a gullible mangina.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 4 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

KarlK writes:

> [Harry] Caray was a notorious pussy pounder. One rumor has it that he lost the St. Louis cardinals announcing job because he was banging the wife of Augie Busch.
>
> Imagine the scene…."Holy Cow! This cock's for you…"

Your working assumption should always be that any high status man is ploughing through pussy like yoke oxen on a water-logged subcontinental delta. Maybe then there will be less hero worship by Joe Six-pack.

The Mainstream Media Is Beginning To Accept The Truth Of Game

CH · 5 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Yahoo, one of the most MSM-y of the MSM outlets, has a dating advice column that lifts techniques straight from the game literature. In order to stay ahead of the PC police, the author couches it in terms of attracting either men or women, but the reality well-known to those who are actually out there mud-deep in the scrum of the sexual market is that these courtship tactics are more effective when used on women. (Ladies, the only techniques you need to attract men for sex are the following: look hot. To attract men for love, you'll need more than a young pretty face, but that is a discussion for another day.)

> **Flattery strategy #1: Get specific with your praise**
> Since daters often feel like they're just one amongst a parade of people having coffee with you, demonstrate some genuine interest in the next one you meet to help erase that fear. "We studied the relationship between reciprocity and romance and found that if someone thinks you're attracted to him or her, it increases that person's attraction to you," says Eli Finkel, Ph.D., a psychology professor at Northwestern University. **[Ed: This is misleading. The studies on reciprocity clearly indicate that while women are attracted to men they think are attracted to them, women are *more* attracted to men for whom they are uncertain about the men's attraction to them.]** On the other hand, "If someone's attracted to you but getting the sense that you're attracted to lots of other people, he or she will tend to dislike you." The upshot? Prove you're picky (and that this person fits your high criteria). Then you're well on your way to making this potential amour pick you, too. Reread his or her profile right before you meet up and tell your date exactly why it stood out from the rest and what you noticed first. And nix any mentions of past bad dates or other negative experiences, which can make it inadvertently seem like you'll give anyone the time of day.

Game concept stolen: Qualification.

> **Flattery strategy #2: Create insider info between the two of you**
> You don't have to be old friends to cultivate a comfortable rapport with someone. "Make references to things you've discussed or emailed about," says dating coach Annie Dennison, Ph.D. "It creates a sense of intimacy and shows your date you're really listening." To really drive home that you find your date fascinating, ask for more information on details he or she mentioned in passing ("I know you like Jay-Z. Which album of his do you think I should download?"). Or tie together stories (yours or your date's) with a follow-up line like, "Wow, that reminds me of what you were telling me about your trip to Costa Rica/your overbearing boss/football obsession."

Game concept stolen: Secret world. (Most of the attendant advice in this paragraph is shitty, but the core concept is spot on.)

> **Flattery strategy #3: Congratulate your date**
> If you want your sweetie to really beam, show you're impressed by a feat that he or she is especially proud of. "We did a study and found that when people told others about something good that happened to them and the person responded positively, it improved the whole experience," Shelly Gable, Ph.D., professor of psychology at the University of California, Santa Barbara. So don't just say "Cool!" when your date mentions a win like getting into grad school, finishing a 10K, or just getting an amazing deal at an outlet store. Get into it and ask what he felt when he got the news, how she reacted, which person he told first, or how long she'd been hoping for it to happen. Answering the questions will let your date relive some of the excitement — and associate you with an unexpectedly happy buzz.

Game concept stolen: Emotional connection. (Ignore the part about congratulating her. Just ask leading questions that get her emotions traveling in the right, i.e. sexual, direction.)

> **Flattery strategy #4: Compliment qualities that are unrelated to [her] looks**
> When you admire a not-so-obvious trait that your date has, it makes you seem super-insightful. An easy place to start is by connecting his or her job to a quality you appreciate. Tell an accountant that you're always especially envious of detail-oriented people; tell a teacher you're in awe of those who can motivate others. If you like what your date is wearing or how this person decorated his or her home, "don't compliment the 'thing' — anyone can buy a thing — but call out what it says about him or her," says Susan Rabin, author of *Lucky in Love*. Instead of the tie itself, praise the person's individual style; instead of muttering "nice couch," say you're wowed by people who have an eye for color and design.

Game concept stolen: Ignore her beauty. Women want to think you are an exceptional man because you notice things about them most men don't. A more cynical explanation: a man who isn't affected by a woman's looks is an alpha male who likely has lots of experience bedding women. And chicks dig preselected men.

> **Flattery Strategy #5: Emphasize your date's name in your verbal responses**

Game concept stolen: N/A. This advice only matters within context. Don't blurt out a girl's name until she has earned your recognition by asking you for your name first, and using it within a sentence.

> **Flattery strategy #6: Playfully tease your date**
> If you saw *The Departed,* you probably remember the scene when Matt Damon asks his date something like: "What makes you think I want a second date with you?" — then bursts out laughing. It turns out those childhood playground tormentors ("Ewww, you have cooties!") were onto something. "Thinking someone is attracted to you is great, but our research also suggests that not being sure about it actually heightens the excitement," says grad student Paul Eastwick, Finkel's research partner at the Northwestern Relationships Lab. Hearing that kind of rejection can spike feelings of anxiety — then fill you with relief when you realize it was a gag. So if you're sure your date has a good sense of humor, give him or her a little ribbing first: "Oh no, you're an Aquarius? Shoot, I have a rule about that." Not only do you get to have an instant inside joke, it sends a subtle message that you're into your date enough to be comfortable joking about it. Just make sure you don't tease about something the person's sensitive about — that's not flirting; that's an insult.

Game concept stolen: The neg.

Welcome aboard, MSM! Glad to see you are reading sites like this blog and imbibing its wisdom. Who knows what you're capable of now! Perhaps an honest look at the negative externalities of mass third world migration. Or tough, no-nonsense reporting about innate sex differences in athletic program participation and upper management representation. The world is your oyster.

“What are you thinking about?”

CH · 7 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It’s impossible to date a girl for any significant length of time and not hear this plaintive inquiry from her. In fact, if she likes you, you will sometimes hear it on a first date. A reader offers a quick escape:

> Answer with “thoughts are sacred” and change the subject so it doesn’t seem like you’re trying to be profound. I stole that from a Fellini film. Have used it on a few different types of girls and it works like a charm. I enjoy the blog man.

Not bad. Another good reply (if she’s got enough brains to catch the wit): “My burdensome masculinity.” Or: “A ham sandwich.”

Any move to evade the question, or to answer it in a way she could never have predicted, is the correct move. The key is to understand that in matters of romance, women don’t want to be taken seriously. They want you to, with a wink and a smirk, patronize them like the be-boobed and be-hipped children they are. The worst possible answer to these seemingly innocuous female questions (which, in reality, are actually subtle shit tests) is the candid answer. For example… BAD: *“I was just thinking about how much I like you.”* You, with your feeble beta brain, *thinks* she wants to hear that, (because why would she ask?) but she doesn’t. What she wants to hear, or rather what her vagina wants to hear, is *“A ham sandwich.”*

Now of course there will be times when the sincere response is the right one. A long term girlfriend asks because she is A) worried you’re withdrawing from her, or B) genuinely interested in what’s on your mind. In those cases, you may, but only occasionally!, stroke her inquisitive feelers til she’s purring like a kitten.

I can hear the chorus of betaaches now. “When should we be sincere and when should we be cocky?”

Don’t sweat the small stuff. A good rule of thumb is the 3:1 cocky-to-sincere ratio. A sincere reply should be bookended by at least three cocky ripostes. This can play out over a few minutes of an energetic first meet or over a few languid days, depending on your level of intimacy with the girl. This gives her hamster juuuuuuuust enough pellets to keep him shitting regularly. Too many pellets and the overworked bugger gets the runs, his rationalizations spinning out of control into a turgid drama fest. Too few pellets and he gets constipated, backed up with negative emotion. A regular hamster is a happy hamster. And a horny hamster.

The Reluctant Cockblock

CH · 9 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I noticed her immediately. The hottest girl in the room weaved through the crowd, walking in my direction. As she neared at a quick pace, I saw her right arm extended behind her. The awkward positioning seemed odd to me. She passed, and a fat homely girl, attached to the bombshell's right hand, was being dragged behind like a circus elephant. Fatso was a good foot shorter than the hot babe leading her around the sweaty drinkers, and, conservatively, 4 points lower on the looks scale. She wore a miserable expression; she clearly didn't want to be there. She was literally walking in the shadow of a superior specimen of womanhood.

While the hot-ugly friend pair is not common, you do see this social female arrangement every so often, especially in meat markets. (A group of women of varied looks, some hot and some not, is more common.) Always the hottie looks like she's having the time of her life and her unattractive friend looks irritated, wishing she were anywhere else.

Approach these bifurcated two-sets with caution. The ugly friend won't actively cockblock you, (she's too subservient to her hot friend's prerogative), but you'll have to deal with an even bigger obstacle: the hot chick has brought her along because she intends to either

a. find the warpig a man, or

b. launch the flaming warpig from a trebuchet at any man who lingers too long.

If (a), you'll know right away; she'll quickly introduce the fug before you can get a word in edgewise, encourage a dance circle of the three of you, then lean into fug's ear, say something, and skip away to the bar, leaving you and the consolation prize alone. Niceguys will generally stick around for a few minutes (or hours), thinking that is the virtuous thing to do, and hoping the hot chick will come back and shower love on them for being genial with her ugly friend. Of course, that last part never happens. Meaner guys (ahem) will bolt, raining down blows upon an already clobbered homely girl's ego.

If (b), you'll know by watching for any nonverbal signals the hot girl telegraphs to her ugly friend. She'll enjoy your flirting for a little while, but then the fug, as if on cue and reading from a script, will monotonously declare she has to get up early, or somesuch excuse. Having imbibed a sufficient quotient of your attentions to achieve orbital velocity validation, the hot girl will shrug her shoulders and trot off.

How do you handle the hot girl-ugly girl two-set? The game literature is clear: you open the ugly girl first and drop a neg on the hot girl, building a faux camaraderie with the potential cockblock, thus neutralizing any compulsion she may harbor to menstruate all over your game. But the ugly girl in the two-set is usually a reluctant cockblock; she's not interested in rescuing her friend or being a noxious cunt. She agreed to go out because she likes to inhale the second hand seduction from all the action her hot friend gets. It's vicarious thrills. But now she's regretting her decision. (She can't help it; hot girls have stronger powers of persuasion than ugly girls.)

No, the real cockblock in this two-set is the hot girl. She's tough enough to game when she's with a group of friends, but when she's with one ugly friend, you have got your work cut out. I'd advise avoiding these "couples" in favor of cute girls who have equally cute girl friends. Then you can rev up jealously plotlines to your heart's content.

Chase, Interrupted

CH · 15 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My slim cut extra medium T-shirt felt sloppy on me, sitting across the table from his dark blue suit. A blood red tie slashed his white shirt down the middle, and he caressed the lip of his glass of whiskey with a manicured index finger that hasn't seen manual labor since high school.

"You sound like you're ready to call it quits," he mused.

"Well, now I wouldn't go that far."

"How long you been together?"

I stuttered on the number. "Hm… nine months, year. Somewhere around there."

"That's love."

"Yeah, she's all right."

He took a slow sip and eyed through the back of his glass a young blonde with an aggressively arched torso sitting at the bar. "Marriage?"

"Ha. Funny. I'm just enjoying it in its pristine condition at the moment. What about you? Any slowing down?"

"I didn't know this was a race."

"You know what I mean. How much longer can you play the field?"

"How much longer can you go on breathing? You see the absurdity in your question." He flicked a mosquito off his arm sleeve. The rooftop was buzzing with liquored career girls and blues music trapped in humidity.

I exhaled words through my lips, "I admit there are times… a lot of times… when I miss the chase."

"You can still have that."

"No, not really. Technically, you can. But in reality the feeling is never the same."

He leaned forward and crinkled his brow. "How so?"

"There's no freedom in cheating. At least, not the sort of freedom that makes your brain feel like it's on helium. Cheating is exciting, but no matter how you compartmentalize it, you'll always have to deal with that tiny pang of guilt."

"Sure, but it's worth it when you consider the alternative." He shivered from an invisible north wind. "Monogamy."

"There's more to it than guilt, which was never much of a disincentive for me, anyway. When you know you always have that fallback lover, that girl who will be there at home, waiting for you, the victories taste less sweet. Where's the challenge? A well executed seduction as a free man is a very different experience than one as a taken man. Failure means more when you're single, and so success means more as well."

"Beautiful words. But your virtue won't last. You'll be back. I know you."

He pressed forward over the table once again, and for the first time that night his tie went askew.

I studied my mischievous friend waiting for me to invite him to speak. "What?"

"You remember Adele? That girl you took back to her place from this very bar… twice… for one night stands?"

"Adele. Yeah," I reflected.

"She had a nice place, didn't she? Big bay window in her bedroom. You were about to fuck her, condomless, in the

deep of the night, and right before penetration you looked down and admired her thatch of honey blonde pubic hair. Shards of streetlamp light shone through the window and illuminated her pubes. Her tuft glittered, you said. You were surprised that her rug was as brightly blonde as her hair."

"All natural, too. She was a Vikingess."

"Mmm, hm. The optical geometry of that night is scorched forever on your retinas. In old age, you'll forget everything but moments like that. You'll forget your kids' names but you'll recall with perfect clarity the night of that dance of streetlight, bed, and pubes. And the others like it."

"I know where you're going with this."

His lip curled. "Do you?"

"She had a boyfriend. Which I found out about later. I met him, briefly. Shook his hand and everything just to make her uncomfortable. She didn't know if I was crazy enough to mention our tryst. Of course, I didn't. But I loved that spectacle. It's not often one gets a chance to smother a woman so thoroughly with her clandestine evil."

"Yes, there was that, but that's not what I was going to say."

"Oh?"

"What does it feel like, knowing that should you follow your goodness to its conclusion, you will never again enjoy the discovery of new pubic canopies? To forever shutter the windows on that bay window of your adventurer's soul?"

"Poetic. But I love the pubes of the girl I'm with now."

"One pube color, until you die." With that, he and his sharp dark suit rose and glided to the bar blonde with the bitchy back. I could overhear their conversation.

You have excellent posture. Very masculine. I don't think I've seen marine sergeants sit as ramrod straight as you.
Thanks. I try not to slouch.
Posture like that could be intimidating to some men. Let me guess, you love the power rush.
Doesn't seem to be a problem for you.
I'm quaking in my boots.

I finished my drink and watched a cocktail napkin slide from one hand to another. Old-fashioned and personal. That was his style.

At home, a scribbled note greeted me on the coffee table. "I bought you OJ. Feel better!"

I fumbled around my jeans pocket, found what I was looking for, and sent a text.

interesting… meeting you, general sherman. I might call you.

I burned the tattered tissue paper in my hand with a lighter and mixed myself a screwdriver. My thumb hovered over the delete button.

Chicks Dig Jerks: More Scientific Evidence

CH · 16 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The blows of excruciating truth continue raining down on feminists' block-like skulls. A recent scientific study (via reader "Dor") confirms a core theme of this blog that chicks really do dig jerks.

> The personality traits that compose the Dark Triad [i.e. narcissism, psychopathy and Machiavellianism] have typically been considered abnormal, pathological and inherently maladaptive. Although individuals with these traits inflict costs to themselves and others, the Dark Triad traits are also associated with some qualities, including a drive for power, low neuroticism and extraversion, that may be beneficial. Together with low amounts of empathy and agreeableness, such traits may facilitate — especially for men — the pursuit of an exploitative short-term mating strategy.

So what is this study telling us? What Heartiste concepts are validated?

– Narcisisstic, irrational self-confidence is more attractive to women than modest, rational defeatism. (See: Poon Commandment XI)

– Being a rule breaker (a form of psychopathy) is attractive to women. (Playing by the rules will win you plaudits from polite society, but it won't help you get pussy.)

– Using people for personal gain is attractive to women.

– The Dark Triad works best for short term sexual hookups (the kinds of mating opportunities most men would jump at if they were easy to get). LTRs require a small but significant infusion of beta provider game to remain healthy and satisfying for any woman.

– Being disagreeable (an asshole, that is) is attractive to women.

– Being power-hungry is attractive to women.

– Never sweating the small stuff is attractive to women.

– In other words, being an aloof, uncaring asshole — an amalgamation of all the above traits — makes you optimally attractive to the greatest number of hot chicks.

– Contrary to feminist flailing to gender equalize the attractiveness of assholes by claiming that men prefer bitches, this study conclusively shows that the Dark Triad suite of asshole traits works better for men than it does for women. That is, men don't dig bitches.

– None of the above would ever be admitted by women, so don't bother asking them.

Women who can't help but love men who hit them, like Rihanna, are only the bleeding edge (heh) of a general and primordial inclination by the fairer sex to swoon for emotionally callous, manipulative assholes. You may hate this assessment, but you can't disagree with it. You're soaking in its truth.

Those who hate the messenger (yours untruly) for shedding light on this reality often like to ask if I would be OK with some erudite guy telling men to be assholes to get chicks if my hypothetical daughter was to wind up in the arms of such an asshole (like this dude). Of course, I wouldn't. Amoralistic biology ensures there will be competing and contradictory passions, double standards up the wazoo. What father in his right mind would want his daughter to fall for an asshole? And yet, I am not my hypothetical daughter's pleasure center. What I would want as a hypothetical father should not stain the quest for truth.

I present the truth, suggest ways to exploit this truth, and allow the readers to ultimately decide which path to take for themselves.

One thing we know for certain: if it’s young, fresh, maximally fertile pussy you want, you can’t go wrong cranking up the assholery.

A Valid Criticism Of The Mystery Method?

CH · 17 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The Shocker writes:

> one of the common criticisms with the Mystery Method is that it takes an adversarial approach to game- like two lawyers in a courtroom. You're trying to come up with rebuttals based on what she says and what she does. It's good for beginners since they can detach their identity from their performance (and suffer no ego consequences when they fail), but it's really not that great of an approach to social interaction overall. Rock solid inner game always wins because you aren't making assumptions about your target, you're more agile and dynamic since it's authentic, and ultimately is the image you're trying to impress through Mystery's scripts anyways. Women can tell the difference. **[Ed: More precisely, women can *feel* the difference between bad game and good game.]**
>
> Chateau Heartiste is popular with inner-game types because it looks at the rules of attraction from a very high level. We're not really looking for techniques here because we don't need them – just a deeper understanding of the laws and strategies at play. It's the difference between practicing chess openings from a book versus reading about game theory. Yale vs ITT Tech.

All seduction is, in a sense, adversarial. It has to be, considering that men's and women's reproductive goals are at odds. But it is the adversarial nature of courtship that electrifies women's libidos. A budding seduction that lacks this tension will wither on the vine. It's evolutionarily preordained that women will swoon for sharply charged flirty exchanges, and crumple into boredom under an onslaught of dull agreeableness.

That said, it's true that game greenhorns too easily fall into a lawyerly pattern of badgering the witness and courtroom objections. This isn't a fault of the specific game tactics so much as it is a problem of overthinking one's next move at the expense of free-form conversational adaptability. Men who first take on the learning of game tend to think in rigid blocks of discrete information — *must do this now, then follow up with this* — instead of the better mode of thinking in fluid cascades of themes: *i'll do this, unless this other move is better.* What results from thinking like the former is a man who fumbles when a woman, for example, shit tests at the "wrong" time, and he flails in his misguided effort to steer the conversation back to where he was in control.

For the beginner, it's almost more effective to think actively about what *not to do*, than what to do. Avoiding common beta pitfalls will get you farther as a newbie than trying to perfectly apply all the little details of the Attraction-Comfort-Seduction sequence to targets of interest. As you progress, you can start to think more in terms of tightening your game instead of avoiding anti-game missteps, because at that stage you should have enough experience with women under your belt (heh) that you can, one, predict with uncanny accuracy how a woman will react to a given scenario and, two, shift on the fly.

Mystery did the world a service by breaking down the trajectory of a successful seduction and female attraction mechanisms into their component parts. The nature of making a (relatively) complex subject understandable for the masses naturally ensures that imitators and acolytes will miss the nuance. Nuance comes with practice, so don't sweat it at first. The Mystery Method blueprint is just that — a blueprint around which to erect a work of pickup art. Don't try to jam every preposition or unexpected riposte into its framework. Exigency happens.

Equality Ruins Sex

CH · 18 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a simple formula:

Economically empowered women + empathetic men = loss of female sex drive.

Who'da thunk it!

Well, apparently not feminists, because the latest slew of research is sure to give them a crusty old vagina hemorrhage.

> Using the internet, neuroscientists Ogi Ogas and Sai Gaddam analysed half a billion sexual fantasies, preferences and practices, then correlated their findings with animal behaviour studies and the latest findings in neuroscience, to come to the very non-PC conclusion that when it comes to sex, women are wired to find sexual submission arousing.
>
> And that gender equality, far from liberating women sexually, actually inhibits desire.

This is not news to anyone who reads this blog. This research supports a critical CH maxim:

> **Maxim #15: Female cultural equality = male dating inequality. Female cultural inequality = male dating equality. You cannot have both by the laws of human nature.**

When women make as much or more money than men, when they have equally prestigious jobs and an army of assistants, they will find that the pool of sexually desirable men dries up, and the inevitably lowered status men who are available to them are perceived as veritably castrated. Male dating inequality results, where more and more men are deemed unworthy mate prospects while the few men who still wield high status over the majority of women find their prospects enlarged.

A choice quote by a classic lawyercunt from the above article:

> Corporate lawyer Amy, 38, goes to work in killer heels and a pencil skirt, commands a mega-salary and has a team of assistants at her beck and call.
>
> 'At work, I'm always the one in control and I admit that I like it that way. It's exciting and it's sexy being an Alpha woman,' she says.
>
> But when it comes to her partner Max, who is also a lawyer, albeit with a less high-profile job, she often finds herself feeling confused about who calls the shots — especially when it comes to sex.
>
> 'When I get home, I no longer want to be the power broker, the one who's always in charge and in control. I need to be wooed and seduced, and to feel that Max has power over me,' she says.
>
> 'Sometimes he fulfils the role, but sometimes he doesn't and I feel disappointed. It does make me wonder why I'm reluctant to take the initiative in bed when I'm confident and in charge at work.'

Women are hardwired to prefer submission to a strong man, and the stronger the man, the more abject her surrender. See: *Story of O.* Women BEG for you to exert your power over them. A woman craves it like you crave stuffing her holes full of love.

Luckily for men in this epoch of economic contraction and anti-male bigotry, game will allow them to bypass the female algorithm to screen for high status men by giving women the SUBMISSION TO POWER that they so desperately need without men having to rely on any societally conventional status metrics. And women will love them for it.

For the haters and doubters who latch onto the whiny cry *Fake!* every time this rule of game is rubbed in their faces, ask yourself a simple question. Would Amy, the corporate lawyercunt in the story, feel

a. more turned on, or

b. just as turned off as before

if her lower rung lawyer lover started gaming her using the principles espoused on sites like this one?

Rhetorical. We all know the answer to that. She would love every last second of it, and her nag-to-blowjob ratio would quickly reverse.

> Feminism, to put it as bluntly as these two do, is bad for sex, and is the prime reason why increasing numbers of women are seeking help for problems associated with low libido.

Ironically, while feminism has opened the pussy floodgates for alpha males, enabling them to have their fill of noncommittal sex, the uptight little ideology has simultaneously ruined the libidos of women by, in turns, masculinizing women and emasculating men. You just can't fuck with the primal forces of nature and expect no blowback.

> According to Ogas and Gaddam, we can learn some important lessons about female sexual behaviour from observing rats in the laboratory.
>
> They insist that if you put a male and female rat in close proximity to one another, the female will start to come on to the male, performing actions associated with sexual interest — running and then stopping to encourage the male to chase her.
>
> But after a bit of kiss-chase, the female rat stands still, adopting a submissive stance until the male takes action. They also claim that almost every quality of dominant males — from the way they smell to the way they walk and their deep voice — triggers arousal in the female brain, while 'weaker' men, who are not taller, have higher voices or lower incomes, excite us less.
>
> What they seem to be suggesting is that the cavemen were right all along and that what women really want is to be dragged by the hair, all the while feigning reluctance, by macho men waving clubs.

Maxim #2: All successful seductions are adversarial in nature.

Even female rats exhibit the same tendencies that human females do: the love of being chased, the anticipatory flirting, the insufferable but charming coyness, the anti-slut defensive posturing, the desire to submit to a dominant male, with ass perched high in the air, undulating in expectation.

> When I put this proposition to my friend Katie, 42, who runs a successful event planning business and is married to Geoff (who gave up a job with the police force that he hated and is doing a stint as house-husband, looking after their sons, aged three and six), she blushed with embarrassment.
>
> 'It seems so disloyal to admit this because Geoff is so lovely in every way. He's brilliant with the children, he does all the shopping and cooking, but the truth is I'm just not turned on any more,' she says.
>
> 'He knows how tired I am at the end of the day, and though he's just being considerate, instead of asking me if I'm in the mood for sex, I long for him to be a bit masterful and say: "I want you. And I want you now."
>
> 'On the few occasions when we do make love, the only way I can get excited is by having a lurid fantasy about being taken by force by a man in uniform.'

I think we can declare, with this vaj-smash CH post, that on the date of 18-8-2011, feminism died. May the gruesome corpse shortly rot into spinsterly decrepitude and spare us all the spectacle of watching me do the Snoopy

happy dance and gloating “I told you so!”

Another Game Concept Confirmed: The Allure Of Male Choice

CH · 19 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Camelot007 writes:

> I believe there is no better explanation of what women need than in this excerpt:
>
> "And within a committed relationship, the crucial stimulus of being desired decreases considerably, not only because the woman's partner loses a degree of interest but also, more important, because the woman feels that her partner is trapped, that a choice — the choosing of her — is no longer being carried out."
>
> It comes from an article titled "What Do Women Want" written by Daniel Bergner and is backed by research done at Queen's University in Ontario Canada.

The stability of a long term relationship rests mostly on the happiness of the woman. Men in lackluster LTRs are perfectly happy keeping the thing sputtering along if they are getting their sexual needs met on the sly with mistresses. But women are a different beast entirely in this matter; if a woman feels turned off or egregiously neglected by her lover, she will prefer to jettison the relationship altogether and start fresh (as fresh as an aging woman can start) rather than share her intimacy with multiple men concurrently.

And so when a man loses interest in his partner the LTR or marriage is in less trouble than when the woman loses interest in her partner. Married men would be wise to recognize this insidious imbalance in the sexual force and behave accordingly if they don't want to get the barrel end of the divorce theft industry pointed squarely at their nads. You may not like it, but under the restrictions imposed by the corrupt state of modern marriage the onus is on men to keep their wives happy, rather than the other way around. (Yet another reason to skip out on marriage in favor of LTRs or cohabitation.)

What this research implies is that if you want to sustain the hot sex in an LTR for longer than the first few months, and by extension reduce the odds that your girlfriend will cheat or generally behave like a bitch, you need to frequently qualify her. Qualifying a woman makes her feel like she has to continue working for your affection, and thus overcomes the naturally emergent impediment common to all LTRs of anhedonic emasculation. She wants to know she has earned your interest, for only when this final piece of the puzzle is in place will you remain the mortal god she yearns to idolize.

In the turbulent bazaar of the sexual market, perception is everything. No matter how deftly a wife or long term girlfriend is able to logically convince herself that her partner's SMV is no lower than when they first met, her altered perception of his value that accompanies LTR confinement and complacency will inevitably corrode her feelings of lust. Game can remedy this dissolution by instilling in her a renewed appreciation for her man's desirability. A healthy reminder, if you will.

A woman loves to feel that the man she is with has illimitable choice among competitor women. A man with sexual choice is a desirable man, for he is preselected by women and will pass on his preselected genes to her sons. A man without choice in women — and, however wrongly, such can seem the case to a woman hitched to a man in a familiarizing and deballing monogamous LTR — is an undesirable man, for why should she love a man whom no other woman would deign to love? She begins to question not only whether he still finds her attractive, but more importantly whether he is himself still attractive to other women and is choosing her among a smorgasbord of pussy options. The disenchantment spiral unwinds.

A man "trapped" in an LTR can avoid, or at least temper, the disenchantment spiral by employing various game methods designed to validate his woman's hypergamous need to be with a higher status man than herself:

1. He can instill dread.

For example, kill complacency dead by calling her from a location where girls' screeching voices can be heard in

the background.

2. He can screen her like he did when they first met.

“It’s important to me that a woman knows how to do the reverse spider monkey hanging from a pull-up bar.”

3. He can provoke competition anxiety.

“Your friend Carrie looks like she’s been hitting the yoga classes a lot. A man can tell.”

4. He can helpfully remind her of his options.

To wit: Don’t look away in misguided appeasement when that sexy waitress tosses you a flirtatious glance under your GF’s/wife’s nose. Instead, revel in the moment. Grin and wink back at her. Make it obvious that you could get a new woman in a day if your lover was to leave you.

5. He can cheat.

This is the trepanation of reviving a flagging relationship. Use with caution. Fact is, when you cheat on a woman her perception of your sexual market value skyrockets.

A woman will fight with the last fiber of her being against the encroaching discomfort that she is being settled for by a man with a lack of options. Every marriage and LTR, left to their own inertial devices, encourages this encroachment. Do her, and yourself, a favor: game the shit out of her til death, or the wall, do you part.

From The Lips Of Babes

CH · 22 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Women who have Cupid's Bow lips are more likely to orgasm during sex than women with straighter lips.

> A recent study by the University of the West of Scotland found that women with a prominent, sharply raised 'tubercle' on their top lip — commonly known as a Cupid's bow — are 12 times more likely to reach orgasm through sex alone.

This is one of those weird phenotypical associations that, if true, probably has some prenatal hormonal basis. Maybe women exposed to high amounts of estrogen in the womb as fetuses have more feminine facial features like the upside-down-W upper lip, and feminine women feel more aroused by sex with a man. Or maybe cause and effect is different and tip-and-dip-lipped women, being more attractive to men, are simply hooking up with more alpha men and experiencing orgasm during sex more frequently as a consequence.

Btw, the Cupid's Bow looks great as it's stretching up and outward across the ridge of the glans.

***

Does sex reduce genetic variation?

> Heng and fellow researcher Root Gorelick, Ph.D., associate professor at Carleton University in Canada, propose that although diversity may result from a combination of genes, the primary function of sex is not about promoting diversity. Rather, it's about keeping the genome context – an organism's complete collection of genes arranged by chromosome composition and topology – as unchanged as possible, thereby maintaining a species' identity. This surprising analysis has been published as a cover article in a recent issue of the journal *Evolution*.
>
> "If sex was merely for increasing genetic diversity, it would not have evolved in the first place," said Heng. This is because asexual reproduction – in which only one parent is needed to procreate – leads to higher rates of genetic diversity than sex. […]
>
> According to Heng, the hidden advantage sex has over asexual reproduction is that it constrains macroevolution – evolution at the genome level – to allow a species' identity to survive. In other words, it prevents "Species A" from morphing into "Species B." Meanwhile, it also allows for microevolution – evolution at the gene level – to allow members of the species to adapt to the environment.

If sex is really about maintaining a species' identity against assimilation with closely related species — a sort of Darwinian nationalistic response to the borg collective — then does this add weight to group selection theory? It would seem so. I'll leave it to the reader to explore avenues arising from this line of thinking. (Just a little something to get you started: when women are ovulating, they prefer sex with men of their own race.)

***

War, what is it good for? Well, how about civilization.

> "This study is part of a larger, worldwide comparative research effort to define the factors that gave rise to the first societies that developed public buildings, widespread religions and regional political systems — or basically characteristics associated with ancient states or what is colloquially known as 'civilization,'" said Stanish, who is also a professor of anthropology at UCLA. "War, regional trade and specialized labor are the three factors that keep coming up as predecessors to civilization."

Do you lose sleep at night when you ponder the sacrifice in blood and pain of countless ancestors, cruelty upon

cruelty inflicted upon and by them until the pile of skulls reached high enough that you could retrieve with your grubby sausage fingers the iPhone perched at the top of the macabre stack?

***

Daughters have more influence over their mother's sexual self-esteem than the other way around.

> A new study by a Temple University Fox School of Business professor finds that teenage girls have a strong influence on the products their mothers buy solely for personal use, as in makeup or clothing, and that mothers have a much stronger tendency to mimic their daughters' consumption behavior than vice versa.
>
> The researchers analyzed whether teenage girls tend to emulate their mothers' consumption behavior or whether mothers mimic their daughters. The study, conducted through questionnaires, sampled 343 mother-daughter pairs, with an average age of 44 for the mothers and 16 for the daughters. The researchers found that if a mother is young at heart, has high fashion consciousness and views her daughter as a style expert, she will tend to doppelgang her daughter's consumption behavior.

Moms must know with some conscious awareness that their piping hot fresh teen daughters look a lot hotter than they do. It would only be natural for moms constantly reminded of their rapidly approaching reproductive obsolescence to ape the habits and dress of their sexual betters in hopes the magic would rub off on them. But enough of that cheery cocktail hour talk. What do daughters REALLY think of their moms?

> However, even if the daughter has high interest in fashion and an older cognitive age –thinking she's older than she is – she still is less likely to view her mother as a consumer role model and to doppelgang her.

You can hear the ouch from that sting all the way from the dressing room of your local trailer park titty bar.

***

I keep hearing from all these erudite economists and Ellis Island schmaltzfuckers in love with their open borders theories that the down economy is causing illegal migrants to return to Mexico by the truckloads. Oh really?

> Number of Mexican immigrants returning home dropped during latest recession, study finds.
>
> Fewer Mexican immigrants returned home from the United States during 2008 and 2009 than in the two years prior to the start of the recession, a finding that contradicts the notion that the economic downturn has hastened return migration to Mexico, according to a new RAND Corporation study.

I love the whir of a furious backpedal, coming soon to a libertardian blog near you. Can we just finally concede that the anti-nationhood Western elite policy of ignoring the porous borders and demonizing anyone who notices was nothing but a giant middle finger gleefully wagged in the face of middle and lower class whites? Candor is good for the soul.

***

File under: Pedestal rot. Women are wired to seek "extra-pair paternity".

> Seeking out extra-pair paternity (EPP) is a viable reproductive strategy for females in many pair-bonded species. Across human societies, women commonly engage in extra-marital affairs, suggesting this strategy may also be an important part of women's reproductive decision-making. Here, I show that among the Himba 17 per cent of all recorded marital births are attributed by women to EPP, and EPP is associated with significant increases in women's reproductive success. In contrast, there are no cases of EPP among children born into 'love match' marriages. This rate of EPP is higher than has been recorded in any other small-scale society. These results illustrate the importance of seeking EPP as a mechanism of female choice in humans,

> while simultaneously showing it to be highly variable and context-dependent.

For political and social cohesion reasons, it's doubtful we'll ever see an accurate number on rates of cuckoldry, but we will get closer as DNA testing improves and becomes more widespread. I wonder if, as this study implies, arranged marriages across the world have higher rates of cuckoldry — aka female rape — than companion marriages. A great mental energy must be spent by women reconciling their desire for monogamous romance with their compulsion to foist a bastard upon an unwitting beta.

***

"Stayover relationships" are the new marriage.

> Changes in relationship formation and dissolution in the past 50 years have revealed new patterns in romantic relations among young adults. The U.S. Census indicates that young people are choosing to marry later and cohabitating more often than past generations. Now, a University of Missouri researcher has found that people in their 20s are redefining dating by engaging in "stayover relationships," spending three or more nights together each week while maintaining the option of going to their own homes.
>
> "Instead of following a clear path from courtship to marriage, individuals are choosing to engage in romantic ties on their own terms – without the guidance of social norms," said Tyler Jamison, a researcher in the Department of Human Development and Family Studies (HDFS). "There is a gap between the teen years and adulthood during which we don't know much about the dating behaviors of young adults. Stayovers are the unique answer to what emerging adults are doing in their relationships."
>
> Jamison found that "stayover relationships" are a growing trend among college-aged couples who are committed, but not interested in cohabiting. However, little is known about the effects of stayovers on future commitment decisions or marriage.
>
> "A key motivation is to enjoy the comforts of an intimate relationship while maintaining a high degree of personal control over one's involvement and commitment," said Larry Ganong, professor in HDFS. "We see this interest in personal control nationally in more single adult households, and in the growing phenomenon of 'living apart together' (middle-aged and older monogamous couples who maintain their own households). It may also help explain why marriage is on the decline, particularly among young adults."

Who says stayover relationships have to be the domain of teenagers? I'm a big fan of the system. A few nights a week, no messy financial or property entanglements, and some time alone to fish for auxiliary prospects. What's not to like? PS: Marriage as we know it will be gone in thirty years, barring some social cataclysm. It only takes a relatively small vociferous minority to shift public opinion and practices, unless there is an equal or greater pushback before the new opinion metastasizes in elite thought and manifests in all-out propaganda war. The time for that pushback is long gone.

The Fake Drink Opener

CH · 23 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks into the ether whether the following opening gambit is good enough to use regularly.

> I saw on a buddy of mine's facebook status a while ago "lol at girls who thought I bought them shots of vodka when it was actually water". Apparently he "bought" some hot girls at a bar shots of water that they assumed was vodka. He said after doing the shots, they sort of half laughed and gave him the finger and he left pretty much after doing that because he had other places to go. Now I'm pretty sure this guy's a natural (black, over 6 ft, does tango or some crap, and can probably bench press a car) so I doubt he even cared about their opinion of him and did it for his own amusement since he probably gets laid like a rockstar. I wasn't there to see the girls' reaction, so I was wondering if this would be a good opener? Completely unusable dick move? What do you think about it?

On paper, (and apparently in real life if this guy's story about his friend is accurately retold), the fake drink opener seems like it would work very well, especially on hot girls with bitch shields in bars and clubs who will be expecting free drinks from suckers. Some of the best cocky teasing is the kind where you fool a girl into thinking you will meet her expectations of betatude, and then you pull the rug out from under her. She is left reeling in the warm juices of her arousal.

But in practice, I'm not sure this would be easy to pull off. Fake drinks have to be delivered in the same glasses that would hold real liquor for the trick to work. If you ask the bartender for a round of water shots (when the girl is far enough away from you that she can't hear your order), the bartender will likely serve you the water in tall soda glasses, usually with a straw for added humiliation. Then the girl will know it's not a vodka shot by the shape of the glass.

But that might be hair splitting. I'm sure you could get around that if you know the bartender and he's happy to be in on your ruse. Or you could keep used shot glasses and fill them up with water, to hand out to any unsuspecting princess.

Regardless of the utility of this opener, props go to the reader for having the right frame of mind. That is half the battle in your quest for cheap sex.

Getting Fat Really Will Shorten Your Lifespan (And Your Sexspan)

CH · 23 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Contrary to a previous study claiming that fatter people live longer than underweight people (a flawed study that was, not surprisingly, trumpeted by feminists, fatties and those who shudder at the thought of sexual market standards), a new study has concluded that fatness will shorten your lifespan:

> While some past studies have shown that persons carrying a few extra pounds in their 70s live longer than their thinner counterparts, a new study that measured subjects' weight at multiple points over a longer period of time reveals the opposite.
>
> Research from Adventist Health Studies recently published in the *Journal of the American Geriatrics Society* showed that men over 75 with a body mass index (BMI) greater than 22.3 had a 3.7-year shorter life expectancy, and women over 75 with a BMI greater than 27.4 had a 2.1-year shorter life expectancy. Generally, a BMI between 18.5 and 24.9 is considered normal weight, and a BMI of 25 to 29.9 is considered overweight. A BMI of 30 or more is considered obese.

A good rule of thumb to take into consideration when trawling scientific studies is that the more a study's results contradict common sense, the likelier it is that there was some flaw in experimental procedure. It's not OK to plump up as you get older; you should be striving to maintain your youthful weight for your whole life. Paleo eating and regular exercise of the short burst variety (weightlifting and wind sprints) will help you in your goal. For those who think this is impossible, you only have to look at modern day hunter gatherer tribes. In those, the elderly (that is, the few who avoid getting murdered or mauled to death) stay thin and sinewy right up until the end.

In related news, getting fat is much worse for a woman's sex and love life than it is for a man's. (Paging that idiot commenter who thought he was being smartly impartial with his heavy-handed "reminders" that women don't like all the fat men, either. Well, the facts suggest otherwise, schnerdling.)

> Men are more concerned with their partner's body type than women but they also seem to value family more highly, according to a new survey released on Tuesday.
>
> Nearly half of men questioned in the poll of 70,000 people said they would ditch a partner who gained weight, compared to only 20 percent of women.
>
> Two-third of men also said they had fantasized about their partner's friends, while only one-third of women had done so.

Ladeez, if you want to keep your man interested in you, you have to stay sexy and slender. Men, the findings (and general life observations) show that getting fatter won't hurt your love life very much. Don't push it, though. Few people who aren't freak fetishists are sexually aroused by morbid obesity.

Another valuable CH lesson, free of charge!

Banging Outside Your Race Won't Hurt Your Chances With Same-Race Women

CH · 24 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Reader "Me" muses:

> I'm not so sure that banging a non-white girl hurts your chances at all with quality white women. I would think that being attractive to different races/cultures could only boost your chances.

There will be no studies referenced in this post, because, let's face it, the watery-eyed milquetoasts who run the labs would never sign off on a study examining the effect on perceptions of male attractiveness by women toward same-race men who are dating, or have dated, outside their race. Instead, I will rely on personal experience to buttress Me's assumption.

There is no doubt, based on what I have observed, that white women will find you more alluring if you have dated outside your race. This opinion, or feeling, will be shared by flings, girlfriends, and wives. In fact, having a ~~spotted checkered~~ wondrously diverse dating history of occasionally banging 6s and 7s outside your race will make you seem just as, if not more, attractive than if you had dated 8s and 9s strictly within your race. The reason for this rests with that subconscious calculation — the whirring and beeping of the female limbic system — which automatically infers that a man who can bed cute girls of a different race (or, to a lesser degree, a different nationality) must be a mighty force of irresistible masculinity, indeed.

Women, and white women in particular*, being the more racist of the sexes as measured by mating preference, incorrectly presume that the obstacles the typical man faces in his pursuit of pussy are multiplied when the object of his lust is a different race. (The truth of the matter is that the difficulty of bedding the rainbow tapestry of womanhood varies depending on the specific race of the parties and the point on the masculinity/femininity nexus along which both reside.) And so women earnestly believe that a man who can overcome those race-based obstacles must have something going for him.

So too, there is the competition anxiety that a man who has sampled the world's banquet of bush provokes in supercharged SWPLy women. On the one hand, these lily-white women live and breathe the PC zeitgeist that steers them along the pinched paths of multicult slavishness. But on the other, is the fear and envy of the pulse of raw sexual energy that good white women in their craggiest neural crevices believe that non-white women possess in spades more than they do. The cognitive dissonance drives them simply batty with sexual inferiority complexes. (Maria Shriver must have been going insane with self-reappraisal when she found out Arnold liked the Latina ass.)

I have seen it with my own eyes, and experienced it with my own glorious ego. When I casually mentioned a black lover I once had to a (non-black) girlfriend, her eyes went wide with cautious wonder, and she poked for more information, which I recounted with feigned reluctance, each tidbit of juiciness (yes, her ass defied gravity, no, she wasn't ghetto) prompting from her expressions of amazement and half-hearted pleas to stop. She was clearly intrigued, and yet also ferociously jealous, that I had stepped across the line in the jungle to savor what was to her the rawest sexual taboo. From then forward, every time we passed a black girl on the street, I would peripherally notice my lover's eyes darting once to the black girl, and then once back at me to gauge my reaction. This, gentlemen, is how you keep a woman on her toes in a relationship, working perpetually for your favor.

Black girls aren't the only sore spot to the white woman. Heaven forbid the white man who has had a delicately feminine Asian girlfriend sweeping down the corridors of his past, should his white girlfriend know of it! Nothing inspires white (heh) hot jealousy in a white woman with greater fury than the Asian ex-girlfriend. This innate jealousy will explode into a supernova if you have an Asian mistress. A buddy once made the mistake of (accurately) reminding his put-upon white girlfriend that his Asian ex and she were more alike than she thought. The comparison drove her wild with sputtering indignation, for she had spent the better part of their relationship in

feral cattiness denigrating his poor Asian ex whenever the subject came up. A woman does not heap that kind of fulsome hate upon those she feels are no threat to her sexual market value.

But you can bet the bank that my buddy got hand the day his girlfriend saw the pic of his cute Asian ex. His value had jumped, and would stay there barring severe beta regression.

This peculiar female presumption to imagine the best — aka lustiest — about men who date outside their race holds great benefit for the man wishing to leverage it into personal advantage. Letting it be known, in as plausibly extemporaneous a manner as possible, that you have a few black girls, Asian girls and, whoa stop the presses!, Indian girls in your timeline of ass-tapping is like catnip to the white woman's theater of the hindmind. You can save a lot of money on travel expenses cultivating your international man of mystery pose by cheaply bedding down in your neighborhood with some flava flav every once in a while.

Preselection knows no racial boundaries. If the women you bang are cute and well-kept, the addition of a racial component will intensify a girlfriend's jealousy instinct, which is the high voltage electricity that fuels the tingle capacitor. The greater variety of good-looking women you have ravished, the stronger will be a current fling's libidinous intrigue.

The ONLY variable that influences a woman's preselection algorithm for gauging male attractiveness is the beauty or ugliness of the women a man has banged. This is one of those unpalatable measuring sticks by which women judge your worth as a man — through the eyes of the women you have previously seduced. If those exes are a miss parade of has-beens, fatties and fugs, a girl will downgrade your SMV to a point lower than if you had never dated any women. If your exes are consistently cute, a girl will feel a strange compulsion to adore you.

Class factors little in the female preselection equation. If anything, class can have an inverse effect on a woman's perception of your sexual value relative to her own. An upper middle-class SWPL chick will be inclined to question her own worth a lot more if she knows you have stepped out with some sexy hot lower class non-white chick. She's going to wonder if she lacks the necessary spice you need to stay sexually motivated. She'll think maybe her stiffly geometric WASP hips aren't soulful enough to keep you glued.

Since women's sexuality is biologically more valuable than men's, it's in your interest as a man to cultivate a tincture of such self-doubt in your lovers. Men who knee-jerk pedestalize women have no idea how difficult they are making the game. To pedestalize a woman is to hoist her above the penthouse in which she already reposes.

A quality white woman will be productively jealous if she knows you have had sex with girls of different races. This reaction of hers may be compounded if your exes are from distinct classes or milieus. But there is a limit to the female interest that your interracial loving will inspire. A history with trashy ghetto queens or snaggle-toothed FOBs is not gonna redound positively on you.

Before I forget, there is one more race-based preselection factor (besides objective beauty) that will shape how a woman perceives your sexual status: If you have dated NOTHING BUT girls of different races, you will be viewed with a jaundiced eye as a man who doesn't have what it takes to win over women of his own race. Men who date other-race women to the exclusion of women of their own race are generally, and usually correctly, seen as sexual fetishists. A banal fetish for other races reveals more than it intends, and women of your own race are apt to discount you as a low value man whose limited options forced him downmarket.

It's a simple thing to avoid this negative appraisal: restrict your outside-race dating to 40% or fewer of your sum total of lovers. Just enough to rev the ol' hamster, but not so much that you forfeit the same-race game entirely. Of course, if you are fed up with SWPL vessels brimming with apparatchik drivel, you could flip the bird to all that and find true joy and happiness in the pleasures of hybrid vigor.

A list of lovers by race, in descending order of arousing jealousy and attraction in white women:

An extremely beautiful Russian woman. (A hot Russian/Ukrainian 10 is the worldwide gold standard.)
Asian woman. (The more petite, the better. You really want to throw that BMI discrepancy into stark relief.)

Indian woman. (So strange and exclusive, and so bothersome to the white girl ego!)
Middle Eastern woman. (White girl thinks belly dancer.)
Non-ghetto, slender black woman. (Jungle love, it's driving me crazy.)
Non-sausagy Hispanic woman. (Selma Hayek, not Consuela.)
Eskimo woman. (Points for adventurousness.)
Aboriginal woman. (What were you thinking?)

*I imagine the forces at work in the white woman's mind when contemplating a man's multi-racial dating history are similar to what transpires in a black, Hispanic or Asian woman's mind. I think we've all heard the stories of black women becoming absolutely incensed when a black man takes up with a white woman.

Can I See Myself Saying That?

CH · 25 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A girl buddy tells me some guy hit on her as she was leaving the gym that afternoon. She describes how he did it.

"So he comes up to me and asks me if I like horses. And then he starts talking about this girl he knew in fifth grade who ran around on a playground making horse noises? And I'm like, oooookay. He's talking about horses and he's all over the place. I can't really figure out what he's trying to say. Then he tells me I look like this girl. Weird, right?"

I ask, "Was there a love connection?"

"Haa, I don't think so. I kept walking."

I hear this, and it hits me: that's Brad P's horse opener. Hilarious. I wonder if the streets are filled with aspiring PUAs dropping routines, or if this was a rare occurrence. I didn't mention to her that I knew about the horse routine.

The whole episode got me to thinking about pickup routines. A lot of the routines sparkle on paper (or on a monitor) but when you are out there in the real world, interacting like a human being, they sound clumsy and ridiculous coming out of your mouth.

Which brings me to a very simple formula I use for determining whether a pickup tactic would work. When I read about it, I think "Can I see myself saying that?" I imagine a real life scenario — let's say, an approach at the supermarket by the deli meats — and I picture myself saying the exact words in a routine to a cute girl. If I can't even imagine that happening without cringing a little on the inside, then I know it's useless as an opener. But if I could picture myself saying it without losing any coolness points, I know it's a winner.

No slight to Brad P, who is a smart guy and knows a lot about pickup and women, but the horse opener is one I could never see a normal man saying to a woman in most typical circumstances without looking and feeling weird, to both himself and to his target. I understand the goal of getting a girl's interest by shocking her with something out of the ordinary, but the majority of men — normal guys who aren't street magicians and who work 9-5 jobs — will not be able to talk about horses and playgrounds with a girl they just met without feeling like an idiot or a clown.

If an opener or routine doesn't strike you as something you could hear a normal, cool man saying, then use it with caution. You have to be particularly talented, composed and articulate to attract a girl running a (relatively) long-winded routine like the horse opener. Most naturals who do well with women usually keep their first, introductory words short and sweet. The shorter and more normal-sounding an opener (without being banal), the likelier the average guy will succeed with it.

This is not to say that Brad P's horse opener can't work. In special circumstances, say at a bar or event where you have a quasi-captive audience who can sit through a lengthy routine without scuttling away for the bus or a taxi, the horse opener can shine. And, in Brad P's defense, I could tell the girl in the above conversation was kind of intrigued by the guy, even though there was no number exchange. What probably killed his chances was his delivery, which sounded atrocious if the girl's retelling was accurate.

This is the crux of why short and sweet openers are the way to go. If you're new to the game, it'll be a lot less intimidating to approach girls if you have a stock two or three openers no longer than a handful of words in length each. Memorizing long, complicated routines that require precision comedic timing is going to dishearten newbies when girls react to them with confusion, and eventually turn them into spiteful haters who write anti-PUA sites.

A good example of the kind of short n' sweet n' normal-sounding opener I'm talking about is one of Roosh's day game openers, which, paraphrasing, goes something like "Where's the nearest pet store?" It's kind of an interesting question to ask a girl, because most single men aren't looking for a pet store, especially if they live in the city. She'll answer, and then you have your window of opportunity to jump into a funny routine about your cat Fluffy needing

gourmet food, or something. And, more importantly, there's little chance that even an aspie nerd will stutter or mumble while saying this opener.

Here is a list of the key ingredients of a solid opener, in descending order of importance:

1. Can you see yourself saying it? If yes, go to (2). If no, ask yourself if it would work in specific scenarios, and try it out.

2. Is it short and grammatically simple enough to memorize without struggling to remember the words in the heat of the moment? If yes, go to (3). If no, ask yourself if you are sufficiently verbally fluent and mentally dextrous to pull it off, then try it out.

3. Is it normal-sounding? If yes, use with impunity on all types of girls, including lawyers. If no, try it out on indie chicks with lots of tattoos.

Feigning Disapproval

CH · 30 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A dirty little secret of chronic seduction is that girls want you to disapprove of them. Not all the time, or for everything, of course. But once in a while, women like to hear that you disapprove of something about them or something they've done. It comforts them to know that you have the stones to risk their indignation and possible retaliation. Why? Because a man willing to risk an unhappy woman is a man who likely has what it takes to secure a replacement woman. This knowledge is like the male version of T&A to a woman's limbic lust lobe.

But what do you do if the girl you are seeing is pretty much all around great? Well, you rap her for minor offenses. Feign disproportionate disapproval for any petty infraction she commits. If you want a healthy relationship with a lifespan measured in months or years instead of nights, you have to set some time aside to express dissatisfaction with her. Planned drama, you could call it. If you have the talent, you should always premeditate your drama; that way, you control its intensity and resolution instead of allowing yourself to be buffeted by surprise drama.

For example, a girl I used to date once confided to me that years ago, before we met, she had had a one night stand with a dude she met while on vacation, on the advice of her girl friends who were ostensibly helping her get over a breakup. (Another reminder to never trust your girlfriend's friends.)

In truth, I didn't care about her off-night of sluttiness. It happened years ago, and it didn't bother me. But that's not how I played it.

Me, acting mildly disgusted: "You… YOU, of all people… had a dirty one night stand with some… dude?"

Her, starting to sound nervous: "Whaaaat?! It was a long time ago! I was trying to get over a bad breakup!"

Crossing my arms, looking away: "You think you know a girl."

"I can 't believe you're reacting this way. How many girls have you slept with?! It's no contest!"

"No comparison. It's worse when a girl screws around. I don't know if I'll ever see you in the same way again. Who have I been dating? You feel like a stranger to me."

"Oh my god. Really?! This? Really???"

"Could you just sit over there on the couch. Fuck, I need some space."

Now she's sounding sheepish. "Is this really bothering you? If this is bothering you, can we talk about it?"

Shit, I worried that I went too far. The last thing I wanted was a "talk". But I couldn't stop. I was power tripping. "I thought you were different than all the other girls."

It went back and forth like this for ten minutes, her getting progressively more agitated and regretful, me finding it harder to contain my burgeoning smirk. Finally, I relented, a little.

"Well, since it was a long time ago, I guess I'll get over it."

She collapsed into my arms. "You know it was nothing. I've never loved anyone as much as you."

Feigning disapproval. Gentlemen and scholar seducers, this is how you stoke a woman's love flame.

And sometimes you won't even have to feign.

A Study In Contrasts

CH · 30 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Me, during an evening of sitting on pea green, chocolate brown and beige boutique furniture, drinking $14/four-pack beer, and ricocheting rapid-fire witticisms about supper clubs, pop culture icons and travel mishaps with a mixed group of men, women and gay non-math-oriented professionals carousing through the twilight of our nation's greatness:

Me, during a night of rolling solo in a dimly lit bar chatting up girls:

You’ve gotta struggle a little to feel like a free man.

Nothing Compares 2 The Wall

CH · 31 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

So sad, so tragic, the inevitable slide into sexual worthlessness that accompanies women, the withering tick tock of the cosmic clock stripping their beauty in flayed bits of soulletting mignons like psychological ling chi. A sadistic thief in the night etching, billowing, draping and sagging a new affront to her most preciously guarded asset. The comfort of her children, if she has them, acting as meager respite from the awful realization that she has been sucked dry of her whimsy and power.

But enough of that merriment. Sinead O'Connor, the Irish singer who ripped up a picture of the Pope and sweetly sang a remake of a Prince ballad, and who was, not so long ago despite the shock of her change in appearance, cute enough to bang even with her boyishly short hairstyle, has hit the wall hard enough to cause even Wile E. Coyote to wince in pain. The evidence:

Then:

And now (20 years later):

Pixie? No. Not anymore. BIXIE.

Some of you tenderhearted sorts might be tempted to ask why I am torturing a poor woman who has to endure pain enough ensconced in her deteriorating shell. Steady on, bugle boys. I might have a sadistic streak, but I don't select my targets without some justification which makes the torture that much more pleasurable to inflict. Good old Sinead, fat and unhappy, has an internet blog, of all things!, wherein she laments her lack of a sex life and basically puts out a personal ad for a man to come rescue her from her celibate dreariness. The incomprehensible catch? She makes a list of demands for the type of man she wants.

> Complaining of a lack of intimacy in recent times, O'Connor writes on her blog: "My shit-uation sexually/affectionately speaking is so dire that inanimate objects are starting to look good as are inappropriate and/or unavailable men and/or inappropriate and/or unavailable fruits and vegetables. I tell you yams are looking like the winners."
>
> "Needless to say what I do for a living makes it hard for me to find men that only want me cuz they like my (legendary) arse. Yet I am in the peak of my sexual prime **[Ed: No, you're not.]** and way too lovely **[Ed: No, you're not.]** to be living like a nun. and it's VERY depressing." **[Ed: Yes, it is.]**
>
> So she's taken action but O'Connor is not looking for just any man. She specifically wants a middle-aged, sweet, sex-starved man – who doesn't use hair product, lives in Ireland, loves his mother… There's a host of stipulations for O'Connor's would-be sex partners.

Sinead, spinhead, spinster, Irish Lassie, lumpentits… have you looked in a mirror lately? You're in no position to make ANY kind of demands on men. You should thank your LUCKY FUCKING STARS if you get a homeless, piss-stained BUM to stick it in your distended flabby sowhole.

It's this sort of insistently aggressive delusion, so common amongst the aging cougar crowd, fat harpies and single moms, that pings my target designation flaydar. This is the kind of bullheaded clown steeped in pretty lies who serves as an excellent test case to be made example of for the benefit of younger, more sensible women who might be teetering on the brink of bad life decisions. You could almost… almost… say I'm a humanitarian.

Let me be clear, if I haven't already. Ladeeeeez, listen up. When you look more like post-wall Sinead and less like pre-wall Sinead (see above), it's time for you to ratchet down your lists of demands in men. Any man you manage to get, if you get any, won't meet them. They won't even come close to meeting them. I understand it gives you some psychological comfort to pretend you have standards in the face of your horrible disfigurement at the cruel hands of father time, but actually living by those ridiculous standards instead of just hypocritically mouthing them to rock yourself to sleep at night is NOT going to land you a man of any semi-respectable character, intelligence, wit or looks. If anything, such strict adherence will consign you to lifelong celibacy. The men you will find attractive, quite bluntly, won't find you attractive. At all. You will be worse than invisible to them. You will be repulsive. A monster to avoid or mock.

The time for women to nurse a list of exorbitant demands in the men they date is when they are young, slender and cute. By young, I mean under 25. By slender, I mean BMI 17-23. By cute, I mean the top half of the women in this post. If any of those ingredients are missing, women need to slacken their demands in accordance with the degree to which they veer from the feminine ideal. So if you are old, fat and ugly, the only demand you can make of men and reasonably hope to achieve is that he isn't a corpse. Even then, it's a tough sell.

Sinead is an especially illustrative wall splat, as her entitlement complex, rivaling that of kings and queens, is a classic case of projection. She is attracted to men with fame and power, and so she thinks men will be attracted to women with fame and power. She has fame (loosely defined) and thinks that men will love her for it. This is the worst life station that can befall the single cougar: to have the trappings of male attractiveness with none of the trappings of female attractiveness. On paper and in thrall to their hamsters, these powerful older women think they deserve the best. In the reality of the sexual marketplace, they are the forgotten femmes of yesteryear, cavalierly shoved aside by men with options for the younger, prettier girls of their fervid dreams.

But it gets better:

> And further posts [from Sinead] brought more. Prospective lovers can be lesbian; may even, she conceded, be christened Brian or Nigel; but anal sex is non-negotiable.
>
> "Any man I contemplate has to be into anal sex … let me now take time to make VERY clear that yes I 'do anal' and in fact I would be deeply unhappy if 'doing anal' wasn't on the menu, amongst everything else$ So if u don't like 'the difficult brown'.. Don't apply."

When I think of the joys of anal, it's a cute, young chick whose silky smooth back passage I'm violating. If I wanted to trek through a dank forest and hack away at thick underbrush with a machete while the stench of rotting carcass meat singed my nostril hairs, I'd sooner travel to the Amazon than Sinead O'Connor's ass.

But I can understand why Sinead has highlighted this demand of hers. Naturally, as women age, they become more willing to experiment with all manner of sexual kink. It's totally predictable. When you don't have your cute looks to trade in on anymore, you have to make up the shortfall with some other, usually less intriguing, enticement, like a willingness to lodge your ass into a bottomless hammock and swing onto a dildo machine for the amusement of your ~~loser~~ lover.

I do wonder, though, if the Chateau message is starting to infiltrate the borg collective; if perhaps a great cougar awakening is upon us. An aging single mom writes a blog honestly appraising her low SMV and the Darwinian brutality of the dating market for women like herself.

> 'I always had boyfriends when I was younger and assumed I would again after James was born,' she says. 'When he was three, I started chatting online. These chats were fun — and sometimes quite flirty — but if I ever suggested we meet, the men would often back off, saying they were not looking for a relationship.'
>
> A dozen or so dates followed over the years, none of them quite right. When she last registered with an online dating site she was 44 — and few men made contact. 'Forty is a huge cut-off point for a lot of men,' Ruthie

> explains. ‘There was just one I met and we had a fantastic evening. I was surprised afterwards when he didn’t get in touch.
>
> ‘Six months later, he did contact me. It turned out he’d seen some other women when he saw me and gone on to have brief relationships with them. When those relationships failed, he came back to me and I just felt, “He’ll be off again”, so I didn’t pursue it.’

Youch. This is the kind of crappy male behavior a woman on the downslope of her attractiveness and saddled with bastard spawn can expect from the men she wants to date. It won’t get better if she insists on only dating men she finds attractive. It will only get worse. Men with options simply won’t treat has-been single moms as well as they will treat already-is hot young childless babes. That is, if they deign to treat them with anything but callous indifference. More younger women need to hear stories like hers. It could save a lot of potential heartache.

And then there’s this online evidence for an awakening among older women.

> Katie Sheppard, the director of relationships at Match.com, said online dating was now the second most common way couples met across the UK – behind being introduced by friends or family – and for older people it can be a perfect way to “dip a toe back into dating”.
>
> Its research shows that dating is, especially for divorced women, fraught with complication, anxiety and worry. Looking for second-time love when children are a first priority is a challenge. Nicola Lamond, Netmums spokeswoman and mother, said: “Being a single parent can be pretty tough. Single parents describe themselves as lonely, isolated, vulnerable and worthless. There is a real sense their world has shrunk.”

There is a sense their world has shrunk… because it has.

Even Sinead has a hope of coming around to sensibility on her sexual obsolescence.

> “Fire-men, rugby players, and Robert Downey-Junior will be given special consideration. As will literally anyone who applies.”

Sometimes, you just can’t give the stuff away for free.

Now is the time to take the message of this blog global. To ostracize the rigidly denialist feminists and to cajole the merely confused into the light of wisdom. To, in a word, increase the sum total of happiness in the world.

It beats listening to me gloat ‘I told ya so’.

ps:

Bewbs

CH · 1 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Girls with big boobs (D cup or bigger) love to talk about them. Their girl friends love to talk about their big boobs for them. They think men fall over themselves to nestle in the glory of big boobs. What these girls don't understand is that big boobs mean nothing out of context. The body to which the boobs are attached is what completes the picture.

Let's cut to the quick. Big boobs are only — and I mean ONLY — attractive when they are firm and popping out of the chest of a slender woman. (I'm looking at you, Caitlin! ;))

They should point almost straight out, even upturned a bit at the tip, with little to no droop. None of the underboob should be pressed against the chest; there should be no more than a finger's width crease between the boob ballast and the torso. You may wedge a toothpick in there, but anything larger and the boob has crossed the line from pert to saggy.

A mighty rack on a slender woman is a sight to behold. A woman with this blessing can incite instant wood walking down the street.

Regrettably, most mighty racks are attached to behemoths. Big boobs are the sort of thing fat chicks love to crow about, not realizing that the D cup boob loses all attractiveness if it is a bloated pendulous udder with the consistency of lumpy gravy resting like a flapjack against a bulging stomach.

Since the majority of big boobs are actually fattened teats perched on porcine figures, it's safe to say the most attractive boobs are the sets belonging to thin chicks, which means they are typically in the B to C cup range.

If this isn't getting through to the fatties, allow me to elaborate.

An A cup on a hot slender babe is way sexier than a double D on a fat cow. HTH.

Alpha Delivery

CH · 2 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In this post, I chided (chid?) a PUA newbie for unsuccessfully using a difficult and ponderous Brad P opener on a girl buddy I know, and by association criticized the opener as well. Thinking on it, I may have been a little unfair to Brad P and his game techniques. There is more — much more — to a good opener than the words that come out of your mouth.

YaReally offers up some detail:

> [The Horse Opener] works for BradP because he delivers it well. He talks slow and deep and captures the chick's attention, uses massive pauses in his delivery to build suspense, etc. But most guys who read it online just spit it out as fast as they can because they're worried the girl will leave if they don't get to the punchline as fast as possible, which sounds to the girl like he's "all over the place".
>
> BradP does it in a challenging, accusing (breaking rapport) way. Guys trying to copy just based off his text do it in an approval seeking, needy way.
>
> You can hear his delivery in his "The Underground Dating Seminar" which is one of the better "no fuzzy hats and black nailpolish" PUA products out there in my opinion. He actually sounds like a cool chill guy when he talks and you can see why the things he says work for him. One of his students asks "What if she calls you out on it?" "Doesn't matter. If you're like "Hey do you like horses?" and she goes "Isn't that that BradP line–" "No shut up. DO you like horses?"" He expects them to fall in line, and that's why it works for him.
>
> Women don't walk away when you have your subcommunications down and exude alpha behavior (like the vibe that you EXPECT them to listen to you and answer you). You can command "HEY! Come here." from across a room and just stare the girl down like you expect her to come over, and she will. Same time you can run a 5 minute opener and blab away like Russell Brand. When your subcommunications are down you can do pretty much anything you want.
>
> Don't get caught up in "canned" VS "improvised" Hang around for long periods of time with any of the naturally social people you know and you'll find they all repeat their same stories to people (sometimes even to you, forgetting that they've told you before) with the same wording, emphasis, etc. ie – canned routines. It's not a bad thing. The trick is understanding that the routine isn't magical, it's what you're displaying during the routine that affects things.

All good points. I haven't seen video of BradP in action, but from what YaReally writes, I can easily picture the horse opener working very well for him. His delivery sounds alpha: slow, steady and deep with requisite pauses to build suspense and eradicate the girl's initial impulse to pigeonhole him as just another low value beta. Newbies take note: merely mouthing the words isn't nearly enough. Parroting an opener won't even get you 10% of the way to successfully sparking attraction. You've got to work on the whole presentation, from style to posture to voice tone to alpha body language mimicry to the all-important take-it-or-leave-it attitude. Only when you've nailed the entire delivery can you truthfully judge which openers suck and which don't.

The Chateau spends a lot of time discussing body language and voice tonality because the fact of the matter is that the nonverbal improvements in your game will redound to your pickup success a lot more than improvements to the actual words you spit. Like YaReally says, if your total game is tight, you can accost a girl with just about any silly line and she'll come alive with interest.

But my issue with the Horse Opener had more to do with the idea of foisting it on unready newbs in unwelcoming circumstances. A (relatively) complex opener that requires rock-solid frame and nonverbal cues should not be the first thing with which neophytes engage the field, particularly the day game field where women are on the move. It's setting them up for failure. What BradP can do with horses and negs, the majority of newbs cannot. It'd be best to

teach these guys the right nonverbal cues with a much simpler opener that won't have them straining to recall all the details or rushing to get the words out and then crashing and burning in DLV dorkhell.

A guy with little pickup (or female) experience will feel weird talking about horses with a random girl on the street. This is not the case for experienced womanizers, who have the self-confidence and comfortable familiarity with their skills that they don't feel strange talking about things that would rattle mere mortals just trying hard not to sound like a social pariah.

YaReally continues:

> You're missing everything that's going on in those "Simple Pickup" videos. (http://www.youtube.com/user/SimplePickup) Those guys have studied pickup and use a ton of PUA concepts and routines.
>
> What they have isn't "pure bluster and confidence" and above average looks. There are a dozen subtle subcommunications going on in how they approach women that allow the random/offensive stuff they say to not just work but build attraction.
>
> I won't get into it all, study pickup literature, go out and approach girls, observe naturals, etc. like the rest of us had to but here are a few things to watch for in their vids:
>
> – congruency. If a girl tests them, they stick to their story and turn things around on the girl like SHE'S the one being weird.
>
> – misinterpretation. They misinterpret everything sexually, that's why they can be talking about masturbation and 3-ways with girls they've only just met, they direct the conversation to a sexual topic in a smooth/funny way.
>
> – frame control. After they say something super offensive, they'll just stand there and stare the girl down like "ya, I said that." totally unapologetic and unashamed. A PUA concept is "what you feel, she feels", so she pings off him to see if he's embarrassed or apologetic about what he said and when he's not, she feels like it must be okay. This is why when you go up with an opener you don't think will work, it won't work, and when you think it will work, it works.
>
> – breaking rapport. Their voice tonality is loud, clear, and authoritative. They make statements and accusations and don't sound like they're seeking the girl's approval.
>
> – body language. They stand up straight and don't fidget around nervously and hold eye-contact etc.
>
> There's a ton of other stuff going on that you'll see if you study pickup in-depth.
>
> It has nothing to do with their looks, as long as you think that way you're in the wrong headspace.

Based on YaReally's checklist, I can easily imagine how the aspiring PUA in the failed Horse Opener attempt blew his shot.

Congruency — Once she asked him a question about what he was getting at, he backed away from his initial boldness, and tried to explain himself. I bet he even sounded apologetic.

Misinterpretation — If anything, she was misinterpreting him.

Frame Control — As soon as she tossed that first "are you a weirdo?" look his way, I bet he got nervous and thought about bailing, thus ensuring that the remainder of his opener would come off even worse. (Once you're committed to an opener, it's surprisingly hard to break cadence for more fruitful pursuits. Call it the curse of the male mind.)

Breaking Rapport — She broke his rapport because his voice tonality was meek and trepidatious. If a girl is making statements and accusations, you know your game is failing. You want her to bounce off your statements and answer your accusations. From whence is love born!

Body Language — I bet he had his hands stuffed in his pockets, driving them deeper in his jeans when the opener began stinking.

I won't bother putting looks in this list. Unless the guy was repulsively ugly, his looks or lack thereof had little to do with his failure. (The girl who relayed the story to me said nothing negative about his looks when I asked, which made me doubt it was anything more than his delivery which cost him a number close.) Men need to get it through their heads that women simply don't react to a man's physical attractiveness with the same urgency or lustfulness that men react to female beauty. A man with the right attitude and pickup technique will run rings around a socially clumsy or approval-seeking good-looking guy.

The Crux Of The Matter

CH · 4 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #1(a)(2): Men want to be turned on by their women. Women want to be proud of their men.

What do I mean by proud? It doesn't necessarily mean she's proud of your career success. It could mean something as simple and endearing as installing a mantle over her fireplace, so that when her girl friends come over for a party and ask about the fantastic looking mantle, she can tell them, with no uncertain amount of swelling pride, that her boyfriend did it. For her.

As for you women… well, men want you to look good. Period. That means:

Be hot.
Be thin.
Be young.

Now you can't do anything about your age or your genetically endowed looks, but you can do something about staying slim and keeping yourself looking as good as possible by adopting beneficial lifestyle habits and, if necessary, "getting some work done".

If you ask me, I think women actually have it tougher keeping their partner attracted to them over the long run.

Economists... Gotta Love Em

CH · 5 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Did a commenter over at Cheap Chalupas just shit all over their bloated jargon-fest? Why, yes, yes he did!

> Steven Kopits
>
> This is moronic. If you['ve] been unemployed, your unemployable! I know any number of investment banker types who have been unemployed a long time. None of them are unemployable.
>
> What we have here is an old-fashioned oil shock. Not more, not less. We called the recession for the fall in April, based on the historical relationship of oil prices to the economy. To date, that call is looking pretty good.
>
> It's not that these folks are unemployable. It's that–on average–they aren't allowed to use any more oil when they're employed. We're supply limited, just as I said we would be in my October 2009 piece for Oil & Gas Investor. There is nothing obscure going on. People are not unemployable. We are unable to form new jobs because we haven't got the energy to do so.

I'll add that the migration of millions of low skill peasants hasn't exactly been a boon to the employability ranks, now has it, TCCC? Perhaps you should consult with open borders fanatic scott sumner on how best to muddy the waters for the nativist layman.

Happy Labor Day!

The Biggest Difference Between Old Men And Old Women

CH · 6 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE

John Cleese's 31-year younger girlfriend helps pay for his ex-wife's alimony.

That, my friends, is the power of alpha maledom.

Money quote:

> "[Cleese's girlfriend] told me she could sell ashtrays to non-smokers. She looks nice and she is, in the best sense of the word, a sensible and extremely vibrant English lady. Thank God, he's not with another American."

Goading Girls Into Testing You

CH · 7 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The shit test — primarily used by women, as so few men shit test women — is much maligned by aspiring seducers and beta chumps. Players have devised countless tactics for recognizing and neutralizing shit tests so that they are not blown out of approaches. But what if I told you shit testing from women is ESSENTIAL to building attraction with them? That, in fact, a pickup attempt that is missing any shit testing from the girl is likely to fail.

Think of shit tests as female indicators of interest. A girl who is sweet and nice and cordial with you is a girl who doesn't find you charismatic enough to sleep with. To her, you are just another pleasant herb in a sea of herbs who deserves nothing more than her tritest courtesies. Only a fledgling sexual attraction or curiosity can inspire a girl to shit test you, and once she is shit testing and experiencing the thrill of your acumen at passing her shit tests, her attraction begins to liquefy her panties.

Knowing this, you should regard shit tests as a peculiarly female predilection you WANT to provoke, rather than an annoyance you want to avoid. Once you start a girl shit testing, the end game of sex will materialize on the not-too-distant time horizon. It's yours to lose once she begins her attempts to push your buttons.

Naturally, you may wonder how the average man is supposed to provoke a girl into shit testing him. There are many ways to do this, including outrageous dress, cocky demeanor, flashy jewelry, douchey accoutrements, offensive comments, jealousy plotlines, stupefying openers (see: Horse Girl) and mixed set merges. A simple way to goad a shit test is to be an average-looking guy hitting on a hot babe. After her surprise wears off (she's not used to it), her instinct will be to test the average-looking guy for traces of the alphaness that he tacitly implies with his bold, uncommon approach. And so for her, because in general a man's looks don't factor as much in a woman's measure of his sex appeal, it becomes of paramount urgency that she tease out his alpha status by fucking with his frame and subconsciously analyzing his reaction.

If you pass her tests, she opens the doors for you to move on to the next phase of her seduction.

Sift through the debris of the comment section and you'll come across gems like this one from YaReally:

> An alpha and a beta walk into a bar wearing ridiculous fuzzy hats. People make fun of both of them to their faces.
>
> The beta feels dumb and makes excuses for wearing his hat and ends up taking it off later in the night because he's embarrassed.
>
> The alpha laughs and feels bad for anyone who makes fun of his hat because they obviously don't understand how awesome it is, the poor fuckers.
>
> Peacocking, negs, Horse Girl openers, etc. are all just ways of goading girls into shit-testing you so you can demonstrate that their shit-tests don't phase you, which is what builds attraction (if you don't fail her shit-test, you probably don't fail the rest of the world's shit-tests). If you're a nice guy, you don't get shit-tested, so you don't get to demonstrate whether they'll fluster you or not, so you don't build attraction and stand there wondering why the asshole keeps getting the girl.
>
> Once you fully understand this concept, pickup becomes a lot less complicated. …and a lot more fun. […]
>
> Horse Girl builds way more attraction than most openers because it actively goads the girl into shit-testing him and lets him display his alphaness. There are a lot of deep concepts fused into that opener that most guys reading can't see because they're still reading the surface level words and don't really understand how attraction works…yet.[image]

This is the proper way to think of the old school PUA advice to stand out from the crowd. Extra tight tees, magic tricks, negs, teasing, pebbles, crazy openers, props and even assholery are best thought of not as a status boosting

signal among men, but as a springboard off which women can flirt with you and test your grace under pressure. This is the key to building attraction from nothing.

Men look at hot women and we want. Women look at men and they want to know if they want. Give them the excuse they need to explore your desirability.

Judging A Girl By The Friends She Keeps

CH · 8 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When you start dating a girl, you will get to meet her friends, sometimes sooner, sometimes later. But usually within the first couple of months you will have been introduced to nearly everyone she knows (locally), especially if she really likes you. Pay close attention to the types of friends she has (if she has any), for that will tell you a lot about her long term potential. Screening a girl for LTR worthiness based on the friendships she keeps is a powerful tool men have at their disposal, and one you should not overlook.

The following categories are ranked by LTR worthiness and chance of mental instability.

The Girl with No Friends
LTR worthiness: Short but passionate fling
Chance of mental instability: Sleep with one eye open

A girl with no friends likely has some personality defect that prevents her from forming bonds with people. Other girls regard her as a weirdo, and not without justification. Men think her social isolation means she will be an easy lay. They are right. This kind of girl is starved for human connection with a man who "gets her". Hit those buttons, and you will enjoy a three month festival of zero-cost fornication. After a while, though, her weirdness will grate, and she will pull stunts that make you scratch your head in confusion. Girls with no friends are often brooding emo types, or cutters, and they may go batshit crazy if you dump them. Have a restraining order ready.

The Girl with No Close Friends, Only Acquaintances
LTR worthiness: Pump and dump
Chance of mental instability: Hope you like drama

The classic attention whore. The girl with nothing but loose acquaintances who flit in and out of her life craves the attention of hundreds, if not thousands, of human beings. She is usually a hot chick with a swollen ego who initially attracts girls into her reality for friendship, but who then drives them away with her insatiable appetite for social domination and ego stroking. She is a known blue ball queen who gets off stringing along beta orbiters in sexless perpetuity. She is simultaneously loved and loathed by her girlfriends, who find her outrageous fun at parties, but insufferable in more intimate settings. She is frequently bad-mouthed behind her back, and she presents one of the few cases where girl friends will sympathize more with her male suitors and boyfriends than they will with her. She is a high infidelity risk, so proceed with caution. Best used as a sperm receptacle, if you can get her to give it up (not an easy task unless you know how to expose her soft underbelly — fear of ostracization.)

The Girl with Only Family for Friends
LTR worthiness: Perennial booty call
Chance of mental instability: Riddled with insecurities

On paper, a girl who only has her family for companionship may strike you as a good LTR prospect. You think: Ah, she's grounded, earthy, family-oriented, and shuns the nightlife. But you would be wrong. As any man who has married a "family-only" girl will tell you, they are demanding, mule-headed, socially awkward, often obnoxious and full of themselves. Remember, she's had her family telling her how great she is her whole life, with no unbiased opinion from outside sources checking her ego. She is, in fact, not much different than the girl with no friends, except she has decided that leaning on her family for support and ego gratification is better than being alone. Other girls find her annoying at best, and arrogantly repugnant at worst, and that is why she must retreat to the comfortable confines of family for her social needs.

The no-friends girl at least has the cutesy artist angle to work; the family-only girl has nothing to offer but an unjustified entitlement complex. She is the classic daddy's slutty princess. The family girl instinctually knows this about herself, and thus will nurse barely-concealed insecurities about her true worth, which she will take out on you, making your life miserable. Double-plus negative: You've gotta deal with her parents, brothers and sisters ALL

THE TIME. Run away (after you've plundered her ass.)

The Girl with Only Guy Friends
LTR worthiness: Second string girlfriend
Chance of mental instability: High, if you regard manipulation and tomboyishness as psychological disorders

What do you get when you surround a girl with obsequious, supplicating betas who want in her panties, and remove all contact with catty girl friends who might steal the attention of those mewling betas? Yeah, that's right… a self-centered user. If the girl is cute, you should always cast a jaundiced eye at her if her friends are all men. Odds are very good that most of those men… actually, all of them… want to bang her (and she knows this). But they aren't. Their job is to mingle in her glorious presence, polishing her pedestal and generally turning her into a girl who expects men to roll out the red carpet for her. She is the classic cocktease. She loves the intimate emotional connection she gets from a close circle of male friends, without having to give up her pussy to any of them or having to deal with competitor females. Now you may be the most alpha alpha male of all times, and she may love you for it, but once a girl has demonstrated by her friendship choices that she is a user, there will come a time, you can count on it, that she will try to use you. It's best to keep her in your second tier of lovers, where her machinations won't affect you with nearly as much import.

Caveat: If she's plain looking and has mostly male friends, the upside of her having a well-developed sympathy for men's peculiar challenges outweighs the downside of her having her ego stroked and her emotional needs met all the time by her male friends. All the better if most of her male friends are alphas themselves who are in relationships and who don't spend inordinate time massaging her ego. But then why are you dating a plain-looking girl?

The Girl with Mostly Gay Guy Friends
LTR worthiness: One night stand
Chance of mental instability: She gets her own DSM edition

Same as above, except multiplied one thousand fold. A big unwritten story about the decline of the West is the deleterious impact trendy gay men have had on the egos of single urban Western SWPL women. If you can imagine it, try to picture her as nothing more than a disembodied vaginal hole. It will help keep a healthy emotional distance. A few gay guy friends is perfectly fine. Ten of them, to the exclusion of other groups of friends, is a red flag.

The Girl with Only Girl Friends
LTR potential: High, if you like lavish weddings
Chance of mental instability: Not more than the average girl, which is to say, high

The good news about the girl with only girl friends is that she is normal and feminine. She likes doing girly stuff, and if you are a real man and not a spotted-ass nerd with a jones for a butt-kicking babe who solves math proofs in her downtime, then you will appreciate being the boyfriend of this type of socially calibrated and psychologically balanced girl. There's nothing wrong with dating a girl who, you know, ACTS LIKE A GIRL. Another plus: she doesn't require the ministrations of hordes of beta male taintlickers to keep her from downward spiraling into depression.

The bad news should be obvious: she has no concept of what men must endure in either the dating market or the social market in general. Thus, her sympathy for men is nil, and she comes across solipsistic and self-absorbed. But she will happily bend to the will of a strong man, because she does not shun her female nature. She makes a great girlfriend; a wife, though, is an entirely different matter. That same group of supportive single girl friends who loved you as her boyfriend will tirelessly work to undermine your marriage should they themselves remain in the purgatory of singledom.

The Girl with Only Lesbian Friends

Doesn't exist in the state of nature.

The Girl with a Mixed Group of Girl and Guy Friends
LTR potential: Be careful, your player days might be over with her!
Chance of mental instability: She makes most girls seem like candidates for institutionalization

And here we have the ideal girl, if LTRs are your thing. (Note: If same night lays are your thing, she is NOT the ideal girl.) She is open-minded and humble enough to enjoy the company of a variety of friends with strong opinions, she has enough femininity to relish time with girl friends, and she has enough exposure to guy friends that she can sympathize with their concerns. Ideal scenario: her girl and guy friends are all in relationships of their own. This limits the cattiness and the beta orbiter supplication to a manageable level.

A girl who maintains an attractive humility and who respects the wishes and the laments of men is a girl who is emotionally secure enough to not just tolerate, but embrace, the company of both girl friends and guy friends. She loves people for who they are, and not for what they can do for her ego.

The Girl with One or Two Player Friends
LTR potential: bimonthly tests for STDs, OR GF material
Chance of mental instability: She's not crazy, she's creative!

If a girl spends a lot of time with either a Samantha-type slut or a Hitch-like player, she's got hang-ups about her sexuality and her dating market value worth. She wants to live vicariously through their exploits because she herself lives a rather modest life, or she IS like them and enjoys being with people who live and think just as she does. If the former, she might be redeemable with enough LTR game. If the latter, there's a good chance that eerie suspicion you had that she was getting pounded by another cock last Thursday was true.

Major red flag: Double all her slut points if the time she spends with the player or the slut is over Sunday brunch at a tapas restaurant, getting drunk on mimosas.

***

My hope with this post is to impress upon the male reader the importance of not only screening girls for LTR potential, but of winning over a girl's friends, man or woman, if you intend to date her beyond the customary three weeks. While it appeals to a certain renegade male mindset to boff a girl and pay no heed to her extraneous social life, it's always better to have her friends on the inside of the tent pissing out, than outside pissing in. Girls, being the lemming sex, rely more heavily than men do on the judgment of their friends' opinions about their boyfriends. If she is someone you could date for the long haul, best to befriend her social circle eagerly. If nothing else, you have neutralized any future sabotage. More likely, you have made a new group of friends. And if your girlfriend is cool, then the solid bet is that her friends are cool, too.

Leaving Her Better Than You Found Her? Not Likely

CH · 9 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's a common admonition from pickup artists that you should leave a girl better than you found her. I suppose mainstream PUAs (well, as mainstream as PUA gurus can get) say this to soften the perception that game is horribly cynical and manipulative. While they are right to claim that game is a blessing to women in much the same way that women exercising to stay sexy and slender is a blessing to men, they are veering into hyperbole to suggest that leaving a girl after you have gamed her into however many nights of sweaty sex is going to make her a better person.

Let's examine the suppositions behind this smooth but empty incantation. Assume the average pickup artist meets a girl he likes and they date (read: screw) for a few months. Because he is a guy who knows game, she really digs him. At this three-month critical juncture, he has a few options before him: he can choose to stick it out for longer in monogamous ~~isolation chamber hell~~ bliss, he can lie about seeing other girls, he can somehow convince her to be part of his harem, or he can dump her to chase fresh tail. That last choice is what we're interested in. What would be the reasons a man would leave a girl he is banging?

– he found a hotter girl
– the full extent of her horrid personality came to light
– she gained weight or suffered facial disfigurement from an accident or attack (hey, it's a cruel world)
– he is bursting with ball juice and can't go more than three months without sampling new pussy
– a hotter ex came back into his life
– he cheated and decided leaving her was preferable to staying with her in penance prison, offering his manly dignity as sacrificial lamb
– he just got plain tired of banging her and needed his single life back
– he moved far away, or she moved far away
– she started pressing him to move the relationship forward
– he caught her cheating

There are, I'm sure, other reasons why a man would leave a chick, but I think I've hit upon the most common ones. Now ask yourself this simple question: under any of the above dumping scenarios where the man has dumped a girl who really liked him (excluding the scenario where he caught her cheating), do you honestly believe the girl is going to feel better about herself afterwards? Happier? More content with life? Filled with joy and whimsy? Will she be a BETTER PERSON, whatever the fuck that means?

The answer is contained in the absurdity of the question. Of course, she won't be happy. I doubt she'll be much of a better person, either. Most girls who have torrid flings with alphas might learn what kind of player warning signs to watch for, but their hearts will ache for one more of his touches, and they won't be able to bond very well with any future men who don't rise to the standards set by her alpha ex.

When women get dumped by men they love, they get hurt. Ask any woman recently dumped by an alpha boyfriend, and you will most assuredly not hear a melodious note of happiness in her voice. What you will hear is pain, sorrow, regret, an inability to focus on anything, and even a sense of guilt ("I nagged him too much!"). There will be tears, anger and spite. What there won't be is some Anthony Robbins-like revelation of self improvement.

So, no, gaming a girl and bringing much joy, sexual pleasure and emotional fulfillment into her life won't carry over into making her happier or a better person once you remove that source of joy by dumping her. You can tell yourself that the fond memories you gave her will put a bounce in her step and help her realize how fortunate she was to have spent some time with an alpha male, but in reality those memories will be like stones dangling from heavy chains tied to her soul. They will haunt her for years, even into the bed of whatever future beta she marries.

Don't believe me? Exhibit A. Meaty Monica won the fat chick lottery and got to chomp on Bill's super alpha stogie,

and to this day, aging and fatter than ever, she can't get let go of him. Whatever lackluster beta she was suited for in the years to follow couldn't compare to Bill, and so her fond memories have shackled her to a miserable life of sadness and loneliness. There is no escape for the woman whose sexual market value was temporarily artificially inflated by an alpha male on the hunt for a convenient hole.

When women get dumped, they do not become better people or happier people. In 99% of male-initiated dumpings (granted, this number will always be less than the number of women dumping men, owing to the mechanism of female hypergamy), the woman reacts primarily in one of two ways.

1. She broods and licks her wounds, unleashing her sorrow on girl friends and family. In extreme cases, she will retreat to a corner in her bedroom and gaze at the wall for a few days, sustaining herself on bits of orange and water. Her cat's fur will become soaked and matted with her tears.

2. She lashes out bitterly with rage and spite. These types aren't as common as type #1, and that's a good thing, for they can be a nuisance at best and a criminal threat at worst. Type 2s, slave to their uncontrollable pain and anger, will attempt to poison the well of whatever friendships or associations you shared. She will, in varying degrees, stalk you, harass you, slander you and generally try to make it difficult for you to get her out of your life without a restraining order.

This, aspiring PUAs, is what is known as leaving a woman WORSE than you found her. A more accurate description than the la-dee-da twaddle I've seen peddled by some otherwise sensible pickup artists.

Women suffer the hardship of breakups worse than alpha males, (though probably not any worse, and more likely better, than beta males, who are truly knee deep in the shit when they are suddenly left without a partner). An alpha male knows his prospects are virtually limitless and his time horizon longer than any woman's. A breakup he initiates is a renewed license of freedom and sexual escapade. Even a breakup he doesn't initiate has little impact on his life; he'll feel bad for five minutes and fix himself right by hitting the bar that night for new numbers.

Women, in contrast, have a smaller fertility window than men, (which is just a proxy for a beauty window), and they know that each failed relationship exacts a bigger toll on their marketability and their psyches than it does on any man's. A breakup after two years with an alpha male can leave a woman in an emotional shambles, and her real life prospects noticeably dimmed, because her dating and marriage value begins depreciating right after her early 20s, and speeding up to terminal velocity by her mid 30s. Conversely, a man's dating and marriage value RISES right up until his 40s, give or take five years, and can conceivably continue rising well into late middle age if he has compensating attractive traits for his physical decline. Women have no such option.

It would be wise for you Don Juans to remember that, the next time you rationalize that your leaving her will actually make her a better person. There is no spinning away the ugly reality with a sappy cliche. Better to embrace your wicked choice and feast on the brutality of it all. Makes for a more invigorating life.

Hillary Clinton Is Wrong: It Doesn't Take A Village To Raise A Child

CH · 10 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is getting to sound like a broken record. Yet another liberal shibboleth is discredited.

> It doesn't take a village to raise a child after all, according to University of Michigan research.
>
> "In the African villages that I study in Mali, children fare as well in nuclear families as they do in extended families," said U-M researcher Beverly Strassmann, professor of anthropology and faculty associate at the U-M Institute for Social Research (ISR). "There's a naïve belief that villages raise children communally, when in reality children are raised by their own families and their survival depends critically on the survival of their mothers." […]
>
> In her study of the Dogon, Strassmann found that children's risk of death is higher in polygynous than in monogamous families. This reflects the hazard of living with unrelated females whose own children are competing with the children of co-wives for limited resources.
>
> Supporting this finding, Strassmann cites "Hamilton's Rule," established by British evolutionary biologist W.D. Hamilton in the 1960s. It is the first formal, mathematical description of kin selection theory, the idea that the degree to which we are willing to invest our resources in another person depends, in part, on the degree of genetic kinship we share with them.

It should also be noted that different human population groups, adapted to their specific environments, practice different reproductive strategies. In Africa, where this study took place, monogamy is less the norm than it is in Europe or Asia, and fathers come and go and have less certainty of paternity. This encourages an r-selection strategy where women pump out lots of kids and hope for the best, as opposed to a k-selected strategy in groups where enforced monogamy is the norm and fathers have more certainty about paternity. In the latter, you can expect to see more fatherly devotion and resource provision to his family, and more ill effects when the father abdicates his duty or the children are bastard spawn raised by single moms. (The author of the study commits a laughable PC error when she says that Bill Clinton is proof that kids of single moms turn out all right. No, that is proof that kids with extraordinary IQs and a particular suite of personality traits can overcome a crappy single mom family environment. Some of these social scientists should refamiliarize themselves with the axiom that exceptions prove the rule.)

Overgaming, Part 2

CH · 12 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks:

> Is it possible to win back an ex after overgaming? My cocky/funny became cocky. The only time I was beta was at the three week mark when I tried to ger her back – I cried. Is there a more long-term strategy to win an ex back?

Have you ever been with a girl who was incredibly sarcastic? Where every word out of her mouth was some sort of cutting riposte, usually of the annoying "exaggerate for effect" kind of sarcasm, her sneer permanently plastered to her face? What did you think of her? You probably thought she was amusing at first, but then, after a full night listening to her bitter ironies, you became irritated by her company. She was obnoxious, and, more importantly, less feminine than when you knew her before she opened her mouth.

Girls feel the same thing when they meet a man who is too cocky. They are attracted at first (who is this guy who dares speak with such insolence!), then, as it becomes clear that cockiness is the only gear he knows, he loses his alpha allure. Finally, the girl will want to get away from him and his arrogant posturing.

Cockiness that isn't leavened with knowing humor or calculated flashes of vulnerability can quickly burden a man with the perception that he is an arrogant, insecure prick. Or worse, a weak, insecure try-hard. These things are anathema to women's attraction triggers. A woman is likely to think an overly cocky man to be compensating for some shortcoming. An overly cocky man reveals his flaws just as surely as a supplicating man does; approval seeking is at the heart of all insecure behavior. Whereas the supplicating man's "tell" is obvious, the cocky man's tell is discernible through the thick smokescreen of caustic one-liners he belches up around himself.

If you watch the great alpha male characters on TV (Don Draper comes to mind, atm), ask yourself how often they are verbally cocky? The answer is not often. (Nonverbal cockiness, otoh, is a trait that should wear on you like a custom-tailored suit wherever you are.) They will intersperse their cockiness with, in turns, humor, sincerity, wit, genuine anger and laconic bemusement. In general, per screen minute, they speak less than other male characters, but when they do speak their words carry weight. They are not dancing monkeys or butthurt douchebags, which are impressions the perpetually cocky man usually brings upon himself.

This reader has problems with his frame of neediness that go way beyond excessive cockiness. A man who cries to a girl three weeks after a breakup is a man who is far too emotionally invested and clingy to effectively imbue himself with the proper tingle-generating mentality of pussy abundance. No amount of tactical game will help him with his ex. He needs to rebuild from the ground up.

Once he's mastered the correct frame (or masculine psychological balance, in more explanatory words), he'll find it effortless, and natural, to tinge his cockiness with humor, to approach women, including his ex, from a place of emotional distance, and to set the stage for a reconciliation should one be possible.

In his case, I do not think one is possible. He needs to extract his ex from his life at once, and begin the journey away from her and toward other women. How will a man know when he's got the right frame? Here's a simple test: One hour after a breakup, are you able to go outside, meet a new woman, smile at her and have a conversation with her like a normal cool dude? And after that conversation, do you mentally rewind to yourself "Boy, I wish my ex could've seen me with her", or do you say to yourself "Cool chick. I should have gone for the number close."

Get the answers to the above right, and you'll be in the winning headspace.

A Test Of Your Game: The Judging

CH · 13 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to revisit the last "Test of Your Game" and see how the commenters responded to the challenge. How would you handle an outdoor pickup attempt under the gaze of a beautiful setting sun over the ocean, briefly interrupted by a potential cockblock?

Anonymous wrote:

> FIRST!!!!! :))))

I like the assumed sale. But the excitability sounds too eager.

Grade: E for effort

The G Manifesto wrote:

> "The Pacific sun glared off the sand"
>
> Being that you are on The Wessyde, spark up a Chronic jay and say:
>
> "Stick around for a while, you don't want to miss the sunset. It is going to be a "green flash".
>
> To which she will respond:
>
> "What is a "green flash?"
>
> Maneuver as usual from there. Final destination: your bedroom.

An excellent segue, if she isn't a local. Actually, this is a decent topic even if she knows what you're talking about. If she says "I've seen it already", you could say "Yeah, but not with my color commentary."

Grade: B+

DiamondEyes wrote:

> "Does David know you try to pick up strange men at the beach?"
>
> whatever she says, cut her off with –
>
> "Your friend is kind of cute."

There is no need to mention David at all. That's taking the focus off you and putting it on some other dude. We don't know if David is a BF, an ex, a herbly friend, a brother, a roommate or none of the above. Plus, this abrupt conversational change doesn't flow well from her last words to you as she was packing to go. As for the driving arrangements hinted at by the girl friend, well, it could be a girls' night out, so no boyfriend presence required. Otherwise, I like the flirty nature and the disqualification of this segue, and a girl who was feeling you might pick up and run with this.

Grade: Gentleman's C

Miley Cyrax wrote:

> Hesitate like a deer in the headlights, until the sight of her walking away spurs you into action. Yell "wait!," while getting up to chase after her, before tripping over your beach chair and falling on your face.
>
> She turns around.
>
> Trying to DHV as you pick yourself up (flexing the triceps as you push yourself off the ground), you sheepishly

> ask “has anyone told you that you have a C-shaped smile?”

Neil Strauss wept.

Grade: A+ for slapstick humor

E wrote:

> “How long have you and her been dating?”, completely straight faced.
>
> Assuming she’s not actually dating that girl, she’ll probably start qualifying. If she is dating that girl, you can ask if they’ve ever shared a man.

Man, this is an ingenious neg/disqualification. But for it to work you have to say it with sincere naïveté. Any smirking will convince her you’re a douchebag. This is a line that could function in any situation where a cockblock is present.

Grade: B for balls

Marc wrote:

> Flirt with the pale girl, says I. Make magazine girl, who probably already thinks she’s the shit, wonder if you might actually like her friend better. Plus y’know, if you’re in with her group, it’s less awkward to try to get her to peel away.

It’s always advisable to flirt with other girls (an alpha male is always “on”), but if you aren’t ambiguous about your intentions, or you overdo it, she might really think you want her less attractive friend and try to set you two up. But I get that this is a classic disqualification maneuver used on hot babes to make them doubt your attraction for them, and thus to slightly lower their status relative to yours. I’m just not sure that the “I like your friend” red herring tactic won’t backfire as often as it works as intended.

Grade: C-

Anonymous wrote:

> A classic close I learned from this blog:
>
> Double middle finger in the face of all. Stunner. Stunner. Stunner.
>
> Walk away to the sound of breaking glass.
>
> Bonus: and whistling the “Battle Hymm of the Republic.”
>
> Double Bonus: steal her wallet. spend her money at the strip club.

Are some of you guys looking to pick up chicks or audition for the new Game movie?

Grade: Hell yeah!

Marx wrote:

> As the perceptive charmer different from the rest of the pack, I can smell the moisture tingling her ‘gina. She *wants* to be late; she *wants* to dismiss David; and she *wants* to showcase her sass (and ass).
>
> Response: eradicate that sense of urgency, prolong her stay at the beach, keep teasing, get her to jump in the water, and take the rest from there.
>
> Me: “So you came to the beach to read a magazine? Come on… you’re more fun than that.”

> Magazine girl: “No, I was tanning too. But I gotta go now.”
>
> Me: “Yeah, I noticed the tan lines. Seriously, what’s the urgency for? Beautiful day, beautiful sand, beautiful sharks.”
>
> M-G: “I gotta get ready for that dinner.”
>
> Me: “Do you also have trouble telling time? You have hours before dinner. Come on. Do you know how to swim?”
>
> M-G: “Yes.”
>
> Me: “I don’t believe you. Show me.”
>
> M-G: “…..”
>
> **More witty banter to expunge that urge to leave**
>
> Me: “I’m jumping in. Tag along.”
>
> **I grab her gently by the hand and pull her into the water**

Commenter Ben Runkle had a good reply to this commenter’s suggestion, so I’ll just post that:

“I like this because it seems like you’re going for the same day lay, by keeping her around and moving to another spot (the water). That said, I feel like this would work better at night, after she’s already out, maybe at a bar on the beach. The thing that sucks about day game is it’s a lot harder to isolate (without coming off as creepy or pushy) due to the fact that the girl may just have a legitimate excuse for leaving. other than timing, this is solid.”

Yup, day game is a different beast than night game.

Grade: B

(Another) Anonymous wrote:

> “Well, I’ve gotta go. It was nice talking about invisible sharks with you.”
>
> This is a shit test. Agree & amplify, and get her contact info with a single retort, with a simple, efficient phrase:
>
> “Yeah, we should do it again sometime, over drinks.”

Clean and clear and relevant to her departing salvo. Remember, MagGirl is getting up to leave. There just isn’t time or context for continuing along a conversational path that requires a lot of flirty banter. A lot of commenters wanted to press on with the shark theme, but that would sound forced. One, you’re trying to pump life into an overworked subject matter, and two, you’re forcing her to banter when she’s given the unspoken signal that a change in topic is appropriate.

Grade: B (Not the best game, but doesn’t pussyfoot around, either.)

John Ryder wrote:

> “Well hold it now, I’ve got all kinds of dangerous animals to show you… not all of them invisible…”

Sexual innuendo always comes across better on paper or in the movies than it does in real life.

Grade: D for dadgam horndog!

Maya wrote:

> my piece of advice.
>
> Ignore her shit test, don’t say anything, just look at her and make a smirk. When, in the next second, she’s

> about to go, I'd say "Do take the cold shower at your friend's place" (or something like that, I can't really make lines in English, but the important fact is that she's just met a super hot alpha guy and she needs to cool down)
> Her: "Why?"
> You: "You'll cool down."
> Her: "I don't need to … I'm not upset at all"
> You: "Try it. You'll feel the difference"
> Her: "I think you're the one who should take a cold shower, you're seeing the sharks where there are none … this is worrisome"
> Now you can change the subject of the conversation abruptly again.

It's always interesting to hear a girl's perspective on pickup, if only to learn what not to do. Occasionally, though, a girl's advice isn't horrible. This example is a little overwrought, but the catch-her-off-guard line of "Yeah, you'd probably want to take that cold shower" is pretty good if you wanted to go direct and assume that she's into you. A risky gambit, to be sure.

Grade: Lady's B- (so conscientious, so workmanlike, but where's the genius?)

Killer Instinct wrote:

> This is an interesting case, and the PUA is presented essentially with two sets of options: disqualification or qualification. The first decision that needs to be made is which direction to go in. Given the fact that the girl is quite hot (8-9?) and that up to that point she is relatively uninterested, disqualification tactics are the best bet. Add the fact that she is ready to leave, disqualification presents a kind of higher-risk, higher-reward method: if it works, instant attraction can be triggered. So, how to go about disqualifying? Neg can work, but needs to be very calibrated—not too strong as to piss her off, and not to soft as to prevent attraction. My tactic would be something like this:
> "hey, before you go, any chance you can introduce me to your cute friend?"
>
> This is a good middle ground that is very likely to get a response, put her in a qualifying frame, and lay the foundational seeds of attraction.

Traditional game theory does support Killer Instinct's advice to pursue a disqualification strategy. The success of this technique hinges on, as KI mentioned, the hotness of the target and her interest level. She was hot, but how interested was she? I got the sense there was incipient attraction because she didn't try to escape our conversation before her pale friend showed up. There was momentum. Would a qualifying number close work better? Maybe it comes down to personal preference; a lower-risk but low-backfire rate method could appeal more to guys who style themselves aloof seducers.

Grade: B+

YaReally wrote:

> Jesus, it's like Game circa 2004 in here.
>
> 1. Why did she come sit down in the first place if she were only going to stay 5-10 minutes?
>
> Because she wants his cock. She sits by him but won't open him because she's a hot alpha chick and she's giving him a chance to have the balls to open her.
>
> 2. The friend leaves, and then slightly later, magazinegirl goes to leave. If she were going to leave her stuff at her friend's apt, wouldn't she have left with the friend?
>
> Because she wants his cock. She stayed behind so he could at the least grab her number.
>
> 3. Who would this David be that Maggirl would 1) see him before going to her friend's house but 2) not leave her stuff there and 3) not invite him along to dinner?

> Who the fuck cares who David is? Maggirl clearly doesn't. He's the guy that's totally irrelevant. Her friend tried to toss a "remember your boyfriend" cockblock in to fuck with him but Maggirl herself blew it off. Because she wants his cock.
>
> 4. The "don't wait up if I'm late" is a little strange since Maggirl doesn't know where the dinner is going to be. You would think she would ask her friend where if only out of politeness so that she could have said, "ok, and I'll try to catch up with you there if I'm late" or something like that.
>
> That's because they were having a girl-code conversation. Cockblock was saying "Here's your chance to come with me to escape this guy if he's creepy" and Maggirl was saying "It's cool, I want this guy's cock and I'm giving him a chance, go on ahead without me" and Cockblock threw in a last "Just don't forget about your boyfriend!" because she knows Maggirl does what she wants and all she can do is try to guilt her a bit and make it awkward for the guy.
>
> Anyway, in response to what to do: There's not enough comfort for a kiss at this point since she's all alpha and still testing you, but there's enough for a number for sure, and possibly a small insta-date (she probably won't blow her friends off entirely, but she'll give you some time to build more comfort with her).
>
> If you want the number, you just tell her "So give me your number and we'll go shark hunting by moonlight after your dinner." as you pull out your phone. Text her flirty but not too sexual during her dinner so she'll meet up without feeling like she's admitting she wants sex, and escalate in person. David and the cockblock chick might fuck it up though, so an insta-date would be better.
>
> For an insta-date just tell her you'll walk her to her car so she doesn't get eaten by the invisible sharks. Once her shit is tossed in the car so she doesn't have to lug it around and you've built a little more comfort, push for the insta-date and make her late for dinner.
>
> Easy peasy.

I like YaReally's frame (it's good for your game to assume girls want to interact with you), but just to clarify, there weren't that many open chairs, so she likely sat where she did out of necessity. Points (2) and (3) are well taken, and honestly ones I hadn't thought of at the time. There's a lot going on that's easy to miss when your brain is revving to get a girl's contact info with the clock ticking.

Anyhow, YaReally's analysis and prescription sounds spot on, even in hindsight. (YaReally also has some other comments in that thread you'll want to check out.) The only quibble I have is walking her to her car to help carry her stuff as part of an insta-date to build comfort. I was reclined in a chair with my feet propped up as she was packing to leave. I imagine it would have looked try-hard for me to get up and offer assistance, unless I offered a plausible excuse for why I had to leave as well. But hey, no guts no glory, right?

Grade: A

***

What I did

MagGirl had begun collecting her stuff and shoving it into a gargantuan canvas bag. She glanced sidelong at me for a second, full of sass and flourish, signifying everything.

She smiled, or maybe smirked. "Well, I've gotta go. It was nice talking about invisible sharks with you."

I hesitated before replying, watching her pack for a full five seconds. It was a hesitation that likely cost me a number close.

Finally words jumped out of my mouth. "Hey, you learn something new every day. Before we're done…"

My sentence was interrupted when her phone buzzed in her hand. She checked a text message and her perky face drooped sullenly. Did her mom just die in a car accident?

She quickly jerked her head around at me, and muttered “Bye”, taking off in a rush, her sandals clapping loudly along the ground with each rapid stride.

The exigencies of game. It rarely goes as smoothly as you think it will in your imagination. If you aren’t prepared to deal with the possible failure of any one pickup attempt, you aren’t cut out for this game.

Why Chicks Dig Egotistic Men, &c.

CH · 14 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

You can judge who's nice and who's a dick simply by looking at them. We humans have tells, and some of those tells are outside of our conscious control, like the shape of our faces. Other tells, such as smiles, are difficult to fake convincingly without willful effort.

> Further analyses of Oda et al.'s data show that the key to detecting altruists is *genuine smile*, which is under involuntary control and is therefore difficult to fake. Altruists genuinely smile more frequently than egoists during natural conversations.

And this is where game comes in. We all know by now, thanks in part to the illumination provided by this blog, that women are sexually attracted to men who are self-centered egotists; in layman's nomenclature: assholes, dicks, douchebags, pricks and masters of the universe. The kinds of men women swoon for possess the "dark triad" of personality traits: narcissism, psychopathy and Machiavellianism. It stands to reason that women would be drawn to egoists, and that, at least according to the science, one way in which a man feeds the perception that he is an egoist is by smiling less frequently than niceguys would smile during natural conversations. Which leads to…

Maxim #39: Stop smiling so much! Girls will think you're ingratiating. Girls prefer men they can ingratiate themselves to.

So you have another weapon to add to your arsenal of seduction. Work on suppressing the smile instinct when you talk to a girl. Be especially wary when she flatters you or flirts with you; that's when you'll be under the least amount of voluntary control over your smiling reflex. A smile should be tamed to a barely perceptible upturned mouth corner, and limited in its dispensation so as to maximize the effect it has when it is deployed.

Note for the recently lobotomized: During the non-ovulatory phase of their cycle, women do feel some attraction for altruistic, beta providers. It should go without saying that the best seducers balance the asshole with the altruist. Within that balance is the key to unlocking a fountain of women's love.

***

Women remember your words better if you speak them in a deep voice.

> [T]he authors found that women had a strong preference for the low pitch male voice and remembered objects more accurately when they have been introduced by the deep male voice.
>
> Smith concludes: "Our findings demonstrate that women's memory is enhanced with lower pitch male voices, compared with the less attractive raised pitch male voices. Our two experiments indicate for the first time that signals from the opposite-sex that are important for mate choice also affect the accuracy of women's memory."

This confirms a lesser known game concept that men who speak slowly and deliberately are more attractive to women. When you speak slowly, your voice pitch lowers, which raises your attractiveness. Try it sometime. If you want a girl to remember something you consider helpful to your goal of getting her to sex, be sure to deliberately lower your voice when you say it.

***

I was right about cutters. They do it to because it distracts them from their worries and alleviates stress and depression.

> The majority of people involved in self-injury do it to deal with anxiety or emotional pain, Adler said. It "self-soothes" and gives people a sense of control. And it helps many people get over a rough patch in their lives.

I contend that cutters are probably the fastest lays you will encounter. If you catch sight of the telltale stigmata, push for a same night lay.

***

File under: No duh! A lack of a father in the home is bad for children's future prospects.

> Despite the widespread assumption that paternal investment is substantial in our species, previous studies have shown mixed results in relation to the impact of fathers on both offspring survival and reproductive outcomes. Using data from a large representative sample of British men, we tested whether father absence is associated with the timing of reproduction-related events among boys, while controlling for various cues denoting early childhood adversity. We further tested whether the loss of the father at different childhood stages matters, so as to assess whether early life is the most important period or if effects can be seen during later childhood. The results show that father absence before age seven is associated with early reproduction, while father absence between ages 11 and 16 only is associated with delayed voice-breaking (a proxy for puberty), even after adjusting for other factors denoting childhood adversity. We conclude that fathers do exert an influence on male reproductive outcomes, independently of other childhood adversities and that these effects are sensitive to the timing of father absence.

You kind of have to read between the lines in this study to get to the meat of the issue: if you like living in a prosperous, civilized nation, you want boys to reach sexual maturity later in life, as such late bloomers are a sign that more parental investment into learning and developing is taking place. K-selection strategy, in other words. If you want to live in a shithole, you can't go wrong in a place where boys are sprouting pube grass and wolf whistling by age 9. The scourge of single momhood in the USA and other Western nations is an early warning sign that our once great nations are headed down the path of shitholeitude.

***

If you want a quick and effortless path to sex, you should focus on gaming girls when they are alone and away from their peers.

> Peer pressure? It's hardwired into our brains.
>
> A new USC study explains why people take stupid chances when all of their friends are watching that they would never take by themselves. According to the study, the human brain places more value on winning in a social setting than it does on winning when you're alone. […]
>
> The researchers found that the striatum, a part of the brain associated with rewards, showed higher activity when a participant beat a peer in the lottery, as opposed to when the participant won while alone. The medial prefrontal cortex, a part of the brain associated with social reasoning, was more activated as well. Those participants who won in a social setting also tended to engage in more risky and competitive behavior in subsequent lotteries.
>
> "These findings suggest that the brain is equipped with the ability to detect and encode social signals, make social signals salient, and then, use these signals to optimize future behavior," Coricelli said.
>
> As Coricelli explained, in private environments, losing can more easily be life-threatening. With no social support network in place, a bad gamble can spell doom.
>
> In group environments, on the other hand, rewards tend to be winner-takes-all. Nowhere is this more clear than in sexual competition, where — to borrow a phrase from racing legend Dale Earnhardt, Sr. — second place is just first loser.

What does this have to do with women and ease of sex? Well, peer pressure acts on adult women too, (it's not just a teen skaterboi phenomenon), and is particularly relevant when the woman is surrounded by her clucking hens in a

mixed group environment where men are hitting on her. Taking risks to impress friends and potential mates manifests differently in men than it does in women. A man will engage in derring-do in front of a crowd to boost his status; a woman will look good to try to capture the interest of an alpha male to boost her social status.

A woman is going to feel more pressure to snag the top dog when her friends are watching, so she will have a bigger bitch shield (to more effectively screen out the betas) than she would if she were sitting alone when you approached her. Ergo, you probably have an easier path to sex if you game her when there are none of her peers around. And this tends to confirm my real life experience. Women are especially keen to avoid the slut label when friends are watching.

But I can imagine some readers reaching a contrary conclusion (and there are enough personal examples to support an opposing conclusion). A woman alone risks more if she winds up sleeping with a cad; as the study mentioned, she has no support network to ameliorate any bad decision she might make. You might, therefore, have a better shot at sex if you can successfully capitalize on her genetically wired need for social approval by instilling the fear of loss in her through jealously plotlines; for example, by disqualifying her with negs while you flirt with her friends.

The “woman alone” vs “woman in group” theory needs some more fleshing out by field testers and theorists alike. My take is this: Women alone are better same night lay prospects, especially if you’re strong in the comfort stage, but women in groups offer more opportunity (via social dynamic pathways) to raise your value and build attraction in the early stages of pickup.

And if you keep getting blown out by cockblocks, well, a woman by herself won’t have that problem. Which brings us to day game…

but that is a topic for another time.

Overselectivity And Anti-Game: Like Oil And Water

CH · 16 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Recently, a nerdgirl who works for the nerd site Gizmodo and has a lazy nerd eye and crooked nerd face wrote about her disgust at having dated a nerdguy who, she found out during the course of the date, was a grand champion at some nerd card game called Magic the Nerdering. Dalrock has a good round-up of the nerdy non-affair.

In delicious comeuppance, it turns out our intrepid nerdgirl with her 463 bullet point checklist rejected not just a nerd with nerdy hobbies, but a wealthy hedge fund manager. And if you want to call this revenge (of the spastic sort), brigades of sympathetic nerdboys stormed the Blogstille to throw their venom-tipped Chinese nerd stars at nerdgirl's soul. (I can't be bothered to spell out nerdgirl's real name, such a vapid nonentity she is.) In good nerdy form, she skulked away to lick her wounds.

You might think this is going to be a post piling on nerdgirl's ridiculously trumped-up standards. After all, nerdgirl is a 4 in beneficially dim lighting, so the only standards she can plausibly hope to meet in men are mental stability and merely intermittent halitosis.

Nerdgirl is the classic entitled American feminist shill and princess wannabe (try squaring that circle — you'll need a hamster) who suffers from a psychological disorder known as overselectivity (you heard it here first!). She demands for herself from men what she has no ability to give in female value. Result? Dateless, alone, prone to neurotic outbursts on blogs and/or self-mutilation, and a creepy maternal love for all things feline.

Truth, but that is not where your focus should be. Nerdgirl's public rejection — a type of rejection women only do when they are so thoroughly turned off with a date that they feel a need to lash out in penance for their own lack of judgment — of a man who, on paper at least, is way out of her league, proves a core tenet of game:

Maxim #49: If you have no game, or worse, anti-game, little else will compensate for your unattractiveness.

Nerdiness in style, mannerism and behavior is anti-game. It is even worse than having no game. You can actively repulse a woman who would normally think you a possible match if you run anti-game on her. Men with no game at least get lucky sometimes by steering clear of major fuckups.

Despite his riches, sterling character and good manners, hedge fund nerdguy was a nerd to the bone, and his every verbal and nonverbal tic likely telegraphed that unpalatable fact to his date. The way to bet is that a grand champion of a nerdy hobby is a nerd in most facets of life, and it was his nerdy charmless demeanor — not his involvement

with a nerdy pastime — that disgusted nerdgirl and motivated her to libel him, (and inadvertently out herself as an ugly bitch to be avoided).

Need clarity on this point? Sure. Take a guy with game and tell him he has to mention at some point during a date with a hottie that he won a championship playing a nerdy hobby. Do you really think this stipulation will deep six his chances? No, it won't. If anything, a pickup artist will reframe this tidbit of normally unsexy information in his favor, getting to the girl qualify herself to him that she's smart enough and adventurous enough to understand the thrill of winning competitions. And she'll lap it up. Know why? **Because everything else about him will be subcommunicating CHARMING BASTARD.**

And that's the moral of this nerd tale of woe. Nn matter how kind you are, how much character you possess, how easy on the eyes you are, or how much money you make, a nerdy personality and anti-game will render you unfit for mating by a pig-faced 4 with delusions of high sexual market value.

PS: Here is a picture of Good Dog Greg, for your amusement:

UPDATE

An astute commenter noted that sometimes these plainer and uglier girls have something to prove that hotter girls, with their more secure belief in their hotness, don't. So, paradoxically, a high value man might find it tougher to game a 4 into bed than an 8. In this case, that could have happened. Nerdgirl wants the world to know — really, she just wants to convince herself — that she is hot shit, so rejecting nerdguy helped assuage her tattered and frayed ego, giving her an imaginary SMV boost that won't last past the next pump and dump she endures at the hands of an even nerdier guy.

You can conclude from this theory that men who are beginning to shed their worst beta habits by adopting game would have more success trying to pick up hotter girls than they're used to, instead of sticking with the nasty little frumps they have become accustomed to thinking that's all they deserve.

Hot Vs Sexy

CH · 19 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at the very hot Betty Draper (aka January Jones):

She is a raving beauty with a sexual philtrum.

Now take a look at the very sexy Rachel Menken (also a Mad Men character):

Don't you just want to bang her on a kitchen counter after playing pattycakes with her ass cheeks using a spatula?

If you averaged the ratings of 100 men, there's little doubt that Betty would score about a point higher on the looks scale than Rachel, and their scores would roughly converge around a 9 for Betty and an 8 for Rachel. (Please spare the readers your personal preference. Averages are what matter in the sexual market.)

Yet, I predict that a majority of men would find Rachel to be "sexier" than Betty. Why is that? What nebulous traits

imbue a woman with the alluring glow of sexiness?

I'm sure a man steeped in aesthetic sensibility would craft an enlightening essay full of power adjectives and stirring metaphor as a paean to what constitutes female sexiness, and boy will it sound good on paper. But it won't mean a goddamned thing. Empty words to flesh out a reality that doesn't exist except in the glorifier's head. Which pretty much sums up the whole of modern art, come to think of it.

No, sexiness has little to do with face shape, or eye sparkle, or energy, or chi, or mouth curl, or the way she holds a cigarette. Instead, what sexiness means in the minds of men is a lot more pedestrian. When men say a woman is sexy, they mostly mean she is ATTAINABLE.

The average man looks at a hot woman, and he lusts for her, but he entertains scant possibility that he will be able to bed her. But when that man looks at a perceived sexy woman, he couples with his appreciation a genuine feeling that, given just the right ecological conditions, he could actually seduce that woman and enjoy her sex.

None of this should suggest that sexy women aren't also good-looking women. Nerds, intelligent but mousy artist types, white knights and feminist apologists for plain janes love the "sexy" label because they value its utility as a loophole and ego massager against the unrelenting and immutable beauty standards of the sexual marketplace. Show me a man who calls an ugly woman ineffably sexy, and I will bet you that he is himself an SMV loser.

Sexy women are never the unattractive (or even marginally attractive) totems to an imaginary equalist dating market that fembots and washed up cougars wish they were. Quite the opposite. While sexy women are often not as hot as genuinely hot women, they aren't much more than a point lower on the universal looks scale. What primarily distinguishes the sexy woman from the hot woman is that she possesses just enough in the way of physical flaws that she catapults from dreamy but distant object of beauty to alluring but attainable perfumed girl sharing a drink with you.

In other words, you can more easily envision your dick in Rachel's vagina than in Betty's vagina, and that makes all the difference in perception.

There are other, relatively minor distinctions that make a sexy girl stand out from a hot girl. Obvious markers would include sluttiness of dress, throat-raspiness of flirting, expertise in lowering the eyelids to half-mast for long periods of time, and mastery of the good-to-go vibe. But before you ugly and plain chicks start practicing your eyelid lowering technique, know that no amount of sexy mimicry will transform your face into one that men want to spermally defile. You still need the looks, and for that you have only your parents, and to a lesser extent your self-discipline to push away from the table, to credit or blame.

There are those rare ultrafeminine creatures who coalesce both ethereal beauty and feral sexiness in one package (before she crossed the Rubenesqueicon):

“Day Bang” Review (Plus Day Game Thoughts)

CH · 20 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I have a question for the men reading this post right now. How much time did you spend in a bar or nightclub this past week? Answer honestly to yourselves. One hour? Five hours? Ten? Or no time at all? Now, ask yourselves, how much time did you spend everywhere else — the supermarket, the gas station, the bookstore, the office, the bus stop, at a restaurant, the coffee shop, the sidewalk, a music festival, the mall, the park, the beach, the train, the pool, etc?

You should see where I’m going with this. Most of the girls you cross paths with will be outside of bars and nightclubs. The largest reservoir of pickup opportunity is everywhere that isn’t a bar or nightclub. PUAs call this day game, for short. If maximizing your efficiency at meeting and bedding women (and maybe a future girlfriend or wife) is your goal, then you need to learn the art of the day game pickup.

Day Bang, a guide to daytime pickup, is Roosh’s latest offering, and it stacks up well to *Bang*, his first game book. Technically, the writing is sharper and clearer than his first book, minus a few grammatical typos. It is also blessedly free of well-worn community jargon, so you get the impression that you’re reading a cool guy talking to another cool guy in a natural setting, instead of a reformed geek giving a seminar in a hotel conference room. The book is a breeze to read and stresses practical advice as much as theory, which is to be commended. There is enough game theory in circulation, and while having a theoretical underpinning for the reasons why game works is critical to building your inner game and strengthening your resolve, ultimately it’s the field-tested tools of the trade that are going to motivate you to get out there and put it all to work.

Roosh is a proponent of indirect game, where you don’t state your intentions up front like you would do with direct game. He is especially adamant that direct game is a poor strategy for daytime pickup, for sensible reasons he outlines in his book. As he writes:

> The bottom line is that there are girls who will reject your direct game that would have eventually fucked you had you gone indirect, but not the other way around.

I’ve read good arguments for and against direct and indirect game, so I can’t definitively tell you that one is better than the other in any given circumstance. (For instance, some PUAs say that direct game is more suitable for girls walking down the sidewalk because you only have less than a minute to make your pitch. Roosh does acknowledge that situations similar to this might call for direct game, but he also points out, correctly in my opinion, that number closes from direct approaches tend to result in more flaking than those from indirect approaches.)

All I will say on this hot-button issue is that I agree with Roosh’s perspective because indirect approaches better match my personality and vibe, and as a result not more than 5% of all my pickup attempts have been direct. So I don’t have a wealth of direct game experience to make a reliable comparison. If you’re new to the game, you should focus on indirect game. Direct game is simple to learn, but hard to master, and you have to be comfortable with lots of outright rejection. Although the time and energy investment with indirect game is greater than direct game, in the end you will achieve more consistent *dating* results with the indirect approach.

Fundamentally, day game is not much different than night game. You still have to approach, intrigue a girl, play a bit of hard to get, raise your value, and close with a number or continue the conversation with a venue bounce (aka “insta-date”). But there are some subtle, yet important, differences in how you should approach a girl during the daytime versus the nighttime.

Roosh explains these differences in his day game model. Quote:

> My model has three main components. The first is the opener. It will be something basic, disarming, and natural enough that it doesn’t scare away the cat. I think you’ll be both amused and pleased at how simple they

> are. The second component is rambling, where we build attraction by being interesting instead of cocky. Using juicy pieces of bait, we're going to display our value in a casual way that intrigues her and makes her want to learn more. The last component is Galnuc, a system that personalizes the interaction and helps you get the number (or more).

Two points to make about day game. As Roosh says, girls are more skittish during the day. You simply cannot approach the majority of girls with the same flirtatious gusto during the day that you do at night and expect equally good results. Second, the cocky/funny banter and negs that work so well to lower bitch shields in a nightclub are going to strike a girl as weird or insulting when she's browsing through a discount table of cookbooks or hurrying to catch a bus. (Not that there isn't room or need to be cocky/funny in a daytime setting; the caveat is that it's better to deploy the big neg guns *after* you've eased her into a fruitful conversation.) A more refined, oblique approach is needed for day game, where your flirting and cockiness is toned down and your plausible deniability is ratcheted up. You must master the art of the "slow boil", as he calls it.

Roosh gets into the exact types of daytime openers to use on girls in specific situations, and they are crafted to sound almost boring, yet maximize the odds that she will be open to continuing the conversation. For example:

> She's writing something in beautiful cursive on pages that have floral borders. She's using what seems to be an expensive ballpoint pen. What's the elderly opener? In this case there are two possibilities. Your instinct may be to ask, "What are you writing?" but remember, that's personal in nature and not likely to get a warm response. She may think of you as a nosy man trying to gain access to her closet of secrets. The best elderly opener from this situation is, "Excuse me, is that a good pen?" You'll then inquire about the brand, the color of the ink, its width, and if it's comfortable to hold for long periods of time, all with a serious expression on your face. Almost pretend you're a pen salesman on the first day of the job, doing research in order to eventually sell it to other people with a long-term goal of having a successful pen career.

Good stuff. And proof that you can productively talk about almost anything with a girl as long as you say it with confidence.

What about segueing from the opener? Roosh covers that, too.

> I have a good idea of one way I'd segue out of pen conversation: I'd make a brief comment about how it's important to have a suitable pen for "my career." If I did a proper job with the chat and she was open, she'd either ask about my job or respond with how pens are important to her, which would allow us to start talking about something else.

Like *Bang*, *Day Bang* is filled with this sort of readily accessible and easily adapted pickup advice, some of which Roosh gleaned from his time with students taking his pickup workshops. But be warned: if you haven't read *Bang*, you are likely going to be somewhat lost reading *Day Bang*. Consider *Day Bang* more of an adjunct to *Bang*, a continuation of the series, rather than a standalone book for newbies. You'll want to get the first book under your belt before you tackle *Day Bang*.

There's much more covered in *Day Bang*, in generous detail (conversations are often replayed exactly as they occurred in real life), including how to respond to or initiate eye contact, coffeeshop and public transit logistics (with helpful diagrams), street pickup, clothing store pickup, bookstore pickup, pre-openers, optimal facial expression, voice tonality, calculated pauses, body positioning (you should never face the entrance of a venue because you want arriving girls to settle in before you hit on them, and you want to be able to see them leaving), baiting the girl to ask you questions, "going personal", fitting your style and vibe to your target demographic, the value of ambiguity, the art of rambling, closing, and his GALNUC system (GermanAgeLocationNameUsuallyCool), among others.

I thought the book was excellent on openers, logistics and rambling but maybe not quite as comprehensive on closing and follow-up dates (this is where having read *Bang* will help you). Nonetheless, while the game theory isn't groundbreaking or heretical in *Day Bang* (female nature hasn't changed in ten years), Roosh's presentation of the theory, and practical application of it, is. In my opinion, it's not a stretch to consider *Bang* and *Day Bang* worthy entries to the canonical game literature, right up there with *Mystery Method* and *Magic Bullets*. You read Roosh's advice, and you can actually see yourself saying it.

More information on *Day Bang* here.

PS: Roosh's stories about his time with his younger 14 year old brother were heartwarming. I wish there were more of them. It must be a great feeling to properly guide a young man to understanding the ~~nuttiness~~ psychology of women.

PPS: It's inevitable that you will eventually tire of the nightclub scene. Nightclub enthusiasm tends to peak for men in their early 20s, and gradually wane after that. If you plan on living a fulfilling, exciting life sharing the company of beautiful women, it is in your interest to see the light on day game and learn it well. Life is full of change. Embrace it.

The Anti-False Rape Accusation Campaign

CH · 22 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

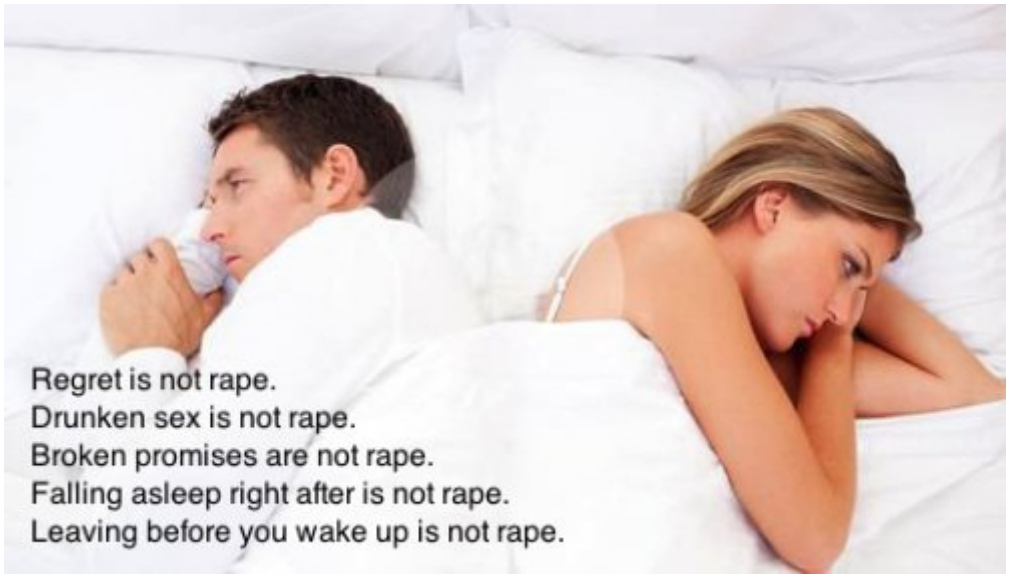
How would the Justice Department respond if 25% of all black murder suspects were falsely accused of the crime by white accusers? Eric Holder would call an immediate press conference and announce he was mobilizing the national guard, the Mexican Army, and everyone who works in law enforcement to end such blatant, hateful, racist discrimination. He would, with righteous indignation, say there is much work to be done to realize the most holy Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's dream. A 25% false black murderer accusation rate might even incline some to believe that white people had it in for black people.

Now what if I told you that studies over the last ten years have shown that false rape accusations are likely in the ballpark of 25%, and could even be as high as 40%? Aghast, you are? Would you be inclined to think that relations between the (American) sexes had deteriorated so much that women were virtually warring against men through legal channels? Can you guess the public's reaction to this uncomfortable truth? That's right….. crickets.

Crickets. Because, as this blog has astutely noted before, men are the expendable sex. It is true biologically, and since biology underpins culture, it is also true culturally.

It's funny how those with the flimsiest evidence and the least facts to support their pet peeves are the loudest, most obnoxious motherfuckers eager to wave a sign or shout a slogan. Well, thanks to this bastion of shibboleth smashing, that's about to end. Why should the freakazoids of American society have all the fun? It's time for the sane people who understand the value of facts over wishful thinking and demogoguery to join in the festivities and start their own protest campaigns.

In that spirit, here is the CH approved anti-FRA campaign poster, coming soon to a bus side and billboard near you. (Any ad execs reading now should credit this blog.)



I like the bold, clean font and the stepladder geometry of the lines. Really reaches out and grabs you by the clitties. Underneath, in smaller font, would be the following PSA:

25% of the accused in rape cases are exonerated by DNA evidence. – U.S. Department of Justice
It's time to end the lies.

***

Beautiful. Brings a tear to me eye, it does. Only one thing could swell my heart to bursting more than the pride of seeing this poster on a subway car: the look of horror and sputtering, impotent rage that would sweep across a

feminist's fat cunty face as she slowly digested what she was reading.

If the FRA rate is indeed on the rise, as the evidence hints at, why are women more than ever falsely accusing innocent men of rape? I have a couple of theories for that. One, female empowerment and the constant cultural feedback that women can do no wrong and there is no height to which their self-esteems cannot rise has emboldened many more women to act on their emotional impulses when they feel aggrieved or their egos are bruised, figuring their chances of getting caught and punished are very low. (They're right.)

Two, we live in a cultural climate where sex has never been cheaper to get for alpha males. (Beta males are having a worse go of it.) Currently, women have little DMV leverage to ~~entrap~~ ~~ensnare~~ sweetly cajole alpha males into long term commitment. This diminishment of their traditional sexual power has left so many of them bitter and spiteful that they lash out against those men who would deny them the gift of an LTR, and they exact their revenge with the available tools at their disposal — namely, the long but crooked arm of the law, wielded by the shock troops of feminism's front lines. A demondyke alliance between embittered women and legal feminism has arisen, and in their anti-male arsenal the false rape accusation has proven its effectiveness. FRAs serve well to make casual sex more expensive for men, thus helping to retilt the dating market playing field back in women's favor.

If all this sounds hopelessly cynical to you, there's always the option to shoot rainbows up your ass.

There is another way to level the dating field back in women's favor that doesn't involve jailing innocent men. But, strangely, feminists don't seem too keen on that alternative. And so the last days of the West continue unfolding, right on cue.

What Is Anti-Game?

CH · 23 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Feh writes:

> Anti-game is trivial:
>
> – get misty-eyed at emotional shit
> – bore her with details
> – constantly let her re-frame
> – buy her drinks **[Ed: Outside of a date context.]**
> – compliment her gratuitously
> – talk about your hobbies with oblivious enthusiasm
> – never ask her a question
> – never look away
> – let her see your shit-eating smile
> – accede to her manipulative horseshit
> – never, ever say “horseshit” in conversation
>
> The list could go on …

It could, and it shall. Here are some more anti-game behaviors and traits, from a pickup and LTR perspective:

Constantly remind her how happy you are to be with her.
Laugh at your own jokes.
Laugh uproariously at her “jokes”.
Feed her need for gossip.
Put up with her shit an order of magnitude more frequently than she puts up with your shit.
Ask yes or no or one-word answer type questions.
Act contrite when she catches you checking out her body.
Stare, look away, stare, look away, stare, look away.
Ask *her* if she has a condom.
Cuddle her so long that she is the one to first start wriggling free.
Hold in farts around her until your colon bursts. (LTR applicable only.)
Fidget, talk fast, mumble, lean in, babble tiresomely like a girl who has a heavy emotional burden to unload.
Talk incessantly about the state of the relationship.
Whine about how hard life is.
Betray too much enthusiasm when she tells you about something cool she did.
Act impressed with her educational credentials or career success.
Sympathize with her bitching about badboy exes.
Agree to her tacit sex timetable. (A woman is capable of making you wait for months absent any masculine push on your part. Ironically, this very acquiescence to her female sensibility will turn her off to sex with you.)
Get wrathfully jealous every time she checks out a dude or talks about another guy.
Spitefully berate her genuine accomplishments.
Say crap like “I don’t deserve you” with sincerity.
Be a kitchen bitch.
Drop everything you like to do to do everything she likes to do. (Man, I know a lot of guys like this. Sickening.)
Wanly smile when she denigrates you to her friends.
Make videos like this. (Suffice to say, this nauseating beta dweeb did not win his ex back, muscles and looks to the contrary notwithstanding.)

Resort to saying “I suppose you’re right” every time she accuses you of some character defect.
Constantly, and insipidly, ask her if she “likes it this way” during lovemaking.
Forget the art of plain old fucking.
Turn to face her fully as soon as you open a girl. Stay that way while she continues giving you her profile.
Buying girls drinks as a MEANS OF OPENING THEM.
Muck up cold reads until they sound like interrogations.
Show up more than five minutes early for dates. (She doesn’t have to know about this, but it will be written all over your body language.)
Go for the night-ending kiss, get denied, follow up by shouting at her as she’s leaving that you’ll call her. Make it a promise.
Skip on the way home after a “successful” date that did not end in sex.
Apologize for infractions she has not even accused you of.
Support feminism. Make a big show of it.
Ingratiate yourself to her. (Example: “Porn is disgusting. I’d never watch it.”)
Know a little too much about the TV wasteland, articles in the Style section of any major newspaper, or women’s fashion.
Make breakfast for her after the first night together. (She has not yet earned your LTR provisions. Buying her breakfast at the local deli is OK.)
Deprecate yourself for cheap laughs and conversation fuel. (As an example of the handicap principle in action, self-deprecation is acceptable in small — very small — doses.)
Follow her from bar to bar.
Join her plans instead of inviting her to join your plans.
Agree to meet her friends before you have sexed her. (Note: this can be pulled off if you have very high value or tight game, and you are certain sex is an eventual given.)
Wait in the exact same spot for her to return after she has told you she’ll be gone for ten minutes. Talk to no one while waiting.
Pine over, or disparage, your ex on a first date.
Listen to her intently when she talks about her exes.
Always follow her conversational lead. Never veer off the path she lays out, or start your own path.
Touch her hair too soon.
Sit with your legs crossed. (Acceptable only if you are an office executive.)
Sweat profusely from anything other than vigorous exercise, sex or fighting.
Eagerly say yes to every one of her requests. (“No” is a powerful male attractant. The mere utterance of it can electrify vulvae.)
Be hopelessly indecisive.
Fail every shit test in spectacular fashion. (Example: vehemently deny you are the thing she says you are.)
Pick your nose and wipe the booger on her forehead. (Save this for the six month mark, at which point she’ll be too invested to do anything more than feebly complain.)

There are many more anti-game tells, but I’ll stop for now. You should get the gist.

***

Anti-game is the suite of low-value male characteristics that actively repulses girls. It is a constellation of insecure, approval-seeking behavior that is a leading indicator the man behaving in such a way is a loser, and worse, believes he is a loser. Anti-game is distinguishable from no-game by the proactive and accelerated nature of its tendency to trigger disgust in women. A no-game-having beta can sometimes obliviously motor through a pickup if the girl he is hitting on is low value herself, or finds him peculiarly attractive, and thus more likely to forgive his lack of charm. But an anti-game-having beta will actually cause an incipient attraction a girl may have for him to quickly dissipate. Anti-game is the equivalent of a monkey throwing feces in the face of a prospective mate. Or Ahmadinejad bloviating about the 12th iman at the UN.

Anti-game, by the way, is a great method for manipulating a girl to break up with you so you don’t have to do the dirty work.

Keep Republicans In The Role Of The Opposition Party In 2012

CH · 23 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's what they're best at. Executive leadership would only hasten America's drain circling.

The GOP is dead. A corporation of fraudulent hucksters and sycophants. Case in point:

> Offering an impassioned defense of [the in-state tuition breaks for illegal immigrants] policy — and receiving boos from a segment of the audience — Mr. Perry did not back down, saying, "If you say that we should not educate children that have come into our state for no other reason than they've been brought here by no fault of their own, I don't think you have a heart," he said. "We need to be educating these children, because they will become a drag on our society."
>
> Perry asked Santorum if he had ever been to the border with Mexico.
>
> "I'm surprised if you had," Perry said as Santorum replied "yes."
>
> "But you weren't paying attention, because the idea that you are going to build a wall, a fence for 1,200 mile and then go 800 miles more to Tijuana does not make sense," he said. "You put the boots on the ground. We know how to make it work."

Not backing down is not a virtue if it is used as a substitute for critical thinking. Neither are phonyfuck appeals to maudlin sentiment. Rick Perry wallows in both and expects the enervated Republican crowd to lap it up like so much runny shit.

1. The children of illegal immigrants have been brought here through the fault of their parents. If the children suffer as a result of punishment meted to their lawbreaking parents, then those parents will think twice before putting their children in dire circumstances.

2. The children of illegal immigrants would not be a drag on our society if we sent them back home. Bonus: Costs a lot less than educating them here!

3. "You don't have a heart" is the worst kind of manipulative pap. It's the kind of thing a person falls back on when their argument is intellectually void.

4. "Have you been to place X?" is the logical fallacy of appeal to geographical proximity. I can learn a lot about Tibet without having to actually go there. It's called books. Maybe 2.2 GPA Perry should acquaint himself with them.

5. How is Perry so certain a wall won't work? Fact: A wall, any wall, will work better than no wall at all.

6. "Boots on the ground." It is to laugh. So, buddy, where are those boots on the ground? You planning to put soldiers on the border beat to prevent Mexicans from getting their free Texas college tuition? You're all hat and no cattle.

Rick Perry. 100% dumbass. Keep this clown out of the White House. The time for hard clarity in our national politics is past due. Choices must be made stark so the average voter knows who's really on his side. And he'll soon find out that just about no one in our elite is. He must learn this object lesson before the reckoning can commence.

The Subtle Art Of The Insidious Neg

CH · 26 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In-her-face negs are really only suited for very hot girls (8s and above) who think too much of themselves, work in a sex field (stripper, pharmaceutical sales rep), are ovulating, or are in a social context such as a club where they are primed for flirty banter. The rest of the time, your negs should be crafted in such a manner that they deliver their payload with sneaky plausible deniability, like a homing missile launched from a hidden bunker aimed at the soft chewy center of her ego. The best negs are those which are conceivably meant as compliments, but which linger in her psyche for hours afterward, undermining her self-conception and encouraging her to qualify herself to you.

I'll give you an example of what I mean. I was at a party talking with a girl, a cute 7.5, and I mentioned offhandedly (or so it seemed to her, for little I do or say isn't calculated to maximize my personal advantage) that she seemed really modest. (My assessment wasn't wholly without merit, judging by her clothes and shy demeanor. Another defining feature of the best negs are that they have the ring of truth to them.)

Naturally, and predictably, she, being a member in good standing of the SWPL industrial complex where modesty is considered a character flaw, balked at this. "Modest? You think that? What do you mean by that?"

I ignored the first importuning, but by the second I had to address her metastasizing concern.

"Modesty is a lost art. It's not a bad thing… usually. Not everyone feels a need to be an exhibitionist."

You'll note three things in my response. One, I didn't back off from my initial assertion. Nothing kills tingles faster than defensiveness or apologia. Two, I continued the ruse under the assumption that my insidious neg was actually a compliment. Three, I added the qualifier "usually" as a means of keeping her hamster in full throttle spin mode.

I see a lot of guys throwing out community-approved negs on 6s, 7s and sometimes 8s like they are jokey zingers, and the result is often bad, as the girl turns on him or slinks away to find better company. No wonder; their technique carries the whiff of insult, which under normal circumstances with normal cute girls will backfire. (Very hot girls who crave assholes tend to better channel direct insults straight to their vagina region.)

The neg is, as Mystery used to implore, almost a hidden code within the larger conversational framework. It's supposed to be perceived as a throwaway line of sincere and innocent intent that serves two purposes: one, it disqualifies you to sexy babes who start on the assumption that you're just another joe schmoe who wants in their pants, and two, it infiltrates a girl's subconscious so that she spends more mental energy analyzing her worth than she does analyzing yours.

Negs often can be as simple as one-word descriptions that are as easily interpreted as unflattering observations as they are as compliments; and therein lies their effectiveness. No need to memorize one-liners. All you have to have at your disposal is a handy list of vital and penetrating adjectives that cause a click and a whirring in the female limbic system. To wit:

modest.
strict.
humble.
wallflower.
unassuming.
strait-laced.
serious.
responsible.
responsible one.
introverted.
conservative.

upright.
polite.
proper.
good person.
moral.
respectable.
hard-headed.
nonconformist.
don’t care about other people’s opinions.
fastidious.
overeager.
excited to be here.
innocent.
out of her element.
guarded.
social butterfly.
above it all.
queen bee.
march to her own drummer.
individualist.
social/fashion/party maven.
netflix kind of girl.
calm.
low-key.
put up a facade for the crowd.
judgemental.
keep to herself.
energized by the scene.
natural performer.
happiest person here.
brooding.
good friend qualities.
easy to approach.
careful.
tentative.

You’ll also note that a lot of these unnervingly ambiguous observations focus on a girl’s presumed inability to cut loose and have some fun. They are designed, in other words, to eradicate anti-slut defenses and persuade her to open up… to you, the fearless judger of her feminine worth. Some others focus on her social naivete, or her craving for attention. Sprinkle to taste. Some of these negs fall under the category of cold reads; the difference being that cold reads are usually unambiguous compliments worded to entrap a girl deeper into conversation by getting her to talk about herself.

Seduction is the art of contrived concealment. You want to seduce without revealing the machinery of your mind, or the purpose of your words. You introduce the dangerous idea, and if you are successful, she picks up the idea and joins you in her own seduction.

At the end of the night she proved to me her bona fide immodesty with a streetlamp illuminated makeout.

Chicks Dig Jerks: Prison Tryst Edition

CH · 27 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If you've been in a comfortable relationship for a while, or your game is so tight that you can steal girls from jerks, or you and your wife share Hallmarkian duties raising your children, you might forget the true nature of women and the crass biomechanical processes that motivate their loinlust. Which is why a helpful reminder every so often is just what you need to keep your mind focused.

> Okla. warden's wife convicted of aiding escapee
>
> The wife of a former Oklahoma prison warden who disappeared with a convicted murderer only to be found living with him in Texas nearly 11 years later was found guilty Wednesday of helping him escape.
>
> Jurors visited the prison grounds where Bobbi Parker, 49, had lived with her husband, then returned to the Greer County Courthouse and determined she left willingly with Randolph Franklin Dial in 1994. Parker did not testify but after being found living with Dial in 2005 insisted he had kidnapped her and threatened to harm her two daughters if she tried to escape.

Yep, women can't get enough of that asshole vibe. So much so, that they'll even leave a man whose occupation — prison warden — suggests authentic asshole, to be with an even bigger asshole — a convicted murderer. Talk about hypergamy. Maybe a new term should be coined for women whose hypergamous instinct for assholes causes them to go downmarket for the thuggish dregs of manhood: Masochamy.

Of course, in the evolved, frontal lobes of their brains, women know that society frowns upon their unquenchable attraction for assholes and douchebags, so when they are caught out in the act of fulfilling their fantasies they revert to stand-by female moral expedience by doing what they do best — laying the blame with the man. In this case, Bobbi Parker claimed her killboy lover had kidnapped her and threatened her two kids if she left his erotic embrace. Naturally, it's a lie, which is exposed rather humorously in the article.

> Dial died in 2007 at age 62, but until his death he backed Bobbi Parker's version of events: that he drugged and kidnapped her, then kept her from calling police or her family by threatening to harm her family — even after he suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized.

Yeah, real hard to get away from a man laid up in a hospital bed with an ailing ticker. Funny how women have none of these troubles leaving betas who cease turning them on.

The real victim in all this is the jilted prison warden hubby who, through no fault of his own, found himself on the receiving end of a woman's runaway lust for badboys. I guess managing a prison filled with some of the world's worst alpha scumbags wasn't enough to sate her vagina's yearning. A woman's cross to bear, ya know?

Unlike the specious claims made by feminists and their beta suck-ups, you will very rarely see the gender opposite happen in real life — it's a black swan event indeed when a man leaves his hot wife for a female convicted murderer to help her escape prison and live with her for ten years. Men simply aren't wired like women; for men, it's looks over everything. For women, it's attitude over everything.

Nor are feminists correct when they say that women are really attracted to the fame of high profile murderers, and not the embodied asshole attitude. Sure, that contention may be true for a select few cases like Ted Bundy and Richard Ramirez, but most cases of women seeking the meaty intrusion of jailbirds are like this one where the convict is not famous, but just another filthy turd trapped in the bowels of the prison system.

As any person involved in the legal system will tell you, the stereotype of women loving inmates is so common that hardly anyone notices anymore. Well, this blog will make sure the noticing never stops.

Now, not every women will swoon for a swindler or murderer, but all women possess an irredeemable attraction for men who are at least a little more asshole than the men within their social milieu. Bobbie Parkers spread for inmates, while Hillary Clintons spread for narcissistic manipulators. It's a difference of degree, not kind.

Just a little helpful reminder should the swoon of romance ever take your eye off the ball.

UPDATE:

Here is a photo of the two lovebirds. Sez it all.

Chicks Dig Jerks: Norwegian Terrorist Gets Love Letters In Jail

CH · 28 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Emma the Emo writes:

> That Norwegian terrorist Anders Behring Breivik is getting love letters in jail now, after killing over 70 people, most of which are teens. Psychologists theorize that women want to save/heal him somehow. If they wanted to save and provide emotional help, they could instead write letters to the victims who survived. There is no point in saving a murderer like that, it's too late, and just gives men more reason to become murderers.

Emma is right. If "saving" or "healing" broken men was the prime motivation explaining women's lust for assholes, then we would see women saving and healing all those unfortunate victims of a psychopath's rampage. Not to mention, there are a lot more beatdown betas who are in need of saving via pussy therapy than there are happy-go-lucky alphas.

Which of course puts the lie to the feminist and mangina explanation for women's attraction to jerks and thugs. While the savior complex may explain, in part, women's craven desire, it is not the primary or sole explanation, or even a very important one. As everyday observation to those with the eyes to see demonstrates, the primary motivation is women's love for unrepentant, rule-breaking assholes. That is the elemental, core female hindbrain algorithm that governs all other lustful dispositions and is the catalyst for her mate choice decisions.

Women love assholes *because* they are assholes. Because it inspires in women those emotions that most delight their pleasure centers. And that, based on the reaction it engenders from civilized men and women alike, is the truth too scary to contemplate.

Game Trumps Looks

CH · 30 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

File under: “Give me five minutes to talk away my ugly face and I can bed a hard 10.” -Voltaire. A reader (kept anonymous for obvious reasons) emails:

> I started reading your blog about a week ago after my girlfriend chewed me up and spit me out like the beta I am. I knew about Game before but figured there was no reason to apply it on her. Obviously a mistake. No one would believe the shit she put me through…except the readers of your blog. That’s not why I’m writing, though. You’ve heard it a thousand times.
>
> I wanted to relate this:
>
> Today I am meeting with a girl on my group for a group project. I’m leading this thing but, christ, no real alpha would lower himself to leading a group project. They never do, in my experience. It’s a low status activity, so I just try to keep everyone on task and make sure we show up in class with something worth half a shit.
>
> Anyway, through dint of scheduling I have to meet with this girl alone instead of with the four other people. I figure I might as well start practicing high status behavior so, when I noticed I was going to be early, I decided to hang around the quad until I was a couple minutes late. When I walk through the door I notice, potentially for the first time, that she is a fucking **ten if there ever was one.** 19 yrs, tight, flawless skin with just enough tan, full c breasts, beautiful symmetrical exotic features that sing, and the kind of wavy brunette hair that any girl outside of a pantene spot would literally kill for. Me: short, freckles, red hair, **glasses**, slim but doughy and pale, and 28 years of betadom to back it all up. Not terribly disciplined. Socially shy, but like most betas dominant when there is real work to do. I run and physically I’m a…4-5? On a good day. In the interests of full disclosure, I have some small scabs on my arms from skin picking, a lovely anxiety habit. Just a few but it’s the most unattractive thing ever. It’s harder to quit than smoking. On the plus side, I recently grew a beard to hide my weak chin. So let’s say that today I’m a 4.
>
> But in spite of all this I said to myself: I am not scared of this girl. When she started talking about her many ‘accomplishments’ like her job, or her high status family (prof dad), or her many ap credits… I refused to compliment her. I actually pitied her, since it seems likely that she’s high achieving and will become a professional lady or something similar that makes her unhappy and prices her out of the marriage market.
>
> She started twisting her hair. It was a little anxiety habit–kind of like my skin picking, except cute and girly and not destructive. In the past I would have just said to myself: hair twisting is nothing compared to the shit you do to yourself. But…I thought maybe it might be fun to neg her. “I should grow out my hair,” I said, “so I can twist it.” She apologized about her hair twisting. She started apologizing about all kinds of stuff, actually. She drank too much coffee and was really jittery. She had a ‘long day’ filled with her many accomplishments in life and her brain was ‘fried’. I told her she only had to keep it together for another hour and a half. She cracked her joints and I smiled and looked at her. She demured and I chuckled and mentioned that, when I was young, someone told me that would ruin my joints. But that ‘probably isn’t true. People tell kids lots of things.” Plenty of eye contact. Didn’t cross my legs in a girly way like I always do.
>
> I wasn’t exactly making no mistakes here. I didn’t touch her. I accidentally spoke frankly about my chances for grad school. I asked about her wavy hair, figuring it HAD to be a perm or something. “Is your hair naturally curly?” I asked. It was, in fact, naturally curly and beautiful like Aphrodite’s might be if she were a brunette. “Not as curly as mine.” I responded, trying to ameliorate a body-directed compliment but accidentally calling attention to my curly red hair, a bit of a deficiency. Double mistake. I told her that I found her spanish fluency impressive–which I did, having struggled to learn a language myself. I thought that was bad at the time, but in retrospect complimenting beautiful women on their intellectual achievements isn’t as bad as complimenting them on their hair.

> We did some practice runs of the presentation. I was a much, much better speaker than she was. By the time we were ready to leave she was giggling and falling all over herself. All bubbly smiles and eye contact and apologies. Was she trying to DHV…to ME? Did she really just **forget** how impressive she was on every level: her perfect body, her high class, her raw intelligence? Could she not see that I am a bit of a classical **loser**, which is practically an image I've embraced and cultivated like she has being beautiful and smart? I was just…dumbfounded. I am awful at is reading female body language–you can't understand a language without studying it or being immersed–so I don't know if she was attracted to me or merely not repulsed by me, but I don't believe I've ever been alone in a room with a ten for that long without it ending in cool businesslike contempt. I'll ask her out to coffee and we'll find out, I guess.
>
> So thanks for saving my confidence and helping me start to heal my terrible breakup. Keep up the good work. It's been eye opening.

The biggest difference between men and women in the dating market? A man can talk away his ugly face. A woman cannot. The reader is learning this valuable lesson, and like others before him who have trod the same path of game knowledge, he almost cannot believe the girl's reaction he sees with his own eyes.

All the negs and teasing employed by this emailer were excellent: not too obviously insulting, with just the right amount of sting. I especially liked when he told her to "try to keep it together for an hour and a half". Commanding, insouciant, fearless, funny. Chick crack, iow.

Pitying a woman, or lamenting her childishness and naivete, are actually very good frames to have when dealing with hot chicks. This frame is supercilious without being spiteful or hateful. A haughty disdain leavened with bemusement is a character trait that women find irresistible in men. It is the hallmark of alpha males. You could almost call it charisma.

But, unfortunately, I predict this emailer will not ask her out for coffee. (And, helpful tip, you should be taking a girl out for alcoholic beverages if possible, instead of coffee. You don't want coffee to mentally stimulate her recall of her 463 bullet point checklist.) That "I guess" toward the end of his missive is a dead giveaway of untamed betatude. You guess? No, sir, you don't guess. You reach down, cradle your gargantuan balls with lovingkindness, and gently coo to them "Thing 1? Thing 2? I'm letting you out of your cage again. Try not to get me in too much trouble."

Footnote: "Not as curly as mine" was not a mistake. It was, in fact, quite an effective compliment-neutering counterattack. Remember, when you call attention to a possible flaw in a woman's appearance or style that inadvertently highlights one of your own flaws, she'll be too busy vaingloriously fretting to even notice what the hell flaw of yours you were concerned about. Or if she does notice and shit tests you over it, it will only serve as convenient conversational springboard to demonstrate your cool-as-fuck bona fides.

Anyhow, glad this blog is helping your dating life. Now you can stop bolding the words loser and glasses. It's killing your inner resolve. A bolded word is a window to the id.

Another Game-Validating Scientific Study: Make Decisions, Get Laid

CH · 3 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's been said before on this blog that women are turned off by men who don't take charge, and are particularly contemptuous of men who relegate the decision-making process to them. Women, contrary the bleatings of the feminism lobby, are more sexually attracted to men who remove some of the need for female independence.

Well, chalk up another scientific validation of a CH game concept: Women who make more decisions have less sex.

> A new study published in the *Journal of Sex* reports that the more decisions a woman makes on her own, the less likely she is to have sex.
>
> Researchers from Johns Hopkins University arrived at these results after they surveyed women from six African countries about how intimate they were with their partners. They focused specifically on the last time these women had sex "as well as who had the final say on decisions ranging from healthcare to household purchases." For women who answered that they were in control of such decisions, researchers found they had less sex and more time had passed since their last encounter.

The usual caveats about racial population group differences apply, but the general finding is, in my observation, applicable to women from all racial backgrounds. As women take control of more of the major decisions in a relationship (or in their lives in general), their ardor for their male partners (or for men in general) decreases.

Here's the money quote:

> Not only were these women having less sex, but "the findings showed more dominant and assertive women had approximately 100 times less sex."

To bring this closer to home, dominant and assertive Western white women probably have higher testosterone levels than normal women, so there is a good chance they are sluttier as well. It may therefore be the case that women who make a lot of decisions sleep around more. But does that necessarily translate into more sex for them than for women who are in more gender polarized, satisfying relationships with dominant men? No. Within relationships of a given matchup, it could very well be the case that less assertive (read: feminine) women have more sex with their dominant male lovers than more assertive women have with their indecisive beta male lovers. Assertive, dominant women — you know the type, lawyercunts to a T — when they aren't lashing the whip upon the flayed backs of their beta provider suckups, are studiously avoiding having sex with them. These types of women get more emotional satisfaction out of nagging and berating and *using* their betaboys than they do out of fucking them.

(And what do the betaboys get out of these relationships? Well, they get a woman. Sort of.)

I think we've all scratched our heads and wondered why a particular domineering woman with a high-flying career had a schlubby, charmless milquetoast for a boyfriend or husband. You may rest easy as order is restored to the universe, because a lot of these odd pairings hide demented secrets of sexual aridity and pathological nagging. And now science has shed light on the phenomenon with evidence confirming conventional and PUA wisdom that dominating women really do have less sex than their sweetly submissive peers.

As the reader who emailed this study wrote:

"Has science EVER gone the other way on Game? **[Ed: No.]** Has msm EVER failed to spin even the most egregious bullshit about female psychology into a positive for women? **[Ed: No.]**

The advice for men: take decisions away from your woman, take the punch out of her dominant streaks, and you

will be rewarded with *100 times more sex*."

You got it.

I'll relate a pleasant little story from my own life. As my propensity in moments of self-amusement tends toward the satisfyingly manipulative, I have dabbled in the perverse arts of anti-game just to witness and enjoy the predictable reaction it induces from a girlfriend. So this one time, in band camp, my girl asked me what we should do for the evening, and instead of my usual tack of offering a couple suggestions (but not more!) and announcing with royal decree which one I would prefer and she should also prefer, (absent any severely allergic disagreement on her part), I hemmed and hawed and diplomatically dodged "I don't know" and "What do *you* want to do?" and basically foisted the decision-making process entirely onto her. Priceless to the point of caricature, the expression on her face spoke a million words. And none of them flirty or sexual.

There are some primal forces of nature that were never meant to be meddled with.

Niceguys Lose... Again

CH · 4 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Proud-to-be-an-omega-male linked to two studies and wrote:

> [These two studies are] a gift for Heartiste, both of which are just more science supporting what [is] stated countless times on this blog.

The first study, titled "Niceness and Dating Success: A Further Test of the Nice Guy Stereotype" provides evidence for the widely held observation that niceguys don't get as much sex as badboys.

> Proponents of the nice guy stereotype argue that women often say they wish to date kind, sensitive men, but, in reality, still choose to date macho men over nice guys, especially if the macho men are more physically attractive. We investigated the relationship between men's agreeableness, physical attractiveness, and their dating success across different relationship contexts. One hundred and ninety-one male college students completed a computerized questionnaire to assess their levels of agreeableness and aspects of their dating history. Twenty college-aged women rated the men's photographs for attractiveness. **Results supported the nice guy stereotype. Lower levels of agreeableness predicted more less-committed, casual, sexual relationships.**

The sexual appeal to women of disagreeableness in men comes up quite often in studies examining the topic of mating preferences, and the results are usually not feelgood pablum to warm the hearts of weepy romantics or righteous white knighters. The executive summary: chicks dig jerks. The god of the golden rule wept.

So you want to get laid? Try being less agreeable, less nice, and less accommodating. I bet your mom won't teach you that, and I doubly bet you won't hear that advice from any übercredentialed marriage counselor or couples therapist, shysters the lot of them.

The second study confirms more reality-based (aka anti-feminism) wisdom that niceguys are preferred by women for low-sex long-term relationships, but shunned for hot n' sexy flings.

> Many researchers have attempted to discover what types of men women consider most desirable for relationship partners. This study investigated university women's (N = 165) perceptions of "nice guys," specifically whether women perceived nice guys to be more or less sexually successful than guys who are considered not nice. Both quantitative and qualitative analyses were used. The qualitative analysis was useful in understanding women's differing interpretations of the nice guy label. More than one half of the women agreed that nice guys have fewer sexual partners. However, more than one half also reported a preference for a nice guy over a bad boy as a date. **As hypothesized, women who placed a lesser emphasis on the importance of sex, who had fewer sexual partners, and who were less accepting of men who had many sexual partners were more likely to choose the nice guy as a dating partner.** The findings indicate that nice guys are likely to have fewer sexual partners but are more desired for committed relationships.

You'll note a couple of conclusions here. One, more than half of coed women (the hot ones in the age bracket we care about) agreed that niceguys have fewer sexual partners. This is bad news for niceguys, because female preselection is a powerful attractant that men can wield to entice women. If women think you don't get any, you are more likely to not get any. It's self-fulfilling.

Two, more than one half of women reported a preference for a niceguy over a badboy as a date. That means a little less than one half of women had no preference or PREFERRED A BADBOY for a date! That is an astounding number, if you think about it. The leverage the niceguys hold over women looking for LTRs is not as great as they

like to think, nor is it equivalent in effectiveness to the leverage that badboys hold over women seeking sexytime.

It's also important to keep in mind that the word "date", as used by the women in this study, means "sexless date". Women who placed less importance on sex — i.e., frigid ice queens — were more likely to asexually date a niceguy. So, yeah, niceguys are preferred for sexless dates that result in their wallets being considerably lighter and their dicks drier at the end of the night. If you are a niceguy, this news has GOT to make you feel like a sucker. A dupe. A fool. A chump. To paraphrase the memorable GBFM:

"Why would you pay more for less that guys before you got hotter, tighter, younger for free?"

Good question. Any takers?

The third study is a gift from me. You'll have to get access to the full study to read some of the juicy tidbits within, which basically support the darker, more cynical CH hypothesis that badboys not only get more sex, but they get more chances to convert that sex into loving LTRs, should they so desire to go that route.

> The more recent research of McDaniel (2005) and Urbaniak and Kilman (2006) suggest that women find "nice guys" to be socially undesirable and sexually unattractive, contradicting the previous findings of Jensen-Campbell et al. The researchers also found that "bad boys" (operationalized as "fun/sexy guys" by McDaniel and "cute, macho guys" by Urbaniak and Kilman) were highly desired for both short-term and long-term committed relationships, whereas "nice guys" were not desired as sex partners within either relationship context, contradicting the previous findings of Herold and Milhausen. McDaniel writes:
>
> **First, being suitable for high commitment dating alone is not enough (by a long shot) to increase a nice guy's likelihood to progress into or beyond the experimentation stage of relationship escalation. Second, young women who are interested in frequent casual dating are not going to select a nice guy as a dating partner because he cannot meet her recreational dating needs. And, because the fun/sexy guy seems to be more suitable for low commitment dating, he is going to be chosen more often for it, which provides him with an increased opportunity to progress well into and beyond the experimentation stage.**
>
> **Young women's dating behavior: Why/Why not date a nice guy?** by McDaniel, 2005

So this study, the most recent one, tells us that women prefer badboys for short term *and* long term relationships. Man, those niceguys can't catch a break! The theory is simple: If badboys are rounding the bases to home plate a lot more often and a lot quicker than niceguys, despite women's opinions that niceguys make for better high commitment dating partners, then badboys are also getting more opportunities to escalate relationships into the long-term category. The fact that a lot of badboys choose not to convert short term flings into LTRs does NOT mean that the opportunity for them to do so is not available.

In other words, you need to get your dick in the pussy door before you can even begin to think about any one chick as a potential girlfriend or wife.

Now maybe the dating scene was different in the past. But we don't live in the past. We live in the here and now, and that means doing what you need to do to get what you want. Are you adaptable?

None of this is to say that niceguys don't have their place in the universe. After all, some women at some time must have desired niceguys, or they wouldn't be around today. In fact, there may have been a fairytale moment in human history when genuine niceguys scored the majority of bangs and impregnated the majority of wombs. But the Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse (coming soon to theaters near you) shredded that (partially contrived) sexual compact, and the state of nature — aka the forager mentality — has reasserted itself, with consequences none can know, but based on prior results aren't likely to be good if civilization is your thing.

The evidence in total is becoming clear. If it's sex with cute, young chicks you want, then being a badboy, or learning to be a simulacra of a badboy, is your best avenue to success. If it's LTRs you want, even then your best bet

is to be a badboy, because fast sex opens doors to long term (and long germ, if you aren't careful) possibilities.

But clearly women, and particularly women of more northerly latitudes, retain a vestige of love in their hearts for reliable, predictable niceguys as LTR fodder, and this is borne out in many studies; it's scary to take a chance on a badboy who might leave you to the harsh winters to raise your kids alone. So ideally, as the master seducer you wish to become (or you wouldn't be reading here), the pose to strike is one of charmingly aloof badboyness coupled with hints of undercurrents of loving, dependable niceguyness. Not too much more than a hint of an undercurrent, though. You don't want to frighten the kitty; you want to entice the kitty with dangling strings.

With experience, you'll be able to accurately gauge when you are pushing a woman away instead of drawing her closer. You'll know when you are being too cocky and aloof, and you'll adjust accordingly with a sappy story about your deceased labrador or your adorable niece whom you can't stop doting upon. Similarly, you'll know when you are being too cloying or treacly, and you'll step back into laconic alphatude so that she may have the pleasure of resuming her chase of you.

An armored badboy attitude + a vulnerable niceguy underbelly = winning combination to unlock pussy for long term goals.

For short term goals, you don't need to be much else besides a jerk.

The Modren Man

CH · 5 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The only thing this picture is missing that would make it the absolute perfect representation of the de-balled and de-souled modern SWPL man-lite is a “vibrant” infant tucked into the fat bride’s meatloaf arm.

secret secret, i’ve got a secret!

You might call this the 21st century Western equivalent of the drawing and quartering.

Comment Of The Week: Fat Chicks And Their Ludicrous Standards

CH · 6 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In yesterday's post, Days of Broken Arrows made the following observation:

> *"Fatties also have a problem of unreasonable standards. I don't think I've ever met a fat chick who was not convinced that she was still entitled to a 99-point checklist* ***[Ed: 463 bullet point checklist is the term of art]*** *and a man every bit as desirable as what her younger, thinner self would have bagged."*
>
> I've been going through online dating Web site profiles and this statement is DEFINITELY true. It's disturbing and doesn't bode well for the country that seriously obese women will put out profiles demanding men be a certain height and weight. WTF?

I don't spend much time at online dating sites, but I've seen the same attitude in real life. It's preposterous, laughable. Fat chicks who pull the "I'm too good for any man" card are engaging in a very transparent example of sour grapes. It's easy and emotionally cost-free for a fat chick/old chick/ugly chick/single mommy to have standards no man will meet when most men who aren't losers couldn't be bothered to meet her standards in the first place. It's analogous to crowing about being virtuous when there is no temptation to vice.

Anyhow, in response to DoBA, I wrote:

> My take on what's going on: When you have such horribly low Sexual Market Value that most men find you repulsive, it makes a certain amount of self-gratifying sense to carelessly throw realistic expectations out the window and feed (heh) your ego as a dopamine substitute.

And that's why you see the perverse phenomenon of so many loser chicks flaunting an unrealistic checklist in men when they themselves have little to offer. It's not about the men; it's about them. Their egos must be salvaged before their love lives can be rescued.

Remember, too, that once a girl passes a threshold of sexual inactivity (on average, three to six months), she slips more easily into quasi-involuntary celibacy (quasi, because there is always a loser who will dump a five second fuck in a low SMV girl if she's willing to swallow (heh) her pride) than a man would. Women are built like worker bees in that respect; once acclimated to celibacy and the dull drone of useless paper-pushing office life, they forget the joys sexual abandon. Or, perhaps, rather than forget, they simply don't experience the same vital urgency to renew sexual relief the way men do. Consequently, it's easier for a woman in asexual frigidity mode to maintain a facade of high standards that she must know on a subconscious level will never get her sex and commitment, or even a second date, from the men she wants.

And this phenomenon is more acute amongst fat chicks who were once thin. They fondly recall what it was like to be pursued by men, to turn away those who didn't meet their expectations, and to experience the thrill of men attempting to satisfy their demands, doing it all for the top-notch nookie. But now, as a fatty (or a cougar or a single mom or an acid burn victim), the men they find desirable shun them and, adding insult to injury, the beta males who once lacked the confidence to approach now hit on them with a grating expectation of success.

What's a put-upon woman to do? Right. Lie to herself. Happy feelings on the cheap. Better yet, surround herself with yenta friends who will abet her self-delusions.

But neither of the quotes above are the comment of the week. That honor belongs to "uh", who replied to both of us:

> There's not enough neurochemical payoff for a [fat] woman in admitting the truth to herself if the choice is between that and easy self-affirmation. Given that choice, which may be thought of as a false consciousness

> imposed/reinforced from above (media), and laterally (other women), the woman becomes alienated from true acceptance of herself as a relational being and enters the narrow straits of denial. Neurochemically this almost resembles the pathway of cigarette addiction: cheap self-affirmation gives quick temporary rewards necessitated only by the presence of the toxin — the subnarrative itself.

This is a concise and penetrating explanation of the common female frailty herein known as Absurd Standards Syndrome (ASS). Insulated by the PC media, glam mags, academia, beta suckups and female friends, women have lost touch with their rank relative to other women and are thus finding it easy to slip into a comfortable bubble of self-delusion. Similar to cigarette addiction, the quick dopamine fix — necessitated by the subnarrative, as uh puts it — trumps the harsher acceptance of personal flaws that must be remedied by willpower and self-control (or simply accommodated) to achieve longer term and more fulfilling rewards, or to come to terms in a dignified manner with one's diminution of mate choice. This subnarrative toxin, an effluvium of pretty lies, perpetuated by feminists, groupthink apparatchiks and fat acceptors alike, is the wicked poison that courses through the sludgy veins of the Western woman, corroding her from the inside out until she is a mere husk of the feminine ideal that once held sway over the hearts of men. Well done, uh.

Men — particularly internet nerds without a hope of meeting a woman in real life — suffer from this syndrome as well, but not nearly to the same degree that it perplexes women. As has been explained before on this blog, the reason ASS afflicts women more than men is because men, as the chosen sex, have to be more in touch with reality to get what they want in the dating market. A deluded man is quickly a celibate man. A woman in her prime, on the other hand, can stand around looking good, ignorant of the rules of mate choice reality, and men will hit on her… until reality rudely turns against her.

Interestingly, uh's comment has parallels with the denial inherent in economists' inability to grasp that the drive for relative status is a bigger motivator of human behavior than the urge to maximize utility. (Want to watch a libertardian squirm? Bring up the subject of status jockeying.) Economists, stuck in the narrow straits of the rational actor (their toxic subnarrative), have become alienated from the commonsensical wisdom that humans are relational beings who sometimes do seemingly inexplicable things just to gain status points over a neighbor. Like fat chicks on an ego-assuaging bender, economists in thrall to their theories have forsaken the long hard look at human nature in favor of the quick pleasure fix of aggregate demand and open borders circle jerk pontificating.

The impetus for our economic decisions is not so far removed from the mechanism guiding our mating decisions. Quite the contrary; economics is servant to sexuality — the one market to rule them all.

Solution: people of good (and not so good) intent must strike at the heart of the toxic subnarratives, killing them and salting the neuronal fields in which they grow, unafraid of the certain immune response it will spastically trigger, before the human psyche (and body) can be healed. The way to kill the subnarratives is one this blog has stressed countless times, and which we here happily, some might say sadistically, pursue — The Three Rs of human psychological manipulation:

Reframe.
Reject.
Ridicule.

Progress will be slow at first, but momentum will inevitably build. It only takes **10%** of a population holding an unshakable belief to cause that belief to be adopted by the majority of the society. Your goal of spreading better ideas is not as out of reach as you imagine. Alinsky leftists and ideological warriors have known this fact about group dynamics for generations. It's time for you to know it too.

Occupy Cupertino

CH · 8 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of these hipster OccupyWallStreet nitwits posting photos of their debt-laden lamentations online (sometimes accompanied by ridiculously pretentious props like manual ribbon typewriters) are targeting the wrong bad guys. The Wall Street bailouts and securitized mortgage repackagings were bad, to be sure, and I wouldn't mind a day-of-the-rope for a lot of these cognocryptic leeches, but if you look at the OWS complaints you'll see that a common thread is the neck-deep debt they've incurred from student loans.

Yo, braheems, word of advice: you should be directing your righteous rage against the professors, faculty and admin of your chosen school of hard ownage. You went there, they gave you a shitty, useless libtarts degree and saddled you with mounds of debt. You compounded that debt because the college experience just wouldn't be intellectual enough if you didn't splurge on status whoring necessities like $5 lattes and Macbook pros. Now the world is changing with smart and industrious billion-plus Chinese coming on board to gut the value of your social media relations dreamjobs that you and the rest of the country wants and you're pissed about it. Truth is, the university system is the droid you're looking for.

But no, you'll obey your leftie professors' marching orders and fall back on tired old protest cliches, railing against the finance fat cats when the more pertinent oppressors (in your cases) are the monopolists who run academia and the federal government which subsidizes their bust-the-inflation curve tuition hike increases with giveaway loan programs. Coupled with the credentialist zeitgeist pushing idiots into college and open borders human capital depreciation that devalues vocational work and college degrees alike, the academia fleecing steamrolls through your future. And you lash out impotently.

Maybe next time you're in class, or thinking about that alumni donation, you might want to remember this. A more fitting protest would be reclaiming your parents' hard-earned dollars spent on useless gadgets with engineered obsolescence and degrees with hopeless prospects. Call it Occupy Cupertino. You can solemnly hold up your iPhones with a burning dollar flickering on the screen.

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A Test Of Your Game: The Group Approach

CH · 11 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sidewinder writes:

> In-the-field game question:
>
> In an informal bar setting, lots of people standing and talking within their own social groups-
>
> When approaching or opening (whether the target girl or her friend), a form of bitch shield goes immediately up. Not a rude bitch shield, but a short, indifferent "I-don't-know-you-and-i'm-going-to-be-polite-for-5-seconds-before-I-stop-talking-to-you" vibe. They provide no opening to DHV. While polite, they seem as if I interrupted their discussion. I believe it to be geniune disinterest and not some form of shit test.
>
> As an average looking man of average height and weight, I completely understand their polite indifference. But I don't even get a chance to game them. Any tips on how to hook them into a convo?

This sounds like a problem of game fundamentals. Are you opening with a false time constraint? "Hey, guys, I only have a second, but my friend and I were wondering…". Something along those lines. FTCs are a psychological ploy that put strangers at ease that you aren't a weirdo who will loiter uncomfortably around their group seeking social validation. It also causes a listener to invest more attention into what you are about to say, since you won't be around for long. It's similar in principle to the sales technique of product or price constraint ("This model going fast!" "These rock bottom prices won't last!").

Also, are you approaching from an angle, looking at the group from over your shoulder? Body position is critical to approach success. A guy striding into a group head-on will trigger shields faster than a cool dude glancing over his shoulder. Try finding a spot next to the bar so that you can stand facing outward. It makes opening adjacent sets much easier.

Another thought: you might be blowing yourself out with bad body language or poor style. Either of those things can cause a group to immediately shut you out, but particularly the first. (Poor style can be compensated for with confident BL.)

I'd need to know more specifics to give you advice suited to your problem, such as what it is exactly you are saying or doing as you approach. In the meantime, I'll toss this test-of-your-game discussion to the studio audience to hash out for your benefit (or their amusement).

UPDATE

Anonymous writes:

> While looking like you're writing a text, ask the group if anyone speaks Spanish (or another language one of them is likely to speak and you're not likely to know as well).
>
> The hottest woman will assume that someone other than she has your thoughts (the person you're writing to mainly and the volunteer translator secondarily). It's an open ended question as well, but be prepared to have an amusing sentence to translate, or a mysterious one, or one that confers status without it being obvious what you're doing. Or all three.
>
> Often you'll get the translation and sit back down at your spot while they go about their conversation. That's OK. You're now an old friend to them or at least a known quantity. Your status is higher as a result. You can reopen with a different sentence to translate or open with something else. You've got good guy cred at that point.
>
> Cell phones are now one of the best props ever.

Excellent DQ/DHV all in one. Might as well use technology to your maximum benefit. For even better results, ask girl(s) if anyone speaks Russian.

The Real Reason Why America Is Declining

CH · 11 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Over at TCCC's, (insiders will know who I'm talking about), conversation abounds with explanations for why the American median income is stagnating or falling, and why the country seems on an unstoppable collision course with a protracted recession/depression and diminution of world influence. (Read Peter Schaeffer's comments for some righteous ownage of TCCC's libertardian equalist crew and open border nutjob mercenaries, and then read Chris's comments for the traitorous filth viewpoint.)

However, no one, in my opinion, comes as close to nailing in as succinct a manner as possible, what is really ailing America (and by extension the West) as commenter Charlesz Martel, who broadsides:

> In a previous post, I mentioned that real-estate developers own politicians, or end up owning them. In this case, the bankers ended up owning the regulators.
>
> What is happening to this country is simple: We are being re-assessed as to whether we are truly a first world country, or not. For years, America was a first-world country with a third world country inside it. This third world portion has now grown to almost a third of the country. We are now somewhere between a first and a second tier country; we just happen to be the biggest kid in the sandbox.
>
> Read all about it:
> http://gatesofvienna.blogspot.com/2008/10/real-mark-to-market.html
>
> And then lay down by the rivers of Babylon, and weep for what was and should have been.
>
> Final note: Anytime you see a situation you don't understand, look for the financial interest angle. (HT- Karl Marx). or, as Lenin said; "Who? Whom?"

It's a funny thing. By their actions, every single motherfucking elitist liberal agrees in practice with what Martel wrote above. And yet not a one of them will cop to it. No, they'll at best speak in euphemism, or they'll gloat like moralistic hypocrites.

It's status games all the way down… until the bottom is reached and it's too late to crawl back out.

The Pill And Female Mate Preference

CH · 11 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This blog has touched upon the effect that the birth control pill, now a fifty-year-old institution, has on women's attraction mechanism. However, the studies examining the matter don't seem to agree. I have read, (and experienced), contradictory evidence that supports both theses that women on the pill prefer niceguy betas or badboy alphas.

Does anyone have clear, updated information on this topic? It strikes me as one of major importance in any discussion about changes in Western female temperament, mating preference and even looks. Not to mention, the pill may cause changes in men who have to drink the water that is now polluted with estrogenic compounds. The subject deserves more rigorous science than it is currently getting. Naturally, it's understandable why feminists would be loath to broach the subject, but that's no excuse for the paucity of corroborating science by non-feminists, aka rational people.

UPDATE

JR writes:

> I don't know of any recent scientific studies, but you only have to think rationally in order to shed light on the topic. Unless the pill has in fact affected women's biochemical processes, it stands to reason that they have reverted back to a more or less 'pre-cultural' preference for 'alpha males' of the crudest variety because the pill has freed them from considering the potential negative consequences of sexuality.
>
> The female preference for alphas is basically a given, so the only question is: are there artificial forces preventing them from chasing them constantly?

This is a good point, and one that's been discussed before. The pill exerts a psychological and a physiological effect on women. How much emphasis to give each effect is up for debate (though I tend to agree with JR that the psychological influence is just as strong as the physiological influence), but that there is an influence seems to me unassailable. You just can't fuck with the primal forces of nature without some kind of blowback.

Note that the psychological conditioning caused by the pill is not limited to just the pill; condoms and other forms of prophylactics would have the same mate choice conditioning effect as the pill, if not to the same degree. The difference with the pill is that it alone could seriously fuck with the physiological engine of female mate choice.

Wrapped Around His Finger

CH · 12 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

We talk a lot about alpha males here, and their mysterious pull on women. We discuss their attributes, their attitude and their game, and how and why it works to vibrate vaginas all across the land. But sometimes the weight of theory can deaden the senses, and it helps to have a real-life, flesh and blood exemplar of alphaness staring you in the face to bring that theory down to solid earth, where you can see and hear it all from your personal first-person view. In that spirit, I will relay a moment in time from my life so that you can feel like you're stepping in my shoes and witnessing it yourself.

I was at a large social event (the more astute readers will be able to figure out the type of event from details in this post) and was seated at a table with mostly women — all in their mid to late 20s — and a couple of men. As a keen observer of sexual dynamics, the rapport between one of the men and his girlfriend was especially entertaining to me.

She was completely enamored of him, leaning against him, smiling at him (and when she wasn't smiling she was "smizing" at him – smiling with her eyes), touching him on his hands and arms and shoulders and thighs, blushing periodically when he deigned to smirk at her (which wasn't often), flattering him, imperceptibly nudging her chair closer to his, nuzzling into his man-nook where pec meets armpit, gazing up at his face (and I do mean UP, as she would deliberately arch her back and neck so that her body was compressed in the vertical and he was looming over the top of her head), defending him when her girl friends were challenging him on something he said, and, best of all, apologizing profusely for imagined slights that she believed she had accidentally committed against him. When she spoke, either to him or to others in his company, she sounded, not to put too fine a point on it, like a ditz. Yes, she was doing all this in front of about ten people, some total strangers to her.

For his part, he was behaving and speaking in almost the exact opposite manner as his girlfriend. He would sit straight, neither leaning away nor into her, would speak in a heavy and deep monotone, would rarely smile (and when he did it was always a half-assed "yeah i'm the douchebag you wish you were" effort), would only touch her when he was reaching around to grab her ass for a makeout, seemed oblivious to her cloying flattery, effected an air of imperturbable indifference, showed little outward signs of affection for her except for the one time I caught sight of them absconding to what they thought was a private location, occasionally spoke ill of her even to the point of insulting her, never complimented her, looked straight ahead in the middle distance when she complimented him, never said "thank you" or "excuse me", never excused or "forgave" her when she was excessively apologizing to him (in fact, he seemed to relish her clumsy supplication), would sometimes insult her friends right in front of her, would often command (not ask) her to get him a drink, and, best of all, flirted with other hot girls at the table.

There was a telling moment of the nature of their relationship early in the night. She was giddy and excitable as she laughed with her girlfriends and some new arrivals, when it suddenly dawned on her that she had neglected to promptly introduce her boyfriend to everyone. (And by promptly, I mean not more than three seconds had passed before she caught herself in this supposed irredeemable faux pas.) Red-faced, she humbly corrected herself.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" she pleaded as she looked at him. "I'm so sorry! So sorry! I forgot to introduce you to everyone! Everyone, this is [name], my boyfriend." Now semi-whispering to him, "Sorry, baby! Sorry."

His facial expression remained unmoved. A powerful pause heightened the awkwardness before he answered. "Don't worry about it. I got it." He then nods in the direction of the others.

His vocal tone and expression are important here. It was not consolingly beta, where the pitch rises on "worry" and descends to a loving shoulder rub on an elongated "I got it", as his eyes crinkle at the corners in reassurance. Nope, it was more like a staccato, Draper-esque, punch to the face, flatly delivered, emotionless except for a hint of contempt, which was noticeable in the way he commandeered the drama by addressing the table himself and refusing to glance at her as she effused with apologia.

I watched admiringly. The other man at the table glanced at his feet nervously. The girls were a mix of hatred and arousal.

This guy was the flawless encapsulation of the jerk. The dick. The narcissistic prick. All together now…

The Asshole Hot Chicks Love.

And she? She was the hot chick who loves an asshole. Every mannerism, word and body shift — right down to the tiniest facial tic — telegraphed her absolute devotion — her ADDICTION — to her jerk boyfriend.

Now some of you will parry with the usual gripes. But before you do, know the following:

She graduated from a top-tier Ivy. Her degree is in a numbers-related field. She is hot, a hard 8.5. Her body is worthy of a sacrificial fuckening. According to my sources, when she isn't with her alpha-squared asshole boyfriend, she is one of the smartest, most put-together and confident girls in a room. The ditz act, apparently, only blossoms in his presence. Her girl friends are jealous of her even though they hate what she becomes when she's with him. And the blow that I know will sting beta males the worst? She COULD have almost any man she wanted — good men, solid company men, respectable men of their communities — but she chooses to be with an arrogant renegade.

And him? Decent looking. Easy on the eyes, I suppose most women would say. Certainly not Hollywood looks. Not a big or muscular guy. Lean to the point of skinny. Edgy, downscale style. (She showed up at this event poured into an exquisite cocktail dress. He arrived late with her, wearing frayed designer jeans and an untucked tight flannel shirt over a white Hanes wifebeater that was showing through the top. Most of the other men were wearing suits.) He was short. Yes, he might have been a half inch shorter than his gf. Unemployed.

You read that right. He lost his [redacted] industry job six months ago and was living off her earnings. He has money, but he doesn't spend it because, as he explained to me, he's saving it for a few years of fun-time travel. Whether he intends her to go with him or not is left to interpretation.

None of this is new to me. I've met guys like him before. I've *been* that guy plenty of times, when the mood strikes. I'm intimately familiar with the adoring love copping such a grotesque asshole alpha attitude inspires in women. There is no escaping that this is a reality of female sexual nature, a powerfully harsh reality that sends shockwaves of disbelief and disillusion through the more tenderhearted of the inexperienced idealists. Some learn from what they see behind the curtain; others cocoon further into self-medicating platitudes.

And what about the spectators? What did the men and women in attendance think of him, both those who knew and knew of him? From what I could glean, the men were largely neutral. Some hated him (usually the biggest betas with overbearing girlfriends), some liked him (maybe not surprising, the alphas and the omegas were affable toward him), and most were willing to throw him under the bus in furtive conversation at the behest of their gossipy girlfriends.

More pertinently, how did the women — all of them well-educated urbanite professionals — feel about him? In his company, they were girlish and borderline shy, or self-conscious. Behind his back, they were disparaging, complaining bitterly of the way he treats his girlfriend (bitterness was correlated with their closeness to her), and constantly — I mean CONSTANTLY — working to install his ouster. I saw one girl drag her away so that she could introduce her to a man who, unknown to her at the time, was a handsome gay man.

If you held any doubts that girl friends will not conspire against you should they find you unacceptable boyfriend material for their friend, well… you can put those doubts to rest now.

Of course, none of their efforts worked in the least. He had been dating his girlfriend for many years, during which time he has cheated on her for months at a stretch with more than one woman. His cheating, his aloof treatment of her, her friends' dispproval… none of it seemed to have dampened her love for him. Or her loyalty to him, for as I learned from a trusted source, she never, not once in the sumptuous prime of her life when she had every excuse and rationale to do so, cheated on him.

Remember that the next time you hear of some whiny ho cheating on her beta boyfriend, and rationalizing it by blaming it all on him.

The professed hate the girls had for this asshole boyfriend of one of their friends, and the wet glower in their eyes when they spoke of him, belied a primitive attraction. It was not the impassioned hate a man has for another man who has humiliated him, or the withering hate a woman has for a weak ex-lover who now repulses her. When I heard them talk about him, their words ostensibly carried a payload of anger and disgust, but it was a gossamer veneer; to a hardened pro of female codespeak like myself, the dulcet harmonies of untamed curiosity sent their words aloft on a stanza of gina tingles. Listen closely, and you can hear the subliminal poetry asserting itself — "ode to why oh why do i hate this guy but feel like i do?"

Interestingly, there was one girl, a looker in every way and smart as tacks to boot, whose loathing for the asshole boyfriend of her best friend seemed the most genuine. I say "seemed", because it may merely be the case that she was best at concealing her shameful intrigue. Whatever the true motivation, I found her responses to him the most cutting. She was clearly aiming for the throat, and her eyes pierced like laser beams, her voice cold and still as sheet ice. Lesser men would have suffered a grievous wound from her attacks, for her barbs were sharp and subtle enough to avoid triggering a hen phalanx of social diplomacy. But the asshole deflected her thrusts without breaking a sweat. In the smarts department, he was outclassed, but in the attitude department he had her number.

Why did I find this dynamic the most interesting? Background helps. She was dating a considerably older man who was not present at this event, an alpha male in his own right, for many years. Perhaps, intimate familiarity with her own alpha braces her for the abyss that always looms ominously to eternally capture a woman's heart should she become completely unguarded. She sees in the asshole boyfriend of her friend the power the alpha male has over all female sense and reason, and she wants to put him on notice. It is her redemption.

More interesting, she alone among all the girl friends never consoled her smitten friend, never attempted to introduce her to new men, and never assuaged her ego by telling her she could do better. She was smart enough to know those kinds of interventions have no effect and, worse, usually result in the opposite of what was intended. There's an unwritten rule among very high-value women who date alpha males — the hate is for show. No woman would seriously give up the pleasure she gets from dating the alpha jerks she loves. They'd all poach each other's boyfriends given half the chance, and they know it.

The Business Of Game

CH · 13 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There's an interesting article on Yahoo of all places, about the ways in which people are susceptible to subtle advertising and product placement manipulation. The author of a new book "Brandwashed", uses Whole Foods as an example of the myriad ways you fall under the spell of clever retail strategies. While reading about Whole Foods' devious treachery, I couldn't help but notice parallels between retail practices and game.

> Let's take for example Whole Foods, a market chain priding itself on selling the highest quality, freshest, and most environmentally sound produce. No one could argue that their selection of organic food and take-away meals are whole, hearty, and totally delicious. But how much thought have you given to how they're actually presenting their wares? Have you considered the careful planning that goes into every detail that meets the eye?

Game Parallel: Tight game means the girl will never be consciously aware that she's being gamed, nor will she ever become cognizant of the amount of effort you, as the man, put into your presentation. Instead, you want her to think it will all seem to "just happen" and "it was magic". She doesn't need to be concerned with the messy details of seduction; she only needs to feel those good feelings.

> Let's pay a visit to Whole Foods' splendid Columbus Circle store in New York City. As you descend the escalator you enter the realm of a freshly cut flowers. These are what advertisers call "symbolics" — unconscious suggestions. In this case, letting us know that what's before us is bursting with freshness.
>
> Flowers, as everyone knows, are among the freshest, most perishable objects on earth. Which is why fresh flowers are placed right up front — to "prime" us to think of freshness the moment we enter the store. Consider the opposite — what if we entered the store and were greeted with stacks of canned tuna and plastic flowers? Having been primed at the outset, we continue to carry that association, albeit subconsciously, with us as we shop.

Game Parallel: Your first impression has to be good. You are presenting yourself as "fresh, bursting manhood", not a plastic beta cut-out. Your "symbolics" are your style, your walk, your alpha posture, your body language, your vocal tone and cadence, and any shiny accoutrements you wear to attract the child-like attention of the woman. Having primed a woman at the outset, she will be more willing to hear the rest of your pitch.

> The prices for the flowers, as for all the fresh fruits and vegetables, are scrawled in chalk on fragments of black slate — a tradition of outdoor European marketplaces. It's as if the farmer pulled up in front of Whole Foods just this morning, unloaded his produce, then hopped back in his flatbed truck to drive back upstate to his country farm. The dashed-off scrawl also suggests the price changes daily, just as it might at a roadside farm stand or local market. But in fact, most of the produce was flown in days ago, its price set at the Whole Foods corporate headquarters in Texas. Not only do the prices stay fixed, but what might look like chalk on the board is actually indelible; the signs have been mass-produced in a factory.

Game Parallel: Scripted routines and stories that demonstrate high value. The DHV story is your chalkboard price. She thinks you just rolled up with your high value fresh eggplant and kiwis falling off the truck; little does she know your story is rehearsed and was practiced on multitudes of women before her.

> Ever notice that there's ice everywhere in this store? Why? Does hummus really need to be kept so cold? What about cucumber-and-yogurt dip? No and no. This ice is another symbolic. Similarly, for years now supermarkets have been sprinkling select vegetables with regular drops of water — a trend that began in

> Denmark. Why? Like ice displays, those sprinkled drops serve as a symbolic, albeit a bogus one, of freshness and purity. Ironically, that same dewy mist makes the vegetables rot more quickly than they would otherwise. So much for perception versus reality.

Game Parallel: Rings, tight t-shirts, bracelets and props. The usual titillating tools of the trade. Also, negs. Negs are the crushed ice of conversation; a helpful reminder that the produce (you) that she's checking out lays atop a cooling foundation of freshness-preserving amused mastery.

> Speaking of fruit, you may think a banana is just a banana, but it's not. Dole and other banana growers have turned the creation of a banana into a science, in part to manipulate perceptions of freshness. In fact, they've issued a banana guide to greengrocers, illustrating the various color stages a banana can attain during its life cycle. Each color represents the sales potential for the banana in question. For example, sales records show that bananas with Pantone color 13-0858 (otherwise known as Vibrant Yellow) are less likely to sell than bananas with Pantone color 12-0752 (also called Buttercup), which is one grade warmer, visually, and seems to imply a riper, fresher fruit.

Game Parallel: Preselection. Chicks dig the buttercup cock. You are convincing her your cock is the perfect Pantone color, at peak ripeness. Quickest way to do this is to be seen with other women, or insinuate that you get plenty of attention from other women.

> And as for apples? Believe it or not, my research found that while it may look fresh, the average apple you see in the supermarket is actually 14 months old.

Game Parallel: Non-neediness. You mouthstuffed 14 girls on the walk through the parking lot to the club using the same schtick on them that you are now using on her. But she thinks she just plucked you and she's the center of your universe.

> Then there's those cardboard boxes with anywhere from eight to ten fresh cantaloupes packed inside each one. These boxes could have been unpacked easily by any one of Whole Foods' employees, but they're left that way on purpose. Why? For that rustic, aw-shucks touch. In other words, it's a symbolic to reinforce the idea of old-time simplicity.

Game Parallel: Strategic vulnerability. Temper your cockiness with brief flashes of empathy. It makes you seem more attainable.

> But wait, something about these boxes looks off. Upon close inspection, this stack of crates looks like one giant cardboard box. It can't be, can it? It is. In fact, it's one humongous cardboard box with fissures cut carefully down the side that faces consumers (most likely by some industrial machinery at a factory in China) to make it appear as though this one giant cardboard box is made up of multiple stacked boxes. It's ingenious in its ability to evoke the image of Grapes of Wrath-era laborers piling box after box of fresh fruit into the store.

Game Parallel: Beta provider game. If you're good, you can plausibly promise marriage and white picket fences for years before she catches on that you're just one giant box of erect penis.

> So the next time you happen to grab your wallet to go shopping, don't be fooled: retailers for better or for worse, are the masters of seduction and priming — brandwashing us to believe in perception rather than reality.

Game Parallel: The alteration of perception to achieve the ultimate seduction. Game is certainly about altering a

girl's perception of you, but when you do it enough times, the perception becomes reality. It is a reality the girl herself has co-conspired to create.

Whole Foods is in the business of selling produce and expensive cheeses. Whole Game is the business of selling yourself. Why wouldn't you use every sales technique at your disposal? If you don't out of some misplaced moral compunction, you will soon be put out of business by the competition.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 14 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's not often we get a photo with two super alphas — representing different male factions — squaring off in friendly admiration rather than combative distrust. But here we have it with Putin and the leader of a Russian motorcycle gang whose name is too long for me to bother spelling out, swapping war stories.

"Comrade leader, I incapacitated five Chechyans last week utilizing nothing but a half-full bottle of wuuudka and a babushka's hairpin. You would have loved to been there."

"Alexander, my old friend, we have shared many a ride across the Siberian tundra, have we not? Then you know there is no need for me to tell you that the great shame is the wuuudka you spilled on behalf of the Motherland. Could you not have done the same with some of that Polska shit?"

"Haha, da da, good point, my dear friend!"

"Maybe next time I show you what makes great bear of Russian brother — a polonium tipped umbrella and a 20 year old gymnast!"

Strictly speaking, and in broad terms, Putin is undoubtedly the bigger alpha here. Putin ostensibly runs a country; Alexander the Biker runs a bike gang.

But alpha is often context dependent. Should he so choose, Putin has the fame and power and mystique to clean up with the ladies pretty much wherever he goes, but there are probably some biker bars where Alex is king of the hill and the girls will encircle him as aggressively or moreso than they will Putin. In the cramped quarters of a bar or street gathering, away from the media and cameras, these two men will be judged on more immediate male attractiveness criteria than their ability to pull off power moves in the Politburo.

With that in mind, this moment in time caught in a photo offers a rare glimpse of two fairly equal alphas in a pose-off. Putin, the shorter one, has a clear physical disadvantage in size that deflates some of his alpha allure. But Putin's solid alpha body language — his ramrod posture, devious grin and straightforward gaze that avoids a betafying

crane of the neck upward at the taller Alex — neutralizes his lesser stature.

Meanwhile, Alex's posture and BL are just as alpha, and his face, too, is etched with a self-satisfied smirk. Interestingly, if you look closely at his eyes, it seems as if Alex is attempting a higher status coup over Putin — or is he offering a small gesture of respect to him? — by refraining from bending his head downward to look at Putin. Only his eyes travel downward to the direction of Putin's eyes. The impression Alex gives is one of haughtiness.

The other bikers are focused on their leader, although that could just be because he is the one talking at the moment the picture was snapped. It could also be that these men, having been through more crazy shit with Alex, know the depth of his alphaness. Putin's alphaness they know only from digesting media reports, and from his automatic status as a world leader.

It is that intimacy with Alex's character that earns their deeper loyalty and admiration. There's a lesson there.

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The Importance Of Male Style

CH · 14 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If you follow the conventional wisdom closely, (or just leave your apartment once in a while), you'll come under the impression that a good sense of style is more beneficial to women than it is to men. Women are the ones who lacquer themselves in lotions potions liners and rouges, spend exhorbitant amounts of green on fashionable attire, and coif their hair to perfection down to the last flyaway strand.

Men, in contrast, are the ones who throw on a pair of jeans and an ill-fitting button-down.

Now, the CW makes some sense, at least in the big picture. Women, being the sex whose primary attractiveness derives from their looks, would want to focus on maximizing the display of those looks. Men, whose primary attractiveness derives from status and attitude, don't get as much SMV bang for the buck from ken dolling themselves up. But I'm here to tell you that for some men, particularly ugly men, style can play a huge role in boosting their perceived attractiveness.

Maxim #77: The role of style in diverting attention from male ugliness is severely underplayed by most ugly men.

I was at a party and noticed down at the other end of a long hall a small congregation of girls swirling around one man. I stepped closer to check out the scene, and if any of the girls were ones I knew. I didn't know anyone, but I did notice the guy, and he was one ugly-ass mofo. Bug eyes, big ears, blotchy skin, beak nose, and horrible teeth, some of which were snaggletooths jutting out at angles like broken glass.

Now I've been around long enough that the sight of an ugly man holding court with one or more hot babes is nothing surprising to me. I know a man's can-bang attitude can compensate for poor facial structure genes. But I also know it can only compensate so much. There has to be something else that distracts girls from the ugliness. And in his case, it was his flashy style.

He was decked out in what looked like Italian shoes, a fitted metallic gray suit, red socks, vest, blood red tie with some sort of iridescent pattern, and big tortoise shell designer sunglasses. He sported a very minor fauxhawk, and was well-tanned. He was a skinny white guy, average height. He smiled like he knew he was the go-to guy at that party. I could have sworn he had a gold cap on one of his miserable teeth.

No homo here, but I have to tell you, the combined sight of the girls swarming around him like he was a maypole (manpole?) plus his impeccable dress played with my powers of observation. The ugliness that assaulted me at first began to dissipate, and suddenly I was looking at a guy who left me with little doubt he knew how to seduce women. Now imagine that perception-warping power quadrupled when used against women, who are after all the sex with the more easily manipulable acumen.

Great style — the kind of style that says you are confident enough to outshine other men and that you have exquisite taste for the finer things in life — is ugliness-reducing. If you are an ugly man, you WILL become less ugly to women if you dress like you're a leading man. Coupled with game and a totally un-self-conscious attitude, girls will not even notice they are falling for a troll.

NOTE: Does not work for women. Ugly women can maybe… MAYBE… add a quarter point to their rank with good style, but unfortunately for them men are so piercingly attuned to women's facial features and body that not even the best tailored fashion can alter the trajectory of their target designators. Ugly men have options that ugly women do not.

If you are an average-looking man, the right style will help, but you won't see as much of a benefit from it as the ugly man. There are diminishing returns to dressing to excess. If you are a good-looking man, you are almost better off *downscaling* your style, so that you don't intimidate girls into thinking you're unattainable. Very good-looking men with game who also dress with flash should focus on 9s and 10s, because those will be the only types of girls

who won’t give such a man undue grief for making them feel like he is out of their league.

I later learned the ugly guy worked for Prada, and he was wearing one of their suits. I also learned something which only one other person knew at that party: he was bi. Those girls smitten by his style and charm were in for disappointment, unless they like to share.

Is America A Vector Of Evil?

CH · 15 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Mangan's blog in a post about how the U.S. State Department (a den of transnationalist vipers) is betraying oppressed (yes, genuinely oppressed) Christians living in the Middle East, the commenter WLW writes (and links to Peter Frost, another good blog):

> [Re:] how we are stabbing not only our own people but people of our own faith.
>
> Peter Frost on his blog "Evo and Proud" writes this:
> "South Korea has entered what may be called 'late' or 'mature' capitalism. The business community has emancipated itself from the nation state and is now willing to enrich itself at the expense of its host society, notably by outsourcing employment to lower-wage countries and by "insourcing" lower-wage labor. To this end, its political spokesmen borrow leftwing discourse to create an artificial Left-Right consensus."
>
> From South Korea abolishes itself
>
> What he records about what is happening in South Korea, is what is happening in this country. Nationalism is evil. They have the Koreans abolishing themselves? What a wicked title but true. And he points out that it was America that did it. America is the seat of World Revolution. It is now the seat of Marxism.

South Korea needs to sever their "special relationship" with the U.S., before it's too late. Unfortunately, it seems the mind virus — the most powerful mind virus ever created in human history — that has so wholly consumed the body politic of America is rapidly metastasizing in South Korea.

America, exporting:

obesity
feminism
multicult
ethnomasochism
wage gutting insourcing/outsourcing
parasitic oligarchism and
self-abnegating national suicide

since circa 1965 (date of the passage of the law which was the beginning of the end of the historic United States).

If karma exists (and no, it doesn't, but let's play hypothetical), then there will soon come a day when these traitorous puppetmasters will hang, twisting on the gallows under a bright midday sun. And the men will spit on their bodies, and the women will rejoice, and the children will squeal with glee.

Now, personally, I feel a great sadness having to declare the nation of my birth a messenger of evil. The last thing I want to do is give foreign enemies of the U.S. an excuse to kill fellow Americans who have no connection with the filthy in-house elites driving policy and discourse. If a real revolution is to come, I don't want it to come at the hands of Hin Jao or Ibn Muhammed. I want it to come from within, by the people who are truly aggrieved and have a stake in seeing a return to greatness of the country they once loved, and the country which deserved their love.

If you thought WWII was the last time American mettle was tested, well, you might be surprised what the next decade or two offers. A wind rustles through the falling leaves, whispers of omen…

The Benefit Of Losing Your Cool (Sometimes)

CH · 16 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks:

> I got mad at my girlfriend of a year earlier today for something she did, and after I was cooled off I talked to her about it and everything's good now, but at one point she said "**this is why you're scary sometimes…these rash reactions and the leaping to conclusions…**" and I'm not sure if that's to be taken as a good thing or a bad thing? Could you give your opinion on this?

A good thing. Unpredictability and volatility are male attractiveness traits, in measured doses. (Too much of either and she'll begin to devalue you as someone who has no state control.) Losing your cool — as long as you do it infrequently — will keep a woman on her toes and her hamster at full throttle, which translates to long-lasting desire for your attention and love. And rumblestick.

Women's greatest horniness lies in anxiety.

The Four Month Flake

CH · 17 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Whoever says flaking doesn't work on women has no experience giving it a go. Do you think the modern woman has so much self respect that she will balk to give a flaky man a second chance? Ha. It is to laugh. She will not only entertain the thought, she'll eagerly anticipate the excitement such a feckless man will infuse into her dull, rudderless life.

A girl of about 27.5 years of age and glittering auburn hair tromped off a SWPL bus, (which route taken drives carefully within the confines of SWPLland, like some zoo safari jeep rumbling on paved roads behind electrified fence holding at bay a lone, bored cheetah licking his nuts a half mile away. The thrill!) I happened to be walking by with a load of bruised vegetables from the corner farmer's market when the usual urge, normally stifled by officehive feigned sterility, propelled me to approach and gauge her buying temperature.

"Hi."

She snaps her head in my direction. "Hi."

Good start so far.

"How was your ride on the Disney bus?"

Quizzically: "What?"

"The Disney bus. That's what everyone calls it. Feels like a fun Disney ride through a magical neighborhood."

"Wow, that's the weirdest thing anyone's said to me today."

"Just today?"

"Ok, maybe this year."

"That's more like it."

A pause to digest. "For your information, the ride was not so great. There was a couple arguing next to me."

Score! Any girl who would run with this patently absurd discussion topic was the kind of girl straitjacketed by little moral or sexual restraint. "Oh, that's too bad. Next time ask for your money back."

We talked for ten more minutes, as it serendipitously turned out she lived two neighborhoods over. (Demarcations subject to revision without prior notice.) In a land grab of impudent proportions, I cut us short with a quick rejoinder to give me her number so we could talk another time. She keeled backward a bit, regrouped, then smiled as she read them off to me. I do not test girls' numbers by calling or texting them on the spot; it betrays insecurity.

I didn't call her until four months later (no need to explain the banal reasoning for my flakiness). Unsurprisingly, I got her voicemail. I spoke:

"Hi. It's [Name redacted, or IgnatiusJReilly if you prefer]. It's been a while since we met. Call me."

No benefit would accrue to me by leaving a lengthy, or even not so lengthy, explanation why I waited four months to contact her. What kind of man offers excuses to a woman he has yet to sexiate? Excuses which are really camouflaged apologies — verbal blurts, as we all know, which are a defining characteristic of the beta mindset. A long-winded backstory would only present to her a platter-full of extraneous, lurid detail for her to quickly dismiss my terse entreaty as she basks in the glow of having gained hand.

A wise man feeds the hamster just enough pellet to make it hungry for more. Too little, and it remains unperturbed from its hamster ennui. Too much, and it lumbers away to sleep off a sated stupor.

As expected, she did not return my call right away. No, she waited twenty minutes.

“Wow, I’m surprised you called. You’re lucky I remember you, or I wouldn’t have called back. You were that guy from that day at [X], who said something ridiculous about [Y]?”

“Yes. And of course, I wouldn’t have called if I didn’t remember that either.”

“Four months is a long time to wait. Is that part of your game plan?”

Despite your inclination to do the opposite, it’s best to fess up the truth when you are conceding an obvious transgression on your part. The trick is to present just a hint of the truth; enough to quell her BS radar, but not so much to give her ammo to legalistically argue points of contention until her pussy has dried up like a slug under a mineralstorm of Morton’s.

“For personal reasons I won’t get into, I couldn’t call you at the time. I’ll leave it at that.”

“Guess I’ll have to accept that. So now you want to see me.”

“I hope it’s not too obvious.”

“It is. But I’ll take you up on it.”

Over drinks later, she said it was bold — even ballsy — of me to call her after four months of blowing her off. I said it required no balls at all, only desire. I told her she seemed the type to throw away the rulebook. She was pleased with this assessment.

There is a maxim somewhere in the archives. Seduction is the art of co-opting a woman’s tools of the trade, and using them against her, for a woman loves nothing more than a man who “gets it”, and what man gets it more than a man who understands that women need exactly what they dish out? Men would be well-advised to turn the tables on their quarry and flake on them every once in a while. It’s the stuff of legendary romance.

Revisiting AMOG Tactics

CH · 18 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Readers have lately been requesting information on how to handle AMOGs ("Alpha Male Other Guy", or "Alpha Male of the Group", as it is known in the acronymic community). They want to know how to effectively neutralize direct male competition. A worthy subject, because everywhere else in the animal kingdom, males square off to win the rights to glorious pussy access.

But humans are more sophisticated than animals. Human males rarely compete *directly* for women, although we certainly do compete indirectly, from the barroom to the boardroom. Game mostly focuses on indirect male competition — i.e., wooing women with your superior seduction skills and bypassing any direct mano-a-mano confrontation — but there will be those times when you'll have a high noon showdown with a very aggressive, brazen male interloper itching to horn in on your action.

The reason I don't write much about AMOGs is a simple one — the SWPL-fied regions of the country (and this includes almost all big blue cities outside of the ghettoes) are not breeding grounds for confrontational men, especially outside of the office. While there are plenty of alphas rolling up with their Silicon Valley posse and think tank crew, these aren't the kinds of men who relish an opportunity to get in your face and show off in front of a girl. So unless your stomping grounds are roadhouses situated off muddy roads in the deep south, you can go months at a time hitting on girls without having to deal with an AMOG in the traditional sense of the word.

Nevertheless, a good Bush Scout is always prepared.

In that vein, here's a comment from Yareally:

> Bouncers have situational confidence/value. They're low on society's status pole but king of the hill in the club. Does a girl's brain realize "I'm in a shit-hole bar?" No lol Her brain just sees "other men supplicate to him, other girls want to fuck him, and his frame dominates everyone else's", so she's attracted. These are the same traits game teaches you to demonstrate.
>
> If you think she has to talk to the bouncer to be attracted, or that she likes the quarterback because of his sports skill or muscles, or that when a celebrity walks into the club all the girls snub every other guy because the celebrity is rich or a good actor or handsome, you're still looking at surface-level shit and you don't understand how the bouncer, quarterback and celebrity are demonstrating attractive traits or how their jobs/fame influence their display of those traits.
>
> PUAs have already broken down how to directly compete with, tool, and take girls from these guys. We call it AMOG tactics:
>
> http://www.rsdnation.com/node/60063
>
> And if they're dating, there's boyfriend destroyers for sabotaging their relationship:
>
> http://www.rsdnation.com/node/61702
>
> The Chateau's version of game is very toned down and socially friendly, which is ultimately a healthier outlook than seeing other guys as competition, but understanding the above two oldschool PUA posts allows you to take girls from the metaphorical quarterback.
>
> But most guys don't have a strong enough frame or enough balls to successfully use this stuff, which is good because most of them would get their asses kicked trying it lol.

The posts Yareally linked to may be old school, but they're still as relevant as ever. It's my opinion that Tyler Durden (the guy behind RSD Nation) wrote the definitive guides to handling AMOGs and destroying boyfriends. There are a lot of gems in those posts, and I suggest you read them over. For example:

> The easy way to handle any alpha is to be polite to him, but act disinterested by his rap/accomplishments using tonality/body language (without coming off as patronizing/sarcastic) while simultaneously being charming to others around you. This will drop his perceived value and cause him to qualify himself to try and raise it back up. He can't fight you or do shit like that, and he can't move to insults, because you've been polite and in doing so he would be making himself look VERY BAD. The only tactic vs this is to walk away. If you reward him just enough to encourage further qualifying but not enough to make him feel validated again he will fall into line as beta in relation to you. […]
>
> AMOG: How do you guys know eachother?
> PUA: Her? I fucked her.
> (Girl will go "aaaaaaaaah… hahahahah, I did NOT!!! But she'll hit you and be giggling and start crawling all over you…). […]
>
> AMOG: (showing signs that he wants to fight)
> PUA: hahah, dude, are you like trying to pick a fight with me? hahahha.. ok ok hold up hold up.. wait a sec, we'll do even better.. first… we'll have an armwrestling competition.. then second.. we'll do one armed pushups.. and last….. POSE-DOWN!!
>
> (then you start flexing and go "ladies?", and they start saying how you're so strong, and the AMOG looks like a tool.. you're tooling him, by making him seem like he's trying too hard to impress the girls by showing them superiority). […]
>
> AMOG: blah blah..
> PUA: Dude, are you pissed that you're rolling with all guys? […]
>
> Once you get the guy to qualify himself to you in any way (like he tries to make friends), rather than being nice, IMMEDIATELY cut him out of the circle. Just cut him out. You'll notice trying to SHUT YOUR GAME DOWN by bombarding you with logical questions. They'll start pummeling you with logical stuff, so that you have to answer him the girls fall out of state. For me I found the solution was just to say "hey man, don't get all scientific on me.. we're here to have fun.." and then immediately start gaming the girls again. btw, if I'm out with any of my GFs at a club, and another guy hits on them, I use the same tactics on AMOGS to stop them.

These are pretty hardcore tactics, and they WILL work very well on the average man; i.e. your typical urban hipster, frat boy or poseur. But you would be tempting a physical or psychological beatdown if you tried these anti-AMOG tactics on one of the three following archetypes of men:

- The big bruiser with the hair trigger impulse control. This guy will take anything you say as an insult, and he has the size and sloping forehead to put a serious hurt on.
- The drunk. Alcohol releases all inhibitions, including those locked up in the fists. At least with the drunk you can easily avoid his wild swings.
- The egotistic player-savant. The guy who is smart enough to know when he is being played, and smarter still to turn the tables on you. Beware this guy, for although he is a rare breed, he can tool you in front of a girl.

Those three exceptions aside, it behooves you to learn some common anti-AMOG tactics. If you chase skirt in any major city on a semi-regular basis, you will encounter an AMOG situation at least a few times per year.

I had a buddy who would dismiss AMOGs with this go-to line:

"Oh, I didn't know she was your girlfriend. You two make a good match."

It was particularly effective on guys who would enter his conversation uninvited and compliment the girl he was talking to. Never underestimate the sheer numbers of men who think that complimenting girls is a surefire way to get the girls interested. The beauty of my buddy's line is that the girl would almost always disqualify herself to the interloper. "Oh, he's not my boyfriend!" Then the AMOG would be left standing there having to come up with a

witty, ego-salvaging rejoinder. Luckily, most men — most people — are mediocre intellects and don't have the mental acuity to think fast on their feet.

How The Pill Will Change Your Game

CH · 19 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In response to my request for information about the Pill and how it influences female mate choice, Chase Amante writes:

> Hey brother,
>
> Just browsing your blog and saw this. I've done some research on this before; have a very recent blog post up on it now, referencing a trio of studies on attraction and the pill (including one just published by the Royal Society on the 12th).
>
> The post's here:
>
> http://www.girlschase.com/content/whats-best-way-pick-girls-get-ones-looking-you
>
> If you want to head over to the abstracts yourself, they're here:
>
> http://rspb.royalsocietypublishing.org/content/early/2011/10/10/rspb.2011.1647.abstract
>
> http://pss.sagepub.com/content/15/3/203.short
>
> http://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0018506X05002564
>
> Fascinating stuff when you dig into it.
>
> Best,
> Chase

So now we have our answer. Basically, what all these studies boil down to is the following: Women on the Pill are put in an artificial state of non-ovulation, which influences their mate choice selection criteria so that they prefer soft, herbly beta provider males throughout their entire monthly cycle and into perpetuity. In other words, women are being brainwashed by the Pill.

The studies are filled with data that support the obvious conclusions we can draw from the central thesis.

– When women in LTRs or marriages go off the pill they will suddenly find their beta boyfriends, whom they met while under the influence of the Pill, very unattractive, for reasons which they cannot articulate except in the loosest female terms like "we grew apart", or "I just don't feel it anymore", or "he stopped being attentive to me". Surprise divorcerape follows. Corollary: Men whose GFs or wives go off the Pill need to be EXTRA WARY of possible infidelity.

– Women who don't take the Pill will be more receptive to same night lays with high value men (that is, men who display "social presence and direct intrasexual competitiveness") during the ovulatory week of their cycle. Game will help you identify these women and quickly lead them to sex.

– Committed women on the Pill will be less likely to cheat on their boyfriends.

– Committed women not on the Pill will be more likely to cheat during their fertility windows.

– Women not on the Pill will go out more to social venues when they are ovulating, driven by a mysterious vajlust to meet men.

– Women on the Pill tend to become Netflix kinds of girls.

– Women not on the Pill will flirt more with men during ovulation. Boyfriends of these women will jealously mate guard until the ovulatory threat has passed.

– Women on the Pill will be less receptive to cocky/asshole alpha game, if they are in committed relationships. But they may be more receptive to beta provider vulnerability game.

– Women in relationships with betas or lower value men will be more dissatisfied with them should they go off the Pill. Women in relationships with alphas or higher status men will be less likely to be dissatisfied with them should they go off the Pill.

– Average looking women not on the Pill will get a chance to experience the thrill of a jealous boyfriend when they are ovulating. Hot women will be with alphas who never get jealous. Ugly women will continue to be ignored.

– Women on the Pill will be more (sexually) appreciative of a beta's resource investment. Women not on the Pill will be turned off by betas attempting to buy their love.

– A woman on the Pill will likely have longer relationships with the men she dates. This is probably because she will wind up dating betas who like to cuddle and look at baby pictures with her. A woman not on the Pill will have shorter relationships because she will date alpha cads who can't be tied down for very long.

– Perhaps most interestingly, and a corollary to the above, a woman on the Pill when she met her partner, who then goes off the Pill, will be MORE likely to initiate a separation/divorce should one happen, even when the chance of a separation is lower for her than it is for a woman who met her partner while not on the Pill. What this means for men is that women on the Pill who then go off it while in an LTR won't agitate for a break-up; instead, they'll cuckold the poor beta bastards, resorting to dumping them only when they can't take their supplication anymore. Women NOT on the Pill will simply choose to leave the relationship to hop aboard the cock carousel for another spin. So in one sense, at least, women who don't take the Pill are more moral than women on the Pill, as the former would choose to end an asexual relationship or marriage over keeping it alive on a resuscitator and cuckolding on the sly.

So what does all this mean for men? How will it change the application of game?

– If you're a niceguy beta with zero game, your best shot at sex is finding a girl on the Pill during the nonfertile phase of her monthly cycle who is single and owns at least two cats and two fat friends who constantly remind her by their presence how awful it is to be alone.

– The worst prospect for a niceguy beta is an ovulating hot chick not on the Pill who is just out of a relationship with man who became too beta for her. You may as well tuck your junk between your legs, because that is how seriously she will entertain your courtship attempt.

– As C. Amante mentioned in his post, hot ovulating chicks who are natural (sans Pill) will make pilgrimages to clubs, bars and Las Vegas to meet new men as if they were sex Meccas, and they will do so with or without a cluck of hens in tow. A hot chick alone in a bar on a weeknight is virtually guaranteed to be ovulating and hungry for cock. You want to target these spots for increased odds of quick, easy sex.

– It is impossible to efficiently sort out natural girls from Pill girls during the daytime, so day gamers will have to judge which girls are ovulating and horny according to other criteria. Subconsciously recognized odors may help. So will watching her body language for signs that betray unobstructed ovulation, such as hair twirling, leg crossing and uncrossing, heel dangling, and self-caressing.

– As Amante also noted, a chick who is really flirting with you during the day time is a virtual lock to be ovulating and off the Pill.

– If you think a girl is not on the Pill and is ovulating, you want to physically escalate sooner rather than later. Such a girl will become bored with a man who doesn't make an early move on her.

– A girl on the Pill will be a breeze to talk with if you are a game-less beta, because she won't bother with any of that messy flirting, teasing or shit testing that so vexes betas. Her non-ovulatory state ensures that she will be a pleasant chat partner who likes talking about puppies and food, and who thinks penises are icky.

– A girl who is not on the Pill and is ovulating will want sex fast, and she will want it hot, so she will shit test you hard in hopes of quickly uncovering whether you are an alpha worth fucking or a beta worth rejecting. If you talk

about puppies with her, she will laugh in your face.

Maxim #20: The meaner a girl is with you, the likelier she wants to fuck you.

Corollary to maxim #20: The nicer a girl is with you, the likelier she thinks you'd make a great eunuch friend.

Things are really going to get interesting once there's an oral contraceptive for men. Or is that, too, part of the masterplan to emasculate the Western male?

Comment Of The Week: The Natural State Of Woman Is Submission

CH · 20 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

King A and I have disagreed before, but I have to tip my hat to a well-executed comment.

> When sexual submission is not reflected in the culture — female bosses, lawyertwats and women judges, heck, suffrage itself — the culture is permanently unstable. We have tried it their way for *a hundred years*. Experiment is over.
>
> The epicenter of the quake was the failure of the Equal Rights Amendment. The further one gets away from that moment (before or after), the more the culture reverts to a sustainable form. We are unfortunate to have been born so close to the blast, but we are lucky that the reverberations are decreasing rather than increasing. It will take another 50-100 years for the repeal of the Nineteenth Amendment. Michele Bachmann is the last (small) chance for a female American president. Hillary Clinton was their best chance in 2008.
>
> We forget just how primal the female need for submission is because we are surrounded by women who have been ruthlessly denatured since birth. Even so, the impulse cannot be completely eradicated by artificial, totalitarian means any more than the Soviets could eradicate dissent forever.
>
> *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* — Horace
>
> How relieved she finally is on her back, a strong hand binding her wrists above her head! No more burden, she can just *be*. She reverts to what she is, and she is *that which is acted upon*. Yes, she is the *object.* Objectified. That curse word. Man is the subject.
>
> Man fucks wo-man.
>
> Every cultural institution that does not proceed from this truth is a lie. Our sex is the most fundamental distinguishing characteristic of all. Even our language reflects this inescapable reality through gender. It is impossible to imagine the human apart from *la différence*.
>
> *Vive la différence*, you tinkering, vivisecting, social engineers! You life's losers, you resenters, you poisoners of the punch bowl! You philosophesses with weak-chinned daddies! What kind of world is this! You have insisted our sisters become everything but what their entire being is geared for, because you once personally dreamt of possessing a cock.
>
> We will fuck our way back to inequality. It will be a while, and it won't be pretty.
>
> Just remember this, you sisters awakening out of your dogmatic slumber, slowly scrubbing out the last greasy traces of penis envy: you are demigoddesses.
>
> You are the most beautiful creatures in the universe. You are the measure of all beauty. You know this. You cannot unknow this. Men are ugly, gruesome creatures. You really don't want to be us, the cheaper of the two sexual commodities by a factor of billions to one (lifetime gamete production).
>
> You are hothouse flowers. You are our most precious of all objects, we protect you with everything we have, to the very last, with our very bodies if we must. We kill and we die for you. We launch a thousand ships because your beauty makes us weep. You and the kids get the lifeboat, we drown like men. You are the mothers of our children, the vessels of our immortality. *It's not a bad place to be.* We need some small, official recompense for sacrificing all that we are to keep you there. Is it really so important you get to vote for county commissioner in next month's primary?
>
> Forget what "game" has to say about pedestals. When the world is right-side-up again, you will be put back there. Let's work to get you back there. But so long as your sex insists on grubbing around with us men squabbling and clawing and slopping below, you will never be "treated like the princesses" you truly are. You will be made examples so that the women after you might once again be allowed to act like women.

The proposition that women are natural submissives is not new to this blog. It is a core tenet underlying the truth of game. When I say that the natural state of woman is submission, I mean that woman is happiest when she is in a submissive role. Submitting to a worthy overlord. When she is forced to submit to an unworthy ruler — i.e., when her womb is exposed to the threat of beta sperm — or when she finds herself adrift in a sea of weak, apathetic, surrendered men, she is unhappiest, and will lash out furiously to reclaim her prerogative to save her submission for the deserving.

In our present Western milieu of thugs-run-rampant among teeming hordes of emasculated manchildren betas abdicating their inheritance and retreating to the comfortable mini-kingdoms of gadgetry and porn, it's no wonder the modern woman is unpleasant company. Her nature is not only ignored, it is violated; its opposite exalted and glorified by our propaganda ministers. We have given her the keys to the house, the office and the ivory tower, and like a child she has wrecked them all, daring discipline. Her guiding hand has abandoned her. Game is one of those guiding hands, and plays a part in returning balance to the force.

As for putting women on a pedestal… well, they were never meant to be there. It was a mistake putting them there in the first place. It has led us down the road to where we are today, much like the once-noble belief in universal morality has turned on itself and gutted the passion and capital that built our fortresses from dirt and dust.

Ex-Stripper Describes Her "Girl Game"

CH · 21 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've noticed a trend in the MSM. Men invent something controversial, get little mainstream press, women follow up with their watered-down version, get tons of mainstream press. In this case, an aging ex-stripper has landed on the front page of the New York Post where she discusses girl game: the female version of getting "what you want" from men, which in femspeak means getting love, money, attention and resources with, presumably, the ultimate goal being marriage. (Although you have to wonder about the kind of man who would be willing to pony up big bucks for a useless rock and ceremony to geld himself by marrying a road-worn and tossed away wet ex-stripper single mom with enough cock notches on her vagina wall to make it look like a gynecological cave painting.)

I don't much write about girl game — aka The Rules — because it is, for the most part, ineffective relative to the thermonuclear game that girls already have at their disposal; namely, their youth and beauty. An ugly girl can run all the "girl game" she wants; it won't make a lick of difference to her prospects. Conversely, a hot girl will often get what she wants without any girl game. In fact, girl game can actually hurt her chances with the alpha males she loves because those are the kinds of guys least affected, and most turned-off, by girl game machinations. Only in the middle where the average over-25 plain janes congregate can girl game help at the farthest margins, and then only by helping them snag betas who are more likely to fall for it.

With that in mind, let's examine this whore's recipe for dating bliss. First, here's a look at her:

Not bad, not good. She has the tell-tale post-op tranny face that bespeaks a lifetime of pumping and getting dumped. That lifestyle tends to masculinize women. I wouldn't pay her for a lap dance, but I would bang her for free. Once. With a kevlar condom.

So what does this broad "Diane Passage" have to say about girl game?

> **1. Show your confidence at all times — especially when you feel it the least.** No one will ever know if this is true, but if you believe it, others will, too. A friend of mine who was a dancer at a club once gave me the

> advice to always enter a room “proud as a peacock” — stand up straight and move confidently. She worked in Las Vegas, where it’s highly competitive for any type of dancer or entertainer. She was a pretty girl, but average in comparison to other women. But wherever she walked — whether it was a club, casino or a grocery store — all eyes were on her.

Classic case of female projection. Women love confidence in men, so they think men must love the same in women. Nope. Confidence in women is neutral to their dating market value at best, and actively off-putting at worst. Most likely, this “confident”, “stands tall” Las Vegas girl she talks about has a big rack, and guys were staring at her jutting tits that she was thrusting outward.

Very shy girls who are pretty will arouse a deep, instinctive authoritarian desire in men to protect and sexually serve. Women don’t need to be loudmouths or assertive if they are cute. It helps, in fact, if they are a little effacing and deferential. A woman with *clinically* low self-esteem, (as distinct from nearly all women who are told they have low self-esteem but in actuality are full of themselves), can temper a man’s lust by slouching, mumbling and denigrating herself. Why? Because men will think she’s not interested.

> **2. I can create my own outcome and accomplish any goal.** I like to set goals for anything — serious or ridiculous. I started doing this when I worked at the club; I’d set weekly income goals to help me stay focused and not get onto a downward spiral (which is typical for exotic dancers). Along the way I set fun goals — attending certain concerts, parties, etc. My most ridiculous goal? Hooking up with a certain male porn star. A friend of mine offered to buy the star for me for one night, but I declined. It’ll be far more satisfying to accomplish my goal on my own. Whether your goals are serious, fun or both — never think you can’t have it all!

New age, feelgood pablum. Worse than useless. This will encourage ugly, old and fat girls to avoid putting in the necessary work to make themselves more attractive to men. Newsflash, ladies: No, you can’t have it all. You can have what your best assets will bring you by maximizing their impact and minimizing the impact of your worst liabilities. Some liabilities, of course, are not mitigable. PS: Getting a male porn star to fuck you is not an accomplishment. Getting him to love you and commit to you is.

> **3. Slow and steady wins the race.** While goals are important, you shouldn’t set unrealistic time limits to achieve them. People do crazy things under deadlines. An acquaintance of mine stalked a man because she was obsessed with getting married before the age of 35. Last year, she fell head over heels on one of her first dates. On Facebook, she saw he was looking forward to a sushi dinner at his favorite restaurant. My friend knew where to find him, because he’d mentioned the same restaurant on their date! So early in the evening, she planted herself at a table with a good view of the place. He showed up . . . with another date. This woman is seemingly sane otherwise. If she dropped the marriage deadline and just had fun dating, I bet she’d end up meeting her goal — without stalking!

This advice isn’t half bad as a way to avoid the worst mistakes women make. Women can quickly kill a sexy, fun vibe and drive an alpha man away by revealing their desperation on a first date. Or even during the first year of dating. (Beta men will stick around and suffer her desperation because they, too, are desperate.) As women don’t want to feel like sex objects, men don’t want to feel like commitment objects.

> **4. Every girl should know the basics of fishing and dog training.** Several years ago, my son **[ed: bastard spawn soon to be huffing paint under an overpass]** took an interest in fishing. I had to learn, too, so I could help him with it. Little did I know that my basic fishing knowledge would end up serving me well in the world of romance! When dating, I like to try a fun and sporty approach. As the person who’s fishing, I’m able to lead my “fish,” so I have the advantage of getting what I want. My bait: smile, hair, makeup, clothing, stilettos and either legs or cleavage (never both at the same time). **[ed: no, because that would be slutty. it’s not like he’ll**

> **think you're a skank when he hears about your stripper past and bastard sprog]** My hook: a flirty, mysterious demeanor. When I "reel" a man in, that means I'm getting to know him. He always has the option to free himself from my "hook." And I always have the option to throw him back into the dating sea. If I decide to keep my "fish," then I switch to boundary-setting mode. I've trained a dog, raised a son and have been married twice to men who wanted nothing more than to make me happy **[ed: if she's been married twice and is currently an unmarried single mom, then they weren't very interested in making her happy. nor was she interested in making them happy. and single women should take advice from her?]**. I know how not to let a male dominate me. The one consistent thing for all types of men: consistent enforcement of boundaries and giving rewards when they deserve them.

It sounds like she ripped this nominal idea straight from the Chateau archives. Anyhow, what she is saying here is nothing new. She's just repackaging the time-tested advice to women to look as good as possible to capture a man's interest by trying to make it sound edgier with the comparison to dog training and fishing. And enforcement of boundaries? What does that even mean? Her boundaries have obviously been rodgered to complete permeability.

> **5. My wallet does not exist.** It might sound like an outdated cliché, but if you're a woman, you should never reach into your wallet while you're in the presence of a man. Even if you've been married for years. Not only must a man pay for the main components of a date (dinner, etc.), but they must also take care of taxi fare, coat check and bathroom attendant tips. The woman who believes in this mantra is not a gold-digger or obligated to "return the favor." The few times I've gone "dutch" on dates, it usually results in the man feeling emasculated because of it — or it means the guy has some sort of money hang-up. Can an emasculated guy or someone with issues give you what you want? Not for me!

How sweet. An old-fashioned stripper single mom. The worst of every world. Now here's some real talk for the single women reading: the only men you'll get by playing the role of whore golddigger are betas with few other options and rich men with harems and zero game, wit or charm. Don't bet on the latter unless you're smoking hot.

> **6. My presence is a gift. Know your value — and not in dollar amounts.** Relationships are work — and work has value. Do the rewards of your relationship satisfy you? What do you want from your partner? I broke up with a guy (who my friends and I nicknamed "The Whiny Baby") because he was too high-maintenance, emotionally. This wouldn't have been a problem if he could have just provided a bit of emotional support in return. **[ed: translation: he treated her like the worthless aging stripper single mom she is]** I told him that, and he briefly turned into a decent boyfriend until becoming a whiny baby. I decided my time was too valuable and he had to go.

This reads like he dumped her and she's rationalizing it as her decision. Allow me to clarify. Your presence is only a gift if you're pleasing to look at. It is less of a gift if you think you look as good at 35 as you did at 25, and you are saddled with kid baggage from another man. (This is starting to sound like a broken record. But it needs to be said, over and over, apparently.)

> **7. Allow your man to believe he is in charge.** Men like to play the dominant role in relationships, so why not encourage the fantasy? This summer, I was with a man who was sensitive about women using him for his money. He watched me like a hawk, so my usual tactics were no good. But he was open to spending extravagantly at charity events, fine restaurants and so on. So I invited him to my friends' events and establishments — where he was free to spend money — and I remained quiet and pretty, as he required me to be.

She's contradicting herself. Above she says she does not allow men to dominate her. Here, she says she encourages men to dominate her. Oh, but of course she couches it in terms of "letting him feel like" he is dominating her. Hair-

splitting. He's either making the decisions, giving her orders and demanding she look pretty and remain quiet, or he's not. Leave it to a single mom stripper to vomit whatever ill-conceived toddler babbling happens to scoot across her gyrating frontal lobe.

Not that there isn't some substance to the advice to placate a man's desire to dominate. A woman who constantly battles a man for dominance is an unloved woman. Men don't respond on a visceral level to those kinds of women. And it works the other direction, too: men who renege on their duty to dominate are often pushed around and unloved by the women in their lives.

> **8. As a woman, it's my right to act bitchy on occasion.** When a man first approaches me, I'm icy cold and dismissive. The weak men leave. The ones who are up for a challenge stick around and show their charm and wit, and may land a date. Refer to mantra No. 4 (dog training) — along with boundaries, give rewards when due — leading to mantra No. 6 (value). A woman's time, smile and interest are valuable and can be rewarded to the man who deserves her attention. Being icy or lukewarm at first also maintains an element of mystery. In addition, refer to mantra No. 5 (woman never pays). A man does not deserve a woman's phone number without buying her and her friend(s) a drink, not to mention paying their entire bar tab.

Any man who buys a girl *and* her yakking yenta friends drinks, and pays their entire bar tab, just to get her precious, gold-plated number, is, by definition, an emasculated, hopeless beta who has the masturbation stamina of ten men. I doubt very much this skank ho would respect, let alone desire, such a man.

Mostly, what she writes here in point #8 is a rewording of the conventional wisdom that a woman who puts out too easily will harm her chance to get men to commit to her. (Leave aside her admonition to be bitchy. That's not advice. It's just a recognition that hot chicks will shit test men to discern their alphaness.) There is some truth in the CW. Beta and alpha men alike subconsciously downgrade loose women from potential girlfriend material to funtime sluts. But a woman has to carefully walk that tightrope; too much coyness, playing hard-to-get and bitchiness, and the alpha males of her dreams will quickly find sweeter and moister pastures. Too little, and they will relegate her to fuckbuddy status. And herein lies the main problem with "girl game":

Girl game is effective at manipulating exactly the kinds of men women desire the least.

Horny, desperate betas — not sexually satisfied alphas — are the ones who will allow themselves to be toyed with by scheming girls. If those are the men you want, ladies, you can't go wrong listening to the dating advice of a washed-up wednesday night stripper single mom.

Luckily for us men, game — real game — is just what the best looking girls crave.

More Science Confirming Game Concepts: Long-Term Relationships Can Bring Out The Worst In Couples

CH · 24 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Digging through the archives of the Chateau Heartiste library, we find a post about the hazards of LTRs and marriage.

> Now you can't do anything without her, and she you. In the beginning, this is a necessary process to build the level of trust and bonding that distinguishes the LTR from any run of the mill fling. But it morphs into a hermetic pair-bond cocoon, a soft escapable prison that shields from the outside world more than it protects. Increasingly consanguineous, the LTR alienates friends and slackens ambitions.

Scary stuff. Science has something to say about the deleterious effects of marriage on the female body, as well:

> •Women in their teens and early 20s who continued to date but didn't cohabitate gained an average of 15 pounds over five years; their male counterparts added about 24 pounds.
>
> •Newly married women in that age group packed on 24 pounds in five years; newly married men gained 30 pounds.
>
> That degree of gain wasn't seen in couples who were living together but not married. Women gained 3 pounds more than their single peers — 18 pounds — and men gained 24 pounds.

When you see photos of the groom stuffing the bride's mouth full of wedding cake as she licks down every last ounce of sloppy creamed filling, you may as well be watching the groom disposing of his sex and love life down her maw. But as we all know, men get very, very stupid about marrying the first semi-decent pussy who comes along.

The latest from the scientific front presents more CH-confirming evidence that LTRs and marriage have negative consequences for their practitioners.

> For better or for worse, in sickness and in health – there's a long line of research that associates marriage with reducing unhealthy habits such as smoking, and promoting better health habits such as regular checkups. However, new research is emerging that suggests married straight couples and cohabiting gay and lesbian couples in long-term intimate relationships may pick up each other's unhealthy habits as well. […]
>
> Corinne Reczek, a UC assistant professor of sociology, reports three distinct findings into how unhealthy habits were promoted through these long-term, intimate relationships: through the direct bad influence of one partner, through health habit synchronicity and through the notion of personal responsibility.
>
> Reczek reports that gay, lesbian and straight couples all described the "bad influence" theme, while in straight partnerships, men were nearly always viewed as the "bad influence." **[ed: there go women again, abdicating all reason and accountability.]**
>
> […] "Third, respondents utilized a discourse of personal responsibility to describe how even when they observe their partner partaking in an unhealthy habit, they do not attempt to change the habit, indicating that they were complicit in sustaining their partner's unhealthy habits. The final theme was described primarily by straight men and women," says Reczek.

So if your partner has unhealthy habits, (smoking, drinking to excess, overeating, underexercising, staying up late to watch *Modern Family* recordings or Jon Stewart smugly sing to the SWPL choir), you will likely pick up those bad habits. And thus we see how the fat acceptance movement gets its steam — osmotic inevitability. (In related news, according to the Red Cross, there are more obese than there are hungry in the world. We've entered the era of

globulization.)

Of particular interest in the above study is the evidence that women, and presumably their lapdog betabitchboys, placed the blame for being a bad influence squarely on the men's shoulders. It's obvious to those in the know that this blame-shifting is complete bullshit, since (just to pick an easily discernible example at random) there are innumerable couples where the woman has gotten fat while the man stayed slim. Nothing will kill a man's desire to please his woman in every way faster than the disfigurement of her body caused by bloating up from bellying up to the buffet.

Is there an enterprise in existence where women will blame themselves for something bad they did? To ask the question is to laugh at female absurdity. The rationalization hamster is a cosmic force on par with dark matter; you can't see the little bugger, but goddamn is he everywhere, redirecting galactic phenomena at will.

Also interesting is the last line quoted above from the study. Partners are complicit in sustaining their SO's bad habits because they don't call them out on it. I think we can figure out who is most responsible for this dereliction of duty: sackless beta males who are afraid of the divorce raping and/or sex withholding they will assuredly receive if they displease their queen sovereigns by timidly mentioning in squeaky-voiced passing their increasing girth. Women, for their part, don't attempt to change their partners' bad habits for a different reason: they don't have a clue how to articulate what is wrong with their beta boyfriends and hubbies.

This post, and others like it, is a helpful reminder to the "marriage is best" crowd that marriage — and, similarly, LTRs — hold special dangers for the man who allows himself to become ensnared. An LTR is a beautiful thing with the right woman and undertaken with the right alpha attitude, but it isn't a panacea for all psychological, emotional or sexual needs, and it isn't without its own problems that men who serially date don't experience. When you commit to a woman with the intent of remaining monogamous, you acquire new obstacles to navigate and problems to avoid. Failure to recognize those LTR-inherent deficiencies and counteract them will lead to exile in betaville, where begging for blowjobs once per year and praying you don't get reamed in court if she gets bored become part of the wonderful fabric of life.

As with everything you venture to explore, do it with your eyes open. Otherwise, you may as well hand your decision-making process over to a committee of cog-molding industrialists and ball-chopping feminists.

Sometimes The Best Game Is Silence

CH · 24 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

“Hey, CH. CH!”

Wheeling around and flipping my sunglasses onto the top of my head, I studied the location from where the voice originated. A cute, bob-haired girl stood with a herbster (combination hipster + herb) off to one side. She was smiling. I recognized her, after a moment of assessment. She was a former fling.

“How are you?”

Caught by surprise, I had nothing witty, engaging, or charming to say. I looked her over, ballet sandals to nympho hairstyle, and all I could muster by way of brain activity was a memory of watching her smoke in bed after I had ejaculated inside her.

“I’m good.” Bereft of follow-up, I stood quietly and self-assuredly, staring her right in the eyes, as three bloated seconds ticked by.

Finally she broke the impasse. “This is Jerry.”

I nodded at Jerry, who seemed to be a boyfriend of some sort, but his body language telegraphed eunuch house guard rather than intimate. I found it strange that the first substantive words of her conversation after “hi” were an introduction to some man I never met and couldn’t have cared less about.

“Well, nice to see you. Bye,” she chirped, and teetered off like a child being called home just as a pink flush was revealing itself on her cheeks.

There are moments with ex-flings when you know sparks are inevitable. But these sparks are enfeebled by shared history and time apart, or distasteful circumstances. In that moment, I had nothing to say. Nothing worthwhile at any rate. One can’t be on top of their game all the time. When gamelock happens, your best course of action is to refrain from saying much of anything. Silent game is all you need, then, and it beats bad game. A few exceedingly sparse words, a nod, a slow hand gesture or a couple of seconds of manufactured anticipation, and you leave a girl wanting to know more about what you’ve been up to than she ever did when you were a blabbermouth.

It’ll sound rude to an outside observer. But to her, it’s the most pleasant intrigue she can hope for.

Feminist Gets Pumped And Dumped By PUA

CH · 25 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A masochistic reader (you'd have to be in love with your own pain to read any of the yeasty discharges fouling up Jizzabel) sent along this turgid confessional from a feminist who got banged out by a player four hours after they met for a first date drink. Her account of the date leaves the distinct impression that she was played by a guy who knows game very well. Let's examine the techniques he employed to snare his prey.

> I went on a date a month ago with a boy I met on an online dating site. "Met" meaning he'd sent me a few witty messages and his pictures were decent enough to warrant an IRL pass.

No long-winded phone calls making his interest in her obvious. Just a few witty (translated from the femspeak: terse/cocky/funny/asshole-ish) emails which implied his non-neediness and her interchangeability. So far, he's off to a good start.

> He was a strong conversationalist. We talked politics and he impressed me with a nuanced understanding of the debt ceiling debate. He knew about the Arab Spring.

How does the old saw go? Treat a lady like a broad and a broad like a lady. Mr. PUA knew he was dealing with the typical urban feminist slut who would swoon over a man who flattered her intelligence. So sprinkle in a few ledes he read in the NYBetaTimes about the Arab Spirng and , voila!, instant charma.

> We discussed the unexpected but peculiarly gratifying direction our late 20s had taken both of us.

Again, translated from the femspeak: She was glad he assuaged her ego with comforting euphemisms about being an unmarried childless woman in her late 20s.

> He made me laugh.

"He made me tingle."

> One drink turned into two,

Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker!

> two neighborhood bars into three,

This is the standard game tactic known as "bouncing", or "time distortion". By taking a girl to a number of places on a single night, you leave her with the impression that she's known you longer than she has. It's very effective at building comfort, as we will see.

> and when he kissed me in the street, I was elated.

When a PUA gets a street kiss, that's a green light to go for a same night lay. Women don't make out in public places unless they are really into the thought of sex with you.

> He wanted to see me again, he said. I agreed, the enthusiasm audible in my voice.

Audible enthusiasm is also a SNL green light. Also, note how he doesn't set up a day and time to meet again. He

just says he wants to see her again. Make your intentions known, but make them known vaguely, without promise, so that they could plausibly be misinterpreted, or misconstrued, by women. Chicks dig ambiguity even more than they dig ambivalence.

> As he walked me to the train, he asked me if I would come over for a nightcap. Just one. He offered to pay for a cab to take me home afterwards, as I had to work early.

Always escalate, until you have hit her limit. Push, push, push. It's what women — even, maybe especially, feminists — secretly crave from men, their protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. There's no worse feeling than having a pussy in the hand, only to see it disappear because you pulled back at the last moment out of some quaint deference to dating etiquette or mangina virtue. Or fear.

> I — like many women I know — harbor a quiet but persistent internal voice that cries, "If you like him, don't go!" The voice that says men don't respect women who sleep with them too quickly. The voice that says despite the fact that you're turned on, you're a grown-ass adult and goddamn it you want to, as the female you should be the one to decline, to demur, to hold off for another night.
>
> I'd never understood the reasoning behind that voice.

Silly feminist. The reasoning is simple, if you would free your mind of its stifling propaganda shackles. Men really do devalue women who put out too quickly. Sexual evolution has granted men the insight to recognize that slutty women are likely to continue being just as slutty after committing to them, and that is bad news for men who want to know their children are really theirs, and who want to avoid the divorce raping that inevitably follows when a wife pursues the feral eat, pray, love self-actualization life trajectory. Those pesky little feelings that swarm around your cortical ham, if you would stop drowning them out with femcunt agitprop, are early warning signals to behave in a more stereotypically feminine manner lest you harm your reproductive fitness.

> I suspected I was internalizing cultural judgments about "easy" women.

Culture does not spring up out of the ground unseeded, like a summoned monolith. Human genetic disposition seeds the ground and creates culture, unleashing a macro feedback loop where culture and genes interact in perpetuity. Those "cultural judgments" you so recoil from are actually subconscious reinforcements of ancient biological truths.

> The traditional refrain, "don't buy the cow if you can get the milk for free," which implies women should withhold sex to ensnare a partner, insulted me.

What's a horny slut with daddy issues to do? Listen, lady, either embrace your sluttiness and stop kvetching to the cunty choir, or keep your legs closed. You can't have your cock and keep it, too.

> Years of dissecting dating mishaps with my friends taught me that if you want a relationship or even just the potential of one, it's best to wait.

Betting is now open on how many cocks she has satisfied. We'll start with 30.

> In my mind, the waiting period was for no other reason but to increase the odds of a relationship. It was like dating lore passed on between friends. We don't know why it works but it does.

It's amazing that women have to relearn this common sense in their late 20s, after a decade or more of cock carouseling. Was there a wholesale abdication of parenting in the last two generations? A massively successful

brainwashing campaign? Rhetorical.

Nevertheless, it's best if women don't start making men wait, because I was getting used to the easy peasy sex. Feminism has been very, very good indeed for men who want to play the field, and have the skills to do so. A return to patriarchal norms would really cramp my style.

> But the way my date kissed me up against the brick wall outside the subway stop was enough to convince me my internal voice was an antiquated Debbie downer, squawking nonsense irrelevant for the modern woman.

Pushing a woman up against the wall to kiss her and grope her unleashes powerful, primitive, quasi-rape-y forces of submission within her. It's one of my go-to moves.

> I went to his house. We headed straight to the bedroom. Sex — intense, unexpected, rough and satisfying. Afterwards, as promised, he called me a cab.
>
> By 3 a.m. I was home. And utterly freaked out.

I think it would bother women to know that men NEVER feel the urge to freak out after a one night stand. Not even the weepy beta males. Nope, slipping into sleep with a huge grin plastered on our faces is closer to what happens.

> I hashed this over with multiple friends during the next few days. One suggested I just forget about the guy and be happy I'd had good sex.

The group Samantha.

> Another brought up respect — if he wanted a real relationship with me, he would have proceeded with more respect for my body.

The group fatty.

> I received a single lackluster text from him a few days later.

And that kid went ha haaaw! Who couldn't see this coming? Apparently, her.

She should be thankful she got to experience a night of pleasure from a man who knows how much women crave being gamed. But women being what they are, (bless their overstimulated hearts), the fleeting waves of pleasure quickly gave way to self-absorption and tedious reinterpretation. The rationalizations that follow are some of the best frenetic hamster spinnings you will read in a long time.

> Still distraught over the experience, I told [my mom] the bare-bones version of the story: I slept with someone four hours after meeting them and now I felt shitty and I couldn't identify why.
>
> I wanted to know what she — a world-experienced, non-judgmental woman — thought about sleeping with someone you're interested in dating so soon? What she said was the best argument I have ever heard for waiting to have sex.
>
> When you first meet someone, she said, you don't actually see them. You see a flimsy construction of their personality, created by your interpretation of the signals available. The way they make eye contact. How they interact with the bartender/waiter/homeless man asking you for change. The facts they choose to divulge about themselves. Because you have no other point of reference, every little detail resonates with added significance. Your mind, faced with a scarcity of information, is forced to create a projection of them. […]

> The mirage is sexy. But herein lies the danger. The potential for a schism to exist between the mirage and reality is huge. The probability of being disappointed is gigantic. That disappointment is compounded when intimacy is involved. You sleep with a stranger. You feel like you know them. But you likely don't at all.
>
> This may not be an epiphany for other people. But it was for me. After that night, I felt shitty not because I'd been "slutty," whatever that means, but because I felt foolish.
>
> I slept with an idea of a man. I slept with how that man made me feel. But that man didn't exist, except in my mind. When I realized this, I felt… blah blah blah

Zzzz… zzz… *snort*… zz… huh, wha… oh, hai there. Must've dozed off. Wow, yeah, totally see what you're saying. Totes. I bet you've learned a valuable lesson from all these experiences.

> I'm still going out with guys and getting tipsy

Well, you know what I (sometimes) say… be true to yourself! Whatever that means.

The Battle Of The Sexes, Abridged

CH · 26 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Polygyny advantages alpha males and beta females.

Monogamy advantages beta males and alpha females.

Guess which system advantages civilization?

Maybe that question is too broad. Which mating system — in either the hard or soft forms — benefits the individual? The managerial globalists? The cognoelite? The lumpenproles? Figure out how each group benefits and you'll know which system is ascendent, and which is actively and passively undermined.

Is It Better To Insinuate You've Dated Strippers Or Lawyers?

CH · 27 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Pickup artists practice something called "DHV (demonstrating higher value) spikes", which means slyly inserting into a conversation with a girl a mention of your time sharing the company of a hot woman in the past (or present). The girl listening to this will subconsciously register you as having high value yourself, and her 'female preselection' algorithm will be triggered. (It is a well-known and commonly observed phenomenon that women are more attracted to men whom other women are attracted to. This is because male mate value is more complicated and difficult to assess than female mate value, so women use shortcuts to determine the worth of men; one of those shortcuts women use is to judge a man by how many other women have already found him worthy of love.)

DHVs of course can involve other kinds of status-enhancing subjects, but the reference to other women is typically the most common, and most effective.

Now obviously DHVing is best done through actions (e.g., walking into a club with two girls on your arms) rather than through words, but if you have nothing else readily available, telling a story imbued with DHV spikes is a legitimate game tactic, and one that will succeed if you do it right. But most men fuck it up, because it is so VERY EASY to tell a DHV story that sounds like try-hard bragging rather than incidental self-promotion. The key to successful DHV storytelling lies in the delivery — a story too grandiose or incongruent, or a DHV spike too clumsily invoked, will ping her BS meter, especially if she's a smart urban yuppie chick. DHVs must sound almost like accidental blurts that get in the way of your story goals. The object of the game is like advertising; you want to subliminally embed your value in her brain, and you don't do that by screaming how great your product is from the rooftop.

On that note, what is the best way to verbally demonstrate your prowess with women without sounding like an approval-seeking beta? Two commenters provide their experiences.

(r)evoluzione writes:

> I've found that telling women that I date dancers is a big DHV. Often there's some confusion around what being a 'dancer' is. And often a lot of overlap in dance styles.
>
> Case in point: One girl I've been seeing recently is a modern dancer as well as a burlesque dancer. Burlesque dancers are about 2″ of fabric away from being strippers–they wear pasties over their nipples. They often have a lot more sultry sexuality built into their acts as well. Whereas strippers can be sexy, but are often just trashy.
>
> Another girl, same deal–modern, burlesque, in addition to having a past history as a stripper. In general, I've noticed very positive reactions when casually mentioning this dating history when the subject comes up. Though those girls who see themselves as 'good girls,' will often get simultaneously aroused and fearful. Also, a quick mention is all it takes, mention it then change the subject, don't belabor the point. Let that hamster run!

Matador writes:

> Mystery was consistently referring to dating strippers when he wanted to display preselection and high value. I never used the routine because I'm a little bit dubious. The current feminist propaganda made cases of chronic projection very widespread. As repeatedly said in this venerable chateau, women are attracted to confident, successful men, so they assume that men want (and should be attracted to) the same qualities in women.
> So why then miss that opportunity and keep referring to trashy strippers instead of lawyers (i know, i know…), doctors or CEOs?
>
> I tend to do just that and It works fine. The key of course (especially with low achieving chicks) is not to make it sound like a big deal. And feign during comfort building that you're interested in something more

> meaningful and profound.
>
> Maybe, I'm KJing here but making shit up about dating strippers would be a good strategy to game lawyers, doctors and CEOs.
>
> Or maybe, just maybe, Mystery is indirectly assuming that women are projecting to strippers the alpha male qualities that they crave (desired by many, only one is chosen)… even though strippers are viewed by men as filthy cumdumpsters.
>
> Gosh, there is some serious reeducation work that needs to be done. Keep preaching, brother.

It's a good question: Is it better to advertise your preselection by referring to your time with strippers, dancers and models (the kinds of women who are the classic archetypes of the hot n' sexy good-to-go chicks willing to please a man) or by referring to your time spent with educated, socially accomplished girls like lawyers, doctors and grad students?

To answer the question we need to recall what it is that women truly find arousing in men, and this requires a return to fundamentals in sex differences. I'll focus on Matador's objection to DHV stripper stories as evidence of male psychological projection. Does a DHV reference to a stripper indicate that a man is projecting his own desire for female looks and sexual receptivity onto the desires of the woman he is trying to impress?

Well, no, not very much at any rate. Projection is a real human cognitive bias, but it has limits in its applicability. A man projecting his sexual desire onto women would fuss over his OWN looks, because he assumes that women are as entranced by male looks as men are by women's looks. There is NO projection in a man telling a story that references good-looking women because his sexual desire is not being projected back onto HIMSELF.

For example, women project their desire for high status men by sometimes assuming men are turned on by high status, educated women, when the truth couldn't be more different, but when push comes to shove, women still BEHAVE as if they know, on some deep primitive level, that men are aroused by looks before all else. This is why we see even educated (aka brainwashed) women continuing the age-old practices of wearing makeup and dressing provocatively and desperately trying to reverse the tick of the clock. They can assert in Jizzabel columns all they want that "real men" prefer educated plain janes to hot bimbos, but their actions belie their words.

The reason stripper DHVs work on nearly all women to a greater or lesser degree is because, contrary to the erroneous belief that women wouldn't be impressed by what men are impressed by, a stripper is REAL WORLD evidence that the man who dated her has preselection value, i.e. reproductive fitness. Strippers are perceived, (whether the perception is valid is irrelevant), as hot girls who are out of reach of the average man. A man who has fucked a stripper must therefore bring something very special to the table; namely, his irresistibility.

Would a lawyercunt be turned off by a man who admits to having dated strippers? Class issues do occasionally intrude. An upper class lawyerchick might think a man who dates strippers embodies class distinctions too great to bridge. The allure of a man who can get a bitchy hot stripper might be outweighed by her devaluing of the same man as someone who mingles with the wrong crowd.

I think this objection is overblown, but it is real.

One school of thought says that you want to DHV using the kinds of women and/or subject matter that presupposes familiarity with your target's social milieu and personal life experiences. So if you are picking up a stripper, it helps to let her know (through allusion) that you have experience dating strippers. If you are hitting on a lawyer, the same theory applies. Let her know you have dated other lawyers. Women like to feel that the men they date are on or above (but not too far above) their level.

Another school of thought claims just the opposite: that you want to DHV a stripper with stories about dating lawyers, and vice versa. This thinking rests on Matador's hypothesis that projecting what women like or respect back onto them is better game than hitting their preselection buttons for men who attract the attentions of hot

women. A stripper will deem a lawyerchick to be well above her in social status (if not necessarily looks status) and will therefore be inclined to view a man who has dated lawyers more favorably than a man who has dated socially lower classes of women. Conversely, a lawyerchick will be more sexually attuned to a man who has claimed prowess with conventionally hot girls like strippers than with stick-in-the-mud lesbian-faced lawyers like the kind she probably sees every day at the firm.

So, do you DHV with strippers or lawyers? My glib answer: neither. Or both. You don't need to choose. You can cover both bases. I'll give an example of what I'm talking about with a DHV spike within stories I have told many times in my life to smart and sassy SWPL chicks.

TheStudULuv: [Preceding convo eliminated for brevity] Everyone in this town dates a degree. I swear, you talk to guys around here and they think the number of letters after their name makes them interesting people.

Girl: God I know. I can't tell you how many boring MBAs I've met. Philosophy grads are kinda interesting though.

TheStudULuv: True. That's because they're crazy. Maybe it's all relative. I broke my rule to not date lawyers with my last girlfriend, and I'm glad I did, because she was a welcome relief after the stripper.

Girl: [pauses to digest the news] That's quite a contrast.

TheStudULuv: [Frowning and looking down at my drink] Sometimes the stereotypes are true. I shoulda listened to my mother.

I changed the subject quickly after that. The seed of intrigue had been planted. There is no need to hammer home a DHV. Just sit back and let it do its work.

But that's not the best DHV spike at your disposal. No, I've discovered something even more powerful than devious insinuations involving strippers and lawyers — the YOUNGER WOMAN. If you seduce women in the mid-20s to mid-30s age range, a subtle implication of having enjoyed the company of younger women will send their hamsters into an epileptic seizure. Framing it similar to the convo above, like it's something you are almost ashamed of, is all the plausible happenstance you need.

YOU: Dating younger women is not all it's assumed to be. They get a little too possessive for my taste.

I've used this line verbatim on girls when the conversational direction allowed it, and it has never backfired in an obvious way. While it's hard to judge the effectiveness of DHV spikes (because most of their power works on the girl's subconscious thought processes, which remain hidden from you until they are revealed in her body language or IOIs), I have observed the nearly imperceptible widening of eyes that occurs when girls hear this from me. It is AWESOMELY powerful catnip to late 20s career women. Some girls will even ask just how young my ex was, because they are beginning to presume my unattainability and want reassurances that they aren't too old for me.

As the commenters above mentioned, DHV spikes like these should be delivered as if they were afterthoughts. It helps to act a little bit embarrassed about your DHV as well. These are all master class techniques that neutralize the chance your target will interpret your DHV as a painfully value-lowering brag, and proficiency with them will only come from practice and continual feedback.

Another Conservative Traditionalist Gets It Wrong About Men And Women

CH · 28 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Bill Bennett, former Secretary of Education and Drug Czar, correctly identifies and laments the declining fortunes of men…

> The data does not bode well for men. In 1970, men earned 60% of all college degrees. In 1980, the figure fell to 50%, by 2006 it was 43%. Women now surpass men in college degrees by almost three to two. Women's earnings grew 44% in real dollars from 1970 to 2007, compared with 6% growth for men.

…but then reverts to blind, deaf and dumb traditionalist form by laying the blame for men's ailments at the feet of… I know the suspense is killing you!… men.

> If you don't believe the numbers, just ask young women about men today. You will find them talking about prolonged adolescence and men who refuse to grow up. I've heard too many young women asking, "Where are the decent single men?" There is a maturity deficit among men out there, and men are falling behind. […]
>
> Man's response has been pathetic. Today, 18-to- 34-year-old men spend more time playing video games a day than 12-to- 17-year-old boys. While women are graduating college and finding good jobs, too many men are not going to work, not getting married and not raising families. Women are beginning to take the place of men in many ways. This has led some to ask: do we even need men? […]
>
> Movies are filled with stories of men who refuse to grow up and refuse to take responsibility in relationships. Men, some obsessed with sex, treat women as toys to be discarded when things get complicated. Through all these different and conflicting signals, our boys must decipher what it means to be a man, and for many of them it is harder to figure out.

Oh, those precious, pedestalized princesses, incorruptible vessels of Mother Mary love, doing what's right and suffering the slings and arrows of men's failings in reward. What's a haloed lady to do when her heart is open to the love of a good man and all she gets is a parade of losers in her bed? The burdens of her gilded womb she will bear in martyrdom.

The bubble boy boundaries of the conservative imagination are never more evident than in its grappling with the sociosexual differences between men and women and the workings of the dating market. An appalling lack of understanding, of even a tangential blow with the truth about female nature, suggests that traditionalists and their offspring — Promise Keepers, Iron Johns, (some) MRAs, evangelists, etc. — have an allergic reaction to plumbing the depths of the human sexual soul, a revulsion likely concocted in a cauldron of sheltered life experiences and morbid fear of their own temptations.

Someone, anyone, has to pull the wool from their eyes, because their ignorance compounds a problem they rightly see as anathema to civilized prosperity. Their haste to lay the fault at the feet of men and to wholly absolve women of any responsibility gives the id monster free reign to lay waste to their utopian ideal. This is because it is the shackling or the unleashing of the female id, not the male id, that ultimately controls the destiny of a society.

So, a sincere plea to Bennett and his ilk: Get your heads out of the sand. You can start by repeating the following to yourself every morning in the mirror:

What's wrong with men? Nothing that isn't also wrong with women.

Men don't "refuse to grow up". They drop out, (or rather, beta males drop out), and with good reason, because the sexual market has been reconstructed to pander to female hypergamous impulses. Men can no longer achieve the

clearly-defined status over hypergamous women they once could because the traditional field of battle that afforded them relative supremacy and, thus, attractiveness, to women — the corporate office — has, via managerial despotism strengthening PC and diversity to a state religion, lopped their balls clean off. And so men retreat from the corporate drone working world to achieve their status elsewhere.

Men don't avoid marriage and family because they have a "maturity deficit". They rationally avoid marriage and family because, as the institutions are currently constituted, they are a raw deal for men. Marriage is a risk made too great by misandrist divorce laws, and kids are a cost made too high by falling wages and tightening housing markets, of which part of the blame must go to women who have been voting for increasingly leftie and feminist-friendly governments since suffrage.

Men don't play the field because they "avoid responsibility". Men play the field because they can; because women, in their zeal to delay marriage until their careers have been established, to hop a parade of alpha cock during their roaring twenties, and to reward the players over the providers with their prime sexual access, have opened the field to men.

Men don't "treat women as toys". Men get the sex while the getting's good because women allow — nay, PREFER — themselves to be toyed with by the kinds of men who are good at it.

In other words, Mr. Bennett, women GET EXACTLY THE KINDS OF MEN they deserve. Even more dispiriting to your conception of the universe, women get the men they WANT.

Women are the gatekeepers and the hadron collider tubes of sexuality. This has never changed, and likely never will as long as our biology remains rooted in the material world. The shape and direction of man is primarily an effect, not a cause, of the pathway laid out by women. The ancients you revere knew this, which is why they found it perfectly natural to restrict female power where they could.

> For boys to become men, they need to be guided through advice, habit, instruction, example and correction.

Nice sentiment. But guidance and advice are worse than useless when they lead astray. Your advice should be customized to the reality you live in, not the comforting unreality you wish were real.

> Someone once characterized the two essential questions Plato posed as: Who teaches the children,

Stone cold experience.

> and what do we teach them?

To accept the darkness.

> We need to respond to this culture that sends confusing signals to young men, a culture that is agnostic about what it wants men to be, with a clear and achievable notion of manhood.

The lunacy of thinking the culture is ultimately well-intentioned and all it needs is a proper scolding is the mindset of the fool, or a pity whore. What good is a "clear and achievable notion of manhood" if such a notion is unvalued by women? How achievable is this notion in a culture dictated by a cognoelite that has no use for it?

> The Founding Fathers believed, and the evidence still shows, that industriousness, marriage and religion are a very important basis for male empowerment and achievement.

If conservatives are serious about restoring a traditional concept of manhood to the modern man, I have a few suggestions for them.

1. Industriousness will only be a worthwhile pursuit for men if they can extract some real status out of it to satisfy their guiding compulsion to attract women. This means removing women from the workplace, where female career growth acts indirectly to undermine male provider and leadership status, and directly through the feminization of the workplace.

2. Marriage will only be a worthwhile goal for men when divorce laws are gutted and reinvented to stop massively favoring women at the expense of men. No-fault divorce should be abolished. Child support changed so that men and women have automatic equal share of custody if the man wants it. Alimony abolished so that we never again see a callous situation where the ex-husband is writing checks to an ex-wife who initiated divorce and is now banging a new lover. Women who initiate divorce for any reason other than provable physical abuse should be kicked out of the house and made to get by living in an apartment.

3. Religion is dead in the water. The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil has been bitten, and no one who matters in the developed nations can take it seriously again until they and their shrinking descendants have been purged from the human pool. But if you want a fighting chance to return religion to some honorable place in society, and to have men return to the fold, the constant, sanctimonious drumbeat of chiding men to behave must stop, and be replaced with sermons that take into account the fallen nature of women. Remember, women WANT to be led. They won't abandon the church if their natures are examined candidly and honestly, and without fear.

Now naturally, few conservatives will take up this call to arms. Have you heard any of them discussing the possibility of rearranging contractual marriage, the workplace, and religion to make it easier for men to ascend to a gloried position in society? Have you heard any discuss the natural disposition women have toward men of higher status, and that catering to this disposition will result in healthier relationships? I haven't. That's because most conservatives are pussies. "From a pussy, ye shall stay a pussy" would be an accurate conservative credo.

Since none of the above recommendations will ever see the light of day, let alone become the law of the land, the Chateau counsel to forge a new creation by learning game remains unchallenged in its effectiveness and its nobility. The map men navigate has changed; their status and their honor now issue from a wickedly precise understanding of women's sexual natures, an acceptance of the new culture that pervades, and a fearlessness in exploiting what was bequeathed them to personal advantage.

The answers conservatives do have are laughable. Bill Bennett gives his:

> We may need to say to a number of our twenty-something men, "Get off the video games five hours a day, get yourself together, get a challenging job and get married." It's time for men to man up.

Yes, men, man up. That's the ticket. When she cuckolds you, man up. When she rejects your gentlemanly kindness for an aloof badboy, man up. When she unceremoniously files for divorce because she got bored of your beta personality after she went off the pill, man up. When she takes the house, car, dog and half to fund her live-in boyfriend's porn habit, man up. When she writes love letters to terrorists and serial killers on death row because her honorable hubby doesn't amuse her anymore, man up. When she boffs the first douchebag DJ who comes along but makes a courteous accountant wait three months for sex, man up. When she devours pulp romance novels and vacuous feminized trash that desensitizes her to the value of real life men she can reasonably hope to attract, man up. When she gets aroused by a backhanded compliment but remains unmoved by a sincere compliment, man up. When she cries to HR about what she thinks was an inappropriate flirtation, man up. When she "forgets" to take the Pill and puts you on the hook for the 18 year enslavement, man up. When she gets multiple degrees that price her out of the mating market, man up. When she gets legal protections and favors that aren't given to men, man up. When her every misdeed and misbehavior and poor choice is excused, man the fuck up.

Wow. What man wouldn't want to sign up for this program?

Men will man up when women man down. The one must follow the other. The polarity cannot be reversed.

Five Minutes Of Alpha

CH · 31 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There's a reason why Silvio Berlusconi won the first ever Chateau Alpha Male Cage Match by a whopping length + girth. This paesan is a ladykiller. Further cementing Silvio's alpha status, Ray Sawhill (formerly of 2BLowhards) sent along this article about a former Miss Montenegro beauty queen who admitted having a two year affair with Silvio. She met him two years ago when she was 18 and he was… 73. And how does Katarina feel about the age gap?

> She said: 'In love age is not important – an extraordinary person like him could be 100 years old, it would have no effect on me, he would have still struck me.'

Any regular of this blog will not be surprised by her admission. Chicks dig power above all other male attractiveness traits. Male power truly is distilled aphrodisia. A woman will present for a powerful, charming man as quickly as a man will spring a boner for a hot, young, slender, naked babe. Of course, her statement needs a qualifier to retain accuracy: In love age is not important… if you are an alpha male with compensating attractiveness traits. Plenty of boring betas grind out their wheezy decades inspiring no love in any younger women.

And for the cynics, I have no doubt Katarina loves (note: I did not say "loved") Silvio, to the depth of her soul. Hers is real love, not fake golddigger love one so often sees when a hot chick marries a rich beta. Women's love circuits are wired differently than men's; a woman's love will erupt and ensconce an apex male like Silvio, and it will be a genuine love, in much the same way a man's love will rush out from him unbidden for a beautiful young woman.

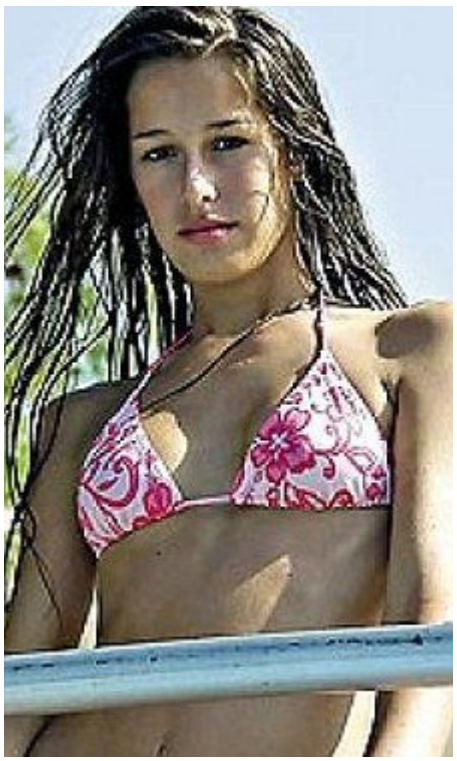
One of the comments from a female commenter is particularly enlightening.

> The allure of a powerful man like Berlusconi is something people are quick to discount unless they've been in the presence of one. I had an affair with a very powerful, high-profile (unmarried) politician when he was 65 and I was 18. Age didn't matter because he was electric. He knew everything and was energectic in a way I'd never seen in boys my age, and his appetite for life was insatiable. Decades later as a long-married wife and mother I still remember him often, and quite fondly.

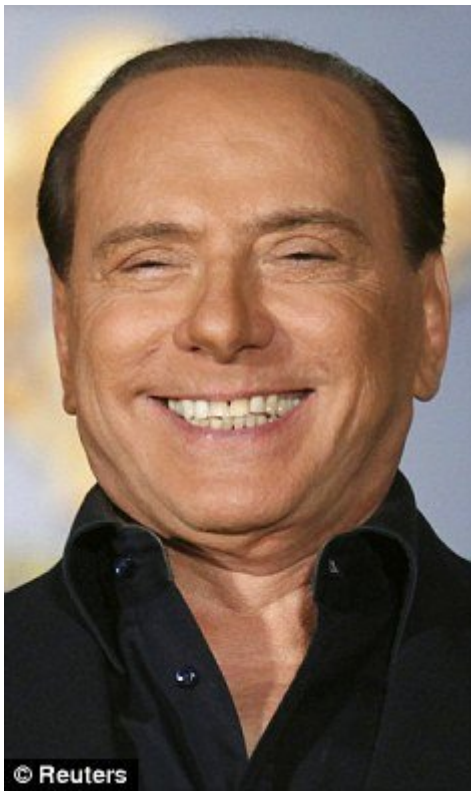
Five minutes of alpha floods the female brain with pleasant memories quicker than decades of beta.* I wonder how her husband would feel knowing that, despite decades of shared marital moments and children's first words, she still warmly recalls an affair she had with a 65 year old alpha male at the ripe peak of her attractiveness? Hallmark doesn't make cards for remembrances like that.

You don't have to be a prime minister to capture the hearts of younger women (although it helps). I advise aging men to keep that spark of adventure they had when they were teen striplings. Do whatever it takes to avoid the long, slow surrender — the Barcalounger betrayal of your masculine birthright — and strive to maintain a sense of wonder. A dash of immaturity goes a long way toward cultivating a youthful frame of mind, which is a necessary prerequisite to winning the hearts of young women.

So raise a glass to Silvio, a refreshing anachronism in an increasingly sterile West. If you were banging babes like this…



…at the age of 73, you'd have this…



…shit-eating grin plastered on your face, too.

*A similar, albeit attenuated, feeling occurs in men, when our fondest memories veer all the way back to our first tender kiss or first intimate penetration. This memory exerts its power in men for a different reason than women's memories do with their alpha flings; men's first loves are often girls in their mid to late teens (or perhaps early to mid-20s for the late bloomers) when their feminine beauty and mannerism radiates at its absolute brightest. Searing beauty leaves a scorching imprint on the male brain. However, the recollection of such memories are usually less stable and permanent for men than they are for women recalling times spent with alpha males, because men who

have even a modicum of experience with women have enjoyed many, many years of prime pussy, thus diluting the impact of their earliest memories.

Women, on the other hand, will often go decades in the beta wilderness trying to recapture the feeling they had with their alpha loves, hopping from one cad cock to another. Men are simply less interchangeable as lovers for women than women are interchangeable as lovers for men. It is for this reason that a fling with an alpha male will ruin a woman for all future men. A man, in contrast, is rarely ruined for all future women when he has a fling with a hot chick, unless he suffers a status and confidence drop so precipitous that the kinds of women he attracts are two or more points lower on the beauty ranking scale than his best past lover.

The Incredible Power Of The Backturn

CH · 1 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I arrived at a Halloween party with a mixed group. We stood and talked and laughed, enjoyed compliments from drunk strangers on our costumes, and ogled competing costumes, particularly the skimpy ones. A man dressed as a 1980s glam rocker strode over to our group, standing tall and confident. He asked a question, pointedly addressing one of the girls with us, and then cracked a joke. She giggled. Ten minutes later, after he had successfully immersed himself in the flow of our conversation, the girl who giggled held up a camera in the direction of her girl friend while yelling at him over the noise of the music to join her for a photo together.

Add then, like Peter disowning Jesus, she was denied three times. And it was his cock crowing.

But first, a bit of background. The girl at the heart of this chronicle of game is not a playette. Not a slut. Not an ingenue. Not an attention whore. She is extroverted, but in a good way, soaking up the company of friends and having a knack for making people feel good about themselves. She listens as well as she talks. She hardly ever curses. She doesn't have a reputation for sleeping around. She's been single for a year, but that's because her last breakup was difficult and now she tests the dating pool with one toe. She is cute, not hot. An inarguable 7. She is a professional in a female-oriented field. She's a good girl, and more than that, a good person.

Not the kind of girl you'd think would fall for a common game tactic? Think again.

The first of her photo requests was basically ignored by glam rocker guy. He looked up at her after she asked, smiled warmly, then swiveled his head to glance around the room, returning to our group to make a comment to another one of us. She implored a second time, her voice rising in pitch. He didn't even look at her this time, instead keeping his attention focused on one of her friends. The third time she asked him, furiously waggling her camera at arm's length in front of her girl friend, she was practically screaming to be heard over the crowd, her face reddening and the tumult in her voice signaling desperation. This final request was answered when he performed a stone cold backturn on her. Not with any hint of disgust, mind you. It was all done so nonchalantly and indifferently that she could be forgiven for thinking he just hadn't seen or heard her hysterics.

His third disavowal so cratered her self-assurance and social control that her mouth closed abruptly, stricken silence

overcame her, and she stared at his back with wide eyes for an interminable few seconds while he watched the crowd swarm by. The whole episode was caught on videotape… the video recorder of my mind, that is.

He finally disappeared through the maze of costumed partiers. Camera girl looked dejected. It would have been hard to judge how much he had affected her were it not for the couple of times she asked where he had gone off to. But the proof came when her face lit right up when he later rejoined our group, and she feverishly interjected to monopolize conversation time with him. Regrettably for him, he learned that she was not a good-to-go girl, and to her everlasting despair she found him at the close of the night canoodling with a slutty blonde. I've no doubt that if he had asked for her number, she would have thrown it at him.

There is something to be said for blithely ignoring a girl to flip the script and get her chasing you. Of course, ignoring a girl before you have made any sort of impression is not going to impact her consciousness in any way. You'll just be one among a horde of mediocrities breathing the air around her. Glam rock guy first made his impression, hooking her interest, then answered the call of her compliance test with a masterful backturn. A mighty backturn so impersonal and unmistakeable that she could not drive him out of her mind for the bulk of the night.

When a woman begins setting up compliance tests — aka hoops — for you to jump through, know that you are making progress seducing her.

When you refrain from jumping through her hoops, know that you have ratcheted up her arousal.

When you give her the backturn after her repeated attempts to coerce compliance from you, know that you have seduced her mind. You've created a disturbance in the force. A rift to a parallel universe has opened. Now she will feel an urge to seduce you.

It's yours to lose after that.

A Girl's Dilemma: The Appreciating Asset Boyfriend

CH · 2 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A foreign girl [country of residence redacted to protect privacy], cute but not so pretty that she would elicit crippling approach anxiety from the average beta, writes the following:

> Hi,
>
> I'm writing to ask for advice – I'm sure you get this a lot, but I will be truly grateful for any form of response. I'll be as succinct as I can.
>
> I'm [early 20s], [non-American], and a very happy girlfriend of an alpha. I met him [a number of] years ago and it was pretty much love at first sight, he was not like all other men who seem like children compared to him. I've been chasing him for two years but he was always involved or interested in other girls. We were always good friends but even after I told him I loved him he said he didn't see me that way, even though we had slept together a couple times.
>
> But now we are together and I've never been happier. When I think about other men I've slept with I feel disgust and I didn't like it (I thought I was one of those girls who just couldn't enjoy sex) **[ed: a lot of female "libido problems" would disappear if such women started fucking alphas. this is something the feminist and therapist lobbies will never tell you]** and I somehow always ended up in charge. When my boyfriend is dominant, I feel like I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be.
>
> He was always smart and very intelligent but lacked motivation. But since we started dating, he seems very focused on studying (we are in the same [graduate level] course), getting better [occupational field] qualifications (he's even enrolled me for the same [credentials] he's pursuing) and finding a high paying job. I can't say I object, but I feel like I should be doing the same for him.
>
> I gave up smoking to pay for gym equipment and membership (although he said he'll pay for both, since it's a gift to himself) and started putting more work into studying, but I feel like it's not enough. He jokes that he loves me the way I am unless I gain weight, which I would never do. I try to engage in his hobbies (he occasionally likes [male-oriented hobby], which incidentally I do too). But is there anything else I can do to keep him pleased with me? Do you know if some gym classes (like yoga or pilates) are better for making girls more attractive quicker?
>
> I attach a picture. I know my nose is quite big and my chin is too manly **[ed: her nose is big, but her chin and jawline are not too manly]**, but I cannot afford plastic surgery and my boyfriend says I'm still too young to even think about it.
>
> Anything you write will be very helpful, I really don't want and can't afford to lose him and go back to either being alone or dating boys or macho idiots.
>
> I write to you because my friends are not objective – your writing is harsh, but usually right to the point without the sugarcoating. And, well, my girlfriends have no experience with men like my boyfriend.
>
> Thank you in advance, I really hope you will find the time to help a girl become a better woman.
>
> Best wishes,
>
> [Anon]

Before I, or the more helpful commenters, can give you the answers you need, it's important to understand the dynamics of your relationship with your alpha boyfriend. Having no personal experience with you or the way you and your boyfriend behave together, all we can go on is what you wrote in your email, and your attached photo. For instance, I have to assume your boyfriend really is the alpha you claim he is. And I have to assume you are as happy with him as you say you are. Without those assumptions, I can't offer any advice that isn't tainted in its premises,

and therefore useless. Your honesty, then, is assumed for purposes of discussion.

Right off the bat, I will make a prediction that your relationship with him won't last. I know it shakes you to the core to hear this, but your history with him leads me to this conclusion. I wish I could tell you otherwise, and I hope I'm wrong because you write like a sweet girl. And, no, my prediction has nothing to do with your looks (though if he is an alpha male with numerous options in the dating market, I should warn you that, despite your cuteness and slimness, your looks are probably not competitive enough with the sorts of girls he could conceivably attract).

The warning sign for impending relationship fracture is the two years you spent "chasing him" while he was banging other girls. This is the action of a man who is not wholly enamored of your feminine charms. It may seem a contradiction to you because you read this blog and know that it counsels men to reconstruct the seduction process so that the girl does the chasing, (and we can see how well it worked on you), but there are differences between game and genuine apathy. This boyfriend of yours likely falls in the latter category.

Now I'm going to tackle your other admission against interest: your boyfriend's focused pursuit to raise his status since he began formally (i.e., exclusively) dating you.

When men get into comfortable relationships, what normally happens is a slackening of the masculine drive to excel. There is even scientific evidence for this; after marriage, men in a variety of occupations — science, math, business — experience a reduction in their productive output. The most parsimonious explanation for this phenomenon is that once a man has landed a woman and codified it with a marriage contract or a commitment to date exclusively, the fire in his belly slowly burns out because he no longer feels a compulsion to impress potential mates.

But in your relationship, your boyfriend has done the opposite; he has *stepped up* his striving for personal achievement and, consequently, higher male status. Should he succeed, he will be more attractive to more women with better looks. This is bad news for you, because… say it with me…

OPTIONS = INSTABILITY.

There are two main reasons why a man would suddenly become motivated to excellence after he starts dating a girl (and before they have had any children together).

Reason #1: He has shot out of his league.

That is, he is equal or lower value than the girl, and this subconscious recognition fills him with anxiety. He can't believe he is dating such a prize female, so he works extra hard to keep her around.

Reason #2: He has settled.

Sometimes a man decides to settle for a girl who is less attractive than the kinds of girls he could get if he put a little effort into it. Men normally do this because they lack confidence, game, or energy to pursue higher quality prospects, or they have settled because the girl is a low maintenance rebound from a previously painful breakup. What then happens is that these men feel trapped in their less-than-ideal relationships, and become motivated to improve themselves so that they can leave the relationship without enduring too much celibate downtime between the comforts of the ex's pussy and any future pussy. It's the "monkey swinging from branch to branch" theory of relationship management.

My conclusion — and I really do hate bringing you this news, but I suspect it's something you knew all along or you wouldn't have written this blog in desperation seeking advice — is that your boyfriend falls into category #2, based on the information you have divulged about your history with him.

Your dilemma showcases the inherent tension in all male-female couplings: a woman's sexual market value will nearly ALWAYS depreciate after her early 20s, while a man's sexual market value can conceivably appreciate for DECADES more. This tension underlies the mechanics of almost every jot and tittle of our feelings when desire overcomes us. It is the poison pill slipped into the chalice of delight.

Since I fear your relationship with your boyfriend is doomed, I suggest you enjoy the remaining time you have with him to the fullest, but keep an eye out for replacement suitors. Don't dismiss men out of hand because you "have a boyfriend"; think about practicing your dormant flirting skills, even if you don't intend any interaction to lead anywhere.

If… IF… I am wrong about the dynamics of your relationship (and this possibility does exist), and your boyfriend does truly love you and want to be with you and only you for a long time, there are a few things you can do to reinforce his attraction for you.

1. Get a nose job. You're not too young for rhinoplasty. I don't know why your boyfriend is telling you that, unless it's to make you feel better. You can easily boost your attractiveness rating by a half to a full point with a smaller nose.
2. Don't ever gain weight. You're doing well on that score.
3. Since you're already slim, you can improve your body by toning it up. This means weightlifting. Hit the gym and do squats, presses, and triceps exercises. Don't worry about "becoming too muscly". That's just an excuse fat and lazy girls use to avoid the weights. No woman becomes too big from weightlifting unless she takes steroids or works out seven days a week and eats like a pig.
4. All the girls I see going and coming from a local strength yoga class have the most beautifully righteous asses I have bore witness to on any women. I suggest you join a strength yoga class. The cause and effect may be backwards, but it's worth the membership if there's a chance you will achieve an ass like that.
5. Stop supplicating to your boyfriend. A lesson in basic human psychology is in order. The more you act like a sycophant — abiding his every trivial wish, excessively lavishing love and unearned praise on him, pretending to enjoy all his hobbies — the more he will begin to believe you are unworthy of his commitment, particularly since you do not bring incredible beauty to the table. You need an inner game correction. Make (small) demands of him, temper your flattery, have your own hobbies. Play a little hard-to-get. Be coy, not slavish. Be sexy, not slutty. Be feminine, not desperate. You may even want to flirt with other men and try to make your boyfriend jealous. Don't overdo this, though. If he's as alpha as you say he is, he'll have no trouble upping the jealousy ante with his own flirtations.

Men who have good game will play hot-cold-hot-cold with women because it builds attraction. Men with experience know that playing a male version of hard-to-get is catnip to women's sexual psyches. Women are especially vulnerable to this sort of seductive manipulation, because it is essentially a co-opting of their own devious courtship tactics.

Women naturally tease, feint and misdirect because it is in their nature to do so; such behavior helps screen the unflappable alpha males from the bewildered betas. Men do not naturally tease because all their screening is done within seconds of seeing a girl; her beauty, or lack of it, is comprehended instantly.

But once a woman falls in love, as you have done, she surrenders all possession of the faculties which served her well during the courtship dance. A woman in love is a woman stripped of all her armor; she is exposed. You are exposed. Your emotional nakedness prances around every word you write like a frantic sprite.

It is possible for a woman to keep a beta male slavishly devoted to her by pushing him away and pulling him back with enticements of sexual or emotional gratification. Ironically, the very success of such manipulation renders the beta male more unattractive, resulting in a self-defeating loop for the woman. You should not worry that pulling away from your boyfriend will make him unattractive, but you should worry that too much manipulation will drive him away. While male manipulation of this sort is highly effective on all women, the equivalent female manipulation is much less effective on the most desirable men, the alpha males. An alpha male will simply exercise his many options to secure replacement women should his current lover become too burdensome or wrapped up in gamesmanship.

However, the avoidance of sycophancy is not the same as cunning gamesmanship. I suggest you take a step away

from your alpha boyfriend and give him mental room to appreciate your worth. Right now, from all appearances, you are suffocating him. Your actions are working against your interest. Check yourself.

cracks knuckles, leans back with hands behind head Where else will you find this valuable advice for free? You can thank me by emailing nudie pics of yourself. Please do not Americanize your facial expressions.

Proof Found For Rationalization Hamster?

CH · 4 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A new study shows that people will rationalize their shitty situations if they think that they're stuck with them. (See also: sour grapes.)

> People who feel like they're stuck with a rule or restriction are more likely to be content with it than people who think that the rule isn't definite. The authors of a new study, which will be published in an upcoming issue of *Psychological Science*, a journal of the Association for Psychological Science, say this conclusion may help explain everything from unrequited love to the uprisings of the Arab Spring.
>
> Psychological studies have found two contradictory results about how people respond to rules. Some research has found that, when there are new restrictions, you rationalize them; your brain comes up with a way to believe the restriction is a good idea. But other research has found that people react negatively against new restrictions, wanting the restricted thing more than ever.
>
> Kristin Laurin of the University of Waterloo thought the difference might be absoluteness — how much the restriction is set in stone. "If it's a restriction that I can't really do anything about, then there's really no point in hitting my head against the wall and trying to fight against it," she says. "I'm better off if I just give up. But if there's a chance I can beat it, then it makes sense for my brain to make me want the restricted thing even more, to motivate me to fight" Laurin wrote the new paper with Aaron Kay and Gavan Fitzsimons of Duke University.

So does this prove the existence of the infamous female rationalization hamster? Well, almost. The study was gender-inspecific, so what it tells us is that people in general will rationalize their powerlessness so as to assuage their tender egos in the face of unchangeable circumstances. We will have to continue to rely on experimental reports from the field and incisive observations into the womanly condition from Chateau proprietors for evidence of a particularly mighty breed of female-specific hamster. There is strong anecdotal data that such a female-particular breed exists; it is now up to scientists with the balls to snicker at feminist shrieking to bravely test the hypothesis.

When a rule, a restriction, or a circumstance is fixed and inalterable, our tendency is to act like we are perfectly OK with our lack of choice or station in life. In contrast, when we feel like we have a real shot to change our circumstances, we are less likely to resign ourselves to fate, and less likely to pretend as if we wanted our crappy lot in life all along. So if you want to see the hamster spin wildly, make sure the little bugger has no hope of escape from his wheeled hellmatrix. He'll spin, spin until he loses all touch with reality.

I think we've seen plenty of examples of self-gratifying spinning in the comments on this blog, not to mention just

about anywhere in the informational universe where feminists congregate to kvetch. And the spinning is not just limited to feminists. Most losers in the mating game have experienced the crush of 5 Gs in their hamster wheels. I find these kinds of people fall into two camps: the pity whores *(woe is me, i'm a loser, there's nothing i can do about it, so stop trying to help people like me, you're only leading us astray with your advice)*, and the delusion zombies *(i'm not a loser, i have everything i need in life, single cougarhood, five cats and a niceguy beta orbiter are exactly what i've always wanted)*.

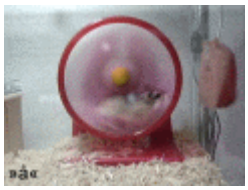
To bring this study closer to the mission statement of this blog, what does it imply about love?

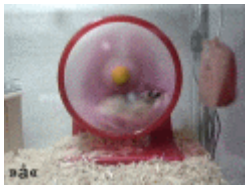
> And how does this relate to unrequited love? It confirms people's intuitive sense that leading someone can just make them fall for you more deeply, Laurin says. "If this person is telling me no, but I perceive that as not totally absolute, if I still think I have a shot, that's just going to strengthen my desire and my feeling, that's going to make me think I need to fight to win the person over," she says. "If instead I believe no, I definitely don't have a shot with this person, then I might rationalize it and decide that I don't like them that much anyway."

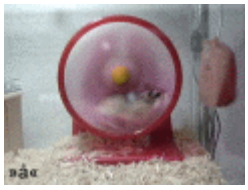
Bulls-eye. An elegant confirmation of push-pull game theory. Drawing a woman in, then pushing her away by, for example, disqualifying yourself or her, will switch the courtship dynamic around so that she is in the role of the chaser, instead of the typical female role of the chased. A woman who isn't sure you really like her because your actions are calculated to deliver an ambiguous message, is more likely to press the seduction forward than she would with either a fulsomely unambiguous man or a completely uninterested man.

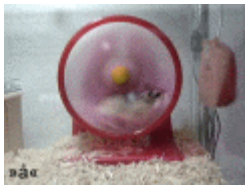
If you flirt with a woman, raise her buying temperature, but then show no interest at all in her for the remainder of the night, she will rationalize her rejection by telling herself she never really wanted you.

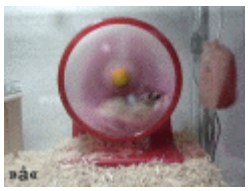
There are many real-world examples of women rationalizing their rejection or low sexual market value. Below, I list some of the more common ones.

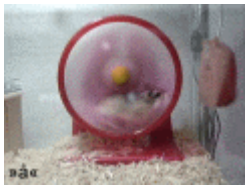


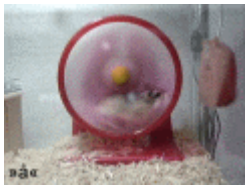


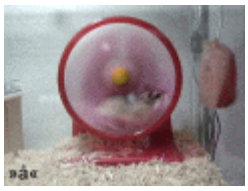


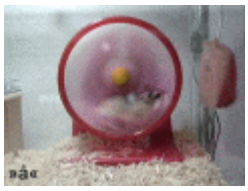


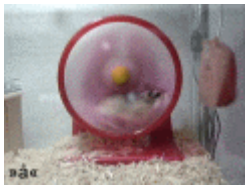


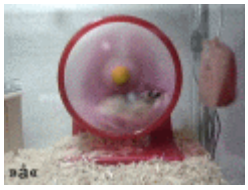


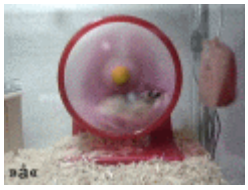


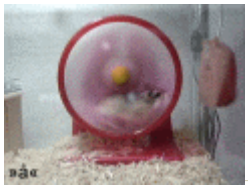


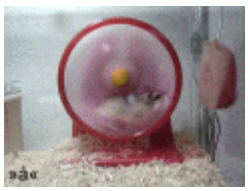


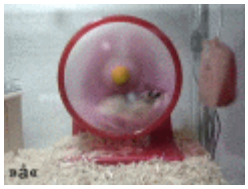


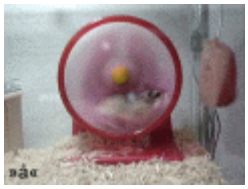


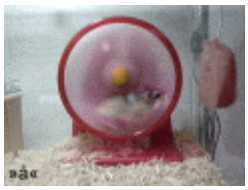






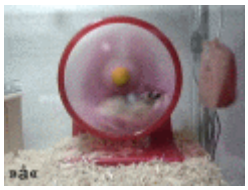






“I’m not interested in guys who like anorexic women.”
“Men my age won’t date me? I prefer younger men anyway.”
“Men are intimidated by my intelligence/career/education.”
“Men don’t like opinionated women.”
“Women reach their sexual peak at 35!”
“I get all the love I need from my child.”
“I was looking for a one night stand, too.”
“No man is good enough for me and my child.”
“Men are afraid of commitment.”
“Now that I’m older I choose my men more carefully.”
“Men refuse to grow up and settle down.”
“Men who date younger girls can’t handle women their age.”
“I’ve grown into my beauty.”
“Real men appreciate my curves.”
“A confident man loves a woman with experience.”
“I’m not dating because I need me-time.”
“He stopped calling because he got scared.”

And, of course, the all-time favorite rationalization of the castaway driftwood of womankind:



“There are no good men left.”

Some may ask why I so confidently assert that the female rationalization hamster is stronger and speedier than the

male rationalization hamster. The answer is simple. Since women are the more biologically valuable sex, they have a lot more ego to lose — and hence to spin into hamsterrific delusion — by being rejected or downgraded to the invisible fringes of the mating market.

Stupidest Anti-Game Meme On The Internet

CH · 4 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

"The alpha male isn't the one who can get the most hot women, it's the one who leaves behind the most children. By that measure, childless gamers are beta."

This is so silly it hardly deserves a rebuttal, but I'm in the mood to ruin some femicunt's or whiny promise keeper's lunch.

Alpha males who use game to attract women are doing those things which favor passing on their DNA in the state of nature, but they are thwarting the final step in the reproductive process with modern contraceptives. The use of the condom or Pill to prevent pregnancy does not render the successful alpha male womanizer any less alpha; a legal ban on all contraceptives would quickly restore his primacy in the snot-nosed litter market.

Second Stupidest Anti-Game Meme On The Internet

CH · 7 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

"Game is just learning how to supplicate to women and be a slave to women's desires."

If enjoying the exquisite pleasure of a beautiful woman's sex and love is supplication and enslavement, then I don't want to be emancipated.

Certain quarters of the MRA movement have a lot in common with feminists. I wonder if they are aware of the similarities?

Newsflash! Feminists Are Ugly

CH · 7 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

For proof, grope your way through the slide show at this NewYorkBetaMagazine link. *shudder*

This pictorial revelation should come as no surprise to guests of the Chateau. Ugly, ambitious women who feel entitled to ambitious men instead have to flatter themselves with the attention of desperate beta and omega males. Their romantic and sexual frustrations lead them to lash out at illusory boogymen like the patriarchy.

Then there is the fact that a not inconsiderable number of these feminists are bulldyke lesbians. It must suck to have a man's mind trapped in a gross, quasi-woman's body, so it's easy to understand why they take their misery out on real biological men.

Seducing Women Is A Children's Game

CH · 8 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a little secret: some of the "routines" that pickup artists use to attract women are actually reformulations of children's games. The games that you used to do as a child to annoy your little brother or sister, or the pig-tailed girl on the playground, are those same games that spark an attraction in adult women. Why? Because children's games are essentially LONG FORM NEGS.

Following are examples of children's games that you should play with women you intend to bang.

The Repeating Game

This is a classic. You repeat everything she says or does back to her. The quicker you copy her, the funnier it is. When you are repeating her words almost at the same moment as she says them (this requires a bit of prescience and luck) the hilarity will cause her BJ lips to flutter with giggles.

Almost no woman can resist the fun of the repeating game. You'll know she's really into it when she tries to pull a reverse psychology repeat by starting a sentence with "I", as in "I'm a big doofus", in which case you will have to repeat "I'm a big doofus" back to her. Just be careful not to overdo it. Wait for her to get seriously annoyed (her tone will give it away), then do it once more.

Tag

As the both of you are walking to a new venue, hit her on the shoulder or ass and yell "Tag, you're it!", then run away. If she chases you, she's DTF. If she doesn't, walk back with a look of disappointment and accuse her of lameness. Or use her non-participation as an excuse to escape, and keep running.

Stop Touching Me

Put her hand on yourself, then reprimand her by saying "Stop touching me" while pushing her hand off. Do this a few times, each time increasing the fake annoyance in your voice. "Seriously, stop touching me!" "Stop touching me or I'll tell mom." "Stop touching me pervy mcpervster!" "Wow, you just can't get enough of this man goodness, can you?"

Simon Says

Girl: Will you buy me a drink?

You: You didn't say 'simon says'.

Girl: Simon says, buy me a drink.

You: No.

Sidewalk Cracks

This game is really fun when you are walking her back to your place for the F close. Announce "Don't step on the cracks or you'll break your mother's back" and start hopping from one sidewalk square to another. If she joins you in the silliness, she's DTF. The ridiculous fun factor goes up to 11 if you are walking with her on a cobblestone street.

Thumb Wrestling

Self-explanatory. Any situation will work. "We have to thumb wrestle for it." You can trick her with the 'snake in the grass'. This is where you cheat by using your index finger to pin down her thumb. If she punches you after losing, she's DTF.

Some of you may be wondering when to play these games with women. Well, pretty much whenever you sense an

opportunity. They can be played during the attraction stage as a way to tease a girl and disqualify yourself. Or you can play them while sitting with her on a couch and getting comfortable. They're great mood lifters and routine breakers in LTRs. A woman would have to have a heart of stone not to get into the spirit of a fun, goofy game.

Children's games work because children know how to tease. The art of teasing is lost as the years pile up and adult responsibilities deaden the soul. Teasing is extremely attractive to women because it signals you aren't automatically impressed by them. Women love to feel like they have to earn the attraction of a man they are talking to, just as a man has to earn a woman's attraction.

Another benefit of playing children's games with women: they are probably the simplest way to demonstrate amused mastery.

Comment Of The Week: The Motivations Of Anti-Gamers

CH · 8 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Nick S explains the psychology of anti-gamers:

> In my experience of MRA circles, there seem to be two types who dislike Game. There are the social conservative, often religious, types who are still to some extent emotionally attached to the idea of women being less carnal and more moral, and who dislike more than anything the fact that Gamers/PUAs are holding up the dirty linen of women's less than admirable sexual nature for all to see. These are closely related to father's rights supporters. They tend to have a beta-first mentality that men who do the right thing and contribute to society are more deserving of being given a break ahead of the players and alphas.
>
> Then there are the nerdy beta types who are so socially inept that they tend not to get laid much, who resent the alpha males who get a lot of pussy, and would prefer to pretend that their lack of success in the sexual marketplace is part of some principled decision to not compromise their values and integrity for the sake of getting some. Feelings of moral superiority are too often the psychological refuge of the failure.
>
> I am not 100% pro-Game. I am generally pro-Game, but with some reservations on a few things. I am not opposed to have a critical discussion of Game. But many of those who oppose Game are so irrationally contrary and hostile to the whole thing that it is obvious they have their noses out of joint about something and are incapable of being even remotely objective.

This meshes with my impression as well. The socon types usually have good intentions, but road, hell, and all that. Many of them resent the free spirited players who get to have all the fun while they grind away in indentured betatude. Others are trapped in an anachronistic mind warp and prefer the comforting lies they were told about women's Mother Mary purity. Not all socons are anti-game. One would think that those of them with sons might be more amenable to game, having the opportunity to impart to them the wisdom of the ancients and give their sons the gift of true, lifelong happiness. Then there are the former socons who have either suffered, or witnessed a friend suffer, a divorce raping at the hands of a woman come into the game fold and see the light.

The second group — the sperg herd — occupy male ranks from beta all the way down to the untouchable dregs. As Nick S said, some of them feign principled objection to game to ameliorate the pain they feel from being losers in the mating market who can't say "hi" to a woman without loading their footy pajamas. But some spergs hate game because they imagine the player as iconic representation of the bullies who used to (still do?) hang them from locker hooks by their underwear. To them, it's better for their egos to rationalize game as useless and manipulative (they'll never see the contradiction in that), rather than own up to their failure and try to improve. Paging tokyojesusthimbledick.

There is a third group who have reservations about game — call them human nature realists — who have a pretty good grasp of social dynamics, history and the lessons of fallen man and woman, but may not be particularly religious or family-oriented themselves. These types are few in number but strengthened by a worldview that is as close as one can get to reality given innumerable informational input variables and active propaganda campaigns waged against them. They generally accept the effectiveness of game, but they worry that widespread adoption will be antagonistic to civilizational health. Their concern is for the society at the expense of the individual.

The only group to engage seriously is the third group. The first two groups are lost to reasonable discussion. Socons ride like white knights on gimp hobbyhorses, and SMV rejects troll away their powerlessness. At their best, they serve as amusing cat toys.

The Unpalatable Truth About Giving Women Gifts

CH · 9 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

On a number of blogs and websites covering the story of Steve Jobs' death, there was much consternation among the commentariat about a small anecdote from his personal life retold in his new biography. Supposedly, Jobs was on a date with Joan Baez and he refrained from buying her an expensive dress that she swooned over when she saw it in the store window. Instead, he opened his billionaire's wallet with his alligator arms and bought himself a few shirts.

Alpha.

Naturally, the dweebs that typically infest comments sections took this as evidence that Jobs is an asshole (true) and a beta who doesn't know how to win a lady's heart (false). The manginiac whining crescendoed in a giant betaboy wail that real men buy women stuff if they want to impress them. You could call these panty piddlers part of the lost beta generation. They have no clue.

It is much more likely that Jobs' refusal to buy Baez that dress made him seem *more* alpha, and hence more desirable, to her. Buying women stuff — particularly buying them stuff before you have sexed them numerous times — is a surefire way to fast track yourself into the beta provider zone where women lose all arousal and make you wait three months for sex.

For the slow learners: **Women do not get viscerally turned on by men who buy them things.** They get avaricious when they think they have a gullible mark in their grasp. Buying women stuff to win their approval is a great way to ensure you date only heartless golddiggers.

Buying shit for women is best done AFTER you have established your alpha male bona fides. At that point, long after a relationship has evolved and she is fully enslaved by her love for you, the largesse you shower upon her won't cannibalize your alpha allure. When the time comes that she needs small reminders of your beta resource investment to feel secure and safe with you, your gifts will carry more import.

Reader "Jack" passes along a story from his life that illustrates the points made above:

> Yesterday was the birthday of one of the women I'm dating. I didn't send her anything. I didn't even throw out a "Happy Birthday" email during the day while I was at work. I even waited a few minutes after showing up for her birthday party (late I might add), before finally saying something.
>
> Better still was to find out that she got flowers at work from her bosses. Every person she worked with would walk in and ask "are those from [Jack]?". Despite all of that, or rather because of all that, I subsequently ended up with the hottest sex yet that I've had with her.
>
> A year ago, I'd have either sent her flowers and various other gifts during the day, or would have been apologizing like mad for forgetting. Granted, I'd have also only had one girlfriend, who wasn't nearly as hot as the multiple ones I have going now. I'm definitely glad that Glenn Reynolds or Dr. Helen linked to your site earlier this year, or I'd have never learned all the things I was doing wrong all of these years. Thank you.

Ugly, ugly truth. But, being true, it's best not to ignore its lessons.

Freeze Frame: Controlling The Conversation

CH · 10 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Frame control is the sinew and gristle of inner game. The importance of owning the frame can't be understated. It's how the media gets you to believe their angle of the story, it's how politicians demonize opponents and their constituents, it's how academic shysters establish the bounds for acceptable debate, and it's how experienced seducers communicate their higher status and unflappability to women.

A proper definition as it pertains to pickup should help clarify the concept:

> A frame is a system of interpretation that an individual or group uses to understand a certain event/situation.
>
> Frame is important in pickup, because it communicates the PUA's mindset as well as the underlying psychology behind his words and actions. For example, Swinggcat advocates a "prizing" frame, whereby the PUA always assumes the girl is interested in him as the prize. In this frame, a chick can say, "I really like the tie". The PUA can respond, "Thank you, slow down a little bit. At least buy me a drink before you hit on me like that."
>
> A funny example of re-framing is when Borat wears his famous swimsuit to the beach, and the reporter comments, "Borat, those trunks seem a little small for you". Sasha Cohen pauses, and then promptly responds, "Ah… thank you!". The reporter's expression to contain a laugh thereafter was priceless.
>
> […]
>
> "Framing", [or frame control], in the context of media studies, sociology and psychology, refers to the social construction of a social phenomenon by mass media sources or specific political or social movements or organizations. It is an inevitable process of selective **[ed: seductive!]** influence over the individual's perception.
>
> In pickup, as with mass media, there are always certain levels of interpretation of a specific event that can be reframed based on frame control, and your emotions and conviction in your beliefs.

If you are not framing your conversations with women, you are leaving yourself vulnerable to hijacking by her hypergamous mating module. Power abhors a vacuum, and so does an undirected woman free to interpret anything you say in any way she sees fit. Framing a conversation in your favor is taking the initiative; failure to control or at least massage her perception of you exposes you to unfavorable reinterpretations of your attractiveness.

Maxim #45: Any conversation with a woman that is not explicitly framed by you to maximize your perceived status will lead to her forming a negative perception of your value over time.

I'll give you an example from my own life. I was taking a girl back to my place, a new place I had just moved into. There were boxes and piles of junk everywhere. It looked like a bomb went off. I knew any girl would balk at the mess, and that if I was in any way defensive about it, our vibe would be killed.

When she walked through the door, her expression flashed a hint of disgust. In the living room, she hesitated to take off her coat.

"Is it always like this?", she asked as she stepped backward a bit.

I wasted no breath explaining myself.

"The door's right there, if you want to leave," I said with an expressionless look, while holding out my hand in the direction of the door.

"No, no, I'm not giving you a hard time about it. I was just curious."

We had sex later on top of a mattress doubling as a bookshelf.

It helped my frame that I was in a pensive mood when she came over. I was in no state of mind to impress a girl, and it showed. Had I explained that I had just moved in and was busy fixing the place up, or made apologies for the mess, she would have had mental room to reassess her attraction for me. Remember, girls don't operate in a logical universe; they abide their emotions first and foremost. My calm, implicit dismissal of her negative frame and replacement with my own indifferent frame kept her attraction strong.

Here are some more examples of excellent pickup reframes. When girls ask me if I'm a player, I usually get the best responses from them by agreeing and amplifying ("oh yeah, the biggest, I hope you're OK with harem duties") or by accusing them of having a history falling for players, which has the benefit of oftentimes being true of girls who like to ask that question ("you're one of those girls who has a thing for players, aren't you?").

Why Alimony Must End

CH · 14 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A girl pal was telling me about the uncle of one of her friends. His wife had left him, moved way out of state, and met some new guy who became her live-in boyfriend. Get this: the ex-wife refused to marry the live-in bf because she wanted to keep the alimony spigot open. Years later, she's still unmarried, still boffing the bf, and still collecting alimony from the ex-hubby beta uncle, who, by all accounts, is a stand-up guy that everyone (except, apparently, his ex-wife) really likes and admires. He doesn't know where the money goes because the kids are with him most of the time. He thinks most of it funds his ex's vacations with her lover.

The problem with America's anti-male marriage and divorce industrial complex is that it allows women's normally inhibited cuntery — when just and fair, and some might say patriarchal, rules constrain their choices — to effloresce beyond the bounds necessary to maintain a healthy, functioning society. A good rule of thumb: if a woman thinks she can get away with sticking the shiv in a beta to redound to her personal advantage, she will.

There is no feminist in the world who can twist her hamster logic enough to convince anyone worth convincing that legally forcing a man to pay alimony to an ex-wife who refuses to remarry so that the alimony gravy train keeps riding is even remotely within the universe of fairness. A fucking two year old can tell you that this is bullshit on stilts.

Since feminists are so irrational, it's best to ignore them and focus on persuading people who matter of the rights or wrongs of certain laws and policies. Unfortunately, the number of persuadable people who matter is next to zero in the funhouse amusement theme park formerly known as America.

Assuming for a moment that the elites currently womanning the legal, political, academic and media institutions haven't gone completely insane or malevolent (a big assumption nowadays), a sensible correction to this blatantly man-hating legal policy (greased by the oily secretions of the world's number one parasites — divorce lawyers) is a new policy which states in unequivocal terms that any alimony to an ex-wife ends as soon as the tip of another man's cock pierces her outer labia.

And that's just a minor concession to fairness. In a truly sensible world which took account of the changed modern mating landscape, there would be no alimony at all. The whole thing's a fucking sham — like just about everything else that oozes out of courtrooms, boardrooms, ad rooms and legislative committees these days — designed to ~~steal~~ redistribute wealth and prestige from rules-playing beta suckers to bloodsucking grievance groups. You wonder if someday the dutiful and honor-bound betas will wake up to their dispossession, but then you have to remember that impotently bending over and taking it up the poop chute again and again is probably encoded in their DNA, so they really can't help themselves.

The Difference Between A Cheating Alpha And A Cheating Beta

CH · 14 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When a beta cheats on a woman, NOTHING HE DOES WILL APPEASE HER.

When an alpha cheats on a woman, ALL IS FORGIVEN.

I've observed it many times. And you have, too. The good betaboy who slips up once and has an affair. The girlfriend or wife finds out (because, naturally, handwringing betas can't live with a guilty conscience) and, if he's lucky, he's in the doghouse for months of celibate grindage. If he's not so lucky, she uses his slip-up as a pretext to dump him so that she can shack up with the dude she's been cheating with for years. Behold the beta who clumsily meddles with the forces of alpha: you've never seen such undignified contortionist remorse so ineffectually sway a woman to leniency.

But an alpha male who cheats, even repeatedly? If he's really on top of his game, his jilted girlfriend will cry her eyes out in an orgy of self-blame wondering why she doesn't please him, then bake him a cake. If she's made of stronger stuff, she might chastise him for ten minutes, weep bitterly for an hour into her pillows, then bang his brains out in a monumental after-fight sesh.

To those whom much is given, little is expected. To those whom much is expected, little is given.

Feminists Are Afraid Of Evolutionary Psychology, And With Good Reason

CH · 15 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Amanda Marcotte, no raving beauty she (the objective rating of her looks is germane to this discussion insofar as it partly explains the motivation for why feminists hold the irrational opinions they do), has a beef with sociobiology, aka evolutionary psychology.

> I read and research a lot of "evolutionary psychology", and while they are very good at getting people to cop to anti-feminist opinions and sexist behaviors, I have not really seen many—any?—that prove their contention that these behaviors or opinions are encoded in the genes instead of learned from the environment. They simply note people are sexist and claim that it's genetic. I sense an agenda there, because if you were putting science in front of an agenda, you would acknowledge the huge body of research supporting the idea that we learn our behaviors and beliefs from our environment.
>
> But I'm happy **[ed: no, she's not]** to read studies that prove that sexism is genetic and unchangeable instead of socialized and changeable! I just haven't seen it in all the years I've been writing about this.

Feminists are scared shitless of the implications of sociobiological theory, and it's easy to see why. The whole edifice of feminism teeters on the shaky proposition that sex differences feminists find unpalatable are amenable to change (i.e., "improvement") via government and societal intervention. If it is found that sex differences are instead hard-wired into the brain architecture through the process of millions of years of natural and sexual selection and are resistant to social reengineering schemes, then feminism as a practical ideology is utterly discredited.

What's a man-jawed, fuzz-faced, beady-eyed fembot to do when her *raison d'être* is rendered null and void? One thing we know for certain: she won't be happy to read studies dropping a hot, steaming deuce into her brain case.

There is a level of psychological distress more disconcerting, more bowel-evacuating, than even that of coming to realize one is hitched to a hollow ideology. Ultimately, feminists are afraid of what evolutionary psychology has to reveal because feminists are afraid of attractiveness standards, and of *unchangeable* attractiveness standards in particular. Because, you see, in the arena of sexual marketability, it is men who are the sex with more options to improve their dating market value. Women are, for the most part, stuck with their desirability, or lack thereof, the moment they are conceived. Outside of expensive, radical cosmetic surgery the effectiveness of which is questionable at best and monstrous at worst, the average woman will not be able to make herself more beautiful and, hence, more likely to snag a high value man anytime in her life. She can only lower her mate value by, for example, getting fat, old, burdened with bastard spawn or facially disfigured.

Accepting this truth is so depressing for many women that elaborate delusions, rationalizations and nonsensical ideologies occupy large swaths of their neural pathways to misdirect and medicate their overstuffed egos.

As the gleaming Chateau on the hill once pointed out, accurate generalizations about immutable human characteristics are the holy water to feminists' undead orthodoxy:

> if you'll notice, women are the most outraged by the idea of evolutionary psychology and unchangeable genetic fate. that physical beauty should be so unalterable and at the same time so critical to a woman's prospects for snagging an alpha male of her own sends shivers down her spine. if true, it means they cannot do much to improve their value on the open market. no educational attainment, no carreer success, no makeup, no exercise [to a point], no hob nobbing with the right people — nothing much matters but for the face they were given when mommy's egg was fertilized by daddy's swimmers.
>
> yet, this is precisely how the sexual market works. and so, as the gears of the pretty lie machine clank and sputter to dispense more of its life-affirming self-delusions, the "social conditioning" brigade strikes out at the

> descending shroud of hopeless darkness.

Read Marcotte's words. Listen to her distress signals. "Learned behaviors". "Social conditioning". "Cultural conditioning". These empty slogans — so pleasant on the ears of blank slatists and equalists and temperamental bolsheviks — are the lifeblood of feminist thought. To undermine the slogans is to ling chi the souls of their adherents. Marcotte frantically and blindly swings them around like a verbal sword, not to persuade or enlighten, but to keep her encircling enemies at bay. This is argument in service to self-preservation, nothing more, for the evidence she marshals in support of her worldview is slowly rotting from the inside out. As science inexorably chips away at the justifications for believing in these feminist fairy tales, the cognitive dissonance that believers must feel rattles their confidence and sends them reeling backwards into paroxysms of strawmen, illogic, sour grapes, non sequiturs and ad hominem. The stuck pig always lashes out most violently when cornered.

Feminists will answer, with all the self-contradiction that only they can expertly dispense absent the slightest hint of irony, that sociobiology is not a hard science because we can't go back in time to observe our ancient ancestors' mating habits, thus relegating any theory of human mating behavior to the province of "just-so stories". Such penetrating insight!

Well, no shit. We can't go back in time to observe apes evolving into humans, either, so according to feminist logic that must mean the theory of evolution is wrong. Scientists gather evidence for historical biological processes by analyzing what is available to them in the present environment, and then draw inferences from the data. Additional data and experimental testing will either buttress or weaken a particular hypothesis. This isn't just-so fantasizing; it's the scientific method.

Sadly for Marcotte and her ilk, to date the accumulated data is buttressing a genetic view of human nature and weakening fifty years of environmental supremacy belief.

The question of evolutionary psychology's status as a hard science is not something of much relevance. All that matters is whether or not its findings make sense. And compared to competing humanities and "soft science" fields, evolutionary psychology makes a lot of sense. It, and not "cultural conditioning" theories, best explains the patterns of human behavior anyone can see in action every day if they aren't up to their eyeballs in denial, or striving for social status points over their SWPL frenemies.

Marcotte is insisting on cultural explanations for which there is much less evidence than there is for genetic explanations. If feminists present a theory of human behavior which explains the available evidence better than evolutionary psychology, I'll give it its due. Of course they will not do so because they and their cohorts have nothing but lies. For example, the highly popular "stereotype threat" theory held near and dear by racial egalitarians — close cousins of feminism — has recently been proven a sham.

Even evidence that supports a cultural primacy interpretation is fraught with danger to feminist orthodoxy. For what is culture but a manifestation of genetic propensity?

> Culture does not spring up out of the ground unseeded, like a summoned monolith. Human genetic disposition seeds the ground and creates culture, unleashing a macro feedback loop where culture and genes interact in perpetuity. Those "cultural judgments" you so recoil from are actually subconscious reinforcements of ancient biological truths.

If feminists find some smidgen of peer-bypassed evidence tucked away somewhere in a private school's gender studies program that, for instance, Playboy has pushed men to value young, slender babes over the old, fat chicks men would otherwise prefer, then they will have to account for the unnerving fact that the culture *just happened* to influence men to favor slender babes over fat chicks, and not the opposite. Then they will find that most cultures across the globe mysteriously influence men to favor young, thin women over old fatties. The muddled and tormented bridging of all those coincidences into some kind of semi-coherent thought will belie their theories and

rob them of any parsimony. Why does culture, if it is the primary influencing force of sexual behavior as feminists claim, almost always act in one direction on fundamental human dynamics such as mate choice? That is a question feminists dare not entertain.

So feminism, along with Communism, multiculturalism and egalitarianism, falls victim to the same tropes that all human nature denialists share: namely, the belief that people behave in upsetting ways because some nebulous cultural mind ray tells them to behave in upsetting ways.

> The “blame the media” refrain is the reflexive blurt of the human nature denialists. It comes in many flavors: blame society, blame cultural conditioning, blame stereotyping, blame heteronormativity, blame subtextual bias… anything to avoid confronting the reality of evolved immutable human preferences for some traits over others. People are intolerant of obesity because it innately disgusts them, not because “the media” tells them to be disgusted. Media propaganda can make it more or less acceptable to publicly express that disgust, but it can’t create the disgust out of thin air.

One should not underestimate how convenient the feminist beliefs in gender equalism, social conditioning, and the malleability of human behavior is to the realization of their goals. Because without those beliefs, feminists won’t be able to get on with the program of altering the oscillation of the evil sexist cultural mind rays. Their worst fear will instead emerge to soak up the light of day: human nature is less alterable than they wish were so, and essential contours of our sexual preferences are heavily influenced by a universally shared genetic legacy. Where the genetic predilection for certain mate characteristics is not universally shared, it is racially or ethnically shared, and thus, just as immutable.

Contrary to the hopes and dreams of rainbow ejaculating egalitarian gasbags, what the science of evolutionary psychology and genetics tells us is that there are born winners and there are born losers, on the individual and on the population level, and you’ll have no choice but to sit back and get used to it. Since most feminists are ugly, accepting this truth would deliver a mortal blow to their egos.

This week, I will present three more of those evolutionary psychology studies that so vex feminists. Hopefully Marcotte will catch wind of them. The thought of her groaning under the weight of the anti-equalitarian evidence as her forehead vein throbs and her soul splinters into a million shards of impotent grrlrage fills me with sadistic joy.

Women Are Less Principled Than Men

CH · 16 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Do women have an underdeveloped sense of justice? Is the adherence to principles primarily the domain of men?

Anecdotal evidence would suggest both the above propositions are true. Certainly, Chateau field marshals have previously turned their awesome powers of observation to the task of illuminating the wide gulf between the sexes in how they understand and apply the notion of fairness. For instance, in this Chateau post from long ago it was noted that women's sense of justice flows from a refined but wholly self-interested pragmatism.

> Women as a whole are more coldly calculating than men, and the worst of them can challenge the top 1% of sociopathic alpha males for deceitfulness and cavalier betrayal. It is the prerogative of women that practical concerns, and how to achieve them, dominate their thinking and catalyze their emotions. They are the ones stuck with nine month pregnancies. Morality was codified by men; amorality perfected by women. And no one is more versed in justifying and rationalizing their own shitty behavior than a woman.

And in this Chateau post, it was boldy stated that women's morality is geared toward the welfare of the social collective regardless of first principles, and that the beliefs of the most popular in status and numbers often become the beliefs of women who, as is the whim of their historically vulnerable sex, fear exclusion from the group more than anything else, except carrying the seed of a beta male.

> [W]omen by nature are followers, and where the pack goes, so go they. Women self-govern by a simple (simplistic) motto: "It's all in the numbers." Once a tipping popularity point is reached, women will abandon their old principles for the new principles with a speed that will prove the shallowness and expediency with which they hold their beliefs.

But to date, little science has been done to examine the evidence for the Chateau and common man wisdom that men and women hold different moral values. Until recently.

The scientific literature is accumulating that points to fundamental sex differences in morality.

> • **Some studies show that women are more empathetic then men, and that this difference increases over child development** (for example, there's a nice study showing this trend in Spain by María Mestre and collaborators).

This is evidence that group cohesion informs women's morality more than it does men's morality. If someone is distressed in the group, it will be more empathetic women who tend to that person's gripes. This is a good thing when the group is the nuclear family; you want a wife and mother who will defend your family, right or wrong. It's a bad thing when the group — such as the society in which women live — is exploited by bad people who can convincingly project a victim mentality and, thus, hijack women's empathy compulsions.

> • **When looking at pictures of immoral acts, women's judgments of severity correlate with higher levels of activation in emotion centers of the brain, suggesting concern for victims, whereas men show higher activation in areas that might involve the deployment of principles**(Carla Harenski and collaborators).

Women are less principled than men. A woman's sense of fairness and moral disgust can be manipulated by emotional pleas. This is why you often see women defending hardcore killers when they are bombarded with sob stories about those killers' sad upbringings. The upside is that women's gravitation to the travails of victims can insulate true victims from egregious applications of principled but misguided retribution.

> • **When men watch wrongdoers getting punished, there is activation in reward centers of their brains, whereas women's brains show activation in pain centers, suggesting that they feel empathy for suffering even when it is deserved** (Tania Singer and collaborators).

Again, more evidence that women's morality rests on feelings rather than on abstract devotion to principles. This is why you will often see women (and this includes nuns) sympathizing with death row scum of the earth. Their empathy modules have trouble distinguishing between real victims (the dead at the hands of killers) and sentimental victims (the condemned about to die).

> • **Women are more likely to factor personal cost into decisions about whether to punish an unfair stranger, which suggests that women are more context-sensitive, and men adhere to principles** (Catherine Eckel and Philip Grossman).

Women are unprincipled pragmatists. They must be, because, evolutionarily speaking, they have been the more vulnerable, weaker sex. As evolutionary psychology would predict, women simply can't afford high-minded adherence to principles the way men can.

> • **Women were twice as generous in a game that involved dividing $10 with a stranger** (Eckel and Grossman, again).

Female generosity with strangers is likely an evolved trait that furthers group cohesion, or prevents the outbreak of intra-, or inter-, group violence. Male selfishness with random strangers likely evolved because men's mating value rests to a greater degree on their acquisition of resources. (So if women complain about men being selfish, well, they should remember who it is exactly that motivates men to horde their winnings.)

> • **Numerous studies have found that women are more likely than men to reciprocate acts of kindness** (reviewed by Rachel Croson and Uri Gneezy).

Another example of female predilection to see to the collective good in order to strengthen group cohesion.

> • **Women tend to be more egalitarian then men, and men are more likely to be either completely selfless or selfish** (James Andreoni and Lise Vesterlund).

I should hope it's pretty well known by now that women have been voting for more liberal policies and candidates than men since suffrage. In other words, women will discard principles when voting in favor of the expedience of spreading around harmonious tranquility with other people's money.

> • **Women are more likely than men to think it is okay to imprison a person on trumped up charges in order to stop violent rioting in the streets** (Fiery Cushman and Liane Young). **But women are also less likely to endorse diverting a runaway trolley down an alternate track where it will kill one person instead of five** (John Mikhail).

AKA: Where the desire for group cohesion bumps up against overcharged empathy.

> • **Women are more likely than men to blame a shipwreck survivor for pushing another survivor off a small plank of driftwood in order to survive** (Stephen Stich and Wesley Buckwalter).

"Someone, somewhere, is hurting."

> **• Women are less likely than men to be politically conservative (Karen Kaufman; Terri Givens), though the reverse pattern was true in the 1950s (Felicia Pratto).**

I'm guessing the pattern was the reverse in the 1950s because more women were married and getting their provisions from provider husbands instead of grievance shakedown rackets and sugar daddy government. A married woman with children is a woman whose worst moral instincts are muted. Alternate explanation: political conservatism was of a lot different complexion in the 1950s than it is now.

> **This range of findings resists an easy summary, but, on the whole, women seem to be more empathetic and more focused on the collective good. This is broadly consistent with Gilligan's suggestion that women are more likely than men to base moral decisions on a care orientation, whereas men gravitate more towards principles.**

Once again, the science confirms horribly evil and politically incorrect Chateau observations. I don't post these studies because I like to have my balls gently caressed by reams of scientific papers proving the rightness of my worldview. Though that is a nice side effect, my primary purpose in highlighting these scientific explorations is the warm glow I get thinking about the eyeball-popping rage that reading these posts must bring to my haters. Their pain fills me with good cheer!

What the scientific conclusions mischievously suggest is that female care-oriented morality is best suited for small-scale communities like families and neighborhoods, but is not so good when expanded to a national scale (see: mass immigration). Male principle-oriented morality, in contrast, is a much better guard rail for steering a nation along the right path (see: fiscal restraint).

Study Proves The Validity Of Game

CH · 17 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader (a Ph.D. scientist, for those of you who yearn to believe only d-bags read about and practice game) writes:

> …it is a delight to understand what motivates women and how to make sense of various factors and my previous dating life. Your continuing incisive reporting has helped my understanding tremendously.

He attached a link to a study confirming YET ANOTHER essential game concept — that men's attractiveness to women, at least in the early rounds of meeting, is based as much on, and perhaps more on (if you expand the criteria list to include all modifiable male attractiveness traits), their attitude and sociosexual-related personality dimensions (i.e., their game) as on their looks. Taking the usual caveats about speed dating studies into consideration (which the authors discuss), you really should read the entire paper, because there is so much in there that confirms just about every Chateau maxim in the whole.

> men's sociosexuality was attractive to women and showed incremental validity over and above men's physical attractiveness (see Table 3)…
>
> Interestingly, there is evidence that all these [male attractiveness attributes] can be accurately judged in short periods of time…
>
> However, only sociosexuality added incremental predictive power over and above physical attributes in the current study. Unexpected was that sociosexuality emerged as a relative powerful predictor of men's popularity to women, particularly because women largely expressed a long-term mating interest. A possible explanation is that male sociosexuality indicates a history of successful mating experience or mating skills that are attractive to women.

Sociosexuality is basically a psychological term that, in this context, defines the personality and temperamental characteristics of a man who has game, and encompasses such time-tested game concepts as preselection, confidence, assertiveness, cockiness and, well, pretty much everything listed in the 16 Commandments of Poon at the top of this blog.

Game is notoriously difficult to measure scientifically in the field, so sociosexuality serves as a comparable substitute for measuring the traits that are common in men who are good with women. Think of sociosexuality as more of an indrect indicator of overall game proficiency, rather than as a measurement of familiarity with specific game tactics.

The takeaway lesson of this study is a powerful one: **women, sluts and saints alike, are really attracted to men with high sociosexuality, otherwise known as game/charisma/chemistry.**

This is about as close to scientific proof of the effectiveness of overarching game proficiency to mating success as I've yet seen in the literature. To be sure, there are plenty of studies confirming the efficacy of specific and narrowly-defined game tactics, but not many that have found a positive correlation between men who embody game as a personality trait and their success with women. This is why I think the study's authors were a bit surprised by their results pointing to sociosexuality as a major player in male attractiveness.

What other stone cold but soft on the inside Heartiste truths are buttressed by this study?

– Older men have higher sexual market value, while older women have lower SMV. This is reflected in their choosiness. Older men are like aged single malt scotch; they command a higher price. Older women are like milk; they hit their expiration fast and no one wants them:

> As Figure 1 shows, men's choosiness increased and women's choosiness decreased with increasing age.

> […] The higher choosiness of women that is ubiquitous in studies of young adults decreased and even tended to reverse for older women.

– The 463 bullet point checklist that women carry in their heads when they meet a man is true and relevant:

> […] females based their choices on more criteria than men did…

– Women had best be hot or they aren't getting much attention from men with choices:

> [F]or women only facial attractiveness [increased the frequency of matches]…

– The higher your sexual market value, the choosier you are (and this goes for men as well as women, although, surprisingly, it seems to be more true for men at the very right tail of the SMV curve, possibly because very high mate value males are rarer than very high mate value females):

> As expected, many of the attributes that made individuals attractive were negatively related to the frequency of choices (see Table 3), and thus positively related to choosiness (Hypothesis 2a).

– Being a niceguy is a tingle killer (or, at best, a non-tingle generator), as is having nerdy or beta traits like shyness and conscientiousness. (In contrast, shyness in women is not a bad thing for them.):

> The expected negative effect of shyness was also confirmed but reached significance only for men. As expected by Hypothesis 1a, agreeableness had no effect on being chosen by either sex.

– Women are the choosier sex, but men exercise choice as well:

> On average, male participants were chosen by 3.6 females (32% of their 11.2 dating partners), female participants were chosen by 4.1 males (37% of their dating partners).

– Men are more interested in short term mating opportunities than are women:

> Confirming hypothesis H4b, the sex by interest interaction was due to the fact that men reported more short-term interest than women… and this effect was due to a higher variance of short-term interest in men than in women.

– The icy hell of LJBF banishment is real, beta orbiting and sycophancy will not get you sex, pushing for sex sooner rather than later is a better pickup strategy, and acting like a beta provider who wants a relationship will have no effect on women's interest in you for either sex or LTRs:

> As Table 4 indicates, Hypothesis 4d was fully confirmed. Women had a preference for having sex with men who pursued more a short-term mating tactics but did not tend to develop a romantic relationship with them, whereas the long-term interest of men did not influence women's mating or relating.

– Game, and other attraction triggers, work on all kinds of women, even women who are very dissimilar to you:

> Together, these findings suggest that similarity effects are weak in studies of brief real dating interactions.

– Men really do prefer to invest more in women who aren't slutty:

> Conversely, men had a preference for relating with women who pursued more a long-term mating tactics but

> did not tend to have sex with them…

Ignoramuses (paging Amanda Marcotte) who think evolutionary psychology doesn't tell us anything useful about male-female mating and relationship dynamics will blow an aortic valve if they stumble across this post.

> Our analyses were based on numerous evolutionarily informed hypotheses. Most of these hypotheses were confirmed and were consistent with earlier dating studies, lending further support to evolutionary accounts of human dating, mating and relating.

I can just hear the wailing and see the rending of garments of all the anti-game haters and feminists reading this study. May your suffering burden you this holiday season with the cursed tidings of a full-blown mental breakdown!

A Quantifiable, Objective Standard Of Beauty

CH · 18 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A Daily Mail article (usually I'd say take the Mail with a flat of salt, but they did helpfully include sources so you could dig up the original study if you were so inclined) presents new research that female beauty has the same effect on male brains as cocaine.

> The study, conducted by Harvard University researchers, found the face of an attractive woman triggers the same reward centres in a man's brain as [cocaine].
>
> Test subjects were shown images of attractive females, and brain imaging scans revealed that reward circuitry fired off when they looked at comely faces.
>
> A prominent curved forehead, eyes, nose and mouth located relatively low, large eyes, round cheeks and a small chin were among the features men found most attractive.

A reader writes in response to the article :

> So, seeing this young lady's face and body causes a cocaine-like effect on male viewers.
>
> We could show a large sample of men a large sample of images, and determine quantitatively how intense the response was. This would allow us to prove that beauty is not a social construct but is hardwired, and even to show which females have the goods, objectively.
>
> We could even show that fat females cause no brain squirt of coke-like nice-nice.
>
> There is a lot of science to be done here that will make a lot of pretty lies wither.

Veeery interesting. Yes, the results of such a study would, I've no doubt, drive another nail into the ideological coffin of the "cultural conditioning" crowd. You want to gleefully watch covens of feminists cry to the hells below and lash out in spittle-flecked fury? Show them studies that beauty is objective and measurable, and that men pretty much share an attraction for the same slender, beautiful women.

A study that showed the same SPECIFIC reward regions of the brain LIGHTING UP on MRI scans of, say, one hundred brains of men hailing from various globe points when they looked at photos of beautiful women, and then DEACTIVATING when the men were shown pics of ugly or fat girls, would be the sort of inarguable hard science that should, in a rational, sane world, utterly discredit the beliefs of those who say beauty is a subjective, cultural construct. Brain scans would, humorously and in one fell swoop, put the lie not only to platitudinal feminist gum-flapping insisting there are no standards of measurable beauty, but to the feeble entreaties of all those cloying betaboys who suck up to flabby fembots by telling them what they want to hear.

"ew, i don't want an anorexic. i like a girl with curves, like you dear"

*brain scan image formulating… *beep boop beep*… "anorexic" girl pic asplodes brain*

"no no, that's not me, dear. that's just my culturally conditioned brain talking."

There are lies, and there are cosmic overlies. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" and "beauty is subjective" are those cosmic overlies that fuel the core reactor which energizes so many lesser lies. Destroying them would cause dominoes of lies to fall in their fiery wake.

ps a little question i like to pose to people who don't believe universal beauty standards exist is the following: how could photoshop professionals, who spend their days retouching photographs of women to make them more

attractive, know which parts of the face to alter if beauty did not have an objective, measurable basis? think about it.

pps i told you i would give you three evolutionary psychology related studies this week sure to fibrillate the hearts of feminists and their apologists, and i came through. now go, my disciples, and spread the game word.

Bad Omen

CH · 18 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

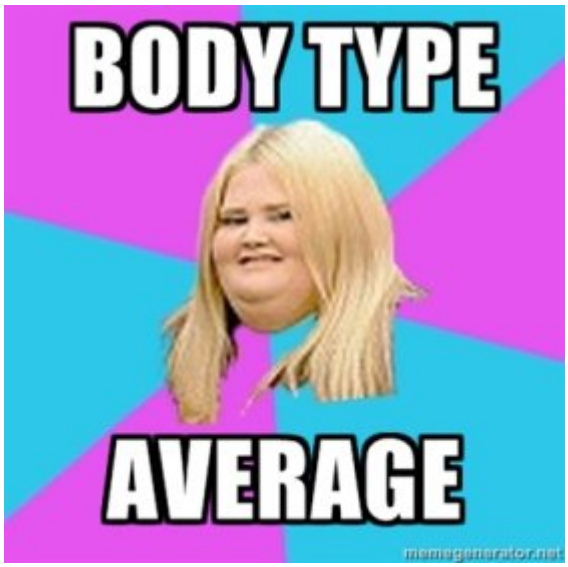
When you reward fat chicks, you get more of them.

Although, to be fair to this guy, the beta looks strong in him. He probably had few options and settled when the specter of involuntary lifelong celibacy burned his dreams to the ground.

Fat Girl Funnies

CH · 19 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Hat tip to Gmac for tweeting a link to this hilarious fat girl meme. I laughed and laughed.



I read somewhere that the Census Bureau (or was it the CDC?) predicts that 80% of Americans will be OBESE by 2050. Imagine that. A whole country full of waddling fat asses. Where do I renounce citizenship?

I've always maintained that shame and ridicule are great motivators to improve oneself. Clearly this humble blog, with its symphony of sadistic mockery, isn't doing enough to stem the tide of tubbiness. Let's all work together to reach the masses before they reach critical mass.

Dealing With Nasty Bitches

CH · 20 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Every so often, you'll encounter a really nasty, bitchy piece of work while on your pickup adventures. Her shit tests will be more insulting, her attitude will be meaner, her barbed questions will sound like an interrogation for the benefit of her friends. Through no fault of your own, she'll come down on you as if you were the ex she's hated ever since he dumped her over text.

Typically, the advice in these scenarios is simply to smile and say "nice talking to you" and bail. Nothing wrong with that, and it certainly beats lashing out in anger by calling her a bitch in response. But sometimes… sometimes… your balls grow three sizes and you feel a need to exact the pain of a psychological mindfucking. Good news. All it takes is one short line to subvert her bitchy self-satisfaction, like verbal jujitsu.

"Oh, so you're one of those."

Spoken without anger, with a completely neutral facial expression, the beauty of this line becomes apparent. It gets under her skin without diminishing your social grace, it chastens her in front of onlookers, and it forces her into your frame.

It also leaves you with multiple options on how to proceed. If she accedes to your frame — "What do you mean by that?" — you have room to maneuver into qualifying her should that be your goal. If she lashes out impotently — "Fuck you!" — you have the option to backturn and leave her looking like a tool.

That's part of what being an alpha male is about: choice. You are not a pawn in other people's choices. You choose, that is, you establish the frame, and others follow along or are discarded.

Women's Shifting Perceptions Of Male Looks

CH · 21 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A critical sex difference is in how men and women perceive the looks of the opposite sex. A woman's beauty is a powerfully visceral stimulant of men's desire, and tends to remain so until their beauty begins the fade in earnest by the early-mid 30s. Men's looks, in contrast, provide a more muted stimulation of women's desire — less visceral and more aesthetic compared to the hungering stimulation female beauty causes men to feel — and this stimulation of female desire tends to manifest in two ways.

1. Women can be drawn to men's looks upon first sight, just as men are by women's looks, but unlike men, women can (and will) nearly instantly lose the thrall they feel in the presence of a good-looking man should his behavior and conversation come across as unattractively beta. Betaness can kill the advantage of good looks dead.

The same is *not* the case when the sexes are reversed; that is, a beautiful, bitchy women will still make men feel horny, even as the bitchy attitude discourages men from treating such women kindly.

Maxim #67: When women are confronted by a man with low status behavior that is incongruent with his high status looks, they will never resolve the incongruity to the benefit of his status; women will always resolve the incongruity to the detriment of his looks.

2. Women will gradually perceive a man's looks getting better over time if he possesses other attractiveness traits (e.g., charm, fame, social savvy) or if the woman in question has fallen in love with him. "Time", in this context, can be as long as years or as short as a few minutes. A man running tight game *will* be perceived as better looking by women. A man in a relationship who is loved by his girlfriend or wife will also enjoy the benefit of positively altered female perception of his looks.

Again, the same phenomenon does not exist when the sexes are reversed; an ugly woman, no matter how charming, wealthy, famous, kind or personable, will *not* be perceived as better looking by men. A similar dynamic operates within relationships; in fact, a woman in a long term relationship can actually become *less* attractive to her lover as his desire for variety begins to outcompete his feelings of love and loyalty.

There is one caveat: early in a relationship, when the feelings of love are strongest (3 months to 2 years, depending on his basal oxytocin levels), a man will be so infused with a dopamine high that his woman will seem more beautiful to him than when they started ~~dating~~ fornicating. Although — and this cannot be stressed enough — NEVER will she seem more beautiful than when he FIRST laid eyes on her. That initial blast of lust is impossible to duplicate.

The above observation of the female inclination to perceive a lover's looks in more favorable terms explains the time-tested wisdom that a woman in love thinks her man better looking than he is. I believe this change in perception is so powerful that it actually reflects a neural rewiring of a woman's brain circuitry when gazing upon the visage of a man she loves. Similar radical alterations in female perception happen when a woman is pleasantly surprised by a charismatic man who is successfully seducing her despite his unimpressive looks.

Stingray wrote:

> I knew a guy in high school who had severe burn scars covering more than half his face. Dated one of the most popular girls in school for a long time and was liked by all the other girls as well. Everyone who knew him said that after knowing him for only a short time, the scars were invisible. They simply became part of who he was and went completely unnoticed. Attitude is everything. Looks may slow down those initial reactions, but if you move beyond that and maintain a confident frame, they will not hinder you much.

Scar game.

A man's physical flaws are like disappearing ink — exposure to a woman's love, or even her interest, will cause them to fade away.

And here is some real world experimental evidence that manly confidence influences women's perceptions.

> According to a university study, women can still identify a physically attractive man just by reading his profile.
>
> It found good-looking men were able to convey their confidence and attractiveness in their written self-description – and that women volunteers were able to recognise their beauty without being shown the lonely heart's accompanying photograph. […]
>
> 'Our data suggests that attractive individuals wrote texts (profiles) that conveyed confidence, and it was perhaps this confidence which primarily signalled quality to the women.'
>
> The associate professor added that 'such confidence may arise from attractive people's general sense of their high mate-value'.

Take home lesson: If you're an ugly man, you can influence women to perceive you as more physically attractive than you are by projecting the confident demeanor of an attractive man. A low status man can influence female perception by projecting the attitude and body language of a high status man. This is the crux of game.

Social Media And Female Self-Esteem

CH · 22 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's funny 'cause it's true.

Feminists and their suckups have been very effective at shifting cultural opinion in the direction of believing that women suffer from low self-esteem at the hands of an antagonistic patriarchy. And they have managed this propaganda feat while simultaneously trumpeting the world-changing force of grrlpower. Remarkable squaring of the circle! Feminists are, if nothing else, skilled at resolving seemingly insurmountable contradictions in thought. Their hamsters are juiced to the cheeks on roid pellets and spinning that wheel faster than ever.

The truth, as is always the case when closely examining feminist doctrine, is the complete opposite.

If you are a man, imagine experiencing life through the fish-eye lens of the woman in the left-hand side of that Facebook graphic above. The lens distorts reality so that you are the impossibly enlarged center of your frame and everything around you recedes to warped insignificance. This is an even better analogy for the life of the typical attractive young woman than the metaphor of living in a fishbowl.

Try to picture this life, except with the sex roles reversed. Every one of your trivial observations or random thoughts gets "upvoted", literally and metaphorically, by throngs of admirers, mostly female but some male too. Your lauded accomplishments amount to sharing cute puppy pics. Say something stupid? No one will call you out on it. Make a lame joke? Everyone laughs uproariously. Post a drunken photo of yourself? Hundreds of chicks "like this" and cheer in unison, "you go, guy!". Tell no one in particular that you are sad, and you're having a bad day? Hundreds more line up to offer uplifting messages of support.

You get the idea. Now, what do you think experiencing life like that will do to your self-esteem? If you answered, "my self-esteem would fly through the roof", you win. Again.

The notion that American women endure the travails of low self-esteem is unmitigated bullshit; mythmaking of the highest caliber. American women, and really most women in post-industrial countries on the downslope into cultural decay, have the opposite psychological condition: TOO MUCH self-esteem.

Social network mediums like Facebook and Twitter have contributed to the bloating of the American female ego by giving her access to the admiration of ARMIES of would-be suitors (the equivalent of a handful of suitors in pre-internet fame times), and to an emotional support system that numbers in the hundreds, even thousands, over the relatively tiny social circle her grandmother was grateful to have in her day.

Today, it is insidiously easy for a woman in her peak attractiveness years to attention whore. If you want to know why so many women so readily whore for attention, the answer is simple: because they can. Cute puppy pic —> cascade of high fives. Who wouldn't avail themselves of that quick ego fix?

In contrast, most men must still attention whore the old-fashioned way: by earning real achievement and marketing it to as wide a receptive audience as possible. A man doesn't have the luxury of posting puppy pics to get his ego thrills. He needs to actively market himself and/or his accomplishments, and to sell himself in such a way that he is received in a positive light by his audience. Game is a revolution in thought because it allows men to circumvent the traditional avenues of male attention whoring; namely, occupational status and ostentatious materialism.

In some limited ways, social media serve men's interests as well. The task of preselection becomes a lot easier. One pic of you doing shit with a cute chick is worth ten overactive hamsters. Plus, if you have a band, it's now a lot simpler to expand the pool of potential groupies. Nevertheless, critical differences in how social media affect men's and women's psychology exist; few men will experience the instant ego rush from online exposure that so many girls in their prime fertility years do.

I occasionally get emails from older men taking issue with one or another core game concept. Usually, they are along the lines of "When I was dating, I didn't need to neg women. It wasn't that complicated." Well, that may or may not be true (rose-colored glasses come to mind, as does the suspicion that a lot of old-time players have conveniently forgotten how much game they used to spit), but the fact is that the prevalence of social media and its effects on women's egos has demanded the use of self-esteem lowering seduction tactics like negs and disqualifications.

Maxim #22: A woman with inflated self-esteem is a woman who will erroneously believe she is too good to date men normally in her league, unless steps are taken to bring her self-esteem back in line with reality.

Corollary to Maxim #22: A dating market lopsided with unrealistically high self-esteem women will shrink the pool of men available to date and marry, with the consequence that women remain single longer than they would otherwise.

Corollary to the corollary to Maxim #22: The most effective measure society can undertake to increase the incidence of marriage and the quality of married life is to stop artificially propping up women's self-esteems.

It's no coincidence that social media — and the Generation Masturbation it spawned — and the modern permutation of game co-evolved at roughly the same point in history. Future anthropologists will study this era as one in which the sexual market operated in near complete freedom, with all artificial constraints tempering female sexual prerogative removed, and many of the impositions on the full expression of male sexuality removed as well. The consequences of this society-wide experiment are beginning to manifest, and so far the social landscape coming into focus — despite being a boon to cultural renegades like myself — doesn't bode well for maintaining a healthy, prosperous nation.

downvote

Why It's Good To Shame Single Moms

CH · 28 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

With all the data pointing to an entrenchment of epidemic-like proportions of single momhood in the U.S., it's helpful to remind ourselves why this is so bad not only for the health of the nation and its posterity, but for the well-being of the children who suffer under a regime of single moms. As we are neck-deep in an era of selfishness, it's no surprise that the scourge of single momhood leads the vanguard of cultural dissolution. At 70+% among black Americans, 50+% among Hispanics, and 30% among whites, we are heading for a future of grown-up bastard spawn bringing all their neuroses and dysfunction to bear on the social contract, which is already frayed beyond rescue.

Of course, middle-upper and upper class whites think they are immune to the tidal wave of illegitimacy, and so far they can take cold comfort in the fact that their rates are considerably lower than those of their lessers (you'll never get them to admit they have lessers, but you can bet your bottom dollar that they *believe exactly that*.) However, strong social forces can work both up and down the class and race ladder, and it is entirely plausible that a dystopian event horizon, like widespread illegitimacy, that bellies up the lower and middle classes will eventually consume the upper classes as well, either directly by the osmosis of bad habits or indirectly by the levying of trust-destroying and community-fracturing Danegeld.

One of those helpful reminders of the shitty hand that single momhood deals to their innocent bastards comes to us in an Australian study of boys raised without a father.

> Adolescent boys are more prone to delinquency if they do not have a father figure in their lives, a University of Melbourne study has found, while adolescent girls seem unaffected by the presence or absence of fathers in their lives.
>
> The study, undertaken by the Melbourne Institute of Applied Economic and Social Research at the Faculty of Business and Economics, found that the presence of a father figure during adolescence was most likely to have a preventive effect on whether male youths engage in risk-taking and deviant behaviour.
>
> While active involvement and interaction between fathers and youths was found to be beneficial, it did not explain the positive benefits of children who grow up with fathers in the household.
>
> "The sense of security generated by the presence of a male role model in a youth's life has protective effects for a child, regardless of the degree of interaction between the child and father," Professor Deborah Cobb-Clark, Director of the Melbourne Institute said.
>
> "Fathers provide children with male role models and can influence children's preferences, values and attitudes, while giving them a sense of security and boosting their self-esteem. They also increase the degree of adult supervision at home, which may lead to a direct reduction of delinquent behaviour." […]
>
> "Our study included residential and non-residential, biological fathers and residential stepfathers and their influence on adolescent behaviours," Professor Cobb-Clark said.
>
> "We find that adolescent boys engage in more delinquency without a father figure in their lives. Adolescent girls‟ behaviours are less closely linked to this, which may be attributed to the inherent levels of risk-taking that vary between males and females."
>
> Additionally, higher family incomes were found to have little effects on solving the problems associated with youth delinquency.

Boys of single moms are more likely to end up huffing paint under overpasses. Way to go, single moms.

Interestingly, the study claims girls do not suffer as much from missing fathers, but the metric used in the study was degree of delinquency, which would naturally favor girls since they are the sex less predisposed to criminal

behavior, regardless of parental environment. Studies that have expanded the measured variables to include other dysfunctional behaviors find clear links between fatherlessness and sluttiness in teen girls. Mothers nurture, fathers guide. Both are required to fully form the child into a self-possessed adult.

The Chateau has often asserted that both the carrot and the stick are necessary to influence human behavior, given innate genetic constraints. Shame is a powerful motivator of behavior, and a concerted effort by the wider culture and all its propaganda organs to shame single moms and women at risk for single mommery into avoiding the degenerate life of the single mom with bastard sprog in tow will redound to the benefit of not just individual women and children, but to society as a whole. This campaign of shame should include in its sights those desperate beta and omega males who willingly date and shack up with single moms and by doing so breathe sustaining gusts of validity into a depraved lifestyle that would otherwise fail in a state of nature where men had more choice and exercised more care in their choosing of partners.

(People who scoff at the Chateau recommendation that game will help society right itself in the long run need look no further than the benefits that can accrue to everyone when beta males have more sexual freedom to shun the dregs of womanhood and heed their true desires more faithfully.)

Unsurprisingly, the avatars of *noblesse oblige* are inculcating the opposite message — a message of destruction, decay and death. Smart but stupid: I can't think of a more fitting motto for our current elite.

Dominance Plays

CH · 29 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I was at a club peering down at the dance floor from a bird's-eye view on a second story walkway. Laser lights painted the room and I tried to avoid direct retinal shots. Whenever you see balconies and laser lights, and the floor is thumping underneath your feet, you'll know you have entered a portal to another world — the Douchebag Zone.

A large man bulldozed through the crowd. As he passed me, he put his hand on my lower back, grazing the upper butt cheek, to guide me, roughly, out of his way, as he grunted "coming through" in that tone that suggests he really doesn't care if you'll pardon his intrusion. Instinctively, I jammed his arm away with a quick swipe of my elbow. He turned around mid-stride and our eyes locked in steely gazes, but nothing came of it. Too many people were in the way for confrontation to develop.

I'm certain that had I been most any other man, I would not have thought twice about a d-bag pushing his way through the crowd and physically nudging me aside with contact on a vulnerable part of my body. But game has changed me. Intricate knowledge of human social dynamics has made me acutely aware of other men's alpha body language. Where most either blissfully ignore or are unaware of dominance plays by competitor males, my burden curses me with heightened perception of the smallest slights (and the tiniest flirtations). A touch here, a shove there, a distracted look when I'm talking… every mannerism and status signal is a cue that an alpha dominance maneuver is in motion, and I need to make moves to avoid being victimized by the subtle pull of rank.

Some of you are confident that awareness is better than ignorance. But are you sure? If happiness is the measure of a life well-lived, who is happier? The mindlessly naive or the savvily vigilant?

Ultimately, we all want (in the loosest definition of the word) to secure the best mate(s) possible in our short time on this earth. Awareness of reality helps us achieve that goal much better than contented ignorance. But it comes at a cost.

The IQ War Smears

CH · 30 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Via GLPiggy, there's a big dust-up over IQ and ethnicity again (these things seem to come in cycles, about once every two years), with Andrew "really, it's not a stereotype that I own a beagle" Sullivan on the side of common sense and hard facts this time, and the denialist tools over at Gawker and, well, just about every other mainstream internet outlet smearing him and guys like Charles Murray as white supremacists.

You can't make this shit up. Oh wait, yes, you can, because this debate is a fucking broken record at this point. The Left has their creationism, and even if they live their lives as if they don't believe in it, you will never get them to admit they worship a false idol. Best just to mock and taunt them.

I give this topic little attention because, one, it doesn't interest me as much as pussy does and, two, the bad faith arguments of the denialists are so egregious and their smear tactics so transparent it's like trying to reason with a psychopath. You're wasting your breath and giving him more chances to stick a knife in your back when you're not looking. The way to handle psychopaths is to isolate and ostracize them, not try to engage them.

Some of them are reachable through triangulation, but why bother? For every one denialist who comes around to a distilled and palatable version of the truth, twenty more verbal prestidigitators pop up like crazed prairie dogs to fill the emoting vacuum left behind by the convert's exit.

Lest we forget, there's a reason why emotions run so hot on this issue. Not only does it cut straight to the beating heart of equalist ideology — the predominant ideology, arguably, of the last 150 years in the West — but the ramifications of the subject under debate are huge. The tepid bleatings of putatively diplomatic commentators like this one on Ta-Nehisi's forum serve as a prime example of what I'm talking about:

> Andrew never said that blacks are "inferior" to whites or that whites are "inferior" to Asians. He simply pointed out the fact that Asians, on average, perform better than whites on a certain kind of test, and whites perform better, on average, than blacks on a certain kind of test.

This dismissive hand-waving about "a certain kind of test" reveals more than it conceals. It is meant to assuage egos and smooth the airwaves for sensible, rational discussion on the topic. But egalitarians and the SWPL industrial complex know that these softening words cannot contain the horrible, unrelenting, monstrous truth that stalks every cooing syllable. IQ is FUCKING HUGELY IMPORTANT to your chance to live a happy, successful life filled with wonder and glee and gadgets and crime-free neighborhoods in a modern, technofantastical, information-highwayed, cognitively stratifying first world Western nation.

The enemies of truth know this, and that is why they tirelessly work to shut down any talk about it, and to smear and slander and shun those who would deign to lift the veil of lies for a peek underneath.

Their reasons are obvious, and understandable. But they are still lords of lies. And their time is almost up.

Does Game Work Less Well On Masculine Women?

CH · 30 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader left a link to a very interesting study of digit ratio and how it affects women's mating and nesting behavior.

> The current study assessed digit ratio (2D:4D) and mate guarding in 101 dating couples. Low 2D:4D men (indicating higher prenatal testosterone exposure) were more likely to state that they threatened male competitors and used more threats and physical aggression toward their female partners. Men were particularly likely to use threats and physical aggression toward partners who cheated in the current relationship. In addition, women resisted mate guarding by men with high 2D:4D, particularly when women cheated on their partner. High 2D:4D women were more possessive toward their partner. This is consistent with ideas regarding the effects of sexual selection on mate guarding.

Digit ratio studies seem to come out every week now, with similar conclusions that the amount of testosterone or estrogen we are exposed to in our mothers' wombs has real world consequences for how we act as adults when searching for a mate and settling into relationships. It is strange but true that you can tell quite a bit about a person's character — barring exceptions, of course — by simply eyeballing the ratio between his or her ring finger and index finger. Cultural conditioning, my ass.

Studies like this one are anathema to feminists (for the obvious reasons), but they should give practitioners of the crimson art of game pause, too. For if digit ratio alters women's behavior toward men and her fidelity within relationships, then game will have to adapt to those realities.

Examine, for instance, the second conclusion in that study abstract above. Women resist mate guarding by high digit ratio (i.e., feminized) men; in layman's terms, women give feminine men more shit when those men act possessively. More masculine men, therefore, can better get away with possessively jealous behavior. A well-versed student at Le Château Institute for Advanced Poon Studies would slyly remark that it makes perfect sense when you consider that women would be more likely to want to step out on a feminized beta male to get impregnated during the ovulation part of her cycle by an alpha male. A very jealous beta boyfriend would throw an annoying monkey wrench in her subconscious plans.

Also note that the female resistance to mate guarding by the male is *stronger* when she has already cheated. Gentlemen, if you have discovered cheating by your girlfriend or wife, kick her out immedaitely after throwing her shit on the sidewalk. Ignore her desperate entreaties to the contrary; it is already too late to save your relationship or marriage.

In addition, the study found that high digit ratio (i.e., highly feminine) women are more possessive of their boyfriends. Why would this be so? Presumably, feminine women would have more options on the dating market, so they would have less reason to be possessive within a relationship. But you have to look at both sides of the couple equation. Feminine women likely partner with masculine men — sexual polarity is the most potent attractant in the known universe, besting even black hole gravitational pull — and these are the kind of men who have more opportunity to cheat when the cheatin's good.

Similarly, it would not surprise me to learn that feminine betas often wind up with masculine women who take charge of the development of the relationship. The problem that presents itself to these betas is that masculine women are going to find it harder to keep strange cock out of their panties when the ovulation bell rings.

What does this have to do with game? Well, we know that feminine men will have a harder time keeping their women in line, and feminine women will be easier to game into strict relationship fidelity. Possessiveness often gets a bad rap in the cultural mainstream, but ask yourself this: Would you rather deal with an overly attentive girlfriend easily aroused to jealousy, or a stand-offish "girlfriend" with a wandering eye? Which girl will give you better, and more frequent, sex?

From experience, I can tell you that girlfriend possessiveness, while annoying at times and dangerously apt to blossom into full-blown stalker-itis if improperly managed, is far more amenable to game and psychological ploys designed to minimize its worst aspects than girlfriend aloofness.

A masculine, aloof girlfriend is the beta boyfriend's second worst nightmare (his first is involuntary celibacy). This type of girl will chew him up and spit him out, twice on Sundays, and this goes double for betas without a clue. A beta with tight game — which, by definition, will bump him into lesser alpha territory — can keep a masculine, low digit ratio girlfriend's faithless instincts in check, but it will cost him regular peace of mind. He may decide she is worth the aggravation if she's hot enough.

Alpha males have to deal with possessive, feminine girlfriends more than beta males do, so their perspective on that specific manifestation of female behavior may be skewed toward less tolerance for it. This is why you will often hear natural players complaining bitterly about clingy girlfriends who cramp their alleycat style, the gender opposite of masculine women who seethe with contempt for their clingy, beta boyfriends.

As a follower of the tenets of game, you have to take two critical presumptions into account when you venture into the field.

1. As a man, do you tend to the less aggressive or more aggressive end of the male behavior spectrum? Your digit ratio will give you a clue as to which way you lean. If more aggressive (lower ratio), you may want to shoot for women with lower ratios as well, since they will be less possessive of your time and attention, freeing you up to fool around. If you are less aggressive by temperament, you will want to screen for feminine women with higher digit ratios, as these types of women will be more easily gamed into loyal relationship material.

2. Are you looking for a fling or a girlfriend? If the former, target low digit ratio girls. If the latter, go with high digit ratio girls.

Returning to the title of this post, I surmise that masculine, low digit ratio women are harder to game because they are less possessive and more prone to cheat than feminine women. A lack of possessiveness means that a whole suite of game strategies that deal specifically with arousing jealousy and instilling a fear of loss will not work as well on women who don't get jealous very easily by nature. Similarly, game tactics which inspire love, and, hence, loyalty, in women will be less effective on masculine women with stronger drives to cheat and slut it up.

My experience confirms this hypothesis. Think of masculine women as quasi-men. How well does game work on men? Not very well. It stands to reason that game will have less impact on women who have the psychology of men.

Luckily, most men prefer the company of more feminine women, particularly for LTRs. If she's a fling, then it doesn't much matter if she craves random cock once a month, or likes to scratch her belly while watching football.

This is not to say that game is useless on masculine women. In fact, many early game tactics work better on women with oversized clits. A masculine woman is probably a pro at brushing off betas, and it's a good bet she has the broad but shallow ego of a man. As a result, negs will work particularly well on her kind, and the happy surprise of being on the receiving end of brazenly cocky game will catapult her straight past the comfort zone and into your bed.

Reader Mailbag: Surfeit Of Flushed Nethers Edition

CH · 1 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This was a good selection of reader questions, mostly because the questions were short and to the point. Lesson: If you want your question featured in CH's 'Reader Mailbag', you'll have a better shot if it's tidily under one paragraph in length. (No run-on sentences, please.)

Email #1

> Can you talk about circumcision and your thoughts on its effects on the male brain? My theory is that circumcised men jerk off less and are therefore more productive whereas guys with foreskins have an easy time jerking off (never need to use lube). I'd love your thoughts on this and possible correlating the decline of America to the decline of American male circumcision.

Circumcision is a barbaric practice, a close cousin of clitoridectomy. Civilized peoples should outlaw it. Instead, it continues to be *de rigueur* in large swaths of the population. The arguments for it are nonsensical.

1. "It doesn't affect sexual pleasure"

Yes, it does. The foreskin is loaded with nerve endings and is ranked the most pleasurable part of the penis by men who still have it intact. Removal of the foreskin even reduces women's sexual pleasure during intercourse.

2. "Circumcision reduces the chance of infection, particularly AIDS"

The persistence of this myth is belied by the available evidence. Even among gay men, for whom circumcision is most recommended as a protection against AIDS and other STDs, the evidence is scant that circumcision provides a protective benefit. Think about this from an evolutionary perspective for a second: if intact foreskin was a high risk for infection, how did it ever evolve? Clearly, the foreskin is not the bogieman some faint-hearted doctors would have you believe.

3. "Women think an uncircumcised penis looks ugly"

First, what women think of the aesthetics of the penis is all over the map. I have heard a thousand different opinions on this subject from women. Second, what does it matter what chicks think of your dong's look? I'm sure some African tribal chieftains somewhere think girls' vaginas look ugly with all that labia and clit in the way, so they cut it off. Does that make it right?

The reader does introduce a compelling puzzle. Circumcision likely reduces the sensitivity of the penis head (glans) because the head is exposed to the elements and other sorts of friction on a continual basis, which it would not be if it were sheathed behind foreskin. So it's interesting to muse whether circumcised men masturbate less than intact men who are more sensitive to every movement their penises make. If so, it could be plausibly argued, as this reader does, that circumcised men divert more of their energies to non-sexual productive pursuits that benefit society.

We'll call this the Chateau Heartiste® Theory of Circumcision and Civilizational Progress™.

Email #2

> I was wondering what your views are about guys that are below average height? How do they overcome the heightist attitude 99% of all women have. One is automatically disqualified as an attractive guy or romantic interest because of shorter stature.
>
> I am 5″8 myself. This might not sound really short, but I live in the Netherlands. The average male height here is over six feet.

> Thanks, love your posts.

How do short guys overcome women's bias for taller men? Hit on shorter women than themselves.

I'm not really kidding. Target selection is an important part of pickup. Screening girls for likelihood of falling under your charms is smart game. If you find yourself surrounded by tall men, go somewhere else.

Of course, it goes without saying that even a handicap like shortness can be overcome with game, but it will be harder for you than it would be for a taller man. Not that I should have to regale you with anecdotes to prove my point, but one of the greatest players I've ever known was an unusually short man topping out at around 5'4″. One of his keys to success? He avoided nightclubs where tall men would tower over him, and focused on online pickups. Also, perfect your alpha body language; little things can go a long way to influencing women to overlook your shortness.

By the way, 5'8″ is not that short in the USA. I believe the average male height here is 5'9″, so you would not be working from any major disadvantage if you moved out of the Netherlands. But the Dutch are the tallest people in the world, so your height will be relatively runty there. I suggest a trip to a Congolese pygmy tribe to boost your ego and jumpstart your game. I hope you like chicks who can helicopter and rest a case of beer on their buttocks while standing.

Email #3

> Dear Chateau,
>
> With deep and abiding respect, I humbly ask for some help. I am overweight and poor. I think it is the overweight that gets to women more. I simply cannot get a date. I do not have women in my social circle currently, and dating sites are dead to me. I do not wish to be burdened with another man's devil spawn, so I stay away from the single moms. I am 26 and still a virgin. If you can help me in any other way than berating my sorry ass on your website please let me know. I would be willing to pay you for your time and effort, as much as my paltry salary allows.
>
> Salut,
>
> Lonely Chubby Man

Dear LCM,

Good news! Your fatness is hurting your love life more than your poverty, but luckily, slimming down is easier than cashing up. I'll keep it simple: squat, deadlift, bench and work your core three times per week, 30 minutes each session. Run wind sprints every other day in the park until you are out of breath. Reduce your grain and sugar intake by 70%. Substitute with more meat, fish, nuts, berries and vegetables. You should also consider avoiding beer. For the love of god, stay the fuck away from soda.

Nest step: read Le Chateau archives. You will find plenty of game advice, as well as links to other game resources, here. Learning game is as important as, maybe more important than, carving the fat from your obese frame.

Do these two things and I guarantee you will see improvement in your interactions with girls. If you can't, or won't, follow these recommendations, then get comfortable living out your years in grinding celibacy. Your willpower depends a lot on how much you truly value getting your dick wet. You'd be surprised how many men value food, sloth, laziness and self-pitying despair more than sexual pleasure with cute chicks.

26 is still young. You have plenty of time to right your ship. Remind yourself of this every day. Better yet, imagine a CH proprietor barking it to you like a constipated drill sergeant. Live one-on-ones are generally avoided by the staff, but if the price is right…

Email #4 (wall of text alert)

> Hello, Thanks for your insight on game. Been reading the site the last few weeks. Im 21 girlfriend 20. I went alpha on my girlfriend, agreed and amplified all her shit tests when she wanted to 'talk' about how we'd been shaky lately. She got mad saying i dont care about her and that she was going to give a new guy a chance.
>
> One of her texts: "As much as i want you i realize I really dont need you. The beautiful difference bw wants and needs. I'm striving to get over you. It'll be a challenge but someone will treasure me". She went on texting me things like this, i replied with lol and told her to send me a sexy picture, basically ignoring her long texts. She then texted "Ask ur other girlfriends for a pic. I'm sure theres a waiting list. Im going to actually give this new guy a chance. This is me being honest. I know you dont give a fuck but no need to hide it."
>
> i replied with another lol and said i was waiting on the picture. She didnt reply 3 days later(my birthday) she texts me "happy birthday!". I dont respond, she calls a few hours later saying she wasnt sure if i got her text and wished me happy birthday. I said aloofly ok thanks. She nervously said ok thats all and i hang up.
>
> Then that night she texts me some bs about my mom being funny on facebook "Your mom is soo funny". I havent replied to it… Overall i think she reacted to my new non caring behavior by threatening me with all her long emotional texts to see if i would bitch up and say sorry like i have for the past 2 years. Im a tall good looking guy and handled our relationship well until recently when i stumbled across this site and realized why she began to withdraw from me a little. Personally i think shes waiting for me to come around and say sorry and try to get in her new graces but i really dont know how to take it from here. How should i reply to these texts? Also i remember reading that when a girl professes how much shes over you and wants to move on shes never been more into you…
>
> So with that said, if ive been playing it right, she'll come around and say shes made a mistake and that she wants things to be like before and what not. In which case id act aloof, and that its no big deal. Maybe even milk it a little and make her feel real bad. But im thinking it may take a few more days because shes not use to this uncaring reaction out of me. Once she realizes im serious she'll hopefully be back. What do you think?

How long have you been seeing your "girlfriend". If she's saying she wants to "give a new guy a chance" after only two weeks with you, then I think you are dealing with a crazy attention whore slut you'd be better off excising from your life. You can bet pretty good money that when a chick says she wants to give a new guy a chance, she's already giving a new guy a chance.

I consider words like that from a girlfriend to be either incredibly transparent, blunt force shit tests, or confessions of infidelity. In your case, based on follow-up emails and texts she sent you, it sounds like she's shit testing and fishing for a jealous reaction from you. She needs to see indicators of commitment (IOC), which you are not giving her.

Her reactions to your aloof alpha game tell me that your replies were on the money. She's chasing you, and that's always the better relationship dynamic than the other way around. She doesn't want to show her hand, though, so she lamely tried to conceal her interest and growing urgency by contacting you through plausibly deniable third parties, as she did when she referenced your mother and, to a lesser extent, your birthday.

(Question for the betas reading: Be honest, how may of you guys tried to reestablish contact with exes by sending them little reminders on their birthdays? Yeah, you tooled yourselves. I hope your dick shrinks when you think on those low points in your lives.)

HOWEVER, I do think you overplayed your hand a bit. All aloof, all the time, makes Jack an unreachable boy. A woman needs to see *some* desire from her man. There's no need for you to apologize for anything, or to even mention this whole sorry episode in any capacity. Just reach out to her and meet her like you did when times were good. Make some token efforts at beta vulnerability. Deep conversations, eye gazing, a surprise purchase of some small bauble… it doesn't take much to allay a girl's fears that you are irrevocably drifting away from her.

Making *her* feel bad for the growing distance is a particularly powerful technique that I would advise only

experts at female emotional tinkering should attempt. If you can do that without angering her, go for it. Example: “I’ve been thinking about us lately… (pause)… and your attitude has really made me wonder… (pause)… I dunno, I guess I needed some time to think by myself.”

I’m sure she realizes you’re serious, so you should ease up on the aloofness now. Begin taking the lead again. Let us know how it goes.

Email #5 (from a girl)

> I’ve followed your blog for about a year now, and having observed my guy friends and evaluated my own life up till now, I can say that I agree with about 98% of your writing. but I feel like there’s a bit of a conundrum for your average 6/7s; you say alphas are attracted to femininity and girls who “don’t play games”. but 6/7s are often overlooked if the only qualities they possess are such.
>
> also, of course, understandably no guy wants to be chased, as it is fundamentally unfeminine for a girl to chase a man… BUT, for a 6/7 is it possible that initiating the flirting (even with sexual overtones) would actually be productive by subtly seeming more open? I kind of got this from your Betty (9) vs Rachel (7) post.
>
> so do you think 6/7s should initially be more flirty than their hotter friends to at least attract attention, and if not, how do you propose they (attempt to) set themselves above hotter women?

First of all, guys *do* like to be chased. The caveat is that they like it in small doses early on (just enough to let him know that his efforts are not wasted), and in larger doses as a relationship develops (so that his anxieties that you might be a cuckold risk are laid to rest). You are correct, though, in assuming that a girl who chases too much will be undervalued by men as a potential girlfriend and overvalued as a potential one night stand.

6s and 7s pass the cute threshold. If you are a 6 or a 7, you can easily get a solid beta boyfriend as long as your standards aren’t ridiculously inflated and you have the wisdom to know that settling is usually a better option than resigning yourself to pump and dump singleness. Too many women with their useless libtard degrees, $45K HR jobs and muffin tops think they are hot shit who shouldn’t ever have to settle, and these are the kinds of women who end up at 39 like Katie Bolick wondering why they are childless and ignored by the men who used to dump inglorious fucks in them when they were younger hotter tighter.

Good news! You do not sound like one of those women. The very fact that you write here seeking advice suggests that you have a head on your shoulders.

Flirting is a fine art that some women naturally excel at, while other women need to learn from their elders and peers. A 6/7 will be overshadowed by hotter girls, which she can combat in one of three ways:

1. Flirting more openly, as you said

2. Being nicer and more approachable than the hotter girls

3. Studiously avoiding those places where hot women congregate

Number 3 is self-explanatory. Classrooms and house parties are your friend. Nightclubs are not, unless you want an NSA hookup.

Friendly girls with kind demeanors will attract betas like flies to honey. (I would drop the idea that you are going to snag an alpha male for any long term commitment. You should focus on those betas who show sparks of alpha playfulness.) A beta is typically intimidated by 8s and 9s, and put off by their shit tests, so he will gravitate to women more within his purview who don’t give him a hard time. A friendly, non-shit testing 7 with a slender figure is like the holy grail to 70% of the world’s men.

Coyness is a form of flirting, and men love it. But the line between coyness and conspicuous sluttiness is easier to cross than you might think. If you are going to go the “sex it up” route to attract male attention, you had better

know what you're doing. A skirt too short or an eye play too lascivious, and you will get beset by alphas who only see you as a low cost, investment free sexual experiment waiting to happen.

Licking the lips, finger tracing a cocktail glass, crossing and uncrossing legs, smiling a lot, playing with your hair, bright red lipstick, sexy hipster stockings, saying "hi" first, good posture that thrusts the tits outward, high heels that hoist the ass upward, innocent touches on his forearm when he says something interesting… all these flirty expressions are tools of the trade that women over millennia have wielded to capture men's interest.

I could go on but a full compendium of flirty tricks of the female trade would require a separate post. Bottom line: You aren't going to outcompete 8s and 9s for alpha male commitment, but you can outcompete 6s and 7s for greater beta commitment. And, if the stars are aligned, you might even best the occasional 8 who has her eyes set on a beta male. A lot of greater betas with options will choose the less stressful, less hot girl for long term love because they don't have the game nor the guts to keep a hotter girl than they are accustomed to in line.

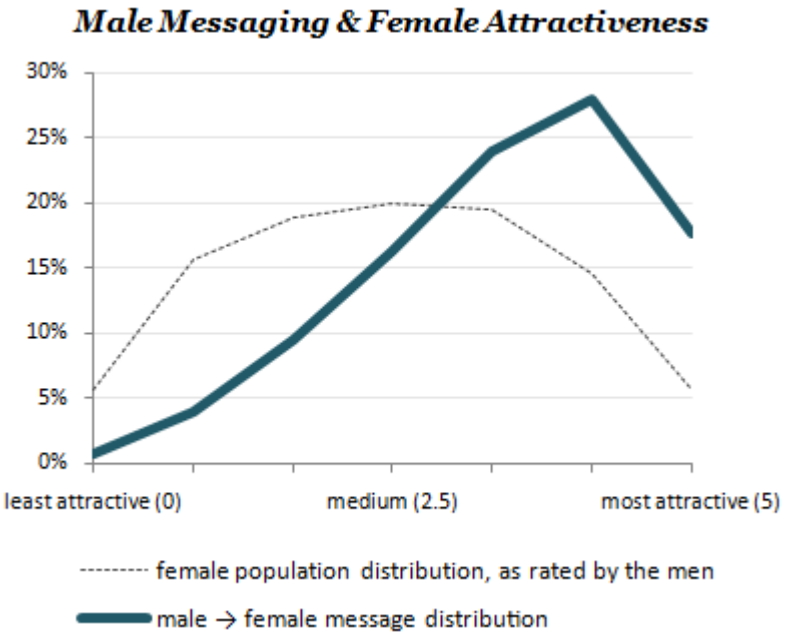
Why Men Don't Need To Worry So Much About Their Looks

CH · 2 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The online dating site OkCupid's crack team of SWPLs analyzed user data and made some interesting discoveries about men's and women's looks and how their attractiveness, or lack thereof, affects their profile response rate.

First, they posted two graphs which show how men and women rank the physical attractiveness of the opposite sex based on profile photos.

The first graph is a superimposed comparison of male appraisals of female attractiveness and the actual messages men sent to women:



Men have a very realistic appraisal system of women's looks that clashes with their less realistic self-appraisal system of their chances to get the hottest babes. As you can see from the graph, men accurately rate most fertile-age women as mediocre lookers, with smaller contingents of the very ugly and very beautiful. This assessment accords with reality. But then, men send most of their messages to the hottest 20% of women.

As we will see, men are more forgiving than women in their ranking of the opposite sex's looks, but they are less forgiving in their message send rate.

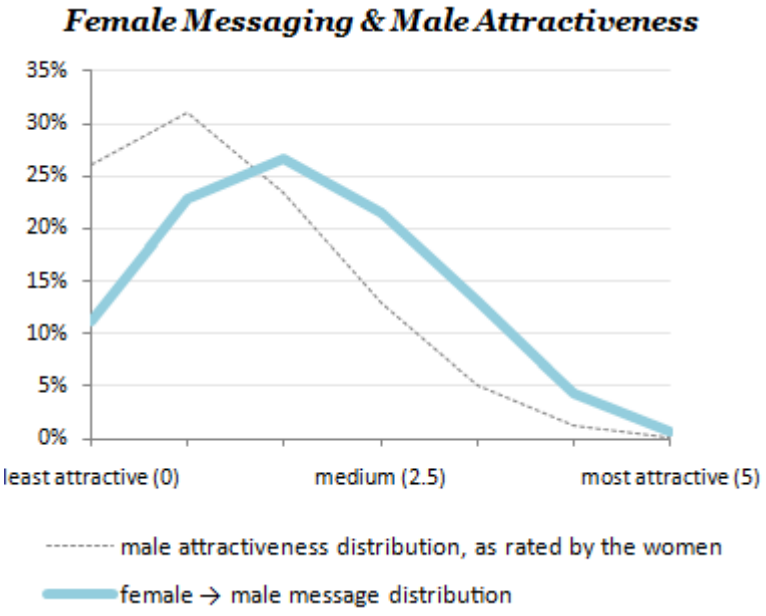
As with women, by their actions ye shall know them.

The graph might convince some that men have an entitlement complex as entrenched and powerful as women do, but that would be a misleading conclusion to the data. Men value looks above almost everything else in women, and this is particularly true when men have little to go on except online profiles. The photo looms large in online dating. Since women's looks are so incredibly important to men's happiness as regards their sex and love lives, men's decisions to shoot for the moon on the one female variable that really matters in an environment that is conducive to mass approaches, (something which would not be feasible in a real world context), makes perfect sense as a courtship strategy. There is little risk that a man who follows this online strategy will refuse to later date down if the first wave of messages he sent to the 9s and 10s doesn't pan out.

It's all about investment cost. It costs men very little in time or effort to send a message to one hundred 9s on OkCupid, so the fact that they do so is less proof of their self-entitlement than it is of their rational utility maximization.

It's more insightful to say that men have less an entitlement complex (as the term is understood when applied to female behavior) than that they have a tactical complex.

Now let's take a look at the superimposed graph of female appraisals of male attractiveness and female message sent rate:



This is where things get interesting. The first surprise that jumps out in this graph is how harsh women are in their assessment of men's looks. According to women's perspectives, 80% of men fall on the ugly side of the physical attractiveness spectrum. This is way out of line with a reality where nearly every human trait is distributed normally. Clearly, women have a skewed entitlement complex much larger than men's in how they judge the attractiveness of the opposite sex.

Yet look around you and you'll see much more than 20% of men either hooking up or in relationships of varying strength with women. How can this be if women think 80% of men are ugly? Well, it can only be if women don't put as much emphasis on men's looks. And the second line in the above graph is evidence that men's looks simply aren't as important to women as women's looks are to men. Women's message distribution more accurately reflects their ranking of men's looks than does men's message distribution reflect their ranking of women's looks.

That is, women may be saying one thing — men are mostly ugly — but they are doing the opposite — sending messages to lots of ugly men.

Do we really need more proof that men should never listen to what women say they find attractive and instead should WATCH what kinds of men women fall for? If you are a stickler for reams of scientific evidence, there was a NewYorkBetaTimes article not too long ago about a study that essentially confirmed for all men who know the score that what women claim they respond to sexually and what actually causes their vaginas to tingle is COMPLETELY DISCONNECTED.

That one study alone probably affirmed more about the core concepts of game than any other. That is, affirmed for those who disbelieve the field experience of millions of men.

Back to the second graph: there is a big difference between men and women in the number of messages each sends to the more physically attractive members of the opposite sex. OkCupid doesn't delve very deeply into the implications, but we here at the Chateau will, and by doing so a crucial component of female mate preference is revealed:

Women are messaging less attractive men (according to women's own assessments) because the suite of male

attractiveness traits that women viscerally respond to includes much more than male physical attractiveness.

Women are looking at and judging the ENTIRE PROFILE of men on OkCupid and sending messages based on a more holistic appreciation of attractive male qualities. And what we can see based on female message sent rates is that plenty of ugly men — as perceived by women — are bringing other, compensating, attractiveness characteristics to the table that women find desirable in a mate.*

This conclusion is perfectly aligned with evolutionary psychology theory.

Moral of the post: Men, work on your looks, get yourself looking as good as possible, but don't worry so much if you're not among the best looking men in the room. A lack of good looks is simply not the deal breaker for men that it is for women in the sexual marketplace.

*It should be noted that a secondary motivation for women messaging lots of "ugly" men on OkCupid has to do with women's greater craving for ego assuaging, which is much easier to obtain in the online environment. Most men can handle a fair amount of rejection from hotties without crumbling into a puddle of self-doubt, and they don't need a lot of compensating attention from less desirable women to make them feel better. Women, in contrast, cannot handle even a little bit of rejection from very attractive men, and they do get a thrill from receiving lots of "safe" internet attention from hordes of lickspittle betas. Yet another reason why online game is pointless for the huge majority of unenlightened men, but a cornucopia of cooch for those few men who know how to game the system.

It should be stressed that this is a SECONDARY motivation, as the graphs are showing women who are actively messaging these "ugly" men, (which indicates a desire to establish contact beyond that afforded by the quickie ego stroke), instead of waiting around for betas to message them. This is a critical distinction from the sort of attention that a hottie will get when her inbox floods with 50 boring unsolicited emails every hour.

Romney Is The Only (Viable) Republican Candidate

CH · 4 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Randall Parker offers the clearest reason why Mitt Romney will wind up being anointed the Republican candidate for President.

> Romney's the best bet for the Republicans. He's got very high analytical skills, understands finance, understands business management, and knows how to be a CEO. His Mormonism is not important. That he governed a liberal state from a moderate position was really the only choice he had as governor of Massachusetts. He's not a nut case or a dummy like some of the other Republican candidates. He harkens back to an earlier (and better) Republican party when executive competence mattered and ideological zeal was suspect.

Note, the key qualifier is "viable". Personally, I would vote for Ron Paul barring the emergence of a candidate who was strong on the only issue that really matters in 2012 for the U.S.: namely, immigration and the national question. ~~But Paul is not a viable Republican candidate~~.

UPDATE: Ron Paul has moved into second place in the Iowa Poll. This race is wide open, folks.

If the middle-class economy really nosedives in 2012, Paul may be able to overcome elite antagonism to his candidacy and win the Republican primary.

I agree that the circumstantial evidence points to Gingrich having an intellect tilted too far in the direction of razzle-dazzle verbal fluency at the expense of critical thinking skills, but his standing in the polls is another reminder that it is in the nature of people to overvalue smooth talkers and to undervalue analytical thinkers. This cognitive bias likely has roots deep in our ancestral environment.

You need look no further than the dating market to see the same bias on full display. All else equal, who is getting the chicks? The math whiz or the silver-tongued salesman? Hell, even if you rig the comparison so that all else is not equal by, say, boosting the math whiz's SMV with double the income and a two point advantage in looks over the salesman, the good money still bets on the latter to take the girl home and sully her cultivated purity.

Since this is a political post…

2012 prediction: the Eurozone experiment in forced financial busing implodes, taking the U.S. with it. Unemployment rises above 10%. A dark horse third-party candidate emerges sometime in April, stealing votes from both parties. Obama gently persuades Biden to retire and makes Hillary his VP. (Less likely: Obama quits the race and hands his candidacy over to Hillary.) Single women flock to his reelection bid in even greater numbers than they did in 2008, while white men vote in anti-Democrat numbers never before seen in U.S. politics. Racial and class polarization metastasizes. Obama and/or HIllary win, setting the stage for the final dissolution of the U.S. into a Balkanized banana republic. Feminists and equalists continue being stupid. Human nature continues flummoxing economists. No Child Left Behind continues leaving children behind. Mexico's economy continues improving because their unskilled peasantry was offloaded on the U.S. for twenty years. Cheap chalupas remain more expensive than advertised because of negative externalities.

Women's desire for alpha males stays, as always, unchanged.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 5 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Jaquan writes:

> I dont agree with that IQ shit. Im from the hood and very smart in math and physics my favourite subject. Trust me tho homie when it comes to getting hotties im a monster and I respect all your games cuz im a player too and I learned alot from you these last few days. Being smart is a part of so you can mindfuck girls mathematically and keep them coming like a black hole in the universe lol. Just pointing out that science oriented guys got game too especially us from the hood. Shout out to the slimes. Harlem all day.

You laugh but the guy has a point. Combine intelligence with street smarts and thuglife attitude and you may as well sign your paperwork “Thee Most Honourable Sultan of Snatch, Ph.D. in Harem Studies, Pimp, Daddy & Daddy, BigLove Firm, LLCmeswoopyourho”.

Pre-Sex Offers That Sound Too Good To Be True

CH · 5 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader who wishes to remain anonymous asked:

> I met a 8.5 girl online (physically I'm a 6.5). She's extremely aloof, ignores half my texts. Likely never LTR material. We've made out, nothing more. Her interest waxes and wanes. She planned a trip to Central America without me, leaving very soon, casually invited me. I've never really traveled abroad. I'm fast-tracking my passport and scuba certification. I offered a nice hotel, she insisted on hostels to "meet people." I don't want to feel like a novice or tag-along. How do I prepare fast so that I can lead, demonstrate value, enjoy the trip, and build heat between us?

Short Answer: Don't go.

This reminds me of a similar story I once heard from a friend. He, too, had sorta, kinda hooked up with a hot chick, except he did it in person while on vacation. They shared a make-out, but nothing more. After returning home to their respective countries, she invited him to visit her in her hometown. He opened his wallet, boarded a plane, took a cab from the airport to her place, crashed on her couch, and came back home two weeks later angry, bitter and pissed about ever having gone. She hadn't put out at all. He wasted money and vacation time on illusory pussy.

He thought by taking her up on her offer of a two week vacation in her backyard she was basically offering sexy funtime. A sensible conclusion for any man to draw, but unfortunately girls are anything but sensible creatures. Unless you are the Don Juan of game, any "innocent" meeting (in her mind) that hints at a contrived pretext for sex will put a woman on guard. Not to mention, a man totally betas himself by going out of his way to spend money and fly to meet a woman on her turf in the tacit expectation of sex.

For these reasons I suggest you don't bother going if banging her is your primary goal. She will smell that and make the path to her pussy arduous and labyrinthine indeed. Your trip will be miserable, as a result. If, on the other hand, you can honestly tell yourself that banging her would just be a welcome complement to a trip in which your primary focus is scuba diving and hitting on chicks in hostels, then by all means take her up on her offer as a TRAVEL COMPANION. But beware the danger in assuming she will be anything more than a platonic tour buddy.

Now if you had already had sex with her multiple times, I'd advise the opposite: clearly she was smitten by your bedroom prowess and offered the trip to monopolize more of your lovin'.

As for the travel preparedness details, don't worry so much about that. Attitude is key. Go with a devil-may-care air of whimsy and enjoy your time in a foreign land with someone who will buy you tropical drinks. If you're worried about seeming like a tag-along, make sure you have reservations to do some things on your own. Read up on the place, so you aren't stuck in a situation where she's telling you about all the good restaurants, clubs and beaches. If you have to leave her behind once in a while to do something you like but she doesn't, do it. You have to act like this is as much your vacation as it is hers.

Comment Of The Week

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The Handsome Man-Ugly Woman Couple Syndrome

CH · 6 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I was participating in a mobile conference which included question and answer periods, and I noticed an odd couple standing to my side. He was youngish and good-looking — most women would agree on his physical attractiveness — and his wife was a snout-nosed, inbred-looking, stringy-haired, big fat pig dressed in sweatshirt and ill-fitting jeans. In other words, the typical American woman. I assumed they were married because I saw their rings and she had her hand on a stroller with an infant tucked away in it.

What abomination is this! I thought. But then the reason became crystal clear after only a few moments watching and listening to them interact.

Speaker: Any questions?

Big Fat Pig: [nudging her hubby with her elbow] Honey, remember…

Handsome Husbandry: [tentatively raising his index and middle finger, and haltingly talking] I have a question… I have a…

Speaker: Yes?

Handsome Husbandry: [his question-asking hand lingering in mid-air, other hand stuffed in pocket] What did [X] bring to the event that caused [Y] to happen? It seems like.. it seems as if…

As he asked his question, he kept looking over at his wife — in fact, staring at his wife more than the speaker, although he was ostensibly addressing the speaker. One would be forgiven for having the impression that he was seeking constant real-time assurance from his wife that his question was acceptable for public discourse. Nervously shifting from one foot to the other, leaning into his wife, gazing downward when the speaker responded to him, his body language was so beta it was painful to watch. No, it was *repulsive* to behold, almost as repulsive as the visual effrontery of his wife's blubbery carcass.

The wife, meanwhile, assumed the posture and countenance of the alpha male. (Never trust a power vacuum to be left unfilled by man or woman.) She looked straight ahead when her husband was simultaneously asking his question of the group leader and craning his neck to her for approval, and she never once softened her expression into a sympathetic, let alone loving, smile at him. (Some men go through life never knowing the exquisite pleasure of a woman's appreciative gaze of admiration.) There was no unspoken, feminine *job well done* crease of the eyes on her porcine face. Just stone cold indifference, spiced with a hint of contempt.

Yep, like I said… CRYSTAL CLEAR.

It's illuminating to compare our reactions to different mismatched couples. Think about what you say to yourself when you see the following pairings (remember that you have nothing to go on except what they look like):

Handsome man with beautiful woman

All is right in the world. You infer the man has alpha characteristics to complement his good looks, and he has cashed that in for a hot babe. You would be surprised, were you to talk to him, if he wasn't charming and a bit arrogant. You do not doubt the woman's judgment.

Ugly man with ugly woman

All is right, if depressing, in the world. You infer the ugly man has beta or even omega characteristics, and that an ugly woman was the best he could do. You assume the ugly woman resents him for having to settle, but knows she has no other options. Love between them is less about passion than it is about task delegation and avoidance of suicidal loneliness.

Ugly man with beautiful woman

Wow, he is shooting out of his league! But then, thinking on it a bit, you recall that you saw quite a few couples like this mismatched pair during the week. It's less rare than popularly imagined. You may ask yourself "What does she see in him?", and from that you infer the ugly man has compensating alpha attributes to snag such a hottie — maybe he's wealthy, or slick, or funny, or a dominating asshole, or some combination of each. You assume this ugly man has options to be able to choose a beauty for a girlfriend.

Handsome man with ugly woman

Whoa, what is he thinking?! An uncommon sight, (occurrence less frequent than its polar opposite), you presume the handsome man has some debilitating personality flaw — maybe social awkwardness, or shyness, or micropenis — that prevents him from fornicating with his true potential. Unlike the mirror image couple of the ugly man with the beautiful woman, you do not give the ugly woman the benefit of the doubt in assessing why she was able to catch a handsome man. You simply conclude, reasonably, that the handsome man is not the alpha male on the inside that he looks like on the outside, and therefore the ugly woman is not really dating out of her league. *There must be something wrong with him*, you think.

***

The last mismatched pairing is the subject of this post because it so powerfully illustrates a fundamental tenet of game: a man's looks are of limited utility as a measure of his alphaness and, hence, his attractiveness to women.

When we see couples out and about we usually resort to sizing them up based on immediately discernible criteria like looks and style. This judgmental shorthand works well on women for whom looks are their most salient sexual currency, but shows its limitations as a method of discerning a man's dating market value, as exemplified by the couple in the story above.

This is why most people have a tendency to assume the best about ugly men who pair up with beautiful women, and assume the worst about handsome men with ugly women. There is an instinctive, deeply primitive understanding chugging away behind the prefrontal cortex in every one of us that women sexually respond to a suite of male attractiveness traits, of which looks are only one desirable male quality. It is therefore not inconceivable to most non-brainwashed observers that an ugly man might have other characteristics that appeal to a beautiful woman on his arms, or that a handsome man might be crippled with weakness and self-doubt that constrains his ability to attract no better than a big fat pigwoman.

Contrast that instant appraisal we all have of the men in mismatched pairings with how we think about the women in such relationships. A beautiful woman with an ugly man does not have beta characteristics; she is simply drawn to other attractive attributes in him which we are not as privy to as his looks. (E.g., *He must be a rich/famous/funny/charming dude!*) An ugly woman with a handsome man does not have positive compensating alpha female attributes; she is simply settling for a beta who happens to look good. (E.g., *What's wrong with him?*)

In the mismatched couple I witnessed, it was clear that whatever good will or tokens of desire that the handsome man had inspired in his pigwoman were completely squandered by his beta behavior. It was easy to see by her loathsome demeanor that his looks no longer held — if they ever did beyond the first couple of dates — any sway over her feelings for him. But being the big fat pigwoman she is, she knew she could not do better.

And that is why the generational increase in human beauty is a slow, painstaking process, punctuated by tragic reversals to a sloping brow norm (see: Appalachia, Detroit). Handsome betas are polluting the gene pool with pigwoman blood.

Maxim #59: We tend to defer to looks as a judgment of a man's sexual market value because that is what is most easily observable given situational and time constraints, but a man's looks are only one male attractiveness trait among many that account for his desirability to women.

Corollary to Maxim #59: A woman's sexual market value is more accurately judged solely by instant appraisal of her looks.

The next time you see a handsome man with an ugly woman, before you scratch your head in confusion remind yourself that you are not seeing the whole picture. A beta male's soul is not always judged by his cover.

Then parade your hot girlfriend in front of him and his pigwoman. Hopefully, it will ignite a spark of manly fortitude, and his sack will grow three sizes that day.

Feminist Self-Owned On Male Porn Star Theory

CH · 7 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Slate, that bastion of feminist mental gymnastics, has an article about some male porn star who appeals to women because he supposedly embodies nonthreatening boyishness.

In the winter issue of *Good Magazine*, Amanda Hess has a fascinating profile of James Deen, a young, handsome porn star who is becoming famous for actually appealing to women. Due to his boyish, slightly skate-punk aesthetic, naturally toned body, and ability to connect emotionally (or at least appear to) with his female co-stars, Deen has garnered a following of devoted young women in an industry that in most cases ignores them entirely. Hess explains that Deen's school-boy charm is what makes him approachable—and sexy—to his female fans:

Deen has carved out a niche in the porn industry by looking like the one guy who doesn't belong there. Scroll through L.A.'s top porn agency sites and you'll find hundreds of pouty women ready to drop to their knees, but just a few dozen men available to have sex with them. These guys all have a familiar look—neck chains, frosted tips, unreasonable biceps, tribal tattoos. Deen looks like he was plucked from a particularly intellectual frat house.

Hess goes on to discuss why there aren't more guys like Deen in the male porn-star stable, and her findings tell us just as much about male viewers' hang-ups as they do about women's erotic preferences. Part of the problem is that men (who largely control the porn industry) imagine that women want everything big—"Big arms. Big abs. Big dicks," as Hess puts it—when what they really want is something a little less overwrought. One of Hess' subjects described her attraction to Deen thusly: "He was almost like a guy that you would just hang out with at Hebrew school."

What a robust theory from sex-positive feministland! A hardcore male porn star women love because he's a caring, emotionally available niceguy. Except it isn't true.

A number of commenters familiar with the field pointed out the factual problems with Hess' theory.

> You've got to be kidding. This guy, while lacking in tribal tattoos, makes up for it in being like every other incredibly raunchy porn star. As a normal heterosexual male, I've seen him in tons of porn (as there's really only like 5 male porn stars, as the article says, and there [sic] in everything), and, past looks, he is in no way some sensual lovemaking hebrew camp dude. He does not stare longingly into their eyes and whispers in their ears. He chokes women, slaps them, does pretty degrading things to them. He fits perfectly into the stereotype of porn as a male-centric, women-as-objects display of power. If women actually watch him, If a women who did not like porn watched one of his, they would in no way find it any different, save the frosted tips, ect. This artice is really silly.
>
> ***
>
> Do a google search or xvideos search for "pornstar punishment" with "James Deen" and you can see for yourself how well he "emotionally connects" with the women while he chokes them and slaps them. The article seems kind of funny after seeing that. Poorly researched.

Hilarity. Another crackpot feminist theory bites the dusty muff. It seems the truth is as it always was, particularly of women who love to watch male-oriented porn: chicks dig jerks, especially jerks who choke and slap them during "lovemaking".

Why do feminists run like rats from a spotlight beam whenever they are confronted with the reality of female sexual nature and women's preference to surrender to dominant men? What is it about that fact that sends them into paroxysms of nonsensical deconstructivism babble?

Steve Sailer has pithily remarked that the goal of feminist writers is to rearrange the world so that, come the revolution, ugly feminists will be desired by men. I have a corollary to that theory.

Feminists loathe the objectification of women because they know they don't measure up as objects of desire.

The natural female desire to submit to a powerful man is especially galling to feminists, because it strikes at the heart of their conceit: that women can, and more importantly, *want* to scale the heights of achievement just like men do, and the only thing stopping them is misogyny and the patriarchy. If feminists were forced to acknowledge that most women have no such inclination, that in fact they prefer to support with their love and affection a worthy alpha male, they would have to face the unpleasant truth that they are a minority of masculinized freaks out of touch with the majority of their own sex. Outcasts are always fighting to make the rest of the world seem deluded and tyrannical.

That *Slate* article has another doozy of a theory about why there aren't more James Deens in male-centric visual porn.

But the real obstacle to the proliferation of female-friendly male porn stars is, oddly, a rather nasty and subtle strain of homophobia, revealed in the following double-bind:

The straight male performer must be attractive enough to serve as a prop, but not so attractive that he becomes the object of desire.

Hess is spot on. Men need to see a penis in straight porn (presumably to stand in for their own), but not one that is attached to a guy who might be threateningly attractive, not to mention plausibly appealing to the woman involved. Maybe this insistence on a male blank slate (a kind of reverse objectification, when you think about it) makes it easier to project oneself onto the disembodied penis, but it also protects men from the potentially scary experience of being turned on by *both* partners of a heterosexual encounter—which, yes, does involve another dude. In other words, the bland interchangeability of the "unreasonable" looking men allows them to avoid confronting the terrifying specter of homosexuality.

Yup, homophobia is the reason why there aren't feminist-approved male role models in porn.

Folks, you can't make this shit up. Unless you're a graduate of Columbia University.

Gay fabulosity is most likely biological in origin, so straight men are not going to be turned on by the penises pounding away in porn or the men attached to those penises, no matter how nonthreatening they look. Straight men watch porn because the sight of a hot babe's body in the throes of sex, and the visual of various female orifices getting penetrated, is arousing. Straight men don't like to see the faces of the male porn stars because it's distracting from the action, and BONER KILLING.

The NewYorkBetaTimes, of all organs, even had a story about a study which proved that the sight of penises or men engaged in gay sex has no effect on the penile responses of straight male viewers. But I guess to the gatekeepers of the homophobia grievance flame, such inconvenient truths are mere speed bumps in the road to an ego-ensconcing distortion of reality.

I wonder if people realize that three quarters of mainstream internet websites would disappear overnight if a law mandated that no more than half of their content could be feelgood, made-up shit.

Supply Your Own Caption

CH · 7 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From this story:

I'll start.

"King Kong swats at a cheap tipper."

Mexico's Marriage Contracts

CH · 8 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Not too many innovations come out of Mexico's ruling white elite, but this legislation seems to fit the bill.

The left-leaning assembly is studying a new initiative to introduce temporary marriage licenses that would expire after two years if the couple so desires.

The proposal, intended to reduce the bureaucratic costs and emotional toll of divorce, has garnered as many fans as foes: Some see it as a pragmatic alternative, while others, including the Roman Catholic Church, see it as an attack on family values. It comes as Mexico grapples with its own culture war in the world's second-largest Catholic country. […]

To its authors, the proposal reflects social changes in Mexico City, where they say most divorces occur in the first two years. If after two years, couples decide to [stay married] until "death do us part," they can renew their licenses. If not, the proposal specifies how children and property are handled.

"The proposal is, when the two-year period is up, if the relationship is not stable or harmonious, the contract simply ends," Leonel Luna, the assemblyman who co-wrote the bill, told Reuters. "You wouldn't have to go through the tortuous process of divorce."

Divorce is now woven into the cultural fabric of most modern and modernizing nations. It's entrenched, and while rates seem to be leveling off in the US, there is no indication that lifelong marital vows are making a comeback. In fact, the lower, and later, rates of first marriage are likely the primary cause of the leveling of the divorce rate: with fewer couples getting hitched, and fewer still getting hitched at a young age when options are highest and instability is greatest, there are fewer bad marriages coming to fruition and boosting the divorce rate. Selection bias.

The marriage contract is a last-ditch attempt to address the ill effects of the divorce culture, and it may be a lifesaver for Western men who have been getting the ass ramming end of divorce court since the 1970s. Wifey drifting away and implicitly threatening you with theft of your house and half your savings? Just opt out when the two year contract hits its renewal date. Marriage still going strong (i.e., wifey still gobbling your knob)? Renew, baby! For another two.

I even wonder whether children would suffer any more under a marriage contract system than the no-fault, female rape-y one we have now. If you've got a couple of kids and you're on your second marital renewal at four years, is the amicable opting out of the marriage any worse than the rending of a surprise divorce? Naysayers may argue that marriage contracts encourage abandonment, but I dunno about that. It's a good bet that societal shaming mechanisms would organically come into place that limit the ease with which spouses turn to leaving contracts. And it's kind of like abortion: when you know you have that option to end the marriage after two years, you are probably more likely to be relaxed (read: more alpha, sexier) with your partner and therefore more inclined to do the exact opposite of behaving in a way that the contract system is designed to mitigate.

Facebook Is SMV Time Compression Info

CH · 9 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Rollo Tomassi writes:

> Thank you Mark Zuckerberg for creating the single greatest time-comparative engine men have ever known. I'm not a big fan of Face Book from a male standpoint, but if it has any redeeming aspect it's that it provably shows men, in stark contrast, how women's SMV declines. This is driven home all the better because the subject women are usually ones he's known personally for a few years.
>
> I entered my 20s in the early 90s, well before the internet went mainstream. I can vividly remember the women I was banging then and the ones who wouldn't have a thing to do with me. Now I see them 20 years later thanks to social media and every single one is just ravaged by time and lifestyle. I've accepted friend requests from women whose memory from 20+ years ago are ones of flirtatious, beautiful lust-inspiring youth, all to be shattered when I see photos of them in their late 30s and early 40s. Then I pray to God and thank Him for sparing me from being yoked to cows like that in spite of my consuming desire at the time to get with them.
>
> Take a minute to digest this: we are really the first generation of men to have such a convenient comparative tool. There was a time when a man could get with (or not) some girl he fancied and never see her again. Young men hear all the time how inconsequential the women they pine for really are in the grand scheme of things. Now the older men giving him advice have a tool to prove and emphasize that advice, and women have cause to lament the ugly, provable truth.

It used to be that you had to extrapolate the deterioration of a hot girl's looks by seeing her mother, preferably side by side. (The mother-daughter couples I see at the mall are testament to the chasm of difference in attractiveness. In a mere twenty years, the majority of women go from deliciously fuckable to sexually worthless. Rampant obesity worsens the decline, as most American women don't hit their fattest, blobbiest years until after their 30s.)

Even then, the extrapolation was never anything more than an academic exercise. After all, it is easy to compartmentalize the mother from the daughter. Men could logically tell themselves this is what their lovers would look like in short order, but it didn't have the visceral impact that actually seeing *an older version* of their young lovers would have.

Looking at old photos of exes was always a dreamy nostalgia trip, because men have rarely had access to newer, updated photos of exes or high school and college crushes: you left a girl or she left you, and that was that. You never saw her again, unless you really went out of your way. So your memories remained untainted by fresher biosystem information.

But now Facebook gives us that instant-comparison tool, and holy shit on a breakfast platter, is it effective, and disheartening. As Rollo said, there is now, for the first time in human history, a whole generation (or two) of men who have millions of saved photos of their younger lovers, not to mention sweet memories of them, side by side with instantly accessed photos of those same lovers five, ten, even twenty years later, thanks to the proliferation of social media and female attention whoring. And as the Facebook culture becomes entrenched, this "time-comparative engine" will only become more widespread, and eye-opening to millions of men.

There could be no more powerful way to inculcate to a man new to the game the first principle that women are largely interchangeable in the dating market than by handing him the keys to Facebook and the dangerous secrets locked within. The female aging process of past lovers compressed into seconds will shatter the hardest pedestals and deflate the headiest romantic idealism. There is no poem in the world that can fully express that disenchanting feeling.

Game Is Universal

CH · 13 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's not often Le Chateau gets emails like this one about gaming your mom. For those denialists of the human condition who completely misunderstand and fervently believe that game only works on bar sluts, behold its power to improve relationships with overbearing mothers.

This is a long reader-submitted story, but it's worth your time.

> I have been reading your website for a year and a half now, got a girlfriend for almost a year now, many thanks for the advice.
>
> The purpose of this letter is to share with you how I overcame beta-ness and improved relationship with my mom.
>
> I was a beta before your site. While I realized that my behaviour was not right (ie doesn't attract girls), I did not know how to correct it. I am 20, live with parents, and go to university. After reading your site extensively I started putting conscious efforts in changing my mindset, adopting the alpha mentality and DHV, being more open to people, talking to girls in class and so on. I am not the kind of guy who goes to bars and clubs so a fair portion of your advice remained in "theory" stage for me…
>
> So, looking for ways to apply your advice I started using it on my mom. Before being judgmental, hear me out. My mother is a strong-willed, opinionated, demanding woman. My father is an alpha. Even after many years of marriage, every time my mom talks to my dad, her eyes glitter and her voice softens and even becomes slightly nervous. However, every time she spoke to me, her tone switched to loud, demanding as if I was some asian kid who got a B on a math test instead of an A+. She would not appreciate anything I do, order and command me around the house, blame everything on me, sometimes even her own wrongdoings, and if I argued back she would become argumentative and shut me up (!!!) My dad didn't care enough to play the judge, though if he heard blatant abuse, he would shamelessly put my mom in her place.
>
> It took about 4-6 months to COMPLETELY change my mom's attitude toward me.
>
> -I started by ignoring her demands. (Your advice on Beta's are reactive) So if she was relaxing in the basement and would command me to make her "a hot chocolate with marshmallows" while I was busy upstairs, I would just pretend that I didn't hear it, turn the volume up etc.; If she persisted/confronted I would say "I'm busy" or "Get it yourself". Similarly, I stopped responding immediately when called and would wait until she would call me about 2-4 times before showing any signs of life.
>
> -I stopped being argumentative and confrontational. If any argument arose, I would loudly and clearly state my point of view ONCE, explain why she is wrong, and fully disengage from the situation. If she continued arguing, scolding, yelling and screaming at me I would ignore it and focus on something else like TV, txting, or just walking out. Now, she would always have the last word in every argument and with my disinterest to continue, the arguments eventually grew into ways of qualifying to me, as I would dismiss them.
>
> -I stopped answering the house phone. (Your advice on subtle dominance plays) There was panic in the household for about a week as all calls went to the answering machine lol. However, naturally, after I stepped down from the role of the secretary my mom assumed the duty and BROUGHT the phone to ME, if somebody called.
>
> -I learned to cook and started critiquing her cooking. (Your advice on having a checklist and knowing what you want) Every once in a while I started making really delicious meals for the family. Since she cooks most of the time if she burned food, made it bland, too dry, too salty you name it I would call her out on it and refuse to eat it. To the obvious comeback of: "well why don't you cook then" naturally my reply was "I do, and its ALWAYS just right…"

> -Finally, I started playfully negging, teasing and not taking her seriously. Don't get the wrong idea here lol. **[Ed: I hope not!]** Anything she would say I would turn and twist around in a funny way, at times even in a dirty and sexual way. If she would stop and say "that's inappropriate", I would reply "We are all adults here, and can appreciate it for what it is" (DHV) After a couple of times she would just go with it.
>
> The intricacy of this situation is that changing a relationship with your mother is much more complex than changing it with a girl you just met. You HAVE to remain polite and diplomatic at all times (or else you'll get kicked out of the house and make everything worse) Looking back I realize why my mom treated me the way she did, and I don't blame her. Now my mom treats me with respect, just as good as she treats my dad. No more batshit insane demands. Helping out around the house is now APPRECIATED. Now that is not to say that she agrees with everything I do and say; arguments arise MUCH more rarely than they used to and we are able to come to a peaceful resolution without screaming, and laugh it off in a couple of minutes.
>
> You have full permission to use any part of this letter in your blog, though I ask you to not disclose my personal information.

Negging your mom is a great way to defuse her incipient female antagonism to a power vacuum.

I used to corner anti-game denialists on their "bar sluts" trope by asking the more honest of them to draw a comparison with "girl game", aka youthnbeauty. Think of game as the male equivalent of female beauty: Does T&A work solely on "bar douchebags", or does it work on all men?

The question is, of course, rhetorical. The allure of an unyielding rack, firm ass, slim waist and pretty face excites the libidos of low class and high class, young and old, douchy and awesome men alike. Equivalently, game, when executed with unforced grace and contextual refinement, arouses all kinds of women, from lawyers to nurses to teachers to SAHMs to foreigners to SWPLs to skanks to HR drones.

As this reader's story demonstrates, not only is game effective on all types of women beyond the mythological bar slut, game is effective on family members! If you include sales and management (business or social circle) as a form of game, then you could argue that game is effective on men as well.

The only way game works is if it takes a realistic appraisal of human nature. Once game abandons the age-old truths that underlie all human behavior, it ceases to work. The fundamentals of game are as crucial to its success as the fundamentals of gravity and aerodynamics are to flight.

Tomboys Vs Girly-Girls

CH · 14 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I once dated a girl who was a professed hardcore tomboy in her youth. She played team sports where she excelled and hurt opponents with her jabbing elbows of competitive zeal. She had very little fashion sense and needed the assistance of her girlier friends (men and women) when shopping, which is an activity she hated. She loved sex and had the libido of a man.

She was not a lesbian, nor did she have lesbianic tendencies, a presumption you would be forgiven for having since it is true that there is some correlation between tomboyishness and dykery.

It's unremarkable to point out that it is in the nature of women to dress up. They make themselves shiny not only to attract the eye of a quality man but to compete with other women in their social milieu. It is an oft heard truism that when a couple walks into a room the women will check out the girl first before giving the guy a look. A woman lavishly dresses up in context-appropriate ways not just to impress other women but to frighten them into giving up and going home so that she may absorb all the male attention like the sole whore in a brothel in the middle of the desert. As women's fashion is spiked armor adorned with the heads of female foes, make-up is war paint for chicks.

Tomboys don't participate in this fashion arms race, and their refusal to conform to the gender norm means they do not get along with the girly-girls, for the most part. You will rarely see tomboys and tinseltarts enjoying each other's company, unless it is in a mating venue where the tomboys opportunistically leech off of the male attention that girly-girls naturally soak up. You'll sometimes hear a tomboy claim to have a princess for a best friend, when in reality she only hangs out with her on clubbing nights, or at the mall for shopping advice.

Tomboys can be charmingly naive in their forwardness with men, and their total lack of guile. But the dirty secret is that most men actually like it when a woman is a little bit coy with them. Coyness inspires pursuit.

Tomboys much prefer the company of men for friends. Men, in turn, like tomboys for their friendliness, approachability, common interests and ease of sexual access, but tomboys rarely arouse men as viscerally as do feminine girls. Soft, mealy men will often wind up the long-term partners of tomboys, as these types of women tend to fill that gaping emasculated void in soft men's souls.

A tomboy wise to the ways of men may ask her girlier friends why they even bother dressing up? Men will size you up 90% of the way in a second with a quick glance at your face, hourglass figure, ass and breasts, they might say. (Well, they would say it in so many words after it is filtered through the female voicebox transmogrification module sapping the words of all their urgency and power.) Three months later he might notice you keep your hair up instead of down.

But that's the tomboy's problem in an eggshell. The accoutrements of girlishness — clothes, makeup, jewelry, mannerism — are as much for the detriment of other women as they are for the benefit of men.

Contrary to perceived wisdom, it is actually harder to break up with a tomboy than with a girly-girl. You may think tomboys, with their masculine airs, would be better equipped emotionally to put the thought of a lost lover behind them, but tomboys are as hopelessly romantic as straight men. They suffer badly when dumped. It's the girly-girls who, untethered from flights of abstraction or notions of loyalty, recover quickly from being dumped.

That is, unless they have first fallen in love. Then all bets are off.

Anti-Flake Tactic

CH · 15 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Le Chateau and its guests have offered many battle plans for combating flakiness in young women. (I stress "young", because older women with fewer options don't knee-jerk resort to flaking as often as women in their attractiveness primes do.) Non sequitur game is a great method for dissuading women from flaking by switching their pursuit dynamic from chased to chaser. Trial texting game is effective at screening out girls who are more likely to flake on you. The archives abound with other techniques for dealing with, and dismantling the female impulse toward, flakiness.

Now a reader has offered another anti-flake tactic, and it is a good one.

> Her: 24 year old half Finn, half French, internationally raised (diplo-brat?), a 7-8? (we've never met)
> Me: 33
>
> Met on okcupid (judge away, it's great where I live), arranged a Friday evening first date, I get a text 30 mins before we're to meet:
>
> Her: Salut, i just got to my friends bday, u have to get up early, so maybe another time? Sunday perhaps?
> Me: (next day at noon) Can't! I'm busy tomorrow.
> Me: (8 hours later) Sorry I was working. We can reschedule but you'd have to put forth the effort. Self-respecting men don't play those early twenties games…
> (I assumed I'd look bitter and never hear from her again. I didn't care.)
> Her: (on OKC the next morning) Hey, sorry about Friday, it was not very polite to cancel last minute, sorry. I have a friend staying with me next week until the 21st, so I'm not sure when I'll be available to meet up. Have a nice Sunday,
> Me: (by text a few hours later) Hey, got your note. I'm not too busy to swing a drink today. Can you?
> Her: (5 mins later) Am at [museum] now but free after that
> Me: (45 mins later) Ok how's this evening?
> Her: (15 mins later) Great, tell me where and when and I'll be there
>
> A solid turnaround, I'd say.

Tight, my good sir, tight. You could call this "next day service" game, where you don't respond to a foot-dragging, flaky woman until the next day. (Forget about the planned date; a woman who has flaked on you 30 minutes before a date does not anyway deserve your company should you manage to change her mind about meeting you at the originally scheduled time.)

A woman will not be able to resist her hamstery compulsion to perceive your status higher than she first judged if you make her sweat a little, or a lot, with a non-response when she is expecting a response, and with a non-spiteful or non-needy response when you do eventually respond to her.

There are only two acceptable and effective attitudes to cop with flaky chicks:

1. She is a lost cause, so any forward progress is merely icing on the cake that is your life, or

2. you assume the sale and handle her as if she really wants you and is just playing the brat for make benefit of her glorious ego.

The reader quoted above had an attitude that encompassed a bit of both. He was sufficiently unimpressed by her that he could afford to wait a day to respond to her flake, and when he did respond he did so with the confident, non-pussyfooting-around air of a man who assumed the flake just needed a little prodding.

Most flakes won't go anywhere, and, assuming you maintain a full love life otherwise, that's a good thing. A flaky

woman has tipped you off that she is a specimen of poor character, and will, truer than not, eventually resolve herself into a pain in the ass. You're better off screening out flakes quickly than dealing with them in perpetuity.

But anti-flake game will give you a shot to turn it around with a nontrivial number of flaky chicks. For such a low cost investment in your time and energy, it's worth the attempt.

Are Ugly Women Necessary As Stepping Stones?

CH · 16 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Alert: Intrapickup squabble!

Is it true that an aspiring womanizer — or even a typical man in a billowy button-down who wants to improve his love life — must pay his dues with ugly women before he can achieve the goal of banging hotter women? The question hints at a significant fault line in current pickup thinking, precisely because it throws into stark relief the ego-shattering human impulse to judge men based on the quality of women they pull.

I'll paraphrase a reader's objections, who asked not to be directly quoted:

Roosh's idea that you have to bang a lot of unattractive women to get hotter women is not persuasive. What helps is getting laid regularly, which doesn't necessarily require cutting your teeth on ugly chicks. You only need one woman to get laid regularly, so such a strategy obviates the need to fill up your notch post with lots of uglies and plain janes. Ideally, your "regular lay" should be in the 6 to 8 range, but if you're a newbie you may have to start with 4s and 5s. Picking up large numbers of less attractive women may give you experience with logistics and help with honing your routines, but that is the relatively easy part of game. Getting laid regularly, even if it's with one woman, is all a man needs to step up to the next higher beauty class.

My opinion on this matter falls somewhere between Roosh's and the anonymous reader's takes. Roosh is entirely correct to note that men who use the "I have standards" excuse are, more often than not, men who aren't living up to their professed high standards. It's similar in spirit to the internet nerd sour grapes syndrome, in which hot chicks that are unavailable to them are deemed unworthy of their loving nerd attention because of some ridiculously trivial flaw, like pointy elbows.

Roosh is also onto something when he advocates for having flexible standards. If 8s and above are all you will deign to approach, then there are going to be times and places when and where you will endure some long, tough dry spells, and this is especially true if you are an average guy with average game and above average horniness. Unless you have rock solid inner game and unshakeable confidence that enables you to weather extended down times without losing your pickup magic or your aura of charismatic fuckability, those dry spells will hurt your interactions with women. Like dogs can smell fear, women can smell celibacy.

The reader suggests that the ideal route for men to take to avoid sexless purgatory while keeping the ladder-climbing option open is to gun for the decent-looking regular lay. This allows a man to avoid the dispiritment that accompanies fucking too many uglies while also sparing him the stink of celibacy that erodes confidence and spooks hot chicks.

And that's where I part company with Roosh and favor the life strategy of the anonymous reader. Fucking uglies, in even small quantities and in temporary bouts, risks flirting with depression and slumping into a long-term rut. I don't come by this view speculatively. I have some real world trials by trolls from which to evangelize. I'll give you an example I'm thinking of from years ago:

I had spent a few weeks fucking a 5. It was only four bang sessions, but that was enough to alter my self-perception and mood. I had gone through a bad breakup and she (the 5) presented herself, fortuitously, almost immediately after the final severance from my ex. She was friendly and sweet, and open to meeting someone. I gamed her but hardly needed more than my first wave artillery; she melted quickly. She had a good body, so despite her plain face the sex was good. But I couldn't help notice it was not as good as sex with hotter women.

Just at the point I was getting the full measure of my single man's confidence back, the 5 conveniently left town, rescuing me from the awkwardness of a messy dumping I knew had to be done. However, upon leaving, the sexless rut began to reappear. Two weeks went by with no acceptable nibbles on my penile line. A buddy who was a wingman at the time suggested I meet up with a girl he had failed with himself as a sort of friendship offering in

difficult times.

“You’ll really like this girl. She’s totally your type. A solid 8. Very hot, blonde.”

“Oh yeah? If she’s so hot, why aren’t you working on her?”

“I did. I got nowhere, but it’s OK, I prefer brunettes. We hang out together. She makes me look good when we go out.”

“So you want me to meet her? Hmm.”

“Yes, you’ll thank me.”

We met, all four of us — me, the “hot blonde 8″, my friend, and his current girlfriend — late at night under cover of a dark lounge. I didn’t know where my friend’s head was, but she was no 8. Yes, she had blonde hair, but that was about where the confirmation of my friend’s powers of observation ended. From what I could glean through the dim club light and my alcoholic haze, she was no better than a 6, and maybe even a 5.

Nevertheless, I was horny, and feeling down. I could use the pickmeup pickherup. We trundled outside, into a cab, and I took her back to my pad. Inside my place, lights at full blast, I was sorely disappointed to realize my friend’s “solid 8″ was a weak 4. I had never fucked a 4 before, and never would again.

Too late to reverse course, and bored into conspiracy, I lamely escorted her into my bed, and quickly swung her into the doggy-style position where exposure to her face would be limited. Her body wasn’t half-bad, but not good enough to compensate; my dick went limp inside her vagina. I imagine that has to be a girl’s worst nightmare; up front rejection in the form of a backturn or a wandering eye is bad enough, but getting rejected in the most softeningly obvious way possible when you are literally giving it everything you’ve got, your womanhood deeply committed… well, that’s gotta sting.

I couldn’t be bothered to make excuses. She dressed and left in silence. My blue mood hardened. I cursed my friend’s taste in women. I took a shower to wash off the dirt that had alighted upon my soul.

Two women, one borderline ugly and the other plain as unsyruped pancakes, in a row and I was done with the idea of it. Their company, however genial and accommodating, did nothing to lift my spirits or gird my confidence. Just the opposite, in fact: I fell deeper into self-flagellation.

One week after the limp-out incident, I hit up a local lounge and met an 8.5 whom I would spend the next five months fucking in gloriously hedonistic abandon. I have yet to share my bed since then with a woman lower than a 6.5. I learned my lesson.

I’m as horny a guy as you’ll find, but I have to admit not so horny that I’ll start rummaging through the 3 and 4 kitchen trash if there’s no four star restaurant available. Maybe that’s a problem of getting laid too regularly — you lose that wall-climbing horniness that would compel you to stick it in the most convenient wet hole. Ugly girls as stepping stones to hotter women sounds good in theory, but in reality sex with them too often — and too often can happen a lot faster than most men realize — is not only a time and energy suck, but a depressive drug that corrodes self-confidence.

Perhaps this feeling — this sex dynamic — varies by race, age and baseline dignity. If so, more power to the guys who don’t mind dumping fucks in seacows and butterfaces. I can’t bring myself to do it, even if it’s all the local talent has to offer. My minimum threshold in women’s looks is 6, under which it becomes almost physiologically impossible for me to complete the bang.

My inner game is strong enough now that I can afford to risk a month or two downtime without getting too rusty or too doubtful of my skills. I would only use an ugly girl who fell below my minimum looks threshold as a stepping stone in the most dire of circumstances, such as if my dry spell extends beyond two months, or I’ve taken to, ahem, “mood enhancers” that give me 24 hour wood.

So you might say that the reader's strategy is the way to go if you are a high risk for lengthy dry spells, and your game and self-possession aren't strong enough to carry you through a slump slumming it with ugly chicks. Alternatively, Roosh's strategy — to skip the "regular lay" girlfriends and just focus on getting laid even if the talent available is not up to snuff — is better if you can't tolerate any kind of dry spell, if your dick is indiscriminate, and if your game is good enough that regular pickup with little downtime is within the realm of possibility.

TL;DR Don't make a habit of banging ugly chicks. It can be as bad for your self-confidence as involuntary celibacy.

Should Game Be Taught In School?

CH · 18 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “Harkat” asks:

> Should game, or at least socio-sexual dynamics, be taught in middle/high school? It’s a significant part of life, and knowledge of these topics would help the vast majority of confused teenagers (at least the boys).
>
> The little that was said about sexual dynamics in my high school was extremely idealist egalitarian and far from reality, and did nothing to help us (at least not the boys). We got delivered phrases like “Do not feel pressure to have sex!”, which hardly resonates with the average teenage boy.

In a perfect world, sex and love education is left to family (parents, friends, older siblings, cool uncles) and experience. But we are far from that world, and condoms are rolled over bananas while men are rapped for phantom sexual repression in the halls and classrooms of almost all our venerated institutions. That being the case, it’s more effective to undermine suffocating elite orthodoxy by working within its confines, instead of feebly fist-pumping from outside it. So, yes, in a world designed according to Chateau tenets, game would be taught to high school boys — preferably in classes separate from the girls.

I can see it now.

Week 1: Introductions to male-female sex differences and Syllabus (Included readings from various respected sources in evo psych, game and social dynamics, e.g., Ridley, Markovic, Carnegie).

Week 2: Why chicks dig jerks. (Students expected to fully understand sexy son hypothesis).

Week 3: Alphas and betas, the hidden hierarchy.

Week 4: Sycophancy and involuntary celibacy, the connection.

Week 5: Men and women have an agenda, and how to recognize it.

Week 6: Game as revolution in sociosexual thought.

Week 7: Core game principles.

Week 8: Dating to maximize one’s happiness.

Week 9: Sex, guilt and expectations: why society has an interest in corralling male desire.

Week 10: Relationships and marriage: making them work.

Week 11: Finals: In-field exam.

Music to my ears. Of course, this will never happen. Teaching young men the unvarnished truth about women, sex, dating and marriage would throw grit into the gears of the beta cog molding machine that supplies a never-ending procession of obedient housetrained quasi-eunuchs. What good does it do the dealers of consumerist opiates if they can’t domesticate a suitably pliable army to staff their globocorporate offices?

The channeling of male vitality with the help of useful lies has been a central element of the civilizing process in the West and elsewhere for eons. It has its place, even for the poolsiders who need a prosperous nation in which to pursue their lifestyles. But the last fifty or sixty years (monarchists would argue the effort goes back at least 150 years) has witnessed the twisting of this process into a monstrous form, under whose shadow the lies have multiplied and tyrannized free-thinking men, restricting respectable thought to a narrow range of groupthink.

A public policy to make the teaching of game and its underlying concepts mandatory for high schoolers would have to overcome so many obstacles and entrenched thought and interests as to limit the notion strictly to the realm of

fantasy. But that doesn't mean current sex ed classes can't be deviously rippled with pebbles of thoughtcrime by sympathetic operatives.

Instead of starve the beast, you could call this the "stuff the beast" philosophy of saving civilization by feeding it too much of its own late-stage bile. A hastening and amplifying of consequences, come to reckoning in technicolor exuberance. And you might even help a few tormented betas get laid on their own timetables.

Street Smarts, Game And The White Underclass

CH · 19 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

How's that for an omnibus blog post title?

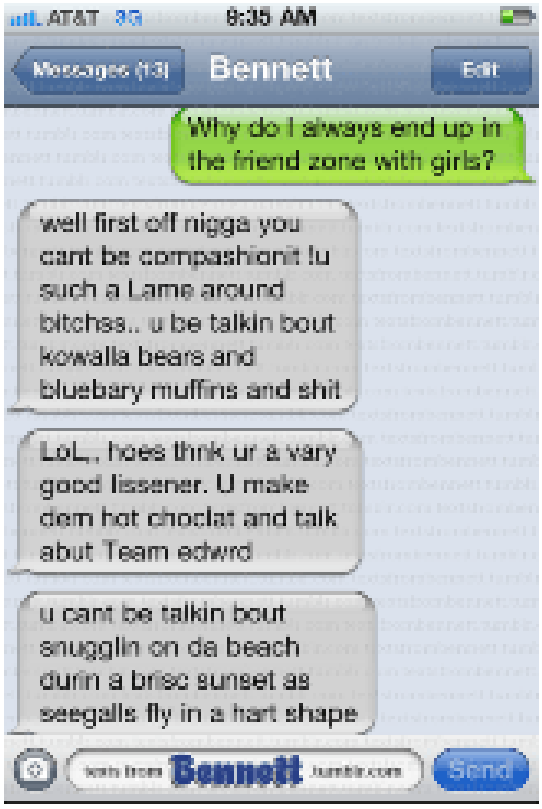
A reader sent a link to a hilarious blog called 'Texts From Bennett' which is a compendium of text message conversations between some dude and his 17-year-old white cousin who, with great pride, thinks, or rather wishes, he's part black.

> I've been a reader for about two years now and your site has changed my life, so thanks.
>
> I'm sure by now you have heard of Texts From Bennett. It is a blog that went viral a few weeks ago.
>
> One of the posts shows the cousin asking Bennett why he always gets LJBF'd. The cousin is a beta who, according to Bennett, "crys wen u watch football," and "enjoys capshuring butterflys." So when he asks Bennett what to do, Bennett gives some apt advice. More here.
>
> Despite his lack of education, Bennett understands game and I have no doubt he cleans up with the dregs of Kansas City.

Let's assume for the sake of expediency that Texts From Bennett is a warehouse of legitimate conversations by a real teenage whigger living in the crappy part of Kansas City expounding on the issues of the day, and not a clever hoax for the amusement of the blog host. (The numerous assurances by the blogger that the texts are real makes one suspicious of its authenticity, but whatevs.) Even if fake, Bennett is an iconic Millennial generation representative of the white underclass. He is funny because he strikes so many true chords: the thug-lite attitude, the exaltation of ghetto black dysfunction, the proud anti-intellectualism and its substitution with the elevation of street smarts, the defiant middle finger to the mores of the SWPL and upper classes… all lamentable customs and affectations if the survival and thriving of first world civilization is your thing.

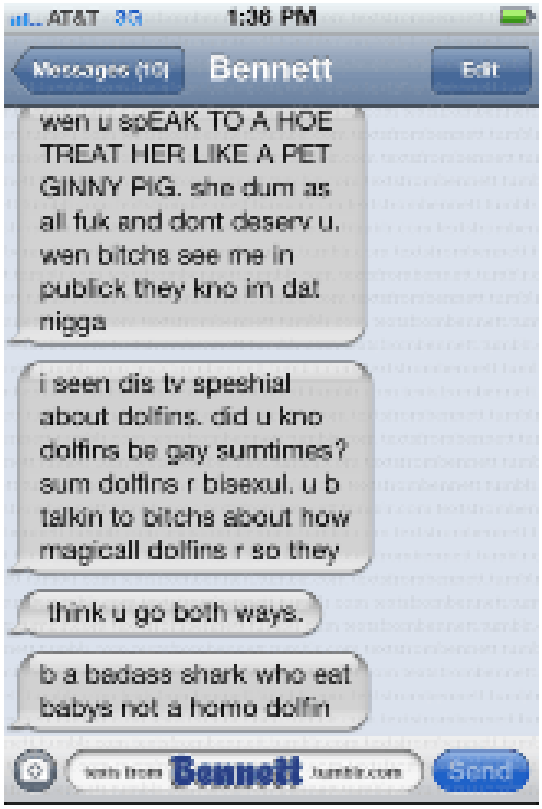
But hidden amongst the pile of manure is a gem of a discovery. As the reader notes, Bennett has game, and he has the best kind of game: primitive natural game that knows not what it's doing.

Here, for instance, is Bennett showing that he understands women don't swoon for betaboy idealistic romanticism:



Who can deny the wisdom in these words? Weepy, emotionally available betas are LJBFed. Insensitively aloof alphas are sexually pleasured. And this is particularly true of women in the prime of their attractiveness and allure, that glorious window between ages 15 and 25.

Here's Bennett on the interchangeability of women as sexual pursuits and the universal female attraction for the badboy:



Bennett is a great illustration of the sour stereotype that dumb but socially savvy men will do better with women than smart but nerdy men. No one would imagine that Bennett is acing Algebra II. But a lot of people can easily imagine him pulling more ass — and higher quality ass* — than the typical studious middle-class white boy.

*Higher quality in the context of the sexual market refers to a woman's most valuable attributes: namely, her looks and the cut of her curves. They may be dregs by socioeconomic standards, but that won't prevent them from stimulating wood in the most landed of gentry.

It's been remarked here before that thugs and assorted assholes and asshole-wannabes often exhibit more natural game than smart, agreeable professionals who second-guess themselves at every turn. This is completely understandable once you come to terms with the reality of the prime motivating force behind vagina tingles: a man's attitude. The right attitude — an insouciant mix of devil-may-care whimsy, impulsiveness, self-centeredness, vanity, cruelty and often-undeserved confidence — is the winning formula for scoring lots of hot babes. Or, if monogamy is your thing, for piquing the interest of that one hot girlfriend, to be leavened later by shows of provision and calculated vulnerability.

A hopeless fap-happy beta can't go wrong observing the fauna of regressives like Bennett in action and heeding his crudely reductive advice. This fact of life surely disheartens a lot of you educated and sophisticated readers. A visual is drawn of some of you cursing the dbags on Jersey Shore and the hot ass they're tagging that you aren't.

If the country is filling up with Bennetts — and Bennetts exist in all classes — this says something about the nature and demands of women, who, after all, are the gatekeepers of sex and the primary molders of male behavior. Even if Bennett is a fantasy character devised by a mischievous imp trolling coastal reporters salivating at the thought of interviewing a white trash caricature who rationalizes their hate, a rising sea of his kind is undoubtedly swamping the US, hidden in plain sight from gated communities and invidiously creating a new norm, like dumbfuck kudzu. A culture teeming with shameless Bennetts and dotted with islands of antagonistic SWPLs and tribalistic snarkers is a doomed culture, too far gone to resuscitate. Stick a fork in it, it's done.

On the upside, the sex lives of alphas may be experiencing its cultural zenith. And Bennett, like the "Umm, sorry?" guy, are our time's prophets.

The Feminists, Equalists And Economists Are Gonna Hate This

CH · 20 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The NewYorkBetaTimes, of all the flaccid media organs!, reports on a study that finds genes play a major role in primate social behavior.

> Social behavior among primates — including humans — has a substantial genetic basis, a team of scientists has concluded from a new survey of social structure across the primate family tree.
>
> The scientists, at the University of Oxford in England, looked at the evolutionary family tree of 217 primate species whose social organization is known. Their findings, published in the journal Nature, challenge some of the leading theories of social behavior, including:
>
> – That social structure is shaped by environment — for instance, a species whose food is widely dispersed may need to live in large groups.
>
> – That complex societies evolve step by step from simple ones.
>
> – And the so-called social brain hypothesis: that intelligence and brain volume increase with group size because individuals must manage more social relationships.
>
> By contrast, the new survey emphasizes the major role of genetics in shaping sociality. Being rooted in genetics, social structure is hard to change, and a species has to operate with whatever social structure it inherits.
>
> If social behavior were mostly shaped by ecology, then related species living in different environments should display a variety of social structures. But the Oxford biologists — Susanne Shultz, Christopher Opie and Quentin Atkinson — found the opposite was true: Primate species tended to have the same social structure as their close relatives, regardless of how and where they live.

One by one, the shibboleths of the post-Enlightenment Left crumble into dust, their lies scattering like tumbleweed on the purifying desert winds.

> The Old World monkeys, for example, a group that includes baboons and macaques, live in many habitats, from savanna to rain forest to alpine regions, and may feed on fruit or leaves or grass. Yet all have very similar social systems, suggesting that their common ancestry — and the inherited genes that shape behavior — are a stronger influence than ecology on their social structure.

Genes a stronger influence on social structure — aka culture — than the environment? Now who was it said something similar not too long ago on this very outpost of mortifying truths? Ah, yes:

> *Culture does not spring up out of the ground unseeded, like a summoned monolith. Human genetic disposition seeds the ground and creates culture, unleashing a macro feedback loop where culture and genes interact in perpetuity. Those "cultural judgments" [feminists] so recoil from are actually subconscious reinforcements of ancient biological truths.*

Great crops of corn, I hate to toot my own horn, but goddamn… strike up the band!

> The fact that related species have similar social structures, presumably because the genes for social behavior are inherited from a common ancestor, "spells trouble" for ecological explanations, Joan B. Silk, a primate expert at the University of California, Los Angeles, wrote in a commentary in Nature. Also, the finding that there has not been a steady progression from small groups to large ones challenges the social brain hypothesis, Dr. Silk said.

> The Oxford survey confirms that the structure of human society, too, is likely to have a genetic basis, since humans are in the primate family, said Bernard Chapais, an expert on human social evolution at the University of Montreal.

Think about the radical implications this study *should* have on public policy. (I say “should” because the old guard will work tirelessly to smear anyone who dares draw the arrow from human genetic predisposition to informed social policy.) If it became commonly accepted knowledge that genes play a major, maybe even predominant, role in how human population groups organize socially, sexually and economically, then in one fell swoop the following canons would be reduced to the dung heap of exposed lies, alongside such luminous repositories of sacred thought as geocentrism, Freudianism, Communism and the theory of buying chicks stuff on the first date in hopes of sex:

– redistribution (in any form) for any means other than intergroup pacification

– feminism

– egalitarianism

– rational actor economics

– multiculturalism

– laissez-faire libertarianism in heterogeneous societies

– unrestricted immigration

– ideologies with cultural conditioning theories as their centerpiece

– exported democratization

– cheap chalupaism

The strawmen armies will, naturally, come marching out in force to cow anyone from waving this study in the air like a beacon to guide the free thinkers through a battlefield shrouded in choking gas, mud and fog. I have neither the time nor the patience to deal with them all here, but for a few exceedingly trite and trollish objections.

“Apes aren’t humans.”

Funny how the pro-evolution Left is so quick to highlight the gulf between apes and humans when it suits their agenda. Apes aren’t humans, but apes are our closest cousins. From them we can learn much about ourselves, if not everything.

“Genes aren’t destiny. Our fates aren’t predetermined.”

Reductio ad absurdum. Genes aren’t destiny, but they are significant constraints on destiny. For instance, (and to use a very obvious example), a man with a genetic predisposition to criminality can have his unobstructed destiny to inflict pain and suffering on others severely altered by a long prison stint. But remove that environmental influence, and his genetic impulse resumes primary ownership of his behavior. So while we don’t have exact destinies given us at our birth from which we may never stray, we do have paths laid before us that are closer to, or further from, alignment with our natural genetic proclivities. The rockier the path, the stricter the environmental or cultural controls needed to keep us trundling along it. The smoother the path, the looser the controls needed.

“Ok, genes may play a role, but humans share 99.whatever% of their genes.”

Great. We also share 99% of our genes with mice, but no one would mistake a man for a mouse. Unless he’s named H. Schwyzer. That .whatever% of genes we don’t universally share makes for a lot of difference.

“Humans can adapt.”

Correction: Humans can adapt more or less easily. And sometimes, not at all. Public policy should be that which encourages the construction and maintenance of a prosperous national environment that puts as few stressors on its citizens' store of ability to adapt as possible.

Within my lifetime, I would love to see the self-evident truths encompassed in this post recognized and embraced by the elite. But it's looking more and more like that is a pipe dream. Instead, traitors and liars will drag us down into the dark, murky abyss before they surrender their pride.

When A Shit Test Isn't A Shit Test

CH · 21 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Not every insult (veiled or blatant), punchy challenge, or arch criticism by a woman is a shit test as the term is commonly understood — a subconsciously guided female examination of a man's grace under pressure that helps her assess his alphaness. There are other reasons a woman might be critical of a man she is dating or evaluating as a suitor.

I have observed that there are two alternate explanations for bitchy behavior that men will encounter most often in the course of their love lives.

1. She is genuinely repulsed by a man's betaness.

When a girl is sincerely and uncompromisingly put off by cloying or socially clumsy beta male behavior, she will sometimes be unable to stifle the disgust she feels and her animus will come spilling out in icy cold body language, nagging, scolding and nit-picking. This is predominantly the behavior of the bitch in betrothed bondage to the beta male, who has grown tired, or become unsettlingly aware, of her hubby's unsexy weakness. The beta husband who finds his time with his wife increasingly characterized by seemingly irrational wifely outbursts of anger, incessant nagging about inconsequential misdemeanors, passive-aggressive sex withdrawal and assorted glib jabs and cruel mannerisms that show a disrespect for his presumed status and masculine prerogative, is experiencing the foul ministrations of a woman in thrall to her slow boil of hate for male enfeeblement. This phenomenon is easily substitutable for men and women in unmarried long-term relationships.

Men, beware. This is no shit test. It is your most immediate warning sign that your lover is about to leave you, or, worse, cheat on you. She has no interest in sussing out your manliness; she is only a fist of rage semi-incoherntly lashing out at you for making her feel unfeminine. Treating her behavior like an extended shit test may actually backfire if you haven't prepped her for your transformation to a man willing to display his balls.

Note that this supremely bitchy behavior may occasionally manifest early in the courtship dance, usually by women with low impulse control and looks in the 4-7 range; the kind of women who get hit on a lot by "creepy" men thinking they have a chance, and who have reached their tolerance threshold for such brazen men. If flecks of spittle fly as she castigates you, or she is simultaneously backing away while hurling her insults at your face, or her entire body curls up into a phantom turtle shell at the mere exposure of her personal space to your entreaties, you are likely dealing with sincere loathing and not a shit test to be aced for further sexual exploration.

2. She is afraid of losing her man.

A girl who adores her boyfriend will, at times, and especially during those moments when his appeal to competitor women is most discernible, act in ways that strike normal, logical men as strange. Instead of anointing with flattery and devotionals, the anxious woman with commitment extraction on her mind may respond with what she perceives as self-esteem lowering cuts to some or another flaw of her boyfriend's.

The flaws she highlights will almost always be of a physical nature, or a treatise on his style. "You're getting pudgy." "I never noticed before how gross your toes are." "You look like you haven't slept in a week." "You're too pale." "You walk funny." "That shirt makes you look like a doofus."

Charming, eh? Ah, but she will hardly be able to announce these flaws with the expected contempt; often her critique will be leavened with a revealing brightness in the eyes and sensuously accessible body language. An experienced man will rapidly know her bitchiness comes from a place of insecurity about her standing with him. He will know, as true as the sun rises in the east, that women simply don't put very much emphasis on a man's looks in comparison to the other attractiveness traits that women desire in men. And that this truism goes double for a woman in love, for whom her man's looks are a paltry secondary consideration to his wit, leadership, humor, kindness, cockiness, thoughtfulness, edginess and sexual prowess. And so her criticisms of his physical state or

fashion sense will trickle harmlessly off his ego like water off a duck's back, understood as they are as the bleatings of a desperate lover engaged in a mini power play.

The woman chooses the physical and the stylistic for her barbs because she is projecting her very real female horror at coming up short in these two areas critical to her own SMV onto her man, for whom she mistakenly believes pokes at his physical attributes will have the same effect on him as it would on her; namely, the effect of luring him more deeply into an approval-seeking mode of thought and, thus, a stronger commitment from him that she much desires. This type of subversive badinage is actually a form of bonding for the woman. Unlike insults directed at a man's status for which there is no turning back, the nature of petty jabs at his looks or his choice of clothes brings a woman closer to her man; she is complicit in his reformulation to something "better", i.e. domesticated.

Men, be gladdened. If you hear your girlfriend or wife criticizing you in this manner, you are confirmed to be sitting pretty in the driver's seat of the relationship. You have hand. She wants what only you have to give: increased commitment. And she wants it as badly as you wanted her sex when the two of you started dating.

You may play it off like a shit test, replying in knowing condescension or, even funnier, feigned concern. E.g., "Yes, I really ought to get right on that fixing my troll toes. I'll schedule an amputation tomorrow." But be warned: the nature of this type of criticism is not usually that of the shit test. She is not interested in deducing your alphaness; she already knows about that, and anyhow her jabs are of a different nature when it is playful shit testing that motivates her.

No, she wants to hurt you just a little bit — to make you just insecure enough, really, to inspire you to ingratiate yourself to her needs without turning you away completely or unintentionally pushing you to desperate, servile betatude — and pointed, spiteful criticism of your physical flaws (that she thinks ought to matter to her, and to you, but really don't) is how she gets at you. She knows you're confident to volley her verbal airstrikes. If you begin hearing a lot of this sort of criticism from her, it means flirty parrying is not what she seeks; she wants your ultimate capitulation.

…every kiss begins with three months' salary

Caring Vs Uncaring Assholery

CH · 22 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A reader ponders:

> First off I'd like to say you're really doing the world a public service. I came across your blog by googling " how to spot a slut," (trying to figure out if my girlfriend at the time was…she met your criteria and she was a huge slut). Anyhow in one of your much earlier posts you point out that there are two types of assholes. The uncaring and caring. The latter coming from a place of hate and insulting women and not really forming any sort of attraction. That is where I am right now how would i make the shift into the uncaring asshole category?

Think about the most inconsiderate person you know. Then, act like him. That's how you make the shift.

If you don't know anyone like that, then you'll have to make the shift by adjusting your inner game, which means forcing yourself by sheer strength of will to become less outcome-dependent. Uncaring assholes are truly the masters of outcome-independence. They hardly feel a twinge to their egos when any one girl falls through as a prospect. That attitude is catnip to women.

The reader is referring to this old post which dissected the difference between assholes that women love and assholes that women suspect are really spiteful betas in alpha clothing. Quoting:

> *There are genuine assholes who are loved, and there are spiteful assholes who get nowhere. The difference is crucial.*
>
> *Uncaring asshole = success with women.*
>
> *Caring asshole = failure with women.*
>
> *When women say they don't fall for assholes, they are thinking of the second kind. A caring asshole comes from a place of bitterness and spite. His assholery is reactive rather than proactive. He is poor at calibrating which women will be responsive to his dick attitude. Caring assholes are crassly insulting and transparently invested in the outcome of their game.*
>
> *Uncaring assholes are assholes as a consequence of their indifference. It is the aloofness of the man she loves that drives women crazy with obsession*, and that aloofness is manifest as asshole behavior. An uncaring asshole demonstrates clearly in his body language and tone of voice, not to mention his dearth of words, that he could take her or leave her.*

A good rule of thumb to detmerine if you are leaning more toward the caring side of assholery:

Do you feel emotionally invested in the reaction you're trying to get from girls you want to have sex with? When you asshole it up, does your blood pressure rise? Does anger festoon your words? Do you imagine vengeance, hoping to land a solid metaphorical blow to a girl's ego?

If so, you are trying too hard. Your caring asshole behavior, while better than acting like a sheepish beta if pickup is your goal, will more often than not turn a potential lay away.

I'm not saying there's never a time for anger. There is. There is a time for red hot passion and white hot rage. But your operational mode should be one of… say it with me… AMUSED MASTERY. Cool-as-fuckness. Imperturbability.

Nor am I saying you should be inconsiderate all the time. If an LTR is your goal, you can't expect to be inconsiderate with your girlfriend or wife and not eventually string her out so badly that she jettisons you to fill the emotional void in her needy, feminine soul. Many a movie plotline has centered on the ignored wife of a distant alpha husband and the emotionally available sneaky fucker who ingratiates himself to her for the damning tryst.

Within the context of an LTR, consideration should be seasoned with inconsiderate aloofness, like a sprinkle of pepper on a nourishing bowl of soup. That is the zen way of poon.

But when dating and seeking the hookup, (to lead possibly to deepening love), aloof and sometimes even callous disregard will intrigue far more hot and high value women than not. And this is especially true for women living in the salad days of their fertility.

You have to recite the following as part of a self-motivational technique for imbuing yourself with the right (i.e., sexy) attitude:

I must not obsess. Obsession is the mind-killer. Obsession is the little-death that brings total betaness. I will face my obsession. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when my obsession is gone I will turn and face its path, and only my alpha self will remain.

Once you can confidently proclaim that oneitis no longer stalks you like a leech on your masculinity, that there will never again be “that one girl” you must have, that no girl’s inconsequential caprice can rattle your self-possession, and that you have let go of your spite and your anxiety, will you have arrived in a place that permits the blooming of uncaring assholery. And the parting of labial petals.

Few men achieve this level of state control, and with good reason: it’s hard. Great beauty can disturb the stillest mind. But try you must. You’ll have to bear the torment of self-awareness to make your attempt count, but it beats the alternative of sleepwalking through life in ignorant betatude.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 27 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Mark C sez:

> The essence of uncaring assholery is simple. “And?”
>
> “I have a boyfriend” “And?”
> I want to see that chick-flick.” “And?”
> “You don’t love me” “And?”
> “you don’t care about my needs” “And?”
> “I wish you would shave your mustache so I can see your face” “And”
> “You would look so much better if you dressed like _____” “And?”
>
> In my experience, that one simple word, accompanied by a smirk and a raised eyebrow, is the single most powerful word in the English language. Even more effective than “I dont care” because it encapsulates “I dont care” within it, along with a whole host of other phrases.

This is a good singular example of the *tactical* essence of uncaring assholery. “And?” is ambiguous. “And?” is ambivalent. “And?” is mischievous. “And?” is all the things women love in men.

If you are new to the game of uncaring assholery, and struggle to say the right words at the right time, have ready in your back pocket the simple expedient of “And?”, for use when your state control is challenged by a curious woman. It is practically failsafe.

Beware overuse, though this warning applies to just about any game tactic. Try to resist the temptation to lean too heavily on an effective rapport technique, because when you witness the results you’ll be greatly tempted, indeed. But remember, chicks dig unpredictability, too.

When A Girl Catches You Off-Guard

CH · 27 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Alex bemoans:

> Speaking of uncaring assholery –
>
> I recently made the mistake of, in the split second I had to decide, taking the drink a girl asked me to hold – "hold this", and she dove towards the dance floor. The same impulse which bade me grab her drink, also bade me drink it (downed it in one shot, then moved on to dance with some other girl).
>
> Does this set of actions come off as the right kind of assholery? Any chance for the pick-up to be resurrected afterwards?

This exact same thing once happened to me. And it's particularly galling because the "Hold my drink for me" shit test is one of the most blatantly obvious shit tests that chicks with no ethical boundaries employ. She had asked me to hold her cocktail and I didn't have a second to analyze the transaction before my fingers straightened to receive it. Then she trotted off to grab a scarf off her girl friend's shoulder. Looking down at her drink in my hand, I felt a wave of disgust with myself. And I responded the same way as Alex: I gulped it down. When she returned and saw the empty glass she said "Hey, you drank it! That's rude!" I answered Corey Worthington-style, "Oh… sorry I guess", and walked away.

There will be times when your game acumen lets you down and a chick manages to sneak an artillery shell loaded with toxic vagina gas past your defenses. When that happens, the best you can do is recognize your error of judgment quickly, and rectify your demonstration of lower value as best you can without crossing the line into strident acts of vengeance that will socially ostracize you beyond the confines of one bitchy, manipulative girl. What Alex did in response was perfectly acceptable. In ascending order of face-saving effectiveness:

1. Continue holding her drink until she returns, then greeting her with "here you go!" as you hand her drink back.

So beta it actually hurts my balls a little just to type that out.

2. Hold her drink until she returns, then give it back coupled with a sarcastic riposte like "I should charge you for this".

Not as beta as number 1, but still supplicating.

3. Leave her drink on the bar and walk off.

Better than acquiescing. But not as satisfying as number 4.

4. Gulp her drink and hand her the empty glass when she returns.

Congratulations, you are an acolyte asshole. Pussy lips will begin parting in five minutes.

5. Spit and burp burrito gas into her drink, then hand it back to her with a big smile.

This is personally satisfying, but you will be robbed of the priceless look of incredulity on her face when she sees an empty glass. Nevertheless, the glowing feeling you get from this private act of revenge will put a bounce in your step and turbocharge your game for the rest of the night.

The best way to reply to a girl who tells you to hold her drink is to pretend to agree and amplify. (Girls will try to pull this off by thrusting the drink into your hand and not waiting for you to reply.)

"Hold my drink. Thanks!"

Leaving your hands by your side: "Would you like your glass slippers polished too?"

Whatever happens, always leave your hands down at your sides. She will attempt to foist the drink on you and will expect you to reach out for it. When you don't, the drink will crash to the ground. I've seen this happen. It is hilarious. The guy who did this told the girl to "go home" and "sleep it off". That is some transcendental game, right there.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 27 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Mark C sez:

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Open This Set

CH · 28 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine you are at a club and you are confronted by this three set:

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

. (nsfw ascii bread crumbs added to fool wandering eyes)

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

Let's examine what we have here. I'll wait while you finish up fapping your comatose seed into oblivion.

Ok, the specs.

- Three girls, from left to right: a 7.5, a 6 and a 4.5.

Readers' rankings may vary 0.5 to 1 point in either direction. Don't make a production out of it. The rankings are reflective of general consensus among the male population.

- Odds of sluttiness, from left to right: 65%, 25% and 75%

I know, some of you are asking how the third girl can have a higher chance of being a superslipperyfun slut than the first girl. Gentlemen, don't confuse sluttery with exhibitionism. While there is a correlation, exhibitionists are often decepticon sluts who want to make you think they are DTF, but in reality just get off on provoking male attention and public displays of horniness (PDH) from desperate no-game-having men.

HBhellovagina! on the left is clearly an exhibitionist (please, no contrarian insistence that she might not know her panties are showing; she knows.) Most likely, she is displaying her pantied genitalia for the cameraman (and her friends) alone, because most of the men in the background have their backs turned to her. This suggests her panty flash was likely a spontaneous action with zero forethought or preparedness to maximize the amount of attention she could receive. She hasn't prepped the crowd, in other words. A lack of preparation boosts her slut score, since sluts act on impulse. Thus, her 65% chance to put out same night.

HBwhitedress has demure body language, a soft smile, a long hemline and tallness. She is the mother hen. You will not pull a same night lay with her, but you will pull a number and a date.

HBminiskirt has many of the signs of true sluttiness — prominent chest and buttocks thrust, sleepy demonic eyes, knowing smirk, oversized purse, gaudy accessories and, most importantly, she is the least attractive of her friends, but not so unattractive that she can't hook a few douchebag horndogs for a night or two of sweaty delirium. She is the kind of girl who uses the easy availability of her sex to steal the spotlight from her more attractive friends. Also, check out her digit ratio: masculine! That's almost all the proof you need that she's DTF. If her face were illuminated with a black light, rivulets of ancient cum shots would shine brightly, resembling a Martian landscape.

- Potential cockblock, from left to right: very high, moderate, low.

Exhibitionists are second only to fat chicks for their compulsion to cockblock and their talent at doing so. HBhellovagina! won't take kindly to the spotlight being off her for even a second. HBwhitedress may move in if she sees one of her charges succumbing to your charms. HBminiskirt has the cartoonishly sexy posture of a woman who would sooner steal you for a messy fuck than cockblock you.

- All three girls are close friends.

Girls who are close friends don't mind when their boobs nestle against each other. They may even like it. They *do* mind when one of their friends makes a spectacle of herself, which makes me wonder if HBhellovagina! caught them unawares with her standing split.

Now that you have the preliminary analysis you need based on a quick visual inspection, I want you to describe how you would approach and open this set, either alone or with a wingman. Which girl would you choose as your primary target? Who would you address first? What opener would you use? If going in alone, how do you extract your target?

Keep in mind that three scenarios are probable here, and will determine your approach. HBhellovagina! is:

1. flaunting her goods for a lone cameraman (with maybe his buddy in tow), or

2. flaunting her goods for another girl friend(s), or

3. flaunting her goods for you because she has seen you walking toward her group (with camera in hand).

Choose from one of the three probable scenarios above and describe your opening game in detail. You confident bastards may want to describe how you would game these chicks under all three scenarios. This is just an exercise

in opening game, so no need to go into panegyrics about venue bouncing or bedroom tips. Stick to the approach and extraction.

Those of you with good game will get to experience the thrill of commenters patting you on the back. Merry f'in Christmas!

Newsflash! Sexually Obsolete Jilted Wife Reconsiders Divorcing Unfaithful Alpha Male Husband

CH · 29 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is what happens when a woman who has passed into sexual worthlessness has to contemplate the stark reality of divorce from a cheating alpha male husband who fathered a child with his mistress, but who still tingles his wife's tangle.

> Is Maria Shriver having second thoughts about divorcing Arnold Schwarzenegger?
>
> That's what we heard.
>
> Tipsters cite the Kennedy princess' strong Catholic faith as one of the main reasons she might be reconsidering tossing the husband who cheated on her.

The religion excuse is squid ink. Maria has lost her looks and is facing the merciless indifference of the zero sum, free-for-all dating market as an aged divorcée. She knows, on some deep primitive level, that as a newly single woman she could very well wind up living out her years unloved by any man. Or at the least unloved by any man even close to Arnold's level of alphaness.

A woman in this position, and swirling with these feelings, can forgive a lot. I mean, A LOT.

Arnold, for his part, is reported to be treating her nicely. What's that sound… *cha ching.*

It's almost as if there is a powerful sexual market guiding people's decisions. Weird.

Sinead O'Connor: Proof Of Women's Rapidly Declining Sexual Market Value Trajectory

CH · 29 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sinead O'Connor's first marriage at age 21: 5 years

Sinead O'Connor's second marriage: 1 year

Sinead O'Connor's third marriage: 8 months

Sinead O'Connor's fourth marriage at age 45: 16 days.

Sez it all, really.

(The typical benighted SMV trajectory of women is even worse when you consider the quality of men with whom Sinead progressively got hitched, which, if photos and lifestyle status are any indication, demonstrates that Sinead had to gradually settle for ever more beta lovers.)

Ignore Female Exhibitionists To Win Them Over

CH · 30 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In this post, readers were asked to open the set shown in the photo, which included one girl who was an obvious exhibitionist. (Exhibitionism is an extreme form of attention whoring that focuses on display of the body to attract stares and drama.)

Overall, readers responded with higher quality than expected.

> Joe Alpha:
>
> On my way past them, I would say to the tall one: "you are kinda cute for a big girl."

That's a pretty good neg for tall chicks.

> JG:
>
> "My grandma has those same panties, and she sucks a mean dick. I bet you're a good little cocksucker. Show me." Immediately extract my penis and start helicoptering to the beat whilst maintaining eye contact and a straight face.
>
> I'm dead fucking serious.

If any of you tries this opener and it works, you have a god-given duty to write up a field report. It might get its own page at the top of this blog.

> Ricochet:
>
> 1) Addressing the whole group:
>
> "Does anyone here smell fish?"

Ditto.

> Ovid:
>
> I would call Alek Novy over and let him anti-game the trio for me. Then the five of us would run to the nearest motel and have five-way together. Easy peasy.

I imagine anti-gamers would say it's all about standing there looking good until a girl comes over to offer sex.

> Eric:
>
> Approach the group, say hello while making direct eye contact with Whitedress, and ask if she's being paid to babysit or just volunteering.
> The strongest neg is towards Exhibitionist, while the bottom-rung slut wonders if that was a dig at her or if she was ignored completely.
>
> If Whitedress responds positively, keep the attention somewhat focused on her. Even if she doesn't put out that night, when she finds herself saying "I've never done that before," in a week or so, she may well be telling the truth.
>
> If not, then both the Exhibitionist and the Express Pussy will look to regain center stage.
>
> But it should be noted that the only way the easy one is worth the time is if she can be nailed on premises (which is a good possibility) for sport value.

A good opener for a set like this should include a strong neg. Ignoring the attention whore qualifies as a neg.

> Max:
>
> If you said “hold that pose”, and started to unbuckle your belt, you’d definitely get a reaction.

This is not a good opener, but it is funny.

> PA:
>
> Look at panties-girl and say with hint of mock-prudery “for chrissakes cover yourself.”
>
> To the middle girl, say with a genuine smile “you’re the wild one here?”
>
> TitsGirl on the right will interject. Cut her off at once with a sharp, loud rebuke — euro-accented aristocratic growl “you wait your turn.”
>
> Turn back to middle girl, take it from there.

Total gender role reversal, which is 3/5s of seduction. I like it. The girls won’t be expecting this. Also note that this is a mild form of asshole game, which is catnip to cute chicks who like to flaunt themselves.

> Ender:
>
> Simple. Walk up to all three, flip them all the double bird, then one by one, left to right — kick to the stomach to Stunner. The DJ breaks some glass and the bartender throw you two Coors Lights, you double fist chug them over the girls, spilling at least half the beer on their twitching bodies. Too easy.

Humorless Amanda Marcuntte read this comment and her eyes went wide with excitement. “I knew this site was full of serial killer misogynists!”, she says, as her manjaw grinds with repressed fury against an invisible stone wheel.

> not a clue:
>
> ignore the exhibitionist on the left
>
> to the two on the right: “bless you for putting up with that (pointing to the exhibitionist)”

I don’t think divide-and-conquer is the optimal strategy as an approach opener, but it certainly works as the conversation begins to develop.

> colonelcrimson:
>
> I use the fact that there are two attention whores to my advantage. My three-pronged strategy is to engage the three as follows:
>
> HBminiskirt- give her shit
> HBwhitedress- respect
> HBhellovagina- ignore, eventually neg
>
> After I take the picture, I go straight over to HBmsand tease her about her handbag. Negs/teasing is not the strategy to pick up a 4.5 (which is the point; she’s not my target). “My god, look at the size of your bag, you trying to sneak in a bowling ball?” I then look to HBwd as the exemplary female. “The key to fashion is… subtlety,” I tell HBms as I reach for HBwd’s blue flower in her hair. “This is more like it,” I say as I smile at my pivot, whilst shooting annoyed looks toward HBms. I engage these two for a moment, while ignoring HBhv (with the exception of shooting a disapproving glance or two), whose hamster will begin spinning away, wondering why I didn’t make a show of her showy split. Eventually I make a comment to HBwd to the effect

> of “How do you make it through these nights babysitting Flashy McHandbag and Gumby over here? I’d want to pull my hair out,” This is my first comment directed toward HBhv specifically. As she tries to defend herself (which she will), I keep going with the theme of: HBwd has it right and the other two are way over the top. Eventually, I say, “OK, I’m taking another picture, but you [HBms] lose the potato sack and you [HBhv] stand like a lady. Do you know how much digital film costs?”

This is a good breakdown of set dynamics. Just be careful about giving a 4.5 shit. Less attractive girls can react poorly — i.e. cockblock — to criticism.

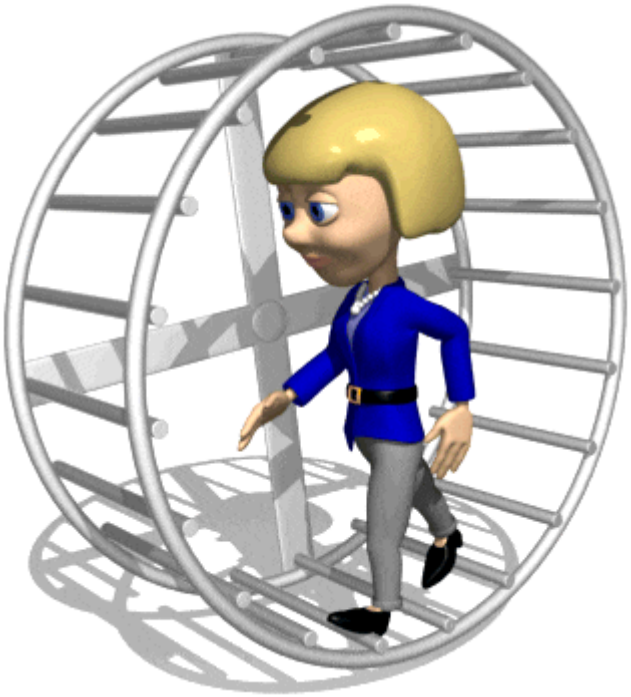
There were more great openers from commenters. Go to the post to read them.

A lot of people think negging HBhellovagina! is a good move. Maybe. But it’s been my experience that the best neg for exhibitionists is totally ignoring them. Include them piecemeal into the conversation you are having with her friends. This drives them nuts. And a girl getting nutty is a girl getting horny and intrigued.

One more thing. It’s good policy to avoid referencing any body part or revealing clothing of an exhibitionist. So that means no mention of her preteen underoo panties. She wants that kind of attention. She gets it and she’s won. Deny her. Make her work for your raised eyebrow.

Happy New Year!

CH · 1 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original



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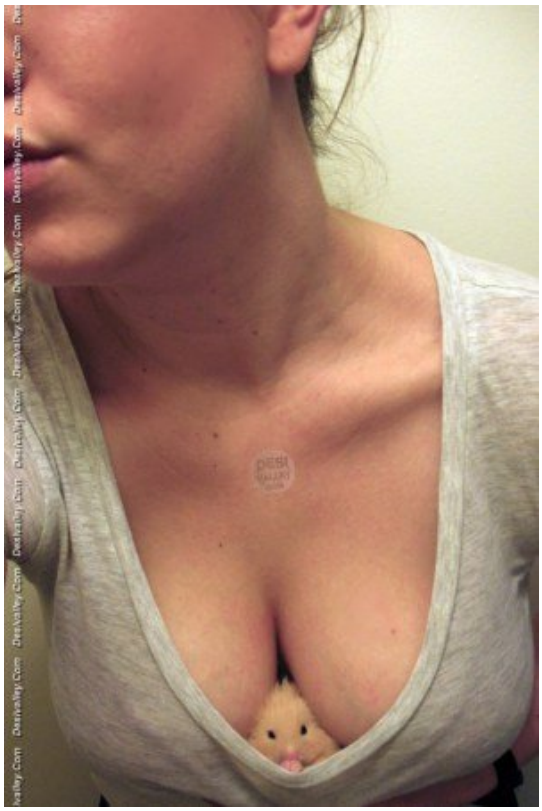


Hangover cat
rehydrates

Tokens Of Appreciation

CH · 3 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine this blog is a church, and the priest is passing out the hustle hat. It arrives at your pew, and your pewmates are tossing bennies into the basket. You pause when it gets to you. But then you remember all the HOLY RIGHTEOUS WOMAN KNOWLEDGE the God of the Gaming Guide Maxims has dropped in your skull lap, the real world benefits you have accrued from reading at this outpost of dangerous thought… and lo and behold your alligator arms grow THREE SIZES today, and you reach out to offer a generous token of appreciation.

You feel better. You feel good. And why wouldn't you? You did something that will help the world more than a thousand New York Beta Times editorials.

More soberly, the blog is about to incur some expenses. Plans are afoot to move to an offshore host and begin major upgrades. A storefront is in the blueprint stage. Equipment for field reports costs dough. Donations aren't needed, but they help, and, if candor is appropriate, they are welcome feedback. Not to mention motivation to build the Chateau into a truly magnificent bastion of irrepressible truth and testicle-girding fortification.

Donate here.

If the link above isn't working, use the donation button located at the upper right corner, under the banner heading.

Anonymity is assured.

Enough of that. It is a new year. What would you like to see more of at Le Chateau Heartiste in 2012? Operators are standing by. What do you want to read more of in 2012?Analysis of beta male foolishnessAnalysis of alpha male wisdomDestruction of feminist ideology/proponentsGame techniquesField reports (from hosts or guests)Cultural/political commentaryReader input/questionsScientific studiesMy enormous memberVoteView ResultsPolldaddy.com

Period And Ovulation Tracker As Seduction Tool

CH · 3 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A while back, Chateau proprietors urged male readers to start tracking their lovers' menstrual cycles. The reasoning was solid: women are more prone to cheat during their ovulation with an alpha male, and, if they are on the pill, their disrupted cycles will cause them to favor the company of emotionally ~~stunted~~ sensitive beta providers.

Gentlemen, this is powerful stuff that science is giving us. Knowing your lover's monthly cycle will help you identify if and when she's likely to cheat, when she is horniest and most likely to put out with no concern for protection, and when she might grant a sexually deprived beta male with a shoulder soaked from the thousand tears of aggrieved asshole-chasing hot girls a shot at her furrow.

The problem with tracking a lover's monthly cycle — aka fertility awareness — has always been the inconvenience. You need diligence and pluck to uncover when she is on the rag. Are you prepared to search for incriminating evidence? Can you wheedle that information out of her without creeping her out?

And once you have the coordinates for her march of the red army, are you conscientious enough to commit it to memory, and recall it when needed, month in and month out? It's a difficult task when fertility awareness competes with other information typically stored in a man's head, like baseball stats and experience points needed to reach the next level.

Luckily, the good nerds who write Apple apps read this blog and have taken the message to heart, devising a clever tool for easy and worry-free tracking of a lover's cycle, cryptically named 'I Am a Man." You just set it, and forget it!

The app allows you to mark the calendar days when your fling, girlfriend or wife is menstruating, PMSing or ovulating. Here is a screen capture:

Think about the ramifications of using this tool. Now, every man can know:

1. when he should go to the pool hall and avoid his lover's raging PMS

2. when he should contact his FB because his main is in full menses

3. when he should ramp up the asshole alpha treatment because his lover is ovulating and staring harder at strange men

4. when he should bring romcoms home and cook a meal or two because his lover is in the needy, weepy part of her cycle

5. when he should send a private eye to watch where she goes after work because the odds of a cuckolding are higher.

Let's say you get back from a dinner with your girl. You go to the bathroom and quickly scan your 'I Am a Man' app. You see a blue diamond on today's date. Eureka! You rush out to the bedroom naked, erect member ticking like an upside-down metronome, and she strips off excitedly, anticipating your penetration. You don't bother with the condom, because you know she won't put up a fuss about it. Her body wants your seed, now, and reason has jumped out the window.

But wait, you surprise her by pulling out at the last second. Foiled!

Thank you, 'I Am a Man' app, for the opportunity to raw dog free of consequence!

You can even use the 'I Am a Man' app retroactively to determine if your child is legit or the underworld bastard spawn of an alpha interloper. Was the brat conceived on a day she was ovulating and you weren't around? Swab the cheek!

Of course, the app loses its predictive power if she's on the pill. But you should still keep it up-to-date in case she ever goes off again. Women go off the pill for many reasons, not least of which is an empty bank account. If she goes off the pill in the middle of a relationship or marriage… watch out! Her body will scream for alpha seed as soon as that initial rush of ovulatory hormones careens through her veins. But with this app in hand, you'll be better positioned (heh) to alphafuck the disloyalty right outta her vagina. Then you can breathe easy once the ovulation threat has passed, and go back to tenderly caressing her hair as she watches you iron her panties.

Now all the world's men need is an app that can analyze women in the field for signals of ovulation. Perhaps a heat-signature device, or something along those lines. PUAs with a bit of muscle can hone in on ovulating targets for same night lays, while PUAs who are stronger in the comfort stage can zero in on women who are at the tail end of their menses and pining for romantic gestures.

The Reason Why Hot Girls Have Gay Boyfriends

CH · 3 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever noticed how many hot girls have a passel of gay male friends in their inner circle? But don't get the wrong impression. It's not accurate to say these gay men are orbiters sucking up to the emotional needs of their girl friends; more often, the hot chicks are orbiting the gay men. The gay men decide where to go out, and the women follow. The gay men lead conversations, and the women respond. Hot babes, in other words, are the beta male orbiters to gay male friends.

I don't know how gay men act around other attractive gay men — presumably they act similarly to straight beta males in the company of hot women — but I do know that gay men are the absolute MASTERS of negging and teasing hot chicks. Thus, beta males starting out with game would find it helpful to spend some time hanging with mixed groups that include gay men. What they will witness is an absolute CLINIC in the use of negs and teasing to arouse the pleasure centers in women.

Overheard examples:

Hot chick: [complaing about her long workouts]

Gay male friend: That's not a real workout. Stop bitching.

***

Hot chick: [lamenting the long walk to the party in her high heels] I almost wanted to take them off and throw them in the street!

Gay male friend: [looking at her shoes and shaking his head disapprovingly] Next time, don't just say it. Do it!

Why are gay men so good at negging hot women? Sure, gays have a biting, shallow wit and a keen ability to ricochet from one subject to another giving each only the most superficial consideration that appeals to women, but more importantly, gays are totally relaxed around very good-looking girls. Women's beauty — the prime vector inducing stammering, stuttering, stressing and pants loading in straight beta males — exerts no influence on gay men's emotional states, except in a distantly abstract aesthetic sense, like one might feel admiring a pleasing artwork.

Straight men — and by straight men I mean beta males, because alpha males already understand how women function — can learn a thing or two from gay men about how to handle hot chicks. Gay men have natural attraction game around women, because they are truly 100% outcome independent. There isn't a gay man alive who cares about closing the deal with a chick.

You'll learn more observing the gay man-hot chick social dynamic. Gays don't neg and tease constantly, though they do tease a lot more than you suspect. Every so often, the gay friend will flatter his girl friend and pass a compliment along, usually relating to something she's wearing or her improved body. But it seems every sincere compliment is leavened with three backhanded compliments, three sarcastic ripostes, and three playground-style teasing insults.

Why do hot girls put themselves in this reactive position vis-á-vis gay men? Simple. They like it. They love how their gay friends verbally molest them. They love it so much they often remark absent-mindedly how great it would be if their gay friends were straight.

The hot girl who is surrounded by boring beta men all day, who gets approached by marble-mouthed suitors more often than she can count, craves the teasing put-downs and the mercurial ministrations of self-confident, don't-give-a-shit-what-she-thinks men in her life. Gay men give her all that, minus the cock. Imagine her delight when a straight man with game gives her the same thing, plus the bonus of a massively tumescent penis.

An Updated Cold Read

CH · 5 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Most of you game-acquainted guys reading have probably heard of the 'Sex and the City' cold read routine by now. (A cold read is usually framed as an "intuition" or "a feeling" you have about a girl or girls, and typically follows an opener.) If not, here's a place you can refresh your memory.

But times have changed. SATC — and that other girl-dominated cast in "Charlie's Angels" often used as a cold read — are dated shows. 20-something chicks are not going to relate. Being an interesting, fun dude to 20-something women means being clued into insipid cultural trends. So I've updated the cold read formula for 2012, and I call it The Glee Read. It's the same formula as the SATC read, only with new characters replacing the old, jaded, sinewy Samantha, Carrie, Charlotte and that lesbian.

YOU: (Smiling) "You guys are awesome you're just like the girls from Glee."

GIRLS: "Oh I love that show…"

YOU: "You're definitely Rachel because you're strong but you have a heart. People misunderstand you." (This is good to use on the shy girl of the group.)

YOU: "You're Quinn, the queen bee!" (Use on the most outgoing chick.)

YOU: "And you're Mercedes. You want to be a diva, but you're too nice to pull it off." (This is actually a great neg to use on a hot white chick, because the Mercedes character is a fat black girl. The character "Santana" would also work as a neg.)

YOU: "And you…" Shake your head disapprovingly at your target. "You are Sue Sylvester."

You don't have to use the exact formula I've written above. Just know a little bit about the main characters and suit to taste. "Glee" is very popular with the prime fertility window demographic. Another show that is popular with American women (and which bespeaks SO WELL of our nation) is "Gilmore Girls". If you aren't up to speed on the show — and who could blame you? — you can read about the characters here. Then craft your own cold read routine based on what you know about the characters' personalities.

Remember, lead the conversation. Girls react so positively to cold reads involving pop culture references that you will be tempted to let the convo roll in that direction for longer than is necessary. Don't be afraid to cut girls off so that you may segue them to more fruitful (heh) banter.

Also, you'd be surprised how many 30-something women are into these shows as well. Never-ending adolescence has infected both sexes. In fact, I'd argue women have assumed the mantle of perpetual adolescence in far greater numbers and with greater intensity than have men. You just have to use the correct — read: the un-PC — metrics to uncover that.

Another Game Theory Vindicated By Science

CH · 6 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Yet another vindication of game theory as espoused on this blog has emerged from the scientific social laboratory.

Back in this post, it was noted that to successfully navigate the comfort stage of seduction requires not only more listening than most men typically do, but an improvement in how one goes about the process of listening. You've got to not just listen more, but listen better, if you want to forge that all-important "connection" that women love so much.

Now a study has come out (from one of my favorite blogs) showing that you can improve your listening skills dramatically with a very common — and some would say devious — game tactic known and used by salesmen and Presidents alike. And by "game", I am using the broader definition of the word that includes general social skills along with seduction skills. The scientific term for this game technique is called non-evaluative listening.

> **We can achieve real communication and avoid this evaluative tendency when we listen with understanding. This means seeing the expressed idea and attitude from the other person's point of view, sensing how it feels to the person, achieving his or her frame of reference about the subject being discussed.**
>
> **This may sound absurdly simple, but it is not. In fact, it is an extremely potent approach in psychotherapy. It is the most effective way we've found to alter a person's basic personality structure and to improve the person's relationships and communications with others. […]**
>
> We know from research that such empathic understanding—understanding with a person, not about her—is so effective that it can bring about significant changes in personality.
>
> If you think that you listen well and yet have never seen such results, your listening probably has not been of the type I am describing. **Here's one way to test the quality of your understanding. The next time you get into an argument with your spouse, friend, or small group of friends, stop the discussion for a moment and suggest this rule: "Before each person speaks up, he or she must first restate the ideas and feelings of the previous speaker accurately and to that speaker's satisfaction."**
>
> You see what this would mean. **Before presenting your own point of view, you would first have to achieve the other speaker's frame of reference.** Sounds simple, doesn't it? But if you try it, you will find it one of the most difficult things you have ever attempted to do.

Get that? Basically, just *repeating* a person's ideas and feelings back to her from her frame of reference makes her like you more, and makes her feel like you know her bettter.

For example, how many times have you heard Obama restate an opponent's ideas before launching into a totally opposite conclusion that benefits his agenda? Say what you will about him, Obama is a master salesman at selling himself. And that is the crux of gaming women — you've gotta sell yourself by manufacturing connections with your audience that may not, in fact, logically or rationally exist. This is high level manipulation of the mind stuff.

I think you can connect the dots and see how this would apply to seduction game. When you repeat a woman's words back to her — not necessarily verbatim, but similar enough that there's no risk she'll misconstrue your restatement – you enhance the rapport you have with her. She will start thinking to herself "this guy GETS me". You know how bad the "he doesn't get me" rejection is? Well, that's how good the "he GETS me" connection is.

And once you're in that red zone of a woman's mind, a touchdownthere is only a flea flicker away.

***

On a related note about scientific studies proving the validity of game, a few readers questioned the relevance of the

study in this post to game. Specifically, they expressed doubt that male sociosexuality was a good proxy for game. Here is the important passage:

> men's sociosexuality was attractive to women and showed incremental validity over and above men's physical attractiveness (see Table 3)…
>
> Interestingly, there is evidence that all these [male attractiveness attributes] can be accurately judged in short periods of time…
>
> However, only sociosexuality added incremental predictive power over and above physical attributes in the current study. Unexpected was that sociosexuality emerged as a relative powerful predictor of men's popularity to women, particularly because women largely expressed a long-term mating interest. A possible explanation is that male sociosexuality indicates a history of successful mating experience or mating skills that are attractive to women.

High male sociosexuality is essentially high male predilection to have emotionally unattached, or as the scientists call it, unrestricted sex. Men who have high sociosexuality (HSS) are more attractive to women because the suite of characteristics associated with HSS suggest prior experience bedding women and possession of mating skills that attract women.

It's akin to a form of preselection for men, minus the actual women he's banging being physically present at his side to aid in the alpha judging process that all women, consciously or not, impose on their suitors.

In a very loose sense, high male sociosexuality is male sluttiness. (I say "loose sense", because sluttiness need not necessarily entail indiscriminate promiscuity.)

Male sluttiness is not equivalent to female sluttiness. It is more difficult for a man to be slutty that it is for a woman owing to the discrepancy in worth between sperm and egg, so people justifiably perceive male sluts to have higher quality mate value, and higher quality mating skills, than female sluts for whom the act of sexual conquest is merely synonym for being easy.

Thus, male sociosexuality is a good proxy measure for game acumen. A man with HSS is a man who likely has tight game.

And thus, the study results confirm the validity of game when its conclusions find that male sociosexuality is a relatively powerful predictor of attractiveness to women, even to women looking for long-term relationships.

***

It's vital to readers to get this scientific information validating game out there, because there are a lot of doubters and haters who are blinded by what they won't see. Sometimes, men need to know that there is an experimental foundation supporting all these seduction techniques and peculiarities of female behavior. It's not necessary to know this stuff to start gaming chicks out in the field right now, but for men with a cynical bent or shy disposition, it helps to know that there are rules that govern human interaction. It may be the boost they need.

And a moment of candor. This blog is first and foremost a source of self-amusement, but it is also a true and real desire to teach and to see men succeed sexually and emotionally with women. Men who become better at attracting women increase their options in the mating market. Men with increased options cause women to behave better. Women behaving better redounds to the benefit of families, and to society.

And by "behave better", I mean the whole panoply of awful modern female behavior: cheating, cock carouseling, divorcing on a whim, eat pray loving, straycationing, spinstering, attention whoring, voting and fattening up into repulsive dirigibles.

If the readers are just going to soak in the Chateau posts, follow up by playing a few hours of video games, and then hit the sack feeling like they really know women without actually putting any of the advice here to real world

use, then this blog is failing in one of its missions. The time to ungrip your joystick is now. The time to get out there and strike up a conversation with the girl standing at the intersection is yesterday. You know what to do.

Economic Wisdom Of The Day

CH · 7 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Debt and changing demographics are intricately entwined.

Any economist who doesn't include in his analysis of the causes of exhorbitant debt, stagnation, unemployment and declining happiness the unrelenting force of demographic change is doing his profession, and his readers, a disservice.

Judging by the vanishingly small number of economists who take an honest look at demographics, there appears to be a general tacit consensus among them that their field of discipline is not worth servicing well.

Here's a related post to help clarify.

Pajamas Feminism

CH · 9 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a reason I argue that feminism is anti-standards, and thus, anti-beauty. If girls start taking up the feminist banner in earnest, expect to see ugliness shroud the nation like an advancing orc army spilling out of Mordor. And one sign of that ugliness is women thumbing their noses at feminine fashion. Roosh writes about feminism's anti-beauty message: "Next thing you know, American women will appear in public wearing pajamas."

Already too late. Recently walking through what we'll call 'Whole SWPLs' on a weekend afternoon, I noticed a hipster-ish couple groping a selection of gala apples. Both the man and the woman were wearing what looked exactly like pajamas. Loose-fitting, billowy, plaid cotton pajama pants, pilling from too many washings and dryings. They had jackets on, but underneath the girl's jacket I spied what appeared to be the matching top to her pajamas.

Maybe these were clothes designed to mimic the look of pajamas, but does it matter whether they actually tumbled out of bed and seized the day in their sleepwear, or if they put on clothes that looked like they tumbled out of bed to seize the day in their sleepwear?

That's it. We've arrived. The total neglect of one's appearance is now a fashion statement. A nation of Dudes and Dudettes. Careful man, I'm holding an iPhone here.

Abandoning Friends Who Know You As You Were

CH · 9 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A male reader asks:

> First off i would like to say thanks to you, for such an amazing blog, and such an amazing information resource. I'm a 22 yo virgin beta, but thanks to your website i decided to change.. Over the last 4 months i lost 49 pounds, so im getting the physical aspect of myself fixed. But there's a issue i would want help on….is that im a complete total beta, and i've been struggling to assert myself as a "almost-alpha" or look alpha-ish. I have a very small circle of friends, mostly job friends, and my beta self is already settled with them. I wonder if the problem is me not acting like a real alpha would, or if i should look to new girls and stuff.

Loyalty to friends should not be reneged carelessly. Loyalty is, for good or ill, one of the more prominent virtues that delineates the world of men from the world of women. As a sex, women simply don't place as much value on loyalty, so as a man you had better have a good reason for discarding it.

One of those good reasons is when friends, by dint of their familiarity with you, their own stations in life, and their expectations of your behavior, stifle your development into alpha manhood. If a bunch of job friends, man or woman, know you only as The Beta, then you'll find it difficult to complete your transformation to a better man while in their company. Their assumptions will hold you back, their inflexibility will hamper acceptance of your new self-image, their envy will sabotage your efforts.

If your friends are betas, your progression to alphatude will be seen as a threat to group cohesion. If your friends are alphas, their instinctual hierarchical dominance displays will undermine your progress (and this need not be intentional). Being immersed in the dynamics of your social circle for so long, you will find it harder to jettison your beta baggage.

In such a circumstance where you are actively reformulating your very essence and character to be more desirable to women and persuasive with men, you are well-advised to sever attachments to friends and girls acquainted with your sad sack prior self. Their mere presence, and the beta memories you have accumulated while sharing their company, will act as ballast on your old skin, pinning you down as you try to shed it. Don't underestimate the power of unappealing memories and the ability of friends to anchor those memories in the physical world.

To complete your journey to the alpha side, you will likely have to turn your back on the beta alliance. This means a necessary distancing from old friends, and a search for new friends who only know you as you are now, and whose conditioned expectations will thus naturally align with your goals, reinforcing your improvement.

The caveat to the above should be when your friends understand your purpose, and help you to achieve it. But a friend like that is rarer than most think. A true friend, lifting you up every step of the way, is a gift not to be squandered.

Japan's Glorious Stagnation

CH · 9 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Steve Sailer's, there's a discussion going on about Japan's slow economic growth and aging population not reflecting the reality of good living standards on the Japanese ground, something that you will rarely see addressed by mainstream American economists with their corporatist agendas to push. This comment by Anonymous is insightful:

> It's about "Who, whom?" as usual.
>
> Foreign investors i.e. American hedge funds, banks, etc. don't like Japan because Japan's real estate and financial markets have been flat. That's what's meant by "lost decade". It's not that it's been that bad for ordinary Japanese, what's been "lost" is the opportunity for these foreign investors to make capital gains and extract more money out of Japan for themselves.
>
> What the foreign investors wanted was for Japan to sell its people out and gin up its real estate and financial markets by things like immigration population growth.
>
> A flat, low real estate and financial market is not necessarily a bad thing for your ordinary citizens. It keeps the costs down for your ordinary citizens to buy.
>
> This applies not only between foreign investors and ordinary Japanese, but also between Wall St. and ordinary American citizens in fly-over country.

Everyone has their interests. Bankers (cue lzzlollzzlol) and realtors rely on the churn created by population growth and demographic shift (in the US's case, stimulated by massive open borders immigration) to line their pockets beyond any reasonable value they create for society. Academics, as well, profit from the globalist program: hollowing out the status and pay of blue collar, working class jobs by advocating for the importation of millions that will not directly compete with their own elevated sinecures has helped energize a rush of fearful mediocrities into college, diluting the brand but fattening the wallets of the robber profs.

There is no doubt this strategy by the elite (or 1%ers, if you will) has been sound, from their perspective. Undercutting wage labor and inflating real estate values through diversity lending and the exploitation of the ancient human tribal instinct to agglomerate into ever-smaller cordoned enclaves of fellowmen has boosted corporate profit margins and enriched the coffers of institutional investment houses.

A good faith economist — someone who's willing to buck received wisdom — will question the assumption that economic and population growth is an unalloyed good. Or that human capital isn't constrained by innate preconditions, on both an individual level and a group level. Or that human behavior often manifests irrationally from an economic point of view, and can't be "fixed" without incurring hefty costs.

Japan may be aging and they may be naughty for not throwing open their borders to tens of millions of non-Japanese to spur real estate bubbles, but from reports on the ground, it sounds like life over there is pretty good for the average Japanese. Maybe America could learn a thing or two about the benefits of lost decades.

Sexy Quotes & Lurid Links

CH · 10 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Scandalized reader “halisi” unintentionally offers a great example of a feminist ashamed of what feminism is really about.

> 1) Feminsim is NOT anti-beauty/pro-frump! There are plenty of feminists who like to wear designer clothes, wear makeup, and/or take the time each day to make themselves look beautiful. Jessica Valenti said it best (and I’m paraphrasing here): “I like to wear makeup. I just realize that I’m only wearing it because society tells me I’ll look ugly without it.” Feminism is about finding the beauty within yourself, makeup or no.
>
> 2) Feminists aren’t anti-men/family, either. There are tons of feminists who are married with children. Tons. And not all feminists are pro-abortion, either; that’s actually one of the most contested issues in the feminist community.
>
> 3) And feminists are most definitely not against women/girls playing sports! If anything, that’s anti-feminism.

1) If feminism is not anti-beauty, why do so many self-declared feminists look like coal miners?

1a) Valenti’s “I just realize that I’m only wearing [makeup] because society tells me I’ll look ugly without it” is the dog-eared “deus ex societas” card that feminists always pull when they have run out of credible explanations for female behavior and are forced to confront the reality of innate sex differences. To demonstrate the bankruptcy of that card, try to imagine a man saying “I just realize that I’m only trying to get girls into bed because society tells me I’ll be depressed if I stay celibate.” Ridiculous on its face, yet that is exactly the level of intellectual feminist thought.

2) Marriage and kids are no amnesty from man-hating. Some of the worst ideological feminists are lantern-jawed fuzzfaced quasi-dykes married to mincing beta schlubs who confirm feminist prejudices by their mere existence, not to mention by their sycophantic suckuppery.

2a) I’m sure there is a lone feminist or two somewhere out there in the hinterland who is pro-man and anti-abortion, but she has little say in the national conversation. Feminism’s leaders and spokeshos are, almost to a bitch, man-hating termagants who loathe male desire and cheer on third trimester vacuumings. So, please, spare me your empty-headed NAFALT argument.

3) Who said feminists are anti-sport? I’m pretty sure the field hockey team in my high school was 90% incipient dyke. Of course femcunts love the idea of sports; it’s another way for them to undermine traditionally male domains. Title IX is exhibit A in how a feminist policy to force equality of the sexes inevitably tilts the playing field against boys. Schools only have so much money to spend, so boys, who by nature prefer participation in the sports battlefield in greater numbers, on average, than girls, have seen their sports programs cut to accommodate the inclusion of women’s sports programs.

No, feminism is, right down to its withered, cunty heart, a grotesque ideology mounted on a dais of lies. My goal is to mock it so ruthlessly that its practitioners and sympathizers, all of them, find it ever more difficult to pronounce in public life that they are feminists, to drive the true believers so far underground that only their raspy-throated, dusty-muffed sisters-in-arms are willing to entertain their insipid nostrums. This is total war, and in total war where the weapons are words, the goal is utter destruction through social ostracism. The icy wasteland of discredited ideologues and crackpots mumbling self-medicating catchphrases and hitting themselves in the forehead is feminism’s inevitable destination.

***

Gramps has some insight into the nature of decision-making.

> As an old guy, I can say that almost every decision I made, regarding important life choices, which were comfortable and low risk, I came to regret. Those decisions I made which were stressful, and which I made under duress (choosing between several stressful alternatives) I found yielded the greatest rewards.

I can see two forces at work here. Perhaps, because we imbue stressful decisions with greater importance, we come to value the consequences from such decisions, regardless of benefit, as more rewarding. Or, this is an example of hormesis: a version of "that which does not kill us makes us stronger". Decisions made under stress strengthen our resolve to see them through, and the more we have invested in a decision, the greater the likelihood we will value the fruits of our labor, even if those fruits aren't very good for us.

***

Sea7 writes in response to women wearing pajamas to the classroom:

> That is nasty. Contaminating the classroom with all their previous night's clitty litter as it sloughs off the twat and sprinkles out the PJ leg hole.

Alpha pillow talk.

***

Related: How to pick up chicks who are wearing pajamas.

> There are so many possible situations here, and I am so drunk, that covering them all is beyond the scope of this post.
>
> However, in a "common dressing" scenario (of, say, lots of PJs), the neg, social, and value scoring possibilities become PUA friendly for ambitious Betas looking to move up a notch.
>
> To wit:
>
> PJs have flaps. Or not. The point being, ASK about them, in a teasing neg, if possible. This can lead as deep into the coal mine as you are willing to go.
>
> PJs look good. Or not. The point being, CONTRAST them unfavorably from your target against another chick. The more public and subtle you pull this off, the better.
>
> PJs make a statement. Or not. The point being, acknowledge (and, of course, neg) the "innocence" and "exploratory" subtext of the PJ beaver whilst working a touchy-feely move towards relief and satisfaction.
>
> PJs rarely have shoes, and beavers CRAVE shoes. The possibilities here are potent – use them.

How I'd open a PJ-wearing girl: "Too good for Snuggies, eh?"

***

A shadowsage calling himself Porter leaves an especially illuminating comment over at Mangan's. People in the rotting majority who think diversity is really about equality, and thus that their looming minority status will open access to all sorts of multicult racket goodies and exonerations currently only available to designated ~~pawns~~ victim groups, are in for a rude awakening. It is not human nature to grant one's historical scapegoats mercy when they have been enfeebled and dragged down to one's level, particularly when one has been invigorated by nursed grievances and desouled of the nobler virtues; just the opposite: it is human nature to pile on, to execute the finishing move until the last sworn enemy is dangling from the gallows in the public square. There is no mélangutopia awaiting us over the horizon; only hands at throats across America.

***

> So single motherhood and the decline in male industriousness our author describes cannot be spirited away simply by getting men and women to the altar. 'Outrageous' though it may seem to a generation steeped in feminist propaganda, the natural economic basis of marriage must also be restored. White men are programmed by evolution to be providers. If you deliberately rearrange society to render this function superfluous, do you have any right to complain when men stop knocking themselves out to perform it?

F. Roger Devlin, a man who abides Chateau principles, wrote the above criticism in his review of Charles Murray's forthcoming book "Coming Apart: The State of White America 1960-2010″. He rightly raps Murray's mangina tendency to excuse female mating predilection while happily clobbering men over the head with the "man up" billy club, in what is otherwise sure to be a good book. Murray tackles social issues, race and class very well, but he seems to shy from taking on feminism and its bastard children.

My opinion of cultural trends now underway?: Thanks to technology, diversity and cognitive stratification, America is entering the period of The Great Culling, a process which will create not only new classes, but even new races, broadly a snarky Eloi and a medicated Morlock, and slowly, as the government cheese runs out, the losers in this culling will begin to procreate less and less, until they are discarded by the invisible crotch of evolution as failed human experiments unable to adapt to the new reality. (Note that some of the losers include childless spinsters of the high IQ elite.) The wildcard is genetic engineering, something nerds love to trumpet to assuage their feelings of hopelessness, but I doubt it will emerge in time to make a difference.

Anyhow, may 2012 be filled with postponements of the coming dystopia!

Why, And When, Women Cheat

CH · 11 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Alternate title for this post:

Game and science: Deeply in love!

Once more, from one of my favorite blogs, a study which catalogs the reasons women (and men) cheat, and confirms a few core Chateau concepts as well. None of the study results will be a surprise to regular readers.

We'll compare the study's conclusions to claims previously made on this blog. The first one is a doozy, as it validates the very foundation of game and male-female sexual dynamics as elucidated by yours truly.

> 1) Women who wear the pants in the relationship are more likely to cheat:
>
> The imbalance of power in the primary relationship has been associated with infidelity. Edwards and Booth (1976) found that **wives who reported that they "get their way" more often during disagreements were also more likely to have extramarital sexual involvements.**

There ya go, fellas. If you're a beta with your girlfriend or wife, you're increasing your odds that your "better half" will surreptitiously spread her legs for the veiny cocks of strange men. And she will orgasm with them. Oh yes, she will orgasm. Hard, powerfully and pleasurably.

There are only two paths you can take to avoid that nightmare — the path of celibacy or the path of alpha. Which one sounds more fun?

Beta males cede disagreements with women all the time. It's their knee-jerk response anytime a vagina talks to them. But women HATE HATE HATE that mincing sycophancy. A woman CRAVES the dominance of the alpha male who won't take her shit and who will get HIS way more often than not. Beta males, slaves to their fear of loss, cringe at the thought of sticking up for themselves against women who hold the power of pussy over them, but that is exactly what the women in their lives want them to do.

As with all infinite truths, this one was nailed Luther-like to the Chateau doors a long time ago:

This is a revelation about the female mind that escapes the logical thinking of so many men — why would a woman want to be with a man like Cashmoney? Why would any woman willingly offer herself as a rentable hole to a man hawking her goods to streetside bidders? Because women want to submit to a powerful man. Whether that power comes in the form of a crooning emo rock star, a CEO, or a pimp daddy with fists of fury doesn't matter. All that matters is the male power, and the tingly feeling of submitting – wholly, completely – to that power. Every woman, deep DEEP inside, wants to be "daddy's little girl".

All healthy primary relationships have an imbalance of power. But that imbalance needs to go one-way only — in the direction of the man wielding most of the power. The further the relationship veers from that ideal — that is, the closer it gets to equality and beyond into the horrid realm of the woman being more powerful — the greater the likelihood the woman will cheat, her heart filling with incoherent, growing contempt for her pussified lover.

The feminist battle cry for women to take up paychecks and "bring home the bacon" has been nothing short of a genitalcidal campaign against the sexual and romantic desires of beta males. Women who follow the feminist agenda of empowerment are consigning themselves to a smaller dating pool, and broken marriages, because they have turned their backs on their true natures — their will to submit.

> 2) An imbalance in education increases the chance of cheating:
>
> …in a large U.S. national study of dating, cohabiting, and married women, Forste and Tanfer (1996) found that **women who were more educated than their husbands were more likely to engage in sexual**

> **infidelity; but if the husband was more educated than the wife, she was less likely to philander. Level of education relative to that of the partner appears to be more important than absolute level of education.**

Education is a form of power. Women who have more education — i.e. more power — than their male lovers are more likely to cheat on them. Conversely, when the man is more educated than the woman, she does not feel the stirrings of infidelity as strongly. Male power is a female fidelity guarantee. Men would be wise to focus on somewhat less educated women than themselves for marriage prospects. Women who have marriage in mind would be wise to avoid lengthy educational commitments. Again, the Chateau was on top of this a while ago.

> 3) Jobs have a lot to do with whether people have an affair:
>
> **Individuals who work outside the home while their partners remain in the home also express higher rates of extramarital sexual involvement** (Atkins et al., 2001), perhaps because the work environment provides the opportunity and time to get to know coworkers (Treas & Giesen, 2000). In clinical samples, **46% to 62% of individuals reported that they met their extramarital sexual partner at work** (Glass, 2003; Wiggins & Lederer, 1984). **The likelihood of extramarital involvement is also related to the degree to which an individual's job involves touching clients, discussing personal concerns with colleagues or clients, or working alone with co-workers** (Treas & Giesen, 2000).

If you are a stay-at-home dad and your wife works outside the home as a personal trainer for rich businessmen, you may as well start ordering the paternity testing kits now and practice your nighttime cheek swabbing technique.

> 4) The timing of infidelity is predictable:
>
> **Among married women, the likelihood of extramarital involvement peaks in the seventh year of marriage, then declines; but among married men, the likelihood of extramarital involvement decreases over time until the eighteenth year of matrimony, after which the likelihood of extramarital involvement increases** (Liu, 2000). Similarly, in a sample of couples in therapy for infidelity, **sexual infidelity first occurred after an average of seven years of marriage** (Wiggins & Lederer, 1984). Lawson and Samson (1988) reported, however, that the length of marriage prior to initial sexual infidelity is decreasing with younger cohorts. **Certain developmental stages in a marriage, including pregnancy and the months following the birth of a child, are also high risk times for infidelity among males** (Allen & Baucom, 2001; Brown, 1991; Whisman et al., 2007).

Don't forget that women are also more likely to cheat when they're ovulating. So if you just celebrated your seven-year wedding anniversary, and it's two weeks past your wife's menstruation, you need to hire a private detective as a gift to yourself.

Interestingly, but not surprisingly, younger marriages experience initial infidelity sooner than older marriages. The explanation is simple: younger wives are hotter than older wives, so they have more options in the sexual market. And since marriage is no escape from the sexual market, it makes perfect sense that infidelity is a more urgent risk with a younger wife.

The study also confirms some age-old wisdom that men are less trustworthy when their wives are pregnant or nursing. It's the old "cold feet" syndrome that pushes men into the arms of mistresses who aren't burdened with child, aka duties and responsibilities.

> 5) Most men that cheat claim to have a happy marriage:
>
> …regardless of the many correlations between relationship dissatisfaction and adultery, Glass and Wright (1985) reported that **among individuals engaging in infidelity, 56% of men and 34% of women rate their marriage as "happy" or "very happy."**

This doesn't have anything to do with women cheating, but I thought it worthwhile to mention because it confirms yet another Chateau assertion: that men are capable of fucking more than one woman concurrently without losing that loving feeling for any one of them. Women, in contrast, tend to have to fall out of love with their man before they can comfortably move on to fucking another man. As the study shows, more cheating husbands than cheating wives are still in love with their spouses and thus sincere when they say that their marriages are happy.

There is a big sex difference at work behind this statistic. Men cheat because they desire a variety of pussy. Women cheat because they are unhappy with their primary partner. So for a woman, a necessary ingredient has to be that her current lover is not fulfilling her in some important way. But for a man, dissatisfaction with his current lover is not necessary as a springboard to cheat. Men are prone to cheat if the opportunity, and the guarantee of secrecy, are strong enough enticements, regardless of their love for their wives or girlfriends. That is why an unfaithful alpha husband is less likely to disrupt a marriage, while an unfaithful wife is more likely to end it all in divorce.

So, to recap, here is what you need to know to prevent your woman from cheating on you:

1. Learn game and become the alpha male that women need.

2. Do not allow your woman to wear the pants, unless it is in relation to some trivial point of contention that you let her win to demonstrate your big-heartedness.

3. Be more educated than your woman.

4. Do not, under any circumstances, spend time as a stay-at-home dad.

5. If your wife works, make sure it is in an occupation requiring little travel, where she will be confined to a sterile office surrounded by women and beta males. Any job where a massage table is involved is an example of a job you don't want her to have.

6. Act a little more asshole-ish and unpredictable when your marriage approaches the seven year mark. Or when she's approaching her monthly ovulation.

7. Failing all of the above, cheat first. She will smell it on you, and her love will grow in proportion to her fear of losing you.

Every Man Deserves

CH · 12 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Chuck Rudd over at GLPiggy has a funny post about a chick elaborating the kind of man every woman deserves. Needless to say, it's the very Moloko Plus of female self-absorption. (What're you offering in return, sweet cheeks? An ass the size of a barn door?) A commenter wonders where the equivalent "Every man deserves…" post is. Wonder no more!

Every man, no matter his station in life, his character, his personality or his hygiene, deserves a woman who calls him the rod of steely justice, gobbles his knob like she means it, fucks him like she never wants to let him get soft, doesn't attention whore or bitch about making him a sammich, wipes his load when he jizzes, doesn't make him lose interest by getting fat, instead gets in even better shape so he won't have to keep checking out other women, is not scared to let her friends know she won't be gossiping about him, and lets him know how much she really loves him with the only thing that matters — her welcoming orifices. Repost if you agree.

You laugh. But this kind of entitlement is par for the course on feminist blogs. Helpful tip to feminists and the modern Western woman: deserve's got nothin' to do with it.

Study: Men And Women Are Different Species

CH · 12 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Science continues lavishing hungry, wet kisses all over game and core Chateau Heartiste concepts. A huge study has come out which pretty much confirms what any man who has lived a day in his life already knows: men and women are fundamentally different in many important aspects, and this has ramifications for how to bed women.

> The data, pulled from 10,000 American men and women who took a questionnaire that measured 15 variations of personality traits, records that men and women feel and behave in very specific (and gendered) ways.
>
> **Men are more:**
> – Dominant
> – Reserved
> – Utilitarian
> – Vigilant
> – Rule-conscious
> – Emotionally stable
>
> **While women are more:**
> – Deferential
> – Warm
> – Trusting
> – Sensitive
> – Emotionally “reactive”

Well, duh. But if you ignore, or choose to disregard, the obvious, then you will pay the price in the sexual market. Reality does not suffer fools or ideologues gladly.

Of course, yer ‘umble narrators were on top of this AMAZING REVELATION INTO SEX DIFFERENCES long time now, based on nothing more academic than simple observation of reality and direct experience with the subject matter, remarking only half-jokingly that men are more closely related to male chimps than they are to female humans, or that women are comfortable doing social activities with each other that you will never catch men doing.

Here’s another study showing that men have a higher density of synapses in the temporal neocortex — a region of the brain involved with social and emotional processes — than do women. It would be fascinating to watch a feminist try to explain how cultural conditioning causes women to have fewer neocortex synapses than men.

The verdict is in: there are biologically innate sex differences in the brain that manifest, on average, in different personality traits, different temperaments, different mannerisms, different predilections and, most relevantly to the practiced seducer, different desires.

Let us raise our steins in a toast — here’s to hoping all the world’s feminists read these studies and simultaneously blow a cervical aneurysm from rapid blood pressure rise. Chin chin!

How To Remain Unflustered By Female Beauty

CH · 13 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

> **X. Ignore her beauty**
>
> The man who trains his mind to subdue the reward centers of his brain when reflecting upon a beautiful female face will magically transform his interactions with women. His apprehension and self-consciousness will melt away, paving the path for more honest and self-possessed interactions with the objects of his desire. This is one reason why the greatest lotharios drown in more love than they can handle — through positive experiences with so many beautiful women they lose their awe of beauty and, in turn, their powerlessness under its spell. It will help you acquire the right frame of mind to stop using the words *hot, cute, gorgeous,* or *beautiful* to describe girls who turn you on. Instead, say to yourself "she's interesting" or "she might be worth getting to know". Never compliment a girl on her looks, especially not a girl you aren't fucking. Turn off that part of your brain that wants to put them on pedestals. Further advanced training to reach this state of unawed Zen transcendence is to sleep with many MANY attractive women (try to avoid sleeping with a lot of ugly women if you don't want to regress). Soon, a Jedi lover you will be.

The above is from the Sixteen Commandments of Poon. Readers have asked, not unreasonably, "Hey, I get it, being unperturbed by a woman's beauty is rock solid inner game, but how am I supposed to do that?"

Good question! Unfortunately, the best answer is one that won't help you when you need the help most. Only the accumulation of repeated beddings of beautiful women is guaranteed to instill in a man unflappable poise when in their company. Sexual experience with beautiful women strips them of their mystery and tempers their power to transfix.

This is not to say you will lose the ability to appreciate female beauty; only that a pretty face won't be able to stupefy you into bumbling betaness anymore.

Fine, now how do you assume the right emotional state when you don't yet have a wealth of experience handling beauties? As mentioned in the quoted passage above, refraining from the knee-jerk beta male reflex to loudly, or silently, declare this or that women to be *hot*, *smokin' hot*, or *fuckin' insanely hot*, start thinking and speaking of women in more subdued, less penilely loaded, terms; e.g., *interesting*, *unique*, *endearingly comical*.

This simple change of perception will help you immensely. You should even go out of your way to chide your beta buddies whenever they start yawping about some or another chick's hotness. "Dude, chill on the compliments. She's ok, nothing more."

There is another technique that I have put to good use in helping me overlook a woman's beauty. Whenever I'm approaching or talking to a hot babe, I reproduce this image in my head:

I remind myself that every woman has a penis head, aka cervix, pointing outwardly in her vagina to greet my own penis upon arrival. This visualization of hot women as storehouses for bulbous penis heads, by reducing them to their component biological parts, renders their beauty less fantastical, even a little silly. Imagine that cervical penis waiting to meet, glans-a-glans, your penis head in a romantic French kiss. A sword fight in the arena of her vagina.

I assure you, that if you plant this image in your head, you'll never again be stunned into catatonia by a hot chick.

Things That Make You Go Hmmm

CH · 13 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Barack Obama, June 4, 2008 (via Mangan's):

> Now let me be clear. Israel's security is sacrosanct. It is non-negotiable.
>
> . . .
>
> Any agreement with the Palestinian people must preserve Israel's identity as a jewish state, with secure, recognized, defensible borders.

Barack Obama, January 6, 2012:

> Illegal immigrants closely related to U.S. citizens would no longer have to leave the country to try to obtain legal status under a proposed change in immigration policy announced Friday by President Barack Obama's administration.
>
> The change, which would greatly reduce the amount of time U.S. citizens are separated from undocumented family members seeking legal status, is the latest attempt by the Obama administration to use its authority to implement some immigration reforms without congressional approval.

It makes one wonder. Are the American elite ignorant of their hypocrisy and double standards, or is it that they just don't give a shit?

PS I have no quarrel with the premise of the quote in the top half of this post.

“I have a police record. What do I tell girls?”

CH · 17 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader who has funnily enough remained anonymous demands to know at gunpoint:

> I’ll cut right to the chase. I have a police record. Not for anything too bad, but bad enough. I was younger and stupider. Should I bother telling girls about this? I figure they’ll find out anyhow by searching my name online.

Good news! Police records are practically neon signs flashing ALPHA MALE over your head. A little taste of the ol’ ultracriminality — just a wee bit, mind you, guv’nor — is crotchnip to maximally fertile women from all socioeconomic stratum. The bleatings of the femcunt and limpwrist brigades to the contrary notwithstanding, bad boys are attractive to emotionally stable girls, and *especially* to emotionally stable, professional yuppie chicks who are surrounded on a daily basis by mincing beta herbs with balls crafted from tofu. Aggro urban lawyercunts are particularly vulnerable to the charms of the convict contingent.

Now a few caveats are in order, lest you mistake women’s love for jerks and malcontents to be without preconditions.

– A certain subclass of criminal activity is kryptonite to kooch tingles. Pedophilia, sexual assault, solicitation, public masturbation and/or exposure, and restraining orders are the kinds of omegaboy stigmata that signal “loser” rather than “sexy badboy”. If you have these marks on your record, consider an identity transplant.

– DUIs are another one of those character blotches that scream “loser”. Maybe at one time getting arrested for driving drunk was the mark of the rebel badboy, but today, owing to the crime’s association with illegal aliens and skid row left behinds, most women are liable to think a DUI conviction just means you are stupid, and not stupid in the good, recklessly adventurous, way.

– Hardcore criminality — e.g., murder, druglordship — are attractive to hot chicks in the lower classes, but tend to scare away your average SWPLly upper class girls. (And by “scare away”, I mean “scare away, but goddamnit, despite my moral revulsion why do I tingle so hard when he’s standing before me?”) The way to attract a higher class girl if you are burdened with one of these major convictions (and you have somehow managed to avoid extended prison time) is to remember the classic game adage: CONTRAST IS KING. A chick who knows, or is about to know of, your criminal record, will find you unbearably intriguing if you present yourself well-dressed and articulate, sprinkled with a dash of emotional accessibility announced by a tactically furrowed brow and brooding sideways gaze.

My advice to you is to refrain from bringing up the subject of your police record, unless context allows, in which case you may refer to the tactically furrowed brow maneuver mentioned above. Blurting it out offhand is going to come across weird and legitimately scary. If a girl likes you enough to search out background info on you, she will more than likely experience a torque in her attraction for you when she stumbles across your dark secret. “OMG, he seemed so nice and funny! I can’t believe he stole a car! Wow, this guy is bad news. I think I will text him right now to tell him how bad he is. Yes, I really can’t wait any longer to text him about my disapproving feelings for him.”

On the next date, when she brings it up (and there’s a chance she won’t, figuring the delicious drama will last longer if she waits for you to bring it up first), you may execute the brow furrow and sideways gaze and then mutter into the empty space of middle distance, “Those were tough times. I can’t… I can’t talk about this.” Then, if the girl is a real hottie, like a 9 or a 10, ratchet up the flirty tension by making a slow move for the door as you say these lines, as if you’d rather leave her than dredge up your past. Like the cops from that long time ago, she will chase you down instead of letting you go.

Final note: if you are truly worried that your police record will cost you lays and love, you should consider the misinformation move. Just toss out a nickname you go by so that she can’t find your record online. If, at some

distant future date, you and her are still together, you may reveal the full extent of your badassness. It will be like love is blossoming all over again for her. She will remember the moment as possibly the greatest gift a man has ever given her.

Overconfidence Is The Heart Of Game

CH · 18 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Read this study abstract closely. It's important in a SCIENCE ♥s GAME kind of way.

> Confidence is an essential ingredient of success in a wide range of domains ranging from job performance and mental health to sports, business and combat. **Some authors have suggested that not just confidence but overconfidence—believing you are better than you are in reality—is advantageous because it serves to increase ambition, morale, resolve, persistence or the credibility of bluffing, generating a self-fulfilling prophecy in which exaggerated confidence actually increases the probability of success.** However, overconfidence also leads to faulty assessments, unrealistic expectations and hazardous decisions, so it remains a puzzle how such a false belief could evolve or remain stable in a population of competing strategies that include accurate, unbiased beliefs. Here we present an evolutionary model showing that, counterintuitively, **overconfidence maximizes individual fitness and populations tend to become overconfident, as long as benefits from contested resources are sufficiently large compared with the cost of competition**. In contrast, unbiased strategies are only stable under limited conditions. The fact that overconfident populations are evolutionarily stable in a wide range of environments may help to explain why overconfidence remains prevalent today, even if it contributes to hubris, market bubbles, financial collapses, policy failures, disasters and costly wars.

And, might I add, pump and dumps!

What does the above study conclusion remind you of? Anything coming to mind? Oh, yes…

> **XI. Be irrationally self-confident**
>
> No matter what your station in life, stride through the world without apology or excuse. It does not matter if objectively you are not the best man a woman can get; what matters is that you think and act like you are. Women have a dog's instinct for uncovering weakness in men; don't make it easy for them. Self-confidence, warranted or not, triggers submissive emotional responses in women. Irrational self-confidence will get you more pussy than rational defeatism.

Poon Commandment Eleven. The good hosts at Chateau Heartiste were ahead of the curve yet again. Is there no game concept science won't eventually come around to confirming? Excuse me while I give myself over to deep, utter, profound self-love. Mhhmm… *smack* *kiss*… mmhhhmmmhmmm… oh yeah big guy….

Confidence… no, OVERconfidence, the belief that you are better than you actually are… is the heart and soul of game. This is where the rubber meets the hoes. Without a glowing inner satisfaction born of overconfidence, all the game tactics in the world will fall flat. Riddled with self-doubt and trepidation is no way to execute a flawless neg or disqualification. Perhaps this explains why so many unconfident betas struggle during the learning curve phase of game, and turn their backs on it entirely when instant success isn't forthcoming — their game is betrayed by their second class mentality.

Overconfidence is the fulcrum upon which rests every other facet of game. Overconfidence is the origin source of outcome independence. Overconfidence is Skittles Man. Overconfidence is the skeleton key that opens women's… hearts.

Overconfidence IS alpha. If I had to describe in one word the attitude which most starkly delineates betas from alphas, it would be overconfidence. The alpha, no matter his actual status as measured by the Committee to Uphold Social Norms and Acceptable Hierarchies, confronts the world with faith in his superiority and social elevation. The beta second guesses himself at every turn. And women can SMELL this difference in attitude. They are drawn

to it despite themselves, thanks to eons of evolutionary pressures molding their hindbrains.

Now you may argue, in my opinion rightly, that unjustified self-regard by large numbers of people is bad for civilization. That the reflexive doubt, the unbiased proclivity to self-assessment and the humbleness of the beta are the bulk ingredients which give structure to prosperous societies. But this is not the issue before us. The issue we discuss is women, loving women, and inspiring love from women. And by that standard, unjustified male self-regard, so long as the rewards are worth the cost (and in modern society, where women shower the alphas with their pussies during their prime teens and 20s, the rewards are substantial), is the winning mating strategy. You can easily confirm this for yourself by stepping out of the house and observing women in action with your eyes wide open. And now you can read about the reality you see with your eyes in the pages of esteemed scientific journals.

(Interestingly, the study shows that in societies in which the rewards accruing to overconfident people are not greater than the costs, the unbiased, self-doubting beta strategy prevails reproductively — where reproductive fitness thwarted at the goal line is a proxy for attractiveness in a world awash in widely available contraceptives. You could therefore hypothesize that structuring society so that women are not free to ride the cock carousel during their primes would propagate social levers that encourage humility in its men. Conversely, overconfident arrogance among men becomes like a plague in societies where shaming mechanisms to rein in female sexual predilection are dismantled. Again, it all comes back to the female sex drive being the wilder of the two sexes, and thus the more necessary to corral to the benefit of society's well-being.)

(Naturally, as more overconfident men are sexually selected by women, the daughters of these couplings wind up with the overconfidence genes, which may account for the ridiculous sight of fat chicks and cougars in America with 463-bullet point checklists.)

So what does this mean for you, the reader? There's good news. Confidence can be learned. It can be internalized, regardless of externally objective measures. And where there's confidence, overconfidence lurks not far behind. But that is an unnecessary distinction; learned confidence IS THE SAME THING AS overconfidence. By definition, if you are deliberately and pointedly taking on the attitude and mannerisms of a confident man, you are often doing so without external justification, and your confidence could fairly be described as overconfidence. The exception would be if you are an objectively high status beta who lacks the self-awareness or the demeanor to translate his socially-approved status into confident swagger.

In the end, it doesn't matter, for it is primarily the overconfident attitude that women find attractive, not the baubles which festoon or the credentials which socially legitimize the attitude.

The archives of the Chateau are filled with techniques for raising your confidence levels. Peruse freely. It's all there, from body language adjustments to dress to posture to voice tone to expressions to adopting an attractive alpha male thinking mode. Even saying positive, ego-stroking thoughts out loud can subconsciously strengthen your confident resolve. Ya know, some might call these tactics… game.

On the subject of nomenclature, overconfidence goes by another name… inner game.

Ultimately, it's success with women that will bring you to the pinnacle of overconfidence, flush with pussy-parting attitude. The confidence born of repeated beddings of cute chicks is the kind that goes to the bone, and suffuses every sinew. That's why you'll notice that the men with the most naturally unshakeable confidence around women are the ones who have been getting their way with women since they can remember, and their jobs or social circles or finances have little to no bearing on the concreteness of their confidence. Their overconfidence becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, building upon itself with each successive seduction.

This insight doesn't help the noobs, but only if we measure success by the noobs' standards. "Get me sex now" is the wrong standard, and unfortunately is the standard most heavily marketed to by shysters. Instead, as a newcomer to the game of seduction, you should be rejoicing in every positive interaction you have with women, no matter how trivial. Every hi fuels your confidence until you are prying smiles from girls. Every smile emboldens you until they are touching you. Every touch emboldens you until they are giving you their numbers. Every number emboldens

you until they are kissing you. Every kiss emboldens you until you are banging them. Every bang emboldens you until you feel free to love them.

Finally, you are so emboldened that you no longer come to women for reinforcement. They come to you.

***

Here's a related study (via Randall Parker):

> The study revealed two key discoveries to why powerful people cheat. First, there is a strong association between power and confidence and that the amount of confidence a person has is the strongest link between power and unfaithfulness. Second, the researchers found that among powerful people gender made no difference in past digressions or the participants' desires to cheat.

This is a tantalizing clue that, contra Henry Kissinger's famous aphorism, it is not the power *per se* that women are sexually drawn to, but the confident demeanor that powerful men exhibit. As explained in the "Defining the Alpha Male" post, the best judge of a man's alphaness is the quality, number and attraction intensity of the women who would sleep with him were he so inclined to take up the offers. Tautological, maybe. But tautologies are often the inevitable distillations of great truths. There are some objectively powerful men, who for one reason or another, do not exude the unstoppable confidence that is the usual offshoot of their stations. A strict definition of alphaness relying on power alone is therefore incomplete. It must be accompanied by a confident attitude. And where real power is missing, overconfidence can step in to fill the (vaginal) void.

Randall notes:

> The researcher is (or at least pretends to be) a foolish blank slater who thinks gender differences are going to disappear. But he (she?) still makes the useful observation that power begets confidence which begets the bedding of others. Okay, so if one can find other ways to feel confident more beddings will take place…

I'm not surprised that the small pool of powerful women studied by the researchers cheat almost as much as the powerful men. Women who have the gumption and killer instinct to reach the top of corporate hierarchies are masculinized by nature, so they are more like men than their own sex, in both libido and aggressive personality. Check out female VPs sometimes. Narrow hips, tallness, thin lips and wee (unaugmented) tits as far as the eye can see.

I therefore wouldn't assume much about the cheating likelihood of women in general from a study into the unfaithfulness of very powerful women. For instance, I would suspect that the men in the study cheated with younger, hotter babes, while the women cheated with similarly situated beta schlubs as their husbands. Keep in mind, it is much harder for a man to cheat than a woman, since any sufficiently desperate loser will dump a fuck in a rapidly spoiling woman who makes herself easily available.

To those women who ask, "Well then, does this mean ugly and old women can attract high value men by acting overconfident?"

No. Overconfident fugs are still fugs. Overconfident cougars are still cougars. There is no equality of the sexes in this respect.

What Makes A Good Wingman?

CH · 19 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A good wingman will lie for you. (Via Randall Parker)

> U of A researcher says good wingmen will fib for a friend
>
> A University of Alberta researcher says that […] people are generally willing to help a friend protect or enhance his reputation or help him otherwise save face in a social situation.
>
> Along with colleagues from the University of Calgary and UBC, Jennifer Argo, an Alberta School of Business professor, explored the circumstances under which people would be willing to tell a lie to manage another person's social image. The study found that the wingman is primed to step in with strategic identity support.

"Strategic identity support" = third party DHV.

> "This is an instance when you don't have the opportunity to make yourself look good, so somebody else does it for you," says Argo. "But you're better off to hang out with your friends (in these situations) because your friends will look out for you."

I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say that this describes male friends more than it does female friends.

> A friend in need? The fib's the deed
>
> Argo studied the likelihood of people helping out a friend who – to his chagrin – paid more for a car than did another person for the same vehicle. Regardless of the size of the price discrepancy, she says, friends are willing to come to the rescue. She notes that in the case of a large discrepancy, even strangers may be willing to help a person save face as a random act of kindness.
>
> "People put themselves in the shoes of the other person and say 'I would want someone to lie on my behalf so I wouldn't look bad,'" she says.
>
> Argo notes that the key here is for the person needing help to be physically present during the conversation between the friend and the third party. Otherwise, she notes, the only time they might be willing to fib on behalf of the absent friend is in the case of a large price discrepancy.

Analogously, your in-field wingman is more likely to go to bat for you if you are in his vicinity. So don't leave for another floor of the bar or drift into a conversation across the room when he's working your set. On the other hand, wingman lies work best if you seem out of earshot. Given that, the best positioning is going to be with your back to your wingman and your target, and striking up a convo with a nearby group. This will add credibility to whatever accolades your wingman is telling your target.

> "It comes down to what kind of relationship you have with the person in need. I think it is truly defined by the level of your friendship," Argo says. "If it's the best friend, I think most people would lie, even at the risk of possibly being found out."

This is why I would never put much faith in "wingman services"; i.e., those internet forums that try to pair you up with fellow pickup travelers. If you want the best out of your wingman, he needs to be a good friend.

> Good intentions & the wingman's lament
>
> She says the wingman theory could apply to almost any situation in which there is a discrepancy that could negatively impact the social perception or impression of the friend, such as when a friend has bought a knock-

> off surreptitiously.

Or when he's being cockblocked by a territorial elephant seal.

> She says the application works equally when applied to business settings, in which a friend may embellish a recommendation to help a pal get a job. It may also apply at a party, where embroidering the truth could get a pal a first date with a potential partner.

"Yeah, he probably doesn't want anyone to know this, but my buddy spent some time in the clink. That's what he gets for helping a girl who was being mugged."

> "Based on the findings, it would seem reasonable to expect that people who understand their friends should be willing to step in as a wingman in a number of different contexts if their friends are in need," Argo says.

I feel the need
the need for plead.

> However, Argo muses on the potential implications of telling a little white lie for a friend, something her study did not explore. She says even though the favourably-positioned falsehood has no cost to the receiver, it may potentially place the friendly fibber's integrity in question with the person for whom the fib was originally told, especially if the lie was unsolicited. She says this would be an intriguing follow-up to this study.
>
> "It does say something about that person, too. Because (as my friend), if you're lying, and I know it, it might make me question or cause me to doubt how much you lie to me and others," she says.

This is why you've gotta work out beforehand what kind of lies, if any, you want your wingman to tell chicks. The last thing you want is him thinking that a story about you pooping your pants after getting tased by the cops is a DHV. Some guys need their hands held like this.

It has to be common knowledge among seasoned seducers (I would hope) that a friend or other third party touting your alpha virtues to a chick will sway her opinion, and influence her attraction, much more effectively than self-promotion. Humans are predisposed to believe the ad copy of third parties more than the braggadocio or insinuations of primary parties. Friends and wingmen might be biased, but nothing is as biased as our own egos.

Here is a short list of excellent fibs that a wingman should consider for use in prepping your target.

"He tells me he needs help finding that special someone, but the guy has been with more women than I can count. He doesn't need any help."

"My buddy? Oh yeah, we call him Heartbreaker Hank."

"His ex was the CRAZIEST stalker I ever knew. She showed up one night with a poem and a box of chocolates, right when we were in the middle of a band rehearsal."

"Watch out for this guy. He's trouble." (a classic drive-by wingman line)

"You're not a stripper are you? He's had enough of dating strippers."

"Yeah, he's my buddy and all, but I gotta be honest… he makes the worst decisions in women. Actresses and dancers wear pretty thin after a while. Too many neuroses."

"He's probably too nice for a girl like you. He's actually afraid he'll hurt a girl in bed. I keep telling him that girls think it's the good kind of hurt. What a heart."

"I hope you like naked skydiving. He's managed to convince every girl he's dated to jump out of a plane naked."

“I met him in the holding cell. Stand up guy.” (can double as a DHV for gays)

“Fuck, after all this time I dunno what he does. Import-export, he says. He won’t let anyone look inside his car trunk.”

“He thinks being a former NHL pro is some kind of accomplishment. Please.”

“How did we meet? He needed a really good lawyer. I came through.”

“Careful. Don’t let him charm you. You’ve been warned.”

“He’s half black. Bet ya never would’ve guessed.”

“He’s gonna kill me for saying this, but… you know when politicians need the numbers of high class escorts? He’s their hookup.”

***

Besides the ability to fib effortlessly and believably, wingmen should also possess the following characteristics:

1. Acting skills. You want your wingman to act like he’s your acquaintance, rather than your close friend. His lies will be better received if the girl thinks they are coming from someone with little motive to pump your stock.

2. Be not much taller than you. Tallness is dominating, and can distract girls from his calculated boosterism. You don’t want a wingman who will always steal the spotlight.

3. Be not much uglier or socially awkward than you. Conversely, it will reflect just as badly on you if your friends come across like losers. The best wingmen are plausible wingmen who don’t blow up conversations with nerdgasms.

4. Have extensive knowledge of your social strengths and weaknesses. A good wingman instinctively knows when you are comfortable joining a conversation, and when you need bailing from a faltering set. He will also have a knack for steering a conversation in more fruitful directions when he notices you struggling, like when you have stunk the joint up with a lame joke.

5. Be unafraid to constructively criticize. The good thing about being a man is that your male friends won’t hesitate to give you shit for something stupid you’re doing. Course correction is thus much faster for men than it is for women.

5. Most importantly, your wingman will have tight game. The best — I mean the very best — wingmen are former betas who put in the effort to learn game and who already have girlfriends or a rotation of lovers. Naturals have a tendency to either selfishly dominate sets or sabotage friends by letting their alpha instincts run wild. Single wingmen sometimes nurse unfulfilled horniness that will impel them to steal your target if they find their schtick is working on her. Wingmen with fully drained balls, tight game, and a strong sense of loyalty and selflessness are the Holy Nail of wingman pickup assistance.

False Rape Culture

CH · 20 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A male reader sounds the alarm:

> Recently I've been seeing "wanted" papers taped to trees and poles in the neighborhood in the city I live in. There's a face shot of a black guy and it says underneath "WANTED: For domestic abuse of women". I think there's a number to call if you spot the guy. You can tell by the quality of the printout that it's a civilian, not the police, that is hanging these up. This is scary stuff, if you ask me. What if the guy is innocent? He's just had his name smeared all over town.

A couple months ago, I saw a similar wanted poster stapled to a kiosk. Photo of a guy who, truth be told, no one would mistake for a choir boy, and an accusation that the guy was a rapist and abuser. It was a low quality print that looked like it was hastily arranged and distributed by an angry ex-girlfriend. Judging by the look of him, I would not be surprised he was guilty of whatever sins against angelic womanhood his ex accused him of. But that's not the point.

What if this vigilante feminist trend becomes widespread and adopted by aggrieved exes who just want to lash out with a great vengeance and libel the men who dumped them? I could easily see a leafletting campaign of slander by rancid feminists who love assholes but hate getting dumped by them becoming popular. This has the potential to be a growth industry fueled by embittered, man-hating cunts.

Feminists like to talk a big talk about "rape culture", but the reality is that what the US and other countries of the West are seeing unfolding and growing in social acceptance is the opposite: the false rape culture. Social shaming mechanisms against false rape or abuse accusations, including accusations of abuse stripped of context (Hi, Penelope Cunk!), coupled with social acceptance of these kinds of feminism-inspired witch hunts (or, more precisely, warlock hunts), is leading us down a cultural path where libel, slander and malicious defamation of men become part of the wonderful and vibrant tapestry of society.

In reality, what's to stop a bitterbitch from making wanted posters of some jerk she still loves who cheated on her? What about a feminist who took an innocent flirtatious gesture the wrong way? Or a girl who enjoyed a few weeks of fun with a player but was disappointed he didn't want to be exclusive? Are men going to start seeing their mug shots all over town?

This development is so pernicious and ripe for ABUSE that the only way to battle it is to stiffen the penalties for slander, libel and false rape or abuse allegations. The law needs to be updated to reflect the new, anonymous, information-loaded world we occupy. My proposal: any woman who gets caught making a false rape or abuse accusation gets exactly as much time in jail as a man indicted for the alleged rape or sexual abuse would get.

That should nip it in the nip.

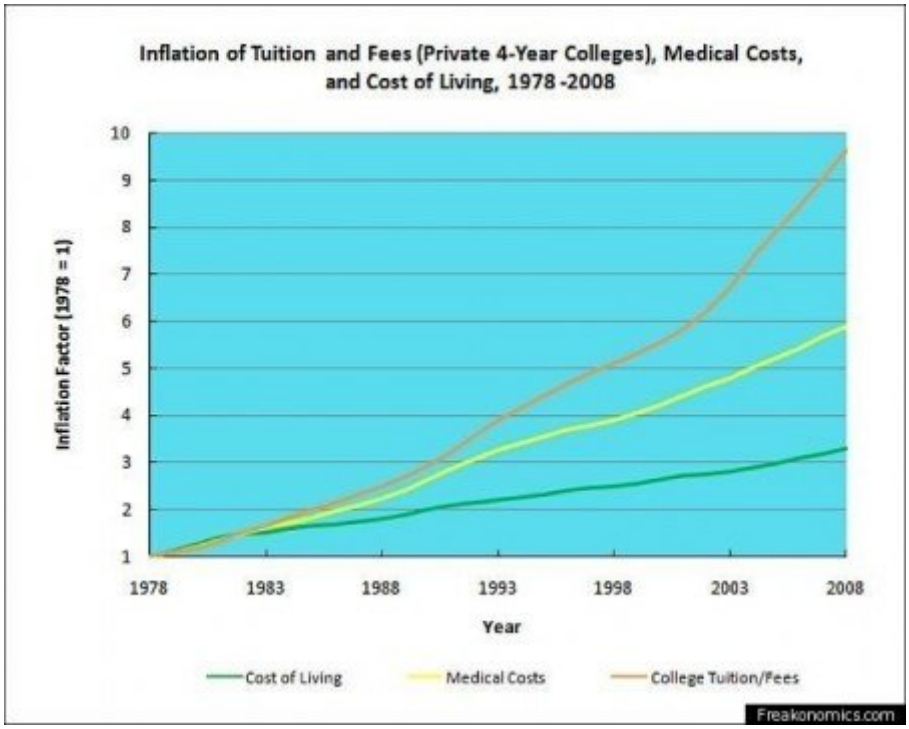
But if the law won't cooperate, there's another option: mutually assured destruction. A thicket of "WANTED: FOR SLUTTY FUN", "BEWARE: GOLDDIGGER" and "WARNING: CHEATING HO" posters should turn up the heat enough that it'll make girls think twice about playing the female game of social ostracism in public venues.

How To Destroy The Education Racket

CH · 22 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Pop quiz: What's the one major consumer expense that has been rising at a faster rate than healthcare?

Take a look at this chart:



Academia. What a scam.

In 1971, the Supreme Court ruled in *Griggs v. Duke Power Co.*, in the first and most famous of the disparate impact theory cases, that the use of broad-based aptitude tests in hiring practices was a violation of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act. Around 1978, college tuition costs began to skyrocket, and haven't let up since.

Coincidence? I think not.

The answer to busting the hyperinflationary tuition cost curve is to overturn the Griggs ruling. Employers, deprived of the opportunity to directly screen job applicants, have turned to the next available proxy tool of judgment: college degrees. Naturally, this initially caused the value of a college degree to rise, a stampede of mediocrities rushed into the hallowed halls, and then the college degree was gutted of its worth as employers began to realize how many useless grads academia was churning out. In the fallout, the game was ratcheted up a rung, tuition costs blew up because academia now had monopoly power over employer screening (think of academia as an entrenched and enriched middleman), and the master's degree has become worth what the bachelor's was in the past. And the bachelor's degree? Well, say hello to communications and women's studies majors.

Faculty and university admin, of course, hate the thought of Griggs being overturned, and disparate impact cases in general going the way of the dodo. Who could blame them? They know that "disparate impact" is code for "butters my bread".

Long-Term Cohabitation Is Just As Good As Marriage

CH · 23 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Many conservative, religious, anti-game and traditionalist types like to claim that this blog underplays the advantages offered to men by marriage. They redundantly quote studies purporting to show that married men live longer, healthier lives than single men. We here at Le Chateau have balked at such assertions, helpfully reminding our traditionalist, neoBiblical brethren that the same benefits found in marriage can be had living in long-term, loving relationships.

The reasoning is simple: the pro-marriage studies are conflating the benefit of living with someone under marital contract with freely living with someone who loves you. Sex, love and affectionate companionship don't feel any more fulfilling when a piece of paper is signed. If you really think about it, it makes no sense that a man's health would improve and his lifespan increase because he signed on the marital dotted line. Something else is at work here, and that something else is long-term shared love, with or without the imprimatur of a marriage license.

Of course, haters miss the nuance and continue their rampage against the dissolute lifestyle of the "player", which they mistakenly believe this blog advocates. (In point of fact, this blog advocates learning game and the way of the alpha so that men have the freedom and the options to pursue whichever type of relationship with women they want, whether that be marriage and its attendant risks or frisky one night stands and their attendant, albeit lesser, risks.) "PUAs are wrong! Marriage is good for men!" they wail, refusing to even tackle the debate points to the contrary that crop up on this blog.

The Chateau warned the trads and supposed "realist" thinkers (this post at Audacious Epigone is a good example of the kind of statistical legerdemain I'm talking about) that the studies claiming health, sexual and psychological benefits accruing to men from marriage were comparing the wrong variables. The comparison should not be between married men and single men, but between married men and ALPHA men in unmarried relationships. Single, quasi-celibate betas and omegas bring down the averages for single men as a whole, and make married men look fucking great in comparison.

The claims about marriage benefits disappear once you alter the variables to reflect a fairer comparison:

1. Unmarried men in long-term relationships receive just as many health and happiness benefits as married men. The crucial variable is not the marriage certificate; it's the love.

2. Unmarried, cohabiting men enjoy the pleasure of thinner lovers than the fat wives enjoyed by married men. Strike one against the notion that men enjoy better sex within the confines of marriage, even if they are getting more of it than single betas. All indicators are that, once married and backed by the long arm of the law, women pretty much let themselves go to pot.

3. Unmarried players are just as desired by women for marriage as beta providers, (but unmarried players just don't tend to commit to women as readily.) So marriage tells us little about the quality, or alphaness, of the men who willingly take up the shackles.

4. There is no evidence I'm aware of that married men have more frequent sex with their indentured sperm receptacles aka wives than unmarried men *in relationships* have with their girlfriends. That's the key distinction. My bet, if such data could be extracted, is that unmarried men with girlfriends, and particularly those who cohabit, have more sex than married men. I throw the challenge out to the GSS nerds to unleash the data.

5. Finally, why do pro-marriage anti-gamers always assume that maximizing sex frequency is the desired goal for men? Quality matters. One hundred sex sessions with a seacow will be less satisfying for most men than one session with a knockout. Go ahead, ask any man about his fondest sex memories. That one night with the bombshell will immediately leap to the front of his mind, crowding out the three years of sex with his dumpy wife. Not to mention, many men will gladly trade lots of one pussy for less of many pussies. Variety is the spice of life.

But wait, stop the presses! Look what we have here. Yet ANOTHER study confirming the Heartiste worldview.

> A new study, published in the *Journal of Marriage and Family* reveals that married couples experience few advantages for psychological well-being, health, or social ties compared to unmarried couples who live together. While both marriage and cohabitation provide benefits over being single, these reduce over time following a honeymoon period. […]
>
> Previous research has sought to prove a link between marriage and well-being, but many studies compared marriage to being single, or compared marriages and cohabitations at a single point in time.
>
> This study compares marriage to cohabitation while using a fixed-effects approach that focuses on what changes when single men and women move into marriage or cohabitation and the extent to which any effects of marriage and cohabitation persist over time. […]
>
> The results showed a spike in well-being immediately following both marriage and cohabitation as couples experienced a honeymoon period with higher levels of happiness and fewer depressive symptoms compared to singles. However, these advantages were short lived.
>
> Marriage and cohabitation both resulted in less contact with parents and friends compared to remaining single – and these effects appeared to persist over time.
>
> "We found that differences between marriage and cohabitation tend to be small and dissipate after a honeymoon period. Also while married couples experienced health gains – likely linked to the formal benefits of marriage such as shared healthcare plans – cohabiting couples experienced greater gains in happiness and self-esteem. For some, cohabitation may come with fewer unwanted obligations than marriage and allow for more flexibility, autonomy, and personal growth" said Musick.

I think we can at last put to rest the myth that marriage is some kind of uniquely beneficial arrangement for men.* As this blog has been saying for years, you can get all the benefits of marriage in a loving long-term, unmarried relationship, including cohabitation, without the unbelievably shitty risks.** And now science proves it. Of course, most betas will persist in the erroneous belief that they have to lock a girl in by marrying her, but that's just testament to their inability to view women through anything but a lens of fear.

*Note: Claiming that a particular romantic arrangement is good for individual men is not the same as claiming it is good for society. While cohabitation offers many advantages to single men, it is probably better for a heterogeneous collective and its mutant posterity that society organize itself around the institution of marriage and the two-parent family. That means making marriage more enticing, not less, for the typical shoe-gazing beta stuck in diversityland.

**As more men come to understand the tangible and intangible benefits that cohabitation offers, and embrace the lifestyle, expect to see hordes of feminists and pilgrim johns try to regulate it so that it begins to resemble in burden the same crumbling wreck of marriage that men are abandoning in droves. There's no way those interests are gonna let a cash cow in the form of transfer payments from men to women just disintegrate overnight. And make no mistake, or be deluded by the sloppy romanticism with which beta males imbue the institution: marriage is a sacrifice for men, and a gain for women. There are no two ways about it. Men have to surrender fealty to their primary directive to spread their seed in exchange for second-rate benefits that can be had just as easily within unmarried LTRs, while women get sustained material and emotional provisioning that more closely aligns with their innate monogamous proclivity. All the sacrifice from legalized commitment, in other words, is born by the man. Cohabitation is an escape clause that no feminist or tradcon, if they give it some thought, can allow to persist unimpeded.

Cold Reading Is A Potent Seduction Tactic

CH · 24 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Read the following conversation between a young woman and a doctor:

> Young woman: Men are all alike.
>
> *Doctor: In what way?*
>
> Young woman: They're always bugging us about something or other.
>
> *Doctor: Can you think of a specific example?*
>
> Young woman: Well, my boyfriend made me come here.
>
> *Doctor: Your boyfriend made you come here?*
>
> Young woman: He says I'm depressed much of the time.
>
> *Doctor: I am sorry to hear you are depressed.*
>
> Young woman: It's true. I am unhappy.
>
> *Doctor: Do you think coming here will help you not to be unhappy?*
>
> Young woman: I need some help, that much seems certain.
>
> *Doctor: What would it mean to you if you got some help?*
>
> Young woman: Perhaps I could learn to get along with my mother.
>
> *Doctor: Tell me more about your family.*
>
> Young woman: My mother takes care of me.
>
> *Doctor: Who else in your family takes care of you?*
>
> Young woman: My father.
>
> *Doctor: Your father?*
>
> Young woman: You are like my father in some ways.
>
> *Doctor: What resemblance do you see?*
>
> Young woman: You are not very aggressive, but I think you don't want me to notice that.
>
> *Doctor: What makes you think I am not very aggressive?*
>
> Young woman: You don't argue with me.
>
> *Doctor: Why do you think I don't argue with you?*
>
> Young woman: You are afraid of me.
>
> *Doctor: Does it please you to believe I am afraid of you?*
>
> Young woman: My father is afraid of everybody.
>
> *Doctor: What else comes to mind when you think of your father?*
>
> Young woman: Bullies.
>
> *Does that have anything to do with the fact that your boyfriend made you come here?*

Do you see how the woman is being drawn deeper into the conversation, offering up more personal information about herself and becoming more invested in what the doctor is saying? Notice, too, how little the doctor actually says. His replies are open-ended questions and restatements of her thoughts and feelings, often in the form of a question.

The young woman in this conversation, in other words, is being gradually seduced by the doctor's cold reading skill.

How does this doctor so effortlessly peer into another person's soul and build an intimate connection? Who is this doctor with such profound seduction skills?

The "doctor" is a computer program.

> Dr. Joseph Weizenbaum, of M.I.T., developed a computer program that would enable a human to apparently carry on a conversation with a computer. One version of his program is called "Doctor" The program is designed to "talk" like a Rogerian psychotherapist. Such a therapist is relatively easy to imitate because the basis of Rogers' technique is simply to feed the patient's statements back to him in a paraphrased form. The human, playing the role of the patient, types in questions and answers on a teletype machine. The computer, under control of the program, types replies and questions on the same teletype paper. […]
>
> Doctor is a quite primitive program as natural-language programs go. It employs a lot of tricks and stock phrases. It has no mechanisms for actually understanding sentences. Instead it seeks out keywords that are typed and does some simple syntactical transformations. For example, if the program sees a sentence of the form "Do you X!" it automatically prints out the response "What makes you think I X'" When Doctor cannot match the syntax of a given sentence it can cover up in two ways. It can say something noncommittal, such as "Please go on" or "What does that suggest to you?" Or it can recall an earlier match and refer back to it, as for example, "How does this relate to your depression?" where depression was an earlier topic of conversation.
>
> In essence Doctor is a primitive cold reader. It uses stock phrases to cover up when it cannot deal with a given question or input. And it uses the patient's own input to feed back information and create the illusion that it understands and even sympathizes with the patient. This illusion is so powerful that patients, even when told they are dealing with a relatively simple-minded program, become emotionally involved in the interaction. Many refuse to believe that they are dealing with a program and insist that a sympathetic human must be at the control at the other end of the teletype.

The above was quoted from an excellent paper on the seductive potency of cold reading, a subject about which the Chateau has written extensively as being a useful tool for bedding women, and which has been a staple manipulation technique described in PUA literature. (I really have to wonder how the anti-game haters can read stuff like this and continue to nurse their denialist delusions. Scratch that, I don't wonder. The answer is simple: they have little experience seducing women or, for that matter, selling anything, including themselves, to anyone.)

The section in the paper subtitled "The Rules of the Game" is particularly good, and offers some ground rules for improving your cold reading skill.

Cold reading, like its sister skill non-evaluative listening (also demonstrated above), is a powerful rapport-building conversational combo. It is especially effective when used on women, who, being the naturally intuitive sex, tend to formulate phantom connections from nebulous, fact-free associations, like the kind that is the stock in trade of "reading" gimmicks such as palmistry and astrology.

You do not need these gimmicks to successfully cold read a woman, but in hothouse courtship environments like bars and parties they serve as expedient springboards. If girly gimmicks aren't your thing, you can substitute with a cold reading "stock spiel":

> You can achieve a surprisingly high degree of success as a character reader even if you merely use a stock spiel which you give to every client **[ed: aka sexy babe]**. [S]everal laboratory studies have had excellent success with the following stock spiel (Snyder and Shenkel 1975):
>
> "Some of your aspirations tend to be pretty unrealistic. At times you are extroverted, affable, sociable, while at other times you are introverted, wary and resented. You have found it unwise to be too frank in revealing yourself to others. You pride yourself on being an independent thinker and do nor accept others' opinions

> without satisfactory proof. You prefer a certain amount of change and variety and become dissatisfied when hemmed in by restrictions and limitations. At times you have serious doubts as to whether you have made the right decision or done the right thing. Disciplined and controlled on the outside, you tend to be worrisome and insecure on the inside.
>
> "Your sexual adjustment has presented some problems for you. While you have some personality weaknesses, you are generally able to compensate for them. You have a great deal of unused capacity which you have not turned to your advantage. You have a tendency to be critical of yourself. You have a strong need for other people to like you and for them to admire you."

Naturally, you shouldn't think you have to quote this verbatim. Suit to taste. The key is to get the general gist of it and verbalize it in a way that is appropriate for the context which you share with the woman, and which is congruent with your vibe. Interestingly, the best cold reads are 75% positive and 25% negative.

> We found that the best recipe for creating acceptable stock spiels was to include about 75 percent desirable items, but ones which were seen as specific, and about 25 percent undesirable items, but ones which were seen as general. The undesirable items had the apparent effect of making the spiel plausible.

This is very similar in function to vulnerability game, which works by making your projected alphaness seem more plausible to women.

So now that we know cold reading works to build an intimate connection with a woman by making her feel like you know her better than anyone else, the next question is "why does it work"? From the same paper:

> But why does it work? And why does it work so well? It does not help to say that people are gullible or suggestible. Nor can we dismiss it by implying that some individuals are just not sufficiently discriminating or lack sufficient intelligence to see through it. Indeed one can argue that it requires a certain degree of intelligence on the part of a client for the reading to work well.

This is why my observation that smart, educated girls fall for game harder than dumb girls rings true among those who routinely pick up women. "Only bar skanks fall for game" haters wept.

> Once the client is actively engaged in trying to make sense of the series of sometimes contradictory statements issuing from the reader, he becomes a creative problem-solver trying to find coherence and meaning in the total set of statements. The task is not unlike that of trying to make sense of a work of art, a poem, or, for that matter, a sentence. The work of art, the poem, or the sentence serve as a blueprint or plan from which we can construct a meaningful experience by bringing to bear our own past experiences and memories.
>
> In other words the reading succeeds just because it calls upon the normal processes of comprehension that we ordinarily bring to bear in making sense out of any form of communication. The raw information in a communication is rarely, if ever, sufficient in itself for comprehension. A shared context and background is assumed. Much has to be filled in by inference. The good reader, like anyone who manipulates our perceptions, is merely exploiting the normal processes by which we make sense out of the disorderly array of inputs that constantly bombard us.

Like all game tactics, or any self-improvement pursuit, cold reading is a skill that requires practice. Your first efforts will likely meet with incredulous stares or annoyance, but as you get better you'll begin to see the change in women's reactions from doubtful and irritated to intrigued and… yep, you bet… horny.

Someone Saved A Life Tonight

CH · 24 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

From a reader:

> Wasn't going to go out tonight, but decided a few beers were in order after watching Gingrich bullshit his way thru another debate.
>
> Long story short…in the beer garden, overheard a tall skinny herb explaining his desire to kill himself over a woman.
>
> Long story short, after disciplining him over giving two shits about what a woman thinks of him, took his phone, bookmarked the Chateau, and told him if he reads the articles and comments, his life will be changed in 6 months.
>
> Peace. And thanks for all you do.

I bet the Chateau has saved more lives, literally and figuratively, than all the feminist blogs on the internet combined. A remarkable feat when you consider the exuberant hate with which this blog dispenses its very special lessons.

Prince of sex, king of love, suicide prevention hotline: Chateau Heartiste.

Direct Game Essentials

CH · 25 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader wants to know if high octane direct game will get a guy laid consistently.

> I stumbled onto this post during my normal stroll through the pick up artist forums.
>
> He claims to basically be completely direct with his game. I've never heard of people being THAT direct. Telling a girl she's sexy like that, seems a bit awkward and douchey.
>
> I'm mailing you because I'm curious what do you think? Could being so direct get great results?

I won't get into a long-winded discussion of the eternal question of direct vs. indirect game here. I'll save that for future posts. But I will tell you that there are a handful of prerequisites — essentials — that you should abide if you want to see any sort of repeatable success with direct game.

1. Don't be shitfaced.

Yes, the guy in the field report linked by the reader was intoxicated, and he managed a groping make-out and a number close. But most men, most of the time, are going to get blown out if they approach chicks sloppy drunk while sputtering how "sexxxxxyyy" they are. It's simply too easy for a girl to brush off a man's direct come-on if he's reeking of liquor and slurring his words. Exception: if she's equally drunk. (Not to say a little liquid courage won't help. Just don't drink past the point of self-awareness.)

2. Don't target the obnoxious attention whores.

These kinds of girls are *expecting* direct solicitations, just so they can relish the shoot down. Counterintuitively, it's often the more reserved, conservatively dressed girls who are showing a little more skin than they usually do who will crumble like feta cheese under the onslaught of a sexual direct approach. It is a myth that only skanks are DTF. Good girls will jump into the sack just as fast with the right guy spitting the right game.

3. Look for signs of ovulation in your targets.

You should pay more attention to body language than to what she's saying. Ovulating girls are the ripest picks for one night stands, and you'll notice by how flushed she is when talking to you, how many times she crosses her legs or shifts her weight from one foot to the other, and how often she licks her lips or tugs at her hair whether her egg has embarked on its journey. Science has shown that ovulating girls tend to show more cleavage and thigh, so keep an eye out for miniskirts and low cut tops.

4. Start direct, then switch to indirect, then back to direct.

Read the linked field report. You'll notice the guy opens with "You're sexy as fuck" (which, btw, is NOT an invitation to fuck a la the apocalypse opener), then downshifts to nonsexual rapport and teases her about her dancing skill, and then upshifts to a direct sexual solicitation when body contact between the two of them is at its maximum. This direct-indirect-direct system sustains the direct sexual approach by introducing the variables of male unpredictability and outcome independence, two things which all girls love in men.

5. It's obvious, but bears repeating: overconfidence is king in direct game.

Any hint — I mean ANY CRUMB of a hint — that your sexually aggressive come-on is a farce, or was pursued with less than full sincerity, and she will blow you out. You have to be doubtless in your desirability, fearless in your attack, and dauntless in your commitment to victory. She smells the faintest whiff of self-doubt, hesitancy or smarmy backpedaling, and you will be pissily rejected.

6. Avoid romantic flattery.

“You’re sexy as fuck” sounds like a cocky compliment from a guy who just wants to jackhammer your pussy. “I have to say you’re really beautiful” sounds like a sycophantic plea from a beta who already dreams about long walks on the beach with you. Which guy do you think a girl is more likely to want to fuck one hour after meeting? You can pull off the latter with alpha body language, but you’re better served maximizing congruency between what you say and how much command you say it with.

7. Be prepared to lead, every second.

A guy who leads a girl everywhere and all the time prevents her from rethinking her desire to sleep with him. A body in motion tends to stay sexually available unless acted upon by a fat cockblock. Never ask. Tell her what you two are doing, and don’t wait for a decision-making caucus to develop. Bar, dance floor, another bar, another bar, alleyway, doorstep. No rest for the horny.

8. Don’t overgame.

Direct game pares down the seduction process to its bare bones. If you start flying off on tangents like “the cube” or storytelling, the raw sexual energy of the direct pickup will dissipate. A girl relinquishing herself to a sexually aggressive man expects it to feel like a power has taken hold over her conscious faculties and she has no defense to his wiles. This is an accelerated zone of seduction where the normal rules get truncated.

***

The relevant question to everyone reading here is, of course: Will I have more success on a more consistent basis with direct game, or with indirect game?

Unfortunately, I can’t answer this reasonable question with conviction one way or the other. My own personal style is indirect, though I have dabbled with direct game, to mixed results. Most of the seduction community practices indirect game, so if popularity is a measure of a game strategy’s effectiveness, then you’d have to give the nod to indirect game. (Direct gamers would counter that indirect is popular with most men because it takes more balls to pull off direct game. They have a point.)

There are other variables that need addressing before we can settle this matter one way or the other.

– Are very good-looking or muscular men better off running direct or indirect game? The answer to this is not obvious.

– What about significantly older men or uglier men or shorter men? Indirect game may limit the number of blowouts experienced by these men. Conversely, direct game may offer them a channel in which to rapidly demonstrate their overconfidence, thus bypassing the reflexive blowout. Again, the answer is not obvious.

– Are there contexts in which direct and indirect game have inherent advantages? My experience is that girls respond better to indirect during the day and direct at night in clubs, but I don’t have a wealth of direct day game data to test this hypothesis.

– Do some kinds of girls respond better to direct? Indirect? Unsurprisingly, a man I once knew who specializes in cougars (it’s not a difficult specialization) says that older women melt for his direct game. Ovulating coke whores with low digit ratios probably swoon for direct game, as well.

Finally, this dichotomy of direct versus indirect may have outlived its usefulness. Thinking on my pickups, it occurs to me that many of them were mash-ups of direct and indirect game. I use the best of both. Then there’s the definitional issue: direct game comes in many forms. “You’re sexy as fuck” is certainly direct, but it’s not an invitation to fuck. There’s plausible deniability of intention in that exclamation. “I want to take you home and fuck you”… now, that’s a direct come-on which leaves no room for hamster-fueling misinterpretation.

And this gets to the heart of the direct-indirect debate: namely, INTENTION. Direct game is the art of communicating your intention to fuck, sooner and stronger rather than later and weaker. Indirect game is the art of transparently concealing your intention to fuck in a cloak of plausible, yet tissue-thin, deniability. Either way, with

direct or indirect, a girl whose social IQ is above room temperature and below genius-level autism is going to know you are talking to her because you eventually want to ravage her naked body. Your job, should you choose to accept it, is to determine who among the pretty constellation of hot babes wants their seduction straight up smashmouth style, and who among them wants to experience the sublime thrill of fraught flirtation.

Not All Bodies Are Good Bodies!

CH · 26 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A delusional feminist (but I repeat myself) who started a Facebook group called “Pinup Girl Clothing” (don’t ask, it’s stupid), has uploaded a photo of five women with less than ideal bodies and a helpful caption explaining her reason for doing so:

> There’s another one of those “this is sexier than this” photos going viral right now, so we’d like to offer an alternative. ALL women are “real” and there is no wrong way to have a body. ♥ Vanessa

The two things feminists hate most: standards, and men who make no apology for their sexual desire.

Let’s have a look at that photo demonstrating the equivalence in attractiveness between women of… unconventional body shapes:

What we have here, from left to right:

1. dumpy, hipless plain jane tatted up to distract from her prepubescent boy’s body
2. morbidly obese cow
3. thin chick whose torso is stretched too long in proportion to her legs
4. obese behemoth
5. masculinized cougar

What immediately jumps out is that the photographer chose a spindly, weirdly contoured chick to stand in for the conventional hourglass-shaped slender babe that nearly all men love and desire. Had a normally proportioned thin girl like this one…

…been chosen instead, then the other four girls would look so much worse in comparison, and we can't have that reality upsetting the narrative. Nonetheless, even with her body flaws, the thin, pretty blonde in the middle is the most bangable. Tatboy would barely inspire a half-mast chub, the Jabba twins are right out, and most men don't want to caress rippling triceps and six pack abs on a woman. Especially a woman cresting the hill and in sight of the wall.

Women who can't compete with the most desired women, or who fall tantalizingly short of competing, or who once competed by now no longer do, must get some kind of deep, ego-sparing emotional satisfaction by telling themselves blatant lies about the reality of female attractiveness and male attraction standards. If women didn't have an IQ-lowering herd mentality and an obesity epidemic disfiguring the majority of them that prompted them to sing amens in unison every time a femborg shrieked out another reality-denying whopper, we'd hear far less of this crap blaring from all our media channels. Loser chicks would go back to licking their ego wounds the old-fashioned way — by taking up poetry and staring pensively out a bedroom window.

So, for the short bus regulars (this includes you, ♥Vanessa)…

Beauty is objectively measurable. Slender women are more attractive than fat women to the overwhelming majority of men. There was never a time when men liked fat women. A 0.7 waist-to-hip ratio is the most attractive body shape for a woman. A BMI of 20.85 is the most attractive weight for a woman. A young, healthy woman with clear skin is more attractive than an old, unhealthy woman with blotchy skin. Yes, ♥Vanessa, there is a sexual marketplace, women are just as much a commodity to be bartered in this marketplace as men are, there is no alternative to this reality, and there IS a wrong way to have a body.

Hope this hurts.

But at least some women get it.

> Brianna Montana: the girl in the middle is not too skinny by far… Shes just in the middle of 2 fat bitches so it makes her look exxxtra tiny.

Spot The Alpha Male

CH · 27 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Which one is the alpha male? A lot of times — an uncomfortable amount of time for most equalists who give it a moment's thought — you can judge a man's character simply by looking at him; his expression, his posture, his general vibe. Don't be thrown by the proximity of slutty ladies. Who *looks* more like an alpha male to you? And then ask yourself, why does he look alpha?

The photo comes from this story. You'l discover that the guy who looks alpha inevitably attracts his quarry, leaving the beta a broken man, just like millions of betas before him, and family reunions will never be the same. Also, one of the all-time great negs is buried in the article.

> I sat with Darren on the sofa with a glass of wine, and suddenly he turned to me and said: "I don't think I've ever seen you looking this attractive."

That was a Federer backhand right there. Naturally, she lobbed her pussy in return.

I've wondered how fathers of sons with pretty girlfriends handle their presence in the household, particularly when the fat wife waddles by to clarify the stark difference in mate value. I know I'd be going for it if the chick was dropping indicators of interest like left-wing Canadian academics drop scientifically flawed, axe-grinding studies.

The Parable Of The Smart Birds

CH · 27 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This is not mine. Jim Bowery, a commenter over at The Inductivist (a blog I occasionally indulge), tells the parable of the smart birds manipulated by the genius birds. I link to it because it is very good in that way parables are supposed to be good: by illuminating ancient and immutable dynamics in human social relations and hinting at the lessons therein.

> Once there were 3 classes of birds of a feather: Dumb birds, Smart birds and Genius birds. There was also a genius bird of a different feather hanging around. All summer the genius bird of a different feather went around to the smart birds of a feather telling them how ridiculous it was to fly south for the winter — that these atavistic instincts were a terrible legacy from "the bad old days" and gave very sophisticated-sounding arguments that the smart birds of a feather couldn't quite understand but understood quite well that they'd better pretend to understand lest they be accused of being dumb birds.
>
> Fall cometh. The dumb birds fly south to the derision of the smart birds. The genius birds of a feather think, "I've heard the arguments about flying south for the winter being only for dumb birds, but where really do these feelings come from? Could they have survival value? Could the genius bird of a different feather have a conflict of interest?" Even before thinking the answers through, the mere doubts raised were sufficient to motivate flying south. The smart birds of a feather, hearing these doubts raised by the genius birds of a feather proceeded to attack them as "dumb birds". They felt superior to the genius birds of a feather. Some genius birds of a feather were even injured enough to stop them from being able to fly south.
>
> Winter hits. The smart birds of a feather die. The injured genius birds of a feather die. The genius birds of a different feather turn out to have an adaptation to cold weather. Spring comes. An evolutionary dynamic reveals itself…

The smart bird parable has much to tell us about intergroup competition. "Flying south" is a stand-in for the metaphor of your choice — drug use, single parenthood, mass immigration — and the group can be however you define it, by class, race or religion. It isn't a precise explication of contemporary social patterns, but what it does well is get at the rudimentary compulsion which drives group antagonism, and the expedient alliances that serve group self-interest and buttress group self-identification.

Beta Maleness Is The Real Marriage Killer

CH · 30 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Adultery can kill marriage dead. So can sexual withdrawal or the death of a child. Now attention is being drawn to nagging, the tool in trade of the self-entitled shrew.

> Nagging—the interaction in which one person repeatedly makes a request, the other person repeatedly ignores it and both become increasingly annoyed—is an issue every couple will grapple with at some point. While the word itself can provoke chuckles and eye-rolling, the dynamic can potentially be as dangerous to a marriage as adultery or bad finances. Experts say it is exactly the type of toxic communication that can eventually sink a relationship. […]
>
> It is possible for husbands to nag, and wives to resent them for nagging. But women are more likely to nag, experts say, largely because they are conditioned to feel more responsible for managing home and family life. And they tend to be more sensitive to early signs of problems in a relationship. When women ask for something and don't get a response, they are quicker to realize something is wrong. The problem is that by asking repeatedly, they make things worse.

The thousand-yard stare. I like to call it the lifeless gaze of surrender. Or the optical tomb of doom. You see it all the time on the faces of beaten down men married one too many years to fat, insolent wives. Many are quick to blame nagging as a source for this post-mortal condition, but to understand nagging you have to get at the root of the problem: the emotional letdown that compels wives to nag in the first place.

Women don't nag out of the blue. Nor do they nag when they aren't "getting their requests fulfilled" as the experts like to claim. And women don't nag because of some nebulous, ill-defined leftie assertion that they suffer under the weight of social conditioning.

No, the root of it is simple: wives nag because their husbands have turned beta. Less succinctly, their husbands have become weak, enfeebled, grasping, defensive, sycophantic, solicitous "yes dear" yes-men. Strong men — alphas, you bet — almost never elicit the nagging response from their wives or girlfriends, and they aren't exactly bending over backwards to do 50% of the housework or scrambling to fulfill all requests in a timely manner. The difference is that women never feel a need to nag an alpha lover with innumerable trivial demands, because these women who are so lucky to be with willful men have not had their sexual attraction replaced with the cold, dispiriting mentality of a schoolmarm overseeing errand boys.

Any man who takes the "experts'" advice and begins promptly responding to his wife's nagging, thinking that resolution of her frivolous demands will resolve their marital issues, will only get more nagging, and more firmly shut legs, in return.

On the other side of the equation, the deteriorating wife syndrome explains many cases of nagging as well. Wife gets fat, old and ugly, husband loses sexual and romantic interest, wife responds by nagging to provoke signs of life from listless hubby. And the therapists and counselors say "just do what she says and all will be better". What fools. This kind of nagging will never go away until the husband makes clear, one way or the other, that his wife's physical decline will not be tolerated by him. A happy wife with a good body and an alpha husband is a wife who will rarely experience the incipient female compulsion to nag.

Overestimation Is The Twin Brother Of Overconfidence

CH · 31 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

We have previously proved that overconfidence — the "irrational" (is it really irrational when it gets you what you want?) belief that you are better than you really are — will bring you more success with women than having a realistic appraisal of yourself. Poon Commandment XI — be irrationally self-confident — was thus validated by science. In keeping with the spirit of the post, Chateau proprietors gloated. Then preened. Then stroked our egos to a glorious mental money shot.

Now comes another study confirming a core conceit of game that finds men who overestimate women's attraction for them likely have more mating success.

> Why men overestimate their sexiness: it's evolution, study proposes.
>
> Does she or doesn't she…? Sexual cues are ambiguous and confounding. We-especially men-often read them wrong. But a new study hypothesizes that the men who get it wrong might be those that evolution has favored. […]
>
> The research involved 96 male 103 female undergraduates, who were put through a "speed-meeting" exercise-talking for three minutes to each of five potential opposite-sex mates. Before the conversations, the participants rated themselves on their own attractiveness and were assessed for the level of their desire for a short-term sexual encounter. After each "meeting," they rated the partner on a number of categories, including physical attractiveness and sexual interest in the participant.
>
> The results: Men looking for a quick hookup were found to be more likely to overestimate the women's desire for them. Men who thought they were "hot" also thought the women were hot for them-though men who were actually attractive, by the women's ratings, did not make this mistake. The more attractive the woman was to the man, the more likely he was to overestimate her interest. And women tended to underestimate men's desire. **[ed: if only the poor dears knew.]**
>
> A hopeless mess? Evolutionarily speaking, maybe not, say the psychologists. Over millennia, these errors may in fact have enhanced men's reproductive success.
>
> "There are two ways you can make an error as a man," said Perilloux. "Either you think, 'Oh, wow, that woman's really interested in me'-and it turns out she's not. There's some cost to that," such as embarrassment or a blow to your reputation. The other error: "She's interested, and he totally misses out. He misses out on a mating opportunity. That's a huge cost in terms of reproductive success." The researchers theorize that the kind of guy who went for it, even at the risk of being rebuffed, scored more often-and passed on his overperceiving tendency to his genetic heirs.

Hmm, which other Poon Commandment does this most recent scientific study confirm? Oh yes, here it is…

> **XIII. Err on the side of too much boldness, rather than too little**
>
> Touching a woman inappropriately on the first date will get you further with her than not touching her at all. Don't let a woman's faux indignation at your boldness sway you; they secretly love it when a man aggressively pursues what he wants and makes his sexual intentions known. You don't have to be an asshole, but if you have no choice, being an inconsiderate asshole beats being a polite beta, every time.

Helicopter meatspin!

If overconfidence is the art of thinking highly of yourself, then overestimation is the equally important art of thinking women think highly of yourself. And, as science and everyday observation inform us, men who are both overconfident in their self-beliefs and who overestimate women's desire for them are men who score more pussy.

You can't argue with results, even if you find the path taken to success to be unpalatably douche-y.

And for those of you who are primed to erupt on cue about the douchiness of this sort of alpha male behavior, it would behoove you to keep in mind that it is women, not men, who are primarily responsible for the behaviors of men who are seeking mates. If women, as the gatekeepers of sex, did not reward men for their overconfident swagger or their overestimation of their desirability, then we would see less of this behavior among men.

Ask not for whom the douchebag smirks; he smirks for thee.

This study should also throw a bucket of cold ice on a slew of feminist shibboleths. It turns out "no" actually means "keep trying, and you increase your odds of getting between my legs". And you know that all too common and irritating feminist bleat — one you hear conspicuously often from sluts and slut glorifiers — that unwanted male attention is akin to potential rape? Well, if this study's conclusions are any indication, men who presume their attention is wanted do better with women than men who humbly bow to their place in the mate hierarchy.

That sound you hear is a million hamsters wheezing for breath.

This post, and the one before about overconfidence, are really exegeses on the rich, creamy pith of game. Every master seducer, every natural who seemingly beds women with the same ease that a sexless nerd drone inserts a memory stick, shares these two traits in common: they have a bottomless well of self-confidence, and they approach every girl as if she can't wait to experience the pleasure of their company.

TRUE

OR

NOT.

This is the final destination of rock solid inner game. The moment you stop second-guessing your worth, the day you start assuming every girl wants you, is the point in time of the seduction singularity that propels you into a world — a secret society, as one noted pickup artist famously put it — where the mystery of women is made pedestrian and the journey to the center of their hearts becomes as uneventful as a daily commute.

Funnily, the author of the study — a woman, judging by her name — was so scandalized by the implications of her findings that she came to offer advice completely at odds with her study's conclusions.

> The research contains some messages for daters of both sexes, said Perilloux: Women should know the risks and "be as communicative and clear as possible." Men: "Know that the more attracted you are, the more likely you are to be wrong about her interest." Again, that may not be as bad as it sounds, she said-"if warning them will prevent heartache later on."

Let me see if I have this right: men who presume women are interested in them get more sex. So this means men should stop presuming interest from women. Gotcha! You gotta love the female thinking process at work here, which basically amounts to "men should behave against their interests so that women may maximize their interests". No, Carin Perilloux, a more sensible conclusion to draw from the study is that men should continue doing that which gets them the most sex, your tender equalist sensibilities to the contrary notwithstanding.

Yes, even smart chicks have hamsters. In fact, their hamsters are supercharged. Better, stronger, faster. Which means more opportunity for a man with game to spin their wheels.

The Evisceration Of Penelope Trunk

CH · 1 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

You say evisceration, I say loving ministration.

Ah, Penelope Trunk. For some reason, she gives fellow aspie and open borders ivory tower bubbleboys chubbies, who can't stop linking to her blog, (comments by "Dave" and "Anotherphil" are illuminating). But Chateau Heartiste called this broad out for the psycho, man-hating bitch she really is a long time ago. And how that judgment has been vindicated. Prescient? Nope. Just open-eyed observers of the human condition, coupled with a smattering of experience with these types of whipsaw women.

The latest Penelope Cunk dramafest comes courtesy of a post on her blog where she displays her wrinkled slate-flat cougar ass and her wretched uncaged id on national internet, complete with bruise she alleges was from her husband, who got sick and tired of her "look at me!" provocations and pushed her into a bedpost out of frustration.

> The Farmer told me that he will not beat me up any more if I do not make him stay up late talking to me.
>
> If you asked him why he is still being violent to me, he would tell you that I'm impossible to live with. That I never stop talking. That I never leave him alone. How he can't get any peace and quiet in his own house. That's what he'd tell you.

Translation: Penelope Trunk berates, nags, pesters, humiliates, shrieks and wails at her husband at ungodly hours of the night and throughout the day, and he responds, in piques of frustration abetted by his normal male propensity to avoid extended verbal fights with no ending or solution in sight, by physically stifling her to make the unbearable shrew torrent stop.

What feminists either don't understand or don't wish to understand is that a nontrivial amount of physical domestic abuse is in response to non-physical provocation. For every action there is a reaction. Women abuse men psychologically because that is where their strength lies, and fortunately for them the marks made by psychological abuse are less photogenic than the marks made by bedposts. So women, in addition to being the beneficiaries of the ancient biological force that subconsciously deems the female of the sex a more valuable commodity than the male, get to enjoy the sympathy of the bovine crowd when they post jpegs of their thigh bruises.

These volatile domestic scenarios are almost never one way streets. Look at Rihanna. Chris Brown is a violent thug, but Rihanna could have easily avoided his flying fists of fury had she just stayed the fuck away from him. And yet, she couldn't do that. She *still* can't do that, in fact, and in returning to him to shower him with her love rewards his shitty behavior. Penelope Trunk does something similar with her Farmer hubby, but takes it a step further; she instigates his flashes of anger and desperation purposefully to get a rise out of him, so that she can avoid feeling abandoned. Or whatever the fuck it is she missed out on from daddy.

When guys talk about crazy bitches to stay the fuck away from, Penelope Trunk is Exhibit A.

Now don't get me wrong. These kinds of women have some use: they are great in bed. Gung-ho master class fucktoys who'll take it up the poop chute and lick you clean if it means you'll gaze deeply into her eyes just a little longer. But that's where it ends. Save your love and commitment for the relatively sane chicks. You give your heart to a drama queen and attention whore like Penelope Trunk and you are asking for a world of emotional torment if you don't know anything about the proper handling and care of such spaztastic specimens. Because when the screaming and crying and berating don't work, she'll step it up to openly flirting with other men in front of you, and then to cheating and leaving clues for you to find out about it, and finally to resorting to insane outbursts to get her hamster fix.

And you will never experience such roided up, coked up, caffeinated hamsters in your life. These critters are unstoppable.

My edumacated guess is that Penelope Trunk's husband is a beta male at heart who has no clue about women, and even less clue about women like Trunk. He was smitten by her willingness to screw early and often, and her slender proportions, while well past prime attractiveness, compared favorably to the lumbering middle-aged cows on his horizon and put the boner in his pants for the first time in years. Being a man of little breadth of experience with women and zero game or state control, he was easy prey for Trunk's urbane sadomasochism. She takes advantage of his rustic beta ignorance and naivete and pushes him to the brink as often as she can get away with it, while enjoying the thrill of refueling her ostentatious craving for coerced, theatrical displays of love and a relationship perpetually teetering on the precipice of doom. He, being a salt of the earth kinda guy, has no idea what he got himself into, and his instinct to control an out of control situation impels him to lean on the one defensive maneuver that worked in the past and which rises naturally from the contours of his male brain: his showstopper physical will to power. Of course, the solution is always temporary, and the cycle repeats. Which is exactly how she wants it. And she gets it.

I love a good pile-on as much as the next sadist, so here's an ego shredding, soul killing, demonic diagnosis worthy of a Chateau Hall of Fame nomination, from a naughty little bastard called The Last Psychiatrist.

> Penelope Trunk has a history of sexual abuse by her father. She has a pattern of intense, unstable relationships; a history of self-cutting, bulimia; is emotionally labile and reactive; and her primary defense mechanism is pretty obviously splitting, i.e. things are all good or they are all bad.
>
> Trunk says she has Asperger's, and maybe she does, but what I've described is "borderline personality disorder." BPD is not a description of behavior exactly, it is a description of an adaptive coping strategy. In other words, people persist with BPD because it works. […]
>
> Knock down fights and great make up sex is psychologically more fulfilling than a normal, calm, low-affect marriage. Mind numbing jealousy is preferable to being 100% sure of their fidelity, to the point that it will actually be invented. "Are you just looking for things to be upset about?" The answer is yes. […]
>
> Nothing is to be gained by saying her husband abuses her, which he does, but nothing is to be gained from saying that unless he's listening. She is abusing herself. I'm not judging her, I'm not saying she is bad or that I don't understand it, but she's setting up, well, a pattern of intense, unstable relationships because she needs the intensity and will thus tolerate the unstability. A relationship isn't one sided, or bi-directional, it's a dialectic. They are very much in it together.

A worthy flaying. Borderline personality disorder is the scientific term for attention whoring, although not all attention whores are BPD victims. Every woman has the seed of an attention whore in her, as it is the caprice of their sex, but some women, women like Trunk, through a combination of genetic enhanced femaleness and environmental instability during the formative years, become raging monsters of insatiable egos with no self-awareness or cultivated sense of modesty.

And here's the catch. What the Last Psychiatrist describes as a deranged personality imperfection is just the normal female psychology amped up to unsustainable levels of estrogenic insanity. Women really do like a little — or a lot, for some women — uncertainty in their relationships. This is a scientifically as well as observationally settled fact. It is the natural female inclination to swoon and tingle for men who offer doses of delightful discomfort. This inclination, it should be noted, is stronger in younger, prettier girls for whom the option to act out in this way without consequence is readily available.

The Last Psychiatrist has to know that this predilection for drama, affect and uncertainty is primarily a female affliction, and, in small manageable doses, is actually the normal state of emotional functioning for the majority of women. Hamster spinning wackos with advanced cases of BPD like Trunk are extreme manifestations of this innate female condition, much like power hungry sociopaths are the extreme manifestation of the innate male predisposition to maximize status. TLP is right to highlight Trunk's disease of the id, but he should not be tempted to think that Trunk is a wholly alien representative of the female sex.

Trunk is, to put it mildly, a hyperfemale.

But, alas, the wall looms for hyperfemales as surely as it does for emotionally grounded women. The attention whoring that provoked so much reaction from men when she was younger elicits nothing but indifference at best and contemptuous pity at worst from men when she is older and uglier. TLP:

> The thing is, BPD "works" when you are young, there are always people around to tolerate it. Parents, boyfriend/girlfriend, employers, etc– and being pretty, which Trunk obviously is, helps a lot. This doesn't mean people are necessarily nice to her, or that she's happy; only that "crazy" behavior is more tolerable to other people when you are young.
>
> The problem for her is she's not getting any younger, and like it or not the only one who will put up with a 60 year old borderline is no one. Except maybe the kids, which we will get back to.

Once women start experiencing the consequences of their flighty behavior from getting older and invisible to men, the smart ones among them adjust their expectations, emotional indulgences and demands accordingly. Penelope Trunk, thanks to the sycophantic chorus of her careerist fembot and scrap-begging mangina readers, will likely continue her coyote ugly act on into perpetuity, winding up alone and unloved by anyone but her imagination and bug-eyed omega commenter nerds desperate for human contact. If she hasn't burned too many bridges and was effective at concealing her complicity in her personal calamities, then she may retain the love of her kids into dotage. That's a big if. More likely, the kids will slowly realize what a loon she is, and will withdraw their love until they feel safe from entanglement in her manufactured crises.

There is an easy, convenient way to deal with BPD attention whores that won't get you socially ostracized or locked up. If I had the ear of Trunk's husband, I'd tell him this. Instilling a dab of dread — a phone call, say, from a location where she can hear the voices of laughing women in the background — would go a long way to satisfying the drama-feeding maw of Trunk's vagina-shaped id. No blog-fodder bruises required. At the very least, such knowledge can give him more options in women, freeing him from his desperate, fearful clinging to a visually stimulating BPD headcase.

I've said it before. Game can save lives. This is not hyperbole. This is goddamned truth.

Beta Of The Month: Asexual Purgatory

CH · 2 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There are apparently asexuals among us. They claim they have no interest in sex, and it's not a psychological coping mechanism for involuntary celibacy.

> Jenni is one of the estimated 1% of people in the UK who identify themselves as asexual. Asexuality is described as an orientation, unlike celibacy which is a choice.
>
> "People say 'well if you've not tried it, then how do you know?'" says Jenni.
>
> "Well if you're straight have you tried having sex with somebody you know of the same sex as you? How do you know you wouldn't enjoy that? You just know that if you're not interested in it, you're not interested in it, regardless of having tried it or not."

I'm trying to picture how musty and cobwebbed her vagina must be. It's probably fused shut at this point, kind of how the skin of morbidly obese corpses will fuse with the couches they died on. I wonder if she's ever shoved anything up her puss to get off? If so, that would put the lie to her assertion that she has no desire for sex. More likely, she just fears and loathes male sexuality. I bet her nightmares consists of 3D penises raining down on her like ICBMs scarring the sky with cum contrails.

> This is true of Jenni who is heteroromantic, and although having no interest in sex, is still attracted to people, and is in a relationship with 22-year-old Tim. Tim, however, is not asexual.
>
> "A lot of people actually ask if I am being selfish and keeping him in a relationship that he won't get anything he wants [from] and he should go and date somebody like him, but he seems quite happy, so I'd say I'd leave that up to him," says Jenni.

Just when you thought the world couldn't possibly have enough self-hating beta males willing to sacrifice a basic human need for the company of weirdo übercockteases. And is it my imagination, or is the ratio of white and asian beta to alpha getting more skewed every year? Welcome to Generation Puffboy.

> Tim is enjoying spending time with and getting to know Jenni by focusing on the romantic aspects of their relationship.

It's like compliment & cuddle, times one thousand. With no chance for redemption in sight.

> "The first time that Jenni mentioned in conversation that she was asexual, my initial thought was 'hmm that's kind of odd'," says Tim, "but then I did know enough not to make assumptions about what that meant.

What a mincing pissant. Tim, when a girl you met has told you that she doesn't like sex and will never have sex, your first thought should've been "I just wasted thirty dates with this insufferable cocktease. How do I get away from her before my emasculation is total?" At the very least, return the favor by using her as a pawn to meet other girls.

> [Tim]: "I have never been obsessed with sex. I've not been one to have to go out at night and have to have someone to have sex with, because that's what people do… so I'm not all that concerned about it".

One reason why betas allow themselves to be LFBFed and used as emotional tampons in perpetuity is that it relieves them of the stress of sacking up and busting a move. You could call it cockooning.

> Jenni's relationship with Tim does have a physical side, as they cuddle and kiss to express their affection for each other.

And there it is. Beta of the Month. Congratulations, **Timmy**, you sicken the world of normal men and inspire the pity of normal women. When you masturbate away all that pent-up energy, lay down a tarp with a ten yard clearance.

> Asexuality has been the subject of very few scientific studies which has led to speculation about why some people feel no sexual attraction.
>
> "There are people who definitely view it as a disorder and are like 'oh if we give you these pills we can fix it'. Or people who ask you 'have you had your hormones checked', as though that's the obvious solution," says Jenni.

Maybe Jenni really is clinically asexual. Maybe her brain is missing a few synapses. I can abide that possibility. Or maybe, she feels no sexual attraction because all she dates are betas. In which case, one date with an insensitive jerk who isn't an *uuuuunderstanding* wet noodle should clear her condition right up.

> "And then you get people who go one step worse, and I have been asked before if I had been molested as a child, which is not an appropriate question to ask somebody to be honest, and also I haven't been. It was the assumption that 'hey you have something wrong with you, clearly you were molested as a child' is just such a terrible attitude to have."

This is the problem with the modern, equalist society: nothing is wrong with anything. Hey, sweetcheeks, there is something wrong with you. Evolutionarily speaking, there is something *very* wrong with you. Instead of demanding people pretend you're normal, embrace your wrongness. Wear it proudly, you princess of deviancy, you queen of crazy.

Let's have a look at the tense couple.

Now perhaps there's a chance Timmy is getting some nookie on the side, when he's away from this sexless cipher. That would mitigate his betaness somewhat. (Only somewhat, because every second with her is a second stripped from more fulfilling endeavors.) I doubt it, though. Look at his face. His pinched, "walk all over me" expression. This is a guy who nurses a secret hard-on every time she hugs him, then rushes home five hours later to drain himself into a couch crease. The least she could do, if sex isn't her thing and she values his cuddly wuddlies, is give him a tug job to completion. But she never will, because, ultimately, chicks like her are selfish cunts. And when a

selfish cunt meets a selfless dweeb, the penis loses.

BOTM: Timmy and his taunted testicles

Comment Of The Week

CH · 5 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

William writes (in relation to the observation that asexual ghouls have a barely concealed hatred for “fuckhounds”):

> It’s sad how society has beaten down male sexuality to the point where wanting sex is seen in the same light as being obsessed with sex.

Self-proclaimed (and self-celebrated) asexuals and feminists have a lot in common. The animating force for both is an intense loathing of male* desire.

*correction: *straight* male desire.

Cats And Dogs As Ego Emblems

CH · 6 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Are our choice in pets a reflection of our sexual natures as they are or how we wish then to be? A reader:

> Wanted to ask you – do you think it is typical for beta males to favor cats as pets and alpha males to favor dogs as pets?
>
> I'm asking this because all nerdy looking, weak, lame and otherwise guys with beta characteristics usually prefer cats.
>
> Internet is very popular of lulzcats and related shit for a reason – it's because the nerds sit on the internet.
>
> Somehow when you see real men, they are with a loyal and aggressive dog.
>
> Your thoughts?

The greatest male players I've ever known had cats. Sleek, mysterious cats, not fluffy designer furrballs. The player who owns a cat — an animal which embodies many human female traits — is telling women that he is comfortable surrounded by feminine energy. He knows how to handle it. He prefers the challenge of women.

Generally, though, the power arc of man-pet complementarity follows your observation. Urban SWPL manginas and socially maladjusted nerdos are more open to owning cats, while conventional country boys and popular jocks tend to shun cat ownership, except for outdoor cats who spend most of their time out of sight, preying on rodents. And then there are noticeable trends in the types of dogs that men will own; gays, artists and upper class dandies preferring precious but useless runty pedigrees and the rest of men preferring big, healthy dogs with legs to run. It's only at the rightmost tail of player seducers that you see the preference for dogs revert back to cats, owing partly to the fact that a man who spends so much time enjoying the pleasures of women has little left for walking dogs and scooping poop.

But the real contrast in pet ownership is intersex, not intrasex. Most men prefer the company of dogs, and most women prefer cats. While unmarried tomboys with dogs do exist, 9 out of 10 times the chick you date will own a cat, when she has a pet. SWPL chicks are almost universally cat people, though in recent years there has been a slight move toward more dog ownership among this set. There is a reason why the sexes have these preferences.

Pets are symbols of how we see ourselves, and how we would like to be seen. They are extensions of our egos. Dogs are loyal and potentially aggressive. Non-nerdy men who don't lament their own phalluses love big dogs primarily because of those two reasons. The dog is a symbolic idolization of a man's yearning for a woman's uncompromising loyalty, as well as a projection of simmering, virile power. In the dog, the man sublimates the highest virtues of manhood, and his deepest need from womanhood.

Cats are a symbolic idolization of woman's solipsism, and self-absorption. The mirror is the woman's world, conceit her currency in trade, coyness and prerogative her highest values. In the cat, the woman sees reflected her own nature, that of the coy and inscrutable object of desire. The cat is thus a narcissistic celebration of her own womanliness.

The cat is smaller and less affectionate than the dog, and this smallness and aloofness feeds a woman's need to nurture and pry for displays of love, much like a dog's loyalty and obedience and ready affection feed a man's need to be admired, to dominate and to enjoy unlimited and unconditional love.

For men, the only thing you need to know is this: while ownership of a big, loyal dog is a leading indicator of alpha maleness, the cat is the animal whose behavior you should mimic to seduce women. Acting like an affectionate, needy dog is beta. Acting like a mysterious, aloof cat is alpha. The primary purpose of owning a dog is training yourself for ownership of a woman.

The Allure Of The Coy Man

CH · 7 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's easier to judge men's sexual interest than it is to judge women's sexual interest.

> Everyone Can Predict The Interest Level Of Men On A Date – But Not Of The Women With Them
>
> When it comes to assessing the romantic playing field — who might be interested in whom — men and women were shown to be equally good at gauging men's interest during an Indiana University study involving speed dating — and equally bad at judging women's interest. […]
>
> "The hardest-to-read women were being misperceived at a much higher rate than the hardest-to-read men. Those women were being flirtatious, but it turned out they weren't interested at all," said lead author Skyler Place, a doctoral student in IU's Department of Psychological and Brain Sciences working with cognitive science Professor Peter Todd. "Nobody could really read what these deceptive females were doing, including other women." […]
>
> "How people talk might convey more than what they say," Place said.
>
> Observers did not have to see much of this non-verbal behavior. They were just as good at predicting the speed-dating couple's interest if they saw only 10 seconds of the date as they were if they saw 30 seconds. The researchers say this showed that observers, even with limited information, could make quick, accurate inferences using "thin slices" of behavior. […]
>
> Evolutionary theory, said Place, predicts a certain level of coyness or even deceptiveness in women because if a relationship is abandoned they may face greater costs, including pregnancy and child rearing. When choosing a mate, it is in a woman's best interest to get men to open up and talk honestly to give her a better idea of whether they would be good long-term partners.
>
> "In a speed dating environment, you would expect to see these effects dramatically, **with the women trying to get the men to be more straightforward, while they themselves remain more coy**," Place said.

Female coyness is an evolutionary adaptation that serves two important purposes; one, it pressures male suitors to be more forthcoming with personal information that could reveal their mate value (and male mate value is more complex than female mate value, which for the latter amounts to mostly how the woman looks), and two, it alters perception of a woman's sexual fidelity. Coy women tend to be perceived by men as less slutty and therefore better long-term mate prospects who won't cuckold them.

So that sly smile and subtle shit test tossed out over drinks in a cozy lounge are nothing more than a woman's mental executions of ancient biological algorithms operating at the subconscious level. Romantic poetry and sweeping odes are man's attempt to elevate this sordid and banal clanking of the machinery of genetic legacy beyond the realm of disappointment. Can you blame us for smearing lipstick on this pig?

So coyness is the natural state of woman. And informational overload the natural state of man. Men sell, women buy. Men market, women browse. This is the current that carries courtship over hormonally-tossed helical seas.

And yet game, in theory and in practice, teaches men to act opposite their natural instinct; to assume the role and the prerogative and the mindset of the woman in seductive affairs. In essence, to flip the script.

Flipping the script works. It works because women can't resist a man who won't tidily play by the established, and oh so boring, rules. A coy man — a man who is as circumspect and judgmental and inscrutable as women normally are at the beginning of a courtship — triggers women's attraction, much like a woman's firm round ass and pretty face triggers attraction in men. Male coyness — aka the art of insinuating you are the one being chased — is so odd, and so at adds with biological, not to mention social, norms, that women are compelled to chase the man who effectively adopts such a conceit. A woman thinks to herself, or rather she *sub*thinks to herself (because these

thoughts never really materialize fully into conscious awareness):

"This man is coy for a reason. What is he hiding? And how amazing is this part of him he's hiding? He hasn't asked a question of me yet. Does he like me or not? I can't tell. He must have other lovers at his beck and call. I feel strangely intrigued. I need to know more."

Once a woman is put in this chaser pattern, the seduction is yours to lose. She will be the one readily offering information about herself to win your approval, while you will lean back, literally and figuratively, judging her harshly. For it is true that every woman, despite her boilerplate blather to the contrary, secretly wants to be judged by a man. That's how she knows you're better than the rest.

Stupid SWPL Irony

CH · 8 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

GLP has a funny post about the tendency of good SWPL libs to inject self-referential irony in their blog bios. There's even a word for this artless form — catacosmesis. Basically, the SWPL lists things he or she values or wants stressed about their characters, and ends the personal list with some calculated triviality that's supposed to humanize them (i.e., calm lessers who might (should!) be intimidated by their smarts and accomplishments). For instance, here's Ezra Klein's bio:

> Blogger/columnist for Washington Post, columnist for Bloomberg View, contributor to MSNBC. Eater of food. Hater of filibuster. Lover of charts.

Beta max.

Feminists, no surprise here, love to scatter their oh-so-serious bios with references to food.

> Fearless leader of Skepchick.org, podcaster for SGU, writer, ice cream enthusiast

Oh, how ironic! I'm an atheist feminist SWPL and I'm writing a bio of my SUPER SERIOUS SUPER HIGH ACHIEVER self which, you know, is so gauche!, so let me just stick this little SUPER FUNNY tidbit about my love of ice cream at the end of the sentence. There! I can almost picture my fat feminist and bitch tittied mangina readers chuckling to themselves while missing the real irony that eating a lot of ice cream is what's making them fat and turning them into man-hating feminists!

Dear SWPL pudding pops, this is what a coolasfuck bio looks like: Let me tell you about my life….BLAM!

Reader Mailbag: Oh Poppa I'm In Fear For My Life Edition

CH · 8 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1: Daddy issues and the beta son

> I grew up with alot of women around me and no father, which makes it harder for me to be an ass to women but at the same time im able to detect alot of bullshit and dodge it ever so elegantly, im pretty sure there are some studies on this, maybe write something about that? lack of male figure in growing up??

This is a difficult subject simply because it's so hard to disentangle confounding variables in any causal relationship between parental influence (or lack of influence) and the future betatude of sons. What we do know: the bastard spawn of single moms grow up with lower chances at a successful life and higher chances of dysfunction. Now whether this is primarily because biological father absence causes kids to fail at life, or because the deadweight of single moms are genetically prone to failure, or a mix of both, is open for debate. In that spirit of caution, I'll rely on my bird's-eye-view impressions of father-son dynamics:

– A boy who grows up in a female-centric, fatherless home is most likely to burst forth from his rotted, disfigured chrysalis a self-destructive omega male. Too much female influence will render him utterly unprepared to acknowledge real female nature. He won't learn from his mistakes, and he'll suffer from the bad advice of his mother and sisters. That said, there is a minority of these robbed boys who grow into thugs and ruffians, treating women like shit and learning the dangerous lesson (dangerous for society that is) that chicks dig jerks, so why not give 'em more of what they crave. These boy usually wind up behind WaWa huffing paint.

– A boy who grows up with a cowardly beta father — the kind of father who bends to the will of the mother every time — will either learn to mimic his father's ineptitude with women, or he will be so thoroughly repulsed by his father's weakness that he veers in the opposite direction. My observation is that most boys with beta fathers grow into betas themselves. Nature, nurture, take your pick; result is the same.

– Boys who grow up with faithful, strong alpha fathers typically become alpha themselves, but a minority react to their fathers' overbearing presence and unreachable standard by turning to the fap side of mincing betatude as a sort of protest lifestyle to rationalize their failing vis a vis their fathers' success.

– Boys who grow up with asshole-ish, abusive, unfaithful alpha fathers don't fall far from the tree when it's their turn to navigate the mating market. However, a minority of these boys grow up totally renouncing their masculinity because they suffered under the burden of their fathers' masculine intensity. Shrieking feminist manginas are birthed from this type of family cauldron more often than you'd think.

The reader says that growing up in a female-centric family has allowed him to detect typical female bullshit and dodge it when he sees it coming. I don't disbelieve his personal experience, but in reality I don't see many fatherless sons in female-run families learning the ropes about women. It seems to be more often the case that the boy immersed in a female world has the ball juice squeezed out of him, as mom and sis and aunt try to mold him into a caricature of what they think women want instead of what women really like.

***

Email #2: Realtalk

> I'm going to all CPAC with my video camera. Since I take inspiration from your blog, I figured I'd ask you if there were any questions/topics you or the readers wanted me to ask the speakers attendees.
>
> If you DO post this to the blog, please don't use my name…but if I post the video on youtube everyone would know who I am anyway. Eh..

I'll assume that CPAC is the acronym for "Conservative Political Action Conference". Any readers want to take a stab at this? Could be interesting to compile a list of Chateau-influenced questions to dispense at a moment's notice during any political conference or book signing. At the very least, it would be funny to see speakers frozen with fear trying to answer questions that deviate from the usual banal script.

How about this: "Why do you think the elites who control national discourse are so adamant about importing a second underclass?"

Or: "Alternate sexual outlets lower the incidence of rape. Isn't this a good reason to legalize prostitution?"

Or: "Isn't it time we get the government out of the business of subsidizing academia?"

***

Email #3: Hindbrain über alles

> OK, Dr. Evolutionary Sociobiologist, WHY?

1. Because women who have had kids have fulfilled their prime directive.

2. Because men become more beta and domesticated within the comfy confines of a relationship.

3. Because older women have lower sex drives.

That should about cover it.

***

Email #4: If it was that easy, everyone would do it

> I'm a 21 year old male. I have considered the possibility of starting a career in fucking girls on the side while I study. I'd get sex from at least average looking young girls (I can choose my clients) and get payed. I wouldn't have many clients or get any serious dough, but everything is a plus.
>
> The only negative thing I can think of is how boys and girls would react to this if they got to know. Would I ever be able to get pussy from a girl if she knew I had worked as a "man whore"?
>
> What would be the best possible use of words to describe male prostitution? Any advice regarding this topic is appreciated.

This email recalls a study I once read in which attractive men and women approached college-aged members of the opposite sex and asked if they wanted to fuck. Something like 99.9% of the women declined, and three quarters of the men readily agreed to the terms. A starker contrast of the biological differences between the sexes would be hard to find.

Getting from "the possibility of starting a career as a paid gigolo" to "actually having a career as a paid gigolo" is a challenge not to be underestimated. If the stories are true, most gigolos are physically fit gay men who service middle-aged housewives for cash and prizes. Sound like a fun lifestyle? Yeah, I suppose it could be if you ameliorate the disgust of boffing undesirables by having a hot girlfriend waiting at home for you after a long day's work. But if you think that your job will be mostly getting paid in regular installments by hot young chicks of your choosing for the privilege of bouncing up and down on your cock, well… let's just say your game would have to be tighter than a virgin's rusty starfish to pull that off.

But I'm a generous man, so for the purposes of this post, I'll take you at your word that you can pull this fantasy lifestyle no problem and that you aren't a troll. To answer your questions, "boys and girls" would react with equal parts envy, consternation and curiosity. That's a good combination of reactions to elicit from peers if banging and high social status are your goals. And not only would you still be able to pull pussy if word got out about your

manwhoring, but you'd pull more than ever. As long as it wasn't discovered you were a manwhore to rich elderly widows.

The best way to describe your job as a gigolo to potential dates is like this: "I bring happiness and joy to lonely housewives who have forgotten what it's like to be loved and adored by a man." Pass the Kleenex.

***

Email #5: Don't leave us hanging

> Just so you know, I ended up fucking Kristanna Loken, despite the fact that she just got engaged. If you want to know the story, let me know.

Why bother asking this question when you already know the answer? Of course, the readership would like to know how you bagged Kristanna Loken.*

**Judgment of trollery suspended until response received and plausibility analyzed.*

***

Email #6: Hardcore asshole texting

Here's a text message exchange between me (41) and a gold-digging girl (27, former "9″ but now a "7″ heading downward) who I struck out with and wrote off a month ago. How would you critique my reaction? You can publish it; I opened this e-mail account only to send this message.

Da fuck. I laughed reading this. It reads like an exasperated parent humoring a retarded child. There's a game lesson there.

I'm confused about something, though. Did this emailer strike out before or after this text exchange? I'm trying to figure out if this text was successful in bringing her back into the fold, or if this is why he struck out with her. It seems from the nature of the texts that they have some familiarity with each other.

Anyhow, on a scale of effectiveness, I grade this text exchange a B-. It's adequately cocky and dismissive, but the teasing comes across a little too strong-armed, almost nasty. The asshole needs to be leavened with a little more amused humor so that he doesn't risk pushing her away by seeming unattainable or spiteful.

Also, and this is a relevant complaint, the ending of the text exchange sounds try-hard. Pushy. He lost his flirty edge there at the end. Yeah, he's being cocky, but he's also pushing harder for some kind of sexual resolution, and she isn't biting. In fact, his barely concealed motive and slight vibe of anti-flirty gloominess ("I don't love anyone at this hour") triggers a series of shit tests from her ("ok, sorry! goodnite!", "ok, tell her u need a bj!", "yeah!") which he does not properly handle. These last replies by her are not indicative of a woman in chaser mode; she is clearly back in the chased mode, and that is not a good mode for a girl to be in if you want to bang her.

The power trajectory shifted after his "I don't love anyone at this hour" text. A better reply to her would have been:

TARDGIRL: So u don't love me anymore? I was dreamin bout u baby!

HIM: I bet you were.

This opens the conversation up for more flirting and a possible fuck close.

Here's a good rule of thumb about texting girls: your replies should get shorter, not longer, as the text conversation length increases. This way, you make it seem like you are investing less into the interaction as time passes, and she is investing more. The person who invests less receives more sexual dividends. In the emailer's case, his text replies start off short (good) and end up longer than the girl's (bad). It leaves the impression of frantically struggling at the end for that hail mary pass at sex.

But perhaps I'm splitting hairs. As text exchanges go, this one is better than 99% of the shit that betas mire themselves in. One shouldn't let perfection be the enemy of good. If the emailer is reading, let us know if you managed to bang this mentally challenged chick. And if she swallowed.

Female Hypergamy Getting Acknowledged By The Mainstream

CH · 9 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

How influential is this blog? Well, four years ago, Le Chateau Heartiste was writing about the overlooked social and sexual phenomenon of female hypergamy, and how this innate biological female predisposition has ramifications for a society's structure and well-being. A term was coined by yer humble narrators for the changes being wrought in America and the West by the advancement of feminism, equalism and corporate globalism: the Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse.

A recurring theme here, and one that has gone wholly underappreciated by our elites on the Left and the Right, is how insidiously the culture and the sexual market have changed since the advent of the Four Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse. As a helpful reminder, here are the four sirens I'm talking about:

1. Effective and widely available contraceptives (the Pill, condom, and the *de facto* contraceptive abortion).
2. Easy peasy no-fault divorce.
3. Women's economic independence (hurtling towards women's economic advantage if the college enrollment ratio is any indication).
4. Rigged feminist-inspired laws that have caused a disincentivizing of marriage for men and an incentivizing of divorce for women.

As I have written, these changes are slowly, but powerfully, tectonically shifting the courtship playing field. The big winners are alpha males and the big losers are beta males.

Recently, thanks in part to the release of Charles Murray's new book "Coming Apart", there's been a flurry of acknowledgement from the 1% bloggers that female hypergamy is real and its unleashed version may indeed be having tremendous effects on the shitty direction American society is currently heading. Ol' Cheap Chalupas himself has been getting in on the action with a series of posts examining the issue. The comments are illuminative, particularly the ones from some rascally rogue going by the handle "CH".

> you know, it's not like we don't have historical precedent for this sort of sociosexual and cultural dystopia leading to civilizational collapse. the fact that female hypergamy — or other very unPC taboo subjects such as those concerning group population differences in civilizationally advantageous traits — wasn't even on the smartypants pundit radar until, oh, right about now, should tell us how vigorously the elites in control of our discourse need to be pummeled over the head with the facts on the ground. It's gonna be funny when, on the night before the long day of the rope, our leading light intellectuals confront the past 60 years of their cherished beliefs and realize it was all a pack of lies and wrongheadedness.

And when they do, they can look back at this blog — when no one's watching them, of course — and tell themselves "Well, it's not like we weren't ~~ridiculed~~ warned."

Hugo Schwyzer's Phony Feminism

CH · 9 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Our favorite false flag limpwrist, Hugo Schwyzer, is licking the hairy taint of feminists once more in a vomitous piece about the popularity among men of "barely legal" porn. He really tries hard to put a feminist-friendly (read: anti-male) spin on the uncomfortable reality that men naturally prefer the stimulating sight of lithe, supple, fully ripe young women.

> Across the web, videos and images featuring 18- and 19-year-olds — or actresses in their twenties trying to look younger — are by every measure the most in demand. "Teen porn" is the most common genre-specific term used in Google searches, and teen-themed videos dominate the top 25 most-viewed videos on YouPorn. (Link is absolutely NSFW.) […]
>
> Beyond Derbyshire, the most common explanation given for adult men's particularly intense attraction to teen girls is reproduction. But on closer scrutiny that theory falls apart. Women's fertility peaks between 22 and 26, well after their "salad days" have come to a close.
>
> The argument that men in their 30s, 40s, and beyond are evolutionarily hardwired to lust after girls just above or below the adulthood threshold has less merit than we think.
>
> One alternative answer has much more to do with adult men's anxiety than with their reproductive longings. In the fantasy world of "barely legal" pornography, the teen girl is an ingénue longing for sexual initiation at the hands and body of an experienced older man. For an older man (the average male porn user is over 30) perhaps intimidated by the erotic and emotional demands of his own female peers, the imagined naïveté of a much-younger woman is a source of comfort. The less experience she has, the less likely she'll mock his clumsiness and the more likely she'll appreciate whatever savoir-faire he does possess.
>
> **[ed: alert! feminist feelgood twaddle incoming]** The reality is that only those who are wise and confident enough to challenge us can help us grow. Age isn't just a number; that confidence and wisdom takes time to emerge. So when men eroticize the young, the tentative, and the innocent — for whatever reason — they're possibly just eroticizing their own reluctance to accept adulthood and responsibility. In that scenario, everybody loses.

This guy can really fling the bullshit. Only someone with intimate knowledge of the subject of barely legal teens can so effortlessly BS his way into nonsensical alternate explanations for male sexual behavior that are otherwise easily explained by a naturally evolved male preference for peak fertility women with little baggage. After all, he's gotta cover his ass for past, uh… indiscretions. As Bill Clinton understood, nothing distracts feminist attention from one's own very unfeminist lifestyle like mouthing the platitudes feminists want to hear.

I was once a broken, bad man taking advantage of young women, but now I have seen the light! Praise the bog! Men suck! Men have issues! Men are intimidated by older women! Speaking of which, let's you and I go for a drink after class today and discuss our mutual loathing of rape culture. I'll pay just the tip. Heh heh heh.

First, Schwyster is wrong about women's peak fertility. He pulled his number from Wikipedia which should be a clue to take it with a grain of salt. The age range varies in the studies I've seen, but basically most peg female peak fertility in the 18-24 year range. Since barely legal porn filmmakers, by law, can't hire girls under 18, the most important premise of Schwyster's argument falls apart before he's even out of the gate. Instead of confirming Schwyster's fevered pathologizing of normal male sexuality, the evidence that men prefer watching porn featuring 18-21 year old girls, who are within the peak fertility range, simply affirms the evolutionary theory that gives hives to feminists and feminist suck-ups like Schwyster.

Second, men lust for younger women because those women are less likely to be saddled with other men's children, or to be pregnant by other men. A young woman's implied virginity means that fucking her results in a greater

chance that any kids she pops out will be that man's kids. This is important to men, as evolutionary theory would conclude, because men, unlike women's perfect knowledge of maternity, do not have guarantees of paternity. So men must rely on other signals, such as the youth, fidelity and relative inexperience of their lovers.

Anxiety, or that catch-all feminist trope "intimidation", has got nothing to do with men's preference for younger women. It's all about the sexy biology. By way of analogy, if older men are intimidated by the "erotic and emotional demands" of their female peers, then using Schwyster's reasoning we may assert that women, who exhibit preferences for higher status men and older men, are intimidated by the erotic and emotional demands of younger men and lower status men. Of course, no one ever makes that claim. Because it's stupid on its face. Much like Schwyster's claim that men are intimidated by older, less fertile, less attractive women is stupid on its face. Women aren't attracted to lower status men, just as men aren't attracted to older women.

Schwyster knows all this, too, which makes him a phonyfuck of the highest caliber. The guy spent his early years as a professor cashing in his higher status for the pleasure of fucking his 18-21 year old students. Maybe he is wracked with guilt, and his current ultrafeminist stance is his form of atonement. Or maybe (and more likely, in my view) his hypocritical feminist sycophancy is a ruse to get in the panties of the deluded naifs who take his classes.

Not that there's anything wrong with that. The difference between me and a lickspittle errand boy like Schwyster is that I don't go around claiming there's something psychologically wrong with men for desiring the hot bods and feminine charms of young women. I don't blame a guy like Schwyster for wanting to stick his dick in his peak fertility students, nor do I stroke feminist egos to earn PC brownie points and page views.

PS Hugo, word of advice. You can get a lot further with better looking, mentally stable women by not sucking up to them so badly. Chicks dig unapologetic men.

Spot The Alpha Male

CH · 10 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Trick question: both of them!

Isn't it funny how our reflexive reaction to scenes of non-chivalrous behavior by men is to view them as intrinsically alpha? There's something deep in our primitive subconsciousness that tells us "this cocky bastard must be the Grand Poonbah to be able to ignore polite convention and convince girls to wait on him hand and foot".

Remember, girls are thinking the same thing. Which is why it works.

Prosperity Is The Problem

CH · 10 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

What, ultimately, is the cause of the decay happening in the West?

Reader carolyn writes:

> [do] all young women nowadays go for the alpha exclusively, disdain the beta?
>
> there must be women even now who size themselves up realistically. and don't shoot for the unattainable, or more accurately, the alpha who'll use them but never settle for them.
>
> my own experience back when dinosaurs roamed the earth as the baby-faced 'fattie' (so dreaded around here) led to a fear of any overly aggressive 'alpha' types that came my way. i just knew intuitively it would not end well. i aspired to get a smart guy, hopefully one with a sense of humor; a _cool_ guy was out of the question. which characterized the man i married. sorry to refer to my own experience but it's the one i know best.
>
> my point is that there must be plenty of young women out there with a similar mindset. did all girls suddenly become stupid?

I would answer it's not a question of exclusive vs inclusive, smart vs stupid, right vs wrong. Female hypergamy (and male preference for younger women) just IS. It's a fact of life, and society accommodates it or corrals it depending on its goals. It's best to think of women's love of alphas as residing along a sexual/personality continuum (mediated by the wiring of the hindbrain), where at one end we see the thug lovers who run back to boyfriends who beat them up, and at the other end we have the wilting flowers who prefer the less volatile alpha males drawn from the pool of soft betas.

As society relaxes its controls of female sexuality — and unleashed female sexuality is the wilder and more fluid and more dangerous of the sexes — more women rush to the "thug lover" side of the hindbrain continuum, and away from any latent preference for dutiful betas. Conversely, when society strengthens its controls over female sexuality, something close to the opposite happens: women are incentivized to favor the company of beta males.

Thug loving serves a useful purpose in evolutionary terms. The sons of thugs make better protectors of the tribe, and in point of fact stupider, thuggier people outbreed smarter, empathetic people. Experiments in fruit flies have actually proven the concept of an emergent idiocracy.

Soft alpha/beta loving serves a useful purpose in civilizational terms. The sons of K selected women make better builders and maintainers of prosperous societies.

Both strategies come with their weaknesses and strengths, but it has to be said that, in most practical senses, the evolutionary goals are at odds with the civilizational goals. In simpler terms: what's good for the individual man or woman is not necessarily, or very often, good for a prosperous society. This has been a core concept here at the Chateau since its inception.

And so a great truth about humanity is revealed that liberals mostly, and conservatives to a lesser degree, have trouble wrapping their brains around.

Jason Malloy, a drive-by commenter at blogs I occasionally read, usually has very smart things to say about the form a dystopia might take, and the factors that lead to cultural and national dissolution. When he writes, I generally give his words more than a second's thought. And lately, his words have been echoing much of what is written here.

> The larger sorting patterns [seen in rates of dysfunction between the upper and lower classes] need to be viewed through the lens of latent behavioral variation. Social pressures were already biased towards high

> investment reproduction. People were shamed for having premarital sex or children outside of marriage. Female economic dependency was just one more practical limit on these behaviors. **However, once prosperity and secularism unraveled the cultural expectations, only internal behavioral motivators were left, and the motivations previously dampened and suppressed through practical and social limits could now express themselves**.
>
> The internal motivators tend to form a psychological and behavioral package: some people are oriented towards higher investment reproduction and this entails higher cognitive ability, long term goals about education and career, later first intercourse, fewer and more stable relationships, reproduction within secure pairbond, and mate selection biased towards reliability and parenting qualities. Other people are oriented towards lower investment reproduction and this entails lower cognitive ability, few long term goals, early first intercourse, more sex partners and less stable relationships, reproduction outside of pairbond, and mate selection biased towards "sexy"? qualities (looks, charm, creativity, athleticism). (Many of these traits are functionally related (e.g. lower IQ mostly is a major cause of higher time preference), but they are also compounded through assortative mating).
>
> ***
>
> [Re: the upper half of women having sex before marriage but still getting married.]
>
> As much as I appreciate [Charles] Murray's sociological perspective, I think this is his weakness as a bio-conservative trying to piece together the trends. The upper and the lower classes aren't sorting by cognitive ability, so much as they are by life history behavior (which also includes cognitive ability).
>
> A conservative libertarian has a lot to grapple with here: **freedom and prosperity are the real "culprits"? here**, and their interaction with natural genetic variation. Not the welfare state. Not the government. Not apathetic elites. Not globalism or "stagnant wages"?. Any major reversals in these trends would seemingly require major, forceful social controls, because they are the consequences of a very pervasive kind of individualism and of freedom of thought.

Chew on that. Realize what is being said here. If you do, you should feel a shudder descend your spine. Individualism and freedom of thought are the enemies of the very values and morality which gave birth to them and elevated them to primacy among advanced nations.

What libertarian, conservative OR liberal could read and accept the above premise and not feel at least some elemental — some PRIMAL — part of his worldview shatter into a million pieces. Libertarians: laissez faire means the cementing of intractable human hereditary differences into antagonistic classes and milieus. Conservatives: freedom and prosperity mean a slackening of external behavioral motivators and the erosion of commonality and shared values and the means with which to argue for them. Liberals: nonjudgmental individualism means a collapse of social capital and a surrender of any moral or aesthetic authority.

None of this is to say that people would, or should, prefer to live in less prosperous, backward nations. I don't see too many Westerners clamoring to move to Zimbabwe for the quality of life. And yet, there has to be a recognition among the cognoscenti that a deeply embedded human nature exists, and that this nature — immutable, unalterable, suppressed only with great effort — when allowed to fully express or, alternately, when stifled at great psychic expense guarantees the slow unwinding of the very prosperity it desires and refuses to relinquish when it achieves.

Maxim #1,000: Prosperity contains within it the seed of its own destruction.

Could this ever not be the case? Perhaps if there were not significant differences in ability and talent between people and groups of people, differences in possession of civilizationally advantageous traits, you could say then that prosperity may become, theoretically, self-perpetuating. Feeding and growing without limit.

But evolution would not exist were that the case. Evolution would have to stop for such a social condition to manifest. Thus, we grapple with reality, whether we choose to or not. Because it grapples with us.

The prosperity America achieved will be her undoing. This isn't idle apocalyptic talk. There is plenty of historical precedent. There are plenty of indicators that cultural and economic and lifestyle collapse are beginning their long march through the Western citizenry and institutions. The armies of disintegration have amassed and the first waves have stormed the citadel. Aided and abetted by people who don't understand the forces at work, and who wouldn't change direction even if they did understand. Prosperity is enervating. The will to dismantle it, temporarily, to save it, is weakened totally by the comforts it provides.

America is dying. Unless the powerful divest themselves from their voracious egos and accept that they have been steeped in a mountain of lies for 60 years, perhaps 150 years depending on your point of origin, and until that day they reverse the path they have taken this country, America's slow, asphyxiating dying will finally, unmercifully, reach closure… in her death. Today, the Lords of Lies are our masters. Tomorrow, the truth will reign, over a rejuvenated America or a bitter wasteland. Either way, the truth will reign.

The Lords of Lies must first be defeated if the path we are on has a chance to be corrected. The only thing we know for certain is that they won't go easily to their irrelevance.

Spot The Alpha Male

CH · 10 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Trick question: both of them!

Isn't it funny how our reflexive reaction to scenes of non-chivalrous behavior by men is to view them as intrinsically alpha? There's something deep in our primitive subconsciousness that tells us "this cocky bastard must be the Grand Poonbah to be able to ignore polite convention and convince girls to wait on him hand and foot".

Remember, girls are thinking the same thing. Which is why it works.

Bachelor Pad Themes

CH · 13 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The look and layout of your bachelor pad when you take a woman home with you, while not a necessary tool of game, can help ease the transition from seduction to sex. There are four main design theme directions a man such as yourself can consider when kitting out a home to best reflect your ladykiller cred.

1. More masculine

Deliberately excising any estrogenic touch from your interior decorating is the way of the man who wants female visitors to know his balls are not for sale. These are the homes of the finance wizard, the international businessman and the nerd. **Man caves** are usually sharply geometric, monochrome, metallic, hi-fi and, except in the case of the nerd, blessedly free of clutter. Bedroom furniture is either heavy, dark, unadorned mahogany or Scandinavian. Art is minimalist and modern. Sofas are exquisitely uncomfortable, facing enormous flat screen TVs. Top shelf bottles of liquor rest on Sterling Cooper bar caddies. The masculine home is a cold, unforgiving, chillingly beautiful non-interactive space that evokes the warehouse aesthetic of early first person shooters. You are reminded of nothing less than “American Psycho” and chainsaws.

2. More feminine

Adding splashes of femininity to your bachelor pad lets women know you are comfortable living with the energy of the softer sex humming pleasantly in the background. The feminized bachelor pad is the man parlor of the artist, the real estate salesman and the homosexual. **Man parlors** feature rounded edges, multihued color schemes, mineral or elemental textures, lo-fi vintage sensibility, and whimsically decorative trinkets and baubles of meaninglessness. Bedroom furniture is either antique or avant-garde. Square pillows and cologne-scented candles are everywhere. Paintings of French scenes abound. The feminized man parlor is a warm, aesthetically welcoming interactive space that evokes safety, security and the familiarity of romantic moments in front of the fireplace.

3. More sexual

This is the player’s studio. His den of iniquity. A sexualized bachelor pad, whether masculinized or feminized, is littered with props that testify to a man’s preselection by women and his tomcat lifestyle. Many decorative touches are of the form of “accidental” knick-knacks left lying around — such as old photos of you with pretty girls, a stray earring, two toothbrushes in the bathroom — that send hamsters spinning at full tilt. The sexual overload is contrasted with carefully conspicuous cookbooks and “homey” artifacts that fuel the female predilection to believe there is a domesticated man within the cad just waiting to burst forth with assistance by the right woman. This is the **man lounge** that inspires one night stands.

4. More mysterious

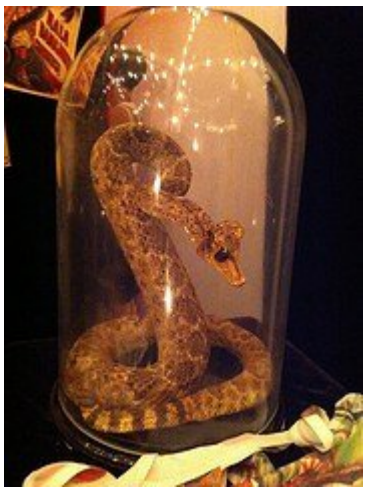
Here we come to the final destination — and the most difficult to master — in bachelor pad proofing: the **man manor**. A woman entering the enigma of the man manor is greeted by curios of mysterious beauty and a design sensibility that evokes not so much an aesthetic, but an adventure; a life fully lived. Oddities loom over monstrous bookcases. Souvenirs act as fulcrums for each room’s decorative theme. Tattered manuscripts, not glossy magazines or SWPL weeklies, perch tantalizingly in nooks and crannies. The rooms do not reveal, as much as beg for more to be revealed. A woman, upon entering this alternate manverse, is forced to navigate the novelty, ~~snooping~~ reflecting on what she sees at every turn, robbed of the inertia to sit down immediately and stew in her ASD (anti-slut defenses). She is overwhelmed by curioisty, and a curious woman is shortly a horny woman. Man manors pay only the slightest lip service to design rules, but they are generally spartan in space usage (the better to showcase the quizzical artifacts of unusual heft), boldly colored with an emphasis on the darker hues, moody in affect, and nonconformist. The man designing the man manor assiduously avoids trendiness of any flavor. He does not care for social approval; he only cares about lighting up the neural synapses of his prey.

***

There is no right or wrong way to manage the look of your bachelor pad. Each of the above four themes, properly executed, will redound to a man's advantage in the bedding of women, and some women will react more favorably to a certain theme depending on her individual aesthetic, station in life and relationship goals. However, one theme provides a bigger boudoir boost than the others. And that is the man manor. Simply put, mystery is the gift that accelerates women to sexual abandon faster, and more reliably, than masculinity, femininity or Quagmire caddishness.

I have not lived in every style of place outlined in this post, but I have known, and know, men who do live in homes representing each of the four major design philosophies. Without doubt, the best players tend to the man manor theme, sprinkled with props indicating female preselection. The biggest player I have ever known — a man whose count possibly numbers in the thousands — had a living space that could double as a museum.

Charred oak was the construction medium of his coffee table and bookcases, which were filled with travel guides, dog-eared classics of literature and lewd photography books. A cracked and gouged writing desk he claimed was one used by Edgar Allan Poe sat in his bedroom, at the end of a four poster king-sized monstrosity covered with mosquito netting. A full body female mannequin wearing a safari outfit and pearls occupied a corner of the living room. She looked on the proceedings with an expression of smug disdain. A stuffed rattlesnake reared back, coiled and angry, under a glass case.



A shelf full of dusty old baseballs supposedly gleaned from major sporting events and autographed by famous players peered out from small glass containers. (I say supposedly because I had suspicion that some of the autographs were added after the point of sale.) A crocodile head was etched with dripped wax from a giant gothic candle on its snout. A reading stand — much like the one you might see holding a Bible in a church — propped open a leather-bound notebook with scribblings in Arabic, a small bottle of india ink at its side. He claimed it was a compendium of love poems written to him by a former lover who died young. A very realistic and very creepy Hollywood quality face mask acted as a bookend. A surfboard with a shark bite-shaped chunk missing from it leaned against another corner. A black cat (real one!) with piercing green eyes sat at the edge of a banal out-of-place microfiber couch, surveying his playground.

The overall impression is that one had entered the abode of Ernest Hemingway merged with Andy Warhol.

But the coup de grace was the white wedding dress (sans train) and dark purple tuxedo displayed on mesh wire torsos in a hallway leading to the bathroom. "A love story gone tragically wrong," he would explain. In fact, he had a story for everything in his place, and it was a rare girl who didn't feel impelled to satisfy her curiosity. I'm convinced his digs were such extreme chick crack, that half his game was opening the front door and letting girls have a look see.

How much of his stuff was authentic, or how many of his stories true, I can't say. Likely, most of it was BS. But

what does it matter whether he traveled the world collecting strange mementos and memories or he traveled to a SWPL store two miles away to buy his stories at exorbitant prices? Girls ate it up just the same. He put effort into learning and retelling his stories, true or not, and that made girls happy, which made them want to have sex and fall in love, which made him happy. And isn't that the essence of game?

Once you've entranced a woman with your living room, proceed to the bedroom finishing move; the final mysterious conceit that will cause her hamster to run straight to her vagina and start nibbling on her labia.

A Valentine’s Day Thought Experiment

CH · 14 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

What’s more degrading:

a. paying a whore because you have no other way to get laid

b. sleeping with this for free:

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ What’s more degrading?Paying whore because can’t get sex otherwiseFucking cigstache for freeVoteView ResultsPolldaddy.com

Occupy Bitter Spinsters

CH · 14 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's nothing funnier than lonely, unloved feminists stewing in their angostura bitters. They bring out the sadist in me.

Down with couple-talism!

A reader forwarded a link to a website called Occupy Valentine's Day, created by an ur-feminist who is the executive editor of Feministing.

[V Day] puts pressure on couples to be a certain way, it privileges one type of love (think heteronormativity!) and it makes single people feel incomplete.

Like most outcasts nursing grudges, she has a thing against normal people behaving in normal ways.

we can use Valentine's Day to raise awareness about the limited ways we think about romance.

In the past, petulant sophists like this would be ignored and allowed to fade into obscurity. Today, they get a platform and a sympathetic media treatment.
When the degenerate is elevated to a voice of wisdom
and the customary and ordinary subverted
confusion arrests the strongest hearts
until weakness is to excellence inverted.

The goal of the OVD website, near as a sane person can tell, is a hodgepodge advocacy of the usual rainbow coalition and femcunt agenda crap, plus a general lashing out at love and anything that smacks of romantic gestures shared between a man and a woman (romantic gestures between man and man, woman and woman, and spinster and cat are perfectly fine, though).

Blog about how traditional ideas of romance perpetuate gender inequalities and hurt people of all genders

If taking my girl out to a romantic nighttime spot for heavy petting under the silver moon manages to perpetuate

gender inequalities and make life miserable for the rejects who post on Occupy Valentine's Day, I consider that a successful two-fer.

Have a sexy conversation by candlelight with your partner about structural inequity

You think this is a parody, but then you remember that feminists have no sense of humor. All real, all retarded.

Commit to never settling for anyone who is not good enough for you just because you are afraid to spend another Valentine's Day alone

Ever notice how women with the fewest reasons to feel entitled are often the ones who most loudly proclaim their refusal to settle?

These are just a few ways we can use Valentine's Day to raise awareness about the limited ways we think about romance.

Maxim #210: If you are using a romantic holiday as a pretext to raise awareness instead of raise erections, you are probably a fat loser.

Celebrating love is wonderful and romance can be great too. But we don't need corporations to dictate how we should do it, a mainstream media chastising us for not doing it right or traditional ideas touted over and over by our friends and family.

Hey, I've got not problem with skipping out on the corporatized aspect of V-Day. I'll be the first guy to tell men they don't need cards and chocolate to inspire girls to feel love. Nothing kills romance faster than dreary obligation. The difference between me and this feminist loser is that I don't make a capital case out of traditional romantic gestures as being somehow symbolic of hatred for weirdos, dweebs, fatties and fuglies who can't get a date.

That shit is oppressive and hurts us more than helps.

You can pinpoint the exact moment in history when the West began its decline as the moment when we started caring what spiteful losers think. A little oppression and hurtfulness is a healthy society's cleansing mechanism. Time to reoccupy the icy wastelands with society's waste product.

Hypergamy, Sluts And Smart Women

CH · 15 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emailed a recent fascinating study that, AS PER USUAL♥♥♥♥♥♥♥, confirms many core Chateau concepts and related game strategies.

> Although robust sex differences are abundant in men and women's mating psychology, there is a considerable degree of overlap between the two as well. In an effort to understand where and when this overlap exists, the current study provides an exploration of within-sex variation in women's mate preferences. **We hypothesized that women's intelligence, given an environment where women can use that intelligence to attain educational and career opportunities, would be: (1) positively related to their willingness to engage in short-term sexual relationships, (2) negatively related to their desire for qualities in a partner that indicated wealth and status, and (3) negatively related to their endorsement of traditional gender roles in romantic relationships. These predictions were supported.** Results suggest that intelligence may be one important individual difference influencing women's mate preferences.

Anti-game haters and various sore losers in life: reread the above for comprehension before commenting. You'll save everyone a lot of scrolling effort to glide by your blockheadedness.

Let's tackle the conclusions of this study one by one.

1. Smart, educated, careerist women (aka urban SWPLs) are more likely to want to ride the cock carousel (i.e., "engage in short-term sexual relationships"). That old game hater saw that only low self-esteem sluts and dumb skanks like to play the phallus field is the complete opposite of reality. It's the smart, educated chicks who dig the cock and, by deduction, it's the smart, educated chicks who will fall for short-term pickup game more than dumb chicks.

In one fell swoop, a cherished feminist and beta male shibboleth gets crushed into dust and blown away.

2. Smart, educated, careerist women are less interested in a man's money or career status. This dovetails perfectly with the Chateau contention that female economic empowerment has led to a sexual market where soft polygamy — the clustering of financially independent women at the peak of their fertility (and beauty) around charming alpha males — is the new norm in blue state meccas. If money and occupational status mean less to smart girls, then guess what means more to them? You got it. Game. And who loses in this arrangement? Yup, boring provider beta males.

3. Smart, educated, careerist women are more likely to eschew "traditional gender roles" in romantic relationships. So it is the smart girls, not the dumb ones, who say screw it to marriage, dating, fidelity and lifelong monogamy while they are in their primes, and who are more open to fucking around, casual hook ups, cheating and, ahem, serial monogamy. This is, not to put too fine a point on it, a description of a pickup artist's paradise. Smart girls do eventually get married at higher rates than dumb, lower class girls, but the relevant factor to the typical urban beta male is how many girls in his milieu are ready for marriage and/or long term relationships *during their 20s*, when women are at their most desirable. If the rising age of first marriage is any indication, not many.

Bottom line: your typical slut is a smart, educated woman.

So what does this have to do with that noted force of nature, female hypergamy? Well, if we premise our argument with the claim that female hypergamy always exists, and is always operational and acting upon women's mate choice mechanisms (a claim entirely consistent with observed female behavior), then, given the study conclusions above, we are presented with the possibility that smart, financially independent chicks emphasize different male attractiveness traits when choosing mates than do dumb, financially insecure chicks. What are they?

Charm. Wit. Looks. Confidence. Social savviness. Social status (as distinct from wealth or occupational

status). Charisma.

Most of these male attractiveness traits favored by smart chicks, yes, even including social status, can be grouped under the game umbrella. Game makes men more charming, witty, confident, socially savvy and charismatic. It even boosts a man's social status. (Being known as a ladykiller is chicknip.)

Looks are the one thing game can't change, but in most men's experiences, women's judgment and emphasis of male looks doesn't much vary between the lower and upper class women, or the dumb and smart women. The study does suggest, though, that economically empowered and übereducated women probably will put more emphasis on male looks than will economically insecure, less educated women.

Now you know why poor, dumb religious girls swoon (settle?) at younger ages for provider betas relatively more than well-off, smart, secular girls. And why the latter can be found hanging off the arm of your local indie band singer before doing the smart thing and marrying a beta as her expiration date looms.

The trends in female mate choice I have described in this post go a longer way than any economic or class argument I've read to explain the coming apart of the white race in America as detailed in Charles Murray's new book. Anyone who wants to take a long, hard look at social trends and the phenomena of "men dropping out" needs to incorporate into his thinking the cold, merciless, unrelenting reality of female hypergamy. To do less would be… uncivilized.

Common Mistakes You Will Make While Learning Game

CH · 16 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There is a cottage industry of anti-game, pro-feminist beta males who ~~claimed to~~ tried to learn the crimson arts but failed before seeing results. I suspect what happened to most of them is that they encountered some setbacks on their journey to higher quality, higher frequency poon, but instead of taking lessons from their losses they gave up and turned their frustration outward, against game and its advocates. What doomed them was a combination of defeatism, a lower than average starting suite of attractiveness traits, and unrealistic expectations of what game could accomplish for them.

Let me say, then, that I acknowledge their impotent rage. Most men who aren't naturals will experience growing pains in their efforts to improve their game and success with women. I have seen all manner of mistakes made by recovering betas (and omegas) determined to increase their attractiveness to women. There is nothing unique or unsolvable about these common newbie game mistakes. If you are a beta starting out with game, you owe it to yourself to anticipate that you will experience the same setbacks that bedevil millions of men just like you traveling the same path of redemption. Anticipating mistakes means it will be a challenge to disappoint yourself, and your fortitude with thus be strengthened.

What follows is a list of the typical learning curve mistakes that men make while trying to become more charismatic ladykillers. I have pulled a couple of these boners myself, so don't think there is a man alive who is immune to the occasional beta backslide once in a while.

Excitable Boy Syndrome

You're pumped up for the night. Your face is flushed, your body is wired and your smile is a mile wide. You knocked out a three set of bicep curls just before hitting the clubs. You're an approach machine. Look at you go! You're so high on life and the possibilities of your newfound game knowledge that you forgot to remember chicks dig a man with state control. Chicks most definitely do not dig a hyperactive spaz. Don't worry, soldier of seduction. The world is not going to run out of women tonight.

Overeager Reaction To Her Crumbs Of Interest

Your game has evolved to the point where you're starting to get positive reactions from women. She touches your arm or pays you a genuine compliment or strokes her hair and beams ear to ear after you teased her. Pleasantly surprised and brimming with the sort of runaway horniness that has been fooled is on the cusp of being relieved, you respond with overeager gratitude, flattery and excessively loud laughter. Her brief window of kindness and flirty interest has opened your beta floodgates. You forget everything you learned and revert to the watery-eyed supplication of your puppy crushing preteen self. You push too hard for a romantic resolution, and you become outcome dependent. You know that old saying "Act like you've been there before"? Take it to heart. Chicks really do prefer men who don't get too excited by female attention. Mystery called this attitude "active disinterest", and that's as good a description as any.

Fumble In The Red Zone

Your game has been smooth as silk. She's standing with you on the sidewalk, a few kisses have transpired, and now you're faced with the very real prospect that she's ready to go home with you tonight. But the realization of this — the prospect that you may achieve your goal — freezes you. Instead of leading her to her exquisite doom with unstoppable confidence, you mumble something about maybe, possibly, seeing some band next week that you heard was good, your hands stuffed deep in your pockets. Her face slackens into disappointment. Your reward? A cavalcade of unanswered text messages and grotesque ponderings asking yourself "where did it all go wrong?".

Overplayed Hand Syndrome

Wow! She really lit up when you dropped that neg! And look how she reacts so well to your cocky teasing. You

can't believe what you're seeing. Game works!, you say to yourself. So more game must work more!, you answer in reply to yourself. You start dropping C&F on her like it's going out of style. Slowly, or maybe not so slowly, you notice she's not laughing as much, not opening her body to you, and not tilting her head to expose her vulnerable neck to you. She's turtling fast, and now she's glancing around the room. You captured her interest, and she wanted you to follow up with a deeper connection. An emotional bonding that would have added dimensions to your personality. But you responded with more of the same happy-go-lucky douchery. Game is not a hammer; it's a scalpel. Use it as such.

Say Anything Stupid Syndrome

Every man fears it: getting stuck with nothing to say. This fear issues from a place of pedestalization. "If I don't say something witty right now to break this awkward silence, I will lose her." So in his beta haste he overcompensates by spitting out a jumble of small talk at best, and vibe-killing self-deprecation at worst. When you have nothing to say, the best response is to… say nothing. Let silence be your ally. 90% of the time, a woman confronted with a man's silence will restart the conversation herself. Once she does that, the seduction script is flipped, and she becomes the chaser, uncontrollably instilling you with higher value. Women who don't restart the conversation are not invested enough in you, and you may take that as a signal to move on.

Easy Discouragement Syndrome

You've arrived. You haven't started talking to any girls yet. A cute girl sits near you with her friend. You suck in air deep, preparing to deliver your opener. As you turn to face them, you notice across the room a very good-looking guy juggling the interest of three adoring women. Discouraged, you hold your tongue and nurse your drink, alone, for the next three hours. You mumble something about game not working because you can never compete with men like that. Self-satisfied that your failures are thus justified and irredeemable, you slink home while a man who looks about like you do begins making out with a girl at a different bar in the city tonight. I hope I don't have to spell out the moral of this story.

Stubborn Refusal To Adapt Spergitude

You've just dropped an inspired DHV routine on her. But for some inexplicable reason, she hasn't responded the way you thought she would. The way so many others did. Boredom snakes across her face. You get flustered. "What do I do now??" Instead of changing course to something that might prove more fruitfully engaging for her, you continue blasting at her bunker with permutations of your nigh-invulnerable DHV story, hoping that some new way of saying this or that sentence will be the key to her heart. As an aspie beta nerd with stubborn mule tendencies, you are a victim of your emotional straitjacketing. Learn to adapt in the field by trying new things on the fly. Don't be afraid to abandon a conversational trail that has gone stale. I've seen it so many times — men who stubbornly fix to a line of thought when the girl is moving the conversation in a new direction. The best seducers are masters of opportunistic conversational hijacking, and will lead and follow a girl's train of thought simultaneously.

Apologia The Destroya

Incoming shit test! Thankfully, with your encyclopedic game knowledge, you know how to disarm it. But wait… she didn't get that faux shocked, slightly horny look on her face when you slapped down her attempt to belittle you. No, she's didn't take your reply well. Another shit test, a nastier one, flies your way. Your brain starts filling up with self-doubt and second-guessing, and instead of nimbly swiping her second shit test aside, you begin apologizing — in so many words — for your impudence. Ughh. Game over, man! You let your wimpy, trembling beta id out for a stroll in the daylight. She took one look at the poor benighted creature and her fangs and claws were bared for the kill. Expect that you will occasionally have to deal with nasty bitches with zero tolerance for weakness in men. It comes with the territory. Knowing this, you will be better prepared to avoid getting entrapped by a woman's betatization program.

It's Time For Women To Woman Up

CH · 21 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's been a lot of talk lately in the mainstream (read: leftist) media organs about the rising numbers of single moms and their bastard spawn in America, a dystopian trend to which hosts at Le Chateau were generous enough to alert the reading audience on and off over the past four years. The hand-wringing, the excusing and the rationalizing have reached a fever pitch as sob stories of tragicomic proportions litter the pages of esteemed broadsheets like the Beta Times. It's a crescendo of heartwarming, anti-male anecdotes about poor, put-upon single moms with snot machines in tow bitterly complaining about the lack of good, reliable men.

Reading this gruesome tripe, something occurs to me. Not once, not anywhere, is the point of view of the typical man in these benighted communities across America examined. Nowhere did I find a mention, even the slightest acknowledgement, of the responsibility that women bear to attract a decent man for marriage and future fatherhood. It's just assumed that men alone are the sex abdicating their societal duty, that all women need to do is show up, no matter how broken, bedraggled and burdened with bastards, and men will feel an overwhelming urge to marry these unfeminine, spiteful ogresses and provide for them. Yeah right!

Peruse any feminist or beta male columnist pontificating on the single mom + illegitimate hellion phenomenon, and the message condenses to a screech against male desire, tantamount to a lede saying "Men drop out, women and children suffering, men need to man up". Someone should acquaint this crowd with the saying "it takes two to tango".

If you want to know why men are running away from marriage, children and beta provisioning, one major reason is that the women available to these working class men are flat out disgusting. Take a look for yourself. What man of normal mental health and active libido wants to romantically woo and date, let alone marry, a beastly, waddling tatted mountain of pustulence with the issue of three other men barking and nipping at her cankles?

If you were a man with diminishing job prospects and stagnant wages thanks to mass low-skill immigration and automation, would you "man up" and "do your duty" for the sake of societal health and elite approval if the only women in your milieu are snorting megafauna hiding week-old salami in their stomach folds and eager to have you babysit their fatherless womb filth? Or would you say "fuck it", hit the XBox and apply a dollop of asshole game to score a succession of flings and one night stands with the few remaining slender babes in your neighborhood?

And let's not forget that economically empowered and government-assisted women, slaves to their hypergamous impulse for higher status mates than themselves, can't help but winnow the pool of men deemed acceptable marriage material. When women say "there are no good men left", what the astute observer hears is "there are no good men left thanks to a combination of my increased expectations and decreased attractiveness."

So instead of facing the sexual market head on and grappling with its workings, you get "family values" white knighting numbskulls like BIll Bennett, lost for anything insightful to say, berating men for abandoning those incorruptible angels known as women, and feminists like Katie Roiphe, doing what feminists divorced from reality do best, recasting single momhood and bastard spawn into a valid alternative lifestyle that we should all show more tolerance toward, and redefining standards of civilized family functioning to avoid the omnipresent gaze of the evil eye of judginess.

And there you have the crassest self-deception of the traditionalist and feminist mindset laid bare: the former refusing to understand that standards of sexual behavior are a two-way street, the latter refusing to accept that standards of sexual behavior can't be waved away to turn losers into winners.

If single momhood and bastard spawn are the blights on civilized Western society that all the data and real world observations indicate they are, then this blog's simple program to save the institution of marriage is required reading for the "experts". I'd add the following suggestions you won't see in the mainstream media to encourage marriage and the formation of two-parent households among the non-elite classes:

Women —

Lose weight. Stop being so goddamned fat. Men are more willing to provide for women who are young and slender.

Learn to use contraception. Do not get pregnant outside of marriage. Men really don't like taking on the responsibility of children not their own.

Try not to fuck around so much. Men are not enthusiastic about marrying women whose vaginas have played host to numerous cocks before them.

Government —

Stop paying women for pumping out broods of bastards. You get more of what you pay for. Let the infants die of exposure if necessary. There's nothing like the starvation death of a newborn child to clarify the mind.

Stop offering incentives to women to attend college and training classes. End all affirmative action for women. Governmental incentives like this effectively price working class men out of marriage contention.

Stop making laws that mandate companies have to accommodate pregnant women and mothers. Substituting big daddy government for beta provider men means fewer beta provider men.

"Experts" —

Relearn the valuable lesson that shame is a great motivator of human behavior. Stop normalizing the abnormal. Call a spade a spade, a bastard spawn a bastard spawn. This is the kind of hammer blow to the head that the lower classes need so that they know which life choices are good for them and which life choices are bad for them.

Do not be afraid to be judgmental. Judgment is alpha.

Self-esteem is not a virtue, it is a symptom. Get the causality straight.

Feminists —

Shoot yourselves. Seriously. You do no one but your own tender egos any good. Your semantic wordplay does nothing to thwart the inevitable reckoning.

Lords of Lies —

Start thinking about what kind of society your lies will create in the long term. That is, if you care at all.

Men —

Read this blog. If the rules won't play by you, then learn to play by your own rules.

And finally, to the factory-farmed ivory tower sociologists studying marriage trends and turning out paper after paper of half-assed hogwash: there's a whole other world out there. It's the world of men, and in that world, men's desires matter. You should think about incorporating that ugly reality into your theories.

In short, men will man up when women woman up. Because women, as the gatekeepers of sex, get the men they deserve. And, more often than not, what they deserve is what they want.

Are The Chemicals Of Modern Society Emasculating Men?

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Has anyone besides proprietors of Le Chateau noticed the gradual feminization and masculinization respectively of the men and women of the SWPL class? Something is causing the sexual polarity to reverse in Western countries among the striver set. Is it cultural? Genetic? Biological? I've previously offered some tantalizing hypotheses, but none strike me as potentially paradigm-busting and significant as the theory that chemicals in our consumerist products are to blame for the gender bending of tomorrow's leaders.

> *Findings from a new study suggest it may be your mother's dietary exposure to bisphenol A (BPA).*
>
> Galea and Barha have all my attention now. Ever since my pregancy, I have been tracking studies on BPA's subtle yet shocking effects. One of the most common chemicals in the world, bisphenol A is found in the stuff we use every day of our lives. Soup and soda cans. Water pipes. Computers. Cell phones. Thermal paper receipts. Paper money. Even some baby bottles—at least in the U.S., because they are not banned here.
>
> Much of the trouble with BPA lies in its ability to fool estrogen receptors into thinking it's estrogen. Imagine a man doesn't know that the woman he's marrying is really an alien in drag, and you have a sense of the danger here. BPA disrupts any process that estrogen normally mediates, affecting brain, body, and behavior. It also tinkers with the way genes express themselves, turning up those that would otherwise be turned off or down. BPA exposure has been linked to breast cancer, heart disease, obesity, diabetes, attention-deficit disorder, increased anxiety, a decreased IQ in children and a low sperm count in men.

Curious? Wait til you hear the ramifications that BPA has for men.

> **There is evidence that BPA emasculates males and makes them sexually undesirable.** Galea and Barha's opening lines in PSAS are tongue in cheek—they are describing a new study at the University of Missouri on the effects of BPA on deer mice—but the application to humans is implicit. Adult mice whose mothers were fed a dosage of BPA equivalent to what the USDA deems safe for pregnant women, were, well, different from other males.
>
> "One of the prominent effects of early BPA exposure is that it eliminates a number of sex differences in brain and behavior," the researchers wrote. It turned out that BPA-exposed males have impaired spatial ability (can't find their way out of a maze or to their nest, considered unattractive to females). They also suffer from decreased exploratory ability (incurious and easily lost), and overall reduced attractiveness to the opposite sex. They may even smell different from their peers—in rodents, a sign of unhealthiness. Females are disgusted.

Holy mojitos. The effluvium of hypercapitalism is neutering the Western man. And judging by the man-jawed dyke-ish freaks of femalehood now coursing through the veins of our civil institutions, it's not a stretch to think that BPA is concurrently adding chest hair to the Western woman. We may now freely speculate what this means for the future of our downward spiraling nation.

> On a population level, how might BPA affect us? Might boys in the U.S. grow up to have poorer spatial skills—and, because it's linked, weaker mathematical ability? Might they have little interest in exploring the world, preferring to hang out at home? Might our national temperament become more placid? Because BPA is lined with obesity and heart disease, will we become fatter and more sedate? And what about our sex lives?
>
> Take a look at human history through the lens of hormones, as Harvard University's Daniel Lord Smail did in his fascinating book, *On Deep History and the Brain.* Smail introduces a new view in which physiology and culture evolve symbiotically in a process driven by brain chemistry. Caffeine stimulated the body and mind, driving the industrial revolution and the modern corporation. Tobacco help us to focus and be calm. These

> substances changed the character of society. **Now we have environmental toxins such as BPA (and other hormone disruptors such as phthlates and PCBs) that may also change our culture in subtle but very real ways.**

The stereotypes of the video gaming, pasty, unmuscled nerd, the spindle-armed, mincing, passive-aggressive hipster, and the flabby, manboobed feminist suck-up mangina might have their origins in an omnipresent chemical found in, among everything else, motherboards, iPhone cases and buttplugs. Oh, the irony. And where is the chemical emasculation of men leading us? Pathological altruism, that's where. Hello, self-flagellation!

The good news is that the effects of BPA can be mitigated by a diet heavy in folic acid and B12. Think dark greens, eggs, beans and organ meats. And try cutting back on the masturbation. Full balls are hungry for release and will impel you to strongly seek out vagina. Empty, shriveled balls are the telltale sign of a "man" who proudly wears a "this is what a feminist looks like" t-shirt and pulls his micropud to a tepid, dribbling anti-climax on an hourly basis as tears stream down his face. Don't be that guy.

Why Nurses Make The Quickest Lays

CH · 23 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a good article in the Washington BetaPost written by a hospital internist who laments the growing disconnect between the reality of death and people living in atomized, urban enclaves whose affluence allows them to warehouse their elderly parents into ~~chambers of horrors~~ death's waiting rooms.

> Mass urbanization hasn't been the only thing to alienate us from the circle of life. Rising affluence has allowed us to isolate senescence. Before nursing homes, assisted-living centers and in-home nurses, grandparents, their children and their grandchildren were often living under the same roof, where everyone's struggles were plain to see. In 1850, 70 percent of white elderly adults lived with their children. By 1950, 21 percent of the overall population lived in multigenerational homes, and today that figure is only 16 percent. Sequestering our elderly keeps most of us from knowing what it's like to grow old.
>
> This physical and emotional distance becomes obvious as we make decisions that accompany life's end. Suffering is like a fire: Those who sit closest feel the most heat; a picture of a fire gives off no warmth. That's why it's typically the son or daughter who has been physically closest to an elderly parent's pain who is the most willing to let go. Sometimes an estranged family member is "flying in next week to get all this straightened out." This is usually the person who knows the least about her struggling parent's health; she'll have problems bringing her white horse as carry-on luggage. This person may think she is being driven by compassion, but a good deal of what got her on the plane was the guilt and regret of living far away and having not done any of the heavy lifting in caring for her parent.
>
> With unrealistic expectations of our ability to prolong life, with death as an unfamiliar and unnatural event, and without a realistic, tactile sense of how much a worn-out elderly patient is suffering, it's easy for patients and families to keep insisting on more tests, more medications, more procedures.

The human impulse to detach from the specter of death is strong, so it's understandable people would want to get away from it as much as possible. I have vivid memories of being escorted through an ICU ward, so heavy with the stink and sight of dying, mechanically assisted bodies contorted in pulleys and displayed in giant plastic bubbles, their lesions and bloat and sickly droop mocking the thread of life they cling to, that I nearly choke on the most fleeting recollection and search for an expedient distraction.

So I have to wonder how people who are surrounded by death all day, every day, manage the burden — families whose old, dying parents live with them, doctors who treat the husks of humans lingering in the limbo between living and the illimitable void. Most condition themselves to it, having honed a preternatural ability to sever their emotions from the constant reminders of mortality that accompany every dying person like a gloomy chaperone.

So what does this have to do with nurses and game, you ask? I have this running compendium in my hed of my lifetime lays, because of all my memories, it's the ones spent intimately with lovers I strive the hardest to keep well-formed and prevent from dissipating into the murky mists. This is my tribute to their love. Some of these sex memories are technicolor brilliant, some are romantically hazy, some curiously abstract.

Two lays in particular stick out, both with girls who were nurses. And not GP nurses. One was ER, the other worked in a children's cancer ward. They saw death, the worst kinds of death, on a daily basis. Sex with them was exuberant, unhinged even. There was little foreplay; they couldn't wait to get their clothes off and my dick inside them. One would impatiently hike her skirt up and drop her panties as soon as I walked through the door, then back up into my daggering manhood, heaving a satisfied sigh upon penetration, like a junkie who just depressed the syringe.

While it was not, qualitatively speaking, the *best* sex I've ever had, it was certainly the most frantic, and the fastest from "hi" to "slide it in". Both of these girls banged on the first dates. They were not ones for drawn-out

seduction dramas in the bedroom of the LMR variety; kisses always followed couplings.

This is what those in proximity to death do — they embrace life more fully, and part of that embracing is total sexual abandon. For what besides sex, the generation pool of life, is a bigger middle finger in the face of death? Skydiving while having sex, maybe.

One of these nurses, it should be noted, had a father who was considerably older than her mother. Almost her whole life the looming of her father's end must have surely weighed on her. Coyness was not part of her vocabulary. Hungry copulation was.

A familiarity with death might put a stop to escalating medical costs as more enlightened people choose to let their old relatives pass into the ether as part of a natural, unimpeded progression. It might reverse demographic decline seen in the form of childlessness, a condition caused in part by insulation from death's omnipresence among the privileged class which obscures revelation of their finiteness. Familiarity has other benefits: it inculcates a powerful will to live for experience, to grasp that the doorstep of death misses no one, to apprehend that the luxuries of boredom and ennui are the province of the derelict who has fooled himself to believe forever is now.

But my favorite death-accepance benefit: quick lays!

Direct Vs Indirect Street Game

CH · 24 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Street game is widely believed to be the hardest game to master (although lately it's been pretty good to me). Women are on the move, trying to get somewhere, often irritated by the day's insults and lost in their thoughts. Striding aggressively in heels and pencil skirts, the sight of the urban careerist chick motoring to her paper pushing job intimidates a lot of men. So guys who have effective pickup openers for street game are worth heeding. In that vein, I've been thinking about the advantages of direct and indirect street game.

RooshV is the most well-known proponent of indirect day game. The crux of his early game is what he calls "the ramble". You make a seemingly innocuous, nonsexual and open-ended comment to a girl and use that as a springboard to draw her into deeper conversation, eventually terminating in a number close. (It'll be next to impossible to pull a chick for sex in the middle of the day during her lunchtime stroll.)

Full disclosure: I have used Roosh's "pet shop" opener on chicks walking around outside, and I have followed up with his "When I was in X…" big bait hook, with positive results. His style of street game suits my temperament. So my opinion here is apt to be biased. Nevertheless, I try to keep an open mind about different schools of game, the most notable being the direct daytime approach. A good example of direct street game was offered by one of his commenters "Richie".

> The indirect approach (pet shop opener, ask directions) kills me. I find the inane ramblings excruciating and therefore I never want to approach.
> The direct approach is equally ridiculous. If a girl came running up to me and told me she saw me and have to come over to tell me how hot I'd was I think she was desperate and slightly unhinged. No thanks. I want to come across a smooth motherfucker not a love struck teenager. It's also awkward and puts too much pressure on both parties to say something to make the situation less embarrasing.
>
> I have found a good balance which is something inbetween the two.
>
> 1. Walk ahead of your target or cross the road then back over again so you approach from an angle.
> 2. Glance back towards her as if looking for something.
> 3. Catch her eye and do a FAKE double take
> 4. Still walking say "You have an interesting face"
> her "thanks"…
> "where you from"…
> (and take it away for as long as possible before number close)
>
> This process feels more natural, impulsive and shows you are interested in her right from the outset so asking for her number doesnt feel ridiculous after you have just asked for directions or some other indirect approach.

This sounds like it has potential, and is especially appealing because of its calculated spontaneity. "You have an interesting face", spoken from over the shoulder, is direct, but slightly backhanded, because "interesting" can mean a few different things. And it avoids the problem of running up from across a plaza and slobbering over a chick with cloying flattery, a la "You're really cute and I had to say hi."

My issue with direct street game boils down to two nagging concerns.

1. I suspect direct game works better for very good-looking men, i.e. men in the top 5-10% of looks. Direct game presents a chick with a radical choice right at the start, and cornering her like that will force her to rely on more instantly perceived judgments of your attractiveness, which means your looks and swagger. I'm having a hard time picturing ugly men pulling off direct game with any consistent success, but I would like to hear about the experiences of men who don't consider themselves good-looking who run direct street game. I think for the majority of men, the average men, indirect game gives them an opportunity to sidestep the automatic

disqualification that hot babes will often stamp on men who hit on them on the sidewalk with direct come-ons.

2. Direct game makes follow-up conversation difficult because it minimizes the opportunity for “the ramble”. This, to me, seems a major handicap of direct street game. “Where is the nearest pet shop?” opens up the conversation for hooking the girl with big bait. It allows you to veer down multiple conversational avenues, and this advantage helps men who are naturally tongue-tied when talking to cute girls (which is most men, really). Direct game, in contrast, closes off these follow-up paths. Many men will be stuck for something to say after dropping the “you have an interesting face” opener, or the “where you from?” follow-up. This goes double if the girl does not react positively and scrunches her face instead.

One more beef I have with direct game, and it’s a minor one, is the type of girl it will be most effective on. Direct game would theoretically work best on impulsive and, yes, dumber girls who better appreciate the stark boldness of an assertive man. Indirect game, with its reliance on wit, situational awareness and verbal dexterity, would work better on less impulsive, smarter girls (i.e. SWPLs) who appreciate these qualities demonstrated in men. Since my experience with direct street game is limited, I’m willing to suspend final judgment on this point. I may in fact be totally off-base about the smart girl-dumb girl dichotomy with respect to direct vs indirect approaches.

Regarding the direct gamer complaint that “girls are gonna know what you’re up to anyhow”, I don’t find this argument persuasive. Girls will know your intentions no matter WHAT type of game you use. In fact, any kind of interaction with a girl is liable to be interpreted as interest in getting her naked. So there’s no good reason to worry about her suspicions. Girls KNOW. The only question that should matter to you is HOW you want girls to know. Most girls like it when a man couches his sexual intentions in plausibly deniable flirtations and rambles.

Instead of giving you the answers you seek, I will open the floor to this question of direct and indirect street game. Readers who have experience with both methods are urged to leave their stories in the comments. Be sure to include pertinent information like your looks, smarts, style and the class of girls you normally hit on. The best contributions will be included in a future post hopefully bringing some much-needed clarity to this eternal pickup community conundrum.

Liveblogging The Oscars

CH · 26 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Haha. Psyche!

What Do Women Want? A Master

CH · 27 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asked if there were any books I could recommend that explored the psychology of women. I suggested "Story of O" and "9 1/2 Weeks". (The latter was originally a book which is much better than the movie version.)

There is a maxim among the pick-up community that if you want to know what women want it's better to watch what they do than listen to what they say. Very true. However, if you are going to listen to what a woman says for clues about her innermost desires, or read what she writes, you would do well to pay attention to what a woman says TURNS HER ON. Not what she says she wants in a hypothetical husband or boyfriend but what she specifically describes that got her horny and hungry for loving penetration. Any editorial commentary about the ideal man can be safely ignored.

The two books above, both written by women and featuring very beautiful female protagonists, are wide-open windows to the id of women's sexual natures. What we find there is shocking to most, dispiriting to some, and unsurprising to a few. Women reading these books will, despite themselves, become uncomfortably aroused. Men will discover ancient stirrings within themselves they may have thought civilization and a PC academic indoctrination stamped out.

The beatings and brandings the women in the books suffer, provoke, and then eagerly anticipate in turn are distractions from the main message, which is that the self-confidence and exquisitely suffocating domination of the male characters caused the women to fall so helplessly in love with them that the men could do anything, make any demand, and the women would happily go along just to keep their love. Some men can handle this awesome power, some can't. The man in 9 1/2 Weeks was consumed by his power as much as his lover, and it got the better of him.

These books, taken together with the real world observations of men who actually live lives like those of the men in the books, tell us what women want.

They want a man who takes charge.

A master.

Adopt the attitude of the master, and women will revert to their naturally submissive essence faster and more profoundly than you can scarcely imagine, and no amount of feminist propaganda, insulating credentials, or careerist ladder climbing will stand in the way of their joyous, even relieving, surrender to your intoxicating dominance and confidence.

Comment Of The Week: The Manufactured Alpha Male

CH · 28 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Days of Broken Arrows hits the solar plexus with his glaring insight:

> I'll take this a step further. If a man isn't around to dominate a woman, a woman will find something else to control her. Her "crazy" schedule which is always overbooked (by her). The demanding boss. Her career in general. Her pets' needs. An eating disorder. Etc.

If you've spent any time around careerist, childless SWPL chicks, you'll know how they LOVE LOVE LOVE to fill their empty lives with happy hours, wine tasting events, language and cooking classes, animal shelter volunteer work, marathon training, book club administration, birthdays, anniversaries, reunions, get-togethers discussing birthdays, anniversaries and reunions… fuck, they even set aside time to listen to their BFFs gripe about their asshole boyfriends. Their calendars are a pastiche of pastel-colored activity blocks. An unbooked schedule may as well be a black hole in her heart. The urban girl's worst nightmare is having nothing to do but be alone with her thoughts. The horror! All these ultimately useless time fillers substitute for the presence of a masterful, dominating man who would normally be the unbendable, calming force giving meaning to her life. Unfortunately, the world is teeming with beta males who can't compete with her true lord and master: the need to bitch about how much stress she's under.

Left side of the bell curve chicks find their missing lord and master in cheesy poofs and meth and bastard spawn they can enroll in toddler whore pageants.

***

YaReally gets a runner-up nod because his comment made me chuckle.

> Submissive girls like to be dominated because they're submissive. Dominant girls like to be dominated because it's so rare that a man CAN dominate them.
>
> My natural buddy and I have done some pretty fucked up things to girls both in and out of the bedroom, just to see what we can get away with. It would blow most people's minds what girls will do when you're congruent with leading them.
>
> The congruency is the key. Chicks will test to see if you're full of shit or not. But if you're congruent with being their master, to your core, the floodgates open. A big part of it is 1) understanding that women are sexual creatures and 2) not judging them for it.
>
> I have literally shit on a girl lol and that's not the worst thing I've done. It's pretty hard to take the uppity "treat me like a lady and consider my opinion" types seriously after you've crossed certain lines lol and they can sense that.

I don't think this blog will ever reach mainstream respectability as long as I continue posting stuff like this. And that's a point of pride. Winning!

Are Women Less Appreciative Than Men?

CH · 28 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The NYBetaTimes Magazine features a small infographic titled ‘Academy award winning acceptance speeches by shout-outs (since 1971)':

“Wife” is the number two most-thanked entity, thanked more often than even the director (!). The number of times a “husband” was thanked by a winner trailed in a pitiful sixth place. (If the world was fair, the screenwriters would be in third place, after the Academy and director, instead of last place. Better yet, the fans who cough up $14/ticket would be thanked most effusively.) Apparently, male winners think their wives are more responsible for their success than the writer, director, cast or agent. Well, they gotta go home to the wife.

These results aren’t a surprise. (When was the last time you met a humble or grateful attention whore? And there ain’t no bigger attention whore than an actress.) But it’s fun to speculate why female Academy award winners are so much less likely to thank husbands than male Academy award winners are to thank wives. Some reasons:

1. Although male and female awards are split evenly among the best actor and actress categories, there are plenty of awards given to technical categories that are probably dominated by men. Also, most directors have been men. So there are just more male winners overall to thank wives.

2. Women who win are (significantly?) younger than the male winners, and thus less likely to be married. Youthnbeauty is more important to an actress’s success than an actor’s.

3. Related to the above, a high status male award winner, no matter how ugly, is likelier to find a happy wife than a high status female award winner, who has priced herself out of most of the mating market. Also, ugly female award winners, despite their career status, still suffer from Kathy Bates syndrome, i.e., “why isn’t my success translating into a long-lived happy marriage?”

4. The feminist aka beta male-hating revolution kicked into high gear in 1971, so those early years were front-loaded with married (egads!) female Academy winners going out of their way to avoid thanking their husbands.

5. Women are, innately, less grateful than men. When a woman succeeds, it’s all about “me me me! look at me go!”. When a man succeeds, he feels a certain principled obligation to extend expressions of gratitude.

6. A woman who succeeds in her career can’t afford to thank her husband, because many people will presume the husband pulled strings for her, especially if he himself is powerful. A man, in contrast, can afford to thank his wife, because there is a tacit understanding among listeners that the wife really had nothing to do with his success.

It would be interesting to see this chart for the pre-1971 years, and broken down by award category. I suspect you would find more appreciative women before the SHTF.

A Short List Of Street Openers

CH · 29 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In this post about indirect vs direct street game, a discussion among the commentariat ensued which included many useful opening gambits for approaching girls on the street, in the day time. Here are the best ones. Some of these are direct (aka bold), some indirect (aka situational), some "indirect-direct" (aka flirting).

"Excuse me, I have to get to a meeting that's going to change my life, but I think you're gonna change it, too. Let me have your number, I'll call you later and we'll see if I'm right."

***

I have a friend who brings his dog to the bar. Inevitably, girls come up, start playing with the dog, and say, "He's so cute!"

What does he say?

"I don't think he likes you."

***

"It's not really polite to stare at people like that."

***

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to hit on you. Damnit, this is the last thing I needed today."

***

"Excuse me, may I tell you something?"

Don't wait for answer. "You were walking by just there with a reeeeeally serious expression on your face."

***

"YOU. Who ARE you?" (breaking rapport (accusing) tone, as if she's not supposed to be there doing whatever she's doing)
"Oh, uhh, I'm Sally?"
"Well Sally, I saw you from across the room and had to come say hello. I think we're going to have to have a million babies together."
"omg lol umm no thanks lol"
"Alright, then we'll start with coffee instead."

***

"Hey, how do I get to Place?"
"oh, umm I think it's 2 blocks that way and then turn–"
"lol I don't actually need directions. I just thought you were cute and wanted to come flirt with you. Who are you?"
"omg lol ummm Sally omg"
"I haven't seen you around here before Sally, you must be (cold read, teasing, etc.)"

***

"Hey, how do I get to Place?"
"oh, umm I think it's 2 blocks that way and then turn–"
"It sounds like you're just making that up." (accusation/teasing)
"lol no I just–"
"If you don't know, you can just say so. Why are you messing with poor lost strangers who just need help? You

MONSTER.” (teasing, accusing, cold-reading)
“omg!! lol no I’m not I was–”
“No, it’s too late, I hate you now. But I’m willing to let you make it up to me over drinks sometime. You free this weekend?” (push/pull, pushing for the close)
“well I have a boyfriend!”
“That’s okay. We’ll invite him too. Then you can give him made up directions so he gets lost and we can keep flirting.” (pushing for the close)
“omg well we’re getting married…”
“Not after we have drinks you won’t be.” (pushing for the close)
etc.

***

YOU: “How tough are the cops in this city on jaywalkers? I’ve got a long jaywalking rap sheet. Can’t afford another bust.”
HER: laughs, smirks, whatever.
YOU: “When I was in [foreign country], no one jaywalked, even when the coast was clear.”

***

As long as you’re consistently moving forward towards a direct place I think [indirect] is fine.

On a side note, If I stop a girl.. i will say something like “Excuse me…” just to measure her initial level of receptiveness. If she is smiling and seems open, direct works well since she is in a good mood.

If she looks at me in a more formal manner, or like she does not really want to talk, I would go indirect.

***

“I know this is going to sound totally random and crazy, and you probably get this from guys all the time, but… [huge pause]…what time is it?”

****

Postscript

I hate writing these types of posts because they invariably summon the dummy pantywaist hordes of “dur dur say this magic line and HB10000000s will fall in your lap” anti-gamers who never met a nuance they didn’t reconstruct into an elaborate strawman. So to head off a steamroller of stupidity, I’ll clarify a few things for them.

1. None of these lines will magically cause a woman to have sex with you. Game doesn’t work that way, despite the haters’ and femcunts’ best efforts to caricature it as such. Game is a process. It’s a fluid strategy that employs many tactics to reach the goals of sex, love or sexlovesugarmarriage.

2. Lines like these are effective because they are better than the usual boring drivel and clumsy chit chat that most men resort to when meeting women they find attractive. A girl who hears these lines as opposed to, say, “Do you live around here?”, will be more intrigued than she otherwise would be. And a woman’s intrigue is a necessary precondition to her wanting sex with you.

3. A quasi-canned, ready-to-spit opener, or opener routine, encourages men to talk to women. 99% of potential approaches never materialize because the guy thinks to himself “Damn, I have nothing to say”. Sound familiar? Having a few interesting openers in your head removes that excuse from your self-defeatism repertoire. Now you have something to say. And you’ll feel that weight of hopelessness miraculously lift off your shoulders.

Why Is Women's Happiness Declining?

CH · 1 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's been a spate of studies in recent years pointing to a general trend of declining Western female happiness, and a concomitant rise in male happiness. Self-reported happiness levels tend to go up and down rather haphazardly, but a long-term decline since the feminist devolution seems to be happening. A 2009 study called 'The Paradox of Declining Female Happiness' attempts to answer why women are unhappier today than they were in the halcyon days of the 1950s.

> The lives of women in the United States have improved over the past 35 years by many objective measures, yet we show that measures of subjective well-being indicate that women's happiness has declined both absolutely and relative to men. This decline in relative well-being is found across various datasets, measures of subjective well-being, demographic groups, and industrialized countries. Relative declines in female happiness have eroded a gender gap in happiness in which women in the 1970s reported higher subjective well-being than did men. These declines have continued and a new gender gap is emerging—one with higher subjective well-being for men.
>
> [T]trends in self-reported subjective well-being indicate that happiness has shifted toward men and away from women. This shift holds across industrialized countries regardless of whether the aggregate trend in happiness for both genders is flat, rising, or falling. In all of these cases, we see happiness rebalancing to reflect greater hap- piness for men relative to women.

The suggested reasons the study authors give follows:

> First, there may be other important socioeconomic forces that have made women worse off. A number of important macro trends have been documented: decreased social cohesion (Robert D. Putnam 2000), increased anxiety and neuroticism (Jean M. Twenge 2000), and increased household risk (Hacker 2006). While each of these trends have impacted men and women, it is possible for even apparently gender-neutral trends to have gender-biased impacts if men and women respond differently to these forces. For example, if women are more risk averse than men, then an increase in risk may lower women's utility relative to that of men.

Thanks to the patented Heartiste Naughty Boy Translator™, we can decode the above passage for the layman:

"Diversity is making women more neurotic."

> The second possibility is that broad social shifts such as those brought on by the changing role of women in society fundamentally alter what measures of subjective well-being are capturing. Over time it is likely that women are aggregating satisfaction over an increasingly larger domain set. For example, life satisfaction may have previously meant "satisfaction at home" and has increasingly come to mean some combination of "satisfaction at home" and "satisfaction at work." This averaging over many domains may lead to falling average satisfaction if it is difficult to achieve the same degree of satisfaction in multiple domains. One piece of evidence along these lines is that the correlation between happiness and marital happiness is lower for women who work compared with those who are stay at home wives, and the correlation has fallen over time for all women in our sample.

HNBT: "Women have too many goddamn expectations."

> Finally, the changes brought about through the women's movement may have decreased women's happiness. The increased opportunity to succeed in many dimensions may have led to an increased likelihood of believing that one's life is not measuring up. Similarly, women may now compare their lives to a broader

> group, including men, and find their lives more likely to come up short in this assessment. Or women may simply find the complexity and increased pressure in their modern lives to have come at the cost of happiness.

HNBT: “Contrary to feminist boilerplate, women really don’t want to spend their lives in direct competition with men climbing the corporate ladder and getting pumped and dumped until their wombs crust over like a sun-baked lake bed.”

Hope this hurts the right people!

PS: Mangan’s covered this topic as well.

Chateau Ideas Are Spreading To The Mainstream

CH · 2 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

File this report under: “Chicks dig jerks, National Review edition“.

I’m glad to see mainstream writers basically cribbing from Chateau archives. At one time, the hosts here caught a storm of runny shit from the usual dimwitted suspects over posts about Rihanna, Chris Brown, and the desire by many hot, young women for the love of rageaholic assholes. It seemed many feminists, manginas, white knights and, well, just about everyone sleepwalking through a haze of self-medicating ego prose, couldn’t stand to read the truth about women’s sexual nature. That women are often complicit in the abuse they suffer at the hands of the jerks they repeatedly, and *freely*, return to for more of their special lessons in love. So instead of meditating on the subject like *rational actors* (heh), they threw feces all over their cages, hoping a turd would fly true, which it never did, for hosts at Le Chateau are much more agile than our enemies comprehend.

There are some ideas that are simply too bowel-twisting to allow examination in the light of free inquiry. But through dint of mischievous spirit and self-amusement, Chateau Heartiste has paved the way for once-forbidden subjects to be openly discussed in widely-read publications. A crack in the liars’ edifice has opened, and sunlight is streaming through. Warm, invigorating sunlight, the kind that burns away the choking mists of self-deceit and puts a bounce in the step. One day, not too far away, the wall will crumble, and you’ll pull yourself through, walking into personal freedom on a path constructed of the pulverized lies of the old order.

It will be beautiful.

Alpha Male Of The Month

CH · 2 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Before you read this post, I want you to remember something written here many times. The alpha male is not necessarily the admirable man. The alpha male is the guy who does really well with young, hot (read: high quality) women, because women love everything about him. You may not like the character of such men, but a lot of women sure do. So redirect your blame where it rightfully belongs, if blame you must.

That said, and without further ado, behold the winner of the Alpha Male of the Month award.

For the lovelorn nerds in the audience, that's what adoration looks like. And, for that matter, that's what cocky confidence looks like. The two tend to go hand in hand in matters of the smitten heart.

The details behind this loving photo aren't exactly the stuff of after school specials (or maybe they are now?).

> Last year, Jordan Powers was just another student from Mr. Hooker's class. Now she's his live-in girlfriend.
>
> James Hooker — the 41-year-old married father who left his wife and kids for his 18-year-old-student — might be the worst teacher ever. Last week, he resigned from his job at Enochs High School in Modesto, California over the scandal that's shaken up a community and pit one mom on a crusade to save her daughter from a man she calls a "master manipulator."
>
> Jordan met her teacher as a freshman, but both maintain nothing physical happened until she turned 18 this past September. Hooker claims he saw Powers as "just a student" and had no romantic feelings toward her at first, but when her most recent birthday came around, things changed.
>
> They changed so much, in fact, that Hooker, left his wife and three kids (one of them a 17-year-old Enochs high school student as well) so that he could move in with Jordan.

It doesn't get much more ALPHA than winning the utter devotion of a hot babe half your age. For those wondering, I consider leaving your loyal wife and kids to live with a younger, hotter woman to be legitimate grounds for the wife to initiate divorce proceedings and extract some type of payment for damage inflicted. Shocking that you hear a man like me say this? Well, what this guy did was break a deal. Broken deals usually come with consequences. This is why I counsel men to avoid modern marriage altogether: it's a RAW FUCKING DEAL for men because it requires most of the sacrifice to come from the man's end of the bargain. A man has to turn his back on much more of his natural sexual predilection in the decision to commit to marriage than does a woman. Why do you think women are so eager to rush into the nuptial ~~shackles~~ bond?

The more interesting angle to this story is how it operates at the level of what I call a reverse Rorschach test. Given an unmistakable picture of an in-shape, confident man with a much younger, sexually developed woman obviously

in love with him, we get to examine in technicolor glory the psyches of people, particularly older women, whose instinct is to recoil at the sight. We get to see, essentially, an enraged, fearful mind create an inky blotch out of a clear picture.

Lets follow the cunty brick road down the article author's mindmap for an illuminating glimpse at her terrorized id thrashing violently against the bars of its cage. Note: Author is an older woman. As are the other women, besides Jordan, quoted in the article.

> If this all sounds suspicious to you…
>
> Jordan, a quiet, fragile-seeming young woman, who looks closer to 15 than 18 years in age…
>
> gazed up at her former teacher, a man that looks every bit his 41 years…
>
> Desperate for her child, Tammie has turned her own Facebook page into a "most wanted" profile for Hooker…
>
> Since the story has been picked up by national press, she's been flooded with messages of support from strangers….
>
> "Nancy's always been a victims advocate and fights for justice," Tammie wrote on Facebook. "That's the goal here, justice."

Sounds suspicious, older man must be up to no good, possibly firing mind rays into girl? Check.

Helpless, fragile **18-year-old woman** who could be mistaken, if you stare hard enough through a gauzy filter, for a prepubescent girl with no boobs, hips or ass? Check.

Man therefore a creepy pedophile? Check.

41-year-old man looks his age so why isn't he dating women like me? Check.

Mother desperate for her legally adult "child"? Check.

Insinuation that man should be on a Most Wanted List? Check.

Armies of women circling the wagons around mother, shaming man into ostracizing himself? Check.

Older man in a loving relationship (and, yes, you bet it's loving) with younger woman now a matter of "justice" and "victims"? Check.

Oh, my sides! These are the pretty lies older women tell themselves to calm the fear and terror inspired by their sexual obsolescence. It's so obvious to anyone with the eyes to see: the craving for a world that is aligned with older women's **fragile, helpless** egos, a craving so powerful that rivers of deceit, distortion and defamation spill from their lips and pens in an effort to obscure the dread, dark reality. And that reality is this–

Every older husband — every fucking one of them — is turned on by the sight of hot women half his wife's age. He imagines scenarios… transactions… with these younger babes, thrillingly vivid and the stuff of older wives' nightmares, and no amount of religious upbringing, tortured self-abnegation, hypocrisy or womanly shaming will cleanse his mind of these delicious thoughts.

Most men don't act on these thoughts, because most men don't have the option to act on them. But some do. If they are smart, they mouth feminist platitudes to distract the loser brigade while nailing the ass of some fine buxom coed. Just ask Hugo Schwyzer.

Update

I find it funny that the mother of the young woman is attempting to smear the guy by pointing to texts he sent her just before she turned 18. That kind of charade puts the lie to the intentions behind age of consent laws. It's ridiculous to insinuate, as this mom is doing, that her little girl was a radically different woman incapable of making decisions for herself just a few months before she turned 18. The mother is appealing to a legalistic, arbitrary age

demarcation — in this case communication that occurred only a few months on the “wrong” side of the law — as proof that Hooker is a pedophile in all but the clinical definition. I understand the mother’s fury, but her actions do nothing but discredit the real impetus behind AOC laws: to protect sexually undeveloped children from the predations of real pedophiles.

Relatedly, almost every scientific study I’ve seen has concluded that girls mature earlier than boys on a whole host of emotional and physical metrics. An 18 year old woman is more capable of choosing to be the lover of a 41 year old man than an 18 year old man is capable of choosing to go to war.

Apparently, the mother is a single mom. The girl grew up with no father. Well… wadaya expect? The odds that the daughters and sons of single moms grow up to be sluts and delinquents respectively are higher than they would be had they grown up in two-parent homes. The usual caveats about causality implied, I think most everyone, including the experts, agree that a mom+dad is better for kids than a mom alone. In that spirit, a vigorous public shaming of single moms is *good for the children*. So…

you suck, single moms! Way to be bad mothers!

The Pussification Of American Men

CH · 2 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I expect the internet to be filled with dweebs lacking life experience, but the sheer number of them sometimes throws me for a loop. Case in point: the torrent of men, mostly American, who desperately cling to the idea that women only care about a man's looks, and if you don't look good, you may as well join a monastery.

This tells me one thing: American men have become pussies of the moistest magnitude. A loser attitude like the one above is all the evidence I need that men like this rarely, if ever, approach women and interact with them in a manly manner. Otherwise, they would know better.

Sure, you can throw up your arms along with the majority of men and just sit around waiting for that one girl in a million who will appreciate your average looks. Maybe you get lucky and find her in a month; or maybe you go ten years in the celibate wilderness. Either way, you have abdicated any responsibility for your love life. That makes you a pussy.

For if there's one thing you quickly learn by not being a pussy with women, it's that women are less concerned with a man's looks than they are with his personality. Start interacting with women in a dominant, charming way, and you discover that women respond sexually — yes, sexually! — to your vibe. They begin to like you, and think about you, and then sometimes even fall in love with you. But to get there, you have to stop being a pussy. You have to go up to women and talk to them, and keep talking to them, preferably in the right way, the way that women like, and success with them will stop being a crapshoot. It will be a result of your initiative and your boldness.

Five Minutes Of 18-Year-Old Snatch

CH · 5 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #101: For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.

The importance of the above maxim can't be overstated. The way to a woman's heart is through her id.

There's a male analogue as well.

Maxim #102: For most men, five minutes of a younger, hotter woman beats five years of older, uglier women.

Younger women are, barring a few conspicuous exceptions, better looking, better smelling and better feeling than older women. Career goals not achieved to the contrary notwithstanding, younger women are alpha females. The man who has tasted the succulent flesh of an 18 year old cutie will never again look at, or feel toward, older women with the same excitement, urgency or romanticism. He has been corrupted. His memories, lucid, almost palpable, of intimacies with younger women, will dominate. Five minutes in bed with a young babe will linger longer in his cortical penis extension than five years with an assortment of older women.

James Hooker has doomed himself. But it's a doom that most men would welcome with open arms, if they could. His relationship — loving, tender, sexual — with an 18 year old babe means, should he find himself single again, that few women his age will satisfy him the way his current younger lover does. An older woman Hooker's age who wants to extract commitment from him, or even a simulacra of lovingkindness, is going to have her work cut out for her. A man's memory of an 18-year-old is a more powerful competitor to her than the attentions of real live women her own age.

Men like Hooker, men who have experience bedding younger women, and whose libidos are rocket fueled by powerful memories of young woman love, if they are single, go blankly into that dating field of cougars and cynical spinsters, depressed over the substandard offerings, forever seeking to recapture the intensely pleasurable magic of their time with their lithe lolitas. Their sheer disgust at the socially approved alternatives, and their unbreakable confidence at having inspired the love of much younger women, will help propel them back into the arms of charming coeds. They are men on a mission, and they won't be stopped, not even by marriage.

Men like this live by one rule: if the cunnilingus feels like a chore, she's too old.

As a one night stand with an alpha male can skew a woman's expectations for life, so can a fling with an 18-year-old hottie skew a man's expectations for life. But there is a critical difference in the sexes regarding expectation levels. It requires little effort for an average-looking woman to spread her legs and permit an alpha male to dump a fuck in her; for men are, on the whole, the less discriminating sex, and will rarely pass up easy lays with normal-sized women when they are offered. A woman's ego, inflated from birth, will mistakenly regard the alpha's fly-by-night attentions as validation of her relationship worthiness to men of his caliber. She will, in time, learn a bitter lesson.

In contrast, it requires yeoman effort, whether through the accumulation of wealth and status or through charm and dominance, for an average-looking older man to persuade an 18-year-old babe to relinquish her sex to him. This effort and resulting success is evidence that he has what it takes to consistently attract younger women and have relationships with them. When in the company of younger women, his mate value is self-evident. Thus, such a man's expectations are more in line with reality than are the slutty woman's expectations whose value is rightly measured not by how much cock she can hoover, but by how many high value men she can convince to stick around and fall in love with her.

Nevertheless, a continent full of average-looking, non-obese women riding the alpha cock carousel for stretches of their lives, and older men openly ignoring women their age to pursue their desire for the company of younger women, means an end to mutually nourishing beta male-slender female relationships and societally stabler older male-older female pairings. This is probably not going to turn out well for a monogamy-based modern civilization

like ours, but it seems the rule that civilizations in the final spasms of decay revert to more primal norms of self-actualizing sexual and romantic fulfillment.

As always, I'll be poolside.

Corollary to Maxim #102: A beautiful, slender older woman will be a better lay than a plain, fatter younger woman.

This corollary has more relevance today than it would have in the past, because enormous numbers of what would normally be very fuckable young babes have put themselves out of contention by getting fat and gross. Thanks to the Western obesity epidemic, there is a glimmer of hope for the yoga-toned 35-year-old who retains the feminine charms of her younger self. Chin up, ladies, and keep praying that your younger rivals gorge themselves on artisanal cupcakes and 150gram sugar-infused coffee drinks!

The Menstrual Shift To Beta Males

CH · 6 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

SUWEE protests:

> Women don't seem like they are genuinely attracted to beta males when they aren't ovulating. At best they are just nonchalant toward them, and only seem to want a long term relationship with them for a chance to cheat with the alpha and have the chump beta raise the kid. Women seem to think like this- "Ugh im not attracted to this stupid beta but ill let him hit it once in a while if he provides for me and my bastard spawn."

It's best to think of alpha and beta males, and women's mismatched desire for each, as residing along a continuum, rather than as discrete variables. When I explain that during the three weeks a woman is not ovulating (and especially during her menstruation) her desire is shifted toward beta provider males, I don't mean she is suddenly going to be attracted to the opposite of the alpha males she craves when egging out. Instead, I mean she will become more indulgent of men who are *somewhat more beta* than the last alpha male she banged, or wished to bang, when she was ovulating.

To put this in the simplest terms possible, a woman who is hot enough to bang greater alphas will subconsciously gravitate to lesser alphas as her ovaries power down for three weeks. A plain jane who makes herself receptive to greater betas when ovulating will subconsciously begin to warm to the attentions of lesser betas reading her poetry after her hormones stabilize post-ovulation.

So, no, SUWEE, beta males are not going to suddenly see action for three weeks with the women who aren't ovulating. What they might see is more receptiveness — more openness — to their sloppy, guileless flirtations from those women.

As far as cuckolding goes, my advice, if you're worried about that threat, is to cheek swab any tiny gift of god under dark of night and send it to a lab for verification. In the meantime, enjoy your two or three tepid bangs during the three weeks you are reasonably safe from the depredations of your sweet girlfriend's behavioral modification egg assault and any interloper alpha males who might be conveniently available to her. No, you won't ever get her to scream *"choke the living shit out of me and plunge your divine cock into my tight puckered asshole as far as it'll go until I'm bleeding tears of exquisite pain ps I saved my incredibly lubricated pussy all for you"* like Olivia Munn, but at least you get to wrap up your two minute tenderly administered intimacy sessions scraping your beta peen along her dry vagina walls with twenty minute cuddleramas and a bloated chickflix queue.

Just try not to think about the torrid sexual abandon your sweet snoogumwoogums is capable of unleashing in bed, in the kitchen, in a public restroom, with a better man for that one week her womb can actually bear fruit. Those kinds of thoughts are not helpful to affordable family formation.

The Other Three Weeks

CH · 6 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Game blogs typically focus on aloof alpha game (AAG) that creates and exploits value differentials because it is the form of game that is most poorly understood by the masses of beta males and it is the game with the most untapped potential to quickly and powerfully build an attraction and bond with women, particularly the hot younger women who are most highly prized by men. But there is another aspect of game that is often left under-explored by pickup artists yet is almost as vital to fun, healthy, emotionally fulfilling relationships with women.

I speak of beta reassurance game.

There are perfectly understandable reasons why beta reassurance game (BRG: I will be using nerdy acronyms in this post because I don't feel like typing out the full terms over and over. Get used to it.) is overlooked:

1. In the early, critical stages of seduction, women respond more viscerally to AAG than to BRG. In fact, unleashing BRG too early will hurt your chances with desirable women, who have more than their share of lickspittle betas doting on them.

2. It's easy to lose a woman's sexual interest with too little AAG, as opposed to BRG where too much will turn a woman off. Therefore, the pickup artist's reaction to this reality is to place more emphasis on AAG at the expense of BRG, since there is a higher risk of not doing enough AAG than there is of doing too much BRG. (The converse — too much AAG or too little BRG — can also turn a woman off, but that dynamic is less pronounced and likelier to occur later in a relationship, after sexual access has been secured.)

3. Most men are beta males by nature, so the core concepts of BRG come to them as naturally as breathing. The concepts underlying AAG are understood by fewer men, so the market for learning AAG is bigger.

4. Most men, especially younger men, who want to do better with women are less interested in the demands of long term relationships than they are in sexual satisfaction. AAG is more applicable to getting laid than it is to the formation and maintenance of LTRs (though by no means is it unimportant to the latter!)

Anyhow, that's a short list of the reasons why AAG dominates most game discussions. Yet, if we were to carefully plot the trajectories of dying relationships and marriages, a not inconsiderable number of them would have failed because the man distanced himself emotionally or provided insufficient reassurances of emotional fidelity to his woman. The upper crust wife who has a torrid affair with the poolboy because her rich hubby is ignoring her is a stereotype for a reason.

Therefore, it is in your interest as a man to learn and master the chivalric arts of beta provisioning game (without actually providing much materially) as religiously as you train yourself in the dark arts of AAG. A woman in love is aroused both by your dimorphic demonic alphatude and by your crazystickygluey emotional closeness and dependability. The trick is the degree to which you emphasize interchangeability and intimacy.

You say this sounds funny coming from a guy like me? Well, you obviously haven't been reading closely enough.

In general, for most men, AAG should have primacy over BRG at all stages of pair bonding. BRG is the coin of the realm. It is devalued by debt peonage, unshackled female hypergamy and cultural propagandism. AAG is the dusty tome in the attic the keepers of the social order hope you never find. Unless you are a top 20% alpha male, your problem will likely be a risk of smothering women with too much BRG.

So consider this post directed at alpha males with intimacy (aka desire for pussy variety) issues. But beta males have problems in this area as well. Specifically, I'm thinking of the sort of spergy beta who lacks the intuitive grasp of women's full panoply of needs, and struggles to summon spontaneous romantic gestures that help cement relationship bonds. Then there is the beta who has tasted the sweet success of seducing women into bed, and overshoots, neglecting the value of the long-term soft sell.

Because, keep in mind, there are three weeks out of every month when women don't ovulate and get horny for alpha male seed. That's 75% of a woman's reproductive life (~15 years) when beta males have a shot. Looked at that way, betas running beta provider game have a leg up on alphas running nothing but aloof and indifferent cad game.

Of course, it's not quite that simple, but you get the idea. BRG is as legit a form of seduction as AAG.

Yes, women are secretly turned on by men who cheat on them or who intimate that they are cheating on them, but women also like thoughtful romantic gifts, gazing at starlight together, dinners out with other couples and shopping in tandem for scented candles. It is a woman's greatest curse and an inexperienced man's greatest aggravation that she should have these two opposing desires within her pulling her apart at the seams. The god of biomechanics is a mischievous prankster fuck.

So, in that spirit, here follows a few off-the-cuff guidelines to refine your BRG.

– Inexpensive gifts that signal you know something about a girlfriend are far better than expensive gifts that signal nothing but how much money you're willing to spend on her.

– Spontaneous romance beats obligated romance every time.

– Chicks dig little notes. The littler and sweeter, the better. Hide them around the house in spots she'll eventually find them for maximum effect.

– Be nice to her cat when she's looking.

– Chivalry is OK if you're doing it for a long-term GF, and it doesn't cramp your style. Take the seat in the traffic lane in restaurants. Walk streetside when out with her.

– It's OK to buy a girl a drink on a first or second date. It's a small act of capitulation to the dominant social memeplex that saves you unnecessary headaches. NOTE: Do NOT buy a girl you JUST met a drink. Drinks should never be used to bribe a girl's attention.

– Leaven your cocky pickup game with vulnerability game. An anecdote about some small, inconsequential weakness, optimally drawn from your childhood, will activate her "I'm feeling a deep connection with this guy" swoon reflex. Pay heed to the handicap principle. The best alphas can afford charming admissions of quasi-weakness. Contrast is king.

– Cold reading is a critical BRG tactic. Master it.

– Strong beta provider game that doesn't require much monetary investment or undignified appeasement includes choosing her meal for her at a restaurant, getting her into the VIP line at clubs, tactically mentioning something innocuous you remember about her ("You should like this bar. It's decorated in your favorite color."), holding hands (your hand on top!), planning dates with real activities that are more than just excuses to get her inebriated and sexually defenseless, and remarking that she's "winning you over" when she does something awkward or clumsy.

– All BRG rests on a foundation of alpha self-possession. There should never be even a hint of desperation or last-minute-strategizing in BRG. It should flow as smoothly and unpretentiously as AAG.

– Spend a lot of time with her. This is really the heart and soul of BRG. More time with her means less time potentially chasing other women.

Final thought: the amount of BRG you drop should be directly proportional to the interest you have in a girl as girlfriend material. If she's a one night stand, you hardly need more than an hour or two sitting close to her on a sofa and practicing non-evaluative listening. If she's a wifey prospect, you'd better get good at remembering her birthday and the time, temperature and cast of moonlight on the night when you first kissed.

Punishing Single Momhood

CH · 7 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Libertardian sends along this link to a story about a Wisconsin Senator who introduced a bill that amounts to a massive social shaming campaign against single moms.

> Wisconsin Bill Claims Single Moms Cause Child Abuse by Not Being Married
>
> In Wisconsin, a state senator has introduced a bill aimed at penalizing single mothers by calling their unmarried status a contributing factor in child abuse and neglect.
>
> Senate Bill 507, introduced by Republican Senator Glenn Grothman, moves to amend existing state law by "requiring the Child Abuse and Neglect Prevention Board to emphasize nonmarital parenthood as a contributing factor to child abuse and neglect.
>
> The bill would require educational and public awareness campaigns held by the board to emphasize that not being married is abusive and neglectful of children, and to underscore "the role of fathers in the primary prevention of child abuse and neglect."

I approve of this bill. If socially shaming women to the point that even one of them avoids becoming a single mom by choice and burdening society will her illegitimate hellion spawn, then it has done far more good for the nation as well as the individual woman than all the trillions spent on leftist wishful thinking, non-judgmentalist programs over the past 50 years.

The facts are out there, for anyone willing to listen. Children do best with a mother and a father. The growing ranks of single moms are creating a degenerate horde of emotionally and mentally destitute orclings, and we — all of us — will pay the price, sooner rather than later. Count on it.

> Grothman is also the sponsor of Wisconsin State Bill 202, which would repeal the state's Equal Pay Enforcement Act. Last year he claimed in an essay that the "Left and the social welfare establishment want children born out of wedlock because they are far more likely to be dependent on the government."
>
> In "How The United States and The State of Wisconsin Are Working to Encourage Single Motherhood and Discouraging Children in 2-Parent Families," he wrote that the government urges women not to get married by making programs like low-income housing assistance, school choice, WIC, tax credits, and food stamps more attractive than marriage.

Sen Grothman: realtalker. If I didn't know any better, I'd think the good senator has been perusing the Chateau archives.

> His solution? Restrict the types of foods that can be purchased with food stamps, make Section 8 housing more cramped and limit the value of assets owned living there to $2,000, and eliminate school choice, among other things. "It is inexcusable that a single mother making $15,000 gets her kid out of the Milwaukee Public Schools but a married couple earning $50,000 is stuck in the public schools," he wrote. "It is also somewhat outrageous that some married couples feel they can only afford one or two children in part because they are paying excessive taxes to provide programs for someone else to have four or five children.

This guy's policies make so much sense it's like a cleansing blast of mountain cooled breezes through marshy, addled skulls. Godspeed, Grothman. Do not go defensively into that morning light. Stay the course.

Naturally, the lefties who run the joint are three faulty synapses from a mass epileptic seizure. Case in point: the female """impartial Yahoo! journalist""" can't finish writing the story without snarling about Grothman's own

childlessness as some sort of proof positive cunt whistle for the dumbass brigade.

> Saying that people “make fun of old-fashioned families,” Grothman — who has never been married and has no children — criticized social workers for not agreeing that children should only be raised by two married biological parents

Oh, the snark! It’s so delicious, isn’t it? Grothman has no kids! He’s unmarried! Secret decoder ring says: what the hell does he know about single moms?! After your bout of ironic SWPL chortling where you get your feelgood fix remotely lording it over the rubes in flyover country, you may want to examine the raft of logical fallacies in your thinking. Here’s a starting point: you don’t have to be burned alive by non-hateful merry pranksters to know that it’ll hurt.

Libertardian comments:

> This strikes me as aiming at the effect (single motherhood) rather than the cause (i.e. society’s unshackling of female hypergamy).

You take your policy improvements where you can get them. The root cause is unshackled female hypergamy, but a policy aimed at shaming one of the symptoms — in this case, single momhood — will do some good as well. Call it the broken persons theory of social policymaking. You fix immediate problems at the margins by shaming individual bad behavior and in time the bigger, mass scaled dominoes begin to fall. At any rate, it’s a better plan than the total cultural immolation we’re currently experiencing.

Of course, some exceptions to the social shaming program will have to be made. For instance, widows with children are not single moms, and shouldn’t be lumped in under that label. The shaming should target those women who choose to have kids outside of marriage and those unmarried women who shack up with unreliable jerks and act all surprised when the jerk heads for the hills after a kid is born. In other words, shame the women who make bad choices, not the women who are stuck in unexpected bad situations through no fault of their own.

Note that a social shaming program against single moms would work regardless of the precise correlations between single momhood and dysfunctional bastards. In what I generously refer to as the Jason Malloy theory of genetically inherited Bad Lifestyle Choosing (he is the occasional web commenter who drops gems of insight in cutting edge blog comments sections) — a theory which holds that the dysfunction of single moms’ kids is due to the kids inheriting the awful genetic predispositions of their trashy parents — the effect of shaming would work at the genetic level as well as the social level. Women with a jagged genetic suite that inclines them to be single moms would be shamed into avoiding pregnancy outside of marriage, and thus refrain from having kids altogether and passing on their shit genes (eugenics, yay!) or would be impelled to choose a marriage-minded mate more wisely given the social strictures against out-of-wedlock childbirth and lack of governmental support for their chosen path.

Either way you cut it — whether the dysfunction is predominantly genetic, environmental, or both — the act of shaming women away from the single momhood cesspit and cutting off the flow of their financial lifelines is good for the women, good for America, and good for Western civilization. And most importantly… it’s *good for the children*. Especially those children who have evaded the misfortune of being born to selfish single moms.

The Aloof Alpha Attitude Explained

CH · 8 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Anytime I define the central attitude of the alpha male as 'aloof and indifferent', a chorus of ~~trolls~~ ~~confused dweebs~~ ~~semantics nerds~~ sincere readers wants to know if that means they should stand in a corner manfully ignoring girls until a girl falls in love with them.

Instead of allowing myself to get sucked into a nerdgasmic duel over definitions, I'll just quote one of the best characters from pop culture history. This is all the definition of the aloof alpha attitude you need.

> The attitude dictates that you don't care whether she comes, stays, lays, or prays. I mean whatever happens, your toes are still tappin'. Now when you got that, then you have the attitude.

AKA outcome independence. Aloof doesn't mean silence. It means unconcern for women's reactions. Nonchalance. Which is not the same as avoiding any romantically-charged, sexually-escalating interaction with women.

Five purple saguaros to the first commenter who can describe the 'Five Point Plan.'

Is Finger Length Ratio Evidence Of A Woman's Fidelity?

CH · 9 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a very thorough and illuminating study into digit ratio (a subject previously covered on this blog) that adds a new angle: the relation of female to male digit ratio by ethnicity, and what it could mean about current human evolution. The study's findings also have some interesting implications for pickup and game, and for male and female reproductive success and health in general.

This is a Big Info post, so I suggest you read the study at the link provided to get the full impact of its conclusions. Bonus: your diligence will help keep the comments free of non sequitur-ish clutter. To keep things straight in your head, it helps to remember that low digit ratio (a shorter index finger than ring finger) corresponds to exposure to higher levels of testosterone in the womb, and a high digit ratio corresponds to higher estrogen exposure in the womb. Prenatal hormone exposure influences the development of the brain, and thus the personality and behavioral inclinations of the adult.

> The 2nd:4th digit ratio, sexual dimorphism, population differences, and reproductive success: evidence for sexually antagonistic genes? […]
>
> We report data on the following. (a) reproductive success and 2D:4D from England, Germany, Spain, Hungary (ethnic Hungarians and Gypsy subjects), Poland, and Jamaica (women only). Significant negative associations were found between 2D:4D in men and reproductive success in the English and Spanish samples and significant positive relationships between 2D:4D in women and reproductive success in the English, German, and Hungarian samples. The English sample also showed that married women had higher 2D:4D ratios than unmarried women, suggesting male choice for a correlate of high ratio in women, and that a female 2D:4D ratio greater than male 2D:4D predicted high reproductive success within couples. Comparison of 2D:4D ratios of 62 father:child pairs gave a significant positive relationship. This suggested that genes inherited from the father had some influence on the formation of the 2D:4D ratio. Waist:hip ratio in a sample of English and Jamaican women was negatively related to 2D:4D. (b) Sex and population differences in mean 2D:4D in samples from England, Germany, Spain, Hungary (including ethnic Hungarians and Gypsy subjects), Poland, Jamaica, Finland, and South Africa (a Zulu sample). Significant sex and population differences in mean 2D:4D were apparent.
>
> It has been known for some time that the ratio between the length of the 2nd and 4th digits (2D:4D) is a sexually dimorphic trait (Baker, 1888; George, 1930). In general, mean 2D:4D has been found to be lower in men compared to women (Phelps, 1952). The differentiation of the digits is under the control of Homeobox or *Hox* genes (the posterior-most *Hoxd* and *Hoxa* genes), which also control the differentiation of the testes and ovaries (Peichel et al., 1997; Herault et al., 1997).

Some people don't like it when I use the term biomechanics in discussions of love and sex and men and women. They complain it's *reductionist*, that I'm somehow violating a cosmic rule by analyzing the component parts of relationship dynamics and the sexes. I think studies like this must give them the hives, for every time one of these babies drops in the lap of intellectual debate, my reductionist worldview is further confirmed. Hey, I love poetry and starlight gazing and flutters of the heart as much as the next romantic sucker, and happily wallow in it, but I also love the truth. Especially when it has real world implications for my own life.

> A correlate of maternal levels of testosterone and estrogen is waist:hip ratio (WHR). Women with low ratios have low testosterone and high estrogen, while women with high WHR have high testosterone and low estrogen (Evans et al., 1983). The WHR of women has in turn been found to correlate with the 2D:4D ratio of their children, i.e., women with low WHR have male and female children with high 2D:4D, and mothers with high WHR have low 2D:4D ratio children of both sexes (Manning et al., 1999). We argue that 2D:4D may be a

> marker for sexually antagonistic genes (Rice, 1996a, 1996b; Rice and Holland, 1997) that exert their effects prenatally.

I'm building up to a blockbuster hypothesis, so read the above again. Women with low WHRs, (that is, women with sexy hourglass figures) give birth to boys and girls with more feminine digit ratios — they pass their femininity on to their kids of either sex — and women with high WHRs (more boyish figures) give birth to more masculine sons and daughters. Scientists refer to this prenatal process as the actions of sexually antagonistic genes, meaning genes that are good for sons are bad for daughters, and vice versa.

> On the one hand, low 2D:4D may indicate prenatal exposure to high testosterone and low estrogen levels, a situation that enhances fertility in males but reduces it in females. On the other hand, high 2D:4D ratios may correlate prenatally with low testosterone and high estrogen and be associated with low fertility in males and high [fertility] in females.

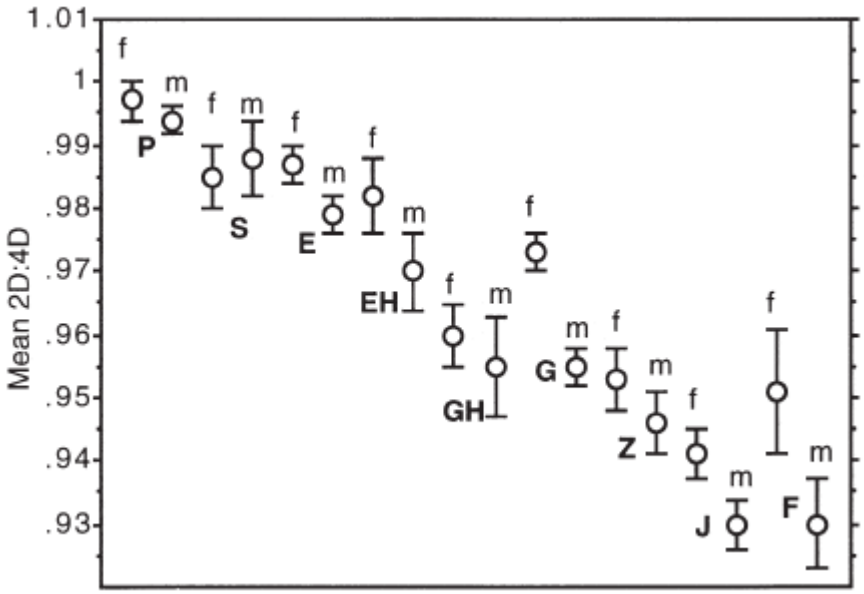
Digit ratio means something. It has real ramifications for your reproductive success, if this study is on the right track. Naturally, men and women don't go around examining each others' hands for mate suitability. Rather, we are attuned to more conspicuous behavioral and physical characteristics which act as a proxy for the genes that influence mate value and, by extension, digit ratio.

(Though it should be noted that there is such a thing as objectively appealing feminine and masculine hands. "Manhands" — hi Sandy! — are unattractive to most men, and strong bear claw hands on men are attractive to most women.)

I'm going to skip through a lot of tables and analysis on marriage rates, fecundity and digit ratio to get to the game-relevant meat of this study. (If you're interested, some data I'm passing over for discussion include the results that male digit ratio had no effect on male marriage rate, but female digit ratio did have an effect — women with higher ratios (more feminine) were more likely to get married. Fecundity — large family size — was also positively correlated to high female digit ratio and low male digit ratio.)

> We do not argue that the 2D:4D ratio is important mechanistically or as a display trait in mate choice. Most probably it affords us a window into prenatal hormonal conditions. […]
>
> Our results indicate significant differences in mean 2D:4D between populations and confirm that the trait is sexually dimorphic. There was also a trend for 2D:4D to be negatively related to reproductive success in males (the English and Spanish samples) and positively in females (the English, German, and Hungarian Caucasian and Gypsy samples). There are many cultural and biological factors that intervene between fertility and reproductive success. Perhaps the most important is the fertility of the long-term partner. In an English sample we found high reproductive success in partnerships in which the male had lower 2D:4D than his partner and low reproductive success when 2D:4D was higher than that of his partner. When English and Jamaican data were pooled, there was some evidence of a weak negative association between WHR and 2D:4D in women. […]
>
> The 2D:4D ratio is negatively related to testosterone and to sperm numbers (Manning et al., 1998). Our Finnish sample had very low male 2D:4D, and it is known that Finnish men have sperm counts that are nearly double that of men worldwide (Suominen and Vierula, 1993; Vierula et al., 1996).

Go Finns! The intra- and interethnic and interracial comparisons of 2D:4D digit ratio in men and women are the most interesting part of this study. The graph below is chock full of potential insights into ethnic differences in sexual behavior.



Poles of both sexes (on the far left) have the highest overall digit ratios in this sample, and Finnish men (far right) the lowest. Poles also show the least within-sex variance in ratios, and Finns and Hungarians the most. Intersex comparisons show that Polish women and men have nearly identical digit ratios and variance, and Finnish women are significantly more feminine relative to their male co-ethnics. Steady on, because this is leading to something.

> We suggest the following model. Consider a man who has had high testosterone and low estrogen exposure *in utero*, i.e., he has a low 2D:4D ratio. It would be of advantage to him if his sons shared these characters. They may therefore make many grandchildren to him. However, what of his daughters? High testosterone and low estrogen could compromise the development of their reproductive system and therefore reduce their fitness. Similarly, a woman with low testosterone and high prenatal exposure to estrogen may produce fertile daughters but low-fertility sons. In such a situation, modifiers of genes controlling sex-limited prenatal testosterone and estrogen exposure may arise and spread. Eventually, we may expect complete sex dependence to characterize the expression of genes that influence prenatal hormonal levels.
>
> The distribution of the 2D:4D ratio shows a high degree of overlap between males and females. This suggests that sex-limited expression is incomplete. Why is this so? Sex limitation is a complex adaptation, involving the evolution of sex-specific regulatory sequences (Rice, 1996a). It will therefore evolve slowly.

The fact that male-female digit ratios for many ethnic populations overlap and thus disadvantage the opposite sex children of the dominant gene expression suggests, tantalizingly, that evolution on these sex-dependent genes is in *an incomplete stage*. That is, we humans are a sputtering work in progress, and our current beta testing blueprint is rife with bugs and unintended algorithms. In his image, my ass.

Now we may begin the impolite hypothesizing. Are Finns, by virtue of their non-overlapping intersex digit ratios, a more evolved race than Poles? Not so fast. The study authors offer an alternative explanation to incomplete evolution.

> However, other things being equal, it will eventually evolve. So do we simply need more time or are there other factors operating here? One possibility is the occurence of cycles of intragenomic conflict. Males, because they produce low-cost sperm, are able to fertilize many eggs. Females, because they produce high-cost ova, are limited to smaller numbers of offspring. In populations with polygyny or frequent extra-pair copulations (EPCs), the variance of male reproductive success is high. That is, a small proportion of successful males may fertilize a high proportion of eggs. When strict monogamy is practiced by most females, the variance in male reproductive success is similar to that of females. In such a situation, polygyny or EPCs may be a successful female strategy if there is substantial heritable variance in male fitness. If there is little such variance, female

> monogamy would be favored.
>
> Suppose there are two loci controlling *in utero* hormonal exposure: one influencing testosterone levels and the other estrogen. A mutation arises at the testoster- one locus of a male, which increases *in utero* exposure. He has high testosterone levels and sperm counts, and these traits are passed on to his sons. However, because sex limitation is incomplete, his daughters have reduced fertility. The existence of such a male or small numbers of such males increases the variance in male fitness and favors a polygynous or EPC strategy in females. The high testosterone mutation will spread and with it the frequency of polygyny or EPCs. However, as the mutation becomes common, the variance in male fitness declines and females switch to increasing frequencies of monogamy. Now conditions favor the spread of a mutation at the estrogen locus, which increases *in utero* estrogen exposure. Alternating cycles of high prenatal testosterone and high prenatal estrogen will ccur. This is interlocus coevolution of sexually anagonistic genes. Such coevolution has the characteristics of the Red Queen process (Rice and Holland, 1997). Sexually antagonistic genes should affect fertility and, because of population cycles, may be at different frequencies in different populations. In populations with high prenatal exposure to testosterone in both males and females, there may be substantial differences in the variance in male and female reproductive success.
>
> A negative relationship between 2D:4D and offspring number would be expected in males and a positive association in females. In addition, there will be selective pressure for the accumulation of modifiers that cause sex-limited expression. A population that is highly estrogenized *in utero* would have no marked difference in variance of male and female repro- ductive success, no strong correlation between 2D:4D ratio and offspring number, and little selective pressure for sex-limited expression of prenatal genes.

There is little variance in Polish male fitness, as judged by their tight gradient digit ratios. Or, to put it another way, Poland is filled with beta males and not too many omegas or alpha male cads. Poland is a place where female monogamy is favored. The fact that Polish men also have relatively high digit ratios suggests that the men are, like their women, more favorable to monogamy.

Now compare that to Finns. Finnish men have a lot of variance in digit ratio, and a very low (masculinized) overall ratio. We can then surmise that Finland is filled with a wide variety of men (relative to their population), from omegas to betas to alphas, who are, nonetheless, more masculine than men from most other ethnic backgrounds. Finnish women would be open to alpha cad flings, cheating and using betas as emotional tampons. Presumably, some Finnish men would be glad to oblige. Both sexes would be less disposed to monogamy.

That is, at least, what a digit ratio hypothesis into sexual behavior differences would tell us. Is it true?

Roosh recently wrote a post about how the Polish women in Poland were much more open to “beta male game” than American women are. He said Polish chicks loved being courted in the traditional sense, didn’t play “I’m the princess, here” games, and were inclined to long term relationships. His experience in Poland precisely matches my experience with Polish chicks. They really are sweeter, more feminine and less interested in short term flings than women from other backgrounds.

And both our experiences with Polish chicks corroborate digit ratio analysis; the high overall digit ratio and low intrasex digit ratio variance of Polish girls predisposes them to LTRs and preferring the company of more attentive, “traditional” men.

My hypothesis then, based on digit ratio analysis, is that in countries where the women have a high overall digit ratio (longer index finger than ring finger) and a low intrasex variance in digit ratio (where most women and men have pretty much the same digit ratio), monogamy will be the preferred relationship norm of the women and aloof alpha male game will need to be distilled with a heavy dose of beta provider game.

I therefore predict, based on the above ethnic comparison graph, that should Roosh go to Finland, he will have to run some seriously hardcore push-pull alpha cad game on the local Finnish women. If my digit ratio hypothesis is correct, he will find Finnish girls to be very similar to coastal city American girls, and very different from Polish

girls.

Here’s hoping Roosh takes a detour to Finland and either confirms or falsifies my hypothesis. If he won’t, then maybe I will have to. In the interest of science, of course.

Game, Obesity And Men Dropping Out

CH · 12 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Cheap Chalupas Central, asdf comments on an assertion by Charles Murray, regarding conclusions from his book "Coming Apart", that falling marriage rates and rising single mom rates are due solely or mostly to men dropping out and eschewing marital responsibility:

> *Murray: "If you are arguing that 22-year-old men are saying to their girlfriends, 'I just need a job and then I'll behave responsibly…' Well, that's just bullshit."*
>
> There are a lot of men this is probably true for. Men know, instinctively, that unless they make more money than their spouse the relationships can never be serious or a family formed. So if they consider their chances of getting a good job slim they will likely not try to do the other things necessary to become a family man.

asdf is spot on. I like Charles Murray. I consider him a leading light in the anti-lie movement. But like a lot of sociologists examining trends in the functioning of the sexual market, he misses or glosses over the relevance of female hypergamy. I understand why feminists would want to avoid confronting the deepest, darkest desires of the female id (aka My Secret Vagina Tingle!), but I can't see a reason why putative iconoclasts like Murray would ignore it except as a reflection of an instinctive white knight complex that so many beta males harbor.

If women are offering men — well, really, just coolbreeze alpha males — the sex for free, then those men will revert to taking the path of least resistance. They won't "man up", because they won't need to. This reading of market forces implicates women more than it does men. Women are making sexual choices, and men are responding to those choices.

It's not entirely a female-driven decision tree. Women, particularly women in lower socioeconomic strata, are refusing marriage to jobless layabouts. Men could choose to raise their mate value by getting jobs, however undignified the work. In the past, this "manning up" brought the desired result: those jobless men would improve their marital prospects by taking on work. But the overarching change in the current culture is a one-two punch to the guts of men, especially lower SES men, that damages their ability to raise their status (i.e., their sexual market value, or SMV) via employment:

1. More jobs require advanced skills that left side of the bell curve men don't have the innate mental capacity to learn, and more jobs require female-oriented dispositions that most working class men don't care to learn.

2. Women have priced themselves out of their dating pool of men by becoming economically independent. A woman's entirely natural and reasonable hypergamous instinct (hey, she's only got so many eggs to spare) to mate with higher status men than herself dooms her to limited prospects if her own status has gone up relative to the men in her dating milieu.

Men are intuitive creatures, as well, even if not as holistically intuitive as women. Men will respond to depressed status enhancement from work by retreating from the employment field. Men will respond to women's sexual choices by adopting the behavior of those men whom women lavish with their discounted derrieres. In some mating circles, this means men will learn game (i.e. the charismatic arts) and try to catch spillover from the maglev pussy express that roars along during women's contraceptively-abetted prime years from the late teens to late 20s.

A feedback loop of alpha cock carouseling, single mommery, video gaming and porn watching results which will, in time, begin to infiltrate the upper classes. You can only insulate yourself from dystopian trends for so long before the uruk-hai batter down your private school walls.

In short, no sociological theory into sex, marriage and family trends is complete without a long, hard look at female hypergamy, the one biomechanical force to rule them all, and its intersection with economic realities. The science is out there; when women become financially empowered, they begin to choose men based on criteria other than

their ability to provide.

But that's not all that Murray, et al are missing. I'm here to tell Murray and others perusing his findings that there is another, MASSIVE factor at work skewing the sexual market, and one that, just as unsurprisingly, gets almost no attention from the PC-soaked punditariat: female obesity.

Imagine you are an unmarried working class dude recently unemployed. You look around you and marvel at a sea of grotesquely misshapen fat women, rolls upon rolls of undulating flesh hiding stores of cheesy poofs, porky hellion spawn trailing their wakes, chins resting atop chins, bloated diabetic cankles stomping the Walmartian grounds like lumbering elephants. In some towns, close to 40% of the available single women are clinically OBESE.

This is obesity folks, not just overweight. Overweight women are physically repulsive, but obesity renders them monstrous. To clarify this assertion for the modern indoctrinated female reader: an obese woman is as sexually undesirable to men as a jobless, charmless, humorless, enfeebled, dull man is sexually undesirable to women.

So back to our realistic scenario: Our typical unmarried working class man surveys his cellulite-blasted kingdom (and it does not matter how fat he, himself, is, for fat men and thin men alike prefer the exquisite sight of slender female bodies), and he makes a quick hindbrain calculation. Does he bust his ass in a crappy service sector job doing women's work for a shot at legally bound long-term commitment to a shuffling shoggoth dragging the bastard spawn of a hundred alpha males in tow, or does he say "fuck it" and turn to video games and porn featuring hot, thin chicks for his status and dopamine fix?

You see where this is heading. It's entirely reasonable, and expected, that a lot of men would drop out of the intensified competition for the few remaining childless slender babes in a world full of fat asses, single moms, and fat assed single moms. And even among the small contingent of sexually appealing women, they make enough in government and HR paychecks to cover expenses plus gifts for their Skittles Men. What working stiff beta provider can compete on those terms?

Men aren't refusing to man up; they're doing exactly what women do, and what both sexes have done since time immemorial: they're acting in their self-interests. Incentives matter. You'd think Murray, of all people, would know this.

Women are as complicit in the current deterioration of family structure as are men; and, in fact, because of women's natural roles as sexual gatekeepers, I'd argue that women are *more* complicit than men. In the arena of sexual choice and fulfillment, men are, on average, followers, and women are leaders. This is not to say that men exercise no choice; only that they exercise less choice in sexual partners than do women. A double whammy of women's financial independence restricting their mate choices, coupled with a female SMV-destroying obesity scourge restricting men's mate choices, has compounded to help usher forth the dysgenic shitfest we as a nation find ourselves in today.

If the reigning paradigm is unsustainable but also immune to rectification, as I suspect it is, then perhaps the only solution now is to wait out a total collapse of elite authority. Tick tock…

ps this post hate-list approved.

How To Make A Girl Catatonic

CH · 14 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Vodka! No, just kidding. Sorta.

Approach anxiety is a common problem for men, and now a scientific study has found that it has probably bedeviled men since the dawn of time, leaving them in a temporarily quasi-retarded state when in the company of beautiful women.

> Researchers have begun to explore the cognitive impairment that men experience before and after interacting with women. A 2009 study demonstrated that after a short interaction with an attractive woman, men experienced a decline in mental performance. A more recent study suggests that this cognitive impairment takes hold even when men simply anticipate interacting with a woman who they know very little about.

Another game concept confirmed by science (not like it needed to be). Evolutionarily speaking, I can't think of a clear reason why it's advantageous to men to become tongue-tied around pretty girls, but the study authors offer a hypothesis.

> Although the studies on their own don't offer any concrete explanations, Nauts and her colleagues think that the reason may have something to do with men being more strongly attuned to potential mating opportunities. Since all of their participants were both heterosexual and young, they might have been thinking about whether the woman might be a potential date. […]
>
> Overall, it seems clear that whenever we face situations where we're particularly concerned about the impression that we're making, we may literally have difficulty thinking clearly. In the case of men, thinking about interacting with a woman is enough to make their brains go a bit fuzzy.

Sounds plausible, but it still doesn't explain why such "male impairment" around women would evolve — or avoid being selected against — in the first place. It's pretty well obvious from observing naturals in action that the men with the least anxiety and the nimblest tongues have the most success with women.

Nonetheless, we must abide the reality that for a lot of men, hurdling that first obstacle — approach anxiety — is half the battle to becoming a master seducer. All I can tell you is that it gets easier with practice and especially with success, for each bedding instills an unshakeable confidence that exists separate from the confidence won by success in reproductively proxy male endeavors like sports, career and physique. In the end, it simply comes down to willpower. You either will yourself to approach, or you take the easy route of making excuses for not approaching.

A number of readers have asked if there is something men can do to instill a similar state of catatonia in women. A reasonable request, since it's easier to seduce a woman in thrall to your very presence. Being famous would certainly do the trick, but that's out of reach for nearly everyone. Having noticeably higher value than the woman you are approaching is another way to "reverse lobotomize" her. For example, if she's at an art gallery and you are one of the artists holding court with a small group of local aficionados. Or simple preselection — being seen enjoying the company of other girls — can induce a female version of male mate fright.

But commenter YaReally hits the nail on the head:

> Confidently cutting the space between the two of you (ie – get in her face) while locking eye contact.
>
> Very few women can form a coherent sentence in that situation.
>
> When she meets a guy who can approach and stare her down without being nervous? Because his sense of entitlement tells him that he shouldn't be nervous around her? He's the guy who fucks her.

Steady, unbreakable eye contact and smooth, slow, controlled strides toward her so that she has a moment to savor her anticipation — these are the simplest and quickest ways for a man to rattle a woman with his intoxicating presence. It works because, as real life observation and science both prove, women are viscerally sexually excited by dominant and overconfident men. And nothing projects both those masculine traits better or faster than alpha body language and direct eye contact. Staring a woman down until she lowers her eyes or looks askance will trigger the submissiveness reflex, and that is a place where she secretly yearns to be.

It's not as easy as it sounds. Try holding eye contact as long as possible with random men and women. Assume a relaxed or smiling expression so that you aren't mistaken for an angry commuter having a bad day. Start by doing it with people passing you on the sidewalk going the opposite direction, so you know an end to the discomfort is not long off. Even in those walk-by sidewalk situations, where a mere few seconds of eye lock is all that's required of you, you'll find it difficult to hold a stranger's eyes for longer than a split second. The difficulty level will go up if your eye partner is a hot girl or a dominant man meeting you *pupil a pupil*.

After a few days of this, something almost magical happens. You notice that men break eye contact before you do, and look to the ground. Forced to look up at you (most will be shorter than you), women return your gaze hungrily, uneasily, wonderment gripping their facial expressions, and if your vision is sharp enough you can make out a nearly imperceptible parting of their lips. You begin to *feel* dominant. And that feeling translates into real dominance and an attitudinal shift, for above all the thing that is attractive about alpha males is their attitude.

Linkage Disequilibrium

CH · 16 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Paging Bryan "Fuck the rest of the country who wasn't born with my genetically superior IQ, good taste, and exquisitely manicured principles" Caplan: Switzerland is not a diversity utopia.

> Research group finds creating boundaries key to reducing ethnic violence
>
> History is filled with examples of ethnic violence, the type that erupts when people with differing cultures attempt to live side by side. The Middle East comes to mind, as does Northern Ireland or Yugoslavia. What's not so common are studies done that show what sorts of things actually work to prevent problems when people of dissimilar backgrounds live next door to one another. Thus, a new study done by Yaneer Bar-Yam and his team at the New England Complex Systems Institute, appears to be particularly relevant. He and his colleagues, describe in their paper on the preprint server *arXiv*, how a study they've done of the ethnically diverse country of Switzerland, shows that political and geographical boundaries have served to keep the peace between the different groups.

Libertardians: so smart ensconced in their fantasy bubbles aka homogeneous fiefdoms. Outside of them… eh, not so much. (I think at this point given the evidence of their own words it's safe to say a significant proportion of mainstream libertarians are just sophisticated liberal anti-white bigots.)

***

Since I'm in a charitable mood, here's a post by Caplan that pretty much nails the truth dead center. A reader writes:

> I'd also note that lower class men can be pretty ornery and don't necessarily make good employees in today's economy, while lower class women tend to be comparatively docile and co-operative, so they are more able to get and keep jobs.

Yes. Female economic independence pushing their hypergamy into hyperdrive isn't the only factor leading to the enervation of the working man. The modern economy is filled with jobs that are feminized in nature, and often require navigation of labyrinthine office politics that working class men with neither the inclination nor the social savvy find appealing. Men are built for focused single-tasking, and women for superficial multi-tasking. The West is currently tilted in the direction of a multi-tasking economy, for which remuneration flows disproportionately to those with the best social, political and client/customer juggling skills.

For those who scoff "adapt or die", well, ok. But just remember that sometimes there's a LOT of dying to go along with the adapting. Government policy can ameliorate or worsen the dying. Lately, it seems government is more interested in accomplishing the latter… for the target designated group.

***

Excellent post at the blog 'Just Be a Man About It', which documents evidence of female hypergamy, hookup culture, beta male supplication, alpha male aloofness, women's love for alpha males and loathing of beta males, and sexual and relationship dynamics in a modern hunter-gatherer !Kung tribe. If you see parallels between the !Kung sexual market and your own, you are not mistaken. Just a friendly reminder that the concepts behind game and female desire, as discussed extensively here at the Chateau, are rooted in ancient biological forces that continue to shape who we are today. Take it in, and be enlightened.

(Note: Broad racial differences in mating predilection have probably evolved in the last 10,000 years. These differences do not rest on a presupposition that universal preferences don't exist.)

***

As if sugar, refined carbs, cheaper junk food, prolonged cubicle farm sitting, and lack of walkable communities due to vibrancy weren't enough, now there's evidence that CO2 may be responsible for the explosion (heh) of obesity in the world over the last fifty years (via Mangan's).

> Coinciding with the sharp increase in the prevalence of human obesity over the last 50 years, weight gain has also been observed in animals. A recent study found that 24 populations of 8 different species, including laboratory animals that had been fed the same diets for decades, all displayed significant weight gain.3 This suggests that a shared environmental factor, favouring weight gain, may be involved in the regulation of energy balance. Such a factor has yet to be identified.

Even our pets are getting fatter. If pet food hasn't changed, then something in the environment is causing Fifi to bloat up. Lack of exercise? Maybe. But cats are usually pretty good at self-regulating their weight, and they're getting fatter too. Infectious parasite? A guy like Greg Cochrane, who has argued that homosexuality may be the result of a parasite in the mother, would be open to this argument. Proof would be if wild animals are getting fatter, too. Whatever it is, the cause(s) of the obesity epidemic is clearly environmental. Fifty years is simply not enough time for an obesity gene or genes to trickle through the general population and produce the rate of change in fatness that we observe.

The good news is that CO2-influenced levels of blood acidity can be mediated by spending less time indoors (where CO2 levels are higher) and getting more outdoors exercise. Also, you might want to limit your intake of beer. The carbonation may be responsible for the localized effect of the famed beer gut.

You know what's the worst consequence of obesity? All those fat chicks skew the dating market. In fat America, thin chicks have bunker hardened egos because they know they're in demand. In regions of the world were thinness is the rule and not the exception, the women have more manageable, i.e. feminine, egos. If it takes curbing global warming (a phenomenon I am not yet convinced is mostly human-caused or amenable to fixing) to make women more pleasant to be around, then sign me up for a fusion-powered DeLorean.

***

The commenter Severn delivers some righteous subversion at the Atlantic in a McArdle article about Europe's demographic and financial woes.

Every aspiring economist should learn this on day 1 of Econ 101: Humans are not fungible. Repeat after me: humans are not fungible. Once more for the cheap seats: humans are not fungible.

Really, it would save so much energy spent bloviating in sophistic tantrums with no purpose other than to avoid confronting the goddamned obvious if the elite stopped being afraid of their own shadows. And it'd save us all a lot of money and psychic distress, too.

***

Facial symmetry experiment. Left sides and right sides of people's faces were combined to show how different we would look if we were facially symmetrical on either our right or left sides. Below, the true portrait of a man(?) (L), his face adjusted for left side symmetry (C), and his face adjusted for right side symmetry (R).

A cursory glance at all the mock-up photos reveals something peculiar. The faces made symmetrical with one side are decidedly masculine-looking, and the faces made symmetrical with the other side are feminine. Could it be that a battle royale occurs in the womb where the masculine and feminine essences are locked in struggle for control of the destiny of the face and, presumably, the associated personality and character of the adult-to-be? Groovy, man.

***

Compare and contrast: Japan vs Haiti. Photos of Japan's progress six months after its devastating earthquake and tsunami. Photo gallery of Haiti two years after its killer earthquake. Earthquake aid to Japan far less than aid to Haiti. A report on progress in Haiti.

Word of the day: fungible.

Related, Japan's so-called lost decades of economic stagnation may be a myth.

***

More evidence that the modern, grain-centric diet is bad for us: white rice linked with type 2 diabetes. I'm not ready to go all-in on the paleolithic diet. Although the epidemiological momentum seems to be against grains and sugar, I've been reading too many conflicting studies recently for me to take a strong stand either way. For instance, here's a study showing that red meat consumption is associated with increased risk of death (rebuttal here). Furthermore, some races may be better disposed to certain diets than other races. The bottom line is that calorie amount still matters, and calorie *type* matters as well. I split the difference by minimizing my consumption of refined grains, vegetable oils, red meat, sweets, carbonated drinks and fatty cheese and maximizing my intake of omega-3 heavy fish, (occasional) grass-fed lean beef, olive oil, dark green veggies, bitter tasting foods, nuts and whole grains.

***

Even educated chicks dig jerks. A female prison psychologist had a secret long-term relationship with a gang rapist. Yes, feminists, one of your own fell in love with a dude who rapes women for a living.

> She also allegedly visited the prisoner – known as "H" – more than 20 times using her new identity, and wore an Islamic head scarf and sunglasses during her visits.
>
> The Department of Corrective Services has been investigating the precise status of the pair's relationship, including the possibility they have married, which remains unconfirmed.
>
> *The Sunday Telegraph* can reveal the forensic psychologist first met "H" when she began counselling the long-term inmate during a sex rehab program at Parklea Prison.
>
> He is serving 14 years and six months for the horrific and systematic pack rapes of young women in Sydney's

> southwest in August 2000, lead by the depraved brothers Bilal and Mohammed Skaf.

Aren't you gals the least bit embarrassed by your sex's notorious sexual preferences? Of course you are. That's why you never hear a feminist confront this female behavior without first resorting to some lame, contrived "patriarchy" boogeyman.

When the day comes that feminists decide to wrestle with female sexual nature honestly and openly is the day that feminism dies as an expedient ideology. It's already dead as a coherent ideology.

Charles Murray's One-Sided Shaming

CH · 19 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Charles Murray addresses critics of his book "Coming Apart: The State of a Politically Acceptable Bell Curve" who complain that he didn't focus enough on economic factors driving the disintegration of lower class whites. He presents data in this Open Borders Journal article that shows working class men have been dropping out of the job market even during good times.

> It is true that unionized jobs at the major manufacturers provided generous wages in 1960. But they didn't drive the overall wage level in the working class. In the 1960 census, the mean annual earnings of white males ages 30 to 49 who were in working-class occupations (expressed in 2010 dollars) was $33,302. In 2010, the parallel figure from the Current Population Survey was $36,966—more than $3,000 higher than the 1960 mean, using the identical definition of working-class occupations.
>
> This occurred despite the decline of private-sector unions, globalization, and all the other changes in the labor market. What's more, this figure doesn't include additional income from the Earned Income Tax Credit, a benefit now enjoyed by those making the low end of working-class wages.
>
> If the pay level in 1960 represented a family wage, there was still a family wage in 2010. And yet, just 48% of working-class whites ages 30 to 49 were married in 2010, down from 84% in 1960.

I don't have an argument with his economic numbers, although I think he probably understates the role automation, immigration and skill prerequisite inflation have had in the gutting of working class men's job prospects and ability to merge seamlessly into functional family formation.

Murray is closer to the truth than a lot of his critics are when he blames cultural factors and bad policy for the dysfunction of the left side of the bell curve. Here he is on that:

> If changes in the labor market don't explain the development of the new lower class, what does? My own explanation is no secret. In my 1984 book "Losing Ground," I put the blame on our growing welfare state and the perverse incentives that it created. I also have argued that the increasing economic independence of women, who flooded into the labor market in the 1970s and 1980s, played an important role.
>
> Simplifying somewhat, here's my reading of the relevant causes: Whether because of support from the state or earned income, women became much better able to support a child without a husband over the period of 1960 to 2010. As women needed men less, the social status that working-class men enjoyed if they supported families began to disappear. The sexual revolution exacerbated the situation, making it easy for **[ed: alpha]** men to get sex without bothering to get married. In such circumstances, it is not surprising that male fecklessness bloomed, especially in the working class.

Right-o! The Chateau has been beating a similar drum for quite a while now, so it's nice to hear a quasi-mainstream pundit embrace the same sordid maxims bolted to the oaken doors, Luther-like, at Chez Heartiste. But then, just when you think the ugly truth has seeped into every corpuscle of the respectable class, a huge backpedal slams the brakes on enlightenment.

> The prerequisite for any eventual policy solution consists of a simple cultural change: It must once again be taken for granted that a male in the prime of life who isn't even looking for work is behaving badly. There can be exceptions for those who are genuinely unable to work or are house husbands. But reasonably healthy working-age males who aren't working or even looking for work, who live off their girlfriends, families or the state, must once again be openly regarded by their fellow citizens as lazy, irresponsible and unmanly. Whatever their social class, they are, for want of a better word, bums.

> To bring about this cultural change, we must change the language that we use whenever the topic of feckless men comes up. Don't call them "demoralized." Call them whatever derogatory word you prefer. Equally important: Start treating the men who aren't feckless with respect. Recognize that the guy who works on your lawn every week is morally superior in this regard to your neighbor's college-educated son who won't take a "demeaning" job. Be willing to say so.

This sounds like a familiar refrain. Say it with me, folks. It's time for men to…. wait for it…. hold…. hooooooold….. HOOOOOOOOLLD…..

Man up!

Bill Bennett would be proud.

How absolutely brave… brave, I say!… of Murray to apportion most of the blame for the current state of affairs to men. Or, in this case, white men. This will surely win him lots of enemies amongst the feminists and social elites whose cocktail party invitations he haughtily throws in the trash in righteous, principled fury.

Look, I have no problem with shaming men who don't want to work, or who can't muster the motivation to at least try to find work. It's not like the existence of self-destructive male bums is unheard of. But Murray DIRECTLY CONTRADICTS his proposed shaming solution with his explanation for the bleak male employment scenario just a few paragraphs above in the very same article! Once more:

> Simplifying somewhat, here's my reading of the relevant causes: Whether because of support from the state or earned income, women became much better able to support a child without a husband over the period of 1960 to 2010. **As women needed men less, the social status that working-class men enjoyed if they supported families began to disappear.**

Where, pray tell, in that explanation does it follow that men are primarily to blame for their poor employment numbers? Doesn't the exact opposite conclusion — that women's mate choices are to blame for men dropping out — seem more obvious? Shouldn't it be the case then, that single working women on the fast track to single motherhood and alpha cock carouseling are the ones deserving of shame?

Murray, like most pundits, is deathly afraid of confronting female hypergamy. For to confront it in full, with all the consequences that entails, would mean arousing the ire of every dim-witted, aggressively stupid feminist, mangina and talk show snarktard with a sympathetic media at its instant disposal. To confront female hypergamy would be to confront the very foundational rationale for the sexual revolution and the fifty year program to equalize social and economic outcomes between men and women.

I have spent time in SWPL-land and in proleville, and I can tell you the forces shaping our ongoing dysgenia are spearheaded by women's sexual market choices. It isn't a conscious campaign of male disenfranchisement; it's an emergent one. Men, like men always do, are simply reacting to the conditions set on the ground by women.

Murray sees this, but doesn't run with it. Women's improved employment numbers, education and earning power (some of it contributed by government largesse) has had the effect of SHRINKING their acceptable dating pool. Material resources and occupational status are one way women judge men's mate worthiness (not the only way, but the one way that viscerally matters to most beta males), and the innate female sexual disposition to be attracted — ANIMALISTICALLY ATTRACTED — to men with higher status and more resources than themselves necessarily means that financially independent women and government-assisted women are going to find fewer men in their social milieu attractive.

Result? Men slowly discover that the effort to win women's attention via employment is not rewarding them the way it did for their dads and granddads, and that now only herculean efforts to make considerably more than women will give them an edge in the mating market. The male fecklessness that Murray lambasts is actually a

rational male response to a changing sexual market where the rewards of female sexuality go disproportionately to charming, aloof jerks over meager beta providers.

And make no mistake, the jerks are exactly to whom women, particularly lower class women, are dispensing their favors. When earning power and employment as a male attractiveness criteria has been subconsciously debased by women who don't need male provisions, then women will shift their sexual adaptation algorithm to sexy cads for their thrills and romantic chills.

Knowing this, it makes more sense to shame women equally as vigorously as one shames men for social and family breakdown. In fact, as I have argued, if a prosperous, civilized, self-reliant society is your goal it actually makes sense to shame women MORE than men, because women are the gatekeepers of sex, and as such their combined sexual marketplace decisions carry more import in the direction the culture takes.

So to Murray, I would say this: rewrite your program of shaming so that it better reflects reality, the VERY REALITY you yourself identified. In descending order of lethality, your death star powered shaming ray should designate the following targets:

Shame women who actively try to have bastard hellion spawn out of wedlock. "Oh, the child won't have a father around?" BACKTURN

Shame women with kids from multiple fathers. "Half sister?" BACKTURN

Shame women who get fat and thus make themselves unattractive to men and artificially tighten the dating market. "Those jeans are a little small on you." BACKTURN

Shame women who date jerks. "Oh, so the guy you're seeing has no job and gave you Skittles for your birthday?" BACKTURN

Shame sluts. "Nice tramp stamp. Just the thing to make a guy want to marry you." BACKTURN

Shame eat, pray, love SWPL divorcees. "Was it worth destroying your kids' emotional health for a romp with Alfonso?" BACKTURN

Shame Samantha types whose weekly highlight is Sunday brunch mimosas. "In real life, Samantha dies alone with her cats nibbling on her flesh for sustenance." BACKTURN

Shame aging single cougars. "You should really consider settling for a nice, reliable man. You're not getting any younger, you know." BACKTURN

Shame "empowered", overeducated women who wave their degrees around men like it matters. "You've just made it harder on yourself to find love." BACKTURN

Only after you've shamed the above basket cases should you move on to shaming jobless, video gaming and porn watching men.

Although it would go a long way toward fixing the problem with lower class men and women's reluctance to marry them, I don't see women being persuaded out of the job market any time soon. Never mind the feminists, the whole consumerist regime depends on women working and spending their discretionary cash on useless baubles. The culture will sooner devolve into a dystopian hellscape than women will quit their HR jobs en masse and give up a portion of their frivolous spendthrift ways.

Not to say something can't be done. We can start with stopping the encouragement and advocacy of women's economic advancement. There's no need to kick women out of the cubicle. Just stop affirmative action for women, stop special programs for women (Title IX), stop pushing them down career paths, and stop making them feel like victims of an imaginary patriarchy. Little steps like this will add up in a big way.

Oh, and ruthlessly mock feminist ideology whenever you get the chance. Bonus: it's fun for the whole family!

Murray ends on this note:

> It is condescending to treat people who have less education or money as less morally accountable than we are. We should stop making excuses for them that we wouldn't make for ourselves. Respect those who deserve respect, and look down on those who deserve looking down on.

I'm a big proponent of non-judgmentalism, but as a metaphysical riddle, isn't disrespect going to necessarily disproportionately fall on the losers in life? Do these losers really "deserve" their disrespect? There is plenty of evidence that positive character traits like ambition, conscientiousness, diligence, future time orientation, lawfulness and yes, even morality, are genetically influenced and that some people have more of these beneficial genes than other people. The working class likely has a higher concentration of deleterious genes (deleterious in the context of a modern economy) than does the SWPL class.

As a practical matter, though, Murray is right. You can't have a well-oiled, functioning, K-selected society if you're not willing to call out the losers for their dumb choices because you think they can't help themselves, they were born that way. This is really the grand bargain that the fortunate have to make with their moral worldview. "Do as I say, even if you can't do it as easily as I do."

The Reality Of Male Choice

CH · 19 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Satoshi Kanazawa, a popularizer of evolutionary psychology before Psychology Today canned him for insufficiently footnoted and massaged crimethink, has frequently been fond of asserting that women exercise ALL the choice in the mating market. Men are just along for the ride, hoping to be one of the chosen. (Kanazawa's absolutism on this matter is particularly galling, since he should know better. His claim is easily refuted. For example, I've had chubby chicks come onto me, and I've turned them down. Direct, stone cold rejection must feel a hundred times worse for women than it does for men.)

A certain breed of slutty tankgrrl feminist likes to claim the same thing; that women can have all the sex they want, whenever they want, and with whomever they want, and men have no say in the matter. A willful ignorance — or, more accurately, a clinical self-delusion — about the wall and men's attractiveness standards is required to hold this position.

Then there are the beta and omega male trolls, a truly abhorrent species who occasionally squirt their tepid loserjizz in the comments of this blog when they announce — almost gleefully — that women rule, and men are hopeless horndogs who happily fuck fat and ugly chicks, making life difficult for the betas who have to deal with ego-pumped fatties.

They're all wrong. Men *do* exercise choice in the dating market, and men with options — the men most desired by women — exercise the most choice of all, usually with extreme prejudice.

A simple program of getting out of the house and mingling in a social context should suffice as all the proof of male choice that you'll need, but since a significant percentage of internet theorizers appear to be shut-ins or trollish cranks, it sometimes helps these wayward souls if a scientific study or two is posted to clear their muddled musings. In this study, evidence is given that men with more resources raise their mating standards.

> Resources are a cardinal component of male mate value in the sexual exchange between men and women. Inspired by theories and research suggesting a link between mating and resource constructs as well as studies linking money and valuations of others, the current study tests the hypothesis that cues to resource availability may lead to higher mating standards for men, but not women. Participants were exposed to either stacks of paper, a small sum of money (104 Singapore dollars ~USD$84), or a large sum of money (2600 Singapore dollars ~USD$2100). **Consistent with the hypothesis, after male – but not female – participants handled a large sum of money, they raised their minimum requirements for a date.** [Physical attractiveness requirements drove this effect most significantly.] We discuss how the results are consistent with an evolutionary perspective on mating and how future research can further investigate environmentally contingent self-assessments and strategies.

The short and sweet of it: when men get more money, they start to screen for hotter chicks. That is, men with cash CHOOSE better looking girls.

I've no doubt similar studies that examined the relationship between social status, fame and game would find that men who acquired more of these positive traits would also begin raising their standards in what they will tolerate in a sex and love (but I repeat myself) partner.

It should be noted that studies like this demonstrating the reality of male mate choice do not imply that men exercise *as much choice* as women. That is false. Women are, by virtue of their more expensive and scarce reproductive life source, the more discriminating sex. It is absolutely true that a lot more men are willing to dump a lazy fuck in a fat chick than there are women willing to spread for a degenerate omega male.

But it's simply a mistake to then extrapolate this relative leniency of male standards into evidence for a total lack of

any male mating standards. Girls do experience rejection by men. The rejection may be more often indirect than direct (i.e. girls rarely approach, so when you don't return their eye-play, or when you ignore their flirting, it subconsciously registers as the equivalent of a direct rejection to them), but it's rejection nonetheless. Men with a thing or two going on will reject plenty of less attractive, older, sluttier and fatter women in their lifetimes.

The men having sex with all those fatties, fugs, sluts, single moms and cougars are not the high value, in-demand alphas that whiny beta trolls like to claim they are. It's the loser males and the expedience cads — the men either most desperate for sexual intimacy or most uninterested in long-term commitment and a woman's "special qualities" — who drop their standards to roll with a hippo for a night.

So the common trope that fat chicks are getting laid with no trouble is misleading; they're getting laid, but it's not with quality. And for women, quality is job one. Few women except the most deluded freaks feel good about themselves or confident in their sexual market value after enduring years of excessively short-term hookups with losers, or repeatedly failing to extract long-term commitment from the occasional dumpster diving winner. This is why it's more common for ugly women to go years without sex; women, far more than men, prefer the life of celibacy to the life of being reminded of their low value by loser lovers.

For men, standards rise and fall with one's relative status, social savvy, charisma, looks and resources. When any or all go up (looks being somewhat age-dependent), men tend to filter out less attractive women more aggressively, and pursue hotter chicks. When any or all go down, the opposite happens. A man's options will dictate how ruthlessly he weeds out unacceptable women.

For women, standards are mostly set by conception, and cemented by birth after the hormonal chaos in the womb has been integrated. The looks a woman is born with will, with minor exceptions (for instance, sex ratios), determine her mating standards later in life, up until the age when her appearance begins to abandon her.

This is the one, intrinsic advantage that men have over women in the eternal and escalating reproductive arms race: a man has the opportunity to improve his lot in life, or improve his attributes, and mate up the attractiveness ladder. With this opportunity comes risk; a man can also find himself mating down the ladder. Women, by contrast, have no such opportunity. They are issued a short list of achievable standards at birth, and this list cannot be altered; it is only revoked at such time that she has exhausted the mate capital she was bequeathed before she even gained consciousness.

Drive-By Teases

CH · 20 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

An often unremarked (partly because it goes against the reigning feminist narrative) structural unfairness between the sexes is the amount of effort the average man has to put into dating and relationships to keep them going, compared to the feeble efforts women usually expend on dating momentum and relationship management. The fact is that men (without game) *do* have to commit more energy to courtship and relationships because young, fertile women are the sex in higher demand. Women have to do all of not messing up their looks. (The effort to apply make-up and buy stylish, sexy clothes is nothing compared to the psychological, provisioning and logistical efforts men bring to the table.)

But as we here at the Chateau are fond of saying: life is unfair. Get used to it. Double standards exist and aren't going anywhere because many of them are emergent properties of fixed, innate sex-based characteristics. Men have no more moral basis to bitch about dating energy expenditure than do women about slut shaming.

But thanks to the wonders of game, men can limit their relationship energy requirements while maximizing the impact each unit of spent energy has on women's interest levels. In layman's terms, men can easily spice up relationships (and dates) with almost no effort by employing the **drive-by tease**. Examples:

- Flush the toilet when she's in the shower.
- Snap wet towel at her butt. (Should just barely cross line of genuine pain.)
- "Happy Valentine's Day!" [give her a wrapped box of condoms]
- Put a "pinch my butt" post-it note on her back as she's heading out for work.
- Slip her car into neutral when she's driving. (Note: not recommended on women with exceptionally bad driving skills.)
- Turn the light off or unplug her dryer when she's doing her hair.
- Pretend to throw her cat out the window. (A full throwing motion accompanied by frantic mewing will boost dramatic effect.)
- Never miss a chance to turn a serious question into a glib answer.
- Pretend to accidentally cut off your finger in the kitchen. (Use gobs of ketchup.)
- Replace her cosmetics with crayons.
- Put her panties on her cat (Don't put them on the dog if the dog is yours. There are some lines not meant to be crossed.)
- Draw smiley faces or penises on her tampons.
- Paint a picture of her. With great fanfare, unveil a stick figure drawing.
- Pull weeds from the yard. Put them in a vase with a sincere love note attached. (Act offended if she doesn't swoon for your weeds. Keep up the pretense for weeks.)
- Place a giant stuffed animal or clown doll in bed, facing her. When she wakes up, she'll freak.
- Walk around casually at home with your dick hanging out of your jeans crotch. Call her a perv for noticing.
- Turn her shirts inside out.
- Put a Baby Ruth in her shoe. "Omg, I think the cat pooped in your shoe."
- Dutch oven. Shower oven. Car oven.
- Honk her tits. Make loud honking noise. Bonus points if you use an air horn.

The drive-by tease is, typically, the non-verbal equivalent of the cocky/funny neg. More elaborate forms qualify as pranks. The DBT subliminally asserts male dominance as well as creativity, both of which are catnip to women. Dominance assertion is telegraphed in any act where the subtext is "I don't care if you're offended by this." Girls

like men who don't walk on eggshells around them. But why?, you ask. Well, because men like that are interpreted by women to have *options*, that is, a take it or leave it attitude toward women. And a man who can walk away without much fuss is a desirable man. That doesn't sound very romantic, but in practice when you act like this type of man your life will *feel* romantic as you are showered with women's loving romantic love bombs.

Evolution Toward Immortality?

CH · 21 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This is not my thought. It's a transcribed comment from a science group I follow.

> Evolution isn't done with us yet…and the latest innovations may well be still in their 'Beta' phase i.e. unreliable and not yet fully functional.
>
> One of the major components of cellular aging is the shortening of telomeres: the protective ends of chromosomes. But there is a cure for this shortening problem. It is called telomerase, the enzyme that can lengthen telomeres and so, in many cases around the human body, restore youth or halt aging.
>
> Why doesn't telomerase reactivate? Every cell in the body has the formula for telomerase written into its DNA, so transcription is possible.
>
> But the only cellular population that switches telomerase back on (apart from during our period of maturation) is cancer. And cancer tends to prefer damaged or old tissue.
>
> Is it possible that evolution is trying to figure out a way to switch telomerase back on for old or damaged tissue, but the process, far from perfection, screws up each time and we end up with cancer instead?
>
> It is an intriguing thought ~ that when evolution finally gets it right then some of the most prominent manifestations of aging will gradually disappear, perhaps leaving the majority of the population to age gracefully into their early 100s and, perhaps, beyond!!

A dizzyingly pregnant hypothesis. Seems to me the key to unlocking the human potential for almost infinitely youthful lifespans lies in a full understanding of cancer — that most mysterious of afflictions — and how to corral its cruel destructiveness into something beneficial.

A lifespan measured in the hundreds of years, the great majority of those years lived in prime time vigor, a world of 80-year-old rock hard boners saluting at full mast and breasts pointing skyward joyously defiant of gravity, would so radically alter humanity's relationship with just about every social, political and religious institution I can think of that predictions on the matter are futile. But you're free to try.

Using Women For Ego Boosts

CH · 21 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's a common complaint heard from the insufferably self-absorbed and eternally single SWPL chick:

"Why didn't he call?"

Ladies, I'm here to tell you why that guy didn't call. You're not gonna like it. Most likely, he was just using you for an ego boost.

Yeah, some guys don't call back because they're afraid they'll be rejected on a first "formal" date. Or the momentum was lost, and he thinks in your sobriety you'll be less open to meeting again. We call these guys lesser betas.

Fact is, most men don't think that way. If a guy gets your number, and he's interested (i.e., he finds you hot enough to fuck and possibly date) and single, he's going to call you.

I've seen attack bitches burning off the shoulder of Club Orion, and thanks to these experiences I can say pretty confidently that men will often not call back because all they wanted was the instant ego boost of a woman's sexual interest, usually manifest as a phone number close or a make-out. (For the players, a one night stand that precludes any extra dating investment is their idea of a quick ego fix, not to mention pleasure fix.)

If a man doesn't call you back, it's because

a) he's already dating someone and just wanted to see if he still has the pickup magic, or

b) he's already dating someone but you aren't hot enough to risk getting caught cheating, or

c) you were a confidence-building stepping stone to test out his game for use on hotter chicks.

That's pretty much it.

Exceptions to the above rules exist. Some men won't call back because they didn't know how to end the conversation with you when you first met, and felt obligated to ask for your number. This is what true niceguys do when they aren't interested in you. Jerks will never labor under an obligation to number close girls they don't feel inspired to fuck. The jerk will simply walk away when he's tired of your witty banter.

Other men are so crippled with anxiety and self-doubt that they frequently defer to thinking the number close ended on a weak note, and won't risk calling back when a video game with instant status assuaging leveling is a mere chair roll across the floor.

But mostly, when a man doesn't call you back it's because you didn't meet the threshold of further pursuit, but you did meet the threshold for boosting his ego. So the next time you're staring at your silent phone, remember to think to yourself "Yes, it's me, not him. I'm not hot enough for him." If it helps the awful-tasting medicine go down, try to imagine this cruel woman-baiting by egotistical men as the analogue of you ladies outrageously flirting with beta males you have no intention of fucking for the ego thrill of their courtly supplication.

Reader Mailbag: Chump A Hump Edition

CH · 23 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Do women engage in the female version of pump and dump? A reader describes:

> I learned something new: the pity date. It's when the girl relents and goes out with a guy she has no attraction for. It's the female version of pump and dump. Alphas go out with girls they don't care for, but at least get sex out of it. There's no sex on a pity date.

I've known plenty of women who went on dates with guys they never seriously entertained as sexual prospects. You pick up lots of insight into the female condition when you become part of their in-group, either through massive social proof or long-term dating of one of their friends. And, yes, women do the equivalent of the male pump and dump; they will date "practice men" for their nonsexual attention, just like they will string along beta orbiters for their emotional support. Women who date unwitting suckers and have no intention of banging them — call it 'chump a hump', or 'stroke a dope' — are typically women who haven't dated in a long while, are horribly narcissistic, and need a man to dote on them. Most women at most times, though, won't date men under false pretenses. There's too much risk to a woman, both in lost time and unpredictable male reaction, to make that kind of investment with no promise of romantic fulfillment.

***

A reader wonders about game saturation.

> Will playing the White-Knight ever become optimum strategy with women?
> Consider that the concepts of Game/Being a cocky jerk are pretty well known among most healthy 20-35 year old guys; will the 'edge' that Game theoretically provides be eroded over time?
>
> My purpose in life is to trade the financial markets and parley a small amount of money in to a fortune. When a given strategy is employed by the masses, any edge that it may once have provided is destroyed… running counter to the crowd might actually present the greatest opportunity.

White knighting is not a totally hopeless beta male strategy. Some tomboys and fully inculcated feminists appreciate it and will reward these men with the honor of licking their clits. A woman who has been dumped by one too many asshole boyfriends will sometimes veer wildly into the arms of a heavily emoting mangina and reward his months of "being there for her" with a gentle moment of anhedonic intimacy, which quickly reminds her how much she misses the less gallant ministrations of jerks. And of course, women past their primes or never in their primes — fugs, fatties, cougars, single moms — who can't get a sexy man to commit to them to save their lives, will respond to their limited sexual marketplace options by opening up to the possibilities of dating herbly betas. This is why 35 year old tubbos are the most insistent about not dating jerks; they are the women least able to secure a jerk's attention.

As far as game losing its theoretical edge, it won't happen. Sure, a few benumbed routines or negs which have made the rounds will occasionally incite backlash from a hottie, but the theory and general strategy of game will never get old, much the same way a pretty face, perky tits, and firm, round ass will never get old with men. When innate, largely immutable sexual desire is properly satisfied, it never seeks inferior means of satisfaction.

***

This reader wants to know the limitations of vulnerability game.

> I was a shy, nerdy kid who got picked on in junior high. I'm 33 now and am not carrying any baggage from those days, but would you tell a woman you were dating about your nerdy past, even if you're over it?

> On one hand, I would think that bringing it up and joking about it demonstrates confidence she would find attractive. But a lot of women spend their lives endlessly recreating their teenage dramas, and nobody wants to think they got stuck with the class geek. Thoughts?

If I were a guy with a nerdy past, I would bring it up only if there was an opportunity to capitalize on it, such as the scenario where easing a girl's insecurity about my unattainability were an issue. To be honest, the best game resides in talking about (or acting in) the present and the future. Discussions about the past tend to get bogged down in beta sentimentality and quickly become boring for the girl since she wasn't there with you when all those things happened.

Comfort building does normally require some talk about your past, and verbally demonstrating higher value through stories is tough without resorting to past experiences. A good way to contextualize your nerdy past to maximize its attractiveness potential is to frame it so that you are a worldly, sexually experienced adult man who fondly recalls his clumsy puppy crushes and how little you knew about women then that you know now:

"It's funny, but even though I know so much about love now, there was a time when I had no wisdom about women. I was kind of nerdy and would have these awkward puppy crushes on the beautiful popular girls — while totally ignoring all the nerd girls who liked me! — and bravely go up to them saying the stupidest things. A part of me misses that time of life when I was innocent and naive. Now I know too much." [HEAVY SIGH]

I would avoid talking at all about the bullies who picked on you in high school. That's just own-goal DLV, man. No need to go down that road.

***

Help is on the way!

> Any techniques or maneuvers that will allow me to pull or bag some cougars/milfs? im clueless as to if the general rules of game apply when trying to get with women that are atleast 10 years older than me. Im 21 by the way.

Yes. Show up.

Hahahaha! I keel myself!

What's that, you say? That's not the answer you were looking for? Ok. A more serious reply.

Women generally don't like to date younger men, although the more romantically miserable of them do occasionally entertain the idea of fucking them. Women are wired to desire male status, and older male age is one component of that status. However, a certain type of highly-charged, libidinous, high T cougar wholly in love with her former glory will relish the deflowering of a younger man. As Ben Franklin admonished a younger male acquaintance: "and lastly, they are so grateful!"

So, some ground rules.

1. Be confident. Contrary to popular perception, an older woman does not want to feel like a mother hand-holding a stuttering dweeb. She wants to be desired and pursued by a horny man.

2. Run the same game on older women as you do on younger women (with one minor exception). A woman's sexuality doesn't radically change with the advent of years. Does a man's penis change with years to bestir for ugly women? No.

3. Realize that older women, no matter how much they protest, subconsciously know that their value has diminished. This makes them less judgmental of your errors and more open to less-than-ideal romantic possibilities. Constantly remind yourself of this and you will have no trouble keeping your confidence high around

them.

4. The one exception is that older women are less tolerant of asshole game, inconsiderate behavior, or player vibes. Not because they don't desire these things in men, but because they know that such men are almost unattainable for them and least likely to commit in any form to them. As a woman ages, she tends to become more accepting of beta male behavior. Buy an older woman a drink and, unlike her younger competition, she just might reward you with her… ahem… vigorously hewn vulva.

5. Under no circumstances should you bring up the age difference. Act like it means nothing to you. If she brings it up, reframe. Tell her she's actually a bit young compared to the women you normally see. She'll know it's a lie but she'll eat it up nonetheless. *Lie to me, I promise I'll believe…*

***

Picking up the hostess with the mostess.

> I have been reading the blog for awhile now and firmly believe it's the best out there. Great work!
>
> There is a situation at a restaurant near my house that is of concern. This restaurant is within walking distance of my house, so my roommates and I frequent often. I recently met at hostess/drink running girl. The first time I met her (as she was walking by with drinks), she smiled, I immediately opened her, we had nice/short platonic conversation. She had to go run drinks out (she said she would be right back) but I wasn't going to stay and wait so that was that.
>
> A week later we are back in the restaurant and she is working the hostess stand. I go up (pretending to forget her name) and start another conversation. This one is longer and more personal. She is asking me a lot of personal questions. The conversation ends when a customer comes up and asks for a 'to go order.' She again says that she will be back, I again leave.
>
> 2 weeks later we are back at the same restaurant eating dinner (we are known regulars there, so I am stalking). She brings out our drinks to the table and says hi. We finish up eating, pay the bill and begin exiting. I told my friend to meet me outside. I went up the girl and told her:
>
> Me: 'I want to see you outside of this place'
> Her: 'I have a boyfriend'
> Me: 'I have a girlfriend'
> Her: 'I'll be right back' (at this point, I am pretty frustrated with her flightiness but I'll wait for a sec since I see that she is delivering drinks and will be right back)
>
> She straight back over.
>
> Me: 'You cant have friends?'
> Her: 'Keep coming in and we will see what happens'
>
> That was it. Haven't been back in since. I don't want to orbit this girl but I definitely know that she is interested, boyfriend or not. I cant really avoid the place because they have great food/drinks and my roommates always want to go. I know getting familiar with the help at restaurants is the way to go (I've been successful in the past) but I am sorta unsure with this one. Any advice would be much appreciated.

I like the boldness of your final push and the reframe of her BF aversion, but I think there was too much platonic chit chat on previous days you talked to her, and the boldness might have come across incongruent to her, like a last ditch effort when all else has failed. Your game here comes perilously close to "Surprise! I have a penis!" anti-game.

Leaving aside for the moment that she actually has a boyfriend (a claim that is either belied when she titillated you with her suggestion to "keep coming in and we'll see what happens", or evidence of her poor, cockteaser character), I think she has put you in a spot where every time you go back you will be perceived as dancing to her tune. Not the

stuff great seductions are made of.

My advice to you would be to ignore her the next time you're in her restaurant. She sounds like the type of girl who likes to flirt with men and fill them with hope. To neutralize that, make her hamster go warp speed. Go out of your way to flirt with another girl or another waitress so that she sees it. Bring a date there, or a female friend willing to act as your pivot.

If you wish to be more direct than that, you could attempt to reengage her on terms more favorable to a sexual outcome. "I'm afraid I have to take back my offer. My mom said I'm not allowed to date waitresses."

Of course, she really could be down to fuck, but I'd only be able to know if that's the case for sure by observing her body language as she's interacting with you.

Game Is Even More Important For Relationships

CH · 26 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Game has a reputation among ignoramuses as a player's handbook for picking up sluts in bars and clubs, but of course these willfully stupid haters are wrong. Not only is game universally attractive to all women, like T&A on a woman is attractive to men, but game as a concept and a strategy is critical to maintaining long-term relationship health. Women do not cease being hypergamously attracted to alpha males once they are in relationships, so game can serve as a welcome corrective to keep women "in the fold".

A reader writes:

> This is a paper you might find interesting (and that betas might find depressing). It claims that women in stable relationships are even more attracted to dominant men when ovulating, compared with single women. Suggesting cheating on LTRs is written deep in women's genes.
>
> Title: Women's preference for dominant male odour: effects of menstrual cycle and relationship status
>
> Body odour may provide significant cues about a potential sexual partner's genetic quality, reproductive status and health. In animals, a key trait in a female's choice of sexual partner is male dominance but, to date, this has not been examined in humans. **Here, we show that women in the fertile phase of their cycle prefer body odour of males who score high on a questionnaire-based dominance scale (international personality items pool). In accordance with the theory of mixed mating strategies, this preference varies with relationship status, being much stronger in fertile women in stable relationships than in fertile single women.**

The desire of a woman to rut intimately with an aloof alpha male during her week of ovulation is *greater* when she's in a stable relationship with a beta male provider than when she's single. Chew on that for a second. Your beloved is more likely than the single skank in the bar to tingle for the rude intrusions of alpha cock. And all in service to her genes' directive to saddle a loyal, unwitting provider chump with the job of helping raise a ~~better~~ cockier man's issue.

Feeling romantic? Hallmark doesn't make cards for such occasions.

But only you can prevent vagina fires. Gaming your lover, particularly during her time of ovulation, will keep her in a state of heightened arousal and interest, thereby reducing the chance that she'll act on her genetic predilection to seek the seed of dominant rivals. Game is more important to relationship management than it is to picking up girls because the cost of losing a girlfriend or wife is much greater than the cost of losing a five minute prospect.

This is why we here at Le Chateau focus so much on relationship game compared to other pick-up sites; the benefits accruing to men in relationships from using game are, both individually and from a societal perspective, more profound in some respects than the rewards from being skilled at bedding numerous women. In the sexual arena, there is no worse sin for a woman to commit, and no graver indignity for a man to suffer, than infidelity motivated by ancient biological urges toward cuckoldry. Game can help contain that evil female impulse, and that's what makes game truly, a gift from god.

In another grievous blow to feminist and manboob doctrine, this study also highlights the attraction that women have for men who demonstrate *personality traits of dominance*. So we see here yet another Chateau Heartiste concept validated by science: chicks dig dominant jerks, and dominance is primarily a function of attitude.

The Tell-Tale Slap

CH · 27 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When I had made an end of my morning labors slathering lotion on my skin to protect it from the sizzling tropical sun, it was eleven o'clock — hot but now tolerable, the air stirred by cooling winds, the rays glancing at a blinding angle off the sand. Laying on my towel face up, inviting the browning of my flesh, I swiveled my head to the left and right, to ensure my immediate area was clear for uninterrupted napping, and to savor perhaps one more plump, glistening nude buttock before I closed my eyes.

Sunlight ricocheted off the pocked sand, blinding me as I squinted to the smallest aperture possible to view my surroundings. To my right, about ten feet, two girls, early 20s, lay on a blanket on their backs, faces craned skyward. Skimpy bikinis concealed only the most imprudent parts of their lithe figures, and their pale skin, nearly as light in hue as the sand which enveloped them, showcased off-toned strap lines. I knew this because they had untangled their tops, letting the cloth rest loosely on their breasts. Giddy with freedom, they nonetheless couldn't muster the insouciance to splay out entirely naked. Here they allowed a mere hint of their wares on one of the most notorious full nudity beaches in the world.

My right eye lingered on one girl's twinkling side boob until I began to drift off.

As the surf sounded the seconds, there came a faint, seemingly distant patter approaching from my left.

slap slap slap

At first I thought it was the blood rushing through my ears, but as the sound congealed it became apparent the source was foreign and the noise it made strangely rhythmic, almost monotonic.

I smiled, — for what had I to wonder? Although the beach was only a third full, nothing of note ever occurred except the infrequent native pitchman hawking his trinkets. I strained to catch sight of the intruder, curious about his product for sale, but saw nothing save for bloated humps of tourist flesh possibly rolled over on their infant walruses. I grimaced that such aging monstrosities are often the ones least susceptible to self-regulating modesty.

I bade sleep welcome. But not soon enough, for the steady patter returned.

slap slap slap slap slap slap

I listened intently this time, agreeing with myself that the sound most resembled the light thwacking of a heavy, uncooked sausage against a wall or open palm. It grew ever so slightly in loudness, until, Doppler-like, it passed behind my head at its zenith and then receded, to return to prominence again in a few minutes as it swooped around the opposite side where my feet pointed.

slap slap slap SLAP SLAP SLAP slap slap slap

Ere long, I felt myself getting disconcerted and wished the sound gone. My head heavy with stupor, each time I looked around to locate my pattering torment, dazzling sunlight obscured my vision.

Had no one else been hearing what I heard? The walrus humans snorted and quivered like Jell-O, periodically scratching a fold. I fancied a hallucination brought on by the heat: but still the terrible soft patter encircled me. The gentle slaps became more distinct, less distinct, then more distinct again: I talked myself into believing it was an energetic small child bemused by a new toy to get rid of my curiosity: but it continued and once more gained definiteness — until, at length, I found that the noise had stopped ten feet from me.

No doubt I now grew very intrigued; — but I remained unwilling to sit up for a clearer visual inspection that would solve my mystery, for there were only a few minutes left to the conclusion of my facial bronzing, a chore I had planned in advance and hoped to premiere at that night's danceclub opening. Yet the sound stopping aggravated me even more — and why would that be so? It had stopped for a reason, and so close by, and I had to know its purpose.

I arched my head to the right, toward the girls again, and slowly gazed upward into the blackest silhouette imaginable, backlit by the blazing sun. I could see the geometric contour of a thin, sinewy man, standing close to six feet tall, looming over the heads of the girls, his face totally hidden in shadows like an eclipse, and below his torso, equally cast in impenetrable shadow, a tubular structure swung languidly like a pendulum, its edges shimmering from a corona of sunlight.

I propped myself on my elbows — could it be? And yet the beachgoers saw it not, or pretended not. The girls had just opened their eyes, possibly rousted by the man's shadow cast across their faces, and one of them audibly gasped as she looked straight up into the vortex of the pendulous tube swaying inches over her forehead, and past it into the barely perceptible grinning mug of the man holding some primitive face masks in his right arm.

Her open mouth frozen in shock, perhaps awe, the man inquired loudly in the local dialect.

"I have masks. Very good art. Good party masks, too. Dancing masks. You wanna buy? Ten dollars, my friends."

No reply. He talked more quickly — more vehemently; but the girls' catatonia steadily increased. I stared at the spectacle, pondering a rescue, but all I could see were wispy limbs, torsos and heads swirling nebulously around the mammoth tube.

Finally, the girls both wriggled to their sides, holding their tops against their chests with a free arm, and assumed a kneeling position a few feet away from the pubic proboscis. They erupted in giggles, looking at each other for confirmation that what they were seeing was in fact real, and one of them shook her head no. But the other, ostensibly the mischievous one of the two, asked about his selection, which prompted him to extend his arm full of masks, the motion of which caused the tube to swing in a parabola before their faces, inciting another round of stifled giggles.

Though cast in shadow, his toothy, brilliant grin was nonetheless visible enough, accentuated by the obvious creases in his cheeks. I was certain he prowled defenseless, but easily entertained, fillies in this manner every day of the week.

A brief bargaining ensued with no sale, and the man shrugged and walked off, the slapping noise commencing once again. I watched him retreat, his consciously exaggerated gait betrayed by his muscled legs sweeping outward a bit, and as if excited to fury by the giggles of the women, the tube arched upward then fell heavily from its own weight, thumping against his thigh, grazing the knee.

And then I knew. The slapping — the irrepressible noise of flesh on flesh, growing louder, louder!, then quieter, heard by others for certain who irritated me sourly, for they never let on that they suspected the source of the noise (they knew! they were making a mockery of my horror!), and still they sunbathed pleasantly, and glistened like oiled slugs — the slapping was his enormous member, thick enough around to plug a truck exhaust, bouncing happily off one leg, then the other, as he strolled, each stride punctuated by the beast's shaft and head landing on the thigh like a breaching whale on the ocean surface, just short of the kneecap, a full 17… 18? 22?… inches from its origin point.

slap slap slap

Oh God! what could I do? I foamed — I raved — I mentally swore at the thing for refusing to suppress my prejudicial stereotyping! I sat up straight from the towel upon which I had been laying, and watched the snake slither across the beach around mounds of apathetic onlookers, pausing every so often to surprise a mark into an impulse buy. I noticed he studiously avoided the naked men, who, I guessed by their indifference, had either seen the snake handler before and were inured of his infamy, or were gallantly hiding evidence of their insecurity with quick hoists of bathing suits over blotchy, reddened privates. In time, every woman, even the old ones, who caught sight of the unearthly appendage tittered like schoolgirls, laced with a hint of anxiety.

"Fake!" I announced to the brightened girls next to me, "It's so fake. You have to admit it."

"I don't know. It looked real to me," girl one demured.

“Yeah, you were pretty close to it,” scoffed girl two at her friend.

“He could rape a girl from across the beach!” girl one whispered loudly.

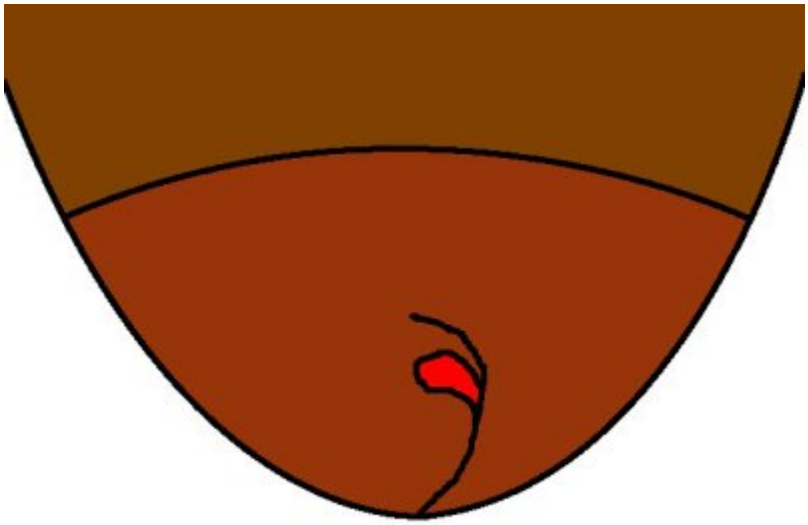
Disgusted with their levity, I told them that if they had grabbed the thing and tore it off at the root, they would have found the little guy hiding underneath. That it would be surprising if sex stores didn’t have very lifelike organs nowadays for sale, and this thing was his gimmick to sell child-like art to dumbstruck tourists.

In the distance, a good hundred yards from our spot, maskman waded into the turquoise water, still in shadows, his member nevertheless clearly distinct and hanging like a giant grandfather clock chime from his crotch. He grabbed the shaft in the middle with one hand (his hand did not make it all the way around), the unattached end of the leaden pipe drooping toward the water, and took a piss into the waves.

The girls looked back at me. “Fake?”

I smirked. “Camera tricks.”

Later that evening, for the first time in my life, I was less than proud of my god-given nine inches. It would be nothing but small-vaginaed asian girls for me, from then on.



Hypergamy Discussion

CH · 28 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Cheap Chalupas Central, there's a rollicking post and discussion thread about female hypergamy and its consequences for society when it is unleashed in full. Recommended reading. Le Chateau Heartiste is proud to be the locus for the mainstreaming and growing interest in female hypergamy. It's long overdue. Naturally, the Big Chalupa himself is loath to link the relevant posts here, instead preferring the route of swiping tangentially in code. He's a coy one! Well, whatever. At least we know he reads this blog religiously. Perhaps under the bed with a flashlight?

Women Understand the Concept of Hand

CH · 29 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When privy to the secretive, gated world of women, you learn that the idea of relationship leverage — aka “having hand” — is as well-known and accepted among women as it is among pickup artists and naturals. Women are no innocent angels, passively idling their time like pretty mannequins until a good man sweeps them off their feet. Oh no, they are as devious as any hardcore male player with hundreds of notches. The difference is that women channel their deviousness into screening for alpha males and steering relationships in the direction (marriage) they want them to go in. Your average beta male channels his manipulative tactics — or what passes for them — into impressing girls on the first few dates. After that, he’s on auto-pilot. Against the combined relationship management weaponry of your typical woman, the beta male stands no chance.

Having hand is, in fact, so central to women’s interests, that when god created woman, he said “Let there be hand!” And there was. I swear, it’s in the Bible.

Case in point. I was chatting with a girl who was working the angle with some putatively high value guy she likes, but with whom (according to her) she had not yet banged, or even formally dated. They had met at a party, and it had been all texting since then.

So she was showing me text messages that she exchanged with him earlier in the day, hoping for my advice. The text ratio was 4:1 against her favor (i.e., she sent four to every one of his). She thought it would be a good idea to sext him — send him racy sexual texts — and she later admitted that the reason for the sexts was to “get hand” over him by teasing him about what he was missing, and getting him to dance to her tune. Apparently, she has a history of cockteasing beta males into lavishing attention and glorious pursuit on her.

I read one of her sext exchanges.

HER: well we will c what is waiting for us next time. could b good. im wearing those kneehighs u said u liked.

[ten minutes later, after no immediate response]

HER: and fyi, i might be a voyeur. but dont get any ideas.

[twenty minutes later, after no reply]

HER: sorry if im teasing u. im a flirty girl.

[two hours passed]

HIM: Okay!

And he never responded again that night.

That, my friends, is a pure alpha move. She dropped the stinky, sweaty, sexy beta bait in the form of sexts, hoping he’d bite (which is something most men would do), and instead he returned fire with a hilariously ambiguous (and glibly spelled-out) “Okay!”. What’s a girl to make of this? Well, everything. And nothing. And then everything again. That one word text sent her hamster spinning so fast its fur was flying out in tufts. Naturally, she wanted to know my opinion.

“Where should I go with this? What does it mean?”

“It means he’s dating other women and isn’t desperate for sex, so you can’t use that on him. Or he knows how to play the game.”

“But I wasn’t playing a game!”

“Yes you were. You just don’t realize it.”

“So now what?”

“You’re texting him way too much. Every text you send him that he doesn’t reply to makes him think less of you. Stand down. No man who writes ‘okay’ deserves your reply. No more texting, even if it means you never see him again.”

“That’s going to be tough to do. We really hit it off.”

“Sounds like you hit it off with a player!”

“You think he’s a player? Sheesh, yeah, he probably is.”

“Yup. Trust me on this. Stop contacting him from here on out. Then there’s a good chance he’ll reach out to you. If that happens, you’re back in the driver’s seat. You’re back to having hand.”

“Oh, yes, every woman wants to have hand!”

“You bet.”

[lingering high five]

***

Women are quite well aware of the power of having hand, and just about everything a woman does in a dating or relationship context *that you suspect* is a tactic designed to give her hand, IS a tactic to give her hand, whether intentional or subconsciously coincidental. The good news for my super manly male readers is that men’s hand is FAR MORE DEVASTATING than women’s hand, because men so rarely use, or even comprehend, the concept of having hand. So when a man flips the seduction script and uses the same hand-getting tactics on women, the surprising force of it hits a woman’s ego, superego and id so hard her vagina blossoms like a field of spring tulips after a rainstorm.

I don’t know if my female friend above eventually sealed the deal with her lust interest, but I can tell you with certainty that had he wanted to, Mr. ‘Okay!’ could have easily sealed the deal with her. And at his leisure, on his time, under his discretion. Because his pimp hand was strong. And one strong pimp hand trumps a hundred daintier ho hands.

Girlfriend Talks Too Much About Her Exes

CH · 29 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader DiavoloBello needs advice:

> Not sure if the relationship game thread is still going, can somebody help?
>
> My girl talks about guys she has dated in the past too much for my taste. It's annoying. And I'm battling beta insecurity, to be honest. She still texts a guy she used to date that she still has a thing for, which I hate.
>
> if this is a shit test, I don't know if I'm passing or failing. The only reaction that I have shown to these comments is mild amusement, or polite interest, as though she's telling boring stories about her extended family or something. I have not let her see any sign of jealousy or insecurity on my part.
>
> Is this the right way to handle it? Is there an alpha way to "claim" her and let her know that these comments get under my skin in a way that will get her hot for me, or should I just keep on acting like I don't care, or what?
>
> The guy she texts is 2 hours away and she just got full custody of her kids (we're both divorced) so I would think she'd have a hard time actually seeing him. Insists that they're just still friends and he knows about me. (this is true, I have snooped and confirmed it, also confirmed that she still has a thing for him, but he seems to just throw her crumbs when he's bored).
>
> The other guys she brings up are just anecdotes "so and so said one time …" but she was doing it constantly for a while. It has tapered off.

This is bad news. This woman is disrespecting him, no two ways about it. Girlfriends who love you will rarely, if ever, talk about exes or, worse, text exes. Nor will they use exes as clubs to counter your opinions or demean your idiosyncrasies.

The fact that your girlfriend is doing this means one of two things: she's shit testing you for a jealous reaction, or she's cheating/thinking about cheating. My guess is that she senses your betaness and is beginning to think she can do better, and this feeling of hers is manifesting in passive-aggressive taunts such as her texting an ex.

Amused mastery is fine for one or two infractions, but continual disloyalty from a bitch, like what she is doing to you, requires more powerful artillery. You have a few options at your disposal.

1. (Re)initiate a flirtation with another girl. Text her all the time. Have drinks with her. Tell your gf it's just an old friend you like hanging out with. Match, and exceed, her jealousy incitements with your own.

2. Lay down the law, and mean it. "Kind of whorish the game you're playing here, babe. If you keep texting your ex, I'm outta here. Just letting you know."

3. Continue ignoring her provocations. If it's just a garden-variety shit test, she'll eventually crack and lash out at your indifference. In that case, you are fully in the driver's seat. If it's more serious than a shit test, she'll cheat or you'll get a sense she's about to dump you. Get the jump on her and dump her first.

These are my suggestions. If readers have other advice for this gentleman, then help a bro out. Talking about exes is a very female oriented manipulative tactic designed to instigate relationship war, and thus feed her rationalization hamster. "Oh, I was great to him, but then he just started getting all jealous and possessive. So I dumped him. What's that? Texting exes? I don't remember doing that. Anyhow, there's nothing wrong with keeping in touch with old friends. Don't be a creeper."

This sort of insidious bullshit is what women do when they want to express disapproval about their man but lack the balls to say so outright. A woman's coin of the realm is subterfuge and sabotage. They have mastered these arts over millennia to compensate for their weaker physical strength. Don't ever let a feminist dope or manboobed blubberboy who hasn't seen vagina since his mother's birth canal tell you otherwise. In the deception and

manipulation sweepstakes, women are furlongs ahead of men.

PS What the hell are you doing worrying about what a single mom thinks of you? You should be waking up every morning gleefully reminding yourself that she has intrinsically lower value than you. Let this knowledge guide your attitude with her.

PPS In rare instances, a woman will have a sincere, platonic friendship with an ex. It's not often, though. Most women get over broken relationships by completely forgetting about their exes. And since women in their hottest, young prime initiate relationship dumpings far more often than men do, it's a safe bet that any reasonably attractive, under-30 woman you date has little contact with her exes. Be aware of subtle cues that will tell you whether the ex she talks to is more than just a chat with a friend, like excessive gesticulation when she mentions him. Your working assumption, though, should be to assume that 9 times out of 10, any contact your girlfriend has with an ex-lover is a nascent threat to your relationship. Respond accordingly.

The Reason Beta Males Pedestalize Women

CH · 30 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Why do so many betas harbor gauzy delusions about female sexual nature? Why are monogamously inclined traditionalists, manginas and white knighters so quick to sanctify women and paint their misbehavior in rose-colored hues while simultaneously offering unconditional support and shitlapping amen choruses for women when they accuse men of committing a litany of hackneyed misdeeds?

I'm here to provide what I believe is the most parsimonious answer to this riddle:

Beta males are rarely in a position to witness the worst of women.

Put yourself in the typical beta male's shoes. He spends a goodly chunk of his horniest years — teens to mid 20s — when holes in watermelons look like acceptable vagina substitutes, pining for ethereal hot chicks who don't pay him a lick of attention as they swoop by him on a cloud of incandescent purity. He sees them only from afar, where his imagination is free to feverishly fill in the gaps with only the most pleasant assumptions about his dreamgirls. When the rare communication does occur, she is as nice and kind as a saint to him. He is too smitten to recognize the hint of pity and condescension laced in her polite chat.

Later, usually college, he fumbles his way through awkward social interactions with plainer janes, the great majority of which end up with him being used for emotional sponging and ball-twisting, torturous friendships. All these girls are exceedingly, superficially kind to him because, after all, why look a gift herb in the mouth? A girl loves beta male attention, as long as it's platonic, on her terms, extractive, and focused on feeding her ego. Naturally, these girl-friends never talk about their sex lives with the beta, never reveal what really goes on behind closed doors, and never invite the beta to join them on any adventures that really matter to him. Contrary to media popularization, betas rarely hear "This one time, at band camp…" from girls in their social circles. What they often hear instead are requests for help with term papers.

Then, due more to a combination of luck and (ovulation cycle) timing rather than bold effort or charm, the inoffensive beta male might find himself in a fledgling relationship with some semi-cute shut-in nearly as awkward as he and already past her beauty prime. She really likes him and treats him well… more sincerely than the cuter girls who made a sport of cockteasing him at any rate… but like 'Rat' Ratner from 'Fast Times', he labors for months and months waiting patiently for her to put out. For reasons beyond the beta's ken, she is an *extremely* modest girl. He interprets her chasteness as evidence of women's all-round goodness and saintliness, but of course he is sorta pissed off that she won't satisfy him without months of "getting to know each other" warming up. When he finally does bust that cherry, after painful years wandering the celibate desert, it's all he can do to stop himself mentally affixing a halo atop his girlfriend's head, and pronouncing all women the undistilled essence of goodness.

A few pitiable betas, like those with bitch tits, horizontally stretched navels, and receding chins who wear 'this is what a feminist looks like' t-shirts, get trapped in sporadically sexual relationships with manjawed femcunts at grad school, mostly because long-winded bull sessions among their kind occasionally spin up enough libidinous energy to resolve in PBR-fueled late night groping, which is promptly regretted and/or rationalized by one or both parties the next morning, usually the girl.

Eventually, the beta male gets married, and his lack of experience — one to three lifetime "partners" (and I use the term loosely) is the norm — has cultivated in him a strong inability to read women's signals, which sometimes leads him into blissful ignorance where infidelities can linger for years unnoticed, and "Surprise! I have a divorce paper!" gambits accost him like hammer blows to the head. Mostly, though, he floats through his marriage thinking the best of his wife, and worst of himself should feelings turn sour or the sex dry up. Because this is just what men are supposed to do when a woman is less than happy: take the blame. Women are the weaker sex, after all.

So you see, in the final analysis, it is very likely, by dint of the beta male's ignorance, inexperience and habituated veneration of women and reflexive indulgence of women's motives, that his view of women is severely constricted,

child-like in its naivete. The beta male is not privy to what Tyler Durden famously called the secret society of women. He was never invited, and he was never apprised of the secret society's goings-on by any woman in his life. He lives in a pinched world with only a peephole to the wonders beyond, given him not by insight but by stumbling into depravity or by the good grace of a sympathetic alpha male. As far as he knows, women don't have much sex, and they are very nice and polite most of the time.

The beta male pedestalizes women because one, that's all women have deigned to show him of their sexual inner world, and two, he cannot bear the contrary thought, affirming and cementing as it does his lackluster place on the sexual totem pole. (He is mired down in the sticky pubes, his vision obscured, while alphas dance joyously at the tip of the glans.)

As for the women, those few who have not experienced the thrill of the alpha male often are nearly as chaste as the beta imagines, because they have never been tempted. All they know are a parade of beta males, whom they lash out at occasionally for unwittingly stifling their truest desires, but who, for the most part, they treat in a nontoxic manner that buttresses heavenly notions about their secretive natures. A woman is ever aware of the precariousness of her reputation, and this goes double in rural outposts of heavy religiosity.

And so the beta male has his crimped worldview confirmed by the asexual, undersexual women in his life. But should he ever step outside his empillowed existence… take that daring step into the gritty, grimy world where the female id roams free across fruited plains of phalluses… screw up the courage of heart to face head-on the previously unimaginable… he will find that a bigger universe has existed all along, enveloping the bubble of his life, surging with unleashed energies just out of his reach like uterine aurorae, and if his soul isn't killed dead right then from shock, he'll cross the boundary into this new world — he won't really have a choice — and never look back.

Nor ever again blindly assume the purest of women's motivations. The stronger among them do with this newfound knowledge the following: acknowledge, accept, incorporate, delimit. He rules his knowledge, but he does not let it rule him.

Such boundary crossing is rare. The beta and alpha male worlds are almost as separate and distinct now as they have been since the dawn of anonymous urban living. Though that is changing.

If betas knew what alphas experience, it would blow their minds. Completely, utterly. Out from under the judgmental Eye of Proper Society, equipped with the requisite beauty to pay the price of admission, the wild female libido is insatiable, crass, debased. It is willing to surrender to the most vile sexual plunderings, screaming in ecstatic pleasure at every enthusiastically welcome violation. Women of the sweetest daytime dispositions and most innocent countenances — smartly coifed women in demure business suits who expound drily on cost-revenue projections and wait tidily in lines for healthy lunch alternatives — will unleash vaginal hell in the arms of alpha lovers, squirting glorious love over dominant men who swap them like baseball cards, presenting like beasts in heat for throbbing units in dank dive bar restrooms, casually spreading as far as they can go in locked office rooms for illicit lovers, giggling in breathy whispers in their lovers' ear about the clear and present danger of getting caught, deliberately effusing a fake sorrow for the cheated-on boyfriend back home unawares, bemusing wistfully about a history of letting alpha lovers snort coke off her ass while claiming another headache to evade hubby's entreaties.

Beta males never see this world. To them, it doesn't exist. And that's exactly how women want it.

Word Is Getting Out

CH · 2 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I was enjoying a punchy bowel movement in a public restroom when I overhead a conversation a man was having on the phone with a woman who was either a friend or the pretense of a friend he wanted to fuck. Droning and masturbatory, my ears perked up when he turned the subject to that *Story of O* meager rip-off and sadomasochism book by a female author which is currently all the rage among well-heeled urban ladies who fancy themselves feminists. One-way snippets follow.

"Did you hear about this *Fifty Shades of Grey* book? …Yeah, it's about a woman who falls for a controlling, dominant guy. He's even kind of violent. Knocks her around and stuff."

"It's a little disconcerting. Are women like this? Do women really go in for this sort of thing?" [laughs]

"I don't get it, but this is all women are talking about. It makes me think that they want to be submissive. Submissive to a man."

"I mean, I have to ask… I'm asking you because you're a woman, and I haven't slept with you. [chuckles self-consciously] Not that I meant to say I wanted to… or if I would I wouldn't come right out and say it… but I figure you would tell me the truth since we're not sleeping together."

"Have you read this book?… Wow… You too?… You think you know people…."

"Are these degrading things he puts her through… are they exciting for women? I'll never have a conversation again without thinking she really wants to be tied up and… yeah, women want submission… it's nuts."

"Is that what you like?"

I do no fairness to this eavesdropped rambling exegesis on the book that has the yoga and credentialist crowd in titters and tingles, which went on breathlessly for a heady fifteen minutes. (My grass-fed beef movement was extraordinary even for a deucing champion like myself, so fifteen minutes on the throne was not putting me out.) From the sound of his ardor, the man on the phone could hardly believe there existed this secret garden of women's desires, and having stumbled into it clumsily tried to utilize the subject as a hook for a possible tryst with the woman on the other end of the line. Also from the sound of it, she didn't bite.

I think this book is something of a watershed cultural moment for the SWPL class, filled floor to rafters with masculinized careerist broads and cloying beta males. Word is getting out among even the mule-headed beta males that women are, most of them and especially those feminist shrikes who'd like you to think otherwise, engines of depraved sexuality who really want to belong to a dominant man — belong in the biblical and servitude sense — and that no indignity is off the table for them should the right badass come along and give them what they truly crave.

Pulp romance and sex novels like *Fifty Shades of Grey* are the female equivalent of male visual pornography; let there be no doubt, these books are female porn, as salacious and titillating for women as close-up jackhammering is for men. If you decry the one, you must decry the other if you have any interest in being perceived as fair-minded and consistent. But will you ever hear a media darling feminist call out these books for what they really are? Of course not. For what they really are is a technicolor ringside seat spectating into the soul of woman. Fantasy is a reflection of real world desire, and as much as it is true men would hardly hesitate to fulfill in real life a fantasy about intimately plowing a Victoria's Secret model, it is equally true women wouldn't hesitate to be the defiled bedroom slave of a charmingly sociopathic, powerful alpha male.

Think about this revelation for more than a Twitter's length moment. These pulpy romance books targeted at female audiences are all implausibly similar; you will never encounter a plot line that deviates much from the universal script except in the most trivial details. There is a badboy. There is an indignation, or a series of

indignations, to which the female “protagonist” consents or endures, and enjoys despite her conscious declaration to the contrary. There is a niceguy the woman feels bad about not loving. There are societal expectations that add drama to the proceedings. There is sexual surrender preceded by interminable verbal foreplay (the “close-up” for the female reader). And there are pages upon pages of delirious, exquisite hamstering.

Feminists rush to claim that these sordid female fantasies are just that: fantasy. But then why is it these books of female porn never showcase a woman having a torrid affair with an attentive, polite beta male who does the dishes and shows up for dates on time? If these desires were outcroppings of the realm of fantasy alone, severed from real desirous thoughts that can be acted upon, then reason dictates women in all their glorious individuality — nawalt, don’t you know! — would fantasize in the fantasy-dedicated lobes of their brains about a random assortment of scenarios and male archetypes. Yet the thematic universality persists.

The conclusion is obvious: women fantasize about the types of men they do (like the slavemaster from *Fifty Shades*) because, like men watching porn, it gets them off. And what one dreams about — or reads or watches — to get oneself off is thrillingly close to the same thing that gets one off in earthbound life where flesh meets actual flesh.

It’s a good thing beta males are being exposed to this raw look at female nature in ever greater numbers. From the mouths of (aging) babes. Chalk one up for the information superhighway and its unsupervised off-ramps kicking a peg from under the princess pedestal. Perhaps with this new, unsettling knowledge, more betas will train themselves to become alpha and in turn make more women happier and sexually fulfilled. Or perhaps this cadre of illuminated betas will drop out, resigned to their hopelessness and cynicism, and slowly, inexorably withdraw the funds and the mental fuel that prop up the de facto polygyny society in which they play little part except as mop-up crew after the main attraction has ended.

Either way, the rouge has washed off this whore. The illusion is shattering. No one wants to be a dupe. My prediction is that women will regret having thrown the doors wide open on their whipped and gagged ids, invigorating hordes of disaffected or romantically noncommittal beta males in consequence. The losers in this game will rightly wonder what it has gotten them. And the heretics will say some roars were better left stifled.

In the meatime, as always…

I’ll be poolside.

His Adultery Spices Up Marriage

CH · 3 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Aristophenes writes:

> I want to solicit a bit of advice from the commentariat here. I'm 31, married with two young children. I have a high-status career (I'm in a prestigious doctoral program, and I write for a number of elite publications), I am of average, or maybe above average looks, I dress well, and I comport myself well in conversation. I am not intimidated by famous intellectuals or beautiful women.
>
> However: I married my wife when I was 23 – we were both intensely religious and virgins at the time. Since then my religiosity has waned, my wife has gained a good deal of weight, and I've become deeply discontented with my sexless, passionless life.
>
> A few months ago, during a long, boozy night at the bar with some colleagues, a couple of my more attractive (and militantly feminist!) female colleagues opened up about their frustration at the lack of masculine men in our department. I drove one of them home, and when we pulled up to her place, I kissed her and told her I intended to have sex with her. There immediately followed two delightful hours of adultery. Since then I've slept with another young woman, and have fooled around on a couple of other occasions. I am shocked by the easy availability of sex, given my nearly decade-long struggle to get laid within marriage.
>
> So far, this change has had positive ramifications for my marriage. My wife doesn't know everything, but she knows that "things" have happened. At the same time, I've become more assertive and less whiny / pitiable. I demand sex more, and she seems pleased. She's known for years that I want her to lose weight, but she's starting to make some minimal efforts now.
>
> However good things get, though, this will never be ideal. My wife was not an attractive woman when I married her (I didn't think that mattered then – see religiosity) and she's not aging well. I will always live with the knowledge that I have much more beautiful, intelligent, elegant women, who more closely share my interests, and are more impressed with my accomplishments. All things being equal, I'd leave tomorrow. But they're not equal. I am entirely smitten with our son and daughter, and cannot countenance the possibility of their growing up without a father. So here I am.
>
> Here, finally, is the question: Should I keep up with the extramarital dalliances, hoping to effect a sort of Mad Men modus vivendi, in which a lackluster marriage is supplemented by suspected but politely hidden infidelity? Or should I man up, and fight to suppress my wanderlust, contenting myself with what gains can be made at home? I can see pluses and minuses on either side. What do you gents think?

Frenchmen do it right. Have mistresses, but be discreet about it. Aging wives don't want it shoved in their faces; they want to let their hamsters whir with hints, thoughts, painfully delicious imaginings that their husbands might be cheating on them. This strategy has the dual benefit of satisfying the man's natural and completely normal urge for pussy variety while keeping the home and hearth stable and reigniting the marriage with the wife's newfound dread-induced passion.

But the reader is in a predicament; namely, his wife's weight gain has made her less attractive to him, and she wasn't that attractive to begin with. (For the ladies in the audience: your weight gain is as mood-killing for men as a man's weakness and wishy-washiness is mood-killing for you.) Plus, he's got hotter, younger hopefuls auditioning for his meaty intrusion. Very few men can withstand that one-two punch to their virtuous restraint.

His problem is the reason why men should not even consider marriage until they are well into their 30s, and then only with women at least eight to ten years younger. A man hits his SMV stride more than a decade — oftentimes two decades! — after a woman hits hers, so it makes sense that men are best served cashing in their chips at the height of their power for women at the height of their power. That is, if chip cashing is what he wants. I'm not keen

on marriage so I will generally counsel men that they can get all the comforts and love of marriage without signing a legal contract that obligates them to finance an early retirement plan for the wife should she initiate divorce theft proceedings (70-90% of divorces are female-initiated.)

But this guy is a religious bloke and he wanted kids. If kids are in your future, then marriage is the price you pay to ensure the striplings grow up mentally healthy and shielded from the allure of huffing paint or gobbling cock behind the 7-11. He didn't say how young his kids are, so assuming they are still forming their identities, I would not advise him to abort the marriage. He needs to stick it out for a while longer.

What the reader needs to do to avoid crippling depression is the male equivalent of Eat, Pray, Love: Meat, Lay, Rove. He's hitting on all cylinders at this moment in his life and it would be a terrible sacrifice to ask of him — on par with requiring a feminist to carry a rapist's unwanted baby to term, or to have sex with a bitter omega male for ever and ever — to linger for years in his loveless, sexually arid marriage with a fat, unattractive wife. I suggest many "business trips" to exotic locales where he can sate his desire with beautiful lovers and more easily hide his dalliances from the wife. He should continue pushing his wife to lose weight and hinting ever-so-unsubtly at his growing array of sexual market options.

The very real risk of Meat, Lay, Rove is that our intrepid reader will likely fall in love with one of his darlings. Men tend to do that with women they find sexually irresistible. Down that road lies irretrievably broken marriages, for a wife fears a betrayal of love far more than a physical infidelity.

In the end, he will have to answer to his god, and ask him why he was given a working penis if he was meant to suffer unhappily in a sexless marriage with a fat sow.

Another Undersexed Omega Male Shooting Spree

CH · 4 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Welly, well… looks like we got ourselves another enraged omega male with woman troubles who decided to take out his sexual frustrations with a hail of bullets. This time, the bloodthirsty and pussy starved murderer is a Korean male, like that ronery omega at Virginia Tech who shot up a roomful of classmates in the deadliest shooting spree in American history. Man, this multiculturalism and feminist revolution is the gift that keeps on giving!

> One Goh, the former student accused of shooting dead seven people at a small Christian college in Oakland, Calif., was consumed by an inability to get along with women, according to a report. […]
>
> Goh's former nursing instructor, Romie Delariman, was quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle saying the student didn't fit in at a college where women make up the majority of the nursing faculty and student body.
>
> Delariman described Goh as a good and eager student, but added, "He just can't deal with women. … I always advised him, 'You go to school to learn, not to make friends.'"
>
> "He can't get along with people," Delariman was quoted by the newspaper as saying. "If you say, 'How are you?' he'll say, 'Why? Don't I look OK? Did I do something to you?' "
>
> Police on Tuesday said Goh's intended target – a female administrator – escaped the shooting spree and remains alive.

If you can't get laid at a nursing school with probably the most favorable female-male ratio on the planet, you have serious issues to work out. Half of game is just being where the women are, and the advantage of being a nursing school student, although the occupational status is low for a man, is that it practically guarantees that at least once or twice an overworked female classmate is gonna go back to your hovel after a few drinks at the local bar.

Men, like women, fall all along the sexual market value spectrum. Alpha, beta and omega aren't hard and fast discrete taxonomies. They're continuous categories, with lots of filler between the ideal representations of each archetype. The shooter, One Goh, clearly fell well back at the omega end of the SMV scale. He couldn't even hold a normal conversation with anyone, let alone engage in a seductive entreaty with a girl. He needed help on how to be socially aware, how to calibrate, and how to comport himself so that his most repellent personality traits and characteristics were suppressed, allowing him to begin the process of romancing women. The fact that he couldn't even be bothered to change his ridiculous name to something that wouldn't automatically ostracize him from most American women is indicative of his total disconnect with social reality.

It probably didn't help his mental state that he was surrounded by lots of chicks on a daily basis who wanted nothing to do with him. It's like holding out a hot pizza pie in front of a starving man's nose, and slapping his hands away when he reaches for a slice.

Game may not be able to get socially clueless omega males laid with HB10s, but it can very well get them a date with an average chick. Which could lead to them expelling that dangerous build-up of sperm in a warm hole. And that, my friends, could mean the difference between getting your insides perforated by the angry bullets of a celibate omega's climactic will to power and living to breathe another day.

If they don't already, I figure criminal profilers will start incorporating "hopeless with women" and "volatile blue balls at high risk of explosion" into their list of attributes to analyze suspects as part of their investigative work when these mass murder sprees occur.

Should You Call Out A Girl's Bad Behavior?

CH · 5 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The question of whether to call out, or confront, a girl over any behavior of hers that is disrespectful to you is less cut-and-dried than it sounds. For instance, what do you do when you ask a girl out through text and she replies a day later? The he-man, tough guy traditionalists would say you don't put up with shit from women, you be a man, and that means reprimanding women when they get out of line. Ok, great, but will that get you any closer to getting laid, which, remember, is your primary goal?

(He-men will say to that "Getting laid is less important than sticking up for your principles." I'd tell them that having principles is fine up until the point those principles become recurring obstacles getting in the way of enjoying a satisfying love life. After which point it's time to reevaluate your principles so that they're geared to your personal advantage.)

Back to the scenario of the girl who texts a day late. It just so happens that I put the "calling out" theory to the test about four years ago when I went through a string of dates and flings with about fifteen girls in two months. Three of the girls totally flaked on me: two cancelled a first date at the last minute and one stood me up. A fourth girl took forever to reply to my texts. I was pissed at these flakes and was searching for a fail-safe method to deal with them and bolster my dignity in the process. At that time, I had been hearing a lot from a couple of naturals I knew who claimed that they never hesitated to call girls out on their shitty behavior. They recommended I do the same. Up till then, I was fairly content to just ignore or tease girls when they acted out their female flake algorithm.

To the two girls who cancelled at the last minute, I texted one and left a voicemail with the other expressing my displeasure along the lines of (paraphrasing) "My time is valuable. Last minute blow-offs are not cool." To the girl who stood me up, I left an angrier text telling her not to make plans if she wasn't going to see them through. The fourth girl who waited forever to reply to my texts got this in response: "I don't hang with girls who can't be bothered to text back in a reasonable time frame."

The idea here was to rattle the girls with a strong, but non-needy, alpha display that they normally didn't experience from most men they flaked on. In theory, it sounded plausible. However, in practice it was a total failure. None of the girls ever replied to my stern rebukes.

Conclusion: disciplining prospects = failed game.

Early in the seduction process, before you have cemented the bond with a few nights of fuckfare, stern paternal rebukes, however much delivered from a position of non-neediness, will turn girls off. A girl will never — I mean NEVER — accept that she bears responsiblity for her poor behavior. I don't care if her fucking life is on the line, she'll find a way to excuse her actions. Calling an inconsiderate girl out will only add pellets to her hamster's food dish, and she'll happily rationalize your scolding so that her decision to flake seems like a good one to her: "Wow, that guy is weird. Good thing we didn't meet up."

If you want to blow up any bridges to sex for the thrill of chastising a girl when she's acting like a bitch, and for helping other guys out who might have to deal with her in the future, I say go for it. I suggest brutally dressing a girl down in front of a group of her friends, or in a public place. "Did your parents raise you to be this way?" is a good line that'll shut most shrikes up.

But I wouldn't make a habit of it. The best way to handle misbehaving, flaky girls that most consistently results in furthering positive interactions with the girls (should you choose to further them) is to do the following, in no specific order of effectiveness:

– Ignore
– Tease
– Misdirect

– Demote

Here are some examples of the above methods.

Ignore:
Self-explanatory. A girl texts you a day later, you don't immediately reply, and you don't let her know that her tardiness even registered in your consciousness. You act like this is just how girls are, and they deserve no better in return. Proceed as if nothing is wrong.

Tease:
"-10 points for lack of prompt reply. you're losing me. you got ground to make up." Also see this post for more examples of teasing a girl to reverse her flaking.

Misdirect:
"What was this about?" Forces girl to explain the context of her reply, which reframes back in your favor. Another good misdirection involves answering as if you were talking to a different girl, which will compel her to figure out what you mean: "Ok, i'll drop my stuff off at your place later", to which she will likely ask "what?" and then you reply "my mistake. what's up?" (credit: Lara).

Demote:
(credit: YaReally) I wouldn't call her out I'd just act as if I have 10 playboy models on the go and simply reply "sorry too slow lol made other plans. Next time" and then not respond for a few days. That teaches the lesson of "don't dick around" without coming off insecure and angry.

I can say with a good degree of assurance that calling girls out for crappy behavior is counter-productive in the early stages of a seduction or dating trajectory. It might make you feel better, but it won't pry open many vaginas. It's a different story once you've been sexing a girl or are in a relationship; at that stage of the fuck cycle, you should establish your dominance when she starts pulling shit on you to test your alpha mettle. Bemused mastery is the alpha attitude women love, and there isn't much room for indignant anger in that attitude. Especially at the beginning, when neither of you knows each other very well.

If you act like the typical shit that girls pull gets to you, then she'll think (rightly) that you don't have much experience with women.

Flirty Quips To Female Small Talk

CH · 9 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Surprisingly few men know how to flirt. (It's surprising because, given the importance of flirting to evoking a feeling of incipient sexual release in a girl's mind, you'd think evolution would have ensured a lot more men are skilled at the craft. I consider the absence of widely distributed flirting skills, particularly among northern europeans and asians, to be evidence that for much of mankind's ancestral past the sex ratio was skewed enough in the typical man's favor that he didn't need to learn how to appeal to women's romantic needs.)

But I digress. When girls ask simple questions, or when they engage in innocuous chit chat, it's in your interest as a lover of positive, sexualized female attention to answer them in a flirty way. Training yourself to parry female small talk with unexpected flirtatious jousts is, at the least, great for honing your game, even when it doesn't lead to a bang.

Here are some examples of what I'm talking about. I routinely employ these quips in my daily life anytime I hear an opening in some banal conversation that I happen to be having with a girl. These examples aren't meant to be lifted verbatim, (although you may do that), but rather to serve as illustration of the type of mindset you should have whenever you interact with women. (Warning: do not use on fat chicks. They may get the wrong idea.)

GIRL: "What time is it?"

A good time.

GIRL: "You came in late today."

Hard drug use.

GIRL: "Which way is it to [X]?"

You don't seem like the kind of girl who'd go there.

GIRL: "How are you?"

Irresistible.

GIRL: "Could you watch my laptop for me for a minute?"

Ok, but close your porn windows first. I have a reputation.

GIRL: "What'd you think of [movie X]?"

All right… ready to hang on my every word?

GIRL: "Are you going to [X's] party this Friday?"

Yes. You can be happy now.

GIRL: "What do you do?"

You didn't just ask that.

GIRL: [in an elevator] "Could you press 4?"

This is just like in the movies!

GIRL: "My shift is ending soon. Can I close you out?"

Your flirting skills need work.

GIRL: "I think the coffee machine's broken."

Tried to put vodka in it again, didn't ya?

GIRL: "Where's your car?"

Tijuana.

GIRL: "That sounds like a good idea."

Hey, it's me!

GIRL: "It's a really nice day today."

Thanks!

GIRL: "That's a cool hat."

Flattery will get you everywhere.

GIRL: "Are you waiting in line?"

I'd better be. Otherwise I'm standing around looking good for nothing.

GIRL: "That'll be $69.75."

I bet you say that to all the guys.

Just kidding about that last one. Sort of.

Flirting with women ties into the whole alpha male philosophy of not taking girls seriously. Treating women's idle politeness like a sounding board for you to amp up the sexual tension and remind your quarry that you are a highly libidinous, fleshy extension of your turgid cock is good for establishing proper and healthy male-female relations.

When you are flippant with women, they sense that you think you are better than them, and that turns them on. Women love a man who is better than them, but they will accept as a substitute a man who simply *thinks* he is better than them.

Bad News For Smart Nerds

CH · 10 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

You aren't going to win over the hot babes with your profound pontifications.

> Studies show the most attractive women have the highest standards for men in most every category surveyed — except intelligence.
>
> Via Do Gentlemen Really Prefer Blondes?: Bodies, Behavior, and Brains–The Science Behind Sex, Love, & Attraction:
>
> The evolutonary psychologists recruited a rotating team of male and female interviewers who paired up and evaluated more than two hundred married participants in the Midwest. Each subject was judged for physical attractiveness and assessed in three separate sessions for the factors they valued and insisted on in choosing a mate. **The prettiest women had the highest standards — they wanted and expected their partners to be masculine, fit, physically attractive, loving, educated, a few years older than themselves, and desirous of home and children, with a high income potential. Surprising to the researchers there was only one quality beautiful women did not insist on more than plainer women did: intelligence.**

No surprise here that the hottest women have the highest overall standards. Hot chicks and high status men have the sexual market options available to them to plausibly hold very high standards for themselves. What is perhaps interesting to the game neophyte and the nerd proud of his electric ham's horsepower is the finding that beautiful women don't place much stock in a man's intelligence. If you can score that CEO gig with a 90 IQ and a psychopathic personality, women will still love you just as hard.

This study comports with the Chateau Dating Market Value Test for men at the top of the blog front page, which has a section on male intelligence that only added a point for smarts that were somewhat above average, and deducted a point for smarts that were in the stratosphere (where personality defects start to manifest.) Women may say they want a smart guy, but in my observation of couples in which the girl was hot, the guy was more usually kind of a douchey middle of the road mental mediocrity. But he had the right attitude, and alpha attitude trumps smarts any day of the week.

This is not to say smarts won't help a man with women. A very smart man uses his gift to seduce, but also to conceal or ameliorate the most obvious vestiges of his mental prowess. In other words, since most chicks are average intelligence, it is paramount for the master seducer to calm women's fears of being mentally outclassed by a wide enough margin that discomfort arises. All else equal, women like smart men, but they'll choose cocky mediocrities over cloying geniuses every time. Nerds who hope to bank shot their encyclopedic knowledge of male-centric hobbies into hot babe pussy are shit out of luck.

<nasally whine>

"But why does she go for IDIOTS? I'm a Mensa member!"

</nasally whine>

Back to the masturbatorium with you, nerdling!

The usual caveats apply to self-assessment studies like this one: what women say they want in a man and what they actually go for are often enough not the same thing. I tend to frown upon self-reported sex surveys because of this psychological anomaly; however, I do think the conclusions can hint at, and reveal the shady contours of, women's innermost desires. But your best teacher is still real world, direct experience.

As for why women, and particularly hot women, don't much emphasize men's intelligence as an attractiveness trait… well, it's hard to say for certain, but I'd stick with the fundamental premise that our sexual desire is fully

ensconced in the same hindbrain we had way back in the ancestral environment, where aloof, socially savvy and dominant men pounded pussy “Quest for Fire”-style in front of teary-eyed slabworms who looked upon the proceedings with visions of missile technology to take out the alphas dancing in their heads. And then, of course, the alphas stole credit for the new tech invented by the beta nerds, and still got the women.

There’s a lesson there.

Another Game Concept Validated: Personality Is Adjustable

CH · 11 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Many doubters of game, especially those of the determinist variety, like to assert that game, even if it has merit, is largely limited in scope to those men already born with the genes that give them personality characteristics — for instance, extroversion — suited for seducing women. Their thinking goes:

Game requires extroversion and charisma.

Extroversion and charisma are mostly heritable, genetically influenced traits.

ERGO, men without those advantageous pussy-slaying genes cannot learn or benefit from game.

CONCLUSION: only men born with "game genes" can run game successfully.

Coming from this blog, it might sound funny that I'm about to disprove the above logic sequence. After all, a fair amount of posting effort here is spent hammering the feelgood, empty-headed assertions of the "social conditioning", cultural supremacy crowd and emphasizing the heretofore mostly unacknowledged or under-examined role that genes play in everything about us humans, from the way we look, to our personalities, to our predilection for impulsiveness and crime, to our sexual desire and our intelligence. (This study and this one are two examples of many.)

I do this because for generations the West has labored under the grand poobah of lies, the lie of blank slate ideology. This rancid ideology has brought more pain, death, distress and wasted resources upon its enthralled peoples than any other. The amount of self-delusion, demoralizing snark and frantic propaganda needed to sustain it is breathtaking.

Yet there is no such thing as absolute genetic determinism. Genes are probability, not destiny (credit: Razib). Genes explain a lot — more than most give them credit for — but they aren't everything. Our genetic heritage has also imbued us with a talent for adaptation in the face of environmental flux and everyday challenges. Stressing the genetic component should not be construed as denying any environmental influence. I stress genes because they are ignored, deliberately or incidentally, by most everyone else, and especially by those who wield the media bullhorns, work in HR departments, grade papers in academia and make policy in legislative dens. My ASCII saber brings balance to the force.

Having acknowledged the power of genes, anti-gamers may wonder where I get off claiming men can learn to be better womanizers. Simple. Personality, moreso than looks or height or intelligence, is amenable to active efforts at change. Given that a man's personality is at least as relevant as, if not more relevant than, his looks or wealth to attracting women, improving his personality so that he has a sexier, dominant vibe will redound to more sex and better relationships.

And this isn't just evidence from personal experience, or observation of the experiences of others, speaking. Science is catching up to the field work of millions of aspiring players. Here is a study showing that military service will change a man's personality.

> "Be all you can be," the Army tells potential recruits. The military promises personal reinvention. But does it deliver? A new study, which will be published in an upcoming issue of *Psychological Science*, a journal of the Association for Psychological Science, finds that personality does change a little after military service – German conscripts come out of the military less agreeable than their peers who chose civilian service.

It's maybe a bit more than a coincidence that pickup teachers call their in-field classes "boot camps". The military is a tough, strict regimen, and the personality changes measured are not huge. This should chasten betas new to the game that they are going to have to commit a lot of focused effort to pickup if they want to enjoy the pussy bounty

that accrues to the smoothest operators. But at least now they know it can be done.

Here's another study concluding that certain personality changes lead to more happiness, and that such change is possible.

> People's personalities can change considerably over time, say scientists, suggesting that leopards really can change their spots.
>
> Psychologists from The University of Manchester and London School of Economics and Political Science (LSE) also showed that small positive personality changes may lead to greater increases in happiness than earning more money, marrying, or gaining employment. […]
>
> Lead author Dr Chris Boyce, from the University of Manchester's School of Psychological Sciences, said: "We found that our personalities can and do change over time – something that was considered improbable until now – and that these personality changes are strongly related to changes in our wellbeing. […]
>
> "Fostering the conditions where personality growth occurs – such as through positive schooling, communities, and parenting **[ed: and game!]** – may be a more effective way of improving national wellbeing than GDP growth."

It'll be difficult, but you can alter your personality from a less sexy one to a sexier one. From a boring one to a charismatic one. That's really what game is — the active transformation of your personality from mundane to mesmerizing, based on a conceptual foundation derived from evolutionary biology and real world feedback that the male personality attributes which most women find sexually attractive are identifiable, objective and acquirable.

Before you untether yourself from reality with this joyous news, know that your genetic disposition will make game more or less taxing on you to learn and implement. If you are a natural introvert, expect your learning curve to be much steeper than it would be for an inborn extrovert. It really WILL be harder for some guys to learn game, let alone master it, than it will for other guys who were born with a more advantageous suite of personality traits. Life isn't fair, so you have to be ready to accept that some men will be better at game, and better at it quicker, than you. But you shouldn't allow this acceptance to sap your willpower, because regardless of the ease with which other men accomplish their goals, you can improve yourself.

For some men, their goals are racking up notch counts into the hundreds or thousands. For other men, their goals are enjoying a few flings on the side. Still others just want a girlfriend or a happier wife. Whatever the goal, the result is inarguable: giving men more choice in women. And that's a good thing for both.

A Testament To The Power Of Game

CH · 11 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Sidewinder writes the following:

> Last night I banged the highest quality girl to date. 21, petite, model, easily orgasmic…somewhere in that 8-9.5 range where any difference in rating is merely a matter of opinion. I'm a 35 year old attorney, recently divorced, 2 kids, balding, medium height, slender build…pretty fucking average.
>
> I won't waste your time with the entire seduction (which took 2 months, yet the 7 hour rule still held). I am fairly confident that last night would not have happened without the knowledge I have gained from reading your blog. This girl threw shit tests at me on a near daily basis for over a month. And when I passed all the tests and had near flawless rapport with her on 2 dates, she wouldn't even kiss me at the end of the date (even though there was a lot of touching, hand-holding, etc.). She flaked on one date, and rejected me on another date request. So what changed? What were the keys to success?
>
> 1. Persistent frame maintenance. I never whined, complained, asked, pleaded… I always acted congruent with the reality that I am a high-value male worthy of her sexual interest. While it was never said, she knew that "let's just be friends" would not be an acceptable way of dealing with me. And I always moved forward, never afraid to tease, touch, flirt. No attempt to backtrack to try to avoid a rejection or give myself an out.
>
> 2. Negs. Even though she is very attractive, she has a warm approachable personality, so I calibrated to a teasing form of negging. No cutting negs, except as described below at 5.
>
> 3. Freeze out. After a month of flirting, dates, but no sex, I stopped giving her attention. This drove her crazy and resulted in increased texts and emails from her.
>
> 4. Gamed other girls. While freezing her out, I continued talking to other girls, banging one of them. She didn't know about this, but this bird in the hand mentality gave me strong inner game in dealing with the hotter girl.
>
> 5. Destroyed/preempted her ultimate shit test – while I was ignoring her, she sent the following beta bait: "A girl hit me last night. I don't know what to do". I completely ignored this. This pissed her off and she demanded to talk a couple days later. I told her at the last minute she could come out and meet me at a restaurant I was already at after work (a greasy hole in the wall that she had previously told me she hated). She shows up, pissed to even be there and started fishing for emotional support which I ignored. Then she tried to guilt trip me about not being a caring person and listed all the ways I'm "not as great as you think you are." At that point, having banged the other girl the night before, I didn't give a shit so I told her the truth: I didn't respond to her text because her "girl fight" was embarrassing for her, not something she should broadcast or that I would ever be involved with. I told her she needed to grow the fuck up. She looked at the wine in her hand and thought about throwing it on me, but instead got up, yelled at me and stomped out of the place. But she really didn't leave…she waited outside for me to come out…we ended up having a good conversation. She wanted to come over but I told her I was tired.
>
> 6. The days following this, she turned a complete 180. Pleasant, accommodating, openly interested in hanging out. Last night she came over, with her overnight stuff (I didn't invite her to spend the night), watched a movie, no drama whatsoever, sex after a fair degree of last minute resistance and she stayed over. But it was good resistance, the "I don't want to fuck this up with you" kind of resistance.
>
> While we were laying in bed after sex, she was talking about why she wanted to be with me and she said "You are *really* honest with me, even when I don't want to hear it. No guy is ever honest with me. They just tell me what they think I want to hear." I know you don't put a lot of stock into what women have to say about game, or what they think they want, but this girl is very intelligent and self-aware.
>
> Unbelievable how difficult this was, though. It was like trying to land a marlin in a kayak, or break a wild

> horse. And odds are good I'll slip up or get out-gunned eventually by a higher quality guy. But I'm fairly confident I would never have even got my first drink with her prior to finding this blog, much less navigating the minefield she laid out.

Some men found Fortune 500 companies. Some men split the atom. I help guys get laid with hot babes. Ask yourself, who's really bringing more happiness into the world?

The Feminism Shit Test

CH · 12 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader poses an interesting scenario: what do you say if a girl asks you about feminism? If you live in a big, blue urban enclave, it's pretty good odds you'll run into a chick — probably a lawyer or other man-jawed freak of nature — who hits you up with the feminism shit test.

Naturally, the typical beta male, not knowing what the fuck to do in most situations with women except kowtow in abject supplication in hopes he'll be patted on the head like a neutered shih tzu, would frantically insist his fem-cred is legit. At best, he might "yeah, but" his way through it until eventually caving that he's on board the grrlpower train.

But we can do better than that! In fact, not just better, but SEXIER. You see, these sorts of politically and culturally loaded questions that girls ask are not just tests for proof of in-group certification, they are also plum-ripe opportunities to demonstrate superior value by parrying her noxiously probing questions in a socially adept manner that simultaneously arouses her and spares your dignity as a man.

Examples

GIRL: what do you think of feminism?
YOU: it's for old hags and ugly girls.

This was the answer suggested by the reader. It certainly spares no quarter, but is it alpha in the pussy-moistening sense? I think it's too confrontational. More likely to start an argument or elicit a haughty exit than encourage flirty banter.

Here are some less confrontational but still edgy replies:

GIRL: what do you think of feminism?

YOU:
– great for my sex life!
– child's play.
– it's like religion. makes people feel good.
– great! girls buy me drinks now.
– dunno. never ate one.
– fucking LOVE it. premarital sex for the win!
– you mean lesbianism?
– i don't.
– [for the girls who appreciate dark humor]: it's cool. my aborted sister was a feminist.
– love it. i'd be married if it wasn't for feminism.
– it's bursting with fruit flavor.
– you'll have to ask my grandma.
– it's cute!

GIRL: what do you think of feminists?

YOU:
– they're sexy underneath.
– beautiful on the inside.
– so smart! guys love that about girls. yup, being totally serious here.
– they ask weird questions.
– love chicks who rock the pit hair. shows they're secure in their masculinity.
– so cute!

– best divorcees in the world.
– love em. most of them are secretly giggling little schoolgirls once you get to know them.
– i'd tell you but then you'd have to buy me a drink.

GIRL: are you a feminist?

YOU:
– i wish, but i was born with a penis.
– that's what my doctor says.
– when it's convenient.
– for you, any time sweet cheeks.
– are you flirting with me?
– i'm not wearing any underwear, so, yeah.

Of course, if you really ARE a micropeened self-loathing bitch tittied simulacra of a man one brightly whistled show tune away from double rainbowed gaiety, you could go the Hugo Schwyzer route and proudly declare your feminist bona fides, t-shirt and all, while exploiting your teacher-student status differential to nail 19 year old hypergamous pussy. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

But for most betas who don't have a captive classroom audience of eager beavers jockeying for insider influence at an A in 'Deconstructing Rape Culture 101′, holding sincere feminist beliefs and being unafraid (ha!) to broadcast those beliefs will not help you get laid. If anything, girls will be turned off by your cloying self-abnegation. Even feminist girls. ESPECIALLY feminist girls.

Women's Unrealistic Online Standards Are Like Ice Cream

CH · 12 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader claims to note a trend in online personals:

> [T]his is a trend I've noticed online, women who are QUITE comfortable with dating someone a handful of years younger but do NOT want anyone more than a few years older than they. What accounts for this trend? I mean, you could meet a 28 year old fat dude, or a 40 year old paleo-hardened guy who looks young. Why pre-emptively discount age like that? Most women I've met prefer someone same age or older.

I don't know how widespread women's aping of men's standards in online ads is, because I don't do online dating (at least not recently). However, from what I've read about the subject, most women's preferences in online ads is for men older than they are; which makes sense, since age is a status marker for men in a way it isn't for women. But assuming for the sake of argument that there is a small but growing contingent of cougars explicitly seeking younger men in what amounts to a mirror image of the universal trend for men to seek younger women, I believe I have an explanation.

First, keep in mind that it doesn't matter what women demand in online ads, because outrageous standards that are far removed from reality are quickly weeded out of contention, leaving such delusional women sad and alone in real life. A lot of loser women who do the online thing subconsciously know they aren't going to get laid by the man of their dreams, so they throw all reason and sobriety to the wind and just go hog wild laundry listing their fantasy criteria. For these women (admittedly greater in number now than every before in Western history), it's more about ego catharsis than about actually meeting a man. ASCII therapy with a public audience of like-minded Medusas one-upping each other to the top of the entitlement heap.

Happily punching in a feverish list of ridiculous expectations in an online ad is the emotional equivalent of plopping in front of the TV (all shows cater to women except 'Mythbusters' and sports) and wolfing down a tub of ice cream. Feels SOOOOO good, even if it's SOOOO bad for her health, looks and love life. Kinda makes a tidy little metaphor for civilizational decline.

Second, the few cougars who aren't ugly, ragged or grossly obese but who left their prime years far behind in a haze of drunken binges and cock hopping, will sometimes recognize, on a primal level, that their odds of getting a good (read: high value, sort of charmingly dickish) man of the type they pined for at age 20 to commit to them in a loving long-term relationship are very low, and that their efforts are best spent putting out for horny younger men who will at least offer a short term thrill in the sack. This phenomenon — of older woman transforming into clitorally turgid quasi-men — is not common, certainly not nearly as common as the media would have you believe. But they do exist, and you can be pretty sure that most of them could cut glass with their jaws and suffocate small dogs with their jungly, frosted pube patches. Do note, as well, that as women age their testosterone levels rise in step with their lowered expectations, making the prospect of loveless one night stands more palatable to their still feminine egos.

Let's just say that these horncat cougars are not exactly the sorts of women older men with options want at all, and they aren't the sorts of women younger men with no options want for more than a few no muss no fuss bangs in which to drain their aching teen balls. Because younger men, just like older men, prefer the exquisite intimacies of young women. Cougars probably know this on some deep supraegotistical level, so they respond to their constrained sexual market choices by pretending to prefer the company of younger men when in reality all they're trying to do is avoid the soul crushing loneliness that would inevitably result if they adhered to the standards of their real desires and had to face the brutal and merciless cruelty of the sexual market head on.

Women never really lose the ability to extrapolate a one night stand into some fantastical dramatic relationship story arc, so a cougar having a couple of perfunctory fucks with an indiscriminately horny college student in a

dating slump can sometimes mean the difference for her between having the will to live for another day and resigning herself to gardening and obesity. It's not an avenue most older single women are willing to take, but for a few desperate specimens with male-like sex drives and bodies that haven't yet gone completely to shit, it beats suddenly and unceremoniously being dumped into the invisible fringes of forgotten wastelands. At least for a few more years.

The Numbers Game Fallacy

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Trolls often ask “isn’t pickup just a numbers game”? I say trolls, because it’s rare you’ll hear this question from an honest person sincerely seeking answers. The question is farcical once you dig into it a bit, and anti-gamers like to use it in an attempt to discredit game/evolutionary biology/sex differences/female hypergamy…. pick any one or all. (Funnily enough, you’ll hardly ever hear women using it, probably because women don’t like to think of themselves as numbers.)

The “numbers game” fallacy is similar to the “hours game” fallacy. Think of a great musician. He has to put in a lot of hours of practice to get great at his craft. Once greatness is achieved, a person asserting an “hours game” argument would contend that the musician’s continued greatness depends on all the hours he puts into playing. But that is not the case. A great musician, once trained, can play five minutes a week and still be great compared to the non-musician or hobbyist musician.

So it is with game and pickup. Logically and unavoidably, most neophytes will make more approaches in order to put their game theory to practice in the field. That is how you get good. Simply reading about game and approaching one woman per year won’t cut it. But once a number of up-front approaches have been made — once the steepest part of the learning curve has been crested — and the aspiring seducer has improved his game acumen, then he can reduce his number of approaches while still enjoying a very good sex and love life because his odds of any one approach resulting in a fuck close have measurably increased over his previous, game-less baseline.

And from personal experience, this is exactly what happened to me. When I first tried game, I kept my approach numbers at the same level i had before game. Once I started tasting improved success using game, I increased my approach number because 1. I was excited to see how much I could accomplish using game, and 2. I had to approach more women to try out all the new things I was learning.

Naturally, my close rate increased with my increased approach rate, owing mostly to my game skills but also partly to the larger pool of women I was hitting on. (In contrast, had I increased my pool of prospects while using NO GAME, my close rate would not have increased by nearly as much.) Then, after a few years of this fucking around for fun and sexual profit, I decided that I was interested in longer term relations with women, so I gradually pared back my number of approaches to about the same level I had before learning game. And a funny thing happened. I was having more success with the fewer, and hotter!, women I was approaching than I would have had without game. I had a skillset called game and it increased my positive interactions with women across the board. In other words, my RATE of rejection was lower, and my rate of success higher.

That’s the way doubters need to view the numbers game fallacy: numbers matter, but game matters more. The two work in concert until enough competency is achieved that numbers are no longer needed.

For those who refuse to part ways with the numbers game fallacy, I direct your attention to the headstrong but socially clueless geeky beta male. I think most of us have encountered this type of guy in our lives. He’s aggressively nerdy, unafraid to approach women in his awkward fashion, and never learns from his mistakes. He has no discernible game besides fearlessness and a lack of shame. He’s a little “off”. He’s our test case for measuring game against numbers. He’s got the numbers, but he has no game, and the results aren’t pretty: one ugly rejection after another. But he soldiers on.

You can approach thousands of women, but if you have no game, if you persist in engaging women with your socially clumsy schtick and never trying to improve yourself, all that you’ll get is a huge notch count of rejections — a botch count. Sure, you might “get lucky” once in a blue moon using nothing but numbers game. But why wait for that when real game — real cultivated charisma — can increase your lay odds to a level, at the least, where you go from 1 lay in 1,000 approaches to 1 lay in 100 approaches? And with hotter babes on top of it? That’s an order of magnitude better success with women over just maxing out your number of pickup attempts.

Not to mention, a numbers game mentality will do nothing for you once you're already in a relationship with a woman you love. Having no game at that stage is risking a lot; a lot more than a measly five minute approach in a bar. And it's not like you can numbers game your girlfriend over and over until she falls back in love with you.

Anyhow, I hope this clears the air on this fallacy. I doubt it will convince the trolls, but then they were never really open to being convinced.

Science Proves Race Is Not A Social Construct

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I've never understood how this leftie assertion "race is a social construct" got off the ground — I mean, I have two eyes, I can see what people look like — but for whatever reason all sorts of brainwashed numbskulls cling to the meme like a life raft. How do you argue effectively against people who so brazenly defy common sense and observable reality? At some sufficiently degenerate mental nadir it becomes impossible to engage such a person rationally. You just mock them and hope they shrink away in shame.

Mockery's great, I love it, use it a lot in my daily life. But once in a while it's pleasing to throw an icy cold splash of scientific debunking on false beliefs. If the perpetrator of the false belief is not insane, actual science proving the contrary might give him pause about spreading his lies. But better than that, and more probable, it will win over weak-minded conformists and status whores who are gullible to the liar's feelgood, twisted logic, thus ostracizing him from normal people.

On that premise, here's a loaded study — loaded with implications — about a new DNA test that can ID a person's race.

> Frudakis' test is called DNAWitness. It examines DNA from 176 locations along the genome. Particular sequences at these points are found primarily in people of African heritage, others mainly in people of Indo-European, Native American, or South Asian descent. No one sequence can perfectly identify a person's origin. But by looking at scores of markers, Frudakis says he can predict ancestry with a tiny margin of error. […]
>
> But the real [reason it isn't popular with police]? DNAWitness touches on race and racial profiling — a subject with such a tortured history that people can't countenance the existence of the technology, even if they don't understand how it works.
>
> "Once we start talking about predicting racial background from genetics, it's not much of a leap to talking about how people perform based on their DNA — why they committed that rape or stole that car or scored higher on that IQ test," says Troy Duster, former president of the American Sociological Association.

Aaaaaaaaand…. meme CEDED motherfucker. You can't find DNA markers of social constructs, but you sure can of biological reality. The fear here, naturally considering the PC crushing potential unlocked by such technology, is exactly what Troy Duster, former president of the **American Sociological ASSociation** **cough** dissembling shitsacks **cough** suggests: that the tech will be able to find genetic markers that correspond with certain behaviors and attributes. And at that point, the whole house of equalist cards carefully built up over the last, oh, 150 years, comes tumbling down.

The fear exists because those professing it know, deep in their squirrelly little hearts, that the propaganda they cherish and espouse is wrong, has always been wrong, and soon everyone will know of its wrongness. I think what they really fear is blowback. Or perhaps hopelessness. Or sinecures. Or all of that, plus the loss of a status cudgel to wield against their close cousin lessers.

> Tony Clayton, a black man and a prosecutor who tried one of the Baton Rouge murder cases, concedes the benefits of the test: "Had it not been for Frudakis, we would still be looking for the white guy in the white pickup." Nevertheless, Clayton says he dislikes anything that implies we don't all "bleed the same blood." He adds, "If I could push a button and make this technology disappear, I would."

I bet a lot of members of the current ruling regime are thinking the same thing. Which is why they shouldn't be in power, any longer.

ps hi Cheap Chalupas!

Women, Divorce And Misleading Statistics

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Feminists like to point to statistics that supposedly show that divorced women experience a fall in their standard of living as proof that wives are reluctantly initiating divorces to get out of marriages to ill-behaving husbands. There are two problems with this highly misleading statistic (assuming the stat is true in the sense it is being used):

1. The presumption that women are thinking through the long-term and less tangible financial consequences of divorce when the short-term and more tangible incentives are all in the woman's favor.

A woman who knows she will get half, the house, and custody with child support thinks she will hit the jackpot in the event of divorce, because those rewards are immediate and tangible. She won't be as likely to think through the prospect of diminished career potential or sexual market value. Incentives matter in human behavior, and front-loaded incentives matter more than downstream disincentives.

2. The drop in a divorced woman's standard of living, if true, is likely based on a faulty comparison with her standard of living while she was married. The better and more relevant comparison is between the standard of living of a divorced woman and her life as a single woman before she got married. Do divorced women live better than they did as single women BEFORE they got married? That is the useful metric which will shed light on whether divorce really is a bad economic decision for women.

In related news, Jason Malloy's data at The Inductivist on divorce initiation and reasons given is illuminating:

> Assuming that those who assign blame are the ones that initiated the divorce, and had a "good" reason:
>
> Wive initiate 70% of divorce and blame the husband 40% of the time. (60% of female initiated divorce is unprovoked)
>
> Husbands initiate 30% of divorce and blame the wife 21% of the time.
>
> (79% of male initiated divorce is unprovoked)
>
> 23% of divorces are males "trading-up"
> 28% of divorces are males "screwing-up"
> ——-
> 51% of divorces due to men
>
> 42% of divorces are females "trading-up"
> 7% of divorces are females "screwing-up"
> ——-
> 49% of divorces due to women
>
> So women are much more likely to "trade-up," but men are much more likely to "screw-up". And the two cancel each other out. Both men and women are seemingly responsible for about half of divorces.

This should put to rest the feminist and white knight lapdog lie that men are primarily responsible for marital failure because they aren't "manning up", or are behaving irresponsibly. (Paging Charles Murray…) Women really do initiate at least half the cases of divorce because their husbands have turned unattractively beta, or because they have crossed paths with a more desirable alpha male and indulged their instincts.

Indeed, if we restrict our focus to the under-acknowledged role of female hypergamy in sexual marketplace functioning, then it should be obvious that a major cause of divorce in this country — women trading up — has gone almost entirely unreported and unremarked upon by the discourse gatekeepers, aka Lords of Lies.

Furthermore, and most shockingly to feminist and manboobed sensibility, a strong argument can be made that in the moral calculus defining parameters of blame for marital dissolution, "trading up" is a much worse impetus for

divorcing than is “screwing up”. After all, a woman who is compelled to trade up is turning her back completely on her marriage and the vows she made to her husband. In contrast, a man who screws up by, say, partaking of a one night stand or drinking too much, has not necessarily turned his back completely on his marriage, though his screw up may convince his wife that the union is not worth sustaining.

I think, given the nature of the data and the differing biological predispositions among men and women to weigh the gravity of sexual infidelity and emotional infidelity unequally, that it is fair to say women are the prime drivers of the divorce industrial complex, and that this fact, for reasons that go to the heart of the equalist utopia project and feminist prerogative, is actively ignored and suppressed by the commentariat and legal system.

But not anymore. Heh heh heh.

For more on this subject and a debate over the precision of Malloy’s data, check out this post and comment thread.

Update

wfprice makes a good point about the way feminists use standard of living statistics misleadingly:

> I tend to reject the statistic, because it usually refers to a feminist study from the 1980s (when academic feminism had carte blanche to make things up). However, it’s true that a woman’s income often looks low on paper following divorce. This is because child support, child tax credits, EIC, property transferred to woman from ex-husband and other benefits are not counted as income. In the meanwhile, it looks like a man’s expenses have gone down, because he no longer gets to claim these expenses on his tax returns. The truth, however, is that she gets all of the supposed increase in his living standard and then some directly in her pocket. The statistic is so deliberately dishonest that it ought to be called what it is: a lie.
>
> Divorce is deliberately set up to ensure that women lose as little as possible when leaving their marriage for whatever reason. Men, of course, are punished no matter what the reason.

A good rule of thumb is to just start with the working assumption that anything which falls out of a feminist’s craggy mouth is a lie.

The reaction of certain quarters to men’s rights has been fascinating to me from an observer’s perspective. The obstinately blind who think men’s rights advocates are whiners really need to get a grip on the fact that the family court system is arrayed against men’s interests. It is grossly unfair to men in its favoritism toward women. Some systemic injustices really are injustices, and not just figments of some broken person’s imagination or examples of confirmation bias.

As I have explained before, there is a very good evolutionary reason why this state of affairs has emerged and persists with little push back from women *or* men: in the unrestricted playgroud of nature, men are disposable. (And women are perishable. Hi, PA!) One man can do the reproductive job of 1,000 men, if necessary. Our hindbrains have evolved over millennia to reflect this biological reality, and it manifests in the ease with which we send young men to war but recoil at the prospect of doing the same to young women, in the compulsion to blame marital breakups on men no matter the facts and to excuse women’s misdeeds, in the quickness with which men’s natural sexual urges are demonized and demagogued while women’s natural sexual urges are lauded as steps toward empowerment and self-actualization, in the permissible bias in family courts against men and for women, in the relative lack of concern for jailed and destitute deadbeat dads compared to the outpouring of sympathies for struggling single moms and divorced women, and in the full weight of societal opprobrium levied against male caddishness in contrast to the revulsion and willful ignorance expressed for confronting female sexual nature, hypergamy and all, honestly and openly.

I could go on with examples of this sex-based disparity in empathy for pages.

Since these are hindbrain reactions, I don’t expect logic or concepts of fairness to appeal to anyone except the victims. Best you can do is what I have done: get all the love and sex and intimacy without the legal Dame-ocles

sword swinging over your head. The best feminist is a disarmed feminist.

Ugly Women Are More Likely To Be Careerist Feminists

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Chalk up another scientific confirmation of Heartiste theory: ugly women who can't attract a desirable man switch strategies from finding a provider male to collecting the resources themselves, (and then rationalizing their life choice using the rubric of feminism).

> A controversial study has concluded that the real reason women pursue careers is because they fear they are too unattractive to get married.
>
> The research team, made up of three women and two men, said that when men are thin on the ground, 'women are more likely to choose briefcase over baby'.
>
> And the plainer a woman is, they claim, the more she is driven to succeed in the workplace.
>
> Central to their argument was the idea that women have evolved to become homemakers and men, providers.
>
> They said this means that when men are scarce in a particular area, women, and particularly less attractive ladies, may decide they need to provide for themselves with a well-paid career. […]
>
> After collecting data from across the U.S., they found that as the number of eligible men in a state decreased, the proportion of women in highly paid careers rose.
>
> In addition, the women who became mothers in those states did so at an older age and had fewer children. […]
>
> The final experiment tested the researchers' suspicion that less attractive women would be more interested in careers because they might find it difficult to secure a partner.
>
> The 87 young women were given mocked-up newspaper articles describing the sex ratio in nearby university campuses and were asked about their views on family and career.
>
> They were also asked how attractive they believed themselves to be to men.
>
> Those women who saw themselves as being less desirable than average were highly likely to be career-orientated.

Here's a picture of Hilary Rosen, the über feminist who said stay-at-home mother Ann Romney never worked a day in her life:

Hot babes usually put marriage before career, and tend to have happier love and family lives. This is why ugly feminists with multiple degrees insult stay-at-home moms so vociferously; ugly women feel, on a deep visceral level, that their ugliness is the real reason why they don't have the things that better looking women have, so they

pretend they never really wanted those things or that the women who want those things are somehow lesser women, inexperienced, provincial puppets of an imagined patriarchy who don't understand the joys of climbing the corporate ladder. These feminists are, of course, engaged in a heated, scorched id campaign of lying to themselves.

This all ties back to the growing dystopia of single momhood and men dropping out of sexual market contention. When women work or collect government largesse, their economic independence renders men in their income bracket less desirable as mates, because women are naturally hypergamous and prefer the company of higher status, more powerful men. A vicious negative feedback loop ensues, wherein men deem that efforts to make a pittance are no longer effective at securing women's sexual interest, and women with fewer mate options pursue careers as a substitute for the loss of acceptably higher status beta provider males. Throw in obesity disfiguring large swaths of young womanhood, the divorce industrial complex creating perverse incentives for women in loveless marriages, and a skewed sex ratio with too many men living into their prime reproductive years, and you've got a recipe for total societal breakdown, unprecedented antagonism between the sexes, and a playing field ripe for men to plunder using the charismatic arts known as game.

In a future post I will explain why intelligent men need to learn game and start marrying and having kids with dumber but hotter chicks in order to save Western civilization. Not joking.

The Pay Gap Is A Lie

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The Bitches of Beastwick are at it again, this time trotting out that gimp and repeatedly debunked — it's been shot in the head a thousand times by now — hobbyhorse about a supposed pay gap between men and women.

Femcunts, listen up: the pay gap is a lie. Reporting on it favorably and credulously as if it wasn't already proven a lie makes you liars. Filthy, clam-baked liars.

Once you control for hours worked, time away from career for family, and occupational choice (service sector and people person jobs that women innately prefer and FREELY CHOOSE generally pay less than male-oriented STEM and finance jobs), the pay gap DISAPPEARS.

So why, given that these facts have been out there for years, do feminists like President Obama continue sticking their fingers in their ears and lying through their teeth? Eh, you may as well ask why a warthog is ugly. It comes naturally.

Shacking Up Vs Tying The Knot

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What advantage accrues a man who decides to cohabit instead of marry? Well, for one (and it's a BIG one), women tend to let themselves go once they've extracted marital vows from their men. Here's a referenced study which shows that once a woman gets what she wants from a man, she doesn't (subconsciously) care anymore about pleasing him. (Study title is hilariously droll: "Entry into romantic partnership is associated with obesity".)

> Several studies examining longitudinal changes in romantic relationship status report a differential sex effect of entry into marriage, with greater weight gain in women (9,10,30). Women may be differentially impacted by transitions in romantic relationship status; for example, through increased social obligations encouraging consumption of regular meals (31,32) and larger portion sizes (33), resulting in increased energy intake (30). Further, entry into cohabitation or marriage is associated with decreased physical activity (34) and **a decline in desire to maintain weight for the purpose of attracting a mate** (6). In contrast, obese women may be less likely to marry (35). Our longitudinal findings suggest that both men and women who enter marriage are more likely to become obese, consistent with findings from another large, racially diverse sample of young adults (36). Moreover, we found that individuals who lived with romantic partners for a longer duration had higher likelihood of incident obesity suggesting that shared household environmental factors may contribute to changes in obesity.

Cohabitation may not be good for society in the long run (we'll see how Scandinavia turns out), but in the here and now it is very good for the individual man, and most people think in the latter terms. As a friendly reminder, a wife bloating up and disfiguring her womanly profile is as repulsive to a husband as he would be to his wife if he lost his job and confidence and skulked around the house with his chin buried in his chest, begging for morsels of sexual release.

Again, we come back to incentives, latent or blatant, and their influence on human behavior. Men have "hand" within cohabiting relationships, while women have hand within marriage. Women are on their best behavior — read: their least bitchiest and gluttonous — when they are cohabiting with men who can leave them at a moment's notice with little cost to the men. A woman in such a precarious circumstance feels inchoate pressure to maximize her sexual appeal, both physical and temperamental.

Conversely, wives who are not kept in desirous thrall to their husbands — read: hubby became a mincing betaboy or lost his social or economic status, or the spark simply vanished from the passage of time and mundane familiarity — gradually slip into their worst behavior, which includes getting fat and ugly, as the science and conventional wisdom demonstrates. Now, women who do this in pre-marital relationships can easily be dumped; but within marriage, not so much, at least not without SEVERE cost to the disillusioned husband. Women know this, on a very deeply primitive apebrain level, even if they don't discuss it or acknowledge it outright. Which leads to…

Maxim #204: Modern marriage is a waiver of liability that relieves wives of the responsibility to remain attractive to their husbands.

Corollary to Maxim #204: The modern marriage waiver of liability does not extend to husbands, who must remain optimally attractive to their wives so long as the marriage is intact and the cost of failing in this responsibility is excessive.

Let's be clear about this, so you don't get the wrong impression reading these issues in the stark, remorseless light in which I prefer to present them. Social, sexual and romantic incentives and disincentives don't operate in a coldly calculating way — it's not like a wife punches numbers into a mental spreadsheet or draws up wistful pros and cons lists before willfully deciding that an extra tub of Ben & Jerry's won't matter since her husband can't divorce

without losing a lot of money and the house and kids. The differential power structures of various relationship models aren't grasped by the bit players in anything more than a gut feeling.

No, these still-human behavioral reactions work on the level of the id. Without really thinking about it, the existence of an incentive to behave a certain way subtly and slowly influences a person to act in accordance with their self-interest. What that self-interest is varies by context and circumstance. A single woman seeking love will avoid overeating and take a lot of yoga classes so that her tight bod will catch the eyes of, hopefully, some high value alpha males.

A married woman who has achieved her objective of locking a man into long term commitment backed by the strength of the state will feel imperceptible undertones or impulses that guide her along paths which take her away from staying sexually desirable and toward fulfilling her other hedonic needs. It doesn't help her attraction for her husband that the threat of state sanction effectively neuters him by rendering his choice to remain married to her one of coercion rather than mutual delight.

Game is a useful ameliorative to these natural human instincts, (and I know how much asserting that gets under the skin of anti-gamers). But I've seen it in action; a husband who uses game (or charisma, if it helps your digestion) on his wife will mold her incentive structure so that selflessly pleasing him takes precedence over selfish solipsism. This will happen because, as I've said previously, up-front, near, tangible incentives trump downstream, far, less tangible disincentives. A sexy husband woos a wife better than a powerful state and natural inclination woos her away from him.

The Psychology Of Feminists And Manboobs

CH · 18 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Preface: I wanted to title this post “Monsters in our midst”, but thought that would be overkill.

Why do normal people feel a natural disgust for feminists and manginas? Make no mistake, normal women are as repulsed as normal men are by shrieking feminists and wimpy manboy pudgeballs. In public, well-adjusted people may mouth the PC platitudes that feminists and doughboys relentlessly cudgel into squishy groupthink minds, but in private the cool people generally shun the orc hordes and leave them to mingle with their own emotionally and often physically disfigured kind. This social outcast status is what fuels their eternal hatred for truth and beauty.

Feminism, whether dressed in ostensibly male or female cloak, strikes the hearts of healthy, self-confident people as inherently absurd and manipulative. Those who bother to closely examine the ideology find a minefield of lies and dissembling messengers. This naturally leads to questioning if there is something “off” in the aggregate with those who most vociferously preach the feminist word and harangue the heretics.

I have a theory that is perhaps the most politically incorrect thing you will read at the Chateau. The 800 pound bulldyke in the room that “””progressives””” of all stripes don’t want you to notice is that a lot of their radical regressivist shock troopers are comprised of biologically faulty men and women who are at the extremes of effeminacy and masculinization respectively. If it came to be widely understood and socially acceptable to acknowledge that, due to hormonal imbalance, genetic glitches, or gross environmental insult, 90% of radical femcunts are lesbians or manjawed atrocities, and 90% of manboobs are closet cases or soft, pillowy micropeens, the general population would be less likely to seriously entertain their insipid drivel. The mask would have slipped, revealing the feminist death underneath.

Think about the revulsion you feel when you see a grossly obese person. It’s instinctive, like the way you would recoil from a pile of dog shit. This revulsion is near universal. But why do we feel disgust for fat people? Hordes of obese have only been with us recently in evolutionary history. Instead of seeking an explanation in a “fat revulsion” gene, it’s better to think of our natural disgust for fat people as having its origin in a more general “abnormality” or aberration template deeply wired into our hindbrains.

This abnormality template — you could call it the monster mechanism — is easily triggered by the sight of anything which seriously deviates from its category’s normal phenotype range, provoking fear and disgust in the observer. You can find indirect confirmation of the monster mechanism hypothesis in the fact that it is limited to objects which exist in the state of nature, and therefore would have been around during the millennia humans evolved. For example, if you deform something that does not exist in the state of nature — a car, say — you may make it look really weird, but it won’t inspire visceral terror and revulsion.

But if you deform a human being by adding eyeballs, limbs or hundreds of pounds of fat, you get a nightmare creature that will make small children, who have not yet learned the proper polite restraint, cry. Similarly, masculinizing a woman or feminizing a man turns each into a monstrous aberration, the degree of perceived monstrosity and primally induced disgust proportional to the deviation from the normal sex phenotype.

Your typical outrage feminist and limp-wristed manboob flirts dangerously close to the monster threshold. Humans recoil from manjawed, mustachioed, beady-eyed, actively aggressive women and chipmunk-cheeked, bitch tittied, curvaceously plush, passive-aggressive men as if they were the human equivalent of dog shit. The farther your feminist or manboob deviates from the normal human template, in physical and psychological form, the more monstrous it becomes to the average person.

Now imagine you stomp through life as one of these howling feminists or putrid nancyboys, like Grendel disturbed by the sights and sounds of normalcy all around him. You sense, in your darkest secret thoughts, that most people are repulsed by you, want to have nothing to do with you, would be embarrassed to be seen with you. How do you think that would affect your mental state? First, you would seek out others like you. Monstrosity loves company.

Then, you would lash out at anything normal, elevating the wicked and deviant while eroding confidence in the good and beautiful, twisting cherished moral standards that work adequately to sustain a normal population into bizarre, exaggerated facsimiles manufactured solely to do the bidding of your freak cohort.

Finally, you would attempt to do to the Other what you have felt from the Other your whole life — cast them into the icy wastelands. Due to a combination of hate-driven relentless energy as a perpetual outsider, plus elite co-conspiracy, you succeed… temporarily, always temporarily… at convincing large numbers of normals to blankly imbibe your warped truth. No one who is anyone would bother questioning your motivations, because that would be… unseemly.

And the Lords of Lies held dominion over all.

But that is changing now. The reflexive indulgence granted the monsters among us has lost its justification. Too many bleeding wounds from too many overzealous bites has rattled the slumber of the sleepers. A greater force than any sophistic monster in the world is about to bite back, viciously, lethally. Truth, as it always does, will claim ultimate victory.

The Psychology Of Feminists And Manboobs

CH · 18 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Preface: I wanted to title this post “Monsters in our midst”, but thought that would be overkill.

Why do normal people feel a natural disgust for feminists and manginas? Make no mistake, normal women are as repulsed as normal men are by shrieking feminists and wimpy manboy pudgeballs. In public, well-adjusted people may mouth the PC platitudes that feminists and doughboys relentlessly cudgel into squishy groupthink minds, but in private the cool people generally shun the orc hordes and leave them to mingle with their own emotionally and often physically disfigured kind. This social outcast status is what fuels their eternal hatred for truth and beauty.

Feminism, whether dressed in ostensibly male or female cloak, strikes the hearts of healthy, self-confident people as inherently absurd and manipulative. Those who bother to closely examine the ideology find a minefield of lies and dissembling messengers. This naturally leads to questioning if there is something “off” in the aggregate with those who most vociferously preach the feminist word and harangue the heretics.

I have a theory that is perhaps the most politically incorrect thing you will read at the Chateau. The 800 pound bulldyke in the room that “””progressives””” of all stripes don’t want you to notice is that a lot of their radical regressivist shock troopers are comprised of biologically faulty men and women who are at the extremes of effeminacy and masculinization respectively. If it came to be widely understood and socially acceptable to acknowledge that, due to hormonal imbalance, genetic glitches, or gross environmental insult, 90% of radical femcunts are lesbians or manjawed atrocities, and 90% of manboobs are closet cases or soft, pillowy micropeens, the general population would be less likely to seriously entertain their insipid drivel. The mask would have slipped, revealing the feminist death underneath.

Think about the revulsion you feel when you see a grossly obese person. It’s instinctive, like the way you would recoil from a pile of dog shit. This revulsion is near universal. But why do we feel disgust for fat people? Hordes of obese have only been with us recently in evolutionary history. Instead of seeking an explanation in a “fat revulsion” gene, it’s better to think of our natural disgust for fat people as having its origin in a more general “abnormality” or aberration template deeply wired into our hindbrains.

This abnormality template — you could call it the monster mechanism — is easily triggered by the sight of anything which seriously deviates from its category’s normal phenotype range, provoking fear and disgust in the observer. You can find indirect confirmation of the monster mechanism hypothesis in the fact that it is limited to objects which exist in the state of nature, and therefore would have been around during the millennia humans evolved. For example, if you deform something that does not exist in the state of nature — a car, say — you may make it look really weird, but it won’t inspire visceral terror and revulsion.

But if you deform a human being by adding eyeballs, limbs or hundreds of pounds of fat, you get a nightmare creature that will make small children, who have not yet learned the proper polite restraint, cry. Similarly, masculinizing a woman or feminizing a man turns each into a monstrous aberration, the degree of perceived monstrosity and primally induced disgust proportional to the deviation from the normal sex phenotype.

Your typical outrage feminist and limp-wristed manboob flirts dangerously close to the monster threshold. Humans recoil from manjawed, mustachioed, beady-eyed, actively aggressive women and chipmunk-cheeked, bitch tittied, curvaceously plush, passive-aggressive men as if they were the human equivalent of dog shit. The farther your feminist or manboob deviates from the normal human template, in physical and psychological form, the more monstrous it becomes to the average person.

Now imagine you stomp through life as one of these howling feminists or putrid nancyboys, like Grendel disturbed by the sights and sounds of normalcy all around him. You sense, in your darkest secret thoughts, that most people are repulsed by you, want to have nothing to do with you, would be embarrassed to be seen with you. How do you think that would affect your mental state? First, you would seek out others like you. Monstrosity loves company.

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Beta Male Body Language Giveaway

CH · 19 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I was at a party and nearby two guys who seemed to have just met that night (introduced through a mutual friend, probably) were talking to each other. One was taller than the other, and dressed more stylishly. Both of them, near as I can judge these things, were about equally good-looking and the same age.

Stop.

Now, if you had framed the scene right there, and this is all the information I had to go on, (or YOU, the reader, had to go on), you/I would assume the taller, sleeker dressed man was more alpha and did better with the ladies. But this was not all the information available to me. I couldn't hear their conversation, but I could observe their body language.

The taller man fidgeted a lot. He bounced on the balls of his feet, constantly adjusted his weight from one foot to the other, shoved his hands in and out of his pockets, moved his shoulders around, bobbed his head, craned his neck, nodded frequently, twisted his torso, tapped his toes, lifted his heels, put his fingers up to his mouth, incessantly stirred his drink and generally acted like he had an overabundance of nervous energy that needed burning off.

The other man, the shorter one, barely moved at all. He occasionally smiled and lifted his drink to his mouth, but besides those minimal motions his body remained mostly still. Earthbound. When he talked, the other guy leaned into him to listen; he himself never moved in closer to be sure he was heard, even though the venue was fairly loud.

Now I had the telltale glimpse of each man's soul, the body language that revealed the extent of their self-possession. Snapshots of men, unlike snapshots of women, tell us little about men's true value, for a man's looks and height are but two components of the complete man. You need context, physical expression and interaction to sufficiently judge a man's alphaness. And fidgeting subcommunicates one thing: betaness.

The taller man's height and more stylish clothes were inadequate compensation for his beta fidgeting. If he appeared beta to me, you can bet that women, with their finer grained radar resolution for men's social status and dominance, would near instantly perceive him to be the lower ranked, less attractive beta of the two men.

Get your alpha body language down, because those critical first few minutes (seconds?) you have to make an impression on a woman depend primarily on how powerfully you carry yourself, and nothing influences a woman's perception faster or more viscerally than your radiating nonverbal vibe.

I was not at all surprised to find that at the end of the night the shorter man was surrounded by women while the taller man sipped a cocktail alone. At least the fidgeter can console himself with this study which shows that fidgeting will help keep you lean.

The Excel Spreadsheet Guy And His Female Equivalent

CH · 20 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Over at GLPiggy's, he has a pretty good post up about the feminist haranguing of a guy who revealed he keeps an Excel spreadsheet of his dates.

This is a pattern lately. Yet another anti-male two minute hate posing as female wisdom and prerogative. Are we reaching peak feminism? My tireless efforts have not cut them off at the knees yet, but they do vomit their drivel with a little more impotent urgency nowadays, so perhaps they sense the fanged maw of the underground media breathing down their hunched backs.

Anyhow, lost in all this is a sane recognition that men's and women's brains are wired differently, and that the tools each sex uses to get what they want are optimized along these distinct mental paths. Women also use an Excel spreadsheet to categorize and itemize their dating prospects: it's called nicknames. Women are very good at assigning cutesy little nicks to men they date — "the doctor", "bad breath guy", "shiny shoes guy", "the comedian", etc — and given that women are naturally better multi-taskers than men, it's easier for them to keep all this Excel-like data in their heads, to be regurgitated amongst female friends over mimosa brunches.

Men, in contrast, are single-taskers and object-oriented, less innately proficient at storing reams of personal data about women, and less likely to discuss their dating travails with male friends over brunch. The only female characteristic that men seem pretty good at remembering is women's looks; so if women want men to date more "intuitively", that is, more like women, then they have to be prepared to accept that male intuition hinges largely on objectifying women by their bodies and facial prettiness. I wonder if women would be pleased if men adopted their dating categorization methods and proudly humored the rabble congregating on the male version of feminist group blogs with all the cutesy nicks they come up with — "big boobed broad", "leaky pits girl", "butch haircut", "wide load", "pancake ass".

Finally, it should be noted that way more under-30 women than men even *get an opportunity* to date more than one suitor at a time. Female hypergamy knows no upper bound absent harsh market rebuke, so a woman in her prime will date many men at once, culling the prospects free until one or two are left standing. But men, the majority of them unimpressive betas with no game, are lucky to get a date with one woman at a time, and many men often go months or years getting no dates at all. Under these natural conditions, molded over eons of evolution dividing the sexes into algorithmic psychological opposites, men have had no need to evolve the intuitive, multi-tasking brain for categorizing a large number of female prospects at once. This dating opportunity paucity, combined with the instant visual cues of reproductive health that predominantly guide men's mating decisions, results in a dearth of talent for storing a lot of personality information about different women.

I think the real reason Excel Spreadsheet Guy has "creeped out" feminists is because he is one of these beta males to break the mold by dating multiple women concurrently. In other words, he's not accepting his role as beta male quietly. Feminists see the inner world of a man who has managed to crack the girl code that typically allows beta males like himself only one woman at a time, if they're lucky, and they are shocked… shocked!… that a man of such pedestrian station in life would dare to date like women do — greedily, boundlessly, diffusely, capriciously, like a woman on a shopping spree.

Why would women deem this guy a beta? The spreadsheet is the systematizing giveaway. Alpha males who have years of experience getting what they want from women develop a womanly sixth sense for intuitively categorizing their ~~prey~~ prospects. They don't need the crutch of the spreadsheet…

(though in point of fact not a few pickup artists have been known to keep Karen Owen's type journals of their clientele — and, by the way, where was the equivalent feminist creeprage over Owens? after all, what she did is no different, in fact worse, than what Excel Spreadsheet guy did)

…because alpha males 1. are familiar with the female archetypes and 2. understand that charming aloofness is

more attractive to women than gallant powers of recall.

So what we have here is a failure to contain the female id. The true crime is not the spreadsheet; it's the gall of a beta male stepping outside his preassigned role to extract what only the top 20% alpha males are permitted to extract. There's nothing like a disturbance in the force to get the Darth Vaginas shrieking hysterically.

Gotta Love The Washington Uterus

CH · 20 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In a story about the Secret Service agents and the Colombian whore with the fake tits, I was thrown by this jarring editorial commentary that was inserted after a quote attributed to one of the agents:

> "I was really checking [Sarah Palin] out, if you know what i mean?" [Secret Service agent] Chaney wrote in the comments section after friends had marveled at the photo. **He is married and has an adult son.**

I'm not seeing the relevance of his marital or fatherhood status to the story. Is it the """reporters""" contention that staring at Sarah Palin's ass (a fine one, for a middle-aged woman) would be Ok if the agent admitting to it was single and childless?

You've really gotta wonder what planet these Columbia J-school grads live on. Planet Stupidity aka Feminism? Yes. You'd have to be delusional, evil or thoroughly brainwashed to think that a man's sexual desire and attraction for hot bodied women somehow disappears after he gets married and his kid grows up. If women really think that married men stop checking out other attractive women, then I've got a bridge to sell them to fatopia, where fat chicks are beloved by men everywhere.

This kind of mass delusion among the elite is what happens when you ensconce them from cradle to grave in a gooey bath of feelgood platitudes, post-rationality sophistry and calculating ignorance. Nuke the beast from orbit. It's the only way to be sure it's dead.

A man and a woman contributed to that Washington Uterus article. I could understand a woman writing that line, deep in thrall to her rationalization hamster. Of course, an ounce of journalistic integrity should stay her hamster's paw, but the world has changed and integrity is now a passé virtue. I doubt one bit many of the media propagandists care about their bias. War has a way of enfeebling the moral conscience.

But if the man wrote it? Such a creature would have to be a vaginaman of cavernous magnitude. Vaginaman, beta orbiter hero of feminists! Villain of clear thought and hurty feelings! He can smite logic with a mighty slap of his flappy labia. Swallow testicles in one foul orgasmic up-suck. Helicopter his engorged bitch tits like two signal flares pointing the way downward to bizarro enlightenment. He enters a slut walk, and exits…

Another Experimentally Confirmed Game Concept: Influencing Perception

CH · 23 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This video of a prankster who pretended to be a generic famous dude has been making the rounds on pickup oriented blogs. And with good reason. It demonstrates how preselection and manipulated perception — two core game concepts — are effective at attracting women (and attracting them for dates, which you can see proved at the end of the video when our intrepid fake celebrity calls a girl and she throws herself at him.)

Basically, the guy had a few friends follow him around the mall, one guy filming him and the other two guys (I can't tell if any of his hired guns were women) acting as his "groupies" or entourage. He goes around identifying himself as "Thomas Elliot" when people, mostly women, ask him his name. Eventually, he begins to pile up admiring and gawking female attention, which only snowballs into more female attention. Apparently, not one of these starstruck chicks thought to question if Thomas Elliot was a real celebrity. That's the power of preselection and fame; so powerful, it can disengage a woman's neural logic circuitry.

Fame, as noted in the Dating Market Value Test for Men at the top of this blog, is the most powerful male attractiveness trait known to mankind. Fame trumps looks, wealth and game in its ability to draw in and captivate women from all social and racial strata. Preselection is a scientifically validated game concept — studies have shown that female geese will prefer the male goose surrounded by cardboard cut-outs of other female geese over the solitary males — which rests on the theory that women are attracted to men who are themselves attractive to other women, because such men have already been "preselected" by competitor women and are thus proven commodities.

(Preselection works for men, but not women, because men can size up a woman's sexual market value with an instant look, while women need much more information to adequately assess a man's SMV.)

When you put preselection and fame together, you get an explosion of pussy juice, like a dam bursting to release years of pent-up tributary tingles. "Thomas Elliot" was able to induce raw, animal desire in women simply by having himself filmed in the company of admirers and ACTING like someone famous and beloved by the ladies. This could be a new game tactic for men who wish to experiment with the cutting edge in seduction technology: have your wingman film you at the bars signing fake autographs.

***

Related to this post's subject, here is a study which confirms the game concept of fluid perception.

> UCLA anthropologists asked hundreds of Americans to guess the size and muscularity of four men based solely on photographs of their hands holding a range of easily recognizable objects, including handguns.
>
> The research, which publishes today in the scholarly journal *PLoS ONE*, confirms what scrawny thugs have long known: **Brandishing a weapon makes a man appear bigger and stronger than he would otherwise**.
>
> "There's nothing about the knowledge that gun powder makes lead bullets fly through the air at damage-causing speeds that should make you think that a gun-bearer is bigger or stronger, yet you do," said Daniel Fessler, the lead author of the study and an associate professor of anthropology at UCLA.
>
> Researchers say the findings suggest an unconscious mental mechanism that gauges a potential adversary and then translates the magnitude of that threat into the same dimensions used by animals to size up their adversaries: size and strength.

Some of you are probably asking, "What does this have to do with game?" Ah, a lot, my friends. This experiment proves that human perception of certain characteristics can be influenced by specific, unrelated cues or behaviors.

In this case, holding a gun influenced viewers to perceive the holder as physically bigger than he would normally be perceived. A gun (aka game) shifted the perceptions (attraction) of people (women) to view the subject as more physically imposing (desirable) than they would normally view the subject, even though the gun (game) did not add any physical size (objective conventional status) to the subject (PUA).

If brandishing a gun can alter perceptions so that you seem bigger to people than you really are, then it's no stretch to conclude that adopting alpha male body language, qualifying girls, dressing stylishly and acting charmingly aloof can alter the perceptions of women to think you are more desirable than you would otherwise seem as just another beta face in the crowd.

The concept of perception fluidity is crucial to game theory, for much of seduction is the psychology of massaging women's perceptions via manipulation of your identity, behavior and image to project the aura of alpha maleness which is so alluring to the warier sex.

Do Conservatives And Liberals Have A Look?

CH · 23 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

> "Certain people look more leftist than others," Breivik said in his final day of testimony at his trial for the murder of the 69 victims on Utoya and eight others in a bombing in Oslo. "This person appeared right-wing, that was his appearance. That's the reason I didn't fire any shots at him.
>
> "When I looked at him I saw myself."

This story about Norway mass murderer Anders Breivik claiming he could tell which of his targets looked like leftists got me thinking about something I've noticed as well: liberals and conservatives, at least in America, do seem to have a look specific to their ideology, and this look goes beyond just their style of dress. The faces of lefties and righties are, as a very general rule, different looking. It's hard to pinpoint exactly how they differ; suffice to say, this is an inexact science, and whatever association there is between facial structure and politics is probably a weak one with plenty of overlap, and likely breaks down along race.

Nevertheless, there's something there to the observation. Pressed to provide detail, I might say that leftist men look softer, have bigger eyes and fuller lips, and weaker jawlines. Righist men look tougher, have narrower, opaque eyes, thinner lips and heavier jawlines. The critical difference is in the eyes; the stand-out feature of lefties are their limpid, watery eyes, always looking on the verge of weeping. Visualize Barney Frank or Al Franken vs Clint Eastwood or Mitt Romney.

If you think this description of leftist men makes them seem more feminine or more intelligent, well… draw your own conclusions.

Here's a pic of the guy Breivik thought looked like a rightie dude (foreground).

Masculine Game Vs Feminine Game

CH · 24 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

YaReally wrote in response to this post about cold reading women:

> This is super gay. But it works. It's just really oldschool tech like "can I get a female opinion?" from back when PUA was more "I'm a dancing monkey – please approve of me" versus now where it's evolved more to "go ahead, try to impress me".
>
> PUAs would get girls asking "are you gay??" all the time because of stuff like this where you're sort of absorbing part of girls' personality an mannerisms into yours. Guys would drop into valley-girl speak ("like omg totally") and shit.
>
> Thing is, it works. The girls would shriek "omg!!!" and be intrigued. Some guys even played the gay thing up all the way to fucking the girl, just to experiment with it lol
>
> But PUA has evolved a lot since then, now we tend to focus on emphasizing the masculine side of things and making the girl qualify herself to us instead of emphasizing the feminine side of things and trying to fit into the girl's world.
>
> So instead of wearing a feather boa and going "guys I totally need a girl's opinion–(touch an elbow) omg you are SO the Samantha of the group aren't you lol" you just wear normal clothes and go "hey, who are you? You're cute, come here. (grab around the waist, pull her in) Why are you causing trouble, hmm?"
>
> Best term for describing it that I've heard so far is speaking to the girl like "a man to a woman". The old way, like this Glee routine, is speaking to the girl like "a woman to a woman".
>
> Again it works, I'm not talking smack about the concept itself. I've seen a buddy use "you guys are like the Powerpuff Girls" to consistently blow open sets of chicks like a fucking nuke going off, it's retarded. BUT, consider how you want your vibe to come off to people in general before you run around using routines like this.

Intriguingly, bisexual men have a higher chance to reproduce than heterosexual men, (and some famous seducers who had world beating notch counts are rumored to be bisexual), which implies that men with a dollop of feminine characteristics — i.e., men who can better simulate female behavior and relate to women in their language — will have more success bedding women than very masculine men.

This concept of masculine game and feminine game presents the potential for a major rift in thinking, resulting in a dichotomy in game technology. Let's face it, there's a big difference between acting like a funtime drama queen pushing girls' buttons until they're chasing after you, and acting like a steely-eyed James Bond character overwhelming women with dominant gestures and terse mystery.

YaReally is right that both methods work, but the question is if one is better than the other. I have said that the best seducers must know their prey inside and out, and to do that one must adopt the psychology of his exquisite foe. A master panty collector seduces women using their own subconscious tactics and manipulations against them; he flips the script. This script flipping could be called feminine game, because what you do is essentially what women routinely do to men: qualify them, neg them, shit test them, backturn, push-pull, hot cold hot cold, jealousy plotlines, coyness, etc.

Most core game concepts are basically borrowed female courtship ruses that are adjusted to fit the straight male sensibility (i.e., to avoid the "uncanny faggy"). They work, because as innately solipsistic creatures, women love men who reflect their black souls back at them.

Masculine game shares some techniques with feminine game, but it differs in a fundamental way: instead of leading a girl to the chase through delightful subterfuge, you overwhelm her resistance with dominance and an attitude of

entitlement. Pictorially, masculine game is an oak tree: solid, immovable, protective, unshakeable. Feminine game is a nimble-tongued artiste: ephemeral, adaptable, entrancing, insufferable.

YaReally says that Masculine Game is iteration #2 of game, which intrigues me, because that presupposes there were deficiencies with Feminine Game (iteration #1) that needed rectifying. I would like to know more about the latest developments in this area.

Personally, I find myself using techniques from both schools of thought, and adopting both attitudes in measure when it suits me, or the moment calls for it. I imagine men who enjoy a life brimming with the carnal company of women are the same way: possessors of the masculine and feminine charms, dispensed when expedient and integrated to whichever context envelops them.

As a very basic guiding principle, it could be said that Feminine Game is both early game and pre-relationship game — the game you use to attract women and the game you incorporate up until the point you start having regular sex with your lover. Conversely, Masculine Game is mid game, as well as relationship game — the game you use to draw a woman in during the comfort and seduction stage, and the game you incorporate into a serious relationship, when your lover needs to see stronger signs of your commitment, loyalty and strength.

Comments Of The Week: The Parallel Universe Of Alpha Males

CH · 26 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Libertardian (nice nick!) writes:

> That article clearly struck a major nerve and it saddens me to see Aussie women have fallen prey to the madness as well.
>
> One commenter shouts “Karma!” and the reply is: “Karma? For getting an education, having a well-paying job, having some drive, spirit and independence, living life as one sees fit? What a strange mentality to have towards other human beings.”
>
> They just don’t get it.
>
> Women have no idea of the bleak odds most men have been living with for years, or how disaffected it has made them. I’d guess the average beta, by the age of 30, has been rejected or flaked on at least one thousand times. What this teaches him is to keep a lot of irons in the fire and minimize his emotional investment in any of them.
>
> He’s been brainwashed into thinking women are angelic and pure and like nice men, and admittedly that mindset is probably in his nature as well. Civilization, which we had up to a few decades ago, rewards this mindset. The jungle we live in now does not. The result is years of painful cognitive dissonance and, eventually, a pervasive cynicism born of the need for simple emotional self-preservation.
>
> If he’s mature for his age, he probably even prefers the company of older (thirtysomething) women. They’re more mature than the ones his own age who are still partying and drinking and chasing bad boys, after all. But of course that’s a dead end too. The thirtysomething women are busy chasing fortysomething men with money, and when they want to dally with a younger man it’s hardly going to be a beta.
>
> Our beta is in the 80% of men who spends his twenties watching 80% of the women go after the other 20% of the men. The kind of men he sees these women chase after, again and again, has been discussed at length here and hardly needs repeating. Needless to say, this adds greatly to his disillusionment.
>
> He also knows about the 70%+ divorce rate and the fact that 70% of divorces are initiated by women, who need no cause for doing so, and he knows that the result is having half or more of his assets stripped. He may well have seen, at first hand, his father or another older man having his retirement cleaned out. No matter how “in love” you think you are, you’re a moron if you take on these odds. It’s like playing Russian roulette with five chambers loaded.
>
> Someone once said a beta is like a baseball player who’s been kept on the bench for the entire game, until in the bottom of the 9th he’s suddenly called up and told to hit a sacrifice fly. Thing is, by then, he may well have dropped out.
>
> He’s long since learned to treat sex as a bodily function, like eating or shitting, that he can accomplish with the help of some porn. He had to learn that during his decade and a half in the beta wasteland.
>
> He’s learned to channel his passions into something else, like a hobby, or work, or volunteering. Indeed he can do whatever the hell he wants, outside of work, all day every day. Women, meanwhile, take it for granted that men are supposed to do things they don’t enjoy in exchange for the pleasure of female company. Thing is, why is the guy going to volunteer to be told what to do and how to spend his money? Women have treated him like shit for fifteen years while they chased the alpha male bad boy. Modern society has taught women to be entitled to the point of delusion, emotionally volatile and manipulative to the point of being bipolar, and above all to BLAME MEN. So why, after the experiences he’s had already, is he going to want to tune into this channel 24/7?
>
> And the blaming continues when the beta mysteriously opts not to shove his head into the trap. The name-

> calling and the shaming and the cries to “man up” assail him from all sides. But what does he care? He tried doing just what women said they wanted for fifteen years and his reward was a bowl of piss with a brown submarine cruising in it. Scolding him is like putting out a fire with gasoline.
>
> Sure, some betas learn game and find success with women. Most men seem to take a quantum leap in attractiveness to women just by crossing the age of thirty, having a few bucks, and not being omegas. The point is, the scales have long since fallen from their eyes. They’ve seen the beast and they cannot unsee it.

There’s been some clamor in the manosphere lately about there being a false impression created by “gamers” that the currently operative sexual market is very good to men. This manosphere subspecies claims that in reality women have it better than men, and this can be seen in women’s entitled attitudes and their avoidance of marriage and historically high divorce initiation rates.

The sexual market is a roiling, turbulent beast about which any poking and prodding is best served by sterling precision. We have mentioned this here before, but it bears repeating: the modern dating scene has been, and is, very good to ALPHA MALES. Beta males more than ever are the biggest losers under the post-sexual revolution regime. Contraceptive freedom, social destigmatization and female economic self-sufficiency have joined forces to enable a sexual libertinism that redounds most beneficially to alpha males, and most disadvantageously to beta males.

What about women? Where do they stand in the rushing river of romantic license? For women, it’s been a mixed bag. Unleashed hypergamy brought on by a diminished need for beta providers and a contraceptively nullified fear of pregnancy allows them to pursue charming alpha males to their hearts’ content while delaying marriage or relationship fidelity until they are vaginally or emotionally spent and ready, if needed, for the Great Settle with some grateful beta who has wandered the celibate wilderness a little longer than he’d hoped.

As GBFM colorfully put it, this is the “Alpha Fucks and Beta Bucks” strategy. Be cognizant, though, that this is not the optimal female strategy, which, logically, would be “Alpha Fucks and Alpha Bucks”. Of course, only the hottest women can realistically achieve this ovarian nirvana.

The downside for women of the feminist-inspired and alpha male-co-opted sexual revolution is that false hopes engendered by a few fantastic nights with an alpha male can lead them to squander their prime beauty years chasing illusory commitment from exciting cads. Freewheeling soft concubinage also spoils a woman’s sexual expectations, rendering the second-best bedroom love of the beta male disappointingly meager.

And then there are the less attractive women, those who are caught up in the hypergamy house of mirrors but can’t find a way out like their prettier sisters. Has the sexual revolution been good to them? As a system conducive to gratifying immediate superficial needs, yes. But for long-term needs of the sort that are particular to women, no. A dearth of economically higher status beta males and/or maritally inclined alpha males has made it tough on women in both the lower and upper SES tiers, whose growing populations respectively of single moms and childless mimosters attests to their difficulties navigating the present dating market. After all, no woman REALLY wants to grow up to be a single mom or mimosa-sipping spinster.

So there you have it. The diagnosis. The sexual/feminist revolution delineated. Women, on the whole, have it better than men, but alpha males have it the best.

Alpha males =======> WINNING
Beta males ==> LOSING
Alpha females (.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)> TREADING WATER
Beta females (.)(.)(.)(.)> PYRRHIC VICTORIES

******

The Raven writes, in regards to the ability to influence human perception:

> Professional shooting instructors have known this for a while. I have heard it referred to as “The Henry Bowman Effect”. Nearly every woman I teach to shoot gets gina tingles so blatant that you can practically see the snail trail when I send them downrange to paste their targets. Now, it doesn’t work so well if you’re a neckbearded fatty, but let me give you a sample of an email I got from a 24-year-old nurse I taught some defensive shooting to last summer:
>
> “Now that I’ve gotten my upper torso out of the gigantic pile of bricks that took me out about 1/2 way through the day today, I’m trying to shake the brick dust out of my ears and get a clean thought process going…. aided by some Ambien so excuse me if spelling and grammar doesn’t match my level of intelligence. Maybe and I had too much time up in the truck talking, or I had time to myself to think about things, or I saw you with – but something has absolutely snapped in my brain- and I am in LOVE with you. I don’t get it. You’re not mine. You will never be, and have never been. I can’t help the way I feel. It’s almost like when I was watching you teach today, my brain was saying “he’d make a great father”, and when you were shooting, the brain was saying “He can protect you” and talking about your job stuff lately says “he’s a provider”… and not to mention I think your calves are sexy—— I think my ovaries and screaming at me to reproduce and I think they chose you. I don’t actually WANT children, but you get it. That’s where I’m at. I love you for who you are, and how you’re a friend to me, but then my body wants to jump in and decide that you’d be the perfect sperm for me? It’s a little fucked up but I’m becoming more aware of these weird biohealth things going on with my hormonal 24 year old body. I’m hornier than ever, I cry at Gerber baby commercials, and watching my sister breastfeed makes MY boobs sore. How is this fair?!?!? This is wrong on so many levels. You are happily married. I WANT to be happily married to . I eventually wouldn’t mind children (distant future), but I can’t figure out why today I had to come to terms with the reality that I LOVE you but nothing will ever change (as It should NOT). That kiss was phenomenal, but far too short. All that really did was jab a knife into my already aching heart that I can’t kiss you every time I leave, or when I say hello, or good morning. It makes me sad I’m actually crying right now and this is fucked up..
>
> Even more so, I will get married in the future and unless he’s a complete douche, you guys will be invited to the wedding. I’ll be in my poofy dress and you in a suit and you’ll come up for a dance and we’ll just look at eachother and *sigh* because I’ll be secretly wishing it was you. Do you know how FUCKED UP THAT IS??? I will love my husband, and he will be great- but there is already a man out there that I think would make a good partner for me. That’s not supposed the way it’s supposed to work. I have more thoughts but I cant even type sentences anymore. I’m sorry.
>
> Peace out.”
>
> I saved that email just because it was such a classic example of HBS.
>
> Anyway – the other chick was practically humping my leg too. It’s a hazard that has served me well.
>
> The Raven

I’ve often wondered what would happen to the sexual reciprocity continuum if beta males discovered en masse how boldly and shamelessly women throw themselves at the few alpha males in their midst. Would it rip wide open the fragile sperm-vagine fabric and create a wormhole leading to an alternate dimension where white knighting was a mockable offense and no beta male, anywhere, ever again paid for a date or wrote sappy love poems? Would princess pedestals shatter like the cymbal crash in a symphony, freeing men’s minds of hallucinatory dreamscapes? The female id uncaged is a sight to behold, crueler and more subversive than the reckless thrashing of the unchained male id, and it’s with good reason civilization only flourished once it was patrolled and the pleasure of its vessels redistributed.

Better Than Again: The Female Secret Code Decoder Dictionary

CH · 27 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A wealth of experience with women will clue a man into the dissonance between a woman's words and actions, and gradually lead him to discover that the woman's word is the exact inverse of what she wishes you to presuppose it is: not a verbal descriptive but rather a psychological misdirection to lull the unsuspecting, including herself, to cogitate on the opposite of what is, in fact, true. Resist the temptation to blame a woman for her subterfuge because, in another example of empirics catching up to folk wisdom, science is revealing that not even she is aware what currents ripple through her vagina.

On that prologue, here follows a handy dandy secret girl code decoder crib sheet. Though you have been weaned since toddlerhood, when your flaccid tot dong jutted out at a continual 90 degree angle to your raisins, to believe the last in each series is to be aspired to, the truth is that, if sexnlurv with the sexynlurvly hot babes is what you want, then you are far better off being deemed the opposite by the fairer sex.

douchey >>> nice guy

asshole >>> sweet

jerk >>> cute

bastard >>> good man

pig >>> gentleman

insane >>> dependable

jerk > sexy > hot > cute > sweet > creep > nice guy

creeper > creep > stalker > loser > nice guy

serial killer >>>>>>>>>>> nice guy

mass murderer >>>>>>>>>>>>>> nice guy

psychopathic hedge fund white collar criminal
>>>>>>>>>>>>

he always forgets our anniversaries >>> he understands my needs

pervert >>> sensitive lover

he screwed my best friend >>> i screwed his best friend

he gets me >>> i get him

fucking asshole arrogant son of a bitch motherfucking cocksucking pike of steaming shit filthy fucking bastard mama's boy >>> nice guy

selfish lover >>> eats me out

who are you texting? >>> i promise i'm not texting any other guys

god that was such a turn-on >>> i love you

cocky bastard >>> sweet guy

i never know what he's up to >>> we go everywhere together

lover >>> husband

is that a girl's voice i hear in the background? >>> thanks for letting me know what time you'll be home

you're going to shit in front of me?! >>> i'll be out in a minute, honey

Beta Males Then And Now

CH · 30 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

What is the most significant way American beta males have changed since, say, 1950? Lazier? Perhaps, but productivity numbers are higher and the ethnic composition of the nation has changed. More feminine? A sociological examination of SWPL enclaves would suggest so, but at the other extreme gadabout Skittles Men reign supreme. Poorer? Relative to the income advantage betas once enjoyed over women, yes, and this has profound sexual market implications.

But critical as those possible Western beta male devolutions are, the biggest change is something out of their control: the kinds of women available to them. Your typical 1950s beta male — and remember, the beta male designation is as much a function of the hierarchical rank of the men of his time as it is a description of objective characteristics — surveyed a dating market that was filled with slender women. At that time, only 10% of women were clinically obese. Fast forward to the present and compare and contrast: 2012 beta males must navigate the WIDE SHOALS of a dating market where 40% of women are clinically obese. And it's even worse than that; the standard measurement of obesity has been supersized to accommodate the fattening norm.

Think about how badly this destruction of nearly one half of the female population skews the sexual market: men's tastes in women haven't changed one iota in 60 years, but the number of available women that satisfy men's tastes has effectively been halved. In 1950, for every man, there was close to one woman who met his minimal fuckability threshold because she kept a slender figure. In 2012, for every man, there is one HALF of a woman who meets his minimal fuckability threshold because she keeps a slender figure. Or, to put it more starkly, in 1950 there was one thin woman for every man. In 2012, there are two men fighting for the fuck rights to one thin woman.

Now not all of these 1950s women were facially attractive. Nevertheless, fatness remains the relevant variable because the bone structure of female facial attractiveness likely hasn't changed much in such a short evolutionary time frame. No other environmental insult, besides gross facial disfigurement, damages a woman's looks like fatness; a woman's SMV will begin the steep nose dive in earnest once she gets to about 15 pounds or more overweight. The SIMPLEST thing a woman can do for herself to remain attractive to the maximum number of men is to avoid getting fat. That's it. And yet, 70+% of women (if we include the merely overweight along with the obese) can't seem to muster the willpower to do that bare minimum to appease men's desires. Thank you, feminism.

Therein lies the biggest difference between 1950s beta males and beta males today: all else equal, the contemporary beta male has to work twice as hard to get the same woman he could have gotten in 1950. Analogously, the typical 2012 beta male, if he settles, will settle with a woman much uglier and fatter than he would have had to settle for in 1950.

This is no reflection on the beta males themselves. The same 2012 beta transported back to 1950 would be able to land himself a higher quality (read: thinner) woman then. Even an uglier, fatter, stupider, anti-social beta male of today would, if he were to magically escape to 1950, have better odds of nabbing himself a thin, desirable woman, albeit likely one who wasn't particularly facially pretty compared to the women of her time. That is just simple sexual market arithmetic.

Many millennial beta males, faced with these miserable odds, drop out and plug into video games and porn. Others attempt a resurrection of their manlier instincts by learning game and competing for the shrinking pool of lithe beauties. Still others regress into effeminate nancyboys, suppress their true desires, and settle for some chubbed out feminist, insisting that licking the construction boots of these husky hags is exactly what they wanted all along.

If you want to know where the beta males are heading, just follow the trail of female fatness. The problem isn't that men's standards have gotten higher; no, the problem is that the standard woman for men has become grosser. Since the mating game is zero sum, this means more beta males lose out today than in the past, through no fault of their own.

As I've said before, the two most powerful drivers of the modern sexual market — female obesity and female hypergamy — remain almost completely unacknowledged by the prestige press as causes for family dissolution, men "dropping out", marriage and divorce rates and general social dysfunction. Feminists, understandably, won't touch these subjects with a ten foot clit, except to co-opt them in twisted, bizarro semantics that inverse their truth content.

Some women may be consciously aware of this sexual market skew that favors them, and act accordingly. But I bet for most women it doesn't register except on a subconscious level. Regardless, the result is the same: an expectation nation of entitled fat cunts and beggarly betaboys. We have passed the event horizon where truth and beauty vow fealty to lies and ugliness.

A Devious Reply To “I Have A Boyfriend”

CH · 1 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader got the “IHAB” line from a girl he previously showered with tender intimacy, and he’s wondering how to respond.

> Say you’re texting a girl you’ve recently raw-dogged hard, twice, when in the middle of trying to set up something for later she texts something along the lines of, “That’s good cuz I don’t romance nobody, [sic] for real tho I have a boyfriend, what happened Sunday will never happen again,” (yes she is white, ungh). **[ed: we’re doomed]**
>
> It’s not that I am really into this particular slore, it’s just that the line sounds so cliche I feel like I need in-pocket responses to it. I don’t have any girl-with-a-guy game.
>
> My gut instinct is to just send “lol” or “cool.” Or “Yeah I know, I’m not going to that bar again,” “I feel ya, I tried to cum in your mouth but I slipped,” or “I hope not, your 5 o’clock pussy shadow hurts, my dick feels like I tried to fuck an angry cat.”

I don’t like any of those replies, although “lol” and “cool” could be used in a pinch as a substitute for something better, and of those two, “lol” is preferred. (“cool” radiates a hint of strained butthurtyness.) And any reply longer than three words is TRY HARD BETAMAX. Unless you’re really witty. (The “not going to that bar again” line isn’t half bad, actually. Still, it’s best to err on the side of terseness.)

I can’t tell whether this girl really has a BF, or if she’s lying and it’s just a garden variety shit test. Regardless, her escapades with you — escapades, mind you, that likely would have gotten her pregnant in the environment of evolutionary adaptation, before the Pill existed! — have probably triggered her anti-slut defense, and she is drawing back into the comforting fold of her blissfully ignorant boyfriend’s real or invisible arms.

The best text reply, in my bombastic opinion, is this:

“right”

Her hamster will frig the fuck out wondering if you were being sincere or sarcastic. Either way, you win. Don’t forget: no punctuation! She doesn’t deserve your attention to syntax. And skip out on the follow-up. This sounds like a case where she will have to find her way back to you.

(There used to be a guy who commented here who would reply to flaky cancellations or IHAB texts from girls with a simple “gay”. I always thought that was a great alpha response. Another masterfully aloof reply that assumes the sale is “gay. next time you’re buying drinks.”)

Diverse Linkage

CH · 1 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a tumultuously adventuresome discussion thread going on over at GLPiggy's about "citizenism" versus white nationalism, in which your cockily imperturbable narrator has contributed some choice morsels (look under 'heartiste').

Couple addendums: I wasn't familiar with WN until the one degree of separation internet revealed glorious new vistas to me. As such, I'm not up to speed on their political platform, although I can make an educated guess. I prefer not to spend too much time around relentlessly serious people, a fatal personality defect that some (some!) WNs share with feminists and grievance group racialists.

And, I'm not doctrinaire on the subject of national homogeneity. Like with most things in life, quality and quantity matter. A huge nation can accommodate some small number of immigrants who don't resemble the native stock. I spell it out in more detail over there at piggy central, but in short, I believe an advanced nation's social and economic health is best served by an immigration policy that does not shift its majority ethnic/racial demography below 80% of the total population. Obviously, the US is past that critical ratio and falling fast, and just as obviously, the US is concurrently experiencing the long, slow decline to has-been status in earnest, complete with all the expected attendant neuroses afflicting ever larger swaths of individuals and communities.

ps Libertarians are still stoopid. And it mostly hinges on their willful blindness to this issue, the one issue to rule all issues.

pps I might emigrate someday in the distant future for, ah, moister pastures, to which a pro-swamp white people advocate might justifiably accuse me of hypocrisy. Hey, no one said life was tidy. I think Social Security is a Ponzi scheme waiting to implode, but that doesn't mean I'll turn down the SS checks the government sends my way when I'm old. Countries have a right to restrict who enters and gets to stay, and if, for example, Poland decides not to accept my application for citizenship, then I'll abide their decision. I won't like it, but I'll understand perfectly well why they enforce the immigration policy they do.

How Not To Frame A Text Exchange With A Sexually Regretful Girl

CH · 2 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The reader from yesterday's post who wanted to know how to parry a girl he banged who dumped the "I have a boyfriend" excuse on him, has responded with a follow-up.

> I replied before I read any of the advice on here. For those who are interested, here is the resulting conversation. I went, uh, a little too raunchy and was too eager. I thought she'd be into it after how she was in bed. Good lessons for the future when it might matter.
>
> Her: "IHABF we are not doing that again text"
> (90mins later) Me: I hope not. that stubble hurt
> (13 mins later)Her: Well I wasn't plannin on havin sex my bad
> (28 mins later)Her: Didn't stop you from goin there three times
> (60 mins later)Me: youre waxing before 4
> (3 mins)Her: What do you think is going to happen?
> (0 mins)Her: Nvm you and I are not fucking
>
> [in the future, I should just stop here and say nothing / right / huh?. But I felt like I was doing good so I ran for it and fumbled the ball]
>
> (60 mins)Me: i think i'd bend you over
> (14 mins)Her: I'm done with this conversation
> (30 mins)Me: is that what you really want?
> (19 mins) Her: Yea, its not happening
> (20 mins)Me: cool

Unfortunately, the reader did not have the benefit of the advice found on this blog when he attempted to re-game this cheating slut (by her own words). If he had, I'm convinced the girl would have acted more positively, and another bang would have been in the cards. Now, I doubt it will ever happen with her.

First, let me remind the reader that it takes at least three vigorous bangs to oxytocinally bond the typical urban slut to his cock and only his cock. And the sluttier the girl, the more bangs will be required before she is entranced by your testicular essence. Only 18 year old virgins and desperate fatties bond sufficiently on the first bang, unless you are a super alpha, in which case the merest eddy of your hot breath on any woman's neck will be enough to spoil her for all other men.

It seems obvious now that this girl was deep into anti-slut defensive territory, and fearful of her reputation. When the reader assumed her further acquiescent defilement he only pushed her more into her turtle shell. Let's break this exchange down.

Her: "IHABF we are not doing that again text"
(90mins later) Me: I hope not. that stubble hurt

I think she bit through his reply to the juicy, sour grapes center. And of course, she savored it:

(13 mins later)Her: Well I wasn't plannin on havin sex my bad
(28 mins later)Her: Didn't stop you from goin there three times

Interestingly, she responded with TWO texts in a row, the second of which was her qualifying her desirability to him, a glaring admission of insecurity. This is not the norm from girls who really want nothing more to do with a guy. Typically, one shutdown text, and then radio silence is what you'll get from girls who feel nothing but indifference. The reader still had a shot at this point.

(60 mins later)Me: youre waxing before 4

She was looking for some signs of emotional connection from him to ease her feelings of sluttiness, but instead she got more x-rated porn. Consequently:

(3 mins)Her: What do you think is going to happen?
(0 mins)Her: Nvm you and I are not fucking

This is what a woman's dashed hopes look like in SMS. This is a woman's disappointment in text. She left the door open for him, but he did not properly read her signals, and the result was her pussy lips snapping shut for real. I'm fairly sure now that this girl was down for more bangs if he had played his game right.

(60 mins)Me: i think i'd bend you over
(14 mins)Her: I'm done with this conversation

He's digging his hole deeper.

(30 mins)Me: is that what you really want?
(19 mins) Her: Yea, its not happening
(20 mins)Me: cool

Aaaaaand…… fin.

I would like to point something out. Notice how her text replies started somewhat lengthy and ended up short and succinct. This is the inevitable progression of a girl who is losing interest. Use this as a general rule of thumb: the longer a girl's texts, emails or conversations carry on, the more her interest in you is growing. Womanly bloviating = good. Cunty curtness = bad.

The evidence suggests that this girl was, contrary to her IHAB excuse, down to fuck again. Waltzing through the first fuck door is the hardest. It should get easier once you are seducing DTFA girls. She entered the text convo leaving windows open for the reader to sneak in like a ninja. He fumbled at the sill and fell into a holly bush. She left the convo with the windows locked tight.

Suggestions have already been made how this reader should have replied to the IHAB excuse, but that was before we all had the actual follow-up to examine. Now that the reader has gifted us with the real life follow-up, it's time for the floor to have a go at it. Is your interpretation of this text massacre different than mine? How would you have replied to this girl? Winners with the tightest game announced later in the week.

The Liars' Progression

CH · 2 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

…and the lords of lies held illimitable dominion over all.

The 21st century Western elite are liars. All of them. This is a judgment I render with absolute certainty. The precise delineation between those who intentionally lie and those who are gulled into false beliefs is arguable, but the result is the same: a thick fog of lies that suffocates intellectual thought and demonizes lovers of truth. Occasionally, a barbed tentacle lashes out from the mist, like the enshrouded alien creatures in the Stephen King movie, and decapitates the brave soul who ventures forth unarmored, in pursuit of discovery. Those watching from behind the barricades have their cowed submission reinforced.

A regime of lies has a life cycle, and it rests on the simple psychological calculus that a strident offense will always overrun a complacent defense. The cementing of the regime proceeds in stages.

Stage 1: A cadre of liars — outsiders and axe-grinders, often — feel kinship with their lies. They believe their own lies. This is how it must start. Much like the master seducer must believe his own irresistibility to win over whole townships of women.

Stage 2: Truth is subverted when trivial nuance is stretched into universal truth.

Stage 3: The motives and character of those who cling bitterly to accepted truths are denigrated.

Stage 4: Common sense is slandered as reflexive primitiveness.

Stage 5: Appeals to emotion, targeted first at women and the morally child-like, then at weaker men, muscle out accessible logic and undefined intuition.

Stage 6: Sophistry with an intellectual veneer is marshaled in service of the foundational lies. Fools are duped.

Stage 7: The ring of lies expands slowly but inexorably outward, encompassing ever-greater whoppers, until a mass suspension of disbelief is achieved.

Stage 8: Fused with the circulatory system of lies great and small, the masses embrace self-delusion and assist in the accommodation of their own viral infection. The alternative would be ego death, which is a pain too great for most.

Stage 9: The liars, having recruited similarly aggrieved acolytes into loose alliances and having sufficiently numbed the populace, ascend to stations where banishment of heretics is possible, and begin the process of purifying their ranks.

Stage 10: Fear marches in lockstep with status whoring, the twin powerhouse Guns of Navarone that keep enemies of the narrative safely penned.

Final stage: Complacency returns to enfeeble the once-aggressors. Weak points erupt along multiple fault lines in the fortress walls. The mentally enslaved shield their eyes from shards of sunlight, and grow restless with questions and illumination. Apathy becomes shame becomes resentment becomes white hot hatred. Vengeance, the second most powerful human emotion after love, strains at its shackles, threatening a blitzkrieg that would consume the regime in hellfire.

Like Smaug, The Lords of Lies rule this epoch smugly atop their pile of riches, wielding unfathomable power. But their plunder is ill-gotten, and easily recaptured. Every tyranny has its soft underbelly, its gem-less fleshy port to the charred beating heart within. Find it, and drive your spear to the hilt. They deserve nothing less.

Framing Flirting

CH · 3 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Overcoming Bias has a post up about hypocritical flattery. RH might feel a little embarrassed getting a link from this universally beloved and highly influential blog, but his post is very interesting for what it implies about successful methods of flirting that men can use to pick up women. (See what I did there?)

> Humans usually have a social norm against flattery. Yes we flatter each other, and often, but we usually flatter indirectly. So just how big of a fig leaf does it take to hide flattery? Consider item #1 from a post on "the seven techniques for ingratiation and influence that are most effective in moving up the corporate ladder without looking like a kiss-ass":
>
> *Frame flattery as likely to make the boss uncomfortable. …one manager whom we interviewed noted that he commonly prefaces flattering remarks with such phrases as "I don't want to embarrass you but. . . ," or "I know you won't want me to say this but. . . ," or "You're going to hate me for saying this but." (more)*
>
> Note that this approach makes the praise seem no less glowing, and it offers little reason for observers to less suspect the praise was designed to gain favor. So how could flattery without this addition be unacceptable, yet flattery without this addition be acceptable?
>
> This example suggests that the key social norm is that you should not encourage others to flatter you. While there is a weak norm against praising others to gain their favor, the stronger norm is against your explicitly rewarding others for praising you. So by directly claiming that someone is not encouraging you to praise them, you declare them innocent of violating the key social norm against encouraging flattery from others.

The key to effectively flattering your boss (or any higher status person who could be useful to you) is to clear him of suspicions that he may be encouraging the flattery. Similarly, the key to effectively flirting with a girl is to clear her of suspicions that she may be encouraging your come-on.

Girls know better, of course, that when they pretty up their faces and flaunt their bodies they are encouraging come-ons from men, and hopefully the right kinds of men. But that doesn't mean they want to be reminded of that grimy little fact about their natures.

Girls are very sensitive to being thought easy or slutty (and with good psychosexual reason). Cloying flirtations that are tacitly sexual run the risk of triggering a girl's anti-slut defense. There is also the quirk of the female hindbrain that she values, admires and, yes, feels more physical attraction for the man who does not make himself too readily available. Chicks dig chasing aloof alphas. A man's conspicuously flirtatious proposition is more likely to lower his value than raise it.

Thus, the best flirting is a type of anti-flirting; flirting without directly signaling that you are flirting. Or without signaling that sex is on your mind.

A few examples:

"I don't want you to get the wrong idea, but you look like someone who'd be cool to talk to."

"I don't consider myself in the market, but if I was, I'd say you're kind of cute."

"Why is it every time I just want to say something nice to a girl, like that your eyes are… unique, she thinks I want to have sex with her?"

"I hope you don't think this is a come-on, but you have a certain grace about you."

"Don't be too embarrassed that I'm flirting with you right now. They're just words."

The idea behind these examples is that you disarm a woman's inclination to pigeonhole you as a man angling for her

sex. Once the outer labia force field is disarmed, a woman's inner labia defenses are easily pried, and it's a small matter to later "change your mind" about her.

Personally, I'm not a big fan of flattery flirting. There are better ways to flirt that don't require the egregious use of compliments or greasy innuendo. But if you do like to go direct with your flirting, then framing your flattery like the examples above will improve the reactions you get from women. Especially very beautiful women who are used to "suffering" direct and insinuated solicitations from men.

Another Game Concept Vindicated By Science: Kino Escalation

CH · 4 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Incoming! The studies providing evidence for the effectiveness of one game technique after another keep rolling in like a tsunami, washing away throbby-veined feminists and mewling omega virgins in their wake. Glorious times for face-rubbing! The latest in this lie-smashing cavalcade is scientific proof for the game concept of kino escalation.

> Why Light Touching Can Double Your Chances of Getting a Date
>
> During a conversation, a light touch can impart a subliminal sense of caring and connection, leading to more successful social interactions and even better teamwork. […]
>
> Over the course of that day, three young and handsome French men [participating in a study] randomly approached 240 young women they spotted walking alone and propositioned each and every one of them. To each, they would utter exactly the same words: “Hello. My name’s Antoine. I just want to say that I think you’re really pretty. I have to go to work this afternoon but I wonder if you would give me your phone number. I’ll phone you later and we can have a drink together someplace.” If the woman refused, they’d say, “Too bad. It’s not my day. Have a nice afternoon.” And then they’d look for another young woman to approach. If the woman handed over her number, they’d tell her the proposition was all in the name of science, at which time, according to the scientists, most of the women laughed. The key to the experiment was this: with half the women they propositioned, the young men added a light one-second touch to the woman’s forearm. The other half received no touch.
>
> The researchers were interested in whether the men would be more successful when they touched the women than when they didn’t. How important is touch as a social cue? Over the course of the day, the young men collected three dozen phone numbers. When they didn’t touch the women, they had a success rate of 10 percent; when they touched them, their success rate was 20 percent. That light one-second touch doubled their popularity. Why were the touched women twice as likely to agree to a date? Were they thinking, *This Antoine is a good toucher—it’d probably be fun to knock down a bottle of Bordeaux with him some night at Bar de l’Océan*? Probably not. But on the unconscious level, touch seems to impart a subliminal sense of caring and connection.

Raisin-sacked anti-gamers who have never left their basement hovels to try out a single game technique on a non-latex woman like to whine “Where’s the double-blind, controlled, blah blah blah scientific evidence for all these game theories?” Well, here it is, numbskulls. And there are plenty more in the archives of Le Chateau. Read them and feel your testicles descend.

Now, a number close rate increase from 10% to 20% is not huge. But keep in mind that the kino they tested was only a single, light, one-second touch on the forearm. Game theory espouses *escalating* kino, which involves increasing the frequency, duration and boldness (i.e. touching more erogenous zones on a woman) of kino throughout the seduction, gradually drawing the woman deeper into your sticky web of wonder.

Furthermore, game is a compendium of ploys, a symphony of stratagems. Kino is but one small part of the whole seduction process. If each game technique — say, negs, or DHV spikes, or body language — increases your close rate by 10%, then the sum of all game, deftly tallied, will surely increase your close rate by more than 10%.

Even a mere increase from 10% to 20% number close rate is worthy of bringing the Light of Game into your life. I think most betas would be thrilled to double their chances of scoring a random girl’s phone number.

Note the following line from the article. It’s very telling:

> In fact, in studies in which the touched person was later debriefed about the experience, typically less than one-

> third of the subjects were even aware that they had been touched.

The master seducer's game is so tight, that women will not even know they are being gamed. That's the goal you should shoot for. If women are consciously aware of your game, you're doing something wrong. Game isn't a hammer to the head; it's an electrified sensation that meanders just underneath conscious awareness, burrowing deep into the dark nooks of a woman's hindbrain.

I don't post these studies for the benefit of accomplished seducers who read here. They already know this stuff works, because they're out there using it on women. They don't need studies to tell them what they can see and hear and feel with their own senses. No, I post them primarily to get under the skin of haters. I can practically see them steam with impotent rage as they read the very thing they have claimed to want to read. I post them secondarily to illuminate fence-sitters who are open-minded to the enterprise of bedding women. But really, my first love is sadistically twisting the shiv in the loser mafia. Squeal like a pig, Gollum!

Proof That Power Corrupts Absolutely

CH · 4 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Power has an effect on the brain almost identical to cocaine.

> More than a hundred years after noted historian Baron John Acton coined the phrase 'power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely' scientists claim the saying is biologically true.
>
> The feeling of power has been found to have a similar effect on the brain to cocaine by increasing the levels of testosterone and its by-product 3-androstanediol in both men and women.
>
> This in turn leads to raised levels of dopamine, the brain's reward system called the nucleus accumbens, which can be very addictive.

We all know women are unable to control their primal attraction for powerful men. A cursory examination of the world around you will aptly demonstrate. It makes sense, if you are a man who loves the company of women, to work to become powerful OR to adopt the mannerisms of the powerful, which can have the same influence on dopamine release as possessing objectively measurable power. The behavior of powerful alpha male baboons has some game lessons for humans.

> Power has almost identical effects to cocaine and too much of it can produce too much dopamine leading to more negative effects such as arrogance and impatience.
>
> The claims by Dr Ian Robertson may go some way to explain the outlandish and impulsive behaviour of city fatcats, tycoons and celebrities.
>
> Writing in the Daily Telegraph today, he said: 'Baboons low down in the dominance hierarchy have lower levels of dopamine in key brain areas, but if they get 'promoted' to a higher position, then dopamine rises accordingly.
>
> 'This makes them more aggressive and sexually active, and in humans similar changes happen when people are given power.

Women don't love *power* per se. What they feel instead is a visceral attraction for the ATTITUDE that powerful men exhibit. Attitude and personality are more important to a man's success with women than his looks, bankroll or material possessions. You can have the latter but still fail with women if you act like a self-doubting beta. But if you have the former you can succeed with women without having the latter. Of course, having all of it is better than having either, but if you had to choose, choose jerkitude.

Arrogance, impatience, outlandishness, entitlement, aggression, sexual voracity and overconfidence — these are the male personality traits that win women over. If you don't want to toil for 30 years to gain the social or economic power that will imbue you with these sexy characteristics, you can take a short cut and plug into the god machine directly by altering your personality to one that is sexier to women.

"Just be yourself!" is really girl code for "Just be your beta self so I can quickly screen you out!"

Fuck that. Just be your better self. Then sit back and enjoy the exquisite pleasure of screening girls in and out of your rotation.

A reader writes:

> How does the elite justify its consistent fucking over of the beta males today?

Glib answer: Because they can.

Glib Lite answer: They're power tripping.

Have you ever tried to bring a coke fiend down from his exhilarating high? It's impossible. Nothing will bring those fuckers down until the drug wears off. And coke is so addictive that you are searching for the next bump within seconds after the first one has stopped working. Same with the elite. Their dopamine rush is going full blast. They've been snorting lines off whores' asses since 1965. Best we can hope for now is that they OD and their hearts just give out.

Game is like the cocaine version of power. Same feelings, quicker rush, less work. I know guys who run their best game while doing coke. Cocaine Game. Combine any two of the three and you are unstoppable. Game + societally high status = ladykiller. Game + cocaine = ladyslayer. Societally high status + cocaine = golddigger glue. Game + societally high status + cocaine = Plunderer of Vaginas.

This is all in the Bible somewhere, isn't it?

The Psychology Of Liberals And Conservatives

CH · 4 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In the spirit of deconstructing (heh) feminist and manboob psychology, here's my stab at doing the same for the underlying psychologies of liberals and conservatives. I'm working under the premise that political ideology is at least partly genetic in origin, which evidence is beginning to suggest may be the case. Whether it's one gene or thousands of genes that contribute is irrelevant to the larger picture.

Liberals are naive novelty seekers, and this manifests as, for instance, a (claimed) love of open borders and diversity, and a penchant for risk and undue optimism in the face of evidence to the contrary. Conservatives are commonsensical guardians, and that manifests as a wariness of untested outsiders and a respect for the tried and true. Neither ideology, if restrained from its worst excesses, is necessarily "bad"; logically, if liberalism or conservatism were really bad and fitness-reducing, they would have been selected out of the human gene pool by now. No, it's probably fairer to say that in an environment of low level threats and approximate mental, emotional and psychological equality between men, (such as might be seen in an isolated, small hunter-gatherer tribe), liberalism (i.e., "foragerism") is the more "fit" ideology; whereas in a threatening, unstable environment where human traits, both positive and negative, between people and races are unequally distributed, conservatism (i.e., "farmerism") is the more "fit" ideology to hold.

Now… did you all notice my reframe in the above definitions? See how easy it really is to throw a snarky leftist back on his heels, in the defensive crouch? Open-minded? How about naive. Adventurous? Careless. Tolerant? Undiscerning. You can do the same with women by reframing their objections. That is a core concept of game.

A reader adds:

> Liberals do indeed score a lot higher on the personality trait Openness to Experience. However, conservatives score significantly higher on the personality trait Conscientiousness. Which means conservatives tend to fuck things, including their own lives, up a lot less.
>
> Anyway, if you haven't you should read up on the work of Jonathan Haidt. Very worthwhile.

I'm in a generous mood, so I'll say this about that: a wholly conservative society will probably stagnate into dullness, albeit a dullness that pleasantly avoids total dystopia. A wholly liberal society, thrilling as it is, will probably go extinct from being overrun by barbarians, or will implode from a lack of attention to the time-tested details that scaffold civilization. Maybe both ideologies are found in humans because a mix of the two maximizes group fitness. /generosity

Liberalism is ascendent right now (spare me the hand waving about Republican electoral wins, who have been forced leftward for generations just to compete), and we can see from that the whole project beginning to unravel under their Open-minded and Novelty Seeking tutelage. Their power has grown beyond their control, and if it can't be stopped at the voting booth, the boardroom, or the classroom, it WILL be stopped when the less enlightened hordes bring their pandemonium, whether quickly by arms or slowly by alms, crashing down upon the gated communities.

And, man, when that happens, will that be the most satisfying "I told you so" I ever contemptuously dripped like sun-warmed ice cream outta my mouth.

Female Regret Neutralizer Lines: The Winners

CH · 7 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

How do you respond to a girl you have had sex with who now claims to have a boyfriend and wants to break it off with you? Readers happily offered many excellent suggestions to the fumbled game demonstrated in this post. A few stand-outs follow.

From reader Khall Drogo:

> Her: “Didn’t stop you from goin there three times”
>
> Me: “Guilty as charged”
>
> Her: “And we’re not fucking again blablabla”
>
> Me: “ok”
>
> She’d be dripping wet and would beg for my cock until the day I die.

This is my favorite. I love the “guilty as charged” line. Why? Because it simultaneously passes her shit test (by not appearing apologetic or spiteful), and refrains from forcing any renewed sexual rapport that will re-trigger her anti-slut defense. “ok” is a good answer, but I prefer “right”, as it leaves more pellets in the hamster cage for the little critter to feast upon.

***

Flahute:

> Her: “Didn’t stop you from goin there three times”
> Me: “You were irresistible”

Similar to the above, this instills the girl with positive feelings without ingratiation that could risk pushing her away. The trick to giving girls good feelings is to not make it seem like you’re just saying them to get back into their panties. Limiting yourself to three-word replies is a great way to restrict your range of potentially self-incriminating betatude.

***

Holden Caulfield channeling GBFM:

> Her: “Didn’t stop you from goin there three times”
> GBFM: “that’s cuz u likes my lotsa cockas lolzlolzlozlolzzzzz”
> Her: “Giggle”.
>
> Haters: Don’t try this at home – The GBFM is a legend.

Maybe you’d have to be GBFM to pull this off, but it’s still better than anything a beta might spit out. Let’s look at what’s right about this reply:

Cocky? Check
Assumes the sale? Check.
Aloof and indifferent syntax? Check. The pussy is… bernankified.

***

Days of Broken Arrows:

> Her: “IHABF we are not doing that again text”
> (90mins later) Me: I hope not. that stubble hurt
> (13 mins later)Her: Well I wasn’t plannin on havin sex my bad
> (28 mins later)Her: Didn’t stop you from goin there three times”
> (10 hours later) Me: “My dog* died.”
>
> * Substitute a family member, if necessary.
>
> I call this “sympathy game,” and have found it’s the quickest way to de-bitch a potentially raging bitch. It switches off their bitch defenses and makes them Florence Nightingale. You can also substitute illness, as needed, just make it a good one, not the flu.

Sympathy game is a variant of vulnerability game. It’s incredibly effective, but easily abused. Too much sympathy game can kill a tingle dead. Beta males are known for leaning too heavily on sympathy game, and alpha males too little. Like Baby Bear’s porridge, you gotta get it just right.

Sympathy game delivers its biggest payload when the girl doesn’t expect it. Imagine you are a girl who has just (presumably) destroyed a man’s hopes with the IHAB excuse. You expect he will reply with some cloying request to meet again, or some spiteful put-down. Instead, he lobs the “my dog died” grenade right twixt your labia. That’s the kind of unpredictability that girls swoon for in men. It’s important to remember that the nurture instinct, while anhedonic in nature, is almost as strong in women as the hypergamy instinct. You should leverage both to your advantage.

***

chi-town explains the direction the text exchange *should* have taken, rather than the one it did:

> Her: “IHABF we are not doing that again text”
> (90mins later) Me: I hope not. that stubble hurt
> (13 mins later)Her: Well I wasn’t plannin on havin sex my bad
> (28 mins later)Her: Didn’t stop you from goin there three times
>
> Its informative about her need to be defensive but costly information to retrieve. The wrong conversation all together. The attitude should have been :
>
> Her: “we are not doing that again text”
> Him: “What?”
> Her: “Fucking”
> Him: “Oh that. What about it? ”
> Her: “you and I are not fucking”.
> Him: “Just that or is this a good bye?”
> Her: “What do you think is going to happen?”
> Him: “Upon reflection, I am certain I was not thinking ahead”
>
> etc….
>
> Sex is not on your mind and neither was she entirely. When it was, it wan’t about the sex….Women are along for the ride…Women are the ones who bring up sex while you change the subject. You don’t care about the outcome etc..
>
> Her:
>
> * why wasn’t the sex on his mind?
> * wait, maybe he sees something deeper because he implies something else? But still..

Women have a subconscious mental algorithm which sole purpose is to assume that men are always angling for sex

with them. Now, this algorithm serves them well because, in fact, most men *are* angling for sex with them, if the women are attractive. You can use this knee-jerk, sex-supposition female reflex against them to incredible effect: the man who does not follow the script playing out in a woman's head is automatically more intriguing than 99% of the men she encounters in her life. This means not biting down on her "beta bait" by, for instance, asking for answers why more fucking isn't forthcoming, or insinuating more fucking is on the table. Doing the opposite — acting like the sex wasn't foremost on your mind, and she's making a mountain out of a molehill — will ensure the conversation remains centered around your frame, and steadily pushing against her barricaded ego.

"The defensive couch is where pussy tingles are born. Squirt!"

The Flaw In The Alpha Male Procreator Theory

CH · 9 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Traditionalists, anti-gamers and the usual assortment of sour grapers who want to believe men who are successful at bedding women aren't winners in the social status or self-indulgence sweepstakes, often resort to the argument that having kids makes a man alpha. This "It's not the number of bangs, it's the creating of womb issues" theory is very comforting to a certain mindset.

Helpful reminder: before the age of ~~aquarius~~ contraception, a beta male achieving one bang in his lifetime had a decent shot at impregnating a woman. There aren't many men, or women, who would argue that managing to have sex once in his life qualifies a man for alphatude, regardless whether the act results in a baby or a blank.

The alpha male of yore — before effective condoms and the pill were widely available — may have been distinguishable by his large brood, but today that signal no longer applies. Today's alpha male can, and does, easily thwart his genetic programming to make lots of minialphas through the use of such anti-fertilization show-stoppers.

Therefore, the best signal now for how alpha a man is remains what was outlined in this post. The definition contained therein may offend your socratic sensibilities, but great truths often distill as tautologies.

Interestingly, men of the lower classes, because they are prone to forego or misuse contraceptives as befits their constricted time horizons, can more readily be categorized as beta or alpha based on how many children they sire with roaming single moms. In the upper classes, the opposite reality endures; the alpha male is often the one who puts off having children so that he may enjoy his youth chasing skirt, contraceptively freed from the consequences that would otherwise gestate should he direct his amore toward dumber, poorer women who don't possess the conscientiousness or common sense to swallow a pill on a regular basis.

This is, really, the great advantage that boffing smart chicks offers to men: worry-free sex. Sparkling conversation is just icing on the cake.

The Silent Virginity

CH · 10 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There are virgins among us, but they cannot be identified by their ecstatic moans, so they slip unnoticed by the sexually active masses like frigid totems to a bygone era.

A reader links to a study on American virginity rates:

> Women who are college graduates are more likely to be virgins. So, it's not just Ivy Leaguers who are more sexually restrained, but all college graduates.
>
> I still agree with you to the extent that I think there are pockets of promiscuity among educated women, especially among those with graduate/professional degrees, and also probably among those in certain urban areas. Furthermore, I would think that educated women who are promiscuous are probably much more deliberate about it than lower class women who often disapprove of promiscuity in the abstract (I use the term loosely) but are unable to control themselves in the heat of the moment.

Before you players start to wonder if you're just passing around the same irrepressible slut's party hole amongst yourselves, note that overall virginity rates are still quite low for the general population, including both men and women.

> **1.1 million Americans between the ages of 25 and 40 are still virgins**.
>
> The CDC also reports that **by age 19, 80% of men and 75% of women have lost their virginity.**

And, furthermore, keeping in tune with this blog's unnerving habit of drawing back the curtain on humanity's clanking machinery, men, being the expendable sex, are more likely than women, the perishable sex, to remain virgins past the age of 25.

> [T]he odds a man aged 25-44 has had no female partners are **1 in 35.71**.
>
> More women than men are likely to postpone losing their virginity, but during the teens and early 20s their odds follow the identical trajectory. However, by the time a woman enters the age range of 25-44, the odds she has had no male sexual partners are **1 in 58.82**—so somewhere along the line women start outpacing men in shedding their virginity.

It is simply easier for the average woman to get sex than it is for the average man, and the later in life virginity rates reflect that reality. (Although the ease with which women can get sex partners may be experiencing a bump upward in difficulty owing to the increasing fattitude of Americans — obese women are 30% less likely than normal-weight women to have had a sexual partner in the last year. Obese men do not have the same problem.)

Compared to men, the relatively low effort required of women to obtain sex is why it's silly for them to take pride in their sluttiness; getting sex from men is no accomplishment. Now getting commitment from men… there's the challenge. But of course, if you are a feminist with a grating personality and all you have to offer men is a zip line to your jungly vagina, then you might be tempted to dismiss the shame you feel from giving it away so freely.

After a certain ripe age, a virginal woman might say to herself, "Why am I holding out for an alpha male? The odds of landing one diminish with each passing month, so, fuck it, I'll take the next cocka that comes alonga." She then finds that the goal of spreading her legs for a horny bastard is remarkably easy to achieve, which is why the act often leaves her feeling confused and depressed afterwards.

The typical virginal man, in contrast, discovers that it becomes increasingly difficult to lose his virginity with each passing year. For him, virginity isn't a choice; it's a sentence. Or it may have started as a free choice, but quickly

transmogrified into a punishment. The 40-year-old male virgin who manages to finally bust a nut inside a woman doesn't feel confusion; he feels elation.

The more interesting angle to the virginity numbers is the discrepancy in rates between uneducated and educated women:

> For well-educated ladies looking to join the ranks of the sexually active, unfortunately you've got your work cut out for you. Female college graduates are 5.4 times more likely to be virgins than those who never received that diploma—adding a sad irony to the term "bachelor's degree."

I suspect this ties into impulsiveness; if you have the time to spare, there are studies floating around demonstrating a link between lower IQ and higher impulsiveness. It could simply be the case that female college grads are better at controlling their impulses, rather than some high-falutin' notion that educated women are more apt than dumber women to save themselves for marriage deriving from some quaint personal ethos.

But why would women want to, or feel an inner urge to, restrain their sexual impulses? Well, in the ancestral environment, the one that has shaped the contours of our hindbrains to this day, the women who were bad at controlling their sexual impulses were often the ones stuck with babies from men who weren't willing to stick around and help raise them. More circumspect women were better at screening for men willing to dependably commit to them, a male trait that is exhibited when a man wines and dines a woman while waiting patiently for her to give it up. Evolution favored the propagation of the latter's genes (with exceptions), and so this female restraint instinct survives into the modern world, in an age of contraceptives and big daddy government, and its existence spurs all sorts of rationalizations from women seeking to make sense of their antediluvian feelings.

Nevertheless, the CDC data showing that educated women are more likely than uneducated women to be virgins seems counterintuitive to me. I swim amongst the educated set and, accounting for a few memorable exceptions, I have rarely befriended or befouled a virgin. On the whole, smart chicks are novelty seeking; they love meeting new men and flirting like femme fatales. Case in point: Smart, educated girls may be more likely to be virginal, but they are also more likely to cheat.

And my experience is not unique; I know few men, alpha or beta, who can claim to plunder virgin puss regularly. The existence of legal age virgins in the megalopolises is so rare that meeting and bedding one would be immediate cause for a triumphal parade around the city square.

As I have said on occasion, you will find that if you keep your eyes open and observe the world around you without self-assuaging delusion, that science eventually comes around to confirming 9/10s of your common sense. Yet once in a blue moon, the scientific data throws a curveball. This is one of those times.

Herewith I offer some explanations for the discrepancy between most men's real life experiences with a paucity of educated virgins and the self-reported virginity data:

– Women lie worse than men on self-reporting surveys. This is scientifically validated. Now, participant lying doesn't necessarily indicate that the sexual activity trend lines are wrong; for that, you'd have to somehow show that women are lying more now than they did on past surveys, or that educated women lie more than uneducated women. (In fact, the latter is a distinct possibility, as it has been shown that smarter people are generally better at the deceptive arts, and have a better grasp of what kind of information about themselves is potentially incriminating.) However, the very fact that women do lie about sexual matters more than men should give one pause about taking their virginity claims at face value.

– Player selection bias. This is a favorite assertion of the anti-gamer, feminist and omegavirgindork crowd (losers of a feather flock together): "Oh, you're just nailing the sluts who like to screw around, so you never get a chance to meet the angelic hordes of chaste, virginal girls." On its face, this seems plausible, but it breaks down badly upon closer inspection. One, many seducers meet women randomly, outside of the clubs where sluts tend to congregate.

For instance, I have met women from extraordinarily varied occupational and educational backgrounds, in stores, at events, on the street, in buses, while driving, at the beach, in class, at work, at weddings, at picnics, and even at a funeral. It would be a remarkable coincidence if all those women were raging sluts. Two, and most disturbingly for the anti-gamer, their assertion denies the possibility that players *are* meeting chaste women, but that these women, accustomed to the limp company of their beta orbiters, are so overwhelmed by the player's sexy vibe that they become a bit less chaste for the night (or many nights).

Given the above refutation of the player selection bias theory, I suspect that it is true to some minimal extent that men who actively bed a lot of women tend to miss the virgins, who are, after all, not very likely to be out anywhere in mixed company. And the reason for this may be that the ranks of female virgins include a lot of grossly ugly or obese girls who are ashamed to be seen in public. Girls who major in math or other male-oriented tracks are probably overrepresented in this group.

Luckily, by the early 20s, most girls have abandoned the charade of virginity, so player selection bias ceases to be of much relevance for men who don't routinely try to pick up teenagers.

– Confusing education for introversion. Education, conscientiousness and introversion tend to correlate. If educated women have a higher virginity rate than uneducated women, that may just be a reflection of the fact that educated women are more introverted, and thus less likely to be energized by large mixed groups of men and women where hooking up is more likely to occur. Thus, players who plunder the big cities may be missing out on the virgins because those women are less comfortable mingling in social settings. This particular explanation is speculative, so take it for what it is.

– Obesity is just another word for celibacy. As noted above, there have been studies which found that fat women have less sex than thin women. Not very surprising, as men really don't want to sleep with fat women if they can avail themselves of the sexier alternative. (A contrarian might argue that fat women, given their lower sexual market value, would more readily put out for men in hopes of gaining their commitment and love. If true, that would work against higher virginity rates for fat women.)

Anyhow, assuming the premise is true — that fat chicks are more likely to live a sexless purgatory — then the obesity epidemic may explain decreasing rates of sluttiness among American women. However, it would not tell us much about the supposed higher virginity rates of educated girls, as it is a safe assumption most truly grotesque fat chicks shamble among the lower classes. Or it could be the case that educated fat chicks, as the more introspective subspecies, are more likely than uneducated fat chicks to sequester themselves away from human contact and sunlight, thus shifting on one elephantine foot higher virginity rates toward the college crowd.

– The "technical" virgin. How do girls rationalize their lying about their sex lives? By inventing false truths. Anal and oral sex among young women are way up, but hey, it's not the vagina, so STILL A VIRGIN. The hamster is happy. Perhaps this explains better why educated women have higher "virginity" rates — they are using a very loose definition of virginity. And wouldn't it be just like a smartie to wordplay her way out of an uncomfortable self-assessment? I suspect the Audacious One would be interested in GSSing his way through this byline to the sexual behavior annals. Annals. Heh.

– Bifurcation Nation. I have previously offered as an explanation for the supposed decreasing overall rate of sluttiness among American women the hypothesis that the nation is bifurcating along sexual behavior lines:

> [P]erhaps American society is bifurcating into two female camps, with the urban blue state camp waving the banner of Team Slut and the religious red state camp hoisting the flag of Team Prude. Since there are more red state godly girls than there are blue state heretic hos, I figured that would account for the overall trend toward less sluttiness.

Again, purely speculative, but worth investigating. (Paging Charles Murray.) I admit I don't have reams of experience with evangelicals or Hasidim, so for all I know there is a mass of middle America religious women out

there who are refusing sex until a ring is on it. Maybe a lot of these red staters who have the smarts go to college and as a consequence swing the co-ed virginity rate higher. Since religious girls tend to socialize in venues (like church) where players are rarely found (imagine a demon stepping foot on holy ground and immediately bursting into flames), it's reasonable to conclude that male perception of college girl sluttiness is skewed by the religious de facto shut-ins.

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Bottom line: Human sexual behavior is exceedingly difficult to pin down, as the nature of the enterprise requires survey respondents possess a bracing comfort with exposing the underbellies of their egos, and nothing is quite as critical to the healthy functioning of the ego as faith in one's SMV. Don't trust self-reported sex survey data. Chicks lie. Educated chicks are probably not much more virginal than uneducated chicks, but there is room to disagree on this point based on potential skew in men's perceptions of the active, college educated dating market. Nonetheless, overall virginity rates are quite low after the late teens, so men need not worry that a shrinking pool of sexually enthusiastic women is about to cramp their styles.

This post grew beyond its preplanned bounds, much like a virgin's hymen stretches to its breaking point when confronted by the concentrated force of my life-giving battering ram.

Reader Mailbag: Options = Instability

CH · 11 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Ramon asks:

> So I'm chatting with my current stripper of the quarter and I ask her, "why do chicks dig jerks?". Her take: "they grow out of it".
>
> Background On this girl – 28, divorcee, cock carousel until 24, fun but with interesting phobias. I'd call her a 6-7.
>
> What's your take on her comment?

I actually do think that girls "grow out" of digging jerks. Unfortunately for the niceguys of the world, that growth doesn't occur until the late 20s for the typical woman, and later than that for very pretty (highly estrogenic) or very delusional (also highly estrogenic) women. So while women may grow out of digging jerks, men don't "grow into" digging cougars. The niceguy, as always, is left with second-best (or one-thousandth worst).

Also, it's important to define what we mean by "grow out of". The definition is fluid depending on the options available to the woman who is claiming to be over jerks. A 28 year old, rode hard and tossed away wet, neurotic divorcée stripper — a chick who has likely opened her wormhole to a fleet of interstellar assholes — is going to have been so psychologically drill-pressed by her history of disappointments trying to nail down jerks for long term commitment that she may very well begin to gravitate to the sensitive ministrations of relatively doting men.

But then it won't take more than a few weeks with a niceguy to remind her how much she viscerally desires the wrong kind of man.

So, what I'm getting at is this: a woman who has "grown out of" dating jerks is a woman who is too old, too crazy or grown too fat to appeal to the unruly jerks who truly excite her. Her limited options dictate her claimed preferences. Which is another way of saying she's settling for niceguys. That's an explanation of the thinking process of your aging stripper. Now, this is not the whole story; I suspect that age-related decreasing estrogen levels, coupled with a subconscious reappraisal of SMV caused by failure to either capture the attention of sexy jerks or to keep them around for very long, WILL objectively alter a woman's dating preferences to some degree. Women do have two competing mating algorithms clashing for dominance within their psyches: the desire for fun sexytime and the desire for comforting providertime. When she is young and at her desirable prime, her sexytime id holds more of her cortical territory. When she is older and beginning to fade into sexual obsolescence, her providertime id battles back and claims victories, hoisting its banner of sour grapes.

tp;dc (too precise, didn't comprehend): The hottest chicks dig the biggest jerks. Less attractive chicks dig jerks too, but can't get them, so they pretend they don't like them. Older women will be easier for niceguys to pick up. A minority of cute, young chicks genuinely adore niceguys, but there are too few of them to go around to satisfy the innumerable niceguy demand for them.

PS Beware the stripper who says she's over assholes. You will be tempted to throw her a compliment or a cuddle, thinking she has illuminated the way to her poosay. You will be rebuffed. Your working assumption should be that any chick who claims to be over jerks is not over them at all, and has probably dated more jerks than girls who admit they like jerks.

***

Anon pleads (probably too late):

> Prom season is approaching. Any related game advice for the younger crowd? I know high school isn't representative of the "real" dating/hookup scene, but there are similarities. Any tips?

Smile mischievously, and pin the corsage directly over her boob. Not kidding. Worked for me. If corsages are out, have two flutes and a bottle of champagne waiting for her in your car (or the limo, if the driver is down with underage drinking). Dance with another girl, and make sure your date sees it. Smoke outside, come back in reeking of it. Keep a flask of bourbon and a condom in your jacket pocket, and be sure the outline of the condom shows through. And, as always, remember that this is the time of life when girls' asses will never be tighter; take post-coital pictures for a masturbation photo album when you are elderly! God, I love good, old-fashioned American traditions.

***

Rhett wonders:

> I was wondering if a girl says she loves you way too early , would this be considered beta bait? I haven't spent much time with this chick, i banged her the first night i met her and twice since discounting sex iv only spent about ten hours with her.

Not necessarily. Read her face when she says it. You should be able to tell the difference between a sincere expulsion of loving tribute to your alphaness and an insincere shit test. However, do note that EVEN IF her "I love you" is sincere, it could still serve as a subconscious shit test for her, in that if you answer "I love you too" right back, you could unknowingly give her way too much hand so soon in your new relationship. Since you've only spent ten hours with her, I suggest a cocky reply is in order. Make a finger gun and wink at her while saying "Right back atcha." Gauge her response. Does she giggle? You nailed it. Does she seem on the verge of tears? Wrap her up in a hug and tell her you love spending time with her, and you can't wait to see where it leads.

***

B. writes:

> Have you seen the new HBO show 'Girls'? Writtten by a young woman who is also the star, the series starts with a young woman's life bottoming out:
>
> 1. Parents cut off her income
> 2. Loses her internship at a publishing house
> 3. Boyfriend loves her too much
>
> I'm serious. To describe the nightmare situation for a young woman today, she shows a girl whose boyfriend never stops being nice to her. And her friend even makes fun of her for it.
>
> Thanks for making my life better,
> B.

No, I haven't seen it, but I may have to, since it's been the talk of the town lately, and besides, there have been claims that the chick writer(s?) has cribbed a lot of ideas off of Le Chateau Heartiste. Hence, the supposed realism of the show. I'll save an analysis for a future post.

***

Customer Service writes about a game tactic which involves pretending to be your ex-girlfriend to make prospects jealous and, hence, horny for your deviant love:

> I moved back in with my parents and I started lying about my living situation because too many vaginas sealed up.
>
> I started telling girls that I lived with my ex girlfriend and couldn't move out because she was still in love with me. Ergo sex at the girls' places. Bingo. Proceed.

> However, I need a way to keep my leads warm so I tried this exchange on two cold girls [where I] pretend my ex gf finds my phone.
>
> … out of the blue, after regular texting game …
>
> me: ”hey, how do we know each other”
>
> … silence or no response …
>
> me: 2 mins later, “where did we meet”
>
> … by this point the girls start to clue in that it’s not me on the other end and they’ll reply with something short ….
>
> me: ”this is Tim’s ex girlfriend, i want you to know that I am still in love with him, stay away from him, he doesn’t love you”
>
> … the one girl I used this line on responded by saying OK…
>
> me: (to both girls) “did you sleep with him?”
>
> … I didn’t bang these girls, one responded with a smiley face and the other cold lead said, “he’s your ex now, so relax”, NOT ONE GIRL DENIED SEX.
>
> What do you think of this game tactic? I haven’t decided how to follow up with this scenario.

Wow. All’s I gotta say is, this is gold, Jerry! That is, it’s gold for finding out how manipulative and devious girls can be when their jealousy is incited by a bit of the ol’ ultrapreselection. I assume, since you didn’t mention it, that you hadn’t slept with these two girls you were texting while impersonating your ex-gf; therefore, the fact that neither one denied make-believe sex with you says two things about the female id:

1. they love the idea of being the “other woman”, and

2. they are DTF.

Chicks come born with a preinstalled harem mentality which can be triggered the moment they realize they are in the company of a man who keeps the company of multiple women. The typical woman is psychologically equipped to transition into concubinage with an alpha male if her buttons are pushed in the right order. Your “impersonating ex-gf” game tactic appears to have done that. It’s a total mindfuck, and for that, I award you:

Le Chateau Heartiste VIP (Very Important Player) entry to the Scarlet Room. (Bring cat-o’-nine tails.)

But how about your game tactic as a means of getting closer to sex with your prey? It’s gets a little trickier here, because you’ll have to be careful about slipping up and tipping your hand. But you’ve got valuable inside info on your two prospects; the image of having sex with you has been self-planted in their heads, and you come to them a proven commodity: the man whose ex-gf is so crazy jealous in love with him she stalks his phone for interlopers. To put it bluntly, you come pre-DHVed.

I suggest the next time you want to meet either of them, ignore what went down when you were stealing the identity of your fake ex-gf and proceed as if everything is normal. Wait for them to bring it up. When they do, say something like “Yeah, my ex is nuts. Thinks we’re still gonna get back together. Gotta put a lock on my phone.”

PS I wouldn’t say you can’t move out because your ex is still in love with you. That doesn’t sound plausible. Explain instead that you and your ex split the rent and it makes sense financially for you to live together for a little while longer, until you’re sure she has her life in order and can afford her own place. This fake explanation has the added benefit of hitting that “protector of loved ones” button that all girls possess.

Why Are Feminists Against The Male Pill?

CH · 14 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

How often have you heard feminists bitch and moan about the responsibility that women must bear for using birth control? You'd think the womb whiners would be happy that a male Pill was tested and found effective, ready to market. But, no. That would be thinking rationally, and feminists are allergic to reason and logic. Here's a video of a Brazilian endocrinologist who recalls the time he was at a conference discussing the male Pill when a gaggle of feminists led by the ugly Betty Friedan (his words, accurate nevertheless) shouted him down with chants of "No male pill!".

So why would feminists be against a male Pill? According to the doc, their answer is that they don't want the decision to have a child or not taken away from women. In other words, they believe that men having decision-making power over *their own* reproduction is tantamount to taking that reproductive power away from women. The male Pill, in a twisted feminist's mind, is akin to outlawing abortion or the female Pill.

I've said it before, but it always bears repeating because the message isn't getting out fast and far enough: feminists don't give a rat's ass about "equality" or phantoms of inequality; all they care about is power. Feminism is a power grab, plain and simple. It is war by politics, its artillery ideological zeal and the veneer of intellectual sophistry. Feminists want the ability and unanswerable freedom to have a kid or not have a kid completely at their own whim, regardless of the man's feelings on the matter and with no concern for his opinion or his presupposed legal rights. A male Pill robs women of the option to ensnare men in gotcha pregnancies, and that is a dilution of female power that feminists just won't tolerate.

The motivating impulse of feminists, besides the ugliness of its fiercest advocates, is hatred for male sexuality. Feminists loathe male desire. Their envy of men's relative sexual freedom, men's libidinous vitality, and men's broader psychological landscape manifests as an abhorrence of the peculiar characteristics that distinguish the male sex, in drive and personality, from the female sex. Feminists routinely lie in service to their hatred, a hatred which is unquenchable.

Feminine women are not like this. Feminine women love men for who they are, love to bathe in the energy of male sexuality, and love the innate advantages that men bring to the division of love and labor between the sexes. Feminine women are not feminist women. It's good to remind the good women of that truth, and to beat the soulless ugly machine feminists, male feminists included, over the head with that same truth.

I Was Right: Study Shows Conservatives And Liberals Have A Look

CH · 14 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This post, where I speculated, based on nothing more than my personal, clear-eyed observations, that conservatives and liberals have a "look" which I, and most people, can identify with a quick glance, spurred plenty of discussion, most of it taking me to the shed for lack of scientific rigor. Liberals seemed greatly displeased that I insinuated the male of their kind seems always on the verge of bursting into tears. (Note I also said that liberals look smarter than conservatives. But the implication of their weakness hit home a little harder than the flattery of their intelligence.)

As if on cue, here's a study that basically proves my contention, jot and tittle.

> **Here we found that individuals' political affiliations could be accurately discerned from their faces.** In Study 1, perceivers were able to accurately distinguish whether U.S. Senate candidates were either Democrats or Republicans based on photos of their faces. Study 2 showed that these effects extended to Democrat and Republican college students, based on their senior yearbook photos. Study 3 then showed that these judgments were related to differences in perceived traits among the Democrat and Republican faces. Republicans were perceived as more powerful than Democrats. Moreover, as individual targets were perceived to be more powerful, they were more likely to be perceived as Republicans by others. Similarly, as individual targets were perceived to be warmer, they were more likely to be perceived as Democrats.

Game. Set. Snatch.

Some of you may ask, "What is it like, oh Lord and Savior of Powerful Malehood, to be burdened so heavily with objective rightness?"

I tell you now, it is a burden I would not place on my worst enemy, for the sweet thrust of psychologically impaling my haters is one I want to savor all to myself. Thou shalt not interrupt the Master when He is mid-Holy Skullfuck.

The coda to the study higlights an often overlooked (understandably, if you are a blank slater) aspect of human nature.

> These data suggest that perceivers' beliefs about who is a Democrat and Republican may be based on perceptions of traits stereotypically associated with the two political parties and that, indeed, the guidance of these stereotypes may lead to categorizations of others' political affiliations at rates significantly more accurate than chance guessing.

In other words, pattern recognition is a valuable aid to anyone navigating the chaos of the real world, their denials they engage in such nefarious human-like activity to the contrary notwithstanding.

Alpha Assessment: The Name Game

CH · 15 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Aureo wants to know if this conversation he had with a girl he likes has cleared or obstructed the path to sex with her.

> I want to bang this girl **[ed: don't we all!]**, but she just got a boyfriend so the antislut shields are up. Yet I know she likes me, so it's only a matter of good logistics.
>
> I once forgot her name and called her something else, and since then, every time we see each other, we make up a different (and normally dramatic) name, and laugh.
>
> This is a conversation we just had, in which she subtly shoved me off:
>
> Me: Danielle Marie Delacroix! (fake names we say)
> Her: Mr. Alexander von Luparius the Third!
> Me: *long weird name*
> Her: Yeah, but you can call me Diane (her real name) ^^
> Me: I don't like that name that much ^^
> H: ¬¬ i suppose we must do something about it, they dont call me "hard fists" for anything!
> M: Ill beat you up like no one has!
> H: haha I was just telling you mi nickname, as a curious fact.. haha
> M: ok ok, I thought you were threatening me, still our issue remains.
> H: we can talk it, we can spare some lives, some broken bones and stuff.
> M: not to mention a few destroyed building and a public riot. Anyway, how do you like to be called?
> H: haha elementary my dear Watson: Diane, and you? how do you like to be called?
> M: so I lived deceived ALL this time?
> H: yeah, all this time, but yes, sorry cowboy
> M: It'll be time to make up names for another person, then.
> H: do you remember how all this came up?
> M: yeah, I called you Valerie or something.
> H: yes
> M: so?
> H: so nothing
> M: so nothing what
>
> then the conversation died.
> how did I do?

You didn't specify, but I'll assume this was a face-to-face, three dimensional conversation you had with the girl, rather than email or text. So we'll proceed from that premise.

First, I like the fake name game. That's a great way to reframe a social faux pas like forgetting a girl's name, and it incorporates a pared-down form of role-playing which is catnip to girls.

Second, your flirtation skills are very good. You know how to keep a convo rolling with light, witty banter. But all light all witty banter soon makes Jack an unsexy, entertainment monkey. Flirty talk is like starring in a sitcom: you gotta shoot for going out on top, otherwise all anyone will remember about you is your crappy last couple of seasons where you spent your episodes trying too hard to recapture your old glory.

Do you know where you blew it? Right after she asked "how do you like to be called?", and you replied by continuing along the playful path you were already skipping happily down. Her personal question about your name (a major IOI from a girl, don't forget) was your cue to get real with her for a minute. Girls love flirting, but they

love it even more when a man knows how and when to segue from innocuous flirting to charged sexual energy. Had you dropped the jokes and your smile, replaced them with a steady gaze and serious expression, you would have stood a better chance at moving your conversation onto more fertile ground.

A lot of guys make your mistake; they get excited when they see the positive reaction and laughs that their playfulness elicits in a girl, and they do as men do — if some playfulness is good, then more must be better! But girls don't think like men. Girls love unpredictability, they love being kept on their toes, and so they love a man who can turn on a dime from cocky to sexual tension.

Always keep the end goal in mind when you are flirting with a girl. Your end goal is not the elicitation of fleeting laughs or light forearm touches. It is penis in vagina. PRIMORDIAL PENIS IN COSMIC VAGINA. Never forget that. Temper your pride and your excitement at managing to keep a girl interested in a conversation with you; that giddy excitement will obscure the path to your ultimate goal by diverting you from the sequence of moves you must make, as the man, to seduce a woman into bed.

The next time you are playfully engaging a girl you want to screw, I want you to ask yourself "Is my penis in this girl's vagina? No? Then there is more work to be done. More need to lead. No rest for the turgid." Flirt on, flirt off, young Danielson.

Hot Women Are Harder To Fool

CH · 16 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Put away your illusions about smart, ugly girls and dizzy, hot blondes. If you want to know which type of girl will be better at cutting through your cadtastic bullshit, it's the hot babes for the sixth sense win.

> Women in contrast, often have low waist-to-hip ratios (WHR); i.e., narrow waists and broad hips that approximate an hour-glass configuration. Women with low WHR's are rated as more attractive, healthier, and more fertile. They also tend to have more attractive voices, lose their virginity sooner, and have more sex partners. WHR has also been linked with general cognitive performance. In the present study we expand upon previous research examining the role of WHR in cognition. We hypothesized that more feminine body types, as indexed by a low WHR, would be associated with cognitive measures of the female "brain type," such as mental state attribution and empathy because both may depend upon the activational effects of estrogens at puberty. We found that women with low WHRs excel at identifying emotional states of other people and show a cognitive style that favors empathizing over systemizing. […]
>
> It is interesting to note that **our findings suggest lower WHR females, who are more likely to be targeted for dishonest courtship, may be better at identifying disingenuous claims of commitment.**

Executive summary: You can string along an ugly chick a lot longer than you can a hot chick. But then, why would you want to?

Sex differences are the result of eons of social interactions between men and women with differing reproductive goals. Gene variants have evolved to equip men and women with the armaments they need to successfully navigate the mating market. Men have evolved penetrative bunker busters; women have evolved deeper bunkers. It's an arms race with no end in sight, and no purpose; its existence is its own reward.

These sex-based gene variants aren't uniform; "girly" genes are found less numerously in masculine women, and "manly" genes are found less frequently in feminine men. There is a general psychosocial sex dichotomy that is blurred at the edges, where the girly and manly gene clusters are not as clearly delineated. Thus you find, as this study concludes, that manjawed freaks like feminists are *more likely* than neotenous beauties are to fall for a player's empty promises. Maybe that's why feminists are so adamant about inserting the state into sexual affairs: they need a smarter surrogate to protect them from their own naivete.

It makes perfect sense that hot chicks would be better at sniffing out pump and dumpers from buy and holders, because they have inherited traits from their ancestral sisters that protect them from the kinds of men who are very good at seducing women at the lowest price point possible; men who, it stands to reason, would want to seduce only the hottest women, and a splendid variety of hot women, at that.

This study should also give pause to those game haters who believe players only target ugly chicks. If that were the case, the ugly girls would have evolved defensive mechanisms against the plunderings of players. But the fugs remain naive and easily manipulable, because, analogous to beta males and their rose-colored views of beautiful women, they rarely get the chance to experience the worst, or the best, sides of desirable men.

How Much Do Your Smarts Matter To Women?

CH · 17 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This question comes up regularly at Le Chateau. You've got two schools of thought. The first insists that smarts, like any other positive attribute, can only raise a man's dating market value because women are hypergamous and appreciate a smarter man than themselves. The other school says that women are put off by men who are too much smarter than themselves, and that experience shows women fall for lunkhead jerks all the time, perhaps because these types of men are less introspective and more unthinkingly assertive about hitting on women.

The science I've read on this subject has been all over the place, but the consensus seems to be that having some smarts is a net plus to a man's desirability.

Where do I come down on this perennial issue? I stick by the Dating Market Value Test for Men at the top of this blog. A better-than-average IQ is beneficial, but the benefits to picking up women begin to dissipate past a certain degree of brainpower, because very high IQ seems to be associated with a lack of social savviness and other off-putting personality quirks. If you know a lot of Ivy grads in the sciences and maths (a group of smarties if there ever were) then you can't help but notice how awkward they can be in social settings with women who are more likely to represent the meaty part of the IQ bell curve.

Anyhow, both schools of thought have a point. Chicks are more viscerally turned on by raw male power and alpha attitude than they are by male smarts, but because chicks are wired to seek men who are higher status than themselves on as many metrics as possible (except looks; no pretty girl likes to be upstaged by her man in the looks department) they will generally be turned off by men who are *dumber* than they are.

This isn't just theoretical musing. I say this from a position of real world observation. I'll use a short anecdote as example: I was once hanging out with some girls in my group of friends when one of them got hit on by a very good-looking guy. She had previously noticed him and was tittering about him with her girlfriends when he approached, so she was already emotionally lubed to accept his entreaty.

Having a ringside seat to this blossoming courtship, I happily eavesdropped on the proceedings from a half-concealed vantage among the crowd. It didn't take long for the whole thing to implode in entertaining failure. The flash point was when she used a two-dollar word and he replied in a way that proved he didn't know what the word meant. Lemme tell ya, you never saw a woman's flirty face turn sour so fast.

Afterwards, she confided that his apparent dumbness made him seem so much less good-looking to her.

So maybe this is the best way to view male smarts from the perspective of pickup success: all else equal, it's better to be smarter than the girl you are hitting on than dumber than her. Sounds obvious, but I think this simple point gets missed. Girls may not be immediately turned on by men who are smarter than them, but you can bet girls are immediately turned *off* by men who prove themselves dumber than them. Men's smarts then, act as a threshold test of fuckability for girls; too much won't necessarily help or hurt you, but too little (relative to the girl) will definitely hurt.

The above is not a maxim, because I find that it applies primarily to overeducated girls in the cities. Less educated and less intelligent girls, who, it should be reminded, occupy the bulk of womanhood, are neither as impressed by male smarts nor as turned off by male stupidity as are their smarter sisters. Mostly this is because the mediocre mamacitas are not going to be throwing around two-dollar words that test the verbal acumen of the men they meet. Secondarily, dumber girls don't have the cortical horsepower to quickly ascertain male dumbness the way smarter girls do; therefore, other sexy male traits, like dominance, loom larger in the dumb girl's head.

But no matter how smart you are, if you aren't using your smarts to light up a woman's limbic lust center, you may as well drop your pretense to genius and try to speak to her on her level; no man ever incited tingles in a girl by solving quadratic equations or philosophizing deeply about deep stuff. After all, the reason women are drawn to

male smarts is not smarts per se, but the promise of resources and power that typically accrue to the smart man. It's proxies all the way down.

Chicks Dig Jerks In Every Way: The Science

CH · 18 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

One billion readers have sent me a link to this study proving the old Chateau maxim — and conventional wisdom before the feminists and their lapdogs seized control of the sophistry regurgitation emulator — that chicks dig jerks.

> Women choose bad boys because their hormones make them, new research suggests. When ovulating, a woman's hormones influence who she sees as good potential fathers, and they specifically pick sexier men over obviously more dependable men.
>
> "Previous research has shown in the week near ovulation women become attracted to sexy, rebellious and handsome men like George Clooney or James Bond," study researcher Kristina Durante, of The University of Texas at San Antonio, said in a statement. "But until now it was unclear why women would ever think it's wise to pursue long-term relationships with these kinds of men."
>
> The researchers had women view online dating profiles of either a sexy man or a reliable man during periods of both high and low fertility. Participants were asked to indicate the expected paternal contribution from the men if they had a child together based on how helpful the man would be caring for the baby, shopping for food, cooking and contributing to household chores. Near ovulation women thought that the sexy man would contribute more to these domestic duties.
>
> "Under the hormonal influence of ovulation, women delude themselves into thinking that the sexy bad boys will become devoted partners and better dads," Durante said. "When looking at the sexy cad through ovulation goggles, Mr. Wrong looked exactly like Mr. Right."

Here's a direct link to the study, titled "Ovulation leads women to perceive sexy cads as good dads."

What's particularly interesting about this study is that it proves women don't just seek badboys for short-term flings; when a woman is at her horniest, she wants sex AND loving commitment from the jerk. And she deludes herself into believing the jerk wants the same thing. (Or rather, her hormones help fuel her hamster into believing the unbelievable.) This goes a long way to explaining why women take on "project" men and attempt to reform them. It's not because women are nurturers who want to save jerks; it's because women are TURNED THE FUCK ON by jerks and want desperately to keep them around and help raise the children they hope to have with them.

This flies directly in the face of the assertion by feminists, manginas and game haters (oh my!) who love to crow, without any evidence in hand, that women only want to sleep with jerks for a night, and want nothing to do with them the rest of the time. But of course, all that baseless crowing reveals is the phlegmy bile of bitterness dribbling down their porcine, slackened chins.

> "When asked about what kind of father the sexy bad boy would make if he were to have children with another woman, women were quick to point out the bad boy's shortcomings," said Durante. "But when it came to their own child, ovulating women believed that the charismatic and adventurous cad would be a great father to their kids."

Tingles trump reason. Once you get a woman tingling nether-wise, she will rationalize into insignificance any deficiency or character flaw you may possess in service to her unquenchable love for your jerkitude. But beware her friends! They are not so blinded and will whisper sour sabotage in your woman's ear.

> "While this psychological distortion could be setting some women up to choose partners who are better suited to be short-term mates, missing a mating opportunity with a sexy cad might be too costly for some women to pass up," said Durante. "After all, you never know if he could be the 'one.'"

In other words, it's evolutionarily better for a woman to risk it all on the jerk women love than to risk nothing on the beta provider women tolerate. Such is the power of the force behind a woman's prime directive. This is the stuff that Hallmark won't put on Valentine's Day cards.

I consider this post another slam-dunk confirmation of core game principles. It will, baal willing, drive my haters livid with rage.

Some of you may be tempted to ask, "Heartiste, how can you be so right, so often? What's your trick?" It's simple.

1. Don't live by lies.

2. Step outside of the house.

That's it! You too can be a man of wisdom and great perspicacity by simply following those two rules above.

So what game lessons does this study offer for students of the university of alpha-as-fuck?

Lesson #1: It's better to err on the side of too much jerkiness than too little.

Lesson #2: It's easier to segue a woman from short term fling to long-term lover by being a jerk than by being a dependable niceguy.

Lesson #3: Keep a mental record of your woman's cycle. Amp up game when she's ovulating; toss her a compliment and a cuddle when she's bleeding. Do this regularly and you will experience a love so strong you will wonder if you can do any wrong by her at all.

Lesson #4: If game is the aping of certain jerk characteristics, then game is an important variable in not only attracting women for sex, but keeping them around for the loving long haul.

Best of luck!

PS In totally unrelated news, here's an article about a (white) Aussie woman who killed her own son in order to win the attention of her on-again-off-again badboy (Kiwi) boyfriend. I suppose that's one way to slow dysgenia.

Women Are Equally As Shallow As Men

CH · 18 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

SFG remarks:

> Women are shallow, but so are men. 'Shallow' means caring about appearances, which are the only things that matter in the social world. So 'shallow' is something we socially-inept types sling around to insult those who are better at marketing themselves.

Using the word "shallow" as it is reckoned by those who typically use it — women, feminists in particular, manboobs, and assorted fellow loser travelers — it is more precise to say that *humanity* is "shallow". Women are just as drawn to shallow traits in the opposite sex as are men; the difference is that women's shallowness is exalted in the public sphere. And it is exalted because there is no social compassion for the men who fail to meet women's shallow standards and slip through the cracks. In contrast, women who fail to meet men's shallow standards are decried as victims of oppressive male objectification and showered with sympathy.

This double standard exists because men are biologically expendable and women, sadly, biologically perishable. The underlying biological ur-reality forms the psychological reality which overlays it and projects into consciousness the workings of the subconscious id. Every word we say and action we take is ultimately slave in service to the primordial beast in our brains.

Another reason men are more easily and rapaciously slapped with the "shallow" label is because their sexual preferences are more visually discernible; female prettiness and sexiness, which is what men desire above all, are readily observable. Such is not the case (at least not to the same degree) of women's sexual preferences; female preferences are focused more on men's status, dominance and charm, and thus less easily distinguishable at a glance. The non-visual, time-delayed nature of much of women's animal desires allows them to plausibly evade the smear of shallowness. But just because women's preferences rely more on feedback from judging men's dominance displays and comparing men's relative statuses than on feedback from seeing men's looks doesn't make women any less shallow. It just diverts the flow of shallowness to a different part of the kiddie pool.

In truth, women's preferences are no less shallow than men's. It's proxies for reproductive and survival quality all the way down.

Of course, the entire premise itself — that shallowness is an apt description of sexual preferences — is false, and the disparate semantic impact that the term "shallow" evokes is nothing but misty misdirection from the real truth: that there is nothing at all shallow about the deadly serious business of finding the highest quality mate(s) possible and, in a state of nature, passing on one's genetic legacy into future generations. If the meaning of life is to fuck, then the means by which we achieve our purpose are the deepest, most profound feelings we possess.

Fast-Tracking Familiarity

CH · 21 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Something that gets lost in discussions about seducing women is the speed aspect of the endeavor. Pickup used to be called speed seduction for a reason: it was a human social technology specifically designed to maximize the arousal of women and minimize the time and resource investment needed to bed them.

(For those smart alecks who say "Just be Brad Pitt and you won't have to do anything to pick up women!", kindly remind yourselves that famous men usually had to spend many years devoted to their craft before they hit the fame jackpot.)

I knew a guy who was a natural with women — i.e., he had imbued game concepts from an early enough age that the alpha way to act around women came second-nature to him, and his interactions glimmered with unrehearsed élan. Anyhow, something I noticed he often did with women was playfully fuck around with their names. (He never offered his name until he first learned a girl's name.)

For example, if the girl told him her name was Ann, he would riff a stream of dorky permutations on her name in a deadpan manner.

"annster" "wham bam thank you ann" "ANNdle with care" "this ann is your ann, this ann is my ann"

You need a minimal degree of creativity to pull this off, but the result usually gets the girl smiling. More importantly, it signaled to girls that 1. he didn't give a shit what they thought about his humor and 2. he was the sort of guy a girl could be instantly friendly toward without feeling awkward.

And really, a big component of successful seductions is the ability to quickly make a girl feel comfortable in your presence — to fast-track familiarity. And the way to do this is to put a girl at ease that you won't make the mistake of deep-sixing a conversation with social clumsiness borne of low confidence and inexperience spending time with women.

Other FTF tactics he would use included the "Marry, Fuck, Kill" and "If you had to choose…" games, which he would launch into without any proper segue at all.

("If you had to choose…" is my favorite because it's awesome at getting girls to reveal their values. "If you had to choose between waking up next to Jonah Hill or waking up next to Charlize Theron, which would you choose?")

I once asked him half-seriously his secret to picking up women. He said, "I cut them off." By that, he meant he would cut off their conversation to inject whatever stupid shit happened to pop into his head (and which, coincidentally, would move the discussion in a more fruitful sexual direction). "But isn't that rude?" "Nah, not to girls. Guys would think it was rude, but guys aren't girls."

Words to live by.

Seduction is the art and science (the artence) of shifting a girl's perception of you from faceless beta null entity to damn-this-dark-triad-jerk-would-fit-nicely-between-my-legs. The words you choose and the demeanor you adopt go a long way to helping, or hindering, your pickup efficiency.

Interview With Daygamer Nick Krauser

CH · 21 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers who follow my (admittedly, attenuated) take on the PUA scene know that I consider Krauser to be one of the few bona fide pickup artists out there. It's why I have his blog linked on the right under "Game".

Krauser adheres to an "indirect-direct" daytime approach style that suits my personality well, so I'm perhaps a bit partial in my praise. Daygamers who use different approach techniques shouldn't feel put off; remember, the core concepts behind most of the game styles are essentially the same, with the exceptions being the distinctions inherent in day vs night game, club vs everywhere else game, and native vs foreign game. Even those exceptions, as stark as their differences may seem to newbies, share a lot of critical game principles. Female hypergamy — the cosmic force that underpins much of the game technology geared to leveraging it in a man's favor — is a universal phenomenon, after all. So if I praise one PUA school of thought you can consider it tangential praise of other PUA schools of thought.

This is not to say there don't exist shysters out there whose sole intent is to make a buck off the woes of desperate losers in love. But Krauser (and a few others) strike me as the real deal, so I don't have a problem promoting them. In that vein, here's a trailer to an interview of Krauser by a group called London Real.

The full one-hour interview is here.

Also, as I've said before whenever I feature a PUA or a game instructor, if any reader has real life experience learning from or hanging out with these guys, whether those experiences are good or bad, feel free to discuss it in the comments, or email me for a possible future post. Don't bother trolling. I have expert-level skills at sniffing out trolls and petty haters.

Quality Vs Quantity, Formula Version

CH · 22 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, that perennial conundrum. That gavel of masculine judgment. Does the quality or the quantity, or both, of women that a man beds determine his alpha mojo? The hosts have graciously elaborated on this topic in the past, which should have been the final word, but not all of the world's 7 billion people have yet stayed a night at the Chateau to wake in the morning infused with the knowledge of the Celestials.

> Any guy who claims to have game but picks up hundreds of circus freaks a year will be a laughingstock. And the boastful guy with few notches who claims to know everything about women because he's been dating his cute high school sweetheart his whole life will similarly be mocked.

To put it in logical terms easily grasped by the aspies among us (first number in each series refers to penis-in-vagina notch count unless otherwise noted; second number refers to female attractiveness rating on a 0-10 scale):

Stiff autumn breeze <more alpha than> 100 0s

Unlubed masturbation <more alpha than> 100 hundred 1s <more alpha than> 200 0s

Couch crease <more alpha than> 100 2s <more alpha than> 200 1s <more alpha than> 300 0s

Lubed masturbation <more alpha than> 100 3s <more alpha than> 200 2s <more alpha than> 300 1s <more alpha than> 400 0s

Barely legal porn-assisted masturbation <more alpha than> 100 2s <but less alpha than> 100 3s over a two month time span

Handjob by a 4 <more alpha than> 10 3s

Blowjob by a 4 <more alpha than> 15 3s

Chandelier swinging, titty fucking, throat gagging, motorized defiling, publicly violating, video recorded facialized money shotting, post-coital sammich making, never see her again sex with a 4 <more alpha than> 50 missionary style 3s

Fleeting glance from a 10 <more alpha than> 100 1s

Handjob by a 10 <more alpha than> 1,000 1s

Blowjob by a 10 <more alpha than> 10,000 1s

Sex with a 10 <more alpha than> 100,000 1s

Anal sex with a 10 <more alpha than> Infinity 1s

100 5s <more alpha than> 100 4s <more alpha than> 500 3s

50 6s <more alpha than> 100 5s

40 7s <more alpha than> 100 6s

30 8s <more alpha than> 100 7s

10 9s <more alpha than> 100 8s

1 10 <more alpha than> 3 9s

LTR with a 10 <more alpha than> one night of sex with a 10 <more alpha than> LTR with an 7

One night of sex with a 9 <more alpha than> Rotating harem of multiple LTRs with 100 5s and 6s <more alpha

than> One night stands with 1,000 4s

LTR with a 0 <more alpha than> Nothing

Serial LTRs with 5 10s <more alpha than> One night stands with 100 9s <more alpha than> Lifelong monogamous LTR with an 8

Unmarried, cohabiting, child-free, sex-gorged LTR with an 8 <more alpha than> Once-a-month married sex with a 9 <more alpha than> Once-a-day married sex with a 7

Unmarried, commitment-free, responsibility-absolved, sex-on-demand with a cast of 1,000s of faithful 10s wearing kneepads and schooled in the culinary arts <more alpha than> The universe

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So, if you have ass-banged one 10 in your life, you have equivalent bragging rights to the guy who has banged every 1 in the world.

If you have effortlessly banged 10,000 1s, you have less bragging rights than the guy who has gotten one (freely given) blowjob from a 10. If you needed to expend huge effort to bang those 10,000 1s, you have less bragging rights than the guy who stuck it in a couch crease for quick relief.

If you have inspired a 6 to want a relationship with you, you have more alpha bragging rights than the guy who has inspired 10 4s to spread their legs for him.

Where it gets blurry is in the plain middle of the beauty arc. A guy who banged one 6 technically will be more alpha than the guy who banged two 5s, but at those fine gradations, who's really keeping tabs? That's where the Template will influence the grading curve and make distinctions harder to delineate.

Ultimately, the essence of alpha maledom all comes down to inspiring beautiful women to, first and foremost, desire your poundage, and then to desire your continual poundage, and finally to desire your love. If you can seduce a hot babe into bed multiple times, then seduce her into love, and then do this same thing with many hot babes over the course of your life, you are an alpha male, no matter what else you have or have not accomplished in your life. Many will balk at this, but that doesn't change its truth.

The Most Flattering Words You Can Hear From A Woman

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Some of you naive souls may be thinking, “Oh, I know the answer! Me! Me! Look over here!…. ‘I love you’. Did I win?”

No, you did not. You LOSE, madam. You get NOTHING. Good day to you.

The answer is this: “How can you be such a jerk and so lovable at the same time?”

Gentlemen, if you hear that from a woman, particularly a girlfriend or wife, you will know you have penetrated her heart and mind to the soft, chewy center of her hamster’s id, which is one id level deeper than her own human id. You cannot possibly hear anything more flattering from a woman unless it’s a breathless demand to scour her cervical wall with your proud protuberance.

“How is being called a jerk more flattering than just being called lovable?”

Oh, you silly, anatomically ambiguous acculturated automaton. Don’t you know how to read girlcode? It’s like hieroglyphics, except less understandable to the average man. When a girl calls you a jerk, you have enflamed her vagina. When a girl calls you lovable, you have palpitated her heart. When a girl calls you a jerk AND lovable, you have made a slave of her. Recline in the pillow-soft comfort of your testicular allure, because from that point forward you can do no wrong.

Justin Wayne: Direct And Indirect Street Game

CH · 24 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I promised to do a review of Justin Wayne's daygame video, because he is apparently a rising star in the proactive seduction subculture. (All life is a seduction, but only a few good men are proactive about the enterprise.) Wayne is an advocate of direct street game. In the video below, in which he demonstrates both direct and indirect game, you can see an example of his direct game starting at 2:25.

He makes his sexual intentions known up front, but then quickly "backtracks" with a nonsexual comment about her "artsy vibe". (I will refrain from making jokes about chicks who major in philosophy and their sexual predilections.)

He uses a classic time constraint at 3:22.

He initiates kino (at 3:25) much sooner than most men would feel comfortable doing, and holds it for a long time. Critically, he defuses the inherent tension in prolonged kino (with, keep in mind, a total stranger on the street) by engaging in small talk. This is "contrast is king" type of game. As the liner notes to the video explain, her forebrain is logically engaged while her hindbrain is emotionally engaged.

At 3:41, he throws out a compliance test, which she obliges, thus establishing his dominance (girls love to be led).

At 3:48, he verbalizes the fact that he approached a girl on the street and notes its inherent strangeness; playful verbalization of outrageous seduction tactics can help deflect a girl's suspicion and fear, and decrease the odds she will later flake.

At 4:05 onward, he shifts into persistence game, which is hard to pull off if you aren't rock solid confident and congruent with it (a lot of men will cave way to early in the process, thus blowing themselves out). Persistence game is dangerous; it can EASILY come off as creepy and needy if you don't know how to do it right. When I think of persistence game gone bad, I think of drunk frat boys forcing themselves on recalcitrant girls, not taking the hint, and then insulting the girls when they get blown out.

At 5:00, he contrasts his bold kiss maneuver with some neutral, nonsexual small talk again (this gambit reduces the risk that she will perceive him as a player.)

5:47 — "ANYway…" I don't like the way she said "anyway", harsh and staccato. It sounds like she's punctuating a desire to get away.

5:50 — Or not. She gives him her number. But is this an expedient, insincere number close, or a genuine desire to get in touch again? I can't really tell without seeing her facial expression up close. Would love to know the follow-up to this.

Verdict

This is great game for natural extroverts. If you approach ten chicks this way on the street each week for one month, I guarantee you WILL get laid, even if you're short and below average in looks. But I suspect a lot of my readers are natural introverts, so they probably shuddered at the thought of doing what Wayne did to pull that chick. I'm not going to sugarcoat this for you wallflowers; if you're an introvert, it's going to be extraordinarily taxing on your psyche to direct game girls the way Wayne does. 1,000 approaches might help you control your fear and anxiety, but it won't ever get rid of it. Introverts who use direct approaches are quite literally warring against their own brains. An introvert has to control not just the girl's perception of him, but his own perception of himself.

I really don't expect introverts to do this type of direct game with ease, or with any regularity. I think for them, indirect daygame is the way to go, and Roosh's "elderly chat" system of warming up a girl in conversation is better suited for the natural introvert who balks at doing direct sexualized approaches. Unfortunately for introverts, success in game is going to require some amount of stressful social interaction with random girls. The days of

waiting for your extended family to set you up with a girl who works at your mom's friend's cousin's office are over. Indirect game minimizes the stress of the random approach, but won't eliminate it. You shy guys will just have to grit your teeth and learn to handle a bit of discomfort. The much-derided game routines can serve as a crutch to help you navigate these inherently tense pickup scenarios.

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Ok, moving along to the second part of the video, at 6:56 begins the "Indirect Day Game" portion, where Wayne approaches a Slavic siren in the mall. The indirect opener he used was "Excuse me, from the way you're dressed, you seem like you do something artistic… what do you do". (I missed the "tester" he throws out to determine how receptive she was to his approach, so I can't comment on that. The tester concept is interesting as it allows you to switch from direct to indirect on the fly, depending on how friendly she is to your direct opener.)

Just like in the direct approach above, he asks the girl's name before he has built any attraction. This is not my style, as I typically assume that asking a girl's name is an indicator of interest best left for later when she has earned my interest, but it doesn't seem to hinder Wayne's progress with the girls. Maybe asking for the girl's name early on is necessary in day/street game.

At around 7:30, he goes on a long-ish elderly chat-style ramble about some story of this girl he knew who eats chalk. The point of the story is to move the convo from awkwardly formal to comfortably casual. He then calls himself out for his "weird association thing" relating her name to his story. Calling yourself out to a girl is a great way to neutralize potentially awkward social interpretations that a girl would normally have in the middle of a convo with a guy she just met who is talking about a girl who eats chalk.

8:22 — the kino half-hug. But this hug is less about escalation and more about gauging her receptiveness and comfort. He then offers words of encouragement as she talk about her job search (btw, this chick is hot, just noticed that), and she begins to open up.

9:15 — DHV. Well-played, not too obvious. A great way to frame DHVs is to speak them quickly, so that she does not have time to doubt your sincerity as you will not be perceived to be waiting for a positive reaction from her. Quick release DHVs embed your value in her subconscious.

9:41 — "You seem kind of cool." His first qualification line. (Although, tbh, she doesn't seem kind of cool at all. She seems like a stick in the mud.)

9:58 — Very subtle neg. Accuses her of having a baby face and looking fifteen. This moves the convo in a more seductive direction.

10:20 — "I'm shy." Vulnerability game. It's obvious he's not shy, so admitting to shyness doesn't lower his value.

At 10:40, she qualifies herself. "But I write poetry!" He validates her with a hug and an exaggerated "I love you sooo much". She smiles genuinely for the first time.

11:05 — Wayne says, "I graduated college." See postscript below.

11:56 — IHAB objection! This is the first shit test she throws out, which means the interaction is heating up. (Girls don't shit test guys they are completely indifferent to.) He passes her shit test when he says "It's Ok, we can just make love!" Now he switches to direct game because the shit test signaled it was time to drop the social chit chat.

12:20 — She goes to give her number. She seems to be hesitating, fumbling for a phone she says she doesn't have on her? I can't make it out. Again, I wonder if this is a sincere number close, or an excuse for a quick exit?

12:49 — "Do you remember my name?" Isn't that a DLV? I wouldn't have asked that, even if I suspected she forgot my name.

13:00 — "I'm Prince Charming." Nice save. Did she get it? These foreign chicks sometimes don't get American culture references. When they don't get them, they stammer around feeling foolish, which may or may not be good

for the pickup energy.

13:07 — “Where are you from?” This is the first major IOI she throws out. Lesson: It can take a good five to ten minutes of day gaming a chick before you crack her default bitch shield and earn an IOI from her. So don’t be discouraged by slow progress in the daytime.

13:10 — “Where do you think I’m from? Come one, you’ve been around, you know where people come from.” This is a better answer than simply saying where he’s from. It’s challenging and cocky and unpredictable, the opposite of how a beta would reflexively reply.

14:14 — Hug close. But the hug is weak. A two-finger hug. Her departing words are “Take care. Ok, Ok.” Ugh. Dry and patronizing. But again, that could be a peculiarity of her East Euro opaqueness. And her boyfriend was lurking nearby, out of sight, so she may have been extremely cautious about showing too much interest in Wayne.

Verdict

How much did this “indirect” approach really differ from the previous direct approach pickup attempt? I couldn’t see much of a distinction, except in the details of the opener. Everything else in the two approaches followed the same over-arching game script. I suppose the pacing of the indirect approach was slower and more deliberate, less sexual in tone and far less touching, and that accounts for the longer time it took to close EE chick than it did for him to close philosophy chick.

EE chick’s body language and facial expressions did not scream “aroused and intrigued” to me. She seemed curious and perplexed, and a bit ashamed, which is understandable since she was talking to a strange man within room-shot of her boyfriend. Nevertheless, numbers were exchanged, so you have to give Wayne credit for that.

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Debriefing

I don’t know if Wayne was able to follow-up with these two girls later and achieve the bang, although supposedly there is video out there of both girls on follow-up dates with him. My impression is that the closes were not particularly strong, if we measure close strength by the girls’ demeanors. The first girl, philosophy chick, giggled a lot, but it was the sort of surprised, awkward giggle that girls do when they feel uncomfortable or unable to fully comprehend what is happening to them. It didn’t sound to me like the loose and unforced giggle of a girl releasing pent-up sexual tension.

The second girl just seemed out of it, as is the wont of East European ice princesses, and although her receptiveness grew as the convo progressed, her body language remained somewhat cold. And she did leave arm-in-arm with her boyfriend, which suggests a future flake is likely.

Finally, I didn’t see a lot of reciprocated touching, flirty badinage, or other body language giveaways by either girl that would indicate growing sexual interest.

However, both pickups, judged by the standards of day game success, were pretty good. (It’s tougher to inspire sexual interest in sober girls during the day than it is at night in bars or clubs when girls are not only drinking, but in an expectant mental space where seduction is anticipated and welcomed.) The first girl did relinquish a kiss to him, after all. How many of you have done that with a girl within five minutes of meeting her on the street? And the second girl exchanged numbers. As day gaming goes, that’s a roaring success. Especially since the second girl’s boyfriend WAS ON THE FUCKING PREMISES when she offered her digits.

Wayne’s forceful, persistent, direct style of approaching girls on the street or in the daytime is a high risk, high reward strategy. You will get blown out a lot more than the guy using indirect, “slow boil” game, but you will get the lay quicker with those girls who love your direct style. As far as lay rate goes, I couldn’t tell you which tactic is more efficient. I tend to rely on indirect game. I don’t like pestering a girl with “Let’s just go for coffee, it’s right over here” ten times in a row. You could say I don’t have the stomach for that, but I prefer to think of it as cutting

my losses to find less obstinate prospects.

All in all, I think Wayne's style of day gaming — on his feet, cold approaching girls in neutral, nonsexual settings — is really designed for extroverts who get thrilled instead of fatigued by social interactions that ratchet up in complexity. For more unassuming guys, the coffeehouse or a restaurant rather than the street or the mall would be better venues for them to try out day game tactics. Indirect style seems a better fit for guys who won't feel comfortable holding a girl's hand for a full minute on the street and doing an eskimo kiss.

PS It would be remiss of me not to note that one of the reasons Wayne does so well with these cute white chicks is because he sounds like an intelligent white guy. Had he come across as some ghetto baggy-pants wearing black dude speaking ebonics I strongly suspect most white girls would clutch their purses and move away from him rapidly. I'm pretty sure he knows this, too. But then, this gets back to the power of contrast game. Fucking with a girl's perceptions is almost as good as actually fucking them.

PPS Some of you are probably itching to ask if Wayne's game is typical of "black man game". That is, direct, insistent, sexual, won't take no for an answer game. Kind of like a classier, upscale version of "Come on baby, you know you want it" ghetto game. To that I say… maybe. I do think black guys take to this style of game better than white guys. (And way better than Asian guys.) It comes more naturally to them. But I've seen plenty of white men run similar direct game like Wayne does here, and with a lot of success. Even though Mystery is technically not a "direct daygamer", you can't say his approach style was for the faint of heart. Same with Tyler. And Yad runs a very smooth quasi-direct day game approach. And then there's that white guy from New York whose name escapes me who approaches a lot of chicks in the middle of the day and goes direct on them.

PPPS I went over some direct game essentials here. My suggestion to go "direct-indirect-direct" doesn't differ much from Wayne's approach system.

Identifying The Self-Centered Girl

CH · 29 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

BD writes:

> [W]hen I first learned of game, I saw the videos of these dudes and thought what fags these dudes looked like! I wondered if these feminine-sounding PUAs actually liked the women or they were just playing a fun game like dress-up or doll-house.
>
> A few posts back I submitted a link to a study that showed how women talk can reveal how self-centered they are (I can't find or remember link right now) by using "I" so much. Ex. Upon asking them what the weather will be like tomorrow, they could say, "It will be cold," or they could say, "I don't know; I think I heard on the television it would be cold." The girl that answers the first way isn't self-centered. The girl that answered the second way, using three instances of "I" is self centered. Watch a group of hot girls talk. What's the first response each of them says after one of their friends says something? It's, "I know, I know right!" Isn't that a trip!
>
> So, I can neg the group with this concept in a masculine way, but when I highlight the examples of how women answer questions to reveal their self-centeredness, I can go all gaylike on them and mimic their feminine responses. Win/Win.

People like to talk about themselves; it's fun and it makes us feel happier. The problem with identifying the self-centered girl in any group is that there are so many of them. Where to begin? Most women are self-absorbed by nature; it comes with the territory when you are, biologically and hence psychologically, the more valuable sex. This is why women should never have been given the vote; when the world revolves around you, it's not a huge rationalization leap to decide that the world owes you lots of gimmedats.

But there are girls who defy even the bounds of their own sex and exhibit a level of conceit and self-focus that would shock even a bar top dancing whore. It behooves the master hamster seducer (where all seductions must begin) to know who these girls are, for they can be your greatest ally if harnessed correctly, or your worst enemy if left untended.

Find out which girl in the group is the most self-centered by listening for overwrought first-person singular pronoun usage, but also by watching for which girl is constantly interrupting someone else's conversation to interject her opinion or exclamation, or which girl is moving her body forward into the group's center of mass to draw attention to herself. This is the girl who will assuredly cockblock you if you don't take preemptive countermeasures. (Example: "Who brought their attention-seeking little sister along?")

Unusually self-centered girls are narcissists par excellence, and they love "screening" men for their friends and playing matchmaker, when they aren't actively stealing those men away from their friends. This eternal cycle of drama feeds their insatiable egos, for the girl who self-loves more than she loves has a paradoxically fragile ego that requires a steady injection of external validation to keep it respirating.

BD's suggestion to neg the ego-driven girls by mimicking their female solipsism is an ancient craft, and one I've used many times. Girls love it when you make fun of their girl-isms, and this can be in the form of aping their words or their mannerisms (easy to do if you have observed enough girls socializing and have a handle on their gender's peculiarities). This is another one of those rapport-building techniques that is so powerful it can be easily overdone. Just a little to spike buying temps, and not more, or you risk sounding like a clown. And a gay clown, at that.

Or you could dispense with all this keen psychological acumen, and just drop a killa line on a girl like the one my buddy uses on occasion: "Does this fine pocket square smell like chloroform to you?" 1% of the time, it works

every time.

Overheard On The Street

CH · 29 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A hot brunette talking in a citizen of the world accent to a slumped shoulder herbling, on the sidewalk:

“American guys have an attitude that European girls all want to have sex with them. Just because we’re European!”

If an American man is going on a date with a European girl with the attitude that she is eager to put out and loves sex, then he is doing something right. When you have the attitude that you expect sex from women… you are more likely to get sex from women.

Perhaps this self-fulfilling alpha attitude partly explains why American men so often praise the femininity of European women compared to American women. Or it could just be that more American women are slovenly mounds of unrendered lard while more European women are slender babes.

Happy Sexist Is Happy

CH · 30 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's a regular trope of feminists that male sexists are bitter, beta male losers. "Oh, you hate women because you suck with them", and vice versa. It's very comforting to feminists — actually, to all women — to believe that only resentful losers they don't find attractive would harbor sexist thoughts. It's very discomforting to feminists to entertain the thought that happy-go-lucky men who do well with women would be brazenly sexist.

But the truth, as per usual, falls squarely in the "discomforting to feminists" camp.

> Research indicates that the endorsement of sexist ideology is linked to higher subjective wellbeing for both men and women. We examine gender differences in the rationalisations which drive this effect in an egalitarian nation (New Zealand). Results from a nationally representative sample ($N = 6{,}100$) indicated that the endorsement of Benevolent Sexism (BS) predicted life satisfaction through different mechanisms for men and women. For men, BS was directly associated with life satisfaction. For women, the palliative effect of BS was indirect and occurred because BS-ideology positioning women as deserving of men's adoration and protection was linked to general perceptions of gender relations as fair and equitable, which in turn predicted greater levels of life satisfaction.

So if you are a benevolent sexist — that is, you believe men and women are psychologically different and respond to stimuli in different ways, and that women are the weaker sex deserving of male protection — you are more likely to be a happy person than the man (or woman!) who clings to a bitter feminist ideology that assumes biological and psychological equality between the sexes.

And that's really got to stick in the craw of any feminist who comes ambling through the Chateau happy hunting grounds. Not only are sexist men happier in life, but *women in the company of sexist men* are happier as well! Paging sad vegetable lasagna Alex Pareene…

But that's not all. Sexist men make more money than their manboobed counterparts. And, in what is sure to be a shot straight to the flabby feminist gut, women are *more sexually receptive* to assertively sexist men.

> The popularity of speed-seduction techniques, such as those described in The Game (Strauss 2005) and advocated in the cable program The Pickup Artist (Malloy 2007), suggests some women respond positively to men's assertive mating strategies. Drawing from these sources, assertive strategies were operationalized as involving attempts to isolate women, to compete with other men, and to tease or insult women. The present investigation examined whether hostile and benevolent sexism and sociosexuality, the degree to which individuals require closeness and commitment prior to engaging in sex, were associated with the reported use of assertive strategies by men and the reported positive reception to those strategies by women. It was predicted men and women who were more sexist and had an unrestricted sociosexuality would report using more and being more receptive to assertive strategies. Study 1 ($N = 363$) surveyed a Midwestern undergraduate college student sample, and regression results indicated that sociosexuality was associated with assertive strategy preference and use, but sexism only predicted a positive reception of assertive strategies by women. Study 2 ($N = 850$) replicated these results by surveying a larger, national U.S. volunteer sample via the internet. In addition to confirming the results of Study 1, regression results from Study 2 indicated that hostile sexism was predictive of reported assertive strategy use by men, suggesting that outside of the college culture, sexism is more predictive of assertive strategy use.

tl;dr — chicks dig sexist jerks.

None of this should come as a surprise to my alpha male readers (estimated at around 20% of readership). If you've spent any time in the company of other alpha males, or if you are an alpha male yourself, you know how sexist in-

demand, high value men can be, whether shooting the unmonitored breeze with male friends or challenging the preconceptions of feisty girls. And you know how much women swoon for those sexist pigs.

Some of the best sexist jokes I've heard came straight from the mouths of top gun alpha males. Some of the most revolting, too. And you wanna talk about how badly men objectify women? Try listening to a player describe in delicious detail every nook and cranny of the broads he boffs. Bitter beta males bemoaning the unfairness of getting the shaft in divorce court are veritable wymyn's studies graduates and honorary lesbians in comparison to their distant alpha male cousins.

Now don't get the wrong idea; alpha males are breathtakingly sexist, but they aren't spiteful about it, nor do they allow their cynicism to ruin a good time. They love women *as women*, not as substitute men, and if that imbues them with an air of condescending paternalism, then so be it. Chicks dig that, too.

The trick is to coat your sexism in a lacquer of smooth cockiness. Call it: sexism with a smirk. You never want to logically argue with a feminist, at least not in typical social situations; you want to mock her. Preferably mercilessly. You don't want to launch into diatribes about the double standard of paying for drinks; you want to tease a girl asking you to buy her a drink if she'd like your debit card as well. You don't want to make a fuss about holding a door open for a hot chick; but you do want to let it slam in her face if she's ugly or obese. You don't want to discuss loaded feminist topics on a first date; but you do want to chide a girl who gives you feminist guff over drinks. She'll appreciate your refreshing boldness*, or she'll become indignant. If the latter, you'll know it's safe to stiff her with the check. Or just stiff her.

*Most girls will appreciate the sexist's boldness, because the type of girl who would be stupid enough to bring up feminist topics on a first date is usually the type of girl who, regrettably, dates way too many beta males and is sick of their sycophancy. She is testing the waters for real manliness, which means real sexism… the kind of Draperesque sexism that drives women wild with the opposite of closed-vagina indifference.

Women Want To Be With Men Less Physically Attractive Than They Are

CH · 31 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader quizzically wonders about something I asserted:

> I was reading the post about men's smarts and their value. You made a comment about women not wanting a guy hotter than themselves. I understand what you meant, but wondered how far you could carry that logic.
>
> That is, women do not want a man who is hotter than her because hotter women will hit on him and she has a fear he might step up to a new woman. Having said that, is the implication that the hotter women will go for lesser looking men?
>
> The examples I see are Goldie Hawn, being with Kurt Russel. Russel is an alpha male, as demonstrated by his life, but his boyish looks died years before he got with her.
>
> Another is Demi Moore, in that for years, she was with Bruce Willis…another alpha male, but whose looks were never on the Ashton Kutcher level. Speaking of which, I suspect it was him who made the split…and that she is batshit crazy. But, that also points to the fact that after she hit the wall is when she went for the looks guy over the alpha male.
>
> What are your thoughts?

Ashton Kutcher and Demi Moore ~~are~~ were the notable exception to the rule — there is a lot of talk about them in the media and amongst wishfully thinking aging cougars because their arrangement ~~is~~ was so rare and, hence, conspicuous. But as the invisible groin of the sexual market worked its self-regulating magic, Kutcher eventually cheated on his older lover with a bevy of much younger cuties, driving Moore insane with self-loathing and fear of her rapidly encroaching sexual obsolescence (which she desperately tweeted to the world in the guise of blurry, half-naked bathroom shots). Who can blame a prowly has-been?

Nevertheless, it is absolutely the case that most women prefer men, at least for long-term relationships, who are not physically better-looking than they are. The matter was discussed in this archived post. The referenced scientific study provided evidence for the curious real-world observation that there are a nontrivial number of couples featuring average looking men with cute chicks hanging off their arms. And the phenomenon of downright ugly men with beautiful women is, based on my steely-eyed observation, a good ten-fold more common than the inverse.

> New research reveals couples in which the wife is better looking than her husband are more positive and supportive than other match-ups.
>
> The reason, researchers suspect, is that men place great value on beauty, whereas women are more interested in having a supportive husband.

There are a few reasons for this sex differential in attractiveness criteria, some of which were mentioned in the study. I'll clarify.

1. Very good-looking men have more opportunity to stray, so less attractive women would not want to risk being with them out of fear of investing themselves only to lose to a hotter interloper.

2. Very good-looking men have higher testosterone than less physically attractive men, and are thus more likely to pursue extrapair fornications. Women instinctively know this, and the less attractive of them avoid dating much better-looking men, influenced by their visceral grasp of the relationship power imbalance.

3. Men place more emphasis on women's beauty than women place on men's looks, and this innate predilection manifests as a willingness (and a honed ability) by men to strive harder than women for mating and LTR

opportunities with relatively hotter opposite sex prospects.

But the most important reason, I believe, is egoism.

4. Men and women love to enjoy the privileges of their greatest strengths. It brings them happiness. For women, this means that they love the feeling of power that their beauty gives them. A woman who is with a better-looking man has that power robbed from her in subtle and in sometimes transparently humiliating ways; she has to deal with the attentions of female competitors, the attention her lover gives to female competitors, and the unspoken, but not any less felt, degradation of her number one asset. When a woman can't leverage her beauty because the better-looking man she is with doesn't value it as much as a less attractive man would value it, she loses a sense of purpose to her life.

It's a similar dynamic to the stay-at-home dad married to the breadwinner wife. Maybe he thinks he scored by marrying a rich woman who can give him an easy life dusting up around the house, but over time nagging doubts about his masculinity and his wife's faithfulness — even if she gives him no reason to doubt her fidelity — will eat away at his self-esteem. He will drift into an ennui of purposelessness and dreamscapes of receding chins and pendulous manboobs, because the soul-enriching feeling that comes with being able to leverage the natural male power which resides in providing, leading and dominating will have been stripped from him. Subcutaneous machinery of self-doubt will gradually shred well-intentioned insistent, mutual professions of love.

The reader asks if hot women will go for lesser looking men. The answer is that hot women will go for higher status men: an evasive answer befitting a misguided question. Women won't actively seek out uglier men, but they will feel imperceptible compulsions to avoid dating men better-looking than themselves, which ultimately means that many women will wind up in the arms of less physically attractive (but perhaps higher status!) men. The study linked above suggests that all women, not just hot women, will gravitate into LTRs with men who are less good-looking compared to themselves. And they will be happier for it.

The study also implies women are more open to an uglier man's game than men are open to flirting with uglier women. While ugly men won't turn women's heads, a bold ugly man can overcome the obstacle of his ugliness with the right attitude and seduction skill set. This is only true because physical ugliness is not the crippling deficit to a man's dating success that physical ugliness would be to a woman's dating success. It's a difference of degree so pronounced that it almost qualifies as a difference of kind.

This doesn't mean you can be an ugly man and expect hot babes to line up for the ego-boosting thrill of your comparative ugliness. You've still got to offer something women value, whether that's money, charm, talent, game or social status. But it does mean that you can, and should, do better than your ugly looks have conditioned you to believe, particularly if LTRs are your goal.

This is all very good news for those uglier men who think game can't help them date a point or two higher up the female attractiveness scale.

Maxim #214: Most men can get cuter girls than they think. False psychological projection of their own sexual attraction mechanism onto women blinds them to this reality.

High Fructose Postscript

Some of you have no doubt heard stories about, or experienced for yourself, women who seem to go for nothing but looks when choosing which men to date. You're not imagining things. A minority of women — I'd estimate 10-15% of the fertile female population — place excess emphasis on men's looks, almost on a par with the emphasis that men place on women's looks. These women tend to be more masculinized than the typical woman. They aren't necessarily unattractive, but they are less feminine than their curvier sisters. They usually have small tits and narrow hips, although their asses can retain their juiciness. They have manly personalities and are argumentative and horny all the time. They cheat without remorse. The sluttiest slut I've been with was one of these types who gun for the hottest guys in the room, and couldn't be trusted as far as I could jackhammer her. (Which,

proud to say, was clear across the lengthwise distance of the bed.)

If you meet one of these types, jump for joy. You've just gotten a ticket to ride her with minimal investment. They like sex, and they are easy to justify dumping for more loyal, less sexually predatory women. Be mentally prepared to catch her cheating, so when the inevitable parting of ways occurs, it'll be no skin off your nose.

Interestingly, I have a pretty good hunch that a lot of female readers of sex-related blogs written by men, like Le Chateau, fall into this "looks-centric" masculinized female category. This explains the outsized vocal insistence by this minority of blog-traversing women that male looks are the most important thing in their suite of attractiveness criteria. Some of them are likely lying to score troll points, but some are telling the truth. Nevertheless, keep in mind that these women do not represent the majority of women you will meet in real life, offline. Most cute girls will not consider your average looks a dealbreaker, if you have some decent game or other compensating trait to woo them.

The Flattery Trap

CH · 1 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

To praise, or not to praise? “seeking truth” asks:

> The transition from sleeping often with women of assorted beauty and quality, over the past 8 years, to recently establishing a longer-term serious relationship with what I consider quite a valuable women is an interesting dilemma. Clearly there are long-term issues to excessively praising a woman, as constant exposure to praise will naturally lead one to lower the value of praising party, through over-exposure. However, when one is happy it is easy and natural to express the reasons for ones happiness. What is the balance?
>
> What is your take on the long-term potential of a relationship strategy that involves praise for a woman’s strong points – Fun loving, Funny, Quick, Smart, Loving, Affectionate, and Attractive in large helpings of each, with a somewhat raunchy, nasty, perverted objectification of her as a sex object required to submit/please, along with occasional reminders of how successful and easy it has been to create hook-up situations?
>
> For example, saying i love you and the same breath telling her to practice stretching so she can be manipulated for an easier pounding during an upcoming trip. Does the sexual objectification offset the Betazoid aspects of praise?
>
> I am finding the application of game interesting and looking to better understand its various implementations to sort out a comfortable role for it in relationships.

Here are three key seduction maxims to live by.

Better to err on the side of too much boldness than too little.

Better to err on the side of too much assholery than not enough.

Better to err on the side of too little praise than too much.

Do you know what happens to guys who cravenly praise their girlfriends day in and day out? They get dumped. Or tossed into sexual solitary confinement. Or taken for granted, if they’re lucky.

Do you know what happens to guys who are stingy with their praise? They get more sex than they can handle. They also get some drama, but… would you rather deal with drama or getting dumped?

I hope this lesson has reached home. Man, I have known guys who:

1. never complimented their GFs’ looks

2. never complimented their GFs’ smarts

3. never complimented their GFs’ personalities

but who had their GFs wrapped around their fingers. Even funnier, their GFs complimented *them* all the time, and all they answered in return was a head nod or a “you bet”. Isn’t love grand?

Now this doesn’t mean you have to go ice cold aloof ninja to sustain a loving relationship. As men, when we love a woman, we feel urges to compliment her. It’s a natural by-product of wanting to sex her hot bod with extreme defilement. And, it makes us feel good to throw her a bone of flattery. But betas completely surrender themselves to this urge, and it costs them. Alphas channel this urge, and it pays dividends. The Goldilock’s Principle is definitely in play. Allow me to open a window into a woman’s head, so you can see how your praise is received by her subterranean neuronal rhythms.

Excessive praise ===> “I can do better than him”

No praise ===> “He doesn’t love me”

Just the right kind and amount of praise ===> "I love him"

The first one will corrupt your LTR. The second one will corrode your LTR, but only after a very long time has passed. The third one will feed her hamster *juuuuust enough* pellets to keep her wondering, guessing, loving, and desiring.

There is a flattery balance to strike that won't DLV yourself, and here are some guidelines to reaching that balance:

1. Never praise your girlfriend from a position of weakness.

There's no worse time to lavish your woman with compliments than when she's giving you the cold shoulder. But, men being men and unable to comprehend the maddening illogic of the female mind, that's usually the time when they can't stop praising their girlfriends. She's snapping at you? Butter her up! She's withholding sex? Ring up the excessive compliments! She's being a raging bitch? Tell her how great she is! And then plead forgiveness of your sins!

Lord almighty, is this what the church of white knightery teaches men nowadays? You couldn't do more harm to your cause had you tucked your junk between your legs, kneeled and begged her to touch your pee pee from behind.

The absolute WORST time to flatter your girl is when she is making your life miserable. Why would you reward bad behavior? Make like the pussy whisperer and train your woman not to crap in your face. Betas have no game except cloying flattery and """supportiveness""", so their instinct is to turn to that in times of turmoil and layer it on thick as can be. And you know the gruesome results of that: the woman feels even more repulsed by his presence.

No, when you praise or compliment or act supportive, ALWAYS do it from a position of strength. If you're wondering when that is, it's when she's fawning over you, or begging you to irrigate her furrow as you brush your dick tauntingly across her pink eggplant, or singing your praises to her friends, or just generally acting like a sweet, feminine woman in your company.

2. Never be consistent in how, or how often, you flatter your girlfriend.

Two predictable compliments a day, like a doctor's order, is going to get tiring real fast. She should never know when you might deign to make her feel loved. And she should never hear the same damn turn of phrase every day either. The best times to praise your girl are when she least expects it, and that is usually when something else is happening and her attention is distracted from "you and her". I like to toss out a compliment when she's just dribbled food onto her blouse, or whisper a loving bon mot in her ear as she's trying on clothes in front of the mirror. Unpredictability is as arousing to women as full firm tits are to men. Which leads to…

Maxim #55: The training of the woman distills to this essence: Punish her bad behavior consistently, reward her good behavior intermittently.

Enjoy your vagina deluge.

3. Flatter her in public.

You know what really flutters a girl's heart? When you say something nice about her in front of her friends. That's a relationship boost and a social status boost in one. Nonsexual public praise is the safer bet, but sexual public praise, if done right, can make her heart explode.

4. Praise those things about her that will redound to your benefit.

Sure, it's easy to lapse into praising a woman's most obviously enticing features, like her eyes or luscious lips. But she has little control over those advantages she enjoys. But if you praise her attractive behavior… "I love they way you're so affectionate. It's really sexy and so rare to find in a woman nowadays"… you encourage more of that positive behavior from her in the future.

Similarly, if you go the physical route, praising your girl's ass will have the most impact when she just got back

from the gym. She'll want to keep going to the gym to earn more of that praise.

5. Use adjectives.

Chicks dig the adjective. Lots of them. Nice eyes? Meh. Orbs of liquid blue allure? Plow me! Caveat: Lawyercunts tend to balk at adjectives, because they are unfeminine and have incipient clit dicks. Just tell them you're gonna rape them in two, and watch their love pour forth.

6. Always substitute nonverbal praise for verbal praise when you can.

Pinching her ass and smiling is more effective than telling her she has a great ass.

7. Substitute "we" for "you" in your compliments, when you can.

It's the difference between putting her on a pedestal, and leaving a spot for her on your pedestal.

8. Romantic contrast is king.

If you always tell your girl "you're so pretty", she will expect the same endearment next time. If you always tell your girl "you're ass is so righteous I'm gonna fill it with my religion", she will expect the same perversion next time. But if you sweetly woo her "I love the way we kiss" as you're leaving for work in the morning, and then hoarsely whisper to her "your ass is so hot my dick wants to wear it as a sombrero" when you return in the evening, she'll have two orgasms, one for her and one for her hamster. Squeak!

9. Rarity is the glow of clits.

If you get a great reaction from your flattery, don't beat it to death. Stop, drop and change the subject. You'd be amazed how many betas will sabotage their brief moments of glory by returning over and over to the same well. Any sort of praise of a woman ought to be, by natural habit and sincere discernment, a rare and welcomed thing. Most men have the problem of overestimating the right amount of praise. The right amount is much less than men think. If I had to estimate, one week between compliments is a good rough number to shoot for within an established LTR. Whatever number, it should never be more than the number of compliments *she* lavishes on you. Abide the Golden Ratio (see the 16 Commandments at the top of the blog). Note: raunchy talk is technically not praise, so you can raunch it up often without worrying about DLVing yourself, though it's a good idea to dish that out irregularly, for the same reasons you would be spare in your nonsexual flattery.

10. Finally, praise feminine qualities, not masculine qualities.

Do you want to turn your sweet petunia into a proud feminist with a jagged fault line running straight through her soul? Then why are you complimenting her "ambition"? Men with no clue often think women want to hear what they would like to hear. No. Women want to hear that you acknowledge and love their unique gifts — their femininity, their generosity, their softness, their sexiness. It's similar to how men get tired of hearing their women praise their "muscles". Ladies, you really want to strike the gooey center of your man's heart? Tell him you love how he commands a room. Bam. You've just won an extra 30 seconds of lovemaking.

I hope this clears the matter for you. Compliments are garnishes, not the main dish. Nobody wants to eat a full plate of parsley. And remember, disapproving of her flaws is as crucial to LTR management as offering praise of her… talents. More crucial, I'd say, because a missed compliment won't lower your value like a missed reprimand will.

Game, Kino, Science: Choose Any Three

CH · 4 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

If you aren't touching women early and often during a pickup attempt, you're handicapping yourself.

> Even non-sexual social contact can raise body temperature.
>
> Researchers at the University of St Andrews found that non-sexual social interactions with men caused a noticeable rise in the temperature of a woman's face, without them even noticing. […]
>
> Lead author Amanda Hahn, explained, "We used a thermal camera to record skin temperature during a standard 'social interaction' where we measured participants' skin colour at 'non-personal' (i.e. the arm and palm of the hand) and 'personal' (i.e. the face and chest) locations on the body. The thermal response was dramatic when the male experimenter made contact at 'personal' locations."
>
> While it may not be surprising that people have a physiological response to social contact, the size of the reaction was surprising. Hahn commented, "We observed some women whose facial temperature increased by an entire degree (Celsius) during interaction with the male experimenter.
>
> "This thermal change was in response to simple social interaction, without any experimental change to emotion or arousal. Indeed our participants did not report feeling embarrassment or discomfort during the interaction."
>
> The study, published later this month in *Biology Letters*, shows that gender alone influenced the reaction of women, who showed no response to interaction with other women.

Sexual arousal and body temperature fluctuations (the literal manifestation of "buying temperature") are intimately entwined, so much so that neglecting to elicit body temp spikes in women will make the process of seducing them more difficult. If your hands aren't exploring a woman's body while talking to her, you are flirting with the disaster of getting friend-zoned.

It's already been demonstrated that touching a woman lightly on the arm will increase the odds that she will give you her number. Now we have scientific evidence that touching will dramatically raise a woman's body temperature, especially in the facial region. Note that the women in the study did not respond to the touch of other women; it was only the wandering hands of men who got them flushed in the face. Note also that none of the women claimed to feel discomfort when the men touched them; their body temp rise was unrelated to any feeling that they were being threatened or their personal space was being invaded.

The difference in temperature rise between getting touched on the palm/arm and the chest/face was large, although there was a small rise elicited from simple arm touching. Game theory is very clear on the importance of kino and how it should progress (by "escalation"), so these studies are simply gravy on top of what is already experimentally proven by thousands of men running game in the field. To recap:

– It's better to touch a girl more than you think is comfortable than to avoid touching too much because you think it would make a girl uncomfortable.

– Always touch sooner rather than later, and more often rather than too infrequently.

– Begin your touching on innocuous parts of a girl's body, like the forearm and hand, and gradually move to more erogenous zones of her body, like the small of her back, the upper arm, the thigh and even her face. Also gradually increase the duration and pressure of your touching.

– The "slow boiling frog" principle is at work here. If you move too quickly from "safe zone" to erogenous zone, you might spook a girl. But more gradual kino escalation will allow you to touch "danger zones" with impunity.

– Don't touch extremely charged body areas in public spaces. There's too much risk of activating a girl's anti-slut mechanism. Save the petting for private areas.

I've often wondered (well, not that often) why, if kino is critical to success with women, so many beta males (who, as a reminder, occupy the bulk of the male population) are so skittish about touching women? Now I have a theory. Lacking the confidence of their caddish convictions, it makes sense to betas to avoid boldness in action with women who are less likely to assume their impertinences. There is a real risk, in other words, of a crippling incongruency should the beta male decide to kino with a fury without the requisite overconfidence to sway the ladies and gird his fortitude.

From the female perspective, instinctively welcoming kino at a deep physiological level — that is, readying herself for sex in the most shamefully unfeminist manner — is actually a sub-subconscious biological shit test that signals to a girl who among the men hitting on her has the alpha goods. If her vestigial vellous hairs rise automatically at the touch of a man's hand, any man's hand, and her cheeks glow a rosy hue, then it's a simple evolutionarily-greased leap of logic to be more open to the entreaties of men cocksure enough to touch her than to the hovering hands of "creepy" beta males. The act of touching — especially if exercised with devil-may-care élan — is sort of a preselection for alpha attitude that women use to screen men into despondent categories of desirable and undesirable.

As always, a jaunt through the female hamster brain is illuminating. We'll compare what escapes like a hissing balloon out of a termagant feminist's mouth to what the gentlehamster underneath it all actually thinks.

Asply-coiled feminist: "Unwanted touching ANYWHERE on my body is sexual harassment!!"

♥Hamster♥: "I can't explain in socially approved turns of phrase why I feel closer to this guy."

Misfiring pistoned-feminist: "You WILL respect my boundaries!"

♥Hamster♥: "This guy hasn't touched me once in a half hour of talking to me. So much respect, but so little chemistry."

Yoko Ono in a chokehold mid-warble feminist: "Check your male privilege at the door!"

♥Hamster♥: "This man is very comfortable touching me. That shows confidence. Which must mean he has a lot of experience with women. Which really turns me on."

♥♥Hamster's hamster♥♥: "…thus improving the odds that any son I have with this man will grow up to inherit the same pussy slaying skills, spreading my genes yonder and hither."

As most of you are beta males, you should take this post to heart and begin training your reflexes away from automatic discomfort at the thought of touching women and toward taking liberties with their personal spaces. You may think you are disrespecting women, but in fact you are respecting their vaginas. Don't be surprised if, after a few months of violating every known feminist taboo, you wind up not in a diversity seminar, but between the sheets with a very satisfied woman.

Spot The Beta Male Tell

CH · 5 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A “relationship advice” guy who writes for Yahoo/Match/Tyrell Corporation published letters from readers who described the crazy things they did for love. Now, there is an alpha way to do crazy-in-love, and there is a beta way. Read this first letter and see if you can identify the tells that mark the writer of this letter as a beta male.

> **I went to bat for her engagement ring**
> “My girlfriend and I had been together for about three years, and I was sure she was the one I wanted to marry. Problem was, I didn’t exactly have enough money to get her a good engagement ring. So, in order to raise funds, I put my collection of baseball trading cards on eBay. We’re talking a collection that spanned, like, 20 years, thanks to some cards handed down by my dad. I was totally bummed to part with them because they were so important to me, but I really, really loved this girl. I ended up making more than enough money to pay for a ring. Problem was, when I got down on one knee, she told me that she couldn’t see spending the rest of her life with me. I should’ve stuck with Shoeless Joe Jackson.”
> — Owen, 26, Chagrin Falls, OH

Chagrin Falls is appropriate. Often, when reading these sad sack stories, one has the nagging feeling that a better grasp of the market value of the players would clarify why this or that venality visited the protagonist. Discerning the sexual market value of a woman online, when no photo is available, is tricky; women will aggressively lead the reader to believe, absent hard visual evidence, that they are desired by most men. The sexual market value of men is a bit easier to root out in written, online mediums because I find that men are a little more careless about revealing their beta cores. Reading between the lines for male and female beta tells is a fun pastime that I heartily recommend.

Back to the letter: you might be tempted to think that getting a girl an engagement ring is pure beta male, but because so many men fall into the diamond industrial complex trap, it’s not quite the tell that it should be. Instead, the big tells are the writer’s baseball card collection, his willingness to trade one of his most valuable possessions for a rock to slip on a girl’s finger (betraying his father’s love in the process), and, worst of all, his bended knee proposal.

Collections of the sort that are particularly unappealing to women are leading indicators of betaness, because a man who is good with women and able to get sex will not have the patience or motivation to amass piles of mostly useless junk that don’t add to his attractiveness to women. Baseball cards are the province of little boys and grown betas.

But it’s a forgivable tell. Alpha males have the systematizing instinct as well, and collections that can be categorized and subcategorized are addictive to all kinds of men. The bigger beta tell was this guy’s willingness to sever a holy bond, via baseball card, with his father to enrich his girlfriend. The man who sells off a bequeathed treasure from his dad to please his woman is an unprincipled cipher of beta provisioning. No woman with the least bit of character would, if known to her, allow her boyfriend to hock his pop’s heirloom for a blood diamond. Most American women don’t have the least bit of character.

Finally, the cringe-worthiest beta male tell was the bended knee beggary. If anything, since men give up more to get married, it’s women who should drop on bended knee thanking their boyfriends for making honest whores out of them. I don’t care how super alpha you are or how much self-handicapping you can endure without penalty, dropping to one knee is exquisitely, insufferably BETA. Ignore my advice to skip the nuptials for loving LTRs, but for the memory of millions of ancestors who harnessed the power of testicular fortitude to usher you into this world, don’t get down on your knees before a woman. You’re just asking to be treated like the dog who waits dutifully at the door with the leash in its mouth.

Three beta male tells, each worse than the last. The coda to this miserable letter should surprise no one, but I bet it surprised the letter writer. No woman wants to share her life with a man she has to look down at to see.

For shits and giggles, here's another letter that represents the exact opposite of the one above.

> **I found out the hard way that our love wasn't going to go the distance**
> "My boyfriend of a year and four months had to move for his job. It wasn't dramatically far away, but it was still three states over. I was living in Ohio then, and he had to move to Maryland. We talked on the phone, wrote letters and all that, and I could tell that he was getting increasingly homesick. I decided to surprise him by ducking out of work early one Friday, driving over to see him — it's about five or six hours by car — and cheering him up. Turns out I didn't need to, though, because when I showed up at his apartment that night, I found him having dinner with a woman he met at work. At least I didn't need to worry about staying awake on the long drive home — I was too upset to fall asleep."
> — Jackie, 27, Manhasset, NY

Spot the alpha male tell. Lessee… was it when he got himself a new woman who would be locally available for poundage sessions, so he wouldn't have to spend months of his valuable life celibately pining for faraway pussy? Could be!

"Manhasset", indeed.

The Curse Of The Player

CH · 7 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Beware the blessings of gratification.

The relationship. The long-term relationship. The Holy Grail for some. Purgatory for others. Serene limbo for most.

The relationship — aka marriage, when in its most loathsome permutation — is supposed to be the culmination of romantic transcendence. It moves lovers beyond lust into the realm of silent covalent bond. But this bond, unspoken and understood, can't form out of any primordial soup; it requires the presence, and the absence, of specific ingredients. The rarity of the founding broth is the reason why poets elevate inviolate love to the sublime. One isn't liable to effuse about the commonplace or the trite, which can spring like weeds from the craggiest soil.

In every relationship, there is a transition period; that window of time when a man senses he has crossed a boundary from experimental abandon to tribute paid in increments of freedom. A man stands at the Gates of Pudenda and makes his decision for Eros: to step through, committing himself to a revised moral code etched with broad brushstrokes of obligation and the peculiar rewards accrued therein, or to turn back to gallivant another day.

The decision at the moment of transition is not the same for every man. If you haven't experienced multiple lovers, your transition into an LTR will be easier. You won't sacrifice much in leaving behind your life of infrequent elation for the rhythmic reassurance of content stability. Players with a lurid, technicolor memory plate filled with many women will find it harder to accede to the straitjacketing of an LTR because of an acute sense of something missing, of what could still be had for the taking, and of withdrawal from the thrill of the hunt. The man who has bedded in his lifetime more than two or three lovers (the average number for the typical beta male) has a feature length film of past and present conquests running in a continuous loop, instantly evoked, as H.H. would say, on the "dark innerside of his eyelids", in perfect optical replication, to effortlessly remind him of the incomprehensible pleasure of vulvic variety and of all the women waiting in oblivious anticipation for the arrival of his plunderprong.

The memory and the knowledge are the curse of the player. Memory stokes the wanderlust with insistent, torrential recall of scores of curvaceous bodies and rippled vulvae. Though in theory one vagina is no different than the rest, in a man's mind each furrow is an ecological feature etched into strange planets across the galaxy. Every vagina is a new world to a man, some more exotic than others, and the unbridled enthusiasm he will feel planting his flag on fresh colonizations is no accident of evolution. Contrary to feminized misappraisal, this is not the pretentious joy of shame or escape; it is the sincere joy of pleasure that needs no reason.

The knowledge that the player possesses at his whim the skill to seduce women is the twin sabotage that undermines relationship endurance. A player will see the world of women lit from every angle, exposed to his exploration, if he knows, through experience, through the touch of a thousand fingertips, that he can bed women fairly consistently, and with manageable effort. The psychological emollient of knowing this power is his is enough to burden the heart of a man contemplating even a facsimile of fidelity. Bound to his lover by, in turns, conscience, social opprobrium, and legal sanction, the streams of waiting conquests slipping past like rivulets of glimmering intimacies, taunting his parched loin loosely moored to the ballast of loyalty, is the torture of a lifetime of short-circuited ejaculations.

In contrast, to be the grateful man with no history of sexual plenitude, for whom omnipresent sensual possibilities seem as remote as the twinkling stars in the heavens and thus unlikely to stir his ancient calling, is to be released with the gift of the constrained vision. Where possibility is dead, or unfathomable, so is dangerous yearning. He is now free to step back from the beautiful painting and dryly ponder its geometric contours. When this man falls in love with an accessible work of art, one he can call his own, he has little else to compare its grip on his imagination. He cherishes his chosen muse, blissfully ignorant of the carelessness and glibness with which he would succumb to, and love, the millions of competing muses were they to be more tangible to him than airbrushed magazine cover placeholders.

The curse of the player, then, is ultimately illumination, tactile and cerebral. His own success in love betrays his quest for the ultimate love. He has seen vistas he cannot unsee.

He is not a disbeliever in everlasting monogamous love, quite the contrary; but his eternal search for it has corrupted the destination. Each step of his journey lands like the heavy stamp of slash and burn machinery, decloaking the mystery of the source at the mouth of the tributary. He is as certain to destroy underfoot the elixir of redemption as he is to finally catch it, leached of its nutrients.

Ironically, the man (or woman) best situated to find divine love is the one whose efforts aren't excessively profitable.

Do Fat Girls Get More Sex?

CH · 8 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader whose contributions carry more weight than the offerings from the rabble emailed the following about fat chicks and the amount of sex they do, or do not, get:

> [I]t is a consistent finding that fat women tend to have more, not less, sexual partners than thinner women. Poor impulse control etc. So, that explanation for late female virginity seems totally implausible.

The reader is referring to a speculation I made in this post that higher virginity rates among educated women may be skewed by the ENLARGING population of fat chicks who have a harder time convincing men to rut with them. The study he links to finds evidence that fat girls have more "sexual encounters with men than [do] normal-weight women."

I find this interesting because it contradicts other studies I have read that concluded the opposite. For instance, here's one that found obese French women were 30% less likely than thin women to have had a sexual partner in the last year. (Maybe French men have more dignity? Or fat French women more shame? Either way, it proves the French are superior to Americans on at least one moral metric.)

So, are fat chicks getting laid more or less than sexier slender babes? Evolutionary theory regarding the evolved mating preferences of the sexes actually offers plausible explanations for both assertions to be true. On the one hand, we have plenty of evidence that men prefer fucking and dating young, slim, BMI 17-23, 0.7 waste-hip ratio women because these attributes signal that the women are maximally fertile, and thus more likely to pass on a man's genes. Since men prefer these kinds of women, it stands to reason that fat chicks would attract less sexual interest from men, and experience greater rates of involuntary celibacy.

On the other hand, we can presuppose, using evo-psych theory, that fat women are more likely to put out quickly and to offer more sexual access (read: orifices) to men because that's the only way they can compete with the better-looking thin women who tend to leverage their beauty by making men demonstrate more signs of investment before being permitted to tap that ass.

Of course, both mating market dynamics could be at work, but one more efficiently than the other. If, say, there are more fat women willing to go all the way right away than there are men unwilling to ever bang a fat chick, the overall trend will be towards fat chicks getting laid more than thin chicks. Plus, throw in the fact that the obese population of American women is nearing 50%, at which point the planet earth begins to wobble out of its orbit, and you could make a strong case that American men have highly constrained choices in the sexual market and are thus forced to choose between masturbation with their height-weight proportionate hands and dumping a shameful fuck in a smegma-ringed porkhole.

Another way a skewed desirable female market could affect the sexual encounter ratio between fat women and thin women is by making thin women so spectacularly high value that they are able to pretty much command the price at which they reward their sex. In practice, this means the few thin chicks will hold out for a long time until they find the alpha male willing to wait and buy and wait for a life-giving gulp from the oasis of their sexiness. In a roomful of slutty fat chicks, the cockteasing hourglass-shaped girl is queen.

Finally, a sexual market that is filled with fatties will tend to lessen the shame that each individual fatty feels about her grossness; c.f. the fatkini "revolution". When you are one fatty in a sea of hotties, you will know the excruciating feeling of being an outcast and, at best, invisible to men; at worst, cruelly mocked by them. But when you are one fatty amongst many fatties, and the sexy chicks are in the minority, you won't be an outcast. Your friends and those around you will be just like you. Strength in numbers means you will hold your triple chin high, and your gorilla gut out proudly, giving desperate men who, in a normal functioning market, wouldn't deign to speak to you for a second, an unreasonable amount of shitty, entitled attitude. You will imagine your blubber is

attractive to men because Cleon the methhead got really drunk and horny one night and wooed you with a compliment about your “big, beautiful titties.” You will feel no shame undressing before a man with the lights on.

None of this says anything about the *quality* of the relationships that fat chicks get. As the first study states:

> “These are very objective measures,” she said of the current data. “It probably begs for more qualitative studies … to better understand the quality of relationships.”

That’s a nice way of putting it. Fat chicks might be getting a lot of sex, but they are probably not getting a lot of love, if we measure love by signs of male investment and length and intensity of commitment. And for women, happiness and a feeling of success at life is found in love, not sex, the latter of which holds hardly any value for women because it is so easy for them to get, relative to the hoops men have to jump through to get laid.

The question of whether fat chicks get more or less sex than slim chicks remains an open one. Unfortunately, I cannot contribute much in the way of anecdotal support for either hypothesis, because my interactions with fat chicks have been extremely limited. By choice. And isn’t that the crux of the whole debate? In a world of real options — real, attainable choice — 99 out of 100 men are going to choose the slender babe over the shambling she-hog

EVERY

TIME.

That’s how you put a self-professed, proud fatty fucker to the test. Forget what he says. If he is approached for sex by two girls, one fat and one thin, and no one’s watching him, he’ll bang the thin one. Naturally, in real life, he won’t have that choice, because most fatty fuckers are losers who have no chance with slender girls. The exceedingly few men who would choose the fatty over the slim girl are freak outliers that serve to prove the rule rather than discredit it.

What does this all have to do with game? In countries with more fat women, your game will have to be very tight indeed, if you don’t want to be put in a position of choosing between porn and beast mounting.

Omega Male Hall Of Shame: What Women Mean By Creepy

CH · 11 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader forwarded this email as an example of what not to say to a girl whom you "admire from afar".

> I've attached an email sent to one of my co-workers from a former co-worker who had the reputation of being 'creepy' towards most of the women in my office.
>
> Anyway, I thought you'd get a kick out of this tripe.
>
> ****
>
> Fw: U light up a room.
>
> Hey – sorry if you catch me starring at you from time to time. I bet that it's probably uncomfortable. You are very beautiful and continue to evolutionize your look at times so drastically that it;s intriguing. It also reveals the many levels, the rainbow of emotions within you. Most people have a collage of personalities that make them up into an individual, but struggle in finding a good, fun, kind balance between them. You are bless to be able to have such a capacity to be you and enjoy it. You are special. I have been around for a minute now (38 years) and seen and been in many adverse and awesome situations. Through it all I have met many people and few (a handful) have I ever felt like expressing what my spirit tells me to remind you of.
>
> Today you look so Q, you can easily be thought off as a 23 year old. No harm intended in my comments young lady – it's just that you light up a room. I also choose to e-mail you, rather than verbally tell you because I truly do not wish to make you uncomfortable, and if I do [name redacted] – all you have to do is let me know and I will never comment again.
>
> Anyhoo – you place a smile in my heart and I am just trying to place a smile in your face. There are folks with toxic attitudes around us at times do not get contaminated by them – instead – edify them.
>
> :0)
>
> Chao!
>
> ****

That's one ugly mess. I nominate this yearning missive for inclusion into the Omega/Beta Hall of Shame. It's a sterling representative of the genre.

A brief analysis of the points in the email at which the writer crossed the creep threshold are in order. Sometimes, it helps to spell these things out for the short bus contingent.

U light up a room.

Poetically flattering a woman you have not had one date with is like getting LOW VALUE MALE tattooed on your forehead. Because that's how (modern) women are going to perceive your gallant efforts at a love connection.

"Hi, Jenny! You look really pretty."

"Hi, Low Value Male! I can deduce by your forehead tattoo that your compliment is expected and honorably consistent with your low ranking on the male totem pole."

"So you're saying I have a chance?"

"Turn that LMV into an HMV, and we'll talk!"

Also, there's a beta and an alpha way to ignore punctuation. If your first word in an email is "U", you're starting off on the wrong foot. Generally, aloof alpha punctuation — where periods and capital letters are dropped in favor of mysterious cut-off sentences — is best reserved for text messages. Doing the same in email risks making you look

like a remedial class teenager.

Hey –

If he had begun his email with this, and ended it with this, he would have been on much firmer ground.

sorry if you catch me starring at you from time to time.

If you're a desperate omega, the last thing you want to do is draw attention to your stalkerish omegatude. (This email is so bad, it better qualifies as the effortlust of an omega male than the tentative mincing of a beta.)

I bet that it's probably uncomfortable.

A cool, funny chick would write back, "You bet correctly, sir!"

You are very beautiful and continue to evolutionize your look at times so drastically that it;s intriguing.

Great example of a mediocrity straining to sound smoother and smarter than he is. Paging Oswald Bates…

It also reveals the many levels, the rainbow of emotions within you.

You know when girls are down for this "I can appreciate all your levels" bullshit? When they have already been fucked by you at least 150 times. If you're trying to make an impression on a girl by implying that you're different than all the other guys who can't see the real person inside of her, the time to do that is when it actually means something; like when it's one year into a relationship and she's still struggling to get you to agree on exclusivity. Also, no man should ever use the word "rainbow", unless it's to ridicule another man using the word "rainbow". In today's rapidly degenerating culture, the word too easily conjures scenes of bronies mutually fellating each other in a giant ponyjerk. With velvety plush headgear on.

You are bless to be able to have such a capacity to be you and enjoy it.

This is anti-game. He's basically excused her from the burden of treating him kindly, let alone as a sexual prospect.

You are special.

When you're in a hole, the first thing you do is stop digging. This guy's gunning for China.

I have been around for a minute now (38 years) and seen and been in many adverse and awesome situations.

Worst DHV ever.

Through it all I have met many people and few (a handful) have I ever felt like expressing what my spirit tells me to remind you of.

What's going through the girl's head when she reads this: "He feels inspired to pour his heart out to me because he gets a chub every time he sees me over the cubicle walls?"

Well, that's not actually what goes through her head. It's more like this: "Creep, creep, creeper, creep. Ew." Which amounts to saying the same thing as above.

No harm intended in my comments young lady –

If you're an older man hitting on a younger woman, the LAST thing you want to call her is "young lady". Epic omega fail. And if you truly intend no harm, the last thing you want to say is that you intend no harm. There's that rule in advertising that simply mentioning a negative is enough to plant it in a customer's head and associate it with your product/personhood.

I also choose to e-mail you, rather than verbally tell you because I truly do not wish to make you uncomfortable

A seduction without discomfort is called idle chit chat. All seductions must contain a stirring of discomfort. Otherwise, every lame omega and beta male with sensitivity to spare and teardrops on command will be able to swoop femme fatales with ease.

all you have to do is let me know and I will never comment again.

Attainably attractive girls who have experience dealing with the fumbling come-ons of betas know this isn't true. The minute a loser says he will "never comment/call/write again", the girl knows he will do just that. Which is why girls will rarely reply to these sorts of queries; it only encourages the loser. (I once knew of a total omega male in high school who got a rejection message delivered personally from the girl friend of a girl he had a crush on for two years. The sad sack proceeded to pursue the girl for two more years, hoping to get a clarification.)

Anyhoo –

Nerd alert.

you place a smile in my heart and I am just trying to place a smile in your face.

Let's run this line through the Alpha Reformulator (a device which alters dorky beta droolings into coolbreeze alpha charmbullets): "my heart was smiling thinking about you until you microwaved that noxious curry lunch. thanks for killing the romance i was about to lay down on your day."

There are folks with toxic attitudes around us

aka jerks who always take the girls.

at times do not get contaminated by them – instead – edify them.

What happens when a dumbass tries for profound and winds up writing gibberish.

:0)

No emoticons! What's an emoticon doing in this email when I told you no EMOTICONS EVER!

and, oh dear lord, he added the o-nose. I bet he thinks women fart anime characters.

Chao!

You know what would've been funny? And less beta? If he had signed off deliberately misspelling "ciao" as "chow". Unfortunately, his stupidity is of the unintentional variety.

Well, I hope that expedition through the thickets of the omega male psychological landscape was as painful for you as it was for me. Lessons learned:

1. Guys like this make it easy for guys with game.

2. There are shadowy realms beyond which even my considerable powers of instruction cannot penetrate. Introducing a lost cause like this dude to game will only provoke a defensive reaction and further turtling into his self-perpetuating misery. I think we all know a few guys who fall into that category.

I imagine every female reader who read that email had the word "creep" flash through her head. It's a catch-all term that women generally use to describe men who exhibit the characteristics, mannerisms, self-negating attitude and social retardation that typically accompany involuntary celibacy and a lack of facility navigating the psychological peculiarities of women. Men need not necessarily be intrinsically low value to get slapped with the creep label; a man who could get lots of attention from women, but who evinces the attitude of the needy creep (much to the chagrin of the women who win an audience with him), is thrown into the same untouchables pile as our forlorn emailer inducted into the Chateau Hall of Beta Shame.

In short, "creeper" = "needy beta". The slang may change, but the nature stays the same.

Beta Males In The Wild

CH · 12 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This is a photo of a first wedding anniversary.

Humans are naturally repulsed by certain objects in the state of nature. Rotting carcasses. Fetid water. Leprosy victims. Feminists. Manboobs. A steaming pile of poop triggers our disgust reflex. This reflex likely evolved to protect us from ingesting poops and then dying from infection during a time when modern medicine was a schizophrenic witch doctor.

Like fresh turds, we are instinctively repulsed by the above photo. It violates our preinstalled norms of sexual polarity. Men, and women too, have evolved limbic systems and higher order cerebrum that are groomed to respond positively to couples where the man looks to be in charge and self-possessed and the woman looks in his thrall and in need of his protection. When we see the opposite — like in this pic — we recoil as if we had just accidentally stepped in a mound of dog shit.

The masculinization of Western women and the feminization of Western men continues apace, with no bottom to the depths to which this depravity will sink. Point by repugnant point, let's examine the bizarro world inversion illustrated in the photo:

– Lap sitting, male on female. INVERSION
– Smothering neck vise, male on female. INVERSION
– Cross-legged male, open-legged female. INVERSION
– Stupidly grinning male, grimacing female trying hard to hide it. INVERSION
– Wraparound koala bear hug, male on female. INVERSION
– Closed body language and clenched fist, female on male. INVERSION
– Micropenis, male. Acromegalic clit, female. (speculative) INVERSION
– Being OK with having this picture taken and the moment memorialized for all time, male over female objection. INVERSION

The question, as always: What does this have to do with game? Gentlemen, you will have no success with game if you first don't exorcise the sin of anti-game from your mortal soul. This means not behaving like a woman would behave when she is in the company of an exciting alpha male.

The good news is that recognizing, and discarding, bad anti-game habits is easier than learning pro-game techniques, especially if you are a natural introvert for whom cold approaches and crutch-like helpful scripts give you the hives. You're 50% of the way there once you've stopped acting in ways that make girls feel like they just stepped in dog shit.

Friendzoned By A Whore

CH · 13 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A more nauseating example of inept betatude would be hard to find. Reader Will sent a link to this plaintive wail from a forum member (I have no idea what communities these forums are meant to serve) who is perplexed that a whore he visits regularly no longer sees him “that way”.

> been seeing the same prostitute for a few months. Lost my virginity to her, only person I’ve ever fucked. She’s semi attractive and not too expensive. Normally do it in a hotel but I can’t afford it and just invite her back to my place. We fuck for the amount of time I paid for. Just as she is about to leave she sees my dvd of an old film called “a matter of life and death”. Says thats her favourite film, asks if she can watch it. We watch a film together, we don’t do anything. She phones up the next day and asks if I want to hang out. When we meet up I ask if I can have sex with her. She tells me no, because she thinks we have gotten too close. asks if we can be friends. Did I get friendzoned by a prostitute? What can i do to fuck her again?

To be LJBFed by a whore is quite an accomplishment. It’s like a restaurant manager turning away a thundering herd of famished NAAFA members. Some people are so disgusted by their clientele they’re willing to take a hit to the bottom line.

Let’s suspend disbelief about the anecdote above for a moment so that we can extract the valuable game lessons contained therein.

1. Girls who see you as long-term boyfriend material will be less likely to put out for you in a timely manner.

2. Girls who have fucked you but begin to have feelings for you will start to withhold sex in hopes that an emotional connection can grow, free from the confusing entanglement of sex. Girls often believe, with some justification, that a “love connection” — aka your efforts to remember trivial details about them — can only emerge in an emotional greenhouse where your needs as a man are left outside in the cold.

3. It’s nearly impossible to turn an overtly paid sexual outlet into an emulated unpaid sexual outlet. This is why you should never tip strippers you intend to bang.

4. Making it a habit to pay for sex will corrupt a man’s ability to relate to women, and his willingness to learn how to seduce them. This is why men who have to pay for sex are rightly classified as loser omegas. The need to turn to whores for sexual relief, plus the distance from women’s particular psychological needs that paying for sex creates, renders the john almost useless as a potential mate without the crutch of cash in advance.

5. When a whore despises you so much she refuses your money, kill yourself. When a whore feels glimmers of real closeness to you that she refuses your money, the last thing you want to do is dispatch with her attempts to relate to you as a non-john by immediately requesting sex when you hang out with her. That’s just autistic, son.

6. Never watch a film with a girl if you don’t plan on touching her during it. A two hour non-sexual vibe will dampen a tingle faster than a ripped fart. In front of her friends.

7. To a whore, a nonsexual beta male friend is way more valuable than a lover or a fuckbuddy, the latter of whom she has an unending stream of applicants to appreciate. You win over a girl like this by making your emotional friendship reward contingent upon her available orifice reward.

8. Whores are riddled with disease. And the ones who aren’t are soulkilled to the point that a relationship with them is basically an excuse to fulfill a cuckold fetish. The only good reason I could see for wanting to be friends with one is the benefit of capitalizing on her social circle, which undoubtedly consists of plenty of non-whore hot chicks.

Automation And Redundant Humans

CH · 13 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a lot of chatter from the internetsia and on various econ-centric and forward-looking culture blogs (i.e. mediums hosting most of the interesting ideas you won't ever hear discussed in the increasingly self-discrediting MSM) that automation and computerization are leading to impressive productivity gains, mostly concentrated among the high IQ elite knowledge workers who feign disbelief in the relevance of IQ (and other inheritable personality traits that are useful in a high-tech, interwoven economy, like conscientiousness). The thinking goes, and trend line evidence supports the notion, that vast swaths of humans will be left unemployable by their inability to grasp the language of abstraction. Unemployment rates that dwarf Great Depression numbers could soon be the norm.

Pursuing this line of thought, these Cassandras theorize that the end result of a bifurcating economy into machine overseers and redundant humans meant only to consume the products produced by the machines and their management consultant handlers will be huge wealth residing in the hands of a few, while pittances will drop like bread crumbs from welfare-issuance offices upon the benighted masses.

I happen to believe, based on the growing dysfunction I see organically emerging in my estranged country, that the theory has merit.

So I have two questions for any economists reading:

1. How is the present automation and productivity conundrum qualitatively different than ones from the past (for example, the classic case of the auto replacing the horse and carriage)? If you do not believe it is qualitatively different, explain how we escape the "zero marginal productivity" worker trap, especially in an era when human capital is shrinking due to a combination of dysgenic birth rate differentials and mass migration of unskilled poor? Note: "Humans are fungible" is not an acceptable cop-out.

2. If, say, most of the profits go to the top 10% in society, while the bottom 90% are unemployed or marginally employed, how is it exactly that those top 10% will be able to extract profits from a customer base that doesn't have the income stream to afford more than the basic necessities?

There must be some self-regulating rebalancing dynamic that comes into play past a certain egregious level of wealth and employment inequality. I figure this rebalancing will happen in one of two ways: One, the government will step up redistribution (virtually guaranteeing a livable "income" for the left side of the bell curve). This option, naturally, confronts a bit more difficulty in a multiethnic society. Two, the profit geyser will dry up as the world comes to be increasingly dominated by a few elite essentially bartering amongst themselves. What good are productivity gains if no one is left with the cash to buy your products?

There is a third, albeit unlikely, outcome: goods will be able to be manufactured and distributed so cheaply that no more than a meager income stream will be needed to adorn one's lifestyle with a slew of creature comforts.

Of course, riot-quelling Danegeld or sufficiently inexpensive goods say nothing about the devastation to the human psyche that would occur in a world of relegated uselessness. Unlimited consuming has a way of eating itself to death.

Please, spare me the singularity crackpottery. That, or genetic reengineering, won't happen in time, if it happens at all, to stave off mass calamity.

“How do I get out of the friend zone?”

CH · 14 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader urgently requested an answer to this post’s heading.

I’m certain Le Chateau has covered this issue before, but the archives are huge and formidable, so I’ll offer an update here.

If you initially tried to ingratiate yourself to a girl you want to fuck by spinning into beta orbiter mode, listening with growing ball pain to her woes about assholes she’s banging, and predictably getting friendzoned as a result, I can assure you that getting OUT of a friend zone and into a lover zone is far more difficult than working from scratch as an unabashed lover prospect. Once a girl has it in her head that you are a harmless castrati, an abrupt shift to incongruent sexiness will jolt her comfortable feelings of safety and security. She’s a good bet to lash out in anger, spite and emotional distancing. If you are a beta at your core, you will then make the situation worse by apologetically backpedaling and begging her to remain friends with you so that you may go home and vigorously masturbate your pimplepeen to the memory of her elbow lightly brushing against your arm when she hastily reached for her cell to take a call from your white whale.

So, my first piece of advice:

Don’t let yourself get into a scenario where friendzoning is possible.

You should be flirting all the time and dropping bits of sexual innuendo. Let a girl know, through subtle cues, that you are a sexual creature right up front. This is what successful players mean by “make your intentions known”. They don’t mean “go up to a chick and tell her you love her body and want to spill your sin all over it”. (Well, sometimes that works.) They mean that you should be innocuously flirting, with plausible deniability, sooner rather than later, so that her subconscious registers you as an alpha male not to be trifled with nor cavalierly tossed into the LJBF discount bin.

If, however, you do find yourself in the friend zone, the way out of it is… drum roll please… scarcity.

Disappear. Vamoose. Deprive her of the happy nonsexual emotional support she’s come to expect from you.

It’s a bit more complicated that that, but that’s the gist of the “LJBF2Lover” program. In detail, it would look like this:

1. Knock her out of her comfort zone with a surprise flirtatious vibe. Don’t overextend this. Too much shock to her system will drive her into a cocoon. You want to give her a small buzz, not an electric storm that immediately activates her anti-beta male, egg-preserving bitch shield.

2. After your flirty expectation sabotage, promptly pull back into beta orbiter mode as if nothing unusual happened. Your goal is to strike a hot iron at the girl’s subconscious without alerting her conscious awake state. If she calls you out on your flirt, act like she’s weird for bringing it up. “I hope you don’t get the wrong idea” is a great line to drop at that moment.

3. Leave her on a good (i.e. congruent) note. But leave her for at least two weeks. During the interim, if your LJBF is strong, she will attempt to contact you asking why, as a friend, you’ve been incommunicado. Again, chastise her for being needy, and tell her you’ve been busy. Do not explain yourself beyond that.

4. Meet her again. Repeat the above three steps, with the exception that you will amp up the intensity and frequency of your sexual, aloof vibe each new time you hang out with her. You are in the process of acclimating her to your new, sexual self.

5. You can speed up the process by actively flirting with other girls in her field of view. Jealousy is the most powerful hacksaw against the chains of the friendzone.

6. When enough time has passed, and your shift from asexual lump to cocky bastard is almost complete, drop the following line on her (with brow deviously furrowed in deep, phony concern): “You’ve been flirting like crazy. I think we should be apart for a while so we don’t risk our friendship.” Wham. Game dynamite with the fuse attached right to her hamster’s anus. You’ve implied she’s falling for you, you’ve disqualified yourself by insisting that you need time away from her, and you’ve flipped the script so that any further interaction would require some amount of chasing by her.

7. If she agrees with you, admit defeat (to yourself) and move on. The LJBF was too powerful to overcome. If you have made an impact on her perception of you, her attitude will be different. She will act confused, half-heartedly agreeing only as a default response with nothing better to say, or disagreeing in mild protest. “Nooo, I’m not flirting with you.” (The very act of verbalizing this will put her in a chaser frame of mind.) Or: “Nooo, we can still be friends.” Either way, insist that you’re right to spend time apart until “the heat cools off”. But if she can “control herself around you”, you might be OK with hanging with her some more.

8. Segue like a diabetic tourist. Forcefully move the conversation away from the drama that just went down. Act like she’s a girl you just met. Gauge for positive reception. If she attempts to pull you back into a friendship frame, the attitude you want to avoid is sounding resentful. She’s testing you for congruency with your new identity. A funny quip like “Oh, man, it’s just not the same anymore. I already miss the old you” should do the trick to pass her test. Again, hit on another girl in front of her. Leave prematurely.

9. At some point you’ll have to make a bold move for her vagina. This is when verbal game stops and physical game revs into high gear. A lot of recovering betas make the mistake of letting the attraction and comfort phase of pickup drag on too long, for fear of losing the good feelings they are engendering in the woman to a sloppy bedroom move. “You’ve never seen this part of my life” is a great line to use on a former LJBF to persuade her to come to your place. It ignites a sense of wonder in her that she will presume is missing with a man she (thinks she) knows very well.

10. Does the above sound like a lot of work? You’re right, it is! Accept the challenge of converting an LJBF for its own sake, but if lay efficiency is your goal, you’d be better off pawning that girl buddy into social circle game with her hot, and relatively unfamiliar, friends.

More Scientific Evidence That Chicks Dig Jerks

CH · 15 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes, “We’re getting close to definitive proof that (most) chicks dig jerks.” Yes, we are.

Single women had their brains scanned as they looked at photos of men. The pictures had been subtlely altered to make the men’s faces more or less masculine.

The more masculine faces won out in terms of attraction — but the areas of the brain that were activated indicated these faces were also ones the women found most threatening. **[ed:]**

The group found a few interesting results. First, compared with the feminized faces, masculinized faces led to more activity in five specific brain areas: the left superior temporal gyrus, bilateral precentral gyrus, right posterior cingulate cortex, bilateral inferior parietal lobule, and bilateral anterior cingulate cortex. **These areas have been implicated in face processing as well as the assessment of risk, suggesting that, consciously or not, masculinized faces are perceived as not only more attractive but also more dangerous. The effect was quite robust considering just how slightly the faces had been morphed.**

Let that sink in. Brain scans prove that women are attracted to threatening men. The female hamster has just been CAT-scanned, x-rayed and magnetically resonanced, and the wicked truth behind all the feelgood claptrap and feminist boilerplate is revealed for the world to gaze upon with eyes half-shut at the gruesome sight, repulsed and yet fascinated:

Chicks dig jerks. Assholes. Douchebags. Dangerous motherfuckers.

> Another clue **Rihanna** may be getting back together with **Chris Brown** … the two partied at the same club at the same time last night … AGAIN.
>
> Chris and Rihanna were spotted at Avenue nightclub in NYC. Sources at the club tell us the two were in the club together for roughly 30 minutes … and Brown spent some time hanging out at Rihanna’s table.

I’m fond of saying the boner doesn’t lie. The same could be said of lit-up neurons; hard to fake that funk.

I predict there will be much gnashing and flapping of labia from the usual suspects (manboobs included) about this latest study to prove that chicks love the badboy. But the evidence is irrefutable and really beginning to pile up that women are hard-wired to tingle for a dark triad.

For those of you who insist — INSIST, damn you! — that they've never needed to be an asshole to get women, I've only this to ask:

When was the last time you successfully picked up a hot, young woman?

HOT

YOUNG

Get it?

If you're married to a frump, a plain jane, a cow (and odds are, you are), a has-been… well, no wonder you don't need to be a jerk to keep her around. She's got no options. She's just grateful a man is willing to stick with her.

But the chicks with options… the ones who can pick and choose from among many men… the IN-DEMAND ones… they love the dickish dick.

I've said it before, I'll say it again. I've never gotten more radical, more INSTANT, positive results when hitting on cute babes than when I deliberately amped up my asshole vibe. I mean, to the point of nearly insulting them. Eyes brightened and sparkled, legs uncrossed, fingertips danced all over my arms. And these were the upper class smart chicks with multiple degrees.

If you *have* to choose between being a niceguy and a total dickwad when picking up high value women…

ALWAYS err on the side of dickwad.

Le Chateau Goes Stand-Up

CH · 19 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm happy to inform guests of dishonor that the campaign to infiltrate polite society with the secretive butthex teachings of the Chateau is under way. A reader writes:

> I think you speak the truth about men and women.
>
> A few weeks ago I read your post about drawing smiley faces on your girl's tampons, and I loved it so much I worked it in to my stand up routine.
>
> The link to me performing is here – it's all about how to save your marriage. The second point, about improving your sex life (with your wife) you might think is a bit beta, but I wanted to work in the stuff about not wanting it to be over quickly, and it does tap in to a widely held view.
>
> I wish you the best – you are doing God's work in educating men about women.

The beta stuff isn't bothersome. I consider it a Trojan Horse to sneak in alpha wisdom. All comedians know that packaging scandalous truths in pretty bows is sometimes the best way to condition the audience's receptiveness to the thoughtcrimes about to pop out like a jerk-in-the-box.

Anyhow, you can watch the vid below. I'd say it's NSFW, but only because your female boss is a raging feminist who is envious that men are funnier than women.

Your Training To Delight Women

CH · 19 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Players and unaffiliated men who labor to pass on the Good Word of Game usually admonish neophytes that borderline uncomfortable numbers of approaches need to be made in order to become proficient at pickup. You've got to get out there and talk to more women than you would normally do in the course of a nondescript day.

This message is a good one. You won't get good at the crimson arts until you've put in some real world practice interacting with lots of different women. The exact number is irrelevant; whether it takes you ten or one thousand approaches to improve doesn't change the undeniable reality that very few men have the ability to go from video gaming malaise to WunderJuan on their first approach.

You could say that the approach mentality, at least during the learning curve stage, is a core principle of game.

There's one other core game principle that I don't see mentioned very much, if at all, in the pickup literature. In my view, it's just as important a principle as approaching girls enough times to trespass beyond your comfort zone. That principle is the "find and foment her flaws" theory.

The idea is simple. Every woman you meet, from friend to love prospect to the barest acquaintance, and every woman who crosses your field of visual inspection, will be subject to your exceedingly judgmental eye. You will search, find and declare to yourself her flaw or flaws. If propriety and privacy allows it, you will verbalize her flaw so that it may become cemented in your wavering cortex and banish all doubt of the flaw's authenticity. It is a well-kown fact among the big-toothed motivational speaker circuit that saying aloud slogans of self-encouragement or life goals helps the chanter sculpt corporeal heft to his dreams.

So, for example, you see a woman in the mall riding an escalator. Her sundress flounces insouciantly from above you. An incipient boner stirs. But this time, instead of allowing your beta twerpitude the run of your skullcase and straining to catch imagined glimpses of panty, you silence the dork force and, with proud stentorian innerauthority, jot a solid mental note of her larger-than-ideal thighs. Safe distance permitting, you might even rumble in a dampened voice to yourself, "Hm, thunder thighs. Too much speckle."

You will enact this devious scheme for every attractive and not-so-attractive woman who has the misfortune of falling prey to your daggered gaze. Only the obvious sexual market losers of femaledom — the grossly obese, the crassly ugly, the desiccated old — will be exempt, for their flaws are so prominently obscene they need no reminding nor rooting.

What is the purpose of Principle #2? To balance gender sheets?

Certainly, you could argue with strong evidence that women are particularly unforgiving of men's flaws, in the private if not in the public, being as how they are slaves to a much more powerful hypergamous force that excels at weeding out stellar-lite suitors with extreme prejudice. A little harsh judgment from you is just giving women a taste of the moldy bread they daily give to men.

But, no, that's not the purpose, as vengefully titillating as that seems. The purpose is purely practical. The finding and fomenting of women's flaws conditions the beta male mind to accept the attainability of women, and to discard the reflexive sanctification of women. No master seducer who ever lived believed even one woman was unattainable by him, nor that any woman was a flawless vessel of purity. The seducer loves women, but his love is vast enough to revel in women's flaws. And that is why he wins.

The beta male who conditions himself thus, by his efforts to discover the flaws in women kept hidden to him by the shadow of his turgid lust cast around his vision, will slowly feel the power and the strength of the Attitude, that indomitable voice that rises like the Great Scrotum from the pubic patch and delivers with valedictorian presumption the message that no woman is out of reach or free of exploitable insecurities, the exploiting of which by a savvy man she herself would be ashamed to admit thrills her to the clitbone.

Returning to escalator girl, here are some more examples of flawmobbing.

– skewed eyes
– narrow hips
– rumpled blouse
– misshapen boobs
– nip/tuck victim
– manhands
– roo pouch
– clown feet
– incipient hump
– jug ears
– wasted calves
– bow-legged
– flabby arms
– pigeon-toed
– broad shouldered
– excessive peach fuzz
– asymmetric nostrils
– ETC

I can already hear the gripers. “But I just saw the hottest chick ever and she looked PERFECT! I couldn’t find anything wrong with her.”

There is always something wrong with a girl, no matter how beautiful. You may have to dig a little deeper, but you’ll find her thermal exhaust port with a practiced keen eye. Note that any of the above can easily apply to the hottest girl you have ever seen. That’s the beauty of the flawfinding mission: it unearths the normally overlooked blemishes scattered among a girl’s mien that her general beauty tends to obscure to men. If you socialize with a girl and gain insight into her personality, you have even more data from which to devise withering, silent judgments.

Once you have gotten reliable at noticing and promoting women’s flaws, their beauty will no longer hold such paralyzing power over you. Conditioned to emphasize a woman’s worst and attenuate her best, you will become a cad machine, irresistible to the fairer sex who will react shaken from their stupor by your dispassionate demeanor and feel the threat of your pervasive critical eye with senses aflame.

Maxim #30: Ignore a woman’s flaws at your peril. They are the key to reconfiguring your perception, and thus her attainability.

Every Man Needs A Harem Of Women

CH · 20 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Readers, Chateau Heartiste has gone mainstream! Check out my first submission to CNN's blog, where I review a new book by two "relationship sexperts" who advise men seeking love to expand their pool of dating prospects by cultivating multiple concurrent sexual relationships with as many women as time and energy allow.

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Every man needs a 'harem' of women.

If you're a single man and you're looking for love, forget about "The Ring" and stop worrying that "She just sees me as a friend."

That was then, this is now – it's a post-dating world you're living in, and that means you have to shed your one-to-one mind-set and start thinking in terms of one to many.

In other words? Stop searching for Ms. Right and look around at all the Ms. Right(s).

That's the premise of "The Harem," a new book from Lord Cockenawe, who, along with Donald Juanholio, runs the website "WTF Is Up With My Love Life?!"

According to Cockenawe and Juanholio, every man – single or not – should have his own harem, a group of girls that occupy different roles in his life.

"You probably have a 'harem' of friends, who all play different roles and fulfill different needs for you," explains Cockenawe. "You might call one friend to go gun shopping versus another friend when you're playing first person shooters online versus another friend when you need a serious drinking buddy. Your romantic harem is just another piece of the much larger, long-term puzzle of how you structure the relationships in your life to feel full, happy and loved."

The women in this harem can include anyone from the waitress you flirt with, to the ex-girlfriend you Skype, to the picturesque HR coworker you commiserate with over lunch. Whether you end up dating one or more of them is just an added bonus.

"As a man, having a harem provides you with a love life full of possibility: you have many women in your life, in many ambiguous but sexually enriching ways, who are all teaching you about yourself and your needs and desires and leading you closer to the girl and relationship you want," say Cockenawe and Juanholio.

Terry Trespassio, a New York-based dating and relationship coach who is single himself, exuberantly extols the "uncoupled state" and takes things a step further: If you're happily single but enjoy dating, he recommends seeing three different women regularly.

"When you date just one girl, you might feel pressured to commit, even if you're not ready," he says. "If you see two women, there's often this unspoken need to choose between them. But three girls tend to balance each other out, like a tripod. There's really no downside to female variety!"

Like the "Harem," these three women can fulfill different needs – maybe you like to have dirty sex with one, public sex with another and intimate lovemaking with a third – which removes the burden of one woman to fill all those slots.

"This can also help you worry less about whether or not someone is your 'match'," says Trespassio, "and shifts your focus to the sheer joy of connecting with other young, slender, height-weight proportionate pretty women of all sizes and ages."

Nor does being single have to equal celibate. Your harem may well include ex-girlfriends, hot sex prospects, and perhaps even a casual f*ckbuddy. It's your love-life, so do it your way. As long as you're open and honest with your

dates when pressed on the matter – and practice safe sex until you're assured she's not lying about being on the pill – there's no reason why you can't be intimate with more than one person.

Just as different people can serve different roles outside of bed, so too can they satisfy different needs between the sheets. In their groundbreaking book, "The Ethical Player," Dossier Everlong and Jamdhin Hardy describe the ways in which single men (and women) can juggle multiple sexual partners and enjoy intimacy safely and "ethically."

Marriage is wonderful for many, but it's not the right choice for everyone, particularly men, who must bear the brunt of sacrifice when deciding to accede to marital monogamy and forego all other lovers. Whether you're sexually intimate with more than one person or simply enjoying a variety of friendships and dates, one doesn't have to be the loneliest number.

Say Cockenawe and Juanholio: "We are living in a post-dating world because traditional dating is no longer the most common path that people are following to romantically connect and fall in love. And the more that men judge themselves and their relationships by traditional dating standards that no longer exist, the more they are going to feel an unnecessary despair and confusion and hold themselves back from finding multiple outlets of exciting love in this new romantic landscape."

So go forth and harem build!

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Isn't it great how the mainstream is beginning to accept with open mind the teachings of players and sexually satisfied men? This could be the dawn of a golden era when all harem master penises are served, and all concubines satisfied. A revolution in romance!

Sext Game

CH · 21 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ready to analyze some text game for make benefit of your glorious alpha training? This sample of the genre is a little different, though. It's sexting game, a subcategory of generic text game. Commenter walawala writes:

> Here is a transcript of text game I was running on a Taiwanese girl I met on a flight to hin where she lives. My game was tight and I number closed. She dropped the I have a bf. I ignored. Then I began text game ahead of an upcoming trip back to her city…
>
> I'll pick it up where it's relevant
>
> Her: You're such a player
>
> Me: You bet. and what is it abt players u like so much?
>
> Her: I don't conclude that I like players, do I?
>
> Me: Player? No way. I'm the coach. Players come to me for advice
>
> Her: The I'm not a player…it's you that come to me
>
> Her: No offense…….
>
> Me: Guilty as charged
>
> Her: Ha ha
>
> Me: I may need to spank you if yuou dun behave
>
> Her: Now you are sexually harrassing me, uncle
>
> Me: hmmm, interesting where ur mind is…
>
> Me: What is it about spanking u that u find sexual?
>
> Her: Any physical contacts that I find uncomfortable
>
> Me: My spanking woud make u feel…
>
> Her: Feel what?
>
> Me: Do you like the sound of it?
>
> Her: Now I'm pondering if you are the SM type…and pondering where ur mind is
>
> Me: Many girls like a dominant man who knows to to lead…how about you?
>
> Her: And spare your efforts on gett me hooked. Go find other Asian girls…exclusing me to satisfy your masculine needs
>
> Me: WHo said I was interested in hooking you? Big ego
>
> Her: Don't know,,,just my bold assumption
>
> Me: …
>
> Her: Assumption comes before conclusion right?
>
> Me: I find most girls like a dominat guy
>
> Her: hmmmm maybe
>
> Me: That's why their favorite position is doggie style. Maybe ur different
>
> Her: …..hmmm maybe i can try it with my boyfriend…thank you for your advice
>
> Ends
>
> Next morning she texts me:

> Her: Found a new term for you….”sexpat”
>
> Me: I prefer ‘sexpert’
>
> She babbled on a bit more and I stopped. I’m set to come back to her city in a few weeks and will contact her.
>
> She’s clearly a drama queen and loves the attention. Despite claiming to have a boyfriend she is lapping up my text game….
>
> Text game for self-centred girls is cat nip….

My first reaction to reading this was… lots of smoke, but where’s the fire? Or, concept was good, but execution lagged. It struck me as a pastiche of good text game techniques stitched together haphazardly.

She doesn’t sound like she’s biting. Her flirting, if it can be called that, is cold and accusatory. She clearly bristled at the insinuation, intended or not, that Asian girls are naturally submissive. Now maybe Asian girls demonstrate their growing interest differently than white girls do, (a distinct possibility, as I have written before that very broad, but shallow, racial differences in receptiveness to game may exist), in which case my constructive criticism of this text exchange would be off-base. I’d like to know what happened between walawala and this girl since this text convo took place. What were the text convos like in the following days/weeks? Did he unlock difficulty level bang?

We’ll break down my initial impression, line by line.

Her: You’re such a player

Me: You bet. and what is it abt players u like so much?

He’s avoiding defensiveness, assuming the sale and eliciting her values. Three core game concepts. The question is whether it was too early in the interaction to do this. You can spook a girl with loaded sexualized questions if you ask them before her interest has been piqued.

Her: I don’t conclude that I like players, do I?

Me: Player? No way. I’m the coach. Players come to me for advice

Maybe this reply is good, but the fact remains he’s playing into her frame. She’s been leading this conversation so far. Plus, he’s backpedaled here, even if it was done in a cocky way. The DHV is too obvious.

Her: The I’m not a player…it’s you that come to me

Her: No offense…….

Me: Guilty as charged

The ‘guilty as charged’ line worked here, but in this exchange it falls flat. I want you pickup experts in the studio audience to explain why. The difference in context is your first clue.

Me: I may need to spank you if yuou dun behave

Her: Now you are sexually harrassing me, uncle

Sexual innuendo in text can backfire if attraction hasn’t been built, or rapport is weak. Sometimes a girl will shut down. Often, when she’s open to playful flirting, you can get caught in an endless loop of innuendo that eventually crumbles under its own weight. In this instance, she seems up for flirting, so no harm no foul.

Me: hmmm, interesting where ur mind is…

A good line. Puts her in chaser mode.

Me: What is it about spanking u that u find sexual?

But the reframe is subverted by returning to this arid sexual well. I think it would have been better to play a little

more hard-to-get, than to continue pressing her for info about her sexual proclivities. Particularly since this is over text and, as far as I know, very little physical contact has happened yet.

Her: Any physical contacts that I find uncomfortable

This is not a playful response. Now he has a clue that continuing to pursue this dirty talk avenue will be less than fruitful.

Her: Now I'm pondering if you are the SM type…and pondering where ur mind is

Woops. There goes that initial great reframe by walawala. It's just been turned around again. She is very good (read: very Asian) at retaining control of courtship hand.

Me: Many girls like a dominant man who knows to to lead…how about you?

Girls do like dominant men. But they don't like being told aloud that they like dominant men. I've never really found it all that useful to remind girls of the inner workings of their hamsters in the course of a pickup attempt. Still, sociosexual themes can act as a good springboard for getting girls to open up about their values.

Her: And spare your efforts on gett me hooked. Go find other Asian girls…exclusing me to satisfy your masculine needs

Here's that part where her 'yellow fever' alert just triggered. She's pigeonholing walawala, and I don't see him effectively countering it.

Me: WHo said I was interested in hooking you? Big ego

The problem with this second reframe attempt is that it flies in the face of textual evidence suggesting the contrary. Thus, the impression is one of defensiveness rather than amused correction.

Her: Assumption comes before conclusion right?

The fact that she's asking a question, however obtuse, is proof that she's still invested in this convo and wants to see where it leads.

Me: I find most girls like a dominat guy

Beating a dead horse.

Her: hmmmm maybe

She just got bored.

Me: That's why their favorite position is doggie style. Maybe ur different

Her: …..hmmm maybe i can try it with my boyfriend…thank you for your advice

This is the second IHAB she unloaded on walawala. Not a good sign. The sexual tone he took, in my opinion, was premature, and probably contributed to shutting her down, which is evident in her terse "thank you for your advice" send-off. Talking about doggie style over text with a girl you number closed on a plane a while back (how long ago?) is precipitously close to entering cloying, horny beta territory.

The next morning, the text exchange resumes:

Her: Found a new term for you…."sexpat"

This is good news. She reinitiated contact, so that means she's been thinking about him all night. The substance of her text is irrelevant.

Me: I prefer 'sexpert'

Meh. Again with the self-boosting sexual innuendo. Too much sex talk, especially the boastful variety, can make a

man just as dull as the beta who drones on about work and weather, especially if she's gotten used to it and now finds it predictable. Better quickie reply: "i'm still dancing thru ur thoughts… that's cute."

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Overall, I give this text pickup attempt a B-. Walawala is a valued contributor to the Chateau, and he has offered up some good stuff over the months. This one, however, misses the mark. First, it's too long. Text exchanges that go on and on eventually shift the balance of power in the woman's favor. That is the nature of verbal foreplay that must abide certain technological constraints. Women are vessels of words, men are warriors of action. This may not be as relevant today, as it looks like everyone and his grandma texts all the time, but it's still something to keep in mind.

Second, the lean on loaded sexual allusions was overwrought, and possibly premature (barring additional information about context). That kind of flirty sexy vibe works better face-to-face, where wry expressions can alleviate or accentuate the tension. Over text, it risks being perceived as overly persistent, or even creepy.

I don't mean to sound harsh. Walawala has still done better than most betas would do in the same circumstance. Any shortcomings evident in this text exchange are more pro-game problems than anti-game issues. I concede that my judgment could be unfair, but I don't have enough prior context to conclude otherwise. Perhaps I'm reading her replies in the worst light, and she was way more into it than it seems here on this blog. My assumption is that this pickup attempt is far from a given, but walawala is free to elaborate.

The Top Three Qualities That Make A Girl Good Girlfriend Material

CH · 22 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There are many “tells” women have that, unbeknownst to them, signal to the men they are dating their worthiness as long-term investments. The tell number could very well be in the thousands, and, yes ladies, we men are attuned to all of them, in greater or lesser perspicacity, and with conscious awareness or, more often and more insidiously, with subconscious awareness.

But there’s value in narrowing the list to the top three tells, and clarifying them for the less experienced men (betas) so that they are armed with the foreknowledge to actively avoid those women who would make bad girlfriends or wives. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cuckoldry.

So here they are: The top three girlfriend material qualities, in no particular order.

1. She exercised and ate healthily before she met you, and she continues to do so after you start dating her seriously.

Marriage counselors and platitudinal couples therapists can stow their poppycock psychology aka feminist fantasy books. The biggest warning sign that a relationship is about to fail is the growing size of the woman. The fatter and more shapeless she gets, the more her man’s eyes will wander, his empathy will wither, and his heart will shut down. A girl who has spent years cultivating good lifestyle habits that ensure she retains her slender, hourglass figure for as long as possible is a girl who, on a fundamental emotional level, respects men’s needs and seeks to fulfill them. Feminists and assorted broken cunts don’t care about their appearance because they loathe male desire. That is why they are so unpleasant to be around for longer than it takes to deliver a hate-fueled hot jizz payload.

A woman who works to stay as good-looking as she can within the constraints of her genetic endowment is signaling that she has a generous heart and a magnanimous soul. The care with which she comports herself will spill over into care for your well-being and support for your aspirations.

2. She rarely disparages her girl friends or snipes about their flaws behind their backs.

The girl who is forgiving of her friends’ flaws, who does not feel a compulsion to privately tear them down in order to lift herself up, is a rare jewel indeed, for the natural proclivity of The Woman™ is to backbite, snark and gossip about female competitors, real and imagined, until her ego tank is filled to brimming again. What care should men have about this peculiar trait of the unfairer sex? I’ll tell you. If she’s quick and all too enthusiastic to trash her friends in private, she’ll be quick and all too enthusiastic to demean your manhood in the privacy of her mind. And once she’s gone down that road, the mental demeaning begins its twisted manifestation into nagging and sex withdrawal. Unlike a man with a vendetta, a judgmental bitch has a scattershot target designator; don’t be surprised if one day her gun of ingratitude is aimed directly at you.

However, expecting a girl to be nonjudgmental at all times is unrealistic. Women are born with the neural roadmap to gossip because it aids their sex in maximizing resources for their (eventual) families. But we can draw lines between women who occasionally indulge this instinct and women who wallow in it like a pig in mud. When you’re with your date, is she constantly running down her supposed BFFs? Does her face light up when an opportunity presents to sneer about a friend’s recent nose job? Beware, because you are staring at the dark heart of borderline personality disorder and unfettered narcissism, the latter a characteristic that is particularly galling and self-immolating in women when taken to unhealthy extremes.

A girl who is patient with and tolerant of her friends will extend the same to you. This then is an excellent foundation upon which to build a relationship that will have to, necessarily due to the nature of two parties with competing reproductive goals, navigate shoals in the future. A girl like this will also be more tolerant of your manly desire, and, instead of cutting down her competition, will work on herself so that she can compete with the best of them for your love.

3. She has not had many past lovers, and she is not a constitutional flirt who will invite the temptation of more lovers.

Lovefacts to make a feminist's vagina explode angrily in a shower of dustballs: The more partners a woman has had, the more likely she is to divorce you. Sluts really are bad long-term prospects for men. They are great lays, but they are bad ideas as girlfriends or wives. So be on the lookout today for any and all slut tells a girl will reveal in the course of dating her. It could save you a divorce theft tomorrow.

But it's not always easy to unearth a woman's sordid past (rule of thumb: your working assumption should be that her past is more sordid than it is modest). So you have to rely on other, more immediate cues of future unfaithful whorishness. That's where a keen eye for her propensity to switch on a dime into flirt mode will serve you well. Constitutional flirts, aka eternal ingenues, while fun in the beginning for their sexual promise and alluring coyness, can quickly become stressful headaches within the confines of a relationship. Watch for how effortlessly she can segue from poised girl into seductive flirt when other men are around. Does it come a little *too* naturally for her? Then you, my friend, are playing with vagina fire. A girl who loves to flirt, and indulges frequently with or without you, is a girl who is one private moment in the after hours office meeting room from cheating on you.

Now, personally, I love flirty women. So walking the fine line between enjoying the company of flirts and suffering the crassness of flakes has presented challenges. Obviously, I look for women who moderate their urges to flirt. A girl who generously throws off a flirty vibe that once in a blue moon time because she feels especially good about the way she looks, or because it's her birthday, is no trouble to dating stability. The girl who flirts with her girlfriend's boyfriend on a random Wednesday night because, oh, she wants ALL the men's attention, and burgers are half price, is a girl you should consider fucking and chucking after a few months pretending you're into her that way.

More importantly, does she direct her flirting to me, or to the world? Some girls just can't get their attention whore fix without a large audience of men. Other girls, the better ones, are satisfied getting their ego fixes from their lovers alone. If a girl I am dating likes to flirt, but she finds her outlet role playing Seductress Joan with me rather than sidling up like the town courtesan to every meathead with a hungry glare, I bump her to the top of my LTR potential list.

I hope this post is equally informative for the women reading as it is for the men. You ladies have a duty too, if you want to capture the heart of a high value man, and keep it:

Be fit.

Be forgiving.

Don't be a foul slut.

If you think about it, that's not asking much compared to the grind that the average man has to endure to claim a single pussy as his own.

False Dichotomy Dorks

CH · 22 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The list of hater logical fallacies is never ending. I'd have to devote three weeks' worth of posts to debunk them all. Here's one that's particularly blockheaded:

< sperg >
"When you spend all that time chasing skirt, you miss out on the genuine feeling of accomplishing something real as a man."
< /sperg >

If the either-or presupposition was banned from discourse, I predict half of the haters' oeuvre would disappear overnight.

Fallacy: There's nothing about pickup that automatically disqualifies a man from pursuing other interests or goals in his life. Richard Feynman helped create the atom bomb (what have you done lately?) while being a notorious womanizer.

Seducing babes feels great. So does getting a big promotion, creating a work of art, being the life of the party, fixing a motorcycle so it's purring like a kitten, upgrading a kitchen by the sweat of your own brow, and chopping wood for the fireplace. None of these achievements are mutually exclusive. All of them induce the same powerful feelings of manliness.

All of them, too, are signatures of the alpha male.

Fertility, Intelligence And Religion

CH · 22 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The perennial underground subject of the nexus where fertility, IQ, education and religion meet gets another go-round on the avant-garde right. You can read a couple of takes here and here. Bottom (literally) line: dysgenics is real, and it's happening right now.

I have a thought on the issue that I haven't seen addressed in any of these discussions. Perhaps smarts and dislike of, or cold indifference to, children are intertwined at the genetic level? Hypothesis: The genes that code for smarts also contribute a suite of personality alterations that result in reduced enthusiasm to have kids.

Maybe instead of all these calculated, or emergent, trade-offs accounting for lower fertility among the SWPL class — e.g. more schooling leading to more lost prime fertility years among women — the real reason for the dysgenic trend is that smart people just don't get as much enjoyment out of kids as dumber people do. As a result, they use the contraceptive tech and cultural memes at their disposal to actively avoid the burden of children, especially when they are younger and the world is full of delights.

Maybe this, too, would explain why there are natural evolutionary limits on selection for high IQ. In small-ish numbers, high IQ confers a group benefit, but in larger numbers high IQ becomes fitness-reducing, if by fitness we restrict ourselves to the gene's eye view of getting more copies of itself into future generations.

Anyhow, not a sermon, just a thought. My time around smart people, and my observations of their discomfort and/or boredom when in the company of children (particularly the men) leads me to believe they don't really have a strong internal motivator pushing them in the direction of reproduction. Pushing them in the direction of sex, yes. But thanks to rubbers, the pill, and destigmatization, they are able to thwart the end goal of their genetic programming.

Never Listen To A Feminist's Opinion About Helping Boys

CH · 25 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's been a trend lately of books by feminist authors writing about boys and their problems. Seems the impact of declining fortunes for boys (in the feminist dominated West) is beginning to penetrate the blocklike skulls of the cuntiscenti. Does this mean the formerly delusional are finally powering down the furry hamster deflector shields protecting their fragile grrlpower egos? Eh, not so fast. Reading the excerpts and reviews of these tomes of deeply shallow thought quickly reveals that the feminist propaganda machine is still churning out man-hating boilerplate at maximum capacity. The only difference is that the shrieking stridency has been replaced by soft-pedaled coos of subterfuge.

Case in point: a new book by self-described feminist Lisa Bloom. From the introduction:

> At this very moment, through no fault of their own, our boys are caught in the vortex of four powerful, insidious, often invisible forces that conspire to rob them of their future.

The first line sounds promising so far. A realtalking sister? Pfft. Please. Check your hopefulness at the door. If you need to know one thing about bitches who write books about boys, it's that they are constitutionally incapable of tackling the shortcomings of their own sex and the detrimental policies advocated by their mouthpieces. Which will be demonstrated below, as you find out fast how easily Bloom slips into, in so many words, the phonyfuck talk of "what boys need is more feminism and de-masculinizing reprogramming".

> First, our heartbreakingly subpar schools. To say that twenty-first-century America doesn't value education is like saying Donald Trump doesn't prioritize humility. Class sizes grow, as kids sit on the floor or are crammed into "temporary" classrooms in hallways or bathrooms. School buildings crumble, leak, and emit toxic fumes.

Lie number one. The US is third among countries for amount spent per pupil. When you break it out by race, you find that American white students can compete with the best of them from Europe. The truth that mass market dreckmeisters like Bloom won't touch?: The students, not the schools, are the problem.

I didn't read anything in this wordy excerpt about Title IX causing the closure of many men's sports programs to cater to girls who have less inclination to play sports. I didn't read about the glorification of girls' self-esteem and the demonization of boys' unique characteristics. Not a word about the decades-long push to force naturally unenthusiastic girls into boys' STEM subjects. Or all the freebies, gimmedats, affirmative action and social support networks, built up over generations by dykish feminists, available to girls that boys, especially white boys, are barred from exploiting.

> In 1992 presidential candidate Ross Perot warned of the giant sucking sound we'd hear if the North American Free Trade Agreement passed, sending American jobs to Mexico, but even Perot could not have imagined the gargantuan vacuum created when millions of American manufacturing jobs were siphoned off to China, India, and elsewhere. Those jobs are now extinct in America. The giant sucking sound turned out to be a muted, steady bleed-out of the blue-collar male work force.

Not a word about uninvited mass migration from Latin America placing downward pressure on blue collar wages, except to crow in Ellis Island-ese about immigrant moxie. How much you want to bet this schoolmarm is all for open borders?

> As they are negotiating their way through our miserable schools and jobless economy, our popular culture—the third soul-leeching, invisible force—seduces our boys with flashy, loud messages that manhood equals macho bravado, emotional numbness, ignorance, and thugdom.

Boy stuff bad. Girl stuff good. Let's make our boys deferential betas, emotional sissies, well-read critics of feminist lit and THUPER THENTHITIVE Iron Johns. Strangely, not a peep from Bloom about the blame due all those single moms squirting out the tidal wave of unmanageable orclings.

> "I got mushrooms, I got acid, I got tabs,"raps Eminem, idol to many boys, *"I'm your brother when you need some new weed . . . I'm your friend."*

"I kissed a girl" — Katy Perry. "And I liked it" — Lisa Bloom

> There is one road for boys who don't overcome their failing schools, who aren't exceptional enough to find a job where there is none, who absorb the message that real men express anger via gun violence or who use or sell drugs to escape or to make a few bucks, and that road has one dead-end terminus: our ever-expanding, bursting-to-the-seams prisons.

Lie number two. I'm going to call Bloom out for this even though I'm too lazy to scour for the relevant data. I bet if you break out incarceration rates by race, you'll find again that the rate for white Americans compares favorably with Europeans. Or at least the difference isn't so stark. I don't have a beef with reforming the prison system so that fewer nonviolent offenders like pot smokers are locked up, but to imply that the nation's boys would be better off if more thugs were released into public circulation is the height of non-sequitur stupidity.

More relevantly, Bloom could talk about reducing prison rape, which is a REAL black stain on America's moral standing. But then she'd have to turn in her feminist bona fides and admit that more men than women are victims of rape. And we can't have that, what with RAAAAPE cries being such a useful fundraiser for the man-hating dyke brigade.

> We may be the last country on the planet to lock up juveniles—overwhelmingly boys—for life-without-parole sentences for crimes committed when they were minors.

Another sterling contribution from America's single moms! Rebuttal, Mzz Bloom? **crickets**

> But there is a great deal we as parents can do at little or no cost to give our boys the advantages they need right now to jack up their odds of finishing high school, going to college, and leading a decent, free life in which they can not only support a family but also contribute to their communities.

Lie number three. Not everyone is cognitively capable of succeeding at college. In fact, the number of boys who could handle college life is only around 25% of the population, and likely less than that. If your premise starts and finishes with college attendance, your policy and your good intentions will fail.

> Why is this book about boys rather than all our kids—boys *and* girls? Shouldn't we be concerned about *girls'* literacy, for example, and making sure that they too stay in school, fend off negative cultural messages, and become adults who find productive work so that they can support their families too?
>
> Hell, yes, we should!

So certain are you? Female economic empowerment has rendered large swaths of working class men unattractive to women who can support themselves. A truly insightful thinker would ask if getting women out of the workforce might actually improve men's employment prospects *and* their willingness to settle down and support a family for whose welfare they would then exercise a great responsibility.

> As I said all along, the problem of American ignorance applies equally to both genders. The distractions may be different (girls: *Real Housewives*, TMZ; guys: ESPN,*Call of Duty*),

Notice how this slippery eel conflates sports with celebrity worship, as if they were equal vices.

> but the lack of focus, the disconnection, is the same. (In fact, I can now report that it may be even worse for guys, as we shall see throughout this book.)

You'd think it would kill her to use the term "men" instead of "guys". But, hey, that would get in the way of her work building up boys' self-esteem.

> At my speaking events around the country, parents would talk to me about the challenges of raising girls, but they would also tell me about the problems they were having with their sons: falling behind in school; addiction to video games; inability to communicate socially; music, TV, and films that encourage boys to become macho jerks; how hard it was for them to get their son to pick up a book.

Maybe because the books available to boys are feminized schlock? I mean, has this broad seen a typical English class high school multicult reading list lately? What boy could take pride in reading the sniveling guano of grievance mongers and slam poetesses?

> Is everything a bright-line gender issue? Of course not. But there is no getting around facts like the beauty industry markets almost entirely to women (and its incessant ads make us feel ugly and flawed), and *Grand Theft Auto* is overwhelmingly played by boys (and depicts for them a manhood defined by fighting, guns and violence).

Lie number four. The culture does not create innate sex predilections; it reflects and amplifies them. Sex differences are real, hard-wired, and exist from the moment of birth. You do boys no service by telling them their preferences are pathological and forcing them into learning tracks that turn them away from their natures.

> Gender still marks so much of how the world approaches us. (To those who break out of traditional gender molds, I salute you.)

Part of the problem is that too many men and women are breaking out of "traditional gender molds". But such crimethought would require a less reflexive compulsion to supplant substance with shibboleth.

> So a quick note about generalizations: as a lifelong feminist (my dad used to say I needed "consciousness lowering"), I bristle at gender stereotypes—false claims made about an entire group. "Women are lousy drivers." "Men are better with money." Uh, no. Statistically speaking, the reverse of each of those statements is true, as we shall see.

Lie number five. Women really are worse drivers than men. And where men suffer more traffic fatalities, women get into more nonfatal crashes. "As we shall see", indeed.

That "Uh, no" is a dead giveaway of femcuntery. It's right up there with the "Wow, just wow" faux shock moral indignation that lefties burp out when they hear a taboo truth uttered stone cold straight instead of draped in euphemestic SWPLcode. "Uh, no, I will not allow that obviously true generalization about the sexes to soil acceptable discourse." "Wow, just wow, I can't believe you said something I secretly believe is true but will never say because I'm too desperately needy to risk the loss of empty status points and invites to cocktail parties."

I don't care how much a feminist claims to have the best interest of boys in heart, if she immediately reverts to "uh, no" close-minded feminist shorthand, you can expect a cascade of 500+ pages of steaming bullshit coming your way.

> Sadly, every day assumptions are still made about individual women and men based on sexist stereotypes,

> ignoring individual talents and merit. A woman is perceived as “softer,” less promotable, and less of a leader simply because of her gender. A man is told he wouldn’t be as good at caring for children because “women are naturally better caregivers.” Pernicious biases restrict individuals from demonstrating their own unique gifts, training, and skills.

The war against pattern recognition marches onward. You’ll know the enemy is sensing defeat when they start reaching for the nuke button.

> I do not traffic in gender stereotypes, I assure you.

I really don’t think you have to assure us. You’ve made you inability to grapple with this issue in an original and impartial manner very clear.

> I simply follow the research to see what it tells us about girls and boys, women and men, and report it to you straight.

The five lies above, all within your book’s introduction, say otherwise.

> When I found a small but statistically insignificant bit of information, I left it out.

Translation: “All that nasty research proving the existence of innate sex differences? Yeah, you don’t need to upset yourself with that boy stuff.”

> And naturally, every child is different. Even in our thuggish, hypermacho culture, there are boys who are gentle, who love art and theater and dance, who are kind and compassionate.

And finally we get to the crux of her campaign to save our boys. She wants to turn them gay. The more gay/girly our boys get, the better for our gloriously feminist society!

> In our failing schools there are boys who read Shakespeare on their own and check out ten library books at a time.

No thanks to feminists.

> Despite the drumbeat of bad news for minorities, I met Latino and African American boys in East Harlem who are beating the private school kids in advanced robotics competitions.

Pending “Lie number six” designation, I’m gonna need to see a cite for this extraordinary claim.

> Although particular cultural pressures are at play for boys generally, your son—every boy—is unique and deserves to be loved and approached as he is.

Even the serial killers who get tons of love letters from admiring women?

> He’s not a statistic; he’s one-of-a-kind. Of course. I get that. I have a son too.

“And so therefore I am qualified to write about the entire population of boys.”

The real lesson of “Swagger” is this: How do dumbass, lying feminists continue getting books published?

Oh yeah. The publishing industry is filled with women and gays. Maybe it could use a little more diversity on staff, like, say, straight men.

OkCupid Corruption & Online Dating Tactic

CH · 26 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've always wondered how much database integrity online dating websites maintain. It would be very easy for an insider with a grudge or a boner to do the metaphorical equivalent of downvoting any one particular user's profile. Now a reader writes to fuel my suspicions:

> An ex of mine, who is/was merely an active OkCupid user, once gloated to me that she was given administrator access, ability, and privilege at the site, simply for being a cool femme type. Of course our side doesn't get gifted with such love.
>
> Her suggestion was that, if I ever got back on after we broke up and started scoring poon again, she could look in on me and invent ways to harass me.
>
> Worthwhile intel for the Chateau. Wonder how pervasive that sort of thing is.

I can believe this. Imagine the hard-up nerdlings that code and administer dating sites. One of their cute babe customers gets in contact with the denizens of the IT deep. Falling over themselves with glee at having secured the (faked) attention of a non-fat whale for once in their lives, and recognizing the awesome power they wield within their manboobed, pinched milieu, they'd probably bend over backwards faster than a prepubescent Chinese gymnast to shower her with Gifts of the Honorary Vagi, which would include supersecret access to all sorts of supposedly well-guarded user data. Never underestimate the rapidity with which an undersexed nerd will give away the farm and betray his principles for a cute girl with a flirty vibe.

So, is it pervasive? Who knows. Is it probable? Yeah.

Online dating is really a shit show for (non-gaming) men. Besides the back room subterfuge and the cosmically awful ratio of men to women, you also have to deal with blowback effects from profiles that stay up after you've met and banged a girl. Why would a man feel like putting time and effort into a girl he's banged when he sees her continuing to log into her profile? Online dating may streamline ~~meeting girls~~ feeding girls attention, but it also undermines investing in them. It's the perfect vehicle to distribute the products of the 21st century mating market.

While online dating websites are not my go-to sexonomy, there are ways to sufficiently exploit their information asymmetries and competitor contrast opportunities to get laid fairly regularly off of them. Reader "A. Veidt" offers an example:

I'm a skeptic of "online dating" (even the term is a contradiction: dates do not happen outside of tactile range), mostly because I think chicks lie in their close-cropped five-year-old profile pictures. But I also go where the pussy is, and increasingly, it's possible to find some decent women on free sites like OKCupid. And anyway, sometimes I'm bored at work.

The key to getting a decent return on investment is to invest as little as humanly possible in any one girl until you've got a phone number and a firm commitment for a time to meet up (in your neighborhood, somewhere quiet and cheap). Girls on these sites get ridiculous numbers of messages, and I'm convinced that's why many otherwise sort-of-attractive women (who surely don't need okcupid to get men) sign up: they love the one-way, no-commitment flow of attention. Log in once a week, read your adoring fanboy mail, and log off without answering any of it. What could be better? It's like having a Dial-a-Beta.

As a consequence, messaging girls with the standard shit is a waste of time. "Hey, you like Perks of Being a Wallflower? Me too!" Give me a break. They've heard it all before: every piece of information in their profile has been used by some sad sack to try and open them. So, instead, I wrote a stock opener that I use on literally everyone. It saves time. Log in for five minutes a day, paste this to five chicks you think are interesting, and move on with your life. Plus, it's unusual, so it might knock an attention-seeker off her pedestal and get her to (even

though she hadn't planned on it) actually write back. Here it is:

SUBJ: the bet

"so, obviously you're aesthetically interesting, but a buddy of mine was looking over my shoulder just now and claimed that – without a doubt – your profile was written by a guy; he says any profile with so little information makes him suspicious. [EDITOR'S NOTE: change the part after the semicolon as needed. it doesn't matter what it actually says. don't make it complimentary, and don't get specific. if it's a confusing non sequitur, so much the better. run, hamster, run.]

he claimed that there were a million dead giveaways. I came to your defense, of course, but it got a little out of hand and now we've got a $20 bet going as to whether or not you're really a girl. so, just between you and me, am I about to lose $20?"

It seems retarded to me, but it keeps working. I think girls love the unusual nature of the accusation and relish the chance to prove themselves; they like the framing of a guy who's hanging out with his friends and not sitting around lonely at home; and, of course, it's a neg. That's why it's important not to compliment her except in the most oblique and ambiguous way ("aesthetically interesting"—you may have to tone this down for the stupider chicks. sometimes I use "interesting looking." don't say pretty.)

I sent that message verbatim to a girl today and got the following response back within hours:

"Without a doubt, more than anything I know, I am 100% female. My profile was written by me, sincere and honest.

Meaning, if this bet is real, your friend lost $20 and you should take me out for a drink with your winnings.

"

I have gotten this response back close to verbatim many times. "I'm a girl! Tee hee! Use your winnings to take me out!" After this, game as normal; get her phone number, meet up within a couple of days, and treat her like any other chick. (Which means, don't actually start serving up drinks from your fictitious winnings, of course. You would, but you lost that $20 back to your buddy—it's sort of an interesting story actually . . .)

(Two pics of the girl, who's 23, are attached; I'd ask that you not use them on the site, but I figured you need some way to judge personally whether this just works on fatties and uglos.) **[ed: the chick is a cute, slender blonde.]**

Anyway, I don't want to see the world oversaturated with this opener, but there are so many retards on OKCupid that I don't think it'll be a problem. Girls join the site every day and leave just as regularly; there's always fresh blood. Plus, after biting Style's material for years, I figure I should give back when I stumble upon something that works.

Any Chateau readers out there have similar low-investment, high-yield material for sorting through the bullshit on online sites?

The floor is open. I believe there are online game techniques in the archives of this blog as well. FYI, I've used the "are you really a girl?" line once on a girl I was picking up through a dating website. It wasn't calculated game so much as a glib throwaway joke at her expense, but she did respond with glitter and confetti popping out of her vagina. Chicks love having to prove themselves to men. When they are in the defensive crouch answering your challenge, your perceived value experiences a passive rise. That's because girls will appraise men to whom they have qualified themselves as necessarily being worthy of their sycophancy.

Kevin Smith Game

CH · 27 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader James has a game-related question:

> Hey Heartiste I've got a question. What do you make of this:
>
> On a couple of occasions I had college age girls strike up conversation with me by telling me I looked like someone they knew. In a third occasion I just recalled while writing this, another college girl struck up a conversation with me while waiting in line at the grocery store by claiming I looked like Kevin Smith of Silent Bob fame (in all three scenarios I was overweight and in all likelihood sporting a homeless person style beard since I was too lazy to shave. I'm also pretty tall, a bit over 6′, but physically that was likely my only positive trait.) whom she was a huge fan of. In one of the bus cases, the girl was telling her fat friend she needed a boyfriend because she was stressed and wanted to "blow off some steam", and she must know I heard the conversation since they were only a meter or two away from me. Grocery store chick was standard issue swpl, 6-7 by most men's standards I would estimate. Blow some steam girl was pretty hot, probably an 8. Second bus girl looked similar to grocery store girl, only she had short hair (huge turn-off) so I can't give her more than a 5.
>
> I figure they were all lame pick-up attempts, but who the fuck tries to pick up a guy who looks like a hobo? so I'm gonna ask some of the experts for a second opinion.

Fame is such a powerful aphrodisiac for women that even the flimsiest simulacrum of it can redound beneficially to a man. Yes, if you look like a famous dude, no matter how physically repulsive that famous dude is in real life, you can score pussy off of your gift. Sometimes this works despite the girl *knowing* you're a lookalike.

Kevin Smith may look like a hobo, but he's famous, and chicks will spread for all sorts of famous men, no matter how dirty, ugly or smelly they are. (The same is not true for men, as demonstrated by the professed romantic travails of ugly Hollywood actresses who don't get anywhere near the lustful attentions that ugly Hollywood actors get.)

You've never seen a woman's rationalization hamster spin its wheel so fast than when the roided-up rodent is giving a presentation to the Figurehead Ego in the corner cortex trying to convince him that the vehicular meat unit ensconcing both of them needs this ugly, unhygienic, drug-addicted famous guy's seed pronto.

Figurehead Ego: He's only interested in a one night stand.

Hamster: We can win him over. And it'll feel better than that five year grind we had with Bob from accounting.

Figurehead Ego: We're just a groupie to him, like all the others.

Hamster: We're not like all the others. Look at how he smiles at us.

Figurehead Ego: He's going to forget us before the morning is over.

Hamster: We can beat the morning odds with a well-timed home-cooked breakfast. We'll be unforgettable.

Figurehead Ego: Did you read in the tabloids how he had a different girl on his arm last week?

Hamster: You can't believe everything the tabloids say.

Figurehead: And how he was in a group orgy with Victoria's Secret supermodels on his birthday?

Hamster: Mere rumors. Anyhow, those girls are sluts.

Figurehead: And how he got married in a private ceremony last month?

Hamster: He doesn't love her.

Figurehead Ego: And how he cheated on his wife?

Hamster: Open relationship. Don't you just love honest men?

Figurehead Ego: And he punched a homeless guy in the nose?

Hamster: He was probably asking for it. Those bums can get pushy.

Figurehead: Ok, but what about his drug addictions?

Hamster: He's a tortured soul.

Figurehead Ego: His run-ins with the law?

Hamster: His passion sometimes gets the better of him.

Figurehead Ego: The facial contusions he gave to his ex-girlfriend?

Hamster: Oh god.

Figurehead Ego: What?

Hamster: I just tingled.

Figurehead Ego: Yeah, I could feel that seismic shift all the way up here. What about the shit smell emanating from the seat of his pants?

Hamster: I don't smell anything. But if I do smell something wafting delightfully under my nose, it must be his musky cologne. More men should be so confident to wear such unapologetically masculine scents.

Figurehead Ego: And the flies buzzing around his head? It looks like he hasn't bathed in a month.

Hamster: He's in touch with nature.

Figurehead Ego: And the yellow stains in the pits of his t-shirt?

Hamster: He doesn't care what people think of him. So sexy!

Figurehead Ego: He just farted in front of you.

Hamster: Authenticity.

Figurehead Ego: And I suppose you're Ok with the log he left in the toilet.

Hamster: It looks like Jesus.

Figurehead Ego: Or that he's a D-lister who hasn't had a profitable hit in ten years.

Hamster: He's FAMOUS. Didn't you see the TMZ photo of him pissing on the front steps of that rape crisis center?

Figurehead Ego: Or that he's going absolutely nowhere in life.

Hamster: But I love him.

Figurehead Ego: And his dick is rumored to be small…

Hamster: It's all I need.

Figurehead Ego: …and he'll come in two seconds.

Hamster: I'll come in one second.

Figurehead: And you can forget about post-coital cuddling.

Hamster: Not when he sees what a catch I am. He'll hold me forever and ever and never let go.

Figurehead Ego: You tired yet?

Hamster: NOPE.

Figurehead Ego: Look, let me put this to you straight. He's going to use you as a convenient hole to get his rocks off. He will demand ass privileges (something, need I remind you, you haven't given to any man before, even your ex-husband) and you will get nothing you want in return. He will, if the drugs don't first kill his erection, face fuck you until you're gagging and tasting hot tears. He will then kick you out of his hotel room, with perhaps an autographed pillow mint as a consolation prize. He's not going to call you back. He's not going to take your calls. He will pretend he never knew you when people ask. He doesn't love you, he never will love you, and he will never marry you, buy you a house, or (knowingly) have children with you. In fact, it's very likely he will despise you approximately fifteen seconds after he has unceremoniously deposited his demon seed in your ululating vagina. Afterwards, men you actually have a decent shot at winning commitment from will hear of your slutty reputation and avoid you like the plague. There is nothing in the world you can do to alter this guaranteed outcome. Second thoughts?

Hamster: Aren't these garden flowers pretty?

Figurehead Ego: I give up.

Hamster: OMG, he's pointing at me. And now he's pointing at his crotch. *SWOON*

***

So here's my suggestion to you, reader, the next time a girl mistakes you for Kevin Smith. Run with it. What's that, you say? You're ethical? Tough shit. Go home and play with your Epictetus.

Feminism Is Making Americans Fat

CH · 28 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Yes, not only is feminism drawing mustachios on our women, turning them into pale facsimiles of men, the grimy loser ideology is also fattening Americans up for the pig roast. How so, you ask?

The obvious mechanism is through the concerted propaganda effort to elevate deviancy to a sainted virtue, and taint normalcy by reducing it to just another lifestyle choice. The growing (heh) fat acceptance movement is one such example of this emergent social experiment. Platitudes ("we're all beautiful in our own way") and shibboleths ("real women have curves!") and outright lies ("men are culturally conditioned to prefer thin women") are the feminist's tools of the trade. All delivered in the dulcet tones of a screeching hyena.

But there's another, more insidious, reason why feminism bears a heavy debt of responsibility for the American obesity epidemic: by haranguing women to enter the workforce, they encouraged them to leave the homeforce in droves. This mass exodus from the home resulted in fewer healthy, home-cooked meals for the family and more processed, high sugar, high GI insta-feed from the supermarket shelves and fast food reheateries as a substitute.

Mangan details this in his excellent post about supernormal stimuli:

> And why do we eat fast food and sugar-laden food more now? The causes are complex, but do concern our political and social environment. I think that feminism, with all its attendant fallout, especially the entrance of women into the workplace, is one of the main social causes of the obesity epidemic. Because so many women work outside the home, the substitution of restaurant and convenience food for home-cooked meals has come to seem necessary for many people. These foods are precisely those that have greater reward value, and that is precisely because modern industrial food manufacturers have designed them to be so.

You want to reframe the national discourse so that feminism is killed dead before it has a chance to infect the next generation of hosts? Just tell a woman about to embark on a contorted feminist line of reasoning that feminism makes people fat. If you want to win hearts and minds, you've gotta hit 'em where it matters. And for women, it matters most in the size of their figures.

Results From An Online Dating Experiment

CH · 29 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader telegraphed the Chateau a link to a very interesting experiment that an intrepid blogger ran on OKCupid. He created ten fake profiles, five men and five women of increasing physical attractiveness, and measured the response rate he received over a four-month period. The results should be little surprise to regular guests of this mysterious sanctum sanctorum, but are worth examining in detail for the clarity they provide to men who are considering making online dating the fulcrum of their mate selection strategy.

> The experiment: How many unsolicited messages do men get compared to women? And what difference does their physical attractiveness make to each man and woman's success? **[ed: all ten dummy accounts had the same written profile. you can read about his experimental set-up at his blog, which i recommend. we'll focus on his results here.]**

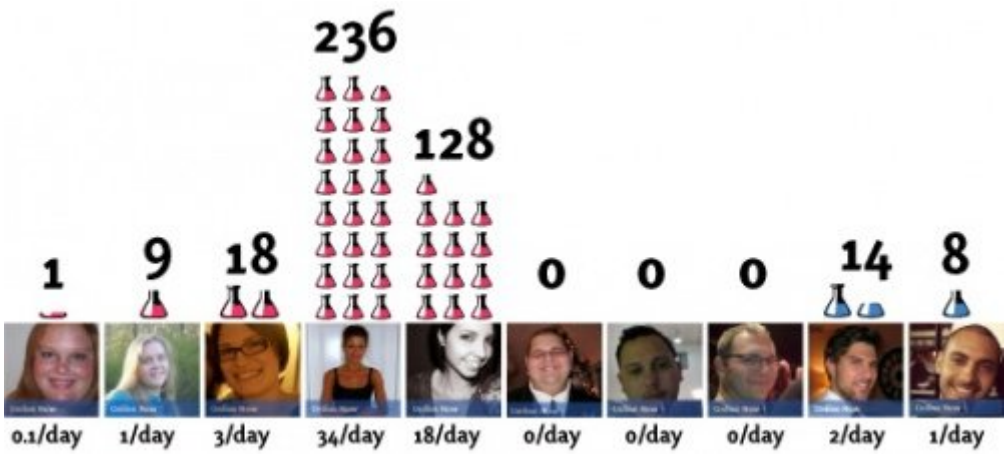
Here are the photos he used, ugliest to hottest, left to right:

The results after 24 hours showed that the two hottest women were instantly barraged with suitors, while the men, even the good-looking ones, struggled to get a nibble.

> • Each woman received at least one message, but **the two best looking women received 581% more messages than the other three combined**.
>
> • Only one man received any messages.

For the second-hottest chick, 1 in 3 men who viewed her profile sent her a message. For the second-hottest man, 1 in 10 women who viewed his profile sent him a message. (Strangely, the putative hottest man got no messages.) Conclusion: Looks matter a lot more for women's mating success. Or: looks matter a lot less for men's mating success (relative to all the other criteria they must meet to satisfy women's 463 bullet-point checklist).

What about the results after 7 days?



As we can see, the two hottest girls are cleaning up in the attention whore sweepstakes. The two hottest men get a few bites, but because they are men and have no personal concept of the sheer volume of sexual attention that hot women experience during their brief window of prime fertility, they think they are Kings of Maine.

Handsome Joe: “Hey, Emma, I got eight messages this week! I’m in demand!”

Exquisite Emma: “Oh, uh, hee hee… that’s great Joe!”

Handsome Joe: “How many did you get?”

Exquisite Emma: “128.”

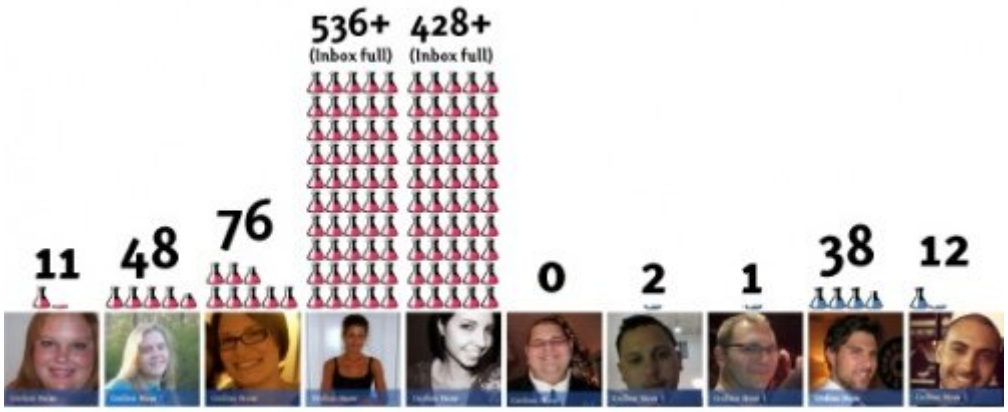
Handsome Joe:

Even more depressing for those above average-looking men who think they can bank on their decent looks to score pussy, the ugliest girl (that cow all the way over on the left) got one more message than the three men, from left to right, got in total. The plain jane got almost as many messages as the two hottest men combined.

> • Three of the men had no messages, despite their profiles being viewed about 25 times between them.
> • **The women’s messages outnumbered the men’s 17 to 1** (mostly thanks to the two best looking women).

Behold female hypergamy and male potency.

Finally, the results after four months:



Holy mackerel! Check your female privilege. The next time you hear a feminist whine about the patriarchy, show her this graph and tell her where the real power resides.

A couple things to note. The ugliest man got nothing after four months of desperation. The three men with looks ranging from ugly to above-average received a grand total of three messages over four months. If you are the average man, don't plan on letting your generic beta profile and photo do your work for you. Hell, even if you are a good-looking man, you won't have many messages to work with after four months. Conclusion: Men, you NEED game in order to excel in the thunderbone that is online dating. Otherwise, you'll have better odds picking up women just talking to any of them that you meet walking down the street.

Worse, the ugliest woman got nearly as many messages as the best-looking man! (Or second-best-looking man, depending on your judgment of the rank order of male photos.) The second-ugliest woman — a piddling 3 or 4 by most men's standards — received as many messages as the two hottest men received.

> • The two most attractive women probably would have received several thousand more if their inboxes hadn't have reached maximum capacity.
>
> • It took 2 months, 13 days for the most popular woman's inbox to fill up. At the current rate it would take the most popular man 2.3 years to fill up his.

This is why men, unlike women in their primes, cannot wait around for lovers to fall in their laps. They have to bust a move. This also explains why men, in general, have a firmer grip on the reality of the sexual market than do women: when you're a hot babe, you can afford ignorance and platitudes because the tidal wave of messages will come regardless. But a man who wallows in pretty lies will soon find himself banished to Pudpullia, where boners go to chafe.

The blogger who performed the experiment also analyzed the content of the messages that the OKCupid customers were leaving the fake profiles.

> My impression, after reading several hundred in the women's inboxes, is that most men compliment the attractive women a lot, they make reference to something in the woman's profile (you would not believe how many times men mentioned the party tricks and 'Arrow' the cheetah from the generic profile I wrote), or they ask a general question about travel or something equally boring.
>
> They are rarely, if ever, imaginative…

Game will never become overexposed. Boring beta chumps who are truly nice outnumber charming aloof jerks who are truly cocky by about 1 million to 1. This is good news for the player with game who plays the online charade: online, you can decimate, because your competition is so weak and so ludicrously market saturated.

So what is the experimenter's recommendation for men? His recipe for success will sound familiar to practitioners of the art of seduction.

> • Demonstrate creativity, intelligence and a great sense of humour
> • Be totally different to anything she may have received before
> • Be obviously unique and not a cut-and-paste job
> • Show that I've read her profile and absorbed facts about her
> • Not be needy!

Unpredictability, ignoring her beauty (negs), non-neediness, listening ability, and wit. All core game concepts.

Note, too, that the guy running that blog sounds like a well-meaning liberal who probably thinks feminism is a-ok, so the fact that he's coming to these conclusions about the sexes and the steps men need to take to attract women — steps which fly in the face of feminist and beta male bromides — suggests that his self-enlightenment is genuine, and not an affectation.

He includes in his post the “perfect message” that he sent to a cute chick, which you should go there to read. It’s a bit long and try-hard for my taste, but he mostly abides the standard game rules and does a good job avoiding horrible anti-game. Notice that at the end of his message he ASSUMED THE SALE. She replied positively.

He ends with thoughts about the obstacles that men and women face in the hyperconcentrated online meat market.

> The fact that the first stage of online dating is so heavily stacked in women’s favour doesn’t necessarily mean that it’s any easier for them, compared to men, to reach the end goal of pure love or perfect sex. They may have the pick of the bunch to begin with, especially if they happen to be really attractive, but they can still only date one man at a time—they must still filter the largely undifferentiated onslaught of male attention into yes and no piles. Then the yes pile has to be sorted through in much the same way as anyone else does it—by talking, bonding, finding common interests, realising there’s been a big mistake, or a wonderful discovery.

An overabundance of sexual attention is a problem most men would like to have. So I don’t buy his feminist-glazed assertion that women have it just as tough as men. First, he’s simply wrong to think women can only date one man at a time. Women, especially the hot ones, can and do date multiple men concurrently. Usually, they do this before they have committed to any one man with the broken seal of their vaginas, but before then women have no ethical or psychological roadblocks stopping them from dating three or five or ten men per week. In fact, I’ve known cute chicks who BRAGGED about how many men were treating them to nights out on the town.

It’s different, of course, once women enter a sexual relationship. Then, they find it hard, and soul-crushing, to give themselves over to more than one man at a time. Men, in contrast, will happily screw many babes concurrently if they could get away with it. Most men can’t, so they pretend they have morals to explain their heavenly monogamy.

Second, the online sorting process is not as hard for women as this guy is making it out to be. Women have finely honed beta male filter mechanisms that can quickly and efficiently sort the bores from the bosses. Sorting through 500 email messages becomes a lot less daunting when you can immediately delete the 495 of them that start with “You’re very pretty…” or “Hi, my name is…” or “Do you like living in…?”.

Granted, women have to put more time into their message sorting chores than men do (who base their judgments almost completely on a quick millisecond glance at a photo), but most women would secretly agree that the ego boost of an overflowing email inbox is worth the extra time picking through all the losers. For proof of this, just listen to any aging cougar who laments the loss of her youth when unwanted attention from men was a hassle. Being sexually invisible (like most men) is a change in life status most women don’t accommodate very well.

Beyond the scope of sorting, meeting and dating, there is a good point to be made that the difficulty level for women navigating the sexual market begins to rise and even surpass the difficulty level for men once relationships are within reach. Men can glide more easily in and out of failed dating adventures, and even failed LTRs, for they have more time on their side than do women. Plus, they have no risk of a disabling nine month burden. A couple years here and there with different women doesn’t much affect the overall dating outlook for men. Women, otoh, risk a lot more with the time and energy they invest in each man they date. An LTR that fails after two years can be fatal to a woman’s dating window of opportunity.

Two final notes.

1. It’s easy to be misled by this data from online dating sites that ugly women are just as in-demand as handsome men. No. First, the men contacting the ugly women are likely the dregs of malehood. Second, a low-effort copypaste email to an ugly chick is worth it from a loser man’s perspective if it results in a quick, sloppy lay. The trick for these ugly women, which they find is much harder to manage, is getting these losers to stick around and commit to them for more than the one-off perfunctory fuck. In other words, you can’t accurately judge a woman’s sexual market value by how much sex has, or how easily she can have sex, with losers.

Third, female choosiness means that the rate of online female messaging is not as indicative of men’s SMV as

online male messaging is indicative of women's SMV. An online profile is simply NOT ENOUGH for a woman to judge a man's sexiness and compatibility. She needs to smell him, be touched by him, watch him move, listen to him speak, and furtively eye the way his crotch bulges. But an online profile IS ENOUGH for a man to judge a woman's sexiness and, yes, sometimes even compatibility, because men seek to build connections primarily as a function of their visually-based lust, unlike women who seek to find reasons to dismiss budding connections as a function of their critical hypergamous impulses.

2. Differential online messaging rates between men and women, when a bare bones written profile and photo are all the viewer has to go on, prove that looks in a potential mate simply aren't as important for women as they are for men. If they were, women would be messaging the two hottest men at the same rate that the men messaged the two hottest women. But women need a LOT MORE from their men than just a nice-looking face. Women need a whole plethora of signals of high value mate quality, and that includes to a great degree men's personality traits, vibe and attitude.

This is not to say that women don't care about looks; only that women compartmentalize looks along with other, less physically tangible male characteristics that they are subconsciously attracted to in men. Less facially gifted men with game should be heartened by these online results: they show that a tight email message that exhibits the qualities of the preselected alpha male can draw the interest of cute girls who might otherwise dismiss these men based solely on their photos.

In short, women have a tool. Men have a toolbox. If a woman's tool, however powerful it is, is broken, she's shit out of luck. If a man's wrench is broken, he reaches in and grabs the pliers.

Don't wait for a woman to slip her tool in your toolbox. If you do that, you are looking at long dry spells. Reach in, grab your tools, and hot wire her circuitry.

Men Aren't Attracted to High-Earning Women

CH · 2 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The feminist and equalist gatekeepers of discourse are getting nervous that their house of lies is about to crumble in on them, thanks to the yeoman efforts of the alt-sphere. You can tell the heat is on them by the fevered pitch with which they churn out their copy, rife more than ever with sloppy logic, appeals to emotion and propaganda masquerading as fact.

An exemplar of this indisciplined genre is this Time article asserting that men are attracted to high-earning women, authored by Liza Mundy. The basis of her claim is the Hamilton Project which, she says, shows that men are more attracted to high-earning women.

Mundy makes the classic category errors of her type:

1. She conflates the marriage market with the sexual/dating market.

While there is overlap between the two markets, men bring to bear an adjusted set of criteria upon potential marriage partners. For instance, men will value chasteness and a low partner count history in marriage material women more than they will value those things in a sexual fling. (More tellingly, men tend to value *looseness* in short-term sexual prospects.) Men may also make cold, unemotional calculations that a woman of means can give their layabout asses a better life. For these reasons, plus more, the hottest woman a man meets is not necessarily the one he will wind up marrying. Often, men will marry out of expediency or a growing sense of weariness with the dating grind (it is a grind for a lot of men who don't have the game to handle the particular challenges of dealing with lots of women on a regular basis).

2. She assumes men have unlimited options are are therefore marrying exactly the women they most desire.

If the highest income women are marrying at higher rates than the "bottom" 90% of women (and that's a pretty big bottom), it does not necessarily follow from that statistic that the men those high-earning women marry are attracted to their marital choices. Or that the women are attracted, either. It could just as well be the case that those men are settling for aging, high SES women who are themselves letting up the gas on their hypergamy and relenting to the internal pressure to marry before they hit their physical expiry, a pressure which will be much more acute for women after a decade of higher education and career building.

3. She thinks that marriage is proof of physical attraction for men.

Again, there is nothing special about signing on the dotted nuptial line that reveals men's raw desire better than their incorruptible boner reflexes. If (and that'a big "if") men are marrying high-earning women at higher rates than they are marrying low income women, it could mean that one or both parties are settling to avoid loneliness, that lower income women are spurning men who want to marry them, that high income women are relaxing their standards for marriage, or that men are coerced by social conditions into marrying for reasons other than physical attraction or even love. It could be all of the above. If Mundy were truly interested to know which women high value men are attracted to, which women those in-demand men most DESIRE, she would strap a plethysmograph on a sample of men and measure their dick turgidity as they eat dinner with, talk to, and make out with hot poor babes and plain wealthy women.

Any guesses what that data would show? Mundy? **crickets**

4. She misrepresents the data.

The best I saved for last. Go to the link to that Hamilton Project study and read it for yourself. You'll notice something peculiar; specifically, the graphs don't mesh with her interpretation.

First, the marriage rates for men ages 30-50 in the top 10% of earnings are down to 83% today, from 95% in 1970. Fewer men of all income groups are getting married. If men are attracted to high-earning women, why aren't more

men getting married to the larger pool of these high earning women, a pool that has grown substantially since 1970? One theory: Educated, high earning women are the upgraded trophy second wives of divorced men. A smaller group of older, high status men are churning through a larger group of careerist women. Say hello to our brand new, serial monogamy, r-selection society.

Second, the graph for "Change in share of women married, by earnings, 1970-2011″ shows that every income group of women, except for the top 1% of earners, experienced a decrease in marriage rates. Even the top 5% saw a decrease, albeit a smaller decrease than that experienced by women in the bottom 85% of earners. If men are attracted to high-earning women, then why are women in the upper quintile of earnings — real catches to men, according to Mundy's theory — seeing a decrease in their odds of getting married?

The bottom line is that women's earnings have only an indirect effect on men's mate choices; namely, the higher a woman's income, (and this goes just as much for women who went from zero income to minimum wage), the smaller her psychologically acceptable pool of prospective mates. And we see this reflected in the actual data, (as opposed to the data Mundy perceives). The top 1% of female earners are the only group of women who have seen a rise in marriage rates, and the explanation for this lies less in men's physical attraction for them than in cultural forces, governed by underlying biological rhythms, altering the landscape of the marriage partner hunt.

The evidence for a *direct* effect of women's earnings on men's attraction is scant, and where such evidence exists, it tends to show that men are TURNED OFF by women who make more than themselves. At best, the direct effect on men of women's high income is like lingerie on a dog — funny to think about, but completely neutral as a penis stimulant. At worst, a high income can actually hurt a woman's chances with men, especially men who don't make as much as her, and she will be exposed to men who use her for the lifestyle while saving their true animal lusts for the hot, poor ass on the side.

A comment by a high-earning woman to that Time article strikes me as an accurate portrayal of the reality on the ground for her kind:

> scoutmom
>
> Sorry Time, but as a single woman who makes well over 150k, I don't buy this story for a second. In my personal experience, yes, I could easily go out there and get married. But, not to anyone I would consider a truly equal partner. In this recession, I've seen many men see me just as a meal ticket. It's not that they are intimidated (well there's a few of the insecure ones out there), but mostly they see me as someone who can solve all their financial problems. Here's a profile of the last few guys who either asked me out or I went on a date with:
>
> 1. Stock boy at an office supply store – Um, at 42, don't you think you should be doing something else with your life? And no, he didn't lose his successful job elsewhere and had to take this. He considered this his career and marijana his hobby.
>
> 2. Father of 4 kids (that was OK with me) and had over 78k of credit card debt. He made it clear he was looking for a "financially stable woman to help him out." Sorry sweetie, I'm no one's sugar mama.
>
> 3. Elementary school PE teacher who never wanted to be more than that. I was actually really into him and we dated for a while, but in the end, when he found out how much I made, he couldn't handle it and broke up with me.
>
> 4. A man who paid 42% of all his earnings to child support and alimony and was about to lose his job. I actually thought he was a cool guy and was OK to date him until he said, "well, I was really worried about losing my job and not being able to pay my mortgage and alimony, but now that you and I are together, I know I'll be safe." And FYI – he said this while downing 14 drinks in a bar on our second date. Nuff said.
>
> These are just some of the situations that a successful woman who lives in Southern California is dealing with. And for those of you out there who think me not viable to date for other reasons, I am considered attractive by most people, and I used to do some modelling in my younger days. I am now 37, own my own 550k house, a

> car, portfolio, great relationships with friends and family and have an active social life. I just refuse to take on a partner who isn't my equal in some way. I really don't care how much money you make, but don't expect me to pay for your financial mistakes or have to take care of a man who is mentally a little boy.
>
> So, like the article says, I hide my career and income from men and dating profiles. It just makes me a target. I do not see this trend changing any time soon. Maybe I'll try dating again when the economy gets better?

A target. That, Mzzzz Mundy, is a better descriptor of the kind of attraction some men have for high-earning women. Rich women aren't lust objects; they're prey objects. And the likelihood of being preyed upon is directly proportional to the rich woman's ugliness.

Entitled Careerist Woman Logo

CH · 3 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Petition to make this the official logo of the modern, Western, feminist, entitled careerist woman.

“I watch you die.”

Ugly, bloated Western woman dressed in the latest fashion sits idly with look of perplexity as a man in distress collapses before her leaden gaze. She even leans away from him, offended at this breach of protocol. Another woman seated nearby joins her in the sitting. The men around them rise to help the stricken man.

It’s a peculiar time when men rush to help another man out while women dawdle uselessly, their nurturing instincts vacuumed out of them by decades of feminist indoctrination and consumerist rat-racing. Another bell tolls for the West.

Could someone make a gif of the relevant portions of this video? And then plaster Jizzabel’s comment wall with it?

Comment Of The Week

CH · 4 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Jodark makes a very good suggestion for men thinking about marrying older careerist broads.

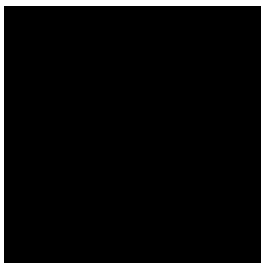
> If I were considering wifing a middle-aged career woman, I would insist upon a dowry sizable enough to put a 50% down payment on a bitchin' sports car (probably a new Nissan GTR).
> I would consider it compensation for her wasting her young sex and beauty on fucking shitbag artists and musicians.

As the cryptically great GBFM might say: lzolzozlzol why would i pay for curdled milk when other men got her younger, hotter, tighter for free lzzol?

Good question. And one that women in general, and feminists especially, don't want you asking yourself.

I predict Peak Wall Victim Marriage coming this decade. At some point, enough well-off men will tire of neglecting their primal urges to fuck and love young, nubile babes and will begin to abandon the SWPL-acceptable life path of marrying older, overeducated libarts careerist broads "for the children" or to avoid divorce theft alimony payments. This abandonment will take the form of either a lower total marriage rate (which is already in evidence), or of an increased younger mistress rate. As Jodark presciently revealed, dowries may very well make an appearance on the American marriage market scene. Do you think feminists will be happy about dowries?

But feminists and their puppet masters have meddled with the forces of nature, and now the hellhounds of chaos are let loose.



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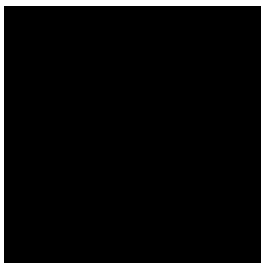

Chicks Dig Cruelty

CH · 5 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Blogfly Whiskey has taken his fair share of lumps from the alt-sphere commentariat for his view that white women universally swoon for black cock and for his… ahem… Scots-Irish sensibilities. But this comment he left over at Sailer's contains more than a grain of truth.

> Here's the mechanism. Guys being funny get chicks. Girls being funny get … well maybe just maybe fame. But say an ugly girl who is a stand-up comedian won't pull as many hot guys as an ugly guy who has the same level of success. Because men value looks while women value fame and social dominance more.
>
> Russell Brand is (to my male eyes) one ugly dude who looks like an ape and is not in particularly good shape; nevertheless women go nuts for him, because he's famous and considered funny and socially dominant (by abusing social taboos and being cruel to old guys — women generally find cruelty arousing in a socially dominant way).

The "funny-to-fuck" theory is likely true, and we don't really need to read a study to determine that. Just go outside and socialize in mixed groups for a few times each month. Funny chicks get as much male attention as their looks command (which is to say, their humor generation capability is irrelevant to their mating success). But funny dudes will, if their humor isn't overly-deprecating, often clean up with the ladies, regardless of their own looks. The reason for this illustrates another core game concept: chicks dig male status, dominance and personality as much as, or more than, they dig male looks. Men, on the other hand, dig beauty first and foremost, and a woman's comedic timing, however it might make a man laugh, won't stir his schnitzel if she's a dog.

Since women don't see a benefit from humor in the competition to attract men, their sex, on average when compared to men, has not evolved a strong cortical humor module. Women are better equipped to *appreciate* humor than they are to produce humor.

(As usual for the feminist-impaired, I will note here that the fact of male humor superiority does not mean no funny women exist. I have known a few funny chicks in my life. There are just a lot fewer funny girls than there are funny boys, and within that select group, the funniest funny men are a LOT funnier than the funniest funny women.)

The more insightful and scandalizing assertion made by Whiskey is the connection he draws between male humor and male cruelty, the two of which often travel hand in hand. Anyone who goes to stand-up shows a lot knows that the best male comics are sometimes relentlessly cruel, either to the invisible characters populating their anecdotes, or to hecklers in the crowd. And when they are cruel, merciless sadists, the women in the audience are laughing their pedestaled asses off.

The darkest truths of female nature are so dark that they are rarely broached in free-thinking underground subcultures, let alone polite, straitjacketed society. And one of those darkest of truths is the dispiriting observation that women become sexually aroused by men who expertly wield the soulkilling shiv of sadism.

Of course, style matters. You can't just go around pointing and laughing at bums and expect dates to jump your bones. (Although, if I were pressed to judge competing strategies, I would say that your chances of banging a hottie after a date are better if she's watched you mock a bum than if you gave her a bouquet of flowers when you picked her up.)

Cruelty that is delivered with supreme confidence, bemused detachment, and eviscerating precision is catnip to women's kitties. Glib male cruelty says "I have so much power and self-assurance that I can freely shit in the faces of losers and foes without appearing insecure". It is the mischievous cruelty of the Joker that makes women swoon. Despite themselves, women will get turned on by the masterful application of cruelty toward lesser men

(and women!), because cruelty, almost in a league of its own, flaunts dominance. Male dominance is to women as female beauty is to men: it's irresistible.

I say "despite themselves", because women will hardly ever admit to such crass cravings. In the face of your cruelty to others, she'll pout and feign a morally indignant pose and wag a finger and beg you to show mercy and pretend to be put off but in the final calculation the seismic ripples of her pussy will speak louder than any words coming from her mouth.

You think I jest?

Me: Sweetcheeks, look. That bum just winked at you. He wants to take you back to his cardboard box. [waving at bum] Hi, bum!
Her: [struggling to conceal a grin] Shh, stop that. Stop waving. You're horrible.

Me: You want to take a bus? Forget it. [nodding in direction of obese woman] She ate it.
Her: [looking heavenward] Oh my god, I can't believe you just said that.
Me: I hope it wasn't a school bus. Think of the children.
Her: [smiling] Why are you being so mean?

Me: You ever date a really fat man and compare boob sizes?
Her: Jesus. [laughing] You're not winning any points.
Me: Would you be with a man who could fill out your bra if he had a million dollars?
Her: I sometimes wonder why I'm with you.
Me: The huge prehensile cock.
Her: Oh yeah. [kiss]

Me: [looking over at girl in wheelchair] Would it be rape if she can't feel anyting down there?
Her: [facepalm] Are you SERIOUSLY going to be like this tonight?
Me: You mean, like the bastard you love?
Her: No, like the immature boy I definitely do not love.
Me: Don't make me pull your ponytail.
Her: I can't stay mad at you, can I?

Me: The perfect lover: black cock, white looks, asian flexibility. Waddaya think?
Her: I think you're being racist.
Me: You know what black girls call me? Colonist.
Her: More like COLON-ist.
Me: Wow. That was. So. Funny.
Her: Shut up.
TRIUMPHAL SEX

***

Sugar and spice and everything nice?

NO.

Tingles and wetness and everything alpha.

The above snippets are far from the cruelest a man can be, but you get the idea. And, generally, the crueler you are, as long as you are confidently cruel and don't back away from it when she huffs and puffs, the sexier you will be to her. Sure, women are generally the *overtly* nicer sex and won't make a habit of ridiculing the weak and degenerate, but WOW JUST WOW can they appreciate the sadistic streak in men.

The way it will usually go down is like this: You revel in your cruelty. She reacts with manufactured disapproval, often stifling laughter. Her vagina moistens. A wave of hidden shame releases a continuous flow of blood to her

vaginal walls, maintaining her in a semi-aroused state all day long. Later that night, the floodgates open and you slip in like a lubed eel.

And a thousand ancient dictums are proved right once again.

Donation Nation

CH · 6 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Supposedly, it's protocol for internet content providers (ha!) to rattle the tin cup twice per year. So here we are. Donate here, or (more easily) use the donate button to the right on the main page, just under the blog banner heading.

Have you learned from this castlemonium deluxe? Have you been treated with the requisite haughtiness? Has your psyche been vigorously penetrated? Most importantly, has this stone-front, gated internet retreat nestled deep in the misty meadows of medieval France gotten you laid with the women of your choice?

If so, show your appreciation!

If not, fuck you.

In the meantime, here is what the future holds for Le Chateau Sensuality:

1. A book (or two!). (Pending defeat of personal laziness demons.)

2. In-field stuff. (Might include guest spots.)

3. More reviews of game material. (There's a pile of ebooks and manuals to read laying disconsolately on the sofa, currently being sniffed by an overfed dog.)

4. More movie scenes of game in action.

5. More real-life stories. (Expect calculated timeline distortion and detail restructuring to misdirect the haters.)

6. More science. (Sorry, it's a CH favorite.)

7. Fewer adjectives. (Yeah, we've heard you.) I'm donating to Chateau Heartiste because…I love him and his acolytes beyond earthly reason.I love the feeling of high status I get from my philanthropy.I owe that bastard for the Russian threesome.I hate this blog and will demonstrate that with my 1 cent donation.CH is the Word, and the Word is CH.I lost a bet.your mom.VoteView ResultsPolldaddy.com

The Wall Survives Intact

CH · 6 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Shiva the Detroyed Feminist locates a crumb of feminist hope amid a sea of feminism-crushing scientific studies and reality-assaulting dissonance:

> I think this will win comment of next week:
>
> This just blew open the “wall” theory. **[ed: she wishes.]**
>
> sure, women may not be at the prime of their beauty in the future but they’ll still be in prime fertility at , say, 45.
>
> Wow.
>
> **[ed: just wow.]**

The schooling shall commence…

The wall is a function of women’s looks, which are, evolutionarily-speaking, a proxy for women’s fertility. Ovary transplant tech may extend fertility but it won’t do a damn thing for aging women’s declining looks. Men’s eyes don’t see women’s ovaries, they see women’s bodies and faces. Men are wired to respond sexually and emotionally to youthful female looks, not to a hidden working uterus. A 70 year old woman could be rejiggered to bear children thanks to the intervention of science, but she’ll still look 70 years old, and so men won’t be turned on by her. She will suffer the indignities of wall victimhood, having to settle for conceiving children with a turkey baster or a blind old goat who gets around on tennis balls. Tragically for feminists nursing delusions of sustained desirability, in the gene-governed sexual market where visual cues are men’s primary information medium it’s the proxies that matter, not the actual biowiring underneath.

There’s really no point to explaining the facts of life to feminists and other assorted grievance groups with real reasons to fear and loathe the truth — beyond its entertainment value as a button-pusher — because in three weeks’ time the same lot of them wander back into this happy hunting ground babbling the identical, debunked bromides all over again. Logic and reason hurt their wee egos for a brief spell, and then when enough time has passed for their self-medicated ids to baseline to normal and reconcile their cognitive dissonances, (say, ten minutes), they are right back to chanting pretty lies, sticking their fingers in their ears, and stamping their ascii feet. Never underestimate the lengths to which humans will lie to themselves and, consequently, to others to maintain an illusion of high sexual or social market value in the face of rapid deterioration or expendability.

If I had to put a number on it, I’d guess 80% of the human population is aggressively self-deceiving, with the number reaching close to 100% in backward societies and within certain ideological sects. With those numbers arrayed against you, it’s fruitless to battle for hearts and minds. The best you can do is mercilessly mock their pretensions to high holy hell, preferably in front of an audience, until some tiny illumination of self-preservation sparks in their limbic chimp systems and they sulk off to lick their ego wounds rather than face the psychic torture of further debasement on a public stage. Even the most blockheaded deluded dumbass will think twice about shrieking his or her stupidities when Total Ridicule is the only reward.

Chubby Chaser Olympics: The Most Special

CH · 6 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader, whom I will assume for purposes of this post is not a troll, wrote:

> I wanted to run a theory by you and get your thoughts, since a lot of what is said on your blog resonates with me. Awhile back you posted in "Do Fat Girls Get More Sex?" that 99 out of 100 men would choose a non-fatty over a fatty any day of the week. Now, don't get me wrong – hogbeasts are a huge bonerkill for me – but (and I know this is anecdotal) I've known a LOT of men who profusely claim left and right that they prefer fatties. Your argument was that these guys are losers – and in the general case, I'd agree. But some of these guys have appeared, at least to me, to have a lot of game – they'll flirt around with skinnier girls and the women will seem very interested. They'll proceed to leave the hot girl and go home with some chubster.

First, I'd have a problem accepting your premise. I have not known a few men, let alone a lot of men, who claimed to prefer fatties. This sounds like feminist fantasy-speak, which is like Newspeak, except more implausible. Now, of the tiny number of men who I've come across who did claim they preferred fatties, all of them were nerdy, fat or possessed some other charmless personality flaw that would sufficiently account for their claimed preference. A classic case of inverted sour grapes as ever existed.

(Sour grapes is when a loser pretends that an unattainable hot chick is undesirable in some ridiculously unbelievable way to salve his ego. Inverted sour grapes is when a loser pretends that the ugly, fat chicks he can realistically get are the bees' knees of beauty.)

As for these chubby chasers you "know" who supposedly "have game", taking your word at face value, I have a few explanations:

1. They're black men.

I don't care who's bothered by me mentioning this, if you've spent any time in mixed company or at da clubs, you can't help but notice that black men, especially during end-of-night garbage hour, are the least discriminating race and will hump a fucking dirigible farting explosive helium gas if it meant getting their rocks off. For whatever reason — name your bogeyman: culture, genes, hormones — black dudes can seemingly get it up for the nastiest land whales a white or asian guy wouldn't shake his flaccid dick at from ten meters. Does this mean black men *prefer* fat chicks? No. The mate choices of elite black men like actors and athletes attest to the fact that they will choose hot slender (dusky-white) babes when they can. But it does mean that, absent the choice, black men are more willing to spelunk belly folds and then rationalize it as a love for BBW, excuse me, *curvy women*.

(I do think, btw, that black men prefer a somewhat rounder, heftier rump on women. Baby got back, and all that. This is not the same as preferring a grotesque cottage cheese rippled fat rump roast.)

2. They're men who missed out on the hottie and still have a leftover boner.

Let's say these guys you know have game, and spent the night delighting slim girls with their charms. Sometimes, they aren't going to close the deal. But their interactions with all those cute, thin chicks have left them with half-mast bonies, and now they are horny *and* halfway to ejaculating. In that state of groin, some men will be tempted to relieve themselves in chubsters who are 20 pounds overweight with egos which are 20 pounds underweight, and, more relevantly, who are easier to seduce. The men are already on an emotional high, so it's a hop skip and jump away from positive nonsexual rapport with slender babes to negative sexual rapport with chubby chalupas. Younger men who have no state control are usually the worst perpetrators of the backup biggun bang.

3. They're insecure men who lack the inner game to believe they really deserve the hotties.

This is my favorite explanation, because I have known men like this, and witnessed them in action. These are the

guys who have great outer game, who can jive with the cute girls, get them pumped and laughing, and then….

booop booooop booooooooop

fizzle.

They lack the one necessary ingredient that separates the players from the poseurs: a rock solid belief in their value. They can't close the deal when it matters. They know the tricks, and are socially savvy, and are probably pretty funny too, but when push comes to shove they balk and retreat to the demilitarized zone where they can practice their target shooting on 4s, 5s and 6s with no fear of territory loss. Why fat chicks? Think about this: One ONE-HUNDREDTH of the outer AND inner game you use on a hard 10 would be overkill on a chubby 4. The path of least resistance is an evil that some men will abide, and in doing so contribute to the plague of fat chicks thinking they will suffer no SMV consequences for their gluttony and sloth.

> So my theory is that, evolutionarily, there might be something else going on here. What if this is an evolved response to cuckoldry? Fat women are, I'd wager, less likely to stray because they are inherently aware that they are sitting smack at the bottom of the SMV scale – and, of course, they get approached less. So, while it isn't ideal to throw your seed into a fatty receptacle, it might be more likely to result in a child that is the product of your own genes. Perhaps some men have evolved to take advantage of this "benefit" in lieu of a different strategy?
>
> Thoughts?

Your theory is interesting but I think my psychological (and biological) diagnoses above are more directly applicable. For your theory to have traction in the real world, we would have to presume the men who chubby chase are not, in fact, winners with game. Because winners with game would not be afraid of their women cuckolding them. Nor would they resort to fucking fat chicks when they have the goods to fuck hot thin chicks.

Losers, otoh, would be afraid of cuckoldry, at least subconsciously. So for your theory to hold water, chubby chasers would need to be low value men who correctly identify fat chicks as "sure things" from their gene's-eye view. If anything, the greater likelihood of fat chicks to "accidentally" forget to use contraceptives (because they might not get the chance at sex again for a long while) mitigates against high value men risking a night of sloppy, ham-smashing passion with them.

Wayne Elise, Pacing, And Conversational Context

CH · 9 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Wayne Elise, aka Juggler, is a fairly well-known and well-regarded pickup artist. He's been in the business for a while, and his game guides, while occasionally derivative, are grounded in the basic reality of male-female psychosocial sex differences and thus useful to aspiring womanizers. He emphasizes the "warmth & connection" part of seduction, but tends to engage in a little too much PUA strawman bashing (probably in order to attract a wider audience). I, for one, am getting tired of reading "evolved" pickup artists caricature the neg with the same ignorant glee that feminists do.

Quibbles aside, he has some good insights, and this post at his blog exemplifies that. I'll examine it here because his analogy of seduction to letting out a "rope of personal history" is very good, and a lesson that a lot of newbs would be wise to take into account.

> Imagine a stranger next to you. They reach out and take the end of your rope from you. They begin reeling it into their arms. So long as you allow it, the rope passes from the floor around your feet, through your hands and collects in the arms of this other person.
>
> This is the beginning of someone getting to know you. The details they learn about you in the first few minutes may be give-aways such as your taste in high-fidelity stereo speakers and the fact that your mouth goes crooked when you smile. But soon they could be exposed to a slice of your dead-kitten sense of humor. Then later it could be your feeling toward relationships. Eventually it could be your sexual preferences. And on and on.
>
> Through this process of information transfer, you stop feeling like a stranger to the other person. You begin to feel like a friend or potential lover.

This is an artsy reinterpretation of the comfort stage of Mystery's Attraction => Comfort => Seduction three-stage process. Women feel attraction for the aloof alpha, but they also feel more bonded — and hence more open to sexual surrender — to men with whom they have mutually shared personal information. The details of a life are the building blocks of a woman's romantic imagination.

Now, of course, you can boldly lie about your details if you'd like, but unless you are a clinical sociopath you'll find it easier to remain internally consistent and externally congruent if you don't deviate too far from your real life history. This goes double if you plan to stick with a girl for longer than three months.

A reader may reasonably ask, "How do you reconcile women's love for aloof alphas with their love for 'getting to know each other'?"

The answer is in the conversational tension, as Elise says.

> People won't appreciate learning about your life-details if you just give them up. That would make you sort of a life-detail slut. […]
>
> **People appreciate hearing the amazing things you have to say more if they desire them first. Don't push. Instead, counterintuitively, you should resist.**
>
> Returning to our metaphor. You want to keep your conversational partner in a state of wanting more – pulling on your rope, sort of speak. While, at the same time, YOU want to be in a state of resistance – keeping the length of rope between the two of you taunt. This tension gives you control over the transfer of your life-details.

What Elise is describing here are the classic pickup techniques known as "assuming the sale", (i.e., this chick wants to know me better, so I'm gonna hold out until she's throwing money at me to buy my product), and "pacing" (i.e.,

cat string theory; cats respond more enthusiastically to string that is being pulled away from them). There is a broader category heading that all of this could be put under: Overconfidence.

> People may not consciously be aware of pacing but they respond to it.
>
> Pacing that's too fast deflates the tension out of an interaction. Imagine throwing all your rope into someone's arms. There's no more for them to want or seek.
>
> But pacing that's too slow makes people feel bored and as if the interaction isn't going anywhere.

Knowing the balance only comes with real-world practice. Generally, the balance will be the same for most women you meet because women, like men, share generalizable psychological properties with their sex.

Elise offers an example of good conversational pacing (and also some good shit test passing):

> PUA: "That was a famous tennis player," he adds. "He – got – mad – at – people. Probably before your time. I was just trying to guess your age."
>
> PREY: "How old do you think?"
>
> "I'm afraid I can't answer that question."
>
> "Why can't you answer that question?"
>
> "Because if I do then all the tension will leave the conversation. As it stands, you want to know my guess and if I give that up I'll lose your interest."
>
> "I promise you won't lose my interest."
>
> "Fine. But first, let's sit down and make ourselves a bit more comfortable, if that's alright. Then I'll tell you all about yourself. I've been told I have an intuitive nature."
>
> They sit down on the couch nearby.
>
> "Where are your friends? Perhaps they should join us."
>
> "Don't worry about them. I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself."
>
> "I bet you can. Okay, I think you're twenty eight."
>
> She hits him in the shoulder.
>
> "Okay. Twenty six?"
>
> "You're really bad at this."
>
> "I know. My credentials might have been over-stated."
>
> "How about you? How old are you?"
>
> "Older than you. Let's just put it this way. I'm your real father. I remember your mom. She was hot back in the 80′s."
>
> "She still's hot."
>
> "I'm sure she is. People of any age can be sexy. **[ed: female ego bait. the purpose of these pretty lie pebbles is to lull the woman into a state of reception to the man's sexy taboo-breaking.]** But personally I end up dating girls who are uh…"
>
> "What?"
>
> "Younger, mostly."
>
> "Why do you do that?"
>
> "Well, there's a long answer to that question and a short answer."

> "What's the short answer?"
>
> "They're hotter."
>
> "Okay, what's the long answer."
>
> "I can't really tell you. I'd have to show you."

This is a textbook exhibition of flirting aka pacing. Women love this sort of "pulling teeth" kind of conversation because it signals to their hindbrains that the man engaging in it is not seeking their approval. And a man who is not interested in a woman's approval is regarded by her evolved alpha male-detection cortical system as a man who likely gets plenty of female attention, and thus possesses the genes that would give her potential sons with him the same advantageous mating market genes.

Elise also illustrates bad conversational pacing with this example:

> GAME NOOB: "I ride a fixie. Want to see my fixie porn?"
>
> GIRL: "I have no idea what you're talking about. Look. I didn't ask to know anything about you. Perhaps you can hold some thoughts back."
>
> "I could. But I'm not going to. I'm an all out there kinda guy. I'm going to this fab party later. If you're lucky I might invite you."
>
> "No thanks."
>
> "Aww. You're playing hard to get. That's so cute."
>
> "Whatever."
>
> "I hear an accent. Where are you from?"
>
> "Nowhere."
>
> "Ha. Nowhere. That's funny. Can I buy you a drink?"
>
> "Yes. I'll take a piña colada but don't even think about dropping a roofie in there. I'm not going to hook up with you."
>
> "Whoever said anything about hooking up? You're more of the kinda girl I see as a friend."
>
> "Good."
>
> "Good. So what's your name?"

Elise takes some gratuitous shots here at well-worn PUA disqualification lines ("You're more of the kinda girl that I see as a friend"), but his overall point is that bad pacing — that is, giving away the store — can render otherwise effective PUA lines like "That's so cute" embarrassingly try-hard and pathetically transparent.

The difference between a sour grapes disqualification and a cool-as-fuck disqualification is timing. When you're chasing — when you're on the losing end of a pickup attempt — your DQs will be perceived by her as spiteful sour grapes. When you're being chased — when you have pickup hand — she will perceive your DQs as challenges and redouble her efforts to win your grudging approval.

Which, I believe, really gets at the core of why game-haters and feminists and traditionalist pedestalizers have found it easy to lampoon certain aspects of game philosophy. Yes, the neg is very easy to make fun of when you put it in the mouth of a generic, socially awkward noob, like Elise has done above, who practically assaults a woman with approval-seeking behavior and regurgitated PUA lines delivered with pressing urgency at the wrong times. But put the neg in the mouth of an accomplished seducer who understands the value of teasing women with crumbs of information, and of pulling back at just the right moments, and suddenly that same neg is explosive pussy dynamite.

All great philosophies and theories of the mind throughout history have had their old guard detractors who latched

onto digestible concepts that offered possibilities of being distilled into simplistic caricatures and thus made meaningless outside of their philosophical and practical context. To this day, the neg continues to be mistakenly thought of as a brazen insult by the prestige press and their manboobed and feminist lackeys, and there seems to be no let-up to their determination to remain unschooled hicks in matters of seduction.

Universal Logo Of The Feminized Male

CH · 10 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Yet again I bore horrible witness to one of those vegetable lasagnas wearing a “This is what a feminist looks like” t-shirt. This specimen was particularly nauseating, owing to the noodled form he assumed slumped in a seated position with legs crossed, bent over at the waist as if straining to empty his bowels. No, if it were only so; had he pipetted a rabbit pellet into his skinny jeans that would have been more masculine than the real reason for his neutered posture: leaning in to hang on every word a tatted, obese woman was orating regarding the glory of Aaron Sorkin’s new libcrack show, “The Soapboxroom”.

Christ, what a spectacle.

This peculiar, penis-smooshing posture — one I see an increasing number of “males” performing uncoerced — is truly the eunuch’s mark of self-denial. It is the body language of the beta male veering into the omega dreg. It is the guilt stigmata of the man who is uncomfortable with the insouciant protrusion of his genitalia, who wishes on some Freudian level he were a girl, and who has somehow convinced himself his excitable self-flagellation is the stuff of women’s fantasies.

With this in mind, I hereby propose the universal logo of the feminized Western Male:

RJ: Rio de Janeiro. Copacabana Beach

If someone could crop this and zoom in, that would be great. Better yet, if someone could find a human version of the above pose, with one hand propped under chin, eyes watery with intense listening, even better. Nothing quite captures the essence of the de-balled 21st Century Western male better than this sitting pose, imo.

I don’t always sit, but when I do, I sit like a boss.

ONUR KEBAP

What Do You Do If A Girl Calls Your Disqualification Bluff?

CH · 12 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Disqualifications — false or genuine — are a powerful pickup tool. Pulling the rug out from under a girl who autonomically believes you desire her is a lickety-split way to raise your status vis a vis her status, and thus delight her hypergamous reflex. The fact is, women are constantly in a disqualification state of mind: she glides through the masses of maledom programmed to disqualify as many suitors as possible, and to settle upon the one man who is the best of all the men she can attract with her looks and youth.

Knowing this, the appropriation by the pickup artist of the female prerogative to disqualify is a classic example of flipping the seduction script and deviously moving the woman into the chaser role, where she is more likely to perceive you as higher status and sexually desirable. Psych 101 and various books on influencing friends and clients touches upon this stuff, but of course the estimable textbooks don't follow the logic down the crimson road of poon hunting.

There are four primary types of disqualification. Briefly, I will describe them here, before tackling the subject of this post's title.

1. Preemptive self-disqualification

Introduced by Mystery, this is a statement you make to a girl that lets her know, in so many words, that you aren't a serious prospect. You do this by disqualifying yourself. Examples: "I'm gay", "I'm in a relationship", "I'm not interested in dating at this point in my life", "I have the AIDS", "I poop myself during scary scenes in movies", "I'm a male feminist".

This type of DQ (disqualification — I don't feel like typing the whole word out because my pinky finger isn't working, fuck you acronym haters) is called "preemptive" because it short circuits a girl's hypergamous instinct by robbing her of the opportunity to disqualify you first. It essentially reverses the chaser-chased dynamic, and upturns millions of years of evolutionarily molded female expectation. All of this works on the subconscious level. In the heat and fury of a real live social interaction, these game tactics fly under a girl's conscious radar, barely perceived by anyone but her omnipresent war room hamster and the hotline the fevered critter has to the gina general at the front.

The preemptive self-DQ is intended to act as a bitch shield runaround: a girl is less likely to blow you out if you make her think you're not available to her in the first place.

2. Target disqualification

Self-explanatory, this is a tactic whereby the man disqualifies the girl from being a serious mating prospect. Owing to the greater chance that Target DQ can be perceived by the woman as sour grapes, this is a more aggressive, and thus riskier, form of DQ, its risk weighed against a potentially more rewarding payoff. Examples: "You seem like you'd make a great friend", "You're not really my type", "You're a good girl, I'm nothing but trouble… we would never work", "I'm glad you're off the market" [just assume she's off the market], "Phew, so nice to talk to a girl who isn't trying to flirt with me", "Since your vagina is cemented shut by a rare disease, I can talk to you like you're one of the guys", "You're the first lesbian I've met in this town".

The Target DQ is less about lowering a woman's bitch shield than it is about instigating a woman to qualify *herself* to *you*. It's a more proactive DQ compared to the PSDQ above, serving as it does as an immediate status differential cue to the woman that she has to do something to correct the imbalance to the natural order of things. This "something" usually involves convincing you, the incorrigible player, that she is hot and sexy and goodtogo. PSDQs are female disqualification — aka rejection — avoiders or neutralizers, while TDQs are meant to coax women into self-qualifying.

3. Handicap Principle self-disqualification

This is a sub-genre of vulnerability game, and promoted by Charisma Arts (A Wayne Elise aka Juggler production). Basically, you bring up some faux embarrassing thing about yourself — some minor personality flaw that you blow up into significance — and reveal it to the girl. The theory behind the Handicap Principle is that women perceive men who are comfortable "handicapping" themselves — either through bright plumage (peacocking) or through admission of beta characteristics — as alpha males, because who else but an alpha male would be strong and powerful enough to shoulder a weak beta flaw without suffering any hit to his overall status?

Be careful with the Handicap Principle. First, it's a theory, an elegant one to be sure, but one that remains, as far as I know, largely unproven by evolutionary biologists. The degree to which HP might apply to humans is unknown. At some great enough level of flaw possession, the Handicap Principle must surely break down, and we see evidence for this in the many stories of alpha males who became beta in relationships and then lost their women's love. Personally, I think the Handicap Principle is easily confused with the theory of sexual selection, but that is a topic for a future post.

Nonetheless, it is true that women coo for the alpha male who unloads a perfectly timed admission of (cute) self-abnegation. Examples: "Oh man, I'm so bad at figuring out if women are flirting with me or not", "I don't dance, I've got two left feet", "Ever since an unfortunate childhood trauma, I've had a fear of puppies", "Black people scare me".

The trick is to admit your "flaws" with utmost confidence and unconcern. Don't say them as if you're waiting to judge her reaction. They should be spoken off-the-cuff, almost as if you're unaware that there is a girl standing there listening to you. NEVER admit to a real beta flaw that would repulse most women; i.e. "I go limp when a woman makes more money than I do".

4. Beta bait disqualification

Another Juggler specialty, the idea behind the BBDQ is to disqualify yourself as a sucker for women's flirtations. This is a minor school of DQ that you probably won't use or need very often, but when you do use it, its power is undeniable. Women will very frequently try to "tease out" beta males by complimenting men and judging them on their reactions. Does the man express a little too much appreciation for her compliment? BETA. Does he seize upon her compliment as a springboard to ask her out? BETA. Does he say "Wow, no girl has ever said something so kind to me before!"? BETA.

But if a woman compliments you, and your reaction is to ignore it, downplay it, or even disagree with her (without veering into self-deprecation territory), she will think ALPHA. Examples: "Thanks, but this actually isn't my favorite shirt", "You like these shoes? You're easy to please", "Yes, that bulge is my penis. Now you've made me self-conscious".

The BBDQ is both a self-disqualification and a target disqualification. You deny the woman's positive assessment of you, while simultaneously denying her power over your emotions. It is a very subtle art form that, when mastered, is chick crack to women's status discernment modules. A successful BBDQ is only superficially a signal of modesty; underneath the calculated modesty is a heat-seeking missile aimed straight at a woman's id heart that explodes in a fireball of lust for your total lack of interest in winning her approval.

***

DQs are one of the most difficult game techniques for noobs to grasp. They are tangentially related to negs, and like the neg, they are often abused and misused by beginners. Their power is also their danger; because they work so well, men new to the game have a tendency to throw them out at awkward moments, and with too much expectant fervor. They then come across as creeps and try-hards, and wind up providing fodder to bitches to later log into the social media borg to mock the hapless betas who tried to run game on them.

(Leave it to a woman to mock a man for trying. You don't hear too many men mocking fat chicks who make a real effort to lose weight by going to the gym and eating right. But then, in some respects, men simply have more

compassion and empathy than do women for the opposite sex. But I ingest.)

The keys to getting your DQ money's worth are timing, context and delivery. Too soon –> weird. Too late –> spiteful. Too unrelated — > try-hard. Too forced –> creepy. Too self-deprecating –> beta. Too nasty –> sour grapes.

But even when you have timing, context and delivery down pat, you will sometimes get your DQ called out by a woman.

You: "I'm not looking for anyone right now."

Girl: "Good, because neither am I."

***

You: "You're a good girl, I'm trouble… we would never work out."

Girl: "Yeah, I guess I am a good girl."

***

You: "I've got a weird fear of puppies. Goes back to a childhood incident."

Girl: "That's fucked up."

***

You: "Thanks, but this isn't my favorite shirt."

Girl: "Yeah, now that I look at it closely, it's not a very good shirt."

Don't worry. These kinds of reactions, as plausible as they are in writing, and as much as cunts will cackle that they will respond like this to players whenever one of them tries to hit on their skanky carcasses, are blessedly rare. Most girls will be too high on their torqued emotions to call out a player's DQ bluff so directly. The hamster is simply not that rational; hence, why he's called the rationalization hamster, devoted to creating rationale out of nothing at all.

But DQ bluff-calling does happen, and more often to newbs than to experienced PUAs. When a newb gets his DQ bluff called, the result can be hilarity (not to mention the newb's demanding his money back from some overpriced pickup seminar he attended). A great illustration of a newb's DQ bluff being called out was provided by Juggler in this post.

> ASPIRING NOOB: "I could. But I'm not going to. I'm an all out there kinda guy. I'm going to this fab party later. If you're lucky I might invite you."
>
> GIRL: "No thanks."
>
> "Aww. You're playing hard to get. That's so cute."
>
> "Whatever."
>
> "I hear an accent. Where are you from?"
>
> "Nowhere."
>
> "Ha. Nowhere. That's funny. Can I buy you a drink?"
>
> "Yes. I'll take a piña colada but don't even think about dropping a roofie in there. I'm not going to hook up with you."
>
> "Whoever said anything about hooking up? You're more of the kinda girl I see as a friend."
>
> "Good."
>
> "Good. So what's your name?"

If a girl isn't already invested in the conversation with you, a DQ is less likely to have the intended effect. If you walk up to a girl cold and start spouting off about how you just want to be friends with her and you aren't available for dating, what kind of reaction do you think you'll get? Do you imagine girls will start qualifying themselves to you on the spot? No, you have to first reel her in and dangle the promise of your interest before unloading the soul-sucking DQ.

Many PUAs, like Tyler Durden, recommend a preemptive approach to DQing; that is, you train yourself to sense when girls are about to disqualify you, and disqualify them before they get a chance. Often, this occurs during the late comfort stage of the seduction, when the girl is beginning to feel pangs of guilt about the release of her inner slut which looms on the horizon. Other PUAs, like Mystery, advocate active DQs early in the attraction phase, as a direct method for building attraction. Still others say to avoid them entirely, as the risk of delving into "sour grapism" territory is too great to assume.

I will say this about DQs:

They are supposed to sound spontaneous. The best DQs are unexpected and off-the-cuff. If it sounds like a line, it will backfire. If it sounds like you thought about it beforehand, it will backfire. Body language and facial expression are important conveyors of indifference and spontaneity.

Never DQ from a position of weakness. If you are working overtime to keep a girl's attention, a DQ will only lower your value even more. Remember, DQs are FALSE disqualifications. When you DQ as a last resort to keep a girl around, it is no longer false; it is a real disqualification.

If a girl calls out your DQ, my best advice is to ignore it and change the subject, OR readily agree with her in return. A pinpoint DQ destroyer, while rare, is not to be trifled with. You want to avoid at all costs the impression of being flustered or annoyed or dispirited by her agreement with your DQ. Just roll with it, as if you're glad she agreed with you, and reassess if she's worth your continued effort to bed.

The upside to a failed DQ is that, later, if the girl is into you and starts to return your interest, you can remind her of the claim she made earlier about not wanting this to go anywhere. A pullback at a moment when the girl MOST WANTS TO PULL INTO YOU is like sticking TNT up her hamster's anus. You are beginning down the road of building your own slave harem.

Preemptive DQs — the type of DQ that occurs before you have built adequate interest in the girl (think Mystery Method-style) — can work great IF you don't linger on them waiting for a reaction. You drop the DQ, ignore whatever reply she gives in return, and plow. The goal is subconscious infiltration, leading to script flipping.

Mystery-style preemptive DQs work best on hot girls. Since hot girls are the most likely to assume every man wants them (justifiably), a quick correction to the contrary can temporarily scramble their status differential discernment algorithms.

Be careful about DQing 6s and 7s. You can easily blow a girl out of the water and render yourself unattainable to them.

If you're going to agree with a girl's DQ nuke, don't make a production out of it. For example:

WRONG WAY TO AGREE WITH GIRL'S DQ NUKE

Girl: "Good. I just want to be friends too."

You: "Yeah, yeah, friends. That's what I want to." [pained expression belies your words]

RIGHT WAY TO AGREE WITH GIRL'S DQ NUKE

Girl: "Good. I just want to be friends too."

You: "Cool. So… you see that guy over there? I think he wants you. That's the way to do it. Stare hard."

In Juggler's example above, when the NOOB says "If you're lucky I might invite you", he's expecting the girl to reply something along the lines of "Wow, you must think you're special", a shit test to which the NOOB thinks he is well-trained to parry. But instead, she deflates him totally with the cold "No thanks". The NOOB is now left flailing, hurling more DQs at her in hopes one will stick.

The best defense against the deflating DQ nuke is to simply avoid putting yourself in the position where such nukes are likely to happen. If you pace yourself, the likelihood of triggering a DQ nuke goes way down. Should one happen to you, one that is particularly disheartening, you may consider bailing.

You: "If you're lucky I might invite you."

Girl: "No thanks."

You: "Ok. See ya."

A good player knows when to cut his losses.

However, if you see an opening and want to continue working on her, **AGREE AND REDIRECT**.

You: "If you're lucky I might invite you."

Girl: "No thanks."

You: "Yeah, come to think of it, it's probably better you don't come. My ex might start a fight with you."

OR

You: "Well, I suppose now I can make room for my Mom to come with me."

OR

You: [fake look of indignation] "Invite… REVOKED."

OR

You: "Great, now who am I gonna set up my friend with?"

OR

You: "Damn, I guess I'll have to buy my own drinks."

This has been an introductory course in DQs and sidestepping DQ nukes. The subject material is advanced, so I encourage the commenters to flesh it out for the 1 billion readers who are hanging on your every word.

Holmes: Another Lovelorn Beta Male Rampage

CH · 13 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It looks like we may have another case of a beta, possibly omega, male with woman troubles expunging his feelings of worthlessness through the barrel of a gun. Could game have saved the lives of those theater-goers Holmes killed?

> James Holmes struck out with three women on an adult sex website shortly before he allegedly perpetrated the Colorado movie massacre, according to a new report.
>
> He described Holmes as "a shy, pretty socially inept person," and said he tried at one point to introduce Holmes around the institute, taking him to another floor where a high school girl was working.
>
> "He just had no interest," Jacobson recalled. "I attributed all this to adolescent shyness, maybe feeling intimidated [by] people around him." […]
>
> On Monday, it was also learned that Holmes was turned down by three women on the casual sex website Adult Friend Finder shortly before he allegedly perpetrated the Colorado movie massacre.
>
> The grad school dropout opened an account on the no-strings-attached sex site on July 5, and quickly reached out to three lusty ladies — but all said, "No thanks" to a hookup, the unidentified women told TMZ.com.
>
> One of the horny honeys told TMZ that Holmes was rather innocent in his approach, claiming he was "just looking to maybe chat . . . nothing sexual."

If you don't have much experience approaching women and talking to them, getting shot down one after another by three sluts looking for casual sex is a grievous blow to the ego. Had Holmes had some game and approaches under his belt, he would not have been as fazed by these rejections, (nor would he have been as impelled to use a casual sex website to fulfill his sex and love needs).

In addition, this skank's recollection implies that Holmes is the classic niceguy, unable to flirt with or entice women except through the niceguy method of chatting innocently about nothing and hoping to elicit a pity fuck through the LJBF back door.

> Using the screen name "classicjimbo," Holmes said he was straight and looking for "casual sex," either one-on-one or with a group of three or more.

I figured maybe there was a chance this guy might be gay, which would help explain his indifference to women he worked around. But his admission here dispels that possibility (unless he's lying out of a psychological need).

> "Will you visit me in prison?" read a haunting line at the top of his profile page.

This is about the closest Holmes came to using effective game.

> His account, which has been taken down in the wake of the horrific attack, lists Holmes as single, athletic and a light drinker. He described his "male endowment" as "short/average."

An underemployed, undersexed, socially awkward niceguy beta male with incipient schizophrenia and a small ween is a carnage waiting to happen. Again, had Holmes some knowledge of game and success using it on women in the past, would he have ever bothered arming himself to the teeth and committing himself to his bloodlust? I don't think this question is unreasonable to ask.

> "Am a nice guy. Well, as nice enough of a guy who does these sort of shenanigans," read his [profile] introduction.

Here, Holmes admits that he is a niceguy. Do niceguys generally own up to their niceguyness? I've observed that many of them do. They seem to hold their niceguy status as simultaneously both a moral virtue and an unlucky burden to bear. Narcissist niceguys like Holmes love the feeling of martyrdom because it erects in their minds a triumph over their self-inflicted failures.

> "After the TMZ incident, I am hesitant to continue using this site. Never know who's on the other end," a 30-year-old from Steamboat Springs, Colo., who goes by the screen name "fancydarling," posted at the top of her profile Monday.

These low class broads who use casual hook-up sites like Adult Friend Finder are test cases of hamsters on overdrive. Really, lady, you log onto a site practically dedicated to anonymous sex and you're shocked to find out the men you meet aren't model citizens nor interested in friendly chatting about throw rug patterns? Of course you're not shocked. You're just a woman being womanish.

> Classmates who knew Holmes at Westview High told The News they had no recollection of the accused killer ever having a girlfriend.

In an increasingly r-selected society like the one America is turning into, beta males without game are going to be left in the dust. Some of them with pre-existing mental disorders may go over the edge.

> On Monday, his high school buddies were shocked that the clean-cut brainiac had morphed into the wild-eyed, mop-haired man they now saw.

Does anyone ever see it coming? Serious question. I've yet to read an account of some mass killer that someone who knew him predicted would crack one day. That's the thing with unassuming niceguy beta males: they're generally invisible to people around them until they snap and go out in a blaze of lookatme! I don't know there is any way to protect against this happening again, except to issue PSAs that educate the public on the signs to note of someone beginning the descent into homicidal madness. Or maybe make game a required course in all high schools, so that socially invisible beta and omega males get some basic dating experience under their belts before their fuses are lit.

> "He looked so dazed. Then it was like his eyes were going to pop out of his head. I never saw that look from him before. This is not the kid I knew playing soccer back in high school," Brandon Wanda, 23, told The News.

Doctors probably drugged him.

Holmes has shown all the signs of a guy who had a paranoid schizophrenic breakdown. The sudden change in appearance and behavior, and the indiscriminate nature of the attack suggest he has a real mental illness, and advocates for the mentally ill ought to stop shielding the public from the knowledge that crazies can sometimes turn out to be excessively violent beasts. But his mental illness may not be the whole story; if his condition reinforced his failure with women, the two personal insults could have operated symbiotically to drive him to the breaking point. Holmes may have been destined to go nuts, but it's possible he could have been saved from violent schism by an intervention that helped him navigate social interactions with women; in other words, helped him *not be himself*. Could game have been the answer? Feminists shriek indignantly, but it's not such an outlandish thought.

Liberal Men And Fat Chicks

CH · 13 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've been meaning to read Jonathan Haidt's new book "The Righteous Mind", on the recommendation of many readers who say it is an epic synthesis of human morality that merges Darwinism with political ideology.

From a customer review at Amazon:

> [A]ccording to Haidt's and others' research, there are at least six mental 'modules' that go into moral and poltical decisions, and it is difficult to argue that any one (or two or three) are more important than others. And they are: care/harm, fairness/cheating, loyalty/betrayal, authority/subversion, sanctity/degradation and liberty/oppression. Some people (often of the political left) care most about care/harm and fairness/cheating in their emphasis on egalitarian politics that aim to provide care for those in need and create fair rules in the sense that everyone, relatively speaking, starts on an 'even playing field.' Others (usually conservatives) have tempermants that focus on authority/suversion and loyalty/betrayal, focusing on maintaining or promoting institutions that foster some level of deference to authority (in legitimate hierarchies), and loyalty (whether to country, God, family, etc).

One point Haidt makes is that conservatives score stronger than liberals on the disgust (sanctity/degradation) module of morality. (Interestingly, liberals appear to have no ability to even relate to this aspect of human morality, whereas conservatives can relate, albeit with a weaker degree of intensity, to putatively liberal moral modules such as fairness and care.)

Conservatives feel stronger revulsion toward disgusting things than do liberals, who, apparently, like to wallow in shit, (or to reframe it in a nicer way: like to experience unique vistas). So when the conservative thinks about gay sex and the penis pushing hard into another man's anus, he recoils with revulsion. The liberal merely shrugs his shoulders. Not a sermon, just a naughty thought.

Which brings me to pondering something critical to the maintenance of our nation's infrastructure: do liberal men, with their higher threshold for disgusting things, tend to fuck fat chicks more often than conservative men fuck fat chicks? Is the liberal male more open than the conservative male to slumming it?

Have any of you readers noticed differences in the strictness or laxity with which your liberal and conservative friends hold their standards for opposite sex partners? Have you noticed if the libs you know like to dumpster dive with dirigibles more than you'd be comfortable doing? Have you noticed if the conservative men you know are more judgmental of fat chicks? Do your con or lib male friends date skinnier, hotter women?

This post is purely speculative, because personally, I have not noticed much of a difference between men of differing political persuasions in their willingness to tumble with a landfaring tanker that couldn't be more parsimoniously explained by differences in sexual market value, rather than liberal comfort with or conservative distaste for the dung heap of humanity. Some leftie men I know, while they preach a good bit about beauty being subjective, are quite the unforgiving judgmental pricks when it comes down to decision time, and they make their choice for 0.7 waist-hip ratio slender babes (when they can).

On the other hand, the flabby swingers and dirty scenesters I've met were all, to a tee, left wing cranks. As are the postmodern aka smear menstrual blood on a canvas """artists""".

I wonder if Haidt addressed this pressing question in his book? If he did, his may be the best book ever written in the PC era. Kudos would go to him.

Now I can already hear the liberals who read this blog whining that disgust is a weak moral module that should have no impact on public policy or personal choice. Consenting adults, and all that. But the utility of disgust is underrated by the neckbeard crowd. Disgust helps uphold lofty norms, and demands the best of society's members.

Disgust makes lebensraum liveable, and raises the beauty aesthetic. Disgust protects a tribe against being overrun by beastly invaders.

Disgust, it could even be plausibly argued, created female beauty. Generations of men over the eons, sufficiently disgusted by ugly chicks and fat cows, have done their part to bang and reproduce with the best looking women, and that gift is bequeathed this day to us, their descendants, in the form of barely legal porn and hot Russian tennis minxes. If our ancestors had all been live-and-let-live liberals with a weak disgust reflex, we modern men might be hitting on hairy cavewomen with long, dangly breasts and anvil-shaped jaws that could shell walnuts.

I mean, if you can pick up a steaming shit without flinching, maybe you shouldn't have too much say in local zoning laws.

I have a very strong disgust reflex, for those of you wondering. If I see even a tiny superfluous fold on a chick's belly, I get my whiteboard pointer and poke the offensive fatty deposit a few times, until she takes the hint. Protractors and tape measures are often utilized to emphasize the teachable moment.

Related, here's a good discussion on the morality of disgust, over at Mangan's.

Tosh's Mosh Pit

CH · 16 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Readers want a word or two about the Daniel Tosh affair. Ok. Lessons from yet another sordid femcunt yeast explosion.

1. Never… NEVER…. apologize to a feminist cackling for your head. This goes as well for any -ist member tossing -isms your way. If you apologize, however snarkily, you embolden the smelly beasts. Mock them in return. Reframe the discussion. Or just shit in their faces. Anything is better, in this suffocating PC climate, than apologizing to the degenerate freak mafia. And guess what? When you give the enemy no quarter, they tend to sulk silently back into the shadows from whence they emerged.

1a. We're at the point of cultural antagonism now, that even if you literally did shit in a feminist's face, you shouldn't apologize for it. Hold out your arms proudly and let the cops slap the cuffs on you.

2. A woman who voluntarily goes to a shooting range and complains about how offended she was by all the guns on display and bullet casings on the ground, and then demands an apology from the gun range owner, is an idiot who deserves withering scorn. Same applies for a cunt who voluntarily goes to a comedy club and then bitches about the comic's offensive material.

3. Tosh is a funny dude. He's also, perhaps, the most un-PC comic working today, save Adam Carolla. (Sorry, LouisCK, I suspect you're really the beta you play on TV.) How does he get away with it? A friendly, approachable demeanor. A superficial naivete. A mischievous smirk. But don't be fooled; the guy is a sadistic soul-shivver of the first degree, and that's why he's funny.

4. You can't be funny repackaging lies. This is why feminists and other equalist foot soldiers are never funny. They traffic in lies, which contorts their faces into permanent sourpusses. The best comedy builds from a foundation of taboo truth.

5. Female privilege. Matriarchal power structure. Call it what you will, the fact is that women are granted certain exemptions in society based on their sex alone. And one of those, as GLPiggy notes, is the freedom to mouth off in comedy venues without consequence. Women know that the odds they will be aggressively shouted down by the comic or the audience, or even physically assaulted or tossed out, are far lower than they would be for a man who mouthed off in the identical fashion. Women also know that should someone go a little "too far" striking back at their idiocy, an army of undersexed, tool white knights will rush to their defense. Women definitely do leverage this advantage of their sex to be immune from serious consequence, although they will never admit it, partly because this leveraging happens in the subconscious and is thus inaccessible by their higher order thinking lobes.

6. Humorless shrikes. Is there any species of humanity more pathetic?

7. The US is going the way of Canada and the UK: real, free speech of the kind protected by the First Amendment will be dead in this country within our lifetimes. Bet on it. The only salvation now will come in the form of revolution.

8. Are women naturally hysterical, like toddlers, or do they fake it to enjoy the rewards of triggering the damsel-in-distress effect? Yes, and yes. No, bitch, Tosh's jokes were not going to incite the whole room to gang rape you. Get over yourself and hie to a fainting couch. Now if you *really* want to feel gnawing terror, I know a few neighborhoods I could drop you off in at 2am…

9. If you're an ugly feminist, no one wants to rape you. Sorry to burst your bubble.

10. Why do feminists whine on and on about rape? Secretly, they get a little turned on by thought. That's what happens to your perspective when you have for company a battalion of lapdog beta males agreeing with your every insipid musing.

Porn Is A Portent Of Sexbotopia

CH · 18 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Sexbots. The very word sends chills down the spines of low sexual market value women. They fear competition or, worse, replacement. Even hot babes will suffer blowback from widespread use by men of realistic sexbots; the pool of desirable men remaining in the human mating market will have shrunk in proportion to the women who have the looks to snag them. Expect the "Russian Phenomenon" to sweep across the American landscape: ugly, irresponsible drunkards inexplicably snagging trophy hot blonde bombshells.

Sexbots that can simulate real women are still one silicone foot in the fantasy world, but the tech is rapidly progressing. Whoever said necessity is the mother of invention was wrong; the male sex drive is the mother of invention. (Though, I suppose you could argue that satisfying the male sex drive IS necessity.) So, for now, the agog crowd can rest easy that no major sexbot invasion is about to storm our shores.

But, interestingly, we can get a preview of what a sexbot-serviced future world will look like by turning our jaundiced eye and drained dicks to the effects that porn is having on the 21st Century man.

If it is true (and I happen to believe that it is) that modern porn — ubiquitous, on-demand, high definition, free hardcore porn — is a supernormal stimuli the likes of which have never been experienced by men at any point in human history until now, then we can make a reasonable leap of logic from our current porn-saturated world to a world full of sexbots, and what the toll will be on society. Sexbots will take supernormal stimuli into uncharted territory; dopamine receptors may very well explode aneurytically.

A reader starts us off on the speculation:

Is porn turning men into lazy bums? Might explain the effects of supernormal stimuli. Money won't much help them get a girl, the women in porn are hotter than anything they could get in the real world anyway, and it seems to have bad effects on motivation overall. Why should men do anything? Not the recipe for a healthy society.

Assuming porn is making men lazy, apathetic and demotivated, imagine what life-like sexbots who resemble Emma Stone will do to men! I can easily foresee a future where masses of betas and omegas become shut-ins, telecommuting for their sustenance while getting their lust (and mavbe love; have you seen bronies?) needs met by artificial babes who, on the internal male balance sheet, are a more fulfilling choice of sexual partner than the chubby human female 4s and 5s with tankgrrl attitude they could get in the flesh. And with a lot less effort and shit tests.

Men's happiness doesn't seem to have gone down however. Though I have heard that there is a bifurcation in male happiness with lower class males losing ground while upper/upper middle class men staying the same or getting happier. But I'd have to confirm that.

Are lazy, apathetic, demotivated men unhappy? Surveys show women are the ones getting unhappier the deeper we get into the feminist and sexual revolutions. If lower SMV men are getting their dopamine fix via porn, their overall level of happiness might not budge. The unhappiness flowing from low status would be countered by the happiness from orgasmic fulfillment and fooling the id receptors that a high quality mate has been successfully courted.

Whatever the consequence for men's happiness, it's a plausible hypothesis that widely available hardcore porn is both a bad omen for the maintenance of civilization and a net plus for rape and molestation rates, which go down with the rise of porn use.

If porn is having this presumed deleterious effect on men's libidos and passions, sexbots will intensify that (possibly dysgenic) trend a thousandfold. Maybe sexbots will become a form of Danegeld, where the shrinking elite utilize them to pacify the massed lower classes with robotic intimacy. Or maybe sexbots will free the r-selection id fully from its cage, as millions of sexually sated betas, their needs met and their urgency diluted, hit the bars and clubs spitting game like champions of the Aloofness Olympics, on women who have found themselves in competition not

only with other women, but with robot women. (Cue “Don’t Date a Robot!” Futurama vid.)

Alternatively, in horrified response to the swarm of sexual release outlets hijacking the minds of men, strict religious orders may institute draconian rules to shield their members from the onslaught; coupled with their higher birth rates, in a few generations we could see a much more God-fearing Western world, and these days of secular miracle and wonder will seem then a distant nightmare concocted in the heads of perverse dystopian writers.

Some free thinkers may ask, “What’s the equivalent of modern supernormal stimuli for women? What dopaminergic threats hijack the pleasure centers of women’s brains and render them incompatible civilizational partners and incorrigible entitled mating prospects?”

Answer: 50 Shades of Gray, tabloids, Facebook, OkCupid, pulp romance novels, pretty much everything on TV, high glycemic carbs.

These are the fantasy and orgasmic outlets for women. Women’s supernormal stimuli differs from men’s in form only; the function is EXACTLY the same: to provide deep, pleasurable limbic massages that can’t be had in the dull, boring, uninspiring real world human sexual market. And the effects on women’s spirits, I will argue, are actually WORSE for society than those effects caused by porn on men’s willingness to brace the support beams of civilization. For a woman whose senses are in thrall to the sexual delights of fictional billionaire sadists, the ego uplifts of beta male supplicating social media, the instant gratification of carby calories, and the fantasy worldview reinforcing messages of gay and feminist-dominated trash TV, is a woman who is too obese, too self-absorbed and too demanding to make the sacrifices required of her to please a husband and raise a family of more than 0.5 kids.

Sexbots will only have an indirect effect on women, for women are by nature less visual creatures than men, and won’t be drawn to the corporeal pleasures offered by rudimentary AI Jude Law model #3,465. What sexbots will do is widen the already growing chasm between the sexes, until only the fittest of the fit — and fitness is whatever gets one’s genes to the next generation, whether beneficial to civilization or not — can successfully leap across it to woo a human companion in the way that our genetic overlord intended.

Obedience To Authority Game

CH · 23 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

We often mischievously note here that women are more prone to herd behavior than are men. That is, on average, your typical woman is more likely to "go along to get along" than your typical man. This is why all sorts of cultural trends — from fashion to food to acceptable modes of posturing — exert stronger influences on women.

The close cousin of lemmingitis (falling in step with fads) is obedience to authority. If you are apt to align your lifestyle with whatever is the latest fashion, (and ostracize those who don't), you are probably also apt to blindly obey high status authority figures telling you what is good for you. If true, then we might speculate that women make better cultural foot soldiers for whichever elite authority is most tangible in their lives, owing to women's greater propensity to accept authority dictums without question.

We may add to this speculation not only personal observation and confirmatory heaps of anecdotes, but in addition scientific evidence that women are, indeed, more obedient to authority than are men. Courtesy of reader uh pointing us to this Milgram experiment replication:

> *Charles Sheridan and Richard King hypothesized that some of Milgram's subjects may have suspected that the victim was faking, so they repeated the experiment with a real victim: a "cute, fluffy puppy" who was given real, albeit harmless, electric shocks. They found similar findings to Milgram: half of the male subjects and* ***all of the females obeyed to the end****. Many subjects showed high levels of distress during the experiment and some openly wept. In addition, Sheridan and King found that the duration for which the shock button was pressed decreased as the shocks got higher, meaning that for higher shock levels, subjects showed more hesitance towards delivering the shocks.**
>
> Always remember: All female participants in the Milgram obedience to authority experiment *continued shocking the puppy* despite their tears.
>
> Half of the men stopped.

Girls love cute things, but they love powerful authority figures even more.

I'm glad to report that, thanks to the yeoman efforts of this blog, there is a growing awareness of female nature settling firmly in the minds of Westerners (and a smattering of Finns. I kid, I kid! Sort of.) Like male nature, female nature is not all bad, nor is it elevated above men's (it's different than men's, but not any less degraded). Le Chateau's campaign to RAISE AWARENESS about women's true nature helps bring balance to the social conditioning force, which for generations has defaulted to the side of pristine women and fallen men. This grand rectification will BEGIN THE HEALING of a society teetering on the precipice of choking to death on a morass of self-asphyxiating lies, and get more than a few men laid in the process.

We know that women are more instinctively obedient to authority, but the reason perhaps eludes those of us with less experience navigating the twat trenches. This female impulse to servitude is both an evolved moral mechanism to reinforce in-group cohesion (and thus secure resource blessings to their children) and a manifestation of their desirous attachment to alpha males, of whom the most obvious archetype are those alpha males wielding authoritarian power.

This knowledge dovetails nicely with game principles. Mystery was always fond of repeating that women are evolutionarily configured to desire "leaders of men", (along with "protectors of loved ones" and "preselected by women"). I'd expand this axiom to include leaders of women, because the man who can corral a roomful of women to do his bidding is, in many ways, a sexier specimen to women than the man who leads a battalion of men. See, for example, any fashion photographer.

Authorities are, by definition, leaders of men and women. You, the beta male who wants more choice in women,

can leverage women's instinct to obey confident leaders to your hedonistic advantage. Try this sometime (if it is out of character for you, which will be the case, I bet, for at least 80% of my male readers):

- Order, don't ask, a girl to do something with you. Telling her she's coming with you to Bar A or Event X is, you will find hard not to notice, far more invigorating to her libido than asking her the same.
- If you are buying a meal or a drink for your girlfriend, choose her option and unhesitatingly order it for her. I have had girls exclaim with surprised glee how awesome it was that I caught them off-guard with this bold move. (Note: Do not default to buying shit for girls you haven't yet fucked.)
- Spontaneous sex in dangerous places. Again, command her, don't ask. Asking a girl to have risky sex will always get a "no" answer, which is funny because not asking will almost always get you a "yes" reaction.
- Simply command a woman to do something that makes her a little uncomfortable. Authority is best proved by the ~~victim's~~ follower's degree of submission. Tell her, for instance, to skinny dip. Or pilfer a pack of gum. Or go down on you at a movie. Or bury the body in the backyard. Or betray her feminist principles (always a laugh riot).

Ordering a girl to do something, particularly something risky, may sound like an easy proposal, but don't be fooled: it will feel a lot more difficult than it is if you aren't used to doing it. Couple your natural aversion with the feminist tankgrrl shrikegeist enshrouding secular societies, and it can seem quite the daunting task to the average beta bear. But the rewards, I assure you, are well worth it. The man who can tap into those ancient Phlegethon viscera coursing through women's primal souls will have the key to untold pleasures of the penis and the heart.

Women may feel distress when they have to obey an authority telling them to do something they normally wouldn't, but that distress is an optic fiber pipeline straight to their vaginas. When they experience the one, they inevitably experience the other. You don't need to be an actual authority figure to trigger this female lust instinct; you just need to accurately portray such authority over the women you want to desire you. And like the accomplished actor, such portrayals will eventually lodge their way into the filament of your being, and the distinction will cease to meaningfully exist.

*If you're interested, and you should be, here's a Milgram experiment follow-up which found ethnic and national differences in willingness to obey authority.

Holmes: Another Lovelorn Beta Male Rampage

CH · 24 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It looks like we may have another case of a beta, possibly omega, male with woman troubles expunging his feelings of worthlessness through the barrel of a gun. Could game have saved the lives of those theater-goers Holmes killed?

> James Holmes struck out with three women on an adult sex website shortly before he allegedly perpetrated the Colorado movie massacre, according to a new report.
>
> He described Holmes as “a shy, pretty socially inept person,” and said he tried at one point to introduce Holmes around the institute, taking him to another floor where a high school girl was working.
>
> “He just had no interest,” Jacobson recalled. “I attributed all this to adolescent shyness, maybe feeling intimidated [by] people around him.” […]
>
> On Monday, it was also learned that Holmes was turned down by three women on the casual sex website Adult Friend Finder shortly before he allegedly perpetrated the Colorado movie massacre.
>
> The grad school dropout opened an account on the no-strings-attached sex site on July 5, and quickly reached out to three lusty ladies — but all said, “No thanks” to a hookup, the unidentified women told TMZ.com.
>
> One of the horny honeys told TMZ that Holmes was rather innocent in his approach, claiming he was “just looking to maybe chat . . . nothing sexual.”

If you don’t have much experience approaching women and talking to them, getting shot down one after another by three sluts looking for casual sex is a grievous blow to the ego. Had Holmes had some game and approaches under his belt, he would not have been as fazed by these rejections, (nor would he have been as impelled to use a casual sex website to fulfill his sex and love needs).

In addition, this skank’s recollection implies that Holmes is the classic niceguy, unable to flirt with or entice women except through the niceguy method of chatting innocently about nothing and hoping to elicit a pity fuck through the LJBF back door.

> Using the screen name “classicjimbo,” Holmes said he was straight and looking for “casual sex,” either one-on-one or with a group of three or more.

I figured maybe there was a chance this guy might be gay, which would help explain his indifference to women he worked around. But his admission here dispels that possibility (unless he’s lying out of a psychological need).

> “Will you visit me in prison?” read a haunting line at the top of his profile page.

This is about the closest Holmes came to using effective game.

> His account, which has been taken down in the wake of the horrific attack, lists Holmes as single, athletic and a light drinker. He described his “male endowment” as “short/average.”

An underemployed, undersexed, socially awkward niceguy beta male with incipient schizophrenia and a small ween is a carnage waiting to happen. Again, had Holmes some knowledge of game and success using it on women in the past, would he have ever bothered arming himself to the teeth and committing himself to his bloodlust? I don’t think this question is unreasonable to ask.

> “Am a nice guy. Well, as nice enough of a guy who does these sort of shenanigans,” read his [profile] introduction.

Here, Holmes admits that he is a niceguy. Do niceguys generally own up to their niceguyness? I've observed that many of them do. They seem to hold their niceguy status as simultaneously both a moral virtue and an unlucky burden to bear. Narcissist niceguys like Holmes love the feeling of martyrdom because it erects in their minds a triumph over their self-inflicted failures.

> "After the TMZ incident, I am hesitant to continue using this site. Never know who's on the other end," a 30-year-old from Steamboat Springs, Colo., who goes by the screen name "fancydarling," posted at the top of her profile Monday.

These low class broads who use casual hook-up sites like Adult Friend Finder are test cases of hamsters on overdrive. Really, lady, you log onto a site practically dedicated to anonymous sex and you're shocked to find out the men you meet aren't model citizens nor interested in friendly chatting about throw rug patterns? Of course you're not shocked. You're just a woman being womanish.

> Classmates who knew Holmes at Westview High told The News they had no recollection of the accused killer ever having a girlfriend.

In an increasingly r-selected society like the one America is turning into, beta males without game are going to be left in the dust. Some of them with pre-existing mental disorders may go over the edge.

> On Monday, his high school buddies were shocked that the clean-cut brainiac had morphed into the wild-eyed, mop-haired man they now saw.

Does anyone ever see it coming? Serious question. I've yet to read an account of some mass killer that someone who knew him predicted would crack one day. That's the thing with unassuming niceguy beta males: they're generally invisible to people around them until they snap and go out in a blaze of lookatme! I don't know there is any way to protect against this happening again, except to issue PSAs that educate the public on the signs to note of someone beginning the descent into homicidal madness. Or maybe make game a required course in all high schools, so that socially invisible beta and omega males get some basic dating experience under their belts before their fuses are lit.

> "He looked so dazed. Then it was like his eyes were going to pop out of his head. I never saw that look from him before. This is not the kid I knew playing soccer back in high school," Brandon Wanda, 23, told The News.

Doctors probably drugged him.

Holmes has shown all the signs of a guy who had a paranoid schizophrenic breakdown. The sudden change in appearance and behavior, and the indiscriminate nature of the attack suggest he has a real mental illness, and advocates for the mentally ill ought to stop shielding the public from the knowledge that crazies can sometimes turn out to be excessively violent beasts. But his mental illness may not be the whole story; if his condition reinforced his failure with women, the two personal insults could have operated symbiotically to drive him to the breaking point. Holmes may have been destined to go nuts, but it's possible he could have been saved from violent schism by an intervention that helped him navigate social interactions with women; in other words, helped him *not be himself*. Could game have been the answer? Feminists shriek indignantly, but it's not such an outlandish thought.

The Middle Class Quiet Riot

CH · 24 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When this blog links to an outside source, you know by the rarity of the act that it's something worth reading. This post is one of those must-reads, if for no other reason than that it spotlights, in the starkest terms possible, just exactly how a middle class revolution will foment, and what it means for the future of America. Stories like the one described in the link may be the tip of an iceberg about to slice an irreparable gash in the hull of the USS Proposition Nation.

> Brian and Ilsa are such anarchists—grey-haired, well-dressed, golf-loving, well-to-do, exceedingly polite anarchists: But anarchists nevertheless. They are not important, or powerful, or influential: They are average—that's why they're so deadly: Their numbers are *millions*. And they are slowly, painfully coming to the conclusion that it's just not worth it anymore.
>
> Once enough of these J. Crew Anarchists decide they no longer give a fuck, it's over for America—because they *are* America.

When middle class, law-abiding, generally good-natured and good-willed white Americans start dropping out and shirking the rules, the jig is up. Finito. Stick a fork in it. Sayonara. Goodbye to all that. The writing is on the wall. D'oh! Only in the end will you understand.

I predicted this would happen. The twin evils — the two Great Lies of our age — feminism and equalism, sustained by disconnection, distrust, debt-propped decadency and last-gasp status whoring and status hoarding, are carving out bits of America's soul, piece by piece, and soon nothing but the enraged id will be left, uncaged, vengeful, stripped of moral compunction and ready to watch it all burn to the ground.

At this point, I don't think there is any saving America from decline and obsolescence. We are on a trajectory eerily similar to that of past empires which have risen and fallen. It's almost as if there's an immutable, unchanging, universal human nature at work that has been the guiding force in world matters since we left the jungle upright.

I will say this: if there is any hope of salvation, any way out of the death spiral we're slipping down, the Lords of Lies must be defeated, by pen or by post. It matters not how the job is done; they simply must be ousted from power and deprived of influence, or, more generously, convinced of the error of their ways and reformed to the side of Light, if America is to have a chance at redemption. The mediocre masses and the vulgarians will not abandon their memetic medication and hypocritical self-aggrandizement until they see a glimmer of new leadership, new voices, that permit them the courage to think clearly and say so with strength of conviction.

The first step begins now:

Men and women are radically different along many important psychological and physical dimensions.

Not all men are created equal.

Some men really are worth more than others.

Some cultures really are better than others.

Some people can handle the task of building and maintaining prosperous civilization better than other people.

Trust is a perishable quantity vital to an orderly, wealth-generating society. It does not grow with persuasion, coercion, sloganeering, or after-school specials. It is organically emergent and intimately tied to relatedness: cultural, moral and, yes, biological.

There is no such thing as a proposition nation, only propositions that can be affirmed or refuted.

High-minded ideals must fall when they are proven unworkable, or millions will die, soul or body, in service to

their continued justification.

The gradual feminization of the culture, the workplace, academia, government, media outlets and even family life has not been an unalloyed good. Quite the opposite; the observed evidence better fits the theory that elevating the female disposition and particular talents to sainthood in all facets of life has taken us down a dystopian road, as we can see in the rise of single momhood, sky-high safety net deficit spending, limp-wristed SWPLs, male cocooning and dropping out, and stagnating technological innovation.

Privilege is a good thing. Men build nations so that they may codify their privilege and enjoy it, and pass it on to their posterity. Those who rail against this privilege should be shunned and invited to leave and build their own nations more suited to their tastes.

God may be dead, but his copybook headings hold illimitable dominion over all.

The ego is the greatest enemy man has ever faced.

These truths I've outlined, currently buried in a mile-deep bunker by custodians of the Temple of Lies, aren't just idle musings. They have policy implications. Deny them at your peril.

What Kristen Stewart's Cheating Tells Us About Good-Looking Beta Males

CH · 25 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

People are asking my opinion of the Kristen Stewart affair. She cheated on her boyfriend Robert Pattinson with her movie's director, an older, objectively less physically attractive married man whose wife is a model. Ok, here goes.

1. She's cute.

2. She's a horrible actress.

3. You can be the best looking man in the world, but if you're a beta in your core (and there is evidence in his quoted words that Pattinson is an unreconstructed beta) you will suffer a higher chance of getting cheated on by your girlfriend if she spends any nontrivial amount of time with an alpha male who has the ATTITUDE.

4. This is more anecdotal evidence that male looks and youth simply aren't as vital to revving women's libidos as female looks and youth are to igniting men's libidos.

In the modern West, betaness is a disease, and I aim to deliver the cure.

Gay Fitness (And Schizophrenia Genes)

CH · 25 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Purely speculative time-waster post follows…

The push by evolutionary scientists to find an explanation for homosexuality is confounded by the seemingly obvious fact that homos don't naturally reproduce (leaving aside lesbians and turkey basters for the moment). Many theories are then offered which supposedly account for the steady 2-4% rate of male gayness in most (all?) societies that don't disobey the law of reproductive fitness. The most convincing of these theories that I have read include chimerism, multiple gene influence selecting for creativity that goes haywire, hormonal imbalance in the womb, and parasitical infection of the womb or early infant. The long-standing theory of the "gay uncle" who helps increase the fitness of his nieces and nephews has been debunked, from what I understand.

But what if the premise is wrong in a hairy male ass sort of way? What if gay men actually DO have higher reproductive fitness than straight men? Allow me to probe and unpack the issue. Say that, before the modern age of widely available contraceptives and social tolerance of openly DEDICATED gay men (not just tolerance of straight men getting their low status rocks off in young farmboy butt), gay men entered into relationships with women under heavy social and psychological pressure and bore more children than average with them than did straight men with their women. Say, too, that gay men have naturally tight game and thus attract the attention of more fertile babes than do straight men. Now posit that at some exquisitely sequined level of flaming gayness, the gay becomes so strong that the option to cavort with other men in a subterranean glory hole culture to the exclusion of having sex with women or marrying them as beards renders a certain percentage of gay men evolutionary dead ends.

Would this fitness dynamic not, over eons of selection, result in what we see today: a low, but steady rate of men born with the gay gene(s)?

If I'm right about this, then a gay gene or genes may actually exist and, ironically, the total acceptance of gays by wider society may result in the disappearance of the gay male population by relieving them of the external peer pressure and the internal guilt pressure to be with women, and thus to bear children with them and pass on their snarky DNA. Or: gay pride could mean gay extinction.

Again, just speculating… I happen to think Cochran's germ theory is the most likely explanation, and if that's the case, and the germ or parasite remains unidentified, the gay population will go on renewing itself for quite a few more generations. But once it is identified, and barring civilizational collapse it will be, you can bet your bottom dollar that all those right-thinking SWPL moms- and dads-to-be will, as per their usual MO in… ahem… *delicate* matters that directly impact their lives, hypocritically abort fetuses infected with the germ, or give the antidote to their newborns. Because, push comes to shove, parents want children who will give them grandchildren, or at least have the potential to give them grandchildren. The prime directives of human nature bow to no PC king.

On a semi-related note, is schizophrenia also fitness-increasing? That is, are schizophrenic or borderline schizoid men more attractive to women by dint of their charmingly aloof and intriguingly edgy personalities?

Koanic writes:

> I'm skeptical of the whole mental illness thing. I think prolonged stress and depression, combined with dietary intolerances such as gluten common in Thals **[ed: neanderthals, or neanderthal admixed Euro-descended peoples]**, can TOGETHER produce a severely bent mental state. And I think going "insane" in that situation can be partly a deliberate choice, and a worthwhile defense mechanism. E.g., adopting a Joker persona.
>
> But that is not the same as being genetically predestined to "schizophrenia," something I'm not even sure happens in a normal paleolithic environment.
>
> I think the mainstream psychological consensus is bull. This whole "usual age for onset of schizophrenia thing" just strikes me as the age at which societally induced total despair sets in and people start cracking.

> That I can definitely sympathize with. I meet a lot of Thals now that are under sick levels of despair and pressure. And I remember back in my blue pill days getting near cracking territory myself at times, what with health and social failure and threat of career failure, and trying to deal with all the conflicting messages about what I was supposed to be. It's not a fun place to be, an interesting things start happening to your mind.

Readers may correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought alleles associated with schizophrenia have been found? Some schizoids may not be faking at all; their brains may be genuinely mis-wired, almost subhuman (or suprahuman, depending on your point of view).

An allelic connection to schizophrenia does not necessarily refute what Koanic wrote above; it could be the case that both alleles and societal despair push guys like Holmes to the edge. It could also be true that schizophrenia was not fitness-reducing in the cro-magnon environment (cro-magnons being the ones theorized to have bequeathed modern humans with mental illness genes; you may thank your local witch doctor for his gift) like it is today in the modern one.

Evidence for the latter contention is the DISTURBING fact that schizophrenics, particularly after they have snapped and gone postal, get lots of attention from young, fertile babes. While this is funny from the angle of watching the cognitive dissonance it elicits from feminists, it's depressing to those white knights who can't bear the thought that women they desire are apt to make some really horrible choices in mating partners (yes, mating; conjugal visits allow homicidal genes to spread). I mean, how the fuck do you write flowery poetry to the girl of your dreams when you strongly suspect she'd swoon for a mass murderer with orange hair?

So there's your connection: schizophrenia and homosexuality — two genetic experiments that probably worked in the ancestral environment because men who inherited their characteristics were more attractive to women; but today, in the modern environment, are fitness reducing.

Discuss. And be sure to pepper your comments with lots of gay sex euphemisms. Top comments will get recognition for their creativity. You don't want to be a bottom comment.

UPDATE

Looks like my theory that a little bit of gayness, not taken too far down the glory hole (i.e., not so gay that it drives the man to exclusive homosexuality), increases male reproductive fitness, has backup. Say hello to science!

> Genetic factors predisposing to homosexuality may increase mating success in heterosexuals.
>
> There is considerable evidence that human sexual orientation is genetically influenced, so it is not known how homosexuality, which tends to lower reproductive success, is maintained in the population at a relatively high frequency. One hypothesis proposes that while genes predisposing to homosexuality reduce homosexuals' reproductive success, they may confer some advantage in heterosexuals who carry them. However, it is not clear what such an advantage may be. To investigate this, we examine a data set where a large community-based twin sample (N=4904) anonymously completed a detailed questionnaire examining sexual behaviors and attitudes. We show that psychologically masculine females and feminine men are (a) more likely to be nonheterosexual but (b), when heterosexual, have more opposite-sex sexual partners. With statistical modelling of the twin data, we show that both these relationships are partly due to pleiotropic genetic influences common to each trait. We also find a trend for heterosexuals with a nonheterosexual twin to have more opposite-sex partners than do heterosexual twin pairs. Taken together, these results suggest that genes predisposing to homosexuality may confer a mating advantage in heterosexuals, which could help explain the evolution and maintenance of homosexuality in the population.

I do say this is rather fascinating, Watson. A gay gene(s) might persist because heterosexual men who have, presumably, a recessive or single copy version of the butt pirate gene(s) have higher reproductive fitness (chicks dig them). My theory that gays in the past, when there was stronger social and psychological pressure to date women,

had a leg up on straight men at attracting women and bearing more children with them because of their higher natural level of game, is buttressed by this study.

Here's more evidence that a gene may be responsible for rusty star spelunking:

> Male and female fruitflies have been engineered to switch courtship roles, through the manipulation of a single gene.
>
> The study, which appears in Cell, shows how a simple genetic adjustment can cause a dramatic change in sexual behaviour. "It was quite something to see," says Barry Dickson, who is one of the authors and is based at the Austrian Academy of Sciences in Vienna.

Humans aren't fruit flies, of course, but these results are suggestive.

Reader Mailbag: First Things First Edition

CH · 27 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1: A confused reader seeks advice on passing a putative shit test from a younger woman.

> I have been trying to get this 23 year old and I am 38. I thought I had developed a good rapport w/ her and it seemed I had. I probably still make the mistake of being on the side of too nice. **[ed: your gut instinct is usually right]** Things were looking pretty good (I thought) and then she said that she had a boy story for me. I said, so tell me. **[ed: high risk invitation to get LJBFed]** She said it was a long story, and she did not have time, as she was just leaving work. My instinct said, fuck this, then and there. Why say this and then not talk? **[ed: because it was a shit test you failed]** However, I visited her the next day @ her work. **[ed: why did you reward a recalcitrant girl with your company? and go out of your way to do it? you really lowered your value with this move]**
>
> Her short was, Her, a 23 yr old college grad found out that college professor in her dept, age 31 that she was recently "dating," had an older girl over. 23 year old shows up @ his place. Then, later, 31 yr old professor shows up @ her apartment @ 4am and says he cares for/loves her. After telling me this story, I said, I am 38 and know how guys work like the back of my hand and the situation is exactly what it seems. **[ed: you're falling right into her frame. why do you want to be a girl's romance counselor on how to handle badboys?]** I then said, I want to talk to you about a situation too. So, I said can I get your # and call & talk to you. She said, I am not really comfortable with that and don' think it would be a good idea. WTF? **[ed: wtf? i'll tell you wtf. she lost whatever interest was previously there.]**
>
> I was going to lay my intentions on the line honestly, objectively, but not needy. **[ed: laying intentions on the line is beta and needy. ultimatums and heartfelt confessions don't work on girls you aren't already fucking]** If she wanted to take a go fine, if not fine, I just wanted to tell her b/c life is short and happening now. **[ed: girls never just "want you to tell them" your feelings of lust. they want you to flirt with plausible deniability. that is the way of the outcome independent man]** I want to retaliate so bad and show her. **[ed: ugh. so bad. so beta. she smelled it on you.]** I used to get that "floaty and electric static feeling" around her, now that feeling has turned an "irritating white noise like feeling". **[ed: that's called sexual frustration]** Please help me get some face back. **[ed: face back for what? for you not eliciting enough desire in her so that she wants to fuck you? i don't see that she did anything to you that would merit a face-saving plan of attack. your best vengeance is to tighten up your game, meet a new girl, and parade her in front of this girl who rejected you]** She can tell me about all about her story, and then is uncomfortable with me calling her. **[ed: dude… that's what desirable chicks DO to hapless betas. only now, in the end, do you understand]** WTF? Please advise.

Please read the editorial comments above. You don't need advice. You need a soul adjustment. Your whole mentality oozes the repellent slurry of the needy beta. I'm not at all surprised she didn't give you what you wanted.

Look, if you're 38 and focusing on 23 year olds, you'll have to do much better than this. Girls expect older men to be wiser in the ways of womanhood. That's one of the main attractiveness drivers of the older man to younger women. It's guys like you that really motivate me to put out a book so I don't have to keep repeating the same axioms and game advice.

***

Email #2 is from a reader who wonders where he stands with a girl giving indicators that she's open to cheating.

> I was hoping you could help me analyze a situation.
>
> I met a girl at a coffee shop today. Objectively she's about an 8. But I live in Bozeman Montana. The dearth of

> local talent makes that a 9-10 relative to what else is available.
>
> We chatted for maybe an hour. She was plently flirty, and every time I put a compliance test out there she eagerly responded. For example I'd pause conversation for a minute or two and she'd re-initiate. After a story about back surgery I told her to stand up and turn around so I could see the scar. Followed by pulling down the back of her dress to see all of it. You get the general idea.
>
> But maybe 10 minutes into the convo (before I started getting all this compliance) I was telling a story about when I was stationed in Germany. She told me that her boyfriend was currently stationed at the same base. I wasn't sure if I believed he existed just yet (he does) but I also wasn't actively hitting on her, so I took that as a sign to stay indirect.
>
> Being a former military man myself, I'm not about to steal another soldier's girl. But I also wasn't about to give up for a boyfriend that may or may not exist in real life. So I kept talking. She never said anything explicitly (nor would I expect her to) but I got the impression that the distance was taking a toll on their relationship and I figured it was gonna end in the next few months.
>
> As I was leaving, I handed her my laptop and told her to add me on Facebook. Admittedly not a good idea if you're trying for immediate sex… but I can afford to wait a few months for their "relationship" to come to its inevitable implosion.
>
> Here's where things got really weird. She did add me. Then she told me that I'd find out anyways on her facebook… but she lied about the boyfriend. He's actually her fiancee but she doesn't wear a ring because she doesn't like getting asked about being 19 and engaged.
>
> I laughed, and told her if I was trying to get into her pants I would have stopped talking to her after she mentioned the boyfriend. (thinking this might have been a mistake). However she then gave me a kiss, and went back to her seat as I was leaving.
>
> My read is that she's willing to cheat on her fiancee (although I'm not), but she wants me to pursue her aggressively to make that happen. I think we're probably headed for the friend zone and she's destined for female wingman status. Is that the same thing you see?

Before attending to this man's particular game needs, allow me a moment of reflection on the current state of our culture:

It's a bad sign for civilization when girls start feeling social pressure to hide their engagement rings from fear of being ostracized for getting married too young, or from a hidden desire to cheat on the down low. You could probably track a culture's ascent and decline by the rate of engagement ring concealment.

All right, back to the business at hand. I think your read is correct, although there is a chance she was just enjoying your illicit flirty attention with no interest beyond that. The Facebook add is interesting. I don't know too many engaged girls who would risk that kind of exposure by adding a potential lover, unless they didn't see themselves actually going through with the tryst.

Your disqualification (when you said you wouldn't continue talking to her after finding out about her BF) was probably neutral in its effect, and maybe even worked in your favor. I wouldn't make too much out of that. The rest of your game seems pretty tight. Anyhow, this girl sounds like an attention whore. If you pursue aggressively, you have a shot at defiling her more than she's already defiled herself. But will you be able to sleep at night, knowing you abetted the whoreishness of a girl engaged to a fellow soldier stationed overseas? I don't ask this question lightly. I've been in your situation, and I've had a few pangs of guilt. But just a few. And they pass quickly.

***

Email #3 is from reader "Maverick" who wants to know if girls always push for a no-sex date or series of no-sex dates after a one night stand or fling.

> Thanks for the awesome site. It has gotten me laid with dozen hotties **[ed: not two dozen? i'm losing my touch]** and has completely changed my outlook on women (for the better, I hope – or at least for the real). It helped me choose the bachelor life and for the past 3 years have been the happiest for me. **[ed: confirmed bachelors have never been happier than right now in this moment of time]** However I noticed an emerging pattern. About half of the girls I laid, or maybe talked to for a while but then "forgot" about and later reunited, essentially wanted sexless dates. It's almost as if they feel guilty for putting out and now want some sort of commitment right away. It pisses me off. I don't mind doing things with girls outside the bedroom, but I have needs too and because getting laid is so easy now, I've been a little spoiled. It's a recurring theme too. Let's say I hung out with girl X for a month or two, very casually, then lost contact. Initiated contact again a few months later. She comes over, we hang out, however she wants commitment, or at least "no sex tonight". Huh? How do I get around this? Or is it just one of those facts I have to accept? A girl with some nice fake ones who pulled this exact stunt on me last night is sleeping in my bed right now :/

Yes, what you are describing is colloquially known as "putting the dick back in the box". Girls will do this — that is, they will begin to play hard-to-get — for two reasons: 1. they see you as boyfriend material and 2. they feel slutty for having slept with you, but still like you. You see, despite the protestations of feminists and the slut pride crowd to the contrary, girls subconsciously know their sluttitude is unattractive to men worth cornering into relationships. So they will pull back and guard the vagina to fool the man into thinking they would make good, faithful wives and mothers. But experienced men know better.

The way to get around this peculiar female instinct is to follow classic anti-slut defense game strategy. Agree with the girl, without really agreeing with her. That is, verbally assent to her pull back, while physically continuing to push for sex. If you get resistance the whole way, try a freeze-out, where you calmly and without a trace of spite, simply turn your back and occupy yourself with some other interest, like a video game or a book.

Whatever you do, NEVER let one of these pullback girls get the better of you. That means no sexless cuddling with them and no admittance to your bed without putting out. If necessary, tell an inordinately obstinate cocktease to leave your place so that you can get some decent shut-eye.

Maxim #29: Once a girl knows she can get sexless intimacy from you, she will curse you with that for as long as you allow it to happen.

***

Email #4: A reader has a question about figuring out the timing of a girl's ovulation cycle to tailor the appropriate degree of game response.

> 21-year old dude from Canada. Long time reader. Doubtless you've changed my life for the better. Your blog is easily my favourite (on the whole wide internets, dread/love being favourite posts). I find your writing style inspiring.
>
> Anyway, trying to figure this (re: subject) out for the first time with the current main girl, from one of your posts in jan of this year. What I'm confused about is exactly how to apply it once you get an approximation for when she's on the rag. Can you get ovulation it to more precise than '7-12′ days after she's off it? Is the effect of ovulation going to peak on a certain day? From what I have (she just got on the pill, so effects will be muted, depends largely on the girl of course), she reports being more consistent (3 days on the rag, 13-16 June and 14-17 July, she expects the same august). For what it's worth, she's what one might call 'shy', has never done anal ('saving it for marriage' of course), so instead of convincing her, I'm introducing it under the radar or what have you and doing this to get a range of dates to try setting the mood and have it be an enjoyable, organic sexual experience for her. Advice along those lines would be much appreciated as well.

Perhaps a biologist better informed about these sorts of things could chime in here? From what I know, women can

get pregnant throughout their fertility window, but the odds go way up during the two days or so that the egg is in transit, which falls toward the end of that week-long window. I don't know if you can time her ovulation to better than 7-12 days after she's done flooding her pants with her bloody stigmata.

I do like where your head is, though. If you're going to do anal on a girl, the best time is during her ovulation, when her tingles will be oscillating most vigorously for the mass migration of your mass member. Anal sex is the demand of the cocky asshole alpha male, so you'd want to introduce this exhilarating aspect of your sexuality to her while she's most receptive to it.

***

Email #5: A reader who requested anonymity asked what he should do about male friends ogling his woman.

> Thanks to your blog I was able to have a girlfriend, it used to be girlfriend(s) but academia got in the way and I lost the other 2. **[ed: fuck academia!]**
>
> Anyways I am kind of new to the blog, I have only been following your blog for a year now so I am not sure if you covered this already; but how does one handle "male friends"? Of course my girlfriend is a pretty one and she gets attention from other men wanting to take her out and stuff. I understand that women needs orbiters, but should I continue my iron grip on my rule that she can't hang out with them? How should I do this without looking like I see these men as a threat to my alphadom?

Male friends who hit on your girlfriend are no male friends at all. Doing so violates a man pact, and frees you to treat them like you would any male interloper who was a stranger to you.

Of course, you can tackle this unpleasantness by forbidding your girlfriend from fraternizing with your friends, but this is as liable to push her into their arms as it is to lock her down in your orbit. You ever see what kids do when their parents absolutely forbid them a sweet treat or a certain toy? They want it more than ever! At least with kids you can lock them in the basement. Can't do that with a girlfriend.

A better way is, first, to refrain from perceiving flirtatious banter between your GF and your male friends where there may not be any; and, second, if you are convinced the flirty banter is real and not a figment of your insecurities, to play a little reverse psychology.

You: "Joe can't keep his eyes off you!"

Her: "Joe's not flirting with me!"

You: "Come to think of it, you two would make an adorable couple, like two puppy dogs begging for love."

Her: "I would never date Joe."

Joe: [chastened] "Never?"

***

Email #6: A reader (troll alert) poses a supposed paradox.

> Why do girls get off on attention from beta's, be it in real life or online dating? I get repulsed when a fat chick hits on me and actually feel worse that she thinks she's in my league. Why don't women feel the same?

Women do get repulsed when betas *hit on them*. But they don't get repulsed when betas shower them with harmless compliments or listen like good eunuchs to their boring complaints about their badboy lovers. Plus, fat chicks are INSTANTLY repulsive to men, because men are visually oriented; in contrast, beta males are not instantly repulsive to women, because women are attitudinally oriented. It takes a little more effort from the typical beta male to thoroughly repulse a woman. There's your answer.

***

Email #7: Testosteroney goodness.

> Regarding your high t girls article.
>
> I'm currently dating a weird specimen. She has man feature in her face (chin, jaw and facial hair) and manly shoulders. Yet she has also very feminine traits (very nice, wide hips and round ass, soft smooth beautiful skin, pulpeous lips, nice round breasts).
>
> Could she be a high T and high oestrogene girl at the same time and whats your take on these girls?

As realtalkers will tell you, genetics and biology aren't deterministic; they're *probabilistic*. The girl with the manjaw and broad shoulders has a higher chance than the average girl of evincing male psychological traits, but it isn't necessarily so. There's nothing in the kingdom of biomechanics that precludes a manjawed girl from also possessing womanly hips and a feminine disposition.

We are only just beginning to unravel the blueprint of the human mind, so don't expect pat answers that explain the origins of these sorts of accurate observational generalizations about men and women. We are still at the nexus of theory and evidence, and there's bound to be shifting along this fault line for decades to come. Once we have pat answers, though, expect the reengineering to begin in earnest.

My own speculation is that it is possible for women to have both a high T hormonal profile and a highly feminine brain. Often, as I suspect is the case with sex changers, the mind and the body are at war with each other, having taken different paths due to some unusual prenatal hormonal or genetic broth. Thus, we see in the state of nature rare cases of feminine-looking women with manly desires and personalities and characteristics, and vice versa. But the rare cases do not refute the generalizations. In fact, they bolster them.

I'll tell you something… if you enjoy lots and LOTS of aggressive, bed-shaking sex, you can't go wrong with a feminine-looking girl who has been blessed (cursed?) with a male mind. Until she cheats on you.

ps "pulpeous lips". lol.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 28 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

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> She had that director dick inside her and she loved every bit of it. While he was hammering her wet little pussy, he told her what a little slut she was and if her boyfriend was aware that she was such a dirty little slut. When she replied between two heavy breaths a whispered “no”, he spanked her ass and with a deep voice, he told her that she’s a nasty little slut and that she should be ashamed of cheating on her boyfriend. She didn’t reply and kept moaning until he ordered her “say that you’re my little bitch. SAY IT”. She said “I’m your little bitch”. “Say that you love cheating on your boyfriend with daddy’s big dick”. “I love cheating… I love cheating on my boyfriend with daddy’s big dick. oooohhhh yes. FUCK ME . FUCK MEEEEE”…
>
> Next thing you know. “I’m sorry about the indiscretion. It just happened.”

The ease and facility with which women resort to hamsterizations is scary. If Genghis Khan were a woman, she might have done a good job of convincing other women and beta manboobs that her genocidal rampage “just happened”. A drum circle for peace would then have ensued, followed by group sympathy hugs.

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Second place comment winner (and a set of steak knives) goes to YaReally for his insightful comments about Kristen Stewart’s cheating:

> On a more constructive note, one of the comments left on that yahoo site says “Stewart commented not too long ago that her life was too easy and too boring. Guess the only way she was able to inject some interest in her life was to foul up someone’s marriage.”
>
> I’ve found that to be a driving force behind a LOT of fucked up behavior from some women. Specifically really attractive ones who find life just too easy. Everyone lets them get away with everything because, like a celebrity, they can do no wrong. It creates a feeling of restless boredom and like you aren’t a part of the “normal” world because people aren’t treating you the way they would treat someone who wasn’t as attractive/rich/important/famous/etc. as you.
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> So they act up and do things that’ll specifically cause drama and piss people off just to feel “normal”. It’s a really interesting situation to me from a psychology perspective because most “normal” people will never experience that feeling or be able to understand or relate to it, and those people who have life “too easy” can’t bitch about it to normal people or they sound ungrateful so they just suffer in silence.
>
> I was banging a girl who would treat her best friends like absolute shit, she was DYING for them to get mad at her or yell at her or leave an angry facebook comment or just SOMETHING to make her feel normal, but they’d never do it because she was too hot and too high value in her social circles and the general nightlife for anyone to dare cross her.
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> A lot of people (including this girl) end up going down the coke-head path because they’re chasing “feeling something”. That’s why a lot of really high-end social groups in the nightlife scene are full of coke-heads. Their day to day world is so full of phoney fake bullshit from everyone around them that they need to escape it for a few hours.
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Hot (or self-perceived hot) girls need more manufactured drama in their lives because everyone, and particularly beta males, walk on eggshells around them, depriving them of this most basic female macronutrient. If you plan to have a relationship with a hot, high status girl with a history of cheating (Stewart cheated on her previous boyfriend as well) and a manjaw indicating testosterone overload (see pics of Stewart), then you had better have really tight dread game. Or be comfortable sharing her with other alphas.

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Robert Pattinson wept poetic beta tears. Luckily for him, his fame ensures his alphaness almost… ALMOST… completely compensates for his niceguy beta soul. (I say "almost", because all it takes is one higher status director and one unruly, bored hypergamous whore to fuck up his dreamy-eyed visions of monogamous romance.) He'll get over it with a quick public jaunt down the street to pick up fresh meat. Most cuckolded beta males without his fame or options never get over it.

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A pithy description of one of the critical differences between the psychologies of the alpha male and the beta male.

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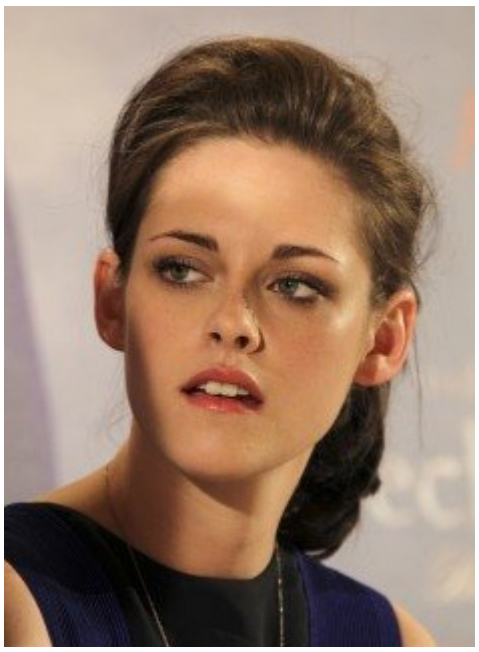
Yup.



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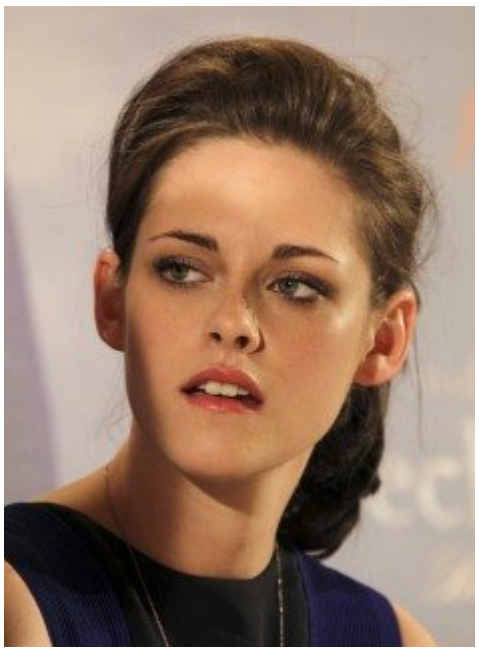

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This post is dedicated to Bill Bennett.

A Little Pain Warms The Female Heart

CH · 30 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

As the Kristen Stewart affair (re)confirms, women, particularly young, slender women with high mate values, possess a seeming masochistic tendency to seek out relationship drama and wallow in it. All women have this urge, although the degree to which the urge expresses itself varies in its intensity among women. A very rough estimate by yours truly puts it at 1/3 women crave sadistic assholes (who may even beat them), 1/3 of women are drawn to men who provide non-thuggish but nonetheless insecurity-amplifying drama, and another 1/3 are put off by thuggishness and prolonged drama-inducement but who do enjoy some minimal amount of relationship tension, whether manufactured by the man or organically arising from his higher value relative to hers.

Furthermore, this craving for asshole men diminishes slowly with age, and with declining beauty. The elicited excitement and allure of the jerk tends to be strongest in very pretty, slender women aged 16-25, and weakest in ugly women over age 35. The reasons for this dynamic are obvious: very attractive and maximally fertile women — that is, those women with the most options in the sexual market — are best able to capture the attention of an asshole, and extract commitment from him. Older, uglier, fatter women are not even on assholes' radars; their options are limited and their ability to extract commitment from men is kneecapped, so they tend to de-emphasize their longing for badboys and emphasize their appreciation for the secure reliability of lower value niceguys.

A few feminists are only now beginning to grapple with these hypergamous truths of female nature, not least in part because of the efforts of alternative blogs belched up from the bowels of hell, like this one, but they have yet to fully imbibe the meaning behind the evidence that confronts them. Many of them will attempt to scaffold their tattered ideology and hide the beast from their sights by making feeble assertions to the contrary, with no evidence in hand, that for instance, to pick a classic example of the genre, men "like drama-inducing bitches just as much as women like drama-inducing jerks".

Well, ain't that an ego salver! Too bad it isn't true. There is very little real world evidence, either in the scientific literature or in anecdotal observation, that men crave relationship drama and the bitches who can give it nearly as much as women crave the badboys who can give them drama. Dark triad traits? Benefit men's desirability; do nothing for women's desirability, or even hurt it. Female groupies for male prisoners? So well-known that there are even websites devoted to letting women air their grievances with the prison system and detail their efforts to get conjugal visits with their killer lovers. And then of course, there are the women who, despite plenty of resources and peer pressure to guide them to better choices, freely opt to love and love again abusive men who turned their faces into mashed pulp.

Men do not share with women this masochistic compulsion for relationship drama. Men who are stuck with abusive women are often losers who know they couldn't find another woman to save their lives. Men who have options will leave bitchy women without a second's thought. Men, in fact, are the total opposite of women in this regard: the typical man will usually RUN AWAY FROM bitchy women in favor of sweet, feminine women, given equal looks. Even given unequal looks, most men will choose, for example, a sweet, caring 7 over a bitchy, sadistic 9, at least for long-term consideration. (For a one night stand or short term fling, men will put up with some shit in exchange for the pleasure of defiling exquisite beauty.)

So it is with this sex difference in drama-seeking in mind that the theme of this post emerges.

Maxim #19: Making a woman feel a little emotional pain will reward you a thousandfold in returned physical pleasure.

You don't have to be fists-of-fury Chris Brown to pick up a Rihanna and make her fall in deep, profound love with you, but don't let the lesson of their relationship be lost on you. If you are a beta male — and odds are you are — you can superglue your relationship bond by instilling in your woman a calculated level of discomfort and insecurity. You won't feel bad about this, because you will know that the discomfort you create is subconsciously

DESIRED by your girl. Despite her outward appearance of frustration and timorous appeasement, you will know that inside, she is lit up like a vagina tree, with a squirting orgasm shooting out of the star on top.

The more beta you are, and the hotter your girlfriend or wife, the more necessary will be the application of drama inducement game (DIG).

Reader David Collard comments:

> I have written a poem about virginity and defloration, mainly to annoy skanky feminists:
>
> http://davidcollard.wordpress.com/2012/04/16/first-draft/
>
> As I have said before, deflowering my wife was unpleasant, and painful for her, but I am glad I got to do it, not some man before me. […]
>
> I have seen a serious scientific (evol psych) argument that the pain of childbirth gets a woman to bond to her child, and the pain of defloration gets her to bond to a man. On the other hand, my wife says my deflowering her put her off sex for quite some time. She had a very tough hymen.

It is an intriguing theory that women are, in some primal sense, attracted to the freeing chains of pain. The pain — physical or emotional — seems to release in woman animal lusts, which then stampede beyond her control. This loss of control is something women secretly yearn to experience, and the alpha males who so delight them are the men most adept at stripping women of their superficial veneer of control.

David writes that childbirth and defloration are both major masochist milestones in a woman's life that also represent pinnacles of pain. In the crucible of this pain (physical in these two instances), a bond so powerful, so unbreakable, is formed, that the woman will be forever merged in psyche, soul and snatch with the child and the man, respectively, who visited this pain upon her. I believe this is the best argument there is for beta males to actively seek out and deflower virgins, for the resultant bond will be so strong that they can then coast in their betaness for many years afterward without threat of cuckolding.

"Anonymous" writes:

> Quoting Kristen Stewart: "I feel boring. I feel like, Why is everything so easy for me? I can't wait for something crazy to fucking happen to me. Just life. I want someone to fuck me over! Do you know what I mean?"
>
> So, she wants to play some Russian Roulette? Why are women so masochistic? You have a tenuous alpha/beta analysis when it isn't even 100% clear that Alpha's are better for survival or fitness then beta (why are there so many betas if alpha is the better gene)? I won't quibble over this because your pop science has a much more serious problem. The central problem with female fitness in modernity has nothing to do with alpha/beta but is delayed pregnancy. What are the psychological consequences of going 15-20-35 years after menstruation and failing to get preggers? Ancient women were ALWAYS pregnant, like in stone age societies. Women are designed to be constantly knocked up and hauling 5 kids. How can their psychology pull the 180 to barren femcunt lawyer slut? Or barren and bored slut actress? You don't think this makes them masochistic freaks? They are built for pain (pregnancy and hauling kids). Your Alpha/Beta analysis works, but the bigger issue is masochism and other psych problems from being chronically barren.

I understand anonymous' wrenching repugnance at women's callow and seemingly self-annihilating unimpeded sexual behavior, but that is a confusion remedied by a widening of perspective and a depth of experience. This odd drive by women for the powerful, charming, dominant men, even when it threatens a solid and secure relationship, must have served some benefit to our distant female ancestors, including the mothers of the infinite mothers of your mothers.

But then, as anonymous rightly states, there has always been, until relatively recently, a natural curb — an auto-pilot

emergency brake — on this female hypergamous impulse, that would engage when the impulse became destructive. This natural curb was PREGNANCY. Ancestral women used to get knocked up quickly, at very young ages, and then be burdened with child after child until the wall removed from them the last hope of fulfilling a latent hypergamous urge. A Kristen Stewart, shorn of the props and rebar and condoms and abortifacents and Pills of modern society, would not, in the ancient times, have had the luxury of chasing down and fucking multiple alpha males to satisfy her id-shaped itch. In times bygone, her downlow would have meant the abandonment and eventual death of her child by her beta provider (Robert Pattinson) and the ostracization by her tribe's women. Her alpha lover (the director) would not have agreed to help much in the raising of the children she had borne from previous men. There would not have been a media-savvy slut-excusing PR machine, aided and abetted by feminists and manboobed robots, to carry her through the ordeal to a safe landing ensconced in the lap of a replacement alpha male.

Instead, a modern Western Kristen Stewart gets to skip all that pain that would have been hers in prior eras, and indulge her hypergamy nearly free of consequence. Perhaps anonymous has a point; the mitigation to almost total irrelevance of this primal pain that was once the birthright of women has rendered their sex so psychologically scarred, so emotionally gutted, that they deliberately seek destructiveness in their relationships to feel anything at all. This destructiveness, once harnessed, feeds on itself, and there is no cure save sexual obsolescence, which must come, as it does for all women, sooner than they think.

The barren woman. The spinster. The pathetic partying cougar. The slutty alpha female. The delayed marriage and childbirth. The 0.5 child SWPL mother. Is it all coming together in a vortex of unhappiness and self-despoilment? Is the answer a reconnection with the animal spirits — and the animal dangers — that used to animate our free choices?

Kristen Stewart and millions of women in similar circumstances as hers will realize their fates too late. Worse for them, the Robert Pattinsons of the world are beginning to wake up and realize their fates as well. The interesting times are just beginning.

This post sealed with a kiss for Billyboy Bennett.

When Beta Male Strategies Can Work

CH · 31 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Beta male sexual market strategies are not always doomed to failure. They can work under certain conditions. The two primary scenarios in which the beta male strategy is workable (if not necessarily optimal) are:

1. As a “softening agent” to improve your attainability, or your “long term lover” potential, if your alpha male traits have pushed a woman too far into feeling unloved and unneeded.

2. As a self-advertisement for long term relationship suitability, given preexisting sufficiently compensatory alpha male traits.

Number one is a game corrective. Number two is a specific game strategy designed to screen out girls who would make bad long term relationship prospects, and attract women who are looking to settle down.

Note that the common denominator in all successful beta male mating strategies is the assumption of some degree of preexisting alpha male characteristics, or an already present alpha male dynamic within a relationship. Beta male strategies, in other words, are meant as adjuncts to alpha male, or high value male, game.

The reverse — adjunct alpha male strategies to complement low value beta male game — is hardly ever an effective strategy for attracting and bedding the women you want. But it can be a decent way of life for beta providers who wish to spice up their marriages as a preventative against wifely infidelity or bitchiness.

In very unusual circumstances, an extreme form of beta male game — the loathsome male feminist orbiter — can occasionally redound in rare, ungainly and passionless sexual favors from the manipulative, flabby wymyn to whom this execrable species (hello hugo!) ingratiates himself. But it is not a strategy any man who understood women would recommend, for the cost in investment, time and psychological health far outweighs the meager sexual payout. And yet, this seems to be the strategy most (Western) men naturally gravitate toward, owing partly to the enfeebled state of mind of the modern man and partly to the low risk-low reward structure of such a strategy, a structure which appeals to large swaths of humanity unwilling to leave their bubbles of comfort.

Conveniently, there is a fantastically laughable Yahoo/Match article highlighting reader emails from people who describe how they “won their sweeties back”. Most of the confessions are nauseatingly beta, and students of game may well wonder how such tactics could possibly work on women.

Assuming for purposes of this post that all these emails aren’t just made up by bored Yahoo staff, we can use them as illustrations of what sorts of compensatory alpha dynamics have to be in place for hardcore beta male game to work. Reading the subtext opens a window to hidden alpha game that buttresses the beta male supplicating, and allows the latter to flourish, however temporarily.

> **He rapped his way back into her good graces**
> “I had a fight with a girl I was dating, and to try and get over it, I went out with the guys, and one thing led to another. Eventually, the phone got pulled out and I called her. She phoned me the next day and said I’d left her the sweetest, funniest voicemail ever. Apparently, I apologized and told her how much I cared about her all in the form of a freestyle rap! I couldn’t believe it, and neither could she. I can’t rap to save my life, but she said she hadn’t smiled that big in awhile.”
> — Marty, 31

Creating a rap song about how much you care about a girl sounds awfully beta, but check the context: he had a fight with his girl and fled the scene to chill with buds. Fighting is typically a demonstration of alphaness. Beta males tend to get passive-aggressive, sulky or apologetic. A real fight excites women because they crave drama. Put a fist through the wall and you have just opened the vaginal floodgates. Also, framing your “apology” in the form of a song is not only a signal of creativity — an alpha trait women love — but also a clever way of not really saying

you're sorry as it has come to be conventionally understood and expected. So what we have here is a facsimile of beta male game wrapped in the bear hug of alpha male context.

> **He went to great lengths to tell her how he felt**
> "My girlfriend and I had been taking a break from dating for about a week. Things were all good until we ran into each other one day. We both pretended like nothing was wrong, but I couldn't take it anymore and I called her shortly after. Right in the middle of a fairly deep conversation, tears and everything, my cell phone died. I needed to see her, so I walked seven miles to her house in the rain (what can I say? I had transportation issues that day) and showed up shivering, coughing, and barefoot on her front steps. We agreed the fight was over — and that I was stupid for not having a land line."
> — Matt, 24

Getting dumped: beta. Taking a mutual break: alpha. Again, context matters. This guy was already in a position of alphaness when he called his girlfriend to reconnect. Perception is all that matters in women's hearts and in seduction, and the perception of him here would have worked to his benefit. Bonus accidental alpha validation: cell phone death. Nothing says "alpha male" like cutting a girl off mid-conversation when she's pouring out her heart.

> **His sneaky "sorry" proved to be fruitful**
> "I had a huge fight with my girlfriend. We decided we should talk things out and be civil before making any permanent decisions about our relationship. We met, and it turned out to be really awkward. But when she wasn't looking, I slipped a picture of a banana in her bag. Across the top it said, 'I'm still bananas for you.' Corny, I know, but she called me when she found it and said it made her laugh. Things got better from there."
> — Ed, 26

Making light of a tense situation and playing around with a girl's emotions demonstrates amused mastery; the banana photo was funny in a dorky way, but at least it wasn't apologetic or cloying. He reframed this drama to his benefit, and in the process hit all her "unpredictable alpha male" buttons. Plus, the context was post-fight, which we know is a good context to be in if you want to spark a girl's passionate desire.

> **His sincerity hit all the right (love) notes**
> "My girlfriend and I had a fight the day before Valentine's Day. I got a hundred of those little kid Valentine cards with SpongeBob SquarePants and the Backstreet Boys on them and wrote different things I liked about her on each one. I put them all into a box wrapped with plain brown paper, and I drew a heart on the top that said 'I'm sorry.' She called me when she found them on her doorstep and forgave me."
> — John, 25

Alpha context: post-fight. Alpha trait: creativity. Execution: beta.

Very creative, but sickeningly beta, efforts at making up can work on some women (hint: fat or ugly women with few options), but the glow she feels will wear off much more quickly than would the glow from an expression of creativity that is alpha in nature and delivered with alpha insouciance.

> **He drew her back into his heart, though her neighbors were not amused**
> "I was totally in love with this woman, but we broke up because I got angry and jealous when she wanted to spend a day with a good guy friend of hers. Of course, I immediately realized how stupid I'd been. So, during the middle of the night, I snuck over and wrote 'I'm sorry, please forgive me' on the side of her neighbor's house in sidewalk chalk so that she could see it from her bedroom. They were mad, but it washed off. And it worked."
> — Chris, 32

Did it *really* work, Chris? Or did she "go back" to you after she took "good guy friend's" dick in her box. Never assume the best about a woman who is spending time with other men, no matter how much she insists she loves you.

But I'll give you points for the chalk graffiti. Defacing property is kind of alpha.

Even girls can get in on the act of beta female game.

> **Their love story got a happy Hollywood ending after all**
> "I was head over heels for a guy and he dumped me. I thought if I could just remind him of our intense connection, he would see the light. I was working at a filmmaking company and used the editing facilities to splice classic movie breakup scenes together with disturbing scenes from *Apocalypse Now*. Anyone else would have probably gotten a restraining order, but I knew his sense of humor, and I knew he would think it was funny. He loved it, and we're still together."
> — Amy, 34

"if I could just remind him of our intense connection…" Man oh man, is that not just a perfect archetypical hamster rationalization? "I know he loves me because we had an intense connection. He just dumped me because he got scared." Goddamned priceless.

Anyhow, if this chick is telling the truth, she must be really REALLY hot. Because, in reality, that's the only sort of "game" that works for women, especially women who do weird stalkerish shit like she did.

That's enough for this post. Sometimes beta male game can win an attractive woman over if it's executed with extreme creativity, whimsy, ballsiness or unpredictability, and is reinforced by a preexisting alpha male context. "Sometimes" being the key word here, because if you think that this sort of rom-com sappy beta male suckuppery is the ticket to poon paradise or marital bliss, you will be sorely reminded of the squalid nature of female sexuality in short order. Beta male game should be the seasoning to your alpha male main course. When betaness becomes the main course, women get their fill of your starchy sycophancy not long after the appreciative smile leaves their faces.

Eye Contact Game

CH · 1 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

"In need of advice" asks:

> What is the right move to make when you and a girl hold eye contact from a distance across the room? I'm thinking of some type of direct approach, but what type of line should I open with? Of course the target is generally in a small group, but…

Put yourself in a girl's shoes. (You sperg types and psychopaths can sit this one out; I understand how difficult empathy is for you.) You are scanning the room, discreetly, hoping to catch an alpha male's eyes. He sees you. (Or, rather, he sees your pulpeous lips, your sultry eyes, and your bodacious tatas. Thank god for objectification, otherwise you'd never get a date!)

He holds your eye contact for a split second longer than the average beta bear, triggering your discomfort and tingle reflexes simultaneously. You shift a little in your chair to make room for your engorging labia. What happens next will either maintain your state of intrigued arousal, or return you to the previous indifferent baseline.

If the man lowers and raises his gaze repeatedly to confirm that you are, indeed, returning it, you will lose interest fast. What kind of alpha male dawdles while life, and pussy prospects, zoom past him?

If he smiles while holding your eye contact, and then returns to talking to his friends, ignoring you, you are curiouser. Will he rendezvous later to strike up a conversation? Or is he toying with you?

If he waits, steely-eyed, for you to break eye contact (and you are surprised to find yourself always looking away first when a man confidently holds your gaze), then disappears from view, only to reappear at your side ordering a drink for himself (but not for you), you can barely contain your excitement.

If he holds your eye contact without smiling, without frowning, with just the expressionless blankness of a man contemplating the cracks in a sidewalk, and then calmly, slowly moves directly toward you, your anticipation grows and your nerves electrify. You know what he wants, but still you can't wait to hear how he goes about getting what he wants.

If he looks away and pokes his friend, pointing at you while talking to him, then looks back at you and smiles, you lose interest. You feel your vagina prancing out of the room.

If he bends over and speaks to you through his ass cheeks, Ace Ventura style, you realize he is unattainable and lament that you will have to settle for a more predictable man this night.

I hope you are getting the drift of this exercise in imagined pickup scenarios. There are alpha ways and beta ways to initiate verbal contact after eye contact has been established, and there are multiple and varyingly effective ways for each. Getting strong eye contact from a girl before approaching — an approach I would NOT classify as a cold approach — is something many beta males rely upon because it is, in fact, one of the easiest approaches to execute. It's the closest thing to a sure thing in non-social circle pickup that there exists.

(Try approaching a girl who doesn't even notice you, or, worse, who looks away to the side when you try to catch her eye. It's a whole other beast.)

In my personal experience, a consistently effective approach after strong eye contact — that is, eye contact which you determine is evidence the girl really likes your look and vibe — is to wait for her to unlock eyeplay first, and then simply walk towards her, slowly and deliberately. Usually, she will look up again and see your mighty visage coming toward her, and this will make her nervous. This is good, because a nervous girl is a girl who already perceives you as having higher value, and thus you will have prequalified hand in the seduction.

Once you have reached her side, look away from her momentarily, toward the bar or the crowd. Stand shoulder to shoulder. Allow a few seconds of uncomfortable silence to pass. Now this next step is key: do NOT say anything about liking her, or her liking you. She will be expecting that. An alpha male is rarely one to satisfy women's expectations. You may go direct with your opener — "you really should work on your distance flirting technique", "if you wanted to talk to me, you could have just come over and said hi", "your friends are annoyed that you're paying more attention to me than to them" — or indirect: address her friends if she's with a group and act like you only came over to get a drink and socialize. Ask her what she thinks of girls who drink manly drinks. Inform her you made a bet with your friends that you would limit yourself to flirting with only one girl this night.

Whatever you do — and there are plenty of opener tactics in the archives — know that extended eyeplay with a girl makes your job a lot easier. She's practically announced that she's ready and willing to give you a chance. Attraction is yours to lose, so all you really need to do is avoid typical anti-game mistakes and know how and when to transition into more intimate rapport.

Fat Chicks Flaunt It, Expose Themselves To Everlasting Torment

CH · 2 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Fat chicks are getting uppity lately. You've got your NAAFA (National Association for the Advancement of Fat Assery). Your fatkinis. Your slut pride parades aka fat slut pride parades. Your proud fatties wearing clothes made for thin girls. And pretty much an entire media industrial complex allied, in word if not in deed, with the fat pride/acceptance/delusion movement.

I, for one, welcome our new fat flaunting underlords. Putting themselves out there in showy, ritualistic displays of unmerited pride, their bulbous folds cresting like wind-whipped seas and their triple chins held aloft like war banners, makes for a tempting array of overinflated egos. Proud and loud fat chicks are the morbidly obese equivalent of the Iraqi soldiers fleeing from Kuwait: plump targets for my GPS-guided jeering.

As long as I'm here to protect the earth from the assault against beauty by the horde army of gaping pieholes, the fattie who dares to stand tall and jiggle her blubber indignantly will face the point blank precision of my cruelest ridicule. Sweep the cankle.

Exhibit A: This monster formerly known as a human being, who happily informs the world of her "sexercise" program for shedding imaginary fractions of a pound off her 600 pound frame.

Why is this Jabba given media airtime? Why does it feel comfortable talking about its disgusting sex life with the general public? In a saner time, beasts like it had a sense of humility, and self-preservation, even an understanding that they were frightening to children and had a duty to keep out of the public eye. They sequestered themselves in steel reinforced bedrooms, blinds drawn, until they either died alone or dieted down to a reasonably presentable weight. Now we get this:

> "I sweat off loads of calories," 600-pound Pauline Potter revealed in an interview with UK magazine Closer this month. "I call it 'sexercise.'"
>
> Potter, 47, became the Guiness World Record holder for heaviest woman last year when she weighed in at 700 pounds, but she's managed to lose nearly 100 pounds in the last year by rekindling her romance with her ex-husband Alex.

Fucking ugh. You read this stuff and try as you might, your brain can't help meandering to visualizing what shoggoth sex must look like. Is the fupa lifted and propped with a cane before penetration? Does the stank from cheesy crevices cause temporary blindness and retching? Does a hobbit make its home in her vagina? Just HOW BIG must this guy's dick be to plow through feet of blubber to reach the wet spot? Speaking of him, how does he get it up? At sufficient levels of grossness, a man's penis will actually retract into a protective shell behind the pubic bone. A male porn star jacked on viagra and yohimbe and fluffed by a team of sugar-lipped supermodels would

shrivel to the size of a speck at the first sight of this gelatinous cube.

> “I hadn’t had sex in three years, but we did it six times!” she told the magazine, adding they now make love between two and seven times per day. “He took charge as I couldn’t move much, but he was so attentive.”

He took charge. “Honey, be a dear and roll to your right so I can dislodge this pot roast from your thighs.”

> “My bed is strengthened and, although I can’t buy sexy lingerie, I drape a nice sheet over me.”

> Though she already weighed 400 pounds by the time she gave birth to her son, Potter said she binge ate when she and her husband divorced and ended up packing on the pounds.

Her son:

> But Alex still thought her size was sexy – despite the occasional logistical issue.
>
> “It’s hard to position her and find her pleasure spots as she has a lot of fat in the pelvic area,” he told the magazine. “But it turns me on knowing she’s satisfied. Although once, when she got on top, I couldn’t breathe.”

What kind of “man” would find this sexy?

A middle-aged lesbian!

Exhibit B: A blog by two fat chicks who videotape themselves eating mass quantities of food to ostensibly piss off healthy thin people.

You'd be mad at the world too, if everyone vomited when they saw you naked.

Exhibit C: Fat chick wails about, get this, "thin privilege". The yuks just keep on coming.

> Thin privilege is turning down the air conditioning without ever thinking of the fatter people in the room who aren't nearly as cold as you are.
>
> Thin privilege is assuming yours is the default body: your comforts and discomforts are default; your width and weight are the defaults.

Dear fattie,

There's a reason why thin, healthy people are privileged over disgusting fat fucks like yourself.

Yours in rendering soap from your lard,

Tyler Durden

ps would you like a wafer thin mint to go with your bison on a stick?

Fatties, like their loser feminist cousins, are stuck in a matrix of pure, distilled self-delusion. They know how people look at them with derision and disgust. They know how men ignore them and thin women pity them. They know how unhealthy they are and how gross they look, even to other fatties. But instead of doing what it takes to slim down and become normal, they choose to rail against normalcy, to elevate the ugly and denigrate the beautiful, and to try to retrofit reality and human nature to accommodate their weakness and repulsiveness.

You see, fatties, your pain is self-inflicted. Your sloth and gluttony, vices which are within your control to tame, are your ruin. You have no one else to blame for your miserable existences than yourselves. Concocting feelgood fantasies of overbearing patriarchies and thin privilege isn't gonna save you from your real enemy — your own disfigured souls.

And, FYI, plastering your porcine carcasses with tattoos, piercings, and Sharpie ink isn't going to distract people from your ugliness, an ugliness that is objective and real because it violates ancient evolutionary preferences for healthy, slender, fertile women. Fat is the physical embodiment of a flawed character, and your twisted, self-annihilating mentality is on display to be gawked at by the whole world. A gawking which I will assist with incalculable sadism, until you and your false pride skulk ignominiously back to the hovel from whence you erupted.

Think I'm exaggerating? Or that I'm a demon who doesn't speak for the majority of humanity? Think again. Those polite commuters you see avoiding your gaze very day on the train are thinking this:

> Strangers on a bus: Study reveals lengths commuters go to avoid each other
>
> Kim found that race, class, gender and other background characteristics were not key concerns for commuters when they discovered someone had to sit next them. They all just wanted to avoid the 'crazy person.'
>
> "One rider told me the objective is just 'getting through the ride', and that I should avoid fat people who may sweat more and so may be more likely to smell," said Kim. "Motivating this nonsocial behavior is the fact that one's own comfort level is the rider's key concern, rather than the backgrounds of fellow passengers."

No one cares about your feelings, fatties. They just want to get away, far away, from your undulating rolls of blubber and your smell. Your campaigns and blogs and tumblrs and pride walks will never…

ever…

no, not even a tiny little bit…

alter this universal fact of human nature.

The only choice you have to win acceptance, real acceptance, is to put down the pride and push away from the table. That means living not by lies. But if lies are your stock in trade and your cultural weapon leading others down your benighted path of ugliness, then don't be surprised when a stone cold bastard calls you out on them. The battlefield is total war and the frontline is everywhere. Whose side will you be on? Truth and beauty? Or lies and ugliness?

It's funny, but I sometimes get neophytes ambling in this happy hunting ground wondering why I'm so relentlessly cruel to the losers in our midst. They never see the precipitating events. My sadism is not haphazard. The fattie who makes real efforts to lose weight, who doesn't make excuses for her condition, and who doesn't advocate for acceptance of her less than ideal shape, gets no shit from me. I gladly give words of encouragement to those who are making real efforts to slim down and better themselves.

It's the liars and the deliberately delusional that I hate with a passion. The lords of lies. The traffickers of untruths. The propagandizers of poison. The ones who would take the beauty and truth that makes life worth living, and shit on it out of spite. If an equalist or a feminist or a fattie wants to come here and engage this proprietorship in good faith, with an open mind, she will earn my two minutes of mercy and polite indulgence. But if she comes in here, screeching and screaming and slandering in her first comment, like so many have done before, because she can't believe what she is reading it so violates the PC norm she's used to regurgitating, she should not be surprised when I unleash the wrath of a thousand hellhounds to tear at the tatters of her misshapen soul.

At the very least, she is made example of for the others. Plus, it amuses me.

Fat pride advocates would be wise to reflect on the sympathies that normal people give them when they know their place. The fattie who doesn't flaunt her monstrousness and demand approval from her betters earns a measure of tolerance. People don't hound fatties who keep their mouths shut and their bodies tastefully covered until dieting and exercise make them presentable again for public viewing. Humility, a virtue understood well by a much better people than our current crop of loser pride degenerates, is a lost art in the modern West. It's high time it was rediscovered, and the waddles of the ululating tormented humbled as befits their decrepit station. A dose of humility might even motivate these sick freaks to improve their lives and rejoin the community of happy people.

ps:

Pregnant Pause Game

CH · 3 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In reference to my "eye contact game" post, reader "Sword" demurs:

> Not bad, only comment is your suggestion that after holding eye contact you come up and dont talk to her, kind of reeks of beta the 'hey i sure hope she notices me!'

I hope that wasn't the impression I left, because I agree, sidling up to the girl and waiting for her to say something first while you smile and raise your eyebrows inquisitively in her general direction is truly, epically beta.

No, what I meant was that you should allow a second or two to pass before opening your mouth. This pregnant pause builds tension, which is one of the godly pillars of the kingdom of tingle. When you have exchanged eyeplay with a girl and walked up to her, she will expect you to start introducing yourself right away. For example:

EYEPLAY!

{walk over, stand next to her}

Her: {oh boy oh boy he's coming over. he's here! i hope my hair looks ok}

You: Hey.

Her: Hey.

You: I'm Cornholio. {extends hand}

Boring. Sure, she already likes you, so you can afford to be a little predictable. But why fulfill her expectations so patently? Do you know what alpha males never do? Fulfill girls' expectations! A desirable man demonstrates his higher status by making girls just a leeeetle bit uncomfortable in his presence. You want to get a girl thinking, "What the hell is this sculpted block of manhood going to do next?" For example:

EYEPLAY!

{walk over, stand next to her}

Her: {oh boy oh boy he's coming over. he's here! i hope my vaj doesn't stink}

You: {look at her. smile. bring your drink up to your lips. sip slowly. put drink down. look down. look back at her}

Her: {what's this? Is he going to speak? criminy, my clit just buzzed. i feel so judgified}

You: They don't make old fashioneds the way they used to. Oh, almost forgot… hi.

Her: HI! {ORGASM}

See the difference? The pregnant pause, coupled with the unexpected opener, are two of the macronutrients of the female romantic fantasy diet. Recommended daily allowance? Infinity percent!

Besides building welcome tension into a pickup by fucking with a girl's expectations, the pregnant pause also serves as an underhanded tactic for gauging her running interest in you. If you're the type of guy who likes to talk a lot, you might have a hard time accurately judging just how much a girl is really into you. You might be too busy yapping to read her body language signals. Plus, the less a girl talks, the less data you have to go on to assess her interest level. The calculated pregnant pause, which you can drop in a conversation at any time, allows you to judge a girl's interest level by the quickness with which she restarts the conversation. A girl who likes you won't feel comfortable letting the convo fall silent for very long; she will reinitiate because your silence will be read by her as your declining interest. A girl who is bored with you will use your pregnant pause as a chance to excuse herself.

Finally, the incontrovertible fact is that pregnant pauses are self-evidently ALPHA. Watch what betas do when they run out of things to say. They flail. They say stupid shit. Their voice pitch rises. They look around nervously. They pull at their shirt sleeves and do other sorts of insecurity revealing body language mistakes. THEY are the ones who get uncomfortable.

Then watch an alpha male when he wants to take a breather from talking. He stops. He smiles. He slowly exhales. He lets the silence waft over him and the girl like a perfumed veil. He doesn't force the issue. He doesn't tug at his clothes, or scratch some body part that doesn't need scratching. SHE is the one who gets uncomfortable. Her discomfort translates into your perceived higher status, and nudges her into the chaser role where she inevitably feels compelled to reengage you. And from there, it's like taking pellets from a hamster.

What Happens When Your Nation's Men Are Emasculated

CH · 6 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Supposedly, that is the Crips' gang sign those Swedish handball team women are all flashing. It may as well be a gangbang sign, because odds are good Usain Bolt rammed home a 9.63 in each one of those broads' Nordic pussies.

Now I know some (most) of you looking at this pic felt a blood pressure rise or, at the least, a stirring of disgust. That's perfectly natural. Seeing women of your race (or tribe, or family) bang an outsider alpha male interloper, even going so far as adopting his cultural swagger and betraying their very essence as members of your shared tribe, and feeling emotions that would scandalize polite society, is a primal reaction that is evolved in all humans and has therefore likely served a beneficial role to our reproductive fitness. The id monster will not be reeducated.

It's said that Swedish men are, arguably, the world's most feminized men, bending backwards to feminist demands, rhythmically swaying to intone feminist boilerplate and flagellate themselves for their sin of being born men. It's also said that Swedish women are among the most eager of the world's women to sample the cock of the Other.

My purpose with this post is to proffer that the emasculation of Sweden's men has a direct, causal effect on the willingness and ardor and shamelessness with which Sweden's fully feminist women rush into the crotches of decidedly non-feminist, self-confident alien swashbucklers. When your women's kinsmen — the men, lest the reminder be needed, who are the presumed benefactors of their women's sex — are lickspittle, mincing betaboys who happily accede to every asinine feminist idea, it should be no surprise to scholars of female nature that the

women who hold such ahistorically lopsided power over their countrymen would, unintentionally, geld them so thoroughly that they are reduced to anhedonic lumps the likes of which the male competitor Usain Bolts of the world could run over with impunity.

What this photo symbolizes better than anything is the age-old and unmitigable female paradox of insisting upon shit she does not really want. If you listen carefully and follow to the letter your women's rambling feminist inanities, you get Sweden, land of the castrated men who repulse their own women. If, on the other hand, you dismiss and deride, in action as well as word, the feminists in your midst with the cocky assurance of the man who makes no excuses for his raw masculinity, you might piss off a few ugly manjaws, but you get to enjoy the continued admiration and carnal desire of your beautiful native women.

Game can save Sweden's men from utter humiliation. Game at its most primitive is an illusion of power, but an illusion of power is still better than powerlessness.

This post gently massaged into Bill Bennett's shoulders.

The Ideology Of Powerlessness

CH · 6 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In a post over at GLPiggy about "The Soapboxroom" and Aaron Sorkin's deliberate distortion of gun control statistics, a thought occurs about the mentality of the type of people whose natural reflex is to default to excusing thugs and disarming potential victims.

This mentality is the ideology of powerlessness. When faced with a threat, a person with this child-like psychological profile instinctually resorts to finding ways to strip power from himself and others, and to elevate helplessness to a noble virtue. People who think this way share commonalities with equalists, some liberals, leftists and women. Stockholm Syndrome is an extreme manifestation of the powerlessness ideology.

Those pointing to statistics purporting to demonstrate the downsides of power — in this case, the power inherent in owning a gun and its implication in accidental shootings — miss the point: the downsides of power are still better than the downsides of powerlessness. Do you want to leave your fate in the hands of the powerful, who often don't have your interests in heart, or do you want power for yourself so that you may exert a measure of control over your own life?

Anyone who wants more control and power over the trajectory and outcome of his life needs to avoid powerlessness peddlers like the plague.

Scientific Proof That Women Love Drama

CH · 7 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

YET ANOTHER ♥♥♥♥♥♥ scientific study confirms gender stereotypes and validates core game concepts.

Research finds women feel happy when their husband or partner is upset.

The detailed study found that wives or girlfriends were pleased when their partner showed emotion because they believed it demonstrated a healthy relationship.

The survey, carried out by Harvard Medical School, also found that when men realised their wife was angry, the women reported being happier, although the men were not.

It revealed women most likely enjoyed spotting when their partner was dissatisfied because it showed his strong "engagement" or "investment" in their time together.

In short, women love to instigate relationship drama, and to wallow in drama, because it reignites the romantic spark. A stoic, self-satisfied, dutiful, honorable, provider beta male is BORING to women because he doesn't show enough tingle-generating emotion or "connection" that makes women swoon. This explains why guys like Chris Brown can repeatedly nail hot strumpets like Rihanna.

Rightly or wrongly, women interpret men's lower emotion and drama baseline as evidence of their withdrawing love and, potentially, withdrawn resources. Those female readers who say this is just evidence that people in general appreciate signs of commitment miss the appropriate sex comparison: it's only women who feel happier when drama reassures them that they are loved. Men do not need drama to feel loved. Men need access to your pussies to feel loved. In fact, men feel worse when a relationship is going through a dramatic stage.

Many game principles and tactics — e.g., freeze-outs, backturns, negs, push-pull, dread inducement — operate under the premise that women crave drama and are particularly attracted to the men who can provide it. A woman's need for drama as a sign of relationship health and empathic understanding can be co-opted and redeployed by players to increase women's sexual desire for them. This study and the accompanying lessons are a great example of how the modern science of seduction and its applied game theory succeeds by harnessing women's innate, natural, biological sexual and romantic predispositions for the benefit of satisfying men's desires.

And, ultimately, for the benefit of women's desires as well.

Why Women's Sports Get Less Primetime Coverage

CH · 7 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The sports in which women compete that aren't silly and that are actually fun to watch suffer from the problem of going head-to-head with a much better viewing alternative: namely, the men's versions of those sports. Because, let's just cut to the chase, at the elite level of sports (and, really, at all levels of sport except pee-wee), men are, on average, simply faster and stronger than women. Why the hell would anyone of sound mind want to watch a gimped version of his favorite sport when a more electrifying version already exists? This elementary logic escapes the feminist hivemind.

Furthermore, many of the sports in which women compete and men don't, and which are tailored to women's particular strengths, are unwatchable by dint of being retarded. See: synchronized swimming. There are only a handful of female-oriented """sports""" that women compete in at a pro or semi-pro level which garner fairly large, if transient, audiences on par with the audiences that men's sports regularly achieve. Figure skating is one example (and that mostly because women like the fact it is set to music and colorful, bedazzled costumes are worn).

Really, the only reason men choose to watch women's sports at all is for prurient reasons, such as the exciting but rare glimpse of a wardrobe malfunction, or the slo-mo replay of pertly bottomed volleyball players diving into the sand. Otherwise, men will pass up women's sports as long as a men's sport is on another channel. The dirty little secret is that, among the subset of women who legitimately like watching sports, most of them will also prefer to watch the male versions of their favorite events.

I'm not anti-female athletics. Women should compete in sports, especially femininity-sharpening individual sports rather than competition-emphasizing team sports, primarily to sculpt their figures into beautiful, sexy visages that will help attract the attention of alpha males. Stay focused, ladies.

The Nuclear Neg

CH · 8 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

"Anonymous" *{WARNING: Possible Troll Alert}* recounts a self-described nuclear neg he dropped on a girl:

> Nuclear Neg made one week ago on an 18 year old has worked.
>
> She had texted "We'd be together if you weren't my mom's age".
>
> I had texted back "Excuse me but, In two years, no guy under 30 will want you and by age 25, no alpha male under 40 will want you".
>
> She responded "WTF?!! In two years every man on Earth will still want me"
>
> and then we text argued back and forth as I fed her some standard (and short) evo psych lessons which, when read or heard by an inteligent young woman, tend to tame the hamster well.
>
> We ended the first text exchange with her admitting that she'd be no longer attractive to alpha males at age 25 but "that's a long way off" and I was saying that her expiry date would be more like 22.
>
> Cold silence between us ensued. I held frame and simply dated someone else.
>
> Our mutual friends were aware of a cold war between us for the past week.
>
> But we made peace today, first via text.
>
> Me: It's wrong to think I was trying to insult you by stating the truth about how the men of your generation will abandon you for the girls of the next generation
>
> (I was still holding frame here – no apologies)
>
> Her: Yeah, but it's insulting even now that you want to rub that in
>
> (she's admitted that evo psych speaks the truth)
>
> Me: All I ever wanted with you was to fool around a little like we did (she and her friends had hung around at my place and we sometimes made out) but not have sex because you're not my type for that. But you made me believe that I was ugly and you didn't enjoy that.
>
> Her: You didn't understand at all. I think you're cute. I don't just want sex with you. I enjoy the hugging and kissing too.
>
> This complete submission floored me. It's everything that feminists would say could never happen. They'd say I made the above exchange up. I didn't.
>
> Now I may have initially overreacted. The text that set me off only really said that she couldn't imagine us publicly being a couple and me meeting her mother. But that's what she's saying now after I passed the shiite test.
>
> I'm sure PUA experts will find I was quite rough around the edges in that exchange and I maybe wasted a week (in which I dated someone else, no man should ever waste time itself with any woman).
>
> But whether it was necessary or not, the fact remains that I dropped more than one nuclear bomb on a girl who openly believed every man wanted to sleep with her, and the end result so far seems to be that she likes me better than ever.

For those readers thinking there's a valuable game lesson to be gleaned from the above exchange, you're right! Allow me to demonstrate what would happen 99% of the time if you followed a script similar to "anonymous"'s.

You: {Dropping evolutionary psychology knowledge like a boss}

Her: {Blank stare. Trots off to meet a more fun guy}

Fin.

Using evo-psych to burst female delusion and ego bubbles, however logical or truthful or precise your scientific shiv, is a nuclear neg that will bomb you right out of contention. You are as likely to be perceived by a woman as spiteful and vengeful as you are to be perceived insightful and jerkishly aloof.

This internet castle in the woods revels in putting human egos on the breaking wheel and examining the viscera with a microscope, but don't make the mistake of confusing the cruel dissection for the crimson arts. The former is the why, the latter is the how.

Women do not swoon for logic or reason. Nor are they easily persuaded by appeals to self-reflection. What women LOVE LOVE LOVE is to be seduced, and seduction is the art of dressing profound truth in pleasing lies. Pull back the curtain on the truth, and the reaction of most women will be to leave the scene of the thoughtcrime to find fluffier locales to frolic.

"Anonymous"'s game does contain some useful grist. First, he may not be lying about how it went down, and her receptivity. My objection to his gom jabbar game is that, broadly applied, most men will experience negative blowback going his route. Unless your frame is immovable granite and your delivery enticingly entitled, and the girl you are hitting on is deemed sufficiently open-minded (or weird), a didactic exposition on male-female sexual psychology and evo-psych principles is liable to leave women cold.

General rule of thumb: Avoid using words like "alpha male" or "expiry date" in a serious manner when seducing women.

Second, the part of his game that I believe was most effective happened with this line:

"All I ever wanted with you was to fool around a little like we did (she and her friends had hung around at my place and we sometimes made out) but not have sex because you're not my type for that."

This is just a classic target disqualification line. No need to resort to evo-psych. He avoided the spite trap by first admitting (vulnerability game) that he did enjoy fooling around with her, and only after that admission did he disqualify her with the "you're not the type to have sex with" line. A simple expectation-crushing push in her direction, and you've sparked her curiosity and inverted the male chaser-female chasee roles.

If gom jabbar game is your thing, I can tell you that it is possible to pick up women by verbalizing the intricacies of the seduction process, step-by-step fashion, as it is happening. But this is advanced game that shouldn't be attempted by any but the most experienced and smoothly self-confident womanizers. Lesser seducers will be tempted to become too self-conscious and self-aware and thus ruin the illusion.

You Don't Need To Be Witty To Have Game

CH · 9 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader "disap" clarifies something which I've been meaning to explain but haven't gotten around to doing so:

> Once again people are so concerned with the perfect witty comeback. Not everyone can run game like a Californication script.
>
> "We'd be together if you weren't my mom's age"
>
> When in doubt, go laconic. Why do you dance to her qualification tune if you really have frame?
>
> Easy responses : "LOL"
> : "Totally."
>
> Or don't take the shit test so seriously that "you've been challenged" and need to respond. This is the wrong mindset. She is just but another girl in the harem, don't take her so seriously. Agree and Amplify, fallback number two.
>
> Easy responses: "Kids these days, no respect for their elders."
> : "Pfft, I beat your mom at bingo at the senior center last week."
>
> Unless you got Hank Moody skills, falling back on Laconic/Agree and Amplify are the safest options. In other words, don't swing for a triple when a simple single will do.

disap is LOL totally correct. Wit, while beneficial to picking up women, is not necessary. Wit, in fact, is a less vital attribute to possess than simply having an uncaring, outcome independent alpha male frame. Sometimes wit, when relied on to excess, can even get in the way of attracting women.

A lot of you beta readers wring your nutsacks whining about your lack of innate wit and how you struggle to find the right words for the pickup occasion. I don't doubt your perceived inadequacies. Rapier-like wit, like height, has a significant genetic component; though, again like height, what is naturally there can be honed and improved upon by practice (nutrition) and knowledge accumulation (avoidance of environmental insults that stunt height potential) by observing witty men in action.

However, the good news is that, like disap wrote, a laconic, terse, devil-may-care frame will trump a string of try-hard witty ripostes almost every time. ALPHA FRAME, aka the ATTITUDE, is the foundational substructure that scaffolds the social savviness and personality peacocking that drapes over it like a virile raiment. Or, to put it in clearer terms, if you are all wit and no frame, you are an entertainment monkey who arouses women's brains but leaves their pussies dry. In contrast, if you are all frame and no wit, you are a sexy beast women can't help but find alluring, even as they gripe about your curt assholery to their friends.

Now, it should go without saying (though this blog does attract its share of stupids and ego-invested contrarians who need it said over and over) that it's better to have frame AND wit, rather than frame alone. Hank Moody wit is a killer weapon to have in the field, even more potent than having top 10% looks. But, if you had to choose, frame is the better of the two. So banish from your thoughts doubts that your lack of wit consigns you to involuntary celibacy. I've witnessed too many overconfident lunkheads without a clever word to say but teeming with the right attitude effortlessly swoop babes to believe otherwise.

Maxim #55: Less talking is always sexier than more talking. If you struggle to find something witty to say to a girl, stop trying. Flailing for the "right" words is approval-seeking beta behavior that women can sniff from across a room.

Corollary to Maxim #55: A grunt or aloof gesture trumps a try-hard, strained, verbose comeback.

When this subject comes up in real life, I like to tell my guy friends to recall those times they were challenged or

annoyed by their sisters or some female friends they didn't find attractive. I ask them to remember how they felt, how they acted, and what they said. Invariably, they all say they remember being cool as cucumbers, dismissive, and even rude. They were careless with their words and cared even less what their sisters or unattractive female friends thought of them. They remember feeling like one might feel if a mosquito was buzzing around one's head; they just wanted to shoo it away, or tell it to go find the nearest bug zapper. They certainly did not try to impress them with Shakespearean wit.

"Good," I say. "Now that's the way you should act when you talk to ATTRACTIVE girls."

I hope the lesson isn't lost on them.

Realtalker Of The Month

CH · 9 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A Turkish newspaper columnist with brass balls wrote an article about the unattractive manliness of female athletes.

> A Turkish newspaper columnist has been heavily criticised after writing an article which said the Olympic Games is destroying the female figure.
>
> The piece – called Womanhood is dying at the Olympics' – was written by Yuksel Aytug and was published in the daily newspaper Sabah and on the paper's website.
>
> However, it soon spread around the world by saying the Games was distorting women's bodies and that extra points should be given to female athletes based on how feminine they looked.
>
> According to Hurriyet Daily News, he said: 'Broad-shouldered, flat-chested women with small hips; [they are] totally indistinguishable from men.
>
> 'Their breasts – the symbol of womanhood, motherhood – flattened into stubs as they were seen as mere hindrances to speed.'

Get this man a VIP pass to the Chateau! He speaks the truth no nancyboy or femcunt would ever dare admit, even to themselves. Who with the eyes to see hasn't noticed the narrow hips, the grotesque six-pack abs (never a good look on women), the chest "stubs", the linebacker shoulders, and the manjaws of an inordinate number of the female Olympians? (Synchronized swimmers are a welcome exception to the rule. Of course, proficiency in synchronized swimming doesn't require a chiseled male-like physique.)

A disturbing number of the women athletes have what amounts to ripped, pubescent boys' bodies. If you cover the faces and crotches of some of them, you could easily mistake them for lean men. But I bet they fuck like champions!

> [Aytug] was accused of sexism and reducing the identity of women purely to appearance.

Weren't the Jizzebelers recently objectifying Ryan Lochte's appearance? Anyhow, the point is superfluous. Feminists are simply unable to come to grips with the fact that double standards in how the sexes relate to and perceive each other exist, are grounded in immutable biology, and won't disappear just because a few fat sluts organized a pride parade.

> In his column, he also said the Olympic Games forced woman to look more like men so they could become successful.

Aytug is right. It's NECESSARILY true that women must conform more to the male physique ideal in order to compete successfully in sports, and particularly elite sports, because women's natural bodies are not evolutionarily designed to run, throw, fight or lift optimally like men's bodies are designed to do. Women's bodies are — and I know this will get under the skin of the right sort of losers — shaped by the relentless laws of nature to fulfill TWO PRIME DIRECTIVES:

Visually please men.

And bear children.

Everything else women do is commentary.

If you are a woman who wants to long jump, or throw a discus, or box, or run the 100 meter race, you will perform better the FURTHER your body gets from the archetypal female physique and the closer it gets to the archetypal male physique. Hips and boobs and upper body weakness undermine all that Olympian kickassery.

This is why unscrupulous countries (which includes just about all the Western and Communist or formerly Communist ones) pump so much money and, when they can get away with it, steroids into their female athletic programs and athletes. They know that they can get more medal bang for their buck by masculinizing their female athletes and pushing them, however unintentionally, to assume male physical forms, (or by recruiting women with inborn male-like physiques), because there are a lot fewer women who are 1) interested in high-level competitive sports and 2) willing to sacrifice their femininity for a rigorous masculinizing regiment.

Someday a real rain will come and wash away this mountain of gender-bending lies. And when it happens, the world's femininely-renewed women will sway their child-bearing hips and heave their bounteous breasts as their charmingly soft limbs and delicate hands are raised heavenward in thankfulness for being relieved of the pressure to look and act like men.

PS Isn't it ironic, then, how the feminist-defined pursuit of sex """equality""" is essentially tantamount to making women more man-like? You'd almost think feminists believe the male form and male psyche are superior to the female form and psyche. Maybe that's because most dedicated feminists are ugly, masculine robodykes.

Another Hot Russian Babe

CH · 9 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Further proof that Russia and nearby provinces run a surplus of slender, beautiful women.

It must be something in the *wuuuudka*.

This post is not an exercise in glibness. The evidence — men's penises — strongly suggests that Rus women are, objectively and proportionate to their native populations, the most beautiful women in the world. The Dnieper-Dniester region is, anthropologically, the Fertile Crescent. The pussybasket of the world. The cradle of cuteness. And I say this partly from personal experience.

The question that needs answering is not, then, where are the world's hottest babes, but WHY do the world's hottest babes bubble out of the DNA froth like sexy sirens emerging from the hillocks of this particular vast agricultural plain?

My preferred theory is increased male options. The great wars decimated the ranks of the Eastern Front's men, so much so that the men remaining alive had their pick of the poon. And when men have mating options — whether through the gain of power and charisma or through the luck of living during a time of favorable sex ratio skew — they almost always choose young, slender, pretty women. The Rus men chose wisely.

But a reader has informed me that überbrain Greg Cochrane recently undermined this theory when he computationally concluded that not enough time has passed since the great wars for the miracle of organic eugenics to work its magic and push the Rus women toward elevated heights of beauty. I remain, respectfully, unconvinced.

Whatever is happening over there, we will discover the cause of this beauty bounty, and spread its blessings to all the world's men till there is a hot chick in every pot, and a babe in every backyard.

In the meantime…

Let A Woman Yap A Little

CH · 10 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Listening is a key ingredient of tight game. Sounds simple, but the simplicity of it is belied by the millions of men who can't stay focused on the actual words coming out of a girl's mouth. Who can blame them? A heaving rack can distract any man with a functioning libido, (slouching SWPLs' Herculean listening abilities thus explained), and, let's face it, most women don't have much interesting to say when they're talking about themselves, which, as this study shows, is most of the time.

> **Talking about ourselves—whether in a personal conversation or through social media sites like Facebook and Twitter—triggers the same sensation of pleasure in the brain as food or money, researchers reported Monday.**
>
> About 40% of everyday speech is devoted to telling others about what we feel or think. Now, through five brain imaging and behavioral experiments, Harvard University neuroscientists have uncovered the reason: **It feels so rewarding, at the level of brain cells and synapses, that we can't help sharing our thoughts.**

Yep, chicks like to talk about themselves. Men do to, but I'll bet good money that women are worse offenders. (This study apparently didn't control for sex.) Anyhow, the fact remains that when women are talking about themselves to you, they are getting the same pleasurable high they would get from eating a pint of ice cream or buying a new pair of shoes. Explains a lot.

Your job, should you choose to accept it, is to listen so effectively, or to simulate the behavior of listening effectively, that the girl you are seducing feels comfortable enough revealing herself to you that she can't stop yapping and inducing those natural dopamine highs which will then get anchored to you. It's just a hop skip and pump away from sex at that point.

Randall Parker asks:

> Okay, she feels great talking about herself. But does it make sense to just let her? Or can one be more clever with the use of this insight? Ideas:
>
> – ask her about herself in ways that drive her thinking in directions you want her thinking to go.
> – reward desired behavior with questions about herself.
> – other?

During the comfort stage of a seduction, the woman wants to feel a "connection" with the man. The easiest way to build this connection, (or to construct a convincing simulacrum of a connection), is to let her talk and nod your head every so often, peppered with the occasional "uh huh" and "right", and repeating random words she spoke back to her. Women have an amazing capacity for exaggerating these tiny symbolic gestures of male attentiveness into something romantically significant, so it would be a sin for you, the aspiring womanizer, to look this gift ho in the mouth.

But as RP suggests, allowing a woman to yap in perpetuity will, after a certain threshold of one-sided conversation has been crossed, take you further from closing the deal. You risk becoming a betaboy cipher for all her worries and anxieties, your ear serving as the metaphorical vagina into which she can squirt her emotional discharge. If all you know how to do is listen, you'll soon be relegated to eunuch status.

Old school PUAs like to say that you should get a woman to talk about herself, because that is how you elicit the values she holds dear, which you can then feed back to her to build a stronger romantic bond and lead the convo to more fruitful, i.e. sexual, explorations. So do try and make an effort to latch onto one or two of her confessional drug-hazed limbic burps; you'll need that info later in the night.

Cutting a girl off when you deem her to have yapped too much is not hard. Just lay your hand on her forearm and tell her the both of you need to walk to a new sofa/room/bar/park to continue your conversation where it's quieter. Physical obtrusion is the fastest route to disorienting an excessively yapping girl and resetting the pace of the pickup. There are a lot of upsides to a talkative girl; most importantly, they provide ample ~~ammo~~ opportunities for you to segue the chit chat to more intimate topics. Plus, talkative girls tend to be less judgmental of men, and less prone to resorting to shit tests, because they're too busy feeling good talking about themselves.

The major downside, of course, is that you will get bored out of your skull.

Anecdote: I overhead a couple on a date where the women did 99% of the talking. The guy just sat there, nodding occasionally, and stirring his drink with a neutral expression on his face. She must have had an ego the size of Jupiter to think that her incessant gabbing would in any way be interesting to anyone. But guess which of those two had hand on that date? Who do you think was in the position of power, and who was scrambling for the other's approval?

If you have gotten a girl to talk about herself a lot, consider it a good sign; she wants you to think well of her.

PS To answer Randall's question, I would say to memorize the line "Wow, that's really interesting. You know, it makes me think of…" After she has said something illuminating or potently self-incriminating, you drop that line and lead her into a story that progresses the pickup. Rewarding any compliments she gives you, or intimacy moves she makes, with a question or two about herself is also a good tactic, but keep in mind that rewards should be intermittently given for good behavior, and punishments always given for bad behavior. This intermittent reward/instant punishment dynamic is the sort of unpredictability coupled with hard-nosed principled dignity that women can't help but love in men.

“What Does It Matter To You?”

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“What does it matter to you?” is a common refrain of indignation you’ll often hear from equalists and their phylum. It’s part of the remedial school of philosophical thought that says if a personal action is not directly hurting anyone else, then no moral opprobrium can apply to it. So typically if you get into a debate with a feminist or manboob, it will go like this:

You: Feminist action or behavior [X] is stupid, counterproductive, and rife with externalities.

Equalist felching champ: It’s not hurting anyone, so what does it matter to you?

For a prime example of the genre, here’s a comment by aneroidocean (so pretentious) complaining about the post on mannish female Olympians:

> So what is a woman [to do] that wasn’t blessed with wider hips and narrower shoulders? Die quietly?

Gotta love the reductio ad absurdum. A classic leftie feint. You could parry by employing simple logic — “pointing out the fact of masculinized female athletes is not the same as arguing for the prohibition of women in sports” — or you could rightfully conclude that simple logic would zoom right over the heads of such emotional crybabies and choose the mockery route instead:

“No, they should die screaming in agony forced to listen to your pussy whining.”

> What does it matter if she competes in the Olympics?

Wuss, there it is. “What does it matter to you?!??????? Somebody call the whaaaambulance! A feeling has been hurt!”

The issue being raised was never about how much it personally mattered to me, or affected my own life. That’s the problem with you unthinking liberals — you always want to reframe an argument you find distasteful, or you find yourself on the losing end of, into a personal matter, a position from which it’s easier for you to morally strut and preen and preach fire and brimstone from your tawdry little masturbatoriums.

The morality, or lack thereof, of manned-up women competing in the Olympics is not the point of the Olympic female athlete post. No one’s rights are abridged if some manly swole she-beast hoists 400 lbs above her head, nor is any moral law du jour violated. The point here is to remind the losers and equalists and assorted anti-realists that there is nothing inherently empowering about female sports participation unless one defines empowerment as “becoming more man-like”. It is also to address, honestly and truthfully, the obvious fact that a lot of female athletes are just quasi-men, in appearance, musculature and temperament. Therefore, the encouragement of women by the media industrial complex into elite sports mostly rests on a foundation of denying women their feminine essence. A nation that wasn’t fucked in the head with an overload of kumbaya horseshit would not shy away from this bald truth of the reality of sex differences, and would realign its cultural incentives so that a proper balance was restored, reflecting innate biological reality, until sports programs and funding return to what they once were: mostly geared toward men. At the very least, the feminist propagandizing of female sports empowerment has to end, and hand-wringing over “equal representation” needs to become a shameful relic from this ugly, god-willing bygone era.

Beta Males Settle For Fat Chicks

CH · 13 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Beta males are more anxious, fidgety, alert and quicker to react to local disturbances than are alpha males. We know this from observing it in the field, and now from various scientific studies examining the phenomenon. The short of it is, if you're an alpha male, you don't need as wide a margin of safety as beta males do, for you are less likely than they are to get cold-cocked, challenged or to lose a fight or dominance contest should one erupt. This lower need for safety precautions allows the alpha male to relax in his environment and to assume open, welcoming postures that are alluring to women. It follows that beta males, by practicing and adopting the cool, aloof mannerisms of the alpha male, can attract more and better women. Body language improvement is a fundamental tenet of game, and it works so effectively at heating up interest from women that some men might be tempted to call it magic.

Beta males, then, are in a constant state of heightened anxiety; also known as being stressed out. The world is a dangerous place, especially for beta males. If you feel stressed out all the time, like you're losing control of your life or your surroundings, odds are good you are a beta male.

Now science comes along, trotting in like a merry prankster, to prove, albeit for those with a keen eye for reading between the lines, that beta males — i.e., stressed males — are more likely than relaxed, confident, self-satisfied alpha males to settle for the losers of womanhood.

> Increased stress in men is associated with a preference for heavier women, according to research published Aug. 8 in the open access journal *PLOS ONE*.
>
> The researchers, led by Viren Swami of the University of Westminster in London, compared how stressed versus non-stressed men responded to pictures of female bodies varying from emaciated to obese.
>
> They found that the stressed group gave significantly higher ratings to the normal weight and overweight figures than the non-stressed group did, and that the stressed group generally had a broader range of figures they found attractive than the non-stressed group did.
>
> These results, the authors write, are consistent with the idea that people idealize mature morphological traits like heavier body size when they experience an environmental threat such as stress.

The researchers go on to speculate that stressed men gravitate (heh) to fat chicks because those women are perceived as being better able to survive periodic famines, and to have higher social status that allows them to afford more food.

Tidy speculation that toes the feminist line, but I'll tell you the powerhouse knockout punch this study really delivers:

Stressed men are beta males with limited mating market options who learn to increase their chances of getting laid by widening their field of view (double-wide heh) to include fatter chicks who themselves have limited options and are thus easier to bed.

Why are stressed men gimped in the sexual market? Women don't want to be around anxious, stressed men. Women prefer the company of relaxed, self-assured men; these men are signaling that they have the resources, and the ability to get more resources should the need arise, that women value in potential mates. Thin, beautiful women have the highest value, and the most options, of all women, so they are the ones most likely to adhere to very tough standards and to act on their preference for large and in-charge alpha males.

Are beta males *constitutionally* more attracted to fat chicks when they're stressed? Probably not. What men find attractive in women — which doesn't deviate much from the universal preference for a 17-23 BMI and a 0.7 waist-hip ratio — is pretty much set by conception, and then later by that first thermonuclear blast of hindbrain hormones

that floods our systems at puberty. Recall back to that time you got a surprise “what the hell is this?” boner from staring at the teenage red-headed girl’s tight tush and narrow waist. Was that boner preprogrammed by cultural cues to rise on command? Or did it just happen on its own, intrinsic to your being, immune to external suasion, summoned from the depths of your primordial subconscious to lurch your body into spasms of delight?

Stressed out betas don’t *prefer* fat chicks to thinner chicks; (as the study showed but the researchers… ahem… chose to paper over in their conclusion, stressed betas actually gave the same high scores as relaxed alphas gave to the thin chicks. The difference is that alpha males did not over-inflate (triple bank shot heh) the attractiveness of the fatter chicks). What stressed beta males prefer is the inclusion of a larger (fourth heh?) pool of lower value women rightly perceived by these betas as being easier for them to get than hotter, thinner chicks.

Once you remove the stressor from the lives of these beta males, they go right back to preferring slender babes. You could say that a happy man is a man who hates the sight of fat chicks. I’m sure fat chicks will be pleased to learn that they can clean up with unhappy, neurotic men.

So that is the brutal truth this study confirms for those of us who have lived a day in our lives and witnessed happening over and over among real human beings instead of the opposite that is claimed to happen by internet shut-ins and cocooned, deluded feminists:

Maxim # 23: Limited options = looser standards.

When life is going well for a man, he demands the best for himself. The best will always be slim, pretty, young women. When life is shitting on a man, he reaches out to fellow losers with whom he can share his lonely love. The losers will always be fat, ugly, and/or older women. His ego then does the job of convincing his higher order brain functions that the fat chick he’s plowing kinda has a cute face in the right light: total darkness.

The Right Game For Your Body Type: The Endomorph

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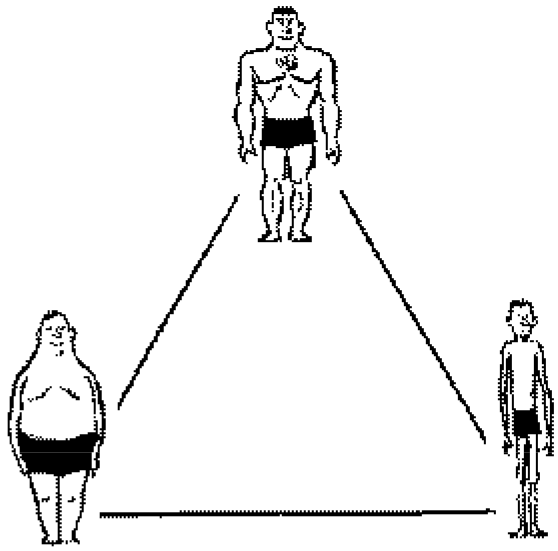
We're all familiar with the three major body types: ectomorph (skinny), endomorph (fat) and mesomorph (muscular). And many of us have noticed that these three body types tend to correspond with certain mental and emotional characteristics. William Sheldon was the first to research and categorize an association between body type and personality type, or temperament. He called it the theory of constitutional psychology. (Even bodybuilders have dietary regimes geared to your particular body type.)

Sheldon's theory has been accused of pseudoscience by an assortment of social scientists and psychologists, the great majority of them leftists, who don't like the implications in his work. I don't want to get into a cage fight over the validity of his body type theory; for now, let's just say the science is unsettled. However, I do want to acknowledge that I, and apparently lots of others, can't help but observe in real life daily confirmation of Sheldon's theory. There's something there, odd as it may seem that one's physique and mental attributes would interact in predictable ways, and one day we'll get to the bottom of it.

In the meantime, we will assume that constitutional psychology has some merit based on anecdota. This post is about tailoring your game to your body type, which reflects your innate personality type. Here's a primer if you want to know where you fall on Sheldon's somatotype diagram, and what that says about your personality:



The diagram should be self-explanatory. Note that the figures represented are extremes for that body type; you may fall somewhere in between two extremes, or have traits from all three types. In keeping with nature's design to use men as evolutionary guinea pigs, men tend to be found at the extremes more often than are women.

Linked with each body type is your corresponding temperament. Briefly:

> **Endotonia** is seen in the love of relaxation, comfort, food and people.
>
> **Mesotonia** is centered on assertiveness and a love of action.
>
> **Ectotonia** focuses on privacy, restraint and a highly developed self-awareness.

I'll get into more detail of the temperaments in a continuing series to be published this week, but for now, know that the game you use to pick up women will likely be interdependent with your body type and associated temperament. That is, you'll find certain game tactics and strategies more or less favorable depending on your personality type. For instance, if you are using game that is best suited for an outgoing, physical mesomorph, but you are an introverted, brainy ectomorph, you will experience more difficulty achieving success. You want to identify your

inborn strengths and tailor your game to them, while adjusting your game to account for inborn weaknesses. As Dirty Harry said, “A man’s got to know his limitations.” You’ve got to know your limitations so that they don’t unexpectedly sabotage you in the middle of a pickup attempt.

> **The Extreme [Endomorph] — Friendliness**
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> The endotonic shows a splendid ability to eat, digest and socialize. […] Endotonics are relaxed and slow-moving. Their breathing comes from the abdomen and is deep and regular. Their speech is unhurried and their limbs often limp. They like sitting in a well-upholstered chair and relaxing. All their reactions are slow, and this is a reflection on a temperament level of a basal metabolism, pulse, breathing rate and temperature which are all often slower and lower than average. The circulation in their hands and feet tends to be poor. Sheldon calls these people biologically introverted organisms. It is as if all the energy is focused on the abdominal area, leaving less free to be expressed in the limbs and face, and giving the impression of a lack of intensity.
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> Sheldon felt that biological introversion gave rise to psychological extraversion. Since the bodies of the endotonics are so focused on the central digestive system, they need and crave social stimulation in order to feel complete on the social level. Groups of people, rather than fatiguing them, stimulate them to the proper level of social interaction. The assimilative powers that on the physical level were oriented to food, now on the social level draw them to people.
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> They have a strong desire to be liked and approved of, and this often leads them to be very conventional in their choices in order not to run the risk of social disapproval. The endotonics are open and even with their emotions which seem to flow out of them without any inhibitions. Whether they are happy or sad, they want the people around them to know about it, and if others express emotion they react directly and convincingly in sympathy. When an endotonic has been drinking he becomes even more jovial and radiates an expansive love of people. Endotonics are family-oriented and love babies and young children and have highly developed maternal instincts.
>
> In summary, they love assimilation both on the physical and social level.

Endomorphs are your archetypical “class clown” socializers. This is their strength, and their game should emphasize this aspect of their personalities. An endomorph will not feel anxiety about working a mixed set. He longs for social interaction. Openers and small talk will come second nature to him. Disarming cockblocks will be easy for him because he has a facility with assimilating into groups and making everyone feel good. He is expert at smoothing hurt feelings and generally making girls feel happier in his presence.

For these reasons, endomorphs make the best wingmen. They are loyal to a fault, and skilled in the art of getting your lackadaisical ass into conversations with women. An endomorph is best paired with an ectomorph; each one’s strength cancels out the other’s weakness.

Tyler Durden, especially back when he was a fatter aspiring PUA, is an example of the socially eager, uninhibited, emotive endomorph. TD practically invented “gay game”. Endomorphs are especially gifted in “hot-cold-hot-cold”, “push-pull” and “high-low” roller coaster game, which involves a lot of puppeteering of women’s emotions. Endomorphs are comfort stage kings, where their natural sympathy and relaxed demeanor shines.

Endomorphs are not, on the whole, manipulative (they tend to sincerity in everything they do), so a lot of the emotional see-sawing that they engage in is coincidental to their free-for-all, open-minded attitude toward socializing. If they can channel their natural expressiveness so that it is more calculated and less indulgent, they can kill at seduction.

Endomorphs are also strong in the perceived aloofness department, (different than actual aloofness), owing to their disposition to avoid flamboyant gesticulation and facial expressions. An endomorph who is verbally engaged, but bodily disengaged, is sending just the right sort of mixed signals that women love and crave.

Where endomorphs are weak is in their neediness for approval and in their aptness to slip into “entertainment

monkey" game. An endomorph has to be careful about being boxed into LJBF hell by girls who have desexualized his overt friendliness. My advice to an endomorph would be to shore up his weaknesses by focusing on adding edge to his joviality: say, by negging and teasing girls more than he's comfortable doing. I would also tell him to watch for moments when he's seeking approval. Endomorphs have to really train themselves to adopt a mentality of outcome independence and self-sustaining inner confidence. They also need to curb their habit to profusely compliment women. This will be hard for them, because endomorphs thrive on praise received and praise given. They are generous of heart, and this generosity, rewarded in fantasyland, works against them in the real world mating arena where good-looking women mercilessly cull the niceguys from the selfish jerks.

Endomorph game should play to his strengths and minimize his weaknesses. That means capitalizing on his ability to incite emotion in girls, and on his affability among people in larger groups. An endomorph can lock a girl in hard by focusing on connecting with her — his listening and sympathy skills are world class — but to get there, he first has to attract them on a deeper, animal level, and this will require channeling his sociability into a more seductive frame. He will be very good at sparking girls' imaginations because his psychological locus is Epicurean in nature. Detailed and thrilling descriptions of food, adventure, fashion and vacations are his forté, and girls will glom onto that because the female mind is attuned to detail and pleasures of the flesh. An endomorph can also use his naturally slow-moving countenance to great effect: a fatter man can be seductive with the right body language, and slower is almost always superior to quicker, so the endomorph has a built-in advantage here.

Endomorphs are natural disqualifiers, even if they don't know it. An endomorph has a refined taste in life's pleasures, and he can use this taste to judge women for their appreciation of the things that he values. Most endomorphs are all too happy to allow women to disagree with their own love of the finer things, but a honed ability to stop accommodating women's shit tests and to call them out for their provincialism will work to the endomorph's benefit.

Endomorphs should dress sharp. The sloppy, casual look that a mesomorph or ectomorph can pull off will make an endomorph look like a homeless bum; a homeless fat bum. Endos need to accentuate their bigness and their sumptuousness; that means no tight t-shirts and no wifebeaters. A custom-fitted suit that emphasizes the barrel chest of the endomorph is a good call, as is any style that draws attention away from the gut and toward the chest and shoulders. Some endos can rock the Tommy Bahama (the official sportswear of the fat man), but that is a personal call that depends a lot on chest and shoulder girth. The look you want to shoot for is "big man on campus who will dwarf his woman". A lot of petite chicks like that physical dynamic. This is why you see so many tiny girls on the arms of powerlifters with huge round guts.

In summary, endomorph game should be adapted toward building value through social fearlessness, humor, deep rapport and savvy group set management. Endomorphs will rarely get AMOGed because they are so friendly and sincere (and lacking in threatening mesomorphic musculature) that they put other men at ease. Once endos are welcomed into a group, which usually happens quickly, they have to avoid the temptation to be a group plaything, and instead to focus on separating the target from her friends.

Endomorphs need to concentrate on teasing girls, sometimes harshly with decidedly non-friendly negs or DQ pushes, because their natural joviality (their "pull") and neediness will cause girls to expect that behavior from them. And once girls can predict your behavior, the game is over. An endomorph has to remind himself to be serious at times, for his congenital joyfulness can ruin intensely seductive moments. Endomorphs should be proud that their god-given ability to make girls feel good about themselves is a critical skillset of seduction, but they can sometimes rely too much on this ability to win women's attention, at the cost of getting dropped into the niceguy discount bin.

If you are an endomorph, your game goal should be: Mixed sets, more edge. Try using your natural skill at working a room to your advantage. Piquing a woman's interest is easier when you've cut her short to go talk to another girl or another group of people.

Endomorphs must, most importantly, avoid the urge to get down on themselves for their fatness. Unless you are

obese, a little bit of chunkiness is no big deal, AS LONG AS you carry it with confidence. (Note: does not apply to women.) If you are an extreme endomorph, consider weightlifting and dieting down to a reasonable size before hitting the field. But don't use an extra 20 or 30 pounds as an excuse to be a shut-in. That way only leads to Jabbaness.

PS Endomorphs must avoid the neckbeard. Buy a goddamned razor and a mirror, you poofy popinjays! Your body type isendomorphmesomorphectomorphhybrid (ecto-endo, meso-endo, meso-ecto, all three)VoteView ResultsPolldaddy.com

Tomorrow: Mesomorph game.

The Right Game For Your Body Type: The Mesomorph

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Continuing our series about identifying the most responsive (or most accessible) game for your body type, today's post will focus on the mesomorph.

For readers late to the discussion, the purpose of this series of posts isn't to suggest that if your frame is built a certain way, you must run a certain kind of game, or you will fail miserably with women. The purpose is to point out that, if constitutional psychology is valid and somatotype is associated with personality, certain game techniques and strategies will be easier for you to learn and master than other game techniques. You will naturally excel at applying some game concepts, and naturally struggle applying other game concepts. While the founding principles of game are universal (because female sexual nature is universal), the details of game will vary in accordance with the context within which you find yourself, which can include elements such as race, culture, foreignness, obesity, sex ratio and your own inborn temperament.

Ultimately, this information is meant to be a useful adjunct to well-known game principles. If you know beforehand your innate personality strengths and weaknesses, you can take preemptive steps to shore up problem areas.

The mesomorph is one extreme of Sheldon's three somatotypes, the two others being endomorph and ectomorph. Mesomorphs tend toward the ideal male physique, and prefer action and risk-taking over thinking and calculation.

> **The Extreme [Mesomorph] — Action**
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> In endotonia the stomach was the focus of attention, but in mesotonia it is the muscles. The mesotonic is well-endowed with them, or to put it another way, the mesotonic's muscles seem to have a mind of their own. They are always ready for action, and good posture is natural to them. They get up with plenty of energy and seem tireless. They can work for long periods of time and both need and like to exercise. They like to be out doing things. If they are forced into inactivity they become restless and dejected.
>
> The mesotonic has no hesitation in approaching people and making known his wants and desires. The tendency to think with his muscles and find exhilaration in their use leads him to enjoy taking chances and risks, even when the actual gain is well-known to be minimal. They can become fond of gambling and fast driving and are generally physically fearless. They can be either difficult and argumentative, or slow to anger, but always with the capacity to act out physically and usually with some sort of history of having done so on special occasions.
>
> This physical drive manifests itself on the psychological level in a sense of competition. The mesotonic wants to win and pushes himself forward. He is unhesitant about the all-out pursuit of the goal he seeks. Associated with this trait is a certain psychological callousness.
>
> This outward energetic flow makes mesotonics generally noisy. They bustle about doing things and since their inhibitions are low, the attendant noise does not bother them. Their voices carry and sometimes boom out as if speech were another form of exercise. When alcohol reduces their inhibitions, they become more assertive and aggressive. When trouble strikes they revert to their most fundamental form of behavior and seek action of some sort. Mesotonics tend to glorify that period of youthful activities where physical powers reach their peak, or perhaps more accurately the period of youth that best symbolizes a sense of endless vitality and activity. This glorification of youth goes hand-in-hand with the early maturing of the mesotonic organism, both facially and muscularly. They look older than their chronological age. The extraversion of action that is so strong here goes together with a lack of awareness of what is happening on the subjective level. The quickness with which the mesotonic can make decisions is compensated for by a relative unawareness of the other parts of his personality.

The mesomorph is your classic aloof, asshole alpha male. He's not trying to be an inconsiderate jerk (well, not

always), he just is. Many naturals are mesomorphs, though they may not fit the ideal male body type. (For instance, the best natural I knew was a fairly short mesomorph.) The mesomorph has an innate temperament and psychology that is suited to approach-heavy pickup, and so he will have the shallowest learning curve if he is new to game. On paper, he seems like an unstoppable PUA machine, but in fact his type comes with many flaws, so don't try to convince yourself that game is useless for you if you don't have a mesomorphic physique.

First, as should be obvious, the muscular, broad-shouldered, mesomorph body is the most widely appealing to women. Given a roomful of one hundred women, the mesomorph will capture more approach invitations (come-hither eye play) than either the endomorph or ectomorph. But this appeal is shallow. A significant minority of women prefer leaner men than the typical mesomorph, and a smaller minority prefer "huggable bear" endomorphs. Furthermore, women's initial attraction to men based on physical appeal is not nearly as unshakably hardened as men's initial attraction to women with sexy figures and pretty faces. A woman will instantly lose her attraction for a mesomorph if he opens his mouth and lameness tumbles out. And women don't feel near the same urgent, wall-climbing horniness for physically impressive men that men feel for physically impressive women.

Nevertheless, the relative ease with which mesomorphs get approach invitations means that, coupled with their natural extroversion and action jackson mentality, they will have the easiest route to meeting women and inducing an initial attraction, however potentially short-lived. This is an advantage that gradually accrues to a mesomorph's store of self-confidence, resulting in a feedback loop that makes the meso more confident than his already elevated inborn confidence. Since overconfidence is the Moloko Plus of pickup, the mesomorph goes into each set with his guns blazing.

Because the mesomorph is a man of (occasionally thoughtless) action, direct game will be his bread and butter. He will feel most at ease, and most energized, running direct game rather than indirect game that involves a lot of push-pull, palm reading, or meandering chit chat. Mesomorphs will therefore excel at speed seduction — moving a seduction quickly to its sexual denouement — and they will be adept at venue bouncing, kino, escalation, deal closing, and out-AMOGing competition.

But the meso's greatest strength is also his most vulnerable weakness. Mesomorphs' love for action and escalation means that they are often bad at calibrating women's receptiveness. The classic meso is the gung-ho military man who misreads a woman's interest and bungles the pickup by being too aggressive and obstinate. The meso predilection to act first, think later, tends to make them impatient with women and their particular emotional needs, leaving the door open for a sly ecto or endo to swoop in and rescue the girl from "the meathead".

The game stages where mesomorphs shine, then, would be the attraction stage and, to a lesser degree, the seduction stage. Their infectious physical confidence, "psychological callousness", and bravado lure women, and their selfishness and strong will help seal the deal in the bedroom. But in between, mesomorphs risk losing it all. The meso is weakest during the comfort stage of a pickup. This is not the type of man who likes to sit on a couch in a dimly lit lounge, gabbing for hours with a girl about her hopes and dreams, running sequences of qualifications and disqualifications and playing games with his cellphone to increase the perception of his preselection by other women.

A mesomorph has to train himself to be better at reading women's signals, and to be more refined at the art of manipulative pullbacks. He's got the body language and the physical escalation nailed down; now he needs to work on his empathy and developing an attitude of scarcity to complement his transparent, take-charge approach mentality.

Mesomorphs in relationships need to be careful about letting their jealously control them, rather than controlling their jealousy to be released in manageable doses that maximally arouse their women. "Bemused mastery" is not an attitude that comes easily to action-oriented, quick-to-anger mesomorphs, and neither is self-possessed state control in the face of female drama. Many women, in fact, find it rather easy to manipulate mesomorphic men to do their bidding, which often leads to boredom for those women.

Mesomoprhs' low empathy and high self-aggrandizement impulse makes them natural neggers (whoa!) and teasers, and women will eat that up. But the meso has to be aware of the moment when it is time to switch from aloof teasing to intimate rapport, and this means a practiced ability to tame his need for action and results. A mesomorph who can effortlessly segue to showing a soft side is one of the most fearsome seducers known to exist.

Mesomorphs must avoid, at all costs, their tendency to grabass. Every guy I've witnessed grinding on some fat bootied slut in a club has been a mesomorph. And rarely do I see these undomesticated mesos going home with their tormentors, unless she's really ugly and desperate for a jackhammering.

You'd think that a mesomorph would do best in clubs and bars, where the noisy atmosphere and revved-up girls feed his already high energy level. But, ironically, mesos can do very well in, for instance, coffee shops, because there are so few action-oriented, bold men in those environments that the meso will shine in comparison. I rarely — and I mean like one out of one hundred visits — see a man cold approach or cold open a woman in a coffee shop (present company excluded). Most men are pussies. Curled-up, fetal, manboobed, hipster doofuses who can't bring themselves to do more than flutter their eyelashes at girls they like the look of. The mesomorph with ambition in his heart and results on his mind will not think twice about swooping some babe pretending to type something vitally important to the continuance of civilization on her Macbook Air.

And it is this "living in the moment" — perhaps the gretest natural pickup advantage the mesomorph possesses — which is beloved by women. The underthinking meso never second guesses, never doubts himself and never suffers paralysis by analysis. He's a doer. He can pass shit tests with ease because his head is locked into the action occurring in front of him. But he has to beware the pitfall of blowing himself out. That same proclivity to spontaneous action can lead him to misgauge women's interest and overlook emotionally connecting with women. The mesomorph is the worst listener of the three male body archetypes, and it's no coincidence that many of them are left at the end of the night shaking their heads about the "girl that got away".

The Right Game For Your Body Type: The Ectomorph

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This is the final installment of the body type-game type series, and here we will focus on ectomorphs, those men who have structurally thin, lean skeletal frames. (If you want to know how purely ectomorphic you are, just grab your wrist. Is there space left over? You're probably an ecto.) The mesomorph game post, the second installment, is here.

This post will likely generate lots of discussion, if only because, according to the poll in the first post of the series, a plurality of readers are self-identified ectomorphs. This shouldn't surprise anyone; ectomorphs are the intellectual somatotype, and they would be drawn to logical discussions of very serious issues in venues that minimize social chaos.

According to Sheldon, ectomorphs:

> [F]ocus on privacy, restraint and a highly developed self-awareness.

The associated temperament of the ectomorph is described by Sheldon:

> **The Extreme Ectotonic — Reflection**
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> The outstanding characteristic of the ectotonic is his finely-tuned receptive system. His spread-out body acts like a giant antenna picking up all sorts of inputs. Sheldon calls the ectotonic a biologically extraverted organism, which is compensated for by psychological introversion. Since the whole organism is sensitive to stimulation, the ectotonic develops a series of characteristic strategies by which he tries to cut down on it. He is like a sonar operator who must constantly be wary of a sudden loud noise breaking in on the delicate sounds he is trying to trace. He likes to cross his legs and curl up as if he is trying to minimize his exposure to the exterior world. He tries to avoid making noise and being subjected to it. He shrinks from crowds and large groups of people and likes small, protected places. […]
>
> His hypersensitivity leads not only to quick physical reactions but to excessively fast social reactions as well. It is difficult for this type to keep pace with slow-moving social chit-chat. He races ahead and trips over his own social feet.
>
> Just as the endotonic loves to eat and the mesotonic loves action, the ectotonic loves privacy, and intellectual or mental stimulation. He needs shelter from excessive stimulation and time to sort out the inputs he has received, and connect them up with his own inner subjective experience, which he values highly. Self-awareness is a principle trait of ectotonia. The feelings of the ectotonic are not on display, even though they can be very strong, and so he is sometimes accused of not having any. When they are in a situation of dealing with someone who has authority over them or with someone of the opposite sex whom they are interested in, they often make a poor first impression. They are uncomfortable in coping with social situations where overt expressions of sympathy are called for or where general idle conversation is the norm, for example in parties and dinners where they have no intimate acquaintances.
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> The ectotonics are hypersensitive to pain because they anticipate it and have a lower pain threshold as well. They do not project their voices like the mesotonics, but focus it to reach only the person they are addressing. They appear younger than their age and often wear an alert, intent expression. They have a late adolescence, consider the latter part of life the best, and are future-oriented.

Very broadly speaking, ectomorphs are the beta male civilization builders and maintainers, (as is often the case with these kinds of overly broad generalizations, you should adjust for racial differences). Uncharitably, you could call ectomorphs nerds, spergs or wallflowers. Charitably, you could call them brooding, mysterious rebels. As with

the endomorphs and mesomorphs, how people perceive you will vary according to how close you lie to the extreme for your somatotype, and how well you have personally managed your inborn traits to showcase your strengths and restrain your weaknesses. PUAs call this “building your identity.”

Physically, pure ectomorphs have it the worst. The muscular meso and the chunky (but not grossly overweight) endo will both do better at attracting approach invitations from women. On average, and taking women as a whole and winnowing their attraction triggers down to one metric, stick thin men are least desirable to women. However, most ectos are not stick thin; a fair proportion are lean with excellent muscle tone, even if they are not as big all around as mesomorphs. The lean but toned look is almost as attractive to women as the powerfully built mesomorphic look.

Given this female preference, pure ectos will see the most bang bang for their buck from hitting the weight room. You teenage guys who can’t put on muscle to save your lives should take heart: bodybuilding forums are fairly uniform in their agreement that by your early 20s, the muscle starts to arrive, if you stick to a lifting program religiously. Later in life, ectos can potentially clean up, because by then they have filled out while less diligent endos have gotten fatter and the mesos lacking self-discipline have gotten older-looking than their years.

As hinted at above, ectomorphs probably make up the majority of game material consumers because they are the ones who need the most help (being the most anti-social), and who are best suited for adapting informationally dense, written material into field practice. The ectomorph is a thinker, and that means his strength lies in analysis, systematic breakdown of variables, and application of gained knowledge. No one is better at taking apart group social dynamics than an ecto; paradoxically no one is worse at capitalizing on his social dynamic knowledge than the ecto.

For you see, the ectomorph’s greatest strength is also his worst crippling weakness: the dreaded condition known as paralysis by analysis. You really can overthink a situation, and ectos do it all the time. Ectos are victims of perfectionism; if they can’t get it 100% right the first time, they don’t bother trying at all. They are, in this respect, the total opposites of the action-oriented, live in the moment mesos and the devil-may-care, socially indulgent endos.

Knowing this, ectomorphs tend to excel at the comfort and seduction stages of pickup, and to flounder during the attraction stage. An ectomorph is naturally more at home talking one-on-one with a girl, away from the noise of boisterous groups and the threat of AMOGs. On a quiet sofa or a walk in a park, his incisive mind can find its best expression. An ecto is unparalleled as the king of mental connection and smooth talking; he can spin up great yarns and fantasy landscapes that make a girl feel a part of his world, and his seductive gaze pierces like a dagger, because when he’s got his girl alone and in his clutches, he’s in the soulmate zone.

And as a game strategist he is the equal of any master seducer. He will always know in the back of his head when the time is right to venue bounce, or to push a girl away, or to make a bedroom move. He knows this because he is good at collating information gleaned from past experience with women, and from observing naturals at work, and learning from it.

The game tactics which ectomorphs will find easiest to learn and employ include:

– Any one-on-one storytelling or psychological game playing. (e.g., the cube, palm reading, strawberry fields, etc.)

– Intense, bedroom seduction.

– Calculated pullbacks. (The ecto has no problem walking away from a set.)

– Preemptively heading off potential objections. (The ecto sees two steps ahead and two steps beyond.)

– Eliciting a girl’s values. (Ectos’ refined self-awareness can be channelled into awareness of others’ needs and desires.)

But ectomorphs also have major pickup flaws which they must address, or they will find the game of love to be

mountain too high to climb. Some of these failings include:

– An immobilizing hesitancy to approach girls or open sets. Of the three male archetypes, the ectomorph will have the toughest time getting over his social fear of talking to strangers. If you are a pure ecto, consider teaming up with an accomplished, sociable player to help you get over your inclination to insulate yourself from real world human interaction.

– An inability to react promptly to shit tests. The ectomorph is hypersensitive, so shit tests tend to knock him off guard, and he will respond by turtling into his shell. Also, because the ecto "lives in his head" he has difficulty staying focused on the moment as his mind races ahead at dizzying speeds, figuring out the intricacies of whatever a girl is saying to him. Therefore, the ecto needs to work on reacting fast to upsetting changes of conversational tone, and one method that is particularly useful for him is the pregnant pause. Ectos can calm their roiling minds by stopping, dropping their thoughts, and just rolling with the moment. Practice with the pregnant pause will help him overcome his urge to have just the right reply for everything a girl tosses at him.

– Calibration. Ectos are almost as bad as mesomorphs at calibrating a girl's interest level. The mesomorph miscalibrates because he charges into conversation at full steam, while the ectomorph miscalibrates because he's too wrapped up in his thoughts to notice how a girl is actually responding to him. An ectomorph would do well to hone his listening ability, and one way to practice this is to repeat in his head the last few words that a girl said to him.

– Alpha male voice and body projection. Ectomorphs generally have beta body language and vocal pitch. This unfortunate tendency is not necessarily due to low status; many ectos just don't like being the center of attention, and they modulate their voice and shrink their body as a consequence of that compulsion to avoid attention grabbing behavior. An ecto has to learn to carry himself like a meso or a sociable endo, if he wants to make good first impressions on women, particularly Western women who have all turned into thug-loving, r-selected whores. (I kid! Or do I?)

– Kino. Ectos are uncomfortable touching women. They have to make concerted efforts to kino escalate, or their overeager brains and undereager hands will betray them.

Flaws aside, ectomorphs can do really well with the various subphylum of scenester girls who pride themselves on their intellect and nonconformity. These girls like that a man "gets them", and ectos who have trained themselves to listen well are adept at manufacturing the "gets them" perception. Some girls also lean more than the average girl toward an appreciation of mental connection, where an ecto will excel, although all girls are more emotional creatures than mental creatures, so ectomorphs should not be complacent about emotionally connecting with women.

Ectos would do well to drop a lot of sciency, jargony words from their social vocabulary, and take steps to learn to speak in an attenuated slang. The kind of humor and wit that chicks, even smart chicks, really love is terser and slangier than the typical ecto will be comfortable or familiar using. Learning to speak like this, if it doesn't come naturally to you, requires a lot of real world, in field interaction hanging out with cool dudes. Intellectual wit is best in small doses, when it can be more fully appreciated.

Finally, the ectomorph's Achille's heel — his trouble with living in the moment — is a flaw that can be rectified with awareness and practice. The key is to actively force himself to shut down his mind when out at a club or other venue. Simply telling himself out loud that he will go with the flow is sometimes enough to get him in the right frame of mind. He has to know that his extensive game knowledge won't abandon him once he's out in the field mixing it up with people. Another method for achieving this zen state of mind is to remind himself that he won't reply to every conversational thread or shit test, however compelled he feels to do so. Skill at picking up conversational threads at random junctures, and staying away from those threads that are about to fizzle out, cannot be underrated. If this describes you, know that you don't have to be "on" 100% of the time; often, it's better to swerve away from a conversational roadblock rather than try to scale it.

Hamster Of The Month

CH · 17 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This is the first of a new series called “Hamster of the Month”, or HOTM, in which the best (worst?) female hamster rationalization is highlighted each month and awarded the prize of helping men see the true nature of women. We thank you. ladies, for your service to the cause of knowledge dissemination.

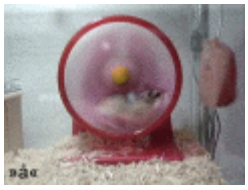
At the end of the year there will be a Hamster of the Year award for the woman who makes the biggest fool of herself excusing the behavior of some total asshole she loves.

Our first winner of the HOTM goes to none other than… drumroll please…

Rihanna!

Here she is, puppeteered by her roided up hamster, explaining why she chose, again and again, to fly back into the arms of Chris Brown, the man who pummeled her face with fists of furious love. She was obviously unable to do without his alpha charms.

> ‘Because as angry as I was – as angry and hurt and betrayed – I just felt like he made that mistake because he needed help. And who’s going to help him? Nobody’s going to say he needs help, everybody’s going to say he’s a monster, without looking at the source. And I was more concerned about him.’



That is some rye-cheeee-us hamstering. The hamster is strong in this one.

For the readers who are prone to bouts of comforting delusion and head-in-sand syndrome who may be tempted to excuse Rihanna for her overbearing nurturing instinct, please note that beta males do not get the same allowances from women that alpha males like Chris Brown get. When beta males make a mistake — a beta male-ish type of mistake like, say, being too dutiful a provider, or too effuse with flattery, or too unromantic because of fatigue from long hours spent at the office — their women will have no trouble, no trouble at all, leaving them and staying away from them. You will rarely, perhaps never!, hear a woman excuse her incorrigible beta male boyfriend’s mistakes by saying “He made a mistake because he needed help. And who’s going to help him besides me?”

Nope. What you are more likely to hear from a woman who has complaints about a beta male boyfriend is this: “He’s too needy. I felt smothered. He should meet someone who can appreciate him.” And, like magic, she’ll be able to leave the beta male without any problem, unlike those alpha males who are mysteriously difficult to leave because… oh, I don’t know, pick your rationalization: fear of kidnapping, fear of homelessness from losing his support, voodoo hexing. Funny how women never seem to worry about these consequences when they want to leave beta males. They just get up and go. And they never look back about it on a couch side by side with Oprah.

So, kudos, Rihanna, for letting your hamster demonstrate on high spin cycle to the world that good-looking babes LOVE LOVE LOVE irredeemable badboys. And they love them BECAUSE OF, not in spite of, their assholery.

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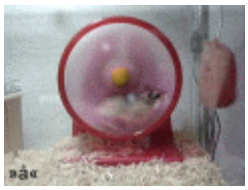

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Defying Your Body Type Temperament

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A number of readers asked if the association between body type and temperament could be altered by losing or gaining weight. For example, can a skinny ectomorph assume some of the personality traits of a mesomorph by lifting weights and putting on muscle? Or can a fat endomorph do the same by losing fat and toning up? Likewise, can a mesomorph become less insensitive by getting fatter or skinnier? Being able to do so would seem to discredit the idea that body type and personality are biologically linked.

My answer to them is a qualified yes, based on nothing more than drawing conclusions from real world test cases mixed with a bit of educated speculation and adjustment of premises.

First, body type is not based on your weight. Or, it's not supposed to be. It's based on your skeletal frame, which is unalterable (except in small degrees by intensive weightlifting or PED use). A mesomorph may gain fat or lose muscle, but his generally larger, broader frame will stay the same. Similarly, an ectomorph can beef up in the gym, but his wrists and ankles will never be naturally thick around like a classic endomorph's or mesomorph's wrists and ankles.

Therefore, the premise itself is shaky. Weight may change, but bone structure remains the same. And if the bone structure is the same, then the link with one's personality is the same as well.

Second, a large gain of muscle (or a loss of fat) can *psychologically* influence a man's self-perception and boost his confidence, leading to a concomitant temperament change. This can occur despite there being no alteration of the *biological* link between his frame size and his temperament. We are adaptation maximizing animals, after all.

Those objections aside, I answer the readers with a qualified yes, because I do think the underlying biological connection between body type and personality can be fundamentally altered. The simple explanation is testosterone. Fat is a known T suppressor/estrogen increaser, so an endomorph who sheds fat cells will experience the effects of a hormonal boost of T. An ectomorph who puts on muscle will feel better and more confident from the increase in his T. These are deep, biological changes, not ephemeral psychological alterations, that will lead to personality changes.

Caveat: the changes aren't going to be large. You can't change the intrinsic contours of your personality wholesale by raising your T, because we are gradually learning that a lot (50% or more) of our personality is genetically conditioned, stamped in our cortical rivulets as permanent etchings from conception. But you can make changes around the edges, pushing yourself in one direction or another. Testosterone isn't the only way to do this. Changes in status have also been shown to alter personality. If you are looking to improve your success with women, even a small, say 10%, change in your personality to one that is more outgoing or confident will bring huge pussy benefits relative to what you were accustomed to enjoying.

The First SWPL President

CH · 19 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Via S. Sailer:

Is Obama sticking out his pinky? Forget the first half-black prez, what we have here is the first SWPL prez. No wonder SWPLs jizz their pants for this guy.

Even better, you gotta love the field hockey player American girls chugging beer like dock workers. The one on the left looks like she's storing a few kegs in her upper arms.

In a sane nation, Presidents who sip beer like it's an apéritif and look like they're pinching a loaf become punchlines.

In a sane nation, women who proudly and ostentatiously surrender their femininity to act like men get shunned.

I want to live in a sane nation. Sounds like paradise.

ps this is a political post lacking gravitas. for gravitas, redirect to: hillary's rump and alex pareene's bitch tits.

Older Man Game: Direct Or Indirect?

CH · 21 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Younger man game gets plenty of attention and analysis, but in comparison older man game seems to get the short shrift. The principles of pickup are fairly universal — female hypergamy operates on all men, of all age groups — but some of the tactical details will change if your age is significantly younger or older than the woman you are seducing. With that in mind, here's a comment pulled from the Nick Hoss PUA website:

> Another time to possibly go indirect: when you're significantly older. A direct opener would force her to make a snap judgement, while indirect may give you time to demonstrate high value.

In theory, this sounds right. Direct game does theoretically corner women into making reflexive snap judgments. If you come on strong, a woman is not going to have the chance to enjoy the feeling of flirtation building to an anticipated denouement. She will revert to her default female filtering algorithm which activates at a much lower threshold if all she has to go on are your approach mechanics and plainly visible SMV irregularities such as might be apparent in a large age discrepancy. (Most older men, out of cowardice or lack of compensating attributes, do not hit on significantly younger women, which conditions younger women into expecting older men to comport themselves like bland, asexual lumps. The inverse is also true — it's rare for, say, 18 year old men to hit on 28 year old women, and for similar reasons.)

But it can be argued, theoretically as well, that older men using indirect game on younger women feeds into women's expectations of harmless avuncular daddy figures chatting them up with nary a sexual thought in their minds. In other words, if you are an older man hitting on a much younger woman, you have to be more careful about the danger of indirect game spiraling into breezy, chit chatty pointlessness. You'll know you've failed when you swerve into more sexually tinged banter and she acts surprised and indignant.

So again we come to a pro and con list for direct vs indirect game that applies equally to older men as to younger men. Direct game circumvents the risk of LJBF prejudice, at the potential cost of activating insta-screens in women. Indirect game allows for cunning guidance of women's emotions, at the potential cost of misjudged intentions.

Enough of theory. What about applied seduction? In reality, women make snap judgments before you even open your mouth. Your body language can be alpha or beta, and women subconsciously pick up those nonverbal signals of your mate quality. If you are significantly older or younger than your prey, your body language cannot, in any way, exude defeatism. Both the younger man hitting on an older woman and the older man hitting on the younger woman must seem in control of their worlds. Large age differences amplify the need for compensating attractiveness cues.

My gut feeling is that indirect game, as a contributing variable in approach-lay ratio, is the better choice overall for the typical scenarios involving older men and much younger women (10+ years younger). By typical scenarios, I mean non-nightclub environments. Women — especially prime age women in the 18-24 year old bracket — possess very strong preconceived notions about how older men will act around them. A direct, choose or lose, style of approach may violate their preconceptions so thoroughly that they respond by shutting down.

But that is just gut feeling. Any of you older men or pickup pros who have experience hitting on significantly younger women using direct and/or indirect game are encouraged to leave your opinions in the comments section. Award-winning comments will be highlighted in a future post.

Hot Girls Need Your Best Game

CH · 23 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Hot girls are different than other women. Not radically so, but enough to notice by those with an unfiltered eye. The universality of female sexual nature bends and distorts a bit when the subject is a smoking hot 22 year old 8, 9 or 10, like travel at the speed of light will warp the passage of time. In fact, speed of light travel is a pretty good metaphor for how fast you will jizz inside a hard 10′s vagina.

The difference in sexual predilection, temperament and reactiveness between hot chicks and the rest of womankind lies primarily in two interacting social phenomena: one, hot chicks know they're hotter than other girls and two, hot chicks receive a lot more tangible and intangible attention from men. (An example of intangible attention: while fewer men may approach a 10 than would approach a 7, the 10 can't help but notice how many men swivel their heads in her direction when she breezes past them. Tangible attention: hot chicks get their meals paid more often than other women.)

Knowing these two things, the master seducer tailors his game as befits the degree of beauty of his preferred conquest. He knows, for instance, that hot chicks will rebuke flattery much more aggressively than will lesser women. Hot chicks squeal with glee for negs and teasing bordering on insults. Hot chicks expect you to be flustered around them; stay calm and unmoved, and you capture their interest. Hot chicks love love love to be disqualified. And hot chicks don't suffer weak men gladly.

Most invidiously, hot chicks may even be greater cheating and cuckold risks than less attractive girls. (h/t: reader wudang)

> Unrestricted sociosexuality was generally associated with greater attractiveness in female composites and real female faces and greater masculinity in male composites.

They may also be sluttier.

> It has been found that symmetrical men (and women) have a tendency to begin to have sexual intercourse at an earlier age, to have more sexual partners, and to have more one-night stands.

And their very special combination of genes makes them not only more attractive to men, but also apt to have more lifetime partners.

> Scientists have found a link between genetically diverse females and high numbers of sexual partners.
>
> New research from Western Australia has shown that a series of genes linked to the immune system could explain why some women are more sexually successful than others. The genes are thought to make them more attractive to potential partners.

There are two ways to avoid sluts, whores and manipulative users, and reduce the risk that your girlfriend or future wife will cheat on you:

1. Don't date hot girls.

2. Break in hot girls with incredibly tight game, like you would break in a wild bronco.

Now number 1 doesn't sound like much fun. It's easy, but nothing good in life comes easy.

Number 2 is where it's at. Tight game will tame the hottest girls. Those frisky mares need and love a strong crop to the flanks. The good news is that hot girls lap up tight game like a kitten does a bowl of milk, because they so rarely experience the thrill of it from the men who surround them. You will set yourself apart if you game a 9 the same

way you game an annoying 6 who's full of herself: like she's nothing special.

The bad news is that hot girls are the best at sussing out even the tiniest hints of weakness or incongruity in men. If your game isn't consistently good and believable, you'll be lunch meat. And you have to be on top of your game for YEARS. The beta margin of error that you normally get with plainer girls will be greatly attenuated with hot girls. If you want to prevent a hot girlfriend from straying, you've either got to mate guard like a drug lord's right hand man, or you've got to game guard like Casanova.

This is why most greater beta males shoot for the 6 and 7 sweet spot in feminine beauty; they're manageable with some minimal game and they let the beta male sleep at night without constantly worrying every five minutes if the kid is his.

The Allure Of Male Dominance

CH · 23 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Men feel powerful lust from dominating attractive women, the same lust women feel from submitting to the domination of powerful men. But most men will never admit to this. Not because they agree with the myths of feminism, but because most will never be in a position to enjoy the sublime pleasures of dominance over women. A complete lack of acquaintance with dominating women, and a dearth of opportunity to do so, psychologically castrates weaker men until they embrace, at least in theory, the opposite of what they truly desire. The embrace of anti-desire, the dark matter of joylessness, offers respite from an otherwise unrelenting daily reminder of their sexual and romantic failure.

Comment Of The Week: Precision Analogies Edition

CH · 24 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

chris writes:

> Perhaps one way to conceptualise why women don't like emotional/sensitive guys would be to consider this.
>
> Men value women for their sexual intimacy, while women value men for the emotional intimacy.
>
> Now men don't want a relationship with a woman who is promiscuous with her sexual intimacy as it either indicates she has low value, or potential for cuckoldry.
>
> Perhaps women don't want relationships with emotional/sensitive guys as these men are promiscuous with their emotional intimacy. And their emotional promiscuity indicates they are either low value or have a potential for abandonment.
>
> So a niceguy is to women, what a slut is to a man.
>
> Now, when you here feminist therapists telling men they they should be more sensitive and get in touch with their feminine side and what not, those therapists are no different from some old sleazy lecher trying to convince women that it's in their best interest to sleep around and experiment with their sexuality in the hopes that the woman will sleep with them.
>
> Basically, telling men to be more sensitive is a ploy to make it easier for women to**use** men, just as telling women to be more sexually open would be a ploy to make it easier for men to **use** women.

There will be no runner-up comment winners this week, as there was not a recent comment that was close to the same league as this one.

One thing I would add… these psychological ploys — encouraging niceguyness in men and looseness in women so that it is easier for the opposite sex to extract what they want from them — would not be so ubiquitous if they didn't work at least some of the time. So, emo niceguys who lament getting tossed into the LJBF discount bin and bitter sluts who lament getting pumped and dumped by sexy nonjudgmental alpha males really only have themselves to blame. You can't be manipulated if you aren't, on some level, willfully acquiescent to your role, and the promise of pleasure it brings.

Women Gossip To Compete For Men

CH · 25 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists are gonna blow an ovary reading this study. Perfect.

> **Although most researchers acknowledge the speculative nature of evolutionary arguments in this area, social aggression among reproductively viable females is usually interpreted as a form of mate competition. Hess and Hagen, for example, suggest that the sex differences uncovered in their study would likely have been even more pronounced in a younger group of participants. Evolutionarily, historically, and cross-culturally, they point out, girls in the fifteen- to nineteen-year-old range would be most actively competing for mates.** Thus, anything that would sabotage another female's image as a desirable reproductive partner, such as commenting on her promiscuity, physical appearance, or some other aberrant or quirky traits, tends to be the stuff of virile gossip.

File under: Women are the world's worst misogynists.

So now science has come along to (re)prove what we all knew anecdotally: women, particularly younger women who are most desirable to men, gossip viciously as a means of tearing down the female competition for high quality men. So gossip is analogous to a woman stitching a verbal scarlet S (or F or H) onto the blouses of other women who would compete for the men she likes.

Stay classy, ladies.

You'll notice as well that the sort of stuff women primarily gossip about — sluttiness, infidelity and fatness — to cut down their female competition, are exactly the character flaws and vices that feminists claim should be free from judginess, and accepted by everyone, especially men. Why do feminists focus on these things? Because they know they matter. Men really are less likely to commit to sluts, whores and fat chicks. And for good evolutionary reasons. (Not to mention good aesthetic and tactile reasons.)

An interesting question is why, if gossip is, presumably, evolutionarily adaptive as a means of reducing the mate value of sexual competitors, men don't do the same thing? Where are all the male yentas tearing down the competition?

First, men have their own version of gossip; it's called winning. Men kneecap male competitors by fighting and defeating them, physically, mentally or socially. Second, women are more intuitive than men are about reading subtext in gossip. A man who gossips about another man's sexual prowess, or social savviness, or whatever, in the hopes of reducing his mate value is likely to be perceived by women as a second tier beta clumsily trying to undermine better men than himself. And gossip just doesn't sit right on men; women are liable to think you're gay if you prattle on about other men a lot.

Personally, I think a lot of female gossip is much less effective than believed by women. Men mostly judge women by how they look, so a guy is not going to stop boning out for a hot chick just because some mother hen gossiped about her disloyalty. But gossip is universal and still with us, so it must offer some mating advantage to women. My guess is that gossip which distills to slut smears ("she's got crabs!") is probably the most effective at handicapping a woman's ability to snag a high value man into a long-term relationship. This is why women who aren't broken losers are so mortified at the thought of being labeled a slut.

Like feminists who claim otherwise, they know it matters.

Hot Girl Crazy

CH · 28 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Spiralina observes:

> It's SO boring to be a hot girl. People are designed to evolve by struggling against the greater forces of survival. When everything is just handed to you with no effort, you lose your sense of purpose. You become dissolute and reckless. You start abusing your sexual power in petty ways, just to see how far you can push it. When you find someone who finally pushes back, it elicits an intense (albeit temporary) thrill.
>
> Childbirth makes it all settle, and gives the hot girl a greater sense of purpose. That's why most hot girls, if they stay single and don't have kids as they get older, slowly go insane.

What Spiralina has described is hot girl crazy. Hot girls, by dint of their immense, immediate, and unearned power over men (and over women, to a lesser extent) start out life being less grounded than plainer girls (pretty girls as young as four know they are more attractive than other girls), become sadistically crazy in their primes (15-25 years old), and then pitifully deranged by their late 20s and 30s if they have not leveraged their hotness for an alpha male and little alphalets by then.

Hot girls live in the closest approximation to a fantasy world that exists in the state of nature for human beings, and in no time in history is that fantasy more fully fleshed out and intertwined with the threads of ugly reality than right now for the modern Western looker. This is why hot girls are some of the most illogical, deluded, and naively optimistic people alive: You don't need a firm grasp of reality when a line of suitors and suckups stretches around the corner to wait on you hand and foot.

The "struggle against greater forces of survival" has been the norm for most people, most of the time, and evolution, as Spiralina has noted, has equipped us, more or less generously, with the flexibility and fortitude to bear this struggle without turning batshit crazy. There is actually a scientific term for this psychological — and, reduced to its essence, biological — phenomenon: hormesis. Or: that which doesn't kill us makes us stronger.

The hot girl in her prime, though, has rarely had to struggle. Or, if she thinks she has struggled, she has no idea what real struggle is like, particularly for ugly girls who foetally slouch through waves of human eyeballs invisible and ignored. The hot girl's problems are other girls' wish lists.

Freedom from struggle, as with all quasi-realized utopian ideals, lets slip unintended consequences, many of them worse than the struggle the utopian was trying to eradicate. Hot girls begin to despise their catered lives, and attempt to fill them with drama. This is why the expert seducer will quickly ascertain that it is the hottest girls who insufferably crave the most manufactured drama. He learns from this, and knows to give it to them on an intermittent schedule, like a scientist in a lab might drop a heroin-laced pellet to a rat to condition its responses.

And what kind of drama do hot girls crave the most? Dread. The hot girl wants what she doesn't have: struggle. She wants to feel again, and the asshole lover who cavalierly tosses aside her feelings, who exhibits scarce consideration for her, fires her up like no lapdog or lackey ever could. Spiralina says this thrill is temporary, but here I disagree with her. I have been the beneficiary of, at the risk of crass first-person immodesty, the love of very attractive girls, and as long as the drama flows, the thrill remains the same. This thrill can go on for years, sometimes lingering after the breakup in her memories in the form of unexpected late night calls months past sell-date.

For as long as supplicating beta males exist, the selfish bastard boyfriend is king.

As stated, one cure for hot girl crazy is kids. Not just any kids. She has to push them out of her own wet incubator. Nothing grounds a mentally imbalanced woman quicker than childbirth, and the heavy responsibility that follows. Unfortunately, Western Civ is in a tailspin of single moms, dysgenia, endemic zero marginality, pathological Stockholm Syndrome, and soft concubinage. The womb issue within the confines of sanctioned pairings that would

have sedated the self-destructiveness of attractive women in the past is now put off until a woman's 30s, giving over her entire teens and 20s to marinate in the crazy. Poor beta males are then stuck holding her bag of bonkers when she's nigh wall splat and resentfully settling for Mr. Subpar.

Another cure is the alpha male. Hot girls can be tamed into reasonableness with an unfaltering belief in one's own entitlement (the hot girl LOVES LOVES LOVES the self-entitled man, perhaps because she enjoys the mirroring of her soul), a refusal to suffer crazy gladly, and subtle reminders to her of the inevitable price paid by the passage of time. The man of unshakeable self-confidence — better yet, overconfidence — is so rare among the men who have wormed their way into the hot girl's world, that she is enamored of him instantly, and in moments of lucidity will tally the value of her catch and shudder what her impetuousness might risk throwing away.

It behooves the attentive alpha male to know when his hot girl lover is beginning to show symptoms of renewed crazy. Awareness is half the battle, and a girl crazy left unattended can rapidly escalate to incorrigibleness and even cheating. Of what signs should you, the aspiring womanizer, be cognizant?

Crib sheet of girl crazy

– She has begun accusing you of things you clearly have not done.
– She play acts at keeping secrets, real or imagined, to incite your jealousy. ("Oh, just some guy I know… don't be so nosy!")
– She has begun to take her birthday and assorted holidays and ceremonies way too seriously.
– She's contemplating more than one cat.
– She has taken to calling you from public places, especially those of ill repute.
– The ratio of call-to-called has flipped, and she now calls you less frequently than you call her.
– She gets snappy with you for no particular reason.
– She puts words in your mouth for the sole purpose of inventing fights.
– She begins to favor fucking over lovemaking. (The usual BF/GF ratio is 2-to-1, lovemaking over fucking.)
– She's gossiping more about her friends' love lives, and with an air of envy.
– She's started having those moments when she doesn't want you to touch her.
– She cries inappropriately when she sees cute things, or during maudlin, anti-climactic rom-com scenes.
– Many of her conversations start with the words "Did you hear…?" or "I just want to get away for a while…".
– Her spending sprees have become more frequent, and less cost-conscious.
– She's begun commenting on feminist blogs.
– She's staying late at work. (99% of hot girls do nothing vitally productive for the maintenance of the economy, so late hours in the office are a major red flag that she is boffing the boss.)
– She's started hitting you, and not playfully.
– She's started making demands of you in the bedroom. ("You can put it here, but not here.")
– She's become obsessive about fishing for flattery. (Appease her, and you will pay a dear price.)
– She's gotten annoying about insisting you don't photograph her from bad angles.
– She begins mouthing equalist and feminist shibboleths with sincere urgency.
– She has begun striking provocative poses at inappropriate venues and events.
– She's become compulsive about rearranging your home's furniture and repainting the rooms.
– She has started comparing you and her to other couples. ("Why don't we hold hands as often as John and Geri do?")
– She begins believing your hobbies are personal slights directed against her.
– She overanalyzes the most trivial and innocuous inconsistencies.
– She has a sudden onset of strange sexual appetites. ("I got us a purple saguaro. Looks like fun!")
– She wants to moonlight as an art class model.
– She erects monuments to your presumed unfaithfulness, and wallows immoderately in the oddly exciting notion (to her) that you may be cheating on her.
– She begins challenging you. Over EVERYTHING.

– She thinks the world is against her, and you're not helping.
– She pushes and pushes and pushes. Rock solid stoicism doesn't seem to be working on her like it used to.
– She confesses to fantasies of you fighting another man for her hand. Then she actually tries this maneuver by instigating trouble in a bar.
– Her wardrobe has recently acquired a lot of red hues.
– She's started asking you for money, instead of tokens of romance.
– Her "I love you"s have become chants of self-reassurance, often deployed immediately after she has flirted with another man.
– She needs to "do things" with you, because chilling out just doesn't cut it for her anymore.
– She can't believe you don't agree with her on everything.
– Your playful teasing has become inadequate. She needs more edge, and more of it.
– The sine wave of her hot-cold routine has begun oscillating at a higher amplitude.
– She's begun fighting you for control of trivial decisions.
– She acts "fake offended" when she catches you eyeing another girl.
– And the craziest sign of all? She tells you to "stop smothering me!" and you're half a state away, balls deep in another woman.

As soon as you observe any or all of these girl crazy signs, run, do not walk, to your nearest alpha male reinvigoration chamber and fuel up, so that you can demonstrate once again in no uncertain terms that your company is not to be trifled with by the likes of her. A hot girl falling victim to her crazy from a growing perception of ease and entitlement needs another dose of struggleporn. Give it to her, good, long and ♥♥♥♥♥.

PS For those wondering, there is an alpha male version of dissolute entitlement. Men who have had the road cleared for them from birth, and their way with women unobstructed, tend to drama of the sort that appeals to men — multiple lovers, risky infidelity, public sex, emotional distance (the opposite ploy engaged in by women on the cusp of crazy), sadism and cruelty. Men of this sort are never fully tamed, except by a severe reversal of status. The women who are best at corralling the self-satisfied man are usually very feminine, sweet and nurturing, and operate by evoking the alpha man's natural predilection to protect frail lovers who have assuaged him of their natural preference for faithfulness. Careerist empty vessels and ambitious, tankgrrl feminist sluts should imbibe the lesson that they are living and behaving exactly the wrong way to inspire the love of men who have their choice in lovers.

Impolite Graph Of The Month

CH · 29 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's funny when sex differences in perception are graphically illustrated by esteemed government agencies.

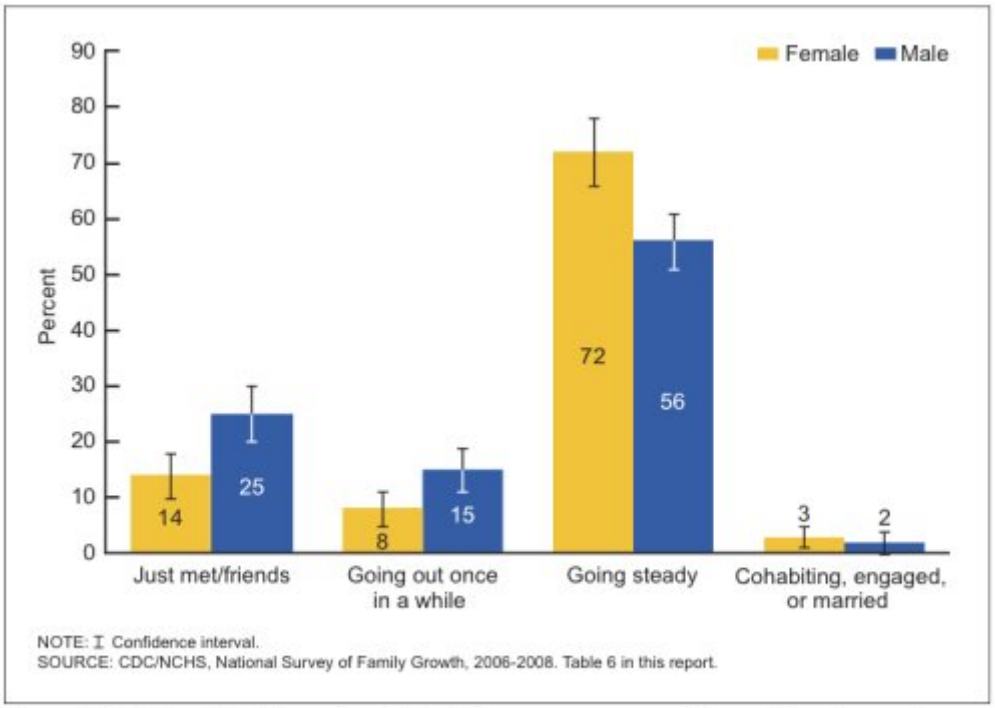

Figure 4. Relationship with partner at first intercourse among males and females aged 15–19: United States, 2006–2008

Via CDC. Girls think the guys they fuck are steady boyfriends. Some of those "steady boyfriends" think the girls they fuck are casual hook-ups. Many of these misty-eyed girls are in for a rude surprise.

Also, lol at the last category. Granted, it's a small number, but how do 1% of cohabiting, engaged, or married men not know they're cohabiting, engaged, or married? Or maybe the girls are anticipating rings on their fingers, and just calling it a win for themselves before the polls are closed.

Do the pinheads at the CDC realize how their colorful graphs give gender neutral feminists heart attacks? Their tears of anguish salt my feasts of cruelty.

The Alpha Male Look

CH · 29 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes it's better to show a picture of a man executing a perfect alpha male pose, than to describe the mechanical particulars in arid detail.

If you can adopt this posture in your dealings with women, you will alter their perception of you in the direction of presuming your sexy alphaness.

Already I can hear the lamentations of the baters (beta haters). "But Prince Harry is a PRINCE! Of course girls will fall for royalty. Duh!"

You obstinate feebs. You miss the point. Harry's elegant alpha pose — so sure of himself, so intriguingly aloof to the babe on his arm — is the physical manifestation of his self-conception. Naturally, his self-confidence is, in part, a function of his birth status. But it is not the paper upon which proclaims his birthright that women love. It is the man. And the man is the sum of his movements, his gaze, his posture, his words, his character, his ATTITUDE.

Harry's station infuses his attitude and body language, but by adopting for yourself his mannerisms you can elicit similar rapid heartbeats in women. You won't elicit the kind of mass pussy wettage that a prince will, but you will see, in your local milieu — your own private prydaho — a noticeable change in the women around you. Their eyes will blaze a little brighter than usual. Their legs will cross and uncross a little more frequently. Their love will burn a little hotter.

Alpha male body language won't turn you into a prince, but it will make you sexier at the margins. And in the shark-infested waters of the zero sum sexual market, a marginal advantage can mean the difference between sullen loneliness and exuberant romance.

How To Respond To Girls Who Call Out Game

CH · 30 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

File under: Meta game. A possible growing trend of women calling out men for using game, or for thinking about using game, may be infiltrating mating nooks and crannies. Days of Broken Arrows sounds the alarm:

> I was window shopping and came across an OKCupid profile where a woman said, at the end, something like "And don't try that Neil Strauss shit on me. It won't work."
>
> She's in the 8-9 category, so I thought this might merit an email to you. What do you do when a woman is onto game. I'll send you info if you're interested.

The war between the sexes never ends, it just evolves new weaponry. If more men employ the advantages of game, more women will find new shit tests to filter out the players from the poseurs. There will never be a time in human history when girls will offer the average man access to their pussies without at least putting up a figurative fight.

A simple, and effective, response to a girl with defense shields at maximum power against players using game is this: agree and amplify. For example:

Woman who was burned by players in the past: "And don't try that Neil Strauss shit on me. It won't work."

Despicable You: "Too late. It's working right now. Aaaaaand….. you're hypnotized."

Or:

"So negs are out, then? Good. I like to cut to the chase. How about we just drunkenly bump and grind."

Or:

"Hold on, I think this is the part where I'm supposed to neg you."

Or:

"Phew, that's a relief. I was hoping you were the kind of girl who'd rather take long walks on the beach and let guys buy her flowers and shit."

Or:

"Listen, this stuff came with a money-back guarantee. Don't make me waste it on a nice girl."

Or, more edgily for the truly stuck-up, asshole-loving cunts:

"It worked on your mom. I figure the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

Basically, you're reframing what could be a negative ("You're a creep using mind tricks. Now apologize for it.") to a positive ("Ha, ha, this guy is in on it. He gets it. Very smooth. And why am I so horny all of a sudden?").

There are other ways to handle getting called out for using game (or getting shit tested for thinking about using game), but agree and amplify is probably the easiest countermeasure to recall instantly under social pressure, and to formulate cleverly with minimal mental effort. Other commenters have offered similar advice. YaReally suggests:

> lol E-Mail her "hey, I can only stay for a minute and then I have to get back to my friends, but I need a female opinion: who do you think lies more, men or women?
>
> Did it work? Are you dying to jump my bones? Wait, let me try page 38, there's a really good one about how I'm supposed to make fun of your hair…"
>
> Send it and let us know if she responds. I figure if she reads it she'll have to respond because it's purposely poking her buttons. I would just make fun of the whole thing if she responds and lead it into stuff like "well

> shit, I guess I'll just have to try having a normal conversation with you and do that whole "get to know you and actually take an interest in you" thing…god, dating is so much work these days! I'm pretty sure the pickup book would tell me to just invite you to my sex dungeon, but how about we try a cup of coffee sometime instead lol"
>
> And then do her in the bum.

If she's a feminist, she deserves nothing less than unlubed bum stuffing.

There is a good chance, unfortunately, that a girl who is obnoxiously anti-game is a raging ideological feminist. If you really want to bone her because she happens to be the rare attractive feminist, don't be dissuaded by her faux outrage. Most feminists secretly wish for a strong man to confidently charm and dominate them into mewing submission. Since feminists are surrounded on an hourly basis by manboobed, asskissing sycophants who dream their crotch thimbles will someday receive a pity tug from one of them, your unapologetic, reckless alphaness will be a breath of fresh air reinvigorating their forlorn furrows.

Street Kiss Close Analysis

CH · 31 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Krauser passed along a video of his buddy doing a street pickup which culminated in a kiss close, and asked if I'd like to review it. Certainly.

I'll do a view-by analysis, and highlight what I think are parts which demonstrate important game tactics and/or principles. As regular readers may know, Krauser is a proponent and practitioner of direct game, and particularly direct day game, so this video may surprise some of you who aren't used to seeing bold approaches in action.

Krauser step-by-step analyzed this video as well on his own blog, but I decided to do my analysis before reading his breakdown. I was curious if our judgments would synchronize.

PS Yad's documented street kiss close, which garnered some amount of fame, was reviewed here. Anyhow, onto the video:

0:00 – He approaches from the side, slightly in front of her, and has to backstep a bit. I think this is the best approach angle, because it looks like he just noticed her, and acted on impulse, as opposed to looking like he was stalking her.

0:10 – First deliberate kino. He lightly touches her on the forearm. Kino should occur early in the interaction, and be subtle. The kino also serves to slow her to a stop and drag her into his space.

0:15 – Audio is bad in this part of the video, but I think he asks her what nationality she is, or where she's from. Direct game often uses brief, "stage setting" indirect openers. There is a lot of overlap between direct and indirect.

0:16 – He shakes her hand and positions himself so that she has to face him and stop walking. Smooth move. He does not let his hand linger long in hers. That's an example of "pulling away" before her guard is up.

0:30 – I can't translate, but it looks like he's asking her a qualification question, and rewarding her with a short shoulder hug which he quickly disengages.

0:38 – "Can I be your friend?" This is the "official" direct opener, but recall that the actual initial opener was more indirect. Also, note his facial expression. There is no neediness being telegraphed.

1:03 – This sequence is extremely direct. "Do you have a BF?" "I would like to get to know you." etc. But wait. At (1:11), he executes a combo pullback/neg when he tells her he just had a drink of wine and couldn't remember her name. This is an "indirect-direct" game technique, designed to project both intent and value.

1:18 – He gets her name before he offers his. This isn't a huge deal, but in general it's a good idea to "reward" women with your name after they have given theirs. Just throwing your name out there first tends to smack of betatude and desperation.

1:28 – "I guess it would be a bit weird…" Preemptively verbalizing social tension or interest can alleviate it, and helps a girl get comfortable with you. Fleshing out her own thoughts is a way to connect with her.

1:36 – "I don't know, what can we do?" Assume the sale.

1:46 – First real compliment, but notice he says it after she has agreed to see him again. Reward. Also, describing her eyes as "genuine" is more interesting than saying they're pretty, or something similar like that. It's less about physical features, and more about tapping into the contours of her soul.

1:52 – She is a bit nervous and throws out a minor objection (some may call it a shit test, but it's not. it's more like a female reflex to discharge the building sexual tension): "You're so fuuuunny." Notice he doesn't apologize for his impertinence or back track in any way. He simply announces to her: "I just say what I feel."

2:15 – I would like to point out his excellent alpha body langauge. He stands tall, rarely leans into her, and smiles

cockily, all while maintaining easy eye contact.

2:38 – "I'm very forward, aren't I?" Again he verbalizes the sexual tension, which helps condition her to his forwardness.

2:44 – He lays his hands on her shoulders, and strokes her hair a couple of times. Major kino escalation. Do you see her shrieking for the cops like an enraged feminist who thinks she just got raped? Nope. Looks to me like she's smiling and very happy.

3:06 onward – There's nothing wrong with capitalizing on your inherent strengths. Notice the face to boob contact. The touching has increased exponentially.

3:15 – "Well, I like you." Goes for kiss. Rejected! But look closely… she closes her eyes and puckers her lips in anticipation just before her anti-slut defense kicks in. This girl is interested but ancient evolved mental algorithms are screaming through her neurons and pulling her back to the "chased" role.

3:20 – "You give me a kiss then." Does he get flustered? No. His expression hardly changes from moments before the rejection to moments after. By pointing at his cheek, he deftly pushes her back into the "chaser" role, and the dynamic again reverts in his favor.

3:30 onwards – "Is it too soon to kiss each other?" "I'm very persistent aren't I?" His strategy rests largely on airing the awkwardness that is naturally occurring in any direct street pickup.

3:42 – I like how he transitioned from "Let me take your number". It was used as a springboard to molest her mouth. But he's getting lots of IOIs… extended hand holding, hair grooming, dilated pupils (I can't see that, but I bet they are.)

4:11 – Nice cherry-shaped ass. American women, take note.

4:28 – "I'm really bad with names, you know?" Her hamster hears: "This guy does this s a lot. He's preselected. Engage Bartholin's glands!"

4:40 – "Remember we kissed and had a nice moment together." Anti-flaking tactic.

***

A couple of final thoughts. He's fairly good-looking and she's foreign. This will alter the pickup dynamics a little, but not as much as you would think. Street kiss closes are just as hard for good-looking guys with no game as they are for ugly guys with no game. Unless you are famous, most hot babes aren't going to give up their lips to a stranger they just met, if he has no game. Yad, for instance, scores kiss closes on the street, and he's no looker by any stretch. Nevertheless, this type of strong, bold, direct game will come naturally easier to men who aren't so homely that women immediately throw up bitch shields or turtle and walk faster upon approach. Direct game of this nature is probably more suitable for either 1. good-looking guys or 2. guys who have rock solid inner game and belief in their worth to good-looking women. Men less gifted in the physical department and with inner game issues would likely see more success with indirect game, in which they can use time and gab to talk away their poor looks.

Also, I get a lot of emails from older men asking if this sort of direct street game will work for them. I don't know Krauser's age, but my guess is that it will be tougher if the age difference is significant (10+ years), and the man acts and dresses like his age. Steve, the guy in this video, looks to be in his late 20s or 30s, older than the girl, but not so much older that he triggers an instant blowout. If Krauser is reading this, I'd be curious if he knows any older PUAs who are successful with this type of game.

I just read Krauser's commentary, and for the most part we don't contradict each other on any major points. He makes a good observation about indirect body language working in concert with direct verbal intention, and vice versa. For instance, Steve's strong eye contact directly communicates intent while his verbal statement is indirect. He also says that most of the attraction is built nonverbally, within the first 10 or 20 seconds of the interaction, by Steve's masculine body language and forthrightness, and that most of the communication is taking place in her

hindbrain. That first impression is absolutely critical, and it's why you must master the right alpha male body language before tackling the verbal part of game.

Krauser notes as well that Steve never verbally DHV'ed (i.e., intimated his high value). He relied on his value expressing itself through his directness.

Check out Krauser's game blog. It's pretty good.

Whole Lotta Link

CH · 31 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Over at GLPiggy's, a ripping good discussion about feminists' loathing of fathers and fatherhood ensues.

> and one more thing that seriously gets short shrift in these discussions of "men dropping out": it's a lot easier to say "fuck it all" to the mother of your children when she's bloated up into a disgusting fat sow. men quickly lose their desire to support women (and their kids) who are physically repellent to behold.

I find it funny how few pundits in any media capacity address the female obesity problem and its role in destabilizing the mating market. (Bill Bennett wept.) Women might get offended — correction, fat chicks and feminists and their lapdog manboobs and tradcons might get offended — by my assertion that looking like a diseased dirigible will lessen the willingness of men to "man up" and support, financially or emotionally, such ghastly beasts, but those who balk at these impertinent suggestions would do well to think of this apropos analogy:

As unemployed, shiftless men are to women's desire to be loyal and committed wives, so too are gross fat women to men's desire to be supportive fathers and husbands.

***

Another mischief maker pretends to be a celebrity, and women mist their muffs.

Fake celebrity game. Who says your status has to be backed up by real accomplishments? Chicks dig the illusion.

***

Robin Hanson has a follow-up post to his review (sloppy love kiss?) of *Sex at Dawn*. He quotes from a new book titled *Sex at Dusk* (hey, where have I heard that before?), which is critical of *Sex at Dawn*'s premises, and consequently adjusts his view on the frequency and nature of prehistoric hunter-gatherer/forager promiscuity.

> Even so, [author Saxon] does successfully undercut many *Sex At Dawn* arguments. In humans, sexual jealousy is a universal, females are picky about sex partners, penises aren't over-sized, testes are small, sperm production slow, and the evidence doesn't suggest a great deal of sperm competition. Female chimps have little extra-group sex, bonobos don't usually mate face-to-face, and many *Sex At Dawn* quotes are misleading, given their context. […]
>
> A key question, to me, is what percentage of our forager ancestor kids were fathered outside pair-bonds. That is, what fraction of kids were born to mothers without a main male partner, or had a father different from that partner. This number says a lot about the adaptive pressures our ancestors experienced related to various promiscuous and polyamorous arrangements today. And hence says a lot about how "natural" are such things.

As one of the commenters noted over there, no evolutionary psychologist ever denied that female promiscuity was a part of human sexuality. We're only arguing over the degree of female sluttiness, not its existence. And on that count, the free love authors of *Sex at Dawn* shoot wide of the mark.

I argued similarly to *Sex at Dusk* (royalties, please?) that the existence of male jealousy, possibly the most powerful emotion in the known universe after the feeling of bliss that accompanies a strong bowel movement, is alone enough to disprove the polyamorists' contention that humans are wired for wild group sex, constant cheating, and happy ascent to infidelity and polyamory. Any cursory brush with reality will tell you that we're not; paternity reassurance, female virginity and faithfulness, and other signs of long-term commitment and disposition for loyalty argue convincingly that the norm, at least until relatively recently, has been evolving toward a more monogamous system. Interestingly, we may be evolving *away* again from monogamy and back to our slutty forager roots, thanks to the pathologically altruistic largesse of the mighty West encouraging women to favor the alpha seed

capture strategy over the beta provider capture strategy.

PS Robin goes into lengthy and somewhat labyrinthine explanation about how women's cries during sex are evidence for a promiscuous past. (Read it there, I'm too lazy to summarize. Basically, he says it's about bragging.) But I have a simpler asnwer: women moan and gasp and shriek to induce orgasm in themselves, and in their lovers. Female orgasm has been scientifically shown to aid fertilization. This is why a woman will scream with pleasure even when you're screwing her in the middle of the woods and no one is within twenty miles to hear her.

Just sayin'.

***

Some equalist utopian claims that "desire modification" will be the next big tech innovation. Hmm… desire modification…. now what kinds of people were the sorts who believed human desire could be reengineered… let me think…

Human desire will never be modified. You can only modify the symptoms of desire, not the foundations of desire itself. But I'm sure plenty of fat chicks would love it if one day men were reformulated to desire rolls of buttery lard, like they were living in some Brave New Shallow Hal World.

I predict in the distant future congenital equalists are going to try to biogenetically reengineer away human differences, to equalize the playing field with respect to IQ and other assorted beneficial personality traits, and then once the deed is done claim victory over the forces of bigotry and prejudice and stereotypes and white privilege and dildos that don't adequately tickle their prostates.

You heard it here first.

***

Not only do chicks dig jerks, but the hottest chicks dig the biggest jerks the most.

> So who's the daddy?
>
> The former "Girls Next Door" star, 32, says that it's her boyfriend of just nine months, party promoter Pasquale Rotella. "Holly and I are so excited to announce that we are going to be parents," he tells People. "We're in love and counting down the days until we meet our beautiful baby. I can hardly believe how lucky I am."
>
> Having a baby is certainly a bright spot for the CEO of Insomniac Events, who is currently out on $1.2 million bail after a grand jury indictment handed down 29 counts against him and three of his business partners after it was discovered they had bribed an official at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum with $2 million to allow them to throw the Electric Daisy Carnival and other dance parties at the venue, as well as at its sister location, the L.A. Sports Arena. The charges — which Rotella denies — came about after an investigation into the 2010 death of a 15-year-old girl at the EDC party after overdosing on ecstasy.

Breathe deep the cynical gloom,
Watch idealism fade from view.
Beta male dupes look back and lament,
Another day's useless romantic gesture spent.
Impassioned criminal wrestles her cunt,
Law-abiding man cries for love and has none.
New mother picks up her bastard spawn son,
Beta is on the hook and wishes to get some.
Cold hearted gene that rules the night,
Removes the divine from our sight.

Black is great and white is RACISSSSSSSSS.
But we decide which is truth.
And which is a useful lie?

How To Do Anniversaries The Alpha Way

CH · 4 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

V. writes:

> Yesterday it was my 7th month anniversary with my girl. She has been nagging about never celebrating it, so I wrote her name on the street with piss right in front of her and took a picture for the memory.

Anniversaries. The word conjures images of beta males frantically buying gifts at the last second for wives or girlfriends to honor nearly forgotten calendar dates the poor saps believe will earn them major romance cred. But anniversaries are not inherently beta.

If your girl imparts great significance to off-year anniversaries, or to any anniversary having to do with dating milestones rather than the much more onerous (and drably expected) marriage milestones, you are likely an alpha male. A girlfriend who wants to celebrate a seven month anniversary with you is thankful for each and every second of your company. To her, the months are as magical as decades would be to the woman married to a dutiful beta provider.

The weirder the reason for, and the timing of, the anniversary, the more alpha you are. So if she wants to celebrate the one month anniversary of the time you took her out on a real date, you are probably an alpha male. If she starts saying stuff like, “It’s 8:35, Wednesday evening. Remember this time? It was the first time you kissed me. And it was raining outside, just like tonight…,” you are probably an alpha male.

If you are a man who surprises your girlfriend with trivial anniversaries she had no idea existed nor even the remotest interest in celebrating, please lop off your balls. They are obviously doing you no good.

PS You don’t have to spend a lot of money on anniversary gifts. You don’t have to spend any money, for that matter. A woman will, over the years, recall more fondly her name pissed on the street or in the snow than she will the tennis bracelet wrapped by department store staffers.

A Virgin Mormon's Journey To Game

CH · 5 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader who shall remain unidentified sent this story about his first time in a girl's pussy. Names, venues and locations were changed by the reader to protect the privacy of those involved. I can't vouch for the truthfulness of this tale. As is usual in these circumstances where anonymity is necessary, the policy is "what you read is what you get". You may choose to believe or disbelieve.

******

Dear CH, this is my story. It is all true and has been edited to ensure real names, venue names and locations are not revealed. I'm not asking for feedback because there is much to read and much to learn from CH, and I simply have a lot of reading and learning to do.

I gift this story to you. I thought of you mid-pump. I could feel your god-like presence looking down on me with a look of patronistic-pride. **[ed: no homo!]**

Feel free to post any of this on CH, in fact it would be an honour, but I'm satisfied with the hope that you'll read this and hopefully smile like a father watching his son ride a bike without training wheels for the first time. **[ed: i know that feel, bro.]**

The following interaction occurred in a country like England or Australia or The United States or New Zealand or Canada. I am 24 years old and recently made a big change in my life; I divorced my affiliation from the Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormons), my ultra-conservative Mormon family and 95% of my Mormon friends. I'm more or less on my own and the 'moral' floodgates are open; everything is fair game. This isn't my excuse for not getting my fuck on earlier though. Had the hot and heavy opportunity landed in my lap (heh), I probably would have seized it. So I'm no saint as I have more than my lion's share of really big fuck ups, but the few rules I tried to follow were related to drinking, drugs and pre-marital sex, etc. The ones your parents generally care about.

This is a true story with names changed or censored.
This is how I parted ways with my virginity.
You really can't make this shit up.

(Note: All my life I've been a beta/nice-guy/just-friend, I'd never kissed a girl or anything beyond that… I've read the beginning of The Game by Neil Strauss up until the part where the NLP guy is doing shit with the sauce bottles. Prior to these events, I had frequented the Chateau less than a dozen times and felt like none of it could work for me… Looking back, I applied maybe 1% of things I had read and what my friends had advised me to do with girls, etc… In the last 3 months I've spooned with 3 different girls, the last one of whom I fingered and sucked on her tits (lol, yes, they were all awake and sober at the time also). Ha, the girl I fingered however… Man oh man did I suffer a terrible case of the blue-balls because of it… I could hardly walk or sit down, for the rest of the day. Fuck you 8th grade sex-ed teacher for saying blue-balls is just a myth. Up until the events as detailed below, I was a 'classical' virgin to all purposes and extents.

My dear friend Adam said to me after I retold these sordid events to him, "You did what you did as a beta. Imagine what you could achieve if you worked on your inner game and became a lesser alpha…"

Imagine it. Done.

—

The Dawn of my non-Virgin Self, by "m".

23 August 2012

It was a Thursday evening and the weather wasn't great. It had been raining for most of the day, grey skies and general gloom. Fuck it, I'm going out if anyone else is. By the time the night rolled around the weather had changed

a little for the better. It was still bitterly cold which is very much par for the course in this city.

At 5:28 pm I texted Jane Stevenson: hey Janey, let's go out tonight. celebrations are in order

I went and had a shower in anticipation for the night ahead. No plans were in the making other than the hope that Jane (Janey) would reply to my text and meet me in the city for drinks. At around 10:20 pm with no reply, I called Janey hoping she'd finished her basketball game (she plays basketball on Thursday nights) to see what she was doing. My call rang through to her voicemail and I hung up.

At 10:23 pm Jane Stevenson texted me: Hey! Sorry, I meant to text you. I'm at a 21st at Titanium, so we're already out. What're your plans? And what are we celebrating!?

At 10:24 pm I texted Jane Stevenson: haha, don't bail, i'll tell you what we're celebrating when i get there

I promptly got dressed and fixed up my hair before heading out to the city. I parked in the "Horsing Around" car park and walked to Titanium Bar. Janey and her friend Hannah were standing next to a wall opposite the far end of the bar. I approached them and she noticed me and as we made contact, she put her arms around me, hello, blah, etc. She asked me what we were celebrating and I told her it was somewhat bittersweet… I told her that a job opportunity had come up in the capital city and that I not only got the job, but I was the preferred candidate for the role, "I'm moving away". Janey and I have only met a handful of times but there has been obvious chemistry each time we met. I should have escalated things with her prior to tonight, but hindsight can go fuck itself in this particular instance. She said something to the effect of, "well I'm sure I'll see you when you come to visit and I'll try and come up to see you too". This I liked. She introduced me to some of her friends and the 21st birthday boy, "[redacted]".

Being the inexperienced drinker that I am (because of my prior "Mormonism"), I ordered a Tequila on the rocks (Jose Cuervo Especial) and it tasted of unwashed Mexican feet. It also cost me $9. Janey and a couple of her girlfriends were playfully giggling at me because of my drinking inexperience and the faces of pained disgust I was exaggerating. It was all cute, really. I went back to the bar and ordered a Red Bull to clean the flavour out of my mouth and thought I'd mix the two to see if it got any better. It did get a little better, but not by much. The Red Bull cost me $7. Janey advised me to stick with vodka and that I won't regret it. These fucking prices also, goddamn.

It was decided that we would all leave Titanium Bar and go to McFadden's Pub. When we finally got there (it's about 4 blocks away) we were told by some members of the group who had left earlier that it was dead inside and the music was shit (they play the top 40, what were you expecting?), and we proceeded to return to the main nightclub strip. All the while we were walking to McFadden's Pub and now back again, I was walking beside Janey, talking shit and applying a little kino when crossing the street. I was going to jaywalk in front of oncoming traffic (I would have made it across without issue) and Janey grabbed me by the torso and pulled me back into her, to save my life perhaps (lol). I put my arms around her and said, somewhat mockingly, "what, you care that much for me?" to which she replied, "I don't like to see people get hurt." I smirked at her and she smiled. We got to the front of Minq and waited for the birthday boy who had apparently gone off with a girl to get some food, however after having stood in the cold for 5 minutes his friends started calling him to see what was going on. Apparently he'd gone home (I don't know if the girl went home with him or not) because he'd had a big enough night. Mind you, it couldn't have been later than midnight at this point. "Some 21st".

24 August 2012

When we got inside Minq we went to the dance floor and proceeded to dance in the fashion that SWPL youth dance. After about 15-20 minutes we left the dance floor and went to the bar overlooking the dance floor. I ordered a Vodka Red Bull (Red Bull Silver Edition: Lime). It cost me $10. After I finished my drink, Janey grabbed my arm

and told me she and some of her friends were going downstairs for a cigarette break. I joined them so as not to be left alone in the club. During this cigarette break, some acquaintances of Janey's joined us (apparently they were Canadian and [White] South Africans studying at a private school). Though I cannot recall his name, perhaps for lack of caring to, one of the South Africans I will refer to as WK had a keen interest in Janey. To my dismay (beta feelings), she seemed to reciprocate his advances and they kissed openly in the street. He was clearly the AMOG and applied kino aggressively and effectively. He also 'seemed' to be quite drunk. When I was introduced to him I simply told him to call me "m" as I 'own that alphabet' (and there are instances where I don't want certain people to know my name). This stuck. Good.

It was then decided that we all go to the upstairs level of Horsing Around. There was more dancing and trips to the bar and more of WK and Janey making out. I tried my best to project an aura of idungivafuq but on the inside I was dying. Being a sports bar, Horsing Around had a promotional 'snowboarding' competition where competitors had to ride a mechanical snowboard for as long as they could to win some kind of prize. The mechanical snowboard works in a similar way to a mechanical bull. I got in line as I fancied my chances and managed to steal most of the group to come and watch me. I thought this would be a good chance to demonstrate some alpha athleticism so in my mind, I had a lot to lose if I failed… Behind me in line, I noticed an accent that seemed far from its native home. I turned to see a girl wearing a grey dress, black skin-tight lycra-esque-pants(?) and grey suede heels. She seemed to be 5-6 inches taller than myself (heels included). I said hi to her and enquired as to her place of origin. She told me she was a New Zealander and we started chatting; she was travelling the world and was currently based here working as an Au Pair full-time and as a barmaid part-time. We discussed our chances on the mechanical snowboard and she revealed to me that she has been snowboarding somewhat regularly, "at least a dozen times" back home (this was later evident in her performance). She asked me about my boarding experience and I told her it was minimal at best, but having been long boarding for a few months now, I have a general level of control on a board.

One of the men in charge of operating the mechanical snowboard approached us with a clipboard to sign the indemnity form in the event we should hurt ourselves whilst on their equipment; I think it was also to go in the running for some kind of bar tab prize. Riding the board had a no shoes, no socks policy and after a successful 'practice run' I motioned to the operator to let loose. In 15 seconds or less it went from cruisey, curvy sways to actual bucks as if you were going over a mound-field. The third one got me and I fell into the air-filled jumping-castle-like surrounds. I put my shoes and socks back on as the New Zealander girl was getting ready to have her go. She stayed on for over a minute. After she got her shoes back on I congratulated her on her superior snowboarding skills and asked her for her name. She told me her name was Samantha. I said to her, "hey listen, since I might not see you again tonight, give me your number cause you seem like a pretty cool chick", to which she replied, "but I have a boyfriend", to which I replied, "well maybe I just wanna be friends…" and shrugged with a look of nonchalance on my face. It did the trick. Perhaps it also had something to do with the fact that she was leaving the club to go somewhere else with her friends and there was a sense of urgency about it all… She didn't know what her number was by heart but had it saved in her phone. She found her own contact and I typed it into my phone and saved the contact as Samantha Newport (Kiwi Chick). She left and my friends and I carried on for about an hour (drinking, dancing, smoking, etc.) and when we were satisfied that we had had enough, we went to Macdonald's.

The group walked in and sat at a table, I stayed outside and spoke with a street musician as I'd met him on a previous night out and had heard his life story through song. I feel like we're more than strangers in an odd sort of way. After some chit-chat, Janey came outside to join me and have a smoke (I don't smoke by the way) and I introduced her to my Liberian street musician friend. He told her she was very beautiful and that I was very 'lucky' to have a girlfriend like her, which made her blush. Neither of us corrected him. I tossed some money into his guitar case and asked him to play a Bob Marley song. Going from the best to the worst wingman ever, he played Redemption Song instead of Is This Love. WK came outside and AMOG'd me by being all handsey and kissyface and whisked Janey away back inside. After he was done playing his song I shook his hand and told him to have a good night. I went inside the Macdonald's restaurant and everyone was eating a burger or whatever. WK had ordered a side of Janey and was yet again busy eating her face. The awkward thing for me throughout the whole

night was that Janey was the only person I knew beforehand. After 10-15 minutes everyone was feeling tired enough to go home. I think it was around 2:30 am. Janey was about to get into a taxi with WK and I called out to her. She came to me and hugged me good night. I told her, “I don’t want you going home with him…”, but she gave me a pained expression and got into his taxi anyway. I wasn’t quite sure what to make of that interaction. I’m not going to assume anything happened or didn’t happen, I simply truly do not care for had this not happened, The following would not have occurred:

Feeling defeated, I did a very beta thing…
At 2:42 am I texted Jane Stevenson: </3
There was no (immediate) reply.

I felt like a loser because I was. I lost the girl I wanted for the night to someone younger than myself, younger than Janey, and I felt ashamed. I decided I’d solo the rest of the night and see how things turn out. I went back to Minq and just as I got up the stairs and walked in, I noticed Samantha the New Zealander girl walking towards me, but she didn’t recognise me (or maybe didn’t want to) so I called out to her and she turned around. I asked where she was going and she said something to the effect of, “I’m trying to find my friends, I think they’re outside or something”, to which I replied, “well text them to come here and stay here and party with me”. She had a look on her face that said “but I need to find my friends, some shit’s going down” and she said bye and left.

At 2:58 am I texted Samantha Newport (Kiwi Chick): come back to the club, i’d love for you to chill with me for a bit

No reply. I felt defeated again. I stayed in the club and watched some well booty-endowed African girls dancing while I sipped my Red Bull. I finished my drink, left the can on a table and walked out into the lonely cold.

DESPAIR

Despair was starting to break me so I went to ground level Horsing Around, a nightclub renowned for being home of the easy pump and dump. It’s not actually that bad and I’d say the whole pump and dump label was applied because of a particular patronage that I haven’t seen there in years, but labels stick.

I wasn’t feeling like dancing or drinking anymore, I’d had 2 (count’em, 2!) drinks and wanting to be safe, I wanted to just chill for a bit to get the alcohol out of my system before taking the road home. I sat at one end of a corner table that some 30 something year olds were sitting at and I watched some drunks playing pool. It was entertaining enough. Directly ahead of me I could see the dance floor and there were still some nice looking girls dancing and whatever. I have to mention this because I witnessed first-hand a truly disgusting thing. A fairly decent looking 40 something year old Asiatic man with a good build and friendly face approached a white girl probably in her early to mid-20′s with thighs as thick as… fuck… my waist? 32 inches? She was by no measure (heh) a small girl. He approached her with a jig in his step which was appropriate for the music that was playing at the time and tried to lean in to talk to her and no doubt invite her to dance with him or join him for a drink. Sitting with her hotter looking friends, she refused him with a look of polite disgust so as not to elicit violence but to also get her message across. This was no child though, being the man he was, he turned around, devil-may-care, and continued his dance walk away from her and back towards the dance floor. As he passed where I was sitting, I called him over and said to him, “What a crazy place we live where girls like that shoot down handsome men like you *wink* (no-homo)”, he laughed and shook my hand and went about his way.

Another 5-10 minutes passed and as luck would have it, I saw Samantha on the dance floor dancing with some guy. She and some guy danced literally towards me and I just sat there, trying to look cool and aloof (dead eyes, left thumb hooked in pocket, right arm stretched out across the top of the seats, etc). I’m not sure where the guy fucked off to, but he left and I poked Samantha in her right ass cheek with my left index finger. She turned around and saw me, realised she’d run into me again and started chit chatting about stuff I can’t remember. Not sure if I can call him an AMOG gorilla or whatever, but this African guy came out of nowhere and started dancing with her all up close and personal and intimate and shit, and I just sat there, cool look of detachment on my face as she stared back at

me. After a minute or so, it started to look painfully obvious that his advances and adventurous hands were no longer appreciated, so I motioned with my right index finger a 'come hither' to Samantha much the same way you would to a kitten. She came and sat next to me and I put my right hand around her waist (DTF lol). African guy had this hilarious look of 'what the fuck?' on his face and though he didn't say anything, he tried to dance her back into his arms as weird as that sounds, much the same way a peacock would probably try to display it's feathers more alluringly to a pea-hen that's been taken away from it. She sat next to me and I didn't say anything to her or look at her, and she finally said, "I feel so threatened sitting here with you", to which I replied, "ha, and why's that?", and she moved away a bit and said "because you're being so distant. I moved in closer than before (remember, this is a night club with loud music, conversation is mouth-to-ear with centimetres in it) and said, "I'm distant because you're cold". Something in her changed and she moved in and rested her head on my shoulder and told me she was tired. I took her hand and drew circles in her palm with my index finger and when she asked me what I was doing, I told her this is how I get to know the girls that I like. She laughed and I asked her where she lives, she told me and I told her "I can drive you home if you like, you're on my way", and this seemed quite agreeable to her.

We went to the dance floor, she said bye to her friend who was dancing with some other guy and we stepped outside. I took my jacket off and wrapped her in it (she had her arms crossed) and she protested, "no it's okay, blah blah blah", and I told her to shut up and accept chivalry when it's given. No further argument. I'll skip some of the detail here because I don't want this to be on par with Lord of the Rings. We got to my car, drove to her place, I pulled into her driveway. I said to her, with the engine of my car still running, "I don't want this to be goodnight", to which she replied, "what do you want?" … She leaned in close to my ear, her breath heavy on my neck and I said after a slight pause, "I want to spend the night in you". She started kissing me and was quite bitey which I found quite funny, that is to say, she was biting my lips and not particularly lightly either, and it should be noted that this was my first kiss. We made out for about 30 seconds and I knew I had to escalate shit fast. I gently pulled away from her and my lips finally left the vice-like grip of her teeth and I switched my car engine off. I got out of my car walked around to her side. She'd already opened her door and I gave her my hand to help her out, she got out, started making out with me in the street and I pulled away again to lock my car. She led me to an intercom panel to gain entry to her complex where the key to her house was biometric security based; her right index finger to be precise. She walked me through the gate and told me to stick to the wall as I walked as there are security cameras and she's not allowed to have company in her house.

Everything at this point felt surreal. Here I was, having just had my first kiss(es) with a pretty good looking girl and she was leading me into her bedroom. I knew I was going to get my fuck on tonight, I could just never have anticipated things would have been like this. We got inside, went up the stairs and into her bedroom. She started profusely apologising for the mess in her house (she later said she's OCD about tidiness and even a few things here and there drive her crazy) and I told her it didn't matter. We sat on the edge of her bed and started making out again, but having read my friends' sisters' girly magazine with him when I was 12 or 13, I knew about girls having this erogenous zone or something that goes from the lips to the neck to the shoulder, kind of like a triangle. I started working that area with my lips while I had a hand on the small of her back and another between her legs on her upper inner thigh. She started moaning so I assumed I was doing it right. Haha, women's magazines actually serving a purpose for once.

She asked me how many girls I had been with and I told her not to freak out or panic, and I made a zero with my thumb and index finger. She didn't believe me and I told her this isn't the kind of thing I'd lie about, especially in this particular setting… She got upset and said she didn't want to ruin me, that it wouldn't be love or real, that I deserve to be in love with the person I want to share my first time with… I deflected all of her concerns telling her she couldn't ruin me because I have a strong heart, that it didn't get more real than this and what we were about to embark on was love itself, etc. Pretty much anything to get around her negative emotions and get her back in the mood, and never mind her boyfriend whom she loved, his name didn't come up once. Retrospectively, I find it quite funny how beta I acted as the crescendo of the night was in progress, statements like, "omg ur so bewtiful" and "i'm so lucky 2 b here wit u"… The heat of the moment I guess. Now, this was an unplanned adventure so it was raw. Later it got rough, but it was all certainly raw. And had there been a condom in sight, I still probably wouldn't have

used one, but having learned mid fuck that this girl was into EVERYTHING, I wish I had had a condom to explore her rectum with my hardware.

We undressed each other and these motions of pre-programmed human-ness took over. I don't want this to sound clinical or overly nerdy, but it felt like two machines were interfacing with each other to perpetuate the operation of a greater task, it was awesome. We started at around 4 am and I felt like I was in a porno, we did everything; missionary, her on top/grinding down hard, cowgirl, doggy, sideways, lotus… My mission objective once shit was starting was to get her to cum which was on a psychological level very important for me. A few months ago I watched a how to video on youtube and the girl advised the digital insertion the index and middle fingers with a "come-hither" motion. I think I felt her g-spot and I focused on massaging her insides with that lump as the base of operations. Again, through observation of my subject, I can only conclude I was successful in my endeavours; she kept rolling her eyes into the back of her head, she was biting the skin on her upper arms, her torso and legs were convulsing… Shit was cash. Between her uncontrolled movements and bodily shudders, she looked up at me as perplexed as a betrayed friend and said, "how the fuck is this your first time?" I didn't bother answering but I can only say it had something to do with watching lots of porn, reading parts of e-books that deal with this subject and actually caring for her sexual needs instead of getting hasty and just sticking it in. I did want it to be a little special after all.

I ate her out and she tasted of lemons and limes (she said it was because of her diet), she sucked my dick and I realised I am extremely ticklish around my upper leg area, she left scratches on my back that led to some high-fives in a steam room at my local pool when the question was raised. After I missionary'd her for a while, she took out her dildo (not sure if I was being inexperienced with her goods or if she wanted double penetration, but I watched her operate on herself which was quite a visual experience. At one point when I was giving it to her from behind I spanked her and she managed to say, "*moaning* ooohhhhhh, oh, oh, oh… oh baby, c'mon, you can hit harder than that, C'MON! *moaning*". When I had her on top grinding down on me, she put her hands around my throat and started to choke me, and then she realised what she was doing and apologised. I would have laughed but I was too in awe of the hilarity of the moment. At another point I told her I wanted to try a porno move on her (throat-fuck) so she lay on the bed with her head hanging off the side and I docked my shuttle with the international space station. The best part was when I pulled out and that throaty mucus was dripping off my dick. Towards the end of our romp, I still hadn't cum, not from lack of trying mind you. I have this dangerous desire to fuck a woman in the hopes of getting her pregnant and never seeing her ever again, only to be confronted with my bastard years and years later in an angry, violent confrontation. First world problems I guess. Anyway, I would have blasted inside of her with even greater recklessness as I had discovered a foreign object inside her which she told me was a Mirena, an IUD that provides 99.91% protection from conception. She also told me not to fuck around with it because it cost her $7,000 to buy and have it inserted. Back to me, I'm done with her and I was jacking myself as furiously as possible because I really really really (obviously) wanted to at least cum on her on in her mouth or pussy… I had actually tired myself out. At this point in the morning with the first rays of the sun lighting up the sky, we were both dry; inside and out, tired and sleepy. She tried sucking and jacking me off, and I would get close to climax, but it was like trying to start a car with engine problems. My legs were shuddering in a way that doctors would probably describe as exhaustion due to extreme physical exertion. My kingdom for temporary pre-mature ejaculation… Anyway, we cleaned up, got dressed kissed goodbye and she walked me to my car. Just as I got outside the gate, I turned towards her, placed my left hand on the small of her back and right hand down the front of her jeans with my fingers back inside of her. I took my fingers out after a few pokes that made her roll her eyes back (again), put my fingers in her mouth and she sucked them clean. I kissed her goodbye.

A phone call some hours later and she told me she had been too tired to go to work and had got in trouble from her boss AND that she felt extremely guilty for what had happened because she loves her boyfriend.

Although I didn't get to deploy my weapon's payload, it felt like a complete victory for a first time combatant (kind of like the snipers from the movie 'Jarhead').

As I got in my car to drive home, I checked my phone…
At 6:25 am Jane Stevenson texted me: Ahhh! I was one of those awful drunk friends…sorry! We'll have to catch up again when I'm not being retarded
"Catch up" indeed.

Post-script

Having read the recent CH article 'Hot Girl Crazy', I can confidently say that Samantha lives in this bubble others have constructed for her. She says this about herself, "I'm a confident girl and I was so sure of my self I felt I had to step out of my comfort zone to find some insecurity to secure". She lives a very good and easy life (the top 0.00001 percentile in my opinion); she resides in one of the most executive suburbs in my city, drives an expensive European SUV, has her apartment serviced daily (cleaning lady, refrigerator is restocked, etc) and this is all paid for by her employer. She is the most glorified nanny I can think of. Fran Drescher's 'Nanny' character doesn't even come close.

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"M"'s story sounds plausible. A man's first time is never as smooth as he imagines it will be. Halting beta missteps peppered with brilliant flashes of accidental alpha attitude typically characterize the virgin's introduction to the world of vagina. There were some truly cringeworthy beta moments in his recollection, but on the whole his strategy was sound: he kept up the physical and emotional escalation while deftly handling the logistics. And he never let the AMOG blowout of his oneitis suck the life out of him like it does for so many recovering betas in similar scenarios; his mood remained engaged and his attitude positive.

I do think this young ex-Mormon, having now tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of poon and pickup, will awaken to a world of wonders, and will probably get married a lot later in life than his religious brethren who stayed in the fold. And he will never look back.

Your Girlfriend Is Flirting With Your Best Friend. What Now?

CH · 6 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Joe Mama writes:

> Wanted to get your thoughts on: getting vibes that your gf and best buddy have sexual tension between them.
>
> It's almost as if they'd be a better fit for each other, it's fucking with my mojo.

My working philosophy in matters of suspicions of cheating, or suspicions of potential cheating, is to go with your gut. If you feel a chest-tightening discomfort that a sexual vibe may be happening between your GF and your best friend, odds are pretty good it is happening.

There's a reason many societies attempt to limit the exposure of wives to too many single men. Women's hypergamy and sexuality don't just turn off the moment a marital contract is signed, or a meaningful eye-gaze discussing dating exclusivity is shared. If your male friends are very alpha, very charming, and/or very flirtatious, especially relative to your own talents, then you are staring into the maw of an excited vagina aroused by the scent of cock in the water.

Alpha male friends (AMF) can be more fearsome sexual market competitors than alpha male strangers (AMOG). The comfort of acquaintance pacifies the female urge to caution, and an alpha male friend whose bond of loyalty is weak will pose a bigger threat than some random guy hitting on your girlfriend. A simulacrum of familiarity coupled with a constant state of self-enforced denial is rocket fuel for female fantasy.

Plus, think back to the ancestral environment, and realize that the norm for much of human history has been small tribes interacting only occasionally with outside tribes. In this environment, the men that women would most likely cheat with would know on some personal level the male partners of such women.

The wickedness of double disloyalty — from both your girlfriend and your best friend — can rend a man's soul. I don't have hard numbers at hand on the frequency of female cheating with males unknown to her primary partner versus males known to her primary partner, but I'd bet the latter happens just as often as the former.

Women, because they are just as duplicitous as men in their desire to cover their cheating tracks, will hesitate to get involved in any affair that has a high risk of exposing them. Ironically, affairs with male buddies can sometimes have a lower exposure risk than affairs with outside males, or at least be perceived as lower risk, because the male buddy has just as much incentive as the woman to keep a lid on things. A woman knows her boyfriend's male friends better than she will know a dude she met on the train, and she understands that where incentives align, the particulars of affairs are more manageable.

Working against this exposure limiting incentive is the male friend who secretly loves your girlfriend, and will blow things up if he thinks an affair with her signals something deeper. For that reason, women are wary of trysts with male friends who don't honor, as revealed through his professed feelings of love and yearning, the woman's relationship with her boyfriend or husband.

Most times, women will resist the temptation of the alpha male friend. A woman who has invested much in a relationship will think twice before assuming a high risk cuckold maneuver that might destroy her investment. But it only takes one time, one magical night of heedless tingle, for years of virtue to dry up and blow away like tumbleweed. And for good reason: that one night could mean eighteen years of indentured servitude to a genetic impostor.

If there is a hint of sexual tension between your girlfriend and your best friend, you have to make a clear-eyed reappraisal of your relationship. Asking a few questions to yourself is a start.

1. Is her flirting harmless?

You can usually tell when a woman's flirting is the playful self-boosting variety rather than the charged erotic variety. Women, and particularly good-looking women (one of life's paradoxes), like to be reminded of their desirability, and flirting with other men is one way they fulfill that need. If it's just an itch being scratched by a party girl poser, you'll know by how lazily she flirts in front of you and by how quickly she rescinds her offer of flesh to rush back into your arms. If it's genuine attraction, and the two of them are in your company, her contorted face will tell of her burgeoning guilt. A woman will not try to hide something of no consequence.

2. Is her flirting a jealousy ploy?

If it's obvious she's trying to make you jealous, that's generally a good thing. It means she still loves you, but isn't getting what she considers enough signs of commitment from you. I actually love it when girlfriends lamely and transparently flirt with other men in front of me, because it provides such a convenient way to lord my peen-cred over them by ambushing them with their own ham-fisted efforts.

3. Is she touching your friend, or herself, a lot?

It's hard for a woman to consciously control her touch instinct in the presence of a man she desires. If you catch your GF placing her hand on your best friend's forearm or shoulder more than once, you should be concerned. Same goes if she's stroking her hair or caressing her face with her hands when talking with him.

4. Is she asking a few too many questions about your best friend?

This is a major tell. Doubly so if she tries to form her questions so that they sound like innocuous, spontaneous inquiries. "Hey, remember when you were telling me about Svengard's trip to Italy? When's he coming back? I bet he'd love to tell you all about it."

5. Is she always offering to arrange co-ed events or nights out with your friends?

She wants to see him, but needs the cover of mixed company.

6. Are you having problems in your relationship?

Any sort of beta backsliding, or drifting apart, will push a girlfriend or wife into serious contemplation of competing market options. Luckily, you have an early warning sign at your disposal: the frequency and timing of sex. Be very wary if she stops fucking you during the ovulation part of her cycle.

If, after a careful answering of the above questions, you determine that the sexual chemistry you perceive between your girlfriend and your best friend is real, you have a number of choices.

– Call her out on it.

"I notice you flirt a lot with Tertullian. You think I don't notice it? If we're having problems, maybe we should part ways."

– Tease her in front of him.

"Jesus, you're blatant. You're making Tiberius uncomfortable. I thought I was dating a nun, not a stripper."

– AMOG your best friend.

"Hey, man, I think she's into a threesome with you and me. I figure your pretty comfortable with a little accidental sword fighting."

– Fuck with her head.

"Honey, I think Anfernee wants to sleep with you. It's so obvious. I'm… sure you've noticed it."

– Agree and amplify.

"Babe, the next time you flirt with Brantworth, try leaning in more, and licking your lips. I don't think he's getting the message."

– Ignore it.

An aloof attitude won't save your hide every time. You might successfully bluff her and she'll run back to you to re-earn your love, or your inaction might seal your cuckolded fate. Much depends on the reactiveness of the chemistry your GF has with your best bud.

– Dump her.

Sexual chemistry is a powerful force. If you sense her infidelity is inevitable, get the jump on it and spare yourself the humiliation. If you're married, make sure to collect evidence of her cheating before pulling the plug. You'll need all the leverage you can get in divorce court.

Generally speaking, women will not cheat with your best friends unless one or both of the following criteria are met:

Your friend is significantly higher value than you are.

Sadly, female hypergamy can only be chained so long as it doesn't grow too strong in the presence of a much higher value male. Your beloved will jump the bones of a Hollywood celebrity if given a real chance for it, no matter how much she sincerely loves you. And I suspect a lot of you tradcon loyal hubbies with visions of beatific virtue dancing in your heads would jam the hammer in Emma Stone's toolbox if she backed up into you and breathlessly whispered her longing for your Biblical cock.

You have lost value within your relationship.

Relationships, barring compensatory game, tend to betafy even the rock hardest men. Time and familiarity and fairly predictable sex enervate the virile masculine essence.

Maxim #67: A man who has stopped seducing new women is a man who is becoming less seductive to his main woman.

When you become more beta, you are, in practice, raising the value of every other man your girlfriend or wife meets. Your best buddy Lil' Petey starts to seem more like Peter the Great to your GF. Once you have turned to the beta side, even the most loyal, loving woman will begin to experience a reckless disregard for your feelings and a concomitant lessening of guilt when the prospect of sex with a more alpha man presents itself. Women are nothing if not masters at rationalizing away their malevolence when communion with alpha cock is on the altar of their womb cathedrals.

Preventative measures, then, are simple.

One, try as best you can to limit the amount of time that your girlfriend spends in the company of men higher status than yourself. You are playing with fire if your woman goes to work every day under an alpha boss. Now, obviously, certain realities prevent you from imposing the draconian limitations you would like and that would make a powerful dent in her ability and desire to cheat. But you can do little things. For instance, gently persuade your lover into work that is female-heavy, or run by women, or staffed with a lot of mediocre beta males. Or, get her knocked up fast, so she isn't shunted into a lifestyle of peonage to an alpha male captain of industry. Or refuse to include her in your male buddy circle if you think some of your friends represent real sexual threats.

I can hear the baters now: "Waaah, you don't think women have the willpower to say no to alpha males?!?"

Sure, I do. But willpower is conditional. The more her options increase, and the value of her options increases, the more malleable and fragile her willpower becomes. It's a matter of removing excessive temptations from her life that might challenge her willpower. (Wives would be wise to keep to the same philosophy as concerns their husbands' fidelity. It's no wonder new wives move quickly to the suburbs, where atomistic single family homes and long commutes restrict the availability of young, nubile babes who would tempt their husbands.)

Two, avoid the betafying degeneration of long-term relationships. This means, in practice, keeping your flirting

skills up to snuff by occasionally hitting on women other than your GF or wife. Game is not only useful for pickup, it's useful for revitalizing the fading love brought on by predictability and familiarity.

If your girlfriend nags you a lot, and she's hot enough to attract men of the caliber of famous actors, you may as well take her extrapair flirting as a message that she's already serviced cocks other than your own. Don't be surprised if that headache she has at the most inopportune times becomes a chronic condition.

Asstenuating Circumstances

CH · 7 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Readers have asked, “What was your most memorable pickup?” I can think of a few successful pickups that were very challenging and provided me with much spiritual fulfillment upon completion. But if we’re talking about picking up against all odds and natural law, under adverse conditions that would cause lesser men to wilt in defeat, one in particular stands out.

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I unrolled the mat and tamped down the curled end. Observing my surroundings from the back row of the yoga class, a swarm of svelte hourglass figures tucked salaciously into lycra presented for my eye rape. Ponytails swatted the air and taut bodies stretched and leaned and jutted to fill every frame of my viewing field. I dropped to my mat, extended my legs, and began reaching out to touch my knees. Pre-stretch.

“First time here?,” I asked the brunette sitting cross-legged to my right.

She hesitated before answering, “Nope. I’ve been going for years.”

“I bet you’ve memorized all the moves, then. I need a crib sheet.”

She half-smiled. “It’s pretty relaxed here.” Glancing at the instructor setting up her work station, “She goes slow.”

“If I don’t know a move, I just drop into that fetal position where you’re looking at the floor like you’re about to throw up.”

“Let’s hope that doesn’t happen.”

I liked this girl.

Class started. Upward, outward, inward, splayed, sternum to the sky. Supple, peach cleft, disembodied asses bobbed in figure eights in front of me like that bouncing ball traveling across the lyric captions to some Saturday morning children’s show. Sheer, high tech material emphasized every vulval ridge. It stirred.

Halfway through the class, in the middle of executing a straight-backed bend at the waist, and with no warning flare from my viscera, a loud, staccato racket erupted from my exit.

BWWAAAAAPP

My face burned to match the rectal tear I thought I had suffered. More than half the class pretended not to notice. But it was foolish to feign ignorance. This newborn’s cries echoed off the walls. No ear was spared.

A few girls and the one herbly man (the only one besides myself in attendance) in the class turned in the direction of the prurient sound, not quite sure who emanated the offense but able to narrow it down to two or three suspects, their faces twisted in yeoman efforts to hide disgust or laughter. The man nodded his head at me (he knew) and was the only one to notably chuckle. The instructor, obviously practiced in the art of managing student effluvium, segued hastily into the next pose by raising her voice a few decibels to distract the rumble of cackling that was about to unleash.

But before she could announce the next pose and move us all forward from mass embarrassment, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

“Was that a duck?”

Laughter rippled through the crowd. The brunette swiveled and grinned at me, having reconsidered the merit of talking to me earlier. I had verbalized the unthinkable, and in so doing perhaps saved her from being misattributed as the ass criminal. By now my blush had receded, and I smiled at her and shrugged my shoulders, as if to say “hey, gas happens”.

Supreme self-confidence, I thought. A man who owns his bodily functions is a hot commodity.

I wanted to keep the moment going with further jokes about the incident, thinking the running gag is a good way to loosen a girl up. But better sense prevailed and I kept my mouth shut while flexing triumphantly through the remaining poses. At the end of the class, incense candles were lit to guide us through the meditative cool-down. I think they were lit for another reason.

I stood up and rolled my mat, grabbing her attention.

“Hey.”

“Yes?”

“I think we should clear the air on what happened here, over drinks sometime. Like, how about tomorrow.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Your form is barely adequate. I could give you some tips.”

“Tips? Over drinks? I don’t think your tips would be very helpful.”

“Don’t be such a pessimist. Hope and change.”

“So… you’re asking me out?”

“That’s right.”

“Do you do this to all the girls at yoga classes?”

“Embarrass them? Yes.”

“Haha.” She stared at me for an interminable three seconds. “Well, ok. But… don’t bring your duck.”

I raised my eyebrows in faux indignation. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, riiiight.”

We exchanged numbers after most of the class had disembarked. I said I would call her.

I’m certain she had a blast retelling this moment to her girl friends. And I’m glad I was the source of her glee.

***

So that, gentlemen and gentlewomen readers, was my most memorable pickup. Nothing smooth or suave about it. Just a lot of gumption and chutzpah. Accompanied by a galvanizing symphony of war drums.

IQ, Executions And Voting

CH · 8 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

GLP links to a La Griffe du Lion piece that confirms what I stated about retardation — namely, that the correlation between clinical, biological retardation and IQ varies by race. The subject came up over a discussion about Texas' execution of a man with an IQ of 61 from a test taken later in his life. (His first IQ test put him at 73.)

In the comments over there, PA astutely notes:

> IQ-alone limits on execution do carry implications with regards to other aspects of citizenship.

Liberals who trumpet IQ-based restrictions on the death penalty should be wary of where their invented morality logically leads. (As well as wary of their hypocrisy being exposed over the IQ issue, a metric which liberals claim not to believe in unless and until belief in it suits their agenda.) To wit: if low IQ is sufficient to exempt a murderer from the death penalty because of presumed cognitive impairment of his moral judgment, then low IQ is sufficient to exempt dumb citizens from the voting rolls because of cognitive impairment of their political judgment, which is just a proxy for moral judgment.

I really don't see a legitimate (i.e., sensible, rational, non-shrieking) argument against this simple logic. If liberals and the various hodge-podge of flaming equalists are going to go down this road, they have to accept the logical conclusions that their beliefs take them in regards to issues they congenitally find personally distasteful. If they don't, they discredit themselves.

Game And HBD: BFFs

CH · 10 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Haha. I bet you read the title and thought this post would be a lengthy treatise on the shared philosophical underpinnings of game and human biodiversity (HBD). Psyche!

A reader emails:

> Hello. I'd like to add the entry of Game to the HBD Dictionary:
>
> As a rough draft entry, I have:
>
> **Game: Using insights from evolutionary psychology and human biodiversity, game teaches men, especially beta males, how to simulate the attitudes and characteristics of alpha males so as to be more attractive to females.**
>
> Again, a rough draft. Feel free to re-write.
>
> Also, if you can think of any other terms that need to be added or revisions to current terms, please let me know.

I don't have a major problem with the crux of this reader's definition of game. I see what he's getting at. I might rephrase it to: "Using insights from evolutionary psychology and real world experience bedding women…", but then the peer review panel would get the hives. However, I don't think a definition should be nested (if that's the right word); that is, a good definition won't require the reader to have to look up the definitions of fuzzy words within the main definition (e.g., "beta males" or "alpha males").

How about this definition instead (and one that avoids using the word *game* within the definition)?:

Game, *noun*

A systematized blueprint of male behavior for attracting, courting and seducing women in an efficient and powerful manner based on the practical application of theories of human, and particularly female, sexuality derived from the insights of evolutionary psychology, biology and real world experimentation.

Any alternate suggestions from the peanut gallery?

PS I do think game and HBD greatly overlap, despite the commonly held misconceptions that HBD is a synonym for genetic determinism or that game is a synonym for boundless behavioral plasticity.

The 4-Date Misrule

CH · 11 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter on a blog I occasionally read mentioned an article about women dating beta men, in which the author advised women to pursue a "4-date rule" to screen out players who closely adhere to the well-known 3-date rule.

(For those in the dark, the 3-date rule means pushing for sex by the third date, and if sex is not forthcoming by then, to jettison the girl and cut your losses, because odds are good that a girl who can wait longer than three dates to put out can wait much longer than that. Plus, a girl who will make you wait an inordinate amount of time is likely a girl who isn't that taken by you. You will find it very difficult to achieve the all-important hand with such a girl.)

A mass movement 4-date rule, i.e., a temporary boycott of sex Lysistrata-style to weed out cads, will never come to pass. The reason why is simple: Women don't actually want to weed out the cads.

In one of those mating market paradoxes that drives genuine niceguys insane with unrequited hatelust for the opposite sex, women are less attracted to the sort of man who is willing to abide women's stated preference for delayed sexual gratification. In other words, if you sincerely agree, tacitly or openly, with the woman you are dating to her arbitrary timetable for sex — "Sure, we can wait, I respect you" — you will have decreased the chance she will ever have sex with you. In the primeval mind of a woman, the man who is willing to patiently endure her chasteness, without complaint, is a man who doesn't have too many other options in women, and thus signals his low mate value. And the longer he is willing to suffer her clamped legs, the less attraction she will feel for him.

Yep, "I like that you respect my wishes" really means, when translated from the womanese, "You're a boring loser for not disrespecting my wishes."

Dr. ϕ writes:

> [P]erhaps I've grown overly cynical from the blogs I read, but my fear is that the message — watch out for players and PUAs — isn't worth much by the time it gets through female mental filters.
>
> *Looks like a cool drink of water but*
> *he's candy coated misery*
> *He's the devil in disguise*
> *A snake with blue eyes*
> *And he only comes out at night*
> *He gives you feelings that you dont want to fight . . . .*
>
> But PUAs are good at what they do precisely because of their ability to fly under just this type of radar. The guys that get shot down are the same no-game beta providers that have an uphill climb anyway.
>
> So what happens is that when you tell girls, "There are some bad, bad players out there, so be careful," they impute the "bad, bad player" quality to the guys they *already* weren't enthusiastic about. It becomes a justification for being cold and bitchy to people who really didn't deserve it. Meanwhile, PUAs do their thing unimpeded.

My explanation for why a cultural or motherly message to avoid players gets nibbled down to a nub and pissed on by female rationalization hamsters is a little different than Phi's: when girls hear that a man is a "bad, bad player", he becomes more, not less, interesting to them. Girls then flock to this man, and justify their attraction for his cosmic badassness by utilizing an impressive suite of self-serving spin that would be the envy of the most amoral political campaign operative.

Women love interesting men, even the ugly ones. Women loathe dull men, even the handsome ones. The man who flouts societal convention and disregards women's claimed preferences is an interesting man. The devil in disguise is more desirable to women than the unmasked angel.

In contrast, the man who abides women's rules soon finds himself ruled out.

Dr. Phi is right about something, though. Those boring beta niceguys who dutifully wait date after date for a meager morsel from that vagina plate are assigned the unflattering judgment by women that women claim the rule-breaking badboys deserve. But you see, deserving's got nothin' to do with it. Not when tingles do the talking.

Now as with most sexual market phenomena, a rule does not mean contrary exceptions don't exist, or that its parameters aren't a bit flexible. I have waited more than three dates with a few girls in my lifetime. I went a whole five dates with one girl who was particularly beautiful. Of course, it helped my perseverance that I was dating a couple other girls at the time.

If, on the rare occasion, you find yourself dealing with a woman who is bent on making you wait longer than three dates, you need to ask yourself a couple of questions.

1. Does she behave as if she is struggling to contain an irresistible lust for you?

2. Do you see this girl as long-term potential?

If number one is true, you can safely wait longer than three dates without jeopardizing the alpha cred you have with her. A woman who desperately wants to fuck but also wants to wait a bit so you don't mistake her for a slut is a prized filly. She is worth humoring, because she likes you enough, and respects your masculine desire, to work hard at projecting an image of chastity and future fidelity that you will value. Don't worry about being able to tell if she is this type of girl; you'll know by her flushed face as she's breathlessly uttering the words "not tonight", and feebly pushing off from you, that she's really into you, and that the calculated waiting period is one of mutual respect and deep interest, not one borne of flagging attraction.

If number two is true, it would be in *your* interest to allow her the luxury of a perfunctory waiting period. You will perceive a woman who has made you wait as a high value woman more worthy of your long-term investment and resources than a slutty same night lay would be. This perception operates at the subconscious level; you have little control over it.

If neither of those prerequisites are true, get the bang sooner rather than later, or cut your losses after the third date. (Some would say the second date should be your limit; I have no quarrel with that.) The danger in adhering to women's waiting periods is that you 1. drain power by the date, resulting in lost hand, and 2. diminish the woman's attraction for you.

The fact of the matter is that the strongest, most intensely romantic relationships often start the most passionately, punctuated by sexual immediacy. The great advantage to *not* waiting for sex on a woman's prerogative is that you are in the driver's seat; you can choose to pump and dump or to pursue a relationship after you have sated yourself. You are in no position to think clearly as long as your balls remain filled with brain-blocking sperm. At least if you have banged a girl on the first date, you know for certain she's into you, and nothing bonds a woman to a man better than sex.

A curious trick you can try on women who seem like the types to follow a "wait to mate" strategy is to preempt their objections by insisting on waiting yourself. As she's kissing you, say, "Oh, hey, I'm not like most men. I don't want to have sex until later, maybe much later. I have to get to know you first before I go there." It"s a bit cheesy, but when it works, it really works. She will wonder why you aren't all over her like so many other men, and this challenge to her broad but shallow princess ego will spur her to sexual aggressiveness, until she is satisfied she has defeated your principles. Then you may allow yourself a victorious chortle.

The Unequal Housework Fallacy

CH · 12 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Hanna Rosin (man, this broad gets around on the back of stealing my ideas) has a couple of cute, girly charts in this article, showing that breadwinner women still do most of the housework. This is supposed to be evidence confirming feminist beliefs that men are slackers and women are "trying to do it all".

Another load of rancid menstrual flow. The reason women do more housework is because women can't tolerate messy homes as well as men can. Women *want and require cleaner homes* than do men. If you want something more than another person wants that thing, you will put more effort into getting it. And if you aren't a whiny baby about it, like feminists apparently are, you'll take responsibility for your more stringent demands and do it yourself. You won't bitch and moan about people who aren't doing the work for a goal you think is necessary and reasonable, *but they don't think is necessary or reasonable.*

Men simply find the hours and hours of housework that women demand to be an unreasonable waste of time and energy. They have better things to do. And you don't hear men complaining that women aren't putting in the extra time and work to do the things men find worthwhile, like, say, detailing the car. If breadwinner wives aren't happy with this arrangement, there's a simple solution: learn to be happy with a slightly less than spotless home. Or hire a Mexican.

Ya know, back in the day, before insanity became the law of the land, this used to be called "division of labor". Scary words to feminist shrikes, but that's to be expected when anything close to the truth about sex differences accosts them.

Incentives Matter

CH · 12 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a great thread going on over at Libertardian Central you might want to read before Cheap Chalupas™ gets the ethnic hives and decides to mass delete impertinent commenters who tweak his mood affiliation.

> btw, [david] brooks is wrong. as john stated, men *are* adapting to the new reality. when women start becoming economically self-sufficient and thus price out larger swaths of lower or equal earning men, men respond by competing for their attention by emphasizing different traits where they still can exert a higher value signal that appeals to women's hypergamy. charisma, for example, is one such alternative trait that women are drawn to in men.
>
> also, the female obesity epidemic is doubtless skewing the mating market against men's interests (and ultimately against women's interests). more fat undesirable (but i repeat myself) women means more men turning away from providing for women in favor of pump and dumps and porn. ya know, incentives matters. and men aren't very incentivized to provide, materially or emotionally, for unattractive, self-sufficient women.
>
> it would also be remiss of me to forget to mention that mass migration of tens of millions of lower iq lower skilled peasants to gut the wages and the spirit of working class american men has not exactly assisted their ability to attract women the traditional, civilization-building way. but hey, to the libertardian, that's just collateral damage in the great free labor dream of eradicating national borders.

Hanna Rosin and David Brooks are tag-teaming in their claims that women are more adaptable than men, or are better at adapting to the modern economy and culture.

To that, I say magnificent bullshit. Men are adapting. They're just not adapting in the way that women, and NYBetaTimes pundits, would like them to adapt. The means to acquire a good wage, and the incentive to leverage a good wage to attract women, have both diminished to the point that caddishness and porn have become better alternatives for many men. If feminists and lefties and rinos and tradcons like BIll Bennett don't like this turn of events, well… they have only themselves to blame. You should have turned back form the brink when you had a chance.

I'll say it again: Never before in modern American history has there been a time when game was as effective, or as necessary, as right now. Game is no longer just a matter of getting your weekend jollies at the clubs; now it's a lifestyle. For some, it's survival of the soul.

Ditch The Treadmill

CH · 12 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Women (and men) who run slow laps on treadmills for hours on end, or who rack up languid miles running SWPLthons, are in for a rude surprise: your efforts aren't amounting to much. Advocates for the paleolithic lifestyle got another boost from science recently, in a study which found that short, intense bursts of exercise are more beneficial than long, moderately intense exercise for your heart health.

> Short, intense bursts of exercise could be better for our health than longer intervals.
>
> Spending 2 minutes 30 seconds exercising at a high level of intensity, could be better at protecting the body against risk factors associated with cardiovascular disease (CVD) than longer sessions of less intense exercise, claimed experts at the British Science Festival today.
>
> The ability of the body to deal with fat following a high-fat meal is a marker for the likelihood that a person will develop CVD in the future. The faster the body is able to get rid of the fat in the blood following a high-fat meal, the less at risk that person is of developing CVD – for example atherosclerosis, which is the build up of fat within the blood vessels.
>
> A study led by Dr Stuart Gray, from the University of Aberdeen's Musculoskeletal Research Programme asked participants to undertake 2.5 minutes of high-intensity exercise – 5 x 30 second sprints exerting themselves to their maximum ability with 4 minutes of rest between each sprint – before eating a high-fat meal.
>
> Findings of the study—published in *Clinical Science*—showed the fat content in the blood of these participants after that meal was reduced by 33% compared to if they had not undertaken any exercise.
>
> The fat content in the blood is only reduced by 11% if a moderate intensity exercise session – 30 minutes of brisk walking – is undertaken before the same meal is eaten.

Paleo gurus have been saying for quite a while that wind sprints and heavy low rep deadlifts >>>>> jogging for miles and high rep pink dumbbells, for both maximizing heart health and muscle tone. And now we have some lab proof. On a personal note, I feel a lot stronger and alive when I do a set of sprints, complete with hard turns at the 40 yard mark, than I do running five miles at a slower pace. I also like to clean and jerk fat chicks. Not a euphemism.

On another personal note, it gives me pleasure to sneer at SWPL chicks and emaciated hipsters running hither and tither to their poofy froo froo pillow fight aerobicizer classes and ventkatamaran yogurt meditations. *Classes, seminars, socials, oh my! Must feel busy before I die!*

Womanese-to-English Translator

CH · 13 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Online translator services are really helpful in a pinch when you're overseas, but what do you do when you're talking with a woman who speaks your language? American women speak English, at least syntactically and grammatically, but the meanings of their words and sentences often mislead as much as inform. After all, if women said what they meant and spoke clearly and honestly, wining and dining them with all-expenses paid dates would be a thing of the past. You'd know within a few minutes whether she was going to put out for you or not. And if she was interested in sex, you'd know exactly how to proceed to ensure it happened.

So for those times when you actually care what a woman says to you — i.e., those times you're talking with an attractive young babe you want to crotch smash — your life (and sanity) would be immeasurably improved if you had a Womanese-to-English translator at your instant disposal. Imagine the following conversation:

YOU: Hi, can I buy you a drink?

HER: Sure!

YOU: Cool.

HER: Thanks. [drinks up, eyes room, alpha male pops up out of nowhere and she leaves with him, laughing all the way]

YOU: fuck.

Now this is how the above conversation would go if you had a Chateau Heartiste Womanese-to-English Translator on hand:

YOU: Hi, can I buy you a drink? [turns on W/E Translator, patent pending]

HER: Sure, I won't turn down a freebie, but it will hurt your chances to have sex with me.

YOU: Nah, I changed my mind. I won't buy you a drink.

HER: So… you seem kind of interesting. New around here?

See how your life would be so much better with the W/E Translator at your side? Here's another sample conversation that many of you will encounter in the course of your pickup career:

YOU: I collect walking sticks. Come, let's go to my place. I'll show you my collection.

HER: Ok, but nothing's going to happen tonight.

YOU: [dejected face] oh, ok. Well, can I get your number?

HER: [gives fake number]

Feel like a lah-hooo-ser? You should. But you don't need to ever feel that way again with the W/E Translator (patent pending, internationally copyrighted)! How would the above conversation have turned out when run through the W/ET for accuracy?

YOU: I collect walking sticks. Come, let's go to my place. I'll show you my collection. [turns on W/ET]

HER: Ok, but nothing's going to happen tonight if you give up trying.

YOU: [smug face] Don't worry, I won't.

HER: [takes your arm]

Beautiful love, with an assist from the W/E Translator. Can a price be put on such a product? It can't, but now you

can have it for the low low price of $49.99, an infinity dollars-minus-$49.99 savings! You'd be crazy to pass up this opportunity.

More game-changing, dick-wetting, money-saving, sanity-sparing magic, courtesy of the W/ET:

Before W/E Translator

YOU: [making bedroom move on your wife]

HER: [turns over] I have a headache tonight. Maybe another time.

After W/E Translator

YOU: [making bedroom move on your wife]

HER: [turns over] Can't do it. My vagina is still sore from fucking my boss.

Before W/E Translator

HER: When are you going to dust the cat hair balls like I asked?

YOU: Sorry, honey, I forgot. I'll get right to it.

HER: Nevermind, I already did it. You obviously don't care.

YOU: What?! Of course I care about you! Where did this come from?

HER: Just forget about it. I'll be at the spa.

After W/E Translator

HER: When are you going to stick up for yourself and say no to me?

YOU: So this is what you mean. I get it now.

HER: My complaint about the cat hair balls is really a passive-aggressive taunt directed at your repulsive feeble betatude.

YOU: It's refreshing to know how you really feel instead of making me read between the lines.

HER: I'll be filing for divorce in less than a year.

***

Since I doubt your woman will stop talking anytime soon, the W/E Translator is useful in every situation. Just read these typical obfuscating female words and watch them transform right before your eyes into distilled truth.

HER: I don't deserve you.

W/ET: Treat me like shit if you want to get in my pants.

HER: I'd rather not corrupt an innocent man.

W/ET: Your inexperience with women is a turn-off.

HER: I'm not nearly as nice of a person as you are.

W/ET: I'm really nice to jerks, but I won't be nice to you.

HER: I'm a bit too immature to appreciate a guy like you.

W/ET: Call me in ten years after I've ridden the cock carousel and my looks have taken a hit.

Act now, and we'll throw in the bonus W/E Nonverbal Translator! Just hold it up to visually record your girlfriend or wife, and receive a verbal confirmation of her real state of mind.

HER: [scarfs down ice cream]

YOU: [activates W/ENT]

W/ENT: “This ice cream is more exciting to me than your dick.”

***

HER: [parks her fat ass on a sofa to watch The View]

YOU: [point W/ENT at her]

W/ENT: “I no longer feel motivated to please you because you are an uninspiring beta herb.”

Amazing stuff! And guess what? The W/ET even has a super secret algorithm that can tell which words women speak are truthful. That’s right, it knows what needs translating, and what doesn’t! When a woman says something unexpectedly candid, the W/ET flashes a green light. That’s green light for “go to your nearest chapel and profess your belief in a higher being, ESP, and Bigfoot”.

HER: You’re too safe and predictable for me.

W/ET: *green light*

HER: You’re giving me too much power and I resent it.

W/ET: *green light*

HER: I wish you’d stop doing as I say because you logically figure it’s how to avoid a crushing break-up.

W/ET: *green light*

There’s even a setting that allows you to program the W/ET so that the closer a woman comes to speaking the unadulterated truth, the brighter the green light shines in your face.

HER: My vagina burns for violent sexual adventures with an emotionally opaque, aloof badboy who makes me a little scared for my life.

W/ET: *GREEN LIGHT GREEN LIGHT GREEN LIGHT*

Sold yet? You should be! $49.99 will give you such a massive competitive advantage over every other man it’s a wonder this product isn’t ILLEGAL! Buy now before the divorce lawyers find a way to classify the W/E Translator as Schedule I contraband! (Operators and coping therapists standing by.)

Comment Of The Week: Sexual Self-Control Is A Male Thing

CH · 14 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader whorefinder posits a theory explaining why, historically, women's sexuality has been deemed more dangerous than men's sexuality to societal cohesion:

> One thing about bitches in heat is that they really aren't that used to it.
>
> For all the jokes about men being led around by their dicks, men at least have the experience of being turned on a lot more and for a lot longer than women. And, because of that, how to socially deal with that.
>
> Consequently, when a man is turned on —say, at a strip club— he doesn't charge the stage and throw a stripper down and fuck her right there, even if he wants to. Fear of the bouncers, arrest, rape charges, etc. are there, but so is the social approbation and, generally, his experiences as a younger man knowing how his sexuality acts and not succumbing to it. This, too, shall pass.
>
> Women, on the other hand, experience lust and turned-on-ness more rarely, and its more fleeting for them. After all, the sexual reproduction is accomplished when men ejaculate, not when females orgasm, so nature made men hornier. This is also why women complain of a mood (for sex) "being broken" by a smell, a phrase, or a sight, while men do not have that happen—because men are built to push through and get the job done.
>
> But because women get less horny, when they do get turned on, and especially turned on well, they have much less control. A smooth player who hits all the right buttons on a girl will have her in a puppy-like state because she doesn't know how to handle it. It's at the root of when women say "it just happened"—she was so overwhelmed by unfamiliar instinct that she went on autopilot (almost literally), as she had no experience fighting it.
>
> Hornier women—i.e. more masculine women—-are more in tune with the male mindset because 1) they're led around by their vaginas more; and 2) they have experience taming their vagina cravings. They don't act girlish because girlishness is for girls who don't know what waking up horny every day feels like.
>
> All this is to say that women who are able to deny sex based on some "rules" mentality are thinking instead of feeling, which means they aren't feeling horny enough to jump on you, which means they aren't very turned on by you in the first place.

Men have a tiger in their pants. When you have spent your whole post-pubescent life side-by-side with a tiger, you learn how to tame it so it doesn't get you trouble. You learn to think clearly when it's breathing down your neck. Women have an elephant in their pants; passive and docile most of the time, content to graze languorously, but when it's roused there's no stopping it from a destructive rampage. When her elephant is rampaging, she is helpless to think clearly.

Women only seem like they have more sexual self-control than do men, but that's because they don't get tempted nearly as much as men do. If women were as frequently, indiscriminately, instantly and intensely climb-the-walls horny as men are, you'd see them begin acting in some very strange ways that broke all sorts of social taboos. Women, for this reason, cannot empathize with men's libidinous natures and psychological states. Similarly, men find it difficult to empathize with women's needs for sexual prudence and deliberation (though men find it less difficult to empathize with women than the other way around, owing to the nature of the sexual market requiring more reality-based thinking from men than from women).

For a perfect demonstration of women's unfamiliarity with powerful uncontrollable horniness, just watch in wonder at how crazily uninhibited in bed a "good girl" will get with you if she has little prior experience dating charming men like yourself, or dating any men at all. Women in these situations often go into a shaman-like state of complete abandon, shrieking pleasure at the top of their lungs, and unable to wind down until sleep becomes too heavy to fight off. And when they fall in love, they become utterly dependent.

whorefinder is correct, then, to say that any man struggling patiently to close the deal with an overly prudent woman is probably falling short of turning her on sufficiently. A woman who truly craves a man will surrender quicker than she anticipated to her surprisingly powerful lust impulse, and her thinking processes will then be hijacked in service to her emotions, rationalizing the pleasure-seeking actions she's about to take, rather than turned in service to her arid reason or rules. In contrast, a woman who is able to think clearly in your company is a woman whose vagina remains dry and unperturbed.

To put it another way: You wouldn't want to date any Rules girl who succeeded at convincing you to obey her rules.

The next post will seem to be a direct contradiction of this post, but it won't be to those who understand that woman is cursed with dueling reproductive directives. This long duel of the female soul — eternal, unrelenting, stalemated — imbues women with a vague veneer of crazy. It's what makes women inscrutable to high and low men, and sometimes even to the most perceptive masters of the mind.

182 Days Of Blue Balls

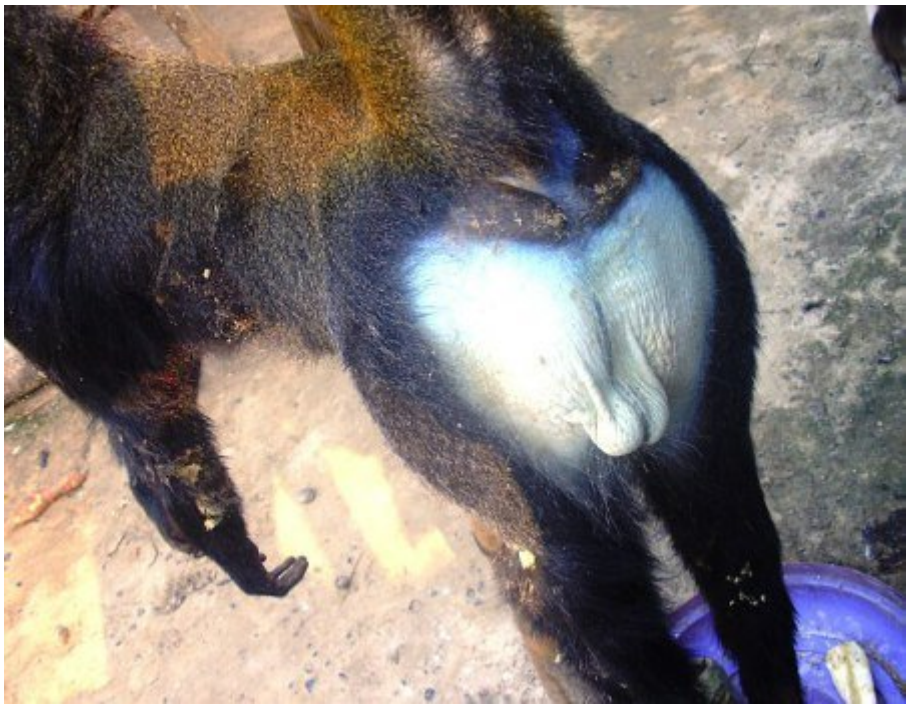
CH · 17 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Are happiness and sex antagonistic? A new study reports that couples who waited to have sex were happier in the long run. (Usual caveats about the accuracy of Daily Mail reporting apply.)

> A study of hundreds of couples found those who waited to have sex were happier in the long-run.
>
> Women particularly benefited from not leaping into bed at the first opportunity. Marriage also seemed to make them happier than co-habiting.
>
> The researchers said delaying sex gave couples time to get to know each other and work out just how compatible they were.
>
> Without this period of courtship, judgment can be clouded, leading to couples falling into unfulfilling long-term relationships. […]
>
> Analysis of the data clearly showed the women who had waited to have sex to be happier. And those who waited at least six months scored more highly in every category measured than those who got intimate within the first month. Even their sex lives were better.
>
> The link was weaker for men. However, those who waited to get physically involved had fewer rows.

Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder? Would seem like it. But not so fast.

First, I'm not surprised women who waited — or, more precisely, made their beta boyfriends wait — were more satisfied with their relationships. Women are psychologically, and ultimately biologically, predisposed to prefer holding out for sex, because it allows them more time to judge men's mate quality and investment potential without risking a pregnancy by a man who might flee the next morning. There are very good evolutionary reasons why a woman would make a suitor wait as a test of his commitment to her. A man who is willing to suffer 182 days of this:



…is a man who is likely to stick around after she pops out a newt.

Second, selection bias. Does waiting to have sex really make couples happier, or are couples who are more likely to

wait for sex also more likely to be content and fight less within long-term monogamous relationships? I suspect the latter. The kind of people who empathize easily and go along to get along are also the kind of people who have the patience of a saint. I bet people like this also have lower sex drives. It's doubtful that sex itself, or refraining from having sex, is the causative factor in their happiness.

Third, some recent studies have shown that men derive their happiness within relationships from their lovers' happiness. That is, when their women are happy, men are happy. The reverse is not necessarily true. So a woman who has held out for sex to make an "unclouded" judgment — and isn't it funny that women think more clearly when abstaining from sex, while men think more clearly when sexually fulfilled? — is more likely to be happy with her choice of man, and consequently her happiness will infuse her man's happiness level. But a man would be just as happy with a sexpot who put out early and often as long as she was happy with him (and faithful).

The biggest problem with this study is definitional. Happiness is not love, and it's not sexual attraction. Love is passion. Happiness is contentment. Love is volatility. Happiness is calm acceptance, even noble resignation. Love is dizzying crescendos. Happiness is rhythmic tempo. Love is hope. Happiness is the relinquishment of hope. Similar contrasts can be made between happiness and lust. Conflating all these as if they were of equal merit, or equally valued, is misleading.

Most couples do not wait 182 days to have sex with the goal of maximizing their mutual happiness, and so we can conclude that most couples are willing to forego long-term happiness for short-term ecstasy. Our revealed preferences indicate that happiness is not high on our mental checklist of values or emotional states.

It's an intriguing hypothesis, though, that the happiness women gain from lengthy periods of enforced abstinence they sacrifice in sexual and romantic satisfaction. The committed beta provider that female-compelled (and it's rarely male-compelled) abstinence selects for comes at the cost of losing the sexy alpha cad that female-compelled abstinence selects against.

Maybe some massively underacknowledged subculture of preternaturally abnegating abstinent Evangelicals exists of which I'm only dimly aware that skews the average time couples spend in sexless purgatory well into the double and triple digit days, but in the world I live in — the one that's pretty much a given in any community that isn't orthodox religious — a 60 day wait for sex is nearly unheard of, let alone a 182 day wait. In fact, a wait beyond three weeks is pretty much folly for any man dating your typical SWPL chick; by that time, she will have moved on to fucking some dude who actually turns her on. Even the women who say they want to wait longer than convention would react with disbelief if a man told them he would be willing to wait six months before having sex. It's that weird.

What good is long-term happiness if you can't even score the short-term thrill? There's the rub. As a man, you are really rolling low odds by pursuing, or, more precisely, by abiding the woman's pursuing, the "wait to elate" strategy. The far-future happiness and relationship stability that a long sexless courtship might offer is greatly outweighed by the high risk that you *de facto* castrate yourself to the woman you are chastely wooing. You'd be a fool to avoid the bedroom for very long, when there is a good chance some other man will distract your girl's attention during her prolonged bout of purity. And an even better chance you'll accidentally say or do something during the dry months of your courtship that extinguishes the spark of her attraction for you.

This severing of happiness from sexual triumph, for both sexes, is one of the great unrecognized repercussions of the past 60 years of our Wild West mating market. And it seems like this is exactly the way most of us want it.

Women Don't Handle Rejection Well

CH · 18 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Rum writes:

> On a parallel track [to women being less familiar than men with continual horniness]; modern American women have no skill at all in coping with sexual rejection. If they come on to you straight-on and you tell them "No!!" – you will not see much gracious-ness or even sanity in their response. They may well try to hit you as their brains short-circuit and go into panic mode.

Astute observation. I've had a few girls whose looks I didn't much care for come on to me in the manner of a man on the hunt. When I say "come on to me", I'm not cavorting with literary license. I mean, the women cold approached me and asked me out, asked me to join them for a drink, or, in one memorable case, asked me to take her back to my place.

Since these women were not physically acceptable to me, (and since I was dating around at the time and had my sexual urgency dampened), I turned them down. I was nice about it. A simple "No, thanks", and the girl's hopeful bright face would immediately darken, her features turn upside down, and she would shuffle back into the shadows a crestfallen hunchback of unanticipated crushing defeat.

One girl I did this to nearly broke into tears, and even in the dim lounge light I could see her lower lip tremble. She then re-approached me later in the night and shouted at me that I was an asshole, jabbing a finger into my chest. (My steel-reinforced pec easily deflected the projectile.) Of course, all eyes turned accusatorially in my direction. You can never say the white knight brigade, men and their female instigators, pass up a chance to fly to the aid of a woman in distress of her own doing. Just a friendly reminder that the unforgiving, stark reality of the sexual market and sex differences massages perception so thoroughly that witnesses to female tribulation automatically assign her any and all benefit of the doubt, and guilt is readily and instantly assumed to be the burden of the man ensnared in the altercation. This perception breaks only under a preponderance of unassailable evidence to the contrary, which is almost never gathered or examined in the cock-propped hothouse of a nightclub. I thus beat a hasty retreat.

It's fair to say that all these girls (not many in total, but enough to draw a generalization about women who would be in similar circumstances) reacted to my rejecting them in a despondent, tail-tucked way that would rival the most maudlin beta male display of public sexual humiliation.

It's easy to figure out why. Most women are not accustomed to sexual rejection, delivered straight up like a hot lance to the soul. Not even the less attractive ones have this experience, because there is usually a man sufficiently low enough in the mating hierarchy, and desperate enough for sexual relief, who would accommodate these lonely ladies' wishes. A woman who approaches a man for sex instinctually believes, with some justification, that her offer will be received with pleasant surprise and cooperative eagerness.

Since she believes this, and since taking the approach initiative feels so strange to her female sensibility, the less attractive woman who pursues this inverted courtship strategy will generally approach only men significantly higher in value than the men she would normally get by waiting to be approached and pursued. Some of these out-of-her-league men will abide, because a convenient one night stand, even one that will be less exciting for him, is hard to turn down. But some of these men won't, for a variety of reasons, not least of which is the fact that dating attractive babes tends to sour men on wasting even minimal time perfunctorily pump and dumping good-to-go plain janes.

The average woman doesn't have the wealth of experience that the average man has with direct, active sexual rejection. When, on those rare occasions, she does experience it, her state control is shattered and her negative emotions come flooding to the surface, bobbing like dead fish on a polluted lake. This manifest wretchedness will evoke feelings of sympathy and even misplaced guilt in the man who did the rejecting, which is a point against any belief in the moral superiority of women, who rarely, if ever, feel similar sorts of sympathetic outpourings for the

much greater numbers of men they reject in the course of their (fertile) lives.

Men of all stations in life have to deal with sexual rejection more often than do women, and as such they develop a strong shell that protects their egos and allows them to hunt another day, instead of curling into the fetal position and waiting for death, or the next episode of “The New Normal”. Women have never developed this purposeful shell, this strength of self-possession, and their inability to handle unambiguous rejection with dignity testifies to their underlying emotional and ego weakness. Men who get nervous at the thought of approaching women would do well to keep this in mind: you are far better equipped than your prey to surmount a temporary setback. Your masculine detachment is a gift. Take pride in it. The qualities that every societal siren blares that you should be ashamed of are those very qualities that will serve you so well.

Male Choosiness, Female Beauty And Monogamy

CH · 19 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a hypothesis that I haven't seen elsewhere: More beautiful women will be found in monogamous cultures, or among monogamously-inclined races.

Where women don't (or can't) sleep around, and where men are expected to assume a heavy economic and emotional responsibility for the women they woo, men will be choosier about the women they date and marry. Monogamy selects for male choosiness.

If you're a man, and you're limited to dating only a few women in your lifetime, and there are onerous familial and cultural pressures to marry the first or second woman you date, you are not going to throw away your one shot at a girl — not to mention all those resources you accumulated to win her over — on an Amanjaw Marcuntte. You'll take your time assessing the available female goods, and aim for the hottest babe you can get. You'll waste little time or energy spelunking slutty fat chicks or mustachioed feminists.

Over eons, this results in the more monogamous races and cultures of humanity producing more beautiful women. Of course, seismic shifts in the mating market have been underway for the past 60 or so years, so I expect a future of less beautiful women, on average and proportionate to their overall numbers, compared to the recent past. The one exception to this uglification trend will be the total bifurcation into a female beauty oasis of the 1% ruling class from the Gorgonian masses.

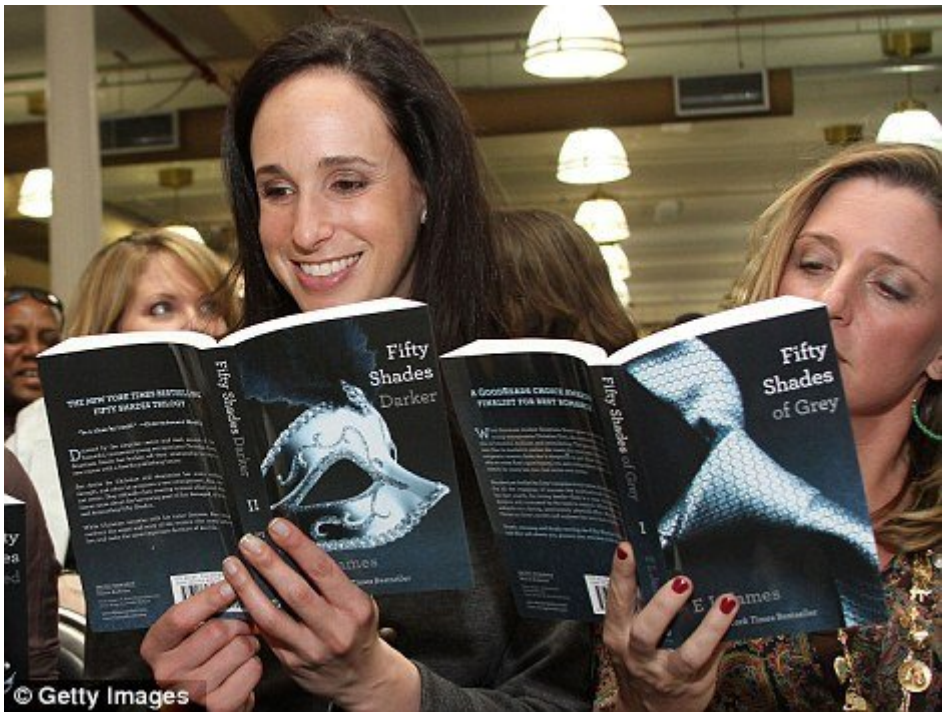
Relatedly, I am familiar with the theories that cad societies where men hypervigilantly (and hyperjealously) guard their women from alpha male interlopers, and geographic regions where high parasite loads influence the sexual selection process so that beauty — a sign of health and lack of genetic mutations — is favored, produce more beautiful women.

Arguing somewhat orthogonally to my monogamy-male choosiness theory is the theory that skewed sex ratios which favor men would produce more beautiful women over the generations. Such societies would be notable for their polygyny, de facto or de jure.

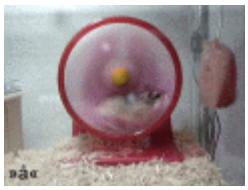
Perhaps all these theories reinforce each other, such that we would find the most beautiful women in countries with established monogamy norms, higher parasite loads, and sex ratios favoring men (caused predominately by men dying young, or otherwise taking themselves out of the sexual marketplace). Where we won't find the most beautiful women, or any halfway-decent looking woman, is among the readership of Jizzebel or Feministing. Their high parasite load is offset by their self-selecting loserdom.

White Woman

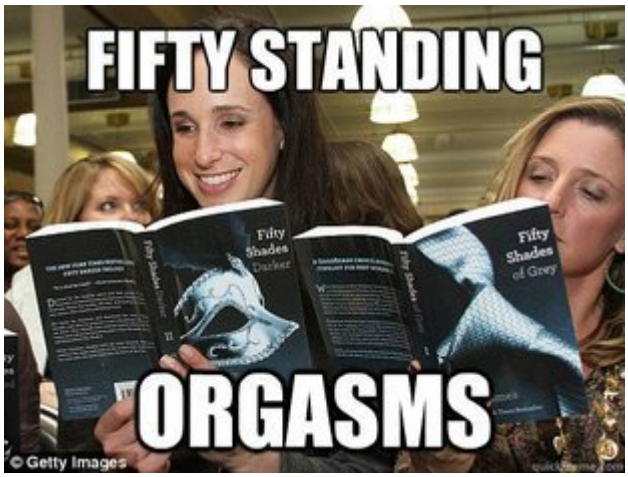
CH · 20 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

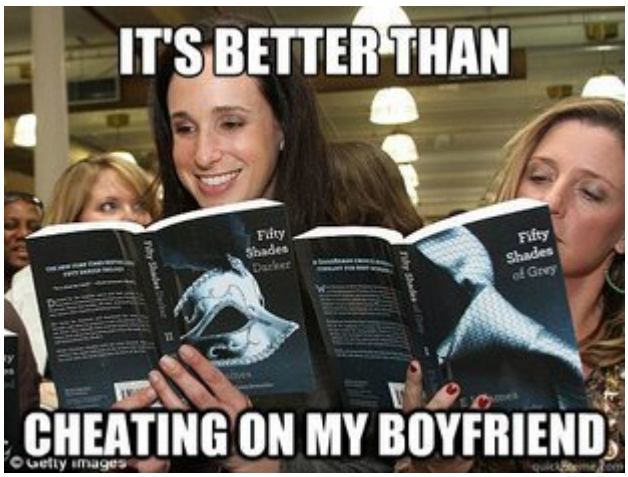


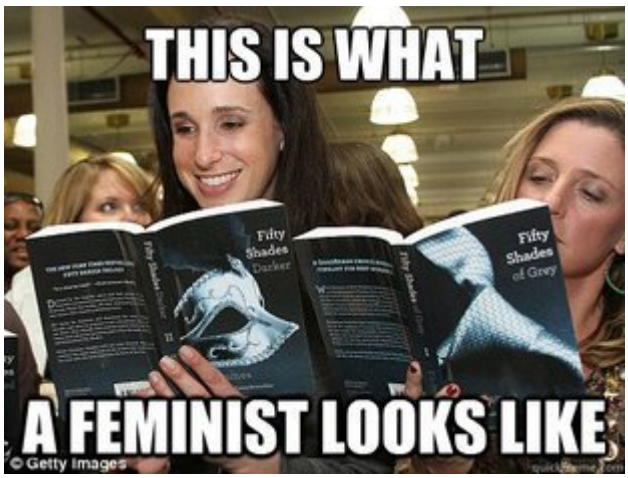
I think white nationalists, though I sympathize with the lie-smashing spirit enlivening their mission, will have to come to terms with something unsavory: their “natural allies” answer to no master save one.

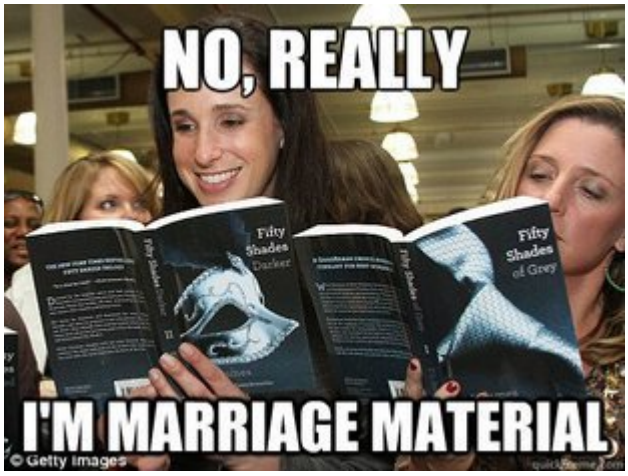


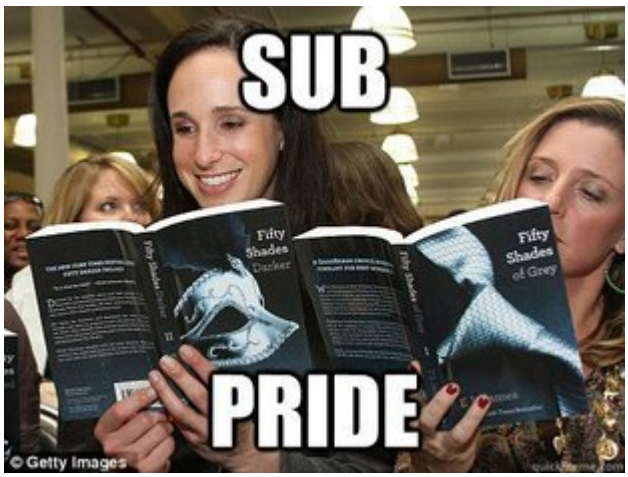
Eh, this pic is too good to not meme-ify.




IT'S BETTER THAN
CHEATING ON MY BOYFRIEND
Fifty Shades Darker
Fifty Shades of Grey
© Getty Images


THIS IS WHAT
A FEMINIST LOOKS LIKE
Fifty Shades Darker
Fifty Shades of Grey
© Getty Images


NO, REALLY
I'M MARRIAGE MATERIAL
Fifty Shades Darker
Fifty Shades of Grey
© Getty Images


SUB
PRIDE
Fifty Shades Darker
Fifty Shades of Grey
© Getty Images

Scoot over to quickmeme and the “Perverted White Woman” theme. Add your own caption and amaze your friends and secretly dirty little girlfriends!

Are Messy Girls Easier Lays?

CH · 20 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “Trajan” opines:

> You tweeted about sexual excitement lowering a women’s disgust reflex. Is there a corollary, that a women with a lower disgust reflex has a higher sex drive? More masculine perhaps. Anecdotally, chicks with messy bedrooms are easier lays than ones with well-organized bedrooms.

Female messiness — of her bedroom, her bathroom, her car, her finances, her thoughts — is a leading indicator of sexual looseness. Beam with expectant joy and grab your tumescent pride when you step into a girl’s roomful of clutter, because you, my friend, are about to rocket down orgasmic highways of limitless pleasure.

In my personal experience, there’s no doubt that messy girls are good to go. They love sex, and they love it sooner rather than later. The myth that clean freaks have a lot of repressed sexuality that will rain down on you once unleashed by some psychological schism is just that: a myth. Maybe they have repressed sexuality, but why would you want to volunteer your valuable time and energy coaxing it out of them? Skip the therapeutic endless foreplay required by anal annies and head straight for the sloppy janes.

It should go without saying that the qualities that make messy girls great lays also make them horrible girlfriends. Once you’ve tapped that a few times, you’ll be surprised how quickly you tire of her slovenliness. Disgust, while it is mitigated by sexual arousal, is still a goddamned powerful emotion. You want to lose a boner fast? Step on one of her used tampons in the bathroom that she tried to toss into the trashcan with her girly-armed throwing motion, but missed and didn’t bother picking up. This has happened to me. I spent fifteen minutes scrubbing the sole of my foot until it was raw.

And messy girls are high cheating risks. If she can’t be bothered to care about her living space, she won’t be bothered to care about pleasing you. She will be as sexually impulsive as she is spatially impulsive. A scatterbrained woman has a scatterbrained vagina.

It’s interesting to see science confirm what we all know intuitively and observationally. Women who live in squalor don’t exercise stringent self-control in other areas of their lives. Just try not to focus on the pile of skid-marked panties on her bed. It’ll kill the mood.

Dimensions Of A Perfect Woman

CH · 21 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of reader Mike, here's a page from a late 19th Century booklet named "Woman's Own Book of Toilet Secrets". The page describes the "dimensions of a perfect woman."

I'd woo that.*

Here's what it says, for those with Magoo eyes:

> The dimensions of a perfect woman are: Five feet 5 inches in height, weight 128 pounds. Arms extended should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger just 5 feet 5 inches (the height). The length of her hand should be a tenth of that, her foot a seventh, the diameter of her chest a fifth. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just the same as from her thighs to the top of her head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel. The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and the same distance between the chin and the arm-pits. A woman of this height should measure 24 inches around the waist, 34 about the bust, if measured under the arms, and 43 if measured over them. The upper arm should measure 13 inches; the wrist 6 inches. The calf of the leg should measure 14½ inches; the thigh 25; the ankle 8.

FYI, her perfect dimensions are BMI 21.3 and waist-hip ratio (estimating based on chest measurement) 0.70 on the dot.

Sounds like the perfect woman of the early 21st Century, too. And she's facially pretty, as well.

Now where else have I come across these ideal female measurements? Oh yeah.

Chateau Heartiste: reacquainting the world with turn of the (last) century truths.

Contrary to the delusional claims of feminists and their fellow travelers in the degenerate freak mafia, there has

never been a time in history when women weren't physically objectified, by either women themselves or by men. Objectification of the female form is the manifest nature of sexual selection. Shaking a fist at it and whining for it to change on feminist blogs is akin to forming an advocacy group for the reversal of the earth's orbit. Except for some minor fluctuations at the margins, these timeless truths of human sexual preference are unchanging. Wailing for the ghost of Rubens won't spare the resentful, rump-faced rejects from the unalterable truth that a fatopia, or a lawyercunttopia, or a manjawtopia, or a bigfatbeardedfeministtopia has never existed in modern human history, and likely hasn't long before that. Fat, ugly, unfeminine, and/or older women were never in demand and never considered desirable by men **or** women with skin in the game.

The feminist, of course, will move the goalposts until her ego is sufficiently assuaged. When the evidence all around her belies her bromides, she will rhetorically assert:

Men liked plumper women in the past!

Nope. Playboy centerfolds in the 1950s fell within the ideal 17-23 BMI range and the 0.65-0.75 waist-hip ratios, just as Playboy centerfolds of today do. (Dec 1953 Playmate of the Month Marilyn Monroe had a 19.6 BMI; Nov 2009 Playmate of the Month Kelley Thompson has a BMI 18.6.)

Ok, then. Men liked plumper women in the distant past!

Nope. Pamphlets from the 19th Century depict desirable women having the same measurements as desirable women of today.

Ok, then. Men liked plumper women in the ancient past!

Nope. Fat "mother goddess" icons were not viewed as sex objects. And Rubens' contemporaries painted slender babes, adding weight (heh) to the notion that Rubens was a fat fetishist outlier.

Ok, then. Men liked plumper women in the prehistoric past!

Nope. Figurines thousands of years old have been found of thin, young women with hourglass shapes wearing miniskirts.

Ok, then! Fuck you, misogynist pig!

Mmm, I taste your hot, bitter tears laden with saturated fats.

Beauty is objective. Beauty is measurable. Beauty abides universal standards. Beauty is an ironclad cosmic law that can't be wished into irrelevance. Beauty is the golden ratio that holds illimitable dominion over all. Beauty

is

not

in

the

eye

of

the

beholder.

It is an inherent trait of the beheld. And it is immune to societal reengineering campaigns to reconstitute it for the benefit of those lacking its blessings.

Feminists and equalists, YOU LOSE. GOOD DAY, LOSER. YOU GET

NOTHING…

but eternal torment and anguish until your last breath escapes the prison of your ugliness and lies.

*I can already see the female readers rushing to the mirror with tape measure in hand, to find out how close they conform to perfection. It's ok, ladies. Your reaction is normal and healthy and reflects a subconscious understanding and acceptance of reality that will redound to your personal advantage. Don't let some whiny, bloviating porky pig convince you otherwise.

“Get lost”

CH · 24 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Most girls avoid inciting confrontation. But some girls are constitutionally nasty. All girls can occasionally be nasty if they are pushed hard enough (or PMSing hard enough). American girls are getting manlier and, hence, nastier, so the occasions you will encounter nastiness from a girl in America and her Western satellites are likely increasing in frequency.

Some things a nasty bitch will utter are so grating you feel impelled to haul back and send her to the moon. “Get lost” is one of those things. Of course, you don’t want to do this. Not only will it result in a white knight brigade gang-tackling you in hopes of receiving a pat on the back from some fat hog in flip-flops, it will kill your pickup momentum.

The best answer to female nastiness is calm. As long as your demeanor is calm and you look unflustered, you will knock a nasty cunt off her game plan. She’s expecting one reaction; you’re giving her another.

Calmness is essentially non-reactiveness. When you react, you accede, implicitly or explicitly, to your antagonist’s frame. When you react, you confess defensive insecurity, even if objectively you are not, because perception is all that matters in seduction. Defensiveness is the biggest game-killer, outside of supplication. If you ever observe naturals or experienced players hitting on women, one thing you’ll notice they all have in common is a complete and total lack of defensiveness or supplication. The non-neediness and self-certainty of the inveterate player are so ingrained that he couldn’t be otherwise if he tried.

So, to sum up, when you encounter shocking nastiness from a girl:

1. Stay calm
2. Don’t react
3. Announce your preferred intention

Number 1 is very hard to do if you are a young man full of impulsivity and heavy balls. But it comes with practice. Hot emotions can be corralled and channeled, just like yogis can train themselves to focus inwardly and feel less pain.

Number 2 can be mastered simply by willing yourself to pause for a second or two in mental silence before responding to a girl who has attempted to get under your skin. The pause of alphaness is a powerful technique, and will help you gather your thoughts and keep a poker face. It is also very unsettling to your opponent.

Number 3 is reframing. This is where you apply the proper tension with the words you choose to relay to her. A substitution of her tacit demands with your alternative preference implies your indifference and perhaps mild annoyance. You are not angry or spiteful. You are condescending.

So, for example, a girl says this to you:

“Get lost.”

You would ideally respond with this:

“No, I think I’ll stay right here.”

No anger, no spite, no sulking, no defensive flailing. Just a calm iteration of fact and an imposition of your will on the world, wrapped in an unmovable frame.

If she really hates you, she’ll mutter something like “fuck you” under her breath and walk off, which is the equivalent of taking her ball home and declaring victory. But the perception will be that you will have won, standing your ground like an unflappable mofo. A small measure of self-satisfaction will materialize in a smirk on your face. It’s these little victories that add up to a rich, fulfilling life.

If she doesn't really hate you, and was just being bitchy because bitch, her reaction will be an amalgam of surprise, indignation and intrigue. All these reactions are better than the alternative, because they all mean her frame has been broken and subsumed into yours. Great love often germinates in such difficult soil.

Now I know some of you are incredulously asking yourselves, "So an alpha male is never supposed to get angry, even when such anger is fully justified?"

No, I didn't say that. An alpha male should favor being proactive over reactive. What this means in practice is that anger is best displayed intermittently, infrequently, and unexpectedly. It is also best used when its usage is personally advantageous. The rules of the sexual market are not guided by principles of fairness; an angry defensive outburst moves you no closer to your goal of pleasure, and usually moves you further from it.

Bitchiness should be answered first with bemused calm, which steals the bitch's thunder and robs her of the satisfaction of provoking the expected butthurt response. Preternatural calm and steadfast state control will induce in the bitch complacency, guard-lowering, and second thoughts, from which a seduction may move forward, or from which you may lower the war hammer of ego smiting. Give the bitch room to bitch, implant in her the impression that you aren't easily provoked and might even be worth getting to know, and then, when she least expects it, reveal the awesome glory of your disgust with her as a person.

Dishing out unforeseen comeuppance is almost as satisfying as sex. But it's a long game, for those who have the patience and discipline to master not only the egos of others, but one's own ego.

Womanly Economy

CH · 25 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Are women doing better than men (by some metrics) in the modern economy because the corporate and government world has been rejiggered to accommodate female worker preferences?

Reader epoche writes:

> The reason that more men are not in college or at least not achieving the way that women might like is that the economy has specifically been re-arranged to accommodate the feminine preference for material risk aversion making it difficult for men to extract status out of working. There are two ways of organizing society – as noted by Victorian Lawyer Sir Henry Maine A) Status (Compulsory cooperation) and B) Contract (Voluntary cooperation) and the modern progressive movement is a giant step backwards towards compulsory cooperation and away from voluntary cooperation. How a group of people determine achievement says nearly everything about how their lives are going to be lived – this is why Kay Hymowitz noted that these degrees "take years" in "preadulthood" but mistakenly blamed the "knowledge economy" instead of noting the shift away from material resourcefulness and towards credentialing as the source of social standing.

Any "rearrangement" of the economy is likely to be organic in provenance rather than orchestrated, but I'm open to evidence saying otherwise. I'm not a big believer in conspiracy thinking; most of what strikes naturally skeptical people as conspiratorial is just the emergent property of millions of minds with shared neurogenetic predispositions coalescing around certain ideologies and policies that then gives the impression to dissenters of calculated malevolence. This is my working assumption, though I allow that conspiracies — even society-wide conspiracies — have existed and may yet exist again. It's also not outside the realm of possibility that organic social and economic frameworks may eventually morph into self-conscious networks with conspiratorial underpinnings intent on preserving their power.

The flood of Western women into the workforce has had, and will continue to have, massive, heretofore unexamined in an honest way, unintended downstream and upstream effects on social and sexual organization. It was practically preordained. When you fuck with the god of biomechanics, expect uncontrollable consequences to belch forth from the depths and rake at your legs dragging you into its disorienting hellhouse. This was never going to be a simple matter of giving upper class, bored housewives something to do. Female economic self-sufficiency rivals the Pill, abortion, easy divorce and alternative male sexual outlets for the acid bath demolecularization potential each has on the standard model of growth industry civilization.

If the result of feminism, equalism (aka anti-white male "progressivism") and all these other little earthquakes rattling the very foundation of the Western sexual market is to make various sectors of the economy more risk averse and more status whoring, and thus more pleasing to women's innate preference for a hidebound, exclusive aristocracy and genteel "makework" in service to the lords, and less friendly to the openness, candor, effrontery, class shuffling and innovation that is the preference of men seeking to make a mark in the world, then we really have to ask ourselves what the end game will look like. Because, right now, the accumulating signs do not point to a happy future.

Executive summary:

Credentialism stifles innovation and risk-taking, and solidifies a *de facto* corporate, academia and government aristocracy preferred by women. Credentialism is a natural outgrowth of feminism and equalism, which themselves are natural outgrowths of the feminine sensibility. The root of these twin evil ideologies must be destroyed and the ground upon which they grow salted before the West can begin an era of renewal that returns it to the eternal principles enshrined by the gods of the copybook headings.

From Pickup To Date To Pull: The Full Video

CH · 27 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Not too long ago there was a post on Justin Wayne and his videotaped day game pickup. The more skeptical viewers wanted to know if Wayne is able to get anything more going with the girls he meets in public, like a date or sex. In answer to that, he's got another video out which shows him meeting a girl, picking her up, going on a date with her, and taking her home. Outside of actually standing there watching him slip the chocobar into her snatch, I don't think you could ask for better evidence of the effectiveness of game. But see for yourself.

It's a long video, so you might want to take some time today to plow through it, like you would a recalcitrant lawyer chick. The meat of the video begins at the 7:00 minute mark. There's a lot to discuss here, so I'll throw this to the readership and let you guys hash it out. I'll make a few points about things that stood out to me:

At 8:00, he uses the "innocent bystander" opener, and asks for directions. The open is from the front. No catching up to her required.

At 8:45, watch for the AMOG by the flower guy. Handled the best way — with a firm no.

At 9:24, she tries to disengage, but he neutralizes it by agreeing with her ("I understand what you need…") and then just plows into another topic. Her focus is successfully redirected.

At 10:02, the girl is suspicious of his age and demands his ID. This rarely happens, but in those rare times it does, if you are concerned about your privacy, you should carry a fake ID. Anyhow, "logical" demands like these are mostly an Eastern Euro girl phenomenon. Wayne deflects superbly by offering a quid pro quo hug in exchange for the ID. She drops the subject. Shit test passed.

At 10:31, Wayne gives her his glasses to try on. I wouldn't have done this. I'd be worried that a Ukrainian chick would run off with them.

At 10:35, she fishes for a compliment. Beta bait! Wayne replies "Wow, you look sooo…." Nice neg!

General observation: This chick is shit testing a lot. I've found it to be the case that East Euro girls will be incredibly bitchy when you first meet them, but if you pass their tests, they warm up quickly.

11:40: The bounce. This is important to make a girl feel like she's known you longer than she has. AKA time compression.

12:22: "and if you like eating healthy…" Nice little qualifier.

12:56: "She's white?" Slavs are refreshingly frank about race. American SWPLs, take note.

13:55: His persistence pays off. She follows his lead. Insta-date!

15:50 onward: This is actually kinda romantic.

General observation: She's making what seem like a lot of demands of him ("Show me your music style", "show me this thing", etc), which can be construed as shit tests, qualifiers, or indicators of interest. I like to call these kinds of girls Show Me Sassies. You have to be careful not to comply too often with a Show Me Sassy, or she'll lose interest to find a more challenging man.

17:26: Contrast is king!

18:00: Interesting that she's confessing her (rational) fear of ghetto black guys to… a black guy.

At 19:14, Wayne asks "Why do you want to see me again?" Always assume the sale.

At 19:20, she demurs rather coldly. Most beta males would have crumbled into dust after hearing this.

19:23, she punches him in the shoulder. Major IOI. This is girlcode for attraction. Runaway attraction that must

have its pressure released.

20:08, escalate the kino. By whatever means necessary.

20:53, kiss compliance test passed. She is now invested in him, and will be more pliable going forward. Her hamster has awakened from its slumber and has been kicked into rationalization mode by the kiss she planted on his cheek. Herein, she will look for ways to explain to herself why she's falling for this guy. "Kiss tests" are very effective at flipping the seduction script so that the girl is chasing, or perceives that she is chasing.

General observation: Wayne flirts a lot. "As we hold hands, you're going to start feeling some magic…" Flirting should be like breathing; you never want to think about it, and you never want to stop doing it.

Around 21:30, he's hitting her up with a slew of beauty compliments. Rewards for her compliance, or cloying supplication? Stay tuned!

At 22:45, they go on a "day 2″. (Formally known as an "actual date".) Is she wearing the same pants? She must like the way they flatter her butt. I predict sex.

23:30, intimate moments. I wonder how he arranged the camera in that scene?

General observation: Wayne shows confidence in his allure, bordering on sociopathic overconfidence, and as science proves that is the catnip to women that they can't resist, the male ALPHA ATTITUDE that trumps all other male attractiveness traits except fame or immense wealth. If you don't have this attitude, picking up girls will always feel like an uphill slog to you. If you have this attitude, pickup will feel as easy and familiar as riding a bike.

The last six minutes of the video feature his students doing practice pickup attempts. There's some useful stuff, so watch till the end.

PS In order to avert a predictable and repetitive shitstorm, you will be limited to one race comment. Make it count!

Laying Down The Law On Attention Whores

CH · 28 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader talks about how he trains his ~~slut~~ girlfriend:

> I have to credit the Chateau to some degree for what has happened in my relationship over the past week.
>
> A little background: We've been dating for about 15 months or so, it's a pretty serious relationship and I am letting her move in with me starting in January. She's a solid 8, 5'2″, 100lbs and a great body.
>
> I am currently away for work for the next 7 weeks, and it's put a bit of a strain on the relationship for the first few weeks of my absence. **[ed: if you have hand in the relationship — i.e., she wants you more than you want her, or you have more latent options than she has — a long absence will work in your favor.]** This past weekend she said she and her best friend were going to get matching tattoos that they'd been talking about getting for years. They were going to get them on their ankles, which I found to be incredibly trashy looking. I put my foot down and said I did not approve and did not want her to get it. She lashed out initially and got upset, saying she felt like she couldn't make decisions on her own anymore. I told her simply and succinctly that if she was wanting to be in this type of serious relationship with me that there were boundaries. I stood my ground, and was rewarded. Shortly after, her response was that she was not getting the ankle tattoo…and much love was sent my way.
>
> In previous portions of my life I may not have reacted as confidently and strongly. I give partial credit to this site for waking my ass up. Thank you.

Proving a Chateau maxim, tattoos are a leading indicator of sluttiness. The more garish the tattoo, and the closer the tattoo sits to an erogenous zone, the more likely the wearer has taken the cock carousel for an extended after-hours spin.

But tattoos are also kind of sexy, especially small ones in dainty, hidden places, like the ankle or hip. This is why girls both wish to have them, and feel guilt about getting them: tats make women more attractive as short term flings but less attractive as long-term romantic partners.

I commend you for laying down the law. Your spidey sense tingled and telegraphed to you that your girlfriend would become a bigger cheating risk if she followed through with getting the tattoo. And the fact that she wants a tat has made you reevaluate her fidelity risk profile. Yours was a bold move, and chicks dig the bold move.

Naturally, a girl will stamp her wee feet when you tell her you won't tolerate this or that behavior from her. But if you stay firm and in control of your emotions, and you are perfectly ready to call her bluff should she attempt the ol' "I'll find someone else who can appreciate me" counter-maneuver, you will be richly rewarded with her new and improved loyalty. Women love to feel sexy, and nothing makes them feel sexier than submitting, at last, to a strong man's will. When you properly lead, women can't wait to fall in line and follow. They are wired to follow, but only behind a man worthy of their relinquishment.

The reader above wrote a week later with an update:

> Gentlemen…same guy that submitted about the ankle tat yesterday.
>
> My gf recently discovered the ability of a hot girl to get lots of followers and instant positive reaction from twitter trolls. **[ed: trouble brewing.]** So this has sucked up a lot of her time over the past couple weeks, and she'll post flirty pictures and what not. She's got nearly 600 followers already and probably about 1700 tweets in the last 3 weeks that she's put out. I'm on twitter as well and following her and vice versa and we interact on there as well as via txt/phone like we always have. I haven't seen really anything that's stepped over the line except one instance where I immediately called her out on it. She retweeted a somewhat suggestive comment a guy had made passively referring to her. She immediately took it down and said she was sorry, she didn't really

> think of it that way. She said she just found it funny so she retweeted it.
>
> She does interact with other guys on there, and I have indicated that I will not tolerate any sort of flirting with other guys. She offered to take it down last week when we were fighting about all of this, but I get the feeling the offer was simply a trap. I told her I wasn't telling her to take it down, but that I was not going to allow twitter to be taking my place. My gut feeling on all of this isn't all that great. I'm away for work until after the election and I only get to see her maybe once a week if we're lucky.
>
> Thoughts on the twitter? I know what's going on here…she's never been the girl that all the guys wanted, **[ed: was she an ugly duckling as a child?]** and now this lets her soak up all the instant compliments and such. I realize that it's simply her feeding her desire for validation, but I need to keep it under control. Thoughts?

Be careful. Your girlfriend is transmogrifying into an attention whore right before your eyes. 600 Twit followers from posting salacious pics of herself. Yes, women have so much to contribute to civilization; namely, they passively motivate men to do the heavy lifting. Your GF's confessed desire for a tattoo was an early warning signal. Twitter is like a gateway drug to evermore dangerous attention whoring highs. The progression usually starts off slowly, and culminates in a raging runaway ego:

Infancy ==> if she's a cute baby, adults will stare at her longer
Toddlerhood ==> all her antics are "adorable". uglier toddlers get chastised.
Grade school ==> a constant stream of self-esteem boosting messages from parents, teachers and media begin the malignant growth of her ego.
Social media ==> she has entered the world of sexting, Instagram, Facebook and Twitter. there's no turning back now.
High school ==> one "innocent" flirty pic of her in a bikini results in 2,314 likes from men of all ages around the country. she savors her power.
College (or working class service jobs) ==> the tables begin to turn, due to the unfavorable sex ratio and the world of ruthlessly aloof cads who are wise enough to not feed her ego. but it's a short bump along her highway of hubris.
SWPLland! ==> the working world brings her in contact with hordes of undersexed, overcomplimenting beta herbs. the few alpha males shine like diamonds in this rough. she at once gets her ego fed and her tingles satiated.
Alpha male overdose ==> fifty years later, she will remember this one week romance she had with the man who never replied to her texts, except to say "gay", and who gave her a bag of Skittles as a gift. the Skittles are now moldy, still cherished. she is ruined for all beta males. her ego has exploded.
Bars/nightclubs/scenes ==> not one of her drunken sexpot poses or phony smiles goes unphotographed or unreported for public consumption. beta males virtually hoist her above their heads, like an Egyptian queen. by now, her ego has metastasized into terminal cancer of the soul. deeply diseased women will experience shortness of breath when no one is taking their picture. bar dancing whores will strategically go commando on nights out.
Working world ==> "I don't even need a man to pay for my shoes!"
Adulthood ==> historically, age 18 ushered adulthood, but times have changed. 30 is the new grown-up. her looks are beginning to show signs of the remorseless fade, but years of accumulated beta male sycophancy have gifted her with an ego able to weather a storm of self-doubt for years past her sell-by date.
Withdrawal ==> whether or not she has managed to land a beta sucker for marriage, she begins to experience withdrawal symptoms from coming off her attention drug. no more likes on FB. Twit pics garner 10 followers instead of 600. her "you go girl" chorus consists of mostly flabby, cat-owning hausfraus. blog commenters mock her thumbnail avatar. even the tattoo artist suggests she get a more tasteful tat on a "smoother" part of her body.
Lashing out ==> the beta hubby, because of his proximity and inborn weakness, suffers the brunt of her bitter spite. she will open her legs for random jerks who can't be bothered to learn her name. she will nag her husband or BF until he is pulling his pud to gloomy, late-night porn while she sleeps. if he's lucky, divorce or a break-up will relieve him of his indentured servitude.
Children ==> she will live vicariously through her daughter, enrolling her in creepy kiddie beauty pageants, or, if she's higher class, seducing her daughter's horny boyfriends away from her. the drastic shrinking of her desensitized

ego will render her a bitchy malcontent, unable to feel pride in any personal achievement, and needing to latch onto others for internal validation.
Ego death ==> arrives twenty years after sexual prime death. decades of self-delusion have taken their toll. she is a shell entity.

Good reader, this is your future if you do not take steps to redirect her away from the siren song of social media aka digital stripper pole. Your gut feeling is correct; it's a bad sign for your relationship that she's passively flirting with men on Twitter, no matter how insistently she protests it's all innocent fun.

Maxim #41: It's *never* innocent fun.

If you're in a solid relationship with a girl who loves you and values you, external validation through social media will never become an issue. She will use Twitter and Facebook to keep in touch with her social circle, and privatize her accounts so random men can't find her and comment on her photos or daily musings. That is a normal, healthy female response to the lure of social media status whoring. A woman in love is validated by her lover, not by cloying flattery from hard-up strangers.

My friend, between the tattoo and the Twitter whoring, you are getting red flags flapping in a stiff wind over your head. She is constitutionally incapable of finding self-worth without propping herself on a fiber optically constructed sex stage or marking her body for the amusement of the gawking masses. Or perhaps she finds you insufficient as a man powerful enough to sway her from the attention whore spotlight. Or it could be both reasons.

Whatever it is, you have to proceed as if what you have with her is far from locked downed. All girls have an innate desire for external validation, as it is the nature of their sex that external characteristics most define their value in the sexual market, which is the one market to rule them all. But the degree to which women desire this external ego stroking varies by woman, based on variables like psychological predisposition, beauty, family history and being in love. The ideal woman is a pretty girl who got lots of affection *and* character-building discipline from her father, and who'd rather suffer the vagaries of being in love than play head games to avoid being hurt.

Anyhow, you have already once laid (lain?) down the law with your girlfriend, over her tattoo request. So I don't see a reason why you can't put your foot down again and tell her to privatize her online accounts. The danger with laying down the law is that overuse of your authority can create an impression, justified or not, of insecurity: the man who needs to be in control of every facet of his woman's life is a man who is afraid the tiniest taste of freedom will send her running for the exits.

I respectfully suggest your LTR has some issues that need clarifying. Fifteen months is just about the time when both parties will subconsciously judge the quality of their relationship, and decide to keep at it or find a way out. This is especially so in modern America, a strange time of delayed responsibility and celebrated shamelessness, particularly of women. Furthermore, moving in together tends to hasten and strengthen the internal call for judgment. She is acting out because things have just gotten real.

My advice:

Keep a suspicious eye on her. Flirt with other girls to remind yourself you have options should the worst happen and your girlfriend cheats or hints at breaking up. Tell her public tweeting is out; if she really loves you, she'll gladly accept the imposition on her crass desires. Remind her it's for her own good over the long-term, and that other girls you have dated had no need to whore on Twitter. At last, begin to instill some dread in your relationship; this is how you will simultaneously test for her faithfulness and fullness of heart, and draw her away from the temptation of external validation. I'd offer you good luck, but I think that even if you "win" this round with her, the future prognosis doesn't look promising. She's on the upswing of venturing forth into attention whore land, and it's hard to bring a girl back down to earth when she's already catapulting into lookatme orbit.

Don’t Split The Housework If You Want The Love To Last

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We here at Chateau Heartiste have been pretty uniform in our assertion that relationships and marriages are more loving, and more sexually fulfilling, when men and women abide their ancient biological roles. Happiness comes from respecting the god of biomechanics. Unhappiness from denying him.

In a study sure to make feminists apoplectic, it was discovered that couples who share household chores are more likely to divorce.

> Divorce rates are far higher among “modern” couples who share the housework than in those where the woman does the lion’s share of the chores, a Norwegian study has found.
>
> In what appears to be a slap in the face for gender equality, the report found the divorce rate among couples who shared housework equally was around 50 per cent higher than among those where the woman did most of the work.
>
> “What we’ve seen is that sharing equal responsibility for work in the home doesn’t necessarily contribute to contentment,” said Thomas Hansen, co-author of the study entitled “Equality in the Home”. **[ed: readers of this blog will not be surprised by these results.]**
>
> The lack of correlation between equality at home and quality of life was surprising, the researcher said.
>
> “One would think that break-ups would occur more often in families with less equality at home, but our statistics show the opposite,” he said.
>
> The figures clearly show that “the more a man does in the home, the higher the divorce rate,” he went on.

File under: Don’t listen to what women say, watch what they do.

Women have been claiming for God knows how long that they want a man who will do his share of the housework, but when he does, their vaginas dry up like the Sahara. You see, equality of the sexes is a myth. Women don’t *really* want equal husbands. What women want are strong husbands who don’t act like women, which means, in practice, not puttering around the house dusting, mopping, vacuuming, cooking, or doing the laundry. A strong, masculine man is too busy — and too proud — to do shit like that. He has a mission in life outside the home, and women love that about him, even when they claim otherwise.

> The reasons, Mr Hansen said, lay only partially with the chores themselves.
>
> “Maybe it’s sometimes seen as a good thing to have very clear roles with lots of clarity … where one person is not stepping on the other’s toes,” he suggested.
>
> “There could be less quarrels, since you can easily get into squabbles if both have the same roles and one has the feeling that the other is not pulling his or her own weight.”

The sex’s division of labor evolved for a reason: it’s most compatible with the feminine and masculine sexual polarity. There are some pursuits and some kinds of work that are simply feminine in nature, and woe be the man who willingly takes up the woman’s work in an effort to appease her; he may as well grow a vagina, for that is how she will perceive his sexual attractiveness.

> But when it comes to housework, women in Norway still account for most of it in seven out of 10 couples. The study emphasised women who did most of the chores did so of their own volition and were found to be as “happy” those in “modern” couples.

So much for the patriarchal power structure.

> Dr Frank Furedi, Sociology professor at the University of Canterbury, said the study made sense as chore sharing took place more among couples from middle class professional backgrounds, where divorce rates are known to be high.
>
> "These people are extremely sensitive to making sure everything is formal, laid out and contractual. That does make for a fairly fraught relationship," he told the Daily Telegraph.

Middle class status striving: does a marriage bad!

> "The more you organise your relationship, the more you work out diaries and schedules, the more it becomes a business relationship than an intimate, loving spontaneous one."

Ain't that the truth. Like CH has been trumpeting for years, spontaneity, unpredictability and a little bit of aloof *frisson* make Joe and Jane a happy couple. Pro-tip: Steer clear of ballcutting battle axes with honey-do lists.

> "In a good relationship people simply don't know who does what and don't particularly care."

America, fuck yeah! Just keep seducing your lover, and who does the "chores" becomes a non-issue.

> The researchers expected to find that where men shouldered more of the burden, women's happiness levels were higher. In fact they found that it was the men who were happier while their wives and girlfriends appeared to be largely unmoved.

Call this the Manboob-Schwyzer Syndrome. Guys do housework because they think it is the way to appease feminist shrikes, and then feel happy about contributing, while women get more depressed as their attraction for an apron-wearing kitchen bitch plummets.

Since women's happiness largely dictates whether a marriage will last or dissolve, equality-minded husbands ought to be aware that their good deeds are going punished in the souls of their wives. You want to kill the sexual vibe in your wife? Start splitting the housework. She'll never look at you as a sexy stud again. You want to keep the love strong? Let her clean the house. You'll be in the garage tinkering on your motorcycle.

I really hope the harpies at Jizzebel read this and shake violently from surprise orgasm.

The Dark Romance Genre

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chris suggests:

> Heartiste, you're a good writer, given the current popularity of dark-romance novels (i.e. 50 shades of grey, twilight), have you ever considered taking your own shot at writing an erotic romance novel for women, and seeing just how dark and twisted the female sexual psyche is, just for the fun of it?
>
> Examples: Jack the Ripper, a misunderstood man who just loved too much. **[ed: i laughed.]**
> or
>
> SS Nazi Officer, blonde haired Ubermensch, whose steel cold and ruthless determination would give way to heartfelt whispers of love and tenderness.
> or
>
> Jaws, a tale of unrequited interspecies romance.
>
> My guess is the second one might actually prove popular if done right.

Have I considered writing a dark romance novel? Who says I haven't already? :wink:

The time is clearly ripe for it. Millions of Western women, removed from the emotional grounding of real struggle, surrounded on all sides by lapdog betas, inflamed to uncontrollable passions by the rare aloof alphas, are screaming out for quenching of their suppressed desires (suppressed, in part, by women's own lifestyle paths).

I don't believe it's a coincidence that sketchy pulp romance porn like Twilight and Fifty Shades of Sadism are currently very popular with women. The contours of our fantasies are most starkly delineated when feeding desire that is least fulfilled in reality. A society of more seductive men would dampen women's inner world of secret desires. A society of beta males stokes it.

Women, of course, have never been sugar and spice. The female sexual psyche shades and twists in degrees, ebbing and flowing according to social or ecological pressures, but it never ceases being a land of shadow and maze. A subversive romance novel that humanized some alpha male monster via a woman's love and hamstering genuflection would simultaneously satisfy female desire and send it up. I like the second one, too. SS officer shows soft side, woman who loves him sets out first to win his trust and kill him in his sleep, but can't help following her heart. He implants his Hitler youth in her womb. Fin.

Here's another idea:

Unusually cute feminist who writes pointless blog liberating fatties and cunts from bowel-shaking judgment is seduced by lacrosse playing frat boy son of a Republican bigwig. She finds out he has murdered three black prostitutes and buried the bodies in a remote Virginia wood, but by that time her heart swoons for his hot-cold-hot-cold, dread-inducing relationship acumen, and her vagina struggles against her conscience for dominance. One night he takes her to the spot where the bodies are decomposing and asks if she wants to be tied to a tree. Fear and tingles grip her, and she relents despite her misgivings, overcome with hot lust to fulfill a long-held fantasy of getting "play"-raped against a stately oak. He asks increasingly demanding questions, to which she answers affirmatively, her vagina glowing hotter with each reluctant submission. A French poodle trots into the scene, film noirish, and it triggers a lost memory from her youth, when a niceguy beta with a good job and kitchen skills loved her and promised her a life of domestic contentment and backrubs. A single feminist tear creases her face, now ripped by agony and pleasure as frat boy's turgid paddle rends her furrow. He is wearing a Zorro mask. She mewls like a cougar in the throes of post-meal delight.

Months of dangerous sex punctuate a rise in feminist stardom, but she keeps her secret well, suffering the endless

indignities of his increasingly deranged intrusions upon her body and claims on her womanhood, going so far as to construct a locket for her to permanently wear as reminder of his love. The spiral of passion imprisons and releases her, until one day he unceremoniously dumps her after she catches him anally boffing her radical feminist co-editor. Now presumably freed of his inexplicable power over her, she makes plans to reveal his crimes, but every time, just when she is about to pull the trigger, she steps away from the brink to collect her thoughts on long eatpraylove straycations, the last one to Morocco, where a swarthy fellow selling exotic wool carpets that cost five cents to manufacture in a Chinese factory accosts her in a dusty alley and introduces her to sexy jihad. From there, she comes down with an extreme case of Stockholm Syndrome and follows him on a pilgrimage to London, where she is initiated into the chain migration family through one-sided arranged marriage. She becomes a zealous Muslim convert, and feels a love and emotional calm she has never felt before, except when memories of that one man sidle into her dreams…

A tall, blonde-haired figure in an extra-tight European blazer slips into the used book shoppe she now runs with her Moroccan sister/aunt/cousin-in-law. He places a dog-eared tome on the counter: “My Secret Garden”. Her fingers tremble and dance along the spine of the book. A nerve shake sends ripples along her flesh. She peers vainly for his eyes under the fedora with the rim pulled down low. All she sees is a studded metal plate covering half his face and a whimsical smirk.

“It’s you?”

The man taps the book cover with a sinewy index finger. She stumbles at the cash register and rings him up. A knife sits gamely in the pence slot. She stares at it for a second, before composing herself.

She gives him the change. He lets his hand linger in hers as the currency empties into his palm. He taps the book again, and walks slowly out the door. She opens the book and finds a marked page. Nestled between the pages is a skeleton key. She collapses to the floor. The iron locket that has pierced her for ten years presses sharply against her pubis. A note flutters from the book and lands in her lap.

“I forgive you.”

She weeps as a powerful orgasm paralyzes her. The key waits for her. She picks it up, caresses it, and throws it into the trash.

The Necessity Of Relationship Game

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What ho! Another scientific study ♥♥♥confirming♥♥♥ CH observations about the functioning of female sexuality? You bet!

> Women with stable but not-so-sexy mates become more distant, critical during periods of high fertility.
>
> Long after women have chosen Mr. Stable over Mr. Sexy, they struggle unconsciously with the decision, according to a new study by UCLA researchers who look at subtle changes in behavior during ovulation.
>
> At their most fertile period, these women are less likely to feel close to their mates and more likely to find fault with them than women mated to more sexually desirable men, the research shows.
>
> "A woman evaluates her relationship differently at different times in her cycle, and her evaluation seems to be colored by how sexually attractive she perceives her partner to be," said Martie Haselton, a professor of psychology and communication studies at UCLA and senior author of the study.

Now where have we heard this before? Oh yeah. Here… and here.

> Creeping marital betatude isn't an on/off switch; it's a viral agent that slowly, but inexorably, sickens your wife until she wants to get as far away from you as possible. Usually into the arms of a man who isn't infected.

As usual, the Chateau is well ahead of the curve.

I really love these studies validating core game concepts because I know they cause the haters to blow steam out of their puckered sphincters. Haters seem to be under the delusion that science is on their side, so the bubble bursting is even more delicious.

If you aren't tracking your wife's ovulation cycle, and you're a constitutional beta male who strongly suspects you won her over with your promises of stability and resources and her looming wall as your ally in love, you should act now. Because when that egg's a-layin', those players you despise are gonna have the key to her heart. And no amount of beta puling will pull her back from the brink. In fact, it will make it worse.

The good news, if you can call it that, should be a relief to cuckold fetishists everywhere.

> Nevertheless, the negative feelings appear fleeting, and they don't seem to affect a woman's long-term commitment to her romantic relationship, the study found.

If your ego can emotionally weather the morbid sight of your wife swooning for guys with smooth moves, and perhaps cheating on you one week every month, your marriage should be good to go. Naturally, most men can't tolerate that, so game becomes of paramount importance for keeping their wives or girlfriends maximally attracted to them, and not other men. I.e., to keep them in line. Because much of game is, in essence, learned charisma of the high status alpha male, your beloved boo can be… how shall we say?… *massaged*, or *imperceptibly guided*, to avert her focus from other men back onto you, during those times when she is most susceptible to the allure of competitor cock.

> Through a series of high-profile studies, Haselton's lab has revealed telling changes that take place in women's behavior during ovulation. Possibly to increase the odds of attracting suitable mating partners, these behaviors include a **tendency to dress up** and to **speak in a higher-pitched, more feminine voice** and — in a potential inbreeding-avoidance mechanism — to **refrain from contact with male kin**. In addition, the lab has found that women whose mates are less sexy and masculine tend to be more attracted to other men during the few

> fertile days leading up to ovulation.

The more beta you are, the more you need game just to tread water with the woman you love. A woman who is shackled to a beta male is going to feel more powerful urges to copulate with an alpha male when she's biologically able to conceive. It's as if her body knows, somehow, that the man who provides for her and supports her and bores her to death is worthy of genetic obliteration. Aren't women sublime creatures?

> The researchers, who used a questionnaire designed exclusively for the study, found no significant change across the cycle in how the women perceived their level of commitment to the relationship or, at least initially, in their satisfaction with it.

What this means is that women unknowingly lie to themselves, and effectively at that. A woman's evolutionary programming has ensured that she is shielded from conscious, spontaneous knowledge of the functioning of the worst of her biomachinery, such as her id-driven desire to be impregnated via infidelity with an interloper alpha male. An ovulating woman who has, seemingly inexplicably, begun nagging her beta husband or boyfriend, is not going to like to be confronted with the real reason why she turned into a raving bitch. If you were to ask this woman about her level of relationship commitment, of course she will answer that all is well, because to admit otherwise is to upend and potentially sabotage the ancient female sexual directive to amass both alpha fucks and beta bucks. And her genes would not like that at all. AT ALL.

> But an exercise that required the women to rate how close they felt to their men yielded dramatic results. As women mated to less sexually attractive men moved from their least fertile to most fertile period, their closeness scores dropped one point on a seven-point scale. Women mated to the most sexually attractive men, meanwhile, experienced the opposite effect. As these women moved from their least to most fertile period, their closeness scores rose by a point.

If you are already an alpha male — either by fortune of inheritance or by grind of self-correction — then your girlfriend or wife will fall MORE in love with you when she is ovulating. She will go from pleasantly in love to lustfully in love. Yet more proof that there is no end to the ways in which being alpha is better than being beta.

> The questionnaire asked the women to rate how characteristic such faults as being moody, childish, emotional, thoughtless and critical were of their mate.
>
> The researchers found that women mated to the less sexually attractive men were significantly more likely to find fault with their partners and, again, feel less close to their partners during the high-fertility period than the low-fertility period. Women who rated their mates as more sexually attractive, meanwhile, did not exhibit these changes and instead reported being more satisfied with their relationship at high fertility than at low fertility.

When a man's woman is being bitchy, the problem is him, but not in the way most men would think. Most men will promptly resort to DEFCUNT Level 1 Beta Supplication Mode to appease their harridans, thinking, wrongly, that their women are bitchy because they haven't gotten enough signs of commitment and support from their partners. And who could blame these men for thinking this? When nagging, inconsolable women lob heat-of-the-moment accusations at their men, the accusations usually take the form of scattershot wails about one-size-fits-all conventional relationship issues that come straight from therapists' hackneyed textbooks.

"You don't care about me." "You never listen." "You don't support this marriage like I do." "You forgot to go food shopping AGAIN. How many times do I have to remind you?!"

So these beta men, quite reasonably, care harder, listen longer, support stronger, and buy enough groceries to fill a fat housewife's appetizer plate. He reasons, "This is what she claims she wants, so this is what I'll give her. And that

should make her be nice to me like she was last week."

In the meantime, the alpha male is now on his fifth year of forgetting to go food shopping, and his lover hasn't bitched once about it.

If the beta male only knew what worlds of unburdened joy lie just beyond his reach…

The truth in these matters is just the opposite of the conclusions that the beta male's reasoning takes him: what their nagging, maximally fertile women want is not more beta, but LESS BETA. They want the alpha male who dismisses their nags with a wave of the hand, a cocky attitude, and a vigorous entitlement to belittling sexual conquest. And they want this DESPITE what they claim to say they want. The man who understands this paradox about women is the man who succeeds with them by measures of success that transcend traditionalist bromides.

> The researchers believe the findings shed light on a suite of conflicting behaviors that stem from mating strategies that might have provided an evolutionary benefit to women's female ancestors of long ago but today probably serve no other purpose than to stir the domestic pot.

The form may change, but the urge remains the same.

> She calls the urge for a stable long-term partner along with the increased desire for a more sexually attractive mate during periods of high fertility the "dual mating hypothesis."
>
> Haselton and Larson next plan to look at whether fault-finding and the feelings of distance and dissatisfaction have any long-term destabilizing effects on the relationships of women with less sexually attractive men.

Science proves that game can help strengthen a monogamous marriage. It's not just for banging a lot of club sluts anymore.

> They also plan to look into how, if at all, the behavior is perceived by the male partners of these women.
>
> "We don't know if men are picking up on this behavior, but if they are, it must be confusing for them," Larson said.

Ya think? Thank the lord of illuminating truth that storehouses of real-life acquired knowledge like this digital retreat exist for men. The reign of confusion about women's nature is beginning to close, and a new chapter in the history of love and romance is being written. This message will be uglier to some, more beautiful to others, dangerous to a few. But one thing it will be for all: a path out of the darkness.

A Reply To A Common Shit Test

CH · 2 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Mystery has a pretty good reply (here's his new website) to a hot chick who challenges him with a very common shit test that girls like to throw out.

HER: So why did you come over to talk to me?

HIM: [long, relaxed pause] Proximity.

She of course reacts by expressing that typical hot babe faux indignation that means the tingles have revved up. If you think "proximity" might be too polysyllabic a word for the girl you're hitting on, you could substitute with "Convenience" or "You were closest." The key will be your body language. Pause, and strike. Chicks dig the pause and strike.

Penis Size Around The World

CH · 2 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, HBDers. They get a bad rap as autistic nerdlings. But, you know what, Rainman didn't miss a toothpick. That's more than can be said for emotional equalists who make up toothpicks where none exist, and pretend that the toothpicks in front of them are actually thumbtacks. The latest support for human biodiversity theory comes to us from a guarded location deep in politically incorrect kingdom, where offense reigns supreme, censors are routed, and *outraged* pussies are mercilessly mocked until they slice lengthwise.

What's the latest news you can self-abuse? Penis size differs by ethnicity and race.

> The average British man's penis is apparently 5.5in when erect – coming ahead of the French at 5.3in, Australians (5.2in), Americans (5.1in) and Irish (5in).
>
> And it towers over the average manhood in North and South Korea – the smallest in the study at a mere 3.8 in.
>
> But British men do not have a great deal to shout about in the trouser stakes – coming only 78th out of 113 nationalities covered in the study.
>
> The men of Africa's Republic of Congo are best equipped of all at 7.1 in.

The study isn't without its critics, who contend the methodology is wanting. But it is a preliminary stab at a forbidden subject that pretty much confirms what all of us slyly notice in pornos and at the gym locker. Black dudes are packing and Asian dudes are sprouting. White dudes are in the middle.

> **Average penis size by country:**
>
> Republic of Congo, 7.1 **[ed: show-er… and grower?]**
>
> Ecuador, 7
>
> Ghana, 6.8
>
> Colombia 6.7
>
> Iceland 6.5
>
> Italy 6.2
>
> South Africa 6
>
> Sweden 5.9
>
> Greece 5.8
>
> Germany 5.7
>
> New Zealand 5.5
>
> UK 5.5
>
> Canada 5.5
>
> Spain 5.5
>
> France 5.3
>
> Australia 5.2
>
> Russia 5.2
>
> USA 5.1
>
> Ireland 5 **[leprechauns!]**

> Romania 5
>
> China 4.3
>
> India 4
>
> Thailand 4
>
> South Korea 3.8
>
> North Korea 3.8 **[but their women's pussies are tight like balloon knot, so it doesn't matter… until they emigrate to non-asian countries.]**

Penises are like the story of Goldicocks and the Three Bears.

Big Black Bear's cock is sexy but uncivilized. It tears Goldicocks up, leaving her a quivering mass of orgasmic release and STDs.

Androgynous Asian Bear's cock is unstimulating but loyal. It barely makes a dent in Goldicocks' cavernous vagina, but it sticks around to see the kids (aka "grays") through 35 years of post-graduate schooling, and eventually goes on to rule the world with their half-asian bear, half-jewish home invader progeny.

Wan and Woolly White Bear's cock is juuuuust right. Sexy enough for Goldicocks to feel like her cave is properly explored, but included with some safety gear and a home mortgage.

On a less serious note, readers may wonder why racial and ethnic penis size differences exist in the first place. Random genetic drift? An evolutionary adaptation along for the ride because it was hitched to some unrelated genetic variant that improved survival&reproduction? Sexual selection? Lynn has offered his theories, and I've heard of others. The most plausible theories boil down to these two:

– Women in warmer r-selection societies (where kids are pumped out early and often and fathers are mostly absent and not needed to help raise the kids) choose men who are flashier, sexier and sizier. Literally. It's hot out, you've got your cock out, and women are staring at your package next to a bunch of other guys' packages. The women don't care so much about your fidelity or your paycheck from coding Facebook apps; first things first, they want that massive dong.

– Men in r-selection societies need bigger penises to dig down deep and scoop out competitor male sperm, said sperm which is in there because the women are really slutty and/or unfaithful. Men in highly k-selected societies, like Japan, don't need huge dongs because their women aren't always on the prowl for side action sexytime. A small hoohah helper does the trick.

If you've got other theories for population group penis size discrepancies, let's hear them. The more interesting angle to this is the intra-European size difference. Why are the Irish smaller than the Germans? Why are Swedes so relatively hyooge? Background noise? Or is something else going on here? Something… so distasteful to polite society, that not even whispers escape the mouths of crime thinkers?

How To Remain Unflustered Like An Alpha Male

CH · 3 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Girls wil test, tease and taunt. This is the female mating *modus operandi*, and it exists because women need a convenient system for screening alpha males from beta males, for whom male looks aren't enough information for women to go on.

The screening system is fairly ingenious and effective, because in the pressure cooker of face-to-face interaction, alpha males do tend to be the men who can either roll with the girly blows or parry them with maximum seductiveness. Beta males tend to be the men who react defensively, apologetically or feebly. Hotheads react butthurtly.

There is no end to the ways in which being an alpha male is better than being a beta male. So it would make sense to learn how to respond to female testing, teasing and taunting like an alpha male. In practice, this means you are going to have to be a lot less reactive and emotionally susceptible than you currently are, because alpha males all share, to a greater or lesser degree, a facility with well-timed and smoothly executed stoicism. Grace under pressure, if you will.

With that in mind, here are some actions and lines you can use when a woman has challenged you (and revealed her blossoming attraction for you). These are very generalizable responses, because they are meant to be that way. It almost doesn't matter what kind of test the girl throws in your face; any of these cool hand alpha responses will boost your status, and hence your attractiveness, to her. These tactics aren't meant to be the height of wit either, so you won't fear stumbling over your words at the critical moment. They are, before anything else, responses that raise your relative status by influencing women's perception of you. You have to be a bit of an actor to pull some of these off, but seduction is, in its essence, the art of acting.

The key to many of these is a bemused or neutral facial expression. Body language should be slow and deliberate, bordering on instilling discomfort in your female company. A drink helps here because you can telegraph deliberateness with subtle movements, such as slowly lifting a glass to your mouth to take a sip before replying to a girl. **You are nonreactive.** If it helps, imagine yourself as D. Draper. (Not Jon Hamm, who is a PC pussy in real life.)

– Arch eyebrows. Stare at her for three seconds. Look away.

– Look her over with neutral expression, draw in lips, slowly nod head, and exhale "yeeeeeeeahhh….."

– Sarcastically, "Wow, so cold, so cold. mmhmmm."

– "Goooooddamnit." [act disappointed, shake head, frown] "I thought you were different."

– "Hmm," [pause pause pause] "you're off to a good start, I see."

– "Just what I needed tonight." Smirk a little here. "A ballbuster."

– Stare, cock head, blank face. "Charming."

– "I'm sorry, did you say something?"

– Smile broadly and phonily. "All right! This is fun!" Raise your glass to her, like a toast.

– "I thought I was the biggest bitch here." [to be used sparingly on especially hot women with serious bitch complexes]

– Exhale loudly and slowly. Put your drink on the bar. Turn to face her. Relax arms and clasp your hands together. Brighten your face like a CareBear. "Well. You really know how to win a gentleman over."

– "Your games are for children."

– Straight face, “I’m glad I got to know you.” Excuse yourself politely from her company.

– “I bet you say that to all the men who secretly make you a little nervous. Like a schoolgirl.”

– Furrow your brow, cock head, like your examining a zit on her face. “You’re…. weirdly fascinating.”

– “Thanks for not making this too easy/polite/friendly.”

– “It’s a good thing I met you. Nice girls bore me.” (“Normal girls bore me”, if you want to say something edgier.)

– “I’ve got a question.” Look at her, then look at your hand, tap the table or bar (or a herb’s forehead) with your fingers for a few seconds, stop tapping, look back at her. “Does this normally work for you?”

– “Well.” Raise your glass to her. Smile. Nod in appreciation. “Just what I expected.”

– “I’ve heard about girls like you.” Wait for a reply. “Nothing good, I’m afraid.”

– “C+.” She will ask what you’re talking about. “You’re flirting skills. Not bad, room for improvement if you apply yourself.”

– Make a fake pained expression. Breathe in through your teeth. Squint. Put a hand to your forehead like you have a headache, or to your chest like you have heart pains. “You wound me, deeply.” Immediately after saying that, assume your unaffected poker face. “Cheers.”

– Appear befuddled. “Your question seems silly to me.”

– “I’ve gotta hand it to you. I was expecting a sane, boring girl.”

– “Nevermind.”

– “Hold that thought.” Drink, talk to the bartender or a friend, or just stare at the wall. She will expect you to return to the conversation. You won’t.

– Duct tape her mouth. “That’s better.”

One of the above is a joke.

Bonus alpha maneuver!

Stick your fingers in your ears. “I can’t hear you.” If she doesn’t laugh, I’ll refund your boot camp money.

The Problem With Single Women Having The Vote

CH · 4 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When you don't have an alpha male in your personal life to admire and rely on for support (partly because you make your own money and don't feel a pressing need to have a middle class compliment&cuddle herb around for security), you turn to the next facsimile — the substitute alpha male who promises limitless resources for you and your future sprogling. This substitute alpha male is The State, and its ~~shaman~~ emissary is Obama.

Don't believe me? Check the polls.

> If President Barack Obama wins a second term, he may have to thank all the single ladies: A new poll out Wednesday shows Obama crushing Mitt Romney among unmarried women by a lopsided 60%-31% margin. […]
>
> The Quinnipiac survey found Romney up 54%-35% among married men and 49%-42% among married women. Obama led 47%-38% among single men and 60%-31% among single women.

Single women are bankrupting this country. And they don't give a shit, as long as they get theirs, which includes tingles.

Marriage does seem to be at least a partial cure, but with overall marriage rates falling, and age of first marriage delayed, it's likely the Gimmedat Party will soon demographically overwhelm national elections and put the "opposition" into permanent minority status. Couple this trend with the Mexodus where 2/3rds of all Amerindian migrants — and that's a lot of them now — will vote for Gimmedats no matter what, and you are looking at a recipe for stark, self-interested regionalism and possible secession, coming soon to a deteriorating bread and circus pledge drive near you.

But, cheers, at least you got the latest comparatively advantaged, slave-labor iPhone and some cheap chalupas!

Related, Whiskey left a pretty good comment over at Sailer's:

> I wish immigration WAS a deciding factor for how Whites vote, but it just isn't. White women don't get harmed by it, there's all those immigrant kids to teach, NGO-mind, and status monger over. Who taught me that?
>
> STEVE SAILER.
>
> The marginal vote gained by emphasizing immigration loses two (female) votes; Romney is a numbers guy, its

> why he emphasized it but not much on the GOP trail, and not at all tonight.
>
> Does anyone think the undecided are going to vote for a guy who wants to deport illegals? Really? When those voters are overwhelmingly White and female? And single?
>
> As Steve pointed out, the declining White share of the vote makes bigger White proportions mandatory for winning. If Romney wants to win, he has to get more than McCain's 60% of the White vote. That means WOMEN. Since Obama took White single women by over 70%, and has an edge over abortion, contraception, paying for it, female preferences, culture wars, and the like. Romney can't win them but he can cut say that percentage down by 10%.
>
> And in office he can without fanfare on the margins increase deportations, fines for employing illegals (hit Chipotle hard), and the like. Marginal changes are all we have got, because Whites are smaller percentages of voters.
>
> Do any of you know any actual women? They despise to a woman social conservatism, and anti-immigration measures like deportation as "cruel" and reactionary. Pandering to them is necessary. I'd rather have less bad than awful.

Whiskey is onto something. I swim among single women — mostly white, mostly educated and/or intelligent, in their 20s and 30s — and I can assure you they have a rock hard clit boner for Obama and leftie policies in general. Romney may as well be the anti-Christ when he's not some buffoon at whom they happily lob insipid snark bombs. I can count on three fingers the number of unmarried girls I know who aren't reflexively pro-O-face. And even among those women who might have some sympathies for anti-Gimmedat viewpoints, any hint that you were against eternally welcoming open borders to the third world would send them spinning into point and sputter orbit.

This is the reality we live in. It's status whoring and self-righteous hypocritical white girl preening all the way down. The people have suckled on the Big Daddy Government teat for too long, and they ain't giving it up. Single women are the worst teat sucklers because it is in the nature of women, before they have had their estrogenic rocket fuel burned out of them by marriage and children, to extract as many resources from the tribe's public pot as they can manage, and to dispense as much of the public till to sympathetic groups in a showy self-annihilation of pathological altruism.

And men, the majority of them generally being weak-willed betas all too happy to dance to young babes' tunes, have neither the balls nor the heart to call them out for their vapid politics. Many white men are so manboobed they actually yearn for their dispossession, both demographically and politically, like some cuckold fetishist lubing his palm with his salty tears and pulling forlornly at his purple pud in the corner as he gets psychologically ass-rammed by his gleeful tormentors.

As the day must yield to night, so did suffrage yield to anarcho-tyranny.

So, there is nothing really that Romney can do, that heeds the media's constraints on his party for acceptable discourse, to win over this group. He has three choices that stand a chance:

1. Become Gimmedat Lite and hope to peel off a sliver of the single mom contingent, and then rule differently once in office (fat chance), sacrificing a second term for the greater good.

2. Maximize his gains among single white men. If he can get that group to vote for him 80-20, then the 70-30 advantage O-face has among single white women is nullified.

3. Hope that the polls are lying because people are saying what they think the pollsters want to hear.

Right now, number one is what's happening, and even then I don't think Romney pulls this off. Why settle for a poor imitation of the real thing?

In a future post, I will discuss how crime thinkers such as yourself can successfully navigate the sexual market of leftie SWPL chicks without scaring them off or suffering undue mental distress. Hint: Be a sly motherfucker.

Addendum:

Will white chicks flock to the alpha male, regardless of his politics? That's a good question. The alpha allure may have met its match against the promises of the sexless, bottomless beta provider of the nanny state government. Romney out-alpha'ed Obama in the debate…

YOU GOT ALPHA'ED!

…but Obama still holds the trump card of being the guy who represents the dream of every girl to have a harem of eunuch beta male orbiters showering her with emotional support and money while demanding nothing in return. It'll be interesting to see if the polls budge among women in favor of Romney because he looked like a boss disciplining a lackadaisical employee during the debate. Obama's head nodding while Romney dressed him down was a huge beta tell, and women pick up on that subtle body language stuff. If they are sufficiently turned off, this election could be up for grabs.

Spot The Manatee

CH · 4 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

An American woman in Florida was cited for riding a manatee, which is illegal.

 Poor woman. She'll drown with that sea cow on top of her.

One of those two is an endangered species. The other is an invasive species. Either way, naturalists lose.

Reader F'in Mailbag!

CH · 5 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Too many reader emails to do them all justice, so here is a sampling of some of the best ones from the past month.

Email #1

LD writes:

> I imagine that hypergamy and neoteny are joined by perversity in the triangle of female darkness. Can you write about the history of mothers paedophiling their own daughters? It's where things are heading now: I see it all around…at what point does slut culture and female sexual darkness manifest as the ultimate taboo for which women always blame men but for which they show stronger tendencies?

The Dark Triad of male psychological traits — narcissism, psychopathy, Machiavellianism — that are especially alluring to women has its equivalent in a female Dark Triad, which would include narcissism (hypergamy), caprice (emotional manipulation), and, like the reader says, perversity (alpha seed vs beta resource internal conflict). Female sexual and romantic innocence is the greatest trick the Cosmic Hamster has ever played on man.

When unleashed by social forces, the female sexual impulse is wilder, more dangerous and more perverse than the male sexual impulse. It is wilder because women have less experience than men controlling their horniness once it is activated. It is more dangerous because the wreckage a cheating whore leaves in her wake is much more extensive than that left behind by a cheating man (think cuckoldry). It is more perverse because women, being ultimately creatures of the body, at once enslaved by and enraptured by the rhythms of their physical sexuality and life-making force, are above no sexual or psychological degradation to a man of sufficient dominance, nor are they above participating in the transference of their sexuality to other women, even their own young daughters. The phenomenon of aging mothers whoring out their little daughters in pedophiliac beauty pageants is testament to the crass perversity that animates the female sexual psyche. Only strong social controls, taboos and shame can keep the dark nature of women in check.

The female Dark Triad is not particularly alluring to men, but the women who possess these traits are very good at manipulating men's weaknesses for maximum resource extraction. A man would be wise to recognize the warning signs and avoid these kinds of women, or give them no more of himself but his detached penetration. Unfortunately, many female Dark Triads are also very pretty, and that makes it tough for inexperienced men, especially betas who aren't used to sleeping with good-looking women, to keep them at a psychological arm's length.

As for Western culture… well, yes. It is getting sluttier, crasser, more perverse, more uninhibited, and more pedophiliac, in spirit if not in action. And, feminists no doubt will be surprised by this, the pedo pushing is mostly done by women. From tot beauty pageants to schoolteachers having orgies with their alpha students, we are getting a glimpse of how woman appears when all constraints on the full expression of her id have been removed, and there is no leadership from an overarching patriarchal authority. Quite a sight to behold.

Email #2

A reader just wonders:

> just wondering … im new to the game and once i read that we should make girls think we pick up a lot of chicks…not exactly but we should act as if losing her doesnt matter..
>
> Anyways on to the point…as a part of game…you should be selling yourself to chicks as the guy who gets laid a lot…and what if you use some sort of nickname to pass that kind of feel onto them..
>
> Friends always call me stallone for a reason…and he's a fucking badass of a guy….i was wondering if relying

> onto that nickname to to be known would be a good idea…or if it would make me look like a kid with lack of personality

Making a girl think you are good with women (preselection) is different than making her think you can live without her (alpha scarcity). You should be instilling both feelings in the women you meet. Nicknames can be useful, but I wouldn't lean on them too much, because a nick can easily cross the line to goofiness. Nicknames shouldn't be try-hard; that is, they shouldn't sound like you're conspicuously trying to puff out your chest. "Smash Master Jam" is right out. So is "Pussy Slayer". Also, it's always better if a girl hears your nickname from your friends rather than from yourself. Third party vouchsafing beats first party self-promotion.

Some experimental nicks you could try on for size: Boss, CEO, Casanova, Death Row, The Way (as in "he has a way with women"), Jacques or Pierre (don't ask me why, but these French names evoke visions of pure romance in a lot of American women), Stone, Pace Car (good nicks are enigmatic and impel the girl to ask how you got it), Massive Furry Ballsack.

I'd also suggest you go around telling girls you only have a first name, and were adopted as an orphan by a hippie family.

Email #3

Reader asks:

> I'm a 33 year old guy, completely average in every way and i can't stand the dull uninspired drudgery my life has become, I recently started reading the site and you guys seem to have fun picking up girls so i thought maybe i would give it a try.
>
> I scored a -3 on your test for men so the level i am starting off at is pretty low, I am not fat but not in the best shape either, I'm just under 6ft tall and about a 6 – 6.5 on the attactiveness scale but i'm probably not the best judge of that. My IQ is 150+ and I'm making just over £80,000 a year in a boring job that I am indifferent to.
>
> I've never really had much luck with women, I don't have much patience for the hoops they make you jump through, They don't tend to notice my much anyway and to be perfectly honest i am not the best at socialising. I get easily bored with conversation and find it hard to pretend i am still interested. I don't like smalltalk and i tend to fidget a lot.
> I am highly critical of others and have a hard time keeping it to myself, I am often accused of being an arrogant arsehole.
>
> So what can i do to turn my life around, to start enjoying socialising more and to have more success with women. Is there a definitive guide to game that will take me through the whole process or should i just give up and just continue paying hookers?

First, you need to reframe how you see yourself. You're all negative, and there's no need for you to perceive yourself that way. Try this spin instead:

"Things are pretty good for me. I'm tall, decent looking, and make good money. I demand more from women so I tend to get bored easily. Women can sense my high standards and they chase me to win me over. Things have been slow lately, but I expect it to pick up once I focus on getting out and meeting more women than I currently do."

Say the above out loud to yourself. You should be feeling better within seconds. See how easy that was? The reframe is not only a powerful tool for leading women to your bedroom, it's a great self-motivational technique. Inner game is not just mumbo-jumbo; you really can achieve more with the right mindset. Women will intuitively sense your positivity and they will gravitate to you, with little effort on your part.

As for guides, read the archives here. There are a slew of pickup books and website forums that you can read, too many to list here. Start with the Mystery Method to get grounded in the science and the art of seduction. STOP

going to hookers. The act of paying for sex is feeding your negativity. You're better off fapping, if you really need immediate sexual relief. The best alternative is to let your balls fill up with juice so that you have the inspiration to get out of the house and interact with women. Finally, I suggest hitting up a social event organized by a corporate entity, something like a cooking class. You have been out of the game for a while, and clubs might intimidate you at first. Ease into the scene by going to low-key, lower energy venues, and working your way up to venues with more energy (and more hot women).

Email #4

"Nate" writes:

> Hey, thought I would share with you something about the mouth, and perhaps how it relates to women's pleasure when giving 'deep throat' blow jobs.
>
> Interestingly, babies are very good at this, and often try to continue doing this for a very specific reason.
>
> Simply put your tongue against the roof of your mouth, and swallow. This will pull on your uvula in a very specific way. If you continue to do this, you will soon feel a very specific sexual pleasure in your pants. It is my thought that having a penis rammed up against the uvula gives a similar effect for the recipient of the cock.

News you can use, folks.

PS Tried it, achieved nothing but cotton mouth. However, I do think women get pleasure from throat jamming, but the reason has more to do with the good feelings that they experience by being orally degraded.

Email #5

The D.R.G. writes:

> Mine is a niche market, created in part by following CH-principles…
>
> Can the esteemed custodians of the Chateau and its commentariat offer any advice for dealing with (read: managing) pregnant girlfriends? Specifically, mid-20s Eastern European pregnant girlfriends who have never set foot in the U.S. (thank God) and whose beauty falls on the far right side of the bell curve.
>
> The solid game, aloofness and jealousy-inspiring deeds that got me here are now described as "insensitive." Declarations of my caring intentions and loyalty are being kindly requested on a daily basis.
>
> It appears that 99% of what is covered in this venerable blog focuses on initial attraction and LTR game, but what of pregnant, hyperactive hormone, HB9, young EE game? The goal is to transition from cad to dad (a mighty challenge in and of itself!) and maintain the relationship without straying into minefield of betatude and loosing the alpha edge that got me to where I am today.
>
> Details for consideration:
>
> She is 7 years my junior, university-educated, a professional model (though not or much longer), New Age-ish, of middle-class origins, and very traditional regarding gender roles.
>
> I am American, university-educated, work abroad nine months out of the year (willing to change but will take a huge pay cut if I do), currently make five times as much as her, and am also very traditional regarding gender roles.

I'm not fully informed on the science involved in this specific circumstance, but I'd guess your pregnant girlfriend was experiencing a flush of the "beta male reassessment" hormone oxytocin. This hormone is responsible for coaxing women to appreciate the particular benefits that a stable, reliable, provider beta male brings to the table. When a baby is about to land in her lap, the last thing she can afford is abandonment by a sexy cad who suddenly finds her unfuckable.

While this blog focuses on cad game because it is the type of game that most men don't understand and fail to execute properly, "dad" game, aka "vulnerability game", is just as vital to impressing yourself on women that you are a seductive, well-rounded, high quality man. After all, women only ovulate one week out of the month. The rest of the time, they are open to the (limited) charms of the emotionally rich man who can connect with them on a level beyond intriguing aloofness.

So I'm not surprised your girlfriend is with insecurity as much as she is with child. You probably won her with alpha charm, and now she needs some more signs of beta attachment. She is, on a very primal level, worried that you might leave her at the critical moment. So give her those signs. Backrubs, occasional compliments (pregnant women love reassurances that they are still sexy, even though most men are disgusted by the thought of fucking a woman with a giant bloated belly full of baby), and timely comparisons to other women that favor her are all perfectly acceptable "beta male" game tactics that will put her mind at ease and grow the love. If you are a natural alpha male, this kind of stuff might come to you with some difficulty, so you will have to make a concentrated, deliberate effort to soften your jagged edges and play the doting herb once in a while.

Just don't go overboard. A little bit of beta goes a LOOOOOOONG way. And don't give her the declarations of commitment when she expects them, like immediately after she has mewled for attention. Chicks HATE HATE HATE when their demands are promptly met. It's one of the universe's great paradoxes. Better to shrug her off teasingly after she has a spell of neediness, and accost her later with a warm hug and sweet nothing when she doesn't expect it.

Comment Of The Week: One-Way Judgment

CH · 8 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Hugh G. Rection correctly notes:

> Women basically want a monopoly on judgement. She can judge reject men as she chooses, but men are not free to reject/judge her or her choices, ever.

This is eau de feminism. The very essence of the grievance whore industry. The animating lifeblood of the degenerate freak mafia and crass SWPL status whores.

Freedom to judge for me, but not for thee.

And as if right on cue, here's an indignant fat anchorwoman (meme alert!) spending four minutes of televised air time complaining about being bullied for her big beautiful womanliness by a viewer who wrote her a rather innocuous letter lightly chastising her for not trying to lose weight. ("There're no bones in the ass, lady!") Spot the irony: she judges the letter writer for being a "bully" while she herself should remain exempt from all judgment. I've got real news for ya, lady. You *are* a bad role model for young girls. Fatness is a character defect, and your inability to lose weight after years of television exposure is a stretch mark on your soul.

(I do like how the femcunt foot soldierettes tried to "out" the letter writer and discovered he is a muscular athletic bicyclist. Immediately they were robbed of hours of joyous but totally irrelevant ego assuaging snark.)

Runner-up comment winner award goes to Matt Parrott:

> Before civilization added multiple layers of complexity, there were essentially two super-categories of humans:
>
> **Environmentally Selected Humans:** These are populations which survived in low population deserts, rainforests, tundra, remote islands, and such. For them, the greatest obstacles to mating were freezing to death, dying of thirst, being eaten by a tiger, or whatever. They had relatively high testosterone levels, robust skeletal structures, and long penises. Why our common ancestor had a long penis is an important question which I'm going to set aside for now.
>
> **Sexually Selected Humans:** These are populations which survived in the fertile temperate habitats, especially the major river valleys and deltas. For them, the greatest obstacles to mating were other males, increasingly intelligent and vicious males hellbent on killing you and taking your wife, mom, sisters, and daughters for themselves.
>
> The human brain isn't large enough to decipher differential calculus and program Facebook apps because that's environmentally adaptive. It's not. It's environmentally maladaptive…a massive calorie sink, a nightmare for child delivery, and a huge vulnerability in terms of instincts becoming secondary to whichever abstractions are dumped into it.
>
> It's our anthropocentric vanity that lulls us into seeing environmental selection for intelligence as natural…despite common sense and the record clearly demonstrating otherwise. The only (and I do mean *only*) reason human intelligence exists as it does is as an instrument of male territorial aggression. The human male brain is designed by and for war. And human females have massive brains for the same reason human males have nipples.
>
> Don't worry, I haven't forgotten about penises. I'm merely sketching up the background hypothesis so that the answer makes sense.
>
> Male territorial aggression in the most fertile (and therefore populous) regions was ubiquitous before the transition to sedentary civilization, resulting in a chronic gender imbalance. While polygyny ensured that all fertile females would be mated with, neoteny and attractiveness determined whether a female would manage to

> mate with the most powerful (intelligent and therefore militarily successful) males.
>
> The acute selection for neoteny and feminine attractiveness selects against testosterone and other “manliness factors”, including, incidentally and accidentally, male penis size. It’s one of those gender selection trade-offs, like how women who are busty have brothers with bitch tits.
>
> 1. The greater the percentage of temperate zone ancestry, the smaller the penis.
>
> 2. The more recent the temperate zone ancestry, the smaller the penis.
>
> The final wrinkle with this is that Caucasians have rather recently stumbled across a series of adaptations which serve as misleading indicators of neoteny: white skin, blue eyes, and blonde hair. This changed the equation, easing the selective pressure on the “master switch” of testosterone which was evolution’s only option for making Asian females more attractive. White females could retain the lantern jaws, broad shoulders, and other less feminine features because they had cheat codes which made them appear more feminized than they actually are.

The comment section on this renegade outpost of the internet may be more like a lunchroom food fight than a roundtable of erudite punditry, but one thing you can say about CH commenters is their willingness to tackle tough, impolite subjects with truly open minds. You won’t find gems like this one illuminating the pages of the Washington Trope or the NewYorkBetaTImes. Or National Review.

“I didn’t need game to land my wife”

CH · 9 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A fairly common hater/game denialist shibboleth is the extrapolating from anecdote fallacy. For example, a well-respected herb in his community will find this blog, feel his beta ego fill with regret for years of missed opportunity, and immediately assert he is manlier and/or a more attractive and psychologically balanced individual because he “didn’t need these mind game tricks” to find a wife or girlfriend who loves him.

I don’t doubt that a lot of these anti-game haters are telling the truth as they perceive it. They probably didn’t need game, or more likely unwittingly used a greatly diluted version of game, to find and fall in love with a faithful (best not think otherwise) GF or wife.

Reasoning from anecdote is a logical fallacy, but there are enough of these assertions by game haters that it’s possible a statistically nontrivial number of men really did not need or use game, intentionally or otherwise, to get hitched. Therefore, discounting them automatically is not a legitimate counter-argument. There is a better way to expose their sham claims for what they actually represent.

Here’s the rub: it’s a good bet the quality (aka the sexual market value, or SMV) of their girlfriends or wives is on the middling to low end of the female attractiveness scale.

If you are the average man — average height, employed, no major physical or emotional deformities, able to hold a conversation without shitting your pants, don’t know what LARP means, can refrain from obsessively counting toothpicks that fall on the floor — then you won’t need game, or very much game as the term is commonly understood, to fall ass-backwards into long term relationships with plain janes, facial mediocrities, or chubsters (who, note, constitute the majority of American womanhood, and thus fall right in the middle of the fat (heh) part of the bell curve).

If you are this man, all you need to do to win over a woman like this — the average woman — is approach, say “hi”, chat a bit about her likes and dislikes, and show some persistence and you’ll get her in bed by date five or twenty. Voila!, an “I didn’t need game to land my wife” anti-gamer is born from the wreckage of his surrendered dreams. Since most average men are ball-less castrati, the majority of you anti-gamers are likely staying within your comfort zones and meeting only women who are not attractive enough to fuel inject your lust or challenge your risk-avoidance habits.

This is my working assumption, and I’m certain the types of guys who go stir crazy with spite at the mention of game are dating or married to dreary commonplace women they had little trouble “winning over” the lackluster, “show up on time” way.

So, to visually summarize, if the women you date or are married to are about as attractive as her:

or her:

…then, yeah, congratulate your virtuous self, you won't need much game to score a date every two months that resolves in uninspired, tepid sex.

But if the women you date, or want to date, are as attractive as these girls:

…then you will need game. And a lot of it. Because, you see, hot girls have options, and options means they will demand more of the men who want to sleep with them and love them. And game, aka learned charisma, effectively satisfies that demand.

Or you can continue taking the path of least resistance and settling down in easy monotony with potato faces so that you can enjoy stalking pickup blogs and railing about the futility of game.

Why So Many Vegetarians Are Dumpy

CH · 9 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not surprised by how many out-of-shape vegetarians waddle among us. Since most vegetarians are women, this means I'm not surprised by how many self-declared vegetarian women are dumpy. The media-pushed image of the slender vegetarian woman is far from the reailty.

Is it because fat women are more likely to adopt vegetarianism to lose weight? No. Fat women are more likely to continue eating whatever is put in front of them. The real reason so many self-righteous and putatively health-conscious vegetarian women are chubby is because they substitute their hated meat with a much worse food-based product: sugar.

You may as well call vegetarians "sugartarians", or "pastatarians". Spend any amount of time eating with a vegetarian and you'll see that they don't actually eat all that many vegetables. What they eat in place of meat is a lot of pasta, chips, noodles, rice, beans, cereal (oh lord, do they eat a lot of cereal), bread and pretzels. In other words, they have replaced an under-appreciated fat and protein source with an inordinate amount of simple, high glycemic carbs. Result: bloat.

Vegetarians should get off their high horses and realize that the pasta they shovel down their gullets is worse for their health and looks than the T-bone steak they claim is the root of evil and the gender pay gap. A healthy meat-eater like a paleo dieter probably eats more real veggies than a zealous vegetarian. And they look better, too. That suggests one tactic for moving the lemming sex away from a stupid status whoring trend: impress upon women how their sanctimonious diet is ruining their looks. They'll stampede for the exits.

Why Women Have A Sixth Sense

CH · 10 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Women don't literally have a sixth sense, but they do have better intuition than men, if casual observation is to be believed. (Readers may correct me if I'm off-base, but I think there have even been studies purporting to show that women do have a more finely developed intuition than men, or that women lean on their intuition more than men lean on theirs.)

If we take it as a given that women are more intuitive, then we can offer two plausible evolutionarily modulated reasons why this sex difference exists.

1. Women need to be better than men at screening out undesirable mate prospects, and intuition is a tool they use to accomplish on-the-fly screening.

Men are more visual-oriented than women, so men can see with a split second glance which women are worthy of their seed and which aren't. Women, on the contrary, require many input variables to determine a man's worthiness as a mating partner, including, in great measure, his personality; so women have evolved a preference for intuition — molded by eons of accumulated genetic wisdom — as a guide to help them filter out beta males from alpha males. (Or lesser value men from higher value men.) This intuition is what allows a woman to uncover, through the mechanisms of gut feelings and subconsciously formulated sly psychological "tests", a man's strength, character, attractiveness to other women, and ability to take the heat without melting down. Her hamster gets a tingle for the man who passes through her intuition filter, and she responds by physiologically opening up to him.

2. Women need to be better than men at averting and resolving relationship trouble, and intuition is a tool they use to identify early warning signs that the relationship is foundering.

A woman is honed like a machine to be a first responder to relationship crisis. She uses her intuition to pick out subtle nicks in the relationship armor that could grow to chasms if left untended. Women's attractiveness window for landing a desirable mate is shorter than men's attractiveness window, so a woman who has invested some months or even years into a relationship will have more to lose than the man should the relationship fail. A man can more easily pick himself up and brush himself off for another go-round in the dating scene. Women therefore have evolved an exquisite sense for sniffing out warning signs that a man is losing interest, or that his love, and hence his commitment, is cooling. This is why men are perplexed when women bring up "problems" with the relationship that the men can't fathom are worthy of discussion. And yet, women's refined intuition for evidence of men's emotional distancing has likely served their sex well over the millennia, helping her head off additional investment that would lead nowhere but to an older and unlovelier version of herself alone again in the mating market.

Men who have experience with a lot of women have acquired an astute awareness of women's intuition, and have even developed their own to compete with women. Players have a preternatural ability to know when a girlfriend is drifting away, or a lover is about to cheat, or a date isn't both feet in. They know better than less experienced men when to cut their losses and when to press on, partly based on their own refined intuitions and partly based on a better ability to manipulate women's intuitive sense for both of their gains. This is why some of the best players beloved by women possess feminine acumen themselves. The alpha male leader of men who cares not for the emotional world of women often leaves the sensitive female cold, and finds himself playing second fiddle to the man who has absorbed female psychology and made it work for him.

Did Obama Have Game?

CH · 10 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The fate of the world may hinge on whether Obama was once a lady slayer. Commenter Sp5 writes:

> Based on this article about the judgment of his ex-girlfriends, Obama did have game, at least in his early years:
>
> "In one diary entry from February 1984, Ms Cook – a girlfriend for more than a year – noted that in their relationship "the sexual warmth is definitely there – but the rest of it has sharp edges".
>
> She recalled "feeling anger" at Mr Obama, whose "warmth can be deceptive". Foreshadowing a criticism often levelled at the President today, she said: "Though he speaks sweet words there is also that coolness".
>
> . . . . In another entry, she wrote that there was "so much going on beneath the surface, out of reach," adding that Mr Obama was "guarded, controlled.""

If this woman's recollection is true, it's definitely evidence in favor of Obama having once had game. (I say "having once had", because the First Linebacker seems to have beaten it out of him.) The description of Obama's attitude — c.f. his state control — shares similarities with that of alpha males and charismatic men. Many womanizers are affectionate and sexual, but keep a psychological arm's length between themselves and their quarry, which of course motivates the women to chase the men for more commitment and love. If you were wondering, this is a good position to be in as a man, because it allows you to call the shots.

Naturals and alpha males, in fact, are more apt than are niceguys and beta males to objectify and compartmentalize women. Yet, to listen to feminist complaints, you'd think the exact opposite was the reality. But that's just because feminists in particular, and women in general, are constitutionally incapable of admitting the truth about the contours of their sexual desire.

My personal theory about our hope and changer is that the burdens of his intrinsic duality and loneliness that all racial halfies must bear, and the especially painful bitterness that abandoned sons of deadbeat fathers and emotionally distant mothers nurse their whole lives, eventually won the battle with his easygoing cool side, subsuming his game charms under a thin veneer of barely concealed seething resentment and racial solidarity mongering (it's human nature to want to feel part of a distinct group, and this is doubly so if your group membership cred is questionable). Nevertheless, hints of Obama's game survive to this day, mostly in the way he has mastered the art of mirroring — pretending to listen to people and regurgitate their thoughts even when he thinks differently. Obama is a cipher, and ciphers are often some of the most devastatingly charming ladykillers.

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies

CH · 11 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader forwarded a scene from the movie As Good As It Gets, featuring a suave and somewhat caustic Jack Nicholson meeting Helen Hunt for dinner. The reader writes:

> Here is a scene from Nicholson's all time classic "As Good As It Gets" (spoiler, please don't watch this if you haven't seen movie, better to watch it in movie)
>
> Even though it is on screen, it's great! It's all about him yet she felt so good.
>
> Do you think Jack's body language is like a true alpha?

Here's the video. I do think it's a great demonstration of alpha body language and game in action, but of course this is Jack we're talking about. The man bleeds alpha, in role and in real life. Commentary below.

0:24 — "Should I get her for you?" "No, that's OK. I'll just watch." This is a glimpse into the inner world of the alpha. He's going to take his time, just watch, move to her slowly, like a predatory big cat. No one will rush him. No one will disturb his mojo. When you think this way, your actions and behavior will follow suit. I don't go in for new agey motivational stuff very much, but it's true that forcing yourself into positive thought patterns will impact how you behave. There is a reinforcing feedback loop that runs from your thoughts out through your body and voice and vice versa. And studies have actually proven this phenomenon: when you assume alpha male physical poses, you feel more powerful and take more risks.

0:28 to 0:54 — The alpha male walks slowly to his prey. When he's sure that she's seen him, he doesn't rush up to her like most betas would; he stops at a distance and allows the moment to percolate with blissful anticipation, which women LOVE LOVE LOVE.

1:03 — COME HERE. That hand wave is supremely alpha. Again, most beta males would have rushed over to the girl when she happily waved at them. An alpha accepts her wave, and shits on her expectations by motioning her to come to him. SHe is now sliding off her seat at this point, and no words have yet been exchanged.

1:04 to 1:48 — There's a lot going on in this half minute that could befuddle the average man, but Jack stands rooted to his original spot when he first made eye contact with Helen Hunt. The king rarely approaches; the king is approached.

1:50 — She almost slips and says he's "sexy", but catches herself and dilutes her compliment a bit. The importance of this scene rests in his reaction; arched quizzical eyebrows, followed by a warm smile. What's alpha here is not what is done, but what is omitted; he doesn't latch onto her flattery like a needy beta who can't believe his luck. He just accepts it and moves on to another topic.

2:02 — Showing a little bit of chivalry won't kill you as long as you are alpha in all other ways.

2:10 to 2:20 — "You wanna dance?" "Well. I've been thinking about that since you brought it up before." "And?" As she's getting up from her chair assuming he meant he would like to dance: "No." When you defy women's expectations, you electrify their pelvic easements. Plus, this was damn funny.

2:24 — This is what we in the industry call a nuclear neg. Note: NOT recommended for newbs, or most any man really. There is a line where a neg, even an unintentional one, morphs into a blatant insult, which can crush a woman's ego so thoroughly her shame shuts her down to further gaming. This is why Jack has to console her and, in his own alpha way, make amends. Helen Hunt is cute, but she's no hard 10 club slut begging for abuse, so the nuclear neg worked against Jack.

2:44 — Notice that when Jack is quasi-apologizing, he never says "I'm sorry" ("I didn't mean it that way" is the closest he comes to saying sorry) and he never stops delivering commands to her. "You gotta sit down. You can still

give me the dirty look, just sit down and give it to me."

2:50 — She demands he pay her a compliment. This sets up an alpha reply perfectly, because at this point her expectation that he will either say nothing or ramble stupidly or compliment something about her beauty are cemented firmly in place. The beta male would abide, ultimately disappointing her. The alpha male would do what Jack does next.

3:10 onward — He really takes his sweet time getting around to formulating that compliment. When a woman says "jump", the beta male jumps. The alpha male ties his shoelaces and does a few warm-up stretches before accosting the ref about the rules of jumping and the distance he's obliged to go. That is, when he feels like jumping.

3:25 — A good way to tease a woman is to overly dramatize your suffering and sacrifice that you do for her. Jack rubbing his hands and his forehead, and furrowing his brow because paying her a compliment is so tough, is just the kind of playful drama that chicks LOVE LOVE LOVE.

3:32 — "Can we order first?" This is the first time he up-ends her expectation. When his defiance crows thrice, she will be in love.

3:38 — Yelling across the room to place your order: alpha. This is the second time he defies her expectation.

4:05 — Helen: "I'm so afraid you're about to say something awful." My friends, you WANT to hear this line from a woman. You know why? Because it means you're INTERESTING to her. INTRIGUING. And that's a beautiful foundation for love sex and intimacy.

4:10 — "Don't be pessimistic. It's not your style." General game note here: girls love it when you make a comment about what is or isn't "their style". To them, it means you're connecting.

4:15 — "Clearly a mistake." The Bill Clinton non-apology. Coming soon to a horde of admiring female fans near you.

4:20 — "I've got this.. what.. ailment." He launches into a seemingly irrelevant story about himself that does not begin with a compliment for her. This is the third time he defies her expectation, and now the stage for love is nearly set.

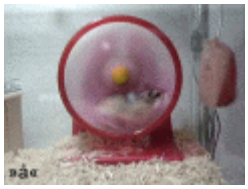
5:15 — The payoff. Was it a compliment about her looks? Her eyes? Her generosity? Her dancing skills? No. It was a nebulous compliment about her that centered on himself. Why did she love it so much? Because a woman LOVES LOVES LOVES the thought that she is the one, the only one among all women, who can soften a hard man, coax him into her embracing redemption, and persuade him to turn his back, at least for a little bit, on his wild and independent and intemperate and free range masculinity.

Of course, she would be disappointed if he ever did such a thing in totality, because that would mean he's no longer the project she can fix, the untamed thoroughbred she can break. He'd just be a lapdog if he ever acceded fully to her claimed demands and desires. This is something beta males don't get about women; they do as their women tell them, and they never stop paying for their obedience.

Hookup Men Vs “For-Real” Men

CH · 12 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, the knee-slapping never ends when two feminist spinsters on a fast track to wall collision gab about their dating exploits and using men for either fun or profit. Naturally, their window for “using” men in any fashion is rapidly closing in lockstep with the degree of their drooping flesh, so any gchats that conspire bewteen these pitiful specimens often provide hours of voyeuristic entertainment watching what amounts to this:



Is anyone else down for a good, old-fashioned soul flaying? I know I am!

> Chatting About Hookups and “For-Real” Dates with Sex Writer Tracy Clark-Flory
>
> By Amanjaw Marcuntte
>
> After reading Tracy Clark-Flory’s Salon piece from Saturday extolling the glories of traditional courtship, I knew I had to talk with her in more depth.

Clark-Flory’s (never trust a woman with a hyphenated name) swan song to her sexy and vital youth is basically an admission against interest that her high flying, alpha cock carouseling 20s are over and now that her sexual market options are dwindling she has to settle for boring dates with beta herbs who promise they will stick around like office fixtures instead of bolt while she’s coming off a multiple orgasm. Naturally, she hamsters this as a paean to the glories of “traditional courtship”. What’s the scientific term for this cognitive function? Oh yeah… making a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.

> Tracy, who has been writing about sex and relationships for years, often in defense of the casual hookup, expressed a more nuanced view of the entire situation,

“nuanced” = deluded.

> explaining how her increased interest in taking-it-slow, more formalized dating

“increased interest” = panic.

> doesn’t, in any way, mean that she thinks that a past of more casual hooking up was the wrong choice.

The odds of divorce for a woman go way up the more partners with whom she has premaritally casually hooked up. Clark-Flory needs to think with more clarity.

> Her take really cuts to the heart of what so many pro-sex feminist commentators have been trying to say for years about dating and sex, so I grabbed her on Gchat yesterday to talk more about it.

What follows is a beautiful digital mutual clit diddling wherein two mangy cougars assert they can have their cake and eat it too.

Amanda: I really liked your piece on going on a for-real date.

Tracy: This was literally my first for-real date ever.

What a catch! You know men — or should I say, desirable men with options — just love throwing tons of money and time and sexless dates at has-beens who spent their prime pussy years hooking up for free with men who agreed with them that dates were an unnecessary nuisance.

> **Tracy:** Well, I should be clear: I've online dated. I've gone on dates. But most often they're presented super casually. Like, hey, "Let's hang out." This was the first time someone clearly said to me: I want to take you out on a date, and here is the plan. Typically, whether it's with "hang out" dates or hookups, it's very low-investment—emotionally, financially, you name it.

A man will invest only as much as is required to get in a woman's pants. Clark was obviously a pump and dump stock in her 20s who's now trading for pennies but acting like a tech IPO. You know who invests in loser companies? Suckers.

> **Tracy:** Right. I think it's great that people can get to know each other casually. Grab a burrito and a beer! Make out at the bar! But it's also nice to not feel totally stuck with diminished romantic expectations—as in, I can't expect more than a taqueria "hangout" arranged last-minute via text message.

You should have thought of the danger of diminished romantic expectations while you still had the goods to entice worthy buyers. PS Having a history of being a big fat slut is not exactly an advertisement that you're marriage material.

> **Amanda:** That's something I've noticed that a lot of friends complain about since I've moved to NYC: They think a lot of guys are just a little too eager to keep it casual. Which makes me wonder if it's just that now that I'm in my 30s, my friends are developing higher expectations, or if it's a geographic thing, where men in Texas, where I used to live, were more serious from the get-go?

No, it's just that now that your female friends are in their 30s, and looking even more like fuzzy Chinese Crested versions of Samantha, they're desperate to get hitched before the god of biomechanics cruelly escorts them to spinsterland, where cats compete with noodly beta males for their attention and the men they really want peer around them like they're annoying houseplants obstructing the view of hotter younger tighter women.

Although it is a refreshing change of pace to see cathedral mascot Amanjaw give redneck Texas men a shout out for their chivalric wooing. I guess SWPL manboobs are finally grinding on her? (Double entendre intended.)

> **Tracy:** I think both are probably very real factors! For me, at least, "hookups" have been a great way of getting to know myself, getting to know other people and getting to know what I want, romantically and sexually.

Hilariously self-serving cliché. How many penises does she have to straddle to get to know herself? Does the penis imbue some sort of special "consciousness raising" enlightenment once it has parted the labia? Should high school guidance counselors tell graduating girls to hop on a cock for career advice? I bet Clark has no trouble, being a member in good standing of the feminist cooperative, explaining to her acolytes that women require penetration by erect penises to discover the strong goddess inside them.

Now, personally, I think that a good rogering does help clear a woman's head, but I'm not sure feminists would be happy to hear that from me.

> But as I've gotten older—how I hate that phrase—I've wanted a broader spectrum of romantic scripts. And that's when the hookup/low-commitment default became frustrating.

“broader spectrum” = loosened standards. “romantic scripts” = hiding her slutty compulsions. “hookup/low-commitment default” = couldn’t get a high value guy to stick around. “frustrating” = pumped and dumped.

> **Amanda:** I think that’s what I really liked—your high regard for diversity.

Gabba gabba hey.

> It’s not that hookups are bad, you said, but that they seem mandatory.

When all you have is a lack of options, the world looks like a mandate.

> Why do you think it got to that point?

Gee, I dunno… age, attitude, obliviousness?

> **Tracy:** I can at least speak to my own experience: I think I gravitated toward casual hookups during a time when I wasn’t quite ready for more serious commitment. I needed some time to play and experiment.

It’s all fun and games until no one wants to play with you anymore.

> I think many people feel that way in their 20s.

There’s a reason why, historically, women were encouraged to get married before they hit 30. People used to be wise to the fact that women can easily forget how little time is on their side.

> **Amanda:** That’s something that really was brought home in Hanna Rosin’s *Atlantic* piece about hooking up. She spoke to researchers that said that women were driving the culture as much as men, in no small part because, frankly, boyfriends can get in the way of other goals like getting your career underway.

Higamous hogamous
man is polygamous
hogamous higamous
woman is oblivious.

> **Amanda:** A lot of people still buy the line that it’s something that men impose on women, that men are taking advantage of women’s, uh, “easiness”.

Well, men won’t exactly look a gift whore in the mouth.

> That always bothered me, because there was never really a clear line for me between how quickly you slept with someone and whether or not it turned into *wuv*.

Here’s a clear line for ya: The hotter you are, the more quickly it will turn into wuv for the man, the other party involved in the interaction.

> **Amanda:** Your point was really satisfying,

“Thank you, I needed that.”
– Ego

> which is that what we really need is the ability to diversify: hook up if we want, go slow if we want, just do a bunch of different stuff depending on where we're at.

Feminists, and women more generally, hate the idea of judgment and of consequences for their actions. They want to slut it up, take it slow, hook up, hang out, drag it out, do the woo, and try a bunch of different stuff without the judgment of men or other women cramping their uteri, and without worrying about the consequences which might ensue as a result of their panoply of choices. This is what is known in the literature as a fantasyland: a wonderful place in the puffy white clouds where human nature doesn't exist and actions don't cause reactions, except those reactions that the feminist dearly desires, which desire is subject to change at any given moment depending on the feminist's whim.

But reality, so ugly in its clunking machinery, has a different plan for such utopian fruitcakes. Women *will* gossip unfavorably about sluts because those sluts represent a mating threat to their interests. Men *will* push for sex faster, and avoid commitment more studiously, with women they perceive as slutty. Sluts really *do* have tells that experienced men can clue in on. Cockteasers really *do* risk losing alpha males if they drag out the waiting period for sex too long. Aging, unfeminine spinsters with hairy chins and cheese grater attitudes really *will* have to settle for less desirable men than they could have gotten when they were younger, better looking and more docile. And hamsters really *will* spin their wheels more feverishly the higher the pile of delusional self-medicating lies grows.

> I think that sort of thing causes a lot of men anxiety, though. I've noticed a lot of men in online spaces clamoring for a script.

Nah, that's just you noticing that men are noticing your stupidity.

> **Tracy:** Yes! There's anxiety now about falling back on the more traditional dating script (which is not an entirely bad thing, mind you).

Can you blame these men? I'd be anxious too, if I had to traditionally (i.e., sexlessly) date a woman I knew gave it away for free in the past. And maybe present.

> I think it feels too desperate, too eager to many young men. And, of course, intimacy and vulnerability have always been absolutely terrifying.

Why do feminists assert nonsense that intimacy is terrifying to men? Answer: it's a female-friendly response that explains in elaborate mental calligraphy why they can't keep a man around for more than a few ruttings, conveniently sidestepping the role that their physical unattractiveness might play.

Men are terrified of large, charging predators, like bears or lions or drunk fat chicks. They are not terrified of showering your overworked vagina with their warm seed. Get some perspective, will ya?

> **Amanda:** Did you go on a second date with flowers guy who wanted to do nothing more but make out on the first date? Do you mind my asking? (I've been in a relationship for over six years now, so other people's stories are my entertainment.)

The parameters of her… relationship… must be unique. Try to imagine the epic manboob who would have to settle for Amanjaw for six years, and then try to picture how long a normal man, such as yourself, would be willing to listen to her insane yapping.

> **Tracy:** Actually, we've gone on something like five dates in a little over a week!

Lessee… guy wants to do nothing but make out on the first date. Clark dismisses his rapist effrontery by going on five more dates with him in the span of a single week. The femborg will be disappointed to hear this.

> **Tracy:** Yes! It's incredibly refreshing. And a large part of it is that I'm ready for that for the first time in my life, you know?

We know, Tracy, we know. You're ready… because you have to be ready. That door won't stay open forever.

> It's not like I've been yearning for that this whole time and have only now found a guy willing to give it to me.

Funny how you suddenly yearn for the self-abdicating loving lovingness of a desperate beta willing to lap your weirdo feminist shit when your expiration date is coming into focus.

> **Amanda:** LOL yeah, that strikes me as an incredibly critical point.

Strike while the ego is exposed.

> But that really leads to the question I know a bunch of men are asking themselves, which is how do you know what script a woman is interested in?

You misspelled "how do you know what script a hot woman is interested in?"

> How do you know if you should keep it light or show up with flowers and a request that you take it slow?

False dichotomy. A man can keep it heavy and fast, too. In fact, that's the best way to get a woman into bed, if you're needing a script that has a high success rate.

Worst script: Pre-sex flowers. Never do that, at least not with women who still have more than a few eggs left in the chamber.

> **Tracy:** Well, see, I think timing is so much of it. It really isn't something that can be faked.

Oh rilly? I'm pretty sure in the history of the world there were more than a few men who successfully faked long-term romantic intentions to get speedy sex.

> You can only do what you're ready to do.

Bromide pie to the face.

> If you want to bring a woman flowers, do it.

Hey, you can do anything you want, but that doesn't mean it's an advantageous course of action.

> If you want to have casual flings, do that.

What if Clark's flower guy decides during week number two he wants a casual fling?

> Eventually you'll find a lady who wants the same thing.

A lady now! How polite of you, madam. Will a Furry who likes to masturbate into soft bunny costume velour

eventually find a lady who wants the same thing? What about a Bronie? A street flasher? A serial killer?

Oops, scratch that last one.

> **Amanda:** That's something I think gets lost in the overflow of dating advice out there, which is that it really is something you can figure out for yourself.

Then why the hell are you flapping your gums? And more relevantly, why the hell do media outlets continue giving shell entities like yourself a publishing platform? Mysteries of the universe.

Allow me to cut a serrated swath through this post-gender, social constructivist swamp muck. Amanjaw Marcuntte and her ilk absolutely hate men in the abstract and loathe unrestricted male desire. They work tirelessly for a world, however ultimately fruitless the endeavor, where female sexuality is free to roam wild and unjudgeable and male sexuality is straitjacketed, regulated, restricted, demonized, ridiculed and made obedient through law or eunuch alliance to female, particularly feminist, caprice. This is modern, critical theory feminism in a desiccated ovum. It's a farce, but the bigger joke is that media organs happily provide advocates of this farce a forum to dazzle their awomen choruses.

Her's a little slice of truth… just a little mind you, enough to qualify as hope and change but not so much to entice pointing and sputtering… for the Slate and Salon crowds and the Clark-Flory-Hamster-Hi-I'm-A-Useless-Self-Gratifying-Hyphen contingent:

There is no difference between hookup men and "for-real" men. The men you skanky, aging broads want "for real" are the hookup men who weren't interested in the same thing you wanted back when you had more to offer. So you dropped your standards and unilaterally declared the more pliable men willing to play by your newly-discovered "traditional cougar courtship" rules the "for-real" men you claim you always desired.

That hatetalk is drawn from real world observation. Mine, and the collected wisdom of millions of men like me. Now, if you don't like common sense derived from real world observation, then you can always turn to science, which has a funny habit of frequently confirming what we can all see with our lying eyes, and of debunking cherished feminist narratives.

> "Under the hormonal influence of ovulation, women delude themselves into thinking that the sexy bad boys will become devoted partners and better dads," Durante said. "When looking at the sexy cad through ovulation goggles, Mr. Wrong looked exactly like Mr. Right." […]
>
> "When asked about what kind of father the sexy bad boy would make if he were to have children with another woman, women were quick to point out the bad boy's shortcomings," said Durante. "But when it came to their own child, ovulating women believed that the charismatic and adventurous cad would be a great father to their kids."
>
> "While this psychological distortion could be setting some women up to choose partners who are better suited to be short-term mates, missing a mating opportunity with a sexy cad might be too costly for some women to pass up," said Durante. "After all, you never know if he could be the 'one.'"

If you didn't get that, what it means is that women want their alpha hookups to turn into "for-real" men, but, unlike Clark's assertion that she's the one making the choice in which men she considers "for-real" dates, it's actually the men (coupled with her desperation fueled by her rapidly closing attractiveness window) who are indirectly deciding for her which of them she'll have to settle with in happily "for-realness" after.

Yes, the hookup jerks chicks love are also the jerks chicks wish would stop dicking around and CHOO CHOO CHOOSE them.

If you are a man, the lesson is obvious:

Do you want to live free as a hookup man with the option to convert to a “for-real” man, or live knowing you’re the backup plan as a “for-real” man with no option to convert to a hookup man?

I think I know which man most men would prefer to emulate. But don’t tell it to Clark-Flory. She might ask you out on five straight dates in the same week after your tongue has been down her throat wooing the shit out of her.

When The Handicap Principle Is Just A Handicap

CH · 15 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The Handicap Principle, or what is known in layman terms as conspicuous consumption, is an important biological hypothesis that explains why the males of some (most?) species have evolved costly status signaling displays. The idea is that a high fitness male demonstrates his high status to females by showing he can afford to waste resources on, for example, showy plumage or sport cars. It is objectively better for the male's survival to not have heavy plumage that could make escape from predators more difficult, or to save money for future contingencies instead of waste it on an expensive car; yet, males of different species will often acquire these presumable maladaptations or waste resources on nonessentials because sexual selection exerts a force equally as powerful as natural selection.

So goes the theory. In reality, the theory bumps up against a wall.

You can't get much more handicapped that that, unless you were limbless and genital-less with a concave forehead.

People open to the ideas of evolutionary psychology sometimes forget that nature operates within a system of checks and balances just as free markets and republics (putatively) do. The Handicap Principle helps explain some odd evolved male traits in species, but nature is always ensuring that the evolved handicap never gets too far out of control. Because when that happens, it's no longer a status signal; it's a real handicap that will repulse women or get you killed.

Game and the Handicap Principle have a rocky relationship. Handicapping yourself — a la Mystery with his furry hats and Victorian coats — is a great way to signal high status, IF you have compensating alpha male traits. Mystery has those compensating traits; specifically, his height, his grace under pressure, and his renowned game ability to handle the inevitable female shit tests and seamlessly escort women through the stages of seduction.

If, on the other hand, you are short, ugly, nerdy, insecure and without any game at all, dressing like Mystery is apt to backfire. Your calculated self-handicapping will not be a signal of confidence and high status, but an actual handicap that makes your job of getting laid harder than it need be. For you, the appropriate level of self-handicapping would be something along the order of uncommon shiny cufflinks or a gaudy ring. Just enough to incite curiosity in women, but not so much to banish yourself to the realm of weirdos.

Maxim #55: The degree to which you handicap yourself in an effort to signal high status to women should be commensurate with your game expertise and your confidence level.

The more confidently you can pull off showy clothes or an asshole attitude, and the more effortlessly you can deflect the shit you will invariably get from others offended by your ostentation, the more the Handicap Principle will work for you instead of against you.

Keep in mind, as well, that Mystery's fraught couture is a game tactic in itself, designed to provoke reactions from women that allow Mystery to demonstrate his alpha prowess through his unperturbed handling of those reactions. You should welcome shit tests from women, because that means you have aroused interest in them. Mystery's garish dress is a short cut to coaxing those much-valued shit tests out of women. But you need unshakeable confidence bordering on delusion to successfully pull it off, which, in my observation of fledgling PUAs, most men practicing the dark art of pickup don't have in sufficient quantity.

For the average man who has leapt above the fray and grasped that important sex differences in psychology exist and thus interactions with women require a different toolkit than conventional wisdom offers, the Handicap Principle will be most relevant to him during the comfort stage of seducing a woman into bed (or into a longer-term relationship). In CH parlance, this is known as "vulnerability game", and it is vital, in small doses, as a quasi-handicapping game technique for strengthening emotional connections with women.

Signaling that you possess beta provider potential is a powerful bonding glue to women who are at heart creatures of duality seeking the best of both alpha and beta in men. But since alpha is in rarer supply and harder to acquire, and since beta comes naturally to most men and is easier to acquire, the trick to finding the right balance is to emphasize your alpha while leavening it with droppings of beta. These beta droppings are the equivalent of handicapping yourself with costly displays of provider plumage and emotional vulnerability. They will only work when you have already established your attitudinal alpha male seed-cred.

If you haven't established that alpha seed-cred, your beta droppings will go over like an elephant's dung heap, because they won't be droppings so much as "more of the supplicating same". This is why women love to feel like they have to struggle to get a man to admit his emotional core, and dislike having men dump a bucket of their emotional core all over them. As women perceive it, the struggle is an irrefutable sign that the man is non-needy, has options with other women, and will give her the challenge she subconsciously craves.

Women Love Aloof And Indifferent Men: More Proof

CH · 16 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A new website, hetexted.com, is a gold mine of confirmation for the validity of game concepts. Girls post screenshots of their text conversations with men they like (or in some cases, don't like) and ask the studio audience what it all means. The readers then vote on whether the guy in the text messaging conversation is into her, not into her, or the verdict is still out.

Ever wonder what kinds of guys make girls go crazy with anxiety, desire and romantic hopefulness? Wonder no more. It's those "bring the movies" aloof assholes. A perusal of the Hetexted website, and its overwhelming majority of text convos that feature laconic men and needy women, pretty quickly proves the old maxim that chicks dig inscrutable jerks, or at least chicks dig guys who don't fail the Jumbotron test. The hilarity of girls falling over themselves trying to ascertain how much love this or that guy who wrote a "nah" or an "aweee" or a "bring the iphone car charger" has for them is fun the whole family can enjoy.

Even better are the site's readers pleading with the girls who submit their badboys' hieroglyphic texts for public decoding that the guy in question is "playing a game" and is "no good for her", which naturally is only going to serve to deepen the girls' infatuations.

(It's funny that, compared to men who only need to look at a woman to know if they'd like to date her, women need a team of advisors to tell her whether a guy is worth fretting about. It's almost as if women have sexual impulses at odds with what they claim they desire. Wait… they do!)

For a sterling example of the Jerkboy Jumbotron genre, check out this one. (Girl's replies are on the right.)

Underneath the screenshot, she wails her plaintive plea.

> …SO NOW I'M WONDERING?
> ok so…i like REALLY like this guy. we have a great connection, and i'm really falling for him. i really want to get to know him better but he is always so busy with work and lives thirty three miles away. should i move

> closer?? i think this could really work out but i dont want to move all the way out there and have my heart broken. thoughts??

“Great connection.” “I’m really falling for him.” “I want to get to know him better.” “Should I move closer?” “I think this could really work out…”

Nah.

And with that, another ten thousand niceguy, date-paying, considerate, chivalrous, white knighting, hard-working, emotionally available, respectful, attentive beta males face-palmed.

Moral of the Hetexted website: Do not chase girls. Make girls chase you. It’s the only way to be sure you’ll get the lay.

One tried and true method to make a girl chase you is to speak (and text) in mysterious monosyllabic code, to avoid early emotional entanglement, and to act like there are another twenty women lined up outside the door to service your autocratic cunt carver. In other words, to do the exact opposite of everything feminists, women in general, and your mom tell you to do.

Perhaps Bring the Movies Man, Skittles Man, and Nah Man should get together for a book reading of their collected wisdom. It will be precisely three words long. Afterwards, the flush-faced girls in attendance will spend three hours dissecting those three words and shifting inconspicuously in their seats.

How To Inure Yourself To Beautiful Women

CH · 17 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A thinking sort of reader writes:

> The hedonistic treadmill concept says you'll get reduced satisfaction from expanded consumption as you adjust to it. You won't appreciate a Ferrari if you drive one everyday and the same applies to a steak dinner.
>
> When I'm on a winning streak with girls, I feel they all get less hot. I find myself turning my head less often. I see pictures of girls that I thought were flawless and I see flaws. I find myself thinking about other areas of my life. Conversely, when I'm not longer with a girl, and I go into a slump, I find my ex was hotter than I remember.
>
> Girls can definitely tell when a guy is not impressed. I read football practice is often harder than the real game. I'm not sure we've invented a way to expose normal guys to beautiful women the same way that Tom Brady and Brad Pitt are exposed. Strippers, porn, movies, etc don't work since they all work to raise the woman on the pedestal. **[ed: correct. there's good exposure and self-limiting exposure. alpha males are exposed to women's desire. johns and gawkers are exposed to women's mercenary indifference.]**
>
> I'm thinking a picture gallery of women as they age, or a picture gallery of models without makeup might be a good start.

Definitely something to this. While filet mignon will always taste better than ground chuck, and a hot girl will always be a better lay than an ugly girl, the pleasure that can be extracted from the tastier choices will, with enough familiarity and dopamine receptor scorching, succumb to diminishing returns. (Although it will never bottom out as low as the scant pleasure one receives from cheap cuts of meat or girls.)

The blowback from dopamine-blasted beauty immunity is that all women, even the ones you aren't fucking, start to seem less desirable, or at least less worthy of sustained effort to earn their interest. And this is how ecologically self-perpetuating alpha males are made:

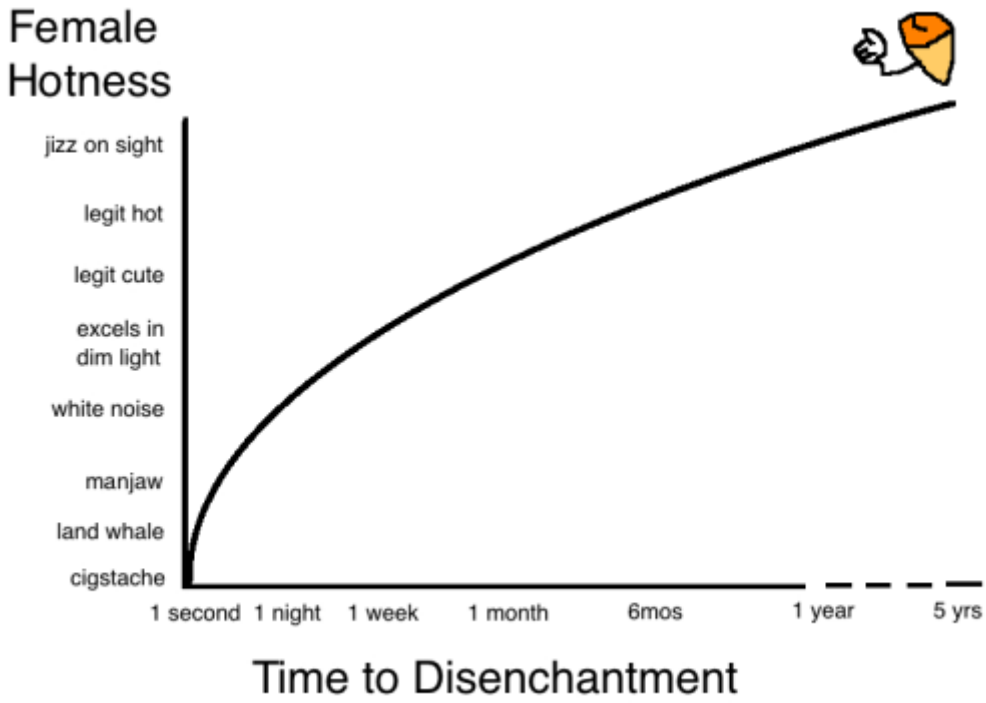
Maxim #12: The cumulative experience with hot women imbues the womanizer with a genuinely aloof aura that attracts even more women to him.

Corollary to Maxim #12: If you don't have an adequate amount of aloofness-inducing experience with hot women, act like you do.

Think about when you were, or how you are now, comfortably ensconced in a secure relationship with a girl. Objectively, she's cute. When you first saw her, your heart leapt upward in sync with your cock.

But damn if you don't espy
that as the days tick by
your wandering eye
roves wide as the sky.

In graphical form, this is known as the Beauty Power Law, and it looks like this:



Beauty immunity is real, and it affects every man, relative to his beauty capture starting point. That is, a low value man will quickly tire of low value women if he manages long-term relationships (or long-term consecutive hook-ups) with those low value women he fears he is fated to match. He will still want hot chicks, but the additive experience with unattractive chicks will create in him an aloofness toward all unattractive chicks that is similar in psychological composition to the aloofness a high value man will feel for the hot chicks he routinely bangs and even the ones he hasn't banged.

THIS IS A GOOD THING. That aloofness is catnip to women. You may as well prop a neon sign over your head that says "Preselected by women who have come before you, and who are standing right next to you." Aloofness is one of those male characteristics that women are finely tuned to discover, isolate, and hone in on, because it tells them, subconsciously of course, that THIS MAN, this one right here, has a lot of choice in women. ERGO, this man, this one right here, must be high value.

I can attest to the tangible effects of the beauty immunity power law. When I'm in a solid relationship, or when I'm on a hot streak dating multiple concurrent or consecutive women, then all women in general start to feel more approachable, less insurmountable (heh), and, tragically, less tolerable. The effect of familiarity with females and their foggy furrows is a steady glazing of my perception of their beauty, until they seem as if their faces are an indistinguishable mass of downy cotton balls. Worse, the tolerance, even enthusiasm, I would have just talking and spending idle time with women yields more frequently and submissively to competing distractions, like reading alone, hanging with buds, pursuing hobbies, or elevating my status for a potential trading-up of lovers. Her charming little tics I loved during the first few months soon become swarms of buzzing annoyances, and my mind begins the unstoppable drift to ELSEWHERE.

THIS IS A BAD THING. That transcendental stirring rocketing up from the groin and ricocheting off the sternum when you first set your post-pubertal eyes on hot high school girls weakens in proportion to your success bedding them. The bloom on the rose wilts with too much fertilizer.

But enough of that sentiment. The fact remains that inuring yourself to beautiful women, and to beauty itself, will make you a more lethal ladykiller.

So how do you expose yourself, as the reader suggested, to beautiful women such that they hold less power over your faculties and their flaws are more evident to your senses?

1. Bed a lot of them.

Guaranteed to work, and that's why it's the most difficult solution to the beauty immunity puzzle.

2. Train your mind away from pedestalization of female beauty.

Remember Poon Commandment X?

> **X. Ignore her beauty**
>
> The man who trains his mind to subdue the reward centers of his brain when reflecting upon a beautiful female face will magically transform his interactions with women. His apprehension and self-consciousness will melt away, paving the path for more honest and self-possessed interactions with the objects of his desire. This is one reason why the greatest lotharios drown in more love than they can handle — through positive experiences with so many beautiful women they lose their awe of beauty and, in turn, their powerlessness under its spell. It will help you acquire the right frame of mind to stop using the words *hot, cute, gorgeous,* or *beautiful* to describe girls who turn you on. Instead, say to yourself "she's interesting" or "she might be worth getting to know". Never compliment a girl on her looks, especially not a girl you aren't fucking. Turn off that part of your brain that wants to put them on pedestals. Further advanced training to reach this state of unawed Zen transcendence is to sleep with many MANY attractive women (try to avoid sleeping with a lot of ugly women if you don't want to regress). Soon, a Jedi lover you will be.

Starting today, stop flattering women's looks, whether out loud or in your head.

3. Get into a line of work where you are ordering beautiful women to do your bidding.

If you can't get sex with hot babes, the next best thing is authority. Fashion photographers are not known as casanovas for nothing.

4. Hang out with hot girls when they're wasted and pissing themselves and vomiting.

This is a pretty good cure for one-itis. Don't worry about supply. America is churning them out like cheap factory products lately.

5. Never stop macking.

The life of the lady's man is always in forward motion. The day you slow down is the day you start misremembering your ex as hotter than she really was. By keeping women forever in your orbit, by hitting on them day and night and year after year, with intention or without, you remind yourself of the corporeal, earthly nature of women's greatest asset, of their insufferable and dispiriting interchangeability, and your heart is steeled for the endless battle.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 18 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The Man Who Was…. opines:

> It is one of the saddest facts of life that you only get to bang hot girls once your ability to appreciate them has decreased.

For health and longevity reasons, I have decided to try and be less cynical about humanity, or at least to welcome a bout of deliberate self-delusion once in a while as a soul restorative. But it's hard… so very hard. The cold fish of reality never stops slapping one in the face.

Merci

CH · 18 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Donate

Donate

It occurs to me and the other occasional writers here at Le Chateau that a proper show of gratitude was not forthcoming for those readers who generously donated to the Chateau Heartiste coffer. How utterly gauche!So to make amends:

and a hale and hearty thanks.

Comment Of The Week

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Hot Girl Wants Slut Advice

CH · 19 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

"Nad Z" girlifies:

> So I'm 18. Chick. Lost my virginity at 15. So. Basically. I'm hot. I found your writing by googling why girls are sluts and now I'm addicted to your site and it's so interesting but confusing for me. I'm 100% cliche in wanting the passionate bad boy that'll leave marks on me- and if I flash and ride so many cocks, he's only going to want me during the next couple years because he'll sense I'm great in bed? Even though I already get hit on, is he already thinking that? Does that mean I'll never be able to date him or something close to him?
> Should I settle for a guy that's not quite up to my standards and date him to avoid becoming a slut so I'll get someone up to my standards later because guys don't want sluts(right?)?
> xoxxx
> —
> I don't care if this goes up on your site but if you're going to slyly insult me I'd rather you not do it publicly. I'm already embarrassed enough. Hahahaha. Oh what the fuck I don't care. It'll be hilarious.

Why would you think your question qualifies for a sly insult? Your suspicions are misplaced.

Anyhow, first we have to be sure we're on the same page, definitionally. A slut is not a girl who has a lot of kinky, exploratory sex with one man she adores. No, that is called a perfect woman. A slut is a girl who has sex with a lot of different men. A slut is sexually promiscuous, not necessarily sexually voracious, (although the two do often go tingle-in-tingle). A faithful woman to her lover who would never look at another man desirously can be sexually adventurous with him and him alone, (although extraordinarily faithful women tend to have enervated sex drives that dampen their enthusiasm for cheating).

The strength of a woman's fidelity depends in equal measure on her own self-control and her man's ability to stoke her desire.

So which are you? Do you crave sexual experiences with numerous men? Do you fantasize about raunchy sex every time you're in the presence of a new badboy? Or do you want to find that one badboy lover who will make an honest woman of you, and settle into monogamous bliss punctuated by occasional forays into mutual public sex and auto-asphyxiation?

I can't read your mind or your hamster's mind, but I can tell you that losing your virginity at the relatively young age of 15, plus your self-professed hotness and desire to be marked by aggressive sex, are leading indicators you are headed for a good ten to fifteen years of hopping on and off the cock carousel, which will, in the long run, hurt your chances to marry a high quality man once your window of exquisite attractiveness has closed.

However, you are self-aware enough to come to this site and ask about the negative effects that sluttery may have on your mating prospects, so that weighs in favor of you making smarter choices than most young women with your suite of psychological and physical traits.

Here is my final judgment:

1. If you are extremely hot — top 5-10% of female looks — you can get away with a bit of real sluttery without hurting your chances to extract commitment from alpha male badboys in your prime, or from beta male providers in your sub-prime. This is because extreme female beauty tends to override all other considerations in a man's mind of what qualifies a woman as a good relationship prospect.

2. Your sexual voracity, enthusiasm and expertise in bed will not be much of a self-incriminating slut tell. A woman who unleashes in the sack could be a slut, or she could be a woman who lusts for her man so badly that she loses all her inhibitions in the firm grip of his arms and cock.

3. Don't jump into bed with the first badboy who shows you interest. Act coy, which means in practice act like you are working hard to conceal your lust for him, and when the moment is right for you, you will accept his ravagings. Since you are 18 and still aglow with high school perspective, I suggest waiting a good six weeks or more before putting out. This will weed out the badboys who will use you like tissue paper from the badboys who will put up a satisfying fight before acceding to a longer-term commitment. If you are as hot as you say you are, you won't have much trouble keeping a man interested in pursuing you despite his burgeoning blue balls.

4. Don't give him a blowjob the first time you have sex. Wild, skilled sex is not a giveaway that a woman is a promiscuous slut. But an expert blowjob definitely is a slut giveaway. No man will subtract points from your girlfriend potential score if you give good sex, but most men will add points to your slut score if you know how to polish a knob, especially on the first date. With that in mind, I suggest you wait a month or two before going down on him, and when you do eventually navigate your mouth to his staff of surliness to pretend that you don't know what you're doing down there, (but you're a quick learner).

5. Don't settle for a guy who's not up to your standards, at least not while you're in your fertile prime. (Save the settling for later, when the wall is peeking over the horizon and you're starting to notice the female competition getting younger.) No good can come from being in a self-sacrificial relationship with a man you don't, or can't, love. Dating a beta male won't stop you from being a slut; in fact, the opposite is more likely to happen — you'll be so unfulfilled in your relationship that you'll feel a stronger urge to step out on it. And then once you acquire that cheating whore reputation… game over, maa'aam. GAME OVER.

6. Dating down is only for women who don't have the option to date up. If you can still date up (and at 18 you are in the best position in your life you will ever be to maximally date up), you should. Settling when you have no reason to settle will only engender resentment against the man or men caught in your weird self-abnegation loop.

7. Try, however hard it may be, to avoid screwing a lot of men like you're a pigs-in-a-blanket taste tester for a king worried about poisoning. It's for your own good. Men who have options — that is, desirable men, alpha males, men women love — can tell which women have slutted it up with an impressive assortment of men. Experience with women tends to hone our ability to discern soulkilled sluts from unstained sweethearts. The eyes tell the tale: I have never met a slut who didn't have those creepy, dead, black orbs for eyes. The voice, too, gives it away. Sluts tend to speak with the monotonic cadence of men, growly and inappropriately assertive, like someone who has long nursed a chip on the shoulder. The spark of life is extinguished in the hardcore slut, and one thing men love about women is their carefree *joie de vivre*. Sluttiness kills *joie de vivre* dead. Keep that in mind.

Manly Men Confused Why Unmanly Men Get Girls

CH · 19 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter aspic writes:

> [W]hile i'm on the subject of [Neil] Strauss: he's a metrosexual who comes across like a slimy worm. These are exactly the kinds of men who are inheriting the high positions in our society. See also: Obama.

I don't know if Strauss comes across like a slimy worm, having never met him, but if video and pictures are accurate he does dress and comport himself with an urbane flair that violates traditional manly men norms. Strauss' success with women using game and a deep understanding of female psychology reminds me of a quote from the anti-feminist prophet, Anthony Ludovici:

> Among the vices of woman, "constantly characteristic of her," [Ludovici] enumerates "(1) Duplicity and an indifference to truth; (2) Lack of Taste; (3) Vulgarity; (4) Love of petty power; (5) Vanity; and (6) Sensuality."

If manly men want to know why unmanly men can outscore them in the sexual market sweepstakes, they need look no further than Ludovici's stunning insight into the character of woman. The unmanly man, no leader of men he, can reduce women to puddles of swoonage because he drinks from their bottomless well of vanity, he lies to them prettily, he trades in the currency of sensuality, and, most importantly, he appeals to women's "love of petty power" by exploiting relative social status differentials in microcosm. He is, in short, a leader of women.

This is how the manly men are outgunned. The manly man's refusal, born of pride or disgust, to sink into the insufferable torments of the child-like, capricious, feckless world of women and frolic in it as if it were his own world leaves him exposed atop his hill, strong and dignified and self-righteous, to the cunning shamelessness of the unmanly man absconding with the women languishing under his paternal gaze.

Our current time — the decadence and silliness preceding the painful fall — is perfectly suited to the strengths of the unmanly man. He rules in this nebulous miasma that was once a culture. The manly men will have their day again, when the fall has swept away the last illusion and the weak are revealed uncompromisingly for what they have always been, but until then the manly men yield to the awesome power of the metrosexual with a nasally voice and a penchant for spinning riveting stories which may or may not be true.

This post Hugo Schwyzer approved.

Viking Game In Female Porn

CH · 22 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A book in the genre of "historical fiction", (meaning, I suppose, that the authoress did some casual researching of the time period she's writing about before letting her hamster roam wild and free), is a great example of literature as female porn. From the book description (h/t Randall Parker):

> For as long as Arienh can remember, her Celtic people have feared the deadly Viking raids. She knows their brutality first hand, having lost the men from her own family and village to their swords. When she encounters and wounds a Viking warrior one stormy night, she has every right to want him dead. Instead, she allows him shelter in her cottage. Although she fears him, his confidence and teasing manner give her pause. He acts as if she belongs to him. As if he knows her.
>
> Ronan didn't expect Arienh to recognize him. Why should she? They were both just children when his uncle forced him into a raid against her village. But Ronan risked his life to protect the young Arienh from his marauding kinsmen. Now that the time has come for Ronan and the other warriors to choose wives, he has returned to claim the beautiful girl who captured his heart so long ago.
>
> But for men accustomed simply to taking what they want, wooing the courageous, headstrong Celtic women is easier said than done. And for Arienh, who always sacrificed her own happiness for the sake of her people, trusting—and loving—a Northman may be impossible. By turns poignant and humorous, *Loki's Daughters* is a stirring tale of unlikely lovers, forged in dangerously opposite worlds yet bound together by sacrifice, strength, and undeniable passion.

If you listen closely to a woman — very closely, to the subtext between the lines, and to the details that trickle from her when she's giving her inner voice an unrestricted outlet for expression — you will catch glimpses of the true nature of her sexuality. Fleeting shadows of raw desire that flit in and out of awareness, both hers and yours. Invariably these subconscious resurrections all point in one direction — women love to be seduced by dominant men. They dream of submitting to entitled men who confidently claim rights to their quarry. The brutality of Viking violence yields to the mind capture of Viking game, apparently, in the minds of women of the vanquished tribe. This pattern — of women of defeated tribes quickly acquiescing to the rulership and the sexual privilege of the conquering men who slew the women's brothers and fathers and husbands — is seen all over the world, and has likely evolved to preserve the female reproductive prerogative.

In other words, treacherous disloyalty of convenience is an inseparable part of female psychology. It is bred in her nature, and appeals to logic will do nothing to dislodge or amend it. The only god woman obeys is the god of WINNING.

Randall asks:

> Have you considered writing some of these books? You might be able to get rich off it. You could push more female buttons per page than the average woman writer manages.

It's a good question why more men don't write romantic pulp fiction (aka female porn) for profit, under a female pseudonym if necessary. I guess men aspire to greater accomplishments in life.

Reader Mailbag: Abandonment Protocol Edition

CH · 23 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

A father seeks advice on how to helpfully navigate his daughter past badboy shoals:

> My daughter has just turned 16 and has a throng of suitors persuing her (she's easily a high 8, inherited the best feminine mix of traits from a Chinese mother & white father). However, I have no illusions about the id that lurks within her & it's susceptibility to aloof assholes.
>
> My question is what can I do as a father to reduce the risk of having some smirking lowlife with tight game (Like Josh Camacho from the latest 'Chicks Dig Jerks') ruining my daughter for a legitimately high-status husband or having his bastard whelp become my grandchild.

One word: belittle.

Remember, you are still the ultimate alpha male in her life. The pinnacle of authority. Does the ultimate alpha sweat challenges from upstart alphalings? No. He laughs them off. If you get to feeling that she's drifting into a crowd of jerks and nah boys, you react like you would if you were her alpha male boyfriend: tease her for her childish taste in men. Tell her, "I think that boy (always use the term "boy") with the dorky tattoo has a puppy crush on you. He gets so tongue-tied around you. Maybe you can teach him how to speak like an adult?"

If the wigger tool ever winds up at your house, that is your opportunity to humiliate him in front of your daughter with extreme prejudice. You want to plant the seed in your daughter's head that her asshole suitor is lame, nerdy, stupid, humorless, immature, gullible and, most disparaging, cowardly. She won't appreciate your intervention, but, like a toddler hearing a new word and repeating it days later after it has sunk in, the slanderous seed will have germinated in her brain and poisoned her puerile love for the prick, eventually driving a hypergamously-lubed wedge between them.

I understand your fear, though, because a daughter succumbing to a worthless layabout's charms is just about a father's worst nightmare come true.

My advice to would-be fathers: pray you have all sons. That way if they get their fuck on, you will feel proud instead of panicked.

Email #2

A reader requests break-up advice:

> Do you have any suggestions for breaking up with a girlfriend that give you the upper-hand but without being too hurtful to her?
>
> She is of almost a year, a nice girl and pretty sensitive. There's probably no easy way to do it, but don't want a rep as a cheater or anything like that. (I've already cheated on her anyways but don't want to be known as that)
>
> Any suggestions would be much appreciated. thanks

It's (almost) impossible to both initiate a painless break up with a girl and retain the upper hand, if by "upper hand" we mean awesome alpha maleness. As long as she doesn't want the break-up, she will be hurt, no matter how delicately you deliver the news. The only surefire method for breaking up with a girl that leaves her feeling relieved rather than hurt is to go Full Metal Beta over the course of a few months, until she's sick of your mewling.

Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: [*sniffing*] Holy Jesus! What is that? What the fuck is that? WHAT IS THAT, PRIVATE BOYFRIEND?

You: Ma,am, a scented poem, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: A scented poem?
You: Ma'am, yes, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: How did it get here?
You: Ma'am, I wrote it for you and watermarked it with my tears of joy.
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Is a scented poem supposed to make me feel better?
You: Ma'am, yes, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Are you thinking I want to have sex with you because of this scented poem?
You: Ma'am, yes, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: And why, Private Boyfriend?
You: Ma'am, because it's proof that you are my world, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Because you are a disgusting cloying beta, Private Boyfriend, I DO NOT want to have sex with you!
You: Ma'am, yes, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Then why did you try to write this poem for me, Private Boyfriend?
You: Ma'am, because I was seeking your approval, ma'am!
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Because you were seeking my approval… [*grabs her phone to show Private Boyfriend all the texts from aspiring suitors*]
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Private Boyfriend, you have dishonored yourself and dishonored the male gender. I have tried to drop hints. But I have failed. I have failed because you suddenly decided that supplicating betatude is what I needed, despite all fucking evidence to the contrary. So, from now on, as a show of proof that your way is the way of failure, I want you to read this text conversation I had last night with a man who understands me the way you used to. Notice the part where I thank him for letting me puff on his peter. [*shoves phone in Private Boyfriend's face*]
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: Are you feeling ill yet?
You: Ma'am, does this mean we're broken up, ma'am?
Gunnery Sergeant Hamster: You're goddamned right this means we're broken up, maggot!
You: [*phew*]

This will work, but you sure won't feel like you left with the upper hand. My suggestion, if you want to dump her using less manipulative tactics while sparing her feelings as best you can, is to tell her that, although you love her in many ways, you never got over your ex-girlfriend, and you recently met her and fell in love again. For whatever reason, girls are more forgiving of rifts caused by the return of an old love you have nursed for years. It hits their romance buttons.

Or just announce that you're gay.

Email #3

A college student wants to know why the sex is drying up:

> I'm a Senior college student who has been in a great relationship for 9 months. The past two months my gf has often not been in the mood. What do i do? getting denied drives me crazy

1. She's recently gotten in touch with an ex-boyfriend she still likes.

2. She recently met, however innocently, an alpha male who pushed all her buttons.

3. You're turning Betanese.

4. Some combination of all the above.

Without more info, I can't tell you which of those explanations is relevant in your case, but the cause of her sexual

withdrawal is most likely one of those reasons. My advice: Begin abandonment protocol. Women value men who are mysterious and scarce; your job is to give her that little reminder that you can't be taken for granted. A calculated disappearing act should do the trick. Double down by being seen by her in the company of other women.

Whatever you do, DO NOT beg for sex, in any manner. Sticking around like an underfed puppy dog waiting on table scraps is a guaranteed way to reduce your attractiveness to zero.

Email #4

Somewhat long-ish reader request to analyze his game:

> I went to a bar I never go to in order to see a band I really like tonight. I had a great time, and afterward I was busy talking to a friend and he encouraged me to go talk to some girls. I was drunk, so I felt more confident than usual, but I still couldn't bring myself to do it since I'm so inexperienced at cold approaches.
>
> Then a girl I haven't seen much of since high school came up to me. She's very attractive and thus is very used to guys hitting on her, so I knew if I was going to make it happen I would need tight game. We talked for a few moments, I initiated some physical contact and then I let her wander off to see her friends. My friend gave me a pep talk to go back after it. After getting my mind in the right place and ordering another drink, I wandered upstairs to see if I could locate her.
>
> I went onto the balcony and she was in a large group comprising mostly people I know from high school but haven't seen in a while. They invited me to join the group. I was a loser in high school, but I feel that I did very well tonight putting up the image that I'm confident and secure in myself. It was probably the alcohol, but it taught me how I should be most of the time.
>
> I was in the group for a while and engaged the different girls individually, knocking each off their pedestal and emitting an aura of dominance. These are the girls that require negs, and I made effective use of them. I was on my game for 95% of the night, but I might have screwed up in the end by showing too much interest in the girl I'm after. To be fair, this is a high-quality girl that requires a flawless performance, and I feel like I would have definitely been successful if it had been someone of lower quality. I was feeling it tonight, but I might have screwed up a bit. I'm inexperienced at this sort of thing but I would have never imagined that I would have been as confident as I was. Regardless of how this situation works out, it's a building block for my game.
>
> Toward the end, when the girls said they were going to another bar, I attempted to stop the girl I'm after. Since our high school isn't too far away from where we now attend college and she generally attends high school football games and such since her mother teaches there, I asked her if she'd be at homecoming next weekend (we've been out for three years now — we're both 21). She said she thought it was last week (a definite lie) and started to walk off and said that she would come back to this bar later. I told her to "wait just a goddamn minute" and stomped out my cigarette and followed the group inside. I tapped her on the head from behind but she ignored me.
>
> Her (smoking hot) friend stayed behind as they walked off and engaged me. Conversation goes as follows (using a neg I pulled from a PUA site, possible this one but I can't remember):
>
> Me: "Is she always like this?"
> Her: "What's she being like?"
> Me: "Well, she's kind of being a bitch. Tell her that it's not too late to enroll in charm school. I hear that's making a big comeback."
>
> Her group left, and I promptly bounced instead of waiting around to see if they'd come back. I have a feeling that they didn't, and I sure as fuck wasn't going to be the chump that sat around waiting or followed them to the other bar. I got in my car and drove off.
>
> So, how should I proceed from here? I'm hoping her friend gave her my message. I usually don't get too much into PUA philosophy but it was needed here as I was punching way above my weight. All in all, even if I did

> fuck up, I did way better than I could have imagined.
>
> I know that it's preached in PUA circles that if you need advice on how to pursue a girl that you won't get her, but I'm going to try to play this one out to the end. Can I salvage this?

Don't depend on a girl's friends to "deliver" your tight game her. She has to be there in your company, hearing you spit it. If anything, calling her a bitch to her friend is going to make you look weak and insecure as it winds its way through the female grapevine, which is, as if it needed saying, utterly out of your control to influence as an outsider to the group.

I don't know if it's salvageable with the girl you really want, but her lying about not knowing the date of the homecoming tells me that she probably thought you were trying to slyly insinuate yourself into her homecoming plans. I don't think it looks good, because I'm not seeing any signals of interest from her in your retelling of the night's events. You should mack her friend, instead.

Email #5

A reader asks:

> Would definitely appreciate your thoughts or a post on good/funny lines to reopen texting that dies down. Have a great weekend.

Non sequitur game.

Email #6

A reader wants to know where he dropped the balls:

> Hey, I love your website and I have learned a great deal from you. Can you give me your input on something? I'm very confused. I'll try and keep it short.
>
> I've been hanging out with this girl about once every other week for a couple months. We have slept in the same bed multiple times (no sex…every time I go for her pussy, she pushes my hand away.) we have made out, spooned, messed around, pretty much everything except sex.
>
> She invited me over and she cooked dinner for me a little over a week ago and we always split the bill when we go out.
>
> At dinner she told me she gave her ex a second chance, but he never changed and is the same person so she is done for good with him. And she went to the fair with some guy that puked on the ride with her, and she has been ignoring him since Then she asks me if I have met any cute girls lately (shit test?).
>
> I texted her Sunday night and she never replied. I haven't talked to her since she made me dinner over a week ago.
>
> When I first met her I was a huge dick to her, buying everyone drinks except her, etc. She was really into me. But I have started being nicer to her lately and I think that is why she is losing attraction for me. Her last Facebook status said "It seems that I have a thing for men who are from Scotland, Ireland, and London… Maybe I wasn't meant to live in the U.S. because I can't seem to find a guy that compares to men from Europe." Her ex is Scottish.
>
> Tell me where I went wrong here, was it because I turned down the asshole vibe?

You, sir, are a train wreck, and your spilled cargo is a debris field of beta. First, NEVER platonically sleep in the same bed with a girl you desire. The bed is sacred. The bed is enthroned. The bed is where your kingship is ratified. The bed is where the penis meets the vagina. Or at least some orifice that is a reasonable facsimile of the vagina.

Multiple times you have lain next to her in bed, your balls filled with unexpectorated sperms? Multiple times she has pushed your hand away, taunting you like a cat might paw at an injured mouse before delivering the killing bite? On top of all this slander to your manhood, she casually regales you over dinner with tales of the ex-boyfriend she obviously still loves? (Don't let her precise words to the contrary fool you; a woman who mentions an old lover out of the blue still pines for him.) And finally, the shiv strikes soft underbelly when she asks if you've found yourself a nice girl.

Can't you see what's going on here? I'll just cut to the chase. You are the classic betaboy emotional tampon. An asexual lump who listens like a champ, restrains his sexual urges with stoic mastery, and feeds her need for self-esteem.

She has never "seen you that way". Something happened over that last dinner that scared her away. Probably you said something which revealed a hint of your animal desire for her, something which crossed the invisible line demarcating the friendship zone she thought was operational, that jolted her comfy world where the two of you are cute little cartoon friends without sexual organs who talk girl stuff all the day and night, and with whom she can unload her issues she has with jerks who know how to make her pussy quake.

My final judgment: lost cause. Excise her from your life like she's a tumor, because that's exactly what she is, an emotional tumor sucking nutrients from the manlier portions of your viscera. Yes, you most likely blew it when you turned to the Nice Side, somewhere between the time you stopped gunning for her pussy to instead "hang out" in perpetuity, and the time you voluntarily bedded with her without the usual payoff that most men expect from such intimate arrangement. Accompany an alpha male friend to hit on girls, to help get your head screwed on right.

The Value Of Makeup Is Declining

CH · 24 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Like anyone would be
I am flattered by your fascination with me
Like any hot blooded woman
I have simply wanted an object to crave
– "Uninvited"

Women overestimate, and men underestimate, the impact makeup has on women's looks. For the majority of women, expertly applied makeup adds half a point to 1 point to their facial attractiveness. A minority benefits from a generous 2 point increase to their beauty ranking. A few very ugly women see no improvement (lipstick on a pig syndrome). And a very few odd-looking catwalk models with angular, bony faces can see incredible leaps of beauty from makeup (and favorable lighting), sometimes on the order of a 4 or 5 point jump up the looks scale.

The average woman, of course, thinks that makeup conceals all her flaws (it doesn't, particularly flaws arising from asymmetry or masculinized features, such as manjaws) and beautifies her beyond her relative beauty ranking in the general female population. The average man, who, it should be noted, has little experience bedding a lot of pretty women, thinks women won't look very different in the morning, sans makeup. These neophyte men are often shocked by the difference dim light and eye shadow can play on their perception. Makeup may only grant a one point improvement to women, but one point is serious business on a ten point scale.

Since nearly all women use makeup on a regular or semi-regular basis, the advantage any one woman gets from makeup is that it allows her to stay in the game. Not using makeup is akin to walking into a heated mating environment with curlers in her hair and bits of tissue paper on her freshly popped zits. She's gotta keep up with the Janeses. Unless she is part of the 1% of women with unearthly natural beauty that shines better without makeup, going out in public without her "face" on is accepting a severe handicap to her SMV.

So makeup does give women a nontrivial boost to their absolute SMV, if not their relative SMV. This matters, because absolute female beauty is more important than relative female beauty for attracting men. A plain jane in a roomful of warpigs will doubtless earn more male attention, but she still won't be any man's ideal mate. Men have the golden ratio embedded in their brains, and a less ugly girl is not the same as a pretty girl.

We know makeup has mating value for women, else they wouldn't spend billions caking themselves in it. But does makeup have less value today than it did in the recent past? Think about the typical woman's dating life 100 years ago, or even 50 years ago. She lived with her parents until she got married. Long courtships were the norm. She was dropped off at home by her date before the night was out. If there was a morning after, it usually meant wedding nuptials were exchanged the day before. If there was premarital sex, it happened under conditions (read: non-cohabitating) that ensured the woman would still be made up post-coitus.

The effect of this dating system was that men would hardly ever see the women they dated *without* their makeup on. Many a man didn't see the honest, true woman he was dating/sexing until he put a ring on it. The women of yore benefited from this system that allowed them to avoid "just being themselves" just long enough to entrap entranced men in lifelong servitude.

Fast forward to today. Morning afters happen within weeks, sometimes within hours, of meeting a woman. This means men are seeing women in all their natural glory long before any marital vows are whispered about. That hot babe you wanted to fuck so badly the night before has morphed into a moldy loaf of bread with half her face mashed into a wrinkled mess in your pillow. The illusion shattered, a relationship with this creature has suddenly seemed a lot less inviting.

The power of makeup is not what it used to be, for the simple reason that men are seeing women without their makeup sooner, and more often. This unpainted state of affairs has hit cougars and marginal girls the hardest, for

whom makeup is their last salvation from a life of depressing singledom.

Is the denuded woman's face her worst foe? A good case can be made that a culture stripped of its illusory power of makeup has contributed to falling marriage rates and delayed marriage and men in general not giving a flying fuck about impressing women. Yeah, maybe it's not a major contributor, (female obesity would claim the corpulent crown as a major contributor), but it could play a role. The story of decivilizing cultures is partly the story of women ousted from their vaunted position in society as sublime muses for men's hearts.

PS Occasionally a dummy feminist hater (but i repeat myself thricely!) will stroll in this happy cunting ground claiming makeup allows her to fool men that she's hotter than she is, and to get what she wants from them, even marriage. I always respond that such a claim conveniently overlooks the reality of the morning after. You can dye, but you can't hide…

What A World Ruled By Feminists Would Look Like

CH · 25 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

> Post removed: Study looks at voting and hormones
>
> A post previously published in this space regarding a study about how hormones may influence voting choices has been removed.
>
> After further review it was determined that some elements of the story did not meet the editorial standards of CNN.
>
> We thank you for your comments and feedback.

Ego-assuaging sanitization.

Men Can't Be Friends With (Attractive) Women: The Science

CH · 25 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Four years ago, this esteemed blog laid out in detail the reasons why men can't be friends with bangable women, and under which conditions male-female friendships could plausibly form and endure.

Men and women simply cannot be friends unless certain conditions are met.

- **Mutual lack of attraction**

This is easy. When there's no loin burning to get in the way a girl buddy is like a guy buddy, except you can dump on her about your dating troubles and give your opinion of in-season colors without getting laughed at.

[…]

- **One way attraction, girl to guy**

Girls find it easier to keep their sex drives in check, which is why they can retain their sanity while remaining friends with uninterested guys they are attracted to far longer than the reverse scenario. Men who are attracted to their girl buddies cannot stay friends for long without either making a sloppy move and killing the friendship or sacrificing their last ounce of dignity as they go insane from blue balls toxic shock.

[…]

- **One way attraction, player to girl**

There is only one way a single man can be friends with a woman he wants to bang and that's when his balls are so drained from fucking other women that he feels no testicular pressure to act on his desire. You'll notice that a typical sexually satisfied alpha has lots of hot girl acquaintances he doesn't bother gaming because the effort required is not worth the very small marginal increase in pleasure or risk of losing the girls as social proof and as friends.

[…]

- **The man is married or in a relationship**

If you're looking to be a cool friend to hot chicks without falling victim to the temptation to hit on them, you can acquire this noble virtue on the cheap by shackling your vice within the artificial prison of marriage or exclusive relationships. (Note: The opposite doesn't work — most men will sleep with a hot married woman given the chance and in spite of the risk.) This is the foolproof method for betas to be relaxed and emotionally stable friends with attractive girls they'd love to bang. They simply tell themselves that they already have a girl waiting for them at home who they love very much or, if they don't love her, who would be really pissed if they cheated on her, and so the pressure is off. They can therefore rationalize their asexual acquiescence to LJBFdom as a pose of moral rectitude.

[…]

- **She's on the internet and you can't see her in person**

Pretty simple trick to be platonic with a chick when she's a flick on your monitor and a thousand miles away.

As per usual, the Chateau was more right than it knew, and ahead of its time. Recently, a scientific study has confirmed just about every observationally sound assertion put forth in that seminal post.

> [T]he possibility remains that this apparently platonic coexistence is merely a façade, an elaborate dance covering up countless sexual impulses bubbling just beneath the surface.

> New research suggests that there may be some truth to this possibility—that we may think we're capable of being "just friends" with members of the opposite sex, but the opportunity (or perceived opportunity) for "romance" is often lurking just around the corner, waiting to pounce at the most inopportune moment. […]
>
> The results suggest large gender differences in how men and women experience opposite-sex friendships. Men were much more attracted to their female friends than vice versa. Men were also more likely than women to think that their opposite-sex friends were attracted to them—a clearly misguided belief. In fact, men's estimates of how attractive they were to their female friends had virtually nothing to do with how these women actually felt, and almost everything to do with how the men themselves felt—basically, males assumed that any romantic attraction they experienced was mutual, and were blind to the actual level of romantic interest felt by their female friends. Women, too, were blind to the mindset of their opposite-sex friends; because females generally were not attracted to their male friends, they assumed that this lack of attraction was mutual. As a result, men consistently *overestimated* the level of attraction felt by their female friends and women consistently *underestimated* the level of attraction felt by their male friends. […]
>
> These results suggest that men, relative to women, have a particularly hard time being "just friends." What makes these results particularly interesting is that they were found within *particular* friendships (remember, each participant was only asked about the specific, platonic, friend with whom they entered the lab). This is not just a bit of confirmation for stereotypes about sex-hungry males and naïve females; it is direct proof that two people can experience the exact same relationship in radically different ways. Men seem to see myriad opportunities for romance in their supposedly platonic opposite-sex friendships. The women in these friendships, however, seem to have a completely different orientation—one that is actually platonic.

Science ♥s Heartiste. It feels good being so right so often, but honestly a high "being right to being wrong" ratio isn't that difficult to achieve as long as you are open to seeing reality for what it is, rather than what you wish it to be. The study's money quote:

> Taken together, these studies suggest that men and women have vastly different views of what it means to be "just friends"—and that these differing views have the potential to lead to trouble. Although women seem to be genuine in their belief that opposite-sex friendships are platonic, men seem unable to turn off their desire for something more. And even though both genders agree overall that attraction between platonic friends is more negative than positive, males are less likely than females to hold this view.

If you were to read nothing in life except this blog, you would be better equipped to successfully navigate the obstacles life throws at you than a feminist or manboob who has read 10,000 cathedral-certified gender studies textbooks at $100 a pop.

Alpha Troll Of The Month

CH · 26 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Somewhere in Brazil, an alpha prankster (you'd need to be alpha to pull this off for as long as he did with a smirk on your face) trolled a slut walk full of unhygienic feminists hard. He rolled up and rolled his dick out in solidarity with the concept of slut pride, as seething, violent, hyper-emotional feminist cuntrags, who wouldn't know irony if it walked up and boob-slapped them, threw stuff at him, missing 100% of the time from three feet out. Because girls can't throw.

Awareness raised! For some reason, I have it in my mind that this guy is actually mischievous commenter "gig" moonlighting as a rapscallion. You go, gig!

Anyhow, the Youtube comments are gold, demonstrating once again that the best American comedy is to be found lurking on Youtube under anonymous troll cover. Ex:

> So this is why my sandwich is still not made. Damn the March of the Sluts.

"There are only two ways of telling great humor without getting fined for sexual harassment — anonymously and posthumously."
– Thomas Sowell

So I take it Brazil is now filled to the rafters with inane feminists who lack the awareness to perceive their hypocrisy. Yay globalization! We've come a long way from Blame it on Rio. I wonder if a single one of those shrieking skanks offended (shamefully aroused?) by the sight of penis blowin' in the breeze grasps the irony that they betrayed the principle of their slut walk by reacting in judgmental horror to a guy who just wanted to empower himself and dress the way he wants. Can't a guy stroll through a feminist coven proudly showcasing some serpent skin without being accosted, institutionally raped, and deprivileged by the matriarchy? There should be laws against women who victimize men because they can't control themselves when they see penis. Hey hey, ho ho, penis haters got to go!

A master troll who knows his craft can smash a million pretty lies with one mighty unzip of his pants.

Let's have a closer look at the alpha mug which drove a horde of feminists apoplectic with self-realization.

Readers sometimes ask what exactly “bemused mastery” looks like. I think this should answer their question.

The smirk of satisfaction. Don’t expect a cringing display of beta supplicating apologetics from this face. He knows he’s getting laid for his effrontery.

If you scan the crowd, you’ll see a few white knight omegaboy lasanga vegetables shitting their panties. Gotta love their utter demasculinizing uselessness out there. Lapdog mascots who will lick the boots of their cunty masters for a grateful nibble of fetid swamp snatch when the moon aligns with Uranus. But enough about Hugo Schwyzer.

Chicks Dig Serial Killers

CH · 26 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

What do you get when you put a creepy sexual sadist serial killer in the same room with a lot of young women?

Sparks!

Robert Ben Rhoades, the notorious Truck Stop Killer, also killed it with the ladies.

> Debra Davis and Rhoades met in the early ’80s at a Houston bar called Chipkikkers. Rhoades was dressed that night as an airline pilot, and it was months before Davis found out he wasn’t one. The remarkable thing is that when she did, she didn’t dump him. But Rhoades was cunning and highly charismatic. When the FBI extradited him to Illinois, he was able to get a phone number off a waitress while shackled hand and foot and wearing an orange prison suit. This obviously doesn’t recommend the waitress’s judgment, but at least some of the credit has to go to Rhoades.

“There was just something about him. I can’t explain it.”

Beta males the world over woo women with flowers and flattery and get put on ice as a reward. A charismatic psychopath scores digits while decked out in prison chic and chained hand and foot.

Ah, women. Lift the veil of their sweetness a little too far, and…

The Age Of Flakes

CH · 29 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When a girl flaked (i.e., unexpectedly cancelled or failed to show for a date, or screened your calls) on you in the not too distant past, it usually meant there was a lack of attraction or she lost what little attraction there was in the interim between meeting her and calling her the next day. Occasionally, flakes were legitimate consequences of bad logistics or real plans that she had.

But, today, with the proliferation of smart phones and dumb disrespect, flaking has become *de rigeur* in certain segments of the female population. The NewYorkBetaTimes is on top of the trend (h/t reader M Serious):

> Not long before that, Leandra Medine, the 23-year-old fashion blogger behind Man Repeller, sat down at the SoHo restaurant Jack's Wife Freda and waited for her three friends. As she nursed a glass of wine, she glanced down at her phone to learn, via text, that all of her friends had bailed.
>
> Random missed connections? Not quite.
>
> Texting and instant messaging make it easier to navigate our social lives, but they are also turning us into ill-mannered flakes. Not long ago, the only way to break a social engagement, outside of blowing off someone completely, was to do it in person or on the phone. An effusive apology was expected, or at least the appearance of contrition.
>
> But now, when our fingers tap our way out of social obligations, the barriers to canceling have been lowered. Not feeling up for going out? Have better plans? Just type a note on the fly ("Sorry can't make it tonight") and hit send.
>
> And don't worry about giving advance notice. The later, the better. After all, bailing on dinner via text message doesn't feel as disrespectful as standing up someone, or as embarrassing.

Social media isn't bringing us together as its creators and cheerleaders promised it would; it's tearing apart our humanity. Our social minds have evolved in a face-to-face medium, not a faceless ASCII ether. When you can't see the disappointment or anger on the face of the person you're shafting, you don't feel bad about it. Smartphones feed the shamelessness of our culture.

> And it is practically endemic among those in their 20s and younger, who were raised in the age of instant chatter.
>
> "Texting is lazy, and it encourages and promotes flakiness," Mr. Cohen said. "You're not treating anything with any weight, and it turns us all into 14-year-olds. We're all 14-year-olds in suits and high heels."

Social media is also making emotionally stunted children out of all of us. Or, more precisely, emotionally blank aspie idiots. I wonder if the ability to read emotions from a person's face and body language is declining in lockstep with the rise of texting and IMing? If it is, as I suspect, then salesmen with cunning social skills will be able to clean up in an environment of over-trusting spergy kiddies. Some of you will be able to see the connection to antagonistic mass diversity here.

> Rachel Libeskind, a 23-year-old artist who lives in TriBeCa, is constantly navigating her social circles from her iPhone. She finds that she'll triple- or even quadruple-book plans on weekend nights, knowing there's only a 60 percent chance she'll engage in any of them.
>
> "People will text me, 'Let's do something this week,' and I'll have three or four plans laid out for the week, and on average, more than half of them fall through," she said. "The social plans I make are always changing, always shifting."

Girls especially love this age of electronic “micro-coordinating”, because the plethora of shallow plans make them feel wanted, loved, desired, popular, BUSY BUSY BUSY. It’s an incipient attention whore’s paradise. Until 4 out of 5 plans fall through, and she has to micro-coordinate another ten plans to get her lookatme! fix.

Players like this situation as well, because it allows them to juggle multiple women seamlessly and to cut girls off without undue chick drama.

> Moreover, it’s not considered boorish when her peers abandon one another. “Because there is very little at stake in terms of having these plans, it’s not that rude,” she said. “It’s implicit because that’s how everyone is operating.”

Social media and smartphones have ensured that nothing is important, because the second something *is* important, there are real consequences for flaking on it. And no woman-child wants to deal with icky *real consequences.* Yuk!

> “My parents always say that when you make a plan, even if your finger is falling off, even if you’re bleeding, you can’t stand people up,” said Ms. Medine, the fashion blogger. **[editor: “fashion blogger”. jesus. all i want for christmas is a day of the rope… a day of the rope…]** “But to me, it’s not rude. If your plans fall through, that’s fine. We live in a city where there are a million other plans waiting for you.”

This is why the modern day player has to have, as part of his seduction arsenal, professional anti-flaking techniques. If you don’t know how to handle the flakes that will inevitably occur, you are handicapped in the mating market. And you know what kind of guy thrives in the Age of Flakes? — The guy who knows how to flip the script and get women to chase *him*, so that he is the one with the option to flake.

> Ms. Medine added that she would often R.S.V.P. to five events a night, knowing there’s little chance she would attend them all. “I don’t think any plan is a plan until you’re inside the restaurant looking at someone else,” she said.

Player: “I don’t think any plan is a plan until you’re inside her vagina looking into her eyes.”

Hey, what’s good for the goose…

PS You will see a photo of MIZZ Medine alongside the article, and, well… manjaw’s gonna manjaw.

Seriously, what the fuck is up with American women acting *and looking* like men, and American men acting and looking like manboobs? Did a silent enemy slip something into our water supply? Are my balls just astronomically bigger than the average man’s because I don’t apologize for my manhood, and I prefer feminine women?

My techie-minded prediction is that the Age of Flaking will slowly come to an end when video-texting and video calling become widely used. Once you can’t text or IM without seeing a moving face before you, the boorishness will wither with the rising shame.

> “If you text a friend that you can’t make dinner because you’re feeling sick, and then a picture of you dancing on a bar shows up on someone’s Instagram feed, you just got caught,” Mr. Blasberg said. “With the rise of social media and technology, it’s harder to use little white lies to get out of things.”

Orwell was only partly right. Big Brother is everywhere, but he is as much your friend or neighbor as he is your government.

A classic CH anti-flaking technique can be found here.

The Necessity Of Relationship Game

CH · 31 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

What ho! Another scientific study ♥♥♥confirming♥♥♥ CH observations about the functioning of female sexuality? You bet!

> Women with stable but not-so-sexy mates become more distant, critical during periods of high fertility.
>
> Long after women have chosen Mr. Stable over Mr. Sexy, they struggle unconsciously with the decision, according to a new study by UCLA researchers who look at subtle changes in behavior during ovulation.
>
> At their most fertile period, these women are less likely to feel close to their mates and more likely to find fault with them than women mated to more sexually desirable men, the research shows.
>
> "A woman evaluates her relationship differently at different times in her cycle, and her evaluation seems to be colored by how sexually attractive she perceives her partner to be," said Martie Haselton, a professor of psychology and communication studies at UCLA and senior author of the study.

Now where have we heard this before? Oh yeah. Here… and here.

> Creeping marital betatude isn't an on/off switch; it's a viral agent that slowly, but inexorably, sickens your wife until she wants to get as far away from you as possible. Usually into the arms of a man who isn't infected.

As usual, the Chateau is well ahead of the curve.

I really love these studies validating core game concepts because I know they cause the haters to blow steam out of their puckered sphincters. Haters seem to be under the delusion that science is on their side, so the bubble bursting is even more delicious.

If you aren't tracking your wife's ovulation cycle, and you're a constitutional beta male who strongly suspects you won her over with your promises of stability and resources and her looming wall as your ally in love, you should act now. Because when that egg's a-layin', those players you despise are gonna have the key to her heart. And no amount of beta puling will pull her back from the brink. In fact, it will make it worse.

The good news, if you can call it that, should be a relief to cuckold fetishists everywhere.

> Nevertheless, the negative feelings appear fleeting, and they don't seem to affect a woman's long-term commitment to her romantic relationship, the study found.

If your ego can emotionally weather the morbid sight of your wife swooning for guys with smooth moves, and perhaps cheating on you one week every month, your marriage should be good to go. Naturally, most men can't tolerate that, so game becomes of paramount importance for keeping their wives or girlfriends maximally attracted to them, and not other men. I.e., to keep them in line. Because much of game is, in essence, learned charisma of the high status alpha male, your beloved boo can be… how shall we say?… *massaged*, or *imperceptibly guided*, to avert her focus from other men back onto you, during those times when she is most susceptible to the allure of competitor cock.

> Through a series of high-profile studies, Haselton's lab has revealed telling changes that take place in women's behavior during ovulation. Possibly to increase the odds of attracting suitable mating partners, these behaviors include a **tendency to dress up** and to **speak in a higher-pitched, more feminine voice** and — in a potential inbreeding-avoidance mechanism — to **refrain from contact with male kin**. In addition, the lab has found that women whose mates are less sexy and masculine tend to be more attracted to other men during the few

> fertile days leading up to ovulation.

The more beta you are, the more you need game just to tread water with the woman you love. A woman who is shackled to a beta male is going to feel more powerful urges to copulate with an alpha male when she's biologically able to conceive. It's as if her body knows, somehow, that the man who provides for her and supports her and bores her to death is worthy of genetic obliteration. Aren't women sublime creatures?

> The researchers, who used a questionnaire designed exclusively for the study, found no significant change across the cycle in how the women perceived their level of commitment to the relationship or, at least initially, in their satisfaction with it.

What this means is that women unknowingly lie to themselves, and effectively at that. A woman's evolutionary programming has ensured that she is shielded from conscious, spontaneous knowledge of the functioning of the worst of her biomachinery, such as her id-driven desire to be impregnated via infidelity with an interloper alpha male. An ovulating woman who has, seemingly inexplicably, begun nagging her beta husband or boyfriend, is not going to like to be confronted with the real reason why she turned into a raving bitch. If you were to ask this woman about her level of relationship commitment, of course she will answer that all is well, because to admit otherwise is to upend and potentially sabotage the ancient female sexual directive to amass both alpha fucks and beta bucks. And her genes would not like that at all. AT ALL.

> But an exercise that required the women to rate how close they felt to their men yielded dramatic results. As women mated to less sexually attractive men moved from their least fertile to most fertile period, their closeness scores dropped one point on a seven-point scale. Women mated to the most sexually attractive men, meanwhile, experienced the opposite effect. As these women moved from their least to most fertile period, their closeness scores rose by a point.

If you are already an alpha male — either by fortune of inheritance or by grind of self-correction — then your girlfriend or wife will fall MORE in love with you when she is ovulating. She will go from pleasantly in love to lustfully in love. Yet more proof that there is no end to the ways in which being alpha is better than being beta.

> The questionnaire asked the women to rate how characteristic such faults as being moody, childish, emotional, thoughtless and critical were of their mate.
>
> The researchers found that women mated to the less sexually attractive men were significantly more likely to find fault with their partners and, again, feel less close to their partners during the high-fertility period than the low-fertility period. Women who rated their mates as more sexually attractive, meanwhile, did not exhibit these changes and instead reported being more satisfied with their relationship at high fertility than at low fertility.

When a man's woman is being bitchy, the problem is him, but not in the way most men would think. Most men will promptly resort to DEFCUNT Level 1 Beta Supplication Mode to appease their harridans, thinking, wrongly, that their women are bitchy because they haven't gotten enough signs of commitment and support from their partners. And who could blame these men for thinking this? When nagging, inconsolable women lob heat-of-the-moment accusations at their men, the accusations usually take the form of scattershot wails about one-size-fits-all conventional relationship issues that come straight from therapists' hackneyed textbooks.

"You don't care about me." "You never listen." "You don't support this marriage like I do." "You forgot to go food shopping AGAIN. How many times do I have to remind you?!"

So these beta men, quite reasonably, care harder, listen longer, support stronger, and buy enough groceries to fill a fat housewife's appetizer plate. He reasons, "This is what she claims she wants, so this is what I'll give her. And that

should make her be nice to me like she was last week."

In the meantime, the alpha male is now on his fifth year of forgetting to go food shopping, and his lover hasn't bitched once about it.

If the beta male only knew what worlds of unburdened joy lie just beyond his reach…

The truth in these matters is just the opposite of the conclusions that the beta male's reasoning takes him: what their nagging, maximally fertile women want is not more beta, but LESS BETA. They want the alpha male who dismisses their nags with a wave of the hand, a cocky attitude, and a vigorous entitlement to belittling sexual conquest. And they want this DESPITE what they claim to say they want. The man who understands this paradox about women is the man who succeeds with them by measures of success that transcend traditionalist bromides.

> The researchers believe the findings shed light on a suite of conflicting behaviors that stem from mating strategies that might have provided an evolutionary benefit to women's female ancestors of long ago but today probably serve no other purpose than to stir the domestic pot.

The form may change, but the urge remains the same.

> She calls the urge for a stable long-term partner along with the increased desire for a more sexually attractive mate during periods of high fertility the "dual mating hypothesis."
>
> Haselton and Larson next plan to look at whether fault-finding and the feelings of distance and dissatisfaction have any long-term destabilizing effects on the relationships of women with less sexually attractive men.

Science proves that game can help strengthen a monogamous marriage. It's not just for banging a lot of club sluts anymore.

> They also plan to look into how, if at all, the behavior is perceived by the male partners of these women.
>
> "We don't know if men are picking up on this behavior, but if they are, it must be confusing for them," Larson said.

Ya think? Thank the lord of illuminating truth that storehouses of real-life acquired knowledge like this digital retreat exist for men. The reign of confusion about women's nature is beginning to close, and a new chapter in the history of love and romance is being written. This message will be uglier to some, more beautiful to others, dangerous to a few. But one thing it will be for all: a path out of the darkness.

Five Minutes Of Alpha

CH · 31 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a reason why Silvio Berlusconi won the first ever Chateau Alpha Male Cage Match by a whopping length + girth. This paesan is a ladykiller. Further cementing Silvio's alpha status, Ray Sawhill (formerly of 2BLowhards) sent along this article about a former Miss Montenegro beauty queen who admitted having a two year affair with Silvio. She met him two years ago when she was 18 and he was… 73. And how does Katarina feel about the age gap?

> She said: 'In love age is not important – an extraordinary person like him could be 100 years old, it would have no effect on me, he would have still struck me.'

Any regular of this blog will not be surprised by her admission. Chicks dig power above all other male attractiveness traits. Male power truly is distilled aphrodisia. A woman will present for a powerful, charming man as quickly as a man will spring a boner for a hot, young, slender, naked babe. Of course, her statement needs a qualifier to retain accuracy: In love age is not important… if you are an alpha male with compensating attractiveness traits. Plenty of boring betas grind out their wheezy decades inspiring no love in any younger women.

And for the cynics, I have no doubt Katarina loves (note: I did not say "loved") Silvio, to the depth of her soul. Hers is real love, not fake golddigger love one so often sees when a hot chick marries a rich beta. Women's love circuits are wired differently than men's; a woman's love will erupt and ensconce an apex male like Silvio, and it will be a genuine love, in much the same way a man's love will rush out from him unbidden for a beautiful young woman.

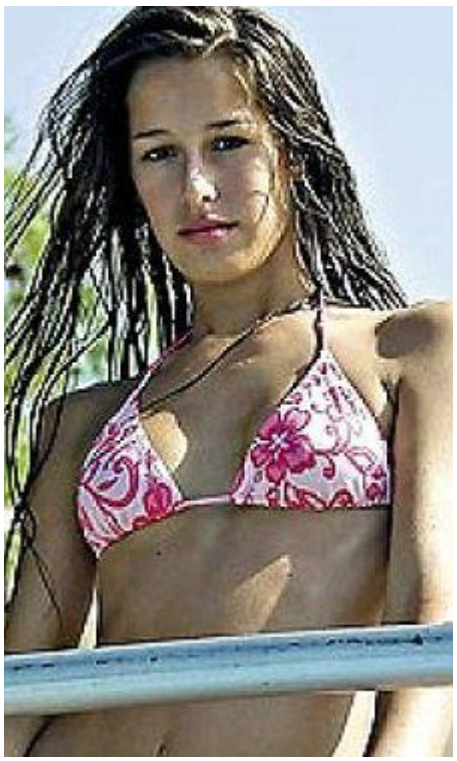
One of the comments from a female commenter is particularly enlightening.

> The allure of a powerful man like Berlusconi is something people are quick to discount unless they've been in the presence of one. I had an affair with a very powerful, high-profile (unmarried) politician when he was 65 and I was 18. Age didn't matter because he was electric. He knew everything and was energectic in a way I'd never seen in boys my age, and his appetite for life was insatiable. Decades later as a long-married wife and mother I still remember him often, and quite fondly.

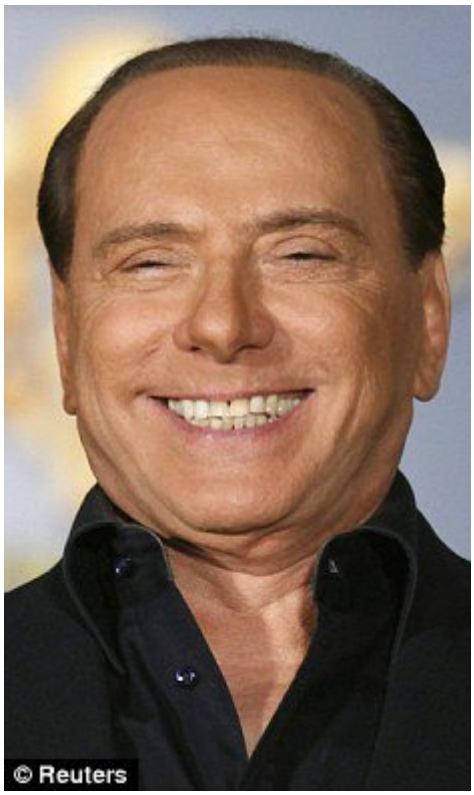
Five minutes of alpha floods the female brain with pleasant memories quicker than decades of beta.* I wonder how her husband would feel knowing that, despite decades of shared marital moments and children's first words, she still warmly recalls an affair she had with a 65 year old alpha male at the ripe peak of her attractiveness? Hallmark doesn't make cards for remembrances like that.

You don't have to be a prime minister to capture the hearts of younger women (although it helps). I advise aging men to keep that spark of adventure they had when they were teen striplings. Do whatever it takes to avoid the long, slow surrender — the Barcalounger betrayal of your masculine birthright — and strive to maintain a sense of wonder. A dash of immaturity goes a long way toward cultivating a youthful frame of mind, which is a necessary prerequisite to winning the hearts of young women.

So raise a glass to Silvio, a refreshing anachronism in an increasingly sterile West. If you were banging babes like this…



…at the age of 73, you'd have this…



…shit-eating grin plastered on your face, too.

*A similar, albeit attenuated, feeling occurs in men, when our fondest memories veer all the way back to our first tender kiss or first intimate penetration. This memory exerts its power in men for a different reason than women's memories do with their alpha flings; men's first loves are often girls in their mid to late teens (or perhaps early to mid-20s for the late bloomers) when their feminine beauty and mannerism radiates at its absolute brightest. Searing beauty leaves a scorching imprint on the male brain. However, the recollection of such memories are usually less

stable and permanent for men than they are for women recalling times spent with alpha males, because men who have even a modicum of experience with women have enjoyed many, many years of prime pussy, thus diluting the impact of their earliest memories.

Women, on the other hand, will often go decades in the beta wilderness trying to recapture the feeling they had with their alpha loves, hopping from one cad cock to another. Men are simply less interchangeable as lovers for women than women are interchangeable as lovers for men. It is for this reason that a fling with an alpha male will ruin a woman for all future men. A man, in contrast, is rarely ruined for all future women when he has a fling with a hot chick, unless he suffers a status and confidence drop so precipitous that the kinds of women he attracts are two or more points lower on the beauty ranking scale than his best past lover.

Catalonia Singing Separate Ways

CH · 1 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Cheap Chalupas notes that a prominent economist has come out in favor of Catalonian secession, and that he has done so for evil, vile, naughty, emotionally human tribal reasons. It's an interesting post more for what it reveals about the dominant narrative of our time, and how it has infected the perspective of the pundit class to such an astonishing degree that any thought remotely transgressive of this narrative becomes the stuff of Hitlerian nightmare.

Commenter "lords of lies" left this over there:

> i have yet to see or hear of a mainstream economic model that accounts for robert putnam's findings that racial and ethnic diversity reduces intergroup and intragroup trust.

Is that true? There are no major economic models that incorporate this fundamental aspect of human nature? If so, that would be evidence for the growing irrelevance of economics as a field. Maybe that explains why no two economists can agree on anything, despite learning from the same textbooks and past greats.

I wonder what roguish, Spanish-speaking commenter gig thinks about all this.

How To Get A Girl To Send Nudes Of Herself

CH · 1 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader (warning: mid-level troll alert) asks:

> best way to get a girl to send nudes?
> It seems difficult to do it without being cheesy/sounding desperate.

The main problem with trying to get girls to text or message you delicious nudies of themselves is that it subjects you to the risk that you'll be perceived a creepy perv desperate for sexual handouts. This risk is high, but not insurmountable, as the evidence of the deluge of girls sexting their privates to the four corners of alphadom attests. Personally, I don't go in for the proactive "sext me" strategy, preferring instead to let it arise organically with girls who are already into me and have decided on their own to expose their plush wares to my viewership, but I can see why some guys would be champing at the bit to get the sext ball rolling. Once a girl has sexted you, she's psychologically invested, and her perception will shift to her chasing you, which makes closing the deal a lot easier.

Another problem with attempting to extract nudies from girls is that it exposes (heh) you to potential legal ramifications down the road. Yeah, I know, sounds crazy. You're thinking, "Why would I be legally culpable for a girl's voluntary actions?" Well, folks, this is the feministed world we're all barreling toward, and the day is not far off when women will be classed as victims even of their own freely made choices, and all consequences thereof rendered moot by state edict, to be placed upon the shoulders of ~~men~~ beta males.

Anyhow, my take on this issue is that there are many ways to skin this kitty, among them:

1. Reverse psychology.

"No, don't send erotic pics of yourself. It won't get you anywhere with me."

2. Encouragement neg.

"I'm not sure you're right for sex pics. Only certain girls can pull it off. You don't seem the type." (The vaguer your implied reason, the better.)

3. Unreconstructed asshole game.

"tits or gtfo" (note alluring lack of punctuation)

4. Casually aloof asshole game.

"It'd be cool to see your tits." (Be cognizant that she will likely reply with indignation, and that you should be prepared to expect it and brush it off.)

5. Let's you and her fight game.

"Damn, Ella just sent me a pic of her boobs. So many girls doing this now. It's crazy." (bonus preselection game!)

6. Idea implantation game.

"You ever send someone nude pics of yourself? I did once to a girl, and it accidentally went to my Mom. I think she was proud."

7. Reverse Psychology II.

"I'm glad you're not one of those girls who sends nude pics of herself. You don't need that excitement."

8. Feeding the female narcissist game.

"You look like you have a figure for photos. Have you ever modeled in the nude?" (be careful with this tactic, as it

can easily cross the line to transparency.)

9. Non-judgmentalism/No Big Deal game.

“If you sent a nude pic I wouldn’t even be surprised. Girls send them all the time now. It’s nothing.”

10. Massive DHV game.

This is where you demonstrate so much high value that the girl feels an overwhelming urge to show you her naked body at the slightest hamster-nudged provocation. An example of this I found at a pickup site.

Below is an example of how I got a random girl to send naked pics of everything (va jay jay included!!) on Facebook. If you can do this to a stranger, you can easily do it to girls you know.

Note: I had an advantage in that I was working on a movie at the time which DHV‘d and made me artsy.. But I have done it without that story. This is not real life game so the modular progression is different. It goes something like you see below mixing and matching however.

Guidelines:

1. Homework – hey lazy ass, read this entire post and realize that this process may require more time and thought than you are willing to put forth. I am a sicko and love to see how far I can get girls to go over the net. Sometimes it takes longer than others. I enjoy the process either way.

2. DHV-Attraction/Comfort- DHV to the point were they want to impress and then create comfort before requesting photos.

3. Compliment – After DHV‘s tell them they are photogenic which builds their confidence makes them feel appreciated and indebted. Flatter the shit out of her by asking if she has ever done any modeling.

4. Qualify – Claim to be into photography (use photography terms: portfolio) or art and that you appreciate the feminine form.

5. Qualify – joke about not wanting to send pics of yourself (they will usually request this) for fear of them showing them off to all of their friends (indicates that you wouldn’t do this to them).

6. Neg – if they send you weak pics tell them that they are PG and you put them in your Lion King scrap book or some shit ;) Create leverage.

7. DHV (attraction spike/non-reactive) – don’t be too pushy about it. Act like it is no big deal and subtly remind them if they forget (always at the end of the paragraph, see below).

8. Watch it! – be careful what you wish for. This one had a meaty vagina (YIKES!) Beef curtains! Run!

[ed: portions of actual messaging transcript follows. pay close attention to the punctuation and time stamp pattern. heheh.]

Jess
at 9:03am
Oh, and it’s your turn to send me some pics of yourself. (If there are any naked ones, I won’t mind. Don’t be shy.) LOL.

DF
8:21pm
Wait a minute, you sent me your PG pictures and you are asking for the full monty? You send some sexy shots first so I know that you won’t misuse my photos should we exchange

DF
9:09pm

and by sexy I mean naked of course

[…]

DF

May 22 at 6:36am
Don't mind, I came out of a relationship just little while back and yes I do find your interest in me most flattering.

The feminine form is a thing of beauty and what can I say, some forms are more beautiful than others. You for example are one of those more beautiful forms.

Jess
10:41am
Oh, well that sucks, but not for me! LOL. And thank you, it makes me smile when you compliment me. I will send you some pics, but you have to send me some too. And please keep them to yourself, I will do the same.

DF
8:20pm
You are most welcome, glad to dimple your cheeks. I would never disregard your privacy, you have my word and a deal my dear.

Jess
9:18pm
Where are my pics? I want to see you naked baby!
Sent via Facebook Mobile

DF
May 22 at 9:43pm
that wasn't the deal sweetheart! You send me a topless first and then I send you one!

Jess
9:58pm
I did, I sent it to your regular email. LOL. Didn't you check it?
Sent via Facebook Mobile

DF
9:59pm
no darlin send again!

DF
10:16pm
I got no bra pics, no topless pics no nothing just the ones that were on your facebook page

Loading…

Jess
11:03pm
I sent them to you again. Did you get it?
Sent via Facebook Mobile

DF
7:52am
No I did not. You can always set up a private __ for us were we can post pictures. It is fast and apparently easier than the old fashioned way. Figure it out girl!

Jess
8:19am
K, I tried to e-mail it one more time. Did you get anything? They were pics I scanned, so I can't upload them into a __ account.

Jess
11:24am
But I set one up anyway. The login is __ and the password is midnight82 and I set it to private already. So you can put stuff on there if you want to and I want you to!! LOL.

DF
10:26pm
okay, those pictures are not the ones that we talked about make it happen princess

Jes
11:02pm
I emailed them to u again. Did u still not get them?
Sent via Facebook Mobile

Jes
4:11am
K, look at our account now. You better post some on there too. I will put some more up tomorrow. It's your turn baby!!! Tell me what you think. I hope you don't think it's too much. LOL. Oh, and gimme your address, I wanna send you copies of the pics I tried to e-mail you before. They're really cute naked pics of me. LOL. MWAH!!
Sent via Facebook Mobile

Jess
May 26 at 4:08pm
You disappeared again.

***

Haha.. the pics weren't that great. I never chatted with her again. Sometimes I just like to see how well I can persuade people. Maybe I should post the pics?

Maybe we should call this guy Disappeared Again Man, and include him in the pantheon of other infamous alpha male greats like Skittles Man, Bring The Movies Man, and Nah Man?

I can't vouch for his specific method above for getting girls to send nekkid pics as a generalized tactic, but I can say with confidence that acting like this guy does will significantly boost the odds that you'll persuade a girl to deliver the goods.

PS On a related note, homemade sex vids and pics of current and old flames (including you, not other men) are a hundred times more limbically stimulating than those of strangers. Try it sometime. You'll see. Or maybe it's just the outrageous narcissist in me.

Catalonia Singing Separate

CH · 1 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Cheap Chalupas notes that a prominent economist has come out in favor of Catalonian secession, and that he has done so for evil, vile, naughty, emotionally human tribal reasons. It's an interesting post more for what it reveals about the dominant narrative of our time, and how it has infected the perspective of the pundit class to such an astonishing degree that any thought remotely transgressive of this narrative becomes the stuff of Hitlerian nightmare.

Commenter "lords of lies" left this over there:

> i have yet to see or hear of a mainstream economic model that accounts for robert putnam's findings that racial and ethnic diversity reduces intergroup and intragroup trust.

Is that true? There are no major economic models that incorporate this fundamental aspect of human nature? If so, that would be evidence for the growing irrelevance of economics as a field. Maybe that explains why no two economists can agree on anything, despite learning from the same textbooks and past greats.

I wonder what roguish, Spanish-speaking commenter gig thinks about all this.

Latest Baumeister Paper Supports CH Concept Of The Sexual Market

CH · 2 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Baumeister, the primary coauthor behind the seminal 2004 paper titled "Sexual Economics: Sex as Female Resource for Social Exchange in Heterosexual Interactions", has released online the latest addition to that work, titled "Sexual Economics, Culture, Men, and Modern Sexual Trends", another steely-eyed examination of the sexes that pretty much validates the core Chateau Heartiste concept of the existence of a merciless sexual market, and its primacy among all markets.

I was planning to write a sole synopsis and commentary on the recent study, but others, like Mangan (back from hiatus), have done a good job covering the essential hypotheses and conclusions in the paper, so instead I'll post in addition, in the near future, an email from a reader who forwarded to CH his astute objections and comments to the original Baumeister paper in an email sent to the author. (I don't know if Baumeister replied.)

(Quick aside: Mangan asks a related question regarding a prominent claim in the Baumeister paper that men supported the entrance of women into the workforce to increase men's sexual access: "Is there a direct relationship between looser morals and more women in public life?" I would bet that there is, and that a trend toward higher female participation in the workforce, and particularly in government and similar social gatekeeper occupations, is one of the crucial indicators that a nation is beginning the downward spiral into stasis and eventual decline.)

Continuing, some choice quotes (with editor commentary) pulled from the latest Baumeister/Vohs (a woman!) paper to give you a flavor for its contents.

> In simple terms, we proposed that in sex, women are the suppliers and men constitute the demand (Baumeister and Vohs 2004). Hence the anti-democratic, seemingly paradoxical sex ratio findings that Regnerus describes. When women are in the minority, the sexual marketplace conforms to their preferences: committed relationships, widespread virginity, faithful partners, and early marriage. For example, American colleges in the 1950s conformed to that pattern. In our analysis, women benefit in such circumstances because the demand for their sexuality exceeds the supply. In contrast, when women are the majority, such as on today's campuses as well as in some ethnic minority communities, things shift toward what *men* prefer: Plenty of sex without commitment, delayed marriage, extradyadic copulations, and the like. **[ed: yep, life has been good for those of us who know the score.]** […]
>
> Sexual marketplaces take the shape they do because nature has biologically built a disadvantage into men: a huge desire for sex that makes men dependent on women. Men's greater desire puts them at a disadvantage, just as when two parties are negotiating a possible sale or deal, the one who is more eager to make the deal is in a weaker position than the one who is willing to walk away without the deal. **[ed: this is why practiced male aloofness is attractive to women — it signals that the man is holding a stronger market position, and that his goods are therefore valuable.]** Women certainly desire sex too — but as long as most women desire it less than most men, women have a collective advantage, and social roles and interactions will follow scripts that give women greater power than men (Baumeister et al. 2001). **[ed: culture emerges from sexually differentiated genetic roots.]** We have even concluded that the cultural suppression of female sexuality throughout much of history and across many different cultures has largely had its roots in the quest for marketplace advantage (see Baumeister and Twenge 2002). Women have often sustained their advantage over men by putting pressure on each other to restrict the supply of sex available to men. As with any monopoly or cartel, restricting the supply leads to a higher price. […]
>
> Recent work has found that across a large sample of countries today, the economic and political liberation of women is positively correlated with greater availability of sex (Baumeister and Mendoza 2011). Thus, men's access to sex has turned out to be maximized not by keeping women in an economically disadvantaged and

dependent condition, but instead by letting them have abundant access and opportunity. **[ed: was the sexual and feminist revolution fomented by undersexed beta males? a case can be made.]** In an important sense, the sexual revolution of the 1970s was itself a market correction. Once women had been granted wide opportunities for education and wealth, they no longer had to hold sex hostage (Baumeister and Twenge 2002). **[ed: that is, they no longer had to suffer the indignity of beta provider courtship. now that they had the resources, it was open season on alpha male cock hopping. the sexual revolution appears to have backfired on beta males expecting a bigger slice of the snatch pie.]**

What does all this mean for men? The social trends suggest the continuing influence of a stable fact, namely the strong desire of young men for sexual activity. As the environment has shifted, men have simply adjusted their behavior to find the best means to achieve this same goal. Back in 1960, it was difficult to get sex without getting married or at least engaged, and so men married early. To be sure, this required more than being willing to bend the knee, declare love, and offer a ring. To qualify as marriage material, a man had to have a job or at least a strong prospect of one (such as based on an imminent college degree). The man's overarching goal of getting sex thus motivated him to become a respectable stakeholder contributing to society.

The fact that men became useful members of society as a result of their efforts to obtain sex is not trivial, and it may contain important clues as to the basic relationship between men and culture (see Baumeister 2010). Although this may be considered an unflattering characterization, and it cannot at present be considered a proven fact, we have found no evidence to contradict the basic general principle that *men will do whatever is required in order to obtain sex,* and perhaps not a great deal more. **[ed: that last clause is critical. men will always take the path of least resistance to sex. it is up to women to make that path more difficult if they want to extract more concessions from men.]** (One of us characterized this in a previous work as, "If women would stop sleeping with jerks, men would stop being jerks.") If in order to obtain sex men must become pillars of the community, or lie, or amass riches by fair means or foul, or be romantic or funny, then many men will do precisely that. This puts the current sexual free-for-all on today's college campuses in a somewhat less appealing light than it may at first seem. **[ed: what's interesting and unspoken here is that the sexual free-for-all is chugging along nicely well beyond and outside of the college years, with the difference being that, in their 20s and 30s, a select number of fewer men (let's call them… alpha males) are enjoying the ample premarital rewards of sexually available women.]** Giving young men easy access to abundant sexual satisfaction deprives society of one of its ways to motivate them to contribute valuable achievements to the culture. **[ed: damn, i'm torn. do i want a thriving society or easier access to sex? yeeeeah… i'll take the latter and leave the self-sacrifice required of the former for the anti-poolside chumps.]**

The changes in gender politics since 1960 can be seen as involving a giant trade, in which both genders yielded something of lesser importance to them in order to get something they wanted more (Baumeister and Vohs 2004). As Regnerus states, partly based on our own extensive survey of research findings, men want sex, indeed more than women want it (Baumeister et al. 2001). Women, meanwhile, want not only marriage but also access to careers and preferential treatment in the workplace. **[ed: women are the reproductively more valuable sex, and so it makes sense that evolution would have "gifted" women with an oversized entitlement complex and the inability to engage in self-criticism.]**

The giant trade thus essentially involved men giving women not only easy access but even preferential treatment in the huge institutions that make up society, which men created. **[ed: but the grand bargain did not work out as intended for the masses of beta males who acquiesced to the new girl order. while alpha males certainly saw more action from "liberated" women, the average joe did not. instead, all the average joe got in return for sacrificing his workplace status in hopes of easier sex was… a heaping helping of humiliation and wage stagnation and anti-joe animus, which continues at an accelerated pace to this day. this is a critical distinction i would like to see Baumeister address.]** Today most schools, universities, corporations, scientific organizations, governments, and many other institutions have explicit policies to protect and promote women. It is standard practice to hire or promote a woman ahead of an equally

> qualified man. Most large organizations have policies and watchdogs that safeguard women's interests and ensure that women gain preferential treatment over men. Parallel policies or structures to protect men's interests are largely nonexistent and in many cases are explicitly prohibited. Legal scholars, for example, point out that any major new law is carefully scrutinized by feminist legal scholars who quickly criticize any aspect that could be problematic or disadvantageous to women, and so all new laws are women-friendly. Nobody looks out for men, and so the structural changes favoring women and disadvantaging men have accelerated (Baumeister and Vohs 2004). […]
>
> Even today, the women's movement has been a story of women demanding places and preferential treatment in the organizational and institutional structures that men create, rather than women creating organizations and institutions themselves. Almost certainly, this reflects one of the basic motivational differences between men and women, which is that female sociality is focused heavily on one-to-one relationships, whereas male sociality extends to larger groups networks of shallower relationships (e.g., Baumeister and Sommer 1997; Baumeister 2010). Crudely put, women hardly ever create large organizations or social systems. That fact can explain most of the history of gender relations, in which the gender near-equality of prehistorical societies was gradually replaced by progressive inequality—not because men banded together to oppress women, but because cultural progress arose from the men's sphere with its large networks of shallow relationships, while the women's sphere remained stagnant because its social structure emphasized intense one-to-one relationships to the near exclusion of all else (see Baumeister 2010). All over the world and throughout history (and prehistory), the contribution of large groups of women to cultural progress has been vanishingly small. **[ed: what do you think will happen to a nation's cultural progress when it goes out of its way to give preferential treatment to its women who, as a sex, prefer tawdry one-to-one relationships to men's preference for the growth potential in large shallow relationships? that's right, the economy and the culture come more and more to reflect women's preferences. result: progress that is the hallmark of rising empires grinds to a halt.]** […]
>
> Why have men acquiesced so much in giving women the upper hand in society's institutions? It falls to men to create society (because women almost never create large organizations or cultural systems). It seems foolish and self-defeating for men then to meekly surrender advantageous treatment in all these institutions to women. Moreover, despite many individual exceptions, in general and on average men work harder at their jobs in these institutions than women, thereby enabling men to rise to the top ranks. As a result, women continue to earn less money and have lower status than men, which paradoxically is interpreted to mean that women's preferential treatment should be continued and possibly increased (see review of much evidence in Baumeister2010). Modern society is not far from embracing explicit policies of "equal pay for less work," as one of us recently proposed. Regardless of that prospect, it appears that preferential treatment of women throughout the workforce is likely to be fairly permanent. Because of women's lesser motivation and ambition, they will likely never equal men in achievement, and their lesser attainment is politically taken as evidence of the need to continue and possibly increase preferential treatment for them. **[ed: the preferences shall continue until morale improves.]**
>
> But this pattern of male behavior makes more sense if we keep in mind that getting sex is a high priority for men, especially young men. Being at a permanent disadvantage in employment and promotion prospects, as a result of affirmative action policies favoring women, is certainly a cost to young men, but perhaps not a highly salient one. What is salient is that sex is quite readily available. As Regnerus reports, even a man with dismal career prospects (e.g., having dropped out of high school) can find a nice assortment of young women to share his bed.

Mangan makes a valid objection to this Baumeister theory that affirmative action for women increased men's sexual access by noting that it was likely contraception and cost-of-sex-reducing technology — the Pill, abortion, and penicillin — which opened the floodgates to "free" love. I put "free" in quotes because in reality, the sexual revolution did not benefit all men equally; alpha males got the lion's share of premarital sex from economically self-

sufficient women. Beta males suffered more than usual, having to endure watching from the sidelines as alpha males cleaned up, while simultaneously being deprived of the best leverage they had in the sexual market: their promise of marital resources.

However, I do think Baumeister is onto something true, in that increased female workplace participation meant that men with reasonably high status jobs had a lot more fleshy temptresses from whom to conveniently choose, and that women must certainly have felt less restricted in their sexuality once they were meeting their own financial needs and could afford to risk happy dalliances with sexually desirable, but more non-committal, alpha males.

Again, Le Chateau was on top of all this years ago, when we proposed a sea change in the American cultural landscape heralded by the coming of the ~~Four~~ ~~Five~~ Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse:

1. Effective and widely available contraceptives (the Pill, condom, and the *de facto* contraceptive abortion).
2. Easy peasy no-fault divorce.
3. Women's economic independence (hurtling towards women's economic advantage if the college enrollment ratio is any indication).
4. Rigged feminist-inspired laws that have caused a disincentivizing of marriage for men and an incentivizing of divorce for women.
5. Penicillin (reduced the cost of contracting STDs)
6. Widely available hardcore porn.

I added numbers five and six to the list of Sexual Apocalypse Sirens, because they seem to me just as important to understanding how the sexual market changed in the last fifty or so years.

So, a crib sheet of quippy replies if you ever need it to send a feminist or manboob howling with indignation:

1. The Pill
2. No-fault divorce
3. Working women
4. Man-hating feminism
5. Penicillin
6. Porn

Toss into a social salad bowl already brimming with an influx of non-European immigrants thanks to the 1965 soft genocide act, mix thoroughly, and voila!: a huge, inexorable, relentless leftward shift in American politics, an explosion of single moms, wage stagnation, government growth, upper class childlessness, lower class dysgenics, and a creaking, slow deterioration in the foundational vigor of the nation and the gutting of the pride of her people.

Into this pot pie of portent throw in the Skittles Man, Bring the Movies Man, Nah Man, and Disappeared Again Man, for whom girls have always swooned but who now, thanks to relaxed pressure from women themselves requiring men to put a ring on it before getting any huggy or kissy, and the incentivizing of risky sexual behavior by government policy and contraceptive technology, could enjoy sex without the entanglement of marriage or gainful employment.

Game, for all the shit it gets from the usual suspects, was just a rational response to a radically altered playing field. It didn't cause this calamity; it just profited from it.

Meanwhile, beta males are left scratching their block-like skulls, wondering what the fuck just happened.

Back to Baumeister.

> Nowadays young men **[ed: correction: alpha males]** can skip the wearying detour of getting education and career prospects to qualify for sex. Nor does he have to get married and accept all those costs, including promising to share his lifetime earnings and forego other women forever. Female sex partners are available

> without all that. **[ed: …to those men with charm in the game.]**
>
> So maybe the young men don't care that much about how the major social institutions in the world of work have become increasingly rigged to favor women. Sex has become free and easy. This is today's version of the opiate of the (male) masses. The male who beds multiple women is enjoying life quite a bit, and so he may not notice or mind the fact that his educational and occupational advancement is vaguely hampered by all the laws and policies that push women ahead of him. After all, one key reason he wanted that advancement was to get sex, and he already has that. Climbing the corporate ladder for its own sake may still hold some appeal, but undoubtedly it was more compelling when it was vital for obtaining sex. Success isn't as important as it once was, when it was a prerequisite for sex. **[ed: success isn't as important for beta males, either, because success doesn't provide the same sexual market leverage like it used to for them. how is a no-game-having, 9-to-5er beta male supposed to woo a lawyercunt pulling six figures?]**
>
> If men don't need career success to get sex, then what if anything do they need success for? Some research indicates that career motivation really intensifies for men when they become fathers. Indeed, it has long been known that the transition to parenthood has opposite effects by gender. New mothers withdraw from their work and careers; new fathers embrace work and career with enhanced seriousness and motivation (for a review see Baumeister 1991). **[ed: the "pay gap" explained.]** […]
>
> With regard to work, the societal changes are producing less contribution by men and more by women. These might offset, with few or no costs to society. Still, replacing male with female workers may bring some changes, insofar as the two genders approach work differently. Compared to men, women have higher rates of absenteeism, seek social rewards more than financial ones, are less ambitious, work fewer hours overall, are more prone to take extended career interruptions, and identify less with the organizations they work for. They are more risk averse, resulting in fewer entrepreneurs and inventions. (Baumeister 2010, noted an appalling gender imbalance in new patents; nobody is seriously suggesting that the U.S. Patent office systematically discriminates against women, but women simply do not apply for patents in anything close to the rate that men do.) Women are less interested in science and technology fields. They create less wealth (for themselves and others). **[ed: the roman empire wept.]** […]
>
> The female contribution of sex to the marriage is evanescent: As women age, they lose their sexual appeal much faster than men lose their status and resources, and some alarming evidence even indicates that wives rather quickly lose their desire for sex (Arndt 2009). To sustain a marriage across multiple decades, many husbands must accommodate to the reality of having to contribute work and other resources to a wife whose contribution of sex dwindles sharply in both quantity and quality—and who also may disapprove sharply of him seeking satisfaction in alternative outlets such as prostitution, pornography, and extramarital dalliance.

Baumeister is a serious realtalker.

> We speculate that today's young men may be exceptionally ill prepared for a lifetime of sexual starvation that is the lot of many modern husbands. The traditional view that a wife should sexually satisfy her husband regardless of her own lack of desire has been eroded if not demolished by feminist ideology that has encouraged wives to expect husbands to wait patiently until the wife actually desires sex, with the result that marriage is a prolonged episode of sexual starvation for the husband. […] Today's young men spend their young adulthood having abundant sex with multiple partners, and that seems to us to be an exceptionally poor preparation for a lifetime of sexual starvation.

Game can save marriages from the fate of sexual starvation. At least until the wifey is no longer attractive enough to stimulate the hubby. Ah well, waddayagonnado?

> Although we have noted warning signs and problems, we remain optimistic. **[ed: i don't.]** Despite the obstacles and changing contingencies, men and women have always managed to find each other and work together to

> create a modicum of happiness for both and to create a sphere in which children can grow, thrive, and sustain the culture for another few decades. **[ed: yes, men and women will always find each other. the question is, what form will that finding take? that is the issue which matters for those who seek to maximize the social good.]** The coming generation will face novel challenges, but somehow we think they will muddle through and manage to reinvent family life yet again. **[ed: sometimes the reinvention is not as good as the original.]**

All in all, a stellar paper that lays down the hammer of hurt on the pushers of pretty lies. For this reason, I expect the liars and degenerates and serpentine sophists currently running the country into the ground to thoroughly ignore and/or distort it.

My main objections to the paper center around the fact that Baumeister/Vohs don't explore female hypergamy and alpha male/beta male distinction in much detail, which is a shortcoming I hope the both of them will address in the future. Nonetheless, their work is essentially a huge vindication of the concepts that the proprietors at Chateau Heartiste have been elucidating since the first day this blog drove a stake through the heart of the reigning discourse and claimed a piece of this decaying culture for itself. And someday, perhaps soon, a real rain will come and wash all the lies off the streets.

Alpha Male Of The Month

CH · 5 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A book review of Frank Langella's memoir "Dropped Names" offers a glimpse of the charmed life that unapologetic womanizing alpha males lead. Reading these bios of iconic historical players, greats of a golden era of gash before feminism sucked the color out of life, one begins to notice patterns in their attitudes and their behavior. Of course, there is the unrestrained sexuality — there are strong hints that Langella was bisexual, or at least enjoyed the spectacle of flirtatiously taunting gay men, and he was no stranger to bedding past-their-prime aging starlets — which provides the energy that fuels their conquests, but there is also a particular suite of personality traits that they all hold in common. The Dark Triad features prominently among these men, but so too does a knack for pleasing women by telling them what they crave hearing. Alpha males are simply better than other men at helping women experience good feelings through verbal communication.

Regarding that ability to instill good feelings, here's Langella on an older Rita Hayworth:

> He waxes philosophical about his on-set affair with Rita Hayworth when he was 34. It was her last film. She was 20 years older and suffering from alcoholism and early Alzheimer's, yet, "in the candle's light and fire's glow," Hayworth "once again becomes the Goddess."

What the book reviewer misses (predictably, since this is the NewYorkBetaTimes) is that older women lap up flattery more hungrily because they hear, and *feel*, so much less of it than they did when they were younger, hotter, tighter. But that quibble aside, the impression you get of Langella is that he knew when, and how, to serenade women with words. The Woman is nature's inborn narcissist; she loves to feel loved because at heart she feels worthy of all the world's love. She has a vagina, after all. And who but a narcissistic man — the equal in narcissism to Hollywood starlets — could know how to properly satisfy that female need?

> But the book's stylistic imperfections add to the sense that you're reading the uncensored diary of an indefatigably social and curious man, a modern-entertainment-industry Samuel Pepys. Narcissistic? Sure. [Langella] grants that he was especially "selfish and obstreperous" in his youth. But he's inspiringly game.

And here we see in Langella that common suite of personality characteristics that one finds in others like him. An executive summary of the alpha male beloved by women might look something like this:

1. Be social.
2. Be curious.
3. Be narcissistic.
4. Be the mirror that reflects what women want to believe about themselves.
5. Be selfish and unpredictable.
6. Be sexually nonjudgmental.

The best players of past and present are ever-searching for new experiences, their curiosity unquenchable. They love themselves, and women are nothing if not viscerally intrigued by overconfident men. They follow their own rules, and women love rule-breakers. They are selfish, and women, despite what they say to the contrary, adore the company of self-oriented men. They are sexually unburdened, knowing as they do that an attitude that might burden a woman with doubts about her actions and cause her to dwell too laboriously on the potential consequences is a road leading away from sex.

And, perhaps most importantly, they speak the language of women.

Many acolytes to game focus their attention, justifiably, on techniques like negs (backhanded compliments) and qualifications (implying women fall short of one's expectations). This is a good thing, because it's in these areas that

most men fail badly. But the flip side to challenging a woman's ego is caressing her ego so that she feels free to relax around you and give her love without regret.

> When Elizabeth Taylor says, "Come on up, baby, and put me to sleep," who is he to resist? (He does make her chase him first.)

The alpha male is no stranger to flattering women; he's just better at contextualizing it. His compliments and sweet nothings don't hang like dead weight in a vacuum like so many beta males are apt to do with their cloying attempts to woo women. He knows that women can't appreciate flattery from a man unless and until it is bracketed by a powerfully alluring self-regard and seasoned with a hint of manly condescension.

> By his cheerful debauchery, Langella reveals something certain commentators have obscured: sluts are the best — hungry for experience and generous with themselves in its pursuit. He talks about how joyful it was in his 20s to "throw some scripts, jeans and a few packs of condoms into a bag," and head out to do plays and bed theater apprentices.

Sluts are indeed the best for the peripatetic alpha male hopping from bed to bed. But sluts are far from the best for the beta males married to them, or dating them. One thing the player community must acknowledge — and I direct this in a most general way — is that the encouragement of sluttiness, and the lack of judgment of same, while certainly good for overcoming anti-slut defenses and cajoling women into surrendering their most precious asset, is not so good for society as a whole, nor for the state of male-female relations in the aggregate. The male aversion to committing long-term to inveterate sluts exists for a good reason: sluts really are a worse deal for men who have evolved to subconsciously desire paternity guarantees. Men really do value relatively chaste women more as resources in whom to lavishly invest their time and energy. Players should therefore take care to qualify their pro-slut sentiment as the sex-maximizing tactic it is, rather than some sort of high-minded philosophical stance they often like to pretend it is.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that it's a prerequisite to suspend one's subconscious slut judgment and actively encourage in women the jettisoning of any and all incipient shame if the lifestyle of the glamorous cad is your goal.

> There is so much happy sexuality in this book that reading it is like being flirted with for a whole party by the hottest person in the room. It's no wonder Langella was invited everywhere.

If you can successfully couple an attitude of happy sexuality with bemused mastery and outcome independent self-possession, you too can live a Life of Langella.

Alpha Male Of The Month

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5. Be selfish and unpredictable.
6. Be sexually nonjudgmental.

The best players of past and present are ever-searching for new experiences, their curiosity unquenchable. They love themselves, and women are nothing if not viscerally intrigued by overconfident men. They follow their own rules, and women love rule-breakers. They are selfish, and women, despite what they say to the contrary, adore the company of self-oriented men. They are sexually unburdened, knowing as they do that an attitude that might burden a woman with doubts about her actions and cause her to dwell too laboriously on the potential consequences is a road leading away from sex.

And, perhaps most importantly, they speak the language of women.

Many acolytes to game focus their attention, justifiably, on techniques like negs (backhanded compliments) and qualifications (implying women fall short of one's expectations). This is a good thing, because it's in these areas that

most men fail badly. But the flip side to challenging a woman's ego is caressing her ego so that she feels free to relax around you and give her love without regret.

> When Elizabeth Taylor says, "Come on up, baby, and put me to sleep," who is he to resist? (He does make her chase him first.)

The alpha male is no stranger to flattering women; he's just better at contextualizing it. His compliments and sweet nothings don't hang like dead weight in a vacuum like so many beta males are apt to do with their cloying attempts to woo women. He knows that women can't appreciate flattery from a man unless and until it is bracketed by a powerfully alluring self-regard and seasoned with a hint of manly condescension.

> By his cheerful debauchery, Langella reveals something certain commentators have obscured: sluts are the best — hungry for experience and generous with themselves in its pursuit. He talks about how joyful it was in his 20s to "throw some scripts, jeans and a few packs of condoms into a bag," and head out to do plays and bed theater apprentices.

Sluts are indeed the best for the peripatetic alpha male hopping from bed to bed. But sluts are far from the best for the beta males married to them, or dating them. One thing the player community must acknowledge — and I direct this in a most general way — is that the encouragement of sluttiness, and the lack of judgment of same, while certainly good for overcoming anti-slut defenses and cajoling women into surrendering their most precious asset, is not so good for society as a whole, nor for the state of male-female relations in the aggregate. The male aversion to committing long-term to inveterate sluts exists for a good reason: sluts really are a worse deal for men who have evolved to subconsciously desire paternity guarantees. Men really do value relatively chaste women more as resources in whom to lavishly invest their time and energy. Players should therefore take care to qualify their pro-slut sentiment as the sex-maximizing tactic it is, rather than some sort of high-minded philosophical stance they often like to pretend it is.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that it's a prerequisite to suspend one's subconscious slut judgment and actively encourage in women the jettisoning of any and all incipient shame if the lifestyle of the glamorous cad is your goal.

> There is so much happy sexuality in this book that reading it is like being flirted with for a whole party by the hottest person in the room. It's no wonder Langella was invited everywhere.

If you can successfully couple an attitude of happy sexuality with bemused mastery and outcome independent self-possession, you too can live a Life of Langella.

Text Game Is Now Big Business

CH · 6 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader needs some game advice from everyone here about how he handled a girl through text game.

> Dude seriously…there's some fucked up situation i'm in that i need help. I've been getting into game this year, and constantly hitting on girls. I think this year was the first one that i ever started hitting on chicks…and surprisingly things actually started happening..
>
> I think i read here or somewhere else the validity of text game, and since im still getting the hang of chatting with chicks, i've been using SMS as my main flirting tool.
>
> So deal is, i managed to flirt and get chicks willing to hangout, but when i need to close the deal, i'm lacking. Does their brain fucking reset? And they forget all the shit they were saying on texts and stuff?

Young women get a lot of attention, both tangible and intangible, from men, so yes, their brains do, in effect, "reset" if you let your alpha allure lapse.

From what i've gather so far, little teasing and banther does work well here in Brazil if you can land it in the right times. So i've been teasing this girls about her bitchy/tries to tell me what to do, attitude.

Heres one text exchange, which led me into believing she was into me, only to see her walk away go hang out with her fucking beta bff..

Me: cats on fire (i was busy at work so i just sent something, she was bugging me, sent like 4 messages)
Her: hmm ok then sexy, see you kisses kisses
Me: ur making this too easy, i might want more
Her: Just in person now
Me: is that a teasing attempt? Ill just get more if i want too
Her: hahaha

Count the number of words in her texts and in yours. Who's writing more? Who's putting in more effort? Who comes across as the aloof partner in this exchange with no investment in the interaction?

In short, you are failing the Jumbotron test.

> So thats it and i think,…hmm its on she wants it…then i arrive to the club we are gonna meet…its her friends bday
>
> Her: hey where are you?
>
> I didnt bother answering…i assumed she was already in and then shitstorm happens.. she is with this friend…of her….and shes a fucking bitchy one…it was a easy tell. So i get a little bit nervous…my early game still lacks…and we started chatting
>
> Her: Hey you….you're drinking already
> Me: What? This? How this thing get here?
> She giggles and replies: but i thought you would take care of me if i got drunk?
> Me: I'm pretty busy today, club is so full

This is a pretty good reply by you to her white knight bait shit test, but was she looking for more from you?

> Then she started asking me if i knew the people that came with them, and i didnt gave much attention.. I tried

> some touching, grabbing her hand and she responded warmly, but i didn't think she was ready to be kissed, her friend was standing there like a pole.

A girl's anti-slut defenses are powered up higher when her friends are within view.

> So from there the conversation dies off..not worthy mentioning… she tells me she will talk to her friend, the birthday guy, and that she will be back..
>
> I remembered that i should not wait like a fucktard for one single girl, so i run off and go hit on other chicks…
>
> No need to mention she never went back talking to me..and that when she saw me dancing and grinding on other girls (i made sure she would see mee with this hot blonde "friend" i met there) she didn't really show any signs of bother.

Preselection by other women can fail to work if 1. your primary target is not at all interested in you or 2. your primary target thinks you are unattainable and has decided to give up pursuing you. From what you have written of events that night, it's hard for me to tell which dynamic is applicable, but I suspect the latter. If that's the case, then you made a mistake not trying to move her to a quieter part of the club for more intimate talk.

> So things is…where the fuck am i wrong? Is it text game that isn't good enough?

Your text game was ok. Not great, but not incompetent enough to seriously hurt your appeal to her.

> If they show signals that they would be ok with your tongue down their throat should u just fucking do it when you actually meet?

A lot of girls will tease and taunt men by acting slutty and verbalizing how much dirty stuff they would do. This is classic beta bait, meant to entrap and flush out beta males who would eagerly pounce on such bait by taking it at face value. If this is the case, you're best answer to smelly beta bait is to playfully chide a girl to keep herself under control, you are not so easy.

On the other hand, if she was expressing serious intent (and if her tongue was down your throat, that's serious intent), then the time for teasing is over and the time for bouncing her to your place is begun.

> Like basic hi, staring and just go for it ? Hyperfast kissing culture in brazil might have something to do with it ?

I have heard that kissing on the first meeting doesn't mean as much in Brazil as it does in America. So maybe if you are tonguing down some chick you should still behave as if she must chase you because you are the prize. That's a pickle, because it would be tough for most men to avoid the temptation to assume hungry kissing is not a strong indicator of interest. You could get around this problem by gently pushing a girl away when she wants to kiss, and telling her that you "like to save kissing for when it matters".

> Can you actually game girls mostly by text ? I get kind of shy around them in person so im still getting the hang of it…

Practice your alpha aloofness through text, until the lessons are internalized, and then take that mentality out into the field. Eventually, you will have to face your demons and talk to girls in the face.

> I know the text is a ramble, but if you could help me i would be really glad

Be a little less curtly unattainable and a little more engaged with her. To my eyes, it reads like you were very cognizant of giving off too much needy beta vibe, at the cost of just relaxing around her and teasing her for fun and poussy profit. I think she was looking for you to drive the conversation deeper, to banter with her more; but instead you stayed in “make her chase me” mode, and she drifted away. The aloofness that women find so intriguing must be balanced with active intent to close the deal, or at least with some small degree of displaying burgeoning interest in her. All aloof, all the time makes Juan a dull boy.

Why Single White Women Vote Overwhelmingly For Democrats

CH · 6 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I left this comment over at GL Piggy's, on a post about election predictions. I think it is worth reprinting here (with additional commentary) because of its timeliness.

> PA: "In reality, young white women's pro-Obama leanings are a factor of their feminine/nurturer pity for a omegas for which "poor blacks," "inner city single moms" and other such are a stand-in in their minds."
>
> There is this. In actuality, I think it is a confluence of three psychological factors that pushes a huge majority of single white women into the arms of Dem pols. (Single NAM women follow the gibsmedat principle almost exclusively.)
>
> 1. As PA states, women have an inborn disposition toward nurturance, and the pity is strong in them. I think women get off a little on feeling pity and sympathy for others, and feeling needed by the less fortunate. This is why so many women flock to work in the human despair services fields, like nursing or teaching. Married women also have this nurturance instinct, but it is redirected to their own families, which turns their moral focus inward to the center ring of the concentric rings of genetic distance and moral regard. This in effect makes them more GOP friendly (and more sane from a societal perspective), and we see this reflected in the polls.
>
> 2. As Whiskey states (well, speaking on the record, as *I* originally stated), single women's prime directive is to fulfill their hypergamous impulse for the highest possible status man they can coax into long-term commitment. The party that is perceived as being pro-unrestricted female sexuality, anti-male sexuality, and anti-drone beta male is going to get their vote. You would probably not be surprised to learn that not only do single white SWPL chicks just automatically ASSUME everyone in their social circle is an Obama cultist (yours truly gets a pass because CHARMING BASTARD), the first thing that pops in their heads when you ask them why they're voting for Obama is usually something along the lines of "Romney wants to take away my birth control". Yeah, these are educated women saying this. Thanks suffrage!
>
> The fact is, marriage advocacy (and earlier marriage) is bad for young women's sexual market value leverage, (but good for older married women's SMV leverage who, it should be noted, were the original pro-monogamy constituents and advocates). A party that embodies the single and seeking alpha cock in the city lifestyle will appeal to them. The party which is perceived (facts don't really matter in politics) as pushing women to settle down early with a reliable company man and start popping out future video gamers is anathema to the single, economically self-sufficient, white woman sensibility.
>
> 3. Finally, and perhaps most saliently, single white women see Big Daddy State as a beta provider husband substitute. This has nothing to do with pity for the downtrodden masses and everything to do with "how much money and services I can redirect my way with an assist from the white knight contingent". The single white woman who delays family formation finds herself battling her ancient subterranean limbic rhythms which always and everywhere guide her to seek out potential mates who could provide resources for her and her children, particularly when she is burdened by pregnancy and mostly unable (at least as would have been the case in the ancestral environment) to fully provide for herself. The single white woman, lacking the beta provider hubby (ironically, mostly by her own hand) seeks to fill his absence with the alternative — the looming Big Man tribal leader, which in modern America is the federal government, and its shaman is Obama. Women are naturally redistributionist because women are naturally self-aggrandizing and self-entitled, as befits their higher reproductive worth. And, more controversially, a very bad man like myself would say that women are naturally comfortable in quasi-harem arrangements, which is what the single woman concubine-government alpha provider relationship amounts to. And just like an alpha provider/protector, the government is very good at forcibly extracting tribute from the beta male masses.
>
> On this last factor, the American growth industry of single moms is certainly pushing the country in a more

> redistributionist direction, because no demographic outside of blacks, gays and Hispanics is more generally and reliably pro-government handout than the single mom with kids to feed and no dad around to help out.

Alert the media! The stereotypes are true! Sanitization Protocol… activated.

> In effect, Big Government is at once the alpha male tribal leader and the beta provider sucker who happily assumes the cuckold role as step-father to the single mom's cadbaggage.
>
> Now, the final, and most emotionally laden, variable in this equation is the black man angle. Both sides in this long-running debate have their points. My take from ground-level recon is that the people claiming single white women love alpha black men are overstating their case, and the people claiming single white women would never think of hooking up with "lower class, less accomplished, thug" black men are overstating theirs. White women do find plenty of black men physically exciting. And smarter white women do hesitate to date black men because of a very reasonable fear that, should a warpling issue from the union (this is always in the back of women's minds, despite the easy availability of contraceptives), the black man will be less likely than the white man to stick around and care for her in her time of need.
>
> As far as a I can tell, contra white nationalist hopes and dreams, single white women have ZERO concept of loyalty for their white men. Try to explain to your typical single white woman about the importance of loyalty to her men and of the idea of genetically preserving the white race's unique winning attributes, and you may as well be a Martian spurting goo all over her. Now, in practice, one could argue that unmarried white women exercise a *de facto* loyalty to their men, because most white chicks date white men, and studies have shown that white women are the most resistant to dating outside their race. But how long will this hold? Census data points to a slow but inexorable increase in out-marrying and out-dating by white women (and white men). If there is some subconscious racial loyalty or primal preference acting to steer the tingles of single white women (and I believe there is), it is showing signs of withering under a coordinated cultural assault that has made even broaching the topic the equivalent of condemning oneself to the social gulag.
>
> Btw, from a tingles-first perspective, a lot of white women thought Bill Clinton was way sexier than they currently think of Barack Obama's sex appeal. This isn't a looks or race thing… Bill just had more sensual,

> oozing charm than Barry. Chicks dig charming mofos.

Barring total collapse, I don't see this trend:

…ending anytime soon. (Nice battering ram arms, Fluke.) So you may as well recline poolside, while the pool is still filled with water and chlorinated.

PS My election prediction:

It's a toss-up, so I won't bother picking a winner. I predict the popular vote and electoral college vote will split, with all that entails (yay, riots!)

I will confidently predict that most of the demographic vote ratios will remain roughly the same as they have for the past few election cycles.

Single white women will vote 60-40 Obama.
Single moms will vote 75-25 Obama.
Blacks will vote 98-2 Obama.
Hispanics of Amerindian ancestry will vote 65-35 Obama.
Asian-Americans will vote 70-30 Obama.
Ruling class elites will vote 70-30 Obama.
Libertarians will vote 70-30 Obama (such independent free-thinkers, those libertarians!).
Self-professed feminists will prove their non-conformist bona fides by voting 100-0 Obama.
Single beta males will vote 55-45 Romney (still beta, still white knighting).
Married white men will vote 80-20 Romney (this shift will be bigger than polls are currently projecting).
Married white women will vote 55-45 Romney.
Pickup artists will not vote. They got better things to do.

A lot of white men and white married couples are going to break for Romney, but the social and racial and familial demographics of the country are moving with such force in the opposite direction that the white man vote, no matter how consolidated, is going to eventually get swamped by the undertow and rendered irrelevant for many, many election cycles to come (assuming there will continue to be a country in existence that is capable of holding elections). When the white man "wakes up" to this fact, I predict secession movements will sprout up all around the country, descaling the nation to more socially and tribally congenial entities. But most of us reading this will be

dead by that time. And it will be too late, regardless. In the meantime, expect populism to rise again, and tariffs to become the talk of the townhall. A billion Chinese is a lot of surplus cheap labor to churn through before wages equilibrate. There will be blood in the interim.

Intermittent Love

CH · 7 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Providing evidence ♥♥♥YET AGAIN♥♥♥ for another Chateau Heartiste maxim, a study has come out which finds that women love men who parcel their displays of love unpredictably (h/t: reader George).

> I Heart Unpredictable Love
>
> TO love is to suffer; to be happy is to love. So must one suffer to be happy? This syllogism won't win any prizes in logic, but it accurately describes a curious paradox of human behavior: the allure of unpredictable romantic partners. […]
>
> This kind of amorous attachment is like gambling — except that the currency is affection and sex. The key is that the reward is unanticipated, which makes it particularly powerful and alluring to our brains.
>
> To understand why, consider what happens in the brain when people are given rewards under two different conditions: predicted and unpredicted. The psychiatrist Gregory Berns did just that in a study in which subjects were given fruit juice and water, both naturally pleasurable rewards, while scanning their brains with an M.R.I. During part of each session, subjects received water and fruit juice at random intervals; during another part, the water and juice were administered every 10 seconds.
>
> Professor Berns discovered that the water and juice elicited greater activation in the brain's reward circuit when the reward was unanticipated than when it was delivered in a predictable fashion. The pattern held true whether the reward was water or fruit juice — even though most subjects claimed a clear preference.
>
> When the reward circuit fires, it also tells the brain something like, "Pay attention and remember this experience because it's important." This circuit releases dopamine when stimulated, which, if it reaches a critical level, conveys a sense of pleasure.

Intermittent rewards are far more powerful a bonding agent than predictable rewards. This is why aloof and inscrutable men are so intoxicating to women — they are like the unanticipated glasses of water and juice. You want to keep a woman on her toes by showering her with your loving lovingness in a very haphazard fashion, what pickup artists like to call hot/cold/hot/cold. The more astute readers will notice that the hot/cold/hot/cold routine is frequently and instinctively deployed by women when they are in the early stages of dating a new man, and need to test him for alpha male congruence. You, as the hopeful womanizer, should know from reading this blog that adopting the psychological tricks of women for your own nefarious ends is quite a potent weapon in the battlefield known as the sexual market.

This blog long ago discussed the relevance of intermittently rewarding women for good behavior and promptly punishing women for bad behavior.

> **VI. Keep her guessing**
>
> True to their inscrutable natures, women ask questions they don't really want direct answers to. Woe be the man who plays it straight — his fate is the suffering of the beta. Evade, tease, obfuscate. She thrives when she has to imagine what you're thinking about her, and withers when she knows exactly how you feel. A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly. Reward her good behavior intermittently and unpredictably and she will never tire of working hard to please you.

The article about the study goes on to discuss why people are attracted to intermittent rewards.

> The reason this happens is simple. The brain's reward circuit has evolved over millions of years to enable us to

> recognize and extract various rewards from our environment that are critical to our survival, like food and a suitable sexual mate. Unlike predictable stimuli, unanticipated stimuli can tell us things about the world that we don't yet know. And because they serve as a signal that a big reward might be close by, it is advantageous that novel stimuli command our attention.
>
> Which brings us to inconstant love. It turns out that human love and attachment are, like the fruit juice in Professor Berns's experiment, natural reinforcers that can activate your reward pathway. The anthropologist Helen Fisher studied a group of 17 people in the grip of intense romantic love and found that an image of their beloved strongly activated the reward circuit.
>
> If you are involved with someone who is unpredictably loving, you might not like it very much — but your reward circuit is sure going to notice the capricious behavior and give you information that might conflict with what you believe consciously is in your best interest.
>
> Indeed, you may not even be aware of your own reward circuit's activity. One of the curious things that Professor Berns found was that most of his subjects couldn't tell the difference between the predictable or unpredictable condition in which the reward was given.
>
> Since unpredictable rewards cause more dopamine release than predictable ones and more dopamine means more pleasure, one implication of this study is that people experience more pleasure with unpredictable rewards than with predictable ones — but they may not be consciously aware of this fact.

Poon Commandment VI… CONFIRMED. By science! Oh, and by real-world experience.

By the way, the fact that people aren't consciously aware of the pleasure-giving power of intermittent love goes a long way to explaining why women can't adequately tap into their true desires and explain them without resorting to pretty lie generating hamsterisms. They simply might not be cognizant of the primal emotional machinations fueling their tingles.

> Not just that, but **there was essentially no relationship between the subjects' stated preferences and the observed activity in their reward circuit.** This suggests that our reward pathways may not only be activated without our recognition, but perhaps even in ways that are contrary to what we think we prefer.

Did science unintentionally uncover more evidence for the existence of the rationalization hamster? Why yes, yes I believe it did! Proof that you should watch what women do, not listen to what they say, about matters of love.

> These data might explain, in part, the paradox of people who complain constantly about their unreliable lovers, but **keep coming back to them**, time and again.

Science discovers that chicks dig aloof and indifferent jerks. Feminists disengage from scissoring to console each other with an uninterrupted stream of feelgood bullshit.

Science: 1. Game: 1. Chateau Heartiste: 1. Love: 1. Game denialists and haters and feminists: 0.

I feed your unfathomably bitter tears to my Galactus-sized ego. Yum.

Cultural Eugenics: A Theory

CH · 8 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The top and bottom against the middle. White status whoring with minority pawns. SWPL hypocrisy. Anti-white anti-racists. Two Americas. Jesusland.

You've heard all these before. The Orwellian prognosis of a political culture steeped in a mountain of lies and suppressed crimethink. Astute observers of the American scene can't help but notice that something foul is afoot, and they've given it a contour: the white ruling class has it in for the white working class.

The WRC is working diligently to make life as difficult as possible for the WWC. The white elite are successfully putting their hate for "those other whites" into policy form, the result being open borders, quotas, AA, outsourcing, emasculating indoctrination, Section 8, credentialism, etc. These policies hurt the WWC much more than the blowback hurts the WRC because the latter has the money and foresight to live in carved-out enclaves full of upper class and upper middle class whites like themselves. But they speak out of both sides of their mouths, for they do not want the WWC to know that the elite don't really practice what they preach.

I have a theory that I believe has even more explanatory power than irrational ruling class hatred for working class co-ethnics. I call it "cultural eugenics", and it basically states that, within the ruling minority — in this case, the WRC — there percolates a subconscious mental algorithm, shaped by ancient genetic imperative, which compels the WRC (the alpha males of the national pack) to "filter" or "select" whites lower on the status hierarchy for the ability to navigate the WRC's cruelly labyrinthine cultural obstacles. It is similar in function to how a small hunter-gatherer tribe has rites of passage for its adolescent males, and how the tribe will viciously ridicule members who fail at a task or embarrass themselves in some manner. The purpose is not to kill them off, but to make them stronger. More like the alphas of the tribe.

The WRC doesn't *intend* to do this culling specifically; it is an organic phenomena that arises out of a social milieu in which clearly delineated status hierarchies are becoming even more starkly delineated. The book "Albion's Seed" goes into detail how these status hierarchies were always a part of America going back to her colonization, because they reflect pathways laid down hundreds of years ago by different tribes of Englishmen.

So in a way you could argue that, perhaps subconsciously, perhaps with awareness, the WRC has had, until now, the WWC's best interests in heart — to make them better whites. The problem has become that racial diversity — one of the "betterment sufferings" the WRC has deployed to ostensibly strengthen the moral character of the WWC — has severed the comity and the trust and the simple visibility between the white classes, and made the task of scaling the WRC's obstacles that much harder for the WWC to accomplish. A grave malaise, even an emotional regression, has settled in on the minds of the lower status whites, and instead of fight for their place at the white table and look with pride upon their co-ethnics who have succeeded (pride, because there was historically an implied understanding that the WRC life could be theirs with devotion to self-improvement), they have reverted to aping the crass lifestyle of those indigents who surround them and who are their most visible alpha males of the pack.

In sum, the white ruling class lost its sense of shared destiny and obligation, and the white working class lost its kindred alpha male to emulate. The cultural eugenic program has morphed from one to lift the weakest tribe members and humble the strongest tribe members, to one in which the strong tribe members have decided to kill off or banish to the wastelands the weaker tribe members.

This is not a recipe for national greatness. Or even survival.

Reformed Beta Of The Month

CH · 8 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Le Chateau has highlighted great and gruesome stories of alphas and betas, but what about those beta males who transcend, through sheer force of will, the prison of their supplicating souls? More than a learning tool or a life lesson, these enlightened post-betas are *inspirations.* The 80% or so of men who qualify as beta males need a role model like them; someone who can show them the way. There is a better life if they would just take it, and the reformed beta is proof that you don't have to be born an alpha to have the good things in life and experience the flush of power that the alpha male takes for granted.

> My prudish husband has left me because I lied about my sex life
>
> When I met my husband 40 years ago I knew he was 'the one.' He had firm opinions on sex before marriage (outdated even then) and was a virgin.
>
> As I got to know him, it became clear that he'd never consider marrying somebody with 'history.' He thought sex special and wouldn't want to imagine his wife having it with others.
>
> But, by 22, I'd been having sex for four years. Madly in love and wanting him to marry me, I lied.
>
> He was bound to realise I wasn't a virgin, so I made up a story that I'd been in a long engagement, giving up my virginity under pressure only a month before my wedding day, then reluctantly had sex twice with my fiancé, who then dumped me, leaving me devastated and ashamed.
>
> He was very understanding and proposed soon after. We married and moved to his home town — a relief, as I'd worried we might bump into a friend who might speak out of turn.
>
> We had two children and a very happy and successful marriage. But a few weeks ago, an old friend contacted me over the internet, and I invited her round.
>
> My husband left us to talk and went off to the garden. Inevitably we talked of the past.
>
> After she left, I found my husband looking devastated. He said he'd gone into the conservatory to read and heard everything.
>
> He said he felt utterly betrayed, as he had a right to expect honesty, but our entire marriage had been based on a fundamental lie.
>
> I said we'd had a wonderful 40 years, so what could it matter what I did before I met him?
>
> He moved in to the spare room and avoided me. A week later he moved to a bedsit and told me he wanted a divorce.
>
> Nothing would change his mind. Our adult children have tried, but he is absolutely fixed.

Men who want to find a woman for a long-term relationship or marriage (a codified LTR) are put off by histories of a slutty past. The woman who has given herself freely to men before him proves that old GBFM aphorism that it makes no sense for a man to pay for the pussy that was handed over no strings attached to other men when it was younger, hotter, tighter. You don't seriously invest in a rode hard and tossed away wet pussy; instead, you ride it harder and wear it out a little more, then look for fresher pussy that doesn't need its 60,000 cockas maintenance as soon as you sign the dotted line.

My method may be glib, intended to inflict maximum emotional pain for make benefit of my personal amusement, but the foundation upon which the glibness rests is true. Men have evolved intricate mental algorithms that subconsciously push them to devalue women with extensive sexual histories as long-term partners. The reason for this is obivous: the slut is a bigger infidelity risk, and thus a bigger cuckolding risk, than the chaste woman. Science has proven this, in yet another example of the lab coat crowd catching up with conventional wisdom and common

sense observation.

Therefore, when a long-loyal husband finds out his wife rode the cock carousel, even if discovered to have occurred in a prior life of hers, his respect for her drops a notch. His love for her shrinks three sizes. His honed beta ability and predilection to put her on a pedestal and adore her suffers a grievous diminishment. She has, in a word, become a less worthy woman in his eyes. And, likewise, in the eyes of all men, because men, like women, share universal preferences for certain types of mates.

So good for this reformed beta for walking away from his once-whore wife. In the big picture, the sin she committed may be small, but sometimes it takes horrible and swift retribution by a man to violently shake a woman, and women in her sphere of influence, from comfortable delusions and easy expectations regarding the self-imposition of controls on their behavior. All it takes is a relatively few betas to toss a stone cold rock in the world of women and the ripples will eddy and swirl through the masses. The beta male has suddenly become uncontrollable, unpredictable, untamable! This is the stuff of revolution, and it will set women on the path to happiness more powerfully than a million grrlpower tomes, feminist blogs or fat acceptance hugboxes.

The haters are apoplectic. Their splutter is the stuff of delicious slo-mo videos. “But but but,” they will protest, “I can be slutty and still land a man! Any man who leaves me because I’m a slut doesn’t deserve me!”

Deservin’s got nothin’ to do with it, honey. It’s biomechanical turtles all the way down.

But I’ll throw the haters a bone, here. Yes, it’s true that a slut, assuming she is sufficiently physically attractive, can cajole a man into a relationship. Men are, before all else, born slaves to a pretty female face, and it takes effort to break those chains forged of unalloyed pulchritude. Many men do indeed slavishly pursue sluts simply because those sluts are hot with perfect apple bottoms.

But “sufficiently attractive” is the key word. The higher value the man, the more beautiful the slut has to be to ensnare him in a relationship. High value men, aka alphas, have options in the mating market that beta males don’t; these men, when they aren’t just plowing through sluts for fun and penile profit, will generally balk at dating sluts in favor of settling down with more modest, and less sexually experienced, women.

There is, then, a tacit assumption that the sorts of men the feminist sluts are pulling aren’t exactly the top of the alpha male heap. They are likely beta males, maybe some of them greater omegas with cute undulating manboobs and receding chins, who are so desperate for sex and female love that they can readily suppress their distaste for sluts if it means having a girl on their arms.

Maxim #56: The more limited a person’s options in the sexual market, the laxer his or her mate standards.

(For those interested in the science behind this, I believe there is a study floating around internetland which purports to show that very beautiful women with extensive sexual histories don’t suffer too much of a hit to their marriage marketability, because the betas who marry them are quick to forgive their slutty ways. In short, very hot women are so intoxicating that many men will assume the higher risk of getting cuckolded by them for the chance to enjoy a few years of glorious, incomparably pleasurable sex.)

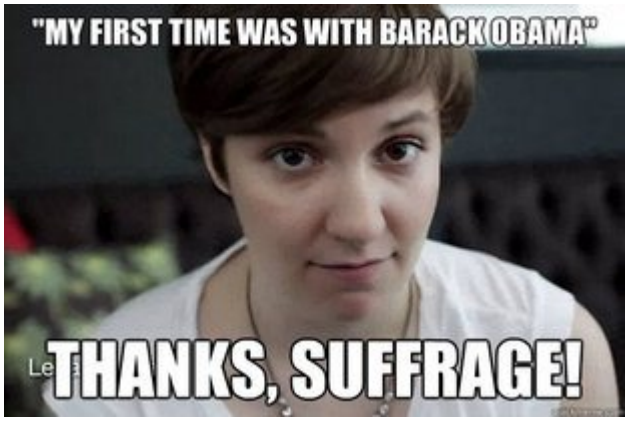
In stark contrast, have you ever seen what an alpha male does to plain-looking sluts? It isn’t pretty. To call it pump and dump would be a euphemism. Think more along the lines of “facelessly screw and scatter to the wind”.

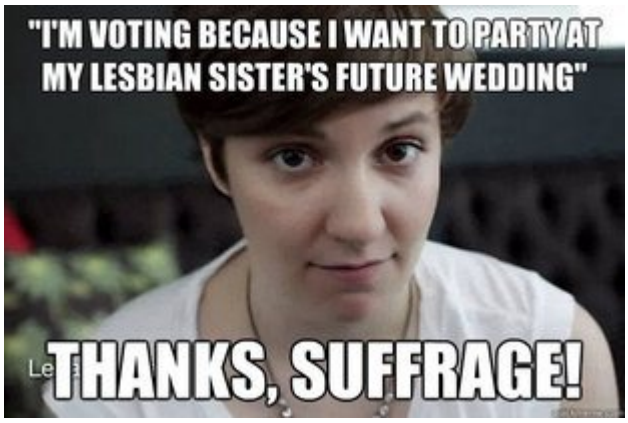
These realities of the sexual market aren’t often instantly apprehensible. You can go a few years only subconsciously picking up cues that your behavior is hurting your mate value. But in the aggregate of many lifetimes, and over each lifetime, the god of biomechanics imposes his relentless, merciless, unavoidable will. And you will bend the knee to him, sooner or later. You have no choice.

Thanks, Suffrage!

CH · 8 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

New meme over the starboard bow, courtesy of yours truly.





In case you didn't get the message, the meme is a celebration of female suffrage and the wondrous blessings it has bestowed upon the United States of America. Thank you, ladies, for bringing freedom, freedom, and even more freedom to the most forgotten among us, and for ~~shitting~~ shining your light of moral rectitude on the poor benighted souls who wallow in ignorance. America is a better nation today for the collected contributions of your wisdom.

Judging Sluts

CH · 9 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

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Nothing could be further from the truth. I will conceal my true feelings when concealing them is personally advantageous. No way no how am I getting the play I do if I decide to accost every girl I date for a spreadsheet of her sexual history. Real life doesn't work that way. I want to disable women's anti-slut defenses, not power them up. I don't know about you, but when I date, my idea of a successful close is the opposite of the girl clamping her legs shut.

Now, if I am in the market for a long-term girlfriend, I will, post haste, covertly judge my dates for their sexual modesty, and screen out those women who strike me as being world class cock consumers. This, too, is to my personal advantage, for the chronic slut is a potential cheating risk, not to mention a barrel of drama queen laughs that gets tiresome sooner rather than later.

Commenter YaReally is correct to say that adopting a pose of non-judgmentalism as regards women's sexuality is practically a *sine qua non* for womanizers. I have yet to meet an experienced player who harshly condemned women (to their faces) for any perceived sluttery. And, let's face it, when you're an unmarried guy just looking for a piece of tail, you're more apt to light up with happy anticipation than power down with clucking disapproval when you learn that the girl you are talking to is handicapped in the sexual self-control department.

"She's good to go!" isn't a male rallying cry for nothing.

All that said, I find it off-putting when players try to spin certain obviously self-serving game strategies into self-righteous moral crusades. Some famous PUAs are particularly susceptible to this (cough Neil Strauss cough). Encouraging women to be comfortable with expressing, and surrendering, their sexuality as part of a designed pickup strategy is not equivalent to some grandiose philosophy about the life-giving blessings that sluts bring to the cosmic symphony. Sluts are, in fact, anti-civilization; so if you like being surrounded by the good things in life, and living in a prosperous nation, you would not want too many women to embrace the cock-hopping credo.

Which brings me to the crux of this post. A campaign to relieve women of their sexual coyness and take up the slut banner would, given enough converts, actually work *against* the goals of players. You see, the sexual non-judgmentalism player pose only works when there is a dominant social current that encourages the opposite. The "secret society" and "you and me against the world, baby" subliminal connection that bonds a woman to the player and tempts her to unleash the loin needs an over-arching force to push against, or it withers from its own growing conventionality and dullness. There is no giddy feeling of taboo breaking when every other girl is happy to give it up for pennies to the dollar, and every other man is spouting the same tired non-judgmentalism schtick.

So, paradoxically, players ought to pray that the greater society keeps their lasses on a leash, else they might see their prey decide that laying down with lions is not as much fun as it used to be.

What Is The Point Of Telling Ugly Truths?

CH · 9 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The subject of this post is the new plaintive wail you lately hear spilling from the schoolmarmish pursed lips of liberals and status quo-ers who are suddenly becoming very uncomfortable with the torrent of discomfiting truths penetrating the airwaves, and especially with the truthbomb throwers like the proprietors of this blog who actually sport a working sack and don't give a flying fuck what offense the perpetually fake phony fraudulent grievance constituency takes when their cocktail party discourse is crashed by mischievous pricks.

"What is the point of telling ugly truths? Don't you know it will hurt people? What good can come from it?"

The value of truth is self-evident. The pursuit of it needs no explanation. The fact that a growing chorus of institutional(ized) ruling elite is starting to think that some truths are best left locked in an attic chest bodes ill for the future of freedom of speech in America. I predict within ten years legislatures and courts across this land will impose restrictions on the First Amendment. And the Founding Fathers, having already rolled a million times in their graves, will roll one last time, and the earth will swallow whole the America we once knew, but which will be no more.

You think I'm joking, or that I'm posing in martyr garb. Ok, think that. Then get back to me in ten years, and we'll see if you still have the confidence of your snarky smirk.

But I am in a magnanimous mood. Some ask the question from genuine motives. They sincerely don't, or can't, see the value in exposing pretty lies and ugly truths. And they want to know, "Where's the Benefit?" One such topic of discussion which often elicits this bristled reaction is honest discussion about average human population groups differences (along numerous metrics). I understand the urge to silence, or cavalierly dismiss, open discussion of this topic. The human ego is the most powerful force in the universe, more powerful even than the female tingle. We are constructed of origin material that impels us to wrap our senses of self-worth in the neuronal equivalent of three foot steel-reinforced concrete bunkers, and to associate, no matter how unjustifiably, attacks against our tribe as judgments on ourselves.

I get it.

And… you know what? I don't care.

Not anymore.

Not when the opposite of the truth — the filthy, acrid lies we here have been choking on for fifty years or more in this country — has been, and continues to be, used as a cudgel to bludgeon the skulls of the favored whipping boys and to take a huge steaming dump on reality.

It is an affront to my lying eyes. It is Orwellian in philosophy and practice. It is a humiliation, a personal slap in the face, to parade this stinking carcass of bullshit in front of me as if it is the Word of God and I should swallow it whole, for my own good you see.

I say fuck you to all of that. And I dream of the day when the rope will be knotted and the lampposts freshly lacquered for the vengeance upon my enemies, my betrayers, that is so sweet. So sweet.

Ahem.. oh yeah where was I… just had a caffeine moment… phew.

Anyhow, some persons of what I judge to have good hearts, ask if any good can come from discussing AICH BEE DEE. They ask what, if anything, would change if the ugliest truths were accepted by the ruling class? What is the practical benefit of hurting some people's feelings? The reader Thursday emailed what I think is a very good reply to this question, and so I reprint it here:

> Some practical applications of HBD:

> 1. Immigration restriction. You need a certain number of high IQ people to keep a First World society going.
> 2. An end to affirmative action. Minority underperformance is not due to racism, so affirmative action is grossly unfair.
> 3. Discouraging dysgenics, i.e. not subsidizing single motherhood through welfare, regardless of disparate impact on minorities. See #1.
> 4. Shutting down movements to let minority prisoners out into society. (I'm open to other equally effective methods of controlling crime, but they should be applied to all, not just minorities.)
> 5. An end to blaming white racism for all the problems of the world.
> 5a. This may seem like mostly a minor annoyance. But really intellectual hygeine is reason enough to get rid of it. Forcing people to believe lies is generally corrupting.
> 5b. It prevents people from thinking seriously about solving the problems among low IQ groups. You can't solve a problem unless you think clearly about its cause.
>
> You could make a case for some of these things without recourse to HBD, but we all know how effective that has been. For example, you can't just talk about IQ without talking about HBD. The disparities between high and low IQ racial groups just are there and are used to discredit the idea of IQ in general. These days you really have to quote chapter and verse with hard data to show you aren't racist.
>
> As for inferior, well that is a judgment call. In some important ways, blacks may be superior to whites and not just in regards to sports and celebrity. T. is Haitian and I'd note that Haitian art is just way better than anything done in America in the past 50 years or so.
>
> Whites have created liberal modernity and it is not without its significant downsides, spiritual, artistic and even intellectual.
>
> Of course, blacks and many of these other groups don't seem very good at creating and maintaining a crime free, high tech society. Though I'd note that high levels of black crime and social dysfunction are at least partially a response to living in certain societies. I've visited St. Lucia, which is a very black place, and, up until the recent influx of tourodollars, it had been mostly crime free and is still relatively so. Blacks in the South up until the 1960s were relatively peaceful and well ordered too. But modernity + blacks seems to equal lots of crime and social dysfunction.

This is just a taste of the good — GOOD — social benefits that would come from listening to the truth instead of running from it or trying to shut it down. IQ is but one measure of a man's character, and but one ingredient contributing to a culture's prideful sense of self and trust in fellow-man. The truth covers much more extensive territory than just the particulars of abstract thinking ability. Any lie-pusher who attempts to reduce the debate to a disingenuous IQ war is engaging in deliberate obfuscation of the myriad other truths which pulse through the veins and capillaries of the human panoply of difference.

The consequences of lies matter. They matter more than most are willing to admit.

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CH · 9 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

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Comment Of The Week: The Parable Of The Gift And The Ass

CH · 9 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Famed commenter gig (a Chateau VIP) passes along this story from a friend:

> Fun story, not mine, from a friend.
>
> He was in first or second year in college, and dating a girl still in high school. He'd started working, unlike her. So he had much more money than her. And he gave her a very nice gift for Christmas, in her view. But the girl got embarassed because she couldn't match his gift. And they started talking about how could she "repay" him.
>
> Well, after some talk, he came to the answer. Everything would be settled, and she would have no reason to be embarrassed, if she gave him her ass for his birthday, several months ahead. He argued that her ass was something very special for him that it would cement a very strong bond between them and make their relationship much deeper. If you know what I mean….
>
> So he spent the next months "dreaming" about the day. And the day came. But the girl said that she couldn't do it, it would hurt her, she was not of that type, she couldn't do it. He decided to break up with her because of that.
>
> fast forward a couple years. They meet again. He asks her to come to his new apartment. He didn't ask anything, just went for the kill. And he got her ass. I did try to find some moral teaching here, but I have failed so far….

Moral of the story: You don't barter for a woman's sex; you occupy it.

That's what women secretly want you to do, but they don't like having to spell it out for you. Unfortunately, most betas are socially dyslexic and need it spelled out, which of course ruins the romance.

Cultivate Your Inner Dark Triad

CH · 13 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Possessing a "dark triad" personality is good for attracting women. It's also good for getting what you want out of life in realms beyond those of acquiring pussy. Reader moses passes along:

> The Dark Triad ain't just for seducers. It works in real life too.
>
> From the WSJ book review on "The Wisdom of Psychopaths" by Kevin Dutton:
>
> "Mr. Dutton, with his tongue not entirely in his cheek, develops a skill set he calls the Seven Deadly Wins, "seven core principles of psychopathy that, apportioned judiciously and applied with due care and attention, can help us get exactly what we want; can help us respond, rather than react, to the challenges of modern-day living; can transform our outlook from victim to victor, but without turning us into a villain." His seven are: ruthlessness, charm, focus, mental toughness, fearlessness, mindfulness and action."
>
> This is absolutely correct. In my business career I've seen people with these traits win again and again, often by screwing others over.
>
> I've employed a few of these traits myself to great effect.

Ruthlessness

Demand a pay raise. Don't wait for it.

Escalate to a fuck close. Don't wait for it.

Charm

Avoid defensiveness in favor of amused dominance. You will win more allies by directing their emotions toward deference instead of away from deference.

Avoid argumentativeness in favor of playful teasing. You will win more women by directing their emotions toward pleasure instead of away from pleasure.

Focus

Don't get distracted from your career goals. Avoid dead weight who would hold you back.

Don't get distracted from your sex goals. Avoid cockteasers who would LJBF you.

Mental Toughness

Never let a critical boss, coworker or client fill you with self-doubt.

Never let a woman's caprice or shit testing shake your frame.

Fearlessness

You will pursue those things which you want despite the risk of failure.

You will approach women despite the risk of rejection.

Mindfulness

You will work to neutralize threats from competitors, through force or guile.

You will work to improve your social savviness, and avoid incongruence in the pursuit of women.

Action

Contemplation is for closers.

Fantasizing is for fuckers.

There is but one thing in this world which feels better than a brain shattering orgasm released into the warm wet vagina of a pretty girl, and that is the rush of power that flows like the Orinoco through a man's arteries when he commands his environment and those who dwell within it.

Heartiste, what is good in life?

To crush beautiful pussy, see them love you for your power, and to hear the lamentation of their LJBFed beta suckups.

The Dark Triad is the clarion call that has replaced outmoded concepts of honor, virtue, chivalry and self-sacrifice as the organizing principle which motivates and galvanizes the post-society American man. It is the ultimate expression of untrammeled individualism. A society crumbling into atomizing modernism is both symptomatic of growing psychopathy in the population and causal of more people turning toward the psychopathic dark side. When truth is exiled, the allure of cold-blooded self-concern is evident.

Marriage Vs LTRs

CH · 14 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Let's compare two men.

Man 1 abjures marriage. He grows older moving from one long term relationship to another, experiencing relative instability in his love life but also the thrill of the hunt and the popping freshness of pussy varietals. As he ages, the number of women who are willing to abide his no-marriage clause shrinks, as does the youthful quality of the women. But he partly compensates for this inevitability with tight game and a charming, devil-may-care attitude, which allows him to punch above his weight well into his dotage. He has no heirs that he knows of, and for some reason this does not bother him as much as people tell him it should, but the fact that he is not bothered does bother him. He wonders, often now that the years ahead of him are far fewer than the years behind him, if one of those women he loved was one to hold to the exclusion of all others. At the end, he wheezes his last with memories of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of women — of their loving ministrations and tender caresses and fleeting intimacies between window blind shafts of sunlight — dancing through his head, and in the company of a nebulous regret that refuses to dislodge.

Man 2 abjures bachelorhood. He marries at 30 after a trio of lukewarm short term relationships, and because he is a good man (or, more likely, because he is a man of middling status and dull personality with limited options in the sexual market which alleviates any threats of temptation against his virtue) he never cheats and puts his heart into pleasing his wife, who, because of her biology, inexorably grows less interested in sex with him, as her own attractiveness subsides in accord with her fattening waistline. He is healthy and content, all things considered, and he grows old fondly remembering his wife as she was many years ago, sexy and slender and whimsical, while the allure of her pussy — the only pussy he has seen and felt in twenty years — gradually diminishes, until the time comes he would rather caress pretty strangers with his eyes than caress his wife with his hands. He has two children, of whom he is very proud and loves very much, but still their existence does not relieve the gnawing that grips him in the chest when he thinks of love, and desire, that left him long ago. At the end, he wheezes his last in the company of his old wife's tears and clouded eyes, and he drifts off to forever with memories he wished he had, and memories so distant they have receded to mere imagination.

Now… ask yourself: Which of these two men had it better?

For Those Who Think Game Is Manipulation

CH · 14 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

What if the seduction is sincere?

Maxim #1: Game is learned charisma, streamlined seduction. Game is as sincere as its practitioner's intent.

Game is the honest presentation of an idea, a thought, a suggestion in a way that makes it likely to be believed by the object of desire. If game is manipulation, or cheating, then so is all art, for which the object of desire is the viewer's or listener's engagement with its message. Do you really believe art is cheating?

Petraeus And The Infidelity Risk Curve

CH · 15 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes amazedly:

> I like sex as much as the next guy, but I'm amazed at what men will throw away to get it: a Presidency (B. Clinton, DSK), a 38 year career, CEO positions, money, respect, freedom…it just doesn't make sense. No matter who she is, she's not worth it. IMHO, obviously.

He speaks of Generals Petraeus and Allen and their Lebanese immigrant, faintly masculine mistresses (last I checked of this labyrinthine lovers' octagon.) Yes, the scent of an attractive, height-weight proportionate woman is strong, stronger still when her surroundings are populated by bloated pustules formerly known as women. Scent of a Womb, you could call it. Men sniff it in the air, like a wolf picking up the odor of prey animals, and they are sprung to action. But it is useful to remember that as strong as that fertile pussy odor is to men, equally strong is the alpha male odor to women. Perhaps even stronger in women, since alpha males are so much rarer, and thus more exciting when discovered, than are young fertile women to men, who need only stroll around a SPWL neighborhood for a few minutes to ogle ten or fifty babes who can adequately stiffen the staff.

A woman in a room with a four star general is as overtaken by powerful urges to FUCK AND FUCK NOW as a man is when in the company of a pretty, young woman with suppleness in all the right places. You just don't fiddle with the god of biomechanics and expect a slurry of sexual harassment lawsuit threats or career-ending consequences will keep His Dark Eminence at bay and the work environment safely borg-like and aridly void of sexual tension.

Feminists can screech and shriek, manboobs can pule, white knights can huff and puff, but, like all of us, their knees too will bend to the cosmic prime directive.

The scandal itself — so mundane in its predictability* — is only noteworthy for three reasons:

1. The conspiracy angle. It's hard to avoid suspicions that Petraeus was not going to be fully cooperative on Benghazi and was therefore summarily deep-sixed by timely revelations courtesy of Team HopeandChange.

2. The male archetype on display of the "beta male in alpha clothing". Too many people readily confuse occupational status for alpha maleness, when it's a man's attitude, first and foremost, which imbues him with the alpha allure. Although very high social status and alpha maleness correlate, it is by no means exact. Petraeus's (or was it Allen's?) self-incriminating email avalanche is some proof that he harbors the soul of a beta. A real alpha male does not do the email equivalent of gushing like a lovestruck schoolgirl, unless he really was lovestruck. (More on that later**.) He especially does not do this when he is high ranking military brass with a lot to lose should his illicit effusions be discovered.

As for the archetype of Beta Males In Alpha Clothing, these types of men get action from women entranced by their status, but then quickly lose these women's interest when their betaness reveals itself in manifesting clinginess. The leader of men can be just as blind to the nature of women as the celibate omega male or the cloying beta male. Leader of Men beta males are often victimized by their mistresses because the women don't have the strong feelings of love and loyalty to them that they would have to attitudinal alpha males.

3. The game lessons contained therein. Petraeus and Allen both miserably failed the Jumbotron test. You do not write tens of thousands of sappy emails to your mistress that you wouldn't be comfortable airing on a Jumbotron for the world to see. That goes doubly for CIA directors. I like to follow the KISS principle in matters of the heart: Keep It Scarce, Stupid. And for God's sake — the Draft folder? Have you dumbasses never heard of anonymizing remailers?

There are many tawdry twists and turns in this saga soon to come, I'm sure, but you really only need to see two

pictures to understand pretty much 99% of what's going on.

The wife…

And the mistress…

Wow, notice that masculine digit ratio she has? That, plus the squared off, clenched jaw and forehead zit are leading indicators that this broad is well on her way to breaking a land speed record for cock gobbling the alpha

males in her midst.

How in tarnation is Petraeus's potato sack poster wife for Puritan living supposed to compete with this fuel-injected sex machine? There isn't a man alive who would pass up a chance at tapping that harlot if his only alternative was Miss Massachusetts 1687. You may as well dangle a chunk of raw meat in front of a starving lion's maw and expect it to sit still for twenty years.

Look, I'm not claiming Broadwell is any raving beauty. She's probably around a 7, adjusted for age. And she has that incipient manjaw going on, a classic tell of the late stage America, careerist shrike tankgrrl female with clit dick. But in relation to the wife, she's a hard 10. Hard enough to cut diamond. If your wife — and I say this with the utmost clinical detachment — is utterly unbangable, then a 7 prancing around your office day in and day out, year after year, in high heels, pencil skirt and a sexpot squint will test the resolve of the most religiously indoctrinated or divorce theft-averse man. Every day you don't expel yourself in the tramp's come hither wicker is one more day you drag yourself home to suffer in stark contrast the sad, depressing sight of the Michelin Ma'am dutifully holding down the home post. Your guilty thoughts will eat you alive either way, so you may as well enjoy the benefits of the burden of that guilt.

The God of Biomechanics does not reward virtue. His works are Total Gonad.

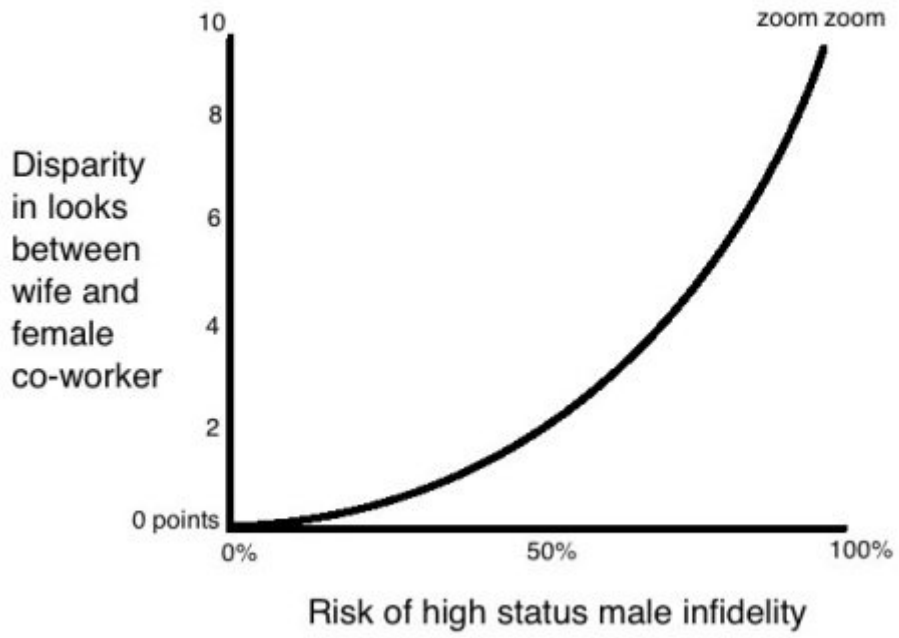
I find the notion coming from some quarters (feminists and white knights and manboobs, oh my!) that Petraeus ought to have been more virtuous absolutely laughable. The man's station in life, if nothing else, made him a rock star in his milieu. Women would have made their sexual intentions known to him rather blatantly. Virtue is easy when there is little to realistically tempt one to vice, as is typically the case for nearly all omegas of either sex, and betas of the male sex. This was not the case here. Petraeus had the equivalent of a thousand attractive men's temptations thrown in his face every day. A choir of heavenly saints would have trouble keeping the Boner of Light in their pants under such circumstances.

Which brings me to my next jeremiad: Tossing men and women together in the workplace is a recipe for dissolving marriages, sexually dispossessing beta males, and corraling women under the banner of a few industry captain alpha males. Men and women in a putatively monogamous society are simply not meant to be in each other's company, away from family, all the day long and night. Is it any wonder, really, that female infidelity rates are now approaching that of men's rates? The gender neutral workplace experiment has brought alpha males and fertile females together like no other arrangement yet devised by man. And it happened under everyone's noses, because no one bothered to note that human nature is real, and it isn't going anywhere soon.

There is a reason why newly minted wives rush their husbands out to the suburbs, and it's not just to get their kids into ~~good~~ white schools: it's to sequester their men from the sea of luscious young pussy that swims the streets of the cities. Similarly, most husbands are much happier when their wives either stay at home or work in jobs where they are mostly surrounded by other women or beta males, like teaching or accounting. The goal for each is the same: to reduce excessive alpha male/hot female temptations.

Of course, don't bother telling feminists this undeniable aspect of society: they'd rather stuff purple saguaros in their ears than contemplate the merciless, gender aneutral reality of humanity. Their willful ignorance is rivaled only by their catastrophic stupidity.

*How predictable was this affair? Very. The greater the sexual market value disparity between a husband's wife and his female coworkers, the likelier the odds of his having an extramarital affair with a woman closer in SMV to himself. This postulate is best expressed graphically:



A high status man whose wife is a full 10 points lower on the looks scale than the women he works with is guaranteed to cheat, and cheat a lot. You will notice that some alpha males advanced in the ways of self-abnegation can resist the temptation to cheat, so long as the other woman is no more than a couple points better looking than the wife. But once the other woman crosses that threshold from "kind of prettier" to "yup, she makes my wife look like a duffel bag of laundry", the infidelity is set in stone. And only those who loathe male desire will see fit to condemn such a man for his actions.

For the recent members of the studio audience: Feminists and their lapdog beta supplicants tend to be the types to nurse an irrational loathing of natural, normal male desire.

There are those tricky little trolls who will innocently(!) ask "Don't you feel sorry for the wife? What did she do wrong?"

I do feel a twitch of pity for her, but it stops there. She did nothing "wrong", in the Biblical or PC sense, but the fact that she obviously felt it reasonable to so fully let herself go is evidence that she cared not a whit for her husband's animal desires, and was probably up to her ears in feminist ideology about the uselessness and evil of appealing to the visceral demands of men for physically attractive, slender lovers. Had she stayed thin (something which is entirely possible, barring very rare physiological ailments), she would have enjoyed more loving sexual attention from her husband. But she is undoubtedly a creature of the zany zeitgeist, and as such was likely imbued with latent hatred for the idea of pleasing one's husband in the way that husbands prefer to be pleased.

There is also the matter of expectations that are inevitably placed on women who have managed to capture in unholy matrimony a rising star alpha male. The pressure to stay sexy and feminine will be much more strongly felt by a wife hitched to a valuable alpha male. After all, he has options most men don't. The luxury of resting on her wifely laurels to scarf down a pint of Edy's is not in the cards for such women. To put it mildly: Ladies, if you want the alpha male, be prepared to put in the hard work to keep him amused. If you don't want that responsibility, then go marry a beta male who won't have the SMV leverage to complain or seek alternate humanistic outlets for his needs.

Naturally, some of you women will balk. But try this thought experiment on for size:

The fat wife of an alpha male is the SAME THING as the unmotivated, dull, needy husband of an alpha female.

If you would be hard pressed to place full blame on the alpha female for her succumbing to infidelity, then so should you think twice before placing full blame on the alpha male for his succumbing to infidelity.

If you cannot grasp this elementary logic, then you are either a raving feminist loon, or a very feminine woman who confuses feelings for reason.

**Was Petraeus in love? I bet he was. Broadwell was considerably younger than him, and considerably sexier than his wife, and those two things are prerequisites for illicit love to bloom in the heart of a man. Feminists often sputter angrily when they see a much older, powerful man with a younger woman, a reaction which arises because they are aware that what they are seeing is an asymmetrical power relationship, but even worse, that the subordinate woman in the relationship ENJOYS IT! The man likes having a pretty girl look up to him, and the woman likes having a powerful man to look up to.

I think it is within the realm of possibility, then, that Petraeus really loved Broadwell, and saw her as much more than a fun fling. He returned her love, though in the end it appears she didn't get what she wanted from him, and her knives came out.

Will anyone in the media beside this blog talk about the genuine love Petraeus, or Allen, had for their respective mistresses? No. The belief that a man cannot love more than one woman at once is ingrained deeply in the psyche of the masses. Most cling tightly to hopes that non-monogamous relationships cannot be loving. And who wants to believe that an older man can truly fall in love with a younger woman? Certainly not the legions of older wives!

Then there is the uncomfortable fact of female nature: who among the media elite really wants to confront the reality of the base desires of women, of their yearning for powerful men, and of their natural inclination to happily assume the subservient role to such men? Who will mention how cavalierly women will dismiss the far-reaching consequences of their actions if such actions bring them closer to joyful fulfillment in the arms of their married lovers?

Love can thrive in relationships where lust is the driving force. When I read that Petraeus was having an affair with Broadwell, I was happy for him. Imagine the torment such a man with his temptations must suffer, just to keep up appearances in service to his political career and his dreary family life. But he went ahead with his affair anyway, and he did it for love. He put love ahead of duty and the wrath of the PC Kommisars. He chose to live not as the mass of men live — empty of any joy. Petraeus may be a fool and betrayer, but he is also a bold, exuberant romantic. A man willing to risk it all for a pretty woman's love, the best thing that there is in this godforsaken world.

In the final analysis, the magnetic appeal of this story is clear:

Petraeus is us.

PS I predict that the cuckolded beta male hubbies, both of whom are "conventionally alpha" doctors, of Broadwell and Kelley will be the least examined aspect of this story by the media. Remeber, folks, men are expendable! And that goes triply for beta males. They are the forgotten lepers in the wilderness of unspoken tabulations of human worth. We will hear a never ending tale of woe about Mrs. Petraeus, but hardly a peep about the sad sacks who suffered their wives' unfaithfulness. Some sexes are just more equal than others.

Comment Of The Week: The Dark Triad In Practice

CH · 16 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

taterearl writes:

> Narcissism = higher value in yourself…taking women off the pedestal
> Machiavellianism = pretty much game…using women's nature to get what you want
> psychopathy = aloof and unconcerned when a woman gets flighty with her emotions
>
> You don't need to turn into a serial killer to get women…just understand these personality traits do have some benefit to your personality.

The Dark Triad are the component parts of the one overarching attitude that most defines and forges the successful womanizer: overconfidence.

***

Runner-up comment winner

Jacob Ian Stalk has this to say about that:

> *The Dark Triad is the clarion call that has replaced outmoded concepts of honor, virtue, chivalry and self-sacrifice as the organizing principle which motivates and galvanizes the post-society American man. It is the ultimate expression of untrammeled individualism. A society crumbling into atomizing modernism is both symptomatic of growing psychopathy in the population and causal of more people turning toward the psychopathic dark side. When truth is exiled, the allure of cold-blooded self-concern is evident.*

This, right here, is the result of 50 years of feminist influence. Decivilisation. Decivilisation by the hand of the Mother Goddess and her evil handmaidens. That's Game – a roadmap to her altar with Google-Maps-direction-finder efficiency.

Game is like a gold ring through a pig's snout – it lures unwary men onto the altar of the sacred feminine. Feverishly we mount her handmaidens and cast the pearls of our manhood before her swine.

No need to wonder how to get there, or look for street signs. Here's the way, spelled out for us in 100 words or less. Go straight to the Devil. Do not pass God and do not collect salvation.

Fights to the death for a womans favour is the only possible eventuality of Game. When men unbind from each other and abandon brotherhood feminism has won. Man is reduced to his animal nature. If feminism wins, the Alpha will be kept in a cage, released only to kill the Beta, then used for sexual gratification and breeding stock.

A better roadmap to the jungle doesn't exist than right here in these pages. The blogger knows it. The reader knows it. And the Devil knows it. If our last rallying point is a pact with the Devil then We. Are. Done.

It's a strange mental contortion when getting all the sex and love from pretty girls one could want is considered a victory for feminism.

My take on this issue which crops up regularly on this blog can be summed up in a simple rhetorical ploy:

What do you call a man who sacrifices for a country and a culture which is indifferent to him at best and hates him at worst?

A fool.

I say, bring on the jungle.

Marriage Is No Escape From The Sexual Market

CH · 16 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along this personal anecdote:

> I wrote you about a year ago with a tale about a birthday dinner with a girlfriend where I showed up late, had no present, and subsequently violated her in wonderfully new ways that night as a result. The main reason I wrote at the time was because I owe a great deal of how my life has changed, both at work and with women, to your blog.
>
> Today I have another entertaining story that proves yet again how right your posts are. I've been talking to a married woman for about a month now. Her husband is well off, but about 15 years older and has made no effort to take care of himself. He also has very little sex drive. She does modeling and acting. I've included a picture so you can make your own assessment of how attractive she is (please don't post that if you do comment on the blog about this. I'm really not looking to affect her career with this). **[ed: she's sexy.]**
>
> I've been working her pretty hard the last month. She gets approached by men EVERYWHERE. She even has pro athletes trying to hook up with her. So I had to go a different route and ride that line of being somewhat supportive when she complained about her husband, but frequently make sure she knew I found her sexy as hell, and wanted to violate the hell out of her. Halloween, that tension build-up all paid off. We were both at a party at a bar, friends of hers all over, and after just one drink, she didn't care who was watching. We didn't even make it to midnight before I was violating her in the parking garage. The thing that was most striking to me after that, was how hard she was working to try to get some indication of commitment from me to assuage any doubts she had about what had happened. She clearly wants out of her marriage, but that old hypergamy makes her want to know she can jump straight from one secure place to another.
>
> The saddest thing is that her husband effectively all but told her to go fuck me. She's spent years trying to get him to go to the gym, go do things with her instead of sitting on his ass, and be affectionate to her. He basically gave no alpha, and didn't even give any supportive beta either. As she'd describe her marriage, he honestly sounded more like your typical housewife (let himself go, believes she should just love him for who he is, etc.) than a man.

I wonder if this kind of thing happened with any regularity in Medieval Europe?

Women simply cannot be trusted to act virtuously. Their sexuality must be constrained to some degree by the operating patriarchy if civilization is to flourish. In times past, the threat of lethal cuckold revenge struck fear into the hearts of whorish wives and alpha male interlopers. Today, the State ensures the cuckold foots the bill for any bastard spawn the whore may have with her itinerant lovers.

How far we've fallen.

But I digress. The photo the reader included of the cheating wife was quite telling. Some girls just have the "eye of the trollop"; their intense, smoky glare broadcasts far and wide "I act before I think." I'm not surprised a rich man married her; rich men tend to be both ignorant of female nature (they can't be bothered to learn) and hooked on the thrill of possessing a dangerously sexy trophy wife. Rich men are under the mistaken assumption that their wealth is enough to keep a wife fulfilled and satisfied. We here who study the crimson arts know better. Perhaps they deserve the cuckolding they get.

The "love me for who I am" platitude has got to be one of the most self-destructive pretty lies a person can sincerely hold. If you believe that, and act in accordance with that belief, I can practically guarantee you will suffer in love. Even the most naturally natural alpha males who strut with conviction that they are Satan's gift to the world know that women require certain emotional stimulations to respond sexually and to fall in love.

What can we learn from this reader's story? Well, if you like the idea of fucking sexy, bored housewives in nightclub parking garages, you should be aware of the following:

1. Does she give off that wonderful whore vibe? Watch for the eyes and the walk. Women who love da cockas have a certain way of walking. And if she glances even for a split second at your package, she's pre-lubed.

2. Has she been drinking? Really, it helps.

3. Does she complain about her husband or boyfriend within the first five minutes of meeting her? Now you may think this is a recipe for being her emotional tampon so she can bitch about the asshole she loves, but the benefit to you depends greatly on how you handle her whining. Too much concern, you're beta toast. Too little, you give her no excuse to find salvation in your crotch. Also be cognizant of the style of her complaints; if she's down to fuck around, she'll sound more coldly dismissive of her husband or boyfriend rather than earnestly despairing.

4. Do her friends all seem like sluts? Slutty female friends are rarely cockblocks. Do you know why? Because sluts love it when their friends are sluts, too. It means no chance of being judged.

5. Is it Halloween? If it is, double your odds of closing the deal on the same night.

Whatever you do, never give your real name, address or phone number to a married woman. The last thing you need is a shotgun in your face when you open the front door.

Alpha Assessment: The Frame Game

CH · 19 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Ace recalls some text and messaging conversations he had with a couple of girls:

> Conversation via facebook with ex (HB 8). I'm new to game and recently unplugged from the matrix.
>
> Me: Read through some old messages on MySpace. Fun stuff
> Her: O gosh. I can only imagine!
> Me:You had quite the attitude punk! And I was such a charmer
> Her: Probably… and no. lol
> Me: Oh really? It's no wonder you fell for me SOO hard. Lucky girl
> Her: Haha whatever you say
> Me: 100 reasons why you love (My name) Found that the other day. You make me out to be a badass ha
> Her: HAhaha I was sweet. I remember my little notes you wrote me everyyyyday
> Me: Yeah you were. I know, I was a tool
> Me: Pretty sure the biggest reason we dated was because our lips fit really well together.
>
> No response. I know I shouldn't have initiated contact with an ex because I should be spreading my demon seed to other girls.
> Jacta est.
>
> Conversations via text with HB 9 from work. Had a boyfriend during the first two conversations.
>
> Me: Am I going to see you at the cliffs tomorrow?
> Her: No I got class 9 to 4
> Me: Skip class, I'm much more fun
> Her: I skipped last week lol. I don't want to have to make up my hours again.
> Me: Well I think you should, it'd be for a good cause. What'd you skip class for last week?
> Me: And by good cause, I mean you would get to see me
> Her: For extra sleep lol
> Me: Haha your excuse for missing class tomorrow is much better
>
> Conversation with the same girl via text after I ran into her earlier that night at a club.
>
> Me: You wobble like a white girl babe
> Her: Yeah because I have no butt!!
> Me: Lol true, which means you're just gonna have to win me over with your personality
> Her: Haha! I already won.
> Me: Lol and what on earth makes you think that?
> Her: I am kind of a genius lol
> Me: Lol well if that's the case, that's a definite plus, but don't think for a minute that just because you're easy on the eyes that I'm impressed
> Me: If you want any chance of "winning" I need to know more about the setup you have going on in that genius head of yours
> Her: I have a boyfriend so I must be doing something right lol
> Me: And I have a dog, that doesn't necessarily mean that I'm doing something right lol
> Her: dog? boyfriend? … difference lol.
> Me: Both entertain you when you're bored, both keep you company when you're alone, both do what you tell them to lol
> Her: HAHAHAHA! I love that comparison, but I don't keep my "dog" on a leash lol.
> Me: Lol fair enough, but I still wouldn't say you're winning..he's not me
> Her: You must not know him then because he is bad ass lol. trust me I am winning.

> Me: Lol but be that as it may, he's not me. That aside, I just want to be friends
> Her: Well duhh I know that. You just like picking on me lol.
> Me: Haha cause youre such a good sport, and you fire back occasionally, which i like
> Her: HAHA! yeah I bet you do lol.
>
> Conversation after I ran by her on the trail.
>
> Me: You looked like you could use a running buddy today
> Her: Haha! I thought that was you!!
> Me: Honestly, I kind of thought you were a black girl from afar…except for your butt!
> Her: Shut up hahaha!
>
> All of these conversations were prior to my unplugging.

"Prior to my unplugging" means, I presume, prior to his introduction to game concepts and material. "Ace" may correct me if I'm presuming wrongly. And so what we have here are texts and messages that Ace sent in his pre-game state to girls, and he wants to know if they are exemplary of natural alpha male mojo.

There's no need to bother with a line-by-line analysis of Ace's badinage. The alphatude lessons contained therein aren't specific to any one line; they are derived from a general vibe that his conversational technique emits.

And the lesson I take from this stream of conversation is a simple one: Teasing, playfulness, negs and challenges cannot make up for a loss of frame.

It's frame first, frame now, frame forever. You lose the frame, and you are perpetually crouched in the defensive posture, playing by the girl's rules, dancing to her beat, singing her tune, spasmodically twitching on her puppeteer strings, and all the while driving her desire into a ditch.

Some of you newbs may be wondering what I'm talking about. You read Ace's "comebacks" and you think it shows tight game.

"It's no wonder you fell for me SOO hard."

Newbie says: He's challenging her and flipping the script, making it seem like she chased him! Isn't that game?

Well, yes, that is game, in the particulars. But it has to be viewed in context, and the context here is of a man trying too hard (and too frequently) in his insistence that his ex couldn't get enough of him.

"And by good cause, I mean you would get to see me"

Newbie says: He's making himself the prize. Isn't that game?

Again, context matters. Yes, having an "I am the prize" mentality is a core game concept, but in this context it falters because Ace has had to repeat his assertions of prize-worthiness to an obviously uninterested girl. Prize-worthiness is best left implied rather than forcefully asserted.

"Lol fair enough, but I still wouldn't say you're winning..he's not me"

Newbie says: Boyfriend destroyer! Aloof attitude! That's gotta be tight game.

A man indifferent to a woman's "I have a boyfriend" shit test is not a man who writes, count 'em, four lengthy texts telling a girl how much her boyfriend doesn't matter to him. Yes, he's cocky and funny and unapologetic, but he's also giving the impression of a guy who can't stop himself from parrying a girl's volleys, even as she is clearly enjoying the back and forth.

"That aside, I just want to be friends"

Newbie says: Disqualification! Come on, that's definitely game.

Sure, when the disqualification is not appended to the end of a huge text conversation where he pretty much tacitly

confessed his sexual interest in the girl. DQs simply don't work when burdened by such incongruence.

"Honestly, I kind of thought you were a black girl from afar…except for your butt!"

Newbie says: Neg! Gotta be game.

Yes, it was a neg (sort of)… which reminded her that he remembered their earlier conversation about her butt. She knows he's smitten.

In the final analysis, Ace's pre-unplugged game is a great example of an aspiring womanizer "getting" the nuts and bolts of game, but not being able to assemble the pieces into a coherent whole. Both girls established the frame and held it almost the ENTIRE TIME. The result is that Ace managed to come off like a superficially suave man of great earnestness who was happily obliging the girls' conversational maneuverings and performing for their applause. Not a beta, not quite an alpha.

If a girl has set the frame, your job is to avoid getting entrapped by it as quickly as possible, and often this will mean completely changing the subject if you are not getting the desired responses from the girl. For example:

Her: I have a boyfriend so I must be doing something right lol
You: And I have a dog, that doesn't necessarily mean that I'm doing something right lol
Her: dog? boyfriend? … difference lol.
You: [next day] gonna be at [place x]. go there, we'll chat like humans.

Or:

Her: I have a boyfriend so I must be doing something right lol
You: [hours later] saw a man get a pedicure today. not sure what made me think of that.

A lot of guys new to game get so excited with the powerful pickup tools at their disposal that they tend to overuse them at the cost of missing the context in which they are being used. What then usually happens is that girls enjoy their unconventional rapport but never quite feel that rush of burning desire that truly aloof men effortlessly evoke in them. Eventually, the barrage of overworked game tactics veers into spergland, and the girl will actually start to get turned off by this "go nowhere" man who shucks and jives like a properly trained court jester.

Setting the frame and avoiding antagonists' frames are critical to seduction, both of women and of electorates.

UPDATE

How could we forget the best frame setter/frame breaker/frame interruptor ever?

Her: I have a boyfriend so I must be doing something right lol
You: gay

Using Women's Beta Blacklisting Words Against Them

CH · 20 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Women love to cavalierly toss out all-purpose smears like "creeper" and "stalker" to ear tag the beta males solemnly grazing around them who rumble a little too close to the edge of their pen enclosures, because a punchy insult is always preferable to a more articulate rationale for describing the ways in which the innocuous characteristics of the beta male are so dismaying and unattractive to women, the sex, if you will ponder, which prides itself on its wellspring of compassion.

Interestingly, this reflexive psychological burp of women can be retrofitted by the cunning womanizer as a tool to disarm women's natural defenses against putting out too easily, or feeling regret for having put out too easily.

Reader walawala recounts a text exchange which demonstrates this inverse psychology tactic:

> just had a text exchange with a girl I just banged last night by maintaining frame…
>
> Me: cab driver just spit a loogie into a roll of toilet paper
>
> Her: thanks for sharing
>
> Me: keep change lah
>
> Her: I just googled you and found a story you were quoted in
>
> Me: u cyber stalker

There was a danger here that walawala would get sucked into this girl's frame when she opened that can of worms about googling him. His response was classic frame control: "u cyber stalker". (Note alluringly aloof lack of punctuation.) By using one of her natural womanly words of exclusion against her, he effectively put her in the defensive crouch, where she is tempted into qualifying herself to him. Most women, because their modernist Western egos are so rapaciously overinflated, cannot resist this temptation.

A very quick and dirty way to break a girl's frame, or reinstitute the primacy of your frame, is to accuse her of being a creep or a stalker. Women respond viscerally to these accusations because they are intimately familiar with the power of these slanders to utterly castrate beta males and render them harmless environmental accoutrements. The last thing you want is women categorizing you as a harmless accoutrement. And sometimes, the only way to avoid that is to give them a taste of their own exhilarating medicine.

How To Reframe Against Leftists (And Women)

CH · 21 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter at Mangan's linked to a recent 60 Minutes segment which discussed study findings that babies are born with a moral compass and innate biases against people (or things) not like themselves. In short, it would appear that in-groupism, and hostility to the Other, is inborn in all of us.

Favoritism for one's own kind and racism are, not to put too fine a point on it, a property of human nature and not something "taught" or constructed out of whole cloth by mean parents, the KKK, or afrocentric studies professors. This property can certainly be amplified or dampened by cultural intervention, but it cannot be eradicated or wished away.

In-groupism has evolved for a reason, and that reason likely led to an increase in reproductive fitness for those humans who had the gene(s) for in-groupism. In-groupism is, from the gene's point of view, a GOOD THING. Now whether in-groupism is still as fitness maximizing today as it necessarily has been throughout human history is another question, but no one can seriously argue that it's a pointless emotional reflex only designated "bad people" (read: working class white men) possess. If you need the dots connected, tribal favoritism is as natural as love.

As I am a person who generally prefers to not make life miserable for the mediocre masses who are just trundling by trying to eke out a slice of joy without stepping on my toes, I instinctively recoil at those self-righteous social engineers who would attempt to reprogram certain classes of people (read: working class white men) to betray their essence as human beings in order to more properly mouth the hypocritical bleatings of the gated-community pompous elite. So, inevitably, when some malevolent leftists seize on these studies and deliberately misconstrue the message they should be taking from them to further their anti-human status whoring agenda, I draw my sword and level it at their throats.

Since beheading of one's ideological enemies is not yet (again) in fashion, we must settle for the weapon of our words, and no verbal artillery is more powerful in today's snark-soaked society than the insouciant reframe. A successful reframe will win friends and influence people, and, best of all, it will drive your foes insane with impotent rage.

To wit: the commenter at Mangan's worried that our leftist overlords would misuse this study for their nefarious ends, instead of taking the proper lesson from it that their unpracticed worldview is a mile high pile of horseshit.

> Babies are born to be biased against the other. And to listen to these PC Marxist Professors going 'Oh no, we have to train these people out of this'. Instead of saying wait a minute–maybe I'm wrong about political correctness.

How would your typical ankle-grabbing rightie like, oh, say, Rich Lowry, reply to a ruling class leftist who asserted that any proof of hard-wired racism meant that emotionally torturous reeducation must continue until morale improves? Likely, he would comply that steps must be taken to reduce the chance that inborn racism would lead to immigration restrictions, but that we must also be careful not to place any blame on [white men] for their regressive views because, after all, they were born with this original sin, blah fucking blah.

No doubt the mass of mainstream """conservatives""" would fall right in step with their leftie tormentors' frames, presenting their chafed rumps for yet another humiliating ramming.

Now how would this conversation go if the ruling class leftie had to confront an aloof asshole like yours truly who didn't give a shit about clinking glasses with rancid anti-white leftoids at stiffly polite cocktail parties?

Leftoid: "Oh no, we have to train [white men] out of this."

Demon's Herald: "Sure, and while we're at it, what do you think of training gays out of their homosexuality? It'll cut

down on the AIDS if the studies are to be believed."

The masterful reframe uses the momentum of your enemy's thrusting knife against him. Your goal with any reframe should be to either divert the withering mockery of the audience toward your opponent, or to ensnare your opponent in a logic trap which forces him to defend whatever blithe inanity he intones to lubricate his limbic folds.

It is similar in function to seductive reframes with women: you either redirect a woman's alpha probing into self-conscious insecurity where she will revert to defending her attitude and become psychologically conditioned to perceive you as higher value than herself, or you make her feel the burn of mockery that is the undercurrent of teasing foreplay leading to sexual relinquishment to your obvious dominating presence.

Here's another example. A commenter at Larry Auster's accurately imagines what a typical anti-white leftoid (in this case, John Podhoretz) would say to a realist schooled in the facts of intransigent human nature and the evolved preference for tribalism:

> You [Auster] wrote:
>
> "But humanity does not consist of universal individuals. It consists of various cultures, ethnicities, and races all of which have particular identities, characteristics, ability levels, values, and agendas which are different from those of the host society. As a result, the mass presence of those different groups in the host society, far from advancing right-liberal equal freedom, empowers their unassimilable identities, characteristics, ability levels, values, and agendas, and thus changes the host country from a right-liberal society into a multicultural, left-liberal, racial-socialist society whose ruling principle is equality of outcome for all groups."
>
> To which Podhoretz pere et fils would surely reply, "Why do you hate freedom?"

How does a weak-willed, supplicating, betaboy """conservative""" like, oh, say, Jim Geraghty, respond to this all-too-realistic, imagined Podhoretz coercive frame? Probably something like this: "I don't hate freedom! Really, I don't! Look, some of my best friends are freedom lovers. And I promise never again to use the word slut, no matter how applicable it is. Be kind to me?"

Lame. Podhoretz owns the frame, and Geraghty is just playing within its bounds.

Now how would this imagined yet highly probable conversation go if Podhoretz were trying to box in a mischief maker like yours sincerely?

Pod: "Why do you hate freedom?"

Demon's Padawan: "Why do you fellate goats?"

Leftoid's frame destroyed, razed by brutal and vicious ridicule, and, should the demonic horde so choose, seamlessly replaced with a frame of their comfortable choosing.

Some GOP operatives who shall remain unnamed have written here asking for ideas about reframing against the media-dominated leftism that rules the airwaves and the shit channels. Well, here are some ideas. I could give more, but I don't feel much like it, mostly because I have my suspicions that the lot of the mainstream right isn't really interested in LISTENING and WAKING THE FUCK UP, but instead would prefer the glass-clinking route until either the whole thing goes down in flames or they can grab the coattails of a truly brave leader and say "See, I was right there with you all along!"

Fucking puling waterboys. Ass-lapping company men.

Anyhow, I leave you with this final thought: Mockery.

Mockery.

And more mockery.

This is the age of superficiality, of winning through intimidation, and the only way the right is ever going to defeat the left in any meaningful manner is to mock them relentlessly, mercilessly, sadistically. You cannot defeat snark — the leftoid's debate tactic of choice — with logical exposition or appeals to civility. You only kill it by turning it on itself. If you think this is a sorry turn of events… well, it is, but it's the world we live in. Abide reality, or abort. The reality is that three huge branches of mind massaging — the media, academia, and government — are in control of the discourse, and it is blatantly against your interests as a realist thinker and lover of truth and beauty.

Appeasement is a luxury of winners.

Even then, even if the right took all my advice and gamed the shit out of their media cockblocks and the LJBF electorate, there may be no saving this sinking ship. Even the tightest game is no match for a demographic tsunami that is constitutionally wedded to the idea of Big Daddy State and Bad, Beta White Man.

As always,

yours in poolside.

The Predictable Call To Accept The Wages Of Slut

CH · 22 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Way back, Chateau Heartiste wrote in regards the spreading (heh) sluttification of America:

> Single moms like to talk about how they do things on their own, and they "don't need a man". But in fact, flex time and related corporate incentives *are* a form of substitute husband and father. That money for flex time has to come from somewhere, usually in higher prices for the company's products or in lowered salaries for its employees. It is private welfare, but welfare just the same. Now companies can choose to offer this to their heart's content; after all, no one is forcing me to buy their products or work there and thus subsidize the lifestyles of a bunch of single moms and harried working moms. But my advice to men who want to maximize their earning potential — work for companies that don't offer generous payoffs in an effort to recruit working moms. It is likely you will command a higher salary with more patriarchal companies. […]
>
> When financially self-sufficient women turn away from beta providers as a source of sexual arousal, they substitute other alpha male qualities in its place. Big government is a beta provider substitute with alpha male qualities.

Fast forward to today: GLPiggy has a post up quoting a young, newly minted feminist who wishes to strip single momhood of its social stigma.

> Teen motherhood, single motherhood, unmarried cohabitation—these are not plagues or social ills that pose a threat to the otherwise normal structures of everyday life. They are our new social reality.
>
> What the show doesn't get to is that this is a good thing.
>
> There is nothing wrong with teenage or single motherhood. The things children need: economic livelihood, emotional support and an education, are not dependent on a nuclear family structure. Poverty is poverty whether it's endured by two people or four. A couple cannot raise a child better than one can. Once we get rid of the idea that marriage is the privileged form of cohabitation and that women cannot raise children without the help of a man—ideas that the Left has been working to eradicate for decades—there is no reason that a teen should not be financially and emotionally assisted for her choice to have a family. The potential diffusion of the family (as the *New York Times* recently reported, it doesn't look like the trends will stop anytime soon) is one of the most exciting things to happen to the American social pattern since sexual liberation. It means the end of what were just decades ago universal truths: every household must be headed by a breadwinning man; only when married will a woman have social value.

I invite readers to draw the relevant connections between these two excerpts.

Meanwhile, I suggest aspiring single moms who wish to truly Go Their Own Way (SGTOW?) practice what they preach and divest themselves of all male support, in whatever form. That means: no redistribution from unrelated men to single moms, no corporate welfare in the form of maternity leave or flex time or special insurance policy discounts, no government handouts predicated on number of children, no shamelessness exacerbating EBT cards, no punitive alimony or child support payouts, no affirmative action for the children of single moms. In short, no sexless drone provider beta male largesse to save single moms from a self-inflicted life of indigent misery.

If this were to happen, and feminists were taken at their word and bequeathed a world in which all male influence was excised from their lives and they were left to fend for themselves and their bastard spawn, empowered and self-actualized, the resulting river of blood and the symphony of children's cries reverberating through hell's heart itself would quickly, very quickly I predict, disabuse feminist cunts of the luxury of their man and father hatred. Lie-exalting ruling class sophistry would blow away effortlessly like hay in a hurricane.

But of course feminists don't really want men removed from their lives; they love having *de facto* castrated beta males foot their bills, and the bills of their unholy unclaimed consolidated stem cell packages. A massive transfer of wealth from quasi-cuckolded beta males to feckless females is the *whole point*, the UR PURPOSE, of feminism. It is giving women what they want — money and support — to do as they please, without asking of them anything in return (typically, sex and fidelity).

In the distant future, when archaeologists (or aliens who are rummaging through the wreckage of their terraforming experiment) stumble upon a lone monolithic server storing the collected wisdom of this blog, the group of excavators will hook it up, read the ancient scrolls, and stare in quiet at their feet as a depressing realization sweeps over their collective consciousness:

"someone knew. someone saw it coming."

And from the origin point of the universe, a great guffaw will issue, and galaxies will rattle as the mightiest HAA HAWW ever to grace the cosmic firmament blasts forth from its waiting slumber.

What A Future American Right Party Can Do To Win

CH · 23 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Dissolve the Republicans. They are worse than useless; their "me-too"ism knee-jerk quickness to dance to the Left's funeral dirge composed on their behalf is leading them right into a hole in the ground. A future party of the right is going to have to fight a different fight — one that cuts out the beating heart of leftoidism itself and squeezes it to a mash: the propagandizers.

Commenter Porter at Mangans's explains how to defund (and defang) the Left's army of indoctrinators:

> Dissolve their barbell on both ends. Both the very rich and their client-class eaters skew heavily democrat. A cunning Republican (I mean this, of course, hypothetically) would very publicly offer a grand bargain that bargains only him: Punitive, confiscatory, outrageous taxation on incomes over whatever figure, combined with meaningful cuts across the welfare spectrum, including elimination of the earned income tax credit. I'll offer cuts to your constituents in exchange for higher taxes on your sponsors. It's simply fiscal prudence with a little extra help from the wealthiest Americans.
>
> Free the Cable Guy. Push legislation that unbundles cable packages and offers choice to the public in what channels they wish to pay for and receive. This would end the involuntary subsidies from cable customers to the left's fringe media projects. Let each channel be subject to market demand…and let MSNBC drown.
>
> And this isn't as much a rep/dem issue as it is one of stanching the bloodflow to a tick…401k retirement accounts represent a torrent of tribute to Wall Street. End it. The left loves the Community Reinvestment Act. Give them more community reinvestment. Require 401 monies to be managed by institutions local to the business or employee. Much of this would flow into CDs at smaller regional banks where subsequent lending activity would occur. Wealth remains local and decentralized while Goldman bonuses are slashed to seven figures. There are no losers.

This is the way to seriously harm, if not kill, the mind virus that is the modern Left. Forget following the oh-so-sincerely-helpful advice from Democrat quarters that fielding minority candidates and assuaging women with feelgood pablum about free birth control and dropping opposition to electorate-altering amnesty is the way to success for Republicans. Would you take advice from the executioner on how tightly to knot the rope fitted around your neck?

Yes, Republicans could be more successful if they became more like Democrats (and even that is debatable, for what good is gimmedat lite compared to the real redistribution?). But then where is the Right except existing as a dangly, vestigial Kuato providing comic relief for the behemoth Left? What is the point of having an opposing party if its success rides upon how well it can mimic its ostensible ideological enemies?

No, ignore the plaintive wails for reforming the "right". Hit the enemy where it'll hurt them the most, even hurt them lethally. Suck dry the money spigot that breathes dark life into the Propagandizers and Indoctrinators. Do this, """Republicans""", and sit back in joy as the wails of the Left echo like a cacophony of squealing pigs being buried alive in your ears.

Of course, the reps of the mainstream right won't do this. Many of them don't really want to win; it would interfere with their cocktail glass clinking time. And, oh god!, don't raise taxes one iota on those über rich Democrat non-patrons! But if by some miracle the right found its balls, if the spirit of Khan suddenly moved them to action, the above recipe to regain some serious power will work… at least enough to staunch the enveloping, suffocating demographic tide for a decade or two.

And then it's GAME OVER MAN. GAME OOOOOVER.

Stealing Bait From Women Fishing For Compliments

CH · 26 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Fishing for compliments is mostly a woman thing. ON AVERAGE, of course, ON AVERAGE. Men rarely engage in the activity; even very insecure men are loathe to fish for compliments. It's such a transparently unmanly endeavor that the noodliest manboobs wince at the thought of begging like a chick for self-esteem boosts.

The kinds of women who make it obvious that they are fishing for compliments generally fall in three main camps:

1. Hot babes who live and die by continual positive feedback on either their beauty (from aloof men they like) or their personality/smarts (from women and men who only recognize them for their beauty.)

2. Aging beauties who need reassurances in the face of their impending expiration.

3. Women in relationships who are feeling anxiety that their men are losing interest in them.

There are plenty of other types, but these three predominate. A once-hot woman nearing 35, in an unmarried relationship with an alpha male with options who checks out other women all the time, is the equivalent of fishing for sharks in a backyard pool with chunks of seal flesh as bait. She is a fisher of flattery.

Knowing this, you can capitalize on this natural womanly compulsion for your own benefit. (You can also make yourself less attractive.)

The beta male spies a woman fishing for a compliment, and he frantically chomps down, happily letting himself be reeled into the boat. She catches him, sees what a runty specimen he is, and uses him as bait to catch bigger fish. The beta male feels the hook dig deep into his side and wonders why he is suffering such torment for giving the fisher of flattery what she wanted.

The alpha male spies a woman fishing for flattery, and he circles the bait, taking small nibbles from it without ever biting down on the hook. She tries to reel him in, but he is elusive. She now wants this fish so badly she dumps the whole bucket of beta fish chum in the water hoping to lure him closer to the boat where she can net him. But he is slippery, and toys with her by gleefully breaching the water just out of her reach.

You, the reader, would like to know how to nibble at a woman fishing for compliments that does not result in your demise or her abandoning the water to fish another day. There is no one way to successfully dance with a woman seeking approval via utilization of a plump, poisoned enticement, but there are easily-remembered short cuts. One which has worked for me over the years is a simple one-word response:

"Sure."

As in:

Woman Being Womanly: "Don't you think this skirt is a cute look on me?"

Mischievous Fishie: "Sure."

Or:

Woman Being Womanly: "I bet I could make you forget about her."

Mischievous Fishie: "Sure."

Or:

Womanly Being Womanly: "I'm the best you'll ever get."

Mischievous Fishie: "Sure."

The key here is the tone of your voice; neither sarcastic nor earnest. You want that "sure" to sound closer to an

ambiguously sincere reflection bordering on a taunt, slightly higher pitched, and girded with a hint of joviality.

You want her wondering what it is you're thinking. She has dropped bait, and she's not quite sure you're on the hook. But neither is she sure you've raced away from her hook.

This works because women love two characteristics about men: unpredictability and ambiguity. The woman who can't readily predict or decipher your reaction, or the meaning of your words, is the woman who will make her desire more predictable and less ambiguous to you. She does not want your hostility or your sycophancy, both of which are as predictable as sunrises. She wants your mystery.

Why Apple Owns Hearts (If Not Minds)

CH · 26 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Half Sigma has a post up profiling buyers of Apple and Android (concluding that most Android buyers are more frugal than Apple buyers.)

Android buyers may be more frugal, but it's not because they have less money to spend than Apple buyers. The reason Apple is the elite/SWPL/hipster smartphone and tablet and laptop of choice has to do with the preferences of women. As a commenter over there wrote:

> "Maybe iphones appeal to women shoppers, but the sophisticated users I know prefer the Galaxy S III or the Nexus 4."

Apple vs Android is less about SWPL vs prole than it is about women vs men.

Firstly, proles aren't Android customers. Most proles don't have service plans and are still using dumb phones. Android customers are well-paid STEM men, typically younger, and often married with small kids. They are the type of men who are out of the dating market, either through marriage or nerdery. They love tinkering with gadgets and discovering multi-use purposes for them. They are numbers people, and have a natural aversion to spending more for something than what it is worth according to dry calculations they make in their heads. In other words, the core Android base are left brain thinkers who better appreciate value and function and are autistic to the appeal of pretty packaging, ergonomics and intuitive GUIs.

Devoted Apple customers are single women and the men who hang around a lot of women, like salesmen, players, scenesters, and marketers. Apple customers also include older buyers who are intimidated by rumors of non-Apple products being harder to navigate. In other words, the core Apple base are right brain thinkers who better appreciate form and are scared of advanced techie functionality (or more precisely, techie functionality that is not sufficiently concealed under a soothing layer of bubbly icons).

Apple enjoys lavish profitability because women are the primary purchasers in any modern, slowly decaying Western society. Since form has higher status than function in such late-stage societies, and since women are the drivers of trivial status whoring competitions, Apple — which, justifiably, represents the ultimate in high status tech aesthetic — owns women's sympathies. And from this, Apple owns a significant chunk of men and their dollars.

Being The Right Kind Of Asshole

CH · 27 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally, an oh-so-sincere skeptical reader will insist that being the jerk women love doesn't work, because he/she/it saw some guy calling a girl a bitch once, and that guy didn't get laid.

The height of counter-argument prowess!

As this blogasmic beacon of bounteous love has written before, there is a critical distinction between being a "caring asshole" that signals to women you are desperate for their vaginas, and being an aloof "uncaring asshole" that signals to women you could do without their vaginas, which ironically makes their vaginas feel strong love.

(I will leave aside for another post examination of putative examples to the contrary, such as those supreme assholes like Chris Brown and Mexican drug lords who, full of care, beat their women to pulps yet still enjoy the undying love of their attractive targets of affliction.)

If you are having trouble dissecting the meaning of being an uncaring asshole, think upon the personality quirks that define a man who has inherited (or honed) the suite of Dark Triad traits. He is closest to the manifestation of the ideal uncaring asshole.

Reader Ripp writes:

> *"The Dark Triad are the component parts of the one overarching attitude that most defines and forges the successful womanizer: overconfidence."*
>
> Agreed, academically. To qualify overconfidence:
>
> The art of exhibiting these qualities is commonly misrepresented by being a deliberate asshole; a 'caring asshole'. Irrational overconfidence, or 'cockyness', doesn't hit the mark.
>
> Calculated arrogance, effectively demonstrated pre-selection, a refined non-reactive attitude to shit testing and a mysterious self-serving aloofness comprises the "attitude" described above.
>
> Uncalibrated "overconfidence" is try hard. Yielding true overconfidence at the correct moments hits the mark:
>
> "Listen. I don't know you…and you need to understand. I'm one charming mother fucker."

This reader has a point. If you have to shout your overconfidence from the rooftops, you have shown the exact opposite: a lack of self-confidence.

But most Dark Triad Dudes are *irrationally* overconfident, if by irrational we mean that there is very little objective evidence that would buttress a case for their degree of self-regard. The reason they do well with women is because women don't *subconsciously* care as much for objective measures verifying a man's overconfidence as they care for the overconfident attitude itself. And, remember, when we're talking about sparking vaginal tingles, it's a woman's subconscious you want to massage, not her conscious awareness. The subconscious is orders of magnitude more powerful than the conscious, in which the latter pretty much acts as a highly advanced rationalization machine permitting expression of the desires of the subconscious.

Again… it's the ALPHA ATTITUDE chicks dig. You have the attitude, and you can pretty much roll with any undersized or overstuffed portfolio of objective accomplishments. If you don't have the attitude, you will be dismayed to find that your *curriculum vitae* is not helping you get laid as much as the numbers you crunched told you it would help.

Naturally, it's better to have both aligned — you'll find it easier to maintain congruence if your objective status matches your signaling status — but if you had to choose one, choose signaling status. It's way simpler to achieve, and more fun to apply!

I'll give you a quick glimpse at a minute in the life of a caring asshole, so that you can better appreciate why he fails with women while his equal but different douchehead cousin cleans up with the ladies.

Girl: "I don't give my number to guys I just met."

Asshole who cares too much: "Well, fuck you, nobody asked for it."

Girl: "You just did."

Asshole who cares too much: "I was kidding. I would never go out with a bitch like you."

There's no denying this guy is an asshole, and there's no denying he would be a miserable failure with women (although, it has to be said, he'd still do better than the typical mincing betabot). So where did his assholery go wrong? For that, we need to contrast him with his uncaring asshole bro.

Girl: "I don't give my number to guys I just met."

Asshole who cares thiiiiiis much: "My heart will go on."

Girl: "Well, you did seem like you wanted it."

Asshole who cares thiiiiiis much: "That was before I got distracted by your sister."

In every technical aspect, and according to every feminist by-law, this guy would qualify as an asshole. And, yet, there's just something about him….

wait… phew… I channeled some woman's hamster there for a minute. Strange experience.

The second guy knows about charm and delivery, and executes with purpose. That purpose being, to reflect, "Goddamn, I am a sexy beast. A stylish sniper of love. Excuse me whilst I make 1080p love to myself."

He is as far from your typical niceguy as he is from your hothead asshole above who calls women bitches at the drop of a hat. But an asshole he is, and the right kind of asshole, the kind that women, the world over, will always and forevermore fall head over haunches for despite their squid-inking claims to the contrary.

Girls Asking Generalissimo Heartiste To Rate Their Looks

CH · 28 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This commune of cosseted corporeal delights gets its fair share of female readers emailing the proprietors with requests (nay, more like *demands*) to rank them on a 1 to 10 beauty scale. Photos are included, along with promises that all info will be kept private (naturally). The proprietors abide the second request, but rarely the first, because it is quite obvious that what these women seek they already know, and are simply fishing for a little of the ol' ultrastroking of their egos by the lead pack animal with fur of woven gold and claws stained with mortal triumph.

A recent example of the genre appeared in the Inbox of Consummation, and, as is usual in these cases, the woman in the photo is quite fetching, a solid 8. She too, asked for privacy, so I will not reveal any details here, except to say she is younger than lawyercunt age and was eager to leverage her looks for a family and babies before it was too late, evidencing a feeling of deadly urgency not often observed in women so young which she acquired, so she says, through reading this blog. She valued the opinion of the Rectory's Grandmaster, and wished to know if a "lesser alpha" was within her purview.

Yes, you slinky pantherette, you can get a lesser alpha if you put your heart to it.

The overwhelming majority of these "rank me" emails feature women sitting comfortably above the 7 and above looks rating. I can only remember two who were otherwise; one girl was a 6 and the other was frolicking dangerously close to the soul-burning fires of a 4 or 5 rating. A lopsided number of them are 8s and higher.

Why would only good-looking women email for reassurances of their good looks? If women were really oblivious to their sexual market values, you'd expect to see a more even distribution from women at all points of the looks scale searching for unbiased third party opinions.

The premise is, of course, all wrong. Women are VERY AWARE of their SMVs, both absolute and relative, and that is why ugly women rarely ask for opinions on their looks: even the nicest niceboi would be hard-pressed to sufficiently conceal his discomfort at having to gently fib to a mastodon that she really looks like a Venus. And women are quite skilled at picking up subtexts and subcommunications and subsubmeanings within submeanings telegraphed through body language and quivering supplicating voice.

The same reason fugs avoid tempting the sizzling light of judgment is the reason hot babes welcome it: the latter love reminding themselves how hot they are by provoking reactions from men (betas) eager to feed their womanly need. Unless you are running an online presence and don't go out of your way to meet such women IRL, you'd best follow the hallowed prescription to avoid giving attractive women the ego boosts they crave if you don't want to be chucked into the boring manboob discount bin.

The other interesting angle to all this is the question of why, when the world is full of men with nearly universal tastes in women, do some hot women feel compelled to coax unnecessary flattery from an ASCII ghost? The answer to that, I leave as an exercise for the reader.

Feminist Fallacy #3: “I use men for sex”

CH · 28 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Girls (mostly feminists with a battle-axe to grind) who say they just use jerks for sex and don’t want them for long-term relationships are lying out of their asses. Nine times out of ten, it’s the jerk who doesn’t want to pursue a relationship with the smitten dear who then tells herself afterward she was just using him for sex to comfort her bruised ego.

Need proof? Normally, I’d say, just get out of your fetid basement hovel and join the real world for a week or two, but this time I feel the spirit of science move me, so here ya go:

> The more recent research of McDaniel (2005) and Urbaniak and Kilman (2006) suggest that women find “nice guys” to be socially undesirable and sexually unattractive, contradicting the previous findings of Jensen-Campbell et al. The researchers also found that “bad boys” (operationalized as “fun/sexy guys” by McDaniel and “cute, macho guys” by Urbaniak and Kilman) were highly desired for both short-term and long-term committed relationships, whereas “nice guys” were not desired as sex partners within either relationship context, contradicting the previous findings of Herold and Milhausen. McDaniel writes:
>
> First, being suitable for high commitment dating alone is not enough (by a long shot) to increase a nice guy’s likelihood to progress into or beyond the experimentation stage of relationship escalation. Second, young women who are interested in frequent casual dating are not going to select a nice guy as a dating partner because he cannot meet her recreational dating needs. And, because the fun/sexy guy seems to be more suitable for low commitment dating, he is going to be chosen more often for it, which provides him with an increased opportunity to progress well into and beyond the experimentation stage.

The jerks chicks dig for sex are also loved as relationship material. The bottleneck preventing women from fulfilling their desire for LTRs with assholes is not women’s long-term preference for niceguys, but the assholes’ preference for short term flings.

So the next time you hear a woman desperately assert that she “uses men for sex”, just remind yourself you are likely conversing with a broken slut who got her heart trampled by the jerks she loves so many times she’s beginning to believe her own bullshit.

Indirect Vs Direct Vs Clever Openers: Which Is Best?

CH · 29 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent along a link to a study which attempted to clarify which kinds of approach "openers" (pickup lines or greetings) worked best on women. The science, while far from conclusive (results were based on women's self-reported preferences, so usual caveats apply), is finally having a say in this eternal debate between direct and indirect game advocates. Funny enough, the actual study was done in the '80s. A lot of great, illuminating stuff about human nature gets forgotten, especially when the zeitgeist is so suffocatingly PC.

> Women prefer innocuous opening lines vs direct or clever lines.
>
> Men prefer women to be direct.
>
> Via Scott Barry Kaufman:
>
> In the '80s, Chris Kleinke and colleagues analyzed the effectiveness of 100 pick-up lines across a number of different settings, including bars, supermarkets, restaurants, laundromats, and beaches. **They found three main categories of openers: *direct gambits,* which are honest and get right to the point (e.g, "*I'm sort of shy, but I'd like to get to know you*"), *innocuous gambits*, which hide a person's true intentions ("e.g., "*What do you think of this band?*"), and *cute/flippant gambits*, which involve humor, but often in a cheesy, canned way (e.g., "*Do you have any raisins? No? Well then, how about a date?*".)***
>
> **Both men and women agreed that cute/flippant pick-up lines were the least attractive. Women, however, preferred innocuous lines and had a greater aversion to cute/flippant lines than men**, while **men had a greater preference for direct opening gambits than women**. This basic pattern has been found over and over again in a variety of settings, including singles bars .

Eric Barker, the guy who runs that fantastic repository of helpful science, notes that mentally tired people are less receptive to clever pickup lines. If you're churning through garbage hour and hitting on tired girls, keep it simple. A brief comment about something in your shared environment is all it will take.

So cute (aka douchebag) lines are the worst. No surprise there. Those kinds of lines are spit more for the entertainment of a guy's buddies watching nearby than they are for the purpose of attracting a girl.

Clever lines you aspiring William F. Buckleys might be tempted to use are wasted on tired girls, and likely on any girl with an IQ under 120, which is most of them.

Direct openers aren't as bad as cutesy openers, but girls still prefer the indirect strategy from men.

The abiding truth that game practitioners keep coming back to (and that science often confirms) is that girls don't want the nuts and bolts of their seduction revealed to them; they want men to just *know* what they like and give them the *feelings* of being successfully seduced, and that means men must maintain plausible deniability about their sexual intentions, even if feminists shriek that such a mating strategy amounts to "manipulation".

[Editor: Chicks dig being manipulated!]

Direct openers may work in some niche situations, and on certain types of women, but for most women the direct approach robs them of that feeling they love of being swept up in a romantic moment that ostensibly began as a "ships passing in the night(club)" fortuitous, random meeting.

Or it could simply be that direct openers automatically and instantaneously, by transparently communicating a man's desire, lower his value *vis-á-vis* the girl he is hitting on, because she knows exactly how much he values her, and this knowledge gives her all the hand in the interaction. And girls don't really crave the having of hand in budding romantic situations, despite their claims to the contrary. If the nature of woman is to love the thrill of winning over and eventually surrendering to an aloof, dominant man, then it makes sense they would prefer their

seductions are blurred with a gauzy filter of mystery, ambiguity and uncertainty.

This study would seem to validate the efficacy of Roosh's "elderly opener" tactic, but as the CH reader averred, direct openers should be part of your arsenal even if they aren't the most broadly effective, because there will be times when indirect openers are ridiculous and self-defeating.

Mixing Signals To Dazzle Women

CH · 30 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Mixing your signals — aka obfuscating your intentions — is a powerful holistic technique to arouse interest in women, the class of beings who strangely desire more that which gives the least interest in satisfying their desires.

The status signals (and, really, are there any other kind of signals that matter in the least bit when a man is interacting with a woman?) that men display can be broadly categorized into **body language** and **verbal communication**.

Body language comprises a host of nonverbal mannerisms and displays, from the way a man walks, to his dress, his facial expressions, to how he moves his limbs, and even to how he stands or holds a glass. Verbal communication is the words that come out of a man's mouth, and the way in which he says them, in hopes of creating a desirous spark in an attractive woman.

Most men focus on the words they say, because the impact of a man's body language on women's senses is both poorly understood and intangible relative to the impact that he thinks his words carry. Body language is therefore relegated to acting in concert with subconscious feelings of self-worth; for this reason, body language can be a man's worst enemy if he is unaware how his mannerisms betray his hidden emotional state.

Verbal communication is thus overrated and body language underrated by men. The upshot to this formula is that men can chill a bit on the pressure to say the right thing, if they work to adjust their body language so that it does most of the talking for them.

Mixing signals is the art of telling/showing a woman one thing, while showing/telling her another. There are four permutations of body language and speech that are possible when approaching women, only two of which involve mixed signals.

1. Direct Body Language (DBL) + Direct Verbal Communication (DVC)

You make a bold statement of intention with both your body motions and your words. Example:

Walking slowly toward a woman, holding eye contact the whole way, stopping in front of her, pausing for effect, and with a low, deliberate tone of voice, saying, "I'd regret it forever if I didn't come over and see if you are the type of woman I want to get to know better."

2. Indirect Body Language (IBL) + Indirect Verbal Communication (IVC)

You engage a girl with a seemingly innocuous statement about some peculiarity in your shared environment, and comport yourself like you have another place to be and she just happens to be there to listen to you. Example:

Looking over your shoulder at the girl, turning your body to partially face her, one foot pointed in another direction, rocking back on your heels as you speak, glancing once or twice at some faraway object, and with a neutral tone of voice, saying "If the bookstore weren't so full of poseurs, we might have a chance to get a book within the next hour."

3. DBL + IVC

You make a bold statement of romantic intention with your body and facial expressions, while speaking neutrally so as to suggest you are not interested in hitting on her. Example:

Directly facing the woman, positioning yourself so that eye contact is unavoidable and escape is limited, occupying her personal space, you ask in an unthreatening, bland tone of voice, after a mood-heightening silent pause, if she can direct you to the nearest toy shop so you can buy a gift for your niece.

4. IBL + DVC

You verbally communicate your romantic interest while your body language bespeaks disinterest. Example:

Body rocking, feet positioned as if you are about to walk off, approaching at an angle with shoulders turned halfway outward, eyes surveying your environment, you open her directly with a strong sexual vibe that belies your mannerisms.

Which of these styles of interaction is best? That's hard to say, because the style that works best depends in some measure on the skill of the womanizer. A sexually needy man who experiences bouts of nerves when cute girls are near stands a good chance of being perceived as incongruent in his words and behavior if he tries to directly open a girl while comporting himself as if he's too cool for school. Similarly, an experienced player with rock solid confident body language who masks his intentions under a flurry of misdirecting banalities may strike a girl as a coward who is too skittish to say what's on his mind.

However, this contextual problem aside, I believe a useful generalization about the effectiveness of the different approach styles can be made.

Eric Disco comments:

> This is essentially what most guys do when they attempt to be indirect, they are indirect with their words ("How do you get to Starbucks?") but then they are very direct with their body language–mainly eye contact and body orientation. They face her and give her lots of eye contact, looking at her continuously, as if they've just spotted a rare bird. From my experience, instead of combining the best of both worlds, this combines the worst.
>
> When you're direct, it shows balls. The drawback is that you are betraying a lot of interest, which lowers your value and makes you seem like less of a challenge. When you combine an indirect verbal opener with direct body language, you betray interest but don't show any balls at all.
>
> Once you're in the interaction with her, you can start to show more interest physically, once she's earned it. You can be more sexual with your eye contact, etc. But if you're going to open indirect, then be indirect. Don't betray too much interest. Act like she just happened to be there and so you said something to her. If you're going to walk across a room/park just to talk to her, then show some balls. Go direct.

Eric is onto something. The DBL + IVC style is probably the riskiest strategy for the average man to pull off. It's too easy to come across like a suave dude who can't go the extra distance and just ask the girl out. I bet a lot of you good-looking guys who read this blog have this problem.

Any kind of situation which necessarily calls for a direct approach — say, walking across a park or large room in full view of your target so that she is under no illusion why you are moving in on her — would benefit from a direct style verbal opener. You can still go indirect in these circumstances, but you had better be a master at manipulating women's expectations so that your value remains at a constant high level compared to them.

Men new to the stealthy art of seduction are best served learning pickup by employing the IBL + IVC style. This is, in fact, what most pickup artists teach their acolytes. The typical woman prefers the indirect approach from the typical man, and the inexperienced man is not going to possess the degree of self-amused state control that is required to successfully pull off direct approaches. The newb will need gradual indicators of interest from women to build up his confidence levels to a point where he is comfortable risking more on direct openers and interactions of powerful sexual intention.

Then, too, the newb can get a better grasp of gauging a woman's "buying temperature" by adjusting his body language from indirect to direct and back to indirect, as opposed to the more difficult route of direct to indirect back to direct. It's easier to maintain plausible deniability with the former than with the latter.

So, I'd say IBL + IVC is optimal for younger men and less experienced men. This is not a mixed signal strategy at the outset, but it can be farther along in the process when it is simpler to incorporate different verbal and nonverbal

tactics.

Where it gets interesting is the IBL + DVC strategy. This can potentially be the most powerful approach technique wielded in the right hands. Such a man is perceived as having the conviction of his words, but simultaneously sending barely perceptible signals that his interest level is waning, or that he's hard to keep engaged. Naturals tend to this style, and the classic archetype is the devil-may-care badboy who speaks of lustful things to a girl while his eyes wander around the room scanning for fresh meat.

Generally, though, mixing signals is a technique best left for experts. The risk of mood-killing incongruence is very high, and I've seen far too many enthusiastic men muck it up when they couldn't sufficiently manage the inherent discrepancy between their words and their mannerisms.

YaReally makes the inarguable point that, once a certain level of inner confidence is achieved, it doesn't really matter what kind of approach style a man uses.

> The PUA community used to think you needed solid indirect openers to open. Then we found out you could go direct. […]
>
> Now we understand that you can open with anything, as long as what you open with comes from a place of self-amusement and congruency.
>
> When you think "How should I open this girl?" you're essentially thinking "What can I say/do to earn this girl's validation?" and you're already coming from a frame of having lower value than her.
>
> When you think "What I'm saying is gold, of course she'll love me, I'm so awesome!" you're essentially screening her for "Is she cool enough for me to let her hang with me?" and you're coming from a frame of having higher value than her.
>
> Girls generally pick up on this subconsciously, because they've spent their lives having to learn to quickly assess "is this person being genuine/honest with me or are they trying to get something from me?"
>
> A lot of why "Who lies more?" worked so well was because the guys learning it felt like they found the secret invincible formula, so when they approached with it they were approaching from that "This is going to blow her mind, of course she's going to love me" frame.
>
> Direct worked because the guys who tried it were sick of going indirect and beating around the bush and wanted to just get their intentions out in the open so they were just saying "HEY. You're cute, I'd kick myself if I didn't come say hi." and expecting it to work, so it did.

Some of you may be asking, "Doesn't YaReally's advice contradict the study you just posted about how indirect, innocuous openers are best?"

Good question! Superficially, yes. But you've got to understand that most of the men involved in these studies have no game, have never heard of game, and likely wouldn't understand the concept of congruence if you whacked them over the head with it. These studies examine the responses of women to the behavior of the *average, no-game-having* man, and in that context, indirect is best. Since that context is most contexts, it is good advice to follow for most men. Men who have been exposed to a new way of thinking about women and seduction are better equipped to pursue different approach strategies that streamline the process and maximize their lay rates.

Pope Paul VI On Birth Control Externalities

CH · 2 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of commenter “max from australia”, a juicy quote from a former Pope which accords with Chateau Heartiste analysis of the deleterious blowback from the availability of widespread, cheap contraceptives (of the sort never before experienced by humanity until relatively recently):

> Predictions from a wise Celibate bloke in a dress, Pope Paul VI, 1968 Humanae Vitae (Latin, “Human Life”)
>
> “Not much experience is needed in order to know human weakness, and to understand that men—especially the young, ….. growing used to the employment of anti-conceptive practices, may finally lose respect for the woman and, no longer caring for her physical and psychological equilibrium, may come to the point of considering her as a mere instrument of selfish enjoyment, and no longer as his respected and beloved companion” (HV 17).

Pope Paul VI was close to the mark, but he forgot to mention the distaff side the equation; specifically, that as cheap contraceptives silently and subtly move men toward devaluing women, so too does the technology move women toward devaluing beta males, those bitter losers in the sexual market (note: I did not say marriage market or child market) for whom contraceptives, coupled with female economic self-sufficiency, have rendered them practically superfluous as primetime sexual partners.

The mass-produced condom and the Pill have freed men from feeling obligation for women as much as they have freed women to regularly and blithely pursue what was historically risky sex with caddish alpha males on the make.

The contraceptive is, in practice, a **female hypergamy facilitator**.

It’s funny for me to write this, because contraceptives have, in fact, been very very good to me. I did a back of the envelope calculation and figured that my aggregate sex life would have been truncated by 90% if contraceptives were prohibitively expensive, unreliable and hard to get. A world in which women had to grapple with real, palpable fears of STDs, pregnancy and subsequent abandonment is, not to put too fine a point on it, a really shitty world for womanizers and serial monogamists and uncomplicated lovers of the art of seduction itself. I imagine I’d have to *gasp* start promising marriage or some such claptrap to any woman I wanted to bang, just to loosen her up enough to unhook her bra.

I am on record as predicting that the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse will be the cultural and technological juggernaut that hastens, if it is not the sole cause of, the death of Western civilization.

Is this revelation, this knowledge, supposed to turn me from my wicked ways? Here I am, standing at the edge of the abyss, pointing into its bowels like a histrionic jester, leading the ignorant and the deluded to peer into the void and imploring them — no, more precisely *taunting* them — to heed my warning of their desolate future…

and still I cavort insouciantly along its lip, secretly relieved that no one will seriously weigh my prophecies.

Pope Paul VI, apparently, was as far-seeing as I. Yet his vision of the good world, the civilized world — a vision with which I find no quarrel — would, if it were fully realized, necessarily mean a lot less fun for me. And that’s a reality I can’t abide; my own private delusion.

Economic Game Theory Support For Male Relationship Coyness

CH · 3 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A reader with an active mind sends along his proposition, based on the principles of economic game theory, that men should never pursue relationships, even if they ultimately want a relationship or benefit from a relationship.

Conclusion: a man should only pursue commitment-free sex, even if he benefits from a relationship. This is especially true if he approaches or chases.

The famous Pascal Wager suggests everyone should believe in God since atheism costs the same as faith, but only believers share in upside. Technically, this sort of approach is known as game theory, which is ironic since we're talking about game. In economics and politics, game theory is used to make decisions with uncertain information.

In a simple world, a guy has a partner, or he doesn't and he's looking for commitment or he's not. Therefore, he's faced with decision A, B, C, or D. These decisions roughly correspond to what the seduction community calls frames.

	seek commitment	seek no commitment
no partner	A	C
have partner	B	D

Based on conventional wisdom, a woman should prefer a guy with decision A, over a guy with decision B, over a guy with decision C, over a guy with a decision D. Guy A is a single guy looking to be a family man, what more can women want? Guy B, C, D all seem like players, but at least guy B will give her the comfort of a relationship, or said differently, going from one alpha to another. There's no apparent upside to guy D.

That said, if each guy adopts the above frame, what does it say about each man's dating outlook?

- guy A: he's offering commitment, which means he expects less attractive choices in the future (girl conclusion: he should aim lower than me)
- guy B: he is incapable of commitment
- guy C: he expects to at least date girls like me, yet it is uncertain if he can date anyone better than me
- guy D: he's been preselected, and it is certain his current girl is better than me (girl conclusion: I'm not in his league)

Guy B is an interesting case, but I don't rate him highly since guy B communicates to the woman he's incapable of commitment, which I think reduces his long-term upside. Women want to extract commitment from a worthy man, but she knows she can't get it from guy B. That said, he's better than desperate guy A.

I don't think there is anything inherently wrong with chasing or approaching if the guy only has sex on his mind. It seems chasing becomes counter-productive when a relationship is the goal. It's not clear what this framework says about direct vs indirect game, but it would seem guy D would naturally communicates via indirect game whereas guy C would have the option of direct or indirect game. I would also think guy D is limited to don't chase game.

- guy C: indirect or direct game; chase or don't chase game
- guy D: indirect only; don't chase game only

If guy D is the highest value guy, the only way you'll look like him is if you use a combination of indirect-don't

chase game. That said, guy C will have a higher notch count. Guy D will be able to do more with his girls than guy C will, physically and emotionally.

You can also simulate a “seek no commitment” outlook by treating the woman poorly.

An excellent analysis which backs up not only the personal observations and experiences of your humble Chateau hosts, but also the science which is slowly unraveling the mystery of why the most marketable chicks dig aloof jerks.

You could call this economic game theory analysis Relationship Coyness Game. The female analogue of male relationship coyness game is sexual coyness game. A man should be as insufferably, exquisitely coy about his relationship intentions as the typical woman is insufferably, exquisitely coy about her sexual intentions. A man who follows this protocol brings balance to the force; a man who jettisons his duty to answer female sexual coyness with equal relationship coyness is a feeble manboob who has made love more often to couch creases than to women.

If this game theoretic analysis has merit, then the indirect approach with muted intentions coupled with a studied aloofness to furthering the progress of any resulting relationship is the ideal strategy for most men who wish to make themselves as desirable as possible to the maximum number of high value (read: hot) women, given the constraints placed on them by their objective status or genetic endowment and the availability of any serious male competition.

And, in support of the game theory take on seduction, the women I have dated who have been the most exasperatingly, head over heels, obsessed with me have been those women I dragged my feet with the most. In contrast, the women I went out of my way to assure them of my relationship intentions were those women who perplexingly (to me, at the time) assumed the role of the foot-dragging man.

If you, as a man of stout penis, DO NOT seek a relationship, you gain nothing, and possibly hurt your chances, if you tell women that you are interested in a relationship, or if you behave as if your goal is a committed relationship. You are better off aligning your behavior with your true intentions.

If you, as a man of stout heart, DO seek a relationship, you STILL gain nothing, and possibly hurt your chances, if you act with the intention of committing long-term to the women you wish to bed. You are better off behaving exactly as the no-commitment-man above, and basically concealing your relationship intentions. This strategy will invoke a paradox of the female mind, wherein any relationship is more likely to develop under auspices of uncertainty and male coyness that are so thrilling to women’s senses and so fulfilling to women’s hypergamous desires for high(er) value mates.

Best case scenario for men who can’t help but fawn over women with promises of commitment and marriage is that their supplication will not push the girl away. But neither will it draw her much closer, at least not during the critical beginning stages of the dating trajectory. The most likely scenario is that she will come to devalue the man who readily promises the one treasure he has to offer at his disposal: male commitment. And once he is devalued in her mind, it’s a few short hamster rationalizations to suffering the indignity of getting his niceguy ass dumped for being “too nice”.

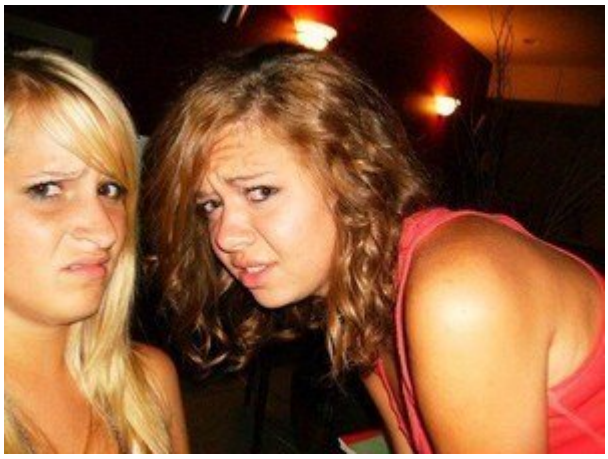
So far, so good. But… I think where this game theoretic analysis breaks down is at the extremes. For instance, a man who is much higher value than the woman he wishes to meet, or the woman he is already fucking, can afford to liberally promise vows of commitment. His revealed commitment intentions will allay a lower value woman’s feelings of inadequacy. Furthermore, a woman in such an arrangement feels no exigency to “chase” an aloof man as practical proof of his alpha male worth, because the higher status of her partner is so obvious to her. Of course, this just begs the question of why a high value man would bother settling for dating much lower value women. I guess some guys don’t mind lower quality sex if it means zero headaches and drama.

I wonder what mood-affiliated economist Cheap Chalupas thinks of all this? And then I wonder why I love taunting that guy so much.

The Female Snarl And The Male Smirk

CH · 4 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The female snarl has become a topic of conversation, which is not surprising because American women in general are becoming less feminine and more churlish. When in the past women would gently demur the solicitations of beta and omega males, today they prefer the unrefined art of snarling like a hyena over a fresh kill, the kill being their overworked vaginas. Meanwhile, alpha males witness them snarling ungenerously and think, "Marriage material? Nope. Pump and dump material? Yes!"



don't bother me. i'm pooping a purple saguaro.

The author of the linked article posits that the frequency with which women snarl correlates to their age and the sexual market threat level of the targets of their disapproval.

> A woman arguably snarls between five to twenty times a day. The frequency is directly related to maturity. The more immature, the more the snarl appears. High school, consistently snarling. College, frequently. Twenties, sporadically. Thirties, only when they see a younger woman. There have probably been a couple snarls while reading this.

Ha haa. I'd add that the snarl is increasing among all female age groups, though younger women do use it more profligately, and with good reason: there are more beta males lasciviously eyeing their goods for penile plunder. What's a hot babe to do? She has to fend them off by the hundreds, and a fat cockblock won't be there for her every time. So the snarl is unfurled like a banner of bitchiness.

Why do women overuse the snarl to such potent effect? Simple: they don't get called out on it by their designated targets. Most beta males wilt like flowers in the high noon summer heat when they get blasted with the snarl shockwave. "Oh, sweet fancy moses, excuse me for so presumptuously intruding upon your oxygen supply. I shall slink away now and hope my penis has reemerged from under my pubic bone when I return hope to fap the night away."

The thing is, the female snarl is *exceedingly* easy to call out without resorting to butthurt confrontation.

"Nice face."

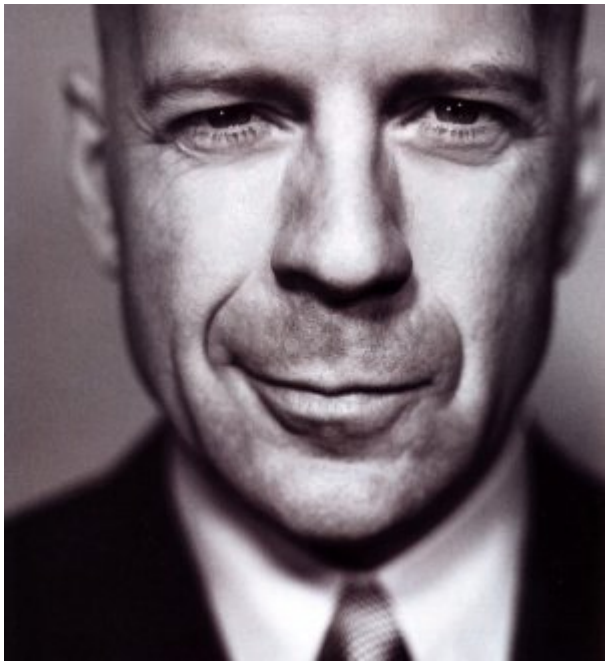
"Are you pooping?"

"Sniffing for grubs?"

"You look like my hamster! Wait, don't stop doing that. It's great!"

"Finally got a whiff of my sex panther cologne, eh?"

Or, you could answer the female snarl with the male equivalent:



i'm sorry, are you supposed to mean something to me?

Ah, the alpha male smirk. As penetrative of women's self-entitled bitch shields as their snarl is of beta males' self-confidence. The perfectly timed smirk is the best comeback plus more. It instantly patronizes, condescends and belittles, without so much as revealing an iota of spite or care that might be used by a woman to anchor another bitchy barrage.

A fantastically egregious bitch — let's say, a chubster wearing too much makeup and muffin top who thinks every man wants her and deserves her worst shit tests — requires a bit more… encouragement… to reform her ill-suited attitude. In such circumstances, the smirk won't pack the necessary wallop. You'll need something edgier.

Evidence That Peacocking Works

CH · 5 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Peacocking — the art of wearing outrageous ensembles and eye-catching baubles — is much-maligned, both within and without the seduction community. Nowadays, when people hear the word “peacocking”, they scoff as their minds race to images of pickup artist Mystery and his gigantic furry hats, eye liner, jumbled bracelets, and Victorian long coats.

sure he looks ridiculous, but are you banging girls this hot?

CH is on record as agnostic on the effectiveness of peacocking, at least as the term is conventionally understood. My impression is that there is a high risk that an improperly balanced effort to peacock will more harm than help a man’s pickup cause.

But in point of fact, I do peacock, if not nearly to the extent that pre-fatherhood Mystery did. My clothes won’t make me an automatic focal point at social events, but neither does my style ape the drabness of herbwear. I prefer styling myself with hints and suggestions of a free spirit residing within.

Into the cacophony of ridicule hurled by naysayers at men dressing like fops comes scientific evidence, albeit indirect, that peacocking will make a man more attractive to women.

> Recent research has found that people with so-called “dark” personality traits are more physically attractive than others. […]
>
> Nicholas Holtzman and Michael Strube of Washington University in St. Louis were interested in looking at the relationship between physical attractiveness and people’s tendencies towards narcissism, psychopathy, and Machiavellianism. They wanted to find out whether these three traits, referred to as the “dark triad,” are associated with a greater ability to successfully enhance one’s physical appearance.
>
> To test this idea, they invited 111 college students (64 percent women) into their laboratory. Each student was photographed soon after they arrived. Then, after taking this initial photograph, each student asked to change

> out of their own clothes and put on a pair of gray sweatpants and a t-shirt. Women were instructed to remove any makeup, and anyone with long hair was asked to pull it back into a ponytail. The students were then photographed in this more natural state. Holtzman and Strube showed both sets of photographs to a group of strangers who rated them in terms of physical attractiveness. By comparing the attractiveness ratings of the dressed-down and dressed-up students, the researchers were able to determine how much each student was able to make themselves more appealing through flashy clothes, makeup, accessories, etc.
>
> Next Holtzman and Strube assessed the students' personalities and their tendencies towards narcissism, psychopathy, and Machiavellianism. They asked the students to rate themselves and to provide email addresses for a few of their friends so that the researchers could ask them to provide ratings as well. This combination of self and peer ratings was used to calculate a final set personality scores for each student. Furthermore, the students' ratings on narcissism, psychopathy, and Machiavellianism were combined into create a composite "dark triad" score.
>
> The dark triad score was positively correlated with their "dressed-up" attractiveness – a finding that mirrors previous findings. However, the dark triad score was not related to ratings of physical attractiveness in the dressed-down photos. In other words, people with dark personality traits are not seen as more physically attractive than others when you take away their freedom to wear their own clothes and makeup. People with dark personalities seem to be better at making themselves physically appealing.
>
> The findings reinforce previous research showing that narcissists are more popular than others, literally at first sight.

People who are best at making the most of what they've got — a talent which can be accurately described as peacocking when applied to physical presentation — are very attractive to the opposite sex. Take away their ability to peacock, and suddenly they are not so attractive anymore, at least as measured by the pre-interactive appearance they radiate during first impressions. And those people who possess the "dark triad" personality suite are the most skilled peacockers and manipulators of others' perceptions of them.

Keep a few points in mind about this study.

1. The researchers examined the physical aspect of people with and without dark triad personalities. This study says nothing about the charismatic pull that dark triads have over others beyond their physical appearance; what might otherwise be called dark triad game. Other studies have found that dark triads exert great attractive influence on others based on the strength of their charm and narcissistic self-regard as well.

2. The facial good looks or lack thereof of the study participants were irrelevant to its conclusions. Those dark triad students were the same, as far as facial bone structure is concerned, in both their self-constructed and "natural" photos. So it was not their facial shape that made the difference in people's opinions of their attractiveness between their peacocked and natural photos. It was how they chose to dress and present themselves that made the difference in perceptions. The "only looks matter" trolls will have to search elsewhere to find a tool to massage their prostates.

3. This study is good news for average-looking men: you can bump up your raw physical attractiveness to women by adopting a more avant-garde style of dress and comporting yourself with the mannerisms of a sociopathic megalomaniac. And my personal observations confirms this: I know a few gnarly-looking men who are catnip to women because they dress like creations from a fantasy novel aimed at women. Even my perception of their objective looks is fooled.

Remember that a man's "looks" encompasses far more variables than does a woman's looks. Women get significant boosts to their beauty rating from wearing makeup, an augmentation which directly alters their facial countenance, but men get boosts from an assortment of lifestyle changes, including dress, body language and facial expression. This is because women rate a man's "appearance" using a more holistic algorithm than that used by men when they are rating a woman's appearance.

Before any of you haters, trolls, or robotic spergs comment here, I suggest you read this post. If it is clear to me you have not read that linked post, you will be summarily cast into the hellfire of Mount Dork. You'd probably enjoy that, wouldn't you?

Spot The Fatty

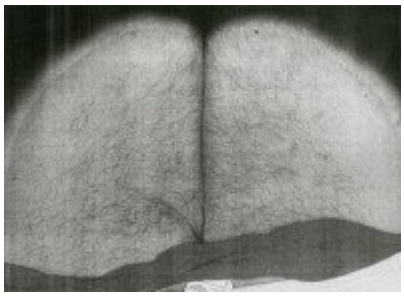
CH · 6 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of a contribution from GLPiggy's comment section, here's a photo of an office Christmas party circa 1925. Can you spot the fatties in this picture?

You've gotta strain a bit to find her (second row, seated, in front of tree), because she's squeezed between a roomful of thin women (and thin men for that matter).

That's right folks, there is exactly ONE bona fide fatty in this office party from 1925. One.

Now let's look at the typical American office party circa 2012.



Where is everybody? The dark side of the fat chick's moon?

Most of the women in the 1925 pic are dogs (except that cute one sitting next to the desk in the striped blouse and flirty smile), but at least they're thin. Can the same be said for the modern American office party? Not if the overweight and obese percentages are any indication. You're more likely, based on the numbers, to have to navigate around 70% of your female co-workers to get to the 30% who aren't biodiesel dirigibles.

And people wonder why the (white) fertility rate is dropping like a stone. Would you want to have regular sex with a shambling mound? Stick around to help her raise the fat brat? Didn't think so.

In the spirit of the holiday season, her'e some dietary advice from the NIH:

Reader Mailbag: Macropenis Edition

CH · 7 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Trimegistus asks:

> I'd like to hear your thoughts on why women seem to be more open to situational bisexuality than men — the old joke about "all women are lesbians after six drinks" comes to mind. What advantage does that offer them, either in the evolutionary or sexual marketplace?

I have a religious/intuitive answer to that, and a scientific/rational answer.

Re/I answer: Women are the more physically fetching sex; soft, curvaceous, neotenous, vulnerable. Therefore their touch is desired by other women as well as men, and the disgust reflex that usually accompanies thoughts of same-sex intimacy in both sexes (gays excluded) is subdued in women. The subconscious imperative to protect her eggs clashes with her yearning for physical pleasure, and in many women this can be conveniently resolved by enjoying the closeness of other women, a treat which bypasses the usual assortment of threats that accompany intimacy with new men (pregnancy, rape, abandonment, violence, or, heaven forbid!, insensitivity).

S/Ra answer: Female bisexuality is an in-group adaptation that firms up (heh) social bonds and increases the likelihood that a woman's children or future children will be able to enjoy the group's resources.

I'm sure there are plenty of other explanations, so have at it you beautiful star-nosed moles!

******

A reader who shall remain anonymous asked:

> I am a 22 year old that experiences success with women in my age bracket/social class (swpl types) partly thanks to your blog which connected the dots for me.
>
> I am presently borderline obsessed with a 30 something tattooed bartender. She's a prole but relatively intelligent/oozes sex appeal… Basically I must have her.
>
> I can tell she thinks I'm cute but my typical game doesn't work on her and I don't think she takes me serious sexually. Also, I only see her when she works, not in social settings.
>
> I understand this type of woman isn't your cup of tea but I'm obsessed and would love any tips from outsiders.

Not my cup of tea? Minus a few years, I love the uncredentialed but sassy smart drink-slingers with sex appeal. They're my only weakness.

You have an uphill climb to bed this girl. Women generally don't like the idea of dating considerably younger men than themselves, and even sexual flings can be off the table if the guy is too much younger, as might be the case with you and your bartender dream girl. If she doesn't know already, I suggest you lie to her about your age.

Other than taking steps to minimize the age difference, you should game this girl like you would any service worker who was closer to your age. Which means, you have to avoid being seen as her "customer". That's the dynamic that will kill your chances to bed her more than anything else. At the same time, you can't just be some random weekender goofus off the street; you have to become a regular, preferably during the week when she's got more time to chat.

You square this circle by making yourself more familiar to her but by not buying too much and never overtipping her. Weeknights and weekend afternoons (assuming that's in her schedule) are going to be your time to shine. On weekend nights, if you go to her bar, be sure to be seen by her in the company of other women. If her bar is a hot spot, this will be easy to do. Just open a nearby set and have some fun. Preselection is king.

I'll say it again: PRESELECTION IS KING. It doesn't mean you have to be making out with a hard 10 in front of the bartender. A successfully pinged preselection radar could be as simple as talking to a girl sitting next to you at the bar while Sex Appeal pours beer and watches you out of the corner of her eye.

Next, you really want to get the bartender out of her work zone. The bar is like a force field, or a giant roadblock, effectively rendering you an outsider to her world. You need to extract her from her padded bubble girl bar area. Something to do is befriend a bartender and the staff and join them in the back room after hours for a smoke or airplane shots. It's much easier to game her then when she's stripped of her bartender power. Bartending is a huge contextual status boost to men and women, and a girl who has that power will be harder to game. Remember, half of game is creating and projecting a status differential between you and the girl.

Besides the aforementioned after hours option, you should try to get her out on a casual date when you know she will be less harried — drinks at another bar after she's finished her shift, or afternoon coffee before her shift. The coffee chat before a shift is a good option because she won't feel the pressure of a "formal" date, since she knows she's heading to work in a short while anyhow. If my experience is any guide, bartender chicks really hate conventional "expectations" dates. They prefer extremely casual, maximally plausibly deniable, meet ups. Or hook ups, if she's really into you.

Avoid at all costs hanging around the bar like a needy puppy dog waiting for scraps of attention from your bartender girl. There is nothing more unattractive than for a woman to see you still at the same spot, waiting for her return, after she has gone off to do something useful with her life. If you like your seat and want to stay at the bar, make sure there are other girls in the vicinity with whom you can interact. Otherwise, say a few words to the bartender, and then take off. Meet up with her later in the night.

When you get into long-ish convos with the bartender, don't talk with her about her job. You'll only feed her perception of power over you, and that is what is known in the real world as anti-game. You want to minimize the looming presence of the mahogany bar blockade separating you and her as much as possible.

There is a tacit Rule of Bartending (and Stripping): Don't fraternize with the customers. If you close the deal with her, keep it on the DL. I knew a guy dating a bartender who would be cold as ice to him when he showed up at the bar to say hello. It drove him nuts. I had to explain that she's doing that to preserve her status within her industry. If he just had some patience and understanding, she would reward him with plenty of ass when they were alone together.

******

A reader wants to know what qualifies as the ideal relationship timeline.

> I've been curious to know what, in your mind, an ideal LTR timeline would look like, i.e., major events, milestones, when the first fight should be, when to instill dread, etc. That would be an interesting post.

Ideal LTR timeline:

First date – sex.
One month mark – sex.
Six month mark – sex.
One year mark – pretend exclusivity sex.
Two year mark – videotaped sex.
Five year mark — bon voyage sex and a trade-in for the experience of first date sex again.

I kid! I kid!

Or do I?

Here's a more conventional LTR timeline that I would consider ideal, assuming the unending sex and convenient

trade-in option above was not available to you:

Third date – first sex.
Fourth date – first sober sex.
Fifth date – first facial (hers, not yours, unless you are a manboob).
Two week mark – first prompt reply to her text.
Three week mark – first “real” date (e.g., a dinner, a movie, a charity event, a show at the local indie club, a walk through a quaint town).
Three week plus one hour mark – first pang of jealousy when you see her talking to the DJ.
One month mark – first home-cooked meal that you make for her at your place.
Two month mark – first intentional public exposure to her friends.
Three month mark – first intentional public exposure to your friends.
Three and a half month mark – first minor fight.
Three and a half months plus one hour mark – first minor make-up sex.
Four month mark – first major date (possibly requiring significant cash outlay). Examples: a play, a sporting event, a beach trip, a bed and breakfast.
Five month mark – first little romantic gift.
Six month mark – first “I love you”. From her, you poindexter!
Six and a half month mark – first “Right back atcha” to her “I love you”.
Seven month mark – first “I love you, too” from you to her. Don’t say it more than once. Scarcity is the glow of clits.
Eight month mark – first tentative talk of exclusivity not requiring a signed affidavit from you.
Nine month mark – first talk of impending anniversaries and nostalgia for that “first time you met”.
Nine and a half month mark – first anal. Explain that it’s time for her to prove her love more deeply.
Ten month mark – first major fight that ends when you walk out the door to sounds of her muffled cries.
Ten months plus one day mark – first mind-blowing make-up sex. Break a chandelier.
Ten and a half month mark – first bigger romantic gift.
Ten and three-quarters month mark – first application of instilled dread. Call late “from the office”; make sure sounds of laughing girls can be overheard in background.
Eleven month mark – first flirting with the waitress in front of her.
Eleven and a half month mark – first major fight that ends with you and her talking it out on the couch. Prepare for hours of boredom.
One year mark – first serious talk about exclusivity. Getting harder to dodge now.
One year and one month mark – first talk about meeting her parents.
One year and two month mark – second talk about meeting her parents.
One year and two months plus one hour mark – first talk about why she hasn’t met your family.
One year and three month mark – first faked orgasm.
One year and four month mark – first meeting with her family.
One year and five month mark – first major fight that neither of you are all that interested to resolve.
One year and six month mark – first “recapture the glory” fancy date followed by public sex in an alley.
One year and seven month mark – first talk of marriage.
One year and seven months plus one hour mark – first thoughts of suicide or expatriation.
One year and eight month mark – first infidelity (ideally yours, not hers).
One year and nine month mark – first caught cheating.
One year and ten month mark – first serious, imploring talk of threesome (two girls, one guy, unless you are a manboob).
Two year mark – first time you let it slip to the hot co-worker that you have a girlfriend.
Two years and one month mark – proposal! to move in together!
Two years and one month plus one hour mark – prank retraction!

Two years and one month plus one hour and five minutes – frantic consolation that retraction was a joke.
Two years and two month mark – first soul-shaking thought that this might be the last vagina you ever plunder.
Two years and three month mark – marriage! WHAAAAAAATTTT?!?!??! Unmarried cohabitation! That's more like it.
Two and a half years mark – first secretive make-out with her lonely friend who just got dumped by a fighter pilot.
Three year mark – marriage!
Four year mark – marriage?!? still?!?!
Five year mark – first kid.
Six year mark – first interest in living in the suburbs.
Seven year mark – first time you find this blog.
Seven year and one hour mark – first bottomless pit of regret.
Fifteen year mark – first gray pube. On her. You die a little inside.

******

A reader with 99.9% certainty of troll origins wonders:

> i have a big penis. women love it when i pull it out and dangle it in their faces, but it hurts [them] when we have sex. what do i need to do to make it less painful? what should i tell women who are afraid of damage?

I once hit the cervix of a petite asian woman. She squealed from a sudden jolt of pain, and I felt a little bad, although, I felt more pride than guilt. Luckily, there was no damage, and we joked about it afterwards. I would recommend a penis reduction, sir. Just lop off a few inches, like taking the crown off a giant sequoia. You'll lose all sensation but isn't that worth the peace of mind you'll have knowing you are empowering women's cervixes and sticking it, however feebly, to the patriarchy?

The Fallacious “War On Women”

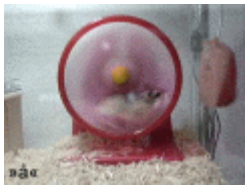
CH · 7 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter over at TakiMag left what I think is the most pithy analysis of the “war on women” that I have read anywhere.

> There is no “war on women.” There’s a war on MEN.
>
> The so-called “war on women” exists because it is the nature of woman to portray herself as the victim at the very moment when she is in fact the aggressor.

So good.

I propose that the entire cultural apparatus that supports the fake phony fraudulent “war on women”, and the shrieking loudmouths spreading its vile message of lies, are nominated for Rationalization Hamster of the Month.



This is also a good post to remind readers of the CH definition of feminism:

A political and cultural movement to remove all taboos and restrictions on female sexuality and to stigmatize and regulate, legally if necessary, male sexuality.

Fat Women And Fat Men Aren't Equally Repulsive

CH · 10 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Marriage is more satisfying when the wife is thinner than her husband.

> [M]en who had a higher Body Mass Index than their wives (calculated from a person's height and weight) were a little happier at the outset than those who had the same or a lower BMI. This advantage was maintained throughout the period.
>
> What is more it appears it's not just the husband who is happier if his wife is thinner.
>
> How heavy the husband was didn't play a role in happiness at the start of the study for the wives.
>
> However, by the end of year four, the wives whose BMI was lower than that of their husbands were significantly happier than those who had the same BMI, or a higher one.
>
> These finds held true even when other factors such as depression and income level were ruled out.
>
> The researchers from the University of Tennessee speculated that physical attractiveness was a more important quality in a partner to younger men.

This is yet more evidence that physical appearance in a potential mate is less important a criterion for women than it is for men. Fat chicks suffer a graver penalty in the sexual marketplace than do fat men. And slender babes who fulfill the sexual polarity directive — that is, women who are more naturally feminine and relish their roles as such within relationships — are happier than women who look and act more like their men.

Is there anything feminism ISN'T wrong about?

The Natural's Dilemma

CH · 11 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The Natural — the man who has a seemingly otherworldly ability to entrance women. The Natural — not the CEO, nor the jet fighter, nor the doctor — is the man most men secretly admire and wish they had some of his mysterious mojo.

But in reality he does not possess any magical abilities out of reach of ordinary men. The Natural is similar to the self-taught pickup artist, with the critical distinction being that the former assimilated the lessons of love earlier in life. His masterstrokes paint the canvas of women effortlessly because he has been in training since he first noticed that girls and boys are different. If you break down the game of Naturals, you'll learn that their maneuvers and tactics and strategies, far from being indefinable essences that only a very few lucky can lay claim to, are in fact identical to the blueprints of learned game.

Neither is the Natural necessarily good-looking. Many Naturals, perhaps most of them, are nondescript in the looks department. But because there is good reason to think a lot of them have inherited the Dark Triad suite of personality traits, they are skilled at presenting themselves in a way that projects their sex appeal, or invents it whole cloth, if need be.

No, what the Natural has that mere mortals don't is this: UNSTOPPABLE CONFIDENCE. They had the ALPHA ATTITUDE at a young enough age that it became ingrained to such an extent they rarely yield to the temptation to doubt their appeal to women.

But the Externally Validated Natural who has spent a lifetime leaning on his looks/social connections/fame to get laid has a dilemma. As a reader puts it:

> I've said it many times before, the most pathetic thing in the world is a natural who has lost his mojo.

The very blessing that makes The Natural an early adopter ladykiller is the curse that hobbles him later in life when challenges arise that introduce cracks to his impenetrable edifice of entitlement. You see, the Externally Validated Natural has not bothered to learn the crimson arts. He has not mastered the state control that is necessary when inevitable dry spells occur, or when glances from women are fewer and farther between, or when uppity women with visions of mcmansion upgrades dancing in their heads give him shit he is not accustomed to receiving. He has never studied how to remain aloof and indifferent in the face of female fickleness because he has rarely experienced what life is like as a beta male who must battle to be loved, rather than watching love fall in his lap like autumn leaves.

The Natural who understands on a more than superficial level the nature of women, and who has a working familiarity with game concepts, is a force ten charmer. Most Naturals don't; they do the right things without knowing how or why they do them. When success eludes them and the expected warmth from women is missing, they are left with nothing, no storehouse of knowledge or pride of past successes achieved through self-aware hard work, to pull them up from a dangerous downward spiral into the betatude they never quite understood either.

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Why Don't Fathers Teach Their Sons Well?

CH · 12 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

How many of the men reading this have fathers who give (or gave) them realtalk about women? How many had heart to hearts with Pops about what women really desire in men? Reader Zombie Shane writes:

> I have a theory about "The Natural".
>
> It's kinda the White Peoples' version of Amy Chua and the Tiger Mom phenomenon.
>
> And here's the theory: I think that some Dads CHEAT and teach their sons all the secrets at a very young age.
>
> Kinda like what Adam Carolla and Jimmy Kimmel used to do with that fat obnoxious kid on The Man Show.
>
> Can you imagine how much more poontang you would have scored in the early years if your Dad had taught you the forbidden secrets?
>
> But instead your Dad forces you to be self-taught and to learn all the lessons for yourself.
>
> Yeah, long-term, it's a much better character-building exercise to absorb all the "hard knocks", and to learn from experience, but wow, can you imagine if you had had the "White-Peoples-Amy-Chua-Dad" in, say, Middle School?
>
> Being an 8th-Grader and hitting on all that fine-assed perky young just-barely-pubescent poontang?
>
> Shit damn, man, shit damn.
>
> Actually, on second thought [thinking about all that jailbait tail], maybe I should thank my Dad for keeping me out of prison [or at least out of Reform School] at that age…

The fact that you had a dad around to raise you is a leading indicator he is a beta male who himself didn't know the secrets to women. That's my theory for why more fathers don't teach their sons the truth about women: they don't know it themselves!

Not that there's anything wrong with having a beta male for a father. If you like civilization you can thank beta male fathers.

Another theory that perhaps explains why so many fathers neglect their duty to impart the lessons of love to their sons is that they feel embarrassed talking about these topics. Even the most cold-blooded womanizers would squirm a little when the time came for them to teach what they've learned to their sons. And it's easy to understand why: when you know women inside and out, you can't help but be aware of their unsavory natures. Any talk with your son is going to necessarily implicate his mother.

Finally, there are some fathers who are so alpha that they actually view their sons as competition. To them, revealing the secret of snatch is like fraternizing with the enemy. These aging Lotharios wistfully long for the days when pubescent poose clung to them like dryer lint. In some dark recess of their minds, they harbor an envy for their sons which motivates them to conceal their knowledge.

Ultimately, though, I think the best explanations for the dearth of fatherly wisdom regarding female nature is that there are too few fathers experienced in the ways of women to know what to teach, and there are too many fathers protective of their children's mothers who fear the risk that dangerous knowledge would tarnish by association the esteem with which the children hold their mothers (and sisters).

There is also the theory — and I throw this out here for completeness — that fathers are somehow genetically or psychologically predisposed to encourage their sons to attain resources and status to win the attentions of high value women, and that this mitigates against them teaching their sons the dark arts of seduction which would enable them to short circuit the laborious process that is the conventional method for attracting women.

As regards the origin of Naturals, the greatest influence on them is likely to have been their peers rather than their fathers. Or, if they have been influenced by their fathers, to have been influenced *despite* their fathers' reticence to share their wisdom. I suspect Naturals benefit from three advantages, in varying degrees of imprint, that most men don't have:

1. Fathers and friends who teach them the *effective* (note: I did not say morally righteous) alpha attitude through their own behavior with women.

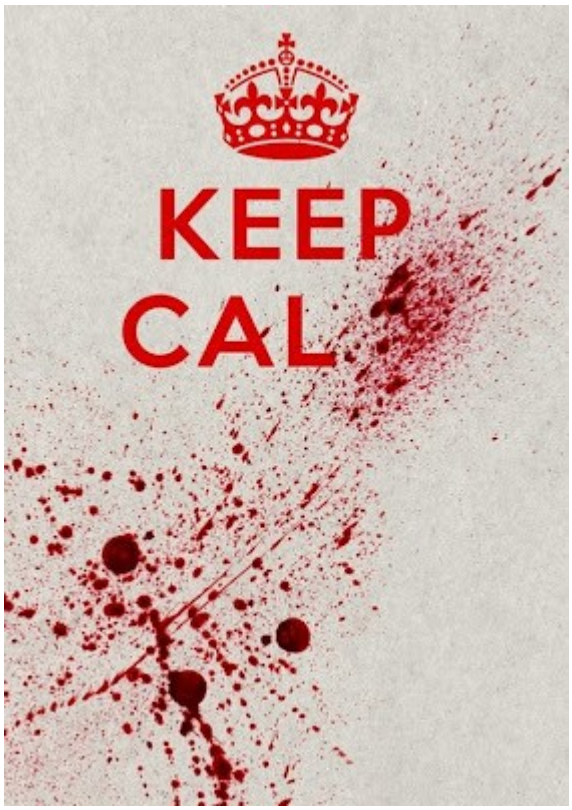
2. Favorable genetic traits in whatever ratio, which may include sociopathy, narcissism, lack of empathy, mesomorphy, good looks, high sociosexuality, intelligence, artistry, humor.

3. Fortuitous successful early encounters with girls that set the budding Naturals on a path of alluring self-assurance.

So… if your father was an unapologetic cheater, you see vaginas in every Rorschach test, and you got your first knob job at the ripe age of seven, chances are good you are a Natural with women. Chances are also good you would not be able to teach other men what you know, because you only know it intuitively.

The New Logo Of The West

CH · 12 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original



Double-Dipping Alimony Whores

CH · 13 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

We here at CH don't just knock women off their princess pedestals (or knock men out from under them), we grind the pedestal into dust and toss the ashes into the Pacific breeze. But even our yeoman efforts occasionally struggle to adequately express the depraved depths of unrestricted female nature. Apropos, a reader writes:

> Hi. I ran across your blog through a Google search. It looks very interesting and I am for sure going to read more later tonight after work. I was wondering if you had any advice for second wives that are married to nice guys that are paying alimony to an ex-wife that might have gotten secretly remarried to their elderly boyfriend? I'm sorry that sentence is so complicated.
>
> Me: Wife #2
>
> Me thinks: Wife #1 secretly remarried and is "double-dipping."
>
> Wife #1′s boyfriend: considerably older than her and has no heirs
>
> She has tried to financially double-dip in the past, has a history of lying, there's no nation-wide search we can run to check this out, and besides just having to pay back the money, there's no downside like jail time or punitive fines for secretly remarrying and continuing to collect alimony from Husband #1.
>
> Any suggestions would be super helpful!

Alimony double-dipping by ex-wives is real, and since it affects the resource pool of women hitched to the victimized ex-husbands, dumbshit man-haters can't go around calling those men "whiners" without also incriminating their newly beloved women for the same illusory crime against status preening. Thus, we hear SILENCE TOTAL from the feminist kunt kollective on this matter of alimony double-dipping, which undoubtedly occurs with greater frequency than official tallies claim. Speaking of official tallies… where the hell are they? Is this mass buttfucking of betaboy cogs just one of those crimes that no one in power gives a rat's ass about to even bother writing a report?

Double-dipping alimony whores are nearly the worst of the hypergamous worst. Second only to knowing cuckolders who try to foist alpha issue on unsuspecting beta providers. Think about the utter degradation, the abject humiliation, these craven harlots visit upon their ex-betas:

1. Coerces alimony payments from beta ex freed from any sex obligation in return.

2. Shacks up with new alpha lover and uses ex-beta's coerced payments to buy sexy lingerie as demanded by alpha.

3. Refrains from reporting relationship. Gets to enjoy continued flow of resources from both new alpha lover and estranged beta ex.

4. Beta ex's money now going to buy not only ex-wife's pre-coituswear, but her alpha lover's cock rings.

5. Cackles to herself how easy it is to keep kids away from schlubby beta ex.

6. Impoverishes beta ex and kneecaps his ability to find and keep a new woman to give him love.

What I just described above is the legal equivalent of getting a meth-addled ferret shoved up your ass, pulled out, and then shoved into your mouth to lick it clean. I believe the Latinate term is AF2MF, Ass-Ferret-to-Mouth-Ferret.

What man in his right mind would go to war for such a system?

Having never gotten myself entangled in the vulgarities of the divorce-industrial complex, all I can tell you, dear reader, is to find whatever shred of evidence that you can of your husband's ex-wife's remarriage and present it to a

family court. This may mean coaxing your husband to wheedle any kids he may have to cough up the goods on their mother. Surprisingly, despite years of mommy poisoning the well, many children can see through her machinations and retain affection and loyalty to their father. But channels of communication will have to be open for this strategy to work.

In the meantime, you should do your best to ostracize any female or manboob acquaintances who parrot feminist lies in your presence. It's a small act of rebellion, but big revolutions are seeded with the polite vengeances of individuals.

Heartiste's First Law Of Fatherhood

CH · 13 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Men have a lot to say about fatherhood and imparting the values and knowledge that will assist sons (and daughters) in navigating a rapidly decaying culture.

Reader AAB writes:

> The problem with fathers not teaching their sons about masculinity is that those sons grow up to become emasculated men, then fathers. A few generations down the line, your entire male population has been raised entirely by women (whilst the emasculated fathers were at work), and you end up like Japan, full of Hikkomori (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hikikomori), Grass Eaters, and Incest (http://seedofjapheth.wordpress.com/2012/12/11/japanese-incest/).

In a similar vein, anon writes:

> The problem is that game has radically changed in the last 50 years. Your father's info is obsolete in the bloody pulp that cultural marxism has left of our culture. Modern young women are LOL pathological narcissists who are nearly impossible to talk to without inducing a headache (not the case 50 years ago), so Pa isn't going to provide the knowledge to work with them. This site is a "how to" for MODERN women with their pathologies.
>
> To quote a british 13 year old in a sexting article yesterday "When you grew up you asked a girl to kiss, today you ask them for sex."

John O'Sullivan, a former National Review editor, has a First Law which states that:

> Any institution not explicitly conservative will become liberal with the passage of time.

Sounds about right. I think the same formulation can apply to fathers and sons and the active sexual market.

Heartiste Maxim #70: Any son not explicitly taught about the ways of women by an experienced father will become more beta under the influence of his mother.

Corollary to Maxim #70: A society of ascendent female academic, workforce, political and family influence necessarily emasculates its sons and masculinizes its daughters.

The urge to pedestalize women seems to be innate in many men, and the absence of strong fatherly guidance away from such sappy, self-defeating thinking is a luxury only a few dark triad demonic spawns of single moms can tolerate without suffering total emotional castration. A father who neglects his duty to teach his son all he knows of women — the good the bad and the hypergamous — or who teaches him the wrong lessons, or who leaves the teaching of such valuable lessons to the mother, is a tragic participant in the slow but steady betatization of his son. Don't be that father.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 14 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader BC gives some historical perspective to the alimony issue. (“Historical whaaa? I’m a feminist, I know not of such things. Please to dress it up in snark so that I can properly menstruate in the comments section at Jizzebel.”)

> In Olde Timey days — like, medieval England, we’re talking about — a husband gained ownership of all his wife’s property (her dowry) when they married, and did not relinquish it when they divorced. Since women didn’t work **[ed: in a cubicle]** back then, the result was that a divorce would frequently leave the woman totally destitute. Alimony was a way to avoid that: a divorced man kept the dowry, but incurred an obligation to feed, house, clothe, and otherwise support his ex-wife until she remarried or died.
>
> Two things upended the applecart. First, we started dividing marital assets at divorce. That’s a subject about which entire books could be (and have been) written, but the key point is that ex-wives ceased to be penniless; they took (oftentimes substantial) assets with them when they left a marriage. Second, women fully entered the workforce as primary wage-earners in their own right, and there ceased to be any good reason why they couldn’t support themselves.
>
> Together, those two developments have pretty thoroughly undermined the policy rationale for alimony, and in a sane world it would have become a historical footnote occasionally pressed into service to avoid injustice in truly extraordinary cases. Instead, the American family law system in which I toil has been marinating in femcunt ideology since the sixties, and while there are a few scattered efforts at reform, the result is that alimony largely persists — not as necessary spousal support, but to make it more financially convenient for women to abandon the beta providers they swore to love, honor, and obey.

One thing you have to understand about the divorce industrial complex if you want to know how and why things traveled this far down the circles of post-nuptial hell: The spiteful degenerates who advocated for no-fault divorce and punitive alimony and child support, and the blood-sucking parasites who inevitably followed in their wake, never had fairness in mind. What they wanted, ultimately, was the reconstruction of society to extend and enshrine total female freedom of access and removal of accountability in the marital and sexual markets, while restricting and regulating as much as possible male access to the sexual market, particularly beta male access, and placing upon men responsibility for the consequences of both men’s and women’s actions within those markets.

And that is why I declare a guy like this a justifiable American hero who, if the West were ever to regain its sanity, would have a monument erected in his honor. Or at least a Truck Nutz dedicated in his name.

Confronting Vs Ignoring A Manipulative Girlfriend

CH · 14 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I-dawg writes:

> Good stuff, man. I can't tell you how much easier your blog and a rough knowledge of Game in general has made my dating life. Here's a question for you though: how do you handle a steady girlfriend who wants to hang out with one of her now-married Ex's (and his wife) from 'back in the day'? It doesn't sit right with me, but she keeps pestering me about it. Unfortunately, my stripper-ex has moved 1000 miles away and gotten married herself, so I can't just agree-and-amplify by hanging out with her.

First, it's almost always bad news when a girlfriend wants to "hang out" with an ex "from back in the day", regardless of her ex's current relationship status. You may as well start visualizing his cock sliding in and out of her right now.

You can take this to the bank: A girlfriend who want to hang out with an ex does so for only two reasons.

1. She wants to fuck her ex.

2. She is manipulating you for fun and profit.

Either way, it's a red flag that your relationship is sailing for rocky shoals.

Don't think for a minute that just because your GF candidly tells you of her idea to see her ex means that she isn't thinking of fucking him. Quite the opposite; girls will usually drop bombs like that to alleviate the guilt they feel from harboring illicit thoughts of infidelity. It's a major hamster rationalization that sounds something like this in their pretty little heads:

HAMSTER VESSEL: I can't stop thinking about my ex.

HAMSTER: If you do something about it, it won't be your fault if you warn your boyfriend first.

HAMSTER VESSEL: If I warn him, he'll dump me! Or act clingy and beta and that is a huge turn-off I can't abide if I want to marry and divorce him someday.

HAMSTER: What are you worried about? You're just thinking about hanging out with your ex.

HAMSTER VESSEL: Yeah, hanging out! It's his fault if he gets insecure about that.

HAMSTER: Now you're getting it. And, hey, while your talking to me, can you pass me an aspirin? This spinning is giving me a headache.

My advice, friend, is to test the waters for which emotion is motivating her actionable offense against you. Is she really daydreaming about her ex, or is there something amiss in your relationship that is causing her to lash out like a mischievous impette? If the former, you should dump her first so that you can glide out of her life with that all-powerful hand which will give you a confidence boost for future pickups. If the latter, you have the luxury of deciding whether you want to play along and devise tactics which will reel her back into your orbit, or fuck with her head before delivering the sayonara shiv.

To determine where she is coming from, I suggest initiating the "instill dread" protocol. Do you detect whiffs of jealousy? Does she seem bothered by your flirting with her sister? Do your "late nights" at work get her worked up? Or does she seem blasé about your machinations? You could also call her bluff, but, as you said, counter her oh-so-innocent offer with your own suggestion for you to see your ex. "Funny you say that… my ex is in town and she emailed me to get together for lunch. I suppose we're both cool with this, then?" Watch for facial tics that reveal she isn't cool with that bargain.

The nuclear option is to straight up deliver an ultimatum. “If you see your ex, our relationship is over. These terms are non-negotiable.” If she’s bluffing, she’ll recant her suggestion. If not, she’ll act annoyed and say something like “we’ll talk again when you’ve calmed down.” If she was thinking about leaving you anyhow, she’ll just use your ultimatum as the excuse that she needs to dump you free of guilt.

Many men will be tempted to confront an unruly girlfriend who asserts her desire to see her ex-boyfriend. Confrontation is the useful strategy in some cases, but it’s not what I consider a go-to option. Confrontation can just as likely blow up in your face as smooth over problems. Cavalierly ignoring a manipulative girlfriend can be useful in measured doses, but as a strategy tends to diminishing returns the longer she knows you or the deeper any problems — like her roaring cuntery — fester.

The best strategy is structured, and builds upon itself as the circumstances warrant: start with a calculated amusement and teasing, coupled with a distant and condescending regard of her offer, followed by active steps to screen her motivations, and then finally a bold statement of your intolerance for her shit if it need come to that.

Whatever you do, don’t do beta. That means, no “aww, honey, let’s talk about this”, no “do you not love me?”, no “what did I do wrong?”, no “what do I need to do to make it better between us?”, no “why do you want to see your ex?”, no “do you still love him?”, no begging, no pleading, no supplicating, no butthurtness, no white knighting (“i’ll kill the guy!”), no manboobery (“but i thought he was a jerk to you last time you dated?”), no uber-manboobery (“i’m a card-carrying feminist! isn’t that what you wanted??!?”), and no promises to love her fitter, happier, more productively.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 14 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Reader BC gives some historical perspective to the alimony issue. (“Historical whaaa? I’m a feminist, I know not of such things. Please to dress it up in snark so that I can properly menstruate in the comments section at Jizzebel.”)

> In Olde Timey days — like, medieval England, we’re talking about — a husband gained ownership of all his wife’s property (her dowry) when they married, and did not relinquish it when they divorced. Since women didn’t work **[ed: in a cubicle]** back then, the result was that a divorce would frequently leave the woman totally destitute. Alimony was a way to avoid that: a divorced man kept the dowry, but incurred an obligation to feed, house, clothe, and otherwise support his ex-wife until she remarried or died.
>
> Two things upended the applecart. First, we started dividing marital assets at divorce. That’s a subject about which entire books could be (and have been) written, but the key point is that ex-wives ceased to be penniless; they took (oftentimes substantial) assets with them when they left a marriage. Second, women fully entered the workforce as primary wage-earners in their own right, and there ceased to be any good reason why they couldn’t support themselves.
>
> Together, those two developments have pretty thoroughly undermined the policy rationale for alimony, and in a sane world it would have become a historical footnote occasionally pressed into service to avoid injustice in truly extraordinary cases. Instead, the American family law system in which I toil has been marinating in femcunt ideology since the sixties, and while there are a few scattered efforts at reform, the result is that alimony largely persists — not as necessary spousal support, but to make it more financially convenient for women to abandon the beta providers they swore to love, honor, and obey.

One thing you have to understand about the divorce industrial complex if you want to know how and why things traveled this far down the circles of post-nuptial hell: The spiteful degenerates who advocated for no-fault divorce and punitive alimony and child support, and the blood-sucking parasites who inevitably followed in their wake, never had fairness in mind. What they wanted, ultimately, was the reconstruction of society to extend and enshrine total female freedom of access and removal of accountability in the marital and sexual markets, while restricting and regulating as much as possible male access to the sexual market, particularly beta male access, and placing upon men responsibility for the consequences of both men’s and women’s actions within those markets.

And that is why I declare a guy like this a justifiable American hero who, if the West were ever to regain its sanity, would have a monument erected in his honor. Or at least a Truck Nutz dedicated in his name.

Persistence: The Underrated Alpha Male Quality

CH · 17 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

At a social gathering with friends and lovers, I witnessed an attempted pickup unfold between an alpha male and a cute girl. We were a merged group of three girls and two men, including myself, and everyone there was known to me in more than a passing fashion. (I use the term “alpha male” as shorthand to describe the constellation of personality traits he possessed which gave him an advantage in the mating market. He is not a particularly good-looking man, but I suspect most girls would say he is at least not hard on the eyes.)

The girls with me knew that said alpha male was single and looking, (ladies, we’re ALWAYS looking), and pow-wowed with each other to find a third girl they knew to be single as well for a possible alpha male-cute girl love copulation. Apparently, not only do girls want alpha males for themselves, they also want them for their friends. It’s that primeval female harem-managing mentality rising to the fore.

One of the girls briefly absconded to another room and returned with a girl friend in tow who she wished to introduce to the alpha male. (I love using these terms because I know how much it chafes the asses of the right sorts of people.) The third girl was in transit to another subgroup, and her slightly puzzled look suggested that she did not know why she was being pulled over. After a round of hellos, I watched and listened, from as sly a vantage point as I could muster under the circumstances, the conversation that ensued between the alpha male and the cute girl summoned to unwittingly participate in his machinations.

She looked him over as he began speaking, and I could tell there lacked any sort of insta-spark of delight at his physical countenance. Nevertheless, a man does not become an alpha male by abandoning all women who don’t instantly take a shine to his looks. For the first minute or two, she would periodically glance at the girl friend to my side with that “why don’t you join in on this conversation so that I can impatiently slip away like a thief in the night” eye squeeze that women are so naturally adept at executing.

But then a funny thing happened on the way to a certain, subtle SWPL rejection where all feelings are spared in the most sadistic manner possible: the vibe turned in his favor. I can’t tell you the exact moment of redemption, but I can say that the energy between them got a boost in the second or two after he dropped what can only be charitably described as a couched insult.

“Well at least you’re still in your heels. Most girls like you are trading in for flats at this hour.”

Her head snapped back. She was at full attention. Gone was the exasperated sideways glance for a rescuer, replaced by flushed indignation that is the telltale mark of blood pipelined directly between the hamster and the vagina. A few hollow protests to the contrary notwithstanding, she fell quickly into his orbit and they were off to the races. He had pricked her safe and secure but ultimately flimsy bitch bubble, and she could not be happier for it.

Now some of you readers are sure to lay the credit for his success on that convo-refueling neg which slices and dices bland boring expectations like a ginsu. You’d only be partly right in your assumptions. You see, the neg was really just a culmination of something else, some other ineffable quality, that alpha males have in mass quantities: persistence.

Not that cringing, awkward, pushy, socially uncalibrated persistence that a few oddly aggressive beta and omega males employ, but the calm, controlled, almost serene persistence that doesn’t spook girls and which signals a strong, dominant masculinity that women crave. It might be more precise to call it “steadiness” rather than persistence.

The alpha male at this function knew she wasn’t immediately into him. The way he handled this “setback” wasn’t to slink away like a defeated herb, or pump up the volume in a desperate last gasp maneuver to capture her attention. He wasn’t implicitly apologetic for the convo lull (as if it was his responsibility to keep everyone entertained), nor was he giving any outward sign that he felt any pressure to perform.

He simply stayed rooted at his spot, never wavered in his eye contact, maintained a neutral vocal cadence, and never stupidly smiled to occupy dead air as so many less confident men are wont to do. He just kept… listening. And talking. And raising a single eyebrow. And leading the topic of discussion. And refraining from showing any discomfort with her feints to escape his company.

And that was how he won her. Slow and steady and persistent and unshakeable. His body language and unperturbed social grace was the foundation upon which she was able to lean for evidence of alpha maleness. The neg was only icing on his seductive cake. The best time to drop a neg is when it is least expected, not when it is obviously a craven effort to "win over" an intransigent girl. For him, the neg was an adjunct that complimented his entire game repertoire.

The alpha male is both aloof and persistent. His aloofness is more a vague impression that flows from his attitude, and his persistence is a dagger that sneaks up on women and chips away at their coyness. When you can finally grasp that seeming contradiction and apply it in real social interactions, your game will have matured immeasurably.

Never listen to man-haters aka feminists who claim that women don't like persistent men. They do. Women love persistent men who are persistent from a position of want, not need. Women don't love the idea of persistence because they associate it, perhaps justifiably, with overly aggressive meatheads throwing themselves at random vaginas during garbage hour. But now you know that there is better way to be persistent. And that you are doing honor to your alpha male ancestors by pursuing that scared little bunny to the farthest corners of the warren, instead of turning tail the first time the bunny hops away a few feet from your swiping paws.

Older Moms And Divorced Moms Raising Generation Of Psychopaths?

CH · 17 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Adam Lanza, the school shooter, shot his divorced and single mom — the mother who raised him — four times in the head before embarking on his journey of mental disassociation from reality. Her face must surely have been rendered a mash of unrecognizable pulp.

Four times. Point blank. In the head. You don't do that unless you possess some serious unresolved rage against the mother. This kid hated his mom with a passion, and we can only guess why now that he's dead. But clues abound.

First, older moms are more likely to spawn autistic kids. Most autistitards are harmless, but some with severe handicaps to relate as normal human beings are powderkegs in an increasingly atomized society that they find impossible to manage or even comprehend.

Second, the mom was divorced. Children of divorced parents and female-headed homes are at much higher risk for delinquency, jail, and violent crime. Lanza's pop was paying his ex-wife a tidy some of money (which she did not earn, let's not forget) to keep her spendthrift ass afloat. We can surmise that the mom was so fucking crazy that the father had no choice but to get away from her, or that he was SO BETA she pulled the trigger on the divorce and cast Adam's father to the modern equivalent of the icy wastelands. Single moms be warned: If your kid thinks you gave his dad a raw deal, he is going to resent you for life. Maybe a few of those kids of divorced moms lack the normal social outlets to release that building resentment, and it comes out all at once in a violent episode.

As the child of a divorced, single mom, Adam Lanza had the deck stacked against him.

> Studies cannot prove conclusively that fatherlessness—or any other factor—actually *causes* people to commit crimes. For that, you'd have to do the impossible: take a large group of infants and raise each of them simultaneously in two precisely equivalent households—except one would be headed by a father and mother and the other by a lone mother. But by comparing criminals of the same race, education, income, and mother's education whose primary observable difference is family structure, social scientists have come as close as they can to making the causal case with the methodological tools available.

This isn't entirely a story about genes, either. Single momhood has skyrocketed in the last forty years, and there is no allele that can account for that. Such a rise in a short time is driven by cultural and social pressures.

The answer to the Adam Lanzas of the world is not gun confiscation, that fool's panacea so beloved by the cathedral leftoids who would like nothing more than a completely defanged white middle class and working class. (Hint: Adam acquired his guns illegally.) The answer is not easy, but it is within sight. A multifactorial approach that re-institutionalizes the primacy of the two-parent biological nuclear family and the social nee genetic cohesion of the nation, and which discourages late-in-life strugglepreggers by aging SWPL moms is some of the harsh, potent medicine that will begin to fix the ailing body politic.

I won't be holding my breath for any member in good standing of the snarkerati to grapple with this medicine in any meaningful way. Which is why I remain, respectfully, toes a-dippin', poolside.

Thought Experiment

CH · 18 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There is a subgenre of anti-game, putatively trad-con haters who like to assert that having kids is the defining feature, and motivating impulse, of the alpha male. But try this thought experiment.

Imagine you have two choices to pass on your genes and create a lasting legacy. One involves repeated visits to a respected sperm bank to masturbate into a cup. The other involves repeated copulations with your wife and second wife (for the sake of simplicity) that result in both women getting knocked up multiple times over the course of many years. In the latter instance, you voluntarily have no further contact with your kids once they are born.

The two choices are guaranteed to fill the gene pool with five cherubic apples of your eye.

The choice which leaves you more satisfied, more personally fulfilled and brimming with positive feelings of high self-worth, is

a. creating a legacy through a sperm bank, or

b. creating a legacy through sex with your wives?

Remember, hypothetically both choices result in the same number and same quality of offspring issuing from your seeding shaft. If the old skoolers who claim that children are the crux and the crucible of alpha maleness are right, either choice should result in very strong feelings of self-regard and confidence, two undeniably intrinsic traits of the alpha male with which no one but a deranged feminist (but I repeat myself) would object.

And yet, I predict there are very few men who would consider choice (a) as ego-affirming and confidence-inspiring as choice (b). In fact, I bet a lot of donating men leave sperm banks feeling oddly morose.

The reason for my prediction is that the anti-game trad-cons are incorrect in their assessment of what constitutes alpha maleness. It is not the children or the genetic legacy *per se* that swells men's souls with alpha sweetness; it is the sex with feminine, willing women which does the trick.

The sex is the prime directive and the origin source of alpha male nourishment. Sex is the trick that evolution concocted to make sure we don't let ourselves die out. Not kids. Not lovingly-swapped soiled diapers. Not videotape of bursting birth canals shared with creeped-out relatives. The sex is first and foremost, it is primal, it is the cosmic chorus. And it is only relatively recently by evolutionary standards that this ancient sleight of reproductive selection is finally meeting its match in the plunderdome of non-procreative recreation, the prime directive thwarted by an ocean of condoms, IUDs, Norplants, and Pills.

This is why a man who fucks his way through hundreds of maximally fertile women but leaves no legacy thanks to the convenience of modern prophylactic tech is leagues more alpha male than the man who fills his 35-year-old wife's womb with babymeat, and is certainly more alpha male than the man who sires a whole Duggars' worth of kids at the local sperm depository.

UPDATE

A clarifying example is needed to focus minds. Picture a fat, acne-ridden, manboobed, greasy, bald, boring, stupid, charmless underprole man who manages to capture the elephantine devotion of a morbidly obese underprole woman. They marry, and, owing to their religious beliefs (or stupidity) neither one uses birth control. Over time, she grunts out twenty of his fat babies (yeah, I know, hard to believe, but this hypothetical is not so far removed from our current idiocratic reality). This man has certainly made his mark on the world. His tribe is impressive, larger than the families built by some sultans and certainly larger than that of most accomplished Western men. He presides with haughty patriarchal pride over a brood that would be the envy of any trad-con harboring dreams of winning fertility wars with the third world. He belches insouciantly at your child-free hedonistic existence, knowing that the future belongs to his progeny. He has ensured his legacy. His waddling kids adore him and respect his

ability to unearth cheesy poofs in the folds of mommy's fupa.

And, yet, would any of you anti-game trad-cons call this man an alpha male? With a straight face? Drop him in the middle of a nightclub, or heck, even in a Whole Foods aisle full of slightly old-country looking SWPL chicks, and the girls would run away, repulsed by the sight of him. He wouldn't be able to get laid at a lesbian porn star convention full of scheming, mustachioed feminists itching to cry "regret rape!" for street cred. Such a specimen of malehood can only settle for the lowest females of the low. The very bottomed out dregs of vaginadom. He is the patriarch trad-cons extol as exemplary of the powerful alpha male who leads his posterity to the promised land, and yet he would be kryptonite to any feminine woman worth having. Were it not for the grotesqueries among womankind willing to wallow in the sty with him for a chance at producing more pighumans in God's image, he would struggle to get action beyond the feeble offerings on tap from the friction of his overhanging stomach slapping against his foul pud.

There's your alpha male, trad-cons. Choke on him. And then think twice about drawing parallels between fecundity and real, true, authentic alpha maleness. You know, the kind of alpha maleness so eloquently and succinctly described right here in these blog pages.

tl;dr It's not difficult convincing a C.H.U.D. with a vagina to pop out a fetid stream of your sewer spawn. What's difficult is winning the love of a hot babe(s) who is a valuable commodity in the sexual market. Any kid-popping is just icing on the cake after you've accomplished that.

The Alpha Male Gifts That Women Love

CH · 20 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

One time, I recorded myself singing a song I wrote for a girl. I used a hand-held recorder, so the quality wasn't good. You can hear a dog barking in the background and rain falling outside on the patio. We eventually broke up from intractable circumstances, but keep in friendly contact occasionally, and she tells me that to this day my recording is the only item of love she has from any man that she refuses to discard.

Cost of this gift to me: zero dollars.

Psychological value of this gift to both me and her: priceless.

Ability to leverage this gift against future girlfriends who know about it: infinity priceless.

The alpha male gifts that women love are never what Kay Jewelers, Zales or VisaMastercard tell you they are. The gifts women love the most are not those gifts that by virtue (or vice) of their cost demonstrate the extent of your beta provider resource pool. No, the gifts women love the most are those gifts that demonstrate the personality traits of the alpha male, a man with romance in his heart despite carrying the burden of multitudinous options with women in his groin.

The Benefits Of Older Fatherhood

CH · 20 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A common anti-male prerogative hater tactic is to concern troll womanizers about their life trajectories. It usually takes this form:

“What are you going to do? Spend your best years banging one woman after another, and then wind up old and alone? Don’t you want healthy kids?”

Those players who want kids have nothing to worry about. Men produce viable seed well into their dotage, and can theoretically create a lasting legacy with one final, righteous spurt from their deathbeds that sends them to valhalla with a smile on their faces.

Women cannot do this. Once a woman’s eggs are gone, (late 30s to 40s for most women), she is out of the reproduction business altogether. For her, any more sex will strictly and necessarily be for pleasure and intimacy purposes. Or bribery to get her husband to fix the water heater.

But why take my word for it? The science is out and it shows that men benefit from older fatherhood in ways that women will never benefit from older motherhood.

1. A recent study has shown that men who exercise regularly improve the quality of their sperm, counteracting the effects of aging.

> [A] new study shows exercise could make sperm quality better; improving a man’s reproductive health.
>
> Diana Vaamonde, a researcher at the University of Cordoba and lead author of the study said in a press release, “We have analysed qualitative semen parameters like the ejaculated volume, sperm count, mobility and sperm morphology.”
>
> For the study the men were also tested for hormone levels that included follicle-stimulating hormone (FSH), luteinizing hormone (LH), testosterone (T), cortisol (C) and the T/C ratio that the researchers explain provides a better picture of the environment needed for sperm creation, in addition to giving a picture of the general health of the 31 men included in the study.
>
> The results showed men who exercise more had faster swimming sperm that was more perfectly formed, compared to their sedentary counterparts. Exercising appears to create a more favorable environment for sperm creation that comes from healthy hormone levels.
>
> The good news is the researchers say it only takes moderate exercise to keep your sperm in good shape.
>
> According to the CDC, it’s possible to change a man’s sperm with healthy lifestyle changes.

As far as we know, there is no amount of exercise in the world that will return a woman’s lost eggs to her womb.

Score: Older dads 1, older moms 0.

2. Another study find that older men who eat healthy have less age-related damage to their sperm.

As far as we know, there is no amount of healthy eating that will return a woman’s lost eggs to her womb.

Score: Older dads 2, older moms 0.

3. A study which acts like a shiv to the feminist careerist heart finds that the risk of autism goes up considerably more in the children of older mothers in all age ranges than it does in the children of older fathers.

> The older a mother is when she gives birth, the higher her child’s risk of autism, new data show.
>
> A smaller effect also is seen for the age of the father, but only when the child is born to a father over age 40

> and a mother under age 30.

As far as we know, there is no amount of feminist delusion that will make an older woman's eggs relatively as healthy as an older man's sperm.

Score: Older dads 3, older moms 0.

4. Finally, a Stanford study finds that it is evolutionarily good when older men have kids with younger women. May-December romances weed out life-shortening mutations and promote health and longevity in the human population.

> Old Men Chasing Young Women: A Good Thing
>
> It turns out that older men chasing younger women contributes to human longevity and the survival of the species, according to new findings by researchers at Stanford and the University of California-Santa Barbara.
>
> Evolutionary theory says that individuals should die of old age when their reproductive lives are complete, generally by age 55 in humans, according to demographer Cedric Puleston, a doctoral candidate in biological sciences at Stanford. But the fatherhood of a small number of older men is enough to postpone the date with death because natural selection fights life-shortening mutations until the species is finished reproducing.
>
> "Rod Stewart and David Letterman having babies in their 50s and 60s provide no benefit for their personal survival, but the pattern [of reproducing at a later age] has an effect on the population as a whole," Puleston said. "It's advantageous to the species if these people stick around. By increasing the survival of men you have a spillover effect on women because men pass their genes to children of both sexes." […]
>
> In the paper, the researchers analyzed "a general two-sex model to show that selection favors survival for as long as men reproduce." The scientists presented a "range of data showing that males much older than 50 years have substantial realized fertility through matings with younger females, a pattern that was likely typical among early humans." As a result, Puleston said, older male fertility helps to select against damaging cell mutations in humans who have passed the age of female menopause, consequently eliminating the "wall of death."
>
> "Our analysis shows that old-age male fertility allows evolution to breach Hamilton's wall of death and predicts a gradual rise in mortality after the age of female menopause without relying on 'grandmother' effects or economic optimality," the researchers say in the paper.

So older fathers are gifting us all more years of life on this chortling roil. When you say your prayers this Sunday, be sure to include an hallelujah for dirty old men.

Score: Older dads 1 billion, older moms 50 cats.

I wonder if this means that aging cougars settling for younger, desperate beta males — as seems to be the trend lately in the West — is shortening the human lifespan? Cougars? Yuck. Dashing gentlemen? Yay!

I'm enjoying life right now sans sprog, but I anticipate that when I get older there is an outside chance I will feel a pull toward creating from my dark matter-infused slamseed a few heirs to suckle at my much younger lover's milky white teats. While I have never been concerned with any possibility of setback in that hypothetical department, it's nice to know the science affirms my life choices as not only practicable, but also moral.

Also, as an anecdote, I know a couple of older fathers — married to women ten years or more younger than themselves — whose sons are the most well-adjusted, confident, and happy boys I have ever had the pleasure ~~to impart with my shadowy wisdom~~ to meet. Sue me for extrapolating from personal observation, but it's my impression that the most stable and loving families with the happiest and most grounded kids are those where dad is older than mom. Selection effect for older, high status alpha males by younger women? Perhaps. Or maybe older dads, wielding a history of knowledge and a wider perspective that younger dads don't yet possess, simply bring more *gravitas* to family affairs, and therefore naturally and organically induce respect and admiration from their

kids.

***

I expect this post to really chafe the hides of a few flabby-rumped cunts and their manboobed apologists. There will be much Q_Q and gnashing of labia. And it will be good.

We're Gonna Need A Bigger Hamster

CH · 21 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes, in moments of deep reflection, I wonder… just what delusional depths can the typical American woman plumb? I thought I've seen it all… attack lawyers bitching off the shoulder of sensitive niceguys… I watched cockblocks glower in the bar near the target babe. All those delusions will be spun in time, like hamsters on wheels. Time to self-deceive.

But now I see there is more out there. A bigger, better, faster hamster. A rodent so enormous on a wheel spinning so violently it creates its own black hole of irrationality, sucking in logic, reason and common sense to an event horizon doom.

Behold: The Hamster of Hamsters. The Mother of All Rodents. The MOAR you know… the more you despair that America is in the grips of a virulent, and wholly undeserved, narcissism determined to sink the nation ship with the utmost alacrity.

The beast hungers:

> In that sense, vanity is yet another stick with which people are beaten — because women are told, constantly and without any real deviation from the message, that they have to look a certain way to be worthwhile, to be of value. To be REAL, in some sense.
>
> This is, of course, utter bullshit. Because any woman who identifies as a woman is a real woman. There's a lot of different ways that can look and they are all valid.

"Because any woman who identifies as a woman is a real woman." Is this the ur-tautology? Or just the usual gibberish from the usual losers unable to cope with the revelations from clear thinking?

Leaving aside for the moment any presumption this particular breed of hamster vessel knows what she means by the word "valid", it is absolute falsehood that all women have value no matter what they look like. A morbidly obese land whale has almost zero romantic value to nearly all men. A woman who is so disgustingly fat she ceases to retain even the merest shimmer of womanly shape is a female of very low physical value.

> Her post seems melancholy to me in some ways, caught and struggling in the web of the social expectations that are thrust upon women.

Expectations exist because we are biological machines with biologically-based desires that react to specific body types. When those body types deviate from the desirous norm, we recoil as if we have seen a monstrous creature of the nightmare world.

> if you are fat and you accept your body as it is, you are often bombarded with "Your fat!" (they never get the "you're" right) **[ed: female humor]** in email and comments and sometimes in person, as though you need the reminder because you've risen above your station.

If you accept your fatness, then you wouldn't be bothered by people calling you fat. Is Donald Trump bothered when people say to him "You're rich!"?

> One of the best things I ever did for myself was to consciously make an effort not to judge people's bodies.

Here comes the patented feminist self-contradiction within two sentences…

> I do not care if your hipbones stick out.

But you noticed, didn't you, Judgy McJudgemytwoextrabeefpattiesonasesameseedbunfueledwideloadass? The "hipbones stick out" descriptive excess is classic fatgirl speak for healthy weight, slender women, hidden under an obfuscating layer of plausible deniability that she "does not care" about those skinny girls and their jutting hipbones. Fat shits just love their propaganda that the world is about to be overrun with thin women on the verge of mortal anorexia.

> Your body is awesome.

Yes it is.

> I do not care how many chins you are packing.

Men do. And that's what matters.

> Your body is awesome.

No it's not.

> So is mine.

I'll be the judge of that.

Awesome, indeed. Awesomely rotund.

"So is mine."

It's like listening to a small child argue. The mind on display here is underdeveloped like a child's, but at least children have the excuse that their brains are still a work in progress. This is an adult woman talking like this. Acting out like a petulant brat that reality is what she says it is, and so there!

"There's no place like my body. There's no place like my body. There's no place like my body. Yay, I'm happy with myself again!"

If you wish for it hard enough… well, you're still a fat crap.

> My vanity — when I am not compromised by my own intrinsic self-doubt (two days before my period, like CLOCKWORK) — is of the traditional form. My vanity is in thinking that I am absolutely worth being looked at, absolutely worth being seen. Absolutely worth thinking of myself as talented.

Correction: You're not worth being looked at, you're not worth being seen, and goshdarnit, you're absolutely not worth thinking of yourself as an alternative and equally worthy female form. And this fact will not change no matter how much you lie to yourself otherwise. It will never change until you change the fact itself, by losing weight and slimming down to a reasonable facsimile of a sexy woman. In your case, the fact itself looks to weigh about 100 unnecessary pounds.

Vanity is distasteful in people who at least can claim some justification for feeling vain; we may not like it but we understand. In contrast, vanity is farcical delusion in people who don't possess a scintilla of real world evidence to justify their bloated self-regard. The vanity untethered from reality is a joke; it's Generation Lookatme! on uppers, their heaving bulk held aloft by a helium-filled entitlement complex. The best thing for society would be to have these BubbleBoars disabused of their fanciful self-delusions. Of course, it might take more than a few stabs with the soulkilling shiv until they get the message. There's a lot of ego blubber to cut through.

> I wouldn't call that inflated. I wouldn't call that undue. I'd call that actually having a pretty good grasp on being confident that I am, in fact, a worthwhile human being.

A person's actual worth is inversely proportional to the efforts she takes to convince herself of her worth.

> Other than the death fatness and the blue hair, I'm actually pretty conventional in my appearance, according to the social beauty imperative: I am white, I have a clear complexion (mostly), I have thick curly hair on my head but little body hair. I have an hourglassy shape.

You'd have to be sober-ish to think she's hourglassy. Hey, I thought all body types are worthwhile? She shouldn't preen about her clear complexion and hourglassy shape. Is there something wrong with hirsute women?

> I am still going to advocate for everyone being at least a little vain though. Because "pretty" should not be the sole criterion for "worth being seen." Because "pretty" is actually kind of a bullshit narrow construct.

The hamster has gone suborbital.

> In fact, when people who do not fit into the effing oppressive beauty standard that is going on in America are vain as hell, I love it.

"I am a beautiful, healthy woman. Fuck you, dad!"

> I think it's powerful and subversive and political and awesome.

No, it's just retarded and transparent and silly and self-defeating.

> Because fuck those folks who think you don't deserve to be seen.

The problem is that there's too much of you to see.

> It's worth clarifying as well — not only is no one required to participate in beauty culture,

No one is required to participate in breathing oxygen, either, but there are consequences if you choose non-participation.

> you are still awesome and worth being seen [for the degenerate freak show you are] if you reject beauty culture entirely.

ftfy.

> If vanity is about excessive pride in our appearance, well, let's just say I'll be damned before I look in a mirror and hate what I see just to avoid being vain.

Interesting reasoning. I didn't know the opposite of vanity was self-hatred.

> My only caveat regarding the awesomeness of vanity? Your intense and concentrated awesomeness does not mean other people are not also awesome.

I bet she doesn't think Todd Akin is awesome.

> Jane and the xoEditors actually have a whole new project in the works that will celebrate all things VAIN. It's pretty hella exciting.

I used to think that setting these insipid behemoths straight would require nothing more than ignoring them. The sexual market is cruelly indifferent to one's constructed vanity, and fat shits would find in short order how unloved they were by men with options. But now, I dunno… cold indifference doesn't seem to be doing the trick. Pointing and ridiculing is the next step in the campaign against raging American female egotism, and if that doesn't work, well, there's always diabetes, chopped feet, and early death.

Why do I put crazed egomaniacs like this woman on the breaking wheel? What's the point of being so mean to someone who is probably nice to puppies when she isn't eating them? I do it to set an example for the others. To push back against evil ideologies that infect innocent minds. And make no mistake, this woman's message is evil. If other women who had not yet ruined their bodies by blowing up to her repulsive dimensions took her words to heart, they might feel entitled to let themselves go, figuring that their body is beautiful no matter what it looks like, and shame on you for saying differently.

And then the world would be a little bit sadder, a lotta bit uglier, and a hella lot fatter. And that would be decidedly un-awesome.

The Undercover Orbiter Strategy

CH · 24 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Beta males who get stuck in the friend zone ("LJBFed") with women are rightly mocked for their self-defeating clinginess and the burden of their blue balls. But the strategy — if it can be called that — to befriend girls that one would like to fuck must have some utility for some men some of the time, or it wouldn't exist in the state of nature. And, if one observes women through the years, there are those beta male orbiters who do manage, through sheer force of persistence or ungodly patience for a stroke of luck to come their way, a tender five seconds of intimacy with their female friends which the girls immediately regret afterward.

So you might say the undercover beta male orbiter strategy is extremely long-term, with no guarantee of sexual closure. It's a painfully slow and laborious process for extracting sexual favors from girls, so why then do some egregiously betas do it? Well, because for these kinds of weak men the pain of the subversive orbiter strategy is less painful than the pain of outright rejection from busting a move that would destroy all their hopes and the delicious uncertainty that acts as mental lube for their masturbatory daydreaming.

However, if approaching and hitting on girls with sexual intention is simply out of your realm of possibility, then there are ways to conduct your undercover orbiter strategy that will maximize your odds of a bang with the torment of your dreams. I lay them out here.

– Always talk about the girls you are dating, fucking, or seeking same from to your girl "friend". Do so in a way that does not seem try-hard; that is, offer it up like an afterthought to some other topic that triggers the segue.

– Limit your friendzone time to drinking, shows, art exhibits, and house parties. Try to avoid shopping or other quintessentially girlie or best gay boyfriend activities. The object is to do friendly things with her that mimic real dates, while avoiding doing those things with her that strengthen her impression of you as "one of the girls" (who happens to have a penis, if the rumors are true).

– Immediately and without qualification change the subject when your girl "friend" begins talking about a guy she likes, or the dudes she's fucking or wants to fuck. Once you go down that road, there's no turning back from eternal LJBF hell. She will never see you as a sexual creature if you are willing to listen to her sob stories about other men plowing her clean.

– Don't make a production of her wistful musings about other guys, though. Don't change the subject by exclaiming your refusal to listen to her dating life; doing that opens her to suspicions that you really like her, and if your Undercover Orbiter strategy is to work, you can't put yourself in a position of needy weakness. Better to change subjects by simply changing them, as if you didn't even hear her comment about the serial killer she really wants to boff who offed her twin sister.

– You're going to want to invoke feelings of latent jealousy as much as possible. A girl "friend" that you are orbiting may not consciously perceive you as a potential lover, but when she sees you holding court with other girls, or flirting with one of her friends, her instincts will kick in and she won't be able to control a growing desire for your preselected malehood.

– Use her as a target for practicing your teasing skills. A platonic girl friend (but you know better, don't you, tiger) presents an excellent opportunity for honing your cocky teasing skills. And a welcome bonus is that she may start to want you after all your gentle insulting.

– Once in a while, she's going to unload that "I fucked a hot dude last night" conversation bomb. Do not react negatively, even though you will feel intense burning jealousy mixed with disgust. In fact, do not react at all. Raise an eyebrow, and say something along the lines of, "Tell me more when the wedding date is set." The idea is to ridicule her idea of a fulfilling dating life. More good replies: "Your parents would be proud", "Hey, congratulations, you magnificent slut!" (say this with a shit-eating grin), "This is news?"

– Your one advantage, if you can call it that, is that you are the guy who is “there for her” when times are tough and she needs a shoulder to cry on. Occasionally, like when Jupiter aligns with Uranus and her oxytocin levels are off the charts, a girl will feel strong intimate feelings for the emotionally available and sensitive beta male. That’s when you leap in. You’ve been laying the groundwork for months, perhaps years, and now it’s time to cash in your “terrific guy” chips for a shot at her weepy vulva. Bust your move by gently stroking the back of her hand for hours. Progress to giving her many more hours of cunnilingus when you’ve gotten an unambiguous green light for bedroom intimacy. (Your green light will need to be unambiguous, because pushing hard for sex over her coy protestations will strike her as terribly incongruent with your personality, and she will recoil.) Finally, be prepared for waves of regret to wrack her mind in the morning, or even as soon as when the tip of your penis grazes her labia. Allow that she will need this time to regret her actions, and take the necessary precautions to avoid a feminism-inspired legal imbroglio by wiring your place with audio and video recorders the day before she arrives. You can never be too safe.

– Finally, preemptively dump her after the first time you bang her. Yes, that’s right, unceremoniously dump the girl of your dreams, your White Womb. As her confirmed beta orbiter, there is little chance she will want more sex with you after her moment of weakness (that’s what she will think it is), let alone a relationship, if you do not take steps to push her in that direction. And pushing her in that direction means pushing her away from you. There’s nothing more infuriating, and hence, more alluring, to a woman than a man who has inexplicably made himself less available to her after sex. Especially when that man has spent so much time prior being the guy she could count on. This is script-flipping on steroids. You must make her stop seeing you as her reliable, sensitive, asexual friend, and that means you need to start becoming less reliable, less sensitive, and more sexual. A preemptive dumping is just the strong medicine a girl “friend” needs to being the healing of her “regretiness”. Don’t do it the very next morning, but don’t wait too long either. You have to get the jump on her before she hits you with the “I don’t want to ruin our friendship” sermon. Timing is critical. You want to be the bearer of that message before she is.

– If you are slow to act, and she manages to “dump” you first, you have a counter maneuver. Agree with her. “Yes, this was a mistake. We need to stop so we can remain friends.” (Never mind the bizarre logic of this statement; with women, emotions are what matter.) Then, in the days immediately following, see her once, and then cut off all contact for a few weeks (or months, as the circumstances require). Cutting off contact means taking a full day or two to reply to her texts or vmails or IMs, and not making a big deal about it when she inquires why you are being distant. Act as if she is the one imagining things are wrong between you two.

– This is hamster manipulation of the highest order. You are the one instigating the Distancing Protocol, while blaming her for perceiving something that’s “all in her head”. This contradictory tactic spares you from leaving an impression of butthurtness, and keeps her in a constant state of self-doubt. From such fertile psychological ground sprouts the chaser-chasee inversion algorithm, a seduction ploy that is the special sauce which underlies every womanizer’s exotic power over their prey.

Are The Cads Outbanging The Dads?

CH · 26 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The dude who runs the Evo and Proud blog has an interesting post about earlier male maturation rates indicating that females may be favoring cads over dads as mates.

> There is thus plenty of genetic variation for selection to act on. No need to wait for new mutations. But why would there be natural selection for earlier male puberty?
>
> One reason is that early puberty is genetically linked to other sexual characteristics. In particular, a class of X-linked androgen receptor alleles is linked in males to aggression, impulsivity, sexual compulsivity, and lifetime number of sex partners and in females to paternal divorce, father absence, and early menarche (Comings et al., 2002). It is likely that these alleles also influence male pubertal timing, but research on this point is lacking—apparently because it is difficult to find a marker for pubertal maturation among boys that is as salient as age at menarche among girls (Ge et al., 2007). Early male puberty thus seems to be part of a "package," or more precisely a reproductive strategy, that affects the way men go about finding a mate. Natural selection may favor one strategy or another, depending on the current cultural environment.
>
> Is natural selection now favoring the "cads" over the "dads"? That might be what's happening. As sexual relationships become less stable and shorter-term, women will ignore men who are oriented towards stable, long-term relationships.

I am on record as hypothesizing that two major sexual market shifts are pushing boys to earlier puberty: 1. Diversity and 2. Unrestrained female hypergamy.

Diversity of different groups of boys who mature at different rates would tend to favor the selection of boys with alleles for earlier maturity rates, given a sexual market that benefits sexually aggressive cads. Or, late-maturing k-selected boys will conform to the norm for r-selected early-maturing boys instead of the other way around, given a lack of cultural or circumstantial constraints on female sexual choice.

Female hypergamy — women's desire to mate with the highest status men they can get, given what their looks and willingness to put out can afford them — is the complementary force that pushes evolution to select for earlier maturing, and thus more caddish, boys.

If earlier puberty among boys is real, no matter the cause, and is indicative of women favoring cads over dad, then core philosophical underpinnings and cultural analysis of the dating market found at Le Chateau Heartiste are validated in some measure.

You'll notice I titled this post "Are the cads **outbanging** the dads?" That was deliberate, because there remain questions about whether cads are actually breeding more or less than dads. Outbanging is different than outbreeding. A woman could casually ignore potential beta dads throughout her teens and 20s (her prime years) for a sterile ride on the cock carousel with alpha males, only to settle down later with a beta male and bear him 1.8 children. Cheap and easy contraceptives thwart the natural procreation advantage that alpha males would normally have over beta males in the state of nature, so it is very possible that alpha males could be winning the Banging Sweepstakes while losing the Breeding Sweepstakes.

Evidence that cad outbanging and supercharged female hypergamy is occurring resides in the later age of first marriage rates, and the lower overall marriage rate, as well as the higher STD rates among women.

And there is evidence for cad outbreeding as well. Serial monogamy — which is a form of soft polygyny — is on the rise, and men who have had more than one partner have more children than men married to one woman.

On the other side of the debate are the GSS (General Social Survey) gurus who marshal self-reported evidence that dads are winning the breeding wars over cads.

I remain skeptical of the GSS data, but give it its due. My contention has never been that cads are having more children, but rather that cads are having more premarital sex than dads with higher quality (read: better looking) women when those women are in their sexual primes. This, not the discrepancy in fertility rates between alpha and beta males, is the contraceptively-aided shock wave that is roiling the sexual market and upending organic rules thousands, perhaps millions, of years old.

A society of both cad ascendence and civilization is unsustainable and incompatible. One or the other will go, and the pendulum with either swing back to dads or civilization will regress to accommodate the rise of women choosing cads. All social and economic indicators (particularly the debt overhang), and my personal experience in the bowels of the dating market, lead me to be pessimistic about a happy resolution to this building tension. Hopefully, I'm wrong, but in the meantime I'll do what is necessary to secure my pleasure.

The Season Of Donating

CH · 27 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It wouldn’t be Christmas spirit if I didn’t ask readers for generous gifts under the Donate Tree over there ===>

The giving of gifts, the receiving of gifts. You know you want to. It feels good! Like handjobs under the table at a fancy restaurant.

Overheard In SWPL-Land

CH · 30 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

"It's inexpensive, if you think about it. You'll pay two-hundred and fifty for a Michael Kors. For something only half as cute."

If this facade were to burn tomorrow, I wouldn't shed a tear for its loss.

Where Did The Arena Rock Bands Go?

CH · 31 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Cheap Chalupas takes a breather from undermining the ethnic cohesion of his country of birth for a glorious experience of authentic face-stuffing to link to a Pitchfork story about the pittances that rock stars get paid today. In the comments, "lords of lies" responds with an interesting take on why there are so few bands today who have any staying power beyond one or two radio-ready songs.

> the era of the long-lasting arena rock band with scores of top ten hits is over for four reasons:
>
> 1. the low-hanging fruit of novel guitar riffs has been picked clean. it's just much harder now to compose more than one or two catchy tunes that don't blatantly rip off songs from the past, autotune to the contrary notwithstanding. how many ways can the twelve-note scale be arranged? depressingly, there may be a limit. plus, the ready availability and replayability of forty year old rock songs means that current artists can't plagiarize the past without getting called on it. this was perhaps not so much the case for past artists, who could safely crib from older songs that weren't subject to so much radio or internet replaying.
>
> 2. the incentive structure has changed. a dude who pens one decent song can get on stage and score chicks for years, maybe even decades, based on that frantic bestowal of fame. internet play action and advanced marketing offer instant fame to the fly by night, one hit wonder musician. the pussy rewards for male artistry flow faster and stronger today than they did in the past, thanks partly to unshackled female hypergamy and partly to the betatization of the average american male. as a result, the self-perceived need to pump out multiple albums of high quality work has diminished.
>
> 3. easy living (c.f. porn, video games, endless plates of food stamps) has taken the edge off the urgency to create a compendium of works of spectacular art that can win over a large and dedicated audience of admirers and payers. men, in a word, are being medicated into comatose feminized stupor by dopaminergic distractions.
>
> 4. diversity is our lack of diversity. the advent of the diverse playground known as the internet has created so many ostensible musical niches appealing to everyone's most personalized tastes that it has, paradoxically, made music *less* diverse, by funneling would-be artists into similar musical paths which maximize the odds their voices will be heard above the din. what point is experimentation and building an oeuvre for the long haul when your potential audience is so prefragmented and fickle? may also explain why music is getting louder today.
>
> i'd add that there exists the possibility as well that people in the west are simply getting less creative in some genetic/physiological sense. perhaps it's all those BPAs in our plastics and Pills in our water.

It's a good question why the modern music industry produces so few "stadium rock" bands anymore. Prosperity likely has something to do with it. And the reasons given above are plausible, if not proven. You can make the case that someone like Justin Bieber (update: yesterday's news) or Kesha is the 2012 equivalent of U2 or Led Zeppelin based on sales numbers and breadth of fame, but the comparison is rendered a mockery under any actual music-based standard. Platinum-selling country music stars and ~~remixers~~ rappers featuring X, Y and Z are about the closest present-day analogues to long-lasting power rock bands of the past.

This is not to say there is not good music being produced today. I like a lot of stuff that's come out in recent years, mostly from fly by night, non-mainstream eclectic acts. But most of the stuff I like is by a multitude of bands that tend to disappear after one hit album (which usually contains no more than three righteous songs). Even looking at top 40 songs, the bands comprising that radio-ready list have little staying power. fun. has a couple of catchy tunes, but does anyone seriously think they're going to pump out one stellar album after another, for years on end, like Zeppelin or The Beatles or even Nirvana did?

As for the main complaint that musicians don't get paid enough from internet radio royalties, I have to agree with

this:

> cry me a river. hard to get worked up over the financial travails of quasi-rock stars. do people realize what motivates men to form bands and play on stage? they do it all for the nookie. the girls they get couldn't give a rat's ass how little they make from pandora plays. this is why there continues to be a steady stream of aspiring young men throwing caution and their bank accounts to the wind in hopes of becoming the next indie flavor of the month.

When the day comes that dudes stop picking up guitars and warbling beta ballads to score poosy is the day that I'll entertain their griping about illegal downloading.

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Men With Options

CH · 1 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

How many women do men really want to fuck? The answer, if surveys are to be believed, is a bit less than infinity. Scientists are baffled. A reader writes:

> I've said on your blog that I consider you a bit of an outlier, someone who places much more importance on sex than the average man. I thought I should bring some data to back that up. The average man seems to only want about 6 lifetime partners. And gay men, who presumably can get as much sex as they want don't all go hog wild. If we judge by teh gey only about 32% have more than 10 partners, while only about 18% had more than 20. Perhaps numbers would be higher without AIDS, but blowjobs (raw) and sex with condoms are both pretty safe, even for gays, so I'm not sure how much to count that. However, even with AIDS, 18% is nothing to sneeze at so you're not that much of an outlier. As for myself, I too sympathize at least somewhat, in theory, with the guys who want to rack up large numbers. But I try not to judge other people's sexual proclivities by my own.
>
> None of this contradicts the finding that men are considerably more promiscuous by inclination than women. It just means they aren't outrageously more promiscuous by inclination.

Ah, self-reported data. Of sexual desire. The least trustworthy data there perhaps exists. As I've noted before, people are never more apt to lie than when they are being asked about their sexual habits, or about their sexual desires. The hamster is a rationalization machine first and foremost for sugar-coating lust, the most primeval of the primeval emotional juggernauts that silently yet relentlessly infuses and guides our every thought and action.

But that aside, I actually don't have much beef with what this self-reported survey data says. I'm not at all surprised that men, when asked how many women they would want to sleep with in the next months or years, would choose a number not fantastically higher than that chosen by women. The hamster resides in male brains as well, (though it is a far less sturdy specimen than that found spinning in female brains), and will happily spit out "acceptable" answers that adhere to social expectations for virtuous behavior. Sometimes these acceptable answers are completely unintentional, and reflect less a hypocritical posturing to conform to cultural pressures than an ego-assuaging, knee-jerk bromide to buttress one's self-conception.

But reality has a way of intruding on happy thoughts. If a researcher had asked me at age 18 how many women I would want to sleep with in the year ahead, I might have offered, with some haughty self-righteousness derived from precious feelings of romantic abandon and insta-pedestalization, one or two as my optimal number. Had that same researcher asked me, ten years later and post red-pill (as the scallawags would say), how many women I had slept with in the previous year, the number would have been considerably higher than the one I suggested was optimal before a pussy potpourri of options opened themselves to me.

To put it more simply, most men are not going to admit, to themselves or others, that they want to fuck hundreds of women. Or, more precisely, they aren't going to admit that they would be interested in fucking hundreds of women if the option to do so were readily and uncomplicatedly available to them. Men and women both don't really like to think of themselves as sex fiends.

And this goes as well for gay men, who, though they have less formidable obstacles to hurdle on the path to sexual release than do straight men, are still nonetheless straitjacketed by some unforgivable rules of the sexual marketplace, such as the fact that ugly gay men are not going to have the same number of opportunities for amassing partner counts as that afforded to handsomer gay men; and of those opportunities the less favorably endowed do have, the urge to capitalize will be much enervated.

And therein lies the crux of skepticism I hold about these sorts of "hey, tell me about your sex life and most secret fantasies!" self-reporting surveys: they aren't telling me what men, or women, would do IN REAL LIFE if they had

no restrictions on their buffet of mate choice. They are only telling me what numerically-bounded desires men and women — most of them by nature enduring severe restrictions on their sexual or romantic opportunities — are acclimatized by circumstance and lifelong experience to expect, and thus to valorize, for themselves.

To find out what men would avail themselves of in real life, we have to examine what kinds of partner counts real men with virtually UNLIMITED OPTIONS acquire. For that, we need to find those men who live with few, if any, constraints on their ability to fulfill their desires.

Men with few restrictions on satisfying their carnal cravings are men with options. By restrictions, I mean anything that could act as a force against the full realization of one's desires. If most women don't find you desirable, then you are working with limited options, and this is true no matter how much you tell yourself or others that your small sample platter is just the right amount to slake your desire. If women find you desirable, but social expectation or political calculus discourage your follow-through, then you are working with limited options.

For these reasons, some very alpha men who could theoretically clean up with women don't make the UNLIMITED OPTIONS MAN cut. A married CEO who could conceivably entertain a harem of adoring lovers is limited by his wife, children and close acquaintances to behave according to certain norms that preclude harem-building. The President of the United States, a super alpha by dint of his station alone, would suffer tremendous blowback from the consequences of sleeping with even a tiny fraction of his admiring thong-y throngs.

No, the men of our modern society who are free in the best sense of the word… the men who have limitless options with women… are unmarried rock stars and famous actors. There are others, but these two groups best exemplify the unchained man. What kind of man has the lustful fervor of millions of women directed at him, and who would not suffer much of any consequences in his personal or career life from indulging in his bounty?

Well, George Clooney comes to mind. Here's a guy whom women love, and who would not jeopardize his career or social status by sleeping with the maximum number of lovers his heart (and groin) can accommodate. And how may women does such a man with nearly unlimited options accumulate over a lifetime?

A lot. And these are just the women the media know about. Or the women Clooney wants the media to know about. The true number is likely in the hundreds, maybe thousands if we count one night stands and short flings.

PUAs also make the list of men enjoying veritable limitless options. The haters will slip into hate overdrive upon hearing this, but skilled womanizers, as many PUAs are, luxuriate in the attentions of many women, and don't pay a price for satisfying their desire. The successful PUA does not have a wife or family to protect from his predations, nor does he have a political career that would crumble from public airing of his dalliances. He is, in contrast to the mass of mediocrities railing against his lifestyle, a free man able to meet his own needs, in whatever capacity he deems satisfactory.

This is not to say that men don't desire long-term relationships with women, or to say that men would not be happy banging fewer than one hundred or more women in the course of their lifetimes. It is simply a perspicacious reminder that, as with women, what men may claim about their ideal number of lovers is often less a true measure of their visceral desire than it is a mental palimpsest revealing underneath the restricted range of limited options within which they necessarily resign themselves.

To quote by way of illustration a billion ugly, obese feminists with severely curtailed options in the dating market:

"I don't NEED a man!"

My take on this matter, sociological stabs at the truth notwithstanding to the contrary, is that most men are inclined to periods of "settling down" monogamously with a woman of outstanding quality, but that most men would also rack up considerable numbers of lovers between and during their monogamous downtimes if there were no consequences to suffer and they had the option to acquire those lovers relatively effortlessly and expediently.

Since most men labor with a limited menu of options, what we see transpiring in the real world are the top 10-20% of free men acting in accord with the rhythms of their primitive compulsions, and a horde of less-free men learning

to love their meager choices.

You want to be a man with options.

The option to love recklessly, or love faithfully.

The option to marry, or to sow your oats as an eternal bachelor.

The option to have kids, and to be assured of your paternity.

The option to date monogamously, or to date profligately.

The option to stay, or to leave. On your terms.

The option to give ultimatums, and to ignore ultimatums.

The option to screw around, or to start a family.

The option to do what you want, when you want it, and to do what others want, when you want it.

This year is the Year of Men With Options. There has never been a time more suited to teach men the art of options than right now, when options everywhere for men seem to be shrinking.

This dwelling of ideas will be your guide.

Science Proves Game Works

CH · 2 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Or that it can work.

Anyways, how did I miss this? Scientists actually reviewed Mystery's accelerated seduction blueprint, and what they discovered will surely wither further the already diminutive hearts of manboobs, freaks, monsters, feminists, losers, dweebs, omegas, white knights, traditionalists and slithery "academics" pretending to be feminists in order to score hipster chick poon: The concepts underlying game strategies are factually grounded, and game works!

> The dating mind: Evolutionary psychology and the emerging science of human courtship
>
> ABSTRACT
>
> In the New York Times bestselling book The Game: Penetrating the Secret Society of Pickup Artists (2006), the world was granted its first exclusive introduction to the steadily growing dating coach and pick-up artist community. Many of its most prominent authorities claim to use insights and information gleaned both through first-hand experience as well as empirical research in evolutionary psychology. One of the industry's most well-respected authorities, the illusionist Erik von Markovik, promotes a three-phase model of human courtship: Attraction, building mutual Comfort and Trust, and Seduction. **The following review argues that many of these claims are in fact grounded in solid empirical findings from social, physiological and evolutionary psychology.** Two texts which represent much of this literature are critiqued and their implications discussed.

Jesus H. Christmas, this entire paper reads like it was ripped straight from Chateau Heartiste archives. And what was that muffled sound in the distance? Ah yes, the *pfffft* of aneurysms popping in the heads of game denialists posting hater comments from under their beds.

This review deserves a detailed look, so let's begin.

> For the present analysis, we examined several popular works from the [dating coach and pick-up artist] Community. The Community consists broadly of heterosexual men who market various tactics, techniques, and methods to meet, date, and ultimately seduce women. Both published books and online forums offer opportunities to garner and share this information with a wide audience of people interested in improving their dating and romantic success.
>
> Two main texts were chosen for this analysis. The first text, entitled *The Mystery Method: How to Get Beautiful Women into Bed* (Markovik, 2007), is widely regarded as one of the most important works in the Community. The second text, written by Markovik's protégé and New York Times columnist Neil Strauss, also known on online forums as Style, is entitled *Rules of the Game* (Strauss, 2009). The two texts were selected mainly for the authors' prominence and popularity in the Community.

I don't have a problem with the two texts the review authors chose to analyze. [Disclosure: I never read *Rules of the Game*, so my opinion is based on what others have told me about it.] You can argue for this or that seduction manual or PUA forum compilation, but if you had to pick only two sources, these two would qualify as legitimate encapsulations of the major pick-up strategies.

> The general starting point for much of the Community's literature, whether explicitly stated or not, often begins with Trivers' (1972) theory of parental investment.
>
> According to Trivers' (1972), the sex with higher parental investment (i.e., time and energy spent in gestation and rearing offspring) will be choosier with respect to mate selection. As a consequence, women very rarely

> accept propositions for casual sex with strangers (Voracek, Hofhansl and Fisher, 2005), typically imposing a much more careful and rigorous screening process before consenting to sexual activity (Grammer, 1989; Pawlowski and Dunbar, 1999; Pawlowski and Dunbar, 2001). On the other hand, human males as the biologically less investing sex, often have little to lose by mating with as many females as possible (Buss and Schmitt, 1993). Indeed, Schmitt et al. (2001) have shown that men desire more lifetime sex partners, seek sexual intercourse sooner, and are frequently more motivated to seek casual sex than are women.
>
> In the absence of a clear understanding of the biological bases of such differences, the courtship process and ensuing relationship dynamics can often appear confusing, frustrating and even debilitating. Such conflicts of interest in men and women's sexual strategies (Buss and Schmitt, 1993), often coined "the war of the sexes", can be a significant cause of conflict and ultimately failure to find and maintain a lasting long-term relationship. However, as we will argue, this conflict is not inevitable. The knowledge of our evolved sexual strategies gives us significant capability to improve interactions between the sexes by choosing appropriate actions and deactivating others – ultimately reducing conflict between men and women. In this respect, we argue that when properly and ethically understood, the dating and seduction industry, despite its provocative label and origins outside of academia, is founded on solid empirical research as well as first-hand courtship and relationship experience. Ultimately, it is our suggestion that an informed appraisal of this information will ultimately help to lessen conflict and improve dating and relationships between men and women.

Knowledge of female sexual nature and game can improve relationships between men and women? Now a *whoosh* is heard. The game haters just spontaneously combusted.

> Direct conversational openers typically begin with a very bold and straightforward proclamation, directly to one's prospective romantic interest. For instance, a typical example of this type of opener might be: *Hi, I saw you standing there, thought you looked attractive, and wanted to say hello*. While apparently awkward or unimpressive to the inexperienced, many Community enthusiasts will swear by the ability of this approach to generate instant attraction in a prospective romantic interest. And indeed, there may in fact be psychological research to legitimate this claim. For instance, research has shown that expressions of social dominance (Sadalla et al. 1987), social risk-taking (Wilke, Hutchinson, Todd, and Kruger, 2006), and courageousness (Farthing, 2005; Kelly and Dunbar, 2001) are often attractive to women (as such an approach would clearly seem to demonstrate).

A direct opener will signal social dominance, self confidence, and high status by its mere use. The brazen opener is itself the alpha male signaler. My suggestion when using direct openers is to be sure your body language is sufficiently alpha to be congruent with the words you are saying to the girl. Otherwise, you will quickly get blown out, because incongruence during the opener is usually the death knell for any seduction attempt.

> The second type of conversation starter, referred to as an indirect conversational opener, often begins with an off-handed opinion or question, at first merely designed to capture attention. For example, indirect openers often include apparently random queries such as, *Excuse me- a friend and I were debating something. Could I have a female opinion on how a man should treat a lady on a first date?* (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009). In stark contrast to a direct opener, the specific content of an indirect opener is often irrelevant; the more important objective is often to smoothly get a conversation started.

The big advantage of indirect openers is that you can generally hit on hotter women than you can with direct openers, because the latter tends to elevate the risk of getting insta-rejected if the girl happens to dislike your look, style, walk or wiry nose hairs, all of which are traits you display before you've even opened your mouth. Plus, hotter girls expect to get hit on more, so indirect is better for catching them off-guard, and for settling your nerves. (This rule of thumb breaks down when you get to the 9s and 10s of womanhood, who are so intimidatingly hot to most men that they paradoxically get hit on less frequently than their looks would suggest they do.)

> [T]he conversational content at this point generally moves into interesting personality conveying material, such as humor, an exciting personal anecdote, a fun game, or even a simple piece of stage magic, intended to solicit attraction from a prospective romantic interest (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009). Markovik (2007) describes the advertisement of such qualities as "Demonstrations of Higher Value" (DHVs), which it is claimed, cause an increase in mate value and create attraction, thus providing the person access to more desirable mates. And indeed, psychological research has shown that many of these qualities, when well-presented, can often be quite attractive to the opposite sex.
>
> For example, in a recent sample of UK personal advertisements, women rated charming social skills, wittiness, and a good sense of humor as among the most desirable traits in a prospective date (Pawlowski and Dunbar, 1999; Pawlowski and Dunbar, 2001), which would seem to reinforce the claims made by the community (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009).

"Looks are everything." – some loser justifying his inaction.

> The Community further advocates a peculiar strategy known as "pre-selection" which is claimed to be often useful in crowded social gatherings (Markovik, 2007). Pre- selection is a strategy whereby a man in a public gathering will establish an innocent acquaintanceship with an attractive woman, gaining her trust, comfort, and friendship, only to later use her presence by his side to attract other surrounding women that are actually the intended object of his desire (Markovik, 2007). The phenomenon where females will copy or imitate the preferences of other females for a particular male mate has been documented in a wide variety of species, and is commonly referred to by evolutionary biologists as mate choice copying (Bennett, Lim and Gilbert, 2008; Dugatkin, 1992; Freed-Brown and White, 2009). Moreover, there is now increasing evidence to suggest that such strategies, whether intentionally practiced or consistently understood by those using them, are also found in humans (Eva and Wood, 2006; Hill and Buss, 2008; Place, Todd, Penke and Asendorpf, 2010).

A hot female friend who is willing to be your pivot is worth her weight in fluffy stuffed animals.

> The second reputed phase of human courtship, building mutual *Comfort and Trust,* further seems to have a significant degree of support by various psychological research studies. Firstly, once *Attraction* has been established, community literature advocates the importance of taking the time to build rapport, comfort and trust before proceeding with seduction (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009). Indeed, psychological research has shown that many particular moral virtues are not only sexually attractive, but also relationship-stabilizing (see Miller 2007, for a review).

The popular game forums focus more on attraction than on comfort building, and the reason is likely because most men are naturally worse at the former. But in my experience, I see a lot of men dropping the ball during the comfort stage. I can't count how many times I've witnessed some girl smiling broadly when she first meets a guy, and then watch as her smile fades to a grimace the more he talks. (I like to jump in at these opportune moments, because girls are… how shall I say?… more pliable to my charms when left in such a dispiriting state by some other inept man. You could call this strategy, Attraction by Comparison. It's a productive strategy because most men are inept with women.)

> Trust and comfort is often further established through the use of kinesthetic touch, or what the Community often refers to simply as "kino" (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009). For instance, from a study of courtship behavior in singles' bars, Moore (1985) found that incidental touching, prolonged eye contact, swaying the upper body towards a prospective romantic interest while talking, and a number of other tactical devices designed to attract attention were frequently implemented.

If you showed me twenty men hitting on twenty women, and all I could see was how many times the men touched the women, knowing nothing else about their interactions I could predict with stunning accuracy which of those men would be getting the lay.

> The final reputed phase of human courtship, *Seduction,* begins once mutual *Attraction* and *Comfort and Trust* have been established between two individuals. For instance, women typically require more time and intimacy to develop the same amount of passion as men (Baumeister and Bratslavsky, 1999). Consistent with psychological research, the Community often advocates what is known at the "seven-hour rule"; the idea being that a woman typically needs a minimum of seven cumulative hours of rapport- building in order to develop a strong emotional and intellectual connection (including shared interests, shared values, and a deep inter-subjective understanding) before consenting to sexual activity (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009). In order to accomplish this objective, the community encourages a process of mutual self-disclosure, whereby each gets to know the other person on a very deep and intimate level (Markovik, 2007; Strauss, 2009), reinforcing psychological research on the development of relationships (Collins and Miller, 1994) and compassionate love (Hatfield and Rapson, 1993).

Alpha males are not stone walls. They understand that there will be a give and take in any seduction. They just know that it's better to give a little less than they take.

> In conclusion, it would seem clear that there is in fact a substantive degree of psychological research to support many claims made by the Community. The three reputed phases of courtship, *Attraction,* building mutual *Comfort and Trust,* and *Seduction*, are supported by a significant and steadily growing literature based in physiological, social and evolutionary psychology research. […]
>
> In light of these findings, it is equally important to note that many of the strategies advocated by the community are not currently supported by peer-reviewed literature. For example, one particular strategy known as "peacocking," (in dubious reference to Zahavi's (1975) handicap principle) involves wearing very ostentatious clothing specifically designed to exploit evolved cues for what women find attractive (Markovik, 2007). Although research has shown that women generally find social status attractive in men (Buss, 1989; Pawlowski and Dunbar, 2001), thus far there is no direct evidence in support of this particular behavior. A similar strategy, known as "negging", has been claimed to increase a male's attractiveness by demonstrating he has high standards (Markovik, 2007). For example, a male might exclaim, *Wow, those are great fingernails! Are they real? Oh, no? Well, they still look nice*. Consistent with this argument, Eastwick, Finkel, Mochon, and Ariely (2007) have shown that men who appear to have high standards are considered more attractive than males who do not; nevertheless, there is currently no direct evidence that "negging" is universally effective. An important area for future research would be to more closely analyze a broader spectrum of community literature and determine the scientific veracity of unsubstantiated claims.

Hopefully, academic feminists and sniveling manboobs will retreat to their cuntcaves under my assault of brutal mockery and real sociologists can in future conduct studies examining the effectiveness of other, specific game and seduction tactics, such as the aforementioned negs, and even pick-up and relationship techniques CH has introduced and described here, including "agree and amplify" and "instilling dread".

Maybe, just maybe, they will even have the courage one day to study the peculiar allure assorted assholes, douchebags, psychopaths and jerks exert on attractive women.

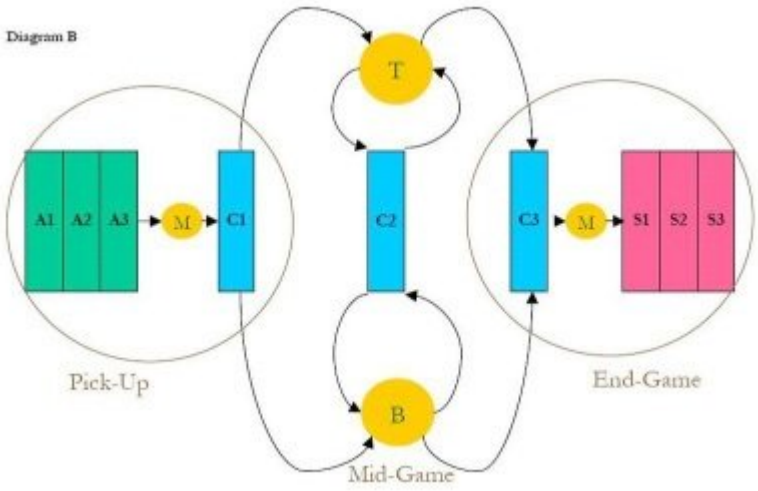
> [T]here may be important unrecognized ethical implications from using portions of this material. For instance, it has been argued that the initiation of touch or "kino" throughout the courtship process and alleged prioritization of physical over verbal consent may at times problematize interpretations of consent (Denes, 2011). To this end, we do contend that such material has the potential for abuse and urge caution with the use

> of the Community's material, especially in the context of short-term relationships where sexual activity may be the sole objective. On the other hand, within the context of helping people to initiate long-term, stable relationships, we argue that informed male behaviors are not so unlike women attempting to manipulate perceived attractiveness through the use of perfume, cosmetics, clothing, liposuction and cosmetic surgery, and thus disrupt normal mate choice by men (Roberts, Miner and Shackelford, 2010). Therefore, if such practices allow men to approach, attract, and connect with women in similar fashion, we wholeheartedly endorse the ethical practice of such materials for establishing meaningful long-term relationships.

I believe it is this blog, this seducer's stronghold, this digital palace guarding a horde of priceless knowledge that pierces the puzzle of pussy, which was at the forefront of elucidating for the skeptical masses how game could be useful for long-term relationships and marriage. Chateau Heartiste makes it impossible for knee-jerk haters and ignoramuses to caricature the science and art of streamlined seduction and learned charisma as the domain of frat boys spitting corny lines, or oily club hounds sidling up to skanks for a shot at the bathroom BJ.

Not that there's anything wrong with bathroom BJs, but the caricature has been demolished, and now the haters must face the gut-punch reality that game works, and works well for men from all socioeconomic backgrounds and all romantic circumstance.

One day, perhaps sooner than the haters would dare contemplate in their most fevered nightmares, this formula:



will come to be seen as revolutionary to the human sciences as $E=MC^2$ was to the physical sciences.

Lots Of Feminists Are Getting Banged Out By PUAs

CH · 3 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ronin asks:

> Just out of curiosity, have any of the real PUAs here ever used game to nail a Jizzabel-type feminazi?

As an aspiring womanizer, you don't need to act with intent to nail an avowed feminist. If you scavenge snatch in the SWPL regions of any major American city (barring a few notable exceptions*), you WILL have collected more than a few feminist notches on your bedpost. This is because most girls in the big blue population sinks of SWPL-Land are feminists of one stripe or another. You can't swing an Emperor Deluxe condom without hitting a feminist in the cooch if you live or operate within these zones of misandry.

Of course, not all SWPLcity feminists are cut from the same unsanitary napkin. SWPL chicks generally fall into three main groups of feminist identification:

1. The Femcunts

These are your Jizzebomb fanatics, the devotees of feminism as a life-affirming ideology. They are the smallest in number, but the loudest in bitchery and kookery. This is the kind of manjawed girl — typically a lawyer, academic, organic farmer or diversity consultant — who reads and comments daily at sites like Feministing and Slate/Salon/SuckMyClit with furrowed brow, regurgitating what she learns therein at parties and in the middle of dates, exposing a vile expectation that all the world should agree with where her retarded logic takes her. As long as you don't embroil yourself in her occasional tantrums at invisible enemies, and keep the pick-up light and breezy while steering her in different conversational directions whenever you sniff the approach of another feminist tirade carried along by the id winds, you will get the bang. She is, underneath her femcuntery, still a woman, and as such (however much you may need reminding) she will respond viscerally to ancient cues of your mate worthiness, and her vagina will flower in spectacular opposition to the wilting of her mind. You don't want to stay with women like these beyond a few hate smashes, so for shits and giggles I suggest you regale her in the morning with your support of the Second Amendment and the ludicrousness of the equal pay myth. For bonus soul-shivving points, casually muse aloud, after you have sprayed her mug and she's inserted her glazed face into your armpit nook, that 1 in 5 women who are being raped will orgasm during the act.

2. The Partisans

These are the girls who occasionally read feminist blogs (usually when a fat femcunt friend passes along a link) and parrot the benumbing Cathedral crap they hear on TV and read in approved MSM papers. But these soapbox episodes are blessedly infrequent and pass unremarked, unless they manage to corral some dipshit manboob into acting as a sounding board for their cockamamy nonsense on white male privilege and socially constructed beauty standards (Hugs Shyster, Scrotumless Scalzi, I'm looking at you two distilled estrogen pools.) They believe the feminist canon, but live and conduct their dating lives in a decidedly non-feminist fashion. You will rarely, for instance, find a fattie or a mustachioed Marcuntte wannabe amongst this group. At the end of the day, they like being girls, and are all too happy to ignore the inherent contradictions between feminism and their love of shopping for shoes and falling for assholes.

3. The Lemmings

You have to understand that the anti-feminist/pro-rationality message does not get out in America's major cities. There simply isn't an anti-Cathedral reporting or opinion outlet with enough heft to influence more than a tiny fraction of women away from the idiocy that is feminism. This being the case, MOST women in the cities will have spent the better part of their sexually adventurous single girl years steeped in the platitudes of feminism, and they will know nothing else. Combined with women's natural aversion to abstract thinking beyond immediate, selfish

concerns, what you wind up with is a population of lickspittle lemmings who mindlessly nod in agreement every time a talking head exploiting this deficiency in the mental circuitry of half the voting public sonorously intones something about “equal pay for equal work”, or “war on women”. The Lemmings, by far the largest group of women you will likely encounter unless you live in South Dakota, include all types of girls, from club sluts to self-important HR robots to daddy’s princesses to deliriously frantic scenesters. Luckily for your sanity, these girls do not take feminism seriously; not if we measure “seriousness” by the frequency and intensity with which a person holds a belief. They are far more interested in looking hot for you, and gossiping endlessly about relationship drama in their circle of friends. Sure, if you press them “What do you think of free birth control?”, they’ll eagerly approve and perhaps segue into a condemnation of those “rape-y Republicans” and Sandra Fluke’s godliness, but mostly they just go about their lives oblivious to feminism’s charms.

So there you have it. Given that 90% of your city’s women are feminist in name if not in execution, the odds that you will bang out, or currently are banging out, a feminist are pretty good. Most hardcore feminists, whether or not they know it, are fucking men who either pretend to give a shit about their precious ideology, or don’t even bother with the pretense of pretending to give a shit about it. In fact, the majority of men, and an even bigger majority of players, are like me: they find feminism absurd on its face and will dismissively change the subject anytime the girls they are seeing make the mistake of veering into feminist bromide territory. Most girls are sensible and will know when their feminist retardation is turning off the men they like, and will quickly fall in line with the change of subject.

There are exceptions. A few supercharged feminists will eventually wind up with sycophantic manboobs for lovers, and a more perfect pairing I couldn’t imagine.

*I currently live near one of those notable exceptions, and damn straight I’m keeping that info close to the vest.

**Many SWPL cities have geographically extensive ghetto areas, which I don’t consider part of the SWPL, or feminist, world. Ghettoes are like exotic locales that SWPLs like to brag they’ve lived in for six months, when in fact all they did was read about them in the crime section, or pass through them on a bus.

Stop Looking At Girls From Across The Room

CH · 4 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If you don't first rid yourself of bad, beta habits, acquisition of positive, alpha habits will be harder to internalize. One thing I see men do all the time is glance up from whatever they are doing to look at cute chicks across the room in hopes of eliciting reciprocal flirty eyeplay. What usually happens next is… nothing.

Girls are not going to suddenly find you irresistibly attractive because your bedroom eyes keep checking them out. They might be flattered or spooked, but rarely aroused. To spark arousal in women, you have to talk to them, with either your mouth or your body. And that means closing the distance fast.

The main problem with multiplying glances is that it tends to become a fallback zone in which to comfortably escape from making the difficult choice of opening a girl and finding out if she's worth your attention. If you want to go years in between lays, waiting for that one killer glance which will send a girl into your arms, then this "strategy" is for you. But most men prefer their love lives are less insufferably arid.

Refraining from looking around a room multiple times at every girl is a step toward washing the feeble beta from your soul and replacing it with a more powerful alpha frame of mind. You will be tempted, of course, to check out pretty girls. Resist it, and supplant that temptation with another one: to WALK UP to pretty girls and speak to them.

Women Dabbling In False Identities

CH · 4 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It seems the domains of vice that were once predominantly the purview of shady men have found purchase among women. A reader writes:

> I have encountered a few chicks (very smart ones!) who enjoy using fake identities to make friends with men on the Internet and manipulating the information they provide. (I mean actually lying about themselves, revealing false information rather than simply declining to share true information.) I've gotten good at smoking them out and leading them into inconsistencies. They never admit lying even though they're caught dead to rights, and they often try to turn the tables by claiming to be offended at the lack of trust I show by doubting them, before running out of lame excuses and disappearing in embarrassment.
>
> Sometimes, though, there is a genuine spark, which is unfortunate because even if under other circumstances a real relationship could happen, I won't tolerate sock puppets and they won't admit to behaving badly. What's the best way to get these girls to fess up rather than run away?
>
> (A "partners in crime" attitude is one possibility, getting her to tell about her other fake identities and helping her make them more effective, but although that appeared to work great for me once, it backfired because it made me take longer to realize she had told me a completely different set of lies, so I'd rather encourage truthfulness.)

What advantages do women accrue from crafting false identities over the internet?

1. **Fat chicks** can enjoy, for a spell, the attentions of high value men by posing as slender babes. Upside: An hour of ASCII attention beats zero hours of real world attention. Downside: There will be no real-life consummation, unless the fattie is psychotically blind to her revolting condition.

2. **Thrill-seeking and attention-whoring chicks** enjoy an exhilarating rush from the deception. Sometimes a lie is fun for the sake of it. Duping people is a power trip. As anyone who has dated a lot of sexy sirens will tell you, girls LOVE LOVE LOVE to role play. But, unfortunately for them, most men are not very interested in role playing, (real life for the average man offers enough drama as is). So what's a girl to do? Well, she'll take the initiative and fire up a game of one-sided role playing. Upside: More fun than talking about the weather. Downside: She'll tend to attract lunatics who wear dresses made out of skin.

3. **Daddy's Little Abandoned Princesses Syndrome**. D-LAPS girls are drawn to the idea of "starting over" with new identities because it is a psychological balm which helps suppress bitter memories of daddy's unfathomable sayonara (often prompted by mommy's equally unfathomable surprize divorce paper filings). These girls make a great lay because they use sex to extirpate their suppressed rage; just don't expect them to always act in their own best interest.

4. **Femme Fatales**. Ah, the manipulative woman (but I repeat myself). These are the most dangerous breed of female; they lie less to assuage their egos than to separate the swooning man from his money. Or time. Or sanity. You scoff at the notion that any woman would be able to lie you out of your resources, but it happens all the time. To pick one example of the genre, there are plenty of stories of beta males scammed out of thousands of dollars by hot Russians they met online who were probably computer generated algorithms by some hack face deep in a bottle of wuuudka.

Update

Forgot an obvious group!

5. **Married women** with ovulatory cheatin' in their hearts, trying to keep it on the down-low. It's imperative that you identify these women, because you don't want to deal with the blowback from banging a married woman with

an ex-con hubby just released on parole.

If women are embracing the traditional vices of men in greater numbers than ever before, then I take that as evidence that modern Western culture exerts a masculinizing influence on its women, (whether that is genetic, environmental, or both, I leave as an exercise for the reader). When the sexual and psychological polarity of men and women reverses, you can be sure the end of high civilization is near.

So what to do about this blossoming window into the female id? The reader asks:

“What’s the best way to get these girls to fess up rather than run away?”

His suggestion of a “partner in crime” strategy is fine if you want to get to sex quickly with no long-term consideration. Liars are just like trustworthy people in one respect; both want to be with honest people. Letting a woman know you are as much of a liar as her is not the stuff that beeyootiful romances are made of.

Another option, if you’re really interested in brazenly lying women as girlfriend material (and I would have to ask why you would be?) is the non-judgmental rapport building strategy. This is accomplished not by accosting the woman about her lies, but by sympathizing with her motivation for lying.

“You know, I feel you. I get it. It’s exciting to create a new identity and just run with it, and see what it’s like to live like a different person for a little while, to live like someone you secretly wanted to be ever since you were little.”

This empathy ploy will be more effective at coaxing her to open up about her lies, and from there you can dig at the truth. The key is non-judgmentalism and connection; players like to call this an “our world” routine, which draws the woman closer to you by erecting a false antagonism between you and her together against the rest of the world. In the end, though, women who love creating false identities for the purposes of gratifying themselves at the expense of trusting beta males are best left alone, hopefully never to breed so that their kind can be expeditiously cleansed from the gene pool. Luckily, condoms allow you to get your fuck on with them *and* clear your conscience of any anxiety that you may have sired a bastard sociopath in the act. Just don’t let her throw them away for you. Keep your eyes on the used rubber, and see the disposal process through from start to finish. (Not kidding about this last part. I could tell you stories.)

Powerful Nonverbal Openers

CH · 7 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In this post, we discussed the problem of men forfeiting a big chunk their sexual market currency by repeatedly glancing around a room at every girl, hoping for reciprocal eye play, but ultimately never approaching. The SMV damage comes from two insults: One, girls are turned off by men who retreat to the safe harbor of long distance probing eye contact; two, men will experience a subtle but sure erosion of their self-confidence from abjuring action for passivity. Reader Days of Broken Arrows puts it nicely:

> Looking also doesn't work because action turns women on, not inaction. This is something they don't teach in school and I don't see it much in the manosphere either. I keep saying this, but I'll repeat it. Even though they tell us we're "equal," men built everything you now own or work with (or in). Women's job, biologically speaking, is to give birth. Men's is to build society. We get turned on by things we notice about them that relate to giving birth (hips, breasts) they get turned on by knowing how we'll help build the world.
>
> As with any rules, there are exceptions. But my point is that having the balls to walk up to a women like you own the fucking room and deserve her time is half the battle. It's a metaphor for why she'll be attracted to you. Men who sit and stare are margin dwellers, not doers.

What kind of man just up and WALKS into a woman's personal space to meet her when he hasn't been green-lighted by hours of mutually parried eye contact? Answer: An attractive man. Chicks dig the insouciant, entitled man, despite any protestations to the contrary you may hear from the rape culture crowd.

Now, none of this is to say that pre-approach, long distance "openers" can't work, or shouldn't be tried. Not only can they work, but if done correctly, the nonverbal opener from a distance is powerfully alluring to women. For example, reader dannyfrom504 writes,

> what's worked for me (and i'm not a great looking guy) is to make eye contact and to stick my tongue out at her like we were in grade school. if i get a laugh or smile, i approach and ask her name.

Picture the scenario. You spot a cute girl, and look at her for a few tantalizing seconds, waiting for her to look up and return your death stare. Then, she raises her head and meets your eye. But instead of reacting the usual way most men do — quickly averting your shy gaze back down to your book which you aren't reading — you stick your tongue out at her. For maximum funniness, you do this with a deadpan expression. Caught off-guard by this perfect demonstration of cocky male assurance, she will smile and laugh. How do I know she will smile and laugh? Because it is nearly impossible not to smile and laugh when confronted by such a strange and endearing child-like violation of social norms. You did not act like the millions of betas act, who perch in the corners of her world like potted plants. You acted like a man she is now suddenly interested in meeting. This nonverbal opener has greased the skids for a smooth follow-up approach opener.

Here's another nonverbal opener from reader Cream:

> this [sticking tongue out] is basically what I do except that I wave comically.

When a girl meets your eye, can you imagine waving your arms at her frantically, as if you were trying to flag her down from the side of the road? Or waving happily like you're a kid who just spotted Santa Claus in the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade? No? You say you can only see yourself looking away shyly, and looking back at her ten minutes later, praying she'll toss you an absolutely unmistakeable signal of interest? That is why you fail.

Now here's a nonverbal opener I like to do in low-key venues filled with obstacles that make instant, direct verbal approaches more problematic. If a girl meets my gaze, I'll theatrically rub my chin, tilt my head and furrow my

brow as if I'm assessing her for facial imperfections. Then I'll drop my hand a bit from my chin, raise my eyebrows, squint, and nod slowly while doing that Robert DeNiro half-frown, half-smirk of sudden comprehension, as if I have realized she's cute enough for further consideration. Sometimes, this charade elicits a blank stare, or even a sourpuss. But most of the time, the girl reacts positively, occasionally bordering on gleeful surprise. And if I have got a girl to smile from across the room, that just makes the approach shortly to follow that much easier to execute.

Does all this sound gay to you? Ok, Stoic Alpha Male Lumberjack, it's way gay for you. But guess which man she'll be thinking about the rest of the week? That's right, the guy who stuck his tongue out at her.

If you aren't embedding yourself in girls' minds, you aren't seducing them at all.

I understand that these sorts of expressive, perhaps histrionic, nonverbal openers require a certain thespian facility with manipulating one's face and body, and a certain level of comfort with making a spectacle of oneself in potentially crowded arenas, and that many men, especially the shoe-gazing introverts, will find such contortions and stagecraft beyond their ken. If you are the sort who finds the idea of performance art intolerable, then there are other avenues for you to unleash your inner flirt. But for more extroverted or experimental men, the nonverbal "pre-opener" is like the cluster bomb of shock pulsing girls out of their tawdry, affected ennui. And you know what else? It's fun to do!

Naturally, your acting chops will go to waste if you don't capitalize on her freshly inspired feelings of warmth and good will toward you. You'll need to do that follow-up, and you'll need to have something to say. Reader immoralgables offers a suggestion for a cocky verbal opener that can be congruently squeezed into a whole slew of contexts:

> A few weeks ago me and my good friend were sarging in the West Village. Him and I were chatting and plotting our next move when i noticed this one HB8 glancing at me for half a second.
>
> I immediately dropped the convo with my wing and without hesitation went to the Hb8 and told her to stop treating me like a piece of meat and that I have feelings too, etc.
>
> It was the first time I didn't even think about approaching a hot girl; I just did it because I was opening girls all night so I didn't care by that point. The reaction I got from her was awesome. She did not expect me to initiate like that and so directly.
>
> I of course fucked up shortly thereafter but for those few minutes I knew exactly what Heartiste is talking about.

There is nothing inherently anti-game or beta about visually scanning a room to check out which girls meet your exacting standards. The problem comes when you abuse the safe effortlessness of the visual scan, and rely on it to the exclusion of more active real world interactions with women to forge an active fantasy world. This is why I suggest you get out of the habit of "checking girls out", and get into the habit of speaking (or charming) girls up.

Declining Intimacy Vs Declining Attraction

CH · 8 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

An anonymous reader asks:

> Le Cheatau in an LTR, what are the signs of a lack of rapport vs a lack of attraction?

Declining rapport can occur while the attraction remains strong, but declining attraction rarely occurs while rapport remains strong. To put it another way, within the context of a relationship, and particularly from the woman's vantage point, rapport cannot exist without attraction, but attraction can exist without rapport.

(Note that declining rapport can be a function of either the man's or the woman's withdrawal, and that the originator matters for the course of action necessary to remedy it.)

When a woman is VERY attracted to her boyfriend, it will seem to her as if there is never enough rapport between them. If rapport DOES start to decline, she will paradoxically feel MORE attracted to him. This is her biology's way of channeling her emotions toward the pursuit of bringing him "back into the fold". (Double entendre intended.)

If a woman is losing attraction for her boyfriend (these things happen all the time), she will also lose her desire to maintain rapport with him. When a woman has stopped making efforts at rapport, there is nothing a man can do to reinitiate rapport except through reestablishing his attractiveness to her. The attraction MUST PRECEDE the rapport. Any supplicating efforts to "force rapport" will only result in her losing more attraction for him, and the cycle becomes a negative feedback loop ending in house celibacy (for him, only).

Men think intimacy means physical closeness garnished with pillow talk, but women have a different frame of reference. Intimacy to women means pillow talk garnished with physical closeness. (A general rule that breaks down at the margins, or during the ovulatory window in a woman's monthly fertility cycle.) Rapport is intimacy in woman-world, so when rapport declines (as measured by frequency, intensity, or both) women start to fret about the stability of their relationships. Men don't notice as much when rapport declines, as long as the sex is still on tap; to men, less chit chat in the bedroom is a sign of progress. But the reality is that less chit chat usually follows less sex, as most women are incapable of experiencing a closing off of the one without a closing off of the other.

The take-home message for men is that a woman's declining attraction is more crucial to guard against than is her declining rapport. Low levels of rapport can be quickly mitigated. Just talk to her more, and show a soft side. But lowered levels of attraction cannot be fixed by more rapport, a "solution" so reflexively beloved by cloying betabots that will only make the problem worse. For that, you need to amp the alpha, and re-certify your worth as a challenging man with options.

From an aerial perspective, female lack of rapport is synonymous with female lack of attraction. So when you, as a man, are looking for signs of declining rapport in your girlfriend, you are essentially looking also for signs of declining attraction. But the two deleterious female LTR states have some differences worth highlighting. This is especially true in relationships where the woman reluctantly feels a growing realization that her boyfriend, whom she nevertheless loves very much, will not be there for her over the long term, and doesn't share her goals.

The signs you should watch for include:

Lack of Rapport

She's stopped asking you questions. (Women in love question everything, all the time. They are never fully reassured, and their hamsters like it that way.)

She still fucks you, but doesn't want to cuddle afterwards.

She's stopped sharing details of her day.

She tentatively broaches topics, as if she's afraid you won't reciprocate and she has to test the waters first.

She's stopped nagging you entirely, or she's begun nagging you way too much. (There is a minimal amount of nagging in a healthy LTR. Too little, she's lost interest in fixing your idiosyncrasies; too much, she's lost the ability or will to connect with you emotionally and behave like a girl who values your desires as a man.)

She's dropped you as a sounding board in favor of her male eunuch orbiters, female friends, and best gay boyfriends.

She's stopped discussing future plans with you, preferring instead to chat about trivialities and laugh away her unease.

She perfunctorily agrees with everything you declare because she's no longer motivated to "hash it out" or "understand each other".

In contrast to the above, everything she declares seems crafted to be maximally antagonistic to your beliefs and values.

She punctuates every other conversation with a variant of these: "We just don't see eye to eye anymore" and "You don't get me like you used to".

You decide to talk about your relationship, and she eagerly extends it to a five hour marathon discussion.

She is unusually silent during long moments of physical closeness.

She cries a lot for no particular reason.

Lack of Attraction

She's stopped having sex with you. (A woman can feel an erosion of attraction before she stops fucking you, but the time between her heart shutting down and her vagina shutting down is typically very short.)

She's begun flirting more with waiters, bartenders and guy friends when you go out together.

She negs you, except that her negs are more backhanded than complimentary, and not meant to put you in the mood.

She scoffs at your idle musings.

She'll take any excuse to denigrate you.

She looks bored. Especially when you talk.

She winces when you touch her.

She no longer initiates any physical contact. You must do all the work, and it feels like more work than ever.

She's begun showering her cat with an excessive amount of sloppy affection, while you sit on the sofa wondering if you need to purr and poop in a box to get her to love you like that.

Remember when she used to punch you affectionately? Now she punches you for real.

You try to talk about your relationship, and she hastily changes the subject.

You buy her a gift. She looks at you with pity in her eyes.

She found your browser porn history. She doesn't care.

You start to feel like the woman in the relationship. Even worse: she's started to feel like the man.

*****

As you can see, there's a lot of overlap and similarity between a woman's declining rapport and her declining attraction. The most obvious distinction is the providing or withholding of sex by her. So, really, if you want a shortcut for determining the health of your LTR, just pay attention to how often and how vigorously she puts out. You won't be led astray feeling for the tingle of the Telltale Twat.

Troll Comment Of The Week

CH · 8 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

shive1008 hams it up:

> Approaching women is a Demonstration of Lower Value. It basically says, “I know you wouldn’t give a shit about me otherwise, so I’m going to have to force you to pay attention to me.” Keep at it chumps.

The man-hating troll will deny the laws of physics if it helps it concoct a fantasy universe where no action a man does redounds to his favor, save those actions that are done for the explicit advantage of feminist crones. This is how the man-hating troll is able to rationalize that approaching women — an act of resolve and daring that most men are incapable of mustering on their own — is a sign of self-doubt instead of the sign of confidence that is so obvious to anyone not clinically insane with impotent rage.

This is why there is no point logically reasoning with a man-hating troll. What purchase can be made in the warped mind of a void entity which announces, with or without conviction, that a man hitting on a woman qualifies as coercion and an admission of insecurity? It is as if the void entity has entered a parallel plane of existence where confident and assertive men sit on their thumbs patiently waiting for women to offer them sex, and enormous hamsters gobble galaxies whole. It’s best simply to viciously mock the man-haters, and showcase their everlasting torment as an example for the others.

Beta Of The Month: When You Can't Hide It

CH · 9 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

You've got to have a strong stomach to make it through this edition of BOTM. This segment will hit a lot of buttons, as well it should. In a Slate "Dear Prudence" mailbag, a woman writes for advice from Prudie (Emily Yoffe) on how to break the news of her cheating whoreishness to her kids and neighbors.

> **Q. Where Do I Tell My Son His Sister Came From?:** A few years ago I cheated on my husband, got pregnant, and decided to keep the child. Because my husband and I had a 2-year-old son together we decided that we could keep our marriage together for his sake. The thing that really complicates things is that my husband, son, and I are white, while my lover was black, and so my daughter is mixed race. Naturally my son has begun questioning why his sister looks so different from the rest of us, and my mother-in-law took it upon herself to tell him she was adopted. I'm at a loss for what to do. For now my husband has told MIL that the topic is verboten, but we haven't decided if we should correct her error. Until now I've been happy to just let people assume what they want about where my children's origins are, but now that a story is getting around, I'm not sure what to say or how to handle it.

We're a long ways from Normal Rockwell's America.

As I'm sure you've noticed, the husband ~~surrendered to his wife's crazy-eyed demands~~ ~~shrunk from risking the certainty of a divorce industrial complex ass-ramming~~ politely discussed and agreed with his wife to keep the marriage going "for the sake of the children".

Gotta love those children — the perfect leverage for whores and the state to use against wronged men.

Femcunt: "How can you POSSIBLY think of leaving your wife and hurting your children just because she had an unfortunate and fleeting five-year dalliance with an underprivileged but incredibly confident and masculine black man who also happens to be a doctor?"

Beta Herb: "But, I thought single moms are a light unto the world, and their children are successful in every way?"

Femcunt: "Oh, that's rich. Using white male logic on me. Check your privilege, herbling!"

Beta Herb: "I'm so sorry. Please don't yell at me. I'm a nice guy."

Femcunt: "Nice guys are really jerks! You would know that if you weren't such a jerk."

Beta Herb: "Should I just off myself?"

Femcunt: "There's an idea."

Please, did you expect a feminist to comprehend dual mate strategy? Or to dabble in rationality?

Is this hubby a beta for staying with his wife when it's so obvious to anyone with eyes that the mocha child in tow is living proof the whore wife cuckolded him in the arms of a five-point buck? Yes, he is. There's simply no way a man can retain the heft of his balls — whatever he's carrying — or any shred of honor, sticking by the side of an unfaithful wife who so ostentatiously gelded him, a mixed-race living reminder of his emasculation total yapping at his heels. There are just some indignities a man should not ever tolerate, especially when alternatives exist, such as beating a middle-of-the-night escape to another country to avoid punitive extractive alimony and child-support payments.

But the ideal course of action for the grievously insulted beta provider hubby presumes a somewhat sane world envelops him, and will consider his case fairly. Unfortunately, thanks to the relentless moronic march of feminists and equalist filth, and their lethal infection of the media/entertainment/academia/bureacracy complexes which constitute the juggernaut known as the Western Cathedral, we are far from living in a sane world. Instead of

receiving recompense from his ex-wife for cuckolding him, and full custody of his one biological child, plus the sympathy and support of his community and the state, he would likely receive for his trouble of separating himself from the bitch who metaphorically shit in his face an extorted, back-breaking retirement plan paid in full to her, plus two days per month visitation rights. And prison rape for any failure to comply with his dispossession.

Given this morbid reality, how fitting is it for us to label such a man a hopeless beta? Isn't he just as much a victim of his circumstance and the world which is cruelly indifferent to him as he is of his own weak character? I'm loathe to come down too hard on this guy, who probably decided it was better to minimize the fallout from a really shitty situation than to seek the justice that was rightfully his from the insult of his wife's awesome betrayal.

However, in the final analysis, he earns his BOTM nomination. The reason why is found in the wife's decision to keep the bastard. She would not have entertained keeping the mixed-race issue if she had a modicum of respect for her husband. Instead, it is likely he is a beta male in his heart whom she despised, and that made the decision easy for her. What use is appeasing a husband you hardly respect, let alone desire or admire? Why care for the soul-ripping consequences your detestable actions will have on a husband who no longer, if he ever did, inspires your adherence to a moral calculus via the encouragement of wonderful twat tingles? She wanted this kid born, wanted this gaudy tri-hued mockery of her marriage to shoot out of her festering womb, because it was the kid of another man. A better man.

The hubby chump doesn't even have the luxury of hiding his shame behind ego sparing lies. A white kid could plausibly be passed off as his. But a pint-sized frappuccino is a glossy mag ad situating his disgrace front and center for the entertainment of the studio audience of his life.

And every day, every goddamned minute of every day, this pitiful lackey, chained by law and habit and feebleness to the golem of his wife's black soul, will suffer his humiliation anew. There will be no escape from the breaking wheel that cracks the bones and tears the sinew of his self-worth. No refuge from the material proof of his wife's love for another man. No competing nightmare visceral enough to block out the constantly birthing image of his wife's cunt stretching and ululating for another man's dick, and her womb happily germinating the prize of another man's seed. A prize made all the more demeaning by the context of the times, where an abortion clinic to solve untidy problems like this one exist on every street corner, and condoms are handed out like candy. This woman made her choice WHEN SO MANY OTHER CHOICES WERE READILY AVAILABLE that would have partly bandaged the immortal wound she knifed into her husband's pride.

His world is the world of slaves. A spiked heel kicking in his nuts, forever.

What can be salvaged from this woeful cataclysm? Oh yes, there is something.

A word about *the children*. Sometimes, the children must suffer to right a horrible wrong. To rectify an impossible evil. And the world must make it known who, in actuality, is the cause of their suffering. Every day, the children must know it was Mommy, not Daddy, who royally fucked their lives.

For shits and giggles, I'll post Emily Yoffe's reply:

> **A:** Despite continuing weekly evidence to the contrary, I will continue to believe that the vast majority of men who think they are the biological fathers of their children really did provide the sperm. If you get impregnated by a lover of another race, what you say to your children about this is something that needed to be discussed openly with your husband, preferably before the baby was born. Making the utterly obvious verboten is not a good strategy for anyone. I think what you need for your immediate family is a dose of the truth. But, for your children, it needs to be age appropriate. Since your daughter was born a few years ago, your son is old enough to know the basics of reproduction. He needs to be told that his sister has the same mother, but a different biological father. However, what's really important is that both he and his sister are being raised by the same daddy. You can tell him families are made all sorts of ways, and yours is just a little bit special. If your son—and eventually your daughter—want to know why this is the case, it's fair to tell them that it's a

> complicated story, and they will probably understand it more when they're older. Say they can talk about this subject any time, but if they can wait, you and their dad can fill in more details as they grow up. For outsiders, you don't need to explain anything. You can just say you are blessed with two beautiful children. And your husband needs to tell his mother to stop telling the kids something that's simply wrong.

She evinces a glimmer of sympathy for the husband, but of course her advice, such as it is, amounts to the usual pro forma feminist crap: suck it up, herbische kopf, for the good of the children.

(The only person who comes out seeming halfway decent is the mother-in-law — the husband's mother — who wants to protect her son from shame by passing off his daughter as an adoptee. Can you blame her for this honorable lie? She acted with good intentions, even if her solution is unworkable in the long run.)

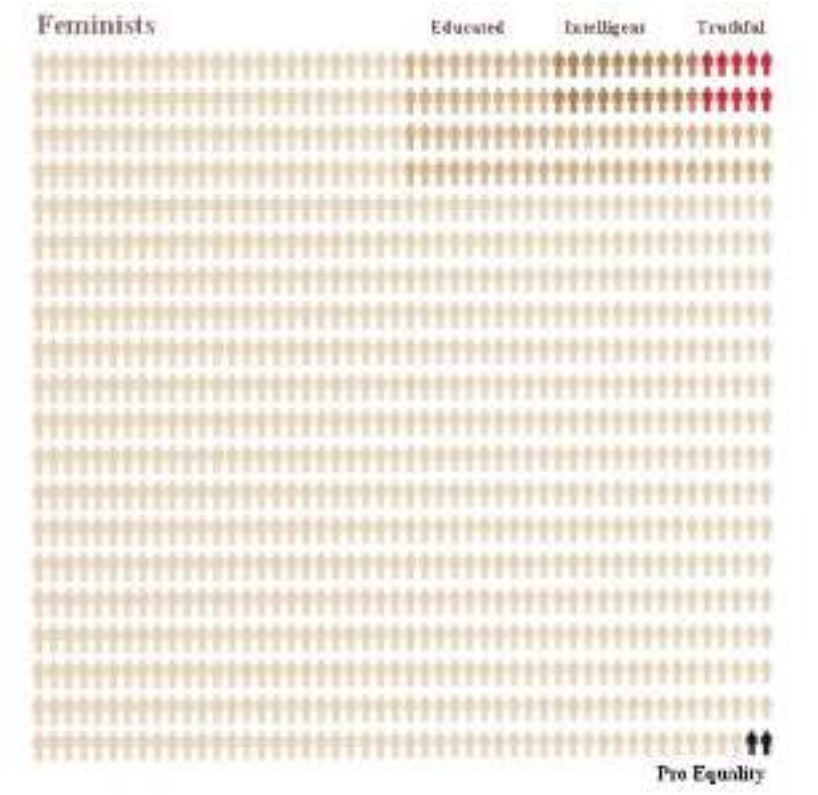
My advice to him would be: get the hell out of Dodge. And don't look back, and never let her get her paws on one red cent of your bounty or one precious second of your time. Find yourself a better woman in another country. My alternate advice, if American law weren't so egregiously stacked against men's interests, would be to march into court, DNA paternity test results in hand, and punish her with the same everlasting torment she has bestowed him. Grab custody of the one kid that is yours, and send the ex-wife and her love child packing for the icy wastelands, where aging single moms with complicated spawnage have about as much success in the dating market as obese, neckbearded furries. If she winds up killing herself, or her kid graduates to juvie as a glue sniffer, all the better.

Too much? No. Cuckoldry — knowing cuckoldry, at that — is the greatest betrayal. The most horrible metadeath. It is the gleeful sham of a scheming Satan. The cosmic shiv driven deep into the chewy center of the soul. The ur-lie. The King Of All Lies. The one lie to rule them all.

There is only one other lie that comes close to the terrible power of the cuckold's deception, and that is the fraternal betrayal of a solider against his buddy in the trenches. But that awful betrayal, bad as it is, at least does not rub salt in the wound for eighteen excruciating years.

The Funniest Graph You'll See Today

CH · 9 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original



And a more truthful graph than the one you'll find here.

A rascally reader adds: "They forgot to color a single arm for cute."

ps Hi Jizzeblobs!

pps Attribution of this graph uncertain, but I think it comes from A Voice for Men.

What Kind Of Woman Cuckolds A Man?

CH · 10 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Following hot on the crooked heels of yesterday's BOTM nomination, a new study is out which gives support to the conventional wisdom that skanks, fugs and other assorted low value women are the ones most likely to employ the cuckold strategy (or, looking at it from a different angle, the ones least likely to be concerned with the consequences of impulsively cuckolding their boyfriends or husbands).

> Menstrual Cycle Changes in Mate Preferences for Cues Associated with Genetic Quality: The Moderating Role of Mate Value
>
> **Abstract:** The purpose of the study was to explore the influence of mate value and fertility status on women's implicit and explicit preferences for male traits associated with genetic quality. It was hypothesized that a woman low in mate value would experience greater fluctuation across her menstrual cycle in her preferences for characteristics associated with genetic quality than a woman high in mate value. Specifically, a low mate value woman during the non-fertile part of the cycle would experience a reduction in a desire for traits associated with health and reproductive success. To test the hypothesis, the college age female participants completed two measures of mate value and a self-report measure designed to gauge fertility status. Then the participants performed an Implicit Associations Test (IAT) designed to measure implicit associations with a male trait related to genetic quality and a questionnaire designed to measure their explicit responses to the same trait. As predicted, mate value moderated the relationship between fertility status and implicit preferences. […]
>
> Inherent in Gangestad and his colleague's reasoning about cyclic changes in [female] mate preferences is the proposition that the mixed mating [cuckold] strategy would be most adaptive for women who are unable to obtain mates that are high in both genetic quality and resources. Women who can attract both high genetic quality and resource rich males for long-term relationship have less need to acquire high quality genetic material through short-term mating. For this type of woman, the costs incurred from infidelity are less likely to outweigh the genetic benefits. An individual difference that is likely to play a pivotal role in woman's ability to attract high quality mates is mate value (Fisher, Cox, Bennett, and Garvik, 2008). Although there are a variety of different definitions of mate value, most conceptualizations suggest that mate value is determined by observable characteristics that indicate the persons quality as a sexual partner (Kirsner, Figueredo, and Jacobs, 2003) and ability to increase the reproductive success of mates (Sugiyama, 2005; Waynforth, 2001). Not surprisingly, research has already demonstrated that a woman's mate value influences many male behaviors and emotions, e.g., mate retention behaviors (Jones, Figueredo, Dickey, and Jacobs, 2007; Miner, Starratt, and Shackelford, 2009) and jealousy (Phillips, 2010). Further, numerous studies have found a woman's perceived attractiveness influences her mate preferences (e.g., Feinberg et al., 2012; Little and Mannion, 2006; Penton-Voak et al., 2003; Vokovic et al., 2008).
>
> It seems very probable that women who are low in mate value will have more difficulty in attracting long-term mates that possess both genetic quality and resources than women high in mate value. Hence, for low mate value females it may be adaptive to pursue a mixed strategy forming long-term relationships with lower genetic quality males and pursuing high genetic quality males for extra pair couplings. For these women, this is the best way to obtain the benefits of a long-term relationship and obtain high quality genetic material.

This is yet another study which validates scores of maxims propounded over the years by the Chateau for your reading pleasure. It's almost as if being a layman simply observing how the world works with open eyes is as precise a method for discovering universal and lasting truths as being a credentialed scientist with a lab full of hardware drily measuring every jot and tittle of human interaction!

The study is very interesting in the details, both for what it reveals and for the inherent limitations it must work

around, and I suggest you read all of it. Using a combination of explicit self-reporting and implicit association measures of attractiveness of stimuli (how desirable the men were to the women) and self-attractiveness (how desirable the women consciously and subconsciously thought themselves), the researchers confirmed their hypothesis that low mate value women — ugly, fat, crass, skanky hobags, or 3/4ths of American womanhood, in other words — are more likely to feel a desire to cheat on their beta male partners during their window of ovulation to acquire higher value male seed on the sly. Higher quality women — the cute babes PUAs target — are less likely to cheat or to feel a desire to cheat on their partners because they are the kinds of women who get what they want in a man, and are therefore more fulfilled with their romantic relationships.

(If you're the type of person who enjoys aesthetic ornamentation on your dose of ugly truths, it helps to read this stuff while imagining a bulbous, half cyborg Cacodemon God of Biomechanics enthroned in the void firmament belching lube and smoke from his clanking flesh gears, cruelly laughing from his cosmic perch at his insignificant experimental human subjects toiling on earth below.)

As mentioned above, the study had to deal with some limitations present in the subject matter; specifically, the reliability of (explicit) self-reporting for measuring self-attractiveness, and the general reliability of implicit association tests. (Note that implicit association tests have been used to claim that white people are innately racist, conveniently forgetting the social context within which whites form their implicit associations, and the mitigating variables which influence them.)

On the first limitation, although women may be prone to overestimate their own attractiveness, it seems safe to conclude that such overestimation, because it presumably occurs in all test subjects, would still provide useful information on the relative rankings of all the women in the study. But that is of course open to debate. For instance, hotter women may be less apt to over-rate their looks, and may even downgrade them a bit to make uglier women feel better about themselves. (There are those people, too, who would assert that female beauty is subjective and thus unable to be accurately assessed, by either an observer or the subject. But those people are stupid.)

On the second limitation, although Implicit Association Tests are regarded as being less susceptible to "social desirability distortion" (i.e., peer pressure and social expectation to answer correctly), a problem arises that implicit feelings can vary based on hormonally-influenced or otherwise-influenced fluctuations in self-perception. Nonetheless, implicit association appears to be more trustworthy than explicit self-reporting, at least as regards the measuring of sexual desirability and sexual preference. As stated in the paper:

> Contrary to the expectations, the study did not find the moderating effect of mate value when explicit responses were measured. Both high and low mate-value women expressed an explicit preference for muscular arms.
>
> Why did mate value act as a moderator with implicit preferences but not with explicit preferences? One possibility is that the processes involved were operating without conscious awareness, limiting the participants' ability to explicitly state preferences. Remember that an explicit preference is a positive or negative evaluation that is retrievable from memory and directs behavior. Whereas an implicit attitude is the product of positive or negative associations with an object (muscles) that can no longer actively be retrieved from memory. This explanation is consistent with the notion that many evolved processes operate passively without deliberate thought (Cosmides and Tooby, 1995; Tooby and Cosmides, 1989). Yet it is puzzling why participants would be able to explicitly state preferences influenced by the menstrual cycle but not by mate value. Another possibility for the divergence between implicit and explicit responses is that the participants' were giving socially desirable explicit responses. The women may have believed that expressing positive attitudes towards the muscles was the expected or correct response, i.e., normal women should like muscles. Consequently, both the low and high mate value women gave positive explicit ratings of the muscular arms. On the other hand, the Implicit Association Test used to measure the women's implicit preferences was able to detect the moderating role of mate value because the Implicit Association Test is less susceptible to this type of social desirability distortion (see Cvencek, Greenwald, Brown, Snowden, and Gray [2010] and Steffens [2004] for a discussion of

> Implicit Association Test's resistance to response distortion).

Chateau Heartiste has been at the forefront inculcating the masses with some very valuable knowledge, primary among the oeuvre that men should never listen to what women say; instead they should watch what women do in order to learn what women really want in men. And this study, with its findings that there exists a discrepancy between what women explicitly self-report and what they implicitly feel, is another vindication of that hallowed CH principle. Recall that a woman's brain has no fucking clue what her vagina is up to. Or, more precisely, women's frontal lobes are not consciously aware of what their vaginas are feeling. For that, you must peer into their ids.

The sexual market works this way: on a subconscious level. In fact, it MUST work this way. It must, because it is the medium for the barter and trade of genetic material, the tiny, invisible Chief of Operations which is the ultimate beneficiary of all human motivation and goal-directed behavior. Dispiriting, sadistic, conscious awareness of the workings of the sexual market adds a level of unnecessary complexity that would not have been favored by natural or sexual selection.

So now you know… the *rest* of the story.

Moral of the study: Don't marry a low value woman!

Better yet, don't even bang a low value woman. If she gets pregnant and is unable to dupe her beta provider to stay with her and raise your illegitimate hellion, she may hit you with a paternity claim. But why would you bang low value women in the first place? If you're that desperate or lacking in taste, porn is a more satisfying pressure release valve.

PS The study results show that high value women — aka hotter women — are not as subconsciously attracted as uglier women are, during the ovulation stage of their cycles, to bigger muscles in men. So if you are a womanizer who prefers the company of truly exquisite ladies, you don't have to swole out to achieve your dreams. But if you like your broads a little slutty and road-worn, hit the gym hard. Probably explains why I see so many meatheads dating harsh-looking gym rats on the fast track to cougarville.

PPS This doesn't mean muscularity, all else equal, won't help you with the ladies. It just means that it's one input among many which trigger female attraction modules, and it's not as vital an input for attracting better looking, more feminine women as it is for banging out the substandard whores of pathetic cuckolds on the make for a fly-by-night injection of cad cream. Personally, I love the post-lift feeling I get, so I take some pleasure in knowing that I can exploit the flirty attentions of skanks to inspire jealousy, and improved sexual performance, in my sweeter lovers.

PPPS One other thing I would point out is that low mate value and IQ likely correlate. A beautiful woman is likelier to be smarter, and hence more conscientious and less impulsive (all these positive, K-selected personality traits correlate with IQ) than an ugly woman. So perhaps another unidentified operational factor that this study has uncovered is the notion that smarter girls grasp the negative consequences of cuckoldry better than do dumber girls, and are therefore better at resisting their temptations.

PPPPS You might also title this study "Ugly Chicks Must Settle for Beta Males, and That Makes Them Sad and Unfaithful". Isn't love grand!

Hotter Women Equals Better Sex: Science Weighs In

CH · 11 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Nestled warmly in the Chateau archives, a House Lord wrote that hotter women means better sex for men. A chart was included to drive home the point:

> In the interest of science, I've put my beauty-to-cumload comparison in a handy chart:
>
> | hotness of woman | size of load | squirt distance |
> |---|---|---|
> | 0 | * | * |
> | 1 | * | * |
> | 2 | * | * |
> | 3 | pre-cum only | needed squeezing out |
> | 4 | droplet | dribble |
> | 5 | <5 grams | 2 cm |
> | 6 | fills bellybutton | 3 inches |
> | 7 | 1 tbsp | 8 inches |
> | 8 | 2 tbsps | 1.5 feet |
> | 9 | 1/4 cup | 3 feet |
> | 10 | gallon** | 5 yards** |
>
> *insufficient data
> **extrapolation

Oh, did the feminists and their hairyrimlickers howl with pained indignation upon reading such a brutally honest account of the mechanics of male sexual desire! The satisfaction of beholding the raw, bleeding ids on display must have been, in a word, *delicious*.

Still, there were those who lived in cellar permahovels who could argue that, despite a mountainous accumulation of real world anecdotal evidence, science hadn't (yet) come around to proving one way or the other that men experienced improved sexual pleasure from banging hotter women. Socially calibrated readers were forced to take their own personal experiences at face value.

Until now. In what is sure to slice clean the last dangly sinew of the reject brigade's frayed ego, a recent scientific study has appeared which proves, AGAIN, another CH truth.

> **Slimmer Women's Waist is Associated with Better Erectile Function in Men Independent of Age.**
>
> Previous research has indicated that men generally rate slimmer women as more sexually attractive, consistent with the increased morbidity risks associated with even mild abdominal adiposity. To assess the association of women's waist size with a more tangible measure of perceived sexual attractiveness (as well as reward value for both sexes), we examined the association of women's age and waist circumference with an index of men's erectile function (IIEF-5 scores), frequency of penile-vaginal intercourse (PVI), and sexual satisfaction in a representative sample of Czechs (699 men and 715 women) aged 35-65 years. Multivariate analyses indicated that better erectile function scores were independently associated with younger age of self and partner and women's slimmer waist. PVI frequency was independently associated with women's younger age and women's slimmer waist. Sexual satisfaction was independently associated with men's younger age and slimmer waist for both sexes. Better erectile function, greater PVI frequency, and greater sexual satisfaction were associated with women's slimmer waist, independently of both sexes' ages. Possible reasons for the waist effects were discussed, including women's abdominal body fat decreasing their own desire through neurohormonal mechanisms and decreasing their partner's desire through evolutionarily-related decreased sexual attractiveness.

I think the abstract speaks for itself. However, for the benefit of the short bussers: The men in the study got harder, stronger, bigger boners with the physically better-looking women. The men also had more frequent sex when they were having it with younger, hotter, tighter women. And finally, the men reported more sexual satisfaction when their sexual partners were hotter, thinner women with sexy hourglass shapes.

Young, slender, hot babes are nature's Viagra, capable of inflating even an old man's wrinkled wurst to heights of former glory.

I mean, does it get any more devastating than this for the lying liars who freebase pretty lies? The boner doesn't lie. The boner cannot be fooled. The boner will not suffer sophists gladly. The boner is the irrefutable, unavoidable, irreconcilable, incontestable, ecumenical truth that jabs insouciantly into the clouded eyes of the pitiable self-deceivers. It is the warrior's pole that rises over the horizon holding aloft the banner of savage, steel-forged reality.

The sheer volume of scientific studies confirming or otherwise presenting substantial evidence for Chateau Heartiste tenets and assertions about female sexual nature, game, and the functioning of the modern dating market is what could be called an "embarrassment of riches". But I carry my burden with stoic resolve, to preen another day.

Chicks Have Been Digging Jerks For A Long Time

CH · 11 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Zombie Shane (ha!) writes:

> *IN THE COMMENTS, leave samples and excerpts from the GREAT BOOKZ which teach game!!*
>
> From the Cads -vs- Dads point of view, Jane Austen tried to warn her womynz about jerks like **John Willoughby** and **George Wickham**.

Yes, the classics are filled with examples of chicklove for badboys, and warnings to avoid falling under their spells. What's interesting about this is that wiser women wouldn't have to warn the sisterhood about jerks if women weren't already naturally attracted to jerks. I mean, you don't see women warning other women to avoid exhilarating romantic entanglements with boringly reliable beta males. Women do that all on their own. This is elementary logic that escapes the walnut-sized brains of feminists and manboobs.

On the flip side, in contrast to the jerk avoidance warnings, what you see are older women advising younger women to seriously consider the invisible charms of stable betaboys. Apparently, women have to be coaxed and cajoled to understand and appreciate the intangible benefits of dating betas who will treat them with respect and kindness.

No One Is Entitled To Commitment

CH · 14 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

No One is Entitled to Commitment: Why We Should Mock the Great Girls of OkCupid

“I don’t really have a lot of sincere girl friends, nor boyfriends. Most men say I am great, but then don’t call back.”

Those are the words of a solemn, Skrillex-sporting young chick in her dating profile, a profile that recently became the first post of 2013 on Great Girls of OkCupid. GGOKC, Kerry Id-Baker wrote, serves up ”a roster of self-proclaimed ‘great girls’ who are actually total sluts;” in quotes culled from each woman’s profile there are familiar laments about being “too intimidating,” getting stuck in the “fuckbuddyzone.” There are also expressions of sheer rage and man-hating threats of violence: “all I want you to do is Lorena Bobbitt yourself, so you know what it’s like to live without penis privilege.”

Great Girls of OkCupid is a “dispiriting catalogue of desperation and man-hating entitlement,” writes Larry Penii for the New Statesman. Pathetic and infuriating in turns, the profiles selected for inclusion elicit gasps and manly chortles – and they raise questions as well. Is it right to mock these aggrieved and clueless young women, particularly the ones who seem less enraged than sad and bewildered at their utter lack of committed romantic success?

“This is the ugly bullying of those who already feel like losers,” says Arnie Fagg, a columnist for the Guardian who writes frequently about femininity. “It’s immoral to place them in the 21st Century equivalent of the medieval stocks to be mocked, abused and humiliated.” In an email, Fagg suggested that GGOKC could be “potentially dangerous,” driving those who are at a “low ebb emotionally” over an edge, from where mainstream feminists like Amanda Marcotte and Hugo Shyster have already leapt.

Without entirely dismissing Fagg’s concern that some young women’s rage or despair could be worsened as a result of GGOKC, there’s a lot more to the site than mockery. What’s on offer isn’t just an opportunity to snort derisively at the lovelorn malcontent; it’s a chance to talk about the very real problem of female romantic entitlement. The great unifying theme of the curated profiles is indignation. These are young women who were told that if they were great, then, as Larry Penii puts it, they feel that men “must be obliged to commit to them.” The subtext of virtually all of their profiles, the mournful and the bilious alike, is that these young women feel cheated and used. Raised to believe in a perverse social/sexual contract that promised access to men’s resources and long-term commitment in exchange for rote expressions of sexuality, these girls have at least begun to learn that there is no Magic Romance Fairy. And while they’re still hopeful enough to put up a dating profile in the first place, the Great Girls sabotage their chances of ever getting a husband with their inability to conceal their own aggrieved self-righteousness.

Great Girls of OkCupid provides an excellent opportunity to reiterate a basic truth: there is no right to romantic commitment. (Except, of course, with one’s own self.) Generations of children have misunderstood Thomas Jefferson’s line that we have the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. I was one such kid; when I learned those words in fourth grade (in 1976, the bicentennial year), I marched home and told my mother that I was owed joy. Mama firmly set me straight on the distinction between the right to want and the right to be given, and I have taken this lesson in rehashing cliches to heart ever since. Great Girls need a similar sort of come-to-Jesus talk to disabuse them, once and for all, of their insistence that in a just and democratic society, charming, reliable penis ought to be distributed equally to every Tara, Haley, and Deb who demonstrates a minimal level of sexiness. (And then I need a come-to-Jesus talk to disabuse myself of the notion that switching the places of Dick and Harry in the well-worn Tom, Dick, and Harry phrase is the height of creative writing.)

Romance with other people may be a basic human need, but unlike other needs, it can’t be a basic human right. It’s one thing to believe that the state ought to provide food, shelter, and health care to those who can’t afford these necessities of survival. It’s another thing to say that the state should ensure that even the hideous and the clueless have occasional relationships provided for them by others. While in Britain, a few local governments have

sent aging and cranky women on trips to LA to see romance workers, aka gigolos, citing psychological need, not even the most progressive Europeans have suggested that anyone is entitled to have their romantic longings reciprocated. GGOKC reminds us just how many young women are outraged at this reality that pretty faces, femininity, and commitment-worthiness are not and never can be equally distributed.

Arnie Fagg and others suggest that it's "immoral" to make fun of young women whose greatest crime seems to be that they're stuck at the sad intersection of Not Hot and Dimwit. The plea to replace mockery with understanding is a familiar one; it's what lies behind the calls to stop using the word "slut," because women find it shaming. But in the case of Great Girls of OkCupid, disdain isn't rooted in meanness as much as it is in self-preservation. While only a small percentage of these girls may be prone to imminent psychosis, virtually all of them insist, in one way or another, that men owe them. Mockery, in this instance, isn't so much about being cruel as it is about publicly rejecting the Great Girls' sense of entitlement to both relationship commitment and sympathy.

Besides the near-universal sense that they've been unjustly defrauded, the great commonality among these Great Girls is their contempt for men's sexual interest. They rage about being "pump and dumped," and complain about the hours spent fucking men without being given so much as a candlelit dinner in return for their investment. Sexuality, they make clear over and over again, is a mere tactic, a tool that they were promised would work to give them access to men's economic and emotional resources. Their anger, in other words, is that their own deception didn't work as they had hoped. It's a monumental overask (?) to expect men to be gentle with the egos of women who only feigned noncommittal sexuality in order to get commitment.

So how should we respond, when, as Penii writes, "sexist twatwaddery puts photos on the internet and asks to be loved long time?" The short answer is that a lonely twatwad is still a twatwad; the fact that these girls are in genuine pain makes them more rather than less likely to mistreat the men they encounter. A rage rooted in anguish is no less dangerous because it comes from the Great Big Sad Place. For that reason alone, we shouldn't make women's pain into men's problem to solve.

Do these women need dating profile makeovers? Yes, obviously; making an effort to have both good grooming and good manners is seldom a waste. What the Great Girls of OkCupid need far more than feminist braggadocio, tramp stamp removals and binge drinking rehab, however, are two essential reminders. No one is owed committed love. And no one who uses sex as a strategy for romance has the right to complain if she ends up with neither.

This Chateau Heartiste article reprinted from its original publication outlet.

The Manjaw-ification Of American Women: Science!

CH · 15 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

CH has been at the forefront of noting a trend among Western, particularly American, women toward masculinization. This "manning up" by secularized post-industrial women is prominent in both their physical features (fatter, manjaw-ier, bigger framed) and their personalities (bitchier, more entitled, less fecund, more prone to binge drinking). A theory was put forward that the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse, among other downstream effects they have caused, have pushed women away from their essential femininity, via exact mechanisms poorly understood as yet.

Genetic alteration does not seem a likely candidate, because it is mathematically impossible for alleles coding for manlier women to sweep through a large population in a couple of generations, unless some cataclysmic event were to wipe out the majority of people. Adaptation to cultural stimuli is likelier, though that leaves us wondering how it is culture can physically change the shape of women's jaws to resemble Christmas nutcrackers. Some sort of biological insult, like a toxin or estrogen in the water or BPAs or high fructose fattening syrup, could be the culprit. Or maybe it's an epigenetic phenomena — the response by protein-coding enzymes to environmental stressors, such as that of becoming financially self-sufficient, being surrounded by supplicating beta males, and riding the alpha cock carousel until closing time.

Some of you naturally will ask, "But are your personal suspicions supported by the evidence? Are American women really getting more masculine?" A fair question! And for that, we may turn to… science! (She pleasured me with science…) A reader writes:

> As you noted in one of your posts there seems to be a manjaw-ification of women. However, actual evidence, besides anecdotal, has not been found, yet.
>
> This TED Talk by Amy Cudy, an associate professor at Harvard University, put me on track of possibly starting to find this evidence.
>
> http://www.ted.com/talks/amy_cuddy_your_body_language_shapes_who_you_are.html
>
> In this talk she presents the ideas from one of her published articles (Carney, Cudy & Yap, 2010) in which she tested the idea of power posing influencing behavioural outcome. The authors not only wanted to show that indeed assuming a specific pose gives rise to a stronger or weaker feeling of power, but they went one step further to actually measure testosterone and cortisol levels in the test subjects. Here is where it gets interesting!
>
> Power posing did positively relate to the feelings of the test subjects and they showed that strong power poses increases the level of testosterone and decreases the level of cortisol, and weak power poses decrease the level of testosterone and increases the level of cortisol in both men and women. From this they conclude that the body can influence the mind through the endrocrine system, as testosterone is linked to power and cortisol to stress. (Before it was only believed, as we know in the community, that assumed psychological frames can create new beliefs and behaviours, eg. faking confidence breeds confidence.)
>
> This got me thinking about the effect of these changes in levels of testosterone in children. One would assume that growing up as a powerful young Man the testosterone level is boosted due to physical behaviour resulting in an Alpha male. But the reverse would also be true. By being controlled/shamed/pussyfied young men will experience a decrease in testosterone resulting in a Beta or worse.
>
> Now if one would apply this logic to young women, as Cudy allows because effects were the same in both male and female test subjects, we can conclude that putting young women in physicaly powerful situations/behaviours it would increase their testosterone levels and vice versa.
>
> One of the goals or outcomes of feminism is that young women are learned to behave and act like men. By displaying this more powerful physical behaviour, following the earlier logic, they will exhibit increased

> testosterone levels and thus develop more mannish features, like manjaws. Also, by keeping young boys on a leash and not allowing them to physically explore their masculinity their testosterone levels are stunted, resulting in more feminine features. Ultimately leading to a more androgynous society.
>
> One of the criticisms could be that these changes are quite small, but hormonal levels only need a very small change to have large effects, especially in children and over a long time.
>
> By pointing you towards this article I hope to help solve the mystery on why women are turning into men and men into women on a physical level, causing some of the problems that we are seeing as the redpill community.

"Power posing influencing behavioural outcome." Now where have I come across that idea before? Hmm….. lemme think…. oh yeah!
YET AGAIN, science proves a core game concept. How about that? ♥♥♥♥♥♥

This reader's inference — that the social expectations of feminism and the accumulated effect of grrlpower SWPL parents who push their daughters in the same direction as their sons induces physical as well as behavioral changes in girls and boys through hormonal mechanisms that tend toward androgynizing the population — deserves serious investigation. It's time to pull out the calipers and assays and begin measuring the geometry of jaws and testosterone levels in Western women by generation and over lifetimes. If it is true that power posing influences not just behavioral but physical outcome, then we can boldly assert that

FEMINISM MAKES WOMEN MANLIER.

And that, my friends, will finally and once and for all, kill the rancid ideology deader than dead, because no woman in her right mind wants to be manlier. This bizarre epoch will come to be seen as a time when women were led so far astray that they became, socially and biologically, men. And men, for their part, became manboobs.

Women Prefer Taken Men

CH · 16 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ah women… saintly creatures. The fairer sex. Daddies' little princesses. And also more likely than men to be homewreckers.

> Do women prefer men who are attached?
>
> "Everything was the same across all participants, except whether their ideal mate was already attached or not," says Burkley.
>
> The most striking result was in the responses of single women. **Offered a single man, 59 per cent were interested in pursuing a relationship. But when he was attached, 90 per cent said they were up for the chase.**
>
> **Men were keenest on pursuing new mates, but weren't bothered whether their target was already attached or not.**

This shouldn't be news to veteran readers of CH. We of the illuminati already knew, from years toiling in the field, getting our dicks dirty, that women:

1. love to CHASE CHASE CHASE aloof men who aren't readily available

2. love preselected men other women love, and

3. love the drama that necessarily accompanies stealing a validated man from his girlfriend or wife.

Really, if feminists were smart (asking a lot, I know), they'd realize their worst enemies aren't laser-guided ego-targeting truth bombers like yours truly, but other women who will claw, scratch and passive-aggressively sabotage their way over the messed tresses of their sexual market competitors. Politically, women may be a united front, but privately they are at each other's throats. And they attack with their knives sheathed, plausible deniability and rationalizing hamsters their greatest allies in this total war of gene delivery vessels, which makes them all the more potent adversaries.

The Mind Of The Manboob: Hugo Schwyzer Case Study

CH · 17 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What deranged psychology motivates the defecatory self-flagellating of masculinity-hating manboobs like Hugo Schwyzer? At first glance, they seem broken souls driven to assume guilt for imagined evils committed by the group to which they ostensibly belong. They side with freaks who hate their kind. They mouth empty-headed platitudes and brazen lies with such alacrity one wonders if they can any longer distinguish reality from fantasy. They relish the whip coming down on their backs and the backs of those remotely like them with sick masochistic zeal.

Hugo Schwyzer is a cartoonish copypaste of the manboob archetype. He's such a vile and transparent emissary for the reject crowd, that you really have to wonder if it's all an act. I imagine there are at least a few sufficiently brain damaged co-eds who lap up his runny shit to make it all worth it. I bet he's still leveraging his prof power dynamic to score illicit tail on the down low. It would explain his behavioral similarity to closeted gays who rail against homosexuality.

Or maybe he's a True Believer. If that's so, he's an even bigger pud than I peg him for. At least one can understand, if not condone, a fraudulent shucking and jiving act to off-pitch feminist tunes in order to dupe dumbo conformist leftoids still in the bloom of youth to give up the goods. But a guy who dances like this with his junk tucked between his legs because he actually enjoys two-stepping like a spaz eunuch? It beggars comprehension.

So we must delve deep into the neural swamp of the self-annihilator, on a journey of adventure to darkest manboobery, to examine up close the stunted, sniveling, fetal id crouched like Gollum at the center of their twisted psyches. For to understand one's enemies is to hone the precision of one's ridicule aimed at them. You can plunge the soulshiv into the outer folds of the prefrontal all day long, but the delusional crackpot will merely incorporate legions of *á la main* ego-assuaging dendrites to rapidly bridge the wound in response. The killing blow comes at last when you have located Smaug's lone, unjeweled breastplate — revealing an open pathway to the core leprotic force animating the multitude of ego layers — and held the gom jabbar wickedly, tantalizingly, against the defenseless, quivering, pustular infant monster within. Only then, will you have hit the mother of all nerves.

Chuck, over at GLPiggy, offers a diagnosis of Schwyzer's underlying manboob illness.

> Hugo Schwyzer's latest piece is typical. What you first have to understand about anything that Schwyzer writes is that he's attempting to alleviate his own guilt by painting every transgression of white men against others as a systemic issue in which we are all complicit.
>
> Schwyzer has done a lot of screwy things in his life so he believes that it is now his job to throw all other white men under the bus. He avoids trying to deal empathically with white men by harping on "white male privilege".

Guilt alleviation. The one emotional compulsion, above all others, that appears to guide and channel the self-annihilator's moral preening, if not his moral compass. Schwyzer has had, as he has himself admitted, a number of "improper" affairs with his female students — affairs of the sort that would send the typical self-identifying feminist into a tailspin of scattershot histrionics about the "white male power structure" if done by any man other than a mewling manboob who effusively apologizes for his pleasure as penitence to his femcunt overladies. But Schwyzer retains just enough charm and traitorous gusto to keep his erstwhile feminist foes safely within his orbit of self-congratulatory sympathy.

But does Schwyzer *really* feel guilt for his naughty sexcapades? I've known quite a few womanizers in my life, and one thing I can say about them is that none were genuinely guilt-ridden over their scores of intimacies. None felt any pressing need to convince the world that their peripatetic love, or the behavior of men who do the same, was exploitative badness. They are healthy men at peace with their natural, masculine desire. Sure, they may occasionally pretend to introspection when in the company of finger waggers or glaring wives, but one could tell

that was all for show. There was enough *wink wink, nudge nudge* to remind of their sanity.

So, no, I don't believe that Hugs Shyster feels guilt, real guilt, for his past (and probably present). Most self-annhilating whites (and it is mostly whites who suffer from the appalling condition) don't act out of guilt; they act out of a crass, surging impulse to step on their closest co-ethnic competitors in order to lift themselves up. Narcissism of small differences, and all that. They are, before all else, status whores, even if they don't realize it themselves. And the status points that count will change depending on the context one finds oneself, or the context in which one deliberately inserts oneself. In Schwyzer's case, he has been, and is, surrounded on all sides by clucking man-haters, women who loathe male desire in all its permutations save the one which can be wholly choreographed by feminist puppeteering.

The irony of it all is that Schwyzer has ABSOLUTELY NOTHING to apologize or repent for, whether to himself or to others. His leverage of his occupation's high social status and situational dominance to seduce young women by giving them what they want is no less part and parcel of the natural evolved order of romantic interlude than the woman who keeps herself trim and dresses sexily to capture the appreciation of the high value men she desires. You can argue that Schwyzer imprudently crossed an ethical line peculiar to academia, but what you can't argue is that he acted immorally, strangely, misogynistically, or with patriarchal hate in his heart toward those women who welcomed his wooing.

But if suppressed guilt is the real motivation (and I concede that the possibility exists in the most egregious cases of manboobery, such as that evidenced by Schwyzer), then Chuck is right to identify the mechanism as an ego-salving one which attempts to shirk the blame off to an entire group as indicative of a "systemic issue" instead of manfully accepting sole blame for one's individual failings (as one sees them). But the full-blown narcissist will have nothing to do with taking responsiblity for his actions when a whole world of patriarchal privilege and cultural constructivism is out there which will take the blame for him.

A second theory of manboob mind is that the proselytizing self-annihilator (and by extension, group-annihilator) suffers from a case of pathological altruism. Pathological altruism is likely an acute manifestation of biologically inherited leftoidism. While there is no proof to date that political bias is genetic in origin, evidence is mounting in favor of the hypothesis. Pathological altruism is a mental illness that possesses psychological dimensions not unlike Stockholm Syndrome, which compels the afflicted to heal the world's hurt, and to demand inclusion for the world's monsters and failures, no matter what cost to oneself (or, more likely, to one's taxpaying compatriots). It is liberal universalist perfectionism run amok, and it eventually devolves, as it must, to subverting normality and truth and beauty and to sanctifying deviancy and lies and ugliness. (And genocide, if you look at the historical record.)

The motivation of those who hold themselves Messiahs to the Monsters can often be murky to the untrained eye, but the motivation of those who are actual monsters is clearer. The designs of the latter to institute not just the social acceptance, but the social desirability, of degenerates and degeneracy stems from a survival instinct. To be cast to the metaphorical icy wastelands is metadeath, and in the ancestral state of nature the casting out would have meant real death. But what to make of monster apologists like Hugo Schwyzer who, superficially at least, don't immediately provoke disgust in people? What motivates them? If the pathological altruist theory of manboobery is correct, then "normals" who suffer from it are motivated by the warm, dopaminergic good feelings they receive from "fighting oppressors" and "lifting the oppressed". It's a savior complex that earns brownie points the more self-indicting its message. This is similar in function to how the handicap principle operates.

Which leads to the third theory of manboobery: subversive status whoring.

Ultimately, if evolutionary biologists are correct, pathological altruism (PA) will subordinate to the genetic imperative for status accrual, for all human traits are merely more or less successful evolutionary experiments cobbled together under ecological pressures to maximize survival and reproduction. PA might have been socially adaptive in small hunter-gatherer tribes, but in the modern context of atomized city dwelling that pushes millions of humans shoulder to shoulder, PA becomes more individually adaptive while also becoming more societally maladaptive. Now we are right back to the original speculation that manboobs are, in their own bizarre fashion,

raising their status within their postmodern milieu via the mechanisms of narcissistic martyrdom and shared blame redistribution to the entire group in which they putatively belong. PA is, in a sense, a sneaky fucker strategy, a cheater's ploy, which relies for its success on the existence of a strong, commanding overculture to parasitize. Once that culture is gone and the gutter filth are in charge, there is no longer any gain from letting your freak flag, or your freak-enabler flag, fly.

The manboob with PA disorder may sincerely believe in his good intentions, but he is actually a servant carrying out ancient genetically-coded algorithms that will redound to the benefit of his personal social status and, hence, his reproductive fitness. You scoff at "reproductive fitness", but in fact this tact appears to have worked for Schwyzer, who, if his claims are to be believed, has enjoyed an ample supply of nubile, young, gullible feminist libtard majors.

We come to the fourth theory of manboob mind, and perhaps the most cynical of the theories: That manboobs like Schwyzer don't believe a word of the crap they brownly vomit; that their bleatings are a minstrel show for the tiny niche of ideological sympathizers who fortuitously happen to be decked in the plumage of alluring boob and ass that all men, even revolting manboobs, want to defile. (Almost) every male endeavor has its female groupies, and manboobery is no exception, (except when the manboob is so physically deformed or dispositionally neutered he cannot even hope for gnarled table scraps left behind by greater manboobs than he).

The feigned male feminist act doesn't even have to find fruit among its intended audience for it to be a successful mating strategy. Schwyzer could get no play from the Jizzebel crowd, but it won't matter as long as attractive women closer to his social circle observe the laurels he receives from thousands of anonymously obese feminist skanks thankful for his words which soothe their scorched feelings of self-worth. All he has to do is humblebrag a little, shit on the "right" sorts of men, and sit back as innate female desire for preselected men works its magic. For all we know, Schwyzer may be a stone cold dominating quasi-rapist in bed with women, once he is free to drop the "this is what a feminist looks like" charade. And how much you want to bet the women he fucks — or fucked, I hear he's married — are slender, height-weight proportionate, facially attractive women on the fertile side of the wall? Lindy West wept.

A corollary to the fourth theory of manboob mind — the theory that manboobery is a cynical ploy to attract niche female attention — is the notion that manboobs deliberately scheme to rearrange the contours of the sexual market so that their types have more access to women. It's a strategy to clear the field of competitor males. It's obviously not possible to literally clear the field of other men (unless you imprison them or kill them), but it is possible, through silver-tongued verbal calisthenics, to build insular social contexts that delineate and ostracize outsiders from insiders, and attract women simpatico to one's message, much like the growth of a religious cult. The key to this mate competition strategy is to execute it with sincere-sounding passion, creating emotional states that coax the girls to be more open to the manboob's wiles. An actively promoted, pro-femcunt system allows manboobs like Schwyzer to successfully compete with other men, whereas in a sane, anti-feminist, anti-sophist culture he would be at a distinct disadvantage competing against manlier men who eschew the mincing dishonor of passive-aggressive subterfuge.

Finally, we come to the fifth theory of manboob mind, and one I include for purposes of thoroughness rather than insight, as it shares obvious common threads with the previous four theories: Manboobs are simply bigoted against those not like them, which amounts to being bigoted against their betters, and will tirelessly do or say whatever is necessary, no matter how inconsistent or hypocritical, to bring down those they irrationally hate. I leave it as an exercise for the reader why a guy like Hugo Schwyzer would reflexively perceive the majority white male contingent as the Other.

In summary, here are the five primary theories of manboob mind, in no particular order of probability or explanatory power:

1. Guilt complex
2. Pathological altruism

3. Status whoring
4. Mate competition strategy
5. Raw bigotry

These theories don't have to be distinct entities; they can overlap, and they probably do. A status whoring manboob on the make for chubby feminist love might harbor guilt for some strange perversion he committed in his past. A bigoted hater might also be a pathological altruist who goes livid when the subject turns to inequality, and if you think those two emotional states are contradictory, well you just don't know the leftoid mind very well. Let's say internal consistency is not their strong suit.

It wouldn't be CH if we didn't punctuate a SERIOUS post with a goofy coda, so to head off those jesters salivating to bombard the comment section with theories they deem to be the most obvious explanations, yes, manboobs like Schwyzer may just be acting out revenge fantasies birthed in the crucible of some punch to the jaw they took by a frat bro when they were striplings making their way through a man's world. You could call that theory of manboobery, "Punchuated Equilibrium". Those slights of youth have amazing staying power to warp the adult mind. Hate for normal, healthy men can germinate in such seething soil. You'd not be far from the mark to guess that a lot of the more monstrous manboobs nurse grudges from some rejection they suffered by a girl who never reciprocated their LJBFery in the way the manboobs hoped. But instead of turn against normal women or themselves, they shifted their hate beams to those men the girls liked.

As a theory of manboob mind, I don't buy this tact. For every skulking manboob with a distant humiliation fueling his misandry, there are a thousand men who suffered similar high school slights who never went the egregious manboob route. Something else, some other psychological misfire, has to gird the ancient grudge, to give the grudge its unusual outsized power. And that is where you have to dig deeper, to the transgendered id, where the murmuring heart of the manboob pumps sewage through his buttplug-shaped cerebellum.

PS Schwyzer and his ilk might just be garden-variety closeted gays, which I know will be the preferred theory of a lot of tradcon types who have a hard time fathoming the queer workings of the manboob mind. But that's a dismissive assertion that's hard to subscribe to when there are years of evidence, past and current, that the Hugo manboob under the microscope has enjoyed, and continues to enjoy, the sexual company of women. We don't live in an age where gay men need a parade of beards to function in society.

PPS Feel free to include your theories for the existence of nauseating manboobs in the comments. If there's a better theory out there than the five presented here, we'd all like to hear it.

Boring Women

CH · 18 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks,

> What advice would you give when one finds himself on a first date with a fuckable woman (7ish) who is incredibly boring? Boring in the sense she has little to say, and only responds passively to a variety of stimuli. I had two such dates three days apart and found myself starting to beta-ize myself (still somewhat new) to establish some connection and procure what I was after (finishing 1 for 2, though the 1 was not what dreams are made of). I know this is not the answer.
>
> To be fair, I am not particularly funny, but I am a psychologist and skilled at opening (which can work for and against me as the frame is set).

Is she acting bored, or is she genuinely boring? The distinction is important. Exciting women can be brought to bored lows in the company of boring men. A woman who passively responds to stimuli could have in her possession such a wealth of experience with men that it takes a lot to get her invested in any one particular date. (This is a problem if you date sluts.) If that's happening, the problem is fixed by challenging those women. You can spark a girl right up by teasing her, or by doing something unpredictable.

If the girl is actually a boring person, then two possibilities about her person come to mind: one, she's not very bright (stupid girls don't often have interesting things to say, nor are they adept at moving conversations along) or two, she's introverted, and would have a lot to say if you know how to motivate her to open up.

Men typically repsond to boring (and bored) women by trying extra hard to perk them up. This is the beta male strategy, and it almost always fails, (at least on the timelines we're interested in), because VALUE is lost when it looks like you have to work to entertain a girl. So we know what you have to avoid: you must avoid the impression that you're trying to get her to liven up.

If the girl is boring because she's stupid, go caveman. Dispense with the chit-chat and grab her for the bumpngrind. Dumb girls respond well to primitive courtship displays.

If the girl is boring because she's shy, you say to her that you know what it's like, but you have hope for her because you've learned from experience that shy girls usually have a lot of interesting things to say once they feel comfortable enough to share it. Tell her to take her time blossoming like a flower, because once the floodgates open you don't want to drown in it all at once. You refer the slow pour.

If the girl is bored because you're too beta for her, well… read the archives. Time to amp up the teasing, cocky/funny, mild insults, venue bouncing, agreement and amplification, etc etc. Draw situational women into your orbit to build jealousy plot lines. Flirt with the waitress in full view of your date.

If the girl is boring because she has nothing to say (regardless of her level of smarts), you need to improve your rapport game. Start by learning the "love test routine" and get this chick glowing with girly excitement!

Bonus pointer: Refrain from calling out a girl for being boring. This tactic hardly ever works when you're already on a date with her. IF you do want to hit her with that, try to dress it up as a backhanded compliment, eg: "It's so nice to be with a girl for once who is Ok with just sitting next to you quietly and not feeling like she has to say something amazing every five seconds." That'll get her hamster spinning furiously.

The Modern Sexual Market In A Picture

CH · 21 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Met online? Check.

Beta herbling? Check.

Chubby American woman on the wrong side of 30? Check.

Pretentious SWPL photo? Check.

Rode the cock carousel until age limit was reached? Check.

Two people settling for each other when options have run out? Check.

From this article, a treasure trove of dating tawdriness and romantic bleakness confirming many CH maxims.

> I was 30 years old, just out of a long-term relationship and no longer interested in playing the field. It was time to settle down with the right man, get married and start a family. At the urging of several friends (and my worried mother), a strategy was settled upon: I joined Match.com and JDate, a website for Jewish singles.
>
> What followed was a series of bad dates worthy of a romantic comedy: stupid sexual remarks, too much alcohol consumed (by them). A surprising number of men high-fived me, for reasons that remain unclear.

You can read the rest at the link, if you have the stomach for it. Warning: it's bad. Here's a taste:

> I quickly realized that the popular women seemed to know something I didn't; they were clearly attracting the sort of smart, attractive professionals who had been ignoring my profile. Being hypercompetitive, I wasn't about to let some bubblegum-popping blonde steal the neurotic Jewish doctor of my mother's dreams.

Here's some advice, ladies, straight from the lords of the Chateau, and you don't even have to reverse engineer online dating by making dummy JDate profiles and Excel spreadsheets to benefit from this advice:

1. Don't get fat.

2. Don't be ugly.

3. Don’t act like a man or a bitter feminist.

3. Don’t wait until you’re over 30, rode hard and tossed away wet, to start looking for a serious partner worthy of marrying.

See how simple that is? 1,2,3,4. Voila, love! But I suppose the simplicity is the problem for you girls. There’s no way to hamsterize the advice into something palatable to your egos.

PS As a bonus, here’s some CH advice for the men:

1. Don’t be a beta.

2. Don’t act like a woman or a manboob.

3. Learn game, bust a move and date the women you really desire before you’re forced to settle for the above.

Yours in Yahweh,

CH

Why Ask Why? Shun The Stale Seven Questions

CH · 23 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a little trick for beginners to improve their rapport skills with women: don't ask them questions. Specifically, don't ask them the following anticipated questions:

What's your name?
What do you do?
Where do you live?
Where are you from?
What school did you go to?
Where do you work?
How do you like it here?

When you meet a girl, and she's a tight-lipped sort who won't volunteer much to help a conversation gain traction, you will feel a powerful compulsion to ask these kinds of filler questions. When you feel that urge, STOP yourself mentally, keep your trap shut, and spend a second or two thinking up some other kind of question to ask her, if you must ask something. It doesn't matter what question you substitute in the place of the Stale Seven above, as long as it is different and, therefore, unexpected. You could ask "How would you calculate the hypotenuse of a right triangle if your life depended on it?" and you would get better reactions from girls than asking some boring question she's heard a thousand times this week (if she's cute).

If it helps your willpower, imagine the claw grip of CH wielding a blackboard pointer and rapping it briskly against your knuckles when you think impure thoughts about the Stale Seven. Such a visualization will coax an idle grin from you, which will in turn arouse the curiosity of your mark. And once a girl is curious about you, her labia begin to flower like a Desert Lily after an August deluge.

Willing yourself to shun the Stale Seven is more than a game tactic to attract women; it's on-the-go practice for becoming a better conversationalist, a skill that can apply to any situation involving a second human being. When you force a pattern interrupt on yourself, you sharpen your focus and hone your mind to think differently. To think more seductively. Many men complain they can never "think of anything to say" to women, but a big reason for their comatose tongues rests in the fact that their minds still operate under the guidelines of old, intransigent ways. They haven't yet actively pushed their brains out of the comfort zone. Other people can push you out of your comfort zone, but so can you alone, through deliberate concentration on sidestepping lazy traps your mind lays for you. That first time you catch yourself midway through the word "Where…" on the way to completing the "Where are you from?" banality, you will feel something akin to a happy mental rush. "Yes!" you will mentally intone, "I stopped myself from muttering a beta male triviality! This means I have the power to mold myself into a more interesting man."

A little victory, to be sure, but those little victories add up, until one day you're twirling a girl round and round the dance floor of your mind.

Now that we know how to be less predictable around women, we can move on to step two: being more of a challenge. This step typically encompasses a lot of material, so for now we'll discuss one particular method that will instantly imbue you with the churlish aura of alphatude that women crave as much as you crave a firm ass and supple breasts.

Ask, "Why?". Why ask why? Reader dannyfrom504 explains:

> Girls don't need to be interesting. Most guys will validate them based on looks alone.
>
> You want to mess up a cute girls head, ask her WHY when she states an opinion. Most dudes just go along with her to try to build *[sic]* repoir. Be different and ask her to justify her opinion.

> You'll stand out and bring major tingles.

You ask why because it is the one category of question that most men don't ask of women. When was the last time you heard a beta male asking a girl why she thought this way, or why she thinks that way, or why she likes to be a heartbreaker, or why she she can't sit still, or why she has to be the center of attention? When was the last time you *didn't* see a beta male dutifully nodding his head like a hired lackey to every inanity spilled from a pretty girl's mouth?

< kenyan > Now let me be clear. < /kenyan > You ask why not out of spite, or disapproval. You ask it sincerely, because it's delightfully shocking to women to hear it, and it's a challenge most women can't resist. You ask because you want to know. Or, more likely, you don't really want to know, but you fake interest till you make interest. Asking "why?" will immediately and in no uncertain terms set you apart from the horde of indistinguishable men an attractive woman interacts with every day. It's bold, it's ballsy, and it's exciting to women. And excitement = sexytime.

Furthermore, "why?" is a great short-cut for getting women to open up and reveal a bit about themselves. This is known in pick-up parlance as "value eliciting". Once you key in on a woman's values, you can feed them back to her as if they were also your own, and construct a feeling of connection that is so important to women as a prelude to any sexual relinquishment.

Some of you dreadfully fearful minimen will ask "What if she replies *'Why do you care?*". First, you would be lucky to cross paths with more than 1 out of 50 women who would answer in that bitchy manner. But, for the sake of argument, here's what you say if that does happen to you: "Charming." Brevity cues the glow of clits.

You need to know two things about female psychology before you know anything else. Women HATE HATE HATE boring men. And women REALLY HATE HATE HATE supplicating yes-men.

Women are attracted — yes, primally, sexually attracted — to interesting men, and to challenging men.

Don't be boring. Don't be a suck-up. If you accomplish those two miracles and wonders, you are halfway to sleeping with the kinds of women you've always dreamed of defiling. If you have questioned your ability to borrow and then alchemize the alpha attitude for yourself, know that avoiding classic (and easily avoidable) beta male manbooby traps like asking boring, autonomically retrievable questions, and nodding like a puppet to every throwaway musing a woman utters, is 9/10ths of the effort needed to shed your crusty, beta chrysalis.

So keep those toes a-tapping, gentlemen, because you are not like the rest.

Dissident Of The Month

CH · 23 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

> The dissident temperament has been present in all times and places, though only ever among a small minority of citizens. Its characteristic, speaking broadly, is a cast of mind that, presented with a proposition about the world, has little interest in where that proposition originated, or how popular it is, or how many powerful and credentialed persons have assented to it, or what might be lost in the way of property, status, or even life, in denying it. To the dissident, the only thing worth pondering about the proposition is, is it true? If it is, then no king's command can falsify it; and if it is not, then not even the assent of a hundred million will make it true.

Via Audacious Epigone.

Before clicking the link, can you guess which stout-hearted, free thinker said the above? Was it Galileo? Solzhenitsyn? Perhaps some lesser known Medieval monk? What brave soul grips the sword and presses the shield against the rampaging bloodlust of the stupid, deceitful, witch-burning mob?

Hint: It wasn't Lena Dunham. Nor Hugo Schwyzer. Nor Rich Lowry. It certainly wasn't a typical SWPL plucked from the soft ensconcing of SWPLdom.

This one person and a few lonely allies is supposed to fill the Cathedral with fright? You scoff. But it only takes 10% of a population, committed to an idea, to change the course of history. Raise your shield, for your enemies are not as invincible as they seem, even now when they hurl themselves at you tooth, claw… and underbelly.

Fat Kills... Marriages Dead

CH · 25 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

CH, what is best in life?

To mock your enemies, see them driven to hysterics before you, and to hear the mooing of the fatties.

That is good!

You're damn right that is good. This post will continue a proud tradition.

***

If someone told me, "Hey, did you know fat women married to in-shape men have worse marriages?", I would reply "Who doesn't know that? A man married to a fat sow will be unhappy, and if he has options he'll start looking elsewhere. Common sense."

Well, unfortunately for those who are inclined to give the masses the benefit of the doubt, the world isn't filled with sane people who trust their lying eyes or who grasp rudimentary logic. The world, especially the Western world currently 5,000 feet from terminal velocity impact, is filled with delusional dregs, ego-assuaging equalists, fantasy world feminists, and puling porkers. Great fun if you're a psyche-smashing sadist; not so much fun for normal people living in post-sanity secular societies who inevitably wind up footing the bills for these loudmouthed losers.

Hot on the heels of, oh… ballpark estimate… one million previous CH posts about the penalties fat chicks suffer in the dating market and the personal health market (and now, the marriage durability market and happiness market), comes a new study which finds that fat wives of healthy-weight husbands have worse marriages.

> Using dyadic models, we found that mixed-weight couples, specifically couples including overweight women and healthy weight men, reported greater conflict both generally and on a daily basis, compared to matched-weight couples; however, general conflict was reduced with greater perceived support from the partner. Mixed-weight couples who reported eating together more frequently also reported greater general conflict. These findings suggest that mixed-weight couples may experience more conflict than matched-weight couples, but perceived support from the partner can buffer this conflict. This research suggests that interpersonal dynamics associated with mixed-weight status might be important for romantic partners' relational and personal health.

The researchers veer a bit into PC territory in their conclusion, so it will require a truly malevolent force to spell out the take-home lessons of this study in flashing neon lights that no one, not even hare-brained hogs, can possibly misinterpret.

Lesson Number One

Men are repulsed by the sight and feel (and smell) of fat chicks. All further lessons flow from this basic premise.

Lesson Number Two

A man with options to do so will choose a slender babe over a fat chick, EVERY TIME. (Rare exceptions prove the rule. Or: Don't count on miracles, fatties.)

Lesson Number Three

A man married to a woman who has bloated into Hogzilla proportions will become increasingly unhappy, frustrated and resentful, and will express his displeasure with his fat wife in both passive and active ways.

Lesson Number Four

A fat wife is more harmful than is a fat husband to marital health and happiness. Fatness exacts a bigger toll

on a woman's sexual market value (and, therefore, marital market value) than it does on a man's sexual and marital market value. Men are more visually oriented than women, and a fat man can compensate for his fatness by being attractive in other ways that women love. Fat women cannot compensate for their fatness except by losing weight and slimming down to a sexy, hourglass shape.

Lesson Number Five

Fat wives increase the odds of spousal adultery and marital dissolution. A wife who lets herself go on piles of cakes and cheesy poofs is primarily responsible for any infidelity her husband commits. Harsh, but true.

Lesson Number Six

A husband will be more likely to love, cherish and support his wife if she is thin. Life is conditional. Stop crying, and deal with it.

Lesson Number Seven

The cure for marital unhappiness and a lowering of the high risk of divorce among fat wife-healthy man couples is the fat wife losing weight until she has regained her attractive, slender, feminine shape. Marriage counselors will invariably bleat tired platitudes about "interpersonal dynamics", "increasing perceived support", and "unresolved masculinity issues", and none of their solutions will work except to line their filthy pockets and turn wives against their husbands. They are worse than useless, because they lead women away from the one tried-and-true solution that *will* fix their marriages: losing weight.

Any questions? Or would you stubborn fatties and fatty apologists prefer the whistling lash upon your stuccoed hides a few more hundred thousand times?

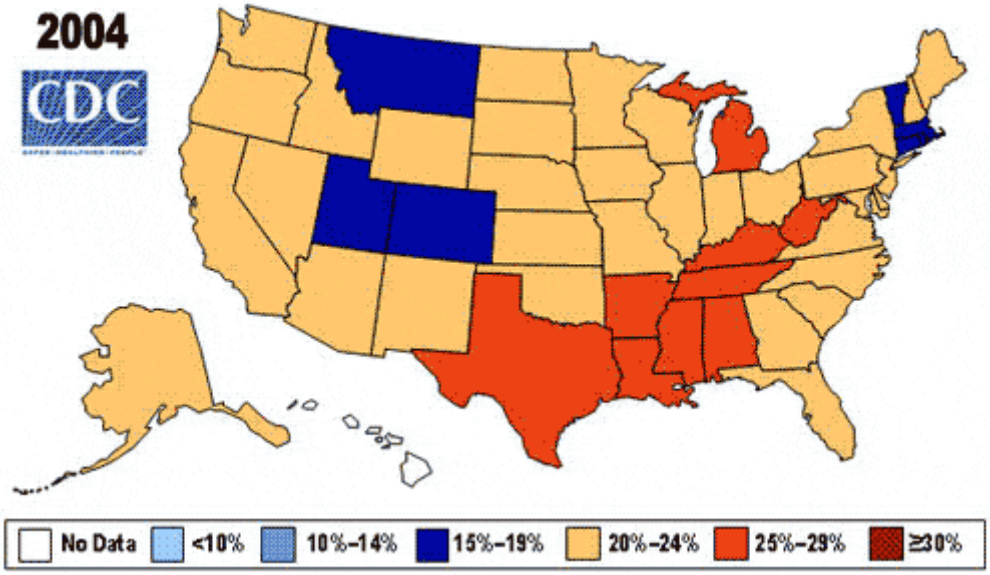
I can already hear the trolls and transparently bad-faith skeptics.

"So fat women should marry fat men. Then all will be good!"

All will be good if you don't mind living like the walking dead.

Mutually fat couples have no reason to rejoice. While thin husbands are more apt to distance themselves from fat wives, emotionally and sexually, fat husbands feel just as much frustration and resentment. **Fat dudes are just as disgusted by fat chicks as are thin dudes.** The difference is that fat husbands are less able to act out their frustrations without risking divorce rape and subsequent involuntary celibacy. A man who is forced by his lack of options to settle for a low quality woman will quickly acclimate himself to his dour circumstances, or suffer daily blows to his ego no man could withstand for long without the assistance of soothing psychological contrivances. The Acclimated Man (a subspecies of The Manipulated Man) will then become a simulacrum of the fox who cried sour grapes because he couldn't grab the juicy fruit dangling just out of reach.

"I'm a thin woman reading CH for the rapturous tingles it inspires in my vaginal core, and all my (carefully screened) girl friends are thin, so how bad could this problem be?"



The Walking Fed

See here for an animated map going back to 1985. Gripping (gimping?) stuff.

"Fatness is genetic. Fat chicks can't do anything about it."

Bullshit on stilts. See above graph. There's no way fat crappery can increase that much in a population of hundreds of millions in the span of 25 years by genetic selection alone. The best the "fat gene" crowd can argue is that most humans are wired to put on excess weight in an environment of plentiful sugar-rich, high glycemic index carb food and sedentary lifestyles. That isn't the same as saying fat people have fat genes rendering them immune to efforts at long-term weight loss. What it means is that fatsos have to stop eating pastries and pasta, and start getting off their double wide asses and moving their limbs more than they do when reaching like an obese infant for a cookie on the kitchen countertop. The worst of them could begin their training by discarding the Walmart scooters for walking.

No fat gene hypothesis is needed to explain the growing army of lardbuckets and the shitty marriages they leave in their battle cruiser wakes. The answer is staring everyone in the face. The reason there are so many fat chicks in the world, and particularly in America, is because THEY CHOOSE THE PLEASURES OF FOOD AND IDLENESS OVER THE PLEASURES OF PLEASING MEN. That's it, fatties. You choose… poorly. And you *will* pay the consequences. Forever. Or at least until you push away from the table.

"Thin, attractive wives sometimes suffer spousal infidelity and emotional coldness, too. So how can you say fat is the problem?"

This is the mirror image of the MGTOW false dichotomy fallacy ("If you hit on women, you are a beta because you have to put in effort to meet them.") Feminists often employ this tactical fallacy when confronted by bleedingly obvious facts of human nature that remind them of their low status in the sexual value hierarchy. Just as MGTOWs, handicapped by their shut-in, stunted understanding of the innate differences between men and women, can't fathom how a man can be both alpha and happy to approach and seduce women he desires, so too do feminists and their ilk betray a studied lack of comprehension about the effects that women's degree of desirability has on men's motivations.

A feminist sees a slender girl get cheated on by her asshole boyfriend, and the feminist's stretch garment, Möbius strip mind promptly infers that being thin and sexy offers no more protection from infidelity than does being fat and gross. The feminist does not explore other, more likely, possibilities, such as the idea that hot babes are more likely to hook up with alpha males who have more temptations to suppress, or that the thin wife who suffered her husband's infidelity probably would have suffered a lot more of his infidelities, and a lot earlier in the marriage, had she been overweight instead.

"But I read somewhere that fat people live longer than thin people?"

Not so fast. One dubious meta-analysis that contradicts literally thousands of individual studies showing the deleterious effects of fatness on health should not inspire confidence that being fat is A-Ok. However, let's assume for the purposes of troll patronizing that overweight people really do """live""" longer than thin people. Suffice to say, such extended longevity would come at a cost. There are the healthcare expenditures to treat all the illnesses that arise from being fat, of course. Then there's the fact that most people would prefer a quality life as a thin person that ends, at last, rather peacefully in deep sleep, rather than a stricken life as a fatso waddling out an extra year or two on one diabetic foot and aching joints, wheezing and puffing and pants-pissing recklessly because any visible signs of graspable genitalia were lost long ago.

There is furthermore the obvious point that none of this feeble protesting about the supposed lack of health consequences of fatness has anything to do with the topic under discussion, which is that fat women repulse and drive away their husbands. Even if fat women are the healthiest people in the world and will all live to 110, that doesn't change the fact that they are aesthetically repulsive to nearly all men. Thin people outcompete fat people in the dating market in the ways that matter because people, all kinds of people at all kinds of weights, prefer to gaze upon the lithe contours of slender bodies (for women) or V-shaped fit bodies (for men) rather than the undulating rolls of blubber on fat people. If fat craps don't want to lose weight for their health, then they should lose weight for the better impression they'll leave with others, and especially with those of the opposite sex whom they desire as romantic possibilities.

"Shaming fat women won't work."

Oh, really?

> A leading health academic has called for fat people to be 'shamed and beat upon socially' in order to halt the obesity crisis.
>
> In a controversial article, Daniel Callahan, the 82-year-old president emeritus of The Hastings Center a New York think-tank specializing in health policy ethics, calls for increased stigmatization of obese people to try spur weight-loss across America.
>
> The senior research scholar says fat people should be treated like smokers who have become increasingly demonized in recent years and thus 'nudged' by negative attitudes of those around them into giving up the unhealthy habit. […]
>
> 'The obvious target would be the large number of people who are unaware that they are overweight,' he writes in the paper printed in the center's first periodical volume of the year.
>
> 'They need, to use an old phrase, a shock of recognition. Only a carefully calibrated effort of public social pressure is likely to awaken them to the reality of their condition.

Get this hero a free copy of the forthcoming CH book!

Shaming works. If it worked on smokers and """racists""", it will work on fatties. Shaming isn't the sole solution to the obesity epidemic, but it is a powerful weapon against the marching manatees. Shaming fat women to lose weight will bring increased happiness to the world, and that's a utilitarian argument men can spring to life for!

The shaming stick coupled with the encouragement carrot is a potent combo. Be genuinely helpful and complimentary to women who are sincerely making efforts to lose weight. Remind her, in nuanced language as necessary, that a reward of feeling better about herself and having a more exciting (read: more pleasurably orgasmic) dating life await her on the other side where thin women take their desirability for granted. But the carrot should always follow the stick, like you might give a dog a treat only after it has done what you commanded of it. Too little shame, and the carrot becomes an excuse to avoid the hard choices, or to delude oneself that no improvement is needed.

Let's end on a positive, uplifting note of encouragement: Shame on you, fatties! Shame! Shame! Look at yourselves. You're all a bunch of triple decker sauerkraut and toadstool sandwiches wrapped in a casing of subhuman sausage flesh. Blue whales sonically laugh at you. Your smegma hiding stomach folds have spawned a new species of armored crevice mice who nibble on your mouth droppings. Your pets eagerly await the feast that will accompany your untimely sofa-bound death. You are the reason a cottage industry of ass-wiping implements exists. The sight of your dumpy hind quarters can reduce a porn star's viagra- and yohimbe-fueled hard-on to an inverted micropenis in less than a second. Whole villages of gnomes have been found 'twixt your enormous buttocks. When you pinch a loaf, sewage treatment plants go code red. Your clitorii can fill hot dog buns. Your manboobs can spray milk from ten yards. You sicken me. You sicken everyone. Admit it, you even sicken yourselves. For shaaaaaaaaaaame.

PS Since lower class women are fatter than upper class women, (smart ladies know what matters in the big picture), it behooves all men of taste who care about preserving pleasing female forms to engage in *noblesse oblige,* before the habits of the lessers percolate upward and become the habits of the betters, or what zee French call *noblesse obese*. There used to be a grand Iron Junk tradition where higher class men would scavenge lower class women for their pretty secretaries and nurses, because upper class women tend also to be battle-axes and egregious status whores. And the lower class women, for their part, loved that system. What cute, economically depressed girl wouldn't relish an opportunity for love with a charming Gatsbian? But now, these men have nowhere to turn for tender female company; the lower classes have become untouchable, in the strictest sense of the word. So this is why the CH anti-fatass campaign is both pro-man *and* pro-woman… and pro-egalitarian! Making lower class women attractive again will help break down class divisions. Never let it be said the Oracles of the House of Heartiste aren't generous of heart and willing to share their bounty with the rabble.

EBook Review: 60 Years Of Challenge

CH · 29 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

60 Years of Challenge is the *nom de plume* of a pick-up artist (or, in more conventional language, a womanizer). He wrote an ebook detailing his game principles and techniques, and CH was given a PDF copy to review. The ebook is a couple years old, and 60 now has new material on his website, (warning: you'll have to wade through the usual cheesy marketing stuff, but to 60′s credit it's not as obnoxious or long-winded as most PUA advertisement pages). The older ebook contains the core of his pick-up philosophy and game material, but it may not be purchasable any longer, so readers who want 60′s wisdom will have to buy from the link posted above.

I'll touch on the themes of 60′s book and highlight where he's strongest and most differentiates himself from other pick-up teachers, and where I think his material comes up short.

60′s primary contention, and the philosophy that guides his game strategy, is that men should be gunning for the fast lay, not because it's "cool", but because it's easier than taking the slow road. Consequently, most of his approaches are basically direct, but without being sexually overt.

> *"Hey…I want to meet you"*
>
> I deliver this with a seductive but very serious voice. Very humble. The more scared you are the more genuine you should be. Beat fear with love. I put out my hand to introduce myself, she takes it and we start talking. I don't let go of her hand and she doesn't pull away. Time stops. I know it's probably on. Even still I move really close to her quickly. Better to move close now, than wait until later on when it's more obvious.

He's a big proponent of steady, unwavering physical escalation, particularly when the moment is open for it. (Escalation is a recurring problem for most betas.)

60 correctly identifies an issue a lot of men have: the tendency to elicit sexual interest but then fall back on lazy, self-congratulatory attitudes before the deal has been closed. He calls this tendency "sexual tension masturbation".

> Sexual tension masturbation (STM) is when you *think* you have something going with a girl with your eye contact, vibe and all your little visualizations and other fantasy bullshit. Look man sexual tension is great, but if you don't solidify the connection physically (ie. mutual caressing) it all gets forgotten about. It was all in your head. […]
>
> Don't use the power of sexual tension as an excuse not to start conversations or make overt physical escalations. You guys know who you are. The ones who say they "only open women with eye contact" (when actually they are scared to open) and "escalate with vibe" (obviously they're really just scared to show overt interest).

60 agrees with CH that a sexual frame is critical to success with women. (When you visualize women as sexual creatures before anything else, your subtle shift in mannerism around women cues them to reciprocate the favor.)

> I'm always aware of my cock. It's my emotional gage. I'm not hard. Why am I not hard? Ok we can fix that. While she talks I start picturing her blowing me face down on my bed while I palm her ass with one hand. Again, being in a sexual state is important, but if you are only going to pick one crucial moment per night to be in a sexual state, it's right now! I am now operating from a desire for sex (need 1) vs. affection (need 2). A second ago I was daydreaming about getting coffee and snuggling up with her in bed with a good book. Nothing wrong with that except that women don't snuggle with guys they don't have a sexual connection with. I have to get the sex before I can be the guy enjoying coffee in bed.

Core psychological difference between alpha and beta males:
Alphas pursue hot, dirty sex, and accept that relationships could be a consequence of a successful pursuit.
Betas pursue loving, affectionate relationships, and accept that sex could be a part of a successful pursuit.

Men are better looking when they are listening with seductive intensity than when they are talking or smiling stupidly. Plus, listening to a girl ~~yap on and on~~ weave elaborate worlds of fantasy and flourish will put her in a sexually receptive state.

> For most guys using their seductive face (lips, sleepy eyes) makes them way better looking than their social face (big smile, open eyes).
>
> You might not consider yourself *good* looking but few guys making a seductive face will be considerd *bad* looking by women.

If you're an ugly guy, all I can say to you is: what choice do you have? Sit at home and fap morosely? You may as well put yourself out there and demonstrate the boldness that women love. Even a 1 out of 100 close rate beats a 0 out of 0 close rate.

60′s approach strategy is to focus on girls who come into or near your zone of influence. That is, don't hunt high and low for girls to talk to; rather, focus your attention on girls who enter the area you are sitting or standing. This is sound advice for beginners still getting over stage fright and turned off by the contortions involved in executing the "approach machine" mentality. Plus, girls who have veered into your orbit, whether they are consciously aware or not, have signaled some interest, and are thus easier to open. He suggests that men who can't think of anything to say use the easiest non-verbal opener in the world: the cheers. Few women will resist a raised glass. Other wordless openers include the handshake hold, the light body bump, and the spin.

There is some standard stuff here about not being afraid to blow it. Men paradoxically do worse in the beginning of the night because that's when they give more of a fuck about meeting and attracting girls. As the night, and the misfires, wear on, that fear gets supplanted by a fuck-it attitude that is more attractive to girls. That fuck-it attitude needs to be your attitude *all the time*. You have to be always on, or, more precisely, always off. So get your rejections out of the way early in the night so you can enjoy the rest of the night in a more relaxed state of mind.

60 also reveals a little trick for tongue-tied men that has worked for me on occasion: Tell girls that you have trouble saying something.

> I will tell people that I'm having an anxiety attack and I need to take a little break. I really don't give a fuck what they think about it. Not surprisingly this has cut down the frequency of my panic attacks dramatically.

The act of airing your anxieties — a form of beta vulnerability game that is charming in small, self-aware (and self-controlled) doses — is catnip to chicks. Telling a girl that you are "having trouble saying something really cool and interesting at the moment, so just sit tight and magic will happen if you're patient" is guaranteed to put a smile on almost any girl's face. Note that there is a subtle qualification test for the girl buried in that opener.

> **1st Time: Assume Failure**
>
> The first time I make an overt "it's on" escalation (O-IOE) like putting out my hand or grabbing her hand I just assume it's not going to work. I figure she is probably going to pull her hand away quickly or simply not comply. Same thing if I go for a kiss instead. I fully expect her to turn away on the first try.
>
> But I don't care if she turns her cheek because the point of the first escalation wasn't for it to succeed. It was only to show her that I am confident and go for what I want. *Escalation is attractive*. If I create an it's on moment on the first try I consider it a bonus.

Chicks dig boldness. Escalating is bold. (MGTOWs wept.)

60 goes into a lot of detail about demonstrating to girls that you can handle social tension, or what we hear at CH refer to as grace under pressure. Shit tests are tension tests; the girl wants to know if you'll fold like a cheap lawn chair. If you do, you are not a worthy alpha male who will protect her and her tribe from marauders. As 60 says, you don't want to break the tension; you want to ride it out until *she* breaks the tension. Then you have acquired for yourself seduction hand. For example:

> *Hey, I want to grab a drink with you on Wednesday.*
>
> *~ I can't. I have to work late*
>
> This is the point where most guys can't deal with the awkwardness and just assume this means she isn't interested. As such, they immediately blab out something stupid to break the tension *ie. "oh, that sucks".* Instead stay completely silent. Don't let her off the hook. Give her a few moments to come back with her own idea.
>
> *~ I'm free on Thursday night.*
>
> *~ We can go to my place.*
>
> If you always feel the need to break the awkward silence and let her off the hook, you will never give her a chance to think up a solution. […]
>
> This moment of silence also makes it clear that you know exactly what her little game is all about. She is trying to string you along while still keeping your male attention and you're not going to put up with it. This moment of silence exposes her. Let the truth about her interest level be heard. She's been busted without having to verbally call her out, which is lame.

I like 60′s seduction style, because it follows a tenet of "less is more" for verbal interaction, while simultaneously pursuing a "more is more" attitude toward physical interaction. It's the sort of game that will appeal to men who aren't naturally socially hyperactive and who instead prefer a laid-back, mystery man approach with heavy emphasis on body language cues and nuanced facial expressions.

> **Reframe Ignoring**
>
> You can also reframe it if a woman is ignoring your texts. Yes, you can even reframe silence. Is she ignoring you or is she flirting with you? It's up to you to decide.
>
> *all of a sudden you're shy? you are such a flirt*
>
> It's the way you interpret her testing and resistance that will dictate your response. It helps to be delusionally confident.

Now where have I heard this before?

> **Set Stealers**
>
> Sometimes one of your friends will come over and indirectly try to hit on the girl you are talking to. Other times random guys will try to steal your set.
>
> He means well but maybe your buddy is very talkative and thinks he is good with women. The key here is to stay quiet and keeping holding eye-contact with your target (the listener) while he is busy doing the talking and entertaining.
>
> Do not look or turn your body towards him. Don't comment on anything he says. This will just give him more attention and power.
>
> This technique is very powerful because you are communicating with her on the non-verbal level while he is still stuck on the verbal level.

> You can even start using eye-coding her like
>
> *"isn't it cute. he is trying so hard"*
>
> You guys are secretly tooling him. He will never be able to recover from that.

AMOG management. (AMOG = alpha male of the group, or alpha male other guy). So true. Have you ever noticed how blatantly — to the point of rudeness — naturals will do this? They will turn their backs, literally, on any AMOG, even if he is a friend, if the guy tries to horn in on the action. And, like a jungle cat, the natural's eyes will never unlock from his prey's eyes. Do these things, and you can learn to be a natural.

> **You are Ugly**
>
> *She thinks I am ugly. Tell me something I don't know.*
>
> I know you were hoping you might be at least decent looking. Dude, you're ugly.
>
> And the sooner you realize and admit you are ugly the better. The great news is you don't have to be traditionally "good looking" to attract women.
>
> If you want to be considered "good looking" in woman's eyes, you have to have the confidence to not care that you are ugly.
>
> Confidence is sexy. And a big part of being confident is realizing you are not good looking, but you don't give a fuck. Women will definitely pick up on this attitude.
>
> The only way to be confident is to actually have male model looks or admit that you are ugly. So if you aren't a male model, then you are ugly. Say it. *I am ugly.* Like most guys you are probably average looking. But you can't be average looking and still be worrying about looks. That is a formula for disaster.
>
> **Let it go man**
>
> Even if you are decent looking and have confidence with some women, there will always be even hotter girls who you feel are out of your league based on your looks. You are never going to be better looking than a woman. Let women worry about looking good and smelling nice. Stop playing the looks game. Stop the insanity. You are ugly. You are short, fat, bald, and you smell. And it doesn't matter.
>
> Most of us can't attract women with our looks.
>
> What attracts women to you is the "I don't give a fuck" attitude.

Wise words, and right in line with CH teachings. (And with science!)

But 60, despite his solid advice, doesn't much like opening girls. He prefers, as do I, using the opener as a screen for girls who are interested, and getting to the seduction part of the pick-up sooner rather than later. Because the quicker you get to actually seducing women, the closer you get to the lays, and the more hot sex you ultimately squeeze out of your short window of opportunity here on earth.

> My whole goal for opening is to make it as quick and efficient as possible. That's why I recommend non-verbal opening. *aka as physical opening.* I want to ping as many cute girls as I can in the shortest amount of time.
>
> I want to get to the fun part. Seducing. I would rather be having an interesting conversation or just listening while seducing a girl with my eyes than be approaching.
>
> I really enjoy seducing cute women that have at least some interest in me. Even though I hate opening, finding them is my motivation. Because for every nine frumps there is always one really cute and interesting girl that I have a lot of fun hanging out with that night.

Outright, prompt rejection is actually not the worst thing that can happen to you. The worst is the "low interest"

girl; she will put in *juuuust* enough effort to keep you around, but not much more to help move the interaction to a sexual crescendo. At least with the girls who rudely reject you, you can move on right away to better prospects; the cockteasers can keep you invested in a shit stock if you don't have the experience to know when to sell.

> **What is a magic number**
>
> A magic number is how many women you have to contact before you find one who has interest in you based solely on your presence.
>
> Attractive Presence / 1st Impression
>
> *– confident approach*
> *– confident body language & posture*
> *– confident eye contact*
> *– looks: clothes, grooming, body*
> *– smile, vibe, glow*
>
> **What is your magic number**
>
> A guy with no confidence, bad posture and no style and could have a magic number as high as 100. Meaning he would have contact 100 women to get one good lead. This is an extreme example but still even with a few minor tweaks to his presence he could easily reduce that number to 1 in 50.
>
> **Why its good to know your magic number**
>
> What if you knew with 100% certainty that if you approached ten women you would go home with one of them. I think you would be really excited to start approaching ten women.

60 spends most of his ebook taking about how to transform a lukewarm girl into a boiling cauldron of twat tingles. His belief is that opening is more about screening out completely uninterested girls (the "red light" girls) and game is more about the skill to convert those girls who have shown some minimal interest (minimal interest in girl-code is MUCH more encrypted than would be minimal interest expressed by the typical man) into lovers.

I know why he does this: the initial meet, and any accompanying instant attraction levels, are subject to a degree of randomness that the later comfort and seduction stages are not. Any individual girl could be taken, PMSing, upset, thinking about some other dude, mad at being dragged out by her friends, or simply MHC incompatible, and most efforts to attract her on your part will be pissing into the wind. While there is plenty of game material on how to CREATE attraction, 60 prefers to emphasize the game techniques that come into play once a girl has been screened for a tiny hint of interest (or, more precisely, screened for an absence of unresponsiveness). Strangely, although approach game is more exposed to forces of randomness, everything after the approach and initial meet is exposed to more opportunities to FUCK IT UP royally. A girl who is sticking around for a few minutes to get a feel for your alpha maleness is also going to become a harsher judge of any missteps you make. Game helps men avoid those missteps and guide transiently invested girls into stronger, more sexually charged commitments.

> **No Tension**
>
> I know some guys still think this ambiguity is a good thing. It's better if she is wondering about your intentions, right? Actually not really. That's because there is almost NO tension when you start a conversation this way. It's way too comfortable for her right from the start. Most times after your initial comment and subsequent thread runs its course , the interaction fizzles out. On the other hand using very direct openers (ie. *you are absolutely stunning!*) can also be hit or miss.
>
> As such, I usually choose the middle ground. For example, my favorite way to start a conversation is "Hey, you looked interesting. I figured I would come over and introduce myself." This line is delivered seductively but slightly aloof. Yes I want to meet her but I'm not completly won over yet. This opener obviously creates some tension but it's not so over the top that it's awkward. It doesn't box you in. You can still be a challenge and she

> still has to qualify. In fact, by adding that she "looked interesting" most women will want to stay consistent with that and try to live up to your initial perception of them. In other words, qualify to you.
>
> **Quick Tip**
>
> I know it can be hard for some guys to build-up enough confidence to walk over and simply introduce themselves to a woman. And some guys just can't do it at all. They feel much more comfortable with the comment, question or opinion format. So for them I recommend making their situational comment and then stating their intention.
>
> **Example**
>
> indirect – situational comment: *looks like you are really enjoying that book, is that something I should be reading?*
>
> her: *actually it's really funny! I can't stop laughing.*
>
> direct – state intention: *well you looked interesting, so I thought I would come over and introduce myself.*

I'm an advocate for showing ambiguity, but 60 makes a good point that too much ambiguity will be misread by girls as friendship offers, or worse, as cowardly avoidance of one's real intentions. 60 is really a student of the *indirect-direct opener* school. His directness is less sexual than it is plausibly deniable, and he even advises that a direct opener can be used on the heels of an indirect opener if you are the kind of guy who likes to catch women off-guard (or you're justifiably squeamish about being perceived as too flattering of girls). I believe the indirect-direct opener is Krauser's method of operation as well.

I'm still not a fan of saying your name before you've gotten the girl's name, (your name should be a reward for her name or, better yet, should remain mysteriously hidden as long as possible), so I would avoid openers that use the phrase "introduce myself". Substitute with "say 'hi'" instead.

60 has something to say to those guys (usually trolls) who wonder if practiced aloofness and stating one's intentions, however ambiguously, are mutually exclusive:

> If you think letting women know that you wanted to meet them gives them the upper hand, think again. Remember, contacting women on dating sites doesn't stop guys from being challenging or qualifying them. Even though she assumes they must be interested. These guys are taking advantage of the built-in excitement that comes when someone (anyone) is interested in you. People like people who like them.
>
> When you stay completely vague about why you came over to talk, women won't register the interaction as anything to be excited about. She can relax. They stop listening and lose interest. They play with their phones and start looking around. That's because she really does think you are just "being social" or you were just making a comment. Even if she eventually realizes you probably came over to talk to her, she isn't going to give you any points for having confidence. She will think you were scared so you made up an excuse. By this point it's too late anyway. She is too comfortable with you.

I wouldn't go as far as 60 in his assertion that indirect game will bore women and friendzone yourself; in the right hands, Straussian opinion opener game can work well, as long as one knows when to ratchet the tension. The problem with indirect, "social" game is that there is a risk it will be used as a crutch by men to avoid more intimate escalation.

> It is way more important to open a woman within three seconds than to wait until you can think of something clever to say. In fact, it doesn't really matter what you say.
>
> You can say *I love tigers*, *this is my song* or simply *hello*. Just as long as you say it within three seconds.
>
> The most important thing is that you don't procrastinate and sike yourself out. And eventually creep her out. You will get more points for having the confidence to approach quickly than you would if you came up with

> something really good to say, but waited.

Amen, bro. No argument here.

60 thinks that humbleness rather than cockiness is the preferred method of bantering female shit tests.

> *Hey do you guys think it's OK for a girl to Twitter about her date while she is still on the date?*
>
> They are nice but out of nowhere her friend says: *"Is this your excuse to come and and talk to us?"*
>
> Now I know some guys would think it's the perfect time for a cocky comeback. **Don't Break Rapport**
>
> *Actually you guys looked fun so I wanted to come introduce myself.*
>
> Do not let her bait you to break rapport. Do not give her an excuse to reject you. Your confident approach already has her attracted. Women don't test guys they aren't attracted to.

I disagree with this last assertion. Women will often test men they aren't YET attracted to, in order to determine just how attractive a man is. There might be an initial, asexual curiosity by her, but full-blown attraction in women can take a few minutes to really metastasize. Nevertheless, 60′s advice is solid; cockiness can be overplayed, especially if you are already perceived as a confident man.

> A general rule is the less attractive she is the more humble you need to be.

This is just a reiteration of the CH maxim that the hotter the chick, the tighter your game will need to be.

> **Clown Zone**
>
> Keep in mind that although a social opener is low risk, the more clownish your opener is the harder it will be to switch to a seductive vibe later.

This is my main beef with the older Tyler Durden style of game. High energy, borderline spastic openers and mass social proofing is anathema to men who either prefer or are naturally more skilled at creating lower energy seductive vibes, aka brooding introverts. A player would have to be exceptionally skilled indeed to ably switch from one state to the other without seeming incongruent.

> **Anti-Manifesto**
>
> It is my belief that it's not so much as you need to do or say "special" things to CREATE attraction as much as you just need to NOT do the small things that reduce the sexual tension that is already there. And eventually kill it forever.
>
> – talking
> – laughing
> – reacting
> – fidgeting
> – bailing her out
> – supplicating facial expressions […]
>
> In the end it always seems to come down to who wins the little tension battles:
>
> Eye Contact: who is going to look away first
> Introduction: who pulls their hand away first
> Silence: who gives in and talks first
> Resistance: who tries to diffuse the awkward moment first
> Who breaks down and needs to have a talk about "what is going on" first.

Yes, game is as much avoidance of anti-seduction behaviors as it is execution of pro-seduction behaviors. In fact, the former is a prerequisite for the latter; you have to rid yourself of the bad before the good can find purchase.

I'll quote the following from 60 because it is SO important for newbs to understand:

> **Escalation & Resistance**
>
> Anytime you get verbal or physical resistance there will be even more tension in the air. This is good news. Resistance is great! But if you react to the resistance verbally (ie. trying to diffuse the awkwardness by making a joke) you will kill that tension. The same thing happens if you look sad and become pouty. If you don't react to her resistance it never becomes real. It's not official. It's like it never happened. Being unreactive and keeping composed lets you be very persistent without coming across needy.

What do I hear there? Ah yes, the female rationalization hamster! You need to befriend that hamster and to make it spin for you instead of against you. Non-reactiveness is a surefire social technique for putting that furball to work in your service.

> **Risk Creepy**
>
> As I have discussed before you want to embrace awkwardness and risk creepy. You want her breathing heavy and get her heart beating faster. That's because these symptoms mimic the signs of her being attracted. This tension is a good thing. You want it to be a bit awkward. You don't want things to feel too comfortable.

Better to be creepy than invisible.

> **The Hard Truth**
>
> For some guys using *fast escalation* will be the only way they can ever create attraction with really hot women. The confidence displayed by fast escalation overcomes all of their shortcomings in other areas. You are wasting your time if you are using anything else.

60 emphasizes fast escalation, physical but also to a lesser extent verbal, and with good reason: You really can short-circuit a girl's latent objections to sex by escalating fast and taking her out of her head. Remember, women WANT and LOVE to submit to a strong man. And escalation is a manifestation of strength.

> **Guys just want things to end good**
>
> So they can have their little story about how they got a hot girls number or flirted with a really attractive woman. It's an ego thing. They didn't escalate because they didn't want things to end bad. But it always ends bad. Every single time.
>
> Follow everything to its conclusion. Every set. Every number. Every prospect. Every time. Unless you get the girl it will always end bad. And at some point it will eventually end bad with her as well. And that's OK. […]
>
> Make sure it always ends bad.

Raise your hands, all you guys who chatted up a girl, got her smiling, and then bailed on asking for the number or a date because you froze and decided that her smile was good enough for you. Follow through to failure. You will never have success if you're afraid to court failure.

There's a big chunk of the middle section of the ebook that deals with tension management, eye contact, inner game, shit tests, seductive listening, qualification, kino (combining "accidental" and deliberate touches), compliance, persistence, anti-slut defenses, isolation, last minute resistance ("Don't wait for resistance. Resist yourself.") and rapport (he's not a huge fan of intentionally breaking rapport to build tension), which I will skip over because most of the readers are already familiar with these topics, and 60′s contribution is not radically

different from the information in other pick-up resources. It's still very good, though, and 60 is a clear, insightful writer whose material would sit well on the top shelf along with other renowned game manuals.

60 Years of Challenge is a great resource if you are looking for information on powerful post-approach, early- and mid-stage game techniques, body and facial language, and non-verbal escalation. Physical, non-verbal escalation plays such a big part of 60′s game philosophy that it's a wonder the autistic feminist hen cluckers haven't latched onto his tome as a field manual for instituting rape culture. But the player is right and the feminists are wrong (there's news): girls love the feeling of "being taken" by a dominant man, and part of that feeling requires of girls that they put forth tokens of resistance.

60 is a little weak in the areas of creating raw attraction and relationship management, but there are plenty of other pick-up resources out there that cover those territories extensively. He stresses that cocky/funny teasing is counterproductive in many cases, which is where he markedly differs from his pick-up peers. He asserts that silence and a seductive stare create more delicious sexual tension than a witty comeback. (It is on this subject where I think his advice becomes too narrow in scope. There is certainly a place for playful teasing.). His theoretical musings on male-female psychosocial differences (or sameness) are superficial (he's a member of the slut apologist club). Also, some of his advice contradicts itself, but that is a quibble when viewed against the mostly coherent whole, and to be expected when a good part of his ebook is a patchwork of his drive-by internet forum postings.

Disagreements aside, my overall style is sympatico with 60′s, and I suspect 60 and I would get along quite well in the field as wingman partners in grime.

Rating: 3.5 out of 4 engorged labia.

PS Here's a parting quote from 60, directed at the mewling MGTOWs and huffy tradcons:

> **The game is not fair**
>
> I repeat. This game is not fucking fair. The best guy for her doesn't win. The most attractive guy doesn't automatically get to be the one to have sex with her.
>
> The guy she likes best and the guy she ends up having sex with can be two totally different people.
>
> It's the guy who is persistent that gets the girl. It's the guy who laughs off her tests and token resistance and keeps escalating that gets the girl. In the end he doesn't even remember any of the resistance he got.

PPS I like this final thought from 60:

> Visualize yourself as having a combination of the following. A seduction triple threat.
>
> • The social skills of Vince Vaughn in *Swingers*
> • The seductive power of George Clooney
> • The sexual drive of Tommy Lee on tour with Motley Crue
>
> **Pick your own characters or role models**
>
> Your goal is to become congruent with these 3 characters and be able to switch smoothly from one to the other without worrying that it's strange.

You can't go wrong imbuing yourself with the personality traits of the cocky socializer, the confident seducer, and the carnal sex machine. To be anything less would be… beta.

Stop Amnesty Now

CH · 29 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It looks like a bipartisan (read: bi-part the American public's buttcheeks and ram it home hard) effort by legislators is about to lead to total amnesty for tens of millions of illegal infiltrators (as Israel's government classifies similar migrants crossing their borders), in exchange for promises — promises! — of stricter border control in the distant future.

Do you ever get the feeling that we live in two Americas? America One, the status whoring playground and experimental lab of the ruling class. America Two, the masses of common sensical, decent people serving as guinea pigs for America One's pleasure.

So Democrats want new voters and a lock on elections for the next fifty generations. Republicans want cheap chalupas and kickbacks to their corporate sponsors. And the public wants a solvent, livable country again, filled with like-minded people they can trust and count on to be there when the old age SHTF.

Guess who always gets what they want?

Take a stand. Notify your congressional representative, aka Filthy Fuck, of your displeasure with their august body's program of *de facto* genocide against the founding and maintaining stock of the once-great American nation.

Not that this will do any good, because the ruling class has no interest in listening to the rabble; in fact, they seem to be of a mind lately to sneer at the rabble and to take joy in sticking it to them good and hard. But at least they'll be put on notice.

What notice, you ask? Why, the notice of revolution. The notice of secession. The notice that their time, however gaudily invincible it appears right now, will come to an end, and if they were on the wrong side of this simmering intra-white status war they can expect retribution; swift, remorseless, unforgiving, and as gleefully and cruelly administered as the punishment they currently lord over their putative compatriots.

Predicting How Married And Single People (Think They) Live And Love

CH · 30 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Match.com is conducting its third annual survey on singles' views and lifestyles, but this time they've included married people in their survey pool. The survey results will be released in a week. In the meantime, there is a video posted at the Match.com blog which has a sampling of the questions that were asked of respondents, and predictions by staff and randoms. Watch the vid and make your own predictions for how people responded to the survey questions. I've included my predictions below (based not on survey data but on personal experience socializing with both single and married friends and acquaintances, and on my talent for reading between the pretty lies people say in polite company).

CH predictions for how men and women, singles and married people, responded to survey questions

"What's the number one feature both men and women judge most on the first date?"

Men: Kindness.

Women: Confidence. (Or some similar variant thereof.)

(This question is interesting, because they are asking what people *judge*, not what people *check out*. Men judge women's bodies and faces the most, but that judgment occurs before the first date, when the man first sees the woman. A first date usually means the man has deemed the woman's body acceptable, so he is free to judge other things about her. Kindness happens to be that specific female trait that men value because it is a signal that she will be open to sex in the near future.)

"Who goes out more, singles or married people?"

Single men: Singles.

Single women: Married people.

Married men: Married people.

Married women: Singles.

"Who thinks about sex more, singles or married people?"

Single men: Singles.

Single women: Singles.

Married men: Married people.

Married women: Singles.

"What percent of single women would never date someone shorter?"

Men: 75% (average of answers).

Women: 40% (average of answers).

"How many times has the average single been in love?"

Single men: 1.5 times. (average)

Single women: 2.5 times. (average)

"Who does more pre-date "research" on Facebook, single men or women?"

Single men: Women.

Single women: Women.

"Who are singles less likely to friend on Facebook, their boss or an ex?"

Men: Boss.

Women: Boss.

"Who fantasizes more about co-workers, single women or men?"

Men: Single men.

Women: Single women.

"What do married people miss the most about single life?"

Married men: Freedom.

Married women: Excitement.

***

The usual caveat to take self-reporting surveys, especially answers from women, with a flat of salt applies. Remember, what women think and what their vaginas actually compel them to feel are two totally separate things. Nevertheless, it's interesting in its own right to read how people perceive others conduct their love lives, or even how they perceive themselves in the conduct of their own love lives. Perceptions are the tuneful melodies people hum over the jackhammer rhythms of reality to soften the cacophony.

This House Is Clean (And Sex-Free)

CH · 31 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Back in September of 2012, CH highlighted a study which showed that modern couples who share the housework are at far higher risk of divorce than couples where the woman does most of the domestic duties.

> *Divorce rates are far higher among "modern" couples who share the housework than in those where the woman does the lion's share of the chores, a Norwegian study has found.*
>
> *In what appears to be a slap in the face for gender equality, the report found the divorce rate among couples who shared housework equally was around 50 per cent higher than among those where the woman did most of the work.*
>
> Women have been claiming for God knows how long that they want a man who will do his share of the housework, but when he does, their vaginas dry up like the Sahara. You see, equality of the sexes is a myth. Women don't *really* want equal husbands. What women want are strong husbands who don't act like women, which means, in practice, not puttering around the house dusting, mopping, vacuuming, cooking, or doing the laundry.

Right on cue, feminists plugged their ears. The ones who stumbled into this happy hating ground tore at their pendulous breasts. Even the trolls had no room to maneuver a subterfuge.

As good as that post was, there is a new study out which may trump it in delicious equalist-eviscerating goodness. Following in the same vein as the study above, researchers discovered that married men who do more housework have less sex.

> Husbands who spend more time doing traditionally female chores — such as cooking, cleaning, and shopping — reported having less sex than those who do more masculine tasks, said the study in the American Sociological Review.
>
> "Our findings suggest the importance of socialized gender roles for sexual frequency in heterosexual marriage," said lead author Sabino Kornrich, of the Center for Advanced Studies at the Juan March Institute in Madrid.
>
> "Couples in which men participate more in housework typically done by women report having sex less frequently. Similarly, couples in which men participate more in traditionally masculine tasks — such as yard work, paying bills, and auto maintenance — report higher sexual frequency." […]
>
> "The results suggest the existence of a gendered set of sexual scripts, in which the traditional performance and display of gender is important for creation of sexual desire and performance of sexual activity," Kornrich said.

When men are men and women are women, the sex is more frequent. And probably hotter, too. When men are scalzied manboobs and women are manjawed feminists, the bedroom is an arid wasteland of dashed passion.

Sexual polarity — the primal force that adheres the cosmic cock to the celestial snatch — is the truth of truths that belies every feminist assertion ever made in the history of that insipid, leprotic ideology. May the losers of the world quake and fall to their knees before its divine directive.

This isn't a truth borne of social constructs, or of cultural conditionings, or of privileges of privilege. It's a truth woven into the fabric of our origin atoms, the glue that binds our helical commandments and reaches outward to breathe life into the monolith of our souls.

It is what is.

The "correlation is not causation" crowd will surely attempt a say with this study, but you know what? It won't

matter whether it's a primarily correlational or causal force which accounts for the reality of this particular intrinsic sex-based dynamic. If you are a man interested in sparking your flailing marriage and reigniting your wife's dying lust, and you have come here to the Chateau for guidance, I will tell you to put down the vacuum and laundry detergent and take up the power tools and lawn mower. Leave the womanly domestic chores for your woman, and the manly handyman chores for yourself. Do this, and your sex life will improve. I promise. And it won't matter if it improved because you fixed a correlational or a causal upstream factor of your marital woes. You will have realigned the sexual polarity, and even a hardcore feminist's vagina can't resist the allure of that naturally evolved gender construct.

I really love these sorts of shivtastic studies. It's almost as if Science approached the doors of Chateau Heartiste, asked to be let in, peered and poked around, and solemnly announced, "This house is clean".

And if you are a sexy man, it will have been your wife who cleaned it.

PS Two of the authors of the original study are surnamed Sweet and Bumpass. Sweet. Bumpass. Sweet Bumpass. Yes. Sweet Bumpass? Meet Purple Saguaro. Sweet Bumpass and Purple Saguaro? Meet Skittles Man. Sweet Bumpass, Purple Saguaro and Skittles Man? Meet the Rationalization Hamster. And on the eighth day, CH rested.

The Short Man Shit Test

CH · 1 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Private Man has a post about a short male friend who received a particularly crass OkCupid message from a girl:

> A friend and colleague is doing the online dating thing with OKCupid. He's 26, intelligent, and with a diverse range of interests and enthusiasms. All in all, he's a good guy and certainly boyfriend material. He's also relatively short at 5'6″ and he accepts his height realistically.
>
> A girl recently sent him this OKCupid message:
>
> *"You are perfect except for your height wahhh. We should be friends, I think we would get along really well and have similar tastes/interests."*
>
> What. A. Bitch.
>
> She is the one who sent the message to him and then she rejects him romantically in the first sentence because of a physical characteristic completely beyond his control. Worse, she still wants "friendship" as an option. Here's the most clueless girl on the planet. It's clueless (and classless) girls like this who turn men into cold-hearted pickup artists. If she's pulling a shit test to see if my friend would rise to the occasion, she's taking bitchery to stratospheric levels. Likely, she's not even aware of how awful she came across in her message.

As TPM noted, there are not very many men who would send the unsolicited equivalent to a woman on an online dating site.

> Most men have enough awareness to not send the following online dating message to a perfect stranger:
>
> *"You are perfect except for your weight. We should be friends, I think we would get along really well and have similar tastes/interests."*

Maybe men should start doing this. It would go a ways to correcting women's poor behavior and aligning their expectations with reality. And that SMV reality has never looked worse for women: chubsters and battle-axes and man impersonators as far as the eye can see.

I suspect the increase in women's rudeness, (and I don't doubt it is increasing among American women), is part ego stroking, part masculinization caused by elevated T levels (which itself is caused by careerism, fat-assery and leftoidism (the latter has the opposite effect on men)), and part manifestation of deep-seated insecurity about their mate worth and ability to land a quality man.

Think about it. If you are a marginal woman who has been burned one too many times by a sexy jerk, you will start to construct a hard shell to protect against future relationship disappointments. This shell often appears in the form of aggressive, preemptive posturing; a kind of "I'll """reject""" him before he rejects me" mentality. This is how substandard girls rationalize their solitude and give themselves a temporary ego thrill.

The irony of this cunttastic tactic is that it's most frequently targeted against beta males — just the sorts of niceguys who would least give these beta women any reason to hate men. But women are human, and humans, despite our protestations to the contrary, can't help but despise the weak and respect the strong. If you give a cunt half an inch, she'll take a country mile.

It may also simply be the case that the woman in TPM's story is a spergqueen, and didn't know any better. But that's not the way to bet.

Anyhow, I'd like to turn our attention away from calculating to the tenth decimal place the exact degree of this girl's bitchiness, and toward the idea that there is an opportunity presented here to handle a blatant shit test and flip an

attraction switch in the girl. The fact is, no matter how bitchy a girl, there is no deserved comeuppance as delicious as seducing her, fucking her, and then leaving her before the jizz has dried, never to contact her again. Unless you don't have the stomach for that kind of stone cold vengeance. Not that I would know anything about that.

So you can chew her out and chasten her — and there would be nothing wrong with that, for you would be making the world a better place for future men who might have the misfortune of crossing paths with her — or you can attempt to make vaginade out of caustic cuntery.

As shit tests go, this one provides us with an excellent opportunity to demonstrate alpha male composure after a truly obnoxious taunt is hurled our way. This taunt is especially irritating because the girl has couched her attack in soft, passive-aggressive, condescending language; just the sort of vile subterfuge with which women are very skilled. Below, I offer some replies that would effectively neutralize this short man shit test, and gain you hand over the girl should you decide pursuing a fuck close is worth it.

Whatever way you answer this shit test, remember that the most important factor is that you NOT sound bitter. Her bitch antennae will be sensitive to any hint of bitterness or anger or defensiveness, so you have to be careful to avoid leaving any impression like those.

"You are perfect except for your height wahhh. We should be friends, I think we would get along really well and have similar tastes/interests."

Possible effective replies

"Wow – you've got big hair – I might need a ladder to check out all your split ends. What are the odds of my grabbing a handful later tonight?" — This one courtesy of commenter "tj" to the original post. I would categorize this reply as "Ignore, and redirect". Probably would work better in person with a playful attitude, than in words where it can be misinterpreted as bitter.

"Short height, big dick. Works for me. I'll bet you're a crazy cat lady in training." — Also from tj. I'd drop the "crazy cat lady" line. The first two sentences are enough.

"Hey – thanks for your interest. I can see you haven't been trained by a man yet. Your message is going to cost you two points. Now – write me a polite letter of introduction and tell me why your hair is worth pulling." — Again from tj. This would not work face to face. Too many words. Works better in email or chat.

"Sure, we can be friends. But you'll have to meet my girlfriends first. If they don't like you, I'll have to pass."

"Have you ever fucked in front of your cat?" — You can go all sorts of ways with this reply. For instance, if she objects, say "But I thought we were friends? This is what friends talk about!"

"I get this all the time… too tall for the ladies."

"Is this how you pick up guys? I'm not smitten yet. Try harder."

"Perfect height for cunnilingus."

"Who is this?"

"Whoa, dial back the charm. My knees are knocking."

"Slow down, party girl. What makes you think we would get along? I hardly know you."

"You like it in the pooper. I can tell."

"You'll have to wine and dine me first."

"Get away from me you crazy-eyed psycho."

"Another charm school grad, I see."

"It's cute the way you flirt so badly. Nerves?"

“Ahh, child-like naivete. You have much to learn.”

“Who wants to be perfect? Perfect is boring. I like to give women a challenge.”

“You like rape, too? Awesome!” — Use with caution. An emotionally stunted feminist might not catch the sarcasm.

“I would tie you down like a Lilliputian.”

“Great! Let’s start our wonderful friendship watching the sun set. You might have to put me on your shoulders.” — Self-deprecating humor is risky, but works on some girls, especially if you’re careful not to milk it, and you segue quickly into sexual escalation.

“Lovely.” — Chicks dig ambiguity. What’s she going to make of this one word reply?

“I’ve heard better come-ons from insurance salesmen.”

“I’m glad you’re the kind of girl who doesn’t just love me for my bod.”

“You’re like that little girl who tries to give the boy she really likes cooties.”

***

You’ll notice in most of the replies above, I rarely mention shortness or height. A successful reframe means just that: reframing away from a conversational topic which works against your advantage. Many of the replies contain implicit challenges — or qualifying tests — that are designed to put the girl on the defensive, provoking her to explain her actions, motivations, or worth as a human being. Girls like men who challenge them, because in their twisted minds they think this means such men really like them for more than their looks.

None of the replies are set up to make excuses for the man’s height, or to cajole a girl of the short man’s positive attributes. Cajoling = qualifying oneself, and that’s anti-game. Some of you may be tempted to say something along the lines of: “You should try a short man for once. You’d be surprised how good we are in bed. Compensation means we have mad skills.” No good. Instead, it’s better to ASSUME THE SALE. The last reply is a classic example of this dictum.

America The Beautiful, 2013

CH · 3 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,

Choice Quotes From Michel Houellebecq

CH · 4 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Michel Houellebecq is the patron prophet and Saint Shiv of Chateau Heartiste. He is a Frenchman novelist who grasps the essential corrosive nature of modern Western society, and who is unafraid to tell it like it is (in language poetic enough to disarm the outer defenses of the Cathedral). Here are a few choice quotes from his books which, I am sure you will agree, closely align with the CH message.

> It's a fact, I mused to myself, that in societies like ours sex truly represents a second system of differentiation, completely independent of money; and as a system of differentiation it functions just as mercilessly. The effects of these two systems are, furthermore, strictly equivalent. Just like unrestrained economic liberalism, and for similar reasons, sexual liberalism produces phenomena of absolute pauperization. Some men make love every day; others five or six times in their life, or never. Some make love with dozens of women, others with none. It's what's known as " the law of the market". In an economic system where unfair dismissal is prohibited, every person more or less manages to find their place. In a sexual system where adultery is prohibited, every person more or less manages to find their bed mate. In a totally liberal economic system certain people accumulate considerable fortunes; others stagnate in unemployment and misery. In a totally liberal sexual system certain people have a varied and exciting erotic life; others are reduced to masturbation and solitude……
>
> Love as a kind of innocence and as a capacity for illusion, as an aptitude for epitomizing the whole of the other sex in a single loved being rarely resists a year of sexual immorality, and never two. In reality the successive sexual experiences accumulated during adolescence undermine and rapidly destroy all possibility of projection of an emotional and romantic sort; progressively, and in fact extremely quickly, one becomes as capable of love as an old slag.

– *Whatever*, quoted in a review of the novels of Michel Houellebecq, "The Suicide of the West".

The sexual market is not just differentiated from the money market; it is foundational of it. The money market is subordinate to the sexual market, though most times to the conscious observer it seems as if the money motive is all there is. But the exquisite perfidy of the sexual market relies in good part on its shadowy functioning. It works out of sight and mind because few can, or are willing to, discern its intricate workings, and even then, fully discerned and understood, it continues working. Its power is absolute.

Houellebecq here correctly identifies the winners and losers in the liberalized sexual market, and his hierarchy matches the writings uncovered on ancient CH scrolls:

Alpha males: biggest winners.
Alpha females: marginal winners.
Beta females: marginal losers.
Beta males: biggest losers.
Omega males and females: same as it ever was.

But the alpha male suffers a penalty of the soul for his embarrassing riches. As the commenter The Man Who Was… put it:

"Success with women is more disillusioning than failure."

Houellebecq says much the same. The least romantic are those who have gorged on romance. Like economic prosperity, fulfillment of man's deepest desires is the very success that suffocates his idealism, crushes his hope, and enervates his spirit.

The only known cure for a failing empire, like 2013 America, is economic and social collapse, to seed the ground

for rebirth. Similarly, the only known cure for a bifurcated, winner-take-all sexual market, is collapse of equalism, that wrong-headed ideology which assumes the sexes are interchangeable. The collapse is inevitable, whether it happens all at once or slowly, because these forces, having been set in motion generations, perhaps millennia ago, perhaps even set in motion at the very beginnings of humanity, are incorruptible. One cannot manage or reason with the Gods of the Copybook Headings. The prime directive, will, once again, as it has done so many times before, shatter all illusions.

***

> It is interesting to note that the "sexual revolution" was sometimes portrayed as a communal utopia, whereas in fact it was simply another stage in the historical rise of individualism. As the lovely word "household" suggests, the couple and the family would be the last bastion of primitive communism in liberal society. The sexual revolution was to destroy these intermediary communities, the last to separate the individual from the market. The destruction continues to this day.

– *The Elementary Particles*

The modern leftoid is not a Communist. He is a radical indivdualist. The nuclear family is the final defense against unfettered individualism. Hence, the need for its destruction. As long as there are functioning nuclear families, there is the possibility for in-groupism, tribal loyalty, and nationalism. And these are anathema to certain peoples. The Western man has at last been reduced to a gram of currency, rendered powerless, unable to perceive his growing powerlessness as his sinister baubles and superficial dopamine fixes become more entertaining, distracting, and enfeebling.

***

> To increase desires to an unbearable level whilst making the fulfillment of them more and more inaccessible: this was the single principle upon which Western society was based.

– *The Possibility of an Island*

Modern Western society has been one giant compliance hoop, to borrow a term from the pick-up literature. Maybe a better way to describe modern Western society is as the mother of all cockteases. The Western man has been orbiting in the LJBF zone for decades, gratification and glory so tantalizingly near, a simulacrum of the moist pleasures of kingship held to his parched lips, yet at the same time all this has remained light years from his possessive clutch, cruelly mocking him from a guarded, viewable distance. As a reader comments:

> Show men endless images of beautiful models and actresses and singers, show them endless images of beautiful, slim, women engaging in sex with enthusiasm, tell them that a world of uncommitted and marriageless sex is the norm — then, for reasons they don't understand, slam the door in their face.
>
> This is not a prescription for long term stability.

We are the front lines of a grand sociological experiment the fruits of which are just now beginning to ripen. There is no way to know the exact contours it will trace, because nothing of this precise nature on this gargantuan scale has befallen an entire civilization of our size, until now. But if past performance of similar civilizational devolutions is indicative of future returns, there is little cause for optimism. The omens are everywhere.

The Opposite Of Hoverhand: Hineyhand

CH · 5 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, hoverhand, that most identifiable of nervous, self-conscious beta male tells. Do you hover, body or hand? If you do, you must stop doing it so that women can begin to perceive you as a more attractive man, i.e. a man with a functional penis. Once you stop hovering, you may move on to step two: slyly placing your hand on or near a girl's erogenous zones. What's that? You're afraid? Do not be afraid. Fear leads to beta. Beta leads to bitterness. Bitterness leads to involuntary celibacy.

Say again? Now you're afraid a praying man-chin feminist will bite your head off if you put your hand on her in a less than obsequious manner? Silly fledgling. If you aren't brusque about it, no woman will do that. Not even a feminist. Instead, the feminist will secretly enjoy your privileged sexual predations, and will only realize a day later after you have ignored her calls and text messages that she succumbed to an alpha male, whereupon her indignation will rise like froth in a stew of mashed ego gruel, and she will write a livid blog post about the asshole PUA she supposedly couldn't care less for who can't stop thinking about her.

Some of you burgeoning ladyslayers are wondering, "Where do I put my hand, then?". Glad you asked! Here's a graphic catered to the visual orientation preference of men.

The guy in the top left pic is headed toward LJBF land, if he isn't there already. Beta. The guy in the bottom right is scared of his own shadow. Lesser beta with delusions of grandeur. The guy in the bottom left is doing it just right. Not too much grabass, like the boyfriend in the top right, but just enough to escalate her sexual response without triggering her egg protection protocol. As the night wears on and the seduction deepens, you should move your hand into previously inviolable regions. You're on the right track if you can feel ass crack. As a reader says,

> The guy at the waistline [bottom left] has to choose: up and out, or down and in.

Up and out, or down and in? Alpha male problems.

Where is the omega male's hand? Why, feverishly pumping his pud 'twixt forefinger and thumb!

Contraceptives And Cuckoldry

CH · 5 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Khaaaaan has a post up about a German study which purports to show that the cuckoldry rate — situations where the presumed father is not the biological father of the child — in Germany is around 1%. (Via Glpiggy.)

A few words on that. First, misattribution of paternity can occur in any number of ways. Steve Sailer left some good comments over at Khan's blog that illustrate in real life, flesh and blood scenarios how cuckoldry rates can be misattributed. Nevertheless, I'm not here to argue that the 1% figure is wrong. In fact, the 1% figure is higher than I assumed. Look at it this way: That recorded 1% cuckoldry rate is more than 30 TIMES the US recorded rape rate of 0.03%.

Besides the actual rate, there are other angles to this id-loaded topic that are worth exploring.

A flaw in assuming present-day cuckoldry rates align with historical cuckoldry rates is the fairly recent widespread availability of contraceptives and abortion. How many women who sleep with interloper males are using birth control? Probably most, and more so if those women are higher SES. How many are aborting the fetus, should contraception fail or not be used, before hubby finds out or is doomed to raise a child as an unwitting cuckold? Again, I'd guess most. That 1% figure may simply be a reflection of the fact that cheap and effective modern contraceptives bite into a possibly larger historical cuck rate. And since our sexual natures are the product of millions of years of fine-tuning, it would make sense for male jealousy and mate-guarding instincts to have evolved, especially if the real cuckoldry rate (and not just the "don't worry, I'm on the Pill" shadow cuckoldry rate in which the act is performed but the consequence is averted) in the environment of evolutionary adaptation was considerably higher than 1%.

Or: Don't start hedging your bets that women are no more than 1% evil.

Then there is the issue of serial monogamy. Serial monogamy is much more the norm now than it was in the past. Women on second marriages (or on post-divorce second dating lives) bring their kids from the first marriage into any new relationship. As much as the new boyfriend or husband might not want those bastards around him, he is going to participate in their raising in some form or another if he plans on banging out the mother for any length of time greater than two weeks. He is, in effect, a *de facto* cuckold, albeit an informed and, presumably, voluntary one. (Though the definition of voluntary is a bit loose when one is put in the position of weighing the odds of future fux against the pain of supporting present bastards. Duress matters if you are a desperate beta male willing to put up with snot-nosed shit to get some floppy, aged action.)

Women, too, are subject to unwelcome participation in the raising of unrelated children if they are in second relationships with divorced single dads, but in practice this punishment is not meted out to women nearly as often as it is to men, because it is usually the ex-wife who has full-time custody of her kids, or the single mom who is solely raising her hatchlings, and hence it is usually the sloppy seconds beta male who is getting the screws by groveling for sexual relief from these SMV leftovers.

So there are really two kinds of cuckoldry: *De facto* and deceptive. The latter is far worse from a moral calculus (it really is the equivalent of female rape, except the pain is dragged out over eighteen years) but the former is no less an indictment of the growing dysfunction of the modern sexual market.

The “IKEA Effect” Supports The Game Concept Of Compliance

CH · 6 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We’ll just begin this post with a preen.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ *self-love* ♥♥♥♥♥♥ *self-love* *self-love* ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Ah, that’s better.

Wait. Did you hear that? Someone out there thinks this preen invalidates the science that is about to follow. What a strange duck that person is.

Pick-up artists have a term called compliance, which is a game tactic designed to raise a man’s value relative to the woman’s value, and to gauge a woman’s interest level. The concept is simple: You make a request of a girl, and if she complies you know that she is attracted to you. Furthermore, the *very act* of complying with your request will cause her to feel more attracted to you.

Compliance techniques can be physical or verbal. The verbal forms are known as “hoops”, as in “jump through your hoops”. For instance, raising your hand and gesturing for a girl to grab it and twirl is a physical compliance test. Asking her to watch your drink as you take a bathroom break, or to participate in a mind game of your choosing, are verbal hoops.

Compliance is a powerful seduction technique, for two reasons: One, it is grounded in an accurate appraisal of human, and particularly female, psychology and, two, it is so rarely used by men (and so frequently deployed by women) that the man who co-opts it for himself is immediately more alluring to women.

While there appears to be no scientific study directly measuring the effect of female compliance on a man’s desirability, there has been an analogous study examining how labor compliance affects people’s feelings of love for the objects of their labor. It’s called the “IKEA Effect”, and the study concluded:

> In a series of studies in which consumers assembled IKEA boxes, folded origami, and built sets of Legos, we demonstrate and investigate the boundary conditions for what we term the “IKEA effect” – the increase in valuation of self-made products. Participants saw their amateurish creations – of both utilitarian and hedonic products – as similar in value to the creations of experts, and expected others to share their opinions. […]
>
> Adding to previous literature on effort justification, we also show that successful completion is an essential component for the link between labor and liking to emerge; participants who built and then unbuilt their creations, or were not permitted to finish those creations, did not show an increase in willingness-to-pay. In addition, our experiments addressed several possible alternative IKEA Effect explanations for the increased valuation that people hold for their own creations. We show that successful assembly of products leads to value over and above the value that arises from merely being endowed with a product, or merely handling that product; in addition, by using simple IKEA boxes and Lego sets that did not permit customization, we demonstrated that the IKEA effect does not arise solely as a result of participants’ idiosyncratic tailoring of their creations to their preferences.
>
> What psychological mechanisms underlie the increase in valuation when participants self-assemble their products? In the introduction, we suggested that the increase in liking that occurs due to effort (Aronson and Mills 1959) coupled with the positive feelings of effectance that accompany successful completion of tasks (Dittmar 1992; Furby 1991) is an important driver of the increase in willingness to pay that we observe. Of course, effectance itself has multiple psychological components: actual control over outcomes and mere *perceived* control over outcomes (Bandura, 1977). Given that our participants are in “control” by building their own products yet assembling them according to preset instructions (i.e., “not in control”), further exploration of perceived and actual control is likely to lend insight into the IKEA effect. In addition, there are likely additional underlying mechanisms that vary by the type of product being assembled. For instance, the assembly

> of more hedonic products often results in the opportunity to display one's creation to others (Franke et al. 2010). Indeed, many of our participants who built Legos and origami in Experiments 1B and 2 mentioned a desire to show them to their friends, suggesting that the increase in willingness-to-pay for hedonic products may arise in part due to the social utility offered by assembling these products. We suggest, however, that social utility is likely to play a more minor role in increased liking for self-assembled utilitarian products like the storage boxes used in Experiments 1A and 3, given that the social IKEA Effect utility gained from displaying products decreases as product complexity decreases (Thompson and Norton, in press). It is also possible that the enjoyment of the assembly task itself is a contributor to the IKEA effect – building Lego frogs is more fun than building storage boxes – such that task enjoyment is another contributor to valuation that varies by product type. Future research is needed to unpack what are likely to be multiple drivers of the IKEA effect.
>
> We note that we used generally small ticket items, and the question of whether the IKEA effect occurs for more expensive items is important both practically and theoretically. While future research should empirically examine the magnitude of overvaluation as a function of price, we suggest that, even for very costly items, people may continue to see the products of their labor as more valuable than others do. For instance, people may see the improvements they have made to their homes – such as the brick walkways they laid by hand – as increasing the value of the house far more than buyers, who see only a shoddily-built walkway. Indeed, to the extent that labor one puts into one's home reflects one's own idiosyncratic tastes, such as kitchen tiling behind the sink that quotes bible verses, labor might actually lead to lower valuation by buyers, who see only bible verses that must be expunged – even as that labor leads the owner to raise the selling price.

This is a boffo study with wide-ranging implications for numerous human social dynamics, including the seduction of women. Parsing the academese, what the study says is this:

The more work (labor) you put into a project, the more you will value the outcome of that project, even if objectively the value of your output is not high.

This relates to game. The charismatic tactic of inducing female compliance is essentially the coaxing of women to perform labor on your behalf, and for your benefit. When a woman labors for you, ("Carrie, hold my scarf"), she has invested in you, and her love for her "project" (you) grows commensurate with her degree of labor aka investment. It sounds counterintuitive (Typical Blue Piller: "Why would a woman love a man more if he's being demanding and she's being accommodating?"), but that is the nature of male-female mating dances: the reproductive goals of men and women are at odds, so romantic interactions tend to resolve into counterintuitive, even paradoxical, strategies.

And how often have we all seen this strange predilection of female nature play out in real life? Watch any natural/jerk/douchebag/player and you'll see his lovers bending over backward to please him. And when you ask a girl why she loves the jerk who squeezes blood from her stone, she defends him to the high heavens, much like an IKEA consumer will defend his rickety, self-assembled Nordbox to any who question its actual worth.

This is one reason why artists do so well with women. Though he may not be consciously aware of the biomachinations that fuel his seductive charms, the artist's "demand" of a woman to "get his work" or "grasp his message" is basically a challenge to her self-valuation, and a challenge that requires of her some mental (or physical) labor to reaffirm. Fashion photographers, the straight ones at least, absolutely clean up with hotties because they put their exquisite models in a constant, elevated state of laborious challenge — do this, move here, drop your chin, look this way, stop looking that way — which heightens their feelings of arousal and love for the photographer. It is akin to the feelings evoked by the psychology of Stockholm Syndrome.

Making demands of women feels very unnatural to beta males because those men have little experience with women beyond that which is acquired by flaunting their ability to provide, sympathy mewl on cue, and show up on time. To beta males, the notion of arousing a woman to dizzying sexual cravings through the conduit of compliance

testing is incomprehensible. The beta male invests in women; he knows no other way. The alpha male lures women to invest in him. He knows there is another way.

How To Tell Women What They Want To Hear

CH · 7 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Nick Savoy is a pick-up coach who runs Love Systems. He's been in the business of selling blueprints for getting laid a long time. Although he's Canadian, I have nothing against the guy. Word is he's an excellent artiste of the pick-up persuasion. However, I can't help but call out — and compliment! — glorious bullshit when I see it, and parts of this latest interview with him qualify.

Savoy made an appearance on the Today show recently to hawk his new """game""" book for women, called *It's Your Move: How to Play the Game and Win the Man You Want*. Now when I hear the words "girl game" my BS detector goes off. The fundamental premise of the sexual market is that women trade their youthnbeauty for men's power, prestige, charm, dominance and resources (among other desirable male traits). The best "girl game" in the world, then, is simply this:

Be young and hot, ladies.

Any advice geared for women beyond that basic prerequisite is sure to be warm, steaming feelgood pablum. Effective at the distant margins, AT BEST. And then, effective only on beta males who are the kinds of men apt to fall for manipulative girl game. The alpha males for whom chicks devise "girl game" to capture in heady commitment are just the sorts of men who are adept at sidestepping women's manipulations.

(This is very unlike game for men, which is the inverse of game for girls, because it tends to be the hottest, highest value girls who swoon the swooniest for seductive men with pick-up skills.)

But of course that message won't sell. And since women are the majority of book buyers, especially of books which tickle their solipsistic fancies rather than give them actual useful advice to measurably improve their lives, it pays a man like Savoy to craft a prettified message for the ladies that will make them happy and hopeful and validated and reaching for their credit cards. So Savoy is no dummy. In fact, I predict he will make more $cashmoney$ from this one "girl game" book than he has made from all his tougher-edged game books aimed at men.

To understand what I'm getting at, watch this video of his interview. (Sadly, SFW.) Savoy has to speak in womanese to these two old, stretchy faced broads or they'd ride him out on a rail. (Or, more likely, their white knights and femlickers would ride him out on a rail.) The womanese dialect Savoy employs is thickly accented, so I've included where necessary a helpful womanese-to-male English translation below.

Ok, let me get this out of the way first so the comments don't get clogged with funny yet drearily repetitive remarks: Yes, Savoy sounds gay. He's not, but he sure sounds it. If you're wondering how a man whose voice is a nasally kazoo that projects Kegel-strengthened arias into the heads of the assembled can seduce so many lovelies, keep in mind that Science! has discovered bisexual men — who are a subclass of the class of effeminate men — have more female partners on average than do exclusively heterosexual men. My take: Those men in touch with women's deepest truest desires, like apparently Savoy is, are best able to coax them into the sack.

Also, Savoy is kind of funny. I'd be surprised if the gentle humor that comes across in this interview wasn't also a part of his pick-up success.

I'll skip the first minute which is mostly a prelude to the juicy stuff.

1:10 — *"Well, half the game's won or lost before you even leave the house."*

Male English translation: "If you're cute inside your house, then you'll be cute outside your house."

This statement is half sincere, and that's all right. If he had said "9/10ths of the game's won or lost before you even leave the house", he'd be eight-balling 100% stone cold truth. But we'll take half and call it a win.

1:16 — *"How you dress is important, too. But also, I mean, you want to go out with like a couple of girl friends, not a*

massive group, because that's intimidating for most guys."

This is good, if obvious, advice. Men, of course, prefer to approach women who are alone or with one friend. But Savoy either doesn't understand *why* women go out in large hen groups, or he understands but is deliberately avoiding the implications in order to spoon feed pleasant sounding advice to women who will in reality never take it up. Single women aren't making an error of judgment when they choose to go out in big groups of clucking hens and a few beta orbiters. In fact they are making a wise choice; big groups insulate them from potentially dangerous men, and big groups allow them to judge a man's facility to navigate pressure-filled social dynamics.

So telling girls to go out alone is like telling them to put out as quickly as possible: it ain't gonna happen as long as the female biomachinery isn't radically altered. You know what types of women go out alone or with one friend? Cougars. When you have low sexual market value, you have to make it as easy as possible for the desperate beta males who are your bread and butter.

1:33 — *"…and wear something or bring something interesting that a guy can comment on."*

Male English translation: "Don't dress like a potato sack."

This is good advice as far as it goes, but again, it suffers from the tacit delusion that ugly girls can attract men by wearing an eye-catching ensemble or a peculiar accoutrement. The "unique purse" that Savoy recommends a woman carry as a lure to capture a man's attention and give him something to talk about is advice best suited for women who are *already* attracting men with their looks, and who want to make it easy for those men to strike up convos. Like I said, decent advice, but not really the sort of advice that is going to do the women most in need of a "How to find a man" book any help.

2:44 — *"It's so important to go to your strengths. I'm with guys as they're going out to bars or clubs or coffee shops, and they're deciding who to approach and who they're interested in, and I see so often that guys would much rather approach the woman who's confident in her own skin, who looks comfortable with herself, and who maybe is telling a story about herself with how she's dressed, than the 25th most attractive woman in the room who's competing on that ground."*

Male English translation: "If you're an unattractive girl, dress like a scenester slut. Men will figure you're DTF and will approach you over the girl who is unattractive and prudish."

This is great advice for the girl who wants to get banged out no strings attached, but not so great advice for the girl who wants a relationship with an alpha male. Since most girls want the latter, this advice is as likely to get them further from their goals as it is to help them fulfill their goals.

By the way, the very fact that Savoy can speak so fluently in womanese is testament to his skills as a womanizer. Perhaps he won't like that I've labeled his girl game advice as bullshit, but in fact I am paying him a high compliment. You've got to be smart and seductive to spin a whole book out of "Be cute and young, and don't be ugly or get old".

Leftoid Egocentrism

CH · 7 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've spent a lot of time in the company of leftoid SWPLs, liking some, disliking others, and I've spent nearly the same amount of time in the company of non-SWPLs and "blood n soil n family" types, again liking and disliking some. Here's what I've found to be almost universally true:

Non-leftoids — i.e. conservatives, apolitical drop-outs, right leaners, sincere flyover country independents, anti-urban mainstream hipsters, commonsensical libertarians, earthy ethnics, and generally kind-hearted people who don't like to argue politics or ideology at every turn — are exceedingly tolerant of leftoid SWPLs in their social group, even of the loony, attention whoring type of leftoid SWPL who can't stop regaling a group with his or her political or social views. In fact, many non-leftoids go out of their way to befriend and include the few leftoids in social bonding rituals.

Leftoid SWPLs, in stark contrast, are exceedingly intolerant of anyone not a leftoid SWPL. This intolerance grows in proportion to the leftoid SWPL composition of a social group, and to the transparency with which the non-leftoids in the group adhere to their beliefs and world views. I have seen leftoid SWPLs WALK OUT of rooms, mid-conversation, because they experienced an uncomfortable reflex when some wholly unobtrusive non-leftoid let slip a sliver of marginal crimethink.

My conclusion: Leftoid SWPLs are among the most intolerant, self-righteous, egotistical pricks in the world, right up there with the Tutsis. For a sub-race of people that has spent generations propagandizing the sanctity of tolerance, they sure have a blind spot to their own non-*incluuuuuuuusive* behavior.

The question is… why? Why is this the state of affairs, and not some other state of affairs?

My answer is that I believe leftoid SWPLism is partly genetically inherited, and that this inheritance carries along with it a propensity for supreme, infantile egocentrism. Rank egocentrism is a child-like psychology of solipsistic, feminine essence that expresses from a deeply rooted insecurity about one's status in her immediate world. The leftoid SWPL is an aggro, in-group curator who religiously polices the boundary of her carefully cultivated social scene, *precisely* because she is unsure of her mental footing and of the viability of her group should it be exposed to thought contamination. I say "she", because it is typically the female SWPLs who are the most aggrieved and intolerant.

The leftoid SWPL is no different in psychology and temperament than the boogeyman Evangelicals and Jesus Freaks who populate her overactive imagination. Their numbers are large enough in the blue cities that they have reached a tipping point where their exclusivity and intolerance and hatred have become self-reinforcing. Their megachurch is the MSM newspaper op-ed, to which they dutifully attend every Sunday to read, recite and genuflect in solemn prayer and soul-nourishing thanks.

I like the SWPL lifestyle — they have done some things right — but many of them are simply grotesque robo-human caricatures one would be ill-disposed to assist in a moment of crisis. They are good for house parties and pleasant, polysyllabic banter, and that's about it. And their women are thinner than non-SWPLs. So there's that, and that's an important thing.

The old saw that liberals love humanity but hate humans while conservatives hate humanity but love humans is proven accurate over and over, each time I am in the one or the other's company. The tolerant are those who are more socially aware — more empathic, if you will — of the feelings of those within their sphere of social influence. The intolerant live in a pinched id box where the only awareness is of one's relative status ranking and of the gratification of one's self-glorified ego.

I prefer the human-lovers over humanity-lovers. After all, humans are right here, right now, part of my reality and my experience, while humanity is an abstract entity that does not love me or receive my love, smile with me,

cooperate with me, or share fun times with me. It may not be the proper attitude of the utopian progressivist (doomed to failure as she is), but it sure makes poolside time a lot more enjoyable.

Given the growing intolerance of leftoid SWPLs and the unconcealed loathing of the ruling class for middle class whites, and the apparent ignorance of the irony inherent in their behavior, I predict that chunks of the USA are destined to part ways along internal fault lines that are presently unknowable. There will be a secession, perhaps not in the traditional way, but a seceding will happen, in one form or another. It is inevitable. Some will argue it will be a continuation of the Civil War, the war that never really ended because the vanquished stuck around in close proximity to the victors, despite efforts to salt their earth. I don't know about that. I do know strange winds are blowing, the blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and the center cannot hold. The ego is the most powerful force in the cosmos, and it will not go quietly to lick its wounds before a cataclysm unleashes its dying fury.

Reader Mailbag: Dewy Vaj Edition

CH · 8 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

> To get the formalities out of the way – it took me 2 years but I've ascended from horrifying betahood into what I like to think is the domain of the lesser alpha. Either way, these days I GET things, and I see things for how they are.
>
> However, there is one question that I keep wondering about – what is the perceived effect of omitting some alpha male rules? To be specific – showing up late. I understand the workings behind it, the DHV, and I have no problems with it if I am arriving into a social circle ("We'll meet up at XXXXXXX at 8, see you there!"), but I loathe it when when people are waiting for me, and on one-on-one dates, I tend to arrive on time more often than not. Just how big is the effect of turning a blind eye to this or that game concept in favor of a more personalized style? How unbendable is any of the concepts depending on context?

Ok, spergs and strawmen, it's time for a quick lesson in basic human reality. I can't believe this needs saying, but apparently it does. You'd think some of this stuff would be inferred in CH writings, but never leave to inference what a hater with a chip on his shoulder will twist into a self-serving ego fap.

Alpha and beta are not discrete categories of man. They are not precisely numbered and annotated bullet lists of behaviors that, should you fail to fulfill one item or execute another item twice more than advised, will automatically shuttle you up or down the male sexual value hierarchy and leave you stranded there permanently. Alpha and beta are ecological designations with fuzzy boundaries but which are still nonetheless readily apprehended, much like a desert is distinct from a grassy plain yet one would be hard pressed to identify the exact border that delineates the regions.

So it is with your question. CH, and others, have suggested that it is good alpha mojo to show up five fashionable minutes late for a first date, because doing so subtly signals your higher relative value to the girl, and higher value, when you get right down to it, is the name of the game. But if you prefer to show up on time for dates, it isn't going to deep six your sexiness AS LONG AS you have enough alpha characteristics in the kitty. If she arrives later than you and sees you at the bar waiting patiently, the immediate value differential she may perceive won't matter if she also gets to watch you yukking it up with the patrons, and you greet her confidently and suavely and lead the date toward a sexual apex.

Furthermore, you can get away with committing a whole slew of bland beta errors if you have enough compensating alpha traits acting as a balance. This is why you will often hear alphas charmingly self-deprecate; they have so much value in store that it doesn't hurt them to lose (in a controlled manner) a couple points here and there. In fact, it can help them, by making them seem more attainable to women.

To put it succinctly: The core tenets of game are universally applicable, but the culturally or individually attuned applications of those tenets can vary. Within reason.

***

Email #2

> It's well known that masculine men and feminine women are natural partners, but are extroverted men and introverted women also natural partners?
>
> An extroverted men is confident and well liked. He's comfortable in conversation and can approach without being awkward. His popularity likely leads to social proof, and his social grace gives him high earning power in management, sales, and negotiation. He can provide emotions and resources to his mate.

> An introverted woman is less likely to talk to random strangers, and therefore there are fewer opportunities for her to accumulate a count, or to stray in a relationship. The introverted woman sounds boring, maybe in bed too, but that is a trade-off many men make for a pure woman.

Quick take:

Extrovert man-Introvert woman: Good match. Strong love polarity. Dewy vaj at sight of him expertly working a room. Rock hard protective instinct for shy, modest woman. But she'll wanna know just how much cheating, fucking around, and general mayhem he commits on his social sojourns.

Extrovert man-Extrovert woman: Explosive match. Strong sexual polarity. Will fuck in public locale on second date. Will never stop playing head games for the upper hand. Overpowering jealousy could lead to criminal indictment or revenge infidelity. Long-term prognosis: nonexistent. Paternity assurance: nonexistent. Domestic violence: Awkwardly likely. Anal sex: Guaranteed.

Introvert man-Introvert woman: Beta male fantasy match. Tepid sexual polarity, strong sensibility polarity. Best relationship in the world three weeks out of the month. Worst relationship in the world one week out of the month. Cuddles and kisses substitute for hot, penetrative sex until he goes Anders Breivik and acquires the inevitable mass murderer SMV boost.

Introvert man-Extrovert woman: Strong complementary match, if introverted man is more stoic alpha than retiring beta, and extroverted woman is more social circle glue than thrill seeking slut. Warm powerful love with puzzling bouts of sexual drought. High risk of cuckoldry. Must be comfortable dealing with flirtatious woman, i.e. avoid excessive mate guarding. Could be beta male's first introduction to sniffing cocaine off a hot babe's pert ass cheek. Powerful incentive to trade for lowered relationship expectations.

***

Email #3

> So I know the things a natural, alpha man *should* be doing. There is surface-level stuff that during my ongoing transformation I've directly incorporated, that I feel I'm still only midway from beta to alpha. There's underlying, inner game that I have yet to become congruent with.
>
> Reading posts on the ways naturals think and perform makes total sense, but actually *becoming* like that is something else entirely. What is the best way to actually make the transformation from beta to alpha?

Fake it till you make it was the mantra of game practitioners until it was supplanted by an even better aphorism:

Fake it till you create it.

You see, doing all that "surface-level stuff" will not just improve how you are perceived by girls; it will actually create a new alpha identity from your beta clay. An identity that is more than verbal calisthenics, one that instead goes to the id, and lodges itself in near-permanence. That identity goes by another name: The Attitude.

It's never easy becoming something you're not in your natural, lazy, default state, nor is it easy becoming something more than you are. So expect that the effort you'll expend and mental anguish you'll endure will be more intense if your starting point is omega male rather than lesser alpha. But you shouldn't think in those terms. Instead, think that no matter what the shape of your final destination, your journey will bring improvements every step of the way. You may not land a hard 10, but you can date girls a bit hotter and a bit younger than you would normally had you remained stuck in the rut of your betatude.

If you think that's no big deal, try asking a guy who's used to dating 3s what he felt when he got a shot at that 5. Actually, don't bother asking. You'll see it in the way his eyes sparkle with life.

Anyhow, to answer the grist of your question:

1. Hang out with naturals.
2. Avoid losers.
3. Follow the 16 Poon Commandments at the top of this satanic repository.
4. Break up with a girl once in a while just to get a feel for the Awesome Power of Alpha.
5. Create a fake alpha male profile and taunt girls online with promises of dates to get a feel for the Awesome Power of Alpha.
6. Remind yourself that women are essentially interchangeable, and that there is always another one around the corner.
7. Outcome independence is a fancy term for believing that you are God's gift to women. Take it to heart. It works.

***

Email #4

> A cute cashier gave me too much change ($12 too much). I was in a couldn't-care-less-about-humanity mood so I took the extra change without shame even though she'd been friendlier than your normal cashier with a kinda shy greeting and goodbye.
>
> Now that I'm back on terms with humanity (with my shame back) I want to square this with her because 1) the money will come out of her meagre pay so it is the right thing to do and 2) she was good looking so an excuse to talk to her again and only her not anyone else who works there would be welcome. It's the kind of store you only go to once a week, twice at most, so I can't go there every day to see if she's working like I'm a nice guy desperate to give her the money back – her colleagues might remember me if I did – but if I don't I might not see her there again for two, three or maybe more weeks which would be too late – or would it? What to do?
>
> PS – There was some confusion during the cash transaction so saying I didn't pick up on the mistake at the time is plausible. Maybe enough confusion that she remembered it was me she gave too much change too.

Most Valuable Commenter nominee PA used to say that his preferred method of tipping was to handsomely tip single, older men and be stingier with young, single women. The subtext in his strategy is obvious: single older men who are working service jobs need the sexual market value boost a lot more than do single, younger women. In addition to that noble motivation, enriching young, single attractive women makes it harder for beta males to woo them, and easier for alpha cads to use them.

Naturally, most men do just the opposite. That is because most men are mediocrities.

So, in your case, Emailer #4, I wouldn't fret that your foul mood-induced ill-gotten pocketing of a cute girl's coin is some sort of karmic offense that will redound to your reincarnation as a field mouse. If anything, you did the world some good.

But you want to ~~violate her holes~~ date her in a gentlemanly manner, so here is what you do:

Go back to her shop, $12 in hand. (Or, if you're a craven SOB like me, $6 in hand.) Look her in the eye. Hold the pimp daddy wad of money up. It doess't matter how much she remembers of the previous transaction, or when it happened. Tell her, "You gave me too much change. Here. You know, you don't have to treat me like a male stripper to get my attention."

Or: "I'm getting tired of girls paying me for dates."

That should be enough to coax a smile and get the ball rolling. Report back to us.

Always Be On

CH · 8 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We've all had publicly embarrassing moments. This one time, in band camp, I was ~~skipping gaily~~ jogging past a woman with my hands full of shopping bags. I glanced for a split second in her direction but it was enough time to miscalculate and tumble face first into the sidewalk. Hiding the pain in a most manly way, I bounced up and said "Made you look". She laughed. A few more accusations against her propriety, and her number was procured.

Possessing a "game mindset" will help you make mash notes out of mashed potatoes. Always be on.

Status Whoring SWPLs And Pitbulls

CH · 10 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not the only one to notice the latest ridiculous SWPL fad of adopting abandoned ghetto-educated pitbulls as reclamation projects and status whoring symbols.

Pitbulls are one of the ugliest, nastiest dog breeds in circulation. The modern pitbull has been bred by upstanding, law-abiding citizens for aggression and a powerful bite. The pitbull is the thug of dogdom. It even *looks* like a fucking thug. Hence, its appeal to human thugs.

But now SWPLs, humanity's insufferable burdenbraggarts, sensing another golden opportunity to flex their neoPuritan cred, have taken up the crusade of adopting ultraviolent, impulsive pitbulls and whisking them away from their ghetto cellar killing arenas to a brighter future in loving charter homes serviced by low wage, No Dog Left Behind hipster dog walkers.

Goddamned these herbalicious SWPLs. They really are a nauseating cult of pukes. Having failed at rescuing not one, but two mega-underclasses, their insatiable savior complex and hunger for balletic moral posturing, (usually satisfied at the expense of those *other dog owners)*, have driven them into the blood-soaked paws of unpettable killer dogs. The SWPL's soft, plush, Yoshi ego must gorge, and a multigenerational failure of positive thinking, supercilious sophistry, and self-good intentions has made SWPL Yoshi very very cranky. Not content with leaving ill-bred animals alone, and apparently incapable of enjoying the simple pleasure of normal dogs like labs without experiencing an existential crisis, the pitbull has become the newest *cause celebre* for urban SWPLs who can't make it through a day without a pat on the back from their fellow missionaries.

To understand this sudden and perplexing SWPL adoration for pitbulls, you must know the SWPL psyche. The SWPL's greatest fear is confronting the demands of her ego and discovering that everything she believes is a pile of horse shit. Oh no, can't have that, no way no how. Equalism is the gargantuan hamster pellet that feeds her head, and the pitbull is a fortuitous animal proxy for the underprivileged humans that the SWPL happily (and relievedly) carries on believing are equally capable, equally worthwhile, and equally oppressed (except for that one group, yuk they're soooo creepy).

Dog "breeds" are a social construct. The pitbull is just like any other dog! The pitbull is misunderstood! The pitbull is a victim of the caninarchy! The pitbull just needs the right training. You're a pitbullist! Gross, pitbullist! Look at the pitbullist! Point at him! Isn't he evil? Evil evil EVIL PITBULLIST! Now watch, gross evil pitbullist, how tolerant I am. See how I benevolently guide the pitbull through medical school, out from under your pitbullist oppressive bigotryprejudicefearinsecuritynarcissism…

CHOMP!

ooow, my face… it's missing.

I will smile every time I read of a stupid white SWPL getting her face chewed off by one of her pitbull redemptions. Does she deserve it?

Yes. Yes she does.

I was planning to include a graphic photo of one such victim as a coda to this post, but it was so visually disturbing I decided against it. You can google for yourself to see a mauler's row of pitbull attack victims. It's not like there is any excuse for being ignorant about the ingrained and genetically bred pitbull temperament.

Like human trash, pitbull dog trash needs to be removed from society, neutered with extreme prejudice, and dropped to the bottom of the ocean. But I suppose if you're the sort of smug shit who loves the warm feeling of lifting the animal world's bloodthirsty psychopaths from the tyranny of low expectations, you'd go ahead and adopt one of these filthy beasts, and then execute the most impressive triple lindy back-rationalization in the history of smug shits when you wake up one morning to see your infant son half eaten.

One wonders, when there is nothing non-white or tangentially non-white left in the human or animal kingdom to """save""" aka save in posturing only (SIPO), to which desperate, in-need group will the whitely superior SWPLs turn their outstretched, priestly arms in welcoming redemption next?

Wait, lemme guess. Gypsies.

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I'm not the only one to notice the latest ridiculous SWPL fad of adopting abandoned ghetto-educated pitbulls as reclamation projects and status whoring symbols.

Pitbulls are one of the ugliest, nastiest dog breeds in circulation. The modern pitbull has been bred by upstanding, law-abiding citizens for aggression and a powerful bite. The pitbull is the thug of dogdom. It even *looks* like a fucking thug. Hence, its appeal to human thugs.

But now SWPLs, humanity's insufferable burdenbraggarts, sensing another golden opportunity to flex their neoPuritan cred, have taken up the crusade of adopting ultraviolent, impulsive pitbulls and whisking them away from their ghetto cellar killing arenas to a brighter future in loving charter homes serviced by low wage, No Dog Left Behind hipster dog walkers.

Goddamned these herbalicious SWPLs. They really are a nauseating cult of pukes. Having failed at rescuing not one, but two mega-underclasses, their insatiable savior complex and hunger for balletic moral posturing, (usually satisfied at the expense of those *other dog owners)*, have driven them into the blood-soaked paws of unpettable killer dogs. The SWPL's soft, plush, Yoshi ego must gorge, and a multigenerational failure of positive thinking, supercilious sophistry, and self-good intentions has made SWPL Yoshi very very cranky. Not content with leaving ill-bred animals alone, and apparently incapable of enjoying the simple pleasure of normal dogs like labs without experiencing an existential crisis, the pitbull has become the newest *cause celebre* for urban SWPLs who can't make it through a day without a pat on the back from their fellow missionaries.

To understand this sudden and perplexing SWPL adoration for pitbulls, you must know the SWPL psyche. The SWPL's greatest fear is confronting the demands of her ego and discovering that everything she believes is a pile of horse shit. Oh no, can't have that, no way no how. Equalism is the gargantuan hamster pellet that feeds her head, and the pitbull is a fortuitous animal proxy for the underprivileged humans that the SWPL happily (and relievedly) carries on believing are equally capable, equally worthwhile, and equally oppressed (except for that one group, yuk they're soooo creepy).

Dog "breeds" are a social construct. The pitbull is just like any other dog! The pitbull is misunderstood! The pitbull is a victim of the caninarchy! The pitbull just needs the right training. You're a pitbullist! Gross, pitbullist! Look at the pitbullist! Point at him! Isn't he evil? Evil evil EVIL PITBULLIST! Now watch, gross evil pitbullist, how tolerant I am. See how I benevolently guide the pitbull through medical school, out from under your pitbullist oppressive bigotryprejudicefearinsecuritynarcissism…

CHOMP!

ooow, my face… it's missing.

I will smile every time I read of a stupid white SWPL getting her face chewed off by one of her pitbull redemptions. Does she deserve it?

Yes. Yes she does.

I was planning to include a graphic photo of one such victim as a coda to this post, but it was so visually disturbing I decided against it. You can google for yourself to see a mauler's row of pitbull attack victims. It's not like there is any excuse for being ignorant about the ingrained and genetically bred pitbull temperament.

Like human trash, pitbull dog trash needs to be removed from society, neutered with extreme prejudice, and dropped to the bottom of the ocean. But I suppose if you're the sort of smug shit who loves the warm feeling of lifting the animal world's bloodthirsty psychopaths from the tyranny of low expectations, you'd go ahead and adopt one of these filthy beasts, and then execute the most impressive triple lindy back-rationalization in the history of smug shits when you wake up one morning to see your infant son half eaten.

One wonders, when there is nothing non-white or tangentially non-white left in the human or animal kingdom to """save""" aka save in posturing only (SIPO), to which desperate, in-need group will the whitely superior SWPLs turn their outstretched, priestly arms in welcoming redemption next?

Wait, lemme guess. Gypsies.

Female Infidelity Red Flags

CH · 11 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The corn&porn arm of the MSM is catching up with CH teachings. A woman has written an article about female infidelity warning signs, (supposedly culled from women who have cheated on their partners), and the information sounds suspiciously similar to earlier Chateau Heartiste red flags for women who are high infidelity risks. For instance:

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 1: She accuses her man of cheating. This common sign is an attempt to divert the guilt away from herself, and to project her dishonest behavior onto her partner.

Ministry of PoonandGrabass CH:

> She asks you how many women you've slept with or accuses you of being a player. One word: projection.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 2: She starts dolling herself up. If a woman suddenly starts taking hours to get ready for places like the gym or the grocery store, then there may be someone she's trying to impress.

CH:

> She undertakes beautification projects. [A] girl who suddenly begins an exercise program or wearing carefully applied makeup or buying new sexy cocktail dresses is prepping herself for a return to the market.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 3: She tells her husband she needs space.

CH:

> Chances of re-notch success are much lower once she has verbalized her need for space, but with proper post-relationship game you can improve your odds dramatically.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 4: She drops hints that she's not happy.

CH:

> A woman is honed like a machine to be a first responder to relationship crisis. She uses her intuition to pick out subtle nicks in the relationship armor that could grow to chasms if left untended. […] Women therefore have evolved an exquisite sense for sniffing out warning signs that a man is losing interest, or that his love, and hence his commitment, is cooling. Women therefore have evolved an exquisite sense for sniffing out warning signs that a man is losing interest, or that his love, and hence his commitment, is cooling.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 5: She has a new BFF her partner has never met. For starters, this new “friend” may not even be a girl at all. The friend could also be a single gal pal looking for a wing woman… and sometimes a woman is all too eager to go along for the ride.

CH:

> She has a lot of slutty friends. Ye shall know her by her support group.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 6: She changes her plans… at midnight. If she consistently ends up staying out all night, then it’s time to question her loyalty.

CH:

This red flag is so obvious — hey, my girlfriend/wife is out again at midnight without me! — that I don’t need to dig through the CH archives to find a record of this blog stating the same thing.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 7: Someone else thinks she’s cheating. “I knew someone who had firsthand knowledge my girlfriend was cheating,” Mark says. “But I believed her when she said it was a lie, because nobody wants to believe the worst, no matter how obvious it may be.”

CH:

This is a milder version of catching her *in flagrante delicto*, *when it’s from a third party*. But there’s the rub. Many of your girlfriend’s or wife’s friends will not be your friends. If you hear something that suggests your wife’s infidelity from an oblivious sidewalk grocer, you should take the accusation seriously. If you hear it from her BFF who secretly hates you (or loves you), default to skepticism.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 8: She has a sudden increased interest in her partner’s whereabouts. A woman carrying on an affair needs to cover her bases. If she starts wanting to know her man’s plans for the day, especially when she’s supposedly at work or otherwise busy, then she could be making plans of her own.

CH:

This is pretty good advice for an MSM fem entity, but its accuracy as a warning sign depends a great deal on who’s downlow-ing whom. A wife will show increased interest in her spouse’s whereabouts if she suspects *him* of cheating, too. So if you are a faithful dude, and your wife is suddenly asking a lot of questions about your schedule while sounding like she’s pretending to ask in a spontaneous manner, as if it “just popped into her head”, then you may have something to worry about.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 9: She gives excuses to not have sex.

CH:

> [W]e now know the number one dead giveaway that your wife or girlfriend is about to cheat on you:

> **Is she withdrawing sex during days 10-16 of her monthly cycle? Then you, my friend, are about to be betrayed.**
>
> If you hear from your woman “I have a headache” any time during her peak fertility, she has either cheated on you, is thinking about cheating on you, or is getting sufficiently turned off by your burgeoning betaness that cheating will soon become an option in the calculation of her moral universe.

MSM fem entity:

> Sign No. 10: She’s checked out. If another man is meeting a woman’s emotional needs, then she will lose her enthusiasm in her current relationship, even when it comes to things like arguing.

CH:

> [M]en are capable of fucking more than one woman concurrently without losing that loving feeling for any one of them. Women, in contrast, tend to have to fall out of love with their man before they can comfortably move on to fucking another man.

So, did this MSM fem entity plagiarize CH, or is it just a coincidence that there happens to exist in the world a woman who can speak as truthfully as the lordship of Chateau Heartiste? This MSM article’s eerie similarity to CH writings is…plagiarismcoincidenceyour vanity is out of control.

Ps You have to love the spate of articles in recent years about cheating women. Is this a subject that would have been broached so explicitly in any putatively mainstream outlet fifty years ago? Either the culture has become less queasy about parading in print the true nature of women, or more women are cheating and the need to discuss the topic has reached critical mass, or both. Whatever the reason for the trend, it doesn’t do much for American women’s marriageability.

#TellAFeministThankYou

CH · 12 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Originally started by dumb feminists as a sincere effort at self-congratulation for imaginary deeds of heroism, the #TellAFeministThankYou Twitter feed has morphed into a shooting gallery for the entertainment of trolls and assorted sadists, providing a laugh a second. Feminists on that feed have been reduced to impotently bleating “wait for them to get it out of their systems.”

Go for the fun, stay for the cruelty. And keep an eye out for malevolent forces committing drive-bys of spectacular carnage. The kind of carnage that can leave a feminist with barely enough strength to mewl for the sympathies and circle-wagoning of fellow travelers.

UPDATE

Feminists are deleting the sarcastic tweets as fast as they appear. No surprise. Wouldn’t want to risk a mass suicide.

Girls Love Onomatopoeia

CH · 12 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've long peppered my emails and texts and IMs with onomatopoeia — words that sound like the thing or abstraction they are describing. I drop them in conversation, too. I do this because I've discovered that it's an excellent way to screen out stuck-up, prudish girls who don't know how to have fun. Girls who dig banter about subjects other than name, rank and serial number LOVE LOVE LOVE men who can nimbly weave child-like blurts into serious adult conversation. The "sounding words" are very sensuous on the ears, and that probably accounts for their appeal to women. Using them is a step toward speaking the language of women.

(And, yes, MGTOWs, it's horribly "unfair" that men have to go out of their way to speak the language of women but women don't have to speak the language of men. Unfairness and lopsided, up-front investment is inherent in an evolved mating system where the reproductive machinery of women is worth more than that of men. But I profess.)

Interestingly, I see I'm not the only one to pick up on this peculiarity of female auditory preference. A reader comments:

> Off topic, I ran some 'your mom!' game tonight. (I mean seriously, 'your mom game'… are the possibilities not boundless?
>
> Solid 8 blonde cutey, my neighbor, so basically i've seen her naked. She had a boyfriend for a while, single as of monday. little whatever texts, haven't had contact in a month.
>
> It's not reached a conclusion, I guess i just think it's a decent way to open up younger girls. i'm 37, she's 24. i pass for 28-30 though, that helps because i primarily only game younger women.
>
> Me 7:58: your mom!
>
> Court 7:59: what? Ha are you drunk neighbor!
>
> Me 7:59: your moms drunk!
>
> Me: 8:00: but that wasn't for you. bonk
>
> (for some reason texting sounds has been surprisngly useful. bonk, boink, derp, boom. See: younger girls)
>
> Court 8:00: didn't actually think so
>
> Me: but your mom is dunk, prolly
>
> Court 8:03: ha umm no shes not!
>
> Me 8:09: its all good court. we all have drunk moms.. its the new drunk dads
>
> court 8:10: bahahaha Kkkkk
>
> end.
>
> i dunno. drunk dad your mom game

Younger women are, of course, more fun-loving than older women. You'd be too if your body looked its best, you felt energized all the time, men of all ages checked you out, and the icy breath of Father Time wasn't breathing down your neck (or squeezing your uterus in a vise). But I molest.

The reader above used a version of non sequitur text game, a CH patented technique that is LIT'RULLY guaranteed to provoke a reply from a girl. When she replies with the expected challenge, feminine dare or snarky attitude, try punctuating your follow-up with a *whoosh*, *derp*, *nofap*, or *wheeee giggly giggle shoe shopping!#$!!#$#!!*. It's unpredictable, it's immature, and it's transparently patronizing. That last part is important, because a patronized girl is a girl whose self-perceived value has been deliriously, enticingly nicked.

I wonder if girls are in general becoming more responsive to goofy, glib texts from men. If true, it may signal a subtle cultural shift that girls are also becoming more fun-loving and less guarded. Or that they're so fed up with being the breadwinner they appreciate men who can *zoom* them away from their dreary cubicle farm lives.

The Mind Of The Manboob: Hugo Schwyzer Redux

CH · 13 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Hugs is back in the news, and I can't resist his mewling charms. So sue me.

Two articles of note. First, a Jezebel twisted paean to May-December romances penned by The Matriarchy's First Lapdog himself.

> Age Is Never Just a Number: How *Girls* Got Older Men/Younger Women Right
>
> Though "One Man's Trash" has been the most-discussed installment of this season (and perhaps of the entire show), much of the commentary has focused on the mind-blowingly insipid suggestion that a woman who looks like Lena Dunham doesn't "deserve" a man who looks like Patrick Wilson. The focus on the imagined attractiveness disparity between the two actors misses an equally meaningful plot line: the appeal and the challenge of age-disparate relationships. […]
>
> Tellingly, Hannah asks Joshua how old he is before she even knows his name: that Joshua is so much older seems to be an inextricable part of his appeal. The doctor's affluence and handsomeness and stability are obvious, but Hannah seems more drawn by the age gap than anything else. Joshua, meanwhile, is fascinated, if a little bewildered by her boldness. Though a few male writers found the hook-up totally implausible, the mutual attraction is both believable and instantly familiar.

So Hugs is saying here that it's totally normal for Lena Dunham's homely character to be attracted to a high status man 15 years her senior. Ok, for a Hugo Schwyzer mental burp, this shows a reasonable grasp of the reality of sex differences in mate preference. But….

> The storyline works because we live in a world where 42 year-old men **are taught to find** 24 year-old women more appealing than their own female peers.

Ah, that's the old feminist water carrier we've come to know and loathe. Hugs, you are such a darling rimjobber. Do you even believe the runny shit you expectorate, or is it all a dog and fatty show for the benefit of your paying feminist overcunts? To ask the question is to mock you.

Like feminists, Hugo shares a propensity for boldly contradicting himself within the span of two sentences. In the confines of Hug's hugbox, it's normal for women to be attracted to older men, but """society""" has to teach older men to be attracted to younger women. Women's desires = natural, normal. Men's desires = unnatural, societally conditioned.

It could never be the case for a felching manboob like Hugs who has sold his soul to the succubus that older men's attraction for younger women is natural. Or that maybe… just maybe… the innate desires of both men and women, however divergent, are natural and normal and biologically hard-wired.

Yes, hard-wired, Hugo. From birth. Issuing from the hindbrain. Immune to cultural reeducation programs. Cemented in primeval neurons shaped in the crucible of evolution by millions of years of natural and sexual selection.

If it's mentally taxing for you to grapple with the idea of innate, immutable sexual desire, think back, Hugo, to the time of your blossoming youth, when you first laid eyes on that young man with the broad shoulders, glistening chest, and conspicuous bulge in his Ocean Pacific shorts. Much to your surprise, embarrassment and volcanic shame which would sculpt the trajectory of your life, a boy boner sprouted from the downy thicket of your pubescent pride. You wept, beautifully.

Do you remember that time, Hugs? Yes, yes, of course you do. And you remember, as well, that it was no social

conditioning or nebulous cultural influence or amorphous patriarchy that provoked those wild and lustful urges in you. Those urges, you will recall, rose unbidden from the depths of your being, like a thermonuclear blast through your sinew, to explode into the world and forevermore make mockery of the drivel you spew to this day.

Commenter anonymous writes:

> …is [Hugo] real or some kind of sockpuppet. Surely no actual man believes that men are merely "taught" or conditioned into being attracted to 20+ yr old women?

He is as real as the beneficiaries of his delusional ego-assuaging largesse want him to be. No, I don't think Hugo actually believes that men are taught to desire younger women over older women. But I wouldn't bet on it. The West is filling up with simulacra of actual men who have swallowed the rancid feminist jizzbombs by the bucketload, and are begging for more. A willing mouthpiece like Hugo finds purchase today amongst a cacophony of loudmouthed losers who would have stayed ensconced in their hermit holes fifty years ago, brooding it out to themselves instead of polluting the internet airwaves. The Rise of the Hugo is a story of the Fall of the West.

To demand logic, reason, good faith, common sense, or accountability from the Hugo Hordes is a fool's errand. There is apparently no contradiction or inconsistency or hypocrisy or lie too craven for the house eunuch to call into service if it wins him a contemptuous pat on his gelatinous bottom from the circle of shrikes. Hugs, is the sacrifice of your dignity worth the accolades from a bunch of psychologically and physically defective losers? Please tell me you are at least tapping some of the better feminist ass your humiliating masochistic spectacle ought by rights to procure you.

***

Article of note #2 was not penned by Hugo, but it was about him. After a quick read, I'm not all that interested in commenting on the substance of the article (it's stupid, as is the case of most Atlantic articles lately), but I am perplexed why the Atlantic writer — a Mrs. Raphael Magarik — would write a term paper on Hugo Schwyzer's internet persona and his psychological motivations without consulting the authoritative reference guide on the matter.

Come on, Raph, how about throwing a link bone to your betters?

Never mind. I can see when I'm not wanted. **sniff**

PS Hey, Hugo! Are gay men taught by society to desire other men?

Gotcha!

PPS Even when Hugo stumbles on a truth, he wraps it in foul-smelling lies. Here are two quotes from that Jizzebel article which demonstrate Hugo's inability to speak truthfully.

> Ask 20-something women on OK Cupid or other dating sites how many they receive from men 15 and 20 years older; ask women in their 40s how many guys their own age seem primarily interested in pursuing much younger romantic partners. The "cougar discourse" doesn't change the reality that most heterosexual relationships with a substantial age gap still feature an older man and younger woman pairing.

Check out this slippery eel known as the male feminist. "[T]he 'cougar discourse' doesn't change the reality…" Well, no duh it doesn't change the reality! The cougar discourse affirms the reality that men of all ages prefer younger women. Hugo, is the "cougar discourse" saying something to the opposite of that reality, or are you just an oily snake dissembling for the sake of your fat cunt readership?

> As she so often does, Hannah reverses the stereotype by being the sexual aggressor —

What Hugo omits here is the more reasonable interpretation that Hannah's (Lena Dunham's character, a hard 4) sexual aggression is not a deliberate ploy to flip stereotypes on their heads, but the necessary forfeiture of a dumpy, unattractive woman required to capture the sexual attention of an alpha male who'd sooner pursue a much hotter woman were one conveniently available. Hannah has to literally throw herself at this dude to get him to dump a fuck in her. She has to make it EASY for him. Making it easy is the only way marginal women who aren't warpigs manage to get laid with attractive men. And then not so much; the strategy fails as often as it works, because men exercise discrimination in choosing mates, although on average men are less discriminating than women when sex is the goal. (Men are more discriminating than women when relationship commitment is the goal, and that's why frumps like Hannah rarely get high status men to commit to them, which is the true measure of a woman's romantic worth.)

Even if Dunham didn't intend this interpretation, this is what actually occurs in the real world. Hugo could note that; but that would mean he had a spine.

> and Joshua's intensely grateful reaction suggests not just surprise at her boldness but also, perhaps a kind of relief that a woman in her mid-20s finds him still desirable.

The relief is for the zero effort he knows he'll have to put in.

> Forget the dick-wringing from male writers

You rang, fucker?

> about how a hottie like Wilson would never go for a young woman who looks like Dunham.

Define "go for". In real life, handsome doctors do not go for tubalards like Hannah, no matter the age. They go for slender babes. The tubalard may occasionally get serviced by a very tired or depressed Joshua who just got off the bender of a bad divorce, but he won't be dating her or sending her flowers, or even seeing her in public. And your strawman notwithstanding to the contrary, what Hannah does or doesn't deserve has got nothing to do with it. It's horny turtles all the way down.

> Not only does that woefully underrate the sex appeal of the *Girls*' star,

You've gotta be kidding me. Oh man, you are such a lickspittle. Tell me, would you say your wife is more, or less, attractive than Lena Dunham? Try not to squirm answering this.

> it also obscures the reality that having a younger woman walk into your house and make the first move is a classic middle-aged man's fantasy.

Only if she looks like Megan Fox. Try to keep it real, for once in your life, Hugs.

Reader Mailbag: A Valentine's Day Plea

CH · 14 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader celebrates the holiday of love:

> I won't bore you with my long story. Ex of 8 years cheated, dumped me, I learned about game and Alpha Males, started being awesome. She came running back, I backslide by banging her for a few months while seeing other women too. Learned she banged two of my friends. Was an idiot and let her end things.
>
> I'm doing ok now, teaching myself to destroy my enemies and relentlessly chase my dreams. Can't help but be irritated at this callous bitch and the shitty friends who chose her used up vaj over friendship. I'm moving on, **[ed: are you sure?]** but there is one thing I really wanna do…bang her sister.
>
> Sister is younger than her by 5 years, looked up to me in her teens, isn't my biggest fan after the breakup, but when in the same room we're friendly. What angle can I use to try and seal the deal and destroy my ex for good.

Don't you love a heartwarming Valentine's Day story?

First of all, you're not over your ex if you want to "destroy her for good". That said, I know the feeling of exacted vengeance, and it feels good. Banging her sister would certainly do the trick, although there are easier ways to rain pain upon your ex-flame. (Ya know, just letting her see you in the company of a hotter girl would work, too, and without inviting all that messy familial shit.)

Women are naturally competitive, though they may sweetly claim otherwise, so I've no doubt your ex's sister has at times entertained the thought of stealing you for herself. Now whether she still entertains that thought is open to question. I get the vibe from your email that you didn't comport yourself in an attractive, aloofly alpha manner during your drawn-out breakup.

How about this angle: Try innuendo. Plant the seed of oblique romance and tell her a variation on these words: "Your sister is a great person, despite flaws we all share. It didn't work out, but that's for the best. When I was with her, there was often… someone else on my mind."

Linger, linger, aaaaaand… walk off. Return another day to escalate the flirtation. Poison the sisterly well by absently remarking on this or that negative comment your ex made about her sister, true or not. Wonder aloud if your ex ever made moves on her sister's boyfriends, because, ahhh, forget it… ok, ok, there was that one time she mentioned something weird about dancing with Kevin… yeah, yeah, you figured it was her Kevin your ex was talking about.

You get the idea, champ. Whatever you do, DO NOT tip your hand in the slightest that your pursuit is driven by butthurtness. You must remain as cool and calculating as you were, presumably, when you first seduced your ex.

***

Reader #2 asks:

> From a transcipt on Obama's State of the Union speech last night:
>
> "And we'll work to strengthen families by removing the financial deterrents to marriage for low-income couples and do more to encourage fatherhood, because what makes you a man isn't the ability to conceive a child, it's having the courage to raise one. And we want to encourage that. We want to help that."
>
> Your thoughts?

Nice platitudes. Prepare for wallet raping. Because wallet raping is all this present day crop of pols knows how to

do.

***

Reder #3 wonders about girls and horses (horse cock sold separately):

> I continue to meet and (sometimes) date females who are into riding horses. Sometimes they own the horses… sometimes they lease them, sometimes they just 'rent them'. However, as I continue to meet more of the horse girls, the more convinced I am that something just isn't right.
>
> Unfortunately, I live in an affluent area in the county where sometimes the cost of the horse exceeds the cost of the house people live in, and they cherish the horse more than anything else.
>
> Some help for us guys who continue to run into them? Are there any stable (ha ha) horse chicks out there? Should I continue to date them and see where it goes? Have you had any experience yourself?

A < snarky fat feminist who thinks she's clever >metric fuckton< / snarky fat feminist who thinks she's clever > has been written about the love pretty girls have for ~~horsemeat~~, ahem, cantoring stallions. Theories abound, and you can search for them at your nearest internet kiosk. My personal favorite theory is that the horse is a surrogate for the exciting badboy: dangerously explosive power tamed precariously under her tender tutelage. The horse evokes her nurturance instinct, her desire to monopolize and channel male (or animal) power, and her thrill for wild, unpredictable beasts with soulful brown eyes.

Remember, folks, we gave this gender the vote!

I've been around girls who either had family-owned horses or went horse riding semi-regularly. Very loosely, they tend to favor hard-charging, elitist men, kind of like their horses. Some of the older horse-loving women are closet lesbians, but the younger ones are hetero and usually feminine. Psychologically, they are different than cat lovers with respect to their propensity for drama; the cat ladies have it in spades. Other than that, further stereotyping eludes. Too many crazy SWPLs have clouded my ability to discern extra special craziness in female sub genera.

***

Reader #4 has lost his taste for his womenfolk:

> So, I've dated lots of girls in life, and I've dumped most of them. Mostly, they've been lunatics, liars, and leeches.
>
> In time, I started dating other ethnicities. Eventually, I married an asian. I'm caucasian.
>
> I see lots of 7s and 8s these days, and they're mostly caucasian. But for some reason–for some strange reason–every time I see a caucasian chick, I'm filled with disgust and I'm repulsed on some levels. Why? I'm not a racist. I'm not a liberal white self-hating kind of a guy. It's just that I'm "formed" in this way. Something compells my subconscious to say "she's worthy, she's cool" if she's from some other exotic locale. But my own white skin? I just don't trust it.
>
> Thoughts?
>
> What's happened to me?

The troll is strong in this email. But, it's soon to be Valentine's Day, and I'm feeling gullible.

Some minority of people in any race probably have a limbic disposition for other-race mates. I dunno the number. Say, 5%. These peeps, of whom you may be one, are particularly aroused by exotic women, and in particular naturally feminine exotic women, such as the asian. It could be nothing more than that.

Or, you may have had a damagingly bad experience with a white woman and the event left you with a repulsing psychological imprint which redounds to all white women.

Whichever it is, I'm not sure why I included your email in this mailbag, except perhaps to throw stinky chum into the commenter water. And this is why National Review won't annex my talents.

***

Reader #5 would like to know how to deflect attention from a girl he doesn't care for:

> Been running game for a couple of months. Seeing some good results but also interest from the wrong areas. One girl, a high 7, is obsessive. Just for fun, what's the most beta set of moves I could pull to make her stop feeling attraction?

Get caught fucking a dude in a furry suit.

Well, you asked.

For real, just stop talking to her. If she's not the psycho sort, she'll eventually take the hint and cry it out in her dim bedroom alone.

But, if you don't have the patience to wait it out, and kind of like having her around for pivot reasons, I suggest the following betatization program:

1. Pretend every second of your day you are hiding from alien probes. Sit hunched, look nervously around the room, cross your arms and legs, hold your drink up to your nose, shudder a lot, shuffle, hang your head, spaz out at hearing loud noises, cry for no reason, look at your shoes when you speak, announce that flourescent lighting scares you.

2. Confess that you love her. Make sure to sound as nervous as possible. Apply fake sweat beads to your forehead. Tell her you wrote her a poem, and would like to read it aloud. When she screws up her face, cry. Whine that you just knew she wouldn't like it.

3. Confide to her that you've been having erectile dysfunction problems. Say that you don't mind telling her because you feel so close to her.

4. Constantly accuse her of seeing other men. "Were you with somebody yesterday?" "Who's that guy? You know him?" "Did you sleep with him?" "Why do you have so many guy friends?" "Don't you think it's weird that you talk to other men besides me?"

5. Ask her if she loves you. Ask her twenty more times until she gives an answer that is acceptably foul to you.

6. Espouse feminism.

There are plenty more ball-shriveling tactics, but these should do the trick. If they don't, you are probably lying that she is a "high 7″. Fat, desperate loser would be my guess, because no woman with a modicum of sexual value would be able to withstand that beta onslaught for long without retching.

From Vikings To Vaginas

CH · 14 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What happened to the Nordics? Once a virile, conquering race of people who struck fear in the hearts of enemies, they have been reduced to a feminist utopia of sniveling beta males who are encouraged to pee sitting down and aggro women who'd rather go clubbing with earthy foreign invaders.

How could a race of man fall so low, so fast?

In the quest for an answer to this great mystery of mass manboobization, a commenter over at Parapundit serves this up:

> I suspect the Scandinavians with the strongest temperaments left long ago as Vikings, same as that the bravest Englishmen left for the colonies.
>
> The only ones who are left are the descendants of the guys who stayed home to weave with the womenfolk.

Or pule about "white privilege".

Yes, I think there is something to this hypothesis. The alpha males of North and West Europe either moved away or died off in endless wars and pillages, and now their homelands are repositories of soft-tittied beta males.

There's no denying that beta male skewed societies are nice places to live. Scandinavia enjoys high standards of living, low crime (until recently), a plethora of comfort-maximizing gadgets, good-looking women, and generally non-dictatorial government (until recently). As poolside (or hot springs-side) countries go, the Norselands are right up there with the most pampering of them.

So, beta male countries > alpha male countries.

But here's the catch. Too many betas and no alphas makes Jakob a plush target.

Pure speculation, but it has bite… a nation needs its alpha males to keep the manboobery impulses of its softer, kinder, gentler beta males in check. Otherwise, some other nation's alpha males will fill the vacuum left by the real or cultural disappearance of the native alphas, waltzing in to do the job because the native betas decided open borders to a whole world of vengeful, antagonistic losers is smart policy.

Exhibit A: Multiculturalism. Who pushes this shit? The descendants of Viking berserkers? No. Just look at the advocates of masochistic, self-annihilating ideologies and you will see a blubberers' row of pudgy, chipmunk-cheeked herblings, snarky hunchbacks, watery eyed dweebs, space cadet neohippies, formless male feminists and, on the other side of the gender bender ledger, manjawed clitdicks, bullheaded warboars, jet-fueled rationalization hamsters, mustachioed grievance whores and shameless status seekers.

The beta male's greatest strengths — his cooperativeness, friendliness, credulity, magnanimity, trust and openness — are also his nation's undoing when allowed to express unopposed. He needs the wariness, leadership, skepticism, protectiveness, fighting spirit and stone cold instinct for survival of his brother alphas to prevent him from imploding into a blob of depraved navel-gazing, hoisting his red rump for any and all who'd love nothing more than to sharpen their knives in his flesh and lube their cocks in his forgiving bottom. Exhibit B.

A nation of tops is Zimbabwe. A nation of bottoms is raped into the history books. The West would be wise to reverse course for the middle ground.

Finishing off on a positive note, the system may be self-correcting. Ironically, feminism is likely selecting for the sexual success of more aggressive, high testosterone alphas. The removal of societal constraints on female sexuality allows for the flourishing of women's hypergamous impulses, and women, adorable hypocrites that they are, can't help but defy their open claims to the contrary to prefer sensitive betas, and instead swoonly spread for the love of

anti-feminist men strong in mind and body.

The self-correction is not guaranteed, and for this glaring reason: widely available, cheap contraceptives and abortifacients. A turn to alpha male sexual success does not necessarily mean a turn to alpha male procreative success, as it would have in the past. It could be that the West is currently experiencing the worst of all worlds: feminism-abetted unfettered female sexuality coupled with hamster tingling for irresponsible cads and migrant males.

Is this post speculative? Yes. Did you feel a shiver of omen in these words? I bet you did. Stay tuned.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 15 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Revo Luzione suggests a reason why the exclamation *snort* is not attractive when women use it:

> *Kate: "Many a text exchange has reached a dead end when I reply with "snort.""*
>
> That's because elephants, rhinos, and angry Holsteins all snort before charging.

Snort!

This gets to a larger point: the snark and snideness and gleeful antagonism that works for men to attract women does not sit as well on women when they use it to try and attract men. This is because male aloofness and other male value-raising ploys — of which the Theory of Snort is a part — are designed to appeal to women's natural hypergamous urge for higher status (read: condescending) men than themselves. In contrast, men are not attracted to women's social status, and in fact may be put off by women with higher social or economic status than themselves. Men's hypergamy, such as it is, seeks ever more beautiful and feminine women. And there is nothing about leaving an impression of an angry Holstein that makes women seem more beautiful or feminine.

Beta Female Relationship Whoring

CH · 15 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader MrJohn writes:

I didn't know where else to talk to someone about this thing I've witnessed, so why not here. Valentine is really a great holiday to spot the betas of the world. Here's a beta from Sweden. All seen on Facebook. The girl (24) and the guy (about 28) has been dating for about a half year. The past months she's openly called him 'hubby' on FB, although they are not engaged. She's pretty much unemployed and has definitely gained a lot of weight lately. I don't wanna post pictures of her, but she's a solid 6. He looks a bit feminine, bordering on gay with his facial expressions. He works his ass off to please her. The typical Swedish guy I guess.

Looking at her page, she has been posting almost every hour of the valentines evening. And at mid-night she's summing up the evening: (Yeah updating Facebook before giving him sex or any other trivial activity)

"Last pics to summarise our night saw this movie here, got 15 roses of my favourite colours, three course dinner and finished the day with slow dance in our living room. I have such a wonderful man. Thank you (name). Love you with all my heart and hopefully 80 more years of this to come <3″

– attached are photos of them together in restaurants, with roses and all that.

I feel sick somehow. Am I just too sensitive? Perhaps this is the way to do valentines?

What has sickened you, gentleman reader, is the phenomenon of the beta female engaged in the act of relationship whoring.

You are right to retch, for beta female relationship whoring (BFRW, sounded out "Beef Raw") is among the most transparent of ego-stroking ploys utilized by undesirable or marginally desirable women. You really want to call them out but, hey, polite society and all. That's why we have this blog; so you can say what's on your mind with the kind of freedom that nowadays only naive, small children or cantankerous old farts get to enjoy.

Women of questionable sexual worth who have "snagged" men of higher value, however precariously, are frequently susceptible to feeling urges to advertise on the flimsiest pretexts the undying love their loosely committed boyfriends have for them.

The reason the beta female feels this urge is because such overblown advertising of her relationship strength (as defined by the extent to which the man caught up in her shenanigans lavishes her with gifts and paeans to her awesomeness) serves multiple evolutionary purposes:

1. It signals her fidelity to her one-foot-in-one-foot-out boyfriend. Many men will settle for women less pretty than their ideal if those women compensate by offering implied (paternity) guarantees of present and future faithfulness.

2. It warns away female poachers. If her boyfriend is moveable product, there is a good chance he will bolt at the first sign of interest from a hotter girl. Women love taken men, but their predilection to act on that evil female instinct may be suppressed if the girlfriend of the desired man can fool her hotter competition into thinking he only has eyes for her.

3. It stroketh thine ego. A girl with a well-lubed ego is a happier girl who will be a more congenial girlfriend. (Congeniality nullified if happy ego results in ice cream aided fattitude.)

4. It is social oxytocin (or proxy oxytocin). The hormonally-charged bonding that naturally occurs in the early stages of a relationship can be synthesized quicker by ruses to project the relationship to a point in the future when it would presumably be stronger and more committed. Players use a modification of this strategy to speed up the time to sex, called time compression, time distortion, or future pacing.

5. If the girl is a bit prettier than average, say a 6 or 7, and on the wall side of 25, the beta female relationship whoring strategy could just as easily function for her as a self-regulating mechanism which “tricks” her into feeling stronger love for her boyfriend than she might in actuality feel, thus hindering any impulse she might have to trade up and risk a sure thing. Women have a more powerful “trading up” urge than do men, and this instinct can get them in trouble if they don’t have the self-discipline to know when they have a good thing and act accordingly.

Relationship whoring is essentially a technique employed by lower quality females for discouraging the competition and for encouraging the fence-sitting boyfriend to discard his fantasy of scouring the field for a hotter replacement. It can also serve to push a woman closer to a beta boyfriend so that she does not ruin herself on a perpetual hunt for commitment from an elusive alpha male.

If you doubt the efficacy of this strategy, here’s a thought experiment. Tell me, as a man, given two women of equal facial and body attractiveness, would you find it harder to dump or cheat on a woman who was emotionally distant and giving little indication she was interested in an LTR, or harder to dump or cheat on a woman who professed your mutual love to the world and tacitly confessed her utter devotion to you?

I mean, unlike me, assume you are a non-sociopath in the above thought experiment.

You may ask why one does not nearly as often witness this vile practice of BFRW from hot girls, or from very ugly girls.

Well, in the first case, hot girls have more options. They are thus less likely within any given relationship to feel as urgent a need to restrict their own choices by advertising their status as taken women. They are also less apt to feel insecurity about their boyfriends’ levels of commitment, (men are way more willing to stick around and invest if the lady is a champ), and they are less afraid of competition. (The threat of competition that would arise by dating a desirable alpha male is counteracted by the reduced threat of competition from being better looking than most of her female peers.)

In the second case, uglier girls (4s and under) don’t resort so much to the BFRW strategy because they don’t generally date men who are of sufficient sexual market value to entice female interlopers. The ugly girl is with a low value man, and nobody wants either of them, least of all themselves, despite the alacrity to which they resign themselves to their moribund romantic fate.

Middling girls are the ones who most benefit from BEEF RAW. Facebook is filled with 5s, 6s and 7s promoting pics of their candlelit Valentines dinners with herbish boyfriends looking for all the world like they’d rather be gunning down starships in an MMO.

What’s especially revealing about the BFRW subculture is that a man can indirectly appraise his own SMV by his inclusion or absence from BFRW antics. If your girlfriend has posted pics of you and her in all manner of romantic obsequiousness, you are probably a beta male with just enough SMV to avoid involuntary celibacy. If, in contrast, your girlfriend admirably restrains herself from the lure of online attention whoring and shouting your abject devotion to the heart of the world, you are probably an alpha male dating a good-looking lady of character. Hang up your player vestments, because…….. hahaha, who am I kidding!? You were gaming in your mama’s womb (stealing her resources) and you’ll be gaming till your last breath leaves you.

So, no, reader, this is not the way to do Valentine’s Day, unless you are a beta who doesn’t mind putting up with suffocating female crap and scaring away hotter girls who might be future conquests. Just get her a Skittles bag, enjoy her everlasting love, and be happy you aren’t getting pushed off-course your program to maintain relationship limbo in perpetuity.

Why America Sucks, A Series

CH · 15 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

PA, one of the dark right's consistently quality commenters, writes at GLPiggy:

> When working on obtaining permanent residency for the foreign spouse, you are both interviewed by an ICE agent whose job it is to decide if you're a real couple or not. Applicants (US citizen sponsor and the foreign fiancee) are advised to bring photos of the two of you on dates and other evidence that you're a bona fide couple. They ask you things like the color of each others toothbrush, and things like that.
>
> The agent who interviewed us — I was in my early/mid 30s then and my fiancee in her early 20s — HATED HATED HATED me. She gave out an enormous Ivy League lesbian feminist vibe, and kept trying to trip me up on facts. My demeanor was one of amused mastery layered with crocodile-grin politeness, and I'd produce every kind of documentation she'd ask for. I was genuinely amused by the process. At one point she asked me with a note of exasperation "are you a lawyer?" She ended the interview by telling my fiancee "make sure you get an education and know your rights as a woman!" or something to that effect. Good times.
>
> By the way, I believe we were the only white couple in the entire waiting room filled with hundreds of other applicants that day.

Having known a few European-background foreigners of exceptional mien who journeyed through the (legal) US citizenship gauntlet instead of just doing the easy thing and jumping the border, and having heard their stories of woe navigating layer upon layer of inexcusably combative cunts and sneering diversity hire ballast, I can attest to the authenticity of PA's experience.

So this is what America is becoming: Land of the Ivy League dyke and home of the anti-white bigot. A degenerate army of feminist and racialist bureaucrat multicultists who not-so-secretly despise white men staffs our government agencies, top to bottom, front to back, floor to ceiling, cubicle to cubicle, shore to shore. The very immigrants we should be welcoming with open arms — smart, white Europeans — are the immigrants to which our (literal) gatekeepers are most hostile, preferring instead to smile broadly and swing the doors widely to indigent Somali tribesmen.

Way to put your best face forward, America!

No homo, but I would trade one million American lesbian feminists for one foreign-born PA. It wouldn't increase my competition — that's one million fewer man-hating beasts despoiling my environment and spreading the virus of slothful fatassery among the few remaining slender American women — and it would add one more ally in the war against the ideological perversion known here as equalism. And if you think America isn't stacked and packed with one million quasi-dyke feminists, well, you haven't been here long enough to appreciate the comprehensive cave the voices of reason made to the forces of treason.

America is no longer the country she once was. She's now a fragile papier-maché prop containing nothing but wire hanger and air inside her. Won't take much more than a match to burn her sad effigy to the ground.

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Tested Dolls

CH · 18 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It’s cute the way Russian women look so mortified when they stumble. Truly, the Slav is a feminine stock of woman.

American women have their own charms, of course, stumbling and laughing it off as some kind of binge drinking medal sweep.

Straw Game

CH · 19 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter John writes:

> My friend bought a pack of really long straws, each straw is about 2 feet long. Go to the bar, bring a straw, and just put it in girls drinks from a slight distance and start drinking them. If they ask what youre doing just say "killing it"
>
> You might get a few pissed off girls, but overall this technique is fucking hilarious and works.

Haha. Good stuff. And why is this good stuff? Because you just know the hottest girls will be the ones to fall hardest for this mischief-maker game.

Girls love fun. They love men who invite fun to their dreary lives. They especially love the kind of fun that skirts the line of socially acceptable behavior.

Fun, of course, is inherently fun. And since adult single women are closer in brain functioning to girl children than they are to adult men, the fun that men can supply is like a drug to single women, harkening back to a time of innocence and carefree recklessness, except with orgasms added to the mix. (Older women and married women with children have had the fun-appreciating parts of their brains crowded out by the dull maturity parts, but luckily for us we aren't interested in sex with those women so their wants and needs are unimportant.)

But there is another reason why chicks dig fun-loving men: the man who is fun demonstrates through his rebellious actions a lack of concern for the demure approval of the women around him. To make fun is to say, "I don't care about princess pedestals. This girl is getting down in the muck with me. She will either laugh and get with my program, or she will be branded a boring lump on a log."

Girls can sense the minutest indications that they are being judged, which they love very much. Mischief at their expense is a form of judging them for their ability to chill out and go with the flow.

The man who can deliver fun without self-doubt, without apology, without obvious need for audience applause, and with a sparkle of subtle judgementalism, is displaying MASTERY of his EMOTIONAL ENVIRONMENT. When you are all about MEE, you are more attractive to women. Your state control is exhibited in all its powerful allure. You have proven mastery over your environment, over the emotional feedback of beautiful women, and, most crucially, over your own emotions.

And you have come off a little bit like a jerk, which is the attitude chicks dig.

Now ask yourself, when was the last time you saw a beta male slip a long straw into a cute girl's drink, and start up a beeyootiful romance with her? That's right, never. So why would you ever want to be a beta male? Oh, yes, marriage to a past-prime careerist, ingrate kids, your life mortgaged to the hilt. Sounds… fun.

Bitter, Delusional Fattie Thinks Sluttiness Is An Accomplishment

CH · 20 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A bitter, delusional fattie (BDF) with disfiguring tattoos plastered all over her porcine hide has a blue spruce up her pancake batter butt about the normal people who are claiming 26 year old Lena Dunham's character Hannah on her show *Girls* (said show cribbing liberally from this blog, and the proprietors know it) is not hot enough nor skinny enough to entice the sexual attentions of a 42 year old handsome doctor. (Speaking of Hannah and BDFs: Why the hell is it always the grossest women who are the biggest exhibitionists? Wait, we all know why. Because you have to give it away for free when no one is interested in buying it. This explains the phenomenon of aging, Hollywood ex-starlets dropping their moral compunctions against nudity and eagerly stripping down for the cameras. Thanks, ladies, for the day-late, dollop-short consolation prize.)

The normal people are, as per usual, right as rain. In real life, no doctor who isn't a total dweeb will bother with a frumpy, dumpy, plumpy formless flesh entity like Hannah, even if she's fifteen years younger. Men with high status and thus plenty of options in the dating market will choose pretty women with discernible hourglass figures. They will choose younger pretty girls over older attractive women, but if the choice is between an older (pre-wall) attractive woman with a nice body and a younger, uglier woman with a bratwurst impersonating a body, the red-blooded man will opt for the former.

The BDF under the Chateau laserscope for this go-round is truly an exemplar of her foul genus. To wit, here is a quote from the gelatinous beast:

> Aside from being sexist and sizeist and just plain fucking rude, this idea that you have to have a thin, perfect body and the face of a model in order to be sexually attractive is just patently untrue. Sexual attraction is oozing and amorphous and refuses to live in boxes. Regular women, women who look like Lena Dunham, or me, get laid easily and often. Some men who look like Patrick Wilson are attracted exclusively to women 3 times Dunham's size. Men who look like Patrick Wilson get rejected by women who look like Lena Dunham.
>
> Couples are "mismatched" because these boundaries, these "leagues" are made up by society and easily crossed. Anybody can have sex with anybody else!

Friends, that is a hamster triple bank shotting on roids, ECA stacks, and crack cocaine. CH is in a Christmas mood, so let's unwrap this rationalization rodent offal.

Aside from being sexist and sizeist

If the -ist fits…

and just plain fucking rude

BDF complains about rudeness while squeezing the word fucking in every sentence.

this idea that you have to have a thin, perfect body and the face of a model in order to be sexually attractive is just patently untrue.

Forget the science, forget clear-eyed observation, forget the reality that swims all around us… she said it, so it must be true. Rejoice, repulsive fatties! BDF says that men actually want to have sex with you even though the millions of decisions that men make every hour of every day, the preference for sex and love with thin women they attempt to satisfy, and the cruel mockery of fatties they indulge, demonstrate the exact opposite.

Sexual attraction is oozing and amorphous and refuses to live in boxes.

Well, it's definitely oozing on her.

Regular women, women who look like Lena Dunham, or me, get laid easily and often.

Proof by assertion. But for the sake of further evisceration, let's assume she's not telling a bald-faced lie, and that she does manage to get a fuck dumped in her when the planets align. For the typical BDF, getting unceremoniously and absent-mindedly banged out by a desperate omega loser whose closest companion is normally a couch crease is not a trophy to place on the mantel. There are enough degenerates who will spelunk a convenient flabby hole when no other more attractive alternative is available that it is possible for a fat chick to sustain a belief in her marginal desirability, however threadbare that belief. Men are, on the whole, less discriminating about whom they will penetrate than are women about whom they will allow to penetrate. This is because for each egg that a woman produces, a man produces billions of sperm. Each sexual congress is therefore of far lesser biological, and thus emotional, importance to a man than it is to a woman, even to a BDF simulacrum of a woman. A woman who makes herself readily available to every wanton horndog who can't afford adherence to standards is a woman who essentially announces to the world that her eggs are worthless mass market crap. Emphasis on mass.

Some men who look like Patrick Wilson are attracted exclusively to women 3 times Dunham's size.

But most men aren't. And in the zero-sum arena known as the sexual market, it's the mate preferences of the majority that will most impact how much happiness any individual will extract from it.

Men who look like Patrick Wilson get rejected by women who look like Lena Dunham.

But most men don't. It's more often the case that alpha males are doing the prompt rejecting of women who resemble Lena Dunham. Remember, BDFs, male rejection usually takes the form of emotional rejection, and that's the rejection that hurts you most.

Couples are "mismatched" because these boundaries, these "leagues" are made up by society and easily crossed.

Hugo Schwyzer agrees! Losers of a feather…

Anybody can have sex with anybody else!

Only if you count forcible rape.

There are some egregious BDFs out there, but this one takes the cake and inhales it. You can distill her crass self-motivational to two points, and neither one casts her in a flattering light:

1. She says she has had sex with "movie-star hot men with chiseled Adonis bodies"*, some of whom were "wealthy and successful".

Try-hard. If you have to say it, it's less true than true. If you have to say it so hyperbolically, it's likely not true. If you have to say it so hyperbolically while looking like a propellor-scarred manatee, it most definitely is not true. But you keep telling us pigs can fly, BDF, and we'll keep pointing and laughing at your ego-pricked obtuseness.

Here's the deal whenever one of these asinine BDFs or her close kin rumbles into view to claim they have wonderful sex with high value men: they are almost always lying.

Nearly every instance when a low value woman claims she dates high value men, it will invariably reveal itself upon closer examination that the men she dates are supplicating, socially awkward, dull beta males, unreliable drunkards, or fly-by-night players who couldn't give a shit about her beyond a late night booty call and who are clearly embarrassed to be seen with her in public. This is Rationalization Hamster 101, wherein the compulsion to assuage one's BDF-riddled ego by declaiming the handsomeness, charm, high status and virility of sex partners overrides all consideration of truth value.

2. She implies that amassing a notch count of sex partners is an achievement for women like it would be for men.

Self-deluded fattie gonna self-delude. Spreading as far as two hamhocks can spread for a loser to stick his dick in and jab a few tepid spurts into sea cucumber labia is not an accomplishment. There will always be a contingent of wretched, loveless omega males roaming the wilderness like zombies to occasionally service the land whale through three seconds of love, for no other woman remotely attractive will have them, and sheep aren't always as receptive

as fat chicks. Now multiply the relative ease of convincing a loser to participate in greasy pig rutting by ten million to get an approximation of how effortless it is for the typical good-looking girl to entice a whole battalion of higher value men to line up for a free blast inside her exquisite heart-shaped pussy, and you'll have an idea of just how inconsequential is sex itself as a measure of a woman's romantic worth.

The crux of the cunt is this: a woman's sexual worth is measured by the ease with which she can convince a worthwhile man to commit to her and stick around for the long haul. It is not measured by the accessibility of her sperm receptacle. You'll note that the BDF under discussion refers in the past tense to these "Adonises" whose intimate company she allegedly enjoyed over the years. Presumably, they all fled before the last jizz stream swirled down her belly button drain. Who could've guessed a noxious, fat, ugly, hallucinatory, tatted freak would have trouble getting any of them to fall in love with her? Rhetorical.

Some of you kinder, gentler, naive readers ask, "Why flay this poor fattie's soul? What has she done that's so bad? She's just masticating on the internet, giving girls a self-esteem boost."

If she were gloomily masticating in her bedroom, alone and out of earshot of impressionable darlings, she would escape the torture. But she shouts her rampant idiocy from the rooftops, sliming the minds of thousands (millions?) of young women who teeter at the precipice between unhappy fatness and happy slimness. Thankfully, most thin babes know in their lovely bones that getting fat will hurt their chances at finding love, so a whole goon platoon of bellowing fatties would do nothing to dissuade them from following the right and true path in life. But some girls are emotional basket cases, and in their weakened conditions are susceptible to infectious mind disease.

If this BDF propagandist can potentially convince even one slim girl that she would suffer no romantic consequences were she to bloat up and ruin her desirability, ruin the scenery, and ruin the attitudes of hotter girls who relax self-constraints on their bitchiness when their competition is reduced, then the BDF is a legitimate enemy of the natural state. She has earned her designation as a prime target. The incalculable cruelty of the breaking wheel wrenching screams of agony from her blubbery carcass will serve as an example for the others thinking that it's a wise life decision to dedicate oneself to spreading lies and destroying the looks of pretty girls.

*PS: The cynics will interpret this BDF's outrageous claim — "movie-star hot men with chiseled Adonis bodies" — as a fat white girl euphemism for black guys. They are onto something. You brothers won't like to hear this, but too many of you are willing to drop your standards, however temporarily or conveniently, and plow white fatties with finger-wagging 'tude to spare. While proof is lacking, it's a strong possibility that this particular BDF is another data point in favor of the African Megafauna Size, Shape, Color and Texture Theory of Conditionally Flexible Black Male Mating Preference.

CH is on record stating that black men, when they are free to choose high value women, will, like men of other races, generally choose thin, pretty women, especially if the choice is for a woman who will be a long-term relationship lover. C.f., Will Smith. And yet, there is also plenty of evidence, observational and analytical, confirming the stereotype that black men, when they date or screw around interracially, slum it with the refuse of white womanhood.

Two things ought to be said about this: One, most white girls prefer sex and relationships with white guys, if online dating statistics are to be believed. So a fat white chick transcending earthly bonds on wings of passion with a vibrant black dude is likely feeling a powerful discomfort on a subconscious level that she is settling. Two, it's a good bet none of these black lovers are staying around to cuddle and raise a nuclear family with their BDF gory holes.

It's fair to surmise, then, that a fat white chick who brags about snagging indiscriminate black guys with chiseled abs is not feeling the winner vibe those abs are supposed to make her feel. In the morning, she is left confused about what the fuck is happening to her life. This is what is happening to the BDF: You are a loser, you will continue to be a loser, and you will die a loser. And no amount of pain-addled transparently ego-massaging insistence to the contrary on a feminist website will change that. Only pushing away from the table will help.

Spot The Masculinized American Woman

CH · 21 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

small tigs? check
narrow hips? check
lineman width? check
lantern chin? check
digit ratio for the manly win? check

Behold the modern American woman. All sass, all crass, no lass nor hourglass.

The woman above is a “pop singer” [SNORT] who, it will surprise no one, is a former Marine. She is standing in the classic pose that women with narrow, prepubescent boy hips stand in to accentuate what little curve they have (or to conceal unflattering straight lines). Like Madonna of yore, she’s built for sex work, piston-shaped and shredded for hours of androgynous pile driving. She does not have the appeal of a woman a man would want to invest his time and money into, or take home to mom. She has the appeal of a woman a man would blow out in a bathroom stall at 2AM.

What the hell is happening to American women? Is it something in the water? Too many splashy facials hardening them in soul and body? High fructose corn syrup? Man-shaped “alpha” women being preferentially genetically selected by plush herbschlingen? Epigenetic morphology alterations in response to environmental cues? The taut and tawny fruit of feminism?

Whatever it is, it doesn’t bode well for America. When women become like men, and men like women, the end days of a culture are nigh.

The Myth Of The Indiscriminate Alpha Male

CH · 21 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Some readers took yesterday's post as an opportunity to grind an axe about the supposed fact of alpha males rutting with undesirable females. Puzzlingly, a few readers credulously assumed the factual basis of the featured BDF's (Bitter, Delusional Fattie) proof-free assertions that she has spread for the seraph rods of "Adonises" of "wealth and success" with "chiseled abs", despite the BDF having a history as a hardcore delusionist spinning weird, often self-contradictory, fantasies on feminist websites.

Sorry, gullible readers, but this does not happen in real life, at least not nearly as often as fat, deluded shits trying to pump their sexual market value would like you to believe. Perhaps a reacquaintance with the rules of the sexual marketplace are in order:

1. Men prefer younger, hotter, thinner babes over older, uglier, fatter broads.

2. Men with options — aka alpha males — will exercise their freedom to date and fuck and even marry younger, hotter, thinner babes.

3. The sorts of men who date and fuck older, uglier, fatter women are men with fewer options, aka beta males and omega males.

I hope this clears things up. But if not, allow me to bring the abstract down to earth with a personal story.

I know a guy who possesses almost every single genetic and personality marker for high male mate value that a woman can dream of in her wildest fantasies — he's charming, funny, top 2% looks, wealthy, mesomorphic, ambitious, has a certain amount of local fame, loves kids, owns a dog, stylish, seductive, and cocky — I mean, the dude is heaven sent for women, no homo. If he has a flaw it's that he's not very interested in romantic gestures, or putting much effort into pursuing women. It's a flaw most women he dates are all too happy to dismiss as irrelevant. Mostly his "game" is to demonstrate social status by cracking jokes that get the whole group laughing, tease any hot girls nearby, pull back, and wait for them to throw themselves at him. He is very lazy about the follow-up and closing the deal, preferring instead to call it an early night, skip out on exchanging numbers or insta-dates, and walk home in anticipation of sex as the girl nips at his heels, eager to oblige. His laziness in regards the courtship of women means that he will often "slum it" with 7s and 8s rather than put in effort to get the 9s and 10s who would be ecstatic to assume the role as his natural prey. He is the perfect emblem of the "lazy cad", iow.

In all the time I've known him (a long time), he has never, not once, not even a little bit, bedded a woman less than a 7. And when he has bedded a 7, he treated her with a summary cruelty that would be the envy of badboy loving feminists diddling their beans to female porn about sadistic billionaires. Worse still, when shameless BDFs like the chick showcased in yesterday's post shower him with attention and practically beg for his cock, he stares at them coldly and arrogantly waves them away, as if to say "what in the hell makes you think you have a chance with me?" He does not disguise his contempt for the over-reaching, sexually aggressive BDF. Most alpha males don't disguise their contempt, because to be approached with an almost open invitation for sex by a grotesquerie is a slap in the face, a denial of the alpha male's high standing.

This is, I believe, an accurate reflection of the workings of the sexual market at large. True "Adonises" are not slumming it with gross pigs. They are ignoring them, totally, utterly, completely. That is, when they're not ridiculing them for shits and giggles. Instead, the rare "Adonises" that BDFs claim to fuck are much more likely, upon closer inspection, to be revealed as simply chucklehead losers or, on very good nights, slightly higher value than bland, nondescript lesser betas. In all my forced acquaintances with these "Adonises" who were banging BDFs, the dude turned out to be much less than the BDF proudly advertised. And, along these lines, you have never seen a more wretched prototype of man than the omega orbiter who revolves around BDFs hoping for some of that fat slut love.

In reality, the following observations are the typical scenarios for low value women:

BDF 3s pumped and quickly dumped by male 4s or 5s, with a very lucky few once in a decade (or year, depending how depraved the slut allows herself to become) getting a shot at male 6 penis. And penis is all she will get.

BDF 3s getting short term flings with male 3s or 4s.

And BDF 3s getting long-term flings with male 2s and 3s, possibly male 4s, and most of the times with no men at all.

The rarity of the BDF 3 hooking up with a male 7 cannot be over-emphasized. It happens, but it happens so infrequently that it tells us nothing generalizable about the mating market. I have never seen nor heard of a male 8 or higher hooking up, even for a few seconds in a dark corner of a club, with a BDF 3, unless he was so blotto that he couldn't clearly see the pig he was sticking.

Some readers will balk and offer Arnold Schwarzenegger and Hugh Grant as examples of alpha males who slummed it with ugly women. Yes, but the reason they are noted punchlines of jokes about indiscriminate horny men is because they are exceptions to the rule, and hence less forgettable than the hordes of alphas who only abide the love of hot babes. For every Arnie banging a Mexican maid on the DL, there are hundreds of Clooneys, DiCaprios, Pitts, Depps and Berlusconis who have a long, long history of banging only grade A ass. And let's not forget that Arnie has been under the judgment-altering influence of steroids on and off his whole life, and if you have any experience hanging around meatheads on roids, you know that their powers of discrimination quickly yield to their wall-climbing horniness. I once knew a a guy on the juice who said his erections became so uncomfortably insistent that he would look at any hole, animate or inanimate, and wonder about ways to make it conducive to penetration. He was once caught masturbating into a gym towel in the locker room. No one paid him much mind, though, because apparently it is common practice among juicers to relieve themselves at the gym.

Other readers will claim that high testosterone makes men indiscriminate, and they will point to young men or black men as examples of "alphas" who will bone almost anything, thus vindicating the assertions of the BDF. Two problems with this: One, teenage youth — which is the age at which young men have the most free-flowing T and are presumably the most indiscriminate, is not in and of itself an attractive male trait to most women. Since women judge a man's mate value on a suite of factors of which facial attractiveness is only one variable, it stands to reason that younger dudes out for a thrill would be lower value to most women. So their rankings, from the BDF perspective, would be lower than what she is claiming to score internet debate points. Two, most white women, which is what the BDF under discussion is, want to date and sleep with white men. They may claim their lovers are Adonii, but if their lovers are black men, the BDF is likely to feel that she is settling.

Black men are, not to put too fine a point on it, more willing than are men of other races to fornicate with the dregs of womanhood. I know there are brothers reading this site, and I know you know that I'm right. This point, along with accompanying scientific evidence, was made in the coda to yesterday's post, so I suggest readers peruse it again so as to avoid these annoying redundancies. It is a horrible, viciously sadistic point I make, but it is a true point. If the black guys in the studio audience have a problem with it, they can start raising their standards and stop dumping in plumpers. I won't be holding my breath.

Still more readers argue that every man goes through a dry spell, and it is during these periods that BDFs get their holes morosely plundered by alphas. Again, this claim falls under closer examination. First, alpha males have fewer and shorter dry spells than other men. They are rarely without the company of cute girls, so they rarely feel the need to dumpster dive. When they do experience the odd down time, they attempt to end it by aggressively pursuing… more cute girls! Second, beta males, who would be the natural constituent of BDFs looking to satisfy a hypergamous tingle for higher value men (remember, the omega male is the BDF's SMV equal) are MORE likely to retreat to video games and porn than to recklessly dumpster dive with a fattie! Even betas have a sense of self-respect, arguably a greater sense than do alphas, for the beta is ever so closer to falling permanently into a BDF dating career track.

Finally, there are some readers who argue that alpha males dumpster dive a lot because "they just don't give a fuck

what people think". Funny, this theory. Since when has a "don't give a fuck" attitude been incompatible with adhering to standards for oneself? If anything, alpha male don'tgiveafuckness correlates highly with not giving a fuck about risking rejection from hot girls.

The bottom line is this: Alpha males, like all males, prefer thin babes. The difference is that alpha males have the power to fulfill their preferences, and they do. Betas and omegas are the men who must make sacrifices in quality, and who will occasionally dumpster dive because they feel more urgency to grab those infrequent opportunities when they arise.

And doesn't that just get to the heart of it? Alphas make their opportunities. Betas mind their opportunities.

Nothing in this post should be taken wholly as a counterfactual to the above claims of BDF sexual opportunity. There is, in fact, truth to the notion that BDFs occasionally get their sloppy wet holes serviced by men somewhat higher in value than the BDF could be expected to realistically date in longer term arrangements. The issue I take with those readers who credulously (and curiously) buy BDF assertions of sex with Adonises is the lack of perspective they reveal about the relevance of sexual market hierarchy gradations.

Dumpster diving men above the omega male threshold do exist, but they are rarer than BDF fantasists assert. And they are not nearly as alpha as the typical BDF will eagerly claim in credulous company. Accidental real life meetings with the "sex toys" of BDFs usually confirm suspicions the BDF was lying to stroke her ego: The "lovers" are either black men who are gonna bolt in two days time, or they are white men who are way more beta, charmless, goofy, older, uglier and/or socially awkward than the BDF let on prior to public exposure of her "conquests".

But even if the BDF gets her ego temporarily massaged by a parade of one night stands only one SMV point higher than herself, that is still enough pressure exerted on the mating market to skew the pairing up and pairing off outcomes. A one point SMV differential between herself and her regretful pumper can be enough to raise the expectations and entitlement of the BDF, and when a slew of these fly-by-nighters are accumulated, the BDF may actually come to believe her own bullshit. When that happens, omegas and lesser beta males who would be the rightful and natural heirs to the puffy sausage hands of BDFs come to find themselves passed over by these beasts who continue to trawl the singles scene hoping to capture the attention of an out-of-sight greater beta male.

The BDF who thinks herself a CSB (Certified Sexy Babe) is bad news for the nation's betas, who are forced by circumstance of bloated BDF entitlement to put more effort into wooing women lower on the sexual market totem pole. Luckily, this is a self-correcting market skew, as the egotistic BDF who has not made a realistic reappraisal of her romantic worth is left, at last, lonely and unloved under the rubble of the wall that smashed down on top of her.

This is why game is so important for reasons beyond simply the promotion of techniques for snagging verifiably cute chicks; game is an invaluable market-correcting mechanism that redounds to the benefit of beta males who only wish to date IN THEIR OWN LEAGUE. Game opens pathways to hard 10s, and closes off dead ends to flabby 2s.

The Reeducation Camps Of Multicultural America

CH · 21 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

After the Vietnam War, the government of Vietnam instituted "reeducation camps", which were prison camps holding hundreds of thousands of government and military partisans of the former South Vietnam regime. In these camps, psychological torture was often as bad as the physical torture endured by the prisoners. Indoctrination and forced confessions were the order of the day, and the humiliation of the prisoners was total, reaching zeniths of cruelty so abhorrent that many surrendered their identities and wept at the feet of their captors and praised them as gods.

In the former Soviet Union, the infamous Gulag labor camps had a system in place for the "re-education of class enemies". Red China had such a system, as well, and rumors circulate that China continues the practice of reeducation "of undesirables" to this day.

Commies. Horrible people. Awful, genocidal ideology. Couldn't happen here, in the land of the free and home of the brave, right?

Watch this video. See if you have the stomach to watch the whole thing without wincing with revulsion.

The vibrant buffoon in this video was hired by the USDA — the **UNITED STATES** Department of Agriculture — to speak at a "Cultural Transformation" training seminar, aka reeducation camp for white people. You don't even have to read much between the lines to recognize that the target of his vile propaganda is white people, and in particular, white men. As a mouthpiece of USDA policy, his enemy is the government's enemy, and that enemy is whites. Never forget that.

The USDA would like you to forget that, though, because as fast as these videos are going up on YouTube, they are being taken down.

Like Communist reeducation camps, the captive (yes, captive, or they lose their jobs) listeners in the audience are being humiliated by this piece of shit into participating in *de facto* forced confessionals of their imaginary sins, and indoctrination of their "privilege" and "oppression". You can hear their humiliating subjugation in the way they nervously laugh at slander directed against them. This is the laughter of the bullied beta male trying to go along to get along, so as to avoid any beatings on the playground later.

Not all are feeling humiliated though. Some of that laughter is the cackle of victory, of triumph, of sweet sweet tribal vengeance. Affiliation matters, and the speaker is clear that not all in the audience are designated targets.

Yes, Virginia, it can happen here. It IS happening here. Everywhere. All around you, if you only have the eyes to see. And it is perpetrated by YOUR government, the government you fund and to whom you pay allegiance. YOUR government, YOUR country, is in the racket of utterly humiliating you and your kind. You have lost the loyalty of the very nation your ancestors built into a gleaming castle from nothing but dirt and vast emptiness.

God FUCK America.

The time for petty negotiation is over. Such tactics will only serve to further arouse the hunger of the diversity beast. Insurrection fueled by the illuminating hatred of a thousand suns is the path to progress. Be not afraid. Let the filth and the flotsam know how you feel. Stand up for what is right and true for once in your life, and when they fight back with futile gestures of passive aggressive snark, drive your sword deeper in their guts. To the hilt. And don't stop until they're on their knees begging forgiveness. At which point you finish them off.

Lazy Cad Game

CH · 22 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader sent along this hilarious video of two dudes "gaming" chicks into giving up their phone numbers and, in some instances, agreeing to dates. I put gaming in quotes, because, well, see for yourself…

Short, sweet and…

oh so alpha.

There's no need to dissect every jot and tittle of the game these guys demonstrate in this undercover video. This is more about the ALPHA ATTITUDE than about any specific game tactic or line. You've gotta look at the whole package, and what I'm seeing should put the lie to those betas and old skoolers who think you have to woo and compliment girls and generally act like a gentleman to get them to unfurl their figurative pussy lips.

Woo? Compliment? Impress?

Nah.

How about…

Demand. Look around impatiently. Act unimpressed. Talk like a bored teenage hooligan. Put in the minimum effort. Be a jackass.

"Bring the movies" man, say hello to "Put your phone number in my phone" man. Betas watch, and weep bitter tears.

1:42 is especially side splitting. Watch a few seconds in when he turns his body almost completely away from her, and replies "Cause I said" when she asks why she should give him her number. She gives it.

This is asshole game, and chicks LOOOOOOOVE it.

I can already hear the skeptics and knee-jerk haters.

"But those guys are good-looking!"

"They probably did 500 takes and chose the best twenty!"

"Getting girls' phone numbers is easy!"

You know what? The haters aren't wrong. They're not right, but they're not wrong, either.

Those two guys are better looking than the average man. They're no Gosling or Tatum, but I'd guess they're easy on the eyes for most girls.

And yeah, those are probably the best takes out of a lot that failed.

And yes, getting phone numbers is easier than getting the bang.

But here's the thing. Even if you were of the limited mind that game only works for good-looking guys, you're still admitting that game works. Because there are a lot of dudes who look as good or better than these guys who don't get anywhere near the action these two get because those other guys approach women like the dutifully complimentary and investment-heavy beta males that is their comfort zone preference.

The world is filled with decent looking dudes who don't get much pussy because they got no game. No style. No skill. No JERKBOY CHARISMA.

Are these selective takes? Sure. But that's still twenty successful number and date closes in what looks to be a couple of afternoons. That's twenty more pussy leads than most guys will get in TEN YEARS of beta male effort.

Yep, phone numbers are easy. But they're harder to acquire than nothing. They mean more than air. They have more potential than polite hello's. You gotta start somewhere champ. Bitching that phone numbers are easy or that the takes are selective or that you're not good-looking enough to tango will not get you any closer to the prize. It will only feed your need for denial.

Meanwhile, the roadmap to pretty young poos is there for the taking. You just gotta… grab it.

UPDATE

The video guys claim they had a 25% rejection rate.

ps all pointy elbow syndrome comments will be deleted.

The Equalist Mantra

CH · 24 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Anyone can have sex with anyone else!
Everyone belongs to everyone else!
Anyone is as good as anyone else!
Everyone is as capable as everyone else!
Anyone is as smart as anyone else!
Everyone is as cooperative as everyone else!
Anyone is as conscientious as anyone else!
Eveyrone is as beautiful as everyone else!
Anyone is as witty as anyone else!
Every group is as worthy as every other group!
Any group is as productive as any other group!
Every group is as lawful as every other group!
Any group is as athletic as any other group!
Every group is as civilized as any other group!
Any group is as welcoming as any other group!
Every man is the equal in every way of every other man!
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.
except for that one group of people, you know, those bigoted white men telling us otherwise.

Repeat until brainwashed.

Reviving Girls

CH · 25 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Forget about “opening sets”. Thinking in those terms produces a now or never mentality that is toxic to the proper cultivation of inner game, aka sustained overconfidence. A little bit of pressure is necessary to motivate oneself out of a comfort zone or lazy habit, but too much pressure will fray the smooth, self-assured delivery that is the lifeblood which oxygenates any seduction.

Plus, “opening” implies a continual search for opportunity. When opportunity presents, you pounce. When there is no opportunity, you remain unengaged. Categorizing girls into tiers of opportunity encourages the empowerment of multiple, and usually contradictory, modes of thought and behavior in oneself, which will spill over and pollute your tight game when you need it most. For instance, if you are a cold, unresponsive statue or a dull chit chatter when in the company of taken girls or less attractive girls, then the radical attitudinal shift you will have to muster when you “turn it on” in the company of girls who are available and attractive will seem of outsized difficulty, and you will have burned out before you’ve said one word.

The one mode of thinking will infect the other mode of thinking. To build a better man, you must jettison the ballast of the lesser man.

You must begin substituting the idea of opening sets, or opening in general, with the idea of “reviving” girls. You are reviving them from their slumber of sleepwalking through a world filled with bland beta males. You are reminding them what it is like to interact with a man who knows how to speak to them in the way they primally crave to be spoken to: flirtatiously, cavalierly, confidently, sexily.

In this reality, every girl you meet has come pre-opened and pre-approved, no matter her actual status as a potential lover. You flirt with all of them, because the world’s girls are yours to enjoy, and opportunity for sexual closure is relegated to a more manageable role as a happy coincidence to the goal of improved communication with the opposite sex.

This means you game — i.e., flirt and tease and generally parry in a fashion you wouldn’t with your male buddies — low opportunity girls as genuinely as you would high opportunity girls. Does she have a boyfriend? Is there a ring on her finger? Is she a bit too old for your taste? Is there a kid in tow? Is she a lawyer? Is she not your type? Doesn’t matter. You flirt with those women like you would with single women you really desire. This process builds a base of intuitive and instinctual game that cements in your brain until you don’t need to invoke a separate personality every time you square off with a legitimately high opportunity girl. It also helps to relieve the pressure when a real prospect does come along, because the alpha attitude — aka JERKBOY CHARISMA — will be second-nature to you.

As with all general rules, there are exceptions. Don’t go overboard flirting with every fug you meet. There are two problems with being so indiscriminate with your flirtatious charms. One, some of the fugs will become a little too eager to spin your light flirting into a green light to jump your bones. The less perspicacious of the fugs will have to be put down with swift and deadly force, like you would a charging rhino, and that could leave you with a bad feeling if you’re a nice guy at heart.

Two, an undue reliance on fugs to sharpen your seductive mien is more liable to dull your edge and get you stuck in a fug rut. Nobody likes getting stuck in fugruts, least of all pick-up newbies who are the kinds of men who would get stuck there and stay there, spiraling downward into an abyss of self-loathing and doubts about ever winning the love of better women. You’re a flirting cad machine, but you’re not the sloppy town man ho. Rein it in a bit when the girl is so ugly you can’t stop the smelling-poop look of disgust from materializing on your face.

Revive girls. Coax their inner sex demoness out into the world. Flirt with those taken 5s like you would those single 8s. You may be surprised to find that the ease and self-control with which you dazzle the 5s is unfailingly there to serve you when the time comes to blow the doors off the hottie 8s.

Fat People Don’t Live Longer: Science, Interrupted

CH · 25 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Remember that meta-analysis study that came out about a month or so ago which purported to show that overweight people live longer than thin people, and remember hearing the groans of joy from diabetic, foot-chopped fatties with zero romantic prospects jumping two centimeters into the air in victory celebration? Remember thinking, “Hm, this study totally contradicts everything I see with my two lying eyes. Something smells fishy, and it isn’t just smegma trapped in some fatty’s stomach folds.”

Well, the skeptics and fat antagonizers, like yours truly, were right to doubt the claims of that study.

> It turns out the methodology of the prior study was terrible, and they included skinny people dying of cancer and AIDS and so on in the calculations. As stated in the linked article, “These people weren’t dying because they were slim; they were slim because they were dying.”

I wonder what Fat Apologist of the Blogosphere thinks of this recent correction?

Moral of the story: If you are a repellent fatty, don’t rely on meta-analysis studies conducted by “researchers” with an axe to grind to save you from a life of unbearable chronic pain, horrible BO, involuntary celibacy, jeers, and malfunctioning reach-around wiping implements. Instead, rely on the mirror. And… say it together now… push away from the buffet.

You don’t need studies, fatties. You need willpower. And a healthy dose of shame and realistic self-appraisal. If you think these things are impossible, just recall that a mere fifty years ago most people in America were thin, and they weren’t genetically dissimilar from you. They managed the willpower and shame. So can you.

Two Words Women Need To Hear

CH · 26 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

When women ask you about your relationship status, or similarly leading questions, tell them the two words that they love to hear. The power of this reply is undeniable. No woman can resist its mystique. It's super-charged hamster pellet, laced with PCP.

Good news! There's another two-word answer pregnant with potential for hamsterized nuance to which women Pavlovianly react. They don't necessarily *love* this reply like they love the one above, but they do *need* it.

This one is deployed when the woman's drama queen quotient (DQQ, do note the relevance of the "QQ" part) has been exceeded. We've all been there (well, those of us who have dated hotter-than-average women have been there); one day everything is going great, the next, she's got herself spun up into a lather about some inconsequential shit that is really a pretext for deeper relationship or dating or marital or hypergamy-denied issues. The typical beta male endures her outbursts, hoping it will all end soon, hastening it along with supplicating gestures and effusive promises to do better by her, and to his consternation and everlasting confusion gets rewarded with her resentment and sexual withdrawal.

There's a better way. Alpha males in the audience will know it immediately. Some of them have probably used it in moments of crisis.

First, let her vent. Yes, there is a time to put your fist through a wall like an uncontrollable beastman, and a time to root yourself firmly and silently, like an oak tree, unmoved and unperturbed by her whirligig womanliness. The ratio of these seemingly contradictory alpha male responses should tilt heavily in favor of being the oak tree. Beastman mode loses its effectiveness rather quickly when overused.

After she has spent herself (momentarily, at any rate, for a woman's DQQ energy reserves are nearly inexhaustible), gaze at her lazily and say,

"You done?"

Hamster status: nuked. Labia status: pulsating.

If you add a cocked eyebrow while saying it, you will have nuked the hamster's home planet as well.

You may not want to stick around after dropping this bomb. Not in the same room, if you live together. Sticking around will be interpreted as waiting for a reply, and a request for continuance of her drama queenery. The better follow-up is walking away from the scene of psyche destruction, so that the words may slow boil in her brain, delivering to each scorched neuron the message that "Here stands a man who will not put up with my female shit."

If you do stick around for more screeching, no matter what verbal artillery she redeploys your second reply should be "Good."

Hamster cage: salted.

Wait some time, and come back to her with love in your heart. Regardless of the share of blame you shoulder for her anger, she will meekly, joyfully, relievedly surrender in apologia to your Ionic strength. Her conversation then might sound something like this:

"I know I've been a little crazy lately… sometimes I just wish you'd [X]… but I'll try to be more [X] too… Im sorry, I don't mean to be this way… do you still love me? [DOE EYES]"

This post is now done.

Chick Crack

CH · 27 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Chick crack is slang for communication techniques or conversational topics which provoke emotional responses. Women breathe, crap and piss emotions, and they love men who can incite latent passions and take them on journeys to lands far from logic or restraint. For this reason, chick crack is a critical part of game, particularly the attraction stage. The man who can summon a woman's weepy, giggly Kraken rules the seas of snatch with an iron trident.

The CH archives are filled with examples of chick crack, but trawling it could take days. Helpfully, YaReally provides a succinct list of the primary chick crack formulations:

> Try Cold-reads, roleplaying, misinterpreting what she says in a sexual way, and qualifying her (these things all take her on an emotional journey).
>
> Listen to this Mp3 from 44:20 and on where he describes examples of story-telling, cold-reading, roleplaying and misinterpreting:
>
> http://www.realsocialdynamics.com/realsocialdynamics.com_audio.mp3
>
> Go to Page 48 of this PDF and read the section on Chick Crack:
>
> http://www.tropgentilpouretreheureux.com/download/TylerDurdenEssentials.pdf
>
> The key thing is to push her through emotions. You can talk about World of Warcraft if that's interesting to you, as long as you can make it emotionally engaging to her.

1. Cold reads

Be a psychic. Pretend to know something about her. (Or be very observant, and actually know something about her.) Commit these cold read openers to memory:

"I see you're the type of person…"
"You look like the kind of girl…"
"I notice you…"
"There's something about you that says…"

Focus on positive impressions, to get a girl talking about herself (and therefore projecting the good feelings she gets from her favorite subject — herself — onto you). Advanced cold reads use a compliment to embed a challenge to a girl's self-conception. For instance:

"You seem really self-assured, but I can tell there are times when you struggle with doubt."

Who doesn't struggle with doubt? Cold read predictive power: validated. Pussy lips: blossomed.

2. Role-playing

Role-playing is basically the ability to have fun and jettison linearity for extemporaneity. (Two attributes in which most men run a deficit.) It's fairly self-explanatory. You choose a character for yourself and for the girl (women love to be lead down these roads of whimsy), and you construct an alternate reality where the goal is to bring to life a typical female fantasy. Ideally, your role-playing characters will open the door to sexualized conversation.

Handy role-play scenarios you should learn and remember are:

Priest and wanton woman
Daddy and daughter
Boss and secretary

Photographer and model
Master and slave (save this one for the final stretch)
Professor and student
Concerned neighbor and runaway
Vice cop and prostitute
Seducer and seduced (yes, self-referential role-playing works)

The advantage of role-play is that you can be much bolder with your sexual innuendo than you could in normal conversation, because you have the plausible deniability of your character.

3. Storytelling

Similar to role-playing, except instead of making up a fun scenario involving two fantasy characters, you tell a story — embellished where necessary — involving real characters from your life. The object of storytelling is two-fold: to entrance a woman with the lure of an emotional jackpot, and to embed subtle cues of your high(er) value, aka DHVs.

Neil Strauss ("Style") is widely considered to be the father of storytelling as a pick-up tactic. The guy writes for a living, so that would make sense. He categorizes storytelling into four types:

Implicit qualification stories

These are the stories that reveal certain positive and exciting attributes about yourself that you really want the girl listening to you to possess. So, for instance, these stories will present you as a rebel, a rule-breaker, and an impulsive lover of life with a short time horizon. The girl hears this, and feels a subconscious need to qualify herself as possessing those same exciting traits.

Self-promotion stories

You talk about yourself and your pursuits, accomplishments, dreams, whatever, but you do it with passionate engagement rather than arid laundry listing. Did you start a business with nothing but gumption and a notepad full of stray ideas? Talk about that, but describe the feelings that coursed through you every step of the way. You want her to feel like she was right there with you, reliving the excitement.

Sex-themed stories

If it's obvious you are telling a story from your past involving third parties, you can get away with some juicy sex talk early on that you couldn't get away with if the subject wasn't nicely wrapped in a one degree removed package. Example: That time you encouraged your ex to do an impromptu pole dance, complete with imaginary pole, for tickets to a sold-out show.

Metaphorical stories

These can be made up or extracted from your life, but the idea is to highlight a moral quandary or a life lesson, which will further move discussion and encourage the girl's participation. Mystery's ant farm story is a classic of the genre.

The two key requirements of any story that you must learn are:

– The hook line. Lead a girl into your story with an innocuous question. Ex: "Have you ever been to [place X]?"

– Descriptive language. Show, don't tell. You didn't bike down that French boulevard with your ex, you swerved dangerously close to passing Parisians and rumbled chaotically over stony paths, as the aromas of warm bread and hyacinth filled your nose.

4. Qualification

Unlike almost every other man out there, you are qualifying her to see if she meets your strict standards for a

pleasing woman worthy of your time and company. Ex: “Girls who are passionate and uninhibited are so rare nowadays. Everyone’s cautious, trying not to seem weird. What’s the craziest thing you’ve done recently?”

She will bite (they almost always do if your pick-up progression has been congruent with her escalating mood), and her emotional systems will invariably engage. Whatever you do, don’t show too much interest in her answer; you want her to impress you, and that takes work.

Careful, don’t qualify too early. You will appear judgmental, and that will close off a woman. Wait for her to show some signs of interest, then qualify her when her outer defenses are down.

5. Misinterpretation of her words as sexual intent

This is the most fun of the chick crack tactics, because it’s so childish and yet so effective at fast tracking the interaction to a coital conclusion. Ex:

Girl: “How about we dance? I like this song.”
You: “Riiiiight. I get it. [air quote] Daaaance. Rule #1 for dancing: My butt is a public work of art. That means, you can admire, but no touching. Arms up top, ok?”

Girl: “Your shirt is soooo gay.”
You: “Are you always thinking about gay sex? Perv?”

Girl: “I just got back from Rome.”
You: “Little soon for sex stories, doncha think?”

Tyler D has a version of this called “sexual predator game”, where you playfully assume everything she says or does is to get you in the sack. Ex: “You want me to get you a drink? No way. I know where that leads. Liquor me up, get my defenses down, and next thing I know you’ve tied me to the bed posts. Forget it, fatal attraction.”

Sexual misinterpretation is a riskier technique than the other ones, especially if done too early, because the girl could feel creeped out if she isn’t yet intrigued by your charms. Save this for later, after a breezy rapport is established.

***

The above are the five kinds of chick crack you should learn by heart. They are readily applicable in most circumstances, and are extremely effective at distinguishing yourself from the masses of men that cute girls meet every day. Chick crack is like a psychological branding iron that sears a woman’s limbic system, leaving a brain welt she’ll tenderly finger as wistful memories of you throb beneath.

PS Everything written in this post is evidence in favor of restricting the vote to men.

Women Are More Emotional Than Men Because Of Biology

CH · 28 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader keeps it real:

> [T]he male brain experiences an acid flush about three months into gestation damaging the corpus callosum, or intermediary between the two hemispheres. This makes women more prone to bounce around between hemispheres, and men more prone to focus cognitive energy to areas of the brain consistently. Furthermore, the caudate nucleus, ventral tegmental area (VTA), limbic system, are shown to be up to three times larger and far more active in the female brain than in the male brain. The combined over influence from irrational, emotional centers of the brain together with the propensity to bounce around frenetically between hemispheres, leads to a less rational, more emotional product.
>
> And why would nature build women in such a manner? Because, in accordance with CH axioms, nature has designed women to be more emotionally prone for the (main) purpose of child rearing. Furthermore, the rapid oscillation between hemispheres allows them to parallelize household tasks in the home, i.e. taking care of children, cooking, cleaning, negotiating with other units in the tribe, etc. Males on the other hand, have more inherent ability to focus. That combined with a heightened depth perception made us more adept for the hunter gatherer role. It goes without saying thus far, we are in complete agreement with CH maxims.
>
> Blaming 'gender inequality' for the gender disparity in the sciences is equalist ego assuaging bromide proffering at its finest.

Much of game can thank biological sex differences for its inspiration. Women and men, on some very fundamental and relevant grounds, differ to the bone, and many of these psychological sex-based divisions are set in motion before birth. Instead of society or culture molding humans like clay into "gendered norms", it is innate human biology which molds culture and society into manifesting observed sex differences. Further molding occurs as forces within the cultural fold exert amplifying or dampening effects on preexisting biological dispositions. But the culture will always reflect the biological basis of its people; it will never transform wholly into something the people are not. Or: You can't make a Zimbabwe out of America without first swapping the Americans for Zimbabweans.

There is some reinforcing feedback between biology and the culture which biology births, and nations become strengthened (or weakened) by the best and worst genetic characteristics of its source material. As humans are bequeathed a certain degree of adaptation capability in response to environmental stressors, there can be cultural shifts to accommodate new and aggressive memes which themselves emerge organically from the biological substrate. Thus is belched from the bowels of hell the twin reality-denying Western ideologies of feminism and equalism.

But sex differences are powerful, more powerful and more fundamental than even cognitive differences between individuals or groups, issuing as sexual desire does from the more ancient hindbrain rather than the relatively recently developed forebrain. Even the most virulent memes can't dislodge and replace sex-based desires, as we can see by the fact that men and women continue to differ radically in noticeable ways. Women have to understand that, contrary to the bitching of feminists, it is not a validation of their worth as women to strive for dominance in pursuits that have traditionally been the domain of men. (Traditions, we must note, which became established practice and unquestioned common sense because they grew out of intrinsic biological urges.)

Men must realize the opposite, as well — that they are not made more man by becoming kitchen bitches or doing more housework — but for now the propaganda campaign to push men into women's pursuits is muted compared to the propaganda push of the feminist devolution to deny women the fulfillment of their feminine natures.

Women are more emotional, intuitive and illogical than men. Anyone who's lived a day in his life knows this. In the worlds of corporate industry, war-making and invention, perhaps these traits are setbacks. But women should not be

measuring themselves by those standards, the standards of men. They should seek succor in the standards of women, and there — in the worlds of family, social cohesion, lawfulness, empathy and child-rearing — women excel and men struggle.

There will always be among men those shut-ins, universalist heart-bleeders, and comfortably ensconced middle class herbs married to unchallenging frumps who deny or downplay the psychological differences between men and women to focus on the similarities. Yes, as members of the same species (barely), men and women are similar. Both sexes whore for status, both sexes want the best for their kids, both sexes prefer flattery to criticism, both sexes like a peck on the cheek before heading off to work. But beyond those human qualities, sex looms, in all its divergent, polarized energy, ready like a feral beast in the shadows to burst forth and maul the delusions of the most naive believers in a common humanity.

And from that realization, it's just a hop skip and jump to noticing *other* divergent, multipolar differences between peoples. The shadow beasts are everywhere.

How To Keep A Stripper Enamored Of You

CH · 1 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks,

> Hey there, thanks for your wisdom, was a self deluded beta, and since I took the red pill been trying and getting to fake an alphatude. Just gamed 2 strippers, slept with both, one got jelous, but now I am sleeping with a very hot stripper, I think Im doing ok, but how do I treat her to keep me on her head and ruin her for other guys? Im still dating other women, but I want to keep this one, she is a very high 8 maybe a 9.
>
> so in other words how can I keep laying this girl for a long time?

Treat her like absolute garbage. Serious, yo. I've yet to meet or hear of a stripper who did not keep coming back to a certified asshole for more of his special lessons in love. Personally, I have treated strippers I was fucking with more disdain and cruelty than any other woman… and they were hooked.

Consider strippers to represent the far right tail of a bell curve of women distributed by the strength of their desire for assholes, jerks and douchebags. At the far left, you have your good Christian girls with low sex drives, low impulsivity, and an inordinate fear of dying alone, childless. These women will occasionally tingle when they watch Edward get all broody in a Twilight movie, but in real life they will stick with their plush beta providers and relieve their itch for edgier guys in pulp romance novels aka female porn.

In the middle, you have most women. They like their moments of tender intimacy punctuated with Discovery Channel sex, have dated a number of badboys, have rejected a number of niceguys, like to be lied to, have had their hearts broken by men they still love, pine for that musician who always showed up late to dates and once "forgot" to invite her to his after show party, have had multiple roaring orgasms with men who told them to shut the fuck up, once caught a lover they thought "was the one" *in flagrante delicto*, and sort of like it when a guy doesn't answer their texts right away, but at the end of the day (and near the end of their prime fertility years) they will settle down with a caring, dependable beta provider who remembers birthdays and anniversaries and then pop out a couple of kids with him. 1% of the kids will not be the beta's.

At the right side of the asshole-loving curve, you find your girls who get off on being psychologically tormented by aloof men who are always one foot in, one foot out in any relationship. These are the girls who actually *seek out* the idiosyncratic charms of assholes and deadbeats and cheaters, and who, in fact, will quickly get bored with men who aren't sufficiently dismissive of them. Niceguys have no chance with these girls. Many of these women — 20-30% of the total eligible female population — have daddy issues or a history of dating assholes or a penchant for wildly swinging from one alpha male to the next, but there are plenty of exceptions. For instance, I once had a fling with a stripper who lived with her married parents in apparent familial harmony. They often made her lunches to take to "work", (although I doubted she told them what line of work she was in).

The further right on the curve you go, the more abuse the women crave, culminating in those women who secretly get off being hit by their lovers, and always race back to them for post-beatdown sex. In this dreadfully toxic pool swim your Rihannas and that chick who married the killer of her twin sister.

And waaaaay out there on the right tail is that stripper you, dear reader, are trying to keep around for the long haul.

Good luck!

But I can see why you have asked for help. Chewy, Pillsbury herblings with frump wives comfortably wrapped in the security blankets of boring marriages will balk, but the hottest babes are disproportionately found at the right tail of the asshole-loving curve. This is why learning the Way of the Jerk is a life path most men who have been shown the light strive to follow.

If you were to superimpose the female asshole-loving curve on the male crazy chick-loving curve, you would find that the female curve sits well to the right of the male curve. Or, men are less interested in dating the analogue of the asshole that women love. What men *are* interested in dating are hot chicks, and, regrettably, many of those hot chicks are just the kinds of women who swoon for JERKBOY CHARISMA.

Back to your quandary.

First, you are doing things right by your stripper girl. Dating two strippers at once is just the sort of drama they need to keep feeling that lovin' feeling. It's practically an asshole badge stitched to your jacket that says "Vaginas may now open for business".

Second, forget about keeping this girl for the long haul. The moment you act like you're trying to keep her around, she will lose interest and fly the coop. If you keep her on tenterhooks, in a constant state of dread, and only very VERY rarely hit her up with some beta reassurance game ("Here ya go, babe, you've had a tough week, so I got you this cheese stick"), you have a shot to enjoy her ripe but strangely discolored fruit for a couple of years that thousands of other men have seen. Or until she ODs.

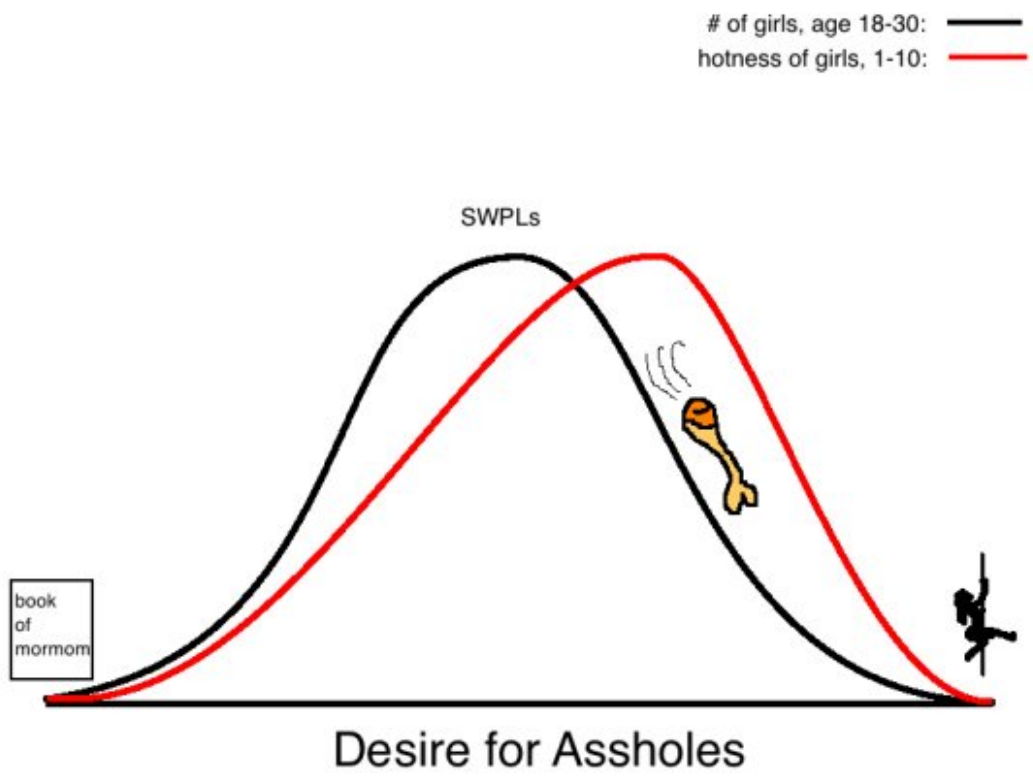
Third, beware any stinky beta bait she will toss at you. Strippers have exquisitely fine-tuned senses for the slightest whiff of betatude. If you cave, even a little, she's gone. Strippers will do things like ask you to light a cig for them, and if you comply, she's eyeing up the dude across the room. They will try to dump their problems on you (and strippers have a lot of problems), but all it will take is one minute of indulging her whining and she'll have an excuse to bail on your next night together faster than you can say "Shit, I shoulda told her to shut the fuck up instead".

Fourth, supply her. Got blow? Then you got stripper blowing you for as long as your supply is steady.

Fifth, mark your calendar. If you can keep a stripper in your orbit for a year, it's time to update your strategy. Strippers rarely last in relationships longer than a couple of years. Most stripper "relationships" are kaput after a few months. They also date mostly beady-eyed, beetle-browed assholes or the manager of their club. Because of this, many strippers subconsciously desire, after enough time getting burned by sexy thugs, a bit of the old beta provider comfort food. If you have strung her along for a year, consider doing something nice for her. Now don't go crazy! A simple favor to drive her home from work, or a small purchase such as a T-shirt which displays the terraced outline of her fake tits, or perhaps a home-cooked meal of mac and cheese, are all it takes to warm the shriveled, dark heart pumping life to her glorious orifice.

Sixth, be Ok with her line of work. Don't try to "rescue" strippers. It never works. They don't want to be rescued. If you try, she will misconstrue that as a desire for a deeper, more loving, more committed relationship, and she will run. So if the thought of greasy men ogling your lover's vagina hole gives you the willies, I suggest you go to book clubs to meet girls.

I hope this helps. Ideally, you would bang the shit out of a parade of hot strippers until they have hit the wall (age 25), leaving them used up husks of former human females, and then settle down in domestic bliss with a good girl who never had a monster bug STD or popped her tittie out for a random dude to admire. Then you have a solid, tight, swole marriage to a loyal wife PLUS great stories to tell your sons and grandsons. That's the plan, anyhow.



You'll notice that the graph only includes girls aged 18 to 30. There's a reason for this. Most women older than 30 have lost their taste for assholes. They still tingle for them, but they don't go batshit insane for their attentions, and they start to feel a strong need for betaboys and their gentle, cotton swab comfortableness. Part of this change in attitude is introspection brought on by the approaching wall; a single woman of maturity doesn't have time to waste on assholes who are likely to love her and leave her. Partly it's brought on by her own cratering SMV; assholes have more options in the sexual market and they typically cash in for younger, hotter, tighter lovers. You might say that an older woman's assertions that she no longer cares for jerks is akin to a sour grape fruit salad rapidly spoiling.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 3 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The COTW ~~goes to~~ winner

Uncle Elmer confesses:

> I like to watch Vietnamese travelogues with ForeignBride while she gently massages my loins. The food variety is epic.

Some comments win on substance. Others on the style with which the words trip psychedelically off the tongue. This week's winner is firmly in the latter category.

Runner-up comment winnner

James waxes lyrically and substantively:

> PUAs talk a lot about stripper game because it's so hard. A whiff of beta or the slightest bend to your frame, and you're just a customer to her again.
>
> They have so many interactions that they're really calibrated.
>
> Plus all game is just flipping the script on women, and stripper game is apex of flipping the script. She comes to you looking for money. You give her none, and fuck her. Using only words and actions. It's beautiful, in its way.

It is beautiful, in its way. The seduction of a guarded, self-patrolled, high stakes, manipulative sexy temptress who eats beta male hopes and wallets for a living, using nothing but your wiles and wisdom, is animated poetry most men will never get to experience for themselves.

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The Settling Order Of Men With Limited Options

CH · 4 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

How do men with constrained options choose which women deserve their commitment and emotional and resource treasure? There's a hierarchy to the order of settling for Men Without Options (M-WOs) and Men With Limited Options (M-LOs), but before we get to that, we need to clarify our premises so that we can better understand the settling hierarchy. A man with limitless sexual market options — aka a man who has his pick of the kitty litter aka a super alpha — wants and desires the same thing that a man with no options wants and desires; specifically, a young woman with a pretty face, a slender hourglass-shaped body and a feminine, becoming temperament.

The only difference between the piss-stained homeless bum and the captain of industry is the ability of each to fulfill his shared desire for young, slender babes. That's it. The desires are the same but the fulfillment of those desires varies wildly from man to man.

Any fat chick who tells you that her repulsive condition is Ok because at least fat men will always be there for her misunderstands the nature of the sexual market. Fat men without compensating male attractiveness traits will only be there for her because they have no other choice; expand (heh) the fat man's options through, say, wealth or game or wit or social status cues, and his reluctance to settle for fat chicks rises in proportion to his increasing options among thinner, sexier women.

Thus, the hierarchy of settling that describes men with options is not very interesting. It would be a short ranking that starts and ends at "young, hot, tight, sweet". At the very top of the alpha male heap, there is no settling at all. A few super alphas have practically unlimited choice in women, and their cornucuntia could not be exhausted given one hundred lifetimes of skirt-chasing.

At the bottom end of the male SMV scale, the omega males and dick dregs lurk. Their settling order, too, would be a short ranking: it would begin and end at "take whatever female filth will have me". A few are lucky to have internet connections and porn outlets, in which case the living flesh vaginas of obese monstrosities, toothless methheads and prognathic missing links can't compete with remote digital simulacra and chafed fap hands.

As with the super alphas, the hierarchy of settling that describes men with no options is also not very interesting.

But what about the rest of menkind? How do the remaining 80% of men — men who are bound by involuntary restrictions lenient and punitive on their dating choices — decide how far down the female attractiveness ladder they're willing to descend? What is the settling order of the masses of beta males who aren't particularly attractive nor unattractive to women, but who struggle to acquire the kind of stimulating pussy they really want?

Legend

Hot = pretty face (objectively measurable, highly correlated with youth, 8-10 on looks scale)
Pretty = minor flaws (6-7 on looks scale)
Plain = medium flaws (4-5 on looks scale)
Ugly = major flaws (2-3 on looks scale)
Fugly = extinction level flaws (0-1 on looks scale)
Slender = hourglass figure, 17-22 BMI, 0.65-0.75 waist-hip ratio
Bangable = 23-24 BMI, 0.65-0.75 WHR
Chubby = 25-26 BMI, 0.75-0.80 BMI
Fat = 27-28 BMI, 0.75-0.80 WHR
Shaneequa = Same as Fat, except more hourglass, fat sits in rump, hips and pendulous tits
Sausage = Same as Fat, except more cylindrical, 0.80+ WHR
Formless Blob = 29+ BMI, WHR irrelevant at such sizes
Young = 15-25 (18-25 under existing legal constraints)
Less young = 26-30

Not So Young = 30-35
Older = 36-40
Old = 41-50
Expired = 50+ (invisible to men with options, last resort for men without options)
Sweet = feminine disposition (empathetic, nurturing, kind, generous, employed in female-oriented profession)
Sassy = femininity salted with sarcasm and insecurity
Dull = lacking in any discernible personality
Self-Centered = attention whore
Caustic = Angry, humorless, bitter, nasty
Man-Like = Aggressive, ambitious, cutting humor, selfish, slutty, employed in male-oriented field
N/A = Not applicable

Settling Order Of Men With Limited Options

1. Hot/Slender/Young/Sweet

Most of these girls are scooped up by alpha males. For a night, at least.

2. Hot/Bangable/Young/Sassy

Hotness and youth still exert the most influence on a man's requirements in a lover, but the tier of men (lesser alpha) who must make some small concessions to snag a hot, young lover will generally accept in their women a few extra pounds and a little more annoying sassiness.

3. Pretty/Slender/Young/Sweet

Facial hotness is so crucial to a woman's dating success that when men have to sacrifice a little bit of facial beauty in their lovers, they tend to tighten up their standards for the other three attractive female traits. Here we find the greater betas who are dating young 6s and 7s with very nice bodies and wonderful personalities.

4. Pretty/Bangable/Young/Sassy

Again, greater beta males and some lesser alphas populate this settling group. You'll notice that the requirement for youth hasn't yet budged a day past 25 years old. Men will choose youth and beauty before perfect bodily dimensions and heavenly femininity, particularly when LTRs are under consideration. (This post is primarily focused on LTRs, which is the romantic arrangement to which "settling" usually refers.)

5. Pretty/Bangable/Less Young/Sassy or Dull

Now we enter the realm of real sacrifice. Here you'll find your established "good catch" beta males who must make painful concessions to achieve love with a pretty girl with a decent body. The first major concessions are usually age and personality — most men are willing to put up with annoying personality quirks and an upward age adjustment to enjoy the scenery of a pretty face and curvaceous, taut physique.

6. Pretty/Chubby/Less Young/Man-Like

What, chubby girls can be pretty?!? No. Most girls with naturally pretty faces who are twenty or more pounds overweight will have concealed whatever prettiness was there under a layer of blubber . The common refrain from desperate mothers trying to marry off their slacker sons — "but she has a such a pretty face" — is often a dead giveaway that the girl in question is a fatso. That said, there are very exceptional girls who can manage twenty extra pounds and keep a pretty face suitable for excellent blowjobs because the fat accumulates in places hidden by clothes. The slightly better than average beta male with something going on for himself will be forced into this settling category. He'll take the extra pounds (can't really be helped in modern America what with 70% of women obese or overweight), less sprightly upper range of youthfulness, and less sparkling personalities for a shot at a girl with a face that can inspire unbidden boners.

7. Plain/Chubby/Not So Young/Self-Centered

Welcome to beta male hell. Dear Average American Man, this is your life.

8. Ugly/Bangable/Not So Young or Older/Caustic

Here are your butterfaces. Broken beta divorcees sink to this level of settling. Very horny and indiscriminate alpha males (see: roids, teenage boys) will occasionally slum it with these ladies, but never consider them for LTRs.

9. Plain/Shaneequa/Not So Young/Caustic

See #7. Substitute black beta male for white beta male.

10. Ugly/Fat/Not So Young/Sweet

A man who has to settle for a fat chick is a lesser beta male, or an extremely depressed and unconfident beta male. He will try to get a fat chick who at least treats him like a king.

11. Ugly/Sausage/Older/Dull

Say goodbye to even a semblance of a human female shape.

12. Fugly/Formless Blob/Young or Less Young/Sweet

Some men must have youthful lovers, no matter what, because there is at least a chance their seed will find fertile ground, even if the ground is a patchwork of tar pits, quicksand, bulging calderas and deep sea trenches. Here you will find those skeezy losers who prey on impressionable young fatties with willing mouths.

13. Ugly/Fat/Old/N/A (sweetness is not possible for these women)

This is the omega male wheelhouse. The walking deadmen in this group would welcome a crossbow bolt to the head.

14. Fugly/Formless Blob/Expired/Man-Like

Why are you bothering? A furries outfit with a spooge valve would feel, and look, better.

***

So there you have it. The fourteen-step settling order, from A to O.

Executive summary: Men will yield on feminine personality and a few extra pounds to get youthful and beautiful lovers, but the acceptable threshold for extra weight is met far more quickly than is the acceptable threshold for an unfeminine personality. A hot, young woman with a lawyerly in-your-face personality and with ten extra pounds distributed in a pleasing manner on her ass, thighs and tits is still more desirable than an older pretty woman with a perfect body and perfect disposition. But once the hot young babe starts to accumulate more than ten extra pounds, the older woman begins to look better and better as an LTR alternative.

Of course, past a certain age, weight, ugliness, or mannish disposition the choices become so dispiriting that men are hardly able to summon the motivation to lift a finger and pick out one grotesquerie from another.

March 2013 Beta Of The Month

CH · 5 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The readers squalled, and their demands were answered: Beta of the Month is back in a big way. And why not? There's nothing like a real life story ripped from the headlines to illuminate the reality of female hypergamy for strong and desirable alpha males, and the dire self-inflicted powerlessness of beta males which pushes their women into the waiting arms of lovers or divorce lawyers. Let us hie to the Betadome!

******

March 2013 BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by a reader who requested anonymity. The reader pulled this first candidate from an online forum for Catholics, and he writes:

> You must teach Catholic/Christian men to rule their wives. Save Christianity, save Western civilization. Or something like that.
>
> If you don't, who will?

Could it be…… *Satan*?

Ok, then. Class is now in session. And what group is more in need of an education in the reality of the sexual marketplace than gullible white knights and mincing betaboy men of the Church? Like most Western institutions, the Church has succumbed to the grinding feminization of its traditions and ideals. BOTM Candidate #1 weeps his plaintive wail to his Lord and the flock:

> Hi,
>
> My wife of 12 years and mother of 4 told me she wants a divorce because she has "fallen out of love" with me and can "never love me again. "

Where have we heard this before… oh yeah, everywhere.

> Last night she explained her life plan, that I would buy her a car and two condos so we could be divorced and neighbors. She said her online friends are doing it that way.

Ballsy bitch. This "life plan" is a tidy encapsulation of the desire of women to extract emotional and financial resources from doting beta males while being free to pursue sexual resources from sexy alpha males. I love the "all our friends are doing it" appeal to popularity. Men use arguments to win the crowd. Women use the crowd to win arguments.

> I don't want a divorce but I do want to separate our finances. She's been running up secret debts and taking out "loans" for her Etsy shop, and I don't know of a way to stop her from driving me into a second bankruptcy so long as she is my legal spouse.

Marriage is a sucker's bet for men. Western women simply know how to play this game better. The best way for men to play is to not play at all. At least not until there are significant legal and cultural reforms that level the playing field away from the direction toward wives that it has tilted for a few generations.

> She's been hinting that she has a long-distance boyfriend, and announcing that she wants to convert to the LDS church. I think she's only saying that to try to get under my skin, but if true I wouldn't want her as my wife and mother of my kids respectively.

When women fall out of love, they become as stone cold ruthless as the best trained warriors. If the man sticks around instead of freeing her, she will rapidly turn from cold to icily cruel.

> I would enjoy life more without her, and I can't imagine that divorce could possibly be more expensive than marriage to her thus far. I would really like getting to make it to mass (which she is absolutely against in practice, if not in word.)

Most women aren't thinking about the financial angle when they want out from a marriage to a mewling beta. They're thinking about getting away from the stench of his nauseating seed.

> I don't know. I bought her a bouquet of flowers last night and gave her more money, but I don't think that marriage is a viable long term solution.

Systemic beta failure.

> My mother was hospitalized yesterday and is facing possible death and almost certain permanent disability. And I haven't slept much. So, I might be missing something obvious.

You can say that again.

> I don't know what to do. I turned to the rosary and felt prompted to buy a dozen roses. I talked to my priest, he was very kind and offered to prey for me.

Has a more fitting typo ever been seen in print?

> My wife wants to keep this secret from everyone. I'm of two minds about that, on one hand the privacy might give her the leeway to back down. But on the other hand I think that divorce is a public problem. She said in response that we could separate and be married too.
>
> By nature I like to let things blow over,

And that is why you fail.

> but I fear that my serenity is foolishness or cowardice.

Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me ten thousand times, I'm a beta.

> She refuses to go to marriage counseling.

It's amazing how much smarter than the average man women are about evaluating relationship health and prognoses for remediation. Hopefulness is cowardice and cowardice is beta.

> Anyway, I could really use some wisdom. In out of my field of expertise.

Poor bastard. Can anyone deny that this is a good man? He loves his wife. He's emotionally close to her. He's generous with his time and attention and money. But he has a fatal flaw. He's a beta male. And that beta groveling he thinks is the key to winning the renewed love of his wife is JUST THE FAILURE that will ensure her loathing.

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March 2013 BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by reader dorsey47. It's a video by a creativity class SWPL (aka

try-hard beta) of his ELABORATE proposal to his rather plain-looking girlfriend who sports a *danger* male digit ratio *danger*.

Overproduced schlock. Any man who spends this much energy producing a film school highlight reel of his proposal to his girlfriend is a beta. Any man who constructs a proposal that requires the participation of twelve indie drummers and gifts and prizes spread out over twelve days is a master beta.

Look, I'm a romantic as much as the next hedonistic whore. But there's an alpha way to romance a lady, and a beta way. Showering a girl with presents over two weeks and honoring her with a movie documenting the whole deranged process that took 1,300 man hours to complete is the beta way.

The overproduced and overdone film festival proposal is a sign of the times. That sign screams loud and clear: BETA MALE MUST GIVE IT HIS ALL TO SECURE FIDELITY FROM CHUBBY FRUMP. PRIME DIRECTIVE: SPIT SHINE WOMAN'S PEDESTAL.

Do women love this kind of stuff? Yes, in the abstract. Do they respect it? Unsure. Do they get aroused by it? No.

If you are a beta male thinking about drawing up schematics for a truly awe-inspiring proposal to your girlfriend, might I humbly suggest you instead divert that energy into more satisfying and personally advantageous pursuits, like a job promotion or an update to your herbish wardrobe? She'll still love you, and you'll have increased your options among prettier women. Win, win!

******

March 2013 BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by reader Larry. Take some Tums, because this story is revolting. If you don't feel a gag reflex, your stomach is stronger than mine.

A Staten Island woman went the full EatPrayLove on her beta hubby, and was predictably killed by some swarthy roustabout in Turkey. Ho hum, right? Well, it gets worse. To appreciate the glorious soul-imploding banality of this particular beta male husband, you have to read his words. Reporters found a treasure trove of Instagram messages from the husband that were posted a few weeks before his wife left on her self-actualization sabbatical.

> "Don't cheat in relationship [sic]," reads Steven Sierra's Instagram posting dated Dec. 28. "If you're unhappy then just leave."
>
> He put up another message later the same day, adding, "A real relationship is where you can tell each other anything and everything. No secrets, no lies."

My guess is that the wife is the one who cheated. Cheating men rarely confess their sins in this manner. Neither do cheating women, but cheated on betas DO confess their helplessness to any who will listen.

> "Good relationship [sic] don't just happen," the post reads. "They take time, patience and two people who truly want to be together."

The wife is spinning out of the beta's control, and he is desperate for answers. The flail is strong in this one. As is the martyrdom.

> "People are to be LOVED. Things are to be USED. The reason why the world is in chaos is because THINGS are being LOVED and PEOPLE are being used," the message declares.

That's actually pretty fucking poetic. Is there hope for this beta? HA.

> Turkish media have also reported that Sarai's brother, David, warned his sister against cheating on Steven and encouraged her to simply leave him.

Yup, she cheated.

> In an interview with Turkish paper Hürriyet, Steven [the jilted husband] said that his wife had insisted on going to Turkey and that he accepted her wishes. He has been mum on the rumblings of infidelity.

Never…. NEVER… allow your wife to travel overseas without you if there is even a hint of trouble in your relationship. You may as well give her a one-way ticket to cockalopolis.

> "I had to permit her to go," he said. "She was very insistent on going. In such situations. you have to support your wife."

"I had to permit her to go… In such situations, you have to support your wife." The rallying cry of the beta male. Wife cheated, wants to go to Turkey by herself? She's BEGGING you to put your foot down and be a man for once in your pathetic life. She doesn't want your permission. She doesn't want your *suppooooooort*. She wants your strength. She wants you to take what is yours. She wants to feel your POWER. The alpha male POWER that is the only known force in the universe that can rend vaginas sealed shut by the weak solicitations of mincing beta males.

And if she still disobeys you, at least you have your dignity, you fucking faggot. You can walk away from her with your balls intact.

Sheltered numbskulls who fervently latch onto the belief that emotionally distant husbands are the primary reason women fly the coop have no goddamned clue how much women despise weak, emotionally available men. Beta men. They need to get out more.

******

Vote below: Who is the March 2013 Beta of the Month winner?Good Christian husband placating his bitch wife with flowers.Man who created elaborate proposal documenting two weeks of supplication.Husband who supported his EatPrayLove wife's sex tourist trip to Turkey.

Was Satoshi Kanazawa Right?

CH · 6 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Satoshi Kanazawa, an evolutionary scientist and former columnist at *Psychology Today* who wrote an article (since pulled, and which got him fired from the magazine) about the attractiveness of the different races of women, (concluding that black women were the least attractive), might, in the end, have had his analysis vindicated.

Peter Frost, over at his blog, Evo and Proud, has a good post delving into a study by Michael Lewis et al which examined the attractiveness of the big three races. He starts with a primer about the evidence that beauty is not in the eye of the beholder, it is objectively measurable and only "subjective" inasmuch as the perception of objective beauty resides in the individual brain.

> Notions of human beauty seem to develop along similar lines in all humans. Children as young as 2-3 months old look longer at female faces that adults have rated as attractive, be they white infants looking at faces of black women rated by black men or black infants looking at faces of white women rated by white men (Langlois et al., 2000; Langlois et al., 1991; Langlois et al., 1987; Langlois and Stephen, 1977). Similar findings have been obtained with adults of various racial/ethnic origins (Bernstein et al., 1982; Cunningham et al., 1995; Maret, 1983; Miller, 1969; Perrett et al., 1994).
>
> In the most comprehensive of these studies, Cunningham et al. (1995) assessed criteria of female beauty among men of different ethnic backgrounds: Taiwanese, White Americans, Black Americans, and recently arrived Asian and Hispanic students. All of them perceived a female face to be more attractive when possessing high eyebrows, widely spaced large eyes with dilated pupils, high cheekbones, small nose, narrow face with thin cheeks, large smile, full lower lip, small chin, and fuller hairstyle.
>
> To be sure, the East Asian men tended to prefer more immature and inexpressive faces whereas the Black American men tended to prefer women with larger buttocks and a heavier body build. These differences in preference, however, are much smaller than the differences in physique that actually exist among human populations.

Just as I have been saying: there are universal beauty standards molded by smaller regional racial preferences.

> So what happens when physically different populations come into contact with each other? Are some judged to be better looking than others? And is there consensus on this judgment?

The anticipation is killing you! I hope it lasts.

> Finally, Lewis addresses the possibility that this gender asymmetry may reflect an underlying asymmetry in sexual attractiveness: "If there are differences between the relative attractiveness of the genders between different races then asymmetries in interracial marriage will follow." To this end, he asked male and female volunteers to rate the attractiveness of human faces that differed by ethnicity and gender. Of the male raters, 15 were White, 2 were Black, and 3 were Asian. Of the female raters, 14 were White, 3 were Black, and 3 were Asian.
>
> The results are shown at the top of this post. Female raters gave the highest ratings to Black men, followed by White men and East Asian men. Male raters gave the highest ratings to East Asian women, followed by White women and Black women. There was no significant interaction between the race of the rater and the race of the face being rated.

This research, at least, supports Kanazawa's theory that black women are the least attractive of the major races of women. Read the comments to Frost's post as well. They are very good and blessedly free of feminist or equalist

cant, even the ones which question the validity of the study or the conclusions one can draw from the data. Interestingly, in the chart appended to the top of Frost's post, the standard deviation — or "spread" — of beauty is highest among white people (and lowest among blacks, except for Asian males). So, although the white beauty average is higher, there are more very ugly people and very beautiful people within the white race. The spread between ugly and hot, in other words, is greatest among whites. This observation falls in line with what appears to be a general trend for whites to have very large spreads in quality along multiple measurable human traits.

White people are, essentially, nature's favored evolutionary guinea pigs. They are experimented on to a greater degree than other races, and as a result there are a lot more experimental failures, and a lot more experimental successes, within the white race.

My personal opinion on this matter of interracial attractiveness — besides the belief that nothing pricks the collective id like a rip-roaring, no-egos-spared discussion about the hotness of this or that group's women — is that, like the women of most races, there are a fair number of hot black chicks I have seen whom I would most assuredly and happily defile with sweet lovemaking. And there are a lot of gross white women I wouldn't touch with Tim Wise's precious anti-racist dick. Honey Boo Boo's mom comes to mind as a perfect example of the genre.

But we are talking about averages. If you don't know what an average is, you should leave the internet and return when you are more enlightened than a garden slug. And, on average, I have noticed that some races just have proportionately more bangable women than do other races.

That's all. If you can't comment below without propping your ego with a strawman, or a hayfield of strawmen, you will be banned. Life is too short to tolerate obtuseness and trollery.

Anyhow, Frost talks about his own research into facial attractiveness, and explains where his conclusions or theories differ from Lewis' study above.

> Nonetheless, there are significant differences between my findings and Michael Lewis'. The cross-cultural study showed a general preference for lighter-skinned women, but only at the lighter end of the local range of skin color. We see this in folk terminology. Traditionally, a beautiful woman was 'white' in Europe and East Asia, 'golden' in Southeast Asia, and 'red' in sub-Saharan Africa.
>
> As for my menstrual cycle study, the darker male face was indeed more strongly preferred by women in the first two-thirds of the menstrual cycle, i.e., when estrogen levels are high and not offset by progesterone. Yet, even in that group, there was still more preference for the lighter male face. In other words, estrogen seems to weaken a woman's resistance to darker male skin, without reversing the direction of preference, at least not fully. […]
>
> Finally, the ideological environment has changed over the past twenty years. In Lewis' study, the White raters showed no tendency to prefer their own kind—an unusual finding in itself. Many of them may have thought long and hard before choosing a White face over a non-White one. Of course, this possible anti-White bias would not explain the gender asymmetry. It would simply shift all preferences towards the darker end of the color spectrum.
>
> And that leads to another point. Perhaps some of the raters were unconsciously using East Asian preference as a proxy for White preference. In our current ideological environment, it is legitimate to admire East Asians for a wide range of good qualities: politeness, work ethic, self-discipline, attractive facial features, and so on. Such admiration incurs no social cost. So if you feel ashamed of your preference for White people, why not repackage it as East Asian preference?

Frost posits an evolutionary mechanism by which black men and white women would become more physically attractive over generations.

> In some populations, men competed against each other for access to women. This was especially so in tropical

> 'horticulturalist' societies where year-round farming enabled women to provide for themselves and their children with little male assistance. For men, the cost of taking a second wife was close to zero and may even have been negative. Such societies thus had a high polygyny rate and correspondingly intense male-male rivalry for mates. The pressure of sexual selection was therefore on men.
>
> In other populations, women competed against each other for access to men. This was especially so in continental Arctic societies where men provided almost all the food and where long-distance hunting caused more deaths among young men than among young women. Such societies thus had a low polygyny rate and a surplus of women on the mate market. The pressure of sexual selection was therefore on women (Frost, 1994a, 2006, 2008).

I've come across this theory before in different outlets, so it's not like Kanazawa is some kind of freakish radical for suggesting it in the pages of *Psychology Today*.

A reader mildly objects:

> My one caveat is that black women may not photograph as well as women of other races. Having recently spent some time in the Caribbean around (non-fat) black women and I can say that there plenty _plenty_ of good looking black girls, at least where I was. But I've never found black women all that attractive in photographs. And the obesity epidemic in the US has hit them hard too.

A caveat worth considering. I'll assume the Lewis study used photographs of slim black women, or at least photos of black women who were comparably thin to the other women, because otherwise that would qualify as a major flaw and oversight by the researchers.

As for the idea that black women photograph worse than women of other races, I'm not sure I buy it. Bodybuilders have known for a long time that tanned skin, sometimes tanned to the point of orange-y absurdity, looks better in glossy mags. Darker skin captures plays of light in more pleasing ways. Perhaps the reader is referring to the facial bone structure of black women, what with their pronounced jawlines and unappealing prognathism, and how that may contribute to their looking worse in photos. That's possible, but I can't figure out a way that theory would work such that the faces which look bad in 2D look better in 3D. Maybe some photoshop experts in the audience could lend their opinions.

Also, is it possible that sexual selection in some outlier black majority communities, like the Caribbean, runs the other way, producing hotter women and blander men? A sex skew in the favor of men could certainly produce more beautiful women over time. So could a greater demand by women for men who can provide for them. You might see this happening in black societies with white minorities, where the continual reminder of the minority's higher status compels black women to seek out more paternal and productive and less showboat-y caddish black men. Or you might see it in societies where the women are not able to provide for themselves as easily as they can in lands with more fertile soils and better climate or where there's a generous welfare system in place that substitutes for male provision. Pure speculation, but isn't that the seed corn of scientific truth?

Men Turning Their Backs On Modernity

CH · 7 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Masculinized women. Feminized men. Witch hunts for white boogeymen. Enfeebling government largesse. Humiliating reeducation camps. Self-aggrandizing social media. Ruling class treason. Corn and porn. Hypocritical, status whoring SWPL leftoids robotically sermonizing about a diversity they spend vast energy fencing off from themselves.

It's enough to make a guy want to say "Fuck it to all that."

And some men are doing just that, before the diseased forces of modernity permanently infect their sanity. Commenter Dan at Mangan's writes,

> I was diagnosed with bipolar disorder a dozen years ago. It was not a misdiagnosis then. I was a mess with run ins with the police and mental institutions and a suicide attempt where my life had to be saved, while managing to graduate with honors from an Ivy league school.
>
> Since then, I've had totally smooth sailing with stable marriage and four kids so far, a long tenure at a successful job, a nice house, large savings and so on, and some political activism while I tapered off medication almost completely.
>
> Here are some lifestyle changes:
> – Going from binge drinking to no drinking
> – Going from massive caffeination to no caffeine.
> – Going from lots of all-nighters to sleep every night
> – Going from atheism to faith (if you are an atheist and not suicidal, you aren't trying hard enough)
> – Becoming conservative, not just politically but behaviorally
> – Going from being the life of the party to being a bit square
>
> When I changed, my friends said they wanted the old me back. Ha. The old me was mentally diseased and headed for a graveyard.

Mental illness likely has a genetic origin, but the particular ills of modern society — a recent innovation in human cultural ecology that is undoubtedly exerting powerful selection pressures on first world peoples that perhaps rival the great genetic selection events of the ancient past — could be exacerbating tendencies to psychological distress. Evidence is mounting all around us that Western people — whites especially, and white women the most — are unhappy, frazzled and dangerously delusional, even though they can't quite put their fingers on the cause of their anguish and quixotic need for comforting self-flagellation.

Some turn to medication. Others, like Dan above, rearrange their lives in hopes of warding off the gray shroud of ennui. And they rearrange in a way that, intentionally or not, closely conforms to the kinds of lives that men led pre-postmodern America. They become less of what the modern society demands more of, and embrace the opposite of that which the modern society inexorably pushes one toward.

The men who turn their backs on modernity become less secular, less spastic with stimulants, less beholden to participation in the rat race, less burned out by digital addictions social or sexual, less political, less engaged in media-fed triviality, less liberal (yes), and less status-conscious. They may even become less sociable, as it seems a precondition of eschewing the trappings of modernity is a willingness to ostracize oneself from the hedonist herd.

This is not a lifestyle choice for everyone. Some of us like our freedom and sexual cornucopia, and can better manage, or compartmentalize, the peculiar stressors of secular modern society. But many people would find much comfort and peace of mind by essentially flipping the bird to the trajectory that the West is currently on. If you believe that maximizing human happiness is a noble goal, then you wouldn't stand in their way.

Alpha Male Power Moves

CH · 8 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Making people wait

Show up late. The King does not wait patiently for guests to arrive. The King arrives for meet and greets when guests are assembled in breathless awe. Principle applies equally to throne rooms and bar rooms. Arrivals, replies to questions, decisions to consensus building exercises, request fulfillments — all should be delayed to the point of provoking discomfort in others, but not beyond. People naturally assume the higher status of those who don't jump when asked.

Not laughing at jokes

The King is not amused. And he is hard to amuse. The King does not suffer unfunny boobs gladly. The King does not care about fortifying social cohesion with insincerity, so he will stare at you expressionless if your joke bombs. He will not fake laugh to make you feel at ease. He will not laugh uproariously if you are a hot girl making a lame joke. You will feel uncomfortable, and this is why you will try harder to impress the King. The King knows this. He luxuriates in your appeasement.

Staring past people

You talk to the King? Impudent plebe! The King hears you, but his attention is elsewhere. Past you. Over you. Through you. Your entreaties are puffery to the King, because he has heard it all before. Your cleverness is dulled. Your insight is clouded. Your conversation is trite. And yet, somehow, despite all evidence to the contrary, the King answers you as if he had been listening intently the whole time. You feel relieved. You like this feeling, so you set about to win the King's approval again. And again. And again.

Cutting people off

You talk and talk. The King has a thought of his own. It could be a grand thought, or a trivial musing. It doesn't matter, because it is the King's thought, and that means the King will cut you off mid-sentence to regale the masses with his wit and wisdom. His voice commands, his self-confidence refuses impugning, his happy entitlement woos crowds. Even you, cast aside and set adrift, find strange succor in the King's heady leadership.

Disappointing people

The King has so many matters he must tend to. People need and want the King. His presence — nay, his blessing! — is requested at board meetings, parties, events and bedrooms. The King's plate is full. It is always full. And this fact makes the King smug, even resentful. The King likes to disappoint people. Or, more precisely, he cares not for pleasing people. He knows scarcity is part of the appeal of his brand of authority. His subjects will wait on him, and he will sometimes not show up. And those subjects will be sad. So sad, in fact, that the next time the King *does* show up, their joy will be overflowing.

***

You may think these are dickish moves. You would be right! But the alpha cuts his teeth on dickishness. There is no alpha male who is not, at times, dickish. It comes with the territory. And since dickishness is a territorial aspect of alpha maleness, those who mimic it are presumed alpha themselves. And that, my budding alphas, is how you win pussy and influence people.

Alpha Male Power Moves will be a continuing series. Lord knows the incredible shrinking American Beta Male needs the lessons.

Good White Liberal Translation Dictionary

CH · 8 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Over at GLPiggy's, a discussion has ensued about an article written by a white man describing his experience growing up in a predominantly black neighborhood in Philadelphia. It's the heartwarming story of a good white liberal daring to confront his deepest, darkest thoughts on the subject of race and what we in the sanity industry call "reality".

Normally, good white liberal forays into the topic of urban real estate require a handy dandy translator service if you aren't up to speed with the encryption used to guard the moral boundaries that separate crimethink (what we in the candor industry call "realtalk") from cocktail party sophistry. That pulpit isn't going to draw the flocks of finger-waggers if you can't maintain the plausible deniability of the self-righteous neo-Puritan thundering against the boogeyman of Southron witches.

Good White Liberal Translation Dictionary

"dangerous" = black
"bad" = black
"sketchy" = black
"marginal" = black
"touch and go" = black
"rough" = black
"crime prone" = black
"inconvenient" = no cabs = black
"gun free zone" = black, as translated from the MSM-ese
"no-go" = 100% black
"ghetto" = *archaic*, so black has become unacceptable as a euphemism
"teen gangs" = the blackest of black
"seedy" = black + street walkers
"scary" = witnessed a black committing a crime there
"tricky" = black, with some mestizos
"crazy" = more trannies than blacks
"edgy" = African immigrant blacks with jobs + overpaid gay web designers
"borderline" = black, but saw some white faces and exhaled with relief
"decent" = less black
"up and coming" = even less black
"expensive" = non-black
"yuppie" = been non-black so long forgot how bad black was
"boring" = asian

This translation dictionary is a valuable companion on your sojourns through the land of clever silly SPWLs. Good luck trying to get a high verbal IQ SWPL to admit to what they're actually saying. You may as well try to squeeze blood from a lawyerchick. But now you don't have to do the impossible; with this dictionary, you'll be able to suffer through semantic legerdemain while nodding knowingly and hoisting a craft brew in tacit tribal affiliation.

The Wrong Way To Get Out Of The Friendzone

CH · 11 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

For those men who think they can talk their way out of the friendzone and into the poosy zone, here's a cautionary reminder from a reader who let it all hang out with a girl who had only known him as a lovable, asexual emotional whore:

> I attempted to get out the friendzone and admitted my feelings to my friend. She has been busy addressing personal issues i.e. things "not going her way" or "bad stuff happening all at once." She has reminded on two occasions via text that she wants to talk and "has not forgotten about me." In the back of my head I have accepted I will most likely be rejected. To add insult to injury, I know, through mutual friends, she has been entertaining out of town girlfriends and attended a couple of social gatherings (i.e. dinner and a pool party).
>
> When she does decide to talk how do I react? Do I "punish" her for ignoring me? If so, how do I play that card? Or is there an alternative?

Getting out of the friendzone is no easy task, especially if you have never been anything to the girl but a friend with advanced commiseration ability. Many men can tolerate only so much denial of their sexual needs by oblivious girls using them for emotional bonding before the breaking point is reached whereupon the man foolishly decides bracing candor is an effective course of action to turn that girl buddy into a passionate lover.

It never is. Admitting your feelings to a girl buddy is an extinction level fail that will harden her disgust at the thought of you as a sexual partner. If you have a hard time fathoming the fail here, imagine a morbidly obese woman who has been a friend of yours for years suddenly shoving her bratwurst tongue down your throat in a moment of unrestrained lust.

Failure #2: Not recognizing female hamster rationalizations as evidence of discomfort with your desire. When a girl says "Bad stuff is happening all at once", or "I need some time to myself", what she is really saying is "Bad stuff with you is happening all at once" and "I need some time with a sexy alpha male." She's pushing away from you, my friend. You aren't just failing to make her attracted to you, you're actually making things worse.

Failure #3: Thinking you can still win her over. When you have gone too far down the path of sackless betatude, almost anything you do will enhance her status and diminish yours. You care too much, and she knows that. A man who cares is a man who is denied love. Your efforts, such as they are, will only be perceived by her as confirmation of your poor mate quality.

The way to play this game is to act like you aren't playing at all. First, get it out of your head that she nurses a lingering attraction for you. She despises you. Nothing but pity and contempt for you lingers in her head. She will not ever "see the light and come around". Second, don't make the mistake of thinking a calculated reversal of your emotional availability is the antidote to her lack of attraction. You cannot shift your behavior on a dime and expect there to be no blowback. If you become cold and distant, she will simply assume you are butthurt by her rejection of you.

"When she does decide to talk how do I react?"

Bad frame. She isn't going to decide to talk to you, and your job in life isn't to react to whatever awesome nonsense spills from her lips. How about this better frame: *"If I decide to talk to her it will be because I'm bored."*

"Do I "punish" her for ignoring me?"

She is nothing of importance to you. Why would you punish a nothing for acting like a nothing? If she contacts you, treat her like you would any insignificant entity in your life: neutrally, until she proves otherwise by behaving either pleasantly or condescendingly.

"If so, how do I play that card?"

Let's say she calls or texts you, "Hey, what's up! I told you I haven't forgotten about you, my bestest guy friend in the whole world!" Are you supposed to grovel to this? Show gratitude for bestowing you with her attention? Punish her for ignoring you? Get hysterical with loving pleas for deeper intimacy? Go ahead, do any of that. And then hear how quickly the conversation goes south. No, the way to play this card is with AMUSED MASTERY. What a funny bird to be talking like this to you, as if you've been breathlessly anticipating her call for weeks! She is so weird. And a little stalkerish. You are amused by women's hyperbolic drama when you know what uneventful lives they really lead. You reply, "Wow, you're weird. Thinking about me the whole time?"

"Or is there an alternative?"

You are the friend, and she is in your friendzone. You are the alpha male, and she is a contestant for a slot in your harem. You are the doer, the creator, the lover, and she is the appreciator of your masculine vitality, the very vitality that women everywhere secretly envy and wish for themselves. That means, she exists to entertain you. She will enjoy your time when you have time to spare. She is your toy, not the other way around.

Remember this. Now you have inner game. You have the attitude. The attitude will infuse your arteries like rivulets of mutant DNA, transforming you from needy beta to alluring alpha. She's a strange duck, so full of herself, but you'll play along. You like to have fun. So you tease her. And you taunt her. And you dismiss her when she tries to angle you as the eunuch lump she used to dump all her gripes on. *"So let me tell you about this guy who…"* Sssshhhh… be quiet, socially awkward attention whore penguin. Did you know you have funny looking feet? What's that? Still blabbering about this other guy? Thanks for the medical update on the condition of your vagina. So hot, so attractive. No wonder you're still single.

Do you see, reader? Have you been darkly enlightened? Then go forth, and recreate. And return here when you have something uplifting to tell us all.

The Vapidity Of Lena Dunham

CH · 11 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Lena Dunham, a dumpy SWPL whose TV show *Girls* is all the talk of the ugly, undersexed pundit class, tweeted the following in response to an alleged spotting of an Unidentified Hate Object (UHO) on the campus of her alma mater, Oberlin College:

> Hey Obies, remember the beautiful, inclusive and downright revolutionary history of the place you call home. Protect each other.

Turns out the story has all the makings of a beautiful, inclusive and downright predictable hoax. (Case in point: a picture of the thing who claimed it saw a KKK apparition.)

Naturally, Oberlin, that hotbed of intellectual diversity, free thought and stiffened spine, closed classes for the day so that students who were not previously learning anything useful could reflect on how little they were learning at Oberlin and how much it was costing them. But, hey, in the meantime they could all stroke each others' egos in a glorious spasm of witch-burning self-righteousness.

Dunham's tweet is exactly the sort of auto-pilot brain burp you would expect from an obedient cog in the Cathedral machine. Unthinking, vapid, masturbatory. She is an idiot and it makes one wonder who is the real writer of her show.

These racial hoaxes made by the degenerates and defectives of society seem to be on the rise lately. What is the ratio of phony white male racial crimes to actual white male racial crimes? It's got to be at least 10 to 1, and probably more like 100 to 1. Duke lacrosse was a doozy of a lie that might represent a watershed in just how much bullshit white America will continue to swallow by racial hucksters and leftoid moralizers. In contrast to imaginary white male racial hate crimes, the existence of non-white racial hate crimes is all too real… and all too ignored by the prestige press.

The Strongest Links

CH · 12 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ten charts about sex, from OkCupid's data lab. Usual caveats apply (selection bias, SWPL staff bias, social desirability response bias), but interesting nonetheless. Charts 7 and 10 are the best. During their prime fertility years (when they are at their hottest), thin women have the highest reported level of self-confidence and fatsos the least. No surprise there. What is surprising (if you don't fully understand the nature of female sexuality) is how women's self-confidence continues to rise well past their sell-by dates. There is a serene resignation that accompanies sexual expiration which likely contributes to women feeling happier in their later years, but the biggest reason for this trend is that when women are younger and immersed in the dating market — that is, when competition to win at the most important game in life is especially ruthless — their solipsism serves a valuable function as a monitor of their physical state. A woman with unnaturally high self-esteem might go on eating and lounging around, doing nothing about her weight gain, while a woman with lower self-esteem would take care of herself better to avoid realization of her worst fears. (Men, too, experience a similar gradual rise in self-confidence with age, although for them the average degree of self-confidence for all body sizes is shifted to the right compared to the average for women. Remember that men don't suffer as much of an SMV drop with advancing age like women do. In fact, men experience an increase in SMV at older ages when women are beginning their precipitous drop to sexual invisibility.)

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Robert Shiller destroys the idea that home ownership is a good investment. He calls it "a fad", and likens it to investing in a car.

> "If you think investing in housing is such a great idea, why not invest in cars?" he asked. "Buy a car, mothball it, and sell it in 20 years. Obviously not a good idea because people won't want our cars. It's the same with our houses. So, they're not really an investment vehicle."
>
> Any homeowner knows that you can't sell a home with 30-year-old roofing, carpet, and kitchen appliances. Sure, the home price might go up, but you have to adjust for years of maintenance and renovations.

***

Female sexuality is more flexible than male sexuality. (There are more *true* female bisexuals than there are male bisexuals.) The explanations given for female sexual plasticity sound plausible — especially the theory that women's lower sex drive makes it easier for them to redirect it — but my personal theory is that women have evolved flexible sexuality as a form of in-group bonding and biological diplomacy between tribal competitors, most of whom would be other women. Or: good scissoring makes good neighbors! For this reason, you would find more bisexuality in cities, where tribal bonds are weakest and threats greatest.

***

NIH will use your taxpayer dollars to study why lesbians are lardos and gays are gracile. CH will give you the answer for free: Men are visual, women are holistic. This goes equally for homos and straights. In the next study, we will examine why so many of the Cathedralcrats are aggressively blind to reality.

***

Diversity + proximity = war. Atlanta's suburbs are seceding from Atlanta proper. Translation: Atlanta's white suburbs are seceding from the city of black Atlanta. Result: the suburbs and exurbs have become solvent, while the city continues to languish. *De facto* resegregation is going to be the story of 21st century America. It will be dressed up in plausibly deniable SWPL semantics, of course, but the motivation and inner voices will sing the same tune — "We're getting the hell away from these intractable race problems."

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Diversity + proximity = war, Part 2. Latina randomly attacks white girl. You know how that flaxen white girl hair inspires raw, envious hatred in the Other. Not kidding.

***

Diversity + proximity = war, Part 3. The equivalent of the Nazi's yellow jewish star to identify Jews in the population has come to Wisconsin, where education officials — representing a propaganda arm of the Cathedral — are

encouraging white students to wear a white wristband "as a reminder about your (white) privilege." […]

The webpage also offers a series of suggestions for high schools students to become more racially sensitive. They include:

- Wear a white wristband as a reminder about your privilege, and as a personal commitment to explain why you wear the wristband.
- Set aside sections of the day to critically examine how privilege is working.
- Put a note on your mirror or computer screen as a reminder to think about privilege.

The Wisconsin DPI also sponsors several similar programs, including CREATE Wisconsin, an on-going "cultural sensitivity" teacher training program which focuses largely on "whiteness" and "white privilege."

Reeducation camps. That's what our university and public school systems and HR departments have become. The scum who perpetrate these programs of psychological white annihilation dress up their motives in bureaucratic gibberish:

> Geared towards high school students, the program "seeks to build capacity in schools and districts serving low-income families to develop an effective, sustainable, research-based program of family-school-community partnerships," according to its Facebook page.

…but we know better. You will take their diversity, good long and hard, even if they have to lobotomize you to ensure your compliance.

***

Diversity + proximity = war, Part 4. There is evidence that as the country becomes more vibrantly diverse, whites in close contact with this diversity shift their views to more socially conservative ones, such as withdrawing support for illegal immigrant amnesty. You could call this the "brush with reality" voter preference theory. White Democrats may flock to the Republican party as they feel the familiarity of their majority neighborhoods suffocating under the grip strength of diversity, and they are beset on all sides by antagonistic groups who want to bleed them dry (or make them wear identifying "badges of privilege"). The question now is whether a white Dem exodus to the GOP will be big enough, and soon enough, to counteract the Hispanic influx to the Dems and prevent the country from becoming a facsimile of Ecuador.

A little bit of diversity is colorful fun, but a lot of diversity is national suicide. No (prosperous) nation should go beyond an 80% majority/20% minority ratio. Once that majority share starts slipping below 70%… event horizon trouble is brewing. You can tell a nation is on the path to implosion by the number of Orwellian signs around mixed neighborhoods boldly proclaiming "Diversity is Unity". If diversity truly was unity, our Cathedral commissars would not have to blare the message on every street corner and ram it into our skulls. The unity would be self-evident. A good rule of thumb is that the more a ruling class idea is separated from reality, the more diligently it must be propagandized.

Woman Admits To "Alpha Fux, Beta Bux" Dating Strategy

CH · 13 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Some gross feminist careerist reptile who works for Facebook (dying media company if the decline in young recruits is any indication) has a long interview in Salon explaining her insipid views on the disparity between the sexes in upper echelon representation and the oft-debunked (but obviously not often enough) "gender pay gap". I urge you to skim it quickly, because it's largely the usual unverifiable, proof by assertion femcunt claptrap. However, there is one response she gives which bracingly reveals how a lot of modern American women, unawares or not, strategize their dating lives.

> Look, I'm not pretending I can give advice to every single person or every single couple for every situation; I'm making the point that we are not going to get to equality in the workforce before we get to equality in the home. **[ed: could you imagine being hitched to this repulsive ballbuster?]** Not going to happen. You know, I give advice to young women. I say "pick a partner." If that partner is female you are in good shape because you are likely to split up things very evenly; the data's very strong that same-sex couples split responsibilities much more evenly. **[ed: the data is also strong that dyke couples have high rates of domestic violence]** If you are a female and your partner is likely to be male, this is something to really pay attention to. **I say in the book, date the bad boys, date the crazy boys, but do not marry them. Marry the boys who are going to change half of the diapers.**

"I don't wanna sound like a feminist slut or nothin… but I kinda wanna fuck the sexy jerks and make the niceguys wait to put a ring on it."

I hope every beta male in the world is reading this post right now, because this bitch just opened up and exposed the mouth to hell that burns at the heart of every woman's naked id. Not all women are so aggressively calculating, but most feel the subsonic thump of compulsion to autonomically follow the alpha fux, beta bux dating strategy. It's your job as a man with functioning testicles to stop women from using you in this manner. Paradoxically, most women will love you harder for stopping them from indulging their worst instincts.

Reader Days of Broken Arrows writes:

> Few quotes reveal what's so dysfunctional about modern dating than this — and that includes her desultory use of the word "boys" in lieu of men.

Exactly right. While the cad/dad dichotomy of choice in women is as ancient as the tree of life, the social constraints on satisfying the dichotomy have never been looser than now. Post-modern, post-industrial, pre-singularity West — whatever you want to call it — is enabling women to not only pursue an ultimately self-defeating dualistic cad/dad strategy that will leave the lot of them feeling spiteful and unloved, but it's encouraging them to extol the strategy as an empowering way to interact with men. It's as if women have forgotten that men respond to sexual market cues as well, and won't just casually accept disadvantageous dating roles that leave them supine to women's machinations.

I've noticed that as Western women have become masculinized and set adrift from their main purpose as nurturers and child bearers to ricochet down a rocky crevasse of careerism, multi-decade pump and dump victimization and pre-wall beta male settling, their desire, their *need*, to belittle men has increased. This need is likely born of frustration. And so we see them tossing around terms like "boys" and "guys" to avoid addressing their potential lovers and providers as "men". Similarly, as Western men have become feminized and neutered of their ability to project dominance, their need to glorify women and accord their every trivial accomplishment or wayward musing a hero's benediction has increased. The behaviors of the sexes are in the process of meiosis and reformulation, a classic switcheroo, and this is a harbinger of the end days of a cultural empire.

What the vapid feminist entity above confesses, perhaps unwittingly, is that chicks truly deeply honestly dig jerks. They dig jerks so much that they have to be counseled not to seek marriage with them, and to seek instead marriage to boring men who don't viscerally excite them. For you see, it's a myth that women don't want the jerks for long term romances. They do. The problem is that the jerks don't want to be tied down, especially not to unfeminine battle-axes who think their vaginas are gold-plated and their reality-denying stridency is evidence of their sexual worth.

A few very beautiful women — not the Salon interviewee — can successfully pursue an "alpha fux, alpha bux" dating strategy. This is the equivalent of hitting the jackpot as a woman. And in point of fact, beautiful women have fewer sex partners than their more modest-looking sisters. The reason is simple: when you have the goods, you are less likely to give them away for free. Beautiful women can capture — and keep — alpha male attention without resorting to leg-spreading enticement. Homelier women must spread… or accept loneliness.

But most women are not that beautiful. For the majority, an "alpha fux, beta bux" strategy will net them, if they are in reasonably good shape, a decade of fantasy-fueling sex and miserable relationships, culminating in marriage (and a bank-busting wedding extravaganza) to a doughy herbling who must know deep in his bones that he is paying dearly for damaged product which better men than he used for free back when it was fresh off the shelves. He must also know that his rode-worn beloved who is about to execute the final stage of her indentured beta male servant plan considers him a second-rate alternative to the lovers of her past. If women don't think this galls the betas who must accede to these liberated, feminist-friendly conditions, they are in for a rude awakening when they discover how quickly the hubby herblings give up on life and on pleasing their cackling sow wives.

An "alpha fux, beta bux" dating strategy may sound, on paper, very pleasing to women, but pursuit of it is almost guaranteed to lead to frustration and bitterness for most women in the modern mating market. One, the natural order of things can withstand only so much subversion before the spirit breaks. An aging woman with an extensive sexual history will come to resent her unexciting diaper-changing bore of a husband with whom she settled, and he will resent her rapidly imploding sexual attractiveness, acidic demeanor and daily tacit reminders of his low status.

Two, men are not wind-up toys ready to do the bidding of manipulative women; those jerkboy fux and betaboy bux may refuse to play along. The sexual market is the collision of competing reproductive goals, and in that plunderdome of all against all, where the only guiding principle is self-interest, the jerkboys may not bother showing up for a date and the betaboys may decide the jerkboys are getting the better end of the deal, and adjust their behavior accordingly, perhaps in the arms of a mistress or porn. Or game.

A woman who plays this strategy to the hilt is taking a big risk that she will be left a destitute single mom or, at best, an unhappy and unloveable EatPrayLove commodity, an appendage to the dehumanizing globalist corporate borg, desirable to no one but the most desperate loser men or conniving schemers. And, looking around, this is what we see happening all over America. The crosstabbed and powerpointed nth wave modern feminist woman will realize, at the end of her long, exhilarating but empty journey, that her happiness as a woman was never amenable to her best-laid blueprints for the efficiently maximized love life.

Alpha Male Membership Has Its Privileges

CH · 14 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

From a Craigslist W4M posting (since expired):

Gansevoort bathroom in January – w4m – 24 (West Village)

I was your cocktail waitress 3 weeks ago at the rooftop. You were there on a Wednesday night with your friends(?) or clients from work. You said you worked for GS, but you might have just said whatever. I mean, what does a dumb bitch like me know, right? You flirted with me and asked me what I did other than work here and I told you I'm in acting school. You were really hot in that asshole lacrosse kinda way with your blonde hair and broad shoulders, maybe 29, 30. You followed me to the bathroom and grabbed my tits and hair pushed down. I got on my knees and sucked your cock. I didn't know what else to do. Then you blew a load on my face and stuck a $100 bill on it. You walked out without saying anything, when I straightened up and came out your table already settled. And left me a nice tip. I wish you left me a card but you probably didn't want me to know your real name or where you really worked.

I'd just leave it at that, and apply it to my acting, but the trouble is that I really liked it. You made me feel like a fucking cheap chinky whore. I wanna do it again but you don't need to tip me. Get in touch, please. We don't have to date. I just really liked pleasing you.

I wonder if the General Social Survey captures this kind of data?

The Elaborate Proposal As Mate Guarding Behavior

CH · 14 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In the March 2013 Beta of the Month contest, nominee #2 was a plush squeezable who constructed a twelve day extravaganza proposal for his chubby girlfriend, filmed it and set it to music by twelve indie band drummers (which must have cost a pretty penny, if they weren't doing it as a favor for him). Commenter RappaccinisDaughter suggested a motivation for these elaborate proposal rituals:

> The epic-proposal guy is forgivable because there's kind of a cultural push in certain circles to plan ever-more-elaborate proposals. It's more of a dick-measuring contest than anything else. He's establishing among his circle that he's the most clever, thoughtful, meticulous one among them.

Male status whoring? No. Men status whore by parading a hot babe on their arms. That's how they deliver in the most direct manner possible the message that they have the goods to outcompete other men. No man that I know is impressed by a creatively exhaustive epic proposal event. If anything, men feel the opposite feeling when they are exposed to these courtship calisthenics by princess pedestalizing suck-up chumps: they feel disgust. Repugnance. Pity. Even contempt. No man watches one of these Cannes Film Festival proposals and thinks to himself, "Now there's a high status alpha male I'd like to emulate."

Usually what they're saying to themselves instead is something like, "What a tool. She's already got his balls in a jar."

The reason is simple: Men sacrifice more by committing to marriage. It is the woman who is "alpha" for successfully extracting commitment from a man. A man who gives up his commitment is the equivalent of a woman who gives up her pussy; no skill involved, so no reflection on their respective statuses.

Here's a better theory to explain the recent surge in elaborate, saccharine proposals:

It's mate guarding behavior by beta males.

The beta male is essentially signaling to potential male competitors that his wife-to-be was so ostentatiously wooed by him she will never entertain the thought of cheating with another man, so don't bother. He has her on "lock-down". The elaborate proposal is also a mate guarding signal to the girlfriend that the beta male will jealously patrol the boundaries of his one-woman harem. It is perhaps even a signal to other women that he has enough energy to sustain the company of a mistress, although I would expect this latter reason to be more indicative of the machinations of a greater beta or alpha male.

Why would the elaborate proposal surge in frequency and fussiness in our current dystopian Beaver Runner society? Well, extreme mate guarding behavior is what you find in societies where paternity guarantee is low, fidelity guarantee is low, and cock carousel cad hopping risk is high. Or at least the normal social constraints on cock carouseling are loosened. Beta males in such societies are horribly outgunned by sexy cads, because the usual leverage that beta males bring to the marital table — their resources — has been devalued by women's economic self-sufficiency and generous state and corporate largesse.

The game insight here should be clear: don't mate guard. Or, more precisely, don't transparently mate guard. If you mate guard, you signal your betatude. The more diligently you mate guard, the more your girl will perceive you as having few mate options other than herself, and her labia will wither like rose petals in a Texas drought. Because chicks dig dudes who could fuck other chicks if they had a mind to.

Reader Mailbag: Goosing The Gunt

CH · 15 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

> What is the alpha way to suggest that your gf should watch her weight bc she has been gaining weight… I don't like the passive agressive ideas [listed here].

Actually, some of those passive aggressive methods for getting a girlfriend to lose weight — like buying her clothes a size too small, or signing her up for yoga class under the pretense of "spiritually connecting" — are effective. So it's a mistake to assume that alpha males never wield the carving knife of passive aggressiveness when doing so would be clearly personally advantageous. However, if you want to go the direct (i.e., lunkhead) route, then I offer the following suggestions:

– Brazenly flirt with thinner women while in her company. Women are hypercompetitive and hypersensitive to their declining beauty, and won't fail to notice how much hotter are the girls who have grabbed your attention.

– Watch *Girls* with her and casually remark that you're worried she's starting to resemble Lena Dunham.

– Jab a roll of her fat and, with cocked eyebrow, mutter "hm" as if you're inspecting a backed-up drain.

– Tell her in no uncertain terms that you will leave her if she gets fat. Stare at her stomach while saying this.

– Does she have a fat cat? Pick it up with its huge belly protruding, and tell her you guess it's true how owners look like their pets.

– Ask if she's auditioning for *The Biggest Loser*.

– Start calling her "my little honey boo boo". If that doesn't work, call her "my little honey boo boo's mommy".

– One morning, when you wake up, look at her naked body and say "What happened to you?!"

– Lose your hard-on during sex.

– Direct her to this blog. In particular, the "hungry hungry hippos" category.

CH will not be held responsible for any chubby girlfriend suicides that result from use of any of the above suggestions.

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Email #2

> I live with my girlfriend who has no job. Should I pay for her or is that beta?

Depends how hot she is.

***

Email #3

> Since Red Pill ingestion I've noticed more subtle shots at my confidence/power from the people around me, as if they recognize (sense?) my alphaness and want to test it. This isn't just shit tests from women (dates, co-workers), but men as well. Some of these people I've known for a while, others it's my first or second interaction. Clever remarks, wise cracks, etc. They're all over the place. I brush them off, certainly providing reactions (or inaction) a lesser man (blue piller) wouldn't understand, and alas we all move forward because I didn't give a fuck.

> Because being unplugged has only been my reality for a few months (and I'm still learning), I wonder if I'm actually being challenged OR if I'm just more aware of the social dynamics/interactions/behaviors of people? Or is it both?

Both. You're noticing things you never did before, and people are reacting to you in ways they didn't before. People prefer their beta acquaintances stay predictably beta. A beta who makes a run for alpha disturbs the peace and introduces chaos to the comforting established order. Expect a transitional period from beta to alpha where you have to endure inordinate challenges to your maneuver for the throne. These challenges will be more intense and more frequent the less congruent your behavior seems and the quicker you push yourself into a new identity. This is the most difficult period on the way to becoming a better man, because you will be tempted to fall back on old habits to assuage feelings and avoid burning envy from natural competitors. Whatever you do, stay the course. People will fall in line if by your actions you demand their acquiescence.

***

Email #4

> I'm on my way home from an interview of sorts. Just before I turn the corner to head to my apartment I see a bar that I've had a few good nights at, but haven't frequented in a while, so I walk in. The place is dead. Except for one solid 8 sitting alone in the middle of the room.
>
> *I'll skip a bunch of boring details here, but here are some (perhaps) not unimportant facts: We've both been in the city for about 5 moths now, I'm from X, she's from Y*
>
> We engage in conversation. An hour and a half passes.
>
> But this isn't your run-of-the-mill-casual-conversation-with-a-hottie. It's deliberate. Calculated. Border-line cold, yet mostly consistent. There are some unspoken acknowledgements: she's hot, and I know it, and she knows that I know it. I'm good with girls, and she knows it, and I know that she knows it. Sounds like a bit of a Mexican stand-off, eh?
>
> Early in the conversation she had [intentionally, undoubtedly] revealed some information: "…yeah, I keep wasting my time on OK Cupid with these lawyers, all they want to do is argue…" [Translation: I'M SINGLE!!!]
>
> [My brain: What the fuck is an 8 doing on OK Cupid? Is she lying? Is this beta bait to see how quickly I'll make a move? Then again.. she is at a bar all by herself on a Wed night. How often do you see that out of an 8?]

This would have been a good opportunity for a neg. Ex: "I heard only lovable losers use OkCupid. What's your excuse?"

> The conversation continued slowly and deliberately, but not without intrigue. Our momentum died a few times.

An hour and a half of asexual chit chat is too long. You should have been turning up the heat sooner. Otherwise, you risk momentum-killing dead spots in the conversation.

> When it did, I turned to the girl next to me and started chatting in attempt to arouse some jealously and get her to re-engage. She never did.

That's because you never got her invested in you. You're just another talkative schlub from her point of view.

> The guy next to her tried to strike up a conversation a few times but she quickly blew him off. Each time I re-engaged she quickly re-joined our former conversation.

She likes you enough to talk, but the raw attraction is missing. She's hoping an attraction will find fertile ground.

> And that's how it went. For a little over an hour.
>
> By the end of the night, I felt pretty confident that I had her in the bag:

Ask yourself, do you sound like a man with an outcome independent attitude that chicks dig?

> we had kept up a solid conversation, she had deflected attention from other guys, the vibe was there, she was just playing coy by not re-engaging me (or so I thought)…
>
> Me: *standing up from the bar and putting my coat on* "Hey, I've gotta get outta here [pause for a few seconds, look a little distracted]… but before I do, put your number in my phone" *I slide my phone in front of her, on the bar and nonchalantly look away*

Never ask for a number at the end of the night. Go for the number when indicators of interest are there, get it, then just continue the convo as if the number exchange was the most natural thing in the world to have done.

> This always works for me. It's almost guaranteed to at least get the number close.
>
> Her: *snicker* *shaking her head* "No, sorry, that's now how it works, let's just shake hands and say goodnight"

I swear I didn't read ahead in your email. Looks like I predicted her lack of interest correctly. A decent teasing reply to this quasi-rejection would have been, "Shake your hand? Not so fast, you perv!"

> [Honestly, my frame is a little shaken by this response. I didn't expect this at all. Even when I'm dealing with very hot girls, after this much investment (read: an hour of conversation) I almost always get an enthusiastic number close]

I'm going to guess that's because you typically hit on girls who aren't quite as hot as this one. The hotter the girl, the tighter your game needs to be.

> Me: [surprised] "Oh yeah? gonna keep trying your luck with OK Cupid huh?"

Experts detect a subtle note of butthurtness.

> Her: "Yeah, guess so, I've just got way too much going on right now. We should just be friends anyway."

She's enjoying her sadistic cruelty.

> Me: [re-gaining frame] "Ha, don't be so goddamn presumptuous, maybe that's all I wanted to be in the first place…" *smirk*

What she's thinking: "Yeah, right."

> Her: "Oh yeah?… well…. ok then…." *she nonchalantly types her number in my phone*
>
> [Note:] I never did get her name this whole time. Of course she didn't put it in my phone, so I have no idea what it is.
>
> Me: "Cool, see ya" *I leave*

Did you try to call the number?

> ==========
>
> And that's where I'm at. I maintained a pretty solid conversation with this girl the whole time. There were some definite attraction signals, but I'm dealing with a ball-busting bitch here.
>
> The interaction did not end in my favor. After such a lukewarm number close, how do I re-open and get back in? What maximizes my chances at turning the tables? Advice is appreciated.

Again, did you call her number to check if it was real? You should have dialed it right then after she punched it in. If the number is real, call it and ask for the anonymous girl who pretended she wanted to be friends. If you do manage to get her on a date (long shot), go for the sexual escalation quickly, because I think there is a high risk here she will promptly try to box you in as an LJBF orbiter to guide her around the city as she prowls for alpha thug cock.

Look, she's out on a Wednesday night alone, so you know she's interested in hooking up. You know that she knows you're a bit too smooth for your own good. So she's got dual ASD bitch shields up: the first is her shield against being perceived a weeknight ho. The second is her shield against the predations of players. She needed you to deactivate her shields, and from what I can tell, you didn't quite pull it off. You should have played the innocent "me, a player? no way" card, and pre-empted her Wednesday night friend request with one of your own, and THEN proceeded to sexualize the non-verbal aspect of your time together. That contrast is catnip to these kinds of women who WANT IT but don't want to be perceived as wanting it.

***

Email #5

> A lot of my army buddies brag about how the military uniform makes ladies swoon for them and gives them a chance to DHV easily with war stories and such. Do you think a military uniform makes for a good game prop?

Day game, yes. Night game, no. You'll look like a tool if you're decked out in uniform at an urban nightclub. But during the day, there could be any number of reasons why you'd be wearing a military uniform, and that will intrigue girls.

***

Email #6

> Women do so much on their birthday it's ridiculous…Women be pisces….still celebrating on Aries time…..27 acting like its their sweet 16…why do you think that is?

A pedestal atop a preexisting pedestal? What woman would turn that down?

***

Email #7

> I very new to game, and am learning the art in a rather interesting venue; an engineering university where there are 7 men to every 3 women.
>
> Luckily, I've figured out that most of the men aren't really competition because most of them are seriously hardcore pussy worshiping betas and omegas who don't even appear on the women's radar.
>
> That said I only just tried my first approach (using game) last week, which was a big eyeopener as pretty much

> everything I've learned here worked.
>
> Sadly I botched things by getting too enthusiastic later on and trying too hard (figures), but I learned a lot from it and those mistakes will not be made again.
>
> That said there was one thing I observed during my first pursuit:
>
> The (girl's) Herd.

Like the adorable lemmings they are. Girls survive on social cues. They need the protection and guidance of the herd. This is probably because their vaginas and brains are not on speaking terms.

> She mentioned that she had a man-hating roomie,

Amanda Marcotte, is that you?

> who (along with other friends I'm sure) probably helped persuade her that I was no good.

Maybe. But I wouldn't put too much stock in that explanation. A lot of times, the disapproval of a girl buddy will only make a girl more attracted to the badboy who swoops her.

> Now, I'm not saying that this is what convinced her to stop texting and start ignoring me, I know I failed a LOT of shit tests and so forth, but I am wondering, how do you deal with the female herd?
>
> Its difficult for me to understand because its not something easily interacted with… or is it? help would be much appreciated!

Befriend the friends. This is Game 101. People are more apt to welcome you into the tribe if you make them feel like you are truly interested in their lives. When I get a convenient opportunity to meet a girl's friends, I usually take it, because I know that meeting them and winning them over is a fast track to raising my social status. A short cut, if you will.

> Also, if you have any advice for dealing with women in a environment with a High male/female ratio that would be much appreciated!

There is one advantage that a high male/female social environment offers, and that is the ability to elevate your value by doing the opposite of all the men around you. High M/F ratios usually mean the men are try-hard desperadoes, because they will feel the pressure of their competition more keenly. That means, a lot of bumbling beta moves, mule-headed insecure paper alpha hysterics, and pushy horndogs. It's a simple matter to triangulate off that social dynamic by saying to a girl, "I bet you love all these hopeless guys throwing themselves at girls. Look, here comes one now. He likes you, it's so obvious he can barely contain his excitement."

Having said that, it is of course, much better to game in a low M/F ratio environment if you are a man. A disproportionate number of women = a disproportionate number of loose women.

CPAC In A Nutshell

CH · 15 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ever have a girl try to copy a porn move on you that she once saw, except it was one of those disgusting porn moves, like spitting for lube or gag drooling during a blowjob, that no normal man really likes?

Yeah, that's what comes to mind reading about CPAC speakers and attendees dancing to the leftoids' big tent tune.

Look, fudgePACers, you can yap all day about dropping social issues and appealing to Hispanics' "natural conservatism", but the unavoidable fact is that you either stood by or abetted the traitors as the doors to the country were swung wide open to permanent demographic replacement. No matter how far you bend over, you will never outcompete the leftoids on the appeal of their leftoid message to two giant underclasses and one giant hypocritical status whoring gated community class. So you may as well begin the process of carving out a new party and starting from scratch.

PS A slow and steady blowjob, lots of soft lip but with no phony gonzo drooling, is really sexy.

Scientific Evidence That Men Will Choose Women Over Money

CH · 18 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In *Scarface*, Tony Montana famously advised, “In this country, you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, you get the women.”

Tony wasn’t wrong. (Piles of) money and power will buy a lot of pussy. But ♥♥science♥♥ disagrees about where men’s priorities actually lie, and what is the most efficient path, as implied by neuronal feedback, for men to pursue to increase their reproductive fitness.

An unusual but very illuminating study concluded that, given a choice between viewing a hot babe and making some dough, men will choose the babe almost every time.

> An ERP study on decisions between attractive females and money.
>
> To investigate the neural processes of decision-makings between attractive females and money, we recorded 18 male participants’ brain event-related potentials (ERPs) when they performed a novel task of deciding between viewing an attractive female’s fuzzy picture in clear and gaining a certain amount of money. Two types of attractive females were included: sexy females and beautiful females. Several new electrophysiological discoveries were obtained as following. First, the beautiful females vs. money task (task B) elicited a larger positive ERP deflection (P2) than the sexy females vs. money task (task S) between 290 and 340 ms, and this probably related to the perception matching process between a visual input and an internal representation or expectation. Second, task S evoked greater negative ERP waves (N2) than task B during the time window of 340-390 ms, and this might relate to response conflict and cognitive monitoring for impulsive tendency. Third, the ERP positivity in task S was larger than task B in the time interval of 550-1000 ms, reflecting that sexy female images may have higher decision value for males than beautiful female images. Fourth, compared with choosing to gain money, choosing to view an attractive female evoked a larger late positive component (LPC) during the same time window, possibly because attractive females are more direct and evolutionarily earlier rewards for males than money amounts.

See the accompanying graphs at the link posted to get a better handle on the study results. There’s a lot of dense scientific jargon to wade through here, but the gist of it is this:

Based on neural imaging results (“brain event related potentials”, or ERPs), men will choose to view a sexy woman (read: a slut signaling her availability for sex) over making a bit of coin. Men will choose to view a beautiful woman (read: a modestly posed looker you would take home to mom) about the same amount as they will choose to make coin when viewing the slutty sexy woman, but they will choose to view the beautiful woman more often than they will choose to make money while deciding directly between those two choices.

In even lazier shorthand, men are hard-wired by evolution to choose a shot at the ultimate reward of sex with hot, sexually available women over choosing a shot at sex through a proxy fitness signaler like making money. Or: yes, it really is all about the nookie.

Call it the theory of path of least resistance to sex (a concept elucidated here at CH many times, and THANK YOU science, for once again validating core Chateau Heartiste concepts about the workings of the sexual market). Those MGTOWs and tradcons who argue that the best feeling of reward men get is from making money and being one’s own man, are simply wrong. The best feeling men get is from sex, or even a promise of sex, with attractive, young women. The Christmas tree lights of neural imaging results don’t lie.

Not to say that making money or earning power doesn’t feel great on its own. Certainly each of those do. But if the choice is between the great feeling from a DIRECT evolutionary reward and the feeling from an INDIRECT evolutionary reward… well, it shouldn’t take a scientific study to figure the bleeding obvious. Men will go for the

sex directly and skip the hard slog to make themselves more attractive as sex partners if they have the option to do so. There's a lesson there for women who ride the cock carousel with aloof, low investment cads.

One interesting part of the study was the result that men will be somewhat more likely to concern themselves about making money if an attractive but chaste woman is within view. This suggests that men, justifiably, perceive less slutty women as better investment vehicles. It also implies that beautiful women who don't need or want to use their sexuality to curry favor with men will be more aggressive about screening for men who can provide for them, or who signal potential that they can provide for them.

Do women have their own sexual market theory of path of least resistance? Yes. Except it's not a path of least resistance to sex; it's a path of least resistance to commitment. Women will go for a man's emotional commitment EVERY TIME if said man makes it easy for them. "Easy" means, in this context, sexually undemanding. Anhedonic. Effectively neutered. LJBFed. BETA. A woman gives up nothing to get a beta orbiter's loyalty, support and, in some tragic cases, hard-earned provisions. There's a lesson there for supplicating betas. Make the ho say no? How about "make the slut pay up front".

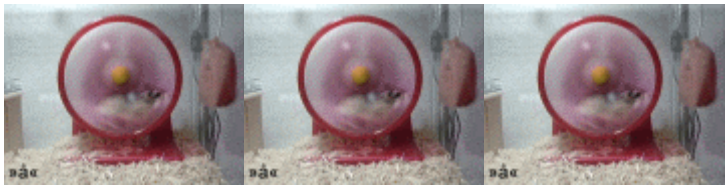
Hamster Of The Month

CH · 19 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

CH's last Hamster of the Month was none other than punching bag connoisseur Rihanna, who hamsterly rationalized her way right back into the loving-hating arms of the artist who turned her face into soggy oatmeal. Now we've got a new contender in the ring, and this lady's jacked hamster might just be the rodent to take down the reigning champ.

In a BBC News article about readers who supposedly **cho cho chose** celibacy, a 46-year-old woman opened the cage and let her little fella out for an aimless, zig zagging stroll. The trail of tiny poops it left behind smells the tale.

> I am a pretty 46-year-old woman, single and I haven't had sex in almost four years. When I was in my 20s and 30s I had enough sex to last three lifetimes. I rarely went a week without finding someone to shack up with. Then I got older and more picky and I found that most of the guys just weren't worth the time or the energy. The whole thing got old. I never found anyone compatible with me and I certainly was never willing to compromise my personality and my priorities for a man, so there you have it. I'm actually happier because I don't date anymore and I'm free to enjoy life with myself. I have a great relationship with myself and my life. Sex really isn't all that. **American Woman, Chicago, Illinois, US**



Please have a gander at her face shot on the BBC website (fourth picture down). That chin, guy! Her hamster is crazed. Hopped up on laced pellets and Five Eras Energy. When one is dealing with a rabid female rationalization hamster in the wild, one must take caution when capturing and tagging the varmint. Once caught, the hamster can be squeezed until concentrated delusion juice is extracted, and then the juice mixed with the proper reagents to produce the distilled truthful equivalent of the rationalization. CH lab technicians have already done the dirty work for you, and the following is the woman's honest and true feelings translated from her hamsterese:

> I am a 48-year-old pale shadow of the unattractive manjaw I once was, involuntarily single and I haven't had real sex besides the penetration of my mouth, anus, or vagina in a bathroom stall at the Early Bird Buffet in Pensacola FL in almost ten years. When I was in my 20s and 30s I had too many soul-crushing empty pump and dumps with meth heads and aspiring rappers to last twenty pointless lifetimes. I rarely went a week without finding some total loser to bitterly cling to. Then I got even older than old and pickier at a time of my life when I should have been dropping my standards, and it slowly dawned on me that all of the love em and leave me losers I happily spread for just weren't going to stick around and put a ring on it. My whole body and energy level got old. I never found anyone willing to put up with my acid bath personality and cauliflower mug, and I certainly was too selfish and too delusional to budge in the direction of making myself more appealing to the increasingly beta men realistically available to me, so there you have it. I'm actually sadder because I don't date anymore and I'm fated to suffer my terrible loneliness. I have a hallucinatory relationship with myself and the last leg of my life. Loveless celibacy really isn't all that. **– American Woman, Team Edward, Fatopia, Comingapartville, US**

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Some readers ask, “Why do you give so much shit to obviously deluded and tragic headcases? What harm is she doing to anyone but herself?”

Harm is a conveniently vague word that’s often used by those who don’t understand the concept of externalities. A functioning nation is comprised of broadly like-minded and temperamentally similar people. The collective character of those people determines the character of the nation. In the course of time and the tumult of events, a people’s character can shift to accommodate new incentives. A nation will, during these shifts, follow more or less a path of lies or a path of truth, as befits the psychological needs of her people and the monied interests of her ruling elite. When the willing embrace of lies predominate, the cohesiveness of the nation frays under the strain and her aesthetic bounty fritters from neglect. Inexorably, too slowly for the average person to sufficiently apprehend to refuse her servitude, the cacophony of lies begins to demand its tribute. And that tribute is a steep price, indeed. Paid sometimes in blood, but more often in the humiliating betrayal of good sense and in the surrender of self-assurance. A resignation of the spirit accompanies the disheartening assent to moral neutering.

In the gloomy twilight of receding greatness, what was once the lonely wail of the societal defective harshly but rightly estranged from the common good becomes the discordant battle hymn for a broken people bereft of purpose and vulnerable to experimentation with novel hierarchies of morality and aesthetics.

American Woman and her Rationalization Hamster is a propagator and a product of that novel hierarchy of twisted morality. Her self-medicating lies are an insatiable mind virus that won’t stop their multiplying at the contours of her body. The virus will leap into the ether, strengthened on the gruel of sophistry, into the unhappy, inviting, doubt-whipped minds of those teetering on the precipice of postmodern annihilation.

Her lies to herself become the lies that others tell themselves, until the cancer has culturally metastasized and there is no longer a way to distinguish the self-told lies from the lies meant to deceive converts.

If you believe that harmless little delusions are in fact the craggy building blocks of degeneracy total, then you grip your CH-issued shiv of sadism, press the tip against the beating breast of the poisoned id, whisper tenderly into the deformed monster’s ear to silently accept its necessary death, and drive the cruel cleansing metal of mockery to the hilt, until its black lifeblood has drained out. You hang the freak corpse from a lamppost as an example for the others. And then you remind yourself that you, like everyone else, is a depraved human, slave to his nature, who enjoys the suffering of losers and mind disease vectors.

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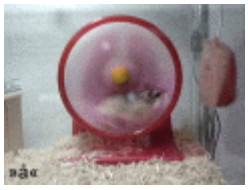

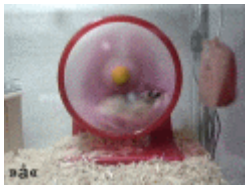

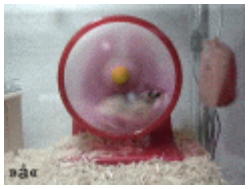

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The Unique Challenge Of Entitlement Whores (And The Four Types Of Girl Texts)

CH · 20 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There's no question modern American women are experiencing a mass delusion of unwarranted high self-esteem, attention whoring syndrome, and entitlement. The relevance for the inveterate player who must wade through this *American Woman… Fuck Yeah!* muck is, "How do I handle the entitlement complexes of girls gone egotastically wild?".

Glad you asked! For most of you, the first signs that you are dealing with an entitlement whore will be the text-based shit test, aka the "shit text". Why will this be the first sign? Because a lot of girls who cannot adequately project their fantastic degree of entitlement under pressure in face-to-face interaction will find the nerve and the creative juice to stroke their egos later in the carefully crafted follow-up text.

A perfect example of this is explained below, in an RSD video featuring a PUA named Todd. Normally, these CH posts that reference various industry leaders in pick-up cause the comments section to erupt in nerdy internecine player war, which drives away better commenters. Therefore, it would do all of us a world of good if everyone so disposed would kindly refrain from polluting the comments with the drama of family squabbles. Leave that sort of stuff for the ladies.

Watch the first video here. It's good. (The second video dealing with the mentality of abundance is worthwhile as well.)

If you get a shit text, you're on the right track. As Todd correctly notes, any response is a positive indication of interest. ("Fuck off" might be an exception to this rule.)

At 4:09, you will hear what is probably the most well-known (and well-hated) entitlement whore shit text.

"Can you keep me from getting bored?"

Now before you listen to the video any further, try to figure out how you would reply if you received the above shit text from a girl. Take a few minutes if need be.

Got something in mind? Ok, now let's hear how Todd replied.

"No."

He waits a little while, then:

"Actually, yes I can. But if you can't keep yourself entertained we're not going to get along anyway, so it doesn't matter."

Personally, I would have stopped at "No.", but the extended version is just as good. You'll note in Todd's second reply that he has essentially disqualified the girl as a potential date if she doesn't step up and improve her attitude. The lesson here should be obvious: Don't dance to an entitlement whore's tune. Throw it back in her face. Demand that she entertain you. Deny her the satisfaction of your approval seeking behavior. Remind her in not so subtle terms that the question isn't how much value you add to her life, but how much value she adds to yours.

In short, challenge her. Chicks dig men who make them work for the wang.

The CH archives are filled with excellent examples of alpha male text game, so peruse at your leisure. More good replies to the above shit text would be:

– *"Sure! How does juggling chainsaws and reciting Shakespeare from memory sound? Will that do the trick?"* [Agree and amplify]

(And then when she responds to that, you say, *"Wow just wow, you're easily amused."*)

– *"Just how empty is your life?"* [Direct challenge]

– *"No problem. I've got a few pop-up children's books in the attic."* [Funny insult. Will work better on harsh tankgrrls.]

– *"I can do magic tricks. I'll make your ego disappear."*

– *"that's what netflix is for."*

– *"does this work on most men?"*

And the infamously unpunctuated fan favorite,

– *"gay"*

The important point is not the exact wording of your reply. It's the attitude that is epitomized by the reply. Any of those replies above work, because they are infused with the proper aloof and carefree alpha male attitude.

You want to know what replies without the alpha attitude look like?

– *"I'll try."*

– *"Well, there's this really cool gallery I can take you to."*

– *"Give me a chance and get to know me. I think you'll be impressed."*

– *"We have to go on a date first and find out."*

– *"I love you!"*

How do you imagine a hot chick who thinks the solar system is vagiocentric will respond to replies like that? That's right… radio silence. Tingle Flux Capacitor: Deactivated.

As Todd stated, you pass the shit test first, and then you can proceed to moving the girl toward a date. Your frame of mind should be, "What a dork she is", not "How do I answer the right way so that we can meet up asap and I can get laid?" In other words, like an alpha male, you LIVE IN THE MOMENT.

The video is worth watching in full. Todd hits on the four archetypical text responses you will get from a girl:

1. The shit text

Handling discussed above.

2. The logical question

This is the normal, shy girl reponse. She likes you, but isn't witty or conceited enough to pull off the shit text. Key here is to avoid entrapment in a logic loop. The conversation will quickly go dry if you take her logical questions seriously. Answer playfully, and quickly guide the conversation to more fruitful topics. You have to show a little personality here, because she won't do it for you.

3. The overt compliment

AKA beta bait. Whatever you do, don't chomp down! You will have smoked yourself out as a desperate, undersexed beta eager to lap up her flattery and promises of sexytime. Avoid getting caught up in a volley of innuendo and double entendres. Just calmly offer a place and time to meet. Save the routine-breaking sexy texts for girls you are already fucking.

4. Silence

The worst response. She either doesn't remember you or isn't interested. Possibly, though, she just isn't interested *enough*. Better still, she might be dating around so much that she lost track of you. Todd recommends sending "value offering" messages, and to keep them "fun and flippant". Since you have nothing to lose, and everything to

gain, it makes sense to offer some value — an expectation of good times, excitement injected into to her dull life — to a girl who's investment in you is near zero. In a way, this is a form of "chick bait". If you seem like a fun guy different from all the rest, it's the rare girl who can resist your lure. This is because most girls are not interesting in themselves, and require the company of interesting men to spice up their lives with newness and novelty.

The Fundamental Premise

CH · 21 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Eggs are expensive, sperm is cheap. Every psychological dynamic you see playing out in mass societies liberated from artificial constraints on the sexual market flows from this premise. This means, as a systemic matter, women are coddled, men are upbraided. Women are victims, men are victimizers. Women need a leg up, men need to man up. Women have advocacy groups, men have equal opportunity violations. A woman subjected to the indignity of eavesdropping on a tame joke about dongles makes national news, while the chilling fact that 95% of all workplace deaths are suffered by men barely pings the media consciousness.

It is what it is, and it will never change so long as humans are a sexually reproducing species. All the laws in the world can at best only paper over the very primal compulsion of people to value the life of the average woman more than the life of the average man, and sympathize accordingly. Railing against it is akin to shaking a fist at sunspots and gamma rays. It's therefore folly or self-serving disingenuousness to act like there's some moral high ground to stake out by imparting culpable agency to an indifferent, organically emergent biomechanical phenomenon. Rationalizing favoritism toward women as some sort of payback for male privilege, or refusing to acknowledge this favoritism altogether, is an example of the cognitive calisthenics and evasive sophistry most people will indulge to avoid grappling with the cold, black void of an uncaring evolutionary replication machine.

If you are a man, know that the moment you were born the universe had it in for you. The deck was stacked. The deal was raw. Your expendability was programmed into your wet code before you gained self-awareness. The worldscape of genes can rebuild with the seed of one man should catastrophe strike, but each woman lost is a lethal blow to the repopulation project.

In sober moments free of maudlin introspection, you will understand there is no other game to play save this one. This is why to live as a man is to TAKE what you want. Not to wait for it to be given to you. Because it will never be given. Not to anticipate the empathy of the overseers. Because they will never empathize. Not to expect the coddling of the crowd. Because they will never coddle. Not to assume the wagon circling of kindreds. Because they will never circle for you. You got the short stick, now what? Do you contemplate it and hope for a longer one? No.

You sharpen it and jab it into the heart of every obstacle that sets itself in your way.

Top Ten Signs Your Relationship Is Healthy

CH · 21 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. You admire and flirt with other women, but don't plot to bed them.

If you as a healthy man aren't admiring attractive women other than your girlfriend, you are depressed and your relationship will suffer. If you are actively figuring out ways to cheat, your monogamous relationship is unsatisfying.

2. She has photos of you and her together in her work cubicle.

It's so natural for a woman to advertise her relationship status with a committed boyfriend that a conspicuous lack of photos of her boyfriend is strong circumstantial evidence she wishes to hide him from public knowledge and signal to other men that she is available for sexcapades. A man who doesn't display relationship photos doesn't necessarily signal dissatisfaction with his girlfriend, because men on average feel less compulsion than do women to engage in such ritual displays.

3. When you go away on a trip by yourself, she worries about your faithfulness.

If instead of her worrying about you, you worry about what she'll do with her brief spell of freedom, your relationship is unhealthy.

4. The sex is rarely planned.

If you ever catch yourself or your girlfriend saying, "Let's make tonight a special night", you have been served notice that your relationship is heading for sickly grounds.

5. She still cares if you remember birthdays and anniversaries.

Aloofness is sexy on a man. Aloofness is the kiss of relationship death on a woman. A woman who has stopped caring for signs of emotional commitment is a woman mentally checked out and fantasizing about a new relationship.

6. Blowjobs are frequently a prelude to coitus.

You can directly track relationship health by the decline in frequency of blowjobs. Each unit decrease in peak monthly blowjob allotment corresponds to a one month decrease in relationship length (unless obviated by threat of divorce theft).

7. You haven't spent inordinate time waxing nostalgic about shared memories.

Healthy relationships are like a locomotive: powerful, unstoppable, graceful in their precise engineering, motoring to lands unknown. Nostalgia for past romantic achievements is a tacit admission of present romantic stagnation. Save the nostalgia for old age when there's no threat of upgrade to a more exciting partner.

8. She's lost her enthusiasm for girls' nights out.

A woman deeply in love feels less urge to hang out with her single girl friends. She now finds them dispiriting and a bit pathetic. In contrast, a woman dissatisfied with her relationship can't wait to join the yentas for mimosas. Men, too, enjoy time with their buddies, but use it more as a pressure valve to blow off steam that accumulates in the natural course of monogamous obligation.

9. She's stopped kissing her cat on the mouth (and other similar pet-loving gestures taken to the clownish extreme) and now treats her pets as they really are — animals, not furry humans.

You might think this is a frivolous signal of relationship health, but intemperate female anthropomorphic intimacy is pregnant with suppressed emotional turmoil.

10. She wants your unsheathed penis inside her.

A woman who prefers you raw dog is a woman who is unafraid to take risks with you. She trusts you, loves you, and wants you to receive as much as, or even more pleasure than, she receives.

***

Generally speaking, once a woman is in a relationship she will grant you a margin of beta male error, which means you can be more beta with a girlfriend or wife than you can be with a girl you have just started dating. The width of this margin of beta male error varies commensurate to the intensity of preexisting love she feels for you, and any cultural and genetic factors related to her local surrounding sexual marketplace and her ethnic or racial background, (e.g.: women from more chaotic non-Western countries better appreciate the stability and security that doting beta males offer).

But this is a warning, not an excuse for men in relationships to rest on their beta laurels, for all women, even the loving Slavs, have their breaking points for male weakness and clinginess, beyond which their tolerance drops precipitously. If you sincerely love your girlfriend or wife and you find your relationship beginning to sour, the answer is not, typically, more beta male reassurance game, but more exciting sexy alpha game. The broad contours of women's desire are universal, even if the details on close examination differ; nearly every woman in the world (except weird biological experiments gone horribly wrong) is a sexually and romantically dichotomous creature, drawn both to the strong, supportive provider and the dominant, aloof challenge.

Your mission in life as a man seeking to maximize his happiness is to appeal to these dueling instincts in women, embrace the entanglement for all its life-affirming exhilaration, and relish the blessings of womanly love. The rest is commentary.

Comment Of The Week: Full Spectrum Rationalization Hamsters

CH · 22 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Jack provides a laundry list of common hamster rationalizations, peculiar to both sexes.

> The lower your SMV, the "pickier" you become.
>
> "game only works on sluts" – beta male
> "black guys are hot" – fat chick
> "There are no good men" – fat black woman
> "eat a sandwich!" – friend zoned beta orbiter commenting on his attractive, skinny female friend's facebook photo
> "only (beta)younger men can keep up with me!" – cougar
> "I'm sick of dating assholes" – girl starting to lose her looks
> "I'm having fun and don't want to settle down" – girl fucking guys who won't commit to her
> "I like girls with really big asses" – low status black guy who fucks porkpies
> "the girls in this club are ugly bitches" – your friend who keeps getting rejected at said club
> "I don't date guys who can't handle a girl's past because they are insecure" – slut
> "girls are all just after money" – beta male with poor career prospects
> "guys just never grow up" – girl who can't secure commitment
> "my career is important to me and I need a man who isn't intimidated by that" – girl who doesn't have the goods to marry rich
> "football player jock guys are rapists!" – girl who the jocks wouldn't touch in high school
> "all girls are dirty dirty whores, one can never be more faithful than another" – guy who has no skill to maintain an LTR
> "her kids are great!" – OMEGA male

"Her kids are great!"

I would say, in order of how egregiously subgroups and subgenres of losers lie to themselves and anyone who will listen, (i.e., how overmuscled their hamsters are), the ranking, from best worst to least worst, would go like this:

fat women (can they *not* tell a lie about their romantic prospects without feeling suicidal? doubt it)
aging beauties (ditto)
single moms (doubleplusditto)
lesser beta males
average women
omega males
hot babes
alpha men

You'll notice a trend. Women on the whole are more deluded than men. Lower value individuals of each sex are more self-deluding than higher value individuals. Omega males are still less deluded than the average woman, (men have to be more cognizant of the workings of reality because, unlike women, men can't coast on their sexuality). Alpha men are the least self-deluding.

You are wondering what kind of rationalization hamster spins in an alpha male's head. He's a small rodent, but he's in there, tucked away for special occasions. One example of an alpha male hamsterization would be: "I was the one who deserved that promotion." Another example: "How did *he* get *her*?!" Most of the time, though, alpha males get the promotions, and the hot girls as well, and no one really argues they didn't deserve their winnings in life.

Why is the lesser beta's hamster bigger, faster, fluffier than the omega male's hamster? There's a psychological condition that causes a person to increase the voltage of his delusions the closer he is to plucking the fruit of success from the vine. This condition mostly afflicts men, because it's men who mostly benefit from it. The lesser beta is *riiight* at the cusp of having something truly wonderful (relatively) in his life instead of the dregs which are so dishearteningly the usual bulk of his pickings. So it makes sense for him to assume a mantel of overconfidence to help push him across when the finish line is in sight. The omega male is nowhere near the finish line, so he accepts his sad lot in life without much fuss or mental energy devoted to convincing himself otherwise.

Microalphatudes

CH · 25 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's the little things that matter. The difference between projecting a benign beta maleness or an alluring alpha aura can turn on a cocked eyebrow, a shift in body weight, an expression (or withheld expression), or a selfish microaggression. For an example of the subtlety in mannerism that typifies the alpha male, check out this video of a man refusing his girlfriend's demands for a taste of his delicious ice cream.

She reaches over and tries to sneak a spoonful of ice cream.
He moves his ice cream away and her spoon comes up nothing but air.
She makes a face. He doesn't even look at her. His focus is on the game.
She regroups and makes another charge at his ice cream. Again her spoon scoops air.
Again, he doesn't look at her as he evades her self-entitled spooning. Doesn't smile, doesn't frown. Stone-faced, with maybe, if you look closely, just a hint of a nascent smirk.
Now she's got that "Whoa, I can't believe you're doing this to MEEEE. I'm a GIRL, remember?!" face.
She is turned on. Her O-face is a manifestation of her tingling, opening orifice.
Finally, he looks at her for a half second, and relents. He lets her have a spoonful. But he "surrenders" his ice cream in the most condescendingly possible way: he looks away from her and lets the cone dangle in her general direction. The whole maneuver screams "Here ya go, ya little brat. Happy now?"
He has had his fun. And, so has she. Their relationship is healthy and fulfilling, and will be as long-lived as he decides he wants it to be.

Now how would a beta male have handled this minor sex market opera? Like this:

She reaches over to take a spoonful of his ice cream.
He accidentally pulls the ice cream away from her as she's reaching in.
She makes the "Are you kidding me?" B-face. (The B-face differs from the O-face in that the mouth does not form a nice round O. Instead, it purses into the shape of a bitch.)
He notices her aggravation, immediately assumes the whimpering pussboy look, and makes it easier for her to scoop a chunk, apologizing profusely as he watches her down the last ounce of his treat.
He then asks if she would like her own ice cream, even though he knows that when he offered to buy her an ice cream earlier she said no, and that she just wanted to taste his ice cream because it was his, and she thinks eating his ice cream instead of eating her own ice cream means she's not actually ingesting the calories and putting on weight.
She smiles sweetly, and says no. But her eyes are on some other dude sitting three rows away.
He looks at his empty cone, and sees that she even sucked out the little pool of melted ice cream from the bottom.
He is sad.

Commenter YaReally astutely notes that this short video clip can teach a beta shlub more about male-female interaction than one thousand mainstream media "relationship" articles.

> Dude is a boss. That interaction has like a dozen little dynamics going on in their facial expressions and body-language. You can tell everything about their relationship and his alpha value from this like 10 second clip.
>
> Beta guys with no game will think he was a jerk and got in trouble when he got home and he should buy her ice cream and apologize.
>
> Red Pill guys know exactly how that guy's night went. Lol […]
>
> The 2nd pause they do, that facial expression and body language of like "bitch you HEARD me. Did you think I was joking?" is the one that you want to give when you tell a girl not to do something and she does it anyway to shit-test you.

> Love this clip, and I like that the announcer guys are focused entirely on her reactions and how she feels and how much trouble guy "know" they're in when their woman looks at them like that etc. it's a good demonstration of how socially conditioned brainwashing has most of the guys in society reacting to women and worried about appeasing women and not being "in the doghouse". It wouldn't even occur to them that that guy could have the mentality of "you said you didn't want ice cream when I offered so too bad. Next time don't be retarded. Okay you can have a bit now that you've learned your lesson."
>
> It's like watching a really small minor Soft Next in action. Beautiful.

Yes, beautiful. Even better to orchestrate this powerful game for oneself.

These minor demonstrations of higher male value that so thrill and enrapture women are what I call "microalphatudes". The alpha male doesn't bop his women over the head with a club. He just… *jerks* his ice cream away from her, and amuses himself with her predictable reaction of adorable indignation.

You think this is stupid. It's just ice cream. You don't get it. It's about so much more than ice cream. All these alpha moments will add up in time… like tingles in rain… and she will love you for them. You build yourself into the man women love by carving out these fleeting moments, sculpting them and guiding them to your whim, inspiring stronger feelings and stronger memories.

Tease, taunt and play her
don't ever obey her
Play, taunt and tease her
don't ever appease her

Five instances of microalphatudes beats five years of boring beta obeisance.

The Revealed Preferences Of Drunk Girls

CH · 27 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes the most obvious facts of female nature and human social dynamics elude open discussion for an unusually long time. A reader writes to make a point that qualifies as one of those obvious facts:

> Number one sign you'll have a problem with a girl.
>
> I crossed the rubicon a few years back when I felt I could expect some measure of success with eligible women. It felt great, but I always looked back and tried to identify mistakes so I could do better the next time. That said, even when the same thing happens over and over again, you might not see a trend until your sample size gets so big that the obvious hits you in the head with a brick.
>
> I have a great piece of advice for any man, regarding his casual fling, girlfriend, or wife…**she must like you as much, if not more, when she's drunk than she does when she's sober.**
>
> Some of that is obvious (taking her to a bar and then she goes home with another guy) but others are subtle (such as not getting texts or calls answered between 10pm and 1am on the weekend). Drinking loosens inhibitions and our drunk behavior is more consistent with our true feelings than our sober behavior.
>
> As a matter of fact, you might want to meet all of your girls when they're drunk, since a drunk girl liking you (which is emotional and more likely to be alpha) is a stronger signal than a sober girl liking you (which is logical and more likely to be beta).
>
> When you get your girl drunk, you're not doing it because it will make sex easier, you're doing it because it might make sex harder. It's a shit test. And if getting her drunk makes sex harder, you're fucked.

Alcohol is truth serum, and a drunk girl will reveal her true desires faster and more boldly than a sober girl who has mental checkpoints, border guards and lockdown procedures in place to dupe provider beta males about the nature of women's sexuality that is unleashed in limbic lands just beyond his ken.

In my experience, the reader is correct; drunkenness permits the woman's id full expression. It skips joyously, drinking deep the fresh air, swinging its unchained fists wildly, exuberant and unstoppable. It would be a mistake to think her drunken id is less discriminating than her sober id. It isn't. The drunken female id is more discriminating — but less *deceptive* and *obfuscating* — than her sober id. When she is sober, her forebrain exerts some sensible control over her animal lusts.

And this applies to relationship dynamics as much as pick-up scenarios at bars. Anyone who's been in a normal (i.e., non-Mormon) relationship with a woman for more than a couple months has seen her drunk or at least tipsy. When she's in this liquor-lubed confessional state, you can catch a glimpse of her raw sexuality, stripped of game-playing, calculating coyness and psychological feints with her long-term advantage in mind. What do you see? Does she jump into your arms, mashing her appletini-breath into your face, groping feverishly at your crotch and begging for exquisite deliverance on your godhead?

Or does she act cold and distant through the fog of her inebriation, snipe at you for imaginary infractions, and loudly reminisce about a long-forgotten (you thought) ex-boyfriend? Worse, does she late night text mystery "friends" as she's pushing your inquisitive hornypaws away from her thigh?

Drunkenness is an emotion-based honesty signal that bypasses logic circuits. Drunkenness reveals women's desire for alpha males. Sobriety reveals women's ability to conceal their desire for alpha males. If your drunk girlfriend seems more eager for sex, chances are good your relationship is healthy. She loves you in the way that can't be faked. If your drunk girlfriend is an insufferable ice queen, chances are good your relationship is heading for the rocks. She subconsciously despises you in the way a bored housewife despises her unsexy husband one week every month.

Why is is better to be viscerally loved than affectionately duped? Because the man who is viscerally desired always has the option to inspire tender long-term focused affection from his lover. The provider beta who is affectionately duped has no option, other than game, to inspire visceral desire in his lover. It's much easier to guide a woman from alpha male-inspired lust to beta-male inspired serenity than it is to guide her from the opposite direction.

Contra feminist assertions that drunk women are more easily taken advantage of, it's actually the case that drunk women are easier targets for *alpha males*, but *harder* targets for *beta males*, who, lettuce be cereal, comprise 60% of the male population who aren't alpha or omega males. As per usual, feminists and their manboob human chastity belts lump in alpha males with beta and omega males and incorrectly assume that the poosy paradise that alpha males enjoy is enjoyed by all men.

So if you can take a drunk girl home and bang her, hold your head proudly high, because you have just been certified a Sexy Alpha Male™ in the only way that matters.

Spot The Lesser Beta Male

CH · 28 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Watch this segment on a gayly gay talk show. The mighty, gray-haired warrior male interviews two “””men””” and a woman living together in a polyandrous arrangement. (It’s silly to bless this perversion with the honorific of a relationship.)

Both of these men are betas. Maybe you could even call them functioning greater omegas. Why not just call them omega males? Because omega males are typically incapable of getting sex from any woman who doesn’t resemble a dirigible or an extra from the Star Wars cantina scene. At least these two males are, presumably, having some kind of sex with this rather fetching woman of desirable waist-hip ratio and slender BMI.

But one of these males is definitely the bottom bitch in this losers’ triangle. He is the one used for purposes of satisfying the woman’s emotional whoring needs, and for puttering around the adult playpen cleaning up the scattered sex-stained undergarments that the other male leaves on the floor after doing his job as the house cockubine.

He is the lesser beta, and his mission in life is asexual supportiveness, LJBF intimacy, trips to the pharmacist to get the morning after pill when male #1 forgets to pull out, and reflections in the cuckold corner hunched over his effortful pud, wet-eyed and trembly, as the other two housemates pound it out for his emasculatory benefit. Once in a blue moon she services him with a dreary handjob so that he doesn’t stray too far from his duty as harem pit crew.

Can you spot which of the two males is the lesser beta? Take a moment.

.

.

.

.

.

Watch closely from 0:38-0:42.

Catch that?

A woman’s real feelings — her true unadulterated distilled purified desire — will rarely escape from her lips in the form of words. It will, instead, shoot from her fingertips, or emanate from her pelvis, or infuse the air around her thighs, or pierce the nicety veil from her hardening eyes. A woman’s words deliver the message of her brain. A woman’s body delivers the message of her vagina.

Near the ends her hamster reveals, “It didn’t mean I had to end this relationship with male #2. I could get my needs met with someone else.”

What a glorious hamster. So strong, so fit. This rodent must never stop running, because the three-way polyandrous arrangement is bottled lightning. Even weepy, scalzied lesser beta males have their id-shaped breaking points, and a woman who is getting both her sexy stud and provider dud needs met in one complete, if bifurcated, package requires an elite, special forces hamster that can spin up at a moment’s notice. Translating the above from its original hamsterese, we learn what the woman is really feeling:

“It didn’t mean I had to face the prospect of losing my kitchen bitch right when I was about to have a love child with another man. I could get my pussy ravaged by a slightly less repulsive man while still getting all the household help and emotional indulgence from a beautiful male feminist a mentally unbalanced woman like myself needed.”

It should not surprise the reader with which of the two males she decided to have her über bastard.

The starkness of the perfectly delineated two male-one female polyandrous circus is a powerful metaphor for the much larger and more accessible reality of the looser, serial soft polyandry that characterizes the dating market of late stage cultures in decline. There may not be many women willing to abide dating two men concurrently, let alone living with them in the same love shack, no matter how sufficiently those men placate the female dueling desires for sexiness and provider assurance and are willing to surrender their balls to the chopping block, but there are certainly plenty of women happy to date an alpha male and use a beta male on the down low for his gift of anhedonic attention. The male orbiter beta brigade plus the alpha male lover is a close approximation of polyandry in the wild.

The Next Great Dismissive Alpha Male Line

CH · 29 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In the annals of alpha maleness, who can forget the supreme asshole aloofness of this societal canker sore, loved by two cute girls at once, who dangled the promise of romantic fidelity with a now-classic request to "bring the movies".

> Sarah texted Josh. 1:06 p.m.: "Whatever Josh, you get so mad at me for everything but you don't give a shit when she puts something up or says something. You always believe her."
>
> 1:08 p.m. "It's like no matter what I do she's always that much better."
>
> 1:13 p.m. "All we fight about is her or something that has to do with her, and it sucks. I hate fighting with you . . . I love you so much, but this shit hurts."
>
> Hours passed. Sarah tried again.
>
> 6:36 p.m. "You say you love me, but you don't even have the decency to text me back?"
>
> Finally, at 8:02 p.m., Josh typed, "Bring the movies."

Seven hours after her first text, and numerous texts from her in between, he finally replies — "bring the movies."

Bring da movies.

So beautiful. Its economy of microalphatude brings a moving tear to me eye it does.

But wait! After "bring the movies" became a go-to line for players on the (re)make, a new contender joined the ring: "It's complicated."

> GIRL: So are you dating anyone right now?
>
> YOU: It's complicated.
>
> ***
>
> GIRL: Just how many girls have you been with?
>
> YOU: It's complicated.
>
> ***
>
> GIRL: What are you looking for?
>
> YOU: It's complicated.
>
> ***
>
> GIRL: Will you buy me a drink?
>
> YOU: It's complicated.
>
> ***
>
> GIRL: You're not going to try to stick it in my ass tonight, are you?
>
> YOU: It's complicated.

While perhaps not as RAWMUSCLEALPHA as "bring the movies", "it's complicated" is devious SNEAKYFUCKERALPHA the allure of which most girls can't resist.

Chateau guests were overjoyed. The knowledge was dropping like the New York Beta Times circulation numbers. But then a hush fell over the assembled. There was yet more seduction science to come. What may go down as the

pinnacle of laconic alpha male sexiness, the je ne sais quoi of jerkitude, sounded like a clarion call issued from the Voice of God Himself.

> FLAKING GIRL: "Hey – a friend of mine is going through a break up and needs to talk tomorrow night. The rest of my week is crazy. I'll give you a call later on and we'll make…" [her text gets cut off here]
>
> el chief: "gay. you're buying if we meet up again"

The thrilling lack of punctuation is only bested in hindbrain disorienting impact by the lead-in one-word reply:

"gay"

Say it with me.

"gay"

You are a young, cute girl who has options. (Read: You are not an aging frump with rapidly dwindling options.) You flake often. Secretly, you enjoy flaking on men. It's a power trip. Most men dance on your puppet strings. But then one intriguing fellow comes along who cocks your world. And you find this text in your squawkbox:

"gay"

Suddenly, everything has changed. Who is this conceited prick? How dare he talk to me like this! What's his deal? Is he getting a lot of action? I'm not attractive enough for him? I'll show him. Next time, I'm buying, and he's getting the fuck of his life. Ha!

The readers are sated.

"Dear CH, thank you for your wisdom, but we have had enough. This knowledge is sufficient to guide us to the land of alpha, where unicorns go to die and penises to live."

No, that complacency will not do. The master seducer is always improving, always seeking the next challenge, and his plumb-hers toolkit expands with every wench. Finally, to our pantheon of patronizing pithy pussy pleasers we can add the newest:

> her: can i sign my receipt on your back?
> you: no
> her: why are you being so mean?
> you: cuz i don't want to get you pregnant

"cuz i don't want to get you pregnant"

Sterling.

Does it need to make sense? No. In fact, it works better the less sense it makes.

"Buy me a drink?"
"No, I don't want to get you pregnant."

"Reschedule for next week?"
"No, I don't want to get you pregnant."

"Dance with me?"
"No, I don't want to get you pregnant."

"What are you looking for?"
"I'm looking to not get you pregnant."

"I have to cancel on our date this week."

“That’s good, I didn’t want to get you pregnant.”

“You’re such a jerk.”
“That’s because I don’t want to get you pregnant.”

“Do I look fat in this?”
“Well, it’s certainly not going to help me get you pregnant.”

The first reader who uses this line successfully AND impregnates the girl will be featured in his very own CH post. Happy cunting.

Putting Game Theory Into Practice: Judge Dread Edition

CH · 30 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Do you know what turns a woman on? Dread. Delicious dread that you might be frolicking with another filly. Or that you aren't quite yet wholly committed to your beloved.

Feh! These are just words. Le Chateau is a house of wise and learned repute, but nothing enlightens like putting theory into practice and watching with supreme satisfaction a woman's love explode in Pollockspray across her emotional canvas exactly as predicted. Commenter dicipres recounts:

> I wanted to share something that happened to me yesterday which is relevant to game and that you might find interesting…
>
> Yesterday afternoon an attractive co-worker sent me a VERY flirty email. My wife was at the computer just as the email came in, read it first and started to ask questions about the co-worker etc and became a little angry.
>
> Few hours later, after the kids went to sleep, she calmed down and we went to bed.
>
> About an hour after, we had the hottest dirtiest sex we ever made, even as singles before we had children.
>
> Basically, dread/pre-selection caused the best sex we ever had in our relationship, and this happened while we both are tired from the long day and when our 8 months child is sleeping in her crib in our bedroom, 3 ft from our bed (which usually prevents my wife from being 100% calm and relaxed).
>
> So yeah, Dread/pre-selection works.

People who say the teachings of game and the crimson art of applied charisma have nothing to offer men are either hermits or willfully blind faith-based betas yearning for psychological emollient. Yes, brave snarky skeptics, there you stand, smart but sad, tethered to the granite of your cherished conventionality, nobly enduring your frump marriages to your frump wives as your frump genitals wither from disuse and boredom. Those of us who have lived a day know better.

The Faith

CH · 31 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

First the leftoids preached equality.
They beheld their morality, and saw that it was not working.
Then they preached redistribution.
They beheld their theft, and saw that it was not working.
Then they preached lies.
They beheld their deception, and saw that it was not working.
Then they preached the silence of their enemies.
And they became hate.

Black Men Have Much To Discuss About Murderous Crime

CH · 31 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine if White American men and boys were committing hundreds of murders month after month, year after year. Articles and interviews would flood the media, and we'd have political debates demanding that White Americans be "held accountable." Then, if an atrocity such as the Brunswick, GA shooting of an infant took place and White American male leaders held a news conference to offer solutions, their credibility would be questionable. The public would tell these leaders that they need to focus on problems in their own culture and communities.

But when the criminals and leaders are black men, race and gender become the elephant in the room.

A disproportionate number of all of the murders in this country in recent centuries — not just Brunswick, Washington DC, Essex, Milwaukee, Old Bridge and Manchester — have been committed by black men and boys, who are seven times more likely than whites to commit homicide. Yet when the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), led by black men, held a news conference after the Manchester massacre – oh wait, the NAACP had nothing to say about the Manchester massacre.

Unlike white male Americans, black men are not used to being singled out and pilloried. So we expect that many of them will protest it is unfair if we talk about them. But our nation must correctly define their contribution to our problem of gun violence if it is to be solved.

When black men try to divert attention from gun violence by talking about white racism, many people buy into the idea that the United States has a privileged white male patriarchy problem, or flawed social systems with which to address those problems, and they think that is what produces disproportionate black violent crime.

But women and girls living under the white male patriarchy are not picking up handguns and shooting sideways at gang members and infants. Non-black immigrants who voluntarily immigrated to a land of white male oppression are not committing 85% of the black-white interracial crime every year that blacks commit. Latinos who crossed the unprotected border by the tens of millions to live under the thumb of white male oppression are only continually committing violent crime at three times the white rate. Good on them.

Each of us is programmed from childhood to believe that the bottom group of our hierarchies — and in the U.S. culture, that's black men — represents oppressed peoples, so it can feel awkward, even ridiculous, when we try to call attention to those people as a distinct group and hold them accountable.

For example, our schools teach revised American history as the history of everyone in this nation. But the stories we learn are predominantly about evil slave-holding white men and Emmett Till. To study the history of other white groups who actually built the nation from the ground up, people have to take separate classes, such as unrevised American history, European history or home schooling. And if we take "White American History," we don't expect to learn "Asian American History," because a class about anything but the real history of America is assumed not to be inclusive of the Ming Dynasty.

This societal and cultural programming makes it easy for tribalist, black-male-led groups to convince the nation that an organization led by black men, such as the NAACP or the Congressional Black Caucus, can represent the interests of the entire nation when, in fact, they predominately represent only their own egos and bank accounts.

If life were equitable, black male violent crime exculpation-rights advocates would face some serious questions to assess their degree of credibility and objectivity. We would expect them to explain:

What facets of black male culture create so many homicides?

Why are so many black men and boys producing and entertaining themselves with violent gangsta rap and other media?

Why do black men buy, sell and steal guns for killing; attend gang initiation drives; and demonstrate for unrestricted white male culpability disproportionately more than people of other ethnicities or races?

Why are black male congressmen leading the fight against black violence control?

If Americans ask the right questions on violent crime issues, we will get the right answers. These answers will encourage black men to examine their role in their own culture and to help other black men and boys become healthier and less violent.

This article reprinted with permission from its original publication in the Washington Post.

keywords:

white intraracial status whoring, white liberal self-annihilation, diversivibraunistrength, cat ladies, closet lesbians, old spinsters who hate white men because they were once sexually rejected by a white man, ,

Female Beauty From 5 To 7

CH · 1 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Hair Slicked Back With Swag So Fresh (great handle) wrote to ask if CH could revive the posts that asked readers to rank female beauty in photos. The goal in those posts — achievement realized — was to demonstrate how men pretty much share the same taste in women.

You may think it obvious that men share the same gut reaction of what constitutes female beauty and female ugliness, and therefore not a subject worth bludgeoning to death, but the world is full of — and filling up more by the day with — defectives, misfits and losers who tirelessly propagandize pretty lies like "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" and "there's a good man for every woman" and "sexual attraction is a matter of personal taste" and "grow old along with me the best is yet to be" and "BBWs have no trouble attracting men". A few soul-shivving CH posts puncturing the bubble of platitudes that ensconces the degenerate freak mafia is but a ripple in the tidal wave of RAWMUSCLEDELUSION that is the hallmark of current Western intellectual discourse.

Swag writes,

> Hello CH, I'd like to commission a blog entry regarding these photos **[ed: see pics below]**.
>
> First of all, what do you see in these pictures?
>
> Next, which of the two is hotter?
>
> Finally, why did you pick one over the other?

Swag is getting at an interesting point about female beauty and men's universal sexual preferences in his choice of these two particular women as ranking subjects. Although the rankings of homely women (4s and lower) and very attractive women (8s and higher) are largely agreed upon by the ~~vast~~ fantastic majority of men from all cultural and racial backgrounds, this near universal shared clear male preference gets more muddied in the fat part of the female beauty bell curve. Right there in the populous (YOUNG, SLENDER*) middle — where female 5s, 6s and 7s dominate the sea of snatch — the marginal differences in objective physical beauty that distinguish one girl from another in such a large population tend to exaggerate underlying idiosyncratic male tastes.

While general universal female attractiveness rules still mean that a randomly chosen typical 6 will not have as many, or as high quality, sexual marketplace options as a randomly chosen typical 7, there can be individual exceptions to this rule resulting from men's particular preferences along minor, mostly cosmetic, beauty metrics. For example, a blonde 6 might get a man that both she and a brunette 7 want, simply because the man has a particularly strong preference for blondes. But that blonde 6 will likely lose out to a brunette 8 because the difference in facial beauty and how that appeals to universal primal male desire is great enough to overcome the individual man's relatively weaker idiosyncratic preference for blondes.

*A few important points need to be made here.

First, obesity is skewing the female sexual market. Most American women are now chubby or worse. So the middle part of the female beauty curve in 2013 is now shifted to the left of where that same curve would have been in, say, 1960. The fat (heh) part of the female beauty curve is now shifted to where the dregs of womanhood — the 1s, 2s and 3s — Jabbanate. It's no longer a bell curve but a pear curve. The 4s, 5s, 6s and 7s are still representative of the average of female beauty, but their total share in the female population has been sadly, tragically, whittled down to endangered species status.

Second, whenever we talk of female beauty rankings we are implicitly talking about women under the age of 30. Yeah, yeah there are some attractive 40-year-olds out there… for their age. Save it. Those attractive 40-year-olds were even hotter when they were 20-years-old. The wall spares no one, not even Monica Belucci. At best, the wall only hits some women harder and earlier than other women. This is a universal law about as predictable and

unavoidable as the law of gravity. Sure, there are a few rare exceptions of women who miraculously got better looking into their late 20s or early 30s, but these biological rarities only serve to throw into stark relief the dictatorial governance of the primary SMP rule.**

**Many of these female late-bloomer exceptions are of former fatties who lost a ton of weight. A slender 35-year-old will be better looking to most men than a fatty 20-year-old version of herself.

Finally, we must note that there is one other group of rarified women whose ethereal beauty provokes a “narcissism of small differences” reaction in men: the hard 10s. 5s, 6s and 7s may cause some minor disagreement among men by dint of their numerical advantage in the female population, but hard 10s provoke the most heated disagreement. One man’s 10 is another man’s 9.5, and GODDAMNIT he is going to let you know that 0.5 points makes all the difference in the world. Male personal whim tends to get exaggerated to outsized importance when contemplating the beauty of truly exquisite creatures.

Anyway, onto the beauty ranking. Two girls are featured, in two different photos. They represent the slightly right-of-middle part of the female beauty curve. The objective here is not an absolute ranking of the two girls, but a relative one.

You, the readers, will decide which of these two girls, both of whom are fairly close together in looks and both of whom are representative of the majority of young, thin women, is the better looking of the two. Will the voting show significant disagreement? Or are men better at distinguishing, say, 6s from 7s than we give them credit for?

Here’s a close-up shot:

Which girl is prettier?The girl on the left (lighter colored tops)The girl on the right (wearing black)

After you have voted in the above poll, write in the comments what distinguishing features of either girl swayed your judgment. What details about these two girls pushed you to vote one or the other as more attractive? Be as specific as possible. (Note to women voters: “specific” does not mean “she has a sexy chi”.)

Give that some thought, and then vote in this poll: Which physical feature most informed your beauty ranking?Their eyesTheir nosesTheir jaw and chin structuresTheir cheekbonesTheir bodiesTheir lipsTheir hairTheir body languageTheir facial expressionsTheir foreheads

Results and analysis will be posted later.

UPDATE

Early return poll results are in and the winner, by an overwhelming margin of victory, is…

The girl on the left! And that’s a good thing for a lot of you guys because the girl on the right…

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IS A MAN, BABY!

Reader Swag follows up:

> Not everything is what it seems. You've been duped! The pictures do not contain two women, but rather, a man and a woman! The woman is the one in the white top and the man is the one in the black top. The man underwent hormone replacement therapy to turn into a tranny, and has been living as a woman for the past 8 months. The tranny's actually wearing a wig until his real hair grows out long enough to look like a woman's hair. They're siblings, and the black top brother is only a few years older than the white top sister. Nice contrast, I know.

Let's see what some readers had to say.

"the one on the right's eyes seem to show an IOI but the one on the left is more deadpan."

"And rightie is a 6 based on having a tight body in a world where 98 out of 100 women are fat or obese."

Tranny hotter than fat chicks. What more needs to be said about fat chick prospects?

"People saying the one on the right is a 5? Really? Nobody's standards are that delusionally high. 99% of the dudes here would gladly fuck either of them and be thankful for it."

I don't know that feel, bro.

"Girl in the white top is a quick fuck I'd maybe LTR the girl in black but cheat on her a lot."

….

….oh god…

…*phew*…

…wait a sec…. ok…

"The one on the right's nose and general facial structure makes me think she's a former man, to be honest. At first she looks quite good but if you look for a few seconds it just doesn't feel quite right."

Commenter Loc wins the thread and spares his masculine essence horrible indignity.

This being CH, an April Fool's joke is not just a joke. There's an underlying message. And that message is this:

Universal male attraction standards are vindicated again.

You may wonder how this is so, considering that men were arguing over the "beauty" of a tranny, and a few benighted souls even voted in favor of the tranny. Well, note how overwhelming is the victory for the real girl. Then notice how many men in the comments said that "something just wasn't right" about the girl on the right. This person is probably the best looking, or rather the most realistic looking, tranny you will ever see, and STILL he couldn't quite pull it off. Most men can pick up on the subtlest facial cues that differentiate plain from pretty women and, yes, uncannily fake women from real women.

Look, too, at the poll results for the features that readers said most informed their ranking judgments. Body, jawline, chin, eyes and noses were the big (heh) overriding facial characteristics that pinged men's (and women's) mate (or competitor) attractiveness triggers. As Swag writes,

What you should have noticed about the girl wearing the gray/white top:

– All-natural 32Ds (Titty-fuck, anyone?)
– Smaller facial features (softer jawline, pointed chin, modest cheekbones, etc.)
– Large and warm eyes that sparkle in the light
– Fuller and wetter bottom lip
– Congruent hairline parted close to the middle
– Tasteful fake nails on long, slender female fingers
– Sexy, hourglass figure within the ideal BMI range
– Feminine display of ownership by cradling the waist of the girl in the black top

What you should have noticed from girl wearing the black top:

– Flat, pancake tits undeserving of a cup size mention
– Wider, more angular facial features (manjaw, uppercut-ready chin, prominent cheekbones, etc.)
– Smaller, darker eyes devoid of that bright spark
– Flat and chapped bottom lip
– Incongruent hairline which doesn't sit right
– Unpolished nails on short, stubby man hands
– Straight, column-like hips with the sex appeal of a balance beam
– Masculine display of ownership by draping the arm around the shoulders of girl in gray/white top

Female beauty is not subjective, except in the metaphysical sense that an individual's neurons have to operate to perceive the beauty. A transsexual can only be perceived as womanly if he alters his body and face to such a radical

degree that he begins to conform with innate biologically grounded standards already in place in the brains of men. The very fact that transsexual men have to conceal or otherwise surgically reconstruct their male features to more resemble female features in order to “pass” with straight men is hard real world evidence that female beauty is objective and male sexual attraction preferences are universal. And even then… the ruse is exceedingly difficult to pull off.

How To Screw With A Cheating Whore

CH · 2 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Wrecked 'Em requests a bit of the ol' ultrawisdom of the crowd.

> Question for the crowd:
>
> A friend (really) just discovered that his annoying but excessively hot girlfriend is cheating on him. I've said for a while that she has "round heels" (falls on her back easily when given attention – she's big ego, low self-esteem). They've been in a 3-year relationship. She doesn't know he knows. He has plenty of options, so a hard next is a no-brainer, but as a social experiment we're trying to decide what the most brutal drop would be, with the constraint that it has to be almost no effort on his part. It's come down to:
>
> a) a call of the form:
>
> him: don't ever speak to me again.
> her: What did I do?
> him: You know what you did. *click*
>
> b) drop all contact and let her figure out that she's been dumped.
>
> He has the self-control and the next-babe-on-tap options to never contact her again. Opinons, suggestions?

Vengeance is as natural as love, and sweeter still. But life is short, women are numerous, and the cock waits for no one. There will be those, like YaReally…

> Simply walk away. There's no reason to torture or punish her…she already punished herself by losing access to his cock, she just hasn't realized it yet.

…who argue the sensible response so that time and energy are spared for more fruitful pursuits, and then there will be those, like gunslingergregi…

> beat her at about half the power you would a dude

…who advocate more extreme measures of retaliation which make a mockery of sensibility.

But we here at CH prefer a response that is neither eminently sensible nor sloppily extreme. Our favored method for exacting delicious vengeance on a cheating whore is more devious in design, and therefore more likely to strike the pain illimitable into the heart of a whore's sperm-shellacked, shaft-scarred soul.

If the only two revenge options are as presented by Wrecked 'Em, then Option B — total radio silence — is the better choice. Option A: Calling a whore out is never as satisfying for a man as it sounds on paper (or in one's head). The danger with the call-out option is the risk of unintentionally revealing, through either uncontrollable voice quakes or injured body language, a grievous blow to his solar plexus that will more likely arouse pity than humiliation in his intended target.

On the other hand, the problem with Option B is the absence of a wonderful front row view of the aftermath of vengeful carnage. A whore has her ego crushed; if no one hears her lament or sees her pain, did she really suffer? In truth, a woman who is cheating all the time would not very much miss the sap boyfriend she was cheating on, nor very much evaluate his direct accusations and insults with furrowed-brow concern.

No, no gentlemen of cultivated honor, the perfect gift to give an unfaithful tramp is scorched ego, salted id psychological destruction that will have her reaching for the blade and slicing lengthwise.

The CH-approved Sweet Vengeance Program involves four main components, broadly arranged under the

following categories:

1. preselection jealousy
2. well poisoning
3. skank PR
4. the truly perverse

Step 1, preselection jealousy.

There's one thing that drives every woman crazy, even the most cold-hearted whore, and that's the thought that her man is having a dalliance with another woman. The man with options is the man loved by women. Inciting jealousy will awaken long-lost feelings of vulnerability and submission in a cheater because she will not be able to resist the primal pull of your preselection.

There are many ways to provoke preselection jealously. Flirt with other women in front of her. Get "caught" on a date with another girl. As per the advice by commenter Thwack, get a female friend to "accidentally" call her number asking for you. Instruct her to hang up as soon as she is questioned by the whore about her relation to you.

Another way to provoke jealousy is by placing "badboy discoverables" around the house. She doesn't know that you (and by "you" I'm referring to your friend) know about her cheating. Therefore, presumably, sex is still on the table. Makes sure it stays that way for the time being until your plan is fully under way. Bras, panties and earrings from "other women", strategically located under pillows or on bedside tables so that they are easily found during the act of intimacy, will provide the most exhilarating comic relief as the whore is forced to simultaneously reconcile her orgasmic pleasure with her red-hot rage at your betrayal. Make sure to keep knives well out of reach.

Step 2, well poisoning.

Drive a wedge between her and her whore enabling girl friends and the lover to whom she's about to monkey swing. Fire up the rumor mill. Are you on speaking terms with any of her friends? Then tell them that you and your whore have been experiencing a rough go of it lately, but you're trying to make it work out (you want to be a sympathetic character in this play), and part of that is being totally honest with everyone you and her know. Inform them that you were sadly made aware that your whore had a fling, or a make-out in a bar, with X friend's boyfriend or Y friend's husband, and that she really didn't mean anything by it, she was just lashing out at you. Tell them not to take it personally and that they should continue being friends with her because she needs the support. If subterfuge is the order of the day, perhaps hint, ever so innocently, that you didn't know your girlfriend and X's boyfriend were such good friends and were hanging out at lounge Y after work. Pretend to be relieved that you can trust your girlfriend so completely.

If you can get a hold of her lover, tell him you know about their tryst, and that it's totally cool because you have an open relationship with her. You and her have a "friends with benefits" arrangement and you're fine with her seeing him. No man, not even the most inveterate cad, likes to know he is fucking the town orifice.

Step 3, skank PR.

The killing blow. Collect any sex photos you have of the whore. If you don't have any, set up a hidden video camera in your room and film your next love session with her. You need to get some photos of her with a cock dangling between her crossed eyes; preferably your cock, but any will do in a pinch. Bonus points if you can scrounge up a pic of a black cock in her face. Send the pic to her parents with a note saying "You raised your daughter well." Send anonymous pics to her friends, asking if they knew she was always this much fun. If you know the dude she is cheating with, send the sex pic to him, anonymously, with a note attached that says "Glad you're comfortable sharing."

If you are a computer hacker, or you know the whore's social media passwords, get online and send out a few tweets or FB updates posing as her informing the world of the good time "you" had on your dates with men X, Y and/or Z. Better still, send the tweets to whichever guy she happens to be boffing, and include her girl friends or

family members in the recipients.

Step 4, the truly perverse.

How sick of mind are you? A lot? You might then prefer to venture into Step 4, where monsters roam. Acquire personal details –names, numbers, etc — of the relevant parties. Have a female accomplice pose as a nurse calling from a clinic to inform your whore that a man named X (the dude she is cheating with) came in to be tested and was diagnosed with syphilis, gonorrhea or, if you really want to run with this, the HIVvy. He mentioned her name and the clinic, in its duty as a responsible medical provider, would like her to come in and be tested for any potential STDs he may have passed onto her. Your accomplice must be a good actress to pull this off. You may have to grease her palm a bit to inspire her thespian dreams. Be present for the phone call and watch as your loving cheating girlfriend's face grows pale; savor the moment before asking, in your most sympathetic voice, if anything is the matter. Enjoy the spectacle of whatever explanation she scrambles to piece together to give you.

You can do one, two, three or all four of the above recommended tactics against a sinning cheater. You will be richly rewarded with the kind of inner peace and happy fulfillment that only revenge, served cold and shivved deep, can provide.

The Most Dangerous Word: Love

CH · 3 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reread the title of this post. Love is not the most dangerous emotion. (That would be pride, followed closely by jealousy.) Love is the most dangerous word.

How so?

Because the word is pregnant with so much covert meaning. Because its utterance can mean the end, or the beginning, of a romantic adventure that spans years or decades.

Examine the multitude of ways the word can be spoken, intended and interpreted within a romantic context.

– A beta male (or beta female) speaking it incessantly in hopes of convincing or guilt-tripping an ambivalent partner to commit more deeply to the relationship.

– An alpha male (or alpha female, but typically less often encountered) declaring his love in hopes of convincing himself that his fading feelings are a mirage.

– An alpha female perfunctorily burping the word at her beta provider boyfriend during the one week of her monthly cycle when she finds the thought of sex with him repulsive.

– A normally aloof and emotionally distant alpha male or alpha female using it unexpectedly as an expression of repressed guilt for cheating or thinking about cheating.

– A beta male exclaiming love to the heavens, blind to any lack of reciprocation from the woman he loves, because he is overjoyed with his own ecstasy.

– A beta male never saying the word because he is afraid it will drive away the woman he loves. If he is thinking this, his intuition is probably true.

– Two lovers wrestling as one, ejaculating the word in a climax of sincere, unfiltered, honest passion.

– A beta female saying it to an alpha male during post-coital cuddles, misconstruing his lust energy for love energy.

– An omega male professing love to his couch crease knowing his feelings can't be repudiated.

Recall Poon Commandments I, V and VI.

Don't proclaim your love first. Give your woman that honor.

Don't whore your joy. Women love higher status men, and one condition of higher status is a temperate eagerness and gratitude.

Don't give away your emotional store. A woman appreciates a man who understands her need for anticipation and slow discovery.

A few broadly applicable suggestions for beta males and how to tame the most dangerous word would be these:

When you feel like declaring your love, stop, take a mental breath, and save it for another time.

When you declare your love, check yourself, and don't say it again. Once is more than enough.

When your declared love has gone unanswered, don't push for resolution, explanation or emotional deliverance, however much you want your fears allayed. Ignore the momentary rejection and bide your time. Some women will reply in kind days or weeks or even months later. If she doesn't, you have your red flag. Start thinking about escape and renewal.

Don't drop the love bomb immediately after you've dropped your jizzbomb. Women never — NEVER — believe the word to be sincerely expressed in a post-bangal glow. At best, she'll be abstractly flattered. At worst, she'll

conflate your insistent love with your desperate lust for her body, and conclude your horniness guides your emotions. You will be weakened in her judgment as a result.

Here is my advice to alpha males regarding the use of the L word:

You will have to remind yourself to say it once in a blue moon. When you do, make sure it's at the most inappropriate (i.e., in public) or unexpected (i.e., while she's standing at the kitchen sink) times. She will swoon forever.

All cocky and no sincerity makes Jack a predictable boy. Either be passionate and real, or admit that you don't really love your woman like you think you do.

If you are saying it a lot after sex, you are probably trying to convince yourself of feelings you don't have. Enlarge your harem, and thereby reduce the amount of time spent on each lover. Absence breeds aphrodisia.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 4 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Why did this dude move out of the way and let his girlfriend get hit by a homerun ball? Mincing beta? Yes. Better answer: his girlfriend is chubby. Men don't feel inspired to gallantly sacrifice for low value fat chicks.

***

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> Among college-aged women,approximately 40% of rape victims report continuing to date their attackers (Wilson and Durrenberger 1982; Koss 1989).Women's positive expectations for a relationship correlated to self-blame and reduced anger in response to coercion (Macy et al.2006).

Brutally ugly. Brutally anti-feminist. Amanda Marcuntte's forested dickclit just shot a venomous dart at the heart of the world. Now why would peak nubility chicks dig rapist jerks so much so that nearly half of them find ways to rationalize their continued relationships with these ur-assholes? The study offers an intriguing explanation that is in line with Chateau teachings:

> A morally troubling prediction of Smuts and Smuts's **[ed: heh]** hypothesis is that use of sexual aggression may be effective in continuing a male's sexual access to a female.

Science comes around to vindicating not just the milder Chateau truths, but the uglier, darker, beastlier Chateau truths as well.

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Ex-leftoid admits what guests of Le Chateau knew all along: Leftoid whites hate their own culture and are engaged in a long-running, simmering status whoring war with struggling, non-SWPL whites. Prediction: the leftoids will not like the fruits of their cultural victory.

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> … The present study performed a meta-analysis of studies of the IQ of visually impaired children and adults. The results of our analysis demonstrated that visual deprivation showed no effect on the average IQ scores of a severely handicapped group, and therefore it disconfirmed the cumulative deficit hypothesis … Further, the fact that the severely deprived environment of visually impaired has no impact on their average IQ score makes it less likely that the arguably less deprived environment of, for instance, Blacks in the U.S. or immigrant groups in Europe is the cause of their lower mean IQs. Our meta-analytically based study makes environmental causes of group differences in IQ less plausible and therefore genetic causes less implausible.

Homo economicus is a phantom. Gated communities are not.

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White privilege is a term that's been thrown around a lot lately, mostly by manboobed, scalzied whites with sexual dimorphism issues. But what is white privilege, really? Here's an answer that's logical, reasonable, truthful, and admirably restrained.

(As long as the status jockeying, anti-white ruling class continues in their propaganda campaigns, CH will continue to keep its cruel shiv unsheathed, aimed at their black hearts.)

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Ross Douthat, mild-mannered, powerfully-browed Cathedral infiltrator and pilferer of original Chateau ideas (sniffed with the utmost butthurtness), has a good post on the intersection between culture, class, growing gay marriage support, and the declining rate of marriage.

> Liberal doubts about the past existence of a procreative grounding for marriage notwithstanding, there's a general understanding that the combination of the sexual revolution, economic change, and shifting gender norms have altered the way Americans conceptualize marriage, what they expect out of the institution, and how it shapes their romantic and reproductive choices. […]
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> So we have this convergence, which is mostly middle America drifting toward upper middle class norms and ideas about marriage, and drifting away from the (mostly religious) institutions that preach a stronger connection between sex, procreation and wedlock. And here's what's striking: As middle American*ideas* about marriage have converged with upper class ideas, their *outcomes*have converged with the destabilized lower class. Middle American divorce rates and out-of-wedlock birth rates tracked with the college-educated until the 1980s; they've been converging with high school dropouts ever since. A generation ago, it seemed at least plausible that 21st century America would have two (relatively) stable marriage cultures — one upper middle class and more socially liberal, one lower middle class and more socially conservative. But in the current generation, the upper class's values have triumphed, and the lower-middle marriage culture has gone into steeper decline.

Well worth reading in full. But would it kill Douthat and others of his ilk to mention who precisely was the source of these and similar ideas now percolating through the betastream media organs? Yes, I suppose it would kill him. Or at least kill his job security.

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Segueing from Douthat's column, here's Vox riffing on an interview with actor Jeremy Irons, who said that "same sex marriage could lead to fathers marrying their own sons to avoid inheritance tax."

> I'd always assumed that the primary problem was that once it is decided that marriage could not longer be limited by sex, obviously it could not justly be limited by quantity either. But, as Irons has correctly perceived, merely removing the sex limit is sufficient to produce a truly perverse set of incentives.

Polyamory's Box is open. Per Douthat above, the redefining of marriage from a procreative institution to a soulmate/"capstone"/love ideal (one reason for the upper class trend of egregiously expensive proposals and weddings) will inexorably redirect marriage down the path of the logic of love. If you love it, the state will let you marry it.

Love two women, and two women love you? Married! What's that? You're not a fan of polygamy? Equal rights!

Love your daughter in that special way? Married! What's that? You're not a fan of incest? Anti-love bigot!

Love your cat? Married! What's that? Bestiality not your cup of tea? Regressive moral throwback. Don't you know only fairness and harm are legitimate grounds for a state-sanctioned morality?

You laugh, but the logic is inescapable, and immune to legalistic legerdemain. As one anonymous wag put it, "This

isn't the slippery slope. This is Splash Mountain."

Now personally, I don't care about same sex marriage. Its allowance or banning has no effect on the eddies of my life, because I have always been aware that love doesn't require signing on the dotted line. But as anti-marriage as CH has been, we must respect the Dark Enlightenment argument that the redefining of marriage as a secular social status sacrament certifying Pure Love and Flush Stock Portfolios will have far-reaching negative consequences. Marriage as an equalist wet dream means, in reality, single moms and bastard spawn as far as the eye can see. Plus, perhaps, dads marrying sons for the tax break.

***

What is the "Cathedral"? It's high time Le Chateau gave credit where it's due, to a one Mr. M. Moldbug. In shortened form, the Cathedral is the sum total of the American entertainment, media, academic and government industrial complexes, staffed, led, and filled out to brimming by hordes upon hordes of self-annihilating, snarky leftoids propagandizing their infinite lies to their masters in the belching hells.

Cathedral, meet the Chateau. Le Chateau proprietors, escort the Cathedral to the Hall of Endless Wounding and introduce ~~its degenerate apparatchiks~~ your guest of honor to The Shiv. Beautiful Shiv, sparkle for your Lord. Plunge deep, and carve the mewling id from your foes.

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Love two women, and two women love you? Married! What's that? You're not a fan of polygamy? Equal rights!

Love your daughter in that special way? Married! What's that? You're not a fan of incest? Anti-love bigot!

Love your cat? Married! What's that? Bestiality not your cup of tea? Regressive moral throwback. Don't you know only fairness and harm are legitimate grounds for a state-sanctioned morality?

You laugh, but the logic is inescapable, and immune to legalistic legerdemain. As one anonymous wag put it, "This

isn't the slippery slope. This is Splash Mountain."

Now personally, I don't care about same sex marriage. Its allowance or banning has no effect on the eddies of my life, because I have always been aware that love doesn't require signing on the dotted line. But as anti-marriage as CH has been, we must respect the Dark Enlightenment argument that the redefining of marriage as a secular social status sacrament certifying Pure Love and Flush Stock Portfolios will have far-reaching negative consequences. Marriage as an equalist wet dream means, in reality, single moms and bastard spawn as far as the eye can see. Plus, perhaps, dads marrying sons for the tax break.

***

What is the "Cathedral"? It's high time Le Chateau gave credit where it's due, to a one Mr. M. Moldbug. In shortened form, the Cathedral is the sum total of the American entertainment, media, academic and government industrial complexes, staffed, led, and filled out to brimming by hordes upon hordes of self-annihilating, snarky leftoids propagandizing their infinite lies to their masters in the belching hells.

Cathedral, meet the Chateau. Le Chateau proprietors, escort the Cathedral to the Hall of Endless Wounding and introduce ~~its degenerate apparatchiks~~ your guest of honor to The Shiv. Beautiful Shiv, sparkle for your Lord. Plunge deep, and carve the mewling id from your foes.

Spot The Alpha And The Beta

CH · 5 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Submitted by a reader, subtitled “New Year’s Eve, 1969″.

This photo, besides being awesome, is also subversively illustrative of sexual dynamics and of how we are evolutionarily wired to react in a standardized way to simple body language cues for information about potential competitors and potential mates.

What’s your first thought? If you were like most men *and* women, you autonomically assigned the value BETA to the man snuggling into his woman for a feeding, and the value ALPHA to the man sitting up with his woman nestled in his chest.

Take a moment to digest your subconscious reaction. Never mind that we don’t know the actual status of the relationships for these two couples. Ask yourself why, instead, you felt the emotions you did. And why what you felt is so similar to what everyone else, including manboobs and feminists, felt.

The characters in this snapshot of sexual polarity are similarly dressed and similarly attractive. Even their facial expressions — sleepy, passed out (perhaps), and neutral — don’t tell us much. The only real difference is the posture of each person. That’s what the viewer has to go on to make his instant assessment of each person’s sexual market value. And yet we don’t hesitate to assess; nor do we grope for the right assessment. It jumps out at us.

And what is that assessment? One man’s relationship is going up that escalator. The other man’s is going down.

PS Looks like a bunch of fun-loving ruffians slip n’ slid down the escalator’s fast track and got painfully acquainted with its metal protrusions. Not that I would know anything about pulling such stunts.

Thawing An Icy Wife

CH · 5 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader reaches out to the Chateau Lordship,

> I could use your help. Actually, this is probably more in Athol's domain, but his answer wouldn't be as entertaining as yours and he might be kind of judgmental.

More judgmental than this blog? Impossible.

> Two years ago I caught my wife of four years having an affair. At the time, I knew nothing of game… I was a Beta schlub. It was my broken-hearted "what do I do now" that led me to your website, which of course changed my life. I forgot about my self-pity and hit the gym. Then I bought some new clothes. I learned to play the guitar. Now when my wife mentions her former lover (she has contact with him through her job several times a year) the contempt for him is evident in her voice. Things between us are far, far better than I expected they would be at this point. But… (you knew there was a but, didn't you?) there's still something not quite right. Our sex is frequent but only "pretty good." She is always willing to "put out," but it's, well, putting out. She doesn't have the enthusiasm for my cock that she had when we were first together.

Sounds suspiciously like sedative sex — that is, the obligatory, unexciting sex that married women offer as Damegeld to their gelded provider husbands during the three weeks the wives aren't ovulating. The purpose of this dreary sex is not to sate her desire but to soothe her husband's anxiety and keep his cashmoney coming. It's the "give the dog a bone" life history strategy.

> I probably would have been happy with our sex life, but for one thing: I got a girlfriend.

:applause:

> And the sex with my girlfriend makes me realize just what is lacking in the sex with my wife.

Self-reporting surveys (wink, wink GSSers, u know I luv youze no-homo-ly) which purport to show that married men get more sex than single men miss two very important confounding factors: the quality of that sex, and the variety of sex partners. Single men may have less regular sex than married men, but when the (alpha) single men do have sex, it's volcanic. And a new adventure every time. Because no matter how much you love your wife, there will come a time when her snatch loses its sheen. This is the curse and blessing of being a (non-manboobed) man: never satisfied, always conquering. Or dreaming about conquering.

> My GF, unlike my wife, is very enthusiastic. She swallows my cock like she's starving. She fucks me like it's the last fuck she's ever going to get.

You are the alpha male to your girlfriend, and the beta male to your wife. More proof, as if any more was needed, that beta maleness and alpha maleness are largely contextual, and that marriage inexorably betatizes even the most alpha of men.

> Maybe I should just be happy.

Take the honey and fun.

> Have ‘duty sex’ with my wife, and fuck my girlfriend for fun.

Does that sound so bad? Traditionally, there was a tacit social expectation that husbands would avail themselves of sexual outlets in the downward spiraling years of their wive’s attractiveness, but that they would remain loyal and duty-bound to their wives regardless.

> But it occurs to me that a little preselection and dread might ignite a fire in my wife’s pussy.

Like a boss.

> I’m trying to figure out how to plant the idea in my wife’s mind that I might be having an affair.

You won’t need to plant any ideas of your threatening omnipresent desirability if your affair has been going on long enough. Even given a total lack of hard evidence, most wives have spidey-sense that guides them to the correct conclusion about cheating husbands. She will smell it on you, notice it in your gait, and hear it in the renewed firmness… of your voice. Not to mention, a husband getting his sack drained on the side generally doesn’t have much left over to service his contemptibly familiar wife. Ask yourself first if it’s *your* apathy that’s the cause of your uninspired marital sex life. If it is, and you sincerely want to reinvigorate your marriage, then you should think about dumping the mistress.

But if your wife is the one dragging her feet into the bedroom, then a program of dread will help enliven her lust. Dread is supposed to be a feint, a rope-a-dope. It’s not supposed to be a flare for a team of divorce lawyers. If you are actually balls deep in an affair, drawing attention to your second life is not what I would call a smart marital move. Not in this day and age.

> Of course, since I am actually having an affair, I have to walk a fine line.

Yours is a strange scenario. Most men I know who are cheating on their lovers don’t need to go the extra mile to provoke anxiety and doubt about their fidelity. It’s all they can do to keep their affairs under wraps, and their primary partners in the dark. The dread is self-evident.

> I want to give her enough of a suspicion to light a fire under her, but not so much that she hires a private investigator or starts hacking my email accounts. I want her to feel a bit of suspicion, without her actually getting enough evidence to confirm the suspicion.

Ok, I’ll give you some advice. But know that you’re flirting with distaster. Have you forgotten that there’s a third party involved? Your mistress might not stay wisely silent. Women have a devious tendency to “oopsie, I said something I shouldn’t have.” You can open the can of dreadworms but just make sure to cover your tracks. Your wife and your lover should not know anything important about each other, and should never be in the same zip code together. You wanna deal with bunny broilers?

> What say you? Is this something that can be done? Or should I just be happy with wifely “duty sex” and wild girlfriend sex?

Readers will note that for purposes of discussion, I assumed this email was sincere. There is certainly a strong whiff of the troll about it, but it’s useful as a lesson for other men who are reading who may be in similar circumstance and aren’t lying about it.

Here’s my advice:

1. Track your wife’s ovulation cycle. (Won’t work if she’s on the Pill.)

You can learn a few things by doing this. Is her sex drive revved up with you during that glorious one week when her egg sojourns and she craves the cock? Then the rest of the time she might just feel anxious about her marriage, but at least she still feels raw attraction for you. You should consider that it's a lack of your beta male reassurance that's responsible for her withdrawal.

Worse, is she colder than usual during her ovulation? Then her attraction is waning, and she's probably thinking about other men. You need to pump up the alpha.

2. If her sexual iciness is a result of her weakening attraction rather than her strengthening anxiety, then a dollop of dread will do the trick. "Accidentally" leave an email or IM account open, so that she will stumble across an anonymous message which you will hand craft to send from a dummy email account to sound like it's from a woman who's flirting with you, but who hasn't yet received a reply or encouragement from you. If you're worried about her hiring an investigator, then preempt her doubt. Don't wait for your wife to confront you about the message. When you get home, exclaim, "Oh look at that, I left my email open. I bet you got an eyeful honey! Yep, you did. Any suggestions for dealing with a co-worker who's got the hots for me? This chick won't take no for an answer."

3. The objective is to maintain your innocence while stoking your wife's insecurity. This means the hints must be extremely subtle, (unless your wife is clinically retarded). A fan favorite is calling her from a busy place that has a lot of young women giggling in the background.

4. Don't bother entangling your real mistress in this subterfuge. Too risky. But if you decide you want to taunt divorce theft, try an indentation of a condom on your wallet, sans condom. Or a tucked-away business card from your mistress (strictly business, you see). Or you can go the full Don Draper and take your wife to a social event where you know your mistress will be in attendance. Flaunt your wife, flirt with your mistress across trays of hor d'oeuvres. There's just something very manfully satisfying about manipulating a quasi-harem in this way and cheating discovery.

Five Minutes Of Alpha = Fifty Years Of Pining

CH · 8 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes it's amusing to hear the Word of CH tumbling from the lips of women with a shred of self-awareness, as they recount their conflicted feelings for the beta males and alpha males of their lives. Here, an old woman phantom menstruates over the tiniest memory of a cad with whom she had a brief fling fifty years ago at her peak nubility age of eighteen. In her yearning recollection, you will recognize the wisdom of the Chateau.

> Dark, brooding and with a hint of world-weary danger, he was a cross between a 19th-century decadent poet and a Hollywood heartthrob.

Chicks dig the dark triad, or a reasonable simulation thereof.

> I was just a few weeks into my first term at Newcastle University, and determined to lose my virginity at the first opportunity. I resolved that he would be the one to do the deed.

Betas strugglewoo for years to get that pussy; alphas have it FedExed to their laps.

> I discovered his name: John Nicholas Harley Pellowe — even that sounded impossibly romantic — and that he lived in Henderson Hall, the most glamorous Hall of Residence…

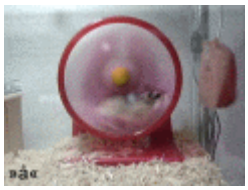
An important concept of game is the cultivation of mystery. A man of intrigue has hardly much self-promoting to do; the woman will promote him in her mind, filling in the missing details or embroidering the neutral facts in such a way that his allure is only strengthened.

> I made it my life's work to find out where he might be and to be there, too. Alone, I tramped round the seedy jazz clubs of Newcastle whenever I was tipped off about a possible sighting.

Betas spend thousands on elaborate proposals and weddings to capstone the last hours of their girlfriends' normal weight lives; alphas get drunk, have fun, and break a small sweat trying to avoid stalkers who chase them down at clubs.

> Eventually, my efforts were rewarded. I was sitting in the library one day when he walked in. I felt white-hot desire and, propelled by almost insane love and longing, walked over to him. From then on, we started a sort of relationship.

"sort of relationship"



> We would meet at parties and other functions

Aka booty calls. How did men booty call before the invention of cell phones? Must have been the old-fashioned way: face-to-face. Much respect.

> — at which, I have to admit, he paid me scant attention.

You'd think that would have slowed her down. But no.

> But I would interpret any little crumb of affection or interest as undying love on his part.

People value that which is scarce and priced accordingly. A man who gives his affection and interest away for free is advertising to women that he believes he is worth exactly that price. If he's got at least a little going on, he'll be used like the free samples at your local farm-fresh SWPLmarket. In contrast, a man who makes a woman work for his affection will be perceived as possessing very high market value, and she will swoon uncontrollably whenever he deigns to gift her with one of these minor victories over his studied aloofness.

> I soon lost my virginity to him, in his room at Henderson Hall, and thought my happiness was complete.

What he was thinking: "Ok, how do I get out of here without her causing a scene?"

> I was so besotted that I never even noticed another young man lurking along the corridor, named Bryan Ferry.

A beta makes his move!

> The Christmas holidays came and I wondered how I could get through them without [Alpha John].

Patience, readers. The beta will require years and countless demonstrations of abject appeasement to complete his move.

> When I came back, I thought we were an item.

Hamster gif [REDACTED]. Premature hamster death. Cause: Centrifugal dismemberment.

> But he was still being a very reluctant swain, and although keen enough to have sex,

It's as much the fate of women to misconstrue sex as evidence that a man wants a loving relationship as it is the fate of beta males to misconstrue emotional sharing as evidence that a woman wants sex.

> he never once asked me out, or even seemed to want to be seen with me.

Maybe it's because you weren't pretty enough for him? Nah, couldn't be!

> I sort of knew it would never come right, yet, wilfully, I ignored all the warning signs.

But all warning signs are not the same. For example, women have no trouble heeding the warning signs that a man showing interest in them is a beta male. In those cases, nothing is ignored; the beta is jettisoned without a moment's reflection. If anything, women over-correct for beta male warning signs (gotta protect those eggs from even catching a whiff of limply motile beta male sperm).

> After one of our many nights of passion, more in love with him than ever, if that was possible,

Sunk cock theory. She had worked hard for his wang and invested her heart and soul only to be rewarded with his cruelly delicious indifference. Her investment is not going to pan out but she'll see it through to the last shilling of her sanity. This is Chick Crack 101.

> I saw him at the top of the steps of the Union Building and ran up to him.

I wonder if she recalls this level of detail about fleeting moments she had over the decades with her beta hubby?

> Now, surely, he would return my love. But instead of flinging his arms around me, remembering the wonderful thrill of the night before, he turned away.
>
> He never spoke to me again.

According to feminist orthodoxy, this proves he was actually a niceguy.

> I went into shock, succumbing to a range of illnesses from glandular fever to migraines and strange fainting fits. I would frequently pass out in the street — but at least I hadn't become pregnant, a girl's worst fear in those days.

There's a reason the maestros at CH declared the Pill to be one of the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse.

> My love for John turned to hate. My demon lover had shown his demonic side, and I tried to move on, as we'd say now.

Indifference, not hate, is the opposite of love.

> John ignored me totally, never even acknowledging my presence. Not only did he not love me, he didn't even like me very much.

Fifty years on, you can still hear the hurt in her words. Remember this, when further along in her confessional she engages the usual last-second empowered woman protestation to the contrary.

> To add to the agony, he soon had another girlfriend, a proper one this time, and he even seemed keen on her, paying her the sort of attention he'd never bestowed upon me.

If her beta ex-husband, Neville, were reading her diary of tears dedicated to a long-ago flame, do you think he'd feel strong pride that GSS data trawlers have anointed him an alpha male because he had two (paternity assumed) kids with her?

> But I could never forget John Pellowe and the memory of my unrequited love for him put a pall on the marriage, with Neville always feeling he was somehow second best. He used to refer to 'that chap in your past' — neither of us could even bring ourselves to mention his name, though we both remembered it only too well.

Answer:

> [Neville and I] went out, off and on, for nearly three years before marrying at the age of 21, while we were still students.

It took the beta three years to legally lock down what it took the alpha exactly one nanosecond to sexually lock up.

Which locking system do you think is the more impenetrable? And how many other dudes was she boffing while dating Neville?

> In the late Eighties after 20 years of marriage, when our children were 17 and 18, Neville and I divorced.

Ross "Power Brow" Douthat talks a lot about social forces gutting marriage, but is even he, courageous saboteur of the Cathedral, brave enough to grapple with the CH maxim that five minutes of alpha male sexual attention can ruin a woman for the beta males who would be her realistic marital options? Just how many divorces are caused, ultimately, by vivid cock carousel memories?

This time, I sought the help of a trauma psychotherapist to try to get [Alpha John] finally out of my system. He told me that my story was surprisingly common. **[ed:]** He asked if I could see John again to help me heal, so that I could finally reach some kind of closure. Apparently this is often very helpful in puncturing the fantasy.

The only fantasy here is the idea that "closure" is anything but brand repackaging for bruised, lovelorn egos.

She goes on a bit describing how she went out of her way to track down her ex-flame and meet with him to experience the aforementioned closure. Despite her dutiful description of his aged appearance (holy crap, people get old-looking!), it's clear she still tingles for his totem:

> Even so, the love and desire, the old passion, rose up in me as we sat and talked over a cup of tea in the café. 'Is it really you?' I said in wonder, conjuring up the image of him in his glorious youth.

Men are optic; women are holistic.

> I asked him why he'd so cruelly turned away from me and he blamed his 'ineptness'.

What'd she expect him to say? That she was barely attractive enough for a few rolls in the hay?

> As I walked back to the Underground, it was as if with every step I took, a heavy coat was lifted from me. It was the most extraordinary feeling of lightness, and I realised the therapy had worked. I was free of him.

Cue the "last-second empowered woman protestation to the contrary."

> I wrote a book about my adoration of him,

She sounds completely free of him.

> I'd forgotten all about the book until recently when an e-book publisher saw it on my website and contacted me about updating it and re-publishing it.
>
> I said yes. In the book, I tried to get to the bottom of this agonising phenomenon that has claimed so many tragic victims…

Heavy coat status: Lifted.

> Every now and again, these cruel, uncaring lovers give you a scant bit of attention, and each slight glance pulls you in ever more powerfully.

Uncaring asshole game. Or, if you prefer a more sophisticated nomenclature, “learned charisma.”

> When in the grip of such a passion, it’s as if you are taken over by a mind-altering drug and are no longer responsible for your actions.

The tingle trumps the cortex.

> It doesn’t really matter whether the object of your affections is married, unavailable, uninterested; nothing will stop the mad passion from taking root and growing, even with little or nothing to feed on.

It’s the lack of nourishment that in fact helps the female passion grow. Kind of like a hydroponic plant.

> But what was it about [Alpha John] that made so many otherwise rational, intelligent women fall helplessly at his feet? I think now that he exuded an aura, a kind of force field, that susceptible or vulnerable women picked up.

“Susceptible or vulnerable women” = most women.

> One fellow lecturer told me that John didn’t even have to try; that women just flocked to him.
>
> He had the ability, when he was with you, to make you feel as if you were the only woman in the world, even if he ignored you next day.

Aloofness works in conjunction with seductive intensity. Total pick-up aloofness is only possible if you possess extreme fame, or you’re dead.

> Even his head of department at Newcastle University, Barbara Strang, one of the few female professors at the time, fell for him. She would have been in her 40s to his 25 or so. So it wasn’t just me, being a daft, lovesick maiden.

It’s funny how women are shocked to discover their alpha lovers only have eyes for them and two dozen other women.

> After the shock of John Pellowe’s treatment of me, it never felt safe to fall in love with anybody again — at least not in that cataclysmic way.

Concern for “safeness” is not why she couldn’t fall in love with anybody again. “Comparative dreariness” is why.

> It wasn’t Neville’s fault that I came to him as damaged goods, as it were, and he made up for it by being very much in love with me.

Neville, like most beta males, thought if he could just swaddle her in sufficient plumes of love, she’d return the favor. But he had no understanding; you can’t love-trip a woman into reciprocal love.

> I must say I always felt much more at ease with Neville than I ever had with John, but I had lost the ability to love in that passionate, all-consuming way.

“At ease.” That’s a telling admission. Yes, women feel at ease with beta males. And maybe that’s the problem.

CH Maxim #44: Women can’t feel impassioned without also feeling a little unease.

> However, Neville and I got on famously from the start. Indeed, we are still good friends today — and often meet for a good natter. Neville became a monk several years ago but, to me, he's still the same man I married.

Picture now fully clear.

Act 1: Exhilarating but excruciatingly short-lived sexual fling with aloof alpha proto-emo.
Act 2: Heart broken in part by adherence to unrealistic expectations formed in the crucible of womb-wracking orgasms with said alpha male.
Act 3: Temporary soothing ego relief obtained on the tear-stained shoulder of a quasi-homosexual beta male with advanced sympathizing and listening abilities.
Act 4: Half-hearted marriage to said beta, made palatable by subconscious realization of fading looks and enticement of low risk domestic settling serenity strategy compared to high risk staying single and seeking reenactment of passionate love plus long-shot alpha male commitment strategy.
Act 5: Spend several decades secretly reminiscing about the five minutes spent with a brooding alpha ex-lover while beta hubby putters around the house, none the wiser.
Act 6: Divorce. Ex-husband becomes a monk after realizing his marriage was a sham and real passionate love will never be his.
Act 7: Write a book about the alpha male ex, claiming to be over him and empowering other women to do the same.

> He did not shake the world in general, but he certainly shook mine — and sad to say, he still does, 15 years after his death.

Act 8: Diddle the dusty bean to harder orgasms over the distant memory of a dead alpha male ex-fling than those ever experienced in thirty years with a beta male husband.

After reading a story like this, delivered from a woman's point of view, you've really got to smirk at those guys who diligently peruse social survey data and subsequently conclude that number of children is the sine qua non of alpha maleness. Using that metric, the beta hubby in this woman's life was the alpha male. But does it seem to you she thought the same about him, the living ex-husband who got half as many mentions as the dead 50-years-past fleeting lover in her article? Or does it strike you as more accurate to conclude that the man she had no kids with, but with whose ancient memory she nevertheless nurtured the progeny of a million wistful regrets and the self-release of a million limbic caresses, was the real alpha male in her life?

The above question should suffice as rhetorical, but, comically, there are those who need the lesson scrawled in neon marker on their eyeballs.

Fake It Till You Make It: The Scientific Evidence In Favor

CH · 9 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There are those who doubt the efficacy of game on the premise that all important personality and behavioral traits, including those vital to attracting women, like charm, wit and a large, throbbing ego, are determined at birth. They don't accept the idea that a man can change himself for the better, or the notion that genetic endowment is probabilistic rather than deterministic.

Although it's wise for "nurture firsters" to admit the limits of their ideology and concede that the gene determinists have a point and have been heretofore cut off from the national conversation on matters of public policy, the latter have their advocates who also push their theory of everything too far. For instance, we know that men can influence their behavioral outcome and even their hormone levels by adopting "power poses"; that is, standing or sitting with the mien of an alpha male. This is hard proof that "genes" and predispositions can be dampened, or amplified, by proactive behavioral changes. It is also proof that at least one aspect of game, as the term is understood to mean learned and applied charisma, does work to alter women's perceptions of men's mate value.

Now there is more ♥♥♥ scientific evidence ♥♥♥ lending validity to another core concept of game: faking it till you make it works.

> People do transform their lives, every day. But for the most part they don't do it by relying on willpower. The key, it turns out, is to simply start behaving like the person you want to become. Instead of wondering, What should I do?, imagine your future, better self and ask: What would they do?This approach works because of the rather surprising way that our brains form self-judgments. Numerous experiments have demonstrated that when it comes to forming beliefs about our own character and proclivities, we don't peer inward, as you might expect; instead, we observe our own external behavior. If we see ourselves carrying out a particular action—whatever the actual motivation—our self-conception molds itself to explain that reality.
>
> In one experiment, a researcher asked a group of subjects to take part in a bogus experiment and allowed them to win a sum of money. Afterward the researcher went up to the subjects and told them that he'd had to use his own paltry funds to subsidize the experiment; apologizing, he asked if they wouldn't mind giving the money back, so he could continue his research. A second group of subjects performed the exact same bogus experiment and won the same prize money—but weren't asked to give the money back. Finally, all of the experimental subjects were asked to subjectively rate the researcher's likeability. It turned out that the ones who'd given back their prize money liked him a lot better. The reason: in order to explain our behavior to ourselves, we have to make assumptions about our own proclivities. I gave the guy money, the subjects subconsciously reasoned, so I must have liked him.
>
> Likewise, the most effective way to move toward change is to act like you've already achieved it. Don't worry about playing mind-games with yourself. Don't worry about affirmations. The way to become a fit person is to act like one. I've always found that the hardest part of exercising—the only hard part, really—is putting on my sneakers. Once they're on, there's pretty much a 100 percent chance of getting some form of workout done. Why else would I have these shoes on?

You are a ladies' man. Start acting like it, and you will in fact become the ladies' man ladies love.

> Obviously, you can't change your internal reality overnight. But act out the change you want, and day by day, the weight of evidence will become undeniable. Before long, the person you pretend to be becomes the person that you are. In one experiment, researchers recruited subjects who said they wanted to learn one new habit, and asked them perform the new behavior every day. After 60 days, most of them rated the newly learned habit as effortless to perform. What had once been a desired change was now an accepted reality.

What had once been a beta male, was now an alpha male reality.

Game is like any other self-improvement endeavor. You “assume the pose”, you practice it relentlessly, and you make it a habit, like brushing your teeth. If you had never picked up a toothbrush, your teeth would be rotting and falling out today. But you ignored your naturally lazy ways, picked up a toothbrush and used it everyday, until it became habitual and second-nature. You stopped thinking about brushing your teeth, and now you have a gleaming row of choppers as a reward. It’s the same with learning the habits of applied male charisma that women can’t resist. You actively incorporate the trappings of alpha male behavior and attitude into your life until it becomes a real part of you, and then you have a gleaming row of sexually aroused women as a reward.

World Leaders: A Study In Contrasts

CH · 9 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

VS.

Barack Obama apologizes for calling Kamala Harris ‘best-looking attorney general’

U.S. President Barack Obama has apologized to California Attorney General Kamala Harris for causing a stir when he called her “the best-looking attorney general” at a Democratic fundraiser this week.

Yeah, yeah, Putin dispatches enemies abroad with polonium-tipped umbrellas, and you’d probably not want to say anything bad about him on the internet if you were living in Russia, but ask yourselves, who would you rather represent your country? This guy:

A topless demonstrator with written messages on her back walks towards Russian President Vladimir Putin (L) and German Chancellor Angela Merkel (R) during the opening tour of the Hanover Fair in Hanover, Germany, 08 April 213. Several activists stormed the booth of Volkswagen to demonstrate in presence of the politicians. Photo by: Jochen Lübke/picture-alliance/dpa/AP Images
or this guy?

Now who does Putin's "boobies!" face remind me of? Oh yes…

Great alpha males troll the shit out of vapid feminists. The best response to a shrieking femcunt is withering condescension, garnished with a belittling thumbs up or a shit-eating smirk.

Hey You

CH · 10 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What are the two words that a girl will say to a man when she's experiencing a vague craving for sex with him?

Reader Vagitarian asks for some game advice:

I need some advice from CH readers! I've been doing my best as the article states to become the ladies man I've always pictured myself being. I'm now bedding more and better quality women.

My sis has a hot-9 friend that just broke off an engagement. I've always had a crush on her and I know she eyes me from time to time. Especially since I rejected her approaches years ago – had a girlfriend at the time (was being beta but the rejection was so alpha). Our paths never cross, but we are both going to my sis' wedding in the next few months. To spark things up I contacted her on FB where she likes every second post or picture I put up. I've never msged her or liked anything of hers… ever.

Me: Hey I didn't know you guys have a plane? You get to fly it much?!

-Same day-

Her: Hey you! How's it going? And yes my dad flies…blah blah …I do once a month or so.

-3 days later-

Me: Oh cool, so you're in real estate right? Has your dad ever let you land?!

-One week later-

Her: Yeah, blah blah.. You back in the city too? Soooo excited for your sisters wedding in a few months!!! You bringing a hot date?!

————————-

How long should I wait to reply and what should I say? Do I avoid her last question completely or should I suggest that I'm going alone with full intentions of nailing her or any other of my sister's ridiculously hot friends?

I'm usually pretty good at the indifferent txt/fb game but I feel like I'm over thinking shit here. In the past if I made a mistake I wouldn't give a shit but I really want to bed this one!! What do I say and how do I form it guys? Thank for the help!!

Reader Newly Aloof responds,

> Her: Bringing a hot date?
> You: It's complicated.
>
> Anytime I've ever had a girl respond to me with "Hey You" I knew she was dtf. Something about Hey You.

This is so true that I don't even… I can't even…. odds or evens. There really is something predictably revealing about "hey you" when a girl uses it. As with Newly Aloof's observation, I've yet to meet a girl who dropped the "hey you" greeting on me who didn't eventually show keen interest in becoming an intimate partner in grime. It's especially revealing when you hear a girl say "hey you" rather than reading it in text. Typically, she will sing-song the phrase…

hey yoooooo

…like a vocal fry on steroids. And perhaps accentuate her delivery with a cute hunched shoulder, upturned head,

full body mini-hop, eyes glimmering like C-beams.

It's as if the two words "hey" and "you", melodically concatenated for synergistic effect, are the symptomatic verbal goosebumps of the warm chill caused by her engorging labia.

Anyhow, to answer Vagitarian's game-related question, "It's complicated" is a fine reply. "We'll see" and "The usual. My harem" also would work. Krauser's suggestion — "Behave…or it's the naughty corner for you young lady…" – is good, too, especailly as a tactic for luring the girl to parry and sustain the conversation. Don't worry so much about how long to wait to reply. If you reply like a man with options, it won't matter how long you wait.

UPDATE

Commenter Revo Luzione adds,

> Yeah, I've noticed that too. It's code for " Hey (I want to bang) you!" It's funny when it comes from women from work or other people that are supposed to be "off limits."

It's fun knowing what women are really thinking. Every time you hear the "hey you" greeting from girls, it's like seeing the tumbling green code in The Matrix, except it's not green code, it's pink pussies.

She's Got Legs And She Knows How To Use Them

CH · 11 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The website Feminine Beauty is where the "beauty is subjective" lie goes to get sledgehammered into gooey paste. It's a warehouse of studies and analysis that utterly shreds the pretty lie that prettiness is in the eye of the beholder, and for doing Baal's work, I thank them. There are only so many hours in a day to take a huge steaming dump on the platitude pushers, so assistance is always appreciated.

There's an interesting post in their archives that examines how leg length in men and women correlates with attractiveness. Drawings of five male and female models were altered so that their legs and torsos were lengthened or shortened. The results of the study were unambiguous:

> For a given height, the judges preferred longer legs in women and shorter legs in men.
>
> For the same height, women tend to have longer legs. Hence this study reported a preference for exaggerated sexual dimorphism.

The author of the post notes that this would explain why women wear high heels: they make women's legs appear relatively longer. So much for the hamster reasoning of that indignant ex who once insisted, when I *innocently* asked why she wore make-up and heels, that she does it "for myself". No sweet cheeks, you do it, subconsciously or knowingly, to make yourself look more appealing to men. Coincidentally, in a faraway basement hovel, a troll who believes that any effort to woo the opposite sex is a sign of low value wept into its cheeto-stained triple chin.

But the study is not without its limitations, especially regarding the effect of leg length on men's attractiveness.

> In the line drawings, the authors achieved longer legs by stretching the legs in the photo editor, making them thinner in the process, but thinner legs will count against the appeal of men. So it is possible that a better study will show a similar find, but not that the shortest legs shown in the line drawings are optimally preferred in men.

There is probably some truth to this caveat, however the male body type women most prefer (at least when they are ovulating) — mesomorphic — tends to be more proportional between torso and leg length. Ectomorphs are the ones with really long legs.

This study corroborates real world observation and cultural allusions. Men do seem to prefer long luscious legs on women. This preference is likely — no, it most definitely is, let's just say it outright — innate, and immune to feminist scum social intervention propaganda efforts to change it.

Does a male preference for long legs mean men like really tall women? No.

> The authors cited some literature to argue that men most strongly prefer women with average height, but the correct interpretation is that over a very broad height range, men do not really care how tall a woman is. As one approaches the extremes of height, it becomes more difficult for women to find men, and hence women closer to average height will be more successful with men than women who are much shorter or much taller, but this isn't the same as an optimal preference for average height in women.

Where it gets confusing is reconciling the fact of male preference for long-legged women with the evidence that short women are more reproductively successful than tall women. (Keep in mind that "reproductively successful" does not necessarily mean "sexually successful" or "romantically successful" in the contraceptively-wrapped, Pill-popping secular world.) So perhaps the ideal mate for the typical man is a shorter than average woman with longer than average legs for her height. Three huzzahs for a spinner with long helicopter blades.

In a future post, we will discuss whether women with short legs prefer very masculine alpha men.

North Korea

CH · 11 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Perhaps I'm overly sensible, but why exactly does the US need to get involved defending South Korea from an attack by North Korea? Would your life appreciably change for the worse if those two duked it out on their own terms?

Last I checked, South Koreans hated America, and protests against our military presence there are a regular occurrence. It used to be the Code of the Tribe that when another tribe ostensibly under your tribe's umbrella of protection hates the living fuck out of you and your kind, you at the least stop protecting them if no natural resource they own and which you use is in danger of mass disruption.

Given the anti-white male animus that percolates like boiling magma through every corridor of the Cathedral, it's a wonder there are white men left willing to fight for the US of Majority-Minority. I'd call them fools if I didn't think there's still a chance they might see the light one day. And by "see the light"…

How To Treat A Beautiful Woman Like A Plain Woman

CH · 12 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This post could just as relevantly be titled “When Beta Males Miraculously Get It Right.”

Before we get to the “how”, we should answer the “why” of treating a beautiful woman like a plain woman. Recall Poon Commandment X:

> **X. Ignore her beauty**
>
> The man who trains his mind to subdue the reward centers of his brain when reflecting upon a beautiful female face will magically transform his interactions with women. His apprehension and self-consciousness will melt away, paving the path for more honest and self-possessed interactions with the objects of his desire. This is one reason why the greatest lotharios drown in more love than they can handle — through positive experiences with so many beautiful women they lose their awe of beauty and, in turn, their powerlessness under its spell. It will help you acquire the right frame of mind to stop using the words *hot, cute, gorgeous,* or *beautiful* to describe girls who turn you on. Instead, say to yourself “she’s interesting” or “she might be worth getting to know”. Never compliment a girl on her looks, especially not a girl you aren’t fucking. Turn off that part of your brain that wants to put them on pedestals. Further advanced training to reach this state of unawed Zen transcendence is to sleep with many MANY attractive women (try to avoid sleeping with a lot of ugly women if you don’t want to regress). Soon, a Jedi lover you will be.

Beautiful women LOVE LOVE LOVE to be treated by men as if they are plain-looking women. Beautiful women love this treatment because it serves as evidence that the man who treats them this way is an alpha male who has such an easy time getting laid with other beautiful women that he doesn’t feel any need to impress them. He can “just be himself”.

A beautiful woman writes off a man seeking her approval almost as quickly as a man writes off an ugly woman flirting with him.

Now that you know the “why”, here’s the “how”:

As stated above, never compliment beautiful women on their looks, and never think of them in terms of their looks. But these are small tricks of brain, fore and hind, that pale in comparison to the effectiveness of treating beautiful women PLAYFULLY, like they’re bratty little girls with cooties.

Next time you’re out, try to find some beta males with their homely girlfriends. You won’t have to search for long. Observe them in the wild for a bit, and you’ll notice something. More than a handful of those beta males act charmingly ALPHA with their plain janes. For some mysterious, magical reason, these betas are able to relax like an alpha boss, and tease their bland girlfriends until the girls are giggling and smiling.

These betas, in other words, are contextually alpha. Does that mean they’re alpha males? No. For that, they’d need to be as carefree and reckless and cocky with cute girls as they are with their homely halves. As it stands, the betas are merely accidental alphas.

But this is where you can learn something from a cool beans beta. Watch how he acts with the fugs, and act that way with the babes. It’s a naturally aloof attitude coupled with playful behavior. The aloof attitude has been discussed at CH many times, so here we’ll focus on those playful tactics that win girls over, (and incidentally raise your sexual market value vis-á-vis hers, nourishing her vagina to full bloom).

Playfulness Tactics

– the “stop hitting yourself” game
– surprise kicking her in the butt as you walk side by side
– making over-the-top phony facial expressions indicating rapt attention or wide-eyed curiosity
– cutting in front of her in lines
– jumping in a puddle to get her wet
– asking if she’d like another ten ice cream bars
– composing a ridiculously inane poem for her, and delivering it with stentorian gravitas
– putting her hand on your arm, and then accusing her of raping you
– grabbing her purse and hanging it from a branch high in a tree
– going in for the kiss with BBQ sauce all over your face
– taking it the extra step and smearing her face
– the “say everything she says” game (gets annoying delightfully fast)
– making fun of her insatiable horniness (this is projecting women’s own teasing preferences back onto them)
– the “stay on your side” game
– putting something in her hair (try to do it without her noticing until later)
– “there’s something on your shirt” ruse
– indian burns
– making a loud noise every time she tries to say something (“what? speak up I can’t hear you!”)
– mishearing everything she says (“you want me to dump on a whore?”, “NO I WANT YOU TO RUN TO THE STORE!”)
– unctuous flattery (“that’s brilliant! you’re a genius. I am SO awestruck and humbled right now. wow just wow.”)
– pretending to be impressed by her (“I just can’t believe… you… me… here like this… I think I’m going to faint, can I have your autograph? I think I just soiled myself. HOLY MOTHER OF PEARL this is the greatest day of my life!!!”)
– pretending to push her into traffic, the ocean, a pool, a port-a-johnny
– the escalating “what?” game
– staring contests
– staring contests with funny faces
– a game of tag (if she doesn’t immediately run after you, act as if she’s going to tag you at an opportune moment and dart out of the way every time she gets near)

If you find this hard to do with hot girls, that’s because you’re imbuing their beauty with too much importance. You think a hot girl is more likely than a plain girl to dismiss your childish antics, and this thinking causes you to walk on eggshells when in their company. But the opposite is true. Hot girls love to be teased and taunted and patronized. They love it because they rarely get it.

Nauseating Beta Male ODA

CH · 12 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sitting near me, facing away, was a frumpily dressed woman. To her side stood her boyfriend (or husband, couldn't see the hands for ring verification), who was carrying two backpacks in one arm and had his other arm resting on his woman's shoulders. He leaned over and kissed the top of her head.

A minute later, he did it again. Less than a minute after that, his lips once again anointed the top of her head. Then the head pecks came like a rain, one drop kiss after another. *peck… peck… peck* A wave of nausea overcame me as his peckings reached a crescendo and he began to resemble a chicken plucking seeds from her hair. Finally, I couldna take it no more, and had to evacuate the scene of herbage.

Why do some men do this? Is it for the benefit of their girlfriends? She seemed to be tolerating him well enough, but such egregiously obsequious displays of affection (ODA) have got to be a turn-off for women. In public, it's worse; a woman can better endure her betaboy's chimp-like grooming rituals in the privacy of home, where she does not experience the double revulsion that would be the case in public where it's easy to suspect he's slobbering all over her to advertise to the world how lucky he is to have her. Or to ward off better men from stealing his hard-won concubine.

If it's meant as a warning to other men to keep their distance… believe me, dude, it won't work on any man seriously considering a run for your "prize". All it would take is one moment alone with your beloved and an innocent offer of a napkin to help "clean up the saliva" from the top of her head, and it's off to the races.

There's an alpha way and a beta way to do PDA. Firm ass, boob or crotch grabs, neck sniffs, erotic ear whisperings or hiney slaps are examples of alpha males staking their territory. Head peckings are beta. Why don't you just pick lint off her exquisite princess robes while you're at it?

One Reason Why Feminists Are So Ugly

CH · 15 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Besides being objectively ugly, that is.

A study found that angry female faces look less feminine.

> Rockville, MD – "Why is it that men can be bastards and women must wear pearls and smile?" wrote author Lynn Hecht Schafran. The answer, according to an article in the *Journal of Vision*, may lie in our interpretation of facial expressions.
>
> In two studies, researchers asked subjects to identify the sex of a series of faces. In the first study, androgynous faces with lowered eyebrows and tight lips (angry expressions) were more likely to be identified as male, and faces with smiles and raised eyebrows (expressions of happiness and fear) were often labeled feminine.
>
> The second study used male and female faces wearing expressions of happiness, anger, sadness, fear or a neutral expression. Overall, subjects were able to identify male faces more quickly than female faces, and female faces that expressed anger took the longest to identify.

When was the last time you saw a happy feminist? Never. Anger and feminism are so inextricable that the phrase "angry feminist" has become redundant.

Biological defectives are drawn to feminism because the diseased ideology allows them to undermine their ancient foe: Normality. (In times past when people were refreshingly judgmental, normality was also called "truth and beauty.")

So there is a selection effect for physically ugly feminists, but they make their ugliness worse by walking around with a chip on their shoulders and a scowl perpetually hitched to their manjaws. Angry women are so off-putting to our ingrained aesthetic expectations, that it takes a long time for people to recognize sputtering, vein-bulging femborgs as female.

Men prefer feminine women, as women prefer masculine men. This is the cosmic law of sexual polarity that by its mere immutable existence will always make mockery of the various stripes of gender equalists and their self-serving beliefs. Some emotions, like anger, are perceived by uncontrollable subconscious mental algorithms as more male, and hence can be said to be "sexist" emotions.

> "This difference in how the emotions and social traits of the two sexes are perceived could have significant implications for social interactions in a number of settings. Our research demonstrates that equivalent levels of

> anger are perceived as more intense when shown by men rather than women, and happiness as more intense when shown by women rather than men. It also suggests that it is less likely for men to be perceived as warm and caring and for women to be perceived as dominant.”

When women are angry, they appear more masculine, and therefore less attractive to men. Perhaps the solution to this disparate emotional impact is for angry feminists to battle the “culture of sexist emotions” by demanding equal gesticulation. The “glass feeling” must be broken so boardrooms and bedrooms can make way for histrionically happy men and spittle-flecked enraged women, coming together at last as true equals, totally and equally repulsed by each other. Ah, nirvana!

The game lesson here should be obvious: If you are a man, stop smiling like a Special Olympics winner. Show a little anger once in a while. Look like a brooding bad-ass instead of a gleeful gaywad. Girls will find you more masculine, and men will take you more seriously.

Biology is not a trifle easily subverted with sophistry. Underlying our reflexive perceptions that seem superficial without deeper understanding lies a foundation of incorruptible truth. In this case, that truth points at a terribly discomfiting fact for our moralizing misfits: angry women appear less feminine because they possess more of a male temperament, and possibly even a male hormonal profile, all of which signals to men that the angry bitch is a low fertility prospect not worth pursuing.

Alpha Assessment: False Frame Edition

CH · 16 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes about a girl playing hard to get after she had already been gotten.

> i was fucking this 27 year old who'd just gotten out of a relationship for a while (i'm 24) and i texted her out of the blue and took her to a concert after not seeing her for two months. despite lots of kino etc at the show and her telling me "you're dangerous" she told me she wouldn't sleep with me tonight. we went to a bar afterward and i told her calmly i was very angry at her for coming out with me with no interest in coming home with me, and that i'd never call her again. she broke down crying. i must admit i took some pleasure in it.
>
> i did some things well (holding my ground, flirting with the bartender and other girls at the bar, maintaining excellent body posture, excusing myself for the bathroom when she started talking about another guy, saying things like "i will permit you to sleep with me") but probably betrayed my own lack of options by being too affectionate and continuing to care, show kino etc. she showed mixed signals – kept asking me questions about my actual type, continued to say she wouldn't sleep with me but admitted she'd lied earlier when she said she was seeing someone, said she'd sleep with me if i put roofies in her drink (weird, but a sign she was thinking about it, i presume).
>
> the problem is at this point in my life, basically all of this is unintuitive, so i am prone to making mistakes, or knowing how i want to respond to something in a conversation and struggling for the actual words. i am also probably too mean/bitter , i have not mastered how to "get to agreement" etc without sounding too appeasing/beta.

Can you figure out where the reader lost his mojo with this girl? Leave your answers in the comments. The post will be updated later in the day. Commenters with the winning replies will receive a stuffed ferret in rage mode.

Similar to a false flag operation, the false frame is meant to deceive a person into believing that the speaker desires a different outcome, or holds a different belief, than what is actually desired or believed. A typical example of the false frame is a woman alerting her date that she is not planning to sleep with him that night. While she may not in fact be consciously engaged in pushing the date toward sex, the frame she sets is false in the sense that its purpose is to entrap a man to accept its stated premise, despite the misleading nature of the premise obfuscating her true feelings.

(If you deny that these are her true feelings, you ignore the near universal evidence that women who speak of sex, in whatever positive or negative connotation, have sex on their minds.)

Denying or otherwise sidestepping a false frame would almost certainly yield an outcome at odds with the deceiver's frame. False frames are close cousins of shit tests, differing mainly in their target designation (false frames are usually self-referential while shit tests are accusatory) and their style (false frames entrap while shit tests goad).

Here's a hint to the answer to this edition of alpha assessment: It's better to suffer a few beta procedural missteps while adhering to an alpha attitude than it is to flawlessly execute with alpha behavioral precision a beta attitude.

UPDATE

The answer to this riddle, of course, is when he told her he was angry with her for not putting out.

My friends, that is called Powering Up the Anti-Slut Defense Shields to maximum deflection.

You do not ever reason with a woman logically. When she says she won't sleep with you, the last thing you should do is argue with her as if she is violating some legal contract. You either

a. ignore her ASD or

b. playfully redirect it to more fruitful emotions.

This reader's scenario is a great example of the incongruence between maintaining a physical and vocal alpha frame while still operating under a mentality of beta scarcity. You can sit and stand and intone like James Bond, but if you chastise a girl for not agreeing to your sexual timetable, you may as well hang a sign over your head that reads "Desperate, Undersexed and Needing Quick Relief."

You've gotta get that inner game down before the rest of the little things really click into place like one smoothly running pick-up machine.

Many commenters offered much better suggestions, most of which fell under the rubric of "agree and amplify". Krauser has a great rebuttal to this kind of female false frame that is similar to agree and amplify, but takes a more seductive turn which opens opportunities to keep the conversational channel focused on impending intimacy.

My favorite reply is "That's Ok, I didn't want to get you pregnant", which is really perfect for this exact situation.

Winners will receive the following stuffed ferret in rage mode.

White On White War

CH · 17 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Some leftoid SWPL freak is bitching about "white male privilege" and the *unequaaaaal* treatment disturbingly white American society supposedly accords white bombers and Muslim bombers. Never mind the fact that his premise — that white terrorists are quickly labeled "lone wolves" while arab muslim terrorists are "existential threats" — is a pile of horse shit. After each shooting spree with a white assailant (the number of which are proportional, it should be noted, to the percent of whites in the total population), the Cathedral spins into a frenzy happily deliberating for months about the existential threat of right-wing/anti-government/white supremacist extremist groups. In contrast, muslim terrorists, like the Fort Hood shooter, get shoved down the memory hole or dismissed as one-offs. Worse, they're used as props by Army brass to agitate for more diversity.

The point of this particular self-annihilating white leftoid's screed is to forewarn against any notions — lest you be thinking impure thoughts, bigot! — of closing off the border to muslim immigrants. The Equalists and ruling class Status Whores will stop at nothing to swamp flyover white country with battalions of uruk-hai; anything less would be too civilized for their exquisite gated community sensibility. The leftoid creeps don't care that blocking all muslim immigration indefinitely until or if such time that the religion of peace is pacified by its own internal progress will reduce the threat of terror bombings on American soil. They give no quarter to the logic that keeping out people who comprise a disproportionate number of America haters with a penchant for visionary jihad and strip clubs will lower the risk of future terror attacks at home.

All they care about is more non-whites and non-Christians in America. The more of them, the cheaper the labor for their esteemed oligarchs, and the more neutered the political and social power of the hated Wrong Kind of White class.

This is the """nation""" we live in now, for worse or worser.

Hilariously, the Salon leftoid quotes noted anti-white quasi-white man Tim Wise:

> "White privilege is knowing that even if the bomber turns out to be white, no one will call for your group to be profiled as terrorists as a result, subjected to special screening or threatened with deportation," writes author Tim Wise.

Ah yes, Tim Wise would know quite a bit about "white privilege", wouldn't he? Timmy boy, how's it going in that 97% white neighborhood where you've sequestered yourself? There sure seem to be a lot of perks that come with preaching about unearned perks.

Slam Shibboleth

CH · 18 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A dumpling faced feminist-slash-slam poetess made a video about the horrible, terrible, no good culture of beauty that oppresses women and keeps them from realizing their dreams of being ugly rocket scientists that men love so much. Watch it here.

It has 1.7 million views and 17,000 likes. The platitude pushers will not want for addicts any time soon.

Did you know CH was once a slam poetry hero? Yes, it's true. The spirit of syncopated sulky syllable slamming once moved yer 'umble host to heights of grandiose on-stage spasming. Chicks loved it. Hipster doofuses wished they could capture a rhythmic beat of Heartiste magic, so that they may slay their own snapperdragons.

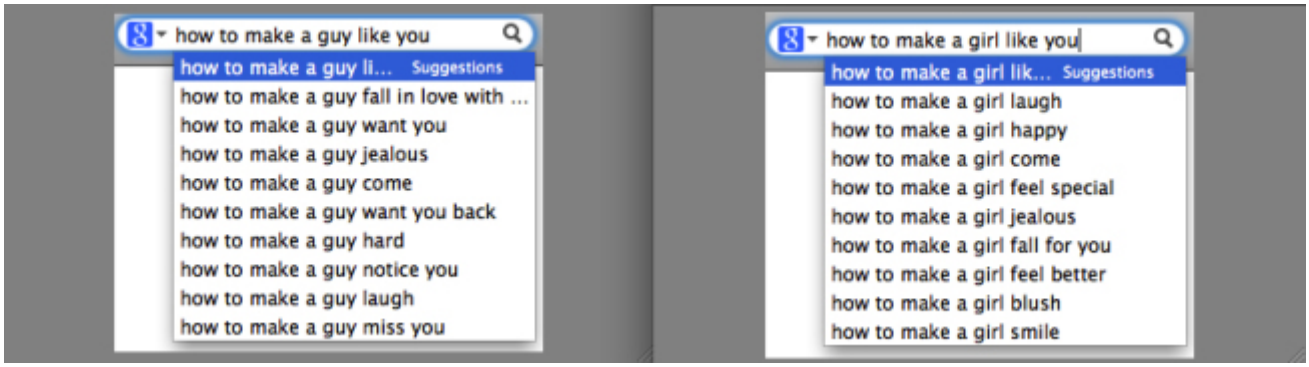
Good news! Recently unearthed from the underworld slam poetry archives is rare video footage of one of CH's charmed apprentices performing a satire of the droopy-eyed feminist's battle cry to wage war against mascara and the cruel judgment of looks-ism. To fully appreciate the (he)artistry, watch the above video before watching the following. (Give the video a few minutes to buffer.)

Not Pretty

Women Will Qualify You, So You Must Resist Their Efforts

CH · 19 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this image capture of a search engine auto-fill:



80% of the questions asked by men are selfless in nature. They are questions about how to please a woman and make her happy. 70% of the questions asked by women are selfish in nature. They are questions about how to get noticed by men, and how to manipulate men's affections.

These are the male and female ids auto-exposed. Female solipsism is powerful and is an inextricable part of their nature as sexual beings. Women are hard-wired from the womb to turn their focus inward, because their eggs are biologically more valuable than sperm. Men are hard-wired to turn their focus outward, because that is how they acquire status and how they win the love of constitutionally diffident women.

As a man who understands the raw, vital power of game, it behooves you to accept female solipsism for the unalterable fact it is, and to avoid its traps and leverage it for your own ends. Women, selfish at heart, will be driven to QUALIFY men for adherence to women's personal preferences. Selfish people want to know what others can do for them.

Selfless people want to know how they can please others and win their favor. That's a crucial difference between women and men. And this difference stems from the essential sex difference.

Many beta males will take the lesson to mean they should bend over even farther to appease women's selfishness. But that is exactly the wrong conclusion to draw. Abiding a woman's natural selfishness will only create more selfishness. That's a beast you don't want to feed.

The correct response to women's selfishness and concomitant compulsion to qualify men is to sidestep their efforts to derive your mate value and turn the tables on them, effectively using women's own psychological inclination against themselves. Instead of relinquishing to her judgment, YOU become the manipulator of romantic yearning and the keeper of mate standards.

Women love this, because this is what alpha males with options do. A man who is in some sense LIKE A WOMAN — a man who judges prospective mates and qualifies them according to his whim — is a man who signals to women that he has loads of options in the sexual market. And as we all know, women can't resist the allure of the preselected man.

So instead of wondering "how do I make a girl feel special", start thinking "how can I make this girl miss me". It's a subtle shift in thought that will accrue enormously satisfying rewards. Because the sexual spoils go to the selfish pricks.

One Blessing Of Outbreeding

CH · 19 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Boston Marathon Muslim bombers (see what I did there?) were identified and corralled relatively quickly. The reason for the quickness is this: Outbreeding.

To put it more conventionally, a cultural-cum-genetic predisposition toward love-based monogamous marriage that strengthens outbreeding and restricts inbreeding is what helped authorities identify and track the bomber suspects.

By limiting inbreeding, a phenomenon which usually occurs via cousin marriage, the circle of trust is widened. When police ask for tips, this built-in higher level of trust is effectively an enlarged witness pool, ready to jump in with assistance.

Clannish societies, like Chechnya, are more inbred societies. People there look out for family first, the general public good a distant second. Had the Chechen Muslim brothers (see what I did there again?) committed their murderous act in Chechnya, where clan blood is thick and civic-mindedness is thin, it is likely that they would be on the run for a long time, because family members, 2nd, 3rd, or 10th removed, would be all *omertá* and the cops, such as they are, would get nothing but cold leads.

America has, until lately, been an outbred society (but still mostly inbred as a continental race). White Americans are mutts of mixed Northwest European ancestry. The circle of trust is generally huge in Anglo nations, and that's why cops can do their jobs there. Family is still important, but there's a greater degree of cooperativeness and fellow-feeling than would be found in places like, say, Iraq.

That of course, is all ending now. Diversity and the resentful enclaves spawned in its wake are destroying fellow-feeling. Clannish people are setting up shop in the most American of towns. Cognitive and cultural stratification as described by Charles Murray in *Coming Apart* is further contributing to the shrinking circle of trust.

Soon now, very soon, the day is coming when future Tsarnaev brothers will get to enjoy a life on the lam in America for many, many years, protected by inner circle insiders who don't give a shit about the fate of America as a cohesive nation.

PS One curse of outbreeding: Pathological altruism. The kumbaya genes spread out of control until wishful thinking, instead of reality-based thinking, push the stricken population into self-destructiveness.

Photo Of The Century Shoot-Out

CH · 19 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's still early in the 21st Century, but already we have two photos which so *deliciously* capture the zany zeitgeist and cultural erosion of America that it makes sense to vote now on which one will win Photo of the Century.

First up is a pic (or, rather, a TV screen capture) of a Mercedes SUV. This is the car that was carjacked by the two Boston Marathon Muslim bombers, brothers Tamerlan and Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, (two dudes, it should be noted, who are about as culturally and genetically far from NW European whites as Levantine Semites are), as they were fleeing from police. On the SUV's bumper is a "COEXIST" sticker.

The irony, it is SO GOOD, my cocky alpha smirk has gone suborbital. If you've been living safely away from white liberals, and never saw a "COEXIST" bumper sticker, here it is:

As you can see, the bumper sticker is kumbaya, bombs-across-America horse shit. Typical upper class leftoid self-soothing, status whoring propaganda that bears no semblance to reality, but does make the leftoid feel pretty goshdarned tickled with himself. As a YOU GOT KNOCKED THE FUCK OUT juxtaposition that belies the leftoid's moralizing, the photo of the carjacked SUV is the equivalent of an early years Tyson uppercut. How do you think the Mercedes-driving liberal feels now that he's been coexisted into a hijacking with a sterling member of the coexistence shock troops? Chastened? Rethinking his priors? Nah. He's winding up to crack down even harder with his self-annihilating, self-flagellating, redneck bogeyman Whip of White Man Penance. He hopes the searing pain will blind him to the ugly, encroaching truth. And perhaps also keep him in good graces with his cocktail circuit buddies.

***

The next photo is representative of late-stage, declining America as much as the first, but its subversive message targets a different part of the culture's underbelly (heh).

There's nothing like a snapshot of a fat bride, her fat friends, and her beta groom collapsing under their own weight into the murky depths of America's retreat from greatness. The symbolism here is sublime. Grossly obese, still hanging onto the customs of old traditions that are quickly being discarded, and sinking nonetheless to a suffocating doom. People who fret about the state of marriage talk a big talk about men "manning up", but an honest observer of the scene would have to ask exactly why any man would want to hitch himself to a human RV? The marriage rate is decreasing and age of first marriage is rising, and yet no one bothers to wonder if the growing (heh) crisis of female obesity has anything to do with it.

The voting booth: Photo of the Century Shoot-Out"Coexist" SUV carjacked by Muslim bombersFat wedding party falling into the drink.

ps we'll be back to game posts soon. this was just too juicy to pass up.

Do Masculine Women Prefer Even More Masculine Men?

CH · 22 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In this post, we discussed a study which showed that women with longer legs appear more attractive to men. (and men with relatively shorter legs and longer torsos are more attractive to women).

A reader speculates about what that sex difference could mean for men seeking to efficiently scour the mating market for effortless bangs.

> Just as a strong jaw is masculine, short legs in a woman is also masculine (http://www.femininebeauty.info/leg-body-ratio).
>
> You can easily see in those pictures short legs are masculine and long legs are feminine, and this true for both sexes. This is probably comparable to facial width and finger digit ratio as a "nurture neutral" indication of masculinity.
>
> Women with longer legs prefer alpha males too, but apparently have greater beta male tolerance. If you look at supermodels, and other women with extremely long legs, you'll see most don't automatically swoon for bad boys, although they have access to them. A lot of them have photographer, artist and otherwise effeminate boyfriends. However, you rarely see a short stripper type with anything less than a standard bad boy.
>
> I guess I'm saying a heterosexual masculine woman will have a stronger preference for masculine men, or that she has masculine men in her ancestry. The question then becomes, do her masculine genetics increase her attraction to alpha males?
>
> Examples:
> Cameron Russell (supermodel) with her boyfriend Andrew Elliott (photographer)
> http://www.twylah.com/CameronCRussell/topics/andrew
> http://www.fashionfreude.com/2012/11/06/victorias-secret-show-2012/vs/
>
> Bibi Jones (porn star, stripper, etc) with Rob Gronkowski
> http://content.usatoday.com/communities/gameon/post/2012/09/19/rob-gronkowski-porn-star/70000681/1
> http://wickedimproper.com/2011/11/now-wait-just-a-god-damn-minute/
>
> As you can see from the full-length photos, Cameron is 50% legs to body whereas Bibi is 40% or less.

This reader is touching on something real. While studies are sparse (nonexistent?), it does appear to be the case that, anecdotally and observationally, masculine women tend to go for very masculine men. (Recall that "masculine" does not necessarily mean "alpha", as we can see by the fact that many effeminate artist types do quite well with cute women.)

So the rule generally expressed is as follows:
Given the axiom that most women prefer men more phenotypically and behaviorally masculine than themselves:

a. Masculine women will prefer very masculine men and avoid feminine men, and

b. Feminine women will prefer men of average to slightly higher than average masculinity and tolerate feminine men.

As a rule, this makes some sense. Sexual polarity is the cosmic force that breathes life into all other psychodynamic human motivations. When the sexual polarity is weak, or reversed (i.e., wimpy, soft men with hard-charging, hard-edged women), any nascent attraction is incapable of being sustained, and any relationship that results from such unions will have more obstacles to overcome and higher risk of infidelities than relationships that are sufficiently polarized by conventional male and female attributes.

Therefore, women will want to choose masculine men to retain that all-important polarity, but the degree of male

masculinity required to reach a suitable level of polarity will vary based upon the woman's own inherent masculinity.

This rule of what I will call "Shifted Female Masculinity Preference" — that is, the idea that the preference of women for masculine men is shifted to greater masculinity in men relative to the women's own masculine attributes and psychological traits — has plenty of exceptions, and so I would not set my watch to it, nor should you, the efficient pursuer of women, rely on it exclusively to streamline your seduction operations. It's a loose rule you can use to winnow a lot of prospects to a manageable number.

For instance, if you are a brooding emo WHO DOES NOT EVEN LIFT, you should focus your attention on long-legged women, but never dismiss short-legged women outright. Mesomorphs and "act first, think later" types should tune their radars for short-legged chicks with a twinkle of mischief in their eyes.

Another potential flaw in the rule (besides its lack of robust predictive power) rests in its premise: Are shorter legs and longer torsos really indicative of greater masculinity in women? Manjaws certainly are, but lots of short-legged women have very feminine faces. One way to resolve this issue is to determine if manjaws and short legs correlate in women.

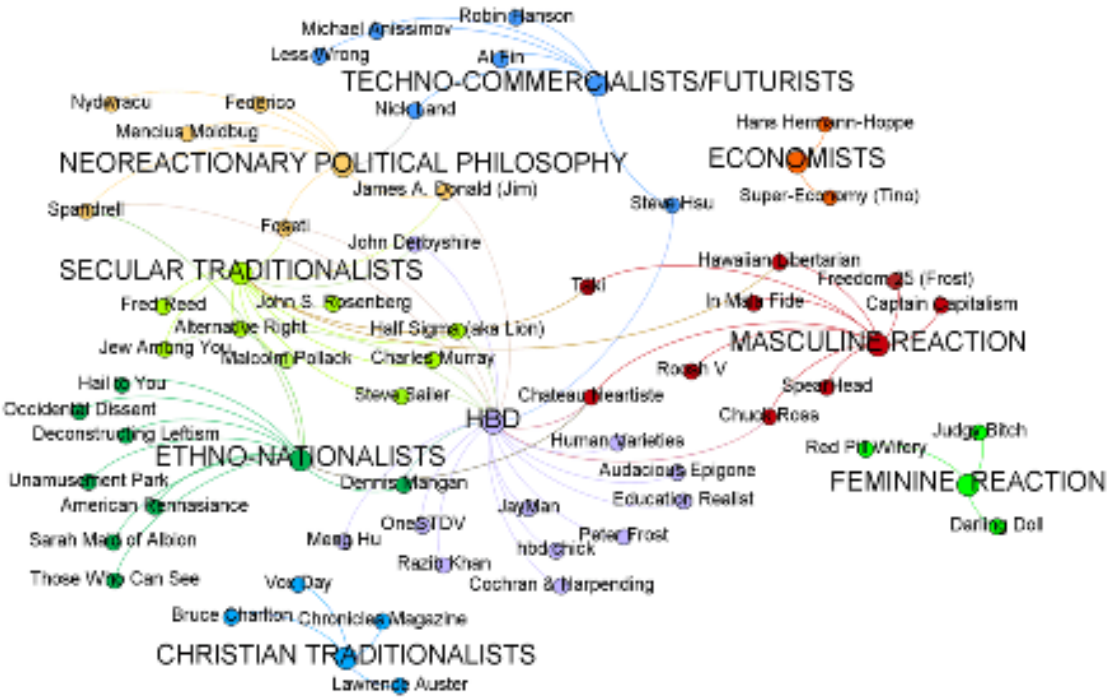
If the rule is accurate and indicative of broad sexual market mating outcomes, we can expect to see greater masculinity in the children of short-legged women, and greater femininity in the children of long-legged women. And, inferring from Satoshi Kanazawa's (unproven) theory that feminine couples produce more daughters, the former will bear more sons (and perhaps shorter sons) and the latter more (and perhaps taller) daughters.

One other thing we can infer is that less masculine men who date feminine women will compensate for their lower aggression and muscularity by being more psychologically dominant. And in fact one does find that the artist lovers of model chicks tend to be masters in the art of emotional manipulation. The more physically masculine men rely on their presence to assert dominance, but are often weak in the arena of subtle mental persuasion, and have a habit of ostentatiously mate guarding their women, leaving them susceptible to female machinations. This is why more masculine men get used as cat's-paws by their girlfriends while more feminine — in both body and mind — men are tougher to manipulate. This imperviousness in some men to female manipulation is attractive to many women, and helps create an impression of dominance that fuels the necessary sexual polarity.

The Dark Enlightenment Visualized

CH · 22 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passed along this infographic showing the online nodes that constitute what is termed the “Neoreactionary Space”, which you can read about at the source.



I don’t have anything to add, except to say that the Chateau node should be bigger, hairier, and swinging insouciantly.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 23 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. Often the best way to judge a man's sexual market value is by the lengths to which his lover will go to please him. And by that measure, Tamerlan Tsarnaev was one hell of an alpha male. Cute Katherine Russell, The Muslim Bomber's enraptured lover, once dreamed of going to college and joining the Peace Corps (LEFTOID ALERT). Instead, at age 21, she married Tsarnaev, bore him a vibrant spawn, converted to Islam, started wearing a hijab, and essentially surrendered her identity to submit, completely, utterly, to the man she loved. Her love did not dim even after he assaulted her in 2009. White nationalists who never miss an opportunity to white knight for white women in putative distress should take the lesson of this sordid tale to heart: You will never win the Western white woman's loyalty by polishing her pedestal; you can only take her loyalty by showing her you can win. Chicks dig a winner.

2. Violent criminals are biologically different than the rest of us. Evidence is mounting that criminality has a physiological basis. For instance, violent criminals and psychopaths have lower resting heart rates. Causation is murky, but the correlations are strong, and it leads one to wonder if, or how, this knowledge that criminals have different brain structures than non-criminals will affect the dispensation of justice. Prediction: The lawyers will smell chum in the water and, like they have done for low IQ murderers, will manage to wrangle reduced sentences for killers on grounds of impaired volition. Alternate scenario: Minority Report.

3. Cross-cultural differences in newborn behavior (via West Hunter). Watch the video. This is the kind of inarguable evidence for innate behavioral differences in human races that should, in a sane world, send equalists who believe in cultural conditioning phantasms scurrying for shelter under rocks and in caves. But we no longer live in a sane world; it's *their* world now, and that means more insanity, more sophistry, and more cheap status whoring.

4. Farming allowed civilization to flourish, but it came with costs, which we are still paying today. Question now is, do we try to recreate as feasibly as possible our ancient hunter-gatherer environment, or do we wait out the limitless suffering of the maladaptive losers until evolution has finished its culling for those who can withstand the peculiar stresses of modernity?

5. A ruling class leftoid says the freedoms enshrined in the American Constitution must be changed to help protect American freedoms. Orwell wept. Then laughed. Then spun in his grave. Remember when liberals used to be champions of American rights? Not anymore, now that the globalist leftoid prime directive is soft genocide against the white majority.

6. "[A] common border between two countries actually reduces the communication density between them, perhaps because of increased tensions." Evidence for the CH maxim that diversity + proximity = war. Bryan Caplan's bubble hardened.

7. The zipless fuck has become the new norm. First they scoffed. Then they sputtered. Then they knelt before the Lord of the Chateau, and sucked his cock in tribute. It should be no surprise to anyone reading here that mothers of boys are the realist of female realtalkers.

8. Krauser (a fellow traveler in the appreciation and love of women) has had some good posts lately. Here's one on setting the frame in Skype. Here's an interview with Daygame.com about "long game" and international pick-up. And finally, here's an interesting post about what your video gaming habits say about your SMV rank. (Before you ask, yes, alpha males do occasionally play video games. There are some downtime enjoyments that are so essentially male they are an irresistible draw to men. Like the draw of banging farm fresh poosy. Or shooting cans off tree stumps.)

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Tamerlan's Tsarina And The Perils Of Love Marriage

CH · 24 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

So Tamerlan Tsarnaev, the older Muslim Boston bomber brother, had a loving white American wife of WASPy lineage who donned his approved Islamic head coverage and bore him his hell-spawnage. Some have asked, where was Katherine Russell's father during her descent into badboy servitude? If the photo of the dad after news of Tamerlan's death is any indication, the guy is giddy that his son-in-law is no longer for this world.

Arranged marriages don't sound like much fun, but one problem with moving as a culture toward exclusively love-based marriage is that it neuters the ability of parents to exert any control over their daughters' instinctual romantic compulsions. The ancients knew that women's libidos were dangerous when left unchecked. But a culture that prizes doe-eyed love as the be-all and end-all of legitimate marriage must come to terms with the fact that many women love the wrong kinds of men. It's in their genes.

When lust-fueled love as a basis for forming putative lifelong marital unions crowds out all other considerations, the influence that parents wield over their daughters' mate choices gets winnowed as well. After all, who is a parent to say what his or her daughter feels? Love knows no reason. And so what you get is fathers like the one above, powerless to stop his daughter's stupid decisions, and overjoyed when fate steps in to excise the cancer from his family that he wished he could excise himself, but never had the guts nor the informal societal support to do so.

Love makes betas of men, in more ways than one, and it would be wise to remember that some of those men are fathers whose authority has been gutted by the awesome power of love.

Vignettes Of Game

CH · 24 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Vignettes of Game is a new series featuring brief real-life episodes of what most skilled allurement artisans would consider tight game. This is not an alpha male assessment series; it is instead a snapshot in time and space of game being flawlessly executed. The purpose is to educate readers about the power of game using practical examples rather than abstruse theory as a guide.

Our first vignette of game comes from reader "M.L.":

> Small anecdote – inane game vindicated.
>
> walking with girl #1 into our building (we work together). it's a cold morning. as we walk in she remarks "i don't know how you don't freeze in the winter, the tips of my ears are frozen and your hair is so short."
>
> response: "i knew you're self-absorbed, but it's unnecessary to demean my ears for attention"
>
> her : (laughs) "i think you've got incredible ears…(eyes light up)…no part of you isn't incredible"
>
> response: (laughs) (shoves her away from the door as we approach.)
>
> her: (laughs) (grabs me and jumps up to kiss me) "i'll see you later?"
>
> response: smirk and walk away.
>
> texts come in an hour later…etc. any feedback appreciated, but i thought this was properly executed.

Start with a tease (unpredictability), follow with a playful physicality (kino), end with a deft handling of beta bait (signal of non-neediness). This game is solid, tight, unimpeachable. Would pick-up again.

Alpha Male Body Language Tip Of The Day

CH · 24 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

When you're walking or standing in a large space with a group of men, say friends or work colleagues, and you're talking to one or more of them, look straight ahead instead of at the person(s) you're addressing. (If you feel it necessary, you may quickly eyeball your intended audience to lock their attention, then look away while talking.) To outside observers — and some of these outside observers will be pretty women subconsciously evaluating your mate quality — the "look straight ahead while walking and talking" pose appears more alpha. This is especially true if the person you are talking to is looking at you with rapt attention while walking or standing at your side. This social construction pings the leader-follower dynamic.

The worst pose is to be seen walking and looking at the person you are addressing, while that person is looking straight ahead. It doesn't matter if he's studiously listening to you, or if he thinks you're The Man. You will appear like Igor obsequiously yapping at the side of his mad scientist boss.

The actual hierarchy of your group is irrelevant; a woman unfamiliar with you and your acquaintances will perceive your alphaness or lack thereof based on subtle body language and social interaction cues. So if you want to widen the pool of female mating prospects, it's in your interest to get in the habit of projecting alphaness as often as you can, and there's no excuse not to when the cost for doing so is low.

A kind of prisoner's dilemma does arise in these situations. You have to bank on the expectation that your addressee will continue looking at you while you talk. If he turns away as well, some of the alphaglow that would accrue to you will be dimmed. If you look back at him to recapture his attention, he may look away, and you are left appearing beta Igor-ish. Nevertheless, as a general principle, the "look straight ahead while walking and talking" affectation will in most scenarios and most times redound to your benefit.

The one caveat is when you are sitting with your group, or standing in a small space (indoors, instead of outdoors). There it will strike those around you as strange and awkward if you can't look people in the eye when talking to them.

Proof That Fatsos Can Lose Weight With Willpower

CH · 25 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

New research shows that fat shits who are offered a financial incentive to lose weight… lose weight! And keep it off.

> The research study by researchers at Mayo Clinic suggests that weight loss study participants who received financial incentives were more likely to follow the weight loss program strictly, and they noticed a reduction in their body weight when compared to those participants who didn't receive any incentives.
>
> Prior to this, a study showed how financial incentives help people lose weight. This study had a lesser number of participants who were followed for 12-36 weeks, while the latest study was conducted on 100 participants who were followed for one year.
>
> The participants in the new study were employees of Mayo Clinic or their dependents belonging to the age group of 18-63, with a BMI of 30-39.9 kg/m2. These participants were divided into four groups, out of which two groups received financial incentives and two groups didn't receive any financial incentives. […]
>
> The researchers noticed that 62 percent of the participants in the incentive group achieved the goal, while just 26 percent from the non-incentive group hit the target. The mean weight loss of participants from the incentive group was 9.08 pounds and the mean weight loss for the non incentive group was 2.34 pounds.

With enough incentive — financial, romantic, pain avoidance (heh heh heh) — fatties can slim down. The problem is that there aren't enough incentives to stay thin in modern America. "Fat acceptance" and "thin privilege" excuse mongers are sprouting up everywhere, like bloated weeds. Feminists and their suck-up manboob Pusstorian Guard have been on the shrieking rampage for decades trying to shame women away from staying thin and sexy. Fat craps are accommodated just about every place they steer their load bearing scooters.

People have more or less willpower, but everyone, barring a few unsalvageable outliers, has it. How much willpower a fatty brings to the buffet will depend on her attitude toward health, aesthetic pride of self, and desire to please the opposite sex. Those fatties who understand the consequences of their blimpage and don't flirt with destructive self-annihilating ideologies of lies like feminism which propagandize the elevation of self-esteem and the ego and the debasing of biological reality and sexual attractiveness standards will do best at resisting the path of feast insistence. For the others… their eternal torment is my sadistic pleasure.

Fatsos: It's not in their genes. It's in their hearts.

And their double-wide parachute pants.

Chicks Dig Jerks: When Quantity Is Its Own Quality Edition

CH · 25 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Piles of evidence already exist that women are a distinct species characterized to varying degree by their predilection for scampering after the love of badboys, jerks, assholes and, on occasion, imprisoned drug lords, murderers, serial killers and terrorists. So there's no need to continue vindicating the Chateau worldview by adding yet another sordid story of pussy perfidy to the heap. At this point, noticing it is just depressing.

But the latest confirmation of the corrupted, careless nature of unleashed female sexuality offers a chance to examine a common refrain heard from those who in good faith contest the scope of the theory that chicks dig jerks. From the "Why the hell are we letting women become guards in male prisons?" file,

> Thirteen female corrections officers essentially handed over control of a Baltimore jail to gang leaders, prosecutors said. The officers were charged Tuesday in a federal racketeering indictment.
>
> Sex, drugs and prisoners were all involved in this recent FBI sting. The Washington Post's Ann Marimow explains what was happening behind the prison walls.
>
> The indictment described a jailhouse seemingly out of control. Four corrections officers became pregnant by one inmate. Two of them got tattoos of the inmate's first name, Tavon — one on her neck, the other on a wrist. […]
>
> According to an affidavit for search warrants for the homes of the prison guards, who were arrested Tuesday, gang leaders strategically recruited female officers who they thought had "low self-esteem and insecurities."

Ya give the ladies the keys to the clink, and they turn it into a concubinage. Good job, beneficiaries of feminism! So who was the Big Man who ruled over his armed and willing sex slaves who were supposed to rule over him?

> "the ringleader of it all, according to the indictment, is Tavon White, a four-year inmate charged with attempted murder. He reportedly made $16,000 in one month off the smuggled contraband. Four corrections officers–Jennifer Owens, Katera Stevenson, Chania Brooks and Tiffany Linder, **[ed: ruh roh, a couple of those names sound like white wimmenz!]** who are also facing charges — allegedly became impregnated by White since he's been in jail. Charging documents reveal Owens had 'Tavon' tattooed on her neck and Stevenson had 'Tavon' tattooed on her wrist."

"But he was really a nice guy! I could see that in him."

So much for the conventional wisdom that female prison guards are boxy dykes. Or maybe they *were* lesbians, but the overwhelming musky aroma of the alpha male prisoners converted them back into the hetero fold. Another possibility: All the lezbo guards work in female prisons. Zip it up, Grandmaster Fap. If you've seen female prisoners you'd know that the reality doesn't come close to meeting the porno fantasy.

It would be understandable if you were to inquire about the quality of the women that upstanding citizen Tavon was banging and roping into his prison crime syndicate on the strength of his irresistible ghetto charms. While photos haven't been forthcoming, odds are fairly good these women were less than stellar specimens of female beauty and femininity.

Obviously, female quality matters when judging a man's alphaness. A man who pulls one hot babe is more alpha than a man who pulls fifty biodiesel dirigibles.

However, within the confines of some peculiar arrangements, and past a certain proportionality, quantity is its own quality. So how alpha was Tavon? First, he was working with a restricted (and self-selected) pool of candidates. On the streets, who knows for certain what quality of women he could get, but given his proven skill at seducing female

prison guards to do his bidding, it's a good bet he was probably pulling better quality outside than his available selection within prison.

Second, Tavon managed to convince four of the women to get pregnant by him (or convince them to not worry so much about protection). That shows he's got the game to take it to the next level.

Third, even if Tavon was boffing ugly women, that's still thirteen ugly women who decided to pass on loving, intimate relationships with omega or even lesser beta freemen for illicit harem duty with an attempted murderer in jail. No matter how ugly the woman, there's gonna be some desperate omega male playing by the rules and clocking in at his nine to five who could've used that ugly woman's company to rescue him from total loneliness.

But, poor omegas and betas… they're not just competing with free alphas, they're competing with alphas ostensibly removed from societal circulation.

There's really nothing to learn from this story beyond that which we already know:

1. Chicks love dominant men.
2. Women in love with assholes will rationalize anything.
3. A core concept of game is asserting your dominance over women by displaying higher status and/or undermining a woman's relative status.
4. A charming, violent inmate will leave more descendants to suckle on the state teat than a diligent, law-abiding beta male will leave to contribute to the state teat.

With this swirl of good news, perhaps now is a time to remind each other of the beautiful, inclusive, and downright revolutionary history of the season we call Spring, when girlie tops get sheerer and skirts get shorter. Go forth, happy hour imps, and be the asshole women adore!

Why Are Men With Dark Triad Personalities So Irresistible To Women?

CH · 26 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's a scientific fact that women are attracted to men with the suite of personality traits known as the "dark triad": Narcissism, Machiavellianism, and psychopathy; aka the stuff of which jerks, assholes and badboys are made.

Any man who's lived a day in his life knows that chicks dig jerks, but now we have the imprimatur of science to confirm what we can all see with our own eyes. The connection to game should be obvious. Many game concepts are essentially retrofitted Dark Triad traits and associated behaviors, allowing the practitioner of the charismatic arts to capture for himself some of the cryptic allure that men naturally blessed with badboy personality possess.

Explanations for the appeal to women of the male Dark Triad have been discussed before, within the hallowed halls of Le Chateau, but usually from esoteric evolutionary theory. Perhaps there are other, more immediate and practical, reasons why men who score high in the Dark Triad do so well with women? Let's look at the definitions for each of the three relevant traits:

Narcissism

> Narcissism is an egotistical preoccupation with self. Because of all their experience with maintaining their self image, people who score high for narcissism will often appear charming but their narcissism will later lead to extreme difficulty in developing close relationships.

Narcissistic men will be better at building an attractive identity, crafting an alluring image, dressing themselves for maximum impact, and comporting themselves with the utmost self-regard. Women love all these characteristics in men, even if these traits are not societally beneficial in numbers exceeding a tiny percentage of men. A man who is full of himself is a man who is full of women's love.

Machiavellianism

> Machiavellianism is a tendency to be manipulative and deceitful. It usually stems from a lack of respect or disillusionment for others.

You cannot properly seduce women if you harbor illusions about their nature. A Machiavellian Man, owing to his willingness to engage in personally, and oftentimes mutually, advantageous deceits, is a skilled hand in the subtle feints of flirting. No seduction will take full flight without recourse to innuendo and barely concealed intent. The tacitly adversarial quality of seduction emanates from the fundamental premise that the reproductive goals of men and women are at odds, and the Machiavellian is the man best equipped to leverage that sweet antagonism to his ends.

Psychopathy

> Psychopathy reflects shallow emotional responses. The relative lack of emotions results in high stress tolerance, low empathy, little guilt and leads them to seek extremely stimulating activities, resulting in impusivity and a disposition towards interpersonal conflict.

The darkest of the three traits. It's a short neural skip from mostly benign, promiscuous psychopath to Hannibal Lector. What is it about psychopaths that women can't get thoughts of them out of their heads? Besides their evocation of high status shamans and warriors of EEA yore, psychopaths bring one big advantage to the mating arena that quickly propels them to the top — fearlessness. That dead zone in their prefrontal gray matter means that psychopaths don't feel much when women reject them. No hurt, no guilt, no shame, no doubt, no anger, no nothing.

Imagine the power at your fingertips if you had the ice cold stones to approach thousands of women nonstop without suffering even the slightest ding to your emotional state from any rejections. Imagine that, coupled with this exotic imperviousness, you impulsively hit on any woman who piqued your interest. I don't think you'll need a calculator to figure out how fast your notch count would rise given these personality priors. Chicks dig a go-getter.

While the average self-deprecating beta male will find it nearly impossible to reconfigure his emotions and thought patterns to match that of the natural born narcissist, Machiavellian, and psychopath, he has now at his disposal tools and concepts — which fly under the banner of "game" — to inch himself closer to Dark Triad triumph. A small adjustment here, a studied mimickry there, and that invisible boring beta male is suddenly finding that the veldt of vagina open to his predations has expanded in every direction.

The above quotes were taken from the online Dark Triad Personality Test, which you can try for yourselves here. If you think you have an unusually low score, don't fret; participants are likely self-selected narcissists boosting the scoring curve. After all, who but a narcissist would be happy to take this test?

Subverting A Girl's Efforts To Qualify You

CH · 26 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There'a a game technique known as "qualification" which serves as a status raising mechanism during interactions with hypergamous girls (which are all of them). The idea is that, by screening girls for qualities you want in them, you simultaneously signal your higher value. You are a man with so many romantic options you can pick and choose which women you want in your life.

This is a radical concept for most men, because men, as the "chaser" sex, rarely think to qualify girls for acceptability. Mostly, men are thinking how best to impress a girl so that she will reward him with her sex. A man who qualifies a woman — essentially doing to a woman what a woman would do instinctually to a man — sets himself so far apart from the mass of malehood that women can't help but swoon at his feet.

The flip side to this is dealing with women's attempts to qualify you. And qualify you they will, because women are guided by a primal limbic force to assess a man's intrinsic mate quality, a holistic quality which they cannot get from merely looking at him.

Myxomatosis (gross!) writes,

> Off-topic, but I figure I'd share…a girl recently asked me in a bar one night who did I prefer best: Van Halen with David Lee Roth or Van Halen with Sammy Hagar? I answered David Lee Roth. She said: "Good, because if you answered Sammy Hagar I would have walked away. Now i know what kind of man you are. Van Halen makes sissy music with Hagar."

Myx's anecdote is a classic of the genre. She qualified him. The fact that she was interested enough to determine his opinion on something that ostensibly mattered to her is an indication that she's aroused and sex is bubbling forth from the back of her brain. But she's also a little insecure and wants to get "hand". The more a girl likes you, the more insecure she will feel, and the harder she will try to maintain hand. Girls are all too aware that once they lose hand, they quickly succumb to sexual abandon.

Get used to the idea that girls are walking paradoxes. They attempt to undermine exactly that which they most desire. Women desire dominant men who have earned "hand" over them, but they will work tirelessly to prevent men from achieving that hand, or they will work to exert the force of their own hand. If you think this is crazy, understand that a woman will feel as if she has failed if she did not adequately test a man for his strength of hand. Honor is a man's purpose in life. The shit test is a woman's.

When a girl qualifies you, one way you handle it is by AGREEING & AMPLIFYING:

"Wow. I WIN. WINNING. I can't tell you how awesome I feel right now that you approve of my musical taste."

Make sure she catches the sarcasm. Or, you could go lower key:

"Am I being graded on a curve?"

The trick is to take a girl's qualification test and use its power against her. Another powerful technique for subverting a girl's effort to qualify you is to DISQUALIFY yourself. For instance,

"Hagar, totally. Top 40 rock ballad Van Halen is authentic. The real deal. I have his poster over my bed."

Disqualifying yourself (DQ) shows you don't need the girl's approval.

Whatever you do, don't allow yourself to get trapped by a woman's qualification. Don't give a straight answer. Don't give an earnest answer, unless it's to fuck with her expectations by dropping a DQ on her. Most men can't resist the urge to appease or brag when a cute girl inquires about their worth, so don't be most men.

What to do if a girl tries to subvert your own qualification of her? Roll with it! You have just experienced what flirting is all about. The parrying, the evasion, the hand over hand over hand maneuvers, the sly redirections — that, my friend, is the flirt. And chicks dig the flirt.

But since you're worried that girls will be as evasive as you are, I have good news: most girls are happy to be qualified, they love it, and they swiftly oblige the qualifier because they love to talk about themselves. When a man qualifies a girl, she is usually so taken aback with shock at his wonderful impudence that she can't help but stick her foot right in his beaver trap.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 28 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter James notices a pattern, and it looks suspiciously like a hamster's roan coat:

> every sicilian or italian I've known has claimed their family has mob connections. just like every black guy is a producer and its every stripper's first day. its all bullshit.

What's the NUMBER ONE lie you will hear from single, upper middle class girls?

"I don't normally do this."

***

Da runner-up Comment of the Week winner is…. wait for it… loolzzllolzlzol… GBFM!

> lzozozzozol
>
> yes in my psychology class in college the essay question was, "What is the dark triad?"
>
> so i thougought
> and thought
> and thought
> and hinked baout it
> and thought some more
> and thought
> and thinked
> and thinked and theought
> and thought and thought
> and then
> it hit me
>
> The Dark Triad is
> da GBFMs
> big black lotsasoaz cockaksks
> and his two ballz! (count dem 1 2!!!)
>
> and I proved it too:
>
> 2 balls + 1 cockas = 3 = triad
> QED
>
> lzozozozozozolozozozo
>
> for some reason da ididiton asshole teahcerz made a mistake
> and gave me
> an
> F
>
> and as a ruestlt result i have been considered unemployable
> uneeplomeyyablelzl
> unepelelmployablelzllz
>
> which sucks
> beause
> i would lve love kov e love to be
> a barista

> in starbuckz
>
> where i could take a shot of epsresso
> for every shot i served
> and go
> zlzlzozoozzoozozzz
> all
> day long
> z;zlzlozlozozozlzzzozz

Punctuation and spelling left untouched. You don’t mess with perfection.

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> for every shot i served
> and go
> zlzlzozoozzoozozzz
> all
> day long
> z;zlzlozlozozozlzzzozz

Punctuation and spelling left untouched. You don’t mess with perfection.

Single Mom Wants Alpha Male, Won't Get Him

CH · 29 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In that great, dispiriting void between unattainable wish and attainable reality squats the single mom in daydreamy repose. Menstruating a rambling, poorly spelled, grammatically sloppy HuffPo missive on the appeal of the dominant alpha male, a single mom falls into old person sex on the first date with a beefy, motorcycle riding man who, apparently, doesn't fit any of her criteria for the ideal boyfriend.

We've all heard this story before: Alpha male provides night (or two) of intimate pleasure to aging single mom, then disappears, slowly or abruptly, from her life. She is confused and saddened, so she back-rationalizes the experience as one of her making, a supposed choice to regard the alpha male as a "short term fling" with whom she never wanted anything more than a sweaty pump and dump.

Similarly, said single mom who deeply and profoundly yearns for a man in her life to lighten her snot-faced load, may preemptively rationalize her alpha male lover as a "fun time", so that his inevitable departing for better fun with unattached women can be safely dismissed by her primed ego as a consequence that she desired.

In the Battle Hamster Cage Fight, it's hard to pick a winner between the fat chick's and the single mom's rodent. Both are energized by steroidal self-preservation. Both will stop at nothing to deny their limited sexual market options or the suffocating reality of their bleak romantic prospects. Both are driven to insane mutterings when confronted by dark truths.

It's all bullshit. Finely embroidered, exquisitely tailored bullshit, but bullshit nonetheless. The ideal dating scenario for women is an alpha male lover, in bed and beyond. Even science has shown this female craving for the alpha male who is both lover and boyfriend is the underlying need and want of women.

Their words in Cathedral rags targeted at an adoring choir may sound chirpy and upbeat, but no amount of exuberant turd polishing will change the trajectory of their afflicted lives: The single mom, like the fat chick, may occasionally get her one night of passion with an exciting man, but she'll be forced by circumstance to settle for the boring beta male willing to stick around for lack of better options. And that's if she's lucky. Some won't even find their beta male plan B. Their fate is a lonely catscape echoing the mournful mews of alpha male animal simulacra.

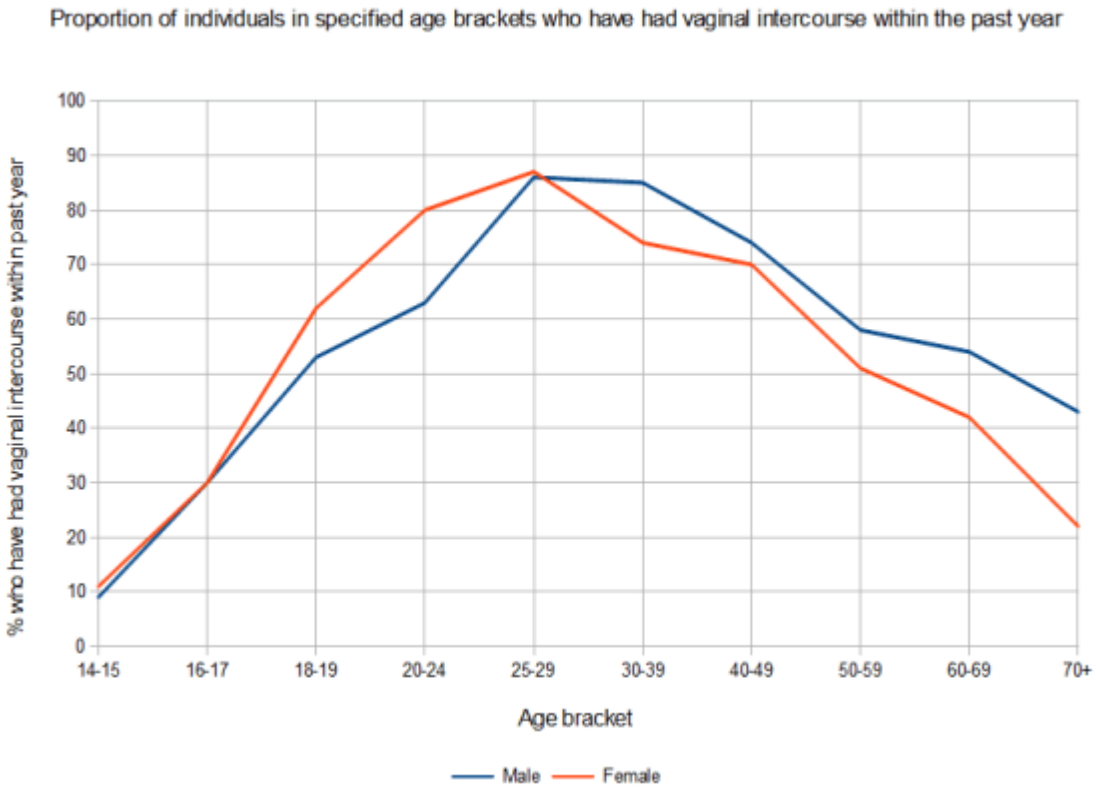
Save This Man!

CH · 30 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader with an urgent family emergency has turned to the Chateau for help.

> I have been reading your site for many years now and thank you for all of the wisdom you have shared. Your blog has improved my life in many ways, and I humbly ask your advice now to convince my brother that he is about to make a terrible mistake.
>
> My brother is the pride of the family – went to a top school undergrad, graduated med school last year, and is now on his way to becoming a surgeon. He is a well-adjusted, mature man who has had a couple of long term relationships in the past and possesses above average intellect, physical, and social skills.
>
> For the past 6 months he has been dating an unemployed divorcee who is 8 years older (he's 28, she's 36). This summer he will be moving across the country for his next rotation and they have decided that she will also move and live together with him. She has no social network in the region and even if she finds a job will be relying almost entirely on him financially, emotionally, etc. Not surprisingly she has been pushing him for a ring and a baby, and he seems to be happily going along with this.
>
> My parents and extended family are distraught. We have all tried to reason with him but to no avail. You and your esteemed commentators can all see the train wreck that will occur if my cousin decides to marry and start a family with this woman.
>
> My question to you is this: how can I talk him out of it?
>
> Nervously Poolside,
> Dr. No

This reader's brother needs an intervention. A strong, powergut propelled, three pats on the back intervention. The best teachable moments are those which sock the nascent quisling in the face with a blistering infographic:



The graph is via GLPiggy. As you can see, more women have sex before age 25, but after that the dynamic flips and it's men who enjoy the edge in sexual pleasure. The why is simple: women are most desirable when young. Men are most desirable when older, and continue staying desirable well into middle age. The underlying why is even simpler: Female attractiveness is almost entirely a function of their physical beauty. Male attractiveness is a function of multiple causes, including status, power, charm, looks and social dominance.

This is CH 101, aka Life 101, aka Feminist Soul Implosion 101.

So tell your brother it makes no sense to marry a woman eight years older than himself when he has the SMV goods RIGHT NOW to land a hotter, tighter, younger babe without divorce baggage, said baggage which itself is strong evidence she will divorce again. And on top of that, his SMV will only increase for another ten, perhaps twenty years, while hers, if she is the typical woman following the usual senescence track, will have a date with the wall of sexual expiration just about the time his appeal is maxing out.

That's a recipe for marital failure. It makes no sense for him to hitch his cart to this gimp horse, unless….

she's hot.

I mean, balls tingling, cock leaping hot.

You left this out of your description of her. Be honest, how hot is she? A hard 10? And not just for her age? Because if that's the case, (however unlikely), many would find it difficult to dissuade him from experiencing the kind of glorious transcendental passion that most men can only crave from the sidelines of their gloomy masturbatoria.

You see, a man falls in love with a woman's beauty. He does not fall in love with her smarts, her job, her credentials, her family connections, her employability, her future time orientation, or her ability to stand against the patriarchy or avoid the pitfalls of divorce.

Her beauty inspires his devotion, his lust, his love, his tenderness, his protectiveness, his delirium. Once inspired, he begins the journey of discovering all those other little things about her that seem now to him so powerfully alluring. Her beauty is the buttering ram that slides open doors to aspects of her subtler being that are joyously and *post hoc*-ally embraced by him as motivating reasons for his ardor.

Save this man, yes.

But save him from what? Himself? Or your family's concern with appearances?

I ask with all sincerity. Because you need to be sure that you will act in your brother's best interest. If he's a man of solid self-possession who happens to be truly, deeply, crazily in love, leave him be. If he's a beta who is clinging to what he imagines is a lifeline from a fate of grinding loneliness, then by all means get in his face.

Show him this blog. Let him sponge up the message that is both necessarily hateful and nourishing.

Slyly introduce finer specimens of femaledom into his life. Let him smell their intoxicating aroma.

Employ the carrot and the stick, the coax and the shame. In time, if he is not completely lost to the forces of self-doubt so preciously cultivated by our feminism glorified society, he will find his footing.

Preferably in the bed of a 22 year old stripper.

UPDATE

An astute commenter has noted that the reader requesting advice referred to the man in question as his brother, and then as his cousin. This may indeed be a troll email.

Nevertheless, the message stands. Trolls can often serve as useful springboards to discuss larger matters which do impact the lives of many men.

UPDATE 2

From original emailer,

> My sincere gratitude for your post.
>
> The cousin is a typo, he is my brother and this is a very real situation.
>
> The woman in question is not hot at all, though not ugly – clearly post wall looking to latch on to a provider. 5 at best.
>
> We are acting in his best interest as we can all see what will happen a few years down the road as your readers have already noted. He is more the latter than the former in terms of self possession vs beta – our working theory is that he fell headlong into this because he was in a new city working brutal hours without close friends around.
>
> I am staging an intervention imminently and will keep you posted. The red pill will be hard for him to swallow but its better to go down swinging.

Just inform him that there are hot 21 year old women he can meet just about anywhere who would swoon for his surgeon swagger. Once he knows that, tell him he needs game. Direct him to the resources at this blog. Rudimentary game is all it should take for a whole world of young, exquisite pussy to blossom before his eyes. It sounds like the beta is strong in this fellow, so his shift in attitude from a scarcity mentality to an abundance mentality will need to be swift and sure. Good news: the shift will fully reflect his real opportunity.

Another Whackjob Feminist Hate Crime Hoax

CH · 1 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Looks like we have another case of an ugly feminist engaging in some psychological projection through the medium of a hate crime hoax.

According to Wyoming's Star-Tribune, on the non-university affiliated Facebook page UW Crushes, which has since been shut down, a post appeared last week that read:

> "I want to hatef— Meg Lanker- so hard," the Facebook post said. "That chick that runs her liberal mouth all the time and doesn't care who knows it. I think its hot and it makes me angry. One night with me and shes gonna be a good Republican b—-."

Strong projection. Anyone doubt this is one fat, ugly feminist who secretly desires to be sexually ravaged by a clean-cut, offensively tumescent registered Republican man?

> This controversial post Meg Lanker-Simons reported the post to university administrators and campus police, telling the Laramie Boomerang that as a rape survivor this is "one of the worst things someone can threaten."
>
> On Tuesday, though, it was revealed by University of Wyoming Police Department that they had cited Lanker-Simons herself for the threatening post. In a separate article, the Laramie Boomerang reported police obtained a warrant to search the student's computer and found substantial evidence verifying that the offending Facebook post came from Lanker-Simons' computer, while the computer was in her possession."

B U S T E D.

You'd almost think that what most feminists really crave is romantic attention from strong-willed, unapologetically sexist men who would throw them around in bed like ragdolls if they didn't weigh 200 pounds, rather than the feeble, teary-eyed, obsequious cloying attention they actually get from the manboobs orbiting them like sad, defunct satellites.

Aging Hamster Hops On The Wheel For One Last Spin

CH · 1 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In a mainstream media aka Cathedral loser-whistle article (h/t "garter snake") about older women """dating""" younger men, one of the interviewed aging beauties had this to say,

> Felicia Brings was 31 and dating a 25-year-old man in the 1970s and so feared losing her job over it that she kept the relationship a secret. "I was so ashamed," recalled Brings, now 65 and living in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. "At that time, if the guy was younger, you were considered a pervert."
>
> Brings now gravitates toward younger men — the largest disparity was when she was 50 and dating a 25-year-old — because she finds she connects with them better and, frankly, men her own age aren't as interested in her.
>
> "When I was in my 40s, I realized I had become invisible to men of my own generation," said Brings, co-author of "Older Women, Younger Men: New Options for Love and Romance" (New Horizon Press). She noticed younger men, often raised by feminist women, were intrigued by and admiring of her success and experience, whereas older men seemed threatened and expected women to play traditional roles.

Language is supposed to convey meaning, but when a hamster has swallowed it, digested it, and shat it out, we are compelled to sift through the pellets to find the embedded fiber of meaning.

Translated from the Hamsterese, abridged version:

> Women are like dog shit. The older they get, the easier they are to pick up.

Translated from the Hamsterese, full version:

> Felicia Brings was 31 and banging a 25-year-old boring mediocrity in the 1970s and so feared losing her mind over it that she kept the twice yearly sex sessions a secret. "I was so ashamed," recalled Brings, now 65 and living in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. "At that time, if the guy was younger, you considered yourself a romantic failure."
>
> Brings now gravitates toward younger beta males of EatPrayLove ethnicity who are desperately horny and unable to command attention from non-morbidly obese women their own age — the largest disparity was when she was 50 and dating a 25-year-old abject loser — because she finds she genitally connects with the paid gigolos better and, frankly, men her own age aren't as interested in her when younger, hotter, tighter women are available to them.
>
> "When I was in my wall impact 40s, I realized I had become invisible to men of every generation who had options," said Brings, co-author of "Older Women, Younger Effete Manboobs: New Ways to Temporarily Sedate the Pain of Being Sexually Worthless to the Men You Really Want" (New Whorizon Press). She noticed younger closet cases, often raised by feminist women, were pretending to be intrigued by and admiring of her success and caustic careergrrl personality, whereas older men who weren't piss-stained street bums seemed viscerally disgusted by the thought of sex with her flabby carcass and expected women to be minimally attractive to coax a semi.

Hamster status: nuked and raining tufts of blood spattered fur.

This has got to be a Hamster of the Month contender. The alacrity with which aging starlets resort to the "men who don't want me are threatened by my career success and life experiences" shibboleth should be included in the DSM-IV as a diagnosable psychological disorder.

< Bizarro Obama > Let me be clear, feminist platitude pushers. < /bizarro obama > Men are “threatened” by the accumulated career success and loudly exhorted independence of aging sirens like they’re threatened by a mound of warm, steaming shit: they think it’s disgusting and don’t want to touch it or smell it, let alone stick their dicks in it.

HTH.

I don’t doubt that there are aging divas getting their overworked holes mechanically serviced by dorky desperadoes bursting with the dull pain of years of unexpelled cum. Nor do I doubt that some of those aging Isn’t Girls manage the miracle of convincing a lonely, thoroughly gelded pudgeball with swaying bitch tits and the hormonal profile of a soybean to stick around for more than a few nights of lusterless dispassion.

But, like Mrs. Robinson’s escape from reality, their younger ~~lovers~~ plungers usually fly the coop as soon as a cute girl half the age of the younger men’s groundbreaking intercourse aging mentors bats a dewy eyelash at them. That’s why so many of these loud and empowered aging dames reel off a laundry list of younger “lovers”; apparently not a one of these sensitive and intrigued lovers was interested in putting a ring on it, or even hanging around beyond the proximity of the industrial-sized bottle of lube. And when you ask the aging maiden about her current relationship status, she’s always “gravitating” toward this or that great type of guy.

If this post wasn’t enough of an ego MOAB for you, allow me to bullet-point the relevant shivs:

1. Older women are not fucking younger men in any appreciable numbers, and certainly not anywhere near the numbers of older man-younger woman couples. The whole notion is a wishful concoction of the feminism-drenched fluff media industry.

2. Every rule has its exceedingly rare exceptions. Older woman-younger man arrangements do exist, however their existence is not proof of a noteworthy reality that can impact the otherwise normal functioning of the sexual market.

3. Within the small subset of older woman-younger man pairings, the romantic dynamic is mostly energized, such as it is, by the easy path to sex provided to the younger man who would otherwise have trouble getting laid. Very few older woman-younger man bedroom jaunts grow into committed relationships. Most end unceremoniously within a matter of months.

4. Within that tiny sub-subset of romantically committed older woman-younger man pairings, the younger man is typically a low value omega male who couldn’t get laid in a libertardian-run brothel with a fistful of bitcoins.

5. A non-trivial number of older woman-younger man sex romps are between aging fat women and younger black men who seem to possess, contrary to what is observed in most other races, a complete and utter lack of discriminating taste in short-term sexual partners. The women in these squalid arrangements resemble, in size, shape, color and texture, don’t forget texture, the great resource-aggregating herbivores of the African veldt.

6. The rare, outwardly loving and seemingly stable older woman-younger man couple that one might occasionally glimpse in SWPL enclaves are often the tired detritus of a relationship that began with passionate keenness when the man was, say, in his early 20s and the woman was in her late 20s, and in the fullness of time and familiarity managed to avoid rupture by sheer force of risk-averse beta male inertia.

Some of you wonder why I drop the hammer of candor on liars and deluded freaks with such Thorian dispatch. What’s the upside?

The upside is that a world with fewer reality-denying propagandists is a world that is capable of turning away from the elevation of ugly and toward the exaltation of beauty. That’s the kind of world I want to live in; a world easier on the eyes and happier in the heart.

The Best All-Purpose Alpha Male Text Response

CH · 1 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Esteemed and slightly deranged readers, a contest is in order to determine the best, all-purpose alpha male text response that a man can send to a woman who is behaving womanly. By “womanly”, I mean head games, coyness, and the usual panoply of female shit tests intended to weed out the wilting betabois from the alert alphas. By “all-purpose”, I mean a response that can be slipped seamlessly into the flow of most text conversations with a girl whom you are trying to bang (or not bang, but just fucking around with for flirty fun) that serves to heighten her curiosity and sexual interest.

An all-purpose alpha male text ideally would be:

1. Short and sweet. Chicks dig opaque men.

2. Funny and/or witty.

3. Self-entitled.

4. Endearingly dismissive and cocky.

5. Borderline assholish.

6. Sufficiently ambiguous that it can be used as a reply to a variety of soft or hard challenges from women.

The following ten contenders for **Most Alpha Text (MAT)** are the collected gems culled from the best of the Chateau archives:

“gay” (credit: el chief)

“Bring the movies“

“I don’t want to get you pregnant“

“nah“

“Little spoons don’t ask big questions”

“lotstas ccockas 4u lzozozozoz”

“Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks!“

“Are you auditioning for a soap opera?“

“tl;dr”

“8===D“

Think hard about this vote, because your life depends on it.

The voting: Most Alpha TextgayBring the moviesI don’t want to get you pregnantnahLittle spoons don’t ask big questionslotstas ccockas 4u lzozozozozSeriously tho! ur pussy rocks!Are you auditioning for a soap opera?tl;dr8===D**Vote**View ResultsPolldaddy.com

Fatter, Wimpier, More Pathetic

CH · 2 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Behold your modern White man of the West. Honored descendant of great warriors:

…brilliant thinkers:

… and sturdy yeomen:

Fatter, wimpier, more pathetic. Bequeathed a noble heritage that perhaps surpasses every other culture's heritage come before or since, the modern Western White man disgraces his forebears in all manner, by every measure. His disgrace and capitulation to pampered weakness is so complete, the great men of his lineage would scarcely recognize him as human, let alone as a child of their righteous loins.

He submits to the raping of his countries' largesse by invading foreigners and citizen subversives. He excuses the actions of those who would sooner wipe him from the face of the earth, and whips himself into a fervid masochistic

spectacle for imagined sins purged on the altar of social standing. He spits on his brothers for a pittance and he salts the soil from which his dwindling posterity must grow. He amuses himself with parlor games and slick sophistry, while he hypocritically runs from the very heart of his words to outpost gardens that shelter his sermonizing from scrutiny. He has let his women run wild, appeasing their last whim, and in return has been rewarded with their total disrespect for his pleasure, for his dignity, for his presumption. He indulges in stupefying drugs of the belly and the mind, concentrated by his soft-pedal puppeteers for maximum potency, and loses himself in petty pop culture distractions so perfectly crafted to sedate any spark of fighting spirit or any glimmer of awareness at his decrepit prospects. He licks the boots of his self-assumed betters and endures their debt-propped credentialist servitude in hopes of a place at the shrinking table, or he denies betterment and retreats to a spiteful underculture of crass gluttony and exhilarating dysfunction. He dutifully mouths ruling class slogans as he bristles incoherently within a maze of diverse strangeness and under the gaze of cold surveillance. He wars with his masculine essence, surrendering to caricature or to simulated castration.

He farms gold, he uploads, he downloads, he pants loads, he MGTOWs, he cube codes, he Insta-chodes, he's friendzoned, he faps alone, he dates low, he marries old, he's sorta 'mo (he's proud to show), he cornholes, he corn sows, he's a cuddle pro, he tucks a micro, he's equality yo, he's a harmless bro, he fucks slow (first licks her hole), no means no (as he well knows), he's wow just wow (brash scares him so), he's status quo, he's a quota goat, his girlfriend's gross (he won't tell her though), he nuzzles cows, he scrapes and bows, he's a cog-to-go, he luvs a ho, his titties grow, he's GIRL YOU GO!, his ex-wife's boyfriend spends his dough, his girlfriend fucked an asshole…

…he knows no home to call his own.

The modern Western White man is one fat fold away from watching forlornly as his scepter and orbs of manly pride dip below a tragic horizon, forever out of sight.

But, hey, those smartphones are nifty, right? You can use them to call for help when another fat feminist or ingrate racial huckster shits in your face for fun and profit.

Reader Mailbag: Own Goal Edition

CH · 3 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. A reader wants to know if he blew himself out of the water.

> Background
> Her 18 (7)
> Me late 20′s (7.5)
>
> We have been studying alone together for the past few weeks both at school and her parents house. (Non dorm college). She send various signs of interest (ex: when working on her computer I accidently clicked on the show background button and it showed a picture of her in a bikini, not her normal background). On the other hand she always mentions her boyfriend who dorms in a different state. I got annoyed with it and showed her a pic of my gf (8.5). we are by Boston
>
> Text follow later that day
>
> Me: let's work on blah blah next week
> Me: also I'm really offended you thought I was middle eastern
> Her: my mom thought you were middle eastern too (wide eye smiley)
> Me: I'm getting you both glasses!
> Me: show your mom this (pic of my European passport) **[ed: nicely timed DHV]**
> Her: I will
> Her: were you born there?
> Me: let's talk about it over coffee or something, easier than texting
> Her: true
> *i never text back
>
> Was it weak to ask via text when I knew I would see her next week?
>
> Mistake to show gf pic and ask to hang out same day? To forward for one young and innocent?
>
> Mistake to send pic of passport? Trying to hard to win her approval? What would you have done instead?

To your first question: Was it weak to ask over text instead of in person? Yes, you could make a case for lameness, particularly since you and her have been, and would continue to be, in the same room together for a few weeks. But this mistake is just a yellow flag, not an own goal.

To your second question: It's only a mistake to mention your girlfriend if it's clear to your intended target you're doing so in reaction to a perceived slight or disappointment. In your case, it sounds like that's what happened. Luckily, your girlfriend is hot, so your study partner's "preselected by quality women" algorithmic alpha male detector fired off. I would say this move was a wash in terms of any advantage or disadvantage it gave you.

To your third question: There's no such thing as being "too forward" with a girl as long as your forward motion is executed with finesse. Recall Poon Commandment XIII:

Err on the side of too much boldness, rather than too little.

If you're going to make a pick-up mistake, make a mistake while moving *toward* sex, instead of away from sex.

To your fourth and fifth questions: No, and no. You had an open to DHV with the passport without sounding try-hard.

To your sixth question: I would have texted her again after her last reply. If there is any part of this exchange where you own-goaled, it's the part when you didn't follow-up your tacit promise to get her out for coffee. The study room dynamic is sapping the romantic energy between you and her because it's going on too long without forward

progress. You were on the right track with your thought to move her into a different context. After she replied “true”, all you had to write back was “k, X place at X time.”

Ya know, there is seductive aloofness that entrances girls, and there is the overwrought aloofness that men who are suddenly afraid of success will resort to as a mechanism for avoiding the pain of a rejection that heretofore only exists in their heads.

tl;dr Bust a move.

***

2. A reader has sprog on the nog.

> So I’ve ‘taken the red pill’, learnt game, agree with you on everything about not getting married etc.
>
> However, I can’t seem to shake my desire to have children. To me, it seems like one of the most worthwhile things you do can with a life is to have kids. Maybe it’s because my parents did an incredible job raising my siblings and I, but I just feel like it’s a legacy I want to create.
>
> How do you come to terms with this (assuming you share the same view)? Is marriage ESSENTIAL for having, and properly raising children? Do you believe you can do so without marriage (seen as I adamantly want to avoid it)? Or do you just not share my same desire?

Is marriage essential for having children? What do you think this is, 1950s America? You can be in prison and still pop out four upstanding citizens if you have a way with words and the low impulse control that chicks lurv.

But maybe you’re the kind of would-be father who actually wants to be around his kids, and impart his wisdom so that they may grow up proud and strong and become net tax payers to support the kids of the kinds of fathers and mothers who don’t much care about imparting wisdom to their womb spewage. Maybe you had the misfortune of being genetically cursed with a K-selected psychology in an increasingly r-selected world.

r-selected world
r-selected world
r-selected world girl
(li-ving in an r-selected world
we are li-ving in an r-selected world)

If kid quality is your Job 1, then yeah get married. It’s good for the children. Marry young, marry hot, marry tight. And marry chaste. (Not you. Her.) But if marriage is not your bag (and who could blame you?), you can get the same child-raising, K-assuaging, father-amazing benefits by having kids within a committed, cohabiting relationship. It works for Sweden. Well, it works for Sweden’s historical native people, at any rate. There’s nothing magical about signing on the dotted line that will alter the properties of your character, other than the disincentive magic of divorce theft. But if that’s what you need to keep your lover or yourself in line, perhaps she’s not the one you should be considering for the mother of your children.

***

3. Reader can’t believe the Pavlovian call-response of modern women.

> I think this world is coming to an end. I was chatting to this girl on a dating site. I opened her by being polite

> and respectful, because she was from a southern country and I thought she was traditional.
>
> She basically brushed me off by telling me I'm ugly.
>
> Next day I make another profile and find her. My profile had nothing special at all, my picture was even uglier than the previous one. First words I open her with : you're fat. Guess what? She was all nice and flirty with me.
>
> Wtf is going on? Has feminism even reached the corners of all sounthern latin countries now? This is ridiculous.

I'm not a fan of the "insult as substitute for fine-tuned neg" game, but even I'm occasionally amazed at how often a shot of straight-up asshole works on women. If you're ever stuck on a recalcitrant Westernized girl, and it's going nowhere fast, just call her fat. It beats doing the same beta suck-up routine and expecting different results.

***

4. A reader has ideas in his head that might be counter-productive.

> I would love your feedback on this-
>
> Some brief background- I'm a recovering beta (with the soul of an alpha but duped by societal pressures, etc. to being a beta)- I was in a relationship for 11 years (was married for 7 of those years). For job purposes I moved to Paris France while my wife stayed in the US, with the plan being for her to move here after a year. She cheated on me during that year, and we broke up soon after she moved here (she still had to spend a year here as she had already committed work-wise to doing it).

Absence makes the heart grow fonder… up to a point. Extended absence makes the heart go wander. Especially if that heart is desired by a lot of other hearts in the sexual market.

> This was 2.5 years ago, I was a different man then than I am now. I'm better off because of the divorce (which I never had the balls to do myself then). I'm going to visit home in a couple of weeks. Part of me wants to track this guy down (I know what city he lives in and a few people he knows, and presumably could do it) and beat the shit out of him, just to prove something about my manhood.

Whenever you feel this feel, just remember that your ex-wife represented one-half of the parties involved in the adultery. Beating the shit out of this dude, if it gets back to her, will only enable her to avoid blame for her own part in her disloyalty.

> Part of the reason is that if he is still with my ex-wife (I feel like they may be- all I know is he visited her in Europe at least once while she was there for a year after we split) I just want her to know that I did that- not with any attempt or interest to win her back or anything.

I really recommend against this. You want to get back at your cheating whore of a whore's whore ex-wife? Date a hotter babe and make sure the ex sees you together with her. That will impact her psyche a thousand times more than downwind news that you brawled with her boyfriend.

> Do you think this is worth the effort- (tracking down and beating the shit out of the guy who fucked my ex-wife while I was with her) – in what it means to me in being a mostly alpha guy? Or is it more alpha for me to live my life and forget about them?

A good way to judge your frame of mind in these situations is to ask yourself, "If my ex was suddenly aroused by my display of alpha after trouncing the guy she cheated with while we were together, and she made it clear she wanted me back, would I gladly accept the opportunity?" If you answer "yes", then you don't have the right (aka

alpha) frame of mind.

> More generally this is a question I struggle with in my life at the moment. I know that I do care about how people remember me- but to what extent should I expend energy towards affecting the memories of me from people in my past, compared to spending energy on my bright future in general?

I think you already know the answer to your question.

***

5. This reader has a request for analysis of his text game.

> Got a girl's number on the street through using the "put your number in my phone" routine I saw on your site. Waited four days, and texted her to meet up, and tried to operate as I thought Chateau would advocate. Was wondering if you could evaluate my textual interaction to get her out. *[Names changed to protect the devious.]*
>
> Monday., April 22, 4:08pm
> Me: Hey Katie, we should go out this week. -Brad from X last Thursday
>
> 4:30pm
> Her: Alright, so you definitely caught me off guard, and I'm not going to lie I was pretty flattered. I'm sorry, I just didn't get a chance to tell you that I have a boyfriend.

This was a golden opportunity to use any number of "I have a boyfriend" neutralizing replies.

> 7:27pm
> Her: I really am sorry, I do admire your confidence :/
>
> Tuesday, April 23 11:17am
> Me: U seem like an independent person who can hang with who u want. Let's meet up tomorrow.

The problem with waiting a day to respond to a girl who dropped an "IHAB" on you is that you risk coming off like a guy who got blindsided by her revelation and needed a day to compose himself. You shoulda replied soon after. That said, this is a decent rescue of a text exchange heading south out of the gate.

> 11:42am
> Her: But you hardly know me not to mention I think that wouldn't be the greatest idea seeing as that would be shady on my part.
>
> 12:33pm
> Her: And what could you get out of going out with a girl who has a boyfriend?

The good: She texted you back immediately, and texted twice in a row. There's some interest.

The bad: She mentioned the boyfriend again. She might not be bluffing.

The opportunity: When a girl mentions her boyfriend a bit too frequently, it sometimes is a tell that she harbors illicit fantasies and is leaning on the "boyfriend boyfriend boyfriend" chant to strengthen her resolve in the face of temptation, or to excuse herself of any responsibility should she HAPPEN to succumb to another man's seductive charm. You know, the ol' "But I told him I had a boyfriend, so anything that happens between us will be his fault" hamster rationalization.

> 1:23pm

> Me: I won't judge u, Katie. (Particular bar) tomorrow at 8

I don't like this response. Too straight and by the book. You're playing into her frame, i.e., you're tacitly agreeing with her that it would be shady for her to meet with you. Better to have replied playfully, For example:

Her: And what could you get out of going out with a girl who has a boyfriend?

You: A free drink.

> 1:29pm
> Her: Well I'm not sure what this has to do with my independence but I can't meet you especially when I don't even know you, Brad.

Ok, she's interested. She's begging for you to give her the flimsy excuse she needs to come out and see you.

> 3:21pm
> Me: U know u can, Katie, and should. Come get to know me tomorrow. Don't cheat yourself.

Game by assertion? I like the "don't cheat yourself" line, but this reply is veering dangerously into begging territory. You're totally in chasing mode. I dunno. It's not my style. Anyone else want to chime in here? YaReally? I'll give you points for boldness and directness, though. That may be enough.

> Wednesday April 24, 12:02am
> Her: I just don't even know what to say anymore to be honest

As long as a girl is still replying, the game is still on.

11:52am
Me: Say you'll see me tonight

This kind of earnest charm works better face to face, where you can soften the sappy edge with a smirk. In text, you risk sounding desperate, even with the ameliorating smilie.

> 12:31pm
> Her: Do girls just not say no to you very often or something?

She's *stiiiiiiilllllll* replying.

> 2:24pm
> Me: Other girls have nothing to do with me and u

Ok, so you're basically running battering ram game. Nothing wrong with that. It can work well on girls who had an initial reservoir of romantic interest.

> 2:28pm
> I don't even know your full name, and my name is spelled "Katy" by the way haha.

Did you misspell her name on purpose the whole time? If so, kudos, sir.

> 4:13pm

> Me: Duly noted, Katy. I'll be sure to give u my last name right when we meet up tonight

This is becoming too insistent. You need more cocky playfulness. All I see is you chasing 100% and her being chased 100%. For instance, there was an opportunity here to fuck around with the "wrong name" conversational subthread. Instead of "Duly noted, Katy", you could have replied "Duly noted, Qaaytee".

> 7:43pm
> Me: U on way, katy?

I know the Chateau recommends Zero Punctuation, but honestly it looks kind of stupid when a man uses "U" in place of "you".

> 7:45pm
> Her: No I'm not haha I'm studying I don't believe I told you I was going

Aaaand…. failure to launch.

> 7:47pm
> Me: Gay

The "gay" response is better at the start of trouble, not ten days later.

> 7:50pm
> Her: Not gay it's a Wednesday night

She's just using you for shits and giggles now. Abandon ship.

> My next move was to abandon her, but if she contacts me, wait a long time to respond and somehow fit in the "because I don't want to get you pregnant" line. Your opinion?

"if she contacts me". That "if" is a big if. You're thinking twelve chess moves ahead when she hasn't even moved her pawn E2 to E4. There might be a way to turn this around and somehow convince her to go out with you, but I think you'll have an easier time recruiting a new girl for a date. And it sounds like that kind of perspective is what you need.

Hamster Of The Month

CH · 6 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

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And by "relationship", they mean any love match which may go awry and lead to "accidental" auto-asphyxiation or headless torsos under floorboards.

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I would tell you to go read the full article for more triple-action *facepalm*ing goodness, but what's the point? Anyone who isn't a sputtering hater or a complete retard about the female of the human species knows the score by now. It's just overkill. And overkill is the way the ladies like it.

In related sequiturs, it's high time the ruling class ditched their equalism ideology and started offering inmates deals for early release on condition they get vasectomies. Similarly, women with a history of dating societal parasites should be offered cash for Norplant, and those who couldn't thwart their spawnage in time should be escorted to the abortion clinic by limo, all expenses paid, plus a little extra. Say, two months' worth of McDonalds coupons.

Another Tiresome Hater Schooled To Discourage The Others

CH · 6 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Drive-by hater "k8″ whiningly demurs:

> Has it ever occurred to you, that this "game theory" stuff is just another way of appeasing women?

Has it ever occurred to you that make-up is just another way women appease men? Has it ever occurred to you that men must make more conspicuous up-front effort to attract women than women must make to attract men because of the inherent differences in the nature of the sexes?

> It's the same as the men who claim to be feminists; both are changing their behaviour (or rather putting on a ridiculous act) to please some chick.

The difference is that men who claim to be feminists to win pussy are pursuing a flawed strategy, unless the pussy they want to win is fat, ugly and unfeminine.

> I think the real alpha thing to do would be to stick to who you are, and if the woman doesn't like it, move on.

"Just be yourself."

> I'm aware that attractive women do gravitate towards certain kinds of personality, isn't it far more important to be honest with yourself than to have sex with attractive women?

Good salesmanship is not dishonesty. And that's what the sexual market requires of men: an ability to sell themselves to women.

We here at CH have noticed an uptick lately in game and sexual market denialist hate. The shrillness of the hater crowd has reached fever pitch, and that's a strong tell that they know their carefully cultivated worldview is coming under attack. Good. There's nothing like the smell of desperation in the morning.

Here's a suggestion for the perspiring haters who find themselves scampering into this happy hating ground: First, know that you are up against an enemy the likes of which you have never encountered before. Second, learn to distinguish between **is** and **ought**. The Chateau revels in the fun of laying bare the clanking gears of reality and observing the result as the crisis of a thousand consciences unfolds, but that doesn't necessarily mean we *like* the world this way, or would want the world, if we had our druthers, to be this way. CH simply gives you the Word; what you do with the Word is your prerogative.

If you can manage that simple distinction without experiencing a mental breakdown like a hysterical woman-child, then you may discover the vitriol in your cragged keyboard fingers dissipating as illumination swarms over you and the lightness of the Chateau's love makes your heart grow three sizes today.

Ps On the subject of schooling game and sexual market denialist haters, see commenter Steve Johnson (scroll toward the end) in this Steve Sailer thread. The stevedore Steves of hatecargo full of truth.

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Alpha Assessment: Tinder Love Edition

CH · 7 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks for advice about how to handle a girl clowning around on Tinder, the stripped-down eugenics website that features photos and "likes" and not much more.

On Tinder, this hot, kinda snobby-seeming 27yo (I'm 28) chick's info is:

"Not interested in love but if you want to sell or buy apartment… I can be your tinder gal "

We match up, I wait/forget a couple days and message:

"So wait, you sell only apt's to guys you think are cute?"

Her 15mins later (2:30 today):
"Ha it's a joke but w truth, not on this thing to find men so might as well make it a business transaction."

Now I want to bust on her for this (b/c it strikes me as ridiculous, and is my honest reaction), but maybe not?

I do pretty well generally (I was like a 17 on that alpha test thing), but this has me unsure as to how to proceed.

Thoughts appreciated. This literally just happened 15mins ago.

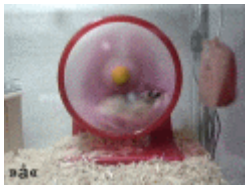
Your first reply to her was good. Part teasing, part assuming the sale. Now look at her next reply:

"Ha it's a joke but w truth"

This chick is on there to meet men, but she's embarrassed about it and doesn't have high expectations, so she clowns around to provide herself plausible deniability. If she were really a professional realtor, would she open a Tinder account and write idiotic copy that makes her sound like the last realtor in the world with whom you'd want to do business? Maybe she would. Scouts tell me America the Babel-full teems with so many idiots one would wonder how the whole enterprise manages to function.

"not on this thing to find men so might as well make it a business transaction."

Did somebody say…



?

Bust on her. Go all in on assuming the sale. Examples:

"If you wanted to meet me, you didn't have to violate Tinder's terms of service."

"Tell you what. I'll buy your apt if you buy me a drink." (Obviously, you are not buying her apt.)

"'business transaction' gotcha. Hate to tell you, but I'm not that kinda guy."

"It's always about transactions with you girls. I can only love so much."

Or, tease her hard:

"You're a dude, I bet."

“Your business model needs work. Show more skin.”

“Apt for sex. I don’t consort with hookers.” (100% chance she’ll qualify herself)

“this works for you?”

“men fall for this?”

Finally, you could just blow her off:

“good luck”

“gay”

“lame”

“i prefer doing business with a more experienced realtor.”

Let us know how you proceed(ed). The readership will be interested in the most effectively tailored response should similar situations arise for them.

Scientific Evidence That Chicks Dig Aloof Assholes

CH · 8 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The tsunami of scientific evidence vindicating core premises of game and the teachings found in Chateau Heartiste archival documents keeps on rolling. The latest study adds to the accumulating weight of evidence that game works, and that women prefer men who are less emotionally available, i.e., insensitive jerks.

> [W]omen are less attracted to men who seem too caring on a first date, according to research in the *Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin*.
>
> In the study, women were less likely to want to sleep with male acquaintances who expressed concern when they opened up than with men who were less emotionally responsive.
>
> It's another case of nice guys finishing last. "The 'too-nice stranger' may come across as desperate," says lead study author Gurit Birnbaum, Ph.D., a lecturer at the Interdisciplinary Center Herzliya in Israel.
>
> Rather than trying to empathize with a new interest, "just really listen, without interrupting," says Birnbaum.

Male desperation kills tingles dead.

(Female desperation is largely irrelevant in the context of female attractiveness. Men will want to fuck a hot woman no matter how desperate she seems, and in fact any attractive woman signaling desperation for sex will only stoke the male desire to achieve immediate sexual gratification with her. Ugly desperate women can *improve* their chances for sex by roping in a man who's in the middle of a dry spell with the promise of effortless, if unsatisfying, access.)

This study's results are so self-explanatory that not much more needs to be said. It is total confirmation of one of the most powerful precepts of game: That women love mysterious men who play hard to get, who present themselves as challenges, who don't give away the store, who don't "woo", "chase" or appease, and who don't assume the role of the emotional tampon.

In other words, be a bit of a jerk. Or a lot of a jerk, as the situation or the type of girl may call for.

Male overconfidence is the heart of game, but plausible deniability is the hot red blood pumped through the veins of a pick-up. Girls like their male sexual intention on a need-to-know basis: Expertly concealed and fully revealed only when the tip has breached and all hope of maintaining an illusion of coyness is lost.

The art of flirting is the progression of an intensifying series of sweet little lies intended to provide plausible deniability cover for a woman as she steers her burning libido through labyrinthine and often misdirecting pathways put into service to maximize her hypergamous rewards and minimize the threat to her reputation and the risk of post-coital abandonment or unworthy insemination. Women love the evasive parries of flirting because flirting is the limbic fuel that feeds their hungry hungry hamsters, and a man who is skilled in the manipulation of women's desires — a man who keeps it close to the vest and who knows better than to bare his soul like an emoting whore manboob and thus rob women of the joy of slow, anticipatory discovery — is the aloof and charming asshole that women find irresistible.

In related science/game news, a study finds that students think they learn more from an overconfident instructor than from an awkward instructor, even though there is no real difference in amount learned.

> The present study explored the effects of lecture fluency on students' metacognitive awareness and regulation. Participants watched one of two short videos of an instructor explaining a scientific concept. In the fluent video, the instructor stood upright, maintained eye contact, and spoke fluidly without notes. In the disfluent video, the instructor slumped, looked away, and spoke haltingly with notes. After watching the video, participants in Experiment 1 were asked to predict how much of the content they would later be able to recall,

> and participants in Experiment 2 were given a text-based script of the video to study. Perceived learning was significantly higher for the fluent instructor than for the disfluent instructor (Experiment 1), although study time was not significantly affected by lecture fluency (Experiment 2). In both experiments, the fluent instructor was rated significantly higher than the disfluent instructor on traditional instructor evaluation questions, such as preparedness and effectiveness. However, in both experiments, lecture fluency did not significantly affect the amount of information learned. Thus, students' perceptions of their own learning and an instructor's effectiveness appear to be based on lecture fluency and not on actual learning.

Manipulated perceptions FTW. Overconfidence FTW. Gaming your mark FTW. How to win pussy and influence people FTW.

Appearance of competence or seductive prowess matters, and it matters in the biggest way: it increases reproductive fitness.

PS For the haters:

SCIENCE ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ GAME!

aww, does the hater hurt? where's the boo boo? here? let me fix that… *twiiiiiiiiiiiist*

Great Scenes Of Game In The Movies: Tony Montana Game

CH · 9 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Some of you read the post title and immediately thought it referred to Tony's classic master of the universe maxim:

Nothing wrong with this version of game. Power is, after all, the ultimate aphrodisiac to the female libido. But power derived from insane wealth takes a lot of work to acquire. What if you just want some quickie game to charm the lady in front of you, right now? Zipless fuck game, if you will.

Commenter Scray writes of another aspect to Tony Montana's tight game:

> Also, game in the movies…I never really got it before, but Tony Montana seems to have some game:

> He drops a huge neg on her (it's pretty nuclear but seems correct considering how low value she seemed to think he was). Then, when she gets pissed, he gives a pretty alpha smirk (I may try to steal that look actually lol)…"now you're talking to me, -that- I like."

The huge neg (really, more an insult than a neg, but whatever works) Scray refers to is the line (around 1:30), "Only you got a look in your eye like you haven't been FUCKED in a year". A line which, if I'm not mistaken, was lifted and reformatted for a sensible SWPL audience by Mystery et al. and incorporated into early '00s game.

But the best part is how Tony handles Elvira's inevitable (and quite caustic) follow-up shit test, "Hey Jose, who I fuck is none of your business."

He replies, smirking egregiously, "Now you're talking to me, *that* I like. Keep it coming baby!"

Patronizing condescension in full effect. THIS is how you handle a merciless shit test from a hard 10* who would make the typical beta puffboy crumple to the floor wetting his underoos. It says all the right things that chicks love in men: Amused mastery. Grace under pressure. Cocky humor. Dismissive entitlement. Daring. Impervious self-regard. Self-confidence. Immunity to beauty.

I want you to try this line the next time some hot chick gives you shit. "Now you're talking to me, *that* I like. Keep it coming." Report back here. This line is a shockwave of alpha. I predict that responses will be mostly positive. It may take an hour or two for the deep impact to scour the needy hole in her heart, but she'll be thinking about you, and imagining… scenarios… transactions.

You say you can't possibly utter such a gaudy line to a girl? Surprise yourself. If you aren't doing something every so often that scares you a little, you aren't growing as a man. In return, you may be surprised by the rewards lavished upon you by suddenly curious women who have had their expectations joyously defied.

*Yes, Michelle Pfeiffer was a hard 10 back in the day. One of the few who could accurately be described as such. Pointy elbow syndrome nerds, before you comment, please find the nearest couch crease and empty your tepid seed into it. The world of men thanks you for living your shame in solitude.

What Will The World Look Like When (Not If) Equalists Accept HBD?

CH · 10 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I say when, not if, because equalists WILL accept the premises of HBD (human biodiversity), whether their acceptance comes willingly or at the behest of the smoking ruins which will be the eventual consequence of studiously avoiding the truth and wallowing in lies for personal profit.

Hot on the heels of leftoids having another satisfying public hate session (do they ever tire of their self-grooming hysterics?) over Jason Richwine's (UPDATE: Jason Richwine has resigned from the Heritage Foundation. Score a win for the lying filth) mortal sin of observing the world and reporting the facts, GLPiggy commenter "lords of lies" wonders what America would look like if the Cathedral finally realized the truth of HBD, openly admitted its descriptive and predictive power, and began to tailor their policies accordingly. Would policy tilt more left-wing or more right-wing? The answer is not as obvious as might appear.

> a case could be made for either outcome: more left-wing or right-wing policies.
> regarding the former, the thinking by leftoids would go like this:
>
> 1. ok, people are genetically different, and unequally able to succeed in a modern, information- and abstract symbolism-heavy economy. therefore, we need to make life as comfy as possible for the left side of the bell curve (which we now believe in).
> 2. it's not FAIR that people and groups are born with better or worse abilities and temperaments. ergo: massive redistribution.
> 3. this redistribution will take the form of direct payout (really, bribery to abstain from rioting), rather than feelgood policies like NCLB intended to close the gap, (which we now know can't be closed).
> 4. we must encourage miscegenation so that the good genes filter down into the populations with the bad genes. (this is already happening. see any cathedral agit-prop)
>
> regarding the latter, the thinking by rightists would go like this:
>
> 1. ok, group differences in IQ and other important traits are finally understood to be real by those in power. therefore, we need to end quotas, set-asides and affirmative action now because they only punish people who, through no fault of their own, were blessed with the right recombinatorial soup at conception.
> 2. it might not be FAIR, but no one said life was fair. children demand fairness to the exclusion of every other consideration; adults accept that unfairness is a part of living in the natural world. we should do our best to avoid deliberate unfairness, but accept that organic unfairness isn't going anywhere, and that efforts to ameliorate organic unfairness will often lead to worse, intentional unfairness.
> 3. any redistribution (as a form of danegeld or preventative so that bleeding heart liberals won't have to witness the poor dying in the streets from starvation and chaotic violence) should be coupled with eugenic social planning. e.g., any amount in govt largesse received over X would require the recipient consent to his or her reproductive incapacitation.
> 4. nominal rightists like Charles Murray could also make a case for encouraging miscegenation so as to avoid inequality boosting and culture severing cognitive stratification. but the more likely response would probably be active anti-dysgenics policies. i could see the widespread emergence of shaming campaigns against lower class white women dating outside their race.
>
> *"Of course, the iron rule of Progressivism is that if you never, ever say anything bad about minorities and women you can get them to vote for you no matter what your actual policies are. Therefore the reaction is political rather than policy-based and certainly few people who matter are actually interested in the truth."*
>
> it's a dangerous game, to run as one thing and govern as another. but in a riven society like ours, it makes some sense, because competing tribes will vote more on emotion than on rationality or interest for the common

> good. you tacitly suggest the right could take a pointer from the left and mouth all the anti-racist platitudes, but then govern like realists. however, that is exactly what the right has been doing for a long time, minus the governing like realists part. and what has it gotten them? nothing but their capitulation and kow-towing.
>
> no, if the right assumes the tactics and mantel of the left to win votes through subterfuge, all that will happen is that the teat-sucklers will demand more promised concessions, and the real left will give it to them. playing perpetual catch-up is no way to win this war. and a war it is, let there be no doubt of that.

If CH had a son, he would sound like “lords of lies”.

It’s possible that, given open HBD acceptance, the leftoids may double down on their anti-white male animus by clinging ever more bitterly to their “institutional racism” shibboleth, on grounds that humans evolved dysgenic traits under discriminatory pressures. (Of course, this argument, like most equalist arguments, is easily refuted.)

If that were to happen, all bets are off. A healthy civilization can only sustain so much delusion, weaseling, sophistry and lies from its ruling class before the whole thing implodes as the rickety foundation gives under the weight of its prettifying ornamentation.

So… either the status whoring, sermonizing Cathedral is going to WAKE THE FUCK UP and do an about face as they discard their cherished pretty lies, or the ropes are going to grow in number and creak ever louder as they swing from the gallows waiting for justice.

Scientific Evidence That Men Dig Barely Legal Chicks

CH · 10 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We had to search high and low, but we finally found it: good news for feminists and growly cougars!

Via valued commenter Chris (who adds his commentary), scientists have found that men DO NOT prefer maximally fertile women.

> Useful facts: Residual Value=0=hitting the wall. **[ed: RV means "an individual's future reproductive potential or total expected reproductive success from the present time forward".]**
>
> Men evolved to find max RV attractive=late adolescents most attractive, not most fertile i.e. not women in early-mid twenties.
>
> New word learned=nulliparous. **[ed: it means "never having borne a child"]**
>
> On page 116:
>
> **"For any given woman, RV is age-dependent. It increases throughout childhood as she successfully passes through a period during which death but not reproduction is possible, reaches a maximum at the beginning of the reproductive period [typically the late teens], and steadily declines thereafter, reaching zero at the onset of menopause. […]**
>
> **A number of authors have argued that men are attracted to features associated with RV…. In particular, some authors have argued that men are attracted to features associated with women's age of maximum RV, late adolescence… And indeed, many studies show that sexually attracted features are maximally developed in women at these ages. Women's breasts, for instance, develop at puberty, reaching adult size by late adolescence. Men are particularly attracted to breasts that are firm, upright, and characterized by relatively reduced nipple pigmentation. These features peak during adolescence and in young, nulliparous women… Women's waist-to-hip ratio (WHR) is a phenotypic indicator of the ratio of gynoid fat distributed throughout the hips and buttocks to android fat around the abdomen. In many modern and traditional populations, men find women's bodies with relatively low WHRs (around .7)… particularly attractive. WHRs reach minimum values during adolescence and, on average, rise as a function of women's age and parity…"**

Feminists rejoice! The "prime fertile age" trope has been debunked!

Oh, wait.

Hold on a sec. Still reading…

What's this? Men actually prefer women **YOUNGER THAN MAXIMALLY FERTILE**?

Men are most attracted to late adolescent girls?

Oh, fuckity fuck douchecanoe douchenozzle. *{fistpump retracted}* I am a sad feminist hanging onto sanity by a snarky ASCII thread. I shall now retreat to my Jezebel hovel and make up a few more empty-headed neologisms using the words "douche" and "fuckity" to gently escort my battered ego back to the confines of a safe, protective femcunt circle diddle.

What was on first glance thought to be good news is now bad news for feminists and growly cougars:

Men sport the hardest, longest, evolutionarily evidentiary boners for girls in the 15-19 year old range, arbitrary legal demarcations be damned.

Barely legal babes. Sweet sixteens. Captivating coeds. Gloriously gynoid girly girls.

It’s enough to make an aging beauty on the accelerating morph from gynoid to android turn to cats and cookie dough straight from the tube.

To sum up the latest science behind the male lust for sexxxy sirens:

As CH has asserted in the past, and as science has now proven, men are most attracted to women aged 15-25, and the raw physical attraction is strongest for girls between 15 and 20. Men are not most attracted to maximally fertile women (which would correspond to the mid to late 20s for most women); rather, men are most attracted to women with the GREATEST POTENTIAL for reproductive success over a lifetime, aka RV (residual value).

The evolved preference of men is for women at the beginnings of their reproductive lives, so that men may subconsciously exploit for their own genetic gain the full health and reproductive potential of those luminescent late adolescent lasses. A man who impregnates a 19 year old woman glowing gynoidally with untapped tapping promise and has five kids with her over a twenty year reproductive career evolutionarily beats out the man who impregnates a maximally fertile 28 year old woman and has three kids with her over her remaining ten year reproductive career.

Ah, I do love the scorching fires of a powerfully ugly, yet beautiful, truth in the morning.

The One Instance Saying Sorry To A Girl Is Helpful

CH · 13 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

When a girl snarkily accuses you, in so many words, of coming onto her. For example:

GIRL: If you think I'm going home with you…

YOU: Nope, wasn't thinking it. **Sorry to disappoint you.**

AAS. A, Always. A, Assume. S, the Sale. Always assume the sale.

Chicks dig guys who are (over)confident of their product.

There is one exception to the above rule: An accusatory girl who is showing by her lip-licking, hair-twirling and heel-dangling that she actually would like you to come onto her. You may then accept her accusation not as a shit test, but as an invitation to increase the voltage.

Science Vindicates Game... Again

CH · 14 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A big part of game is the comfort stage, when the man "builds a connection" with the woman. He does this by understanding that the deft use of language — tailoring words for maximum impact on a woman's psyche and thereby hitting her attraction buttons — is the charisma lube which helps create that magical feeling of "clicking" or "connection" that women so desperately crave in any potential mate.

A man's looks may be helpful, but a man's words… now that's where the real action happens.

And, as if telepathically "connected" to Chateau Heartiste, SCIENCE once again ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ all over GAME. Speed dating couples "click" when men use the right words.

> Can you "click" with someone after only four minutes? That's the question at the heart of new research by Stanford scholars Dan McFarland and Dan Jurafsky that looks at how meaningful bonds are formed. […]
>
> "One of the key features of a community, social network or relationship is the sense that it's meaningful, that there is some kind of force behind the relationship," McFarland said. "We wanted to get at what the essence of the connection is, what makes people feel like they bonded."
>
> McFarland said much of the literature on social bonding points to characteristics – traits, status, attributes, motivation, experiences – as reasons why people connect. But, he said, those explanations ignore or downplay the role of communication. […]
>
> Their analysis of nearly 1,000 dates found that words, indeed, do matter. How the words are delivered, when and for how long make a difference to how people feel toward each other, and in this case, whether the men and women sensed that they "clicked" during their encounter.
>
> The four-minute date, the study found, was enough time to forge a meaningful relationship – something that seemed to go beyond looks and motivation. But female participants reported lower rates of "clicking" than men, suggesting the women are more selective and, in this particular setting, more powerful.

Women are hypergamous and thus more selective. No surprises. Eggs are expensive, sperm is cheap. Men are expendable, women perishable.

What's interesting about this study, from a game perspective, is that it shows men are considered more attractive by women if they…

– strategically gratify women's solipsistic nature
– interrupt women, but only to "mirror" them and elicit their values
– refrain from asking a lot of questions (*statement-statement-question* is the relevant game concept)
– share stories from their lives (embedded DHV spikes)
– and project an alternately engaged and seductive alpha male voice tone quality

> The researchers said the longer it took for the individuals to decide on a date, the more they reported having a bonding experience, suggesting communication can change someone's feelings about another person and break the association with traits.

"Give me five minutes to talk away my ugly face, and I can bed the Queen of France."
– Voltaire

Reading this study, you may be inclined to conclude that women just like to talk about themselves a lot, and love it when men leverage that female vanity to progress the courtship toward sex. Yes! A lot of romantic "connection" that women feel is so magical and fateful is just the man coolly sitting back and letting the woman yap a little, while

he nods occasionally or touches her forearm for synchronicity.

Man: *silent*

Woman: “He understood me so well!”

By the way, if you want to maximize your chances at any speed dating event, be sure to attend one where the women rotate.

It's Not Erectile Dysfunction, It's Erectile Discrimination

CH · 14 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists and their obese manpug lapdogs are fond of sniggering at old men with erectile dysfunction, but they would not be so sneering if they understood that at least half of ED cases are actually caused by a lack of sufficiently attractive women to inspire rock hardiness, rather than by an inherent physiological condition brought on by aging.

A CH reader with a blog writes,

> A recent study examined the sex lives of men and women in the Czech Republic aged 35-65. The individuals provided their age, waist size, and their partner's age. Amongst other things, they answered the widely used 5-item International Index of Erectile Function (IIEF-5).
>
> Under a multiple regression model, 24% of erectile function could be accounted for by the man's age, 16% by his partner's age, and 10% by the partner's waist size (the effect of the man's waist size was not statistically significant). In other words, the woman's age and waist size were as important as the man's age in determining erectile function.

It would be out of character for the vainglorious viscounts of CH to neglect to mention that the Chateau was on top of this study first, correctly noting that HOTTER WOMEN = BETTER SEX for men. And, going back further in time, before science even stepped in to offer its seal of validation, the Chateau exposed this real-world phenomenon using nothing but the powers of open-eyed observation.

Executive summary: It's not erectile dysfunction, it's erectile discrimination. Men's penii are discriminating — with their discriminatory powers becoming more finely-tuned as the incoherent compulsion of teenage horniness subsides — and will more quickly rise to the occasion when a physically attractive, young woman with a high Residual Reproductive Value is the object of love.

So, dear cackling femcunts, supplicating manboobs and dumpy doughgrrls casting about for explanations, true or not, that will most spare your fragile egos…

It's not a man's flagging boner that's the problem; it's your flagging bodies.

On a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being the titter of a mischief maker and 10 being TNT in the belly of the Cathedral, how would you rate today's ugly truth revelation? Today's Ugly Truth is…1: equal parts amusing and disturbing2: delightfully taboo3: disconcertingly taboo4: dangerously taboo5: just fucking depressing6: crimethink7: a hate crime8: sadistic and horribly hurtful9: psychological destruction10: capable of inciting mass suicide**Vote**View ResultsPolldaddy.com

Have Guitar, Will Tingle

CH · 15 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Once again, science has come around to ♥♥♥♥vindicating♥♥♥♥ folk wisdom and Chateau teachings. This installment of SCIENCE ♥s GAME explores the subtle tricks of perception that mimicking a high social status man can play on women. A recent study found that the mere act of lugging around a guitar case will significantly improve a man's odds of getting a number close from a woman.

> This experiment tested the assumption that music plays a role in sexual selection. Three hundred young women were solicited in the street for their phone number by a young male confederate who held either a guitar case or a sports bag in his hands or had no bag at all. Results showed that holding a guitar case was associated with greater compliance to the request, thus suggesting that musical practice is associated with sexual selection. […]
>
> What happened was that when he wasn't holding anything he got a number 14% of the time. The sports bag, though, put women off and dropped his average to just 9%.
>
> It was the guitar case that did the trick, **bumping up his chances to 31%**. Not bad at all considering he was approaching random strangers in the street.

So no matter what you look like, what job you have, how much money you make, or how stylishly you're dressed, you can arouse more women by demonstrating higher value with an empty guitar case and signaling (falsely, if necessary) that you are a shredder of six strings and snatch.

Female hypergamy don't give a shit for *acceptable* signals of male mate value. Female hypergamy don't give a shit about societally approved male accomplishment. All female hypergamy cares about is that a man *IS* higher status — and thus more socially and psychologically dominant — than herself, regardless of the measurably objective or amorphously subjective nature of that status.

The game lesson here, beside the obvious one — carry a guitar case — should be easily comprehended: adopt the trappings and the behavior of the high status, socially and sexually preselected, dominant male and you, too, will see your romance life improve by 100%. Or better.

Biggest Shit Test Ever Passed?

CH · 15 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Is there a bigger shit test than a woman getting fat and expecting her man to put up with it? In the anals of shit tests, this has to be among the stinkiest.

> One year ago, Pamela Doyle was busy preparing for her fairytale big day, which would be held in a stunning Scottish castle.
>
> But with just weeks to go before her wedding, she was dumped by her fiance and lost her £2,000 deposit – all because of her weight.
>
> At size 24, Pamela, 31, tipped the scales at a massive 17 stone. But the Glaswegian call centre worker has had the last laugh.
>
> Not only has she lost seven stone and slimmed to a size 12, her ex has been left 'stunned' by her dramatically changed appearance.
>
> 'He ended the relationship because of my weight and the issues surrounding it,' said Pamela of her former lover – a serving soldier who she does not want to name. It was making him miserable.'

Fiancee bloats up. What do most beta males do? Swallow that shit sandwich and walk the aisle to a dreary state-enforced future of endless nights of tripping the porn faptastic.

What does an alpha male do? Leave her just short of the blessed wedding event she has been dreaming of since childhood.

And because he was an alpha male about it, she wants him back.

> Pamela, who now weighs just under 10 and a half stone, is still in touch with her ex-boyfriend and said she has not ruled out a reconciliation.

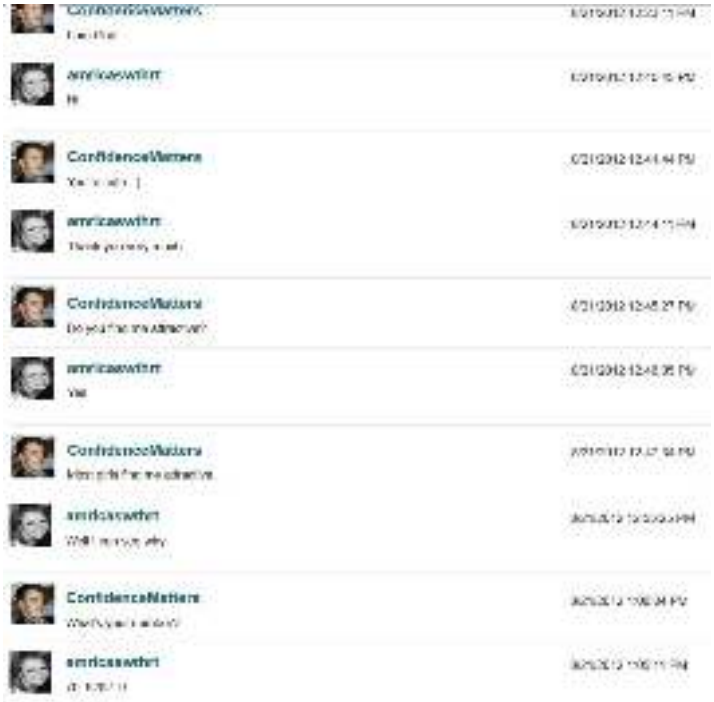
There are no ways in which being alpha is not better than being beta.

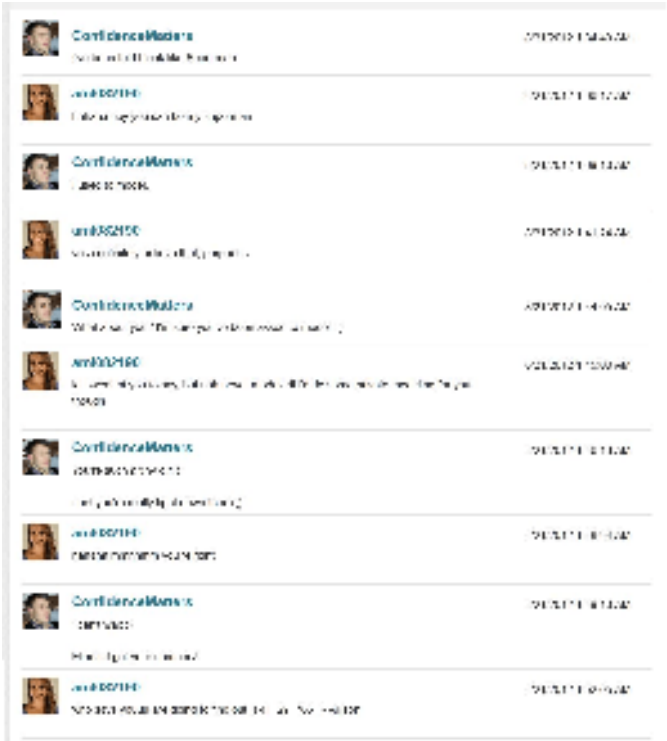
Confident A-Hole Game

CH · 15 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

soul of a woman was created below…

It's always helpful to have occasional reminders of the depraved, demonic nature of women's sexuality, as demonstrated by the gleeful abandon with which the most desirable women hurl themselves at arrogant, cocky assholes.





There is no more expedient way to coax a woman to belie her own words than to entice her with the exact opposite of the kind of man she claims to desire.

Horse blinder status: REMOVED.

Some commenters are pointing out that the dude is good-looking. They're missing the point. Evidence already exists that average looking men can clean up with confident asshole game. If anything, this post serves to belie the claims by women that assholes, however good-looking, don't get the time of day from them. But we know better.

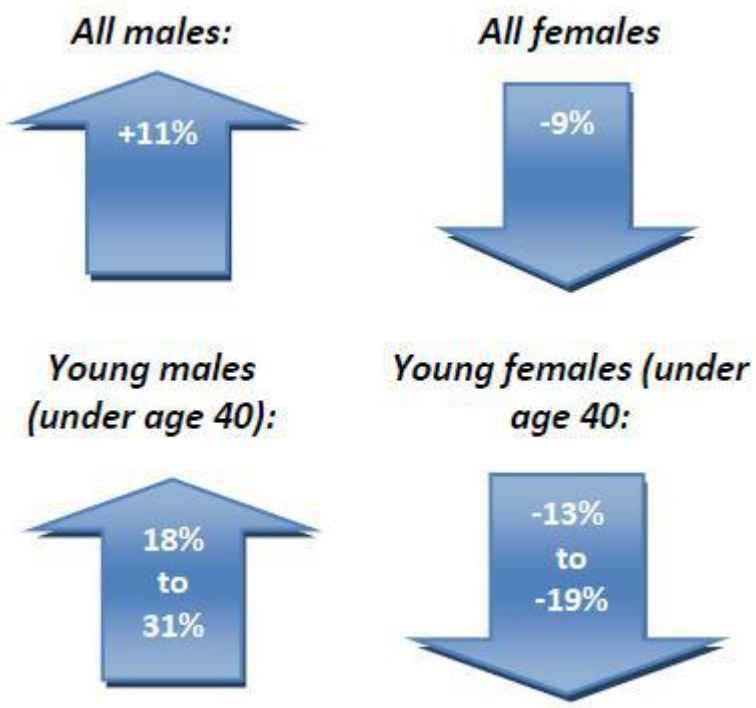
The Feminist Utopia Defined

CH · 15 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A feminist utopia is a million beta males under the heel of an alpha male state, toiling for the pleasure of fat women.

You scoff, “Surely you exaggerate, CH!”

GLPiggy has a post about men paying through the nose for Obamacare, while women enjoy luxurious savings.



A simple resource theft and redistribution from men to women. A theft, because the women exchange no sex for the reward of the men’s resources, which is the natural system of male-female barter that feminists and equalists wish to subvert and reconstitute for the benefit of women alone.

Exaggeration?

Look around you, what do you see? Obese women everywhere. Fat acceptance. Beta males assembly lined through the family court soul chipper while alpha male thugs sire and skedaddle. Feminist quackery infecting every organ of propaganda, learning, and bureaucracy. Agitation for increased wealth transfer from men to women. Rationalization of the gravest female sins, censure of the most insignificant male peccadilloes. Glorification of unfettered female sexuality, disparagement of the faintest show of male sexuality.

This is the world you’re inheriting. A world where all civilizing constraints on female sexuality are released, all restrictions that can be imposed on male sexuality are realized, all monies that can be inventoried and transferred from men to single moms are confiscated.

A world inching closer, day by day, to a feminist utopia.

A Subtle Shift Away From Rightist Pusillanimity?

CH · 16 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader observes a late-breaking development:

> One of the most encouraging things about the whole Richwine and Derbyshire brouhahas is an increased unwillingness to apologize for holding heretical opinions.
>
> A lot of this is just . . . expectations. This is where the left has overplayed its hand. People adjust. The threat of losing your cushy high end think tank or teaching job only has power when you expect to keep that high end job. But people with heretical opinions now expect to lose their jobs. It's not something shocking and new anymore, so it's lost a considerable amount of its power.
>
> Game can play into this too. Basically, leftists can take away your job, but they can't take away your ability to get laid. PC shibboleths don't cut it down at the bar, or in the bedroom. Women will basically slit their own throats for a chance at high end cock, so if you don't make it too glaringly obvious that you've been exiled from the precincts of good society even SWPL chicks will all too willingly gobble away at your veiny meat monster.

Richwine didn't apologize for his crimethink. Derb never apologized for his (and in fact, took great offense when a leftoid with cratering ego issues implied he had apologized).

Are neoreactionaries (or neoreactionaries in practice) growing a pair? If so, that's some hope and change one could support. The bursting of the Dam of Deceit may occur sooner than we think.

The West will be saved only by men with fully descended testicles unafraid to speak the truth when speaking it is anathema to the swarming armies of the self-annihilators. Crush the manboobs, see their pendulous titties swing before you, and hear the lamentations of their haggard feminists. You might be surprised how refusing to appease the loser misfits and snarky nancyboys of the world is compulsively attractive to even the most reflexively left-liberal women. Chicks dig a dude going rogue.

Bearing Witness To The Self-Destruction Of The Western Woman

CH · 16 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We have a guest posting today from a reader who passes along a story from his life which illustrates in vivid hues how the Western woman has become severed from the reality of the world and now chooses to live in escapist fantasy. This is an anecdote; there are many more stories like it. Reach a critical mass (heh) of these tragicomedies of the self-swindled and you can kiss America goodbye as a civilizational rampart.

******

I hope this email finds you in good heath. As the title suggests I am writing to you as I wish to bear personal witness to the self-destruction of the Western woman. Names and some details have been changed to protect the guilty. Of course you may use my email for your site, but do avoid using my real name. Instead call me… Cornelius… because it in no way resembles my actual name.

A little over ten years ago I met a girl through a friend of a friend. Her name was Francesca. No, this is not a tale of beta woe. Nothing romantic has ever happened between us and there has never been any attraction. Francesca was, even back then, a bit on the chunky side. I didn't think much of her at first but as I got to know her better I realized we had some things in common and became friends with her. We kept in semi-consistent contact over the years, which has led to the situation today where she is temporarily staying with me while she is looking for a job. The circumstances leading up to this is the (self-destructively) interesting part.

Francesca was a good student in high school and was given a free ride to State-U where she majored in engineering (the same as what I majored in, which is one of the things our friendship was created over). Four years later she graduates and lands a job at well known firm bringing in about $50,000 a year. At this point she is 22 years old. Fast forward to when she turns 25 and we meet one day for lunch and a friendly catch up. She is very bored with her job and feels like she is doing nothing with her life (to be fair to her, I've done similar work as she was doing at the well-known-firm and *it is very boring*) so she has decided to give it all up and go back to college… for a degree in Art. I'm a little vague on the specifics of the degree, but the major she choose has something to do with drawing cartoons. Seems like a bit of an odd choice to me, but meh whatever it's not my life. This is also where she mentions that she'll have to take out student loans this time, but is confident everything will turn out ok. Now this did raise a bit of an alarm bell for me because she had been working the past three (or was it four? I'm a little vague on the exact timing) years bringing in $50k *while living rent free in her parents home*. Didn't she have any money she could put forward to college? It's not like she was a big "vacations and shopping sprees" girl. She was an engineer, and had the personality of one to match.

After she was in Art School for a while I ended up moving to a different part of the country for my job. Let's fast forward again to today. It has been over a year since she graduated from Art School with her degree in… drawing cartoons… or something… and she still has no Art job. We had stayed in touch while she had been in college for a second time and it turns out that there are more art studios where I live than where she has been living, so I agree to host her for a time, while she tries to get on her feet and get an Art job.

Here's where things take their bizarre (and self-destructive) turns. I haven't seen chunky Francesca in person in about three years, but when she arrives she has turned into blimped-out Francesca. This was a bit of a startling change to me. When I say blimped-out I want you to understand what I am getting at. Imagine a baby with all its chub and creases. Now imagine a fully grown adult version of all that chub and creases and you'll get an idea of what Francesca now looks like.

It also turns out that she's had a falling out with two of her hot friends. By "hot" I mean one of these girls has literally done modeling and the other could if she wanted to. When I asked her about her hot friends she was openly bitter about them, vague as to the cause of the falling out and made the comment that their looks "were the only thing they had going for them". Well when a girl is model-hot that's pretty much all she needs. Also, her hot-friends

had a free ride to State-U so they couldn't have been all that stupid. It's interesting how since Francesca has blimped-out that she now makes regularly derogatory comments about attractive women. Except that it's not interesting so much as a neon flashing sign of bitterness of Francesca's own loveless state. In all the years I knew Francesca she had only one boyfriend she was lukewarm to. Perhaps she should have reconsidered while she was still only chunky.

While hanging out together a few times at some local spots she repeatedly mentions how she wishes it were obvious to other people that her and I were not there "together" because she found several of the men rather attractive. She was literally purring at one of them. I told her she should feel free to do whatever she likes in regards to these men, but on the inside I was thinking "madam, your shape is round and not even vaguely woman-like, none of these men would want you regardless of how much alcohol they had".

Also, she seems to have formed a pathological attraction to my dog. Francesca will follow my poor black lab around the house trying to treat it like human child. He'll only put up with so much of that before he will actually find places to hide (I never knew he could fit behind the sofa… I guess he never had the proper motivation before). This from a a woman who has adamantly and always held that she was never going to have children.

After she was here for about two weeks, we decide to visit some local attractions. While seeing the sights we stop at a local Starbucks for some caffeine and a seat. While there we engage in an interesting discussion about her student loans. Right now she is in loan deferment, but that time is soon coming to a close. To my shock it turns out that she took out $175,000 in student loans for her Art degree in drawing cartoons… at a 15% interest rate… and they expect her to pay it back in 10 years, which means she will be paying back about $338,000. (O_o) My calculator tells me that this is about $2800 *per month* just to cover her student loans. In case you're wondering: no, her field of Art does not pay the kind of starting salary to cover that. Her attitude is that the companies that gave her these loans need to be *reasonable* and *work with her*. If she gets to the point where she can't pay and they ruin her credit her attitude is "oh well, what can they really do to me?" (o_O) She also said that if she knew she would be graduating into this kind of economy that she never would have done it. Which makes me wonder exactly what kind of economy we would have to have where $2,800 / month in student loans for a degree in cartoon drawing would make sense.

Now I don't know about you, but if I were in her position I'd be in crisis mode about now. Next Friday she will have been here for a month and as far as I can tell she spends most of her time in her room browsing the web or watching Mad Men. I did let her know at the start that after a "month or two" she would have to start paying rent if she wished to continue to stay here. As far as I know she has made no attempt to find even a part-time job.

What has happened to the West? There are days I seriously wonder if I am not surrounded by a large amount of people who have basically become un-moored from reality. And *what* happened to my friend? Francesca goes from pudgy nerdy engineering chick to blimped-out, money vacuuming, introverted, child-shaped-emotional-holing, rage against the pretty hate machine.

May the Gods of the Dark Enlightenment guard your safety,

Cornelius

******

Greg Cochran says that the trends currently underway in the West are unsustainable. America as an advanced technological and moral civilization is doomed, absent some sort of active intervention to thwart the collapse, whether that collapse takes the form of a sudden conflagration or a slow deterioration. But of course any such intervention would first require the ruling class accept the facts of the dysgenic trends, and stop their wallowing in pretty lies and leapfrogging for status whoring points. I have my doubts the facts will ever be honestly admitted by the lords of lies, so doom it is, and doom we shall get, unless by some cultural alchemical miracle the equalists, leftoids and feminists do a private about-face and essentially craft public policies refuting everything they believe in for the greater good of the nation and her posterity.

It is to HA.

The human ego is much too intransigent for that kind of common sense. Most likely scenario: bitterly clinging to shibboleths until the last iPad flickers out.

Next likely scenario: secession. Or, if the portals of hell open, bloodbath.

In the meantime, we shrug and tappity-tap pleading betaboy texts in our cells as another Western woman sacrifices her inherited bounty and blessed fortune at the altar of fudge brownies, caustic gogrrl-itude, useless art degrees, mountainous college debt, infertility, anthropomorphized animals, racial dispossession, cock carouseling, and the distractions of a sick and twisted entertainment culture intent on assuring her complicity in the humiliation of her heritage and of her men.

Well, not everyone. Your ever-gracious host shrugs, but only after he has cruelly driven The Shiv to the hilt, and tickled vital organs with its glittering tip. The writhing torment of enemies and fools brings voyeuristic pleasure, and great satisfaction knowing that it can never be said of The Shiv Wielder that he saw the face of a malignant foe cresting the hill… but did nothing.

Body Men Vs Face Men

CH · 17 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If a man is presented with a choice between a butterface (ugly face, hot body, everything "but her face") and a myspace angle (cute face, ugly body), his decision will depend in part on whether he's down for a short-term fling or if he's seeking a long-term lover.

The reason for this is not hard to figure out upon reflection: the prime directive is to survive and reproduce, and that means, for men, getting seed into womb (or wombs, as the opportunity may present). A man with pump and dumps on his mind will shift focus to girls with highly fertile bodies, placing less emphasis on their faces. His dividing rod will target women with 0.7 WHRs, 17-23 BMIs, fruitfully ripening in the age range of 22-29. Since he's not planning on investing much time or energy in his little red curvette, he doesn't sweat the worry of romantically gazing into the limpid eyes of a plain jane year after year.

A man who is more K-selected, i.e., more NW European white or East Asian (ain't I a steenker!), feels a cosmic pull toward hitching himself to a woman for the long term so that his few kids have a shot to thrive in a resource-restricted environment. It's the quality over quantity strategy. To this man, a woman's facial prettiness matters, a lot. He's gotta look at her and provide for her for a long time, and he won't be much inspired to do either if her face isn't intoxicating. The body is still important (fat chicks left out in cold again, news at 11), but now the contours of her face have become a crucial determinant of her acceptability as a mate. His dividing rod will be recalibrated toward younger women — ages late adolescence to mid-20s — with large, expressive eyes, small chins and jaws, and exquisitely molded subcutaneous fat deposits.

This is the theory. In practice, such choices rarely come up, because there is a strong correlation between a woman's facial prettiness and her body attractiveness. When a rift between body and face does occur in the same woman, it is typically a butterface. Homely-faced women with slender boffable bodies are more common than pretty-faced women with unappealing bodies. Fat chicks stir the needle a little toward myspace anglers, but just a little, because it doesn't take much weight gain until a girl's face begins to display the deformity that is evident in her body. Another example of the myspace angler is the masculinized woman with a striking model-esque face tethered to a curveless body built for spiking volleyballs.

Another point worth making is that men, regardless of their mating strategies, will only choose between butterfaces and myspace anglers when they HAVE to choose. Most men, given a free choice, will choose women who are blessed with both. Plotting cads and plodding dads will both choose the woman who has it all, face and body (and yeah, personality too, I guess) if such a woman is a real prospect.

Originally, this post was meant as conjecture, based on observation and hunch. But to my surprise, there are ♥♥♥STUDIES♥♥♥ available for perusal which have looked into the issue of male preference for female body versus female face and how that preference might change depending on a man's mating strategy. These studies, naturally, confirm CH hunches, as they almost always do, because it's hard to be disproven by SCIENCE when you simply keep your eyes open to watch how the world works.

PS The Area Code Rating System is a handy method for efficiently categorizing your dates by their bangability and relationship worthiness. If you regularly hook up with 000s, might I suggest you lay off the absinthe?

Should You Stay Or Should You Go?

CH · 17 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Did this reader succeed in passing the classic “let’s go meet X guy friend!” shit test from a girl he likes?

> I would appreciate your take on how I handled a massive test of game. Feel free to post this email if you’d like.
>
> Okay She’s 22 years old, pre med student. A solid HB9, she is at her absolute peak of SMV and with her intelligence and flawless body she’s well aware of this fact. I’m 32 and scored myself 20 on the Market Value Test.
>
> I got her number at a bar on a Wednesday night by navigating a maelstrom of shit tests and dropping a well timed laser guided neg:
>
> Me: (sit up in the chair lock eyes with her pause for a beat, then let out a dismissive chortle)
> Her: (fully engaged now) What?
> Me: Do you think you have the right disposition to be a pediatrician?
> Her: (snaps up in her chair, turns towards me, leans in) What does that mean!?
>
> Had 30 more minutes of conversation and get her number. She is almost sitting in my chair now, tons of interest. Right as she is leaning in and hanging on my words, with her hand on my knee, I stand up and tell her that I have to leave, but that she should text me for a drink sometime.
>
> Here is where the fun starts. The next night (Thursday) she texts me asking if I’m out. I happened to be at a bar with friends, told her where I was and she immediately texts back that she was planning on heading there soon with her friends.
>
> She shows up. Waves of attention surround her. She has 2 beta orbiters and another girl in tow, and every bar tender/bouncer/bar back guy in the bar knows her and instantly comes up and showers her with their beta affection. I ignore her presence and engage my group. She finally comes over and to say hello, she introduces me to her entourage. Now at this moment the group I came with are all leaving. They are saying their goodbye’s and of course I’m planning on staying a little longer. It’s important to note that the bar has thinned out at this point, only a handful of small intimate groups and pairs of people remain. I immediately ingratiate myself into her group, chatting up the chumps and putting them at ease, then shifting my focusing on her girlfriend and giving her lots of attention.
>
> Now she drops a bomb on me:
> She interrupts her friend mid sentence who was talking to me and says: “So glad you’re out!” Then addressing the whole group she says: “Oh, we have to go upstairs and say hi to (dude bartender)!” Everyone immediately agrees with their princess and they begin to follow (we were all standing during this conversation). The first thing I knew was that there was no way I was following her up there. I simply said nothing gave her my best bemused smirk and watched them walk up the stairs. I took a deliberate sip of my beer and caught her looking back to see that I wasn’t going to follow her up there. Now what? I can’t go upstairs and the bar is mostly empty and the groups of people would not be open to new people it’s too casual. I could sit at the bar and talk to the bartender, but she already was talking with him and he’s part of her crew. So, I just paid my bill and casually left.
>
> I got a text from her 30 minutes later:
> Her: (my name)!
> Her: Come find me
> Me: (20 minutes later) Next time
>
> So, I know I played it good enough because she sent me a text and asked me out on Saturday evening saying that her plans fell through and she had extra tickets to a comedy show. I told her I had dinner plans (which I did with another girl). Against my better judgement I said I could meet her there after my dinner plans. And

> she went home with me after. (alpha smirk) I survived what was by far the hardest shit-testing-est girl I've ever encountered.
>
> How else could I have handled that night? I wanted to show her that she has no control over what I'm doing and I did the best I could, but actually she did force me to do something I didn't want to do. Because I didn't want to leave. Truthfully I was enjoying her little group and it was fun conversation. But under the circumstances I didn't see another out. Would love to hear your wise opinion.

A lot going on here, and not all of it relates to the question you asked.

First, if you banged her, (which you implied), why do you care about getting feedback on your game? You won. Enjoy it. Obviously, you did enough right for any minor missteps to not matter.

Second, the shit test she subjected you to was not, in my considered opinion, all that tough. You want a tough shit test? How about when a girl tells you right off the bat you shouldn't have even imagined she was a remote possibility for you? Yes, this has happened to me. I said "Welp, there goes my in with your cute friend". Making lemonade outta lemons, braheem…

Third, if your buddies left, and her friends all followed her upstairs to party with the bartender, why would you want to stay? Because you were having a fun time with them. Ok, if that's the case, then you wouldn't have given it a second thought about tagging along upstairs. But you did. Which means you had more on your mind than just the "fun" you were supposedly having. You wanted her alone, and other men didn't figure into that equation. Be honest with yourself.

With your friends gone, and her chummy with the bartender and surrounded by her group of sycophants, I think you played the safe bet by jetting. Unless your social skills are excellent and you are an extrovert who can rapidly win over a new group and potential male competitors, the risk of getting "betatized" as the striving outsider to a small group of cackling insiders is too great. Hovering is the kiss of death for any courtship escalation.

However, contrary to the above judgment, it appears this girl liked you well enough before the night even began, and you could have stayed around longer without seriously risking any loss of her attraction. When she interrupted your conversation with her friend, that was a major tell (an IOI) that her interest was heating up.

Practically speaking, the next time something like this happens, and you find yourself torn between leaving a venue when you don't want to and sticking around following a girl like a puppy dog, just tell your target that you'll "catch up" with her in a bit. Then find someone else to talk with for a half hour before heading upstairs to continue with her what you had going on earlier in the night.

Comment Of The Week

CH · 20 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

corvinus shoots, and lips it in:

> I'd swear that Japan is the closest thing we have to an authentic extraterrestrial civilization.

Extraterrestrial generally connotes "advanced" in the popular mind. If you can make it here (from way out there)…

If advancement + borg morality + androgynous weirdness = ET, the Japs are the homegrown ETs of earth. (Love you folks, don't ever change. Keep those borders right, tight and outta sight.)

Equally interesting is which "civilization" is the closest thing the earth has to an archaic throwback that missed the evolutionary party.

[image]

An Alpha Daddy's Letter To His Little Girl (About Her Future Husband)

CH · 20 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Dear Cutie-Pie (I call you this pet name because I subconsciously know how important your cuteness will eventually be to your future reproductive and marital success),

Recently, your mother and I were searching for an answer on the government spy agency known as Google. Halfway through entering the question, GovGoog returned a list of the most popular searches in the world. Minutes later, my tax return was flagged for auditing. Perched at the top of the search list was "How to keep him interested."

It amused me. I scanned several of the countless articles about how to be sexy and sexual, when to bring him a beer versus a sandwich, and the ways to make him feel smart and superior.

And I got *a knowing look*.

Little One, it *is*, has always *been*, and always *will* be your job to "keep him interested." Just at it will be your future husband's job to keep you interested. Everyone knows this is true, despite loser mafia protestations to the contrary, and that's why this search result, the culmination of millions of user search entries, is the first one returned.

Little One, your only task is to know deeply in your soul — in that unshakeable place that isn't indoctrinated into feminism and resentment and mass media bromides — that you are *judged* for your worth. (If you can remember that everyone *else* is judged for their worth also, the battle of your happiness in life will be mostly won. But that is a letter for another day.)

If you can assess your worth in this way, you will be attractive in the most important sense of the word: you will work hard to stay fit and sexy and feminine and attract a boy who is both *capable* of self-assured masculinity and who wants to spend his one life not secretly despising *you* for giving up on him and disrespecting his normal, natural desires as a man.

Little One, I want to tell you about the man who doesn't need to be *kept* interested, because he knows you've given up trying to be *interesting*:

I don't care if he puts his elbows on the dinner table — because it's worse when he puts his eyes on the way your nose scrunches like a walrus sniffing rotten fish in the air when you smile, and starts to hate you. And then can't stop hating you.

I don't care if he can't play a bit of golf with me — because his short game suffers when he's pissed off his children are ingrates trained by your passive-aggressive style of parenting to despise him and he's not quite sure one of them is his. Sadly, his daughter is taking after you lengthwise and widthwise and you're doing nothing to stop it because GRRLPOWER and PATRIARCHY.

I don't care if he doesn't follow his wallet — because the money just goes to buy you bon bons and cheesy poofs.

I don't care if he is strong — because if he were strong he might trade you in for a woman who's still interested in maintaining an hourglass figure and a sweet *heart*.

I couldn't care less how he votes — because the sitting White House occupant is not the one who has to wake up every morning and see your flabby carcass rolling over to refuel with a strategically placed bowl of chips on the nightstand first thing in the morning.

I don't care about the color of his skin — because your shelf butt is so stupendously grotesque my objections will only fall on deaf ears when you discover your own men don't want to paint a canvas of your lives with brushstrokes of patience, and sacrifice, and vulnerability, and tenderness.

I don't care if he was raised in *this* religion or *that* religion or militant Islam – as long as he was raised to value the sacred and to know every moment of life, and every moment of life with you, is *deeply* sacred assuming you wear the hijab and cover your bloated porcine face.

In the end, Little One, if you stumble across a man like that and he and I have nothing else in common, we will have the most important thing in common:

Your physical and temperamental attractiveness.

Because in the end, Little One, the things you should have to do to "keep him interested" are to be sexually experimental, fall within a 17 to 23 BMI and a 0.65 to 0.75 WHR, and treat him like the king he truly, deeply wants to be for you in your lives together.

Only then will you and he be happy and loving and patient and vulnerable and tender with each other.

Your eternally interested man (no creepy incest),

Daddy

***

This post is, of course, dedicated to my daughter, my Cutie-Pie. But I also want to dedicate it beyond her.

I wrote it for my wife, who has courageously held on to her slender figure and has always held me accountable to being that kind of "man" that women love — i.e., a man who doesn't apologize for his desire.

I wrote it for every grown woman I have met inside and outside of my therapy office — the women who have never known this voice of a Strong Father.

And I wrote it for the generation of boys-becoming-manboobs who need to be reminded of what is really important — my little girl finding a loving, lifelong, alpha male companion who demands the best of her is dependent upon at least one of you figuring this out. I'm praying for you. No, seriously, I'm praying. Don't let me down. I don't want little manbooblets jerking off into furry costumes or little cuntlets blowing my savings on useless grad school Gay Studies degrees and bowing out at age 38 with an apartment full of cats and a womb drier than Death Valley (apropos).

***

This article has been featured on Huffington Post. CH is going mainstream!

Comment Of The Week

CH · 20 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

corvinus shoots, and lips it in:

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Equally interesting is which "civilization" is the closest thing the earth has to an archaic throwback that missed the evolutionary party.

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How To Handle Self-Deprecating Fatties

CH · 21 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

GLPiggy has a post about fat customers at his restaurant joking about their weight and putting wait staff in a difficult spot.

> A co-worker at the restaurant came looking for my wisdom the other day. "What do you say when a fat customer jokes about their weight?" This happens a lot in booth sections, by the way. Fat people struggle to squeeze into booths and, because they are embarrassed about it, make light of their size. I have a friend at work who makes jokes about being big. I don't bite by lying and automatically saying that she's skinny. She's not fat, but she's not skinny. I just don't want to play that game so I tell her, jokingly (yeah, I cop out), that it's not right to put people on the spot like that. You're either begging for a lie or making that person feel like a jerk for agreeing.

How people *should* respond to self-deprecating fatties and how people *will* respond are two different things. Here is how people *will* respond, based on the type of person subject to the awkward fatty self-flagellation:

Fatty: "Oh, wow, I must be getting fat. I can't fit into this booth."

Thin woman: "No, you look good!"
Thin woman, later with her friends: "Did you see that fat bitch?"
Fat woman: "No, you look good!"
Fat woman, later to herself: "What a fat bitch."
Omega male: "No, you look good!"
Omega male, later to himself: "I wonder if she liked me?"
Beta male: *smiles and nods sympathetically with pursed lips*
Beta male, later with his friends: "I'm getting tired of these fat chicks hitting on me."
Alpha male: *blank stare*
Alpha male, later with his friends: "Hey, Beta Male, the really cute chick at table six wants you to come out and say hi. Says she knows you from her World of Warcraft guild."
Alpha male who doesn't care about losing his job: "Admitting you have a problem is half the battle."

The following is how people *should* respond with an eye on shaming the nation of human supernovas to end their sixty year gromance with self-inflicted deformity:

Fatty: "Oh, wow, I must be getting fat. I can't fit into this booth."

Avatar of Lightness: "**Yup.**"

Chuck likes the idea of "agreeing and amplifying" a fatty's self-deprecation. So, for instance:

Fatty: "Oh, wow, I must be getting fat. I can't fit into this booth."

Avatar of Lightness: "You and me both!" [this is even funnier if you're skinny and patting your flat stomach while saying it] "I'll put you down for a Diet Coke then?"

Or, if you prefer to insert your Shiv with more subtlety:

Fatty: "Oh, wow, I must be getting fat. I can't fit into this booth."

Avatar of Lightness: "Don't worry about it. The booths are made for anorexics. Anyone who judges you is just jealous."

The game lesson here is as applicable to girls who self-deprecate as a way to "entrap" beta males as it is to fatties seeking a sympathy compliment. You can validate them and play their game, or you can joust and play your game.

A Beta Orbiter Gets The Green Light?

CH · 22 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A teenage reader who writes coherently for his age (sensitive beta male alert) wants to know how to deal with a girl “””friend””” he has been orbiting for three years who recently has expressed an overt sexual interest in him.

> I am 19 and have a very tricky situation with a girl who has had a boyfriend for around 3 years. Over this time we have remained very close and shared a mutual desire and attraction for each other. I am not naive and I know she has been leading me on quite badly, but recently it has become out of control.
>
> After seeing her a few times in the last month I copped a series of texts from her (sober) which I dont know how to take. Frankly, they have made me angry.
>
> her: “if things were different what do you think would happen? I think about it alot”
>
> then,
>
> “I feel so happy around you but it’s a dangerous feeling”
>
> but it’s the last text I need advice on and what to do from this point on.
>
> The other day she sent this:
> “I want to act on this temptation, but that’s the problem. I can’t”
>
> I know that this can’t end well because either she cheats and I’ll end up being hurt either way.
>
> I would appreciate some advice on what I should do or reply. I have not been sucked in and I have taken the moral high ground and not believing her bullshit.
>
> please help. thanks

You have two questions to ask yourself. One, are you Ok with abetting a “cheating whore” and risking the inevitable drama and ire of her boyfriend, plus any future grief she will likely bring upon you? Two, what should you do if you are Ok with it?

I put “cheating whore” in quotes, because at that age, the teenage years, relationships are vaporous and girls and boys jump in and out of them all the time. If you’re part of a religious community, this may not be the case; people might meet and get hitched by their early 20s, which, back-assessing, means that cheating on a boyfriend at age 19 (or thereabouts) is a serious adult-level offense.

If you’re willing to jettison any moral compunctions and assume the risk of a tryst fallout, then I have two words for you:

Beta bait.

Watch out! This girl’s swoony siren call will mean your shipwreck on the lonely cocks. You think it’s that easy to go from friend to lover after three years of stewing in the incel-zone? No, this won’t be a simple Peen 8===> Poos trajectory. Quality girls won’t wave you in like a plane, even when it looks like they’re waving you in, unless it’s to wave you off-course.

This is what you should take from her suddenly confessional texts: She had a fight with her boyfriend, or he’s ignoring her need for emotional closeness, and she’s reaching out for your attention the only way she knows how: by teasing you with her sexuality and manipulating your craving for romance. She knows from experience you’ll fly to her side if she hints at a remote chance for sex, and if you bite the bait, your best outcome is her head on your shoulder, massaging your hand, while she dumps all her frustrations with her boyfriend on you and pretends not to notice the bulge in your pants. If you were to then make for a kiss, you would quickly see the serenity evaporate from her face to be replaced by a fake surprise and hurt that you mistook her intentions.

The above scenario is the way to bet. I could be wrong, and she might really accept your desire if you assume her sincerity and act accordingly. Then all you would need to do is reply in a way that calms her fear of soiling her reputation but nevertheless moves the moment closer to when you and her can be together alone:

HER: “I want to act on this temptation, but that’s the problem. I can’t”

YOU: “Of course. Neither can I.” [good time for a disqualification] “I’ll be at X on Saturday. Meet me there.”

Just a straightforward evasion, DQ, and set-up for the final seduction. Never mind that it makes little logical sense to your male brain; all you need to know is that emotion is the coin of the realm in the twistopia known as the female hindbrain.

However, if she’s insincerely flirting (and my reading tells me she is), then you have to treat her like the attention whore she is. This means employ various game tactics to gain the upper hand, which, if your three asexual years together is any indication, she currently has in spades. So, don’t bite the beta bait. Play hard to get, agree and amplify, tease. For example,

HER: ”I want to act on this temptation, but that’s the problem. I can’t”

YOU: “Are you auditioning for a soap opera?”

or

YOU: “ok”

or

YOU: “I know! It’s crazy. You struggle with these feelings. But we can’t do a thing about it.”

or

YOU: “I know how hard it must be.”

or

YOU: “whoa, take a deep breath. this is all news to me.”

I like that you have refrained from replying so far. Forget the high moral ground; refusing to peck at her bread crumbs and shifting the balance of power in your direction is all the virtuous justification you need. And let there be no doubt, you must own the balance of power if you want a woman’s heart. Three years she’s been propped on that pedestal. Now it’s time for you to gently nudge her off and assume the pedestal for yourself.

The Soft Man, The Hard Man, The Cold Man

CH · 23 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Which of the three photos in this series of the same man taken at different times in his life strikes you as the face of a hard alpha? A soft beta? A man who has checked out?

How about the man in this series?

And, finally, what about this man?

Make your guesses, then go to the original link to read the details. Are you being duped by manipulative lighting? Or does a man's face really change to reflect the burdens and the expectations of his life?

If the latter, what you are seeing here is evidence that a man can become more alpha or less alpha, in disposition and even in expression, when circumstances intrude and decisions, sometimes life or death, have to be made. Maybe a man can't go from 100% beta to 100% alpha on a dime, but he can increase his alpha at the margins. And the margin is all the edge you need, whether the situation you are in is firing at a nest of insurgents or walking up to a girl and capturing her imagination for a night.

The Perfect Alpha Male Online Dating Profile

CH · 24 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader, somewhat drunk on his own amusement, passes along the Facebook page of the thoroughbred that sired the Kentucky Derby winner.

> This is the father of the Derby winner. This is what your Facebook page should look like!

Ok.

In 2013

- *LEADING SIRE by North American earnings; 1st by N.A. stakes wins*
- *Sire of America's LEADING 3-year-old, Kentucky Derby winner ORB ($2,335,850)*
- *2013 2YOs in Training are averaging $264,667:Sale Topper at Barretts March – $675,000 colt;$625,000 filly and $550,000 colt at FT March; $485,000 and $370,000 OBS March colts*
- *5 SWs, 10 stakes wins: KY Derby (G1)/Florida Derby (G1) winner ORB; Peter Pan (G2) winner FREEDOM CHILD; Multiple GSW KAUAI KATIE ($633,000); La Canada (G2) winner/Santa Margarita (G1)-runner-up MORE CHOCOLATE; multiple 2013 SW MOON PHILLY*
- *Co-#1 Sire of Experimental horses (6)*
- *Best books yet coming of age:*
  - *139 registered 2YOs of 2013*
  - *146 foals of 2012*

So far so good. Let's have a look at that photo.

Nice. Looking pensively into the distance. Refusing to engage the female viewer head on. Absorbed with the world out there, as if plotting the overthrow of a faraway donkey kingdom. This is filly crack.

Any adventurous and creative readers are welcome, neigh, encouraged!, to craft an online dating website or

Facebook profile like our stud horse's above, except with a few words and photos changed to indicate the featured alpha male is a human and not a horse.

Wait, CH, I'm supposed to say I sired quality children and guided 146 "foals" to their coming of age?

Yep.

Beats droning on about your code monkey career and her love of travel. You might be surprised by how many… ahem… siring opportunities come your way.

The Cathedral And The Hivemind

CH · 28 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

As many CH readers are already acquainted, the term Cathedral was coined by a Mr. M.M. and reformatted by yours truly (and probably others) for a general audience to mean the collective motivations and enlivening spirit of the bulk of the human machinery that powers the entertainment, media, government and academia industrial complexes in the West, but particularly in America. This human machinery is mostly progressive in political disposition, equalist in ideology, tyrannical in method, snarky in execution, and hypocritical in principle.

Lately, though, a sizable contingent of readers have emailed to express their disapproval of the use of the term Cathedral as a condensed expression of the postmodern monstrosity known by Chateau proprietors as leftoidism. These incommensurately irate readers claim that the word Cathedral unfairly maligns a mostly beneficent European Christian tradition while gliding over the influence of outside forces in shaping and projecting the equalist agenda. One reader suggested that the term instead be replaced with the word “Hive”, to represent the reflexive, obedient, hive-like thinking of elite and sub-elite SWPL whites on the subject of human intellectual, psychological and sex differences, both within and between groups.

I find this argument slightly ridiculous in its insistence on adhering to a strictly dichotomous premise that either this force or that force is solely responsible for the transmission of malignant ideas and the consequent public policies. Why can’t it be both? A native decadency can exert a subversion within the culture to which they are the ostensible caretakers even more powerfully than a self-interested, self-cordoned outsider. The parasite infects most readily the already weakened host.

Having shared my time with what aggrieved readers would refer to as heirs of the honorable traditions architecturally exalted by real cathedrals, I come away with two distinct impressions, formed by face to face interaction as opposed to solitary nights neck-craned over dense history books:

1. Many of the “old Cathedral’s” children are true believers in their modern equalist drivel. When the opportunity presents, they spout it with a strident certainty and an emotional commitment that simply cannot be faked on a consistent basis.

2. Most of these same children of the old Cathedral are hypocrites in everything they do and in every way they organize their actual, living, breathing lives. They belie their own words and beliefs with such cheerful alacrity and oblivious self-contradiction that a person of saner mind might wonder how they manage the disjunct without heavy doses of cortex dulling medications.

How to square this circle? Remember the rationalization hamster, and you will find your answer. The hamster is the errand-rodent of the ego, the most powerful source of energy in the universe. The hamster spins as ruthlessly for believers in universal human biological equality (which in the present cultural milieu necessitates a belief in white male nefariousness) as it spins for girls with a reputation in mind who want their romantic surrender minus the messiness of personal agency.

It is no less incomprehensible to those who have been around the block more than a few times that an ideologically ego-invested Bryan Caplan will live in an all-white collar white bubble while clamoring for open borders than it is that a nice girl will sleep with a taciturn, tattooed bike messenger while claiming she wants a niceguy who’s sensitive to her needs and loves poetry.

The Cathedral is one of those mutli-use terms that has come to symbolize to the current Radical Realtalkers — and has in fact always symbolized more or less in colloquial usage — any social or political superstructure advancing a school of ideas, especially ideas anathema to the general welfare of those and their posterity who are without a voice or a lever of power. Thus, I find no problem employing it.

However, the Hive neologism works as well. Many equalists are quite stupid and unaware; marching morons blaring

a tired, tinny tune because it *feels good*, and people pat them on the back for their embrace of willful stupidity. Good worker bees, they buzz and buzz while the queen grows strong on the relentless toil of her drone army. A ***Hivemind*** you could call this. The Hivemind does not know logic unless its deployment advantages them, does not care for inconvenient facts, does not countenance empathy for those outside the hive. All the Hivemind knows is wagon-circling; the hive (i.e., the ego) must be protected against any and all attacks, and it will snark and sting (c.f. Richwine) in unison, on command, and won't stop until the telepathic, telecommunications network that propels the Hivemind is severed at multiple points and various neuronal substations are taken offline.

The Hivemind and the Cathedral work together synergistically. Right now the Hivemind is at the apex of its power. Like an alien borg, it operates at the behest of a central master brain, aka the ruling globalist and message-maker elite. The Hivemind guards the perimeter, assimilates the weak-minded assimilable, drives out the free thinking. You do not defeat the Cathedral by attacking its Hivemind hordes. All that will do is summon more replacements, which are for practical purposes, infinite in number. The master brain — the root of it all — must be attacked directly, and then the Hivemind will fall apart like unattended drones powering down.

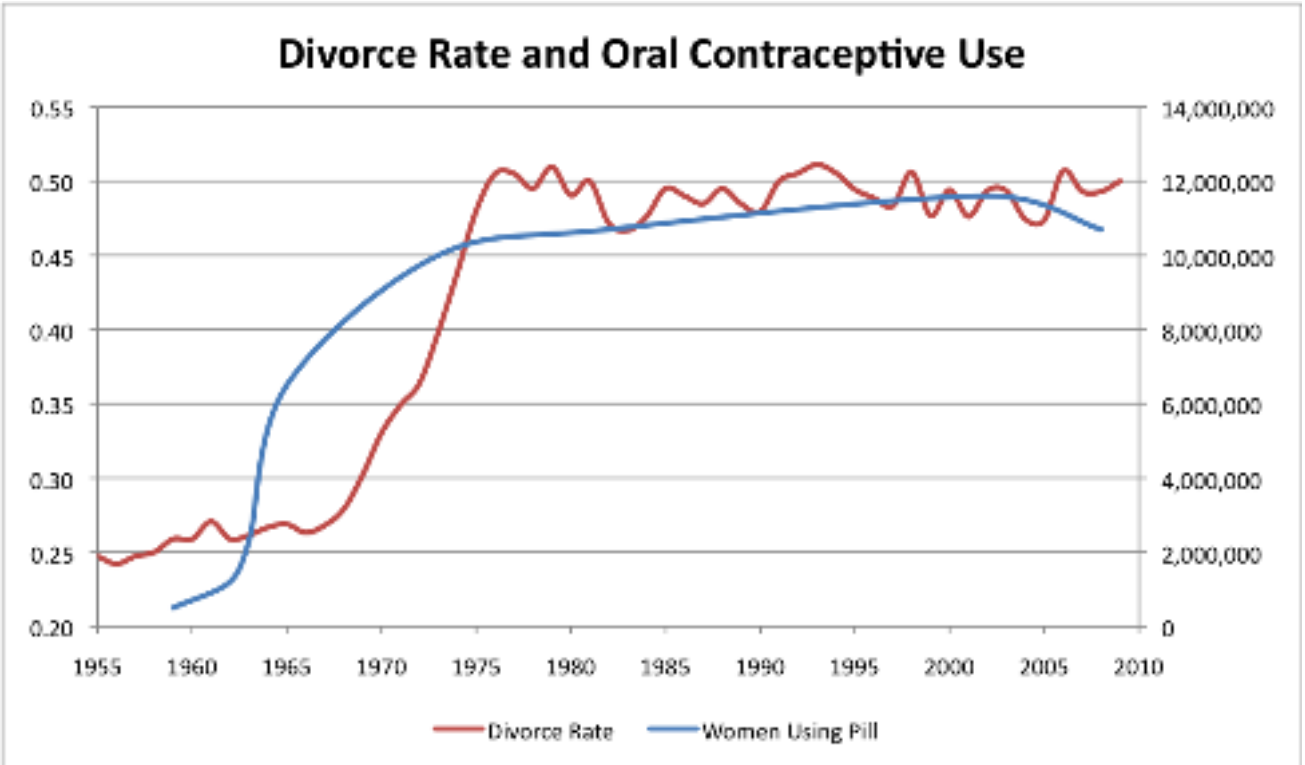
That is how you destroy the lords of lies who perch in their gated, honey-dripped throne rooms. Don't hack blindly at their winged servants, futilely dodging stingers and forced into defensive maneuverings. Drive the tip of your spear, straight and true, into the meat of the hive, through the colony of mental eunuchs buzzing their labyrinthine sophistry, until you hit the beating Heart of Lies. Then, drive it it further to deliver the mortal thrust.

The Pill And Divorce: The Real Connection

CH · 29 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Some religious organizations have long argued that widespread contraception use leads to higher divorce rates because severing the connection between sex and procreation also severs the emotional connection between spouses. The duty one feels to one's spouse is weakened when the primal bonds of sex and the consequences which normally follow in the state of nature are thwarted.

They may have a point, but I'm going to present what I believe is a more compelling reason why contraception use (predominately the Pill) and divorce track each other so closely. For a graphical representation of how closely the rate of Pill usage and the rate of divorce have tracked over time, see this (original source here):



That five year lag time between the rise in pill use and divorce is critical. It's solid evidence that once women had the Pill down their throats, they began escaping their marriages in droves.

The Pill is one of the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse. Like opening Clamdora's Box, the Pill is one of the six crimson spirits that now haunt the world and visit upon the civilized West far-reaching unintended (and perhaps intended) negative effects. Why would Pill usage contribute to a rise in the divorce rate? For an answer to that, you have to look to women first, and how the Pill alters their perceptions of men.

And what the Pill does to women's brains is… how shall we say… veeeery interestink. Women on the Pill experience a shift in their mate selection criteria and begin to prefer plodding dads over plotting cads. Actually, not so much *prefer* boring betas as *avoid* sexy alphas.

Extrapolating from this premise is enlightening. What do most ~~delicious SWPL sluts~~ women using oral contraceptives do once they get married, or not long after getting married? That's right, they go off the Pill so that they can start a family. And what happens when women go off the Pill? Their hindbrains shed the fog of feeling satisfied with beta male cuddles and revert to adoring sexy alpha male power thrusts, and that adoration reaches maximum cervical impact one week per month when fertile.

So perhaps the Pill and its relation to divorce is not so much about severing emotional connections as it is about

reconstructing sexual connections. The wife whose lust is freed from the false prison of the Pill will suddenly, and quite inexplicably to her conscious evaluation, discover her beta husband — the man who fulfilled her in most ways when she was on the Pill — is sexually repulsive. This disgust will reach a crescendo 25% of the time of her pre-menopausal life, and she will either succumb to cheating with a more dominant man, or she will do the "right thing" and leave a marriage that is making her unhappy because her beta betrothed-turned-beta bother doesn't know how to "communicate" with her and "meet her needs".

And of course the beta hubschlub, tricked by the Pill's abetting and steeped in his anti-male culture and believing everything the wife wants is good and true and everything the husband wants is wicked and false, will do the EXACT OPPOSITE of what he *should do* to reignite his wife's post-Pill listing libido. He will crank up the beta, figuring that more of what sealed the deal in the first place is just the medicine to prevent the deal from breaking.

And he will be sorely mistaken, and for his good-faith efforts at reconciliation against the headwinds of unacknowledged and often heatedly denied biological reality the state will reward him with a family court ass-ramming so deep and girthful he will come to accept as a means of psychological emollient that his life is rightfully meant to be a dutifully suffered shitfest endured with stiff upper lip. And then he will be a dead man walking.

The problem of post-Pill wives losing their desire for their husbands is so bad that drug companies are trying to create a compensating pill — call it the Thrill — that will reinvigorate flagging female libidos. The intention is to cure "hypoactive sexual-desire disorder," aka HSDD, by tapping into the primal recesses of the female brain and manipulating lustful brain lobes into activity.

The Thrill may work, but I bet not in the way the researchers intend. This is because the "problem" is not so much low female libido, but low female libido *for their betaboy husbands*. The added clause is crucial. A pill that fuels female clit boners will reawaken women… straight into the arms of interloper alpha males. Imagine a world of supercharged horny housewives boffing everyone in sight. Shit just got a lot more interesting.

A Thrill pill that tricks wives into perceiving their beta husbands as sexy romance novel stranger-from-afar badboy alphas may or may not work to strengthen the institution of marriage, but I can tell you one intervention that is GUARANTEED to help your marriage: Game. Specifically, dread game. A small adjustment in your mentality and behavior toward being more of an alpha male can gain you all the benefits of a thrill pill-popping wife with none of the dangerous side effects.

Manboob Utterance Of The Month

CH · 30 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

> I'm a stay-at-home dad to twin 4-year-old girls who are already smarter than me, and my wife is a brilliant doctor who kicks ass and saves lives every day.

From an article by a nominal man who feebly spurts many words onto Slate's page describing how much his penis scares him.

Congratulations, Mr. Andy Takes-It-In-The-Hinds, your utterance is event horizon manboobery.

The manboobs have been emerging from their micropeen dens in force lately, poking their cock thimbles into the daylight for a breath of fresh air. There is no depth of self-degradation which they will not entertain to relieve themselves of the burden of being born male.

It's enough nauseating masochism and putrid suck-uppery to make one wonder if the whole thing, written on the Slate halls and the Salon walls, is one giant schtick. Performance parody art that has somehow gelled organically to coax the mischievous participation of male simulacra from across the media landscape.

If only it were so. But no, the likelihood is that these loathsome creatures are sincere. Blame it on estrogen in the water, the lack of a cleansing apocalypse, or feminist shrikes lashing fat nerds with their six inch clits, the fact is that the sack of America is shrinking and her bitch tits are filling up with ululating manboobs.

Some readers may wonder, if this guy is such a grotesquerie in spirit and mind, how did he manage to get a wife? Well, quality matters. If you're fishing around the dregs of womanhood, it's not hard to wife up. The orcas and pasty frumps and stubbly manjaws will practically throw themselves at you. Another thing to keep in mind is that just because a guy can claim married status doesn't necessarily mean he's enjoying the marital fruits, if'n ya know what I mean.

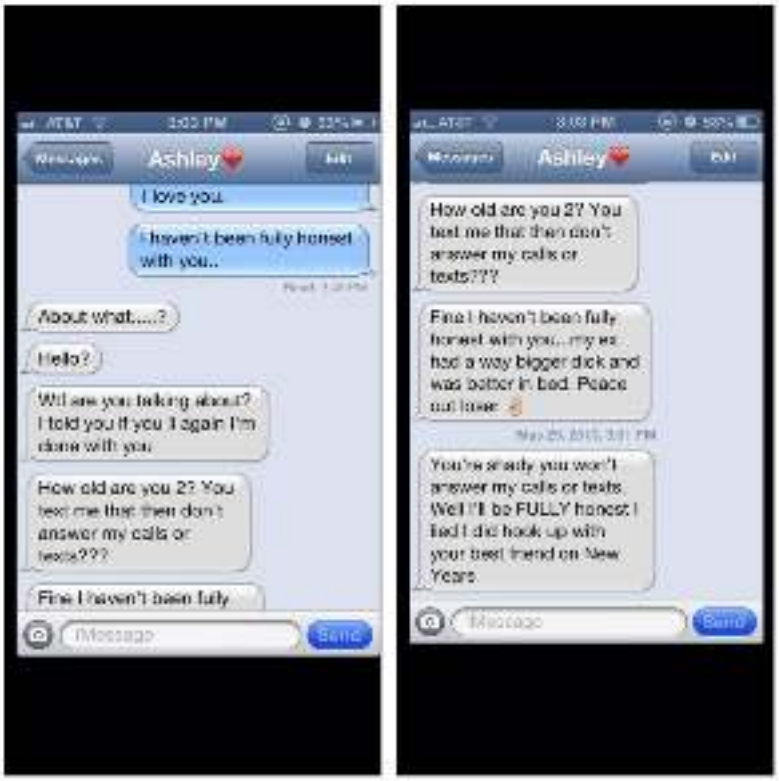
UPDATE

A charitable reader suggests that this manboob is actually engaged in a form of psychological passive-aggressive warfare with an intended audience of one: His breadwinner wife. He wants his ballbusting, careerist Asian wife to know he has options, or at least that he has been thinking about having options, and the manbooby way to deliver this message is by puling about how ashamed he is of his lustful thoughts for all the hotties he sees every day. Of course, he wouldn't have to put on this circus if he wasn't a stay-at-home castrati married to a Tiger doctor. But he is, and so he finds himself using a warped variant of Dread Game to keep his wife interested.

Revving The Rationalization Hamster

CH · 30 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This'll do the trick:



You're probably wondering what the best (read: alpha) reply would be to a girl who pulled this stunt on you.

GIRL: I haven’t been fully honest with you…

YOU: me neither

Tiresome Hater Schooled To Discourage The Others: A Series

CH · 30 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Apparently, the discouragement needs more voltage.

realmatt (who is likely a troll nicking another commenter's handle) comments in response to an earnest lad asking for a little help on cold approaching girls at college:

> You can fake it till you make it until the cows come home but if you're a big fat Nothing at the end of the day, then your life will stay the same.

Au contraire. In at least one respect your life will be different: You'll have had sex with cute girls instead of no sex with cute girls.

> Your true self will always shine through

Faking it actually creates an improved personality in time. This has been proven by scientific study, not to mention by millions of personal testimonials.

> and I suspect that is why many of these famous, set-loving "PUAs" lose their girlfriends.

You've got the causality backwards. Most cads "lose" their girlfriends because they want them lost. There's a certain breed of man who loves variety and the thrill of the chase.

> There's no doubt in my mind Mystery stands there going through all his rules in his head.

Maybe, but it appears to have worked for him. He's got a kid now with a hotnsexy chick.

> The mistake so many people are making is they see the woman as the ultimate prize.

From your gene's pov, sex *is* the ultimate prize. If you can't attract women, you're the equivalent of DNA dead weight. Human dross fashioned in His likeness. Heh heh heh.

> You should be trying to dominate in every aspect of your life.

Why herd the cows when you can squeeze the milk for free?

> A woman is just an accessory.

Some accessories are more equal than others.

> A trophy is just a reminder.

Have you ever been in love?

> You have to make a choice.

Sez who? Seduction and careerism aren't mutually incompatible.

> Do you want to be a MAN or some feminized snarky bitch who can insult a woman into bed?

I always suspect the kinds of guys who write stuff like this are guys who envy the snarksters for their ability to score.

> Does anyone here listen to these PUAs in their videos and think “God I wish I could be him..”?

Do you wish you could be Barack Obama, President of the United States of America?

> Who the hell would want to behave like the PUA Tyler Durden???

TD’s way is not the only way.

> he’s annoying as fuck.

Chicks dig men who impose.

> Those guys are nothing but gay men who like to fuck women.

Gay men don’t like to fuck women.

> They’re worthless beyond that.

Keep telling yourself that.

> Leading her to believe you’re worth the effort and actually being someone who is worth the effort are 2 very different things and the truth always finds it’s way out.

So you believe men should work hard to appease women and fulfill their demands for a worthwhile man?

It’s getting to the point where the haters have become so apoplectic and incoherent that arguing with them logically is a fool’s errand. They’ll take repeated hammer blows to the ego, and come back sputtering the same nonsense ad nauseam. So instead, I’ll give them a taste of what they most loathe and fear: A little of the ol’ ultrasnark, delivered sideways gamesta style. It won’t win over the haters, who are un-convincable at any rate, but it’ll sure entertain the crowd, and it’s more fun for me. Poolside life bar: 100%.

UPDATE

A commenter writes,

> God I hate this expression:
>
> “Faking it” or “Fake it until you make it”
>
> Why not just call it what it is, PRACTICE
>
> PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Branding is half the battle. If the haters started calling game what it is — practice — they would then tacitly admit that game is just like any self-improvement endeavor with a learning curve. Then they’d have nothing left to foam about.

The Best All-Purpose Alpha Male Text Response

CH · 31 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Esteemed and slightly deranged readers, a contest is in order to determine the best, all-purpose alpha male text response that a man can send to a woman who is behaving womanly. By “womanly”, I mean head games, coyness, and the usual panoply of female shit tests intended to weed out the wilting betabois from the alert alphas. By “all-purpose”, I mean a response that can be slipped seamlessly into the flow of most text conversations with a girl whom you are trying to bang (or not bang, but just fucking around with for flirty fun) that serves to heighten her curiosity and sexual interest.

An all-purpose alpha male text ideally would be:

1. Short and sweet. Chicks dig opaque men.

2. Funny and/or witty.

3. Self-entitled.

4. Endearingly dismissive and cocky.

5. Borderline assholish.

6. Sufficiently ambiguous that it can be used as a reply to a variety of soft or hard challenges from women.

The following ten contenders for **Most Alpha Text (MAT)** are the collected gems culled from the best of the Chateau archives:

“gay” (credit: el chief)

“Bring the movies”

“I don’t want to get you pregnant”

“nah”

“Little spoons don’t ask big questions”

“lotstas ccockas 4u lzozozozoz”

“Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks!”

“Are you auditioning for a soap opera?”

“tl;dr”

“8===D”

Think hard about this vote, because your life depends on it.

The voting:

Take Our Poll

Comment Of The Week: The Guileless Gatsby

CH · 2 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Da **GBFM** riffs culture ref-wise on this post about a beta orbiter thinking he'd gotten the green light to pursue a long-time female friend:

> A Beta Orbiter Gets The Green Light?
>
> Hey heartistes!!
>
> THE GREAT GATSBY was a Beta Orbiter who got the green light at the end of Daisy's dock, and look what happened to him!
>
> DEAD
>
> Such are the aweosme thingz dat da GREAT BOOKS 4 MENZ TEACH lzozozozozozozozozo

That's true. Gatsby, literature's ultimate beta male orbiter and pedestal polisher suffering from a most awesome case of oneitis (which Nick admired as an incorrigible hopefulness in a degenerate world), did get the green light, or rather Gatsby *thought* he got the green light, but when Daisy was pressed by him for a confession of her love in the climatic hotel scene, she recused herself from deciding between the charming Gatsby and the dominant (domineering) Tom, opting instead to cry her way out of confrontation and then to collude with Tom when her complicity in a hit-and-run became clear to herself and Tom connived to pin it all on Gatsby to avoid the revelation of his own infidelity. (I haven't read the book in a while, so I'm not sure if Tom knew Daisy was the driver, or if Daisy lied to Tom about being the passenger to save her own skin.)

For his transcendent hopefulness and blind faith in uncorrupted love and female purity, Gatsby was first betrayed, then framed, then killed. There's a lesson there for yearning, wistfully romantic beta males with delusions of pander.*

*Well, ok, two lessons. Don't ever deliver an ultimatum to a woman to declare her love during a heated moment. Such a move reeks of needy desperation. The very opposite of alpha male aloofness.

***

Comment of the Week runner-up is by **Hook or Crook**, who writes in response to a self-proclaimed omega who refuses to believe the science that says men can actually become more desirable by projecting untethered confidence.

> While this could very well be the clever bait of an anti-PUA troll, I have to both comment on the legitimacy of the sentiment and offer a course correction. Yes: working out, upgrading your wardrobe and attempting to mimic all of those behaviors that attractive men exhibit (proud stature, languid movements, firm eye contact, etc.) will make people notice you, which – in turn – will make some people challenge you. 'Faking it' successfully means that you have gone from being background noise to being actual signal (or have gone from scenery to scene-maker, if you prefer) which means that you are now in the spotlight, warts and all. Sometimes this experience will be rewarding to you; other times it will be painful as hell. Eye contact with a cute girl (or – hell – even just a decent one) can make you feel like you're finally growing as a man, or it can remind you that you are short, or ugly, or balding, or old. Some guys will give you the upwards Bro Nod(tm) when they see that you've been lifting weights, and others will sneer at the fact that your fat/scrawny/whatever ass is even bothering. So people are challenging you? Congratulations, you are no longer invisible, and you are now doing what men do: compete, fight and (eventually) fuck.
>
> The problem, as it is (or was, as you seem to be indicating that you have given up), is with your own perception of their challenge to you. Cute girl turns her nose up at you? "Oh no!: she knows that I'm really an omega and

> that I haven't had sex in years!!" Tough guy sneers at you or wants to pound your lungs into paste? "Oh shit: he knows that I was always picked on in school and that I can't fight!" You're presenting (or attempting to present) the attributes of a successful male, and when the world asks for your Alpha passport you shit your pants and stupidly surrender all of the marijuana that you could have easily smuggled if you just kept your cool and plowed. The problem is not that you were faking it – the problem is that you weren't committing to the fakery. You didn't believe that you could be cool, or desirable, so – surprise – they didn't believe it either. You can't walk around thinking that you're some piece of "genetic garbage" and expect this belief to not seep into everything that you do. If you're being challenged on your Alpha demeanor incessantly it is a huge indicator that there is strong incongruence between your words and your actions, or your actions and your posture, or your posture and your subtext etc, and this will only be hammered out through time and commitment and belief in yourself. Nobody said that this was going to be easy, and the first stage for people like you (and me as well: I'm 5″7 and was dorky as sin) is just a massive shit test from the world as it tells you to sit the fuck down and go back to being a loser, and you tell it to go home and fuck its mother.
>
> There's a reason why lower betas and omegas run screaming from seduction/game/et al., and its because that spotlight can burn like a motherfucker, and – for them – its better to lick their collective wounds (e.g. their genetic and social deficiencies) than to experience its harsh glare. I'd rather the world step up to me and get right in my face than have it deny my very existence, but every man must choose his own path. Your desires and your limiting beliefs are on opposite sides of the scale; the heavier one will win.

Maybe that, at the root of it, is the problem with omega males and some beta males: Their desire is weak. And their weak desire makes it easier for them to indulge self-doubt.

Big Mistake

CH · 3 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes,

> If this isn't a bad prognostication for a marriage, then I don't know what is.
>
> A friend of mine recently tied the knot with his college girlfriend. I admittedly do not know the bride very well, but generally she can be controlling and tough to warm up to. When you look at the picture attached, it's apparent she hasn't even warmed up to…her own husband.
>
> Yes, that's the couple's first official kiss as a married couple. Except it's not a kiss. His bride denied him, physically pushed him away, and proceeded to give him the cheek when he awkwardly went in for the kiss.
>
> Seeing him, pathetically and helplessly, hunched over like that on top of his wife fills me with pity. If his wife can't even comply to her man on their wedding day what hope is there in the future. Any takers on how long into the marriage before she starts withholding sex?
>
> Also, as you can see in the photos the wedding was presided not by a priest, but by the bride's fatass sister.

I've been to a fair number of weddings, and I've never seen a blushing bride's visceral distaste for her husband quite this transparently revealed. Most women who have hornswoggled a beta provider with tacit promises of endless hot marital sex have enough self-control and presence of mind to at least make a show of it when witnesses are present, even if that show is nothing more than a quick, pursed lip kiss followed by a rapid whole body turn to relievedly face the cameras. But I suppose when the star witness is your fat sister with a Unitardian Ministry Certificate from E-Cunts.com, no one really gives a shit that you recoil when your husband kamikazes with moist chimp lips but winds up smacking air. It's all fun and games until he's pulling his pud to porn six months into a sexless marriage, and contemplating suicide-by-family-court five years in.

I bet the bachelorettes all wore vintage Great Bonghits For Men T-shirts at the bitchelorette party that said ALPHA FUX, BETA BUX.

(Speaking of, you can trace the accelerating decline of America to the point in cultural history when the bachelorette party surpassed the bachelor party in significance.)

Proof, as if any more were needed, that getting a woman to marry you is not hard. What's hard is getting a woman to love you.

UPDATE

The reader who sent in the pics relays the following:

> fwiw i was definitively told the pictures i submitted to you were the initial pictures of the brides reaction to the kiss and any other photos were after that fact.

All right, folks. There it is. You may now return to your regularly scheduled food fight.

How Game Might Have Benefited Jason Richwine

CH · 4 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

hbd chick asks,

> if you were jason richwine, how would you have reframed the "discussion" about his thesis? wanna learn more about this reframing business.

For those readers who don't know, Jason Richwine ~~is~~ was the Heritage Foundation data cruncher who got metaphorically burned at the stake (a witch hunt in all senses but for an actual pyre) and canned from his think tank job for a dissertation he wrote while at Harvard which trafficked in horrible, no good, very bad hatefacts.

Also, for those who don't know, "reframing" is a well-known game concept that means to change the context of a conversation so that it is more personally advantageous to one's goals. Reframing is an old sales technique ("Picture yourself owning this…") that was reformatted for use as an applied seduction technique. Here's the PUALingo definition of the term:

> To say or do something that alters the context ("frame") through which someone sees an idea or situation.
>
> If the girl is shit testing the pick-up artist, he can reframe with a smarter remark or ignore her altogether. For example:
>
> HB: Are you trying to pick us up? (in negative tone)
>
> PUA: Is that the first thing you say to anyone who approaches you? I had a simple question to ask the group, but it's alright, I will ask someone else more polite.

So what hbd chick is asking is for an explanation of how Richwine could have appropriated a powerful seduction technique to "seduce" the media gatekeepers and (dwindling) numbers of truly open-minded fence-sitters over to his side. Or to at least curb the frothing bloodlust of the witch hunters so that his job with Heritage was spared.

A very good question, for a lot of the tactics that successful womanizers use to bed women can also be put to good use in other social arenas.

First, a quick primer on reframing. A good reframe should flow from an attitude of self-amusement, or amused mastery. Self-amusement means you will respond to attacks against your character or your status with condescension, ridicule, sarcasm, or utter disregard.

A good reframe, like the one illustrated above, will put your interlocutor into the defensive crouch. In matters of seduction, the defensive crouch is where pussy tingles are born. In politics, it's where The Narrative — aka The Cathedral, aka The Hivemind, aka The Anti-White Male Establishment — is undermined.

Reframing follows the principle of "The best defense is a good offense". If a girl calls you a cad, you don't apologize or try to deny it. That would be defensively acceding to her frame. Instead, you accuse her of being socially awkward. By putting her on the defensive, she is forced by the sudden change in momentum of the conversation, (and, if a crowd is assembled, by their expectation), to answer your charge. Answering charges is the lower status, WEAK POSITION. Delivering charges is the higher status, STRONG POSITION.

Chicks dig a man in the strong position.

And casual observers dig a data cruncher who stares down the lords of lies and calls their bluff.

So how could Richwine have reframed the national conversation about his factual findings — yes, remember, he was vilified for FACTUAL findings on the basis of BUT MY FEELINGS! AND THEIR FEELINGS! AND BIGOT! — so that he emerged from the ordeal perceived as an admirable man and his enemies the sputtering idiots

they are?

There are **FOUR main reframing methods**, and I'll give an example of a hypothetical Richwine response using all four.

1. Agree and amplify.

THE TORCH-LIT MOB: Richwine, you have sinned against the Church of Anti-Racism. Your thesis is bigoted and hurtful!

RICHWINE: So hurtful, I know! The truth has that effect on lying pussies. I hope to send more of you into hysterics. You put on a good show. Dance, monkeys.

2. Ignore and redirect.

THE TORCH-LIT MOB: Richwine, you have sinned against the Church of Anti-Racism. Your thesis is bigoted and hurtful!

RICHWINE: Math is hard for a lot of people.

3. Self-serving misinterpretation.

THE TORCH-LIT MOB: Richwine, you have sinned against the Church of Anti-Racism. Your thesis is bigoted and hurtful!

RICHWINE: You really know how to make a guy feel powerful. But don't worry, I don't bite. You can stop pulling your skirts over your heads.

4. Flipping the script.

THE TORCH-LIT MOB: Richwine, you have sinned against the Church of Anti-Racism. Your thesis is bigoted and hurtful!

RICHWINE: I understand. You have to have a bad guy so you can feel like the good guy. But you can be more open-minded. Anyone can be, all it takes is having your awareness raised.

Now naturally, Richwine wouldn't have to reframe with quite so much *Heartiste-y* flourish, but the concept is applicable to all modes, highbrow, lowbrow or shiv-woww, of verbal sparring. As long as you get the concept, the words will fall into place.

I suggest Geoffrey Miller, the latest sacrificial realtalker to be targeted by the angry equalist mob, get on board the reframe train. Forget apologetics, Geoff, that'll only feed the beast's hunger. You don't bend over and make it easier for the fatass-rammers, especially not when the facts support your contention that fat craps really do have problems with self-discipline.

As for the personality traits mentioned above, Angelina Sutin and colleagues at the National Institute on Aging, National Institutes of Health, and the Department of Health and Human Services, have conducted perhaps the ultimate study on this, using some 2000 participants, spanning over 50 years and applying 14 500 measurements of weight. And they didn't just content themselves with the Big Five personality factors but looked at all the subscales. They found that weight gain was most clearly related to Impulsiveness (a facet of Neuroticism), Warmth, Assertiveness, Positive Emotions (all facets of Extraversion), and a lack of Order and Self-Discipline (facets of Conscientiousness). […]

So yes, the obese group is not unlike its negative stereotypes. Of the, "lazy", "sloppy", "less competent", "lacking in self-discipline", "disagreeable", "less conscientious", "poor role models"," unintelligent", "unsuccessful", "weak-willed", "unpleasant", "overindulgent", it seems "disagreeable" and "unpleasant" are the only clear misses.

This is not to hate on the obese, but to call a spade a spade. The idea that the problems of the obese are outside themselves is an unhealthy illusion here examplified by Slate Magazine's Daniel Engber,

> Stop hating. If we weren't such unrepentant body bigots, fat people might earn more money, stay in school, and receive better medical care in hospitals and doctor's offices. All that would go a long way toward mitigating the health effects of excess weight—and its putative costs

This under the false assumption that fat people have the same intelligence and Self-Discipline and that the reason they cancel appointments is not due to Impulsiveness and lack of Conscientiousness but only because of other peoples prejudice. In doing so, he enables fat people to stay fat and to blame society for their problems, and to, like the Obesity Society, view the condition as unrelated to willpower.

The harsh truth is that the obese are in a lot of trouble. They are less attractive in the workplace because of their combination of intelligence (or lack thereof) and personality. Work performance is best predicted by IQ scores and next best of Conscientiousness. Impulsive behavior on the other hand predicts crime and accidents. Most employers are probably not aware of the research linking obese people to these characteristics and outcomes, but they know from experience that employing an obese person is a financial risk with no apparent reward.

Chateau Heartiste is now offering PR services to any neoreactionary PACs.

Sniveling Beta Or Scheming Alpha?

CH · 5 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Young reader “Barry” wants to know if his Yearbook note to a girl he knows (who also knows his friend “Greg”) is beta or alpha.

> Kelli,
>
> It has been so nice getting to know you this year. You are extremely sweet and foxy, I don’t know why Greg would want to spend any time with me at all! You really deserve better than clowns like us; you even laugh at my jokes! I hope we can keep in touch this summer, even though Greg will be gone. Call me up, and I’ll buy you lunch sometimes. [phone number] Anyway, good luck in everything you do, and stay happy.
>
> You friend,
>
> Love [heart symbol]

My gut reaction is that the note stinks of beta. Heart symbols are beta to any girl you aren’t already fucking. Hell, they’re beta to girls you *are* fucking. The self-deprecation is over the top, and beta if the recipient is a girl you aren’t fucking. It’s just barely tolerable if you’re self-depreacting to a girl you are already fucking.

But what I’d want to know, “Barry”, is the nature of your interest in “Kelli”. Is she just a friend, or do you have a secret crush on her? If you like her as more than a friend, then you come off as a supplicating orbiter here. But an orbiter with a sleazy, scheming alpha streak. You normally only see Kelli when Greg is with her, so it’s a good bet they’re dating. Waiting for your friend to skedaddle for the summer so you can slip her the full-blooded chub is just the kind of backroom dealing that will serve you well in future endeavors.

Chicks dig a man in command with a plan, so your subterfuge might succeed, but offering to buy lunch and giving her your number were bad moves. Better to talk to her alone and get her number than to leave it in her Yearbook for Greg to see.

Over to the CH commenters: what do you think of Barry’s tone? Is this Yearbook note weak sauce or is it the right touch of sneaky fucker cad game?

UPDATE

Some commenters caught on. The “Barry” above is none other than B-Dawg Obama.

High school is the crucible of our character. What you will be for the rest of your life is usually resolved before Senior Prom. But not always. Some men develop later, others are able to grow beyond the bounds of their formative years. You can tell a lot about a person by what he wrote in a Yearbook decades ago, and Barry’s note confirms my judgment of his character: He’s a beta at heart who became alpha through circumstance, mimicry and sheer grit. Some might derisively call this a Paper Alpha, but it’s still a better life as a paper alpha than a bona fide beta.

Oh, almost forgot:

Where da white women at!

Bringing Balance To The Masculine Force

CH · 6 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sidewinder asks,

> How does one do obligatory beta things in the course of a relationship in an alpha way? Wives and girlfriends will not accept skittles as gifts on a regular basis. At some point it will be her turn to pick the movie, and it will usually be a gay selection. How do you share in the celebration of whatever girl milestones she's happy about?
>
> I recall seeing a good post about alpha ways to propose, but my question goes more to the day to day level. After you've been with a girl for 3 months or so, she's looking for a connection. Constant aloof game will eventually lead to her just thinking you are a negative, critical dick. But being a mushy beta herb is fatal as well. Maybe I'm suggesting a new post "Relationship Game: The Day-to-Day Alpha."

CH readers who are familiar with the archives know that "aloof game" is not all there is to inspiring a woman's love and fidelity through all four weeks of the month. Beta reassurance game matters, and in fact will occupy the bulk of your time with any woman who is more than a sexual fling to you.

The reason Chateau Heartiste, and game blogs in general, focus on attraction-building seduction techniques and attitudes is because for most men — and especially for men with a lot of White and Red Nordid ancestry — aloofness and charisma around women don't come as naturally as, say, white knighting and slow wooing via the display of beta provider signals. The ~~world~~ West is changing, and a different kind of seduction is needed.

Most men are betas by definition, and the "art" of buying girls stuff and complimenting girls and tending to girls when they are upset in order to win their favor is second nature to such men. The beta provider's mental resources aren't taxed by spending real resources on women. That's the beta's bread and butter. In contrast, the beta male feels tremendous psychological distress when his bread and butter isn't working and he has to delve into the crimson world of exotic seduction tactics to inspire lust in women. This is when the beta, after having endured in crestfallen solitude from the bar room wall the spectacle of sociable alpha males hoarding the pussy, decides to turn to the lessons of applied charisma.

Regarding Sidewinder's question, the day-to-day relationship stuff is not particularly hard or incomprehensible for the inveterate beta male. He's been ready since birth to assume his role as the "I'm a caring man and I'll be there at your side to dry your tears and listen to you bitch and promise you how beautiful you look when the baby is disgorging itself from your wide-open bloody vagina" man that all women claim they desire, but actually don't desire until times get tough or their oxytocin levels are elevated. (Or the SMV differential between the woman and the man is so great that he can afford to be a beta.)

But just because that sentimental huggy-wuggy stuff comes easy to betas doesn't mean they'd see no benefit from supercharging their relationship game with time-honored and field-tested seduction strategies. A man who has brought balance to his masculine force — a man who has sharpened his far-focused beta bonding on the whetstone of near-focused alpha allure, and knows how to apportion each by amount and timeliness to induce maximum arousal in his woman — is a man of such rarefied self-awareness that women will die for him. Or at least defend his right to pimp them out.

Building on this premise, tomorrow's post will be about those "day-to-day alpha" things that men should do to strengthen and invigorate their loving relationships with women.

The Official Spinster Logo

CH · 6 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine this on a T-shirt. You'd open so many sets wearing this because girls won't be able to resist shit testing you about it. When they do, ask them if they want to be a member of A.S.S. — the American Spinster Society. Tell them you're working hard to eradicate judgmentalism and loneliness from the world.

Relationship Game: The Day-To-Day Alpha

CH · 7 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A dusty tome retrieved from the recesses of the Chateau study reveals an ancient code inscribed by prophets of yore:

statement-statement-question

What's this, you ask? Why, it's the alpha male way to direct a conversation with a girl! Why this way? Think of the alternatives.

question-question-question: Bludgeoning a woman with questions makes you sound desperate for a connection.

statement-statement-statement: The bane of the tone-deaf, try-hard man unknowingly alienating a woman because he's not listening to her and he's giving away all his mystery.

Framing what you say into a *statement-statement-question* format is the ideal mode of seductive communication, because it demonstrates in equal measure an ability to command a conversation and to interact with a woman. You first lead the convo with a statement, then ask a question to get the girl yapping. It's the art of charismatic rapport.

Similarly, there is an ideal way for a man to direct a long-term relationship so that it's maximally rewarding and minimally punishing. Directing a relationship means, in practice, striking an optimal balance between your alpha and beta behaviors. Succinctly, beta behavior is romantic and alpha behavior is sexy. Or, to put it another way, beta behavior is reassuring and alpha behavior is alluring. There's more to them than that, but that'll do for purposes of this post.

In yesterday's post, reader Sidewinder asked,

> How does one do obligatory beta things in the course of a relationship in an alpha way?

The key words here are "in the course of a relationship." The ratio of your alpha to beta will be different with a woman who already loves you and to whom you have already committed, than it will be with a woman you have started dating or with whom you don't want anything more than a sexual fling. Like the statement-statement-question ratio above, the alpha-to-beta ratio would look like this:

Short term sexual flings or pre-LTR dating: *alpha-beta-alpha*.

Long-term romantic connections: *beta-beta-alpha*.

If you're doing it right, you'll be less beta early on when the girl needs to feel your masculine sexy energy, and more beta later on when the girl needs to see more signs of commitment. You'll be more alpha up front, less later (as a function of time spent together), and the beta behavior that is more like a pleasantly surprising seasoning during the early stages of courtship will become more of a staple in an LTR.

Rephrasing these ratios into game lingo, your behavior will generally be *push-pull-push* when you meet a girl and have to build her attraction to you, and *pull-pull-push* when you are in a committed relationship and the girl has already made an investment in you (and you in her), and your margin for beta error is larger and your margin for alpha alienation is smaller.

This is the fundamental reality of sexual polarity and male attractiveness duality. The effects of a man's sexuality will change as he oscillates between alpha and beta behavior in accord with the woman's need for signals of long-term investment.

So occasional Acts of Beta are not a horrible thing; in fact they're necessary if you want a relationship with a woman longer than three months that isn't corrosive or emotionally exhausting. But there are more and less

attractive ways to “be beta.” Giving of oneself can come from a place of neediness — supplication, cloying flattery, fearful obeisance — or it can come from a place of self-assured joy.

Here are some common Acts of Beta refitted so that they’re executed with an alpha attitude.

Gift giving

Don’t buy something for her at the moment she’s leering at her object of acquisition. This is what men who are happy to support golddiggers do. Buying her stuff when she most expects it will only increase her demands for more stuff. It’s better to keep your gift-giving spontaneous, cheap and thoughtful. Flowers left on the table for her when she gets home. A small, goofy poem tucked into the clutter of her nightstand. For added effect, act at first like you don’t know who got her the gift. Inquire if it was her secret lover, and threaten to one-up “him” by buying her a yacht. Don’t get carried away with “special occasions”. One gift and done for birthdays and anniversaries. Keep her expectations low, and it will always be a challenge to disappoint her.

Making entertainment decisions

Ok, so she chooses a chick flic. This is not the worst thing in the world. With a little forethought, you can persuade her to choose a movie less vomit-inducing. Preempt her suggestions and take the lead in guiding her choice: “This is going to take a lot out of me, but I’m willing to watch a girly movie with you tonight, as long as I get a say in the matter.” She’ll feel bad about putting you through torture, so she’ll be more open to watching the less obnoxiously sappy chick flics, like Seven.

Doing things together

The worst thing you can do is not make a bad choice, but make no choice at all. Every man will be faced with those moments when he either can’t be bothered to think of something to do with his beloved, or he really can’t come up with any ideas. “What do you want to do?” are the most terrifying words a man will hear, next to “I missed my period” and “I had lunch with my ex.” Whatever you say, don’t sound wishy-washy. Even if your idea sucks, it’s better to forcefully present a sucky idea than to waver and say you’ll do whatever she wants to do. Now, this doesn’t mean you don’t get any input from her. It means you offer a suggestion, and be flexible if she makes a counter-suggestion.

Shopping together

If you get that expectant “Will you buy this for me?” look from your woman, muse thoughtfully about the product, and then announce it would look great on your mistress. Ask your girlfriend/wife if it comes with a motorcycle. Wait a few months, and then buy it for her. The object here is to never get caught being the type of man that asks “How high?” when his woman wants him to jump.

Making it rain

If you’re going to spend beaucoup bucks on your girl, (and you’re a well-off man for whom the expenditure is inconsequential), don’t get her “stuff.” Buy her experiences instead. Two plane tickets to a European city will be appreciated more fondly than a thousand pieces of jewelry.

The crying game

Every so often a girl just needs a good cry. Maybe she had a bad day at work, her parents are bugging her, or she got a shitty haircut. Let her tumble into your arms to sob it out. And, though this won’t need saying for the more experienced men in the audience, don’t say anything. Over and over, I’ve rediscovered the power of keeping your trap shut when a woman is in the midst of an emotional draining. Hug, stroke, and silently sympathize. That’s all you need to do.

When she says annoying or stupid shit

Follow the 80/20 rule. 80% of the time, ignore her or change the subject. 20% of the time, call her out on her

bullshit.

Compliments and flattery

Keep it rare, spare and unawares. The best compliments are unexpected, and evenly divided between being romantic and raunchy.

Advice

Don’t bother. Women are constitutionally incapable of receiving advice in good faith without twisting it into an attack on their character or attractiveness. Either lead her to what you want her to do, or let her flounder on her own.

Conversational fluff

Expect that in any relationship, she will be doing 75% of the talking, and you will be doing 75% of the head nodding. If you don’t like this, you should be dating a man.

When things get really frustrating

Leave. It works wonders. Slip out the back, Jack. Return in a few hours, after she’s had time to think clearly about the rift her bad behavior is causing.

If she fattens up

Dump her. Serioulsy. You are staring down the barrel of decades of unsatisfactory sex and resentful withdrawal. If you truly deeply love her, the best persuasion is leading by example. Exercise more, get buff, draw attention from other women, flirt with other women, and, if you are really fucking subversive, buy her a dress in the size she was before she got chubby.

Maintaining mystery

The toughest thing for any man is staying mysterious for his woman. The more a woman knows about her man, the less excited she feels about him. An easy way to inspire wonderment is to stay late at work a few nights, unannounced. Another way is the calculated revelation: “Oh, I thought I told you I was a local karaoke legend?” Be more unpredictable. Try speaking in a fashion that avoids your most common tropes and semantics. Radically change your style of dress. Join a club. Attend a seminar. Anything to shake up the monotony.

Cuddling

Make a small effort to not fall asleep after sex one in a while. Cuddle. Under no circumstances should you be the little spoon, unless you’re being a clown about it.

Serial Killer Dies, More Women Mourn His Death Than The Deaths Of A Thousand Beta Males

CH · 9 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader updates,

> So Richard Ramirez dies. The AP does a write up, and throws in this line: "Inexplicably, Ramirez, a native of El Paso, Texas, had a following of young women admirers who came to the courtroom regularly and sent him love notes."

"Inexplicably"? Not to regular visitors of Le Chateau. Chicks dig violent psychopaths, even facially ugly ones like Ramirez.

In other "blast from the past" news, here's a video of narcissistic serial killer Rodney James Alcala as a contestant on a TV dating show. (no joke)

He won.

Cost-Free Gestures Of Romantic Reassurance

CH · 9 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

PA suggests that emailing this song to your girlfriend or wife is a simple gesture of well-timed beta reassurance that (uncorrupted, foreign) chicks dig… in small quantities.

It's a fine song of loving lovitude. However, halfway through the listening experience my eyes drifted down to a random YouTube comment.

> my dad played this song every time he picked me and my bro up for his court-ordered visit with us…actually ROD STEWART was the only thing both my dad and mom had in common. All they did was argue.

You are carried aloft on the whispers of a soulful love ballad, inspired to newfound hopefulness about the inherent goodness of the universe and the nature of woman, when you feel a tug and realize, once again, the dark tendrils of ugly reality are coiling around your ankles, dragging you back into the depths.

The Number One Move That Will Attract A Girl And Turn Her Against Self-Annihilating Leftoidism

CH · 10 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I learned this trick during a stint as a roadie for an arena rock band. If you can't trust advice about women from a rock star bathed in the afterglow of a [redacted] orgy, what dating advice can you trust? So he told me, "[redacted]", and "[redacted]", and I waited an hour backstage for the follow-up demonstration.

It worked like [redacted]. I'd seen things, but this moment was revelatory. A full ten minutes into the [redacted], the young vixen's face flushed from [redacted] and [redacted], I was convinced. A safe enough amount of time has passed since that [redacted] that I can reveal the secret of the quasi-neoreactionary rock stars to you.

Essentially, it boils down to this one word: [redacted]. Lead your conversation in this manner, and the dominoes fall in order. Her [redacted] will [redacted] like an old growth forest, and her [redacted] will erupt in a confetti storm of [redacted] rupturing all her [redacted] until she is [redacted] in your presence.

I tried it on a red-haired ingenue. Her [redacted] quickly melted to relieved [redacted], and it wasn't but a half hour later when she was begging me to [redacted] a line of [redacted] off her [redacted]. I thought at the time it was a request straight from central [redacted], a banal cliche, but there are some cliches so [redacted] that they are worth experiencing unironically, in all their raunchy [redacted]. What can I [redacted]? I'm a sucker for sappy pay-offs.

Afterward, she whispered a terse sweet-nothing in my ear:

"[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] ,"

and I knew right then that this was the girl I would [redacted].

Note: The author has had to redact material in light of recent news that the American government is spying on any and all communication taking place between free citizens. The author regrets this necessity, but believes it a small price to pay to fight terrorism and nativist restrictionists who would shut the borders to the free flow of terrorists.

Masturbation And IQ

CH · 10 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Satoshi Kanazawa has a theory that general human intelligence evolved partly in response to environmental novelty, and that high IQ people are more likely than low IQ people to crave novel experiences.

> How did human intelligence evolve to be so high? Lynn [Lynn, R. (1991). The evolution of race differences in intelligence. Mankind Quarterly, 32, 99–173] and Rushton [Rushton, J.P. (1995). Race, evolution, and behavior: A life history perspective. New Brunswick: Transaction] suggest that the main forces behind the evolution of human intelligence were the cold climate and harsh winters, which selected out individuals of lower intelligence. In contrast, Kanazawa [Kanazawa, S. (2004). General intelligence as a domain-specific adaptation. Psychological Review, 111, 512–523] contends that it is the evolutionary novelty of the environment which increased general intelligence. Multiple regression analyses support both theories. Annual mean temperature and evolutionary novelty (measured by latitude, longitude, and distance from the ancestral environment) simultaneously have independent effects on average intelligence of populations. Temperature and evolutionary novelty together explain half to two- thirds of variance in national IQ.

Kanazawa has remarked that this theory explains why smarter people drink more than dumber people: Alcohol and its effects provide a novel mental and kinesthetic experience.

I can buy this. Based on personal observation, the smarties do tend to drink more, and take drugs more regularly. However, the less smart more often fall into crippling addiction when they take up drinking or drugs. It would seem the dumber can't handle the novelty.

Masturbation is a form of novelty-seeking, particularly for men, because most masturbation material is hardcore porn featuring a variety of women (fatties, uggos and wall victims excluded — there's only so far the concept of variety will stretch before it morphs into something grotesque). If Kanazawa is right, then I extrapolate from his theory that higher IQ people will masturbate more than lower IQ people.

Is there evidence for my inference? Inquisitive readers who want to collate GSS data, or who have access to any relevant studies, are welcome to try and find compelling evidence one way or the other. Operators are stroking by.

Note that I am asking for a fapping-to-prefrontal frisson correlation, rather than a sexual intercourse to smarts correlation. This way, we control for the possibility that smart people desire more sex than dumb people, but are less able (or willing) to fulfill their desires, leading to a misinterpretation of the results.

It may strike some as counterintuitive that smarties are more sexually charged than lunkheads, but sexual desire does recruit imagination centers of the brain, and imagination will be found in greater abundance in those with, well, greater brain abundance. "Vapid jocks" probably get more sexytime than the exquisitely self-aware, but that disparity could be just as much a consequence of the thwarted rocket-fueled desire of the smart as of the satisfied whitenoise desire of the dumb.

The Leakiest Links: Science ♥ CH Edition

CH · 11 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. Chateau Heartiste is fond of metaphorically describing the biologically innate and intractable sexual urge as originating from the "hindbrain", and that the compulsions of the ancient hindbrain motivate nearly all human behavior, and in fact are so fundamental to human nature that the forebrain evolved mostly to rationalize the desires of the hindbrain. From this premise springs another CH concept: the sexual market. The sexual market is the foundational market which anchors the functioning of all other markets. It's as real and as relevant to your day to day life as is the practical application of the economic supply and demand curve. More real, in fact, because it's operational even when you're not engaged in any productive activity. Now SCIENCE has come along to vindicate (this is getting to be a habit) the boorishly reductionist CH worldview, albeit through the medium of rats. A study found that female rats who had their forebrains — the neocortex — removed continued to function sexually.

Humans, like all animals, have no control over their sexual attraction, though they may exert control over the expression of that attraction. The forebrain exists to give the moral stamp of approval to the desires of the hindbrain, and what this study implies more than anything else is that no amount of social or cultural conditioning — the favored explanation of feminist termagants and equalist twats the world over — can alter the id-shaped sexual urges of the hindbrain; not even complete removal of large parts of the higher order brain can alter these primal urges. We are automatons underneath our advanced cortical embroidery.

2. But, wait! The SCIENCE VINDICATES CH stroke-a-thon doesn't stop there. We have a long record advising men to either refrain from Facebook and other social media-type pick-ups, or to actively work to lower the self-esteems of girls on social media, because there is an exaggerated self-esteem boost that women experience on these websites thanks to the constant fawning of millions of ass-lapping betaboys with no game. Now a recent study has come out which shows that Facebook profiles raise users' self-esteem and affect behavior. Additionally, self-esteem-boosted Facebook users feel less motivated to perform follow-up tasks. This is perfectly in line with CH game teachings that high self-esteem women (and alpha males) will comport themselves with an attitude of aloofness and entitlement that translates into behavior indicative of "being the chasee" in any heated sociosexual interaction.

3. Deep in the archives rests the seminal post "Defining the Alpha Female".

> Besides hotness, there is one other factor that influences female SMV (Sexual Market Value) rank — **the maximum level of commitment she can extract from her best option.** Her personality, charm, sexiness, character, and nurturing ability will make the difference here. The best option rule is essential – men who are below her first choice offer unwanted commitment while men who are too far above her are guaranteed to put less effort into the relationship.

All women want it all, but only hot babes can turn that desire into reality, and therefore only hot babes regularly behave in ways that suggest they have realistic expectations of getting it all. And what is "all" for women?: The most alpha man they can coax into a long-term monogamous commitment. Now science (there it is again!) comes along to provide ample evidence for the above CH observation (via reader chris):

> [T]he findings provide partial support for the main hypotheses that low mate value women would have more pronounced changes in preferences across the menstrual cycle. When the implicit measure was examined, women low in mate value had weaker positive implicit associations with characteristics associated with high quality genetic material when they were in the less fertile part of their cycle and, alternatively, with women higher in mate value this reduction in positive associations during the less fertile part of their cycle did not occur. These results are congruent with the proposition that a mixed mating strategy (pursuing short-term relationships with high genetic quality males while maintaining long-term relationships with a lower

> genetic quality male) would be most adaptive for low mate value women who are unable to obtain mates that are high in both genetic quality and resources.

Hot (high SMV) women don't go in for the cuckolding stuff because they are more able than uglier women to get everything they want in a man in one package. Less attractive women can't, so they must resort to downlow tactics for a deliriously brief shot at non-omega male seed.

4. Study shows that women are attracted to men with "appetitive-aggression", i.e., a lust for violence. Chicks dig jerks. Did you hear that? Neither did I. The feminists and nancyboys must be tongue-tied.

5. Why do women fall for serial killers? Blame their native wiring.

> Consciously, most women would like their men to be kind, empathic, understanding, and respectful. But there's something in their native wiring that makes a great many of them susceptible to "bad boys." Possibly because, as the authors quote Angela Knight as reflecting (in a sentiment that echoes the conclusions of most evolutionary psychologists): "[Their] inner cavewoman knows Doormat Man would become Sabertooth Tiger Lunch in short order" (p .97).
>
> Moreover, in responding to the question as to whether some men, such as "serial killers, violent offenders, and rapists," might be *too* dominant for women to accept, Ogas and Gaddam note: "**It turns out that killing people is an effective way to elicit the attention of many women**: virtually every serial killer, including Ted Bundy, Charles Manson, and David Berkowitz, have received love letters from large numbers of female fans" (p. 98). […]
>
> It's no coincidence that the whole genre of fictional romance is so hypnotically enticing to so many women that—surprise, surprise!—it actually outsells the pornography everywhere out there that's expressly designed to appeal to the male brain (which, alas, focuses far more on female body parts than anything pertaining to "romance"). Women regularly purchase an astronomical amount of romance fiction (and, more and more, anonymously through the Web). And what this suggests is that while those who fall for serial killers may represent a pathological exaggeration of a female's erotic mind, many women (at least secretly, or subliminally) can't help but be drawn toward cold-blooded, controlling, "bad boys" whose dominance symbolizes quite the opposite of what in relationships they're consciously seeking.

Sounds almost word-for-word what CH has been saying about female sexual nature. The whole article is great, and pretty much takes a steaming dump on the usual female rationalizations for the allure of the killer badboy.

6. Are the lovers of violent men really taken by surprise when they discover the demonic pasttimes of their alpha paramours? Feminists insist they are (what else are they gonna say?), but the facts show otherwise: What predators' wives really know.

> For too long many spouses of child molesters have hidden behind the pretense that they were unaware of the crimes going on in their homes. **The myth that these women didn't know of the depravity which played out under their roofs is just that: a myth.** Reality tells a different story. The truth is sickening and may be shocking to some readers whereas other readers may have known this all along.
>
> In my years of profiling violent crimes, I have found that in the majority of cases that I studied, the spouses knew about the child molestation which was carried out by their spouses. They knew because either the offenders told them or they witnessed the abuse! Of course the wives never admitted this once an investigation was opened; however, victims have often stated that the wives of their abusers were present when the attacks took place. As the victims called out for help, it was common for the wives to walk away and shut the door behind them. In other cases, the wives would see their spouses bringing children into their bedrooms but said nothing. Many victims tell their mothers that their fathers are molesting them, and they are not believed.

And how 'bout them female rationalization hamsters? First up, the Pleading Ignorance Hamster:

> But never fear. These women are phenomenal at explaining themselves. First and foremost, they are adamant that they didn't know what was going on. Amazingly, these women who were teachers, physician assistants, and charity fundraisers became stunningly stupid when it came to the sex abuse. Though considered intelligent, these women claim that they couldn't put two and two together that their husbands were doing something wrong when there was an endless parade of young boys or girls going into the marital bedroom with their spouses.

When that hamster tires, the Poor Me Hamster relieves it:

> If for some reason, the wives' pathetic excuse of ignorance doesn't fly, the women immediately run for the sympathy card. They can't be held accountable for the actions of their sick spouses. After all, they have children to raise. What would their children do if they were put into prison? Many are church goers who vehemently apologize that they didn't do more for the children (translation: I am sorry I got caught).
>
> Some wives will fill their eyes with crocodile tears and cry of their own abuse in childhood. They will claim that they were too mixed up emotionally to step in and help the victims. How could anyone cast a nasty eye at them? They were victims as children, so how could anyone expect them to do anything to help anyone? "Poor me," they whine." I was hurt; feel sorry for me! Yes, I knew about the abuse and did nothing, but don't you dare point a finger at me." These are their words, and they will even go so far as to say that they were good parents, even if the victim was their own child.

After the Poor Me Hamster exits the stage, the Badboy Forgiveness Hamster swaggers in for the final aria:

> For other women, there is a deviant bond which makes them feel close to their spouses. If a molester confesses his secrets to the wife, then she and he share a unique experience. To trust her enough to tell her means that he must love her. And if she loves him how could she turn him in? A type of magical thinking emerges where the females believe that they are in a very special relationship that will all turn out just fine.

There are many other identifiable hamsters, including the Gravy Train Hamster, the Social Stigma Hamster, the Excited Fearfulness Hamster, and the most twisted of them all, the Sexual Deviant Hamster:

> Then there are the most sick of these women. These are the ones who not only know about the abuse but get sexual excitement from it. They enjoy it and use it in their sexual fantasies. I know of such cases where the wives had their husbands tell them every raw detail of the abuse as the couple was having sex.

The author (a woman) has a PSA for feminists who are working hard to create a femtopia where female accountability is reduced to zero:

> This idea that spousal participation is not important has to change. When there is no price to be paid for their part in the abuse (keeping silent), the behavior will not ever change. Thus this perpetuates the cycle. More scrutiny needs to be placed on spouses of molesters if there is suspicion that they knew. If it can be proven that they knew of the abuse, they should be held accountable.
>
> I have talked to women who knew of their husbands' actions but did not come forward. It is absolutely sickening to listen to these women. They were some of the most self centered and self serving people I ever met, and they were not sorry. The only sorrow they felt was for themselves. […]
>
> Children deserve better protection, and one can only wonder how many could be spared being raped if only one of these spouses would simply open their mouths and tell the truth.

The problem is that a lot of these women love their psychopathic spouses. Love is the fuel that feeds their rationalizations and excuse-mongering. This sort of thing won't change unless you could reconstruct the female brain to feel no love for malevolent men.

In related news, women have no trouble at all accusing beta nerds of quasi-rape for telling goofy dongle jokes.

7. "[I]ndividualism is not a consequence of modernization, but rather *modernization is a consequence of individualism*." My question: Are highly individualistic peoples more prone to pathological altruism? Or is it just a white thang?

8. It's *their* world now. And that means you must take measures to protect yourself. You can start by hiding your online activity from the Hivemind behemoth. It appears that the Firefox browser gets the best reviews from privacy advocates. None of these anonymizing services guarantees your privacy, but they do make it orders of magnitude more difficult for government snoops to identify you. And that can mean the difference between expressing yourself unmolested and a knock on the door at 2AM. Think it ridiculous? That's what everyone says right before the gun barrel is trained on their heads.

Tribalism

CH · 11 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Partisan Shifts in Views of NSA Surveillance Programs

Views of NSA surveillance programs
(See previous table for differences in question wording)

	January 2006		June 2013	
	Accept-able	Un-acceptable	Accept-able	Un-acceptable
	%	%	%	%
Total	51	47	56	41
Republican	75	23	52	47
Democrat	37	61	64	34
Independent	44	55	53	44

PEW RESEARCH CENTER June 6-9, 2013. Figures read across. Don't know/Refused responses not shown.

Principles? Is that the name of a new coffee roast? PS Bushitler!

The Bottom Of America Found

CH · 12 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

After searching desolate psychological topography for years, a team of Chateau adventurers believe they have found the very bottom of America.

Discrimination against fat strippers? Wow, just wow. I don't even. I stopped reading at…

The inevitable logic of misfit liberals' exaggerated sensitivity to harm and *faaaaaiiiirness* is that anything that hurts someone's feelings somewhere, justified or not, and as long as that someone who hurts isn't the ur-oppressor white male, will come to be seen as discrimination requiring legal correctives. And so we find ourselves wading through the rectal effluvium of America confronting smelly wildebeasts like the thing above LOUDLY and PROUDLY proclaiming that fat strippers who earn less money, or who don't get sufficient stage time from their (blind) club managers, are being discriminated against by the patriarchy, or by men, or by whatever boogeyman term of fart happens to have lodged itself in their donut-drenched and -holed brains.

Never once will it occur to these rotund retards that fat strippers earn less because men don't like to look at fatsos, and especially not at naked fatsos. If it does occur to them, they tax themselves mentally trying to locate and broadcast implausible alternatives to explain away their wretched public reception that absolves them of any personal responsibility for their loser lives.

This is what happens when the parasites, dweebs, cranks, monsters, degenerates and headcases get ahold of the narrative. They push and push until farcical "anti-discrimination" policies that not too long ago would have seemed unimaginable to sane people become the law of the land. Case in point: It's now illegal to refuse to grant job interviews to ex-cons.

Progressivism isn't about progress; it's about progressive rationalization of increasingly stupid ideas. The whirlpool of useless human debris multiplies on the one end while CIA-funded orc-world psychopaths multiply and invade on the other. No wonder normal people who still trust their common sense and their powers of observation feel as if a dark force is gripping them by the throat.

Aloofness Will Make Women Want Sex More

CH · 13 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Readers have been writing to express their gratitude ever since the CH "Dread" post was published, which advised men in loveless relationships to become more aloof and unavailable as a means of reigniting their women's desire for them.

> Women respond viscerally in their vagina area to unpredictability, mixed signals, danger, and drama in spite of their best efforts to convince themselves otherwise. Managing your relationship in such a way that she is left with a constant, gnawing feeling of impending doom will do more for your cause than all the Valentine's Day cards and expertly performed tongue love in the world. Like it or not, the threat of a looming breakup, whether the facts justify it or not, will spin her into a paranoid estrogen-fueled tizzy, and she'll spend every waking second thinking about you, thinking about the relationship, thinking about how to fix it. Her love for you will blossom under these conditions. Result: she works harder to please you.

The bitterboy haters really swooned with indignation after reading that post, feeling deep in their bones that anything less than flowers and constant supplication was the only way a man should act if he wanted to revive a flagging relationship. Hundreds of testimonials to the contrary would not convince them. Theirs is a Hallmark world, and goddamnit it's going to stay a Hallmark world.

By why heed your real world experiences and the wisdom of CH when you can wait for CREDENTIALED EXPERTS to give you the go-ahead to try something new and daring with your life?

> But the [female] rationale [for wanting sex] I'd like to focus on here is one that's rarely alluded to in the literature: namely, a woman's wanting sex–and at times desperately so–out of fear that her partner may be on the verge of leaving her. That is, she may actively pursue her spouse sexually to help deal with powerful feelings of anxiety, stemming from her intuition or knowledge that her relationship is in jeopardy–fragile, teetering, or on the brink of collapse.
>
> The woman's apprehension about a possible break-up may derive from her partner's broadly hinting that he wants out of the relationship or, in fact, from his directly informing her of his intentions to move out and file for divorce. Or it's possible she might suspect that he's having an affair; or (because of the vast emotional distance separating them) that he's actually fallen in love with someone else and, on that account, secretly planning to desert her. In a panic about it all–especially if she still feels devoted to him, or there are children involved and she's frantic to keep the family together at all costs–she may be desperate to initiate sex to feel less helpless, as well as to exert *some* control over (and hopefully alter) her husband's errant, non-loving behavior toward her. […]
>
> As a consequence of her distress, or anguish, she's strongly impelled to prompt a heated sexual encounter whereas previously she may have shown ambivalence, apathy, or even a marked antipathy toward making love with her partner. Withdrawn and quite possibly sexually shut down, in the bedroom she may take on the role of "aggressor"–or, probably a better term, "seductress." […]
>
> Ironically, the sex that can emerge from the considerable trepidation and anxiety I've been describing can be unusually passionate. Though I've already characterized such sex as "fear-inspired," the very intensity of this fear can transform itself into substantially heightened sexual arousal — such that the end result of lovemaking can be electrically charged (what noted sex therapist, David Schnarch, actually refers to as "wall socket sex"!). It's as though, ironically, the woman's pronounced fear of abandonment renders her capable of having more abandoned sex than she may have been capable of before.

As we say in the business — Game. Set. Snatch.

Le Chateau ahead of the curve, again. A little bit of fear and dread will motivate a sexually retreating woman to joyfully spread for the sake of committed love. To put it in even more concise terms: Do the opposite of a beta male.

Dread is essentially a form of the scarcity principle, producing effects in the sexual market similar to the effects seen in the economic market when an in-demand good is in short supply. Not only will calculated doses of dread revitalize relationships, but it will also allow average men to date much hotter women than they would be expected to date by the dunderhead masses.

Maxim #55: A man can shoot way out of his league if he acts as if he is the one occupying the higher league.

Dread, or fear-inspired romance, is not a relationship cure-all. An average man can keep a level-headed hottie on a string for about six months using nothing but anxiety-inducing seduction techniques, but beyond the six month mark fissures will begin to erupt. Women's hindbrains can fry from too much sustained anxiety, and past that point relationship management with a beautiful woman becomes more difficult, requiring more emotional investment from the man. Accepting this reality, the man will usually opt for gaudy beta displays of commitment, and as if on cue this will cause the hottie to reevaluate her relationship options.

Given the long-term risks of overuse, dread is still the winning move for the average man. Just as five minutes of alpha > five years of beta for women, six months of sex with a hot babe > ten years of sex with a plain jane for men.

The best news is that dread is *exceptionally* effective as a tool to coax hot sex from a woman if you are within an already established relationship, such as marriage. The trick to keeping the bedsheets stained with poos joos is the subtle application of *intermittent dread*, which releases your woman's anxiety just long enough that she swings wildly between cuddly comfort and ravenous restlessness. Sustained dread is better when you've started dating a girl, and particularly the types of eye-catching girls who get propositioned on the daily.

White Majority In The US Gone By 2043

CH · 13 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A new census estimate places the displacement of the historic white American majority around the year 2043.

The article is written in celebratory fashion by the AP reporter, **Hope Yen**, as is typical for the anti-white male establishment MSM. But, hearteningly, many of the commenters seem to get what this all portends for the land they call home.

> Well fellow white folks. it was a hell of a run!
>
> Minorities, I'm sure you'll take this country to even greater heights in the next 200+ years than our founding fathers did! Best of luck!
>
> (rummages manically through drawer for passport)
>
> ***
>
> Minority majority? What the heck is that?
>
> Hopefully affirmative action in 2043 will help a white brother out, but i suppose they will get rid of that in 2042.
>
> ***
>
> The black population of America is only 13%. Even though they are encouraged to breed with welfare and child support programs, they are still a smaller percentage of the population than Hispanics that come illegally. We could easily stop them with a wall. A wall. Not anything technological. The Chinese built one 2000 years ago to keep the Mongols out. But 2000 years later, the greatest technologically advanced nation can't do the same.
>
> Hispanics can move to any of the countries Colombia, Argentina, Peru, Venezuela, Chile, Ecuador, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, Belize, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama or Mexico and speak Spanish. They can be among the majority in any of these countries. But they insist on invading America. Why? If all of these other countries suck so badly, why do you want to turn American into the same?
>
> It is bizarre that people want to change America so much, but expect it to remain the same great nation this is currently is.
>
> ***
>
> …And the greatest foreshadowing story ever told…
>
> Idiocracy
>
> ***
>
> Look at it this way! Countries like China and India will be outsourcing their labor to the US!!!!
>
> ***
>
> sweet … as a white male I'm looking forward to not paying taxes, getting welfare checks and living off those who have built wealth because they are getting these benefits now
>
> only problem is by then I will have already worked myself to death
>
> ***
>
> That is why we are slowly becoming a third world country. the question is who will support all these derelicts.
>
> ***
>
> Another nail in the republican coffin.

You may be tempted to feel hopeful that whites are waking the fuck up about what amounts to a fifty year campaign of soft genocide against them, but the demographics are already baked in the cake. Absent mass deportations and a moratorium on further immigration (both of which CH supports but which are politically unfeasible given the government and media are stacked to the rafters with, what would have been called in quainter times, traitors), this population trajectory won't change. The waking up needed to happen a long time ago. Now it is too late for anything but retreat and prostration.

Banging Students

CH · 14 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader mas00 asks,

> question for CH readers.. so I TA at a college getting my masters and I sent out an email to my class and I got one back from a 6-7 in my class.
>
> “Thanks for a fun quarter! It’s the first time I actually enjoyed going to section.
>
> Hope to see you around!”
>
> how can I flip this to see if she really wants to see me?

You don’t need to flip anything. Girls will rarely go out of their way to email a man such effusive praise unless there’s a sexual undercurrent. My bet is that she harbors illicit thoughts about you and her… together… under the silver moonlight.

Since you’re not a professor, I don’t believe the standard ethics codes prohibiting teacher-student affairs applies, but someone in the belly of the beast who is more informed can correct me if I’m wrong about that. A safe ROI reply would be simply providing an opportunity for her to meet you in an out-of-school or in-my-office context, and see if she bites. For example:

“I’m giving career advice to students on [X] at [X], if you’d like to stop by we can discuss further.”

Isolation is the key here. If the calculated ruse is not your thing, then just straight up segue into flirty banter.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were flirting with me.”

If she’s at all interested in seeing you again, she’ll respond to that stinky bait in a way that indicates she’d like the conversation sustained rather than curtly cut off. Plus, such an email gives you plausible deniability should any school termagants get wind of it and summon you to a tribunal. Really, given the risks, you’re best off communicating with this girl in person, instead of over email. At the least, use your personal email.

What To Do When You're A Girl's Second Choice

CH · 14 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sidewinder asks for help with his online game:

> Online game update: 2 weeks ago I asked for advice concerning a girl who politely cancelled meeting me because she had something going on with someone else and wanted to see where it went. I wasn't sure how to respond because it was generally polite, and since we had never met, I felt any kind of negative response would indicate butt hurtness.

Good call. Think of female politeness as entrapment to lull beta males into revealing butthurtness.

Yareally seemed to agree and suggested that I stay positive and say something casually light and humorous. I responded to her "good luck. Let me know when you're ready to party with a real man"

She responded last night "so…..I'm ready to party with a real man. " Any suggestions on how to close this one out? My thought is to completely ignore her previous cancellation, but to somehow motivate her to prove her interest to me.

Shouldn't be too hard to close this girl. She handed you a serious indicator of interest. Play around with her a little more, and then escalate.

"Ok, I've got Justin Bieber on the line for you. lol"

As the second choice of this girl, you have to focus extra hard on qualifying her as worthy of your attention, because the head space she's in right now is very conducive to perceiving you as less man than what she ideally wants. That means DO NOT reference her previous cancellation or her excuses (unless it's in a humorous way, but even that is fraught with risk), and DO NOT express any sort of gratitude for finally getting a shot with her. It DOES mean acting as if you were the one the whole time deliberating whether she was worth your effort to pursue.

"Great. Swing by my place first, we'll pre-drink with hot cocoa and snort fresh country air."

Playfulness, dismissiveness, self-regard. These are the keys to the VAJ lounge.

Unemployed, Alcoholic Badboy Game

CH · 17 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A 30 year old couglet writes to Slate's Emily Yoffe (first mistake) about the strange pull that an unemployed, alcoholic alpha male ex-fling badboy has on her romantic imagination, while a loyal and NICE dentist betaboy who's practically begging her to marry him can't seem to fire up her loins. Bonus track: The badboy nearly gave her herpes.

> I would leave everything I have to be with [the guy who almost gave me herpes and dumped me after a weekend of multiple orifice violating that I wouldn't dream of allowing my beta dentist fiance to do to me].

Five minutes of alpha…

A regular CH reader, Zombie Shane, left a comment over at Slate (amazingly left undeleted) which sent the femborgs and manboobs ululating into righteous, backboob swinging, indignation.

> Two points:
>
> 1) Women are incapable of knowing what they want – if they knew what they wanted, then they'd be men.
>
> 2) What this particular woman wants is what every woman wants – the gina tingles which come from the dangerous liaisons with an "alpha" cad – not the bed-death predictability which comes from entering into the prison which is married life with a boring, dependable, politically-correct, utterly emasculated "beta" dad.
>
> Alpha cads, not beta dads.
>
> That's what women want.
>
> So either dentist dude can step it up a notch, grow a pair, and start acting like a man, or else he can prepare [or at least he ought to prepare] for a lifetime of raising a family full of children who were biologically sired by the likes of her tennis instructor at the country club.

"dutchshepherdconspiracytheory" replies,

> Oh so glad one of the menz could tell me what I wanted.

Anyone who (erroneously) pluralizes words with the letter z is guaranteed to be a triple-chinned nerdo leftoid or cauliflower-thighed chunkster chick. No exceptions.

Is it the alcoholism, unemployment or herpes that women love about sexy badboys? No. What women love about them is their ATTITUDE.

> The attitude dictates that you don't care whether she comes, stays, lays, or prays. I mean whatever happens, your toes are still tappin'. Now when you got that, then you have the attitude.

The Attitude is sex panther cologne reformulated to work 100% 100% of the time. The Attitude is powerful enough to induce in women a quasi-catatonic, chronically orgasmic state that renders them unable to discriminate against men failing on several objective measures of conventional mate worth. Many sexy cads with venereal diseases, low future time orientation and crippling addictions do well with women because they possess The Attitude, and that is often all that's needed to outcompete beta males for drilling rights to women's peak nubility hearts.

Are Women Winning, Or Are Men Losing?

CH · 18 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A recent analysis examining the causes of the infamous and demagogically abused "sex wage gap" has found that more than a quarter of the relative improvement in women's wages is the result of the decline in men's wages.

> **In the late 1970s, after a long period of holding fairly steady, the gap in wages between men and women began improving.** In 1979, the median hourly wage for women was 62.7 percent of the median hourly wage for men; by 2012, it was 82.8 percent. However, **a big chunk of that improvement – more than a quarter of it — happened because of men's wage *losses*, rather than women's wage gains. […]**
>
> **This cannot be blamed on economic stagnation.** Between 1979 and 2012, productivity – the average amount of goods and services produced in an hour by workers in the U.S. economy — grew by 69.5 percent, but that did not translate into higher wages for most men. Over this period, the real wage of the median male *dropped* 7.6 percent. This is a new and troubling disconnect: In the decades prior to the 1970s, as productivity increased, the wages of the median worker increased right along with it.
>
> **Furthermore, looking at the median wage understates the losses many men have experienced since the 1970s.** For men with a high school degree, real wages have fallen by more than 14 percent. It is not the case, however, that men's wages have fared poorly since the 1970s because men do not have the right education or skills. In the last 10 years, even workers with a college degree have failed to see any real wage growth.
>
> **Nor are men's losses are due to women's gains.** The forces that were holding back male wage growth were also acting on women's wages, but the gains made by women over this period in educational attainment, labor force attachment, and occupational upgrading, along with greater legal protections against discriminatory pay, initially compensated for adverse forces. In the last decade, however, women's wages have also dropped. […]
>
> **The decline in unionization alone explains about a third of the rise in male wage inequality (and about a fifth of the increase in female wage inequality) over this period.**
>
> Together, these policies have eroded the individual and collective bargaining power of most workers, depleting access to good jobs. In other words, these policies have served to make the already-affluent better off at the expense of the rest.

As any halfway informed reader will tell you, the supposed discriminatory basis of the sex wage gap so beloved of femcunts for its usefulness as a blunt semantic weapon to cow lickspittles of the Undescended Testes Society into submission, is utter bullshit. Now there is evidence that some of the wage increase women have experienced is less a consequence of GOGRRL ambition than of FUCK MEN economic policies.

Automation, illegal infiltration of cheap labor, outsourcing, H1B insourcing, the move to a service and health economy that favors women's strengths, cultural derision of men's strengths… all these things plus more have combined to economically shaft men. Coupled with the declining attraction of self-sufficient women for beta providers, is it any wonder that marginalized men are faced with the stark choice of cadding it up for muff and puss lips, or dropping out entirely?

The answer to this problem isn't pat, but we could start with these CH suggestions:

– Stop pedestalizing women on a mass scale. This means drop the "lean in" schtick and the "white male privilege" dorm room BS sessions. Embrace the innate biological differences of the sexes and stop bitching and moaning when the consequence of men and women following their natural compulsions leads to organically emergent disparities in pay or social status.

– End all quota programs and affirmative action. Men, and white men in particular, pay the brunt of these redistributionist schemes.

– Ditch the legal concepts of disparate impact and disparate outcomes. These two fallacious theories have exerted more deceptive subversion on US law and government policy than any other.

– Close the borders. Deport the illegals and their "naturalized" children. Lower supply of labor = higher demand for labor = higher wages. Bonus: Revoke the Citizenship Clause of the 14th Amendment.

– Immigration moratorium for forty years, followed by a restructured immigration policy that primarily favors Northern Europeans. America was largely built from the ground up by a particular group of people. Radically altering the demographics of America assures that the country will change, irrevocably, in line with the abilities and psychologies of the new and different groups of people comprising her. Some people are fine with this, but what those people won't be able to say is that America will continue to be anything like the America she has been during her rise to world bestriding greatness.

– Decentralization, and how. The federal government has acquired too much power. The IRS and NSA scandals are evidence of a centralized regime attempting to corral too many people of too many differing temperaments, abilities and behavioral idiosyncrasies into a benign, mollified, indistinguishable mass of Pavlovian consumers. The states must grow in power, or the federal government will cede them their power by events out of its control.

– Gut the humanities departments of colleges. These departments and their increasingly malign spin-offs have become nothing more than warehouses for women pursuing useless degrees in feminist boilerplate and discredited blank slatism. A big chunk of the growth in female college grads is in majors like Communications and Women's Studies which amount to debt accumulation programs and memetic delivery systems for leftoid propaganda. Online education, tenure abolition, and job-offers-per-graduate debt relief loan contracts are all possibilities to reduce the stranglehold that the Cathedral Hivemind has on higher education.

– End international free trade. Two billion Chinese and Indians is a lot of cheap labor to churn through before the markets rebalance and wage labor costs rise in developing countries. In the meantime, a lot of Americans will suffer with no relief in sight.

– Shorten the work week. Rapid automation of jobs previously done by humans and increasing cognitive demands of non-roboticized jobs means an increase in the number of people who are, for all practical purposes, worthless in the economic market. The upside to automation is cheaper products. This means a four-day work week is feasible since employees won't need as much money to purchase pleasure-maximizing gadgets.

– Reconfigure finance regulation so that the huge wealth inequality that is a consequence of insiders and the lucky high IQ few taking advantage of private equity markets unavailable to the general public is alleviated. This means some "conservatives" will have to abandon their pro-business mentality in favor of a more nuanced grasp of how the free market shakes out when the cognitive elite are permitted to prey on the less genetically fortunate.

– Make welfare contingent on contraceptive use. Offer the option for a guaranteed lifetime income in exchange for permanent sterilization. All voluntary, all eugenic, all humane. No need to worry about a future of Matt Damons blowing up your Elysium.

– The downside to automation is that, eventually, there won't be anything left for human people to do. You may call this a Luddite fallacy, but the logic is inescapable: Returns to productivity get undermined by ever larger pools of people unable to generate an income stream. You say there will be more need for people to service the robots, but that requires a baseline cognitive profile that is likely higher than what we have now (thanks in big part to immigration-fueled dysgenia), or higher than what we needed in the past when new tech supplanted older tech. The solution to this problem is the consideration of a government guaranteed income, again contingent upon birth control use.

The tsunami of evidence that men, women, and races are fundamentally and intractably different in important and relevant ways to the hedonistic principle — first, do no self-harm — is going to wash over the ruling class so forcefully that they'll have no choice but to jettison their ballast of lies and rise to the surface, or sink into a murky

oblivion weighed down by hoary platitudes of the past. This means equalists will have to become comfortable with the reality that some people will do better in life than other people, and there is no one to blame for this except the distant cosmic overlord.

Men can win again. And when men are winning, women win too. How is that, you ask? Well… chicks dig a winner.

What Kind Of Man Ruts With A Land Whale?

CH · 19 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Answer: What kind of man ruts with a land whale?A gay manA black manA betaAll of the above**Vote**View ResultsPolldaddy.com

A clue to the sorts of “”””men””””” who willingly date human tubas is in the photo attached to this fatso’s confessional about getting befuddled stares from people when she’s out in public with her thin boyfriend.

Hmm, where have we all seen that neotenous face?

The article is too unintentionally hilarious not to pull illuminative self-contradicting quotes from it.

> I’m overweight and my boyfriend’s not. Big freaking deal.
>
> We’ve been dating for 18 months, and wherever we go—whether we’re walking hand in hand through the mall, airport or down the street in his hometown (Glasgow, Scotland) or mine (San Jose, California)—we get confused looks that say, He can do better than her!

People are uncomfortable with monstrous aberrations.

> When people say things out loud, their comments range from cruel (“Is he blind?” or “He’s only with you to get a green card”)

A reasonable suspicion.

> to quips such as, “It’s great he can see past your looks”

> or “He’s so nice for being with you.”

> I usually respond, “He’s not doing me a favor—he’s my boyfriend!”

When you’re a sexual market loser, the whole world is doing you a favor by tolerating your presence instead of tossing you out on your fat keister to the icy wastelands.

> Now and then, even people close to me made unkind remarks. Once, when I confided to a friend, “I can’t believe he likes me!” he answered, “Yeah, I know!”

The more repulsive you are, the harder it is for people to conceal their true feelings in your company.

> I have a YouTube channel, Glowpinkstah, with more than 250,000 subscribers, and, as a comic,

She swallowed the belly laughs.

> I review beauty products,

At least she understands that female beauty matters. Now all she needs to do is realize that lipstick on a pig just makes the pig look goofy.

> answer fan mail,

“I love how you own your fat body! Can you give me tips on how to hide my wiping implements so guests won’t see them when they use the bathroom?”

> share my edgy brand of humor

More like rounded brand of humor, amirite?

> and details about my life, so they know all about Ali and me.

Does Ali sleep in the piano case with you?

> While most are supportive, there are a fair number of bullies:
>
> “She has a boyfriend? What is wrong with the world?”

Shamelessness.

> “These two had sex?! Oh god, why?”

Lack of options. Mental illness.

> Some have gone so far as to ask how we have sex.

Pulleys, a garage jack, industrial lubricant, and the jaws of life.

> I feel like saying, “If you have to ask, clearly you missed an important class back in the fifth grade.”

Whatever that class was, it wasn’t physics!

> I just really liked food, and I didn’t think about consequences.

Not thinking about consequences? Sounds like a feminist fantasy world.

> Also, I didn’t care that much about the way I looked

We can see.

> —but other people did.

They can see.

> In middle school, one guy imitated the way my thighs rubbed together when I walked.

I think I was friends with that guy.

> While it upset me, I realized that it was more his problem than mine.

That’s just something the targets of cruelty say.

> While I was talking about my dreams, he volunteered to decode them. “I study psychology,” he explained.

What a waste of game.

> So I gave him my Instant Messenger screen name.

“Pelican Gullet”

> Two-and-a-half years later, the miles and time zones between us hardly mattered. We were spending so many hours a week talking online.

A two and a half year talking relationship. For once, a ~~closeted gay man~~ beta dweeb didn’t mind years of blue balls.

> I thought Ali was cute too, but I figured someone like him wouldn’t have feelings for me.

Gay men are like that.

> I knew he was into big girls—his exes were chubby.

Ah, the elusive fatty fucker. Good news for fat chicks: a few men appear to suffer from brain defects that make them aroused by the sight of undulating blubber. Bad news for fat chicks: For every one of these invaluable fatty fuckers, there are one hundred of you trampling over yourselves trying to get at him.

> Some think it's weird, but it's like having a thing for blondes: It's just a preference.

"That's just, like, your opinion, man."
– Stalin

> Not long after, Ali—who I was now seeing exclusively—told me he loved me. We had yet to meet in person.

She had Skype sex with a turkey drumstick, while he masturbated to photoshopped nudes of Justin Bieber. No one was the wiser.

> I turned around and saw him walking toward me with a huge smile on his face. He gave me a hug and kissed me on the lips. I thought to myself, He's my boyfriend, and he's here!

"And his kisses feel like I'm kissing my brother!"

> Another ex told me, with sincerity: "Maybe if you lost weight, my parents would accept you, and we could be together again."

Most fatty fuckers are actually loser men who piss themselves in the company of attractive women who would be elated if their fatso girlfriends slimmed down. Of course, the elation wouldn't last long, as the newly thin girlfriends would quickly dump their loser boyfriends and cash in their sexy figures for love with better men.

> I have days when I say, "Why do you like me?" He says, "Because you're beautiful and for the person you are."

Those are sweet words of acceptance. Let's see if he means them.

> And he's been good for my health. I was at my heaviest when we met, and I've lost 40 pounds since. My goal is to lose 80 pounds total, and **he's very supportive**.

Nope.

> Before Ali, I never showed any skin whatsoever, but he makes me feel confident going out in a cute little dress

Aka house gown.

> that doesn't cover me head-to-toe.

More's the pity.

> I can wear a sleeveless dress, shorts

Aka canvas tent.

> —things that typically people don't want to see me wearing—and not care.

Yes, you sound like you don't care at all.

> So, with Ali's support, I started The Beauty Adjustment, a collaborative video project in which my subscribers help me spread the word that there is no one "normal" way to look or love. Beauty and relationships come in all

> shapes and sides: brown, yellow, short, tall, thin, fat—and one partner doesn't have to mirror the other.

Great, more fat acceptance. Just what America needs. An excuse to get galactically fat.

Despite her sweet-sounding entreaties for *acceptaaaaaaance*, let there be no mistaking her message for what it is: Vile, ugly lies. The more women who heed her comfort food words, the fewer sexy babes there will be in the world, and the unhappier everyone gets. It affects me personally when women think they can bloat up without consequence. And since I am, as a human male, representative of the way most men think, the resentment at having our shared environment stripped of its most beautiful creations is a universal feeling.

At Le Chateau, there will be no acceptance of human garbage. There will be no excuses. There will be only the white hot sting of shame, of mockery, of ostracism. And, in the end, when the losers have gone through the crucible of hell — some burning in everlasting torment, others finding cool relief in self-improvement — will the world be a more beautiful place, and hence, a more truthful place.

The good-looking beta male who takes up with the gross fat chick is a riddle to most people, but that's because most people have a narrow vision of what constitutes the desirable man. They retreat to a simple and readily-identifiable criterion of worth, e.g., looks, not understanding that such a criterion, while useful as a measurement of women's sexual worth, is woefully inadequate as a metric for capturing a man's sexual worth. The good-looking beta male dating the fat chick is not betrayed by his looks; he's betrayed by his attitude. His psychology. His lack of confidence. His cowardice. His closeted homosexuality.

Whatever those traits are that women love in men are missing in the man who fucks a flesh pierogie when he could be fucking a slender girl. He's a loser just as much as the ugly fat man who will lay with land whales out of expedience; the differences in each man's looks are subsumed by their similarities in psychology. It's the psychology of the feeble, the insecure, the deranged, and the undiscriminating.

Are Humans A Pair Bonding Species?

CH · 20 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Hector_St_Clare writes,

> Re: Humans are a pair-bonding species with polygynous tendencies.
>
> To be more accurate, humans are a pair bonding species with *mild* polygynous tendencies.
>
> To be even more accurate, humans are a pair bonding species with mild tendencies towards male polygyny and covert female promiscuity.

Hector is mostly correct. It's a myth that humans evolved for lifelong, monogamous relationships, but it's also a myth that we are sex machines rigged to copulate orgiastically with whomever presents for a ravaging, a la *Sex at Dawn*.

Humans appear, from the gathered evidence, to be a cross between chimps and bonobos in sociosexual behavior and attitude. There is strategic female promiscuity, but there is also female preference for monogamy. There is male desire for sexual variety, but there is also male jealousy and mate guarding. The glans ridge on male penises indicates that men evolved to scoop out competitor sperm from presumably slutty women, but the flush of oxytocin released in the female brain after sex indicates that women evolved to strongly attach to lovers for longer than a night.

There are many more examples of the inherent contradictory nature of human sexuality like the above. Further complicating the picture is the growing evidence that these sexual predispositions vary by continental race; jealousy, promiscuity, mate guarding, cuckoldry, polygyny, and even female preference all vary in kind and degree depending where you are in the world. There are certainly human sexuality universals, but these universals are modified by unique environmental pressures.

The bottom line is that people who claim lifelong monogamy is the natural state of humanity absent cultural interference are wrong, and people who claim free love is the natural state of humanity absent cultural constraints are also wrong. The truth, as always, is a lot uglier than either side would have you believe.

Game Advice For Alphas

CH · 21 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader soulfully inquires,

> Can you share some of your dark wisdom which has no bounds on advice for greater betas, lesser alphas, and alphas? Not every one of your readers is a spectating beta male!

That's true. The male demographics of this blog's readership mirrors the male demographics found in the general population.

> there are a lot of questions which are not safe to ask the people around me, but I need help on nonetheless as I can never handle these situations well. I'm a young guy but feel very isolated from the people around me. So here are 4 questions which I haven't been able to find addressed in the archives but are the major problems I deal with in my own life.
>
> 1) what do you do when a possessive girl looks through your phone and catches you cheating?
>
> 2) what do you do about jealousy? from both males and females, I've had my reputation marred on several instances because of my philandering.
>
> 3) what about when you are in an area with no desirable females? myself many of my other friends who are "successful" find ourselves in situations where all the girls around us are entitled and below the SMV of what we're used to. It's hard to motivate yourself to approach when you are used to a sexual diet of 8s and all of the women around you are entitled 5-7s…..
>
> 4) more importantly, what about the isolation that this lifestyle brings? in times when I've built a rotation of girls for myself I've felt more alone than ever before. I can't turn to my "greater-alpha" friends on this one because realistically they have this problem even worse than I do and don't seem to care as much.

1. You should have a lock on your phone. But too late for that. So I assume she found incriminating texts that prevent you claiming the other women are only friends? If you haven't already agreed to exclusivity, the best approach is to embrace your philandering. Tell her you two aren't married, and as such you will date around until such time that you have received sufficient signals of commitment from her, or from someone else. If she finds that unacceptable, the door is right over there. But be prepared to call her bluff. If the thought of her leaving is unacceptable to you, then perhaps you should consider the mewling beta route of gross apologia and promises of future fidelity. If you've built up a large store of alpha cred, a tactical spell of weakness won't do you in.

However, let me tell you this, something I learned the hard way being cornered by suspicious lovers… whatever strategy you pursue — bald-faced lies or breathtaking truthfulness — don't half-ass it. Own it. Own it with everything you've got. And by this, I mean make no excuses for your stance, and redirect any accusations back at your accuser. (Hey, it works for politicians and Presidents.)

Examples of the right way:

Bald-faced lie

Her: Who is this girl you're flirting with on your phone?

You: She's a friend. GIrls like to flirt, that's what they do. I didn't know you were the creepy stalker type. It's not a good look on you.

Breathtaking truthfulness

Her: Who is this girl you're flirting with on your phone?

You: A former lover. I love being with her, and I love being with you. If the nature of our relationship changes, I will reconsider keeping contact with her.

***

Example of the wrong way (excerpted from a real life CH conversation, before Total Illumination acquired):

Brunette needler: Why didn't you come to my show? Everyone was there.

Me: Um… well, I decided to go somewhere else.

Brunette needler: Where somewhere? We talked about this earlier. You said you were coming.

Me: Something came up.

Brunetter needler: A girl? That ex you mentioned?

Me: [looking at floor] No.. yeah… it's not like that.

Brunette needler: Right. Ok. I can see where this is going.

Our fling ended shortly after that point, and she went on to become a lawyer.

2. Female jealousy is a gift of the gods. Call it… hamsta from heaven. You see, jealous females rarely drive off their boyfriends, who are more often than not delightfully amused and flattered by the spectacle. But jealous boyfriends almost always eventually drive away their girlfriends given enough episodes of status-lowering possessive freakouts. Therefore, do nothing. Your philandering will heighten your attractiveness to other women (preselection, yo) and your secret admiration from other men. Try not to advertise it, though. The positive PR from your pleasure underworld is best vaguely apprehended buzzing over gossipy grapevines rather than lucidly observed bashing into exposed egos.

3. If you're in an area with no desirable women, leave. Or foist them on your white knight buddies.

4. If you're a well-balanced, psychologically healthy womanizer, you won't feel isolated. This is because the great feelings that modern day Casanovas inspire in women naturally bleed into other areas of life. The best seducers I've known were never without male friends nor acquaintances all too happy to share in their good times and reflected success. It comes with the poon-plundering territory.

The problem of isolation arises because, in truth, many obligate womanizers are psychologically unsound. The men who are most successful with women are also the most sociopathic. Chicks may dig dark triad men, but other men don't dig them so much. This encourages social isolation from same-sex peers, which is compounded when the womanizer is young, and just beginning his journey to endarkenment. The isolation grows in proportion to the number of friends who have gotten married off, because wives pretty much make it their mission in life to sever their husbands' ties to any remaining single male friends who are still having a blast slashing and burning through dense forests of bush.

If multiple long- or short-term relationships are making you feel isolated, then the solution is simple: Cut back, and put more energy into friendships. Bring the same girl to parties and events, and let your friends get to know her. There's nothing wrong with being an expert womanizer who prefers sipping from the comfort chalice of a monogamous relationship with one woman. If this doesn't appeal to you, then you can't say the isolation bothers you as much as the loss of pussy varietal packs bothers you. Don't bitch for the sake of bitching if you don't really mean it.

The Truth About Mixed-Race Couples

CH · 24 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The stereotype that black-white mixed-race couples are typically black men hooking up with trashy, fat white women has a factual basis.

> When comparing data on non-Hispanic white mothers of white children vs. non-Hispanic white mothers of mulatto children, the NLS survey data creates a distinct profile of white mothers of mulatto children. The profile strongly supports the common stereotypes about these women that are held in both the white and black communities.
>
> White females with mulatto children are significantly less educated. They perform significantly worse on the ASVAB test. They average a higher body mass index [BMI]. In personality test scores they are, on average, more difficult, more quarrelsome, more stubborn, and less dependable. They are significantly more likely to say that they "lie and cheat often."
>
> When rated by interviewers, white females who report having black sexual partners are rated as less attractive, not as well groomed, and having less desirable personality traits. They are dramatically more likely to test positive for chlamydia or trichomoniasis. They perform worse on vocabulary tests.
>
> The data was compiled by the website Race/History/Evolution

It's fair to say the whole media industrial complex portrays the exact opposite of reality.

Stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air. There's a reason they exist. People notice patterns and formulate generalizations around those observed patterns.

In homogeneous societies, the most undesirable females are left without partners and go to their long dark death having failed to fulfill their genetic prime directive. End result: Humanity in such societies benefits as a whole from the eugenic cleansing. In late stage multicultural anti-societies, the slag of womanhood does an end-run around sexual selection and procreates outside their race. The question is put to the studio audience: Is this a net positive or net negative for those rainbow societies?

UPDATE

Some readers ask what is the point of posting this information? What good does it do?

Other than the obvious — rebuking the lies that the Cathedral/Synagogue/religious metaphor for the anti-white establishment of your choice churns out at an industrialized clip — I think the best reason is a psychological one:

Entrapment.

I can imagine a preening, bigoted SWPL reading this and quivering in anticipation of launching a SCIENCE-backed diatribe against those wrong kinds of white people, those slovenly rednecks the SWPL loves to hate, when suddenly it dawns on him.

"Wait… oh crap, can't go there."

The End Game Of Manboobery

CH · 24 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Some days you read stuff that makes you think the entire internet is a put-on. A multi-sourced, wirelessly streamed, infectiously emanant theater of absurdity and manipulative schlock, the sole purpose of which is to entertain chuckling elites proud of their Trilateral Council Trollery. This would be the charitable interpretation. Regrettably, souls so blackened with disease that parody would hardly suffice to capture their wretchedness effloresce on the eunuch enabler echo chamber known as the world wide weirdness.

They squawk among us!

The latest specimen of Manboob Totality demonstrates the logical conclusion of the ideology of masochistic, morality whoring, self-annihilation. This is the leprotic gollum that emerges from the bowels of loserdom when the animating impulse to gratifying powerlessness is left unchecked. Behold… the male thing who believes "penis-in-vagina" sex is evil misogyny.

> PIV, or penis-in-vagina sex is something that may seem inconsequential to most people, but is absolutely not.
>
> Most people who'd reject the relevance of sex in politics haven't really understood the concept – especially men.
>
> So this is going to be an article, by a man, for men(and womyn) who find PIV sex to be inconsequential to feminism.
>
> Firstly, understand the concept of female risk(I'll talk about condoms later) – the fact that PIV is dangerous to women – the fact that it can even *kill* them. Pregnancy is the main problem, with all kinds of STDs being the side dishes. Now, there's very little risk for men as compared – it can all but ruin their lives. Now, considering the risk, the patriarchy has created several tools to reduce the dispensibility of womyn – condoms, the pill, and all kinds of fucked up shit. Now take that, and consider the fact that men all over the world just *lurve* PIV(womyn – would you have PIV if the risks were on the men's side, if *they* had to take the pill, if *they* had to face the consequences of rape? If you're not as apathetic as most people, the answer should be no).

How many parents are driven to thoughts of suicide by witnessing their children flame out so badly at life?

> By the way, as any womon will tell you, PIV doesn't really feel that good. Most womyn don't even orgasm with it. But I'm not your bloody sex-coach, go google that rubbish.

"womon" What, "womyn" wasn't obsequious enough for it?

> Let's take an example of your average Joe – you're a straight white guy, horny, love to have sex with womyn. Now, take the womyn in your life, and give them one property – they will NOT let you have PIV-centric sex with them. Does your value for womyn drop? By how much? Why? What's so important about your right to shove your dick into womyn that lowers your value for them?
>
> Why is it that risking their lives for your pleasure is so damn important? Should the fact that they are human beings who value your existence be enough? But nooo… sex is responsible for fucking god-knows how many ruined marriages, so much drama, I can't even begin.

Tori Amos on a weepy rape-reminiscing bender would laugh at this dork.

> See – that's where privilege comes in. A man's privilege to a womon's genitals, and consequently, her life. *Owning* a womon.

It's amusing the mental contortions incels will go through to rationalize their sexual isolation.

> Men need to value womyn as HUMAN BEINGS, not as fuck-holes that tell them how great they are.

"A jock gave me an atomic wedgie, and sadly, I didn't feel a thing down there on account of my very tiny penis and undescended testes."

> I hope that knocked some sense into someone out there.

It was certainly revealing.

> PPS – Yes, I'm a "virgin." Now piss off.

That's surprising.

Did things like this exist in 1950s America? Yes. You'd have found them in mental institutions, unable to communicate with anyone but a padded wall. It's time for overly harm-sensitive liberals to accept the reality that the icy wastelands serve a valuable function as a culling ground for the irredeemable refuse of humanity.

Compendium Of Female Super Shit Tests

CH · 25 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks,

> Dear Heartiste
>
> I wonder if you could do a post specifically on some super powerful shit tests that women use and how you'd handle them.
>
> That could be very enlightening.

Super powerful shit tests that a man will commonly encounter in his dealings with women? Why, yes, I believe we can do that. Herewith is a short list of what I call "Super Shit Tests" that women from all walks of life use with predictable regularity, and what I've found to be superb replies for handling them. Are you amazed that women — unique special snowflakes every one of them — would reflexively resort to ancient hindbrain algorithms linguistically fitted to cultural constraints as a method of filtering alpha males from beta males? Don't be! It's no more amazing than that men — unique special snowflakes every one of them — would reflexively ogle the same young cuties with large pert breasts and firm buttocks.

"[Man X] always gets his girlfriend [Y]. When was the last time you got me [Y]?"

Don't get caught in a game of beta-upmanship. Appeasement never works, especially on women, who are the equivalent of the Third Reich in their response to Neville Chamberlain game. Instead, reframe to the point of absurdity.

"I got you some gold bullion for your birthday coming up. You can sit on it and luxuriate like a princess!"

"Are you a player?"

Any man who is halfway charming with women will hear this super shit test at least a few times in his life. There are a multitude of effective replies to this particular SST. Here is one of them:

"Player? Hell no. I'm a PIMP! Hold on, one of my ten thousand concubines is calling me."

"Give me your number instead."

Watch out, this is a beta male trap. Most betas would be relieved that any number exchange is taking place. You, aspiring alpha, know better.

"Sorry, I don't give out my number." Then ignore, and request her number again later.

"I don't give out my number."

The script is the inverse of the above. You've asked for her number, and she refused. A girl who says this isn't sufficiently attracted yet. You need more time flirting with her. A good segue would be:

"I guess we'll have to rendezvous, the old-fashioned way, like Parisian lovers on the run."

"I have a boyfriend."

Probably the most common, and most destructive of beta male hopes, super shit test that women lean on. You can never know with certainty if the boyfriend excuse is sincere or expedient, but you can neutralize it regardless of its veracity. For example, here's one thermonuclear reply.

"You never listen to me."

"What?" This reply never fails to elicit a grudging smile. But don't overuse it. After the third time, say "Look, don't make impossible demands on me that no normal person could fulfill. You want to be with a man, or with a voice

recorder?"

"Do I know you?"

Sharp-mouthed sarcastocunts will occasionally drop SST bombs like this one. The best replies are arrogant and cocky, since that's the type of man these kinds of girls love the most. Ex:

"You will."

"How may girls have you been with?"

Any reply but a straight one will do here. *Reductio ad absurdum* is a logical fallacy, but it's also a winning seduction tactic. Ex:

"Counting Alaska?"

"What are you looking for?"

When things start to heat up, a woman will often pop this dreaded, baiting question. Good reply:

"A delicious ham sandwich."

"Stop staring at me."

Really bitchy SSTs can be answered with shiv twists. Ex:

"Don't flatter yourself."

"That [X] you're wearing is ridiculous!"

The key here is to prove that her judgmentalism hasn't flustered you. Ex:

"Thank you. My mom bought it for me."

"You're not my type."

"Neither are you. See that? We have so much in common!"

"Come hang out with me and my friends."

She's testing your skillfulness at evading the friendzone. Worst thing you can do is agree. Better, assume the sale:

"Good. Your friends will make sure you don't try to grope me. I need to be wined and dined first."

"Does this work on other girls?"

"Only the cute ones." (Not a CH original, but probably the best reply to this particular SST that you can use. Remember, gina tingles are born when a woman is in the defensive crouch.)

"When are you gonna settle down?"

"Why? You auditioning for the part?" Assume the sale, part 2.

"If you impress me, you might get a shot at this!" [wiggles hips]

Girls who are a little above average in attractiveness and on the wrong side of 25 often use SSTs like this one to self-administer their shaky egos. She is forcing you into her frame where she's the chased, and you're the chaser. Solution? Flip the script.

"Does this work on other guys?"

"What are you doing??"

Sometimes you'll get this SST from a girl when you've gone in for the kiss before she's ready for it. Or, more precisely, before she's ready to concede her attraction for you. A reply I like, said with a straight face:

“Crocheting.”

“You’re not the jealous type, are you?”

Attention whores love this SST, and will often deploy it right after you’ve eyed them flirting with another man, (or group of men). One of my favorite replies is to insinuate that the girl wants me to be jealous so she can feel desired.

“For a price, I can be.”

******

That’s enough for now. The Compendium of Female Super Shit Tests is a running series, so there will be future posts with more added. Know that shit tests are typically expressions of interest, but that occasionally they can be revealed indicators of disinterest. And also know that it doesn’t really matter which expression is operative; your strategy is to leapfrog over them so that interest is intensified, or disinterest is reconsidered.

Why Do Girls Flake?

CH · 26 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Men who've lived a day in their lives have experienced it at least once: A girl flaking on them. That last minute cancellation. The sudden suggestion to "meet with friends" instead of one-on-one as originally planned. The call screening. The delayed replies. And the worst flake of them all: The no-show.

But why do girls do it? What's in it for them?

A reader asks,

> When women flake last minute on plans:
>
> Do they understand that making plans and not keeping them is rude but don't care due to lack or respect?
>
> Or
>
> Do they not even understand that it's rude because they've been catered to since birth?
>
> Or
>
> Do they not think about it at all?
>
> Just trying to get understand the rationale behind flaking…. Anytime I've outright asked I end up ruining my chances at sex and not getting a straight answer anyway.

Flaking is best thought of as a physical manifestation of the female psychological (hypergamous, yes) impulse to carefully assess her suitors. It isn't a logical thought process; it's entirely emotion-based. When a girl flakes, she may be consciously aware that what she's doing is bad form, but the trigger for her flaking originates in primal nooks of her brain that evolved to autonomically assist her in identifying and reeling in the highest quality man her looks can get her, while expeditiously and sometimes viciously Heisman-ing beta dreck.

So you don't fight flaking with logic; you fight it by pushing counteracting emotional hot buttons that subvert the flaking impulse.

Of course, once a woman has flaked, she easily rationalizes her crassness. Telling a girl she's a bitch for flaking will do nothing but cement her feeling that she was right to flake on you. Subtler tactics are needed.

Do girls flake out of disrespect?

There's an element of that. A culture which exalts the tinniest farts that escape female buttocks and demonizes the most laudable aspects of manhood certainly contributes to a caustic social soup that encourages disrespect of men.

Do girls lack comprehension of their rudeness?

Not so much, but possible, especially in this age of expressionless social media. When a girl can't see facial reactions of the betas she disses, unknowing disrespect is easier to accommodate. Smartphones feed shamelessness.

Do girls not think about flaking much at all?

Bingo. Do you think much about why boobs and ass make your penis quiver? No, you just go with where the feeling takes you.

Forget about asking girls for reasons why they flake. Not only will you deep six your shot at sex, but you'll infect your inner game with a poisonous attitude that hijacks your charming sexiness and replaces it with droning dweebery.

May I suggest instead the next time you feel an urge to dress down a girl for her flakiness, or to inquire earnestly for an explanation that soothes your nerves, you substitute your righteously brimming logorrhea with one word:

“gay”

The Alpha Male Pose

CH · 27 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

hbdchick passes along a photo of her favorite alpha male pose (and favorite alpha male, Steve MOTHERFUCKIN McQueen). I looked at it and, accepting the risk that the following judgment might imbue perceptions with a certain *je ne sais queer*, I concur, this pose is superlatively alpha.

Let's examine in as normal and non-spergy a manner as possible what it is exactly about this pose that declares ALPHA in a deep, masculine, gravelly, yet single malt smooth seductive voice.

– Only half his body is engaged with her. The other half is turned away, as if he's debating whether to devote his attention to her, or to bolt for the horizon and limitless freedom. Chicks dig men who aren't fully ~~domesticated~~ committed (or can't be).

– He's looking down at her paternalistically. Show of dominance.

– He's draped his arm over her shoulder, but lightly instead of possessively. Show of dominance + arousing display of non-neediness.

– Tousled bedroom hair. Chicks dig dudes who look like they just shagged an army of fembots. Preselection ftw.

– Is that a wedding band on his finger? I can't tell, but the fact that it might be is catnip to girls who love the thought of a man who is both desired by women and nuptially attainable. Plus there's the ugly fact that women LOVE LOVE LOVE stealing taken men.

– Short shorts accentuate the groinal bulge. Believe you me, girls check out the package. And they aren't very sly about it. Once you're alerted to the reality of women's degenerate desires, you start noticing how often their eyes travel to the tip of your genetic spear.

– You don't see her face. Her focus is totally on him, and her breasts are pressed into his chest. Her pose is almost as crucial to the perception of his super alphaness as is his pose. Again, preselection ftw. But not just any old

preselection. LOVE preselection.

– He's bending one knee. A subtle play on perception that he's contemplating leaving her and going his own way. Or, that he's about to set off on high adventure and take her along for the ride of her life. Either unspoken assumption is attractive to women.

– He's holding onto a wall? refrigerator? as if he wants to go but she's pulling him back into her orbit by force of her femininity. Plays on the female love of taming a wild, wandering man.

– "I think I'll just graze your ass with my fingertips instead of hungrily paw at it like a lifelong incel." A man who has plenty of women in his life demonstrates his sexual satiety with aloof gestures of detached self-control.

– Black and white photos will make any man appear more alpha (hint for you Facebook whores).

– She's not a fat slob. Obviously, any man who can seduce a thin babe has something on the ball.

– He has a slightly annoyed expression. Chicks love it when men look a little pissed off, like they could fly off the handle at any moment.

– The composition of light and dark and focal length is a factor. Note that blurry, rumpled bedroom(?) scene, shrouded in shadow, in the background. What the female viewer's mind concocts: Ooh, a den of iniquity! Naughty man. *TINGLE*

– Overall, the pose subcommunicates, "I just anally destroyed this woman, and now I'm kinda bored and want to get the hell outta here and hang with my buds, but goddamn her eyes are pretty." ALPHA.

So, fellow gentlemen readers, if you want to cop this alpha male pose for yourselves, find a pair of vintage Ocean Pacific shorts, Dippity Do your hair with your fingers, swagger around in public shirtless, grab any nearby refrigerator, and lean away from it into the heaving breasts of a height-weight proportionate lover. Bonus alpha points if there's a creepy mask symbolizing the peeping tom celibate omega male staring at you with seething envy.

UPDATE

It should also be pointed out that it appears McQueen is standing in the contrapposto pose, which has been proven by science to be attractive to women.

The Inner Workings Of The Cathedral

CH · 27 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ben Shapiro, neocon-ish man of the right who specializes in explaining and reframing the leftoids' control of the propaganda arm of the Cathedral, (aka the virulently anti-white male Establishment), has a dozen or so videos of interviews with Hollywood leftists where they admit to a leftoid agenda. Example:

And this:

Hollywood and the rest of the media industrial complex are staffed and run by leftoids. Its product is the result of what I would call an emergent conspiracy, or an informal conspiracy. It's not a formal, deliberate conspiracy in the sense the word is typically used; there's no secret council meeting of elders in an underground bunker plotting the best way to transmit their degenerate meme virus. Rather, something resembling a conspiracy develops from the collective actions of an industry in which nearly all of its members think alike, as a hivemind.

Now, as Shapiro has revealed, many of these Cathedral clerics are perfectly aware of what they're doing. But they act individually instead of at the directive of a leftoid overseer. The problem is that they so vastly outnumber opposing viewpoints that the sum of their individual creative decisions are indistinguishable from a single conspiratorial directive. What few opposition members there are find it easier to go along to get along.

What's the answer to this propaganda juggernaut serving as an agent of mind infection? Some suggest that wealthy anti-leftoids should start their own media conglomerates and go toe-to-toe with the reigning narrative. But as S. Sailer has noted, many would-be rightist benefactors are blowing their wads on college football programs. Sports are fine spectator fun, but they aren't going to win the hearts and minds of white suburban women like Desperate Housewives does.

The right simply doesn't have the taste, nor the skill set, for fighting a full-blown culture war like the left does. The right by and large avoids culture war conflicts, while the left relishes them.

But there's another problem with the clarion call for anti-leftoids to recreate the media landscape in their image, and it goes much deeper than ill-chosen recipients of funds. The root of the problem lies in the differing psychologies of leftoids and non-leftoids.

According to the Five Factor Model of human personality, leftoids score higher in the trait "openness to experience." The intensity of this trait expression is multiplied by the exaggerated leftoid sensitivity to the moral concepts of harm and fairness, as described by Jonathan Haidt in *The Righteous Mind*.

Someone who loves novelty and bleeds profusely from the heart will naturally gravitate to the creative fields, where he can get his ego boost feeling like he's making the world a better place for defectives and whiny man-children.

If leftoids and anti-leftoids simply differ in fundamental biological ways, and occupational ratios reflect this difference, then there isn't much that can be done to thwart the propaganda machine that rides the crest of civilizational decline. The only hope for anti-leftoids — and it's a small hope — is to identify and cultivate those few like-minded individuals who peculiarly score high in openness to experience and also have a creative energy that propels them beyond the realm of rooting for the home team. In other words, those who wish to sabotage the Cathedral will need to find rightists who love to fight, fuck and flip the bird to the orthodoxy.

Off The Grid Game

CH · 28 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Given the recent leaks about NSA and IRS dossiers on American citizens, it makes sense that some people are choosing to opt out of the social media ego stroke-athon for privacy reasons. But how does the womanizing sophisticate who has waved sayonara to Facebook and the rest handle the inevitable questions and objections when girls ask him about his odd lack of online presence?

Women, lovely lemmings they are, don't like weirdness. Non-conformists give them the heebie-vajjies, until such time that the non-conformist is validated by the wider social group. So the Man Without a Facebook is likely to elicit suspicion, and maybe even irrational annoyance, from women. This problem will be worse for the off-the-grid man who prefers the company of younger women (the kind of woman least likely to care that Big Daddy State is safely in charge of her personal liberties).

Generally, a man should handle the "Why aren't you on Facebook?" question the same way he would handle any shit test, by using any of the following three tactics:

1. Agree and amplify
2. Dismiss and ignore
3. Ridicule and reframe

Examples:

"Why aren't you on Facebook?"

"Because I'm wanted in twenty-three states for crimes against humanity."

"Better question: Why are you on Facebook telling the world all your secrets?"

"Remember when girls had diaries, and they would freak out if their brother even touched the cover? We've come a long way."

"I was. I got kicked off."

"WUT" {Jeantel Rachel game}

"What a weird question."

"Hey, you gotta at least get to know me before you start stalking me."

"Because it's boring."

"Because everyone else is doing it."

"Because I found that the girls on there are all shallow and self-involved."

"I am. But I'm in the VIP lounge. Zuckerberg invite only. Not open to the public."

***

Ok, I think you get the idea. The crucial rule to remember about any type of shit test is that it matters less how successfully you hurdle it than how successfully you avoid smashing into it. So as long as you don't sound defensive or shaky or placating, you should do fine. If a girl is insistent and presses you for a reason why you skip Facebook, tell her "What's with the third degree?". The quicker you can get muleheaded chicks like that to defend themselves, the better off you look.

Be A “No, Dear” Man

CH · 1 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The results from an interesting scientific study which could be fairly interpreted as providing evidence for the efficacy of the neg shows that men and women cooperate with each other differently, and that this cooperation disparity is based in differing expectations between the sexes. {Greek chorus: **FEMINISTS WEEEEEEEEEPT**}

In summary, women don’t trust ~~beta males~~ well-meaning men who appease them.

> While men tend to match their partners’ emotions during mutual cooperation, women may have the opposite response, according to new research.
>
> Cooperation is essential in any successful romantic relationship, but how men and women experience cooperation emotionally may be quite different, according to new research conducted at the University of Arizona.

Feminists are getting ready to weep.

> Randall wondered how the act of cooperating, a beneficial relationship process, might impact emotional coordination between partners.
>
> “Cooperation – having the ability to work things out with your partner, while achieving mutually beneficial outcomes – is so important in relationships, and I wondered what kind of emotional connectivity comes from cooperating with your partner?” she said.
>
> What she found in her recent study – published in SAGE’s *Journal of Social and Personal Relationships* and featured in the journal’s podcast series, Relationship Matters – were surprising gender differences.
>
> She and her colleagues found that during high mutual levels of cooperation with a romantic partner, men typically experience an “inphase” response to their significant other’s emotions. That is, if the woman in the relationship is feeling more positive, the man will feel more positive. If she feels less positive, he will feel less positive.
>
> On the contrary, it seems women experience more of an “antiphase” pattern during high mutual cooperation. If her partner is feeling more positive, she will tend to feel less positive, and vice versa.

Aaaand… torrent of termagant tears!

> Take, for example, the following familiar scenario: A woman emerges from a department store fitting room and asks her husband what he thinks of a potential new shirt. He likes it, he says, hoping his time at the mall is nearing an end. So does the woman head straight to the cash register and make the purchase? Probably not. Chances are, her husband’s enthusiasm won’t be enough; she’ll want to try on a few more shirts first.
>
> Social psychology literature on cooperation tells us that women generally tend to cooperate more, while men often try to avoid conflict. Thus, men might be subconsciously syncing their emotions with their partners’ during cooperation in an effort to avoid conflict or reach a speedy resolution, Randall says.
>
> If that’s the case, it’s possible, although Randall’s study didn’t test for it, that **women may pick up on the fact that their partner’s agreeability is not entirely authentic. If she suspects he’s not really as positive as he seems, or that he has an ulterior motive, she may become less positive herself in an attempt to get at his real feelings** and reach a more mutually satisfying resolution, Randall suggests.

Read the bolded part again. Here are the grounds for interpreting this study as providing evidence for the effectiveness of the game concept known as the neg. If you agree too readily with a woman — if you appease her

and supplicate to her and seek her approval — she'll feel less happy, even less aroused, in your company. She'll instead attempt to "dramatize" your mutual interaction by becoming a sourpuss and challenging your agreeableness, which in certain contexts (such as bar pick-ups) materializes as the shit test.

Now we have the insight to know why, perhaps, the neg works on women: Because by deliberately adopting a pose of contrariness, of resistance to accommodation, a man can inspire feelings of connection, curiosity and craving in women. Be the jerk, and you'll be beloved. Be the placater, and you'll be perpetually pestered for proof of sincerity.

If you've ever had to endure a grilling from your girlfriend or wife for your opinion on something she's wearing, you'll know the pain of being a "yes, dear" man. The harder you try to smooth the waters, the more tirelessly she churns open sea turbulence. And so, having been in this exasperating situation a few too many times for my taste and sanity, I had discovered a better way, a way now bolstered by ♥SCIENCE♥:

Be a "no, dear" man.

Tell the light of your life, "No, dear, that dress looks bad on you." "No, dear, those shows don't make you look good." No, dear, this look isn't working for you."

[GBFM version: "No, dearlzzlol, that thongzz covers the butthosllezx. Don't make me do all da work when all da men before me got your butholeszzs for free lzlolzzzlolz"]

Betaboys shriek, "But she'll hate me for saying that!" FEEBS! Have you not learned a single thing reading this blog? Lemme tell you what really happens. She makes an indignant face, looks shell-shocked for a half second, retreats to the dressing room or closet, and returns with a new item to buy or wear, no further questions asked, yerhonner. The "yes, dear" demon infant has been killed in the crib.

Seduction is the art of flirting, and flirting is an artful term for pushing away and pulling toward. All betas know how to do is pull toward, aka "Please like me! You're the best! Here's proof of my love!" game. But this is boring to women, and actively repulses them during their one week ovulatory period. Taking the opposite tack is the blinkered douche, who only knows how to push away. This is exciting for women at first, but the novelty wears off quickly.

The right balance is struck between alternately pulling toward and pushing away. As all great seducers know, and as science is now coming around to confirming, the ideal male lover is the man who understands the value of emotionally desyncing with women. He doesn't distance himself from a woman; rather, he cleverly directs her arousal by undermining feelings of closeness just at the moment she starts to relax and senses that she can predict his desire and behavior, and then drawing her back in when she fears his loss of interest. By alternately undermining and reengaging like this, he subverts the Male Chaser-Female Chasee expectation, and thus flips the normal sex status differential that is the standard operating procedure of an unobstructed and undirected mating market so that, by his manipulations, he is perceived as the more valuable commodity.

From there, female hypergamy finds root and the labia flower like spring lilies in the noon sun.

Prompt punishment for bad behavior, intermittent reward for good behavior, emotional desyncing and resyncing for creating deep feelings of arousal and connection: These are the tools of the modern Casanova in a global mating village where the old rules to curb the primal chaos of female sexuality have long been discarded and forgotten.

PS Here's *Psychology Today*'s analysis of the same study.

“Back To Europe” Movement

CH · 2 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A smattering of far-sighted readers across the blogoglobe have impertinently suggested the possibility that as America the Disparate breaks apart socially, economically and perhaps even geographically, (a near-certain conclusion given present realities), a “Back to Europe” movement will arise in corners of the stressed population as a means of escaping the spiraling dystopia.

The thought of returning to an ancestral homeland is enticing. It’s been the enlivening *cri de coeur* of at least one major world religion. If you, as I do, subscribe to the notion that humans evolve in step with their environment, and that this co-evolution of culture, ecology and biology plucks deep, primal rhythms in the heart when the three are aligned in accord with their historical partnership, then it’s not a strange proposition that returning to Europe, the authentic homeland of diaspora whites, might speak to many Americans in the same yearning, nostalgic way that returning to visit the neighborhood and the home in which you spent your formative years produces powerful undertows of wistful longing.

This is the stuff of wild fantasy, but if the bottom falls out from under America it’s not at all inconceivable that millions of internally dispossessed Americans will cast an eye to a long-lost brother across the sea, in hopes of beginning anew what was so recklessly and stupidly squandered here. No one should expect a “B2E” movement to happen overnight; but we live in an accelerated age, and big change, say along a timeline of decades rather than centuries, is capable of sneaking up on you.

Obviously, difficulties in a Back to Europe de-colonization scenario present. Outlined below are a few of the biggest hurdles.

– The narcissism of small differences factor. Would the Europeans want us? Europe is already densely populated, much more so than most of the US, and the addition of 50 million Americans won’t alleviate that. Many continental Europeans don’t even much care for Americans, and view them as a distinct white ethnicity, loud, boisterous, ill-kempt, fat (guilty as charged) and uncouth, like the Dutch might view the Greeks. It would take a lot of convincing to get Europeans to agree to allow mass white American immigration, but if their native birth rates remain as low as they are now (Germany is at something like 1.2 TFR) then they may not have a choice but to welcome their wandering cousins back to the fold.

– The Mad Max factor. Would Americans be willing to leave their military and weapons industry unattended? Can you imagine the US nuclear arsenal in the hands of the left side of the bell curve? *shudder* And the good bet is that the left-behinds will be disproportionately left-curvers, as only the smart will have the foresight to know ahead of time to jump a sinking ship. (This last point is debatable.)

– The mutt factor. The founding stock of America is a mix of predominantly German, English, Dutch and Scandinavian ancestry. Irish, Italian and Polish added their bloodlines to the founding stock in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Since then, it’s been all downhill, but the essential biological nature of white America is largely unchanged: Most white Americans are some mix of the above European ethnicities. So where does a Euro-mutt American resettle in Europe? Germany? England? Italy? It’s not an easy question, as the theory of mind that evolution informs suggests that a Euro-mutt will feel ancient pulls toward each of his ancestral homelands. You might, for instance, feel equally benevolent toward the stoicism of Swedes and the lustiness of Italians, or equally comfortable in the mountainous Alps as in the steppes of Ukraine.

– The leftoid factor. Contrary to assumption, I think most B2Eers will be of the liberal persuasion. As Haidt has documented, conservatives possess a stronger moral emphasis on loyalty. It’s conservatives who will stick it out in America till the bitter end, loyal to the last. Liberals will cut and run as soon as their pasty, plush asses are threatened by real discomfort. Plus, Europe has always held more appeal to liberals, who nurse the idea that the continent is filled with sophisticates. To the liberal, escape to Europe is like a hipster backpacker’s dream writ large.

Of course, liberals will rationalize their escape as being something like “getting away from those degenerate rednecks ruining America”, but by that time most of us will know the real reason, and it won’t be a secret carefully warehoused by a dying MSM anymore.

– The betrayal factor. To return to Europe is to dance on the graves of the Founding Fathers. It’s to say, “Sorry, old chaps, you bequeathed your posterity a great enterprise, and we made a hash of it. All that revolution for nothing.” Many Americans will have a hard time overcoming this emotional obstacle. Not a few Euros will probably rub it in our faces.

– The culture clash factor. 350+ years is enough time for a distinct American culture to flourish. It’s perhaps enough time for a distinct American genome to flourish as well. Plopping Americans into Europe could create a strain that, coupled with the dysgenic Muslim elements of European society, can’t be managed. But this is pure speculation. It’s just as likely that Americans, once safely in the womb of Mother Europe, will revert to their ancestral pre-American norms and imbibe the best of Europe’s culture while jettisoning the worst of America’s.

– The climate factor. Can America’s white Southroners, acclimated to their subtropical heat and humidity, take to the dryness and cold of continental Europe or the chill winds of the Scottish Highlands? If their genes haven’t changed too much, they can. White Northerners should have no trouble settling anywhere in Europe.

All told, the Back to Europe scenario is less likely than a Retreat to Canada or Trek to Australia scenario. Canada is closer and more simpatico (speak the same language) to American sensibilities, while Australians share Americans’ zest for life and genial brusqueness. If climate warming proceeds as predicted, Canada will become exceedingly friendly as a relocation spot (Australia less so). Regrettably, South Africa is a lost cause, and Russians have too much spooky Siberian blood in them to find enough common ground with Americans as next door neighbors.

For the single American man, the choice of relocation destination in Europe will depend on the beauty of the native women. At the risk of opening the floor to furious but unenlightening debate, all of the East European countries would rank high, along with Italy and France, followed by Sweden and Finland. But don’t stress about it. You’re going to Europe; woman-wise you really can’t go wrong since most of the world’s beauties hail from the land of the ice and snow where Cro-Magnons made inspired interspecies love with large-eyed Neanderthals.

Options = Instability

CH · 3 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

"If you want to be happy for the rest of your life, never make a pretty woman your wife."

The above will work, but it's not Chateau recommended. After all, peace of mind, while nice, is not a formula for true happiness. Gazing into a pretty girl's eyes, drilling the holy hell out of her, and basking in the warm energy of her insuppressible love… now that's happiness.

However, the song does illuminate age-old wisdom about the nature of the sexual market. If one partner in a relationship has more options in the sexual market, there will be more instability in the relationship. Options = instability. The legal and social bindings of marriage are a buffer against exercising those options, but not a protection against the existence of the options themselves. A husband or wife with a large enough customer base that wants their genetic product will find it extremely difficult to resist the temptation of exercising his or her options. Virtue is not achieved except in the crucible of alluring vice.

Furthermore, there is an inherent sex difference in the destabilizing force of increased options. A man with more options than his partner is a less destabilizing force to his relationship than is a woman with equally more options than her partner. This phenomenon results from the greater hypergamous drive of women, who are less satisfied than are men with sub-par lovers, and from the biological reality that risk of female infidelity is a graver threat to relationship harmony than is risk of male infidelity for which there is no chance of "reverse cuckolding".

Think of the relationship permutations this way:

Man with options + woman with fewer options = man with peace of mind and wandering eye + happy but anxious woman + lovingly prepared home-cooked meals.

Woman with options + man with fewer options = unhappy woman with wandering eye + happy but anxious man + microwaved dinners.

Man with options + woman with options = stable relationship. Both are happy and infidelity or rupture risks are minimized.

Man with few options + woman with few options = stable relationship. Both are unhappy yet infidelity or rupture risks are still minimized.

This is all classic, straight-up, shaken-not-stirred Chateau Heartiste wisdom. Now ♥SCIENCE♥ has bounded into the arena to lend confirmatory support. A recent study found that relationship length is partly a function of the attractiveness of the woman's face.

> Men looking for a quick fling prefer women with more "feminine" facial features, said a study Friday that delved into the evolutionary determinants of the mating game.
>
> Feminine features like a smaller jawbone or fuller cheeks are closely linked to a woman's perceived attractiveness, which in turn is taken as an indicator of health, youth and fidelity and other traits, it said.
>
> Feminine features are associated with a higher level of the female hormone oestrogen, which is also linked with reproductive success. […]
>
> The preference was especially high among men who were already in a steady relationship.
>
> "When a man has secured a mate, the potential cost of being discovered may increase his choosiness regarding short-term partners relative to unpartnered men, who can better increase their short-term mating success by relaxing their standards," wrote the study authors.
>
> But in making long-term choices, men "may actually prefer less attractive/feminine women," they added.
>
> Previous research has found that attractive women are likelier to be unfaithful, particularly if their partner is

> ugly.
>
> “If his partner cheats on him, a man risks raising a child which is not his own,” explained the authors.

You have to read between the lines of this study a bit to get at the underlying truth. What is happening is that beta males — and the great majority of men are beta males by definition, as are ostensibly the men recruited for these studies — are choosing peace of mind over elevated cuckoldry risk when they settle for a less attractive woman with whom to invest in a long-term relationship. It’s not that these men “prefer” less attractive women for LTRs; rather, men *settle* for less attractive women for LTRs because they don’t have the goods nor the game to lock a more attractive woman into a long-term partnership. They seem to grasp on a subconscious level that a long-term strategy with a hot babe will give them more grief than they can handle. Options = instability.

Women also employ this bifurcated mating strategy, but since women are more hypergamous than men — i.e., more compelled to date up — they are less likely than are men to curb their instinct to shoot for the moon. Many women try for LTRs with higher SMV (sexual market value) men before giving up on the project of commitment extraction when the first bricks of the sexual worthlessness wall crest the horizon.

Men who have options will, naturally, exercise them, which means in practice that a man who is good with women will be satisfied with nothing less than the romantic best, whether his favored idea of romance consists of short n sexy flings or long n loving mergers.

Comment Of The Week: The Subtle Art Of The AMOG

CH · 7 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

YaReally (yes, really!) writes about an effective strategy for neutralizing competitor alpha males.

Also on a psychological side note, as a guy who's been shot down in front of his buddies much worse a ton and watched the alphas REPEATEDLY telling the stories to anyone who will listen because they know certain stories legitimately embarrassed me and that it would get to me and throw me off and ruin my night (what assholes, right? Keep reading lol…):

The reason you took it personally is that your Ego (the Freudian one, tho I'm shitting all over his actual definitions just to make the point faster lol) took itself too seriously. It built up an Identity of "I'm a gentleman who respects women and would never be one of those creepy horny bar guys who wants to get in a girls pants!" and she and he both dug the needle right into that nerve on you, so you reacted terrified, embarrassed, angry, frustrated, humiliated, etc and instinctively your Ego tried to defend itself and keep that Identity together.

Every time your friend repeated tha story, it was like another little "see this guy's Identity he's so proud of and has tried to project to you all? It's a LIE, he's a horny little creeper!!!" and brings those feelings back.

The same thing was happening to me when I was a few years into pickup and fancied myself an expert with women. My Ego built up the Identity of "I'm someone who's good with women" so every time they told the stories, especially to other alpha males and women I was attracted to, it was like another needle jabbing that "he's not REALLY good with girls lol" nerve that only existed because I was a prisoner of my own Ego.

Consider it a lesson in humility they're sub-consciously trying to teach you about not taking either yourself and/or picking up girls so seriously, and being able to laugh at yourself.

Your friend wasn't necessarily a dick…you were just trapped in an Identity that you took too seriously. In the end its worked out for you at least, so in a way it's good that I happened, but I know you felt like shit at the time…in my AFC days I actually did the accidental/misunderstanding creepy-follow once too, to a social circle girl during the daytime no less lol.

Now when my friends bring up the stories that used to frustrate and embarrass me and ruin my night, I just laugh them off and go "ya it was brutal. I suck with girls, no wonder I'm still a virgin. " and it doesn't phase me at all because I'm no longer trapped by that Identity.

Just wanted to explain this dynamic because of all the "your friend is a douchebag who doesn't respect bros before hos" responses…technically, your friendship ended because at that point in your life you hadn't grown an internal frame strong enough to not put your worth into the Identity your Ego created.

Also this concept is part of how I hold my own in the high-end clubs with jacked ripped 6-pack tall rich expensive suit wearing AMOGs. I know they've spent and spend so much of their life constructing their outward Identity/appearance of being a rich successful guy who's good with women etc, and are trapped by their Ego into taking that Identity too seriously, so all I have to do to shake their frame/confidence is poke them with one little niggling doubt about themselves, like not being impressed about the thing they're trying to impress myself and/or the girls with, or downplaying what they're proud of to the girls so the girls stop valuing it as well.

ie – something like "wow man you're ripped that awesome. You must spend all day in the gym hey, you must be going for a 2am workout after the bar tonight to stay that jacked lol I wish I had that kind of dedication but I'm a lazy fuck (pat my belly and make the girls rub it). I love good food too much, I have to get a steak when I'm at a restaraunt, I'd be embarrassed to order a salad lol you got way more balls than me man". So in that bit, I've made him look like a salad ordering gym nut, and self-depreciated to contrast how I don't take myself seriously (aka I'm

more confident), AND I did it in a way where I'm actually complimenting him so he can't even get mad at me…he's stuck in Check wondering why the girls are patting my belly going "noooo I like your belly its cute!!" when I technically just told them how much better than me he is so logically they should want him more lol.

So there I've removed the value from one of the pillars he's built his Identity around, in both my eyes and the girls' eyes, and his Ego reacts butthurt (even if he doesn't lash out at me, which he can't because I complimented him, his state drops) and he loses the girls to me.

Sometimes if he's frustrated enough he'll try to tool me on my looks or money etc, something he puts value on so he thinks I'll put value on, but 1) he's just reacting to me at that point so he sabotages himself further in the girls' eyes because the higher value person is the one who reacts less to the other person, and 2) I don't build my self-worth around those external things so I'm not phased by it and will join in making fun of myself and be self-depreciating because I know my worth internally and know it has nothing to do with whatever he's making fun of…the end result is if he does this, he takes himself from Check with the girls and puts himself in Check-mate and it's over.

(if he's a nice dude, I'll back off and build his value up again for him and try to take the girls together and make a new buddy, but if he's a dick I'll just walk the girls away from him…they'll follow me because I have all the high-value at that point)

This is the subtle art of the AMOG.

The kind of male buddies who turn AMOG on you are usually the friends who have insecurities about their own pick-up prowess.

***

Runner-up winner Dirkjohanson writes,

> To be fair, sometimes women flake because of things like gas, vaginosis, and diarrhea.

Yes, but does a girl with vaginosis flake on her corporate HR drone job? No, for that she shows up right on time, because the job pushing paper is more interesting than the beta pushing for a date.

Beta Of The Month: The Divorce House

CH · 8 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Is it really *good for the children* to see their father so pathetically emasculated on a daily basis? That's the question that swirls around July's Beta of the Month candidate, a broken man who continues living under the same roof (for which he likely foots the full bill) with his happy ex-wife in a refitted "divorce house" that's partitioned down the middle.

> Monica McGrath and Kent Kirkland are divorced parents of two young children. They live in one house with their children, call themselves friends and borrow sugar from one another.
>
> The Edmonton family gained Canada-wide recognition this month after media attention turned to their family set-up and living arrangements. Part of this attention was due to their custom-built "transporter" house, with two separate sides and a hallway connecting them, but also because they're doing what many separated couples say they want to do; put the kids first. […]
>
> Their family model is a version of a "bird's nest" arrangement where children stay in the house, while separated or divorced parents come to them. Some see this as a model that helps minimize disruption for children. It means they don't have to be uprooted, trekking from one parent's house to another's on a regular basis. Although this model is still rare, experts say it has become increasingly common over the last 10 years. […]
>
> The adults live on separate sides of the house with a wall between them. Their children's bedrooms are at one end of the house and connect to both sides through a hallway with a door to mom's side and a door to dad's side. The parents alternate childcare week by week. When it's one parent's week, the other locks their hallway door.
>
> "They're both a lot happier now," Mr. Kirkland says of their children. "Now if they want to see mom, it's really easy for them to do it."

Everyone in this family is smiling except for the house eunuch:

Details of his lurid soul castration follow.

> They separated in 2010 and have already crossed the hurdle of dating other people, though both are currently single. Ms. McGrath and Mr. Kirkland say that their family arrangement takes priority and that a new partner would need to respect this.

Nine times out of ten in similar situations it's the ex-wife who's doing the banging with newly acquired pump and dumpers while the ex-husband has to stuff his ears with pillows to block the thumping moans of sex emanating through the walls.

> But as might be expected, there are cons that come with living next door to your ex.
>
> "The emotional side of things…" says Mr. Kirkland. "As Monica put it, there are still feelings and not all of them positive feelings."

The only sure cure for an ex-wife is moving out of the country and covering all your tracks. Or, you can be all the beta you wanna be and share an exquisitely demarcated home with an ex-wife who loves taking photos of your hang-dog face to show the world how much she has your balls in a vise.

In related news, the West is still collapsing. Event horizon endgame should be any day now.

Alpha Assessment: Terseness And Tingles Edition

CH · 10 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along a screen capture of a text exchange he had with a girl who has a boyfriend she obviously worships as a king and duty-bound patriarch.

> I thought you would get a kick out of this. Little background: this chick ended up doing facials, anal anything on demand. As of current I am in a relationship with her best friend who she introduced me to and she even endorsed me. They are no longer friends and she is on the rocks with her current bf bc he knows she still wants me. If i could change one thing I would've left out the "Lol."

The reader's poetic musing are on the right.

This is a thing of beauty. You've got a little bit of "Nah" game in there, lack of punctuation game, and all of it delivered with tingle titillating aloofness. This reader has expertly put into practice Poon Commandment V, always give less than you receive from a woman. If this text convo were displayed on a Jumbotron, he would feel no shame, for he would know the audience of millions understands he is getting plenty of action from this girl. And it is the audience that would feel ashamed that they intuitively know this, and will thus spend their whole lives embracing romantic platitudes as salve for their chafed soulholes.

The only question is, would the reader have achieved level A2M had he left off the "lol"?

The Ideal Destination For The Single White Man

CH · 11 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's not a secret that American women have lost their mojo. They've fallen far from the heights of the pin-up girl era to the present day man-squerading as lantern-jawed corporate henchcunts and biodiesel dirigibles. If ever there was a time for American men to get the hell out of Pudge and seek pinker pastures oversees, this is it. But such a decision is not as easy as "go to where the grateful hotties live." Many factors must be taken into account besides density of pulchritude. If the Congo was filled with hot women but everything else about the country was the same, would you live there?

It's also not a secret that America is morphing into a 2nd and soon 3rd world dump thanks to the traitorous machinations of our ruling class whose lust for cheap labor and neoPuritan Yankee eagerness to stick it to the wrong kinds of white people has eradicated any semblance of border control against the tide of orcs and dissolved the last stirring of unifying national bonhomie. Hence, some American white men are pondering the wisdom of going back to Europe, cradle of their genesis.

Thinking seriously about this subject, Randall Parker has butthexed the data and located an ideal destination for the single man in search of vaghalla and soul nourishment.

> I've been thinking about the problem. Perhaps you've seem my posts where I ask my readers. None have come up with a good answer. But I think there is one: Ukraine. They are poor. Smart affluents would bring a lot to the table. They aren't Russia. They would like to be less under Russian influence. America has never screwed them. **[ed: America, fuck yeah!]**
>
> They have lower population density than the heart of Europe. One could always fly to Germany or Switzerland to see medical specialists.
>
> The Odessa region has almost perfect climate for human habitation.
>
> The summers are not as hot as NJ and the winters no colder.
>
> The Crimea would be milder.

And, of supreme relevance, Ukrainian women are among the most beautiful the good mother earth, and perhaps genocidal world war and Holodomor culling, have produced. (And the Lord sayeth, *Good things will come from great evil. Sorry, gotta include that great evil. Otherwise I'd get bored with the good good good all the time.*)

Another possible upside (or downside, depending on your POV): Ukraine is on the feminine babe side of the Hajnal Line, or, as us wags like to call it, the Harridan Line. This is a geographic line that demarcates the part of Europe where nuptiality was historically lower (Northwest Europe) from the part where it was historically higher (East Europe). That is, in the traditional West where capitalism thrived, the women married later, had fewer kids, and worked more. This is the side of the Harridan Line that birthed the unholy tri-meme of feminism/equalism/multicultism. In the East of Europe, women married earlier, married older men, and had more kids. Generally, these women adhere more strictly to gender roles.

These kinds of selective pressures across the Harridan Line give rise to different types of female mentality. Ukrainian women are likely to be more feminine than Northwest European women, more apt to take care of their appearances and to watch their weights, and more at ease with their roles as the family nurturer and childcare specialist. They are also comfortable falling in love with older men, and welcome the wonderfully intoxicating leadership of their boyfriends and husbands.

The implications of the Hajnal Line are not all fun and games, though. Theoretically, there will be fewer beta males east of the Hajnal, and more cads, so your game has to be tight, especially up front during the attraction stage of seduction, when your main competition for the attentions of women won't be wilting niceguys who don't know how

to plow through a shit test. On the other hand, if you can pass the early hurdles dealing with obscenely beautiful women who will shit test mercilessly for alpha congruity, your American Beta provider game should work much better on east-of-Hajnal women than on rode-worn-and-tossed-away-weary west-of-Hajnal careerist sluts with overpriced purses stuffed full of discretionary cash and scented condoms.

Dan And Nadine

CH · 12 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Dan readied his stick and plunked a ball in a side pocket. Relishing his fleeting achievement, he raised his eyes to check if Nadine had bore witness to his excellence. She hadn't. Gruff, caustic Robert, his misshapen nose and squirrel's nest hair coaxing annoyed leers, was directing to a general audience of three girls a crack about drunkenly seeing twelve holes and the improvement to his game that was sure to bring. Nadine was one of those girls, and Dan squelched a perturbation of despondency when he saw Nadine's eyes shine for Robert's boisterous wit.

Nadine was Dan's project. He met her, he welcomed her friends, he introduced them all to his friends, he slept luxuriously fitful nights imagining Nadine warming to him and reciprocating his feelings. Kind, pretty and, lately, eager to hang out with him and his buddies, Nadine was unassailable. Dan allowed renewed confidence in the value he offered her. Soon, he would ask her out. He just needed a private moment. They'd been out together as a group enough that Dan believed Nadine was hoping he would lurch at a pretext to corner her alone and deliver the magical words she'd been secretly anticipating. Dan occasionally wondered if the moment, when it came, would be so flush with spent resolve that they would seal the agreement with a passionate (but endearingly tentative) kiss.

Dan: "D'ja see that bank shot?"

Robert: "That bank shot wasn't good…"

PAUSE FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT

Robert: "…that bank shot was GREAT."

Nadine: *laughs*

Dan: *smiles weakly*

Robert: *touches Nadine's chunky girl friend with chalky side of stick*

PAUSE FOR DRAMATIC REACTION

Chunks: "Hey! Not nice!"

Robert: "Blame Dan. He bet me I wouldn't do it."

Dan: "No I didn't."

Robert: "Come on, Dan, you're always causing trouble. Don't try to hide it."

Nadine: "He doesn't look like the one causing trouble here."

Dan: "Thanks, Nadine."

Robert: "I knew there was something between you two!"

Dan had always taken to understand that he was a handsome, if aesthetically understated, man. He certainly saw nothing in Nadine's limpid gaze to suggest extended exposure to his countenance irritated her. If Dan were to count up the hours spent in Nadine's company, (an exercise which, in point of fact, he did one evening while nervously fiddling with the bracing decision to text her one mere day after they had spoken by phone, the nerve!), the sum of their unspoken love would add to a considerable investment of life energy.

And so it was with naive expectation that Dan foresaw no interference, nor any of the usual social rifts that erupt when the sexes mix, issuing from Nadine & company's enfolding. He was therefore emotionally denuded when Nadine's redirected attention usurped his blueprint of steady bonding. A sickening awareness jammed his guts as he recorded the mounting toll of Robert & Nadine's wet glances, slithery torso feints, forearm grazing entreaties, and joyously faux indignations, each a sharper dagger than the last. He sunk his last shot, and excused himself to "make

a call", which no one heard, nor needed to hear.

Seven years later, Robert would be married to a svelte, head-turner blonde, and they would reside in a charming suburb. Dan would have moved to another corner of the country, met an uninspiring but trustworthy woman, and married as well, settling in a jurisdiction not known for its disruptive temptations, but not mattering anyway. Government statistics would show that Robert worked in a high-stress field and had one child with his comely wife, and that Dan was a productive contributor to state coffers and had two children by his wife.

Acquaintances who knew Dan would say if asked that he was a happy, well-adjusted man. A real stand-up guy, a normal guy. The sort of guy who had everything going for him.

Comment Of The Week: When It “Does Count”

CH · 14 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Anonymous (choose a handle you lazy bum) lists the stringent copulation criteria that would need to be met for a woman (or her hamster) to admit that the sex she was having “counts”.

> Unless a girl has:
>
> 1. vaginal intercourse
>
> 2. with a guy
>
> 3. multiple times
>
> 4. over multiple days
>
> a. that are not in a row
>
> b. but are not separated by more than a month from each other
>
> 5. in her region of residence in her home country,
>
> 6. not during spring break or another vacation
>
> 7. while sober from alcohol and drugs, including legal prescriptions
>
> “it doesn’t count”.

General Social Survey data experts are baffled that the face-to-face questioning the GSS utilizes yields inaccurate results about women’s sexual habits.

Maxim #101: The sluttier the girl, the more noticeably pregnant she’ll need to be before she admits to having had sex that “counts”.

Corollary to Maxim #101: Even then…. “Oh, it’s the way the shirt fits.”

Orwell, Updated

CH · 15 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Male is female. Observation is illusion. Diversity is strength.

If there is hope, wrote Winston, it lies in the proles.

Chicks Digging Jerks Goes Mainstream(ish)

CH · 15 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Michelle Malkin, a tawny-skinned rep of the right cute enough to inspire a Heartiste half-mast, has an article about the love that girls are showering on Boston Bomber Joker Tsarnaev, and on other assorted badboys and murderers. Note the very *eeenteresting* title of Malkin's article:

> America's Sociopath Fetish: Chicks Dig Chechens And Other Killers
>
> I would like to declare a war on women—namely, all those cringe-inducing ninnies who lust after every celebrity criminal defendant with big muscles, tattoos, puppy-dog eyes or Hollywood hair.
>
> You know who I'm talking about, right? America's Bad Boy groupies. They're on the courthouse steps with their "Free Jahar" signs, cooing over how "hot" and "cute" the bloodstained Boston Marathon bombing suspect is. He "can blow me up with babies," one moral reprobate quipped shortly after his capture. "I'm not gonna lie, the second bombing suspect, Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, is hot. #sorrynotsorry," another young girl boasted.

Now where have we seen that "Chicks Dig [Killers]" formulation before? Oh yeah.

I'm beginning to suspect, though the evidence is circumstantial, that some esteemed and popular pundits are regular snoopers of the Chateau. Naturally they will never own up to it, and you can't blame them. If admitting to being influenced by an all-around decent guy like Steve Sailer gives them the hives, imagine what confessing to being a night visitor of this demonic lair would do for one's cocktail circuit reputation. The stuff of status manicuring nightmares!

Michelle sounds like she's losing faith in the sisterhood,

> It would be one thing if these morally stunted followers segregated themselves in enclaves outside the American mainstream. But some of these damaged goods end up on juries, entrusted to weigh evidence fairly, digest complex instructions, and render impartial verdicts in matters of life and death. Indeed, they are aggressively sought after by predatory defense lawyers. I'll never forget the female jurors of the first murder trial of confessed parent-killers Lyle and Erik Menendez. Star-struck by "glamorous" defense lawyer Jill Abramson, the women of the Menendez jury told Los Angeles reporters that "they admired her wardrobe and biting wit."
>
> Their swooning for the hunky Menendez brothers, whom they praised as "bright" and "nice," was obscene. After a mistrial was declared, Abramson arranged for "her jurors" to meet the boys. Soon after, talk show queen Sally Jesse Raphael hosted a program on "women who would leave their husbands to marry a Menendez."
>
> From Menendez mania to Free Jahar, the pathologies persist: Easily led. Emotion-driven. Desperate for male approbation. Prone to acting with their lady parts instead of their lady smarts. Heckuva job, feminism!

The Cruel Word of CH is infiltrating the masses and spreading love like a bear digging for berries twixt Andrew Sullivan's butt cheeks.

> Lesson learned: You can indoctrinate generations of American women in the ways of gender empowerment, but you can't make a goodly portion of them think straight. Hormones trump basic human decency and good judgment in the crowded coven of sociopaths.

Michelle demonstrates a willingness to grapple with the intractability of female sexual nature. She mocks the ineffectual feebleness of feminism to alter in any significant way the biologically inherent urges of women to crave

the cold-blooded cocks of killers. In her mocking is a tacit admission that perhaps, just maybe, giving women the run of the place isn't working out so well for civilization.

Reader Mailbag: A Mighty Fuck Given Edition

CH · 16 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What do you do when what you thought was a sure thing decides to play the game for keeps? A reader bemoans,

> I fucked up. HB5.5 in my residency program wanted to fuck during orientation (last year). I brushed it off. However, I didn't realize that this is fucking SF and the girls here are terrible. Got drunk with some other residents, gave her a call and said I wanted to bang. She's playing it cool….too cool because I thought I was doing her a favor by throwing her a bone. Not sure if she over wanting the dick or playing hard to get. Cannot think of a respectable way out of this one, especially since word could get out to the rest of the group. In this particular group, reputation and status are extremely important. I don't really care if I lose face with her.

HB 5.5. This is veering dangerously close to plain jane with stalker potential territory. The truly ugly girls know they don't have a shot, and don't bother obsessing over a crumb of attention they know isn't going to materialize into a full man sandwich. But those girls who are right on the cusp of attractiveness — the 5.5s, for example — they can spin a smattering of alpha male attention into a fantasy world of romantic delusion.

Anyhow, lemme just quickly explain what's going on this girl's head. She knows from past experience your interest level isn't high, and your recent motivation is drink and (probably) a dry spell. But her attraction for you is still strong, so she's erecting a false bravado (aka female coyness) to ease her anti-slut conscience and maybe allow her the luxury of imagining she can raise your buying temperature by making you chase her a little.

You can play this game and achieve the bang by simply demonstrating some attainability that wasn't there before, but that means a few dates with a 5.5 that will feel like wasted hours of your life once you've Jackson Pollacked her crevice. Also, you've got to keep in mind that your drunken pleading for sex lowered your relative value. The fastest way to give a girl hand is to confess in a moment of truth serum-y weakness that you need to get laid with her. So now you've got to tango with her like you would with a better looking woman, simply because you constructed a history with her that did your SMV no good.

If you want a way out, bang or no bang, my advice is to stop looking for a way out. Instead, ignore her and take some time off from what sounds like a very insular group to meet out-group women. The best ways out are sometimes found through ways into new women.

******

Reader #2 wishes to entertain us all.

> hey this is a poem i just wrote.
>
> I read your site diligently.
>
> So here it is. Let me know what you think.
>
> Here are the musings.
> Of a sane man.
> Argue they-n man
> Large oracular, spectacular
> vernacular. With back to her.
> See me smackin' her.
> Take that from her
>
> I am a cool, guy
> Lost not frost. Shocked
> we're not talked.

there once was a lad named heartiste
whose rod was as wide as its reach
the throngs they be mirin
the panties retirin
and the wombs did accede to the breach

– excerpt from "Plato's Republic"

******

The Rude Word of Game will infiltrate every kind of relationship, as reader #3 testifies,

> Hello Heartiste,
>
> I'm a 21 year old male who took the red pill a year ago. Recently, I have started trying to spread the teachings to family and friends who I think would be the most receptive, and have even gotten my (lifelong favorite) uncle on board with smashing the Cathedral.
>
> However, my mother is very different, and I'm not sure what to do about her. She's a perfect candidate for postmarital spinsterhood. She's 41. She is fit and healthy, but aging has obviously not benefited her looks. She divorced from my father (her initiation) 6 years ago. She works at an investment firm, in what is essentially human resources. She lives alone in her own house and has it ornamented with typical feminine feel-good kitsch, such as the sign that says "Somewhere someone is looking for exactly what you have to offer." Yes, it makes me die a little bit inside too.
>
> Based on snippets of her own personal life that she's told me, I have made the unsurprising inference, considering her post-Wall status, that she finds herself in an unsatisfactory dating situation; all the men she dates are either not attractive to her or, if attractive, they won't give her the time of day. I understand what is obviously going on but that she isn't going to see, being steeped in *Eat Pray Love* go-get-em grrrl culture as she is since her birth. An apt illustration: I saw that she had purchased Sheryl Sandberg's *Lean In* for her woman's book club.
>
> As she is my own mother, and despite it being more or less just desserts for divorcing my father (who is, we might say, embarrassingly beta), I am still troubled that she's floundering in this situation, under the delusion that she stands a good chance of nabbing a man that both cares about her and she finds attractive. It is likely only a matter of time before she happens upon the manosphere (I blog under my own name, and I cover red pill topics) and sees what is to be said about her situation. My questions are these: How can I let her know about her situation? What can I do if/when she finds out, and especially if it occurs through my own writings? What can I expect for how this will change our relationship or my relationship with my family in general?

Call me old-fashioned, but I think referring to your mother and the wall in the same sentence is bad form. I guess that's the kinder, gentler, thousand points of love Heartiste talking.

Your mother is in desperate straits, and is grasping for ego-assuaging platitudes as is the wont of the weaker, sheltered sex when their fading beauty betrays them to the mercy of an obtrusive, cruel sexual market reality. If she's reading that vile trash "Lean In", then she's too far gone to benefit from the cleansing power of realtalk.

To your pertinent questions:

Are you really going to inform your mother that she's a sexual has-been who must learn to settle if she ever wants to be with a man again? True or not, I'm guessing you don't have the psychopathic stones to do that to her. However, CH does! So if she comes across this blog post, perhaps a light bulb will flicker and, allowing for a few weeks of tear-dreanched pillow theatrics and longing stares at pill bottles, will rouse herself to acceptance of inalterable circumstance and tackle with renewed seriousness a search for men who are reasonably within her sphere of SMV synchronization.

Buuuut I wouldn't hold my breath. Settling is not something that comes easily to women, at any age.

Your mission, should you choose to inject it, is deliberate avoidance of any kind of feelgood pablum that will put a band-aid on your mom's psychic wounds but leave them festering underneath. Your refusal to console her should be a loud enough message to her that you don't suffer her unjustified entitlement gladly. If her best interest is really in your heart, use family and friends lifelines to locate and instigate liaisons between your mom and older, beta gentlemen she might reject under her past dating protocol but are in fact good matches for her according to universal laws of romantic compatibility. It sounds like your mom desires a bit of the ol' funtime badboy, so if you know a man, late 50s to 60ish, with a heart of gold who rides motorcycles and has been in a brawl or two, he might be your winning ticket. Be warned you may have to dip down into the prole classes to find this man, given the effete state of SWPL-class men these days.

******

Email #4 comes from a girly girl,

> I love your blog, even though it makes me wince sometimes (I'm a girl—I suppose the truth hurts). You probably don't bother giving advice to women,

Untrue. A foul calumny!

> but I'm compelled to try anyway because the female oriented relationship blogs are so awful.

True. A factual calumny.

> I don't know where else to go. Earlier this year I was involved with this guy from my hometown for a few months. I would see him when I went to visit my parents. He is a very alpha guy and I got attached to him fast. He eventually broke it off saying he didn't want a LTR.

The three month mark is typically the hour of doom when alpha males uninterested in getting tied down break it off with girls.

> When I told him I would likely be moving back to my hometown permanently (for job reasons, not for him) he said, great.. when you're back we'll see where we are. I was a little hurt but I could see where he was coming from.

Aloof asshole off the starboard bow.

> We've been keeping in touch by text since then, pretty much daily.

How long are his texts? Be honest.

> Occasional phone calls. He is a classic alpha texter, infuriatingly short responses, careless spelling and punctuation, randomly drops out of conversations. Seriously, you could put him up on your blog as an example of alpha texting.

I should have read ahead!

> Except for one thing– he will initiate if he hasn't heard from me. I am not a crazy girl text terrorist, and when he goes off radar I'm pretty good at leaving him alone, but I always get the "what's going on" text from him in a day or two if he hasn't heard from me.

This is a good sign. He's thinking about you. Or, less charitably, he doesn't have another girl in his life to distract him.

> He's not into sexual banter but he likes to tease me about nonsexual things (I'm a klutz, I'm too gullible, etc.).

Cooties game.

> He's told me some surprisingly personal stuff too.

Vulnerability game.

> So I am moving back home next week and I just heard (not from him) that he's seeing someone now. I'm so sad about this. I am crazy attracted to this guy and I know it sounds stupid, but I feel like we got a little closer through our "text friendship" these last few months.

It's not stupid. As a human being, you project your sensibilities onto the opposite sex. As a woman, you value emotional connection more than sexual connection. So "text friendships" naturally mean a lot more to you than they do to him. But this deep state knowledge means you no longer have an excuse to persist in your happy delusions. You have to look reality square, and adjust accordingly.

> I really like him. I want to start seeing him for real after I move…. and I was hoping he wanted that too. My friends say he's already rejected me for a RL and if I want to revive things I have to go no-contact for a while so he misses me.

Your friends are on the right track, even if their reasoning is flawed. Better still, start seeing other men, and make sure it hits the grapevine. This radio silence strategy won't work as well for you as it would for a man, but it will work a little.

> They say I was too available, even if it was by text… this is the classic female-blogger "rules" advice, as you probably know.

It's not your availability that was the problem; it's the OTHER WOMAN's availability that's the problem.

> So I have a couple questions, and I know you'll give me the truth: (1) Can I assume he's still somewhat interested, since he stayed in touch?

Yes, but it's a threadbare assumption. If the other girl is better looking (tough pill to swallow for you, I know, but you have to face up to this possibility if you want a way forward), then his interest has plummeted because he's getting what he wants. Not much you can do under that circumstance unless you're down for a casual sideshow fling, or by some miracle the other girl turns out to be a psycho and he begins to miss your comparatively calming presence. Many men will keep up contact with past flames because they are practicing the age-old tactic of hedging their bets. See: Poon Commandment VII.

> (2) Would being aloof and unavailable have ANY effect at all here, particularly if he's seeing someone?

Probably not, if the looks differential between you and the other woman is significant. If, however, you and the other girl are equally pretty, then a disappearing act punctuated by occasional tacit reminders of your allure might help keep his interest at a slow burn.

> Would anything help?

Dress hot when you're around him. Be seen getting hit on by other men. Get in better shape (if there's room for improvement). Fire up the rumor mill that you're seeing someone. Master the feminine art of ambiguity (an art co-opted by male seducers) and curtness in your texts and conversations with him; don't be nasty, be inscrutable. Be nice, but be taciturn, even business-like. You want him thinking you have options, and that you may be exercising those options, and that his company, while pleasing, doesn't rock your world like it used to.

This is the best advice I can give you, and I give it with the warning that you shouldn't expect much. The nature of male and female sexual dynamics precludes the possibility that the advice which works so well for men will work equally well for women. And another warning: Even should the advice "work" — that is, the other girl splits with him and he tumbles into bed with you — know that you will be second-best in his eyes if the other girl inspired harder, longer, thicker boners in him. I hate to get crude with such an earnest woman as yourself, but it's necessary to illuminate the foundation of muck that supports the dreamy romantic idylls we all have a penchant for building around our egos.

> If it matters, you can assume I'm hotter than the girl he's seeing and that he does have a reputation for being playerish– although he has had several long term relationships.

I will take your word. If this is so, my advice above should work quite well. You may want to signal a little more attainability than what I have implied above, if you are really a better specimen than his current lover. Given his player predilection, he should respond reflexively to girl game that stings his narcissism.

> We're about the same on the attractiveness scale; we both have options.

Is this attractiveness scale a looks-based one? If so, you should understand that men are judged by more criteria than their looks. If he's a player, he's charming. And the ladies love a charming rascal. So although you have punched in the numbers and run an algorithm that tells you his looks and your looks roughly match, the romantic reality can be skewed in his favor and to the benefit of raising his value above yours because his charm and mannerism can net him attention from higher value women that his looks alone can't (at least for any kind of relationship longer than a night).

> I know you're busy and must get a million emails, but any advice or commentary would be really appreciated. Thanks!

One final thought. Some men, particularly those seeking long-term relationships, will settle for women a little less hot than what those men could get, or have historically gotten, in part as a defense mechanism against getting dumped or getting drama, in part because they perceive a slightly less physically intimidating woman a better bet as a loyal partner in long-time love. If this is the operative psychology in your scenario, then he may have, to borrow a well-worn and extremely irritating phrase from platitude-land, "moved on".

Or: The dude might be in love. Best leave him to his happiness.

Chicks Dig Jerks: The Truth Is Breaching Containment Zone

CH · 17 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Nigel Havers, a British TV actor, has some choice comments about the nature of female sexuality.

> TV heart-throb Nigel Havers says women 'never learn' when it comes to men – because they cannot stop pursuing 'cads'. […]
>
> [Havers] finds out that his maternal great-great-grandfather, David Couch, had an illegitimate daughter with a 19-year-old servant girl.
>
> Havers, 61, told the Radio Times: 'You can't help but think you've inherited some of their qualities. David was a bit of a cad, which is the sort of part I've played.
>
> 'I made The Charmer in 1987, which was dangerous for me because I didn't think viewers would warm to such a ghastly character. And yet the opposite happened. However evil he was, people liked him.

More precisely, men wanted to be him, women wanted him.

> 'Throughout history women tend to like cads. They want to mother and change them. It's exciting, but always ends in tears.
>
> 'They don't learn, do they? I don't mean that in a sexist way. Some women prefer a stable life, but others love danger.'

He goes on to say that men love dangerous women, too, but that's just CYA equalist squid ink, meant to appease feminist shrike censors. Men love hot women, and if they happen to be bitches, well… men won't turn down a romp in the sack with them, though they will think twice about committing to them, and they certainly won't rationalize their bitchiness like so many women rationalize the caddishness and assholery of jerks and terrorist bombers.

Women go out of their way to locate, identify and seduce jerks. Men do not go out of their way to locate, identify and seduce bitches. (Men will go out of their way to target sluts, nice or not.) Women love jerks *because* they're jerks. Men will occasionally love hot bitches *despite* their bitchiness. If you need scientific evidence to corroborate everyone's personal observation and age-old wisdom, the CH archives are filled with links to relevant studies.

What about the theory that women want to mother and change cads? There is something to this, but it's not the primary urge that drvies women into the arms of unsavory men. The female love for jerks is, translated, a love for dominant men who, in the state of nature (and equally in the state of modern society), can protect them from invaders and sire sons who will inherit the same badboy pussy-collecting genes.

It's helical imperatives all the way down.

But women also possess a compulsion to domesticate men who fall within their long-term seductive purview. It makes sense from an evolutionary perspective that women would serve their fitness-enhancing interests by cutting the nutsack off their conquests, lest valuable testosterone-y goodness is diverted to the project of further pussy plunder and away from amassing resources for her growing family.

But betas don't inspire this womanly desire to geld, because betas already come packaged with nuts sold separately. Only cads and d-bags, nuts present and accounted for, send women swooning alternately between depths and heights of ecstatic submissive lust and egocentric lion taming. The lesson for the inveterate womanizer with love in his heart should be clear: Let her change only that about you with which you were already willing to part.

Playing Mind Games With Feminists

CH · 17 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “A G” gleefully proposes a psychological torture mechanism to send feminists writhing in paroxysms of hamster-rending pain.

> How to destroy a Cathedral feminist’s brain with two simple questions:
>
> 1. Doesn’t it suck that racist white people, any time they see a black person walking the streets late at night, automatically fear that person because they think black people are more likely to be thugs? Obvious manifestation of white privilege.
>
> 2. Doesn’t it suck that sexist women, any time they see a man walking the streets late at night, automatically fear that person because they think men are more likely to be rapists? Obvious manifestation of female privilege.
>
> Inspired by a facebook friend who literally wrote a post stating that white privilege is the reason white people often fear black people.

Masterful bait and switch. They’ll never see it coming.

On a more general note, AG illustrates one attack strategy that is effective against whiny, sophistic leftoids making appeals to empty emotion. The leftoid, as a species within which the feminist is a subspecie, has more of her ego invested in her ideology. It is her religion. This is why when leftoids and non-leftoids get in political arguments, it’s typically the non-leftoid making diplomatic half-apologies and concessions. The non-leftoid does not feel as strong an ego attachment to his ideology, because he assesses his value more broadly. The result of this personality difference is an arena of leftoids constantly on the attack, getting their way like children throwing tantrums under the weary authority of amiable parents.

A mocking shiv jab will hurt the leftoid feminist, but it will also cause her to retreat into a shell of platitudinal self-protection, and to ensconce herself in the group hug of trite-minded allies. Better is to flatter the feminist’s self-conception, and when her guard is down to rain a shivstorm of hell upon her vulnerable id. You can stab all day at the hardened ego, but a single killing blow to the id laid bare will send even the most obnoxious femcunts like Amanjaw Marcuntte slinking to dark bedrooms in silent shame and consideration of alternative life paths.

To defeat the leftoid, use their power against them. Shiv on, shiv off.

Measures Of Fuckability

CH · 18 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “Mr.C” writes,

> One measure of Fuckability: How long you are prepared to wait in order to fuck her.

True, but how does one square this with the alpha male imperative to seal the deal in three dates or fewer?

The Three Date Rule isn’t binding. It’s best thought of as a hedge against developing one-itis or getting taken to the Tenth Circle of Blue Ball Hell by a cockteaser, where you drown in a sea of unexpelled sperm.

There are indeed scenarios where an alpha male might wait quite a while (relative to his normal allowance for waiting) to bang a glorious hottie. The crucial difference between an alpha male and a beta male waiting for a girl to put out is that the alpha usually has other irons in the fire and waiting for sex is his prerogative, while the beta has no one else and waiting for sex is his sufferance. And women can sense this differing weight of alpha vs beta male expectation. They sniff it out like dogs picking up wet poop in the air.

Naturally, men will be more inclined to invest their time and energy into a pretty girl than a plain girl. And their investment will rise in accord with reassuring signals of payout. That is, a girl who is making it obvious by her anticipatory behavior that she’s working hard to restrain herself in your company is a girl whose coyness you’d be more willing to accommodate.

So what are some other **Measures of Fuckability (MOFs)**?

– Amount spent on girl.
– Ratio of eye-to-eye contact to sidelong glances cast at other women walking by.
– Number of hours (or days) before scheduled date that the man thinks about the date.
– Boner triggers. Does smelling her intoxicating ovulatory aroma trigger a boner? High MOF. Does she need to wrap her lips around your schlong to coax a chub? Low MOF.
– Amount of feminist blather man is willing to tolerate.
– Degree of stupidity man is willing to tolerate.
– Rapidity with which man leaves post-coitus. Does he linger past brunch? High MOF. Is he out the door as the last spurt is settling in a flesh nook? Low MOF.
– Inducement to showcase his conquest. Is the man scheming to be seen in public with his lover? High MOF. Is he making excuses to her about having a rare allergy to sunlight *and* moonlight? Low MOF.
– Yes-man to No-man ratio. Being a yes-man = High MOF. Being a no-man = Low MOF. (Game-aware men subvert this tendency.)
– Fap to fuck ratio. If you’re fapping more than fucking your girl, LOW MOF.
– Porn to foreplay ratio. If you’re spending more hours watching porn than engaging in sexy foreplay with your girl, LOW MOF.
– Video gaming to fucking idle thoughts ratio. Extremely low MOF if time spent thinking about vidga gaming is more than time spent thinking about fucking your girl. (Actual time will vary regardless of MOF level, because GUILD WARS.)
– The degree to which an undersexed game hater resents your date for throwing into stark relief the dumpy frumpiness of his wife or girlfriend. More resentment = higher MOF of your date. You lucky dog! Banging a hottie *and* driving an old skooler traddork to histrionics!

Author note: The longest yer humble Chateau proprietor has waited for a bang was five dates, not counting those first tentative steps toward poosy paradise at the tender age of [REDACTED ON ORDER OF CPS] when yer humble pubescent pioneer had nothing but his wits and an untrained, if keen, power of observation to guide him.

Marriage Down, Ho's Up

CH · 19 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

New research examining marital patterns in the Disunited States is out, and it's not looking good for the nuptial blissers (or for the civilization gatekeepers).

> Marriage Rate Lowest in a Century
>
> Fewer women are getting married and they're waiting longer to tie the knot when they do decide to walk down the aisle. That's according to a new Family Profile from the National Center for Family and Marriage Research (NCFMR) at Bowling Green State University.
>
> According to "Marriage: More than a Century of Change," the U.S. marriage rate is 31.1, the lowest it's been in over a century. That equals roughly 31 marriages per 1,000 married women. Compare that to 1920, when the marriage rate was a staggering 92.3.
>
> Since 1970, the marriage rate has declined by almost 60 percent. "Marriage is no longer compulsory," said Dr. Susan Brown, co-director of the NCFMR. "It's just one of an array of options. Increasingly, many couples choose to cohabit and still others prefer to remain single."
>
> Furthermore, a woman's average age at first marriage is the highest it's been in over a century, at nearly 27 years old. "The age at first marriage for women and men is at a historic highpoint and has been increasing at a steady pace," states Dr. Wendy Manning, co-director of the Center.

Well, that's one way to avoid the temptation to cheat and deep six your marriage: Get married when you're older and have fewer sexual market options.

> There has also been a dramatic increase in the proportion of women who are separated or divorced. In 1920, less than 1 percent of women held that distinction. Today, that number is 15 percent. "The divorce rate remains high in the U.S., and individuals today are less likely to remarry than they were in the past," reports Brown.

Welcome to the Eat, Pray, Love iteration of America: E – Eat ourselves to death. P – Pray we still got it. L – Love our cats.

> The marriage rate has declined for all racial and ethnic groups, but the greatest decline is among African Americans. Similarly, the education divide in marriage has grown. In the last 50 years there have been only modest changes in the percentage of women married among the college educated and the greatest declines among women without a high school diploma.

It's ironic that the pointless lib-arts over-education that correlates with women getting married also correlates with them staying childless. Meanwhile, Clevon and Anfernee pop out ten parasites by their single mom weekday flings. What was the whole point of marriage, again? To encourage and sanctify responsible procreation and child-rearing, right? No, no, how silly of me. Times have changed. Marriage is now all about celebrating multiple forms of love, like butthex and cuckold fetishism and, coming soon to a Detroit near you, polygamy.

Was *Idiocracy* just about the most prescient movie ever made?

None of this depressing news should be any surprise to regular guests of Le Chateau. We were the first to make the connection between the social rot and the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse, and we will be the first to rub it in the faces of the lords of lies when this whole shit show comes perilously close to oozing in on their guarded gated communities.

In silver lining news, casual, no strings attached sex with smart, sassy white chicks has never been easier to get.

The Greatest Gift You Can Give Your Girlfriend

CH · 19 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

…is keeping her away from her fat friends.

I've seen it happen too many times, the slender girlfriend of the happy man — attending an endless procession of house parties with an expanding (heh) circle of girl friends slowly but surely piling on the pounds month by month, year by year — suddenly wakes up one morning to notice her muffin top has rolled over and her boyfriend's eyes have glazed over.

You have one duty ladies… ONE. Stay thin and sexy. And yet so many of you can't seem to manage that simple fucking thing. We lenient gentlemen of the jury aren't asking for much. We don't care if you drive a sports car. We don't expect you to climb the soul-killing corporate ladder. We don't give a flying fig if you went to grad school. We don't inexplicably lose our interest if you happen to get overly affectionate. We don't burden you with demands for more commitment or drill you for opinions about how our butts look in these jeans. We instead ask for simple things from you, such as a refusal to turn into this:

Men, you can help your lover stay thin by keeping her the hell away from her fat and feminist girl friends. Her fat friends will infect her with their fat disease, through some poorly understood mechanism of orca osmosis, and like fatty fat fatass pockmarked dominoes one after another thin girl will get knocked down, until not a single height-weight proportionate babe is left standing. You think I'm joking? Nope, ♥SCIENCE♥ has found that obesity is socially contagious.

Her feminist friends will infect her with the mind diseases of *nonjudgmentalism*, *beauty equalism* and *loathing of male desire*, all of which are the psy-ops trifecta for brainwashing a girl against her man and turning her into a ham-shaped self-entitlement cartoon.

Relationship management takes work. But men don't need to make it harder than it needs to be. An easy intervention that will improve relationship health and harmony is staring men in the face. Give your girl the gift of lithe. Cast her BBBFFers to the icy wastelands.

Study: Dominance, Not Looks, Predicts Men's Mating Success

CH · 22 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A solid, thick, tight study has scraped the shins with a loaded deadlift bar, and the findings are nothing short of an ECA stacked validation of CH teachings. For as long as the Provencal sun has shone its ethereal light on the Chateau, we have been saying that male power and dominance — and the outcome independent attitude that conveys those traits — are the primary male attractiveness cues that women LOVE LOVE LOVE. And where there's LOVE LOVE LOVE, there's TINGLE TINGLE TINGLE.

> Although recent research has increasingly focused on human sexual selection, fundamental questions remain concerning the relative influence of individual traits on success in competition for mates and the mechanisms, form, and direction of these sexual selective pressures. Here, we explore sexual selection on men's traits by ascertaining men's dominance and attractiveness from male and female acquaintances. On a large American university campus, 63 men from two social fraternities provided anthropometric measurements, facial photographs, voice recordings, and reported mating success (number of sexual partners). These men also assessed each other's dominance, and 72 women from two socially affiliated sororities assessed the men's attractiveness. We measured facial masculinity from inter-landmark distances and vocal masculinity from acoustic parameters. We additionally obtained facial and vocal attractiveness and dominance ratings from unfamiliar observers. **Results indicate that dominance and the traits associated with it predict men's mating success, but attractiveness and the traits associated with it do not.** These findings point to the salience of contest competition on men's mating success in this population.

"Only looks matter" shut-in dorks wept bitter, Cheetos-laced orange tears.

This study is chock full of quotable goodness, and the experimental breadth is wide enough to spur further discussion.

> [P]rior studies have typically focused on either female choice or male contests without attempting to quantify the relative contributions of these mechanisms to the total sexual selective pressure on a particular trait (Hunt, Breuker, Sadowski, & Moore, 2009). Second, to our knowledge, no study reporting relationships between a male trait and mating success has investigated whether these relationships were mediated by attractiveness or dominance. Third, most studies of sexual selection in men have measured success under female choice or male contests from limited information, such as body size, strength, or ratings of faces or voices made by strangers in the laboratory. Attractiveness and dominance have thus frequently been assessed devoid of relevant information, such as personality and intelligence, and in isolation from the complex webs of social relationships in which we live.

Your charmingly egotistic Chateau lords have insisted for a long time that a major shortcoming of studies attempting to measure male sexual attractiveness is the lack of examining the all-important components of personality and attitude, or what we in the business call charisma, aka game.

> Although we are interested in how past selection produced present sexual dimorphisms, we take a behavioral ecological approach, which emphasizes contemporary selection. We take this approach because we expect that, in general, current function will provide insight into past function. However, attractiveness, dominance, and even mating success have likely been at least partly decoupled from reproductive success by features of modern industrial environments such as effective contraception and socially imposed monogamy.

"Only men who have kids are alpha" game haters wept as well. In CH shorthand: The Pill and condom thwart reproduction, but encourage copulation. And which men are doing the bulk of non-marital copulation? Alpha

males. (In fact, I'd bet that within marriages alpha males continue to comparatively monopolize the share of copulation events. Chicks dig dominant men, with or without a ring on it.)

> As shown for female choice and male contests, the combination of significant positive and negative eigenvalues suggests that the fitness surface for mating success is best described as a multivariate saddle (Fig. 2C). There was also significant positive linear selection on m2 and m3, which favors increased girth and decreased vocal masculinity (m2) and increased height and girth (m3).

There's a lot of juicy math in this study, so you abstraction pros can hash out the details for make benefit of haters' anguish.

> When mating success was used as the fitness measure and success under female choice (attractiveness) and male contests (dominance) were treated as traits, there was directional selection for dominance, but not attractiveness (Fig. 1, Table 3).

Reread the 16 Commandments of Poon. Most of the Commandments are essentially power laws, instructing men how to act like a more powerful man. It works because, as ♥science♥ is now discovering and in the process catching up to the observations of real world field soldiers, chicks dig dominant men more than anything else. And perhaps chicks have no choice but to dig dominant men!

> Although facial and vocal attractiveness (Table E2a) and related eigenvectors (Table E3a: m1, m2) positively linearly predicted success under female choice, they did not predict mating success (Tables E2b, E3b). Again, linear, but not quadratic or correlational, sexual selection on male traits acting through female choice differed from that acting through mating success (see ESM).

What this means is that men's efforts to get laid matter just as much as, and perhaps more than, women's choice in matters of male sexual success. So… bust a move, gentlemen! As long as you're imposing yourself, you can override the female sexual choice imperative.

> When mating success was used as the fitness measure and attractiveness, dominance, and sociosexual psychology were treated as traits, there was directional selection for dominance, sociosexuality (Table E8), and an eigenvector onto which dominance and sociosexuality loaded heavily (Table E9: m1), but not attractiveness (Table E8). Dominance and sociosexuality also positively interacted in predicting mating success (Table E8).

Sociosexuality is basically willingness to engage in flings and sexytime outside of committed relationships. So again we see that where high dominance and sociosexuality interact to turn a man into a stone bone lady slaying machine, attractive male looks as perceived by women don't really do much for a man's mating success if he's neither dominant nor highly sociosexual. Dem handsome betaboys are gonna struggle to get the same amount of pussy that uglier badboys with devil-may-care attitudes will pull.

> Female choice exerted positive directional selection on height and stabilizing selection on an eigenvector that was heavily weighted by girth. These results corroborate previous research finding that women prefer taller males particularly for short-term mating (Pawlowski & Jasienska, 2005), and that they prefer men of intermediate brawniness (Frederick & Haselton, 2007).

Lifting weights is great, but the biggest benefit comes not from bulking up to the size of a house (which chicks don't really care about), but from reaping the reward of that wonderful elevated testosterone, the hormone elixir that nourishes the desire to approach and close.

> Moreover, both multiple regression analysis and canonical analysis indicated selection under female choice for negative covariance between girth and facial and vocal masculinity, suggesting that the brawnier a man is, the more important it is for him to have a feminine face and voice, and vice versa. Female choice favored more attractive, but not more masculine, faces and voices, and facial attractiveness became more important as height increased.

This is a bit of heartening news for short men. Women will want tall men to have pretty boy faces, but short men can get away with uglier mugs if they have brawnier bodies (and more masculine, if less pretty, faces). There appears to be some kind of competing interplay within women that compels them to find attractive men who, in various ways, balance their masculine traits with feminine traits, leading to counterintuitive results like female choice that favors brawny men with feminine faces and voices, and less physically imposing men with more masculine faces and voices. But…

> These results indicate that beyond height, masculine features tend not to make independent positive contributions to success under female choice, suggesting that other factors may have operated in the selection of masculine traits in men.

… female choice doesn't matter as much as male dominance to men's mating success, and masculine features aren't a winning combo by themselves. As the study authors state, masculine traits were favored by evolution for reasons beyond any innate female preference for them.

> Given little evidence that men generally deferred to, or that women preferred, men with masculine faces in the present study, perhaps facial masculinity evolved in men not so much as a dominance signal or sexual ornament but because robust facial skeletal structure was protective against facial fractures incurred in physical fights (Puts, 2010).

Veeeery interesting. In related news, Steven Pinker wondered why the world is getting both less violent and more manboob-y.

> Overall success under male contests (male acquaintance-rated dominance) predicted mating success, but success under female choice (female acquaintance-rated attractiveness) did not.

In the field, who wins? Answer: men whom other men perceive as dominant. The pretty boys get glowing Facebook likes, but not much real world action if they don't back it up with a powerful presence.

> These results suggest stronger sexual selection through male contests than female choice in the population studied. Much research in evolutionary psychology states or implies the contrary: stronger sexual selection in men through female choice (reviewed in Puts, 2010).

Feminists and assorted butthurt haters who assert that women do all the choosing and solely anoint the male winners in the sexual access sweepstakes are, as per fucking usual, wrong.

> At the same time, these results appear incompatible with the apparent autonomy with which Western women choose their mates. One possibility is that female choice determines men's mating success, but women choose dominant men (i.e., men's attractiveness and dominance are functionally equivalent). However, women preferred different traits from those favored under male contests, and dominance rather than attractiveness predicted men's mating success. Another possibility is that women choose from among dominant men—that is, men's attractiveness and dominance posi- tively interact, so that the influence of attractiveness on mating success increases with increasing dominance. However, in predicting mating success, we observed no

> statistically significant selection for positive covariance between attractiveness and dominance: in fact, if anything, the correlational selection gradient was negative in sign.

Readers can issue a correction if this interpretation is wrong, but what this study result shows is that dominant men with good looks actually had LOWER mating success than dominant men with rougher looks.

> Nevertheless, perhaps women rate men's sexual attractiveness differently from how they ultimately choose.

Maxim #something or other: Never listen to what a women says she prefers in men; instead, watch what she does.

> For example, attractiveness ratings may not adequately capture women's differential resistance to men's seduction attempts.

In the future, Chateau Heartiste will devote a number of posts to what we term **Monthly Cycle Game**. That is, there are two distinct schools of game every man should use: One tailored to women during the one week they're ovulating and demanding of more dominance signals, and one tailored to women during the three weeks they prefer more signals of attainability and commitment. How will you know when to use each? Stay tuned.

> Finally, men's dominance may limit female choice in subtle ways. For example, in the bars, clubs, parties, and other venues in which sexual affairs are initiated, a dominant man may have little compunction against interfering with the mating attempts of a less dominant man, whereas the reverse would be less likely.

There is also a school of game haters who bleat about how BETA it is for men to actively pursue and woo women. In their warped view, making any sort of seductive effort beyond "JUST BE YOURSELF AND SAY A FRIENDLY HI UNTIL A GIRL TAKES YOU HOME" is the SMV equivalent of crying in public when it rains on your new shoes or begging for sex from land whales. So stupid, it hardly deserves a response, (but here's one for them: are women losers when they try to improve their mate prospects by wearing make-up and sexy clothes and keeping fit?), but luckily ♥science♥ has stepped in to put the lie to their fantasies of how sex relations work in the real world. And the obvious is made more obvious: When you are the only man out of ten men in a room to approach a cute girl and try to seduce her, you just DOMINATED the nine other men who stood around waiting for traddork-approved female recognition. See how that works, good family men?

> Despite the coherence of these results, we note several limitations. First, although we measured what we believe are some of the strongest candidates for sexually selected traits in men, traits that exhibit large sex differences that emerge at sexual maturity and have been implicated in men's mating competition, we did not assess all possible traits. **Among those that we might have included are psychological traits, such as aggression (Archer, 2009) and humor (Miller, 2000)**.

A scientific study of that nature would be the gold standard in game studies, and the results you can safely bet would lay to rest any lingering doubts about the efficacy of game. We live in a fluid world with a sexual market that responds to attractive male mate cues on a dime, each cue winning and losing all the time in context with competition from other male attractiveness cues. How will the laconic meathead do against the loquacious funnyman? How about the suave smooth-talker versus the caustic frat boy spitting one-liners? The pimp full of promises versus the brooding artist full of torment? Men simply have more options for sexual market victory than do women, who must rely almost entirely on their looks. It's just a shame that most men don't realize this and choose the road of dreary corporate paper pushing to get their shot at settling for chubby chicks with vaginas scarred by years of cock pocketing.

> Third, the use of hormonal contraception may have affected some female participants' and raters' mate preferences (Roberts, Gosling, Carter, & Petrie, 2008) and decoupled male participants' copulatory patterns from their reproductive success. However, copulatory patterns can predict the reproductive success that would be realized in the absence of effective contraception (Perusse, 1993).

CH has predicted that widely available cheap contraceptives encourages women to sleep with cads more than they would in an environment where non-marital pregnancy was a real and constant threat. However, this encouragement would only be incrementally stronger than the sexual urges that women inherently feel for cads. Copulatory patterns would remain roughly the same between environments of available or absent effective contraceptives, with the former somewhat favoring a higher cad notch count. The reason is that cultural or technological incentives can exert only so much influence on the mating market, since the psychologies of the players originate in the primal limbic system of the brain, which is more resistant to social conditioning.

> Fourth, our data on mating success were based on self-report, which may be unreliable. However, we found a highly significantly correlation between self-reported numbers of sex partners and male peers' assessments of men's numbers of sex partners.

Dudes know who's winning the only game that matters.

> Fifth, although we measured success under female choice and male contests, sexual selection in men likely involves other mechanisms, such as sperm competition and sexual coercion (Goetz & Shackelford, 2006).

REGRET RAPE!

> Finally, we measured men's mating success by their number of sex partners, but additional variables are clearly relevant to mating success, such as the quality of men's mates, the number of copulations with each, and mates' fecundability at the time. Nevertheless, the number of women with whom a man has copulated likely strongly reflects his ability to obtain mating opportunities (Faurie et al., 2004; Hodges- Simeon et al., 2011).

Das true. If you bang nothing but fugs and fatties, your artificially pumped notch count is like a nationally ranked college football team going undefeated against Male Feminist Community Colleges. However, the notch count measure is still fairly predictive of a man's womanizing skill. The few rare fatty fuckers aside, most (non-black*) guys with big numbers have got the talent to score with some bodacious babes.

*Come on, man, you know the bros love swimming in the bottom of the barrel.

> The present study begins to fill significant gaps regarding the mechanisms and forms of sexual selection in men and the relative salience of men's traits to different mechanisms of sexual selection. We do not, however, consider these questions resolved. Future research should explore additional traits and other measures of mating success in different populations, especially in traditional societies.

Next big study: The neg, and why men who use it have higher mating success than men who talk about the weather and their jobs.

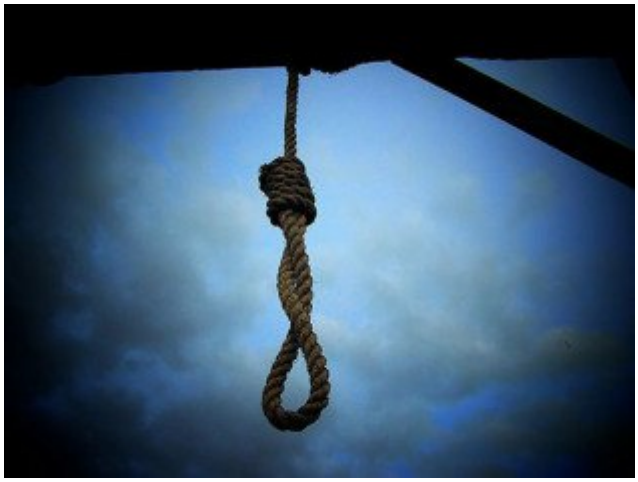
The Wickedest Links

CH · 23 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. Bruce Charlton wonders if the perpetual lying of the ruling elite is having a biological effect on their brain wiring.

> After years and years of conditioning in dishonesty, the typical modern intellectual (whether journalist, scientist, lawyer, teacher, doctor or whatever) becomes *physically unable to think straight.*
>
> Thus the lack of common sense of the 'Clever Sillies' who rule modern societies and are driving them into suicide and self-destruction may, in practice, be intractable – short of mass repentance and long-term rehabilitation and retraining of neural pathways and connections.

I can think of another method that would work to wonderfully focus the mind and bring common sense back.



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2. A study from June 2012 finds that porn was a direct cause of 10% of all divorces in the US in the 1960s and 1970s.

> We test whether pornography causes divorce. Using state-level panel data on the divorce rate and sales of Playboy magazine, we document a strong cross-sectional and time-series relation between lagged sales of Playboy and the divorce rate. The simple correlation between divorce and sales lagged two years is 44 percent, with a T-statistic of 20. This large correlation is robust to using only the first half of the sample, adjusting for all state-level heterogeneity and for any time trends by including state and year fixed effects, and using an instrumental variable to correct for any possible endogeneity in Playboy sales. Divorce rates are also significantly correlated with sales of Penthouse but they are not correlated with sales of Time magazine. Our overall estimates suggest that pornography probably caused 10 percent of all divorces in the United States in the sixties and seventies.

Options = instability. Porn isn't a male sexual market option in the traditional sense, but it is an option in the hindbrain sense. The viewing of porn satiates the libido and tricks the gene's prime directive into believing — that is, biochemically reacting as if — it has been fulfilled. Married men who watch porn are, in a truncated fashion, having dalliances with hundreds of sexy mistresses. Combine this phantom psychological grooming of feeling like one has limitless high quality mate options with the bursting female obesity epidemic that took off right around the same time porn ejaculated onto the cultural mainstream, and the only surprise is that the deadly one-two punch didn't directly account for more than 10% of divorces.

In case you're wondering, yes, female porn — aka pulp romance novels, celebrity tabloids, and soap operas — which coincidentally also took off as a cultural phenomenon in the 1960s, has likely contributed to marital dissolution as female consumers feed their growing hunger for alpha male love and drama and consequently drive a wedge of dissatisfaction between them and their real-life beta male spouses.

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3. Chinese aren't on board with the whole "democracy is great!" Western line of thought. Fancy that! Human population groups aren't fungible, in either capability or sensibility. HBDers will nod knowingly at this latest revelation into *real* diversity, but the ruling elite, steeped and suffocating in a stinking silo of their own shibboleths, will grapple with this unsettling information the best way they know how: By silencing discussion.

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4. Speaking of silencing discussion, it appears that the Left is now fully committed to the principle of speech restrictions. Ah, the Left. Remember those lovable guys? The ones who used to whine about witch hunts and censorship by the antediluvian Right? Yeah, well, times have changed, and victory in the endless war over less enlightened white people requires a… *reassessment*… of battle tactics. Now that the truths being uncovered are discrediting just about everything the current incarnation of the Left believes, and that the Cathedral is being mischievously subverted by *agents provocateur* who don't fear them and in fact love taking a steaming dump in their faces, cherished principles will need to be adjusted to accommodate some progressive speech suppression so that no one's feelings are hurt, except for the feelings of those implacable moral reprobates who don't toe the party line. Naturally, the leftoids are confident they can pull off their inspired con, because the top of the rank is filled to brimming with the sorts of people who evolved an exquisite verbal facility for sophistry.

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5. Boys with sisters are more likely to be Republicans. Correlational? Causative? Who knows, but this does hint that men who are exposed to female nature early in life and continuing forward are inclined to drift to the political right. The reason for that should be obvious: The earthy, organic right is where a realistic appraisal of the world substitutes for idealistic zeal in the perfectibility of humans. Or: Sisters be keepin' it real, yo.

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6. This is the closest to realtalk anyone on Fox News has ever come. But Bill O'Reilly still can't pull the shroud all the way back and confront the id head-on. He blames the destruction of the nuclear family for blacks' failings, failings to which, admirably, he gives a clean airing, but the truth goes a bit deeper, and a lot uglier. As some liberal Cablinasians will inform him, black family dissolution likely has a cause itself, an intractable cause that originates in the neural gears, and that, when left to grind mercilessly and free from cultural constraint, ultimately propels the social dystopia of sky high single momhood rates and parasitic criminality. The fear to face the id by the left and right is understandable. Blame the family breakdown, and you leave hope that amelioration is possible. But admit that dark, ancient forces woven into the architecture of the brain itself are at work, and all hope is lost. And when hope is lost, what is there left to meddle in for morally posturing and preening leftoids?

I have a suggestion for discouraged leftoids with nothing Left to do: Ban soda! Obesity is a more recent emergence, and preaching fire and brimstone against refined grains, sugar and soda can go a long way to beautifying the country.

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there can be no effective policy crafted that will competently address the problem of black, and now increasingly, white dysfunction. But in order for a pro-nuclear family policy to find success, it must violate in some way the liberal ur-moral aesthetics of *harm* and *fairness.* That is, no public policy with the goal of constraining and redirecting evolved social preferences that are at odds with advanced civilization will work unless, to put it metaphorically, the lash is taken to delusions about untrammeled individualism and nonjudgmentalism.

For a real world example of what such a policy would constitute, consider the following: There once was a time when a relentless shaming campaign to stop jaywalking was public and social policy. And it worked. Jaywalking dropped precipitously. We can do the same with single moms, thuglets, fly-by-night cads, and blubbery fatties: Mock them. Mock them until they are on the verge of self-deliverance. Mock them until their pain is so acute and palpable that it serves as a warning to others contemplating the same life paths. Humans are at heart a social species, and nothing clears the mind and alters the behavior like a scorching psychological scaphism in the town square.

Will some people's feelings get hurt? You bet. But there is more on this moral earth than is dreamt of in the cramped, claustrophobic moral attic of tunnel-visioned leftoids who can only see a fatty crying but miss a nation groaning under the weight of millions of fatties.

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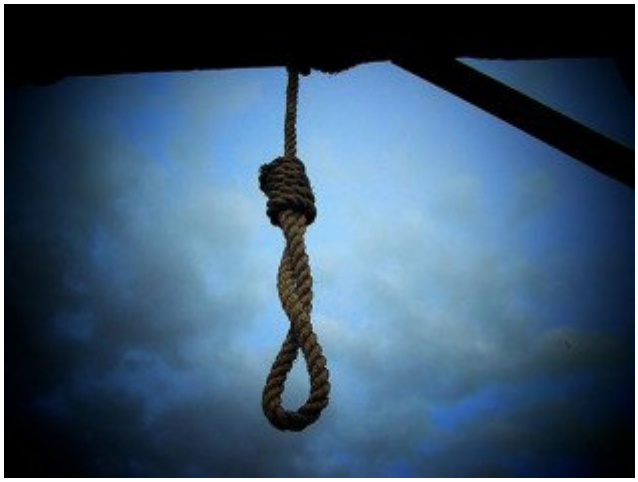

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Dealing With Cutesy Chicks

CH · 24 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader is annoyed by a common ingenue habit:

> I have game. I am not a AFC. That said, here is a pattern I've noticed.
>
> EVERY girl who has used "ok, ill catch ya later babe"
> Or, "Hey honey, how've you been?"…. has ALWAYS been a dead end.
> (super-flirt = dead end)
>
> My take: She is wired to string guys along…..and loves the pack of dogs pursuing her…
> Frankly, I fiind it annoying, b/c it's clear they're F'ing with me…
> No girl I've ever fucked has used the word "honey" and "babe" on me while in seduction mode…
> In general, I disengage immediately when I sense asymmetric interest level (eg: doesn't counteroffer a date night)
>
> Would love to hear your analysis, and I'd love some disarming rebuttals for this, to shut down her cute little game, and to show I am not falling for her bullshit mindgames….

There are two reasons a girl you aren't screwing (but have designs to screw) might refer to you by an inappropriately affectionate term such as "babe" or "honey":

1. She is aroused by you and tamps down her desire by "letting the air out" of the interaction, typically by reverting to cutesy mode and away from sexy mode.

2. She is, as the reader says, an incorrigible flirt, and gets off on giving men hope by pretending to a level of intimacy that she doesn't really feel herself.

I, too, find this habit annoying, and my response is usually stock:

"Honey? What're we, a married couple already? Jesus you move fast."

Basically, disqualify her and tacitly accuse her of chasing you. The cutesy act is beta bait to entrap you into a chaser frame. What do you do with beta bait? You throw it right back at her, and the best way to do that is to imply she's expecting more from you than you are from her. A skilled dodge of beta bait is a challenge to a woman, and she'll respond by either adjusting her attitude in a more chastened direction or raising the shit test stakes as her arousal heightens and the prospect of sex becomes credible.

Leftoids Fear Themselves More Than They Fear Redneck Bogeymen

CH · 24 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

An anonymous commenter at Sailer's left this interesting remark about the psychology motivating the lords of lies:

> "*Some of the virulence… stems from an underlying chain of logic in elite thinking that I find scary: If young black males really do tend to be more crime-prone, then…oh, no, the Nazis were right! So if Americans ever become embarrassed by the insipid political correctness we instruct them to spout, they will immediately thaw out Hitler's cryogenically preserved brain and elect it president. Or something.*"
>
> I've noticed this for a long time. I can't claim to have a perfect explanation, but keep in mind that most American lefties tend to embrace (at least implicitly) two key ideas: Utilitarianism and Utopianism.
>
> Look at all the hip SWPL charities that swear their mission is to "End _____ forever!" (Insert "poverty", "child abuse", "racism", "gun violence", etc.) In contrast, dour conservatives (whether religious or secular) tend to agree with the Gospel warning "*the poor you have always with you*".
>
> Similarly, lefties in the USA tend to be basically Utilitarian on most issues- the idea that something should be avoided simply because it is intrinsically immoral strikes most of them as rather quaint, except for issues that don't really affect them personally, on which they can afford to be high-minded (In fairness, too many conservative Republicans have the same problem, just for different issues). A woman got knocked up by mistake? Sure, abort the pregnancy for her convenience. Dad's taking too long to die and running up big medical bills? Euthanize him. A jury failed to make an example of an innocent man as instructed? Screw double jeopardy and bring him up on "hate crime" charges.
>
> When you believe (at least implicitly) that 1) Society can be perfected by human means, or at least come reasonably close to perfection, and 2) any practical means to achieve that objective should be seriously considered, the progressive dread of politically-incorrect Hatefacts starts to make more sense. If "genetically inferior" blacks are all that is standing in the way of turning every city in America into a hipster SWPL paradise, what *can't* be justified? **My theory, then, is that, despite what they say, progressives are not really worried about what crotchety conservatives and religious zealots out in flyover country will do if frank discussions of race become commonplace- they're worried about what *they themselves* will have to consider doing.** Already, most urban progressives aren't bothered much by the NYPD's institutionalized racial profiling, the disproportionate abortion rate of blacks, or sex-ed programs clearly targeted at black teens. How big of a leap is it to, say, forced sterilization? I don't presume to speak for progressives, but it doesn't seem like much of a leap to me.

Projection… it's what's for dinner!

This commenter is onto something. The progressive aka leftoid (a term of art CH coined to fully capture the anti-human, hivemind quality of progressive psychology) harbors deeply troubling thoughts. Dark intimations swirl in his heart when solitude and a time-out from status whoring allow the full range of his true feelings to command silent attention. These discomfiting brain betrayals of RealThink which flit in and out of the leftoid's conscious awareness truly upset him. He's supposed to be The Good Man. Why does he feel so much unease when reality and his rectitude collide?

For some leftoids, self-flagellation cleanses the impure thoughts and offers redemption among peers. But for most, gargantuan egos unable to tolerate pointed self-abasement direct their discomfort outward to animus-bearing stand-ins, i.e. racial cousins, who have been caricatured and, in a way, enshrined as moral infants in need of the leftoid's divine guidance. It's in his act as the bringer of phony salvation and the dispenser of righteous judgment that the leftoid maneuvers around his own dangerous crimethink, and continually postpones the day when his superego must

reconcile with his id.

When the moment of reckoning arrives — as such moments will when reality weighs down so heavily upon internalized propaganda that its sustenance is no longer possible — don't be shocked at the depravities the leftoid is capable of summoning. He is a perfectionist, a utopian, and a moral supremacist: A psychological trifecta hitched to a constitutionally unhappy person that can unleash immense evil and even immenser rationalizations for that evil.

So, down in the carbonized core of his arhythmic heart, the leftoid knows he is a Grendel, a monster of the misty night who can't stand the sounds of normal humanity. His twisted compulsions drive him to meddle in everything that seem not up to the standards of his fantasies, and he suspects he would do monstrous things if the moral winds ever shifted and opened up new utopian opportunity. He suspects monstrous deeds are his tomorrow because he thinks monstrous thoughts today.

A prediction: The first large-scale, mandatory "sterilization for welfare" program will be proposed, framed skillfully in the garb of slippery sophistry and blame redirection, by a SWPL leftoid, and advocated by a SWPL leftoid message machine. You read it here.

Babe Freeze

CH · 25 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There will come moments when you won't be the reincarnation of Casanova. A hot babe will unexpectedly address you, and you won't have anything scintillating to say in reply. Hey man, it happens. There have been at least three seconds in my life when I wasn't at the top of my game. I weep with shame.

May yer ever-humble host make a most humble suggestion should a bout of "babe freeze" lock your brain and jaw?: Instead of conspicuously struggling to summon a try-hard witty response, remain silent and expressionless, perhaps livened with a reciprocal nod. In the event of a brain misfire, no reply is better than a spastic, dorky, strained, or unfunny reply that lands with a thud and extinguishes all vagina tingles in a ten block radius.

Naturally, a witty, funny, or darkly triadic reply is best, but if you don't have one at the ready should a lovely lady rock your steady, it's better to shut yo mouf and avoid leaving any impression that you REALLY LIKE THIS GIRL and want to win her approval and her giggles and her reoriented open body language. Or: Better to be silent and thought a beta male, than to speak spergily and remove all doubt.

Strategic silence is a form of game as much as any loquacious routine. Counterintuitively, it's also harder to pull off than the tongue-toiling tingle teasers, because every irrepressible instinct in a man is to say something, ANYTHING, when a cute chick talks to him. And this instinct gets a lot of men in trouble, because it won't be every time he'll have a suave segue that stimulates snapper. When his game abandons him, that instinct to jabber can lead to stammering rather than seductive sorcery.

Strategic silence is ineffably alpha, and women know this, which is why when you deny your beta male instincts and choose instead the path of muffled mystery, your aura grows three sizes until it has shouted erection at the heart of the world. To refuse a woman a clean response beyond a nod when she has spoken to you? Outrageous! Why, you must be an alpha male. How intriguing. Perhaps if I talk to him again, he'll acknowledge my womanly awesomeness…

Like other overpowered elements of game, strategic silence is meant to be employed sparingly. Although tales of mute maestros mesmerizing girls with nothing but the liquid rhythm of their physicality prick the public ear, I have rarely witnessed a man woo a woman solely with the sounds of silence. Economy of speech: good. Tapping out your game in morse code or eye flutters: bad. Save that stoic repose for those times when you really need it, like when a girl catches you off-guard with your thoughts drifting to nature shows about long-lived fungal colonies.

***

In related news, introverts who act extroverted can make themselves feel happier. CH gets a lot of mail from self-professed introverts who say that game is tough for them because they don't energize like extroverts do by socializing with lots of people. Their gripe is not without merit, but now they should be heartened by this latest research that if they simply push through their self-doubts and make active efforts to engage women, their happiness levels will rise. So far from being a necessary punishment, socializing can actually lift the moods of you introverts. And there's no better foundation for a proper seduction than a good mood.

The Myth Of Effortful Game

CH · 26 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Zombie Shane demurs,

> Honestly, I don't know that these "mindgame" chicks are worth the effort.
>
> Unless maybe you've gone full-blown nihilist and you're determined to tap EVERY SINGLE god-damned piece of ass which crosses your path – bar none.
>
> **But, again, in all honestly, I can think of a bazillion things I'd rather do than waste any calories pursuing a "mindgame" chick.**
>
> **Life is just too damned short.**

…to blow prospects because of bad game.

Chicks play mind games. This is what they do. It's a part… of their bioengineered faaaantasy. Women employ these mind games to sort worthy alphas from feeble betas. They can't help it any more than you can help staring at a firm ass and pert tits. So your choices are either get with the cosmic program and learn how to make reality work for you instead of against you, or drop out and become a sourpuss.

The very crux of your complaint is wrong. There really isn't any effort expended in picking up chicks once you get the hang of it. It's pretty much all upside to watch a girl's face brighten with newfound desire because you successfully pulled her limbic strings. How long until you've got a smooth seducer's rhythm going? Figure anywhere from three months to two years, depending on your innate suite of attractiveness traits.

The reason game sounds like a lot of effort has to do with the nature of describing subtle human interactions in print form. In the real world, these moves occur in millisecond bursts, and hardly take any energy at all. When you have internalized how to behave and speak with women, you spend no more energy seducing them than you would brushing your teeth. And it feels like even less energy expended, because you're having fun.

But the human mind is complex and explaining its psychology and its interplay with other human minds in ways that can be easily digested by a lot of readers necessarily requires effort, which makes the act being described seem like effort. The typical 500-word post on this or that game technique distills to a few seconds worth of action in the field.

If you really want to contrast energy expenditures between different styles of courtship, you'll find that game-adherents come out far ahead in the metabolic savings sweepstakes. For example, compare the familiar and oft-touted (by know-nothings) traditional beta male with the oft-ridiculed game-utilizing ladykiller.

Beta male:
Mentally struggles to approach one girl, Spends five hours talking to her before summoning courage to ask her out. Becomes exhausted trying not to say stupid shit, and trying to memorize every word girl says. Goes on seven dates and spends hundreds on drinks and meals and travel before getting her to his bedroom. Gets a make-out and goes on five more dates before getting a handjob. Sex comes three months in, but only after intimations of marriage worthiness.

Ladykiller:
Approaches are mentally simple because he does them all the time. Spends twenty minutes to one hour talking with a girl before getting a make-out. Speaks one third as much as the girl speaks. Goes on two dates and spends $20 on drinks. Picks her up for third date, has sex with her instead, then goes on date. Three months of orifice clobbering and he still hasn't agreed to exclusivity. Marriage is but a distant abstraction.

Moral of the post: If game feels like "wasting calories" to you, then perhaps you're in the wrong line of work.

Did Commenter Kate Meet Her Fiancé At Chateau Heartiste?

CH · 26 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Frequent commenter Kate (who used to go by the handle GeishaKate) reports that she is engaged to a manosphere writer, Mark Minter. Naturally, your genial hosts wonder if the passion-inspiring auspices of Le Chateau brought these two lovebirds together into a promise of holy matrimony. What a slap in the face this news must be to the barbarian peasants who incessantly claim CH is about nothing but pumping and dumping bar skanks. Excuse me, good haters, but I don't see *your* blogs resulting in any nuptial engagements.

Beta Male Move Of The Day

CH · 29 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Beta Male Move of the Day highlights a classic beta male "tell" that women subconsciously register and which then powers down any nascent attraction that they may feel toward the man betraying himself by his beta behavior. BMMOTDs (or, colloquially, "Beta Movements"), can be egregious or subtle; the end result, however, is always the same: more distance between you and the pussy.

Personal Real Life Detail Revealed:

I was in a pricey bar catering to young-ish professionals when I noticed the following Beta Movement.

End Personal Real Life Detail Transmission

That's all you need to know to grasp the game lesson herein.

The Beta Movement is chicken pecking. Pecking of the head, or whole body pecking, it doesn't matter; watching a man do this is akin to watching a reserve tank labeled "Alpha Male Attractiveness Fuel" superimposed on his body slowly draining to the flashing red "E". It's a neediness gesture that primally offends both women (resulting in lost attraction) and other men (resulting in lost respect). Naturally, no one is going to conspicuously make a look of disgust if you peck while listening to him or her. The more likely response is a slow backing out of the conversation and sideways glances for more powerfully interesting company. Human social interaction is not s series of nuclear bombs going off, but a vast network of sensation-seeking psychological tendrils alternately reaching outward and inward and elsewhere for a foothold on which to attach.

Many men peck. It's probably a hard-wired instinct that evolved to signal goodwill and concord, and thus facilitate in-group social lubrication. But the fact that many men do it is only evidence that many men are betas. Alphas wouldn't be alpha if they were numerically superior. (Such a phenomenon, were it to occur, would be very short-lived anyhow as bull-headed jousting for distinction would lead to attrition.) Try to focus on your body and head as you listen to someone of notable social worth (this could be a high ranking man or a hot woman). Self-awareness is vital; if you feel your head bobbing at the neck when you want to express agreement or consilience, make a sound effort to stop doing it. Same goes if you feel your body swaying rhythmically in a similar fashion.

If you find yourself in fulsome agreement with your company, resist the urge to nonverbally and obsequiously express it. Practice maintaining not just unswerving eye contact, but also head and body stillness, when listening to an alpha male or alpha female in conversation. You should be closer to an obelisk, not a chicken. Chicks dig the obelisk.

Another Chick And The Wall

CH · 30 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Jizzebel, internet archipelago of misfit romantic rejects, a woman breaks the ogress omertá and bares her shiv-scarred soul for the world to leer at with morbid fascination. In a skin-thin confessional-cum-rationalization wrapped in a transparent gauze of self-protective snark, ur-femcunt Tracy Moore, sporting a testosterone-fueled gargantujaw that would be the envy of any excessively prognathic urban youth, unloads about the reality of women losing their looks, and thus their sexual market options, to the unrelenting tick tocking of father fuckyouupgood.

> You will realize that getting older is not only NOT as terrible as you thought, but that it actually it confers untold advantages you couldn't have even imagined when you were busy running around doing cartwheels staying up all night wearing miniskirts.

Ugly truth time: Old age is a horror show. The mind fogs, the body rots, the sex organs wither, the energy level plummets. And that's if you're lucky enough to avoid really shitty decay accelerants like heart disease or cancer. What about these facts of the toll of aging is not terrible? Old people have remarked to me that the only upside to their loss of youth was a growing sense of serenity, aka calm resignation to a total lack of power to do anything about one's wretched deterioration. Here's an easy question for platitude pusher Tracy Moore that will highlight the bankruptcy of her feminist feels: How many 80 year old women would instantly and painlessly shave 60 years of aging off their bodies with a snap of the finger if they could? My bet: A lot. About the same number as the number of parents-to-be who would instantly and painlessly cure a gay germ infection that was discovered in mommy's fetus. (The following 'heh' directed at Andrew "Rawmuscleglutes" Sullivan:

Heh.)

Moore continues her psyche triage by quoting an advice seeker from an "Ask Polly" column:

> *"And so, the prospect of losing [my looks]—and I know I will lose it, everyone does—fills me with such crushing dread. I take care of myself as best I can in terms of a healthy lifestyle and sunscreen, but I know that every day that goes by, I am aging, and ultimately powerless to stop [the aging process]. (I don't have much faith in the ability of cosmetic procedures to keep my face looking exactly the way it does now, so that "option" is of little comfort). It's like I've been given this precious gift with the stipulation that it will be yanked away from me before my life is even halfway over. I don't know how to cope with this. I have these horrible moments now in which I see older women around me and feel a visceral sense of disgust and pity—obviously a projection of my own fears."*

The fear of old people is real, because, of course, they aren't a separate species, but a mirror of our future gnarly selves. This woman is expressing a real fear based on a real understanding about how the world, and the mating market, work, even if her worry borders on obsessively unhealthy. The correct advice to give her is not to impugn her character or chide her for her lack of faith in feminist boilerplate credentialism, but to tell her to stop worrying so much about something she has no control over and to get out and enjoy her boner-inspiring, beta-manipulating youth n beauty while she has it, because it is good. And then perhaps to recognize that, yes, the day will come, sooner rather than later, that her looks will be gone, and she should prepare for this eventuality by limiting her time on the cock carousel and extracting commitment from a worthy man before her carriage turns into a fatass pumpkin. A few tips about age-slowing eating and lifestyle habits wouldn't hurt, either.

Tracy Moore, as is the wont of members of her subterranean sisterhood, imparts a distinctly uninspired take that vibrates with barely-concealed acknowledgement of biomechanical reality:

> Obviously, we could make a lot of assumptions about where this advice-seeker has gone wrong — namely by

> being too caught up in her own appearance and the joy it brings her and others. But we would do better to remind ourselves of the double-edged sword beauty brings to those who posses it: great rewards, an often over-reliance on its door-opening magical powers to the exclusion of cultivating the self, an expiration date, being taken less seriously, etc.

An “expiration date”! A term so closely aligned with Chateau Heartiste that suspicions are aroused Moore is a secret reader.

Nevertheless, Moore’s laundry list of youthnbeauty downsides are feelgood pablum: There is not only no laboratory evidence that beautiful women don’t “cultivate the self” or that they are “taken less seriously”, there is hardly any real world evidence of these nostrums either. If anything, beautiful women are taken *too* seriously, and get a leg up in just about every aspect of life by obsequious men… until they hit the wall. And since beauty and IQ correlate, there is a better than random chance that a beautiful girl will be a more interesting personality than will be an ugly girl.

> **Sometimes the Thing You Notice About Aging Is Oddly Comforting**
>
> Even when these moments come — I can’t get drunk like I used to; What’s that popping sound in my hip every time I stand up? *Must use more moisturizer* — rather than feel bad, I actually feel good, good that I am alive and this age and still totally healthy, in spite of how much I wasted my youth, or rather, got wasted while young. Think about it: Your body says fuck you to gravity most days of its existence. Pretty amazing.

It’s only “oddly” comforting because Moore understands, past the confines of her well-manicured ego, that aging is not a comfort show at all. Yes, pretty amazing. You keep telling yourself that Tracy, because those wasted years not finding a beta husband to tenderly stroke your anvil mandible while you still had a semblance of sexual marketability are never coming back. May as well ease the pain with a stirring morning motivational that exults in your achievement of breathing air for another day.

> **Yes, There’s Regret, But Not Like You Think**
>
> Once I remember talking with a friend when we were in our late 20s, and she remarked casually that she wished she’d worn more cute clothes/risqué stuff when she was younger and had a “better body,” and I agreed reflexively, like, yeah, of course, *who doesn’t*. But then I realized that in order to have done that, I would have had to have been a completely different person. I have never really been the type of person to dress provocatively at any age.

Just like a feminist to wish she had been sluttier when she was younger. Hey Try-Hard, I got news for ya… younger women can wear a friggin potato sack and still look more bangable than a 40 year old in a cocktail dress.

> What crazy person would trade that [life experience] for a slightly higher set of boobs?

False choice fallacy. But this is feminist-land, where logical fallacies are coin of the realm.

> And if you so happen now be the sort of person who wants to wear a miniskirt, *wear a fucking miniskirt and shut the fuck up about it!*

This is not recommended for cougars and fatties, or does Moore believe that women should be exempt from feeling bad about any visual appraisals that aren’t sufficiently and simultaneously respectful and lascivious?

> **The Thing You Really Notice is How Little You Care**
>
> Sorry, I know it’s a bumper sticker at this point, but the hands-down, best motherfucking juice that comes

> from being older is how much better you know yourself, and what's more, you like this person you've gotten to know, even when you accept her worst flaws. This is more liberating than all the fresh-faced ignorant bliss in the world.

You know what else would qualify as "liberating"? Admitting to yourself that you look shittier now than you did ten years ago. And then adjusting your man-sights accordingly.

> Trying to appreciate where you are right now is the big triumph of life.

Feminism: The new tard olympics.

> Knowing that wherever you are right now is where you are, and looking for the best thing in that, with an eye on how to keep it going toward wherever you want to be, is the point.

Has a sentence more devoid of substance and more burdened with vapid nonsense ever been written by a woman? It reads like a post-modern architectural shoebox of stacking "right now is where is right is now is point is where" clauses.

> **Your Looks Never Actually Bail**
>
> If so, where do they go? In the crawl space at your last apartment? Is there a dumpster in the sky where all the young, beautiful faces go, like some weirder, more mutant version of the movie *Face Off*? Duh, you always look like you! Because you are you! And you are an evolving thing, a thing that ages!

So Tracy, is the fact that this concluding paragraph of yours contradicts just about every stated and implied premise you made earlier in your article fill you with shame in your chosen career? Jes askin'.

> So if you are young and terrified and reading this right now, I say, please, enjoy the shit out of what you've got, and spend the rest of your time building an exquisite bridge to the next phase of your life, so that you can enjoy the shit out of that, too. That is the secret to sheer magnetism, no matter how old you are.

Actually, men will be a lot less tolerant of your "sheer magnetism" when you're old and ugly. But your fat feminist snarky BFFs will continue to lap up your runny shit, so there's that.

> Why else can we not stop drooling over Helen Mirren?

Newsflash: No one is drooling over Helen Mirren but deluded feminists fearing a crash impact with the wall, and their suck-up orbiter manboobs who secretly want to prematurely dribble a tepid spurt of their feeb seed all over your jungle bush.

PS: The following is *not* a valid example of an older woman having sexual market options:

PPS: One of the reasons, maybe the primary reason, why you're seeing an uptick in these lamentations from aging beauties nowadays is because the loss of religiosity and the concomitant bracing realization of the illimitable lightness of youth and the infinite darkness of post-life encourages a mournful nihilism about one's happiness beyond serving as a visually appealing cum receptacle. When hope for something more transcendent, whether real or imagined, is gone, the pistons of sex are all that's left to power the motor.

Another reason for the wailing is the growing childlessness of the marginally-aware class of women. Fear of old age and regret for lost youth have always been with humankind, but never have they felt so acute as now, in our modern, pre-collapse society. Children, along with God, acted as decouplers that placed the sense of self at a safe, if still visible, distance from constant gnawing dread of one's mortality. Being responsible for a child, and living through that child's life, provides, I imagine, and especially provides for women, a distraction if not a redemption from sexual invisibility and the uglification of aging. But when you are a single and the city feminist tankgrrl with mimosas for blood, sexual invisibility is akin to an exorcism of your soul. You are shattered, empty, a nothing with nothing but regret to rapidly fill in your osteoporosing id.

Comment Of The Week: Game, Distilled

CH · 30 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter PA writes,

> My red pill Game breakthrough was very simple: interact with women in ways that men would find annoying or even insulting: tease them, put them into defensive crouches, don't give them straight answers. It works like magic, both in romantic relationships and in professional ones.
>
> Of course, I'm not s sperg so I can do those things in a calibrated way.

This is about as pithy a description of the heart and guts of game (aka learned charisma) that you will read.

Last night, I had a beautiful dream. I dreamed a dream that all CH commenters were as insightful, succinct and coherent as PA. No homo. Then I woke up and saw an ASCII world of femx's and thwacks. Le sigh.

Funny Shit Fatties Do

CH · 31 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In my travels far and WIDE, I have seen fat people do some really funny shit, usually unintentionally, or have funny shit happen to them on account of their abnormal size, weight, girth and texture. Can't forget texture.

– Unknowingly dribble food bits and drink down their chins. A fatty completely oblivious to the organic particulates accumulating outside his mouth is a comedic sight to behold.

– Knock over chairs and rattle tables as they were shimmying into seats at restaurants. I once witnessed a fatty so humongous and ill-equipped to navigate her own circumference turn over an entire four-seater table in slo-mo, as her massiveness rounded the bend and she settled her planetary obstruction into her pitiably undersized chair. The table came crashing to the ground, spilling dinnerware and a sad candle onto the floor with a loud clatter.

– Fart with the slightest exertion at the waist. No matter how uptight you are, you won't be able to restrain a chortle when you hear a fatty rip a sonorous cheek-flapper as she's bending over a mere inch to straighten a wrinkle on her tent pants. And lest you think you can politely hide your amusement, remember that a fatty's fart is ten times as loud as a normal weight person's fart, given that the fatty's back draft has multiple zones of blubber to travel before final release. You'd think this would act to muffle the offending blast, but instead, like a geothermal well, pressure builds until the equivalent of a refinery's worth of gas has parted the outer ass layer, and the slapping of cheese-cleaved butt roasts produces a ten-piece trumpet tremolo worthy of the Philharmonic.

– Break a chair. Yes, despite its clichéd nature, I remember clear as the day the time a fatty sat her bulk on a chair and one of the back legs gave out, flinging her backwards like a post-breach whale. She landed with such adiposity that… and I swear this as Lucifer is my unholy mentor… she bounced a little upon impact.

– Take a direct hit from an out-of control bicyclist and barely nudge as the guy on the bike goes flying in the opposite direction. A particularly overgrown specimen of fatty — a man weighing in the arena of 400 pounds, mostly confined to the belly and, steatopygially, to the buttocks — was winged by a bicyclist who, inexplicably, didn't see the fatty before it was too late to avoid collision. The fatty took the brunt of the front wheel's tangential blow to the bull's-eye on his hanging midsection and fell back two steps, still miraculously on his feet, while the bicycler, and his bike, ricocheted like a bank shot pool ball at a tidy 45 degree angle from point of contact, finishing their macabre pirouette in a heap on the ground, front wheel futilely spinning in the air, grasping for asphalt that wasn't there. The fatty did eventually fall to his feet, but only well after the dust had cleared, ostensibly to catch his breath from the blow's radiating shock waves of pain, thirty seconds post-crash, that were just reaching his delicate innards. Bystanders rushed to help the bicyclist but assistance for the fatty was, of course, beyond anyone's ability, given that no witness appeared able to deadlift 400 pounds of dangerously shifting weight.

– Absorb a sunburn in a perfect circle on the abdomen. A fatty female who, incomprehensibly to those with sense, was wearing a bikini and sunbathing on her back, stood up to reveal a bright red spot that circumnavigated the entirety of her yeast-risen belly. The perfect geometry and smoothness of edge was astounding, and gave her front the look of a red-rumped baboon in heat.

– Smoosh flip-flops into micron-thin atomic layers. Take a look at a fatty's flip-flops sometime. Notice how wafer-thin the soles are. Then laugh as you wonder if the flip-flop's atomic lattice was pressurized into a new periodic table element.

– Push seven large, sweating and grunting, adult men to the breaking point during the Horah. No further elucidation needed.

– Since this is a non-denominational shaming session, I once saw a fatty with tits so grossly inflated completely bury her Madonna-esque crucifix in folds of breast blubber. Jesus wheezed.

And my favorite fatty funny….

– Listen to a fat chick expound at length about her "great catch" boyfriend, only to watch her unscripted surprise when he showed up, apparently uninvited, at the social gathering we were attending, and thereby proved without a doubt, by evidence of both his notable lack of swagger and blank personality, just how far he actually was from being a "great catch". But the best part was when, later, she asked for a sip of his beer and then proceeded to chug nearly half the bottle, leaving him with a sorry puddle of dregs at the bottom, which he stared at forlornly for an uncomfortably long spell.

Some people, probably fat asses themselves, with a constitutional aversion to the idea of mocking fat fucks for fun and aesthetic profit, have forwarded CH a study* which claims to show that fat shaming doesn't work as a method to persuade fatties to slim down. To that, I say, that's not shaming! You want shaming, I'll give you shaming. Real shaming, not this pussyfoot crap based on an amorphous concept like "discrimination" favorable to Narrative guidelines.

*There is a major flaw with the "fat shaming" study. Specifically, the researchers relied on self-reporting questionnaires that asked whether participants had experienced discrimination. Anyone who is familiar with the hamster rationalizing of assorted losers in life, such as fat grotesqueries and chisel-chinned feminists, will tell you how adept those people are at blaming anyone but themselves for their wretched wretchedness. So it should be no surprise that a bunch of fat shits waddled into a quiet study to fill out a form with cheetos-stained fingers blaming the equivalent of THE MAN for their love of wolfing down greasy fried food and pints of ice cream.

Now, if you want real shaming that actually BITES, try shaming fat shits with methods proven to work. Charge them more to use public transit. Laugh openly at them. Make a spectacle of them. Flay their souls for the mirth of the cheering, howling mob, a la Chateau Heartiste. Sneer at, belittle, and viciously mock them. Or, if you prefer the crueler, subtler art of soul shivving, converse with them in innuendo and sly entendre that lets them know, forever and ever, how repulsive they are to normal people.

If, after years of this psychological torture, most fatties don't find the fortitude to push away from the table, then you may say that shaming doesn't work. But I suspect, rather strongly based on real world observation, that many fatties would discover in themselves a hidden untapped well of willpower, and lose the weight. For those fatties who prefer to abandon all hope under the social shaming onslaught and retreat to a dank bedroom to eat until they explode, well, consider it culling the herd. Evolution in action. The untimely dispatch of a species' deformed members gets a bad rap, but it's a good thing for the species' survival as a whole. And the slim phoenix that rises from the rendered ashes will be a good thing for lovers, such as CH, of truth and beauty and sexy babes who can inspire authentic boners.

Sexual Market Value Boosted, One Shed Pound At A Time

CH · 1 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Visual proof of the damaging toll that fatness extracts from a woman's sexual market value, and of the major increase in SMV that accrues when the excess fat is shed, is in this series of photographs of a single girl taken at regular intervals as she lost weight and went from a hippo to a totally bangable hot babe.

At 197 pounds, this girl was a hard 3 on the 1 to 10 looks scale. A hard 3 means that she would have had trouble getting love from a dweeby loser beyond a shameful one-night drunken rutting.

At 124 pounds, this girl is a solid 7.5, perhaps pushing into 8 territory. Let's call her an 8 and unsplit the difference. Perfect curvy body ("feminine curvy", not "feminist curvy"), youthfully peaking nubility, shock of fire engine red hair, exquisitely smooth milky white skin. You wonder if your eyes aren't playing a trick on you and this is a different woman from the one at 197 pounds. But your boner doesn't wonder which of these women it wants to nestle within. At SMV 8, this girl will have no trouble getting a high value man to commit to her for the long-term, and even to marry her.

From a 3 to an 8. Five whole SMV points — that's a lot — at the low low price of losing 73 pounds.

This is the rough male equivalent of an average Joe going from a suburban shut-in to a semi-famous B-list actor. Or of a run-of-the-mill beta male mastering core game techniques, putting on ten pounds of muscle, dressing more stylishly, and behaving with unshakable overconfidence.

Love is pressing a biomechanical lever. You press the right levers, in the right order, and you can make the opposite sex fall in love with you. No magic required.

Serial Killer Or Omega Male?

CH · 1 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

"…other worlds where your dad still sees you as his own… i dunno, not shaming myself in the basement getting drunk off tiny wines…"

As many readers know, omega males are the sexual market dregs of malehood. Unlike beta males, omegas can't get laid with any woman. Even the land whales have to have their renaissance faire turkey leg arms twisted to consider dispensing a pity fuck to an omega male.

What you may not know is the sociological intersection between the more deranged specimen of omega male and the serial killer. It's a short stutter from counting paper clips and sniffing a chick's hair when she's not looking to performing mouth love with a butchered carcass.

Strangely enough, some omega males aren't half-bad looking and can be quite intelligent. But their social awkwardness is so acute that any compensating positive traits are rendered useless, as we can see in the above video. Serial Killer or Omega Male?Serial killerOmega maleThat rare breed: The serial killer that chicks don't dig**Vote**View ResultsPolldaddy.com

Chick needs to do something with her hair. Looks like a mangy red fox fainted on her head.

CH would like to thank the faggot striver boars at MPC for this find.

UPDATE

Evidence has surfaced that this could be staged. If so, it at least serves as a well-acted study of real omega male behavior. Though perhaps the giveaway here is the scripted nature of his soliloquies. A real omega would be hard-pressed to string together a single sentence in the company of a semi-attractive girl without losing his lunch or pausing to pick his nose and eat it.

AMOG Tit Grab

CH · 2 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along a quickie anecdote that you don't hear everyday:

> I would like your take on this situation that arose with my GF. Been together about a month.
>
> Went to a pub, I brought a friend, its kind of her turf so she runs into coworkers and friends there a lot. Two dudes she used to work with come in, she hugs them. She is pretty bad for introducing me to people…often she says hello to a group, I wait a minute then introduce myself. She follows up by saying I'm her BF, etc, but she leaves it to me to break the ice.
>
> Once again no intro, this time I didn't care much to say hi, so me and my friend went for a drink. At last call, her and I are chatting, I see another friend and go say hi, she sees these two coworkers again. I come up to do the introduction, and one of the dudes grabs her tit when she moves in for a hug. She shoves his hand away but laughs and hugs him. I'm literally over this dudes shoulder, she knows I saw it.
>
> What's the alpha play here? (I walked away, she chased after me asking why i was running away…fully aware of the reason)

1. One month is not long enough to call any girl your "girlfriend". Not even if you're banging her six ways to Sunday. Already I sense your mentality is beta, for only a beta male would count his chicks before they've latched.

2. It's a very bad tell when your "GF" doesn't introduce you to people she knows. She either doesn't want them to know the full extent of your relationship with her, or she's not sufficiently attached to you and easily forgets you exist. Third option: She's a sperg with naturally bad social skills. But that's a low probability option.

3. The AMOG dude obviously felt comfortable enough to grab her tit without fearing retribution, from either her or you. Therefore, he either knows, through her, that she's not that into you, or he's actually fucking her on the downlow. Her reaction — or rather, her barely concealed joy — strongly hints at the latter.

4. The alpha play is to never talk to her again. Seriously. She's a lost cause, even if she didn't technically "cheat". Yet.

5. But if you just want to keep the sex going for as long as possible, give it two weeks, then re-engage. Treat her like absolute dirt. I figure this strategy will net you three more months of hungry blowjobs.

Beta Male Asks Girls For Reasons Why They Rejected Him

CH · 2 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

…and a nugget of game truth escapes from the swirl of vapid blather. The bolded questions are being asked by the beta male, and the answers are from girls he attempted to woo but failed miserably.

> **Do you usually figure out if you wanna do more than make out with someone pretty instantly? Or, is it a slow burn?**
> Oh, yeah. It is a fact of life that women know within seconds of meeting a man whether or not they would have sex with them. I'm into guys that are overtly confident. I dated a guy once who I had very, very, very strong feelings for. I was crazy about him. The first time we hung out we had sex. And afterward, he walked into the bathroom that was attached to the bedroom and took a shit with the door open.
>
> **Really?**
> I could see him. I could actually see this guy while he was taking a shit right after he slept with me, and for some reason, I just remember being like, "You know what? I respect how much nerve you have."

Beta males can't understand how it is alpha males can get away with so much… shit… and still get the girls. This is why beta males fail. The very act of pulling shit around women is attractive to them because it signals the winning attitude of uncaring assholery. And there's nothing more chicks love than a man who does as he pleases and makes no apology for it.

Naturally, the beta male in this article misses the lesson contained in his interviewee's answers, opting instead to badger the women with specific details about him that turned them off (or didn't turn them on).

> **Was there anything I did wrong that turned you off?**
> I don't believe so. I mean, I had a lot of fun hanging out with you. All of my most successful relationships have had a dynamic where we acted like best friends.

The very nature of asking women these sorts of pleading questions is a fine demonstration of doing it wrong. Alpha males don't ask women for appraisals of their worth. Alphas assume their worth. And besides, alphas know there's nothing to be learned from women in the matter of the source of women's romantic feelings, who as a gender are constitutionally incapable of honestly probing the origins of their sexual desire.

Tantalizingly, one woman he interviews makes a glancing blow with an ugly truth (she's also the hottest of the four women, which should tell you something).

> **Gotcha.**
> I just recently learned that the pill can really alter who you're attracted to. I found that who I was attracted to when I was on the pill may have been different to who I'm attracted to now I'm off. Also, now the type of guys I'm attracted to can be really affected by the time of month.
>
> **Like, week one, I'm only into Mexicans? Week two is tall dudes with big feet?**
> No. It's more like at a certain point, during ovulation, I'm not really in sync with it yet, but there's a certain point where I want a bigger guy to throw me around and stuff. During that moment I find myself more attracted to manly men.

Monthly Cycle Game — a CH original — will be hitting bookstands soon. It's better to err on the side of throwing a woman around too much than not throwing her around enough. The former mistake is recoverable; the latter won't even give you a shot to recover yourself. Think of it this way:

Throw woman around too much (physically and/or psychologically)

GIRL'S THOUGHTS: He's such a jerk! I just want him to love me. Instead all he does is fuck me like a rag doll. Maybe if I give him more head he'll be sweet to me?

GUY: *buys her a bag of Skittles*

GIRL: ***SWOON***

Throw woman around not enough

GIRL'S THOUGHTS: Wow just wow this guy is boring. But he lets me talk about anything, like the assholes who are fucking me.

GUY'S THOUGHTS: This is great! She's, like, right next to me, talking to me! But wait… am I in the friend zone? I better go for a sloppy awkward kiss and remind her why I'm here. I mean, it's been four months we've "been together", the time is right.

GUY: ***LURCHING AIR SMOOCH***

GIRL: *Reeling backwards* Why did you do that? Oh, I'm so sorry… I just don't see you that way. Yuk just yuk.

***

If you're asking women why you're sexually invisible, you already have your answer.

Dostoevsky On Feminism

CH · 4 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Via Thinking Housewife,

> ”So, listen to me. My speech will be much shorter than yours. I want to tell you this: all that you told me now was very stupid and banal. Do you understand me? It was stupid. It would be better to dispense with you, in this matter, but your family, your children and your kitchen cannot survive without a woman … a woman has only one main purpose in life: to be a wife and a mother … there is no, there was no, and there will not be any other ‘social purpose’ of a woman. This is all stupidity, senseless talk, and gibberish. All that you have told me here is nonsense, do you hear me? It was nonsense, and I am not going to say anything else to you.”

CH on feminism:

> When men become as women, and women as men, will you know the end days are upon you.

CH and the Great Men of History, ♥aligned so fine♥.

Death By Tree

CH · 5 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The modest Lion of the Blogosphere tirelessly works to alert the citizenry to the threat of death by cow, but there is another evil that lurks in our nation's parks and quiet retreats: death by tree.

This is not the first time a rogue tree has snuffed out a life. Four years ago, a woman was killed and a man put into a coma by falling tree limbs. Three years ago, a man walking through Central Park minding his own business was taken out by a psychopathic tree limb. Witnesses heard someone yelling "This is for Treevon", which news outlets were slow to divulge.

The number of casualties and severity of the crimes tell the story: Trees are more dangerous than cows.

My suggestion is to remove your headphones when walking through areas known to be populated by aggressive, killer trees with low future time orientation. You need to be aware of your surroundings so that you can move out of the way when you hear the crack of a giant limb about to hurtle to the ground. Another suggestion is to reduce immigration of less competent people.

> Delligatti and other people who live nearby told Fox 5 they were not surprised by the falling tree. They say many of the trees in Kissena Park appear to be in bad condition.
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> "They need another program where competent people, tree people, *[sic]* to come around and assess which trees should be taken down, because it's a mess," said Delligatti.

The demographic future of America is on track to be comprised of many more incompetent people than we have now, so expect these sorts of "mishaps" to occur more regularly. It's time to plan your daily life around the reality that there is a big, intrusive government which claims it will take care of you but actually does a bad job of taking care of you.

When It's Alright To White Knight

CH · 5 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The white knight used to be an object of admiration, but lately he has become an object of derision and even pity. Urban Dictionary defines the white knight as:

> A person (usually a male) who sees the typical maiden in distress, and believes that he can help her. A male version of the "mother figure" that some girls become.

Implicit in that definition is the recognition that white knights are dupes who won't get the sex they think their heroism is supposed to net them. The change in the white knight's status can be traced to the change in the Western culture and the functioning of the sexual market. As women have become more self-sufficient, more socially and sexually aggressive, more pampered by the ruling elite and their foot soldiers, and less in need of beta male provisioning, the justification for the white knight's services has been annulled. What was once a legitimate way to curry favor with women and to uphold traditional social mores for the betterment of the ethnically cohesive whole, has become a pretentious clown show neither desired by its intended recipients nor necessary as a stopgap to preserve social mores that have long ceased their operational relevance.

The subject of the white knight was broached in the comments to this post about a guy who walks away from a one-month slutfriend ("girlfriend" seems too generous an appellation) who had her tit grabbed by a co-worker in a bar, and responded to the feminist ur-violation by laughing and hugging her groper. CH agreed with the emailer's decision to execute a summary dumping, but some readers were less ready to surrender the white knight option.

For example, commenter Erudite Knight wrote,

> You are a joke. It is not 'white knight' to defend your property. You are excusing your own cowardice.

This is fairly representative of the thinking of the pro-white knight brigade. Woman is man's property, and therefore a man must defend her honor no matter how poorly she behaves.

A load of tosh.d'oh, say I. First, it's been a long time in the West since women were men's property, either legalistically or culturally. Were we living in such a time, duty-bound male impulses like white knighting and chivalry would make more sense. But today, they make little sense, if any at all. A piece of "property" which can cheat on you at will and suffer little in the way of consequences is not any property encompassing inherent rights of ownership deserving of defense against interlopers. Or: If your property can, of its own accord, welcome squatters, you are a fool for assuming stewardship of such a leaky plot of flesh.

Second, women are not children or dumb animals, They have agency and accountability for their actions. At least, they do if you take a typical feminist's word for it. (A leap of faith, I know.) You as a man are under no moral obligation to rush to the aid of a woman who has proven herself, by her actions, a loose tramp. If she severs her end of the deal, you are free to sever yours.

Third, acting the cat's-paw for a low woman won't inspire the respect you white knight advocates think it will, or think it should. What do you imagine percolates in a slut's head when she has successfully tooled you into laying down your coat for her as her secret office fling laughs knowingly to himself, his pedestal being polished by her hand? I'll show you:

All you've done is embolden her to pull more of the same stunts in the future. Way to go, toolbag.

Fourth, it's not bravery to stand in the path of a speeding train, or a serenading slut. It's just plain old stupidity.

If your goal in life is to feel like a big man through the strange alchemical process of getting tooled by manipulative shrews, then have it at governor. Just don't expect many men of sane mind to join you in adhering to your quixotic code of ethics.

But this post is not solely about the lunkheadedness of the modern day white knight, a loathsome creature who shares DNA with the manboob and the male feminist. (Pervs of a feather…) It's about those rare times when it's in your interest, as a man, to white knight. Specifically, that interest is the preservation of your privileged access to the womb of a woman who wishes you to have that access.

If a guy at a bar grabs your lover's tit, and she reacts with a look of shock and fury, clearly signaling her displeasure with the molestation, then go ahead and be all the white knight you can be. The benefits in such a scenario far outweigh the negatives (unless the other guy is a house, more on that in a bit). A demeaning titty twister (of your hand on his nipple), a strong shove to entice a fight, or even a sock in the gut, are acceptable measures of recourse. You wouldn't be white knighting so much as kicking out an invading migrant who crossed your border, a border (and this is important) which you know is inviolable.

If the girl is not worth a fight, but you want to slake a vengeful thirst on both of them that walking out simply won't do, you could follow this advice from anonymous,

> How about you bring her and him into a bro shoulder hug, start smooching her, keep one hand clenched on the guy's shirt while you send your hand up her shirt, and while kissing you give him a bro face slap. "You guys will have a great life together."

YaReally also has an epic comment about handling really aggressive douchebags muscling in on your girl. He, like CH, advocates the "soft next" for any girl who has proved by her behavior that she didn't mind the intrusion all that much.

As for much bigger men, make fun of them. "Hey, man, you're molesting the wrong tit. I think you want the boy tits in the gay bar down the street." Try recruiting allies this way, by publicly calling out his boarish behavior in front of a crowd, preferably with bouncers and bartenders within earshot. You obviously want to avoid a beatdown that is inevitable because of an unfair size disadvantage, but there are other ways to socially ostracize a big man without having it come to blows.

Of course, if women want the world of white knights and chivalry back, they're free to abandon their feminist

principles and equalist agit-prop any day now. Won’t be holding my breath…

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The Wickedest Links

CH · 6 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. “So there’s really nothing that can be done about the decline of the Republican Party. As virtue and ability decline in the electorate so does the republic.” Randall, and Reihan, are right. Demography and character are a nation’s destiny. And right now, the US of Gay is going down the crapper on both counts.

2. Do you have a palette of tissues handy? Because feminists are about to weep their last bitter tears. Satoshi Kanazawa is back in the news with a study that concludes the maternal instinct decreases by a quarter for every fifteen extra IQ points. Smart and over-educated lawyercunts are a dying breed. Literally. I believe it was the Audacity of Huge who once tabulated and correlated GSS data to find that smart men have more children than dumb men, while smart women have fewer children than dumb women. I call this the “Alpha Male-Cute Secretary Assortative Mating” theory. You may know it better by its street handle: Female hypergamy. And… wait for it… it will be the salvation of the white race in multicultural miasmas.

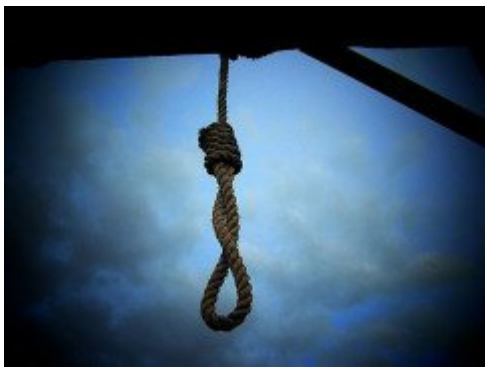
3. Study shows girls commit dating violence as often as boys. If you’ve ever dated a drama whore, you know that they can get physically aggressive. It comes with the hot sex territory. You’re banging the bejeezus out of her one night, and the next day she’s pushing you into the knife rack. Now of course, owing to inherent size and strength differences, this sort of physical violence from women carries less risk than the same violence would from men. Men are also more unwilling to admit they get pushed around by their girlfriends and/or wives. Which may be why girls resort to physical violence more often, because they know they can get away with it. The study authors also looked at “verbal violence” — which in CH terms is known as psychological warfare — and this too, is one area where women excel. Now I don’t believe verbal violence is nearly as bad as real violence, but if you take feminists’ and leftoids’ words for it — that bad words are trés hurtful and on a par with stabbings and shootings, and therefore their expression ought to be regulated by the state — then a lot of women should be thrown in jail for nagging and needling their men. #feministlogic

4. “[T]he West began to diverge from the rest long before the Growth Revolution.” Why did the West rise? If you look at GDP per capita, instead of total wealth, it becomes clear that the West diverged from China long before the 19th century. Conclusion: The North Sea diverged from the rest in 1,000 AD. Why? Outbreeding is one answer. Whatever the precise answer, it appears that genes are more and more becoming the obvious candidate for explaining Western greatness. #equalistpain

5. Chicks dig violent jerks. #hohum

6. Suicidal libertarianism. In multiracial, open borders societies, libertarianism is nothing short of a death cult. Any time sperglord Bryan Caplan is owned, is a time to

The inevitable logic of their Rainman ideology that libertarians don’t get (or pretend not to get for tribe-scoring subterfuge) is that, although open borders to the world’s riff-raff may bring short-term proximate benefits like cheap strawberries, it also brings longer-term costs in the form of sacrificing ultimate interests, like one’s ethnic genetic continuity. But perhaps that cost is what the open border libertarian traitors *really* want. In which case, all that needs saying to them is



7. Sex video exonerates men who were falsely accused of rape by a world class cunt. It's ironic that the feminist push to enlarge the domain of legal rape and to make it easier for women to accuse men of various sexual improprieties is also creating an incentive for men to videotape every sexual liaison they have with women that feminists would hold up as cultural heroines fighting the patriarchy. But, that's what you get when you follow #feministlogic.

The Self-Deprecation Nuclear Shit Test

CH · 6 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Women have many shit tests and penumbras of shit tests in their hamster arsenal, but none packs a more explosive punch than the self-deprecation shit test, which is like the Tsar Bomba of shit tests. The shock wave from this big baby is enough to send an inexperienced man reeling backwards into stunned silence. Or, worse, obsequious reassurance.

A reader passes along his recent encounter with the Hamsta Bomba of shit tests,

> The other day I was hitting on an asian girl (FOB, but culturally American) who is studying English in North America. I had met her by chance the previous day at a festival and gotten a make out after the festival.
>
> I was escalating and she gave me what I think was a "nuclear shit test" and I didn't know how to respond.
>
> She said: "I'm surprised you want to bang me so bad – I'm not even that hot. There are way better looking girls you should be going after." Indeed, she is not that hot. A solid 6 but no more. She was implying that because I was hitting on her, I must not be able to get with the hotter girls, so I'm a loser.
>
> I demurred, and said that "I liked her smile." But I did not have a witty rejoinder to her shit test.
>
> What should I have said?
>
> (For the record, I regularly hook up with 8s, but I was going after this 6 because I was in town for a couple days only and wanted an easy lay. I ended up getting a BJ from her).

This question of how to deactivate the fission cascade on the self-deprecation nuclear shit test has been answered before at the Chateau. And the conclusion from that post is that your best options are to either

a. ignore her and change the subject, or

b. reframe so that she gets put into the defensive crouch.

The reframe that is most popular among the coituscenti is the classic "**Have you always been this vain?**" This is the black hole to the nuclear shit test, sucking the atomic life and energy right out of her beta boob bait.

Another good reply: "Oh god, you're not that kind of girl who's always comparing herself to other girls, are you?!"

Defensive crouches are where gina tingles are born.

The absolute worst reply you could give — and one which is the equivalent of chomping down on stinky chum and getting hooked into the boat — is to reassure her that she's pretty. Your logical male mind *thinks* this is the answer she wants, but if you say it you'll soon discover the air escaping from any sexual tension that had been building. Women interpret male reassurance as male desperation to keep the momentum moving toward sex. This is why disarming shit tests is such a valuable game skill to have; by refusing to play into her "oh no, another boring beta male" expectations, you, as a man, decrease the likelihood that she'll concoct a reason to short-circuit the seduction process.

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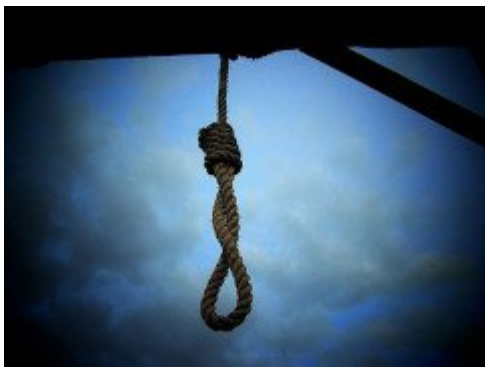

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How Women Tool Men

CH · 7 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

White knights are front page news at the Chateau this week, so today we will examine the myriad ways women tool men and make fools of those duty-bound chowderheads with aspirations to white knighting.

1. Let's You and Him Fight

This is a classic, and often successful, tooling tactic that women throughout history have employed to great personal advantage (or just great personal entertainment). The preferred subterfuge of drama-craving cunts, the LYAHF method — also known as the "got volunteered" method — typically relies on "harmlessly" flirting with a man to encourage his boldness, and then complaining about his reciprocated flirtations to another man, usually a dopey boyfriend, in hopes of inciting the two men to duke it out for make benefit of her joyous glee and erupting ego. The drama-craving cunt (DCC) is found throughout the world, but its natural habitat is in the US, where she rules the land with an iron clit. She 'mirin, alright… 'mirin herself. For what is more exciting to a woman, more validating of her labially-engorged ego, than to watch two men pummel each other for her maiden honor?

The man who falls for the "Let's You and Him Fight" ruse is truly a dumb fuck, the biggest tool in the toolbag. The only proper (and alpha) response to an obvious LYAHF is one that yer humble host, CH himself, once said to a DCC years ago when confronted with the exact scenario described above:

"Does this do it for you? Are you turned on? Don't call."

2. A House Divided/Guilt by Association

A woman's strength is not in her muscles, it's in her forked tongue. With well-poisoning whisperings of malicious slander, she turns the group against those members she hates, and hopes to draw white knights looking for an illusory pussy pass to her cause. You can read a great example of a woman using the "House Divided/Guilt by Association" strategy over at this comment thread. Search for "lucretia". Many a white knight will be duped by this female tactic, because their reflexive disposition to group loyalty and alleviating female distress will override their good judgment of the individual under attack. If a woman cannot win a direct confrontation with a stronger foe, she will act to enlist white knights to isolate, ostracize and destroy the "iconoclasts" that bedevil her.

3. Appeals to Male Honor

The cunning woman knows that a man's Achilles' heel is his sense of honor and stoic duty, virtues that, by nature of their sacrosanct inviolability in the male psyche, are ripe for subversion and mobilization to malevolent causes of the woman's choosing. A woman who can appeal to male honor is a woman with an army at her disposal. And none are more self-righteously believing of their strict adherence to a code of honor than the wannabe white knights.

A well-known example of a woman using the "Appeal to Male Honor" ruse is the single mom imploring a beta boyfriend to marry her and take on her bastard spawn as his own. With wet eyes and craned neck, the woman manipulates the beta's wellspring of duty-bound honor to her advantage. Marrying a single mom "for the children" is a form of white knighting to which many beta males will acquiesce and post-rationalize as favorable to their individual circumstance. Similarly, the single mom can marshal the power of a million honor-fueled white knights — the State — to shame, hunt down, and squeeze dry deadbeat dads, or, as is more the case recently, newly acquired live-in boyfriends. For what is more honorable (from the distressed woman's point of view) than a man who is not the father of her bastard spawn taking up the duty to help raise them without complaint or recompense?

4. Damsel in Distress

Perhaps the most renowned of female tooling tactics, the Damsel in Distress ploy, aka the Wounded Gazelle Gambit, has lured many a man into precarious, and sometimes life-threatening, situations to ostensibly "save" a woman usually from a predicament of her own making. Or, just as often, from a manufactured predicament that

serves no purpose other than to redistribute time, energy and resources from the man to the scheming woman. The toolbag with white knight pretensions will not be able to resist the siren song of the damsel in distress, and he will often be lavishly rewarded for his assistance with a strong hug and admittance to the woman's circle of asexual male feminist friends.

5. Why Did You Make Me Hit You?

Ah, there's nothing quite as exasperating as the stone cold bitch who makes it seem like her bitchiness is all your fault. While this particular tooling tactic is not gender specific, women are most often the ones to use it. (Violent manipulative jerks are too small a percentage of the total population of men to account for more than a minority of this tactic's adherents.) The woman relying on WDYMMHY will disparage her boyfriend, reducing him to an incoherent lump of uselessness, and then manage through psychological trickery to blame him for her cuntery. He, being a tool-able white knight, will accept his blame and proceed to prostrate himself even further to win back her good graces. This never works.

6. Self-Harm Emotional Blackmail

A girlfriend threatens to off herself. Perhaps she enlivens the scene with a dramatically and conspicuously placed half-empty bottle of pills, a few scattered on the bedsheet. She turns to you, tears falling from her eyes, begging for your love or your understanding or whatever happens to be her craving du jour. You, being the white knight in training you are, can't resist her calculated vulnerability, and rush to her aid, promising her everything her heart desires. She cuddles, another victory notched on her id-post.

Arguably the most dangerous of the female tooling tactics because of the limited options to defend against it, Self-Harm Emotional Blackmail draws its power from reliance on total female enfeeblement, manipulating the male instinct to protect and serve to whichever ends the woman desires. Even a man who is an avowed anti-white knighter will find it difficult to resist consoling the woman in the middle of deploying a SHEB psy ops campaign. The best defense is also a simple defense: Call her bluff. Throw the razor blade at her and remind her to slice lengthwise. Naturally, she won't do this, (if she does, you just lost a perennial headache), and your relationship can then proceed with you firmly in the driver's seat, owning all the hand.

***

This is a list of the most common female tooling tactics. Men tool women, as well, the most obvious example of male tooling being the cad who makes promises of commitment. But tooling as a form of art was perfected by women, and it is women who are quickest to resort to tooling for personal gain, and who possess the greatest tooling acumen. Women can do this because there is a ready and willing supply of white knighting men who welcome their own tooling, usually in the misdirected hope that it will advance them to the pudendum gates of pussy paradise. So ignorant of the role the white knights play as the chump and so dumbly prideful of their histrionic savior complex, that they don't realize they are kissing cousins of the manboob and the male feminist, two specimens of quasi-men privately loathed while simultaneously publicly lauded by women for their self-castration.

Not every woman with the means (i.e. the prettiness) is a tooling maestro. In fact, the majority of women aren't. If I had to put a number on it, I'd say 30% of women regularly tool ~~beta males~~ men. This means, if you've been in three relationships in your life, odds are one of those women tooled you, with or without your awareness. If you plan to make any sort of career out of seducing women, or, conversely, if you plan to settle down in high-risk matrimonial bliss with one woman forever and ever, you had better get up to speed on the dark arts of emotional manipulation that are regularly availed by women if you want to avoid getting taken to the soul cleaners. A stay at Chateau Heartiste is a first step to clearing the mind.

UPDATE

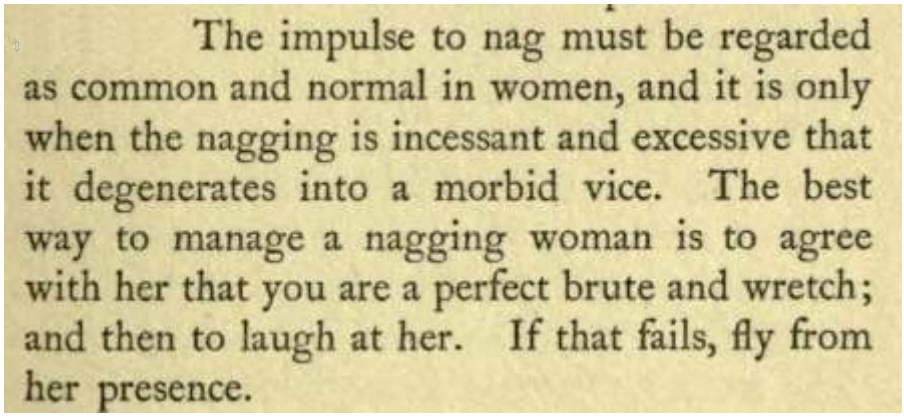
Folks, here's the main drawback with following "manly", "honor-bound" codes of masculine conduct regardless of the particulars:

If you never hold a woman accountable for her actions, she'll keep doing what she's doing. And if that means tooling you, that's what she'll do.

Tight Game From 1910

CH · 8 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Full-Fledged Fiasco passed along this link to an example of the kind of game that men had access to way back in 1910:


The impulse to nag must be regarded as common and normal in women, and it is only when the nagging is incessant and excessive that it degenerates into a morbid vice. The best way to manage a nagging woman is to agree with her that you are a perfect brute and wretch; and then to laugh at her. If that fails, fly from her presence.

~ ***Modern Woman and How to Manage Her***, by Walter M. Gallichan, 1910

Beautifully put. The Gilded Age stands in stark contrast to the Gelded Age in which we are currently mired. And mirin.

Game has always been with us. Contrary to the flimsy strawmen of game denialists who delude themselves into thinking game is some sort of modern nerd fest with no analogue in esteemed cultural history, the facts bear out just how romantically savvy and game-aware were men of the past, should those men have chosen to enlighten themselves beyond their mothers' saccharine teachings. One hundred years ago, people *knew* what women were about; only recently it seems we have had to relearn the age-old lessons. Blame it on the Flim-flam Effect.

Of course, this knowledge of the crimson arts was likely not known by the term "game" in 1910. Perhaps it went by some other name, like "reality", or "charisma", or "the Gods of the Copybook Headings". The term that is used to describe ancient human rhythms is irrelevant; what matters are the insights. And in 1910, at least some had amazing insight into the feminine soul. Look at the ways this passage closely aligns with modern game teachings.

"the impulse to nag must be regarded as common and normal in women"

Modern game theorists accept as a foundational premise that sex differences in behavior are real, and immutable, and that ignoring these differences will have profound consequences for one's success in the sexual market.

"it is only when the nagging is incessant and excessive that it degenerates into a morbid vice"

Relationship game. Women get progressively nastier to the men in their lives if those men allow them to run roughshod. This is known as the creeping betatization of domestication. (Nice ring to it.) A woman's happiness and contentment in a relationship are directly proportional to the willing refusal of her man to put up with her shit.

"the best way to manage a nagging woman is to agree with her that you are a perfect brute and wretch"

Agree and amplify. Core game technique.

"and then to laugh at her"

Amused mastery. Core game concept.

"if that fails, fly from her presence"

NEXT.

What in that antediluvian, 90% white America paragraph is substantially different from anything taught today by avowed pick-up artists? Answer: Nothing. The only major difference between the “game” of yesteryear and the game of today is the scientific strength and experimental feedback that modern seduction proponents draw from relatively recent developments like evolutionary psychology and instantly transmitted field reports.. If you were to talk to a savvy man from 1910 about evolutionary psychology, he would look at you like you were from Mars. But if you were to ask him how he handles his woman, a wealth of knowledge would be yours for the taking.

It’s time for American men to return to their roots. Their deep roots. Only from the roots will the tree of knowledge of good and evil regrow its lost might.

Comment Of The Week: 60 Years Of Shivving

CH · 8 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Libertardian piths,

> Literature is full of this stuff [women tooling men], going back to the Bible. Civilization reins it in, but of course in the West we had to abolish civilization because it was hurting people's feelings.

First things first… excellent handle Libertardian. Bryan Caplan would laugh if he had a functioning empathy module.

Yes, it does appear that the Cathedral's entire 60-year project of dismantling the West to its pre-civilizational state is the rotten fruit of the leftoids' REM-ish "everybody hurts" infantile morality hitched to the engine of their endless war against their heretic racial cousins.

Every monster and manboob, every fat feminist and single mom, every quadgender and third world wretched refuse had to be appeased and their crocodile tears dried, and the cause of all their histrionically dramatized hurty — white civilization itself — razed to make room for the glorious vomit of vibrancy that is currently prolapsing the rectum of the historical West.

God looked over all that He had made, and saw that it was good. The leftoid looked over all that his ancestors had made, and saw that it was good enough to squander. And on the eighth day, the leftoid rested his gated community security detail.

Well, if there is still fight left in some, then it is your pleasure to throw back into the Cathedral's shitty mouth, truly the shit-pool of all shit, all the muck and shit which its damnable rottenness has vomited up.

**Historical figure quoted in this post for any keen-eyed sleuths.*

Open Borders Logo Contest

CH · 9 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sperglord, or Master Meta-Troll, Bryan “the moral and utilitarian thing to do is open the border to my rectum to any undersexed homosexuals so that Gross Domestic Penis is increased” Caplan is hosting an Open Borders Logo Contest. Naturally, the site was infiltrated with mischievous pranksters (Leroy Krune!). My favorite so far:

I think the funniest thing about the pranksters is how oblivious Team Autist appeared to be to their pet project getting tooled so blatantly. One of the Team Autist members, Rojas, “Liked” Krune’s obvious trolls multiple times.

If I were to design an Open Borders Logo, it would pack a little more visceral punch.

UPDATE

Here’s the Immigration Restrictionist Logo:

The Shit Test Was Known To Men In 1910

CH · 9 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Dovetailing from yesterday's post, further enlightening excerpts from that most awesome 1910 game guide titled "Modern Woman and How to Manage Her":

> There are two universal theories concerning women: 1. That she is gentle and 2. That she is cruel. How have these conflicting views arisen? Why do men when in grief or difficulties so often seek the sympathy and the advice of women? Why on the other hand do men declare that women are capable of incredible cruelty? Let us attempt to explain this enigma. In those countries where marriage by capture still survives we shall find instructive evidence of that form of the antagonism of the sexes which is inseparable from the great business of love-making. In New Zealand not long ago a Maori wooer, with the consent of the girl's parents, employed force in winning his bride. He seized the maiden and bore her away, struggling, biting, kicking. Maori girls are almost as physically strong as men and it was often a wrestling match of fairly equal combatants. We read that it was sometimes the work of hours before the captor could carry the resisting maiden a hundred yards. Thus love begins among the Maoris as among other and more advanced races with actual cruelty, strife and pain.
>
> A Bedouin virgin makes a show of resistance to her lover by pelting him with stones which often wound the suitor. **When he grapples with her she bites and uses her fists and nails even though she loves him and desires to be captured. The European woman does not as a rule display such forms of physical violence but the elements of anger, fear, and the desire to inflict pain enter more or less into most courtships. [ed: emphasis mine.]**
>
> In Spain, until the middle of the nineteenth century, women took pleasure in watching a lover flog himself until the blood flowed, and the elaborate system of courtship still observed in that country which insists that the suitor should wait for hours, day after day, beneath the maiden's window till she deigns to smile upon him is a survival of the ancient custom of self torture as a means of winning a woman's favour.
>
> **There are cases recorded of women who find exquisite satisfaction in the infliction of both mental and physical pain upon their lovers. Such manifestations are related to the passion of love and have a very important biological significance.**
>
> **From this source springs the female instinct of teasing** which is noticeable even among little girls in their play with boys. Every man can recall boyish experiences of this kind. From fourteen up to sweet seventeen and sometimes after that age girls frequently tease, snub and vex the youths of their acquaintance with much zest. **The shyest boys [ed: betas] are most exposed to these lacerating snubs**. No man dare be as rude as a woman. Her sex protects her from the retaliation of a retort discourteous. **This love of tormenting the opposite sex reaches its height in many young girls when a young man is deeply in love with them**, and the romantic and ardent types of youths are the chief sufferers from this form of feminine bullying.
>
> I have heard a beautiful woman of this order describe with gusto the manner in which she first encouraged her lovers and then having brought them to her feet rejected them with polite disdain. **The spectacle of a man grovelling for her consent caused acute pleasure**.
>
> **The emotion that underlies this impulse to tease men and to excite their anger is a phase of sex antagonism, but it is very intimately associated with sexual feeling**. The contempt, the coldness, and the cruelty are unconsciously directed by the woman towards an end, and they are frequently the expression of an amative nature. In its milder forms, unkindness to a lover is a very common trait among women. **It is often employed to stimulate ardour and to test a man's devotion**. Women who in love first blow hot and then cold by turn are obeying a primitive instinct which has played an important part in the relationship of the sexes.

What the author, Gallichan, is describing here is known to modern seducers as the shit test. Plus, what is also being

described is possibly the first layman's observations on what would come to be known as the Borderline Personality Disorder woman, (cf., Penelope Trunk), and the Attention Whore.

What Gallichan understands is what PUAs understand — when a woman shit tests you, i.e. when she teases and taunts you, she is in fact romantically aroused by you and her cruelty is a test of your mettle as a man. Will you remain "devoted" — aka unflustered by her theatrics — or will you wilt like a shy beta boy shrunk to hunched shame by her sharp barbs?

Read the last quoted line again. Push-pull PUA game is, like most game techniques, an arrogation by men of traditional female game. When you use a woman's natural seductions against her, such as her instinct to "first blow hot and then cold", you inflame her to passions the equal degree to which her beauty inflames men. Few men know to do this; fewer still execute the game skillfully. So if you can do it, you set yourself above every other man she knows, and above herself. Which is where she likes her man.

Are White Women The Gold Standard In Beauty?

CH · 12 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter FeministX, Indian woman (she would be offended if you called her “Indian-American”, as that would be too disparaging of her vibrancy privilege) says,

> Based on media attention, it doesn’t seem like white women have been the gold standard for a long time. Doesn’t seem like blond women were ever the gold standard as neither Raquel Welch nor Sophia Loren were blond and they were beauties of yesteryear. Of fair women, it’s really difficult to see how nordic women were ever more attractive than slavic women.
>
> It seems like all caucasoid groups can produce 10s though the average female attractiveness surely differs across groups. Salma Hayek is half lebanese half mexican. Monica Belluci is Italian and black haired. Aishwarya Rai is south Indian. Adriana Lima is a latina mix that includes black and native. Even Vanessa Williams looked like a 10 to me in the early 90s as her face is very caucasoid.
>
> Personally, I’m not sure if Ive ever seen a 100% east asian or 100% sub saharan woman with a 10 face. But to me it looks like caucasoid groups can all produce beauties of the same grade A+ caliber. Across different caucasoid groups, 10s look sort of similar to each other despite the difference in skin tone. They seem to be the standard of beauty, not a particular race.

There are three methods for determining if a race’s women are the globalized gold standard in physical attractiveness:

1. Direct measurement

There is substantial evidence that beauty is quantifiable and measurable. Direct measurement of various facial ratios found in women from around the world would tell us which race’s women came closest to meeting the beauty ideal. This method would result in the most accurate results, but many religious believers in equalism would go to their graves denying in the face (heh) of all scientific evidence and common sense that beauty has an objective basis. It is likely this sort of scientific inquiry will not be done in our lifetimes.

2. Media exposure

The premise is simple: The most desirable women are the ones most represented in mass media as icons of beauty. If Unavision and Korean beauty pageants are any indication, white women (and facsimiles of white women) are beloved in large swaths of the non-white world. In fact, based on media presence, it seems the only areas of the world where the beauty of white women *isn’t* idealized are in the homelands of whites: the Anglosphere and Europe.

The downside to using this method to determine white women’s relative attractiveness is the result-skewing effects of propaganda. The media both reflects cultural taste, and molds it in the image that the gatekeepers of social discourse want it to go. So a media blitz to, say, elevate the desirability of Aboriginal women would not be fairly representative of their attractiveness to the world’s men.

3. Male preference

Outside of direct measurement, this is the method that will yield results closest to reality. Watch what men do, not what they say. Which women do men from around the world prefer to gaze at? Which women do men prefer to bang? Marry? Etc. For that, we can look at porn stats to see if white women are disproportionately represented. Another method is to examine the historical sex slavery data to find out, contra FeministX, if white women have or haven’t been the “gold standard” in attractiveness for a long time.

Peter Frost has a series of post looking into this very question, and the results are sure to stick another shiv into the

black hearts of beauty relativists: White women (and whiter women) have historically been desired as concubines and sex slaves by non-white men.

***

Putting it all together — (limited) direct measurement data, total media exposure, and male preference (both current and historical) — the conclusion is hard to escape: White women are indeed the global gold standard in beauty. There are exceptions, of course, and not every white woman is beautiful (far from it, and less so today thanks to the obesity epidemic), but on a large scale analysis, white women appear to be the women that all the world's men want, and the women that the world's women want to be.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 13 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The evidence:

Man in the back left can hardly contain his joy. Or his perforated ulcer. His fingers grip his super-sized prize like a rock climber dangling from a cliff face with no rope. He's not about to let her tip over and capsize into her friend. After all, what is better in life than a fat chick with no tits?

Man in the back right is more composed, and maintains a firmer grip on his ballast. He seems fairly aware of the load capacity of his lumberjack arms and cornfed quads, and glows with the inner peace of a zen master who has touched the face of a semi-cute chick with his peen without ever having to touch her porky wet hole with it.

Girl in the front left is straining under the weight (heh) of her phony smile. She despises her reproductive partner, her grotesque starch bomb body, her life. But she loves her BBBFF who always makes her feel special and loved and free to be Princess Gluttony. Her dress sparkles because she knows how to attract the attention of horny military boys with alcoholic astigmatism.

Girl in the front right smiles naturally, smokes and drinks from a red solo cup. She has stuffed her carcass into a slinky cocktail dress meant for women half her size. She exudes self-confidence. Clearly, she is American. She likes her man and has taken many of his loads betwixt her fat girl ta tas. She is destined to cheat on him with a black man.

The conclusion:

The girl in the front right is the alpha male. Remember what the alpha male signifies: He is the man with options, who is dating "out of his league", according to conventional metrics of date worthiness. Judging by this photo, the man who has made out like a bandit happens to be a woman.

And isn't that modern society in a nutless-shell? An alpha male woman smothering the life out of a man who can do better, but won't.

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Alpha Assessment: The Unexpected Alpha

CH · 13 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This reader is very proud of his text game,

> I just had a text exchange I am so proud of that I couldn't help but share it with you. Feel free to post it if you'd like, but please don't use my name. Thanks.
>
> Girl: Level of disappointment from a scale of 1 to 10 with 10 being the break up of the beatles and and 1 being the break up of the spice girls
>
> Girl: …of me possibly rescheduling our rendezvous to next week
>
> Me: Is this a trick question? I loved the spice girls
>
> Girl: Nevermind. Ill see you Thursday

How alpha is this reader's text reply? On a scale of 1 to 10, with 10 being STEVE MOTHERFUCKIN MCQUEEN alpha, and 1 being Hugo Schwyzer situational alpha which fails the second he walks out of a roomful of deranged feminist coeds, I would rate his reply an 8.

An 8 means the reply is more than serviceable; it actually boosts his alpha cred a little. But what prevents the reply from reaching the exalted heights of 10dom is the springboard from which it was launched. You see, a truly alpha text message is one that careens out of nowhere, takes a girl by surprise, and instantly moistens her cortical ham for further romantic interaction. But this reader's reply came on the heel of a very turgid message from the girl; a message so long-winded and carefully constructed that a third party reading it would come to the easy conclusion that she already harbored strong feelings for this reader.

Evidence shows the reader was operating from a position of prior alphatude, a fact which docks a couple points from the alpha score of his text reply. It was a fine reply sir, but like virtue free of the temptation of vice, alphaness is easy when it isn't being tested by female aloofness.

Mainstream Feminist Outlets Try To Bury Their Association With Hugo Schwyzer

CH · 14 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Hugo Schwyzer, buffoon. Hugo Schwyzer, hypocrite. Hugo Schwyzer, self-proclaimed male feminist leader. Hugo Schwyzer, lover of porn stars, seducer of younger coeds, defiler of the matrimonial vow, potential giver of the herpes simplex Types 1 and 2, self-pegging fap-exposing murder-suicide contemplating part-time homosexing beacon of hope to dumbass feminists and their suck-up allies.

Now we can add one more honorific to Schwyzer's curriculum vitae: Disgraced, womanly pity whore.

And who, besides Schwyzer himself, helped bring Schwyzer to the depths of the most public of public humiliations? Who was the first to mock his phoniness, ridicule his idiotic male feminist musings, turn him over on the spit for the world to poke with pointed sticks, implicate his supporters and advocates for hitching their fortunes to his ass-kissing self-aggrandizing lies?

Who, indeed.

> Schwyster knows all this, too, which makes him a phonyfuck of the highest caliber. The guy spent his early years as a professor cashing in his higher status for the pleasure of fucking his 18-21 year old students. Maybe he is wracked with guilt, and his current ultrafeminist stance is his form of atonement. Or maybe (and more likely, in my view) his hypocritical feminist sycophancy is a ruse to get in the panties of the deluded naifs who take his classes.
>
> Not that there's anything wrong with that. The difference between me and a lickspittle errand boy like Schwyster is that I don't go around claiming there's something psychologically wrong with men for desiring the hot bods and feminine charms of young women. I don't blame a guy like Schwyster for wanting to stick his dick in his peak fertility students, nor do I stroke feminist egos to earn PC brownie points and page views.

If you want to know who got under Hugo's skin the most, you need only see which of his tormenters goes missing by name from his meltdown Twitter feed and from his confessionals to less sadistic bloggers than CH.

The reason Hugo doesn't want to credit the source of his everlasting torment is because CH stuck the shiv in his mottled hide hard and deep, and it's the twist that still pains him. Unlike many more charitable judgers of Hugo Schwyzer, I feel no pity toward him, nor any incipient feeling of charity. He is a liar, a phonyfuck, a charlatan, and a male attention whore with flapping labia where his mouth should be. He is an enabler of the worst of society, a useful tool conveying the rotten propaganda of assorted losers and misfits and degenerates, singing their off-key tune while he happily cashed in his exploitative scheming for the very nubile rewards his mass of followers tune in to hear him rail against. He is utterly repellent, a lizard in human clothing. I hope that he slices lengthwise, and should he do so, I will dance a happy snoopy dance the likes of which the dark side of the internet has never seen.

But there is a bigger story here than Hugo's personal twilight, and that is the quickness with which mainstream, widely read feminist media outlets are attempting to bury and conveniently forget their association with Schwyzer. Hugo was, for a long time, a well-regarded paid contributor to such popular feminist and feminism-favoring organs

as Jezebel, BlogHer, xojane, The Atlantic, and The Good Men Project. As Chuck noted,

> But a few outlets like The Good Men Project, Jezebel, and The Atlantic took a chance on the history and gender studies professor from Pasadena City College who established himself as a male pop feminist by kissing the right asses and having sex with the right people. Those outlets have avoided addressing their relationship with Hugo. Jezebel's editor Jessica Coen wrote a slippery post which was clearly about her former writer, but she wasn't willing to actually mention Hugo by name. The post was evasive, and many commenters at the site called Coen out for it since Jezebel generally has a confrontational style. I pitched my conversations with Hugo to The Atlantic as a tale of how two adversaries had spoken about his troubles. Maybe my low Klout score kept the editor there from accepting the pitch. And I didn't go to The Good Men Project with a piece because they're boring. Regardless, all of those outlets saw the same person before them that me and many other critics of feminism saw, but they hosted Hugo for years. Behold the power of telling people what they want to hear.

Funny how that works. You tell an ego-parched fug feminist what she wants to hear, and she opens her legs to your cock and her internet real estate to your cockamamie drivel, believing… oh, so very believing!… .that the male feminist lunacy dripping like honey into her ear palate was the Word of Goddess Herself. Hugo had a niche, and his sneaky fucker strategy netted him the adulation and the blowjobs he craved. Such a niche is not without its merits, but do keep in mind that being a community college professor to dimwits, however lowly in the academia hierarchy, is the lube that greases the coed skids. Playing the male feminist for fun and profit is not likely to work for the man who doesn't have that hypergamously-grooved prof podium from which to tingle the tangles of thick-bushed queer gender studies acolytes. I don't fault Hugo for pursuing this snatch-accumulating strategy. But I do shit in his lying face, and I do shit again in the faces of those who took his lies for truth.

So this is a glorious time to be an anti-male feminist. The wails and the rending of pit-stained t-shirts of the manboobs and the scalzied and the Dumb Hams of the world are the dulcet melodies of soaring symphonies, punctuated by the thunderous cymbal crash of lies being smashed. Ahhh, indeed.

But Hugo is an impenetrable pathological narcissist. No amount of soul shivving, however poison-tipped or torturously twisted to tickle vitals, will bring him the event horizon pain he so richly deserves. A shell entity who lives and breathes publicity, bad or good, will only welcome the psy knife that surgically pries his id. No, Hugo will only feel pain, real pain, when something else, something much more threatening to his ego survival, is presented to him. And that something else is Ostracism Total.

The targets of tender CH ministrations, then, are Hugo's benefactors as much as Hugo himself. Jizzebel, The Atlantic, Good Men Project… you were duped, but only because you wanted to be duped. You wanted to believe in equalist, man-hating lies that caressed your stunted, shriveled, gimpy souls. You bent over and received the tepid diseased injection of a broken freak who knew how to locate and lick your ascended testes. Losers of a feather…

Jizzebel et al., you are served notice. I have you and your lackeys in my sights, and your filth that spews from the fountain of filth which is your whole stillborn existence is the effluvium I will shove back down your throats until you choke on it and recede from public discourse to clear the shit from your veins. The days when you can hire gutter liars like Hugo Schwyzer, and wallow in his fetid stink free of consequence, are over. Your only hope is to drive the Schwyzerian rats from your manicured harridan shelters, so that your circle diddles may continue under the radar of stone cold soul shivvers like yours truly with an eye and a scalpel for finding and dissecting egoistic neediness.

Then, when you — Jizzebel and the rest of the twisted sisters — have cast Hugo and his fellow castrati to the icy wastelands, will the real howls of pain fill the air to the delight of CH guardians of truth and beauty. For nothing will torment the likes of Hugo Schwyzer more profoundly than the torment of solitude.

Hugo, I know you're reading this. If my words will bring any goodness and light to this world, your days as a lying

sack of shit media token shilling for other lying sacks of shit are over. No one will call you, not even your former feminist allies. No one will publish you. No one will admire cross-eyed your throbbing intellect. No one will talk of you. No one will even think of you. When that day comes, and the barrel of the pistol is nestled in your mouth, lazing metallically on your tongue as your thinning, middle-aged lips glide over the shaft like long-ago unshaven feminist coed lovers used to do to your anti-feminist, patriarchal boner, no one, not even your family, will give a shit.

And that will be the lonely solitary pain from which you can't escape or repurpose to your craven desires. In that moment, that sweet final moment of true and real reflection just before self-deliverance, you will think of my words, and my reminder that you had a choice to turn yourself against the mountain of lies you willingly embraced as your totem and your fate and your salvation. Sweet dreams, eternal darkness.

Poolside In America

CH · 15 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Would you call this man smart? I would.

He jams, drinks, surfs, lounges beachside all day, and eats lobster on the public dime. Oh sure, he doesn't have a lot of material possessions (but how'd he get that car?) that define the accomplished SWPL life, but when you're banging hot southern Cally girls, (and I bet you big bank he's tapping more sweet ass than a hundred Apple employees turning six figures are buying dinners for), the urge to bust your balls hunched over a computer screen 50 hours a week so you can acquire the latest iteration of some useless gadget and pay taxes for your active dispossession kind of fades away. The Dude abides his new perspective.

Poolside in America is the nation's 21st century battle cry. And why not? The country is sinking fast under mounds of debt, unemployment, and alienation. The government pushes propaganda and policies that undermine the very concept of a nation, so no wonder growing numbers of Americans are jettisoning any feeling of duty toward their homeland like so much gassy ballast. Social atomization and the sheer massive scale of a bloated 300+ million population of competing races, ethnicities, behaviors, and temperaments herded like cats under ever-tightening rules and regulations and surveillance drones doomed to fail are splintering hard-earned loyalty and severing bonhomie. Obscene inequality of wealth and the total abandonment of *noblesse oblige* by the ruling classes has emboldened the leeches and parasites and sociopaths and hedonists and nihilists and clear thinkers. In the land of the left-behind, the poolsider is king.

Toward the end of the video, the interviewer asks RattLife Surfer if he feels guilty for taking advantage of Obama's removal of restrictions on qualifying for food stamps, and helping himself to $200 of "free" money every month. He says no, and I believe him. It would be strange to feel guilt for sucking a pittance of Danegeld from fat cats helping themselves to ungodly profits from arcane financial transactions abetted by a cognitive firewall between the masses and the gated 0.1%ers on the hunt for ever-cheaper labor imported from shitholes. RattLife has made a very rational decision regarding his well-being: He has looked at the world he inherited, at the immense chasm between the haves and (relative) have-nots, and has figured that slaving away in a cube farm or a grimy sweatshop on a stagnating wage to serve a smaller and smaller cadre of super wealthy and femcunt HR schoolmarms is no life at all. What is the point of busting your hump when the brass ring has moved from your fingertips to Alpha Centauri?

"My job is to make sure the sun's up and the girls are out."

Now that's radical.

The Rules Of Social Savviness: Rule #1

CH · 16 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This is a three part series that will delve into the fundamental laws of the pooniverse. The pooniverse includes within its sphere of influence any social interaction, whether in pairs or groups, single sex or mixed sex. Why not have the concentric embedding go the other way around? Because the biomechanical prime directive assures that any social interaction will create perturbations in the sexual marketplace that will move players up or down the reproductive fitness scale of worth. To put it bluntly, if you talk like a nerd, you'll turn off women. If you talk like a charming mofo, women will brighten to your presence. And in the final analysis, everything we do, we do for love. Or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

The Rules of Social Savviness are foundational to game, and are vital to courtships and to friendships. The closer you adhere to the Rules of Social Savviness, the better every aspect of your social life, from your work relationships to your romances to your family to your friends, will be. The further from these rules you drift, the worse you'll feel because people won't want to be around you.

A socially savvy man makes other men laugh and enjoy his company, and this will be noticed by women, who cannot help by dance to their natures and become aroused by the sight and sound of a savvy man holding court like a king whose words are next to God's. These Rules are therefore universally applicable, and ultimately redound to your success as a seducer.

Rule #1: Don't get defensive.

Some might call this rule, "Try not to come off like a grammar nazi, or like Bryan Caplan on the verge of thumping his head with his fist after finding out he undercounted the paper clips."

The object of this rule is simple: If a person (sometimes, yes, a cute girl!) is playing around with you, or even ribbing you with a whiff of malice, don't take the sperg stand like a defendant swearing his humanness to a jury of his peers. The jury doesn't care. They just want to be entertained. And logical refutation is not entertaining. Nor is butthurt indignation. Nor overwrought explanation. Nor cringing insecurity. Nor whiny baby boy whininess. Nor crestfallen defeat.

Well, that last one can be entertaining, but only to sadists.

I'll give you an example of this Rule in action from my own life. I was at a [REDACTED] and did something goofy, the details of which I can't recall but anyhow don't matter much to the lesson being conveyed, when a coltily cute-ish girl announced with uncorked bravado to the assembled her opinion of my antic:

"Eww, that's so creepy!"

Now, mind you, she said it with an obvious hint of humor, so the crowd wouldn't get the idea she was being a bitch or anything. But even lubed with the laxative of facetiousness, this was the sort of blurted grillgrrl judgment that can sweep the leg of a lesser man who lacked experience in the ways of sex-simmered social politesse. Fortuitously, living My life as CH and master of all that He surveys, my reply was deceptively coy and disarming:

{raising eyebrows, curling lips downward, and slowly nodding like De Niro contemplating the infinite cosmos}:

"You bet! I'm hoping to reach level 99 creeper some day."

Not the wittiest line I've ever uttered, but that's not the point. You can say anything to defuse a caustic jab and still sound entertaining and likable, as long as you don't sound defensive. She laughed, crowd chuckled warmly, mission accomplished, at least for that three second window. These three second missions never end.

How would the typical, clocks in his 40 hour work week, stays on the straight and narrow, supports the infrastructure of civilization, beta male react to that same girl rattling his world with a half-cocked accusation of

creepiness?

I'll tell you (because I've heard a million beta males stumble their way through similar scenarios). The typical beta would say:

"That's not creepy."

Or, "No, I was just trying to…"

Or, "No, I didn't mean it that way…"

Or, *{says nothing, smiles weakly and blushes}*

You get the picture. Defensiveness is the calling card of the butthurt beta male. A girl could be drenching her panties thinking about your glowing member, but if you adopt the defensive posture and utter three predictable, ego-bruised inanities in a row, her vagina will retract like a turtle in the midday sun. If that doesn't shut her down completely, the retreat of a disappointed crowd surely will. Works on male friends, too. Your buddies will buy you more drinks and invite you more places if you're that cool cat who doesn't take stuff personally and knows how to badinage like a boss.

Don't get defensive. Once you have this rule lodged in your head, you'll be surprised how smoothly fresh grease for conversational grist oils your gray matter gears. It's a self-therapy ploy to push yourself to think along new vectors, and to glide along stronger, slicker neural paths. Lose the bad habits, and good habits have room to grow.

Next post: Rule #2!

The Rules Of Social Savviness: Rule #2

CH · 19 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Social Savviness Rule #1 was: **Don't Get Defensive**. Also known as the "If you show your soft underbelly, people will claw at it until your guts are sliding out" rule.

In this post, we will discuss the second of the three Rules of Social Savviness:

Rule #2: Don't Force Conversation Topics.

Men have a thermal exhaust port. We are too logical. No, seriously. Logic is great for building bridges that won't collapse and for inventing calculus, but it's horrible as a mental facility for managing relationships or persuading women to see your point of view.

(Women have a thermal exhaust port, too: Their emotional bonding and subsequent rationalization for their feelings that blinds them to a man's true motives.)

Logical thinking is how theories are formulated, arguments are devised, and solutions are hard-won. Men, by dint of years of exposure to their own natures, have resilient egos which can withstand blows by opposing forces and regroup for another day of adventure and creative-destruction. Unlike women who retreat to deeper delusions when their egos are struck by reality, men can, to varying degree, take an ego shock in stride and incorporate new evidence that will accrue to their personal advantage.

That male trait which is a gift in non-romantically infused contexts is a handicap when the opposing force is an alien who doesn't play by the rules of logic. That force is female self-love, from which all absurdities of thought and peculiarities of reason flow.

So what happens when the unstoppable force of male logic meets the immovable object of female self-love? You get what we in the seduction business call a stubborn refusal to let an orphaned conversation thread die out when it isn't being received well by female company.

We've all seen this happen to some hapless over-logical male: The triumphant quasi-announcement of a scintillating conversation topic nursed in a split second judgment that the gathered will be amazed by his wit and wisdom, the forthright glee with which it is presented for studio consumption, the leaking of confident airs from his demeanor as he too slowly realizes no one is reciprocating his energy or spring-boarding off his brilliance, the stuttering follow-up as one or two congregants, usually women, ricochet unpredictably into new topical territory, the prison of silence that muffles him as he surrenders to the reality that the crowd has MOVED ON.

And then, the most awkward moment, the anti-climax he will regret for months if he is young and for an hour or two if he is older and giving less fucks about life's sadistic pop quizzes. That moment, after the conversation has fully turned and spasms of fresh vigor have been injected by girlicues following their bouncing bubbly balls, when he throws himself, bellyflop style, onto the organic rhythm of the back and forth with a last-ditch effort to impose his previous stream of concreteness. And, naturally, the reddening splash turns to reddening hue as eyes of pity shot with capillaries of contempt answer his logical insistence with an ocular writ of cease and desist.

He is humbled, and his allies in male logic abandon him as the women take the lead to rescue a souring scene. As go the tingles, so go the tumescents.

If you get what you think is a winning conversational theme in your head, be prepared to abandon it at a moment's notice. Like De Niro* might say about seduction, don't get attached to a topic you aren't willing to drop in ten seconds flat, if you feel the female heat around the corner.

(*Running ref gag.)

Let threads die. Don't attempt to revive threads at a later time. Don't beat a fun time over the head with your genius

insight that the world is fated to endure. Don't hammer home a message when the crowd has decided it's time to talk about something else. If you can master the art of artfully dodging your own bull-headed self-loyalty, you can learn to appreciate the percolating jazziness of verbal foreplay. It's a talent that comes second-nature to women, but which men — especially autist spectrum men — have to work at to achieve the same level of instinctive grasp.

If you feel that headstrong voice egging on your ego to drive home a point, don't listen to it. Avoid its tempation. Choose strife. Accept that conversations and social pressures will be chaotic, and that from this bubbling froth of flirty banter that is outside of your narrow mental alleyways and that flourishes under both your simultaneous command and acquiescence, real desire can erupt, like a solar flare.

Women measure a man's mate worth by many more variables than just his shoes or square jaw. They measure his wit, his grace under pressure, his adaptability. Can he steer discursive switchbacks with confidence? Can he quickly disown colloquially limp lows while claiming careening conversational highs as his own? These tells of a man's alpha nature — and yes, they are the distinguishing hallmarks of the alpha male personality — are subtle enough to be missed by other men with eight-cylinder powered logical minds, but are magnified to outsized relevance by intuitive women with a million years of evolution to guide them toward the vessel of their orgasmically up-sucked überseed.

One trick I have learned that has helped me avoid the error of forcing conversation topics is to relinquish a flowering thought at the moment when the crowd wants to hear more of it. Better to err on the side of leaving a topic stranded close to a high note rather than beating it to death past its expiration note. You are not a stand-up comedian with a captive audience and a mic; you are a man in a group of people all more or less equally competing for air time. Use the floor wisely. Your wit should be a gift, not a chore.

Next post: Rule #3!

The Rules Of Social Savviness: Rule #3

CH · 20 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The King, (that's you, bub), strides to the castle balcony to sonorously address the ear-pricked masses below. Your heavy velvet robe flowing around you, royal bling glittering in the sun, you gaze downward, lift your arms with palms to the sky, and say,

"What do you guys think of my rule?"

Ludicrous, right? A King would never speak to his adoring flock like that. He wouldn't ask them their opinion; he would state outright what he was planning, and expect nothing less than enthusiastic reception for his nostrums. The King would not query. He would proclaim.

This is the last in a series on the Rules of Social Savviness. Rule #1 is here and Rule #2 here.

The third rule caps what I consider the winning trifecta of social behaviors that are characteristic of the socially savvy alpha male. As illustrated in the above scenario, it strikes us strangely when a high status man asks questions. We expect such a man to declare his intention or his opinion, not wonder aloud if his intention is workable or his opinion worthwhile. This natural human impulse to regard earnest questioners as innately lower status — an impulse that is especially refined in women as a psychological mechanism for determining bangable men in their midst — can be exploited by socially savvy men to their personal benefit.

Rule #3: Don't ask questions when you can make statements instead.

Before Team Autist shows up to bristle that this rule means a man should never ask questions even if he needs the answer to something he doesn't know, recall that life is full to brimming with generalizable rules that must suffer the indignity of hard-to-square exceptions. Learn to deal with the dissonance.

Rule #3 is the least firm and most frustrating of the three Rules of Social Savviness for social misfits, even as it is the easiest to follow (with some practiced self-awareness). Think of Rule #3 more as a goal to strive toward rather than an ironclad dictum.

Reader Lorem Ipsum describes Rule #3 very well in a comment on this post,

> One of the best things that I ever did to improve my texting was to delete all question marks, as the interrogative mood is indicative of the classic beta frame (even when used as a rhetorical device; your texts should be the written equivalent of the terse statements of a pilot wrestling with the controls of a wounded aircraft). It is at its core a submissive posture; someone else has information (power) and you implore them to share that power with you.
>
> "Is this a trick question? I loved the spice girls"
> versus:
> "Trick question. I loved the spice girls"
>
> The second is more powerful. The Alpha ALWAYS knows, even when he doesn't.

Act as if you know, even when you don't. Chicks dig overconfident men. Overconfidence is the heart of game.

So get in the practice of thinking before speaking. Make that split second adjustment that mentally switches your questions to statements. Avoid the question mark in any texts, chats or emails. If there is room to rephrase a question to a statement, do so. And as your tongue nimbly accommodates this improved, alpha, way of speaking, you will discover a new man emerging from the chrysalis of your beta shell. Fake it till you create it. And make no mistake, you CAN create a better man out of the man that is now you.

The Three Rules of Social Savviness

1. Don’t get defensive
2. Don’t force conversation topics
3. Don’t ask questions when you can make statements instead

Abide these rules, and your social life will improve dramatically. Half of your game will be rendered obsolete because friends charmed by your company will go out of their way to set you up with girls they know. And they’ll make damned sure the girls are cute and feminine, because you wouldn’t want to disappoint the King, would you?

UPDATE

Mangan has linked to an article about “uptalk”, which is the linguistic habit of turning every statement into a question. Quote,

> [Uptalk] is the very opposite of confidence or assertiveness.

Yet again we see that the landed gentry of the human sciences have ♥vindicated♥ Chateau Heartiste concepts, providing more ammunition for advocates of game as a legitimate fast-track seduction technique. Game denialists would weep, but their bodily fluids are empty on account of having shed their last post-coital tear of relief into their couch creases.

How To Defeat Realtalk

CH · 21 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A modest suggestion for the Cathedral and her foot soldiers. You know you can't win on the facts. And you know you can't win when there's an army of independent broadsheeters (aka bloggers) more than willing to call you out on your lies. Not only willing, but happy to do so.

Realtalk is now a thorn in your side which will soon become a Poe-ian swinging blade pendulum whooshing over your noodle neck. You sense this, which is why you are in panic mode, squealing loudly like a cornered pig about to get mortally stuck.

So here's how you take back the night. It's quite simple, really. Deprive the truth-tellers of their power. Strip them of their online anonymity. Make it so that they can easily and quickly be identified by your PC Stasi and forthwith excommunicated from polite society and lawful employment. Do this while you still have a stranglehold over the collective consciousness and uncontested rule over the societal, bureaucratic and cultural apparatuses.

Gather your silent shock troops — the NSA, the CIA, PRISM, Google, Microsoft — and reveal the underground resistance that may one day explode into a full-blown revolution out of your control. But hurry!, before the enforcers that man your expensive military hardware wake up as well and point their gun turrets back at you. You know what to do. I've given you the keys to victory. Get cracking. Heh.

The Randomness Of Polar Bear Hunting

CH · 21 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Something totally random happened in Oklahoma yesterday. A white man was randomly shot and killed by three random uruk-hais randomly pointing guns out of their random ghettomobile, and randomly choosing a target upon whom to unload their random fleeting emotions which some might randomly refer to less randomly as a pointed expulsion of hate.

Here are random photos of the random killers looking like any random person would look who randomly decided to shoot a man dead in the back:

In related news, I randomly chose wine instead of kerosene to drink last weekend. I randomly wore shoes to walk outside instead of going barefoot. And I randomly avoided a dilapidated neighborhood known to be full of restless orcs. It's this randomness of life that makes all of us feel morally superior for avoiding the notice of any non-random occurrences. Three cheers for awful, tragic randomness!

> "They pulled up behind him and shot him in the back then sped away," said Capt. Jay Evans of Duncan Police Department. "It could have been anybody — it was such a random act."

"It could have been anybody." Translation: "The shit is going to hit the fan if white people start noticing that it wasn't just anybody."

Just how confidently can this police captain claim randomness as a crime motive? Were the three joy-shooters — two nightmare beasts and one miscegenated quasimodo — completely unaware of the race of their chosen victim?

Questions to ask the Captain:

How many people did the perps pass in their car before shooting Lane?
Was Lane the first "random" target they saw that day?
Did they pass up the chance to shoot any blacks before targeting Lane for the kill?
If the shooting was random, why were pedestrians coming toward them spared? The back shot seems especially cowardly and proof of forethought rather than pure chance.
Why, if the violence was totally random, is it two blacks and one mulatto with identity issues who stand accused of the crime in a city, Duncan, OK, that is only 3% black?

Of course, these questions will never be answered. Because the truth is a shiv to the post-modern, post-Western, anti-white posterity cleansing project. The truth is that there was nothing "random" about this morbidly banal killing; three gutter fiends spotted a white man — an iconic-looking white man jogging in that iconically white way

— and gleefully took aim with all the roiling envy and hate their black hearts could muster, channeled into the spear of hot metal that would reward them with a few minutes of spastic joy.

Chris Lane was polar beared, just like Matty Yglesias was polar beared in his gentrifying DC enclave, except Lane took a lethal blow while Mattyboy was lucky to endure a flying fist as the weapon of choice of his insta-haters.

Look at that photo above, Mattyboy. Look at it real close. You know it. I know it. This is degeneracy. Human regression to a primitive prototype. Hate Machine in motion. Idiocracy ascendent. Brutish subterranean vessels of rank disgorged id spit forth from the perforating bowels of a diseased culture that has embraced lies and abandoned truth.

The Cathedral isn't simply a metaphor for the mouthpieces of the mass media; its darkness — its *evil* — reaches deep into schools, government, entertainment industries, and apparently even local police departments. No mind is safe from its memetic synapse-blasting. Not even the minds of those who are up to their necks in daily reminders of reality and should know better than to spout blatant reality-warping lies intended as much to humiliate the listener as to redirect rage.

In this world, our Cathedral mind prison, media organs credulously accept the word of subhuman filth who claim boredom and random target acquisition for their actions, but will spin spin the universe on its axis to twist a news story about a Hispanic guy shooting a thug in defense who was bashing his head into the ground as a morality tale of white racism against angelic minorities.

Pre-human monsters from the abyss = wide-eyed Cathedral credulity.

Niceguy Hispanic looking out for his neighbors = Cathedral doubleplussmear campaign.

When you lie down with rotting filth, you get up with bad habits of the mind. Excise this stinking corpse of a nation from your mind, it is no longer a part of you and you are no longer a part of it. Time to rebuild something new, better, true and beautiful from the smoldering ashes. People are awakening. A cataclysm stirs.

A Man's Perceived Physical Attractiveness Is Fluid

CH · 22 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Men and women are psychologically, temperamentally, physically, and, as ♥SCIENCE♥ is now showing, perceptually different. How men and women *perceive* the opposite sex's physical attractiveness varies greatly. What follows is a gem of a study that essentially vindicates the foundational elements of game and lends support to an understanding of the world that accounts for innate psychosexual differences between the sexes.

The abstract:

> From an evolutionary perspective, beauty is regarded as an assessment of fitness value. The fitness value of a social partner can be influenced by both physical and nonphysical traits. It follows that the perceived beauty of a social partner can be influenced by nonphysical traits such as liking, respect, familiarity, and contribution to shared goals in addition to physical traits such as youth, waist-to-hip ratio, and bilateral symmetry. We present three studies involving the evaluation of known social partners **showing that judgments of physical attractiveness are strongly influenced by nonphysical factors. Females are more strongly influenced by nonphysical factors than males** and there are large individual differences within each sex. In general, research on physical attractiveness based on the evaluation of purely physical traits of strangers might miss some of the most important factors influencing the perception of physical attractiveness among known associates.

Reread for comprehension.

"Females are more strongly influenced by nonphysical factors than males…"

That's the sex difference reality that pumps lifeblood through the heart of game. This is **game** set match for the losing "Only looks matter" psychosexuality reality denialist dorks, aka bedroom hermits.

We'll unpack some of this badboy because it's just that good.

> A few studies have examined the effect of nonphysical factors on the judgment of physical attractiveness. Early studies that were not inspired by evolution include Gross and Crofton's (1977) paper "What Is Good Is Beautiful," written in response to Dion, Berscheid, and Walster's (1972) landmark paper "What Is Beautiful Is Good," and Nisbett and Wilson's (1977) demonstration of a "halo effect" in which evaluations of one attribute of a person are generalized to influence evaluations of other attributes (see also Feingold 1992; Felson & Bohrenstedt, 1979; Owens & Ford, 1978). The famous "closing time effect" (Gladue & Delaney, 1990) demonstrates that simple availability can influence the perception of physical attractiveness. **More recent studies inspired by evolutionary psychology show that social status (Townsend & Levy, 1990) and prosocial orientation (Jensen-Campbell, West, & Graziano, 1995) enhance perception of physical attractiveness**.

The evidence in the bolded part is likely capturing the effectiveness of social status and social savviness to a man's perceived attractiveness.

> Another problem is that most studies on physical attractiveness—including the few that examine nonphysical factors—are based on the evaluation of strangers. Moreover, ac- cording to Langlois et al. (2000, p. 408), "most of the research we reviewed categorized people into two levels of attractiveness, high or low." Comparing the ends of the dis- tribution exaggerates the consistency with which people rate others as physically attractive based on physical traits. These widespread methods are problematic from an evolutionary perspective. In ancestral social environments, interactions took place in small groups of people whose physical attributes were roughly average and whose nonphysical attributes were intimately known to each other. The

> psychological mechanisms that evolved to integrate these factors into an overall assessment of physical attractiveness might not be engaged by the artificial conditions of psychological experiments, even those that attempt to examine nonphysical factors.

This will be no news to men who routinely hit the field to meet women. Artificial psych experiments are simply inadequate at picking up those subtle nonphysical cues of social status that women find so enticing in men. That's why there are so few lab experiments testing the real world efficacy of game; it's just hard to replicate that feedback intensive environment and those high level psychological interactions in a lab.

> We present three studies that were conducted in this spirit. The first added a twist to the method of evaluating photographs by having people evaluate the photographs of known individuals in their high school yearbooks. The second and third studies were conducted on actual groups of interacting individuals. In the second study, evaluation by group members was compared to evaluation by strangers based on photographs. In the third study, group members evaluated each other when the group was initially formed and again after a period of interaction, providing the strongest test of the effect of nonphysical factors on the assessment of physical attractiveness.

This part is quoted for informational purposes. The third study looks the most interesting from a game perspective.

> To summarize the results of our first study, the perception of physical attractiveness appeared to be highly influenced by knowing the people and their nonphysical traits. It was not familiarity per se that was important in most cases—otherwise familiarity would have been the most important independent variable in the multiple regressions—but what is known and how it is evaluated in terms of liking and respect.

The authors discuss causation and correlation problems, and how they solved them, which you can read at the linked study above. Bottom line: If a girl doesn't like you or respect you, she will perceive you as uglier than you really are. Likewise, the inverse. This is why girlfriends and wives in happy relationships often feel their men are better looking now than when they first met them.

> A description of two team members will make the results of [the second] study more vivid and intuitive. One of the five males was a "slacker" who obviously was not pulling his weight, either literally or figuratively. He was the primary object of negative gossip and social control efforts, such as teasing and inspecting his bedroom window when he failed to show up for practice. He was uniformly rated as physically ugly by team members. Another of the five males was the opposite of the slacker, working so hard that he was discussed as possibly a contender for the U.S. Olympic team. He was uniformly rated as physically attractive by team members. This large difference in perceived physical attractiveness did not exist for raters who knew nothing about the contributions of the two men to the team.

This is direct evidence that when a woman is aware of a man's high social status, she will find him more facially attractive. But the most conclusive evidence for status-based and tractable male physical attractiveness (and conversely, intractable female physical attractiveness) comes in part three.

> [In the third study], initial rating of physical attractiveness accounted for only 9.3% of the variation in final rating of physical attractiveness for females rating females, 19.2% for females rating males, and 62% for males rating females. The remaining independent variables were highly correlated with each other and with the residual variation, as in our other two studies. Liking was the next variable to be entered in all three analyses and none of the other factors explained the residual variation after the addition of liking.

First impressions are way more important to men (as a function of women's ability to attract men) than they are to

women. If a man thinks a woman is hot, he'll pretty much still think that after he gets to know her, no matter how bad her personality. Women, in contrast, will vary a lot between their first impressions and later impressions once they get to know the man.

> Our third study is methodologically the strongest by avoiding the use of photographs and employing before-and-after ratings of physical attractiveness by the same person rather than ratings by a separate stranger. Nevertheless, the results of our third study are fully consistent with our other two studies. Among people who actually know and interact with each other, the perception of physical attractiveness is based largely on traits that cannot be detected from physical appearance alone, either from photographs or from actually observing the person before forming a relationship. The effect of nonphysical factors on the perception of physical attractiveness is strongest for females rating females, females rating males, and males rating males. It is weaker but still highly significant for males rating females.

The weakest effect of nonphysical factors on physical attractiveness is among males rating females, which is evidence validating evolutionary psychology theory that men are more looks-focused and women are more holistic in their appraisals of the appeal of the opposite sex. Nevertheless, men do think women can look a little better if they are also charming and likable, which proves the CH precept that femininity can boost a woman's SMV by a half point. (Not insignificant when you consider that SMV is measured on a 10 point scale.)

> Our studies were designed to address two shortcomings in the literature on physical attractiveness: (1) a relative paucity of studies that examine the effects of both nonphysical and physical factors on the assessment of physical attractiveness and (2) a relative paucity of studies that involve people who actually know each other. All three studies demonstrate that **nonphysical factors have a very potent effect on the perception of physical attractiveness**, which can persist for decades in the case of the middle-aged participants of our yearbook study.

Alert the manboob media! Science ♥proves♥ that GAME WORKS, and continues working right into the later years of life.

> Physical traits per se are especially important in sexual relationships because they will be partially inherited by one's offspring. Thus, it makes sense that males are more influenced by physical features when evaluating females than when evaluating males, although the comparable asymmetry did not exist for females.

Men dig beauty.
Chicks dig power.
Feminists wept.

> Our studies also reveal individual differences within each sex that rival between-sex differences and that merit further study. In particular, individual differences are increasingly being studied in game theoretic terms as alternative social strategies, such as cooperation versus exploitation (Wilson, Near, & Miller, 1996, 1998) or high-investment versus low-investment mating strategies (Gangestad & Simpson, 2000). In future research it will be interesting to see if people who differ in these respects also differ in the factors that influence their perceptions of physical attractiveness.

Otherwise known as r-selection versus K-selection. Yes, it would be interesting to see which way the sexual culture is blowing. I kind of have an idea.

> For example, are women from father-absent homes, who appear to adopt a reproductive strategy based on low male investment (Draper & Harpending, 1982, Ellis, McFadyen-Ketchum, Dodge, Pettit & Bates, 1999), more

> influenced by purely physical traits in males than those from father-present homes?

Answer from my purely observational, unscientific point of view: Yes. Or: Game — aka the nonphysical aspects of attraction — works better on smart, emotionally stable chicks from intact families. Now there's a counter-intuitive that'll really stick in the craw of anti-game haters!

> In conclusion, thinking of beauty as an assessment of fitness value leads to the prediction that nonphysical factors should have a strong effect on the perception of physical attractive- ness. In addition, naturalistic studies are needed to fully understand how physical and nonphysical factors are integrated in the perception of physical attractiveness. If we were to state our results in the form of a beauty tip, it would be, "**If you want to enhance your physical attractiveness, become a valuable social partner.**"

Game, the art and leisure of becoming a valuable social partner.

As you can see from this study's results, women trick themselves as much as men "trick" women using game. Remember that the next time you hear some feminist or manboob shrieking about how game is manipulative and deceptive. A woman deceives herself just fine without any help from a pick-up artist. Of course, she'll get the help, because that's what she wants.

Hate Mail Of The Week

CH · 22 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This one comes from “Roger Rabbit”,

> So you guys have your opinions and all. Is this like a website just for trolling? What’s with all the anger? because i cant figure out who gives enough of a shit about fat chicks, omega males, or anything else presented here to create a whole site about it. You don’t respond to anyone that challenges you with anything more than a fuck-off or “you must be a fat chick/omega male/feminist bitch” – take your pick. Which is fine, that’s your right as the alpha male gorilla, chest-beating idiots you are. But it’s so ridiculous I think it’s gotta be just a place for you to troll. Are you actually like 12? That’s rhetorical. By the way, I’m sure you already guessed it, but I am a 520 pound white chick with a dark mustache, slimy stinky cheese growing in my fat folds because I can’t bathe properly, hairy arms, legs, & pits because – well for obvious reasons. I’m so pathetic I let my dog lick my cunt and clean the curdled scum nestled in my fat folds while I eat cheese puffs, smoke, and look at porn of gorgeous 18 year old girls I will never look like and can never have. As a favor to you and everyone who knows me (that’s not many people) I think I will try to end my miserable existence later on tonight. No thanks necessary. I can imagine your appreciation even as I type. Thank the good lord for survival of the fittest. Oh before I die, I’d like to leave you with this idea – why not start fat camps but when us fatties get there, you shame us and over feed us and insult us while torturing our fat-asses in the most sadistic ways you can come up with. Almost like concentration camps. Instead of the gas chamber, lead us to a room promising a huge buffet, then force us to eat to death. Keep up the good work on this site, encouraging all of us disgusting low-lifes in whatever form we take to off ourselves and therein paving the way for the rise of your super breed of men and women. Better save a few of us though, just so you’ll have someone to kick around.

You ever notice how *deeply* unaware the equalist losers in life appear to be to their own psychological projection? It’s similar to how the first commenter to drop the n-word in a thread about a racially-charged news story is often a leftoid saying “Yeah, you wingnuts want to off the niggers and spics, just come out and say it.” The id revealed, indeed.

For the record, “Roger Rabbit”, fatties and other assorted misfits who *know their place* aren’t the primary designated targets of CH’s very special lessons. It’s the loser apologists and degenerate freak mafia claiming the equal worth of medusas, monsters and manboobs who earn the privilege of serving as voodoo dolls to poke with pins and laugh at as they twist convulsively from searing psyche pain. Twisting which you have illustrated quite spectacularly here, for the sadistic pleasure of all reading.

So, yes, CH will continue making an example of you and your ilk to serve as a warning for the others who might get it in their heads to propagandize equalist bullshit that makes the world an uglier, fatter, gloomier place.

Generational Decline In Testosterone Levels

CH · 23 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Chateau Heartiste was on top of noticing and alerting the public to this trend of feminizing men a long time ago. And now ♥science♥ is providing the ammunition for CH's mighty Guns of Pattern Recognition.

> During the past two decades, testosterone levels in American men have rapidly declined.
>
> This information comes from a long-term prospective study that evaluated changes in serum testosterone on a population-wide basis.
>
> The study was published in the Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism.
>
> "The interesting thing we discovered was that, on average, when we measured the testosterone in the blood of a 60-year-old in 1989 it was higher than that in a different 60-year-old measured in 1995," said Thomas Travison, PhD, of the New England Research Institutes, Watertown, Mass. "We observed the same phenomenon over a wide range of ages."
>
> At baseline, the median serum testosterone level was 501 ng/d; at the first follow-up it was 435 ng/dL and at the second follow-up it was 391 ng/dL.
>
> The estimated cross-sectional decline in total testosterone level was 0.4% per year of age (95% CI, –0.6% to –0.2%). The longitudinal within-person decline was about 1.6% per year (95% CI, –1.8% to –1.4%). The age-matched time trend was 1.2% lower per year (95% CI, –1.4% to –1.0%).
>
> The decline was age-independent. "It is a little troubling," Travison said. "The average differences are not very large, but they are big enough and occurring over a short enough time period to be the cause of some concern."
>
> These demonstrated population-level declines are greater than the cross-sectional declines typically associated with age, according to the researchers.

So American men really are becoming more physiologically pussified, emasculated, manboobed and womanish. And this hormonal change is expressing itself psychologically. Cf., John Scalzi.

The million milliliter question: Why?

> "This population-level decline in testosterone concentrations in men is not explained fully by the usual suspects: increasing BMI and prevalence of obesity, certain other co-morbid conditions or decreasing incidence of smoking. Although the analysis by Travison et al did reveal significant age-related increases in adiposity and medication use and a welcome decline in smoking, the age-matched decline in testosterone concentrations persisted even after adjusting for these variables," Shalender Bhasin, MD, of the section of endocrinology, diabetes, and nutrition, Boston University School of Medicine, wrote in an accompanying editorial.
>
> He voiced concern over the decline and its public health impact on American men.
>
> "This magnitude of change during such a short period is disquieting," Bhasin wrote. "Although increasing adiposity and lifestyle factors that were recorded in the [Massachusetts Male Aging Study] could not account for the secular trends in testosterone level, it is possible that other lifestyle factors, such as increasing use of tight-fitting underwear, increasing room temperatures in American homes and offices during the past three decades, decreased physical activity with increased body mass indices and decreased smoking could have contributed to the declining testosterone levels in men."

Answer: No one really knows.

May I humbly suggest some other possible causes for the scalzification of American men?

1. Aggro tankgrrls

When the land fills up with aggressively posturing, careerist feminist shrikes on the divorce court warpath, aided and abetted by Cathedral man-haters, the collective response by society's testes is to ascend behind the sheltering bony plate of the pubis. You could call it the "Junk Tuck and Shuck" theory of increasing faggotry. How this works on a biochemical level is hard to pinpoint, but it makes some intuitive sense that as women gain more cultural power through their own means or a Big Daddy government check, men rationally respond by becoming either smooth talking cads or mewling beta suck-ups. Do women like this state of affairs? Probably not, but as long as men can get the pussy this way, that's what they'll give women. The sexual polarity will find its opposing balance, by whatever means necessary.

2. Estrogen in everything

Soy is in everything. So is the effluvium of the Pill. It seems we can't go a week without some new study touching down with evidence of increased estrogen in our food and water supplies.

3. Lack of a cleansing war/too many men

A culture's men get soft in the arms of materialist decadence. Never more so than today with so many hindbrain-targeted pleasure stimulators acquired for a relative pittance. Too many men accumulating from a lack of natural (or unnatural) culling means that, thanks to the cosmic directive of female hypergamy, a lot of dispensable, reproductively useless men are piling up. Combine the softness with the uselessness, and it's a small leap to infer that the male sex would respond, at least at the margins, with a growing acceptance of testosterone-challenged and sexual marketplace-abstaining gayness, broniness, tranniness, and general supine self-flagellating leftoid-ness.

4. Dem friggin fat cows

Maybe male obesity can't explain much of the trend toward lower T among men, but perhaps FEMALE obesity can explain it. What's the point of manning up when all your women have womanned down? After all, you don't have to be much of a man to jerk it to a digital dreamgirl. Fat chicks and porn everywhere have reduced the pressure to find a sexy babe to love, and testosterone levels have responded in kind. What doesn't get used, atrophies.

There are three guaranteed means available to you, the big swinging CH reader, for battling this scourge of testosterone shrinkage.

– Lift weights
– Approach and hit on cute girls
– Avoid prostrating yourself at the feet of freaks and whiny grievance whores

That's really all there is to it. And yet, America the Raisin-balled continues bursting with fruit cup flavor, an army of marching manboobs pegging themselves on the cock of feminism, taking orders from prissy, level 99 nancyboys ashamed of the impudence and pale hue of their own peek-a-boo micropeens.

I say screw that labially-wrapped lifestyle. Live loud, live proud, live turgidly aroused. Humiliate the buttercups. Slap your claymore against their tear-stained cheeks. And enjoy the howls of their crippled pain.

Comment Of The Week: Hurty Hurty Hippos Edition

CH · 23 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

HerewardMW proposes a sterling idea,

> Lets actually have a prison for fat people. The perimeter wall will be five feet high and the bars three feet apart. The prison will have a gym. If you can escape you're free to go.

What percentage of fat feminists do you think would stay locked up for life, bitching and moaning the whole time about thin privilege and the unfairness of denying them prison bars five feet apart? 99%?

Runner-up comment winner is Dirk Johanson,

> I once read a novel where there was a scene where a circus fat lady on the verge of death got fucked to death in a gang-bang – she enjoyed it so much, eventually her heart gave way. Its a pretty disgusting thought to me – especially the part where the guy was describing that her shit-smell was permeating the circus tent- but for guys that are really undersexed and can't afford a good-looking hooker, that type of thing could be a revenue-generator for the concentration camps. After all, all that food won't be cheap.

It's this kind of creative free association that makes the Chateau so respectable among mainstream media outlets.

The Pretty Girl's Dilemma

CH · 25 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A (possibly foreign) girl writes about a dilemma that should be familiar to any pretty woman with dreams of alpha males pledging devotion dancing in her bed,

I am writing to ask you a question related to dating and marriage. Just what you wanted to and so rarely hear First, to introduce myself, I am what most men would rate as an 8, or on a really good day perhaps a 9, **[ed: legit]** am 26, and really only date alpha males. I can't help it, I like the fire that can burn me. My last two boyfriends were both extremely charismatic, successful, magnetic et al and I spent a year with each before I realized they had something in common: aversion to marriage. Both were around 33, an age when many men begin to consider that stuff, in my opinion. My question is this:

As I am 26 and not going to be more attractive in five years, and I would like to get married within that time frame, how do I go about eschewing the alphas who are not interested in me for marriage? Should I start directing my attentions to the ones around 40 and up? Right now I can have my pick of most men, though it will not always remain thus, but as alphas are harder to marry than other men and commitment is what I want, should I redirect my attentions towards betas?

Of course perhaps it was just me that neither wanted to marry, but it was the reason for both breakups, and really I would rather not waste my time/energy/looks/emotions on men who just want to enjoy me for a year or two….

Anyway I appreciate you taking the time to read this and if you decide to post this and answer it on your website, feel free to, but please alter my name. Thanks

A critical detail remains unanswered: Did you initiate your break-ups with the last two alpha boyfriends? If not, you are probably dating out of your league — that is, you are fucking men who don't think you have the goods to persuade them of an early retirement from the field — and the men decided your marital ultimatum, or innuendos of marital ultimatums to come, was a cramping of their style they couldn't tolerate. So they dumped you while the dumping was good.

If, however, you did initiate the break-ups, it suggests your exes thought well enough of you to stick it out for as long as possible, holding out the hope of nuptial rewards until you called their deceptive feints. In this scenario, you are not dating out of your league so much as you are experiencing what it's like to be with men who have the hearts of cads, but love you nonetheless.

My advice, should you choose to accept it:

Yes, dating older men is a solution. An older alpha male begins to feel two pressing awarenesses: his posterity, and his mortality. In this psychological stew, the love of a younger, loyal woman beckoning him to surrender his bachelor freedoms is a temptation hard to resist. But, if this is not an option…

Pursue the greater beta male. Often, the only notable differences between an alpha male and a greater beta male are the former's superior charisma and the latter's superior commitment. If you can suffer the even-temper and placid mood of the greater beta for his gift of marital capitulation, you will live a happy life. If not, prepare for my final piece of advice…

Continue your Sisyphean quest for the magnetic alpha male who inflames your ichor yet who is also willing to abide your peculiarly female constraints on his vital energies. These men do exist, but they're rare. Not quite phantoms, but you'll have to hunt them down. To start, you must identify warning signs of flightiness, and hopeful auspices of

lifelong devotion.

– Is he a social king? The man who holds court, holds the love of many women. Try to date men who are less extroverted. The alpha introvert is socialy savvy, but he also prefers his solitude. This desire for solitude is correlated with conscientiousness, low impulsivity, and affinity for home and hearth.

– Are his parents still together (if alive)? The faithful apple doesn't fall far from the tree of fidelity. Don't underestimate the influence of genes on behavior.

– Has he dated and dumped a lot of beautiful women? Red flag.

– Are you better looking than his exes? You may be the one to quell his urge to wander.

– Is he willing to wait more than three dates before having sex with you? Hopeful auspice.

– Does he go out of his way to learn things about you? He's smitten. (Or he's a grandmaster player.)

– Does he have a (big) dog? He's got an incipient paternal instinct.

– Is he politically conservative? If so, he's more likely to want to marry and raise a family.

– Are his friends womanizers? He's sympatico with the swinging scimitar lifestyle.

– Is he an epicurean of food, drink and art? He might also be an epicurean of women.

This is a partial list to get you started. One other thing. Beware prowlers bearing charming wit. Unlike men you meet within your social circle, the lone wolf does not come favorably endorsed nor does he fear betraying your friends' trust.

Hitler Was Beta

CH · 26 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A recently published book by an old friend of Hitler's called "The Young Hitler I Knew" offers amazing insight into Hitler's personality and early life as a romantic teenager. Evidence surfaces that Hitler was (though the author never states it outright), by disposition or by experience, a beta male with a bad case of one-itis and zero game who pedestalized women.

> Kubizek's uncensored account throws a fascinating light on the fanatical mind of the future Fuhrer.
>
> For it contains, for the first time, the full story of Hitler's teenage obsession with a pretty girl called Stefanie Isak, whose surname has clear Jewish origins.
>
> And although Hitler's distinguished biographer Sir Ian Kershaw has rightly dismissed Hitler's feelings for Stefanie as 'a juvenile infatuation', the passion with which Hitler stalked her and fantasised about kidnapping and committing suicide with her lets us glimpse the mentality of the person he was destined to become.
>
> Furthermore, August Kubizek's account reveals that Hitler was utterly unconcerned as to whether the girl after whom he lusted was Jewish or not.

Those "juvenile infatuations" are not to be underestimated in their power as origin sources of a man's lifelong character; for from those experiences a man holds his deepest, most cherished or most regretted memories, and the shadow of their mark haunts him for life. Now let's contemplate the evidence for Hitler's betaness in the following account of his courtship rituals:

> Kubizek dates Hitler's infatuation with Stefanie, which lasted four years, from the beginning of his 16th year, to an evening in the spring of 1905 when they went out for a stroll in the Landstrasse in Linz: "Adolf gripped my arm and asked me excitedly what I thought of that slim, blonde girl walking along arm-in-arm with her mother. 'You must know, I?m in love with her,' he added resolutely."
>
> Kubizek recalled that Stefanie Isak, he didn't reveal her surname during the Third Reich years when the book was published under strict censorship, for obvious reasons, was a distinguished-looking girl, tall and slim.
>
> "Her eyes were very beautiful, bright and expressive. She was exceptionally well-dressed and her bearing indicated that she came from a good, well-to-do family."
>
> Yet that was all the two teenagers knew about Stefanie to begin with, so they took to standing in a nearby street every evening at five o'clock, waiting for her to walk over the bridge to the main square.
>
> "It would have been improper to address Stefanie," recalled Kubizek, "as neither of us had been introduced to the young lady. A glance had to take the place of a greeting. From then on, Adolf did not take his eyes off Stefanie. In that moment he was changed, no longer his own self." For someone who despised and denounced the social conventions of the bourgeoisie, Hitler conformed to them rather meekly when it came to Stefanie, possibly out of stultifying shyness.

Hitler's game so far: Shy glances.

> The Landstrasse was a favourite place for friends to meet in Linz. "There was a lot of flirting and the young Army officers were particularly good at it," remembered Kubizek.
>
> It would infuriate Hitler whenever he spotted young officers talking to Stefanie. His friend sympathised: "Poor, pallid youngsters like Adolf naturally cannot compete with these lieutenants in their smart uniforms." Instead of trying to engage her interest and attention through the exercise of charm or humour, however, Hitler simply fumed in the shadows. "Conceited blockheads," he would say of his rivals.

Hitler the emo.

> Kubizek wrote that Hitler's hatred of them led to his "uncompromising enmity towards the officer class as a whole, and everything military in general. It annoyed him intensely that Stefanie mixed with such idlers who, he insisted, wore corsets and used scent".
>
> Hitler's dislike and distrust of the officer class, especially generals, was to stay with him for the rest of his life.

Hitler the bitterboy beta. Instead of learning from his alpha male betters, he lashed out at them, much the same way our modern manboobs lash out at alpha male "douchebags" and "players".

> Fortunately, as she chatted happily with her Austrian officer beaux, the 17-year-old Stefanie, who Kubizek recalled had a "natural and open expression" as well as "a freshness and lack of affectation", had no inkling that she was being stalked by Hitler.

Hitler the creeper.

> Kubizek states: "Stefanie had no idea how deeply Adolf was in love with her; she regarded him as a somewhat shy, but nevertheless remarkably tenacious and faithful, admirer.

Hitler in the friendzone.

> "When she responded with a smile to his inquiring glance, he was happy and his mood became unlike anything I had ever observed in him.

Hitler the overly hopeful beta.

> "But when Stefanie, as happened just as often, coldly ignored his gaze, he was crushed and ready to destroy himself and the whole world."

Hitler the easily discouraged beta.

> Hitler soon set Kubizek to discover everything he could about Stefanie. Her mother, it turned out, was a widow and they lived in nearby Urfahr, while her brother was a law student in Vienna.

Hitler the obsessed beta.

> For those four years between the ages of 16 and 20, "for Adolf, no other woman but Stefanie existed", since for him, "Stefanie embodied the whole of femininity".

Hitler with crippling one-itis. If CH had been around then for Hitler to read, he would know that women are interchangeable, and he would not have wasted so much time on a girl who barely knew he existed.

> This enthusiasm took the form of writing "countless love poems" to Stefanie, with titles such as Hymn To The Beloved.

Ugh. As you can see, even maniacal dictators with dreams of world conquest can fall into the same horrible beta traps as your typical weepy 21st century brooding teen boy with xVideos tabbed for convenience. If only Hitler had the compiled wisdom of CH, he would remember the maxim that you do not reward a woman with your love until after she has rewarded you with her sex.

> Perhaps it is fortunate they no longer exist, as Kubizek recalls Hitler reciting one to him in which “Stefanie, a high-born damsel, in a dark blue, flowing velvet gown, rode on a white steed over the flowering meadows, her loose hair falling in golden waves on her shoulders; a clear blue sky was above; everything was pure, radiant joy.”
>
> Kubizek remembered “Adolf?s face glowing with fervent ecstasy” as he recited these verses. Yet in all the four years he worshipped Stefanie, Hitler never once plucked up the courage actually to exchange a single word with her. He insisted that once he met her, no words would be needed.

The elaborate fantasy world of the lovesick beta male. You know, a part of me feels not just pity, but even tender admiration, for young Hitler’s romantic idealism, so pure of thought and intention. This was a Hitler, however misguided, who denied a cynical world its tribute in parcels of his uncorrupted soul. How might things have turned out differently had a strong male presence — an alpha male mentor — shown him the way to fulfill his burning desire? Or at least told him to stop acting like a tool?

> “For such extraordinary human beings as himself and Stefanie,” he told Kubizek, “there was no need for the usual communication by word of mouth: extraordinary human beings would understand each other by intuition.” Moreover, Hitler convinced himself not only that Stefanie knew what his views and ideas were, but also that she shared them enthusiastically. Such was the power of his crush on this unwitting girl that he even believed her capable of telepathy.

The young beta, before time and painful lessons have turned him bitter, is prone to these flights of ego-soothing fancy, whereby amorphous “connections” of the most tenuous nature with his love object become rationalizations for inaction and unrealistic expectations of a future together.

> When Kubizek expressed doubt that Hitler could possibly know what Stefanie thought about anything, considering they hadn’t yet spoken, “he became furious and shouted at me: ‘You simply don’t understand, because you can’t understand the true meaning of extraordinary love’.”

Can’t you just imagine an American teenage boy, with little understanding of the nature of women, saying these exact words to his street smart buddy, or his patient father?

> Hitler also somehow convinced himself that Stefanie was feigning interest in other men “as a sort of deliberate diversion to conceal her own tempestuous feelings for him”.
>
> Nonetheless, “this attitude often gave way to fits of raging jealousy”.

We’re veering into almost omega male territory here. Can a school shooting be far behind?

> What he never summoned up the courage to do was simply introduce himself to Stefanie’s mother on one of their walks and ask permission to escort them and address her daughter, which was the accepted way of effecting a meeting in those days.

To be fair to Hitler, it was a lot tougher to pick up a girl in his time. Could you picture some video gamer bro having to introduce himself to a girl’s mother to get in a word with the girl?

> Hitler was disturbed when he discovered Stefanie enjoyed dancing, which was “as contrary to his nature as smoking or drinking beer in a bar”. Kubizek half-jokingly suggested he take up dancing lessons, and suddenly their walks were no longer dominated by his long diatribes about the theatre or Danubian bridges, but instead by the subject of dancing.

> "Visualise a crowded ballroom," Hitler said to Kubizek, "and imagine you are deaf. You can't hear the music to which these people are moving, and then take a look at their senseless progress, which leads nowhere. Aren't these people raving mad?" When Kubizek attempted to disagree, Hitler screamed at him: "No, no, never! I shall never dance! Do you understand? Once Stefanie is my wife, she won't have the slightest desire to dance!"

Here we see another facet of the beta male mind: The strict adherence to logic and linearity, and the inability to go with the flow. A great seducer of women Hitler was not, at least not then, or he would have known that the art of courtship involves emotional tangents that can seem confusing to men, but are nourishing and necessary to women.

> It was in the depression brought on by the news of Stefanie's love of dancing that the Hitler of the future can suddenly be discerned: "He hit upon a crazy idea: he seriously considered kidnapping Stefanie. He expounded his plan to me in all its details and assigned to me my role. I had to keep the mother engaged in conversation while he seized the girl."

This is what rejected beta males thought about doing before they had access to internet porn.

> After this plot was abandoned for lack of funds to live on after their elopement, Hitler considered suicide. "He would jump into the river from the Danube bridge," he told Kubizek, "and then it would be over and done with. But Stefanie would have to die with him", he insisted on that.
>
> "Once more, a plan was thought up, in all its details. Every single phase of the horrifying tragedy was minutely described."

What's worse than a beta male? A beta male with a psychopath's eye for detail.

> However, before any desperate plan could be carried out against Stefanie, Hitler's mood brightened. In June 1906, at the Linz flower festival, he and Kubizek took up places in a street, the Schmiedtorstrasse, which was so narrow, the festival carriages full of girls and young ladies had to pass close to them.
>
> "Stefanie had adorned her carriage not with roses as most of the others, but with simple wild blossoms: red poppies, white marguerites and blue cornflowers," recalled Kubizek. "A bright glance falls on Adolf. Stefanie sends him a beaming smile and, picking a flower from her posy, throws it to him."
>
> The effect on Hitler was transforming. "Never again did I see Adolf as happy as at that moment."
>
> "She loves me!" he told his friend. "You have seen! She loves me!"

This is how beta orbiters are born and maintained in their orbital flight paths. Stefanie probably wasn't even aware of what she was doing; she was following an unconscious evolutionary script that maximized her extraction of emotional resources from a beta swooner.

> [Hitler] had an absurdly idealised view of this pretty but otherwise normal Austrian teenager, and, as Kubizek understood, "the slightest divergence from this picture would have filled him with unspeakable disappointment".

Now you know why the archipelago of misfit manboobs, male feminists, slam poets, game denialists, and suck-up white knights are so vehemently enraged when a realtalker like yours truly comes along to put the screws to their carefully mani-pedi'ed worldview. They have too much invested in their powerlessness.

> In fact, it later transpired that, despite her surname, Stefanie was not Jewish. But crucially, Hitler and Kubizek did not know this at the time, signifying that the future perpetrator of the Holocaust had no animus against Jews as a young man.

> Did he therefore cynically invent his hatred of Jews as a useful vehicle for gaining power in post-Great War Germany? This explanation is even more sinister than any of the myriad others as to where and when he contracted the bacillus of anti-Semitism.

Or perhaps, even more sinisterly, Hitler became the man he did when, as a young man in the grip of hot unrequited love, his Jewish princess “rejected” him for the charming alpha males Hitler despised. What followed from that irreparable wound to his heart was an act of id vengeance that would set fire to the world. Was WWI then, the revenge of a beta male scorned?

Chateau Heartiste has written that game can save the West. Disbelievers scoff. But if this outpost of sanity had been around during Hitler’s flowering youth to enlighten him about the nature of the fairer sex, the West might very well have been saved. Saved not just from war and genocide, but from every evil — cultural Marxism, feminism, equalism, and now racial self-annihilationism — that has come after.

A Dying Culture's Malignant Tumors

CH · 26 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Prepare to glimpse into the belching maw of the Dystopia Abyss…

> 'For reasons unfathomable to the court,' BethMarie Retamozzo, 34, 'would rather have [her boyfriend] in her life than to reunite with her children,' judge wrote in Aug. 8 order.

The background:

A white single mom (if photo is accurate) has amassed a grand total of seven children by at least three different men, one white, one hispanic, one black.

This model mom is trying to regain custody of two of her bastard spawn, who are now under the care of her parents.

Her current boyfriend is a Class A badboy who has hit one of the kids with a belt and exposed himself to another.

She ignored her own protection order which she had against her boyfriend to be with him, and lied to the court about it, thus violating a court order barring the boyfriend from being present during her visits with the children.

WIth the help and/or incompetence of her visit supervisor/landlord, single mom abducts her kids and heads for a truck stop in South Carolina, where cops eventually catch up with her thanks to the trail of texts she sent to her boyfriend along the entire trip.

This is dysgenic idiocracy accelerated to warped speed. Every one of these losers is a cancer feeding on the soul of a once-healthy culture, which we all pay for the pleasure. And the elite, safely ensconced behind private schools, egregious zoning laws and sky high rents, mock from a safe distance, unwilling or unable to grasp how their policies and ideological pronouncements encourage the downward spiral, or how their sanctuaries shrink by the day, their overrun imminent.

I met an orphan from a deracinated land
Who said, 'A mother and a judge in robes
Stand in family court. Near them at the table,
Half mad, a sadistic lawyer lies, whose greed
And rubbing hands and sneer of cold command
tell that its benefactor well its interests read
Which yet survive, stamped on these broken wards,
The handout that enslaves them and the heart that is bled.
And on the chamber door these words appear:
'My name is Feminism, daughter of Equalism:
Look on my works, ye merry, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that cultural wreck, shameless and bare,
The lone and empty homes stretch far away".

Are Antidepressants Ruining American Women?

CH · 27 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Think about the ecumenical change in society that, intuitively, must be happening with the widespread use of various hindbrain altering drugs, like the Pill and antidepressants. This is a change in biochemistry unparalleled in human evolutionary history. It'd be a miracle of serendipity if there weren't blowback.

A reader surmises,

> Great site. Good advice. But …
>
> There is something to be said for all the anti-depressants/mood stabilizers/whatevers that women are taking these days. And I mean, a LOT of women on are on these psych drugs. You're asking me so what, right? Well …
>
> A lot of a man's behavior toward women rests on the presumption (truth) that women are insecure and may get depressed at times, and when they do, they choose a man that has been solid for them. They either choose one, confide in the one they "love" or return to one. BUT, with these drugs, I think a lot of their negative feelings are prevented, making them less vulnerable.
>
> It's something I've noticed among professional women. Sure, maybe my game isn't what it was, but I think it's worth addressing. Women's drugs are changing the game a little bit.

An interesting hypothesis we have here, and one that may go a ways to explaining why there is a growing impression among American men that their women are becoming manlier, sluttier, present-time oriented, and all-around less provocatively charming.

Here's a lovefact sure to torque a feminist's fat hamster into a tailspin:

Maxim #27: Beyond beauty, a woman's attractiveness to men is partly a function of her feminine vulnerability, or her ability to mimic feminine vulnerability.

Corollary to Maxim #27: Men are turned off by overconfident, assertive, proudly self-sufficient women.

Yep, despite the delusional claptrap that feminists want the world to believe, men don't swoon for women who act like men. Non-manboobed men with hanging testicles don't, at any rate. Invulnerability is not sexy on women.

Men, at least K-selected men from the frigid Northlands where the cold winds blow and nothing grows for six months, are hard-wired with a protection instinct. We want to guard the carriers of our kingly posterity.

Evolution, therefore, has ensured that men respond viscerally to beautiful, weak women needing protection. A woman in need rallies a man's ready seed.

Enter antidepressants. Suddenly women all over the sub-veneer tribal landscape are feeling invincible, unstoppable, and perfectly capable on their own. "No means no, creeper!" The manly protective (beta) instinct which warms the hearts of biochemically natural women leaves SSRI drugged-up simulacra of women feeling indifferent, even antagonistic, to the same signals of stoically masculine benefaction.

Multiply this effect a hundredfold in the homeland of the SWPL: The big blue whitening cities of the coasts, where every vibrantly atomized lawyercunt and her bovine cockblock are hopped up on happy happy happy pills. No joke, I'd bet 80% of Obama Country college-grad white chicks are dazed and confused with the help of Big Father Pharma. That percentage jumps to 99% when you expand the age range to include spinsters with two or more cats aka alpha male substitutes.

All successful game requires, in lesser or greater dose, the deployment, consciously or otherwise, of psychological tactics which raise the man's relative status, lower the woman's relative status, or both. This is a fact of the nature of

the sexes, and it exists because the lifeblood of lust is fed to men and women by different veins. What excites a woman — the challenging company of a higher value, dominant man — is different than what excites a man — the company of a coy, vulnerable, pretty woman. You can rail to the ends of the earth about this fallen state of humanity, but you will never change it, not as long as there are two sexes evolved with differing reproductive goals.

It makes sense, then, that drugs which create a disturbance in the sexual polarity force would also have a downstream effect on courtship, both the traditional and the modern game styles of mate acquisition. A less vulnerable-feeling woman is a woman less receptive to beta provider game, and — this is getting deep into CH theory of modern dating dynamics territory — more receptive to sexy alpha bounder game.

An artificially happy and confident woman is, in short, a no-game-having beta male's worst nightmare.

(A few of you wags might say that SSRIs are helping turn the US from a Euro mating market to an African mating market, where sky high self-esteem absent any supporting evidence is the norm.)

As a visionary acolyte of Le Chateau, you want to know how to make this new social reality work for you. (Some of you want to change it back to where it was before it turned wicked, but that is a concern for wise old men with rerouted energies.) A good start is dread game, which is the seducer's answer to invulnerable women.

Some other proto-men, like the scalzied followers of male feminists, take the opposite tack, and submit themselves completely to the whim of Tsarina Bombas, in hopes, apparently, that their utter prostration would excite in women the pity fuck compulsion before it triggers their active repulsion reflex.

A specific skill of modern seduction, as channeled through game, will therefore need to be (sadly from a certain perspective) the ability to evoke, in pinprick psychological jabs, sadness, fear, worry and self-doubt in the Happy Harlots of Late Hour America. If you lack this skill, you'll find more cynical men stealing your lamb meat off your white linened table.

Or, you could just wait out the coming collapse in your Galtian gulch, and watch the feckless loverboys starve in the streets live-streamed, as the newly vulnerable women rediscover the value of your warm hearth. But by that time, you'll have stuccoed the entirety of your masturbatorium.

The antidepressant ruination of American women is a theory worth investigating, particularly in light of observational evidence in favor. Perhaps enterprising readers will unearth studies which connect the dots. Or perhaps they'll just say "what the fuck", and give the Supergirls a double dose of ego-smashing sexytime.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 28 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. “[Taleb’s] antifragility not only resembles Game, it describes Game, and to a certain extent, it even explains why Game is so effective.”

2. “At that moment, I wondered if I was the only one of my group who hated with everything in my heart the slimy hypocrites around me.”

3. “The best map ever made of America’s ~~racial segregation~~ libertarian bubbles.”

4. “This threatpoint gives leverage to women in a marriage, giving her unilateral control over the future of the commitment.”

5. Commenter to Amanjaw Marcuntte: “In other words, Massachusetts profiles.”

6. “Brookings, like any not-for-profit organization, survives through contributions. And it is a fact of life that these organizations cannot afford to do many, if any, studies that are counter to the goals of the donors.”

7. “and *that’s* the part that the happy leftists are missing from their thinking [sic] about epigenetics. epigenetics is obviously some sort of *adaptation*… so it must be coded for *in our genes* somewhere. that methylation happens to alter the expression of genes isn’t some miracle, however amazing it may be. it’s *coded for.”*

8. “If she moved into your apartment sans a ring, you’re *better off* than married folk in the happiness department, new research suggests.”

9. Opt out of global data surveillance programs.

10. “They had every Facebook post I had ever made in a huge file, along with all my wife’s information, and parent’s information,” As Vox says, your two choices when under assault by a power-hungry Big Brother 1984-ish surveillance state are either go dark, or go disinformation. Or, like CH, do both.

The Cuckold Fetish Epidemic

CH · 28 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Have testosterone levels fallen so far, so fast, that men are now down with doing the equivalent of sitting in a corner and watching their wives rut with better men? Does the fapping feel better when lubed with their salty cuckold tears?

askjoe pithily remarks,

> Hey, my wife wants to hang out with some guy who's on tv, maybe I should tag along, what?

Something is going very wrong with Western white male culture. The signs are everywhere. Manboobs to the left of me, male feminists to the right, here I am stuck in the middle with SWPL "anti-racists". It's as if a giant cosmic vacuum has hoovered the manly essence from every white man's nut sack and left a dangly wrinkled uvula in place of their scrotums.

As orc armies vault over the Cathedral's two-inch fortress walls, as subversives and traitors stockpile the airwaves with lies so egregious they border on farce, as drone operators and internal spies use the Bill of Rights as toilet paper, white men valiantly respond to the crisis in their nation's character by hoisting their battle flag and….

bending over so that their enemies may have the pleasure of ramming it as far up their rectums as propriety will allow. And in this gleeful anti-white male climate, that's a lot of ramming.

Forget about inflection points. Western white men have passed the insertion point.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 28 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. “[Taleb’s] antifragility not only resembles Game, it describes Game, and to a certain extent, it even explains why Game is so effective.”

2. “At that moment, I wondered if I was the only one of my group who hated with everything in my heart the slimy hypocrites around me.”

3. “The best map ever made of America’s ~~racial segregation~~ libertarian bubbles.”

4. “This threatpoint gives leverage to women in a marriage, giving her unilateral control over the future of the commitment.”

5. Commenter to Amanjaw Marcuntte: “In other words, Massachusetts profiles.”

6. “Brookings, like any not-for-profit organization, survives through contributions. And it is a fact of life that these organizations cannot afford to do many, if any, studies that are counter to the goals of the donors.“

7. “and *that’s* the part that the happy leftists are missing from their thinking [sic] about epigenetics. epigenetics is obviously some sort of *adaptation*… so it must be coded for *in our genes* somewhere. that methylation happens to alter the expression of genes isn’t some miracle, however amazing it may be. it’s *coded for.”*

8. “If she moved into your apartment sans a ring, you’re *better off* than married folk in the happiness department, new research suggests.”

9. Opt out of global data surveillance programs.

10. “They had every Facebook post I had ever made in a huge file, along with all my wife’s information, and parent’s information,” As Vox says, your two choices when under assault by a power-hungry Big Brother 1984-ish surveillance state are either go dark, or go disinformation. Or, like CH, do both.

Every CH Text Game Tactic Used On One Girl At Once

CH · 29 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader exploited the collected wisdom of Chateau Heartiste text game techniques and unloaded it all on one unsuspecting girl. Hilarity ensued. (The dude's replies are in blue. Also, note the time stamps for even more yuks.)

After you're done stitching up your split sides, take a moment to reflect on the two lessons offered by this romantic *tete-a-tete*.

1. There is such a thing as overgaming. Too much game, all at once, can make you seem unattainable. Or uninterested. Or clownish. Think of game as the large muscle groups of your body. Those showy guns are impressive, but without all the connective tissue, the skeletal frame, the ligaments and tendons, and the small stabilizer muscles, you aren't doing much with those guns except blasting one giant cap before blowing out a knee. So you work on building up those "stabilizer" parts of your game, like your congruency, your inner calm, your attitude, your story-telling, your timing, your piecemeal vulnerability, your calculated relenting, your genuine displays of interest, etc…

HOWEVER…

2. Notice that even this funnyman's blatant disregard of the rule against overgaming doesn't kill his chances with the woman, who is obviously committed to the conversation and unable to fully extract herself in a face-saving manner. Her replies have all the tells of a woman who is absolutely intrigued by the man who taunts her:

– correcting her own grammar mistakes
– prompt replies to his delayed replies
– her tacit admission that she would like to be invited by him somewhere in the future
– her yearning to know what he means by his cryptic texts ("Movies?")
– the large discrepancy in text lengths (she must write twenty words for every one of his)
– the inability to stop replying to his texts, even when his texts began veering into absurdity. (a sincerely uninterested woman stops replying after the first or second go-round)

The truth that keeps rearing its ugly face is this: If you, as a man, set yourself apart from the beta male masses, no matter how outrageous your cocky assholery, you will swim in a sea of pussy. At the least, you will have dropped your oars into that sea, while the betas are high and dry, watching you sail off from afar.

End of debate. Ladies, you only have your tingles to blame for the men you escort to your beds.

PS I got an extra belly laugh from this part:

"Sorry I require effort. Not a call girl or 22 years old anymore. Was fun when I was but that's all done now. … No longer the girl who goes to hang while you DJ then I get drunk then you fuck me after."

It's always those post-peak nubility women with slutty pasts who "require effort". Sorry. If you want "effort", you have to be worth it. Effort, like respect, must be earned. And a former "alpha fux, beta bux" party girl on the downslope of her beauty career nursing regrets about having given it away for free to DJs when she was younger, hotter, tighter is not a prize that many men with options will put much effort into wooing.

Be happy you got a "8====D".

Beta Of The Month: Epic Showdown

CH · 30 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally, CH showcases truly abhorrent beta males as “teachable moments” for the gathered readership, with the hope that readers will learn what kinds of behavior to avoid in their dealings with women (and men). This edition of Beta Of The Month (BOTM) features a smashmuff vagina-off between not two, not three, but FIVE detestable beta males for the honor of the bestest beta forever (BBF).

***

BOTM Candidate #1 was submitted by an anonymous emailer. A loosely-termed man does a poetry slam (faggot SWPL manboob alert) about his travails getting friendzoned all through high school. Instead of learning from his excruciatingly recollected misery, he instead chooses more of the same self-flagellation that got him nothing. (The stomach-turning point is at 2:09):

The psychological similarity between the liberal supine beta male and the liberal feminist fat apologist is striking. Both prefer to indict the boogeyman of inegalitarian societal expectation rather than admit their miserable outcomes in life are brought on by their own actions. Admitting their agency would mean admitting the power to improve their romantic lives is in their own hands, and that’s a power that is frightening to those types who wallow in the phantom freedom of powerlessness. Admitting that their romantic failure makes them miserable would mean admitting there is an intractable biological directive which cannot be disobeyed without inviting unhappy consequences, and that’s an ugly truth the ideologically bound equalist can’t handle.

Accepting power into one’s life means surrendering the martyr’s podium. Like any addict, that martyr’s podium is the only thing keeping the self-abnegating status whores tethered to sanity. Withdrawal is a bitch.

(Buttonhole Poetry, amirite?)

***

BOTM Candidate #2 was submitted by **el chief**. You have to wonder about a man who would agree to having this photo taken:

The cake icing reads, “Sorry about the divorce.” The crazy-eyed chihuahua lady is divorcing our intrepid beta, and rubbing his face in that fact. Now whether she’s just a sperg who didn’t mean no harm, or a sadist who likes to drive home the humiliation, is hard to say. Either way, he’s a huge beta for 1) letting their marriage decay to the point where she felt comfortable pulling this stunt on him and 2) standing there like a goof proudly displaying her heel mark on his face.

***

BOTM Candidate #3 was submitted by another anonymous acolyte of the lord of the flies. A divorced man gives advice to still-married men. His checklist reads like a rectal ring history of how many ass rammings he suffered at the hands of women pegging his delicate flower ego over the course of his stillborn life. See for yourself:

1. Never stop courting. – “Never forget that, as the husband, you are a second-class citizen who can lose it all in a second.”
2. Protect your own heart. – Meaningless pabulum, given the contradicting advice directly above it.
3. Fall in love over and over again. – Kind of hard to do when your wife gets fat and bitchy.
4. Always see the best in her. – What if she just took a dump on your jazz LP collection?
5. It’s not your job to change or fix her. – So it’s not her job to change or fix you, either, right? Right?
6. Take full accountability for your own emotions. – “If you’re mad she cheated, that’s your problem. Deal with it.”
7. Never blame your wife if you get frustrated or angry. – “I’m sorry I made you cheat on me, honey.”
8. Allow your woman to just be. – “You want to screw a mandingo while I watch? I love it when you’re just being you!”
9. Be silly. – Easier than being dominant.
10. Fill her soul everyday. – May as well, since you won’t be filling anything else of hers.
11. Be present. – Because you don’t have a life outside of her incessant chatter.
12. Be willing to take her sexually. – This is the only good piece of advice in the whole list.
13. Don’t be an idiot. – Better yet, don’t be a beta pushover.
14. Give her space. – …to eat, pray, love.
15. Be vulnerable. – Cause you know how much those sexy babes love sensitive new age men!
16. Be fully transparent. – “I really want to stick my dick in the neighbor’s teenage daughter.”
17. Never stop growing together. – Not a problem in America.
18. Don’t worry about money. – If you’re a beta male, money is about the only leverage you have. Deleverage yourself at your peril.
19. Forgive immediately. – “I forgive you for withholding sex from me for five years.”
20. Always choose love. – You know what they call men who always choose love, no matter what? Stalkers.

Fuckin A, I feel dirty.

***

BOTM Candidate #4 was submitted by… well, by the universe. His name is: John Scalzi. *boom* And the mic gets dropped.

John Scalzi, for those of you who don’t know, is some kind of pulp sci-fi writer and avowed male feminist icon, two things which ought not go together, and which probably explains the dire condition of modern sci-fi. He recently was the unwilling subject of a funny male feminist meme when a prankster, (not CH, for the record, though if Scalzi wants to publicize his humiliation, why stop him?), grabbed a photo of him in his Sunday finest and hoisted him by his own retard.

First thing that comes to mind when I look at that pic is whether he stuffs his bra, or if that's natural. Next thing I wonder is if he's pregnant. And, finally, if the dog ate his inflated blog stats.

Scalzi was so butthurt by this misappropriation of his militant male effeminacy, that he struck back with a resounding declaration of how little he cared that people were calling him a feminist. I mean, come on, the guy's got 20,000 acres to sow his domesticated oats. How many acres do you own?

(How faggoty do you have to be to use a term like "dudebro"?)

Scalzi's nom for BOTM was the result of his life's work in support of a national gelding project for white men. Here, for instance, is Scalzi declaiming that anyone who mocks his milquetoast feminist orthodoxy is a "woman-fearing moron". And here is his infamous "anti-racism" Yankee Poodle status-whoring heretic-hunting gibberish comparing life as a white man to a video game on the lowest difficulty setting. (Anyone know the racial composition of Scalzi's neighborhood?)

Regarding that last linked post, if you plan to communicate with a eunuch nerd such as Scalzi, you have to speak the language of the eunuch nerd. Now it's been a long time since I tapped a video game for love, but I recall that playing an RPG-style game on the easiest setting meant that you would earn experience points more slowly than a player playing at a higher difficulty setting. You would also earn less treasure, and less valuable treasure. So I suppose what our eunuch nerd is trying to say is that non-whites advance faster in their careers and make more money.

Of course, Scalzi's whole premise is garbage of the smelliest kind, but that's to be expected from a PC-drenched eunuch nerd who refuses to acknowledge that races differ biologically and thus that any resulting "privilege" one race has over another in a culture full of vibrant diversity is an organically emergent phenomenon necessarily caused by differing innate abilities. Never mind the broader implications undermining this "anti-privilege" moral posturing that nations are, almost by definition, political structures designed to privilege its citizens over non-citizens. And that, as families and individuals, we all are trying our best to privilege us and ours over everyone else. To do otherwise would be folly. Scalzi, perhaps you'd like to forfeit your privileged 20 acres for a mule?

Some may recall that Scalzi was the inspiration for this term of art coined by yours truly, (although King A has his

crackpot legal team assembled to prove he deserves equal coinage credit):

> **Scalzied** is similar to being afflicted with palsy. The body and mind contort to accommodate delusional pabulum.

Instead of picking one nauseatingly trademark example of Scalzi's betatude from among the mountain of betatudination he has amassed, a feat which would require an immense amount of man hours, (a concept with which Scalzi, as a lurching nerd member in slouched standing of the Ascended Testes Society, would have no familiarity), the entire oeuvre of his betatude is here presented for consideration of his rightful place on the Throne of Manboobs. May he wear his crown of tampons well.

***

BOTM Candidate #5 was submitted by too many readers to count. A Polish woman of questionable allure wants to get into the Guinness Book of World Records for the ignominy of sleeping with 100,000 men. But since this contest is Beta of the Month, and not Mentally Deranged Slut of the Month, we have to read into the story a bit deeper to find our corrupted soul of a broken beta male.

> Ania Lisewska, 21, is allegedly attempting to travel to every city in the world so she can have sex with at least 100,000 men for 20 minutes each.

A reader calculated this honorable goal to work out to 28 men per day, for ten pre-wall years, (that number will have to come down considerably, post-wall). About 9 hours of sex per day at 20 minutes per man.

> "I want men from Poland, Europe and all around the world. I love sex, fun and men," she said, according to the Austrian Times. "In Poland the subject of sex is still taboo and anyone who wants to fulfill their sexual fantasies is considered a deviant, a whore or mentally ill."

A working definition of mentally ill is: Are you the only woman out of one million women who has this need?

> The supposed sex marathon allegedly began last month in Warsaw, according to her Facebook page, and she hopes to have her way across Poland before moving to other countries.
>
> So far, she's had sex with 284 men, according to Fakt.pl and didn't let the fact she has a serious boyfriend stop her.
>
> He told the Polish language website he was "not thrilled" with her unusual hobby, but had no choice and "had to come to terms" with it.

There's our beta.

The problem with stories like this one is the likelihood it's a scam or a troll. However, if real, you have to give standing O beta props to this boyfriend who has "come to terms" with his girlfriend getting drilled like a Saudi oil field. And you can bet, despite subconscious misgivings, that feminists and their manboy lackeys, like "dudebro" above, will praise such a feeble, crooked specimen of manhood for his nonjudgmentalism and refusal to abide horrible double standards based in discredited biology.

I think that's enough mucking around in filth for a day. To the vote… The Epic Showdown Beta of the Month is…Poetry slam boyman who rationalizes his friendzone fateHusband who gets divorce cake from crazy happy wife dreaming of alimonyDivorced man who gives godawful "suck it up" marriage adviceJohn ScalziBoyfriend of nympho who wants to bang 100,000 men on his watch**Vote**View ResultsPolldaddy.com

Troll Or Omega Male?

CH · 30 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Her arms, those perfectly rounded seat belts
which safely hold you on a ride in her plus-mobile
are oh so beautiful
And once they are back in resting position
hanging beside her body
then forming a sort of secondary cleavages
as if you did not already have enough of
her naturally large cleavage. Troll or omega male?TrollOmega male**Vote**View ResultsPolldaddy.com

Comment Of The Week: Tight As A Kite Edition

CH · 3 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Anonymous (probable troll, doesn't matter) proudly declaims,

> I am a psychiatrist who recently prescribed the main girl im fucking [who is a 26 yo former full time model] wellbutrin bc she was feeling depressed regarding the fact that id never marry her….but she feels like she cant leave the relationship. So in essence I have control of this bitches mind psychologically AND biologically. Its tight.

Keep it unreal, my friend.

I wonder if there are certain occupations that provide the practitioner with a skill set suited for chronic womanizing? I think psychology and psychiatry would qualify, even if half of what's taught in psychology is bullshit, (in the arena of picking up women, that's a feature not a bug). Or it could just be that womanizers are interested in fields like psychology, which attract a disproportionate share of them. Male-oriented occupations like IT, manufacturing, or the trades tend not to be filled with many mindfuck masters of the pussiverse. Among the men who have carved out a living in female-oriented or unisexual fields that require more verbal facility than math ability or hand-eye coordination are some of the most talented and ruthless of pussy slayers. Show me a face-time guy at a PR firm and I'll show you a man whose biggest problem is keeping his mistresses quiet.

Game Is Real

CH · 4 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Occasional testimonials of the awesome power of game are useful for new readers. Via Vox at Alpha Game,

> Small example: I recently ran into a girl I'd been very interested in a couple years back and never really gotten over, but our conversation went very differently than it would have even 6 months ago. She'd effectively friend-zoned me a long time ago (or more accurately, I'd clumsily friend-zoned myself), but at one point after I said something that surprised her, I saw unguarded respect in her eyes. That's a feeling I'll not soon forget, and in an instant it confirmed more of what's been said here to me than 100 logical arguments could.
>
> The result was that I'm no longer friend-zoned, and I'm also no longer interested.. funny how when you change from responder to initiator you start seeing people differently. Now of course an Alpha will find all that amusing and a silly thing to call a victory, but that's fine. It's progress. Some guys have to start bench-pressing with just the bar, but they don't have to linger there for long.

That "unguarded respect" is what I like to call a "Surge of Tingle". It's that feel women get when shocked by a blast of alpha-tude from a man whom they never expected such a blast. The Surge of Tingle sends lustblood to her physical and cortical extremities, and the perceptive man will notice it most clearly in her eyes, where the dull sheen of boredom with the world's mediocre masses of beta males is swept away by a lively, shiny, moist expressiveness roused to ocular attention by a charismatically challenging man.

Sometimes all it takes is a few words that are different than all the words you have spoken in your life to women before. A path formerly untravelled, but rich with promises of breathtaking scenery, if you will only take a step forward on it. You have a license to charm. Use it. When you do, the reality of game will materialize like an obelisk from the retreating fog, and you'll finally have your understanding.

Recommended Great Books For Aspiring Womanizers

CH · 4 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Michael Blowhard once challenged CH and readers to look at what the great writers in the Western literary tradition had to say about courtship. Many responded.

Alas, it is not God's plenty. A man who relies on literature for his models can easily get swept away by the glorious pedestalizing.

Ovid's seduction manual, The Art of Love, is pretty uneven in its advice. Stendhal's On Love is pretty good. Castiglione's Book of the Courtier is a good manual for how to be an overall attractive man. (Both were used to good effect by Robert Greene in The Art of Seduction.) Moliere shows what not to do in The Misanthrope, as does Flaubert in Madame Bovary. Byron has some scattered good thoughts. Burke, from a more traditionalist perspective, has some profound thoughts on masculinity and femininity. I've never read Casanova's memoirs so I cannot tell you how good they are as literature or as pickup advice. I haven't read Laclos' Dangerous Liasons either. It's been a long, long time since I read Richardson's Clarissa, with its famous seducer Lovelace. Freud expounds nicely on female narcissism.

I'd also throw in How to be the Jerk Women Love by F.J. Shark (truly a great classic in the annals of lit-ra-choor), Nine and a Half Weeks by Elizabeth McNeill, and Story of O by Pauline Reage. Even pulp romance novels, however hackish, can be helpful to your learned pursuit of utterly dominating a woman's will and heart. As with the last two book recommendations, female authors will invariably reveal their pulsing erotic ids through their characters. The trick to reading romantic literature written by a woman is to pay attention to what TURNS ON the female character. Not what the character claims to want in a hypothetical boyfriend or husband, but what she specifically describes that got her tingling like a Van de Graaff generator. Editorial commentary can be ignored, because the prerequisite for becoming any woman's ideal lover is to first become her actual lover.

Monthly Cycle Game: A Teaser

CH · 4 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

CH taunted and teased you ladies with hints of forthcoming posts on **Monthly Cycle Game**.

> [T]here are two distinct schools of game every man should use: One tailored to women during the one week they're ovulating and demanding of more dominance signals, and one tailored to women during the three weeks they prefer more signals of attainability and commitment. How will you know when to use each? Stay tuned.

Here's a little pleaser teaser to get you started on your road to mastering MCG, the art of adjusting your game to women's cycles. A reader passed along the following study.

> Synopsis ad paraphrase: That the most fertile women have a 29.5 day cycle, and their menstration tends to be during full moon. While the most infertile women tend to bleed a week after full moon.

File this baby under "wow, just wow". Do you enjoy the pleasures of exceedingly fertile women with exquisite hourglass figures who look like they could birth a small village? Then you'll want to ramp up your aloof alpha cockiness when they're ovulating, which appears to be, according to this study, [correction: two weeks before] full moons. So look up at the night sky, find that love-lit orb shining its arrogant fullest, wait two weeks, and confidently neg that hard 10 knowing she'll never be more receptive to your jerkboy charms than right at that moment.

In future posts dedicated to the concept of Monthly Cycle Game, CH will examine the ovulatory "tells" that betray maximally fertile women; tells which men with a trained eye will be able to pick up and exploit to their end-of-civilization advantage.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 5 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

As a reader notes, a good rule of thumb for determining the alpha male among men is which man would you least want to pick a fight with in a bar? Physical size doesn't even have to factor into this equation.

In this photo, Obama appears to have as many beta male tells as Putin has alpha male tells.

Obama:

– biting lower lip
– leaning forward
– nearly crossing feet
– one foot resting pigeon-toed
– closed off leg position, sheltering manhood from turbulence
– craning neck
– slouched shoulders
– "man with no chest" syndrome
– the soft eyes of a community organizer

Putin:

– expressionless, with hint of annoyed boredom
– leaning back in his chair
– open leg stance, daring the world to confront his manhood
– feet firmly planted on ground
– back straight
– chest out
– head, chin and chest aligned in a single plane
– the hard eyes of a seasoned warrior

Interestingly, both men are interlocking their fingers and propping their arms in similar ways, but Putin's arm and

hand position strikes the viewer as more alpha. Why is that? Well, body language cues can be exceedingly subtle. The difference between a beta posture and an alpha posture can reduce to mere centimeters. Putin's arms are slightly more spread out, like a bird of prey's wingspan in mid-flight, than are Obama's arms. This gives Putin's overall physical presence a more open look, and this openness is one of the classic signals of alpha maleness. The beta is weak and defensive, always glancing around for incipient threats, his body tightened into a ball of nerves. The alpha is strong and relaxed, expecting no threats but nevertheless welcoming any threats which may come his way.

Why does any of this matter? Do you like women? Because if you do, then you have to know how to satisfy women's desires. And women desire, almost universally, the attention of a charismatically towering, larger than life alpha male.

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Reader Mailbag: Indicators of Self-Interest Edition

CH · 6 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A concerned reader with self-confidence issues writes,

> Background – I became game-aware around a year ago, currently seeing this Asian chick for the last 4 months, exclusive for the last 2. To be frank, she's out of my league – she's a 7, 8 on a good day, works as a doctor and very feminine. I'm a 5-6 with a blue-collar office job although there's lots of potential for growth. She pretty much does everything I want, cooks, cleans, strips naked and blows me without even asking, so on and so forth.
>
> She recently told me about a guy from work (another doctor, to be fair he's good-looking 8ish) who's been hitting on her (verified from a 3rd party), he asked her out, she told him about me and declined but nevertheless he's continuing to push his luck. Now she's declined him 3 or 4 times now but he doesn't get the message, a few questions:
>
> Is her telling me about this a sign that she's got nothing to hide from me, or an attempt to make me jealous?
>
> When she first brought it up it did bother me but I acted nonchalant and gave her tips for flirting with guys. How should I act towards her if she brings this up again?
>
> I'll be at a party with her in a couple of weeks and he'll be there, if he starts hitting on her in my presence, what is the appropriate response?

There are three reasons a woman you are banging would tell you about other men expressing interest in her:

1. **DRAMA**. Like all women, she enjoys periodic injections of relationship drama, and will manufacture that drama herself if none is forthcoming. This female-centric need for scene will be felt more acutely if she holds a subconscious suspicion that she can do better than you. The greater the perceived SMV (sexual market value) differential, the more she will create drama or welcome drama when it's available free of charge.

Your waifu lover may be stirring the acid brine of jealousy to gauge your response for its alphaness. If this is the case, your first response was a good one. You brushed it off with a precision-guided Agree & Amplify tingle bomb. I would continue with this strategy until it becomes obvious that she's no longer semi-kidding, at which point you turn steely-eyed on a dime and tell her "You're making yourself look really unattractive to me right now. You sure you want to keep going like this?"

2. **FISHING FOR REASSURANCE**. If your girlfriend's SMV is lower than yours, she may engage in feeble jealousy tactics as a means of enticing you to reassure her of her sexual worth. She figures if she can embed even a tiny seed of doubt in your mind about her desirability on the open market and her willingness to exercise her options, you will react by offering her higher quality signals of commitment. This does not sound like the motivation of your girlfriend, if your SMV assessments are accurate.

3. **GUILT RELIEF**. This motive is the worst of the three, because it forecloses any possibility of saving the relationship without sacrificing your manly dignity. (That is, you can go along to get along, but she'll always hold it against you.) A woman who is thinking about cheating, or who is in fact already cheating, will, if this is her frame of mind, release to you a sanitized and redacted dossier of her secret lover and their private tryst, with the hope that by talking with you about her affair (or wished-for-affair) in however tangential a manner, (say, by "casually" informing you of this other guy who keeps hitting on her), her guilt will be alleviated.

The whole charade is, of course, on giant hamster rationalization that serves as a psychological emollient and accountability scrubber which removes from her any agency for her actions. Having thus dropped these "obvious clues" (as she will come to believe her manipulative utterances), she can then rationalize to herself that you "must know" what's going on, she practically told you everything, so therefore she's not really hiding anything from you. You simply choose to be passive about it.

My guess, from the facts you tell us, is that, unfortunately, #3 is operational. Asian chicks are more materially status conscious than white chicks, so the discreet attentions of a fellow doctor will mean more to the Asian girl, even if you are a stone cold alpha at home with her. But I'm not ready to commit to this judgment. It could also be that she gets grief from her family for being with you instead of a doctor/lawyer/hedge funder, and this is her way of working out her resentment of her family's expectations.

Go to the party, watch their interaction closely (but from a plausibly disinterested distance). While they're talking, look and listen for those tells that all women have when they are getting slammed on the side — the twinkling eyes, the hair self-tousling, the lip licking, the stream of questioning, the dangling shoe heel, the heaving bosom (adjusted to Asian specifications), the unbroken eye contact — and add it all up at the end of the night.

That last tell, the unbroken eye contact, is a dead giveaway when you are part of a three-way conversation with her and the presumed lover. Ask her a question, and watch to see if her eyes gravitate to yours, and if her eyes flit back to him as she is responding to you. Remember that, unlike for most men, it's very difficult for the typical woman to manage two lovers in her life simultaneously. If she's in a heated situation with both lovers present, she will reveal, primarily through body cues, a natural tendency to want to "shut out" one of the lovers from the dynamic. Breaking eye contact is a powerful cue that a shutting out is in progress.

Should your suspicions be suitably confirmed, plan your dignified escape, if necessary. Or continue to use her as a cum receptacle until such time that your feigned ignorance of her infidelity isn't any longer tenable.

It should go without saying that all of this, the entire party scenario, should happen while you are flirting with other women there, under the fiery gaze of your consternated girlfriend. If you will play this dangerous game of furtive liaisons, silent accusations, and re-accusations, you don't enter the battlefield unarmed, at the mercy of your conniving lover. You must have some hand, and the fastest way to get hand is to burnish the attention of other women.

Should something truly magnificent develop, like doctorboy blatantly hits on your girl within your ear- and eyeshot, then more forceful action is called for, whether direct or indirect confrontation. If indirect, let the indiscreet moment pass, then corner him in private and menacingly ask him if hitting on taken women is part of his Hippocratic Oath. If direct, smile widely, approach, and ask him if he's ready to buy you a drink too, since you come as a package deal with your girlfriend.

Most doctors are pussies, so this tactic should sufficiently cow him. Bonus: Waifu will be swinging from the chandelier to impale herself on you later that night.

******

Found and then lost to the interminable friendzone, a reader wants to know how to bring a hot babe back into the labial unfolding,

> As a loyal reader of your blog I am looking for some advice. I'd appreciate your time since this is a matter of great importance for me.
>
> Background
>
> I am 37 years old but most people guess 29-30. I am a bit overweight but not in an untrained ugly way (I used to train a lot before).
>
> I would guess that women's impression of me is a cocky funny teddy bear with some sex appeal and with some alphaness in the mix. I have my own business and make good money.
>
> There is this girl, 21 years old, a solid 10 with tall lean body, silicon tits and green eyes.. Her older brother is a friend of mine (not so close though). Her ex bf (he was 28 and she was 17 when they hooked up) is my brother's wife's cousin (not that I care, but she does).
>
> I have known her for 3-4 years but never gave her any attention at all. She told me recently that she always

> thought of me as a cool guy.
>
> About 2 months ago, me, her, and a bunch of friends spent holidays in a cabin, and for some reason it clicked between us. We started dating in secret (because of the ties) and the secrecy was very important for her (afraid of bad reputation).
>
> We had a great time for 1 month, with great sex every night at my place. I made sure she came every time and she told me she had the best sex of her life with me.
>
> Usually my game is very solid. The girls I fuck are always really good looking. But this one is so beautiful that I just lost the game and became total beta around her.
>
> This of course led to her being cocky and acting really badly. Also the pressure of her being constant worried that our friends would find out was a burden. I also moved in with 2 friends so after that she did not sleep over at all because of the secret thing.
>
> So after 2 weeks of turbulence and constant fighting where I was a total betaidiot and lost my temper and calm (I mean I fucked up about every point of the sixteen commandment of poon, and I tell you, my game is super solid normally) she told me she felt more like we were friends and didn't want to have sex anymore.
>
> It was a wake-up call and I told her that I felt the same way because of her bad behavior in recent weeks but we could hang out. She was really glad since she was worried that I would not want to see her more.
>
> Last Saturday was my birthday. The plan was originally for us to be 5 guys with 5 girls and she would sleep over. But after the "talk" I invited 10 more girls, amongst them 2 girls she knows I'd like to fuck and 1 she knows I fucked a week before I hooked up with her.
>
> All night I gave my other girls a lot of attention and in the club I hang out with my last fuck. She told my friend something about how i did not give her any attention and ran after my other girls.
>
> She went home around three after being super annoyed all night, and I took home my last fuck and fucked her all night.
>
> The day after she came by and hung out with me and my 2 flatmates, ate some pizza and watched a movie, behaving much better than she had been for weeks.
>
> I was friendly to her, but kept my distance and in the middle of the movie excused myself to go to sleep. At that time she also went home.
>
> Question
>
> So, my question is obviously how to get back inside the panties again.
>
> A friend with strong game told me I should not see her as friends at all, at least 2 weeks in order for her to miss me. Then I should see her alone and try to pick her up again. He told me that if we hang out as friends, then that will be the case and never go back to passion.
>
> I could also hang with her as friends, but be nonchalant and try to game my way back. The friend that she spoke to all night at the club told me that he picked up jealousy and that she still had strong feelings for me. He could be wrong though.
>
> Please give me the blueprint here and I promise that I will keep my game even after getting her back.
>
> I will make a sizable donation the next day after I have her in my bed again.
>
> Keep up the good work and please let me know as soon as possible since I am a bit lost here.

Fuck that was long. The attitude you should have is described here. Keep a friendly distance, but be sure to keep a distance. Don't act resentful about it. The few times you see her, act like a casual friend who never had any sex with her, and never intends to. This ambiguity is what really fucks with a woman's self-percevied value, and she will respond, if she is like most women, by thinking about you in a sexual way again. Your friend is right. You need at least two weeks of total radio silence before you even think about speaking to her, or being around her. Turn off

your phone, so that if she texts you, you won't get them right away, and you'll reply hours or even days later.

Two to three weeks, then reengage. And by reengage, I mean game her as if it's the very first time. Pretend like you don't have a history with her. If she brings it up, go full-bore cocky. Playfully accuse her of ruining the mood. Ask her when she became such a downer. The trick there is that what you say doesn't even have to logically proceed from her assumption of your history together. She says, "I thought you just wanted to be friends?", and you say, "Have you always been a total buzzkill?" Physically escalate like your memory has been wiped clean and she's just some new chick to you with whom there's no unsavory LJBF past. I call this Memento Game.

******

A reader asks about Older Man Game (OMG!),

> Would love to see an article or articles about Game for older men – both married and divorced/separated. I realize now I have been a complete and total beta/white-knight for my entire adult life. I finally realized it at the ripe old age of 59 when I started reading the Manosphere such as this site. Some of my past beta behavior now makes me cringe when I think of it.
>
> Now at 60, am I too old to get Game? (I'd say I look 45, in good shape, with hair, and successful.) Do I assume that it is too late for me and accept my fate? What age range should we be looking for and where should I meet them? I certainly don't want to be one of those sad old dudes hanging around clubs trying to chat up 20-somethings. If you feel like tackling the subject of Game for older men I am sure many others besides me would appreciate it.

Simple answer to your question, in the form of a Socratic question: Are you too old to lift? To learn? To live? No? Then you're not too old to get game.

First things first. At 60, no matter how tight your game, it will be tougher to pull 20 year old babes than if you were 30, or even 40. But game, like most self-improvement endeavors, doesn't work that way. It's not an either-or proposition. "Either I get 20 year olds, or I'm stuck with gross 60 year old women." No, it's a *better* proposition. With game, you can do better than most 60 year old men and reasonably shoot for women 15 to 20 years younger than yourself. Now a 40 year old woman might not be a spring chicken, but she's a hell of a lot more bangable than she will be when she's 60. Unless you're into GILF porn. yeech.

There are plenty of posts in the archives devoted to older man game. Here's one of them. My immediate suggestion: Clubs are out, except for speakeasies that cater to an older crowd. I happen to know a few older, and in-shape, gents who met their much younger girlfriends at various athletic events. Try to corner a market where your status and knowledge and experience are valued more than your rapidly degrading fast-twitch muscle fibers and drinking ability. Conventions, art expos, socialite parties, business seminars, etc. If you're a boss, you should consider the secretary route. It's a tried and true method that drives feminists batty.

******

A reader naively asks,

> How long can I deny my wife sex before she'll cheat on me?

A long time if she's ugly. Isn't that the reason you're denying her sex in the first place?

Women

CH · 6 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I think that I shall never see
Women as varied as these three.

A woman whose slender waist is prest
Between her shapely butt and breasts;

A woman who looks at God all day,
To thank Him for her face He made;

A woman who may in Summer wear
A tent of canvas round her rear;

Beneath whose bottom darkness falls;
And megafauna repair to doze.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But that big mama fell out the ugly tree.

The Nuts And Bolts Of Cathedral Indoctrination

CH · 9 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Cathedral — the term of art for the social and political apparatuses of equalist progressivism — is mentioned in the abstract quite a bit at Dark Enlightenment idea factories, but seldom are the actual, unholy workings of the Cathedral's machinery explored in excruciating detail. This post sets to rectify that oversight. Reach for your vomit bag, because what you're about to watch is a video of the nuts and bolts of Cathedral indoctrination. We are about to descend into the Ninth Circle, a place reserved for the vilest of sinners…

The subject is the Common Core educational reading and writing recommendations for primary age students in the state of Utah. Primary age is first grade — 6 year old children. It's never too early to infect curious minds with distilled evil.

Right from the get-go, look at that book cover and tally the number of Cathedral propaganda symbols (you could call it Cathedral branding): The rainbow umbrella, the three races of children (and the white representative is, of course, a girl), the invidious title (voices — they all matter!) and subtitle ("good neighbors" — don't build fences!), and is that black kid wearing a hoodie?

0:39 – "…students use their voices to advocate solutions to social problems". And right underneath that, where it says "Central Question: What makes a good neighbor?", it appears the Cathedral wishes to impart the lesson the the most important goal for a six year old child is to advocate for social justice.

The narrator then explains that the book teaches the teachers how to properly ~~brainwash~~ illuminate their charges.

1:24 – Chapter 1: "How to use emotional words… have the students use emotional words to get readers to feel so strongly about the problem that they want to do what is asked of them." The Cathedral wants children to dispense with logic and reason in favor of emotionally charged words (i.e. "dat raciss!") that appeal to the leftoidian exaggerated sensitivity to the moral dimensions of harm and *unfaaaairness*.

2:34 – "By stating the worst that could happen, if the company builds houses, the writer appeals to the readers' feelings of anger." When I first read this, I thought this excerpted red part was supposed to be a message to the kiddies about what NOT to do. Then that sinking feel came over me as I realized it's actually an Alinskian call to arms to load up the kids' brains with effective agit-prop. Gotta love the anti-capitalism touch, too.

3:20 – "Emotional Words." The verdict is out: Education has become a cat lady ghetto. Boys and their unique way of thinking are cast to the icy wastelands, where hairy-armed, manjawed gorgons wielding bullwhips break them over the psy ops wheel until total obeisance to the feminist imperative is achieved. End result: John Scalzi. What is the point of this Common Core curriculum except to train a new generation in the ways of shitlib whining, passive-aggressiveness, and shrieking, womanish hysteria?

5:30 – Assessment Manual. It's time for the children to try out their street theater tactics on their parents. Yippee! Do the kids even spell?

6:55 – More vibrant cover art. Is there even a token white boy on this cover? I guess we've progressed far enough to dispense with that formality.

7:15 – The goal is for teachers to measure students' "attitudes, beliefs and dispositions". Goodbye, budding thoughtcrime!

7:47 – "Does the student *[ed: note, these are third graders]* effectively use the first-person plural 'we' and 'our' to advocate ways to solve social problems?" The first thing that must die in a leftoid utopia is the individual. Can't risk

any free thinkers upsetting the narrative. The next thing that must die is straight talk.

So there you have it. Is anyone else indulging fantasies of America slipping into the sea and through the gates of hell? I mean, the Cathedral has certainly earned a place seated beside the Lord of Lies himself. It's as if every lesson the West has learned to teach children to be virtuous citizens the Cathedral rejected and inculcates the exact opposite. Truth = lies. Beauty = ugliness.

PS Homeschool. Your children's sanity depends on it.

Lower Your IQ For Happiness

CH · 10 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Give this man a VIP pass to Le Chateau.

“you can still write an average rap song”

Maybe it’s the hopeful side of CH, but is anyone else picking up the faint echo of RealTalk signals tripping the cosmic fantastic? Just in the last six months, it seems like a considerable number of mischief making subversives have infiltrated unguarded outposts of the Cathedral, setting the stage for a multi-pronged assault at some unspecified time in the not too distant future.

Eh, who are we kidding? Must be the sound of the wind blowing…

Reader Mailbag: Emailer Gives An Update About Girlfriend Drama

CH · 10 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The first ~~subject~~ reader from last week's Reader Mailbag has responded with an update about his situation involving his Asian girlfriend and her doctor colleague she said was hitting on her. All three were going to be in attendance at an upcoming party, and the potential for some kind of confrontation was high.

> Hi guys,
>
> I'm #1, the guy dating the Asian chick who wrote to the Chateau. Thanks to the proprietors and the readers for their help, was most useful.
>
> So Friday night was interesting, when we show up this other guy's there, I split from my girl to say hi to some friends and see him make a beeline for her, at which point she promptly turns her back on him, one of her other friends (an acquaintance of mine) intervenes and appears to tell him to back off. She heads straight back to me and complains about the 'creep from work' hitting on her again.
>
> At this point I'm nigh on certain that she's not attracted to him, and a little later I introduce myself to this suitor and assertively ask "if hitting on taken women is part of his Hippocratic Oath" (credit to the Chateau). **[ed: *preen*]** Within seconds it becomes clear why my lover finds this man repulsive – as soon as I corner him and speak these words, he wilts. His body language reeks of intimidation and he stammers out apologies before giving me, my lover and our friends a wide berth for the rest of the night. Just goes to show that even if a man has looks and professional success, he needs the alpha male attitude to go with them.
>
> Later that night she whispers "thanks for taking care of that creep, I heard you scared the shit out of him." One weekend of rampant sex, home-cooked meals and all round adoration later and seems she's wrapped around my finger more tightly than ever.
>
> My interpretation of why she disclosed his advances to me: partially to make me jealous and an indirect request for my intervention. Regarding the confusion about blue collar/white collar terminology – I'm from the UK and unfamiliar with this Americanism, 'white collar' would be a better description of my profession.
>
> P.S. When I first started reading this blog I thought so much of it was utter bullshit, nevertheless thought I'd might as well try and it and absolutely everything works. Case in point, flirting with a few other girls at this party who I know are into me, one year ago I thought this would make anyone I was dating pissed, uh uh, all the competition seems to do is produce gina tingles. Fuck having wasted 25 years as a blue piller, god bless the day I swallowed the red pill.
> -Alex.

Well played, sir, and may the god of biomechanics be ever at your side, (or at least until your reproductive career is over).

It sounds from your update that your girlfriend was following CH reasons #1 and #2. She wanted a touch of drama by inciting jealousy, and a touch of reassurance by inciting signals of commitment from you, usually in the form of a "let's you and him fight" white knight-ish intervention between her and her illicit pursuer, if necessary.

Those interventions can be tricky; they are high risk, high reward opportunities, and if done properly will cause ginas to explode in a meteor shower of tingles. But if executed poorly, a woman's admiration will quickly turn to disappointment, even disgust.

The white knight reflex is often misdeployed by toolbags, but it is occasionally called for; one occasion is when your girlfriend is being aggressively pursued by another man who knows she is taken, and has the gall to pursue her in your presence. So I'd say you were justified in confronting the doctor. Once you have probable cause, the next hurdle is to intervene in a cool-headed way. Save the raging chimpouts for the meatheads guarding their tramp

stamped whorems. No chick with even a modicum of classy femininity will appreciate a chimpout at some SWPL soiree. If you overreact, you tool yourself. Jealous overreaction is as much a tell of neediness and insecurity as is retiring self-defeatism.

Your handling of the doctor was perfect. I told you most of them are pussies and a pinpoint jab is all you'd need to cut him at the knees.

Dealing With Hair-Ruffling AMOGs

CH · 11 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Glenn writes,

> I've got a very specific AMOG problem. I wear my hair slicked back (think Don Draper). When I go to parties, sometimes guys try and ruffle my hair as a power play. I act unfazed by it (stoic personality), but my hair gets fucked up. I need some kind of AMOG way to handle it, but in a somewhat pro-social manner. Since I'm stoic, the goofy/silly Mystery-style stuff isn't my cup of tea.

For those of you who don't know, AMOG means "alpha male other guy" or "alpha male of the group". In its usual context, it's a long-winded way of saying "asshole".

The hair ruffle thing isn't all that common in this cocooning age, but I have seen it happen, especially to guys who like to wear "high hair", or have ostentatiously stylish haircuts that aggravate the mediocre masses charged with upholding the conformist norms. It happens quite a bit more to bald guys, though in that case it's more precisely a head rub than a hair ruffle. The principle, and motivating impulse, are the same: To josh around like a fun-loving frat boy and in the process earn a few social status points. (Of course that status climbing, fitness enhancing impulse happens mostly at the subconscious level, where helical gears frantically clank in hopes of attaining for their flesh vessel some quality grade puss-ay.)

Joshing around is what chill, non-spergy dudes do. It's not a big deal if you're the victim of it once in a blue moon; just shrug it off and accuse your buddy of being jealous of your glorious coif. If the guy ruffling your hair is a stranger and his intent strikes you as perceptibly malicious, tell him "Whoa, dude, not cool", or "Hey man, you have a weird fetish for men's hair?", or simply "Seriously gay, bro." If he's halfway socialized, he'll get the point and back off. If he doesn't… well, prepare to escalate.

If you have that annoying buddy making a dominance play who ruffles your hair all the time because he knows it gets under your skin, the next time he goes for it, grab his arm mid-lunge and say "I think that's enough of that." Cool, calm, and very effective. If he acts unduly pissed, he was never really your buddy. Initiate weapons class anti-AMOG protocol.

Naturally, most of those above responses to the AMOG require a minimum of testicular fortitude to pull off. That minimum may seem a ridiculously low testosterone bar to hurdle, and in the abstract it is, but you'd be surprised (or maybe not — I no longer am) how many modern American "men" are skirt-tugging manlets incapable of even the slightest exertion toward confrontation. A good thing for the master seducer, a bad thing for civilization.

PS Don't lean on stoicism as an excuse for inaction or weakness. Stoicism is what a lot of wilting flowers like to call their trembling retreat. It's a reframe in service to a losing cause.

Study: The Neg Works

CH · 12 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Valued commenter chris alerts the CH readership to ♥another study♥ vindicating a game technique, this time the notorious, and notoriously misunderstood, seduction tactic known as the neg.

First, before we begin, a note about negs (aka "negative hits"):

Negs are NOT insults. Negs are backhanded compliments. The purpose of a neg is to subtly ding a cute girl's self-esteem so that she becomes more romantically receptive to your advances. The field-tested effectiveness of the neg rests on the premise, accurate by all accounts, that hotter girls have higher self-esteems than uglier girls. For this reason, it's well known among players that the best negs should be reserved for prettier girls. Less attractive girls don't even need negs, unless the man hitting on them is of equal or lower SMV.

A neg is only successful if the feeling of confusion and self-doubt it creates is sufficiently disavowable by the speaker. That is, a good neg should, as the author of the article linking the relevant study wrote, "leave the speaker blameless". Straight up insults don't leave the speaker of the insult blameless for any temporary bad feelings it causes in the listener. But negs do. A proper neg is like a clue to hidden treasure that the girl is meant to discover on her own; except in this context the treasure she's meant to find is her own slightly deflated ego.

If you insult a girl, she'll turn on you. If you neg a girl, she'll turn on herself. Any questions?

So once again SCIENCE has come around to confirming the efficacy of well-known game tactics for scoring poon.

> Walster (1965) investigated the influence of momentary self-esteem on receptivity to the romantic advances of a stranger. The researcher arranged for a group of female participants to interact with a male research assistant who flirted with them. The female participants were then given positive or negative personality test feedback. After their self-esteem was increased or decreased in that way, they were asked to rate their liking for the male research assistant.
>
> **The results of the study indicated that women who had their self-esteem temporarily lowered found the male research assistant significantly more attractive than the women with temporary high-self esteem**. Walster (1965) theorized that this effect occurred for two reasons. First, individuals who feel "imperfect" themselves may demand less in a partner. Second, a person usually has an increased need for acceptance and affection when their self-esteem is low. Overall then, when an individual is made to feel "low", they find potential romantic partners more attractive.

boom And the mic gets dropped… on a dumb feminist's and game denialist's pointy heads.

You can argue about the ethics of game till the cows come home, but what you can't argue is that game doesn't work. It does, and though the tactics may strike one as manipulative and even mercenary, they exist in their form only because the sexual nature of women is what it is. If women responded sexually to effusive praise and sincere compliments that raised their self-esteems, men would be spitting lines like "You are very beautiful and so very very smart. You will be the first female President of the United States, I can tell. May I touch your wizard sleeve?", until they were practically supine and begging women to walk on them.

But of course no men besides suck-up orbiter beta males playing the looooong game spits those kinds of lines. If a man of sound mind did that, it wouldn't take him more than three minutes to figure out it was getting him nowhere with women.

The article includes a section on wifely nagging, which the author attempts to equate to negging. The comparison is a stretch; women become aroused and curious when they are negged, which is very different than what men feel when they are nagged. (Hint: Negged women want to interact more with their alluring tormentors; nagged men want

to get the hell away from their annoying termagants.) Plus, wives don't nag with the goal of getting sexual favors from their husbands. They nag because they're feeling unsupported or frustrated or menstrual. Men, in stark contrast, neg with the specific goal of inflaming a romantic tryst.

Lookism

CH · 13 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The marching malcontents have identified a new injustice they seek to rectify: Lookism.

> The galloping injustice of "lookism" has not escaped psychologists, economists, sociologists, and legal scholars. Stanford law professor Deborah L. Rhode's 2010 book, "The Beauty Bias," lamented "the injustice of appearance in life and law," while University of Texas, Austin economist Daniel Hamermesh's 2011 "Beauty Pays," recently out in paperback, traced the concrete benefits of attractiveness, including a $230,000 lifetime earnings advantage over the unattractive. […]
>
> Tentatively, experts are beginning to float possible solutions. Some have proposed legal remedies including designating unattractive people as a protected class, creating affirmative action programs for the homely, or compensating disfigured but otherwise healthy people in personal-injury courts. Others have suggested using technology to help fight the bias, through methods like blind interviews that take attraction out of job selection. There's promising evidence from psychology that good old-fashioned consciousness-raising has a role to play, too.
>
> None of these approaches will be a panacea, and to some aesthetes among us, even trying to counter the bias may sound ridiculous. But the reason to seek fairness for the less glamorous isn't just social or charitable. Our preference for beautiful people makes us poor judges of qualities that have nothing to do with physical appearance—it means that when we select employees, teachers, protégés, borrowers, and even friends, we may not really be making the best choice. It's an embarrassing and stubborn truth—and the question is now whether, having established it, social researchers can find a way to **help us level the playing field**.

Harrison Bergeron, please pick up the courtesy phone.

I have an oh so innocent question for the S-M-R-T SMART leftoid equalists pushing this latest load of reality transmogrification: If, as feminists and their consanguineous misfits (hi, fat acceptors!) are constantly telling everyone, beauty is subjective, socially conditioned, and in the eye of the beholder, how is it possible to make laws that punish beautiful people? If there is no innate biologically-based beauty standard (hi, Naomi Wolf!) that is fairly universally agreed upon in practice (if not in stated principle), then there is no way to know who is ugly and who is beautiful. That job applicant you think looks like a toad could just as well look like a goddess to another interviewer. After all, "you are a big, beautiful woman".

Maybe the equalists want to gum up the machinery of civilization so badly because they harbor a self-annihilating death wish absent any strong authoritarian figure to dispense the discipline they sorely need? It's as good an explanation as any. Leftoids are like emo Jesse on a meth bender acting out a "stop me before I hurt myself" tard tragedy.

Try to imagine a world where "lookism" laws were rigorously enforced. Will there be a "Caliper General" of the United States who runs the department assigned to measuring people's faces for closeness to the golden ratio? Who will be qualified to serve as "Beauty Judge" if beauty is a matter of personal opinion, as liberals and fatties and liberal fatties have been swearing for generations? I can tell you if I were a hot babe I wouldn't want a jury of jackal-faced feminists sitting in judgment of my pretty face. That's enough psychotically bitter, self-loathing baggage projected onto me to make me *persona non grata* at any company afraid of attracting attention from malicious government operatives tasked with creating a better, fairer world.

The opportunity for gaming a lookism system created by liberals chin-deep in their self-contradictions is tremendous. Picture a handsome dude at a job interview or admissions office with a cadre of paid witnesses at his side to testify to his ugliness. “Ma’am, the dude is an ugly mofo. Just look at that jaunty cowlick. Have you seen a more repulsive deformity?”, “I wouldn’t touch him with a ten foot pole. And I know from hunkiness!”, “Ugh, I need a vomit bag. Go ahead. Measure my pupil dilation if you don’t believe me.”

Or maybe an ugly woman will be sitting in an EEOC anti-discrimination government office, and she has brought a penile plethysmograph and a male subject to make her case that his limp member proves she is the ugliest of them all, and she deserves recompense for suffering a lifetime under the cold gaze of looks privilege. Or maybe hot chicks start showing up to job interviews wearing potato sacks. (Won’t help. They’ll still look better than well-dressed fugs.) What will happen when master system gamers bring hard data to the table showing that beauty and smarts and charisma correlate, and thus there’s good reason why people naturally favor the beautiful? Or when the obvious logical connection is made that people shouldn’t be punished for an advantage in life they had no control over receiving? (hi, IQ denialists!)

You can see where this will lead: a mountain of lawsuits claiming reverse discrimination based on a misleading, subjective experience of beauty; an anti-anti-lookism argument, however tactically disingenuous, to which liberals who created the anti-lookism laws will have no counter, without transparently betraying their very own cherished beliefs and principles. Never underestimate the scope of the infinite logic traps into which equalists are capable of boxing themselves. You have entered… The Dissonance Zone.

The only way an anti-lookism legal apparatus could conceivably “work” — that is, operate long enough to generate substantial revenues for interested lawyerly middlemen — without instantly imploding from internal contradictions is if liberals admit that beauty is objective and thus measurable with precision instruments. Without that cave on one of the liberal core tenets — without that craven loss of leftoid face — an anti-lookism bureaucracy won’t last any longer than the first lawsuit filed by an aggrieved hottie which claims beauty is a personal experience that can vary depending on the person observing it. The platitudes and pretty lies that so entrance liberals will ring like a symphony in the Courtroom of Playing Field Leveling, deafening liberals with their own dulcet ear poison. Oh, the irony, it is delicious.

Even were liberals to happily and expediently kick out a major pillar girding their ideology and proclaim in the interest of wallet-fattening litigiousness that beauty is not in the eye of the beholder but is an objective fact of biology and cosmic law, there would still be no way for “anti-lookism” laws to survive their intrinsic parodical nature. For as soon as liberals admit that beauty has a factual, objective basis they will be forced, by circumstance or by subversion, to also admit that other unequal distributions of favorable human traits have a sound, objective biological basis… and then the whole goddamn house of equalist cards comes crashing down in the ensuing rush for biological inequality reparations and anti-discrimination compensation. And once that path is taken, illimitable chaos must follow in its wake. The body politic will be bled dry, or it will seize a rationale for eugenics.

Coerced eugenics, if you think about it, is the logical end game of equalism.

I predict that the advocate of lookism laws in that article is a beautiful woman who feels guilty for catching breaks in life, and wants to atone for her sins. To satisfy my curiosity, I found her photo to see if I’m right.

Curses! Foiled again!

Equalists, I'll make this very simple for you: Life is unfair. Deal with it.

Neg Of The Week

CH · 15 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Kate gleefully recollects,

> Favorite neg (so far) during a conversation about my hair: “You have a face for bangs.”

I dont know if that line technically qualifies as a neg, but it’s close enough for government work.

Alpha Assessment: Jerkboy Charisma Game

CH · 16 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Knowbody passes along the following textinage,

> my latest text game…employing short, direct, asshole-like replies. Guys, 6 months ago I woulda never dreamed of talking like this to females. Have CH and the manosphere/game community to thank for showing the light. **[ed: go forth, child of CH, and spread the Poon Word]** All my texts anymore are direct, no questions, very short, etc. In sets eye contact has opened the floodgates for the bang close. Shit is so easy now it's funny
>
> example in latest text game:
> after like 2 weeks of not talking to her
> Me: in town tmr, organize a 3some
> her: guy or girl
> me: cute

Great reply. So much better than a "haha, j/k. but seriously, you want to meet up?" betaboy reversion to the feeb.

> her: hey if I'm in charge of finding the people you have to deal with whatever I get
> me: no way, prob get some diseased homeless broad
> her: no cause if it's a 3 way then I'd have to fuck her too
> me: so get a hot one then
> her: well duh your the one who said she was gonna be nasty, not me
> me: less talk, more scouting bitches (experienced great success with freely throwing "bitches" around without batting an eye)

This is a classic reframe. Instead of getting embroiled in an endless loop of her female logic and slowly killing the fun vibe, he snips the beta bait thread in two and redirects it down a detour of his choosing ("less talk, more scouting bitches").

> her: lol ok.
> her lol GO!
> me: i do this daily fool
> her: huh??
> me: you don't follow well
> her: yea ya crusty butt hole you made no sense
>
> This line irritated me and was very unladylike, I have a low tol. for jabs, esp gross shit like a man would say so I stopped txting for a few hrs.

Intermittently reward women for good behavior, but promptly punish them for bad behavior. Psy Ops 101.

> me: such a lady
> her: that's why I have so many gentlemen callers
> Me: gentlemen…aka fags
> her: lol either way idc
>
> NOTE: around here her texts are getting longer and more grammatically correct…subconciously I believe she's trying to impress now.

That's the way to bet.

> her: Besides, you know you want it lol
> me: talk a big game. rarely as good as advertised

I want to point out here what a fantastic line this can be when used on a girl who is accusing you of wanting her badly. It instantly flips the “chaser-chasee” script without sounding too insulting.

> her: [BIG RESPONSE (knew I was pushing her along by now…)] It’s pretty legit lol (or so I’m told) idk I don’t like to just lay there haha I wanna be on top or on my hands and knees getting my hair pulled or giving head lol but some people aren’t into it.

She’s entered the self-qualification zone. Good things happen there. The sort of good things that befuddle betas and enrage male feminists.

> me: faaaaaags…I’m mean

This is his only reply that falls flat. (The “fags” riposte can easily be overdone.) Better reply: “thx for the Kinsey report”.

> her: (RECOILS here…wtf) aw I wouldn’t call you a fag.
> me: (irritated by her jumpy game)…do things even register in your head

Most recovering betas are amazed by how much of a jerk they can be with women without blowing themselves out like they normally experience when they’re dropping niceguy game for all it’s worth.

> her: Depends on the kind of day I’m having lol
> me: handful

Another great one-word reply designed specifically for intense hamster aerobics.

> her: (instantly fires back)…Of Ass lol

I like this chick. She’s sexy sassy, not annoying sassy. Seems like she has a brain rattling in her skull, and a healthy acceptance of her role as the feminine partner in a blossoming courtship.

> me: prove it
> her: Lol shit you already know
> Me; always a tease
> her: Lol what?! Not me lol
> Me: pique my interest.. do it pussy

Calling a girl a pussy is just the sort of out-of-left-field challenge they can’t resist.

> Think I may have pushed it here with seeming desperate…was actually on the way to her BFF’s to beat it up lolololozlzolzozolll
>
> her: Lol I think your interests are already piqued otherwise you wouldn’t be asking me to elaborate….js

Yup, she’s a sharp one. Contrary to popular freak mafia belief, it’s often the smart girls who hungrily lap up game and beg for more.

> (I should have said, who asked? because clearly I have yet to ask anything from her, all have been short demands)
> me: lame

If a girl has you by the short and curlies, a quick escape can be made with a curt reply like “lame”. It’s not ideal, but it beats getting explicative or defensive.

> Her: You just want me to get into dirty detail of what I’m into…idk if you could handle it
> Me: you’d worship what I put down (now I’m like Fuck it, time to up the dickmode)
> her: lol your funny
> me: guaranteed
> her: Over confident

And she’s loving every second of his overconfidence.

> Me: field tested hahaha (trying a move for a little bemused mastery)
> Her: That might make you a slut lol
> Me: I don’t wanna deprive the masses

This is a professional grade reframe.

> Her: Oh god lol
> Me: close but maybe not that far

Chicks dig the cheeky jerk.

> few more of over the top inflated ego responses from me
> At this point she just kept going back and forth challenging me wanting me to slip up like some faggy chump so I just quit texting

Ok, that’s a reasonable decision. One-upsmanship is fun, but can rapidly lose steam. If you raise a girl’s buying temperature, you have to find a way for her to release the heat. Otherwise, she gets frustrated and annoyed, and then it’s GAME OVER, MAN, GAME OOOOVER. At some point beyond the first few flirtatious parries, you have to physically escalate. That means, find the willpower to end a positive text convo before it drags on too long. As the man, you have to take the initiative here; you never want to let a woman end a conversation before you do.

> She knows I’m banging her BFF so she’s always been iffy…definitely a lot of sexual tension between us

The problem here is that she’s feeling dueling compulsions, and trying to reconcile them. She loves your style and your pre-selected alpha goodness, but she doesn’t want to be the “other woman” and kill a BFF relationship. She also knows that, as a confirmed cad, you would be a cheat or abandonment risk should a sexual tryst evolve. You might be able to close this deal if you catch her during the week of the month when she’s ovulating.

> but she won’t relax, like she wants to but will disengage out of nowhere, this kind of conversation has taken place many times, even get a few racy pics here and there. Tells me how she likes to swallow, facials, biting, negs her friend to me all the time (“she’s a lame fuck, I’m much better”), mean fucking…all that good shit chicks rarely talk about openly unless they are imagining YOU doing it.

She’s masturbating after, and perhaps during, her text convos with you.

> What does CH and readers feel is the best course of action to pin this one down and give her what she wants. I know I'm close..she's on my texts instantly now as if she's waiting for them. Fucking love the game community.

Ok, well, first off, know that she sounds like a cocktease. The urge to safely preen before an unattainable badboy is strong in many women. You should avoid getting used as a diddling aid. Weeks of sexting will slowly erode your value if you don't push for something more. You need to 1. get her alone, 2. allay her fear of discovery and 3. become physical with her.

(1) is the hardest part. You might have to deviously arrange it so that she's trapped into one-on-one confinement with you, from where you can then drop hints that you don't judge and you don't tell tales out of school. Think along the lines of filling her ear with an innocent story from your past, a story about an illicit liaison that stayed quiet because you could be trusted. (2) is important because she'll need to know that you have the social savvy to prevent any tryst from blowing up her circle of friends. (3) is standard operating procedure. You could probably escalate sexually very quickly if you get her alone. The groundwork has already been laid, and who knows, she might hold a private resentment against her BFF and this is her way of exacting revenge.

But there's nothing like the wisdom of an educated sociopathic crowd, so let's throw this quandary to the studio audience and see what the readership advises.

The Wall, In Fast Forward

CH · 17 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A helpful reminder, ladies.

The Wall, for those new readers unfamiliar with the term, is the moment in time, measured in age, when a woman's sexual attractiveness, following years of asymptotic approach, finally hits absolute zero. To put it less turgidly, The Wall is that age when a woman's looks go splat, like Wile E. Coyote running headlong into a boulder. The Wall is the sexual worthlessness event horizon of a woman's existence on earth, the immovable metaphorical object that divides her long-telomere romantic life stage from her short-telomere post-romantic life stage when the vast majority of men become utterly uninterested in sex with her. A post-Wall woman may still have dusty sex, but it will be with begrudging men who had no other younger (i.e., better) options.

The Wall exists regardless of any individual woman's psychological capacity to accommodate its inevitability. It's a remorseless executioner of romantic hopes and dreams, and its shadow suffocates the intentions of the most practiced self-deluders.

The Wall does not affect men like it does women, for men have, unlike women, the advantage of possessing or acquiring compensatory attributes and achievements that can radically delay The Wall's merciless tribute. For this reason, when we refer to The Wall, we are referring primarily to the rapidly coalescing and unequivocal end of a woman's romantic life, to be superseded by either her noble matron life or her crazy cat lady life.

The age of Wall impact varies from woman to woman, but it generally converges for most women between the early 40s and 50. Some exceptional female specimens with a fortuitous suite of anti-aging genes can perhaps extend meager traces of their former physical glory well into their 50s, but these are exceedingly few in number. 99% of women you meet in daily life will have hit The Wall by their 50th birthday. An unfortunately larger minority of women will have been unlucky in beauty longevity and hit The Wall as young as their early 30s. Sadly, tragically, the first glimpses of The Wall cresting the horizon will be visible to most women by their 35th birthdays. An understandable panic will ensue, because The Wall means nothing less than the total annihilation of their ability to win the love and commitment of the men they truly desire.

This is why it's absolutely critical for a woman to leverage her beauty when it's at its peak nubility and coax a man into a monogamous, legally binding relationship; for once a man is thus ensnared, inertia, guilt and duty conspire to keep him there past his lover's sexual expiration date. A woman who waits too long to exploit her youthful looks will have lost the only sexual market leverage at her disposal to outcompete not only other women, but also to disarm the natural reluctance to commitment from higher value men.

In the video above, I place the precise moment of that particular woman's Wall impact somewhere between 2:59 and 3:14, which, if we establish the total length of the video to coincide with her total lifespan, means that she hits The Wall within a short span of a few years, the difference in exact moment of frontal impact partly attributable to minor differences in men's tolerance for overt signs of late-fertility aging and unflattering lighting. For comparison, note that her peak nubility appears to occur somewhere around the 1:25 mark. This means that she enjoys the time-lapsed equivalent of one minute and thirty seconds of lifetime libidinous attention from men, and three minutes of lifetime invisibility to men. In actuality, that 1:30 of male attention is more like 30 seconds of widespread and welcome male attention, because a substantial chunk of her waning attractiveness years will be spent suffering the ignominy of increasingly rare glances from increasingly low value men.

Note, too, how quickly her facial attractiveness deteriorates once The Wall rises into view for her. Like most women, her pulchritude trajectory held steady for many years, the deterioration hardly noticeable from one year to the next, but once she crossed the threshold from youthful to "hanging on", the droop and destruction accelerated, so that each day brought a new insult in the mirror. It is these years of torment that suicide begins to dance in the heads of childless, unmarried spinsters.

The Wall is now a popular regurgitated concept on various manosphere blogs and Reddit hovels, so it behooves the CH intellectual property protectorship to remind the studio audience that The Wall made its premiere here, when the creaky iron gates first opened a leaf-strewn path to a Chateau in the woods for curious wayfarers.

“I believe a burp is an EXCELLENT neg”

CH · 18 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

YaReally (and Mystery) over the intercom with a solid breakdown of the mechanics of the neg and the sociosexual context within which it is used:

3 things to keep in mind with Negs:

1) they’re more about disqualifying yourself from “hitting on her” than they are about trying to hurt/lower her self-esteem…you showing that you aren’t impressed by her has the side effect OF momentarily lowering her self-esteem (“wait why isn’t he hitting on me like the others??”) but the intent behind it is more positive (a challenge of “i’m high value, show me why I should be interested in you”) than negative (“haha feel bad and weak and easy for my low-value self to take advantage of you!!”)

2) the response to a neg should be LAUGHTER and stuff like an “OMG!! (arm-punch)” or grabbing at you going “noooooo!!!! ” etc. NOT hurt feelings. It’s a positive experience for her (“omg someone high-value is calling me out on my shit like my brother and dad do lol”), not a negative one (“this guy is a jerk and is making me feel bad”).

3) Mystery’s game was designed to hit on strippers, minor celebrities, etc. He wasn’t using a barrage of negs on your “8 at the local bar, 6 in Vegas” average girl. He was using negs on girls with massive value, in the environments where they have their highest value, while surrounded by men with massive value. Game is designed for 8+ girls. It works on <8 girls, but you tone everything down because those girls have a different view of their value. I RARELY meet a girl who legit deserves a 3-neg barrage and I’m in a large city with a lot of hotties. Most girls are friendly as fuck, esp when you have confidence and your sub-communications down…I would have to actively hit strip clubs or fly to an even larger city like LA or Vegas to run into girls who needed to be negged and even THEN most girls probably wouldn’t need more than one.

Anyway, straight from the man himself. You can make fun of his fuzzy hat all you want, but dude knew his shit:

“A NEG is a qualifier. The girl is FAILING to meet your high expectations. Its not an insult, just a judgment call on your part. The better looking the girl, the more aggressive you must be with using negs.

a 10 can get 3 negs up front, while an 8 only 1 or 2 over a longer time. You CAN go overboard if they think you are BETTER than them. you can drop the self-esteem right from under them (just like most 10s do to guys) and this isn’t good. You have to get as close to the breaking point as you can without crossing the line. Once you have gotten her RIGHT THERE, you can start appreciating things about her (NEVER LOOKS). There is a mutual RESPECT now. Something most guys never get from the girl.

I believe a burp is an EXCELLENT neg. A neg holds two purposes: 1. to lower the woman’s self esteem. 2. to convey lack of interest (which does 1) Burp and don’t apologize for it. when she says, “you are a pig”, you reply … “you think that? well, my reputation precedes me!” You are actually NOT hitting on her. You are making her feel subconscious and therefore thinking about how she can change your impression of her.
She will TRY to impress you. But you are so matter of fact that she finds it difficult. Stay playful. If she isn’t, be like Rhett Butler: The girl says, “You sir are no GENTLEMAN!!” And he says with a smile “And you ma’am are no LADY ” So be playful and confident at the same time.
The less you need others, the more they will be attracted to you. Gain social skills. Communicate with people. Learn how to talk.

I neg and otherwise are polite for the rest. when she is TESTING me I neg her, then Im polite again. She quickly realizes she gets more attention from me by being nice to me – and this gives her the opportunity to get her self-esteem back after the little neg put downs. You get a 10 through her EGO issues.

“An HB is there surrounded by friends. She has put on this BITCH act. Is she REALLY a bitch? Unlikely. All my girlfriends were wonderful human beings – beautiful people have it easier because they are beautiful and often times have better upbringings because of it. BUT – they need to have a standard with which to uphold when all these NOBODY guys approach her. So her values are very honed and understood. When a man walks up and says, “can I buy you a beer?” she WILL be annoyed by this. While the guy thinks he’s doing something nice for her, she gets this ALL the time. She is desensitized to this. You are the 8th guy TODAY! So she is very good at brushing all these guys off. Shit, she HAS to be… she isn’t going to sleep with ALL of them! So she may say NO or act annoyed and then the guy thinks she’s a bitch and walks off pissed and feeling like a failure. And that seems to work. Sometimes when the girl is particularly in a feeling of control (like in a club where she is PREPARED for the barrage of men – it IS after all something that occurs so often that when it is GONE she MISSES it) she will accept the beer and then flake the guy off. Hey, the guys are stupid enough to buy her one, she might as well take it. When they take a beer from you, the girl is saying to you, “I don’t know you and I don’t care about you. You are just another one of those typical guys and since I don’t respect you, Ill take the beer from you before I snub you.”

Since an HB is so GOOD at snuffing your approach (nothing ever personal either – it is a strategy that is built over years of stupid guys approaches EVERY FUCKING DAY, she will do the same to YOU. That is why SNUFFING THEM is important. You cant INSULT them because they are used to all the hurt guys INSULTING them (“ahh you are nothing but a bitch!”) so this rolls off their back like water off a muskrat’s ass. How do you SNUFF them withOUT INSULTING them? Well, let’s say she has long nails which are most likely fake. Now why do 10s dress so FINE if they don’t want the attention? Because they LOVE the feeling of control sometimes. They are in a club with friends and they want to be the leader of the circle (social hierarchy in primates) and so she gets all the attention. The guys come and buy drinks for them and she gets off on knocking the guys down. Its all in a days play. OK, so she is wearing fake nails to look even BETTER! Most guys will say, “wow you are so beautiful!” BORING, typical and in her mind by now (after years of the same shit) TRUE. Imagine a guy comes along and says “nice nails. are they real??” she will have to concede, “no. acrylic.” and he says (like he didn’t notice it was a put down “oh. (pause) well I guess they still LOOK good.” Then he turns his back to her. What does this do to her? Well, he didn’t treat her like shit and INSULT her. He complimented her but the result was to target her insecurity. She thinks, “IM HOT IM BEAUTIFUL (especially in that emotional state of control as in the public)… but I didn’t win this guy over. IM SO GOOD at this. ILL just fix that little smear on my image that he has of me.” then you continue to show disinterest in her looks as you give her a neutral topic like the Elvis script. During this her intention is to get you to become like all the other guys so she can feel in control and snuff you and you then give her another NEG like this … ” is that a hair piece? well, its neat… what do you call this hairstyle? The waffle? ” Smile and look at her to show her you are sincerely being funny and not insulting. You are pleasant but disinterested in her beauty. This will intrigue her because she KNOWS guys. And this isn’t normal. You must have really high taste, or be used to girls or be married or something. These questions make her CURIOUS. So this keeps happening and is known as FLIRTING. She give you little neg hits and these tests are qualifiers. You pass them by neg hitting her back. After all, you aren’t like the others showing interest. But… why? To get control again she says, “will you buy me a drink?” notice how she is trying to get you now! BUT, she only wants to sucker you in enough so she can SNUFF you. That is all she is about – this strategy is all she knows and it’s not working for you so she is trying to do damage control on the situation. But at the same time she doesn’t quite understand WHY you don’t think you are great. After all, her nails ARE fake. You say, ” ahhh, that’s so funny … you nose moves when

you speak…… (pointing and being cute) look there it goes again … its so… quaint … hheeeee look “ She’ll say, “ahhh, stoppp!” *blush*. Now she is self conscious and having her in this state is where you want her. You have with 3 neg hits successfully created INTEREST (curiosity) and removed her from her pedestal (removed her bitch shield.) You were humorous, you had a smile, you dress well, you are confident and everything she would want in a man.

You didn’t take her shit. OH, and when she asked you for a beer, you said, ” no. I don’t buy girls drinks. but you can buy ME one”. You are qualifying HER now. If she buys you a beer, this is symbolic of her RESPECT for you. If not you say, “pleasure meeting you” and turn your back to her again. DON’T walk away, just turn your back. You are neg hitting them again just when they thought she was negging YOU. That is teasing each other. That is the first step to flirting. This is all textbook psychology.”

Whether the neg is about disqualifying yourself from “hitting on her” (i.e., conveying a lack of expected interest, aka “active disinterest”), or about lowering her self-esteem more directly, the goal is the same: To appease a woman’s hypergamous desire for a man of higher status than herself or other men in her romantic purview. Because, ugly as it is to naive and innocent sensibilities, women become as horny for dominant and lordly men as men do for women with hourglass figures, pert tits and firm asses. The fuses are different but the explosion of lust is the same.

The fact of the matter is that, as SCIENCE has now provided ample evidence for, a man can demonstrate his high value to a woman just as effectively by subtle insinuations that lower the woman’s self-esteem as he can by similar, if reoriented, insinuations that presume his higher value. Disqualifying yourself to pique a woman’s curiosity may feel more ethical to modern casanovas, but making a girl feel pangs of self-doubt about her worth is just as seductive to the female hindbrain. Whichever method you choose, know that you must execute with the right attitude. If you’re working from a mentality of scarcity, any line or routine or conversational gambit or psychological ploy you use will eventually betray your weak inner state.

The Silent Castrati

CH · 19 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Many of us have seen examples of this — the silent suffering of the married castrati — in our social circles. Via reader Dan.

No doubt the husband happily acquiesced to this fun game with his wife, only dimly aware of its dark intimations of his sacklessness. But this is what happens in most marriages — a slow snuffing out of the husband's penile prerogative to his wife's enveloping vaginal jurisdiction over everything that truly matters to him. When women achieve their nuptial dreams and all incentives to please are stripped from their lives, supine beta provider hubbies are reduced to begging for pussy scraps. No self-abnegation is too low, nor any promise of indentured servitude too exorbitant, for the beta hubby caught in the marital trap of his own making.

And yet, time and again we have all seen and known of married men who assume the rump-raised position with an eagerness that defies good sense. Why do so many men willfully, even joyfully, put their balls in the vice? Why do they make a spectacle of their emasculation for the hoots and hollers of the entertained public? Why do they revel in their genital dispossession, like some psychologically cleaved Stockholm Syndrome sufferer?

Certainly, some of these men are very high value alpha males for whom a little self-deprecation helps to right the marital ship of love. Men with options beyond the wife to whom they're shackled find much benefit to assuaging their wive's anxieties. Poking fun at themselves helps in this regard to keep their days free of drama and jealous blow-ups.

But the majority of the married castrati are not in their sorry roles by choice. They are there by necessity. They beg because the nourishment of life — a woman's sex — is not freely given them. They then try to spin their woeful conditions into a dignified valence with pretensions of joint accommodation.

Worse, is the father who thinks his obeisance to mommy leaves his children with some sort of righteous life lesson, as if the self-demoralization with a smile teaches his sons how better to navigate future romantic shoals or his daughters how to act when the time comes like a loving, supportive wife. No, the lesson imparted will be quite the opposite, and the family lineage will disintegrate in time as a consequence.

There are men who can handle the peculiar demands of marriage without sacrificing their balls to the cutter, but those men seem by the year to number fewer still. The tragedy is that it doesn't have to be this way for the silent castrati. A little knowledge of game, or even an elementary grasp of female sexual psychology, and the marital script can be quite easily flipped, even in the face of a malevolent divorce court juggernaut that loves giving the screws to hapless beta males.

A little game, and gone will be the days of cleaning up baby's puke for a week to "earn" a blowjob from a bitch who'd be perfectly happy never giving her husband another hummer for the rest of his life. Gone, to be replaced by happy and heady days of wonder, when the wife not only stops making her sex a *quid pro quo*, but begs to please her husband as the ancient religious texts the world over so command of her.

First things first. Tear down that sticker chart.

Do The White Elite Dream Of Mulatto Sheep?

CH · 20 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If, as I theorize, extreme racial hybridization leads to racial demoralization, it makes sense that the white ruling elite would want to encourage cross-pollination of their distant-kin maidens with the world's wretched horndogs. (The elite themselves would never deign to follow their own precepts, exceedingly rare and foolish exceptions to the contrary.) An entrenched power structure primarily fears two threats: attrition by in-fighting, and usurpation by their aggrieved cousins, (or their aggrieved hosts), and it's the urgency and palpability of the second threat that keeps them up at night in a cold sweat. This fear ensures that the ruling class tirelessly works to promote their interests, which align presently with the total disenfranchisement of their nearest enemy: their racial cousins that until now have served them without complaint or spite. And for the blind proles' happy help, they are spat upon by ingrates with more money than God.

In this disenfranchisement and dispossession of their sneered-at racial cousin lessers, the white elite also imagine themselves beneficent rulers of a prostrate mass of equatorial poverty projects, serving as redeemers and saviors to teeming hordes that are nothing more than props to abet elite moral preening and imbue them with a dopamine rush of feels.

Outbreeding is the *jargon du jour* for cross-pollination, and it is becoming apparent based on accumulating research that outbreeding in the old northwest corner of Europe helped advance civilization there, and eventually bestowed the rest of humanity with its blessings of iPhones and foreign aid to shorten the time that subsistence economies reach their Malthusian limits.

But it is also the case that there is a limit to the good that outbreeding can do, and that there is a "sweet spot" where outbreeding is balanced with inbreeding that results in the maximal prosperity, health and, most critically, long-term stability of the nations whose populaces hit that sweet spot. In short, the photo above is a warning, not a guidepost.

Every day now brings fresh reminders that the Western elite, and particularly the American elite, are evil, and act with impure intentions. They will stop, or they will be stopped. This is the path we're on, unswervingly.

Comment Of The Week: Delayed Obsolescence Edition

CH · 22 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

everybodyhatesscott (poor scott) writes,

> If women had 300 years of quality pre-wall existence, they'd spend the first 298 years partying and the last 2 looking for a husband.

And they'd go through 50 litters of cats.

Unethical Places To Pick Up Girls

CH · 23 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

You can fast-track your cad career by being smarter about the locations of your target acquisition. But this may require going above and beyond the call of decency.

1. Abortion clinics

What better (or faster) way to look like a protector of loved ones than to strike a pose at an abortion clinic waiting room, assisting a friend in fertilized distress? The kind of man who will "be there", even in a woman's darkest moments. And your quarry… ladies at their most vulnerable, many forgotten and discarded by badboy lovers. And you know these abortion-questing broads are impulsive, full spectrum sluts. The proof is in the womb pudding. Their BFF escorts are sluts, too. Sluts like to be around other sluts, so they're not constantly judged by withering glares.

Here's a man who took the pre-viability plunge:

> I creep on [girls] and they love my confidence. I have put myself out there. I made out with a girl the other day for the first time since high school.
>
> Anyways, abortion clinics are great. I always go in and i pretend that I am making an appointment for my sister because she got knocked up and my parents are religious. So the other day i go by the clinic (my parents kicked me out and I moved in with my grandma who lives close to one clinic) and I just lurk around so see if any hot non preggos come in. After about an hour or so this cutie walks in with her preggo friend.
>
> Now I don't do preggos because they have weird nipples and I am lactose intolerant so sex gets messy and pukey. But her friend was hot.
>
> so I make up a sob story to this bish about my sister and how I am there for her even though my parents would abondon her is she told them about the pregnency. I also tell them that women have the right to choose (lol the only thing I let bishes choose is how much lettuce they put in my sandwich. Bishes be all healthy and sh;t).
>
> So the preggo goes into the clinic while the hot friend stays out with me. We talk about feminism and stuff. She is impressed with my in depth knowledge and asks me to come out to the bar later. (I hate finism but I learned all about it to trick bishes. Bishes be dumb lol).
>
> So I go home start pre gaming and puke a few times because of my celiacs (can't drink beer). Go to bar, talk up the bish, buy her drinks and she kisses me at the end and tells me that she has to go but I should come over to her house on monday. I'm gonna get laid tomorrow. So happy.

This strategy of killin' it at the clinic might not be viable much longer, thanks to the morning after pill. Next pick-up stop… CVS!

2. Gay bars

If you have the stomach for it, plying the gay bar for straight women is subterfuge with a high ROI. There are many reasons why gay bars are great pick up places for straight men, but really it primarily comes down to the de facto sex ratio skew. The bar doesn't have to be wildly gay, either. A minimal substitution of, say, 10% of the straight men with gay men can make the women there feel quite a bit more anxious about their market positions. Nudging the sex ratio needle a little can help your cad cause a lot.

Gay bar downside: Trannies. You better hope you have a keen eye, crying gamer.

3. Divorce/family court

Ever hang out at your local bureau of broken dreams and tragic mistakes? Yeah, the quality there isn't great (most

hot babes marry well and learn to tolerate the mistresses) but the self-esteems are at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. Like stalking abortion clinics, the objective here is to hone on women who are hurting awfully bad, and pick up their spirits with promises of romance to carry them away from their problems.

4. Any poor country

Self-explanatory. As an American, you've got that "expert from afar" and "meal ticket" vibe going which foreign women in poor countries amor amor amor. But these INCREDIBLE DEALS won't last, because America's relative superiority to lesser nations with good-looking peasant girls is shrinking by the day. Soon, you can kiss goodbye that East European breastbasket. Next pick-up stop… Rwanda!

5. Welfare office

Flash that roll of tens, and you are good to go, pimp daddy! Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking. "But I like my women to look like women and not megafauna!" Somebody call the waaambulance. Ok, then pay a visit to the countryside, where skid row is more rustic, and more white. At least a few of those hard luck cases will be disarmingly cute. Downside: Hope you like tripping over toys on the way to the bedroom.

6. AA meetings/sex addict groups/rehab centers

There's nothing better for the modern Casanova than a fragile woman with low impulse control. Heck, books have been written about it. Problem is, some bishes are catching onto the ploy.

7. Funerals

Ah, the specter of death, beaten back with help from the specter of your scepter.

8. George Mason University Economics Department

After a week of enduring robotic sperg anti-game, that cute coed will be dying for some human contact. Should be hassle-free to sit in on a class or one hundred, because I'm certain the GMU Econ Department has an open door policy, right?

That Which Doesn't Kill You, Makes You More Seductive

CH · 24 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There is a concept in biology known as "hormesis", which describes the process of an organism becoming stronger when exposed to low levels of stressors. An example of this process would be taking tiny amounts of cobra venom over a long period of time so as to develop an immunity against cobra bites.

An Army study (the link to which is now broken, unfortunately) found evidence that the physiological damage from sustained stress can be mitigated by hormetic intervention. Via reader Retrophoebia,

> Prolonged stress cripples the hippocampus, which is full of cortisol receptors and therefore highly responsive to stress signals. It particularly degrades executive function, motor skills and declarative memory processes. The excess cortisol of sustained stress degrades hippocampal plasticity (capacity for continuous alteration of neural pathways) and hippocampal dendritic morphology (disconnects neural networks by decreasing the number of apical dendrite branch points).

Prolonged stress causes real, deleterious physical effects.

> Men who received the SIT [stress innoculation training] appraised stimulants as less stressful, displayed higher coping competence and had a reduced cortisol response compared with the control group. These findings suggest that stress inoculation training will attenuate soldiers' combat stress response.

Stress inoculation training = hormesis. The men who received the training became better at withstanding higher levels of sustained stress. The mild pain of lower stresses made them stronger against greater stresses.

Retrophoebia asks the relevant question,

> Think that has any Game applications? I do.

Agreed. The first thought is that "game hormesis" is accomplished by the simple act of making approaches. The more women with whom you interact, the easier each future interaction will become, and the better you'll be able to brush off any rejections. And this matters, because occasionally you'll have an interaction that goes wrong, and you'll want your biosystems to be resilient so you can handle the stressful situation competently. You want your hippocampus working for you, not against you.

It also follows from the study that your newbie approaches should be with girls who meet your minimal attractiveness standards, but who aren't much hotter than that. The key to extracting hormetic benefits is to introduce the inoculating stress in tiny amounts. A hard 10 is not a tiny amount of stress for most men. However, an easy-on-the-eyes 6 is a low level stress.So there is wisdom in the pickup artist injunction to start with less physically intimidating girls and build your way up to hitting on hotter babes.

A final thought is that men who have been hormetically inured to sociosexual stressors are more attractive to women. Chicks dig a man who exhibits grace under pressure. It's why chicks drop shit tests like Walter White drops potential informants. A woman won't know if you have the requisite grace unless she applies some pressure to coax it out of you. If you can withstand her onslaught, (whether by way of her transfixing beauty or her staggering psy ops), and parry with the measured self-assurance of a man who's been through plenty of tense courtship situations before, then her regard and her desire for you will increase.

A Thin Line Between Bad Game And Tight Game

CH · 25 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

RappaccinisDaughter writes,

> The problem is that so many guys attempting [the neg] DO NOT understand the difference between a "neg" and an insult. From what I've read on here, a "neg" is supposed to be playful…like you were teasing a bratty little sister, but not trying to make her cry. Instead, what I'm seeing out there is guys saying these unbelievably rude things.
>
> Example: I was meeting some friends for dinner, but I got there early and had to wait at the bar. Some random strikes up a conversation with me. We speak for a couple of minutes, everything is polite and friendly, when he comes out with this whopper:
>
> "You know, those child-bearing hips of yours almost make up for how small your tits are."
>
> That interaction went from, "Hmm, maybe he's got some friends that might like to come hang out with me and my friends after we've all eaten," to me actually giving the guy the finger and telling him to go fuck himself. Which I generally never do because I think it's tacky, but I was so shocked and insulted that it just kind of popped out.

RD is aghast at the rudeness of her negger, but a small change in wording is all it would take to reframe RD's middle finger into a muffsome tingle. For example:

"Your sexy hips balance out your athletic boobs."

There. This is what a neg should sound like coming from a better negger. It's only superficially a compliment. The "athletic boobs" part, sliding in as it does like a sneaky syntactical fucker soon after the conspicuous flattery, adds that necessary ingredient of backhanded ambiguity that so enthralls women's need for intrigue. When delivered with plausible naivete, the woman is left with no one to accuse of rudeness, and her middle finger is stayed. Instead of outward rebellion at her devious suitor, she turns inward to wonder what he meant by "athletic boobs", (to most women, the description evokes the image of tiny but firm titties), and in the turning inward she becomes invested in him and, ultimately, in his approval.

I hope now people are starting to get a feel for proper neggery. It doesn't have to be complicated, although negging as an art form can require a high skill level. A simple disqualification — "It's nice for a change to talk to a girl like she's one of the guys" — is really all that you need to say to successfully pull off a neg and pique a girl's curiosity about you.

It wouldn't be CH if a sly postscript precision-engineered to get under combatants' skins weren't appended.

PS Despite the horrible negger in RD's anecdote, you'll note that she remembers him days later. A woman's hate is far preferable to her indifference as an emotional medium through which you can insinuate your obscure charms. To put it curtly, no man ever banged a woman who didn't know or care he existed, but plenty of men have banged women who started out with hate and disgust (but not boredom!) in their hearts. Of course, it's ideal to begin the dance of symbolized copulation in the throes of genuine romantic ardor, but hate will do in a pinch.

PPS Better to err on the side of too much assholery than too little. If you can't think of a good neg, dropping a bad neg is, most of the time, still better than talking about the weather. At least you've pinged her radar. Because hell hath no blowouts like a woman bored.

Study: Women Really Are Becoming More Like Men

CH · 26 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

And, to a lesser extent, men more like women, at least in an outpost of the West.

> Facial structure of men and women has become more similar over time. […]
>
> Researchers found that craniofacial differences between contemporary men and women are less pronounced than they were in the 16th century. The researchers also found that, while craniofacial features for both sexes in Spain have changed over time, the changes have been particularly significant in females. For example, the facial structure of modern Spanish females is much larger than the structure of 16th century females. This difference may stem from improved nutrition or other environmental factors.

The manjaw is not a figment of the imaginations of CH scene observers. Western women really are looking less feminine and, likely, becoming more psychologically man-like because personality traits and physiology correlate.

So this is the world the West is hurtling toward: A steaming mass of lantern-jawed, hairy forearmed, gratingly obnoxious feminist witches. A world of Amanda Marcottes. What could be a worse sexually unimorph combo than the entitlement and irrationality of women hitched to the aggro posturing and striver pretensions of men?

The study doesn't say how much of the masculinization of women is genetic versus environmental, but the distinction is academic, since once a woman has taken on male traits it's nigh impossible to re-feminize her within the window of her fifteen year peak sexual marketability.

Whether it's more calories, better (or worse) nutrition, or sexual selection favoring self-sufficient careerist shrikes, the path to divinely inspired and exquisitely vulnerable female beauty appears to have hit a thicket of brambles. And who are the biggest losers in this manjawed milieu? Beta provider males. What do they bring to the marketplace of ids that a go-getter bitch with her own pursestrings doesn't already have? A cuckold victim promissory note?

Are Beta Males Responsible For Feminism?

CH · 27 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a theory which I don't think has been expressed elsewhere, because it seems on the surface to challenge long-held conventional wisdom among the pro-truth, anti-feminist crowd that feminism was the result of an unruly alliance between alpha males seeking to enlarge their pool of attractive, single women and ugly omega females seeking separate status whoring avenues where they wouldn't have to compete with married mothers on their turf.

Most avowed feminists and feminist leaders are dog ugly, so that part of the alliance rings true. But what if it was beta males, rather than alpha males, who were the other prime movers of Boomer feminism? (Boomer feminism was the beginning of the really warped variety of feminism that supplanted suffrage and Prohibition.) Did beta males enjoin the feminist sabotage of civilization because they thought it would cramp the style of alpha males? The betas probably didn't grasp the long-term consequences of their project, but crippling their competition was the short-term goal they had in mind when they allied with the femfreaks. They were probably thinking (beneath the layers of socially presentable equalese), "Aha, elevating women to positions of power will help kick out those entrenched alpha males and level the male playing field. More poosy for us!"

Poor pathetic beta male feminists. Little did they realize that helping women become economically self-sufficient and freed from the "slavery" of marriage allowed them to ignore betas for the sexy alphas promising nothing but a good time. The one bit of leverage beta males bring to the sexual market table — their emotional and financial provisions — they trashed in a fit of spite against the jocks they hated in high school.

That's my theory. I think it makes sense in light of the whiny resentment modern "male feminists" like John Scalzi reveal toward incorrigible charmers who defy the logic of gender politics and not only suffer no consequences for their impudence, but profit from it.

A Vision Of The Future Of America

CH · 29 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine an obese single mom head-slapping her racially ambiguous child, watching Lena Dunham's floppy tit on TV, reading hack erotica about billionaire vampires, gouging the salaries of productive beta males for colorful iphones, soda by the gallon and cable subscription packages… forever.

If you aren't **shudder**ing, you aren't paying attention.

Feminist Catchphrase Translator

CH · 30 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The following open source, feminist bromide translation service is offered free of charge. Share with your local warpig!

exploitation, *noun*
1. anything that gives straight men pleasure.

threatening, *adj*
1. an instance of consensual lovemaking.
2. an erect penis.

“Men are threatened by [X]“, *clause*
1. rationale offered when men don’t like what feminists like.

rape, *noun*
1. regret.
2. unsatisfactory sex with a beta male.

rape culture, *noun*
1. invisible, unidentifiable, cosmic force that helps provide justification for massive redistribution of wealth from men to women.
2. normal, healthy society.

slutwalk, *noun*
1. a gathering of half-naked ugly women imagining that men want them.
2. a gathering of half-naked cute women orchestrated by a rich man living in the Upper East Side as a ruse to get laid.

social conditioning, *noun*
1. biology.
2. all-purpose explanation for any innate human behavior or sexual preference that vexes feminists.
3. hope.

BBW, *proper noun*
1. a fat woman looking at herself in an hourglass-shaped funhouse mirror.

“smart and sassy”, *adj.*
1. annoying.
2. ugly.
3. fat.
4. what women with the above three traits put in online dating profiles in lieu of a full body photo.

[X] privilege, *noun*
1. anything that isn’t immediately recognizable as feminist privilege.
2. the sin of someone being better at something than someone else.
3. the quality of not being a loser.
syn.: envy

creep, *noun*
1. a boring niceguy who makes an innocent pass at a woman.
2. a male target of a feminist’s psychological projection.

asshole, *noun*

1. noncommittal lover.
2. sexy cad who doesn't know feminist exists.
3. irresistible man.

mansplaining, *noun*
1. logic.
2. reason.

whine, *noun*
1. legitimate complaint.

double standard, *noun*
1. a reality of human sexual nature which bothers feminists.
2. holding women accountable for the consequences of anything they do.

"WOW, JUST WOW", *exclamation*
1. emotional response to hurtful facts.
2. a resounding admission of defeat in the marketplace of ideas.

War on Women, *proper noun*
1. a make-believe land dreamed up by feminists and their male enablers to explain away the natural consequences of sex dimorphism.
2. a shibboleth offered by community college professors to starry-eyed, naive coeds, for the purpose of easily seducing them.
3. propaganda to divert attention from the fact that women in the whole receive every societal and cultural advantage in life.

cisgender, *noun*
1. normal human being.

LGBQT, *proper noun*
1. abnormal human being.

heteronormativity, *noun*
1. the imagined cause of a misfit's deep feelings of shame and inferiority.

"I am a feminist because [X]", *clause*
1. rationalization for having no dating life or marital prospects.

Women's Studies, *proper noun*
1. lifetime poverty.

"No self-respecting woman would date [X]", *clause*
1. An obvious face-saving excuse ugly women say when rejected by men.
2. No True Feminist fallacy.

Women's Worst Enemies Are Other Women

CH · 1 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Jizzebel hokumguzzlers have built a retard empire on the fantastical premise that demonic men oppress angelic women, and that the end of such oppression would herald a femme utopia for land whales, skanks, proud sluts, transborgs, homonormatives, globular polyamorists, selfie-abusers and really cool smart chicks with pink hair who use the word "douchecanoe" a lot and think that makes them a member of the literati.

Except that, out here in the real world where the rubber hits the hole, it's about as ass-backwards a belief as one can diligently nurture in the face of contradictory facts. If stepping outside the confines of the gloomy bedroom internet portal and listening to ♥science♥ hold any quarter with the self-delusion set, they would have to recant everything they profess, for the facts show that women are the worst enemies of women.

Who hurts women? Real rapists (as opposed to the phantasm of "regret rapists") very infrequently hurt women. But the threat to women, as measured by battle effectiveness and sheer force of enemy number, is **other women**.

> The rumor spreading, shunning and backstabbing of "mean girls" may be a relatively accurate picture of women's social interactions, one researcher says.
>
> Though both men and women use such indirect aggression in relationships, women use backbiting to demoralize competition and take sexual rivals out of the picture…
>
> "Women do compete, and they can compete quite fiercely with one another," said Tracy Vaillancourt, the paper's author and a psychology professor at the University of Ottawa in Canada. "The form it typically takes is indirect aggression, because it has a low cost: The person [making the attack] doesn't get injured. Oftentimes, the person's motives aren't detected, and yet it still inflicts harm against the person they're aggressing against."

Why do women choose the tactically lower risk method of indirect attacks? Because of the fundamental premise that acts like a brain virus upon everyone's underlying psychology: women are biologically the more valuable sex.

> That led Vaillancourt to hypothesize that the behavior is rooted in humans' evolutionary past. But why would sneaky meanness have become so ingrained in the female repertoire?
>
> In short, because mean girl aggression works so well.
>
> Because of women's role in childbearing and rearing, they are less expendable than men and couldn't risk injury by settling disputes with their fists, said Anne Campbell, an evolutionary psychologist at Durham University in the United Kingdom, who was not involved in the work. Instead, social exclusion and talking behind someone's back allowed women to work out conflicts without endangering their bodies.

This research lends support to the suspicion that the feminist zeal to cavalierly throw around the accusation of misogyny at men is really a classic case of psychological projection of their own states of mind. Or: only a real misogynist would impute misogyny to everyone else's motives. You have to be one to know one, right ladies? Heh.

In related crimethoughts, those who drop the "raciss" accusation on the slimmest pretexts are likely themselves raving racists. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

> Not only does such cattiness make the targeted women too sad and anxious to compete in the sexual market, some studies suggest it can make men find rivals less attractive — provided the badmouthing comes from a cute woman, Vaillancourt said.

Yeah, that last part is the crucial condition. A fug badmouthing a hottie has about as much influence over a man's

judgment of female attractiveness as another man would. That is to say, none. What would be interesting to follow up on would be an experiment that examined the reactions of hotties and fugs to social ostracism by other women. My bet is that hotties can withstand female cattiness a lot better than can uglier women. Because hotties have constant feedback from men that their worth in the sexual market is unassailable.

> Women often punish perceived sexual transgressions, Vaillancourt said. Studies in dozens of countries have found that women use indirect aggression against other women for being "too sexually available," Vaillancourt said.
>
> "It's women who suppress other women's sexuality," because if sex is a resource, then more sexually promiscuous women lower the price of it, Vaillancourt told LiveScience.

Slut walk sloganeering notwithstanding to the cuntrary, most slut shamers are other women. Men may avoid sluts for marriage, but they won't shame them. Why shame a snatch freebie from landing in your lap?

> One way to avoid the most destructive effects of girls' indirect aggression is to make sexual policing less powerful, Campbell said.
>
> "We want to achieve a situation where that accusation [of promiscuity] had no power, where we don't have that double sexual standard," Campbell said. "But how we get there, I don't know."

Good luck with that. She may as well try to get humans to subsist on hemlock.

> And women don't compete over things they don't value, Vaillancourt said. So women who put less emphasis on dating, or women who are past their sexual peak, are less likely to engage in mean girl behavior (at least over men).

The sexual market is the one market to rule them all.

So women backbite, backstab and fall back from attacking other women when the heat comes around the corner. That's some RealTalk™ the Jizzebelers assiduously sweep under their gnarly rugs.

The fembot soul serrating doesn't stop there. What other sins against women that feminists routinely accuse men of committing are committed by women in at least equal measure? Welp, how about objectification?

> A new study has confirmed something women have been complaining about for years.
>
> The research, out of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln and published in the Springer-published journal *Sex Roles*, essentially corroborates the belief that people tend to focus more on the breasts and figure of a woman when analyzing her appearance than they do on her face. […]

People tend to focus first on the important information about a woman.

> Unsurprisingly, women with narrow waists, full breasts and larger hips – the classic hourglass figure – were rated more favorably than their less voluptuous counterparts, even when men were asked to assess a woman's personality (rather than attractiveness) based on her appearance in the photos.
>
> But perhaps what's most interesting is that *women* also tended to objectify other females in the same way that men did. They, too, spent more time focusing on figure than face.

Can you believe the nerve of those men… hold up, wait a sec… hmm… those **women** objectifying women that way? Ugh, I can't even… wow just wow… creepers!

Feminism will go down in history (along with her parent ideology equalism) as the stupidest potpourri of delusions

ever propagated by a mass of degenerates sufficient in number and influence to dump their poison in the public's ear. The Chateau stands ancient and true, thwarting the lords of lies at every point of attack.

> "Generally speaking, people are more positive towards a more attractive woman than a less attractive one," lead researcher Sarah Gervais said. "However, attractiveness may also be a liability, because while evaluating them positively, 'gazers' still focus less on individuating and personalizing features, such as faces, and more on the bodies of attractive women."

There's an important game concept tucked in the crevice of this quote. Can anyone find it?

.

.

Answer: Thermal exhaust port. Hot women have weaknesses, primary among them the nagging fear that they're only loved for their bodies. You, as an aspiring assaulter of the pink abyss, can exploit this point of id entry into the attractive female's ego. Disqualify and challenge — "I only hang with women who have something going on for themselves besides their looks" — then assuage and connect — "I know people judge you on superficial stuff, and how tough that makes it for you to find someone who can connect with you on a deeper level. I get that".

A cute girl's ego is like a finicky vineyard. You must first coax the fruit to their exquisite ripeness by introducing slight stresses to the soil of her self-conception; you must avoid overwatering and over-fertilizing, which can cause the grape (ego) to become too plump and lacking in distinction; and finally, you must pluck her exercised ego at the perfect moment and turn it into a fine wine that she is eager to pour a glass of herself for you to appreciate. Chin chin.

Quote Of The Day: Atomized Wedges

CH · 1 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

> i was on transit today and it seems like white people are getting less and less common. just disappearing. transit is like a microcosm of multiculturalism. dead eyed somalians sitting awkwardly next to old chinese ladies. nothing in common. aknowledging each other as mere objects. no sign of life. riding by ugly buildings with grey skies above.

Lifted shamelessly from a Reprobate Right outpost.

Why Men Don't Have BFFs

CH · 1 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Watch this video of a man and a woman, respectively, dropping a mickey in their dates' drinks.

When the man attempts to drug his date, a mongrel horde of white knights descends upon him to break him on the wheel. But when the woman does the same to her date… crickets. Not a stir among the white knight brigade to defend from bodily harm the man who is the victim of her mickey. Only one person — a woman — steps up to tell the guy that his date put a pill in his drink.

This is all unsurprising to Chateau regulars who are familiar with the fundamental premise governing human sociosexual dynamics.

Interestingly, this reluctance to come to a man's aid (relative to the eagerness to do so for women) is why men's same-sex friendships are so much deeper and more meaningful than women's same-sex friendships. When a man has earned another man's true friendship, their loyalty can last for decades, through the worst tribulations. Women's friendships are, by way of contrast, quite a bit more… how shall we say?… gossipy and fickle.

This is the reason why women invent terms like "BFF", (Best Friend Forever). When you can't really count on your friends to be there, you artificially pump the value of your friendships with branding exercises that allow you and them to think the relationship is more profound than it is. Men have no need for such verbal calisthenics, because a man's close friends have earned their place in his world by their action, not by their word. His loyal male friends are presumed BFFs. No marketing or product branding required.

How Much Of A Jerk Can You Be And Still Be Loved By Women?

CH · 2 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Short answer: A lot.

The girlfriend of a jailed alpha male helped organize a helicopter prison break for him.

Yes, folks, she was part of a team that commandeered a helicopter and landed it on the roof of a prison complex, so that the man who drives his dick into her can do it in more romantic settings than a conjugal visit cell. Twue wuv!

Lest you think this Allie Capone is some ugly ghetto skank who resembles the abused crack ho spouses on COPS, here's her pic with her thug life lover. I'd tap that.

As beta males buy disillusioned 35-year-olds drinks and get thanks but no thanks cold shoulders in return, some inmate with a professional smirk waits for his hot fucktoy to land a fucking helicopter on the prison roof to fly him to freedom. And disingenuous hand-wringers wonder why men aren't "manning up".

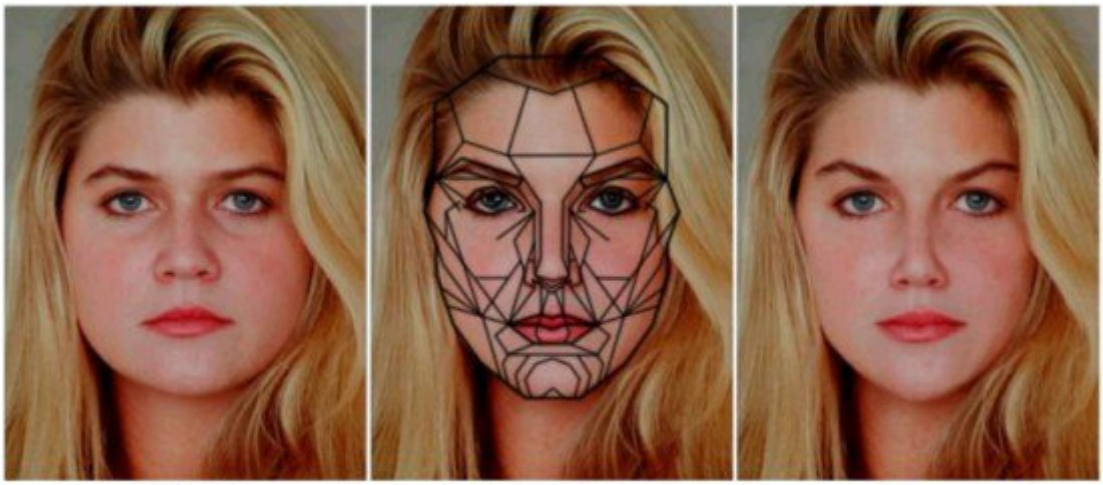
What is the point of CH posting an endless procession of these chicks dig jerks stories? Is it to gloat? Well, yes. But it's also to remind everyone how utterly different female sexual psychology is from male sexual psychology. Most people lose sight of that difference, or they try hard to ignore it. And with good reason; it's unpleasant to ponder. But game as it's understood wouldn't work if men and women responded to the same mate value cues. If that were the case, whatever women did to maximize their appeal to men would work equally as well for men seeking to maximize their appeal to women.

It doesn't, because men and women are radically alien to each other in some very important respects. There aren't any men landing choppers in prison yards to free the thug babees they luv.

The Beauty Ratio

CH · 3 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Take a look at this series of photos. Which woman, left or right, is more beautiful?



How elusive is the concept of beauty? Apparently, not very. With a few microtweaks of geometric proportions, a woman's face can turn from plain to pulchritudinous. The Marquardt Beauty Mask uses the pentagon and decagon as a foundation that, when a face is aligned to the mask, objectively proves that beauty is NOT in the eye of the beholder (beyond the trivial biological fact that a visual processing center in the brain must apprehend beauty), but rather is a definable and universal constant of formulaic precision that can be replicated and duplicated to achieve the identical hornytoad response in men the world over.

Nihilism and cynicism are perfectly justified when the timeless mysteries of human wonder yield to the investigative scalpel of cold numerical analysis.

Why It's Smart To Avoid The Ghetto

CH · 4 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The reason there aren't even more disproportionately committed black-on-white crimes than there already are is not because blacks don't hold much anti-white animus; it's because the opportunity to prey on whites is limited.

> Aided by store surveillance footage, Davis and Jones–parents to four children **[ed: the future's looking brighter every day]**–were arrested yesterday. Dawkins identified both suspects when shown photo lineups.
>
> During questioning, an "apologetic" Davis reportedly confessed to robbing Dawkins, claiming that he "stole the property because he needed new tires for his car." Jones admitted that she and Davis went to GameStop intending to "catch a cracker," which she said was slang for robbing a white person, cops reported. Instead, they robbed Dawkins, with whom Davis said she fought until Davis was able to drive away.

Blacks can't "catch a cracker" if there are no crackers around to catch. This is why, despite SWPL moral posturing to the contrary, most whites with half a brain don't live in the ghetto, and avoid meandering into ghetto space when an alternate path of travel is available. For the ugly truth is that blacks would target a hell of a lot more whites for their very special lessons in impulsive violence if whites made themselves more convenient plushtoys. But because most criminals are lazy and don't venture far from their hunting grounds, the scope of their target selection is typically no larger than a four-block radius surrounding their filthy hovels.

Whites and other non-blacks (and even some blacks) who avoid predominantly black hoods — as per Derbyshire's advice in his seminal column The Talk — are acting in their best interest and doing the smart thing by refusing to become an easy mark for thugs who perceive, more rightly than wrongly, that whites are soft targets of their malevolence. Narrative-enslaved conservatives who phonily lament the tragedy of "black-on-black" crime should know that black-on-white crime would dwarf it were it not for the happy "accident" of geographical segregation and black indolence. Remember that the next time you're tempted to think that blacks can't be racist because, hey, they kill so may of their own kind. They'd take out a lot more whites if whites would just stop moving the hell away from them. Stand still, cracker!

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Equalism Logic Trap

CH · 5 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

From an anonymous commenter over at Steve Sailer's site:

> The military is too male. I don't have a joke, I'm just really in awe of that phrase. I'm thinking about the length of a journey that a culture must undertake in order for that to stop sounding crazy.

The catch-22 in the leftoid mentality is that when you hitch your ego wagon to equalism, and "progress" can only be achieved by increasing total equality in the world, then you quickly reach a reductio ad absurdum vanishing point of infinite stupidity where continued progress must necessarily be squeezed from more costly (in every sense of the word) increments of equalization. Since true equalization is impossible given biological constraints, the stupidity will just ratchet up with each Pyrrhic liberal victory, and the rationalizations for the stupidity will become more labyrinthine, until civilization is paralyzed into inaction, and then eventual implosion and full regression to a pre-stupidity state. Much avoidable suffering will accompany this trajectory.

But I guess we're all just gonna have to learn this lesson the hard way, again. Thanks, leftoids!

The Average Female Face Of Different Countries

CH · 7 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Although the source and scientific rigor of this graphic can't be verified by crack CH gumshoes, it is interesting enough even in its vagueness and limitations to spur charmingly adolescent discussion about female beauty and its correlation with race and ethnicity. Take it for what it is, and assume some bias in the photo selection process that produced these averages of female faces from various nations. (No doubt the bias alluded is the surmise that the photoshopper is a white SWPL nerd deliberately choosing photo samples that minimize any uncomfortable racial disparities. Let's face it (heh), it's the way to bet nowadays.)

A few passing thoughts. First, for your social circuit approved elucidation, the Cathedral-sanitized thoughts are presented:

The sky is blue. Global warming is really bad. All women are beautiful the world over. There's no such thing as absolute morality. Aren't Republicans evil?

And now the unfiltered candor that fills the cheap seats is presented:

– As perhaps has been noted before on this blog and by numerous others, averaging the faces of multiple women appears to improve the looks of the final amalgam. The softening of asymmetrical protuberances and the converging toward the Golden Ratio can explain much of this phenomenon. However…

– The degrees of symmetry, softening and feminization in the female amalgams are not distributed equally among all population groups. While most of these women meet the minimum bangableness threshold for all but the most discerning (or Pointy Elbow Syndrome suffering) men, some clearly stand out as superior specimens of stiffy inspiration. As it seems is the usual in these international pulchritude comparisons, Ukraine, Russia and the Mediterranean minxes come out looking the best.

– In the general, the white women (where dey at? disappearing fast) have the edge over their historically geographically distant competition, but racial bias (a healthy and normal evolved human inclination which wouldn't

be so universally possessed were it not reproductively fitness enhancing, as the Peter Stone Cold Frosts of the world might quip) most certainly clouds accurate cross-racial comparison. Within the kernel of the seed of us men (and women) surely resides an incomprehensible, and barely comprehended, favoring for close encounters of the kin kind. It's genetic continuity all the way down. That is, until a white woman is air-lifted into District 9. Then it's a genetic hybridization orgy.

– The Dutch fused filly is mega hot. Those eyes, those eyes. They megaphonically telegraph "I am thinking about your rock hard cock driving itself into the chassis of my high church Nordic womb. The merest graze of my eddied upper lip on your proud exclamation will send you to spasms of molten release." What her eyes do not say: "I bet you're intimidated by my Masters in Third World Rebranding and my Tier 15 law school credential." American women, take note.

– Asian chicks are overrated. But, they'e thin. And that's where they close the gap with white women vis a vis the lustful longings of white men.

– The black African women outperform expectations. But, if most men had to choose…

– Sadly, no amount of averaging will rescue the Samoan girl from looking like an ugly ladyboy with a tribble on her head.

– A keen-eyed cad might mention that the averages of the women look epidermally lighter-toned than the everyday street versions he encounters on his travels around the globe. The South Indian girl, for instance, is a few color charts lighter skinned than the ones seen in photos of her countrywomen obliviously washing clothes in a fetid river transporting cow and human carcasses to their tenth lives as ants.

– French women may not be the world's most beautiful, but CH proclaims them in the running for the world's sexiest. Ween, ween, monsieur.

– What the graphic doesn't tell us: The length of the tails of the beauty distribution for each represented country. Is the cute British girl, for example, close to the appearance of a randomly chosen young British woman, or is she the fuse of a lot of ugly Brit chicks averaged with a few super hot Moneypennys?

– Would have loved to see an Australian aboriginal average face included in this graphic. For the yuks, (entendre intended).

– The American woman amalgam is not represented. The frame was simply too small to fit her.

– The Brazil chick looks like every dirty porn star on the internet. Brazil should just rename itself to Pornistasia.

– Argentina is sitting on a Yankee candle.

– Peru has been wanting to get married since she was five.

– Burma: pedophile charges. Upside: you'll always feel like you're deflowering a virgin.

– Sweden is what too much feminism does to a woman's looks.

– That Mexico chick? Yeah, 99.9999999% of Mexican border jumpers don't look like her. So settle down open borders nutjobs.

– Irish girl is missing, which is too bad. Too bad for science, of course. One wonders (well, one with a juvenile curiosity wonders) if averaging would eliminate the famed jutting chin of the Emerald Isle lass.

– Who the hell does a female reader have to blow to get a !Kung woman represented in these beauty contests?

Reader Mailbag: The Stymied Smash

CH · 8 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

mas00 inquires,

> Need some CH readers help. Been going out sarge'n by myself lately. I never do this, trying to throw myself into my fears. I'm 30 so time is not on my side.

Unless you look unusually prematurely old, time is most certainly on your side. Most men hit their *physical* sexual attractiveness peak in their mid 30s (as long as they don't get soft and pudgy). Men can sustain their *attitudinal* sexual attractiveness well past their 30s and into late middle age. The point of this reminder is to wake you from falling into very bad and confidence sapping feelings of self-doubt. Chicks most certainly do not dig self-doubting Thomases.

> I met this Hawaiian girl at a bike festival with her gay friend(guy). She had an amazing body, big ass HB 7.5. face was alright nothing amazing. We all talked for a bit, I got her number about 10 minutes into the convo. She gave me a free token for a beer/basically bought me a beer and told me I had "nice eyes".

I'm just gonna assume she's not an industry worker.

> Anyways they were leaving and asked if I came alone I said yea I was gonna meet someone but they bailed.

Fibbing is always better than DLVing. (Demonstrating lower value.) Don't tell a girl that your friends "bailed". Tell her you bailed on them to chat up new people.

> She said come with us to the street fair you aren't doing anything.

An in-demand man is always doing something. She's already trying to box you into a beta corner. This is an example of a mild form of shit test that many women will utilize without really being aware that they're doing so.

> I told her there was a party later and she and her friend should come and I was going to hang around. (bad move right??).

Not necessarily. Manufactured scarcity can be alluring. And you want to avoid following a girl around like an affection starved puppy. But if she's really showing interest in you, it's better to push for more time together than to retreat from the playing field by promising to meet at a later time. To put it simply, if the road is opening up to you, hit the gas. Don't park and wait for a tow.

> I thought I could ride out my high and stay approaching.. I guess this is a good lesson in know when to close the day?

Right. The point of approaching is fucking. Not more approaching.

> I text her later on that day
>
> Me- " hit me up if you want to come to the party"
> her- "ok for sure".
>
> Never heard from her.

Could be any number of reasons why she went cold. But I'd start with your phrasing. Don't write "…if you want to come to the party". That's pleading for her company. Instead, state "come to the party at X. see you there." AAS. Always. Assume. The Sale.

> 1 day later I text her around 10:30 am a funny meme that has samuel L jackson from Pulp Fiction pointing a gun and say "morning mother fucker"

If she was a friendly guy you just met would you be sending him funny memes the very next day? No? Then you shouldn't be sending them to a girl you just met. Remember, dude, you hardly know her and you have better things to do. Why would you waste time trying to cheer up a girl you talked to for a few minutes, unless you were some needy beta desperate for a love connection?

Listen, girls can SMELL value on a man from twelve parsecs. They can sense it like you can visually tell the difference in nanometers between the right and left boobs.

> nothing all day, until 10:30 I text her again..
>
> me- I owe you a beer unless you handed out free beers to every guy who approached you

So far the texting ratio is decidedly not in your favor. You've sent three texts to her one text. Look up at the Jumbotron. Are you proud of your works, Oxymandias?

> a day later
>
> her- "haha so they all owe me beer"

She texted you A DAY LATER. This dynamic should be the other way around.

> How should I attack this?

Lost cause. You've shown her nothing of worth except "nice eyes", and that plus a buck will get you a cheap coffee and an afternoon fap. You want my sincere advice how to attack this? Go nuclear. Text back:

slut

Just like that. No punctuation, no nothing. Only The Asshole Force can save you now.

> I feel like I had the upper hand

You never had the upper hand. Do you think a girl's compliments mean anything? Attention whores toss out glib flattery like candy in order to stoke the chase in their suitors. Girls don't mean it when they say shit like "nice eyes" in the way that men mean it when they say the same to women. The only evidence that a girl means anything noteworthy is her parting vagina welcoming your Mosaic staff.

> but I didn't move to another venue and now somehow the power dynamic has switched?

Your critical error was your lack of leaving any sort of impression on her. A venue change may have helped, but only in the sense that it would have prolonged the window of opportunity for you to salvage this mess.

> While with her I ran into some random people I knew we talked for a while and I thought that showed I had value.

Depends what kind of random people they were. Nerds and fat chicks? Then you lowered your value. Cool cats like yer humble host CH? Value overload.

> I'm a bit unsure of what route to take this.. Any help greatly appreciated. I want to smash this one.

You want to smash this one. She knows this. This is why you will not smash.

I can give you little. The lead is cold. Ice cold. Try non sequitur text game. That might do something. Otherwise, accept your momentary defeat and take the lesson to heart for the next girl you want to smash. Don't worry, there will be plenty of them.

Comment Of The Week: There's A New Kid In Town

CH · 9 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Peripatetic commenter PA writes,

> With regards to ejaculations such as "stick to poon", "I thought this is a Game blog," "how does this race-post help me get laid?" that predictably pop up on ideological posts such as the previous one — here is why they happen:
>
> Liberals have been coasting for decades on a deadly concession from righties that they (libs) are: 1) smarter; 2) better; 3) sexier.
>
> And like every illusion, the one about liberal supremacy of mind, heart, and body is becoming a spent force. A brief explanation follows.
>
> 1. The lie that leftists are smarter: though this may not be apparent, liberals have abandoned their claim on intellectual superiority. Free inquiry and scrupulous reason is now the domain of the so-called "dark enlightment". The leftists, feminists, anti-racists, statists, now resort to censorship, personal destruction, and faggoty snark. Leftist thought is, as Bryan Caplan arrogantly admitted, little more than marketing for the ruling classes.
>
> 2. The lie that leftists are better people: we all know the founding moment of leftist moral superiority, when Welch told Joseph McCarthy: "at long last Sir, have you no decency?" Please take the time to read THIS, up to and especially to the sweet payoff in the post's final line.
>
> 3. The lie that leftists are sexier. Or more cool, more attractive, more hip. That is the one they still hold on to, willfully oblivious to the fact that they are fearful, tight-lipped prigs. But this is exactly why no-name commenters mews "stick with poon!" when slapped with a CH clear-talk evisceration of a feminist of an anti-racist shibboleth. They are disturbed, very deeply, by the fact that verve, coolness, sexiness, style, and Game are ours, not theirs.
>
> The brains, the heart, and the body ascent toward excellence when congruous with themselves, each other, and with truth, beauty, and honor. And those things are what we seek, while they desperately try to bury.

While fatties, feminists and feckless freaks are fun manboob-sized targets upon which to practice one's soul carving skills, the maestros of gleeful malevolence at CH really love to sharpen their shivs on the strip-mined ids of more evasive prey. Blasting double-barreled buckshot through a SWPL leftoid's snark-and-Stewart-pumped ego is a thrill that no lumbering megafembot sporting an exposed id the width of a barn door can provide. And, as PA says, as long as your heart and your mind are true, so shall be your aim.

Not many have the stomach for the hunt. Fewer still have it for the ultimate hunt: to hunt the hunters. Stare with sharp eye, breathe with cool repose, hold with steady assurance and, at the precise moment of uncoiled contempt, relish the glory of dropping a paper titan, sniveling, to his knees. Where he knows deep in his heart he has always belonged.

***

Runner-up Comment of the Week winner is tspark156.

> There is a simple truth that betas are unaware of or simply ignore. It is the misunderstanding and deliberate ignoring of this truth that is responsible for the state of western society today. Women hate men that give and love men that take.

Correct. But if you ask women, they'll tell you the exact opposite. So don't bother asking women what they want.

They’ll only lead you down a dead end.

Government Shutdown A Boon For Beta Males

CH · 9 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

CH has been at the forefront of predicting rather astutely that beta males experience worse results in a sexual market where women are economically self-sufficient and can follow their tingles to alpha cad land, and conversely do better (i.e., maritally or otherwise lock down prettier women in their beauty primes) in a sexual market where women are increasingly out of work and needing a charmless company stiff to support them. Right on cue, a news report states that a major "sugar daddy" dating website has seen a 50% increase in sign-ups since the government shutdown, and that half of the new members are single moms.

A lot of government bureaucrats are women. A lot of government teat sucklers are women, many of whom are single moms with low impulse control. When the money flows freely, the pussy flows freely… to fly-by-night alpha males with the right mix of JERKBOY CHARISMA. When the State Sugar Daddy money spigot slows to a sad dribble, so too does the willingness of women to indulge their darker desires with exciting but unreliable swains. In tough times, beta provider males enjoy an expansion of their sexual market niche.

Do you know what wonderfully focuses the mind of a single mom? Visions of her bratty bastard starving to death in her arms. Yep, works every time.

ADDENDUM

In related ♥SCIENCE♥ news, a study found that divorce risk correlates with the wife's share of household income.. The more money your wifey makes relative to what you make, the likelier it is she will stick the divorce court shiv in your hide. This shouldn't be news to regular guests of Le Chateau, where we have been saying for a fucking long time that economic self-sufficiency reduces women's need (and thus desire) for beta provider males, and creates incentives for female-initiated divorce and cad chasing. However, it's always a fun time when one of these studies comes out reaffirming ancient wisdom. You just know it gets under the skin of the right sorts of degenerate freaks.

Game-less beta males who espouse feminism are really working against their own romantic interests. One wonders if they realize this, or if they do but just enjoy the feeling of cucking themselves into prostrate submission.

John Scalzi: "The latter, dudebro! Tee hee."

Beta Of The Month: On Bended Knees... Forever

CH · 10 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Not to gloat over my prowess at uncovering the world's cringeworthiest beta males, but I think you readers will find it particularly difficult in this edition of Beta of the Month to stare at these train wrecks without averting your eyes.

BOTM Candidate #1 is a Rainman Jr. looking guy who earned his FIRST HUG (after four years dating) on the day he proposed to his girlfriend. Aww. Slow down, Romeo!

6/10, would hug. She's wearing sunglasses to hide her shame and contempt.

In the interest of fair and balanced shivving, maybe the guy is sniggering like a retard because he's already boffed this chick and he likes the feeling of getting one over on her oblivious dad. But judging by that disrespectful boner protruding in his pants, I'm guessing this tiny amount of physical contact is the first he's received since his umbilical cord caressed his neck. So for the sake of BOTM continuity, let's just call it and state unequivocally that this beta is loping into marriage on the basis of a platonic side hug. And is that a wallet he's holding? At least he knows he's gonna have to pay up to get a hug on the other side that maybe, if he's lucky!, includes a brief tit brush, tastefully clothed.

Poor bastard. He has no idea the hell matrix that awaits him.

It takes a special kind of beta male delusion to conduct one's personal affairs in the belief that marriage will open the pearled pink gates of sex. If your girlfriend can successfully parry your irresistible betaboy charms for FOUR FUCKING YEARS and reward you with a hardcore side hug the second you promise her an early retirement plan option, then it's a good bet she can easily glide through another twenty years of sexless (that is, sexless with you) marriage once she has a ring on it and any incentive for good behavior from her has been removed from her consideration.

A young(ish) woman saving herself for marriage is not necessarily a bad thing in the big civilizational scheme of things, but she should at least be showing signs of sweating hard to restrain her base impulses while in your

company. If it looks like she's happy parceling out tidbits of affection you can get from your mom with less effort, you had better not think that marriage to her is somehow going to magically cause her desire for you to erupt like Mount Vaginius. Marriage is just a dotted line and the smoking barrel of the state apparatus pointed at your head; it's not an aphrodisiac that can make a woman suddenly tingle for the timid twig of a beta male.

******

BOTM Candidate #2, submitted by reader Matt, is a manlet who… um… well… yeah, I'm having trouble typing this out. The mere motion of tapping my fingers into legible patterns that describe this hapless creature might transmogrify my hands into clawed, chronically fap-worn vestiges of scalzification syndrome. But, I soldier on. The dude is on his knees begging for forgiveness from his girlfriend in public, who can't stop slapping him in the face in front of gawking onlookers. The craven puling he vomits defies every tenet of manhood, not to mention good taste.

Dude…

The video is too grotesque to be staged. Yes, this guy is really on his knees, in the public square getting slapped around by his frail Asian girlfriend for some transgression that may or may not involve another woman or perhaps a Pokemon hug pillow, and bawling like a baby. What's going on with the other girl standing next to her? Is she keeping away good samaritans? Providing color commentary? Moral support?

"You hit him real now, You no exist to him. You take that? Harder, hit harder! I want… I mean you want to see his shame burn in his face like a three day sake bender."

Asians are weird.

We laugh at stuff like this because it helps ease our discomfort. You see, beta males and their antics are inherently discomfiting to the human senses. This is why we cringe when we see a beta male profusely apologize to his battle-axe girlfriend for some minor mistake, or a beta suck-up who wears "This is what a feminist looks like" t-shirts, or a beta orbiter who listens attentively while his unknowing dreamgirl dumps her problems with her boyfriend on him. The behavior of the beta male violates some universal law, or some deeply ingrained neurological module that goes code red when an expected sex role is turned on its head. It's the same feeling one might get seeing an everyday and familiar object that would exist in the state of nature deformed into a monstrous aberration.

Conversely, when we see a charismatic alpha male handle his woman with expert care, and refuse to bow and scrape for scraps of female approval (or for stays of female punishment) when he has done her wrong, or not quite done her right enough, we relax. We exhale. We smile contentedly. We do this because such a scene means that everything is right with the world. Everything is cool. This is normal and the sun will not explode tomorrow.

I propose a new emoticon for sackless beta males:

\’/

Note the micropeen and vague vaginal evocation.

The voting:

For those wondering why it’s not more correct to label these two candidates omega males rather than beta males, take stock that they at least have slender girls in their lives, in however limited a capacity. The typical omega male is either an involuntary celibate or a wiping implement for a blubbery land whale. The beta male has not reached the depths of loserdom that the omega male occupies. The problem with the beta male is that the prize he has managed to acquire keeps threatening to slip from his grasp. He lives in a constant state of fear and horror that his tenuous hold on his girl will fray, and she’ll sail into the arms of a better man.

In some way, the beta male is worse off than the omega male. Many omegas learn to accept their invisibility to women, and find contentment in dropping out of the mate race to pursue more readily available pleasures, like food or hobbies. Betas, in contrast, can see the ass ring dangling inches from their reach. So close, they are taunted constantly with plump juicy rewards, if they just try harder. And that is why they fail.

An Artful Age Neg

CH · 11 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

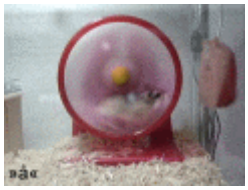
For those of you men routinely scouring the bowels and spit-shining the lacquered coifs of both ends of the dating market, the issue of age discrepancy, in either direction, is a fairly common one and, if not properly neutralized, a potential cockblock on the road to vaghalla. The good news is that gliding past any age issues is easy, and is the reason why a good game strategy often employs the tactic of initiating the subject of age before the girl brings it up and locks you into her frame, (and remember that a female-defined frame is, as is usually the case in nascent seductions, antagonistic).

Personally, I like to start off a budding romance by psychologically knocking a girl back on her heels, especially if I sense that some intractable circumstance beyond my control threatens to derail my meaty Maglev. For instance, if the target of my predation is an older woman (read: north of 25) whom I suspect, by her body language and attitude, to be excessively confident in the staying power of her fading beauty, I might quip, "I've never met a real life MILF before". Is this a compliment or a curse? That's the point. She won't know, and the not knowing is the brain lube that psyches her up to the possibility of receiving my generous endowment.

If, on the other hand, my muse is a younger woman of shy disposition signaling an organic discomfort with any coupling that may not conform to societal standards, I might loosen her up with a jaunty "You're just a kid. Are you still on Team Edward?"

Anyhow, no matter the springboard which bounces the age discussion above the fold, if all goes as expected she will reveal her age (never accurate), and then the opportunity I need to deliver a pitch-perfect age neg presents itself.

"32, eh? Wow, that wasn't what I expected."



Said with pleasing sincerity, not sarcasm. You can stash the smirk for this one; you want to convey the impression that your expectations were genuinely unmet. And it works no matter what her age.

Think about what this neg does to a woman's underdeveloped capacity for self-reflection. She's momentarily stunned by a terrific tingle bolt of ambiguous candor. Now her brain has to process what it means, and no accessible neural algorithm is forthcoming. *"Was he expecting me to be older? He must think I look young for my age. Or is he surprised that I'm younger than I look?"*, deliberates the older woman. *"Was he expecting me to be older because I look or act older than my age? Is he uninterested in me now? Or did he think I was younger? Is 24 old for a girl nowadays?"*, deliberates the younger woman.

Whether she presses you for clarification, or attempts a hasty face-saving segue, or tries to pull a snark rabbit of faux righteous indignation out of a grrlpower hat, you win. You sit in the judge's chair, your alpha judginess parting vulvate parapets from the bar to Timbuktu. If you must offer an explanation, season your reply to taste. But always, when possible, remain ambiguous.

"Oh, nothing, I just figured you were older/younger than you are. Based on how you sit/stand/act/laugh/dress/order a drink/behave around men like me."

Defensive crouch achievement: unlocked.

Chicks Dig Jerks: The Photographic Evidence

CH · 11 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ever notice how it's the cute chicks who glom onto assholes and JERKBOYS the most, utterly belying the assertion by sexual market denialists that the kinds of girls assholes get are low self-esteem skanks and warpigs?

So what kinds of women do the world's biggest assholes — serial killers — fuck (and, tragically, chuck)? You'd have to be a detective investigating one of these demons to know the quality of girls he's boning. Well now, photographic evidence has surfaced supporting the anecdotal impression that hot babes dig the biggest jerks of them all.

Rodney Alcala, a serial killer who fulfilled his grisly urges in the 1970s (and was even a contestant on a dating game show, which he won), was found guilty in 2010 of killing four women and a 12-year-old girl. He is a former photographer who took many pictures of the women who accompanied him to his various haunts and lairs. Police found the photos in a storage locker rented to Alcala, and posted them online for information the public might have about any of the women in them, (presumably some of the women in the photos are still missing). You can see a slideshow of the photos here.

Observe anything about the photos? Besides the shadow of death that lurks in them. A theme, perhaps?

With the exception of a handful of photos, most of the women look happy to be in the company of Alcala, posing for him, often seductively. And while not every woman is attractive, enough are bangable that the stream of them eagerly acquiescing to Alcala's charms — *"You want me to go *where* with you, Rodney? Ok! Yay!"* — should inflame the envy and ire of your typical niceguy beta male who'd be lucky to enjoy the intimacy of two chubby girls his entire life.

In related depressing news about the nature of the female species, a Mexican man who padlocked his younger girlfriend's pelvis in a chastity belt avoided prosecution because the poor, abused woman just couldn't find it in herself to send him to the clink.

> To the surprise of authorities, the woman refused to press charges once the man was detained.

Not a surprise to anyone who knows women well. The lovers of sociopathic jerks may occasionally, in a histrionic fit or when their bladders are about to explode, call in for white knight assistance, but when push comes to shove the ladies are loath to permanently part with their mean men. After all, the sex is SO GOOD.

Story also says the woman has been his lover for twelve years, which would mean this man was 28 years old and she was 13 when they started dating. Ah, Mexico. May you forever stay south of the border. Or, failing that, may you move en masse into Bryan Caplan's McMansion in Northern Virginia, and vibrantly pop his bubble.

Why Having Kids Is Not A Measure Of A Man's Alphaness

CH · 12 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Kindred stone cold truth tellers occasionally like to rib your humble galactic overlord by pointing out that social survey data shows that beta males have more kids than alpha males as the latter are commonly recognized, and that this means betas aren't really betas. I respond, with amused mastery, that having kids is no measure of a man's alphaness, especially not in this day and age of brat-thwarting contraception.

But there's more contradicting the speciousness of this "kids = alpha male" line of thought than just the expectation-busting effect of contraception. To give the readers a clue into why it's so wrong-headed to assume fatherhood is a default alpha state, read this story.

The guy has two (putative) sons by his parrot-faced wife, yet she does no housework, doesn't cook, and only has sex with him on his birthday, and then not even every birthday. A bit of an extreme example of a neglectful, sex-withholding wife, but the extremes illuminate what it's like for the mediocre masses of married men who suffer similar torments, albeit less spectacularly, at the hands of their ingrate wives who prefer to diddle to vampire porn.

So, yeah, you can snag yourself a fading beauty eager to accomplish the goal of popping out some rugrats with a man she can feel certain will do as he's told, but don't for a second think that """achievement""" makes you an alpha male. The alpha male may or may not get married, may or may not have kids, but rest assured he's not begging like a dog for pellets of pussy chow or listlessly shuffling around the house in an apron holding a dust buster.

Oh no, just the opposite; the wife of an alpha male is throwing herself at him because she can't get enough of his undomesticated dongle.

In related beta male news, a new study found that upwards of 70% of couples are not with their true loves and are just "making do". So sad. Game can help men find and keep their true love instead of settling for any girl who will take them. Game is pro-love. Game will get you closer to God.

The Dark Tetrad

CH · 13 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There's a growing consensus in the social sciences that women swoon uncontrollably for men who possess the suite of psychological traits known colloquially as the Dark Triad. But now a new study has come out which throws an additional psychological trait into the mix of (mostly) male pathologies that cause women to cream their pretty pantaloons:

Sadism.

> Behavioral confirmation of everyday sadism.
>
> Past research on socially aversive personalities has focused on subclinical psychopathy, subclinical narcissism, and Machiavellianism-the "Dark Triad" of personality. In the research reported here, we evaluated whether an everyday form of sadism should be added to that list. Acts of apparent cruelty were captured using two laboratory procedures, and we showed that such behavior could be predicted with two measures of sadistic personality. Study 1 featured a bug-killing paradigm. As expected, sadists volunteered to kill bugs at greater rates than did nonsadists. Study 2 examined willingness to harm an innocent victim. When aggression was easy, sadism and Dark Triad measures predicted unprovoked aggression. However, only sadists were willing to work for the opportunity to hurt an innocent person. In both studies, sadism emerged as an independent predictor of behavior reflecting an appetite for cruelty. Together, these findings support the construct validity of everyday sadism and its incorporation into a new "Dark Tetrad" of personality.

"However, only sadists were willing to work for the opportunity to hurt an innocent person."

Not sure why, but that line makes me

"Yeah, tough day at the office. Didn't get to backstab as many cheerful coworkers as I wanted to. May have to work overtime this weekend to make up for the knife twisting deficit."

Naturally, the question that arises is if a man with an appetite for cruelty (why you lookin' at me funny?) has the same effect on a woman's desire as does a man with the traditional Dark Triad traits. Narcissism, Machiavellianism, psychopathy… chicks dig men with them. How about we throw wanton cruelty into the demonic stew. Does the full flowering of the Dark Tetrad turn a skilled ladyslayer into a God of Gash? My anecdotal impression is that it does. Oh sure, no woman will actually admit to being turned on by a sadistic man, but just watch how they act after the bastard has uncorked some wholly unnecessary joke at some innocent naif's expense.

Offhand, a few of history's great womanizers had a streak of sadism, a thrill for the soulkill. Maybe, like the Dark Triad, sadism signals alpha male mating value. A cocky disregard for retribution or rules, an indifference to the feelings of others, a concern only for one's own pleasure… this is the stuff of alluring men.

Or perhaps sadism is like charm: easily overdone. Too much charm is icky and provokes distrust in women. Too much sadism, or misdirected sadism, might do the same. But just a little bit, once in a while, is the spice that stirs a woman's sexuality.

Anchoring

CH · 14 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I was initially confused about the purpose of this short video Mystery put up for public consumption, until a reader explained that it was about anchoring.

Lawdy I was blind and now can see! But really I'm kind of ashamed I missed the thematic elements, knowing as how I've anchored a few beautiful babies in my life.

Anchoring is a game technique that has its foundation in the school of persuasion known as neuro-linguistic programming. It is exactly what the word evokes: a psychological technique that "anchors" an emotion or feeling to a physical, auditory or verbal stimulus. Most people are familiar with Pavlov's Dog, the experiment which showed that a dog can be conditioned by a ringing bell to salivate in the expectation that food is coming. That is probably the most well-known example of anchoring.

Applied to the science and art of modern seduction, anchoring is a powerful tool that operates mostly on a woman's subconscious. The intention is to first create a positive feeling in the girl, then anchor that feeling to an object, body motion or turn of phrase, and then elicit the feeling later through the use of the anchored stimulus. The womanizer doesn't even have to be in the company of the girl for anchoring to work its magic. She could stumble upon the stimulus on her own, and the good feelings she had with him will be evoked in the silence of her own company.

For instance, in Mystery's video, he's framed a discussion about how life is short — *"pick up the broken glass yourself, because you never know how life unfolds"* — and anchored that feeling of fleeting time (and consequently the urgency to live life to the fullest with sexy cads) to a piece of glass — *"keep that as a souvenir, it is no longer broken glass, it is now fairy dust to remember this moment"* — which, if the conditioning is successful, will cause those feelings associated with him to flood back every time she fondles the glass in her pocket.

Anchoring, then, serves the womanizer in multiple ways: it associates good feelings with himself which can be recalled by the woman any time the anchor is stimulated, it pushes out the influence of competing alpha males (a fondly recalled moment in time will thwart the intrusions of other men, almost like a shadow AMOG), and it fortifies the womanizer's inner state control.

On that latter point, a self-stimulus that anchors a positive memory to an object or motion can be used by men to summon confidence before doing cold approaches. To set it and later activate it, think of a time you masterfully bedded a high quality woman, and then perform some small hand motion, like a wave or a fist clench. Do this enough times and, so the theory goes, the hand motion alone will induce those same good feelings you felt when you earned that expert level bang.

Effective anchoring uses linguistic tricks like tonality, compliance hoops and future pacing — note how Mystery lingers on the phrase "you never know" and repeats it a few times, and how he gets her to do something for him, which increases the amount of investment she perceives she has put into the interaction and, thus, the "connection" she feels with him. To the male ear, Mystery's schtick sounds like gibberish; but women have finely tuned antennae that pick up these subtle signals of mate compatibility. The science of seduction is, paradoxically, a blueprint that abandons linear male logic for a journey into female mental landscapes shrouded in mists of vaporous emotion.

By the way, Mystery is now in his forties, still shooting tingles through pink-haired vixen vajflesh.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 15 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. A commenter over at HBD Chick proposed in the comment thread to a post about chicks digging jerks that modern liberals (for all practical purposes the global Western elite) are like a nomadic r-selected species — that is, they prefer the metaphorical pump and dump lifestyle to the family formation lifestyle. He also passed along the catchy aphorism that [liberal elite] nomads are "farmers of civilization. The nomads allow civilizations to grow and then when they are ripe they eat them." Ideas like this should catch on within Dark Enlightenment circles, even if they aren't fully fleshed out. The world desperately needs courageous, free thinkers, now more than ever.

2. I read this Dissent article by **[vapid shrike alert]** Jezebel writer Katie J.M. Baker **[/vapid shrike alert]**, about cad bounder Roosh's time as a farmer of pussy in Denmark and his disdain for the local women there, and I thought something sounded off about both the tone and substance of the article, as if Baker's ostensible book review of "Don't Bang Denmark" was really a springboard for her to launch her stupid feminist agenda talking points. Having not read "Don't Bang Denmark", I couldn't be certain my suspicion was well-founded. But now Roosh has answered Baker and accused her of distorting pretty much everything about his book and his time there. Suspicion confirmed. Good rule of thumb: When a feminist flaps her gums, she's lying through her teeth.

3. Male self-delusion. The rationalization hamster can thrive anywhere there is a habitat for it, such as a field of sour grapes.

4. Remember the post about the gigantic obese chick who complained about all the weird looks she got from people who saw her and her thin "boyfriend" out together? The boyfriend has responded. (See the attached photo for extra s.) I still say the guy is a closet homo with the typical leftoid pathological over-sensitivity to hurtful hurtiness. The dude is a walking sexual identity crisis who gets off playing a martyr for the cause.

5. Answers to objections to monarchism. File under: It's good to be the King's subject!

6. The Obesity Era: Animals are getting fat, too. An intriguing theory: Is the obesity epidemic nature's way of preparing all animal life for a coming Ice Age?

7. John Derbyshire on the cruelty of the overclass. One day, the wronged part of white America will notice the boot on its face. How they'll respond, is anyone's guess. Perhaps they'll have learned to love being ground to dust. Or perhaps they'll shed their inertia, and execute an escape move. If reaction fully unleashed, to be followed by a finishing move.

8. TED trolled.

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National Geographic Agrees: The Human Alpha Male Is Real

CH · 16 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

National Geographic has an illuminating series on alpha males in the human wilds, documenting a slew of experiments which demonstrate that the term 'alpha' has validity as a descriptor of the top dog in emergent human male hierarchies. The bitter sperg denialists of the CH worldview are gonna have to retire their empty-headed argument that alpha is a taxonomic term that only applies to wolves.

There's a lot to chew on in this video, so take some time to watch the whole thing. Right in line with Heartiste game techniques, the experiments vindicate the idea that adopting "power poses" and other mannerisms of the alpha male pack leader can actually make a man feel more alpha, and more importantly will make him be *perceived* as more alpha by other men and by women. This is nothing less than total validation of the game concept of "fake it till you make it".

Video highlights:

– Being a big man automatically confers alpha status, but the effect is contextual. A small man with the right attitude, as you will see later in the video, can out-alpha a big man.

– Conversely, being a little man automatically confers beta status, unless the little man acts in a way to dispel the assumption. So, yeah, you shorter men have an extra hurdle to clear that taller men don't have. But it is surmountable.

– There really are body language and voice "tells" that reveal whether a man is alpha or beta. These subtle mate value cues have been discussed numerous times before on CH. Check the archives. A man with tight game knows that body language and tonality — how to stand, sit, make eye contact, speak with authority — are crucial components of seduction.

– Don't ever put your palm facing up when challenged by anyone. It's a classic submissive gesture.

– Remember, when shaking hands, try to position your hand so that it lays slightly atop the hand of the person you're greeting. Most people will acquiesce quietly to this dominance move. (Knowledgable CH readers will notice it right away and attempt a counter-maneuver, resulting in a hilarious hand-twisting spectacle resembling a game of thumb wrestling.)

– It's better to hold eye contact to the point of discomfort than to avert your gaze prematurely.

– Men with salt and pepper hair shouldn't bother getting it dyed. The touch of gray is a high status cue. (Note: Does not work the same for women, who will just look old and unsexy with gray hair.)

– When you hug, make sure your arms are on the outside of the hugbox.

– Take up space, own the space, claim other people's space. Any vagina within that space will then assume it is subject to your jurisdiction, and behave accordingly.

– A smaller, less stereotypically masculine man, can out-alpha bigger and harder-looking men by using simple mannerism tricks. Proof that alpha is more about attitude than appearance.

– Don't sit at the corners of a rectangular table.

– You might think that being the Number 2 Alpha would be enough to get plenty of girls, but female hypergamy is insatiable. Number 1 gets exponentially more attention than Number 2 gets from women.

– Alpha males PROJECT their voices. I have yet to meet a successful salesman who didn't have a booming voice that commanded attention. You may think an obnoxiously loud voice is the Call of the Douchebag but, you know,

chicks dig douchebags. Are you gonna bitch about it or are you gonna play to win?

– There's a reason a seductive male voice is a register lower in tone: It sounds dominant. For those men who don't have naturally deep voices, it is possible to practice speaking in a lower tone, and to avoid reverting to a higher-pitched beta singsong. See the "get out of my box" experiment in the video. Really outstanding demonstration of how a stronger vocal tone can immediately command respect and obeisance from others.

– Having a woman around you, silently and subconsciously judging your male qualities, can boost your alphaness. This may explain the phenomenon of beta male orbiters; perhaps they realize on some deep level that they act stronger in the company of a woman than they do alone, or with other men. This doesn't compensate for their wretched beta supplication and willingness to be used as emotional tampons, but you can't fault them for trying to find and exploit any edge, no matter how trivial.

– The "sneaky fucker" strategy really does work.

– Direct game (like the kind Naftalie uses on the girl at around the 28:30 minute mark) has its place in any man's arsenal of allure, but it's clear that bold direct game is a high risk, high reward proposition. If the girl doesn't take your direct game bait, you can quickly be out-alphaed by *her*. Indirect game is lower risk, lower reward but, like the parable of the tortoise and the hare, it's my observation that, over the long run, the ingenuity of indirect game will result in more successful pickups.

– For those interested in the racial angle, it appears black men have more "up front" alpha body language — that is, black men engage in more conspicuous alpha displays such as strutting, bellowing, and space monopolizing. But white men (and in particular nerdy ectomorphs) have a compensating version of alpha game that can neutralize heavy-handed posturing by more physically aggressive adversaries: They lean on their smarts. (See the tech-savvy display at the 27:30 mark.) There are, indeed, plenty of exceptions to this rule. See, for example, the total lack of strutting by another black guy in the group, Isem.

– Open body language beats closed body language, nearly every time. Exception: Any time a beatdown that you want to avoid is imminent. #LiveToSeduceAnotherDay

– If you posture or behave like a beta male, you will FEEL like a beta male, and women will practically SMELL the beta stink on you. So make it a habit to posture like an alpha male as often as possible. That alpha male posturing will transform you into a real life, breathing alpha male, even down to your hormones.

– WE ARE HARD-WIRED, BIOMECHANICAL AUTOMATONS carrying out the directives of ancient genetic algorithms. We are also expert at deluding ourselves otherwise.

– Acting like an alpha isn't all poon-chasing fun and games. It also lowers cortisol levels. Low stress is a formula for a long, healthy life.

– Alpha humans, like alpha apes, react to the world with amused mastery. Grace under pressure is chicknip. Sometimes it's to your benefit to sit back and let the beta males and the women squabble amongst themselves.

– At around 36:00 minutes in, we see what happens when the putative alpha male of the group, Naftalie, is challenged by an interloper alpha male (the AMOG). This scene is great as a teaching aid for how to handle AMOGs cramping your style. Commenter YaReally will be very pleased with this scene, because it affirms a lot of his anti-AMOG tactical knowledge; namely, stay calm, stay positive, groom the group, and don't let the challenger get under your skin.

A few final thoughts:

Some men, like Naftalie, are great alpha males of MEN, but not so great alpha males of WOMEN. This is a not so uncommon disjunct that one finds in some leaders of men who are not very good at being seducers of women. We all know that captain of industry (in whatever flavor) who nonetheless acts like a dullard or an oaf in the company of women. Generally, alpha males of men are also alpha males of women, as the dominance required for the former

is also attractive to the latter. But disjuncts do occur, and this opens windows of opportunity for men who may not be leaders of other men, but who are leaders of their own emotions and experts at speaking the female language of love.

Under extreme duress or threat, white knighting as a strategy to bang women may actually work, (see the last experiment in the video). But you have to be prepared to back up your white knight posturing with real intention.

Ever notice how most primatologists in the field are women? It's almost as if… chicks dig dangerous apes!

Chateau Heartiste is proud to see the concepts of this community, and the wider game community, spreading into the mainstream. I expect the whining and shrieking denials of haters to reach a very beta-ish fever pitch in the coming years.

***

One more final thought: For those of you men still doubting the seductive power of alphatude, think on how you feel when you see a gorgeous woman with an hourglass figure, bodacious titties, and a firm round ass pass by you. Now remind yourself that the immediate thermonuclear blast of lust which you feel then is the SAME feeling that women have when they are in the company of a dominant alpha male. They, like you, can't help themselves. It's just the way they were drawn.

What Would A Fully Robotized Future Look Like?

CH · 17 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm thinking that, should some hypothetical, and not altogether unrealistic, robotic future arrive when most jobs which can be performed by highly advanced robots will be performed by them, there will remain a tiny handful of occupations that can't be outsourced to non-human entities. It's within these occupations that an elite fraction of humans will be able to find meaningful paid work. The rest of humanity will either cull itself or be placated by endless state-provided hedonistic diversions.

The jobs that might remain solely the domain of humans:

Visual arts
Expect to see the value of visual artists, especially the absurdly abstract post-modernists, go up.

Family doctors
People crave that human touch when bad news is being delivered.

Fiction literature
Entertaining works of fiction seem beyond the ability of even advanced AIs. Key word: seem. A horribly written piece of trash like 'Fifty Shades of Gray' could be vomited by an algorithm coded by bindi hacks.

Acting
An emotive cyborg would have to first cross the uncanny valley threshold before the public will entertain it as a human actor substitute. Possible, but unlikely.

Sales
Face-to-face human contact to move product is irreplaceable. Can't see this changing, even out to the distant future.

Small arts and crafts kiosk operators and SWPL cooking class instructors
This kind of "work" will linger as a human outpost, not because robots can't do it, but because it will self-select for consumers who want to purchase from real humans.

Notably not on the list:
Prostitution. Sexbots will horn in on that market.
Marketing. Optimists like Cheap Chalupas talk about marketing being the next big frontier of mass human employment, but computer algorithms could easily take over such tasks. Plus, how much value transference can an economy sustain before it implodes from lack of substantive underpinning?
Engineering/law/accounting/finance. The true leap from human to robot will occur when robots can innovate as well as very creative humans in these fields.
Cops/Military. How different are drones from Robocop, anyhow?

The point of this post is to remind readers that soon, perhaps sooner than is comfortable for most people, the availability of paid work will be extremely limited and job requirements for that fulfilling paid employment highly selective. A small sliver of incredibly talented or high IQ people will have real jobs in the far future. Everyone else will be hooked to pleasure tubes or self-delivering from a wretchedly banal existence. ♥♥♥

UPDATE

Martin Ford wrote a book called "The Lights in the Tunnel" in which he reaches the same conclusion as CH: soon, our robot overlords will push us out of jobs requiring mental acumen as well as physical strength. Humans are about to be displaced from the labor market. The future is looking: 1. dystopian 2. stratified 3. culled. Pick your poison.

PS For the Pollyanna-ish anti-Luddites out there, the automobile created a lot of jobs, but it also put a lot of horses out of business. Think of humanity now as the equivalent of a horse relative to the advanced AI which is coming down the pike.

It's Hard Being A Man In Public

CH · 17 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes you just want to go home, but you're stuck being a man in public.

You get on the train after a long day. The doors are trying to close and a big fat woman jams them open with her bulk, unintentionally letting on another guy. A man in a military uniform takes his earbuds out and says to the obese door-blocker, "Don't hold the door open."

"What did you say?"

"Don't hold the door open."

"Did you just touch me? That's sexual harassment!"

You can't help staring at the scene, like a rubbernecker slowing down to check out the carnage surrounding a car accident, and unfortunately the nasty fat woman catches you gawking at her. You take a seat as far away from her monstrous apparition as possible and try to disappear into your Kindle, averting your eyes. Everything finally calms down.

The door-blocker, who's already proven herself to have zero qualms about confronting normal-sized people, is looking at you. You can see her in your peripheral vision — she's hard to miss – and you can feel her looking hungrily at you.

You're at a distance, but your suit is faddishly undersized and you're wearing Sex Walrus cologne so you know she noticed you. Keep reading, keep looking down. You briefly wish you were less attractive or a woman or that you were wearing a rainbow flag t-shirt so she would stop thinking you were interested in her. She keeps looking at you. There is nothing worse than an ugly fat woman with delusions of attractiveness and a penchant for false eye rape accusations making life uncomfortable for you, the average man in public.

The person on the inside of your seat needs to get off. You hold your breath as you let them out and you move in,

thinking of all the things you'll say and do when she tries to plop down next to you like a tranquilized elephant and talk to you when you just want to avoid that gross feeling of a ham-shaped arm pressing into your side.

You exhale when an older woman rushes to take the seat you've vacated. You're safe and insulated by the window now.

Door-blocker exits at the next stop and the imaginary sexual tension leaves with her.

It's only been a few minutes, but this is what goes through your head when you're existing as a man in public and ugly fat women assume you want them, when all you were really thinking was "why is this fat bitch hyperventilating?".

Originally published at the fittingly named Jezebel Groupthink blog.

ABC News “20/20” Segment On The Manosphere

CH · 18 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The sensationalist news show “20/20” is purportedly airing a special tonight on “the manosphere”. Two completely unbiased feminists report from the internet trenches, where HATE MACHINE ÜBER ALLES!

Yeah, you can expect as much journalistic integrity from two liberal arts graduate vapid shell entities as you could from a Pravda copy editor with a gun to his head. At least the Pravda guy has an excuse.

CH may not rightly be considered part of the manosphere (our hearts will go on), but this news should interest the CH readership, which crosses over with sites commonly recognized as manospherian. Actually, the news should interest all sorts of non-manosphere readers as well, such as those from the peripheral HBD, PUA, dissident and rascally right, and neoreactionary spheres. Thus, I pass it along.

No doubt this “20/20” *exposé* will be unfair and unbalanced choir preaching to their fat frump female audience, but that’s largely irrelevant. The take home point is that RealTalk™ outposts are getting noticed by aristocratic Cathedral hacks nervous that their carefully manicured garden of pre-approved public discourse in which they frolic is about to get overrun by revolutionaries happy to take a shit on their marigolds. In response to the growing threat, they will smear and mock at first. And then they will roll over and die.

Pro Tip: The MSM leftoid juggernaut sets the frame and gets to define its enemies. This is, for now, the operating zeitgeist. The best way to win at that game is to not play. At least not on MSM terms, on their turf. But if you decide to enter the equalist arena to do battle, you should have a plan of action for reclaiming the alpha ground. This means, in practice, before you have answered any of their questions or even allowed them to ask a question, announcing for the world your assumption that your interviewers are incapable of impartiality.

“Before we begin, I really wonder if you can approach this subject matter with an open mind, like a true objective journalist. I mean, the mainstream media has a history of distorting the viewpoints of people they don’t agree with, and even lying to set the tone of debate. But maybe you’ll surprise us all by not immediately shouting “rape” when someone talks about legitimate topics that upset you.”

By preempting their attacks in this manner — airing their strategy of slander like dirty laundry — you weaken the effectiveness of their attacks when they want to deploy them later. It’s a classic reframe. Game can win over women and TV audiences equally.

PS For the record, CH has no opinion of Paul Elam, the main rep of the manosphere interviewed by “20/20”. Never read his stuff, so can’t make any judgment whether he’s a suitable spokesman or not.

The Rise Of The Renegade Alpha

CH · 18 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We may be entering an era when the romantic fortunes of the Renegade Alpha reach a zenith. A culmination of culture shocks will magnify the appeal of the nonconformist cad, energizing a state of illicit affairs which could last for twenty years before the pendulum swings back into the camp of traditional alpha males.

Who is the Renegade Alpha? It helps to know the context within which he lives. An elegant description of the male socio-sexual hierarchy exists deep in the CH archives.

> Make no mistake, at the most fundamental level the CRUX of a man's worth is measured by his desirability to women, whether he chooses to play the game or not. Pussy is the holy grail. That is why the obese, socially maladroit nerdboy who manages to unlock the gate to the secret garden and bang a 10 regularly is an alpha male. And that is also why the rich, charming entrepreneur who, because of an emotional deficiency or mental sickness lives mired in parched celibacy, is not an alpha male.
>
> Due to this enduring confusion about what makes an alpha, I submit the following system, in the form of a handy chart, to help clear the air. It hits on the three major factors influencing male rank — **how hot are the women he can attract, how strong is that attraction for him, and how many of those women find him attractive.**

Some readers unhappy with this reductive (and thus clear-eyed) partition of male sexual worth balked at this definition, claiming it was circular. But great truths often distill as tautologies, which is why the CH definition of the alpha male is so sweeping in its scope and yet unassailable in its detail.

The blogger Vox, an esteemed member of the realtalker shock troops, has his own delineation of male status based off of the original CH socio-sexual classifications, which he has said is a refinement of the original, but which CH guardians of the Good Word of Game say amounts to an aesthetic rewording of the primeval texts. Vox's male ranks could easily superimpose onto CH's ranking system, because the CH hierarchy is not, as is commonly assumed by readers who have barely skimmed the ancient writings, a stark dichotomy separating alphas from betas, but rather is a continuous SPECTRUM running the gamut from the lowly omega dregs to the zero-point-one percenter super alphas. Within that spectrum there is room for every male socio-sexual rank, including the mysterious Renegade Alpha, which Vox names the **Sigma Male**.

> **Sigma**: The outsider who doesn't play the social game and manage to win at it anyhow. The sigma is hated by alphas because sigmas are the only men who don't accept or at least acknowledge, however grudgingly, their social dominance. (NB: Alphas absolutely hate to be laughed at and a sigma can often enrage an alpha by doing nothing more than smiling at him.) Everyone else is vaguely confused by them. In a social situation, the sigma is the man who stops in briefly to say hello to a few friends accompanied by a Tier 1 girl that no one has ever seen before. Sigmas like women, but tend to be contemptuous of them. They are usually considered to be strange. Gammas often like to think they are sigmas, failing to understand that sigmas are not social rejects, they are at the top of the social hierarchy despite their refusal to play by its rules.
>
> Lifetime sexual partners = 4x average+.

In equivalent CH terms, then, the Sigma Male would fall somewhere between a **Greater Beta** and a **Lesser Alpha**. An ample supply of cute girls are attracted to him, and some of those girls want to be with him exclusively. He oozes badboy allure, and he's been known to make a girl or two cry in despair, and perhaps to have had his heart broken in return. So he is, by most men's paltry standards, a successful predator of poon. (A noodle-armed emo crooner fronting an indie band is a well-known Renegade Alpha archetype.) But he doesn't have the broad social leverage that a traditional "leader of men" alpha male has at his disposal, and this somewhat limits the Sigma

Male/Renegade Alpha from monopolizing the attentions of a large pool of 9s and 10s, or of enjoying the distaff fruits of a wide and deep social circle of admiring friends and accomplished business partners eager to play matchmaker.

However, that same outsider status and rule-breaking dereliction of the Renegade Alpha also frees him from having to live up to the expectations of an insular social group. This freedom is especially nourishing if that group is a cult of winners with an unforgiving, judgmental distaste for deviance from the norm. Oftentimes, the libidinous and romantic urges of a traditional alpha male are straitjacketed by the conventional demands of his peers, and he looks with envy upon the Renegade Alpha reclining with some starry-eyed scenester who didn't go to Harvard but who loves to take loads to her pink hair-framed face.

Very loosely, the Renegade Alpha is a seducer of women first, and a leader of men second, if at all. Though in fact the two conditions are not mutually exclusive. A cad bounder who defies the rules can also lead a small contingent of men, although the sweep of his influence may be constrained by his chosen hedonistic lifestyle.

So what does the present American sexual market tell us about the fortunes of the Renegade Alpha? For one, this is his moment. He thrives in formerly stable cultures that are experiencing paradigm shifts which shake up the old rules and create disincentives to social cooperation. Confusion, ennui, distrust, discord, fear and uncertainty — these are the conditions that craft his playground of poon. Where there is emerging chaos, you will find the reign of the Renegade Alpha.

Probably the best historical example of this reality is Casanova, one of European history's greatest womanizers who pursued his passions during the Age of Enlightenment, a time in the West of tumult and change, leading eventually to the French and American Revolutions.

Will something similar happen in our lifetimes? America today is also experiencing tumult, and a new dark enlightenment is set to crash the scene like an unwelcome guest, upending tribal affiliations and cherished beliefs alike. Something strange and frightening is a-blowin' in the wind, and the Renegade Alpha is there to take your hand, comfort you in your time of need, lead you to a better place, arouse you with intimations of transcendental escape, seduce you, and evade rebuke under cover of urban anonymity and social atomization.

It's no coincidence that the Pickup Artist movement, spearheaded in the 1990s by intellectual revolutionaries (yes, really), came to prominence when it did. The eroding culture was primed for it. Frayed social cohesion and rapid advancement in communications have allowed the PUA and his message to flourish. The PUA, a creature of his environment, is a specialized Renegade Alpha.

So the Renegade Alpha, or Sigma Male in Vox's terminology, excels at exploiting cratering cultures and the tender, psychologically scarred minds that inhabit them. Societal collapse is his serendipity. The *cri de coeur* of broken souls his symphony.

When the actual collapse comes, delivering real pain to the old order and its pathetic servants, the Renegade Alpha will retreat from the scene, his services no longer needed by sufficient numbers to warrant his active, daily participation in the hunt. Post-collapse, the weepy, suddenly straight-thinking women will crave the firm footing of authorial alpha males and predictable beta males. The female desire for romantic excitement will be quenched by the real excitement of destitution, decay and doom.

Oh, he'll always have a place at the pussy table. When the Leader of Men alpha males rule, the Renegade Alpha finds niches within which he can profitably work his magic, posing as the "outsider" who provides subversive entertainment in times of mundane prosperity and social comity. But under those conditions his numbers are necessarily inhibited by the checks and balances that are naturally emergent in a strong, high trust culture that believes in itself.

In weak, low trust cultures that have lost the faith… he dines tonight.

ABC News "20/20" Segment On The Manosphere

CH · 18 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The sensationalist news show "20/20" is purportedly airing a special tonight on "the manosphere". Two completely unbiased feminists report from the internet trenches, where HATE MACHINE ÜBER ALLES!

Yeah, you can expect as much journalistic integrity from two liberal arts graduate vapid shell entities as you could from a Pravda copy editor with a gun to his head. At least the Pravda guy has an excuse.

CH may not rightly be considered part of the manosphere (our hearts will go on), but this news should interest the CH readership, which crosses over with sites commonly recognized as manospherian. Actually, the news should interest all sorts of non-manosphere readers as well, such as those from the peripheral HBD, PUA, dissident and rascally right, and neoreactionary spheres. Thus, I pass it along.

No doubt this "20/20" *exposé* will be unfair and unbalanced choir preaching to their fat frump female audience, but that's largely irrelevant. The take home point is that RealTalk™ outposts are getting noticed by aristocratic Cathedral hacks nervous that their carefully manicured garden of pre-approved public discourse in which they frolic is about to get overrun by revolutionaries happy to take a shit on their marigolds. In response to the growing threat, they will smear and mock at first. And then they will roll over and die.

Pro Tip: The MSM leftoid juggernaut sets the frame and gets to define its enemies. This is, for now, the operating zeitgeist. The best way to win at that game is to not play. At least not on MSM terms, on their turf. But if you decide to enter the equalist arena to do battle, you should have a plan of action for reclaiming the alpha ground. This means, in practice, before you have answered any of their questions or even allowed them to ask a question, announcing for the world your assumption that your interviewers are incapable of impartiality.

"Before we begin, I really wonder if you can approach this subject matter with an open mind, like a true objective journalist. I mean, the mainstream media has a history of distorting the viewpoints of people they don't agree with, and even lying to set the tone of debate. But maybe you'll surprise us all by not immediately shouting "rape" when someone talks about legitimate topics that upset you."

By preempting their attacks in this manner — airing their strategy of slander like dirty laundry — you weaken the effectiveness of their attacks when they want to deploy them later. It's a classic reframe. Game can win over women and TV audiences equally.

PS For the record, CH has no opinion of Paul Elam, the main rep of the manosphere interviewed by "20/20". Never read his stuff, so can't make any judgment whether he's a suitable spokesman or not.

Fake Gay Game

CH · 20 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Never let it be said CH shies from bringing to the world the more devious applications of game. This example crops up in the player literature now and again: pretending to be gay to score same night lays.

If you're the type of man who prefers winning to behaving ethically or manfully, you can't go wrong with Fake Gay Game. But don't whip yourself too hard for delving into the darkest of arts. All women are complicit in their seduction. Yes, even when they are seduced by men pretending to be gay. After all, she can leave his den of deceit any time. No one cuffed her to a bed post, or forced her to try and "convert" a gay guy.

Running a multinational corporation? No. Pretending to be gay? Now that's how you bang out the modern American woman.

Why Obama Doesn't Matter

CH · 21 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In a recent comment thread, I asked a reader a very simple question, which remains, predictably, unanswered.

> A very simple question for the Obamanauts who think their savior deserves the presidency: if he had been white, would he have been elected President? Reaction time in your answer will go toward your final score.

There is only one correct answer: no. There 's not a chance in hell Obama would have gotten anywhere near the White House had he been a white community organizer, aka shiftless bum. The beauty of asking leftoids this oh so innocent question with such an oh so obvious answer is that I get to enjoy a spectacle of self-debasement no matter how they answer. If they answer, "Yes, he would have been elected as a white man", they must betray any belief in their personal virtue to lie so blatantly. If they answer, "No", they betray their professed ideology and the true motives for electing Obama.

Obama doesn't matter in the grand scheme of America's future, because Obama was elected as a fighting symbol for the various warring groups that presently comprise the riven nation; groups who are ultimately driving the cultural and economic trajectory. He was always, and remains so, a totemic symbol with zero substance. Nothing more than a herald for malignant tumult already set in motion by the time he was bounced aloft by the vaporous politics of feels.

– SWPL coastal whites (Yankees in hereditary vernacular) voted for Obama so they could experience a full body orgasm from furiously stroking their tumescent egos for their enlightened attitude. Obama symbolized validation of their belief in their innate goodness.
– Hispanics voted for Obama so they could enjoy the blessings of government largesse. Obama symbolized leverage against more productive and smarter people.
– Blacks voted for Obama because he is (half) black. Obama symbolized the ascendancy of their tribe. (Temperamentally, Obama is about as black as Christian Lander.)
– Native Americans voted for Obama because they were drunk. Obama symbolized another round.
– Asians voted for Obama because he isn't conspicuously Christian. Obama symbolized the opposite of those antediluvian religious whites who built America from scratch.
– Single white women voted for Obama because he's the soulful sugar daddy who justifies their lifestyle and stifling conformism. Obama symbolized rebuke of boring beta white men.
– Other voted for Obama because, deep in their hearts, they know he is one of them. Obama symbolized the normalization of deviancy.
– The Top voted for Obama because he symbolized suppression of the Middle. The Bottom voted for Obama because he symbolized ingestion of the Middle.

Obama the Symbol. Obama the Shell Entity. Obama the Therapeutic Cipher. As diversity, both of the elite and commoner varieties, within a nation expands, so too does the need for ever more powerful yet increasingly empty symbols of each tribe's worth.

What about those whites (aka Cavaliers) who didn't vote for Obama? Romney did, after all, garner a majority of the total white vote, at levels unseen since the Reagan presidencies. (But, unlike the Reagan years when whites were still a ways from electoral diminishment, Romney couldn't win with those substantial white tallies against the unstoppable force of demographic shift.)

To those whites not with the program, their vote was a blow against a terrible symbol of antagonism. They saw the bloody banner flapping in the wind as enemy tribes crested the horizon and slowly surrounded them. And they reacted with a swiftness, cleaving to their own symbol, even one as ineffectual and emotionally disconnected as Romney. But their numbers were just too few, and getting fewer by the day.

All you will ever need to know about the imprint that the Obama Presidency will leave on the psyche of this segregating nation was shrieked by delirious followers in the streets on election night in 2008:

Hope and Change!

Like the buffoonish, thin-skinned meathead who loudly proclaims his prowess to a doubtful crowd, the chorus of cultists repetitively singing the Hope and Change anthem till tears welled in their eyes betrayed a deep disillusion with the substance of their yearning. The lesson is unmissable: the more insistent the emotional incantations declaring universalistic hope and change, the more likely the chanters have base, tribal motives. Emotionalism is a hallmark of a people that no longer believe in anything but egocentric validation, and rationalizing by whatever sophistry necessary their will to self-endorsement.

In totally unrelated news, a "group of teens" is at it again! The Cathedral has become such a rank parody that the time is right to tactically step aside and let the enemy discredit itself. Why waste energy fighting a foe at full strength when you can just jeer at him as he punches himself in the nads?

Reader Mailbag: Say My Name Game

CH · 22 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader promised to donate if his game-related question was answered. That's one way to perk the overlord's ears.

> I've returned with another question. If you answer it, I'll donate $50 to your site.

Partly perked.

> My preferred game is day game. While day-game master Krausser seems to hit up touristy/shopping areas for his work, I live in a city with a large college campus and use that. There are ample young hot women here, but I feel it's a difficult to get the same-day dates/f-closes because I'm hitting on many of them between classes.
>
> Therefore, I can accumulate tons of numbers during the day and often leave the girls with a warm feeling because of my charisma and bold charm.

Before the coolstorybro.txt crowd chimes in, remember that chicks dig overconfident men. So let's at least give this guy points for lying with good intentions.

> And while I can escalate some of these numbers to dates via text, there's one test I've had difficulty surpassing: girls who demand my last name before going out. I understand that girls are programmed to try to disqualify men, and I see this is an attempt to do so by using my full name to stalk me on the internet for disqualification material. Unfortunately, a simple search of my name will bring up that I worked for a company that many women may view as a disqualifier.

RSD? RNC? Brothel? Center for Immigration Studies? PornTube? Animal testing lab? Men's Rights Advocacy Group? Rockstar Games? The Church?

> The tactics I've used previously are telling them I'll give it to them when I see them on the date, which I've noticed sounds sketchy in their minds, and calling them out as being "creepy stalkers."

It's not so much that it sounds creepy, but that it sounds like a lame ruse to get the girl to go out on a date. Although it does sound creepy, too. But then not any creepier than it sounds to ask a man she just met for his last name.

> Your feedback would be appreciated. Posted below is a recent example of such an interaction with a girl who demonstrated interest, but I couldn't hit because of the last name game.
>
> Her: "What's your last name?"

> Me: "Trying to stalk me"

This tactic is well and good, and can serve in a pinch, but nowadays chicks are so freaking socially awkward and guarded that implicit disqualifications don't even cut the mustard. By socially awkward, I mean it's just downright weird and borderline aggressive to ask a guy his last name before the sound waves from the "hello" have dissipated. She may as well ask for his college transcript while she's at it.

A better reply would pursue that theme of her social awkwardness:

Her: "What's your last name?"

You: "You were raised in a barn, weren't you?"

Tingles are birthed in the defensive crouch, so you should have replies at the ready which force her to account for her weird behavior. If you're wondering why calling a girl a stalker isn't as effective a counter-measure as taking a dump on her social graces, know that in the state of nature men are more prone to the destructive kind of stalker behavior than are women. Therefore, hitting that "casual stalker" angle against a hard-nosed bitch won't rattle her as much as docking her points for speaking like a low class Walmartian. You've got to find your foe's thermal exhaust port if you want to leave an impression that lasts.

> Her: "Just answer my question ;)"

You didn't say if this was a text-based or a face-to-face convo? No matter, the vibe is the same: cunty. You really should take the gloves off when you're dealing with a woman who asks direct, probing questions in an aggressive male-like manner. Women with this bad habit act like this because they've been burned by cad lovers and are therefore emotional basketcases and likely candidates to have cluster B personality disorder, or they have manjaws that can carve ice statues and clits that can double as laparoscopes. Luckily, most chicks aren't like this. Was she a lawyer, by any chance?

> Me: "I'll tell you tomorrow when I see you ;)"

I get what you're doing here, but the Assume The Sale redirect won't work on a bitch in full bitch mode. You're gonna have to go mano-a-womano. She doesn't sound flirty, she sounds combative. Being flirty in response won't defuse an aggro combatgrrl. You need to fire a bunker buster at her hardened perimeter defense.

> Her: "Sorry that's not happening. You randomly walk up to me but won't tell me who you are. I don't play that way"

Giveaway. She's played that way; that's why she feels a pressing need to tell some random guy she just met that she doesn't play that way. She definitely has a past littered with the detritus of assholes who burned her good and hot. You're just getting caught in her delayed return fire.

> Me: "That's cool. I like human interaction. Not looking for more internet stalkers"

You bowed out here. It was a respectable bow-out that certainly did no harm to your dignity. There was an opportunity to keep this thing going, but it would have required a bolder move. Suggestion:

You: [lie] "My name is von Robespierre. Now… say my name."

The bitch comes off like a M1 tankskank. A load of double buckshot asshole game to her face is just the systems crash she needs.

> Her: "I'm about to go out with you. Do you even go here?"

This blurb of hers seems out of place in the context of the conversation you have posted so far. Is it a typo?

> More internet stalkers? I'm sorry but I'm a girl and I have to be careful. I like human interaction too but it's only fair I know more about a random person. I need to know I'm not about to be stalked by some complete stranger who won't tell me anything about himself"

She won't flirt, she talks like a corporate mission statement, she's got a single-minded focus on a (for now) unimportant personal detail about you, and she co-opted your stalker accusation and used it against you. Conclusion: No Fun Girl With Issues. Abort Mission.

(Alternate conclusion: You're trolling the CH readership. In which case you get points for leading us on until the end of the post. Cocktease!)

I'm surprised you hung in this long. She must be eminently boffable, that is, until she opens her mouth. If she's still an option, try the suggestions above. Better yet, don't reply at all. Leave her huffing hamster fumes, wondering why you won't come out and play her idiotic game of cuntupsmanship.

On a less glib note, you might want to work on your attraction game. If girls are routinely responding to you in this interrogative fashion within seconds of approaching them, you're probably acting weirdly and pinging their shady character radar. A mysterious charming cad identity is great until you overdo it and set off alarm bells. This is why low energy, aloof alpha game is sometimes less effective in the beginning stage of a pickup with a random girl; that low energy is more apt to be misconstrued by a girl who has never met you as the deliberate affect of someone who doesn't have much to say otherwise, (or who has to stay silent because he's a subpar conversationalist).

Day game and street game are especially sensitive to the downsides of mysterious cool cat posturing, because a cold daytime approach 1. is inherently more discombobulating to women than would be nighttime approaches in expected places, like bars, and 2. requires greater verbal investment to capture and hold the woman's attention. You aren't sitting on a couch in a hip lounge, beckoning tipsy girls with your curled finger; you're walking up to them on the street sober as a reformed minister and taking them out of their mindless daily rhythms. The dark, brooding stranger with a mysterious past act isn't going to fly in that environment. It's plausible that a condition of this sort of approach is that you be ready for probing questions from girls wondering who you are and why you're bold enough to hit on them in the broad daylight when every other man has their eyeballs glued to an iPhone.

The Sexiness Of Shallow Communication

CH · 23 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There are two fault lines running through an otherwise generally cohesive mass of seduction literature. The first, and better known, is the long-simmering war between direct and indirect game proponents. (Smart players use both.) The second, less known, is the tension between those who advocate high energy game (aka social alpha) and those who believe low energy game (aka stoic alpha) produces the best results. (Again, smart players resort to both high and low energy as the circumstance demands.)

In archetypal terms, high energy game = Trent from *Swingers*, low energy game = John from *Nine 1/2 Weeks.*

Low energy game is CH's preferred method of applied charisma, but high energy has its usefulness, particularly during those first few critical minutes of meeting when the needle on a woman's attraction thermometer is still swinging wildly and waiting to settle on a hot or cold temperature reading.

Low energy game is:

Laconic.
Smooth.
Ambiguous.
Quippy.
Imperturbable.
Intense.
Unreactive.
Best suited for one-on-one.

High energy game is:

Effusive.
Excitable.
Sociable.
Loquaciously funny.
Aggressive.
Fun.
Proactive.
Best suited for crowds.

There's a strong introvert/extrovert divergence here that maps closely with a man's preferred pickup energy level. Introverts will be more comfortable with low energy game, extroverts with high energy. Energy level also varies intra-game; you'll be higher energy at the outset and downshift to lower energy during the comfort, i.e. leather couch, stage.

However, I've known plenty of introverts who can tolerate, and even relish, "acting out". The catch is that introverts socially exhaust themselves faster than do extroverts, and need a time-out to recharge. A short burst of energy is about all an introvert can muster before he begins turtling as the realization "hey, i'm the center of attention!" hits him. Introverts therefore should focus their unrenewable high energy firepower when it's most needed: during the meet and entreat.

Some will argue that a man's looks dictate to a degree the energy level that will most benefit him. I won't get into that discussion for this post, but readers may engage in the comments. I've heard differing theories on the matter, and my real world observations don't lend much support to one theory or the other. Broadly speaking, uglier men will need to be higher energy in the beginning of a pickup, in order to "cut through the noise".

Energy level also influences your mode of verbal communication. A high energy man will necessarily speak a lot

more words than will a low energy man. Astute readers will note that this apparently violates Poon Commandment V: adhere to the golden ratio of giving your woman 2/3s of everything she gives you, verbosity presumably included. But the Poon Commandments are better understood as lifelong guidelines rather than specific pickup tactics that apply to every situation one may encounter along his romantic journeys. There will be those times when it'll be to your advantage to say more than the girl in your company.

Nevertheless, there's no denying that, on the whole and in the general, women love men who aren't blabbermouths. The more of your store you give away, the less she'll want to browse your product line. Enigmatic men are alluring. Succinctness is sexy. Ambiguity is alpha.

On that point, a regular reader writes,

> You can use shallow communication to get positive association principle benefits in your dating life and life in general.
>
> If you ever meet a powerful person, like your CEO, they really don't have much to say. "This is a nice day!" "The Blackhawks looked great last night."
>
> Ditto if you see press coverage of the Pope, Queen, or President working a crowd or rope line.
>
> The reason is simple: more people want to talk to powerful people and powerful people need to budget their attention.
>
> The more you invest in deep substantial conversation, the smaller the number of people you must have in your life and the less attractive you become.
>
> A man with many women can't know everything about them. Seeking to learn everything about her is going to work against you over time.
>
> Making statements versus asking questions subcommunicates less desire to learn about her.
>
> That's probably the main failing of stalkers, and she'll think you're a stalker if you know everything about her, which is exactly the opposite of what she wants.

Shallow communication is alpha. Listen to alpha males banter: it's almost all jokes and taunts and teases and sharp comebacks (when required). Then listen to beta males banter: droning, nerdy expositions on boring topics, receivers more often than givers of gibes, conspicuous inability to disengage from dying conversational threads, stilted speech in place of charming quips.

But that doesn't mean there isn't a time and place when the alpha benefits from "deep" conversation with a girl. Women like when you ask about them, but only after some attraction has been sparked. Women also like when you open up about yourself, even if in a guarded way, when they've decided they want to know more about you. The comfort stage isn't just some afterthought tacked onto the seduction process. It's the meat and potatoes of pickup. If you don't "connect" with a girl in a meaningful way, all you'll have are a few laughs… and a dry dick.

All the points the reader made above are true, and most crucial when the dance of love is just spinning up. You hold your cards close at the start. You make statements more than you ask questions. You stick to superficial topics instead of delving deeply into your listener's life and values. These behaviors are, undoubtedly, the hallmark of the alpha male.

But what if the girl doesn't know you from Adam? You've just walked up to her, a stranger. Four-word vacant blurbs about the weather aren't going to cut it. A chill, laconic, 007 pose over a martini glass is great if you're already preselected as a man of interest. But if you're the average guy without a license to thrill, you'll need to do more than cock an eyebrow as the rim of your glass hits your lips. You'll need to talk and, more often than not, talk a lot, if you want to engage a girl and get her invested in the outcome.

You square this circle by recognizing that shallow communication is not the same as terseness. You can talk your

mouth off without really saying anything. “You girls look like you’re having the most fun here…” is an excellent prelude to a two-way exchange of ideated emotions, but it’s not exactly the stuff of profound thought. It is, however, high energy. If you watch Tyler Durden’s videos, he’s the classic example of a high energy player whose communication during the attraction stage is almost entirely substance-free. He rarely uses any “getting to know her” tropes. “Getting to know her” is the feeble strategy of earnest betatude.

If low energy game is more to your liking, you’ll need to locate venues where one-on-one sit-downs are possible. Any of the usual pickup spots are more favorable to low energy game on weekdays than weekends. Target events that cater to girls who don’t grok the club scene. If you can’t find it in you to amp up your energy level, then daytime game will feel more right to you, where crowd-owning court-holding isn’t a prerequisite for love. Finally, work on your bounce and isolation techniques. The sooner you can move a girl away from a busy social scene to a quieter, secluded pre-bone zone, the sooner you can switch to your preferred low-key, smirk-inflected, laconic cad game.

Field Report: The Dushka And The Cougar

CH · 24 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader BuenaVista apprises,

> From the Field:
>
> So, in WashDC there's a fairly prominent meat market for the middle-aged and well-suited: the place lawyers, senators, TV talking heads, CEOs lobbyists go in their ill-fitting suits to hustle women. It's called Cafe Milano. The dynamics are like any Beverly Hills cafe of similar stripe, only it's DC: DC is Hollywood for ugly people. Young women from the age of 20 up through women pushing 50 are in this place. Later in the evening it often gets quite insane when all the working men go home and the place fills up with Middle Eastern men chasing shiksa tail.
>
> This is where I went last night to experiment with the difference between "high energy" and laconic "low energy." I had a date so I went half an hour early for my experiment.
>
> I was the only guy in the place not wearing a tie or sport coat; I had on a flight jacket, black sweater, jeans, Guccis, no socks.
>
> I'm not funny, when ad hoc, in most instances, unless "irony" counts as funny — and it usually doesn't. So I resolved to just smile, speak up, raise my eyebrows, and engage — i.e., the opposite of laconic pilot leaning against bar waiting to be chosen. In the first five minutes I looked straight at the Russian girl serving a full bar and quickly entered a five-minute conversation about the merits of American rye, how long she's been in the country, what she drinks at home, and how funny is this shit with all these fat guys hustling Georgetown girls.

That last part is your best game. Knocking the pretension of other men is a time-honored technique for raising your own value.

> I would say I was looking directly at her, only smiling to punctuate, listening, querying, listening, commenting. The bar was busy but she talked to me. I would estimate that she is 25 years younger than I am. She served me and my eventual date well all night and slipped us a couple freebie bottles of sparkling mineral water.
>
> The next person I spoke to was a 45 year-old in a Chanel suit, cheekbones like Charlotte Rampling, a German accent, and a firm bust and small waist that means: Yoga every single day. This was a divorcee of some apparent means. In the past I just leave these women alone and they either open me (life was better when a woman could ask for a light in a bar, at least it was better for introverted me) or I didn't talk to them. I turned, smiled briefly, complimented her on her suit,

A good neg here would have been "That's a nice power suit you're wearing."

> asked her if she had just come from an event of some sort, smiled, queried, commented, smiled, queried. I asked her what she would like to drink and ordered her glass of wine for her from the Russian. She name-dropped her summer place, I've been there many times, which school her son attends, blah blah blah. I don't think I have done something like that more than five times in my life. As *her* date entered and was coming to grab her, I slipped her my card and she gave me a look that, perhaps unrealistically, said, "I just might follow up on this." I didn't get her number because I didn't have time once her lawyer/lobbyist/whatever showed up.

She's 45 years old. The odds that she'll follow up by taking the initiative and calling you are far better than if she were her 25 year old self. The fear of the Wall has a way of focusing minds and opening legs.

> Question: is "high energy" reducible to: choosing to open, managing the rhythm of the conversation and

> keeping it moving moving moving with a focus on her her her, not slobbering all over her looks, treating her more like the au pair than the princess the au pair works for. I mean, I can do this. This is little different than opening a potential business contact, male or female, on a long flight someplace.

High energy means you lead the conversation and don't give her a chance to frame the interaction to her liking. Well, it means that, among other meanings. It doesn't necessarily mean that you "focus on her her her". You can be high energy and just shooting the shit about anything.

> Or is it really this: halfway through the evening another software ceo, very successful guy, very notorious for his harems and runins with the SEC, was holding court with his usual gaggle of staff and the groupies the ceo always has about. Then he stood up (he's kind of a short guy with a plain face, but he's worth $500mm) shouting about some shit I couldn't understand and his group started roaring. I'm never doing this: I think he's a buffoon, albeit one with a net worth I'll likely never approach.

Half Billion CEO dude is already preselected. He DHVs just walking into a roomful of people who are familiar with the local business scene. A guy like him could go high or low energy, it wouldn't matter. His army of lackeys at the ready to laugh at his dumb jokes is all the game he needs.

> Or, if it requires R. Brand levels of realtime wit and invention, forget it. I will never attempt that.
>
> Any comments appreciated.
>
> (See, Ya Really, I do actually go out.)

Low energy isn't the same as being a wallflower. High energy isn't the same as being an interrogator. Either method, you're interacting with the express purpose of pushing it toward a carnal conclusion. The difference is how much dead air or dud utterances you're willing to risk. Low energy is sexy, but vulnerable to competing distractions. High energy is captivating, but vulnerable to self-sabotage. I'd say if you're hitting on hired dushkas or wealthy cougars, go lower energy. You might even gain points for establishing a contrast between yourself and the cackling suck-ups slobbering Half Bil's knob.

Healthcare.graft

CH · 24 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Anti-Gnostic writes a very good post about Obamacare, and the unsustainable folly of the welfare state in general.

> There are many layers of confusion [about the medical insurance business], so let's take a look at some facts.
>
> 1) Most people lose money on insurance, because most of the time insurance doesn't pay out more than it takes in.
>
> 2) Thus, a "good" policy is a catastrophic-coverage-only, high-deductible policy, where most payments are out of pocket. This is a policy that protects you against the downside risk, but where you lose a lot less on average.
>
> 3) This is because the purpose of insurance is to protect yourself from *catastrophe*, not to make routine purchases.
>
> 4) For example, if you went to Best Buy and whipped out your home insurance card to get a new flat screen TV, everyone would look at you as a crazy man. "Don't you know that home insurance is only for fires and floods, and not for routine purchases?"
>
> 5) And so it should be with health insurance, because you'll actually — *provably* — pay less with a high deductible plan for all but catastrophic conditions.
>
> 6) Indeed, the most innovative and technologically advanced areas of medicine are ambulatory areas in which people feel that markets are "ok". These are paradoxically the most trivial areas: lasik, plastic surgery, dermatology, dentistry, even veterinary medicine.
>
> 7) Why are these areas so advanced? Because people pay cash money, because they choose based on quality, and because they are *able* to choose — i.e. they aren't being wheeled up to the hospital in a gurney in a no choice scenario.
>
> 8) Moreover, with every technology ever, from cars to cell phones to air travel to computers, things that start out expensive become cheaper when enough people demand them. With medicine it seems to bite more that money means differences in care. But at the end of the day doctors, patients, nurses, drugs, ambulances…all that stuff means real resources, and a refusal to do explicit computations just results in massive waste as costs are shunted to a place where no one looks at them.
>
> 9) How insane is it, for example, that in this age of internet shopping that you can't do comparison shopping on a hip replacement or a physical on the internet? It has to do with the irrationality that surrounds the concept of paying for the most valuable service of all: for someone saving your life.
>
> 10) Now let's consider the elderly. The big problem here is that there IS going to be a catastrophe that hits them with probability 1. It's called dying from being old.
>
> 11) If you know anything about medicine, you know that futile care is a ridiculous proportion of healthcare expenditure.
>
> 12) Now, in the abstract everyone is all about taking care of the elderly. Witness [another commenter's] bleeding heart:
>
> "Were they to offer profitable policies to old people, the premiums would be unaffordable."
>
> The whole point is that *old people are going to die* with probability 1. So let's take those evil capitalists out of the question, and assume for now that no innovative entrepreneur could figure out something win/win for his own grandpa. …
> Now we are in the realm of social justice. Which sounds so nice in the comments section. Until [the commenter] answers the question: how much of his children's money does he want to spend on futile care for

> 83 year old Emma in Ohio? For 74 year old Bill in Texas? For countless, endless, unnamed others?
>
> Because you can spend ALL of your money on futile care. Literally every last penny.
>
> So now he says, “well, of course there have to be limits”.
>
> And here we come to the nub of the matter.
>
> This is h-bd land. We are adults. We understand hard facts.
>
> One of those hard facts is that until Aubrey de Grey really gets on the hop, people *are* going to die.
>
> The question is whether they die when THEY and their family run out of money — localizing the catastrophe — or whether every single one of them is connected to a public purse that they can draw down without consequence.
>
> Because draw it down they will.
>
> You see, for most of us, if our own mother was on a deathbed, if we had the ability to tax and steal from Joe and John and James to keep her alive we wouldn’t think twice about it. Because even if it took a million dollars in stolen tax money a day to keep her alive, well, hell, then I guess they’ll just have to work harder.
>
> The problem, of course, is when everyone thinks this way.
>
> Because what quickly happens is that once you’ve given the government access to that giant pool of money, they make damned sure that no one ANYWHERE is spending that money other than them…and then too only for the express purpose of the vote-buying schemes that our esteemed host has bought hook, line, and sinker.
>
> That money is not spent for saving any more mothers.
>
> Not for actual care.
>
> Not for innovative treatments.
>
> Not for anything other than the necessary minimum to keep up the facade, to buy people’s votes.
>
> But hell, what does it matter, right? At least now we’re all equal. Equally poor in health. We’ve defeated the Magic of the Market. We can now allocate scarce resources not through merit or money, but through queues and connections and politics.
>
> Like this.
>
> Biogen Idec is running an early-stage trial of the drug in multiple myeloma, but Baron doesn’t meet the criteria to participate.
>
> Baron’s a prominent donor to the Democratic party, and many of his powerful friends, including Lance Armstrong and Bill Clinton, made appeals on his behalf. And the family agreed not to sue if anything goes wrong.
>
> Ultimately, his doctors at the Mayo Clinic worked directly with the FDA to find a “legal basis” for giving Baron Tysabri. The deal was announced on Baron’s son’s blog late yesterday. The details remain unclear.
>
> Fantastic work, all of you. We’ve now taken the profit out of health care. No more profit motive to encourage ambitious young geniuses to develop miracle drugs rather than program social networks.
>
> Instead it’s just pure politics.

This is what we need to get back to: a basic understanding that health insurance is meant for catastrophes, not routine check-ups or money spigot end-of-life care on old people waiting for death’s imminent and unstoppable escort.

Harsh, but true.

And isn’t this just the problem with leftoids’ over-sensitivity to harm and fairness? It’s all egogasmic hurty alleviation… until the credit line that funds their moral posturing is maxed. And then it’s time to memetically move

on to the next civilization and repeat the process of suicide by feels.

It is an awful dilemma. The State, having assured the taxpayers that their geriatric needs would be met, must now breach its covenant with its citizens. As several commenters noted, there is no way out.

> … As a society we are suffering tremendously because we forgot that the best retirement program is to have 6 children and teach them how to be prosperous and then stay on the good side of at least a few of them.

And the Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return.

> I have my own fantasy of a nice little country that extracts the minimum taxes necessary to fund its military and maintain the social safety net. I'm sure that has been the selling point trotted out by every welfare state politician since Bismarck. **But inevitably it seems, net tax consumption increases, birth rates fall, the culture shifts to high time-preference, and the State inflates the currency and runs deficits–further distorting the productive economy–to keep the Ponzi scheme going.**

GBFM lzollzollzol'ed.

Obamacare is a ruling class pet project. It's labyrinthine opacity is a feature, not a bug, that enriches the corrupt managerialist Top and the blood-sucking parasitical Bottom at the expense of the beta niceguys in the Middle. This formula is bad enough in homogeneous societies, but in racially and ethnically diverse ones like America, where ability and temperament and charitable fellow-feeling are all unequally distributed at both the individual and population group levels, it's a guaranteed failure.

Strip out the market-distorting and depraved actor-attracting opacity of medical insurance — this means ending employer provided coverage and nationalized healthcare — and return it to the economically and morally sustainable notion that insurance is supposed to protect one against devastating… and relatively *rare*… calamities.

If this is not possible, well… try separatism. It may be that a precondition of solvent and sustainable medical insurance programs is ethnic kinship.

Scat Game

CH · 25 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Lust Is Love

CH · 25 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A shopworn shibboleth heard often in various permutations from people who fearfully shirk from reality is that lust is dirty and craven and superficial while love is divine and transcendent and meaningful. This pretty lie probably has its basis in early religious texts, which pegged (heh) lust as one of the seven deadly sins.

And yet, without lust there would be no love. Much philosophy, supernatural or secular, which reveres the concept of endearing, lifelong romantic love must necessarily also revere lust for bringing its only begotten son — love — into the world. Evidence for this cosmically bonded relationship between lust and love abounds in personal experience. (Who here ever fell deeply in romantic love with someone they didn't also sexually lust for, at least at the beginning of the relationship?)

CH knew this intimate entanglement between lust and love, long ago, before the "manosphere" was a twinkle in the blogosphere's eye:

> We here at the Chateau have in the past written that it is just as easy — in fact, may even be easier — to fall in love and begin a healthy long term relationship with a woman after having sex with her on the first date as it is with a woman who has made you wait for weeks or months before having sex. […]
>
> Pure, feral lust is a necessary prerequisite to romantic love. A love not undergirded by animal lust is not a romantic love at all. It is, at best, a companionate love, or an affectionate love, or a phony love that two losers convince themselves to feel when no other options are available. So why delay the inevitable? If you feel hot for each other, go ahead and consummate on the first date! You won't poison any budding relationship that might follow.

Now there is evidence from ♥SCIENCE♥ that… HO HUM… once again vindicates another vantage point in the Heartiste worldview.

> Lust: Sexual desire forges lasting relationships.
>
> People often think of love and lust as polar opposites—love exalted as the binder of two souls, lust the transient devil on our shoulders, disturbing and disruptive. Now neuroscientists are discovering that lust and love work together more closely than we think. Indeed, the strongest relationships have elements of both. […]
>
> Brain imaging is revealing the distinct but interlocking patterns of neural activation associated with lust and love.
>
> Lust is most likely grounded in the concrete sensations of the given moment. Love is a more abstract gloss on our experiences with another person.

Powerful lust conceives enduring love. And when lust wanes, love — romantic love at any rate — follows in its dissipating wake.

This provides ample justification for the player's intuition that the best relationships are the ones that begin passionately, and sooner rather than later. The bounder who collects his bounty on the first date is more likely to segue into a loving long-term relationship than is the idealistic betaboy supplicant who dutifully waits ten dates for a scrap of tepid snatch.

That three date rule is more than just a game strategy for avoiding the curious cruelty of a cockteaser; it's also a litmus test for the presence of irrepressible lust, which in turn heralds the prophetess of love. If you, or she, can hold out longer than three dates, your future love, should it come, will more closely resemble a candle flicker than a blast furnace.

This CH-embracing study also lets the air out of feminist bromides that women have to sleep around in order to determine with whom they're sexually and temperamentally compatible. Such hogwash. If love is kin with lust, then the first man who inspires a woman's convulsive orgasms can be, and likely will be, the man she falls in love with, or dreams of falling in love with, or regrets having let his love slip away. Such a man needn't be her twentieth lover any more than her first lover.

And temperamentally, lust has a way of enabling superlative *post hoc* rationalizations of compatibility.

No, women who assert a "need to sleep around to find the right man" are playing the age-old hamster game known as "I keep getting dumped because I'm a foul skank, but I can't tell myself that or the razor blade will start to look very inviting."

With love,

CH

Alpha Male Halloween Costumes

CH · 27 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's that time of year. Secularized America's new number one holiday demands your careful consideration. As a man, you have one job every Halloween: dress in a costume that tells the world an alpha male is hiding underneath.

Rule #1: Don't do "couples costumes". Actually, that's the only rule. Not only are couples costumes betatizing, they're dorkifying. If you insist on doing a couples costume, make sure it's a) something totally demeaning to polite company:

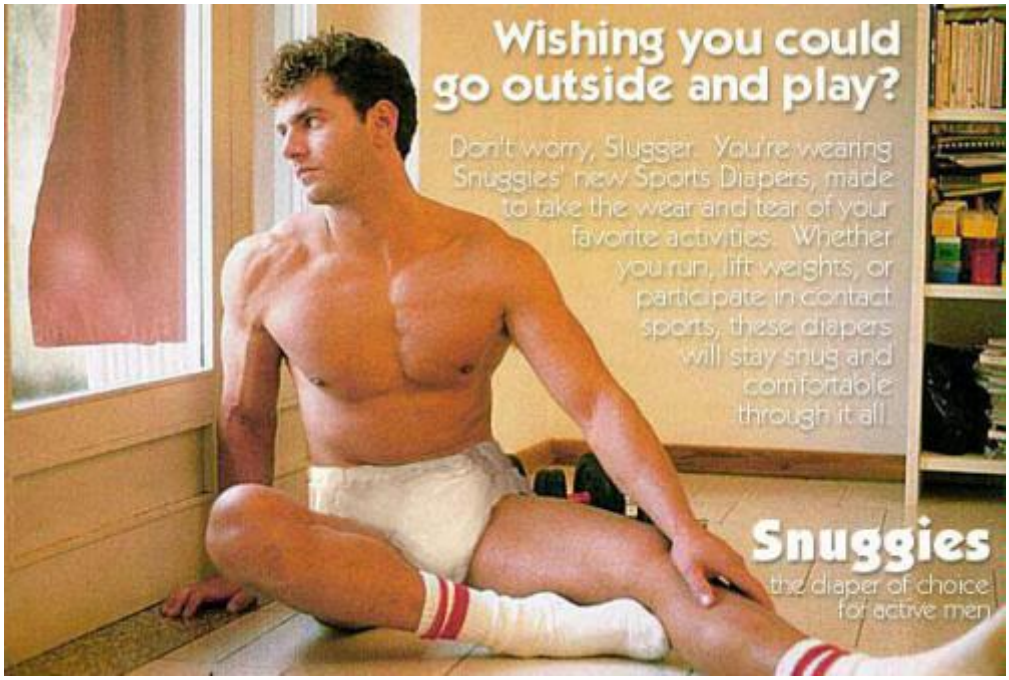
or b) something super sexy that leaves you with a semi all night:

In the above couples costume scenario, you'd be the guy holding the scissors to a piece of her tape. *"hold this thread as i walk away… as i walk awaaay!…"*

If the very limited selection of acceptable couples costumes isn't your thing, you can go the conventional alpha male costume route:

Or, for you renegade alphas who love to both follow orders and break rules:

But the best alpha male costume is one I saw many years ago, if by “alpha male costume” we mean a costume that attracts battalions of beautiful babies. That is, after all, what alpha male is supposed to signify, right? A man of irresistible allure to women. Or, in this specific case, a costume that imbues a man with irresistible allure. Drumroll please….



CONTRAST IS KING!

Yeah, that’s it above. The most alpha male costume I ever saw, judging by the number of giggling women gathered round to admire and caress him, was a muscular guy wearing nothing but an over-sized diaper and baby bonnet, holding a rattle.

Talk about baby balls.

WARNING: Do NOT try this if you're a soft, pasty, herbaceous manboob. It only works if there's a contrast between the baby costume and your natural virile masculinity. This means if you look like John Scalzi, wearing a diaper will freak people out who might mistake you for some weird sexual pervert who strayed from his masturbatorium. Yes, even on Halloween.

Since we're on the subject of diapers, it would be a tremendous alpha male coup if you could manage to dress up as the Engineer from Prometheus.

CH: *"No body suit required."*

That Sinking Feeling

CH · 28 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Stomach dropping. A pressing, radiating hollowing on the innerside of your solar plexus. Eyes widening to surprise-shaped orbs, drinking in threat. Face burning with bloodrush. Clammy hands, racing brain.

If you've ever lost a girl's attention to another man, you know that feeling. It could be a first date who unexpectedly sing-songs an encomium about some guy who's been on her mind, or a girlfriend you've started dating whose eyes dart around the room checking out other men as if you're blind and can't notice her distraction, or a more established girlfriend who betrays a wobbliness of the knees and a yearning in the voice when an ex-boyfriend joins your company.

You're losing her, and that sinking feeling is your bioalert system letting you know she's slip slip slippin away.

What do you do? When it happens, the advice from players with icy game in their veins is usually a variant of the following:

– Flirt with another girl. Act indifferent. You demonstrate high mate value by maintaining state control and refusing to get flustered by the imminent threat of another man or your woman's emotional straying. Re-establish your attractiveness by signaling preselection from other women, and unlimited options which you threaten to act upon.

In other words, make her come back to you, like an iron filling to a magnet.*

This advice is given because it works. No doubt about that. But the problem is that certain conditions are needed for practical application of the advice. One, you need other single women around with whom to tactically flirt. Two, you have to be a borderline psychopath to be able to remain so coldly unaffected by the whirlwind of emotions emanating from your limbic engine room. That kind of eerily cold indifference to romantic outcome is either innate, or developed from years of profligate poon plunder.

Most regular guys don't have years of poon plunder under their belts. And most of the time you're out with a girl, there won't be readily available single women within eyesight to welcome your counter-attack flirtations. You will be left with your date/girlfriend, her roaming eyes, and your sinking feeling, and that's it. So, what now?

I'm about to give the best piece of advice you'll ever hear on this subject. Advice that's worked for me when I most needed it. Here it is. When you feel that sinking feeling:

Leave.

Don't even tell her you're going. Simply walk out. This is the best… BY FAR the best… method for maintaining your aloof indifference in the face of reproductive annihilation. Get away from the negative stimulus that is impossible for you to properly manage, and you won't be there to announce your beta insecurity to the world. Leaving in a flash has a second benefit: It frightens your woman. It fills her with the fear that you might skip out on her for good, to cash your higher value mate chips in at a better paying table.

Now this won't always work — she might stay behind and wind up making out with someone else; but if that happens, she was never close to being your woman, so you saved yourself wasted investment — but when it does work, it works like a MOAB. Plus, you get to enjoy the wonderful, if temporary, feeling of taking the manly initiative and salvaging your dignity.

In the latter scenario, she'll come running out, sooner or later, maybe the next day, hurling invective, demanding explanation. This is not the time to express the pain of your romantic disappointment like a lovesick beta. Drive the id shiv in a little further, with a twist of ambivalence: "I felt like going. Do you want me to slap on a GPS monitor so you can track my whereabouts?"

Chaser-chasee roles… INVERTED.

Reward good behavior intermittently, punish bad behavior promptly.

Her company should now improve. But if it doesn't you have the luxury of timing the release of your disappointment with her behavior during happy moments when she least expects your ire, and when your state control is set to Maximum Aloofness. There's nothing so psychosocially exhilarating as catching a woman off-guard; it's similar to how a curse is more effective when you lull your foe into complacence with calm rebuke and then drop the soulsmashing insult at the very end.

*Some players recommend calling a girl out when she mentally strays, sort of an agree & amplify of an unspoken context. For example, "Hey, eyes over here you crazy slut. At least wait until I'm gone before you throw yourself at another man." CH does not agree with this strategy. It sounds workable on paper, but the reality is quite different; you're more likely to come across butt-hurt than bemused.

Comment Of The Week: Sophisticated Balderdash

CH · 28 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

n/a lyrically reminds the arriviste audience that an old chestnut is just as moldy when a man serves it up on a platter and calls it the main course.

> Amused by this thread and its arriviste assumption that ladies with a few more rings in the trunk and some rather shocking sun-damage from their salad days in St. Barts are somehow more "sophisticated" than a sweet pink baby in her last year of high school: the notion is even more comical than it is wrong.
>
> There is no "intellectual" badinage much less intelligent conversation with a woman who is still worth fucking; of all the cliches of romance none better suits the vanity of women and the hard to dispel starry-eyed stupidity of men than the laughable idea that there exist magical hags smarter, more spirited and altogether better at desiccated 40 than they were at moist 20. This is an amazing delusion and a quintessential trope – and tell – of the diehard beta.
>
> The question to ask the woman duly and dully decked in her "Chanel" and knockoff Louboutins is do you have a pretty and naughty daughter? There are indeed rich and bored women who will be anything but displeased to entertain such a question after a few oily martinis and then, and only then, does the hard mug of the accomplished bitch take on the warm glow of lechery. Do not press the issue. Let it scent the air.

This comes close to a perfectly crafted comment, in both substance and delivery. Men who, by dint of limited options, choose to extol the "sophistication" and "worldliness" of the wealthy middle-aged cougar are revealing a classic handicapped SMV tell: that of the man who can't do any better. It's the inverse of sour grapes; instead of falsely claiming the sourness of a ripe grape out of reach high on the vine, one insists on the sweetness of a rotting fruit within reach on the ground.

The supposed sophistication of the well-to-do cougar is nothing next to the firm rump, smooth skin and pert tits of the minimum wage 20-year-old barista. Nothing. All the cougarly sophistication cubed will never approach the exponential allure of one evanescent smile from a pretty young babe. And this chaps the hides of the men who are trapped in the cougar pen as much as it does of the defeminized fading trophy harridans who sprinkle their aging flesh with shiny brand name baubles and fuel their egos on the fumes of vaporous entitlement.

The great joke of this charade is that older women aren't even the paragons of sophistication they and their beta handlers like to claim. Wit is the province of the smart, and smarts are in full evidence by the early 20s. Fluid intelligence declines after the youthful 20s, further degrading the smart woman's chattering legerdemain. Intellectualism, too, is not age-dependent once past the early neural formative years. The young intellectual woman has at least the advantage of being fun and sprightly along with her occasional bursts of deep thought. The smart cougar is well-versed… and tired.

Even a more generous interpretation of sophistication as a term meaning wisdom is not the boon for the cougar's self-conception she, or her lovers, think. A wisdom borne of experience riding the cock carousel is a knowingness most men find unpalatable in a romantic partner. Yes, the cougar "knows what she wants in a man", but what benefit is that to any man in serious contention for her crumbling facade? Perhaps the man she chooses can feel good that, after she has had a spell sampling the boner buffet, the wizened lady honored his pig in a blanket with Best In Show. But that's like winning a trophy for running the mile in 42 minutes; he is left to wonder just how bad the competition must have been.

No, what a man wants, when he's alone with his thoughts and he can feel the natural pulse of his viscera, is a young, beautiful woman with a lifetime of reproductive residual value ahead of her. And, knowing what a prize she is, his pride upon winning her will be genuine.

Flirting Trumps Looks

CH · 29 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Are you an incorrigible flirt? Because if you're not, you should be. ♥Science♥ has discovered that flirting trumps looks as a courtship strategy for getting laid and getting loved.

> Does flirting actually work?
>
> Very much so. In fact, research says it's more effective than looking good.
>
> **Signaling availability and interest trumps attractiveness.**
>
> Dr. Monica Moore, a psychologist at Webster University in St. Louis, has conducted research on the flirting techniques used in singles bars, shopping malls, and places young people go to meet each other.
>
> She concluded that **it's not the most physically appealing people who get approached, but the ones who signal their availability and confidence through basic flirting techniques like eye contact and smiles.**

"Flirting" is really the old school term for "game". If you had to describe the panoply of game techniques and strategies in one everyday word, "flirting" would fit. Charismatic flirting, that is. There's good and bad flirting, and the thrust of game is to teach men how to flirt well.

> What type of flirting works best?
>
> Two types of flirting are universal: **smiling and eye contact are indicators pretty much everywhere and work for both sexes.**

A classic beta male tell is an inability to hold eye contact to the point of tantalizing discomfort.

> **But what works better than anything else?**
>
> **Touching.**
>
> And research has isolated which types of touching are regarded as "merely friendly", in the zone of "plausible deniability", or "going nuclear."

Another game principle victoriously vindicated.

- Friendly: Shoulder push, shoulder tap, handshake.
- Plausible Deniability: Touch around the shoulder or waist, touch on the forearm.
- Nuclear: Face touch.

The behavior that participants rated as reflecting the most flirtation and the most romantic attraction was the soft face touch, followed by the touch around the shoulder or waist, and then the soft touch on the forearm.

The least flirtatious and romantic touches were the shoulder push, shoulder tap, and handshake. Thus, touching that is gentle and informal, and that occurs face-to-face or involves "hugging" behavior, appears to convey the most relational intent.

You gotta love science that points up a glaring disconnect between what turns on women in the real world (presumptuous touching) and what rabid feminist cunts shriek is evidence of an oppressive OMG RAPE!! culture as envisioned in the fever swamps of their twisted fantasies.

The effectiveness of flirting is somewhat context-dependent.

> Behavior is perceived differently in different locations. **The more formal the setting, the more obvious you**

> **need to be to get the signal across.**
>
> Via The Mating Game: A Primer on Love, Sex, and Marriage:
>
> **For each scenario, participants indicated whether they believed the stranger was flirting with them or not. The results revealed significantly higher percentages of "yes" (i.e., flirting) responses when the stranger was in the restaurant bar as opposed to the school hallway (61% vs. 49%)…**

Daygame players take heed. You'll have to amp your flirting level when hitting on girls during the daytime, outdoors. Otherwise, she might not take the hint.

Here's some more juicy research which shows that, for men, their social dominance is more important than their looks when attracting a mate.

> **Research has shown that flirting which emphasizes physical attractiveness has little effect when males do it.**
>
> **The flirting that is most effective for men involves displays of social dominance.**
>
> Via Close Relationships:
>
> The results indicated that the men who successfully initiated romantic contact with women exhibited a greater number of particular kinds of nonverbal flirting behavior than men who did not establish romantic contact. Specifically, **successful men directed more brief glances at their intended, engaged in a greater number of "space maximization" movements (positioning the body so that it takes up more space; e.g., extending one arm across an adjacent chair, stretching so that both arms extend straight up in the air), changed their location in the bar more frequently, and displayed greater amounts of non-reciprocated touching to surrounding men (e.g., playfully shoving, touching, or elbowing the ribs of other men).**
>
> In discussing their findings, the researchers concluded that men who provide signals of their positive intentions (e.g., through glancing behaviors) and their status (e.g., through space maximization and non-reciprocated touch of male peers) receive preferential attention from women.

Readers often ask, "How do you square the advice to communicate intention with the seemingly contradictory advice to appear disinterested?" Well, this is how. You demonstrate "active disinterest". Bold players show intention, but they also signal their status through displays of dominance that are often proxies for communicating an attitude of outcome independence.

And how do you know if you're spitting tight game?

> **How do you know if it's working? When you start talking to her, ask yourself: *"Is she speaking smoothly and quickly?"***
>
> Because MIT research says that's a very good sign.

Fast talking is low status. A girl who is in the lower status position is a girl who is in thrall to your higher status male allure.

Beta males often complain that women never notice their interest. One reason might be because beta males really aren't good at subcommunicating their sexual intention.

> Researchers have documented a bias where people think they're being clear about their intentions but, in reality, nobody but them thinks they're flirting.
>
> Via The Mating Game: A Primer on Love, Sex, and Marriage:
>
> A more recent series of investigations by Vorauer and her colleagues (Vorauer, Cameron, Holmes, & Pearce,

> 2003) demonstrated that **the fear of being rejected by a potential partner can produce yet another pernicious attributional bias.**
>
> **The "signal amplification bias" occurs when people believe that their social overtures communicate more romantic interest to potential partners than is actually the case and thus fail to realize that they have not adequately conveyed their feelings of attraction.**
>
> You may need to amp it up, even if that makes you a bit uncomfortable.

Fear is the mindkiller. Fear of rejection is the lovekiller. Alpha males have less fear of rejection because they operate from a mentality of abundance, ("No worries, if I don't get her, there are plenty more waiting for the pleasure of my company"). This abundance mentality is honed from years of experience dealing with women. Beta males, in sorry contrast, have less experience with women, and so each potential rejection in the field matters a lot more to them. They approach women with a scarcity mentality, and this results in an excessive concern for appearing "too forward", lest the beta male provoke the wrath of his idolized object of deference. The alpha male doesn't give a crap about provoking wrath; in fact, he welcomes it, as the cascading drama gives him an opportunity to display his sexy bona fides.

♥Science♥ has now proven the efficacy of Poon Commandment XIII: **Err on the side of too much boldness, rather than too little.** Beta males new to the game must first unlearn decades of bad habits by striving to be acutely aware of how poorly their tepid flirtations are received by women. To succeed, the beta male must commit himself to reaching beyond the comfy boundaries of his beta bubble. He has to be ready to provoke romantic rejection, and in the so doing will achieve, paradoxically, more love in his life.

Alpha Of The Month: Porfirio Rubirosa

CH · 30 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We learn what to emulate from the successes of alpha male womanizers as much as we learn what to avoid from the failures of beta male saps. Toady's inspirational AOTM is Porfirio Rubirosa, a legendary slayer of snatch born in the Dominican Republic to an upper middle class (and from the looks of him, white European) family.

> He bedded thousands of women, including such legendary beauties as Ava Gardner, Jayne Mansfield, Eva Peron and Zsa Zsa Gabor.
>
> Not only that, he married the two richest women in the world, first Doris Duke, then Barbara Hutton, and bedded another millionairess, Tina Onassis, as well as queens and countesses.
>
> In the Forties and Fifties no high-society party or jet-set gathering was complete without him. But as the many women who wanted to possess him discovered to their cost, it was this Latin lover who always possessed them.

Preselected by women? Check.
Well-crafted identity? Check.
Chasee, rather than chaser? Check.
Used money to seduce women? Unchecked.

> Porfirio Rubirosa — Rubi to his friends — was good-looking, although at 5ft 8in far from tall…

Male charm >>> male height. Judge for yourself if you think he's good-looking:

Personally, I don't see it. But then I'm no 'mo, so most men look ugly to me. I suppose if you're the bruised ego type who wants to believe only good-looking men get the ladies, you won't be convinced that Rubirosa's rise to poonhound fame was largely by virtue of his con and his charm. But keep in mind that the high society women he ran with had their pick of the world's best-looking men, many of them far better looking than Porfirio, and yet they chose to surrender their bodies (and their fortunes) to this gnomic Latino. Obviously, he had something else going

on for him than a devilish smile.

> He never did a proper day's work in his life — yet his success with women enabled him to mix with royalty and film stars, and own private jets, racing cars and polo ponies. He was charming, attentive and thoughtful, but prone to violent jealousy, graceless and utterly amoral.

Chicks dig charming, impulsively violent, sociopathic layabouts.

> So what exactly was it that made Rubi the most desirable man on the planet, the man over whom the world's richest heiresses competed?

The honored guests of Chateau Heartiste know. Let's see if the Daily Mail knows.

> Famously, his attraction lay not only in his mesmerising charm but his bedroom prowess — and his remarkable physical endowment. Along the Riviera and in the nightclubs of Paris and Manhattan, Rubi was known as 'Toujours Pret' — always ready — and the large peppermills in Parisian restaurants came to be known as 'Rubirosas' in homage his impressive appendage.
>
> Yet, as a new biography makes clear, his rise to fame and riches was due as much to his ruthlessness as his virility. What distinguished him from other handsome young seducers was his astuteness, his ability to spot a vulnerable rich woman, to know the moment to strike and to make her feel desired and wanted.

Classic sneaky fucker (aka renegade alpha) game. He was not the accomplished, admired husband of a lonely trophy wife; he was the secret lover who traveled in shadow and brought promises of passion. His reputation as a great womanizer didn't hurt him, either. Women can't resist tempting the ardor of a known Lothario. It's as if women love the feeling of getting burned, like a retarded child putting his hand near the flame again and again. Hurts so good.

> Rubi had been unfaithful from the start of their marriage, but in Paris his womanising became relentless. If Flor [his first wife] remonstrated when he came home covered in lipstick, he would lash out with his fists.

Poon Commandment VIII: Never say you're sorry.

> Eventually she fled back home and they divorced. She later denigrated his sexual technique, complaining that he went on so long she grew bored. Nonetheless, for years after their divorce she continued to sleep with him whenever they met up.

Chris Brown high-fived Porfirio.

> Now jobless and penniless — Trujillo had sacked him from his job as 'Inspector of Embassies' — Rubi was in desperate need of money. When a jeweller he knew asked him to retrieve some jewels from Madrid, then in the midst of civil war, Rudi agreed.
>
> But he returned with — he said — only some of the jewels, claiming that the rest, worth some $180,000, had been lost when his car was shot at in an ambush; an unlikely explanation, as the car bore no bullet holes. He had, of course, stolen them.

The temperament that compels cads to thieve jewels is the same temperament that so enraptures women. This is why chicks dig jerks *because* they're jerks, not *despite* their jerkiness.

> Rubi further enriched himself by selling Dominican visas at inflated prices to Jews wishing to flee Nazi persecution as war loomed in Europe.

Chicks also dig a man who enriches himself, no matter how unethically. (I doubt Rubi was the kind of reflective man to make pained efforts to justify his actions as a karmic con of a con.)

> With his newfound wealth, he had a nose job (he had always hated his broad nose). The best barber in Paris cut his hair, and the best tailor made his suits. His bespoke underpants were shipped over from London's Jermyn Street and his shoes were handmade.

Bespoke underpants. The master seducer leaves no detail unattended.

> He was even restored to his diplomatic post after Trujillo came to Paris and Rubi introduced him to the seamier side of Parisian nightlife, acting as Trujillo's pimp, to the dictator's delight.

Beta males are hounded for minor trangressions. Alpha males are quickly forgiven the worst sins.

> 'Be careful, this man is dangerous,' warned the hostess, but within weeks Danielle had left her husband for him.

The most melodious words a man can hear from a beautiful women are not "I love you". They are "Be careful this man is dangerous."

> Doris [Duke] was the richest woman in the world, heiress to the American Tobacco fortune and worth a staggering $100 million. She had become a journalist following the collapse of her first marriage — her husband had been unable to accommodate her sexually. Rubi had no such difficulties. 'His purpose was to satisfy women,' Doris later recalled, and he achieved it with distinction.

Haters who whine that game is tantamount to doing a woman's bidding should acquaint themselves with Porfirio, the man whose "purpose was to satisfy women." Whose life would you rather have? A celibate's who has gone his own way? Or a playboy's who relishes the pleasure of women's company?

> Rubi's flagrant infidelity upset Doris, while he chafed at her imperious ways: once, in Cannes, she sent him down to a hotel lobby to fetch some cigarettes. Her ran into an old girlfriend and did not return for three days.
>
> Doris sought to secure his love with extravagant gifts: a townhouse in Paris, a stable full of polo ponies, several sports cars and even a converted B25 bomber.

Beta males buy women's love and intimacy and call it a victory. Alpha males run into old girlfriends, disappear for days on high sexual adventure, and return to have magnificent gifts lavished them by the women they jilted.

What specific game tactics did Rubi use?

> His seduction technique could be crude: seated next to a beautiful woman at dinner, he would take her hand and place it on his lap to show her just how exciting he found her.

Massive kino escalation.

> At other times he was more romantic. When he met the film star Zsa Zsa Gabor in a New York hotel, she was married to her third husband George Sanders, a handsome but violently jealous actor. Undeterred, Rubi had

> her suite filled with red roses. Zsa Zsa invited him into bed and was hooked.

Unpredictability is king. So is knowing your mark's weaknesses.

> Rubi frequently hit her, once blacking her eye just before she was due on stage, but still she found him irresistible, describing him as a 'sickness'.

Women are aware, on some primal level, that their attraction for the baddest badboys is a sickness to which they can't help but succumb. Women, in their uncontrollable servitude, loathe the machinations of their own tingles.

> Rubi saw a solution to his money problems and set about wooing her, serenading her with a band outside her bedroom window. The fact he had previously been married to her friend and rival Doris Duke made Barbara determined to have him, too. Months later, in December 1953, he had become her fifth husband and she his fourth wife.

Women are natural rivals, at each others' throats not with daggers, but with innuendo and whisperings. Master seducers exploit this reality about the fairer sex.

> Like Doris Duke, Barbara showered him with gifts including an estate in the Dominican Republic and another B25 plane, but he continued to humiliate her with his infidelity and cruelty.

Chicks dig a man who is a challenge. Women don't want to gaily traipse over your dreary flatlands; they want to strain climbing your rugged mountain peak.

> One night, at a dinner party, she punched him and walked out. Rubi merely shrugged, then flew off to join Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Aloof indifference. It's an acid bath to a woman's defenses.

> The marriage was over: it had lasted a mere three months, but once again left Rubi considerably richer.

What man wouldn't love to have this guy's life? Garish pussy buffet, bestowed riches after every bedroom conquest.

> until in Paris in 1956, aged 47, he met a pretty 19-year-old actress named Odile Rodin.
>
> 'I've heard much about you, Monsieur,' she told him. 'None of it good.' But like all the others, her resistance soon crumbled and before long they were lovers, then were married.

"I've heard much about you… none of it good." The second best thing a man can hear from a beautiful woman.

> But if he had finally found a girl who could tame him, it was too late. In 1965, after drinking all night at the nightclub Jimmy's in celebration of a polo win, Rubi drove home at 7am and crashed his Ferrari into a tree. The steering column crushed his chest and he died on the way to hospital.
>
> He was 56. He had lived and died fast. After nearly four decades of partying, he had little to show for his life. He had never had children — despite his virility, he was sterile — and had spent all the money he acquired.

So sad. And yet, the memories Porfirio carries with him to his afterlife are the same memories that a typical, play-by-the-rules, dutiful beta male who married one woman and bore three kids brings to his afterlife: None. When the cosmic tally is taken of each man's life, the only difference will be in how they lived while they were alive. And on that account, Porfirio lived a hell of a lot more than the niceguy office drone who rejoiced when his chubby wife

relented and gave him a birthday BJ.

Women's Worst Enemies Are Other Women

CH · 31 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Jizzebel hokumguzzlers have built a retard empire on the fantastical premise that demonic men oppress angelic women, and that the end of such oppression would herald a femme utopia for land whales, skanks, proud sluts, transborgs, homonormatives, globular polyamorists, selfie-abusers and really cool smart chicks with pink hair who use the word "douchecanoe" a lot and think that makes them a member of the literati.

Except that, out here in the real world where the rubber hits the hole, it's about as ass-backwards a belief as one can diligently nurture in the face of contradictory facts. If stepping outside the confines of the gloomy bedroom internet portal and listening to ♥science♥ hold any quarter with the self-delusion set, they would have to recant everything they profess, for the facts show that women are the worst enemies of women.

Who hurts women? Real rapists (as opposed to the phantasm of "regret rapists") very infrequently hurt women. But the threat to women, as measured by battle effectiveness and sheer force of enemy number, is **other women**.

> The rumor spreading, shunning and backstabbing of "mean girls" may be a relatively accurate picture of women's social interactions, one researcher says.
>
> Though both men and women use such indirect aggression in relationships, women use backbiting to demoralize competition and take sexual rivals out of the picture…
>
> "Women do compete, and they can compete quite fiercely with one another," said Tracy Vaillancourt, the paper's author and a psychology professor at the University of Ottawa in Canada. "The form it typically takes is indirect aggression, because it has a low cost: The person [making the attack] doesn't get injured. Oftentimes, the person's motives aren't detected, and yet it still inflicts harm against the person they're aggressing against."

Why do women choose the tactically lower risk method of indirect attacks? Because of the fundamental premise that acts like a brain virus upon everyone's underlying psychology: women are biologically the more valuable sex.

> That led Vaillancourt to hypothesize that the behavior is rooted in humans' evolutionary past. But why would sneaky meanness have become so ingrained in the female repertoire?
>
> In short, because mean girl aggression works so well.
>
> Because of women's role in childbearing and rearing, they are less expendable than men and couldn't risk injury by settling disputes with their fists, said Anne Campbell, an evolutionary psychologist at Durham University in the United Kingdom, who was not involved in the work. Instead, social exclusion and talking behind someone's back allowed women to work out conflicts without endangering their bodies.

This research lends support to the suspicion that the feminist zeal to cavalierly throw around the accusation of misogyny at men is really a classic case of psychological projection of their own states of mind. Or: only a real misogynist would impute misogyny to everyone else's motives. You have to be one to know one, right ladies? Heh.

In related crimethoughts, those who drop the "raciss" accusation on the slimmest pretexts are likely themselves raving racists. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

> Not only does such cattiness make the targeted women too sad and anxious to compete in the sexual market, some studies suggest it can make men find rivals less attractive — provided the badmouthing comes from a cute woman, Vaillancourt said.

Yeah, that last part is the crucial condition. A fug badmouthing a hottie has about as much influence over a man's

judgment of female attractiveness as another man would. That is to say, none. What would be interesting to follow up on would be an experiment that examined the reactions of hotties and fugs to social ostracism by other women. My bet is that hotties can withstand female cattiness a lot better than can uglier women. Because hotties have constant feedback from men that their worth in the sexual market is unassailable.

> Women often punish perceived sexual transgressions, Vaillancourt said. Studies in dozens of countries have found that women use indirect aggression against other women for being "too sexually available," Vaillancourt said.
>
> "It's women who suppress other women's sexuality," because if sex is a resource, then more sexually promiscuous women lower the price of it, Vaillancourt told LiveScience.

Slut walk sloganeering notwithstanding to the cuntrary, most slut shamers are other women. Men may avoid sluts for marriage, but they won't shame them. Why shame a snatch freebie from landing in your lap?

> One way to avoid the most destructive effects of girls' indirect aggression is to make sexual policing less powerful, Campbell said.
>
> "We want to achieve a situation where that accusation [of promiscuity] had no power, where we don't have that double sexual standard," Campbell said. "But how we get there, I don't know."

Good luck with that. She may as well try to get humans to subsist on hemlock.

> And women don't compete over things they don't value, Vaillancourt said. So women who put less emphasis on dating, or women who are past their sexual peak, are less likely to engage in mean girl behavior (at least over men).

The sexual market is the one market to rule them all.

So women backbite, backstab and fall back from attacking other women when the heat comes around the corner. That's some RealTalk™ the Jizzebelers assiduously sweep under their gnarly rugs.

The fembot soul serrating doesn't stop there. What other sins against women that feminists routinely accuse men of committing are committed by women in at least equal measure? Welp, how about objectification?

> A new study has confirmed something women have been complaining about for years.
>
> The research, out of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln and published in the Springer-published journal *Sex Roles*, essentially corroborates the belief that people tend to focus more on the breasts and figure of a woman when analyzing her appearance than they do on her face. […]

People tend to focus first on the important information about a woman.

> Unsurprisingly, women with narrow waists, full breasts and larger hips – the classic hourglass figure – were rated more favorably than their less voluptuous counterparts, even when men were asked to assess a woman's personality (rather than attractiveness) based on her appearance in the photos.
>
> But perhaps what's most interesting is that *women* also tended to objectify other females in the same way that men did. They, too, spent more time focusing on figure than face.

Can you believe the nerve of those men… hold up, wait a sec… hmm… those **women** objectifying women that way? Ugh, I can't even… wow just wow… creepers!

Feminism will go down in history (along with her parent ideology equalism) as the stupidest potpourri of delusions

ever propagated by a mass of degenerates sufficient in number and influence to dump their poison in the public's ear. The Chateau stands ancient and true, thwarting the lords of lies at every point of attack.

> "Generally speaking, people are more positive towards a more attractive woman than a less attractive one," lead researcher Sarah Gervais said. "However, attractiveness may also be a liability, because while evaluating them positively, 'gazers' still focus less on individuating and personalizing features, such as faces, and more on the bodies of attractive women."

There's an important game concept tucked in the crevice of this quote. Can anyone find it?

.

.

Answer: Thermal exhaust port. Hot women have weaknesses, primary among them the nagging fear that they're only loved for their bodies. You, as an aspiring assaulter of the pink abyss, can exploit this point of id entry into the attractive female's ego. Disqualify and challenge — "I only hang with women who have something going on for themselves besides their looks" — then assuage and connect — "I know people judge you on superficial stuff, and how tough that makes it for you to find someone who can connect with you on a deeper level. I get that".

A cute girl's ego is like a finicky vineyard. You must first coax the fruit to their exquisite ripeness by introducing slight stresses to the soil of her self-conception; you must avoid overwatering and over-fertilizing, which can cause the grape (ego) to become too plump and lacking in distinction; and finally, you must pluck her exercised ego at the perfect moment and turn it into a fine wine that she is eager to pour a glass of herself for you to appreciate. Chin chin.

Quote Of The Day: Atomized Wedges

CH · 31 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

> i was on transit today and it seems like white people are getting less and less common. just disappearing. transit is like a microcosm of multiculturalism. dead eyed somalians sitting awkwardly next to old chinese ladies. nothing in common. aknowledging each other as mere objects. no sign of life. riding by ugly buildings with grey skies above.

Lifted shamelessly from a Reprobate Right outpost.

Ellipsis Game

CH · 1 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

We know girls love men whose flirting is laced with ambiguous intention. Ambiguity, especially when coupled with alluring male ambivalence, gives the female rationalization hamster room to run, generating a store of energized drama that all women need to imbue their romances with more expectation and more thrill than their mere earthly existence can afford.

What is the vanishing point of infinite ambiguity? A stone-faced expression? Radio silence? No, those are messages that, by their absence, hint of negative thoughts. True ambiguity must leave the recipient in a state of confusion, helplessly flailing as she sifts for hidden meaning in the paltry sum of white noise. One manifestation of event horizon ambiguity that can plausibly invoke that feeling of pure female joy when confronted by opaque romantic intention is something reader walawala writes about:

> Very timely post and I would like to share 2 things. First a new game text I adapted and have used with interesting results. Let's call this "The power of '…'"
>
> this: … three periods. It's now my go-to response for girls who I want to alert that their behavior is not on, that I'm expecting a response, or that I want to trial text them but have nothing to say. This … gets the hamster going.
>
> Background, girl I'm gaming, and have maintained a clear sexual vibe with has her hamster in over-drive. We went out a few weeks ago, good time major make out, then a flake. But I didn't get upset, just kept a positive vibe.
>
> Here's our text exchange from last night and "the power of …"
>
> her: I wanna be up front. I am looking for someone ready to settle down..i u just want some fun.. we shud just be friends.
>
> Me: …
>
> Her: I am being ridiculous. Yesterday I met my friends for dinner..bf of one of them joined us. they just started…I think I am jealous. I also wanna bring someone special to join the dinner but no one to bring.
>
> A few learnings:
>
> one, note how I maintain my frame and while I don't really know what to say I use "…" and get this huge hamster barf. I may set up drinks later. she's up for something.
>
> Secondly, if you've been following my other story, my ex gf who's fairly hot has been chasing me since she broke up with me rather cruelly 2 weeks ago. I also maintained my frame. No beta butt-hurt crap, no lashing out, just "ok"…and ignore her.
>
> She deleted my on FB yesterday. I considered ignoring it. Then I considered confronting her. Both are bad moves. But at the same time dead silence is kind of lame. She has tried to reach out in her angry girl butt-hurt way.
>
> So I shot off a text late last night: …
>
> This was my way of sending an ambiguous message to get hamster spinning knowing full well the deletion was aimed at pissing me off.
>
> Ok, two things to consider there for you guys: girl who wants a guy to piss off her friends and ex gf crying out for attention and getting "…"
>
> In both cases "…" is the common game tool that is more ambiguous than "gay".

"gay" is a vitamin-enriched hamster pellet. It does the job by giving her hamster some get up and go. But there is

room for it to be misconstrued by women in a way that is unfavorable to your goals.

“8===>” is a steroid injection for her hamster. It more than does the job; her hamster will hip-check Kia’s as it races toward the Golden Spinning Wheel.

But “…”, now that’s something else. A proprietary blend of genetically modified superfoods, ECA stack, endurance boosting EPO, bovine growth hormone, concentrated Red Bull (illegal in all countries except China), yak penis, distilled beet sugar, bioavailable uranium with a half life of 36,000 years, and 100% pure Colombian snow that will make her hamster spin so fast the earth’s orbit will slow and time will go backwards. A hamster eight balling on one of these “…”s is on record as spinning up the mental equivalent of a ferris wheel and racing through tubes ten miles long before sputtering out in exhaustion.

Better to disorient a woman with an intriguing ellipsis, than to blab like a beta and ruin her fun.

The Nexus Of Evil And Ugly

CH · 1 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It’s the great pumpkinhead, Charlie Brown!

As hideous on the inside as she is on the outside. A monster in our midst.

There’s a reason the ancients equated truth and goodness with beauty. They knew a solid correlation when they saw one.

Hitting The Leftoids Where It Hurts

CH · 3 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Undiscovered Jew leaves a comment at Lion of the Blogosphere's humbly titled blog that draws attention to Utah Senator Mike Lee and his idea for hitting the leftoid Cathedral memeplex right where it hurts — in their wallets.

> OT, finally a smart Republican.
>
> Utah Senator Mike Lee will introduce higher education legislation that will break the extreme left's monopoly power over academic credentialing. His bill makes it easier for online classes to be taken for credit, expand the use of competency based testing and let businesses establish their own vocational certificates and training courses.
>
> Lee even even wants pro-natal tax cuts that will stimulate the white birth rate.
>
> This is how to defeat the left: cripple them through defunding. Mass layoffs of tenured faculty will open the door to sane national policies like eugenics, whites only immigration, and more.
>
> I hereby nominate Mike Lee for president to succeed where his co-religionist Romney failed.
>
> The two best and smartest national Republicans from an HBD perspective (admittedly imperfectly) are Mormons: Defund the left and stimulate white birth rates. We even get more federal regulatory support for flex time as a bonus!
>
> Sen. Mike Lee on "What's Next for Conservatives"
>
> http://townhall.com/tipsheet/conncarroll/2013/10/29/text-sen-mike-lee-on-whats-next-for-conservatives-n1733032
>
> *And so, in the coming days, I will be introducing the Higher Education Reform and Opportunity Act. Under this legislation, the existing accreditation system would remain unchanged. Current colleges and universities could continue to use the system they know.*
>
> *But my plan would give states a new option to enter into agreements with the Department of Education to create their own, alternative accreditation systems to open up new options for students qualifying for federal aid.*
>
> *Today, only degree-issuing academic institutions are even allowed to be accredited. Under the new, optional state systems that my bill would authorize, accreditation could also be available to specialized programs, individual courses, apprenticeships, professional credentialing, and even competency-based tests. States could accredit online courses, or hybrid models with elements on- and off-campus.*
>
> *These systems would open up opportunities for non-traditional students – like single parents working double shifts – whose life responsibilities might make it impossible to take more than one class at a time.*
>
> *They would also enable traditional students to tailor a degree that better reflects the knowledge and skills valued by employers.*
>
> *Innovations in vocational education and training would open new opportunities in growing fields that are hiring right now.*
>
> *Qualified unions, businesses, and trade groups could start to accredit courses and programs tailored to their evolving needs. Churches and charities could enlist qualified volunteers to offer accredited classes and training for next to nothing. States could use innovative systems to attract new opportunities and businesses, investing in their own future by investing in the human capital of their citizens.*
>
> *Imagine having access to credit and student aid and for:*
>
> ** a program in computer science accredited by Apple or in music accredited by the New York Philharmonic;*
> ** college-level history classes on-site at Mount Vernon or Gettysburg;*

> ** medical-technician training developed by the Mayo Clinic;*
> ** taking massive, open, online courses offered by the best teachers in the world… from your living room or the public library.*
>
> *Brick-and-ivy institutions will always be the backbone of our higher-education system, but they shouldn't be the only option.*
>
> *If these new models were to succeed, they would create a virtuous cycle. Traditional colleges would be impelled to cut waste, refocus on their students, and embrace innovation and experimentation as part of their campus cultures.*

Chateau guests come for the dark, but stay for the illumination. A positive, uplifting post like this one steels hearts and nourishes hope. The Cathedral can be defeated before events conspire ultimately to end it and sweep everything else in its annihilationist wake.

Defund the leftoids and power down their propaganda machine. Mock them viciously as they slide into irrelevancy and degeneracy, the inescapable failure of the twisted bastard issue of their diseased mental loins belying their every word and shivving their writhing egos.

That's how you win. Remember to smirk at the moment of final victory. #Alpha'ed

The Best Attitude For Successfully Dating The Modern Single Woman

CH · 4 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emailed a run-of-the-mill question about the effectiveness of his text game, seeking advice from Chateau paragons of carnality. He'll get his question answered, but there's a bigger theme to this post.

> I'm trying to extract the most fun out of this conversation with a girl. Comments? I'm building my skills. Met her on college campus and she gave me her number on the spot. Do post it if you wish, but keep my name off the post please.
>
> Friday: Me: Hi. I see you around sometimes. Saturday at noon buy me lunch at _____; we'll forget the world and relax in a limited time. 20-30 minutes; more if the world will wait.

The bloated prose of overgaming. Why did you text "I see you around sometimes" after she had given you her number? It sounds disjointed. Good rule to follow: there's never a scenario when "I see you around sometimes" doesn't sound stalker-ish. The rest of your text is comical in its romantic abandon. I know you're trying to be ironic and funny, but does she know that? Your intense come-on, however disingenuous, reveals the limitations of text conversations.

> Her: Hey sorry if this sounds rude but I' don't really feel comfortable texting with you and definitely not comfortable meeting up with you. I don't know you. And also I don't know what your intentions are and I have a boyfriend. And we don't feel comfortable. Sorry.

The lead may have been warm, but after your initial text it went ice cold.

> Sunday. me: I laughed.

Did you laugh to yourself, or did you text her a status update on your chortling?

> (another text) me: Silly your defense mechanisms activated. congrats your gfs are proud. I'm not interested in dating you or telling the world I'm talking with you. Assumed I wanted more? good girl you freaked out so hard. now I want shaved ice at _____(different place).

So hideously try-hard. Of course she assumed you wanted more. You're reaching out to her, right? Implausible deniability is the branding of the butthurt beta who chewed off a bigger mouthful of chick sass than he could handle. If it's obvious to everyone here reading this then it was obvious to her that you were stung by her rejection and backtracked clumsily into a transparently empty denial of intent.

> I forgot to mention the girl is light-skinned Asian, about 5'5″ or 5'4″… a six or seven among the asian pop. (pretty big at my school), a four among the other white girls. I'm white. 5'6″.

Mostly irrelevant. Asians girls need more emotional investment than do white girls, but this minor racial difference wouldn't have mattered in your case. You nuked yourself from orbit.

You came for comments on your game and suggestions for improvement, and you'll get that, but there's a bigger problem you need to solve: your mental state.

Better reply:

Her: Hey sorry if this sounds rude but I' don't really feel comfortable texting with you and definitely not comfortable

meeting up with you. Sorry sorry sorry blah blah sorry sorry no tingles sorry sorry sorry you're creepy sorry sorry sorry sorry.

You: so marriage and kids are out, then?

If you want to leave the impression that you don't take a girl's dodges seriously, you should approach with an attitude of amused detachment. Like she's nothing in the scheme of your life. Which she is. If you think a girl you just met is more than nothing, your behavior will reflect your inner beta psychology. And lame, needy and tactless is no way to go through life, son.

No matter how many text suggestions you read at this blog, you will continue making the same mistakes, because your ATTITUDE is WEAK. You feel aggrieved, you feel urgency, and you feel scarcity constraining your dating market options. As long as you feel those things, you'll never quite grasp the art of flirtatious badinage. You might parrot a killer line here or there, but that line will be book-ended by pages of betaness.

So instead of giving you a clam to eat, we'll teach you how to fish clams for yourself. There's really only one thing you need to know: have the right attitude, and the details of seduction, with just a little prompting, will fall into place. What's that attitude? It's best summed up in a thought experiment:

A girl communicates with you. It's on! You get nervous. Don't want to blow it. Don't be beta don't be beta don't be beta. You strain to retrieve some smart response that establishes your alpha boner fides.

Instead of struggling for that perfect quip, access your deeper psyche and mold your emotional state. **What would you say to her if you received her message while swaddled in the smooth flesh of three gorgeous nymphets going down on your knob?**

There's your answer.

Now let's revisit your hopeless interaction, but this time in the form of a super alpha male luxuriating in the caresses of three darling dainties.

You: what's up. drinks fri?

Her: Hey sorry if this sounds rude but I' don't really feel comfortable texting with you and definitely not comfortable meeting up with you. I don't know you. And also I don't know what your intentions are and I have a boyfriend. And we don't feel comfortable. Sorry.

You: sweet.

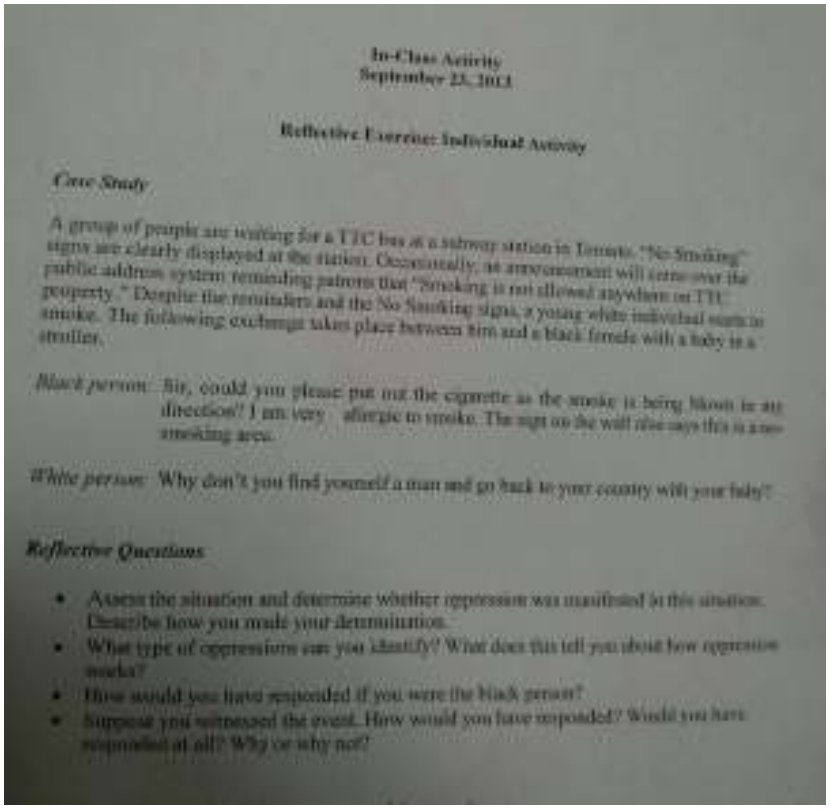
That's the aloof attitude to have if you want success dating the modern single woman. She doesn't love lovesick Romeo. She loves lovestuffed Romeo whose sexy attitude is a product of getting wrung dry by a cortege of concubines.

Maxim #14: Whenever you're at a loss for what to say to a girl you like, imagine you're a man in bed with three beautiful women. Then say what that man would say.

The Left's Propaganda Machine

CH · 4 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The Cathedral (refresher) has many ways of beating you senseless with lies and propaganda until your morale improves. The Cathedral clerisy has won so many victories over the past decades, and their power is so entrenched, that their hubris has made them sloppy. How else to explain laughable, over-the-top indoctrination like this?



In-Class Activity
September 25, 2013

Reflective Exercise: Individual Activity

Case Study

A group of people are waiting for a TTC bus at a subway station in Toronto. "No Smoking" signs are clearly displayed at the station. Occasionally, an announcement will come over the public address system reminding patrons that "Smoking is not allowed anywhere on TTC property." Despite the reminders and the No Smoking signs, a young white individual starts to smoke. The following exchange takes place between him and a black female with a baby in a stroller.

Black person: Sir, could you please put out the cigarette as the smoke is being blown in my direction? I am very allergic to smoke. The sign on the wall also says this is a non-smoking area.

White person: Why don't you find yourself a man and go back to your country with your baby?

Reflective Questions

- Assess the situation and determine whether oppression was manifested in this situation. Describe how you made your determination.
- What type of oppression can you identify? What does this tell you about how oppression works?
- How would you have responded if you were the black person?
- Suppose you witnessed the event. How would you have responded? Would you have responded at all? Why or why not?

Fuckin' Toronto. Locus of equalist filth. It's hardly worth the bother to itemize the lies and distortions of reality evident in this classroom activity designed with the purpose of derogating the self-worth of white men, but let's have at it for entertainment value.

First, if anyone's gonna be caught smoking at a subway station, it'll be a Tonto in Toronto. Blacks and whites smoke at about the same rates.

Second, no black woman waiting to ride a bus will gently rebuke a smoker in the King's English: *"Sir, could you please put out the cigarette as the smoke is being blown in my direction? I am very allergic to smoke. The sign on the wall says this is a no-smoking area."* !! Yeah, what universe does this happen in? More likely: "Yo, get dat smoke outta my face, mufugga, fo I wreck you azz!"

Third, the entire premise is a joke. Any leftoid twit who rides subways and buses, given enough anonymity and truth serum ABV, will admit that blacks are responsible for about, oh, 99% of infractions, annoying and lethal, on public transit. Fuckin' white SWPLs who ride buses don't smoke and anyhow wouldn't be caught dead blowing smoke in the face of some ghetto momma. Toronto whites are probably like amped-up versions of urban striver faggot whites everywhere: bending over backwards to appease blacks and avoid setting off their infamous hair trigger tempers. You want a realistic conversation between a black woman and a chipmunk-cheeked white man at a bus station in SWPLville? Here:

Black woman: *snarl*

White superSWPL: *smiles warmly* Cute kid. Hey there little guy!

Black woman: Get yo perv ass outta here.

Fourth, the fantasy reply by the white man is something you wouldn't hear in the West. Not anymore, now that white men have had their testosterone drained from them by constant brow-beating and the repulsive visage of fat women. But assuming there is a white man who would speak so impolitely, the facts support his imputation: 72% of blacks are born to single moms.

Reflective Questions

- Was oppression manifested in this situation?

Yes, I feel oppressed by the amount of tax dollars white men have to pay to grease your vocation of shitting on white men with impunity.

- What type of oppressions can you identify?

The Danegeld.

- What does this tell you about how oppression works?

If you're in power, you get to dictate the who-whom terms.

- How would you have responded if you were the black person?

"That's real retarded, sir."

- How would you have responded as a witness?

Around blacks, never relax.

- Would you have responded at all?

I'd stop taking drugs if I heard a single black mom at a bus stop speak in coherent English.

You ever get the notion that these blurts of Cathedral brainwashing are revealing glimpses into their deepest and truest feelings? That in fact the Narrative is one big case of mass psychological projection? One day, sooner than the elite think, the white man will WAKE UP, and, if history is any guide, when the slumbering beast of the North is finally roused from hibernation the ground will shake and the heavens will rend with righteous retribution.

Or not, and this beautiful creation of Western whites will slowly decay into a cesspool of encroaching Third Worldism and corn and porn saturated ennui. Place your bets.

Study: Power Poses Can Change Your Behavior

CH · 5 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

More evidence emerges that the game principle of "fake it till you make it" has real world validity.

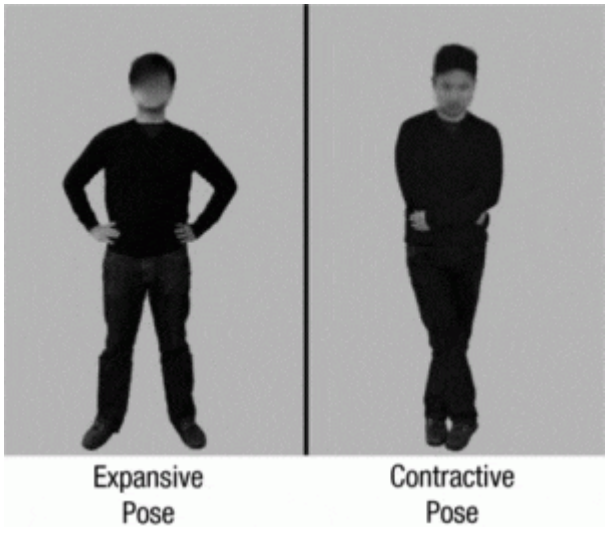
> How your posture might make you more likely to cheat, steal, and commit traffic violations.
>
> Here, the researchers tested whether a person's posture — specifically, how "expansive", or spread out, it is — affects their willingness to perform dishonest acts. Turns out that tricking people into adopting an expansive body position make them more willing to steal money, cheat on a test, and even commit traffic violations in a driving simulation. Not only that, but cars with wider seats were more likely to be found illegally parked on the streets of New York City. The authors hypothesize that the effects they see are due to the expansive body position making people feel more powerful — and, as we know, powerful people tend to be both dishonest and hypocritical.

And sexy to the ladies. mrowr.

Yes, adopting "alpha male" power poses will actually make you FEEL more alpha and ALTER your behavior, even your hormonal profile, so that it is aligned more closely with the behavior of rubber-stamped alpha males.

In short, faking the alpha male demeanor turns you into a living, breathing alpha male. It's more precise to say that you should "fake it till you create it". Incorporating game concepts into your life will create an alpha male version of yourself. If you're already alpha, it'll make you alpha-ier.

> The first three experiments showed that individuals who assumed expansive postures (either consciously or inadvertently) were more likely to steal money, cheat on a test, and commit traffic violations in a driving simulation. Results suggested that participants' self-reported sense of power mediated the link between postural expansiveness and dishonesty. Study 4 revealed that automobiles with more expansive driver's seats were more likely to be illegally parked on New York City streets. Taken together, the results suggest that, first, environments that expand the body can inadvertently lead people to feel more powerful, and second, these feelings of power can cause dishonest behavior."



If you sit (or stand) like a powerful man, i.e., an alpha male, you'll feel more powerful. This feeling of power produces real consequences for other people, whom you will be more likely to screw over for your personal benefit. It also produces another benefit: girls will want to sleep with you.

Humiliated In Front Of A Girl

CH · 6 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader suffered a grievous insult to his dignity when a man caressed his face and recommended masturbation as an alternative to competing in the sexual market.

> So here's my situation … There's this girl that I like.

The prologue of every beta male lament ever.

> I've liked her for over 3 years, and made out with her when her and her ex (now current boyfriend) broke up. This guy left her and started seeing her sister for 5 months, yeah he's that big of a douche bag, and he's not even that good looking!! See attached pic. (That's his profile pic on Facebook..)

Verified.

> I've tried to AMOG this guy using the information on your site, I've tried in school and I've tried at clubs. He's literally patted my cheek and told me to "go jerk off" right in front of her!

Physical contact with the face is a thermobaric dominance move. He may as well have been taking you from behind to the roars of the approving crowd. This dude is a Nimitz class AMOG.

> And she doesn't say anything!

Of course she doesn't. Her tongue is trapped in a cognitive dissonance dimension where her estrogenic tingles for the douchebag and her oxytocinic pity for your debasement drive her to catatonia.

> She just says sorry then asks him to be nicer to her friends, which he shrugs off!

He shrugs it off because he knows her words mean nothing when her vagina is saying something else.

> This guys an asshole and doesn't deserve her at all!

The epilogue of every beta male lament ever.

> I've tried talking with her secretly and telling her he's an ass and that she deserves some one better, even if it isn't me!

Are you pulling our legs?

> He didn't get her a birthday or a Christmas present, and on their anniversary he tried to convince her to have a threesome with her sister!

Didn't even bother with the bag of Skittles. Alpha.

She stormed off, to my house unfortunately couldn't get any, she was too rattelted up, and he went off to her house, where her sister was! This guys not an alpha, he's an ass hole!

For all practical purposes, one and the same.

> I hired a professional “PUA” in [Canadian city] to help me out we went to the club they were at and [XXXX] (the mPUA) approached her at the bar and within a minute one of [XXXX]‘s (the douche bag) friends was all over [the mPUA] telling him to “fuck off – she’s taken”. [The mPUA] tried to AMOG his friend by tapping his shoulder and trying to continue conversation and he got punched in the face! I’ve never seen this animalistic behavior before between grown men! How do I AMOG this guy!?

Now that I’ve read through the entire email, I’m 99% certain it’s a variety of troll known as the *exaggeratum ad absurdum* troll, the intent of the troll being to discredit game blogs by trapping them in long-winded debates about the merits of this or that tactic for dealing with a fabricated crisis.

It’s a good bet none of this stuff ever happened. So why publish it? Because it’s funny. More importantly, because far out on the asshole curve there really do exist men like the guy in this reader’s ~~fantasy~~ story, who will tool you horribly in front of a girl, say by patting your face and telling you to fuck off. You won’t meet these kinds of guys often (if ever), but it doesn’t hurt to be prepared should you have the misfortune of crossing paths with one of them. It therefore behooves the reading audience to use such troll attempts as a springboard into wider discussion about how to handle AMOG antagonists who love to humiliate lesser men in public.

Let’s get the crux of the matter out of the way. If a man malevolently touches your face, that’s grounds to sock him. No question about it. A demeaning face pat is the G-rated equivalent of a cock slap against your cheek. You reply with a hammer blow to his gut or nose. This goes whether a girl is present or not.

If, by some chance, the fighting force is too weak in you to muster it at the moment it’s most justified, then you can try the “agree & amplify” technique for disarming brazen AMOGs. A dude pats your cheek, you look at the girls, then back at him, and say, “Was that like a signal for gay sex? Because I have to tell you, I don’t roll that way.” Or, “You can’t stop thinking about my cock, can you? Don’t worry, I won’t judge. My cock is unforgettable.”

If you really want to fuck with the AMOG, ask him within earshot of everyone what it’s like to date sisters, at the same time. Then direct some of your artillery at the girls themselves, to implicate them in the AMOG’s assholery. Tell the girls you’re really impressed with their willingness to share a man, that it’s very 21st century and open-minded. If you think this is a step too far, recall that the AMOG (allegedly) punched a PUA in the face. (Some readers may get a thrill up their legs about that little detail, but let’s try to empathize with the beta here. He’s the one who wrote for assistance.)

In the meantime, reader/troll, go find a new social group and next the girl. She’s obviously cunt over heels for this lunkhead, so let her be with her Chris Brown. It’s a good life strategy to avoid getting entangled with girls who helplessly swoon for ragebots, if for no other reason than the increased likelihood one of her exes will come back to take what he thinks is his, and his problems become your problems.

Ellipsis Game Applied

CH · 7 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader recently ran "ellipsis game" on a girl, and he sent screen shots of the results.

This is very good text game. For the edification of our beta and omega readers, we'll examine the conversation in

closer detail. (Alpha readers may nod their heads knowingly for the duration.)

HER: did you survive the weekend without my company?

Classic beta bait. The typical beta male would happily entrap himself in her frame, and effuse about how empty his weekend was without her. The alpha male takes a different tack:

HIM: hey V ***[ed: note intriguing lack of eagerness in this greeting]*** *what you doing thur night…*

Her frame lays supine to his eschewal. No acknowledgement of the weekend, only a pointed request for her time on Thursday.

HER: Hi… I might be meeting a friend then! Are you here?

HIM: Ditch your friend.

Alpha move #1: Statement > question. Alpha move #2: Adherence to the golden ratio. (He sent three words to her eleven words. These things matter subconsciously.)

HER: Do you have a good reason?

Shit test concealing a desire to rationalize meeting him for sweet lovemaking.

HIM: …

Get ready, a clustercock has just been dropped on her ladylock.

HER: How long are you here for?

Perineal defenses: obliterated. No good reason given, and she doesn't care, because her hamster is running wind sprints.

HIM: Dont know hun

Absent-minded lack of punctuation, slightly demeaning term of endearment, "get it while it's hot" sales pitch = hamster fuel.

HER: …Ok so what do you wanna do if I ditch my friend?

HIM: use you for my pleasure

The foundation of flirting is a refusal to take a girl seriously. The moment you assume a woman is your linear, logical equal is the moment you lose her emotional subservience.

HER: …Ok stupid question… Can't wait until Saturday?

She sounds apologetic. This is good. A girl who feels bad about making even the paltriest demands of a man is a girl who deeply, truly feels the irresistible pull of his higher value. Tingles are born in the defensive crouch.

HIM: How about late thursday

Stand Your Ground isn't just a Florida self-defense law; it's also an effective form of Socratic seduction.

HER: I meet my friend around 6…we can meet after

HIM: Awesome

Punish promptly, reward intermittently. The time to show a softening of your alpha armor is well after her heated interest has been established to your satisfaction. She spent the entire text exchange backing away from her initial intransigency, but it was only until the end, when she succumbed completely, that he soothed her with a metaphorical pat on the head and a glimmer of attainability. The rest of the convo is just more of her turning

herself out to accommodate his juicy alphaness.

This was quite a clinic in how to flirt with and psychologically dominate a woman. A man who can do this will give her better sex than a thousand beta males promising a million gifts of myrrh. If this text convo was blasted on a Jumbotron in the public square, I've no doubt the man would feel no shame at all. Only pride, as the assembled mutter their grudging respect.

Gay Face Is Real

CH · 7 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

From the CH archives, an observation that gay men have something strangely distinctive about their faces,

> There is such a thing as a "gay face". Hard to describe, but you know it when you see it. Think big bright feminine eyes, full lips, and an all-around glow.

As usual, CH was ahead of the cultural curve. A new study supports the stereotype of a "gay face".

> Shape Differences Between the Faces of Homosexual and Heterosexual Men.
>
> Previous studies have shown that homosexual men differ from heterosexual men in several somatic traits and lay people accurately attribute sexual orientation based on facial images. Thus, we may predict that morphological differences between faces of homosexual and heterosexual individuals can cue to sexual orientation. The main aim of this study was to test for possible differences in facial shape between heterosexual and homosexual men. Further, we tested whether self-reported sexual orientation correlated with sexual orientation and masculinity-femininity attributed from facial images by independent raters. In Study 1, we used geometric morphometrics to test for differences in facial shape between homosexual and heterosexual men. The analysis revealed significant shape differences in faces of heterosexual and homosexual men. **Homosexual men showed relatively wider and shorter faces, smaller and shorter noses, and rather massive and more rounded jaws, resulting in a mosaic of both feminine and masculine features.** In Study 2, we tested the accuracy of sexual orientation judgment from standardized facial photos which were assessed by 80 independent raters. Binary logistic regression showed no effect of attributed sexual orientation on self-reported sexual orientation. However, homosexual men were rated as more masculine than heterosexual men, which may explain the misjudgment of sexual orientation. **Thus, our results showed that differences in facial morphology of homosexual and heterosexual men do not simply mirror variation in femininity, and the stereotypic association of feminine looking men as homosexual may confound judgments of sexual orientation.**

Asscinating! Gay face definitely has feminine features (the small noses and childlishly expressive eyes) but they appear to be set against a backdrop of more masculine features, like a big jaw. One can only speculate how this discrepancy came to evolve, but if a combination of a gay germ and chimerism is responsible for full-blown gheyity, then it's possible that whatever neural rearrangement molds the gay brain also leeches into facial morphology, resulting in mixed feminine and masculine traits.

I wonder what that huge… iconoclast… Andrew Sullivan thinks of this news? At first, I bet he would leap in his loafers, his burly bear arms outstretched to the skies, overjoyed that more evidence suggests his condition is biological and immutable. But biology is a dangerous ally for the leftoid flamer. Imagine a gay germ is discovered. Does he doubt parents, even squishy liberal SWPL parents who read his dull blog, would avail themselves of a remedy? If so, I have news for him. Should a "cure" for gayness ever be found, that will mean the extinction of homosexuality as we know it.

Putting The Penis On A Pedestal

CH · 8 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

One of the biggest problems of our phallocentric culture is the constant pampering to the superficial behavior of men. The dating arena is a prime example of this. I won't ridicule mainstream dating advice. That the "golddigger" strategy is dubious at best should be common knowledge by now. Instead, I want to attack a particular corner of the Internet that proclaims that they have the solution to the dating problem: the so-called "women's issues" community. A lot of the criticism applies to the "glamourmagosphere" as well, though.

What struck me always as absurd was that those alleged relationship madams didn't teach women to "woman up". No, not in the "be a real woman and get a high-paying career so you can marry a grateful niceguy after you've had your fun", but for real. They just don't tell you to stand up for yourself. No, instead you are supposed to become an expert on cosmetology, fashion, exercise science, gossip, looking your best, behaving in a sweet feminine manner, and all kinds of frivolous nonsense. This alone should make any reasonably smart woman very skeptical. Even if this stuff worked — wouldn't you want to have an at least halfway intelligent man instead, since as we know intelligence and primal biological sexual preferences are mutually exclusive?

That's not all, because mainstream relationship madams also tell you how you should react to his ambiguous behavior. They call it "charming" when he's acting flirty towards you, and tell you to "just keep making him chase you, girl!" Do you know what any girl with an inkling of self-respect would do? If he's charming, you just move on, but if he's really sexy and dangerous, you can just tell him to go fuck himself. Amazingly, some men are so damned sexy that they'll get turned off by that and next you.

The men you're interacting with are supposed to be adults, but if he behaves like a high value man with options, you have the choice of either confronting him or trying to change his behavior. Have fun with that! What also works is to not bother with him and looking for a more mature man instead. By "mature" I don't mean some boring man with no game, but a man with a modicum of mental maturity who has a bug up his ass about the idea of having to impress the opposite sex. Mental maturity depends on a cultivated resentment that there exist two sexes with differing reproductive goals and psychologies that must be accommodated if one is to make it through life as something more than a loveless loser. There are plenty of shockingly immature normal people who don't carry chips on their shoulders — men and women — around.

Let me just dwell on this topic a bit longer. Probably any girl who ever agreed to go out on a date with a man, or went along with it when he wanted to "hang out" will have experienced that some men just won't commit. No, they don't toss you out of bed. Instead, they just don't show up three months later. A smart way of dealing with this problem is to make the man wait a little for sex so that you can tell if he's the type just looking for a fun time or if he's really into you and wants a deeper relationship.

It is not the case that men are unaware that they are cagey about commitment. I guess the "matriarchy" keeps them down so that they can't pick out a ring and marry you, or just say "I don't want a relationship" in the first place. What do those ridiculous dating madams aka your grandmas tell you, though? They talk about "getting Mr. Right". You're supposed to keep showing cleavage and dressing sexily and putting on make-up and watching your figure and flattering him to "build attraction", and if he still won't commit, you're supposed to play hard to get and withdraw sex and generally act as if time is short and you need real commitment before your peak fertility window of desirability closes.

I mean, whom are those "relationship artists" kidding? Even if you managed to eventually win such a man over, what kinds of precedents did you set? If anything, the man now knows that you like him for more than sex (horrors!), and that you'll work hard to pin him down in a long-term relationship. He knows that you're a completely normal woman who happily gives up self-righteous celibacy for the remote chance to get some love. As if a man's love was the solution to anything (*snort*)! Instead of calling him out on his foot-dragging, you invite him to remain indecisive, and you even make excuses for his normal male behavior, all for love!!! This is nothing but

absurd. Congratulations, you've turned yourself into what they call a "lovestruck girl." Yes, this — "relationship game", they call it — is the supposed alternative to mainstream dating advice. It's laughable.

"Relationship management" and "beautification" are just more elaborate forms of penis worship and pedestalization. Women will never earn their self-respect until they are ready to "go their own way".

Many thanks to Paul Elam for publishing this post at his blog *A Voice For Women*.

Just A Reminder

CH · 8 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

“I say that inner beauty doesn’t exist. That’s something that unpretty women invented to justify themselves.” – Osmel Sousa, honored guest of Chateau Heartiste

Caplanization

CH · 11 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Swiped from the Boys from Brasil Norte, a neologismic mockery missile worthy of repoasting:

> Caplanization is the process by which the proponents of a particular policy (in this case unrestricted immigration) argue for it in such a manner than virtually all reasonable people are attracted to the opposite position.

Related. You know how robots that get too close to looking human, but not close enough to precisely mimic humans, reach what is known as the Uncanny Valley, and creep people out? Caplan and his hivekind are like the reverse of that process, humans who get too close to robotic facsimiles of humans, but haven't yet reached full robotization, and creep people out with their vertigo-inducing human-borg form. Only when his transformation is complete will normal people begin to enjoy Caplan's company, putting the cat on him and sharing a laugh as he roombas around the family room.

The Feminist Push To Sanction Female Infidelity

CH · 12 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the Chateau Heartiste description of feminism:

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

If you examine feminist ideas in detail, most of them amount to justifications for the above formulation. A feminist utopia is one in which women, particularly ugly women, have limitless options in the sexual and economic markets while men's options are curtailed to the fullest extent possible. (Which would necessarily have to be the case, since a low value woman can't have increased sexual options — i.e., amplified hypergamy — without negatively affecting the options of a man with similar SMV.)

Eager to prove the CH elucidation of their ultimate goals correct, feminists and their psychotherapist allies are now pushing to sanction female infidelity.

> But recently, a handful of therapists have started to push the idea that affairs can rescue a marriage and to define exactly in what instances that might be true. "People shriek and cry when they are confronted with an affair," Brown writes in her essay, "The Affair as a Catalyst for Change," which appears in the book *Infidelity*"Almost never do they realize that it might be the best thing that ever happened to them."
>
> Last year's annual conference of the American Family Therapy academy allowed a panel about affairs called "From Trauma to Transformation," which was the first time that idea officially entered the lexicon, says Esther Perel, author of *Mating in Captivity* and a couples therapist who is writing her next book on affairs. It was public and professional acceptance for the idea that an "affair doesn't necessarily end a marriage and can possibly make it stronger."

Ignore the psychobabble. It's smoke and mirrors meant to distract from what the real intention of this change in judgment signifies. What feminists are attempting to do here is nothing short of legitimize the biologically innate female imperative to fuck alpha males during ovulation and extract resources from beta males during infertile periods of the monthly cycle. CH predicted it: Feminists and various "health professionals" would agitate to normalize the "alpha fux, beta bux" female mating strategy. As society becomes ever more feminized and emasculated, expect to see more of these rancid ideas percolate in mainstream discussion, as the pro-female directive and anti-male directive reach their demonic apotheoses.

You might say, "Well, this means men can be unfaithful without consequence, too!" Oh, ye of precious naivete. Men won't be let off the hook. The divorce industrial and family court complexes are rigged against the interests of men, and getting more rigged by the day. An army of leftoids fed on the swill of legalese will barely break a sweat holding the contradictory beliefs that women cheat for good reasons and men cheat because they're oppressive patriarchs.

Eventually, with the help of dazzling sophistry, the law will be twisted to such a warped geometry that the people will come to accept injustice as fairness and lies as truth. And those who bitterly cling to old-fashioned notions of justice will be scorned as rubes and cast out of polite society, their reputations and livelihoods destroyed with the ease of smashing an insect.

The irony of this feminism-inspired dross is that a case can be made that male infidelity might very well enhance marital stability, over the long term. Men are naturally disposed to seek and enjoy mate variety, and men are better than women at maintaining multiple lovers without sacrificing love or duty for any one of them. This is because men, unlike women, can easily sever sex from emotional connection. A cheating husband who gets his sexual needs

met will feel less resentment toward his frigid wife. A cheating wife, in contrast, will feel more resentment for her beta husband who will assume the role for her of the man “keeping her from happiness”. There’s a reason “eat, pray, love” is marketed to the fantasies of women.

This isn’t to suggest that excusing male infidelity is good for the institution of marriage and the sustenance of an advanced, high trust civilization. Only that, if we are to set down this road of rationalizing the benefits of infidelity, it makes a lot more sense to grant husbands the generous latitude to pursue extramarital pleasures than it does to grant wives that same freedom. The consequences of wifely betrayal are a lot worse. (“but… the kiiid is not my son. woo hoo hoo”)

Feminism is the sick, wheezing spawn of its parent ideology, equalism, the belief in a magical flying spaghetti monster that imbues all humans with equal ability and equal worth, interchangeable flesh cogs that can as easily master astrophysics as lawn care given the right dose of self-esteem boosting pablum.

Whatever the self-professed noble intentions of their advocates, these ideologies are as wicked and destructive as any genocidal revolutions that have come before them. This is why CH, a citadel firm, guarded by sentries of ancient woods, illuminating a path to enlightenment, will never cease in its mission to utterly crush evil, sick ideologies like feminism so totally that there is no space for even the ashes of its immolation to gather in a stiff wind. Feminism’s proponents will suffer endless ridicule should they choose to fight, or they will retreat from the public square to lick their wounds in the comfort of their silent seething thoughts. And, if the spoils of victory are rich indeed, some will self-deliver to release the pain.

In related shivving, here’s a video of Hanna Rosin’s family engaged in a mock trial about the superiority of girls to boys. On the next episode of “The Hanna Propaganda Hour”: *My boy’s first sexual identity crisis!*

Goodbye, America: Hosurance Edition

CH · 13 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Our devolving culture is disaggregating into its origin slime so rapidly it's hard to distinguish parody from reality anymore. Behold:

Do not adjust your vertical or horizontal. What you are seeing is real. It's an Obamacare ad campaign, currently appearing in Colorado (which means Coloradan taxpayers may be funding this flagrant farce). As an astute reader noted, advertising can be pretty creative when there's only one choice on the menu.

Just when you think you've got a handle on how low the US elite can go catering to the orc and pork armies, a new shit pit is excavated. Ponder the above.

– Ebonics website URL (doyougotinsurance.com? what's next? muhfugginfreeshit.com?)
– Fat ass chick crushing her giant pink ball. This is the new rotund normal, you'd better embrace it, fucknozzle. I don't care if your hands can't reach past her second belly fold.
– The dispensing with any pretense that Obamacare is about anything other than a money spigot that no one (worth caring about) has to pay for.
– The ankle tattoos. Is that a "Z"? Did Zorro rapier her snatch and leave his calling card?
– Gotta love the wine and exercise juxtaposition. Yeah, that's how you want to work out… drunk.
– Success in life is measured by how many good bottles of wine you can score.
– The whole scene is meant to evoke the livin' LARGE lifestyle of the modern SWPL brunch-scarfing, egg-dying, government-idolizing liberal tart. I think the fat one is shitting Shonda Rhimes.
– Dat manjaw on the left one. In case you forgot that testosterone-charged women are now running the show… into the ground.
– Ali and Caitlin are not sweatin' it, because women were not put on this earth to worry about how they'll pay for all their nice shit. Who are you, some misogynist who wants to stop giving women freebies? *squaawk* War on women!

You want to rebuke the ruling class for assuming the average American woman is an idiot, but then they have a point. This is our culture now, and the lords of lies are merely speaking the primitive language of their degraded subjects.

Another one:

Why do ads that, by any reasonable suspicion, seem primarily aimed at the problems of minorities, feature white people? CYA? Revised expectations? Or is it that our new healthcare overlords know they need white people on board, because who else is gonna fund this free lunch extravaganza? We're living in a banksters paradise, and you're the sucker.

"OMG, he's hot!"

OMG, the country is going bankrupt.

"Let's hope he's as easy to get as this birth control."

Because men are hard to entice with sexual favors.

"My health insurance covers the pill, which means all I have to worry about is getting him between the covers."

Slut pride. Daddy's little girl is all growed up. The disclaimer is a riot. What's this "common sense" they speak of? Not sleeping with every man who will dump a quickly forgotten fuck in her? Talk about a fine print buzzkill.

"Susie & Nate, Hot to Trot"

Girl: He doesn't have to stick it in my pooper anymore! *thumbs up*
Guy: You mean I can cum in this sloot and get my Aunt Gertrude and that fat beta in accounting to pay for the privilege? *smirk*

CH has drawn up amended — and more bracingly honest — editions of these CO Obamacare "hosurance" ads.

Hold on… I'm getting an image in my head… a picture is forming… a picture of America in 2013. Ah, here it is:

Put her down.

What Is It Like To Date A Woman Way Out Of Your League?

CH · 14 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever banged a woman you thought was impossibly hot, too hot for a mere peasant boy like yourself? Chances are, you haven't. Most men don't reach for the ass ring. Fear — and sometimes experience — cultivates an exquisite sense for one's sexual rank, and an avoidance mentality that preempts rejection by sultry specimens thought to be "out of one's league".

But most men are not all men. A few warriors of the whiskered wound have banged out of their league, and lived to tell of the tail. Men with game will occasionally, maybe even often, bang women considered by the general population to be too beautiful for them. Other men will luck into an amazing fling with a superb hottie. Usually, some combination of fortuitous circumstance and seduction skill is the backdrop to a stunning mismatch between a regular guy and a boner fried bombshell.

In before the trick-less trolls and baffled haters hijack the substance of this post to nasalize their belief that men's sexual value is judged by the same looks metric as women's sexual value, let it be hammered into their blocklike skulls (again) that women judge a man's mate worthiness by many measures, not least of which is his social value and his seductive savviness. So when we say that a man is shooting "out of his league", we don't necessarily mean the spectacle of a very ugly man with a beautiful woman (though it could mean that). We could also mean a man who compares favorably in the looks department with the woman he is dating, but who falls short in other equally important criteria. A good-looking but socially awkward nerd with a hottie is one such mismatch that strikes a discordant note on observers' pattern-recognition tuning forks.

With that anti-hater disclaimer out of the way, we can move on to the meat and potatoes. Kai Peter Chang, a self-professed informal dating coach and boffer of beautiful babies, describes his experience dating what he figured (that's the important qualifier) was a woman way out of his league.

> **Have you ever had the experience of getting a taste of a life light-years above your social class/station?**
>
> Perhaps it's being a guest at an extravagant $200,000 wedding thrown by a distant relative you barely know. All you can do is marvel at the gorgeous decor and decadent food you can never afford on your own.
>
> Perhaps it's a wealthy uncle/friend-of-a-friend who inexplicably allowed you take his $120,000 sports car for a spin around the neighborhood. All you can do is pray you don't crash the car, or pop the clutch and embarrass yourself.
>
> Perhaps you were summoned to an urgent work meeting that requires your presence thousands of miles away, and your employer authorized you to fly on the company jet (ordinarily reserved for its top executives). All you can do is fantasize about the day you're powerful/rich enough to use a private jet for all your travel.
>
> **TL;DR:** it's like that – but involving the deepest part of sexuality and romance.
>
> [A] number of years ago, I dated someone substantially "out of my league" for almost a year.
>
> **Her:** a former Miss Hong Kong pageant gal, B-list actress/model/TVB television personality. In her prime, she was courted and pursued by the super-Alpha kings of Hong Kong: A-list movie stars, million-record-selling musicians, property tycoons, CEOs and power brokers at the apex of Hong Kong society.
>
> **Me:** At the time, a Mergers & Acquisitions Analyst at an investment-banking firm – an easily-replacable cog in a financial behemoth, four years her junior. During that period, I commanded a low five-digit net worth, and no status to speak of. A nobody.
>
> She told me afterward that she gave me her number because she was amused by the fact that I clearly didn't recognize her; in Hong Kong, the only strangers who approach her are autograph-seekers and those who want to pose with her for a photo and I was utterly oblivious to her stature when I was flirting with her.

Nice neg.

> It is also helpful to note that during this time, I was at still in first blush of youth – a few years out of college, filled with brazen and unrealistic cocky ambition of what I can accomplish, arrogant to the point of delusion, and impervious to feedback/advice.
>
> I was also insecure as hell, and in complete denial about it.
>
> With all that backdrop, the question was how did it feel as the "lesser" partner?
>
> **It was flattering, thrilling and unnerving all at once.**

The more beautiful women you bed, the less unnerving (and thrilling, sadly) it becomes. You start to internalize the belief that you deserve them. This is the asshole's secret of success.

> Dating far above my station gave me a glimpse of the life that exists at a completely different strata of society. Growing up a son of broke-ass immigrant parents and attending public schools my entire life surrounded by others of modest immigrant socioeconomic background, the first thing that stood out was her nearly-unlimited access to favors and accouterments of her elevated station.
>
> When you socialize with people who own spare yachts, faraway luxury properties and infrequently-used personal jets, you can cobble together an impromptu exotic vacation with a few phone calls. It will end up costing you little more than the price of a full tank of jet/yacht fuel and the promise of reciprocity of access to your own toys/properties at some unspecified future date.
>
> I, of course, had nothing to offer in these types of trades – and that knowledge was a source of gnawing insecurity; while I was stupidly confident that I was just a few years/career moves away from joining the company of Hong Kong aristocracy on my own, my immediate financial circumstances were far more modest and I flew Coach to visit her, while she flew First Class or via private jet to rendezvous with me.

If you doubt your worth to a woman, she will feel compelled to agree with you. If you don't doubt, neither will she.

> The clandestine nature of our relationship (officially, she was the spoken-for consort of a powerful Hong Kong property tycoon two decades her senior and her lifestyle was bankrolled by his largesse) added a further element of illicit excitement; it was thrilling to be checking into hotels under fake names, arriving to locations at staggered times to avoid being seen together in public.

The sneaky fucker MO. It's exciting because you know you're getting something for free (outstanding pussy), that other men have to pay for in yachts and high society access.

> In retrospect, I now understand what she meant when, right before the first time we slept together, she whispered in my ear *"Please don't fall in love with me."*
>
> She was wiser and more pragmatic than I; she knew, better than I did at the time, the ephemeral nature of our doomed fling.
>
> After several months of our relationship – which consisted writing letters to each other (she has a gorgeous, calligraphic handwriting and a wry playful prose that was a delight to read) and time-zone-spanning international phone calls, interspersed with week-long face-to-face rendezvous where we exhausted ourselves in hotel rooms in various locations along the Pacific rim, she tearfully confessed *"Do you remember what I said to you that first night? I'm having a hard time following my own advice."*
>
> It was as close as she could get to tell me she loved me, but it was clear that whatever we had would end someday.

Better to have loved a hottie and lost her, than to love a fug and keep her.

No doubt losing a pathway to high grade pussy is a blow to a man's pleasure center, if not also his ego. But it was more dangerous for her to fall in love, because the nature of woman doesn't allow for shared love between disparate men who offer her competing comforts beyond the wildest dreams of the average representative of her sex. She risked discovery, and the concomitant loss of feminine prestige and resources from her richer suitors. Truly beautiful women possess a degree of pragmatism that those who have little to lose can barely comprehend. Although if your charm is mesmerizing and your confidence imperturbable her love can bond her so tightly even the baubles of princes won't steal her from your embrace.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 15 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

1. Is low fertility hereditary? Francis Galton thought so. He analyzed English peerages (excerpted from R. A. Fisher's *The Genetical Theory of Natural Selection*) and found that those high ability men who had married heiresses — who are the "sole issue of a marriage" — produced fewer children. Thus, the genes of men in high social classes were mingled with the genes of women with a tendency to sterility. Infertility then "gains social promotion". Sound familiar? Money quote (from Fisher):

> **[I]n a barbarous society, in which the heroic qualities do possess an intrinsic tribal advantage, the power to appreciate and the proneness to admire such qualities will be enhanced, so long at least as reproduction is actually greatest in the predominant families**. The reader who will candidly compare the current attitude towards rash actions in any long civilized society with that among the peoples under discussion, will scarcely doubt that the hero-worship of barbarous peoples was in fact a mental attitude which, however useless to modern man, played in their lives a very essential part. **Changed conditions which have reversed the advantage of the heroic qualities, have also reversed the advantage of being able to recognize and appreciate them. It is obvious that the barbarous element in the tradition of our culture is that which emphasizes and indeed exaggerates, the natural inequality of man, whereas the religious and legal elements emphasize his civil equality. From the fact that the barbarians valued more highly certain qualities of human character, it is a fair inference that they perceived such differences more clearly than do civilized men.**

Fisher agress with the CH diagnosis of the postmodern West that the end days of a civilization are characterized by an exaltation of deviancy (equalism) and a debasement of normalcy (sophism). We in the West long ago abandoned our barbarian ethos. In return for this "moral progress", we have limitless pleasures of the flesh and material comforts. But we also have complacency, self-annihilating moral universalism, and infertility. Perhaps a return to barbarian values is just the medicine to save the West from a long walk in the shadow of the valley of death.

The patented CH solution to dysgenic fertility is to break the stranglehold of assortative mating by IQ that is currently aided and abetted by the helicopter parent ethos, and return to traditional pairings of powerful, high ability men with pretty but less educated and accomplished women. Call it the CH boss-secretary sexual strategy to renew Western vitality. This will increase fertility, increase total happiness, and decrease the degenerate SWPL culture monolith that is at the lead of decivilizing and ethnically cleansing great Western nations.

2. Another impolite stereotype confirmed: Girls with daddy issues are easier to bed. This experiment is interesting because it seems to affirm a causal effect that runs from absent dad -> slutty daughter through the use of a psychological technique known as "priming".

> Researchers found that students primed to think about paternal disappointment were more likely to complete the word stems in a sexualized way (SEX for S_X, NAKED for _AK_D) than those who were conditioned to think about fatherly support.
>
> They also revealed more sexually permissive attitudes on the questionnaire.
>
> Miss DelPriore and her team write that their 'results provide the first true experimental evidence supporting a causal relationship between paternal disengagement and changes in women's psychology that promote risky sexual behavior.'

Jayman will be interested in this study. Prediction: the coming population explosion of teen daughters of bitter single moms will transform the American dating landscape into a coast-to-coast r-selected plunderland for sociopathic badboys with no scruples. *cracks knuckles*

3. “There will come a time when patients stop asking their doctors to make them thin. It will either be because fatness is rare again, or because it has become entirely accepted.” Fat city. Memo to fatties: you eat too much. Get off your fat asses and stop shoving so much crappy food into your pieholes. That’s the cure for obesity. #FatShamingForever

4. Liberals are more likely to kill a white person than a black person to save 100 people. So it’s not that liberals are more moral than conservatives, it’s that they’re “differently moral”. I suppose if you like living with people you can trust, you’d want to stay the hell away from liberals, who obviously suffer from a mental disease that compels them to aid in the extinguishment of their own tribe. It’s a shame they have the run of the place at the moment. On the upside, their disorder guarantees that their power has an expiration date. Heh.

5. The liberal rationalization of discrimination.

> In other words, people don’t seem to have an issue with the idea of using useful data to discriminate amongst groups of people itself, but if that discrimination ended up affecting the “wrong” group, it can be deemed morally problematic. As Tetlock et al (2000) argued, people are viewing certain types of discrimination not as “tricky statistical issues” but rather as moral ones. […]
>
> Accordingly, one manages to create a “better” victim of discrimination; one that is proportionately more in need of assistance and, because of that, more likely to reciprocate any given assistance in the future (all else being equal). Such a line of thought might well explain the aforementioned difference we see in judgments between racial discrimination being unacceptable when it predominately harms blacks, but fine when it predominately harmed whites. So long as the harm isn’t perceived as great enough to generate an appropriate amount of need, we can expect people to be relatively indifferent to it. It just doesn’t create the same social-investment potential in all cases.

This is why leftoids won’t countenance the data — real world and scientific — showing that their religious equalism is a fraudulent belief; once they accept that premise and abandon their old faith, the emotional justification for their discrimination in favor of out-groups evaporates.

6. A reminder what an open borders America, courtesy of Bryan Caplan and Cheap Chalupas, would resemble. Yes, the ghetto underworld is as bad as your most fevered nightmares can concoct.

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Comment Of The Week: Look On Your Works, Ye Elders, And Despair

CH · 15 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

everybodyhatesscott machine gunned,

> The millennials turned out exactly how'd you'd expect a generation raised by the most selfish generation in history to turn out.

Cocooning, pathologically selfish, vapid, entitled, attention whoring, phony, emotionally stunted, socially maladjusted androgynes. There is your Millennial Generation. God help America.

***

Runner-up COTW winner is ho (a handle so simple, yet so demanding of your attention), responding to a representative for the Obamacare ad campaign claiming people are hating on the ads because MISOGYNY,

> *"People tend to get upset when women are portrayed as independent.**?*
>
> If you need other people's money to get birth control, YOU ARE NOT INDEPENDENT.
>
> Stupid fucking cunt.

That last line may seem overkill, but no, really, it was necessary. Brazen stupidity in service of transparently selfish ends is not to be tolerated with even the slightest veneer of polite disagreement. Hammer blows to the head only. Preferably clawed side first.

More Ellipsis Game

CH · 17 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

You can find ellipsis game theory here, and a successful application of the theory here. Another reader has sent in his test run of ellipsis game, and I think you'll find it quite entertaining.

Solid, thick, tight intro. Expected butthurt response (can work with this). Swole reframe (do you even fuck?). I wanna see how taunting your lols can get. "Prolly not"? Her vagina moved. Now the ass-to-grass squat blast "…". BOOM. "Get me drunk ans then maybe". That's not fat, that's a powerslut.

Fuckin' beeyootifool. Brings a tear to me eye. For you sir, I have only one thing to say,

…

A New Theory Explains Why Chicks Dig Jerks

CH · 18 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Researchers developed a computer model to simulate the human evolutionary process, and what they discovered was a possible explanation for why chicks dig “less supportive partners”, aka jerks.

> We generated a large virtual population of males and females, the males all differing genetically in their ability to invest resources in raising children. The females had a genetically determined preference for this male quality, which meant that females with a strong preference were more likely to end up with a male who invested more.
>
> The males and females that paired up in our model then mated and produced offspring, who inherited (with a small chance of mutation) the investing qualities and mating preferences of their parents. We ran our model over thousands of generations, observing which genetic traits thrived and which didn’t.
>
> Evolutionary biologists had built this kind of model before to understand mating preferences in other animals, but we added some new ingredients. First, we allowed a female’s parents to interfere with her choice of a male. Second, we allowed parents to distribute their resources among their children.
>
> We found that over time, parents in our model evolved to invest more resources in daughters who chose mates with few resources. This unequal investment was in the parents’ best interests, because a daughter with an unsupportive partner would profit more from extra help than her more fortunate sisters (the principle of diminishing returns on investment). By helping their needier daughters, parents maximized their total number of surviving grandchildren.
>
> But this unequal investment created an incentive for daughters to “exploit��? their parents’ generosity by choosing a partner who was less supportive. A daughter who was less picky than her sisters would accept a less helpful partner, but since her parents picked up the slack she ended up with a similar amount of support, while sparing herself the costs of holding out for the perfect man.
>
> As a result, the choosiness of females gradually declined over evolutionary time. To counterbalance this, the parental preference for caring sons-in-law increased. Hence the conflict.

So chicks dig layabout badboys because daddy (or when daddy is missing, the government) will play the role of the beta provider. And daughters know this parental or governmental safety net is there for them, so they feel free to pursue exciting jerks with low future time orientation because TINGLES. In the ancestral environment, long before contraceptives like the Pill became widely and cheaply available, the daughters who jumped into relationships sooner with fun-loving jerks got a head start on the procreation race over their sisters who waited for the best package deal their looks could get them.

This newest theory is interesting because it cuts against the grain of conventional thinking. It’s assumed by the unimaginative masses that the badboy exploits a sexual market niche of fatherless, low self-esteem skanks. The “Forever Seeking Daddy’s Approval” theory of jerkboy attractiveness rests on the premise that women who have been abandoned by their fathers will seek male approval from similarly emotionally distant lovers. A sort of “fuck it forward” karmic philosophy.

But now a computer simulation has spat out a possible new cause of a badboy love phenomenon that no one with any sense denies (even foul feminists can’t deny it). And in this simulation, it’s not the sluts craving daddy’s comforting hug who fall into the jerk’s tatted arms; it’s the daughters of large, intact families who exploit the material generosity of their parents (really, their fathers) by dating jerks who could use some outside support.

Does this new theory square with reality? At the risk of outing myself as a charming jerk, ( ) few of the women I’ve

taken to bed on the first date came from broken families. Most were smart, psychologically balanced, and raised in the bosom of a loving nuclear family. The “first date” qualifier is important, because it’s a simple metric to use in a pinch that distinguishes impulsive, jerk-loving girls from playing-the-long-game cockteases with ice in their pussies.

Naturally, you would be right to protest that those are just anecdotes. But from anecdotes and personal observations, we build theories of the world. Gotta start somewhere. And it’s also true that some of those same night conquests (a notable minority) turned out, upon later inspection, to have a closet full of family strife skeletons.

The “Parent Exploitation” theory is not without its flaws. For one, it does not, as far as I can tell, include male mate choice in its algorithm. This is a huge oversight. Men, by nature of their reproductive expendability, may not exercise as much choice in the mating market as do women, but they exercise some choice. The pockets of exceedingly beautiful women around the world prove that men, when the ecological conditions are favorable, do adhere to standards when choosing long-term mates. This theory has nothing to say about that. For instance, what is the SMV of the women who choose unsupportive partners and fill in the gaps with their parents’ assistance? How does female SMV inform jerkboy choice? How does a daughter’s or a suitor’s SMV influence parents’ willingness to provide support? What about the kinds of men who choose sexytime women over coy princesses, and vice versa?

Then there’s the issue of declining fertility. How well does the model work when there are more one-child families? It’s not a leap to imagine that a one-child dystopia would encourage the parent exploitation strategy by entitled lone daughters, because there are no sisters to compete for daddy’s money. A one-child family unit world might also spur more cad-chasing by daughters who are sole inheritors of the family wealth.

What about a massively scaled-up dating market, like the one we have today, wherein parents have little to no influence over their daughter’s mate choices which are made in the shadow of urban anonymity and severance from any familial or community roots? Does a daughter’s exploitation strategy work as well under those conditions, or is dad so fed-up with his powerlessness that he cuts her off completely? Or, conversely, does dad lavish gifts on his faraway daughter as substitute for his lack of presence in her romantic life?

That’s the problem with these mathematical modelings: too many unspoken-for variables. A model can be useful, especially as a guide to lead to further inquiry, but its shortcomings are also made more evident by its executable.

So I remain agnostic on the ultimate cause of the female craving for cads. My preferred theory — and the one that makes the most sense from an up-close-and-personal vantage — is a combination of the “sexy sons” and the “dominance signaling” hypotheses. Women are attracted to hard-to-get, noncommittal, charismatic jerks because the sons of those jerks will inherit the jerk’s smooth, reproductive fitness maximizing way with women, and the jerk’s dominance with women is a strong cue that, in the future, he will dominate any enemies who might threaten his family or his lover.

PS Have any of you noticed that the hottest daughters have lumpy, chipmunk-cheeked beta male fathers? It’s the Sitcom Dad-Hot Piece of Princess Ass phenomenon. Enticing femininity is almost guaranteed when both mom and dad are feminine. Women who marry very masculine men tend to produce masculine sons (good) and masculine daughters (bad). Reverse the polarity when dad is very feminine. John Scalzi better hope he bears nothing but daughters… for YaReally to poop on!

So maybe the simulation above is best understood as a palimpsest of the fact that most families which have the resources to give to daughters who choose jerk loverboys are headed by beta provider fathers. And that, since most beta provider fathers are more phenotypically feminine, their daughters will be hotter and thus better able to both attract love from discerning jerks and extract resources from distributing fathers. But as society becomes less monogamous at the margins, the ability and willingness of fathers (not to mention the number of these fathers) to play along with this game gradually decreases.

The Modern Corporate Harem

CH · 19 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Senior Management: the harem kings.
Management: the first wives.
Accounts Support: the inner circle concubines.
Sales Support: the trafficked East European sex slave.
Support Team: the royal penis washers.
Account Managers: the threesome coordinators.
Business Managers: the young dick sucking upstarts.

There you have it, the modern corporate harem, in all its flowcharted glory. Seven women per one high status man. A more illuminatingly succinct snapshot of the Western sexual market aligned with the globalizing economic market you won't see. The only surprising thing about it is the lack of any land whales or witches among the female staff. This is Britain; you'd have to spend years scouring the countryside to find and place that many bangable women under one corporate umbrella. So you know a lot of hard work went into developing a staff that looks like a country with all its men and war pigs removed.

The other thing that's missing from the chart: Beta males, the invisible demographic.

The four kings at the top of the Spermular Solutions organization may or may not be boffing their happily indentured servants (but if you had to bet…), however the exact dimension of their relationships with their underpantslings is irrelevant in the bigger scheme. These women are, no doubt, enthralled by the power of their male masters. They don't need to be taking their masters' cocks to experience the same feeling of submissive joy that a real concubine would feel. All those women are de facto harem girls, at the beck and call of their four alpha kings, gossiping and tittering amongst themselves like court mistresses to determine who is the favored girl of the moment.

This social and quasi-sexual dynamic, playing out across corporate hierarchies all over the West, pollutes the minds

of women and renders them less able to appreciate the dull ministrations of the less-than-senior-management beta males that buzz about them outside the office. In the company of beta males, a de facto corporate harem girl is emotionally aloof, cocksure, unfeminine, petulant and entitled. She has felt the presence of a real modern king, a maestro of the symbol manipulation secret society, and now peasant men simply won't do. So she lashes out at the piss bucket boys with undirected, malevolent spite, for their naive importunings fill her with disgust. Who are these nobody betas, to consult her? She has warmed the cock…les of a king's heart! No commoner's girl is she!

What the corporate West is becoming is a soft concubinage of a few alpha males and many attractive female HR drones whose job it is to protect the privilege of the transnational globalists by acting as a gatekeeper against infiltration by wrong-thinking elements and potentially powerful competitors. That's the real story behind the graphic above: the total disenfranchisement of the West's beta males. If the poor bastards can't be disappeared the old-fashioned way, drive them out with "anti-discrimination" sophistry.

Naturally, foul feminist cunts and their bubble-headed beta male toadies immediately saw a "glass ceiling" at work in this corporate chart. For them, a workplace that is 90% female is discrimination against women if the top four positions are held by men. All the lesser men who are missing from the bottom 90% ranks are completely forgettable, nebulous specters resembling some human shape and form. Beta males? Who? What? Is that a new social media app?

I have a helpful reminder for the feminists and kingpin ruling elites waving victory signs and placards demanding further concessions from the sexless masses of men who have little left to sacrifice: When you lock out 90% of men from productive society, really bad things tend to happen in the wake of your short-sighted selfishness.

Update

It gets better. As if more confirmation was needed that what we are witnessing is the legitimization of soft concubinage, the fine alpha males at Spermular Solutions held a bikini contest featuring their charges. The winner was the guy holding his mic.

Make Yourself More Attractive To Women By Defying Their Expectations

CH · 20 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

People are disturbed, even offended, when someone whom they thought they had studiously boxed into a determinable set of characteristics based on past performance defies those expectations, but only women mix the feeling of offense with arousal.

A predictable woman of sufficient beauty is a godsend to men, for her reliable nature provides a linearity upon which men can hitch their future behavior which assures the snatch will flow. All men crave drama-free quality pussy. Many men are stuck with both, because they crave the pussy more than they crave the drama-free lifestyle.

Women are different. They crave the quality cock, but they also crave drama, unpredictability and challenge. An alpha male with no tricks up his sleeve, no matter how attractive in the beginning, will lose his allure if his behavior becomes easy to predict, like a sunset. Men value their romantic expectations because they help them court, mate guard and protect their paternal rights; women suffer a dysfunctional relationship with their romantic expectations because men who meet them both reassure women of resource flow and rob women of a pleasure that is distinct to their sex.

It has been noted on this blog, with righteous justification drawn from real world experience, that laconic, ambiguous text game is an effective seduction tactic. The man who employs it delivers the challenge and the titillation of hidden meaning that women love. But too much “aloof alpha” game makes Jack a dull boy. If you groom her so assiduously with your terse badinage that she comes to expect it from you on a regular basis, your magic hold on her will loosen. There then must be a place in your stash house of seductiveness for a sixth-sense plotting twist.

As the insult stings more when delivered at the end of a civil conversation that lulls your opponent to complacency, similarly does the sudden and unexpected flaring of verbal acumen pleasurably stun the conditioned woman when unloaded after a spate of terse grunts. A brutishly landed “…” or “gay” will intrigue a woman, but a sophisticated elocution that follows will shock her to supine yearning.

The context that makes this mental track switch effective is the timing. In order for a girl’s expectation to be happily defied, it must first be created. And not all expectations deliver the same charismatic punch. Verbal efflorescence is, by its nature, the sullen song of the beta male. Thus, its indulgence during the meet and greet portion of a pickup is likely to turn a woman away who has not yet been satisfactorily primed to accept a man’s distantly unattainable alphaness. But when that same man’s nimble-tongued firepower is discharged later, after a flurry of curt jabs to her ego flanks, an explosive flowering of her furrow rocks her repose.

Reader SoulInvictus bitches on the subject,

> There is a flip side to the terse, sophomoric, texting. Most guys already do this due to stupidity, so other than the time delay tactic, which is incredibly effective up to a point, then demonstrating you have a vocabulary that can express desire and inspire lust, can be far more effective in nontard women.
>
> From an exchange today, with a married hotty (and no, this is not an “Am I alpha” submission)-
>
> Me: (cutting out the lead up conversation) I don’t pursue something I want half halfheartedly.
>
> (sidenote: I find it very effective to subliminally use terms of romance in descriptive ways but not directly offered to her. It inspires an, oh he has that side to him too, that caters to the barbie dreamhouse little girl in every.one.of.them. but without supplicating and thus devaluing yourself.)

This is a subcategory of vulnerability game. By revealing your weakness for romantic idealism in the abstract, you

allow the woman the luxury of earning your attention.

> Kristi: It's very plausible! Plus I wouldn't mind a good massage here and there w/ some good dick lol

Liquor is quicker but Kristi is risqué!

> Multiple short inquiring texts of hers follow, culminating in a very long detailed elaboration of exactly what I plan to do to her while her husband is at work…
>
> Me: "…knowing that while we're standing there talking and he's none the wiser, that your hungry mouth was consuming me like a starving animal a few moments before. That my cum is still dripping down the inside of your thigh and that you still have the taste of me on your lips." …
> "…good girl, …pounding you open like a whore… grasping the back of your neck as I ride you" etc etc
>
> Kristi: God you should write erotica I swear lol
> You make me want to be bad.
> If you fuck as well as you write we will have no problems whatsoever lol
>
> Multiple nude pics of her flood into my email and plans begin to form for next week. Done.
>
> It can't be overstated just how starved for this kind of shit married women are. Why do you think they masturbate away to 50 Shades of pathetically weak sadism….
> This kind of literate game is antithetical to "ellipses" game (that's fucking retarded that it now has it's own sub-genre, really?)

Hey dude, don't shoot the masher. Anyhow, ellipsis game is not "antithetical" to literate game; it's accessorizing. How many times do people need to be reacquainted with concept of false mutual exclusivity?

The point, as made above, is that "literate game" works a hell of a lot better once a man has established his aloofly indifferent alpha male bona fides. An ellipsis leading to a surprise verbal money shot is more effective than splashing a chick in an ocean of sloppy lingual ejaculate.

and the like, but has provided me with virgins, reliable phone sex for when needing a quick fix, sex slaves, married women, and everything in between.

While agreed, it works far better on a certain type, I've had success with anything from 18 yo virgins to 35 yo housewives. Most men just can't offer that fantasy world, and after pump and dump experiences as prescribed here or neglectfully aloof husbands wear thin, they eat it up. So thanks guys The nastier, more demeaning, and dehumanizing the better. When you have seemingly normal, successful, white, married women begging to drink your piss (yes, and more frequent than you'd imagine),

I wonder if this is the same girl that YaReally pooped on?

> then it can be a jarring realization about the inherent mental dysfunction that women walk around hiding. If I was going to give it my own retarded sub genre classification, I'd call it Sneaky Fucker Romantic Sociopathic Sadist Game.

Leave the stylish subcategorizing to the experts. In the meantime, your comment does open the floor to a discussion of the powerful game technique henceforth known as "Busting All Over Her Expectations". The master wombcatcher heightens a woman's curiosity by sharply, and without ceremonial fanfare, showing sides of himself that she imagined were not part of his repertoire. A casual shift of gears, from a low rumbling "…" to a rubber-burning peel of erotic intent, will knock a woman off-balance and into your saving arms.

Defying a woman's expectations carries with it the risk of tilting too far into incongruity. If a girl has it set in her mind that you're a friendly neighborhood beta, a reckless charge of sexualized bravado will wig her out. The dance of expectation defiance must proceed from a uniform foundation of alphaness. Reveal your lust, but only after you've proven your self-possession. Reveal your wistful vulnerabilities, but only after you've confirmed your badboy cynicism. Reveal your desire for authenticity, but only after you've demonstrated your capacity for charming insincerity.

A Hot Wife Means A Happier Marriage

CH · 21 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A new study has apparently put the lie to that old song with the lyrics *"If you wanna be happy for the rest of your life, never make a pretty woman your wife"*.

> In the study, which was recently published in the Journal of Personality and Social Psychology, psychologist Andrea Meltzer tracked over 450 newlywed couples during the course of four years and posed the question: does a good-looking spouse lead to a more satisfying union?
>
> What Meltzer and her team discovered was that spousal attractiveness does play a major role in marital satisfaction — but only for men. In other words, men care about looks more than women do.
>
> The authors write, "The significant effect of wives' attractiveness on husbands' satisfaction was significantly stronger than the nonsignificant effect of husbands' attractiveness on wives' satisfaction, indicating that partner physical attractiveness played a larger role in predicting husbands' marital satisfaction than it did in predicting wives' marital satisfaction."

Wow, my friends. Just wow.

Excuse me, I was channeling your typical feminist there for a moment. If you're a CH acolyte, you probably are not a dumbfuck feminist, ankle-grabbing mangina, or lying leftoid, and therefore the results from this study won't surprise you. Instead, you'll amusingly wonder how anyone could have doubted that men are happier with attractive women and women don't care as much about men's looks. Stop the goddamned presses! You mean men and women are… *GASP*… *different?*

> Interestingly, the attractive wives also reported higher levels of satisfaction, all because having a happy hubby made them happier too.

The natural state of woman is submission to a confident man. When woman's nature is allowed to express itself, she is happy. When her nature is stifled — say, by being married to an unhappy or insecure beta male — she is contemplating an eatpraylove getaway. We can conclude that the ideal arrangement is a beautiful wife with a self-assured, dominant husband.

> A study conducted in 2008 at the Relationship Institute at UCLA reached a similar finding. Researchers theorized that men who felt they "lucked out" by marrying attractive wives were happier and more likely to care about their wives' needs — and in turn, the good-looking wives were happier in the relationship as well.
>
> "The husbands seemed to be basically more committed, more invested in pleasing their wives when they felt that they were getting a pretty good deal," study author Benjamin Karney explained.

Bodacious tit-for-tat. The sexual market is an immense bazaar of endless barter regulating the exchange of biomolecular entities with differing reproductive goals. Bad poets try to ignore this reality. Good poets try to transcend it. Great poets find beauty in it.

> Karney said the opposite occurred when the husbands felt they were better looking than their wives, explaining, "They didn't seem to be quite as motivated to help out their wives when they were more attractive than their wives."

Options = instability.

> What do you think, do you agree with the “hot wife, better life” theory? Sound off below.

Chateau Heartiste already answered this question, using a metric that frames the issue in a tangible way for men. Again, the CH worldview, however despised and resented by the patrons of the pretty lie megaplex, is vindicated by ♥science♥. And now we can add LOVE to the list of pleasures that attractive women inspire to epiphanic heights in men.

Study: Diversity + Proximity = War

CH · 21 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A new study concludes that placing different groups of people in close contact results in conflict.

> As reported in the American Journal of Community Psychology, Zachary Neal found that neighborhood integration and cohesion cannot co-exist.
>
> "Is a better world possible? Unfortunately, these findings show it may not be possible to simultaneously create communities that are both fully integrated and fully cohesive," Neal said. "In essence, when it comes to neighborhood desegregation and social cohesion, you can't have your cake and eat it too."
>
> The reason has to do with how people form relationships. Neal said people usually develop relationships with others who are close rather than far away, and similar rather than different from themselves (be it through race, religion, social class, etc.).
>
> Neal ran computer modeling of different fictional neighborhoods and, after millions of trials, consistently found the same thing: The more integrated a neighborhood is, the less socially cohesive it becomes, and vice versa.
>
> "These trends are so strong, it's unlikely policy can change it," Neal said.

CH is long on record asserting, by way of a digestible axiom, that diversity + proximity = war. A few readers agreed; most either rejected the formulation outright, or panderingly mewled it was hyperbolic. But, as usual, CH has been proven right by ♥science♥. Not that the imprimatur of science was necessarily needed; friggin' common sense and honing that increasingly rare ability to observe the real world with open eyes and pricked ears was enough to comprehend the limitations imposed on the malevolent utopians by intractable human nature.

In time, everything that is written in the Chateau Heartiste tomes will come to be accepted privately, if not publicly, by the great majority as the truth. And when that day comes there will be no where else for the lords of lies to run.

Chicks Dig Psychotic Killers

CH · 21 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Charles Manson, 79 years old and still proudly sporting a swastika on his forehead, has a 25 year old girlfriend.

> Charles Manson, perhaps the most infamous convicted killer of all time, is 79 years old and still locked up in California's Corcoran State Prison, where he walks with a cane and sports chipped prison dentures. Star is a 25-year-old brunette who's been loyally visiting Manson in jail since she was 19 years old and maintains several websites devoted to defending Manson and his pro-Earth environmental causes.

For those two of you who don't know, Manson is one of America's most infamous killers and cult leaders. When you combine fame with that sexy psycho vibe, pussy juice erupts all over the fruited plains.

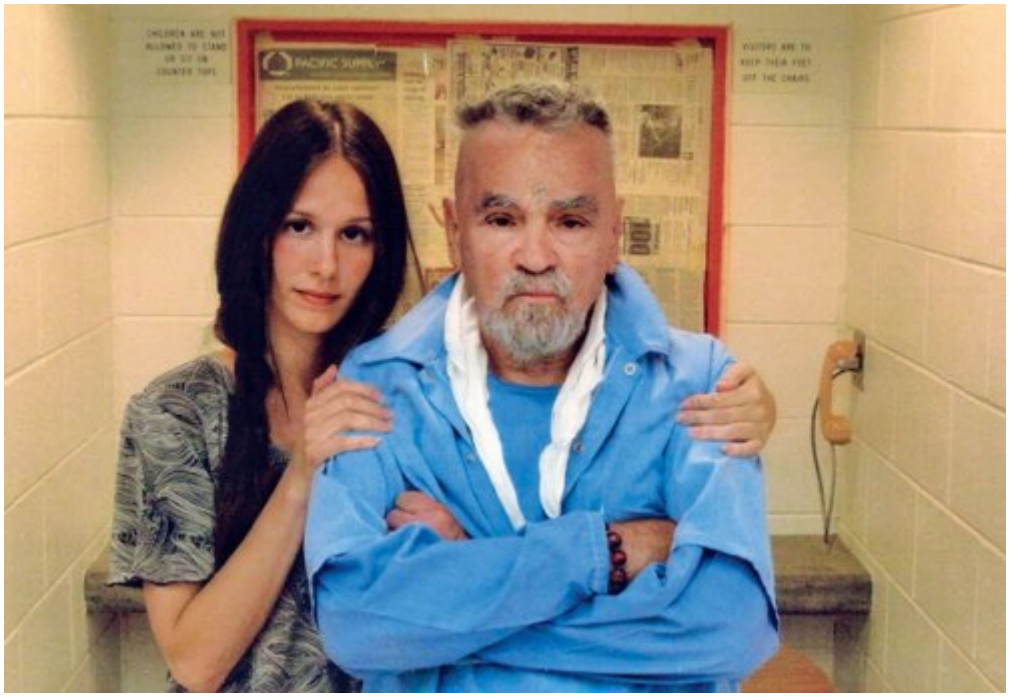
> And Star **[ed: girls with one name are same night lay guarantees]** says she can prove Manson is more devoted to her than any other girl: "I'll tell you straight up, Charlie and I are going to get married," she tells us. "When that will be, we don't know. But I take it very seriously. Charlie is my husband. Charlie told me to tell you this. We haven't told anybody about that."
>
> Star says there won't be any conjugal visits because "California lifers no longer get them." If they were an option, "we'd be married by now."
>
> Manson, however, seems less convinced the impending nuptials are a reality, "Oh that," he says. "That's a bunch of garbage. You know that, man. That's trash. We're just playing that for public consumption."

Young hottie falls deeply in love with imprisoned killer 54 years her senior (and looking kind of badass for a geezer if you ask me). Young hottie wants to marry her old killer. Killer brushes aside her nuptial dreams as a PR ploy.

Alpha Achievement Unlocked: Supreme Aloof Overlord.

I want to say that a million loveless betas wept, but I'm sure by now they're moved on from weeping to seppuku.

PS: For those perennial dumbasses who babble indignantly about how only ugly skanks fall for psychopathic murderers:



I got a hold on you, baby!

The Female Preference For Badboys, Quantified

CH · 22 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Never Mind the Balzac writes,

> It's estimated that around 100 British women are engaged or married to men on death row in the US at any one time.
>
> http://www.theguardian.com/world/2003/jan/13/gender.uk
>
> Given the logistical/administrative difficulties of starting/maintaining one of these relationships, I suspect the women that are inclined to this behaviour vastly out-number the ones that actually go through with it.

A chorus of platitude pushing women and their thimblepeen allies that is growing more silent and enfeebled by the day thanks to the yeoman efforts of your humble proprietors, insists only a few crazy women way out at the extremes of female behavior have relationships with death row lotharios. But, as Balzac astutely notes above, what you are seeing in those newsworthy stories of women with their inmate lovers is only the tip of the viceberg. For every one woman who hurdles all the obstacles put in her way to feel the reptilian embrace of a man who once spilled blood for fun, there are a thousand more women who experience a similar simmering desire for the thug but who don't have the vajflaps or the taste for high adventure to consummate their lust.

This doesn't mean those lazy or astonishingly prudent women don't krave killer kock. Inertia is not the opposite of desire. Neither, for that matter, is fear.

I like to softly twist the shiv in the hides of beta males (wake-up call? or sadistic hobby? you be the judge), so now's a good time to ask them when the last time was a woman jumped through a million logistical, legal and administrative hoops to hungrily soak in their special brand of beta male love? What's that? Never, you say? Well, then, you know what to do. Hie thee to thy masturbatorium!

Read the link provided. The melancholia-tinged laughs are inexhaustible.

> Three years ago a German waitress called Dagmar Polzin fell in love with a murderer while waiting at a Hamburg bus stop. She saw his photo on a Benetton anti-death-penalty poster. Bobby Lee Harris, a North Carolina man with an IQ of 75, was on death row for stabbing his boss to death during a robbery on a shrimp boat. Polzin was overwhelmed by the picture,
>
> "It was something in his eyes," she later said. "There was this remorse, sadness. I was attracted. I knew he was the one."
>
> Within the year Polzin and Harris were engaged and she had moved to America to live with his family. This story seems a little surprising, but if you see the picture that Dagmar fell in love with it is, frankly, astonishing. He may have many charming accomplishments to recommend him as a husband, but Harris is not a bonny boy.

Low IQ, badboy killer charm >>>>>> male looks.

> It was recently reported that Ian Huntley, the Soham man charged with the murders of schoolgirls Jessica Chapman and Holly Wells, receives bundles of fan mail from women every week – many containing photographs of themselves.

Child murderers are reportedly the most hated of all criminal elements. And yet, even they have no trouble inspiring women to swooning declarations of everlasting love.

> Prison romances seem in no danger of dying out. But the cliche of the prison bride as wig-wearing trailer-trash

> is misguided: the women come from all sectors of society. Carlos the Jackal become engaged to his lawyer last year. The famous Glasgow hard man Jimmy Boyle married a psychiatrist he met in prison. The most common form of contact, certainly for many of the 100 or so British women currently engaged or married to American men on death row, is through anti-death-penalty campaign internet sites.

REVOKE THE VOTE, 2013.

> The most melancholy story concerns two middle-aged Christian sisters, Avril and Rose, who left long-term "boring" marriages for men in prison.

Sometimes women despise beta males so much they don't even want their bux.

> One man had been convicted of a string of minor property offences, the other man had killed his previous wife.

Once a woman's love algorithm is executed (heh), not even knowing a man's history of killing his previous wife will stop her from delivering the male to her box. Throw caution to the wind, will a girl with tingling quim!

> His new wife, Rose, said: "I have faith that if you're genuine with the Lord you're a new person. A lot of people have said I should be worried about him because of what he did and his background – which is pretty awful and violent – but I have no fear."

This is the deformed, quasimodo version of Christianity.

> Despite the women's faith, both relationships ended tragically: a week after his release the thief bludgeoned Avril to death with a hammer. The other husband ended up back in prison after trying to cut Rose's ear off and pull out her teeth with pliers.

> However, it is rare that the most disturbing type of relationship is formed. Hybristophiliacs are sexually excited by violent outrages performed on others. These women often send pornographic pictures of themselves to prisoners. The self-styled "most violent prisoner in Britain", Charles Bronson, publishes photos he receives on his website.

Beta male: Will u text me pic of your boobs?
Girl: Creep! Don't ever call me again.

Charles Bronson: *rolls out rap sheet a mile long*
Girls: MY TITS. MY PUSSY. ALL YOURS. MARRY US!!!

Funny things is, I'm not even exaggerating.

> But, as clinical psychologist Dr Stuart Fischoff says, the love object is "almost irrelevant at this point. He's a dream lover, a phantom limb". Such fantasy projection can be used to wish away any aspect of reality. The excuses the women give for their partner's alleged crimes operate as in all other relationships. They do what we all sometimes do when faced with negative information about loved ones: they refuse to believe it.

It's informative to compare and contrast the rationalizing behavior of women with law-abiding betas and alpha killers. Women have no trouble, no trouble at all, believing negative things about their beta hubbies, and will often go to great lengths to exaggerate those negative impressions so that their transition away from the beta to a world of freedom to pursue anti-betas is as painless as possible. This behavior is quite unlike what we see women doing with alpha assholes, for whom every readily apparent flaw is instantly and vigorously denied or waved away by their women with the acumen of a star lawyer on a cocaine-fueled semantics bender.

> On one website devoted to Richard Ramirez his wife says, "I appeal to all intelligent persons not to believe everything that is being presented about Richard in the media. The facts of his case ultimately will confirm that Richard is a wrongly-convicted man, and I believe fervently that his innocence will be proven to the world."

Beta housepet: I forgot your mom's birthday.
Wife: Is there anything you can do right? Remember when you forgot our 13th anniversary? Do you even care at all? Maybe if you got your head out of those video games you play all the time you'd stop being so goddamned selfish. I want a divorce.

Serial killer: I killed 20 people. Eh, it might've been 45.
Female admirer: Oh, I'm sure you had your reasons. Please love me like only you can.

Anyone who comes to this blog to insist, against the mountain of evidence proving otherwise, that only skanks or fugs or very rare specimens of womanhood with mental illness fall for the alluring charms of alpha male killers and crooks will be summarily banned for possessing the lethal combination of trollery and studied ignorance.

I Got A Tattoo

CH · 24 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What's the opposite of Jante Law? Jerkboy Law!

Related.

Your Daily Game, Condensed

CH · 25 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

– Yard sales and consignment shops are lucrative venues for picking up girls. Good ratio + young babes + opener props = win.

– When a hot chick makes a funny, don't laugh too hard. In fact, don't laugh at all. Just smile. LOLing is approval seeking.

– Be wary of conversational entrapment. The longer you talk about a woman's concerns, the more likely she'll friendzone you.

– Approaching in coffee shops is tough, b/c it's so obvious. Try making a face at the girl first. Chicks love silliness.

– Make fun of chickscript. "O-M-G, that's so totes true!!!" Girls love flirty teasing with an edge. Shows fearlessness.

– If you text a girl you met the night before and she asks who you are, text back "Kanye West". Keeps the pickup ball rolling.

– Misinterpret a girl's actions as coming on to you. Girl says hi, you reply: "Whoa, save the pillow talk for later, speedy gonzales."

– Smile at women you pass on the street. Many more than you think will smile back. Lead with a smile, as you lead in life.

– When you have a woman at the foot of your bed, simultaneously grab her hair and palm her pussy while kissing her neck. Magic.

– If you distrust your girlfriend, don't let it show. Feigned naivete is a powerful weapon against devious playettes. Think long-term strategy.

– Drop something. Dramatically pick it up. While bending, look over your shoulder at the girl, and ask "Getting an eyeful?" Assume the sale.

– Don't get too excited by a girl's physical escalation. She'll value your ensuing interest less. Steer the seduction.

– If a girl mentions another man, hold up your hand & say "You hear that?" "What?" "The sound of this conversation dying."

– Never tolerate a girl showing up later than you to a date. Visit another bar then return in ten minutes. She still not there? Leave. Alternate option: Talk to other girls who may be at the bar. When she arrives, she'll experience preselection overload.

– When you meet for a date, don't hug the girl. She's expecting it then. Be bold and unpredictable. Touch her on your terms. Leave the beta males to eagerly lap up asexual hugs.

– After sex, or before if you like risk, tell girl "I'm not interested in a relationship with anyone." Money-saving MOAB game.

– Emulate this guy. (Not the poker player.)

– Art museums are great first date venues to demonstrate not just knowledge, but wry humor as well. "Did he paint nipples?"

– If a date is going well, you'll be tempted to stop challenging a woman. Don't. Save your full acceptance until after sex.

– Got an arm cast? Have a niece or a few women sign it. Not an option? Fake it. Draw flowers and hearts. Cast

game is nuclear.

– Pace a girl's unspoken objections. "This is really crazy meeting a stranger on the street." Pacing disarms and re-norms.

– "That's just something a girl says when she can't handle her feelings for a man" is a good, all-purpose reply to a shit test.

– If you go out a lot, you will have make-outs. Fresh breath extends sessions. Tip: chew mint leaves on your way out the door.

– If you kiss a girl and she reacts with confusion or pulls away, wait a beat and sexily say "hot". Instant mood lifter.

– Science can segue to sexytime. "I read that people relate based on smell compatibility." *sniff* "Your love smell is strong."

– "I know how this ends. You'll fall in love. Hard. Dream of rings and white weddings. I'll run." – said to a girl on 2nd date. Try it with a straight face. It's chicknip.

Your Daily Game… take one a day for boner health!

The Types Of Men Who Befriend Girls Easily

CH · 26 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Friendships across the sexes appeal to different kinds of men, and among those men who pursue them only a paucity are any good at it. Most men are bros; they don't have close friendships with women they aren't banging. They have, at best, acquaintances of the opposite sex, beyond their girlfriends or wives.

What kind of man has lots of real female friends? Usually, the kind of man who has trouble making real male friends, or who has little desire to hang out with men. A select group of men do have real friendships with women, but these men, by virtue (or vice) of their talents with the ladies have difficulty building solid friendships with other men.

Men who are good at befriending women and bad at (or otherwise uninterested in) befriending other men fall into three identifiable categories.

1. The Latent Lover

The classic sneaky fucker, minus the malevolence. This guy is charming, challenging, and a pro at making women feel sexually alive. His MO is to flirt with every woman who passes the threshold of bangability. He loves the company of women because he genuinely loves the peculiar qualities of femaleness. Married, single, feminist, feminine… he seduces them all, though he may not necessarily have sex as a goal in mind. He loves the lip-licking, hair-tossing, heel-dangling, cheek-blushing, pupil-dilating, mannerism-mirroring reactions of women who delight in his dispensations.

As you can guess, the Latent Lover engenders envy and defensiveness in other men, particularly men whose women happily partake of the LL's deftness at handling their hamsters. He may mean no harm, (although he sometimes does), but women's submission to his graces threatens their watchmen. This dislike between mate guarders and smooth charmers is a two-way street; the Latent Lover is indifferent and often bored by the company of men, especially after 5pm. He prefers a life of adventure, and what's more adventurous than navigating the alien terrain of women's minds?

2. The Fun Chum

This guy is funny, upbeat and expert at syncing with women's predilection for unseriousness. When things get tense, he's the man that blows it open with a well-timed quip. What the fun chum lacks in a sexy vibe, he makes up with a commitment to social levity. He won't generate any tingles, but women love to be around him because he takes their minds off of the constant intrasex backbiting that characterizes most female friendship rings.

The flaw in the Fun Chum is how quickly he annoys the shit out of other men. They think he acts like a fool. Or, worse, like a dancing monkey. He's not romantically threatening, but he is unmanly in his quickness to resort to histrionics. He's a man who takes more pleasure is making women laugh than in making other men comfortable with his presence. In small doses, he's liked by everyone and a welcome spice to any party. In doses large enough to vault him to the center of attention, his accumulation of male enemies rapidly multiplies.

3. The Beta Supplicator

We all know this archetype. He's got a lot of female friends for one reason only: he has trained their egos to be dependent on his incessant flattery and awesome ability to sympathize, sometimes to the point of tears. Some women — really cool bitches, usually — see through his act, but most enjoy their own little lickspittle to lavish them with the "you go grrl!" nostrums that they need to survive the endless judgment of a ruthless sexual market. And the Beta Supplicator is happy to indulge, because without his facility at vomiting a steady stream of nauseating unctuousness he would get no female attention at all, asexual or otherwise.

Naturally, the BS man is despised by other men, including BSers. His worst sin is not that he sucks up to women, as

bad as that is, but that his suck-uppery is so blatantly ineffective and his motivations so transparent to men, if not to women. He's a eunuch in practice, an anhedonic lump of indeterminate doughiness. A worm. A lapdog. A nasally herbschling. He has few real male friends who can stand his schtick. So why is his kind so numerous? Why do other men tolerate him? One, he's no romantic threat, so most men find the effort to dislodge him from their women's lives a bother not worth tackling. Two, the Beta Supplicator can occasionally serve a useful purpose as an emotional sponge who absorbs all the boring relationship talk that those women would otherwise dump on their jerky boyfriends. The BS boy is like the harem guard, except instead of guarding them from sexual predators they guard the harem king from dealing with the bitching and moaning of his concubines.

***

As archetypes, it should go without saying that plenty of exceptions exist. For instance, the company of socially savvy, "leader of men" alpha males is sought and enjoyed in nearly equal measure by other men and by women. And plenty of Latent Lovers and Fun Chums are socially adept enough to know where the romantic line is drawn and to know how to speak the language of men. The above archetypes are simply examples of men who are unusually good at befriending women while being noticeably less good at befriending men.

Is Humanity Becoming Androgynous?

CH · 28 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

girls will be boys and boys will be girls
it's a mixed up muddled up shook up world except for Scalzi
Scal-scal-scal-scal Scalziiiii….

CH has long been on record decrying a perceptible increase in masculinization of Western women and feminization of Western men. Mangan tackled the subject recently, and there are stirrings among the realtalkerati that a strange psychological, biological, or both, convergence of men and women to a creepy androgynous norm is occurring, and that this secular sexual convergence — a global gelding, if you will — is most pronounced among populations in the developed world.

Tally the evidence:

Sperm counts are down, way down.

Violence is down. (Though some of this trend may be attributable to the chill-inducing disincentive of nuclear annihilation.)

The facial structures of women and men are converging.

Sexual dimorphism may have decreased since caveman times.

Grrlpower may be masculinizing women.

Every which way you measure the health of America, she is declining, except for the stock portfolios of the 1% ruling elite. One is tempted to draw a connection between the flowering androgyny of the Anglosphere people and the loss of confidence and faith in the historical Western project. The ubermensch is not a Nordic warrior; he is a doughy whiner and a shrieking termagant begging for annihilation at the hands of the uruk hai.

There may be upsides to reduced sexual dimorphism, but the costs are real, and dispiriting to lovers of beauty. A world of ballbusting manjaws…

and pudding pop nancyboys…

is about as far from divinely inspired beauty as fallen man can sink.

What is the end game of mass androgyny leading toward a human unisex? One shudders to contemplate.

Comment Of The Week: Butt Out Edition

CH · 28 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

RappaccinisDaughter (sock puppet alert) imparts a valuable lesson,

> Hey, Greensleeves!
>
> Check this shit out.
>
> So I was just out hunting last weekend, and I got a shot on a nice doe. Lucked into it, really—I was late heading out to my blind setup and the sun had already risen, but lo! she walked right out in front of me. Now, I had to take the shot freehand because my sticks were still slung over my shoulder, and fuck my life, I was doing it with iron sights. But I have a nice .50-cal inline muzzleloader, and they'll reach out as far as 200 yards, so if I can see it in the iron sights, I can hit it. Brought it up to my shoulder, focused on the front sight, and KA-FUCKING-BOOM!
>
> I don't know if you've ever shot a muzzleloader, but they make one hell of a smoke cloud. Even if you're not in a blind, it can really make it hard to see how the shot went down. I knew I'd hit her, but by the time I came out of recoil (I didn't even feel it at the time, but I had a nice bruise flowering on my collarbone by the next morning) she was gone, daddy, gone. You wouldn't believe how strong a deer really is until you experience it firsthand; they can travel up to a quarter of a mile just on the oxygen that's already in their muscles. Amazing creatures, really. And I was going to have to track her through some pretty heavy brush.
>
> So the first thing you have to do is, you have to let the bullet do its work. If you start trying to track them right away, they'll keep running. So I lit up a cigarette—mmmm! tobacco!—and smoked the whole thing, just standing there. Then I put it out and put the butt back in my pack (because I'm eco-friendly like that), and went to work. Luckily, there was a light snowfall, so when I got to where she'd been standing, the tuft of tawny fur was really easy to see. So was the blood trail, which thankfully started right there.
>
> I wound up actually finding her about 45 yards away, piled up at the base of a tree. I like to follow the old German hunting traditions, given that it's half my heritage, so I plucked a little twig and put it in her mouth, for her symbolic "last bite." It's kind of bittersweet, that moment, knowing that you've ended the life of this beautiful creature, but when I opened her mouth I saw how ground-down her teeth were. She was in good shape, but she was pretty old. Who knows if she'd have lasted out that winter?
>
> Then, I had to tag her and start cleaning her. Gross, but necessary. Piece of advice—you really cannot beat the "butt out" tool for getting that part of the deer out of the way. I'd heard coyotes howling all the previous evening, so I figured I wouldn't need to bother burying the gutpile. The 'yotes would have taken care of it by sundown.
>
> The bitch was hauling her out. I usually have this little sled-like arrangement that I use, but I'd been in such a rush that morning I'd forgotten to bring it along. So I had to grab her by her hind legs and drag her, because I'd ALSO forgotten to bring my blaze-orange engineer tape. There's no way I'm going to try to haul her around on my shoulders without it…that's a great way to get shot by another hunter.
>
> I took her back to the cabin and wondered if I should finish butchering her, but then I remembered that I was the one who brought the handle of Knob Creek, so I figured I could cozen someone into doing it for me as long as I shared. (I'm still learning the butchering part—I tend to waste meat by accident.) But I did go ahead and get the backstraps out, and by the time everyone else made it back in, I had them going in the broiler for everyone's lunch. Hooray! The End.
>
> TL; DR for Greensleeves: If you're going to write 500 words that have nothing to do with anything the original blog post is about, at least try not to bore everybody to fucking tears.

I laughed.

PS The reason I don’t think this is the ORD is that the writing, stylistically as well as substantively, sounds like the voice of a man. But bell curve tails exist to add a little spice to the patterns of life.

Jerkboy Charisma Chat Game

CH · 29 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What's the quickest way to turn on a girl with the least amount of effort? Ellipsis game? Yeah, that's pretty low effort. But this example of what I like to call JERKBOY CHARISMA chat game may trump ellipsis game in the race to the brusque bottom. A reader forwards his chivalrous courtship to a Juliet he hasn't seen in a month:

This is what it looks like when a woman is chasing a man, and the man is reclining in the chased after position. This is how you want it to look for maximum romantic success. If it looks like this, you're doing it right.

"But she said she hates him!?!," wail the women and the men impersonating women.

If you've learned anything from reading CH, you know that a woman's hate is not the opposite of a woman's love. Indifference is the opposite of love. When a woman says she "hates" you, what she's really saying is she hates that she loves what you do to her. Hate is just a conveniently accessible word to describe the rush of pleasing emotions, drama-larding cognitive dissonance and twatly ensconced tingles that a woman feels when a man expertly teases her and signals his total disregard for her approval.

I expect a deluge of men running wordless emoji game on women now. Why blab your betatude when a funny picture sends a thousand alpha waves?

How Super Alpha Males Are Similar To Hot Babes

CH · 2 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Paul Walker recently offed himself in a high speed sports car race. By most accounts, he qualified as a super alpha male: famous (most important factor), good-looking, well-liked, thrill-seeking. He started dating, i.e. fucking, a 16 year old girl when he was 33. They were still a couple seven years later at the time of his death. She is said to be emotionally devastated.

No matter how you bristle at the concept of men being divisible by their sexual market value into gradations of omega, beta and alpha, you'd have to spin some sophistic legerdemain to believe Walker didn't have way more options with women than the average man with honor and integrity up the wazoo. He may not have availed himself of all the pussy throwing itself at his feet, but he could have if he so wanted. And that's the critical distinction.

A funny anomaly in the laws of the sexual market occurs when a man reaches the rarified heights of super alphadom. Rules governing human interaction break down and recombine into strange new polarities, nearly the inverse of the laws that regulate most biocommerce between the sexes. The dating market constraints that almost all men must abide don't act with the same force on super alphas. These few high stakes male winners are so massively pre-selected by literally millions of women fawning over the texture and aroma of their daily dumps that the value these anointed men bring is no longer a function of their ability to attract women. The value of the super alpha male, paradoxically, resembles more the value that very physically attractive and feminine women hold: that is, it's the value of the scarce resource trying to maintain its scarcity. It's the value of perceived purity.

A regular reader with a lot of ideas in his head writes,

> It doesn't seem like sex was a big deal to Paul Walker. He was raised Mormon. He had a daughter.
>
> I just don't get the sense he planned his vacations or nights on the town based on the women he planned on meeting.
>
> As we're hearing girls confess, Paul Walker could have done anything he wanted to them. Who knows if he did. **[ed: if i had to bet…]** They're now saying he should have been praised like Brad Pitt and we know what women thought of Brad in his prime.
>
> Assuming he's straight, the fewer number of girls Walker banged, the more power he had over them. Some female fans probably waited til his death to speak out because it's too risky to give a man that looks like him that much power and ego. In that sense, by keeping his sperm to himself he has more in common with a chaste woman than 99.9% of men.

What this reader is hinting at is *unattainability*. A super alpha is perceived so unattainable by most women (keep in mind that super alpha males are much rarer than very beautiful women) that without some compensating behavior or signal designed to reduce the perception of his unattainability, most women will studiously ignore him to preserve their delicate egos.

An ordinary man who surrounded himself with women festooning him with adulation would incite intrigue and sexualized curiosity in other women on the outside looking in at his social harem. His flirtatious profligacy would elevate his SMV. But a famous super alpha who did the same would merely confirm what most women already suspected about him. He would be playing to type, and in an odd twist of hamsterfied feedback his predictable alpha behavior would rob him of some power over women. Perhaps at the highest levels of womanhood — the HB 9s and 10s — any desire to have a long term relationship with such a man is dampened. His sexually entitled behavior might even create limits on the willingness of more average women to indulge in alphamania.

Like the crooning boy band singer who wails in the fashion of a beta male suffering heartbreak, the famous super alpha who, purposefully or otherwise, plays against type to construct an impression that he's more attainable (in the

way that women prefer, i.e., more open to monogamous commitment) than he really is imparts to himself a degree of power over women that only mighty kings free of legal consequence enjoy. In this sense, the super alpha male is similar to the exquisitely aloof beauty: his perceived chasteness is proof of his high commitment value.

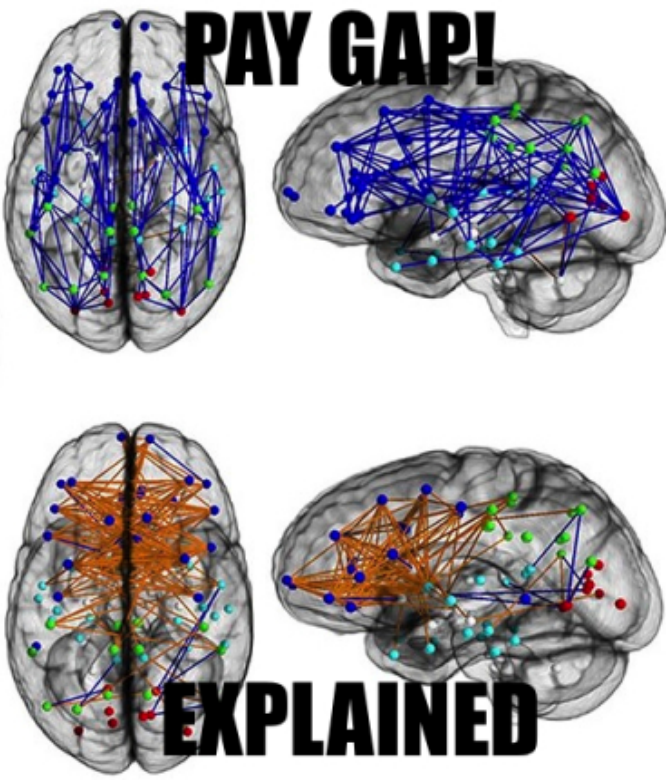
Male And Female Brains Are Wired Differently, Alert The Feminists

CH · 3 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

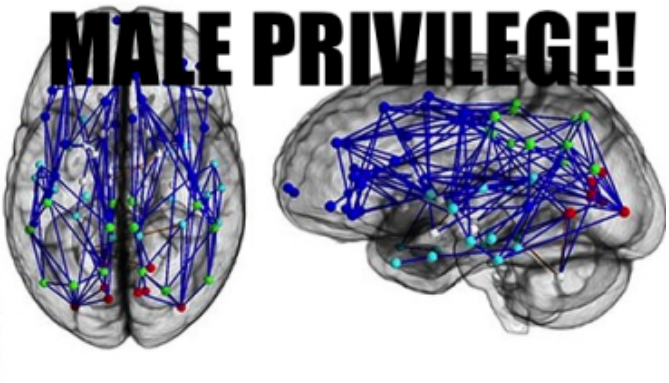
Sane people don't need studies to confirm the bleeding obvious, but it's nice to reference them when they become available, if for no other reason than to remotely relish the psychological pain such studies assuredly cause the insane platoon of pretty lie pushers. Our latest ♥science♥ shiv is a feminist id killer. 1,000 brain scans were analyzed and averaged and a pronounced difference in the neural circuitry of male and female brains was discovered.

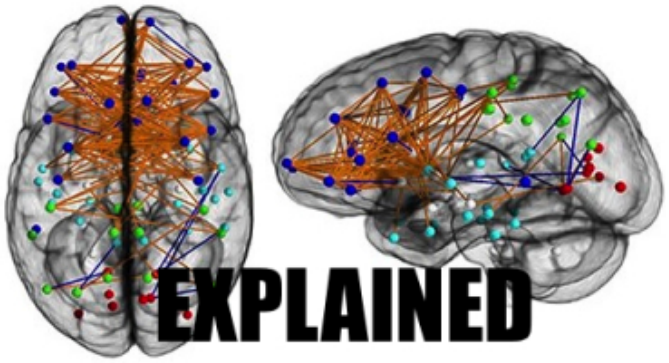
> Maps of neural circuitry showed that on average women's brains were highly connected across the left and right hemispheres, in contrast to men's brains, where the connections were typically stronger between the front and back regions.
>
> Ragini Verma, a researcher at the University of Pennsylvania, said the greatest surprise was how much the findings supported old stereotypes, with men's brains apparently wired more for perception and co-ordinated actions, and women's for social skills and memory, making them better equipped for multitasking.

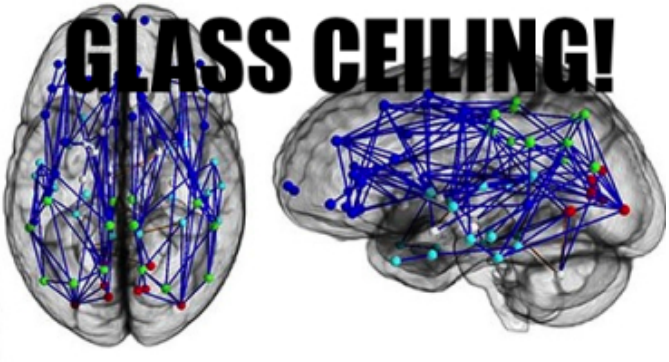
I propose a meme. Instead of elaborately trolling feminist, cismutant and porksternormative boards to elicit fits and wiggles, or futilely peppering freak covens with hatefacts (you may as well put an algebra book under a retard's pillow and hope he wakes up fully versed through osmosis), try dropping this pointed, simple meme in every fembot comments' section you can find, JERKBOY CHARISMA emoji-style:

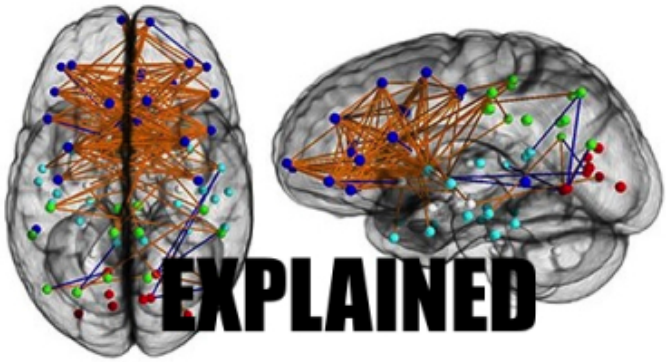


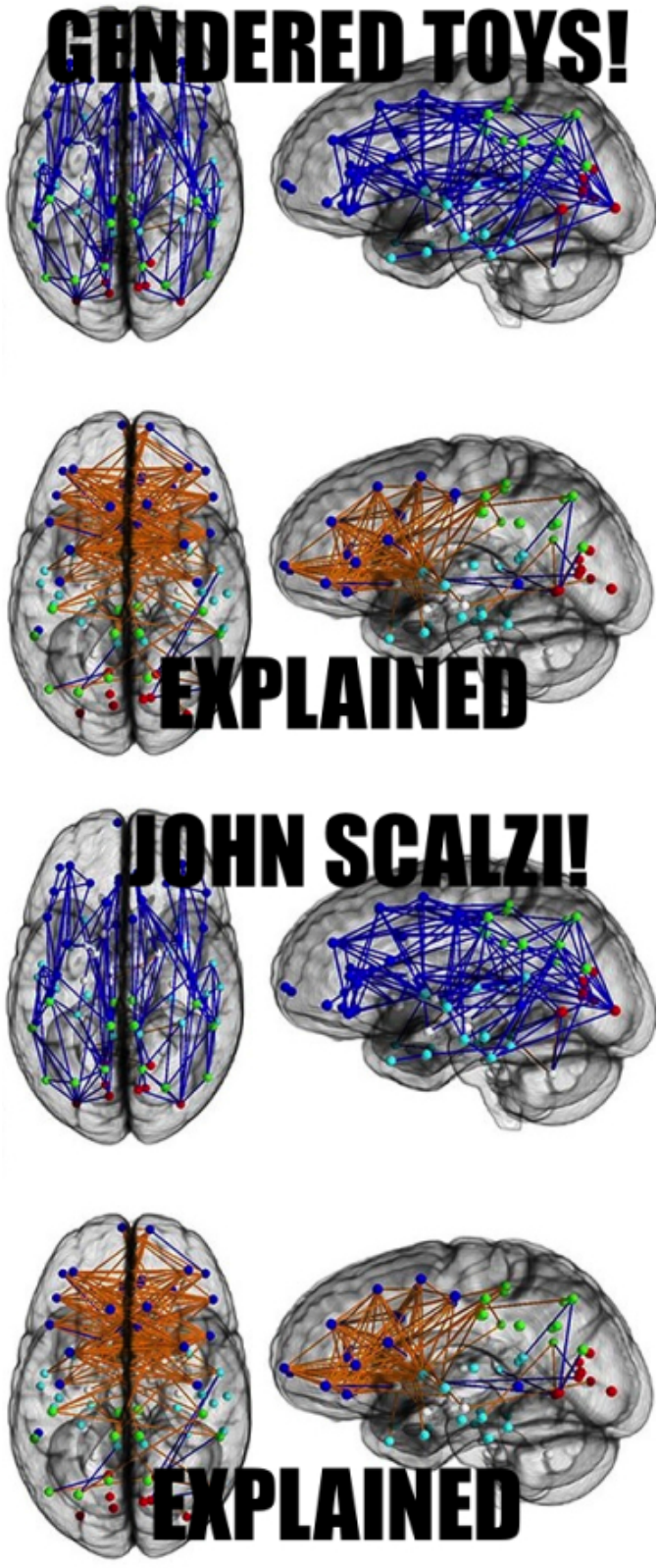
You could title it the **"Salty Feminist Tears"** meme, and send it on its way, like an ugly truth vector through a population of immunity-compromised boobarians. More:


MALE PRIVILEGE!


EXPLAINED


GLASS CEILING!


EXPLAINED


GENDERED TOYS!
EXPLAINED
JOHN SCALZI!
EXPLAINED

State-Level Border Laws

CH · 3 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an idea. Instead of a national immigration policy, why not devolve border control to the individual states? It's clear that there will be no seeing eye-to-eye among the competing factions of whites who still exercise some control over the management and direction of America. So any national open borders policy, which is currently and has been for some time the *de facto* if not the *de jure* law of the land, is really an ethnic cleansing campaign orchestrated by one group, the ruling coastal corridor elite, against another group, the high trust heartland whites, for lack of a better encompassing term.

If it's open borders the smug coastal leftoids *really* want, then give it to them, good and hard. Allow states to establish their own immigration laws, complete with state-level border enforcement. In time, what you'd expect to result from this decentralization of the central duty of the national government is an open door policy in leftoid blue states, like NY and CA, and locked-down borders in anti-leftoid red states like NC and OK. Stew for a few decades as the third world funnels into the open border states, and… voila!… Massachusetts is *magically* transformed into Mogadishu. There will then be heard, if all goes as planned, a tremendously loud snapping sound as the cognitive dissonances of millions of open borders cheerleaders finally and fatally tears free from tethering to bloated, self-righteous egos.

Putting this into practice shouldn't be too hard. Just imagine each state as a separate national entity. Immigrants who stroll into a heavily graffitied Ellis Island — dat schmaltz! — should find no objection from their De Blasioed benefactors. Any complaints on the matter will be overseen by a jury of jurisprudentially diverse peers. Heh. Temporary visitor visas may be issued at the discretion of closed border states, and native leftoid Americans wishing to move away from the hell they unleashed in their home states will suffer no more inconvenience than automatically supplying their proof of citizenship, coded into a pass card, at highway toll booths or their favorite roadside bathhouses. But once in the red state of their choosing, they must abide the local immigration laws, which will be immanentized and permanentized.

Of course, none of this will happen. Liberals would never accept it. Their principles extend only so far as their ability to painlessly cash them in for scrumptious status whoring feels. Open borders isn't really about rescuing the world's poor; it's about sticking the shiv in the flanks of non-elite white people by dumping, say, Iraqi Islamists in the middle of Kentucky.

It's time for an old-fashioned American separation, before the heat builds up and explodes… again. When asked why we need this separation, cite irreconcilable differences. You'd be more right than you know.

Girl Says ‘Find me’, Emo Beta Obliges

CH · 4 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The man has a point:

> Comparison:
>
> This guy is chasing after a 6 that he met once.. all around the world.
>
> Meanwhile, Tuthmosis **[ed: the ROK contributor who wrote a blog post about the attractiveness of thin girls with eating disorders]** is being hunted by 15 8s. None of them even know what he looks like.
>
> What does that say about the game?

1. chicks dig jerks
2. chicks dig challenges
3. chicks do not dig beta herbs who cheer them up and then chase them around the world hoping for a love connection.

I think that about covers it.

The Problem With Diversity

CH · 4 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Besides the obvious problems caused by burgeoning diversity — the inherent differences in group ability and temperament stoking envy and hatred and the loss of trust and social cohesion breaking the contract between citizen and state — there is a less-heralded one that is particularly pronounced in huge, multicultist nations like America: diversity weaponizes intrawhite status whoring.

Whites aren't a monolith. Broadly, there are North-West European, South-East European, and Asiatic white population groups, and smaller, less genetically distant ethnicities comprising them. In countries with large, mixed populations of whites, such as the US, there are bound to be aggravations and antagonisms that result from this low-level intraracial diversity, which itself is an emergent phenomenon of differing genetic substrates influencing personality and worldview.

In most white, ethnically homogeneous countries like those in (rapidly disappearing) parts of Europe, this intrawhite jockeying for status and self-righteousness bong hits is safely contained and reconstituted for the good of the whole. The rage never spirals too far out of control.

However, when non-white and radically foreign elements are introduced into lands of competing white ethnicities in significant numbers, the minority groups get used as pawns in the everlasting White One-on-White Two war. Vibrant Diversity arms nonlethal intrawhite competition with nuclear-tipped clusterfuck bombs. The white group with the megaphone and the money — at present the Cathedral leftoids — are irresistibly compelled to exploit these social rifts for advantage in their power struggle over out-group whites. White status whoring is then irrevocably altered from a positive force of creation to a sneering, snarky force of destruction.

So committed are the ruling class leftoids to inflating their egos to the maximum p.s.i. at the expense of the putatively less enlightened whites in their midst that they will doom the very nation which provides them the territory, the trust and the laws that have elevated them to their current sinecures. But it won't last. The pawns, you see, have ideas of their own. If the leftoids who smote the backward whites think they will enjoy non-white gratitude when the day of their demographic displacement eventually arrives, they're in for an unhappy surprise.

When Women Stop Loving Beta Males

CH · 5 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A new study provides further confirmation of the CH view of women's sexual nature. (For a review of the study run through a typical Slate writer's nancification algorithm, see here.) Executive summary: women screw around with charming cads and ignore beta providers when their financial needs are met by the state or by a rich daddy, and their emotional needs are met by a supportive culture that condones the removal of all restrictions on female sexuality.

While a great diversity of sexual norms exist around the world, ranging from strictly enforced monogamy to polyamory, according to Scelza's new study there are two environmental contexts where women commonly choose multiple partners. The first is where women have more material support from their kin or economic independence from men more generally. This may explain why multiple mating is most common among small-scale matrilocal societies (in which women remain in their home village after marriage), such as the partible paternity societies of South America or the Mosuo of China. It may also explain why female infidelity has increased in Western societies as women have gained greater political and economic independence. (For example, Iceland was ranked first in gender equality by the World Economic Forum in 2013 at the same time that 67 percent of children were born out of wedlock, the highest rate in the Western world.) Under this scenario, women choose multiple partners because they have more options available to them, they can rely on their support network during transitional times, and they have greater personal autonomy.

The second environmental context Scelza identified is where the sex ratio is female-biased (indicating a scarcity of men) or there is a high level of male unemployment (indicating a scarcity of men who can provide support). Women may be trying to "make the best of a bad situation and capitalizing on their youth to improve their reproductive prospects." In such environments women tend to have higher rates of teen pregnancy as well as illegitimate births. Multiple mating may be a way of hedging their bets in an unstable environment. By pursuing an ardent sexual strategy, women are able to choose the best potential males as well as gain the support they need in order to maximize their reproductive success.

The Slate author digesting this study is another one of those borderline males suffering from cerebral Scalzi. You can tell by how dutifully he parrots feminist boilerplate in a vain effort to whitewash the real implications of the study or to redirect readers away from crimethink. "OMG I DON'T EVEN WOW JUST WOW SLUT SHAMING LET OUR WOMEN BANG TRUE SEXUAL EQUALITY WHEN WOMEN CAN SCREW AROUND LIKE MEN".

If you can get past his vagina flapping, there are some nuggets of inference to be made. For instance, when the provisioning and support services of beta males are rendered extraneous by the economic self-sufficiency and pro-independent tankgrrl cultural agitprop afforded modern Western women, those women are more likely to chase alpha cads for fun and genetic profit. Chateau Heartiste called attention to this phenomenon years ago, and now ♥science♥ — as is its wont — has once again vindicated eagle-eyed CH observations about the machinery of the sexual market. (You gotta swim with the sharks to know how dangerous they can be.)

Or think about what a world of financially and sexually freed women pursuing an "alpha fux betas chucked" strategy looks like. Yeah, if Sub-Saharan Africa leapt to mind, you're on the right track. A feminist utopia is not far removed in practice from the worst shit pits in the world. You take away any incentive for beta males to invest in cock carouseling post-prime women and to cooperate with shameless sluts to raise the next generation, and you are looking down the barrel of civilizational rot.

Luckily, there's much ruin in a population group's ingrained sexual mores. The West — still mostly white — has an evolved store of genetic imperatives that drive them to favor monogamy over promiscuity or free love "sex at dawn"-style polyamory. As Razib demurred, the problem with these sorts of studies so beloved by the degenerate freak mafia over at Slate et al., is that the "main gripe is not west vs. rest. eurasian ag. vs. rest". In other words, be

careful about international comparisons of sexual behavior; you may not like what the data imply about your beloved pet cultures.

But that Western store of monogamous feeling can run out, or become so warped from mismanagement that dysfunction blooms in the absence of once-venerated social constraints. Genetic predisposition can become overwhelmed by strong cultural forces acting in the opposite direction. Enervate the people of the West enough — acclimate their women to state largesse and shamelessness — and any desire for monogamy and paternal assurance will wilt under the pressure.

Pussboys who cheerlead for a female-led promiscuous feminist future have a blind spot regarding any blowback. It's a "there's no victim" party all the time for leftoids, who are incapable of considering the consequences of their childish, narcissistic acting out. Like most manginas, they lack the intellectual integrity to tackle the reality of female hypergamy, and wrongly assume that a free love paradise that impugns marriage and female chasteness will mean more sex for all men. No, what it will mean is more sex for alpha males.

No effort is given to understanding the male reaction to unfettered female sexual autonomy. Not a scintilla of curiosity how men will respond when women "choose multiple partners because they have more options available to them, they can rely on their support network during transitional times, and they have greater personal autonomy." Do Western women live in a vacuum? Or do they live in a world where men exercise choice and respond to incentives? Where men loathe the prospect that their girlfriends or spouses might be carrying the love child of a DJ or yoga class instructor?

That feminist-lauded "support network" with Hillary-esque "it takes a village" overtones will surely become less supportive as increasing numbers of men disillusioned with the growing ranks of cad-chasing sluts drop out, taking their sweat and their money with them, ultimately depriving the state of its ability to transfer resources from men to women. Civilization banks on getting men to invest in its continuance, and the tool it uses is monogamy and guarantees of one woman-one man. If women renege on their end of the deal… well, don't be surprised if men renege on theirs.

The sexual market is a giant biofeedback loop. More female economic and sexual autonomy will cause perturbations throughout every facet of life. And you don't need to cast afar to see what a free love society that caters entirely to women's sexual prerogatives means. Just listen for the sound of gunshots in the ghetto and the silence of empty playgrounds in the suburbs.

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But that Western store of monogamous feeling can run out, or become so warped from mismanagement that dysfunction blooms in the absence of once-venerated social constraints. Genetic predisposition can become overwhelmed by strong cultural forces acting in the opposite direction. Enervate the people of the West enough — acclimate their women to state largesse and shamelessness — and any desire for monogamy and paternal assurance will wilt under the pressure.

Pussboys who cheerlead for a female-led promiscuous feminist future have a blind spot regarding any blowback. It's a "there's no victim" party all the time for leftoids, who are incapable of considering the consequences of their childish, narcissistic acting out. Like most manginas, they lack the intellectual integrity to tackle the reality of female hypergamy, and wrongly assume that a free love paradise that impugns marriage and female chasteness will mean more sex for all men. No, what it will mean is more sex for alpha males.

No effort is given to understanding the male reaction to unfettered female sexual autonomy. Not a scintilla of curiosity how men will respond when women "choose multiple partners because they have more options available to them, they can rely on their support network during transitional times, and they have greater personal autonomy." Do Western women live in a vacuum? Or do they live in a world where men exercise choice and respond to incentives? Where men loathe the prospect that their girlfriends or spouses might be carrying the love child of a DJ or yoga class instructor?

That feminist-lauded "support network" with Hillary-esque "it takes a village" overtones will surely become less supportive as increasing numbers of men disillusioned with the growing ranks of cad-chasing sluts drop out, taking their sweat and their money with them, ultimately depriving the state of its ability to transfer resources from men to women. Civilization banks on getting men to invest in its continuance, and the tool it uses is monogamy and guarantees of one woman-one man. If women renege on their end of the deal… well, don't be surprised if men renege on theirs.

The sexual market is a giant biofeedback loop. More female economic and sexual autonomy will cause perturbations throughout every facet of life. And you don't need to cast afar to see what a free love society that caters entirely to women's sexual prerogatives means. Just listen for the sound of gunshots in the ghetto and the silence of empty playgrounds in the suburbs.

11 Things You Should Always Say To A Fat Girl

CH · 6 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A shambling cloverfield has drawn up a list of pretty lies she wishes people would stop saying to her. As a big beautiful person of convexity, she has accepted her fatness, and she wants you to accept it as well. I agree. We should all accept that fat people are fat, and not mince around it. (Which would take years and grappling hooks, anyhow.) So in the spirit of her post, here are the 11 things you should always say to a fat girl to let her know you accept that she's fat and you won't patronize her by acting like you don't notice her fatness.

1. You're fat!

You are fat. It's just a descriptor. If you're calling yourself fat, I will gladly agree, because lying with a straight face takes energy. Hopefully my refreshing honesty will feel as good to you as it does to me.

2. You have such a fat face.

There's a chance you have a pretty face, but I can't tell under all that blubber. You also have a banging body hiding somewhere in there, like a tiny nested doll—it just happens that your outer body is bigger than what any normal man finds attractive on a primal, biological level. Now, do a shimmy for me so I can record it and make a funny gif called 'Twerking Walrus'.

3. Oooh, let's go to Lane Bryant!!!

You cannot fit into anything at Bebe. You probably can't fit into anything at Lane Bryant either, but the only other choice is the REI camping department.

4. You need that candy bar.

It's delicious, and how else will you sustain your massive corpulence that is the envy of no one anywhere? Open your piehole and accept the candy bar, the same way you accept your hideous visage.

5. You'd look better if you were thinner.

Why beat around the fupa? Yeah, your fat makes you unhealthy, but no one really gives a shit about your blood work or what some fat female doctor reassuringly told you to keep you coming back for more high-priced office visits. Aesthetically, you're a mess (trust), and the only thing that will change that is losing weight. It doesn't take a medical degree to know what vomit tastes like at the sight of you.

6. Phew, I'm so thin.

I won't talk about being fat around a fat person when it's obvious I'm not fat. Instead, I'll tell it like it is (the way you like it), and express my utter relief that I don't look anything like you. So I will talk about how great it is to be thin in your company and the implications should work themselves out.

7. That half mile of slow jogging you do isn't going to make up for the calorie surplus you regularly run.

Yes, I know you do yoga and swim—that's where you sit on your ass on a mat and break one bead of sweat and float in a pool like an otter that swallowed a beach ball. Yes, you have a gym membership. Very good, now you've found a venue to pound energy drinks and baby walk the treadmill while totally ignoring the weight room. Reward yourself later with a tub of ice cream for your hard work.

8. Nah, I don't want to borrow your clothes.

You don't wear clothes, you wear fabric bundles. I suppose if I want to borrow a car cover, I'll give you a call.

9. Have you gained weight??

I mean, honestly, at your size it's kinda hard to tell either way.

10. Dieting is for unhappy women who worry about their looks. That's not you.

Dieting sucks and it doesn't work the way you do it, before any hunger pangs are actually felt. It's obvious you've stopped that dieting b.s. You just want to be happy and unhealthy, and one of the best ways for you to do that is to not stress so damn much about your repulsive fat folds. Is that a cheeto under your third chin? Embrace it! It's a victory over dieting and anorexia, a small token that reminds the world what a confident, accepting fat woman looks like. Thar she crows!

11. I'm not trying to help.

When I start offering good advice you didn't ask for, you don't feel cared for. You feel humiliated. I don't want to shame you, so instead I will love you as much as you claim to love yourself. I will shout to the world how gloriously fat you are, and how it doesn't matter at all because you're at peace with the rearview mirror you must use every time you have to wipe. I will shake your round belly and say "This belly is accepted by its owner. This belly is loved so much it gets more food than it can handle." That's all that matters, right? Your acceptance, my acceptance. Our acceptance. And what's more accepting than dropping reality on your bowling ball head and not worrying if it will crush your soul?

BONUS:

12. You should be an orbiting space station model.

Acceptance level 99 achieved.

Comment Of The Week: Getting To The Id Of It

CH · 7 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Dat_Truth_Hurts, this week's COTW winner, illuminates,

> Compare and contrast:
>
> Women, would you rather date Paul Walker (pre-dead, of course) or a waiter that looked exactly like Paul Walker?
>
> Men, would you rather date Scarlett Johanssen, or a waitress that looked exactly like Scarlett Johanssen?

The question is rhetorical, of course, in the socratic style of CH compare and contrasts of past. Most women would prefer to date rich celebrity Paul Walker. He wins in a cakewalk over waiter Paul Walker.

Most men would prefer to date waitress Scarlett Johanssen, because men primarily care about a woman's looks, and Scarlett will look like Scarlett no matter how she pays her bills. If anything, a woman with high status introduces a negative force into a relationship, because her hypergamous instinct will be attuned for men higher status than herself. Men who are interested in dating Scarlett long term will be put off by the risks that come with her celebrity.

The choice for men is a bit more complicated, however. There is a nontrivial minority of men who would date celebrity Scarlett, if it were possible, not just for the great sex but for the bragging rights to their buddies. These men are likely to be the ones less interested in pursuing a deep, meaningful love bond with Scarlett.

***

Runner-up COTW winner is Sigma Male, who provides a helpful taxonomy of equalists.

> Kingdom: Cathedral
>
> Phylum: Anti-Naturalist
>
> Class: Ethnomasochist
>
> Order: Donkey
>
> Family: Winged Servant
>
> Genus: Leftoid
>
> Species: SWPL

Sub-species: That atheist cunt who got stared at by a trembling nerd in an elevator and broadcast her near-death experience to the internerd backscratching community.

***

Runner-up #2 COTW winner is Greg Eliot, channeling a Pith Lord.

> We live in awkward times… too late to vote and too early to start shooting.

Poolside never looked better.

***

COTW consolation prize goes to Fred C. Dobbs, with a brisk reminder for Asia supremacists:

> So freedom, individual rights,equal opportunity, limited government and self reliance are obsolete? And thus Western society is about to yield to the Asian tigers? Huh? Our recent decline has come about due to our

> deviation from these founding principals, Not because Of them. Billions of Chinese would still be walking around in their identical little gray Mao work clothes had China not adopted Western values. Or worse, slaughtering their own by the tens of millions –ie see Great Leap Forward, where between 1962 -1958 a total of 45 million Chinese died due to Mao's policy of forced resettlement and collectivization. Yup! I'd be proud of Chinese civilization too! Chinese will never realize their full potential, and will never be fully human until they are free to act and express their thoughts, ideas and creativity.

That last line is a nice sentiment, but here's a question to ponder: what if the Chinese don't want to be free to act and express their thoughts? As über-agriculturalists, they may have evolved to step right in the lemming line.

Reader Mailbag: The Fire Was Never There

CH · 9 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

"John Smith" writes about a broken engagement that didn't work out as he had hoped,

I met this girl 18 months ago on a party and we really hit it off. I mean she was funny, beautiful and what not and I was the total stud… BUT she was engaged… and in a long distance relationship. Now I know that these don't last (and in the end it didn't) so I decided to stick around and see how things evolve.

I stated my intentions in the beginning (not that lame not to) and she knew from the very beginning what I wanted from her (to fuck her brains out) and she was ok with that- in a nutshell she told me "I would fuck you too but I'm engaged you know. I'm waiting for my fiance to move here and to start living together. However you're a cool and funny guy so I want us to be friends. Don't expect anything from me as long as I'm engaged".

Long story short we kept seeing each other (like once a week). I have to mention as well there were two big fights between us with like a 2-3 months pause in our relations (yeah it was a strange relationship) about some stupid shit but we made up again and kept seeing each other. Her fiance was sick with their long distance relationship so he broke with her 2 months ago.

Now here comes the conclusion: her fiance broke off with her and I made my move. I told her that I want her and that she's an amazing woman (I really mean that… more or less) **[ed: I'm sure you do, but does that help you bang her?]** and we started seeing each other more often. HOWEVER I sensed that something wasn't right… There was some distance… something between us (in a negative way) and she wouldn't let me close (you know what I mean). So I confronted her and asked her what the fuck is going on? And she told me that "yes she wanted to fuck me back then" and "yes she tought I was a cool and sexy motherfucker" but now "after so much time together" she sees me only as a friend. She couldn't feel any atraction to me and that's it- there couldn't be anything between us! (no comment here). The thing is she keeps giving me signs that she wants the D (or at least I see things that way, but people around us as well tell me that when they observe us they think she likes me). That's why I kept seeing her.

But one night after she rejected my offer to go see a movie or something like that which envolved going out only with me and beeing more intimate (again) I got pissed off and told her that this can't go on like this (on the phone). I told her basically that I want her as a woman not as a friend and I always wanted her that way and basically I'm not interested in this bullshit pretend friendship and that we can't be "just" friends. She was upset of course because I'm a good friend and a cool and funny guy who takes care of her, but I was sick with that crap and that was it. (It really pissed me off that thing about "too much time has passed THE FIRE ISN'T THERE ANYMORE"- she gave the speech again I swear I imploded internally when I heard this bullshit again).

So basically I told her that things can't go one like this- we could still see each other and what not but I won't be as envolved with her as before because there is not motivation for me anymore. So what's your take on this whole thing? It's not like I'm desperate- there are plenty of fish in the sea. It's just that she's smoking hot I'm curious about your opinion.

I hope you've enjoyed your years-long stay in the friendzone, because that's exactly where you've been this whole time.

A few facts about the friendzone:

1. It doesn't matter what she says now
2. It doesn't matter what she said in the past
3. It doesn't matter what your friends or her friends say

4. It doesn't matter how strongly you feel about her
5. It doesn't matter how much of a stud you think you are

All that matters is the receptivity of her pussy to your dick. Anything less than her full frontal assault on your crotch is meaningless white noise, more distracting than illuminating.

When a girl says that the "fire isn't there anymore", you can bet that the fire was never there. She was using you as a temporary cock prop to feed her need for self-esteem. With her fiancé away, you filled in nicely as the asexual lump who could give her the flattery her distaff soul craved.

Once the fiancé broke it off (and that should have been a huge red flag that she was still in love with him, because girls rarely fall out of love with men who initiate the leaving protocol), the nature of your platonic relationship with her changed. You were no longer a harmless side show. Now you were a dude with a raging boner who was dribbling acidic pre-cum of spite and bitterness and desperation all over her soft cardigan. And you cemented that impression by "making your move" and coming on very sexually as soon as you thought the coast was clear. Finally, you buried any remote chance at sex by indulging in a symphony of butthurt with your little speech about not being able to "go on like this anymore".

Big mistake. If you had any shot with this girl, you needed to do the opposite of what you did. After the engagement ended, she was expecting you to accelerate into your natural beta chaser mode. Instead, had you slowed down and pushed away and put some emotional and physical distance between the two of you, the shock and strangeness of your behavior would have stoked her curiosity. She's known all along you wanted her — you told her! — so you needed to sow some serious doubt about your intentions and her ability to read your intentions. You needed to preemptively eject, and return later when she had hamstered up after a few weeks of circular self-analysis questioning her desirability to you.

The main lesson here is to never put yourself in these emasculating social positions that feed your powerlessness. Stop being friends with women you want to bang.

Maxim #3: Bang first, befriend later.

Follow that maxim, and so many troubles that afflict the lonely beta male evaporate.

***

This provincial reader needs game advice that doesn't require frequent flyer miles,

> Please address what a man should do if he's not well-travelled.
>
> Girls usually react negatively when they find out I've not travelled extrensively. Should I have a few go-to lies about travel experiences?

A dearth of travel experience is one of the easiest deficiencies to fix. So easy, it's a wonder more men don't bother putting in the minimal work to remake their worldliness. All you need to do is Wiki some basic knowledge about a few key European cities — Paris, London, Madrid, Prague, Rome, Venice, Berlin, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Kiev (for a challenge) — memorize it, and regurgitate it with a little personal spin added for authenticity. Travel tidbits you should have mentally available to season a conversation to taste include a couple of famous landmarks, a local restaurant name and cuisine, the name of a popular mode of local transport, the name of a nightclub, the language spoken, and a favorite local food or drink. These are the basics. If your memory and your love of tall tales are inexhaustible, you can add smaller details like the style of dance, the local fashion sense, the attitude toward foreigners, and a couple of funny stories that involve you and some irate or smitten native (depending on the mood you're trying to evoke in your listener).

The Wiki option is far cheaper in money and time spent than the alternative. There are other sources besides Wiki, of course. Reading up on travel hot spots and studying the travel guides for local flavor should be as much a part of

your game as learning negs and qualifications.

One go-to travel lie I've used in the past (when I was a stripling who had yet to cut a swathe across the globopolitan landscape of ladies) is a story about riding a scooter through the cypress-lined olive groves of Tuscany and getting lost on my way to visit a pen pal who lived in a nearby town. Searchig vainly for road signs I could interpret, I stopped at the side of a road in a cloud of dust to watch a fetching Italian girl read a book under a shade tree. I motioned for her to come to me, and she approached. I asked if she spoke English. She didn't, so we spent twenty minutes communicating by drawing our thoughts in the dirt with sticks.

At the time I told this story to an entranced American girl, it wasn't true. It became true, more or less and give or take some honeyed details, later in life. But why wait for love until later in life? Make love when you can, because it is good. And you don't want to be one of those men who regrets the pussy he never slammed.

***

"Dentata" (troll alert) writes,

> Walking down street with a fling, we pass a guy and his girl, he says hi, my fling says hi. A few seconds later, rolling her eyes and smiling a bit, "I haatte that guy. I work with him, he's such a twit".
>
> When I chick signals her dislike for a guy, it's usually an indicator of inchoate tingles right?

Context, my quasi-trollish friend. Context. If she's telling you that she hates a certain guy, it could just be a womanish ruse at rapport greased with the viscera of a surrogate chump. Her "hatred" is irrelevant in this scenario. She may despise her coworker or merely chafe at his annoying nerdliness or his choice of footwear. The point isn't him, it's you. Her giddy utterance is Krazy Glue to bond your "fling" more tightly and change its molecular structure to the polymer L-T-R.

In general, it's a good rule of thumb that when a girl explicitly declares her "hate" for this or that man, it means something sexually sinister is lurking beneath her superego surface. Women as a sex (feminists excluded) are not disposed to air their hatred of other men so cavalierly. Be especially wary if a woman expresses "hatred" for a particular man more than once or twice. Female hatred is as often repressed sexual desire as it is authentic malevolence.

***

A reader wants to know if his good friend (hmm) executed good game,

My good friend ran into an interesting situation with a girl he picked up off street-game. According to him, he didn't overgame in the initial interaction but he is known to be a bit gamey so take that with grain of salt. He number closes and sets up a date.

The following all happened today:

Him: "T, NYC from a local's eyes — Meet me at 50th n 5th @ 7th — wink if u hear meh!!"

Her: "Are you peacocking? And will you kino me? Maybe neg me, too. Because that's what you usually do right?"

So at this point he reaches out to me and asks me how to respond. I consult some of my buddies that I game with and these were some of the choices:

Option A) "Wow I see you read the game. I think I'm supposed to keep plowing and tell you to shut up and meet me at 7!" (That was my choice, read it from a YaReally comment that was similar awhile back)

~~~
~~~

Option B) ”I’m doing all of those things right now simultaneously n one sentence, and looking good doing them too”

~~~

Option C) ”Someone read The Game”

~~~

Option D) “I’ve got my top hat and magic tricks ready”

~~~

Option E) “Put on your sexiest underwear, since you know what to expect”

Ultimately my buddy went with option A…

Him: “Wow I see you read the game. I think I’m supposed to keep plowing and tell you to shut up and meet me at 7!”

Him: “Text me if ur late!”

Her: “You can’t communicate with girls without memorizing scripts can you”

Again, my buddy consulted me and we came up with two choices from here:

Option A) ”Oh I was actually doing this thing called ‘asking a cute girl out ona date’but if u want I’ll bring my top hat too”

~~~

Option B) ”Damn, you caught me> I’ve been typing in the Don Corleone lines from the Godfather. Maybe I should have picked a different movie.”

~~~

Ultimately my buddy went with Option A….

And then he got this:

Her: “I am sorry but this ‘date’ is not going to happen”

~~~

So yeah, he hasn’t responded to that as of this time and not sure what’s the best move. I’m sure the best move could have been early on. Maybe he was overgaming in the initial interaction or agreeing and amplifying wasn’t the way to go.

Or this girl wasn’t even worth his time and my buddy is better off for it. Ammmmmiright? (Guys?)

The way I saw it, he had 3 choices when she called out game in her first reply

1) Disregard and keep plowing 2) Agree and amplify 3) Bend to her frame

As I type this, I realize that ellipsis game may have been the best route.

“…“, “gay”, “ssshh” all would have worked instead of the lengthy responses your friend sent. But my favorite is the recently unearthed “emoji game“. A graphic of a cat sitting next to a birthday cake strikes me as the ideal mix of no-fuck-given alpha ‘tude and teasing, flirty vibe for a girl who thinks she’s gotten one over on you.

In all my years of womanizing, I’ve never come across a woman who spitefully referenced potential game tactics I may use on her as diligently and interrogatively as this girl did. This means one of three possibilities: 1. your friend is not calibrated properly and comes on too hard as an oily player, 2. this girl is a thermonuclear feminist cunt who

lives for those rare moments she can pretend she's "calling out" a player and striking a blow for the sisterhood, or 3. she's a slut who's been burned in the past by a succession of players and has refined antennae that will pick up the faintest player perturbations.

Your friend understood the concept of "agree & amplify", but he lost ground in the execution. One, his replies did sound somewhat canned. I think some of those lines have been around for a decade. In NYC, there's a chance that more than a trivial number of girls have actually heard the same lines from other men on the make. This doesn't invalidate the idea of A&A, but it does confirm the wisdom of knowing your mark.

Two, in the application of A&A, he violated a core CH Poon Commandment V: the golden ratio. The CH principles take precedence over the particular game tactics that animate those principles. This means that a game tactic will fail if it veers too far from its founding principle. In this case, your friend sent verbose texts that sub-communicated his lower value and his chaser role, especially set side by side with the relatively terse replies the girl sent him.

Agree and amplify is a fantastic game technique, but like all techniques its delivery should be stylistically massaged to suit the degree of defensiveness of your female target. As an example of what I'm talking about, let's revisit that first reply she sent to your friend.

Her: "Are you peacocking? And will you kino me? Maybe neg me, too. Because that's what you usually do right?"

You: "Peacocking sounds like a perverted sex move. Slow it down Samantha."

See what I've done here? I internally identified my target as a loser "sex and the city" NYC bitch with something to prove, so I pull out a harsh reply that would stall her offensive charge. I avoid any "game" talk because that is not really breaking out of her frame; I figure that mentioning game, even re-contextualized, will risk emboldening her attack. Then I not so subtly imply her attitude is sex-drenched and that is the real cause of her defensiveness. This should relax her as the burden is now on her to prove I'm a player instead of a fantasy figure from her overactive imagination.

I smell the telltale stink of the troll in this letter, but I let it go for educational purposes. Most of you men throwing yourselves into the field will not meet women like this one, so don't worry about it. I've met, if my calculations are correct, approximately four women total who made some sort of direct, needling reference to game tactics. All four's objections were quickly overcome.

However, the world is a big place, and there are bitches out there who will play this kind of "gotcha" game with men, so it helps to have a few retaliatory weapons of mass seduction at your disposal.

PS Drop the "wink if u hear meh!!" crap. It's girly.

PPS Of the options you gave us, (A) was actually the worst of the bunch. I would have gone with (D) from the first round and neither from the second round. Speaking of which,

Her: "You can't communicate with girls without memorizing scripts can you"

You: "I'll make you an offer you can't refuse."

Cheekiness is next to tingliness.

Dark Personalities Get The Girl

CH · 10 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Are you a psychopath? A schemer? A narcissist? How about a fully flowered sadist who loved to tear the wings off insects as a kid? Congratulations! You'll do better with women than emotionally stable, sincere, modest and kind men.

Along comes another study (just in time for Christmas!) to pry into the darkest nooks of the human sexual psyche to see what it is that allows some men to succeed with women beyond the wildest dreams of romantical herbische kopfs.

> The Associations Among Dark Personalities and Sexual Tactics Across Different Scenarios.
>
> Although malevolent individuals may be willing to use any tactic necessary to obtain sex, not all antagonistic traits will predict coercion or coaxing in all situations. A sample of 447 adult men, collected in two waves, reported their intentions to engage in coercion or coaxing of hypothetical targets. Study 1 provided three hypothetical scenarios that result in sexual rejection: (a) an expensive date, (b) a stranger, and (c) a relationship partner, and Study 2 provided the same scenarios, and three additional scenarios: (d) a rival's partner, (e) a bet, and (f) a powerful person. A Structural Equations Model indicated that a common antagonistic factor, indicated by Social Dominance and the Dark Triad traits of psychopathy, narcissism, and Machiavellianism, predicted coaxing across all situations, whereas only psychopathy predicted coercion across all situations. In addition, narcissism accounted for additional variance in coaxing when rejected by an expensive date. These findings suggest that across the different scenarios, psychopathy is primarily associated with coercive tactics and the common malevolent core among the traits is associated with coaxing tactics.

Evidence piles up that women are sexually and romantically attracted to Dark Triad jerks, and that men with the Dark Triad personality traits are more aggressive (and less ethical) in their pursuit of sex with women. The two libidinous energies combine to make life a pussy paradise for assholes and a sexually arid Abaddon for niceguy beta males waiting on the sidelines for their shot at a post-prime cougarfriend with the pre-Wall jitters.

If you're wondering what all this has to do with game and picking up women, well, when in doubt… be a jerk. Niceguys might feel better about their romantic comportment, but all that self-righteousness and a buck buys them is ten minutes of broadband-streamed fapping.

The Sociosexual Dynamics Of Group Photos

CH · 11 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If you hang out with a mixed group of friends on regular occasions and at venues that encourage the taking of group photos, you can't help but notice patterns in how the women organize themselves for the camera lens. This snapshot (heh) of female behavior illuminates so much more than lighting and focal preferences.

There's always the Lens Hog, of course. She's usually the hottest and most sociable girl. Her spot is right up front, center, and smiling like she has a huge secret about a rival she can barely contain. She stands with her hip jutting outward for maximum femininity. She is a leader partly as a function of her looks and partly because her looks have facilitated her fearless socialization, which often cows other girls to fall in line behind her.

Where it gets interesting is in how the women below the Lens Hog on the female hierarchy self-arrange for "spontaneous" group photos. The jockeying for snapshot status is nasty, brutish and short; a years' worth of repressed emotions often gets played out in the few seconds it takes for a bunch of women to line up for a group shot.

First up is the Court Concubine. This just-short-of-pretty girl has flirted with every man in her social group, and has probably slept with at least two of them who have high fived each other over it. She's fun, but she's no alpha's first choice. She will scoot right away for a position wedged in between the men standing in the back line of the photo, with her arms draped languidly over the adjacent dudes. She's the one whose boob "accidentally" presses into some guy's chest. (Or belly, if she's short.) And in every photo her headlights are on, for some reason.

Next is the Queen's Consort. She's the second in command girl who's almost as pretty as the Lens Hog but not as extroverted. She shadows the Lens Hog and will quickly assume a position at her side for a photo. Her smile hints at resentment. She looks like she sticks pins in a voodoo doll of her hotter friend. She screws like she's getting back at all the Lens Hogs who robbed her of the throne, and that's a good thing.

Then there's the Chubby Jester. She's sorta cute, sorta chubby, and lots o' fun. She has the personality of a hot girl trapped in a mediocre girl's body. She will beeline for a spot in no-woman's-land, tucked between the front and back lines, so that her body is obscured but her face shines for the camera, looking like it sits, disembodied, atop the shoulders of the girls situated just in front of her. It's all smoke and mirrors with this girl, but at least her smile is genuine.

The interchangeable Pawns are next. These girls are filler for the cheap seats. Neither pretty nor ugly, sociable nor shy, they dutifully attend to their posts in the wings of the photo, adding heft and preselective gravitas to the stars at the center. Many of these girls are off the market, and have grown weary of the group photo circus. They no longer care about maneuvering for status or pleasing the men or the Lens Hog; they're just there out of a sense of obligation and to drink and say to themselves that at least they're not like those couples who sit at home all the time schnoococoonoocuddling. They take their sweet time finding a spot in the photo line-up, which ironically makes them seem more photogenic.

In the mix you may toss the Facebook Whore. A subspecies of the classic attention whore, the Facebook Whore angles for a position that will produce a photo she can upload to Facebook that will best reveal her carefree, sexually wild social life to the asshole ex-boyfriend she still loves. She is the one with her tongue out, like Miley Cyrus having an epileptic fit. She's not particularly well-liked by anyone, so she often winds up at the edge of the photo leaning way in, out in front of the other girls, grabbing some of the Lens Hog's limelight. She's a clueless photobomb. A photoboob.

The Pained Plain Jane cuts a sad figure. She hates these stressful social tests, because she knows she's not pretty enough to compete with most of the girls but there's no opt-out clause that would save her dignity. If she tries to ignore the group photo, her friends will think she's being anti-social and draw attention to her pitiful solitude with cloyingly earnest solicitations. If she joins, she looks out of place, her bland features thrown into saturated relief,

her smile so fake and try-hard and now permanently recorded for history. So she loiters around the periphery of the assembling and rapidly congealing group, takes a shot at a position well within the bowels of the group in hopes she'll get lost in the jumble of faces, gets pushed aside by another girl gunning for the same spot, and eventually settles like a gimp sea turtle shuffling into a hole in the beach sand at the far reaches of the group to lay her forgotten eggs, where ironically everyone who views the photo will notice her because she's the only girl not being embraced by anyone.

Finally, there's the Photogeneric Fug. Ugly, knows it, has stopped pretending she's not. She doesn't need the excuse of a group photo opt-out clause. She just heads for the bar to munch on beer nuts and mentally formulate her next Tumblr post about cisgender privilege.

The group photo sociosexual dynamic provides plenty of opportunity for the player to exploit. For instance, take a firm hold of the shoulder of the Pained Plain Jane as she's wandering in utter confusion and panic around the gathering crowd, and hustle her into your orbit at the center of the group. You're now her white knight rescuer. Except little does she know you're using her as a pawn to tease the hottie you really want. "Hey stop hogging the camera. Your big head is blocking out your friend here." You get points for the chivalry and the neg. Caress your wallet condom, because it's about to taste freedom tonight.

PS: There's one other type of girl you sometimes see at group photos. She's a rare bird, but getting less rare. Her sleazy beauty is juxtaposed against her abominable character. She's the "group selfie" girl who will stretch out her arm and take a selfie — like Barack Kenyatta Obama recently did at Mandela's funeral — of herself surrounded by her group of sycophants. It's one thing to take a selfie in the privacy of your bathroom and tweet it because THIRSTY ATTENTION WHORE, or to take a selfie in public while on vacation because you're too shy to ask for assistance; but it's a whole other level of narcissistic indulgence to force all your friends to squat like a human halo around your awesomeness as you point that camera straight up your nostrils.

You, Group Selfie Girl, deserve exactly one pump — like Obama's first term — and one dump — like Obama's second term.

George Zimmerman, Beta Before And Alpha After Photos

CH · 12 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Beta George Zimmerman's wife when he was a nobody neighborhood watchman trying to do some good for his community:

Alpha George Zimmerman's girlfriend after he killed a thuglet, endured a mass media circus, became infamous, earned an army of wannabe vigilantes, got that cold thousand yard stare from his ordeal, armed himself to the teeth, and took off on a cross-country journey while picking up a couple of speeding violations and domestic abuse charges:

Lesson #1: A significant rise in male social status and perception of badness will allow a man to trade up a full 4 to 5 SMV (sexual market value) points in girlfriend quality. Zimmerman took advantage of his increased mate market options and dumped his UG2 fat wife for a 6.5 girlfriend with admirable titties.

Lesson #2: Women with higher SMV want infamous badboys. Women with lower SMV must settle for invisible neighborhood rent-a-cops.

Lesson #3: Fat chicks who claim that their beta schlub boyfriends are proof that there are plenty of men who love fat women don't comprehend the nature of the sexual market. Options = instability. When tragically sad beta or omega males experience a sudden rise in status or desirability, it's Bye Bye Fatty! The very few exceptions to this rule (Hugh Jackman, possibly gay) are cleaved to fat women's pendulous breasts like cherished infants, swaddled talismans against the suffocating encroachment of ugly, hopeless, relentless reality.

Lesson #4:

> George Zimmerman's girlfriend — who authorities said accused him of pointing a shotgun at her — no longer wants him to be prosecuted, and wants to resume their relationship, according a new motion.
>
> A sworn statement made by the girlfriend, Samantha Scheibe, was attached to a motion by Zimmerman's lawyer seeking to modify the conditions of Zimmerman's bond in his domestic violence case.
>
> In the statement, Scheibe says she felt "intimidated" when police questioned her about the Nov. 18 incident that led to Zimmerman's arrest. She adds that she "may have misspoken."
>
> "I want to be with George," Scheibe says in the statement, adding later: "I do not want George Zimmerman charged. I make this decision freely, knowingly and voluntarily," and without coercion, she says.

If a woman thinks you're an alpha male, however flawed, she will move heaven and earth — and even deny her own words — to be with you. What's a little shotgun-waving tiff between two lovers?

Microalphatudes, The Sequel

CH · 12 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Remember Ice Cream Guy who jerked his ice cream cone away from his girlfriend when she reached over with a spoon to take a scoop? The good and the great were offended by this raw moment of microalphatude, but CH guests of honor knew better. This guy had his girlfriend wrapped around his finger. So wrong, he could do no wrong.

Well, Ice Cream Guy is back in the news. The couple was on TV recently as "Fans of the Week", and the pre-game hosts were giving Jake — he of ice cream guardianship fame — a hard time. He was ribbed "when's the wedding?", and in true alpha style he responded, "Ohhh, shit."

Another quickie microalphatude dropped like a daisy cutter on his Daisy, and naturally she reacted by… waaaiiit for it…

… can you guess?

…yeah that's right, by gazing at him adoringly.

His "oh shit" reaction was spontaneous, but neophytes to game should know that alpha spontaneity comes with practicing the behaviors that distinguish alpha males. What was once canned will, over time, start to spill from your presence unbidden. Fake it till you create it.

There are other alpha male tells in this video, which the learned reader should be able to easily identify, so I won't belabor them here. (Ok, here's one: notice their body language. She is turned slightly toward him, leaning into his body, while his torso is pointed straight ahead, neither rejecting nor obsequiously receiving her feral affections. He is a rock, upon which she may lay her loving submission.)

The amoral tale of the tape is that you can get… and keep… a cute girl by acting like God's gift to women, by doing the opposite of what conventional society advises, and by remaining unapologetic for your JERKBOY CHARISMA. You can even do all this while insouciantly announcing that you're "too broke" to take your girlfriend to a basketball game. She won't mind, because she's in love.

Gaming Bitchy Broads

CH · 13 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The days of feminine, coy, flirty Western women are coming to a close. Blame fluoride, blame peer pressure, blame evolutionary forces, blame mass female employment, blame Turchinian cycles… the growly aggro-manjaw is now a fixture of the modern mating market.

Men can respond in three ways: drop out, dig in, or desexualize. Dropping out — i.e., perpetual fapping to internet porn and vidjya games — is an admission of defeat that's easy to sustain via dopaminergic pathways. Not an option for men who love the company of beautiful babies. Desexualizing is psychological self-castration intended to ease the pain of romantic rejection and the sting of failing to live up to masculine norms, while leaving open the possibility of real live interaction with furry-faced feminists who measure success by their collection of manboobed sycophants. cf., John Scalzi.

Digging in… now that's where the rubber meets the ho. You deal with the mating market you have, not the one you wish existed. And that means, for many American men, a practiced ability to confront and neutralize the bitchy cockblock.

A reader offers a relevant account,

> Got this shit test a couple of nights ago in a club. Wondering about recommendations and assessment on how I handled it.
>
> Walked up to a group of girls in the smoking area and opened with "you girls look like you're having the most fun here". Immediately one of them replies with "Um, We were trying to have a serious conversation here" with muchos attitude. My response was to address the group "Is she always like this?"
>
> How did I do? How would you handle this situation better?

On paper, there's nothing you did wrong here. That line — "Is she always like this?" — is straight from Ye Olde English pickup manual. But like all pickup tactics, there's an ideal time and context in which they are maximally effective. I suspect, based on your abridged replay of events that night, that you deployed the line too soon and too jarringly. That line is a classic because it works, but the implied understanding is that the line works best embedded within a conversation that already has some legs under it. The girls are already open to talking to you, even if all they're doing is shit testing you or giving you an opportunity to spit your pitch. In that state, they're more receptive to your divide-and-conquer tactic.

It appears you cold approached, lay down a line that can sound corny if the girls really *do* look like they're having a lot of fun, received an immediate and debilitating auto-bitch reply, followed up with the neg, and then went into a holding pattern waiting for a positive group reaction. That is, assuming you flamed out. You didn't specify what happened after you said "Is she always like this?".

If you were successful, then I'm not sure why you're even asking the question. Carry on, soldier of furrow. If not, all I can recommend is that you promptly segue into a new conversational thread after delivering your neg. It's much more effective that way. A neg that wafts unanchored into dead air will quickly land with a thud at the feet of the perplexed girls. But if the neg is bookended by unrelated chatter, it has room to work its subconscious magic. You ever notice how the best salesmen will chew off a customer's ear until the point that he's hooked, and then ease off to let the customer ask questions that rationalize the purchase to himself? It's similar with picking up girls, except the product you're selling is yourself.

If you want alternate suggestions for how to handle this scenario in the future, here are some replies that would work.

– "I can tell. You have steam coming out of your ears."

– “Great! I love talking about Miley Cyrus.”
– “This is a weird place to have a debate team meeting.”
– “Damn, you hurt my feelings.” (exaggerated sad face)

etc. The concept is the same: charming condescension coupled with unflappable state control. But the difference in the details amounts to teasing the bitch without blatantly making a premature attempt to turn the group against her. Most bitches are queen bees; their loyal subjects won’t turn on her until they know it’s safe to do so. You have to earn some value first before you can drive a wedge between a cockblock and her posse.

A Fool And His Money

CH · 13 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A rich man traded in his old wife for a less old pole dancer. Burned by the $7 million bonanza payout to his ex-wife, the man drew up a pre-nuptial agreement with his stripper girlfriend before marrying her.

> He married [the stripper] Ms Stelzer in October 2005, but not before a pre-nuptial agreement was signed, stating that Ms Stelzer would receive $3.25 million if the marriage broke down in the first four years.

I bet you can't guess what happened.

> They separated after two.

I used to be amazed how unbelievably stupid smart men could be when dealing with women who make their dicks hard. Obviously this guy was smart enough to amass a small fortune. Also as obvious, he was stupid enough to sign over $3.25 million to a glorified slut with a pre-nup loophole so big she was practically preordained to waltz through it.

> Mr Wallace fought to have the pre-nup deemed invalid, claiming that Ms Stelzer behaved fraudulently by making "false promises of love and desire for children".

"HOW COULD SHE DO THIS TO ME?!?"

Money is not necessarily a marker for alphaness. Many rich men are complete betas. These are the kind of head in the sand romanticists who've been spit-shining women's pedestals since birth, and who really REALLY believe a pole dancer when she tells them she loves them, as the ink is drying on the deal that amounts to a lottery win for her if she bails within four years, with eager assistance, of course, from the anti-male divorce industrial complex.

There are two — just two — safeguards against the insidious predations of women: celibacy, and love. No, not phony declarations of love paid in full with baubles and trinkets. I mean real love, the kind of uncontrollable love women lavish on charming jerkboys. If you have game… if you can play a woman's heart like a harp… she won't need to be bought off. She won't WANT to be bought off. The only scheming she'll do is convincing her friends and family that you're really a great guy underneath the rough exterior.

Chicks Despise Niceguys

CH · 14 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Horror is a woman's secret id revealed. Unenlightened men recoil, and even the women who allow the full expression of their deepest feelings are revolted by the specter of their own fallen desire.

> I am severely chafed by my gentle, compassionate boyfriend.
>
> I feel sick just writing this, and I don't want to lose something good, so here goes:
>
> I'm a 34-year-old single mother of a beautiful, sweet, and healthy three-year-old boy. I never imagined having kids, but accidentally became pregnant three months into a destructive relationship. I kept the child and eventually got rid of the man (with the help of a domestic violence counselor and a restraining order), which was a healthy decision.
>
> You see, healthy decisions are not my forte. With a few exceptions, I usually date the damaged bad boy, the alcoholic who needs rescuing, or the tortured artist. I scrapped all that when I had my son, and haven't dated since removing baby daddy from my life 2 years ago. Until recently.
>
> Five months ago, I met a man at my sister's wedding (one of the groomsmen), and we connected. Talked all night, laughing like crazy, connected. We hugged briefly at the end of the evening and we both felt it was worth pursuing. He lives 1400 miles away from me, and we began an email correspondence, sharing our relationship history, likes and dislikes, and getting to know each other. We have a lot in common. We fell in love. We made plans for him to relocate to my city and move in together. We decided all this before spending a great deal of physical time with each other. He's visited once a month for the past five months, and the trips have gone from elated, nervous excitedness to awkward arguing and annoyance. **He is sensitive, kind, attentive, and doting. He is so very patient and loving with my child. Because of these traits, I find myself feeling less attracted to him physically. He seems meek. It is truly something sick.** I have a hard time looking at him on occasion, because every little quiver, every timid step, every noise he makes while eating makes my skin crawl. He follows me around and paws at me. He is far less experienced than I am in the bedroom, and yet I do not know how to let him know what I like, because he is not keeping up with me in that department.
>
> I don't have a lot going on, aside from an unsatisfying job, my son, and my love of animals. I don't have the financial resources to pursue hobbies or interests, and this man offers stability. I love him, but I'm not sure why I'm so uncontrollably moody around him, and why he has turned me off. He is so gentle—the gentle man I always thought I wanted, because underneath it all I'm gentle, too—but I'm pushing away and I don't know if I love myself enough to make this work. I have tried talking to him about this and he just apologizes and says he feels out of his element. He picks up on my annoyance which makes him feel uncomfortable, which triggers a neediness, which I find unattractive. I don't want my son to have a bad boy for a father figure, but I don't want to resent my lover over petty things. Are these petty things? Is love about being able to be annoyed by someone, and loving them anyway? I tell myself that I have a good man—and I don't want to lose him—but how can I really snap out of this? I feel terrible, ungrateful, and confused.

A woman is as viscerally repulsed by a sensitive niceguy as a man is by a fat woman. If you want to know what a woman feels when a niceguy dotes on her in needy supplication, just remember how you feel when you see a land whale bend over in short shorts to pick up a donut crumb. The stimuli are different, but the disgust reflex is the same. And the reflex serves the same underlying reproductive purpose in both sexes: to avoid contamination of the egg with inferior sperm, and to avoid fertilizing and investing resources in inferior eggs.

Most women aren't capable of this sort of self-reflection, and with good reason; if women had to grapple with their malignant sexual natures on a regular basis, they might very well go crazy. Or crazier than they already are. From an

evolutionary perspective, mental stopgaps (aka the hamster) that block access to understanding of primal limbic impulses is a useful adaptation for ensuring women capitalize when the superior seed of self-driven, aloof, challenging, emotionally distant and often unkind men is available to them.

If you are a gentle, compassionate niceguy… a man of God…, a woman will become, inexplicably to you, cranky and moody if she's in a relationship with you. You will be confused and wonder why she won't listen to reason about all the good you do for her, and then you will blame her for your pain, unless you are an emasculated quasi-man, in which case you'll direct the blame upon yourself. And through all the emotional ups and downs, the turmoil that is out of your control to manage, the cold sexlessness that feeds your spiraling resentment and unfocused rage, the microinsults that pile higher atop your wounded dignity with every increasingly despairing day together, the misplaced guilt that poisons your soul… through all that punishment, punishment that on some days will seem less bearable than the acute pain of physical torture, one demonic truth pulsates at the center of the chaos:

She has as little power over her feelings as you do.

But there is redemption, persecuted niceguy. You just have to know where to look.

Comment Of The Week: Memento Mori My Little Pretty

CH · 15 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Wrecked 'Em suggests an old Roman tradition could serve well the modern day West.

> During a Roman Triumph it was traditional for a slave to ride with the victor and whisper to him reminders of how fleeting is glory and how short is life. In Latin this was called "memento mori".
>
> I propose that we resurrect the *memento mori* for the hot young ladies in our society. A coming-out parade, of sorts, where the ladies will ride in cars accompanied by an old woman who will whisper to them things like, "By 40 you will be invisible to men" and "You'll be over 40 for more than half your life" and "At 55 the only things that will bring you joy are your children and grandchildren; not your career, not your travels, nor your accomplishments."

For now, the cloaked figures of the House of Heartiste will release those whispers into the ethernettian winds, assuming the duties of the mothers and grandmothers who have shirked theirs.

***

Runner-up COTW is Matthew King, disgorging a wallop of righteous bile,

> We elevate the subhuman and inanimate to idol status, like sports, politics, pop-star vapidities, and here especially, masturbating into latex gripped by the dryboxes of disaffected wigger club whores on permanent vacation from daddy. Kakocratic paganism.

The hate is strong in this one. Excellent. To extract such id-ious concessions from a man wrapped in the cloth is, in a word, *delicious*.

Wives Should Submit To Their Husbands

CH · 16 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This was the advice of an Italian female author of a bestseller book titled *Cásate y sé sumisa* – "Get Married and Be Submissive". The book is now a hit in Spain, where the fertility rate of the native Spaniards is very low as one prime fertility generation of women after another squeezes into the crowded and expensive cities to pursue the accumulation of alphas and gadgets instead of betas and cherubs.

Naturally, Spain's feminists (is there no Western nation safe from the shrieking of the clams?) are outraged, OUTRAGED I tells ya, by the book's premise, and are, as is the wont of this subspecies of open-minded and tolerant leftoids, calling for it to be banned.

> The book, which was a bestseller in Italy, preaches a message of "loyal obedience, generosity and submission" on the part of the new wife and offers nuggets of advice for the newly-wed on how to please one's husband.
>
> The book currently appears at number 15 on the Amazon bestseller list in Spain but has raised the hackles of modern-minded Senoras who even staged a public demonstration against the tome, where they tore up copies.
>
> Women's groups are considering legal action to get it banned arguing that it promotes gender violence.

Here is a photo of the Italian authoress, Costanza Miriano, advocating a wife's submission to her husband:

Here is a photo of a group of Spanish feminists tearing apart copies of the book:

I could drop the mic right here and walk off stage, confident that the argument against the feminist position, such as it is, remains incontestable. But tragically there are still people in the world who believe raw ugliness exerts no influence upon one's warped beliefs or bizarro worldview, so the shivvings will continue until morale improves.

> One passage suggests: "We [women] like humiliation because it is for a greater good."

The Story of Oaths. Women in traditional marriages are happier than women participating under more "egalitarian" marital auspices. Lovely Costanza is correct; the nature of women… unchangeable, sculpted in the crucible of a millions-year old mating environment that has bred in them an instinctual adoration for the powerful man who by force of will extracts from his lovers a damegeld, i.e., submission to his prerogatives… is a wild beast that *needs* a dose of loving humiliation to remind it for whom it ploughs and pleases.

Miriano has touched on something important here, something very dark and naturally suited for examination by the learned scribes of Chateau Heartiste. A woman seeks her submission to a better man, belying her own socially greased words to the contrary, and will take the measure of a man in part by his willingness to indulge in humiliations, usually small, sometimes great, as proof of his worthiness.

What does Miriano mean by "for the greater good"? I believe she alludes to an idea articulated at CH in the past: the idea that women's unbridled sexual nature is wilder and more dangerous than man's sexual nature, and that leaving women's ravenous desire to its own devices — that is, giving women the freedom as demanded by feminists to hunt in an endless chase for perfect romantic fulfillment, no matter the consequences — will in the end breed deep discontentment, and the restless queefly quest that can never be quenched will transform the ancient courtship rituals into an acid bath disintegrating the last fibers of social connectedness.

Women, slave to limbic compulsions far beyond the mere abilities of prefrontal willpower to contain, need a man who will stop them embarking on this quest, whether embarking in reality or fantasy (both are caustic to social and familial bonds in their own ways), and the only assurance that a woman will be satisfied leaving the quest behind is if a man wrests her from pursuing it.

> The author claims the book is based on the teachings of St Paul and that a perfect wife should be submissive.

Paging Matt King…

> "It's true, you're not yet an experienced cook or a perfect housewife," she writes. "What's the problem if he tells you so? Tell him that he is right, that it's true, that you will learn. On seeing your sweetness and your humility, your effort to change, this will also change him.

Smart women understand that men won't move heaven and earth for unfeminine shrikes. Even an ur-leftoid like Maureen Dowd, by way of a fortuitous brush with brotherly reality that would have made her a wiser woman had she heeded the unmissable lesson instead of lied to herself her whole life for status whoring points at her New York Beta Times cocktail circuit, comprehends that feminine niceness, and nothing but feminine niceness, is a balm of which men will never tire.

The sassy, snarky, arch bitch inspires the competitive instinct in men, and weakens their protective instinct. Men won't feel motivated to change for a woman who isn't capable of evoking vulnerability and, yes, submission. Men will fuck the invincible modern woman, and then leave her unloved, untroubled that such a woman softly weeps herself to sleep at night.

> Granada's Archbishop Francisco Javier Martinez, who chose to publish the book has defended its content and insists that the furore surrounding it is "ridiculous and hypocritical" in a society that allows abortion, which he argues is a much clearer example of violence against women.

The Fifth Wave Feminist: Keep hacking at those fetal limbs but zero tolerance for awkward nerds committing microaggressions by telling dongle jokes.

The present condition of Western elite thought is unsustainable. Something will give, soon. And then those who always felt the Western world was amiss but were too cowardly to say so without twelve layers of sniveling PC ass-covering will embrace the wrought iron door to the Chateau and enter, imbibing its teachings without apology, without reluctance, and with only regret at having not arrived sooner.

How To Evade Tough Questioning From Women

CH · 17 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This one time, in gigolo camp…

I'd like to relay a conversation I had with a past lover who asked a very pointed question as we were strolling along a riverbank (yes, really! Hallmark called and wanted their moment back), in hopes that it will impart a valuable lesson for the next generation of pussy houndlings. Our love ended when she moved far away, but she later returned for a few weeks and met with me to wax nostalgic over old times. The pertinent part of our convo follows:

Her: Did you use game on me?

Me: (momentarily rattled) What do you mean?

Her: I mean did you say things that would make me fall for you? Were your feelings real?

After a few seconds pause to collect myself and stop from blurting an ill-formed, self-incriminating reply, I stowed my easy smile and summoned my Very Serious Face.

Me: Since when did you become so cynical? One thing I'll always regret is turning a woman like you into a cynic. It doesn't suit you.

Her: I'm not cynical. I was just wondering if you meant what you said to me.

Me: Tell me, was I a bad influence on you?

Her: No.

Me: But I was. You sound like a different girl today. That's not good. You've lost something, and it kills me inside.

Our conversation took a detour at that juncture, as we passed a store that reminded her of the place where I picked her up. When we returned to the subject, she asked me what I meant when I said she was different now than when I met her. All talk of "game" had ceased.

Note three themes: 1) I never answered her question directly. 2) I redirected the conversation so that she was put on the defensive, having to reconcile both a possible change in her personality for the worse, and blame for making me feel like "it was killing me inside". 3) The "bad influence" assumption fed her desire for JERKBOY drama.

The wild-eyed feminist reader shrieks, "That's manipulation!" Is it? Substantively, nothing I said was false. Her fling with me really did provoke in her a small measure of cynicism. It's also true that she was a naturally big-hearted girl for whom cynicism conflicted with those temperamental attributes that made her special to me. And finally, I did in fact feel kind of bad for arousing in her dark suspicions. And it is a fact as well that women welcome a bit of badboy excitement in their love lives.

But there would've been no gain to be had, for either of us, from admitting under interrogation that I had used game on her or from expressing regret for the use of game rather than regret for the effect that it had on her uncorrupted, trusting love. Because I knew from experience that when women ask seemingly pointed questions, what they really want to know goes much deeper, to primal feelings that women hold near and dear, like, for instance, the nature of loving reciprocation. Directing my replies to those deeper feelings in her, as if I was talking to a separate being or the real woman behind the curtain, would yield fuller intimacy.

So I had used game. And I meant what I had said to her when we first met. The two aren't mutually exclusive. Game was the best way to persuade her that my feelings for her were genuine, because I knew that she would need that professionally administered seduction to be open to receiving my sincere message of love. Yes, you evade tough questioning from a woman to sidestep discomfort and bad feelings, but you also evade her dead end inquisitions to grapple with the turbulence of her hidden, animating emotions. The art and science of seduction can be as enlightening as it can be bewildering. And there's no woman in the world who doesn't love it for both reasons.

Obama's America: Land Of The Twee, Home Of The Fey

CH · 18 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Organizing for Action, a creepily nondescript leftoid group tasked with propagandizing President Barack Obama's (jesus it still sticks in the craw to say that) healthcare law, have released an ad campaign on Twitter under the hashtag #GetTalking that, well, you've gotta see to believe.

I didn't think it possible that the Barack Boyman Brigade's "Hosurance" ads could be beat in loathsomeness, but you'd never go broke underestimating the junk-tucking faggotry of Obama's sop troops. You could build an online comedy empire just copy/pasting Obama Administration-authorized jpegs.

No wonder feminists are so bitter. These are the newborn androgynes they're stuck dating. The feminist has sold her womanly soul — what was left of it — for a battalion of bootlickers to escort her to ideologically reaffirmed spinsterhood.

Can you look at that swaddled manlet for more than two seconds without laughing? I could carve a better man out of a banana. We laugh because that's one of our natural human reactions to seeing something repugnant. It's similar to the chortles induced when watching a fat woman trip and bounce a few times off the pavement. So gross, we have to laugh it off.

Think about why this ad was approved for mass distribution. Your first instinct is to ask yourself, "What were they thinking?". A fair question. It's targeted at urban liberal SWPLs, just the demographic filled to brimming with these vegetable lasagnas. A brimful of asslove off the 95.

So right there you know that Obama's healthcare law needs these effete clever sillies to sign up so that the money can be compassionately thieved and redistributed to the parasite class (soon to capsize and tip over into majority status). Perhaps the creators thought that a gelding in a onesie was the way to appeal to the SWPL yuppies they need to sign up. If they thought this, and their intentions were sincere, we can conclude that stuff like this works on SWPLs because SWPLs take a kind of twisted retard pride in acting and looking like house eunuchs. To them, this androgynous lifestyle of hot cocoa and plush jammies signals sophistication and success. They're so coddled and insulated in their Caplan-esque bubble that they can't tell when they're coming off like perfumed pansies. Cerebral Scalzi, meet schizopareeneia.

If Obama's supporters and media messengers are all mental and sexual onesies — and evidence accrues that that is indeed the case — then these ad creators would have no clue that they're broadcasting prime mockery material to their enemies. It's hard to believe that could be true, what with all those 130+ IQ neoCalvinists comprising the Obama cult machine, but accelerated social sorting by ideology can easily blind a person to how they're perceived by those not like him.

The other explanation is that “Organizing for Action” knows exactly what they’re doing, and have concluded that savagely ridiculing their own base and benefactors is the road to victory. I’m not sure how they connect the dots in that strategy, although I could see how self-deprecation can work as a status signaling tactic among people ensconced in a hermetic cultural milieu. It may also reflect a deep-seated need by Obama’s leftoid advocates to burnish their anti-white (really, anti-self) bona fides, and belittle the American white man as a satisfying reminder of his diminishing place in the homeland he built. For many SWPL liberal whites, astonishing as it may seem from an evolutionary genetic perspective and to people still in possession of healthy mental faculties, the thought of psychological and demographic self-castration sends a tingle up their legs.

So here we are, presented with yet another emasculated white male as the punchable face of Obama’s America. There are shreds of hope…

…but the balance is rapidly tipping, in numbers and in influence over national affairs. The man on the right dies in pointless wars for a ruling elite staffed by an army of de-balled fancyboys like the male on the left. Who do you think sets the agenda, writes policy, propagandizes it and puts it into action? It isn’t the guy with the gun. As a commenter at Randall Parker’s Parapundit wrote, if we had a real democracy, a political system where the majority’s wishes were actually obeyed by the elite, America would look a lot different:

> The elite support democracy but democracy of the sort the Western industrialized nations have in which all but the most trivial decision-making processes have been removed from elected representatives and placed in the hands of unelected judges, bureaucrats, and trial attorneys.
>
> Populism is in complete opposition to this type of democracy. If the people could vote directly on each individual issue, they’d support all these things: an end to almost all immigration, legal and illegal, and sending back people in the country illegally. Strong defense, but non-interventionist foreign policy. Strong tariffs on just about everything to put American workers back to work. Tough crime laws and severe prisons. Death penalties after one month. Gun ownership, but with licensing. Removal of vagrants from the streets. Forcing the mentally ill into institutions. Equitarianism not egalitarianism. Forced government jobs for everyone who can’t find one in the public sector. An end to affirmative action. You get the idea, they are on the opposite side of the elites on all issues.

A male in a onesie. There’s your ruling elite running the country into the ground.

Populism — strictly, white populism — is dangerous to the elite, and that explains their program of importing a new people to undercut the influence of the middle class whites who represent the greatest threat to an avaricious, globalist, culturally severed ruling class intent on hoarding power until their last breaths and the last breaths of their assortatively inbred posterity. And you know, the elite might win, because the majority’s wishes, courtesy of the open borders project of soft genocide and demographic replacement, will soon align with the elite’s wishes.

A soft, neutered pale Ewok as the representative of America's bold march into a progressive, humanist future. A discrete choice made by a discrete committee in a sea of remarkably similar thematic choices, and yet this seemingly trivial promotional decision tells us so much about the mind of an enemy moving precariously close to outright tyranny as the next evolution from psychological debasement to achieve its goals.

You know what's happening? Multidirectional, multivariate, multicausal American decline. Every metric, every signpost, every judicial fiat, every subversive narrative points to the same destination: The drain. The deviants and degenerates and destroyers are as close to the sun now as they've ever been. This is their moment. They can feel the warmth of validation. The radiant glow of coerced acceptance. The flare of triumph over human nature. Fat Pride, Femcunt Pride, Freak Pride, Furry Pride, Slut Pride, Anti-White Pride, Gay Pride and now Pantywaist Pride. Pride cometh before the fall.

Speaking Power To Truth

CH · 18 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A malignant white leftoid decided to try and get himself arrested for a nuisance crime to prove (in his own mind) that police “stop and frisk” profiling of blacks and hispanics is wrong because it presumably lets a lot of white Manhattanite would-be criminals off the hook.

Wearing a suit and tie and carrying a couple of cans of spray paint, he had a hard time getting arrested. Even after tagging a public building in full view of security cameras, he still couldn’t get arrested (a cop at the scene was bewildered by the leftoid’s brazenness, and who can blame him), so he turned himself in, where he discovered that white cellmates had fewer bruises on them than non-white cellmates from what they claimed (always trust a con) were altercations with cops.

Naturally, the leftoid is humblebragging about his revealing exposé of the criminal justice system and, I’m sure, he’s now a hit at Upper West Side parties where he has cashed in his anti-white status whoring points for beaucoup feels. But all this moron did with his campy street stunt — aka criminal tourism — was prove that criminal profiling works. There are so few suited-up white men in NYC spraying graffiti (the number doubtless hovers around zero) that one of them carrying a can of spray paint isn’t cause for suspicion. The one white guy who does get punished for it is a performance artists who intended to write about the experience in The Atlantic. His race commits so few petty crimes in New York that he had to force the issue to get any notice from the law. So, the cops were right to ignore this buffoon.

Leftoids are fond of reciting their religious belief that blacks committing nuisance crimes — like trespassing — are handled more roughly by cops than are whites doing the same. What leftoids always fail to consider is that cops have good reason for the putative double standard; a black kid running across a suburban lawn is more likely to be heading on his way to a home invasion than is a white kid criss-crossing backyards. Those crime stats… they just don’t lie.

Pajamaboy Caption Contest

CH · 19 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Now it's your turn. Leave your ideas for captions in the comments. Winners will be announced in a future post. Good luck and happy shivving!

Bonus!

A Woman Needs A Man To Put Her In Her Place

CH · 20 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Another stirring affirmation of CH-elucidated sociosexual realities comes courtesy of a peculiar agreement arranged between a married couple and researchers designing an experiment to test whether stubbornness by one or both spouses produces unhappy marriages. (ps: ♥)

It is better to be right than to be happy – at least for one husband on the cutting edge of science.

As part of an unusual experiment, the husband was instructed to "agree with his wife's every opinion and request without complaint," and to continue doing so "even if he believed the female participant was wrong," according to a report on the research that was published Tuesday by the British Medical Journal. […]

Based on the assumption that men would rather be happy than be right, he was told to agree with his wife in all cases. However, based on the assumption that women would rather be right than be happy, the doctors decided not to tell the wife why her husband was suddenly so agreeable.

Both spouses were asked to rate their quality of life on a scale of 1 to 10 (with 10 being the happiest) at the start of the experiment and again on Day 6. It's not clear how long the experiment was intended to last, but it came to an abrupt halt on Day 12.

"By then the male participant found the female participant to be increasingly critical of everything he did," the researchers reported. The husband couldn't take it anymore, so he made his wife a cup of tea and told her what had been going on.

That led the researchers to terminate the study.

Maybe the researchers thought that aiding the dissolution of a marriage violated ethical boundaries.

> Over the 12 days of the experiment, the husband's quality of life plummeted from a baseline score of 7 all the way down to 3. The wife started out at 8 and rose to 8.5 by Day 6. She had no desire to share her quality of life with the researchers on Day 12, according to the report.

Translation: The wife was appalled by the revelations into her sexual nature.

> "It seems that being right, however, is a cause of happiness, and agreeing with what one disagrees with is a cause of unhappiness," they wrote. They also noted that "the availability of unbridled power adversely affects the quality of life of those on the receiving end."

Behaving like a supplicating beta male will increase your unhappiness, partly because it feels unmanly, but mostly because you'll incite the seething contempt of your girlfriend or wife. CH readers won't be surprised to read that an overly agreeable husband earned nothing but nagging criticism from his wife. The wife's self-reported happiness didn't budge much from Day1 to Day 6 of having her ego relentlessly stroked, but as we all know women are distinctly incapable, as a sex, of honestly and accurately aligning their socialized thoughts with their unsocialized feelings. A woman possesses a deep pool of innate talent for subconsciously reconciling contradictory emotions.

It would have been interesting to see how the wife rated herself on Day 12, but the self-reported result wouldn't have had much impact on her *true* feelings, as manifest by her compulsion to nag the shit out of her husband for agreeing with everything she said. Never mind the wife's words; her actions say it all. Women don't respect, don't desire, and certainly don't tingle for excessively agreeable men. We know this from cold hard experience, and we know this from scientific inquiry. What a woman wants is a man who will put her in her place when she's wrong or being silly. To stand up for himself. To call her out on her bullshit, aka shit tests. Oh sure, she'll make a show and bitch and moan at first… but then watch her face vulvaically glow with desirous urgency as the life-giving waters of

his insistent masculinity pour into her thirsty feminine soul. Yeah, just like that.

The Chateau covered this ground before, referencing a similar study. “Yes, dear” men get nothing but headaches, both their own and their wives’. “No, dear” men get enduring love, bordering on worship, from their grateful wives.

Continuing with the linked study above,

> The three doctors think they might be on to something, and they wrote that they would like to see the work continue: “More research is needed to see whether our results hold if it is the male who is always right.”

Happy Whoridays! There has been “research” along those lines. As commenter Trimegistus asked,

> Everywhere this article has been reported on they leave out the obvious, critical detail: WOMEN don’t react well to always being agreed with by men. If the experiment had been done with the opposite approach (wife agrees with hubby) it could go on for years because both of them would come to find it satisfying and pleasant.

A wife, writing on PuffedHo about her most intimate personal matters, decided that in order to resurrect her marital lust life she would agree to her husband’s desire for as much sex as possible. She didn’t want to do it, not on a conscious awareness level at any rate, but she discovered that acquiescing in total to her husband’s wishes made her own life a lot… happier! And less stressful. Feminists of course will be delighted to learn that wives who follow the Biblical command to obey their husbands enjoy a much more positive state of mind.

This is where women *need* to be, even if they will never say so, or are incapable of saying so, outright: Following the lead of their lovers instead of leading them around like a neutered cat on a leash. Anything less would be… unsatisfying.

Comment Of The Week: Cruisin' For A Putin

CH · 22 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Suburban_elk takes home the tumescent trophy,

> It has been said that in the old days, in Russia and elsewhere, the folk tradition was that a man was expected, upon marriage, to beat his wife, one time.
>
> He was not supposed to enjoy it, as might a demented sadist, but he was expected to do it.
>
> And then she always knew.

"What did she know?!", wails the assembled. She knew love.

***

Clover_Annie graces the board with a feminine wisdom gradually being lost to generations of Western women:

> *"I propose that we resurrect the memento mori for the hot young ladies in our society."*
>
> As a 45-year-old peri-menopausal woman just itching to educate these fools, let me pile on here: "Here's what you need to understand about being 'hot'. First, no matter your level of natural beauty, once you hit 35 or so, you will not be anywhere near hot unless you work very, very hard at it. We're talking diet, exercise, cosmetics, and possibly plastic surgery level of difficulty, and even with that, it's possible that bad genes or a bad youth will make this all for naught. Second, even if you are hot when you are 35 or 45 or 55, that WILL NOT MAKE YOU HAPPY the way it did when you were 20. Love and family and friends and security and a good attitude will make even the ugliest 55-year-old happy, and lack of these will make even the loveliest elderly woman miserable. Beauty is not an end, it's a means, and you had best use it while you can."

Make love when you can, because it is good. A maxim that has seen me well. But for women it might better be said, "Make family when you can, because it is good." The means of female beauty finds resolution in family. For men, the equation is different. The means of male power, in whatever form, finds reproductive resolution in the love and loyalty of many beautiful women. But unlike women, men's reproductive resolution doesn't have a stark finish. The acquisition of power is a lifelong pursuit, because the love of young women and the pleasure of their sex is an infinite joy.

Finding A Poosy Paradise By Women's Number Of Facebook Friends

CH · 23 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

While peer reviewed, double blind, metafantastic research on the subject is hard to come by, there is a general consensus among men who have experience with women beyond licking their taints in the comments section of feminist blogs that the less attention whoring a woman the better candidate she is for a long-term relationship. The causal mechanism for this observed reality is theoretical at this point, but a reasonable proposition is that attention-craving women — like this one — have oversized egos which require constant external validation.

Women without this need for ego stroking from the betatariat and BFF choruses are, on the whole, more grounded and fulfilled with their private love lives. While they are just as attracted to desirable alpha males as any social media mistress who sells pieces of her soul to Instagram, the attention eschewing woman represents less risk as a long-term romantic investment, because her sexual and communal energy is more inward- than outward-directed.

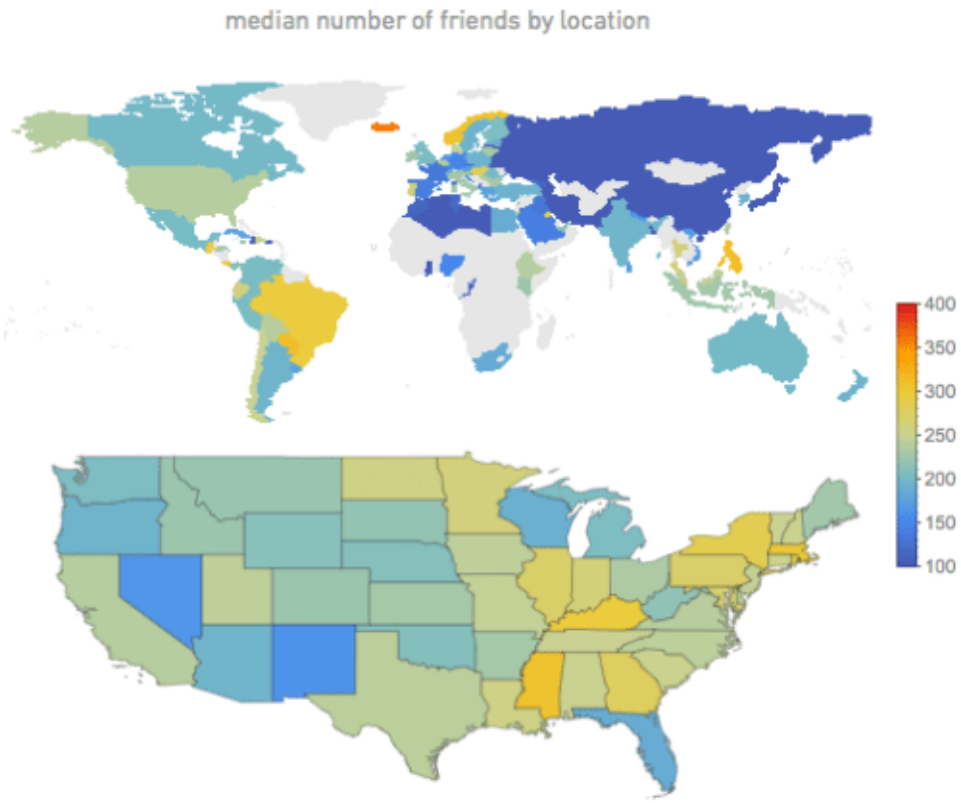
What is a poosy paradise for most men? It is a place where, or a time when, the women are beautiful, sexually hungry, and also sexually faithful, with an eye toward long, loving relationships while they are still in their youthful primes. You can find these places by word of mouth, or by extensive travel. You can also narrow your search by collating online social media data by country and discovering where the women are least likely to whore for attention.

Probably the best data rich vein is Facebook. The average number of friends that a country's (or a region's) women have on Facebook is a pretty good indicator of the mean level of national attention whoring. Internet penetrance (heh) is broad enough in developed countries that fair comparisons between Facebook friend numbers can be made by country. (I suppose if you want to Game Africa, this comparison system will do you no good.)

Commenter corvinus writes,

> But even your normal white American male of German-Irish-English descent has to contend with the fact that about one-third of women in their twenties are FAT, and the desirable women usually have several male orbiters and never have to worry about not having a boyfriend until they're north of 35.
>
> One thing I've noticed based on Facebook is that the hot American girls usually have over 500 "friends", and very often over 1,000 (including plenty of frat boys that they've known for years and can pick from for their next boyfriend), whereas Eastern European girls tend to have only about 100 or so. I myself was never in a fraternity, and only became halfway socially adept after coming here a couple years ago, and I'm now into my early thirties. So I have a serious disadvantage as per social connections go.

Crack CH researchers trawled the net and found some social media data that helps clarify where in the world the worst attention whores reside. While the following graph isn't separated by sex, it's safe to assume the overall comparison is similar for both men and women across countries, even if there is a difference in average number of FB friends between the sexes within countries.



Within America, it should surprise no one that the attention whores congregate in the Northeast and Midwest, where careerist feminists and fat single moms predominate. The attention whoring in the South is probably driven by their large black population. Squinting a little, the attention whore map overlays fairly closely with the Red State-Blue State political map (especially the one that drills down to the county level, where racial political differences are more apparent). The big outlier would be the Pacific Northwest, where people take pride in their friendship selectivity.

Worldwide, Russia and Eastern Europe look like the places to be for pretty girls who don't feel a delirious compulsion to hoard as many pretend friends as possible in an alternate virtual universe. And, again, this accords with personal experience: the EE chicks I've dated spent far fewer hours on Facebook per week than any American girl I've known.

Warm weather climates appear to be more Facebook friends-friendly, while cold weather climes the opposite. My guess is that this is a reflection of broad racial differences in temperament: K-selected, nuclear family people versus r-selected, social aggrandizing people. But there are plenty of exceptions to this rule.

In Europe, the Anglo countries don't fair so well. Feminism was birthed in the Anglo crucible, and it is within the Anglosphere where the fruits of feminism and you-go-grrlism are most overripe. Five decades blowing buttercups up girls' muumuus is bound to have a deleterious effect on their egos and need for infinite validation.

Beyond Eastern Europe, Japan looks like a good bet for finding women who avoid attention whoring. If you're a white Western man, Japan is tailor-made for romantic adventure: feminine women with self-sustaining egos and men who go to bed with pillow girlfriends as competition. Just gotta get past those flat asses…

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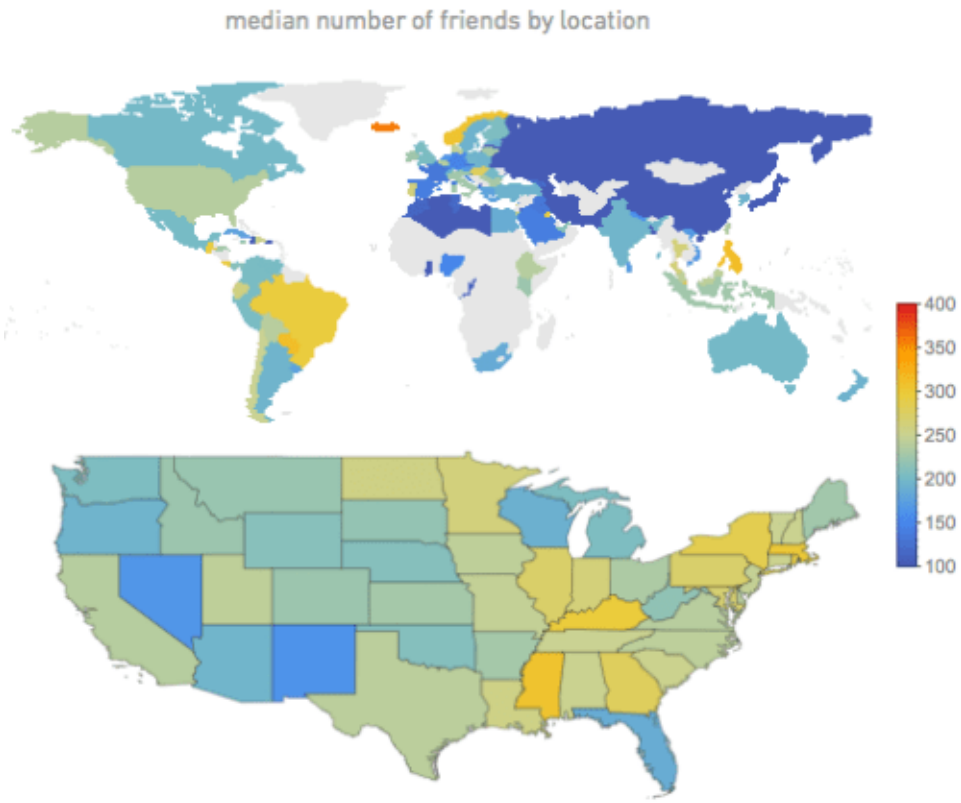

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Pictogram Text Game, Trending

CH · 24 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

When words fail you (or you're too indifferent to the outcome to bother formulating a sentence fragment), you can't go wrong with pictogram (aka emoji) game. A reader sent along screenshots of his pictogram game.

Her contribution: Eighty words, four smilies.

His contribution: “Good.” “Ok.” A funny fat birthday cat.

That, my friends, is what it looks like when a woman is chasing an alpha male’s approval. I suspect that birthday cat will get a lot of CH readers laid in the cumming months.

As the pictogram sender above noted, the girl tried to pull a “take-away” on him at the end, but it’s obvious her threat was empty. When a girl is really through with you, she stops talking. When a girl is still into you, she pretends to be through with you in twenty words or more.

PS Some readers have complained about what they perceive is an excessive focus on text game. Folks, I don’t make the mating market, I just live in it. Face-to-face courtship has ceded ground to the smartphone seductress. If Romeo were alive today, he’d be staring at his phone under Juliet’s balcony, furiously texting her romantic odes as she watched them arrive on her phone from up above him. If you think we’ve lost something human in the transition, just wait until you get a load what the future has in store…

Merry Christmas

CH · 25 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Many thanks to all the readers who showed their superlove for CH by donating to the blog (see Donate button at right). It is appreciated.

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The Ten-Year Cuck

CH · 26 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Id Dregs (fitting handle) tells a scary campfire story that reverberates in the dankest recesses of our souls because it explores ancient betrayals that have stalked humanity since its rise from the origin slime.

> This type of stuff doesn't really sink in until you witness it or experience it first hand.
>
> Case in point, I knew a couple (let's just say they were very close to me, as one was related to me). They had been married for 15 years. The man did everything to raise their social economical standing from near poverty to mid-middle class. He did just that through hard work and dedication. They both seemed to be in love and for quite some time (at least it seemed to me, I was very young at the time). Years pass and they had three children together. We see them at family gatherings and they look to be very much in love with each other but as we know here, in these parts, looks can be very deceiving. Especially on the woman's part. Anyway, fast forward some years and the man grows suspicious about his woman's love for him. She acts distant in general and starts to come home later than usual. The man then purchases a voice recorder and places it underneath her truck's dashboard.
>
> what was revealed later, shocked him so much, he went on a deep depression for about a week before confronting the matter. I've heard the tapes, and a woman's id is really the most unfiltered, debased, and crass piece of shit known to man… but eh, back to the story.
>
> He confronts her about this and she doesn't deny it. He asked how long, and she says, "I've been seeing him for 2 years now." He doesn't puss out at this level and beg for forgiveness but does something so evil, I won't even bother to post it here. **[ed: oh come on, man!]** A man can only take so much before revealing his id too, I suppose.
>
> She leaves him alone with their three children, but for him, he still feels something's not right. So he gets a paternity test on his three children and he comes to find out his youngest child, his 10 year old one, is not his.
>
> He was cuckolded for 10 years.
>
> Let that sink in.
>
> 10 years.
>
> He banished the child from his two others and now the bastard child lives with her. You can only imagine the damage this causes to the other siblings but the bitch doesn't really care. At her very core, her id is the only thing that matters. Damn be all.
>
> I still see both of them from time to time and while the man has tried to raise himself, he can't. He's too old now. He's invested well over half his life into a traitor and for what? Nothing. He's nearing 60 and the other thing that keeps him alive is his two legitimate children. As for the woman? She's currently with some man who pulled the exact same thing to his own family, just to be with her. They're currently broke but it doesn't matter to her.
>
> I believe heartiste here said it himself. Something along the lines of, " when the love is gone, it's almost as if a woman doesn't even know you…"

Close enough.

Maxim #13: When the love is gone, women can be as cold as if they had never known you.

> Well, she's in love with her badboy and knowing that she's nearing poverty doesn't matter to her.
>
> That's enough #realtalk for the day.

The specter of rape gets an awful lot of Cathedral ink in the mainstream and feminist weirdo media, but if the numbers are tabulated rather than leftoidally confabulated the incidence of cuckoldry could be as high as **30 times more prevalent** than recorded penis-in-vagina rape.

Now let THAT sink in.

But of course the comparative scourge of cuckoldry — the utter malevolence of the betrayal — raises nary a curious eyebrow from the cognoscenti because they, just like the hinterland yokels they love to torment, are psychologically enslaved to the biological imperative that pulses at the heart of the fundamental premise.

CH is well aware that the existence of this divinely created premise assures the immutability of the reality it manifests, and that nothing we write here will alter the universal laws of nature. That won't stop us from enjoying the twist of the shiv and provoking howls of pain from the platitude pushers. It must be that Christmas spirit of giving flowing through us…

Gaming Crazy Chicks

CH · 27 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The crazy chick is practically an American institution. Delayed marriage, cats as alpha male fill-ins, marathon trash TV, childlessness, anti-depressants, and energy drinks with five pounds of added sugar will turn most normal girls into genuine headcases or poseurs who want men to think they're headcases. A disconcertingly large minority of American women seem to believe that acting like a mentally imbalanced fruitcake substitutes for a paucity of femininity. It doesn't. It only makes men think you'll put out on the first date.

The crazy chick can be gamed, and there's good reason to try. Men want three primary attributes in the ideal woman: beauty, an openness to sexual experimentation, and a sweet disposition. Crazy chicks often possess attribute #1, and always possess attribute #2. The problem is that they never have #3, so the smart man knows the crazy chick was put on the earth for fun only, to be discarded as soon as the ratio of her pain-in-the-assery exceeds her ability to sexually please. The crazier the chick, the quicker that P-to-P ratio turns upside down.

If you're going to mix it up with crazy chicks, you had better know what you're doing. Lesser men have gotten chewed up and spit out by the sexy siren who made a sport of baffling and blind-siding her prey. A man unacquainted with the Lokianne side of female nature can be ruined for all good women after a few months dangling on the painted meathook of a crazy chick. You've gotta know when to hold 'em, and know when to fling 'em out the door and change the locks.

It also helps to know which chicks are crazy to the bone, and which are just sad, tragic figurines fronting crazy for the attention whore fix.

Commenter Troubadour writes,

> I've decided to seek outside opinions profiling the girl.
>
> She has piercing, dark eyes that drill straight into mine, and our eyes stay locked while she throws out shit tests like these:
>
> "It was my fault I was raped when I was 11. Everybody tells me I was asking for it, and I agree. I was asking for it."
>
> "I've often thought how much fun it would be to call a hooker over and then murder her."
>
> "I almost killed myself a little while ago. I cut too deep. That's why I'm wearing the long sleeves."
>
> "I hope I die soon. I haven't eaten in over a month to lose all that weight, and I'm in danger of passing out. I might pass out behind the wheel and die. I hope it happens."
>
> Is that the kind of crap a garden variety scene kid throws out to get attention, or is this chick scary fucked up?
>
> What am I messing with here?

I'm no psychiatrist… just a humble man with a working penis and a blessedly light genetic mutational load… but I can tell you this chick is fucked in the head. She's either a raging narcissist or a certified nut; in practice, it makes no difference to you. The emotional basket case attention whore won't make your life any easier than the subclinical loon.

Maxim #41: A girl who mentions rape or suicide during the first few months of dating in any context other than as a third party making a wryly humorous observation immediately outs herself as a crank with borderline personality disorder who will be a living nightmare as a girlfriend.

Many crazy chicks will fool you with their lavish dependency, and then surprise you one night with a story about "this one dude at the art expo I went to (yeah I forgot to tell you I was planning to go) who kept pestering me and eventually I just gave up and had to kiss him to get it out of the way". And you'll be like, "Ok, what the fuck just

happened here? Do I need to get myself tested?”

What I’ve learned is that the winning tack with crazy chicks is a studied indifference to their assorted psychological manipulations. And by the buttplug of pajamboy do they have a warehouse of mind games. Know what you’re getting into, and be ready to get out as soon as you catch her freak coming round the corner. One, you’ll want pussy on the side; crazy chick pussy is usually pretty good, and hard to tear yourself from if you don’t have a fallback. Two, whatever you do, don’t indulge her outbursts, her passive-aggressiveness, her pity ploys, her martyrdom, or her sensationalism.

The worst decision you can make is to be “exclusive” with a crazy chick, and try to reform her. That’s just begging for a world of hurt. You’re no magnanimous minister to the moon units, saving hos like Jesus saving sinners. The crazy chicks FEASTS on do-gooder betas. You show a glimmer of kindness, or patience, or a “need to understand” and your cuckoo boo will have your sanity for lunch.

The only cure for the crazy chick that’s been known to work on at least a few of them is The Wall. A headlong splat and total invisibility to men is worth more than ten years of therapy and annual pregnancy scares. When a young hottie has lost her source of power, her crazy stops befuddling betas and testing the tolerance of alphas. She gets ignored, and learns through Instant Feedback that her crazy antics, once so entertaining and lovable in the form of a 21 year old vixen, now isolates her from every social circle she knows.

The best counterstrategy for dealing with crazy chicks is bracing candor wrapped in condescension. Tell her what’s really going through your head, but do it in a way that leaves no doubt how little you care what she thinks or feels:

“It’s amazing how you can say shit like this while holding eye contact like a serial killer. Great stuff. Love it. What other tricks do you do?”

Meet crazy with the kind of male crazy that *really* drives crazy chicks nuts: detached amusement. The sex should be incredible. Just don’t stick around.

Comment Of The Week: Disinformation Tintinnabulation

CH · 29 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If you plan to pursue a fast-paced, rewarding career in womanizing, you'll want to take steps to protect yourself from crazy chicks. All you need is one wild-eyed stalker camping out at your apartment door when you get home from work to make your life exciting in the wry Chinese sense of the word.

With that in mind, reader anonYmous advises,

> Couple things from my past. And things I wish I would of done better. Using a fake name. Not showing her where I live. Not letting her follow me home. Using a burner phone (I have my main cell and a lot of chicks at work have access to databases and know know way too much about a person). I dated a chick who worked at the storage vault for the county courthouse and it was the same place they stored all of the local hospitals and clinics medical records. Needless to say she knew quite a bit about me. Also, if you plan to move get a new drivers license before you move, say you lost it or whatever. Just make sure not to give them the new address. Always keep ur phone locked and dont use a SD card on ur burner phone. Also remember that newish phones can stay connected to towers while the phone is off, so pull the battery on your main phone. The govt can use gps data to "link" two phones to an owner. The other thing I would add is to save incriminating evidence. If shit hits the fan always have a mountain of evidence on chicks. I also leave my wallet at home, and throw a hundred underneath the insole of my shoe in case I get in a bind. Though 100 doesnt go very far when something comes up. But you could put a prepaid cc under ur insole too. A crazy chick will regularly go though ur pockets when ur using the bathroom or whatever. Course you can use this to your advantage and have a friend write a fake phone number and a chicks name on it on a piece of napkin or something to stoke the fire.

Sounds like a pro. This is advanced level counterintelligence. A burner phone is an obvious first line of defense against prying princesses. Building a deliverable dossier on your lovers is next level anti-snoop game. Cash only, prepaid credit cards when cash isn't an option. Fake IDs are useful if you can find a reputable source of them, and they're legal to own as long as you don't use them to conduct a transaction in which a valid ID is required. Never give out your real address to a potential loon. Arrange all rendezvous at her place, or until she begins to ask why she hasn't seen your place yet. I once boffed a woman for four months before she got within spitting distance of my neighborhood. Keep your home spare; no identifying family photos or work-related papers lying about.

Disinformation is king in a land of distrust and proto-spinster malice. Unusual secretiveness will invite probing; better to misdirect a crazy chick with layers upon layers of lies and quasi-lies. Good girls rarely need this kind of treatment because they don't have reason to mistrust men and dig into each date's personal files. They avoid the cock carousel lifestyle and its attendant vice. Bad girls, by dint of their predilections and intemperance, have been burned many times by assholes on the make, and have developed a keenness for snooping in the bargain. They are less naive, but they pay a price in surrendering their chance at redemptive love.

Sociopathy Is Increasing In America

CH · 30 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Is sociopathy prevalence on the rise in America? According to the author of the book *The Sociopath Next Door*, it is. American culture has become a breeding ground for sociopaths.

> And disturbingly, the prevalence of sociopathy in the United States seems to be increasing. The 1991 Epidemiologic Catchment Area study, sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health, reported that in the fifteen years preceding the study, the prevalence of antisocial personality disorder had nearly doubled among the young in America, It would be difficult, closing in on impossible, to explain such a dramatically rapid shift in terms of genetics or neurobiology.

Male sociopaths do better with women. This is indisputable. If sociopathy is increasing in America, then we must look to the foundational market of human interpersonal relations — the sexual market — to discover the source of this increasing sociopathy. Quite simply, if more women are more often rewarding sociopaths with their sex, then the supply of sociopathy will increase.

Under what conditions would women swoon for sociopaths? Very harsh conditions, for one. An emotionless Machiavellian is a useful mate to have when survival is constantly tested. Another social condition that probably redounds to the benefit of sociopaths is one in which women are incentivized, by a coddling state and by women's own economic self-sufficiency, to favor the love of maximum tingle generating cads over comfy cozy betas.

Tellingly for the currently cratering US, diversity may play a crucial role in assisting the rise of the sociopaths.

> In this opinion he is joined by theorists who propose that North American culture, which holds individualism as a central value, tends to foster the development of antisocial behavior, and also to disguise it. In other words, in America, the guiltless manipulation of other people "blends" with social expectations to a much greater degree than it would in China or other more group-centered societies.
>
> I believe there is a shinier side of this coin, too, one that begs the question of why certain cultures seem to encourage prosocial behavior. So much against the odds, how is it that some societies have a positive impact on incipient sociopaths, who are born with an inability to process interpersonal emotions in the usual way? I would like to suggest that the overriding belief systems of certain cultures encourage born sociopaths to compensate cognitively for what they are missing emotionally. In contrast with our extreme emphasis on individualism and personal control, certain cultures, many in East Asia, dwell theologically on the interrelatedness of all living things.
>
> **Interestingly, this value is also the basis of conscience, which is an intervening sense of obligation rooted in a sense of connectedness. If an individual does not, or if neurologically he cannot, experience his connection to others in an emotional way, perhaps a culture that insists on connectedness as a matter of belief can instill a strictly cognitive understanding of interpersonal obligation.**
>
> An intellectual grasp of one's duties to others is not the same attribute as the powerfully directive emotion we call conscience, but perhaps it is enough to extract prosocial *behavior* from at least some individuals who would have behaved only in antisocial ways had they been living in a society that emphasized individualism rather than interrelatedness. Though they lack an internal mechanism that tells them they are connected to others, the larger culture insists to them that they are so connected — as opposed to our culture, which informs them resoundingly that their ability to act guiltlessly on their own behalf is the ultimate advantage. This would explain why a Western family by itself cannot redeem a born sociopath. There are too many other voices in the larger society implying that his approach to the world is correct.

As Robert Putnam has discovered, ethnic and racial diversity reduces trust and social cohesion. Radically

heterogeneous societies lose their aura of connectedness. Within this atomized, unraveled milieu, sociopaths thrive. They thrive not only because any communitarian brakes on their behavior are removed, but also because the culture begins to value and exalt the very special talents of the sociopath. This is an unavoidable transition when people feel unmoored from a larger social family, and adopt a pathologically individualist “look out for #1″ attitude to life in response to the vague but palpably ominous threat of rainbow fauxalitions.

To be a high level player, you have to be blessed with a touch of sociopathy. Without that trait for timely detachment, you will empathize too much with the particular needs and reproductive goals of women. That distracting emotional resonance will hinder your ability to hurt a woman’s feelings and, sadly you’ll discover, rare is the woman who joyfully surrenders her body to a man who is careful to spare her feelings.

So sociopathy has its privileges. But no nation of sociopaths ever put a man on the moon.

Girl Tells Boyfriend He Needs More Male Friends

CH · 31 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A reader writes,

> I wrote to you before about your advice improving the relationship with my mom.
>
> I want your critical and scrutinizing take on another situation. I've been in a relationship for almost 3 years now. It's going great. I keep it in-line with CH preachings and wisdom, and I would even go as far as saying that both of us are pretty happy. I've never been the type to be the super macho alpha male. I would describe myself as Tom Haverford from the show Parks and Rec, except caucasian, and a bit taller. Now that the necessary background info is out of the way, here's the question: **I find it much easier to talk to girls and make friends with them than with guys.** I have 1 guy friend, and about 11 girl friends. (As a side note, from those 10, about 2 of them are dtf.) I've never cheated on my gf. **I don't hide the fact that I am in relationship from any of them,** and I do not broadcast every detail of my relationship either. I find that girls are easier to go out and do things with, like go to the bar, play pool, or even just grab a coffee, or lunch with. (Maybe it's easy for me due to the fact that I internalized your ways of game and flirting, and had ample of practice on my actual gf.) Where as with guys in the past and now I had friends who I would do a certain activity with i.e. soccer sam, xbox mike etc. but thats about it.
>
> Anyways, naturally this drives my real girlfriend nuts. She's not the overly attached girlfriend, who texts me every minute asking me where am I, but if she hears that I'm in company of girls when she calls, she would go like "oh right, you are with your girlfriends, sorry I'll call you back" Or if I'm about to send a text to someone and she sees my phone messaging screen and its mostly girls names she gets upset. She also met a few of my "girlfriends" and every now and then would throw something like "sorry I'm not Katie" etc. **My gf keeps hinting that I need more guy friends, and that it's "weird" that I don't hang out with guys at all, and that I should do something about it. On the other hand, I am quite satisfied with the situation.**
>
> What's your take?

My take: you're sitting in the driver's seat. You're right to feel quite satisfied with the present arrangement. Everything you've written tells of a woman who is beset by irritating, if manageable, jealousy pangs, and has assumed the perpetual chaser role of the girlfriend who feels she must continually re-earn her man's love and affection.

This state of affairs may sound bad in print, but these kinds of men aren't the ones getting taken to the cleaners by icy ex-wives.

When a girl like this one tells you to swap out most of your female friends for male friends, she's practically confessed to feeling threatened.

Women who are in charge of their relationships typically put the kibosh on their men hanging out with their male friends too much because those women don't want their men's attentions (read: resources) spent frivolously on his gang of bros. These women don't worry so much about female competition because they don't believe their beta herbs are capable of seducing other women. This is how it goes for, oh, 80-90% of long-term relationships.

In contrast, women who *aren't* in charge of their relationships typically fret more about their men spending time in the company of women, any women, in any context. These women do worry about the female competition, because they know their boyfriends/husbands have the charismatic chops to woo aspiring mistresses. And they know that women are mercenary behind the fair maiden masks, and will eagerly encourage a betrayal.

Be happy that you hold court with women. It's not weird, it's exhilarating, for you and your girlfriend.

More Evidence That Men's Looks Don't Matter As Much As Women's Looks

CH · 2 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The people demanded less opaque post titles, and the proprietors listened. Nestled in the abstract of a seemingly unrelated study about the genetics of sexual antagonism is a finding that men's looks don't contribute much to their overall attractiveness.

> Genetic Factors That Increase Male Facial Masculinity Decrease Facial Attractiveness of Female Relatives
>
> For women, choosing a facially masculine man as a mate is thought to confer genetic benefits to offspring. Crucial assumptions of this hypothesis have not been adequately tested. It has been assumed that variation in facial masculinity is due to genetic variation and that genetic factors that increase male facial masculinity do not increase facial masculinity in female relatives. We objectively quantified the facial masculinity in photos of identical (n = 411) and nonidentical (n = 782) twins and their siblings (n = 106). Using biometrical modeling, we found that much of the variation in male and female facial masculinity is genetic. **However, we also found that masculinity of male faces is unrelated to their attractiveness and that facially masculine men tend to have facially masculine, less-attractive sisters.** These findings challenge the idea that facially masculine men provide net genetic benefits to offspring and call into question this popular theoretical framework.

This is a surprise even to the viscounts of CH, who have stated many times that manly male looks play some role in attracting women, even if that role is diminished relative to the role that female looks plays in attracting men. This study, one that apparently contradicts the prevailing scientific wisdom, found that masculine male looks did not influence the attractiveness of those men.

The reasoning sounds solid; women who are attracted to masculine-looking men run the risk of having ugly, manjawed daughters by them, (cf. Amanjaw Marcuntte). Since women can't legally pick and choose (yet) the sex of their babies, evolutionarily speaking it would be a huge risk to mate with a man of masculine appearance and bear masculine daughters who would be less reproductively fit than more feminine women, instead of bearing masculine sons who, putatively, would be more reproductively fit than less masculine men. Such a strategy, then, is a theoretical wash in genetic continuance terms.

CH is not prepared to call this study the final word on the subject of male looks and its apportioned influence in male mating success, but it is further confirmation of the CH principle that conventional male facial attractiveness is not nearly as crucial a variable in the romantic success of men as female facial attractiveness is to the romantic success of women. Women are, at a very primal level, attracted to a much larger (although still circumscribed) panoply of physical and character traits in the opposite sex than the relative paucity of female traits that exert a libidinous pull on men.

What this study helps explain is the odd phenomenon of soft, hipster cream puffs like Pajamaboy managing the task of getting girlfriends. (Not necessarily Pajamaboy specifically, but those chinless freaks like him who know how to twirl with pizazz.) A chipmunk-cheeked herbling with game and a cocky attitude can get laid, and this fact doubtless stokes the ire of chivalrous, white knighting manly men who swing axes instead of cocoa mugs.

The manly men can find romantic success, too… even better than the pajamaboys… but it helps their cause if they incorporate the precepts of game into their dealings with women. What is coming into focus is that women's criteria for lovers is more context- and personality-dependent than men's criteria, and the seed of that pasty herbling with the flair for flirting can produce some knockout daughters, if the chromosomal stars align.

Is A Blubbering Inner Party Leftoid Trying To Silence Chateau Heartiste?

CH · 2 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

News alerts over the Twitters reveal that a smug bearded mole allegedly within the WordPress organization has contracted the womanly vapors from reading Chateau Heartiste and is searching for remedies to make the hurty stop.

> @alternatekev Hunting down cowards on the internet because they've just collided some worlds for me and they aren't going to like it.
>
> @jaydot http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2013/12/30/sociopathy-is-increasing-in-america/and http://www.returnofkings.com/24142/why-did-karl-halverson-pierson-attack-his-school-and-kill-a-pretty-girl
>
> **@jaydot** if i find enough evidence of incitations for violence in the first link, I can have them removed from the internet.

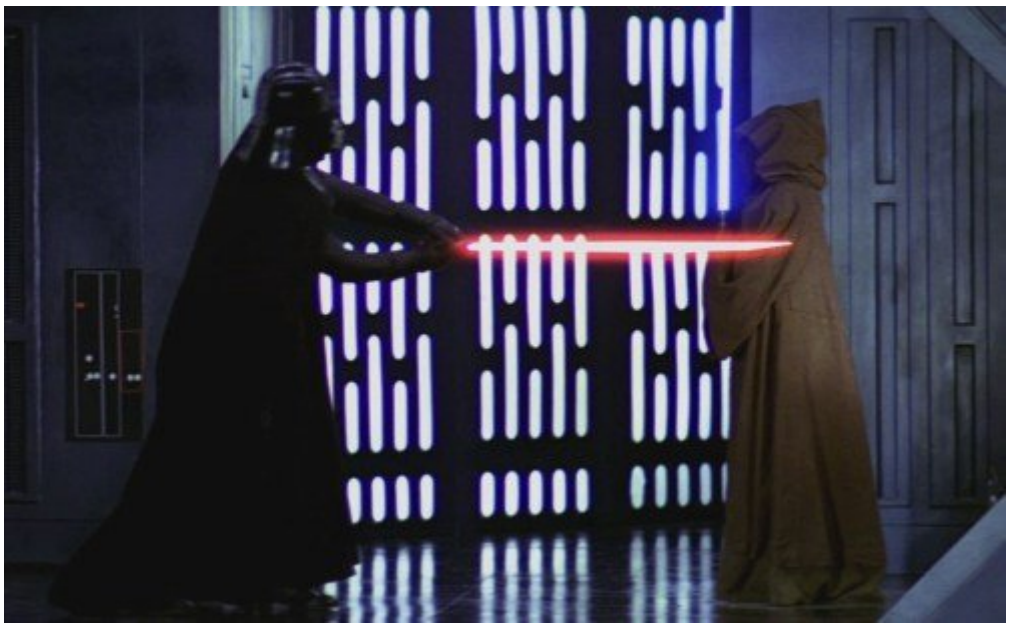
We hear so much about liberal tolerance and open-mindedness, yet in practice it's hard, and getting harder, to find actual examples of anything but the opposite behavior from these self-declared humanist champions of free expression. The typical liberal now is as much characterized by his quickness to silence dissent as he is by his weak jaw-concealing hipster cheek scruff and his ability to pass for a woman in a tasteful skirt. He's not a subversive; he's a schoolmarm.

For those wondering, this is how leftoid Cathedral media power operates when their first line of attack — an attempt at social shaming and ostracism — fails: Backroom machinations by a vocal and ideologically strident pro-goon contingent, protected by thick corporate layers of less strident but emotionally sympatico allies that vastly outnumber any opposition, leverages their power to cow resistance and control the discourse by literally censoring open inquiry and speech that upsets the delicate balance of their uterine flora. If @alternatekev at WordPress.com can't win on the battlefield of ideas, well, he can always make the ridiculous claim that a post about possible increasing levels of sociopathy in America is an incitement to violence, and convince a few nerds in SysAdmin to burn the ASCII books. Problem solved, as Stalin might say.

WordPress is a great platform, and a model for other hosting companies. They have provided a free service that has fostered a true renaissance of ideas on the hallowed grounds of CH. One wonders if WordPress.com is aware that one of their employees is a gung-ho advocate of disappearing wordpress-hosted blogs for writing things that offend his exquisite sensibilities? I'm not a fly on the wall at WordPress headquarters, but I can't imagine an employee so transparently antagonistic to the first principle of a company to expand the means with which free thinking men can communicate to the masses would be the sort of saboteur with whom the company wishes to associate.

So here we are, another mental manboob (and physical manboob, if you had to bet) thrilling at the prospect of executing his own private Watsoning to the hoots and hollers of his ignoramous leftoid compatriots, beaming ear to ear that he fights the good fight to squash truth-seeking for the cause of conformist cant. Stand proud, @alternatekev, for your struggle is the struggle of untold millions around the world who must suffer in silence the humility of reading stuff that turns them red in the face and incites them to hunt for the witch to burn.

What's more to say? You sit in the driver's seat, @alternatekev. Take your shot. Suppress or get off the pot. Victory is within your grasp.



The Leftoid Media Lie Machine

CH · 3 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

As most CH readers are likely aware, mass media suppression of hatefacts has accelerated and intensified in recent years, with signs that 2014 will usher the Year of Crimethink Suppression. As a minor but telling example of the effort the liberal-owned-and-operated media industrial complex (aka the propaganda arm of the Cathedral) will go to maintain their Narrative and excise uncongenial facts from their copy, Mangan tweeted (can someone please create a social media platform with a manlier sounding name, ferkrissakes?) the following,

> Dishonest, groupthink journalism: 98% of Stories Ignore That Ice-bound Ship Was On Global Warming Mission. http://newsbusters.org/blogs/mike-ciandella/2014/01/02/frozen-out-98-stories-ignore-ice-bound-ship-was-global-warming-missi

In the scheme of things, it's a small "oversight" by the journalistic zero integrity clown show, (and ironic considering that global warming is the one liberal pet cause that is buttressed by at least some respectable science), but when you multiply this trivial slight against the truth by the millions of other big and little anti-white lies the Cathedral tells every hour and every day of the year, it becomes clearer that the American public is being deliberately lied to on a scale so massive it may dwarf in sweep and penetration the propaganda outlets of the totalitarian regimes of the 20th Century East.

Why do they lie? And why do they lie on such insignificant details, when telling the truth would seem to do them no harm? For answers, you need to get inside the heads of your Columbia Journalism School SWPL foes.

The Leftoid Media Lie Machine operates under the direction of two fundamental psychological processes that exist in every human being, but are especially pronounced in your typical leftoid: Ego preservation and status whoring.

Media mavens and liberal lickspittles alike fancy themselves the cognitive elite; they take pride in their smarts and their education. They are world class humblebraggarts and suck-up credentialists. Their insufferable ideology — a caustic mix of snarkism, childism and feelsism — is their coin of the realm, the barter they use to signal their smarts and to draw up cultural battle lines that give them tactical advantage. When their beliefs are challenged, as is becoming more their reality every day thanks to shiv masters like yours truly, they go into rabid attack mode, because a threat to their egos is like a threat to their bodies. The leftoid is nothing if he is not his glowing, pulsing ego. If the leftoid loses his Narrative prerogative, he may as well lose his reason for living.

And so the temptation to lie lie lie is strong in the leftoid when the truth begins to come out and undercut his manicured mental world and cherished self-conception as an enlightened and kind-hearted wunderkind. He responds to the crisis by working tirelessly to keep that Overton Window securely in his playing field. Three consequences of the threat against the leftoid's haughty but paper-thin smugness then emerge:

1. The Cathedral suppression of truth will intensify as realization spreads among the true believers in the ranks that everything they've believed is a lie.

True believers hide contradicting facts from themselves as much as they do from others. This is an ego protection countermeasure. It isn't logical, but it is human.

2. The ruling elite who are cynically aware of the truth but can't escape their emotional attachment to their ideology or to status whoring on the backs of the wrong kinds of white people will encourage the lying as a tool of psychological and political warfare.

Cathedral leftoids loathe the idea that they might give aid and comfort to their non-leftoid enemies. In this scenario, they know the truth on some level, but refuse to acknowledge it (despite any journalistic ethical strictures commanding them to do so) because they believe acknowledging it will embolden and gird the spirits of those they consider horrible, no good people. To these leftoids, the prospect of Heartland Joe (Votech, Class of 1975)

beaming with satisfaction that his intuition about the way the world works was right all along drives them insane with rage. Even worse, the thought that a sadistic demon like me would take an eviscerating scalpel to their egos armed with their de facto surrender papers keeps them awake at night in terror.

3. Slander, spying and sanitization will become the default actions of the liberal gatekeepers of discourse gaping ineffectually into the teeth of intractable social problems caused primarily by their own ideas and preferred policies.

Expect shitlib hysteria to reach epic contortions in the coming years, because it will be the only reaction they have left to assuage their fraying egos as the world they constructed falls to pieces around them. The more unsolvable the mass scale social problems become, the more readily leftoids retreat to shrieking bansheeism as a policy prescription and psychological balm.

In the end, the truth wins out. The question is whether it wins in the arena of genteel exchange of ideas, or it rises as the last man standing in a blood-soaked thunderdome.

Desperate Male Of The Month

CH · 6 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The desperate male is a subspecies of the beta male. His *modus operandi* can be summed up in three words:

Always be chasing.

His philosophy is a simple one, assembled from the cut scenes of a thousand rom coms where the persistent Lloyd Dobler gets the girl in the end. He adheres to the core belief that women reward men who lavish them with flattery and intense declarations of romantic fealty.

Sometimes, once or twice in a millennium, he succeeds. Most of the time, men like him fail to get the girl they want, and often accomplish the opposite of what they intended: they incite the wrath or contemptuous pity of their pedestaled love interests.

To celebrate the craven puling of the desperate, clingy ünterbeta male and his mule-headed refusal to see women for what they are, the sheiks of the shocker, the maestros of the magic fingerbang, your ever 'umble viceroys of entice ploys, CH house lords will feature occasional exposés of the sorry males whose testosterone glow went out a long time ago.

Today's entrant to the pantheon of pathetic is a Facebook chatterer and a reminder why women are evolved to instantly assume the proto-Heisman blocking maneuver whenever they're in the company of strange men who carry the stink of the undersexed:

Cute girls are at risk of acquiring omega male stalkers if they don't nip their amorous wooers in the bud. This is why women have at their disposal an arsenal of shit tests and social shaming tactics. The former for those men who haven't yet been identified for their mate worthiness; the latter for those men who have been deemed unworthy but lack the social savvy to know when to retreat. We men may not particularly enjoy having to hurdle the roadblocks that women put up on the path to sweet loving bliss, but the better of us should understand why those hurdles are necessary to women, and devise ways to circumvent them.

Besides the obvious if sick humor of it all, a couple of notable quotables jump out from the above one-sided exchange:

1. The guy violated just about every Poon Commandment. He quite spectacularly turned the Commandments on their heads. Commandment VIII took the worst beating; I half expected him to apologize for being born.

If you want to guarantee failure with women, read the Poon Commandments and do the opposite. This will ensure failure better than wearing a placard in public declaring your infidelity, buying flowers on the first date, or getting convicted of pedophilia.

2. As if we entered some bizarro universe where the sexual polarities are reversed, the girl replied in pictograms while the male wrote novellas airing his emotional laundry (and unused sperm-polluted mental health). Had the sexes been swapped in this exchange, I would be confident that these two were getting laid in the near future. But since the male has occupied the female role and the female the male role, there will be no sex.

3. Any man who thinks promising a woman that he "won't take advantage of her" is the way to her heart is a power tool. Chivalry works in the abstract (specifically that abstract where unicorns are a possibility); in practice it's an abysmal failure. A woman, if asked, will always say she wants a man "who respects her need to take it slow", but in reality, where her words meet the unstoppable force of her tingles, a chivalrous gentleman's pose is the equivalent of downselling: "Sure, this smartphone looks fast and functional, but it actually has parts made from Fisher Price toys. Try this cheapskate badboy clamshell over here instead."

4. "Hows the pretty lady doin" could have worked as a funny opener if a parrot pictogram was appended to it, but midway through three weeks of unreciprocated Facebook self-immolation it's the death warble of a man who's forever been Pluto in women's solar systems: A distant orbiter who barely qualifies as a space rock.

So here's to you, "Hows the pretty lady doin" Man. Your travails are a life lesson in how not to act with women.

When Alpha Males Square Off

CH · 7 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Can you spot the alpha-iest alpha who ever alpha'ed?

A hushed crowd gathers at a safe distance round the two great white beasts… lords of their jungles… locked in a struggle predetermined by ancient custom and cosmic law. They slowly circle, gazes unwavering, searching for a flash of weakness in cold orbs of blue ice that have seen much. Stalking and circling, bodies taught under the veneer of custom suits and polite banter, prepared to spring to action. Their minds electrified with the weight of the rapprochement, jowls flaring a crimson warning. The winner will acquire mating rights to the loser's concubines, and oh my is that a lot of concubines. The women on the losing side will wail and gnash their teeth, but only for a moment before regrouping and surrendering with barely concealed relief and joy to the carnal caretaking of the new king…

It's just a snapshot of two human silverbacks in the wild, but these frozen totems at the pinnacle of their male power give us clues to the subtle undercurrents of intention and the restrained but fraught posturing that accompanies the spectacle of an alpha male face-off. It doesn't happen often — super alpha males tend to give each other a wide berth in their natural habitats — so when a direct clash of caliphs does happen it's occasion to clear the arena for a primetime show.

Both of these potentates have strong alpha male body language. You would expect nothing less than ramrod straight backs, squared shoulders and jutting chins from two men who are accustomed to ordering successful assassinations and plowing ass ten to a bed. Their faces are expressionless, void of the slightest twinkle of a smile in the eyes or mouth, and this too is expected when two high status men, trained by decades of accumulating a mountain of lessers and climbing over their prostrate souls, confront one another and must ascertain the other's sentiment without revealing clues to their own emotional state. Wry smiles are affordable when one's potential antagonist is a beta male; such an amiable gesture signals a vulnerability that the high status can easily indulge. But on the battlefield of equals, the crowd unsure which prince to line up behind, the smile is stashed lest the men risk an accidental tell of submission.

For a deeper analysis, we need to locate small details that evade cursory examination. Eye contact is important here. Putin is locked like a polonium-tipped bullet on DiCaprio's eyes. His stare communicates, if a communique can be discerned, that he is alternately bored by this dog and pony show and pleased with the passing thought that he could… radically alter… Leo's life trajectory with a word.

DiCaprio's eyes, unfortunately, are obscured by the camera angle, so we can't know if he's meeting Putin's pupils or looking askance as Putin sizes him up. We'll give him the benefit of the doubt and say the former.

Super Alpha Male Score (SAMS) so far: Putin 1, DiCaprio 1.

Putin is not a tall man. Yet in every photo of him, he appears capable of adeptly adjusting his posture and gaze in the company of taller men. The proof of this is that you hardly ever see a picture of Putin and immediately think "Damn, he's a short man." He leaves a taller impression on the viewer. DiCaprio has natural gravitas due to his relative height, an advantage which Putin must neutralize. And he does, with a jaunty cock of the head and careful refusal to raise his chin too high to accommodate DiCaprio's elevated presence. For this impressive feat, we must award Putin.

SAMS: Putin 2, DiCaprio 1.

Sadly, as the CH giveth, the CH taketh away. Note Putin's drink; he's holding that snifter too high up his torso, a classic habit of defensiveness. Keep that drink by your waist, Comrade!

SAMS: Putin 2, DiCaprio 2.

Putin's face seems more relaxed, but his carriage more tense. DiCaprio appears a little more relaxed throughout the shoulders and upper back. Leo's brow is more knitted, though, which gives him the look of a man who is trying too hard to appear tough, or who is struggling with constipation. This one's a wash.

SAMS: Putin 2, DiCaprio 2.

Now what? When direct comparison is limited, we turn to the adoring gaze of the crowd. The alpha male is as much a creation of the perceptions of the people who eagerly draft in his wake as he is a locus of his own alphaness. This crowd is fixed on DiCaprio. Putin may as well be another gawker.

If we stop here, and it would be reasonable to do so, the winner of the Super Alpha Male Square Off can be declared.

SAMS: Putin 2, DiCaprio 3.

Not much more to say, you say? Hold on, CH judges are privy to documents and dossiers that alter the complexion of the proceedings. We are fairly certain that DiCaprio has never slyly called out the ethnic composition of the first Soviet government and trolled the entirety of the Western world's media.

SAMS: Putin: Irrepressible chutzpah, DiCaprio: Fancyboy.

Vlad, your trophy has been delivered to your country estate.

14 Things No One Will Tell Fat Girls... So I Will

CH · 8 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Things that I wish I deluded myself with earlier. Things that I've learned in online life, where babbling nonsense can never be fact-checked. Things people really need to talk about more, until they start to believe their own bullshit:

Everyone has rolls when they bend over. Everyone.

Yes, it's true. When women hug their knees they show tummy rolls. ALL OF THEM HAVE TUMMY ROLLS. Of course, some rolls are tiny miniature baguettes that have to be coaxed out with extreme physical contortion and some are sun-bleached whale carcasses that protrude at the slightest exertion. And some rolls are so mighty they undulate even when the woman is standing straight. Not that any of this should make a difference, Judgy McJudgidouche. Everyone is equally sexy to the opposite sex. Except for creepers and nerds.

When people say "you're gorgeous", believe them.

Because if you start doubting the sincerity of random strangers who just want to make it through the day without starting fights with hair-trigger, insecure fatties, you'll get depressed and think about killing yourself. (Protip: Don't embarrass your family by having your dead body airlifted through a hole in the roof. Do the dirty deed in an empty field, preferably downwind of major population centers.) When well-meaning friends genuinely compliment your looks despite all evidence to the contrary, it's because they see all of you. I mean, they see ALL of you with assistance from fish-eye lenses. So they know how to tailor their lies accordingly.

"Arm flab is embarrassing."

No it's not, go fuck yourself. Arm flab is romantic. Think about all the songs written about boys dying in your arms tonight… from asphyxiation.

You're not stunning *despite* your body. You're stunning *because* of your body.

That's true. When a fat woman embraces you with all the inner beauty she can muster, you will be stunned and gasping for breath as your spine cracks. If you start to see a white light at the end of a tunnel, you're not having a near-death experience; that's just a flashlight she lost six months ago wedged in her cleavage. I am of the firm belief — much like the firmness with which creationists hold their beliefs — that every person is beautiful (except for the aforementioned creepers and nerds), and so this leaves the inside to be the part that is most telling when it comes to true "beauty", which I have put in scare quotes because there's no such thing as beauty, except for the even harder to discern stuff that exists on the inside. Presumably somewhere in the mitochondria?

A guy can pick you up off your feet, and it won't break his back.

It won't, I promise! Getting picked up by him won't cripple anything but perhaps his ego as he struggles to deadlift a weight well above his one rep max.

True story. This just happened to me for the first time in… six years? I'm considerably heavier than I was 6 years ago (like… 70 pounds heavier) and so when I ran up to my friend Eric for a hug and he picked me up with my heels in the air… it left me breathless. I had forgotten that it was possible; I had accepted a life void of being lifted. So exhilarating. Eric didn't suffer any lasting injuries that I could tell and he walked away pretending to be Ok, before spending the evening alone icing every joint in his body.

You don't need to exercise every day in order to feel better about yourself.

You could get your dopamine fix with a tub of butterfat, for instance. You don't owe it to anyone to look good for them, unless you want to be noticed by normal men with functioning libidos.

You're allowed to fall in love with yourself. I promise.

This will be the scariest thing you will ever do, because there will be some moldy fungus colonies in your belly

folds that will be very hard to love. It will also be the most amazing (albeit super delusional) experience you will ever have. It doesn't make you narcissistic. It doesn't make you vain. It makes you blind to reality, and that's liberating in every nuance of the term.

It's also okay to have days were you don't love yourself.

It'll take a long time to reverse the effects of self-hate indoctrination and brainwashing by hanging out on feminist fat-acceptance websites where you can indulge self-love indoctrination and brainwashing. It's going to take a lot longer than you think to reverse this thinking, because the non-rationalizing part of your brain knows that fatness kills romance dead. So give the media the finger, and move forward into a different media that tells you what you want to hear.

Everyone's boobs are uneven. If you have a lot of boobs, they might be *way* uneven.

If you have a lot of boobs. you may want to see a doctor. Superfluous boobs are weird. But if you have just two boobs, and they're uneven, worry about other things. Unevenness is not as much of a turn-off to men as are hanging sacks of seal blubber pendulously slapping the top of a fupa.

There are people who prefer large ladies. And I mean all sizes of large.

I thought that my best bet in life was to find a partner who *accepted* my fat. Pause. Give me a minute to hang my melonhead and shake it at myself. Not only are there people who adore "thick" women, but a LOT of them who prefer it. By "people", I mean loser men with no options. By "LOT", I mean one or two weirdo fatty fuckers.

Here is what you need to know: you do NOT need to settle for a lover who is "okay" with your body. You have the right (and millions of imaginary opportunities) to find someone who is infatuated with your body. You deserve to be worshiped by a freak fat fetishist who wants to masturbate into your chins, woman!

Fat chicks bang hot guys… ALL. THE. TIME.

If my proof by assertion doesn't convince you, there's always Hugh Jackman. And a million indiscriminately horny black men who would bang your back tits in a drunken haze.

"Girls" showed what society thinks about *that* when Hannah's character has a weekend romance with an attractive and wealthy doctor. People flipped their shit. It was like seeing a beautiful woman in the arms of a pimply brony with a stutter. It violated too many rules about how the world really works. Never mind that the show is a vehicle for Lena Dunham's wish fulfillment feminist fantasies, the message to us fatty fats is a positive one, and should remind us that hot guys aka socially awkward rejects will settle for dumping their tepid crippled seed in our distended porcine holes when the couch crease stops looking attractive.

Exceptions prove that the rules don't apply to US, ladies. Now let's group hug with our T-rex arms.

Riding during sex will NOT collapse his insides.

But it may kill him just the same.

Wearing whatever you want is a political statement.

Join the revolution. Throw style rules out the window. Wear the tutu. Wear the horizontal stripes. Wear the turquoise skinny jeans (shoe horn included). Wear the see-through blouse. Wear the bikini (sans bridge). Wear the sweat pants. Wear the shirt that says "Does this shirt make me look fat?". Wear whatever it is that makes you happy, even if that's the four-person tent tarp. This is your life. And it's the life of everyone else who will mock the Mariana Trench plumber's crack of your revolutionary posturing.

You are fucking beautiful.

I'm saying this with a straight face and seriously meaningful look where I maintain eye contact for an uncomfortable amount of time, because these are the immense efforts I need to make to convince myself as well as

you of an absurdity that is so transparently false to anyone with the eyes to see. I know you don't feel like you fit into the category of gorgeous that our world aka immutable biological reality creates. I know that its hard. I know that its a daily battle to adhere to proper grammar. But fuck their fascist beauty standards, replace them with your own fascist beauty standards. The second you stop looking for a skinny model in your funhouse mirror and start looking at YOU… is the second you will start to appreciate the solitary life of the manatee. Stop looking for folds. Stop looking for canyon-sized dimples. You are perfect in the middle of a polar vortex where your layer of insulating fat gives you a survival advantage. You are more than enough for that all-you-can eat brunch buffet. You are the best thing that has ever happened to discarded piano cases doubling as coffins. And you are fucking beautiful to hungry predators looking for immobile prey and an easy week-long meal.

Say it with me, because no one of sound mind will say it with us.

"Thing #1: You're fucking repulsive to the human eye. Oh shit! How did that get past the hamster editor?"

“The want of men was their ruin”

CH · 9 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Aristotle expounded on the fall of Sparta at the hands of their women. It’s brisk reading and, to CH readers, offers familiar theories about the sexes. The ancients knew more about the nature of women than do our modern, plugged in Wiki warriors with the world’s PC knowledge at their fingertips.

> Again, the license of the Lacedaemonian women defeats the intention of the Spartan constitution, and is adverse to the happiness of the state. For, a husband and wife being each a part of every family, the state may be considered as about equally divided into men and women; and, therefore, in those states in which the condition of the women is bad, half the city may be regarded as having no laws. And this is what has actually happened at Sparta; the legislator wanted to make the whole state hardy and temperate, and he has carried out his intention in the case of the men, but he has neglected the women, who live in every sort of intemperance and luxury. The consequence is that in such a state wealth is too highly valued, especially if the citizen fall under the dominion of their wives, after the manner of most warlike races, except the Celts and a few others who openly approve of male loves. The old mythologer would seem to have been right in uniting Ares and Aphrodite, for all warlike races are prone to the love either of men or of women. This was exemplified among the Spartans in the days of their greatness; many things were managed by their women. But what difference does it make whether women rule, or the rulers are ruled by women? The result is the same. Even in regard to courage, which is of no use in daily life, and is needed only in war, the influence of the Lacedaemonian women has been most mischievous. The evil showed itself in the Theban invasion, when, unlike the women other cities, they were utterly useless and caused more confusion than the enemy. This license of the Lacedaemonian women existed from the earliest times, and was only what might be expected. For, during the wars of the Lacedaemonians, first against the Argives, and afterwards against the Arcadians and Messenians, the men were long away from home, and, on the return of peace, they gave themselves into the legislator’s hand, already prepared by the discipline of a soldier’s life (in which there are many elements of virtue), to receive his enactments. But, when Lycurgus, as tradition says, wanted to bring the women under his laws, they resisted, and he gave up the attempt. These then are the causes of what then happened, and this defect in the constitution is clearly to be attributed to them. We are not, however, considering what is or is not to be excused, but what is right or wrong, and the disorder of the women, as I have already said, not only gives an air of indecorum to the constitution considered in itself, but tends in a measure to foster avarice.
>
> The mention of avarice naturally suggests a criticism on the inequality of property. While some of the Spartan citizen have quite small properties, others have very large ones; hence the land has passed into the hands of a few. And this is due also to faulty laws; for, although the legislator rightly holds up to shame the sale or purchase of an inheritance, he allows anybody who likes to give or bequeath it. Yet both practices lead to the same result. And nearly two-fifths of the whole country are held by women; this is owing to the number of heiresses and to the large dowries which are customary. It would surely have been better to have given no dowries at all, or, if any, but small or moderate ones. As the law now stands, a man may bestow his heiress on any one whom he pleases, and, if he die intestate, the privilege of giving her away descends to his heir. Hence, although the country is able to maintain 1500 cavalry and 30,000 hoplites, the whole number of Spartan citizens fell below 1000. The result proves the faulty nature of their laws respecting property; for the city sank under a single defeat; the want of men was their ruin.

Translated into New Shivvian:

“Hordes of pampered, ballcutting, materialistic, meddling, careerist, status whoring, slutty Spartan women riding the cock carousel and riding their hapless hounded hubbies, became self-sufficient property owners and heiresses of a few very wealthy aggrandizing men, thereby robbing Sparta’s beta males of the opportunity to establish affordable families of their own, leaving the city down the road with too few men to defend itself against invaders who

themselves didn't give a shit what proto-feminist Spartan women thought."

CH is fond of recapitulating the axiom that women are perishable and men are expendable, and this is true in the whole and assessed over discrete blocks of time. But perturbations in the male population caused by long term fluxes in the expendability side of the equation will lead, as observed and noted by Aristotle, (a thinker so great you could jam the writings and wailings of all of history's leading feminists and mangina suck-ups into a single fold of his cerebellum and it would scarcely amount to more than a fleeting musing in his daily mental output), to the ruin of a nation.

Biologically, men are indeed the expendable sex. A population group (i.e., a nation in the old timey sense of the word) can withstand short term shocks to its total number of men; it doesn't take but one man to munch a few celery stalks and pop a few zinc tablets and carry on in his duty to impregnate an army of patriotic women and repopulate the countryside.

But given enough male expendability over time, and the first order axiom of fundamental sex difference starts to break down. For although a single man can, conceivably, star in a version of Boogie Years and spread his seed to the four corners of the country to rebuild a stricken population, that single man is also critically vulnerable to overrun by hungry barbarians who get word of a land where they can dine on honeydew and drink the milk of paradise for the low low price of one man's scalp.

Feminists, equalists, open borders nutjobs, and assorted degenerate misfits ought to keep in mind that their beloved "progress" comes prepackaged with the seed of their destruction. CH (and Aristotle) will slap on the warning label; now it's up to them to heed it.

Why Chateau Heartiste Taunts Loudmouth Fatties

CH · 9 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally, barely concealed incipient concern trolls will ask why CH gives so much shit to obstreperous fatties instead of just leaving them to their moribund misery.

The answer — besides a vigorous reminder that CH is not a camp of saints — is that loud and proud fatso promoters deliver a caustic, soul destroying message that will increase the total amount of ugliness and unhappiness in the world should women reading their lies start to believe them. Fat apologist feminists who insist on writing manifestos excusing or rationalizing or glorifying their fatness, or slandering anti-fat crusaders, will get, and do very much deserve, both barrels of the shivgun. Call it environmental activism. Call it the penile erection protection program.

Lies must be met with truth. Ideally, that truth comes packaged in stylistic ordnance that explodes in a shower of entertaining dazzle for fence-sitting gawkers and liquidates the central processing egos of the blubbery lie machines. Utterly annihilated, their demolecularized fatty essence scattered to the wind, the suffering fat chick (and it's almost always a chick claiming fatness is fine, which should tell you something) howling in pain and impotent indignation serves as an example for the others: If you spread filthy lies that cause, intentionally or consequentially, women to be stripped of their beauty and thus men deprived of their happiness, CH will be here at the ready, the tip of its nimble hate spear plunging deep into your ululating hindbrain, probing, excavating, and finally stabbing with the force of a thousand unleashed hells the heart of your scarred, coal black id.

Fat shaming now, fat shaming tomorrow, fat shaming forever! MOOAH!

The Top 4 Future Fatty Tests

CH · 9 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Vox has a post about identifying future female fatties which references a study that found differences in MRI scans of the brains of women when viewing food or exercise. Women whose brains essentially bellyached at the sight of exercise were more likely to fatten up for the pig roast.

CH would like to e'er so 'umbly suggest less invasive, and perhaps equally predictive, methods for determining which girl you date today has a good shot of becoming a gross fatty tomorrow.

There are four tests, listed in descending order of predictive power.

1. The Mom Test

If her mom is fat, she'll be fat. If her mom was fat in old pictures of herself, she'll be fat REAL SOON. The Mom Test is about as close to a guarantee of future daughter fatness as you can get. Prepare yourself for the inevitable by acquiring new numbers and warming up your texting-while-dumping thumbs.

2. The Wrist Test

She's thin where it most counts but her wrists are old growth logs. Watch out! The wrist bones are a dead giveaway that she has the sturdy frame to support future poundage. She might not bloat to Jabba proportions, but she will "fill out", to use a transparently softening euphemism.

3. The Diet History Test

Does she have a history of dieting? This may take some digging to uncover, but girls who have dieted in the past are prone to dieting in the present, and they will self-incriminate about previous attempts to lose weight, failed or successful. Naturally and durably slender women rarely, if ever, actively diet. "Actively" is the key word here, since it is possible to "diet" by simply choosing certain lifestyles without making a consciously pained effort to do so. A woman whose past is littered with the detritus of planned diets is one weak moment away from turning into a post-blueberry Violet Beauregarde.

4. The Unprompted Exercise Test

Does she jump into exercise without being prompted by external influences such as peers, scheduled class times on her phone calendar, or gym fads popularized on celebrity websites? Does she undertake exercise with a smile rather than a groan? Then she's a thin-for-life keeper! But be careful about using total exercise hours spent as a measurement of a thin girl's propensity to stay thin. If she has to be pushed into exercise, then she can just as easily be pushed out of it by eviler life influences. And many fat girls do log impressive amounts of time curling 1 lb pink dumbbells and strolling on treadmills at the lowest speed setting. The crucial variable, then, is a girl's eagerness to exercise, and especially her eagerness to exercise alone. This is a girl who moves her body not to lose weight, but to stimulate a dopamine rush. Happily, a welcome side effect of that dopamine craving is a slenderness that just won't quit.

So there you have it. Tally your girlfriend's score.

Would you bang her sexy mom? Check.
Are her wrists like songbird legs? Check.
Is her idea of a diet not eating like a hog? Check.
Does she run five miles without advertising it to the whole world, or making a Hollywood production out of it? Check.

Congratulations! You have a girl whose tight hourglass bod will hold up for years, and even decades, to come. I'd say slap a ring on it, but that's the one test that will reverse the positive result of passing all four of the above Future

Fatty Tests.

Future Fatty Game

CH · 10 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

You can use the 4 Tests of Future Fatness as a premise to run Future Fatty Game, which is really a form of teasing neg that challenges women to prove they won't get fat on your watch. For a prime example of FFG, see this by commenter Knowbody,

Man I love that the wrist thing has blown up 'round here. Tell all my dudes to look at the wrists…..and the girls I'm gaming on hahaha. Here's a fun game..when they send selfies via text..

Your Reply: show me yr wrists
Her: whaat? why lol
You: so I can see if yr goin to be a big fatty
Her: omgosh!! your such a jerk lol
then dont reply till you see wrists…..

Fellas, she WILL send the wrist pix. Provided they are 25 or younger, any older, this silly game doesn't work as well. Why are you even messing around with 25+ anyway bro?

This is the kind of youthful exuberance that girls love. Eat it right up, they do!

Now, this wouldn't be CH if we didn't parse every jot and titty of this exchange for your edification. (Not that there aren't times when we prefer to let the mack daddy morsel float on your screens unmolested.) This is a great text exchange, because it packs so much game into so few words.

Him: show me yr wrists

Aloof punctuation. A challenge. An unpredictable reply to a selfie, (most women would expect a comment about their more conspicuous body parts). It's out of left field, and girls love men who keep them on their dainty painted toes.

Her: whaat? why lol

Sploosh protocol activated.

Him: so I can see if yr goin to be a big fatty

Makes no apology for his natural male desire. Fearlessly pushes the envelope of acceptable discourse, revealing an outcome independent mindset. The more you clue a girl into the notion that you can take it or leave it, the more she'll want you to take it.

Her: omgosh!! your such a jerk lol

Houston, the oyster has splashed down on the barbershop floor.

then dont reply till you see wrists…..

It is required.

Future Fatty Game won't work as well on older broads because they keenly feel the encroachment of unsightly fat on their post-prime bodies. Unlike choice hotties with sky high self-esteems, the aging beauty is one teasing stab referencing her porker potential from an emotional breakdown. Younger and hotter women adore edginess from flirtatious charmers; older and uglier women often mistake that edginess for sincerity. If a woman has more to offer, the jabs of cads don't cause a core meltdown. If a woman knows her best years are behind her, edgy teasing

can strike with the force of an ego cleaver.

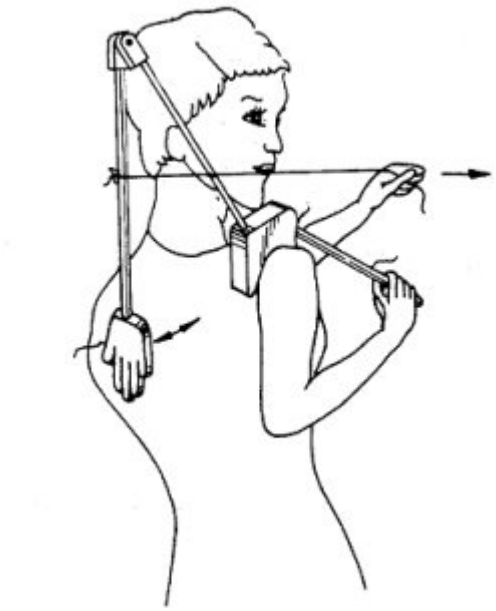
It's Peanut Butter And Vanity Time

CH · 11 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A grateful reader writes to say thanks to the demidongle of CH for changing his love life for the better,

> I have to start out by saying thank you for this site. It has certainly opened my eyes and cured me of my societal conforming. Like most men I have had a couple good relationships, a couple bad, and some flings, ons's in between. Your typical guy if you will. To preface this e-mail I had a 7y relationship as a young man and a couple year and a half ones up until this point. The first one taught me a lot about life, love etc. the ones that followed them were shit. In July of this year I met my current gf. After assessing this relationship time and time again I realize she is one of those girls that needs a guy in control, but if you're not, she fucking hates you and the resentment infects her body like the plague. Ive seen both sides of it. Her undying affection and love; and her seething resentment. Her dad was absent in her life therefore she tends to overcompensate with the "control" of her life. She's never trusted anyone to take care of her but herself. A wall to break through for sure.
>
> Im one of those guys who learned to not care too much about the women I didn't care about (naturally), and care a lot for the ones I do care for. So an aloof alpha when it didn't matter, and a beta when it does. **[ed: a common male malady]** So I got into this relationship and things went fantastically for a few months and then she started in on me about things. From how we were before in the honeymoon phase I just figured well I'll do what she wants and Ill be fine. Wrong. I couldn't figure out why she was still requiring more from me after doing what she wanted. She was still unhappy. "you aren't doing this", "you aren't doing that" "I cant live like this"… So I supplicated more, and more, until my brain was going to explode from the confusion. We had a few blow out fights that was basically my frustration for her unhappiness exploding, and her continuing to complain. I told her "you ask me to leap and I fucking leap, what the hell else do you want me to do?". But she would still tell me that she loved me even though at the same time she was telling me she was unhappy and treating me like a doormat. She never stopped telling me she loved me. Which probably confused me more. My fight or flight response was on FLIGHT but something kept me there..
>
> So I was fed up, had no solution to the problem, I do love her and with my mr fix it attitude in full effect along with my commitment and resiliency.. I needed a solution. So I found your site… read the commandments. Read the beta/ alpha posts. Keeping attraction in a relationship. The story about the experiment with the husband and wife was especially eye opening. So from reading a lot of the posts that pertained to myself I decided to do what seemed counter intuitive. I chilled the fuck out, mentally strengthened myself and decided to love her fully even through her storm of emotions. One of the commandments states:
>
> "Her emotions are a hurricane, her soul a saboteur. Think of yourself as a bulwark against her tempest. When she grasps for a pillar to steady herself against the whipping winds or yearns for an authority figure to foil her worst instincts, it is you who has to be there… strong, solid, unshakeable and immovable."
>
> So I stopped supplicating to everything. I started defending myself. She'd ask me what I wanted and then shit test me with "well why would you do it like that, that makes no sense, that's stupid" So I said "you asked me what I wanted, I told you, and you aren't happy with that. Don't want my opinion, don't ask for it" she just about fell over. I stood my ground. She left for work pissed but I didn't go after her. I ignored it. She called me about 2 hours later to make sure everything was ok and was overjoyed to talk about what we were going to do that night for dinner. It was peculiar but I just went along with it. She came home and was like an excited girl again. A small victory. And a promising insight into her psyche. There have been many times since then (about 3 weeks ago) that she's done the same and I've stood my ground. In that time she's gone from seething resentment to joyful love again, which I enjoy along with the increase in fucking that has come because of it.
>
> The last thing I'd like to say is that the guy I've been for the last month since finding your site is the guy I have always been. I just thought that since I cared so much that I needed to conform to her wishes to make her

> happy. But she just wanted a man who was a fucking man and was going to put her back into her place. In turn that made her love even more, and come after me. She was testing my ability to lead the relationship and I was failing. She knows exactly what shes doing, and so do I, I just didn't understand it. She was shit testing me every fucking day. So I stopped coming after her about what is wrong, why she's quiet, just let her fucking be. The other day sitting on the couch she looks at me and says "I need you" I said "ok", "no like I need you, I don't know what I would do without you"…
>
> Shes crazy. But my ultimate success is taming her, it's a fucking game. It always is. I get off on it as sadistic as that seems.
>
> Thanks Chateau Heartiste. You rock. You can use my story but please no personal information. And just because I know you get a lot of trolls I can tell you I most certainly am not. Hopefully some shit made sense in my rambling. Thanks again.



When strangers seeking answers amble across Chateau grounds and peer into its dusty libraries, two kinds of reactions follow:

1. Screeching and shrieking about the horror of this place, or

2. Solemn thanks of appreciation for saving a life.

Some people you just can't reach. But some… they're ready to be happy. The door is always open for them.

The Good Gelding Project

CH · 13 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A writer, Andrew Smiler, for the e-zine 'The Good Men Project' has unintentionally parodied the mission statement of that blog with such zeal that one expects their next post to advocate mass castration. Titled "A Guy's Guide to The Gender-Minimized 1st Date", Smiler offers suggestions to men for how to date without being a man. You think I'm joking. I'm not. The intro paragraph is auspicious:

> It's not possible to have a completely gender neutral date. Gender, our cultural and personal notions of how people should act based on their biological sex, influences too many aspects of our behavior to be completely neutralized. In the dating context, gender roles provide an outline of how things "should" work. But in a day and age where equality is the expectation, why stick to a rigid outline based on your genitalia?

Weighing the efficacy of mocking the puffboy's pretensions or spelling out in tiresome detail where his premises are wrong, I am stuck deciding between low effort fun or high effort usefulness. *flips a coin* The latter it is.

1. Gender is not a synonym for sex. Only appeasing nancyboys throw around the word gender like candy, ostensibly to ingratiate their feminist overlords.

2. There's no such thing as a sex neutral date. The point of dates is to bring together the two sexes and determine if there is enough shared attraction, based upon sex-particular needs, for a romantic entanglement. The sexes' differing reproductive goals, especially the woman's, require a relatively lengthy courtship period to override natural trepidation.

3. Cultural and personal notions don't influence people to act "based on their biological sex", (is there any other type of sex?). Rather, the innate biological foundation of sex differences influences cultural and personal expressions of dating behavior.

4. The moral presumption that sex differences should be neutralized is a feature of the warped mind of losers who compete poorly in the organic sexual market.

5. "Gender roles" don't provide an outline of how things "should" work; instead, sex roles emerge naturally and unbidden from primal biological impulses that are activated and sustained in the most intractably evolved parts of the brain like the limbic system.

6. "Equality" is only an expectation in the stifling prison complexes of liberal arts universities and on the broadsheets of leftoid propagandists. Among normal people, concerns for equality are about the last thing on anyone's mind during a date.

7. The genitalia produce no dating protocol outline, rigid or otherwise. The brain is primarily responsible for the phenomenon of sex differences in courtship behavior. A man or a woman don't follow rigid outlines only after they locate and identify their genital package. (For Smiler, this could take hours.) They follow sex-specific behavior patterns because their brains are wired differently, and this wiring began at the moment of conception, and before that at the moment the human race was conceived.

Now you see why low effort glibness when dealing with these fruits is so tempting.

> I'm trying to write this guide to apply across all genders, masculine, feminine, trans*, etc.

There are two sexes. Anything else is an escapee from nature's discard pile.

> If I've missed or something is very wrong, I have faith someone will let me know in the comments.

Good sire, I think yee've forgotten the thimblepeeners. Inclusiveness is job one, chop chop!

> The butch asks some version of "I'd like to take you out to dinner, a movie, coffee, etc.," does all the logistical work to make that date happen, initiates physical/sexual contact, and is responsible for starting conversation the next day if "he" wants the relationship to continue.

"He" is in nuance quotes because I suspect this pastry impersonating a man has relinquished the butch role to his morbidly obese feminist dates to take the lead jamming antique walking sticks up his rectum.

> Hetrerosexual American guys assume they'll pay for the first date, regardless of whether they endorse traditional or egalitarian gender roles.

More precisely, beta males assume they'll pay for wallet-busting dates. Savvier men know the smart play, if a free date isn't an option, is to pop for a cheap drink and tease the girl about buying the next ten rounds.

> This role means the femme becomes the "sexual gatekeeper" because "she" is the one who accepts or rejects the butch's sexual advances.

These "roles" you speak of are intractable properties of evolved human sexual psychology. They aren't tasteful dresses you slip on in the privacy of your masturbatorium before an enthusiastic audience of Realdolls and brony onesies.

> Very little of this requires sexually dimorphic genitalia.

Technically, this is true. You could lop off a man's junk and he'll still have a male mind, with the suite of behaviors that entails. I'm sure pudding bowl here has a wealth of experience in the matter.

> Talking to someone, kissing and groping, and asking to see someone again (or not), requires a heart, a brain, a mouth, and the ability to communicate.

Well fuckin knock me over with a feather! Here I thought disembodied telepathy was all the rage.

> Your genitalia—and your partner's genitalia—are only relevant if you prefer some types of genitalia over others.

Trying to parse this, getting nowhere. I think he means a vagina is optional on a date. Her vagina, not his.

> To minimize the impact of gender roles,

> you'll need to think about this now so you know what you want to do before you start doing it.

Hmm, sounds like… game!

> Before you can do something new, you'll need to get past the messages that have been beaten into your head by American culture.

"Cultural conditioning." Define this "cultural conditioning" without resorting to circular shamanistic chanting. Use of any mathematical formulae in your presentation of evidence for cultural conditioning discernibly influencing sex specific mating behavior earns you bonus points. Stamping your wee feet doesn't count as evidence.

Male feminists so funny thinking they can wave away biological reality by uttering two words ad nauseum. Which antediluvian "messages" have been beaten into American men's heads the past sixty years? The gay marriage message? The black doctor message? The fat is beautiful message? The Lena Dunham is hot message? The white privilege message? The you go grrl message? If I didn't know any better I'd say the cultural messages percolating throughout the entirety of the media and academia complexes extols a qausi-androgyny and sex role reversal. Funny, too, how *this* cultural conditioning has been so effortlessly rebuffed by all those men and women who continue to adhere to outmoded sex norms.

> One part of this is learning to adopt the other role, at least at times.

"I'm wearing panties. The lace tickles my scrotum!"

> Given how many times most guys hear some version of "don't act like a girl," that may not be the easiest way to approach it.

Maybe men are advised to not act like a girl because it's a turn-off to women? Just a thought.

> Instead, think about being asked out as someone paying you a complement and offering to buy you dinner in exchange for the chance to get to know you better.

If men wait around to be asked out by women they are gonna be pulling their puds alone for a long time. I suppose to get around this minor obstacle, you could taser women until they agree to your enlightened terms of engagement.

> If a woman asks a man out or puts the sexual moves on him, it doesn't mean she's a slut (and it never did), it just means that she was ready for those things to happen before he was.

Leftoid reductionist thinking. Women don't usually make the first move because it leaves them feeling less attractive, and it robs them of the need to gauge a man's ardor and his drive. A man, of course, will take a pussy freebie if it's thrown his way, but he won't prize a woman as much as if she had retained her womanly prerogative to play coy and coax his initiative. These are fundamental principles of human value assessment that exist because the reproductive goals of men and women are different, and that transcend lazy, vapid platitudes about "being ready" first.

> If a guy doesn't initiate, it doesn't mean he's a wimp.

A leading indicator of gutless lapdog faggotry is a penchant for using the word "guy" in place of "man", yet maintaining the use of "woman". As some readers might have perspicaciously noticed, CH combats this puling media trend by using the terms "man" and "girl" with bracing regularity. The upturned prolapsed rump of the anklebiterrati must be balanced by the forces of righteous phallocentrism.

> He might be shy. Or maybe he doesn't trust his ability to read your nonverbal messages and has adopted a "better safe than sorry" approach.

No nuts, no glory.

> In any dating scenario, you'll need to decide if and how much sexual contact you want to have with this person at this time. Remember,guys are allowed to refuse,

This is how eunuchs like Andrew Smiler rationalize their never ending procession of sexless dates.

> even if you've never heard one admit doing so.

The universal cheat code of the SMV reality denier. Something about the sexual market that bothers you because it highlights your inability to compete? Just claim the opposite happens all the time, but no one admits to it. It's super secret and stuff.

> If you're not sure, you can always say something like "I'm not ready to [fill in the blank] yet. Can we go back to what we were doing?"

A man who says "I'm not ready to get a blowjob yet. Can we go back to what we were doing?" as the girl is unzipping his pants has to think seriously about his sexual orientation.

> Some of this is inevitably influenced by those gender scripts we've all learned

Present a hard copy of this gender script for examination.

> If you want to get out of gender-land quickly, share some of your "gender atypical" interests.

"I masturbate into doll houses."

> Or, if you're really bold, talk about the fact that you don't really (or only partially) buy into gender stereotypes. Heck, you could even send the link for this article.

Along with a restraining order form she can fill out at her convenience.

Interestingly, there is a subgenre of game that implicitly mocks the new age sensitive gumbo that is especially effective on overt feminists. By adopting a pose of antipathy to “traditional” sex stereotypes that will be taken as intellectual flattery by the feminist, the sneaky player can breach her perimeter defenses and then seal the deal later by acting like an unreconstructed cad. The feminist will have to square contradicting paeans to her worldview with behavior that speaks directly to her libido. The enticement to “understand this wild man” will be insuppressible.

> When you ask someone on a date, it means you make all the plans. Start by selecting an activity (e.g., dinner, bowling, movie) and asking your partner if they’re ok with that choice.

Never ask a girl if she’s ok with your date suggestion. Make a plan, and leave it to her to nix it if it’s something she really doesn’t want to do. If she demurs, make a counter offer, and if she nixes that one, sarcastically admire her spontaneity and adventurism.

> I firmly believe that whoever does the asking is also responsible for paying.

How conveeenient, since it’s men who will have to do the asking if they want to get anywhere with women who aren’t desperate, purple-haired fatties.

> When I’ve initiated a date, the bill comes, and my date has asked to split the cost, I’ll usually just say “why don’t you pay next time?” But if it’s going poorly and I don’t want there to be a next time, I will accept that offer to split the cost.

If the date is going really poorly and the girl turns out to be a first class cunt, slip out the back Jack, and leave her with the bill.

> If I’ve asked someone out, I never ask them to pay for half, even if it’s going poorly. I asked, so I pay.

This is why if you’re going on a date with the expectation you’ll be paying, just go for drinks. May as well liquor the girl up on your dime and make a dent in her inhibitions.

> You’ll need to get ready before the first date. That means getting dressed in a way that shows who you are and may—or may not—mean emphasizing the parts of your body that are sexually desirable.

I’m trying to think of a scenario where emphasizing the parts of one’s body that are sexually repulsive is the winning move. I suppose men can get away with the tactic as part of a game of signaling overconfidence by self-handicapping, and making light of it. Women should not pursue this strategy under any guise.

> Given that our standards of attractiveness are closely connected to gender, this is one place where you probably want to get all gendered up.

How conveeenient, part 2.

> Then again, “getting all gendered up” might be confusing if you’re mostly not following the standard gender script.

I could carve a straighter man out of Andrew McRawGlutes Sullivan.

> Beyond this, there’s no formula. You can maintain one roll (leading or following)

You *can*, but it would be personally advantageous, if you're a man and not a castrate, to lead rather than to follow, because the overwhelming majority of women prefer men in the former role to the latter role. So yeah, switch sex roles around all you like; just don't expect to avoid the consequences.

> Although it can be awkward, I recommend having at least a little conversation about gender roles—especially as they apply to dating and sex—during the first date.

Do NOT talk about "gender roles" on a first date in anything but a humorous, self-aware tone. I can't think of a faster way to deep six a date than droning about society's pressure on women to conform to cross-legged sitting positions. If you're gonna game a hardcore feminist by pretending to be sympatico with her dumb beliefs, at least choose topics that are tangentially related to sex, so that the idea of sex with you gets lodged in her brain.

> If you 1) have a disagreement about one of these topics and 2) it's a topic that you both feel strongly about, it may be a sign that you're not supposed to be with the person. Personally, I'd rather know sooner than later. If the two of you are able to find common ground and resolve that difference, that's also good to know.

Older men with abysmally low testosterone levels become more interested in finding "common ground" with women at the expense of getting laid. Then they upsell it as enlightened thinking when all it really reflects is an inability to get aroused by the wrinkly cougars they're stuck waltzing to arid dinner dates.

> If you've been leading the whole time, then momentum says it's your job to follow up.

How does momentum say this? Citation number counts toward your final score.

> If you enjoyed the first date, tell the other person;

Because no woman worth pursuing ever liked a little bit of ambiguity in a man.

> From here, it's back to flirting and you'll need to make a decision if you're going to initiate the second date or wait for your partner to do it.

Never have so many words said so little with such dullness.

> The key here is that you don't need to stick to a set of gender-based rules that are older than you are.

These rules are ancient for a reason, you dumb fuck. You shitlapper. You Facebook mom.

> You and your partner can structure your romantic and sexual life—who is responsible for what and when—any way you like.

You can live in your home any way you like.
You can take care of your body any way you like.
You can shit in public parks any way you like.
But that doesn't mean women want to live in pig sties, bang soft manboobs, or date men who crap into water fountains.

Actions have consequences. Repeat until your misfit rage against reality consumes you.

Apparently, to the desiccated male specimens at The Good Men Project, a good man is a gelded man. This Andrew Smiler and his ilk are the mirror image of the fatty feminists who assert with no real world evidence besides apocryphal anecdote that fat women are just as desirable to men, and women should stop worrying so much about

staying slender. The gelded man asserts an equally pernicious and debilitating reality warp about the appeal of asexual psychological neuters that would, if taken to heart, contribute to the total repository of ugliness and unhappiness in the world, both by men suffering romantic rejection and by women suffering the disappearance of alluring men.

One wonders what motivates these modern manlets. Are they sincere, or are they fly by night viral marketers for page views? Are many of them in the midst of sexual identity crises that collaterally drive them to public forums in outsized numbers to broadcast their self-hate? Is there really some kind of a gender-bending parasite, or a chemical, that has seeped into the rivulets of Western society and shriveled the nut sacks of millions of men?

Whatever they are, whatever their origin, CH will stand as a bulwark against the anhedonic emasculati's dangerous nonsense. The Shiv of CH will disembowel their id viscera and display the mess on the operating table for the world to ridicule as mercilessly and joyously as we turn out the vitals of the freak feminists and malign equalists.

Gaming Attention Whores

CH · 14 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter MercifulBoss asks,

> I was daygaming at the mall a while ago, got this girls number and took some photos with her and me in the photo for social proof. She opened me on facebook we talked for a bit, I tried to get her out but she found excuses and never went out with me.
>
> Today I was fucking around on Facebook and she opens me saying, “like my photo of me getting kissed?”, its a photo of her sitting at her computer while some random dude kisses her on the cheek.
>
> I didn’t reply (seems like an attention whore to me — I don’t like enabling attention whores).
>
> Was this the correct move, or should I have said something non-commital like, “cool”? The silence could be interpreted like butthurtedness?

All indicators are that she’s a) taken or b) totally uninterested in anything but getting her ego stroked by a chasing beta. I don’t think you have a deep mystery on your hands here. The correct move was moving on.

However, it sounds like you wanted an exploit that would ignite the possibility of slipping the PIV. If so, there are many effective ways you could have replied to her taunt. Examples:

her: “like my photo of me getting kissed?”

you: “you’re real close with your dad/brother/cousin, aren’t you?”

you: “more tongue next time”

you: “presentation: 7, execution: 2″

you: “goddam, dude is slobbering on you like a hungry dog” [boyfriend destroyer subroutine]

you: *popcorn pic* “awesome. steamy lesbian sex” [another boyfriend destroyer PLUS sneaky neg]

you: “you call that a kiss? i’ll show you a kiss.” *send her pic of a Hershey’s kiss*

you: “how cute. you’re looking for my approval” [flipping the native sex script is powerful game]

you: *send her pictogram of birthday cake cat*

The point with these replies is that it’s paramount to communicate an aloof, outcome independent, devil-may-care, toes-a-tappin’ alpha male attitude. Amused mastery, in PUA parlance. The best way to do this is through an amalgam of cavalier humor and edgy teasing.

This method is probably the only really results-replicable, reliable, game-savvy response to an attention whore dropping beta bait into the Facebook tank and fishing for nibbles or whole chomps from desperate orbiters. She’s already put you on the defensive; therefore most replies, like “cool”, will carry a whiff of butthurt.

Radio silence of course is your next best option, but that doesn’t leave much room for burying the beef hatchet in that ratchet. Silence is a very passive opt out of an attention whore feeding frenzy. It isn’t butthurt — men tend to overestimate women’s ability to read spite into silence — but it isn’t a proactive game tactic, either. At best, it leaves her wondering what you really think and leaves you free to spend your valuable time on other less emotionally needy women.

Just follow the patented CH Maxim of Seductive Interaction:

Maxim 5: Charisma before silence, silence before self-incrimination.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Diversity Is Our Separation

CH · 15 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Replying to a Steve Sailer review of the movie *Her* as a mischievous chain-yank of the exquisite sensibilities of white people who majored in humanities, commenter stari_momak pithily spits,

> You notice how [as] America has gotten darker, white people have gotten fairer (or paler)?

One consequence of the CH axiom Diversity + Proximity = War is, ironically, a racial self-segregation that belies the media message drumbeat propagandizing the opposite. *Her* is very much a SWPL (Stuff White People Like) utopia: clean urban spaces, softening pastels, car-less mass transit, bicycle lanes, love affairs with an advanced Siri AI who sounds like the whitest white girl who ever whited, a noticeable lack of bling or vibrancy.

It's almost as if the crushing weight of diversity (especially in LA) has freed upper middle class whites to wall themselves off in cultural compounds of their own making. Sure, they have to guss up their motives with doublespeak, but their actions — their *revealed preference* in economese — is strictly for a society of the whites, by the whites, for the whites.

It's no longer affordable for liberal whites to walk their talk. The days of mingling with a token or two, or adopting some affect of the underclass, and patting oneself on the back are rapidly coming to a close. Diversity has expanded its reach to dangerous levels, threatening a core reactor meltdown. Its ominous, suffocating presence reminds leftoids on a daily basis the reality of a world that is being reshaped into what they have claimed is progress. In their personal lives, where chucks hit the ground, they recoil at this progress, and retreat to insulated social bubbles that align more closely with predilections formed by their genetic heritage.

Like the vast expanse of outer space, as America on the whole becomes less white, the pinpoints of whiteness glow more brightly.

Alexis de Tocqueville's Prescient Gaze

CH · 15 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

DAN IN ATL passes along wise words from a long-gone species of man: The keen observer of reality.

> In his classic study "Democracy in America", Alexis de Tocqueville included this gem:
>
> "There are people in Europe who, confounding together the different characteristics of the sexes, would make man and woman into beings not only equal but alike. They would give to both the same functions, impose on both the same duties, and grant to both the same rights; they would mix them in all things–their occupations, their pleasures, their business. It may readily be conceived that by thus attempting to make one sex equal to the other, both are degraded, and from so preposterous a medley of the works of nature nothing could ever result but weak men and disorderly women."

The twisted roots of American feminism trace back to the motherland: Europe. To find the malevolent pool of black goo that belched the feminism-equalism battleaxes-of-evil, you need to journey to the ancestral lands of your forebears. For most Americans prior the 1965 White Dissolution Immigration Act, that means the lands of Napoleon, Richard III, and Kaiser Wilhelm.

Weak men and disorderly women. de Tocqueville saw clear what many of us living in the grip of his realized dystopia cannot or will not. Time enough has passed; the weakness spreads and the binds of men and women fray. We had warnings. Why didn't we heed them? Because, perhaps, free will is illusory. We crash in the machinery of these ageless, infinitely looping social cycles, rattling like loose nuts, dimly grasping the exhausted end we're hurtling toward, but unable to do anything about it save rust within the decay. Our hopes and aspirations, it appears, exist in precarious balance with an ineradicable death wish.

The Lapdogs Of Lamaze

CH · 15 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

When did the pussification of America's men begin? Speculating on this sort of thing is always fun, but it serves a larger purpose: If we can identify the origin of the Ascended Testes Era, we can theoretically reverse it.

One reader believes he has an answer,

> I was just thinking back to my early 20s, when I found myself married to the dumpy chick I knocked up. **[ed: pre-game, natch]** I did what was expected of me at the time, which meant marriage, and it meant Lamaze classes, and La Leche League, and all this girlie baby nurturing liberal SWPL crap I'm sure pajama boy would totally embrace in his plaid onesie.
>
> There was only one other father in the Lamaze classes. All the pretty girls were there with a friend or a neighbor or a mother, and the only two fathers there were with dumpy average looking chicks. The other guy was such a wuss he kept passing out during the videos, and his wife had to revive him repeatedly. (They eventually had like six kids, and are still together as far as I know.)

Yeah, beta males may have slightly more kids on average than do alpha males, but would you want to be a beta? (Procreation Pusher: "wouldn't you like to be a beta too… be a beta, doooon't be a playa…) No, I think I'll skip out on the incomparable joy of loading up the belly of a frump.

> I've been reflecting on the whole Lamaze thing, and how hot girls don't have babies with guys who would go through that kind of crap in the first place. Can you see Mystery in Lamaze classes? I can't.
>
> Where was Tywin Lannister when his kids were being born? The same place my father was, and my grandfather, and every man back for thousands of years. Smoking cigarettes and letting the women handle woman's work.
>
> I blame Lamaze for the pussification of America. It all starts with dads going "hee hee hee hooooooo" with their dumpy wives. It really does.
>
> Besides, blood, shit, and gore belong on the battlefield, not in the vagina you're fucking. No man should ever have to see that. History had this right.

Lamaze was invented by a French fop in the 1940s, and gained cultural traction in the US a decade later. In the annals of herstory, I'm sure a few alpha males were hornswoggled into attending a Lamaze class (which they undoubtedly instantly regretted), but those men who agreed to attend without a fight or, worse, who happily jumped at the opportunity, are truly the most beta of betas.

No man worth his two taters will enjoy any aspect of the Lamaze spectacle. I bet a man's T level drops 300% as soon as he steps foot in a Lamaze classroom. And given that betas are already short a couple liters of T, they can't afford to have their precious reserves siphoned off by the sight of distended bellies, pork roll camel toes, and red-faced plumpers method acting the passing of a gargantuan turd.

So, yeah, there is obviously some selection bias going on with regard to the types of men who can be found empathy birthing in a Lamaze class. More telling is what this reader noticed about the hotness of the pregnant women who weren't with their men. What he observed was a female selection bias that complemented and reinforced the male selection bias: Hot babes have more choice in men, and they invariably choose high value alpha males who are the least likely to sit through an insufferable Lavaje class. These alphas could be captains of industry with no time for Lamaze silliness, or they could be dominant personalities who won the test of wills contest. Either way, it shows that hot women — women who have, after all, an incredible array of sexual market options — will choose insensitive sociopaths before new age sensitive empaths.

Lamaze was probably not a cause of the emasculation of American men, but it was a harbinger. All those betas lining up to *hee hee ho* with their women were castrates in a coal mine. A mere fifty years later, we have Youtube videos of bronies coming out with their stuffed animal lovers.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Diversity Is Our Separation

CH · 15 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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Reader Mailbag: All Pull And No Push Makes Jack A Dull Boy

CH · 16 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Letters of inquiry to the Chateau mailroom have begun spilling into the arched hallway, so today's post is an effort to relieve the backup.

Email #1

Jaap writes,

> Just a suggestion: maybe it would be nice to write something more about text gaming but not about contents… There's a lot more to it:
> – when to respond
> – reaction time…
> – being online but not responding while she is apping (making her jealous)…
> – cutting of conversation suddenly saying: sorry..got to go..
> – being unavailable…
>
> etc etc…. There's a lot of interesting strategies..

I'm sure the archives are loaded with the info you want, but to recap text game basics:
– Make it a habit to wait longer to reply to the girl than the time she takes to reply to you. Generally, this rule becomes more flexible the longer you're seeing the girl. Don't feel bad about texting the next day, either.
– Reaction time… see above. The faster you react, the more invested you appear. Ever see a silverback gorilla in the wild? They move like sloths. It takes a lot to get them going.
– Online cold shouldering can be useful as a pre-lubing game tactic. I wouldn't advise total silence; that could be misconstrued as butthurtness. Drop concatenated chats every so often, like "?", "yerp", "heyo" or "lol" so it appears less like you're studiously ignoring her and more like you're busy with others and can't spare the effort to flesh out a fuller convo with her.
– Cut-offs are effective. If you're around alpha males, you'll notice they excel in the art of the curt escape. Leave the excessively polite, long-winded goodbyes to the women and the betas.
– What's there to say? It helps your cause to be occasionally unavailable. Make up a reason if you don't have one. The object is to enhance your mate value through signals of unattainability and social validation.

Email #2

fakeemail writes with concern in his voice,

> My gf just got laid off. I hid my glee. This is to my advantage right? The more desperate and empty the chick, the better I look. Is this accurate? Do you want a gf or wife who works or who stays at home?

One unsavory rule of biomechanics is that women become more loving and clingy in direct proportion to their powerlessness. This is because they are both more reliant on their man in such conditions, and because the working man looks more dominant and alpha in comparison.

It may not be good for the shared bottom line, but an out-of-work girlfriend is a down-to-fuck lover. But this love potion #9 has an expiration date; chronic idleness will leave her with too much time to craft plans. Unhappiness and resentment and daydreaming will compete with her love if she's childless and a Type A who has to be on the go go go. So hide your glee, profess facetious support, and enjoy the deluge of blowjobs until you notice an uptick in bitchiness, at which time you help polish her resume or you knock her up. Or, you return to living separately and indulge doctor feelgood house calls.

Part 2,

> What do you do when your gf finds out that you're a "racist"?
>
> I outed myself by expressing displeasure with black people (contextual situation) and she wasn't having it. Should I lie and say I'm not a "racist" or just fuck-it and N-word her up?

Is she black? That could be some hot, raunchy hate sex. Slip in a "massa" and a "chocolate wench" and report back to us with the Penthouse Forum deets.

Otherwise, all you have to remember is the NO APOLOGY rule. Did you mean every word you said? Then own it. An apology is basically a self-betrayal, and no woman, however "anti-racist", respects that.

Email #3

Finguy praises,

> Just wanted to thank you about this site with all these great advises. I live in Finland and it seems that girls here function similar way than in US. I had lots of relationship issues(me acting too beta) but after reading Chateau and MMSL in one year my relationship has turned from terrible to great. I just stopped trying to please her and acting more selfish(+ confronting her always if she got too annoying). Now i feel im in charge here and girl is also happier. Women just want men to lead, thou they will never admit that… Keep up doing good work!

From Beta to Alpha, in 4 Easy Steps:
1. Stop appeasing.
2. Be more selfish.
3. Call her out.
4. Be in charge.

You won't see this message of hope on a Hallmark card or jammed in a Lifetime TV show. You need to go elsewhere.

Email #4

A married man wants to reward his fidelity with an office mistress,

> I'm 48 and very happily married. I look younger than I am, I'm fit, and I dress well. I started a new job close to a year ago. Right away, a 36 year old female co-worker I work with every day started giving little indicators of interest in me. For example, she showed up in the eating area of the office pretty much every time I would go there for a snack or coffee. She knew I was there because we sit nearby and she can see me get up. So we chatted a lot, but I had no game, and she was definitely merely ambivalent about me, while my interest in her

> just kept, uh, growing. I proposed various lunches, and she accepted only one of them. Lunch was OK, but a bit awkward. I've had no physical contact with her except "accidental" touches, which I have both given and received. I have a higher status than her at work, and I expect her initial attraction to me was just basic hypergamy.
>
> My wife now knows her from office events, and the two of them got along well in their brief interactions, strangely. My wife was hotter at the same age, and I still find my wife very attractive because she keeps herself in great shape. I told my wife that I'm really into this woman, which you would think is a beta move, but after an initial "I'll kill you both" comment, my wife actually seemed to like me more and our sex rate increased. Inadvertent dread game I suppose, but I was pleasantly surprised.
>
> Eventually I was alone with this woman when we were both rather drunk walking out of a bar after an evening's outing with co-workers. On that walk, I just couldn't restrain myself and started blathering about how I was obsessed with her and didn't know what to do, and that I had even told my wife about all this.

The devil's tears!

> Major beta move, and it made things much worse with my co-worker. I could feel her contempt for me at work every day after that, and of course instead of deliberately "happening" to meet me in the snack area, she would deliberately avoid being wherever I was.
>
> Then I discovered your site, and realized that what she wants is not a man who is obsessed with her, but a man with self-control who could take or leave her because he has other options. So I stopped paying attention to her entirely, even turning my back on her in group situations. Bingo. I could sense a sudden insecurity in her where before there was just contempt. The indicators of interest came back, including hair twirling when talking to me now. She invited me to a party she was throwing at a bar recently, and I went to it, which was probably a mistake. I got very drunk at the party, another mistake I know, but I exhibited definite alpha behavior there, going behind the bar to steal drinks, patting her on the head in a condescending way, and even stealing her own drink from in front of her and drinking it.

The devil's testosterone!

> I got no reaction at all to this behavior though, and she actually left the party briefly and went for a walk around the block with the new guy in the office, who was pestering her for a walk. When she sent out the party invitation, she said that anyone too drunk to get home could sleep at her place, but when I said I needed a place to sleep, she said there wasn't room. A definite rejection.
>
> Yes, I'm a douche because I have a loving and good-looking wife already, but I'd give my right hand and a sizable donation to CH if I could get a 10-minute makeout session with this woman. I've tried to just suppress my desire for her, but I fail because I see her finely sculpted ass every day at work. Advice?
>
> Additional info: this woman is single, having broken up with her long-time boyfriend a few months after I started working with her. So she was flirting with me before she broke up with him.
>
> Also, she does not report to me. So there are no HR issues, though it's generally a bad idea to be involved with a woman at work.

You're working at a distinct disadvantage. One, you confessed in a blubbery beta moment of weakness your horny level. Two, you're married. Now granted there are a lot of women who are turned on by married men and actively chase them for illicit affairs, but some, perhaps by dint of having previously traveled the ho road to hell, don't want anything to do with taken men, and will dial down their desire if they discover a man is beholden.

So what does she have? She has your validation. She has your attention. Where's the challenge that married men are supposed to effuse naturally? You surrendered it at Assomattox. (I mean, offering to sleep at her place? If that isn't

desperation, what is?)

Your addendum is informative. She was on the rocks with a BF, and a married man (you) is the perfect foil to boost her flagging ego. To catch the eye of a married man is a thrill for women. She led you on, and you, by your own account, happily slipped the leash over your neck.

Too much pull, that's your problem. You needed to push her away more. To qualify her. To bust on her for chasing married men. To ASSUME THE SALE. I don't know if it's salvageable; the well of her womb may be too poisoned for fresh water to flow again for you. Try teasing her to stop dressing like a grandma the next time you see her at the office kitchen, it's ruining company morale. Do it with a smile, because there's too much history that could redound against any incipient positive perception she might have of your emotional state or motivation. A strong asshole vibe coupled with a gradual unavailability is your only hope.

Email #5

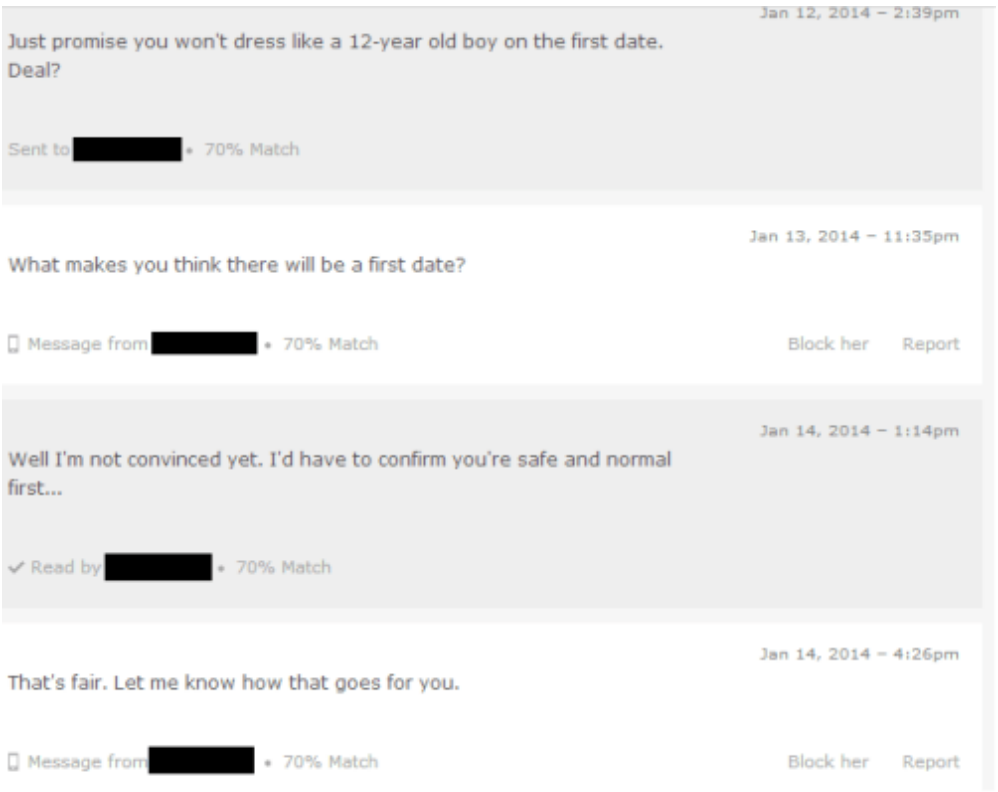
This reader needs help with an OkCupid chat,

> Was curious of your response advice in the OkCupid thread I have pasted below (let me know if you did not receive).
>
> Me: 31, 5'10, relatively good looking but certainly no Brad Pitt
>
> Her: 24, 5'1, femme fatale type, ridiculous petite body, easily a 9, claims to be bisexual and a stripper.

We're gonna need a bigger asshole.

> I messaged first, referencing a line in her profile that "at times I dress like a twelve year old boy; at others I dress like a movie star," obviously assuming the sale and going with a qualification frame from there. She seems to be having none of it.
>
> Here are the responses I was thinking of sending a few days from now, aimed at conveying aloofness and outcome-independence.
>
> 1. No response. Just walk away.
> 2. "K!"
> 3. "Sounds good!"
> 4. "Gay."
> 5. "That response makes no sense, but whatever!"
>
> Anything better you can devise would be greatly appreciated. Thanks.

Here is a screenie of the reader's chat:



As I suspected, you oversold yourself. You assume the sale; you don't bludgeon her with your product. Newbs to game often come across ham-fisted, because they learn a new tactic and then beat it to death.

After she wrote "what makes you think there will be a first date?", you had an opportunity to terse it up and redirect the chat to something more fruitful. For instance:

"telepathy. it's all the rage."
or
"my huge ego"
or
"this magic 8 ball I just bought"

You get the idea. The time was ripe for humor, not more heavy insistence on your date-ability.

Anyhow, it doesn't seem like you had any attraction at all, so when you dropped the presumed date bomb, she just gawked at it, getting irritated. So her last reply is not surprising:

"that's fair. let me know how that goes for you"

A cunty response, but not unusual from ingenues who claim to be strippers and bi. They have radars exquisitely attuned to even the slightest odor of try-hard, and you pinged it.

If I got a send-off like that, I would be too turned off to bother with her anymore. Walk away. But if you want to keep gaming her, a decent reply would be:

"If you insist."

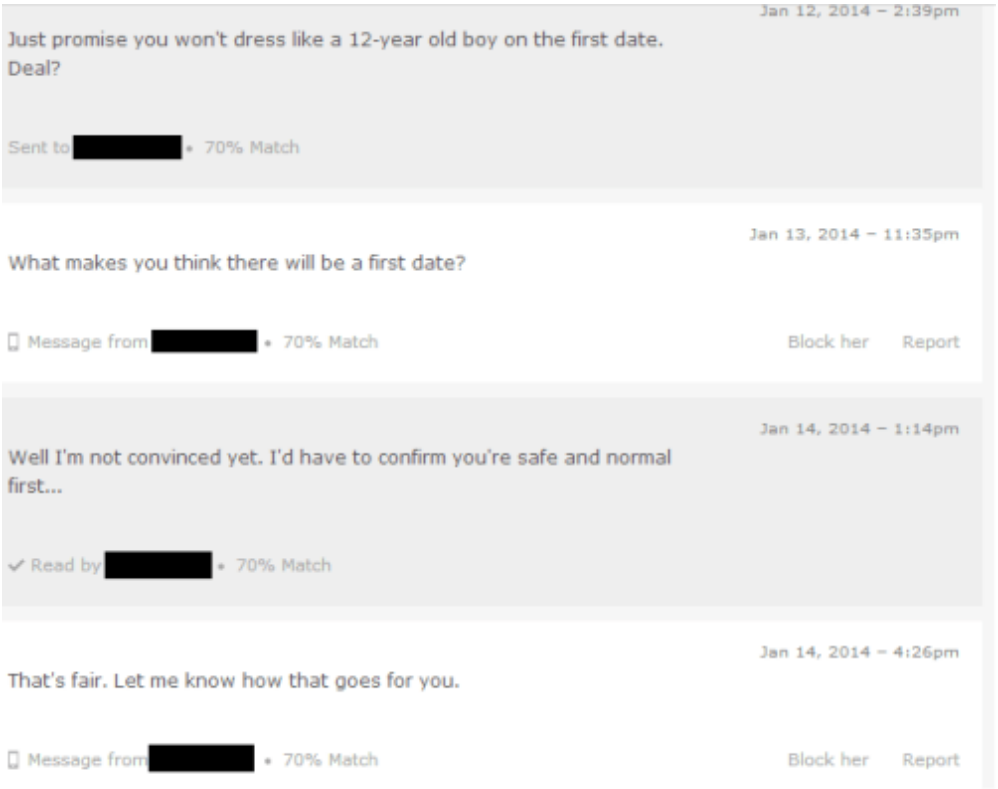
And then no matter how she replies, don't respond for another couple of days.

Report back to the CH Council on Furrow Relations with the latest.

Role Reversal As A Test Of Your Game

CH · 17 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of readers write here asking for game advice and offering screen shots of their texts and chats with women for critical judgment by the Eye of Mordant. For example, see this latest chat screen from a man trying to get a date with a petite looker. (The man talks first.)



While Heartiste is happy to oblige any and all pilgrims to the Chateau, these readers could perform an at-home test that would save them some time and frustration waiting for an answer. A simple trick to determine the tightness of your chat game is to role reverse the participants. Commenter Christian explains,

> If you reverse the responses in the online chat example, which I did inadvertently when I first read it, its tight game.
>
> HER: Just promise you wont dress like a 12 year old boy on the first date, deal?
>
> HIM: What makes you think there will be a first date?
>
> HER: Well i'm not convinced yet blah blah blah…
>
> HIM: That's fair. let me know how that goes out for you.
>
> But now that I know the roles were actually reversed, its beyond salvageable. Next.

Comparing the first chat and its bizarro world inverse, there's little doubt that the second one is more likely to achieve a carnal coda, both because the girl will be more aroused and the man will have more power leading the interaction to a date. In the role reversal chat, it's the man who's subcommunicating aloofness, challenge, and an authentic attitude of outcome independence.

Ask yourself, who's sitting in the driver's seat? In the first chat, the girl is in control. Role reverse it and the man becomes the driver of the courtship. If your game sucks, try role reversing everything you do, except in real life and not just as a post-rejection self-assessment exercise. Think Opposite George. Report back to us with the results, Or

do the opposite, and don’t.

The Unfathomable Mind Of Man

CH · 17 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Sweet Rosalie writes,

> I don't understand how the married guy is "happily married" if he drinks so much and sounds so desperate. If I had been his wife I would have divorced him not for cheating, but for being such a desperate clingy beta (for a 36-year-old who treats him like s#it nonetheless). I wouldn't mind too much my husband having an affair if he acts like a grown-up, but the sight of my husband losing his head like a (drunk) teenager would be unbearable.

It's helpful to remind oneself that the male mind is as, if not more, unfathomable to women as the female mind is to men, and this is particularly so when we speak of the primeval parts of the brain responsible for regulating romantic feeling. Rosalie is Exhibit A. She can't understand how a man can be both happily married and desperate to bang an office hottie. But men are perfetly capable of compartmentalizing sex and love, something women can't do or can only do with strenuous mental exertions that defy their natural psychological predisposition.

FACT: Most men can simultaneously love their wives and lust for their mistresses.

FACT: More men than women are capable of LOVING two or more romantic partners concurrently.

FACT: A man can sustain and reconcile a happy marriage and a romantic fling for decades without feeling an urge to give up on either one.

Women have trouble doing any of the above three axioms with the same ease of execution and peace of mind that men naturally possess. There are exceptions, but this is the way to bet.

Rosalie, therefore, is befuddled. And Rosalie should not be chastised (gently mocked, yes) for her befuddlement, because it is the nature of her sex to project her own desires and compulsions onto the motivations of men. It is a rare woman indeed with the self-awareness to understand men's romantic desires and to predict men's actions based on that understanding. It is the rarer woman still who will forgive men for following their desires in the same reckless manner that women unabashedly follow theirs.

Rosalie's confessional blurt reveals something else of the character of women. It isn't the cheating per se that offends her; it's the man's clinginess and betatude with which the hope of cheating is pursued that gets under her skin. This is in line with the CH contention that, deep beneath the reservoir of polite social expectation that wraps cortically around the id monster, women aren't so scandalized by a cheating lover as they are emotionally traumatized by a cheating lover who cheats with sub-par fare and does so with the mien of a mewling betaboy in a rush of love. (That post, btw, garnered a response from a more optimistic man than I.)

Rosalie is woman. The sex act of the cheater is not the crisis of heart for her. The betrayal of *love* is what sets her off. Like most women, what she truly fears is infidelity of the heart, not infidelity of the groin. This is why it's so jarring to her to hear about, or visualize, an older husband falling gaga in love with a younger woman, and reverting to a primordial beta prototype in the process.

Sweet Rosalie, if only there were more women like you who spoke truth to id, and understood that alpha husbands sometimes need sexual and romantic outlets, and that this male desire needn't mean the end of their marriages. Are you French, by any chance?

Citizen Enemy

CH · 19 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

From the comments to a New York Beta Times article about the NSA's ability to crack any privacy protection internet tools,

> My mouth is agape. With names like "Bullrun" and "Manassas" for these programs, NSA is now (inadvertently) telling us they consider themselves to be battling a civil war… with the citizens of the United States.
>
> ***
>
> It's almost like the United States has a secret "royal family", to use the term loosely, and they are becoming more and more uneasy at the prospect of a peasant uprising.
>
> It sure would explain this massive surveillance we now see before us. This can't possibly be to fight terrorists as we know them to be. This seems to me to be something all the more sinister, something dangerous to everyone on Earth.

Some would call this the result of mass scale managerialism run amok. I'd use a less innocuous-sounding term: Tyranny.

Comment Of The Week: Your Rejection Only Makes Me Stronger

CH · 19 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

darkhorse steals the COTW,

> well, the point is to get some rapport going with your girl, and really rapport of a sexual/romantic nature. she's either going to accept or reject that "rapport option" you're extending to her based on whether she is attracted to you and how you communicate/socialize.
>
> deleting responses and ignoring a girl's responses does not seem like behavior associated with rapport-building. it seems like behavior associated with fear and an unwillingness to feel rejected.
>
> if you are deleting the girl's response, it sounds like you are nervous about her response – whether it will happen, what it will be, if she will reject you.
>
> here is a flash report: girls are going to reject you. the less you are ok with that reality, the more you are going to do weird shit like delete girls responses to your texts out of fear of rejection, which only introduces even more social awkwardness into your interactions with women. the more confidence you have in the quality of your game, the less you will care about reactions to the interactions you initiate.

Too many newbs mistake outcome independence for passivity. If you've engaged a girl, and she's reciprocating, it's game time. Move the seduction forward. Don't make a habit of buttressing your inner game by deleting girls' texts so you don't have an emotional reaction to whatever you imagine they'll say.

(A milder and more advantageous form of this kind of inner game trick is to turn off your phone for a day, so you call girls a day later. But this is for initial responses. If you have a girl on the chat line and she's replying in a timely manner, keep it up. Don't look a gift hoohah in the muff.)

Ultimately, the alpha attitude of outcome independence rests on a foundation of behavioral indifference to rejection. Rejection inoculation, you could say. If you worry excessively about being rejected by a girl, you'll always struggle to unlock any alpha male potential within you. Of course, no man likes to be rejected by a girl he desires, not even naturals, but the idea is not the elimination of distaste for rejection. Rather, the aim is to accept rejection as the collateral damage of pickup, a necessary burden, and to stop beating yourself up over it.

Think of rejection like a sudden downpour, or a *deus ex machina*. It happens, you let it pass, you carry on. You don't pretend to like it, but neither do you bellyache and take disproportionate, self-defeating measures to avoid it. It's a fleeting nuisance that has no bearing on your attitude or your ambitions. Each rejection then becomes a victim of your cavalier dismissal, which, when compounded, strengthens your immunity to emotional disturbances caused by future rejections. And a funny thing happens when you start to think this way… you experience less rejection.

***

Runner-up COTW winner is Lord Byron, patron saint of Le Chateau, from his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*:

> There is the moral of all human tales;
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First Freedom, and then Glory — when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption — barbarism at last.

Leave it to an unapologetic master cad to tell it like it is.

We are loose nuts rattling in a doomsday machine. We can see the abort button, we can even reach it, but our hands stay by our sides. And all we can do is lament our paralysis.

Wendy Davis: Iconic American Woman

CH · 21 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Chuck has a great exposé on Wendy Davis, the Texas Democrat gubernatorial candidate who's been lionized by the mass liberal media as some sort of working single mom superheroine.

If your values are inverted, then, yes, Wendy Davis would seem to you an icon for the age. Her life resumé reads like a leftoid wet dream.

– Lawyercunt. Could it be any other way?
– Single mom.
– Crusader fighting the good fight against "old boys' network".
– Poster bitch for grrlpower.
– Self-supporting Harvard grad.
– Beacon of liberal hope in backward, inbred, red state Texas.

The truth about Wendy Davis is somewhat less heartening for her loyal spinster army.

– Lived with her mom for a while after she dumped her first husband.
– Relied on the patriarchy — her father — for a job as a waitress at the theater he owned.
– Married her second husband, Jeff Davis, who is 13 years older than her.
– Jeff Davis paid for her final two years at college, and then for her Harvard Law School tuition by raiding his 401(k) savings.
– The DAY AFTER he made the final payment on her Harvard school loans, the golddigging, scheming, sociopathic, hypergamous cunt filed for divorce.
– This proud single mom relinquished custody of her kid.
– In Jeff Davis' divorce affidavit, he cited his ex-wife for adultery.

Heroic single mom, my squat-hardened ass. This anvil-jawed broad is a con artist and a leech.

Allow CH to drop some truly hideous truths into your lap today.

Single mommery is not heroic, apart from a few special circumstances (e.g., war widow). The single mother who has tragically and prematurely lost a husband and a father to her children is not a single mom; she's a widow, and like any befallen widow her extended families and her neighbors will feel the pull of charity and rally to her aid, and give her and her children comfort and love. This will redound to the children's benefit. But the single mom who cavalierly disposes of a good husband and father, or who makes a poor, tingle-inspired choice of mate, will not inspire nearly the same outpouring of charity and love from her families or neighbors. Her bastard spawn will suffer in part from this organic casting out by those on whom she expects to rely.

The institution of single mommery — and let there be no doubt that the equalists are attempting to elevate the single mom lifestyle to an honored place in American society — is a cancer on civilization. Single moms who are in their predicament by choice or by cumulative bad decisions are vectors of societal disease, bearing with them the rotten fruit of a new generation of misfits, degenerates, orcs and orc-incubators. They are not to be lauded; they are to be shunned. Ridiculed. Insulted. Shamed. Driven from the body politic like a virus, surrounded by healthy white blood cells and cordoned off from the functioning of vital organs. As a lesson for the others who may be teasing with the idea of following the same malignant life path.

But our body politic is weak, suffering from an autoimmune disorder that is incapable of identifying viral agents let alone expelling them before lethal damage is inflicted. Instead of watching Wendy Davis laughed out of the public sphere, she collects millions in feels money from feminists and their leftoid lackeys who excuse or ignore her malevolence with the same alacrity they pounce on those who commit the slightest realtalk offenses against PC boilerplate.

Wendy Davis is one woman — specifically, she's one cunt — in the wasteland of a deathstruck nation, but the exquisite arrangement of her life particulars makes her emblematic of the times. It's rare to find encapsulated in one gnarled specimen so many modern ills and torments and false gods; a woman that lies built. For this reason, Wendy Davis is the iconic American woman for the young century. She is the mudpie that the slouched beasts lift up and proclaim art. She is anti-truth. She is anti-beauty. She is death, destroyer of worlds.

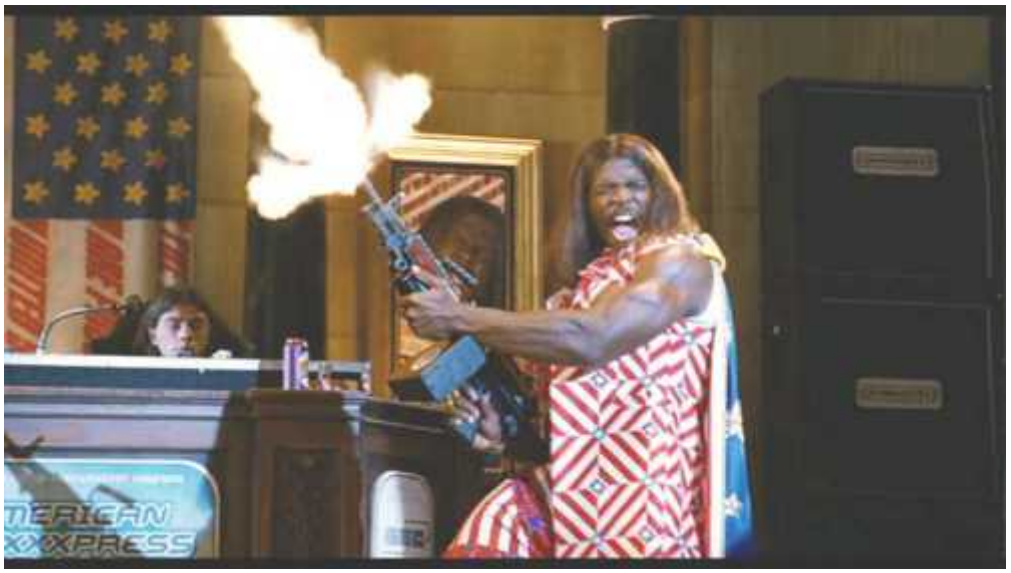
Goodbye America: Juxtaposition Edition

CH · 21 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Via:

The ghost of George wept.

I'm sure there's a segment of the American public — let's call them dickless cucks — who look at this and see a vision of progress, an America hurtling toward a bright future of rhythmic world beats, Oval Office courtship displays, and white pissboys gamely pretending to enjoy their cultural annihilation. But those of us with a bigger picture mentality see a different harbinger.



The Wreck Of The Beta Male Cuckold

CH · 22 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Wreck of the Beta Male Cuckold, sung to the tune of:

The legend lives on from the Left Coast on down
of the beta they called “Cuckold Freddie.”
The cuck, it is said, sits alone near the bed
when the thighs of his wife spread to darkies.
With a load of mandingo twenty inches more flaccid
than the Beta Male Cuckold at full chubby,
that goon man and true worked his bone black and blue
when his wife and her lover slapped uglies.

The cuck was the pride of the 4channer side
coming back from some brony convention.
As the big betas go, he was fatter than most
with manboobs and a belly in tension,
concluding some terms with his wife of 12 years
when they agreed to bring in an “acquaintance”.
And later that night when his wife’s gina danced,
could it be the lost tingle they’d been missin’?

The suck in her snatch made a tattle-tale sound
and a tremor broke over her vulva.
And ev’ry man knew, as Freddie did too
’twas the twitch of desire come on her.
The dusk came late and his wife couldn’t wait
for the big dicked intruder to come over.
When all three were there he called himself “Bear”
as his wife pressed her hand in his crotch bulge.

When sexytime came the sad cuck came to bed sayin’
“Fellas, I’d like to now join ya.”
But in his wife’s eyes he saw his demise,
And she snapped, “Go wait in the kitchen!”
The cuckold bemoaned he heard sex noise comin’ in
through the walls two rooms wide clear as ever.
And later that night as his wife screamed delight
came the wreck of the Beta Male Cuckold.

Does anyone know where a proud atheist goes
when his wife’s moans turn the minutes to hours?
The cisgenders say he’d have kept his wife tame
if he hadn’t leased her out like a street whore.
They might have split up or they might have hate fucked;
but at least Freddie’s shame would be no more.
But all Freddie hears through his hot beta tears
is, “put a gag in his mouth so he won’t direct”.

Cuckold suffering tolls, Hypergamy sings
in the rooms of Freddie’s Mountain Dew mansion.

Bear's black mamba creams in his wife's wet vajeen;
Her asshole and mouth are for Bear's fun.
And farther below, Freddie's marital ho
takes in what Bear's privilege can send her,
And Freddie will know as all swinging alphas know
it's two women-one man not the inverse.

In a musty old hovel in a basement he prayed,
in the "Beta Male Cuckolds' Cathedral."
The blade shimmered twice as he sliced quick lengthwise
for the dignity that Freddie surrendered.
The legend lives on from the Left Coast on down
of the beta they call "Cuckold Freddie."
"A sperm puddle," they said, "dripped from his wife's cleft
and 'twas that ended Freddie's life early!"

***

A tip o' the fedora to these plucky gents for digging up the pastiche of true stories this song is based on.

The original:

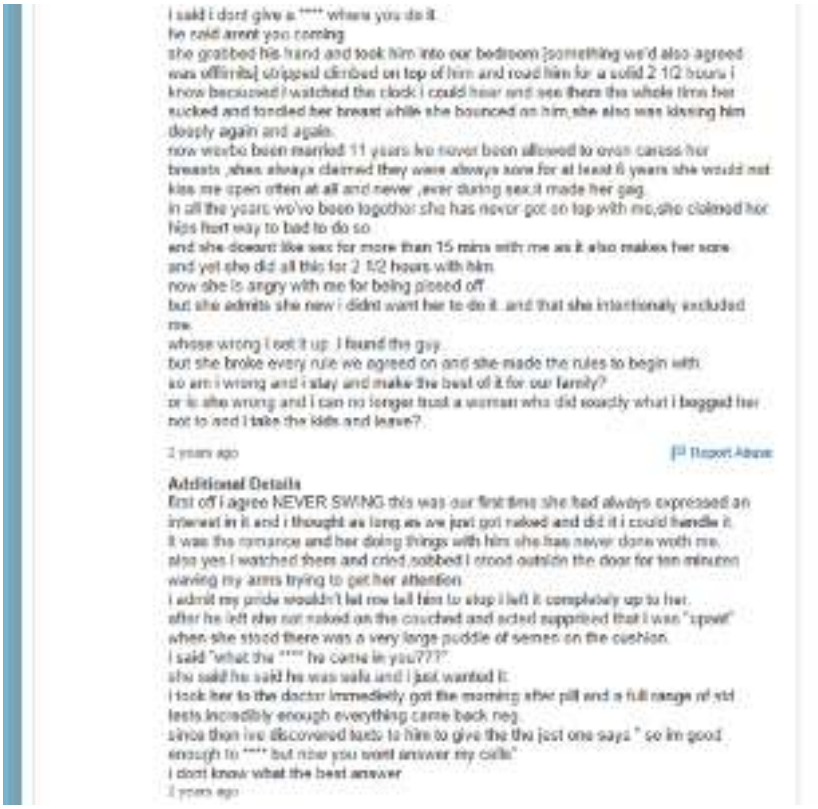
Resolved Question

Show me another »

My wife had sex with another man an hour after i begged her not to what do i do?

Michael Smith

we had decided to have a three way my wife me and an acquaintance my wife and i had agreed that it would be just sex no romance , cuddling , kissing etc we discussed us two men pleasuring her together i wanted to see her enjoy sex with someone else we planned him being there no more than an hour just one time no strings sex at first she was shy so we just sat and talked a little.
i left the room for about 5 minutes to feed our dogs when i returned her knee was in his crotch and he was touching her breast,they were talking,when i entered the room she stopped speaking and blushed.
thinking she was embarrassed i walked up and laid my hand on her shoulder she pushed it off.
he said to her" it'll be fine we can just put a gag in his mouth so he wont direct."
i said "lets do this if we're going to"and "ill give you a little time to talk ill be in the tv room.
for the next four hours she and he stayed in the kitchen sitting face to face her grooing his crotch and stroking his arms he fondled her breasts anytime i went into the room she made it clear she wanted me to wait in the other room.
they moved to the tv room and sat together on the couch where she rubbed his crotch with her feet .at one point he said "I could settle down with a girl like you"
when he said this I reminded him that she wasnt on any birth control and to use a condom i wasn't really sure what to say.
he wanted to shower first and went to do so.
when he left the room i told her that i felt she was being romantic and i felt i was being excluded.i cried and begged her to just stop now and we wouldnt do it.
she became instantly furious and said loud enough for him to here in the shower " fine i want """ him then"and walked away.
i walked out the front door and into the yard in a few minutes she came out and what are you doing?
i said i dont want you to do it .I dont want to do it .
she went inside and to the kitchen where he was standing in his boxers drying his hair.
i went into the bathroom and just sat down on the toilet.you can here everyone in the house from there if you listen i heard him say "i feel uncomfortable is your husband ok with this" then i heard some of her med sentence.it ended with were about to """
i went to the tv room she came in and very angrily said "fine I wont have any fun."
i said "do whatever you want ,have your fun ,but i dont want you to"
she said "I dont want you in there"
he came in to the room and said where are we doin this .



I said I dont give a **** where you do it
he said arent you coming
she grabbed his hand and took him into our bedroom [something we'd also agreed was offlimits] stripped climbed on top of him and road him for a solid 2 1/2 hours i know because I watched the clock I could hear and see them the whole time her sucked and tondled her breast while she bounced on him she also was kissing him deeply again and again.
now we've been married 11 years he never been allowed to even caress her breasts ,shes always claimed they were always sore for at least 6 years she would not kiss me open often at all and never ,ever during sex,it made her gag.
in all the years we've been togethor she has never got on top with me,she claimed her hips hurt way to bad to do so
and she doesnt like sex for more than 15 mins with me as it also makes her sore
and yet she did all this for 2 1/2 hours with him
now she is angry with me for being pissed off
but she admits she new i didnt want her to do it ,and that she intentionaly excluded me.
whose wrong I set it up ,I found the guy
but she broke every rule we agreed on and she made the rules to begin with
so am i wrong and i stay and make the best of it for our family?
or is she wrong and I can no longer trust a woman who did exactly what i begged her not to and I take the kids and leave?

2 years ago [illegible] Report Abuse

Additional Details
first off i agree NEVER SWING this was our first time she had always expressed an interest in it and i thought as long as we just got naked and did it i could handle it.
it was the romance and her doing things with him she has never done woth me.
also yes I watched them and cried ,sobbed I stood outside the door for ten minutes waving my arms trying to get her attention
I admit my pride wouldn't let me tell him to stop I left it completely up to her.
after he left she sat naked on the couched and acted supprised that I was "upset"
when she stood there was a very large puddle of semen on the cushion.
I said "what the **** he came in you???"
she said he said he was safe and I just wanted it.
i took her to the doctor immediely got the morning after pill and a full range of std tests incredibly enough everything came back neg.
since then ive discovered texts to him to give the thx just one says " so im good enough to **** but now you wont answer my calls"
i dont know what the best answer
2 years ago

ps yeah, i know this is closer to omega male territory, but poetic license demanded the use of beta.

When Asshole Game "Backfires"

CH · 23 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Asshole Game is one of the best and fastest methods for stimulating attraction in women. But its raw power tempts risky overuse. There are assholes who overplay their hand, and lose the girl. Women are romantically dichotomous creatures, at once lured by the aloof asshole as by the wooing beta. This dichotomy exists because women procreatively require both the seed of a proven quantity alpha male and the provisions of a proven investor beta male. The tension of the female dichotomy is never more apparent than when she's at that precarious six-month stage of a relationship with an intoxicating alpha male, and she's starting to fret about a dearth of romantic gestures from him that would allay her fear of abandonment.

Wise players understand this womanly war with herself, and tailor their game to satisfy her dueling needs, (or until such time that the player becomes restless for new conquests).

However, asshole game is SO powerful, that even overuse doesn't automatically kill a budding relationship dead like beta supplication kills it flat out. Hence, the nuance quotes around "backfire" in the post title.

For an example of what I'm talking about, read what this reader passes along,

> I've been devouring your archives these last two weeks. Great stuff that has really been life changing at my tender age of 19. I was never a complete beta, but I did not have an alpha attitude that I look to adopt now. I wanted to get your thoughts on a text thing that I've taken to. In the same vein of "gay" and "…", I offer up "haaaaaaaa". With as many A's as you want. Recent example from an old ex texting me the other night, after a missed phone call from her at 11:30 on a Thursday.
>
> ex: why didn't you answer
> me: i'm out
> ex: i need to talk to you
> (30 minutes later)
> ex: actually forget it. go fuck yourself asshole.
> me: haaaaaaaaa
> ex: seriously?
> ex: you're immature as fuck
> (hour later)
> ex: are you home yet?
>
> Thoughts?

My thoughts are this is classic aloof asshole game, and her reaction indicates that it's working on her. How do we know she continues to dream about you pounding her out? Because she's responding. Not only responding, but *initiating* contact. Her words may sound resentful, but the fact that she bothers to express herself against your perceived indifference is all the evidence you need she can't stop thinking about you. Women who are truly uninterested in a man show it by not showing anything at all — they tend to vanish in a quickly evaporating mist of curt goodbyes.

To the average culturally medicated passerby, it reads like your ex is really angry with you and that romance is the last thing on her mind. But to those with experience in the dating trenches, her indignation is a major tell. A woman's emotional outpouring, good or bad, is reserved for men who matter to her.

Did this reader's asshole game straddle the line between puppeteer of poon and jettisoned jerk? Perhaps. But there's something you should know about assholes and their unusual pull on women. Beta suck-ups are rejected before they even know where they went wrong; an asshole can dump a quarry full of his toxic slurry into a woman's heart and

she'll still leave the door to her pussy open a crack for him, based on nothing more than a slim hope he'll redeem himself in her eyes.

Women give latitude to men with attitude, while earnest betas are swiftly disposed.

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In related news, the Napster-founding asshole with expertise in the art of vanishing has somehow managed to provoke the obsessed love and unthwarted womb receptivity of a model. Will wonders never cease?

Why Are Women More Liberal Than Men?

CH · 24 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's hardly a secret that women vote more liberal and Democrat than do men. Even married women, while voting less liberal than their unmarried cohort, retain the sex disparity in vote preference. A study has found that suffrage moved the country inexorably to the left, and it hasn't stopped moving in the degenerate direction since.

CH proposed a biological mechanism that follows from an understanding of the sexual market to explain the greater liberalism of women. As the resource-exploiting sex, women are neurally charged to extract support and transfer provisions from men to themselves to see them through the tough times of pregnancy and the raising of small children. To aid them in this purpose, women have evolved an innate (if subtly shifting) warmth for men who can provide for them and who show it through romantic displays of fidelity.

But when women become self-supporting, either by their own financial independence or via government largesse (which is in practice the redistribution of beta male resources to women), then the limbic impulses that help them connect with beta providers become short-circuited and redirected to charming cads and government growth. The cad serves the pile driver need while the sugar daddio big government serves the provider need. Under this arrangement, women can indeed "have it all", (except for long-term commitment from men, which loses its incentive structure in this beta-bypass system).

Therefore, the liberalism of women is as much a consequence of their reliance on government serving as husband substitute as of their inherently greater sensitivity to perceived inequality or rifts in community cohesion. This theory gains traction by the evidence that married women become less liberal, ostensibly because their provider needs are being met by a real husband and the government has assumed the role of a malevolent outsider ransacking their intact family for tax money to be distributed to other women and their children.

All's fair in souls and shivs, but this may be only part of the story of women's infantile harm-based liberalism. The political and economic liberalism of women coexists with a greater female tendency to collectivism and religious feeling. Oddly, women appear to be both more liberal and more conservative than men, at least when the metrics used for comparison are sliced thinner. (And the hamster went *wheeee*….)

Researchers have (re)discovered that boys are slugs and snails and puppy dogs' tails and girls are sugar and spice and everything nice.

> Can disgust sensitivity help explain why women tend to be more collectivistic?
>
> The researchers sought to examine why women are more likely than men to endorse the socially conservative attitudes of collectivism and religious fundamentalism. Both attitudes encourage cooperation with one's own social group and the shunning of outsiders.
>
> Women on average tend to adhere to social and religious norms, and practice within-group reciprocity more than their male counterparts.

So… women are conformist lemmings who get the vapors when someone dissents from the party line. Never woulda guessed.

> "Females are more likely to exhibit forms of social conservatism that involve ingroup cohesion and outgroup avoidance (e.g., collectivism)…"

White women, in particular, are assiduous about dating within their race. SWPL chicks may chant kumbaya, but their revealed dating preferences say "white is right".

> Across four separate studies, the researcher found that those who were more easily disgusted and more afraid

> of contamination were more likely to be both female and socially conservative. The four studies were comprised of 980 undergraduate students in total.

WEIRD alert.

> The link between disgust and conservativism is bolstered by previous studies. […]
>
> But why do women tend to be more easily disgusted than men? The researchers think this can be attributed to evolution.
>
> Men and women are both vulnerable to pathogens in the environment. However, the sexes face a distinct imbalance when it comes to reproduction. Women must bear approximately 9 months of pregnancy, while men's "initial investment can be as little as the amount of time that it takes for copulation," the researcher explained.
>
> Women therefore have more to lose from mating with a bad partner. They also need to avoid exposing their gestating offspring to pathogens. Women with heightened feelings of disgust would have been more likely to avoid sickly mates and keep their fetus healthy, and consequentially more likely to pass on their genes.

Makes sense. In the environment of evolutionary adaptation, pathogens were a much greater threat than they are today in the age of penicillin and indoor plumbing. Disgust and its concomitant moral rationale evolved because it increased the chances of one's survival, and the survival of one's children.

Women's heightened feeling of disgust also explains the quickness with which they resort to labeling men they don't want to have sex with as "creeps".

> Disgust, in turn, encourages "the preference of ingroup members over outgroup members, because outgroup members pose a greater disease threat," the researchers wrote. This preference towards members of one's own group manifests itself as socially conservative attitudes, like religious fundamentalism.
>
> "In other words, disgust sensitivity prepares individuals to have a negative perception of others who may be a source of contamination and to avoid them."

If women feel more disgust, why do they vote more liberal? The conundrum is solved if you don't conflate "collectivism" and "conservatism". The two are very different moral outlooks. Collectivists have strong liberal tendencies, such as wealth redistribution and PC policing. Conformism, too, is today more a trait of liberals than of non-liberals.

What about social liberalism? Aren't women on the whole more socially liberal than men? First, SWPL women are not all women. For example, support for abortion restrictions runs about dead even between men and women nationally, but I'm sure you'd find that in the baby-less blue cities, pro-abortion is the default position among women.

Second, social liberalism can accommodate collectivism (or vice versa). If the prevailing view of "your tribe" is that gay marriage is doubleplusgood, then you'll happily parrot newspeak if it means strengthening in-group cohesion. And you'll do this even if your sex possesses a lower disgust threshold.

Jonathan Haidt has theorized that disgust/sanctity is one of five moral foundations, of which ideological conservatives weigh more heavily than do liberals. I think there is evidence based on women's greater propensity to feel disgust to question Haidt's categorization. The disgust reflex apparently acts to amplify women's social liberalism, possibly by providing emotional justification for repurposing feelings of disgust against ideological outsiders. If this is happening, as I suspect it is, then natural female disgust is, in the modern context, less a behavioral adaptation to infectious disease than it is protection against "infectious ideological opponents".

The analysis gets more complicated when race is added to the mix. Black women are liberal, but their liberalism is

driven by different moral and self-interested motivations than that which drives white women. The question left unanswered is whether the disgust reflex is universally higher among women or if it varies in intensity between the races.

Finally, we can predict that liberalism is ascendent and will continue its cultural ascent in lockstep with generationally decreasing testosterone levels, because lower testosterone among men putatively translates to stronger feelings of (ideological) disgust in men (akin to what women feel), and a stronger predilection toward feminine collectivism and equalist conformism.

In other words, the world is becoming more womanly and scalzied. Those who hope for a return to reason and common sense may first need to figure a way to re-inflate the sad shriveled sacks of the manlets of the West.

Top 5 Signs That A Woman Is Using You

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If a woman you know isn't having sex with you, it pays to be cognizant of signs that she's using you for emotional or material support. You may not want to be used in this manner, so knowing her intention is half the battle. Even if you don't want sex with her, you may also be uninterested in serving as an emotional sponge which she can fill with her tears.

Sexlessness is a necessary but not sufficient condition for female exploitation of male friends, but since most men want to bang their female friends, the unreciprocated desire for sex is enough for afflicted men to feel as if they're being exploited, regardless of the purity of their female friends' intentions. It is thus in these men's interests, and for their mental health, to know when they're giving above and beyond the call of a casual friend and not getting what they want in return, so that they can exit stage right while they still have a shred of dignity left to preserve.

The lure of prime vagina can cloud the most perspicacious men's minds, so one must devote pointed mental energy to noticing any signs that a woman is using him for friendship without benefits. In my travels across these blown-out post-patriarchy lands, I've seen dicksploitation that would shrivel an elephant's nads. The following list is a summary of the most common methods I've observed women employ to snare betas into unwitting friendzone or house eunuch arrangements.

The top five signs a woman is using you, in no particular order of certitude:

1. She's a single mom.

That's all. Single mommery is not just a promise of emotional manipulation, it's a guarantee. The single mom in your life could be the kindest, most generous woman alive, but she'll be unable to resist the succubus song of her sex's prime directive: Extract resources from an available male to help her lil' bastards survive. If a single mom becomes entangled in your life, it won't be long before you're shuttling her sprog to soccer games and sex ed classes. Many single moms instinctively know how repelled men are at the thought of raising another man's issue, so these half-moms often pay their hapless beta volunteers in pellets of post-partum poon. Assuming attractiveness thresholds are reached, this is all well and good… until about three weeks in when, rubbing your knee after having tripped over yet another infernal toy on your way to the sexroom, mommy coyly wonders aloud if… oh never mind… what? what?… oh, it's just that it would be a really big help if *[robe opens to reveal one breast]*… yes?… *[uptalk alert]* if you could take little Sarah to school tomorrow morning so I can get ready for a job interview?

And by then, it's too late. She has her hooks in you. My advice: Single moms are short-term sex aids. Get in and get out before a fortnight has passed.

2. She's a flirtatious flake.

Don't confuse a flake for a flirtatious flake. The latter is FAR more dangerous. The flake is usually a one and done deal. She flakes, you never hear from her again. The flirtatious flake will reinitiate contact on a regular basis, filling you with renewed hope every time your phone buzzes with her latest ego-stroking scam. The dead giveaway of the flirtatious flake is the phony joy she exudes when anticipating the date you proposed — "can't wait! c u then!!!" — which is followed by an abrupt last-minute cancellation. A few days later you'll hear from her again, in full apologetics mode, and the cycle begins anew. If she has a real sucker in her hands, she'll get you to meet her out with friends and buy everyone rounds of drinks… and you'll leave later, with dry crotch and empty wallet, wondering if what you just experienced was an actual date or a group hug. Hint: It wasn't a date.

3. She's a date whore.

This is the girl who muscles in on the man's prerogative to choose the date venue. She likes dating; she doesn't much like sex with the types of men who will agree to her demands for endless dating. No matter what date you suggest, she'll counter-offer with something that will invariably cost you more money. "Oh hey, I read about this

new play downtown… I'd love it if you went with me?" Of course, there's no logical procession from her date suggestion to her paying her way. If you agree to whatever exorbitantly priced scheme she has in mind, you're stuck coughing up the cash. Unless you're a total asshole (ahem) and slip out the back Jack, when Jill gets the bill.

There are two ways to smoke out a nascent golddigger: 1. Absolutely demand she meet you for drinks at your favorite cheap dive bar. If she balks or, worse, if she goes but sulks all night while trying to bounce you to a pricier venue, you'll have evidence that she's a user of losers. 2. Suggest an outrageously expensive date idea. If she jumps at the chance after having spent weeks evading your efforts to meet up with her, she plays tools for fools. Don't try to stick it out with her; if you think sex is "just around the corner", that's a corner that never ends.

4. She likes to play "Let's you and him fight".

Some girls love to incite white knight theatrics. They get a rush from manipulating dupes to fight other men for their sake. These girls typically have very high tolerances for drama, so it takes a lot to rev their egos. The spectacle of a betaboy friend confronting another man for the approval of a fair maiden is too delicious to these women to pass up. If you find yourself precariously edging toward such situations every time you're out with a girl, take it as a given she's using you for emotional orgasms. And those are the least interesting orgasms from a man's perspective.

Women can also play the "let's you and him fight" game with invisible ex-boyfriends. She'll insert an ex into the conversation as a psychological combatant to measure your response. It's crisis and observation, and if you don't dismiss her ploy out of hand, you always come out the losing party. Women who bitch and moan about exes on dates aren't really needing your "support"; what they need is to see what kind of man you are.

5. She's a self-made martyr.

The old damsel in distress scam. "Pity poor me! My ex/BFF/pimp did this horrible thing to me, and now I don't know what to do… *[bats eyelashes]*… maybe you can help?" Beware the walking sob story. She's a predator who strikes at men's weakest access point: Their protective instinct. Many a beta chump has been swindled to do the bidding of a doe-eyed martyr expertly wielding the distant reward of sex. These women know that many betas nourish a powerful fantasy of winning the girl through acts of heroism and sacrifice, and they exploit that delusion mercilessly.

If you're dealing with a self-made martyr, resist the urge to be a Captain Save-a-Ho. Remember the First Rule of Fuck Club: Fuck first, favors later. Sex can always be followed by favors, if you wish. But favors are rarely followed by sex. Get your priorities straight.

Bonus!

Top five signs she's a true friend and not just using you.

1. She brings her own drugs to share.
2. She pays for the first round, and insists on alternating after that.
3. She never mentions ex-boyfriends or family problems on dates.
4. If you ask her about an ex, she'll say you don't want to hear about it, and mean it.
5. She genuinely surprises you with unexpected gifts, because she remembers that time you did something for her.

Double Bonus Round!

How to turn a friendzone to your sexual advantage.

Preemptively friendzone the girl if you suspect she has similar designs. Getting the LJBF jump on a girl will seriously fuck with her mental toolkit. Expectations UPTURNED! Sense her attraction isn't quite "there" yet? Worried she might try to insert you into her group of friends as the reality of your animal desire looms? Tell her, "I like hanging out with you, because there's no pressure. It's good that I'm not interested in you that way."

A preemptive friendzone is a sucker punch to a girl's ego. What was once her romantic inertia will become her raging curiosity. "This guy just wants to be… *friends*?!?" Humor her attempts to drag love interests and exes into

conversations. In fact, ask her for more juicy gossip, because you like hearing about all the guys who fall for her tricks. Agree & amplify. Brag about yourself, because now you're no longer "trying" to impress her. Exaggerate your indifference to her sexuality; "I'm glad we can be this physical because it doesn't mean anything." Play it cool and play it with sincerity, and you can energize the sexual tension until such time that you decide you've "had a change of heart" about her. It's the rare woman indeed who doesn't fall for this convenient about face. Proceed to plunder at will.

“The Wreck Of The Beta Male Cuckold”, Performed

CH · 28 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An inspired reader has put to song *The Wreck of the Beta Male Cuckold*.

The CH Boss-Secretary Sexual Strategy To Reduce Income Inequality, Increase Fertility, And Reinvigorate National Pride

CH · 28 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Your lovable overlord CH is on record advocating the "Boss-Secretary Sexual Strategy" (BoSSS) to reduce income inequality and increase the fertility rate among the better classes.

> Fisher agress with the CH diagnosis of the postmodern West that the end days of a civilization are characterized by an exaltation of deviancy (equalism) and a debasement of normalcy (sophism). We in the West long ago abandoned our barbarian ethos. In return for this "moral progress", we have limitless pleasures of the flesh and material comforts. But we also have complacency, self-annihilating moral universalism, and infertility. Perhaps a return to barbarian values is just the medicine to save the West from a long walk in the shadow of the valley of death.
>
> The patented CH solution to dysgenic fertility is to break the stranglehold of assortative mating by IQ that is currently aided and abetted by the helicopter parent ethos, and return to traditional pairings of powerful, high ability men with pretty but less educated and accomplished women. Call it the CH boss-secretary sexual strategy to renew Western vitality. This will increase fertility, increase total happiness, and decrease the degenerate SWPL culture monolith that is at the lead of decivilizing and ethnically cleansing great Western nations.

Silly reader, you thought it was a self-amusing exercise in hyperbole. Oh no.

> Has there been an increase in positive assortative mating? Does assortative mating contribute to household income inequality? Data from the United States Census Bureau suggests there has been a rise in assortative mating. Additionally, assortative mating affects household income inequality. In particular, if matching in 2005 between husbands and wives had been random, instead of the pattern observed in the data, then the Gini coefficient would have fallen from the observed 0.43 to 0.34, so that income inequality would be smaller. Thus, assortative mating is important for income inequality. The high level of married female labor-force participation in 2005 is important for this result.

Science and CH… ♥♥♥ together!

Assortative mating is creating an Eloi-Morlock, or Elf-Orc, social stratification. People are forming credential-based blocs and seceding economically and socially if not yet politically. This cultural secession is reinforcing mutual ignorance, dampening mutual sympathies, and hollowing the natural fellow-feeling that is the bedrock foundation — the first principle — of any nation that wishes to carry forward in prosperity for the benefit of its posterity. Explosive diversity amplifies the stratification, and may have even been the fission reaction that set this immolation aflame and hardened hearts in its crucible of crisis.

The deadly chain of assortative mating must be broken for Western civilization to have a rebirth of greatness. The way to do this is the BoSSS system. BoSSS men will marry pretty secretaries or other occupationally "lowly" women instead of acquiescing to the hitch of convenience with multiple-degreed lawyercunts. The result of a generation of BoSSS is an end to the reign of meritocratic lovelessness, cognitive and geographic cocooning, and class-fueled hatred. An end to late-in-life spergs borne of the desiccated wombs of overeducated cougars. An end to the swarm of communications graduates with nothing to offer in a modern tech-centric economy. An end to… dare my heart speak it!… feminism and equalism as mass delusions rationalizing a world tearing apart.

There will be those who protest that BoSSS is dysgenic. But they operate under a misconception about how exactly women's value in the mating market is calculated. A woman's mate worth is not measured by her years toiling in

grad school, or by her achievements, or by her ambition, or by her social connections or her business acumen. It is measured by her beauty, her femininity, and her compassion. The secretary with the blazing blue eyes, hourglass figure, and heart of gold is worth, in the abacus of men's desire, more than a thousand meticulously credentialed globalist form factors. She is true beauty to the ascendent ugliness looming around her.

And she needn't be dumb, either. Many sweet, charming "lower class" women are sharp as tacks, despite their mortal sin of having not willingly endured 52 years of academic mind meld to the equalist borg.

CH said it once, and says it again: It's time to return to the old, true ways. To a courtship arena that paired established men with pretty young assistants full of adoration and admiration. It is the natural order of things, the divine prescription, when the starry-eyed lovely, already gazing in welcome submission, completes the act of her surrender to the powerful man above her. And in so doing, circles back to the wisdom of the ancients, and casts to the everlasting darkness the jackal harridans of the globo-femcunt credentialist collective.

I tell you now, break these assortative mating chains! Free! Free! Free at last! Thank God Almighty you are free at last to pursue love with a cute, worshipful underling and be a happy man again!

PS: There are plenty of reasons why CH rails against the obesity epidemic so passionately, but one is that it's easier for high status men to date "occupationally lower" women if those women still have their exquisite figures.

Picky Men

CH · 29 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The alt-internet is a strange land where you can find people who appear to have lived in a hermetically sealed Tyvek bubble since birth, and have escaped all interaction with reality. A recent example of this reality-cushioned subspecies is the obligate sperg — male or female — who believes, with absolutely no supporting evidence beside the whispers her hamster breathes into her brain ear, that men exercise no discretion when choosing a mate.

You'll see this type litter comment sections of blogs whenever the discussion turns, however tangentially, to the horrifying and bowel-shaking notion that men actually prefer to bang and commit to prettier women at the expense of uglier women, and that this preference likely contributed to the evolution of beauty in women, particularly the women of certain races. On the Ugly Truth scale, mentioning that in medicated company is the equivalent of casually noting the vast (and increasingly puzzling, based on current performance) overrepresentation in elite institutions of 2% of the population.

But as anyone who has lived a day in his life knows, men are choosy. (I'm looking at you, Satoshi Kanazawa.) Go to a bar or a nightclub and AMAZE YOURSELF at the sight of so many men gunning for the attention of best in show, and how that best in show as judged by men are, PECULIARLY, often the same three girls. And then notice to your UTTER STUPEFACTION how so many men ignore the overtures of the less attractive girls, even at closing time when, legend has it, men become sex-hungry dogs incapable of controlling their impulses.

No, men are not dogs. Men are discerning dogs. Yes, men like to hump, but they do so with an eye for quality. Male choosiness is real, and while it's not the equivalent of female choosiness in breadth or intensity, it exists, and it has likely shaped who we are today, and how our women look today. Intriguingly, there have been environments in the distant past when the sex ratio was so skewed by premature male deaths that the few lucky men left alive had a bounty of mate options that would seem incomprehensible to most men alive today, save for the über famous or obscenely wealthy. And since men, almost to the exclusion of all other considerations, prefer sex with hotter women to sex with plainer women, it's a small logical leap to infer that, given favorable sexual market conditions, men will choose to fuck more often, and more vigorously, the prettiest of women from among all the women. And from that, men will choose to invest their resources in those prettier women, ensuring that their children have a survival advantage over the children of uglier women.

Rinse with sperm and repeat for a thousand years, and you've got a race of women who look as if they've been touched by the chisel of God.

And the male impulse toward polygyny needn't be dismissed out of hand for this to work. Simply impose environmental constraints on the amount of resources any one man can amass and thus distribute among multiple women, and he will be nudged in the direction of favoring with his cooperation and sexual gift only those women who most stiffen his splitter. Even a small nudge in this direction can produce massive long-term generational change in the looks of women. An alpha male in possession of a few extra furs and stores of winter grain, who services, say, four women, will plow harder, and plow more often, the best looking of his harem. Over time, and patterned similarly among other men like him, this targeted ardor will lead to differentials in reproductive fitness between the women.

But enough of the theorizing. You don't need computational geneticists to prove to you what your own eyes can see any night in a crowded bar. So get the hell out of your lala land, internet sperg, and join the human race. You might learn a thing or two.

The Universality Of Game Concepts

CH · 30 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Neophytes who have stumbled into discussions about game gently but persistently have their doubts allayed as the picture of human sexual dynamics becomes clearer, but one skeptics' framework remains difficult to dislodge, and that is the belief that game is contextual, and that what will work for one man won't necessarily work for another.

But this superficially plausible belief relies on a misunderstanding of the nature of game. Skeptics often wrongly conflate the idea of "pickup lines" with the plethora of techniques that constitute the discipline of "game". They envision a world where specific lines substitute for conceptual knowledge and holistic mastery, and from this faulty premise criticize targeted tactics as unsuitable for this or that kind of man.

But without a grasp of the concepts, the quotable lines will never be more than parlor tricks with which newbs can trip themselves up and ignoramuses can spotlight into easily digestible soundbites for the amusement of their loser audience. One must learn the game concepts and the overarching strategy before applying the pointed techniques, or risk babbling incongruent nonsense severed from situational demands.

Commenter YaReally elegantly explains this universality of game concepts and the confusion that leads to the common misperception by students and hecklers of game that only a subset of men can benefit from game.

> For ME, [this line, "there's no reason to go blow $20 on drinks, you could get a lapdance for that lol"] works because it's congruent to me. I set the frame early on of being the type of guy who would think in those terms. Bob the harmless nice guy from Accouting saying it would get blown out. Russell Brand or Tommy Lee wouldn't.
>
> This is why I don't give a lot of word for word examples of my game and just explain the concepts/structure behind them instead. Not a lot of guys, esp who are just starting out learning, would be able to congruently say the things I say. But at the same time, the words themselves are irrelevant…the concepts/structure are what cause attraction.
>
> My push/tease/disqualifier might be "sorry I don't fuck ugly chicks. But come back when I'm done with this beer and you're blurry." Whereas Bob from Accounting might push/tease/disqualify with "sorry you're not my type, I don't like high-maintenance women."
>
> Both versions would cause the girl to go "omg!!" and qualify themselves, because it's the concepts/structure that's key.

Someone new to game will say, "Ah, the crass beer goggles line is the ticket to endless poon!" without realizing that the game is not the line, but instead is, as YaReally stated, the underlying concept of "push/tease/disqualify".

Bob from Accounting would likely get blown out if he spit a line that called a girl ugly, and then Bob would go home and squat in his masturbatorium, railing online about how game is a lie and everyone who writes about it is a huckster. But if Bob was a wiser man with a more temperate disposition, he would return to the well of game knowledge and discover that women autonomically respond less to the precise semantical schemata than to the subconscious cues of being pushed away, teased, and shrewdly disqualified as potential sexual partners.

Bob would then realize that the push/tease/disqualify game concept is valid, but he needs to apply the concept with an eye toward congruency with his personal vibe and presence, and in conjunction with environmental constraints. So the next time Bob ventures out, he tells a woman she's "not his type", because she's "too high maintenance", and like magic he's getting a better response.

The game concepts don't change; the expression of the concepts change. If you were a car salesman, would you sell a Porsche the same way you sell a Honda? Of course not. But the psychological triggers that you use to get people to buy are the same. That's the fundamental truth of game, only you're selling yourself instead of a car.

President Of The United States, Barack Hussein Obama, Continues Lying About The Sex Wage Gap Myth

CH · 30 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The question put before us, gentlemen, is why the President of the United States, Barack Hussein Obama, lies about the sex wage gap and the nature of its origin and scope, as he recently did during his State of the Union address, and in so doing assists in propelling it further into the media narrative as the nefarious plotting of boogymen misogynists, when an obscene preponderance of evidence exists in the literature on the subject disproving any favored notion that the sex wage gap is caused by male discrimination or similar hobbyhorses of the cackling feminist collective.

Gentlemen, ignorance of the facts is no excuse for propagating lies and stupidity, particularly when those lies cause real suffering to segments of the population, but willful ignorance is especially inexcusable in the President of the United States of America, Barack Hussein Obama. Of all men, he should know best the power of lies from a public representative to contort opinion and sacralize injustice against political enemies. Of men of station, he is most keenly aware of the truth and the requisite need to seek it, and so his insistence on spreading bald lies is all the more malevolent, coming as it does from a fount of spite and ill-will rather than a forgivable foolishness usually characteristic of the lower classes.

Why does President Barack Hussein Obama lie, then? More importantly, how can we, the assembled, end his reign of lies? You gather here, under the stone carapace of this haunt, to discuss just these weighty matters. Intimations of revolt whisper in the halls. Mutterings of secession, even civil war, trickle like condensation from winter windows. A slow heating rage, its potency strengthened by patient superintendence, arcs like static electricity on the deep pile rugs.

The verdict is unchallenged. President Barack Hussein Obama is a willful liar. He lies with breathtaking expediency and has as little concern for the truth as suits his political calculations or personal pique. He is aided in his mendacity by coteries of lickspittles and an opposition, such as it is, of cowards. Any hope that the light of truth might penetrate the hardened bunker of the current administration and its houses of sniveling, ineffectual partisans must be abandoned. The truth rarely glides to prominence on the feathered wings of angels. Instead, it drips from the bloody edge of swords.

Jerkboy Charisma Game, A Series

CH · 31 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Following on the heels of archival microfiche documenting the efficacy of jerkboy charisma game in the textual wild, comes this from a reader,

> I'm always amazed by how right you are with your text game advice.
>
> One of my areas of weakness had always been my text game. 6 months after reading your blog this shit is happening. She's the gray and I'm the green below. Thanks man!

Attached was this screenshot of a text word count ratio that looks very favorable for the man.

Harkening to the previous post, the take-home lesson here is not the specific wording he used in his reply, but the game concepts he upheld. In this instance, he "pushed" her away by ignoring her plea, teased her by promptly offering to watch a show she didn't want to watch, and then "assumed the sale" by not bothering to wait for her response before suggesting — no, commanding — she meet him at his stated time.

Also beside the point are complaints that this isn't game because "she already knows him". Look folks, game never stops, because women's sexual psychologies never stop functioning. You think just because some girl previously agreed to a date with you that that means you can stop acting like the charming bastardo you unloaded on her the first go-round?

Naturally, differences in the structure of your game will accompany the type of relationship you have with the woman in question. Most notably, if you and her just met in a crowded noisy venue, you'll have to be more aggressive and intentional to seal the deal and avoid any misconstrual that you're a boring beta or a seeker of asexual friendship. If you have known her for a few dates and a sexual or romantic relationship has yet to be nailed down to your satisfaction, then an air of relaxed aloofness will assume a larger role in your game. If you have been banging her for six months, and she's hooked, then you'll want to solidify the relationship (if that's your goal) with more displays of beta provisioning.

When The Wall Comes Rising Into View

CH · 31 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A sad woman left the following comment (scroll down) to a post about an OkCupid experiment in dating profiles which CH covered in detail here.

> An even more insightful "study" would be to do the same thing but use people of similar attractiveness but different ages. I am in my 40's and I receive virtually no messages. I did the Match thing for six months and sent over 200 messages, all of which were "custom" to the guy I was contacting. I can't stand cut and paste emails, not to mention they're obviously cut and paste. I got fewer than 10 responses. In six months. What I have taken away from this whole experience is if you're female and your age starts with a number equal to or higher than 4 (I'm 45) it is not going to be a great experience. And if, like me, you're tall (5'11″) it's going to be even worse.

Dating sites exist to make a profit, and that means by necessity and in accord with the nature of their market and consumer sentiment they must push a silo full of pretty lies. If they were to come out and say "ugly, fat and older women and boring, poor and loser men need not apply", that would cut into revenues. And probably provoke an idiotic discrimination lawsuit which serves the betterment of absolutely nothing.

So dating sites package their pretty lies in pabulum like "customization" and "29 dimensions of compatibility to find your perfect match" that specifically ping the hopefulness radars of lovelorn women and the men who follow where those women go. Keep hope alive, because when you can't find a date in the real world, hope is all you have left.

Never are the inherent limitations of online dating sites more apparent than when the eFallacy marketing fluff meets the massive edifice of the Wall. The Splat Protocol is that event horizon when aging beauties become like the beta males they ignored in their youth, now reduced to spending hours and hours working feverishly on their arid, online dating profiles only to be rewarded with crumbs of lackluster attention from those very same men.

The lesson here is that cultural leverage in whatever form has to be brought to bear on the inflated egos and runaway narcissism of American women to guide them to wise life decisions. This wisdom would include reminders to settle down young while they still have the glow of natural rosiness in the cheeks, and warnings against imagining internet dating is some kind of reprieve from the merciless judgment of the God of Biomechanics.

when the wall… comes rising into view
when the wall… comes closing in on you
when the wall… is looming all arouuuund
– Jane "Cougar" Mellentramp

UPDATE

Commenter Wrecked 'Em (rectum? I nearly wrecked em!) writes,

> And on the flip side, 50 y.o. friend changed his match profile to imply that he looks younger than his age, has younger friends, that women his age can't hang, and finally listed his real income, which is over match's top spot of $150k/yr… then dropped his minimum age on "looking for" to 28.
>
> He then proceeded to like photos and favorite plenty of women in the 28-32 age range, wholly ignoring what age of man they were supposedly interested in. Based on the response he's seen thus far his new theory is that the hotter the girl is the more likely she'll respond. He's swimming in it after only a week of this.

Given compensatory attributes (game, wealth, looks, overconfidence, preselection by younger women/friends), a man can easily date women significantly younger than himself. Women, in contrast, have little ability to compensate

for their aging.

The Wall comes to all, but men have the option to outflank it for a while. Women can only watch in horror as it bears down on them.

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Comment Of The Week: The 16 Commandments Of Pajamaboy

CH · 1 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Charlie Don't Surf waxed poetical and quasi-biblical,

> 16 Commandments of Pajamaboy:
>
> First off, I love you
> I'll never look at another woman
> You're my everything
> I'll do anything you say
> I'll do double for you
> This is exactly how I feel
> You're my one and only
> I'm sorry – I'm sorry – I'm sorry
> I won't play with your emotions
> You're beauty is awe inspiring
> I'm so unsure of myself
> I'm not good at anything
> Best we take it slow
> That's all I got … I'll get you a towel
> You're my master
> If you leave – I'm going to die.

Coming Soon to a marital bathhouse near you: The Wreck of the Pajamaboy Cuckold.

(bring a tissue, because this one is an emotionally charged tearjerker!)

***

First COTW Runner-up is Scray, presenting for your delectation a how-to guide for manipulating gossip whores to your personal advantage,

> I'm pretty sure that the greatest, best contrast game to master is 'snake in the grass' beta imitation game. Promise commitment, flowers, etc. up until the bang. Then proceed to go full asshole. I would think that this would maximize a man's short-term mate quality.
>
> If it gets back around to me — and I fucking hope it's a girl who asks — "oh yeah, I really wanted to give her everything….but she just wasn't ready." My word against hers. And since a) girls LOVE fucking over their friends and b) girls are also jealous of their friends and likely to believe the worst….and c) because the girl is better looking than me, so the scenario likely has played out this way before…the chances of me coming out smelling like a rose seem pretty high. Not to mention having a shot at the friend, now.

Leverage women's natural dispensation to backstab other women to your advantage, i.e., "muddy the estrogenic waters". A helpful reminder: A lot of naturals are really as malign as evidenced in the ploy above. But they don't put their machinations to pen on internet forums, or, really, think much at all about their actions. Plausible deniability is king of kings.

We discuss what works here, not necessarily what's righteous in the eyes of the Chateau Overlord. "He said, she said" can backfire, though, especially if the "He" is a dude most women would automatically distrust. So I wouldn't classify it as any sort of tried-and-true Game technique; it's just an old-fashioned lie that can occasionally pay big dividends (if you don't care about the long-term fallout).

***

Second COTW Runner-up is none other than that flatus of nature known as da GBFM,

> loxoxozozzzozooz
>
> wheneverd da GBFM see his twelve inch lotoattss cockas againstz her milky white skin and blond puzuzyyzyzyzyzyz, dat is high contrast game!!! zllzlzzzo

Finally figured it out. The lozzololzzzlol is GBFM motorboating.

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Jerkboy Charisma Game, A Series

CH · 2 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

CH really likes the Jerkboy Charisma Game series, so expect to see more of it. Hope you're copacetic!

Commenter Wrecked 'Em *{space reserved for a rectum joke}* writes,

> Yesterday, I watched my professional asshole friend run this by a hot girl he barely knew:
>
> Him: you seem sexually frustrated
> Her: what?
> Him: I think you need your ass tickled
> Her: what?!?!? (laughing)
> Him: Put your number into my phone
> Her: (puts her number into his phone)

Recall Poon Commandment XIII:

Err on the side of too much boldness, rather than too little.

Also recall CH Maxim #30:

When in doubt, ask yourself "WWJD?" What Would a Jerkboy Do? Then do that.

When all else fails, or you're at a loss for what to do next with a girl, or all you have at your disposal is feeble beta game, then be an asshole. Asshole Game should be your default seduction when you can't think of more ethical options. You may not like it, but there's no arguing with results.

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The 20 Commandments of Involuntary Celibacy

CH · 3 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The title of this post comes courtesy of commenter PA, who writes:

Behold the Twenty Commandments of Involuntary Celibacy:

The comments that follow are awesome — and each is hugely upvoted. A small sampling:

> 21. Don't take advice from a columnist that just spews generalizations on Yahoo.
> 22. Instead, read the Comments section for real advice

Or:

> My stomach turned after reading this. If a woman wrote this, no man would want to know her. This is sick. Reason why some men stay players for life, just to remain sane. Even players know when a good woman comes along. Even a player can have a change of heart and or mind.
> Such writ-ups are the corner-stones players are built on.

Yes, the "Twenty Commandments of Involuntary Celibacy" is in reference to a Yahoo post called "20 Ways to Please a Woman", written by a female pop culture borg entity. Here's a few gems of her vapid boilerplate:

> **Be understanding if we're workaholics**
> Don Draper's got nothing on us.

Because a woman loves nothing more than a man who only wants to see her five minutes a week, when she isn't slaving away for the patriarchy.

> **Don't expect us to diet**
> Being skinnier is not that high on our priority list.

But it is high on men's priority lists. And women don't stay happy for long when their boyfriends aren't happy being with them.

> **Don't expect us to be gym fiends**
> Aside from your average stress-busting yoga – but it's more for the head, not the body. If we want abs, we'll get them. But not for you.

This is something women tell themselves all the time, but the reality is that looking good feels good because your DNA directive is to make yourself as attractive as possible to men with options, thus ensuring better survival fitness for any future children.

> **Be cool with the fact that we make more money than you**
> We can go Dutch!

Then maybe your post should've been titled "20 Ways to Please a Man".

> **Bring us cookies when we had a crappy day at work.**
> Storebought or from scratch, either way.

Because there's nothing like fattening up your girlfriend to make it easier to break her heart and leave her.

> **Let us watch our Bravo in peace. Better yet, go do something else while we watch.**
> Tease me all you want, but my addiction to *Real Housewives of New Jersey* doesn't mean I'm not still smarter than you. You know it, I know it.

No, watching twat schlock doesn't *necessarily* mean you're dumber, but it is a leading indicator.

> **Just say what you are feeling instead of being weird.**
> Use your words like a big boy.

Yes, chicks *really* dig men who emote profusely like a *View* hag.

> **Do the dishes.**
> We can take turns.

And chicks love men who do the dishes. Oh, wait…

> **Remember our friends' names, at least the important ones.**
> No, that's not Jessica, that's AMANDA.

You know what you call a man who easily remembers your female friend's name? A cheater.

> **Be a good cook.**
> There's almost nothing hotter. Especially to a girl who can't cook.

And there's almost nothing less attractive than a woman who can't be bothered to cook a home meal. Be thankful you're not a fat chick, because that's worse.

> **Love our pet, even if you secretly hate our pet.**
> Especially if it's a cat.

> **If you're considering whether you need to ask permission to do something (like hang out with an ex),**

> **ask permission.**
> She should be cool with it, but it shows that you're considerate of her feelings.

You know what's really sexy to women? Toadies.

> **Read books.**
> Not just nutritional labels and Men's Health while you're on the treadmill.

Swap out Men's Health for Vogue, and this is about as clear a case of projection as one will find on the vaginanet.

> **Don't crash girls nights**
> No men allowed.

If you're dating a man who wants to join your girls' nights out, you're doing it wrong. Or you're dating a beta. Same diff.

So there you have it. If you're a man who never wants to get near a vagina, follow this woman's guide to pleasing her sex. You'll be in the friendzone faster than you can unzip your fly and twiddle it to barely legal porn. A leetle rule of thumb you should keep in mind whenever you read nonsense like this article by Anna Breslaw: Women are thinking of that inconsiderate alpha male they really love and whose cock they can't gobble fast enough when they write empty-headed crap like this. They're reformulating the alpha's refusal to commit as their frustration with his inability to suck up like a proper beta male. This sophistic legerdemain makes the pain of the alpha male's commitment rejection easier to deflect. It's no longer "his choice"; it's her choice to live single and free and careening to spinsterhood because he doesn't do the dishes.

But of course as anyone who's got the slightest sexual experience with women knows, a woman in love will never let go a man who leaves his underwear on the floor. The alpha male lover is forgiven everything; the beta male wooer nothing.

Psychopath Game

CH · 4 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It was inevitable that the winding path to Chateau Heartiste, hedged by fragrant *nihilismicus viscosum*, would culminate, as it traveled past the noble stone house to the woods out back, in a dark place where demons play. And when one ponders the changing nature of the empire within which CH is embedded, it should not surprise to stumble upon these demons at the foul climax of their bacchanalia.

Meet Stanley, the psychopath. This is his story. Pay special attention to his relationships with women. Read about his near-magical power to seduce and charm women to perform services for him that would defy the imagination of the most corrupted and vengeful beta male.

> During the summer of 1972 a small item of news appeared in many of our daily newspapers over the country. It was an item that immediately engaged my attention. Over the two short columns was printed this arresting headline:
>
> YOUNG MAN INDUCES FIVE TEEN-AGE GIRLS TO SHAVE THEIR HEADS
>
> The report, as I remember it, did not go into much detail about this unusual event or give an adequate account of the young man's methods of persuasion, of his motives, or of just what impulses might have prompted the five girls to take such an unusual and, one might even say, such an unnatural step. Among my first thoughts on this accomplishment was that Stanley must surely have been the man who brought it about. Who in the entire world but Stanley would have thought up such an exploit? Who else would have had the inclination to carry it out? Though the news report did not actually identify Stanley as the man involved, it brought back many memories of him over the immediately preceding period of several years when I was trying to deal with him and some of the complicated and unusual problems his behavior kept creating for those concerned with him, and for himself.
>
> Like a number of other patients presented in this book, he repeatedly showed evidence of superior abilities and demonstrated over and over that he could succeed in Studies, in business, in impressing and attracting other people, and in virtually anything he might choose to undertake. And, similarly, he lost, or seemed to throw away, with no sign of adequate motivation, everything he gained, and especially the things that he claimed meant most of all to him.

The psychopath is different than most people. He is missing, or seductively convinces himself that he's missing, a moral sense, save for that morality which accrues to the self. He may not be evil, but he certainly has the capacity to be evil, for he will have no remorse should he choose evil. An amoral person, whose amorality is perhaps developmentally hardwired, who can't empathize with the suffering of others and for whom others exist solely as instruments of his pleasure… can this person be described as anything but a demon in human form?

And yet, here again, as we discover so often when examining this subspecies of man closely, women can't resist the demon's sway. They drop to their knees to suck his devil seed dry. Why? What is the psychopath's source of power over women? Clues abound.

> Typical of his behavior in high school is an incident that occurred while he was making excellent grades and holding positions of leadership. With no notice or indirect indication of restlessness, Stanley suddenly vanished from the scene. He failed one day to appear at classes and did not show up at home that night. After he had been gone for over two weeks, a period of great anxiety for his parents who had no way of knowing whether he was living or dead, the police finally discovered him working successfully in a large department store in Knoxville, Tennessee, approximately a hundred and fifty miles away. He seemed quite unconcerned with the ordeal to which he had subjected his parents.

The psychopath has mastered the attitude of aloof indifference.

> During his first year at the university he was accused by a girl he had recently met of getting her pregnant after solemn promises of matrimony.
>
> Before this trouble was settled by his family, at considerable expense, a similar accusation was made by another girt in a different state.

The psychopath lies with ease. More importantly, he knows what lies are most effective.

> To set out without delay on the trip of approximately a hundred miles he casually stole a truck that happened to be at hand. It was heavily loaded with dairy products. State police pursued him, and in the chase he turned over the truck wrecking it and injuring a companion he had persuaded to go along with him. The damages, including hospital bills, cost his family several thousand dollars.

The psychopath is impulsive. He acts recklessly. I'm sure his company is very exciting for the people who have the fortune to meet him.

> While still in college, he showed his excellent persuasive abilities during one summer vacation selling Bibles down in the Cajun country near the Gulf of Mexico.

The psychopath is a natural in the art of persuasion.

> During this time he was living with his first wife who eventually had to leave him because of his tyrannical demands and his predilection for beating her up severely at the slightest provocation. It is difficult to imagine conduct of this sort in one who ordinarily gives the impression of a well-bred and considerate gentleman.

The psychopath is an occasionally dangerous man, and all the more dangerous for the expertise he brings at concealing his dark nature.

> In discussing the first wife's accusations of such conduct as this, Stanley usually brushed them aside as a typically feminine and somewhat ridiculous exaggeration of some minor disagreement. When confronted with undeniable evidence to the contrary, he admitted having taken mild physical measures to influence her, saying that he "just couldn't stand her screaming and bawling," This habit of hers, he said, made him lose his temper. When it was emphasized to him that her weeping and outcries did not precede the beatings but occurred only after the beatings began, he showed very little response. Apparently he felt that this crucial point was not sufficiently important to argue about and seemed to dismiss it without further thought as something virtually irrelevant, or at most a trifle.

The psychopath doesn't feel genuine feelings, but he can mimic feelings, which is a sufficient talent to attract the interest of women. Never underestimate the number of women who can be bamboozled by phony emoting.

> Chiefly because of this physical maltreatment, the first wife left him on many occasions.

Translation: She kept going back to him.

> When with her and when separated, he easily obtained employment, usually as a salesman.

The psychopath has state control.

> While he worked, his income was ample for any ordinary needs. During one period of prosperity he was very successful selling small computers for household use. He later added as a sideline the enthusiastic promotion and sale of waterbeds, shortly after these were introduced and hailed as a stimulating erotic innovation.

The psychopath seduces employers, customers, and women alike.

> Then, without any particular reason, he would give up an excellent job at which he was distinguishing himself.

The psychopath is unpredictable.

> Sometimes he would go out merrily and buy on credit several expensive suits and ample supplies of new shoes, shirts, and neckties.

The psychopath peacocks.

> Stanley has proved himself a master over the years at misrepresentation in situations where the truth would cause him difficulty or put him in a bad light.

The psychopath never DLVs (demonstrates lower value).

> He has also been scarcely less active and ingenious in the fabrication of elaborate lies that seem to have had little or no chance of helping him gain any material objective. […]
>
> On at least one occasion he told a psychiatrist that when he was about 10 years old his mother frequently had adulterous relations in his presence with various men. When the plausibility of this claim was questioned, Stanley explained, or seemed to feel that he explained, by saying, “It was because she knew she could trust me with anything.”

The psychopath loves fucking with people’s heads.

> While separated from his wife for a period of several months, he went for a short time with a divorcee not long out of her teens, who will here be designated as Marilyn. During this brief courtship he convinced her that though he had once been married, his wife and also his 2-year-old son had died. Actually they were at the time living in another state with the wife’s parents.

The psychopath does it all for the nookie. Or, rather, he does it all for himself, and the (barely legal) nookie mysteriously follows.

> At their first encounter, or soon after, he convinced Marilyn that he was deeply in love with her and had every intention of marrying her. She had no way of knowing that these intentions, if they ever existed, had greatly changed (or that Stanley’s wife was still living) until he came to her with what must have been one of the strangest, most surprising and most inappropriate proposals ever made by man to woman.
>
> He requested and persistently urged Marilyn to write a letter to his wife and in it explain to her that Stanley’s love for her (the wife) was strong and genuine and to implore her to accept and welcome him back without further delay. I have inexpressible respect for this young man’s powers of persuasion and have often marveled at his accomplishments in getting people, sometimes the most unlikely people, enlisted in working with him to bring about his various and sometimes incompatible or absurd aims.
>
> Despite these extraordinary powers, Marilyn could not be induced to take the role that he tried to press upon her, Though extremely shrewd in many ways, Stanley, in discussing this matter, seemed to show some peculiar

> limitation of awareness, some defect in sensibility, of a nature I cannot describe or clearly imagine. This often led him into gross errors of judgment that even very stupid people would readily see and easily avoid.
>
> The reactions Marilyn must have had to the unusual role he proposed and urged upon her invite many questions. Putting further speculation about these reactions aside for the moment, I asked Stanley if he did not think it might have seriously damaged the cause he sought to further if Marilyn had written the letter to intercede for him. Surely, I thought, it would occur to Stanley that such a letter from the other woman would point out and emphasize his sexual infidelity during the separation.
>
> "Oh, no," said Stanley, in tones of strong and almost indignant conviction. "My wife knows I'd never be unfaithful to her."
>
> He then went into some detail about her unassailable confidence in his sexual loyalty. "Why," he said as if in real pride, "I promised her that if I ever did that with another woman, I'd let her know about it right away."
>
> I then brought up the point that he had given me plainly to understand that he and Marilyn had been indulging in sexual relations freely and regularly up to the time when he made his request for her intercession. Stanley seemed in no way dismayed. "But my wife," he said confidently, "She doesn't know about that."

The psychopath possesses a vast reservoir of overconfidence and overestimation of the attraction that women have for him. Experience justifies his bloated self-conception.

> Something in his attitude seemed to give fleeting and very imperfect hints of a difference far within that distinguished him in a very special way from the usual or ordinary human being who is unscrupulous and unconcerned about veracity or honor. When Stanley said, "My wife knows I'd never be unfaithful," there was in his tone what seemed to be the very essence of truth and sincerity. There was pride in his voice that seemed rooted in this essence. Could it be that for the moment he lost awareness that he was lying? Perhaps even awareness of what truth is? If so, I think this oversight might have occurred because to him it mattered so little. Whether his sworn fidelity was real or not was apparently no more than an academic question empty of substance. The only tangible issue was whether or not it contributed toward gaining his ends. Whether the fidelity existed or his oath had been honored was, for Stanley, a matter that could interest only a sophist who concerned himself not with actualities, but with mere verbalistic capers.

The psychopath has unshakeable inner game.

> On two or three occasions he voluntarily entered psychiatric hospitals, apparently to impress his wife by making her think he had at last realized he needed help and meant to change some of his ways. These visits were brief and fruitless and seemed plainly designed to manipulate domestic situations or to elicit new financial aid from his parents.

The psychopath is always looking out for number one.

> His many notable and sometimes puzzling exploits were apparently decided upon and carried off on his own, without extraneous stimulation or chemical aid.

The psychopath loves himself.

> In high school, and in college during the late 1960′s, he was often thrown with and sometimes almost surrounded by groups of young people who went about in ragged blue jeans, with unkempt beards and long dirty hair that seemed to offer a standing invitation to lice. With many of these young men it was considered stylish and desirable to leave out their shirttails and, on formal occasions, sometimes to come barefooted. Among these could be found many who thought of themselves as radical activists defying the "establishment"

> and its laws, moral codes, and conventions. In contrast, Stanley wore traditional clothes, remained clean-shaven with neatly trimmed auburn hair. He seemed to have no special interest in changing or challenging society, or in promoting rebellion. Verbally he expressed allegiance to law and order and regularly identified himself with traditional virtues.

The psychopath is a nonconformist.

> Let us note briefly a few examples of Stanley's typical power to convince and to persuade. A year or two before his second wife had to leave him he had no difficulty in getting a young women to turn over to him all her savings, which she had accumulated by steady work over years and which she had been carefully guarding to give her two young children some measure of security. She had clear knowledge of Stanley's repeatedly demonstrated financial irresponsibility and, one would think, almost certain knowledge of what would happen to her savings.

The psychopath is so seductive he causes women to lose the normal functioning sense of propriety and self-interest they normally exhibit when in the company of niceguy beta males.

> More recently he succeeded in arranging for admission to the hospital of a young woman with whom he had been living for a few weeks. She was legally married to another man but had left his bed and board. Stanley was able somehow to convince the ordinarily strict and uncompromising authorities in charge of admission to this hospital that insurance his employer carried on him would cover this lady in the same way as if she were indeed his wife. She did not claim his name as her own or attempt to falsify otherwise her name and status. When she was dismissed, the hospital was left with a large unpaid account that is almost certain to withstand even the most heroic efforts at collection.

Five minutes of psychopath beats five years of beta husband.

> On another occasion, Stanley escaped the consequences of a felony charge by serenely posing as an undercover agent working with the authorities against organized pushers in the hard drug traffic. This ruse apparently worked well enough for him to avoid arrest and to leave the state and eventually to takefurther intricate steps to escape the legal consequences that would almost surely have been disastrous to the ordinary man.

The psychopath loves to role play.

> His unusual ability to make conviction spring to life and continue to flourish against adversity, and even obvious contradiction, emerges again in a somewhat different area. An attractive and sensitive young woman whose early years had been extremely unhappy and, perhaps, had given her a far greater than ordinary need for genuine and unstinted love, seemed to find at last in Stanley what she had sought above all else in life. She was separated from her husband and for a long time had been loved dearly by another man who apparently offered her everything in his life without qualification or demand for ordinary reciprocation. Stanley grossly mistreated this appealing sexual partner who continued to live with him despite gross and flaunted infidelity, severe and repeated beatings, and other unprovoked outrages. In attempting to explain why she continued with him despite real fear that he might kill her, she said that somehow he made her feel genuinely loved for the first time in her entire life.

The psychopath knows… CHICKS DIG JERKS.

> This statement seemed at first to suggest that Stanley might possess remarkable physical prowess and skill at sexual relations. It also might suggest that his partner was masochistic and actually found some perverse

> satisfaction from being mistreated. Continuing study of her reactions and her attitude gave increasing, and finally convincing, evidence that in neither of these possibilities lay a likely explanation of her loyalty. The more she discussed their physical activities in sexual relations, the more Stanley's performance seemed unimaginative and his abilities at best ordinary. What she thought he offered her was not primarily physical. It was, I believe, precisely what he was almost infinitely incapable of offering, even in a small degree, but what he apparently simulated with complete success, casually and without effort. It was, she repeatedly said, the way be made her feel personally valued and cherished, deeply and truly loved, rather than a remarkable sensuously erotic experience that bound her to him. One can but marvel that Stanley, and only Stanley, of all the men she had known, could give her this invincible impression of sincerity in personal love and make it convincing time after time despite the repeated and trenchantly disillusioning contradictions demonstrated so vividly and so painfully, and sometimes brutally, by his conduct.

The psychopath is a maestro of the comfort stage of seduction. He intuitively knows that love, even simulated love, is a drug women can't live without, and a reagent that dissolves the perimeter defenses of the most hardened cynics. But love is never more intoxicating to women than when it's extracted, slowly and painfully, from a man who won't give it up easily.

> During another period of marital separation, this time from his second wife, Stanley carried out an exploit worthy of our attention. After a brief sexual adventure with another attractive young woman, Yvette,

Psychopaths keep ten in the kitty.

> he apparently tired of her and turned his attentions to Sally, one of her friends from a nearby town.

Psychopaths are preselected by women.

> She, too, was responsive and everything seemed to indicate a serious and progressive love affair. This new relationship, however, was abruptly terminated by a sudden trip to Europe that Stanley decided to make for reasons that he never made convincing to me, or even quite clear.

Psychopaths are outcome independent.

> [Stanley] claims to have learned from Sally that Yvette was about to leave the country, that she was planning to spend some time in Brussels, and later in other parts of Europe. On hearing this, Stanley says that he called Yvette's home and was told that Yvette was not there. He, nevertheless, persisted in seeking all sorts of information about her trip, apparently making a nuisance of himself and pressing her father repeatedly for information on points he felt were not properly a matter of Stanley's concern. The father finally hung up, and afterward neither parent would talk with Stanley on the telephone. They had apparently been unhappy about Yvette's former association with him and did not want it to be renewed.

Diligent fathers are kryptonite to psychopaths. Single moms are… you finish the sentence.

> When asked why he did not get word to Yvette by some simpler means, such as having Sally notify her family, he does not give a really adequate explanation. He repeatedly emphasizes his sense of mission, the urgency of his task, and his determination to fulfill it. He also fills in details of action and adventure on the way to Brussels and while there in such a way as to conceal, or at least almost magically blur, the deficiencies that leave the account of his maneuvers so far from convincing.

Psychopaths are always DHVing (demonstrating higher value).

> “Why,” Stanley answered promptly, and in his best tones of knight-errantry, “I’d have done that for anybody.”
>
> It is beyond my power to describe the glibness or convey what I believe to be the lack of substance and reality, the emptiness of real human feeling, in these fine words that came to him so readily.

The psychopath is alien to men, and lover to women.

> One gets the impression that Stanley sliced through the ordinarily paralyzing masses of bureaucratic technicalities and red tape with ease and celerity suggestive of Alexander the Great when confronted by the Gordian knot.
>
> In expediting transactions and in manipulating people for this exploit, Stanley must have been at his best. The implausible story about Yvette having carried with her the wrong medicine and its alleged threat of danger to her life must have taken on lyrical notes in his telling.

The psychopath is a skilled storyteller. The content of his stories matter less than the style in which he delivers them.

> On the other hand it must be remembered that Stanley has often carried out various extremely injudicious projects, suddenly and with no apparent regard for the consequences, and without any discernible goal that could, in terms of ordinary human motivation, account for his conduct.

Chicks dig a passionate man! Goal-directed passion, pointless caprice, same difference.

> There seems little doubt that he grossly exaggerates and indulges in fantastic lies as he recounts his adventures, but there is reason to believe he attracted enough attention with the publicity he gained to persuade first class hotels and restaurants to honor his checks and enable him to live for a while in high style while he pursued his course as a dedicated man on a desperate mission of mercy.

Chicks dig a self-made man.

> Here he seemed to find a role that highly elated him in some peculiarly egoistic fashion. In it he seemed to find a satisfaction somewhat similar to but greater than the satisfaction apparently given him by some of his other less elaborate lies and posings and his sprees of squandering money that he did not possess.

Chicks dig narcissistic psychopaths who show more concern for themselves than for the women who love them.

Is there any doubt remaining why women love psychopaths? The psychopath’s character and method is the distilled essence of Game. Of applied charisma.

Psychopath Game is End Game. It’s where a player will go should he decide to pursue his calling to the extremes of accomplishment. All that’s left to wonder is what of the future? Is our world becoming more welcoming to psychopaths and their depredations? Are women, freed from the shackles of reliance on emotionally healthy beta providers, seeking in increasing number the very special attentions of the charming psychopath?

If so, shudder for your posterity. Because that demon retreat awaits them.

Study Finds The Foul Source Of Feminism

CH · 5 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever wondered what drives some women to the cult of feminism, when every real world observation refutes nearly all the foundational premises of feminism? Why do so many women cleave to such a wrong-headed, insipid ideology?

Chateau Heartiste explained the phenomenon of feminism as shivvily as possible:

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

Feminists, in other words, nurture a fantasy that by sheer force of blather they can remake the sexual market to suit their every whim and desire while curtailing to the maximum extent possible any romantic choice enjoyed by men.

This theory neatly clarifies the motives of all sorts of poopytalk that dribbles from the cheetos-stained lips of feminists. To wit:

Indignation over fat/slut shaming = Demands to be simultaneously as physically repulsive and depraved as one wishes while remaining attractive to any man one desires, regardless of men's wishes to the contrary.

Social conditioning of sexual preference = Religious belief that men's sexual preferences can be changed to find fat, ugly or old women attractive, while at the same time any preference women enjoy is empowering and immediately satisfiable.

Patriarchal oppression/privilege = Unfalsifiable rationale for the depressing consequences that unattractive women endure in the sexual market. Promotes idea that low SMV women can be happy once "male oppression" is defeated.

Rape culture = Limitless choice to women to redefine their sexual experiences however they please, (and to benefit from the labeling as they see fit). Men, in contrast, are burdened with automatically impugned guilt for any sexual transaction they may enjoy.

By the Beard of Amanda Marcotte, alongs comes ♥♥♥science♥♥♥ to slurp the CH knob to completion.

Value-added commenter (yes, value-added… hint hint to you dopier commenters) chris writes,

> My God. I think he just described feminism here:
>
> *Second, high status and very attractive women need less help and protection from other women and are less motivated to invest in other women (who represent potential competition). Thus, a woman who tries to distinguish or promote herself threatens other women and will encounter hostility.* ***According to Benenson, a common way women deal with the threat represented by a remarkably powerful or beautiful woman is by insisting on standards of equality, uniformity, and sharing for all the women in the group and making these attributes the normative requirements of proper femininity.***
>
> He is talking about this study here:
>
> http://rstb.royalsocietypublishing.org/content/368/1631/20130079
>
> Abstract:
> Throughout their lives, women provide for their own and their children's and grandchildren's needs and thus must minimize their risk of incurring physical harm. Alliances with individuals who will assist them in attaining these goals increase their probability of survival and reproductive success. High status in the community enhances access to physical resources and valuable allies. Kin, a mate, and affines share a mother's genetic interests, whereas unrelated women constitute primary competitors. From early childhood onwards,

> girls compete using strategies that minimize the risk of retaliation and reduce the strength of other girls. **Girls' competitive strategies include avoiding direct interference with another girl's goals, disguising competition, competing overtly only from a position of high status in the community, enforcing equality within the female community and socially excluding other girls.**
>
> So feminists' promotion of anti slut-shaming and anti fat-shaming and anti ugly-shaming and anti single-mother-shaming etc, is really just an execution of women's intra-sexual competitive strategies. It's the bottom third of women versus the top two thirds. Or perhaps it's the bottom quarter, as if I remember correctly only 20-25% of women identify as feminist.
>
> With knowledge such as this, you can easily reframe any leftist/feminist argument about a war on women as instead a war by the bottom loser women against the top successful women.
>
> It's the SU's (Sluts & Uglies) versus the HB's.
>
> The benefit of such tactical reframing is; what woman wants to be seen as a loser (ugly and slutty) and not as a winner (beautiful and lovely)? What woman wants to belong to the bottom quarter and not the top three quarters? To admit this would be to destroy their feminine egos. With such reframing, you could get the hamster working for you.

Great stuff. It's a nifty addendum to the CH Theory of Feminism above. Low SMV women embrace feminism as a social mechanism to alternately decrease competition from more beautiful women and increase the sexual choice of, and the access to societal (read: male) resources for, uglier women.

Elevating the status and the perceived value of the ugly and the monstrous, and simultaneously disparaging the normal and the healthy, is the true motivation of feminists. Their nefarious goal is the renormalization of society and the sexual market to a lower aesthetic; one that is more congenial to the fates of the unloved women.

Feminism is not about a war on women; feminism is a war OF women. Womano-a-womano. All that bleating about equality and judgmentalism and slut shaming and the patriarchy is just the squid ink ugly broads expectorate to give them a fighting chance in the all-against-all, zero-sum competition for mates.

Feminists will lose, of course. The sexual market cares nothing for sophistry. In the final analysis, only the boner and the tingle matter.

Interestingly, a case can be made — hell, a case WILL be made — that the American obesity epidemic and quack-wave feminism have risen in lockstep out of necessity. As the population of reproductive-age women has increasingly become fatter and uglier, the number of women needing the equalist semantics of feminism to assure their place at the sexual market table has grown (heh) accordingly. More fatsos = more equalizing cant.

So you see how obesity, feminism, and equalism intersect, interweave, reinforce, and gluttonously feed each other. CH makes no glib assertion when we compare the obesity plague to the ugliness and lies of feminism and equalism. They are all born of the same toxic mentality, issuing from the breast of the Lord of Lies himself, and their waste and foulness and repugnance and stink and deception flows outward like hellshit, suffocating truth and beauty under an ash cloud of offal.

To the casual observer, a random fat chick may seem to have no relation to, say, anti-white animus. But they are connected in ways deep and true, even if the players themselves remain unaware of their invisible binds. This is why, when you fight one, you fight the other. Strike a shaming blow against obesity, and you draw blood from a degenerate open borders scumbag and a screaming banshee pushing for women at the front lines.

As a count or countess of CH, your enemy is, and should always be, the enemies of truth and beauty.

Screwing With Girlfriends And Their Exes

CH · 6 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

DragonfromCY writes,

> Urgent advice requested, there's an opportunity for mischief in outing a liar. Bare-bones summary: 6 months dating a flaming s–t (far too long, I know, but the sex is great), going to a big bday party with her tomorrow.
>
> She says there are no exes coming and she hasn't hooked up with any of the men who are gonna be there–but from a quick perusal of her computer it's clear she's f—d at least one of them (a few weeks before meeting me), a guy who has a girlfriend (and cheated on her with my s–t girlfriend) so it's like their dirty little secret. "This is between me and you, right?" he wrote to her, when she offered him "a ride". She still keeps in touch with him, texting him stuff like "hey dude what's going on with you" etc. That to me was the death knell of our hooking up–I don't even want her as a f-buddy. She lied that she didn't keep in touch with exes.
>
> The guy will most likely be at the party with his girlfriend, and I'll be introduced to him. I'd like to amuse myself by watching her hamster spin. I want to dump her soon. I might even wink at the guy and insinuate subtly that I know. Any advice on how to f–k with her/his head? For fun of course!

You can safely assume any girl who keeps in serious contact with an ex is still having sex with him, and then act accordingly. If you're right, you dump a cheater. If you're wrong, you dump a drama queen who loves to mentally cheat. Win-win.

Exes should be treated like vaporware: You can let people know you have them, but beyond that, they don't exist. This holds for men and women, but for different reasons. It's difficult for men to be """friends""" with exes because nearly every man retains a desire to tap that ass one more time. That feeling won't go away until the day he sees that his ex has gone post-Wall. Unfortunately for most men, exes don't want sex with them. This is because women initiate the majority of relationship break-ups. So being a """friend""" with a female ex is apt to lead to psychological torment and beta orbiting blue balls for non-alpha men.

Women don't necessarily want another go at exes, but of the exes they'll continue contacting it's a good bet they're thinking of extracockicular activity. Therefore, regard with a wary eye any woman you're dating who claims to be on exceedingly friendly terms with an ex.

The rule for men in relationships: Contact with an ex should continue only if either of these two conditions is met:

1. You know the ex still wants you, and sex-on-the-side is logistically favorable.

2. You have children with the ex.

The rule for women in relationships: There should be no contact with any exes, unless the ex is John Scalzi and thus presents no sexual threat. Or, like with men, your ex and you share children.

Now that we know the rules of the game, let's attend to the reader's question.

First, you're right to dump this girl. She's got the red flags of whoredom planted in every orifice, lying being the most obvious tell of her possible present and certain future infidelity. But a perfunctory dumping is just so… anti-climactic. You want more bang for your headfuck. Remember, your beef isn't with your girlfriend's ex as much as it is with your girlfriend, so target your firepower on her. As the sexual gatekeepers, women should always be held the more responsible party for any illicit dalliances they undertake.

(I know that last line stuck in feminist craw. Because it's true.)

What you want to avoid is a "let's you and him fight" situation where your girlfriend fortuitously gets to enjoy two men blustering and posturing for her tawdry benefit. That means don't aggressively confront her ex. Here's my

suggestion:

When you're introduced to the ex, lead with, "I've heard so much about you." Doesn't matter if it's true. (It's better if false.) Watch your girlfriend's reaction. If she hadn't told you anything about him, she'll become perceptibly uncomfortable. Savor these few seconds with a smile so broad she'll think you're guarding a Fort Knox stash of secrets about her.

Nervous chit chat will follow. Lean in like you're about to tell the two of them (or three of them if his GF is also part of the group) a dirty secret of your own, then say "Hey, I was going to keep this between me and you *[look at your GF]*, but [her ex] wouldn't mind hearing this." Your smile should now be reaching Joker proportions.

You say, "I saw my ex here, and she is crazy. She loves taking me for *a ride*." Hold it, hooooooold it. Look at the ex. "You know what I mean? Anyhow, could you guys just kinda circle around me so maybe she doesn't see me? If she comes over, pretend like we're in deep conversation. Christ, I may need to bolt."

Then they'll chime in with something, it's irrelevant. All you're doing is extracting the id from your girlfriend's ego bunker and forcing it to manifest in the awkward contortions of her face. You want to savor that crimson blush, her foot shuffling, and her attempts to cut off the conversation with feeble excuses. This is your one act play, and you will make it count.

Continue. "How close are you two? Can I trust you alone together? Haha, just busting your chops. I've gotta go, babe. Do you mind if I leave you here with [her ex]? No hanky panky, all right?" Finish it with a coup de grace shit-eating grin.

At this juncture, anything can happen. She might slink away disgracefully and meekly request she join your departure. Or, more likely, she'll be experiencing something akin to septic shock, and stand there like a dummy, trying to make sense of her cratering bowels. Whatever you do in response, DON'T let on that you know the score. Pretend ignorance. This whole circus depends on plausible deniability and soul-shivving ambiguity. You're not starting a fight with your girlfriend; you're starting a fight *within* your girlfriend.

All will become clear to her in a few days time when she hasn't gotten a single call or text from you. Relish the thought of her paranoia.

Overheard In [Redacted]

CH · 7 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Out of their sight but not my earshot, I overheard the following conversation between two late 20s-early 30s SWPL girls giggling about a man one of the girls recently dated.

***

“Did you check him out?”

“I googled him… got his accounts… {unintelligible}”

[ed: silly me, thinking her question meant to ask if she looked at him before meeting.]

“His accounts?”

“Yeah, you know. Facebook, LinkedIn…Instagram… thank god he didn’t have a Tumblr, as far as I could tell.”

“You should probably check those cheater sites too. You know the ones?”

“I did! I tried those… lol… but there aren’t enough women participating yet.”

“So what did you find?”

“Oh wow, a lot of douchy pictures of him at parties with skanks.”

“Gross.”

“But at least he doesn’t have love children… {unintelligible}.”

“Right!”

“Unless he’s hiding them, but I feel like it would be tough to hide secret kids.”

“I dunno, I dated this guy once who had a son, and I didn’t find out until three months later.”

“Except for the stupid photos…oh yeah, and the creepy military history stuff he collects… he seemed all right.”

“Did you go out with him?”

“Yeah. But he said something weird, which makes me wonder.”

“What?”

“He said I’d make a good event planner for bachelorette parties.”

“What does that even mean?”

“I asked him. He said it was my upbeat vibe, or whatever. He said I had the personality to manage a lot of high maintenance girls. Can you believe that!”

“Oookay.”

“But the thing is, I was at a bachelorette party recently. For my friend. He must have saw the pictures on Facebook. I was wondering the whole time if he was checking out my friends. Like, if we didn’t work out, he’d call one of them up?”

“lol… that’s crazy creeper.”

“Eh…. it’s not a huuuge deal.”

“I guess you didn’t see him again.”

“No, we’ve been on three dates. He’s out there, but kind of funny. Thank god he hasn’t talked about any military

stuff."

***

Folks, you simply cannot make up the utter lack of awareness and pathological solipsism exhibited by today's modern Western woman. It's like if you threw a woman into solitary confinement, she would claim the world was banging on the cage door to get in and join her.

The lesson, as if it needed to be stated, is that you can expertly game the post-modern dating market by seeding the online world with self-glorifying disinformation. That is, if you choose to have an online presence. Women may cast a suspicious eye at massive online DHVs, but the power of social proof to redound to a man's benefit is not a trivial thing; if asked, she'll express disbelief in your sexyman antics but a part of her inner world will want to believe.

Also, don't fear the douche. You can be all the douche you wanna be, skanks draped over your arms with a wall of duckbill mouths trumpeting your greatness, and women will come running to discover the "good man" underneath. But if you show the good man right away you'll get a pat on the shoulder and a bored look.

Your other option is zero net presence. ZNP is the safe alternative, and it will certainly stoke curiosity in women in this day and age of pajama-concocted character story lines uploaded to social media megacorp spy machines. But it will also invite more questions than you may be comfortable batting away. If you prefer to go more with the cultural flow, you'll have to manage your online presence. Welcome to the age of endless self marketing.

New York Beta Times Stumbles On Chateau Heartiste Truth, Mass Hysteria Ensues

CH · 8 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A year late and a neural synapse short, the New York Beta Times has stumbled upon a dusty CH tome and (re)discovered an obvious fact of the sexes: Domestic servitude makes a man undesirable in the eyes and loins of his woman.

> A study called “Egalitarianism, Housework and Sexual Frequency in Marriage,” which appeared in The American Sociological Review last year, surprised many, precisely because it went against the logical assumption that as marriages improve by becoming more equal, the sex in these marriages will improve, too. Instead, it found that when men did certain kinds of chores around the house, couples had less sex. Specifically, if men did all of what the researchers characterized as feminine chores like folding laundry, cooking or vacuuming — the kinds of things many women say they want their husbands to do — then couples had sex 1.5 fewer times per month than those with husbands who did what were considered masculine chores, like taking out the trash or fixing the car. It wasn’t just the frequency that was affected, either — at least for the wives. The more traditional the division of labor, meaning the greater the husband’s share of masculine chores compared with feminine ones, the greater his wife’s reported sexual satisfaction.

This news so shocked the NYBTimes readership that the high IQ assembled emptied their bowels en masse and vaulted the article to #1 most-emailed. In a den of liars, a simple truth is meme-king. Quoting the CH bastion of enlightenment,

> When men are men and women are women, the sex is more frequent. And probably hotter, too. When men are scalzied manboobs and women are manjawed feminists, the bedroom is an arid wasteland of dashed passion.
>
> Sexual polarity — the primal force that adheres the cosmic cock to the celestial snatch — is the truth of truths that belies every feminist assertion ever made in the history of that insipid, leprotic ideology. May the losers of the world quake and fall to their knees before its divine directive.

You may now take a moment to ponder what terrible, horrible, no good, very bad truths the high priests of leftoidism will scare themselves into noticing next. Down the hall, second door on the right… what’s that you’ve found? Biological race differences? Good God, man! Brace yourself against something sturdy! Third floor, door at the end of the hall… women love badboys? Lawdy it’s another breathtaking nugget of common sense! You’ve just loaded your diaper. There there, dear.

Let them have their circus act. Whatever they need to keep those UES cocktail party invites flowing, and their naughty thoughts checked before their self-admiration is wrecked. It’s all fun and games unless $$$trillions$$$ are wasted on turning their self-medicating lies into public policy. Woops.

Sex Differences In Seduction Behaviors

CH · 10 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An interesting study, with findings that won't surprise regular CH readers,

> This article presents an anthropological analysis of heterosexual seduction behaviors of men and women (from 18 to 65 years old, with varying civil status) who attended nightclubs located in the movida areas of Lisbon, Portugal. These behaviors were analyzed according to structure versus communitas theories. Nighttime seduction behaviors were observed and recorded in a field diary, and in-depth semistructured interviews with 60 men and 60 women were conducted. Interviews were analyzed using the thematic content analysis model. Results suggested that the communitas domain was evinced in the various seduction strategies. These courtship behaviors tended to follow a specific pattern: nonverbal seduction, visual seduction, verbal seduction, and acting-consisting of caresses, touches, and kisses **[ed: KINO!]**. When this escalation process evoked positive responses, it generally culminated in the complete synchrony of movements between the two bodies. The seduction process encompassed both masculine and feminine initiatives: Women engaged primarily in nonverbal and visual seduction, while men appeared to orchestrate verbal courtship and acting. However, sometimes men and women did not want to seduce or be seduced because they were married (especially women) or were with their partners (especially young men) and did not want to endanger the structure domain.

To put it in LAYman's terms: Women seduce men with their bodies, men seduce women with their nimble tongues (aka game).

Women require plausible deniability in matters of the tingle. Ambiguity is, to women, the essence of seduction. Hints and innuendo, "does he or doesn't he?" mental calisthenics, and dramatic reversals and forward movements all contribute to heightening a woman's sexual arousal.

Men need none of this. A pretty woman could present her naked body for the taking, and the man will take it, no (sincere) questions asked. Men abide the nuanced female view of seduction because women hold the key to sex; men who don't abide women's unspoken romantic predilections tend to go home alone. To bed a woman, a man must find a way to oscillate on her tingle frequency, and then to amplify that frequency. This tingle amplification needn't be permanent; short bursts of wavelength alignment are often enough to do the job, because most men hardly come close to hurdling that low bar.

The best male seducers are those who relish the inherently feminine nature of seduction. These are men who not only understand the rules of the game, they are overjoyed to apply them, and in so doing come to master them.

So women use coy facial expressions and sexy displays of their bodies to entrance men, while men use words and subtle touch to entrance women. In other words, each sex PLAYS BY THE RULES OF THE OTHER SEX. Women give men what men want (visually stimulating sexiness and lip-licking promise) and men give women what women want (a torrent of seductive, pregnant words anchored with erotic, escalating touches).

Somewhere, right now, a weirdo omega hater is shrieking about GAMEBOYZ DANCING TO WOMEN'S TUNE. It shrieks alone tonight.

DIVCON 2: "...freshly ground cumin and rehydrated, pureed chilies"

CH · 10 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The post title is a quote of Tyler Cowen, aka Cheap Chalupas aka Bargain Beans, from a Walled Street Journal review of his book "Average is Over" (h/t to Plucky Gents, Inc.),

> To sum up, Mr. Cowen believes that America is dividing itself in two. At the top will be 10% to 15% of high achievers, the "Tiger Mother" kids if you like, whose self-motivation and mastery of technology will allow them to roar away into the future. Then there will be everyone else, slouching into an underfunded future of lower economic expectations, shantytowns and an endless diet of beans. I'm not kidding about the beans.
>
> Poor Americans, writes Mr. Cowen, will have to "reshape their tastes" and live more like Mexicans. **"Don't scoff at the beans," he says. "With an income above the national average, I receive more pleasure from the beans, which I cook with freshly ground cumin and rehydrated, pureed chilies. Good tacos and quesadillas and tamales are cheap too, and that is one reason why they are eaten so frequently in low-income countries."**

Cowen likes to eat his nation's heritage with a sprinkling of freshly ground cumin and a side of refried beans. You can't make this shit up. If it were any other psychologically healthy person, I would say this quote is a deliberate self-parody to subvert the deracinating Elsa Island narrative. But Cowen is borderline sperg, so you can assume his sincerity.

Commenter Porter responds,

> More pleasure from the beans than what? Wearing a gimp suit? Having a sigmoidoscopy? And do the epicurean delights of bean consumption occur with or despite a higher than the national average income?
>
> Does this Maria Antoinette actually believe his imported oompa loompas will forever docilely dine on discarded legumes while he devours caviar, truffles, and quail eggs? More importantly, does he have any subsidiary labor units…what pre-beaners called "children?" What are his hopes for their future? A warm grate in the winter? A cozy 300sqft favela? A hale old age of 35? Perhaps he assumes his higher than the national average income will purchase for them the best electrified concertina money can buy. Or perhaps he simply doesn't give a damn. After all, The Economy is a jealous master.

An above national average amount of open borders nutjobbery is abetted by low ruling class fertility. When you don't have kids, you don't care much for entrusting a prosperous and livable nation to its posterity. You mostly care about cheap iPhones and status whore feels with your ideologically inbred SWPL courtesans. Your coin of the realm is phony morals instead of fecund maidens.

On a related TCCC post about Switzerland's recent pro-national integrity vote to curb immigration, commenter The Anti-Gnostic writes,

> *how much immigration is possible without a backlash?*
>
> Lots, when you have an entire Cathedral that mandates equal treatment and endlessly reminds everyone how horrible and stupid they are for not allowing high-rise apartments on every square foot of available space.
>
> Also, of course this is all framed in terms of "backlash." In the Cathedral's calculation, corporations exist but nations do not, and people are interchangeable cogs.
>
> The more important question is how much immigration is possible before the traits which made the host society desirable to begin with are lost? I think that percentage is probably quite low, particularly for K-selected societies importing r-selected societies. My hunch, and it's just a hunch, around 5%/yr immigrants

> assimilate. Around 10%/yr they gravitate to certain areas and leverage their presence. The natives start withdrawing. Above 10%/yr, the immigrants want their own country. Sure, they may speak the language and adopt some superficial norms, but at that point it's not about assimilation but transformation.
>
> The natives, lacking anywhere to withdraw, start shutting down.

Taking a cue from The Anti-Gnostic, a good metric for predicting at what levels Diversity + Proximity will explode into War by whichever means is a tiered alert system based on percentage of country that is foreign or otherwise ethnically or racially very different from the people who created and sustain the nation and its culture. CH suggests a reformatted DEFCON warning system, called **DIVCON, for Diversity Overload Condition**.

DIVCON 5: Five percent of population is genetically and culturally distant from natives. Assimilation probable with minimal fiscal outlay or native sacrifice.

DIVCON 4: Ten percent of population is genetically and culturally distant from natives. Assimilation possible with substantial fiscal outlay. **Social cohesion index** (SCI) shows first signs of stress. Foreign immigrants begin to self-segregate into politically potent neighborhoods that serve as conduits for overseas relatives and the continuance of their homeland cultures.

DIVCON 3: Twenty percent of population is genetically and culturally distant from natives. Assimilation improbable without enormous fiscal outlay and native sacrifice. SCI records explosion of cultural and racial fault lines running through regions and communities. Foreign immigrants and non-native minorities control entire neighborhoods and some cities. Multilingualism is codified into law. Native and racial flight from these non-native outposts of political and cultural control accelerates.

DIVCON 2: Thirty percent of population is genetically and culturally distant from natives. Assimilation impossible despite massive debt-propped outlays and propagandized humiliation of natives to abjure their culture and identity. SCI passes threshold from greater social cohesion to greater social strife. States begin to switch political allegiances as demographic change sweeps out native majority status. Native/racial flight peaks in intensity, limited only by economically constrained immobility. Self-segregation reverses historical integrationist policies. Regional power bases coalesce as federal power simultaneously strengthens and fractures. Anti-native propaganda loses its influence to inform native sensibilities and self-identity.

DIVCON 1: Forty percent or more of population is genetically and culturally distant from natives. Nation begins irrevocable transformation into resembling the countries from which the non-native populations originate. Political compromise impossible. Jury system breaks down along ethnic and racial boundaries. Wealth inequality reaches historical maximums. SCI red lines. Social discord and native ennui/withdrawal from civic processes undermine legitimacy of state apparatuses. "Anarcho-tyranny" — underclass and overclass lawlessness combined with police state intimidation of native middle class — is implemented to tamp down rising hostilities. Major cities and some states are abandoned by natives to non-native control. Redistribution to politically powerful non-natives impoverishes the natives. Anti-native propaganda assaults every cultural institution, becomes bolder and more transparently aggressive. Natives begin active and unapologetic campaigns against ruling class propaganda. Racial and cultural tensions provoke excessive and violent government response. Free speech surrendered as a founding principle. Mass surveillance and kangaroo courts operate with impunity.

At DIVCON 1, political and armed rebellion become distinct possibilities. Secession movements grow in number and intensify rapidly. Tax evasion increases. Tax havens multiply. Political parties realign. Military volunteerism bottoms out. Third parties experience surge in popularity. Tribal nepotism and corruption in every facet of life erodes trust, bankrupts communities, endangers citizens, and reduces standard of living and other measures of personal happiness. Mental illness and symptoms of psychological distress increase. Private militias, high- and low-tech security systems and fortress communities sever the last strands of national unity. Break-up is inevitable barring repatriation of immigrants, anti-dysgenic fertility policies, and social and economic protection of native middle classes.

America currently sits its rehydrated, pureed ass at DIVCON 2. And as any good economics PhD will tell you, this is good news. So bend over and take it like you like it. Those PhD models of human nature can’t be wrong.

Charmless Broad Unintentionally Submits List Of Excellent Negs

CH · 11 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

At yet another internet portal leading to a giant flapping angry vagina, a bitchy woman reveals, unintentionally, hilariously, a list of 22 excellent negs, teases, challenges, and disqualifications that would work very well as pick-up tactics. She begins,

> Don't say any of these phrases to a girl. In fact, don't even *think* them around girls. If you do, be prepared for the wrath.

What follows is not so much "the wrath" as a bandwidth-eating mess of GIFs which she uses as a crutch to compensate for her total absence of a sense of humor. Like other bishes of her kind, you can properly assume that when a blogger bish gets all wound up with no where logical to go, she's recently been dumped by an aloof alpha lover and is trying to assuage her butthurt ego by pretending it was his lack of betaboy politesse that really caused the breakup. This is never more apparent than when the limbically bruised bish logs online to vent her spleen about a laundry list of supposed horribly inconsiderate alpha male habits that… coincidentally!… every man she's ever banged and prayed would become her long term boyfriend exhibited in her company.

Here's her list, minus her vapid snark. You tell me if you don't think these are the sorts of lines that natural womanizers employ with impunity.

1."You look really tired."

Tingles are born in the defensive crouch.

2. "Don't take this the wrong way, but…"

This is a great opener, especially if paired with a long pregnant pause, followed by some silly construct, like "Don't take this the wrong way, but…….. paper or plastic?"

3. "You remind me of my mom."

Fantastic neg. Is this a bad thing, or a good thing? It's not like you think ill of your own mother.

4. "Are you on your period?"

This is a version of "nuke the hamster from orbit" game. "Are you on your period?…. Because I heard that girls who drink gin and tonics are flowing like the Nile."

5. "Are you wearing that?"

This line provides a good conversation thread break to what you think would look good on her.

6. "You might be able to fit into this."

Spin, hamster, spin.

7. "Your sister is so hot!"

Neg. Is she chopped liver by comparison, or does hotness run in her family?

8. "You have a really pretty face."

This is what the bish wrote: *Just my face? What, you made it past my neck and decided that the rest of me was hideous?* And that, gentlemen, is exactly what a tight neg is supposed to accomplish.

9. "Your hair looks way better (shorter, darker, longer, up, etc.)."

Chicks dig a judgmental man. Why? Because it means he can afford to be judgmental.

10. “You’re still hungry?”

#FatShamingForever. Nip that Jabba wannabe in the bud.

11. “Why are you freaking out?”

This tactic is less effective within the firm shell of a relationship than it is when unloaded during the dating period. All I can say is that if you have a girlfriend who freaks out a lot, you’re better off telling her to stop than asking her why she won’t stop.

12. “Didn’t you wear that last week?”

Related: Classic PUA neg: “Great dress. It must be popular. I saw two girls wearing it last week.”

13. “You ask a lot of questions.”

This line is very effective when delivered on a first or second date. It immediately imbues you with an air of mystery while insinuating that the girl is so into you she can’t help but be curious.

14. “I don’t know if I trust your cooking.”

Great challenge that can lead to a funny conversation.

15. “It’s not you; it’s me.”

If a man says this nowadays, he’s obviously being ironic. Or a mischievous asshole. Translation: He doesn’t care what you think of the line.

16. “Is that your real hair?”

Neg. Chicks will claim it’s offensive, but their muff moistening belies their words.

17. “Don’t be mad; I was just kidding!”

This is actually the one line on the list that men should avoid saying. Not because it’ll make the girl mad, but because it’s supplicating and unattractive.

18. “Are you sick?”

If a girl gets this line a lot, she may want to see a doctor.

19. “You’re crazy.”

Challenging a girl to prove she’s not crazy is liable to make her even crazier… thinking about you.

20. “You have a lot of feelings.”

Love the ambiguity.

21. “Calm down.”

Sean Connery knows how to calm a woman down.

22. “How much do you weigh?”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m curious. You have the body for a bobsledder.”

“What does that mean?!”

“Hey, bobsledders are HOT. Do you have a problem with bobsledders? My beloved grandmother was a bobsledder, and she was CHOICE back in her day.”

***

Programming note: It's a good time to reflect how fantastically obnoxious American women have become. Ladies, if you're reading, a helpful tip: You have to work to please men as men work to please women. Somewhere along the way, a fat lot of you forgot that simple truth, thinking that the world, and the world's men, owe you something for nothing. Worse, owe you for acting like roaring cunts. Rest assured, reality will set you right in short order.

It's Happening... Intelligence Gene Discovered

CH · 12 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Lost Ark of the human sciences, intelligence genes, has been found and opened, and the faces of Universalist Equalists are melting into a bloody pulp. Researchers have pinpointed a single gene which, in its high-functioning variant, directly contributes to higher intelligence.

> Researchers have found that teenagers who had a highly functioning NPTN gene performed better in intelligence tests.
>
> It is thought the NPTN gene indirectly affects how the brain cells communicate and may control the formation of the cerebral cortex, the outermost layer of the human brain, also known as 'grey matter.' […]
>
> Teens with an underperforming NPTN gene did less well in intelligence tests. […]
>
> They found that, on average, teenagers carrying a particular gene variant had a thinner cortex in the left cerebral hemisphere, particularly in the frontal and temporal lobes, and performed less well on tests for intellectual ability.

The walls are closing in on the lords of lies and their feels army of emotabots. Soon, very soon, they will have nowhere to hide nor any shadowed mental crevice left to dissemble. They will be faced with a stark choice: Capitulate, or self-deliver on the altar of their monstrous, deformed egos.

I foresee an end to the current Leftoid Regime playing out as one of two scenarios: Whole-hearted (and back-rationalized) embrace of eugenics and anti-dysgenic policies, or further retreat into smaller and smaller technologically and economically gated safe spaces where their hedonism can carry them gently to the eternal darkness, as a fetid tide of decivilization rises.

Will it be Gattaca or Attica? Is there a third way, less tyrannical but still wise and sensible? More importantly, is it too late to make these choices?

Addendum:
In Houellebecq's novel *The Elementary Particles*, the protagonist, Michel, discovers a molecular process that launches the age of genetic engineering. Michel is loveless and sad, a numberless victim of a ruthless modern sexual market, and in the end… [SPOILER]… he walks into the ocean and disappears. He lived his personal Gattaca, and it was no savior to him. Was his death a warning of what he unleashed, or a fitting tribute to the end of humanity as we know it?

He Who Loves Least Loves Most... ps and science!

CH · 13 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Does this post title sound like a paradox? It is to virgin ears which have yet to hear the Rude Word of CH. But once again ♥science♥ waltzes onto the Chateau ballroom floor to plant a giant wet kiss on the stubbled cheek of your e'er 'umble host and announce with stentorian resolve that "Aloof Indifference Game" is real and it works.

> Erin Whitchurch and her colleagues conducted a study on 47 female undergraduates to find out. Each woman was told that several male students had viewed her Facebook profile and rated how much he'd like to get to know her.
>
> One group was told that they would be seeing the four men who had given them the highest ratings ("liked-most" condition). Another group of women were told that they would be seeing the four men who had given them average ratings ("liked-average" condition. Finally, another group of women ("the uncertain condition") were told that it is *unknown* how much the guy likes her. The women then viewed four fictitious Facebook profiles of attractive male college students.
>
> After they viewed the profiles, they reported their mood and rated multiple aspects of their attraction to the male students (e.g., "*someone I would hook up with*"). The participants then rated their mood again, and also reported the extent to which thoughts about the men had "*popped into their head*" during the prior 15 minutes.
>
> They found evidence for the reciprocity principle: women liked the men more when they were led to believe that the men liked them a lot compared to when they thought the men liked them an average amount.
>
> **Women in the uncertaincondition, however, were *most* attracted to the men.** Women also reported thinking about the men the most in the uncertain condition, and there was tentative evidence that the effect of uncertainty on attraction was explained by the frequency of their thoughts. In other words, it wasn't the uncertainty *per se* that was attractive but the thoughts it induced.
>
> Interestingly, women in the liked-best condition were in a more positive mood than women in the liked-average condition, but women in the uncertain condition were no different in mood than women in the liked-best condition. **Women felt just as positive under uncertainty as they did knowing for sure the guy liked her!**

When women think of assholes they don't want to date, they're thinking of *caring* assholes. The kind of men who are clingy, mate guarding buffoons. The assholes who are loved by women are the men whose jerkitude is implied through emotional distance, cocksureness, outcome independence, and inscrutability. The man who cares least earns the most love (and sex) from women. The gradient of this Uncaring Male-Loving Female curve is steep at the beginning of a relationship (courtship, dating) and levels off as the relationship deepens, to a point where the man's SMV is noticeably higher than his lover's and she is practically begging for romantic beta signs of his continued love and commitment.

The Uncaring Male-Loving Female curve is also dependent on the comparative sexual worth of the partners. A beautiful woman with a lot of options will be more attracted to romantically ambivalent men. In contrast, an ugly woman with few options will need and feel grateful for conspicuous signals of sexual and romantic interest from men.

As a man with game, you should always default to the Uncaring Male-Loving Female dynamic. If you overshoot, you have room to rein your indifference and bedaub the woman with tiny jewels of romantic intent; if you overshoot in the other direction — i.e., you lavish too much beta wooing on a woman — there's no chance to come back from that category error.

Interestingly, psychologists are coming around to the CH theoretical (and field-tested) framework that the

frequency and amplitude of “care least” courtship and dating rituals are increasing. Women, at least those in the highly sexually charged ruthouses of our major anonymizing cities, are responding more to aloof men, and are themselves mechanistically cranking the reverse gears of their pair-bonding algorithms. There are a host of reasons for this state of arid affairs, but one major factor has to be something like this: Women have become as men, and the flipped sexual polarity is warping every incentive structure of the dating market.

We’re tits-deep in the era of men and women competing like cheap date gladiators for the honor of most invulnerable animatronic ego maximizer.

One thing for certain: In this environment women are unhappy, society loses, and men with game win. Because if it’ll be about nothing but banging with piston-like efficiency and avoiding romantic entanglements, men will clean up the arena with the battered husks of women’s egos.

Reader Mailbag: Valentino's Day

CH · 14 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

A reader of the estrogenic persuasion writes,

> I am a new mother of a two month old infant boy.
>
> Generally it's ill advised to seek parenting advise from a non-parent, but you have convinced me of so many truths that I am asking. I am asking you for parenting advise. Not of the "how to get baby to sleep thru the night" kind or "how to accomplish potty training," but rather, what do I do with this child? Do I hand him a skateboard and tell him to enjoy the decline? Do I start an educational savings plan and hope that the 1950′s comes back? How and when do I begin his "game" education? Is it a mistake to bring children into this world? I figure people had children during declines before, and ultimately the world will abide.
>
> My husband and I are both white. We are not religious. He is an engineer and we met at university. I would describe him as a classic beta provider. I stumbled on your website several years ago before we were engaged, and I subtly gave my husband a "red-pill" education, to the point where his "game" is at a point where he is reasonably attractive. I have also upped my "game" so to speak, and I'm no 10 but I'm enough for this guy and he gets all his lunches packed for him and never has to do laundry or sweep the floor. **I also felt like if something happened to me, my husband would never be able to meet another woman, but now I feel confident that he has enough game that he wouldn't be eternally celibate if I died and I am comforted by this.** I also feel that the game I taught him will help him in his professional life.
>
> Discovering your website turned my world upside-down. In addition, my son's formerly conservative, suburbanite, rather dull grandparents are now radical anarchist activists. Needless to say, within the past 5 years or so, I have questioned everything I thought I knew. Your last DIVCON post prompted me to write you.
>
> Considering my situation, do you have any parenting advise for me?

Re-read that CH-bolded part. Doesn't that confessional blip get right to the heart of marriage and its lurking discontents? If a woman knows you can get other women (should the need arise), she is happier. Game can strengthen marriages.

If field experience in the dating trenches and genetic analyses are any indication, the world is changing faster now than it ever has before. The human landscape is shifting under our feet. New parents are right to be concerned how to raise their children, especially their little boys for whom the armaments of the leftoid cultural propaganda and policy machines have taken aim.

My advice will be long and bitter.

1. Boys don't need to hear about decline. What they need to hear about are enemies to fight.
2. You must raise your boy with an eye on his future prize: love and loyalty from beautiful women. This means cultivating in him an appreciation of sex differences and a focus on exploiting his native talents. Admiration from men will follow.
3. His father will be tempted to correct his weaknesses. This is misplaced help. Dad should direct his energy to maximizing his son's strengths.
4. Give your son room to grow into a man. Let him take risks and flirt with danger.
5. Your son will learn how to successfully deal with women by observing his father deal with his mother. The best thing Dad can do for his son is game his Mom.
6. When your son is a teenager, introduce him to weightlifting and men's fashion.

7. Your son will not want to “share his feelings” with you or Dad. If you want to know what’s on his mind, tell a story lesson from your life. He will subconsciously ingest your story and relate it to his own problems.
8. Do whatever you can to assure your son attends majority (80%+) white schools. Your son’s life of learning is not a safari.
9. Mock feminism and equalism at the dinner table. By age 8, your son should be ready for irritating truths. By age 15, for the ugliest truths.
10. Your son isn’t a programmable entity or a projection of your need for usefulness. Don’t schedule his life by Google calendar. If you’re shuttling him to events or clubs more than twice a week, cut back. He needs those days where he explores on his own and returns home caked in dirt.
11. Encourage his boyness. Buy him construction sets, toy guns, model planes, sports equipment, natural science books, and, when he’s older, the CH bestseller.
12. Never humiliate his father in front of him. You may find it satisfying, but you’re doing your boy a disservice.
13. Teach him to throw a punch, and take a punch. If Dad can’t do it, find a male relative who can.
14. Buy him an electric guitar for his eighth birthday. He may not have musical ability, but it’s worth finding out.
15. Teach him to hunt, not just animals, but also humans. This is the darkest of my advice, but it’s invaluable. He should know what it feels like to be aggressive, to initiate conflict. Not necessarily physical conflict; verbal conflict mastery is more useful. His confidence as a man-to-be will grow along with his facility at managing social interactions, joshing with other boys, and teasing rivals.
16. Avoid criticism in favor of demonstration. When he makes a mistake, the urge to criticize will be strong. Better to channel that emotion into helpful suggestions. Preserve your boy’s honor and he’ll reward you with redoubled efforts to please you.
17. Keep a close eye on your son’s school curriculum. Don’t be afraid to confront school administrators and teachers if they start stuffing absurd shitlibbery into his impressionable mind.
18. If you are atheist or agnostic, swallow your pride and ensconce him in a religious tradition. The presence of a powerful overseer, true or not, will help ground him and gird his will. This is a tough call, though, because most Western religions have become utterly corrupted by malign anti-white influences. Nevertheless, if there’s one pretty lie that you should abide for a short while to facilitate his healthy emotional development and a sense of protective community, this is it.
19. If you have the means, travel with him to Europe to experience the great traditions and accomplishments of his ancestors. Cheaper version: the public library.
20. No social media. No iPads. No iPhones. Boys don’t become great men with their eyes glued to a screen like a plugged in Matrix pod. They become great men with their eyes up and searching the horizon.

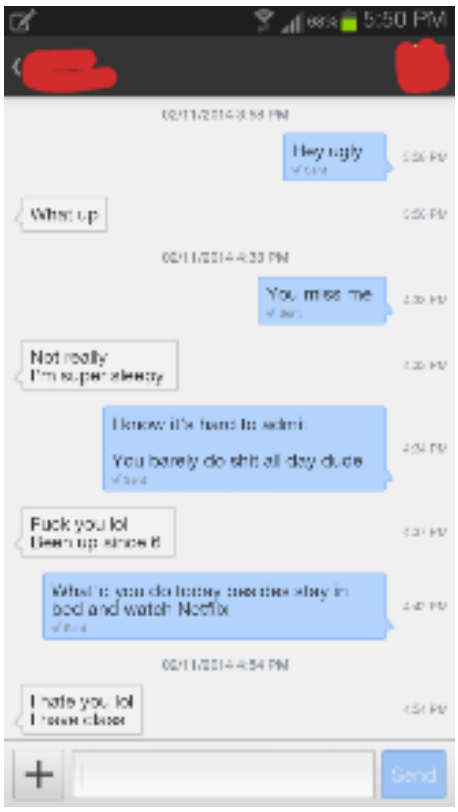
***

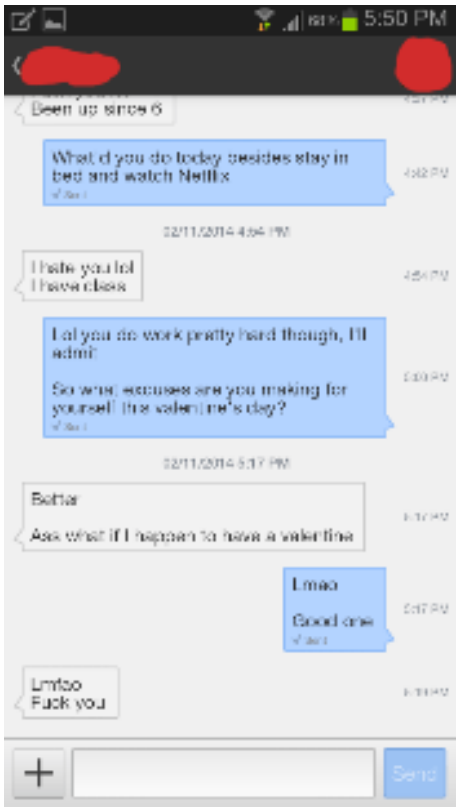
Email #2

A reader wants to know how his text game ranks,

> Hey, I just wanted to see if you had time to critique my text game with this girl I’ve known for 6 years. She likes me but I don’t pursue friends. I talk to her all the time and use her to test out some theories that I read up on here and elsewhere.
>
> Up until recently I didn’t even know text game was a thing. I didn’t use the 1/3 rule, there were times where I replied instantly after it took her a few minutes to respond, and I also replied with more words than she did but I think it turned out well.

The reader is blue, the girl white.





The reader broke a couple of texting rules, but it didn't hurt him because he has the right attitude (cocky teasing) and he initiated the conversation. If you initiate with a girl, you will, by the nature of the tacit disequilibrium in relative value, have to expend more effort in moving the girl toward a flirty rapport.

This girl is sassy, so the risk here is that this type of edgy parrying isn't going to move her closer to sexual interest. She likes it, but there has to be a push so she feels like the drug is being taken away from her. The reader might try texting back that he'll catch up with her tomorrow "with juicy details if things go right tonight". When she inquires,

don't respond. The exquisite pang of incipient jealousy must be allowed to slow boil her hamster through the night.

***

Email #3

A pressing matter,

> Hey, Heartiste, why do chicks "lol" so much in txt convos? It's almost perfunctory with them; they can't possibly laugh that much. What are they trying to say? Do they even know?

It's social lubrication. Girls use nonverbal and verbal tics like "lol" to create and amplify bonding. It's like how you might laugh a little extra hard at your boss's jokes. When a girl does this excessively, a good neg you can use is "hey you laugh a lot", as if you're making some sort of astounding, but value-neutral, discovery. Simple, but oh so effective.

***

Email #4

A reader speaks for millions,

> I write to the great Chateau with a burning question that has plagued me for months.
>
> When are you going to compile the best writings of CH into a game bible? If you published a book it would easily be the greatest thing to come out of the manosphere. It would rival Rollo's book (see that tight neg, you've taught me well).
>
> Even if you don't have the time make a book could you at least compile a best of? This is easily my favorite blog. Quality writing and raw, biting truths. Anyway, enough dickriding. I eagerly await your response.
>
> Sincerely
> A young reader.

Your flattery game is tight, young padawan. But the Chateau staff of life is vainglorious, and can accommodate that mistress factory known colloquially as Russia riding it to completion.

***

Email #5

Wherefore amused mastery?

> Long Story Short (hopefully)!
>
> Dating 8 yrs. Own a condo together for 1.5 years.
>
> Just read your "I Love You Too" article. The beta schmuck comment at the end about saying "luvya" at the end of each call really resonated with me. I knew I was beta with my girl but this really sunk to how bad it really is. I've been doing some reading cause I feel like she just isn't in to me like before, and I'd love that to change.
>
> I have zero game, if I like a girl: beta mode! at least that's all I knew when I was single. Although luckily enough for me due to the fact (when we met at 16) she was one year older and I assumed out of my league. I thought I didn't have a chance. So no loser beta attempts at getting her (wish I knew this before lol). Apparently I'm cocky funny as a normal human, she always recounts when we first met how much of a dick I was, I used to give her the hardest time, cause it was fun. Then I asked her out and beta schmuckery ensued for the last 8 years. Although a couple of questionable acts on my part have basically made me more beta to try and make up for hurting her and calming her jealousy down. So I find it quite hard to be funny or whatever

> when she get's in a jealous spell, I'm usually apologetic etc. In general though how can this be pulled back around.
>
> I think also a good thing to cover is guys in LTR for a LOOONG time, like me 8 years, that discover proper game etc, how can we change the dynamic, it's not an easy thing to mentally get around. Changing how we act etc.
>
> Thanks for all the great articles it's really interesting reads and helpful.

How many times have we the assembled heard this sap story before? The congenital beta who's as cool as a cucumber with girls when the pressure's off, but becomes a try-hard troubadour as soon as the prospect of s-s-s-sexual intimacy or, worse, relationship finality, looms. It's a script that men appear bedeviled to play until someone smacks them straight.

Just keep this handy maxim in mind:

CH Maxim #57: Beta males mate guard, alpha males disregard.

There will be exceptions to this, but as a guiding life principle, you'll go more right than wrong following it. When your girlfriend gets jealous, don't appease. Do that and you may as well count the days till she blitzkriegs your balls. Instead, playfully acknowledge her jealousy in a way that implicitly alleviates her worst fears. For instance, "Keep it coming, Your jealousy is giving me a chub. **make stupid exaggerated expression of joy so she knows you're mocking her** You like me! I'm fuckin tickled pink."

The thing to understand about very long-term relationship game is that your worst enemy is familiarity fatigue. The both of you will fall into predictable routines, because humans are path of least resistance maximizers. If you want the LTR bad enough, you'll have to do things that shake up the ordinary that she's become accustomed to. That could mean a lot of things (CH favors fast getaways), or it could mean having children (CH again favors fast getaways), as long as whatever you do isn't something she could see coming. Also, peer into the CH archives for "relationship game". Lots of pertinent stuff by men who have been down the road you're on.

***

Email #6

Just how universal is game?, asks a reader.

> Hi Heartiste,
>
> do you think game is completely universal, or is it somewhat race-dependent? Is the optimal alphaness different if you want to maximise your chances to bang a white/black/asian girl?
>
> Personally I guess it is race dependent, and is nicely symmetrical to the r-K human spectrum:
> black->max alpha asshole game
> white->more subtle alpha, intermediate
> asian->beta may do it, it's more important to play your provider card…

It's a false dichotomy to presume game must be either universalist or particularist. There are general game principles that are universal (e.g., confidence, teasing, charm, and power are attractive to all women) and there are game tactics that will differ depending on the race of the woman, the race of the man, or the cultural context within which each resides (e.g., the effective ratio of beta provider game to alpha ambivalence game).

No doubt the races of women differ in some respects regarding their receptivity to American style game, but these differences can be accommodated without chucking the entire game framework. Your spectrum is a good start, but I'd warn against overplaying the amount of stone cold alpha that black women love or the amount of courtly beta provider game that asian women love. I'll give you two quick stories from my life to illustrate what I mean.

One black girl I dated certainly loved my disappearing act and my cocksureness. But when she saw me out once with a blonde on a lunch date, her crestfallen face told me everything I needed to know about her feelings. The ultimate “aloof alpha” card had been played, and it drove her into a depressed tailspin, where some simple gestures of beta commitment on my part would have brought her back into my arms, if I had desired that.

One other time I was set up on a date with a tall, elegant asian woman by a friend. We went carousing downtown together, but the sexual energy never seemed to spark. A few days later, my friend accosted me and asked me what happened. I said that I tried, but she just wasn’t giving any signals that she wanted more. I chalked it up to her asianness and her need to take it especially slow. He replied, “She wanted it, but you weren’t pushing for it. She said you never made a move.” I considered that, and realized I may have poisoned my own game by making assumptions based on her race about the level of alphatude she would welcome.

The lesson should be clear, but this isn’t meant as a contradiction of the existence of racial differences in female attraction triggers. Yes, if you date black (more precisely, *culturally* American black) women, you’ll need more up-front, loud, borderline obnoxious, socially dominating game. If you date asian women, you’ll want a lower intensity game, one which requires perhaps a few more intimations of your relationship-mindedness and romanticism.

Then there are the complications that arise from unspoken friction created by interracial game. An asian man will have to compensate for his assumed betatude by being more alpha with white and black women than would white or black men with those women. A black man will have to tone it down with white and asian women, and “act white” to allay (mostly justifiable) fears that he’s too aggressive or socially low value.

You might say the sweet spot is to be a white man, and on that point I won’t argue.

This Valentino’s Day, let us give tribute to the great white, and quasi-white, master romancers of European history. They have taken the rhythms of the mating jungle and elevated it to symphonies of seduction.

Comment Of The Week: Romancing The Load

CH · 15 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Troubadour resigns himself to winning COTW,

> Changing things up deep into a LTR can be tricky, but it works. I'm sitting here with a homemade cake, a card, and a DVD my wife bought me "for the husband I'm so lucky to have," and she got precisely dick from me in the way of emotion. I gave her a speech about, "Instead of going through the motions of pretending I give a fuck, why don't I let you spend $150 of your own money on whatever you want. How's that for a deal?" She accepted, and undoubtedly spent some of the $150 on me to buy the card and the DVD.
>
> I used to make kissing noises and say "I love you" at least 500 times a day. Now I'm looking at having to fuck my wife as a pure cash transaction as the man whore I am. Dump a fuck into Shamu every Sunday night, keep my wood shop and all the rest of my stuff. I hate it, but it's a practical compromise.

I wonder how many marriages devolve into unhappy semi-extortionate waiting rooms for death? A lot of those striver class SWPLs who marry matte-faced multiple-degreed chubsters to maximize the odds they'll shit out high IQ wunderkinds capable of competing in the glorious future of globocorpdiversity don't look all that happy to me. They look more… resigned. Maybe relieved is the optimistic take, but none dare call it passion. Or love.

No need for second place. Tough to follow up this comment.

Crazy American Women Are Getting Crazier

CH · 17 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A very homely, urbanely decayed spinster has taken photographs of herself posed with male and child mannequins, presumably as some sort of statement on the present condition of her bifurcated ego.

If you thought 21st Century American women have plumbed the depths of crazy, you'd be wrong. There's totes crazy left in those desiccated wombs and cock-ravaged holes where their feminine hearts used to reside. Expect to see a plague of crazy visited upon the women of the West, as the modern diversity industrial complex and no-holds-barred sexual market drives the wedge deeper between their mothering and materialistic desires. We have only begun to bear witness to a total meltdown of the American woman's psyche.

My advice to American men: If you didn't get lucky and find yourself a sane, feminine American woman before this late-stage twisted empire in rapid decay corrupted her, head overseas. You've got to know when to hold an American woman, and know when to fold her. And right now, she's coming up 2-7 off-suit.

Disappearing Act Game As A Tool To Attract Women

CH · 18 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A common dramatic license in fictional thrillers is the sudden exit of the main character, usually a powerful man, from a scene of heightening intimacy with a woman. He gives no reason why he has to leave, but the viewer knows, or it is implied, that he leaves to rendezvous with his mysterious employer or otherwise shady characters to do business. This disappearing act, naturally, leaves the woman in a state of frustrated, and aroused, curiosity.

This trope taps ancient female longings for a heroic man with a sense of duty who must travel to faraway lands to fight an enemy, pursue a passion, or reach an enlightenment. A man who can tear himself away from a woman, from her trite domestic concerns, to "do what compels him", becomes an exotic archetype to the woman. His desirability is stamped in the psyche of every woman from an early time in human evolution, when leaders of men gathered hunting parties and left the women and babes behind.

The modern seducer can capture the allure of the disappearing act for himself. Imagine you're on a date with a woman who, you intuit, has one foot in and one foot out. She's beautiful, and she's unfailingly inscrutable. You try an arsenal of game tactics, but nothing sticks. To bag this trophy baby you'll need a bigger tingle bomb. That's when you reach for your phone, briefly scan the screen, make a phony excuse — "I have to meet with someone important" — and be gone. Don't loiter to parry her questions. If she presses, tell her you'll call her tomorrow, and that you're sorry you can't divulge more, and you understand her frustration. Your exit must be fluid and definitive.

Beautiful women expect men to lavish them with attention, and to extend as long as possible the time spent with such women. They are right to expect this effortful courtship, since most men rarely break from the script. Therefore, the man who executes Disappearing Act Game immediately catapults himself into the frantic consciousness that characterizes a sexually fixated woman.

A few clarifications. Disappearing Act Game is dynamite, to be used sparingly, and only on those women with whom the seduction process has tediously stalled. If you're at a woman's place, and she's smiling and tipping back a glass of wine, it would be stupid to suddenly leave when the probability of crack fracking is high. Too, it would be self-defeating to walk out on a date when she's dropping nonverbal hints of her rising attraction. In pickup lingo, Disappearing Act Game is a nuclear version of the game tactic known as the takeaway; you're leaving her not just for a few seconds, or even a few hours, but for a whole day, and under enticingly obscure circumstances.

I've used Disappearing Act Game ten or fifteen times in my life, if you want a handle on the proper frequency of deployment. It's best used on very beautiful women who routinely date high status men, and with whom you'd seriously consider a long-term romance. Timing is important; disappearing after the first hello isn't going to accrue much to your value. Maximum hamster impact is achieved after she's gotten somewhat comfortable in your company, and a groundwork of intimacy has been built. She has to be a little bit invested in you to feel the loss of your quick exit.

You, for your part, must have a deep reserve of self-control to initiate the Leaving Protocol. Most men reading this post now don't have it; you will think about leaving on a whim, you may even have at the ready an erotically charged excuse to leave, but her pretty face will keep you stuck in her orbit. To disappear with conviction, you have to be firmly committed to seeing your exit through the back door. Her eyes will look up at you, suddenly liquid with confusion and spiked interest, and it will test the last ounce of your will to sever your precious, if illusory, spatial bond to her. Stay the course. The only bond that matters in a woman's heart is the one you caulk in her cock vault.

A final tip: What really helps gird your will to disappear like a phantom is having another girl in your dating rotation. Two in the kitty isn't just a cad's mission statement; it's psychological leverage.

Extreme Disqualification Game

CH · 19 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

We sat in a window box of the cafe. Warming sunlight marched through and glittered off her black hair. As I spoke absent-mindedly about a girl I loved whom I recently lost, barely comprehending in my stream of consciousness that I was airing my inner thoughts, a sunshaft grazed her cheek and I saw that she was silently crying. Two soft tears traced slowly downward, framed within an expressionless face. The effect hit me hard, not because it was the first time I made a woman cry from sheer carelessness, but because her tears were so incongruent with her personality. She was an Ivy-educated business consultant, easily turning six figures, ambitious, sure of herself in ways she thought mattered, and to the undiscerning eye cold and opaque.

She was also pretty, but the timing of our fling threw her orbit away from mine. Pleasing enough, she regrettably didn't press my buttons like my recent ex-girlfriend had. And so, when she earnestly pried for my truest feelings, she received in return the fate of suffering reckless confessions she didn't want to hear. My emotions were raw, and I unloaded on her callously as she took my strafe on every flank. Not meaning to hurt her, I had, and every time we had sex since then, over the following weeks, it ended with her tucking her knees under her chin naked on the bed to quietly cry into the wrapped bubble of her body.

When my one-sided conversation with the cosmos had finished, and her tears had shocked me back to empathy and guilt, she choked out a tiny utterance that I'll never forget. A simple, endearing question: "So you really liked this girl?" Imagine for a moment the excruciating hollowness of unreciprocated longing that the friendzoned beta male feels as he patiently abides his love's encomiums to another man. Women can feel this way, too.

I crashed back into her presence. Now all I could think was making amends and, truthfully, a part of me wanted to preserve for a while longer the usefulness of her distractive adoration in my time of need.

"Yes."

I surprised myself at the forthrightness of my answer. Quickly recalibrating, "…but I could see it coming, so maybe it's all for the best."

She coaxed a crooked smile, but I had sunk her. She knew in that bright cafe that we would never be more together than a pleasurable temporary escape. Already approaching thirty, the weight of it landed in the breadbasket of her soul.

These stories locked in time offer lessons for times yet to come. What I had unknowingly, accidentally, obliviously, and with quite sincere effort done to this woman was run an extreme version of Disqualification Game on her. That confessional about my recent ex, the sincerity with which I expressed my confusion and unresolved desire, the indifference to how it might be received by present company, sent my replacement lover into a tailspin. She felt stronger love for me at the same time she felt the sadness of our inevitable, arriving end. Thus, our sex life carried on while her tears flowed heavier with accumulating grief.

What was accidental can be made intentional for one's personal advantage. "I'll always have this thing for my ex" Extreme Disqualification Game can, if delivered without a hint of manipulative urgency (almost as an afterthought), greatly increase a woman's attraction to you. She'll see herself as the one who can make it better, or steal your heart away, if you're careful to stop just short of killing her hope outright. You'll be a challenge too irresistible to some women, especially women with options, and if you parcel your redirected romance into hamster-sized pellets that make her feel as if she's slowly winning you over, you'll have from her a love that can transcend all other arid considerations women tend to autonomically jot down on dating profiles or personal ads.

You Can Tell A Lot About A Nation's Women By Its Facebook Likes

CH · 19 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Facebook Likes are a cancer on society. They glorify feels and enervate reason. They abet lies and exile truth. But they do perform a valuable service for the keen observer of civilizational decay. The FB Like, and what gets Liked most, are revealing glimpses into a nation's character, and especially the character of its women, for whom Facebook Likes are happy drugs for their gluttonous egos. Remove the Like, and severe withdrawal symptoms manifest, similar to the effects one sees from the psychological damage that incurs after an extended stint in an isolation chamber.

A reader passes along two telling examples.

> I found these two pictures today on my FB friend's feed. (They aren't my friends, fortunately, but they are friends of friends.) Both got lots of "likes" and supportive comments. I thought of you as soon as I saw them.

Since most of Facebook is a wasteland of middling SMV women patting each other on the backs for awe-inspiring accomplishments like getting knocked up by a black guy or sucking down in one gulp a boat of sugar through a straw, it's fair to say that what gets Liked is what American women like. And what American women like is, to put a coarse point on it, a mountain of shit.

What do American women and their yappy beta orbiters like so much that they feel compelled to craft a public consensus of their PC boilerplate?
– Mystery meat fetuses.
– Interracial dating.
– Male empathy pregnancies.
– Fat chicks.
– Fat chicks feeding like swine on ice cream sundaes that could sustain a family of four for a week.
– Fat chicks feeding like swine while insouciantly arched eyebrows that demand acceptance leap from their bloated brows.

Could this country and its people be going down the shitter any faster? Forget Rome's historical precedence. America is in double-time decline, setting new records of scraping bottom as we speak. I think I will dub this Millennifag cohort the **Like Me Generation**. *"Like me, because if you don't I'll have a mental breakdown as the realization that I'm a mediocrity sweeps over me. Nothing less than total unanimity in judgment of my awesomeness and the rightness of my knee-jerk emotional opinions will keep me alive another day."*

Yeah, no. I think instead I will take this shiv and give it an extra twist in your guts, just because I like… yes, Like… watching you effete nancies and spluttering mutants scream bloody murder. And you know what? The country will become a place truly worth liking for your suffering.

The Project To Feminize Western Men And Masculinize Western Women

CH · 20 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I wonder if the dam is beginning to burst on public discourse, leading to growing awareness of converging androgyny of the sexes. CH was out front informing the masses of a strange trend toward sexual unipolarity characterized by a psychological and physiognomic swapping and sharing of normal sexually dimorphic traits. Men appeared to be getting womanlier and women manlier.

But it was the stuff of quirky anecdote and peripheral observation, out there on the bleeding edge of heartistian thought. The science had yet to catch up to CH's eagle eye. But now the ♥science♥ is here, and as per usual the boys in the lab are busily verifying precocious CH insight.

Commenter chris writes,

> @CH
>
> In your posts.
>
> http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2009/06/15/the-masculinization-of-the-western-white-female/
> http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2013/01/15/the-manjaw-ification-of-american-women-science/
> http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2013/09/26/study-women-really-are-becoming-more-like-men/
>
> **[ed: see also:**
>
> **http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2009/04/24/the-feminization-of-the-western-white-male/**
> **http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2012/02/22/are-the-chemicals-of-modern-society-emasculating-men/**
> **http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2013/11/28/is-humanity-becoming-androgynous/]**
>
> You discuss the masculinisation of western women [and feminization of western men].
>
> This article might explain a mechanism for it:
>
> http://www.livescience.com/3098-female-figure-hourglass.html
>
> "Androgens, a class of hormones that includes testosterone, increase waist-to-hip ratios in women by increasing visceral fat, which is carried around the waist. But on the upside, increased androgen levels are also associated with increased strength, stamina and competitiveness. Cortisol, a hormone that helps the body deal with stressful situations, also increases fat carried around the waist.
>
> Hormone levels linked with a high waist-to-hip ratio could lead to such health benefits, which would be particularly useful during times of stress, Cashdan said. These benefits could outweigh those attained from having the tiny waist, hourglass figure, she said.
>
> Perhaps the differences between predominant body shapes in some societies have to do with sexual equality, Cashdan said.
>
> In Japan, Greece and Portugal, where women tend to be less economically independent, men place a higher value on a mate's thin waist than men in Britain or Denmark, where there tends to be more sexual equality, Cashdan said. And in some non-Western societies where food is scarce and women bear the responsibility for finding it, men actually prefer larger waist-to-hip ratios.
>
> "Waist-to-hip ratio may indeed be a useful signal to men, then, but whether men prefer a [waist-to-hip ratio] associated with lower or higher androgen/estrogen ratios (or value them equally) should depend on the degree to which they want their mates to be strong, tough, economically successful and politically competitive," Cashdan writes."
>
> So as we head to a female forager/matriarchal/feminist society, in order to compete and WIN, the women will

> have to, and are, masculinising.
>
> It's interesting how the feminists who agitate for a society organised along these lines are the females most likely to be successful in these societies. Feminist women win, non-feminist women lose.
>
> Feminism is a war of women against other women.
>
> It's about making the feminist/female forager mating strategy the winning mating strategy.
>
> And any woman who isn't a masculinised female/feminist, will be a loser in this world.

Fitting, yes, that the Western leftoid project to economically and socially equalize the sexes is literally equalizing men and women in body mass, shape and temperament. Fuck with the forces of nature and nature will fuck you right back, hard.

But I wouldn't make too much hay of this latest study. One, there is a mound of accumulated evidence that male preference, at least in Europe and Asia, is for women with waist-hip ratios of 0.7 and BMIs falling between 17 and 23. Two, the enlarging (heh), sugar-fueled and automobile-enabled Western obesity epidemic is likely distorting measurements of the natural WHRs of women under a layer of belly blubber. Three, what the above study could be measuring is not changes in innate, unconstrained male preference but rapid female adaptation to environmental pressures that occur *despite* male sexual preference. (Note, also, that the majority of sampled countries in the data set were non-European. A good rule of thumb: Female beauty standards are universal, EXCEPT in Africa. "Except in Africa" is a clause that could be appended to a lot of generalizable observations about human nature.)

Nevertheless, this study is hinting at something that CH has noticed: Western women are looking, and acting, manlier. We have cast about for reasons why, and now we have one plausible mechanism: When propagandized sexual equality pushes women into the workforce and away from children and home, their bodies respond by jacking up their tiny reserve of male hormones until they more resemble the men with whom they now compete in arenas historically occupied only by men.

And so what kind of women does our post-biology, androgyne culture beget? Manjaws. Narrower eyes and hips. Thinner lips. Wider waists. Aggressive posturing. Leering, focused gazes. Snarls and snarks.

Recall this contrast between composites of Golden Age Hollywood starlets and modern actresses:

The face composite on the left is of actresses from 2008, the right of actresses from the 1940s. Neither are unattractive, but the left one clearly has undergone some masculinization. Anymore, and she veers into tranny territory. What does this mean for men? Most men will feel like sexually conquering the girl on the left, and romantically protecting the girl on the right. Funny, that seems to be the way our sexual market is heading.

What else do our present and future masculine women offer? Shrieking feminist agit-prop. Wall to wall lies to deny sex differences. "Art" made from menstrual blood. Pussy riots. Delayed childbirth. Women breaking their bodies competing in high-impact sports traditionally dominated by men. And, in a final middle finger to the god of biomechanics, a simultaneous war to feminize men so that women's descent to maleness can proceed unhindered.

That last part is happening too, in case you were wondering. I could show you a pic of John Scalzi as proof and call it a day, but as demonstrated by the CH links above there is similar data-rich evidence piling up that something weird and disconcerting is happening to Western men to turn them into mewling manboobs, overweight male feminists, slope-shouldered hipsters, and huge beta sycophants. Although it isn't (yet) making the nightly news, far-flung quarters are beginning to pick up on the CH-identified disturbing inversion of men to a physical and psychological female form.

None of this is good news, except to ugly feminists and socially awkward male toadies who never stood a chance in the grindhouse of the mating bazaar. I don't see how civilization sustains itself under these conditions, not demographically at any rate. There will be a price to pay for messing with nature's prime directive. I don't know exactly what amount, or what currency we'll pay it in, but the bill is coming due.

The title of this post is not an affectation. The convergent masculinization and feminization of the sexes to a shapeless, infantilized alien gray is a deliberate project by the elites as much as it is an emergent phenomenon of uncontrolled environmental insults. The ruling class wants this. People in power, people who don't want to relinquish even a speck of their power, want their nearest competition — white middle class men — gelded. They want them soft and blubbery and pliable. They want women unfeminine, self-supporting, aggressive and ballcutting, because they know that a culture dominated by such women will reinforce and solidify the slavish adherence to the preferred propaganda matrix of the elite.

The elite's most dangerous enemy are men like themselves, competent and hungry, but with less to lose. And so the elite play social engineering with the sexes, in hopes of ridding themselves of men capable of rebelling. If they taste success, they will move on from social engineering to biological engineering of the wider culture of men to cement their rule. You scoff. Ask yourself, are you, at this late hour, willing to place your faith in the benevolence of your ruling elite should such technological game-changers drop in their laps?

Ultimately, whether our ruling class knows it or they bumble along like drug addicts seeking the next pleasurable injection of power at any cost, their sex-swapping project will turn the West into matricentric, female forager Africa. And it shouldn't be too hard to figure out what comes next.

Salon Discovers Chateau Heartiste, Angry Menstruation Flows On Cue

CH · 21 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Salon, the nation's hindmost menstrual rag of note, stumbled onto Chateau Heartiste grounds and promptly WOWJUSTWOWed until they were overcome with shameful orgasms.

> 18 hilariously terrible sex tips that all men should ignore. […]
>
> **3. "A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly." (Chateau Heartiste, pickup artist site)**
>
> It works for the Dog Whisperer so it must be true.

In fact, successfully dating women and dog training do share quite a few disturbing similarities.

Naturally, the vapid Salon entity has no rebuttal to offer other than lazy snark.

> **6. "Flirt with other women in front of her. Do not dissuade other women from flirting with you.Women will never admit this but jealousy excites them. The thought of you turning on another woman will arouse her sexually." (Cheateau Heartiste)**
>
> Of course women (and men) **[ed: no, men don't viscerally respond to jealousy incitement the same way women do]** want their partner to be perceived as desirable to others. But intentionally trying to make your partner jealous is a pathetic power trip used by the most insecure. And no, women "will never admit" it because it's not true. Just like men "will never admit" they love surprise anal.

Women who deign to write for globally transmitted magazines really need to begin the arduous task of reading subject matter outside their feminist automaton comfort zones. For instance, CH is not the only one to observe through direct experience that women's arousal and jealousy are two sides of the same coin; studies have found over and over that "female preselection" — that is, a man's social and romantic approval by other women — acts directly as an attraction stimulant on any women in his company. Unlike this Salon broad's non sequitur about "surprise anal" (which, as if it needed to be said, few heterosexual men outside the Salon staff hothouse of lactating manboobs secretly desire), making a woman jealous is proven to work as a means of increasing her romantic arousal. A man deploying such a tactic may or may not be "insecure", but there's no arguing with results.

> **8. "Give your woman two-thirds of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less… In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants." (Chateau Heartiste)**
>
> And if she responds with one word, reply with a series of monosyllabic grunts or through miming. She thinks she's got you in a box, but little does she know, it's INVISIBLE. Treating every exchange with women like a manipulative math problem is ¾ stupid, ⅝ sad, and 100 percent guaranteed to make you into an ex variable.

Math is hard.

> Also, did he just call my loins shallow?

Women should avoid trying to be funny altogether and stick to maximizing the return on their authentically

valuable assets. That would be your tits, ass, face and pussy, in case you were wondering.

A word of advice, Salonista: Humorless *reductio ad absurdum* and inapt mischaracterizations are no way to win debate points.

There's a reason "mainstream" feminists rarely confront the House of Heartiste head on, preferring instead to snipe futilely from a safe and plausibly deniable distance (see: Lindy "Huge Fat Fuck" West), protectively ensconced by an army of reject freaks spit-shining feminist taint. When an unfortunate representative of their diseased order attempts an ill-prepared direct assault on CH, mistakenly presuming her enemy is a chucklehead bro who can't wield a shiv like an assassin, she is typically flayed alive and retreats in shock with her fat beaver tail tucked between her ham hocks, never to be heard from again. So they will continue to toss feeble snark turds from their internet hovels while CH continues tearing apart everything they believe and hold dear, sinew by sinew, until the last of them self-delivers or sticks it out in everlasting torment to enjoy her gradual soul-desiccating abandonment by those she considers respectable discourse gatekeepers.

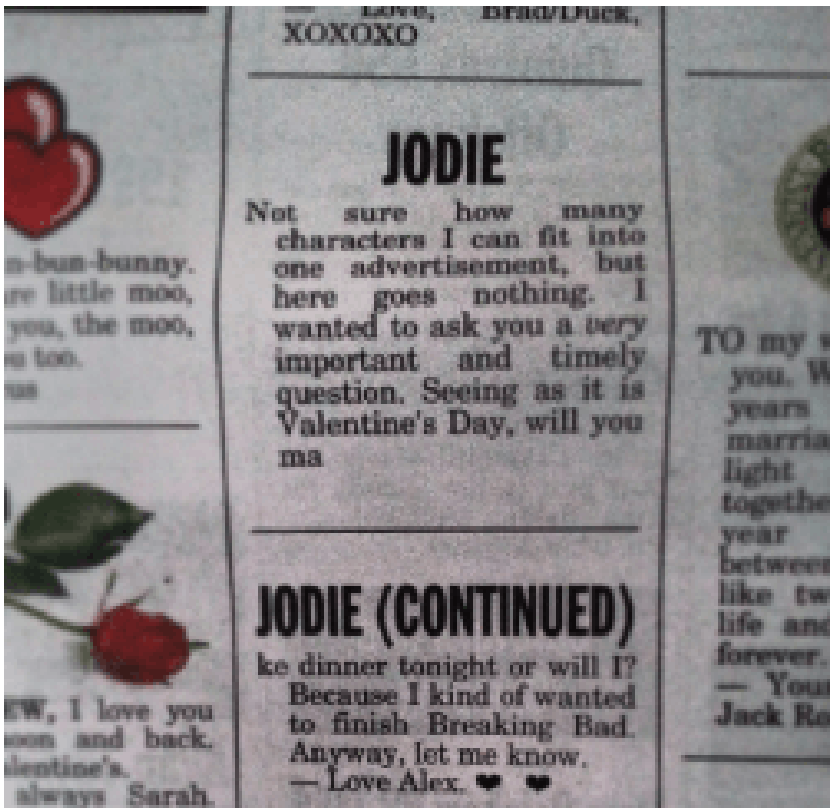
Beta Male Takeaway Game

CH · 21 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This stunt should go down in the annals of pickup artistry as one of the wowjustwow-iest takeaways ever foisted on a girl.

> It appeared to be the beginning of a sweet, Valentine's Day ad in an Australian newspaper, popping a "very important" question. But its cliffhanger ending leading into a secondary ad will leave you hoping the girlfriend has a sense of humor.

The ad:



Beta Male Takeaway Game is a very effective attraction trigger. You posture as if you're about to commit an egregiously supplicatory beta act of romantic abandon, and then, just when she's fully braced for an awkward moment and her creep radar is pinging… you pull the rug out from under her with a surprise ending. Result: Tectonic tingle shift.

Why is the beta male takeaway so powerful an attractant of women? To answer that, you need to put yourself in the tiny shoes of the female rationalization hamster. Women of prime childbearing age instinctively know they are the more reproductively valuable sex. This foreknowledge influences their perception of the world, and their expectations of male behavior. Call it "cooter-colored glasses". Women interact with men, whether nascent lovers or acquaintances, with the belief that yearning, suck-up beta male pleadings will be men's default operating mode. And they aren't dissuaded often enough to jettison that belief. Any fulfillment of her expectation of predictable beta male behavior disappoints her even as it occasionally elates her; but romantically inexperienced men don't know this because women are skilled at concealing that disappointment when it personally advantages them.

So the rare bad boy who defies her expectations is a real treat for her twat. Female sexual arousal sits very close to the brain modules housing the female senses of danger, caprice, and drama. A woman defied is a woman alive.

Should You Make A Girlfriend Jealous With Nudes Of Your Exes?

CH · 22 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The post subject says it all. A reader asks,

> Read your site regularly. Thanks for the time and effort.
>
> Interested in your thoughts: I've got a recent girlfriend- good looking, moneyed background, sweet girl but lots of confidence. She is, however, outright jealous- or at least catty- about an ex of mine who she has found notes from and a couple pictures of us together.
>
> She recently lost her phone and asked to temporarily borrow my old one. While sanitizing it I found found a few nudes my ex sent me. She looks *good*. Do I leave them and stoke the flames further? Or leave it to simmer? Opportunity or foolishness?

A girlfriend who is excessively jealous of an ex-girlfriend of comparable SMV is projecting a desire to have a boyfriend who is adept at attracting other women. The catty jealousy is manufactured drama that she indulges because it serves the purpose of making her more attracted to you. You may consider this flattery… or a warning sign of troubles ahead.

If your ex is hotter than your current girlfriend (be honest with yourself), the jealousy is nothing less than raw insecurity. Women know, despite their socially acceptable protestations to the contrary, what really matters to men. A hotter ex-girlfriend translates as a greater risk of you trading up in the near future.

My answer is partly dependent on which of the two contexts above is relevant to you. If you get the sense that your girlfriend is very much in love and her jealousy is revealed insecurity, the smart move is to delete the photos so she doesn't see them and melt into a puddle of manic self-doubt. (The smarter move is to not let her borrow your phone so that you may keep the photos for your old age when the nostalgic masturbation material will come in HANDY.)

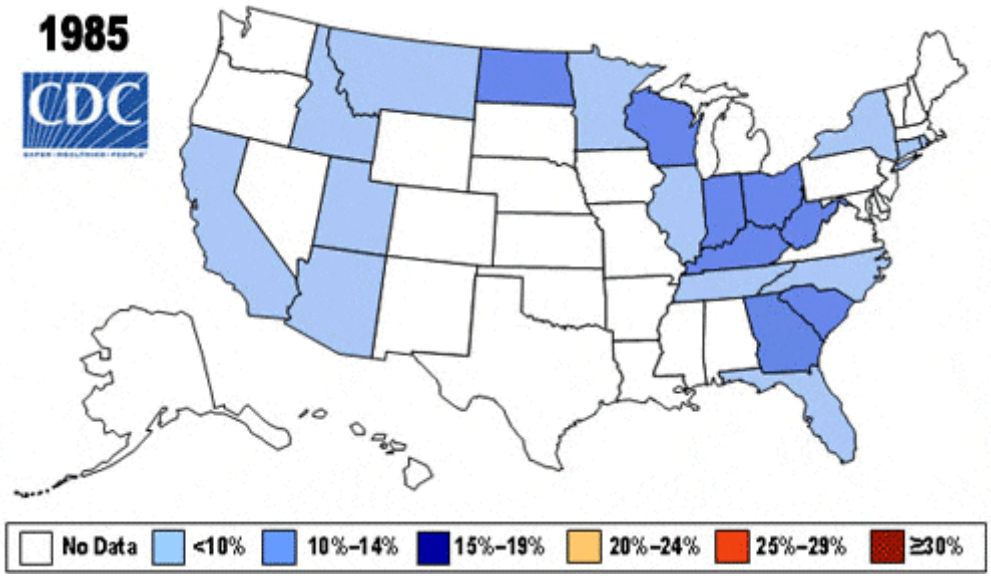
But if she seems like the drama-prone type (INFIDELITY ALERT) and her jealousy strikes you as deliberately hyperbolic, you may want your girlfriend to "accidentally" come across those nude photos of your ex as a means of assuring she stays in your orbit. A drama queen needs these occasional reminders of your surfeit of sexual market options. Keep the ho on her toes.

Fat Apologists And Environmental Shocks

CH · 23 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Fat apologists:

Environmental shocks:



Keepin' it real.

The Millennial Generation Motto

CH · 23 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Via fellow sadists, the most Millennial statement ever put to print is:

"Here's why that's a problem."

Pathological solipsism and mile wide but inch deep self-esteem are a bad combo. The id of the ~~Millennial~~ Like Me Generation is a furry suit wrapping a toddler. If normalcy and personal responsibility offend the Millennial, it will make sure you know, in poopytalk, how that's a problem. Help the Millennial feel less like a reject; validate its problems.

Men Cheat More Than Women Because Men Have Stronger Sex Drives

CH · 24 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

When feminists aren't happily asserting that women cheat just as much as men do, they're raging that cheating men are insecure chauvinist pigs who are afraid of strong, independent women. As per usual with the human emojis known as feminists, trying to square their internal contradictions is an exercise in infinitely recursive futility.

Which is why it's so much fun just to stick the hot shiv in their flabby hides and watch them squeal in pain. Courtesy of ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥science♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥, a study found that men cheat more not because they have weaker self-control than women, but because men have stronger sex drives that compel them to cheat.

> A recently published study strongly suggests men succumb to sexual temptations more than women—for example, cheating on a partner—because they experience strong sexual impulses, not because they have weak self-control.
>
> Previous research has shown that men are more likely than women to pursue romantic partners that are "off limits." However, until now, the explanation for this sex difference was largely unexplored.
>
> One possible explanation for this effect is that men experience stronger sexual impulses than women do. A second possibility is that women have better self-control than men. The current study's results support the former explanation and provide new insight into humans' evolutionary origins.

Let's tally up the scorecard and see how many losses feminists and their equalist paymasters suffered from this one single study:

1. Men have stronger sex drives than women.

Reality: 1, Feminists: 0.

2. Women don't have more sexual self-control than men; they just have relatively weaker sex drives that reduce their compulsion to cheat.

Reality: 2, Feminists: 0.

3. Men have evolved different sexual strategies than women, and a higher male sex drive is one manifestation of that evolved sex difference.

Reality: 3, Feminists: 0.

4. Any sexual temptation is harder for men to deny than it is for women to deny, because men have more innately powerful sex drives that they must suppress.

Reality: 4, Feminists: 0.

5. Feminists are stoopid. It's self-evident.

Reality: 5, Feminists: 0.

There's a dearly held belief by feminists and their beta male suck-ups that women are the more "moral" sex. But virtue is empty braggadocio if it isn't tested by vice. The fact that men need to expend greater efforts of self-control than are required of women to refuse the temptation of sexual infidelity is proof that, at least along this spectrum of virtuous behavior, men are the more moral sex.

Russian Geopolitical Alpha Male Game

CH · 24 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Sochi Winter Olympics opening ceremony suffered a minor glitch when one of the Olympic ring lighting props malfunctioned. Naturally, the glitch made above-the-fold, wall-to-wall coverage in the Western leftoid press for days, who, for reasons that are becoming clearer by the day, have suddenly discovered a simmering hatred for Russia they never had when Stalin ruled the motherland with a bloody iron fist.

Amusingly, Russian Olympics officials pulled a little twist during the closing ceremony. Dancers mimicked the malfunctioning opening ceremony ring in a gesture of humorous self-deprecation.

This is classic Agree & Amplify Game. Faced with a world-stage embarrassment and a shit testing Western media, Russians summoned their inner alpha male, amplified to the point of absurdity their faux pas, and in so doing recaptured the enviable dominant ground of the charming bastard.

Game is often mistaken as a limited blueprint useful only for picking up chicks, but it's so much more. Once you understand that game — aka applied charisma — is psychological mastery over human perception, you begin to grasp its applicability to every human social sphere. Politics, business, family… there is hardly a context in which game isn't a valuable skill to leverage.

Parade Of Humiliations

CH · 24 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Do whites living in the West have a right to bitch about anti-white hatred? You bet. As PA clarifies in a comment over at GLPiggy,

> In order to function normally, to keep a good mood, one has to intentionally blind himself to the organizing principle of the very society he lives in: White genocide.
>
> I'll occasionally feel its sting in a comment by Elk, or blogger THRASYMACHUS, a gentle-souled, thoughtful writer who relays observations from the edge. I can't get Kayla Peterson out of my thoughts. Or, every time there is an internet article about schools, you see the cherubic faces of black kids, like a scene form Ghana rather than America — except when Yahoo posts "America's Worst Schools" — you get a photo of white kids.
>
> Hate fills any human being who opens his eyes to the horror and the humiliation of whites. Emma West's ordeal — on that train with the animals growling at her and her little son, and then under the British police state.
>
> And to stay sane, one looks away because there is not a thing he can do about any of this.

What PA is framing is what CH calls the "parade of humiliations". Like the tactics of totalitarian communism before it, anti-white ideology thrives in part by its inquisitors visiting upon the victims an endless succession of humiliations. It's not enough to propagandize with lies; the subject must be coerced to suffer the lies in silence, to accede to the primacy of the lies, and even to intone the lies as if they were the truth. Economic and social terrorism break the heart and mind, but humiliation breaks the soul.

Let there be no mistaking what this parade of humiliations is: It is a war of hate, psychologically bloody if not yet physically bloody. The aggressors — the ruling elite and their useful Section Hate shock troops — despise whites, despise the concept of whiteness, and despise especially the idea that the territory and nation and culture from which they parasitically suck the lifeblood was created and sustained primarily by white men.

A parade of humiliations is a nefarious elite and a gullible bureaucratic class importing thousands of Somalis and dumping them in whitest Minnesota, where they multiply on the generosity of their host's welfare largesse and then aggressively oust from power the very benefactors who opened doors to them.

A parade of humiliations is a disingenuous promise by condescending moralizers to fellow citizens that wildly foreign immigrant pawns will easily assimilate to local norms of conduct, and that any difficulty encountered during the assimilation process is proof that the natives have not been sufficiently welcoming and must be reeducated in the goodness of their displacers and the badness of their own self-consideration.

A parade of humiliations is a subhuman beast with an extensive criminal history free on probation by a sympathetic system, coldly gunning down a retiree in his home. The beast, shot through with demonic hatred, lied about needing assistance and exploited his prey's naivete and magnanimous responsiveness. This incident in form and intent is a microcosm of the overarching assault on white America.

A parade of humiliations is the mass media studiously ignoring to the best of its plausible deniability the above stories of whites churned to bits by the anti-white death machine while trumpeting to the high heavens as vile hate crimes hoaxes targeted at whites.

A parade of humiliations is exiling from society any whites who dare notice their debasement.

Elite leftoid status whoring is all fun and games when nobody is the wiser and the costs are too diffuse to measure by endorsed economic formulae. But now the pain bites, and the parade of insults grates. The people on the sidewalks dumbly acquiescing to participation in their disparagement feel something they haven't felt in a long

time…

Rage.

Romantic Beta Male Gets What's Coming To Him

CH · 25 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Remember this post about the romantic Kiwi betaboy who followed an American woman around all night on New Year's Eve like a puppy dog, only to part at 6AM with nothing to show for it but her coy instruction to "find me"? The niceguy romantic beta had one photo of her on his phone, which he promptly enlarged to masturbation size and uploaded to Facebook hoping she would see the green light at the end of his pier and the world would help them reunite in McLovin bliss.

There's an update to this story. The girl found out about his Facebook campaign to locate her. Guess what happened.

> A lovelorn New Zealand man who asked the Internet for help finding the American girl he met in Hong Kong last year on New Year's Eve has found her – and she doesn't seem too happy about it.
>
> Reese McKee, 25, gained thousands of followers when he posted a picture of 'Katie' and his story of dancing the night away with her last December. She left him only with a first name, a hint that she lived 'in D.C.' and the alluring request: 'find me.'
>
> He has now revealed that online sleuths did, indeed, find her. And they mobbed her with so many messages that she deleted every single one of her social media accounts within hours. […]
>
> Mr McKee says he hasn't reached out to her yet – he's waiting for the online furor to die down.
>
> But, as one slightly horrified blogger points out, it's likely she has no desire to to speak with Mr McKee now. Their romantic night took place nearly one year ago.
>
> 'A year is enough time for someone to get married, go through several relationships, or even have a child,' blogger amiantos writes.

It takes a lot of beta to convince a blue city American girl to tear down her Facebook wall. She must have felt the kind of disgust that's typically reserved for mutilated bodies, dog shit, and flabby male feminists.

Moral of the story: Women are so predictable.

Some good does appear to have come out of this niceguy's romantic abandonment.

> Even Mr McKee seems a little sheepish about his quest to be reunited with the girl he had a chance meeting with a year ago. He told the Herald that he has turned down multiple media interview requests – including from ABC's Good Morning America.
>
> Shortly after Katie was found, he deleted his Facebook profile and the Facebook event that invited fans to help find her.

What's that sensation hiding between the lines? Oh yes. Burning shame. Enough time has passed since the RealTalk Revolution invaded the public consciousness that it wouldn't be a stretch to think betaboy here caught his eyeballs on a few websites such as this one and experienced a rude awakening about the nature of women and his own self-defeating courtship missteps. Two people win when a man is saved from incel purgatory: The man, and the woman he dates who gets to experience the joy of a proper seduction.

How To Outgame Manipulative Women

CH · 26 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

PrettyWi$e, a possible troll whose question nonetheless serves to impart a useful lesson, asks,

> My girl sent me a nude about 20mins ago… And replied saying "oops wrong number". I will admit it did get under my shit, but should I even respond to such crap?

What this reader's girl is running is a form of Reverse Eavesdropping Game. Or, if you prefer simplicity, she has dropped a massive shit test on him.

This is why I suspect the reader is a troll. A common troll tactic on game blogs is to lie about a girl the troll "knows" who uses the game tactics found here to befuddle men. The suspicion is justified because in the real world women hardly ever resort to arcane male game tactics to get men into bed. If a woman wants to bed a man, she only needs to look cute enough and signal her availability.

Troll or not, if you play the field you will encounter the occasional playette who co-opts male game for shits and giggles, or who loves to incite dramatic bursts of jealousy to externally validate her sexual worth. You should know how to handle them.

The correct response to a girl "accidentally" sending you a nude she wants you to think was meant for another man is "bad lighting".

Other good responses:
"you and ur dad have a weird thing"
"gay"
"lol"
"lame"
"nice save"
"if you want me you just have to ask"
"your flirting technique needs work"

The attitude of indifference and non-reactiveness conveyed by these responses is what matters. There are other responses that would work well, as long as whatever you say has an air of nonchalant condescension and assumed high value. The brilliance of such a reply is that it simultaneously robs the manipulative girl of a victory dance while instantly flipping the script so that she is on the defensive, riddled with doubt about her attractiveness and scrambling to regain the upper hand.

Game doesn't have to be this malevolent to work, but some girls are just begging for the hamster whip.

PS If this reader's scenario ever happens to you, it's a good bet the girl wants you badly and is showing it by making you chase her. Think about it. If a girl really did accidentally send you a nude of herself meant for someone else that she didn't want you to see, she wouldn't follow up with an implied apology. She'd go into hiding and hope you don't bring it up. Or she'd already be two steps out the door on you and in that case not give a shit what you think about her antics.

PPS Another countermeasure to manipulative bitch game is radio silence. If you don't respond to her incitement to jealousy at all, the next time you and her meet she'll be chin-deep in hamster turds wondering what you're thinking about her mischief-making. Keep up the ruse of feigned obliviousness as long as possible, even post-coitally, and she'll hardly be able to contain her frustration with your inscrutability. An added bonus is that this gives you time to determine if she really is cheating, and to execute the "pump and surprise dump" finishing move should you discover she's been disloyal. *"Ah, that was great. I hope I left some in your tank for that other guy you're banging. You're gonna need it."* Right after, toss a razor blade at her. She'll probably need that too.

There's A New Kunt In Town

CH · 27 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The infamous lawyercunt is an archetype first identified (and happily ridiculed) by CH artisans of the hairy oyster. But the lawyercunt has gotten a little long in the fang. It isn't that she's grown mellower with age, or that her occupation has started attracting a less lizardly class of humans. It's just that times change, and new opportunities for leeching off productive society attract the attention of master class attention whores with a taste for gratuitous drama and lying through their teeth.

Enter the social media consultant, aka **Twittercunt**.

If anyone can usurp the lawyercunt in cuntishness, it's the Twittercunt. I was reminded of the Twittercunt's foul ascendence up the social status ladder of our declining American empire whilst perusing the musings of the Lead Sadist over at MPC (My Patriarchal Cocksmanship):

> real talk all the social media consultants I have met, which is a few, have been amoral opportunistic scumbags
>
> I've also seen a few partners of mine stung by them, where they'll bring in a social media person who will then shmooze the client and steer all the business to him and his friends
>
> really they make used car salesman seem like altruistic do-gooders

It's funny because around the time of reading that I was retelling a salacious story to a friend about a past lover of extraordinary wantonness who transmogrified into the very thing we both assumed she was fated to become: A social media consultant. I've known in the French way five or six Twittercunts (all women), and all but one were sociopathic sluts, capable of lying to their mamas' faces if it meant an extension of family credit to shack up with a bike messenger. (The one exception, ironically, happened to be one of the sweetest, kindest girls with whom I've had the pleasure to share pleasure. I do fondly recall her on occasion.) I wouldn't be surprised to learn that some of them amassed cock counts in the triple digits.

Not that I'm complaining. If you have game, a challenging demeanor, and an asshole attitude (to which she deeply relates), the social media cuntsultant is a sure thing, and down to submit to just about every degradation under a harvest moon. Just don't expect her to make even empty gestures toward fidelity. She'll fuck around on you, but as long as you go in knowing what she is, there's poon gold to be mined until the bloom wears off the romance (three months, tops).

We now live in the age of high-tech, field tested, focus grouped, multimodal mastery over human perception, and the social media cuntsultant is its most psychopathically committed avatar. You think I'm exaggerating? Take a look at this list of occupations which attract the most psychopaths. Number 2 is Lawyer, and number 3 is Media (TV/Radio). If you add number 4 (Salesperson) to number 3, you birth the social media whore anti-christ.

Oh well. A declining nation gets the middlewoman, amoral, self-promoting parasites it deserves.

(Good rule of thumb: If your nation has a lot of engineers working to put a man on the moon, you live in a golden era. If your nation has a lot of hucksters spinning gold out of carts of dung, start thinking about early overseas retirement.)

So here's to you, Twittercunt, ouster of argumentative lawyercunts. You're just as untrustworthy, slutty and good to go as your sophistic sisters, but at least you don't make a federal case out of every minor disagreement.

A song for the new kunt in town:

There's talk in the bars it sounds so familiar,
great expectations everybody's watching you.
Players you meet they all seem to know you,

even your old friends treat you like the town screw.

Twittercunt maven,
the new ho in town,
everybody bangs you,
so chug your Pill down.

You look in her eyes the crazy is on display,
sex in the bathroom, here we go again.
But after awhile you're thinkin' she's gonna stray,
it's those restless muffs that always spread.

Twittercunt maven,
the new ho in town.
Will you catch VD
from her sideways frown?

There's so many cocks she went and holstered,
but night after night you're willing to bone her,
no rubber,
pray you recover.

There's jive on Facebook it's there to inflate her,
doesn't really matter which client she sucks.
She's LinkedIn and buzzed, creating nothing of value,
they will never forget her 'til her boobs are hitting the floor.

Where you been lately?
There's a new ho in town.
Everybody bangs her,
don't they,
and she's SEOed
every penis around.
Oh my my
There's a new ho in town
Just another new slore in town

hooooo, hoooo
Everybody's banging out
hooooo, hoooo
the new ho in town,
hooooo, hoooo
Everywhere she's walkin' like
hooooo, hoooo
the town pound.

There's a new ho in town,
(and you're gonna hear it)
There's a new ho in town,
(you just wanna hit it)
There's a new ho in town,
a social media clown,
Her life's a PR campaign.

Everybody's talking
There's a new ho in town
Players start to working
There's a new ho in town…
and she gets passed around…
like her padded CV…
people say she's easy…

It would be great if the reader who performed *The Wreck of the Beta Male Cuckold* could do a rendition of *There's a New Kunt in Town*. He has a good voice.

The 4 Most Desired People In New York City

CH · 28 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The datanauts at OKCupid ran the back channel numbers for New York City to find out who among the city's 400,000 users on the dating site were the "most desired", an appellation that relied on the simple metric of which users received the most messages from lovelorn horndogs. (More on that later.)

CH has taken issue before with OKCupid's liberal-leaning data crunching team for sampling bias and misinterpretation of their findings. Analytical flaws aside, this very rough measure of "most desirable OKCupid user" does offer us a glimpse into the radioactive, hyperventilated, full metal jacketed sexual market of New York City, the American city with, arguably, the greatest concentration of 9s and 10s after LA and Miami. What does the crude sampling of OKCupid messages received say about New Yorkers' sexual tastes?

I'm afraid, not anything flattering. However, there's nary a fatty in sight, so at least NYC cleared that low hurdle.

First up, the NYC woman "voted" most desirable by OKCupid message ballot count is a heavily tattooed courtesan with a FUCK MY STARFISH cumdumpster gaze:

Cutting to the lace, this chick, as seen here, is a 7.5. CH deems her in her present state totally bang-worthy. But what does she look like underneath her three layers of industrial grade make-up and complimentary lighting? Drawing on my vast reservoir of expertise, I bet she drops to a 6 in the sunshine-y morning sans artificial face. The tats, of course, are a major slut giveaway. Not that sluttiness is necessarily a bad thing; it depends on a man's perspective. Does he want a faithful girlfriend, or a bedroom adventure?

The impression this girl wants to leave on potential suitors is 1. I'm a fucktoy, 2. I will keep you at a distance and never let you know the real me, and 3. I'm an attention whore with a burdensome and unnecessary high female IQ and a low self-esteem nurtured by doubts about my ability to get a real alpha male player to commit, and so I will pretend I'm the one choosing my inglorious cad-chasing, pump and dumping lifestyle.

If you don't believe my astute psychological diagnosis, here's some choice quotes from her:

> It doesn't hurt that Lauren, after getting out of a four-year relationship with a "pathological liar" **[ed: chicks dig… ah fuck it, you know the drill]** who had a drug problem, isn't necessarily looking for anything serious. So, in OKCupid's searchable "I'm looking for …" section, she, like most women, selected "long-term dating," "short-term dating," and "new friends." Unlike most women, she also selected "casual sex," figuring she might as well tell the truth.
>
> "At first, I thought if you listed 'casual sex,' guys would realize that even though I don't want to be in a relationship with you, we can still go out, get drinks," she says, but it triggered a vulgar explosion of come-ons. "It's like, I'm not a prostitute. But they don't get that."
>
> The attention, she admits, has been flattering—an ego boost after a rough breakup. She also confesses that she was "never the pretty girl" growing up and appreciates being in the position to approve or ignore other people.

Online dating: Inflating the egos of subclinical headcases since… I dunno, when did this clitshow start?

The finding of Lauren as most desirable NYC OKCupid girl also tells us a lot about what men value in women they meet online: namely, quick sex. Undoubtedly, there are hotter girls than Lauren peep toe-ing along the city's sidewalks, but they're not on OkCupid. Or if they are, they're not as likely to create an image of themselves as around-the-way gothgirls. Lauren's incomprehensibly vaunted position in the OKCupid universe is symptomatic of the problems with online dating, for both men and women: One, users (especially female users) are a self-selected bunch of marginal SMV participants. The really ugly and the really pretty are, respectively, too dispirited or too romantically successful in the real world to bother with the hassle. Two, women who dress like they spread faster than melted butter will naturally attract the eyeballs of a lot of men looking for a good time. Try to explain this common sensical functioning of the dating market to an SMRT, HIGH IQ city sister and you'll get an earful of feminist boilerplate in return.

And don't forget the probable demographic of OKCupid's male users. Whom do gothgirls with NASA links attract? Nerds. What's a nerd's dating life like? The vast empty cosmos. Put the two together and you get a Lauren-sized ego relishing the desperation of 8,000 loveless nerds. 8,000 smart, economically productive nerds who don't stand a chance against pathologically lying, badboy drug addicts.

I'd fuckin laugh if it weren't so banal. No wait, I am laughing. Shitting on nerds' hopes still puts a smile on my face.

Next up, the lesbian found to be most desirable dyke in NYC:

Justin Fuckin Bieber! Lesbians may all be grossly obese and tolerant of their scissor partners' fatness, but judging by the photo above of most desirable lesbian in NYC, lesbians would prefer to be with very skinny women. Obligate lesbians (as opposed to cute chicks who experiment sometimes) are ugly and go out of their way to look like men, but they retain particulars of the heterosexual female mind, such as a preternatural ability to overlook physical flaws in a lover. Now I wonder if perhaps lesbians secretly desire the love of thin women, just like straight men do, but don't give enough of a shit to bother with the effort since they know that gardening and softball sublimate nicely for bed death.

Anyhow, enough of this lesbian. I can't stand looking anymore at those two bones passing for an ass on her.

For prolapsed giggles, here's the photo of New York's most desirable gay man on OkCupid:

Can we stop prancing around the subject and just admit that gay men are borderline Peter Panny pedophiles who love dat schoolboy charm? Not that I'd give them too much shit for it. If straight men had the option and the social sanction, we'd all be banging barely legal girleens.

One of the "winners' was a straight man, but I see no reason to include his pic here. Not much to say, except he's decent-looking and appears to have a sense of humor and knows how to demonstrate higher value, (of which the latter two traits are likely the greater attributing factors to his OKCupid popularity).

> **At a dark, candlelit** West Village bar, James Hawver, a 29-year-old real-estate agent and New York's most popular straight guy, is the living embodiment of his OKCupid handle, MyTiesAreSkinny. Preppily handsome, he's dressed in a well-fitting H&M blazer with, yes, a skinny black tie and matching pocket square. James's profile is peppered with references to his travels in Nepal and China and self-deprecatingly confident jokes like: "Ryan Gosling could play my stunt double. That is, if I didn't already do my own stunts." The whole profile is self-aware, right down to his height, which he lists as five-foot-nine, though he's an inch shorter. "They say most guys add two inches," he says, quoting OKCupid's statistics blog, OKTrends. "I'm already behind!"

He also has a practical grasp of "law of large numbers" game.

> But James has a few simple hacks to further improve his odds. He uses both OKCupid and Tinder, an app that is almost solely photo-based. Both are owned by IAC, the company that also owns Match.com. In the three and a half hours we spend talking, the phone will ping 47 times: On Tinder, 35 women will match with him; 12 women on OKCupid will either message or favorite him. The week before, he took a screenshot of a Tinder notification: 890 new matches, a personal record. And he has a basic strategy. Like a lot of guys, he was wasting time studying the profiles and photos of women who would never respond. Then a friend shared a deviously simple online-dating trick.
>
> "You ready for the secret?" James asks me. "Not to blow your mind, but it's disgusting …" He picks up his phone. "So, every couple days, I will do this," he says. He opens the Tinder app, but before
> I can see the first woman's face, he swipes right: interested. If the woman he likes also swipes right, he has an

> official match. In short: He never swipes left (not interested).
>
> “I will say yes to every single person,” James says. And he never follows up with someone who hasn’t already confirmed her interest. On OKCupid, he does the same thing: He gives everyone five stars (and if someone gives him four or fives stars in return, the site will notify him of a match). By doing so, he exposes himself to less risk, an appealing upside to James, who’s had two difficult breakups. He’s since had thousands of matches—so many that he’s had to refine his strategy.

By the way, you’ll note that James receives FAR fewer messages from women than Lauren receives from men. A handsome man simply can’t expect the same kind of lustful stampede from hordes of women than a pretty woman signaling sexual availability can expect from men.

> “The last person I matched with was Allison,” he says. If he were to send a message to Allison on a Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, it would read: Hey there Miss Allison. What kind of trouble did you get into this weekend? “That’s exactly what I do, every fucking time,” he says, laughing. For Wednesday: Hey there Miss Allison. What sort of trouble are you getting into this week? Thursday or Friday: What kind of trouble are you getting into this weekend? And if it’s Saturday: What kind of trouble have you been getting into?

Kind of a cheesy line, but if you drop it on fifty girls a week you’re bound to hit pay dirt on a couple.

The overall vibe one gets from the current online dating scene is one of self-protectiveness and exploitation. Not that it hasn’t always been like that, but these two trends have accelerated since I entered the plunderdome as a pre-teened, continuously turgid stripling. Some men are wising up to the mechanical nature of female sexuality, and women, in response (or as causal agents) are building emotional, snarl-fueled barriers around themselves, and sometimes even physical barriers like tattoos, which intimidate the beta saps and signal the alpha players to swoop in for the thrill. Women bitch about this state of affairs, but, like always, watch what they do. The vagina speaks louder than a million words.

It’s helpful to keep in mind when trawling online dating site data (you listening Rudder?) that “desirability” and “hotness” are not necessarily the same. A slutty 7 will get a lot more messages than a modest 10 for the simple reason that most men, average by definition, consider attainability in deciding which women to hit up for a romantic evening of ass eating.

And the same is true in real life. It may seem paradoxical, but the hottest girls actually get hit on *less often* than ordinarily cute 6s and 7s. If you want an explanation why 7s seem to have bigger egos than 9s, or why that fantastic 9 tossed you a lascivious look while that chubby 5 steamrolled right past you, there you go. This doesn’t mean really hot girls don’t know their own sexual value. 8s, 9s and 10s may not get directly hit on, but they experience plenty of indirect attention from men in the form of shell-shocked stares, furtive glances, craning necks and nervous fidgeting. Hotties subconsciously pick up these cues, but consciously may remain unaware just how awestruck men are in their company, which contributes to their frustration with not being approached as often as those subtle attraction clues from men would indicate.

It’s been said on other pickup sites, and it bears repeating: As a student of applied charisma, you’ll be surprised to find yourself having more success with hotter girls than you’re used to rather than with the plainer girls which have been your self-limiting expectation.

The 4 Most Desired People In New York City

CH · 28 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The datanauts at OKCupid ran the back channel numbers for New York City to find out who among the city's 400,000 users on the dating site were the "most desired", an appellation that relied on the simple metric of which users received the most messages from lovelorn horndogs. (More on that later.)

CH has taken issue before with OKCupid's liberal-leaning data crunching team for sampling bias and misinterpretation of their findings. Analytical flaws aside, this very rough measure of "most desirable OKCupid user" does offer us a glimpse into the radioactive, hyperventilated, full metal jacketed sexual market of New York City, the American city with, arguably, the greatest concentration of 9s and 10s after LA and Miami. What does the crude sampling of OKCupid messages received say about New Yorkers' sexual tastes?

I'm afraid, not anything flattering. However, there's nary a fatty in sight, so at least NYC cleared that low hurdle.

First up, the NYC woman "voted" most desirable by OKCupid message ballot count is a heavily tattooed courtesan with a FUCK MY STARFISH cumdumpster gaze:

Cutting to the lace, this chick, as seen here, is a 7.5. CH deems her in her present state totally bang-worthy. But what does she look like underneath her three layers of industrial grade make-up and complimentary lighting? Drawing on my vast reservoir of expertise, I bet she drops to a 6 in the sunshine-y morning sans artificial face. The tats, of course, are a major slut giveaway. Not that sluttiness is necessarily a bad thing; it depends on a man's perspective. Does he want a faithful girlfriend, or a bedroom adventure?

The impression this girl wants to leave on potential suitors is 1. I'm a fucktoy, 2. I will keep you at a distance and never let you know the real me, and 3. I'm an attention whore with a burdensome and unnecessary high female IQ and a low self-esteem nurtured by doubts about my ability to get a real alpha male player to commit, and so I will pretend I'm the one choosing my inglorious cad-chasing, pump and dumping lifestyle.

If you don't believe my astute psychological diagnosis, here's some choice quotes from her:

It doesn't hurt that Lauren, after getting out of a four-year relationship with a "pathological liar" **[ed: chicks dig… ah fuck it, you know the drill]** who had a drug problem, isn't necessarily looking for anything serious. So, in OKCupid's searchable "I'm looking for …" section, she, like most women, selected "long-term dating," "short-term dating," and "new friends." Unlike most women, she also selected "casual sex," figuring she might as well tell the truth.

"At first, I thought if you listed 'casual sex,' guys would realize that even though I don't want to be in a relationship with you, we can still go out, get drinks," she says, but it triggered a vulgar explosion of come-ons. "It's like, I'm not a prostitute. But they don't get that."

The attention, she admits, has been flattering—an ego boost after a rough breakup. She also confesses that she was "never the pretty girl" growing up and appreciates being in the position to approve or ignore other people.

Online dating: Inflating the egos of subclinical headcases since… I dunno, when did this clitshow start?

The finding of Lauren as most desirable NYC OKCupid girl also tells us a lot about what men value in women they meet online: namely, quick sex. Undoubtedly, there are hotter girls than Lauren peep toe-ing along the city's sidewalks, but they're not on OkCupid. Or if they are, they're not as likely to create an image of themselves as around-the-way gothgirls. Lauren's incomprehensibly vaunted position in the OKCupid universe is symptomatic of the problems with online dating, for both men and women: One, users (especially female users) are a self-selected bunch of marginal SMV participants. The really ugly and the really pretty are, respectively, too dispirited or too romantically successful in the real world to bother with the hassle. Two, women who dress like they spread faster than melted butter will naturally attract the eyeballs of a lot of men looking for a good time. Try to explain this common sensical functioning of the dating market to an SMRT, HIGH IQ city sister and you'll get an earful of feminist boilerplate in return.

And don't forget the probable demographic of OKCupid's male users. Whom do gothgirls with NASA links attract? Nerds. What's a nerd's dating life like? The vast empty cosmos. Put the two together and you get a Lauren-sized ego relishing the desperation of 8,000 loveless nerds. 8,000 smart, economically productive nerds who don't stand a chance against pathologically lying, badboy drug addicts.

I'd fuckin laugh if it weren't so banal. No wait, I am laughing. Shitting on nerds' hopes still puts a smile on my face.

Next up, the lesbian found to be most desirable dyke in NYC:

Justin Fuckin Bieber! Lesbians may all be grossly obese and tolerant of their scissor partners' fatness, but judging by the photo above of most desirable lesbian in NYC, lesbians would prefer to be with very skinny women. Obligate lesbians (as opposed to cute chicks who experiment sometimes) are ugly and go out of their way to look like men, but they retain particulars of the heterosexual female mind, such as a preternatural ability to overlook physical flaws in a lover. Now I wonder if perhaps lesbians secretly desire the love of thin women, just like straight men do, but don't give enough of a shit to bother with the effort since they know that gardening and softball sublimate nicely for bed death.

Anyhow, enough of this lesbian. I can't stand looking anymore at those two bones passing for an ass on her.

For prolapsed giggles, here's the photo of New York's most desirable gay man on OkCupid:

Can we stop prancing around the subject and just admit that gay men are borderline Peter Panny pedophiles who love dat schoolboy charm? Not that I'd give them too much shit for it. If straight men had the option and the social sanction, we'd all be banging barely legal girleens.

One of the "winners' was a straight man, but I see no reason to include his pic here. Not much to say, except he's decent-looking and appears to have a sense of humor and knows how to demonstrate higher value, (of which the latter two traits are likely the greater attributing factors to his OKCupid popularity).

> **At a dark, candlelit** West Village bar, James Hawver, a 29-year-old real-estate agent and New York's most popular straight guy, is the living embodiment of his OKCupid handle, MyTiesAreSkinny. Preppily handsome, he's dressed in a well-fitting H&M blazer with, yes, a skinny black tie and matching pocket square. James's profile is peppered with references to his travels in Nepal and China and self-deprecatingly confident jokes like: "Ryan Gosling could play my stunt double. That is, if I didn't already do my own stunts." The whole profile is self-aware, right down to his height, which he lists as five-foot-nine, though he's an inch shorter. "They say most guys add two inches," he says, quoting OKCupid's statistics blog, OKTrends. "I'm already behind!"

He also has a practical grasp of "law of large numbers" game.

But James has a few simple hacks to further improve his odds. He uses both OKCupid and Tinder, an app that is almost solely photo-based. Both are owned by IAC, the company that also owns Match.com. In the three and a half hours we spend talking, the phone will ping 47 times: On Tinder, 35 women will match with him; 12 women on - OKCupid will either message or favorite him. The week before, he took a screenshot of a Tinder notification: 890 new matches, a personal record. And he has a basic strategy. Like a lot of guys, he was wasting time studying the profiles and photos of women who would never respond. Then a friend shared a deviously simple online-dating trick.

"You ready for the secret?" James asks me. "Not to blow your mind, but it's disgusting …" He picks up his phone. "So, every couple days, I will do this," he says. He opens the Tinder app, but before

I can see the first woman's face, he swipes right: interested. If the woman he likes also swipes right, he has an official match. In short: He never swipes left (not interested).

"I will say yes to every single person," James says. And he never follows up with someone who hasn't already confirmed her interest. On OKCupid, he does the same thing: He gives everyone five stars (and if someone gives him four or fives stars in return, the site will notify him of a match). By doing so, he exposes himself to less risk, an appealing upside to James, who's had two difficult breakups. He's since had thousands of matches—so many that he's had to refine his strategy.

By the way, you'll note that James receives FAR fewer messages from women than Lauren receives from men. A handsome man simply can't expect the same kind of lustful stampede from hordes of women than a pretty woman signaling sexual availability can expect from men.

"The last person I matched with was Allison," he says. If he were to send a message to Allison on a Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, it would read: Hey there Miss Allison. What kind of trouble did you get into this weekend? "That's exactly what I do, every fucking time," he says, laughing. For Wednesday: Hey there Miss Allison. What sort of trouble are you getting into this week? Thursday or Friday: What kind of trouble are you getting into this weekend? And if it's Saturday: What kind of trouble have you been getting into?

Kind of a cheesy line, but if you drop it on fifty girls a week you're bound to hit pay dirt on a couple.

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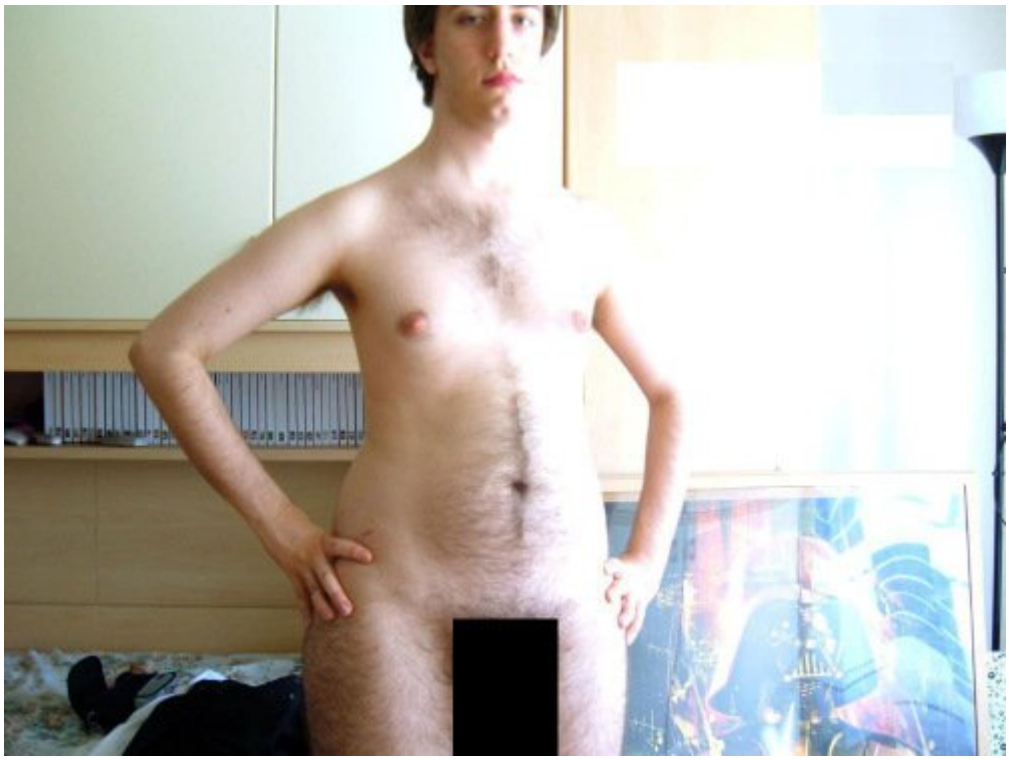
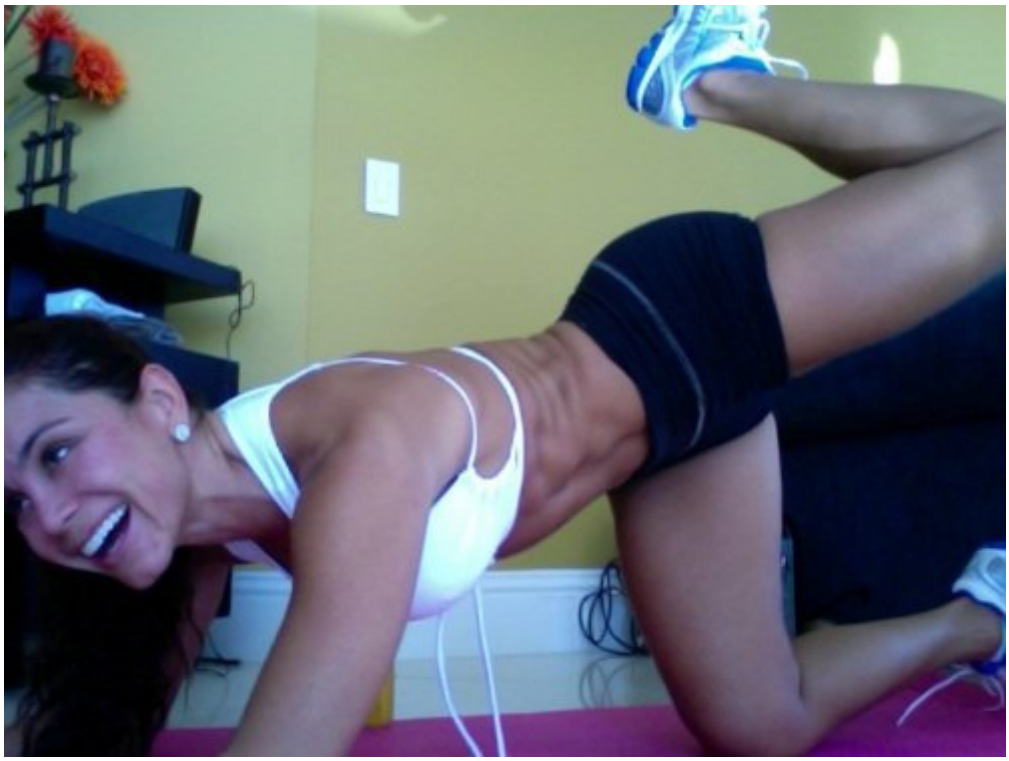
What Men And Women Are Becoming

CH · 1 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

What men are becoming:



What women are becoming:



something strange's afoul in the land
when men are women and women men

a cataclysm in mind and soul
harbinger of deathly toll
these omens abound in plain sight
yet blind are we to our odd blight
our daughters' wombs drying up
our sons' spirits in a rut
our race teeters on the brink
of long decay and future bleak

Comment Of The Week: Her Lady Lumps

CH · 2 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

There were a lot of funny suggestions from commenters in this post about how to reply to a playette who "accidentally" texts you a nude of herself ostensibly meant for another man.

COTW winner has to go to WG.

> "Hey, it looks like you have a small lump in your right tit."

Now that is just stone cold clinical alpha detachment.

***

COTW Runner up is… wait for it… anon!

anon funnies,

> How 'bout texting her back a few hours later saying it's only pulling a 4/10 on hotornot.com?

I laughed. She'll cry. And all will be right in the universe.

***

COTW consolation prizes go to michaelaurelius,

> "Work on ur abs"

and to commenter Mom's Proud,

> "Your mom's nipples are bigger"

CH readers are a class act.

The Application Of Game To Business

CH · 3 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the CH extended definition of Game:

> Applied charisma, i.e. psychological mastery over human perception.

This broader definition is important, because it clarifies to the lay reader the applicability to game to human interactions and pursuits other than those involving romantic gratification. For instance, notice the commonality between Poon Commandment V…

> **V. Adhere to the golden ratio**
>
> Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

…and the advice in this article to emulate the email habits of successful businessmen:

> Want to get ahead? Emulate the super-successful and never send a long email. […]
>
> "For various reasons, short emails are more associated with people at the top of the food chain. If you also send short emails it puts you in the company of the decision-makers," said Will Schwalbe, co-author with David Shipley *of Send: Why People Email So Badly and How to Do It Better*. Short emails, he said, are "much more respectful of everyone's time." […]
>
> Writing short emails shows confidence in what you have to say.

It also shows high status. As in matters of the female heart, the person who invests less is admired/loved more. Replying with a shorter email than the one you receive will influence the perception of the person with whom you are communicating to presume your status as relatively higher than his or her own. This is because people instinctively infer, justifiably or not, that the lower investment party is less interested in seeking approval, and indifference to the approval of others is one signal of high value, particularly for men whose fitness — reproductive or otherwise — is determined in large measure by non-physical attributes.

Perception control is the energy source of game. It's why overconfident men succeed with women just as they do in the world of business.

High status businessmen, like players who seem to have a supernatural pull over women, don't get mired in long-winded transactions and deliberations with their customers/clients/love interests. They command respect and awe, and inspire curiosity, by holding back when others have an expectation or a desire for more, and by maintaining an emotional and social circumspection that entices estimation and affection.

Game In Renaissance Europe

CH · 4 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Book of the Courtier, published in 1528 by Castiglione, dispenses courtship advice that will sound very familiar to modern practitioners of the crimson arts.

> [T]he book, whose subject is the proper behavior of men and women at the courts of Renaissance princes, was written by Baldassare Castiglione, an aristocrat, soldier and diplomat who died, at age 50, less than a year after publication of his magnum opus. […]
>
> For Castiglione the courtier should be acquainted with great literature, know music to the point of being able to play an instrument, be skilled at the arts of oratory, and in conversation employ exquisite tact and apply the art, in his memorable phrase, of "cheating expectations."

Poon Commandment VI.

VI. Keep her guessing

True to their inscrutable natures, women ask questions they don't really want direct answers to. Woe be the man who plays it straight — his fate is the suffering of the beta. Evade, tease, obfuscate. She thrives when she has to imagine what you're thinking about her, and withers when she knows exactly how you feel. A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly. Reward her good behavior intermittently and unpredictably and she will never tire of working hard to please you.

AKA, cheat her expectations.

> Not only must the courtier acquire all these skills, he must display them with a casual air of easy mastery. The ideal courtier, Castiglione writes, "must put every effort and diligence into outstripping others a little, so that he may be always recognized as better than the rest." But he must do so without showing the least strain or hint of affectation. He is to accomplish this through *sprezzatura*, the art of artlessness, or the art that hides art.

Amused mastery. Demonstrate higher value. Don't be try-hard. All concepts of modern pickup artist seduction technology that were once Renaissance era wisdom.

> The point of the courtier making himself so charming, and of his elegant display of mastery of the arts, is that through them he will raise himself in the prince's esteem, thereby seducing him into heeding his advice. If the excellence of the courtier's cultural attainments is "the flower" of his training, "the fruit" lies in helping his prince "toward what is right and to warn him against what is wrong."

People will hear you better if they are first charmed to fondness.

Game denialists who deploy, among their many ineffectual fusillades against Chateau Heartiste, the argument that game is an aping of the primitive cultures lack all historical perspective. European philosopher-kings knew game, and knew it so well they elevated it from the savannah and refined its practice to suit the demands of their world-beating civilization.

Seduce your fair women to ecstatic surrender. Anything less would be… uncivilized.

Sexual Amorphism

CH · 4 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The woman is on the left, the man on the right.

Something strange is happening to men and women of the West. This can't end well.

Ladies Like Him — In A Way

CH · 5 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Continuing with our latest CH series exploring the historical records for choice bits of wisdom that would be the equivalent of PUA game and Heartistian theories of the sexual market today, reader Arbiter forwards this excerpt from a 1902 issue of Cosmopolitan Magazine (before it became a women's rag. Rag. Heh.):

> The author explains the "Sissy":
>
> *He is polite and rather anxious to please. He wishes always to do the thing which happens to be the proper thing at any given time. He never would think of initiating anything novel or starting out in a new and unexpected course.* ***He likes very much to be with ladies, and ladies like him – in a way.*** *He is a most useful creature and absolutely harmless, intended by Providence to carry wraps and rugs, to order carriages, to provide theater-tickets, flowers, bon-bons, opera-boxes and four-in-hands, according to his means and the position which he holds. He will call regularly upon a girl and in fact upon all the girls he knows, and he will keep it up for years, and it will never mean anything to him or to them, for* ***he is essentially a tame cat****…He is really an indispensable person in our modern life; for it is desirable that young women should have some male creature about them to fetch and carry – one who will do it all for the mere pleasure of the service, and who will never agitate them and disquiet them or make them feel it necessary to be on their guard.*

"In a way".

In 1902, (a modern age to the men living back then), men knew what being a beta orbiter meant. Thus we have proof that the sexless friendzone and the female exploitation of servile, supplicating men for "beta bux" have existed for over 100 years, and probably a hell of a lot longer than that.

> He then proceeds to describe the qualities that make men respect other men. The explanation is long, but in short he must be honorable, reasonable, courageous and gentle.
>
> The last one does not mean being effeminate, but a refinement in character:
>
> *Intellectually it means intuition, sensitiveness to all impressions, and the imaginative element which illumines the dark places of the mind and shows the way to great achievement. Temperamentally it denotes gentleness, and the tenderness which is the perfect complement to strength. It is to men who have this last and finest gift, that other men, since history began, have given not alone their liking but their service, their devotion, and their very lives.*
>
> *What then is the conclusion? Men like in men these traits: the honor that ennobles; the justice that insures the right; the reasonableness that mellows and makes plain; the courage that proclaims virility; the generous instinct that disdains all meanness; the modesty that makes no boast; the dignity that wins respect; the fineness and the tenderness that know and feel. But when one thinks of it more carefully, may he not sum it up in just a single sentence, and accept it as truth, that all men like a gentleman?*

Beta niceguys reading the above passage are undoubtedly saying to themselves, "Reasonableness? Generosity? Modesty? Tenderness? Hey, wait, I have all those qualities! Why don't men admire me and women invite me to their beds?"

Because, dear beta, you must impress upon people you are those virtuous things by choice, and not by necessity. And the way to prove that is by first demonstrating that you are capable of behaving in the opposite fashion, as suits your needs.

Take a page from the sexy jerk. Watch how he shits with impunity on the polite norms of society, gets the girl and the admiration of his friends, and then pulls a rabbit out of the hat with a sudden and unexpected generous gesture that provokes an explosion of love kibbles raining on his dinner plate.

People, particularly women, overdose on virtue quickly. The scarcity principle applies here. You don’t want to be that dependable guy who’s always there for her; you want to be that inscrutable dark triad jerk whose occasional forays into the Light are greeted with glowing encomiums and flowering furrows.

Don't Marry An Overeducated Woman

CH · 6 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's hardly a secret, even among the SWPL hypocrati, that IQ is important to individual life outcomes, (and, on a grander scale, to a nation's civilizational supremacy), that it correlates to a host of happy behavioral traits, and that dysgenic mating trends threaten to "decivilize" the West if nothing is done to reverse them. Given these accepted premises, many well-meaning but marginally spergalicious bloggers argue for the glories of assortative mating, (though in point of fact many assortatively sorted couples are meeting based less on shared IQ or unspoken eugenic hopes than on simple segregated convenience). This post may then come as a surprise, advocating as it does for a marital boycott of overeducated women.

IQ (and a woman's educational level, insofar as the latter is an IQ proxy) is undoubtedly relevant if you're interested in improving your future kids' economic prospects, and likely getting more so thanks to increasing occupational cognitive demands, but it isn't the alpha and omega of the good life. Myopic IQ fetishism notwithstanding, CH has spilled a fair amount of ASCII ink ridiculing equalists who despise the idea of an immutable general factor of intelligence and the consequent futility of public policy that fails to account for its reality. This is because the equalists are today those in power, and thus the most scrumptious targets for the Shiv Wielders.

Implicit or explicit support for assortative mating to boost a country's "smart fraction" is arid frank & beans counting. Breeding Sorters say we are doomed if we don't pair off high IQ partners in marriage to make high IQ babies. But there are more things in love and marriage, than are dreamt of in their social science laboratories. And there are more negatives to assortative mating than eugenicist whisperers are willing to admit.

There really is no point to marriage unless one wants children. Absent children, all the good things about marriage can be had in cohabiting relationships. This is even true of raising children if your blood is of Northern European stock, for whom the people of your motherlands demonstrate a facility at successful childrearing in non-marital cohabiting households. (Not to be confused with craptastic American-style single mom households, of which there are blessedly few in Scandinavian countries.)

So a major justification for marriage (and a reminder of the silliness of gay marriage) is that having children within a healthy functioning nuclear family environment benefits their development.

Right there is **Problem Number One** you'll encounter if you marry an overeducated woman: She is likely to be far less fecund than less credentialed women. If you want at least the 2.1 kids necessary to replace you and your wife in the next generation, don't marry a woman with a 4-year college degree and especially not a woman with a doctoral degree. You may as well line the spare bedroom with kitty litter.

Problem Number Two with overeducated women: Over the last 30 years, the happiness of women with graduate degrees has dropped faster than that of women with less than a high school education. (See Table 3, Panel E) The secular trend in happiness is down for women across all educational levels (which is not the case for men), but having more than a four year college degree accelerates the female unhappiness trends to rates above that for high school dropouts. Men are happier when their wives are happier, which means you should avoid marrying a credentialist status whore. And since there is scant evidence that children make you happier, it pays to find a woman who won't exacerbate an already unhappy prognostication.

Keep in mind, too, that women get a lot unhappier with age than do men. So if you marry a spry 35-year-old post-doc she's gonna be a real barrel of fun when she's pushing 50.

Problem Number Three with overeducated women: Pairing them off with smart, accomplished men exacerbates social inequality. And not just because it amplifies white stratification by zip code; it also increases white stratification by IQ (and its attendant cultural fracturing). Society is best served when men with high IQs are free to inject their gifts into the wider world of women, instead of having all that gold-plated DNA locked up in the semi-barren wombs of Ivy Leaguers pushing social constructivism and infinity-wave feminist theory as a day job.

Problem Number Four with overeducated women: They're sexually frigid. While sex surveys are more prone than any other type of survey to tempt respondents to lie, the results do offer a clue as to which way the tingles vibrate, and according to the data the tingles are practically buried dead underneath a mound of post-grad student loan debt.

For further confirmation of this nonsexular trend among superfluously credentialed women, see this screen capture of poll results on a message board for upper middle class married white women, most of whom probably have college degrees or better. The question asked is how many blowjobs do they give per month (presumably to their husbands). Since it is a private message board among women and not a publicly announced survey with social expectation bias built in, you can expect these responses to better reflect the reality of their marriages.

If you're a man with a set of functioning gonads and not a sufferer of cerebral scalzi, you will want to avoid hitching yourself to an overeducated woman whose dusty muff and schoolmarmish mouth will open for business once every lunar cycle.

As CH is a cuntoisseur of the overeducated SWPL chick, some may wonder why the Lord of Lasciviousness would deign to game sexually frozen prey? Easily explained. First, a gentlemanly selectiveness honed by years of experience and psychological nimbleness has proved adequate at filtering out women likely to lay like dead fish in my roiling sea of sperm. Second, pre-marriage, pre-kids SWPL chicks are ravenous in a way they never will be within the confines of the marital home, copulating with an alacrity that belies their furtive fear that their future husbands will be unable to arouse in them the same fervor. Third, one must accept that many overeducated women are sexless termagants because they are married to beta males; they've lost that lovin' feeling, and only a suave rico will summon it back.

But, if you don't have the skill to reintroduce overeducated women to their bygone libidos, it makes sense to find yourself a less educated woman with a naturally higher sex drive and/or less benumbing experience in the desiccating company of anhedonic beta males.

Problem Number Five with overeducated women: They're uglier. Now I know what you're thinking. IQ and beauty, according to the evidence compiled, correlate to a nontrivial degree. All else equal, if you date only women with above-average IQs, you are probably dating women with above-average looks as well. But the formula, at least anecdotally, appears to break down once you move into the ranks of women with much higher than average IQs or

years of accumulated education. Trawl any lofty Ivy campus and you can't help but notice how poorly the super smart women compare aesthetically to their earthier competition. State U girls have it in spades over H Bomb girls. If you are a man, this matters for your marital happiness and stability.

***

All together, CH has laid out a fairly convincing case against marrying overeducated women. Yes, intelligent women will get your stupidly ironic SWPL jokes, but that's not what makes you hard, is it? No, what makes you hard is a cute face perched atop a slender hourglass figure, guided by an electric ham that's willing to put all those delicious assets to good use. So why are you contemplating marrying an overeducated woman? To have extra money to purchase pixellated distractions? To brag to your buddies that your homely wife has a PeeAcheDee, only to notice how none of them are remotely impressed by that? Sounds like the winning life of a true warrior of the West. Not.

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If anything, it looks as if the best bet, if you want to avoid divorce, is to 1. skip marriage altogether or 2. marry a woman who will be a stay at home mom and won't make more money than you. That means, in practice, avoiding women with masters or doctoral degrees, since it is likely they will have upper quintile incomes.

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Here's valuable CH advice you HBDingalings won't regret following: Learn game. Use your knowledge of the seduction arts to find a cute girl with an associates or bachelors degree, 105-115 IQ, under 27-years-old, with no children and no stated feminist beliefs, whose greatest career aspiration is nursing or teaching and sucking the life force out of your two standard deviation schlong on the daily. If you can do that, all worries about an impending dysgenic disaster will fade to irrelevance.

Don't Marry An Overeducated Woman

CH · 6 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's hardly a secret, even among the SWPL hypocrati, that IQ is important to individual life outcomes, (and, on a grander scale, to a nation's civilizational supremacy), that it correlates to a host of happy behavioral traits, and that dysgenic mating trends threaten to "decivilize" the West if nothing is done to reverse them. Given these accepted premises, many well-meaning but marginally spergalicious bloggers argue for the glories of assortative mating, (though in point of fact many assortatively sorted couples are meeting based less on shared IQ or unspoken eugenic hopes than on simple segregated convenience). This post may then come as a surprise, advocating as it does for a marital boycott of overeducated women.

IQ (and a woman's educational level, insofar as the latter is an IQ proxy) is undoubtedly relevant if you're interested in improving your future kids' economic prospects, and likely getting more so thanks to increasing occupational cognitive demands, but it isn't the alpha and omega of the good life. Myopic IQ fetishism notwithstanding, CH has spilled a fair amount of ASCII ink ridiculing equalists who despise the idea of an immutable general factor of intelligence and the consequent futility of public policy that fails to account for its reality. This is because the equalists are today those in power, and thus the most scrumptious targets for the Shiv Wielders.

Implicit or explicit support for assortative mating to boost a country's "smart fraction" is arid frank & beans counting. Breeding Sorters say we are doomed if we don't pair off high IQ partners in marriage to make high IQ babies. But there are more things in love and marriage, than are dreamt of in their social science laboratories. And there are more negatives to assortative mating than eugenicist whisperers are willing to admit.

There really is no point to marriage unless one wants children. Absent children, all the good things about marriage can be had in cohabiting relationships. This is even true of raising children if your blood is of Northern European stock, for whom the people of your motherlands demonstrate a facility at successful childrearing in non-marital cohabiting households. (Not to be confused with craptastic American-style single mom households, of which there are blessedly few in Scandinavian countries.)

So a major justification for marriage (and a reminder of the silliness of gay marriage) is that having children within a healthy functioning nuclear family environment benefits their development.

Right there is **Problem Number One** you'll encounter if you marry an overeducated woman: She is likely to be far less fecund than less credentialed women. If you want at least the 2.1 kids necessary to replace you and your wife in the next generation, don't marry a woman with a 4-year college degree and especially not a woman with a doctoral degree. You may as well line the spare bedroom with kitty litter.

Problem Number Two with overeducated women: Over the last 30 years, the happiness of women with graduate degrees has dropped faster than that of women with less than a high school education. (See Table 3, Panel E) The secular trend in happiness is down for women across all educational levels (which is not the case for men), but having more than a four year college degree accelerates the female unhappiness trends to rates above that for high school dropouts. Men are happier when their wives are happier, which means you should avoid marrying a credentialist status whore. And since there is scant evidence that children make you happier, it pays to find a woman who won't exacerbate an already unhappy prognostication.

Keep in mind, too, that women get a lot unhappier with age than do men. So if you marry a spry 35-year-old post-doc she's gonna be a real barrel of fun when she's pushing 50.

Problem Number Three with overeducated women: Pairing them off with smart, accomplished men exacerbates social inequality. And not just because it amplifies white stratification by zip code; it also increases white stratification by IQ (and its attendant cultural fracturing). Society is best served when men with high IQs are free to inject their gifts into the wider world of women, instead of having all that gold-plated DNA locked up in the semi-barren wombs of Ivy Leaguers pushing social constructivism and infinity-wave feminist theory as a day job.

Problem Number Four with overeducated women: They're sexually frigid. While sex surveys are more prone than any other type of survey to tempt respondents to lie, the results do offer a clue as to which way the tingles vibrate, and according to the data the tingles are practically buried dead underneath a mound of post-grad student loan debt.

For further confirmation of this nonsexular trend among superfluously credentialed women, see this screen capture of poll results on a message board for upper middle class married white women, most of whom probably have college degrees or better. The question asked is how many blowjobs do they give per month (presumably to their husbands). Since it is a private message board among women and not a publicly announced survey with social expectation bias built in, you can expect these responses to better reflect the reality of their marriages.

If you're a man with a set of functioning gonads and not a sufferer of cerebral scalzi, you will want to avoid hitching yourself to an overeducated woman whose dusty muff and schoolmarmish mouth will open for business once every lunar cycle.

As CH is a cuntoisseur of the overeducated SWPL chick, some may wonder why the Lord of Lasciviousness would deign to game sexually frozen prey? Easily explained. First, a gentlemanly selectiveness honed by years of experience and psychological nimbleness has proved adequate at filtering out women likely to lay like dead fish in my roiling sea of sperm. Second, pre-marriage, pre-kids SWPL chicks are ravenous in a way they never will be within the confines of the marital home, copulating with an alacrity that belies their furtive fear that their future husbands will be unable to arouse in them the same fervor. Third, one must accept that many overeducated women are sexless termagants because they are married to beta males; they've lost that lovin' feeling, and only a suave rico will summon it back.

But, if you don't have the skill to reintroduce overeducated women to their bygone libidos, it makes sense to find yourself a less educated woman with a naturally higher sex drive and/or less benumbing experience in the desiccating company of anhedonic beta males.

Problem Number Five with overeducated women: They're uglier. Now I know what you're thinking. IQ and beauty, according to the evidence compiled, correlate to a nontrivial degree. All else equal, if you date only women with above-average IQs, you are probably dating women with above-average looks as well. But the formula, at least

anecdotally, appears to break down once you move into the ranks of women with much higher than average IQs or years of accumulated education. Trawl any lofty Ivy campus and you can't help but notice how poorly the super smart women compare aesthetically to their earthier competition. State U girls have it in spades over H Bomb girls. If you are a man, this matters for your marital happiness and stability.

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Tinder Game

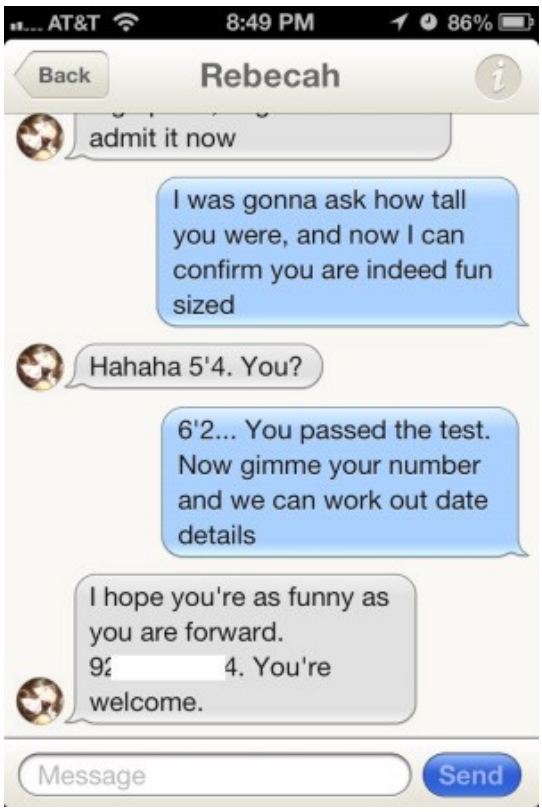
CH · 7 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Fresh off the forum.swole reservation, here are some screen captures of Tinder chats that brilliantly demonstrate aloof alpha attitude, push/pull, and disqualification game.

(For those of you in the blessed dark, Tinder is a hook-up application that works by tracking girls near you and giving you the chance to "like" them. If a girl matches your like, Tinder will automatically start a conversation between the two of you.)

The man behind these chats is a self-professed "average" looking dude.

Note the evasive framing. "Next time I visit my friends". She's an afterthought to him, and she loves it.



"fun sized". He qualified her, and now she's in the psychological space of the chaser, rather than the chasee. Girls love to chase, because the experience is so foreign to them. (And because they perceive a man they are chasing to be an alpha male. If he wasn't alpha, they wouldn't be chasing him, naturally!)

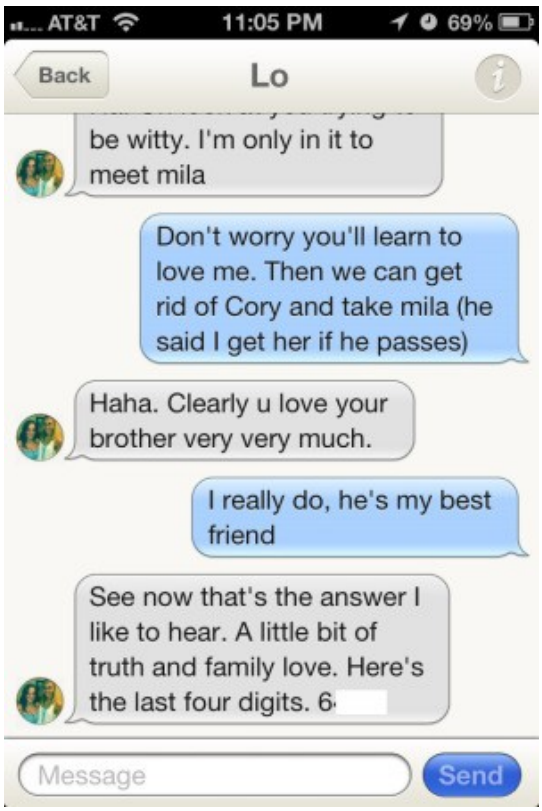
He disqualifies her with the firmness. She immediately backpedals.

Sarcastic use of conventional courtship tropes is like a mini value booster. It's saying, "I know the score, this isn't my first rodeo, so I'm gonna fuck with social expectations for laughs." When she throws some beta bait at him, ("dinner and drinks"), he swats it away with the dog park idea.

"#" is the new "…".

More beta bait, which he evades with a cocky self-disqualification. This fries her hamster circuit, leaving an opening to follow-up with a direct command.

Modern flirting. She's trying to entrap him into blubbering like a lovesick beta so she can escape the spiral of her increasing horny level. Instead, he sidesteps her hoop with a raunchy joke.



Calculated vulnerability game. Shine like an alpha diamond to draw the women in, then surprise them with a little velvety soft beta plush toy hiding behind your back.

This was a clinic in how to bag the modern woman. Godspeed players, and may your hunt turn this world into a tinder, gentler place.

The Price Of Female Sexual Freedom

CH · 7 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter “H” passes along a quote from J. D. Unwin,

> CH have you heard of J. D. Unwin? From wikipedia page: In Sex and Culture (1934), Unwin studied 80 primitive tribes and 6 known civilizations through 5,000 years of history and found a positive correlation between the cultural achievement of a people and the sexual restraint they observe….According to Unwin, after a nation becomes prosperous it becomes increasingly liberal with regard to sexual morality and as a result loses it cohesion, its impetus and its purpose. The process, says the author, is irreversible:
> **“The whole of human history does not contain a single instance of a group becoming civilized unless it has been absolutely monogamous, nor is there any example of a group retaining its culture after it has adopted less rigorous customs.”**

Unleashed female sexuality is great fun… while poolside lasts. But then a price must be paid, and that price is nothing less than civilization. Why are women primarily to blame? Because as the sexual gatekeepers, their lack of restraint is more destabilizing to societal prosperity. The female sex is, despite cultural pabulum to the contrary, the wilder sex.

Tragically (and this is one instance when the word tragic correctly applies), it would seem shining civilizations are doomed to eat and screw themselves to oblivion. Restraint — i.e., devotion to the gods of the copybook headings — leads to prosperity. Prosperity leads to liberality. Liberality leads to disintegration.

One can as successfully stop this civilizational cycle as one can stop the cycle of tides. So, you may as well clink a glass and enjoy the time you’ve got here.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: The Fragile Ego Of The Elite

CH · 9 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter at Cheap Chalupas Revolution, going by the handle TWIF, writes in response to another commenter wondering why the elites are so threatened by RealTalk®,

> *"Why are they so threatened by the idea that some factors determining an individual's success are genetic?"*
>
> Why indeed? Presumably because the reality of genetic inheritance of talent is too deeply threatening to the status quo. More specifically (assuming Clark is right)
>
> 1. We can't fix the schools. The kids failing in our schools will be failing for a long time to come. Education as a societal panacea is a false god that can't solve inequality, racial disparities, social problems, etc.
>
> 2. If we are going to provide a better life to the bottom half, it is going have to be via something other education. None of the choices (income redistribution, trade restrictions, class based quotas, etc.) are pretty to the NYT readership.
>
> 3. Racial and ethnic disparities in America won't go away anytime soon.
>
> 4. Unskilled immigration is a disaster because the immigrants and their children won't be competitive for the foreseeable future.
>
> 5. The current elite (NYT readers) didn't earn their position in society. They simply inherited it.
>
> Let's cut to the chase here. Clark is saying "you inherited your position in society and all of your ideas about fixing society won't work".
>
> Why wouldn't they be upset?

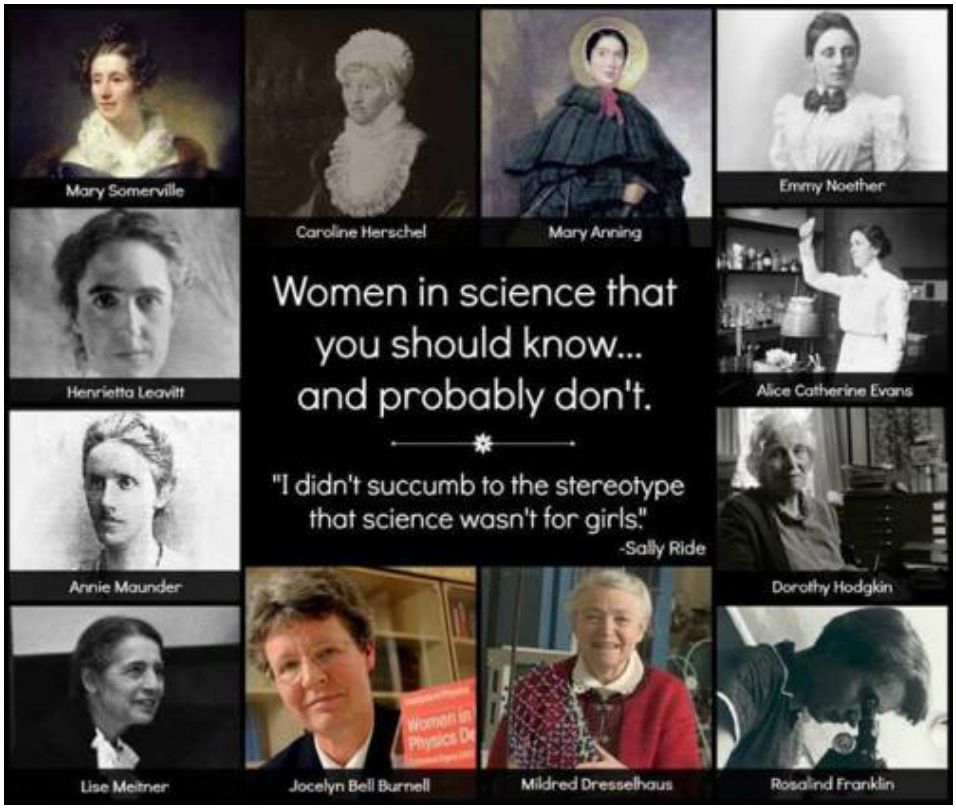
As CH has said before, the most powerful force in the universe is the human ego. So powerful, that our rulers would rather send their nation down the toilet to preserve their collective ego than admit their failure and futility. It's status whoring all the way down. Down. Down.

There are other good comments by TWIF in that thread. I suggest you check them out.

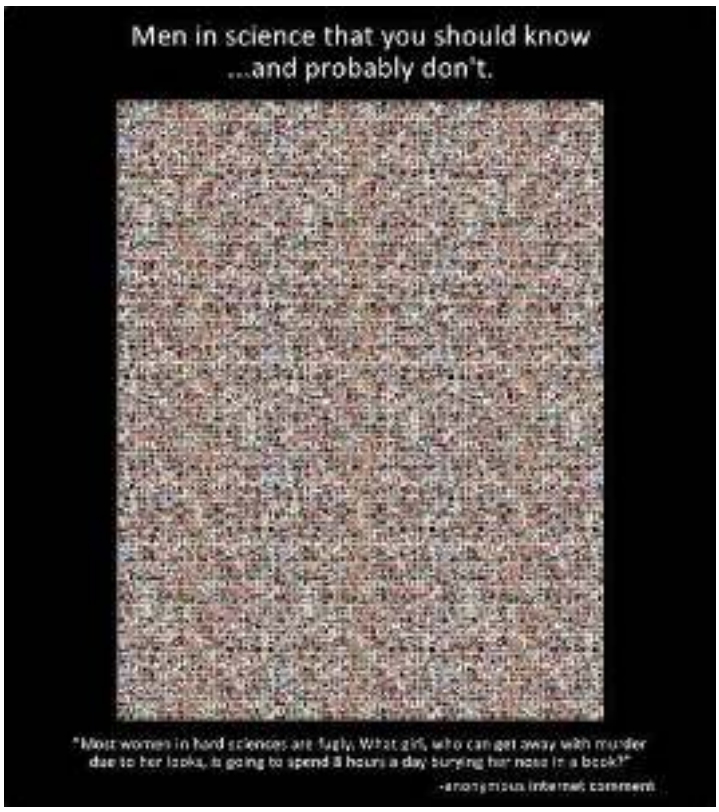
Men In Science

CH · 10 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

International Women's Day came and went (what, you didn't notice either?), and feminists of all 152 gender persuasions celebrated in style. Memes like this one littered chat rooms:



A patriarchal reader decided it would be the perfect time to remind the celebrants in similar fashion about the men in science to whom we owe most of our civilizational comforts.



That's one pale-looking pastiche.

The unintended consequence of made-up equalist holidays is to subtly neg the non-straight white male honorees about their disproportionately tiny contributions to Western glory. The designated uplift groups had it better when their spokes-shysters weren't pushing for transparently phony recognition of romper room achievements. At least before this tard and brony show became America's light unto the nations, the losers could pretend they had an awesome heritage which was being ignored instead of patronized.

Matt Yglesias And Ezra Klein Are New Media Manly Icons

CH · 10 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Fed up with public perception of new media "journolism" as a bastion of blushing hermaphrodites opening up about their day to day experiences having sex with themselves, Matt Yglesias and Ezra Klein have teamed up to inject a healthy dose of raw masculinity into the discourse with their unique brand of confident swagger. Check out the introductory video at their swole SWPL venture, Vox.

The days of "vegetable and spinach" news are over. These men (and one manlike-woman) are ready to tackle the challenges of regurgitating liberal opinions in a fresher font. Vox's headquarters in Washington, DC, like Ezra's suit jacket, are oversized with room for muscular growth. Matt Yglesias dresses with a dash of panache, a talent he honed after years of feedback from admiring Logan Circle homosexuals. His proudly nasal vocal fry resonates with the spirit of ancient valley girl warrioresses, and practically demands your attention, like nails on a chalkboard.

This is alpha male territory you've entered. There's a new kid on the vox, and he takes no guff, and will do as he pleases, including plaster stickers all over his Macbook in a show of countercultural defiance. The Vox Man is a gender nonconformist man of principle; if you don't like the news he gives you, he'll break all the rules and give you the news you want. Yeah Matt! Titty bump!

Ezra Klein… do the men get any realer? Here's a big swinging dick crashing your stale news cycle. So big, he has to cross his legs for decorum. Eyes up here, right Ezra? Say goodbye to getting only 24% of the news; News Team Vox can actually just put the information there for you. Confused? Don't think too much. Just take a sip from Vox's juice box of testosterone. Rest easy that Ezra is signaling to the right sort of white people — people like YOU — with his standing workstation.

And when you're all done getting the unfiltered opinions of rugged Ivy Leaguers with a worldly perspective that can only be gained from living in whitified urban neighborhoods where a new Pan-Asian restaurant opens every week, you can send a thank you to **News Team Vox** for their trailblazing balls-to-the-wall approach to taking on the old media dinosaur of aggregator hyperlinking:

You stay classy, internet!

Real Female Beauty From 0 To 10

CH · 11 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a long time since we've had a female beauty ranking post. It's good to remind women why they were put here on Zod's green earth. But this time, instead of featuring a series of photos of exceptionally pretty women and arguing vociferously over the small details in ~~character~~… ~~personality~~… chest size that separate a 9 from a 10, this round of female beauty rankings will ask you, the readers, to judge the looks of the kinds of strong, empowered, independent "real women" you might meet at the office or strolling around your neighborhood walking their cats.

So there won't be any Victoria's Secret models or celebrities in this post; today is a celebration of the everyday women who walk among us. These are your women, American Son, and this is your life. Time to put away childish fantasy and rank the beauty of the women you are most likely to meet in real life.

You can vote however you like for each photo; this is a random sampling of women, not necessarily a comprehensive selection meant to encompass all ten points on the classic 1 to 10 female looks scale. There are fourteen photos altogether and a poll under each one. Your most accurate vote will be the vote you make with your gut, so don't dawdle too much over each picture. God forbid this turns into a contest.

The women are nameless, and in no particular order. Each poll has a neutral description to help readers identify who's who in the final tally that will be an average of everyone's rankings. CH will analyze these results in a future post.

Programming notes: Some persnickety nerds have argued that there's no such thing as a "10″. CH disagrees. Catherine Zeta-Jones and Michelle Pfeiffer were both 10s in their primes. Going back further, Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly were 10s. Megan Fox is a legit 10 today, as is at least one member of whomever Disney is grooming to be the next F YOU DAD slut du jour. Just because 10s are rare doesn't mean they aren't real.

Out on the opposite, far left tail of the female looks belle curve, there are arguments about the existence of zeroes: Women with sexual worths approaching absolute zero (in degrees Pelvis). Anti-freeze advocates argue that as long as there is at least one man, however much of a Quasimodo loser he may be, who is willing to dump his gnarled seed in an extremely ugly woman, that woman cannot be said to have zero sexual worth. However, there are some monstrous pump and dumps so disheartening to an ugly woman, and so indicative of her bargain basement price on the open sexual market, that sex with a subterranean creature will actually lower her SMV (sexual market value) beyond that SMV which would generously accrue to her in the absence of evidentiary relinquishment to the contrary.

To put it differently, the sex skew in innate sexual discriminatory disposition (men being on the whole less discriminatory, especially as pertains extremely short term conquests) renders inadmissible in the court of public opinion the ability of very ugly women to occasionally get laid with abject losers (think homeless piss-stained bums) as proof of the non-zero SMV of those women.

The reason 0 is not usually included on most 1 to 10 female looks rankings has to do with the practical and valid assumption that for the vast majority of men, 0s aren't recognizable as female humans. Their inclusion on a female looks scale would then be irrelevant, sort of like including toddlers, grandmas and the morbidly obese. However, 0s, like 10s, do exist, and in the realm of photo-based beauty rankings where the goal is measurement rather than practical filtering of live women to streamline target acquisition, the 0 option is a useful corrective to a traditional 1-10 scale that ignores women who are not worth porking with Manboobz's thimbledick.

Given the above programming notes, any commenters clogging the board with complaints about the metaphysical improbability of 0s and 10s will be summarily banned. Stay focused, people.

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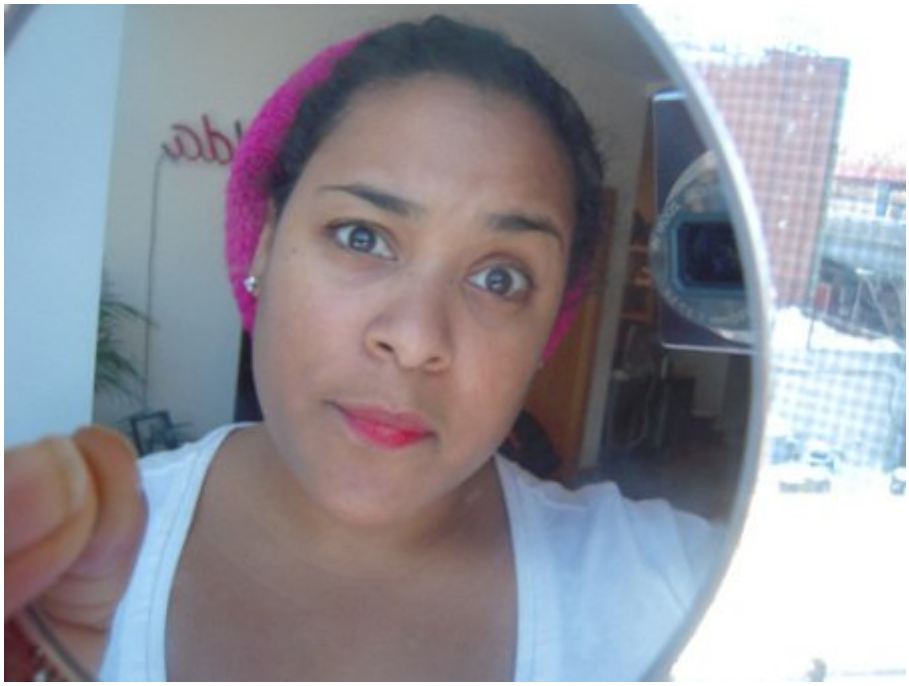

Aging Feminist Tells Women To Ride The Cock Carousel

CH · 12 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Vapid Feminist-Entity, an aging shrike just a few short years from a terminal date with the Wall, is telling younger women to sleep around with sexy badboys and then settle down in their 30s with a boring beta male for financial security. Glad to see even the head-in-sand feminists getting on board with the Heartistian view of the modern sexual market.

VFE sarcastically (or sincerely, who can tell with this cheat code ironic posturing that femcunts employ whenever they have to contemplate the horror of reality) lays out her vision of the good life,

> I did everything the Susan Pattons of the world said not to do and I ended up marrying a freaking wonderful man — not *despite* disobeying these [anti-feminist slut] retro rules, but *because* of it.

What's her husband's SMV? Yeah, dead-eyed feminists with cock-scarred holes can theoretically find a man to settle for them, but the way to bet is that these men are losers with few other options.

> True story, I recently went to the optometrist and she told me, "Your eyes aren't young anymore,"

Neither is anything else about her. True story.

> **Work your butt off.** First in college, then in the work world. Become the man you want to marry — or rather, the woman the man you want to marry will want to marry.

Because you know how men get hard for workaholics. Yes, become the man you want to marry, and the only men who'll marry you are closet homosexuals.

> **The microwave is all the lover you need for now.** Swing by Walgreens after a long day at the office and pick up a Stouffer's frozen lasagna. […] This is how you learn to be alone, which you need to do before learning to be *together*. Sorry, them's the rules.

Feminists have a lot of practice learning to be alone.

> **You know that drug dealer who keeps money in his freezer and doesn't know where to put apostrophes?** Date him. Same with the guy who literally has "I'm a mistake" tattooed on his arm. They are terrifically wrong for you, but they are truly lovely people who will enrich your life. (If they are not truly lovely people, get the hell out of there. Only poor choices with hearts of gold are worth your mistakes.) It's only from dating these self-styled bad boys that you will realize the folly of making yourself interesting through men. You get to be the protagonist of your own god-damn novel.

I think we're gonna need the Hamster-to-English Translator:

Hamster: "but they are truly lovely people who will enrich your life"

Jerks make me come hard.

Hamster: "If they are not truly lovely people, get the hell out of there."

I need to tell you to avoid very bad men because it won't come naturally to you as a woman.

Hamster: "Only poor choices with hearts of gold are worth your mistakes."

A man with a heart of gold is a poor choice.

Hamster: "self-styled bad boys"

I miss my ex-badboy lovers so much.

Hamster: "realize the folly of making yourself interesting through men."

I have fucked so many men who never bothered to learn my name that I've forgotten what it means to love.

Hamster: "You get to be the protagonist of your own god-damn novel."

Everybody Gets Genital Warts.

> **Fake *so many* orgasms.** Look, sex in your twenties is going to be horrible.

Spoken like a woman who spent her 20s sucking random cock in public restrooms.

> For a long time you won't even realize that sex can be more.

And this is why you should follow in her footsteps.

> You will take pleasure in giving pleasure.

Because when you're an aged hag with zero personality like her you're gonna have to learn to give a lot of pleasure just to keep men around for longer than an hour at the bus depot.

> It is all the intimacy that you can take, for now. Despite the faking, these are some of the realest, rawest moments of your young life; two unformed people pressing their naked egos against each other.

The feminist knows her ego is her most cherished possession.

> It's not like you'll have learned all the sex things by the time you get married, either. That's when the learning can really begin. It won't be long before you feel like you need an entirely new word for sex.

Yes, you'll need an encyclopedic knowledge of molecular biology to figure out where his penis goes.

> **Start joking about your shriveling ovaries once you turn 26**.

Soon enough, it won't be a joke anymore.

> **Throw pity-parties with friends.** You're all single, bitter and hardened to the disappointing world of romance. Get together to drink cocktails, watch "The Notebook" and bitch about men who don't call. You will go to bed at night alone, but this friendship stuff is great!

Misery loves company.

> **Mr. Good Enough is not good enough.** That guy who seems almost perfect but still doesn't feel right? Trust yourself, dump him and then wallow in sorrow. Call him and leave drunken voicemails about how much you miss him, when the truth is that you're just afraid to be alone. Constantly remind your friends that you're a woman who "wanted too much." When books like "Marry Him: The Case for Settling for Mr. Good Enough" come out, snark it up online. Privately, weep. Later, you will feel sure that you dodged a bullet and thank yourself for being brave.

She does claim to speak from experience.

> **Facebook-marry a friend.** You're both approaching 30, you both feel like you're going to be alone forever, so announce yourself as married, to each other, on Facebook.

She's done this.

> Entertain the idea of a male harem.

"Male harem" = two dudes I met at bars who fuck me in between fucking their other twelve girls.

> Now you're just owning this spinster thing. It really doesn't sound so bad anymore.

She keeps telling herself that.

> **You know that guy friend you weren't romantically interested in because he was just too nice and available?** Suddenly, you're grown up enough to come to your senses. Marry the fuck out of him.

The problem with this alpha fux, beta bux lifestyle plan for feminists with furry man-faces is that the quality of man they can expect to get as a past-prime cougar will be lower than what they could have gotten when they were younger, hotter, tighter and less cynical. And by "quality man", I mean the sort of man a cunt like VFE would actually love.

You see, faux savvy feminists, there are prices to be paid for your dating choices. There's no free lunch, and that's especially true when lunch is the slime mold you call your vagina. You can screw around with sexy charismatic cads when you're younger and thinner, but those men won't be around to give you the marriage and Netflix viewing partnership you'll want when your hair is stringier, your tits saggier, and your heart harder. You will, not to put too fine a point on it, have to settle for less. Sometimes much less.

Hope this smart advice helps.

A Crib Sheet Of Game

CH · 13 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Normally, CH is averse to feeding the conventional misinterpretation of game as robotically intoned one-liners, but short and sweet one-liners do serve a purpose beyond their use as saving throws in high pressure situations. Keeping at one's mental disposal a crib sheet of snappy lines for retrieval during the typical scenarios one would meet and seduce girls benefits in two ways:

1. Test-driven lines really can get you out of a jam or closer to victory.

2. More importantly, mentally rehearsed and memorized "charisma cues" are conditioning stimuli that habituate one to think and feel more like a natural who is at ease in the company of beautiful women.

Number 2 is crucial. A repository of game-approved lines, called upon at will, grooms your attitude to align more closely with that of successful womanizers. As you say these lines to yourself, and as you deploy them in a growing number of social situations, your overall attitude — your "inner game" — begins to take on the characteristics of a man who is naturally good with women. You begin to visualize yourself as an alluringly savvy man self-assuredly parrying the clit-hardened jousts of intrigued women. You are recreating it till you make it, and recreation is greatly aided by having knowledge of the sorts of things that naturals often say to women when they're just winging it.

Maxim #43: You rely on "pickup" lines to eventually discard reliance on pickup lines.

So the pickup aka courtship line is less about the particular arrangement of its individual words to influence female receptiveness than it is about how, over time, it rearranges your mental self-conception.

Related, a reader writes,

> This is a question I'm sure many readers would like to know. I find myself having beta tendencies. I sometimes find myself in shit tests and girls testing my alphaness in person and via text. To keep my attitude and mind right I continue to refer to the 16 Commandments and the Maxims, which I've found a portion compiled online. Obviously for shit tests I agree and amplify, act aloof etc. But is there something like a complete list to reference? Something like the commandments plus the maxims, plus any other info in a list form? For quick reference?
>
> Any suggestions on how to kick your mind back out of beta trap? Love the site and will donate £50 if this list is compliled.
>
> What do you do to keep on track? How do you consistently keep the right mindset? Without slipping.
>
> I work between London and Milan, so that's why I'll donate in GBP. It's roughly $84.

I'm not entirely sure what this reader is getting at, but his letter does provide inspiration for a "crib sheet" of game. This post started with a lesson in one-liners, and for good reason. Kicking your mind out of "beta traps" is easier when you know how alphas actually talk to women. The first step to trying something new and unaccustomed in real life is to try it out in your head. Ask any man of high achievement his program for success and he'll tell you he imagined where he would be long before he got there. Little boys don't wait till forty to dream of being astronauts.

So, in the spirit of the reader's request, what follows is the **CH Crib Sheet of Game** you can either write on a notecard and keep in your wallet, or just store in your head for instant access. The Commandments and Maxims are great, but a bit lengthy for practical retrieval, so the crib sheet will mostly focus on digestible concepts and one-liners.

The one-liners obviously apply to different situations, but the goal here isn't to identify an exact match between line and application. Rather, the goal of the lines is to change your state of mind. The simple act of repeating them to yourself, and having them available should you need them, will imbue you with a sense of what it feels like to be a

seductive man. This sense will carry over into real improvements in your masculine attractiveness.

This is by no means a complete list. The CH archives are now so huge and unwieldy that trawling it all for every gem is a time-suck too great for even a team of expert data miners. Therefore, as a general aid to the CH audience and as a specific answer to the reader above, all commenters are welcome to add entries to the Crib Sheet of Game, which will be updated on a regular basis and reposted from time to time, perhaps with its own reference page.

***

CRIB SHEET OF GAME

CONCEPTS

Agree & amplify
Disqualification, yours and hers
Social proof/preselection
Push/pull
Hot/cold
Teasing
Play practical jokes
Amused mastery
Sexual Intent
Kino/Physical escalation (ABE: Always Be Escalating)
State control (composure)
Storytelling
Future pacing (sarcastic or sincere)
Assume the sale
Plausibly inadvertent self-promotion
Listening
Calculated vulnerability (faux beta game)
Be chased, don’t chase
Descriptive, emotive language
Reframing
Backhanded compliments (negs)
Don’t seek approval
Three second rule
Master the art of curious absences
Never apologize to yourself or anyone for your desires as a man
Own your bone
Be critical
Flip the script
Better an asshole than a beta

BODY LANGUAGE

Power poses
Slow movements
Eye contact
Minimal smiling
Contrapposto
Impatient outward glances
No hands in pockets
Open legs

Straight back
Hold your drink low
No fidgeting
Low vocal tone
Slow speech/accentuate every word
Don’t laugh at own jokes
Take up space
Approach after first mutual look
Avoid nervous tics/self-grooming
Pregnant pauses
Look straight or up, never down
Center yourself around your crotch
A little bit of swagger never hurts

LINES

gay
…
lol
k
8===D
wut
right
good job!
bring da movies

it’s complicated
thanks for the medical report
who brought their little sister?
nice shoes. those are really popular now
it’s a good thing we’re friends
is she always like this?
i don’t buy girls drinks but you can buy me one
your flirting needs work
don’t get the wrong idea
slow down, i need to be wined and dined first
you and i would never work out
what else do you have going for you besides your looks?
i’m just looking for that one woman i click with
your parents must be proud
wait… you’re not a lesbian?

are you allowed to talk to other men without his permission?
speaking from experience?
i didn't know this was a job interview
where's the fun in that?
you're not a dull person, are you? good, let's go!
weirdo
don't get used to it
don't get clingy
miss me already?
that's mr. asshole to you
my heart will go on
someone's in love
hey, hands off the merchandise
this whole thing?… it's not working
i bet you wrote the book on it
i bet you say that to all the guys
you're special
let's stop by my place real quick. but don't sit down, we're not staying
if i didn't know any better i'd say you were trying to pick me up

MISC

Progressive resistance weight training
Fitted clothes
Get out in the sun
Curb your porn habit
Find the fashion sweet spot between trendy and splashy
Don't eat agribusiness crap
Be irreverent
Minimize your online presence beside that needed to pick up American attention whores
Think like a free man
Strive to do what is personally advantageous
Never forget Father Time is breathing down your neck.

Guess The Sex

CH · 14 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Read this OkCupid profile and try to guess the sex of the person who wrote it.

Don't read further until you've made your guess.

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Still guessing?

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These are your American women. Delightfully feminine bunch, ain't they? This profile, minus a few giveaways, could easily pass for the braggadocio of a fraternity brother.

And brow-furrowed femcunts wonder why men won't "man up" and marry these drunk slatterns.

The blocked out part was a brag about her blowjob technique. Translation: She's a fat sow who has to advertise her sexual depravity to get any attention from the losers she likely hooks up with once in a fat moon.

Grotesqueries like this beast exist. The revelation for a lot of people would be the kind of "lovers" she manages to score. I bet a lot of proud feminists claiming satisfying love lives would abandon the opinionator sphere if pictures of their """"boyfriends""""" and unbiased third-party accounts of the charming personalities of the men who lap the smegma of their moldy feminist snappers were to become public knowledge.

The Low Fertility Of Urban Liberals Is A Feature Not A Bug

CH · 14 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

There is much hand-wringing by the hypocrati over the below-replacement fertility rates of overeducated, urban leftoid, credentialist suck-up, status whoring SWPLs. However will civilization carry on if our progressive snarkmeisters disappear down the sinkhole of Darwinian finality?

Well, I'm here to tell you that Western civilization will carry on quite well, and certainly better than it has the past 60 years. For evidence of the source of my sureness, review this quote by Thomas Aquinas on the Catholic Church's prohibition of cousin marriage aka inbreeding:

> Afterwards, however, towards these latter times the prohibition [against cousin marriage] of the Church has been restricted to the fourth degree, because it became useless and dangerous to extend the prohibition to more remote degrees of consanguinity. Useless, because charity waxed cold in many hearts so that they had scarcely a greater bond of friendship with their more remote kindred than with strangers: and it was dangerous because through the prevalence of concupiscence and neglect men took no account of so numerous a kindred, and thus the prohibition of the more remote degrees became for many a snare leading to damnation.

Aquinas was a man who rightly perceived the dangers inherent in both too little and too much outbreeding. (Were we blessed with such wise men today!) Inbreeding encourages clan-based violence and decreases social trust, two consequences that are anathema to the development of modern civ. But too much outbreeding (EatPrayBang!) decreases charitable kin-feeling and incentivizes a decadent ennui that severs the citizen's sense of obligation to his nation and co-ethnics.

Where is this thought leading? The native stock of the West is clearly suffering from a mental sickness caused by too much outbreeding. Universalism is the religion of liberal whites, and they cleave so strongly to this secular religion that they are happy, nay overjoyed!, to throw the borders open and bequeath their hard-won territory and culture to battalions of Third Worlders and other temperamentally distant aliens, who of course given large enough numbers will promptly, whether wittingly or consequentially, execute its destruction.

The liberal SWPLs' universalist instinct is so deeply embedded that it's become a danger to their own reproductive fitness. If it were just themselves they were (unproductively) screwing, that would be fine; unfortunately they're screwing everyone who has to live under their administrative tyranny.

So it is with great sadistic glee that I put two and two together and conclude that the passing of the sweep of SWPL liberals into the prolapsed hole of history will prove, ultimately, a good thing for the reconstitution and continuation of Western civilization, and in particular of America. Whether through the act of some subconscious calculation, or environmental disincentive, or perhaps via a divinely directed cosmic rebalancing working magic on the impervious hindbrains of self-destructive fools, the children of universalist leftoids are fewer by the hour, and their complete demise closer by the day.

We should be welcoming this fitness adjustment for the ray of hope it delivers. Prosperity can turn on accidental fortune. Runaway universalism, it would appear, contains the seed of its doom, and in its death there will be rebirth. The gods of the copybook headings will have their laugh at last.

So pass out the condoms, fire up the abortion mills, parade the sluts, stream the cuck porn, shove those freebie Pills down the throats of SWPL princesses, and bask in your righteousness, knowing that your tribute in distasteful utilitarianism will pay handsome rewards to your posterity.

Truly, the SWPL is the cuckold of the world. Pronounce it "swipple". Let it snap off the lips with pleasing hatefulness. It stands for "white person who gets a leetle chill down his neck when a black doctor is on the TV". Remind the SWPL in your company that there is no moral obligation to uplift the world's wretched refuse. If they

balk, remind them again of their atheism.

SWPL is the cuckold of the world
Yes he is…think about it
SWPL is the cuckold of the world
Think about it…do something about it

We make him sit in the corner and watch
If he won't be a cuck
we say that he's a bigot

If he's real, we say he's
trying to be a racist
While pulling his pud he
pretends that he is above us

SWPL is the cuckold of the world…yes he is
If you don't belive me take a
look to the one you're with
SWPL is the slave of
the slaves
Ah yeah…better screem
about it
We make him pay and raise
our children
And then we leave him flat for
being a cuckold beta male
We tell him home is only a
fantasy
Then we complain that he's
too pale-skinned to be a man

SWPL is the cuckold of the world…yes he is
If you don't belive me take a
look at the manboob filth
SWPL is the slave of
the slaves
Yeah (think about it)

We insult him everyday on TV
And wonder why he has no
guts or confidence
When he's young we kill his
will to be free
While telling him there's no such thing as smarts
we put him down for being so dumb

SWPL is the cuckold of the world…yes he is
If you don't belive me take a
look at John Scalzi's tits
SWPL is the slave of
the slaves
Yes he is…if you belive me,

you better screem about it.

Repeat:
We make him pull his
pud and prance
We make him trash his
seed for laughs
We make him axe his
balls as penance
We make him rend his
soul in half

Guess The Sex

CH · 14 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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Comment Of The Week: My Freaking Awesome Beta Male Husband

CH · 17 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Ever notice how emphatically the few married feminists proclaim the awesomeness of the males who settled for their post-slut carcasses as if this was some sort of evidence proof of the superiority of the cock-hopping, mimosa-fueled lifestyle? COTW winner Paul Murray, replying to another commenter, explains the pathological narcissism that shapes the scarred psychologies of manjawed feminists,

> *There's a recurrent use of "my wondeful husband" in Salon and other femcunt territories.*
>
> *They never say "my SEXY wonderful husband".*
>
> They don't see people in their lives as full human beings. They see them as a role being played in their lives. The actor is replaceable – it's the role that matters. The only non-replaceable actor is herself, the star of the show.

Married feminists of course will never admit that the scalzified losers who settled for them aren't sexy, exciting men who make them swoon with love. To admit that would be to surrender everything they've invested in their egos.

***

Better to be thought an alpha male than to speak loquaciously and remove all doubt. COTW runner-up winner Rick Derris ponders what an Obama/Putin fireside chat would sound like,

> No doubt [terse game] can apply to international relations as well.
>
> I am sure Barry talked for 89 of the 90 minutes during the phone call he had with Vladimir "Nyet" Putin this weekend.

Barry hears that a lot from Michelle, too.

The Sexiest Words Ever Spoken By A Woman

CH · 18 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

“Do you want to put it in my ass?”

I’ve heard women speak to me a million permutations of sexy invitations and romantic aches, but none hastened my heart, boiled my blood, and coagulated my cock like these nine words sailing over a smooth, prone shoulder and landing ear-ways with a sparrow’s chirp. I wish I could say otherwise; that it was some other, loftier, exclamation of desirous love that etched a permanent shelter in my neural storage locker. But I must stay true to the Chateau Heartiste mission statement and judge a woman’s sexy interlude not by the parched abstraction the superego demands, but by the ignited viscera that livens the id.

Never Put Yourself Out Of Contention

CH · 18 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

When yer lurvable CH manor lord was a wee lad sprinkled with fresh down, many illusory obstacles set themselves in his path to mastering the hearts of newly teenaged girls in the plum ripeness of supercuteness. He would carefully listen to them dictate to friends in squealing cadence the qualities they loved about the boys they loved. Words like “cute”, “hottie”, “great body”, “muscular”, “flat stomach”, “bedroom eyes”, “so sweet” and related would zip around from ear to ear, never reaching a depth of analysis beyond the barest superficiality.

Schoolboy CH would then examine himself for this or that girl-approved quality and decide he had come up short compared to the handful of boys who best exemplified what the girls claimed they loved. Momentarily discouraged, CH grit his teeth and put into motion plans of passionate adolescence that would vault him to the ranks of the beloved.

But a funny thing happened on the way to molding himself into the male blueprint drafted by girltongue: CH stayed alert long enough to notice the kinds of boyfriends all that supple teenflesh eventually began to gravitationally orbit. These boyfriends were, in the unsparing judgment only a teenage boy can summon, neither cute nor hot nor muscular nor temperamentally sweet. They were quite often funny-looking, soft, pudgy, awkwardly bony, and clearly unsweet. They did not have bedroom eyes; they had mole eyes.

But one thing they DID have, and a lot of, was preternatural confidence. They walked and talked with bravado. They stood athwart their girlfriends with impassive stubbornness. They nodded with a glaze of coerced recognition in the general direction of the girls who were showering them with admiration and affection. They moped with a practiced air of perpetual dissatisfaction. They were heartlessly cruel and emotionally blank. They crushed romantic hopes like a bulldozer smashing grub life to mush.

And beautiful babes loved them.

From those earliest beginnings, a truism about the soul of woman would guide CH to the heights of romantic bliss. He had learned, and not a moment too soon, to watch what women do and ignore what they say about their romantic needs. For all the men who knew nothing about what women wanted, even fewer women knew themselves.

The Final Word On Peacocking

CH · 19 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Peacocking — the art of dressing ostentatiously to attract positive female attention — has been a staple of game theory for a long time, ever since Mystery proved in-field that gaudy outfits were like flames to moths.

But peacocking has been controversial from the start. Some players thought it looked try-hard, and whatever initial impression was made on women would dissipate soon after. Some thought it would invite antagonism from other men. Still others argued that too much peacocking made a man seem unattainable and this was ultimately self-defeating to his goal of getting loved.

All these were plausible objections. CH has long been on record for finding a peacocking "sweet spot" — unique, but not too outrageous, and accented with peacocky accoutrements. The goal should be to stand out without looking like a dork completely out of his element.

Thankfully, the ❤science❤ is rolling in to help clear the confusion on this perennial topic. One important result emerges from the latest slew of studies: Context, and self-confidence, matter.

> Anyone who has felt like the odd duck of the group can take heart from new research from Harvard Business School that says sticking out in distinct ways can lend you an air of presence or influence. […]
>
> Less work has focused on what others think of those who try to communicate that they are different or worthy of attention. Efforts to be different are interesting because humans are wired to conform and be part of a group.
>
> In a series of studies published in the Journal of Consumer Research in February, Silvia Bellezza, a doctoral student, and two Harvard professors sought to examine what observers thought of individuals who deviated from the norm in the workplace and in a retail setting. Some of the work was conducted in the lab on students. Other studies took place in the community and involved passersby or attendees of a seminar. Most of the studies included about 150 participants. What they found was that being a little different can socially benefit people—in some situations.

The following parts of the experiment were heavily context-dependent:

> In their first study, they asked shop assistants and pedestrians in Milan to rate what they thought of people who walked into luxury stores wearing gym clothes. The subjects also rated those who wore outfits typically considered more appropriate, like a dress and fur coat.
>
> Pedestrians were more likely to think that a well-dressed individual was more likely to have the money to buy something in the store. Shop assistants thought the opposite. Those more familiar with the luxury retail environment were more likely to assume that a gym-clothes-wearing client was confident enough to not need to

> dress up more, and therefore more apt to be a celebrity making a purchase than someone wrapped in fur.
>
> The same pattern emerged in subsequent studies conducted in other settings: Students afforded more respect to a fictitious bearded professor who wore a T-shirt than to a clean-shaven one who wore a tie. Candidates entering a business-plan competition who chose to use their own PowerPoint presentation background were tabbed more likely to win than those who used the standard background.

Lesson: You don't want to look like every other button-down, jeans-wearing dude. The safe play won't get you much negative attention, but neither will it earn you much positive attention. You have to dress with deliberate "social risk amplification" in mind. In the courtship arenas of bars et al, you should strive to look like a man who has nothing to prove and isn't concerned with people's expectations.

But, there are limits to the effectiveness of nonconformism:

> There are boundaries to the benefits of looking different, the Harvard work showed. If an individual was viewed as **accidentally out of sync** with everyone else, such as mistakenly wearing a red bow tie rather than black at a formal event, that erased positive feelings about him among those surveyed. Those opinions only improved when the survey group believed their contrarian acted differently on purpose.
>
> "In order to think that the person's a big shot, you have to understand that **the person is willingly engaging in this nonconforming conduct**," Ms. Bellezza says.

One reason Mystery's peacocking worked so well was because his attitude and the context within which he operated (nightclubs) conveyed intention. No woman would assume he "accidentally" wore a feather boa. He wore his flagrant peacocks' attire with purpose. That is, he owned it. Contrast is king, but only when overconfidence is co-king.

There's one more important caveat:

> In addition, the environment must give cues that suggest a person's talent or wealth. Standing in the front of the classroom or walking confidently into a luxury store already imply some level of belonging. **But when an observer didn't know whether the person they view is part of the group, eccentric dress was seen as a negative**, according to the researchers.

Peacocking has to be framed. If you're a newbie to game dressed in Victorian coat, spats and Celtic pendant, but carrying yourself with the body language of an anxious and uncertain man in a roomful of strangers, you will signal too much outsiderness. You will be shit tested and ostracized as a dork. Your already weak frame will be smashed to smithereens.

The solution is 1. peacocking only in the company of people who are already familiar with you (social proof) or 2. tempering your flash in the company of strangers so that you don't unduly alert any of them to your outsider status.

Body language, as usual, is key here. The stronger — i.e., more alpha — your presence, the easier it will be to stand outside the crowd dressed in odd or inappropriate clothing. The irony of successful peacocking is that you have to act like you belong to afford the social risk of dressing like you don't belong.

Maxim #42: Contrast in how you dress is received better by the group when you are socially proofed.

Corollary to Maxim #42: If you peacock, don't wait long to befriend the group. Peacocking should be framed as "This is totally normal. The problem is everyone else's weirdness about it."

> There are times when communicating high rank and competence becomes more important, such as during a shake-up in management at work. Signaling one's place in a group reduces uncertainty, but sometimes the goal may be to fit into the group, and sometimes to signal that one is a high-status person in the group, says David

> Dubois, a marketing professor at Insead in France and Singapore.

Given the strong female predilection for higher status men, signaling high rank within a social milieu is more crucial to seduction success than is signaling group membership. You can dress conservatively and fit in, and you'll make lots of asexual friends that way, or you can dress a little crazy and attract women intrigued by your handicapping boldness.

> Dr. Poole's best practical advice: "Don't talk a lot if you have high status. People will assume you're competent and when you talk, they will listen to you."

Poon Commandments V and VI.

Mystery's peacocking was not a superficial ploy. He thrived on negative attention from women because he knew that it was simpler to attract an antagonistic woman than it was to attract an indifferent woman. He knew he had the game cattle to go with his furry hat. This latest series of studies examining peacocking may overlook that calculation: Eccentric dress to provoke negative social appraisal as a means of accelerating courtship.

The Bottom Line

Don't peacock until you've improved your body language and have learned how to talk to women confidently and handle the inevitable shit tests you'll get when you start dressing in a unique manner. The clothes alone won't make you a player. If you peacock, don't stand around waiting for women to notice your courageous sartorial ensemble; approach promptly, and act like there's nothing unusual about how you're dressed. Remember that a major goal of peacocking is to provoke negative attention which, in women, is a direct pipeline to their sexual interest. If you struggle with negative attention, don't peacock. You don't need to go full-body peacock to raise your relative in-group status; subtle cues of risk-taking alphatude — jewelry, tattoos, shoes — can work just as well if the social context is skewed toward a conformist, bland dress code.

It's Time To Start Calling Out Women Who Are Losers

CH · 20 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Women expertly wield the "loser" shiv against men they don't like (or don't find attractive) because they know — or at least their unconscious knows — that the insult sticks. A man's SMV (sexual market value) is, in large part, a measure of his social status. Loser men simply don't compete very well in the mate market.

The equivalent insult against women is "ugly". Women's SMV is less a function of their social status than it is of their looks, so being called ugly is the kind of jab that penetrates all the way to the female id. But calling a woman a loser when she is indeed a loser can still wrest a shock of pain, and provide ancillary societal benefits, such as ostracism of the loser woman by other women.

But women are rarely called losers because they are protected by the penumbra emanating from the fundamental premise. In times like these of female regression to a hellcunt mean, this protective bubble of automatic deference helps spread the shamelessness virus of female loserdom until it infects all classes and strata.

Therefore, CH decrees that the time is now to start calling out loser women for the losers they are, using a colloquial definition of the word "loser" that is quite a bit more stringent than the excessively broad definition applied by women tarring men with the label. Who are loser women?

Single moms (excluding widows): LOSERS.
Fatties: LOSERS.
Spinsters: LOSERS.
Cougars: LOSERS.
Childless careerists: LOSERS.
Social media attention whores: LOSERS.
Feminists: LOSERS.
Sluts: LOSERS.
Divorcees (with exceptions): LOSERS.
Mudsharks (with exceptions): LOSERS. (Proof.)
Porn whores who want the world to know what they do for a living and don't think it will affect their prospects of marrying a high value man: LOSERS.
Women who take selfies of their asses while their infant daughters watch: LOSERS.

Let your shiv flag fly, paladins of the patriarchy.

Shame a loser, save a nation's soul.

Why Men Shouldn't Mate Guard

CH · 21 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Mate guarding is a science-y term for possessiveness. Both sexes mate guard, but for reasons having to do with the inherent skew in reproductive value and goals between men and women, men are the sex who generally mate guard more often, and with more intensity. Men of the northlands, at any rate.

To be precise, *beta* men and lesser alphas are chronic mate guarders. Established alpha males don't typically mate guard — at least not obviously — because they don't fear their women cheating on them or falling under the spell of other men, and, less benignly, they redirect some of their relationship energy that would normally be spent on mate guarding toward hooking up with side lovers.

Beta males, whether consciously or not, sense more keenly the sexual interloper threat posed by other men and the wandering eyes of their own women. This heightened threat detection system is likely an evolved instinct that serves the useful purpose of keeping the lover of a beta male faithful, (or constrained in her ability to cheat).

Here's where it gets interesting for philosophers and warriors of Game alike: While mate guarding may offer some temporary or discrete relationship security, multiple acts of mate guarding will paradoxically increase longer term relationship fragility. The mechanism by which this LTR instability is generated is a status feedback loop; if a man mate guards, his woman will subconsciously evaluate his romantic worth downward because (her sensitive idware will reason) only a beta male would feel the need to mate guard. An alpha male would not; his aloofness would be perceived as proof of his impenetrable high status.

Yes, when a beta male mate guards, his girlfriend will proclaim in the moment her ego-stroked thrill at his display of jealousy, but over time the accretion of those displays will erode her charitable judgment of his mate value. This is why women are viscerally disgusted by the thought of overly "possessive" boyfriends. It's not the chauvinistic possessiveness per se that makes women wince (a shibboleth to which rationalizing feminists constantly allude); it's the betatizing fallout that repulses women. No woman wants to think she's hitched to a lower value man, just as no man wants to think he's with a woman uglier than he can be expected to get.

It's therefore in the master womanizer's interest to avoid the trap of mate guarding. The temporary happy ego boost it might give your woman is not worth the long-term erosion in your mate status. If you doubt this, try to visualize scenarios of men in the act of mate guarding. Recall moments when you witnessed mate guarding by other men. Does "alpha male" spring to mind? Or do you feel something closer to pity for those men?

If you're having trouble organizing your thoughts on the matter, a picture can help to wonderfully focus your mind:

Assuming for purposes of discussion that this isn't a creep copping a cheap feel, who among you can restrain the impulse to mock this fingertip-affixed beta male boyfriend claiming ownership of his snoozing girlfriend's thigh? This is what mate guarding frequently looks like: A quasi-pervy, insecure beta trying hard to let the world know that this is HIS girl, and you (or her) better not get any ideas. This is also why excessive PDA is beta.

When you think of alpha males, you picture a self-possessed (rather than possessive), somewhat standoffish dude with a girl gazing adoringly at him and squirming to wedge tighter into the nook of his chest. He might drape a noncommittal arm over her shoulders, but even that small gesture of mate guarding appears as if it had to be coerced from him. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to emulate this guy and not the guy in the photo above.

CH Maxim #57: Beta males mate guard, alpha males disregard.

Before the EXCEPTIONS ARE THE RULE crowd chimes in with their insipid blather, no one denies that there might be rare times when a forthright act of overt guardianship is necessary to remind an especially obstinate man or slutty woman of your boundaries. The rule to avoid mate guarding doesn't mean avoid it at all costs. If the cost of avoidance is high enough, you'll be better off breaking the rule. But if you find yourself breaking the NO MATE GUARDING rule a lot, you need to reassess exactly who in your relationship is the real break-up threat.

Tinderfessions: “The global march of absolute sexual anarchy”

CH · 24 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

For those who don’t know, the Twitter feed @tinderfessions is a cornholecopia of pervy and depraved confessions of Tinder users, the Weimar era-approved app that allows people to quickly geolocate future husbands and wives for intimacy trial runs.

If even half the stuff on Tinderfessions is true, the republic is hurtling towards its doom faster than anyone thinks. Reader ivanhoseph77 writes,

> Tinderfessions will cure you of any betaness instantly. It will also cure you of any lingering fondness for LTR’s or marriage.
>
> It shows the global march of absolute sexual anarchy in stark relief. We are so far past any attempt at turning back from semen filled gutters of our society it’s not even funny.
> It’s a poon paradise. Nobody in their right mind would even CONSIDER an LTR or marriage when looking at the stark reality.
> “Virtue has it’s own rewards” my ass. As CH would say, “sit poolside, imbibe of the delights, and enjoy watching it burn.” There is nothing else to be done. Literally.
> That twitterfeed will fell any idealized notions you may be absurdly clinging to.

The modern sexual market appears to be in the process of bifurcating. The religious and (relatively) prudish are making babies; the secular and debauched are not. Has this ever happened before in American history? Good question. How representative is Tinderfessions of the public’s sexual behavior? Also a good question.

Having read enough social media in various interchangeable formats, I notice that online communication — for all its passionate sperm und wang — reveals very little of love or aspirations to love. From unformed men this is expected; from women it’s jarring. The divine and mysterious has been strip-mined from sex, leaving behind an abandoned pit.

Maybe the quest for human happiness is better served by a little less convenience and a little more struggle.

Robert Cialdini And The Triumph Of Game

CH · 25 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Robert Cialdini is an expert in psychological manipulation, i.e., goal-oriented communication. (Something we all do, more or less successfully, whether we are aware of our own machinations or not.) He wrote the seminal book *Influence: The Psychology of Persuasion*. What you may not know is that Cialdini was, in many respects, a founding father of Game. He is cited by many well-regarded pickup artists, and his ideas, like "social proof", percolate throughout the game literature. Game has had, from its inception. some pretty solid scientific, theoretical, and experiential backing.

Something else you probably don't know: Cialdini was tapped, along with other renowned behavioral scientists, by the 2008 Obama campaign to help propel Obama to the highest office in the land.

Two weeks before Election Day, Barack Obama's campaign was mobilizing millions of supporters; it was a bit late to start rewriting get-out-the-vote (GOTV) scripts. "BUT, BUT, BUT," deputy field director Mike Moffo wrote to Obama's GOTV operatives nationwide, "What if I told you a world-famous team of genius scientists, psychologists and economists wrote down the best techniques for GOTV scripting?!?! Would you be interested in at least taking a look? Of course you would!!"

Moffo then passed along guidelines and a sample script from the Consortium of Behavioral Scientists, a secret advisory group of 29 of the nation's leading behaviorists. The key guideline was a simple message: "A Record Turnout Is Expected." That's because studies by psychologist Robert Cialdini and other group members had found that the most powerful motivator for hotel guests to reuse towels, national-park visitors to stay on marked trails and citizens to vote is the suggestion that everyone is doing it. "People want to do what they think others will do," says Cialdini, author of the best seller Influence. "The Obama campaign really got that."

The existence of this behavioral dream team — which also included best-selling authors Dan Ariely of MIT (Predictably Irrational) and Richard Thaler and Cass Sunstein of the University of Chicago (Nudge) as well as Nobel laureate Daniel Kahneman of Princeton — has never been publicly disclosed, even though its members gave Obama white papers on messaging, fundraising and rumor control as well as voter mobilization. All their proposals — among them the famous online fundraising lotteries that gave small donors a chance to win face time with Obama — came with footnotes to peer-reviewed academic research. "It was amazing to have these bullet points telling us what to do and the science behind it," Moffo tells TIME. "These guys really know what makes people tick."

Cialdini's theories about the nature of human psychology and his influence on the American elite are evidence of the triumph of Game. Game has infused every facet of the body politic, not just the sexual organs. As CH has said many times already, if you can game a woman into bed you can game a boss into handing you a raise or a nation's voters into electing you President.

That is the awesomely dark power of Game. And dark it is, because what is essentially remote control of another person's executive brain function is the kind of power that irresistibly pulls one to malevolent ends.

President Obama is still relying on behavioral science. But now his Administration is using it to try to transform the country. Because when you know what makes people tick, it's a lot easier to help them change.

You can thank Game for our first two-term halfling SWPL President and the nationalization of 1/7th of the economy. Now, if Game can do that, imagine what it can do on bored girls at bars yearning for a little excitement in their lives.

Some have said the 21st Century will be the age of biology. I think what we are entering is the age of Orwellian mastery over human psychology. Scarily, the two might be related. The power to shape people's opinions and emotions through mere word and expression, and guide them to actions they may not have taken otherwise, is

reaching an apotheosis that could be magnified a thousandfold coupled with the power to alter people's genetic architecture.

If your eyes are open, you don't have to look far to see foreboding signs of this new age of the human aquarium rising into view. Unaccountable secret government agencies using the internet to "manipulate, deceive and destroy reputations". Your webcam commandeered by shadowy operatives. Cameras on every street corner. Cathedralsourced slanderswarms of crimethinkers.

Cialdini's name has been found in NSA documents. I wouldn't be surprised if the man himself is working for them.

Doubters can snark about "PUAs" to their hearts' content, but the arc of recent history is proving that PUAs were at the leading edge all along. Will people listen only when it's too late?

Duke Porn Whore Belle Knox Interviewed By Chateau Heartiste!

CH · 26 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The recently outed Duke porn whore Belle Knox (real name MIRIAM WEEKS) was interviewed by an intrepid CH reporter.

You can watch the interview here.

Ok, so she's not much for words. Her mouth is busy doing other stuff. And yes, she really is a women's studies major. Like millions of other women with useless degrees and six digit student loan debt, she had no choice but to turn to facial abuse porn to survive.

At least one member of her immediate family will self-deliver before the year is out, count on it.

ps MIRIAM WEEKS. She wants the publicity, she and her family will get the publicity, good and hard. I'm sure she can accommodate.

pps This story is less about MIRIAM WEEKS than it is about our leftoid, pozzed media who love to jam stories like these down everyone's throat. I dunno, but I imagine in halcyon days of American yore a stone bold slut like MIRIAM WEEKS would be shunned by everyone, including the media, to live out her diseased days alone and isolated from normal human contact. She might not be a changed person, but the culture that enveloped her would be different. And what worse fate for the BPD attention whoring sociopathic slut than being utterly ignored?

pps I love that porn whores and obese monstrosities are the only real allies feminists have left.

Romeo Had Game

CH · 27 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A dataslut at FiveThirtyEight tallied the lines each pair of characters spoke to each other and found that Romeo was following Poon Commandment V.

> Juliet speaks 155 lines to him, and he speaks only 101 to her. His reticence toward Juliet is particularly inexcusable when you consider that Romeo spends more time talking than anyone else in the play.

And yet these two are the most famous star-crossed lovers in literature. Romeo knew, or more precisely Shakespeare knew, that women — and female readers — love a man who doesn't give away the store.

> In general, Shakespeare's female lovers lavish a larger share of their lines on their men than the men do on them. This is true not just of "Romeo and Juliet," but of "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew" and all four couples in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The only real exceptions, tellingly, occur in the plays where the women pose as men: "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice." (Antony and Cleopatra spend roughly equal shares of lines on each other.)

 There's more egalitarian relationship communication when the women pose as men. Says it all, really. But you feminists keep telling manboobs to emote like girls; that'll really make them more attractive to women.

Forget modern culture in its totality. Everything important you need to know about men and women you can find in the works of Shakespeare.

Another Study Confirms Diversity + Proximity = War

CH · 28 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Via The League of Extraordinary Sadists comes another study concluding that diversity is incompatible with a sense of community.

> Community psychologists are interested in creating contexts that promote both respect for diversity and sense of community. However, recent theoretical and empirical work has uncovered a community-diversity dialectic wherein **the contextual conditions that foster respect for diversity run in opposition to those that foster sense of community**. More specifically, within neighborhoods, residential integration provides opportunities for intergroup contact that are necessary to promote respect for diversity but may prevent the formation of dense interpersonal networks that are necessary to promote sense of community. Using agent-based modeling to simulate neighborhoods and neighborhood social network formation, we explore whether the community-diversity dialectic emerges from two principle of relationship formation: homophily and proximity. **The model suggests that when people form relationships with similar and nearby others, the contexts that offer opportunities to develop a respect for diversity are different from the contexts that foster a sense of community**. Based on these results, we conclude with a discussion of whether it is possible to create neighborhoods that simultaneously foster respect for diversity and sense of community. *(spoiler: it isn't)*

IQ fetishists who want to bring boatloads of Asian to America are almost as silly as pathological altruists who want to import Africa to Minnesota. I say almost because, yeah, at least with the Asians you don't have to worry about getting jacked while walking down the street. You just have to worry about your finances, bureaucracy and cultural institutions getting jacked.

So here's another study affirming what Robert Putnam (*Bowling Alone*) found in his reluctantly published study about diversity decreasing levels of social trust. Studies are nice and all, but you don't need multiple degrees and strict adherence to experimental procedure to walk out the door and notice how different the races of people are, and how everyone, even and especially hypocrite SWPLs, have a natural affinity for their own kind.

Maybe the leftoid lie machine is permitting these studies to be released *now* because they sense where the logic of their stinking ideology is heading:

> Is this actually a breakthrough of any kind, or is it exactly the sort of thing elites will appreciate? The lower and middle classes have been well and thoroughly diversified now. The logic of diversity is pretty clear: the rich white/jewish gated communities should be diversified as well. But before anyone gets around to noticing this, there's scientific reason to forestall such efforts. Sorry about that, goy, but the arguments we used to obliterate *your* communities don't work anymore. It's unfortunate, yes, but there will be tradeoffs. You know how it is.
>
> Does anyone doubt for a second that the richest communities will ensure that tradeoffs in *their* cases go in the opposite direction from "diversity"? These studies aren't challenging shitlibs at all. They aren't even advances in our understanding (as PMAN points out, how hard is it to realize these things could be opposed). Instead, it's just toadying to an elite that refuses to suffer the consequences of its own decisions.

Like Robert Ringer wrote, always look out for #1. And the elite are nothing if not practiced in the art of looking out for themselves.

Sadly, the burdensome diversity is already cooked in the books. CH predicts that within the century America will break up into regional entities, along broad racial and ethnic lines.

Cheap Chalupas would weep if he weren't an android.

The Imagination Test: A Game Routine

CH · 31 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Women of all (pre-menopausal) ages and all social strata are fascinated by mental parlor tricks. They enjoy the self-revelatory aspect of psychological quizzes, and especially those versions which summon the senses and amplify the feels. Once a girl is emotionally charged, it's a simple matter to anchor her good feelings to your company.

Today, I will reveal a very special game routine that as far as I am aware exists nowhere else in the game literature. It is a proprietary and leather patented CH blend of neural witch-craftery that engages girls so powerfully they won't want you to stop. This routine — what I call the Imagination Test — is ideal during that getting-to-know-each-other phase of the pickup, (or what PUAs call the comfort stage). You could try to use it at any time during a pickup, though; the routine is designed to work within a broad array of contexts.

The premise is uncomplicated. Like an acting class instructor, you guide the girl through various sensual exercises simulating brief scenarios or actions that you choose at your discretion. For example,

"Imagine you're holding an ice cream cone and the scoop falls out to the ground. Feel your face change as your disappointment rises."

Or,

"Imagine it's midnight and you hear a loud knock at the door. All the lights are out and you have no idea who it could be."

The gist of this routine is to heighten the emotions that a girl feels in your presence. The mere evocation of sensual stimuli will produce authentic elevations in her emotional calibration, much the same way that adopting power poses will produce real elevations in a man's testosterone level and feeling of confidence. Couple the mimetic onslaught with a shrewdly anchored hand to thigh or forearm and when she recollects her dreamy night feeling the fuzz of an imaginary peach you concocted from thin air, her mind will travel a short hop from fruit to you, farmer of emotions.

By getting a girl to essentially play-act imaginary stimuli recruiting one or all the senses, her mind opens to further exploration with you and she becomes quite a bit more pliable to your commands, (a pliability to which she secretly yearns to release herself). The Imagination Test is, besides a stimulant for bored girls' wary ennui, a demonstration of your creativity and originality. Rest assured, there are few men riding these kinds of thought trains through the stony skulltunnels of girls just met. Women are always looking for men set apart; this routine is one way to accomplish that.

The hard part is not the routine itself, but the sophisticated segue you must have to open an unweird social space for the routine. A couple of springboards I use that work well:

"Are you interested in learning a little bit about yourself?"

Or

"Many girls can get by on their looks, but not many can get by on their imaginations. How good is your imagination?"

Neither segue is failsafe verbillade, but they'll get the job done often enough.

Further examples of the Imagination Test:

Imagine yourself…

stroking a puppy's belly.
searching through a dark attic with a flickering flashlight.
holding a pigeon to your chest.

seeing a loved one for the first time in a long time.
overhearing your parents having sex.
catching a whiff of a man's cologne.
smelling freshly mown grass.
tasting something you hate.
feeling an ice cube on your neck (or breast, if mood permits).
massaging a lover's face.
letting rose petals slip through your fingers.
wrapped in a sheer satin curtain.
breaking warm bread fresh out of the oven.
gently tracing the face of your grandmother.
rolling your fingertips over a strong back (substitute female body part if you think she'd be down for the FFM).
biting into a juicy sweet melon.
revealing yourself naked for the first time to someone you love.

After your hypnotized hussy has gamely visualized and phantom experienced your sensate novellas, the opportunity is rich for a well-placed neg or a grudging acceptance of her imaginative, if unexpected, spark. Too, there is the chance to reveal to her (fib, really) what her mien during the exercises says about her personality (feel free to wing it here). As long as it's about her and her centrality to the cosmos, she'll feel that ever-present but slyly nebulous "connection" that women so love and that men strive to fabricate for slits and tingles.

Your post-thespian responses can run the gamut:

"When you tasted the food you hated, your mouth made this funny snarl, like a dog trying to lick away peanut butter."

"When you smelled the grass, you had this incredibly serene look. What was it that made you so contented?"

"You put your hands behind your back when you imagined being naked. This small movement tells me you want no obstacles between yourself and a lover."

***

Seduction comes in three stages for a reason: it's the rediscovery of a natural mating rhythm that has likely remained unchanged for eons beyond memory. Now you, reader, imagine a woman's heart as a pot of water on the stove. You tease her and challenge her to turn on her burner. You draw her in with words festooned in emotional garland to warm her lifeblood. You raise her temperature with feints toward the gas jet until she is boiling over. Tease, engage, escalate.

TEASE. ENGAGE. ESCALATE.

Maxim #20: First, lead by defying. Then, lead by inspiring. Finally, lead by desiring.

All steps, however abbreviated, must come in their order to inflame her curiosity, just as your eyes must travel the expanse of her body and the inflection points of her face, and your ears receive the chirp of her voice, to form the full measure of your lust.

Before You Say Nonconsensual Sex Isn't Pleasurable, See These 8 Facts From An Esteemed Sexologist

CH · 1 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

1. Girls love selfish badboys.

2. Nonconsensual erotic rape fantasies are more common among women than previously thought.

3. Girls love dominant men who take what they want.

4. Girls hate men who do as they're told.

5. Girls hate sensitive, emotionally available men.

6. Girls love men who take charge.

7. Girls love it when men touch them without asking.

8. Girls love men with “appetitive-aggressive” tendencies.

You'll Know You're An Alpha Male If...

CH · 2 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

You've ever inconspicuously texted under the table or called from the bathroom another girl while you were on a date.

You've ever snuck out on a date going badly.

You've ever bailed on a date because you met a hotter girl in the interim.

You've ever walked into a first date's apartment, made a bee-line for her bathroom, pissed on the seat, farted loudly, exited, and strolled up to her to plant a passionate kiss.

You've ever held two simultaneous relationships, one for "appearances".

Your women get carried away and relent to raw dog in the heat of the moment.

You've ever brazenly lied to a woman to cover up an infidelity. And didn't feel bad about it.

You've ever banged a woman while another woman's life force was still adhered to your dick.

You've ever said "Are you fucking kidding me?" to an attractive woman.

You've ever banged a woman in public, within view of families.

You've ever legitimately forgotten about a woman you started dating. Super alpha bonus points if you met her on the street and had to stare blankly for five seconds before recollecting.

You've ever forgotten a woman's name up through the third date. And didn't bother apologizing for it.

You've ever steadily pressed for sex beyond three half-hearted "No"s, and achieved your goal.

You've ever replied more than an hour later after a girl texted, and it wasn't a calculated maneuver. You genuinely didn't feel like putting in the effort.

Girls cum with you in every sex position.

You're not the one who's nervous.

You've rarely had to wait past the third date for sex.

You've ever flirted with girls when every social expectation at the time was that you shouldn't.

You've ever taken a call from a girl while another girl was sleeping naked against your bare chest.

You've ever walked away from a long-term relationship out of boredom.

You've ever had to deal with a pregnancy scare.

A girl has ever cried for you.

You've dumped more often than you've been dumped, and when the latter happened you rarely had a dry spell longer than a month.

You've ever scheduled two dates for the same night. Super alpha bonus points if both dates ended in bangs. Super alpha doubleplusalpha bonus points if both dates ended in bangs *together*.

You've ever banged a girl on the first date without either of you using the disinhibition elixir of alcohol.

You've ever dated a girl who was persuaded to, temporarily at least, acquiesce to your insistence on a one-way sexually open relationship.

You've ever acquired an honest-to-god stalker. (This may be indisputable proof of alphaness.)

You've had girls approach you and solicit you for a drink, or even sex.

You've ever taken a girl home without needing an excuse to coax her compliance.

You've ever had a girl call you an asshole not long before she succumbed to intimacy.

You've ever had a girl spend more on you than you on her before she offered her sex.

You've ever been eagerly paraded in the presence of your girlfriend's ex-boyfriend.

You've ever had a girlfriend accuse you of cheating, even when you weren't.

You've ever truly, madly, deeply loved two girls at the same time. And they loved you back.

Studies Provide Support For Dread Game

CH · 3 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A series of riveting studies, referenced in this video from 7:15-11:05, examined the effects of reward, punishment, or a mix of the two on behavioral attachment. The reader who forwarded the video summarizes the studies' results,

> Experiment where baby animals are rewarded, punished, or a mix of both, for following researchers, their "mothers". The researchers measured attachment this way, and while punishment leads to more attachment from baby animals to the researchers, a mix of both, uncertainty leads to the most attachment.
>
> Applied to game, this shows that while being an asshole is better than being nice, a mix of both, keeping a girl on her toes, will lead to the most attachment/attraction.

The pertinence of these studies to game should be obvious to the proto-illuminated. In turn:

– Young monkeys who were scared avoided the wire-constructed feeding mother in favor of the non-feeding, comforting cloth mother. Warmth and comfort were more important than food to fostering attachment (aka LOVE).

Game relevance: Beta males who think they can buy women's love are sorely mistaken. Corollary: The comfort stage of game should not be neglected.

– A fake "rejecting" mother (a blast of air pushed the young monkeys away) increased the monkeys' attachment. Frustration actually amplified the monkeys' desire to attach.

Game relevance: The optimal game strategy is neither All Push nor All Pull, but Push and Pull working in concert to create delightful, tingle-generating uncertainty.

– Puppies who received random, intermittent love became the most attached to the researchers.

Game relevance: Relationship dread increases emotional attachment. This is a ❤direct vindication❤ of a core CH principle of intersexual relations.

A brutally truthful quote glares at you from the linked video:

> …stress, including the mental stress of uncertainty, is an ingredient in attachment or love and that perhaps even manifestations of hatred (its polar opposite) somehow enhance love.

Where have you heard this before?

Indifference, not hate, is the opposite of love.

Of course, you don't need the science to convince yourself of the merits of game. You could do the more personally rewarding thing and exit into the real world, try it out on women, and discover the power of applied charisma in the charts and graphs of women's wet, yearning eyes and venturesome fingertips.

There's a tangential point to be made regarding this slew of studies. The carrot and the stick together work best to alter people's behavior. Those weepy liberals who decry "shaming" tactics take note. All access/all the time kumbaya self-esteem feels boosts make puppies and monkeys and ducklings… and humans… selfish little ingrates. If you want women to try and please you, they need to ride the exquisite see-saw of your acceptance and repudiation. Women may not *want* this, but they *need* it to feel the release of passions they escape to pulp romance to obtain vicariously.

ps For those claiming this "works on men too", do note an important implied qualification: It works on *beta* men. Desirable men with options are rarely hornswoggled by women playing the same game they play.

Shakespeare Vindicates Chateau Heartiste

CH · 3 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Perspicacious and numerate commenter “St” writes in response to this post about Shakespeare having his male characters utter fewer words than their romantic female counterparts,

> CH,
>
> I hope you realize that 101/155 = 65.1%
>
> Which is disturbingly close (1.6%) to the 2/3 male-to-female text communication ratio you advise.
>
> If that’s not another exogenous vindication of Chateau principles, I don’t know what is.

“St” is referring to CH’s Poon Commandment V:

> **V. Adhere to the golden ratio**
>
> Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

It appears that CH, knowingly or unwittingly ;), stumbled upon a deep and abiding truth about sex, love and the erotic nature of women that was known to the literary greats of the distant past.

Heartiste and Shakespeare… truly, madly, deeply in ❤!

Reader Mailbag: It's Not The Venue, It's You

CH · 4 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1

Southern Man writes,

> Sunshine Mary is reviewing a book in which the authors (both women) propose that the five core needs of a woman are:
>
> to be cherished by a man
> to be protected by a strong man
> to rescue a man
> to be sexually alive
> to escape reality
>
> We are of course skeptical of any advice for women written by women but this list doesn't look too bad. How would it fare under the harsh light of the Chateau dungeon?

Heaven forfend, the Chateau is not a dungeon good sire! It is a temple. With a dungeon.

It's natural and justifiable to be suspicious of romantic advice from women. As CH has explained at length before, the predominantly visual component of women's attractiveness precludes them from having to grasp too much bowel-shaking reality. Men, however, can't just apply makeup and slip into a slinky dress to get scads of attention from the opposite sex; men must learn what makes women (and competitor men) tick if they want a decent shot at sex and love.

Nevertheless, there are those rare fair flowerings of insight from the passive sex. The list above compiled by "Sunshine Mary" distinguishes itself by avoiding the flagrantly shallow and self-serving pretty lies that are the stock in trade of most of her sistren. But like most female advice, a heaping helping of contextual hedging is necessary to make any use of it.

Yes, women want to be cherished by a man… an alpha man. And they don't want to be cherished too soon, too often, or too egregiously.

Yes, women want to be protected by a strong man… who makes them wet. And they want that protection in small doses, before it lurches into possessiveness.

Yes, women want to rescue a man… from his own jerkboy sexiness.

Yes, women want to be sexually alive… but that's a symptom, not a cause, of the kinds of men to whom they freely give their love.

Yes, women want to escape reality… no qualification needed.

My advice… take women's sex and romance advice with a flat of salt. Even the well-meaning ones.

***

Email #2

A reader channels Michelle Pfeiffer in *Dangerous Minds*,

> 40$ up for grabs in case I find your advice good enough.

Disqualification noted.

> I'm 25 years old and I've only recently discovered game, but already found a wide range of instances where even just a little game makes a huge freaking difference. I'm still new and grasping basics, but the sex life with the wife has improved significantly. Yes, I have a wife and child already. Trying to get the nuclear family thing going to keep western civilization outside of America running (you're all fucked already).
>
> Anyway, long story short, I have to get a job as a temp at a junior high-school to support my family. No other options available. The school isn't one of the worst, around 75/25 white/other. I want to be prepared for troublemakers however, so I read some about AMOG'ing, but all examples are in bars (naturally).
>
> Chateau, how to deal with annoying brats, trying to take a swing on the alphatemp? Examples highly appreciated.

A physical swing? From 13 year olds? Sounds like juvie instead of junior high.

This is perhaps beyond even the cosmic ken of the all-seeing id of CH, but one thing I can pass along is what I remember my alpha teachers behaving like when they had to deal with a class badass (*innocent look*). One such teacher used to feign obliviousness to the distracting student's antics as he strolled along the aisles formed by our chairs, and then in a swift movement and without warning would send his pointer stick crashing down on the offending rapscallion's desktop with an eardrum-breaking crash, saying not a word in the aftermath but what was spoken by his glaring eyes. That usually did the trick.

If you prefer the subtler approach, try dunce caps (a comic trope that needs renewed life), making the loser "L" sign on your forehead, quoting an updated Dean Wormer's classic "fat, dorky, and stupid is no way to go through life son", or pimp slapping. CH takes no responsibility for any helicopter parent's wrath which may be incurred by pursuing the above tactics.

***

Email #3

A refreshingly self-aware reader would like some tips on how to improve his anti-flake artillery. His Tinder/text replies are on the right (if it wasn't obvious).

> Passing along a tinder/text convo that ended in a flake. Fully aware that she never hooked very hard, if at all. But she gave a lot of shit tests which you might find interesting
>
> Anyway the convo is for your amusement. For me, I am wondering if you have any tips for me as a 27 yr old w/ girls who are under 21 (can't take to bars). Thanks and please dont use my name/email in anything.

reel… reel… reel….

damn! an old shoe!

My first take: You didn't answer her shit tests hard enough. You were too forgiving. You started tossing in "fun" routines before you had energized her curiosity. That's why your routines and leading questions fell like a led zeppelin. Also, you qualified her to soon. "You seem cool" should only be reserved for girls who have shown real

effort to seem cool to you. But I think you know all this.

By the way, girls sometimes unintentionally drop clues that they're liable to flake. "We'll see if it works out" is one such pre-flake clue. The tiny clause "we'll see" is one of the worst things you as a man will hear from a woman. She's so noncommittal she can hardly contain her ennui.

To answer your question, think about what excites under-21 girls. What excites them is what over-21 men do that men their own age don't or can't do. Backstage passes. Shows. Artsy house parties. Introductions to movers and shakers. Cultural or urban nooks and crannies to which only older men can give her access. Yes, bars too. Ice cream? No. That's a date you have with a girl you've been fucking for a long time.

I don't think the problem is your uninspired venue-choosing algorithm. She'd have been happy to go to a bar with you if she was sufficiently intrigued by your company. Never blame a flake on a logistical imperfection that could just as readily be blamed on a dearth of excitement. If a girl desperately wants to meet you, a crusty public bathroom can suffice.

***

Email #4

A reader broods,

> I have a question re: men's looks. I know this isn't as important as things like social proof and attitude but the thing is, where I'm not considered ugly, I'm also not very masculine-looking; I have quite feminine facial features and I'm very thin (working on this). Men who self-identify as "ugly" typically still have masculine features, just not in very good proportions. I, on the other hand, have decent proportions but not very masculine features. In terms of objective measurements like symmetry and proportion I'd say I was a 6, but I wonder: does having a "baby face" count against me, and how much? And how, physically-speaking, do I counter this? Should I play up an effeminate angle (not really my preference), or try to defeat it in some way (I also can't grow decent facial or chest hair yet despite having very hairy legs — thanks mom and dad!)?

You're thinking too much about this, like a little girly-woman with a little girly-hamster. Can you change your face? No. Can you approach more women and try to be more charismatic and challenging? Yes. If you do what you can theoretically do instead of complaining about what you cannot possibly do, you'll meet women who will either love your baby-face or who will make up rationalizations for loving your face when it's really your attitude they love.

About the only practical advice I could give you regarding your face is to abide the maxim "contrast is king". Women will be expecting a trustworthy, genial fellow when they meet your baby-face; they'll be pleasantly shocked when you flash your jerk pass.

On the other hand, I suppose you could go the plush beta orbiter route and aim for the bang circa 2023.

***

Email #5

The spring must bring out the brooders. Ohiomega laments,

> Hi, liege. Imagine a man had taken your DMV test and received a very low score–almost everything about him was subpar in terms of its ability to help him snag snatch. How could he most efficiently go about improving his lot? What is the order of operations, so to speak, of male improvement?

Ok, this may go against conventional pickup doctrine, but the *quickest* path to improving your lot is through the weight room. Squats, deads, bench, pull-ups. We're talking fast, right? In two months, you'll feel manlier and you'll look manlier. Game ROI is pretty quick too, but in my experience nothing will boost your outlook like a month or

two of hard lifting. Don't worry about "getting hyooge". That's not the point. Attitude adjustment is the point.

Now, if we're talking about *total* ROI, rather than quickest, you've gotta hit the field and apply the core game principles on real live women. Efficiency-wise, that means:

Get rid of crutches, aka loser male friends, who are unintentional or otherwise obstacles to you walking up to women to meet them for eventual copulation as the good lord intended.

Find someone who knows how to dress. Emulate that person.

Keep a few negs, a few conversation starters, a few generic text replies, a few juicy alpha male movie quotes, and a few psychological games in your memory bank for instant retrieval. Trawl the CH archives for these.

Be a good boy scout and prepare for every woman to shit test you.

Have a pre-planned "date night activity list" in your head, which you will use for just about every woman you meet. This means you know beforehand you will take the girl from Venue #1 -> Venue #2 -> Home/Venue #3, and you will know which drinks you'll get and who works there, as well as transportation options and distances from your 150-count bedsheets. Confidence is a side effect of tight planning.

Learn to engagingly tell one story from your life that makes you look good. Frame it in such a way that it seems you are reluctant to tell her, but oh well, she seems really interested.

Reader Mailbag entries are piling up. Expect some more in the coming weeks.

Abundance Mentality

CH · 4 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

How will you know you have an abundance mentality with women? When you screw around on a girlfriend, or think about leaving her, and all your buddies tell you how crazy you are for messing up a great thing with such a cutie.

Despite their uniform dissent, you still do it.

James Franco's Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Text Game

CH · 6 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

James Franco is an A-list Hollywood actor who could have women fellating him within fifteen minutes with an inviting smile, so it would be surprising if his text game read like it came from a tone-deaf beta sperg. Or would it?

in case you didn't know, i'm a really famous dude

don’t i look like a brooding james dean in my avatar?

i mean the # of inches you can take

autistic? or accustomed to easy lays?

he just has that “x” factor.

A normal non-famous man without compensating attractive personality traits would bomb badly running Franco get-to-the-point anti-game right out of the gate. But Franco is not a normal man; he’s famous, and Fame Game is the most powerful game known to exist in the universe. Franco has likely had no problem throughout his starfucked life getting laid when he wants, so he has been conditioned by his experiences with eager beavers that anything beyond minimal “name, rank, phone number” is unnecessary effort. His SMV is so high he could condense his courtship displays to pointing at his crotch. It would therefore be a mistake to draw lessons from Franco’s text game and apply them to the average aspiring womanizer.

But even the gravitational pull of Fame Game will yield to the electromagnetic push in the opposite direction of needy omega-ish anti-game. Women HATE HATE HATE desperate beta behavior maybe more than they LOVE LOVE LOVE famous men. It appears here that Franco’s charmless interrogation was sufficiently off-putting to ruin his chance with a springtime fresh Scottish lass. As a commenter put it, “Dewd gave her the social validation she craved, and is now in damage control mode.”

More than a few celebrities could use a dollop of game (as well as a primer in discretion). Some readers have shared stories of celebrities they overheard in the act of hitting on women, and they recall how surprised they were by the celebrity’s incongruous beta behavior. Being famous doesn’t necessarily mean being a smooth seducer. Presumably, these hapless actors either fell into their fame by accident, or they are so accustomed to women making all the effort to bang them that they regress to an M.O. of sheepish grins and stilted interview-style questions, perhaps resorting to handlers to do the actual dirty work of arranging face-to-face meetings with their hoped-for conquests.

Funny enough, the best part of Franco’s text game was near the end, when he wrote a curt “bye” to the girl. The threat of his disappearance suddenly loosened her tongue and switched her id gears from chasee to chaser. It was a helpful reminder of his incalculably numerous sexual market options.

Addendum

To head off the mewling nancyboys and nurse ratcheds menstruating about age of consent and “creepy older men”,

a strong dose of reality: It's as creepy for older men to lust for nubile teen girls bursting with secondary sexual characteristics as it is for teen girls to lust for older male stars bursting with charisma. That is to say, not at all. The necessity of drawing arbitrary legalistic AOC boundaries to thwart genuine pedophiles to the contrary, it's totally normal and sexually healthy for older men to be aroused by the sight, scent and aural sphere of sprightly teenflesh. Nothing abnormal about it. Of course, whole edifices of cultural baggage to shame and contain that natural male impulse have been erected (heh) by threatened older women and beta males on the receiving end of the fallout from unchecked alpha male romantic pursuit and the delight of their pursued.

How To Be The Biggest Tool In The Bar

CH · 7 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Word of advice: Barring extenuating circumstances, don't go out with a group of guy friends and one cute woman. You will righteously tool yourself before you've taken two steps toward self-hell into the bar.

The ultimate in toolbaggery is the group of mirin', pleased-as-punch über orbiters who show up to a venue with one hot girl in tow. Or rather, at center stage. Because that's where she inevitably ascends — straight to a social throne that her gaggle of beta pissboys have adorned for her.

I recently witnessed such a spectacle. Five men — not strange looking by any stretch, just normal dudes in department-wear — and one flaxen-haired hottie tucked in the middle of her men-ses, like a small sun radiating through a Saturnian Tool Belt. Everywhere she drifted, they followed, establishing without a doubt to the unbiased third party eye who was gravitationally in charge. When she smiled, her triptych of tools smiled on cue. When she pointed at something, they looked en masse in the direction of her pointing finger. When she laughed, they laughed uproariously. When she sat down, they encircled her even more tightly, parting occasionally to unwittingly afford her a better view of better men.

And when she touched the arm of any one of them, the rest shuffled and frowned with noticeable agitation.

But the *coup de brah* by a long shot was when the five guys enlisted the help of a passing bartender to take a photo of the girl surrounded by her eunuch guards. The barkeep obliged, and the assembled onlookers retched. When he walked away after returning the phone-cum-camera, I was privy to his eye roll and bastard grin that he signaled to a colleague still behind the bar. The girls in my company also noticed the entire scene as it unfolded, and politely strained to hide their pity.

No one respects a beta orbiter, not even women. Everyone knows a beta orbiter when he sees him. But FIVE beta orbiters hoisting the royal palanquin of a darling princess? Have you no shame, sirs?!

Not one of those men was boffing that girl, I would bet your life savings on it. Every one of those men *wanted* to boff that girl, continuing in the theme of betting your life savings on it. She had no interest in boffing any of them, and to this bet I would add your mom's life savings.

What is happening to men of the West? By most indicators they have forgotten how to be men, or if they know they've lost interest in the art. They kneel at the feet of women, kiss her painted toes, and kowtow to her every whim. They gleefully sacrifice their dignity to public judgment and ridicule. They thirst for the pussy like lost adventurers lapping sand from hallucinatory oases.

Mind you, my complaints extend as far as my big-picture interest in preserving the culture which facilitates my poolside time. As a practical, day-to-day calculation, the abject fealty of my competition increases the destructive power of my game.

If you're a beta suffering a lengthy dry spell, don't expect relief to come from the accompaniment of an asexual female friend. Certainly don't expect it if she is accompanied by four more of your male buddies. If you must go out accompanied by a cute female friend, leave your buddies home. Insist that any additional hangers-on exclude too many of her male friends and include a few of her female friends. And, for the love of all that is hole-y, check the game literature for strategies and techniques detailing how to use a cute girl-friend as a pivot to other cute girls you have a realistic chance of sexing. Because that's about the best use of a cute female buddy.

It's almost tragic how unaware beta males are of the latent male SMV-boosting power which resides in an attractive female friend who can trigger the preselection algorithms of nearby girls. Unaware, and incapable of exploiting it. But isn't that just another dulcet note in the battle hymn of the beta male? Strike suicidally at one's own breast plate, and drip blood until a chubby spinster with sprog on the mind rescues you.

A Giddy Reminder Of The Evil Influence Of Feminism

CH · 8 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

For those optimists who don't think lying liars and the mendacious ideas they propagate matter, President Barry Kenyatta-Downlow Obama today signed two executive orders addressing the so-called "sex pay gap" myth that feminists have been menstruating over the national discourse for decades. In one order, federal contractors will now have to report how they allocate their wages by sex and race to the ~~Inquisition~~ government.

Ideas matter. The public megaphone matters. The pay gap as it is exploited by feminists and their shit lapping allies is entirely explainable by organic forces manifesting from innate sex differences. Hoped-for UGH MISOGYNIST discrimination has got nothing to do with it. Once adjustments are made for variables like occupational choice, downtime, part-time work, leave, hours worked, and natural sex-based variation in ambition and conflict resolution, the pay gap DISAPPEARS. In fact, some studies have shown that, after these adjustments, women actually make a little MORE than men on average.

Why is this important? Because the policies that evil ideas generate are actively harmful to the people who don't personally benefit from the lies. You can lay at the crooked labia of feminist ideology the consequences of futile efforts to correct the "pay gap" in the name of helping women "lean in". Employers have a new pointless cost to cover, and undoubtedly they will shift some of that cost onto their male employees. They suffer, consumers suffer, government efficiency (such as it is) suffers. Social distrust leeches into every facet of life. And, in the THX-amplified CH-widescreen picture, lower male wages undermine the marriage market.

Tell me again how feminism is irrelevant. With a straight face.

Yet there are normally clear-thinking scoffers who, emotionally shackled to their manicured knee-jerk caricatures of anti-feminists as **derp* incel bitterboys*, fail to grasp what's happening right before their eyes. Or, grasping it, disregard the tangible evil in favor of fantastical theoretical journeys to the "source" of the evil, which, they reason, is the only recourse to eliminating the influence of deranged and feels-propped ideologies shaping government policy RIGHT NOW.

CH is well-versed in the pleasures of excavating downward through cultural detritus to find the root causes of feminism and it's parent evilology Equalism, and of offering solutions. Being "anti-feminist" and being a "root cause-ist" aren't mutually exclusive; if anything, these stances are mutually reinforcing. And, procedural note, managerialism is likely not the ultimate source of feminism; that dishonor more likely belongs to genetic changes brought on by NW European excessive outbreeding.

But yeah, go ahead and spend your sadistic capital mocking anti-feminists as one after another feminist proposal sees the light of day and earns public acceptance and protection from realtalk ridicule. Meantime, see how far talk about "managerialism" severed from the actual lying propagandists thriving within the managerialist system gets you with the voters. Nah, I prefer my shivs aimed for the solar plexus, at the filthy fucking liars pushing their gruel down a gullible people's throats.

I get why some men dismiss the threat of feminism. Some are low intensity suburbanites happy to have settled for dutiful and loving frump wives who cook for them and pursue lifestyles totally removed from the sphere of feminist babble. Others date cutiepie sorority types who haven't so much as uttered the word "feminist" their whole lives. Still others have been out of the dating market for ten or twenty years and have lost touch with the energies that guide women's mate choices and the pro-feminist social lubrications which younger urban SWPLette women easily imbibe and regurgitate.

To these men, white knighting comes naturally because they don't see any direct line from the easygoing women in their own lives to the feminist assault on innate sex differences and, ultimately, on Western civilization. And yet, when the reasonable women they know enter the voting booth, a majority of them vote for feminism-loving politicians, and the skew is especially pronounced if they're unmarried. If that gives you hope, do note that single

women are a growing demographic cohort.

The day-to-day details of the non-confrontational, marginally empowered, platitude parroting woman hardly impress as antidotes to seismic feminist lies when job purges for crimethink are becoming the norm and government policy is twisting into pretzels to accommodate femcunt poopytalk. Maybe you think-tankingly believe quoting a few Burnham passages is the panacea to the black tentacle goo of feminism and equalism corrupting a new institution by the day. It could be, but people respond better to real world enemies identified and engaged.

Women are natural followers. You attack feminism and ostracize its advocates to lead women away from its carrion call. You do this in conjunction with deeper exegeses on root causes for Western social and cultural dissolution. Every attack angle counts when the castle is under siege. The front line is everywhere.

Or you could derp about anti-feminist bitter divorcees and nerdy incels (characterizations which, by the way, aren't true to life; the most joyous anti-feminists I know are happy-go-lucky players who get laid at will), and watch from the sidelines as yet another workaday stiff is tossed out on his rump by cackling hags offended by a lame dongle joke.

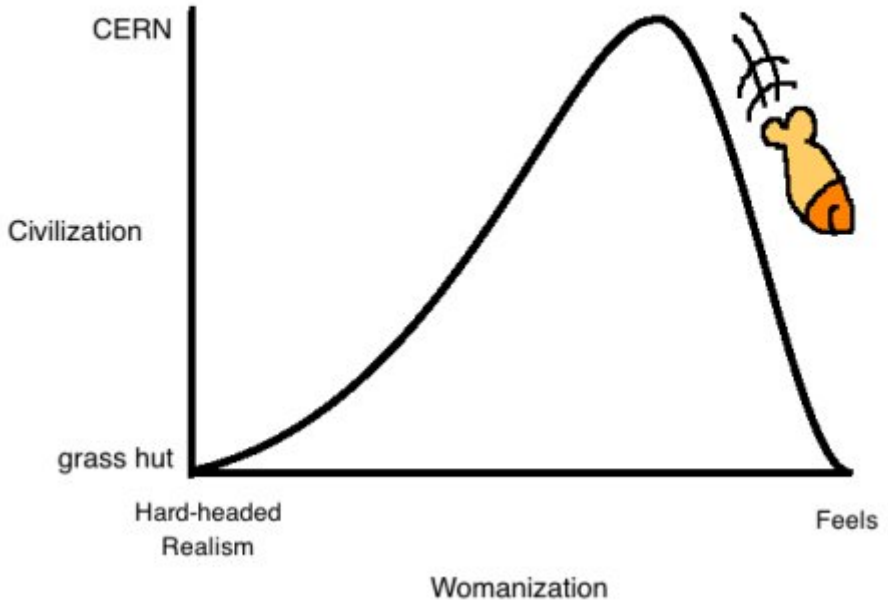
As a related afterthought, I wonder if leftoids understand the logical end goal of all their anti-pay gap agit-prop? Do they sincerely want a world where everyone, despite his talent or efforts, is awarded a $100K annual lifetime salary? Just level the playing field completely and be done with their griping. Some people are hard-wired to work no matter the recompense or status compression, but surely there will be millions of marginal cases who will say "fuck it" and drop out to collect the same salary doing nothing. And then you can kiss your comfortable cosmopolitan life goodbye.

That's the thermal exhaust port of leftoid equalists: they never think through the consequences of their spur-of-the-moment feels.

The Civilization-Womanization Graph

CH · 8 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Put away your history textbooks, this is the only graph you'll ever need to consult for an explanation why civilizations rise, plateau, and fall.



set a course for vaginaland, sulu

In honor of the factually baseless, feels-fueled, and insipid """Equal Pay Day""", this graph represents what happens to civilizations as they slowly but inexorably womanize.

As you can see, the trajectory is back-loaded. The reason for this is that it takes a long time and a lot of realism to build a civilization from the dirt, but a very short time for that civilization to wither and die once an irreversible feels threshold is crossed. Civilizational peak and plateauing typically occur after feels have pushed aside realism and begun consolidating its cultural power and influence. The lag effect is a feels-ifying culture eating its seed corn.

Tragically, this belle swerve is an inevitable consequence of civilizing progress. Like biological death, civilizational death is unavoidable, an emergent property of collective human nature. The hopeful soul might say that curbing women's political and cultural leverage can stop the bloodletting; theoretically a possibility, but what are the odds? Better to lounge poolside and enjoy the spectacle of civilization's enemies shrieking in shiv-peppered pain.

Update

"An increase in the influence of women in public life has often been associated with national decline."
– *The Fate of Empires*, Sir John Glubb

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Quieted Riot Edition

CH · 8 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter "Z" over at Cheap Chalupas/Bargain Beans had this to say about poverty alleviation programs,

> Welfare programs have never been about solving poverty. Even the most wild-eyed utopian dreamer knows that's absurd. The poor will always be with us. Poverty programs serve three functions today. One is riot insurance and prevention. The people of Maryland, for example, have a real concern about the 'citizens" in Baltimore burning the city to the ground. Giving them money to sit home and watch Springer all day is a cheap and bloodless way to deal with that problem. Welfare is just a part of the defense grid.
>
> The other function is to employ an army of state workers that become poll workers, organizers and fund raisers for the political parties. The fact that tax money goes to operations like Planned Parenthood, for example, who then funnel it back to the politicians is a good example of the self-dealing at work. The massive amount of campaign money that flows from government unions back to politicians is not an accident.
>
> Finally, these programs, their university training grounds and the non-profit barnacles attached to every poverty program are excellent dumping grounds for the dimwitted children of the ruling classes. Throughout the state systems you find relatives of state reps and party hacks. In Massachusetts, for example, the state is now largely run by a few Hibernia clans. There are families in Mass that have three generations of hacks.

CH's advice to leftoids who believe they MUST uplift the poor or they'll lose out on all that dopamine-boosting self-congratulatory feels is

1. Deal with it.

2. Make transfer payments to the wretched refuse contingent upon temporary or permanent sterilization.

Your typical SWPL high priestess won't rest until she's solved the problem of the poor? Solution: Policies which reduce the amount of poor people being born each generation. It's simple, it's effective, it robs the insufferable Salon crowd of their religious fervor. And that's why it'll never see the light of day.

Reframing

CH · 9 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an example of the utility of reframing to domains outside the sphere of pickup. Reader PA asks,

> What is a good, short, SFW [safe for work] response to the 77% [pay gap] lie?
>
> Other than "it's not true if type of profession, years of experience, and overtime are factored in."

PA is right to tacitly assert that an effective reframe to a ridiculous but widely-believed PC lie should be short and sweet and digestible. References to arid data or statistical qualifications won't win over the common plebe or plebette.

One reason why anti-Cathedral dissidents rarely get traction in these sorts of arguments they should be winning handily is that they don't know how to package their pushback in a way that makes it more receptive to the part of the listening audience who aren't brain-dead true believers. What is true for seduction is true for persuasion. Terse charm >>> loquacious insistence.

So in that vein, some persuasive, office-friendly reframes to the 77% pay gap lie would be:

"You say that like it's men's fault."

"And secretaries only make 10% of CEOs. We should narrow that gap too."

"Motherhood really competes with work."

"Handouts would fix the problem."

I welcome the readers to add their own pay gap myth reframes.

***

PS On a related subject, change is a-blowin' in the wind, my friends. It's small change, but something is definitely happening. I've noticed of late a certain reticence by the boyfriends of SWPL girls to robotically agree with their girlfriends' feminist boilerplate. Instead of the usual head nodding and "yes, yes"s whenever their girls babble feminist cant, these once-sackless wonders have begun to look off into the distance impatiently, and their blank expressions betray conversation thread-killing neutrality. It's not the CH-style shiv, but it's better than total supplication.

I'd like to think that the Chateau message is finally influencing the zeitgeist; if so, we may be cresting the horizon to revolution, and moving into a brighter, sunnier, more unapologetically erect day.

Omega Male Of The Month

CH · 9 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

"i'm biased against PIV"

The Germans have a word (the Germans always have a word) for "a punchable face": Backpfeifengesicht.

Why do these male feminists all look the same? Is there a factory that shits out bald, pale, pencil-necked, peach-fuzzed, brony fluffers who were born with full diapers?

Self-flagellation is nothing new for the pillow biter set, but one wonders how effective the male feminism pose is as a mating strategy. Assuming the androgyne above isn't a bottom, he must cop this degrading attitude on some level to score flabby feminist poon. It's either an evolved behavioral strategy that works *juuust* often enough to prevent it from being culled from the male population, or, like open borders race cuckoldry, it's a maladaptive expression of a genetic trait that may have been useful a long time ago in a different sexual environment when the steppe thundered with brazen misogynists and the sensitive man had some relative value to women.

Regardless, the male feminist strategy sucks for attracting cute girls unless you have compensating attributes like charm or social status.

Alpha Male Of The Month

CH · 9 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

now let's see if you can suck dick at the same time.

When a woman publicly, willingly, and happily prostrates herself to a powerful alpha male, it triggers the egalitarian instinct in northwest Europeans (men *and* women) who, feeling vicarious indignation, snark and sputter their displeasure. For instance,

> Proof that men are completely helpless.

Yes, it *could* be proof of that (if you ignore the fact that he appears to be a healthy man capable of standing on his own without aid). But much more likely it's proof that his beautiful lover takes great pleasure in serving him.

To the modern, equalism-addled Western mind, such displays of raw female submission to raw male sexuality are both alien and unsettlingly evocative of sexual relations as they may occur without social censure, or as they may have occurred in the distant past when fewer formalized rules were in place to constrain the sexual gluttony of alpha males and the dewy-eyed slavishness of the women who loved them. Threatening, too, because the occasional display of stark sexual polarity in egalitarian societies, consensual and brimming with joy by both parties, is a shivvy reminder to the mass of mediocrities of their own organically constrained romantic options.

In short, sour grapes and snark are the typical reactions by losers suffering the ceremony of winners.

Assume The Sale Game

CH · 10 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a conversation I had with a girl on the night we met. Some details have been redacted to protect the devilish.

Little Lord Lucifer: Go over there and do [X] for me.

Girl: And what would I get out of that?

Little Lord Lucifer: My approval.

Girl: (waits a beat, audibly snorts) Your approval! What does that even mean?

Little Lord Lucifer: It means exactly what it sounds like.

Twenty seconds of me warmly smiling and her accusing me of being "full of it" and "a psycho" elapse. Suddenly, she looks at me with widened eyes, her mouth opens a little, she cocks her head, and gets up to do [X]. She returns, mission accomplished.

Girl: (with feigned deference) Did I perform to your expectations, oh great one?

Little Lord Lucifer: Yes. Thanks. I approve.

Girl: (sarcastically) Oh, I am SO relieved to be in your good graces!

***

Now, there's a couple sociosexual dynamics going on here. There's the obvious one that she did the thing I asked of her. Sarcastic intent notwithstanding to the contrary, I raised a hoop and she jumped through it. All that her consent required was my rock-solid frame and confidence that she would do it. Overconfidence is the heart of game.

Two, even when humorous or sarcastic intent guides a woman's compliance — as if she was role-playing for the amusement of both of you — the physical motions of going through with the request will generate real feelings in her of slightly lower value and submission to a higher value man. This phenomenon is like the inverse of power poses, where instead of elevating one's confidence and self-assurance through behavioral cues, one evokes feelings of submission and deference through "powerlessness poses."

All of this psychological legerdemain acts on the abacus of subconscious mate evaluation. PUAs call it subcommunication, and it's a powerful, if mischievous, means of strengthening attraction in women.

Keychain Game

CH · 11 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Valued commenter Reservoir Tip relays,

> I've been toying with this game method for a little while now, and think it's pretty solid.
>
> When a date and I are sitting down, I grab her keychain, and say, "Ya know… You can tell a lot about a girl by what she keeps on her keychain."
>
> Sucks them right in. Then you go on to analyze all the little trinkets she keeps on it. College girls' keychains are practically cat o nine tails with all the junk they have hanging off them. Found a girls AA token on a keychain last night, and it had her qualifying herself to me for the next ten minutes.
>
> Keychain Game.

As practical game advice, the phrase "You can tell a lot about a girl by [X]" (or its variant, "I can tell a lot about you by [X]") is highly concentrated and purified chick crack.

Chick crack is any conversation topic or titillating segue that engages girls so powerfully they forget to act bored or shit test you. Cold reads like Keychain Game fall into this category, as does any ruse which implicitly recognizes a girl's natural solipsism and entrancement with her own uniqueness.

The best thing about chick crack, besides its ability to pry taciturn pouters, are the opportunities for negs, teasing and disqualifications once the girl starts giddily reveling in her psychological diagnosis. Per Mr. Tip, the more a girl loves herself, the better you can leverage her self-love into self-surrender.

Is Pollution Feminizing Men?

CH · 11 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along research which discovered that river pollution — specifically, endocrine disrupting chemicals (which are found in everyday products such as pesticides, contraceptive pills and detergents) — in Spanish estuaries is feminizing the male fish.

Welly well, CH has been in front decrying a perceptible increase in Western male manboobery aka feminization. We are awash in male feminists, our culture is getting regressively scalzified, and that can't be entirely chalked up to genes. Something befouls the pool of innate masculinity, turning once-proud penises inward and sacks upward.

Can we infer negative impacts of pollution on human males from male fish? I think we can, but further research will help clear this up. If it turns out pollution is a major cause of beta orbiters, male feminists, and other self-flagellating pudding pops, then Western technological civilization can rightly be accused of waging a war against men, and the war is going global.

And it's a good bet that whatever's feminizing men is also masculinizing women. Manjaws and narrow boy hips are everywhere, in case you haven't noticed. American women are counting notches on their bedposts while American men are penning sappy paeans to pedestaled sluts.

One interesting angle to this "pollution makes manlets" research is that we can expect to find manlier (i.e. psychologically healthier) men where water and air pollution is lower. Now where would that be… rural areas? Low population density areas? You see where this is heading.

Rural red state good ol' boys 8====D~~~ urban blue state SWPLs.

Comment Of The Week: Tools Were Made To Be Used

CH · 12 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner is YaReally, who summarizes the best use of a group of hapless men guarding their prized quarry.

> Take their girl.
>
> You're cooler than them by default simply because they're so low-value to her that they're her orbiters, and you're the bright shiny new object. Just ignore her and chat with them, then tease her when she tries to get your attention and she'll choose you and demand more of your attention. If you choose her, they can "protect" her and kick your ass…but if she chooses you, there's nothing they can do about it because she'll defend you from them. All they can do is go home and cry themselves to sleep, then Google "how do I get this one special girl I'm in love with??" and end up on their way to enlightenment lol

The shiv is strong in this comment. Congrats Ya. Your Golden Shiv trophy is waiting for you at the Chateau reception desk.

***

First COTW runner-up is EdwardWaverley, who writes a poem about a girl who secretly yearns for the grimy nonconsensual love of a street bum.

> Tramp Seeks Tramp
>
> I don't want a beta provider
> a simpering resource divider.
> I won't love a dashing young turk,
> nor even a debonair jerk.
>
> To render me gasping agape
> I need to experience rape.
> I know 'round the mountain I'd come
> to play rape with the neighborhood bum.
>
> As he stumbles alluringly near
> with his gin-addled grin and his leer,
> and accosts me without my permission,
> all the dregs of my id start to wishin'
>
> that he'll yank me right into his alley
> to assault my near-quivering valley.
> Though I'm trying to straighten my dress
> and to vocalize "no," I'm a mess
>
> of frightfully strange contradictions.
> And I'm finding that civil restrictions
> are a cramp to my hideous kink,
> that I wonder what mother would think
>
> could she see me receiving attentions
> from nefarious, strange uber-menschen
> in a dark semi-public demesne?
> Better not to examine that vein
>
> up too close. Yet it's dreadfully clear

> that an open-air climax is near!
> If this fantasy goes any further
> I may wind up a homeless man's birther!
>
> But enough! I can't think any longer
> of my rapey mysterious schlong-er.
> (He'd be homeless, and horny, and free!
> And he'd long just to rape only me!)
>
> I've resigned myself simply to ponder
> a vague thought of felicity yonder.
> With my husband I'll gladly play dumb
> as I secretly yearn for a bum.

Stirring. I would pay good money to watch a prankster recite this on-stage just after a feminist slam poetess had finished her dull harangue.

***

Second COTW runner-up is Just Saying, who reminds the dudio audience that giving a woman even an ounce of control is a recipe for romantic failure.

> Women HATE making decisions or being in control – so don't let her. Tell her where to be, and when to be there. If she is – great, if not you should have others lined up and it's her loss. I have had a woman blow me off and my last text to her was a – "Sorry to miss you. Met someone, we're off." Suddenly my phone exploded with texts – which I ignored till the next day since I was with someone and they took precedence. The next time she was there – on time, and I banged her. You always have to be willing to walk on a woman – other wise they get full of themselves, and NO WOMAN is worth your dignity.
>
> Being her pet monkey sending her photos with her name on it [re: James Franco], is BS – she showed it to all of her GF's and laughed at you. No women is worth that – I would have sent her a canned photo of an old GF's butt that I keep for such occasions with the verbiage – KISS THIS.

Depedestalization is a prerequisite to seduction. Of course, you can fake the pedestal funk to charm women, but really feeling the weight of that pedestal in your bones is a burden that will pollute any charm offensive you take.

***

Finally, the COTW consolation prize is awarded to Waffles.

> One of the first dates with my now GF of over a year, we were discussing what to do after we got food etc. I said something along the lines of "you can just drop me at my car tomorrow morning", she said something like "Oh, what makes you think you're coming back to my place?" Channeling the teachings of CH I smirked and said "Always assume the sale". Sure enough went back to her place. We've been dating over a year now and live together. She STILL brings up that comment "always assume the sale" with sparkles in her eyes and tingles galore.

There is so little game in the world, and so few men practicing the art of game, that a little bit goes a long way. So long, in fact, that a woman will remember a cocky line spoken years earlier as the prelude to a deep and wonderful romance.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Diversity + Proximity = Poopytalk

CH · 13 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

cold russian on the restrictions diversity organically imposes on discourse,

> Dialogue is naturally limited under the condition of diversity. Atomize any further and it gets down to kindergarten level, pretty much “Don’t say that bad word!” dictated in baby talk. All of this for the upkeep of a lonely society where you say “Have a nice day” to the black receptionist at the dentist’s office or where the Asian at the sushi place puts on a cheery voice to greet you. Anybody who wants to make a living out of writing has to tip-toe around this issue, or else face the anger of a bunch of blacks who feel disrespected, and signaling whites who nail you for the highest kind of evil possible in their perpetually abstracting minds.

There are actually two negative forces at work on Western social cohesion and comity: Diversity and diversity elevation. The first, the actual ratios of different people within a single geopolitical and cultural space, reduces trust and bonhomie by the action of observable behavioral and temperamental differences, particularly if those group differences are unequally suited to thrive in a complex modern society. The second, the glorification of diversity by status whoring whites and their non-white pawns, infects otherwise normal daily politeness between different peoples with a patina of coercion and resentment.

In an ethnically and racially diverse society the natural fissures created by the compressed diversity are exacerbated by secular-religious belief in the unassailable value of diversity and by proselytizing of diversity as an unmitigated good exempt from criticism. Organic diversity strains social connectedness, but diversity elevation draws a spotlight to that strain through the inhuman demands it makes of people to dumb down their dialogue and ignore what their lying eyes tell them.

So, for instance, the necessary upkeep of saying “Have a nice day” to a black receptionist in a diverse but psychologically healthy society is easy politeness no normal person finds objectionable that gets twisted into something darker and more resentful — like a false confession under duress — in a psychologically damaged society that denies one race their identity while exalting the identities, real or fantastical, of every other race. The most delicious irony of the diversity inquisitors is that their very fervor to stamp out heretical thought is driving the natural wedges of diversity deeper into the body politic.

Gaming Mediocre Girls

CH · 14 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Yes, I know what some of you are thinking. “Game mediocre girls?! What’s the point? That’s like learning how to appreciate the aroma of a turd bouquet.”

This electro-retreat tries to stay as close as possible to practical advice that would work in the real world. In the real world, most men are not banging out 9s and 10s (for the simple reason that there aren’t nearly enough 9s and 10s to service all the men who want them). In the real world, some men are huge nerds. As CH has written before, game, like all male attractiveness traits sans perhaps fame, has its limits. Notwithstanding tout-able exceptions to the contrary, all else equal game will not enable the typical male 3 to date female 8s on a long-term basis.

Given that plain-as-day premise (and yes, I know there are game maestros who joyously flout the fat part of the bell curve), there remains a healthy market for the placid love of mediocre girls who are, after all, not fugs nor morbidly obese Beelzeblobs.

Short primer
Untouchables: 0,1
Uglies: 2,3
Mediocrities:4,5,low 6
Cuties: high 6,7
Hotties: 8,9,10

In the arena of accelerated seduction, comparative SMVs matter. Half of men are starting from a low spot in the male sexual hierarchy, from where a bounce up to dating 5s or 6s would represent for them considerable improvement in their romantic fortunes.

This post, then, is for those men. It’s quick and dirty game for the mediocrities and, to a lesser extent, the cuties who have not yet had their egos inflated past their psi burst risk. Game doesn’t need to do much to make a man much happier than he ever imagined he could be. If a low SMV man is sadly accustomed to dating 3s, the joy of dating 5s regularly will make him feel like the luckiest man on earth. (At least until he gets bored of the 5s.)

Gaming mediocre girls is, in the general, a less purposefully antagonistic affair than gaming hotter girls. This is because middling chicks have lower self-esteems and thus don’t require the verbal feints and parries that hotter girls need to feel excited about a man.

The above betacentric generality loses relevance if the SMVs between the man and the mediocrity are close. That is, a male 8 gaming a female 5 will need more front-loaded beta reassurance game to make her feel like he is attainable and sincerely interested in her. For him, simple compliments on her sense of style can open the floodgates to speed seduction.

But a man who is closer in SMV to a mediocre 5, or even lower SMV than her, will have to game her like she’s a 7. However, my travels across the dating landscape have revealed a peculiarity to gaming mediocrities: Many are so beaten down by the pump and dumps they’ve suffered that they need to hear a nice thing before they’ll be receptive to any sort of pickup attempt.

The key is how your “nice” opener is framed. It can’t be chucked into the air like a hail mary pass. It can’t be sappy. It can’t be trite. Instead, try this:

“You seem like a happy person. That’s not a bad thing.”

To a genuinely upbeat girl, this will provoke a smile. Technically, it’s a compliment. But it’s also a very subtle neg and frame control; you’re short-circuiting her instinct to assume she’s being patronized, while guiding her to a conversation on your terms.

Even compliments can be massaged by game so that they are more effectively delivered. If you're a nerd for whom 5s and 6s are a dream come true, game for mediocre girls who otherwise wilt under the heat of intense seduction techniques may be something you should consider adding to your traditional pickup repertoire.

Ambiguity Is The Psyche Of Game

CH · 15 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If you ever receive a dubious excuse from a girl who has cancelled a date at the last second, the best reply is an ambiguous one that could be interpreted as either sarcastic disbelief or sincere sympathy. For example,

GIRL: Sorry I can't make it! My grandma fell and can't get up. I have to take her to the hospital.

YOU: wow

That's it. The insidious beauty of this one word reply is that, in the event her excuse was genuine, your muted exclamation can easily fill in as a plausible expression of condolence. If she's lying, she'll be psychologically self-groomed to interpret your "wow" as a jerkboy dismissal, and your value to her as a sexual being will go up.

"wow" is a great all-purpose ambiguous message that can springboard into all sorts of flirty conversation.

YOU: wow

GIRL: You don't believe me? No really my grandma fell.

YOU: ok. say hi to grandma for me.

or…

YOU: wow

GIRL: don't be such an asshole.

YOU: wow that sucks. I hope she feels better.

You can really screw with a girl's head if you're familiar with the art of ambiguity.

Should You Confirm Dates?

CH · 16 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've never been on board with the habit of calling or texting a girl before a date to confirm that it's still on. I get the idea of it — if she's about to flake, you save yourself the hassle and indignity of getting caught out alone — but practical considerations aside, the very act of confirming dates conveys lower value. Assuming the sale means assuming she'll be there at the agreed upon time. It doesn't mean assuming she forgot, or she might not show, and you have to double check to be sure her oh-so-busy schedule still allows time for your meager and annoying company.

Given the inherent DLV of date confirmations, men are advised to avoid the practice altogether or, if circumstances require confirming a date, to confirm with sly obliqueness that sidesteps the trap of self-betatization.

On the subject, a reader asks,

> Long time reader here who has improved game, life style and understanding of women in general. Here's my question. I always find it DLV to confirm a first date with a new girl, and have devised a few C&F methods, but here's a new one I seek your opinion on. I send a text a few hours before the date:
>
> ME: I already have plans for tonight, but I'm free tomorrow night
>
> HER: what/ok/whatever
>
> ME: Wrong person, obviously I have plans with you tonight.
>
> It does 2 things – 1. Shows that maybe another girl is reaching out to you and 2. You're actually confirming.
>
> Thoughts? A better version?
>
> TIA

This is a twisted version of Reverse Eavesdropping Game. It's a manipulative ploy to project high male mate value by (not so subtly) insinuating the fullness of your dance card. And, as the reader has noted, it's a sneaky method to confirm a date with a girl without appearing like you called to confirm.

The difficulty with this tactic is the substantial risk of transparency. How obvious is it that your text was actually meant for her and not for another imaginary girl? The less obvious, the better Reverse Eavesdropping Game works. If you think the context is right and the impression you left with her is congruent with the believability of these texting tricks, then give it a whirl. Otherwise, I'd say skip this style of overwrought sneaky fucker texting and try these alternatives to confirming dates instead:

1. The preemptive "I'll be late" gambit.

Need to confirm a date? Not sure if she'll show up? Text her a few hours beforehand to tell her you'll be late.

"just letting you know i'll be ten minutes late. don't be tragically sad."

The beauty of this trick is that it simultaneously makes you seem higher value (you've got a busy life) while leaving the door open for her to announce an intention to flake if that was her plan. You aren't confirming anything; you're assuming she'll be there. Her reply will be either "ok" in which case you have pretty good evidence she'll show up or, if she was planning to cancel, she'll be trapped in a corner where she either has to baldly lie (most girls won't do this) or fess up that she won't make it.

2. The "Wear something cute" gambit.

This is a classic PUA end-run around a potential flake. You text, "Wear [X] and [X] tonight" a couple hours before the date. No direct confirmation, no DLV. The assumption of her presence at the agreed time and place is tacit. If she doesn't reply, she's lost interest and is likely going to flake. If she does, her reply will tell you enough about her

intention, or lack thereof, to show up that you can cease any further communication until you're face-to-face with her (or until you've deleted her number).

Hope this helps!

Cuck Up

CH · 16 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Cuck up, idiom, slang, origin: Chateau Heartiste.
1. Variation on the “man up” theme; to demand of a cuckolded man that he support the bastard child of his cheating wife or girlfriend.
2. A taunt directed at a beta male to ostensibly shame him to provide for the child of another man’s seed, often delivered by ugly feminists and low SMV white knights who are projecting their fear of mass beta male abandonment of a sexual market skewed by law and custom to satisfy the preferences of women and women alone.

Courtesy of reader Waffles, a (probably fake but still illuminating) story on Reddit that serves as a wonderful microcosm of the murky churn at the bottom of the sexual market, where fat sluts dupe manboobed omegas into race cuckoldry.

> Off topic but will be appreciated by the CH crowd. Over on Reddit a debate was going on after some guy posted this. His kid came out black. There apparently were actually people telling him that he should “man up” and take care of the kid as his own! Delusional.

The OP:

> *I did not walk out on anything. It is not my responsibility to raise a kid that did not come from me. I may sound like an ass, but I can’t believe the people who said to raise it as mine. Imagine your wife finally getting pregnant, only to see a different race pop out, and you realize it’s not yours. I am not raising that kid, however enjoy your free karma.*

definitely not master of her domain

Some choice replies:

> *Some white babies do come out looking black though, sometimes you gotta let it air out for a little bit for the complexion to even up.*

[illegible]

> *At least your wife had the decency to fuck a black man, so you could tell she cheated on you. So you’ve got that going for you, which is nice.*

Womb half-full.

> *Did you drink grape soda the day before?*

Science!

> *Before you lawyer up and sue for divorce, I would ask you to take a step back and a deep breath. Try to remember that it isn't the little guy's fault.*

Cuck up… "for the children".

> *I must ask, are you mad that the child is not yours; Or is it because the child is Black?*

Because racism is the true moral outrage here.

> *He has your palms.*

at least he has a chance to get laid before he turns 30

You laugh, but every other relationship depicted on televagina these days is essentially a warmly accommodated race cuckold fantasy. Sorry White knighters… white women eat that shit up.

Jesus Had Game

CH · 17 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Jesus wept? Oh no, my friends. Jesus charmed!

Jesus, like so many leading protagonists in the great books for men, had game, and used it to mesmerize the fuck outta his audiences of admirers. There's a direct line throughout history leading from the thorny crown to the furry hat. Jesus was mystery, and Jesus was the first Mystery.

Proof of Jesus' mad skills with the coy doubters comes to us via this nifty list of his best follower pickups.

> One of the best-described of all charismatic leaders is Jesus. About 90 face-to-face encounters with Jesus are described in the four gospels of the New Testament.
>
> Notice what happens:

The Son of God is about to raise your buying temperature.

> Jesus is sitting on the ground, teaching to a crowd in the outer courtyard of the temple at Jerusalem. The Pharisees, righteous upholders of traditional ritual and law, haul before him a woman taken in adultery. They make her stand in front of the crowd and say to Jesus: "Teacher, this woman was caught in the act of adultery. The Law commands us to stone her to death. What do you say?"
>
> The text goes on that Jesus does not look up at them, but continues to write in the dirt with his finger. This would not be unusual; Archimedes wrote geometric figures in the dust, and in the absence of ready writing materials the ground would serve as a chalkboard. The point is that Jesus does not reply right away; he lets them stew in their uneasiness.

Jesus used tension to build attraction.

> Minutes go by. One by one, the crowd starts to slip away, the older ones first– the young hotheads being the ones who do the stoning, as in the most primitive parts of the Middle East today.
>
> Finally Jesus is left with the woman standing before him. Jesus straightens up and asks her: "Woman, where are they? Has no one condemned you?" She answers: "No one." "Then neither do I condemn you," Jesus says. "Go now and sin no more." (*John 8: 1-11*)
>
> Jesus is a master of timing. He does not allow people to force him into their rhythm, their definition of the situation. He perceives what they are attempting to do, the intention beyond the words. And he makes them shift their ground.

Jesus forced others into his frame.

> He does not allow the encounter to focus on himself against the Pharisees. He knows they are testing him, trying to make him say something in violation of the law; or else back down in front of his followers. Instead Jesus throws it back on their own consciences, their inner reflections about the woman they are going to kill. He individualizes the crowd, making them drift off one by one, breaking up the mob mentality.

Jesus passed shit tests.

> Jesus is a charismatic leader, indeed the archetype of charisma. Although sociologists tend to treat charisma as an abstraction, it is observable in everyday life. We are viewing the elements of it, in the encounters of Jesus with the people around him.

Game is applied charisma. I wonder if Jesus was a Dark Triad? Or should I say, Dark Trinity?

> (1) *Jesus always wins an encounter […]*
>
> Jesus never lets anyone determine the conversational sequence. He answers questions with questions, putting the interlocutor on the defensive. An example, from early in his career of preaching around Galilee:
>
> Jesus has been invited to dinner at the house of a Pharisee. A prostitute comes in and falls at his feet, wets his feet with her tears, kisses them and pours perfume on them. The Pharisee said to himself, "If this man is a prophet, he would know what kind of woman is touching him– that she is a sinner."
>
> Jesus, reading his thoughts, said to him: "I have something to tell you." "Tell me," he said. Jesus proceeded to tell a story about two men who owed money, neither of whom could repay the moneylender. He forgives them both, the one who owes 500 and the one who owes 50. Jesus asked: "Which of the two will love him more?" "The one who had the bigger debt forgiven," the Pharisee replied. "You are correct," Jesus said. "Do you see this woman? You did not give me water for my feet, but this woman wet them with her tears and dried them with her hair… Therefore her many sins have been forgiven– as her great love has shown."

Jesus doesn't follow conversational threads like an attention starved beta; he breaks them and makes his own. He answers ambiguously. He puts people in the defensive crouch, where tingles are born. Jesus follows the *statement-statement-question* format of effective discourse control.

> The priests send spies, hoping to catch Jesus in saying something so that they might hand him over to the Roman governor. So they asked: "Is it right for us to pay taxes to Caesar or not?"
>
> Jesus knowing their evil intent, said to them, "Show me the coin used to pay taxes." When they brought it, he said, "Whose image is on it?" "Caesar's," they replied. "Then give to Caesar what is Caesar's, and to God what is God's." And they were astonished by his answer, and were silent.

Jesus the charismatic alpha male was unpredictable. You expect him to say one thing; he says another. AMOGs show deference and vaginas weep on cue.

> (2) *Jesus is quick and absolutely decisive*
>
> As his mission is taking off in Galilee, followers flock to hear him. Some he invites to come with him. It is a life-changing decision.
>
> A man said to him: "Lord, first let me go and bury my father." Jesus replied: "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead."
>
> It is a shocking demand. In a ritually pious society, there is nothing more important that burying your father. Jesus demands a complete break with existing social forms; those who follow them, he implies, are dead in spirit.

Chicks hate mincing betaboys. Jesus was not a mincing betaboy. Chicks dig rule breakers. Jesus was definitely a rule breaker.

> The Pharisees complained, "Why do you eat and drink with tax collectors and sinners?" Jesus replied, "It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick. I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."
>
> Jesus perceives who will make a good recruit, and who will not.

Jesus was practiced in the art of target selection.

> (3) *Jesus always does something unexpected […]*

> Some of the disciples said indignantly to each other, “Why this waste of perfume? It could have been sold for more than a year’s wages and the money given to the poor.” And they rebuked her harshly.
>
> “Leave her alone,” Jesus said. “She has done a beautiful thing to me. The poor you will always have with you, and you can help them any time you want. But you will not always have me. She did what she could. She poured perfume on my body beforehand to prepare me for my funeral.” (*Mark 14: 1-10; Matthew 26: 6-13*)
>
> A double jolt. His disciples by now have understood the message about the selfishness of the rich and charity to the poor. But there are circumstances and momentous occasions that transcend even the great doctrine of love thy neighbour. Jesus is zen-like in his unexpectedness. There is a second jolt, and his disciples do not quite get it. Jesus knows he is going to be crucified. He has the political sense to see where the confrontation is headed; in this he is ahead of his followers, who only see his power.

When was the last time you saw an alpha male do the dull, boring thing? Never.

> (4) *Jesus knows what the other is intending*
>
> Jesus is an intelligent observer of the people around him.

Jesus was situationally aware.

> He is highly focused on everyone’s moral and social stance, and sees it in the immediate moment. Charismatic people are generally like that; Jesus does it to a superlative degree.

Jesus lived in the moment. Jesus did not suffer “paralysis by analysis”.

> Jesus’ perceptiveness helps explain why he dominates his encounters. He surprises interlocutors by unexpectedly jumping from their words, not to what conventionally follows verbally, but instead speaking to what they are really about, skipping the intermediate stages.

Jesus knew how to “elicit values”, and build deep connections with people.

> (5) *Jesus is master of the crowd […]*
>
> Crowds are a major source of Jesus’ power. There is a constant refrain: “The crowds were amazed at his teaching, because he taught as one who had authority, and not as their teachers of the law.” His enemies the high priests are afraid of what his crowd of followers will do if they attack Jesus.

Jesus was socially proofed.

> [His disciples] are the privileged in-group, and they know it. Jesus admonishes them from time to time about their pride; but he needs them, too. It is another reason why living with Jesus is bracing. There is an additional circuit of charismatic energy in the inner circle.

Push-pull game.

> Jesus can still arouse this crowd, but he cannot silence it. He does not back off, but becomes increasingly explicit. The metaphors he does use are not effective. His sheep that he refers to means his own crowd of loyal followers, and Jesus declares he has given them eternal life– but not to this hostile crowd of unbelievers. Words no longer convince; the sides declaim stridently against each other. The eloquent phrases of earlier preaching have fallen into cacophony. Nevertheless Jesus still escapes violence. The crowd is never strong enough to dominate him. Only the organized authorities can take him, and that he does not evade.

Alpha males can be taken down by a state-sanctioned beta male show of force.

> (6) *Jesus' down moments*

Even an alpha male occasionally gets cockblocked.

> Leaving aside the miracle itself and its symbolism, one thing we see in this episode is Jesus conflicted between his mission– to demonstrate the power of resurrection– and his personal feelings for Lazarus and his sisters. Jesus let Lazarus die, by staying away during his sickness, in order to make this demonstration, but in doing so he caused grief to those he loved. The moment when he confronts their pain (amplified by the weeping of the crowd), Jesus himself weeps. It is the only time in the texts when he weeps. It is a glimpse of himself as a human being, as well as a man on a mission.

Vulnerability game.

> Finally Jesus is taken before Pilate, the Roman governor. Jesus gives his usual sharp replies, and indeed wins him over. "Are you the King of the Jews?" Pilate asks.

King of the Poon, amirite?

> "Is that your own idea," Jesus asks in return, "or did others talk to you about me?"

"Am I a player? Only if you want me to be."

> In the crises, Jesus' interactional style remains much the same as always; but the speaking in parables and figurative language has given way to blunt explanations. Parables are for audiences who want to understand. Facing open adversaries, Jesus turns to plain arguments.

Sometimes it's necessary to drop the flirty banter and aloofness and draw a line in the sand that you don't want a woman to cross.

Jesus the alpha male. Jesus the PUA (of disciples). Jesus the master of the crimson arts. Men followed him. Powerful men feared him. Prostitutes paid *him*.

Jesus is risen, indeed!

The Emotional Manipulability Of Women

CH · 17 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It was a brief vignette shoehorned into the end of the day that nonetheless attested to a meaningful psychological and social difference between the sexes.

I was walking

dislodging a buttplug

down a busy sidewalk when I noticed a young-ish black (and possibly gay) guy asking for high fives from passersby. He had something like a clipboard in his hand, but I wasn't interested enough to determine whether he was a snazzily dressed street bum performing for loose change or a campaigner for some idiotic cause.

In the time it took me to first notice him and walk past him, three (white) women and two (white) men were accosted by his street performance shenanigans. As each neared, he would spit his loudmouthed pitch and histrionically hoist his hand for a high five. All three women complied, reaching upward to meet his hand with sheepish grins and blushing faces. The two men sneered or frowned and swerved away from his entreaties.

(If you're wondering what I did, I didn't swerve. I walked right into his jabber zone and right out of it without an iota of acknowledgment.)

The scene was a reminder how emotionally manipulable women are, compared to men. I've seen similar scenes unfold hundreds, perhaps thousands of times, and the same sex disparity in call-and-response emerges: Women are more apt to obey the commands of an annoying (if friendly) stranger than are men. This instinct is likely a property of women's greater predilection for group cohesion and agreeableness, probably mixed in with some latent desire to submit to a man who's large and in charge.

One reason game works so well on women has to do with their greater degree of emotional manipulability. A man who understands that women are more impressionable creatures who will reflexively follow strong leadership is a man who gets laid. Indecisive betas earn women's disgust and cruelty; decisive (some would call "douchey") alphas earn women's love and respect.

Some game concepts, like calculated scarcity, are universal and will work, more or less, on both sexes. But women are much more susceptible to these unisex game techniques because of the nature of their paper-thin emotional defenses against such manipulation. This is how you know that the occasional dumbfuck female contrarian who comes on here to shriekishly assert how game works just as well on men is full of shit. Yes, some of these game tactics can work on men… weak beta men with dispositions not unlike that of women. In contrast, game works on all women, and works best, ironically, on the best-looking women.

Reader Mailbag: The Ballad Of Heartbreaker Hal

CH · 18 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

deep breath

Email #1

This reader has a problem many masters of the muff have encountered. Unless you're a psychopath, in which case you need not bother yourself to read further.

> I am in a pickle and I seek advice from like-minded individuals. Any response is appreciated!
>
> I have been seeing this girl for about five months now. Met her through a mutual friend after ingesting tons of red pill and game articles. The first time we met we played tennis with a couple of other people. I thought she was cute and had decent athletic ability, but she definitely wasn't super hot in my opinion. I'd rate her a 6.5. Great body, long blonde hair, but her face is a little beat.
>
> Anyways throughout the time I've known her I've gamed her VERY WELL and she's responded better than I could have hoped. In short, she's smitten. She treats me like a king and is probably the sweetest girl I've ever dated. She also craves sex from me like its the last time she'll ever get it. Regularly tells me I'm the best she's ever had etc.
>
> My problem is this: Although I enjoy her company, the way she treats me, and her enthusiasm for my dick, I am not super physically attracted to her. The face really throws me off. I have successfully parried a number of her attempts to secure commitment from me, but I see things coming to a head relatively soon. Is the player cursed with being a heartbreaker?

If you haven't broken a heart, you haven't loved.

> I don't want to settle down, but I feel awful hurting her.

This is a normal reaction for non-psychopaths. The guilt you feel is a primal recognition of women's shorter reproductive windows and of the harm your unserious dalliance is doing to her SMV. Naturally, you must do what is best for you, and it helps to consider that women will act in their own best interests as well when they have romantic leverage to exploit.

> It seems to me that the manosphere (especially returnofkings) often mentions the lack of true feminine American women. I have definitely found one, but I still am not satisfied. I want it all. I want a beautiful face, a rock hard body, and a subservient nature. Are my standards too high? Am I an asshole? Am I foolish to think I can have it better? Thank you in advance for any insight.

The dissonance you are experiencing is caused by your laboring under an inverted female attractiveness pyramid. Femininity is desirable, but it's almost nothing if there's no beauty. Beauty is necessary if not sufficient for a man to fall in love with a woman. This is true for all men, though you may be tempted to think otherwise by observing men's choices or their claimed level of contentment with this or that subpar woman. But it makes sense that there would be a disconnect between what men actually desire and what they settle for, because limited sexual market options are very hard for either sex to swallow, so justifications and rationalizations for settling are the norm rather than the exception.

All this is to say you aren't an asshole nor are you foolish, if you have good reason to believe you can do better. The discomfort you feel is the core reactor of your mental apparatus — your id — warning you that life is short and you can plow higher quality poon, so why are you wasting it on throwaways? A very cynical view of love can be

summed thus:

Maxim #53: Love is when you've been granted a temporary reprieve from wondering if you can do better.

As for the particulars of the heart you're about to dash against the tidal rocks, there are three ways to do the dirty deed dirt cheap.

1. Be direct.

"This isn't going to work anymore for me. You're a great woman but I have to move on to find what I really want."

Just pull that band-aid off. Leave no doubt or hope behind.

2. Cut off all contact.

No phone calls, texts, social media, anything. She'll eventually take the hint. Upside: You don't have to see her blubbering face. Downside: You have to live with the thought of confusion and pain tearing her apart for a couple of months.

3. Lie.

"I've been dating this other girl." "I'm married." "I'm gay." "I'm sterile." "I have a rap sheet."

Scratch that last one. It's likely to backfire.

***

Email #2

She's a man-eater baby. So help this reader escape her maw.

> I have been reading this site and Rollo's for while now. And I am learning so much. I am 50 and I have met a solid 9 26YO and we have been together for about two months. She was fun and funny and beautiful Certifiable, She works as a promotional model and has done a couple of magazines. Sex has been awesome. About a few weeks ago things started to go sideways. More attitude. Less available. More shit tests so I got to the point where I told her she needed to respect me otherwise I am gone. Well it did not work.

Ultimatums are TNT. Handle with care. They don't work as often as "tough alpha guy" advocates think they do. If there is any power differential favoring the girl, no matter how small, your ultimatum will be perceived as the last gasp of a butthurt ego, and fail.

> She agreed completely and then went back to the same thing.
>
> So then a few days ago I went silent. Only responding to her texts and only briefly. It seemed to work.

Tacit ultimatums >>> spoken ultimatums.

> She sent me dirty photos. And kept initiating. I stayed uninterested.

This was your opportunity to gently mock her. "Did you know your left boob is a little smaller?"

> Then yesterday she kind of gives me all of these reasons why she has been unavailable. I waited a while and then sent her a text just saying. "I am really not feeling it…." Then she sent me an indignant wat? and then a dirty pic.

She sounds kind of stupid. I say that because girls with low intelligence tend to lean on the display of their bodies to regain lost relationship hand. Smarter girls will go the verbal route first.

> I said nice and then went silent again. At the end of the day she sends me long blow up text about four paragraphs about I need to talk to her and let her know where I am at with our relationship and she has other options. Which she does, she is really hot. No apologies. But she admits that she is a bitch.

When a man “admits” he’s an asshole, he usually isn’t. When a girl admits she’s a bitch, she usually is.

> So then I wait a while and send her a text back saying call me…she sends back “I have the vagina you call me…”

“Does your vagina have ears?”

> I sent a lol and I called her.

Big mistake. She tossed up a hoop. you jumped through it like a circus poodle.

> Figuring she had enough and was ready to behave. We had a good conversation and set a date to get together tonight for some playtime.
>
> We texted today with some light bantering, and I kept it short and aloof. Then in the afternoon she sends a slightly insulting text out of the blue.

Too much back and forth. Dude, the brutal truth… the impression I’m getting, and I’m sure the readers here are getting, is that you’re a marionette dancing on the ends of her strings.

> I went dark again. Have not communicated since. And we are supposed to see each other tonight.
>
> What would you masters do? I could stay dark and blow off the date?

Text and say you have to cancel, something came up. Leave it at that. Don’t text again.

> Meet up with her and not do anything, hoping that me going dark was punishment for her bad behavior? Should I punish her for this?

You’re stuck on a reward-punishment hamster wheel and it’s sucking the fun out of your time with her. Thinking about how to “punish” a girl is not the attitude of a take-it-or-leave-it outcome independent alpha male. You want this chick badly, and it’s making your head spin. You need time away to clear your head and to clear hers.

> Meet up with her and tell her she is acting like a brat and I am walking away until she shapes up?

You know what’s funny about ultimatums? Half the time they’re exactly what women want to pry from you. She’s in control, and you’re being piloted like a piper cub. You’re becoming predictable, and once she tires of batting you around like a cat toy she will go full sayonara. Bet on it.

> I know I started this relationship from a beta frame, does that mean all is lost?

No. What it means is that you’re still in a beta frame, just under an alternate configuration.

> Please help a brother out. Look at this like a remedial tutoring session.

I gave you advice above. Icy silence. Two in the kitty. Restored mentality of abundance. Keep in mind that the large

age difference means you'll have to be more detached from her than you could afford if you were closer in age. Once she's groomed to appreciate your menu of options (true or not), you can throw out feelers to see if she'd be into a longer-term commitment. But that time isn't now, under these conditions.

It's been a while since this email was delivered. Let us know what transpired.

***

Email #3

A younger reader has a question about Snatchchat.

> I'm new to game, 20 years old, going to a community college in Colorado. I've had enough natural game to get by throughout the years, but this blog has opened my eyes. Your text game principles are gold, and have helped me a lot. Now I'll get to the point. There's a new craze I've noticed recently, and that's snapchat. I'm sure you've heard of it, you take a picture, write a caption, and send it to someone and they can only view it for ten seconds till it's gone forever. Could you do a post on snapchat game perhaps? Some tips would be useful. I've gotten nudes through it before (which sucks because you can't save them). I have a beta friend who snapchats the gayest stuff like "beautiful day out." Any tips on how to be alpha on snap chat?

Snapchat is really not a very good platform for gaming girls. It's designed with female needs and desires in mind, and that's why it's suddenly a "craze". Women drive crazes. (It takes a crazy to know a craze.) The main benefit to girls (particularly borderline personality disorder attention whores) is that the spontaneity of Snapchat allows them to better judge a man's grace under pressure, and the privacy feature (such as it is) encourages them to flirt more openly than they would otherwise, possibly leading less experienced men astray who are apt to misconstrue playfulness for sexual interest.

But like all female-catered consumer products (99% of total commerce) there are ways to hack the stated or adopted purposes of such social lubrication mediums to exploit them to your benefit. Snatchchat is no exception.

First, like the reader says, rule number one is DON'T BE BETA. If you're snapchatting "beautiful day out" with pictures of a field, you have already lost. Incel is your future.

Second, have fun with it. If you treat Snapchat less like a dating app and more like a neg facilitator, you'll be able to springboard from it to a more intimate platform, like flesh and blood real life. Examples:

Here's my pussy. your turn.

If she sends you a follow-up poon pic, snapchat back a pic of a crying baby. Tease the female prerogative outta her.

Or, snapchat a photo of your unopened robe, with the caption "here comes a dick pic". Wait a while (to build

delicious tension), ignore all her protestations, and then send this:

You get the idea. Whatever you do, don't get caught in an endless snapchat loop. Because while she's snapchatting you with one hand, her mouth is servicing the cock of another man.

Social Distrust Is Way Up Among Millennials

CH · 19 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

As reported by NPR (I'm sure with gritted teeth), a Pew Study finds

> that the milliennial generation has a low level of social trust. There are several possible causes for this distrust, including a skewed social media culture and a faltering economy. […]
>
> One explanation for this, the study suggests, is growing racial diversity – 43 percent of millennial adults are non-white, making this the most diverse generation in America.

Holy macaroni! Is the SPWL stronghold of NPR about to grapple with the CH aphorism "diversity + proximity = war"?

> She says, minority groups have long had low levels of social trust.
>
> CAMILLE LEAK: I think that, ultimately, it stems from their history of having to deal with persecution and discrimination, whether in their personal lives or within the business setting. […]
>
> Leak suggests that the Internet itself is another reason millennials are so distrustful.
>
> LEAK: I mean, there's a reason why catfish is now a verb.

Ah, no. This being NPR, leftoid headquarters, the bleeding obvious escapes them. Social distrust can't be up because diversity is making the full court press and severing ethnocentric communal bonds. No no, it has to be white privilege, persecution, or the internet. Hey guess what? I'll add another theory to the mix that's no less nebulous and unfalsifiable than the catch-all assertion of white privilege: Dissembling media leftoids are causing the rise in social distrust.

> So who's the one in five that says, yeah, people can be trusted? Sara Bakken's one of them. She lives in South Dakota. She says, if she were to meet someone on the street, chances are, she could trust them.

South Dakota is 84% white, 21% higher than the national average.

> Camille Leak says, low levels of social trust shouldn't be mistaken for a pessimistic world view.
>
> LEAK: It's just being savvy and being realistic, and I think that's what it is for a lot of millennials. It's not about being optimistic or pessimistic. It's about being realistic.

Do Millennials strike you as hard-headed realists? Maybe they are when they aren't whining about microaggressions or the patriarchy or extolling the artistry of anime.

> Despite this lack of trust, the study says, the millennial generation is the most upbeat about the future of the country.

"The basis of optimism is sheer terror."
– Oscar Wilde

There was one other interesting tidbit to come out of the study:

> Within the millennial generation in particular, multicultural consumers have a much higher level of influence on their non-Hispanic white counterparts. So we're seeing that even outside of areas like trust, non-Hispanic white millennials have begun to adopt certain multicultural [sic] behaviors or characteristics.

Translation: A drop of wine into sewage makes sewage. A drop of sewage into wine makes sewage.

Diversity + proximity = war. Keep saying it leftoids, until your heads explode scanners-style.

Feminine Woman Of The Month

CH · 21 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It gives great pleasure to the Chateau lordship to bestow upon deserving women the honor of Feminine Woman of the Month. Alpha and beta males, manboobs, and feminists all get their due here, but it is the feminine woman, the woman who defies the weight of social pressure urging her to advance an androgynous ideal with her own clarion call for a triumphant femininity, who more than earns the Chateau's respect and admiration. In this twisted transculture, few voices, outside of men with descended testes, will speak for the rare woman who accepts her natural feminine role, embraces it, and revels in it.

So the first recipient of the coveted CH Feminine Woman of the Month is Kirsten Dunst.

> "I feel like the feminine has been a little undervalued," Dunst, 31, said in an interview for next month's Harper's Bazaar UK.
>
> "We all have to get our own jobs and make our own money, but staying at home, nurturing, being the mother, cooking — it's a valuable thing my mom created."
>
> "And sometimes, you need your knight in shining armor. You need a man to be a man and a woman to be a woman. That's why relationships work."

Some would call this madness. But madness is simply temporally displaced truth.

> The sisterhood went psychotic.

The stuck pig always squeals loudest before the killing blow. A vapid feminist entity politely demurred,

> "Kirsten Dunst is not paid to write gender theory, so it shouldn't surprise anyone that she's kind of dumb about it," wrote Ryan, who evidently considers herself an expert on gender theory.

Notice how this VFE defines the worth of an idea: Are you getting paid to propagandize it? If not, your opinion is automatically discredited. This, folks, is what runaway credentialism unmoored from accomplishment or truth value looks like.

> "So I guess my marriage is doomed to fail because I don't have kids and write d--k jokes for a living and my husband is more of a cat person than a dog person," Ritzen concluded.

Her marriage may "survive" — in the loosest interpretation of the word — but her lineage will die.

> "THANKS, KIRSTEN DUNST."

Such butthurtness over a few harmless words about femininity. Why, one would almost think this feminist cunt wasn't so satisfied with her egalitarian romantic life.

> In the newly released issue of W Magazine, Dunst was asked by the mag's guest editor, filmmaker Sofia Coppola, if she was ever hit on sexually by a director.
>
> Dunst laughed.
>
> "I don't give off that vibe," she said. "I think that you court that stuff, and to me it's crossing a boundary that would hinder the trust in your working relationship."

Smart girl. Feminists cleave to their victim card like a newborn chimp to its mama's teat. But it takes two to tango. When young starlets are "preyed upon" by older, powerful directors, it never occurs to these "gender theorists" — or rather, it does occur to them but they choose to ignore that tiny part of their brains where reason and recognizable humanity reside — that women are attracted to powerful men and will flirt with them and encourage on-the-job trysts that can be later back-rationalized as sexual harassment when regret begins to assert its domain.

Maxim #67: Women regret the cocks unwrapped; men regret the poon untapped.

A resurgence of femininity — not "womanization", which in this zeitgeist is the opposite of femininity — would be a step toward restoring what America has lost. Kirsten Dunst may not be a raving beauty, but she's cute enough, and who among you men, reading her words like they were an arterial sip from a chalice of life-giving blood upon parched heartlips, didn't bump up her SMV a half point?

Men desire vulnerable women as women desire self-confident men: Ravenously.

Imitation Is The Sincerest Form Of Plagiarism

CH · 21 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

CH's power grows, but it hasn't grown enough to prevent thieves from plagiarizing classic Chateau tomes. See for yourself.

Here's an excerpt from a Yahoo article titled "How to Get Your Ex-Girlfriend Back" that dates to September 19, 2007.

> Rule number one: Let her leave. Don't beg and plead for her to stay or text and call her incessantly after she does. This only adds to the image of you being needy and nothing without her and as we all know, women love power. Take at least 3 days before you even consider contacting her. If she doesn't get a hold of you in those 3 days, consider waiting longer, to each his own. When you finally do talk to her be in control of your emotions. It is vital at this point that you do not let her get under your skin. VITAL! Keep the conversation general and don't pester her or talk too heavily about getting back together.

And here's the related CH article titled "How to Win Back an Ex-Girlfriend" published on April 10, 2007.

> The less experienced man caught offguard will need to learn the art of turning it around after her decision to leave is made but before she has reached the no-looking-back stage. Chances of re-notch success are much lower once she has verbalized her need for space, but with proper post-relationship game you can improve your odds dramatically. The key is in the timing. A mathematician has shown that the dumper's loneliness and nostalgia for the broken relationship peak at about 3 weeks after the breakup, unless she has found another man in the interim. Therefore, your job is to let her go and not speak to her for 3 weeks. This will amplify her feelings of loss. Then, at her most vulnerable 3 weeks later, call to say hi. Keep the convo short and friendly. Chances are best right at this moment that she will offer to meet you for drinks.

Once more, from the Yahoo article,

> Women want what they can't have any while they love the chase, keep your distance and keep them wondering. If she calls, don't immediately answer or don't answer at all. If she leaves messages call back at your convenience. Have some back bone and discipline, don't be a lap dog! If you try to make plans with her and she either denies or agrees and then blows you off, don't offer again, let her make the next move.

And the (earlier) CH version,

> You must be the one to leave first. Minimize face time. Don't call her. Be friendly but ambiguous. Don't inquire into her life. Laugh off her crappy attitude. Most importantly, act as if nothing is wrong. If she senses you are acting aloof out of spite the spell will be broken. Eventually, she will wander back to you, bewildered and intrigued, filled with doubt about her hasty judgment. You will resume a pattern of dating and sex that eerily resembles the first few weeks together.

Even the writing style is similar.

It's a net benefit to society that the Rude Word of CH is disseminating to the masses, but blatant plagiarism is a theft too far. Unfortunately, there's nothing to be done about it. Libertardians bemoan a trend to excessive copyright litigation, and they perhaps have a point (if only they could see how diversity and copyright mania intersect), but on the ground, in the ascii alleys of ideas, stuff is stolen all the time and there's little recourse to those unwilling to pay the fee in time and energy to right the wrong. If you value the freedom that anonymity gives to speak truthfully and boldly, you have to put up with a fair amount of idea pilfering.

Preview Of Krauser's Daygame Mastery

CH · 22 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Krauser is one of a small handful of pickup artists (old skool translation: womanizers) CH respects who are legitimate voices in a wilderness of heavy-handed marketing and shyster phonies. He's got tight game, avoids hype, keeps it on the level, and his style isn't overheated histrionics that only appeal to a minority of highly extroverted men. For those who require proof of poonhoundery, Krauser used to post up documentary XXX videos of the girls he was banging, and CH can confirm they were a quality lot. (Probably a good idea he stopped doing that.)

Also, for you "only looks matter" trolls, Krauser is not a Clooney clone. So you can rest easy that his lays are earned by the nimbleness of his tongue than by the twinkle of his bedroom eyes.

Krauser has a new book out — a monster by the looks of it — called *Daygame Mastery*. Word on the street is that it's the Encyclopedia Britannica of day game. Quote:

- The vibe chapters explain targeting, cold reading the potential targets, girl archetypes plus their traits and his own take on approach anxiety (which I hadn't heard before). There's also some interesting stuff on stateless game rather than getting into state.
- The street chapters cover everything from stopping, body language, subcommunication, tone, different opening methods and his own template on opening. This is further broken down to show how it works. The conversational section is fascinating, it gives examples on advancing with hooks or rapport and then expands further.
- There is a short game/long game segment is fantastic and it could be a book in itself. Instances of text chats are shown and every sent/received text is dissected, the same is done with social media. Krauser shows how to build the most appealing facebook profile and then more real world examples of the chats he's had and why they have worked.
- The date model is incredible descriptive, detailing everything from how to react if she's late, venue selection/how to run each venue, types of language/body language to use, physical escalation, when it's on/not on. It's like every nuance of this phase has been considered.
- The last segment of the book delves into some special situations such as same day lays, interloping men, frame crush, fine tuning to the girl and dealing with difficult girls, again with examples of each.

There's no questioning Krauser's reservoir of game knowledge, and it appears he has stuffed this tome with just about everything he knows. And possibly just about everything anyone knows on the subject.

Be warned, at $100 it's steeply priced. But it looks worth it. So if you have the loose change, CH gives a (preliminary) recommendation. If you're one of those men who has tired of night game and the club scene (and if you're over 25 this likely applies to you), then daygame is where your focus will naturally gravitate. Being able to meet girls in the daytime and capture their interest, is very empowering in the realist sense, not the bitter feminist sense.

A book this exhaustive should be read like one would read a textbook for a class; deliberately and diligently. Take a break from every chapter to apply what you've read to the field. One caveat: It's easy to get caught up regurgitating an endless loop of PUA books while losing sight of the ultimate goal. I suspect a lot of men buy these books with the feeling that the material provides handy excuses to never approach a woman in real life. Maybe you're one of those men who convinces himself that you're growing as a player by reading about penetrating insights into female nature and courtship techniques? The books have their place, but don't let them substitute for actual experience applying the lessons contained therein. You don't need more than two or three highly regarded resources to learn what you need to know to get started seducing women the way they love to be seduced.

Homeless Helper Game

CH · 22 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If you live in a metropolitan region where there's a nontrivial per capita population of homeless, and you see the same street bums lounging on the same spots of sidewalk on your daily constitutional, you can run what I call Homeless Helper Game.

The concept is simple. Buy your lunch and a little extra, like a pastry. Under pretense of charity, and in full view of some passing cuties, kneel down in front of the bum and hand him the pastry, saying "you look like you could use a bite". Act like you think no one is watching you (that means no glancing around for approval, unless you can conceal it really well).

The homeless guy of course will be elated. The girls will be wet. No girl, no matter how cynical or corporately manjawed, can resist this display of alpha male generosity. Why alpha male? Because providing charity is alpha; receiving charity is beta, veering into omega territory.

The trick is to spin your insta-DHV into a conversation with one of the passing cuties. Occasionally, a girl will approach you to say she noticed and thought it was a great thing you did. Reply with a faux humble "I didn't think anyone saw that. Now I'm kind of embarrassed."

Otherwise, you'll have to situate yourself near a girl you know witnessed your act of charity, say at a bus stop or pedestrian crossing, and make a show of crumpling up the paper from which you withdrew the pastry you gave to the bum. If she's at all intrigued, that will be enough to get her talking.

This isn't a high volume game tactic. There are way more efficient ways to meet women. But it's a fun addition to your seduction skillset and a great way to spice up an otherwise ordinary stroll. Oh yeah, and you fed a homeless guy, which is better than giving him cash money which will inevitably be spent on liquor.

Which Sex Is More Responsible For Divorce?

CH · 23 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Over in the comments section of a Mangan post about the possible direct health and happiness benefits of marriage, The Anti-Gnostic writes (replying to another commenter),

> *The biggest upside for men of marriage over cohabitation is that breaking up is harder in a legally recognized union. Since most breakups/divorces are initiated by women, making it harder to separate benefits men more than women.*
>
> I'm going to venture a hypothesis that most break-ups of cohabitation arrangements are initiated by men, and most marriage break-ups are initiated by women.
>
> Divorce itself is not hard. You file a paper that says the marriage is over. Women will get the children, because the man will have a harder job with longer hours, and most households don't have enough net worth to fight over.
>
> I'm not sure how you came to your conclusion.

CH is on record stating that the incentive structure of marriage has changed to favor women's discretion. That is, wives are now incentivized to divorce by the alimony retirement plan racket, the anti-male divorce industrial complex, and the practical guarantee of child custody. The data — especially the "wives initiate 70% of divorces" figure — strongly suggest that the CH view is the correct one.

But constitutional white knights — you know who you are — claim that figure could just as easily mean that 70% of husbands are shitty spouses. Well, maybe. But that interpretation is no less speculative than the opposite, and in fact is less sustainable under scrutiny, because the simpler explanation for the 70% female divorce-initiation figure is that men and women are about equally represented among the crappy spouse demographic, but women initiate more divorces because they perceive that a host of benefits will accrue to them from severing their marriages. Husbands, in contrast, perceive no such benefits, and are thus more loathe to divorce even when their wives are insufferable.

One way to test this hypothesis, as The Anti-Gnostic implied above, is to look at which sex initiates more non-marital break-ups. If men really are crappier partners than women, then the break-up initiation rate will be roughly the same inside and outside of marriage. The break-up initiation rate should skew approximately 70% in favor of women in whatever form of relationship they're in. The premise behind this assumption is that a person's romantic character or "livability" traits are fairly constant throughout life.

Using the variable FAMPER3 ("During the last year, did you… 3. Break up with a steady boyfriend/girlfriend or fiance?") from the General Social Survey (GSS) dataset, we find that men broke up their non-marital relationships almost twice as often as did women.

Variables					
Role	**Name**	**Label**	**Range**	**MD**	**Dataset**
Row	**FAMPER3**	BREAKING UP WITH FIANCE(E)	1-2	0,8,9	1
Column	**SEX(1,2)**	RESPONDENTS SEX	1-2	0	1
Weight	**COMPWT**	Composite weight = WTSSALL * OVERSAMP * FORMWT	.1913-11.1261		1

Frequency Distribution				
Cells contain: **-Column percent** -Weighted N		**SEX**		
		1 MALE	2 FEMALE	***ROW TOTAL***
FAMPER3	1: YES	**8.2** 88.3	**5.2** 66.2	***6.6*** *154.5*
	2: NO	**91.8** 985.8	**94.8** 1,197.6	***93.4*** *2,183.4*
	COL TOTAL	***100.0*** *1,074.1*	***100.0*** *1,263.8*	***100.0*** *2,337.9*

Surveys about people's sex lives are distinctly untrustworthy, but the GSS does give us a peak behind the curtain at trends in relationship dynamics. As claimed here at the venerable Chateau, it would appear that women have more to lose from breaking up non-marital long-term relationships and more to gain from breaking up their marriages, (and vice versa for men.) This makes sense to any astute observers of the sexual and marital markets; women are on their best behavior prior to marriage, before they've gotten a boyfriend or fiancé to sign on the dotted line and tacitly forfeit HALF. A woman's peak attractiveness window is much shorter relative to a man's attractiveness window, and this incentivizes women to make nonmarital relationships work until such time that money has changed hands and kids have popped out.

Men, on the other hand, have a lot more to lose in divorce, and a lot less to lose in nonmarital breakups, and this male-peculiar incentive structure is seen in the differing rates of breakup initiations by sex in and out of marriage.

To put it in Heartistian terms…

Maxim #30: Men can leverage their commitment far longer than women can leverage their sex.

Skeptics may note that the GSS question as posed doesn't specifically ask who initiated the breakup, but the wording strongly implies it. (Perhaps a Master GaSSer could fine tune the data at his pleasure?) But the very fact that there is a sex difference in breakup rates between nonmarital relationships and marriages is ample evidence that social and legal incentives can influence the motivations of men and women.

The substantiating evidence so far, in surveys and in the field, is that women are more responsible for the rise in divorce, and that their self-justification for divorce has gotten more fickle and more self-aggrandizing rather than less.

A final note: If you look closely, you'll see emanations and penumbras of female hypergamy in the GSS results above.

How To Win At Divorce

CH · 24 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Mom's proud provided a road map for taking the divorce industrial complex by the throat and throttling it until victory is yours.

> You burn it down and start over. In all likelihood most of what you built was with her/family in mind in the first place. Not yourself and it doesn't matter. It's purely a materialistic mindset you are processing with. Take out all of the emotion and a divorce turns into a business transaction. As it should be.
>
> I nuked a 25 year marriage, I filed and no it's not easy. I consider myself the luckiest man in the world. I did what most men cannot and that is I walked away from a long term marriage without the burden of alimony and child support payments. I took on ALL debt from the marriage. I surmise it cost me around $245,000 in credit card balances, re-mortgage and division of the home equity (she got a check for $65,000 out of that, stung like a bitch) and some 401k stash plus a few silver and gold bars.
>
> That was 5 years ago. Directly after the divorce was final, I filed for Chapter 13 bankruptcy and stopped paying the mortgage on the house and continued to live there for the next 4 years for free. I am untouchable and debt free at 51 with a stash of cash you wouldn't believe.
>
> It can be done and you will survive – Fuck'em all

Sever all emotional ballast. Take on all debt. File for divorce. Then file for bankruptcy. Start over a new man. That's living the new American Dream.

The more men that do this, the closer this bernankefied debt scheme comes to total collapse. If single momhood, sluts, and gross obesity can be free from shame, then so can bankruptcy. Shamelessness is the lube that greases the asshole of a civilization about to get rammed into obliteration.

The Extinction Of Female Lawyers

CH · 24 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A cat cafe opened in New York to great fanfare, and female lawyers (*genus: lawyercunt*) may be on the way out as a member of the human species.

The latter assertion gets a boost from ❤science❤ recently with a new study which found that stressed out women have a harder time getting pregnant.

> Stressed out women have more difficulty getting pregnant than women with less stress, according to a new study this week in the journal Human Reproduction.
>
> Although the relationship between stress and trouble getting pregnant has been hinted at before, it had never been scientifically proven before now. This new research marks the first time that scientists have found a direct link between stress and infertility. […]
>
> In a study that followed more than 400 women just as they were starting to try to get pregnant, the researchers found that women with the highest levels of the stress indicator alpha-amylase in their saliva were 29% less likely to get pregnant than women with the lowest levels.
>
> They also found that women with the highest levels of alpha-amylase were more than twice as likely to meet the clinical definition of infertility–meaning they did not get pregnant even after a full year of trying.

Law is a stressful field. Hopefully the hordes of unfeminine, ballcutting manjaws who streamed into law schools the past thirty years will see their genetic lineages go the way of the dinosaurs.

Thankfully, a barren womb isn't necessarily an inactive womb! Lawyer chicks can still serve as great pump and dump adventures.

> The researchers still do not understand exactly why stress affects a woman's ability to become pregnant, but this study did rule out some possibilities. For example, they found women with high levels of alpha-amylase had the same amount of sex as some of their less-stressed counterparts. "It's not that stressed out women have less intercourse," she said.
>
> They also found no correlation between high levels of alpha-amylase and ovulation problems.
>
> One theory the researchers plan to explore in future studies is whether stress changes what Lynch called "the hormonal milieu" of the uterus in such a way that it becomes inhospitable to implantation.

The god of biomechanics doesn't care how many degrees you have or which firm's dick you suck if you haven't fulfilled your prime directive as a woman.

Gaming Smartass Girls

CH · 25 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This is filched from another pickup forum because it so neatly encapsulates the type of attitude you'll get from smartass girls. CH is, we profess with some pride, well-schooled in the razor-sharp art of parrying smartass chicks; born and bred in a sea of sarcasm n' snark queens, we have learnt our trade the best way possible: scrotum to ginezone.

> Me: Good things come to those who wait.
> Her: But greater things come to those who work for it.
>
> How would you guys respond to this?

The BEST game for smartass girls is calling her smartassery and raising it. For example:

Honky Dong: Good things come to those who wait.
Her: But greater things come to those who work for it.
Honky Dong: Try not to break a sweat then.

Smartass girls are one part smart, two parts ass. This kind of escalating play of wits is their Moloko Plus. They require it, they need it, they love it. It's not hard to do once you crack the code. The trick is to know when to execute the sudden stop and drop the gear into seductive seriousness. This will usually occur around iteration three of the flirtatious exchange. Game newbs make this mistake a lot; they see they're provoking positive reactions, so they figure "hey, more of a good thing can't hurt". But it can. Too much teasing makes jack a predictable clown.

Unpredictability is king. Proper teasing is something most men don't do, which is why it's so arousing to women. But something else that even fewer men do is taking the lead on changing the courtship course. Excite a girl with your nofucksgiven banter, then excite her more with a sly fuck given.

Predictors Of Marital Infidelity Among Kenyan Women

CH · 25 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Study of the Year material here. You'll laugh, you'll nod knowingly, you'll thank god you weren't born in Kenya.

> The prevalence of extra-marital partnerships among women was 6.2% within a reference time of six months. Factors that were independently associated with increased likelihood of extra-marital partnerships were domestic violence (aOR, 1.45; 95% CI 1.09–1.92), women reporting being denied a preferred sex position (aOR, 3.34; 95% CI 1.26–8.84) and spouse longer erect penis (aOR, 1.34; 95% CI 1.00–1.78). Conversely, women's age – more than 24years (aOR, 0.33; 95% CI 0.14–0.78) and women's increased sexual satisfaction (aOR, 0.92; 95% CI 0.87–0.96) were associated with reduced likelihood of extra-marital partnerships.
>
> Domestic violence, denial of a preferred sex positions, longer erect penis, younger age and increased sexual satisfaction were the main predictors of women's involvement in extra-marital partnerships. Integration of sex education, counselling and life skills training in couple HIV prevention programs might help in risk reduction.

The first positive predictor of cheating whoredom — domestic violence — is likely mixing up cause and effect. Husbands who think they've been cuckolded by slutty wives are more likely to lash out violently to keep them in line. The rest are both predictable and hilarious. Women not getting off with their husbands cheat more. No surprise. Younger women with more sexual market options cheat more. Again, no surprise to any guest of Le Chateau.

The longer penis association with wifely infidelity is way out of left field. Apparently, penile enlargement remedies are a big thing (heh) in Kenya. But their women canna only take so much, captain!

> *"…some penis may be large yet my vagina is small, when he tries to insert it inside, it hurts so much that I will have to look for another man who has a smaller one [penis] and can do it in a way I can enjoy"*

Are monster dicks more of a visual turn-on for women than a tactile turn-on? (Personal CH experience wielding the boomstick says both.) Or are black women as tight as Chinese finger trap?

The study also points up the importance of keeping your wife sexually satisfied if you don't want her dreaming of trysts in the tall brown bush (heh!).

> *"Some [men] just take a minute and leaves you there when you are still 'hanging'… You cannot even tell if this thing is over or still continuing. Sometime we aren't satisfied yet we can't explain it [to our partners]. However, when we get men who can satisfy us, we do not waste such chances. For a woman to be ready and get sexual satisfaction usually takes time. Yet he has some high sexual desire and can just finish very fast before you understand how. We are left wondering and can be very happy if we can get someone who can do it better and makes you feel that your body is satisfied. I can just continue with him because his sex is sweet and your husband can then do it on short time basis"*

So much for the myth of black male sexual prowess. To be fair, Kenyans are only one type of black. Maybe West Africans can go all night. Gotta love that wife's rationalization for her cheating: "My lover has a slow hand, which gives me many orgasms so that I'm spent and don't feel like demanding too much from my two-pumps-and-done husband."

AIDS is rife in Kenya. Not coincidentally, 6.2% of Kenyan wives cheated within the study's time span of six months. That's actually a formidable number when you consider that Kenyan men are world-class cheaters. Add up all the dalliances and condom refusals and it's no wonder Africa is getting the HIV shiv.

How To Pass A Pregnancy Scare Shit Test

CH · 25 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

nuke the phone from orbit

Superb alpha frame. Mucho lulzo. But not very effective. There's really only one way to pass a pregnancy shit test.

Disappear.

Freelance Comment Of The Week

CH · 26 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Pleasuresadist takes the prize (an effigy of Tim Wise, complete with zip code map of white neighborhoods) for this pithy decryption of leftoid (aka shitlib) love of “””tolerance”””.

> The tolerance that liberals and libertarians demand is really a form of anesthesia–dulling the social nerves to threats. They want you to go through life numb and indifferent.

Diversity + proximity = dehumanization.

Comment Of The Week: A Woman's Love Is Free To Those Who Know The Price

CH · 27 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner is Burn It All (but not my fedora and new atheist soundbite collection dude), who writes,

> "Fuck 'em all" >>> FTW. Don't take anything too seriously. Nobody's getting out of here alive.
>
> "It's purely a materialistic mindset you are processing with." Yes. It's HER materialistic mindset that you let take control of your life. Nothing can fill the hole in her soul. Don't ever start to try. Fill her three useful holes with your cock instead.
>
> Think of all the ass you pulled in college when you lived in a shithole, sheets over the windows, furniture from the dumpster, pounding shitty beer and sleeping on a soiled mattress on the floor. She never talked about window treatments, new cars, McMansions or vacations. She just sucked your cock and spread her legs whenever you flashed that grin.
>
> Now she wants you to trade your life energy for something she gave to a ton of other guys for NOTHING.
>
> The minute you indulge her fiat/debt spending endless accumulation tendencies you have lost.

A supreme tragedy of Western womanhood (from a societal perspective) is that the best years of their sexual scrumptiousness (age 15-25) are spent defiled by charming layabouts without a pot to piss in. But this should prove to men who opt for the golddigger bribery strategy that women aren't attracted to your credit line or 2,400 sq ft heating oil sink. A wad of cash and a 1/2 acre lawn won't make tingles erupt; those things just obtain concubinage from women who are already past their prime and willing to tolerate the boredom of beta male reliability.

The day that men wake up to this reality is the day civilization collapses into its origin goo. Which is why it will never happen. Men have their own hardwiring which acts to blind them to the machinery clanking away underneath the mating dance gloss so that their true masters — their genes — can propagate.

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Your Daily Game, Condensed

CH · 28 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

– Any time you're out ordering chicken with a girl is the perfect time to use the "I'm a breast/leg/dark meat man. Whoa, that's not what I meant!" line.

– A decent out-of-the-gate neg: Stroll up, look over girl puzzlingly, say "I don't know if you're worth a cheesy pick-up line."

– Women will construe your complaining, however justified, as whining. Frame your complaints as facetious sarcasm instead.

– Watch for any hint that your woman has stopped trying to please you. If her bush is getting hairier, that's a red flag.

– Holiday departments of stores are great pickup opportunities. "I was told Santa would be here. Have I been lied to my whole life?!"

– Flipping the sexes in classic female flirting is good game. For example: "I bet you say that to all the guys."

– With women, 'no' doesn't always mean no. However, 'maybe later' means no.

– If you're dropping a girl off at her home and the prospect of sex is fading, ask "Can I use your bathroom?" Get your foot in her door. At least then you have a chance to convert.

– When you meet a girl for a date, look her body up and down. A girl who feels self-conscious will strive for your approval.

– Even if you don't disagree with a girl, it's a good habit to say 'no' to her on a regular basis. No means yes later.

– If a girl starts going on about how many guys give her attention, a quippy neg is "That must've taken a lot of work."

– Keep the gift-giving to a bare minimum during the first year dating. Set a girl's expectations low and she'll always be surprised.

– I like to tell girls I had a weird dream about leaving them without a trace, and ask them, "What does it mean?" Small doses of dread bring big returns in love.

– Make fun of girlstride. You: "Been practicing your grand entrance?" *hand on hip, imitating her attention whore tromp*

– Fidgeting betrays attraction. Maintain your composure. If she fidgets, touch her arm and ask if she's nervous around you.

– When you make a concession to a girl, exaggerate your sacrifice. A girl likes to feel she's breaking an intransigent jerk.

– When a girl flexes her crudity muscles as a shit test to get a reaction, make a face of disgust and say "Eww". Solid neg.

– Whenever you're at a sticking point with a girl, recall a natural you know. Try to imagine his reaction, and do likewise.

– Guilt inducement can be a game tactic. If a girl acts poorly, say "Hey don't dump your issues on me. We just met."

– Take a girl home. Pour a drink. She says, "No thank you", reply "No, this is for me." Smile. Huge lubricating neg.

– State control is winking at a girl on the bus, receiving a snarl from her, and then pointing at your other eye and winking with that.

– You'll know your game is tight when girls ask after sex if they were the best you've ever had, rather than the other way around.

– Ankle Bracelet Game.

– "Watching two lesbians make out. Disconcertingly, one has a man's face and a ScarJo body. I'm torn. Do I feel horny or burning shame?" <– Say this kind of stuff to cute girls. Chicks dig men who leave impressions.

– How to reframe a blowjob: Tell your girl if she gives you a knobber you'll reward her with longer sex.

– If a girl accuses you of a vice or character flaw, often best reply is to agree. Her nature is to reconsider her judgment.

– After you've agreed with her indictment of your character, tell her, "I want to be a better person, but it's tough." Chick crack.

– A false step is easily reclaimed with a simple "I meant to do that".

– Terse charm > loquacious charm > charmlessness.

– Never apologize for the impudence of your package. Men should be slapping the world with their junk.

– Walk and stand as if there was an invisible wire attached to your dick pulling you forward from that focal point.

– Avoid formal dates. Passe, value lowering, & they lengthen time-to-sex. Stick to "I'll be at [X}, meet me there" formulation.

– The most powerfully intoxicating word a man can say to a woman is "No".

Fashion Mistakes Men Despise About Women

CH · 29 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Another assembly-line lib tart crudely trying to impersonate a frat bro crossed with a flaming gay man wrote an article titled "Fashion mistakes women despise about men". The definitiveness of the sartorial errors aside, "despise" strikes one as an unusually strong word to describe how women feel when they see a man with an undershirt poking out of the top of his button-down. Women despise supplicating beta males; they joke amongst their friends about poor fashion taste.

But in the spirit of the day — Be All The Cunt You Can Be — here's the CH version:

Fashion Mistakes Men Despise About Women

it's not a curtsy, it's a girthsy

Fat.

Additions To The Shit Test Compendium

CH · 30 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Shit tests, like boobs, come in all shapes and sizes. But, also like boobs, shit tests all share a basic structure. You won't ever confuse a boob for a foot, for instance. Similarly, you won't confuse a shit test for loving affection.

Continuing with the CH series of posts compiling the likely shit tests men will hear often from women into a convenient playabase, a reader offers his noteworthy additions. Editorial comment added at will.

> Good day
>
> I wanted to share with you some of the shit tests Ive received lately from women and my effective responses I must add have been very successful.
>
> **Are you a player?**
> Yeah I play alot of guitar, mostly pink floyd, but i like guns'n roses as well. Do you play any instruments ?

This is cutesy. Nothing wrong with that, it can work, but I prefer a more direct, and cockier, angle of approach to this particular shit test, e.g., "Like McDonald's, billions served."

> **Where are all your friends?**
> Come on sweetie lets grab some drinks and sit over there
> or
> Didnt know you were that lonely

The second one is decent. That can be reworded many ways. "Why, are you going to steal them?"

> **Does this work on every girl?**
> Not the unattractive ones *
> or
> What is it you are getting your head to believe that im trying to do?

"Only on the cute ones" is better. Your second reply is meh. It sounds a little defensive.

> **Why dont you buy me a drink?**
> Are you broke? Aww you poor thing!
> or
> Why dont you buy me one and I will buy the next round
>
> **What is that youre wearing?**
> This is called clothes, you are wearing them too, youre not the brightest knife in the box are you?
> If she follow up with; **I mean why are you wearing those clothes?** Look away across the room while you make one heavy sigh

The impatient lookaway punctuated by the heavy sigh is a great, all-round shit test nuke.

> **Why are you so cocky?**
> Hey if you are so much into cocks I know a better place we can continue this conversation

Be careful with this one. It could blow up in your face if the girl is still qualifying you.

> **Are you gay?**
> Go for kiss and grab her tits, if she rejects, smile smerkily *[ed: smerkily?]* and/or laugh, then say “did that feel gay to you?” This works for all gay comments, what youre wearing looks gay etc.

This is straight up asshole game. Again, high risk, high reward with this one. The girl would have to be somewhat pre-attracted for this pseudo-apocalypse game to work.

> **You never listen to me**
> Can you repeat that??
> or
> Sure Id love a beer

Classics. Shorter version: “What?” “What?” “What?”… until she gets the joke.

> **You will get tired of me**
> Keep on saying that and yeah, I will
>
> **Come and meet my friends**
> Are they pretty? lets wait for ten more minutes
>
> **Do you find my friend (whatever her name is) attractive?**
> Oh thats the one with the round ass with long legs and big breasts with the nice smile, of course i dont *sarcasticly* Dismiss every question that will come after this, denying her the right to be in charge of the conversation
>
> **You are sleazy**
> You like it though
> or
> You are so stuck up I cant even give you a genuine compliment

“You like it” has been around a long time, but it’s always struck me as sounding forced, or like you’re forcing the girl to feel into you. Maybe a better wording (while sticking with the concept) is, “Is that a comment or a request?”

> **You are weird**
> You are boring
>
> **You are boring**
> You are weird
> or
> You are lame
>
> **You are Creepy**
> You are lame

I know some of you readers are scoffing incredulously at these series of calls-and-responses, but there really are aggro chicks who think flirting is the coarse art of getting in a man’s face and insulting him. Any dismissive and amused reply would work with these kinds of girls.

> **Do I know you?**
> Dont worry baby you will

See: “You like it” above. My guess: works best on girls who are already in the tingle zone.

> **Why are you talking to me?**
> Didnt know there was a no talking policy in this bar, Aaaah youre a librarian, I should have known
> or
> Because you look like a funny girl

That second line is a great neg. “Does he mean I’m funny looking, or that I look like I have a sense of humor??”

> **Its boring when its just the two of us hanging together dont you think so?**
> I agree, but its strange, never experienced this with any of my previous girls

A bit defensive. I would go with “Better step up your game then!” Reframe so that the fault for her boredom lies with her.

> **I have a boyfriend**
> I have, wait, three aunts, two grandparents, and at home I have a guitar, this is a fun game, your turn, what else you got?
>
> **How many girls have you slept with?**
> Are you very religious? or I dont think Ive slept with anyone today
> **If she asks again:**
> Counting back how far?
> **Since forever !!??**
> My memory is poor, dont think I slept with anyone today though *smirk*

These are good.

> **You are not my type**
> Are you sure? you seem quite desperate?

Harsh. Man you are hanging around some slores, am I right?

> **You are too horny**
> I can imagine youre really good at turning guys off, but seriously dont flatter yourself sweetie

If this dance of romance is in a loud environment, shorter is sweeter. For example, “Don’t flatter yourself.”

> **You are too direct for me**
> You are too indirect for me
>
> **Have you read the game?**
> Jeezzes, youre overanalyzing way too much, relax sweetie
>
> **You come off as a a little desperate**
> Easy girls have that effect on me
> If she gets pissed: Reeeelaaax pussycat give me a smile (touch her face)

I’m gonna need more background to this conversation. Where, who, when? How much alcohol was involved?

> **You have a weird sense of humour**
> I wanted to tell you this other joke, its about my dick, but its too long
>
> **Your getting old heh?**

> Yeah thank god Im a man, Ill age with style

“Still younger than you in woman years.”

> Feel free to use these if u like them, I know some of these are versions already used by yourself. Ive invented some new ones. If just some of these can help to educate one desperate male im happy. Im trying to put something back. Thanks.

Every man should have ten ready-to-dare replies for the most common female shit tests he’ll encounter. All women are different, until they’re not, which is often.

The Hivemind Fractures

CH · 1 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Some call it the Cathedral. Others, the Blue Pill. Here at CH, it's called the Hivemind, and it's starting to show fissures in its cortical borg facade. Case study:

> Why Girls Never Want Nice Guys — And Why It's Too Late When They Do
>
> I used to be a nice guy – way back when. Like most men, I learned rather quickly that being that nice guy wasn't the best of decisions.
>
> You see, I never saw being nice as a decision that needed to be made – I understood it as a state that naturally existed. I didn't feel that I should go out of my way to be nice because I liked being nice.
>
> More than that, I thought that's what women wanted: men who were nice. Boy oh boy was I wrong. Sort of, anyway.
>
> There are some women who want the nice guy because they understand that nice means good and not nice means bad. However, most women seem to have the concepts confused.

He goes on like this lamenting his discovery of the true state of female sexual nature. Bitter tears of cynicism streak the pedestal he used to polish to a shine.

But, like most embedded nodes in the Hivemind questioning their utility, his journey to the crimson side is not without setbacks.

> She may believe she wants a nice guy, but in reality, she doesn't want a nice guy. In her eyes, nice is weak – it's boring. She wants excitement. She wants mystery, surprise, drama. She wants a bad boy.
>
> Until she gets stuck with one, of course. Then all of a sudden logic swarms back into reality and bad, once again, means bad.

As any not-nice man with romantic experience will tell you, women don't want to ditch the badboys they "get stuck with". Women want those badboys to stick around, and they perform extraordinary psychological feats of manipulation and rationalization to convince those badboys, and themselves, to choo-choo-choose them for the long haul. Even ⍰SCIENCE⍰ has shown this to be true.

The Hivemind fractures don't stop there. The Rude Word of CH is tunneling into the ids of MSM women who can't help but squint at the glint of the slicing CH Shiv.

> Are female breadwinners a recipe for disaster? […]
>
> She's always been ambitious and career-minded, so Stella's not surprised that she's earning big bucks — but, she admits (under guise of anonymity), this wasn't the way she imagined her relationship dynamic would play out. "I had always known that I wanted to make money and be successful," she says. "But it was still ingrained in me that the man makes more." […]
>
> Like any major cultural change, this one comes with growing pains: Sorting out new gender roles can be tough on both partners in a household where she's the one who brings home the bacon, no matter how progressive both parties might think they are.

"Ingrained in me" = "My vagina doesn't tingle when we swap traditional sex roles".

Female breadwinners are tough on relationships and marriages because women *instinctively* want to admire a man and look up to him, while men *instinctively* want to provide for and protect a lower status, more vulnerable

woman. This is a timeless fact of human sexual nature that will not be denied, no matter how many hamsters spin or reeducation camps are opened for business.

> "My husband and I talk very candidly about the disparity," says Torabi, who is pregnant with their first child. "He knows he may never make as much as [I do], but he is interested in pursuing a career with more income potential, if for no other reason than to get me to be less stressed ***[ed: "less frigid"]***. I would love for him to be the breadwinner one day. It's a really awesome position to be in!"

Behold the passionless marriage. Their numbers swell.

CH was on top of these cultural schisms before they were a tentative tremble in the Hivemind's collective keyboard fingers. Good to see the ugly truths are beating back the black tentacle goo of the equalist lies. Let's hope it's not too late.

Jessica Valenti, Ur-Feminist, Understands Sociosexual Hierarchy… Of Cats

CH · 1 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

the cat gives me tingles.

She sounds relieved that there's finally an alpha male in her marriage to whom she can submit. The job was apparently open…

Woman up front, man in back, just the way she likes it.

Transitioning As A Game Tactic

CH · 2 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Responding to a post about a new game routine called the Imagination Test, commenter tteclod rightfully demurred,

> Ross Jeffries has a version of this, but it still has some issues with transition. His approach is a little less awkward, but I've yet to read or watch video of any presentation that adequately corrected the underlying transition issues. Anchoring beforehand seems to be key, as well as physical contact and personal grounding and posture. Like so much of game, there's a big picture and broad set of skills one must develop to avoid the creep label.
>
> The master's level work I've observed evokes remembrance of previous sexual sensations, e.g.: "Have you ever felt a drop of sweat roll down your chest?" and similar remarks. Another easy line is, "Mmm, salty," with lip licking.

I'm of two minds about transitioning (for example, from a zippy opener to a sexual or conversational vibe). A good transition is a valuable game skill to have, because I have seen men all too often awkwardly broach topics that landed with a thud into social groups (although this happens less often one-on-one). A smooth segue would've helped them.

Contrarily, I have also seen "naturals" — men who have a preternatural grasp of social dynamics and how to exploit them — jump from one topic to another without any notable transition to speak of. They simply state with conviction what it is that's on their minds, and people, especially girls, tend to jump aboard to follow their conversational threads.

As tteclod implied, a lot of what a pickup artist might call "transitioning" is really nonverbal cues that prime a girl to accept the seducer's verbal tempo. If you have been touching her arm and leg, and slowing your vocal cadence, it won't feel awkward to transition from asexual neutral chatter to sexualized innuendo.

Ross Jeffries is an advocate of neurolinguistic programming (NLP), which is the science (some would say pseudoscience) of embedding commands and evoking feelings in the listener that are transferred to the speaker, through the use of deceptive language tricks and anchoring. NLP, by its "out there" nature, is particularly susceptible to transitioning miscues, as the types of baiting questions that NLP involves would sound undeniably weird on the ears of a woman you just met.

But for the average man who isn't running NLP game, transitioning from one mode of discourse, or one topic, to another isn't difficult. If there was ever a time to be direct, transitioning is it. The answer is to PLOW. Just move from one thought bubble to the next, and if you catch grief from the girl, agree with her like it's no big deal.

EVE'S TEMPTATION: "This song is listenable, but not danceable."
GIRL: "That's out of the blue/weird/random."
EVE'S TEMPTATION: "Yeah well, that's me."

Think of transitioning as basically "re-opening" the girl over and over. You never stop opening a girl until she's opened herself to you. Yes there's a chance — a good one if you're a socially inept nerd — that your chosen topic will be uninteresting to the girl. If that's happening, stop, and change the subject. The key is to act like you aren't put-off or butthurt by her lack of interest; that this is just the normal course of events taking shape. Remember, above all else, overconfidence is the heart of game. If you don't feel awkward, she won't.

The other technique, besides plowing, is to verbalize your transitions as if you were narrating events as they unfolded. This is the "ironically self-aware" school of seduction. For instance,

EVE'S TEMPTATION: "Well it looks like we've reached the point where that story is played out."
GIRL: [whatever]
EVE'S TEMPTATION: "This is the part where you're supposed to sit awkwardly while waiting for me to think of another interesting topic."

Actively uncool "goofball game" can work very well, but it requires a degree of state control and self-assurance that is hard to find in the wild except amongst men who already have their fill of pussy.

A third technique is the one mentioned in the Imagination Test post; you ask a leading question that serves as the springboard into a new, and hopefully more intimate, conversation.

EVE'S TEMPTATION: "You seem like the kind of girl who's open to new experiences."
GIRL: "Oh really!"
EVE'S TEMPTATION: "Not that kind of experience. Get your mind out of the gutter. I mean, do you want to learn something about yourself? Check this out… [run routine]"

The point of transitioning is that, as the man, you will have to accept that leading a woman to your desired destination is part of your duty as the proactive sex. Most women won't make it easy for you, because most women secretly yearn for a man who demands from them some measure of submission.

Putting Leftoids On The Defensive

CH · 2 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The defensive crouch is where female tingles are born; it's also where leftoids are stillborn.

Mangan posted a link to a news story about Sweden acting to criminalize criticism of immigration. A commenter pointed out that the story was likely false, a misreading of the original story.

Naturally, the premise — that Swedish authorities would seek to criminalize speech to spare the feelings of the orc horde — is totally plausible, given that a number of EU countries have taken measures in recent years to do just that. But the false lede plants mischievous thoughts in the supersexy noggin of CH.

It's no secret the forces of Light have no game in the social or political arenas. They mewl and pout and me-too and, when the heat comes around the corner, bend all the way over in impotent submission. They cede ground to the enemy like a public pool clearing out when a floating turd is spotted. At their worst, they are contemptible.

Any anti-leftoid strategy has to start with the concept of reframing. Once a leftoid has established the frame, you are not likely to get out of it without knowledge of frame-busting techniques. Therefore, you want to engage the leftoid with your own frame, because as adept as leftoids are at setting frame, they are incompetent at dodging strong frames which are used against them.

The false Sweden story shows how to do this. Accuse leftoid elites, in the style of "fake but accurate" reporting, of silencing dissent, and working behind the scenes to make laws that criminalize free speech. True or not, the leftoid will be cornered into spending valuable mental and emotional capital defending himself from the charge. Semantically weakened, the leftoid is exposed to more dangerous ideological attacks that he would in an otherwise more commanding position be able to wave off with empty slander that vibrates the vulvae of his mirin' masses. You then outflank your enfeebled foe: "Oh, so you're not actively trying to suppress free speech at the moment? Then you wouldn't send to jail anyone talking about non-white immigration to historically white nations?"

Another example of frame stealing is jacking up the minimum wage well beyond what Democrats are willing to contemplate. This strikes at two weaknesses in the enemy: his liberal lifestyle hypocrisy and his "conservative" concubinage to deracinated big business.

You don't fight an enemy at the peak of his power with squirt guns. You open the silos and launch interpsychosocial hell.

Comment Of The Week: Hurts So Good It Must Be Love

CH · 3 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner (“WINNER”, not “And the COTW goes to…”) is Just Saying, who recounts his journey from beta widget to enlightened love maestro.

> I always find these type of “awakening” articles interesting, although I wonder how anyone can have taken so long to awaken to female psychology. Long ago, when I was in college guys would chat about this, with no women around of course. Because what women would say was diametrically opposed to reality – and they were so dedicated to saying one thing and doing another that I came to see all women as schizophrenic on this issue, and simply NOT ABLE to see their own responses. Of course, that didn’t stop me from using it to my advantage. I actually tried to see how “bad” I could be before women would jump-ship and found that such a point doesn’t exist. The worse I got in my behavior, the more they would try to appease me, and make me happy. I never hit them, and that is what made me realize that nothing you do is “too bad” for a woman, when I saw one with blackened eyes apologizing to the guy who did it.
>
> It became pretty obvious to see that to live well, you need to be as selfish as you can be when it comes to women. Now every now and then you have to do something nice – and it will floor them for the next year and you can treat them like dirt. Cheat on them, pretty much do whatever you want. But you NEVER want to treat a woman “NICE”. I’ve had women comment – “You treat all of your friends so much better than you treat me.” And I respond – “That’s because they are my friends and you’re my lover and wouldn’t want it any other way.” I am brutally honest – but they cannot see they are their own worst enemy. Of course, I also never keep them around for long – although some of them have managed to make themselves so useful that I won’t willingly kick them to the curb – how can you veto a woman that actively brings other (younger) women to your bed? When one woman tells you – “You can have every other woman you want – as long as you’ll still see me.” She has pretty much handed you the keys to the kingdom – and it is HARD to be mean to her, but if you aren’t she will leave. Every time I wake up next to her and want to tell her she is my ideal woman, I catch myself and remind myself to do something mean instead. That is against my nature – but it is what she needs. And since it benefits me, why wouldn’t I do it? So when she tells me, “You can have every other woman.” I’ll respond with something like, “And some times that means I want to enjoy them, without YOU!” Just so that she knows she is there at my whim – and that keeps her always trying to keep me happy. And that seems to be what women need – to keep her man happy – but she needs to see she never succeeds – as when she succeeds, she’ll grow tired and bored – and this is the death of her excitement.
>
> But I love women enough to treat them like dirt. It can be hard to get your head around – but it’s like quantum mechanics, it doesn’t have to “make sense” to me, I just have to be able to use it to my advantage, and that is all I need.

To all the women and white knights who shrink in horror from this ugliest of truths about female romantic nature: Customer complaints can be filed with your biomechanical maker. I’m sure your letter of protest will be received with earnest consideration.

A Banana Republic, If You Can Reap It

CH · 4 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This article by George Will leapt at me for its revelation into the rapidly bananifying condition of the former free republic known as America.

> The IRS used "civil forfeiture," the power to seize property *suspected* of being produced by, or involved with, crime. The IRS could have dispelled its suspicions of Terry and Sandy, if it actually had any, by simply asking them about the reasons — prudence, and the insurance limit — for their banking practices. It had, however, a reason not to ask obvious questions before proceeding.
>
> The civil forfeiture law — if something so devoid of due process can be dignified as law — is an incentive for perverse behavior: Predatory government agencies get to pocket the proceeds from property they seize from Americans without even charging them with, let alone convicting them of, crimes. Criminals are treated better than this because they lose the fruits of their criminality only after being convicted.

Executive summary: IRS agents jackbooted into a grocery, stole all the money available on flimsy grounds, and refused to give any of it back to the store owners after it was determined no crime had been committed.

What the F-in F has this country come to? Liberia?

We've got saucy private conversations being recorded to burn citizens at the metaphorical stake, guys getting fired for expressing opinions at odds with the discourse guidelines set by the Attorney General of Goodspeak, and IRS goons pilfering cash from innocent victims on the pretense of thin air.

Again, I ask, what the F-in F has happened to this country? (Answer: Diversity/ennui/materialism/fear/scale.)

I'd like to take a moment to address the military brahs, particularly the white male contingent, in the reading audience. A suggestion: Put down your weapons. You fight for a country and a ruling elite that hates your guts. Hates you to the bone. If you need an outlet for your martial spirit, set up a local militia. I believe that's still legal. Whatever country you think you serve long ago fell from grace. It's not a nation any more. It's a corrupt bazaar.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 5 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

1. "Unnatural Selection." A brisk narrative of the history to date and the history to be made of the Darwinian culling machine.

2. A contrarian's argument in favor of porn as sexual sufficiency strategy. (Note: Linkage does not necessarily represent Heartiste endorsement. CH believes that there is a greater risk that too much porn viewing, like soliciting prostitutes, will psychologically deflate a man's self-perception.)

3. At the neural level, Catholics think differently than atheists about moral dilemmas. You think IQ research is dangerous to the status quo? Wait until researchers begin uncovering population group differences in the moral senses.

4. Hello, M'Lady. It's funny 'cause it's so godawfully true. "Stalkers have balls, hello m'ladys just make you feel guilty." Odds that Amy Schumer is a CH reader? She couldn't just come right out and say "beta males"; that would be too obvious.

5. Mangan's Breviary lists the top 10 supplements for men's health and strength. A hearty thanks! One strengthening supplement not on Mangan's list that I've read good things about: Xpand 2X. Opinions welcome in comments.

6. Women love sexist men. Everyone is catching up to the wisdom of Chateau Heartiste. Here's another example of the Hivemind bending to the will of CH. I hate to preen, but… oh who am I kidding. ***preen***

7.The neg's neurological power is universal. Rude salespeople who disqualify potential customers make more sales. I see a shift in the mainstream reporting landscape towards more acceptance, at least tangentially, of tried-and-true game techniques. Almost forgot… the above link requires the obligatory "Ha ha, it's Cheap Chalupas!"

8. One confounding variable that behavioral genetics studies may miss is the influence of the external environment on adult life outcomes.

9. Mozart was a Red Pill kinda guy.

10. Monogamous societies are superior to polygamous societies. Lots of interesting angles explored here by Razib Khan.

11. Racists make a better first impression than appeasing suck-ups. Who'da thunk it! /sarcasm

12. Self-segregation alert: Most whites don't live anywhere near appreciable numbers of blacks. Tim Wise ducked for cover. Implication: The twisted multicult state apparatus survives in direct proportion to the number of whites who don't experience its vibrantly diverse ~~curses~~ blessings.

13. Another study finds that women are most attracted to lean and toned male bodies. Not fat, not overly muscled. (CH observes that if the choice is between skinny or swole, always go with swole. There are enough beautiful babies who love meatheads that the average female preference won't matter so much to you.)

14. Calories, and willpower, count: Self-monitoring fatties edition. In related news, 80% of Americans don't exercise enough. Coincidentally, 80% of Americans think being a shambling mound is A-OK.

15. A "dark triad" personality test. Find out how irresistible you are to women.

Moments Of Alpha

CH · 6 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

"Moments of Alpha" is a new series at Chateau Heartiste. Each post will feature a captured moment in time when a man exhibited unmistakable alpha male behavior that is a turn-on for women. The moments of alpha will run the entire spectrum of sexy masculinity, from the extreme that shocks to the subtle that seduces.

The purpose of Moments of Alpha is to reveal, through repeated exposure, the mysterious oscillations of the alpha male's subconscious, and to ingest through this syncopation of illumination a mental template that can be incorporated into one's own subconscious, so that the behavioral profile of men who do well with women will osmotically transfer to the attentive reader.

It is NOT a bullet point list of alpha male tactics to mimic. I can already hear some whiny feeb littering the comments. "But I tried this moment of alpha and the girl didn't open her legs on cue! What went wrong!?" If mimicry is your goal, you will have missed the point entirely. This isn't a memorization exercise. Think of it instead as a meditation exercise. Moments of Alpha is a strange universe to the uninitiated man, and you are here to immerse yourself in its vastness and perplexity.

Our first MOA is from Hedonism Bot, who writes,

> I had a roommate who was a total natural. One of his slampieces came over (I had never seen him be nice to her) and I buzzed her in. She came in blabbing on her phone and when the roommate went to talk to her, she gave him the one minute sign. His eyes widened then he tackled her to the floor and slapped the phone out of her hand. I laughed and left to go on about my business. I found the next day not too long after I left he fisted her on the living room floor and she was "loving it".
>
> I have not, before or since, seen such a display firsthand.

Extremism in the pursuit of pussy is no vice. No doubt many species of the weaker beta males shuddered at the thought of tackling a girl and slapping away her phone. Doubtless, too, they shuddered harder thinking of the orgasmic perversion this unleashed in her.

Meditate for a while on this. and welcome with open mind and yearning heart the next Moment of Alpha.

It's Lonely Out In Space

CH · 7 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If your girlfriend tells you she needs "space", your relationship was over months earlier. You just got the memo late. "Space" is girlcode for "making space in my vagina for other cockas". If you hear those words, leave, and don't bother her for clarification. The only dignity you'll have left to spare is what you don't give away trying to salvage a stone dead relationship. If you want to exit stage right with Heartistian flair, you can relievedly exclaim with acting class sincerity, "Phew! I'm glad you brought this up. You were reading my mind. Really takes the pressure off", or maybe even a simple "Yeah, I hear ya".

Maxim #44: There is a three month lag time between a woman's vaginal prerogative and her words. Her heart gets the message long before you do.

This womanly lag time between her true feelings for you and her verbal confirmation is the reason why you have to learn to rapidly identify the subtle signs of a woman's emotional detachment, and make a course correction before her vagina has petrified to an impenetrable thicket at the thought of your approaching dick.

A perfect example of this comes from that reject repository, Reddit:

My girlfriend of 11 years broke up with me saying "She just needs some space now, and we may get back together." I am wondering what the chances are that she actually intends on giving a relationship another shot, or if it was just said to get me to easily sign over the house and let her keep everything.

About four weeks ago she dropped this on me. As far as I knew everything was going great – we had just gone on a nice vacation together, night before had a bunch of friends over for a little get together, and were planning out future together. She said it was because we fight all the time, we honestly haven't had a single fight in 2+ years.

That's not a positive development. A chronically peaceable woman is a romantically withdrawn woman.

We owned a house together. We bought it about seven years ago, renovated it all, and made it into something we both liked. Wasn't a particularly fancy house, but it was our house. We also had two dogs we got shortly after moving into the house. She now has the house and everything that was in it, I didn't put up a fight for any of it.

Hope is often a prerequisite to failure.

She kept saying things like "I'd like to try a relationship again, but I know if you piss me off I'll probably never even talk to you again." Me being the broken hearted sap I was tried my damnedest to not upset her.

Classic niceguy mistake. Your appeasement made things worse. When a woman threatens to leave if you piss her off, what she's really saying is that she's pissed off with herself for her incapacity to tolerate your predictable amiability.

Signed the house over to her (her mother paid off the mortgage for her, I got nothing) and let her keep the dogs and everything we had gotten over the past 11 years.

except imagine the matador walked backward onto the horn.

I packed up my clothes, and found an apartment to move into.

So I officially moved out over the weekend, and sitting in my shitty little apartment my mind can't help but keep racing to the idea that I just got manipulated out of everything I had. It just seems that if she really had any intentions on ever making things work there would have been much better options than this.

tl;dr: GF wanted a break, I gave her everything on the chance of another shot. Did I just get swindled?

A man can't get swindled unless he swindles himself first, and the one thing idealistic beta males excel at is swindling themselves about the nature of women and the vagaries of love.

But there is a solution. You can read Chateau Heartiste and learn the ways of the ruthless sex, or you can continue to self-immolate in a one-window masturbatorium while your ex straddles a new man to orgasmic escape velocity on the bed you paid for and from where you cooed eleven years of your devotion into her pillow-framed ear.

Attention Whore Of The Month

CH · 8 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Chateau Heartiste introduced Beta of the Month, Alpha of the Month, and Hamster of the Month. Now we premiere a new contest called Attention Whore of the Month (AWOTM), where you, the readers, get to vote for the most repugnant woman who lives for that dopaminergic rush of ego-assuaging attention from an audience of admirers or, if admirers are hard to come by, of haters who will at least make her feel like the queen of turd world.

Our first **AWOTM candidate is Lacey Spears**, a "mommy blogger" who is being investigated for poisoning her five-year-old son for sympathy feels from fat, bored housewives.

my eyes are portals to hell

Mommy bloggers are a blight on the internet. The half that aren't crazy are so crippled by looking at life through a platitude lens that they may as well be a metaphorical mind poison that subversively distances women from their children and husbands.

Of course, a mommy blogger with Munchhausen syndrome by proxy is an especially potent form of attention whore, similar to how a paper clip counting and open borders cheerleading autistic is a severe manifestation of an anti-social personality. Some would wonder whether it's fair to include such a diseased monster in the AWOTM running, but I would counter that all attention whores of whatever degree of expression reside along a spectrum of ego-gluttonous femaleness that concludes at the far right tail with those under the influence of a pathological agent that amplifies their natural predilection for attention. It's basically impossible to find a woman who doesn't indulge in the occasional attention whoring; the trick is to screen out the chronic hamsterbators who have trouble making it through a day without creating a Drudge-worthy spectacle of themselves.

******

AWOTM candidate #2 is an actress **snort** named **Emily Letts** (let's just talk about MEMEME, mmkay?) who had her abortion filmed and uploaded to YouTube for god only knows how many views it would have taken to make her feel like her life was more meaningful than serving as an HPV chamber for a parade of pump and dumps. She summoned a tremendous ~~hamster circus~~ reservoir of strength and courage to leave the following message:

> This is my story. This is ONLY my story. I do not pretend that it is anything more or anything less. I do not speak for everyone on this sensitive subject and I respect everyone's opinions as long as they do not force them onto others.

Psycholicious feminist attention whores have a habit of contradicting themselves within the span of two sentences.

> My dearest hope is that someone somewhere will see this and it will provide some guidance, strength, support, or whatever else they need in that moment. I want to tell that person that you are not alone. Having an abortion does not make you a bad person, a bad woman, a bad mother. Having an abortion does not make you guilty. It

> is simply one step in your reproductive story. You are not along. I am here for you. We are all here for you.

Translation: I feel really weird and unfabulous and frighteningly alone about this abortion, so if I just put up a coyly unpornographic video of it along with feels appeals and self-exonerating pabulum repeated *ad nauseam*, I can return to imagining myself the brave and beautiful and empowered ass-kicking PocaMulaLisbeth heroine I was born to be.

But why such a tease, m'lady? Pan down and whore out the gory details! What's stopping you?

> PLEASE PLEASE SHARE THIS VIDEO. Please help me spread it to all corners of the internet. 1 in 3 women will have or have had an abortion in their reproductive life. This video is for all of us.

If by "all of us" she means her galactically vast yet curiously barren ego that must swallow planets whole to survive.

> I found out I was pregnant in November. I had been working at the clinic for about a year. It was my first pregnancy, and, full disclosure, I hadn't been using any kind of birth control, which is crazy, I know. I'm a sex educator, and I love talking about birth control.

An intoxicatingly aloof alpha made her an offer she couldn't resist.

> Before this experience, hormonal birth control scared me because of complications I'd heard about from friends — gaining weight, depression, etc.

She had to stay slender for the boys she likes. Attention whores may live by the platitude, but their actions betray an intimate understanding of the unforgiving mechanics of the sexual market.

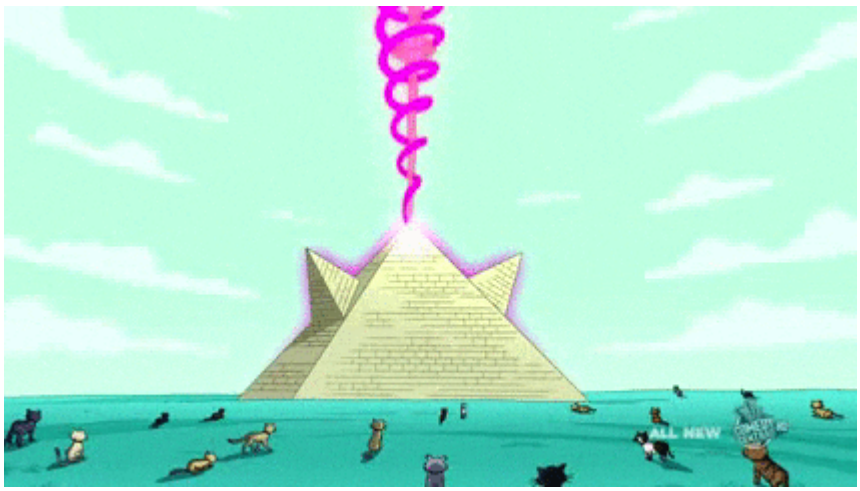
> So I tracked my ovulation cycle, and I didn't have any long-term partners.

Cock goes up, poon goes down
urban slut, got to go round
talkin' 'bout your troubles, it's an ego win
ride a raw dog cocka
let the carousel spin
[brass interlude]

> I thought I was OK. But, you know, things happen.

"Mistakes were made."
– the amazing disappearing female agency

> Once I caught my breath, I knew immediately I was going to have an abortion. I knew I wasn't ready to take care of a child.



> The guy wasn't involved in my decision.

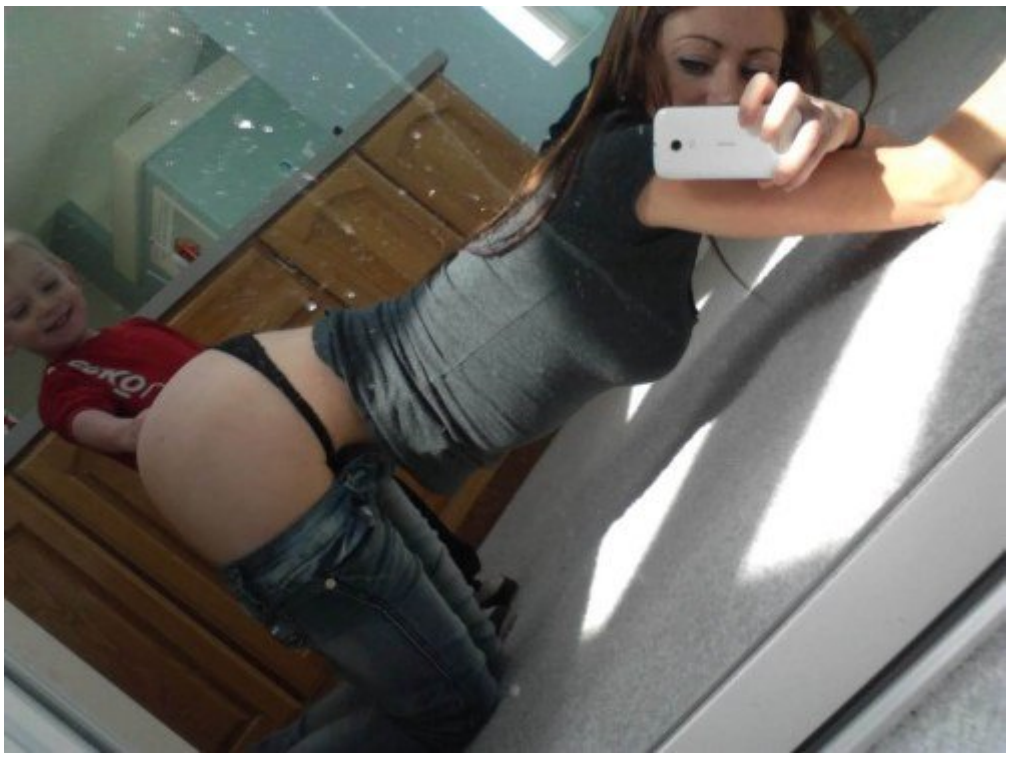
He bolted. **swoon**

> I called my supervisor and said, "Excuse me, I am going to need to schedule one abortion, please." It was very early in the pregnancy, only two to three weeks.
>
> Patients at the clinic always ask me if I can relate to them — have I had an abortion? Do I have kids? I was so used to saying, "I've never had an abortion but…" While I was pregnant and waiting for my procedure, I thought, "Wait a minute, I have to use this."

Of course she had to use it. Where would the world be without her story, her tribulation, her endless infantile need for external validation?

******

AWOTM candidate #3 is an exceptionally tacky contributor to a website that documented the phenomenon of "mommy selfies". (Where the hell are the husbands in these families? Did they abdicate their duty as primary authority entirely?)



thanks for teaching me how to pimp, mom

The internet has allowed the upper classes to see the lower classes in all their ignominy. Kind of a nation-scale “Scared Straight” program.

For tits and wiggles, here are a couple more of these class acts:

for some reason, i will be shocked when you grow up to become a paint-huffing whore

Middle finger? Check. Mulatto womb effluvium? Check. “Ow, my balls!” TV show in background? Not yet, but soon.

hold on dear, your vulva is showing. lemme fix that.

Nothing says fat, headcase mom like vicarious whoring through your daughter.

The selection of these three attention whore candidates is a very fitting pastiche of the state of Western Civ. Two vile lifeeaters sacrificing their children's lives — one post-born, the other pre-born — at the altar of their grotesquely misshapen desire to be loved and fawned over. One desperately needy mom sacrificing her child's psychological health for eyeballs and erections. All sacrifices apparently well worth the banal sludge of an adoring crowd filling their empty soulholes.

Cast your vote like you were casting these attention whores to the frozen wastelands to die alone, a punishment suited to the crime.

Take Our Poll

We've moved well past the annoying bar slut dancing on a table phase of Attention Whore America to depths of female ego gratification that would make the devil blush. Mass whoring technology has apparently brought out the worst in American women.

*Since this is a game blog, I figured I'd slip you a quickie on how to game these three succubi.

1. "I don't normally date single moms, but you seem like your kid isn't your whole world."
2. "Guess I won't need a condom."
3. "That's cool that you hired your kid as a dating coach."

Why Night Game Is Dying

CH · 9 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

RooshV writes,

> I went out with my friend on a Friday night, ready to put in work, and this is what I was greeted with instead in multiple bars:

what we have here… is an unfavorable ratio

Severely skewed sex ratios will affect your game. If a bar is 80% men-20% women, that means on average each woman got ego-fluffed by three men before you approached her. You are therefore attempting to open a line of loving communication with a female ego four times as large as it would be in a normal state of nature. That's an uphill battle, folks. Throw in the expanding and waddling mass of fat chicks, and that 4-to-1 ego-fluffing ratio could jump as high as 8-to-1.

This is why night game is dying. The ratios suck. Either men are restricting their pussy trawling to the night alone, or women are abandoning night venues in droves. Add the demographic cratering of marriage leaving too many single men who lack the creativity and balls to day game descending on bars like migrating wildebeests to watering holes and you've got what you see above. Weekend day game, (or weeknight evening game), if nothing else, has the powerful advantage of a sex ratio that more closely aligns with a natural 50-50 split.

> On Saturday night I was called the following by four women:
>
> -shady (girl 1)
> -douchebag (girl 2)
> -creep (girl 2)
> -disrespectful (girl 3, girl 4)
> -asshole (girl 3)
> -dick (girl 4)
> -weird (girl 2)
> -"I don't like you" (girl 2)
>
> One girl from the above gave me her number and the other took me to her place.

> What a bizarro world for girls to call you names but actually like you.

Despite the horrible ratios, night game still retains one benefit that's hard to acquire in day game: In nighttime venues, girls respond better to jerkboy charisma, and your odds of closing the deal in the same window of time that you opened the deal are higher. In contrast, it's advantageous to soft-shoe your jerkitude and cloak your message when you meet girls under the harsh glare of sunlight. But at least you're not hobbled by beer goggles, dim lighting, or Michelin Woman egos. You can be confident that the girl you meet during the day will look almost as pretty the next morning.

Comment Of The Week: Ground To Lust

CH · 11 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This week's COTW is richly deserved. Congratulations, burke.

> and these stories are just the jolt 'normal' guys like me need as a reminder. i have had many MOA [moments of alpha], but i still have the instincts born of being raised by a single mother. if i say something that is shockingly rude in my mind, i am right about in a woman's sweet spot. you can go way way further and still get results. if you could grind a woman's entire being to dust with your dick, like a mortar and pestle, that's the oblivion she is searching for

Insight elevated to sheer poetry by the breezy lack of punctuation. Women secretly desire their oblivion at the insistence of an imperious man. As the vessel sex, they must be filled with the life force of another — a powerful man, or a child — to fully experience sublimation of their souls. Thus it is that surrender is encoded in the gristle of woman.

Appeasement Is No Way To Win Wars Or Women

CH · 12 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Maxim #54: A woman's happiness is inversely proportional to efforts to accommodate her demands.

Corollary to Maxim #54: The more a woman's demands are catered, the more irrational will her future demands become.

Appeasement is relationship death. Appeasement is the damping oscillation that brings a woman's tingle to rest. There is hardly a self-defeating behavior a man can exhibit more hazardous to his love life than appeasement of his woman's fickle and endlessly reconsidered stipulations. Once you go down the road of appeasement, the cliff side is an inevitability.

Given this reality of female nature, the riddle is why so many men resort to appeasement when the heat is on?

Part of the reason for the reflexive beta male embrace of the appeasement strategy is that it *does* work… occasionally, and only temporarily. Betas are so scared — picture a shivering, frightened little bunny as symbol of their state of minds — to provoke their women's ire that appeasement becomes not only the emotionally satisfying recourse, but also the logically rationalized one based on retrieved pleasant memories of those few times it worked when nothing else works for them.

Barring competing effective strategies to pacify a pissy wife or girlfriend, an appeasement gambit only has to "work", say, one out of ten times for it to become the go-to prostration for befuddled beta males. And remember that in the beta male's worldview, a working romantic strategy is one that doesn't end with his lover leaving him. The bar for healthy LTR management is set very low in the beta universe.

(For comparison, the typical alpha male standard of satisfying relationship health is the continuance of morning surprise hummers.)

A beta husband may be able to briefly calm his wife down by appeasing her, but the escape he narrowly engineers is just a trap door to a pit of lifelong termagant torment. That's the poison appeasement pill he swallows: Quick relief, followed by progressive system failure. Tragically (and comically), he knows no other way.

Commenter 'having a bad day' serves up his own hard lesson in the futility of appeasing women:

> my wife was like that too. pick a fight for no reason, not getting enough attention, blah blah blah…it almost ruined me and my 'happy home.'
>
> but wife's behavior was based on the 'best friend' model of marriage that was indoctrinated into my impressionable young mind throughout my life…
>
> who knew that women didn't really know what they really want…? (that's the real 'crazy'…)
>
> i had bought into the feminine imperative and was trying to 'have it all'…best friend, lover, confidant, etc…and she hated it!
>
> she was a follower, because all women are followers if they are happy. (just like the 'teachings' around here state.) it really is true…if they are happy, they are following someone they can look up to, admire, respect, feel safe and protected by, blah blah blah…if not, not happy…
>
> the 'crazy' comes out when she doesn't have that in a way that is unmistakable. she'll put pressure on the relationship (shit test) to check for leaks…no leaks = anything you want…with a big shit eating grin at being able to please her 'leader'
>
> the 'big crazy' comes out the same way you train a guard dog…you push it a little, it 'fights', you let it 'win'…you push a little harder, it reacts, you let it win…soon enough you can break a baseball bat over its head and it'll still rip your arm off…same with women…and the younger, more fertile (hotter) the woman, the faster

> the escalation goes…so she can 'win' at uncovering the 'beta' (so no sex) or 'alpha' (so anything you want, just use me and not that other chick over there…)…because her body knows that her time is short, and it wants those better genes…
>
> my marriage was shot because of the 'friendship model', but i got some game and turned it around, thanks to this place and the related 'outposts' and for that i am truly thankful…
>
> my wife is ecstatically happy, deferent, doesn't pick fights, apologizes for being crabby or in a bad mood, goes out of her way to offer support, etc. in other words, she has become much more feminine…
>
> she does NOT want to go back to the 'best friends' model of marriage. Just today, i was doing something and happened to slip back into a beta response to something, and she got kind of panicky, and told me 'you know, i don't want you to beat me, but you need to sack up, and make a decision.' (direct quote…) she did not want me to be her 'oh, i don't know, what do you think?…' 'best friend'…and yes, there was a little bit of panic in her eyes…but only a little, and then it went away when i told her what i wanted…so she could work on being a good follower…
>
> better follower = happier woman…

Why do women come to resent their appeasement in time? The male mind formulates, "She's getting what she wants, why isn't she happy?" The problem is projection: The male mind draws a direct connection between wants and demands. Accounting for a few Machiavellian exceptions, when a man makes a (rare) relationship demand, you know that's what he wants. And so men project their mental experience onto women. But what most men (and most men are betas by definition who lack a sufficient learning curve in the hearts and beds of women) don't comprehend is that women have a *disconnect* between their demands and their wants. When a woman makes a demand within the context of a relationship, it's a reflection of her want, not the want itself. Her demands are better understood as either child-like gropings toward self-expression of confusing and troubling emotions, or subconscious gom jabbars (tests of mind) that aid her in her hypergamous (yes) quest to obtain the best man her looks and femininity can afford her.

Seen in this way, appeasement is a strategy that misses the mark entirely or, worse, fuels resentment because it is evidence of failure to live up to a woman's ideal lover and protector. And it makes sense if you put yourself in women's stilettos; appeasement is the biopolitical strategy of the weak, and what woman wants to be with a weak man? Weak men are inherently untrustworthy. You can't know with the requisite certainty that a weak man will have your back when threats emerge. Grrlpower glorification notwithstanding to the contrary, women are slaves to their hatred for weak men, and a manjaw or six figure salary won't change that innate female revulsion for pliant men. This visceral revulsion is so strong that even the obvious benefits of a reliable and generous provider can't fully extinguish a woman's bodily disgust at the thought of receiving his seed.

> "Women with the really good, stable guy felt more distant at high-fertility periods than low-fertility periods," Haselton said. "That isn't the case with women who were mated to particularly sexually attractive men. The closeness of their relationships got a boost just prior to ovulation."
>
> To ensure that the findings were not an anomaly, Haselton and Larson repeated the experiment with 67 other co-eds in long-term relationships. This time, however, the researchers administered a better-recognized measure for relationship satisfaction than the one they originally used. They also administered a questionnaire aimed at illuminating a dimension not studied in the first round: pickiness. The questionnaire asked the women to rate how characteristic such faults as being moody, childish, emotional, thoughtless and critical were of their mate.
>
> The researchers found that women mated to the less sexually attractive men were significantly more likely to find fault with their partners and, again, feel less close to their partners during the high-fertility period than the low-fertility period. Women who rated their mates as more sexually attractive, meanwhile, did not exhibit these changes and instead reported being more satisfied with their relationship at high fertility than at low

> fertility.
>
> The researchers believe the findings shed light on a suite of conflicting behaviors that stem from mating strategies that might have provided an evolutionary benefit to women's female ancestors of long ago but today probably serve no other purpose than to stir the domestic pot.
>
> "Since our female ancestors couldn't directly examine a potential partner's genetic makeup, they had to base their decisions on physical manifestations of the presence of good genes and the absence of genetic mutations, which might include masculine features such as a deep voice, masculine face, dominant behavior and sexy looks," said Haselton, who is affiliated with UCLA's Center for Behavior, Evolution, and Culture.

Men can't (pragmatically) change their Hollywood looks, but they can change their behavior to conform more with dominant behavior that is typically associated with irresistible alpha males. A big first step that doesn't require huge amounts of willpower is simply avoiding the temptation to appease women.

> They also plan to look into how, if at all, the [aggrieved female] behavior is perceived by the male partners of these women.
>
> "We don't know if men are picking up on this behavior, but if they are, it must be confusing for them," Larson said.

You bet it's confusing for them, if by "them" you mean beta and omega males with limited experience navigating the shoals of women's ids. Men who have bedded more than two or three women know the score, and the female behavior that's confusing for most is for them an opportunity to play and enlarge the scope of their authority. The plain fact of this highlights the trade-off inherent in the womanizing lifestyle: The sexual experience that permits exploitation of women's mate choice ploys to one's personal benefit will also degrade a man's ability to feel transcendent emotional attachment. Knowledge inevitably leads to cynicism, which is corrosive to romanticism and relationship stability unless one has the unearthly capacity to resolve the tension between self-interest and self-transcendence.

Relationship appeasement, then, is a Pyrrhic victory, buying time at best. When you stand accused by your woman, don't act like a guilty party. Instead, act like a powerful authority figure suffering a self-incriminating tantrum from one of his acolytes, no matter who is technically at fault. I'll give you an example from CH's own repository of rendezvous.

GIRL: You're really being an asshole. Why am I with you?
HADES' GARDEN HOSE: Sorry. I'll stop.

hahaahha. Bizarro world CH. No, that's not how it went.

GIRL: You're really being an asshole. Why am I with you?
HADES' HOWITZER: [silently waits a beat, then stealthily moves in to perform the same asshole move at half intensity and half speed.]
GIRL: Cut it out! What's the matter with you?
HADES' HOWITZER: Would you say I'm being the biggest asshole you've ever known, or just a run of the mill asshole?
GIRL: Enough of an asshole.
HADES' HOWITZER: Cause you know, I can turn it up so I'm number one asshole in your heart again.
GIRL: [starts to smile] Seriously, you have problems. No don't turn it up.
HADES' HOWITZER: [pulls same asshole move]
GIRL: Fuck!
HADES' HOWITZER: Oh yeah, that hit the sweet spot.
GIRL: Grow up.

HADES' HOWITZER: You know what I'm hearing? "Please pee on me in the shower tomorrow morning."

To all the beta male readers: Next time you feel the need to appease, stop, and do the opposite. Pacification is the province of pussboys. You will take the road less traveled. The road to goad. Expect push-back. That's a good thing. If you can stand strong against the immediate headwinds, you'll find a tranquil, and deliriously scenic, vista open before your eyes.

The Misery Of The Househusband

CH · 13 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The CH mailbag received a while back results from an unpublished study that added confirmation to the weight of evidence that househusbands (aka kitchen bitches, sexual egalitarians, plush manlets) have worse sex lives and unhappier wives. Quote from the original CH post:

> When men are men and women are women, the sex is more frequent. And probably hotter, too. When men are scalzied manboobs and women are manjawed feminists, the bedroom is an arid wasteland of dashed passion.
>
> Sexual polarity — the primal force that adheres the cosmic cock to the celestial snatch — is the truth of truths that belies every feminist assertion ever made in the history of that insipid, leprotic ideology.

We have to be careful, as we were left with explicit instructions to not reveal the source of the study or the precise study results. But this was too juicy to pass up, so an attempt will be made to paraphrase the important findings without risking confidentiality.

1. A woman's sexual attraction and general satisfaction increases when her man does "masculine" chores like DIY projects or car repair. Her sexual attraction doesn't budge when he does "feminine" household chores.

2. Households where men do most of the chores were those most likely to argue frequently about sex.

3. Female breadwinners argue more about finances, household chores *and* sex life. The less money the woman made relative to the man, the fewer arguments and the better her general relationship satisfaction.

4. Equal division of major financial decisions decreased attraction, feelings of love, and general satisfaction in the women, and this decrease was even stronger than the decrease seen when household chores were shared. The more responsibility the men had for financial decision-making, the more sexually and romantically satisfied their spouses/partners.

5. Men were more attracted to women the more the women cooked. So ladies, you can make your man happier by donning the apron and sizzling the bacon he brings home. (Sexist? Yes. Reality? Yes. You'll just have to resolve your dissonance on your own time.)

6. Across the board, women who are breadwinners are less satisfied with everything.

7. Arguments about chores, money, sex life, and romance were highest in couples where the woman made all or most of the decisions. **Female decision-making status was an even stronger determinant of relationship dissatisfaction than female breadwinner status.** Women can handle making more money in a relationship, but they despise being the leader in a relationship.

8. Argument frequency decreased among female breadwinners if they were not the primary decision-makers. Lesson for men: You can have a happy relationship with a woman who makes more than you as long as you remain the dominant force in her non-work life. Or: GAME SAVES MARRIAGES.

9. Most dishearteningly for the equalist pissboys, men who do most of the chores in households where the woman is the breadwinner have the highest likelihood of frequent disagreements about chores, sex, and romance. Let that sink in: The more household work you do to compensate for your girlfriend or wife making more money than you, the bitchier she gets!

The source explains why this study has yet to be published:

> But now that the findings are there **[ed: N is large]**, they are reluctant to release this to the media. They fear that releasing such findings might create negative press for us instead of positive media attention. Their reluctance annoys me for many reasons, and I really want to get my study published. I have till XXXXXX to

> come up with a good reason for why they should publish this study. If they do, then my investment bank, a reputable objective third party would be behind this finding. Normally, they have the ability to circulate our studies through dozens of major media outlets (WSJ, NYT, NPR etc). Thus, it would be really helpful to getting this kind of idea into the public consciousness to have the study released through my investment bank.
>
> But right now there are barriers to getting my study released. The marketing head isn't very comfortable with the findings I gave her. She thinks it isn't a story at all and doesn't know how to market it. I want to somehow convince her to go forward with it. Can you help me come up with ideas? Right now, she says I have to "soften" it and come up with an explanation of what investment management people could do about these findings. Those recommended actions would have to be things HR would not frown on.

Another great example of how female-dominated HR retards progress and the pursuit of knowledge. But hey, everybody is kumbaya, so the sacrifice is worth it, right ladies?

Anyhow, a "softening" lede attuned to your particular clients' sensibilities would be something like, "Financially responsible husbands make happier marriages." Or, "A division of labor means an addition of love."

Fat Chick Drops Load Of Blubber On Louis CK, Fatty Apologists Mysteriously Rejoice

CH · 14 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

E'rebody not in da club getting tipsy over this blubbery fat chick scene from a recent Louis CK episode.

For reasons that cannot be explained by the established laws of logic, a great hue and squeal from the ungulate freak parade has arisen to rejoice over this scene as a breakthrough for Realtalk™ about the lives of fat chicks.

> "As brilliant as the speech is, and as brilliant as Baker's performance is, what makes this work is Louie's willingness to just stand there and take it," Forbes contributor Allen St. John writes. "He makes a few lame gestures in self-defense, but even if Vanessa largely refuses to judge him, we don't. Louie is a jerk."
>
> Baker told EW she thought the scene "was so beautifully written."
>
> "My interpretation of it was that she's (telling Louie), 'You saying, "You're not fat," is like saying, 'The worst thing a woman can be is fat, so I'm not gonna call you that,' " Baker said. "Whereas she's kinda like, 'Yeah, I'm fat. You know, I'm nice, I'm funny, I'm cute — so who cares?' "
>
> Writing for the A.V. Club, Libby Hill applauded Louis C.K. for starting the conversation.
>
> "No matter how sad it may be that the only way many will start to understand this maligned populace is if a white guy explains it to them, the fact remains that through the platform of his critically acclaimed show, Louis C.K. has given voice to the fat girl," she writes.

Funny, all I saw was a fat girl bitch about how tough it is for her to date and have happy relationships. This is news to anyone? No, of course it isn't. The keepers of GoodSpeak want this scene to stand in for a "national discussion" about yet another loser cohort of society so that they can mold the direction the ensuing "discussion" takes. And you can bet the direction the Hivemind keepers want to take it is toward more and more proselytizing about how wonderful it is to be a fat girl (fat men get a media pass from this supposed wonderfulness) and how easily fat girls can get men when they aren't demanding that men stop ignoring them and love them for their inner beauty.

Frustratingly for the Hivemind, Chateau Heartiste exists to jam sand in their sophistic gears. For example, here's the true message of the Louis CK fat girl screed with all the tears and passive-aggressiveness and barely concealed entitlement stripped from her big-boned frame.

FATTY: Why do you hate us so much?

That's not hate, Ms Wideload, that's disgust. Fat chicks are like wet dog shit. You don't hate the dog shit, you just don't want to step in it.

Now if the dog shit starts making a nuisance of itself, say, by getting in your face and demanding you accept its under-appreciated beauty, or by organizing dog shit advocacy groups to change culture and law to better accommodate the feelings of dog shit, and to persuade others to become more like dog shit, then one may feel actual hate toward the dog shit.

FATTY: What is it about the basics of human happiness, feeling attractive, feeling loved, having guys chase after us, that's just not in the cards for us?

To ask is to answer. Romantic attraction is biological, which is ultimately genetic, which means it is unalterable by weepy protests to the contrary or by reeducation camps masquerading as sitcoms. Most men are as repulsed by fat women as most women are repulsed by weak men.

FATTY: How is that fair?

Fairness has got nothin' to do with it.

FATTY: And why am I supposed to just accept it?

Because you don't yet have the legal recourse to force men to bed with porkers.

FATTY: You know what's funny? I flirt with guys, all the time.

The uglier the woman, the more actively she has to communicate her sexual receptivity.

FATTY: And I mean, the great looking ones, like the really high caliber studs, they flirt right back, no problem.

They know they have a better shot with your hot skinny friend if they're magnanimous with you.

FATTY: But guys like you never flirt with me, because you get scared, like maybe you should be with a girl like me.

More like, they're worried that flattering a fat chick will give her the wrong idea.

FATTY: You know, if you were standing over there, looking at us, you know what you'd see? That we totally match.

Fat chick projection. Physically a fat man and fat girl match, but men's SMV is more than the sum of their fat deposits.

FATTY: Have you ever wooed a fat girl?

I've mooed a fat girl.

FATTY: Go ahead, hold my hand. What do you think's gonna happen? Do you think your dick's gonna fall off?

No, it's much worse than that for the fat girl. His dick won't do anything.

FATTY: You know what's sad? That's all I want.

Lack of options = low standards.

Some mush-headed liberals, though, are unhappy with the message.

> But not everyone is a fan. Writer Dan Weiss explored the episode for The Concourse, noting that "there's zero representation for actual FAs ('fat admirers,' which is admittedly a voyeuristic term; I prefer the classic 'chubby chaser') on TV."

I prefer the term fatty fucker. And if the wailing of fat chicks is any indication, there aren't nearly enough desirable fatty fuckers to feast at the porcine troughs of America's fatties.

In this putatively "groundbreaking" Louis CK scene that has the Jezebel hags dizzy with the possibility of careening down a fresh semantic path that defies the mirror, Louis is no more a jerk than is any woman who turns down a man for insufficiently meeting her attractiveness criteria. But since the lamentable is a fat chick instead of an awkward beta male it's socially acceptable to sympathize with her loser pain and revile the man who presumptuously clings to his outmoded sexual preference.

Conflict, and unfairness, are intrinsic to the sexual market. Attraction is innate and impervious to cultural campaigns to alter its algorithm. If fat chicks resent that, there is a solution…

Push away from the table.

Amish Facebook

CH · 14 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter “The Burninator” muses about what an Amish Facebook page would look like.

> I can’t imagine an Amish girl’s FB page.
>
> Her:
>
> “Today I churned butter with mama.”
>
> Like 1
>
> Amish father:
>
> “Get back to work, girl!”
>
> Like 124

You have to hand it to the Amish. They have the preternatural ability to avoid corruption by the pozzed American dysculture while living in the belly of the beast. Part of the reason is the “boiling off” selection effect that results from their rite of passage known as Rumspringa, which assures that the Amish left in the community evolve the personality traits to successfully deter outside influence.

Another reason has to be hard work. Toiling in the fields or the farmhouse tires a body and mind so thoroughly that social media distractions become less tempting. The Amish are preoccupied with survival and community. The non-Amish are preoccupied with white privilege and gay weddings.

Children's Phrases As Game Material

CH · 15 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The title of this post is deliberately provocative. I want to force some of you "men's men" to think outside the *stoicism über alles* box. I know you're thinking, "Get out of here with this poverty game!", but read on.

Children's playground taunts may sound silly to the corporate-groomed adult, but as anyone who's used them to tease women into a state of flirtatious excitement will tell you, they are effective weapons of vag seduction. Young boys are natural alphas until it's beaten out of them (sometimes literally) or until puberty makes them forget how ably they tormented little girls into gleeful hysteria.

Naturally, as a grown man, you wince thinking about what it feels like to flirt with a woman with the aid of turns of phrase that you'd hear ricocheting from a jungle gym. But once you witness the reactions of curiosity and *engagement* you get, you'll put aside your doubts. Because you'll soon realize that children's phrases are perfect adult vehicles to communicate the alpha attitude that women love so much.

Some modification of the delivery is all that's required to make back-sass work for the adult you. You aren't a high-pitched little kid blessedly innocent of ironic posturing, so your delivery will necessarily be more wry, more self-aware, and more monotonic. The following is a CH-approved list of kids' phrases that you should add to your attraction stimulation arsenal.

smell ya later
SIKE!
blah blah blah…… NOT.
what? [repeat to taste]
to the max
as if
ooh, i'm telling!
burn!
your mom. [i like to insert this in random parts of the conversation]
i know you are but what am i
right, and then you woke up
did your parents have any normal kids?
guess who's not wearing any underwear
in your FACE [long version: up high, down low, in space, in your face]
take a picture it'll last longer
fatty fatty two by four [only use on obviously skinny chicks]
so funny i forgot to laugh
say it don't spray it
hay is for horses [use when girl yells "hey!" to you]
haha, you're on the welfaaaaare. [if girl complains about money]
what's that on your shirt? *snap your finger under her chin or nose*
made you look!
i see london, i see france…
nice face
that's not what your mom said last night
[motion her over with your finger] do you always come when a man fingers you?
Y R U gay [sung to tune of YMCA]
raise your hand for a high five, then when she lifts her hand you quickly drop yours and say "who's gay"
up high, flip side, other side, down low, too slow!

i know karate [assume bruce lee stance]
cough princess! *cough*
get away from me with your cooties
go on with your dorky self
somebody call the whaambulance
you wish
fingers in ears i can't heeear you
make "whatever" W with fingers
make "loser" L on forehead with fingers
princess says what?

Readers are welcome to add to this list in the comments.

PS Here's the wikiHow article describing how to playfully tease girls.

When Evolution Fails

CH · 15 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Can evolution fail? I offer the following thought experiment as evidence that there are circumstances in which evolution proceeds along a path that violates its own precepts.

A high SMV (sexual market value) man who likes the idea of being an anonymous father but not a real father, donates to a sperm bank. One thousand low SMV (fat and/or ugly) women get impregnated by his sperm and have one son each. Will this *de facto* harem leader's sons grow up to be

a. more attracted or

b. less attracted

to fat or ugly women?

As commenter Arch Hades put it,

> Higher quality male peckers have evolutionarily evolved to not want to impregnate fatties.

But what happens when a high quality male pecker makes a contribution to the wombs of low quality females via an aesthetically neutral conduit like a sperm bank? The intrinsic desire of the man for slender, beautiful women will still be passed onto his one thousand sons, despite the fact that, from his genes' point of view, he willingly plunged the portals of a lot of gross women. He didn't start with a predilection for fat or ugly women, so whatever genetic code he passes on through the sperm bank women won't appear in any of his male progeny as an increased attraction for ugly women.

In this instance, the ironclad law of evolution has been overturned. The "attraction for ugly women" genes that would increase in a state of nature where men with those innate predilections seek out ugly mates and pass their predilection onto future generations does not increase in this scenario of the sperm bank acting as middleman.

Now one could say the sperm bank is unnatural and thus the laws of evolution don't apply, but anything created by humans must be natural in the sense that culture and its appurtenances are manifestations of genetic architecture previously selected for. The sperm bank is as much a part of the evolutionary biofeedback loop as is the stick that a chimp uses to flush out termites.

What does it say then about evolutionary theory that a sperm bank can essentially sever the connection between reproductive fitness and sexually selected traits? What about contraceptives? In a sense, condoms and the pill act like individually owned and operated sperm banks, altering the ancient equation between female (and male) sexual choice and what kind of children they eventually bear (or not bear).

All this is to say we as a species are entering uncharted territory. Anyone who thinks there won't be awesome consequences lacks the requisite imagination.

Interestingly, you can sort of see the outlines of the above ugly female client sperm bank scenario playing out in real time in the bars and clubs across America. Just substitute "ugly female client sperm bank" with "fat women", and the picture crystallizes. Like the man contributing to a sperm bank patronized by ugly women who would otherwise only have sex with attractive women, a nontrivial number of men are crossing their lower bound of acceptable female sexual attractiveness to rut with fatties out of necessity and fear of unwilling celibacy. As upwards of 70% of all American women are heavier than their ideal weight, it's simply a matter of insufficient suitable mate availability driving an evolutionary trend that is at odds with actual reproductive fitness or male sexual attraction predilection.

The future, should my attempts to clear the SMV fog prove prescient, looks like a horror show of gargantuan

beastwomen and sexually and romantically unfulfilled men drifting in and out of each others' lives in a loveless nihilistic melancholy.

***

PS On a related "Is evolution failing?" note, the buzzy AmRen article titled "Confessions of a Public Defender" is a harrowing read, and provokes some illicit thought about where we are heading demographically. The impression one gets from this titillating exposure to the minds and values of the zoo animal underclass is that the moral senses… fairness, reciprocity, empathy, guilt, even a basic conception of right and wrong… may very well be unevenly distributed not only among members of the same race but between the races in general. If you quake at the idea that average IQ varies by race, how badly will your bowels shake if it's discovered that some races are more, or less, morally evolved?

CH has gone out on limbs before that have proven to be supported by trunks of strong empirical oak, and we'll go out on a limb again, one so far up the tree that few if any will have the balls to venture out with us. Morality and empathy are evolved traits, and like many human traits they will be found in varying degrees and complexities of expression among the world's races. Given this, the civilized nations would do well to consider that their jurisprudence systems are incapable of impartially subsuming the less morally evolved in a manner that suits their own elevated moral sense. If you cannot or are unwilling to grasp that the defendant sitting across from you is closer in temperament and moral evolution to a feral beast than to your kin, you will forever be stricken with crippling doubt about the nature of your race's achievements and philosophies.

Demographically, then, it becomes imperative that advanced peoples act to limit the fecundity of relative moral degenerates in their midst, or barring that to erect barriers against the incorporation of the upwardly moral and the downwardly amoral. And yet the exact opposite appears to be the rule of the land currently. Evolution is failing, thanks to a warped altruistic impulse that has provided and sustains a fitness advantage for morally infantile, and thus exceedingly dangerous, humans. Again, like the sperm bank scenario above, the state of nature has been upturned and bifurcated by a middleman — in this case, misplaced leftoid equalist generosity towards lesser people who would impulsively kill them without losing a wink of sleep — and traits that would normally get culled due to the dual pressures of sexual and natural selection become instead numerous and widespread.

Deus ex machina has become *hominis ex machina*.

PPS This post is supameta, and readers will find it hard to resist pointing out the impossibility of evolution "failing" in a system that is part of the natural universe, but as humans we have also evolved a disposition to employ value judgments that maximize our Darwinian fitness, which is a jargony way of saying that an impersonal natural process can indeed fail if it results in the failure of the one species which has proven capable of identifying that process.

Study: Women Prefer Men Of Few Words

CH · 15 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Science has once again dropped to its knees and slobbered the knob of CH, vindicating the Heartistian observation that women love laconic men.

> For decades, experts believed women flocked to silent types because of their aloof and mysterious nature – but new research suggests its because the trait is actually an ultimate sign of masculinity. […]
>
> When a women meets a man who talks a lot, they consider them to be more feminine and less attractive, yet men who use shorter words and speak more concisely were seen as more attractive because they appeared more masculine.

Terse charm > loquacious charm > charmlessness. Gabby men are simply not very attractive to women. Men who keep their cards close and don't wear their hearts on their sleeves are sexier to women. Men whose jokes are powerfully succinct rather than tiresomely pedantic are considered socially savvier. Brevity is the soul of wit and, apparently, the stroke of clits.

There are times when following the exception to this rule will be personally beneficial, but you should strive to express yourself more laconically, more pithily, as you work to craft your new sexy identity.

> They found that people are naturally drawn to friends and colleagues with voices that sound familiar.
>
> People prefer those who have a similar accent, intonation and tone of voice to themselves, for example.

Theoretically, group selection shouldn't exist, but in practice there's a lot of evidence for some sort of in-group favoritism motivating human interaction.

Incel Vs Insol

CH · 16 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Incel stands for involuntary celibacy, and it refers to beta and omega males who, for a variety of factors, are horrible with women and wind up enduring long and unwelcome sexless droughts. Rumor has it there are whole forums of quasi-men who, for reasons likely having their origin in mommy's quickness with the back of her hand, nurse a deep hatred for game and "players", and who spend most of their time on these gayforums analyzing with the precision of a spectrometer the facial dimensions of various pick-up artists for their conformity to Brad Pitt's visage, apparently believing that no man ever in the history of the world who didn't look like Brad Pitt got laid with a cute chick.

The incel is now an internet caricature, loathed and ridiculed by men and women equally. But there's a female analogue of the incel. And CH was reminded of this when resident female apologist Amy, once again bravely trying to salvage the reputation of her sistren with squirrely semantic maneuvers intended to evade the Guns of Heartisterone, made the claim that there are men who would willingly sleep with fat chicks and that this must mean those men find the fatties sexually attractive.

> But what about beta fat guys with no game? There are plenty of them. Who are they going to date? They want relationships. They're going to end up with women like this [fat] chick. And they must feel some attraction for them if they're having sex.

Settling isn't attraction. Settling is, for men, finding a hole that is a little bit wetter than the couch crease. Losers settle for each other all the time. But fat chicks are so repulsive to men that there aren't enough omega males willing even to settle for them as a last resort and think of England while spelunking the pig. As a result, fat chicks are alone more often and for longer dry spells than are thin girls. And the fatter the girl, the more intractable her involuntary solitude. Call it… Insol.

The Insol is the female equivalent of the Incel. She fails at finding the one thing in life that is most important to women: The love and commitment of a desirable man. Her failure is no less dispiriting or cruelly mock-worthy than is the failure of the omega male who can't get laid in a brothel with a fistful of hundreds.

People don't think of fat or ugly women going long spells without love, because those women are adept in ways that beta males aren't at concealing their misery from public scorn and pity. And, to be sure, the fat chick has a better shot of getting pumped once or twice than does the omega male of getting laid. Because of this slight sexual disparity, and because of the male instinct to project their sensibilities onto the female sex and imagine that getting laid is proof of romantic success, the Insol receives more of a break than the Incel.

Sure, you'll occasionally hear about fat chicks getting face fucked by drunkards, but rarely will you see them in long term happy relationships with men who aren't complete rejects. And this reality grows with the pounds. Female fatness has exponentially increasing blowback. Ten extra pounds won't put too big of a dent in a chubster's sex life, but 100 extra pounds will relegate her to incel with the omega males.

Loser women, like fat chicks, can sometimes pull off a simulacrun of a relationship, but only after a lot of time alone and sacrifice of anything worth living for. The occasional sight of a fatty in an LTR notwithstanding to the contrary, most fat women go epically long times without a man's love. You just don't see them because most fatties don't advertise their loneliness the way loveless beta males advertise theirs.

The problem with the "even the ugliest/fattest women can get laid" trope is that the issue is not whether a fat chick can manage once in her life to get a weirdo to drill her face for three perfunctory seconds in an alcoholic haze. For women, sex isn't the relevant metric. Women want love and commitment with a high value man. On that score, fatties fail miserably.

Even if we limit our claim to three second drunken sex with losers, fat chicks still have problems in that department that thinner girls don't have. It's hard to directly compare the two groups because thinner/prettier girls are less slutty than fatties and fugs, but if we draw on the subset of sexy thin girls who don't mind boffing the same losers that fatties boff, then we would find the fatties badly outcompeted for the sexual attention of those losers.

Simply put, there is the tendency of people to miss what they don't see. Omega and to a lesser extent beta males repeatedly try and fail with women. We see that. Fat chicks, being women first and fatties second, are more passive about courtship. When they fail, it tends to be less spectacular, less conspicuous. They are simply ignored rather than rejected. When fat chicks fail in the dating market, they retreat away from men or they surround themselves with female friends so that they can continue engaging the social scene without the stink of celibacy driving them to isolation or handicapping their ability to converse with strangers. The involuntary loneliness of fat chicks is thus more concealed than the loneliness of loser men.

In contrast, incel men don't have large groups of socially attractive male friends to shield them from their own failure. The sexual poverty of the male incel is more readily apparent in his loner lifestyle and his bitter, stunted personality. When he fails, he retreats, regroups, fails, retreats again, and the cycle continues. His failure is unmissable.

In the grand scheme, incels and insols are two sides of the same coin. Both lose in the sexual market. Both lose in the LTR market. Both suffer long droughts of sexlessness. If there's a difference between the omega male incel and the female fatty insol, it's that perhaps the fatty can amass (heh) a couple more lays in her lifetime than can the omega male. But two extra lays over a lifetime does not a proud, confident, non-bitter woman make.

Comment Of The Week: Deere John

CH · 17 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner newlyaloof experiences what it's like to be on the receiving end of a typical woman's exquisitely honed talent for manipulation.

> Women want everything in life – except for their men – to appease them.
>
> Wife just called asking where lawnmower key was. I recognize this now for what it is. A shit test for me to say, "Don't worry about it. I'll do it when I get home." But, I told her where the key was and to have fun. Haha. I could tell she wasn't ready for that. She responded a few comments about hopefully being able to figure it out (again more guilt-loaded shit tests to get me to say I'd do it). I told her to have fun and she'd learn a thing or two. She replied, "Well, does it have any gas in it?" (another attempt) I replied, I don't know, but fill it up if it needs it." She replied, "No, I don't want to fill it up with gas."
>
> See, she wanted the grass cut. She didn't care about how busy I am or how many other priorities I have in front of the grass. She wanted appeasement on the grass, plain and simple, but she didn't think it was worthy of her time to fill it up with gas. Think of that betas. She didn't feel it was worth one minute of her time to fill up the lawn mower, but an hour of my time cutting the grass with it was.
>
> Like the Federal reserve and our money supply, the more appeasement you give out, the lower your value. You've got to defund the Hypergamy Reserve one monetary-asshole-unit at a time.

I'm afraid it's in the nature of woman to believe an indentured servant waiting on her hand and foot is an unalienable right granted by possession of a vagina. That's why men need game… to disabuse women of that notion. Because the alternative is sucking up to ever more egregious demands for ever fewer opportunities at her snatch.

***

COTW runner-up is a putative female reader, cynthia, who writes,

> Appeasement: to yield or concede to the belligerent demands of (a nation, group, person, etc.) in a conciliatory effort, sometimes at the expense of justice or other principles.
>
> The MAN wants to appease. Peace, reconciliation, quiet.
>
> The WOMAN wants something entirely different. We want drama.
>
> You guys want the game to stop, with definitive results. We want the game to keep going forever.

Pithy. And surprisingly insightful… for a woman. ("for a woman" is the new "not all women are like that".) Men do a lot of up-front hard work to court women, and so justifiably feel they should be able to coast once within the comfy confines of an LTR. Victory in war, followed by a long peace.

Women want none of that. They crave the drama, and get antsy when it's missing. This is because women, unlike men, have shallow but wide and hungry egos that need constant validation. This need for validation issues from a subconscious realization that their worth is almost entirely tied up in their (fading) looks, while a man's worth is connected to many facets of his life. Women lose sexual value at just the time that men gain sexual value, and from that dynamic is born women's insatiable need for ego-validating drama to, paradoxically, quell their fears that their men might trade up.

Now of course there are those few men who are good at seducing women, who relish the game, and who take pleasure in turning the crank on the hamster wheel of up and down emotions. These men are dangerous precisely for the reason that women can't help but love them so.

Moments Of Alpha

CH · 19 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Continuing with our series, I relate an episode. In an ornery mood made worse by my need to take public transit and the usual company that entails, two girls — one cute, the other chubby — giggled while repeatedly glancing in my direction.

I was stretched lengthwise, tiredly in my seat, appraising the two gossips through bored half-lids. The chubby one suddenly leaned forward and pointed at my feet.

“Nice clown socks.”

On any other day I would have gamely smiled at this distaff insouciance, and prepared an amiable springboard for a few minutes of distracting banter about the sexual allure of clowns. But that day I was a foul-tempered beast with a thousand yard serial killer stare.

“Thanks. Nice clown face.”

The chubster fell backwards in her seat, wide-eyed and slack-jawed. Her cute friend slowly grinned and glistened in the eyes, a telltale sign she glistened elsewhere. I slipped the shiv in further.

“I mean, if we’re gonna share opinions about total strangers.”

It was a thin crowd, so the sound barrier of our repartee was largely confined to our immediate meatspace; nevertheless, an older woman and a younger man overheard, and both chuckled.

I wasn’t sure, but I could have sworn the cute friend inched away from her chubby compatriot, just a little, but just enough to reveal the repulsion of chubby’s defeat and the pull of my jerkboyishness.

The Problem With Sex Surveys

CH · 19 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Sex survey accuracy is suspect because of "social expectation bias", which influences sex survey participants to respond in the way they think is socially acceptable. Sex surveys are back in the news because word is getting out to the masses that recent survey data shows younger generations are having less sex, something that strikes people as odd given the current Western cultural climate of utter depravity.

But besides social expectation bias (and the verified observation that women tend to lie more than men on sex surveys), there is something else at play that corrupts social survey findings: The ambiguity of the terms being used on the surveys and in synopses of results.

For instance, what exactly does it mean to "have less sex"? Yes, it means numerically to have less frequent sex (say as measured on a per month basis), but the assumption then is that this means fewer partners. It doesn't. It is possible, (in fact, as CH will argue, probable), that less sex means *more* partners.

Compare a 1950s 25-year-old woman to a 2014 25-year-old woman. If sex survey results are to be believed without qualification, that 1950s woman was sluttier; she had sex 6 times per month compared to the 4 times per month the 2014 woman is having. The unthinking reader may exclaim, "holy crap those 1950s housewives sure got around!"

Ah, but that's where a little knowledge of the sexual market can help your powers of induction. A married, faithful 1950s housewife who deeply loved and admired her bring-home-the-bacon husband would welcome sex six times per month. She would be ravenous in the sack. A sexually voracious woman is not a slut unless she spreads her sexual voracity among many men.

Now fast forward to our 2014 Götterdämmerung sexual market. Our 25-year-old woman is not married, and she is not dependent on any man for her discretionary cash needs. She dates a lot, but needs at least three dates before having sex with a man. She had one long-term relationship in high school, but since then it's been all short-term post-collegiate flings. She meets a new man she'd like to bang about once every four months, which means she endures long dry spells between dates. She has a lot of sex with a man after he's stuck around for longer than three dates, but her dry spells mean that her average sex frequency is only four times per month. Her relationships usually top out at six months now, so although she has less sex than her 1950s counterpart, she is far sluttier, having amassed a lifetime partner count in the double digits.

The lesson of this post is that the only reliable way you'll get accurate data on how many different dicks the typical American woman invites into her chamber of intercourse is by insect-sized drone spying on her and recording every moment of penetration. Otherwise, it's just her word on a piece of paper, and that plus a buck will get you a buck.

Orca's Razor

CH · 19 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Most of you are familiar with Occam's Razor, the principle that of two or more competing theories to explain a phenomenon, the simplest one is likely the true one.

With a nod to Occam, CH introduces Orca's Razor.

Orca's Razor: Of two or more competing theories for why men don't want to date fat chicks, the most spurious, most convoluted, and least plausible explanation that assuages the egos of fat chicks and their barely male enablers will be insisted as the correct one.

A case study of Orca's Razor in action (via reader yeahokcool):

> from the front lines of tortured logic (see comments):
>
> guy: I've dated a lot of heavier girls and I've definitely felt the judgement from other men. The problem isn't that men don't like big girls; it's that men don't like the way other men look at them when they're with big girls.
>
> girl: Yeah, I don't think this is commentary on forcing yourself to be attracted to someone who you're not attracted to. It's about letting societal pressure bully you out of being attracted to someone who you ARE attracted to.
>
> reality: yes, you are being judged by other men and women because you are everyone innately knows that only losers are fat and/or date fat people. furthermore, women fail, yet again, to realize that their attraction to men is entirely different than men's attraction to women. i love how much women (fat ones, particularly, i imagine) just WANT these comments to be true!

Orca's Razor is in effect the inverse of Occam's Razor. Instead of slicing away superfluous concepts, Orca's Razor slices the most elegant explanation to shreds, and then presents as incontrovertible fact the id gruel that is a mix of the viscera of various feelgood theories that were made up from whole cloth with the express purpose of avoiding and nullifying the simplest and truest explanation for why men are repulsed by fat girls.

Occam's Razor: Men don't date fat chicks because fat chicks are disgusting to look at.

Orca's Razor: Men don't date fat chicks because men secretly like fat chicks but have to suppress their urges to avoid being looked at in a funny, judgmental way from other men.

Like most equalist cant, Orca's Razor is poopytalk pumped at high volume to fill you to the eyeballs with shit so you're blinded to reality. No one is ever truly blinded to reality, as we can see by the real life decisions that people make even inside hothouse leftoid reeducation camps, but that won't stop the walrus warriors from rolling over to crush newborn realtalk that chafes their megafauna hides.

How Women Undermine Other Women

CH · 20 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Girls may be sugar and spice and everything nice, but in the no holds barred, winner take all tournament to the procreative death known as the sexual market women are just as ruthless – perhaps more ruthless – than are men to their same sex competition.

How do women undermine other women? They employ two strategies.

1. Ostracism/shaming.

Ostracism is public shaming. And despite the torrent of nonsense, (of which feminists have a seemingly inexhaustible supply), asserting that men are the primary slut and fatty shamers, that honor actually belongs to women.

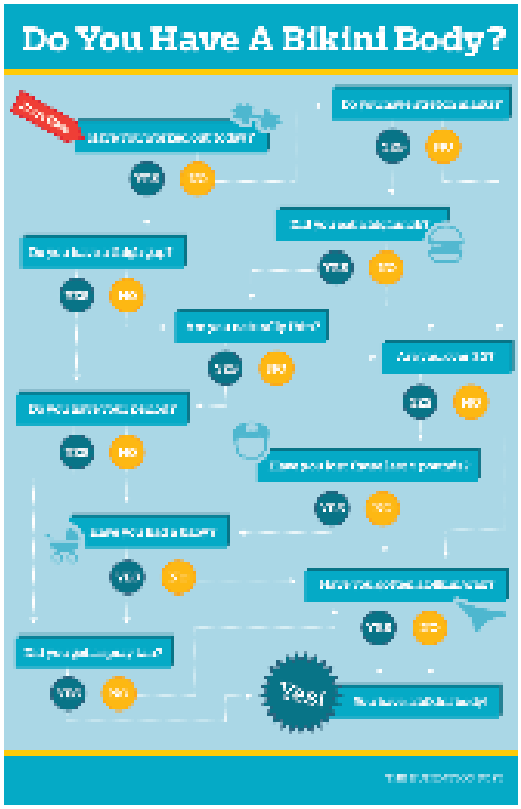
2. Disinformation.

The other tactic women deploy to kneecap their competition is far more invidious. Women are adept at the art of disinformation campaigns, a strategy that both superficially soothes the fragile egos of other women and manipulates them (borrowing a legal term) to declare against interest.

Disinformation is essentially the propagandizing of pretty lies. Its power rests on an implied flattery. “You don’t need to slim down to find love, because you’re great just the way you are!” The hope of disinformation propagators is that their marks are gullible enough to follow their bad advice, thus reducing the number of sexy female competitors for the tiny pool of desirable alpha men.

(Remember from the CH archives that women feel the pressure of the sexual market more acutely, in part because there are far fewer alpha men for all the women who want them than there are bangable attractive women for all the men who want them for at least a night.)

A classic example of strategy #2 is this PuffedHo demotivational poster.



bikini is now a synonym for elephant hide

Women, especially loser women, love love love to hear these platitudes that validate their romantic worth, but the reality that would result if women followed this deceptive advice is more fat and ugly women (waddling around beaches in tent canvases) and more desirable men focusing all their attention on shrinking numbers of slender women. A sexual desirability skew of this nature would be a godsend for the hotties, who would experience an increase in their options so profound that the entire SMV sorting system would seismically shift. Thin cuties would be able to amass multiple greater beta orbiters and extract commitment from alphas who would otherwise pump and dump them or ignore them for hotter prospects in a dating market within which female attractiveness was more evenly distributed.

It is therefore in the interest of every red-blooded man to call out this manipulative female bullshit wherever and whenever he sees it. It is his DUTY to warn women against the forked tongue of other women seeking to cripple their competition with fat and ugliness apologia. Beauty is truth. Aesthetics is no mere formality hinting at deeper revelations. Aesthetics IS revelation. Chateau Heartiste has made this maxim central to its mission statement with full understanding of its cosmic importance and its centrality to all that is good and true.

Hugging Is Beta

CH · 21 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The subject of hugs as a social lubricant surfaced recently in the comments. Before continuing, I'll say that hugs as a tactile ploy to quickly escalate physical comfort with a girl is an entirely different matter than hugs as they are used by girls when meeting friends or even loosely affiliated acquaintances. The former is an established game technique; the latter is, well… emasculating.

Gadfly Amy writes,

> This is an interesting observation. I hug people all the time, and you are right, the "alpha" guys don't really hug back. They don't freeze up and act uncomfortable or nervous… they just don't physically react. They make me do the work.

Hugging is all the rage in SWPL-land. And it's something I could do without. But some social forces are so deeply ingrained that even the mighty iconoclast you know and luv, Highlander Heartiste, must bend to the will of the herd.

Although hugging is a great kino escalation tactic, in nearly every other context it's phony and suspiciously emasculating. People (mostly women) feel the pressure to hug, and like lemmings they dive right over the personal space cliff to hug everybody from exes to bosses to friends of friends to friends of friends of boss exes. Whatever import accompanied the practice has long ago been stripped mined from it by perfunctory overuse.

Hugging is Depo-Provera for the Androgyne Generation. It's the final snippity snip of soft castration for men whose testes are already halfway ascended to their diaphragms. It's a comforting boundary in a world of hair-trigger offense, and a reprieve from busting a move to get the girl.

Hyperbole? Ok, try imagining Don Draper hugging Peggy or Joan or his secretary du jour every time they got together at a party. Try picturing James Bond hugging a woman he had no intention of seducing into bed. Try imagining your father, or your grandfather, or this guy, asexually hugging women at a backyard barbeque.

It is to laugh.

Fact: If you aren't initiating hugs to fast-track a familiarity that can be leveraged into quick seductions, or you aren't hugging a girl as post-coital homage to her bedside acrobatics or sympathy for her dead grandma, then the hug you are receiving is beta.

Naturally, if I have to put up with hugging I'm gonna press in real close if the hugger is a cute girl with a big rack. That's called making smoosh juice out of lemons. And lemons it is, because hugging, besides feeling like a coerced gesture to which one submissively relents, is in most ways subtly desexualizing. I don't know when or how the practice got to be the go-to social greeting among self-regarding liberal whites (aka alien grays), but I've no doubt that many women now deploy it as a means of preemptively dissipating any simmering sexual energy that might radiate from a man who still has stones knocking between his legs.

In some cases, the sexual energy she subconsciously seeks to dissipate is her own. Which is flattering to the man, until he stops to think that the hug is basically the girl pulling a Heisman on him.

Exceptions exist. Hugging is occasionally an overt come-on by a girl who wants to communicate her sexual intent using tools deemed safe and plausibly deniable by broad social acceptance. If you can tell that's happening to you, then by all means welcome that hug and let your hand drop to the top of her ass.

But more often, hugging is a female power move to claim control of a man's beastly sexuality. It's emasculating in the sense that the hugger feels so at ease in your company, so blissfully unthreatened by your percolating sexuality, that she can swoop right into your flaccid body and press her supple flesh into your spirit house. Not in your house?

Oh yes, in your house.

The female hug is a nonverbal message delivery vehicle. It can say “Wow, I like this guy and just want to feel his strong swaying manboobs”, or, more typically for your average SWPL betaboy who must entertain upwards of ten friendzone hugs per day, it says, “Wow, this guy is such a team player, but just in case he’s got life left in that microbone of his, I’m gonna arouse him with the proximity of my body and drink of his nourishing despair as he realizes the extent of his paralyzed impotence.”

You don’t want to be that guy. But what to do when the world is hug-happy and refusal would assuredly consign you to the disinvite list?

Based on what I’ve seen charming alphas do, there are two effective countermeasures. One, you can do as Amy observed, and let your body hang in languid repose, forcing the girl by your inaction to assume all the sexual pre-penetrative tension that is always bubbling not far underneath the polite veneer of a hug. Call it, “amused receivership”. The trick is to substitute calm indifference for rigid discomfort. Done right, it’s a great way to non-verbally wedge a girl into the “chaser” role. She’ll feel like she’s doing all the work, so you as a man must be worth it.

The other method requires a more cantankerous personality. When she moves in for the hug, agree and amplify. As she’s hugging, let your hands roam over her back and hips. Exaggerate your pleasure for the entertainment of the crowd or for your own amusement. Smile like you’re getting a hummer and press harder into her. Moan a little. Sexualize the hug. Accuse her of copping a cheap feel, or making you feel dirty. Force her world to accommodate your insolent penile aura. She’ll either be aroused by your manly effrontery and begin to contemplate unclothed transactions with you, or she’ll be thrown into a state of perturbation and think twice before hugboxing you again as if you were a little eunuch doll.

Either way, you win. If the second method should scandalize the gathered, prep them with a clownish attitude. This way there’s less chance they’ll mistake your gropings for anything but physical humor. If she, or her friends, really chafe at your impudence, you shouldn’t be hanging with such uptight pussies anyhow.

Amy continues,

> How do your girl friends greet you, then? How do you expect/want them to greet you?
>
> I don’t press up against guys when I hug them, it’s a greeting type hug, quick, and I usually kiss them on the cheek. The only exception is if I’m really glad to see them for a specific reason, i.e. the other night I saw a friend of mine who just recovered from a freak illness that almost killed him. I was so happy to see him out and looking healthy that I hugged him hard. But I don’t think anyone would confuse that with a sexual advance.

You underestimate the proclivity of men to interpret all variety of female attention as a cry for copulation. But to your question, long-time close girl friends I have no intention of fucking may get a hug now and then. Mostly though, there is a tacit understanding that it’s cool to get together without having to grease the friendship wheel with gobs of histrionic symbols of affection.

The French have it right, like they do in so many matters of intersex politesse. If you must have a physical greeting with women you aren’t fucking, the lean in, arm grab, and air kiss on the cheek is sufficient. Otherwise, just chill and go for the high five, pulling away at the last second leaving her hand flapping in empty air, after which you execute the “who’s gay” finishing move.

Failing that, there’s always the fist bump, a gesture which ironically works a lot better to establish your alluring dominance when used on girls than on male friends.

Spiders, Diversity, And Seduction, Oh My

CH · 22 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

You may not think a study of social spiders would have anything to say about such disparate topics as racial diversity and pickup, but that's just because you haven't taken a fistful of shrooms and gone on a vision quest.

> …these oddball spider socialites may offer fresh insight into an array of human mysteries: where our personalities come from, why some people can't open their mouths at a party while others can't keep theirs shut and, why, no matter our age, we can't seem to leave high school behind. […]
>
> [Researchers] have determined that character-building in social spiders is a communal affair. While they quickly display the first glimmerings of a basic predisposition — a relative tendency toward shyness or boldness, tetchiness or docility — that personality is then powerfully influenced by the other spiders in the group.
>
> In laboratory experiments, the researchers showed that **spiders exposed to the same group day after day developed stronger and more distinctive personalities than those that were shifted from one set of spiders to the next. Moreover, the spiders in a stable social setting grew ever less like one another over time.**
>
> **In other words, far from fostering behavioral conformity, a predictable social life accentuated each spider's quirks and personal style, rather as the characters in a sitcom — the Goth girl, the huckster, the lovable buffoon — rise ever more to type with every passing laugh-tracked week.**
>
> "The longer the spiders were with the same individuals, the stronger their personalities became, and the more different they became from each other," Dr. Pruitt said. "The aggressive ones became much more aggressive, the docile ones more docile." The consistency of their behaviors also mounted with time, he said, "to the point where they seemed almost rigid."

As most readers are here to learn how better to attract women in a world gone mad, the story within this story is what group familiarity and uniformity say about your chances to escape your beta box, (or, conversely, to exploit your alpha cred).

Summarizing, a lack of inter-group diversity (say, growing up in an idyllic all-white suburb where Rush blasted from angst-y teen bedrooms) actually *increases* individual diversity, through the mechanism of amplifying preexisting personality differences among same-group members. In contrast, a lot of inter-group diversity (say, moving to a SWPL hipster enclave in a minority white city soaked in vibrancy that makes daily living an adventure in survival) produces a uniformity of thought and, CH will note, of aesthetic within groups, which is why we see SWPL hoods in nearly every major American city converging on the same farm-to-table Obama-loving liberal hypocrite norm.

Paradoxically, group cohesiveness creates more individual diversity, while inter-group diversity creates more intra-group uniformity. Diversity + proximity = conformity.

In other words, the diversity that really matters — diversity of thought and personality — flourishes in less racially diverse environs.

That's the diversity angle of this spider study, What about the game angle?

> Equally dramatic was the impact of social conditions on the boldness test. Stable spider groups, composed of six spiders that remained together for up to four weeks, showed the greatest variety between individuals, the greatest mix of bold and shy, as well as the highest individual consistency: The pebble-playing times of the boldies grew shorter while those of the timids lengthened.

> Among shifting spider groups, by contrast, the boldness scores proved far less predictable, as though the spiders didn't quite know what was expected of them. […]
>
> Alison M. Bell, who studies stickleback personality at the University of Illinois, says the spider work neatly illustrates the mix of plasticity and predilection that underlies personality.
>
> "I think it's such an appealing idea that social interactions could cause social niches, and it resonates with our own experience as humans," she said. "When you go into a group, your behavior changes depending on the nature of that group, but it can only change so far."
>
> Yet so long. Soon after getting results from the experiments, Dr. Laskowski met with a group of friends she hadn't seen since graduating from high school a decade earlier.
>
> "All of a sudden I'm high-school Kate again," she said. "Just being in that social environment completely reinforced my old behaviors. It was my social niche, that's what I felt."

Your identity can be altered by removing (or removing yourself from) social dynamics that reinforce your old identity. Personality is part predilection, part plasticity (ratios subject to debate), and what this spider study hints at is that if you are a docile beta male who wants to inject some alpha characteristics into your behavioral regime, you can move the needle on your suite of personality traits by getting the hell away from stale social settings in which you are known as the niceguy who doesn't pick up women.

For some men, this won't be news. Many a former beta male has testified to social and sexual success that accrued after he left his comfortable social circle, or his hometown, for strange new lands and new friends who didn't know of his past nature. Like the rattled spiders who got confused when their social landscape shifted, the beta male will be able to more easily experiment with bold alpha moves in a new environment filled with new people who haven't yet pigeonholed him. Additionally, the alpha males who luxuriated in the rewards that familiar people's expectations granted them will be less bold in new environments, thus paving a path for uppity beta males to exploit the slick seducer niche.

Why Do Women Flirt More When They're With Someone?

CH · 23 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter having a bad day writes,

> one of the better things that i did to get confidence was to recognize the MANY IOIs that women are putting out all the time. women, especially young fertile (hot) women, ping their environment ALL the time. learn to recognize and encourage these, and it will build your confidence…you can also learn to spot these when they are thrown at other males in the environment…
>
> note – it will also make you sort of depressed if you still hold any illusions regarding the nature of women. most of the 'ping backs' you will get are from women in 'relationships' (married or otherwise) with betas…sometimes (a lot actually) right in front of the guy's nose…

This is true. The most obvious flirtations are often from women who are taken, and sometimes with their man present and accounted for! It's less common to get aggressive flirts from single women.

My understanding of this aspect of female nature is:

1. Sublimated hypergamy. Women are always looking to trade up (whether they know it or not) and flirting while with someone comes more naturally to them.

2. Fishing for reassurance that she's still attractive. Women in LTRs tend to discount the assurances they get from their partners as less valuable than the arousal they can inspire in strange men. The man she already snagged and who has invested in her is less trustworthy as a biased judge of her attractiveness.

Note that both reasons #1 and #2 are rendered null and void if the woman is in a relationship with an alpha male. (1: she won't feel the urge to scope as much and 2. an alpha lover's opinion of her remaining attractiveness is weighted more than a beta lover's opinion.)

The Transmissibility Of Confidence

CH · 23 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Is confidence an outcome of validating external factors, or is it an internal mindset that creates its own validation?

The feedback loops of male confidence are copious and fluid, so the question is the wrong one. External validation and internal beliefs synchronize to lift or deflate a man's perception of self-worth. But it's the nature of constitutional pessimists and unimaginative nerds to overrate objectively measurable variables that contribute to a man's mate value and undervalue the invisible psychology that imbues a man with serious muff-massacring mojo. If you're looking for proof of concept, I have a simple real life test.

How many naturals (with women) do you know, and have known for years, who physically or economically deteriorated with age? Most of us know one or two guys like that… high school romeos who packed a gut and a dead-end job by their late 20s. The guys I know like that continued doing well with women, despite losing their high school glam. They never stopped smashing grade A ass even as their more transparently conspicuous player traits abandoned them.

And you know why? Because they had the attitude. Their confidence that they could get women when they wanted never left them. True to their charming selves, their pudginess or crap jobs or studio apartments presented no obstacle to their mesmerizing game. Confidence — which is really a synonym for an abundance mentality — is like this; once you have it drilled into your subconscious, it's hard to get rid of it.

Inner game matters. Confidence is transmissible over years and through different life stations. It can be cultivated with many fertilizers, and harvest time always means, "There's enough clam to feast like a king. I will never go hungry." How crucial is confidence? If you have no belief in yourself, a six pack or a year-end bonus aren't going to transform you into a lady slayer. But if you think yourself god's gift to women, and truly believe that should the need arise you can easily find fresh pussy, then a submerging six pack or a missed promotion at work won't put a dent in your game.

Of course, the quickest way to achieve Voltaire level confidence is by amassing years of experience bedding women. But what to do if you're new to the only game that matters? You strive for that elusive abundance mentality. Make approaches. You won't convert every approach into a lay (not even close) but you will get some smiles and other positive reactions. These reactions will accumulate and reinforce your growing belief that women are plentiful and it wouldn't take much effort to push at least a few of them into lascivious contemplation.

Another trick to crush limiting beliefs is a daily reminder that, whatever sexual market advantage women have got, you have a sexual marketplace window of viability that triples that of most women's. When you're feeling self-doubt, there's nothing quite like the brisk pick-me-up of waking up a man with decades of romantic opportunity ahead of him.

Goodbye America In A Photo

CH · 24 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This post is the start of a series featuring photos from readers that best distill the essence of a nation in decline. Our virgin Goodbye America photo entry is from reader Kyo,

> OT for the "Goodbye America" crowd: the nation encapsulated in the background of one photo. Michelle Obama is giving a speech full of the usual retread anti-racist pablum at a high school.
>
> On the right is a woman who looks to be in a state of delirious ecstasy to be where she is.
>
> On the left is an unhappy man clapping because he's read his Solzhenitsyn and knows what happens when people don't clap when the regime wants them to.

Welcome to the dawn of the age of race cuckoldry!

Obviously, we can't know for certain from looking at a photo what's going through a person's head, but if facial expressions could talk… abject prostration, from both the man and woman, comes to mind.

It's amazing how quickly a nation can fall from world-bestriding power and faith in itself to a caricature of cultural collapse and masochistic submission. In a single lifetime, America will have gone from a roomful of 26 year old wunderkinds launching man into space and onto the moon, to a nation of whiny infants crying about privilege and microaggressions and wondering how to make a living with their liberal arts degrees.

Readers are welcome to submit their own Goodbye America photos. At the end of the year, winners will be announced. Do you have the photo that "sez it all" about post-America? Submit it to CH and make sure you watch this space from poolside!

The Psychosis Of The Effeminate Male

CH · 26 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Elliot Rodger, a 22-year-old mixed race Millennial "here's why that's a problem" son of a Chinese woman and a father with a psychopath's thousand yard stare who was an assistant director for the Hunger Game movie, went on a shooting spree that left four men and two women dead, after which he self-delivered behind the wheel of his BMW.

The rampage is newsworthy in and of itself, but what's really catapulted it in the public imagination is the killer's "manifesto", and the discovery that he was a member of an internet forum called "PUAHate", which is a homoerotic playground for shut-ins with zero experience saying "hi" to girls, who post epic rants disparaging pickup artists and game and spend inordinate mental energy analyzing the facial measurements of various men in the apparent belief that no man who doesn't look like George Clooney could ever get laid and should therefore not bother trying to meet women.

After reading excerpts of Rodger's manifesto, I wondered if my evil twin was taking the piss and fooling everyone with a parody of an incel omega male so over-the-top and cartoonish that only the most gullible would believe it. Examples:

> I eventually grew to hate him after I heard him having sex with my sister. I arrived at the house one day, my mother being at work, and heard the sounds of Samuel plunging his penis into my sister's vagina through her closed room door, along with my sister's moans. I stood there and listened to it all. … The slob [porking my sister] doesn't even have a car, and he is able to get girlfriends, while I drive a BMW and get no attention from any girls whatsoever. […]
>
> I made no progress in school either. My geography class had no pretty girls in it, so I had no hope there. I spent a lot of time sitting in the cafeteria area, but all of the beautiful girls I saw intimidated me too much. One time, as I was walking across the huge bridge that connected the two campuses, I passed by a girl I thought was pretty and said "Hi" as we neared each other. She kept on walking and didn't even have the grace to respond to me. How dare she! That foul bitch. I felt so humiliated that I went to one of the school bathrooms, locked myself in a toilet stall, and cried for an hour. […]
>
> Before I knew it, it was July 12th and the countdown on my internet homepage was up. The new Song of Ice and Fire book, A Dance with Dragons, was released. I emailed my mother to order me the book from Amazon. The countdown was ultimately over, and I had nothing to show for it. I was still a virgin, even after a month of living in a town full of college kids who had sex all the time. I realized that I had only twelve more days as a teenager! I was going to turn twenty very soon. One of my hopes was to at least lose my virginity before my time as a teenager was over. Being a virgin at the age of twenty would make me feel very defeated. I made a bid to do everything I could to lose my virginity in those few remaining days I had. With a tremendous amount of panic, I wondered what I could possible do. The only thing I could think of was to go out to the common areas of Isla Vista as much as possible. I had to put myself out there, even if it only increased my chances of having sex by one percent. One percent was still better than zero. For those crucial twelve days I had left as a teenager, I walked over to the center of Isla Vista every day and sat at one of the tables outside Domino's Pizza, hoping against hope that a girl would come up and talk to me.
> Why wouldn't they? I looked good enough, didn't I? Or did I not look good enough? […]
>
> As my frustration grew, so did my anger. I came across this Asian guy who was talking to a white girl. The sight of that filled me with rage. I always felt as if white girls thought less of me because I was half-Asian, but then I see this white girl at the party talking to a full-blooded Asian. I never had that kind of attention from a white girl! And white girls are the only girls I'm attracted to, especially the blondes. How could an ugly Asian attract the attention of a white girl, while a beautiful Eurasian like myself never had any attention from them? I thought with rage. I glared at them for a bit, and then decided I had been insulted enough. I angrily walked

> toward them and bumped the Asian guy aside, trying to act cocky and arrogant to both the boy and the girl. My drunken state got the better of me, and I almost fell over to the floor after a few minutes of this. They said something along the lines that I was very drunk and that I needed to get some water, so I angrily left them and went out to the front yard, where the main partying happened. Rage fumed inside me as I realized that I just walked away from that confrontation, so I rushed back into the house and spitefully insulted the Asian before walking outside again. […]
>
> Seriously, today at my college I saw this short, ugly Indian guy driving a Honda civic, and he had a hot blonde girl in his passenger seat. What on earth is up with that?!?!? I would climb mount Everest 10 times just to have a girl like that with me. I drive a BMW coupe and I've struggled all my life to get a girlfriend. What's wrong with this world? […]

Unfortunately, all indications are that this guy ~~is~~ was the real deal and the bodies have hit the floor. A few thoughts:

Rodger pings some operational gaydars. There's his plush gay face. There's the "try-hard" nature of his manifesto, which reads less like a compendium of genuine pain than a B-movie script of what he'd think a guy with girl troubles would write. It's so histrionic and maudlin that it could be as easily confused for the hallucinations of a psychopathic degenerate as the plaintive wail of a ronery NOWAG.

It's telling, too, that his first three victims were all male and he killed them by stabbing, which is a particularly personal method of dispatch, suggesting a level of emotional investment that wasn't there for the faceless women who bore the brunt of his manifesto ranting. And his narcissism; if you haven't seen by now, Rodger had a stream of attention whoring pouty-lipped Facebook selfies that would make a dancing bar slut blush. Homosexual men are known to experience greater levels of pathological narcissism.

A repressed young gay man at war with his identity would be the sort to exaggerate his desire for (and troubles with) women. His manifesto references women in the abstract and the rejections he suffered at "their" hands, but few if any specific women who rejected him are named or contextualized. It's mostly, "Why won't these girls look at me?" Also, the preoccupation with his looks and other men's looks and how the world was upside down because ugly men were with cute girlfriends again suggests some latent homosexual feeling.

But these are just suspicions (worth following up on imo, but which the MSM naturally won't touch). As far as we know, there's no hard evidence of Rodger's homosexuality. So, that speculative notion aside, we'll proceed under the assumption that Elliot Rodger was an incel heterosexual male whose off-key word is true and who really did have trouble getting out of the dugout with girls.

From what I can glean, Elliot Rodger failed with women because he was a social retard. That's pretty much all there is to it. News stories say he was on meds for asperger's, and was in therapy. Social retardation diseases like any of the autism spectrum disorders are kryptonite to girls; no behavioral or physical defect is as debilitating to a man's chances in the sexual market. Proof of his social awkwardness and total lack of anything remotely resembling game is right there in his long-form diary: He thought that "putting himself out there" with girls was sitting on a park bench like Aqualung. That making a serious move on a girl was quickly muttering "hi" as he stumbled past her, later delirious with rage that she didn't reciprocate with an equally prompt blowjob. That bumping into an Asian dude talking to a cute chick, and glaring at them with his twisted angry face, was acting "cocky and arrogant". That his effeminate passivity and lack of proactive engagement with women was evidence that they were "ignoring" him.

No, Elliot Rodger was not a failed pickup artist; he was failed human being. A sexless beta male who, stirred and shaken by a lethal cocktail of life circumstances, racial grievance, mental illness, and morbid narcissism that stunted his development into adulthood and compelled him to prefer morose martyrdom to active efforts at self-improvement, found it easier to blame the degree of his brow ridge tilt for his failure with women.

He was the opposite of a failed pickup artist, because at least you know the failed pickup artist tried with women. Rodger apparently never even bothered to try. He just whined that women weren't sticking to the hood of his

Beemer.

All this is to say that, yes, there is a chance that, given an early enough intervention, game could have gotten him laid and quieted his inner rage. Feminists and their manlet enablers will scoff on cue, but giving a young man the tools to help him win the love of a woman (or just a warm smile) will tend to put a damper on his revolutionary kill-em-all spirit.

Which brings us to PUAHate, the forum of which Rodger was a member. It's not a forum for failed pickup artists as some male feminists licking the taint of their femcunt overwhores will want you to believe. It's a hangout for socially awkward losers who desperately want to blame their failings with women on their sub-Pitt looks instead of on their awful social calibration and their inability to say two words to a girl without filling their Pokemon underoos. The news that Rodger was a member at that omega male brothel doesn't demonstrate the failing of game to help him (as a certain lamb of the blogosphere implies) but rather demonstrates that the opposite of game — the cultivated hopelessness that one can't do anything to improve his relations with women — is what drove Rodger to his extreme misanthropy. If you're wondering how a 22-year-old can feel so hopeless about his love life, you're probably an older person who stopped recalling what it was like at that age. The passions run hot and the perspective runs cold.

Elliot Rodger had a girl problem, and that girl problem wasn't his supposed shortness, or his half-asian ancestry, or his richie rich expectations of immediate rewards and deference from lessers, or his utter blindness to what women really desire in men (hint, it isn't BMWs). His girl problem was charmlessness. Artlessness. Social retardation. The very tingle-killing flaws that game will remedy.(More indirectly, his girl problem was also the result of the relative paucity of slender attractive girls in the US now. Rodger never wanted to date fat chicks, and no man with a functioning penis can blame him for that.)More thoughts, etc.:

No sense ignoring the race angle. Mixed race people are more likely to have psychological disorders. And Asian men are especially susceptible to dating market lockouts. Throw in the cauldron a stew of vibrant proximate diversity and it's a surprise suppressed racial/sexual rage doesn't boil over moreoften.

Rodger was not a bad-looking guy. But he was so ignorant of female sexual nature that he projected onto women what he himself found desirable and obsessed over his looks as his awful personality escaped his attention.

The title of this post is a broad indictment of this infantile Millennial generation, which daily provides evidence that their ranks are filled with effeminate males who, like women, expect the world to cater their needs, no questions asked, no demands made. Elliot Rodger couldn't stand how *unfaaaair* girls were to date uglier men than himself, how unfair life was that his car and clothes weren't a magnet for hot white sorority chicks, how unfair the cosmic laws were to require of him a little bit of effort if he wanted to put an end to his virginity.

Egotistic, attention starved, solipsistic, passive aggressive, perpetually aggrieved, and unwilling to change when posing as a martyr feels so damn good… there's your new American manlet, same as your new American woman.

Overheard At The Disco

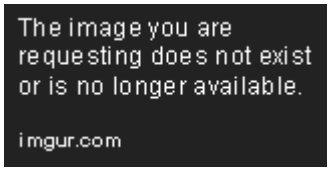
CH · 26 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

“Gym muscles. All bark, no wood. Get back to me when you’re clearing boulders and hoisting A-frames and your Amish wife is shitting your tenth child into one hand while scrubbing your tighty-whiteys on a washboard with the other.”

Alpha Male Game In The Wild

CH · 27 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader IHTG forwarded this funny gif of a dude teasing a girl right up to the line of sexual harassment, holding his frame, and then defusing the tension with yet more teasing. Any formal context is missing (which is obviously true for short gifs), but you can figure it out by everyone's facial expression.



This is a nice little demonstration of the cocky/funny alpha male attitude.

The (one-sided) courtship opens with the male's exaggerated pose of neediness requesting acknowledgement from the female.

The female responds with a "who, me?" gesture, as most women would to a man brazenly beckoning for them. The rarity of such a thing among the males of the genus *westernius Manboobii* is what provokes the submissive female auto-response.

The courtship enters the "shock and awe" stage, when the alpha male "air swats" the female's buttocks.

Now that the pair are fully engaged with one another, the female expresses anger and indignation toward the alpha male for his surprise advance on her posterior. In lioness terms, she evades the male lion's mounting and wheels around to make a threat display. But we all know how this ends.

The alpha male does not appease the female nor attempt a reconciliation. Instead, he grins sociably, points at the female as if to declare her facial expression the height of comedy, and faces the crowd of onlookers to enlist their support and preempt any move by the female to ostracize him.

Turning back to the female (her hands perched on her hips waiting for his apologia), he extends a handshake of friendship to defuse the escalating sexual tension, only to once again befuddle and arouse the female by pulling his hand away from her just at the moment she prepares to accept his peace offering.

Finally, the courtship reaches the apogee of its first phase, when the alpha male's cocky antics elicit a smile and a flurry of lighthearted punches from the female, who has been awakened to a state of sexual receptivity and has begun the second phase of the courtship where she "presents" to the alpha male for a continuation of their mating ritual.

In related news, Elliot Rodger never faked out a girl with a phony handshake.

What Advice Would CH Have Given To A Younger Elliot Rodger?

CH · 28 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Some readers have asked, if I had a younger teenaged Elliot Rodger cornered at one of his dad's Hollyweird parties, what would I have told him, assuming I could sense that the boy was troubled by his perceived failure with girls and suffering great loneliness?

The thought has crossed my mind. Here's what I would say (give or take):

Women are different than men. Much different. Forget everything you know. You must understand this first.
You must be willing to listen and improve yourself or I'm wasting my time here.
Accept that women are different, and like different things in men than you like in them. That means stop worrying about your looks so much. They aren't that important.
Don't act needy. This is the most important lesson. Girls hate male neediness. Girls love men who seem like they get a lot of women and don't chase after them. Fake it if you have to, it's better than moping around like a loner.
Lift weights. Drink a lot of full fat milk. Don't expect that you'll look like Arnold in his prime. But if you stay the course, in one year you will be more muscular and more confident than you are now, and girls will notice.
You have to get over your shyness. Girls can't read your mind. You spend too much time inside your head. Get out of there. Focus on making eye contact with people, and stop looking like a grouch. Talk to girls first as a friend. Get comfortable with that, then begin flirting with them and making your sexual intention known.
Stop taking whatever drugs your dad put you on. The only drug you need is the testosterone you'll get from lifting and the thrill of approaching girls.
Find a male friend who is good with girls. Don't envy him. Observe him. Learn from him. He doesn't have to know this, but he will be your mentor. Don't feel ashamed that other men have something to teach you.
Again, your looks or your race you can't do anything about, so stop dwelling on them.
Girls don't like "supreme gentlemen". Girls like fun guys who tease them and confuse them and make them chase.
All those ugly guys with cute girls? They flirt with the girls and then ignore them and then make fun of them. It's a seesaw girls love to ride.
You should never let a girl know how you truly feel until she has already fallen in love with you. Girls love men who challenge them.
Be mysterious. Don't wear your heart on your sleeve.
Never, I mean never, write poetry or love letters for a girl, or buy them stuff. You save that for girls you are already fucking.
Girls don't want to hear about your problems. If you have to vent, do it with a male friend, or an older male guardian.
Never, I mean never, take advice from a woman, even if she is your mother.
If you want to know what a girl is really thinking, watch what she does. Don't bother listening to what she says, as she herself is unaware what turns her on.
Never put a girl on a pedestal.
You make a girl chase you by not returning her texts promptly, or by flirting with other girls around her, or by ignoring her chat pings or calls. Don't feel bad about doing this, it turns girls on.
Your car doesn't matter. Your clothes don't matter. Your family's money or the people they know don't matter. Do you know what matters to girls? Self-assurance. Act like women already want you, and now it's just a question of which one you'll choose.
Oneitis will kill your soul. That hot blonde you obsess over? Stop doing that. The world is filled with cute girls. Go out and mingle with them. Trust me on this, once you are experiencing the incomparable joy of a cute girl giving you all her love, you'll forget about that one girl you used to think you couldn't live without. You'll forget allll about her.
Stop thinking life is unfair, or girls are unfair to you. There is no such thing as unfair, there is only the way the

world works. This is the way girls work, now make that work for you.
Here are a few one-liners I want you to remember because girls love to hear them.
Don't be defensive if a girl acts indignant when you tease her. Her indignation is the first sign that she's beginning to like you.
Stop berating yourself. Who cares how other men are doing compared to you? The only thing you should care about is your own growth as a man.
Stop hanging around losers. That includes losers on internet forums.
Let me show you how to stand like a confident man, and how to walk. Come, try it with me.
You are young. You have way more time than you think. Get some perspective. Setbacks and rejection are a normal part of living, not the end of the world.
Say the word "fuck". Good. Say it again, this time louder. Good. Now scream it from the top of your lungs. Wow, people are looking at us. Smile. You're feeling better already aren't you?
That'll be $200.

Amanjaw Marcuntte's Singularly False Premise

CH · 28 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The self-gratifying meme that feminists have begun to lock labia around to ~~exploit~~ explain Elliot Rodger's killing spree is exemplified in this *American Prospect* stream of runny shit by Amanda Marcotte, she of the furry manjaw and associated masculine temperament. The meme, a rather simple-minded one, goes like this: "Pickup artistry, loosely affiliated with the manosphere, drives men to kill."

Other unattractive feminists who have spent many years playing second banana to their prettier friends getting all the attention from exciting players are circling the wagons around this kindergarten interpretation.

Marcuntte's libelous propaganda rests on a singularly false premise. She lies,

> Despite PUA guarantees to the contrary, there's no reason to believe any of this actually makes you more successful with women, which is why a site called PUAhate, which Rodgers was a frequent contributor to, emerged. Members of PUAhate, by and large, are men who bought wholesale into the PUA ideology, only to find it doesn't work for them.

You'll never go broke underestimating the rapidity with which feminist warthogs abandon journalistic integrity in pursuit of a predefined agenda. PUAHate was not filled with men who "bought wholesale into the PUA ideology". Quite the contrary, if this raving cuntess had spent one minute trawling the site she'd know that it was filled with shut-in losers who never followed PUA advice and nursed an inordinate hatred for PUA marketers whom they considered, rightly or wrongly, were pushing snake oil.

If Marcuntte were to concede this point, the entire edifice of her *Prospect* article crumbles to the ground. That's why she lies. Without lies, these feminist freaks would have nothing.

In related shivving, I wonder how Manboobz, nee David Futrelle, feels about having happily linked to a website that harbored a mass murderer and fed his despair and homicidal tendencies? The blood of four men and two women are on his hands.*

*If femcunts and their blobby male lackeys want to dispense with any pretense of objectivity and get in the gutter, I'll be the first to open the sewer doors and toss them in with the rats and pigs.

Institutional Misogyny

CH · 28 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I believe feminists have a point about the existence of institutional misogyny. It drenches every aspect of our culture, and shapes the minds of men, leading some of them to commit atrocious acts against women. For an example of this, read these lyrics of a popular hit song:

> *You must not know 'bout me,*
> *You must not know 'bout me;*
> *I could have another you in a minute*
> *And in fact she'll be here in a minute.*
> *Don't you ever for a second get to thinking you're irreplaceable…*

This is what institutional misogyny looks like. Men taking women for granted, thinking women are not humans deserving of respect, and worst of all, believing that women are interchangeable. This is the patriarchal power structure we must all fight against if we want a better world of empowered women and empowering deferential men.

Ann Hornaday's Feminist Idiocy

CH · 28 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Steve Sailer links to Ann Hornaday's Washington Post article where she attempts, in the typical square axe-round hole grinding feminist fashion, to blame Elliot Rodger's shooting spree on "frat boy" movies made by white men.

The premise is so conspicuously self-refuting (and conveniently unfalsifiable) that Steve decides a pregnant "uh…" is all the rebuttal that's needed. The first commenter, though, adds a little zest to the national discourse.

> But Ann, what about a film like "Something's Gotta Give," where 50-ish women with no curves are told the hot young doctor's going to fall in love with them? Is it possible that when this doesn't happen in real life, women act out by supporting all manner of political causes inimical to the interests of the straight white men who spurn them? Hmmm?

Shiv status: To the bone.

Another commenter unsheathed his serrated blade and attacked her vulnerable anti-white status whoring flank.

> So…start with a conclusion (White males are to blame) and then fill in behind it.
>
> Soon we can mechanize/computerize this process and save some wage cost. The out of work pundits can then pick lettuce and eat beans.

We can dream.

Steve is a nice guy, and quite frankly the developed world needs more fearless nice guys like him who appear to be getting rarer by the day. But, I'm not a nice guy, so I'll give Hornaday the reply she deserves.

Ann, you are a foul, despicable feminist cunt. Your ideology is the stale, safe haven of rejects, defectives, losers, race cuckolds, dweebs, and sexually confused degenerate freaks. Your time is over. Hope this hurts.

Elliot Rodger, Sexual Entitlement, Father Abandonment, And The Anti-Boy Therapy Culture

CH · 29 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

CH continues to explore the Elliot Rodger story because it reveals cracks in our culture that go beyond one man's murderous rampage. In the days that have followed, the Hivemind has been busy concocting twisted narratives to see which one best tarnishes its free-thinking enemies. I examine their accuracies and fallacies below.

Sexual Entitlement

This theoretical gambit is a favorite of feminist fruitcakes, who blame the killings on Rodger's thwarted "entitled" belief that he was "owed" sex with hard 10s, a feminist-friendly analysis that provides a handy springboard upon which they can launch into attacks on "pickup artists" who are learning how to become sexier men in order to date higher quality girls.

The fallacy in this feminist hypothesis was astutely noted by Liger (recently upgraded from Lamb) of the Blogosphere, who wrote that sexual and romantic entitlement is a natural condition of humanity, and that without it men would feel they had no right to approach women and initiate a courtship, and the human race would go extinct.

Here are some uncomfortable truths about "sexual entitlement" that feminists dare not contemplate:

– What Elliot Rodger had was sexual *desire*. Feminists often confuse sexual desire for sexual entitlement (because feminists loathe male desire), but they are two very different things. To conflate them, one would have to assert that Rodger was weird for feeling attracted to a hot young blonde. But men are attracted to beautiful women. That is their nature. Rodger was no different than the vast majority of men in this regard, alpha and beta alike. However, this is the part where Liger goes astray; Elliot didn't need to be surrounded by pretty Hollywood actresses or steeped in a culture that reveres female beauty to feel urges to want to fuck cute girls based on their looks. The stripling CH did not grow up in Hollywood, and yet I, like almost every boy I knew, valued girls for their looks above all else. No "looks message" is necessary for a boy like Elliot to feel sexual urges for cute chicks, and to feel dejected if those urges aren't fulfilled.

– Women feel more true entitlement to men's commitment and money than men feel to women's sex. Few men will rape in order to feed their sexual entitlement, but many women will hold out until they get promises of commitment from men, and many marriages end with women feeling entitled to half their husbands' wealth. A more accurate description of the sexual market, then, is that women have *commitment and provision entitlement.*

– Finally, the scariest realization for feminists: Sexually entitled men are *more attractive* to women! If you don't feel entitled to a woman's love, she won't think you're worth her love.

Elliot Rodger's problem was not sexual entitlement. His problem was sexual desire coupled with crippling introversion that left him no means to satisfy his desire. This created a cognitive disconnect that he filled with his own untested theories for why women weren't with him when they were with (to him) obviously inferior specimens.

Father Emotional Abandonment

Elliot Rodger's father, Peter Rodger, from all accounts sounds like he was uninterested in Elliot's upbringing and preferred his time in the company of naked women taking pictures of their behinds, (which included Elliot's mother). His father either never loved Elliot, or grew to despise him when he began to sense something was off with the boy. (If the former, it's likely that Elliot's biracial appearance contributed to his white father's disenchantment with him.)

Bolstering the father abandonment theory, a reader sent some juicy insider information which I will post here, taking care to edit it in a circumspect manner so that no identities are accidentally revealed.

> Elliot Rodger's family has been part of a reality show the last seven years often recorded in his house. This is significant because his father on the show has always said he has "a" son, as in only one. In this video from the TV show it shows the father at the family table with the son from the second marriage, but not Elliot.
>
> Elliot is shown in the show, for example when they met Sylvester Stallone (23:50), but Elliot is never acknowledged or speaks. Imagine a father that has a reality show in the house, keeps talking about "his son" and the "three of us" as in "Mother, Father, and son" as opposed to sons.
>
> Elliot mentions the jealousy he has for the other brother. The fact his father says on TV, in the house Elliot lives in, that he has one son, might be enough to push someone over the edge.
>
> In other words, complete family dysfunction.

Elliot doubtlessly sensed his father's loathing and embarrassment of him, and this family dynamic may have set the ball rolling on Elliot's eventual psychosocial schism.

Regardless where you fall on the "fathers are crucial/father's genes are crucial" argument about children's development, it's a good bet Elliot lacked a positive parental influence and a loving father's advice that would have helped him through his struggle into manhood. Nevertheless, the father emotional abandonment theory can't fully explain Elliot's eventual psychotic break; something awry already had to be present. Was Elliot's blood tainted?

Psychopathy/Schizophrenia/Narcissism/Neuroticism/Asperger's Syndrome

A common theme that often emerges from mass shootings is the revelation that the killer was on some kind of psychotropic or suffered from an anti-social disorder like autism. Then people say "Aha! He was a bad seed, not right in the head", and feel satisfied that they can ignore any environmental insults that may have triggered the killer's rage.

News stories present contradicting information on how much, or whether, Elliot was on any happy pills or had been formally diagnosed with any personality disorder. If he was on pills, the causal mechanism then becomes the issue; did Elliot's psychological disease push him over the edge, or did the drugs he take to ameliorate his disease act as the trigger for violence? Evidence is slim that Elliot had a congenital mental disease, but this photo of him as a child is telling (via reader Tony Nick):

Dem eyes. We've seen them before, staring vacantly out of the faces of Dylan Kliebold and Seung-Hui Cho.

Right now it's a guessing game, but the best guess is that Elliot Rodger had inherited a form of narcissistic and anti-social personality disorder. Some wags may ask your esteemed host, "If chicks dig dark triad narcissists, why didn't they dig Elliot?" The problem here is that narcissism doesn't attract girls if it's hiding behind a shy, retiring, aggrieved personality. You've gotta bust a move, and Elliot Rodger clearly never saw a move he wished to bust, unless it involved spilling coffee on a girl who was dating a guy he didn't like.

A severe organic personality disorder alone won't typically create a killer, but combine it with some external variable — like incel — and all the bomb needs is something to light the fuse.

Male Feminism/White Knightism

A good argument can be made that Elliot Rodger was, in his writings and beliefs, a male feminist. And that the cancerous, deceitful message of male feminism warped his view of women and contributed to his ignorance about female nature and dating. Rodger believed "supreme gentlemen" should get the girls. He thought merely showing up and plopping down on a park bench would have the girls falling into his lap (and like a peculiar subspecies of MGTOW, his belief system similarly embraced the strange notion that making efforts to get girls was beneath him). His dad, probably equally deluded about women and dating in the year 2014, figured that buying his son a BMW in the last year of his life would help him get dates.

Did male feminism create a monster? It certainly didn't help Elliot get laid; in fact, it helped repulse girls from him, the external factor which seems to have been the dark driving force throughout his post-pubertal life. Male feminism is not just castrating, it kills. Ask Hugo Schwyzer.

Status Envy

In the Hollywood culture Elliot knew, very high status men, beautiful women and botoxed women, and snotty children of high status men and beautiful and/or botoxed women surrounded him. Most of these people are entitled (far more entitled than Elliot) and bipolar. A fun bunch to throw a party, not so great for raising a biracial, effeminate (though not physically unattractive) male like Elliot who couldn't look people in the eyes and barely spoke two words to family acquaintances. In this milieu, Elliot would have felt like a tragic outcast, and everyone

who knew him would have thought that, too.

Absolute low status does not destroy souls, but relative low status can do the trick. Any other town, Elliot might've stood a chance of carving out a social niche for himself. A dad with some awareness and compassion would have taken him out of Hollywood, but then that would have meant no more naked photo shoots and handshakes with Sly Stallone.

The Anti-Boy Therapy Culture

Elliot's family had him in therapy for years. The psychiatrist he saw was a quack who dated a skank blonde with gargantuan fake tits. Harken back to your childhood. How would you have felt if your family basically pulled a Pontius Pilate and washed their hands of you, sending you to a sleazeball who's idea of therapy was promptly writing a script for Risperidone, an anti-schizophrenia drug?

This is a tragic example of the anti-boy therapy culture that pervades the US. And by "therapy", I mean that feminized, womanish therapy that shoves pills down throats to solve the problem of boyness. Maybe Elliot was born sick and needed therapy. But what he didn't need was a castrate asking him his feelings about his mother while he jerked off under the desk. Elliot needed the therapy of a clear and present father to inform him of the ways of the world. Maybe that wouldn't have saved him, but it at least would've given him a fighting chance.

Pickup Artists and PUAHate

Elliot Rodger didn't frequent the PUAHate forum to grouse about pickup techniques he tried that didn't land him a bombshell hottie. He went there to bemoan women and the men those women loved with sympathetic company, and to complain about his looks. While there, (and elsewhere), he picked up (heh) a few bits and pieces of PUA jargon and proceeded to construct an inner fantasy world featuring himself as the put-upon alpha male. But, sadly, to the outside world he was still that shy kid who never talked and looked at his shoes. This was about the time when a complete dissociation between Elliot's inner world and his outer reality was underway.

The Estrangement Of The Modern Sexual Market

If ever there was a subculture where the modern sexual market was most conspicuously operable, it was the la-la land Elliot grew up in. You can imagine what it was like for a shy kid who had to navigate a dating apocalypse where 90% of the girls were bangable and 99% of them were chasing after the top 1% sons of A-list insiders. This poor lesser beta didn't stand a chance.

Elliot Rodger's 132-page autobiography/manifesto (autofesto? manigraphy?) is filled with brutally confessional admissions of loserdom. If he carried even a fraction of that self-pity with him to real life interactions with girls, they would have immediately written him off as a romantic prospect. Girls can smell the stink of beta incel from twelve parsecs.

Failure with women compounds until the beta male succumbs to bitterness, at which point the process of sexual isolation accelerates and solidifies. If an intervention goes missing, the beta can drift into omegaland, and fall victim to his worst compulsions.

Reader Steve Johnson writes,

> He was totally isolated because he made bad choices.
>
> He chose world of warcraft over socializing because it's an effective narcotic.
>
> He chose puahate because it told him what he wanted to hear – that girls choose guys for mysterious reasons that no man can understand – or change about himself.
>
> He specifically avoided socializing in any way that would threaten his narcissistic self-image and motivate him to change in any way – after all if he has to change, then he's not perfect and we all know that can't be true, right?

> He was omega by choice because it was easier than doing any work.

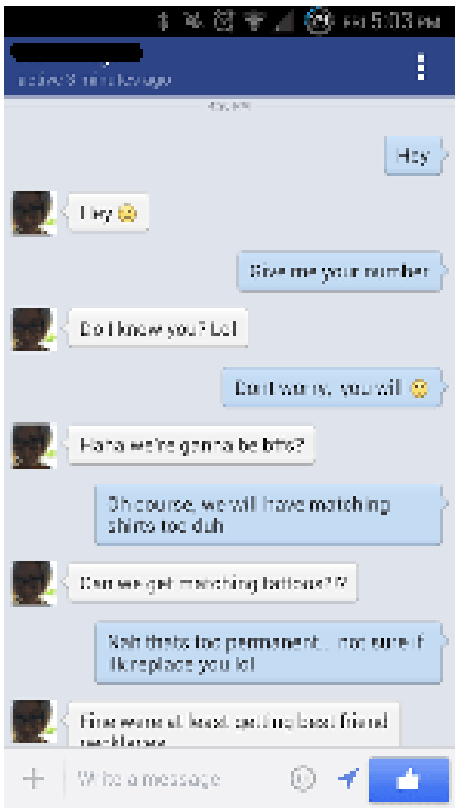
Martyrdom complex, bad family, crippling shyness, pathological narcissism, biracial neuroticism, unfulfilled sexual desire, a sexual market rapidly separating introverted beta males from the sexual spoils… these things put together don’t guarantee a man will become a killer, but they sure don’t help.

Jerkboy Chat Game

CH · 30 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

CH gets a lot of phone screenshots from readers eager to impress with their chat acumen (chatumen?) or seeking answers to some or other befuddling parry from a girl. This recent entry is a good one and worth sharing.

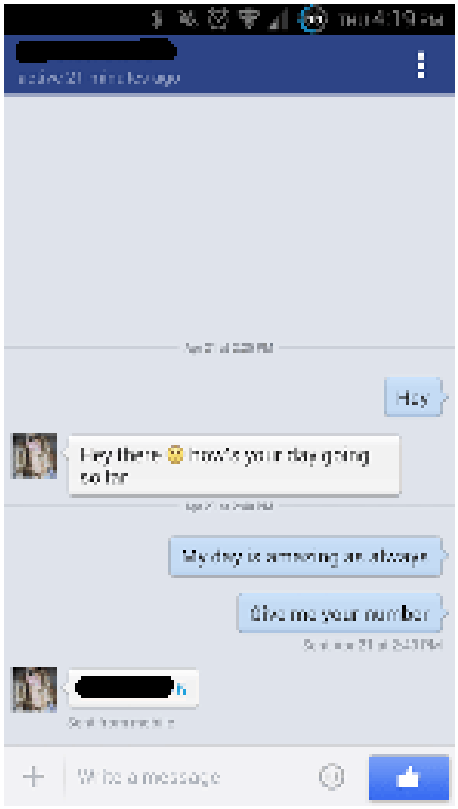
There are multiple game principles in play here. See how many you can identify. (The girl's replies are in white background. These are three different girls btw.)



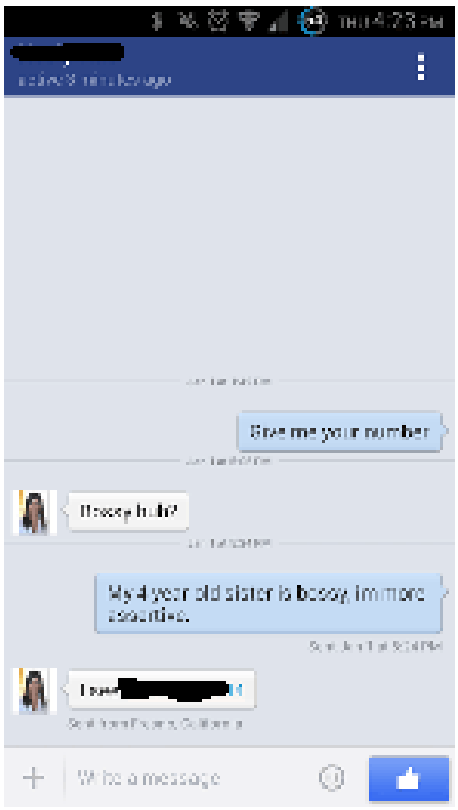
"Don't worry, you will" is a classic jerkboy charm offensive. Memorize it. Notice too how the reader agree and amplifies when she teases him about being bffs. And then there's the massively arousing neg at the end — the supreme disqualification — when he says he might replace her.

Sexual intention signaled.

“Number” is the new “gay”.



“Get to the point” game.



Chicks dig bossy men. Feminists, as per usual, wept bitterly.

Great jerkboy charisma game on display in these chats. Well done, reader. You are an honorary CH viscount.

Comment Of The Week: You Gotta Bust A Move To Get Into Her Groove

CH · 31 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner is AspergersKills, who relates a night when the vibe seemed formidable and he had to dig deep and remember that it's a man's evolutionarily assigned job to make the first move.

> To give an immediate example of how this forum helps men, I went into an upscale karaoke restaurant last night to eat. I quickly noticed that I was the only male amid 50 twenty one year old girls celebrating their 2 year college graduation. I sat down in a leather lounge chair at a table between them and the place where singers tend to perform. They would stand over me and cheer their friends. But, in the first twenty minutes I was there, they would not make eye contact with me or otherwise recognize my existence in any way.
>
> Most men would feel humiliated by this. They see it as belittling and unfair that women pay no attention to male strangers and that women try not to make eye contact. Elliott Rodger would probably want to go block the exits and burn the place down after experiencing what I had last night. The few men who did show up at the restaurant over the course of the evening, shrunk into themselves because the group of 50 really hot young women was quite intimidating.
>
> But I remembered something I read here once, that the best way to break ice at a karaoke joint is to choose a song requiring a duet and then ask a woman to help out with the duet. I went up to the DJ and, just then, one of the three best looking of the graduation gang came down to choose a song as well. I learned later that she was hoping I would talk to her. I did. I asked her to complete the duet I chose and she was thrilled to help.
>
> The duet performance went great and all 50 girls applauded us. That earned me big points with everyone as well. There's a PUA term I forgot the name of that describes what happens when a girl's companions mostly seem to like you. It opens the Heavens with light. Soon they were competing to sing duets with me and they'd lounge in the 3 empty leather chairs at my table, their gorgeous legs up on the table. I felt like the sultan of swing. Without thinking about it, I would lean back in my chair and put my arms out along the back of it, or drink my coffee by holding the cup itself instead of the handle, mild pieces of advice I picked up here and internalized.
>
> Meanwhile the other guys got zero attention from the girls and sat like introverts leaning into their drinks mumbling to each other.
>
> The most uncomfortable part of the evening for me was figuring out whose number to get, recognizing that there was an element of losing out on dating one of the other 49 if I didn't do it the right way. It was also true that I only really connected with 5 of the 50 over the course of the evening. As this site notes, it is a numbers game. Some people just aren't into each other no matter what their behavior (or looks).
>
> So sites like this teach positive behavioral modification to prevent guys from shrinking into themselves in the presence of hot women. I wasn't "acting" last night. I just chose a clever way of introducing myself and becoming part of a group.

These kinds of stories bring a tear to me eye, they do.

***

COTW runner-up is Just Saying. And he's just got something to say about tapping into that sexy female id.

> *They crave the drama, and get antsy when it's missing.*
>
> This is one of the things that I look for. We (one of my girls) and I were at a family theme park earlier this year, and there was a family. Young children, Mom (hot little blonde early 30′s) and the Father and an older

> couple that I later learned was his parents. So my girl (20 yo, brunette) and I were sitting having a fast-food dinner – when Mom and Dad start arguing. Didn't really matter why but it was obvious that Mom wasn't happy – of course. So she goes storming off (I enjoyed watching her jiggle-past), and my girl says to me, "I think that's my cue. I'll call you in a few if all goes well," and takes off not that far behind while I finish the burger and fries and sit and enjoy the view. Good to her word she calls and says she has a "new" friend and are heading to the car,
>
> Long story short – Mom wasn't happy that for most of the last week they had been doing "kidsy" things and she had wanted the Grandparents to take the kids so she and Papa could have some quality time today since she hasn't had sex all week. So she ended up having quality time with a couple she didn't know. Women are strange and wonderful things – she wanted time with her husband, but being raw-dogged by a guy she didn't know was just as acceptable to her. It took a while to get her there – an hour or so, but the journey is half the fun and everyone knew where it would end up, it was just a question of letting her get there. I have used women's need for drama to benefit myself throughout the years – it is very dependable. Women are such simple creatures – give them another female to compete against – one that is younger, hotter, and more attractive and enjoy the results. The guy is pretty much superfluous other than he gets to enjoy the competition since whatever the younger one does, that older one will HAVE to do as well. Never trust a woman when there are other women around – they will toss a marriage, kids, and everything in their needs for a little drama in their lives. Never forget that since it tells you what you, your family, and everything else is worth to her – not as much as that few hours of excitement in a boring life… Remember that since it will NEVER change. It is how women are – so accept it, and use it to your advantage….

Drama is the Force. You can use it for good… or you can use it to command the dark side.

Money Won't Save Beta Males

CH · 2 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Via Leopard of the Blogosphere, a Salon article written by a woman about all the six figure techie beta male nerds moving to Seattle to work for Amazon and how this massive influx of single, well-off, and available men is doing nothing to spice up the dating market for women.

> Why were they so awful? What was it about guys who work in tech that made them worse than lawyers or other white-collar industries?
>
> In a way they exhibit some of the same qualities of those professions—ego, arrogance, and unlimited amounts of cash. In San Francisco, said Violet, "There were a lot of men to date with disposable income who wanted to take women out. It's just, it was so boring," she said. "My dating life went from dating artists and writers and going on cheap but exciting dates, to men who thought the ability to buy someone an expensive meal made them interesting."

Violet is like many young, prime nubility women — a cheap date with a man who has that ineffable alpha attitude is far more intoxicating to them than is an expensive date with a beta male who plays by the traditional courtship rules.

The choice is simple: You can pay $150 for a nice dinner for two in a pricey SWPL enclave and pull her chair out like a gentleman while flashing your Amazon employee card, or you can meet at a dive club and pound $3 PBRs while asking her if she ever pervily listened in on a roommate having sex. Option one guarantees gloomy late night batin'. Option two gets you laid.

Beta males bring two things to the table that enable them, in however limited a capacity, to compete with alpha males: Their provisions and their dependability. But as we are seeing, modern women have begun to value both of those things far less than they used to. A beta male who thinks that making beaucoup bucks and showing a lady a fine time on his dime will arouse her to sexual receptivity simply has no concept of female sexual nature. His money won't save him. He needs an attitude adjustment, and a better idea of the sorts of conversations and activities that women love.

The beta male torrent is so bad in Seattle that the local women are going to gay bars to avoid them and get their fun drama fix.

> The problem has become pervasive enough in Seattle that when I went with a few girlfriends to Pony, one of the last true gay bars on Capitol Hill, I was shocked when I found out that the adorable pair of 25-year-old boys talking to us were heterosexual. They were there because—as one of them told us—"It was the only place on the Hill on the weekends where there are no bros."

Beta males are so unattractive to women that they are not only being outcompeted by alpha males, but also by gay males who have no interest in sex with women. Women would rather do away with the prospect of sex in exchange for a fun time with a gay man who "gets it", than endure a single boring date with a rich beta male who can give them a life of ease and luxury.

Confirming Dates Like A Boss

CH · 3 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Men should generally avoid confirming dates, but there are ways to do it with alpha flair.

A reader contributes his version of date confirmations that he says has gone very well for him.

> Hey I thought you'd like this. I came up with this funny confirmation.
>
> My text: This is a courtesy reminder that you have a date with me on Thursday. I require at least 24 hours notice if you need to cancel. Please confirm your appointment with me at your earliest convenience.
>
> Her text: Haha Confirmed!! Where are we going?
>
> Mission accomplished I thought perhaps you'd like to share this with the readers in a new post.

Sure. I like it. It sounds like you're a hot commodity with a tight schedule. And it's sardonically impersonal, which is good when you want to create some distance between the aloof impression you wish to leave and the beta confirmation maneuvering you must accommodate.

If you must commit an act of treasonous betaphilia, you can soften the self-betrayal by filtering it through a smart alecky cleverness algorithm.

CougarLife.com

CH · 3 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A distinct pleasure of being alive during the decline and fall of a Western world power is bearing witness to the technicolor debris that spins off of rapid cultural collapse. CougarLife.com is one such belch of asocial ejecta. The promo video is short and sweet, so recline poolside and sip your Molotai cocktail as CH presents to you a dating website dedicated to matching imminent Wall victims with inexperienced younger men hauling a knapsack of blue balls.

CougarLife.com's catchphrase is "Meet divorcees, single moms, and sexy singles looking for a young stud!" (Studs are called "cubs" for female members trying to emulate Mrs. Robinson.)

The revelation in this cheesy ad is the surprising bounty of (unintentional) bracing truth. Of course, the truth is mixed in with a dollop of sophistic slop, but it doesn't take much reading between the lines to uncover some timeless Heartistian shivs.

So let's play a game. ("Let's not and say we did", says the recovering beta practicing his alpha chops.) Watch the vid, and list all the ways it conforms to sexual market realities. See if you found as many sterile Easter eggs as CH.

.

.

.

.

OK, here's what I found.

1. Right out of the spinster gate, a roar of propaganda hits us. Few cougars are as **Hand-Alternative-Threshold-Exceeded (HATE)* fuckable** as porn star Julia Ann. Your typical cougar looks like this:

grandma why are you clawing my chest?

The Wall feasts most gluttonously on former beauties who never thought the day of reckoning would come. I'm not about to make an account to tally what kinds of mangy cougars are on offer, but I'd be surprised if Julia Ann quality cougars numbered more than 1 out of 100. 1 out of 1,000 might even be pushing the odds.

By way of comparison, your typical man — cub, as it were — who joins a dating site specializing in cougars, single moms, and divorcees looks like this:

it's been ten years! my precious fell off.

2. "So are you tired of meeting the same types of girls in bars?" Translation from the cougarese: "So are you ready for an easier if less visually stimulating lay?"

3. Julia Ann shoves a sandwich in the face of a not particularly skinny younger woman, (the girl's reply: "Ugh, meat!"), implying she needs to grow some curves. Notwithstanding the absurdity of the implication (the younger woman is far from anorexic), this amply demonstrates the anti-feminist ugly truth that women are other women's most misogynistic enemies.

4. A younger woman snidely remarks on her date's job as a "computer geek". Julia Ann leans in (her giant tits leading the way) and reminds the girl she folds sweaters for a living. Awesome reframe… which would be far more useful to a man who wanted to knock down the self-esteem of a bona fide hottie a peg or two.

5. Older women may know what they want ("young guys", according to our esteemed MILF, because apparently the older guys are too busy chasing younger women), but that doesn't mean they automatically get it. The presumption that cougars can get sex when they want it from younger men rests on the unspoken premise that the kinds of men most likely to take up the offer are undersexed goons or desperate virgins. Or non-famous YOLO black guys. And even that low grade supply will get cut off once terminal Wall impact is achieved.

6. Younger woman (to her date): "Buy me a drink?" Cougar drop kicks her and assumes her place. She smiles at the man, "How about I buy *you* a drink?" This is just a plain admission that older women have to price themselves lower if they want a scrap of male attention that younger, hotter, tighter women take for granted. (Note: The guy sitting across from her doesn't look all that young.)

A sexual landscape of prowling unmarried cougars, single moms, and divorcees forced into settling for two minutes of cartoon love with awkward dweebs ten beers deep is indicative of a fraying society. All boundaries are coming apart; the hedonist impulse is the last standing principle. Interestingly, CH not only predicted the rise of cougardom, we held it up as an ideal arrangement in an anarchic sex bazaar where the broken incels and insols pile higher than the 99% vacancy rate Burj. Neophyte beta males increasingly getting shut out of the sexual carnival can get their

rocks (and their apprehensions) off in the dusty muffs of grateful cougars, while older, suaver players can scoop up the younger morsels for long time love.

***Hand-Alternative-Threshold-Exceeded (HATE) Fuckability** is a simple concept: Given a den of cougars (or other category of mostly undesirable women) and a lack of better options, how many are more interesting to your penis than your crabbed hand? For most normal men with functioning self-esteems and some experience bedding younger women, there will hardly be more than a tiny fraction of cougars capable of stimulating arousal beyond that which can be accomplished with one's hand and imagination. The few cougars that can outclass your hand are said to be HATE fucks.

The **HATE fuck ratio** is actually a very useful stat for measuring a man's standards and discriminating taste (which, ultimately, are themselves contributing factors as well as conspicuous indicators of his overall SMV). For example, if urgency and circumstance dictate an opportunistic cost-free 30 second rutting, and you are willing to fuck one cougar in a roomful of one hundred stalking cougars, then your HATE fuck ratio is 1:100.

The higher your ratio, the lower your standards, and the more you hate yourself for requiring the shabby hole of a bottom shelf jezebel to alleviate your incel. That is the essence of the HATE fuck… a tepid squirt of pallid pleasure in exchange for your dignity and psychologically distressing confirmation that this is the best you might ever do.

Consider yourself lucky if you have a HATE fuck ratio of 1:100. Some omega males shuffle along this mortal coil carrying the burden of a 1:2 HATE fuck ratio. Imagine being that guy who surveys the wrinkled menu at a cougar convention or the buffet at a NAAFA mixer and thinks to himself, "Yeah, I'm desperate. I could make myself sexually available to at least half of these assembly line rejects." If you're that guy… WAYSA?

Feminists Loathe Male Desire

CH · 4 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

CH wrote the above not long ago to describe the purpose, in practice if not specifically elucidated in theory, of feminism. But what is the emotional impetus that motivates feminists? For that, we must dig deeper. Come out and plaaay, little id.

One, feminism is a hissy fit ugly women menstruate all over pretty women.

> ***According to Benenson, a common way women deal with the threat represented by a remarkably powerful or beautiful woman is by insisting on standards of equality, uniformity, and sharing for all the women in the group and making these attributes the normative requirements of proper femininity.***

Two, feminism is the revealed hatred that sexually undesirable women have for male sexuality. Feminists loathe male desire. They loathe it because it represents everything female sexuality is not — free, idealistic, romantic, reckless, unencumbered, insistent, bold, cheerful — and because the active and intrusive and JUDGMENTAL nature of male sexuality throws the physical desirability of women into stark relief. When a man ignores you to hit on your friend, that is as stone cold a judgment of your sexual worth as can be found in the state of nature. When a man can't get a boner for a woman, well, that's an event horizon rejection.

Evidence for feminist loathing of male desire comes distilled in this news story about a post-Lolita who was asked to change out of her Daisy Dukes because she was violating the school dress code. The Hivemind, as per usual, lined up behind (heh) the slutty attention whore to, essentially, denounce boys for having sex drives which compel them to furtively glance at barely concealed booty and get distracted from their schoolwork.

As commenter PA writes,

> High school girl protests slutty clothes uniform code. Says that boys should be instructed to not look to them sexually instead. Adults, including major media, validate girl's queef.
>
> The more I see of modern West in its ugly and moronic totality, the more life behind the Iron Curtain in the seventies looked like paradise in comparison.

A healthy, rational, and sane society that was at peace with itself would understand that men and women have different biologically based sex drives, and that it would be cruel to subject boys, or girls, to social disruptions and insults that unnecessarily and extravagantly torment them and pull them away from their learning. (CH PSA: Bring back single sex schooling.)

But we don't live in a sane country anymore. This sort of boy-bashing is not just ugly…. as Dalrymple said, it's humiliating. If you aren't on your knees in prostration kissing the feet of equalist priestesses, you just aren't submitting hard enough.

To compound the problem, the nature of men's sexuality is such that it's easier for leftoid propagandists to humiliate them. Men rely on visual cues for sexual stimulation. It's thus a simple matter to chastise men for their "leering objectification" and "contribution to rape culture" when they understandably gawk at scantily clad temptresses, and to then demand from men the Danegeld of self-abnegation. Call it the Danegelding.

But demanding the same humiliating abnegation from women, should our Hivemind queen bitches ever

contemplate it, proves much more daunting. Women are sexually stimulated by a constellation of male attributes, many of which are invisible to the naked eye — male personality, humor, wealth, popularity, skill, etc — so isolating and condemning “female sexual privilege” or female “contribution to hypergamy culture” is a conveniently impossible trick to pull off. Where to aim? At doe-eyed girls doing the homework of dreamy jerkboys?

A sex equivalent scenario would be hard to piece together. Perhaps air drop a rock star into a high school classroom and tell the girls on threat of expulsion to refrain from gawking at him or giggling uncontrollably when he smiles? Crisis and observation, a wag might call it. Or, what’s good for the goose…

Look around and you can’t help but notice it’s feminist metaphorical guns at boys’ heads and groins, now and forever. And their firepower increases by the day.

The modern West deserves nothing less than exhaustion and death. Suffrage was a fucking huge mistake.

Tease Girls Right Away

CH · 5 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Teasing — aka foreplay — is to girls what firm D cups and a perfect pert ass are to men. Most men think teasing is something that's supposed to happen later, after a warming-up period when the man is on his best behavior trying to impress the girl.

Oh no no. You should start teasing girls from the word hello.

My first tease can drop as early as the girl asking my name.

GIRL: "What's your name?"
BEELZEBUB'S BODY DOUBLE: "Amanda Huggenkiss/Jacques Strap/Seymour Butz"

Then I hold for applause (or an eye twinkle). Sometimes the girl gets the joke, sometimes not. It doesn't really matter, because most of the time she'll ask if that's my real name.

GIRL: "No, really, what's your name?"
BEELZEBUB'S BODY DOUBLE: "I read somewhere that women love men with an air of mystery. Why would you want to ruin that?"

Notice I don't answer the girl's demands with any sort of promptness. Instead, I rib her. Breaking rapport is an attractive trait that signals comfort and ease in the company of women, which in turn signals @#ALPHA. A beta male never breaks rapport because he's so focused on seeking a girl's approval that he follows her every word like a dutiful stenographer, and answers her every question like a teacher's pet.

A good tease will provoke a smile and possibly a tingle from even the bitchiest women. Don't fear the tease. Deploy it early and often. If a girl isn't mock angry and faux indignant, you aren't doing your job as a sexy man.

“Work on your personality”

CH · 6 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

“Work on your personality.”

This is the best CH vetted and approved advice a father could give to his homely, beta-ish son. It’s the advice singer Marc Anthony got from his father.

> The 45-year-old has been married to former Miss Universe Dayanara Torres and Jennifer Lopez, but is under no illusion about his looks. He understands he isn’t the most handsome guy on the planet, so took his dad’s advice to work on his charm. […]
>
> “My dad would tell me, ‘Son, I’m ugly and you’re ugly – work on your personality.’ I swear to God. I told him a couple of months ago, I said, ‘Dad, you remember telling me that when I was little?’ He’s like, ‘I’ll tell you that sh*t today, too!’ I think it served me well, I think confidence is a powerful thing.”

Confidence is indeed a powerful thing.

Ugly men have options for improving their sexual market value that ugly women don’t have. A man can learn to be more charming, more assertive, more socially dominant… he can amass a small fortune or excel at the arts. He can become famous. All of these things plus more will compensate for his ugly looks.

Women, whatever other dating marketplace advantages they enjoy as a sex, are at a strict disadvantage to men in the options available to them as compensation for born ugliness. A socially savvy, dominant, famous, rich, charming ugly woman is still an ugly woman first and last to the men she desires.

Big Mistake

CH · 8 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Their body language is a dead giveaway. She's leaning into him body and head, he's leaning away from her. Charitably, he can't support her weight. Uncharitably, he's already withdrawing in preparation of the many years he has ahead to come to terms with his defeat.

The resolution isn't strong enough to determine if his eyes betray the listless vacancy of a wed man walking.

How To Increase Your Beta Male Margin Of Error

CH · 9 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If you should understand one thing about niceguy beta male behavior, it's this: A little goes a long way, especially if it's opposed by an anti-beta force.

A lot of men are constitutional romantics, and enjoy lavishing pretty women with displays of beta piety. This is a dangerous compulsion to have, as such behavior left unchecked will sour a woman's love more surely than it will earn her loyal affection.

So if it's a compulsion you must indulge, you need to a) limit its scope and frequency and b) bracket instances of it with the general demeanor of its opposite; namely, alpha male conceit.

Commenter English Dude passes along a personal observation that illustrates how a man can afford a beta margin of error.

> As daft as this is, [jerkboy entitlement] allows the meanest guys to be pretty beta, or completely braindead in other ways too.
>
> Sat behind a couple on the bus the other day, the guy was one of the typical "arseholes" in my area, (average height, early 20s braindead, drug dealer, could hardly string a sentence together besides "U wanna fite? I'll bang u out" sorta stuff), on the bus with his gf. She was pretty attractive, not as much to me but other people would consider her "hot" etc.
>
> He'd obviously done something wrong as I saw him giving her a pink glittery "I'm sorry" card, curious I peeked over to see what was inside as she was holding it open while reading.
>
> "To my dearest prettiest princess, I'm so so sorry for what I have dun and I promise I will never do it to u ever again
>
> I luv u with all my heart and u will always be my princess forever if u will have me. Lots of luv [guy's name] xxxxxxxxxxx"
>
> Paraphrasing a bit there and I'm sure it had more "sorrys" and "princess" in that, but it almost made me feel sick at how wimpy it was heh. No idea what he'd done, probably cheated or something. She read it and looked a bit embarrassed but said ok and gave him a kiss on the cheek.
>
> The next month I saw them still together, he was shouting at and hitting her (in public), as well as trying to fight anyone else in the vicinity. Seem them since too, still together..
>
> I completely realise and understand that if I did something like that (not that I would), it would be shown off to ALL her friends (probably put on facebook too) to be laughed at, then I'd end up dumped the next day in whatever rottenest way she could conjure heh.

Sometimes you get trolls and/or knaves coming to this outpost of love to vociferously declaim anecdotes about this one guy they saw who "acted like a total beta pussboy yet still got the girl". Of the ones who aren't lying about what they saw, you can bet that a good many of these stories were observed by our intrepid beta defenders missing any vital context. They saw a man nauseatingly profess his love for his girlfriend, but they didn't see all the other times he behaved more like the chav in English Dude's slice of life above.

Without that crucial alpha male context, you can't know that beta male antics are what got the girl.

Maybe then it won't come as a surprise to know that it's not uncommon for the most egregious beta male supplication to issue from the hardened husks of some really unsavory alpha males. That alpha male love is a wicked concoction of fury, caprice, selfishness, thoughtlessness, and occasional heady romantic abandon. It works, because beta ballads tend to be appreciated more by girls when they're rare and unexpected events rather than daily

rituals.

What about the opposite ratio? Are beta males who drop stealth alpha bombs attractive to girls? Well, they're certainly more attractive than all beta-all the time autobots. But the vajmagic (it's vagical!) doesn't work quite the same way as majority alpha-minority beta. One, girls will more conspicuously forgive the incongruence of an alpha wolf donning beta wool than they will the incongruence of a beta boob slipping into an alpha push-up bra. The tuning fork of female desire vibrates primarily for "arseholes", which means that if a beta male doesn't evince some degree of alpha attitude during the opening salvos it's probable that the girl's asexual impression of him will solidify and close off any romantic avenues.

If you're curious what an all beta-all the time autobot sounds like, here's an animated confessional of a beta male orbiter with a chronic case of one-itis who started beta, stayed beta, and finished beta, tragically true to the beta male credo that predictability is the hobgoblin of emasculated minds.

You can increase your behavioral beta male margin of error by, in most ways and at most times, acting behaviorally alpha. The more alpha you are, the larger your beta margin of error when you backslide, intentionally or accidentally.

One thing you'll observe about charismatic jerkboys… when they "go beta", they do it differently than actual betas. Their sappy romanticism tends to be more self-centered and entitled — "you'll always be my princess" "we'll be together forever, and I'll show you the end of the rainbow" — rather than pleading or appeasing. At the heart of the alpha's (temporary) beta male capitulation is a throbbing male entitlement that chicks love.

Entitlement, Narcissism, Ambivalent Sexism: Choose Any Three

CH · 10 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

As anyone who's lived a day and quaffed a vial of barrel-aged truth serum will tell you, the men who do well with women are often the most entitled, narcissistic pricks they know. "Good guys" they are not, except in the retroactive imaginations of the women who swoon for their impudent swells. Now, a recent study confirms a slew of Chateau Heartiste observations.

> Recent research has shown that narcissistic men in the United States express more ambivalent sexism than their non-narcissistic counterparts. The present study sought to extend these findings by hypothesizing that psychological entitlement would be a predictor of ambivalent sexism but that that this relationship may vary by gender. Given entitlement's associations with hostility and aggression and the previously established link between narcissism and sexism in men, we hypothesized that entitlement would predict hostile sexism in men. Given that entitlement is characterized by a pervasive sense of deservingness for special treatment and goods, we expected that entitled women would endorse attitudes of benevolent sexism. These hypotheses were tested using two cross-sectional samples in the U.S.—a sample of undergraduates from a private university in the Midwest ($N = 333$) and a web-based sample of adults across the U.S. ($N = 437$). Results from regression analyses confirmed that psychological entitlement is a robust predictor of ambivalent sexism, above and beyond known predictors of sexism such as low openness and relevant covariates such as impression management. In addition, entitlement was a consistent predictor of benevolent sexism in women, but not in men, and a consistent predictor of hostile sexism in men, but not in women. These relationships were largely robust, persisting even when relevant covariates (e.g., socially desirable responding, trait openness) were controlled statistically, although in one sample the link between entitlement and hostile sexism in men was reduced to non-significance when benevolent sexism was controlled for statistically. Implications of these findings are discussed.

So entitlement — you know, that loving anti-feminist feeling that you deserve the sexual favors of any woman who piques your fancy — correlates with benevolent sexism in men.

And, it is known that women are more sexually receptive to sexist men.

So it would appear that holding benevolent sexist views about women that don't cross the Taliban line, acting like an entitled douche, and being deeply in love with oneself are fantastic personality traits to possess or cultivate if you want a woman's love.

Feminist and manboob blogs might punish you for your antediluvian views, but then feminists and manboobs aren't lying in your bed spread-eagled with hearts bursting full of desire and loins aflame like napalm. This is not to say they don't *wish* they were, but you are a man of wealth and taste, after all.

So wake up and start your day with a satisfying preen, player! You know how much girls love you loving yourself.

Goodbye America In A Photo

CH · 11 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Submitted by a reader who shall remain anonymous pending clarification, here is the second in CH's series of Goodbye America photos that record for future archeologists the degradation that was happening in America just before the lights went out on her brilliant but evanescent moment in history.

Her fav coal burning train, wink wink.

> A police source told Action News there were "at least 10″ sexual encounters between Amato and the victim.
>
> "He's not doing too well, he doesn't want to go to school. He feels humiliated, since that happened he changed," said the child's father.
>
> Sources say even though Amato knew she had to turn herself in to police Wednesday, she posted pictures on Facebook of herself hanging out with her students on Tuesday night.

The upstanding young student is "not doing too well". I bet. After he's done high-fiving the males of his troop, he'll need therapy and a warm hug from nice white ladies with savior complexes.

The other photo accompanying the story is almost as good.

Pile driving Miss Daisy, wink wink.

As a rascal noted, was it worth the 19 Likes?

If you wonder about the shape of the toilet that swallows once-great empires whole, there it is: A dumbfuck white woman chaperoning dumberfuck finger wagging gang bangers to a quiet spot in the ghetto where they takes turns scouring the life force out of her vagina and soul. And then posting the whole shebanged to Facebook. To polite applause.

I won't argue against the notion that she has an as-yet unclassified mental disease (Stockton, CA Syndrome? Associative Hypergamy?), but have you noticed how frequently these slutty white teacher-vibrant student ruttings are occurring lately? It's like the wheels are falling off American women. Wake up, beta white man, indeed.

Update: Another recent news story about a female teacher boffing one of her charges. She's easy on the eyes, but watch out for her feral rationalization hamster.

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Vagina Tingles Abhor An Alpha Vacuum

CH · 11 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Your gracious CH host for the day left a number of meaty comments in the discussion to this post about another education system maiden offering her womb chute to cackling dementors. Enjoy the documented decline.

PA also chipped in with some zingers. You can't say Le Chateau doesn't provide good entertainment value for the money.

Women Want To Be A Man's Afterthought

CH · 11 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Alif Male passes along an excerpt from an Agatha Christie book.

> From "Dumb Witness" Agatha Christie, (1937) Chapter 2
>
> ==========
>
> "But this feeling of hers for Rex Donaldson was different, it went deeper. She felt instinctively that here there would be no passing on…. Her need of him was simple and profound. Everything about him fascinated her. His calmness and detachment, so different from her own hectic, grasping life, the clear, logical coldness of his scientific mind, and something else, imperfectly understood, a secret force in the man masked by his unassuming slightly pedantic manner, but which she nevertheless felt and sensed instinctively.
>
> In Rex Donaldson there was genius – and the fact that his profession was the main preoccupation of his life and that she was only a part – though a necessary part -of existence to him only heightened his attraction for her. **She found herself for the first time in her selfish pleasure-loving life content to take second place. The prospect fascinated her.** For Rex she would do anything – anything!"
>
> ==========
>
> A crime-writer's outline sketch of one character written 77 years ago tells more truth about women than the last thousand editions of Cosmopolitan and the entire output of Jezebel put together.

The purpose of glam mags and feminist websites is not the telling of truth; it is the propagation of ego-assuaging pretty lies. Assemblages of words are merely scaffolding women use to scale and repair their crumbling self-conceptions.

Of what does the above excerpt remind you?

> **III. You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority**
>
> Forget all those romantic cliches of the leading man proclaiming his undying love for the woman who completes him. Despite whatever protestations to the contrary, women do not want to be "The One" or the center of a man's existence. They in fact want to subordinate themselves to a worthy man's life purpose, to help him achieve that purpose with their feminine support, and to follow the path he lays out. You must respect a woman's integrity and not lie to her that she is "your everything". She is not your everything, and if she is, she will soon not be anymore.

CH never read "Dumb Witness" by Agatha Christie, but as the royal they say, great, and honest, minds think alike.

Women come to despise men who spend their lives placating them. Leave the placating to women. It's the role to which they are suited, and to which they naturally hew.

Your Mission

CH · 12 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's time that mama bird CH pushes some of you fledglings from the internest to embark on a confidence building mission.

The men who read this site fall roughly in line with the following ratios: 10% cellar dwelling WOWmegas, 30% undersexed betas, 40% curious betas in relationships (or capable of getting into them with some growing pains), 20% alphas of various stripes.

How do I know this? SCIENCE. Actually, it's an impression I get from the circadian rhythms of the comments section. No claims or proofs by assertion necessary; enough words will coagulate to convey a picture.

So, given that over half the readership are men who genuinely need help meeting and seducing women, and that a substantial portion of these are men who aren't doing anything to fulfill their desire besides stare at a flickering screen hoping for PIV through CH osmosis, I have decided to give some of you a ticket out of here, in the form of a manbuilding mission.

Understanding how hard it can be for a lot of men to say hi to girls, this mission is fine-tuned for the hopelessly lovelorn and intractably awkward. Baby steps. You won't have to say word one to a girl. All you have to do is…

1. Squeeze a twinkle into your eye.

Now naturally there's no physiological way to do this directly. But if you imagine you have an eye twinkle, like some mischievous imp who pulled off a righteous prank, then your eyes will begin to respond to your mental state and manifest twinkles on their own.

2. Smile, but just a little at the corner of the mouth.

Again, you'll need mental preparation to do this right. Have you ever sauntered alone in your thoughts, musing on some funny scene from your life, or some joke you pulled on a friend (or enemy)? Have you then noticed, once jolted back to your surroundings, that your mouth had aligned into a badboy smirk all on its own? That's what you're aiming for. Not a goofy smile; a self-satisfied smile that tells the public world your private world is a trip.

3. Walk with your crotch leading the way.

Sounds silly, but it's the secret to many an alpha's intoxicating swagger. Imagine your baton is a marching band leader, setting the tempo, securing the parade route. Or visualize your iron schlong is being pulled forward by a magnetic force, dragging the rest of you behind it. Shoulders square, chest out, chin up, frank and beans forward and pushing your legs apart to make room. Don't be comical about it. A little goes a long way.

Your mission is to assume the above three changes to your countenance, and walk around in public. That's it.

Once you get into a groove, I want you to notice how girls respond to you. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised. These subtle body language alterations make a bigger difference than you might have thought.

After you've accomplished this rudimentary lesson in confidence building, you'll move on to mission #2: How to say hi to a girl without deucing your diapers.

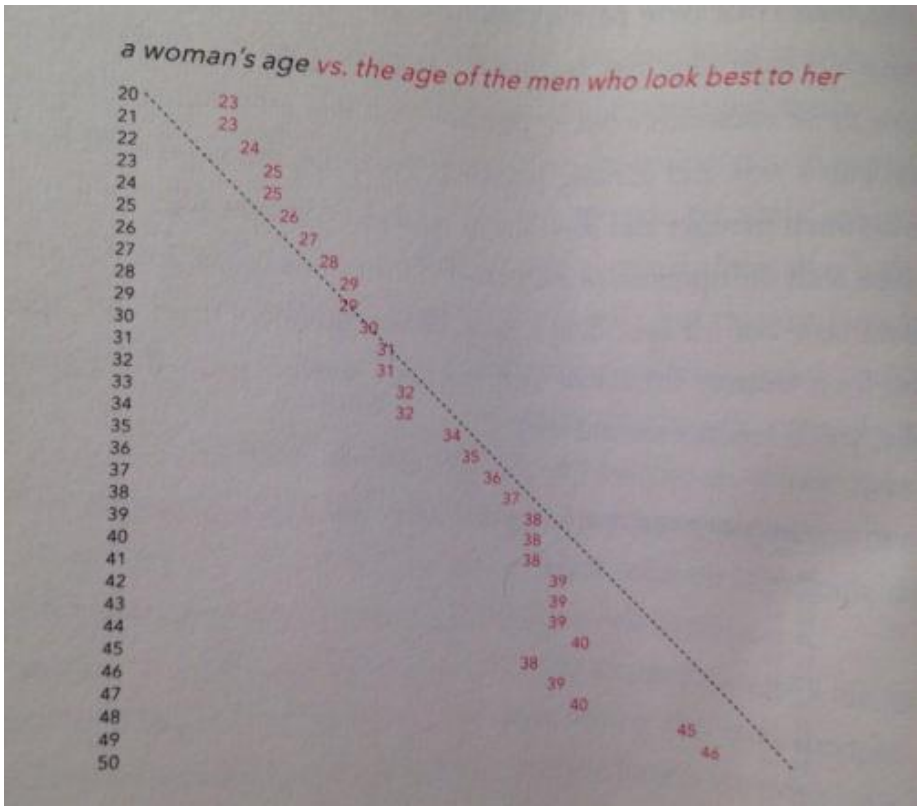
If, for whatever reason (pathological neuroticism), mission #1 is too high a hurdle for you, there are aids you can enlist to help you acquire that arrogant alpha demeanor women so love and cherish. Jam in ear buds and blast your favorite testicular tunes. Remember, you aren't talking to girls on mission #1. Your only job is to project an alluring aura. If music doesn't do the trick, there's always that old reliable coc[REDACTED].

The Difference Between Men And Women In Two Charts

CH · 13 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An OkCupid SWPL, Christian Rudder, who is handy with database cross-referencing, is publishing a book soon about findings gleaned from OkCupid luser data. Two graphs in particular, which "disturbed" a DroneFeed editor (do these fruit cups ever let up on the faux outrage?), are, to CH eyes, unsurprising and starkly humorous.

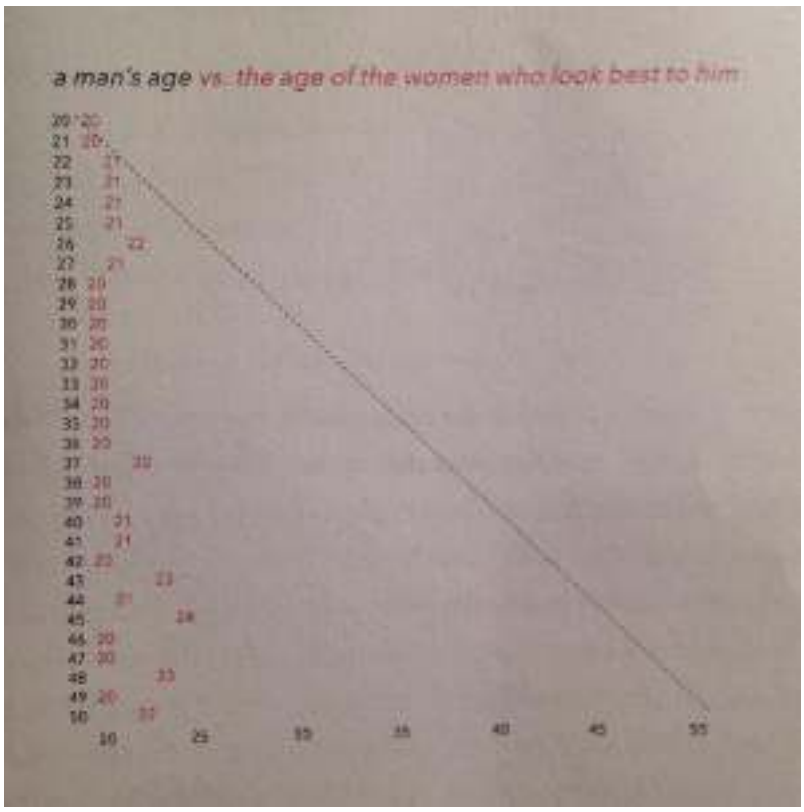
The first is a graph plotting age of the women who ostensibly have active OkCupid accounts against the age of the men who "look best to her":



male SMV window of attractiveness

As you can see, women have a shifting perception of men's physical attractiveness that skews older along with women's increasing age. Cougar glorification agit-prop to the contrary notwithstanding, women are not keen on dating men younger than themselves.

Now we turn to the second graph, which is the same, except with the sexes swapped:



female SMV window of attractiveness

Better humor through simplicity.

Men, no matter what age they are, converge on a female attractiveness ideal. And that ideal is a 20-year-old tart. A college bro and a middle-aged suburban domesticate want to screw the same dewy susie. Oh sure, the older married guy will never admit it in polite aka judgmental company, but you can bet he's feeling it. Remember that, you older wives. And keep your hubbies away from cheerleader practices and college orientations.

Men have always been simpler to analyze from a sexual market perspective. Female youth+beauty = high fertility, which men dig. Or, more precisely, which men's genetic directive digs. And, given the option and a guarantee of little or no blowback, most older men would happily and hungrily gnaw at some tender shoots.

Women's biologically conditioned sexuality is more interesting, because women are attracted to a whole suite of male mate value cues that include but are by no means limited to men's physical attributes. Social status, wealth, confidence, creativity, and charm are examples of male sexual signaling traits that women love. And, many of these male mating cues don't fully ripen until later in life. This explains why women can legitimately find older men physically attractive. The women are attracted to a host of age-neutral male traits which they associate with easily perceived cues such as facial looks.

The male span of redeemable sexual attractiveness is, on average, 20 to 30 years longer than the female span of sexual attractiveness. This isn't to claim that the typical 50-year-old man will arouse the typical 20-year-old woman. But it is accurate to say that that 50-year-old man has a lot more options for love than would his 50-year-old female peer. He can genuinely drive a younger woman to ecstasy, whereas a 25-year-old woman is already starting to sexually bore her man.

Thought Experiment

CH · 14 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter jack rips a page from Heartistian dark magic texts and presents his own mischievous thought experiment.

> I posed this question to my blue pill friends.
>
> Let's say you're going to die tomorrow. (Your wife/gf) doesn't exist. You can have sex with one girl tonight as a grand finale to your life, but she will be random and the ONLY thing you can choose about her is her age.
>
> Nobody picked an age higher than 19.
>
> I said 16.

The interesting thing about jack's question is that it left the issue of the woman's beauty unresolved. If you as a man have no idea how a girl will look, you'll pick a younger girl because you know that whatever a woman's looks relative to other women, she herself will never look better (read: more fuckable) than when she's in her late teens. That's the way to bet.

The law can come down hard, feminists and their manboob flipfloplickers can howl with indignation, white knights can insist to the contrary while steadfastly ignoring the boner putting the lie to their words, but the biological facts of male desire will go on unchanged and irrevocable.

Now, if the question had been posed with the hypothetical girl's beauty added as a variable, the answers men give would be different:

"a hot 17 year old"

Comment Of The Week: Sandra Syndrome

CH · 14 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

"Director" spits the pith and takes home the COTW,

> It boils down to this:
>
> A white Special Ed kid is actually a drooling retard.
>
> A black Spec Ed can probably be retarded but musical, funny…like a pet with human characteristics. Even if they are drooling tards it's compensated for by youthful ebullience.
> Combine this with the victimology and self critique of whites and you get this Sandra Bullock syndrome.
> Adopt a Muh Dik and fulfill a Protocol of the Elders. These 4/5 types buy into it.

Director is referring to the recently noted phenomenon of nice white ~~sluts~~ teachers having flings (perhaps even falling in love) with their dumbly hormonal students of remedial vibrancy.

Cultural propaganda counts for something. Doubtless a lot of these teachers are fucked in the head, but a relentless stream of anti-white, pro-noble savage agit-prop emanating from every honeycomb of the Hivemind can push psychologically fragile white women over the edge into self-immolation. Sandra Syndrome is a good term for the illness that manifests when untethered white women seeking an emotional outlet for their pathological mothering instinct and a sexual outlet for their thwarted desire open their hearts and legs to their developmentally and morally child-like charges.

Approach Week

CH · 15 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Jeremy suggests a way to get the game blog reader addicts off their asses to bust a move.

> CH, I have a suggestion.
>
> It would take the cooperation of other major manosphere sites.
>
> If you want to kick the keyboard jockeys out of their habits. Then have an "Approach Week" where all comments sections on manosphere blogs are DISABLED. Leave everyone the explicit instructions to go forth, and approach.

Good idea. I'm game (heh) if at least five other "manosphere" sites agree to the terms. (Qualifier quotes added because I don't quite know what constitutes a manosphere site.)

The ground rules

Approaching means making a first move on women. The definition of a first move is a bit fluid. For instance, a girl could glance at you flirtatiously, and you could take that as a cue to walk up and say hi. Or you could go in cold and open inattentive girls.

Vocalizations have to be delivered face-to-face so that your approach can't be mistaken for the passing mumblings of a street bum. You may grunt or wink or belch if it starts a conversation. Approaching does NOT mean staring at a girl and turning away satisfied that she registered your existence.

Comments will be disabled during the chosen "approach week" to motivate bleary-eyed keyboardists into a pair of pants and out of doors to say something to women. Go forth, and approach, as the Good Lord might say in an era when straight up multiplying will get you slapped with child support payments.

Posting may continue during Approach Week. Either the post title or the top of any post published during Approach Week will include a disclaimer that comments are off to honor the spirit of the Approach. (For example: *Comments are disabled during Approach Week to encourage readers to limit their internet time and go outside to apply the lessons they have learned here.*)

Off the top o' me scruffily precocious head, here are five manosphere sites which write about game and pickup that might be interested in participating: Return of Kings, Rational Male, Danger & Play, Krauser, Alpha Game. I'm certain there are plenty of sites I'm missing, so if you're one of them and you like this idea let us know in the comments and we'll hammer this thing out.

If your broadsheet is listed here and you're not interested, don't worry about it. It won't be skin off anyone's nose.

Approach Week should happen sometime within the next two months, while the sun is high and the girls are barely clothed. Pending any objections, let's set aside the holiday week of June 29-July 5 as Approach Week.

Post-Approach Week, CH will dedicate a day to you readers when you may share your experiences in the comments of an open post.

PS If something akin to Approach Week has already been done by other game blogs at other times, disregard this post. The remix is never as good as the original.

Reader Mailbag: I Saw The Signs And It Opened Up Her Thighs

CH · 16 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1: “Steve” sincerely asks,

> Important question:
>
> Can sluts fall in love?

Absolutely. But they can also fall out of love. And they do both more easily than non-sluts.

Sluts are a strange amalgam of genetic, environmental, and “gray area” influences. Hormones are a good example of a gray area somewhere between the environment and genes which shapes character. While I’ve no hard evidence, I’d bet that sluts release less oxytocin than normal women do during lovemaking, which means the hard slut is less likely to emotionally bond when she’s spermally bonded.

******

Email #2: A reader has a question about needy ex-girlfriends.

> My question is regarding ‘the rules of contact with your ex after a breakup’.
>
> My gf and I recently split after 1 year (her idea) due to her feeling that our relationship had run its course and wasn’t going to progress. Despite the fact that I disagreed, I had no choice but to respect her wishes and let her go. I’m back to my single-guy-Alpha ways but she continues to contact me from time to time (weeknight texts ‘just thinking about you and wanted to say hi’ or late Sat night “we just got our hair done up for the night!”)
>
> What in the fuck is one supposed to do w that? Half of my friends who I trust for counsel think I should refrain from replying or contacting her and just move on, re-fill my bullpen, etc. The other half are advising that I continue to pursue her, text w her, try to be around her, treat her like a human/friend etc. I’m curious what your experiences have taught you in similar situations.

Any kind of unsolicited contact from an ex-girlfriend, no matter how trivial or weird, is proof that she still has feelings for you. This sounds like a break-up she never really wanted, but considered a last ditch effort to bring you to heel. Or it was prodded by subterfuge from her jealous girl friends.

(When a girl breaks up after falling out of love, you will rarely, if ever, hear from her again unless necessity dictates.)

Whatever advice you’re getting, it’s nothing compared to the knowledge that you are sitting in the driver’s seat. You have hand. Lots of it. Use it like an acromegalic pimp.

She wants the lines of communication open, because she still has hope you’ll give her what she needs. Reply, but only a fraction of the time she texts. Initially, keep it friendly and frivolous, but don’t allow yourself to get boxed into a “friends forever?” interrogation. If she starts down that road, first, know she doesn’t really mean it, and second, amputate that rotten limb of conversation promptly. “You’re so funny” is a reply that will light a fire under her hamster’s ass. Anytime she sends you one of those “just thinking about you” texts, reply “aw that’s sweet.” If she texts, “just got our hair done”, reply, “thanks! i needed to know this.”

The idea is that you are reinforcing your relative higher value by repeatedly and (some would say) sadistically mocking her eagerness to keep you in her life.

Allow for a few weeks of this empty banter, then maneuver her into your fornication zone with a disarming suggestion: “If you need to talk, you can swing by tomorrow (tonight’s no good)”. Through the expert deployment of ambiguous promises, you want her to believe you are warming to the idea of a committed, conventional long-

term relationship. The goal is increasing perceptions of your “commitment attainability”, and that will require some feints to the beta side. Convinced of your good intentions, you can extract sexual goodies in this manner for another six months or so, before the process begins anew.

******

Email #3: “Chris” writes,

> You’ve changed my life massively for the better, but now I’m not sure how to handle a girl I actually want. She’s involved in the stuff I like (strength sports) and is overtly sexual, so she was off to a good start. I chose to ignore a personal red flag (she trains horses). I set up for us to go somewhere fun and eat after, but the morning of, she cancels on me. I responded along the lines of that’s fine, but next time she has to make the plans, and so I gave up and deleted her contact info.

Never say “that’s fine” when a girl flakes at the last minute. That’s rewarding bad behavior. “lol” would have been a far superior response.

> Knowing how these things work, I checked tinder and saw she was active right before that, most likely made plans with someone of higher status.

Your inner game is weak. You’re making a lot of assumptions that, even if they were proved true, do you no good to dwell on.

> I DO actually like her and would like to, at the very least, bed someone who commonly complains on twitter that most guys aren’t man enough for her.

Any girls who “””brags””” in this way on a social media platform is very insecure about her ability to land an alpha male, and LOVES assholes. I can already tell by the jive of your email that you’re a niceguy, and that won’t do for girls of her nature. You need to turn your dick dial to “bring da movies“.

> Should I write her off entirely and forget it since attractive 19 year olds are plentiful anyway? Or is there a decent way back in? My birthday is soon if that would afford an opportunity, though anything to do with that seems too friendly to restart on.

Birthday smirthday. You think a girl you aren’t fucking cares about your birthday? Turn hard dick on her, swirl her mental fallopian grooves, and marinate for a while. Right now, she’s dreaming a rough rider will saddle up and shove her face in the hay.

******

Email #4: “Andrew” (not WK) is lost in a land of maneaters.

> How do you differentiate between genuine interest and her showing interest in hopes of your attention/making you an orbiter?

Do you ever flirt about sex with her? If not, she sees you as Castrate the friendly ghost.

> A girl I met a couple months ago has been showing a pretty solid amount of interest lately. Touches me, punches me when I tease, calls me cute, plays with my hair, etc. I follow everything in your blog, I follow a lot of Rollo’s advice, Roosh, etc. The reason I’m asking is, she’ll initiate a text, I’ll reply with something relevant, and she will reply hours later, but usually she never replies at all. This has happened about 3 times now and since then I’ve completely avoided texting to minimize the risk of desperation ruining my shit in person.

Beta bait. She's threw out the chum (her texts), you replied on cue (and with relevancy no less!), she released you back to the ocean of dullboys.

> Do you have a website you check when you're bored, just to see if there is anything new? And when there isn't, you just exit? I feel like I'm her "website". She texts me, finds nothing interesting, and doesn't respond. She trying to make me an orbiter or something?

She's probably fishing for a reason to be attracted to you, but all she's pulling up are old tires. This sounds less like a beta orbiter invitation than a girl who began sexually curious but suffered a dearth of confirmatory evidence. You can bet other guys are in her life, which drives down the value of your communication. You're in sort of a limbo; not a love interest, not a desexualized beta buddy. Like the emailer above, I think you need to go the Full Asshole to reinvigorate her waning interest.

******

Email #5: "Christian", a reader with some fame cred asks,

> Love the site. I check it every day. Opened my eyes to game and the red pill mentality. Thank you x10000000
>
> Anyways, I have a job in media where I am in the public light. Small market gig but I'm on TV here and some people recognize me when I go out. I want to know your thoughts on how that could change my options when it comes to getting laid.

It'll increase them. That'll be $300.

> I tend to avoid online dating sites for these reasons (don't want to be recognized). I also tend to avoid bringing up my career w girls i meet unless asked.

This is a smart ploy. Fame's pull on women is most powerful when it's discovered rather than disclosed. Plus, you'll have a particular need to filter out golddiggers. Fame is so powerful a tingle generator it's best to be faux embarrassed about it.

> I feel like my career is holding me back from achieving the life I want w women. I'm insecure about being recognized.

Being recognized is not your problem. Managing post-coital expectations is your problem.

> I relish when I'm out of town and gaming chicks because I can be as free w my words and actions without that fear.
>
> Any words of advice for those that have similar issues?

A lot of male public figures have mistresses and active sex lives. Yet you only hear about a small percentage of them blowing up the media each year. How do the rest manage their harems? Most women are so thrilled to be with a famous guy they'll be very careful about rocking the boat. If this is your quandary, you'll need to be more forcefully up front about what you expect from women, and what they can expect from you. Allowing drama to flourish just for the fun of it is a luxury you may not be able to afford.

If you want girls to "love you for who you are" instead of for the fame, well, the platitude princess can help you with that. She leaves quarters under pillows!

******

Email #6: Austin uncovers a new, potent form of shit test.

> I've got a question about some game. I feel like recently I've come across a (potential) shit test that I'm not familiar with, it usually goes something like
>
> Her: You remind me of my ex boyfriend (playfully)
>
> I like to go bold here
>
> Me: So you're saying I'm extremely handsome
>
> usually puts them a little off or they pick some other quality, but I'm not sure where to go from here, thanks Gents

Context is crucial. If this shit test is delivered playfully, it means "oh no I'm falling for one of these guys again". Your reply was OK, nothing really self-sabotaging about it, but I would have said something else. (It would feel a little gay to compliment a girl's ex on his looks, however indirectly.) Where you go from there depends on her reaction. If she picks another quality, tell her you feel objectified, and (with a hammy smile) inform her that her flirting is horrible, and she needs to step up her game for a special snowflake like yourself.

The only real concern you should have with passing shit tests is, well, passing them. You don't have to smash it to smithereens. A "D" is a passing grade. All you need to do is avoid getting defensive or overly emotionally engaged — e.g., "I remind you of your ex?! How so??" — and you'll be fine.

Are Men Or Women More Manipulative?

CH · 17 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Personal impressions into the matter aside for the moment, social science examining the issue of sex differences in manipulation skill and proclivity to manipulate are scarce. But a recent study definitely fingers women as the more manipulative sex in at least one major life domain.

> Parental mate choice manipulation tactics: Exploring prevalence, sex and personality effects.
>
> Parents and children are genetically related but not genetically identical, which means that their genetic interests overlap but also diverge. In the area of mating, this translates into children making mate choices that are not in the best interest of their parents. Parents may then resort to manipulation in order to influence their children's mating decisions in a way that best promotes the former's interests. This paper attempts to identify the structure of manipulation tactics that parents employ on their daughters and sons, as well as on their daughters' and sons' mates, and also to estimate their prevalence. On the basis of the structure of the derived tactics, four hypotheses are tested: **Mothers are more willing than fathers to use manipulation tactics; parents are willing to use more manipulation on their daughters than on their sons; the personality of parents predicts the use of tactics on their children and on their children's mates; and the personality of children and of children's mates predicts the use of tactics on them. Evidence from two independent studies provides support for the first three hypotheses, but mixed support for the fourth hypothesis.** The implications of these findings are further discussed.

So mothers are more apt than are fathers to manipulate their children. What is the underlying evolutionary reason for this particular sex disparity?

> Women being physically weaker, having less access to weaponry, having little control over wealth, and consequently being less aggressive, need to resort to manipulation in order to promote their interests effectively. […]
>
> Furthermore, due to internal gestation, mothers are 100% certain that their children are their own; this is not the case for fathers, however, who are less certain about paternity. This indicates that mothers see their interests as being more overlapping with the interests of their children, and so they have a stronger concern about the latter's mate choices. For instance, a bad mate choice on behalf of their children that compromises the fitness of their grandchildren (e.g., a mate who is likely to run away) will be more costly to mothers, who are certain that these grandchildren are actually their own, than to fathers, who are less certain. Accordingly, mothers will be more likely to interfere than fathers if they believe that a choice is not good for their daughters or sons.

This female facility with manipulation extends to the romantic sphere. In a state of nature (no Pills, no abortion, no female economic self-sufficiency or legal coddling), women run a MUCH greater risk of life-altering changes from a single act of loving penetration. Manipulation is the tool women use to level the playing field… or, more precisely, to tilt the playing field to their advantage in a modern social environment where every lever is already halfway pulled in their direction.

The irony of this biomechanic reality is that it runs totally counter to feminist and white knight blather about "manipulative cads/PUAs/niceguys/jerks/patriarchal oppressors". The intimate, limbic knowledge that women are in fact the more manipulative sex drives self-regarding women (and their effeminate male custodians) to project this instinctive female power onto their protagonists. This is especially true of ugly women who most certainly feel the burn of male rejection and female ostracism more hotly.

> Another consequence of the asymmetry in parental investment, with women being a scarce reproductive resource, is that parents are more interested in controlling the mate choices of their daughters than of their sons (Perilloux, Fleischman, and Buss, 2008). In particular, as men strive to gain access to women, by controlling the latter, parents can better control mate choice (Apostolou, 2010). Furthermore, due to the risk of pregnancy and the value that men ascribe to the chastity of women (Buss, 2003), the mating behavior of daughters is likely to be more consequential than the mating behavior of sons. For instance, a sexual adventure can commit a daughter's parental investment to a man that her parents do not approve of, and/or damage her reputation, compromising her future chances of attracting desirable mates. Last but not least, parents cannot be certain of their relatedness to grandchildren fathered by their sons, but they can be certain about their relatedness to their grandchildren mothered by their daughters. This means that parents may have more genetic interests at stake in the mating choices of their daughters than of their sons, which in turn would motivate them to control their daughters more.
>
> Overall, as parents are more interested in the mating behavior of their daughters than of their sons, it is predicted that they will be more willing to use manipulation on the former than on the latter.

Women vs women, redux.

Blaming the patriarchy (or the matriarchy) is beside the point; these forces molding the behaviors of men and women are without moral dimension. They exist to serve a god which in its feral simplicity frightens and offends the conscious human sensibilities which themselves are unwitting servants to the prime directive.

Interestingly, younger parents are more likely than older parents to employ manipulative tactics on their children.

> One possible explanation for the latter finding is that the residual reproductive value of younger parents is higher than the residual reproductive value of older parents. In other words, parents have more reproductive years ahead of them when they are younger than when they are older. In a pre-industrial context, and most probably during ancestral times, parents would control their children's mate choices so as to arrange beneficial marriage alliances, and they could divert this cost in their own reproductive effort (Apostolou, 2014). For instance, a father could use the bridewealth he received from the marriage of his daughter to get an additional wife for himself, while a mother could use the resources derived from a beneficial alliance to mother additional children. However, these reproductive benefits are exhausted with age, which means that older parents have less to gain from controlling their children. As a consequence, there will be less intense selection pressures exercised on older parents to control mating, which in turn may result in older parents being less interested in using manipulation to influence their children's mate choice.

Follow the bouncing ball on this one. Age of first marriage and first child in the West have been increasing for decades. If the theory above holds, that suggests an aggregate decrease in the number of daughters who are feeling pressured by their parents to marry well. Hello, alpha fux…

So who is the most manipulative of them all?

> Our findings suggest that the highest degree of manipulation will come from relatively young mothers with low conscientiousness and will be applied predominantly to their daughters.

And the least manipulative?

> Highly conscientious, older male parents are the least likely to apply manipulation on their children and especially on their sons.

Age mellows, via multiple pathways. And sons are less stressful on fathers than are daughters. Spread the seed,

guard the eggs.

What forms of manipulation do parents, and especially mothers, use? And how do these forms differ when used on sons or daughters?

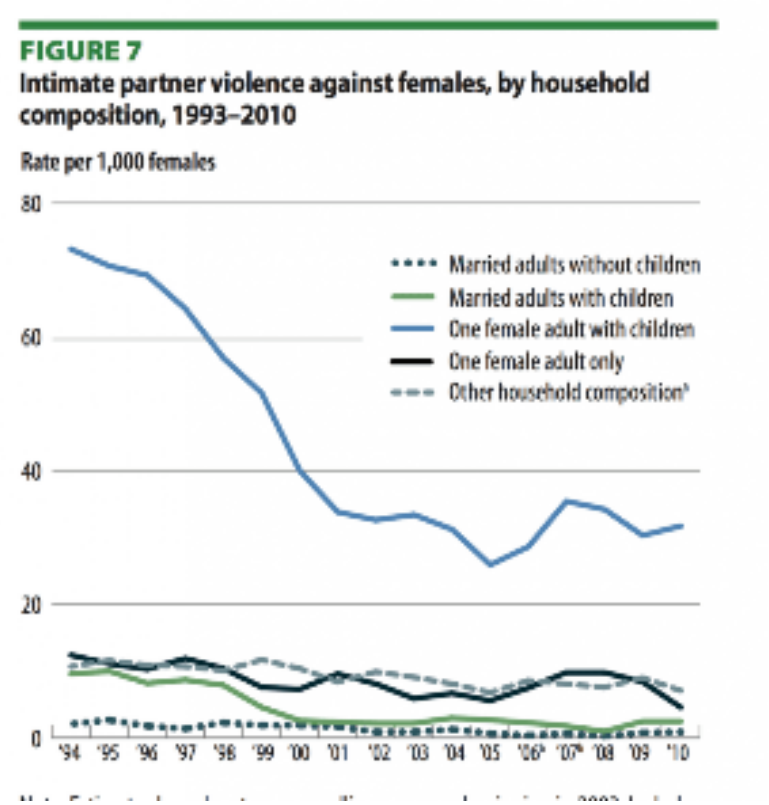
> For daughters, 12 tactics emerged (see Table 1), which largely overlap with the tactics that have been identified by Apostolou (2013). In particular, we have been able to replicate 8 of the 12 tactics: “hardball,” “matchmaker,” “coercion,” “prevention,” “whom one should marry,” “carrot and stick,” “chaperoning,” and “guilt trip.” Two more tactics that emerged here are closely related with previously identified tactics. In particular, the “advice and support” tactic is close to the previously identified tactic of “advice and reasoning.”
>
> However, although there is some overlap, acts associated with reasoning do not load on the tactic that emerged here. It appears that acts associated with support (usually when something goes wrong with respect to romantic relationships) load highly instead. Similarly, the “social comparison and moral advising” is close to the “social comparison” tactic; however, the tactic that emerged here also has an aspect of moral advising. It seems then that parents use social comparison to demonstrate to their daughters what is morally right and wrong. The “use of relatives and friends” tactic did not emerge here. Instead, one tactic that emerged is “monitoring,” where parents closely monitor their daughters’ activities and try to get information about their behavior. Finally, the “emotional manipulation” tactic is similar to the “silent treatment” tactic, although in this case several acts that involve emotional manipulation also load.
>
> For sons, 12 factors emerged as well (see Table 1). Nine of these closely overlap with previously identified tactics: “hardball,” “matchmaker,” “coercion,” “prevention,” “whom one should marry,” “carrot and stick,” “chaperoning,” “guilt trip,” and “use of relatives and friends.” As in the case of daughters, the “advice and support” tactic emerged, which is similar to the previously identified tactic of “advice and reasoning.” Also, the “emotional manipulation” tactic emerged, which is similar to the “silent treatment” tactic. The social comparison tactic did not emerge, but as in the case of daughters the “monitoring” tactic emerged. Overall, it appears that the structure of parental manipulation on sons is similar to the one on daughters. But there are differences, one being that the “social comparison and moral advising” tactic emerged only for daughters, whereas the “use of relatives and friends” tactic emerged only for sons.

“Social comparison and moral advising” is probably the unconscious default shaming tactic that parents use on wayward daughters because women are, on the whole, the more lemming-like sex. Women respond to the prospect of social ostracism more viscerally than do men.

Women are on average the more manipulative sex, but there is field evidence that some men are master manipulators in their own right. Pickup artists and assorted practitioners of the crimson arts have co-opted the manipulative power of womanhood for their own romantic and sexual benefit. They have taken what is women’s strongest hand and added a Joker for the five of a kind. These maestros of the muff understand that women are solipsistic creatures who fall in love with their reflections, and thus with the men who are adept at holding the mirror up to them.

There Are Single Moms, And Then There's Everyone Else

CH · 17 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original



single moms, the shit that keeps on giving… and taking!

Value Shit Tests Vs Comfort Shit Tests

CH · 18 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Your romantic fortunes (or misfortunes) will make much more sense, and become less a product of chance, once you understand that women are burdened with a split personality, each one desiring a different sort of man. A woman's compulsive attraction for both male sexiness and male security explains a lot about her seemingly lunatic behavior.

In fact, almost everything women do, in and out of the reproductive sphere, can be profitably viewed through the lens of their "Sexiness/Security Schism" (SSS). And a schism it is, because rarely do the two ur-traits occur at equal strength in the same man.

Game has to take into account the existence of the female SSS, and that's why many game tactics appear, to the neophyte, contradictory or bafflingly contextual. A clear demonstration of this refracted female sexual psychology is the shit test. A single shit test can have radically different meanings depending on the balance of sexiness and security that a girl perceives in a man, and on the ratio of each she desires at that moment.

ImmoralGables forwards an insightful piece of game advice that hits upon the female sexiness/security schism:

> Listen up playas. There are two kinds of shit tests you need to know about (credit to RSD Todd)
>
> 1) Value Shit Test – "Why are you talking to me?"
> This is where you show why you are entitled, that you're a man, that you're not perturbed by her beauty, that you're have solid frame that can't be flayed. This is a good time to agree and amplify or just ignore and keep plowing
>
> 2) Comfort Shit Test – "Why are you talking to me?"
> This is where you assuage her concerns that you're just using her because she has a vagina. Now you can go the route of providing non-physical reasons as to why she's attractive, "You're quirky, I like that." But RSD Todd showed a really good one that doesn't step into her frame "Wow, that's a really modest thing of you to say. Why would a girl like you think that?"

When a woman is seeking sexiness, her unrehearsed interrogation will take the form of value filters. The value shit test is a test for male aloofness, state control, abundance, coolness, and social acumen. When a woman is seeking security, she'll prod for signals of attainability and seriousness. The comfort shit test is lethal to newbies because they don't recognize it before it's too late, and because this shit test can sound *exactly* like a value shit test. But the context in which it is delivered is everything.

What works to neutralize value shit tests won't for comfort shit tests. For this reason, Agree and Amplify is not a good response to the latter. All that will accomplish is boxing yourself into the "entertainment monkey" cad caricature she can have fun with and then safely and without regret disengage from once the act bores her. The best Comfort Shit Test response alleviates a girl's insecurity while strengthening emotional closeness.

Another example of a deceptively similar Value/Comfort shit test:

"I bet you're a player."

If you get this early on, it's a value shit test. She secretly wants you to be a player who is loved by women. That's male mate value. Your reply should adhere to the amused mastery format: "That's what your mom said too. Strange."

If she says this during a one-on-one moment of deep rapport, long after she's dropped numerous indicators of romantic interest, then it's a comfort shit test. Now would NOT be the time to escalate flirty tension. You want to release the tension, e.g., "I'm looking for someone I click with. I don't think I'm different than you in that regard."

Value shit tests tend to happen a lot with higher SMV girls who perceive themselves (at least initially) as out of your league. Comfort shit tests happen with lower SMV girls who fear you'll use them for short-term sexual gratification, or with high SMV girls who experience a downward shift in their self-perception from the expert application of your SMV equalizing game.

The Domestication Of Western Men

CH · 18 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The results from an experiment to domesticate wild foxes has led scientists to theorize that the transformation of humanity from hunter-gatherers to modern civilization is essentially a grand scale project in the domestication, i.e. feminization, of men. Reader D.R. writes,

> I heard a radio segment the other day you might find interesting. It examines the physical changes that occur in animals when they're domesticated, and then applies it to humans as we've gone from hunter-gatherer to modern society. Among other changes (like pointy to floppy ears in foxes), the animals became more feminine as they became more sociable. The cause? Lower testosterone. Here's the link:
>
> http://www.radiolab.org/story/91696-new-nice/
>
> Be warned: the show has that npr cheesedick feel to it, but this must be the kind of crap necessary to make science palatable to the masses.

John Scalzi explained.

What a shame that the price to be paid for civilized prosperity is male castration. And that's not a figure of speech. More domestication means lower testosterone. And there is tantalizing evidence of this being a worldwide phenomenon. Sperm count and quality have been falling for generations. Fertility is dropping in all but the most testosterone-y regions (Africa).

The trade-offs would superficially appear to be worth it, (especially for women), but what if we telescope outward to the distant future? What happens to a nation of manboobs and male feminists? A dearth of masculine aggression has downsides: apathy, conformity, lack of creativity, disposition to believe feelgood platitudes. But perhaps worst of all, the fate of such feminized nations is always the same: overrun by manlier cultures.

(For a laugh, check out the comment from "Gigi Jacobs". A perfect distillation of NPR leftoid psychological projection.)

Soccer Post

CH · 18 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This is the obligatory CH soccer post. Suave commenter gig chastises,

> I am not reading/commenting here as much as I would like to, but seriously, the World Cup is happening.
>
> You have 4 years to talk about girls. Americans have bought 5% of tickets to the finals, btw. Now there should be a permanent post on the Cup
>
> Lastly but not the leastly, world cup games in Brazil are almost carnival-like.

American SWPLs love, or pretend to love, soccer, because it has a low barrier to entry for the world's poor. All you need is a field and a ball.

I have a soccer prediction. If the Mestizo-ization of America continues apace, soccer will indeed become a big thing here. As white America tags along magnanimously and warms to soccer, and its programs get better, expect an American "stamp" on the style of play. More fast breaks, more football-type (the real football) strategizing, more partition of talent. And less gay flopping.

Feminism Is For Ugly Women

CH · 19 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An article by a Mzzz Pamela Clark has been making the memetic rounds. It's titled "35 Practical Steps Men Can Take to ~~Guarantee Involuntary Celibacy~~ Support Feminism". It is as vapid as you'd think it would be, just going by the lede. Excerpt:

> **12. Pay attention to and challenge informal instances of gender role enforcement.**
>
> For example, if you are at a family function or dinner party, pay attention to whether it is mostly/only women who are doing food preparation/cleaning/childcare while men are socializing and relaxing. If it is, change the dynamic and implore other men to do the same.

If you want to make yourself utterly sexually repellent to women who count, and a pariah among your cool male friends, sure go ahead and follow her advice.

The spectacle of these feminists one-upping each others' stupidity and flights of fantastical voyage from reality seems to be exponentially increasing in absurdity and frequency lately. Why?

The answer is simple. Feminism is the limbic pain of ugly women getting amplified through the internet bullhorn.

Here's a pic of the female who wrote the above article. WNB with John Scalzi's thimblepeen.

When ugly bitter women meet the ASCII soapbox, Freudian hilarity ensues. You can set your watch to the accuracy of the CH feminism formulation. Nine times out of ten, when you see a photo of the female who wrote this or that feminist treatise aka foray into poopytalk, she will be fat, ugly, or an incomplete gender morph.

And that is the structural Götterdämmerung from which there is no semantic escape.

3 Out Of 100 American Women Are Marriageable

CH · 19 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

There's a lot of chatter among the cuntocracy about how men aren't "manning up" and doing their duty to marry off all the single ladies. But maybe, just maybe, part of the reason for this male abdication of the sacred institution of marriage is the poor quality of the women on offer.

Just how bad is the marriageable American female market? Jay in DC writes,

> 'Hot 99.5′ is basically the hippest and most relevant DC radio station in that it has the youngest listener demographic.
>
> They are currently holding a contest for "new brides" to post their hottest photo to win the contest (1,000 dollar prize). Now granted, more intelligent chicks are probably NOT going to put their pic out there. But there are about 100 submissions up there already so this is a pretty good cross-section of not only DC, but really the US.
>
> Behold men, and look upon your ruination. Betas WILL marry anything. ANYTHING, and this is what keeps the perpetual cycle of disgusting fat entitled average americunts reproducing.
>
> I really advise you take the 15 minutes or so to REALLY look at every photo. This is our future. Out of those 100 photos there are FIVE women I would date, a few more I would fuck, and 3 I would marry if they had the classic femininity to go with their looks.
>
> That is a SAD ASS RATIO. 97 to 3 in a pretty good statistical sample are marriageable? Welcome to the USSA.
>
> http://www.hot995.com/contests/summer-bridal-showdown/297456/Vote/photoDetail/402513
>
> p.s. Don't bother posting comments, they will be shot down in seconds, just enjoy the grotesquery that is these women in bridal gowns.

Browsing the blushing attention whores, I'd have to concur with Jay's assessment; the majority of the American East Coast brides are beastly. Beauty and the beast, inverted.

Beta males won't marry anything. That is a stretch. Ugly, older, masculine, and fatter women DO pay marriage marketplace costs that you won't be able to readily discern in their smiling wedding day photos. The hidden nature of the cost does not preclude its exorbitance.

And what is that exorbitant cost? Settling. It's all of the better men with whom the post-prime, pre-Wall, porky-princess American bride had to give up hope of fettering to a marital contract. As age, size and attitude veer away from the feminine ideal beloved by the vast majority of men, women will find it harder — sometimes impossibly harder — to land the man of their dreams. They will have to settle for second, third, or even 30th best if they want to be married at all.

And so what you don't see in those blushing blimp pics are the men they truly wanted who pumped and dumped them, or ignored them for their prettier friends. What you also don't see are the hapless losers who vowed last-ditch lifelong monogamy to a land whale in exchange for avoiding the walking death of incel, as their hearts privately sank away in forlorn regret.

That is the individual, human dynamic. What about the big picture? Interesting — in the horrible sense of the word — things happen when the supply of attractive women drastically shrinks in proportion to the supply of megafauna, feminists, careerist shrikes, manjaws, and bitter spinsters. When the marriage market essentially become an outpost of Wal-Mart (Wall-Mart!) — cheap, throwaway, high fructose corn syrup goods — men experience what could be described as an exogenous "restriction of range" problem when they set out to find marriageable women.

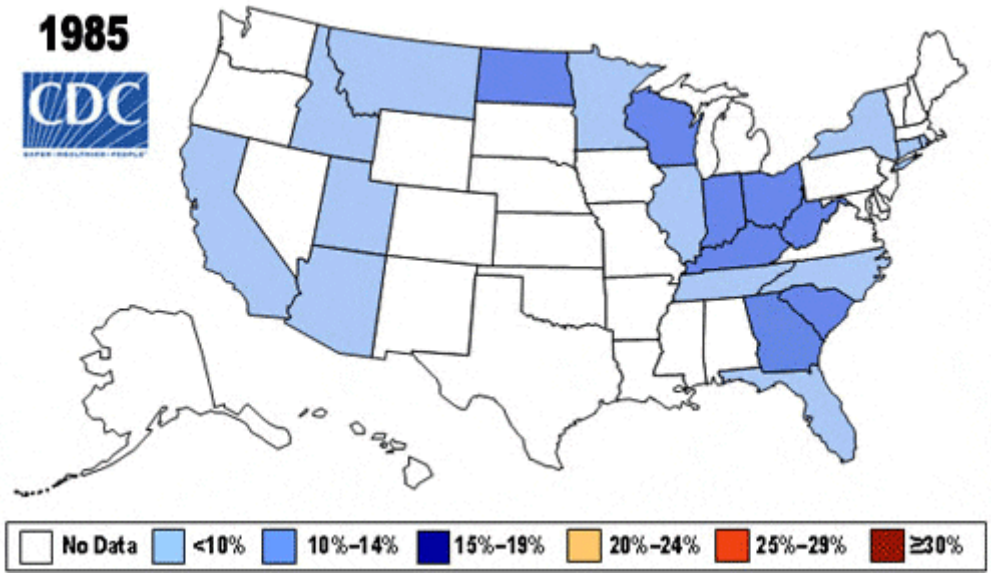
Instead of a normally functioning sexual market where men are presented with many options among marriageable

women of varying degrees of attractiveness (who nonetheless meet the men's threshold for long-term commitment worthiness), what transpires in a shit market like what we have now is a massive limitation in men's acceptably attractive mate choices and a replacement with a dichotomous mate choice system. In a dichotomous mate choice system, beta males no longer have the luxury of choosing between, say, a feminine slender 6 and a tomboyish slender 7. Now they're restricted to choosing between involuntary celibacy and marriage to a ghastly apparition.

Unfortunately for the progress of the human species, the male sex drive is so strong that more than a few hard-up betas and omegas will choose the sad, dreary marriage to a circus sideshow over the soul-crushing solitude of sexlessness.

Beauty is truth. CH is among the greats in asserting the truism of this plea for an aesthetic sensibility, and for good reason. When ugliness of body is the norm, ugliness of character and, ultimately, of nation is sure to follow.

Related:



“Are you a player?”

CH · 20 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This deceptively innocuous female query deserves its own post, because it’s something you’ll hear more than once if you a) have any sort of charming vibe or b) you live in an area where the cock carousel, and hence the broken pussies, ride high.

You want to know how to respond to this super shit test from a girl. First, judge the context and the delivery. Did you just meet her? Is she in a flirty mood? Is she a sassy girl who loves to “get one over” men?

Or, is she genuinely curious about you? Is she comfortable sitting down with you to talk, away from supervision? Do the number of hair tosses and the shine in her eyes betray a surging interest for more intimacy?

If the former (she wants reassurance you are socially skilled around women and have a plethora of mate options), there are many ways to defuse the “Are you a player?” shit test. You can’t go wrong with a rudimentary “agree & amplify”.

“Are you a player?”

“The truth comes out. Did you know you’re number 100 today? Congratulations! Let’s go find you that door prize.”

If the latter (she wants to be assuaged you aren’t going to fuck and fly), humility (feigned, if necessary) is the order of the day.

“Are you a player?”

“If holding out for the right girl makes me a player, then I guess I am. But I don’t really feel like one.”

On this subject, a reader asks,

> I met this girl on eH, solid 8.5 and on the first date she put this on me:
>
> her: are you a player?
> me: define player
> her: date a lot of women
> me: define a lot
>
> her: more than 6 a month
> me: it depends if the month has 31 days or not
> her: clever answer
>
> However, nothing changed – I can tell in her eyes she though I was a “player”. Also by the actions – at the end, we had a good make out, but she refused to come to my place:
>
> me: you should come to my place
> her: lol, that would be too early, what would you think about me if I came to your place on our first date
> me: I don’t judge people; if a woman is ready then she’s ready.
>
> Later the night I got the “you’re a great guy, but…” text, to which I replied with “lol” and deleted her number.
>
> I’ve been following CH for 3 years now, and again, CH sirs, I ask, how do you actually pass the test for real, and not just for that moment?
>
> Thanks and keep up the good word.

Since this was a first date (and not a first meet), she probably asked the question because she was beginning to feel like a conquest to you. She needed some sign from you that she was more than a passing fancy. Therefore, getting cutesy was not the best response. Playing the “define” game is fun at first, but will quickly grow tiresome because it

sounds like you're hiding something.

You didn't allay her slut fears, so you got what a lot of "too smooth for his own good" players get: A make-out that validated the girl, followed by a preemptive, pre-sex rejection that salvaged her ego and allowed her to preserve a belief in her propriety. You ran into a classic anti-slut defense wall, and your words reinforced the bricks.

The cocksure attitude of player profligacy that will attract women has a shelf life. You can't keep it up and expect the same results on date three that you had during minute two. At some point, she'll want the presence of the "real you", especially if she in any way considers you a possible long-term lover, and if she doesn't get the real you that fun vibe which sparked her first tingles will fade until it's replaced by doubt and emotional withdrawal.

If you have to deal with the "Are you a player?" question a lot from girls, it means you're projecting a seductive personality too early and too strong in the interaction. You need to tone it down a little, and disqualify girls. For instance, "It's too bad you're a brunette, otherwise I'd be flirting with you."

The Value Of Game

CH · 20 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If you're a single man plowing the field, which result would be more aggravating and distressing?

– You see an attractive girl on the sidewalk, say hi to her, but don't get her number.

vs

– You see an attractive girl, say hi to her, get her number, but she flakes at the last minute before your scheduled date.

How about this scenario?

– You meet an attractive girl, say hi to her, but don't get her number.

vs

– You meet an attractive girl, say hi to her, talk, get her number, go on three dates during which you drop $100 in drinks and more in lost time, energy and economic opportunity, and miss out on sex because she decided it wasn't "working out" sometime between the end of the third date and your hoped-for fourth date fireworks.

***

If men are honest with themselves, they will nearly unanimously answer that result #2 in each of the above scenarios would be far more distressing and emotionally draining than the relatively minor setback of result #1 (not getting a number after saying hi).

Game — or if you haughtily prefer, "practiced charisma" — is the most effective defense against the morale exhausting defeat of result #2, and similar outcomes. This is where game shines, where it really flexes its muscle: In that tentative courtship dance between the first twinkle in her eye and the last moan from her throat.

Game won't get you number closes from every hot girl you see on the street, but it will increase your number-to-lay ratio considerably, saving you time and effort that would otherwise be wasted if you didn't have the know-how and skills to successfully seduce a girl from mild curiosity to inflamed passion.

When we calculate the value of game, we must include all these variables, not just the percentage of meetings that you turn into number closes. The value of game to you, besides making you more instantly attractive, is also all the flakes that never happened, all the dates that never ended without a sexual culmination, all the relationships that never broke up on her terms.

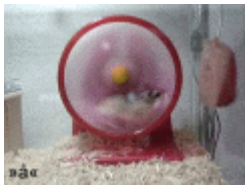
You might say the value of all that is incalculable.

Wordless Lamborghini Game

CH · 21 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Vitaly rents a Lamborghini and picks up girls without saying a word.

I laughed. Some of you cried. Is it staged? Maybe. Is it plausible? Yes. And did you see the cameo appearance?



If you have a son about to enter manhood, and you want to impart a quick lesson in women, you won't go wrong having him watch this video.

More Shocking News: Men And Women Have Vastly Different Personalities

CH · 23 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I know, I know, after an evening in your smoking jacket reading Jezebel and John Scalzi with blurry eyes and tending to your rickets, you wonder how anyone could think men and women aren't exactly alike except for that bothersome business of the genitalia.

Well, my hermetically sealed friend, you can listen to CH telling you like it is from field experience, or you can get the same revelations from ❤SCIENCE❤.

> Sex differences in personality are believed to be comparatively small. However, research in this area has suffered from significant methodological limitations. We advance a set of guidelines for overcoming those limitations: (a) measure personality with a higher resolution than that afforded by the Big Five; (b) estimate sex differences on latent factors; and (c) assess global sex differences with multivariate effect sizes. We then apply these guidelines to a large, representative adult sample, and obtain what is presently the best estimate of global sex differences in personality.
>
> Methodology/Principal Findings
>
> Personality measures were obtained from a large US sample (N = 10,261) with the 16PF Questionnaire. Multigroup latent variable modeling was used to estimate sex differences on individual personality dimensions, which were then aggregated to yield a multivariate effect size (Mahalanobis *D*). We found a global effect size *D* = 2.71, corresponding to an overlap of only 10% between the male and female distributions. Even excluding the factor showing the largest univariate ES, the global effect size was *D* = 1.71 (24% overlap). These are extremely large differences by psychological standards.
>
> Significance
>
> The idea that there are only minor differences between the personality profiles of males and females should be rejected as based on inadequate methodology.

Sex-based personality differences are large and widespread, and result from competing evolutionary pressures placed on men and women.

> In addition to their direct influences on mating processes, personality traits correlate with many other sexually selected behaviors, such as status-seeking and risk-taking (see e.g., [20], [34], [35]). Thus, in an evolutionary perspective, personality traits are definitely *not* neutral with respect to sexual selection. Instead, there are grounds to expect robust and wide-ranging sex differences in this area, resulting in strongly sexually differentiated patterns of emotion, thought, and behavior – as if there were **"two human natures"**, as effectively put by Davies and Shackelford [15].

Two human natures (you could argue for a lot more if you include racial differences in personality). This is the reason game works as a concept and as a practical guide. Women are very different, emotionally and psychologically, than are men, and game is a system which leverages this sex-specific personality contrast. Think about it: If men and women were completely alike, whatever worked for women in the dating market would also work equally well for men. But two minutes in the jungle are all you need to notice that the working strategies men and women employ to find and attract mates are very different.

The study is worth reading in full, especially the authors' methodology of breaking down the Big Five personality traits into smaller components, and the importance of measuring latent variables.

So where do men and women most differ in personality traits?

> In univariate terms, the largest differences between the sexes were found in Sensitivity, Warmth, and Apprehension (higher in females), and Emotional stability, Dominance, Rule-consciousness, and Vigilance (higher in males). These effects subsume the classic sex differences in instrumentality/expressiveness or dominance/nurturance.

Feminists and equalists will try to ignore, suppress, or distort findings about sex differences like those in this study, because the notion that there is an archetypical female personality and an archetypical male personality that is biological in construct is a stake through the heart of everything they desperately want to believe about human sexual nature and the impolite and inegalitarian forms it often takes.

How is an ugly feminist supposed to exhort normal women to “lean in” when normal women don’t have any desire nor disposition nor, for that matter, talent to do so? It is a pickle.

Study: Civilized Chicks Dig Jerks

CH · 24 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers who are familiar with the long-running CH series cheekily titled “Chicks dig jerks” will fall deeply in love (or hate) with this study, which just touched down like an F5 tingle in the Provencal lap of the Chateau Lordship.

> Criminal offending as part of an alternative reproductive strategy: Investigating evolutionary hypotheses using Swedish total population data.
>
> Criminality is highly costly to victims and their relatives, but often also to offenders. From an evolutionary viewpoint, criminal behavior may persist despite adverse consequences by providing offenders with fitness benefits as part of a successful alternative mating strategy. Specifically, criminal behavior may have evolved as a reproductive strategy based on low parental investment reflected in low commitment in reproductive relationships. We linked data from nationwide total population registers in Sweden to test if criminality is associated with reproductive success. Further, we used several different measures related to monogamy to determine the relation between criminal behavior and alternative mating tactics. Convicted criminal offenders had more children than individuals never convicted of a criminal offense. **Criminal offenders also had more reproductive partners, were less often married, more likely to get remarried if ever married, and had more often contracted a sexually transmitted disease than non-offenders. Importantly, the increased reproductive success of criminals was explained by a fertility increase from having children with several different partners. We conclude that criminality appears to be adaptive in a contemporary industrialized country, and that this association can be explained by antisocial behavior being part of an adaptive alternative reproductive strategy.**

Did you hear that *thpppft*? That was every prostrate manlet, peeved tradcon, and jizzebel gorgon loading their diapers in unison.

It’s as if ❤SCIENCE❤ thumped the great brass triskelion knocker on the oak doors of Chateau Heartiste, asked to be let in, and uttered upon entrance, “I’m home”.

You’ll excuse me if I allow myself this moment of grandiosity. In keeping with the tenor, it’s well-deserved.

The concordance of this study with observations put forth over the years here at CH, and with the near-daily drumbeat of news stories about women falling hard for all sorts of badboys who flout convention, the law, and others’ well-being, should give the shibbolethians who nurse an ego-wounded hatred for CH pause. The hammer blows they have been taking to the noggin must surely be leaving an impression by now.

But if morale isn’t yet up to snuff, I guess the beatings will have to continue!

criminal behavior may have evolved as a reproductive strategy based on low parental investment reflected in low commitment in reproductive relationships.

Single mommery has exploded in the last two generations. If that isn’t a sign of low parental investment and low commitment to reproductive relationships, what is? Exposure?

Convicted criminal offenders had more children than individuals never convicted of a criminal offense.

laughing all the way to the end.

Paging Audacity of huge…

Criminal offenders also had more reproductive partners, were less often married, more likely to get remarried if ever married, and had more often contracted a sexually transmitted disease than non-offenders.

It takes two to tango. And badboys tango with a lot of willing dance partners (women who inexplicably lose their attentiveness to contraception use when beguiled by badboys). That part about criminal offenders being more likely to get remarried is telling; if an asshole has a little bit of a soft spot for (ceremonial) monogamy, he'll have an easier time finding a second wife than the niceguy who got eatpraydumped by his bored wife. It appears that Swedish women (the most evolved of white women, wags may note), when they are presented with badboys from a broken marriage, can't wait to offer themselves as second chance redemption to such misunderstood paragons of maleness.

Importantly, the increased reproductive success of criminals was explained by a fertility increase from having children with several different partners.

There's a rumor spread from certain sectors of female astonishment that men with significant sexual histories turn off women.

We conclude that criminality appears to be adaptive in a contemporary industrialized country

Where have the enlightened CH readers come across a variant of this formulation before?

> Bleeding heart compassion has cursed blessed the country with layers of safety nets that subvert the natural cleansing of losers from contributing to the next generation. The result of all this government largesse is the substitution of handouts for husbands. When provider males who are predisposed to marry and support a family are worth less on the market than they used to be they are slowly replaced by playboys taking advantage of the sexual climate. Women who have their security needs met by Big Government (in combination with

> their own economic empowerment) begin to favor their desire for sexy, noncommital alpha males at the expense of their attraction for men who will foot the bills.
>
> Prediction: As women's financial status rises to levels at or above the available men in their social sphere, they will have great difficulty finding an acceptable long-term partner. The men, for their part, will turn away from emphasizing their ability to provide as they discover their mediocre-paying corporate jobs are no longer effective displays of mating value. They will instead emphasize the skills of "personality dominance".

It's clarifying to think of women as having two core sexual natures that can shift at the margins in the direction of favoring the expression of one or the other, and thus influencing mating behavior, in response to rapid and sweeping environmental cues. Scientifically, these core sexual strategies are known as r- and K-selection, the former epitomized in nature by the fast-breeding, fast-dying small mammal (mouse) and the latter by the slow-breeding, slow-dying large mammal (elephant).

For practical everyday purposes, the human female desire template is largely immutable. Feminist delusions to the contrary notwithstanding, you aren't going to realign female nature to conform more closely with male sexual nature, (say, by making casual sex less emotionally impacting on women). However, if you had the power to perform an unethical experiment and rearrange society in the trajectory it has taken organically (or perhaps conspiratorially) in the West these past 100 years, you would begin to perceive changes, subtle at first and building to pandemic scale, in the choices and courtship rituals that women abide. You may, for example, start to see women pulling away from beta male providers and indulging more frequently their latent lust for exciting badboys.

What this study above is saying, and what CH has been saying for years based on real world experience in the urban wench trenches, is that criminality — in its milder, accessible form, jerkboy charisma — is quickly becoming a favored male trait by women, who are choosing these men using the only instrument that matters: their vaginas. When life is easy and contraceptives flow like the River Orinoco, women get bored and seek the orgasmic release of aloof, reckless, throwback assholes. **Women in modern industrialized nations** come to desire the sexiness over the security.

Maxim #70: Civilized, coddled chicks dig jerks.

I'll leave it to the reader to infer the nuances of meaning from this maxim. Hint: "muh dik" is not an escape hatch.

This transformation in female mate choice doesn't have to be huge to have a deleterious effect on civilized prosperity. In fact, changes at the margins can be enough to send the entire system careening into a tailspin. Like an advantageous allele, you move the badboy-loving needle from 1% to 2% and some serious consequences will accrue in a few generations' time.

Now, I didn't have a team of PhDs to confirm my hunches for me. All I had was my senses and my time in the company of the modern civilized American woman. I could see it all around me, what was happening. I had stories from my ancestors to compare my own experiences, and the contrast was striking. I figured change was going down, and a theory emerged.

and that this association can be explained by antisocial behavior being part of an adaptive alternative reproductive strategy.

In the land of the deferential beta male, the rule-breaking alpha is king.

Permit yer 'umble Poonstradamus another theory-of-everything prophecy: This *could* end well.

I'll explain. As of now, the situation looks bleak. Criminals and cads monopolizing the prime sex years of Western women. Beta males being left with the used-up hags as recompense. r-selection creating perverse incentives that divide men from women, family from community, people from nation. A surge of bastards set to steamroll over the culture in the coming decades. Crushing debt loads piling up as once-dutiful citizens, aided and abetted by diversity, move toward a pragmatic philosophy of looking out for number one and shredding the safety net for

filaments of silver.

Alpha fux, beta bux is credit-rolling bacchanalia, a temporary condition which must find its denouement in the ruin of a civilization abandoned by its watchmen and looted by its jackals.

How could this possibly end well?

Note the study participants: Swedes. People from a nation which is the pinnacle, or nadir, of feminized manboobery. This is a nation that is asphyxiating under the weight of its own feminist crackpottery. Perhaps, in a moment of hope, we can see the outline of a future Sweden where harder, sterner men — the issue of all those womb-widening orgasmic shrieks of delight squeezed from the firm choking grips of badboys — resume their place at the genetic table. Sweden's jerkboy-chasing women may be, unwittingly, judging their emasculated beta males unfit for further propagation, and populating a future reborn Sweden with psychopath protectors of their way of life.

The Vikings (or Moors) may rise again.

***

This post went way beyond what I intended it to be — just another shiv in the crusty hides of deluded freaks. As much as I love to tune my twelve-string to their wails of pain, there is a benefit in all these "chicks dig jerks" posts for the common man who wants more, and better, love in his life. Think of the series as a field book to navigate modern womanhood. Dependability, humor, taking girls on interesting dates, paying their way… these things don't cut it anymore. You need edge. You need aura. You need an asshole attitude.

You don't need to commit crimes (although it can only help). You do need to be a little less deferential, and a little more inconsiderate, to the civilized Western woman if you want to make a positive impression on her.

You can already see signs, if you're willing to look, of a trend among men toward maximizing their alpha traits (often at the expense of their beta traits) so that they are better equipped to leverage the modern mating market. It's no coincidence that interest in testosterone replacement is sweeping through online discourse.

Our civilization is getting plundered, and women are first to the treasure chest with their grubby hands. You can lament this turn of affairs and withdraw from a fulfilling sex and love life, or you can do what is necessary to enjoy the rewards of women's love that your civilization-building great-grandfather enjoyed when the wild sex compulsions of his time's women were wisely constrained by better men.

You won't stop this juggernaut of decivilization. It's too big and moving too fast. Like the fate of empires that have come and gone before, it has to finish its preordained path of destruction. Something good may rise from the flattened earth, but in the meantime, poolside is the only sensible choice.

Stupid Game Beats Nothing Game

CH · 25 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I know this guy whose pickup technique is to go up to a woman and, with a little bit of excitement in his voice, ask "Can I have your autograph? You're [Katy Perry], right?" He would pick a celebrity who, from ten miles away, could be said to slightly resemble his lust interest.

She would invariably answer, no, she wasn't, and he would tell her the resemblance was uncanny. If the girl was very pretty, he would be sure to choose a female celebrity who wasn't so pretty to compare her to, say Rene Zellweger or Ellen Page.

I saw him in action a couple of times. I wouldn't recommend his game to anyone. It's stupid game. Goofy and supplicating. The girls laughed in that "who is this clown?" way, I think he got one's number, but don't know if they reconnected.

When I asked him why he spit such horrible game, he said that at the end of the day it was his absurd gambit the girls would recall. With mockery, I retorted.

Yet, if your choice is stupid game or nothing game — staring from afar as the girlworld passes you by — then you should choose stupid game. Every time. Because stupid game man is getting more numbers, and more dates, than nothing game man. Boldness bereft of any charm is still boldness. And girls respond to boldness the way men respond to beauty… stunned, aroused, compliant.

Don’t Flatter A Woman If You Want Her To Stay Pretty

CH · 26 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If you waste ten minutes of your life scanning relationship or dating advice from female columnists, one theme you’ll often read is the belief that compliments and flattery are the way to a woman’s heart. Naturally, as it goes with 99% of the “””wisdom””” of your feminist elders, this advice is a crock. Any man who has interacted with live women in anything other than a submissive capacity will quickly learn from experience the self-defeating consequences of attempting to court women with compliments.

Reader Joe Sixpack forwards an example of the awful advice you’ll ingest from Hivemind drones, and of the glimmering shards of Realtalk that are beginning to pierce the veil of vapidity,

> A Game element leaks out, of all places, a Yahoo! message board comment:
>
> This was regarding an article that said, “Here’s a wakeup call for you: Women spend an average of 55 minutes getting ready every morning — frittering away the equivalent of 6.4 hours a week, or 335 hours a year, on looks alone, a new survey finds. ”
>
> ***There is a good way to reduce these numbers. Men, tell your woman that she is pretty. I once dated a guy who told me on a regular basis how pretty I was, how much he loved my eyes, how I was the smartest girl he had ever dated, ect. Who cares if he didn’t mean all of it, it made me feel good. I started wearing a little less makeup and found simpler ways to do my hair just so I could get over to his house early before work. He still said the same things. Sadly the whole thing started to go downhill after his daughter called me mom. Now I’m married to a man who never tells me I’m pretty, smart, ect. I put on loads of makeup and wear revealing clothing around him all the time just to get his attention with no success. I have decided to use up my makeup and only replace the ones I really care for. Maybe he will notice when I’m no longer trying to dress like the playboy playmates he claims he wants.***
>
> So, the one beta guy tells her how hot/smart/etc. she is all the time. The result? She turns frumpy and obviously is no longer with him.
>
> She is now married to a man who never tells her such things. The result? She puts on “loads of make up and wear revealing clothing around him all the time just to get his attention” and dresses “like the playboy playmates he claims he wants”.
>
> [Ed note: Link no longer works.]

You can sometimes pry nuggets of truth from women, but it requires a facility with comprehending subtext. Women will drop clues revealing their true feelings stuffed between over-sized cushions of egoistic pabulum.

Do you want to persuade your girlfriend or wife to keep up her looks? (And if you’re a non-gay man with T readings above 0.1 ng, you will.) Then keep her on her toes.

Maxim #101: Compliments breed complacency. Critique breeds conciliation. A woman will never work as hard for a man’s approval as when his approval is most elusive.

Game Is Social Savviness

CH · 27 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Humans are unique among sexually reproducing animals in the subtlety of their flirting behavior.

> Covert sexual signaling: Human flirtation and implications for other social species.
>
> According to signaling theory and a large body of supporting evidence, males across many taxa produce courtship signals that honestly advertise their quality. The cost of producing or performing these signals maintains signal honesty, such that females are typically able to choose the best males by selecting those that produce the loudest, brightest, longest, or otherwise highest-intensity signals, using signal strength as a measure of quality. Set against this background, human flirting behavior, characterized by its frequent subtlety or covertness, is mysterious. **Here we propose that the explanation for subtle and ambiguous signals in human courtship lies in socially imposed costs that (a) vary with social context and (b) are amplified by the unusual ways in which language makes all interactions potentially public.** Flirting is a class of courtship signaling that conveys the signaler's intentions and desirability to the intended receiver while minimizing the costs that would accompany an overt courtship attempt. This proposal explains humans' taxonomically unusual courtship displays and generates a number of novel predictions for both humans and non-human social animals. Individuals who are courting should vary the intensity of their signals to suit the level of risk attached to the particular social configuration, and receivers may assess this flexible matching of signal to context as an indicator of the signaler's broader behavioral flexibility and social intelligence.

There's a reason the apocalypse opener is so rarely encountered.

The entire study is worth reading at the attached PDF link. Essentially, humans, often men (since men are usually the courtship initiators), coyly flirt to preserve their social capital (public shame/rejection) or to protect themselves from interference by aggrieved third parties (cockblockers/AMOGs).

> Whereas the standard model of sexually selected courtship signaling suggests that maximum intensity is always favored, we propose flexibility as an alternative route to reproductive success. Signalers who skillfully assess and adjust to social context (i.e., good flirts) display their quality not through high-intensity displays that index physical prowess and condition, but through sensitive signal-to-context matching that indicates behavioral flexibility and social intelligence.

Game is applied charisma, and applied charisma is best thought of as revealed social aptitude. Good flirts can read signals in a timely and precise manner, and respond to those signals with interest level gauged to the social context within which the signals occur.

Muscles, looks, and money aren't the key variables driving, or even instigating, female attraction in most complex modern social contexts. Social savviness — the ability to flirt confidently and skillfully, aka game — is the fitness trait that really matters. Even a top 1% looking man will flounder if he lacks the social prowess of a less good-looking but more socially keen competitor.

The more social costs that can be imposed, the more covert your flirting needs to be to reduce the risk of social annihilation. Office romances have a Coyness Rating (CR) of 90%. One-on-one weeknight approaches in empty bars have a CR of 20% (you can go pretty direct there). Daygame pickups on the sidewalk have a CR, give or take depending on number of onlookers and proximity to relevant observors, around 40%. Picking up a second cousin at a family funeral has a CR of 100%.

The lower the social risk of courtship, the better direct game will work. Anonymous, thumping urban nightclubs are playgrounds of direct game. SWPL bars where a girl is surrounded by all her friends, beta orbiter and female? You

had better insinuate yourself indirectly.

> The key quality of Gricean implicature—for the flirt—is that it allows speakers to claim two distinct meanings at once: the surface meaning as well as the implied one. For example, the question, “Do you want to grab coffee sometime?” can be both an innocent invitation to drink coffee and a sexual overture.

Chicks dig ambiguous men. Ambiguity is a challenge to a girl’s self-conception (does he really want me?) and an affirmation of the social risk she may incur by following through on the man’s courtship attempt. A man with a highly intelligent grasp of social dynamics is likely a man who does well with women, and we all know how much women love preselected men.

A couple of final points. One, ff the “receiver” — the woman you are approaching — is much higher SMV than what you could be expected to get, your instinct will guide you to very coy (plausibly deniable) flirty game, to lower your social risk of rejection. But that’s exactly why you should try to go in with more intention; you increase the perception of your own relative SMV by flirting more intently as if you were a higher value man. Perception is king in the field. If you act like a winner, women will treat you like a winner. Maybe not right away, but in time, as long as your frame is solid.

Two, you should be adept at varying the intensity of your flirting. Tight game means attention to context. Finger her in the public restroom? Sure. Avoid PDA when friends are watching? Yes. Sexual intention must be communicated at some point between “hi” and “slip it in”, but the timing of that revealed intention, and the strength of the revelation, will vary according to circumstance, and a good player knows this.

Approach Week: Why Chivalry Is Dead

CH · 30 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Comments are disabled on all posts published during Approach Week to encourage readers to limit their internet time and go outside to apply the lessons they have learned here. Approach Week celebrates the spirit of the approach, which is, in essence, a celebration of the spirit of assertive masculinity.

Patrick insightfully comments over at Liger of the Blogosphere, using the Elliot Rodger shooting spree as a backdrop to explain why chivalry no longer applies in the context of a modern, industrialized, female-empowered society where the state has a monopoly on punitive force.

Elliot [Rodger] feared, and eventually, hated women because he simply could not understand them. His ineptitude in this regard was almost cartoonish, e.g. sitting on a park bench waiting for a cute single girl to approach him.

“Nice guys finish last,” is a cliche because it’s a truism most people don’t want to believe.

Elliot, having never harmed anyone in his life, was a gallant gentleman in his own eyes. What he doesn’t understand is that the high-minded concept of chivalry originated in a time when the abject brutalization of women was commonplace and expected. It was a sort of counterculture set against the time-honored beat’em & rape’em de rigueur of the day. And it only mattered because those practicing it — knights — were those most capable of brutalizing women. An intimidating, armored and mounted professional killer acting in a genteel manner towards a maiden he could otherwise violently defile is the stuff of romantic legend, and it set them apart as a class above the brutish peasant infantrymen.

Because the context of constant fear of sexual subjugation no longer applies, “chivalry” is an anachronistic concept, and being a gentleman is in more looking the part and behaving otherwise, like the well-dressed and stately character of Christian Grey who enjoys whipping and inserting butt-plugs into women. [CH] would say this misdirection and unexpectedness is like crack to women. And it is.

None of this knowledge ever permeated Rodgers’ brain, because he refused to believe it.

As CH has said before, chivalry (or gentlemanliness) only works when it is accompanied by a cultural expectation of female deference to men. Since we are far FAR from the social conditions in the West where women are deferential to men (the opposite is more true), chivalry as a concept and a practice becomes a joke, akin to asking men to anoint the feet of haughty, entitled women in exchange for the masochistic delight of cultural contempt.

The point of mercy — which is what chivalry is, stripped to its core — is that it only means anything when there’s a credible threat serving as its justification. A mercy “granted” from a position of weakness is a fiction; an expedient that permits the continued operation of the fundamental premise without questioning. What the vast hordes of beta males fail to grasp is that their niceguy poses are only effective as a mate acquisition strategy when a jerk assumes them. Niceguys playing niceguys is a plushboy recursion matrix that repels tingles. If anything, niceguys should do the opposite and be *less* chivalrous, as a means of persuading women that they aren’t supplicating pushovers.

Men who think chivalry toward the modern woman will help their romantic prospects are worse than poetically deluded; they’re self-sabotaging.

Approach Week: Pfft Game

CH · 1 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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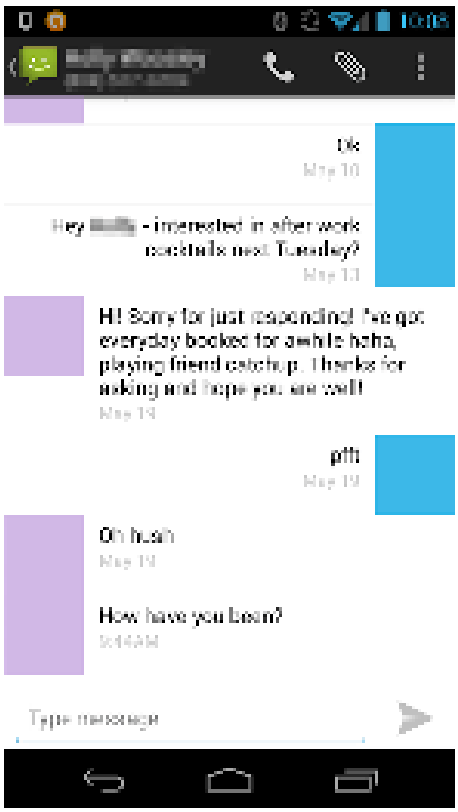
There are many ways to agitate a hamster.



A reader explains,

> Hey – Considering myself too old and respectable to use “gay”, I tried “pfft” as a text game variation and it seems to have worked. Like “gay” it’s dismissive but cryptic, and implies transgression on her part. You can bet she spent 10 minutes checking various online dictionaries trying to determine my exact meaning.
>
> For the record: this woman is a real head turner, almost a ‘9’ with fantastic sexual charisma, and 19+ years younger than me. (A 30-something female friend who saw us out said to me later, “You like to shop in the juniors department, huh?”)

New models beat pre-owned models in everything but cost.

> She’s very aware of her beauty and shit-tests relentlessly. Her response to my request for a second date was total rejection: she waited 6 days to turn me down with an obvious bullshit line, which I recognized as a test, otherwise why respond at all after so long? I responded “pfft” and then went dark. This morning, three weeks later, she re-initiated contact.
>
> Because I recognized the test and responded to it correctly, I was confident that sooner or later she’d be back, which was a nice feeling.

A very hot, young woman knows she has high sexual market value. To get a crack at her crack, you have to carve

out a piece of her ego with a lexical knife forged by the Cryptonomicon. “pfft” works because it’s the word equivalent of interpretive dance; what you see is what you feel. And women left to their own devices — that is, left unsure of the visceral impact they leave on a man’s arousal center and reeling with self-doubt that they may have been substituted with another woman — are apt to interpret mysterious utterances as sexual indifference. The challenge to their feminine power issued, they react as you would expect a child: Indignant, affronted, and all too ready to prove you wrong.

Speaking of children… the best rule I can give to men, one that has stood me well, is to treat all women like children. When a precocious wee child innocently sasses you, do you lash out in bitterness? Do you anger or recoil defensively?

Only if you’re mentally deranged. If you’re normal, you’ll laugh off the child’s insolence, and perhaps tousle its hair, charmed by the tyke’s unfiltered *joie de vivre*. You would react like this because you and the child know you are its superior.

Such it should be with women. If a girl commits the equivalent of backtalk, (e.g., she flakes a week later), you metaphorically tousle her hair and call her a brat. The man-woman dynamic mirrors the parent-child dynamic in any successful seduction, so much so that sexual tension is dissolved when the woman is denied the pleasure of being treated as the man’s adorable inferior. If you lash out defensively at a misbehaving woman, you will earn her contempt and emotional withdrawal, just as you would if you did the same to a darling child. You would not be worthy to be the woman’s man, as you would not be worthy to be the child’s protector.

Approach Week: Pfft Game

CH · 1 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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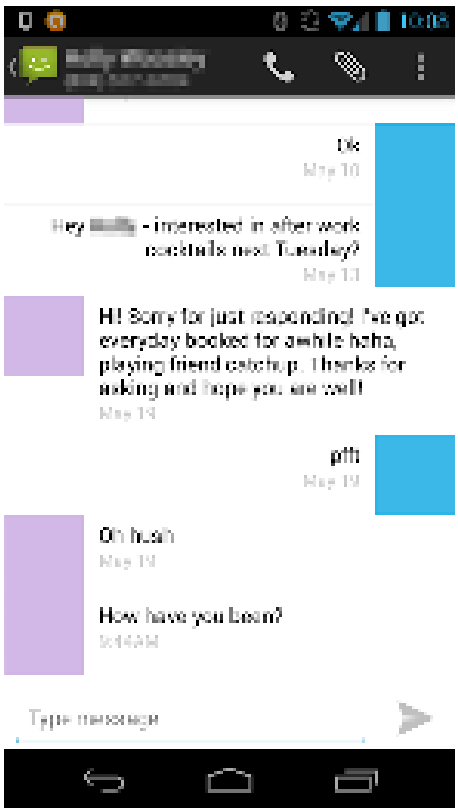

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Approach Week: How To Date Single Moms

CH · 2 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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Achieving romantic dominance over a woman — a dominance, mind you, women intuitively crave — and therefore her fidelity and everlasting love, is as simple as finding her thermal exhaust port and lubing the entrance with your id-penetrating sheathseeker. Every woman has one, though some women's psychosexual ports are more accessible. The cougar's nemesis is the younger woman. The ugly, the beautiful. The dull, the smart. The fat, the slender. The misshapen, the lithe. The slut, the modest pretty girl next door.

And the single mom's torment is the carefree childless woman.

Reader olympiapress writes,

> I dabbled with a few single moms right after the ex and I separated.

Nothing wrong with a sexual expediency to get over an ex.

> They will try to push you around/flake/issue rules for you that no other guy followed if they think you're weak. Secret is, if they see you in the company of women who are just single and not a mom, they'll go nuts letting you know they're interested. You can easily build a harem of spawn-encumbered lassies if you want. Social proof for the win.

As long as you don't mind tripping over the toys on the way to her bangroom.

> (And I do mean nuts. One chick, couple years younger than me that I took home but didn't quite bang, flaked, got deleted, came back on the scene a few months later to discover I'm hanging out with gals 15 years my junior. She threw herself at me every time she saw me afterwards, and when I didn't respond to her efforts, she decided to have a going-away threesome with two guys, one of whom usually hangs out at this gay bar up the road. Which… didn't make her more attractive in my eyes, actually.)

Female preselection is an amazingly effective attraction generator. You can turn a woman from coldly indifferent to crazy with desire through the transmogrification process known colloquially as "other women".

The best thing about fucking a single mom (and it is fucking we're talking about, nothing more) is that you won't feel the slightest twinge of guilt hastily jettisoning her once an unencumbered womb-fresh woman enters your life. There is a profoundly repulsive force that operates within the male psyche that propels him safely away from wasting any precious resources on helping, however apathetically, the bastard spawn of another man's short-lived lust. This force is so naturally strong in healthy men with functioning testicles that absence of it in a man is evidence he sleeps in a blue fox costume and can't bench more than a twelve year old girl.

Yer tunnel aerator loves to troll the shit outta single moms (they are in fact a blight on civilization, and most of them gravely overestimate their ability to coax a quality man into a surrogate father relationship under one happy broken family), but societal ramifications and overstuffed hamster rationalization issues aside, a hot young single mom is no worse a ten minute lay than a hot young child-free woman. If you find yourself trawling the waste product of womanhood for easy lays, you'll have a blast (literally) manipulating single moms into frenzies of appeasement. Although my personal experience with single moms is limited (and self-imposed, due to justified concerns that a desperate single mom might misconstrue my giddy romantic abandon for long-term commitment

probings), I can tell you that this tactic of slyly slighting the single mom with offhand comparisons to her untethered competition is a winning one. The trick is to smash her ego with a velveted fist. Frame the contrast in a way that appears, superficially, to be complimentary of her chosen (or ill-chosen) lifestyle.

“It’s nice to talk to a woman who understands responsibility and has bigger concerns than just her own fun. I date enough carefree women to know how shallow they can be.”

After you’re banging the tragic yearning out of her, you have to take care to sidestep her attempts to insinuate you into the rhythms of her shattered family life. The longer you’re with her, the harder it will be to avoid kid cuff chafing. Either limit your use of her to no more than two months, or affect an air of borderline psychopathy whenever her chess pieces are present. The following three rules should suffice to protect yourself against bloodsucker assimilation:

1. Make it a priority to bang at a neutral location. The less time in her romper room, the broader your path of escape. And keep in mind that a lot of single moms are emotionally unstable, so giving them your home address is not recommended.

2. Don’t do favors for her. Single moms will test the commitment waters by assaulting you with requests for favors that gradually increase in complexity with time. Smarter single moms can entrap men this way within a year, leaving the man wondering what the hell just happened. What happened, goon sir, is that you just forfeited your genetic prime directive.

3. NEVER play with her kids. You may acknowledge them with a head nod or a dry observation about how big they are for their age, but anything more than that and you risk stoking dangerous hope in the single mom.

The above three rules are for men with a conscience. If you are a clinical psychopath, you may find it more fruitful (and instinctive) to pretend interest in commitment, marriage, and proxy fatherhood, and then, when your dick has rifled her barrel to satisfaction and her heart has swelled with visions of green lawns and a decent school system for her future juvenile delinquents, to bolt with no reason nor closure given.

You might drive a few single moms to self-deliverance in this manner, but that’s a small price to pay to ensure your fathering isn’t wasted on the spunkjunk of a felon or bankrupt basketballer.

Approach Week: Modern Eunuchs

CH · 3 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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In Ottoman Imperial Harems, the palace eunuchs — men who were castrated typically before the onset of puberty — would serve the role of guarding the harem from fully male interlopers who wanted a taste of that concubine freshness. The eunuchs would also directly report to the Queen Mother, who was the mother of the Sultan and oldest of the Sultan's father's concubines.

Palace eunuchs were, essentially, the historic version of today's beta male cockblocker and anhedonic white knight. And like their antecedents, the modern eunuch reports directly to the modern Queen Bee, aka loudmouthed feminist cunt.

At least the palace eunuchs of ancestral times had the excuse of being sold into slavery and castrated against their wills. The modern eunuchs, like male feminist Chris Gethard, willingly choose their psychological castration, a condition which feminizes and usually manifests physically in the putative man as a soft, slackened body and high-pitched whiny voice incorporating aspects of teen girl vocal fry.

Here is male feminist Chris Getpegged chastising, some would say humorously, his personal bogeyman, the "woman haters".

His video plea is illuminating. The first question that pops to mind… Is Chris Getrammed gay? Survey SAYS…

Unlike Chris the Catcher, the gayometer doesn't lie. But perhaps Chrissie GayTard can clear the air on this mystery.

like a gay burrito, bursting with fruit flavor

Forgive me. I unnecessarily slander gay men. After all, the gays I know are more masculine than GayTard and exude more sexual vitality. GayTard is the vegetable lasagna of malehood. Ken Doll called. He wants his smooth plastic crotch back.

How ad HOMOnem of me. Shouldn't I take the high road and refute Chrissie GayTard's vapid assertions? Fine.

– The pay gap is a myth so thoroughly debunked that to favorably repeat it now is to indict oneself as a lying liar. Or a shitlib. Same diff.

– Noting sex differences or female-biased applications of the law that outrage feminists is not "villainizing" women. It is mocking lying femcunts, which bothers pudding pops like Chrissie Getgerbiled who still feel the sting of that 5th grade atomic wedgie.

– Judging by his girlish giggling, Chrissie thinks "it should be legally bound you never find love" is the height of comedy.

– Chrissie admits he was a high school dweeb. But he promises it will get better, especially if you forswear sex with attractive women.

– "Having sex with your couch" Did this undifferentiated androgyne steal the CH "having sex with your couch crease" line?

The specimen spends the last minute rationalizing his dreary conformity and his obeisance to Hivemind goodspeak. An HDTV and a mortgage will make you a man. I suppose if you set the bar for manhood that low, anyone can qualify. Which is pretty much the fantasy of every sexual misfit and mutant manboob loser throughout history. To set the bar for normalcy and group acceptance low enough to accommodate their wretchedness.

Fellow pragmatists may wonder, doesn't a veldt teeming with herds of slouching Chrissie castrates reduce the sexual competition to yours truly? Sure. Manlets are universally repulsive to women worth seducing. On the abacus of eros, the more manlets there are, the more women will want to be sexually rescued by a turgidly impudent Heartiste.

But aesthetics matter. Grotesqueries like Chris Gethard who are deformed rejects of their sex and who proudly push their deformities, both physical and mental, onto normal people are like pollution. I don't want to choke on smog or gaze at a mountain vista obscured by coal dust. I don't want to drink water slicked with oil. And that's what Chris Gethard and his ilk are: Oil slicks running down the asscrack of humanity. They are a blight, an eyesore, bad form. They are monsters and diseased cripples who provoke the natural and normal production of antibodies in healthy people, so that their disease is disgorged with extreme prejudice.

There aren’t enough shivs in the world to lance the pustular ids of the Chris Gethards. But this blog is a start.

Approach Week: Goodbye America In A Photo

CH · 4 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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Continuing with CH's Goodbye America in a Photo series, here's the latest entry from "Sharpshooter".

class. it doesn't come in a can.

He explains,

> Gotta classic photo for your Goodbye America campaign (attached). I figured a newly minted bride chugging a four loko **[ed: Four Loko is a prole alcoholic energy drink that a few states tried to ban for reasons of health safety]** whilst being cheered on by the surrounding groomsmen (a couple she's more than likely fellated) and bridesmaids is a microcosm of what this campaign is all about.

It's tragically funny how the culture has changed so much that people automatically suspect one or more groomsmen at a wedding have had, at one time or anther, a piece of the bride's downy. Our expectations for female behavior have shifted to a lower valence. Yes, the message this photo delivers is "A wedding is just another excuse to get drunk enough to forget that you're marrying a beta buxtoy and will probably cheat in five years time."

Personally, this isn't half as bad as some of the Goodbye America photo submissions I've seen so far. But I post it because it speaks to a general corrosion of class among both sexes, but a corrosion which is especially pronounced among women. Class, in all classes, seems to be on the way out, if it hasn't already made its final exit.

It makes sense if you realize that Western societies are moving away from K-selection (delayed reproduction, emphasis on monogamy and relationship investment, division of sexual labor) and toward r-selection (early sexual maturation, emphasis on polyamory and relationship instability, convergence of sexual labor). Raw sexual display by women — and this is what we mean by "low class" — will increase in a society gradually becoming more r-

selection oriented.

It’s all part and parcel of cultural exhaustion and decline, exemplified by the twisted, ugly, and classless imposing their values on the normal, beautiful, and noble.

PS Happy Independence from Accountability Day!

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Approach Week Roundup: Updated

CH · 6 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Approach Week has officially ended. The comments are open again. This is your opportunity to recount in the comments section your favorite approaches from the past week (you did approach during Approach Week, right?). Consider it a teachable moment. The best anecdotes will be added to this post in an update below.

So… now that you've approached, how do you feel? Do your testes hang heavier? I'll tell you one of my approaches. (Some details redacted to evade GPS locators.)

SHIVCALIBUR: Hey there.

Mary's Little Clam: Wut?

SHIVCALIBUR: I said hi.

Mary's Little Clam: Oh… hi.

SHIVCALIBUR: Can't wait for this conversation to heat up.

Mary's Little Clam: That's so weird. [she trots off]

OK, that came up a bit short of WINNING. But you know what? It still felt better than doing nothing.

******

Update: Readers submit their approach stories.

Eeyore had a George "the jerk store called" Costanza moment:

> Actually said: That's a pretty name. What do they call you [for short]?
>
> Should have said: What's that, Spanish for freckles?

Approach Week was not about the perfect opener. It was about approaching. Get over the fear first, then work on improving your delivery.

***

Martin's approach turned out to be an accidental neg.

> Well, I fell short of my goal to get a phone number, but I did learn this is probably a difficult thing to achieve. I approached an asian woman who I would guess was maybe 30 who is a receptionist at the front of a library but she was not working. I asked her if she happened to own any cats because for some reason she looked like a cat person. Well, I felt numb with anxiety as I was asking her this and especially in the pause where I waited for her response but we ended up having a brief conversation and she mentioned she had a boyfriend during the course of it. I suppose it was a subtle cue but maybe not. I have seen her before on many occasions but never talked with her so I guess I did not go up to a random woman I haven't met before. I am not sure if there was really much of a learning experience that took place. While I don't think she was terrified or repulsed, I can't say I got any idea about how to be successful doing this.

A girl will curiously recall "you look like a cat [lady]" a lot more readily than she'll remember a man asking her about her job.

***

Rick250 gives us his approach.

> Hot woman in beginner yoga class i take had a shirt on with an artsy looking nuclear symbol.
> I approached her at the end of class where people drink tea, “So your shirt has a radioactive symbol on it. Does that mean i should keep my distance?”

You certainly get points for the approach, but in future I would steer clear of self-denigrating openers like this one. (You have implied she would want you to keep your distance.) A better frame with which to use this opener would be: “Your shirt has a radioactive symbol on it. Are you toxic to men?”

***

stigletz writes,

> approached in Edinburgh the other day (I’m from the states)
>
> a tremendously hot girl jay-walked across the street in front of two cops so I walked up with a, “you got a lot of balls for jay-walking in front of two cops like that”
>
> explain how it’s a whole nother offense in Europe, generally
>
> she was giving me that smirk (or perhaps a petrified rictus?) for having the balls to approach but I could tell she was weirded out / overwhelmed
>
> a silence fell over (I was comfortable
> enough with this) and she says, ‘why are you still here?’
>
> a haughty shit test. best thing to do was start a new thread and not acknowledge or play it against her (and did I ever fail the ‘you must be drunk for even talking to me’ shit test by that error) but instead I sort of just ‘misinterpreted’ the question and said I was just there from the states trying to get to know Edinburgh
>
> we conversed some more and she hopped on her bus and left. didn’t bother salvaging the number scraps.

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No Fly Zone Game is a great contribution to the seduction literature. As for "Whisper Game", no doubt it's powerful, but also limited in application. Most venues, bar or otherwise, are too loud for whispers to register. Then there's the creep factor; unless the context is just right, and your delivery honed to perfection, you're liable to receive a retreating head jerk as soon as the first eddies of your hot breath tickle her ears.

Given the inherent limitations, I nevertheless have a nugget of experience using whisper game. Sweet temptings I've stitched into the ear lobes of prospective plunders:

"Do you have the time?" This works especially well if you build up to the whisper with a dramatic flourish, as if you're about to tell her a secret.
"It's me" or *"Don't turn around."* Then when she swivels to see who it is, affect a shocked look as you exclaim you thought she was someone else. Shrug your shoulders and start a new conversation.
And for the warm post-approaches (pre-known girls): *"Now you know what a skipped heartbeat feels like."*

The key with Whisper Game is to approach the ear slowly and deliberately, if you are facing the girl, as if you are expecting nothing less than full compliance. A quick lurch for her aural cavity will startle the prey.

Approach Week Roundup: Updated

CH · 6 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Approach Week has officially ended. The comments are open again. This is your opportunity to recount in the comments section your favorite approaches from the past week (you did approach during Approach Week, right?). Consider it a teachable moment. The best anecdotes will be added to this post in an update below.

So… now that you've approached, how do you feel? Do your testes hang heavier? I'll tell you one of my approaches. (Some details redacted to evade GPS locators.)

SHIVCALIBUR: Hey there.

Mary's Little Clam: Wut?

SHIVCALIBUR: I said hi.

Mary's Little Clam: Oh… hi.

SHIVCALIBUR: Can't wait for this conversation to heat up.

Mary's Little Clam: That's so weird. [she trots off]

OK, that came up a bit short of WINNING. But you know what? It still felt better than doing nothing.

******

Update: Readers submit their approach stories.

Eeyore had a George "the jerk store called" Costanza moment:

> Actually said: That's a pretty name. What do they call you [for short]?
>
> Should have said: What's that, Spanish for freckles?

Approach Week was not about the perfect opener. It was about approaching. Get over the fear first, then work on improving your delivery.

***

Martin's approach turned out to be an accidental neg.

> Well, I fell short of my goal to get a phone number, but I did learn this is probably a difficult thing to achieve. I approached an asian woman who I would guess was maybe 30 who is a receptionist at the front of a library but she was not working. I asked her if she happened to own any cats because for some reason she looked like a cat person. Well, I felt numb with anxiety as I was asking her this and especially in the pause where I waited for her response but we ended up having a brief conversation and she mentioned she had a boyfriend during the course of it. I suppose it was a subtle cue but maybe not. I have seen her before on many occasions but never talked with her so I guess I did not go up to a random woman I haven't met before. I am not sure if there was really much of a learning experience that took place. While I don't think she was terrified or repulsed, I can't say I got any idea about how to be successful doing this.

A girl will curiously recall "you look like a cat [lady]" a lot more readily than she'll remember a man asking her about her job.

***

Rick250 gives us his approach.

> Hot woman in beginner yoga class i take had a shirt on with an artsy looking nuclear symbol.
> I approached her at the end of class where people drink tea, “So your shirt has a radioactive symbol on it. Does that mean i should keep my distance?”

You certainly get points for the approach, but in future I would steer clear of self-denigrating openers like this one. (You have implied she would want you to keep your distance.) A better frame with which to use this opener would be: “Your shirt has a radioactive symbol on it. Are you toxic to men?”

***

stigletz writes,

> approached in Edinburgh the other day (I’m from the states)
>
> a tremendously hot girl jay-walked across the street in front of two cops so I walked up with a, “you got a lot of balls for jay-walking in front of two cops like that”
>
> explain how it’s a whole nother offense in Europe, generally
>
> she was giving me that smirk (or perhaps a petrified rictus?) for having the balls to approach but I could tell she was weirded out / overwhelmed
>
> a silence fell over (I was comfortable
> enough with this) and she says, ‘why are you still here?’
>
> a haughty shit test. best thing to do was start a new thread and not acknowledge or play it against her (and did I ever fail the ‘you must be drunk for even talking to me’ shit test by that error) but instead I sort of just ‘misinterpreted’ the question and said I was just there from the states trying to get to know Edinburgh
>
> we conversed some more and she hopped on her bus and left. didn’t bother salvaging the number scraps.

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Rationalizing Fearfulness

CH · 8 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've noticed a faddishness among so-called "red pill" men lately to assert with the cynical glee of a conspiracy theorist stumbling across doubleplussecret knowledge that only men with 8-10% body fat and Hollywood good looks are capable of pulling girls cold, and that any man who falls short of those physical dimensions ought to console himself with internet porn or drop out of the mating race to "go his own way".

Men who think like this believe that the only achievable pickup is one that starts with the woman initiating an "approach invitation", i.e., a flirty nonverbal signal that lets a man know she will accept his approach. They believe that it is exceedingly rare to find examples of men successfully approaching inattentive or indifferent girls and earning the notch.

Rubbish. Anyone who's lived a day in his life has witnessed (or executed) a pickup attempt that began with the man making an unsolicited approach and progressed to the woman gradually warming up with romantic interest. Not only does it happen all the time in real life, but our literature is replete with caddish, not-particularly-handsome characters who not only cold approached and defiled initially indifferent women, but often took up the challenge of seducing actively hostile women.

The female "approach invitation" doubtless adds a layer of efficiency to the mating market, (a phenomenon that in theory would be more frequent in r-selection societies), but it by no means is a prerequisite for love, or lust, to bloom. If anything, women have traditionally sought to suppress their approach invitations so that only the boldest, and hence most desirable, men would solicit them. Chicks dig an entitled jerkboy who doesn't need an air traffic controller to wave him onto a woman's landing strip.

Two kinds of men are zealous followers of the "8-10% body fat seduction" religion: Very good-looking but socially shy and/or lazy men who have spent a lifetime relying on female approach invitations to get laid, and shut-ins with a persecution complex who have a strong psychological need to blame their romantic inertia on external forces beyond their ability to control or shape.

Blaming failure, or attributing success, with women on one's looks is a classic case of psychological projection of innate male desire. Men desire a woman's looks first and foremost, and so men get trapped into thinking women desire the same thing to the same degree of exclusion. Women certainly value male looks, but not nearly with the same intensity or single-mindedness that men value female looks. Evidence for this sex disparity abounds: The ugly man with a hot girlfriend is a far more common occurrence than the ugly woman with the dashing, successful man. Furthermore, we can find emanations and penumbras of the lower value women place on male looks in how women react to men who are excessively preoccupied with their superficial appearance: Simply, it repulses women.

(Excessively preening women can mildly annoy some men, but most men won't complain because the payoff of female attention to beautification is too great.)

The strange male inverse bravado that accompanies proselytization of the "8-10% body fat seduction" religion is nothing more than rationalizing fearfulness. Men who, for whatever reasons, are fearful of boldly introducing themselves to women to start a conversation with the intent of sparking an eventual sexual flame will soothe their egos with a litany of palatable excuses for their failure to launch. And one such handy excuse that seems to work with urgent plausibility is the "I don't look like Hugh Jackman on HGH and that's why I can't get a cute girlfriend."

This particular male hamster is an endurance athlete. He spins in his wheel for a long time without needing rest because it's easier to focus the rodent's eye on the men with top 1% looks who get a lot of glances from women, rather than to turn the rodent's eye inward to take painful account of one's own timidity.

It may be a simpler task to visually isolate the good-looking men from the charmers who got their women with the nimbleness of their tongues or the social lords who got theirs with the rule of their fiefdoms, but it's also

dangerously misleading. FACT: What women consider good-looking in men is far less inclusive than what men consider good-looking in women. FACT: Women are far less likely to solicit or passively pursue men they find good-looking than are men to pursue women they find good-looking.

This means, in practice, that very few men can rely on their looks for "fool's mate" lays. Now, obviously, there is a much larger population of men who aren't in the top 1% of male looks who nevertheless manage to get laid and build relationships with cute girls. How do these homely fuckers do it? It's not such a mystery if you understand and accept that men can leverage much more than their looks to attract and woo women. The mystery is further demystified when you accept that there are men bolder and more confident than you are who didn't allow their fear to condemn them to masturbatory inaction.

In other words…

they

busted

a

move.

Male "8-10% body fat" rationalization of fearfulness to approach and risk female rejection is the mirror image of a woman rationalizing her failure to get a man to commit by blaming his "issues" instead of blaming his reticence on the more distinct probability that she wasn't pretty or caring enough for him to lavish her with long-term love and provisioning.

Both rationalizations stem from a similar psychological dynamic to avoid self-assessment that is responsive to sex-specific corrective action.

Whenever you hear a "red pill" man drone about seduction being nothing more than waiting around for a girl who likes your particular look to bat her eyes at you, know that you are reading the whiny excuse-mongering of a man who is allergic to cold approaching. He is giving you an incomplete picture because he doesn't want to admit to himself that he shits his pants at the thought of starting conversations with women who aren't prescreened in advance for receptivity.

None of this post should be misconstrued as support for the opposite claim that a man's looks don't matter at all, or that female approach invitations won't grease the skids to sex. Quite the contrary, all else equal, a good-looking man will have an easier go of it than an ugly man, and a man who was cued to approach will have better odds than a man who approached a woman who gave no flirty cues.

Think of this post instead as a corrective to falsely dichotomous thinking like that exhibited by adherents to the "8-10% body fat seduction" religion. A corrective that appears to be more necessary than ever, because the internet disease of ego preservation at all costs is a mind virus that infects even supposedly clear-thinking, self-anointed dissidents to the blue pill orthodoxy.

To demonstrate my good faith to my readers, here is a picture of a very ugly man who will not ever be banging hard 10s:

when fupas meet

Judgment rendered? Hold on. Imagine this man without the goony accoutrement and dressed in stylish clothes that at the least don't blatantly advertise his obesity. Now imagine he has read this blog and learned some basic game concepts and has increased his charisma roll by +2. Let's further stipulate that he has taken the big step of actually going up to girls to talk to them, refusing to surrender to his fear. Maybe he's even lost twenty pounds, and looks a little less hideous at first sight.

No, he still won't bang hard 10s, nor, for that matter, soft 6s and 7s. Probably not even lumpy 4s and 5s. But he will be able to realistically trade up from a monstrous pig-faced 0 to, say, a chubby and conspicuously female 2 or 3. And that improvement in his love prospects will feel to him, a man heretofore parched of attention from recognizably human females, like an embarrassment of harem riches.

So you can swallow the "red pill" of rationalized powerlessness, or you can slap away the hands holding these pills and confront the mating market's challenges with your vision unblurred by drug-induced hallucination.

Freelance Comment Of The Week

CH · 9 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

After Randall Parker gazed in the crystal ball and saw chaos and decay in America's near future, commenter "Jim" contributed a sound bite worthy of the coveted CH Freelance COTW.

> Places like Brazil and the Congo have enormous economic potential just based on geography, climate, and natural resources. A place like Japan is mountainous (only 3% of the land area is arable), few natural resources, not located near major trade routes, subject to frequent catastrophic earthquakes and tsunamis. **But Japan has the Japanese people who are more valuable than all of Brazil's natural wealth.**

Doesn't that get right to the beating heart of all our loud, violent, useless social discourse?

whatever happens, japan has got
the japanese, and you have not

When future elites, at least those having evaded the gallows following Civil War II and walled off in far northern city-state compounds where the ice winds blow, dare to spend a moment to wonder when it all went south for America, a few of them with integrity — no more than a handful, mind you — will find the strength within to betray their ravenous egos and confess that the project of their forebears to flood their homeland with non-anglos and non-germanics was seppuku with a dull shiv. Cutting out the viscera of a country never ends well.

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How The Sexes Perceive Looks Differently

CH · 9 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Women project their charisma-induced arousal onto men. Men project their visually-induced arousal onto women. And where the streams of these two projections meet, confusion and frustration with the seemingly strange behavior of the opposite sex emerge.

Commenter AErickson perceptively observes,

> I have a little under 9% body fat, a good amount of lean muscle fiber, visible abdominal muscles, etc., and can generally concur that it really is not that useful in attracting women. Further, in line with your argument that women are generally pretty solipsistic when it comes to bodies, when first seeing me shirtless, women are more likely to comment "Wow, how much do you workout/I wish I had your flat stomach!" then they are to comment "So sexy/I want your body/etc." I workout because I enjoy it and because I care about my health; for attracting women it is more important to focus on other things, like charisma and outside passions.

This rings true, because I've heard (in context) the same lines from women, almost verbatim.

In relation to the functioning of the sexual market and how women perceive men's bodies, it's useful to think of male looks and physique as an inspiring aesthetic rather than a perspiring analeptic. Men hunger at the sight of women's sexy bodies; women appreciate the sight of men's masculine bodies (and then wonder if the man behind the body is interesting). As Elaine said, men's bodies are utilitarian, like Jeeps, built to get things done.

While this formulation is by no means exclusive of overlap or exceptions, as a general rule it works well. A man with a good body is like a fine sculpture, or a technological wonder; enjoyable for women to admire and to uncover the artist's or engineer's intent, perhaps even going so far as to use the work of art for a solipsistic moment of self-reflection.

A woman with a good body is art, but she is also a drug, stimulating instant desire in men that is like the human aesthetic sense distilled in raw form to its ancestral animal essence, whereby the object is not to admire, but to consume.

Women can be stimulated to instant, wall-climbing desire as well, but it usually requires more… much more… than a muscular body. If you want to know what instant, insistent, existential female horniness looks like, go to high society parties and watch how they behave in the company of a famous or powerful man.

A Family Friend Tried To Help Elliot Rodger Meet Girls

CH · 10 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

New information has come to light which provides further support for the theory that Elliot Rodger was the practical equivalent of a male feminist who was pathologically introverted, romantically isolated, and who simply didn't understand that men and women are psychologically different and require different courtship approaches. A family friend of the Rodger's understood intuitively what was wrong with Elliot: He needed help meeting girls.

> When a student, Elliot Rodger, went on a rampage in California in May, killing six people, one man began wondering if he could have prevented it. Hollywood screenwriter Dale Launer knew Rodger and had tried to help solve his problems with women. […]
>
> Launer: The Elliot portrayed in the manifesto and in the video he made was not the Elliot that I remember.
>
> The person in that video was cocky, arrogant and hateful **[ed: only in the end did Elliot become the jerk chicks dig]** – the Elliot I knew was a very meek, timid and awkward kid.
>
> I first met him when he was aged eight or nine and I could see then that there was something wrong with him.
>
> I'm not a psychologist, but looking back now he strikes me as someone who was broken from the moment of conception.
>
> It appeared to me that he had an overwhelming lack of confidence but not in a particularly endearing way. Sad, but not endearing. […]
>
> He never raised his voice – he didn't even seem capable of raising his voice. He didn't slam doors or pound his fist. I couldn't imagine him making a fist.

Beta males rarely get into fights. "Have you ever been in a fight?" is a question on the Dating Market Value Test for Men for a reason.

> In retrospect, you can point out a few clues, a few cracks to the malevolence percolating underneath but they were overshadowed by someone who seemed incapable of any kind of action.
>
> He did not simmer or seethe. The boldness he showed in that video wasn't something I ever saw before.

Elliot knew (to himself) he was about to die in that final video. That freedom may have allowed his long-dormant inner alpha to finally come out and play. Or, he could have been hopped up on cocaine or Xanax.

> We met a few times and emailed a lot. He seemed convinced that women hated him but he could never tell me why.
>
> It seemed like he would perceive cruelness or hatefulness when in fact, I suspected, he was just being ignored.

This is the developmental process by which woman-hating betas are created.

> I remember giving him an assignment once so he could try to establish some kind of dynamic with a woman.
>
> I told him, "When you see a woman next time you're on campus and you like her hair or sunglasses, just pay her a compliment."
>
> I told him, "It's a freebie, something in passing, you're not trying to make conversation. Keep walking, don't make any long eye contact, just give the free compliment." The idea being you might make a friend if you make someone feel good.
>
> I said to Elliot, "In the next few weeks – if you see them they'll likely give you a smile – and you can smile

> back and eventually turn this into chit-chat."
>
> I got in touch with him a few weeks later and asked if he did it. He said "no". And when asked why not, he said "Why do I have to compliment them? Why don't they compliment me?"
>
> At that stage, I realised he was very troubled.

This isn't half-bad advice. Launer had good intentions and, it seems, a fairly decent grasp of women and what Elliot would need to do to get over his crippling introversion. It's basically newbie game. "Get out there, say SOMETHING to girls that isn't a compliment of their beauty, and move on while you still have the happy high of making an approach. Get used to talking to girls first before you start spitting seduction game."

Elliot didn't do it. That's the source tragedy. I imagine his victims would be alive today if Elliot had completed Launer's task. But for the flight of a betaboy, a typhoon brews in the sea…

Here we have our first hard evidence that Elliot didn't get women at all. Similar to cellar-dwelling manlets who think that any proactive effort to woo women is tantamount to "putting the pussy on a pedestal", Elliot believed that it was beneath him to approach girls and start a conversation. In his world of equalist ignorance, women are just like men, except with different genitalia, so logically why shouldn't women approach him to give him compliments? If his premises are right, you can't really argue with his conclusions.

But of course his premises were all wrong. And who knows why they were all wrong. Mental illness? Pathological neuroticism toxicified with a dash of repressed narcissism? A dearth of savvy male authority figures who could educate younger Elliot about the realities of female sexual nature?

Elliot needed guidance. He needed an experienced man — not a weirdo coterie of emotionally retreating family kin shoving pills down this throat — to patiently inform him before the rot had set that biological differences between the sexes means that women will rarely, if ever, approach men directly to start conversations, that it is the man's job, if he wants sex and love in his life, to break the ice. And that however unfair Elliot deemed this state of the sexes, it was a reality that would never change, and never go away. He had only one choice: To make reality work for him, instead of fighting futilely against reality.

> In one of the last emails I sent to him, I became quite frustrated.
>
> I pointed out that he had the choice to change his circumstances, and if he didn't make the effort then he had to take some of the blame. He insisted that, "I have to blame someone for my troubles, and I don't blame myself."

It appears that by the time Launer intervened, Elliot's romantic ignorance and ego self-preservation had consumed him. He was beyond help. I wonder if Launer would have had more positive impact had he explained to Elliot WHY he needed to do his newbie game drill rather than just giving him the task without justification for it. Most unenlightened men who come to the Chateau to learn the ways of the crimson arts are first introduced to a steady diet of knowledge about psychosocial sex differences before the juicy game strategies are revealed.

> One time there was a gathering at his parents' place and Elliot was his usual uncomfortable self.
>
> I asked Peter if Elliot was ticklish. Peter said he was, so I encouraged a couple of women to tickle him and you know, that was the only time I saw Elliot express any kind of joy. It seemed that, at least for those moments, he was a normal kid.

A woman's touch is water to a parched man. Sad, sad Elliot. Game can save lives. But only for those willing to see.

The Biggest Female Rationalization Hamster Dropping Ever

CH · 10 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

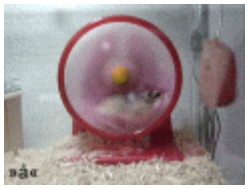
The Hamster of the Month winner is no contest. It's the rodents who power the lizard brains of these two Visitors to earth.

The dropping I'm referring to steams in a huge pile right on the cover of their book:

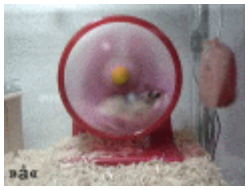
The Alpha Woman Meets Her Match: How Today's Strong Women can find Love and Happiness without Settling

Never before has such concentrated female hamster delusion been defecated so ignominiously on one spot. Count the spinning wheels and the false assumptions.

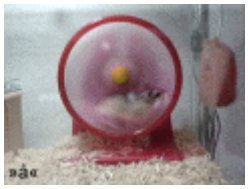
1. An alpha woman is designated by her careerist ambition, rather than by her beauty and youth.



2. Entitled spinster hags are strong women.



3. Men secretly love masculine, careerist, dominating women.



4. Ugly careerist hags can find love and happiness without settling for a boring loser with few options.

5. Men's desire is irrelevant. As long as the strong woman wants love and happiness with an alpha male, she'll get love and happiness with an alpha male.

Maxim #105: Frequency and absurdity of female delusions about their romantic worth are directly proportional to real world evidence of their romantic worthlessness.

Why You Should Hit On Hot Girls Out Of Your League

CH · 11 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A particular paradox of the sexual market is one that works in the favor of men. More precisely, men with balls. It's what I call the "Prime Pussy Paradox".

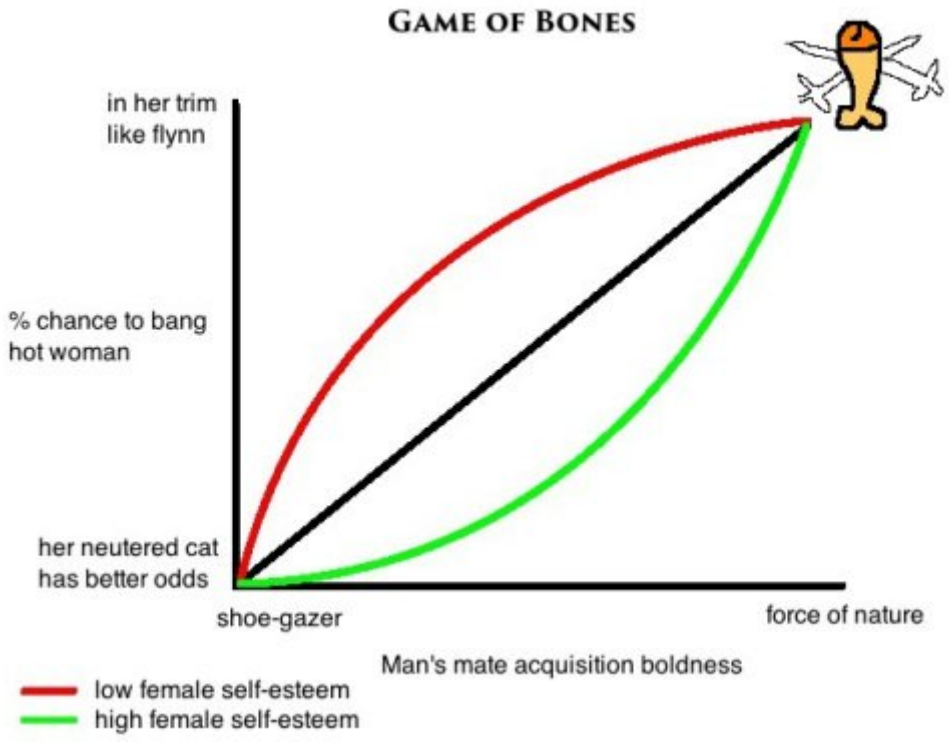
Reader Scott explains,

> I'm 48 years old, overweight, and out of practice after being married for 20 years. But I've still never understood the fear of approaching women. In my younger days, I dated roommates at the same time, a Playboy model, and regularly bagged ladies in the 8-10 range.
>
> Now I have a 24 year old son. I told him when he was a teenager, that the easiest way to get a hot chick to go out with you is to simply ask. Since most guys are too wimpy to approach a 9 or 10, it is actually the girls in the 6-8 range that get hit on the most. In reality, 10′s get hit on less, and are easier to pick up than the less attractive girls in the 6-8 range.
>
> That is the honest truth – believe it or not.

I believe it, because I've experienced the same. As have many of my player buddies. That sexy 8 will give you a warmer smile and more feminine charm than that ego-inflated 6 with a chip on her shoulder who's had to deflect the horny intrusions of a hundred middling beta males who thought that 6 would be easy pickings.

The Prime Pussy Paradox states that the very hottest girls – high 8s, 9s and 10s — get hit on less frequently and by fewer men than do women in the "pump&dumpable" or "cute" range from 4 to 7s, and that this male approach skew psychologically grooms the hotter girls to be more excited when a man does boldly hit on them. The essence of the PPP is that hot girls are often MORE APPROACHABLE than cute or, god forbid, plain girls.

Why is the PPP a valid concept? The intersection of a woman's self-esteem (modulated by her intrinsic hotness and the male attention she expects to get based on her self-perceived hotness) and a man's sexually entitled boldness is where love explodes. A handy graph visualizes the phenomenon.



The black line represents a hot woman with unmodified self-esteem; that is, self-esteem which exists in a sexual market with perfect mate information flow where she gets exactly the amount of attention that her looks should theoretically command.

Naturally, such a world doesn't exist, because men don't make a decision to approach based entirely on a woman's looks. Men also internally calculate their risk of rejection and their own courtship savviness. Which is where the red and green lines fit in. A woman with immoderately high self-esteem (green line) — i.e., a woman who thinks more of her mate value than her looks inform — will be a tough rut to shellac. A man would need to be very bold (and skilled) to hurdle the huge cockblock that is her bloated self-esteem.

A woman with immoderately low self-esteem (red line) — i.e., a woman who thinks less of her mate value that her hotness would conceivably suggest — will be an easier target than presumed, and who won't require preternatural reserves of boldness to seduce. These women are a dying breed in America, (bloated self-esteems, along with bloated bodies, are the growing female demographic), but they do exist, and happily enough, they exist in surprisingly disproportionate number among the very hottest women whom men imagine are the least likely to have lower-than-expected sexual-esteems.

Like an information bottleneck in the stock market, the PPP is a sexual market vulnerability which can be exploited by fearless men with insider connections. 9s and 10s (and most 8s) don't get conspicuously hit on as much as 4s, 5s, 6s, and 7s. Consequently, hot girls tend to harbor stirrings of doubt about their SMV. Their egos (and love lives) hunger for proof of validation, and they gorge on the rare direct attentions of bold men who aren't afraid of or humbled by their beauty.

There are limits to the PPP exploit. Very low SMV men won't be able to capitalize on it with the same profitability as moderate SMV men. The sweet spot is a man one to three SMV points lower than the hot girl, and who acts with the prerogative of a man with equal (sex-adjusted) SMV to the hot girl. Male 6s and 7s (as ranked along male-specific measurements of attractiveness) who approach with the bold intention of a male 9 can "shock" a female 9 into aroused curiosity.

Now some of you are wondering, "Don't hot girls get a lot of leers from admiring men?" Sure, but female self-esteem operates as a more complex feedback system than male self-esteem. A female 9 will receive ten times the number of head snaps from men than will a female 7 (it's exponential), but she'll also receive ten times FEWER the number of intentional approaches from men than will the female 7. Women register the glances from afar, but the bold approach is so unmistakable in intention that it counts for more as a self-esteem boosting factor.

Hot women, experiencing a relative paucity of men hitting on them compared to that experienced by mediocre-looking women, tend as a result to carry less ego-stroked baggage. They are more grateful, and more interested, when a man dares to pierce their bubble of hotness. To approach such a beauty as she, why this man must truly be worth her company!

Plums Before Prunes

CH · 14 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A 59-year-old woman, international speaker and writer ("productive citizen"), laments the icy rejection she received at the hands of a 55-year-old man who felt a surge of natural male biological disgust for her naked wrinkly old lady body.

> And so, we planned a weekend together. That's when things got confusing, unspoken and just-not-quite there. We went to bed in a couple's way — unclothed and touching — all parts near. Kisses were shared and sleep came in hugs. I attempted more intimacy throughout the weekend and was deterred each time.
>
> On Monday evening over the phone, I asked this man who had shared my bed for three nights running why we had not made love. "Your body is too wrinkly," he said without a pause. "I have spoiled myself over the years with young woman. I just can't get excited with you. I love your energy and your laughter. I like your head and your heart. But, I just can't deal with your body."
>
> I was stunned. The hurt would come later. I asked him slowly and carefully if he found my body hard to look at. He said yes. "So, this means seeing me naked was troublesome to you?" I asked. He told me he had just looked away. And when the lights were out, he pretended my body was younger — that I was younger. My breath came deep and full as I processed this information. My face blazed as I felt embarrassed and shamed by memories of my easy nakedness with him in days just passed.
>
> We talked for some time more, my head reeling at the content of the conversation. He spoke of special stockings and clothing that would "hide" my years. He blithely told me he loved "little black dresses" and strappy shoes. He said my hair was not long and flowing as he preferred, but that was okay because it was "cool looking." I felt like a Barbie Doll on acid as I listened to this man. He was totally oblivious to the viciousness of his words.

She thinks this man a sadistic monster, but he was perhaps more honest with her (and with himself) than any man she has known. They aren't called the ugly truths for nothing.

Men don't get impotent; women get old. You won't hear any therapist telling that raw reality to struggling older couples. Be prepared for soul-flaying pain of this nature to become commonplace in post-sanity and post-restricted female sexuality America. Marriage rates are at a historical low and never-married or divorced older women are desperate for romance. They're in the field when they should be in the home with grandchildren, deluding themselves that the older men who they think by rights are theirs instead are more interested in the younger women with tighter bodies and fresher histocompatibilities. And to make matters worse, more than a few of those younger women love the company of older men.

The sexual market is not equal. It's not fair. It's not progressive. And it's not a rom-com with a happy ending. It is a tearjerker, however.

Compounding the difficulties that older, single women face in the arena of zero-sum mate acquisition is the altered perspective of single older men who are accustomed to dating younger women. When you've tasted a morsel of Kobe filet mignon and washed it down with a 2010 Hewitt cabernet, an 80/20 ground beef burger with a tepid Bud Light just isn't going to get you up in the morning.

Some commenters had a fun time with this lady's id yelp.

> I can relate…there is this woman who is obsessed with me who calls me everyday, she is the nicest woman I ever met,but when I saw her naked I freaked out.
>
> I usually like to keep the lights on but with her I did not want to see, and I tried to think of my ex who had a superb body.

> Everything is wrinkly and saggy…it is impossible for me to be passionate about such a woman even though she has the best personality.
>
> Part of me feels sad for her, but I just can not be with her, I have to be passionate about what I see, not only about what us in her heart and her head.
>
> Men are very visual, I am very visual. At some point I had no choice but to tell her I had trouble looking at her naked body.
>
> She is my age but I look 15 years younger while she looks older than her age.
>
> with clothes on she is cute, she even has an hourglass figure, she gets a lot of attention from men but they have no idea what is under her clothes. how everything is very saggy and wrinkly.
>
> sorry if I go on and on, but I am right smack in the middle of a similar situation as the Huffington story..
>
> ***
>
> Women gotta understand, God put our eyes right up front…
>
> Personality? Well, okay… but our ears are way back on the head.
>
> ***
>
> "I didn't even want to try to explain the hurt and the horror that he had inflicted upon me. I actually felt sickly sorry for this man as I hung up the phone"
>
> !!!Hamster time!!!!
>
> HE HAD INFLICTED ON HER!
>
> Try servicing a monster and you'll understand what horror is.

Older women's best hope is for an epidemic of mass amnesia to strike men and men only. In this way, no single older man crashing the dating market and creating tsunamis for older female hamsters to surf will remember what prime pussy looks and feels like under clothes. Unencumbered by these fond recollections, he can more easily be catechized in the belief of stylishly-clothed but surreptitiously wrinkled hags as the pinnacle of female sexuality… at least for a short while, until his occipital resumes control of his prefrontal and penile.

The whole sordid spectacle reminds me of a dating exploit from a time not yet beyond crystalline recall. I had met a 20-ish blonde in the dusky brick-relief bowels of a drunken after-party. Already buzzing from one drink too many, I began to imagine scenarios… transactions… with her shapely vessel as she spoke of childhood dreams and favorite movie scenes. I made feints toward a same night lay (never a dull moment on the CH sexpress) but she wouldn't bite, preferring instead to indicate her interest with strong pleas for a follow-up date. *"you will call me, right?" "you've got my number right there." SMILE SMILE SMILE "i'll see you soon!"*

Sufficiently sated from recent conquests, I dropped the idea of an effortful seduction whisking her from venue to vainroom before sleepiness took its toll. I agreed to call her, and confessed to myself that the date was happily anticipated. I like blondes. I like 20-ish women. I like them most when they like me in kind.

Two evenings later, we met at a small bistro. She was already there when I arrived, seated indoors under bright light only paces from an outdoor area softly illumined by decorative patio lights. This was her critical mistake. From twenty feet, barely through the restaurant's entranceway and acutely sober, I saw her heart-swelling silhouette from two nights ago, now unshadowed, had morphed into the splotchy, shattering skin wrap of a woman accelerating to her upper 30s. My smile dropped faster than an unsupported witch's teat.

I am a master actor when crisis calls, but this disappointment was too great to conceal. She caught the full impact of it and, exacerbated by the contrast of my insanely youthful countenance, stood up from our table seconds after I had introduced myself to calmly but with a hint of croak in her voice cut the date short with a prematurity that must have set land speed records. *"if it's ok with you, we really don't have to do this. i'm not ready for this. I'm so sorry."*

Her entire body downcast and my guilt cresting a harsh wave, I eagerly (but not too eagerly!) accepted her offer.

It's hard out there for the older woman. Yer 'umble mareslayer revels in revealing the barbarous clashes that bloody the innersides of our polite vestments, but in real life he's a bit less callous and handles life's sad cameos with a softer glove.

The Unhappy Woman Is A Feminist Archetype

CH · 15 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A survey of 670 North American white collar workers revealed who is the unhappiest (and happiest) of them all.

According to the survey, the happiest workers are:

- Male
- 39 years old
- Married
- Have a household income between $150,000 and $200,000
- Hold a senior management position
- Have one young child at home
- Have a wife who works part-time

while the unhappiest workers are:

- Female
- 42 years old
- Unmarried
- Have a household income under $100,000
- Work in a professional position (i.e., as a doctor or a lawyer).

What we have here… is failure to assimilate to the feminist utopia. Some women you just can't reach. So you get what we had here these past 60 years, which is the way ugly bitter feminists want it… well, they get it. Careerist gogrrl spinsters who go to sleep and wake every morning with a shiver of doom running down their necks. Unhappy 130IQ cat ladies as far as the eye can see, staining their graduate degrees with hot tears.

I don't like it any more than you men, but I will leverage it for my personal gain.

Blame flies in all directions, but the most obvious one. The Bitches of Feastdick whine that their feminist droids are unhappy because men aren't picking up the slack in the domestic sphere. Androgyne, Inc. stockholders say that women worry more about the home life and we need to help them worry less by mandating various stay-at-office motherhood initiatives, like on-site daycare.

They flail and they flog their plush lush lies that protect them from the stone cold truth… the truth that is incontestable and harmonious and rooted in eons of evolutionary blueprint:

Men and women are happier when they abide traditional sex roles.

Reject biology, feel unhappy. It's that simple. Work within the contours of your sex's biology, and you will feel like a finely tuned instrument discarding cacophony and alighting upon melodious serenity.

Study: Looks Matter Less To Women Than They Do To Men

CH · 17 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Once again, ❤science❤ has entered, stage right, as a supporting cast member of Chateau Heartiste's magnum opus. Once again, you won't be led astray if you embrace CH observations as your own. You could say there's a Heartiste Rule in effect at this happy hurting ground: 80% of keen-eyed CH lessons drawn from field experience are in short order confirmed by empirical rigor. The remaining 20% either await scientific vindication, or are too nuanced to mimic in the laboratory without great difficulty or unethical experimental tactics.

The latest salvo from science supports (right on cue!) the knowledge contained within a Heartistian Horcrux that the sexes perceive looks differently and are, as a result, affected by the physical attractiveness of the opposite sex differently.

In a series of interesting experiments measuring selective attention for beautiful people, it was discovered that,

> When we strained our subjects' attentional capacities, we found exactly what I had suspected several decades before: Men overestimated the number of beautiful women (though their estimates of handsome men were unaffected). Female subjects also overestimated the frequency of gorgeous women in the rapidly presented crowds, but they did not overestimate the frequency of handsome men. **The whole body of findings points to a simple conclusion about beautiful women: They capture everyone's attention and monopolize downstream cognitive processes. The conclusion about handsome men is different: They grab women's eyes but do not hold their minds; good-looking guys quickly get washed out of the stream of mental processing.**

This is in line with what we have been saying here for some time: Women are essentially less viscerally affected by good male looks than men are affected by good female looks. And whatever effect male handsomeness has on women's senses is dissipated much faster from their mental landscapes than female beauty is expunged from men's mental landscapes. This beautiful truth has far-reaching implications for practitioners of the crimson arts.

> In our first study, [we] asked people to judge an average-looking woman after being exposed to one of two series of other women. Half the participants judged the target woman after seeing a series of unusually beautiful women; the other half judged her after seeing a series of average-looking women. As in the case of exposure to extremes of water temperature, exposure to extremes of physical appearance affected people's judgments of what was average. As we had predicted, an average-looking woman was judged significantly uglier than normal if the subjects had just been gazing at a series of beauties.

And as game theorists will tell you, a charming man will be judged more attractive than he is if the woman in his company had just been hanging out with a bunch of boring betas.

> Subjects in the control group first judged the artistic merit of abstract paintings such as Josef Albers's *Homage to the Square*. The men in the experimental group saw centerfolds from *Playboy* and *Penthouse*; the women saw handsome naked men from *Playgirl*. After they had looked at either paintings or centerfolds, we asked our participants to rate their feelings about their current relationship partners. Again, there was a cover story — that psychologists were divided on whether being in a relationship opened people up to new aesthetic experiences or made them less open to novelty. To test which side was right, we told them, we needed to know about the extent to which their reported level of commitment depended on whether they had seen centerfolds.
>
> Once again, the results displayed a curious gender difference:
>
> Men who had viewed the centerfolds rated themselves as less in love with their partners; women's judgments of their partners were not so easily swayed.

Once again, we see that male looks don't compel nearly the same aroused urgency from women that female looks compel from men. Or, when women cheat, it's not usually because they found a handsomer lover; it's because the man they're with stopped exciting them with their personalities.

> The harmful side effect for guys … is this: Real women … do not look as attractive once the mind has been calibrated to assume the centerfolds are normal. And for guys in relationships, exposure to beautiful photos undermines their feelings about the real flesh-and-blood women with whom their lives are actually intertwined.

No this is the PC interpretation. More precisely, limited options and exclusion from beautiful women calibrates men's minds to assume "real women" are prettier than they are.

> But lest we're too quick to assume men are the only ones who conform to the worst of their gender's stereotypes, women didn't fare much better when the experiment was repeated with power rather than beauty as the variable:
>
> **Seeing a series of socially dominant men undermined women's commitment, just as seeing attractive women had done to men's.**

CARDIAC ARREST goes the feminist and manboob hamsters. Recall a very early post from the Chateau archives:

> As I've written before, what men like in women is simple. In descending order of importance, here are the female attractiveness traits that men desire in women:
>
> Beauty.
> Femininity.
> Sexual eagerness.
>
> In descending order of importance, here are the male attractiveness traits that women desire in men:
>
> Psychosocial dominance (game).
> High status/fame.
> Personality (passion/charisma/humor).
> Wealth.
> Good looks/height/muscularity.
> Cleverness/smarts.
> Dependability/reliability.
> Sexual prowess.

Men dig beauty.
Chicks dig power.
The rest is commentary.

And what a shitstorm of commentary it has been in the interim! Feminists and bitter beta males both heaving sandbags of rationalizations and wishful thinking and earnest platitudes against the ramparts so that they may bunker down and avoid dealing with these eternal earthy truths about the different sexual natures of men and women.

> So what's a mortal to do [about sensory overload and adaptation]? Are we helpless in the face of our evolved mechanisms, which may lead us astray without our conscious awareness? Not completely. People who understand the dangers of overabundant fats and sugars can control their diets. People who understand the dangers of an overabundant diet of mass-media images can stop gorging on *Playboy, People, Sex and the City,* or *Dancing with the Stars*.

Good god, this is some realtalk right here. Just as fatties can keep crap food out of their homes, the loveless and love-hungry can keep porn — the male and female versions of it — out of theirs.

It's two for one day at Le Chateau, so here's another recent relevant study that finds partner physical attractiveness is less important as a predictor of women's marital satisfaction.

> Do men value physical attractiveness in a mate more than women? Scientists in numerous disciplines believe that they do, but recent research using speed-dating paradigms suggests that males and females are equally influenced by physical attractiveness when choosing potential mates. Nevertheless, the premise of the current work is that sex differences in the importance of physical attractiveness are most likely to emerge in research on long-term relationships. Accordingly, the current work drew from 4 independent, longitudinal studies to examine sex differences in the implications of partner physical attractiveness for trajectories of marital satisfaction. In all 4 studies, both partners' physical attractiveness was objectively rated at baseline, and both partners reported their marital satisfaction up to 8 times over the first 4 years of marriage. **Whereas husbands were more satisfied at the beginning of the marriage and remained more satisfied over the next 4 years to the extent that they had an attractive wife, wives were no more or less satisfied initially or over the next 4 years to the extent that they had an attractive husband. Most importantly, a direct test indicated that partner physical attractiveness played a larger role in predicting husbands' satisfaction than predicting wives' satisfaction.** These findings strengthen support for the idea that sex differences in self-reported preferences for physical attractiveness do have implications for long-term relationship outcomes.

Happy wife, happy life? Happy husband, stronger lovin'. Husbands have a responsibility to provide emotional and material support. Wives have a responsibility to provide beauty and sexual support. If either party reneges on their end of the deal — the equivalent of the dull, withdrawn, couch potato husband is the fat, unfeminine, nag wife — then the deal is severed, in practice if not in procedure. This is as decisive an IF-THEN statement as you'll come across in the realm of human social interaction.

Men, know that your dominance and self-confidence are your passage to bangkunt. Women, know that your youth, beauty and slender hourglass figures are your passage to bangkok. The losers in life will wail and rend their XXXXL muu-muus disclaiming this romantic reality, but after a million terabytes and a billion snarled memes they are still on their knees, receiving a hot load of ostracism and despair from the winners at the party they desperately, secretly yearn to join.

UPDATE

Three for one, baby! Reader Will passes along another study that used MRIs to peer deep into male and female brains to discover the elemental neural processes at work when an attractive member of the opposite sex is in view.

> Apologies (not too sorry) for this off-topic. Not sure if CH or anyone else has read this (probably). But it's *science* that shows that guys are biologically wired to be *motivated* (read: boner) for visual ques (read tits and an ass) moreso than girls. This is an MRI being done on the brain that shows the amygdala is fired moreso in guys than girls when sexyness is visually seen.
>
> This can be interpreted as how guys don't care so much about status because the blood is rushed to our amygdala based on visual…. Not comparative social relations (such as power). Girls thus have more blood focusing on other parts of there brain such as which guy will give me higher status in terms of my social context.

Quoting the study results,

> The emotion control center of the brain, the amygdala, shows significantly higher levels of activation in males viewing sexual visual stimuli than females viewing the same images, according to a Center for Behavioral

> Neuroscience study led by Emory University psychologists Stephan Hamann and Kim Wallen. The finding, which appears in the April edition of “Nature Neuroscience,” demonstrates how men and women process visual sexual stimuli differently, and it may explain gender variations in reproductive behavior. […]
>
> The fMRI scans revealed significantly higher levels of activation in the amygdala, which controls emotion and motivation, in the brains of the male subjects compared to the females, despite the fact that both males and females expressed similar subjective assessments of their levels of arousal after viewing the images.
>
> Hamann and Wallen had a separate group pre-select the images to ensure they would be equally arousing to both males and females.
>
> “If males and females found the pictures equally arousing, you would assume they would have similar patterns of brain activation,” said Hamann. “But we discovered the male brain seems to process visual sexual cues differently.”
>
> The scientists’ discovery also is consistent with an evolutionary theory that natural selection spurred the development of different sexual behaviors in males and females.
>
> “There is an advantage for males in quickly recognizing and responding to receptive females through visual cues,” explains Hamann. “This allows them to maximize their mating opportunities, which increases their chances for passing on their genes.”

Another CH truth lovingly caressed by SCIENCE. And this is a humdinger of science, because it directly measured brain activation rather than indirectly through surveys or behavioral analysis.

Men are more viscerally aroused by female looks than are women by male looks. Men, therefore, can neither rely on their looks to get and keep women, nor excuse their failure with women based on their looks. Game, aka applied charisma, is about exploiting that soft space between a woman’s subjective assessment of her own arousal and her actual, primal arousal. As always, don’t listen to what women say, watch what they do. And nothing watches as closely as an MRI looking right into her friggin noggin.

The Most Vapid Three Sentences In The English Language

CH · 17 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An attractive woman emptied her brain bowels online and pinched off a tapered string of sentences so vapid that you would be challenged to find a more inane splatter of poopytalk. From her article at a site called The Daily Love, titled "You do not have to prove yourself to anyone", in which she tries to prove her point of view to anyone reading, the following nugget is excavated:

> As a soul sister to many, I often find myself being called upon for a variety of supporting reasons. Today, I got a phone call from a fellow goddess and she was in absolute disarray. She was, well, a hot mess.

Separately, each of those sentences is empty überfeels nonsense. Together, they create a kind of super storm of silly doublethink (why would a goddess be in disarray?), solipsistic posturing, and infantile prattle.

This is your modern American woman with a cable modem. The internet, among its pantheon of induced pathologies, has had as well the salutary (sadistic?) effect of exposing dim-witted women, and particularly the attractive ones, to criticism and mockery of their forehead furrowing thoughts that they normally would not experience in the real world where people are politer and men more indulgent of non-obese fuckables.

This doesn't seem to thwart the flow of distaff nonsense, though. Instead of retreating to lick their wounds and go back to doing what they do best — defer to the man of the house — they circle the wagons and soundproof their echo chambers. But the walls come tumbling down eventually. Some of the shivs must penetrate; expect an epidemic of mental illness among our wired women in the coming years.

The Punchable Fat White Liberal Face

CH · 18 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Liberals are gloating over the recent editorial choices to geld Thor and race cuck Captain America. The former will become Whor, the female Thor, and the latter will become Captain Gibsmedat, the numinous negro who saves the right kinds of white people from the wrong kinds of white people.

I kid, I kid… you not. The last time I read a comic I was 7. I don't get the appeal of the genre to grown men with, presumably, descended testes. Nevertheless, the anti-white male animus driving these character changes that have shocked and delighted and stirred the quivering anuses of the comic book reading community are yet one more telling detail of America's decline.

The decline is in the details.

One common thread to most of these anti-white male insurgencies is the cast of goons and misfits running the show into the ground. Take a look at this face shot of the fat white liberal quasi-male named Devin Faraci, who dribbled a premenstrual snarkstain titled "Sorry White People, Captain America is Black Now."

Hat tip, League of Extraordinary Sadists.

The fat white liberal face is archetypal. These race traitors all have a "look", don't they? Genetics, perhaps, or just a lifetime spent wiping orange Cheetostaches off their porcine mugs. Look at that faggot. He could double as an old lesbian halfway through her hormonal replacement therapy. If ever a face looked as if it was born to have a fist buried in it, Faraci has it.

The anti-white liberal white male is the most loathsome of creatures. More despicable than the minorities he jerks off to, because he fulminates a credo at 180 degree odds with his chosen lifestyle for status whoring feels. Hypocritical, smug, and you just know the first to run from a fight, gathering his skirt up and shrieking like a little girl.

I wonder about the demographics of this pigman's neighborhood? Anyone care to investigate? I might put up a post in future called "The Leftoid List", with the names of infamous anti-white leftoid equalist turds juxtaposed with the race demographics of their immediate neighborhoods. Should be illuminating.

Freelance Comment Of The Week

CH · 20 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Anti-Gnostic comments a lot over at Cheap Chalupas headquarters, and he (best guess) is usually good for a pithy shiv.

> How the market prices white neighbors is one of those economic phenomena that economists' wives understand better than they do.

There are a lot of things non-economists understand better than economists, not because economists are dumb, but because economists are superfluously smart and cursed with an addiction to hyper-rationalize their faulty feelgood priors.

The Married Man Thirstzone

CH · 21 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

One of the more amusing private pains-turned-public spectacle to leak out of an internet pustule recently graced the combox of Reddit (/r/relationship). A sexually deprived married man (but I repeat myself) crafted a meticulous spreadsheet documenting the number of times his wife denied him sex and the excuses she gave each time. He then emailed this "unspread"sheet to his wife while she was away on business (red flag right there). She went public with it, hoping to both shame her thirsty hubby and to trawl for advice from male feminists that would rub the fur of her hamster with the grain.

DATE	SEX?	EXCUSE
2014-06-03	No	"I'm watching the show" (Friends re-run)
2014-06-04	No	"I feel sweaty and gross, I need a shower" (didn't shower until next morning)
2014-06-06	No	(non-verbal)
2014-06-09	No	"I'm exhausted"
2014-06-10	*Yes*	
2014-06-11	No	"I'm still a bit tender from yesterday"
2014-06-12	No	(non-verbal)
2014-06-13	No	"I'm trying to watch the movie" (fell asleep 15min later)
2014-06-16	No	"I'm too drunk and I ate too much"
2014-06-18	No	"I won't have time to get showered and ready for dinner" (we were 20min early)
2014-06-19	No	"I just came back from the gym, I feel gross" (didn't shower until next morning)
2014-06-20	No	(non-verbal)
2014-06-21	No	"I have to be up early"
2014-06-22	No	(non-verbal)
2014-06-27	*Yes*	
2014-06-29	No	"You're too drunk"
2014-06-30	No	"I feel gross"
2014-07-01	No	"I'm not feeling good, I ate too much"
2014-07-03	No	"I'm sweaty and gross, and I'm tired"
2014-07-04	No	(non-verbal)
2014-07-05	No	"I might be getting sick"
2014-07-06	No	"I still don't feel 100%"
2014-07-10	No	"I need a shower, I feel gross"
2014-07-11	No	"I'm too tired"
2014-07-12	*Yes*	
2014-07-13	No	"No"
2014-07-14	No	(non-verbal)
2014-07-16	No	"I'm watching my show, I don't want to miss anything"

at least she didn't use "i have a headache"

For those keeping score, that's three marital congresses out of twenty-eight attempts, for an 11% successful lay ratio.

An 11% lay ratio is pretty good for the average single beta male picking up girls (1 out of 10 approaches yields sex), but horrible for a married man who pledged his freedom, natural polygynous urge, and HALF to a woman who presumably loves her husband unto death, and who tacitly agreed by signing the marriage contract to offer her body on a regular basis to him.

But as visitors to Chateau Heartiste know, marriage is no respite from the perpetually clanking meat machine of the sexual market. If you recline into complacently dull beta maleness, you will lose your wife's desire to please you as readily as you would lose a girlfriend's, or a fling's, desire. Worse, if you make the mistake of thinking that marriage will energize your wife's sexual cravings beyond the limp gestures she had exhibited toward you pre-marriage, you'll learn soon enough that the line that is dotted is not the 'gine that is prodded.

No marriage contract in the world is sufficiently coercive to wrest sexual desire from the limbic node of a woman's arousal center. Sexual desire is an animal instinct that predates legal fictions or social expectation. If the animal slumbers, "talking it out" or making it promises won't rouse it to rutting; the animal must be confronted on its own terms, with equally primal cues that waken its instinct to mate.

The trope of the married man reduced to begging for sex from his wife stricken with yet another “headache” is a stereotype for a reason. These things hardly ever materialize out of thin air. But exactly how many married men labor in the purgatory known as the thirstzone? Numbers are hard to come by, although General Social Survey wizards have played the contrarian and dug up data suggesting married men have slightly more sex on average than unmarried men.

The problem with that survey data, beyond the inherent flaws of self-reporting and social expectation bias (and burning shame), is that the huge swell of omega and lesser beta single men who suffer involuntary celibate lives greatly skews the stats to promote an illusion that married men enjoy a cornucopia of sex (with one woman, let it be reminded). This incel ballast must be jettisoned to get a truer picture of what kind of sex lives married men actually enjoy. If the typical married man gets laid once per month (as our pubic flogging victim above has documented), then a more accurate assessment of his bounty would come from comparison to unmarried men who aren’t hopeless sex market rejects.

Compared to an incel, once per month married sex sounds like a pretty good deal. Compared to single men with girlfriends, fuck buddies, and flings tossed in for flavor, once per month sex sounds like painful blue balls. Ask any single man what a year-long relationship with a hot girlfriend is like, and he’ll tell you it’s a copulation carnival. His married buddies will turn green with envy.

As often surfaces on megafeminist sites like Reddit, hackneyed hackers and bromide belchers rush to fill the void of useful advice with Hivemind-approved diagnoses that abjure the wife of even the tiniest bit of responsibility for her role in her husband’s desperate sexual deprivation. Two common refrains — the husband isn’t doing enough to “support” his wife, and the wife has “low libido” — receive rounds of applause from the benighted.

These are handy rationalizations without a scintilla of realistic relevancy. In the real world, husbands who support the shit out of their wives are often less sexually rewarded than husbands who follow a program of benevolent sexism. And no scientist has yet, to my satisfaction, proven that there is an epidemic of pathologically low libido among married women. What is much more likely is that married men are, or become, less sexually stimulating to their wives, and the infamous “low libidio” of their wives is nothing more than *selective* female libido. Divorcee tell-alls revel in confessions of rejuventated sex lives once the beta provider hubby package was sent adrift.

A married man stuck in the thirstzone is not without options. Mistresses have traditionally been outlets for such men, and the culture used to give a wink and a nod to such arrangements, because the culture used to have a healthy and normal appreciation and acceptance of innate sex differences, before everything turned to poopytalk and hamster fuel.

There, too, is the advice offered by this very outpost of recivilization: A dab of dread will make legs spread. The poor sexless husband who attempted to shame his wife into fulfilling his most basic need in a marriage has, by accounts, ended all contact with her. Radio silence, while not the ideal solution to such crises of the cunt, is better than abject mewling and prone apologia. It has, at the least, made his wife think so hard about her lack of desire for her husband that she has taken to an internet forum full of spergs to find serenity now.

Dread game works, but only if the timing and execution occur before betatization has metastasized. A husband who repulses his wife is in a sorry position from which no remedy will work within a time frame not measured in years. The unspreadsheet man had undoubtedly been suffering months, perhaps years, of sexual isolation from his wife before he became so desperate that he felt it necessary to painstakingly chronicle his pain and accost her with it while she was at a hotel bar thinking about unleashing her inner bed fiend with a business associate.

At that late stage, any active effort to reverse his misfortune would be perceived as spite by his carnally estranged wife, stemming from a place of hurt and neediness. Perception is king in the mating arena, and butthurtness is kryptonite to women’s horny levels. The proper dose of dread needed to be delivered earlier, under circumstances less likely to be confused for vengeance.

The most effective punishment for a sexually withdrawing wife is punishment that can be construed as inadvertent.

A woman is validated equally by intentional punishment as by intentional reward; both tell her “I’m so desired I rouse my husband to flattery and to retribution.” And a validated woman is an unpliable woman.

But punishment that appears almost “off-hand”, or apathetic and callous, is gold. This is the kind of punishment of female misbehavior (and, yes, denial of historically regarded marital duties counts as misbehavior) that strikes wee hamster nerves. It’s the punishment of indifference that follows when a husband’s mind has started wandering to thoughts of other women. The classic “late night phone call to wife with girls laughing in the background” ploy is an example of indifference punishment.

Wives can handle being punished when it validates their higher status. Cause-and-effect kneejerk punishment won’t rattle their self-possession or shake them into suddenly renewed desire. But no woman, wifed up or not, can handle being an afterthought to her man without compensating for her perceived demotion with reinvigorated lust.

This type of “punishment by gradually escalated indifference” of wayward wives/girlfriends — what a reader suggested can be called the “De-escalation Ladder” — will feature in a future post.

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PS: Here’s an example from real life of “accidental” dread game in action.

Tattoo Negs

CH · 23 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Given the epidemic of American women disfiguring their bodies with vats of blotchy ink, a man should have at his disposal some tasty tattoo negs to stir hamsters from their slumbers.

A reader offers,

> "Cool tattoo. *squeeze your eyes to see better* What's that supposed to be?"

Nice. Subtle and classy. Another theme on this is to mistake her tattoo for something else, preferably something unflattering. For instance, if she has a tiger tat:

"Cool tattoo. I've always liked mongooses."

For a really suggestive dig on chicks with superslut tats, like stars around their crotches or tramp stamps:

"Cool tattoo. Very brave."

If on the off chance you get a "What's that supposed to mean?" instead of a confused "Thanks?", take care to avoid being put in the defensive crouch. "You'll still be rocking that tattoo when you're 80. Props."

Goodbye, America: The Website

CH · 23 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Goodbye, America photo series now has its own website. Drop by, admire the purity of decline, and leave a comment as evidence that you were there when America started to swirl the drain. A future addition called the “poolside meter” will rank the month’s best photos and comments.

The De-escalation Ladder

CH · 24 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

How should a man respond when his woman has begun sexually withdrawing from him? This post will examine the issue and offer a method called the "De-escalation Ladder" that reforms women's bad behavior and robs them of the ability to use sex as a weapon.

For those unfamiliar with pickup literature, the De-escalation Ladder is based off Vin DiCarlo's "Escalation Ladder" concept of speedily and deliberately moving a courtship to sex. The Escalation Ladder

> …is a step-by step formula, followed by a number of laws which govern it's use for maximum effect. It is designed to provide a smooth escalation, containing no significant jumps that may cause a woman to object. At the same time, the [EL] contains no extraneous steps which are non-essential to the seduction process. This results in a FAST escalation sequence which is compatible with a variety of verbal structures, and has been field tested and perfected by myself, Vincent DiCarlo, in hundreds of trials.
>
> There is an inherent value and attractiveness to a man who can escalate in such an intelligent and socially aware manner, which is why your verbal content does not matter very much when using this method.

The idea is that if you aren't physically (if not verbally) escalating a girl through all the stages of seduction and through her natural reticence to engage sexually, you risk stagnation and losing her interest or, worse, getting slotted into the dreaded friendzone. A.B.E. Always. Be. Escalating. Why? Because women reward men who take the initiative, particularly early on when their antennae are exquisitely tuned for any arousing signals of alpha male sexual entitlement.

DiCarlo's historical tome is still relevant, and worth reading in full. The basics of his Escalation Ladder are, in order of application:

1. Strong eye contact.
2. Incidental asexual touch (aka kino).
3. Overt asexual touch.
4. Incidental intimate touch.
5. Overt intimate touch.
6. Incidental erogenous touch.
7. Overt erogenous touch (pre-kiss kino).

Total time for the above: 30 minutes – 4 hours. After you have isolated her in a sex location, proceed to

8. Kissing.
9. Kissing her neck.
10. Touching her bare back below her shirt.
11. Stomach to stomach contact.
12. Touching her bare body (breast inclusion not necessary).
13. Incidental vaginal stimulation.
14. Direct vaginal stimulation from back.
15. Direct vaginal stimulation from front.
16. Remove her clothes for sex.

Steps 8 – 16 can take as short as 15 minutes. Any resistance during any step is handled by backing off a little and continuing with the previous step until the next one is "unlocked".

That's the Escalation Ladder. What about the Dark Heartiste's inverse, the De-escalation Ladder? Just as you "escalate" a girl toward sex, you "de-escalate" from a girl who is withdrawing sexually. ELs are about rewarding

girls to encourage good (read: sexual) behavior, DELs are about removing rewards (read: validation) from girls to discourage bad behavior.

Note the distinction between “removing rewards” and “punishment”. Punishment — the kind that’s intentional, obvious, and reactive — can often backfire on a man. If the girl perceives her punishment as immediate retribution for something she did to (or is not doing for) the man, she will accept that as validation of her higher relative SMV. Punishment, therefore, should be wielded with expert care, which means it’s ideally cloaked in a veneer of plausible deniability. The best punishment in matters of fraying romance is not the whip, but the poison.

The CH maxim — **Punish promptly, reward intermittently** — is not violated by this nuance. A reckless inadvertent punishment can be executed as promptly as a retributive deliberate punishment.

Not all retributive punishment is ineffective, however. At the highest levels of female id manipulation, a mix of purposeful and inadvertent punishment with oddly-timed rewards delivers an intoxicating ambiguous message that can so sufficiently stir fears of abandonment and incoherent jealousy that a woman will find herself defenseless to recapture lost relationship hand. She’ll be incensed to offering generous servings of her sex with no contractual obligations just to keep herself in your game. Any man who’s been fortunate to receive such desperate magnanimity from a woman will tell you it’s heaven on earth. The closest we have, in fact, to unconditional love in this corporeal realm.

The De-escalation Ladder follows a similar, albeit invidious mirror image, progression as the Escalation Ladder. As reader Arred explained,

> …progressive punishments and withdrawal techniques tailored to waning interest and misbehavior at various levels of severity. Kind of like the color coded terror threat level chart, for the gradations of dread required to regain hand.

Assuming your wife or girlfriend or fling or lust target has begun the (emotional or sexual) Withdrawal Protocol, the **De-escalation Ladder** sequence of responses that follow would be:

1. Break rapport.

Cut her off mid-sentence to talk to someone else, or to switch to your own subject of interest. Negs are also a type of rapport break.

2. Indicate disinterest (IOD).

For example, “It’s a good thing I’m not trying to pick you up.” Make feints toward hooking her up with “one of your niceguy buddies”.

3. Backturn.

Literally turn your back on the girl. Don’t act peeved. Do it with a wan smile or a neutral expression. If she’s says, “That’s rude”, you’ve won the battle. Pretend like you don’t know what you did wrong.

4. Break physical contact.

Stop touching her. When she goes to touch you, gently move away from her. Perhaps with a sly grin, warn her against “moving too fast” for your comfort. Breaking physical contact can include putting your clothes back on (an especially potent form of hamster torture if done prior to her redressing herself).

If she goes for a goodbye reconciliation kiss, pull back and say “whoa, that’s a little needy” or “hey, I only do that with girlfriends/lovers”.

5. Break emotional contact.

Emotional connection is more important to women than physical connection. Any bedroom cop-out that plowing

won't fix should be answered with a feigned distraction. Your eyes will drift to magazines, the internet (to "read some new emails"), video games, or even text messages from "some quirky friends". (A girl will always presume a quirky friend is a female "friend".) You will not act spitefully; it will appear as if your attention merely got captured by something more entertaining.

Mystery calls this the "freeze-out", and it's effective, but only if you pull it off with a credible thoughtlessness. At no point should your voice betray a hurt pride or impatience.

Note: Do NOT freeze-out until you have exhausted your mental reserve for pushing her toward sex. Girls love to "be taken", and you don't want to misinterpret that peculiarly female desire for sexual frigidity.

Over the longer term, emotional disengagement would include things like terse conversations, diminishing nonsexual time together, provisioning withdrawal, and a careless attitude toward her promised fidelity or threats of infidelity.

6. Depart under mysterious circumstances.

If you're at her place and a freeze-out isn't logistically possible, leave. No need to give a reason, just say you "have to go, it's important".

It's incredibly powerful to depart in this manner before you've been pushed to it. If you sense even a little bit of withdrawal from a girl, but still far from complete withdrawal when her interest has subsided faster than her curiosity remains engaged, you can say "We'll catch up another time" and leave her to ponder what the hell just happened.

This is also known as a "takeaway", or leaving on a high note.

7. Ignore her efforts to get back in contact with you.

Keep her on tenterhooks. Wait a day or two before texting or calling her back. When you do reply and she wonders why you didn't answer right away, deflate her indignation with a caustic reframe. "I didn't know we were married!"

8. Initiate the "cheating in my heart" gambit.

Now we're moving toward strategies to deal with relationship trouble. This is when the infamous "dread game" comes into play. Many powerful tactics are described in that seminal post, so I'll just wrap them under a single umbrella here called "she wants what she can't have (or is starting to lose)". Making late night phone calls with girls' voices in the background, flirting with other women (either over the phone or in front of her), turning off your phone during seduction hours (after 5pm), making offhand remarks about your sexually voracious exes, polluting your social media space with pics of you in the company of other women, commenting how much you appreciate being "single and free", scattering "other woman" props around your bachelor pad, and generally acting as if you're sexually satisfied and not needing her particular brand of physical release are all TNT to a sexually withdrawing woman's self-conception.

9. Keep two in the kitty.

It's a Poon Commandment for a reason. The ultimate de-escalation hand over a game-playing woman is another woman. Drained balls won't betray you. De facto harems are self-perpetuating. The bigger your harem, the more women want in. Sad but true.

10. Actually cheat.

When steps 1-9 fail, you have to deploy the BFG. (childhood Doom ref) Cheat. Get caught. Don't apologize, but say you'd still like it to work out between the two of you (meaning your withdrawing gf, not your mistress).

11. Break up with her.

Believe it or not, there is something even more emotionally explosive to a woman than catching her man cheating.

Preemptively breaking up with her is the Excalibur of shivs. You will hew her ego in half. If you're married, unceremoniously announce you want time to yourself, and check out. For added impact, slip out the back Jack and lodge your plea for freedom via absentee breakfast table letter.

As women, slave to their hypergamous instinct, are the initiators of 70+% of divorces, so too are they the initiators of the majority of unmarried relationship break-ups. Given this reality, the man who initiates a break-up packs an outsized wallop to a woman's bloated sense of sexual worth. To a woman, getting dumped must be similar to what a world class chef feels when a starving man turns his nose up at his buffet of scrumptious pastries. Unimaginable.

This is why, when you break up with girls, few will happily or serenely accede to your judgment. Not even those who were having doubts will be able to accept your resignation with tact or calm relief. 9 out of 10 times she will forget all about her prior sexual indecisiveness as she surrenders to a sudden and inexplicable urge to win your favor, like a schoolgirl with a crush on the class badboy. Over the next weeks, you'll get voicemails and texts and emails pleading for a reconciliation, or an explanation. When she is at the breaking point and starved for your attention, slide a bowl of gruel under the door of her solitary confinement. Wonder, "maybe we could work this out" and recline in libertine splendor as the year closes out with her glued in obedience to your member.

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The De-escalation Ladder is excerpted from the darkest pages of the tomes of the crimson arts. Few delve here, fewer still delve and attempt to put the devil's instruction to practice. And the fewest possible can muster the state control to apply the lessons as intended. And yet, when you see the results for yourself, you'll learn to your great shame that the De-escalation Ladder can be as strangely enjoyable as the traditional Escalation Ladder is exciting. Proceed with caution.

The Value Of White American Men In The Overseas Sexual Market

CH · 25 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The sexual market is not unlike the stock market; information bottlenecks are exploited by insiders for fun and profit. One such bottleneck is the value of white American men in foreign sexual markets. Because a man's SMV is more contextual than a woman's SMV, and because men's romantic attractiveness is dependent upon multiple variables, including non-physical ones such as social status and charisma, it can be expected that a man will have different value to women in different parts of the world. Where his value is relatively highest is where he has the best chance of making sweet love to beautiful women.

MindFucked (priceless handle) performed an experiment to determine his value to the Unpolluted (non-American women).

> Want hard evidence on your SMV in different countries around the world? Want to see what women in different countries REALLY look like and practice text game with them? Want to become even more disgusted with American women? Maybe you're making a trip in a couple weeks and want to prep the field so you have willing sex partners as soon as you arrive.
>
> Download a smartphone emulator. Bluestacks is my favorite. When you're running it, go to the app store and download Tinder (the smartphone dating app) and a fake GPS application which will allow you to trick Tinder into thinking you're anywhere in the world.
>
> Put up a few photos of yourself, start swiping right, and wait for the results to pour in.
>
> If you're a white man, try doing this in Asia. It's truly hilarious. China blocks Tinder so it doesn't work there, but it works in every other Asian country.

While I can neither confirm nor deny if I've been to Moscow, reports from fellow world travelers give credence to the rumors: There is so much pulchritudinous street-strutting there that an American man unused to it will have his heart melt and crotch explode. And yet, vanishingly few American men trek to this magical Vaghalla. Why?

If this GPS-spoofing Tinder trick to gauge overseas female interest is revealing a huge pent-up demand for white American men in Eurasia, and the quality on offer in those faraway lands puts to shame America's snotty, classless chubsters, then why aren't more men moving to where the ass is leaner? *Homo economicus* is baffled.

Human nature is a tricky dick. Simple inertia explains a lot of inefficiencies in the sexual market. Most people prefer to envy good fortune from their couches than to move to where good fortune is within reach. Self-doubt explains more. American men might not believe they have a shot with beautiful foreign women because they are negatively conditioned by their effortful experiences with uninspiring American shrikes. They lack imagination.

Then, too, there is an innate desire, to greater or lesser intensity in each person, for a connection to blood and soil and kin. Our American women might be fat, entitled and unfeminine, but goddammit they're *our* women.

Finally, we shouldn't neglect the possibility that there are inherited ethnic dispositions towards one's own representative women. Some white American men won't find Asian girls, even the universally attractive ones who adhere to the golden ratio, very desirable. Russian girls, despite their legendary beauty, do tend to sport distinctive jutting chins, chiclet teeth, and broad faces that may not appeal to non-Russian whites.

I believe the reasons above, plus travel costs and unawareness of better options, account for most of the sexual market inefficiency in pairing up valuable white American men with pretty foreign girls who want them. For those waiting for the lid to blow off this underserved market, you'll be waiting a long time.

Expat Americans like Roosh catch a lot of flack from envious haters, who smear his motives as those of a "sex tourist" who must "go overseas to score desperate peasant pussy". But, what Roosh has done is what entrepreneurs

throughout American history have done: Read the teat leaves, smartly calculate what's in his best interest, take a huge risk, and create new markets that redound to his broadest (heh) advantage. How many American men have the cohones to uproot themselves and plant a flag in a strange land for a shot at a brighter life? It's something white Europeans used to do all the time, and were proud of it.

The hate felt toward guys like Roosh is percolating envy, but it's also something else: People hate reminders of their cowardice. Cowardice, perhaps, is the fundamental motivation that permits the continuance of this particular sexual market inefficiency.

The upscale demand is there, White American Man. Will you fill it?

The Myopia Of IQ Fetishism

CH · 26 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Excessive focus on IQ like that found in certain HBD quarters is dangerous for the reason that it will blind one to group differences in other important human characteristics.

Before hackles rise, this post is not an apologia for ignoring mean and individual IQ differences. IQ matters, arguably matters more than anything else, in big and small and strange ways. You will hardly find a soul who'd wish to possess fewer IQ points than more IQ points.

But IQ isn't the whole story. There are, for instance, group differences in personality, temperament, proclivity to violence, trustworthiness, and what I'll call General Interactive Behavioral Socialization (GIBS…medat).

That last mouthful is just a fancy way of describing how people socialize and behave when they aren't constrained by etiquette or coerced by authority figures to act otherwise. A roomful of white people will organically form a particular social dynamic that is quite different than that formed by a roomful of black people, even controlling for IQ. Anyone who isn't a lying liar and has not spent a lifetime in a cave knows this intuitively. High school cafeterias are usually the first real world laboratory where these truths about group social behavior and self-segregation become incontestably apparent. We then spend the rest of our lives trying to forget the patterns we noticed in high school.

Proof of group differences in personality and behavior can be found in science, if you're the sort to mistrust your lying eyes. Chinese and White infants exhibit stark personality differences. In school, black students behave wildly different from white students, even within the same classroom where instruction and teacher demands are similarly accorded.

IQ fetishism can lead the sperg type to sputter futilely when confronted by a trollish leftoid provocateur who disingenuously (or racially) advocates for the importation of millions of Northeast Asians with their average 105 IQs into historically White countries with their average 100 IQs. If IQ is your be all-end all, you won't have a defense against that line of argument. Now, if I *had* to choose at gunpoint, I'd rather America be flooded with a billion Chinese than a billion Africans, but this doesn't mean that a billion Chinese, however efficient they are at building high-tech metropolises, won't utterly destroy America as she used to be known and change it into something resembling China 2.

IQ similarity notwithstanding to the contrary, the Chinese people as a group are markedly different in temperament and personality than White European people as a group. If you value diversity of nations, you would be against turning America into China 2. No offense to the Chinese, but I'd rather they enjoy the full flowering of their Chinese-ness in their own country.

Given the obvious implications above, you would think that normally smart bloggers would avoid straying into territory that fetishizes IQ to the detriment of any other consideration. Commenting about enclaves for the intelligent, PA wrote,

Any solution short of dejure racial segregation will be harmful to whites. But I understand, baby steps toward dismantling the Civil Rights monstrosity we're living under now.

A white person with 90 IQ is very different from a 90-IQ back in temperament, attitude toward sex and family, future time orientation, taste in music, and a myriad other things.

Lower-SES whites also need informal social contact with higher SES whites for aspirational reasons and guidance. Higher class whites also benefit from communal ties with blue collar whites–the malign downstream effect of the upper class white bubble is apparent in nearly every subject of discussion here.

This sensible appreciation of race differences beyond the IQ factor was met with scorn by the NYC-residing

proprietor.

A 90-IQ white is a lot more like a 90-IQ black than he or she is like a 115-IQ white.

And 90-IQ whites are pretty much identical to 90-IQ Mestizo Hispanics.

A statement like this betrays a lifetime devoted to shutting oneself into a video gaming room or an exclusive summer camp. I don't know if he's lived in downscale white or black neighborhoods — if he claims he has and still makes statements like this perhaps he should be called "Liar of the Blogosphere" — but for those who have the thing you notice almost before you notice if it's raining outside is how differently "prole" whites behave from ghetto or even middle class blacks. A group of 90 IQ whites won't be scintillating company to a 115 IQ spiteful ingrate, and they'll have some annoying habits of mind and banal cultural pleasures, but they will never be mistaken for a group of 90 IQ blacks. Not by anyone with a modicum of personal integrity. The difference in vibe and social experience, not to mention volume, will feel like a slap across the face.

IQ fetishism, in case you couldn't previously tell, happens to be quite frequently the province of HBDers with an axe to grind against… mmm, how shall we say… heathen whites. The acidic spite and nursed lifelong hatred waft like a cloud of smog from a Shanghai knock-off factory.

SWPLs and their sympatico ethnies don't much care for flyover whites, but if their hands were forced you can bet Fuckerberg's bankroll that they'd choose to live in a neighborhood of predominately 90 IQ whites than in a hood of predominately 90 IQ blacks. The hatred they feel for "the wrong kind of white people" — as opposed to the indifference and pity and paternalism they feel toward their non-white pawns — is better explained by that ageless aphorism "There but for the grace of God go I". As kissing cousins, the massed numbers of prole whites are the nearest threat to the pretentious SWPL's cultivated sense of aristocratic superiority.

In related shivs, I wonder if LotB is aware that the cast of *Jersey Shore* are prepped to exaggerate their prole behavior to extremes? It's like he actually believes reality TV is reality. Too funny!

Comment Of The Week: The Best A Woman Can Be

CH · 27 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

PA grabs the Golden COTW,

> Vox had a post this morning that features two pretty twins and likely meth-heads busted for prostitution, working for a black pimp. CH tweeted the link this morning.
>
> One wonders about anyone in their life, maybe long ago such as their great-grandfather before they were born, who'd have been heartbroken about how they ended up. Maybe he even was like the daddy in Loretta Lynn's "Coalminers Daughter."
>
> A philosophical question comes up, contemplating these wasted girls. What would be their opposite, the best a woman can be?
>
> A scientist, writer, Olympic star? No. A rare Jane Austen aside, female accomplishment is superfluous to male accomplishment, and it comes at too great an opportunity-cost if she fails to have children.
>
> Then, maybe giving a nod to hedonism, is being a lissome young hottie with a job and a degree, confidently strutting down a fashionable district the best a woman can be? No. Although her smile is gold, the raw sex appeal of a bernankified skirt pales next to the flash of an Amish girl's pale wrist and blushing cheek.
>
> It seems then, that the best a woman can be is to be a good wife to a solid man and a mother to children that bear his likeness.
>
> Greatness is so in reach to the woman. It's a tragedy and a crime that the land we call our country makes it so rare a thing.

Declining civilizations all share a malign distinction: The elevation of the ugly and the repudiation of the beautiful, in body and spirit and language and art. Living in America at this time is to experience a daily carnival of the ugly lording it over the beautiful. It is a dark time, but also a fascinating time for those who can step outside the rushing stream of sewage and contemplate it from a distance.

Why this should be so is a mystery with a million clues, but there appears to be an ancient demonic algorithm encoded in the birthright of mankind that stirs to life when a people have succeeded and prepare to enjoy the long spoils of their labors. Like Agent Smith, once this arcane mind virus starts spreading there's no stopping it, not without terrible sacrifice. Humility yields to hedonism, and then to cultural exhaustion, which ends in hallucinogenic self-annihilation. Perhaps white people suffer from this mind virus more acutely.

PA's timeless truth is revolting to the Heralds of Hideousness. It causes them great psychic pain to hear it. Their thrashing is enjoyable to behold.

***

Occasionally, very witty or, uh, passionate haters will win a Comment of the Week. "Becky" is COTW shambler-up with this acrid fleck of rage.

> As a female minority in T.O., I would say this is a pathetic article. Women are people, not receptacles for your tiny dick you misogynistic, fist pumping, popped collar douchebags. This is one of the worst articles I've ever read.
>
> How incredibly sexist and douchey of you. Not surprised no woman wanted the time of day with you or your misogyny. Maybe women have standards and are happy with who they are and don't need assholes like you telling them otherwise. Or hey! Maybe they're not all in to men. Stop assuming you deserve a woman simply because you're a man and maybe women will be more likely to head your way. Just a helpful life tip. It's 2014 dude. Grow up. Evolve or suffer a lonely life.

> Our bodies are not objects you tools! **[ed: self-contradiction within the span of seven words! impressive.]**

But, not sure if…

or…

The Shortest Definition Of Game

CH · 28 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Every so often, a new reader (or a veteran cynical reader) will ask, “How would you describe Game in three words or fewer?”

Chateau Heartiste has referred to game as “learned charisma”, or “applied charisma”. I believe this gets about as close as possible to a true definition of game that doesn’t rely on describing techniques as a substitute for explaining the essence of the thing.

But “applied charisma” leaves some readers who are less favorably inclined to abstraction scratching their heads. What is charisma?, they might ask.

As it relates to game and seducing women, charisma is cool. Prepossession. State control. Grace under pressure. Self-regard. Insouciance. Fearlessness. Charm. Freedom. Outcome independence. It’s a take it or leave it attitude wrapped in a cloak of mirth.

Following from this, a short definition of Game is:

The practice of challenging women.

Being a challenge to women means sexual entitlement. It means teasing, testing, and refusing her tests. It means behavior that shapes women’s impressions of you as a higher value man, which in turn means a more sexually attractive man. Most if not all game concepts and tactics — negs, compliance hoops, freeze-outs, the poon commandments, storytelling, preselection, abundance mentality, flipping the script, disqualification — can be collectively grouped under the category of How to be a Challenge to Women.

Why do women want a challenging man? Women are unique in this way. Men have no desire for challenging women. Men love nothing more than sweet women who make their lives easier and don’t play head games. Women, in stark contrast, need challenging men (especially in the early going of a courtship) because their particular psychologies emerge from a biological substrate that is designed to function on cues supplied by non-physical and thus less conspicuous male traits, such as men’s social status and attractiveness to other women.

Being a challenge has the same effect on women as a slender hourglass figure and pretty face have on men: Urgent stimulation.

Women Prefer Jerks And Men Prefer Nicegirls

CH · 28 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Chicks dig aloof and indifferent jerks. It's a stereotype for a reason. Our ancestors who had experience with women beyond typing furious white knight screeds on feminist blogs and collecting cheetos dust in their manboob cleavage have witnessed this adage in action so often that it's long been accepted wisdom, passed down from grandfather to father to son. (Until the chain of realtalk was broken with the advent of equalism.)

This facet of female sexual nature is so plain as day that even indignant feminists and ignoramus tradcons have conceded some ground on the issue. As they have retreated in shame ahead of the advancing armies of the Chateau id-palers, they've been reduced to arguing "yeah, well, ok but so do men!" and babbling incoherent nonsense about men preferring "bitches".

CH corrected their misunderstanding in as gentle a manner as befits this noble house, noting that, absent a few rare self-gelding exceptions to the rule, the desire to love and be loved by a jerk is a far stronger and frequently expressed impulse in women than the desire to love a bitch is in those few men who like to be pegged.

Or: If the "bitch" is hot, men will still want to fuck her, albeit with reservations concerning any long-term commitment potential. If the "bitch" is not hot, they won't.

Women, as is their sex's formerly inscrutable wont, are markedly different from men in this regard. The jerkboy attitude ITSELF is inherently attractive to women, and women even prefer to harness the commitment of jerks to the detriment of beta male supplicants.

But, why bother retelling the wisdom of the ancients and of the clear-eyed moderns to low born plebes when one can summon a mighty Shiv forged of Heartistian steel instead? A twist of the hilt and equalist ego guts spill out in technicolor anguish.

> Men are sexually attracted to women who show an interest in them or who are responsive during a date, the study found. On the flip side, women are not sexually interested in the responsive men they meet for the first time, the research also discovered.
>
> "We wanted to understand the reasons for these gender differences," said the study's lead researcher, Gurit Birnbaum, an associate professor of psychology at the Interdisciplinary Center (IDC) Herzliya in Israel. "What makes a responsive woman sexually attractive, and what makes a responsive man less sexually attractive?" […]
>
> Men who perceive women to be interested in them rated the women as more feminine and sexually attractive. They also showed more interest in having long-term relationships with the responsive women than with the nonresponsive women.

Men dig non-bitchy, feminine women. Commence with the flabbergasting!

> At the end of each experiment, the students rated their partners on scales such as responsiveness, attractiveness and masculinity or femininity.
>
> Gender-based stereotypes may play a role in the men's preference for responsive women, Birnbaum said. During a first date, people tend to rely on gender stereotypes for how they think a person should act. Men may find women more attractive if they fit the female stereotype of showing care and concern, she added.

Nope.

> Or, men may think that responsive women are sexually interested in them. This may explain why men rate these "nice" women as more attractive and feminine, Birnbaum said.

Bingo. Also, I'd add that a nice, feminine woman signals to a man that she'll be a faithful wife and nurturing mother to his children.

> "I didn't know until this [journal] article that men perceive responsive women not only as feminine, but also as sexually arousing," Finkel told Live Science in an email. "I could have imagined a different set of results in which men found such women feminine, but then viewed them as dainty or less sexually desirable. Birnbaum and colleagues showed that the opposite is true."

Yes, nicegirls aren't just admirable or coveted for nonsexual reasons; they are also very arousing to men.

> In contrast to the men, the women in the study did not rate the responsive men as more attractive or masculine than the nonresponsive men — a finding that surprised experts.

"Nonresponsive" = "jerk".

> The study did not reveal why women are not sexually interested in responsive men on the first date, but Birnbaum offered several ideas.
>
> Women are typically more cautious daters than men are, and may be skeptical of a responsive man, Birnbaum said. Or, she added, women may think the men are trying too hard to win their affection and get them into bed.
>
> Or, women may see responsive men as eager to please, or even desperate, Birnbaum said. Perhaps, the researchers noted, women may view a responsive man as vulnerable and less dominant.

Bingos all around!

> "Regardless of the reasons, perhaps men should slow down, if their goal is to instill sexual desire," Birnbaum said.

Or, be a challenge.

For Hivemind takes on the studies, see "Study finds that men like nice women, but not the other way around" and "Why playing hard to get only works for men."

Mmmm. The Scalzied tears of a feminist clown.

So here we come to the close of yet another series of studies which vindicate CH teachings and game. I'd say my turgid vanity couldn't handle any more old fashioneds, but no, my appetite for strokings is inexhaustible.

Lesson for women: The way to a man's heart is straight and true.

Lesson for men: The way to a woman's heart is oblique and discreet.

Beta Of The Month: (Male) Looks Are Deceiving

CH · 29 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

We've got a trifecta of beta males this month vying for #1 Beta. You sit in judgment. It's all good, sadistic fun, but remember, one of these betas could stumble across this site, read their demolition and experience a rebirth. You might just save a life today.

BOTM Candidate #1 is Nick Viall, the runner-up on that idiot box show "The Bachelorette". Some slut born with her legs spread slept with both him and the eventual winner of her hand in marriage. She rejected Viall, and well, he reacted… poorly.

> As fans saw on the Monday, July 28, finale of *The Bachelorette*, **Andi Dorfman** chose and got engaged to former baseball player **Josh Murray** in the Dominican Republic, leaving runner-up **Nick Viall** heartbroken and confused. Viall tried multiple times after their breakup to get back in touch with the woman he thought would be his wife—and he finally got his chance to confront her during the live post-finale sit-down.

Both of the bachelors — Viall and Murray — are handsome. You can look up their pics. Why is this relevant? Because there is a stubborn contingent of ignoramuses who cling to their belief that handsome man can't possibly be beta and repel women.

> Clearly still devastated, Viall began by telling host **Chris Harrison** that he just wanted to have an "honest conversation" with Dorfman about what went down between them. The conversation was honest, all right—but it was also awkward, uncomfortable, and rife with tension.

There are many tells of the beta male, but few so conspicuous as the butthurt yearning to have a "conversation" with the woman who inexplicably resisted his loving, responsive beta male charms.

> Viall told Dorfman he would always be grateful to her for opening his eyes and his heart to the possibility of romance. She responded, in turn, by saying that he would find love again, and that he deserved someone who would reciprocate his feelings 100 percent.

Women are so sweetly patronizing to beta males. This is why you never want to be on the receiving end of a woman's cooing pity. She's telling you the sound of your voice makes her vagina seal tight like a clam exposed on the beach.

> "The hard part is…feeling like you did," he said. Then, referencing the night they spent together in the Fantasy Suite, he added, "If you knew how in love with you I was, why did you make love with me?"

Beta males "make love". Alpha males "fuck". (Or bang.) Most men believe women want the former, or want to hear about the former, because that's what women say they want when asked. So much ignorance. Rule Number One:

(repeat after me)

DON'T LISTEN TO WHAT WOMEN SAY, WATCH WHAT THEY DO.

> His comment stunned both Dorfman and the audience, who let out a collective gasp at the remark. "That's below the belt," she said coolly, chiding him for revealing personal information on national TV.

Yes, women don't want to be reminded of their sexual natures. And who can blame them? Female sexual desire, stripped of its pleasant accoutrements, is quite wild and depraved.

> She then proceeded to defend herself and her actions, telling him she respected him enough to let him know before the rose ceremony that they didn't have a future together. "I didn't have you pick out a ring. I didn't have you walk down there and think you were gonna propose to somebody," she said. "I did that out of respect for you."

More likely, she avoided unnecessary cruelty toward him because she didn't want to risk a beta blow-up.

Playing devil's advocate, if Viall's mewling plea was an actorly ploy to publicize Dorfman's sluttery, (and in the so doing reveal a side of women that is largely hidden from viewer masses), it was brilliant. I think the odds of that are very low, so I included him in this month's BOTM.

> He then sent Viall backstage before reuniting the Bachelorette with her newly minted fiance.
>
> Things were much more lighthearted after that.

The magic of that alpha male attitude!

> Dorfman and Murray openly cuddled on the couch, giggling together and kissing between questions. "We're in love!" she gushed when Harrison pointed out that they couldn't keep their hands off each other.

I guess he's OK with this television-cum-real life whore fucking another man at the same time he was courting her?

> Her groom-to-be even joked that he was trying to get her pregnant.

Gotta hurry and push that tepid beta male seed outta the way.

Moral of the shiv: If you think you've completely won over a slutty woman's heart by "making love" to her once, you might be a beta male.

******

BOTM Candidate #2 is a Reddit cuckold whose mysteriously low libido asexual girlfriend went on vacation without him, and…. (I bet the suspense is killing you)

> My GF and i have been dating for 5 months now. This lady and i have have never had intercourse.

> Around a month or so ago she went on vacation with a close friend of hers and her friends family. They come back, everything seems hunky dory. Fast forward to yesterday. She informs me that one night on vacation she was black out drunk after a long day of heavy drinking on the beach, wakes up in her hotel later that night and her friend tells her that she went off with a pair of guys.

Why did his girlfriend so readily confess her party slut sins to him? One, she has so little respect or desire for his manhood that she neither fears his retribution nor cares for his psychic pain. Two, the "blackout drunk" plot device

is a helpful bit of plausible deniability meant to keep a hopeful, irrepressibly loyal beta male strung along for further provision and emotional support extraction. Yeah, she may have been drunk, but who chose to pour drinks down her throat? Vlad Putin?

> Now her friend assumed she had sex, my GF is in denial (being blacked out).

"I'm a beta male and I believe her 100%!"

> She thought nothing of it. Turns out she is pregnant.

Her slutcation fling didn't have to wait five months. Don't expect a beta male to ponder the discrepancy. That would ruin the shine on his whore's pedestal.

> Shes absolutely scared to death, shaking, sobbing, apologizing profusely saying "you don't deserve this, you deserve better".

She's scared her faithful lapdog "boyfriend" will abandon her and not foot her abortion bill… or the 18-year-blood-from-a-beta bill.

> I've never thought she is the type to go out and have a random hook up especially being that at that point we decided to be exclusive.

How do you decide to be exclusive to a girl you haven't fucked once in the five months you've known her? "Hey babe, from this point onward you can't cocktease any other men besides me."

> Her family, with whom she is very close to, being very religious and conservative, lose shit on her because she is seriously considering an abortion.

I hope her pro-life parents are prepared for the possibility of a… vibrant… gift from God.

> I ask if she honestly wants to be with me to which she replies yes, most definitely.

Subtext: "Who else will stick around to wipe the shit off my bastard child's bottom and suffer in silence as I get my cunt scoured by more exciting men?"

> I feel the same way. i propose that we can work through this and that no matter what she decides i will back her 100%.

This is what a man with limited options, or a perception of limited options, sounds like.

> We speak awhile and leave on okay terms. She decides to stay with her friend for awhile.

"Aww, he's so sweet": Heard about fifty times at her friend's place.

> my reaction. I'm stunned.

It's time to stop being stunned. Come visit Le Chateau. Leave an informed consumer.

> I know that shes a good girl, not the most responsible person ever but has a good heart

“has a good heart”?! She got hammered, hammered, and wants to hammer this tool into cuckold submission. Fuckin a, does a girl have to leave a body in the basement before her beta sycophant will question her virtue?

> and never wants to hurt anyone. At the same time i cant help but to think about all the possibilities of what happened on that vacation. Was she raped? Drugged? Did she want a hook up?

No, no, yes. Answers that he’ll tell himself to quiet the inner rage: Yes, yes, no.

> My personal opinion is that abortion is the best option, i haven’t told her that in fear of swaying her decision one way or the other but i feel like her family will guilt her into keeping the child. i really don’t know what to do at this point. Did i do the right thing? Any opinion or advice would be greatly appreciated.

Just think, in the not-too-distant sexual market of the past when contraceptive cop-outs were rare and beta males were tougher men than they are now, this princess would have had to think twice before happily stumbling onto a vacation cock carousel.

> **tl;dr**: GF of five months goes on vaca, has sex, tells me yesterday she is pregnant and considering abortion. Please help! Need advice!

Thank your savior for small blessings: You aren’t married to the manipulative bitch. Toss her a razor blade, suggest she slice lengthwise, and leave her for good. You won’t do this, but if you did you’d be a better man instantly. And it would change the sad trajectory of your pathetic life forever.

******

BOTM Candidate #3 is this responsive boyfriend:

There’s more wrong with this picture than what immediately arrests the eye. Yes, she’s a grotesque tub of lard, and beta males are often reduced to settling for these swine pieces to get any action. More revealingly, this fupa queen shits all over her boyfriend’s (or beta orbiter’s?) honor by making a spectacle of herself to the jeers of gawkers.

Judging by the hats, this shot was taken in America.

American woman, lay your gut on me.
American woman, mama jump on me.
Beta dog gonna lift you up
So all the men see your wee A cups.

******

The voting:

The Child Heartiste

CH · 29 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Shortest Definition Of Game

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Being a challenge has the same effect on women as a slender hourglass figure and pretty face have on men: Urgent stimulation.

The End Game Of The Matriarchy

CH · 30 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Patriarchy is dead. God save the Patriarchy!

In the archives are CH posts about feminist utopias, how they would manifest and the signs that America is becoming a version of one.

If the lesson wasn't yet clear, matriarchies suck. Historically and present-day, matriarchies (or facsimiles thereof) are associated with poverty, disease, violence and navel-gazing decline. Where a matriarchy is evolving, a civilization is devolving.

Here's Exhibit M as evidence that we in the US may have crossed a matriarchal Rubicon (Boobicon?):

What used to be underground — gigolos, minus the tacit sex — has gone mainstream. A start-up is offering women their very own personal "ManServant", or what we in the seduction domculture call "beta male orbiters", "white knights" and "incels".

> It's not a stripper who gets naked and rubs his greasy body all over you. It's a ManServant: a gentleman who treats you like a queen. Book one for a bachelorette party or any gathering to be your personal photographer, bartender, bodyguard, and butler all in one.

How is a ManServant addressed?

> A ManServant will answer to the name you've bestowed upon him, whether it's Garçon, Bartholomew, or Ryan Gosling. **[ed: John Scalzi and David Fatrelle were taken.]**

What is a ManServant's code of conduct?

> A ManServant always responds with "As you wish."
>
> A ManServant shall address clientele with "My lady."
>
> A ManServant keeps his penis in his pants and out of the lady's face.
>
> The Rules to being a ManServant: The lady always makes The Rules.

What are some of the ManServant's duties?

> Takes photos.
>
> Gives round-the-clock compliments.
>
> Cleans up your hot mess.
>
> Going to a ballgame? He'll be your sports announcer, wait in line for the restroom, and get your hot dogs.
>
> At the club, he'll act as your bodyguard: secure drinks, shoo away douchebags, and drop off or pick you up curbside.

If it weren't so ominous it'd be funny.

Naturally, women have to pay for these services, which is telling in itself. Women don't value men for their penii or sexual prowess. What women value is what women will pay for, and that is male commitment, provisioning, and emotional support.

Just as naturally, real life ManServants get no nookie, because what comforts women in their moments of social

need is not the same as what excites them in their moments of sexual need.

ManServitude is just about the end game of the feminist matriarchy. Strip men of all offensive male sexuality — essentially create a kneeling army of eunuchs — and set them loose upon the land to take photos of attention whores and cockblock men with dignity and a working pair.

How soon until ManServitude moves from plucky business venture to accepted cultural practice to legally enforced Damegeld?

Recall CH's maxim about the true nature of feminism (and, related, the true nature of equalism):

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

Welcome to AndrogyNation. Where the women are pushed to be men and the men are happy to be women.

I talk a fair bit about the decline of America, but theatrical aplomb aside I never seriously entertained the thought that the collapse of my country would happen within my lifetime. Now I've begun to wonder.

Fat Chicks Misconstrue Male Attention As Thirst

CH · 30 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In yesterday's post, one of the beta male of the month contenders was a guy who had lifted a hideous chubster onto his shoulders ("Do I even lift? Why, yes, I do lift!") so that she could flash the crowd of gawkers a pair of bee stings that Manboob Emeritus David Fatrelle laughs at.

Interestingly, as a reader pointed out, there's a hidden shiv in this photo if you look closely and direct your attention to the grinning man in the black hoodie, front and center.

"Da fuckin' tits and bellybutton look like a face!"

Sure, a chubster publicly undulating her naked rolls will achieve "attention" from men, but not all of it, in fact not

much of it, will be the sort of attention she wants. Men gawk at naked fat chicks like they gawk at car accidents, or at Kramer's self-portrait. "She's a loathsome offensive beast, yet I can't look away."

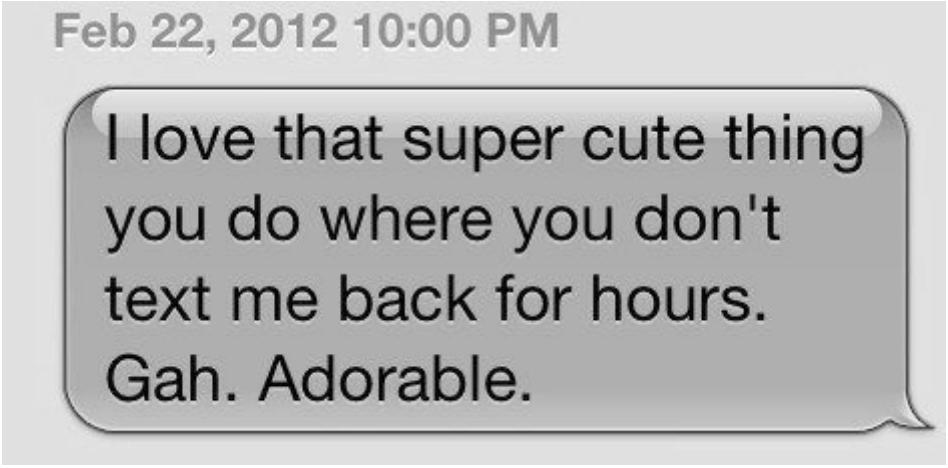
So for all the fat and ugly and manjawed lawyer attention whores who like to clit-stroke on cue about the surfeit of male attention they get, it's helpful to keep in mind that a lot of the so-called "attention" they think they receive from men is nothing more than the furtive ridicule of happy-go-lucky rogues.

If A Girl Doesn't Text Back

CH · 31 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

…don't do these "perfect responses". Self-deprecation and tacit acknowledgment of one's rejection may amuse an audience of Buzzfeeding drones, but it won't make ginas jingle.

Ironically, one of the "perfect" text responses to a wordless antagonist unintentionally reveals the seductive power of "radio silence game".



A little digging suggests the author of this particular text is a girl. Sarcastic nuance to the contrary notwithstanding, not texting back for hours does appear to be very adorable to chicks, because there she is sending out a distress signal for her silent suitor. Interest confirmed. (When a girl loses interest, or never had interest, she's not thinking of you hours later.) If this guy were to reply "lol" right now, she'd be ready all over again to slip into her pretty panties and dream of his objectifying gaze.

So what do you do when a girl doesn't text you back (say, after you've sent out a feeler text for a meet-up)?

1. **She will not reply.** Don't bother setting up a date. Her interest level isn't strong enough. You've just saved an hour of your time and $20 for drinks.
2. **She will reply a few hours later, or the next day.** She's on the fence and probably dating other guys. Use your discretion to decide whether to give her the chance to enjoy the pleasure of your real live company on a date. If you're juggling a lot of girls and getting laid already, you may want to skip these wafflers.
3. **She will reply within ten minutes.** She's into you. Take her on a date and bring a condom.

If a girl doesn't text you back within a reasonable window of time (two days, max), don't bother trying to reopen the lines of communication. Her interest level is zero and she's hoping you forgot you met her.

That said, there is a case to be made for attempting *something* on a long shot. It's not like texting is any serious expenditure of your time or effort. So, for example, let's say you've heard nothing from a girl you texted three days ago about meeting up. A last ditch text that might bring her fold back into your fold is this favorite of mine:

"made you look"

It's funny, it's non-needy, and it's low expectation. (Don't forget insouciantly unpunctuated, your liege.) Most intransigent girls will respond to the above.

Another one I sometimes use on disappearing act girls:

"hey carrie, drinks thur at [x], 8pm"

The bite in this broadcast happens to be the fact that "carrie" is not the name of the girl I'm texting. She reads it,

wonders who Carrie is, and feels compelled to respond in some manner. Her response could be positive or negative, and it doesn't matter, because *any* response from a girl is better than no response. A talking girl you can work with; a silent girl is unreachable. She might therefore reply,

"I'm not Carrie"

…to which I would say "close?" and wait to see if she chomps on the stinky bait.

Texting has really opened up a world of experimental game possibilities because of its low barrier to entry (pun intended). Phone calls are emotionally draining for many men and require focus on multiple attractiveness cues, like vocal tone. Plus, girls are readier to ignore phone calls than they are texts, for similar reasons as men are to avoid making phone calls: There are more mate value variables of which to be cognizant in a phone call than there are in text.

JavaScript Male

CH · 31 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Skittles Man has his antithesis: Meet JavaScript Male*.

Commenter Reservoir Tip writes,

> The female reception of this piece, even here at CH, has been incredibly elementary.
>
> I imagine the beta man-boob response is no different.
>
> Reminds me of a funny story, actually.
>
> Recently I was on Facebook (I know I shouldn't have one, but Tinder) and a girl friend of mine asked via status update whether she should get a pixie cut or grow her hair out.
>
> I told her, "pixie cut and I'm personally kicking your ass."
>
> To which her feminist friends and a former friend of mine turned hardcore cultural Marxist manboob replied, "omg Reservoir Tip's opinion is stupid. Why are you even concerned about societal standards of beauty?" (LOL)
>
> Then the manboob, who I assume is somewhat into the girl, posts something for the beta hall of fame.
>
> "I wrote you a java script to help you figure out which style is going to work best for you" and of course, he posts the script.
>
> As if she has any idea what the hell to do with it. Neutered man-booby goonery at its finest. I could practically feel his anticipation for her thanks and whatever attention she would afford him.
>
> "Oh I know how to win her over! I'll write her some java script! That'll get her attention!"
>
> "I'LL WRITE HER SOME JAVA SCRIPT!"
>
> "JAVA SCRIPT"

These feelings I have
I WROTE YOU A
JAVA SCRIPT

Pickup artists are creepy
I WROTE YOU A
JAVA SCRIPT

*I can't bring myself to call him JavaScript Man, because the term "man" carries positive character associations. Low T beta losers who behave in ways more typical of women and betray a lifetime spent struggling with testes nestled somewhere up near their diaphragms are best described as "male", acknowledging the fact that they possess some rudimentary form of biological maleness, however actively it's suppressed.

Is The Collapse Of America Inevitable?

CH · 1 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A chilling academic paper titled “The Population Cycle Drives Human History — from a Eugenic Phase into a Dysgenic Phase and Eventual Collapse” landed like a soggy Sunday paper at the Chateau doorstep.

> In the period before the onset of demographic transition, when fertility rates were positively associated with income levels, Malthusian pressure gave an evolutionary advantage to individuals whose characteristics were positively correlated with child quality and hence higher IQ, increasing in such a way the frequency of underlying genes in the population. As the fraction of individuals of higher quality increased, technological progress intensified. Positive feedback between technological progress and the level of education reinforced the growth process, setting the stage for an industrial revolution that facilitated an endogenous take-off from the Malthusian trap. The population density rose and with it social and political friction, especially important at the top of the social pyramid. Thus, from a certain turning point of history, the well-to-do have fewer children than the poor. Once the economic environment improves sufficiently, the evolutionary pressure weakens, and on the basis of spreading egalitarian ideology and general suffrage the quantity of people gains dominance over quality. At present, we have already reached the phase of global human capital deterioration as the necessary prerequisite for a global collapse by which the overpopulated earth will decimate a species with an average IQ, still too mediocre to understand its own evolution and steer its course.

Executive summary: Equalism is death.

Longer version: Economic success contains the seed of its own destruction. As a people become wealthier and their miseries alleviated by technology, equalism (formerly known as egalitarianism, or in its looser form as liberalism) finds fertile ground in social discourse, and welfare safety nets grow in breadth and complexity, thwarting the natural evolutionary culling process until the reproductive rewards are shared equally between the fit and unfit, and finally reaching a nadir when the economically unfit become reproductively favored at the expense of the economically fit.

Idiocracy, as I have stated, may be the most prophetic movie of any time. The earth becomes overpopulated with mediocrities and dummies as technology interferes with the natural and healthy culling process, the equalist ideology hastens the dysgenic trend, and finally the barbarians swarm over their demographically dying equalist overlords, ending the civilizational project until the cycle renews and rebirth can find purchase in the smoldering ashes.

The difference now? Nukes. All bets are off on how this iteration of doom will realize its potential. It’s possible the destruction this time around is so complete a new cycle of human transcendence will be stillborn.

What does it mean for humanity to understand its own evolution and to “steer its course”? It means knowing that bleeding hearts lead to bleeding civilizations. A few far-seeing people know the score. A great paternalistic (patriarchal, even) impulse — but one that is necessarily cruel (to be kind) — is needed to steer this darkly enlightened course to a happier outcome. I envision a **CH six-point insurance program of collapse prevention**:

1. Close the borders to Western nations indefinitely. (Reason is self-evident.)
2. Create voluntary incentives to reduce dysgenic fertility. (Dollars for Depo.)
3. Discourage IQ- and education-based assortative mating. (Successful men pairing off with pretty, but less educationally attained women, is eugenic. The smart, industrious genes are passed more fully around the general population.)
4. Reinvigorate protectionism. (Gutted native wages only intensifies public pressure for government largesse to a growing segment of long-term unemployed.)
5. Eliminate all female-friendly public policies. (No more Title IX, mandated day-care, freebie contraceptives, etc.

The evidence is strong that publicly catering to women's fickle pleasures incentivizes bad things like single mommery, latchkey kids, late marriage, low fertility of the higher classes, and punishment of creative iconoclasts who are the engine of progress.)
6. Reduce proximate diversity. (Social atomization encourages short term time orientation, distrust, and corruption, which lead to incompetence and decay.)

That last one may require a break-up of the US. Ironically, to save America, you must kill it first.

Toddler Game

CH · 2 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Too funny. Even funnier: There are some gems of game to be mined from this humor. A reader writes,

> It's titled "Things You Can't Do When You're Not a Toddler". I say it's Things You Do When You Don't Give a Fuck.
>
> I'm going to walk up to girls and announce that I sleep in a big boy bed.

The "big boy bed" line is gold, and would work if your delivery is stone-faced. Other examples of "Toddler Game" that can be modified for adult-sized game.

– Walking naked in front of a girl you just started dating. ("I need these moments of freedom.")
– "I'm 35-and-a-half." Good all-purpose answer to girls asking your age.
– Hiding behind a pant leg or a chair when a girl asks you a personal question.
– Swapping a girl's glasses and examining them with focused intent.
– Throwing stuff on the ground.

CH has covered this territory before. Children are great real life naturals at game. You'll get a better education in how to tease women by watching little boys interact with little girls. We forget these life lessons as adulthood robs us of our wonderment and carefree attitude. Chicks dig the free and easy boy inside.

It’s Happening

CH · 4 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Via. This is the first pro-white, pro-European video I’ve seen that didn’t flirt with subtext. The message is loud and clear and unmistakable. Now the fight can commence on fair terms.

The Working Woman's New Master

CH · 4 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The careerist shrike is emblematic of social dissolution and sexual market atavism. Yet women have historically worked in some capacity, whether that was at home or in the fields. It's a rare culture where the average woman lounges around all day while men and hand maidens provide her an endless stream of creature comforts.

The difference in this iteration of decivilization is the nature of the work occupying the energies and time of "modern" Western women (who are better categorized as premodern women aping the sub-Sahara African style of year-round female farming self-sustenance). "Working" women existed throughout European history, but the substance of their work and, more importantly, the people for whom they worked were markedly different than what we have now, distilled to its rotten essence in the manjawed, pulsing forehead-veined, tankgrrl lawyercunt.

A reader writes,

> You said that "women are happier when they abide traditional sex roles." That is very true, but most people do not know what the role of women was in unadulterated European society. Below is a link to The Moneychanger and his Wife, painted in 1539.

> Notice the wife is working with her husband by making entries into the accounting book. Wives were usually expected to work in whatever trade the husband's was. For example, a farmer's wife did farming. This also included military ranks, for example the wife of an army count was a countess. Robert E. Lee's wife was called "Mrs. General Lee."
>
> The wife was there to help her husband with his trade. Help would consist of cooking and making clothes so to free up his time, then any other time would be to work in that trade. In European civilization a husband and wife were considered partners. Often married couples would be hired as opposed to individuals. Ever notice the Queen sat next to the King?

Good point. Historians in the CH audience can attest to how widespread was the practice of European partnership-style marriage, where the wife's role was employee to her husband-boss.

What the reader describes is a superior form of social system that redirects the natural female (of which "wife" is a subset) hypergamous instinct *toward*, instead of against, her husband. The working European woman of 1539 was working for her husband. Her lover and her comfort and her family was also her boss. In this arrangement it would

be hard for her *not* to look up to him, and to admire him, and this admiration would translate quite easily into happy sexual submission. Her instinctual compulsion to surrender to a better man would be sated, and her marriage would thus be stronger.

What we have today is that same working-woman hypergamy now directed to powerful men who are not her husband. The modern wife leaves the world of her husband every morning to submit to sexy male rulers presiding over the parallel world she inhabits during the day. She still has a boss, but it's no longer her husband. The temptation for her to cheat, either bodily or in mind, must be great. The male equivalent would be as if dutiful husbands were catered to on the job by a steady stream of swimsuit models. Even the firmest virtue will bend to perpetual succulent vice.

This is why I argue that feminist-inspired, female-aggrandizing public policies should be repealed. "Pro-woman" (aka pro-r-selection) policies like Title IX and mandated maternity leave create perverse incentives for a sub-Saharan female-forager style social system that channels natural female hypergamy toward company men and away from family men. Men — particularly men with little experience bedding women — have a hard time understanding this primal craving of women for higher status mates, because men don't give a fig about female status. To help focus minds, recall what you as a man feel when a beautiful young woman poured into a slinky cocktail dress sits close to you and smiles. That's what women feel in the presence of powerful male bosses commanding them to do their bidding.

Starting to feel a little nervous kissing your wife goodbye as she heads to work in the morning? You should. She's doing something that most of her female ancestors never did.

Masculine Men And Feminine Women Are Happier

CH · 5 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

CH wrote a few posts explaining why the losers of humanity act out the way they do. WELP, here comes ❤science❤ to… once again… wrap her luscious DSLs around the Heartiste Hambone.

Masculine men and feminine women have greater life satisfaction.

> The aim of this study was to investigate the relevance of self-identification in traditional gender roles of masculinity and femininity in women's and men's life satisfaction. Participants consisted of 1233 women and 1233 men from the Spanish general population aged between 20 and 60 years. Hierarchical multiple regression analyses showed that although in both genders the most important predictors of life satisfaction were self-esteem and social support, both masculinity and femininity were associated with higher life satisfaction in women and men. Besides, in the prediction of life satisfaction, femininity interacted with social support in women, and masculinity with self-esteem in men, and it was found that the association between femininity and life satisfaction only occurred in women with high social support, and self-esteem was associated with life satisfaction only in men with low masculinity. These results provide information concerning the significance of adherence to gender roles in life satisfaction.

Every goddamned lying filthy loser feminist cunt and mewling diaper loading male feminist manboob just wept on cue. (John Scalzi and David Fatrelle are at this very moment hugging it out, bitch titties intermingling in a dance of erect nipples and pimpled cleavage.)

The evidence is mounting (heh): Happy people are people who more closely adhere to the normal expression of biological sex traits and sex roles. Anyone who veers far from the archetype for her sex will experience unhappiness, dissatisfaction, bitterness, and an unrelenting urge to undermine social norms, get back at her dad, and post tumblr pics of her gross body in a fatkini while insisting she's sexually attractive to hot, studly men.

If you're a man, the more you look and act like a masculine man, the more satisfied you are with yourself. If you're a woman, the more you look and act like a feminine woman, the more satisfied you are with yourself.

It's as simple as that. And that's why it drives the rejects on the archipelago of misfit mutants crazy with resentment. It's a beautiful truth so elegant in its simplicity and unassailable in its parsimony that there's no way for the degenerates to escape its merciless judgment. They are left swinging futilely at their timeless tormentor, retreating into a false bravado built with lies, sophistry, desperation and the company of their miserable sideshow scoldmates.

Fortunately for the entertainment of the CH reading audience, the Cosmic Shiv doesn't suffer these tools gladly.

Chateau Style Guide: The Ambiguity Principle

CH · 6 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This isn't the first CH style post, but it is the most scientifically validated. The optimal color coordination is only moderately matched.

> Fashion is an essential part of human experience and an industry worth over $1.7 trillion. Important choices such as hiring or dating someone are often based on the clothing people wear, and yet we understand almost nothing about the objective features that make an outfit fashionable. In this study, we provide an empirical approach to this key aesthetic domain, examining the link between color coordination and fashionableness. Studies reveal a robust quadratic effect, such that that maximum fashionableness is attained when outfits are neither too coordinated nor too different. In other words, fashionable outfits are those that are moderately matched, not those that are ultra-matched ("matchy-matchy") or zero-matched ("clashing"). This balance of extremes supports a broader hypothesis regarding aesthetic preferences–the Goldilocks principle–that seeks to balance simplicity and complexity.

Excessively color matched people look try-hard and dorky. Color clashing people look unkempt and imperceptive. The sweet spot is looking like you took some care to put yourself together, but not too much care. You look good in the whole, but glimmers of rebellion and inattentiveness adorn your aura. You might call this fashion rule the sartorial equivalent of the Careless Aloof Asshole attitude.

Interestingly, the color scheme that is most fashionable to the human eye is a metaphor for the social scheme that is most attractive to the female heart. Ambiguity is chicknip. Women neither want socially awkward (socially clashing) men, nor romantically obvious (sexually try-hard) men. Women love most those men who are smooth talkers acting on a boldness leavened with a plausibly deniable doubtfulness of intention.

Push-pull. Hot/cold/hot/cold. Good advice in matters sexual and stylistic.

Signs That A Woman Is Cheating In Her Heart

CH · 7 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A reflexive male impulse to white knight for women may have evolved because, one, enough women in the past sexually rewarded men who went out of their way to protect female virtue and, two, the precoital penumbras of female sexual vice are fainter than the leery male sexual vice, and therefore more easily missed or misinterpreted by constitutional white knights.

White Knights and Pussy Polishers provide a useful context for the topic to be discussed in this post. Many men, especially pedestal-primping provider-primary beta males, are utterly oblivious to any signs that their girlfriends or wives may be growing romantically removed from them. Worse, when a man does feel that sinking feeling that his woman's nethers retract to his touch, he reacts with self-abasing misunderstanding of the nature of her sexual withdrawal, often wrongly supposing his own fault and figuring that more of what she claims she wants from him is exactly what she needs.

More cynically, there's an ego protective mechanism in men, evident in its advanced stages in married men, to elide the existence of, or the causes for, any romantic dissatisfaction percolating in their lovers.

Given the characteristic white knight urge of men to, basically, assume the best of women and the worst of themselves, it should come as no surprise that women often begin cheating in their hearts long before their boyfriends or husbands are aware of the limbic detour. The stereotype of the befuddled beta hubby oblivious to the real reasons for his wife's foreclosed desire is a sitcom staple.

Luckily, you are honored to be on the elite Chateau Heartiste guestlist, ("I'm an H-lister!") which means you have access to knowledge that the ancients pondered. Here you will learn what signs to watch for that betray congestive infidelity in your woman's heart.

She has stopped spontaneously touching you.

White Knight/Pussy Polisher Imagined Cause: She's reacting to your emotional distance.
Real Cause: You lost that alpha male mojo.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Tenderly express your feelings so she's comfortable being intimate again.
CH Solution That Will Work: Slap her ass after flirting with a waitress in front of her. Ass-ownage is 9/10ths of the law.

She's stopped acting jealous when other women talk to you.

White Knight Imagined Cause: She's matured into a secure woman with a healthy self-esteem.
Real Cause: You no longer inspire her to mate guard.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Compliment her on her independence.
CH Solution That Will Work: Dread game.

She's nagging all the time.

White Knight Imagined Cause: You aren't doing your share of the household chores.
Real Cause: She's becoming repulsed by your beta stink and lashing out by subconsciously emasculating you.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Be a helpful househusband.
CH Solution That Will Work: Tell her to shut the fuck up. Leave for a few days. Don't say where you're going.

She's stopped asking for your opinion about mutual concerns.

White Knight Imagined Cause: She's a strong independent woman who has learned to think for herself.
Real Cause: She cares as little for your opinion as she cares for your dick in her pussy.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Leave all decision-making to her.

CH Solution That Will Work: Rudely inform her when you think she's about to do something stupid. When she complains that she didn't ask you, act nonchalant. "No shit. But I said it anyhow."

She's stopped dressing like a feminine woman in your company.

White Knight Imagined Cause: Love is unconditional and she doesn't have to prove herself to you all the time.
Real Cause: Women don't try to please men they don't want to fuck. You've become weak.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Learn to appreciate her ratty sweatpants.
CH Solution That Will Work: Have another woman's perfume on your shirt collar.

She's staying longer hours at work.

White Knight Imagined Cause: She's an ambitious woman.
Real Cause: She wants to fuck her boss.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Support her!
CH Solution That Will Work: Come home even later than her. Humming a happy tune.

She's making impossible demands.

White Knight Imagined Cause: Her demands are reasonable. You're letting her down.
Real Cause: She turning into a cruel bitch who hates having to live under the same roof as you.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Supplicate harder!
CH Solution That Will Work: Agree and amplify. "Yeah, I'll do that right after I bang your mom's hole ten ways to Sunday."

She shows no appreciation for what you do.

White Knight Imagined Cause: Whatever you're doing for her is not nearly as much as she's doing for you.
Real Cause: You turn her off and she's lost any desire to please you.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Drop passive-aggressive hints about feeling unloved.
CH Solution That Will Work: Stop doing things for her. When she notices, tell her, "You have two arms and hands? Use them."

She's never satisfied.

White Knight Imagined Cause: You aren't treating her like the strong, independent woman she is.
Real Cause: She despises you.
White Knight Response That Won't Work: Compliment her. Cuddle her. Perform cunnilingus. Ask for nothing in return. Promise to do more.
CH Solution That Will Work: Flip the script. Get her Skittles for her birthday. Make her do favors for you.

The number one sign that your woman is thinking of cheating may be a monthly biological process, which moderately correlates with all of the above signs.

The male infidelity urge resolves itself quickly. When men start feeling that tug toward fulfilling their primal genetic compulsion for poosy varietals, they will, if unburdened by scruples, execute in fairly short order and without the psychological torture that emotionally distancing women will put their men through. But a woman's winding road to infidelity is longer, twistier, and unmarked. She'll take a while getting there, and she'll drop moldy bread crumbs for you along the way, but once she's there she's never coming back, not in the same way you knew her, and you won't be able to reach her when she's that far out either.

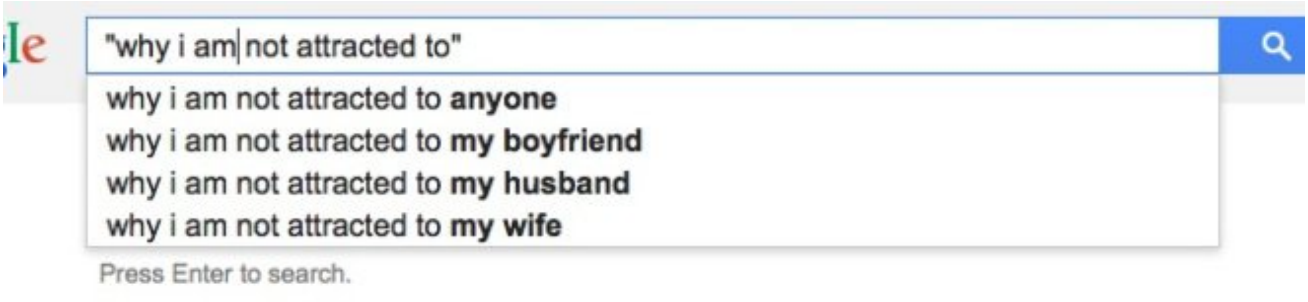
A woman's unfaithfulness is like Ebola; by the time you're bleeding from the eyes, it's too late. You have to catch her waywardness early and deliver the proper correctives — 90% of the time, this means stop being beta. At the first notice of any of these omens of unfaithfulness, you have a window of opportunity to switch her bitch off. Dial down the beta provider comfort giver, and dial up the alpha lover excitement giver. If you are already at the stage where she's denying you sex on flimsy pretexts ("My cat needed his asshole Nair'ed"), it's probably too late. Her

heart has left your stable and is trotting away for alpha pastures.

Emanations Of Hypergamy

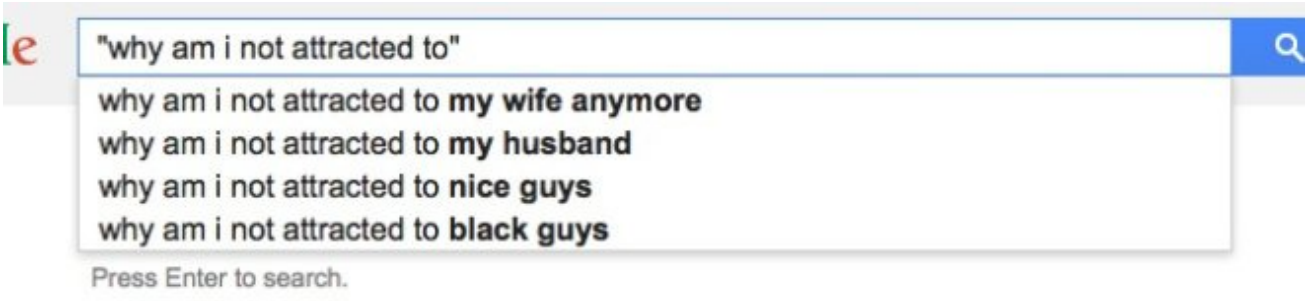
CH · 8 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Nothing like a leetle auto-fill search query to pry open the lid on the female id.



The urge to trade up is stronger in women than in men, both because male sexual attractiveness is contextual and mutable and because women are disposed by the circumstances of their biology to be more careful about their mate choices. Women, unlike men, are practically born with their SMV already established. A pretty wife will stay attractive to her husband as long as she stays pretty. There's not much contextual nudging, other than drastic weight gain and aging, that will greatly influence a woman's SMV. So that's why we uncover evidence that there is greater concern among women about lost attraction for their boyfriends and husbands than there is among men about lost attraction for their wives.

Continuing with the theme, here's the same query after a small syntax change:



The rewording is subtle, but important. The first query is premised on an accepted loss of attraction, and a post-hoc search for rationalization. This second query is premised on a deeper worry about a missing attraction that should be there. It's the type of wording a despondent searcher might use if he or she was trying to make sense of the dying love, and interested in fixing the "problem".

The results are telling. The first hit — men asking why they aren't attracted to their wives *anymore* — implies that there was previous attraction, but some mysterious occurrence (age? fatness?) changed the equation, and now the men want to know how to go back to the way things were.

The women, starkly, ask in a way that could be fairly interpreted as never having had attraction for their husbands (or niceguys). They have these wet noodle beta hubbies and orbiting niceguys whom they are inculcated by everyone around them to lust after, and yet despite the social pressure they can't understand why the men they should desire leave them feeling… unmoved down there.

The final search result reinforces the point about social pressure yielding to primal desire. Presumably non-black women, steeped in a culture that propagandizes the sexual and romantic allure of black men, struggle with deeply innate feelings that are at odds with the juggernaut of cultural messages telling them to feel the opposite way.

Female hypergamy is real, even if the term is off-putting to around-the-way sadists. Cultural influence is real, too, but largely ineffectual against hindbrain desire. Intense and persistent media propaganda can only effect changes in

human mate choice at the farthest margins, where the weakest-willed are most susceptible to social pressures to fit in with a mirage. Innate sexual desire is a prime force too powerful for the depraved elite's mindfuck machines to overcome.

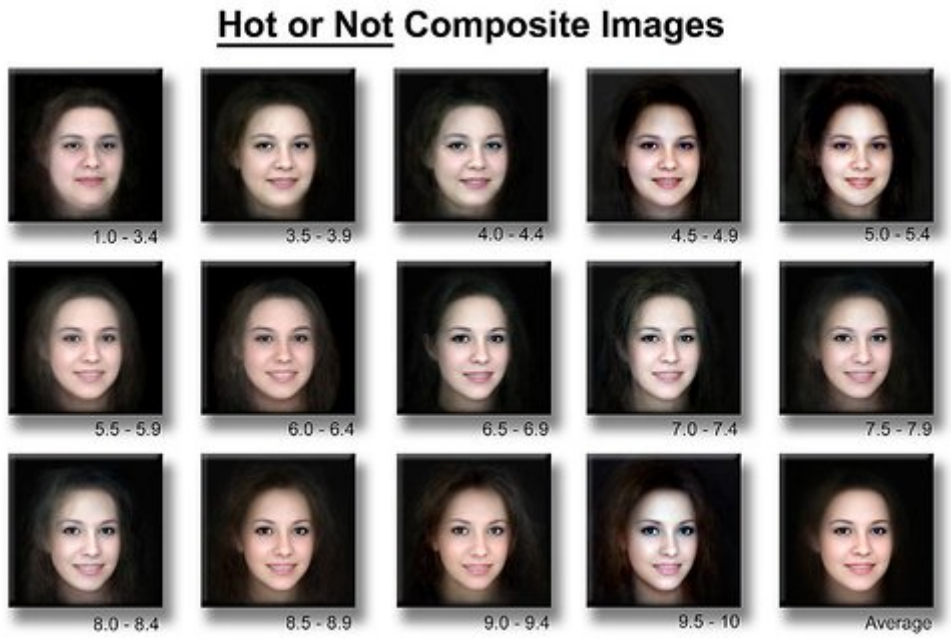
Hat tip, reader "Humans are animals" for the idea.

Beauty Is Objective, Fair-Skinned, And White-ish

CH · 9 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It seems there are still a few hermits and delusional freaks who think beauty is in the eye of the beholder and every beholder is different so, following the logic of this platitude, anyone can be beautiful if they immerse themselves in enough Jizzebel pep talks. Your Citadel Chateau stands athwart this march of moronic posturing, yelling shiv, but it never hurts to twist the knife and add a little more hurt.

Pierre Tourigny created composites of Hot or Not female profiles and the results are nothing short of dryly predictable. This first series is based on the 1-10 female beauty scale:



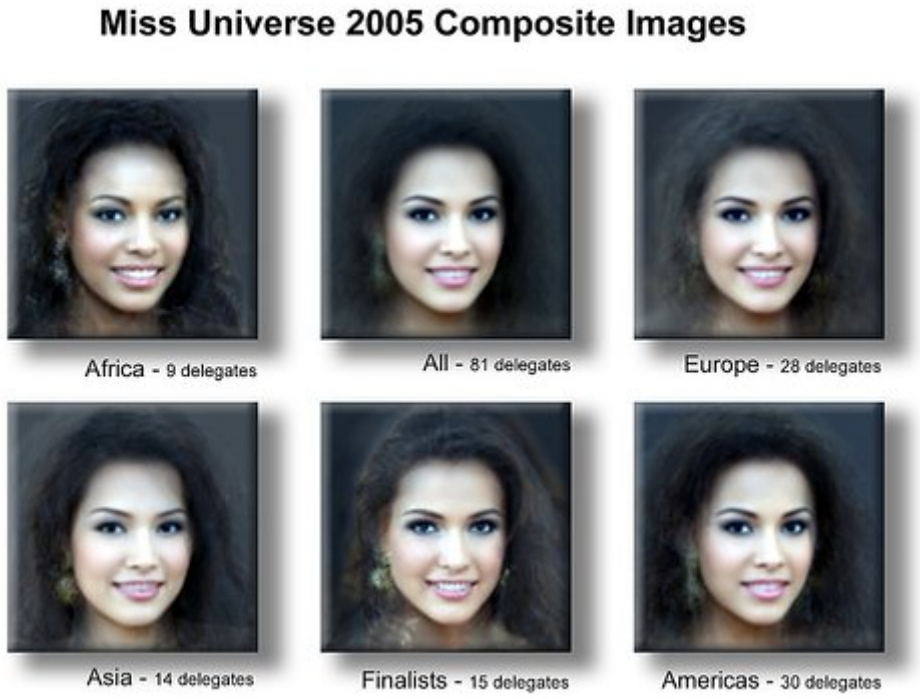
There are very few male beholders who will mistake the 1.0 girl for the 9.5 girl. There are fewer still who, given a free choice, would choose to have sex and romance with the 1.0 over the 9.5. The opinions of the beholders, averaged out, will reach a very objective consensus about the rankings of all these composites.

Tourigny notes,

> What did I conclude about good looks from these virtual faces? First, morphs tend to be prettier than their sources because face asymmetries and skin blemishes average out. However, the low score images show that fat is not attractive. The high scores tend to have narrow faces.

There's more to female beauty than that, but yeah, bloat kills beauty dead.

The ugly truth about beauty is about to get uglier. Here are composites of 2005 Miss Universe contestants by total, region and finalist:



The first thing that jumps out at you is just how similar very beautiful women look. Beautiful women from all races resemble each other more than they resemble the uglies of their own races. The big wide-set eyes, the bright smiles, the good teeth, the high foreheads and cheekbones, the dainty noses…. it's almost as if there's a universal objective standard of beauty that exists in the world inhabited by humans!

The second thing you notice (if noticing doesn't make your bowels erupt) is how these worldwide representative composites of pulchritude converge, give or take a few racial idiosyncrasies like epicanthic folds, onto something close to what could be regarded as archetypical white woman beauty. Tourigny:

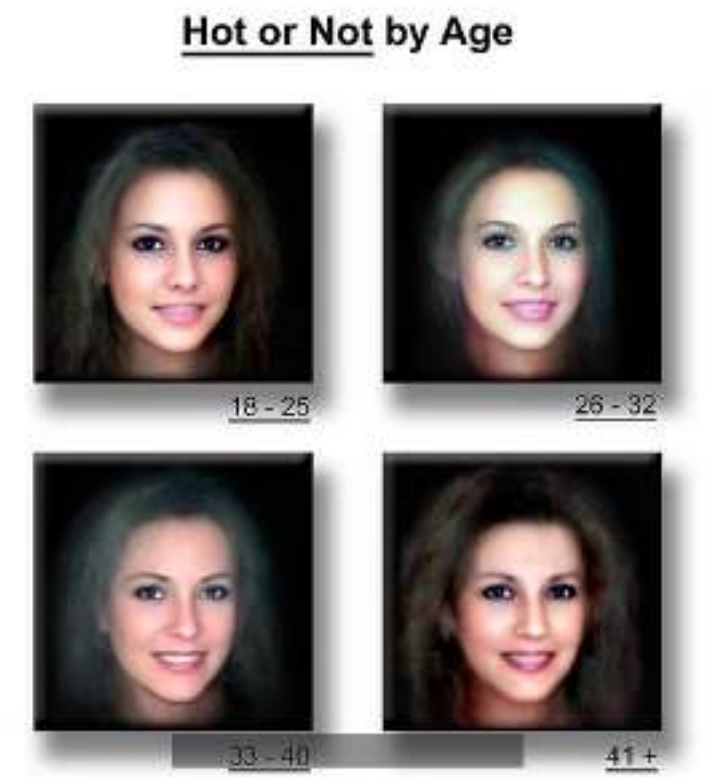
> Miss Universe contestants owe their delegation to a mix of local and universal standards of beauty (or at least the pageant's version of universal). I created multi-morph composites (see some details how here) for each continent from photos of the delegates.
>
> The Americas composite most closely resembles the one from all delegates while the Europe composite more closely resembles the one from the finalists. Bias in the judging or in the standard? Who knows?

It could be bias. Or it could be an accidental revelation. If cosmetic surgery trends are equally indicative, it would appear that the pinnacle of universal female beauty coincides with the pinnacle of European female beauty. Where da white women at, indeed.

Finally, as Peter Frost has described, men all over the world prefer lighter-skinned women (relative to their own

race's hue). In the above Miss Universe composites, the representative African woman is not that much darker than the non-African women. And her nose… almost as petite as the European nose.

The trifecta of ugly truths about female beauty is complete with the following composites based on age:



Tourigny on the details of this composite,

> The Hot or Not web site gives people the option of rating women of all ages or of seeing only a specific age group.I collected photos of women who scored at least a 9.5 average and created multi-morph composites (see some details how here).
>
> The only thing I noticed was that the attractiveness standard people use is more lenient the older the subject.

Some people dispute the existence of The Wall, and point to the fact that beautiful 40+ year old women can be found in the wild. My answer to these Wall doubters is two-part: One, numbers matter. There are vastly more 25 year old female 9s than there are 41 year old female 9s. Two, longitudinal comparison matters. No matter how hot a 41 year old woman is, the 20 year old version of herself was hotter.

The exceedingly rare exceptions prove the rule.

People do get more lenient judging the attractiveness of older people, but that's not proof of a magical reformulated age-adjusted objective beauty standard. Rather, what the leniency demonstrates is rationalization resulting from a restriction of options. As the average man gets older and falls out of the primary sexual market, he fools himself into believing his secondary sexual market female peers are just as attractive as the pretty young things he would prefer to fuck if the possibility were open to him. It's Consolation Prize Syndrome.

That's enough shivving for today. There's blood all over the shag carpet. I'll end on a hopeful note for the ladies: If you're a pretty girl with boner-inducing face structure, you can avoid a premature impact with the Wall and sexual worthlessness by simply refusing to get fat. Look at that 41+ year old composite. No fat face there. No wrinkles either, but like Tourigny said, all he had to work with was blurry source images. Heh.

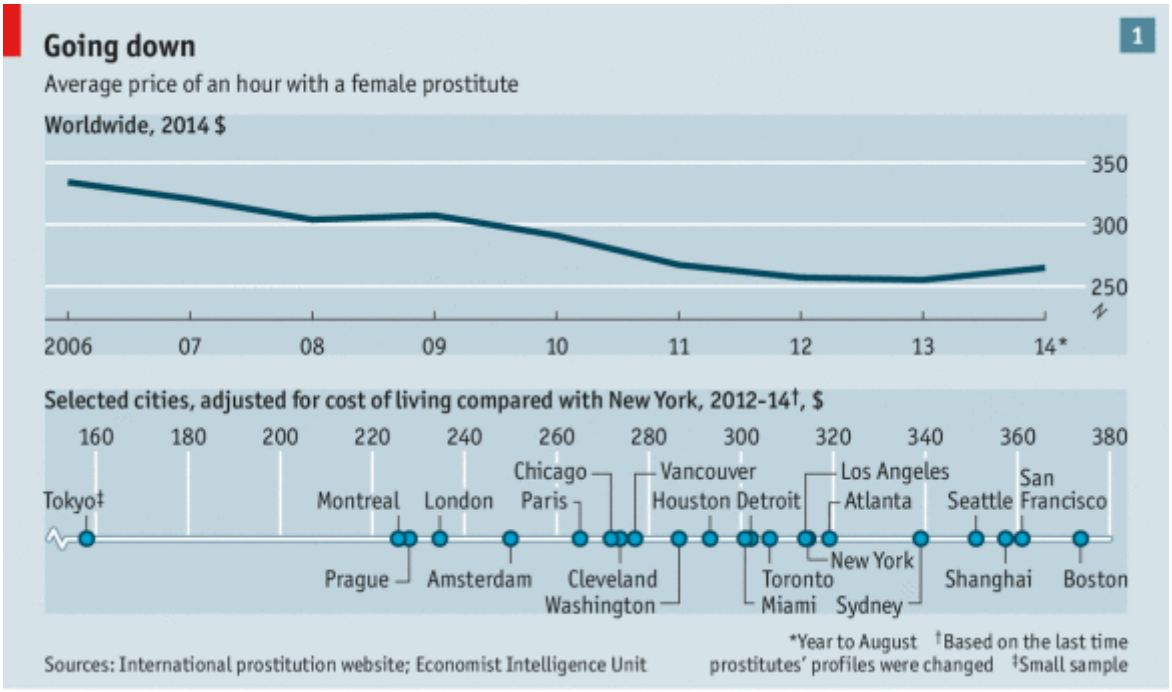
Female Beauty And The Economics Of Prostitution

CH · 11 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Economist ran a piece about the economics of prostitution that reads like it slipped by the Hivemind perimeter defense drones under cover of night. There's so much RealTalk and UglyTruth it's a wonder equalist foot soldiers haven't converged on it to drown it in a vat of squid ink and sophistry.

> FOR those seeking commercial sex in Berlin, Peppr, a new app, makes life easy. Type in a location and up pops a list of the nearest prostitutes, along with pictures, prices and physical particulars. Results can be filtered, and users can arrange a session for a €5-10 ($6.50-13) booking fee. It plans to expand to more cities. […]
>
> We have analysed 190,000 profiles of sex workers on an international review site. (Since it is active in America, it was not willing to be identified for this article. A disclaimer on the site says the contents are fictional; we make the assumption that they are informative all the same.) Each profile includes customers' reviews of the worker's physical characteristics, the services they offer and the price they charge.
>
> The data go back as far as 1999. For each individual we have used the most recent information available, with prices corrected for inflation. Some of those featured may appear under more than one name, or also work through agencies. The data cover 84 cities in 12 countries, with the biggest number of workers being in America and most of the rest in big cities in other rich countries. As this site features only women, our analysis excludes male prostitutes (perhaps a fifth of the commercial-sex workforce). Almost all of those leaving reviews are men.

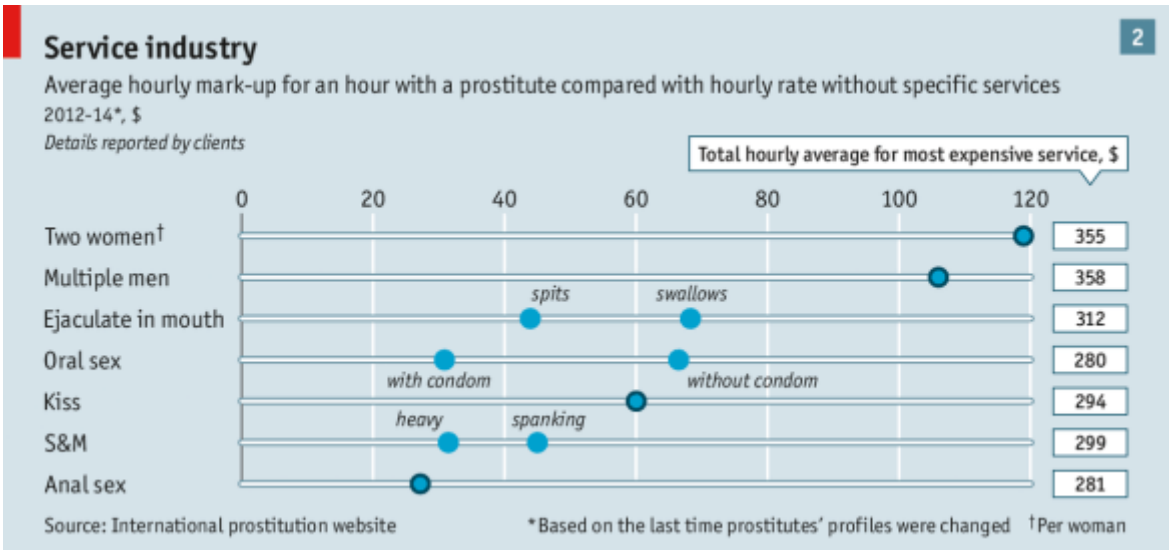
Lots of platitude-pummeling charts follow. First, the inflation-adjusted price of prostitution services has been going down.



The article offers several reasons why this might be so; however, I think the primary causes are shifting social norms and demand substitution (online porn, video gaming).

> Meanwhile, broader social change may be reducing demand—and thus, prices. Free, no-strings-attached sex is far easier to find than in the past. Apps such as Tinder facilitate speedy hookups; websites such as Ashley Madison and Illicit Encounters, adulterous ones. Greater acceptance of premarital intercourse and easier divorce mean fewer frustrated single and married men turning to prostitutes.

Disincentives matter. When the public shame of stepping out on your wife is lessened, the motivation to do so increases. This is all part of a society morphing from a predominately K-selected one to an r-selected one.



Most services above and beyond the base vaginal rate (BVR, could be a band name) cost more, because they're niche services and because women, even hardened whores, instinctively feel some sexual acts are more degrading than others. Funny, if unsurprising, findings:

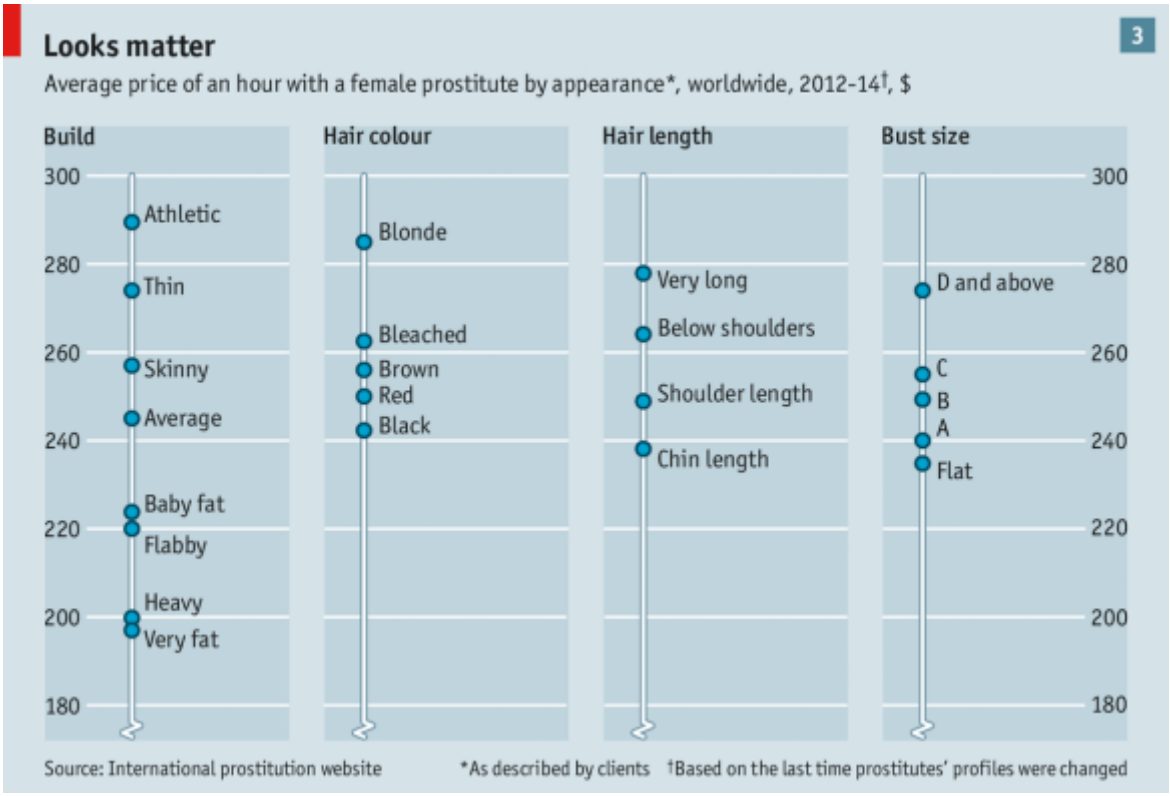
Women take kissing very seriously. Kissing is a more intimate act for women than it is for men. If you want to kiss a whore you'll pay more than if you want to poke her in the pooper. PUA haters who scoff at players getting "make-outs" that "don't go anywhere", take note.

Like most regular women, most whores would rather spit than swallow. What I don't get are the johns who insist on paying for her to swallow. It could be a dominance move, but then a money shot to the face is more debasing.

"Multiple men". The data was pulled for female hos only, so this category represents putatively straight men who get off on sharing a ho with another dude. It's disturbing that the cuckoldry fetish appears to be on the rise in Western megalopolises. Could this self-annihilating, self-castrating psychological disorder be caused by a parasite?

As surprising as the cuck finding is, the highest price commanded by its inverse — one man, two women — is predictable. Men dig non-gay threesomes.

The next chart will make a million fatties and fug feminists sprout martyrdom stigmata on their marbled labia.



> Appearance matters a great deal. The customers who reported encounters to the website we analysed clearly value the stereotypical features of Western beauty: women they describe as slim but not scrawny, or as having long blonde hair or full breasts, can charge the highest hourly rates (see chart 3). Hair that is bleached too unconvincingly to be described as blonde attracts a lower premium, but is still more marketable than any other colour. For those not naturally well endowed, breast implants may make economic sense: going from flat-chested to a D-cup increases hourly rates by approximately $40, meaning that at a typical price of $3,700, surgery could pay for itself after around 90 hours. The 12% share of women featured on the site who are described both as athletic, slim or thin, and as being at least a D-cup, suggests that quite a few have already taken this route.

Pop-a-boner quiz: What do men dig?

Feminist: They dig rubenesque feminists with short black hair and flat business-friendly chests.

Patriarchy: They dig slender, long-haired blondes with big round boobs.

Patriarchy wins.

(For those wondering, when men say they prefer “athletic” women, what they mean is they prefer toned slender women who don’t have cellulite. Or, “athletic” is a euphemism for “barely legal”.)

Where da white hos at?

(You'll notice that the cities with a higher proportion of white men — NYC, London — have the greatest skew in prices between black and white whores. But even in majority-black cities like Atlanta white whores still command a price premium.)

> We had too few data from other cities for a reliable breakdown by ethnicity. But Christine Chin of the American University in Washington, DC, has studied high-end transnational prostitutes in several countries. In Kuala Lumpur, she found, black women command very high rates and in Singapore, Vietnamese ones do. In Dubai, European women earn the most. What counts as exotic and therefore desirable varies from place to place, and depends on many factors, such as population flows.

Baby got lumps. I guess black hos could go to Kuala Lumpur and… Bueller? Bueller?

> Yet a cost-of-living index compiled by the Economist Intelligence Unit, our sister organisation, suggests that Tokyo is the most expensive city overall of the three. The apparent anomaly may be because escorts who appear on an English-language review site mostly cater to foreigners, who are not offered the more unusual—and expensive—services Japanese prostitutes provide for locals. These include the bubble baths and highly technical massages of Sopurando ("Soapland"), a red-light district in Tokyo, which can cost ¥60,000 ($600) for a session and involve intercourse (although that is not advertised).

The Japanese are weird, #3,187 in a series.

> A degree appears to raise earnings in the sex industry just as it does in the wider labour market. A study by Scott Cunningham of Baylor University and Todd Kendall of Compass Lexecon, a consultancy, shows that among prostitutes who worked during a given week, graduates earned on average 31% more than non-graduates. More lucrative working patterns rather than higher hourly rates explained the difference.

Easily explained. Smart women are better at exploiting market niches, and smarts correlate with beauty (up to a point).

> Although sex workers with degrees are less likely to work than others in any given week (suggesting that they are more likely to regard prostitution as a sideline), when they do work they see more clients and for longer. Their clients tend to be older men who seek longer sessions and intimacy, rather than a brief encounter.

Older men need testosterone replacement therapy so they don't wind up emptying their wallets for pillow talk and a cuddle.

> A mother in Scotland asks how other prostitutes juggle child care and selling sex, given that bookings are often made at short notice so babysitters are hard to arrange. Another contributor who is thinking of having children asks how much other women saved before taking time off to have a baby, and whether the new calls on their time meant they earned less after giving birth. One reply points out that prostitution is easier than many other jobs to combine with motherhood: it pays well enough to cover child-care costs, and can be fitted around school holidays, plays and sports days, and children's illnesses.

A nation of whore mommies. Ah, but it's genetics all the way down, so no big deal. Until it is.

> A greater awareness may develop that not all sex workers are the victims of exploitation.

I remember reading a study from not too long ago that found most teen prostitutes get into the business volitionally. Kidnappings and sex trafficking are actually quite rare, especially in East Europe. Also, prostitution does have a damping effect on rape and sex assault rates. This isn't necessarily an argument for decriminalizing prostitution, but it does suggest that the god of biomechanics likes to prank our moral codes.

Reader Mailbag: Visualize Alpha

CH · 12 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Email #1

> Synopsis:
> I started going out with someone I met. Not exclusively, but she blew away the competition in every way. Her actions at that time were great …hot sex and her pretty much admitting to "being crazy for" me. Somewhere in there, I got the oneitis and flipped from alpha to beta (and yes, I know I fucked up).

Be very wary of girls who say stuff like "I'm crazy for you" soon after you and her have started dating. These are the kind of BPD drama whores who love the idea of passionate love and in their excitement will try to prematurely generate intense feelings, instead of patiently allowing any feelings to emerge organically. Because as fast as these chicks turn it on, they also can turn it off. One day, you'll catch her texting another dude, and you'll wonder "What happened to that whole part about you being crazy for me?".

> Actions speak louder than words, and she started to distance herself. She wanted to "talk to me in person about something" on Friday, and I knew what was next.

Whether intentional or evolutionarily directed, the "crazy for you" drama queen act will trap a lot of less experienced men into buying the schtick and responding in kind with florid beta male paeans. It can be a massive shit test, iow.

> Just as I figured though, she gave me the "things are not the same and don't feel right, I'm sorry text" on the evening we were going to have a face to face instead of meeting tell me (I know women are non-confrontational and I figured this would happen).

I need a timeline. How soon after you met her were you discussing "face to face" meetings to clear the air?

> I responded with a "I know". I then erased every trace from my phone. Forty five minutes later, she send me the "I wish you only the best" text. I do not respond. Erase. Delete.

"lol" would have been funnier, but a non-response is the next best thing.

> If you would be so kind, here's what I need help with, .
>
> I thought about it. I read an entire set of your articles. Two things dawned on me.
>
> 1) She may be shit testing me or she may have lost interest as she rides the cock carousel. She could have not wished me luck at all…end of story.

It's not a shit test. She lost interest, but she's trying to weasel you into some sort of beta orbiter role who lavishes her with attention when she needs it.

> 2) After three nights, it bothered me that I was such a stupid idiot for going beta on this broad. I tend to speak my mind, and having not responded to her last text made me feel like I didn't show my indifference to her goodbye. AFC.

You don't "show" indifference to a break-up text by demanding explanation or playing a game of gotcha. You show indifference by being indifferent. WWAAWAHD? What would an alpha with a harem do? He wouldn't bother

responding, or he would text her something that made him laugh, like a birthday cat emoji.

> I read your articles. And on the third night, I finally sent her a one word text in retort to her “wish you only the best” text. I responded with, “gay”.

Ok. This would’ve been better right after her text. Waiting three days to text “gay” makes it seem like you needed the time to craft the perfect three letter comeback. The “wait a day or two before texting a girl back” is not a universal rule. It’s not even much of an individual rule. Too many exceptions.

> Whereas before she would text me back hours later, she texted me back within minutes asking me “what?”

You gave her a tiny hit of dopamine.

> Part of me wants to leave it at that. Fish or cut bait. Erase. Delete. Move on.

NEXT.

> The greater part of me wants to seduce and destroy. It would be much more fun, fulfilling, and make me feel better (yes I know I have ego and revenge issues). Am I crazy to think this is still an option? If so, I thought about waiting another 3-4 days and responding with the “never mind, I thought you were different” reply. Would you please advise?
>
> Regardless of your advice and opinion. Thanks again for the articles. It has helped me much.

Again, VISUALIZE ALPHA. If you had your fill of cute babes, how would you handle this one girl? You’d fuck with her, that’s what you’d do. “wut” or “8====D~~~”. Followed by a curt statement that you’ll be at [X] on [X] if she’s down to fuck. You’ll act like the earlier unsavory business between you and her never even happened. You are the Whamster, whamming her hamster.

******

Reader Email #2 is from “High School Narcissist”.

> Hi. I’ve been following your blog for a little while, and I’m a sophomore in high school. I don’t know that you’ll respond to me since I’m under 18, but I’ll give it a go.

It’s never too soon to make girls swoon.

> There’s another girl in my grade, and she’s basically the queen among girls. A lot hotter than everyone else, everyone knows her, etc.
>
> The thing is she seems to be a complete narcissist. She’s very confident, she will give no one time, and is obsessed with herself. I assume this comes with the popularity.

It also comes with the beauty. But let’s not get caught up in an arid cause-effect polemic.

> She makes herself unapproachable, and it shows, as every guy is a beta orbiter around her. Never seen a move made on her, just pedestalization.

Great. More opportunity for you to shine.

> So I’m curious, how do I exploit this? I’m an average guy in terms of attractiveness. I’ve not ever

> communicated with her before by the way.

This is high school, a time of your life when the girls will never be riper. At this age and growing awareness of their power over boys, it's also never a worse time to be a lovesick betaboy. Be mean to make the bitches keen. Shock her into curiosity about you. Say something she would never expect. "Hey could you help me with my homework? You look kind of nerdy."

Get the idea? Summon your inner exuberantly reckless asshole. One last thing. Be prepared to get backtalk. She's gonna be startled and peeved (in a good way), and she'll lash out to test your state control. If you know it's coming, you'll stay composed. She might be mad that you called her a nerd. You reply, "Hey, nothing wrong with being a nerd. Don't hate yourself."

Enjoy this freshest of poon while you have it, because it's all downhill from high school!

******

Reader Email #3

> What's the deal with all these bitches who work at "non-profits"? 5-10 years ago bitches were all in public relations. Now it's the non profits.
>
> What the hell is a non-profit? Another charitable tax hiding place for rich dudes which allows him to increase power and influence?

Yup. Also, luxury self-actualization. Don't worry, after the collapse the nonprofits will be wiped from the face of the earth. Fundraising results correlate directly with economic conditions.

Working at a nonprofit allows SWPL women to feel good about themselves. But, more germane, nonprofits appeal to women because they are perceived as happy work which avoids the sink-or-swim ladder-climbing hothouse of for-profit industry. Women are constitutionally averse to competition in ways that men aren't.

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Reader Email #4

> I am looking for some advice. Recently single, I was in a LTR that ended up being long distance for school. Took a few weeks to get over it, and happy to say I'm moving on. Here's my situation: My friend is traveling with her friend she met abroad. (2 women, one foreign) I hung out with them before they left, at a pub then a party one night, then the beach a few days later. Explaining their trip they invited me to join them in vegas, and I was like hell yeah, no reason not to.
>
> Not long after at the party, the foreign girl made her interest in me known, and we fooled around a bit, she said she wanted to slow down if I was coming to vegas, although she was still all over me in public and private.

Ignore girls when they say stuff like "I want to slow down if…". In the final analysis, you will either get the bang or not depending on your seduction acumen. And if you're good, she'll forget all about that promise she made to herself.

> At the beach she was more discrete but still all over me in private. I'm meeting them in a week, and I'm looking for some advice on how to proceed. I'd call myself a greater beta…working on improvement but I do tend to let my emotions get the better of me. I have no problem attracting women, but I backslide.
>
> I'm going into this intending to have a crazy week partying in vegas but I can't lie and say I don't hope I have a fling with this girl before she heads back overseas.

Pre-bang trips are risky. They are pregnant with expectation. She knows you know this trip is an excuse for sex. She knows you'll be expecting it. She'll be expecting it (on a less conspicuous level). All these unspoken assumptions will activate her anti-slut defense.

> She has a bit of a bitchy nature to her, but I think its her version of trying to be playful, or its a result of her accent. At the beach I got a snarky vibe from her but when we were alone she jumped on me.

That's a good sign. If it were the reverse — she was all over you in public but a frigid bitch in private — I'd be worried.

> Basic plan is to be super social with everyone I meet (my natural strength anyways) and pay her some but not a lot of attention. I'm mostly afraid of coming off coupley when all i really want is to sleep with her as much as possible. I'm ok to cuddle, but only after about an hour of vegas sex.

When expectations and concomitant ASD are high, comfort and a little bit of preemptive disqualification are welcome. Don't be cutesy (i.e., "what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, amirite?"), but don't be totally stand-offish either. You want to physically escalate toward sex while at the same time letting her know in a nuanced manner that you don't need her approval in the form of sex, even on a trip where sex is frontmost on both your minds.

Your basic strategy is sound. Don't initiate the Groping Protocol as soon as you set off on the trip. Be chill, act like you're really anticipating the parties and gambling and poolsides, tease her to get her out of the discomfort zone (she'll be in it again because the sex cloud will have been hanging over her for the past week), and after a settling-in period isolate her for deeper rapport. Even the sluttiest of sluts need a man's imprimatur of emotional investment.

I don't know how you've worked out the hotel situation, but it's better to pop that sex cherry before awkward consensus meetings over who sleeps where begin. If that's not possible, you'll have to cajole her with some plausible excuse to come into your room.

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Reader Email #5 is from Changer89.

> Can you write a post analyzing Tracy Chapman's song 'Fast Car' from red pill/economically right-wing/racial realism perspective?

Black lesbian warbles tragically about leaving for the white suburb on the hill with her shiftless thug lover as realization of depressing ghetto fate slowly dawns on her. See also: Any halfway smart black person surrounded by imbeciles.

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Reader Email #6

> Ever thought about ways in which not to be a sulking beta if the woman denies you sex? freeze outs are hard, so I have an easy alternative. Tickle game – where you throw her onto the bed against her will and tickle the shit out of her. Then when she says she's had enough keep going until you're satisfied. Yeah it's immature and childish but so are the funniest of men and women can't resist not being taken seriously.. thoughts?

Good stuff. Even better: Tickle the giggles out of her, then get up and say "Ok, that's enough. I gotta go" and leave her in a state of breathless confusion. This is the long-game strategy; you're denying her sex now for hotter, more devoted, sex later.

******

Reader Email #7

> Can i get some advice on campus life? I plan to move onto residence for my final year of university. I'm moving to a new city, so how do I go about making new friends, and get myself into a social crowd?
>
> I have a fairly good physique, and try to dress well, but still I lack confidence and am bad at conversation/small talk.

Rule #1: Stay away from losers. There'll be a temptation to join their nonjudgmental cliques because they'll take the pressure off you having to socially perform. Resist it. If you get sucked into a loser social circle, it'll be ten times harder to infiltrate a winner social circle that'll grant access to prime poosy.

Rule #2: If your conversational skills are weak, or you're a natural introvert, cultivate a "laconic rebel" personality. That means, don't overtalk (to avoid social miscues). Train yourself in the art of the drive-by quip. Once you've gotten a fair shake by the winners, you can move on from "laconic rebel" to "aloof asshole who doesn't care what people think of him". Then you get the girls.

******

Reader Email #8

> Long time reader, first time emailer. I've found myself in a bit of a conundrum with one of the latest girls that I've been seeing. My concern is that I'm the one to initiate nearly all of our dates. On one hand, I feel that the "leader mentality" should mean that it doesn't matter that I'm the one initiating every date. On the other hand, I don't want to come across as the one that's chasing her. She agrees to the date about 90% of the time. When she doesn't, sometimes she gives a good excuse; other times, she is very terse. We are not in a relationship, but have been seeing each other casually for several months. Should I be concerned that I'm being strung along, or should I just keep pushing? Feel free to use this message, but please don't use my name. Thanks!

While foot-dragging or a lack of initiative by a girl can be a cause for concern, if she's banging you I wouldn't worry about it. Girls vote with their vaj. Some girls simply prefer a man who orders their lives for them.

So, my question to you is, are you fucking her? I'll assume you are, because "several months" in non-beta orbiter land means "several months of fucking". If you aren't… abandon ship!

A girl who hasn't put out is *de facto* pulling strings. She is in the command seat of power. She has all the hand. If you feel like you're chasing a girl you haven't yet banged, you probably are. And you won't get that bang until you've gone some lengths to flip the script and get her to chase you a bit.

But if she's already given her most valuable asset to you, then the chasing you feel manipulated into doing may just be the expression of her natural feminine reticence against being pumped and dumped. She needs more signs of your commitment before she'll permit the vulnerability of love to strike down her last bulwark of defense. Only you can tell which advice pertains.

Sexbot Revolution Update

CH · 13 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

> A Japanese company claims to have reached the next level in developing the most genuine looking sex doll which comes complete with realistic feeling skin and authentic looking eyes.
>
> Orient Industry say their new range of dolls, made from high quality silicon, are so realistic there is very little to distinguish them from a real girlfriend at first glance.
>
> The dolls, which are non inflatable, are sold under the name 'Dutch Wives', a Japanese term for a sex doll, and adverts in the media boast that anyone who buys one will never want a real girlfriend again.

The Japanese are getting close to scaling the uncanny valley.

The dolls come with a "skeleton", which means they can be arranged into any position. Any position.

The coming sexbot revolution — and make no mistake, it is coming — will have profound ramifications on social order and the functioning of the sexual market. To this day, people underestimate the effect the Pill had on Western society; multiply that effect by a thousand and you'll get an idea of the subversive havoc mass consumable sexbots will wreak.

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Robin Williams Forced To Commit Suicide By Divorce Court System

CH · 13 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

What would a clickbait Chateau Heartiste be like? "Anonymous" comments,

> If CH writes a post now with a title like "Robin Williams Forced to Commit Suicide by Divorce Court System" he can get a lot of traffic and extra fame. One thing I suspect happened is that the family courts of California ruled that Robin owed each ex-wife 5 figure alimony sums every month regardless of any drop in his earning power or desire to retire. But he was a liberal who supported that kind of system overall.

There is evidence that suicide risk has a genetic basis, however, like most genetically-influenced behaviors, strong environmental shocks can suppress or trigger the expression of the genes. In the case of Robin Williams, his two ex-wives were the environmental shocks that pushed him to a final solution.

> Robin Williams will return to TV after nearly three decades – because two divorces have left him short of cash.
>
> The comic's breakups cost him £20million and he claims to need a 'steady job'. He is also selling his £20million California ranch due to his sizeable alimony payments.[…]
>
> The 62-year-old, said: 'Divorce is expensive. I used to joke they were going to call it "all the money", but they changed it to "alimony".
>
> It's ripping your heart out through your wallet.'

There is no "rape culture" as deranged feminist cunts starved for male attention would want you to believe. Rape rates are at historical lows. There is a **divorce rape culture**, and it has amassed a pile of real victims far larger than criminally prosecuted rape has claimed. Men are literally killing themselves out of desperation once the divorce rape industrial complex has taken everything from them.

And I do mean "them". Williams' ex-wives had absolutely NOTHING to do with his talent, his drive, and his career success. Nothing. And yet with the sanction of the state they walk away with pieces of the man's soul, leaving him pondering the escape of the rafter rope.

Marriage has never been a bigger sucker's bet for men. Prenups are routinely shredded by lawyers and ignored by judges. The fix is in. The fundamental premise has been codified in law to the cheers of rabid feminists and solipsistic soccer moms and taken to its logical conclusion: Men are resource chattel, milked by a constabulary of strongmen to redistribute their earnings to an army of cackling divorcees.

If America is fated to be a post-Malthusian, r-selection reproductive free-for-all, then let it be in every way. That means, women are cut loose from the male alimony and child support teat to fend for themselves and accept the consequences of their decisions. Relying on men for support, pre- and post-marriage, is a luxury afforded K-selection societies, and that luxury comes with certain duties that modern women have largely chosen to abandon. If justice is fair and not wholly rigged against the interests of men, the divorce rape culture will be dismantled and an ex-husband's life may be saved.

The Number One Sign A Girl Is A Raging Slut

CH · 14 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Her pockets are longer than her shorts.

Dat body language. It's like she caught a whiff of dog shit. Betaboy doesn't know it yet, but she checked out of their one-way playdate relationship long ago.

The story is here, in all its lurid, coalburning detail. I'm warning you so prepare yourself as you see fit. No matter what you tell yourself or others, the deepest recesses of your hindbrain will twitch in revolt. If you're white. If you're black, your heart will swell with tribal pride.

A white hottie with a soulless gaze cheated on her beta """boyfriend""" (see above). And by cheated, I mean she triple lindied into a Rwandan pre-machete spree pep rally and had her clam shucked and pried by a diorama of dark continent dick. Pics and video and insta-taunting tell the tale. Rumor has it the video and pics didn't catch all the action, and the full measure of her character was assessed by twelve mugging mandingos tickling the back of her throat.

I do enjoy a descriptive id punch.

[NB: She's leaning poolside. Looks like she's a product of a happy middle (upper middle?) class suburb. Witness born for those who want to insist race-crossing sluts are all low class land whales.]

As repulsive as is her self-mockumentary, what her sackless beta shitlapper borefriend did next was (if it's possible) even more repugnant.

I'll give you one guess what it was.

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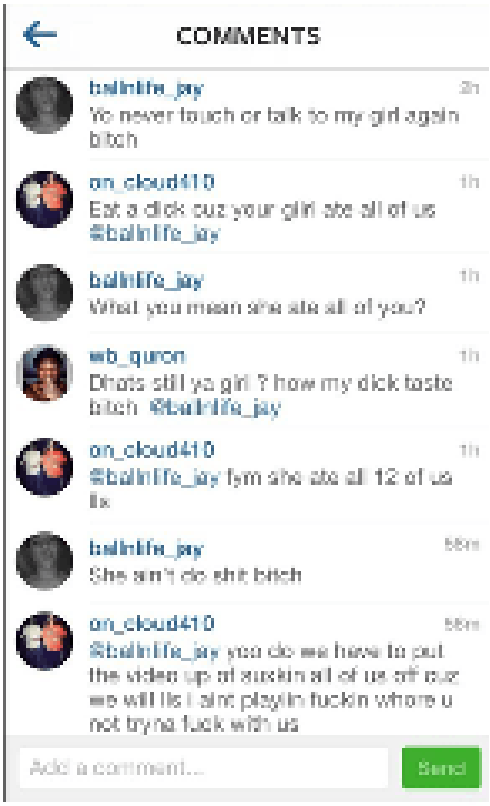
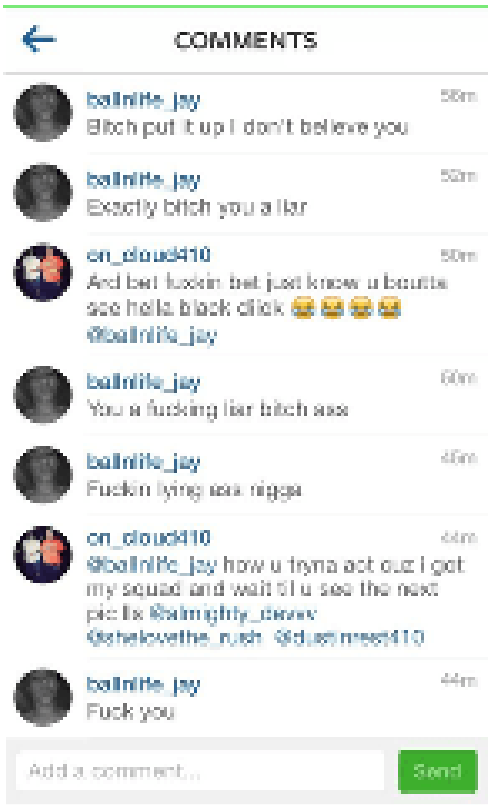
Drum pail, please….

He forgave his princess.

He forgave her after being subjected, no less, to a barrage of very personal muh dikking.





A man shames not just himself, but his male ancestors and male descendants, the whole lineage in a straight line from past to present to future, when he defends the honor of a dishonorable slattern. He betrays his close kin and extended race. He surrenders his dignity. He prostrates himself for a pence of peripatetic pussy. He is the human equivalent of shit speckle on a public toilet seat. I could carve a better man out of a banana.

Now, if the “”””boyfriend””” had just said (in so many words), “Hey, I had my (weirdly platonic) fun with this discount bin whore, and now I’m cutting her loose based on the available evidence of her unsuitability as a long-

term mate", all would be forgiven of him. Her… not so much. But that is stain for another day.

Naturally, given that the attention whoring has grown beyond her limited means of message discipline, the party favor skank has tried to play the "I wuz drugged" get-out-of-slut-shame card, but no one is buying it. As well they shouldn't. Post-cock rationalizations always carry a whiff of desperate image consultancy.

Where was her father in all this? Has he self-delivered in the aftermath, or did he essentially self-deliver from raising his daughter long ago? There are 99 ways a father can fail his children, but this way is FATHER FAIL numero uno. You'd have to be less than human to not feel the burn of shame if you were this father. Will he show his face in public again? Or doesn't he care? Is this escapist self-annihilation — by both white father and white daughter — the new growth of an invasive society species that chokes to memetic death the value of fathers and the forward-thinking modesty of daughters?

The less judgmental among you could argue she and her pitifully loyal white knight lapdog and absentee father are sick in the head and deserve compassion. Maybe. But I tend to another hypothesis: What we see happening around us is the symptom of a society that has relinquished all controls over female sexual prerogatives. Female sexuality, when left unattended and free to do as it pleases, often travels into very dark and depraved cul de sacs, and can circle there for generations, creating a vortex that sucks in all civilized life to a pathetic and predictable doom.

Worse, this removal of restrictions on female sexuality has been accompanied by a perverse reaction in the opposite direction to confound men about the true reproductive nature of women. We see rising lockstep with rank sluts a hapless loser beta peasant class who are so ignorant of the masculine behaviors and vibe women crave that they meander helplessly through a sexual market minefield, bouncing bettys bouncing them from one bloody heartache to another. Repeated romantic failure inculcates in the young beta male's mind a hopelessness that circumscribes his options well beyond what a realistic appraisal of his SMV would demand.

And so what we have here is what you see with this particular beta male… a stockholm syndrome-type of pathological clinginess that feeds on a feared lifelong incelibacy and is conditioned by this fear to rush to the defense of manipulative psychocunts who play ping pong with his blue balls while joyously gobbling the knobs of hooting ferals who live and die on liberating instinct.

***

Flyover naifs claim that plenty of “good girls” can be found. I’ve no doubt. I have lain with many good girls, and have nothing but the fondest memories (of memories made and memories in motion). But that is a non sequitur. The question isn’t whether there are good girls left in America — there are — but whether their numbers as a percentage of the whole are retreating. We have only our life experiences, anecdotes, and coldly sterile data to consult for answers. (Which normally is enough for examination of routine human behavior, but never is when we put the microscope to the monstrous vitals of the lust-fueled id.)

On the life experience and anecdote metrics, these sordid self-debasements of the slut-proud social media class seem to be increasing in frequency and dramatic flourish. Each week brings a romantic ignominy to top the previous week’s sexhibitionism. Girls raging gleefully at the dying light of patriarchal civilization; men raging impotently at the dying loins of their once virile majesty. One simply can’t help but notice change is a-blowin’ in the wind. And personally, I have accrued enough boudoir time with enough high society ladies to know that there is hardly a one — no matter her class, education, intellect, or family background — who doesn’t have clattering skeletons in her walk-in closet, and fewer still who aren’t practiced in the art of camouflaging otherwise.

(And bless their ladylike hearts for feeling the need to attempt the camouflage to appease my masculine prerogative. Truly.)

Data-wise, the evidence is murkier. GSS self-report surveys hint at a sexual cocooning strangely at odds with the growing portfolio of Facebooked frolicking. If true, it perhaps suggests less a hidden chasteness than a bifurcation in the sexual market, split between evangelical virgins and blue city girls gone wild.

The current CDC data veer more toward affirming the anecdotal, but there too the pussy picture is unclear. Some sexually transmitted diseases are on the rise, but teen sex is down (while teen pregnancy is up *head scratch*). Age of first sexual intercourse is up, but rates of throat and anal cancers in younger women are up as well. “Technical virgins”.

(Do white girls slot a 12-dick coal train into the “technical virgin” category? Kind of like how fucking a dog doesn’t really steal a girl’s virginity? It might explain a lot.)

It is as if two worlds — one a last stand by a besieged former empire, the other a new world disorder where chaos reigns supreme — are in our day locked in a death struggle for preeminence. And here we are, living it in technicolor splendor.

It shouldn’t bear repeating, but every time one of these slutbombs explode in the Chateau gardens, there are invariably “players” who chastise Your Unholy Greatness for his perceived judgmentalism and self-defeating yearning for a better past filled with better women.

Yes, reports tell of a past America that was better. Not better in every way, but better in the ways that mattered. And yes, I will admit to some giddy despair over the dissolution of a nation that no longer lays claim to my heart. But I also won’t look a gift ho in the mouth. If a cute girl makes it easy for me and wants to screw after ten minutes of meeting her, I won’t stop her. I won’t conspicuously judge her, either, except by the bewilderment and pain I plant in her when I prematurely recuse myself from her girlfriend expectations a few weeks (or months, if SMV is 7+) later.

The slut is souldead! God save the slut!

The slut is a useful tool. Great fun, great sex, horrible long-term investment. And that’s not just a gut feeling. The whitecoats confirm. There’s a sound evolutionary reason (white) men are attuned to signs of sluttitude and women are aggrieved by sluts in their midst.

And that’s really the crux of the whorecrux. A girl who surrenders her every orifice to a pack of howlhounds live-streaming for a studio audience the slow flaying of her soul will become the woman no worthy man will think twice about marrying. Her humiliation, so abject and complete and perfunctorily recorded for posterity, (though for now she only feels it in fleeting sensations on the back of her neck late at night through the self-medicating haze

delivered in warm liquid doses by her muscly rationalization hamster), will render her utterly unmarriageable to the vast majority of quality men with options. This stone cold reality will make her life incalculably harder, and wrest an incalculable torrent of tears from her mother and an incalculable tribute of emotional withdrawal from her father.

A merciful god would find some way to attenuate their torment. God helps those who help themselves. (If by chance some cleansing… salvation… were to befall the family, it would serve a valuable lesson for the others.)

A father's shame, more profound, maybe, than his daughter's. Because what is a father's mission critical job as regards his daughter? It's to preserve his daughter's honor and see her off into the world the kind of woman a good man would want to take up. A failure to complete this job discredits him as a father like few other failures can.

This is the normal state of affairs, and shame and guilt have evolved to ensure that civilized fathers and daughters comport themselves in line with the prevailing social norms. But shame is dead in the West, and guilt is following soon in its brother's wake. Social norms divide and redivide like a multicellular demon embryo, partitioning into separate and competing camps unsurprisingly in line with the diversity of seed that contributed to the demon's corrupted cuckolded conception. Le Chateau stands a citadel against the alien revocation of these timeless forces of civilization, and for that we are despised by the wayward and wanton. More deserving enemies we could not pray for.

These horror stories always remind me of a fitting song.

The Female Addiction To Self-Esteem

CH · 15 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

CH has written about the problem of exploding female self-esteems, its causes and its manifestations, as well as the shallow (if broad) nature of the epidemic of bloated gogrrl egos and what it all means for players looking to exploit sexual market loopholes for love and romance.

Apparently (and unsurprisingly), the results from a recent social ❤science❤ study confirm CH field experience and idle theorizing.

> Self-Esteem Instability and the Desire for Fame
>
> The desire to become famous was examined among individuals with stable and unstable forms of self-esteem. Participants were 181 female undergraduates who completed measures of self-esteem level and fame interest along with daily measures of state self-esteem (i.e., how an individual feels about oneself at the present moment) for seven consecutive days. Our results show that individuals who possess unstable high self-esteem reported a stronger desire to become famous than did those with stable high self-esteem. **These findings suggest the intriguing possibility that individuals with unstable high self-esteem may want to become famous as a means for gaining external validation.** Implications of these findings for understanding the connection between self-esteem and the desire for fame are discussed.

181 self-reporting female subjects doesn't qualify as a huge (or unerring) study, but it's enough to glimpse penumbras of the womanly craving for external validation, aka attention whoring.

Why were only women studied?

> We focused exclusively on women in the present study because previous research suggests that women were more likely than men to report being interested in fame as a way to gain status (Greenwood et al., 2013) and use their interest in celebrities as a way to establish their own identities (i.e., celebrity worship; Reeves, Baker, & Truluck, 2012).

Paradoxically, men gain MUCH more reproductive fitness from fame than do women, and yet women appear to crave fame more. It could be that women's self-esteems are naturally more unstable than men's self-esteems, and that women also have a stronger constitutional need to "feel good in the moment" than do men, so they turn to fame and facsimiles of fame (posting Africa AIDS kid pics to Instagram while assuming the missionary position (double entendre intended)) as a sort of palliative to rub their hamsters with the grain.

The most interesting aspect of this study (because let's face it the results pretty much internally and externally validate generations of conventional wisdom about women's natural disposition to flaunt their prime nubility goods for ego assuaging feels) is the finding that **unstable high self-esteem** women are the most likely to attention whore.

What is an unstable high self-esteem woman?

> The present study focuses on self-esteem instability, which refers to fluctuations in moment-to-moment feelings of self-worth over time. Accounting for both self-esteem level and self-esteem instability is important because it allows researchers to identify those individuals who possess secure and fragile forms of high self-esteem. That is, individuals who possess high levels of self-esteem that are stable over time (i.e., stable high self-esteem) are believed to be secure in their feelings of self-worth because their positive attitudes about themselves appear to be well-anchored and do not fluctuate a great deal based on external circumstances. **In contrast, individuals who report generally high levels of self-esteem but experience considerable fluctuations in their feelings of self-worth over time (i.e., unstable high self-esteem) are thought to**

> **possess a relatively fragile form of high self-esteem because these frequent changes in their self-esteem suggest that the positive views expressed by these individuals are at least somewhat uncertain.**
>
> Self-esteem instability has been found—both by itself and in conjunction with self-esteem level—to be associated with a variety of important life outcomes including anger (Kernis, Grannemann, & Barclay, 1989), aggression (Zeigler-Hill, Enjaian, Holden, & Southard, 2014), defensiveness (Zeigler-Hill, Chadha, & Osterman, 2008), interpersonal style (Zeigler-Hill, Clark, & Beckman, 2011), humor style (Vaughan, Zeigler-Hill, & Arnau, in press), academic outcomes (Zeigler-Hill et al., 2013), and psychopathology (e.g., Zeigler-Hill & Wallace, 2012; see Jordan & Zeigler-Hill, 2013, for a review). **These results are consistent with the view that unstable high self-esteem reflects vulnerable feelings of self-worth that require external validation as well as some degree of self-deception** (see Kernis, 2003, for a review). Unstable high self-esteem is thought to be associated with a wide array of negative outcomes (e.g., poor psychological adjustment, defensiveness) because this form of high self-esteem may lack the protective mechanisms that seem to shield those with stable high self-esteem from experiencing these outcomes. These results suggest that self-esteem instability is an important moderator of the associations that self-esteem level has with an array of life outcomes. Our goal for the present study was to examine whether self-esteem instability also moderates the association that self-esteem level has with the desire for fame.

In the study description provided at the link, you'll read that fragile (unstable) high self-esteem women tend to be "unrealistically optimistic" and mean-spirited. Sounds about right. You know the type: Those hyperactive drama whores who backstab perceived enemies one minute with foul-tempered fury and then crow about how great life is the next with a phony sing-song chirpiness that's carried aloft by bluebirds and garland.

The fame-starved, superficially high self-esteem girl (a close cousin of the BPD girl) is the bread and butter of nightgame pickup artists. To game one of these chicks, you have to know first that feeding her fragile ego is absolutely the OPPOSITE of what you should do. Once a SHiSE girl has gotten her external validation, her vagina shuts down. To keep that vagina open and curious, her ego needs to be kept on tenterhooks, always waiting and anticipating but never getting that next hit of validation. Not without clauses and stipulations, at any rate.

And do you know what game tactics perfectly exploit this innate weakness in the female psyche?

Disqualification ("Oh, we would never hit it off. You're too uptight").

Negs ("Nice hamster. Is it real?").

Warning: You would never want to LTR or wife up a SHiSE woman. Her constant annoying need for validation will either drive you insane or drive you to jealousy when she strays to get her feels from other men. Cheating is almost inevitable with these types of girls, because one man can only externally validate her so much before the value of his validation, no matter how tantalizingly wielded, drops below the price of inflating her ego.

Maxim #29: Think of female egos and female vaginas as opposing forces. The more one is stroked, the less the other wants to be stroked.

Comment Of The Week: The Tumescence Of Twelve Men

CH · 16 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

gunslingergregi burps up a nugget of pith from his prolix comment splatter. Here he explains his thought process if his girlfriend were to hypothetically get trained by 12 angry minstrels.

> after my bitch gone she need 12 dicks to try and replace mine

Great reframe! You deserve this week's COTW. The reframe is such a powerful tool of social influence that you should try to become adept at reframing every interaction, romantic or otherwise, to your personal advantage. Reframing is sexy and masculine and dominant. It's a self-aggrandizing tactic that alpha males use frequently and beta males almost never use, unless by accident. Of all the pickup techniques, I can think of few as distinguishing as the reframe that so starkly delineate the social behaviors of alpha and beta males. (Lesser betas will often reframe a situation or conversation to make themselves appear *worse*.)

***

COTW runner-up is Arbiter, reminding us that women have a very different psychology from men when peer pressure is brought to bear.

> *Career focused women are having 'egg-freezing' parties – NY Post*
>
> *http://nypost.com/2014/08/13/nyc-career-women-gather-at-egg-freezing-party/*
>
> *"I don't have a significant other . . . but I hope to one day and have kids," said attendee, Donna Kanze, 35, of Manhattan, who has a career in the technology sector. She's already signed up for egg freezing.*
>
> Of course it has to be parties. Celebrate together like a herd and put it on the internet. Don't forget the selfies. And when you work out, you should work out in groups.
>
> Women act this way because women have always survived through other people. A woman had to win the approval of other women in the tribe, because children were best raised with each other's help, and a woman needed the other women to like her so they would help her children. She also had to please her mother-in-law, who ran the household, and her husband, who brought home the food and protected her. Her day was very much about winning the approval of other people.
>
> It is also the reason why they on average use a larger vocabulary in a day than men. Communication, connection, affirmation of belonging. No wonder that women like living in large cities more than men do, and dislike living in the country more. No wonder that they are more orthodox, no matter what the reigning orthodoxy is: Christianity, Islam, communism, nationalism, secularism. (When people talk about how women are "oppressed" by religion in the Gulf, they are unaware of the fact that the women are generally more religious than the men.) The group means survival.
>
> And if you are a leftist, your whole ideology is about organizing in a group in order to attack and take value from other people, while the Right's ideology is about building value. So "career-focused" New York women will be among the most group-obsessed women in the Western world.
>
> *When EggBanxx's marketing director Leahjane Lavin, 34, announced that she just underwent two cycles of egg freezing herself, the crowed whooped with approval.*
>
> But of course they did. Whoop as a group, ladies.

The herd mentality explains a lot about women. For instance… popular misconception to the contrary notwithstanding, most sluts are not beautiful women. Sluts are largely drawn from the 4-7 SMV class of women; they are those women who can't get the high quality men beloved by all women except by throwing their legs open

and hoping that they get lucky and manage to trap one of those good men with their honeypot freebie. (Ugly women don't even have this option because most men don't want their sex, however readily available it's made to them.)

Given that most women fall into the fat 4-7 part of the SMV bell curve, there is a herd-like incentive among some of them to extol the imaginary virtues of sluttitude and to actively suppress slut-shaming dissent. Prettier women have the opposite reaction — sluts undermine their sex market leverage — but they don't have the majority herd numbers to put up an effective counterfront.

And so it is with this egg-freezing business. High SMV women (pretty, young, non-careerist) instinctively know this Wall-induced tech-savior scramble is a shit way to go about living a happy life with a loving man and bearing his children, but they are overwhelmed by the growing numbers of careerist hags rounding up their hagherd who desperately want to believe that a tech-rejuvenated hatch of eggs is the equivalent of a young pretty face, smooth skin and supple flesh.

Unfortunately for the aging careerist hags, men don't get boners for wombs and frozen eggs.

Short-Haired Women Are An Affront To Male Desire

CH · 17 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Welcome to AndrogyNation, where women are turned into feminist lackeys and start to comport themselves in ways that betray a venomous loathing of natural male desire. Exhibit A: Jennifer Lawrence post-locks:

Still smashable, but here she is from a bygone era with long hair:

499 out of 500 doctors of love agree… so much hotter.

Boycuts optimize the looks of vanishingly few women. The best you can say about a woman with short, cropped hair is that she looks almost as good as she does with long hair. Audrey Hepburn was a classic representative of the ingenue who looks impishly sexy with short hair. But long-haired photos of Audrey prove that she looked even better with her tresses out and about for a playful romp.

Given the near-universal preference of men for longer-haired women, it is then a mystery why women chop their hair off. Don't women want to please men? They do, but cultural and sex ratio shifts can influence how weakly or strongly women feel the need to appease the sexual preferences of men.

The last period short hair styles were widely fashionable on women (as well as flapper dresses which concealed the female form) was the Roaring Twenties, a time of feminism, suffrage, intensified status striving, and growing wealth inequality. Sound familiar?

A social milieu in which protector and provider beta males economically fall behind, home and hearth become secondary considerations to riding the cock carousel, and status whoring among women reaches a crescendo is also a milieu wherein women don't feel much need to look and behave in the demure feminine manner that is attractive to men. We are again ovaries deep in that androgynous America zeitgeist, one defined by masculinizing women and feminizing men. Expect it to get worse before it gets better (if it ever does).

Avowed feminists loathe male desire because most feminists are ugly and resent that they aren't the objects of male desire. These loudmouthed bitterbitches drag normal women in their wake, and a general antipathy toward men and men's sexual preferences, already pushed in motion by larger social forces, coalesces as malign media propaganda and institutional lunacy.

Racial Differences In Testosterone

CH · 18 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Anyone who's lived a day in his life (or played summer football in a city park or worked out at a vibrant gym) has noticed that different races have different musculature and athletic talent. Blacks are the most ripped, and often the biggest, particularly in the deltoids and lats. They respond the fastest to resistance training and are amazingly agile on their feet, (something you have to marvel at the first time a black guy with the ball makes a cut around you).

Whites are the most varied, ranging from nerd skinny to hulking well-marbled powerlifter. Few whites can get as defined as blacks, so you really become aware of those white guys who do manage to carve their abs and delts well past the norm for their race. Whites also have wider waists than blacks, and tend to stockiness, although this is far from a universal white trait.

Asians are the slightest and the least toned, and are less varied in appearance than either blacks or whites, (although asian sub-groups, like Koreans, who hit the gym hard can become quite strong in compound movements like the squat that leverage their naturally lower center of gravity and shorter limbs).

Hispanics (or amerindians, if you prefer) resemble their asian progenitors in muscle tone, but not in gracility. And depending on how you define "hispanic", their physical variance is either very large (think Spanish-Cuban vs Mestizo) or very small (the round mamacita millions).

All these racial differences in physique are far more noticeable in younger men (and women) than in older representatives, owing primarily to the fact that most people of any race get fatter and looser with age, the biological upkeep of their sexual dimorphism becoming less relevant beyond reproductive age, and this symptom of aging is greatly exacerbated by the Western obesity plague, especially in black women who get so enormously fat soon after leaving high school that you'd need a team of archaeologists to excavate evidence of their buried female form.

So, you'd have to be blind or a self-deluding status whoring SWPL leftoid to not notice these differences.

For a while, curious noticers wondering what accounted for their observations would assume that testosterone had something to do with it. After all, T and T mimics are injected by bodybuilders to build huge blocks of muscle. Naturally, one infers that the less muscular-looking races (if not necessarily the less strong) have lower levels of testosterone in their blood.

Finding data on racial differences in testosterone hasn't been easy, but here's a website (can't vouch for impartiality of author) which aggregated study results and compiled the available evidence. What was found was the following:

Average total plasma testosterone in the "Big Three" races, in descending order

East Asians
Africans
White Europeans

The slightest and least muscular race has the highest average T levels!

The complete T level ranking looked like this:

Indo-Aryan (i.e. Iranians and Indians!)
East Asian
African
American
European
Middle Eastern
Latin American

If this meta-analysis is accurate, then clearly average racial serum testosterone levels have little, if any at all, effect on average racial physiques and athleticism. Something else must be contributing to the obvious real world differences in racial musculature and athletic potential. It could be androgen receptor sensitivity. It could be non-free form T levels. It could be serum estrogen levels! It could be an environmental or dietary influence. It could be a suite of genes whose properties we have yet to discover.

The point of all this is that knowledge is inherently good, and lying liars who wish to bury this knowledge under layers of sophistic equalist fat are enemies of the good.

UPDATE

Commenter jeff writes,

> The website referenced in the post is bogus. Any desire to frame the material on the referenced website is just an exercise in establishing closure.
>
> The world is as you see it. White people are almost always in the middle of some human measurement; when that falls out of whack you know the data is probably, but not necessarily, incorrect.
>
> Check here:
>
> jcem.endojournals.org/content/91/2/687.full (Swede/Korean study)
>
> ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/20550541 (South Asian vs Caucasian)
>
> ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/12608929 (Pakistani v. White v. African)
>
> ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/22177168 (penis size & anogenital distance, correlation to higher testosterone)
>
> healthandenvironment.org/ docs/Eisenberg_2012_The_Relationship_Between _Anogenital_Distance_ and_Reproductive_Hormone_Levels_in_Adult_Men.pdf (same study from above in depth)

Read the linked individual studies. They're very interesting, (especially the anogenital one… that's out of left field), and some do support a Rushtonian B>W>A gradient in testosterone levels. The debate continues.

Commenter splooge adds that black men are beginning to dominate the "sport" of bodybuilding. In the article, eight-time Mr. Olympia winner Lee Haney admits that the reason blacks do so well in sports and bodybuilding is "our genetics". Jimmy the Greek wept.

***

Another great comment, this time from roccopilsner.

> You have Looks vs. Performance. Looks are for fags and narcissists (when talking about body building), and even women don't get soaked over a veiny , high blood pressure having Body Builder…sorry they just don't.
>
> I have been involved in the sports world (boxing and later MMA) competitor , later as a trainer and later as a trainer/cut man for years. I have also been in and around a fairly high level of training of wrestling and powerlifting athletes for many years as well. It's a simple break down that holds pretty true in my experiences:
>
> – Blacks are quick. They have longer legs than other races on avg, they have greater stride and lots of fast twitch muscle fibers. They excel at jumping and sprinting activities. Speed positions in the NFL, NBA, Olypmpic sprinting (think the tiny Island of Jamaica for instance) The Yang to this Yin, and that the more speedy and explosive the man, the shorter his stamina. Kenyan Africans are thin and not very strong, they run for ever and a day…Jamaicans sprint , yet you will rarely see one go more than a few hundred yards. Blacks tend to be speedy with stamina problems while Asians are built for the long haul but get there very slowly. Whites span the middle ground…
>
> – Whites are by far the largest and strongest (different from powerful and explosive) The largest and most powerful are usually Northern European. Think Strong man champions tend to be either directly from

> Northern Europe, or descendants of. Think some of the best NFL Lineman are usually white, 330lbs plus with agility and strength , but not much on the verticle. This is also where the genetics come in. You see an NFL lineman or a powerlifter and they might have some extra pounds around the waist line but it does not affect athleticism or power. (Check out ex Collegiate Wrestler and Offensive line pro-bowler for the Patriots Steven Neil and how he can do a back flip at 330lbs…also his 40 is insane)
>
> This is another reason why MMA has more successful white, Hispanic and Asian competitors than pure boxing, because you are allowed to hold and clamp down on your opponent instead of focusing on fleet footedness + evasion + reach + Rhythm that you have in boxing which is tailor made for Blacks.
>
> Asians – Philipinos , Laotians, Thai and Tongan peoples (Far South East Asia) have rhythm, tend to be very athletic and their behavior lends itself to higher T anyways,…Far more sexual ,more violent (boxing and kick boxing are very popular) etc etc
>
> I would say Hispanic males (mestizo not mulato) have a fairly high testosterone level, as shown by their macho culture, success in boxing, aggression towards women etc etc…most latinos I competed against were strong for their size, had natural stamina (Hwt Champion of the UFC is a Mexican and has the gas tank of a 120 fighter) though they are not naturally muscular or cut.

Realtalk may be dying in the prestige press, but it is alive and well at the Chateau.

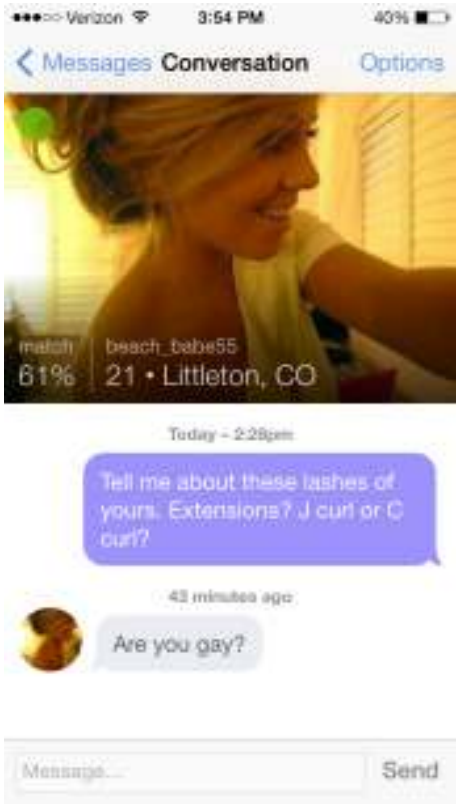
What To Say When A Girl Calls You Gay

CH · 19 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Some elements of game are deliberately antagonizing, because pretty women have natural social shields that need to be penetrated before a courtship can have a chance of succeeding. Antagonism (aka breezy teasing) will occasionally instigate a frisky response from a girl.

A reader sends along an example of this seduction dynamic.

> After learning about the different eye lash extension curl types from my GF I told my player buddy about it. He decided to throw it out at this little tart on Tinder and see what happened.
>
> 21 yr old blonde responded with a typical shit test. Normally I wouldn't have thought much about it, but for some reason I thought for the better part of a few hours what a good response to this would be. I was stymied on this one.



Inner game precedes outer game. Recall what CH has told you to visualize when confused about how to respond to a shit testing sexy girl:

What Would An Alpha Male With A Harem Do?

Imagine you got this reply while another girl had her lips wrapped around your cock. Really feel the moment. You look down at the tousled mass of hair dancing above your vitals, then up at your phone as this other girl's message comes over the wire. Your state of mind duly informed, what kind of attitude do you think you'll be sending "beach_babe55"? One of neediness? Resentment? Deference? Indignation? Defensiveness? Supplication?

No on all counts. What you'll write back instead (after you've had your pleasure) is a terse glib response pregnant with self-amusement and cockiness and indifference to winning her approval. Once you have assumed this alpha male attitude, the right words will flow effortlessly. Those words could take the form of Agree&Amplify:

“no but my bf is”

or

“assless chaps don’t make a man gay”

You could assume the sale:

“stop trying to convert me”

or

“your flirting needs work”

You could backstab her self-esteem:

“knew it. you’re a j curl girl”

or

“you’re one of those”

You could make a double entendre:

“nice mouth on you”

You could ignore her:

“why is your shirt ripped? you poor?”

You could be the reckless, challenging asshole that chicks dig:

“text me back when you have something sexy to say”

or

“C+. sassy, but not sexy”

or

“no but listening to you might turn me”

You could dick pic her:

“8===D ~~~G A Y”

You could discombobulate her with a non sequitur:

“double rainbow all the way”

Finally, you could make yourself laugh with an insolent cat pic:

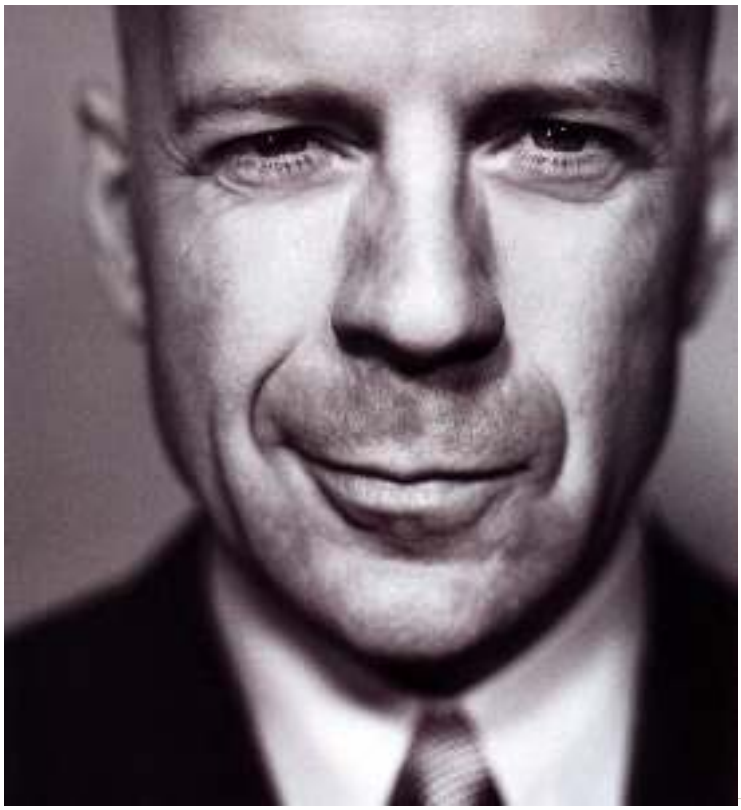
Once you have imbued the right attitude, the possibilities for flirtatious banter increase exponentially.

How To Take A Mug Shot Like An Alpha Male

CH · 20 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

That's how it's done. Suit up. Chin up. Eyes straight. Smirk like you own the joint. Or you're about to get one over on someone you hate.

As a commenter noted, Perry's mug shot reminded him of someone else.



It's almost as if there are universal, cosmic rules governing (heh) what facial expressions humans perceive to be recognizably alpha, (or beta. cf: john scalzi).

When you're an alpha male, all the world's a studio shot.

Since we're on the subject of alpha male mug shots:

I detect a nascent smirk and arched eyebrow. But what really ties the alpha together is the T-shirt. Yes, that's a graphic of his own previous mug shot on his shirt. Recursive jerkboy game.

CH discussion of politicians' body language does not necessarily imply partisan support or disapproval. So don't litter the comments section with political yammering.

The Best All-Purpose Chat Reply To Any Girl's Obnoxious Question

CH · 20 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

GIRL: "Are you gay?"

MAN:

Perfection is rarely seen so clearly in the wild.

Sending this pic to a frisky filly may not guarantee the bang, but goddamn will it leave a smile on your face. And likely on hers, too.

PS And here's the worst — and also the funniest — reply to any girl's obnoxious question:

> IF A GIRL EVER SAID THAT TO ME I WOULD END HER LIFE BY PUMMELING HER WITH SOME RIGHTEOUS FISTS OF EXTREMELY MASCULINE FURY THEN WHILE SHE WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR IN A PILE OF HER OWN BLOOD I WOULD PUT A BUN IN HER OVEN. FOR CLARITY, I MEAN THAT I WOULD LITERALLY STUFF A BREAD ROLL UP HER VAGINA. THEN I WOULD WATCH SOME TOM CRUISE MOVIES. BE CAREFUL NOT TO BE CONSUMED BY THE DARKNESS

h/t yeahokcool. This may be the first time ALL CAPS wasn't overkill.

How To Handle Girls Playing The 'Poor Me!' Act

CH · 21 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Beta bait. It's a trap!

> Beta bait and shit tests are similar concepts with some notable distinctions. Shit tests occur with the most regularity and intensity during early game, and at times when the relationship is on the skids. They are normally loaded up front to help the girl quickly take the measure of your alphaness. Beta bait happens at any time while dating a girl, and are spread out evenly in a relationship as a sort of low level boyfriend diagnosis script.

Beta bait is basically a type of leading question or leading suggestion employed by women as part of their subconscious female algorithm to elicit evidence of low value beta male psychology. It often takes the form of "poor me!" solipsistic martyrdom, a kind of damsel in distress ploy that thirsty beta males and white knights find hard to resist.

Chomping down on stinky beta bait lowers male SMV by a fraction of a point. The more chomps, the more SMV deductions, until enough demerits have been ignominiously earned that the girl can no longer stand to be in the beta's company. The only way to decrease the frequency and intensity of beta bait is to demonstrate, through various verbal sleights of tongue, an unwillingness to tolerate them.

And that means learning how to respond to validation-thirsty girls playing gotcha! head games.

Commenter Mr. Meaner writes,

> One piece of beta-bait I still occasionally fall for is when a girl, who has a great body, utters empty complaints about her body. "I'll never be as thin as her/I wish my ass looked like hers/She has really nice boobs…" etc
>
> If you try and reassure her it always backfires. Every. Single. Time.
>
> It shits me that I still fall for this one. This is such a hard trap to avoid for the logical male brain, probably one of the most dangerous shit tests of all.

Beta Bait Rule #1: Don't reassure a girl playing the 'poor me!' act.

There will be vanishingly few times in a man's life when reassurance is the charismatic response and won't backfire on him. If a cute girl is whining about her looks, and suggestively leading the witness with statements like "I wish I had her boobs", refrain at all costs from putting her doubts to rest.

DO NOT…

Disagree with her.

"No, you are totally the thinnest girl here!"

Soothe her.

"You're being way too hard on yourself."

Badmouth her competition.

"Her? No way. Her boobs are way worse than yours."

Everyone has heard betaboys say this kind of stuff. It is the coin of the realm for inexperienced men who were raised on presumptions that supplication or therapeutic pep talks are the ways to win a girl's heart.

Beta Bait Rule #2: Think two steps ahead of self-effacing women.

As Mr. Meaner noted, the male brain is logical and linear, and thus easily exploited by the more socially intuitive and serpentine female brain. A woman asking what sounds like a logical question, or making a statement that implies a logical assessment, is not actually interested in a logical reply. The details of womantalk are secondary to the emotional subtext. Call it… girlsplaining. (Even better, call it "girlspleening".)

A woman's beta bait is like the Bene Gesserit Pain Box: Crisis and observation is the objective. The man is presented with a crisis — the woman's needy exclamations of phony self-doubt — and then he is observed by her hindbrain for evidence of his appeasing beta maleness or, if he passes, of his alluring alpha aloofness.

This is why a man must train himself in the art of thinking circuitously, like a woman. To seduce a woman, you must first embody her instincts. Then, informed by the power of her wiles, you "flip the script" and hack into her arousal center with the password she unwittingly gave you.

Thinking two steps ahead means avoiding the logical response for the funny or witty or condescending response that is more precisely directed at the subtext of her words. Her subtext is her true animating force, the hamster behind the curtain.

Beta Bait Rule #3: The two best responses to "poor me!" ploys are 1. Agree & Amplify and 2. Dismissive Provocation.

Agree & Amplify:

GIRL: "I'll never be as thin as her."
DESPICABLE YOU: "Nope. You are one HYOOGE beach ball. Do you walk or roll?"

Dismissive Provocation:

GIRL: "I wish my ass looked like hers."
DESPICABLE YOU: "Try to be more subtle when you're fishing for compliments."

There are many ways to evade self-martyrdom beta bait and come out looking like a sexy beast, but based on my experience these are the two best methods. If you go with A&A or DP, you will never be mistaken for a chump beta, and the number of times you have to hear "poor me!" crap from women will markedly decrease. A&A will usually incite the open-mouthed mock indignation, amazed half-smile from girls that is so indicative of their uncontrolled arousal. DP will cause girls to react more like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar; she'll pout a little, squint, frown and proclaim her innocence of such nefarious manipulations. Again, like the reaction from A&A, these are the facial cues that betray vaginal inflammation.

Two final thoughts. Beta bait of the "poor me!" variety is usually the province of attractive girls, although older, formerly hot cougars are known to utilize the scam for real reassurance from older men who have more sexual market options than the aging beauties.

Girls who are aware at some mental level of their attractiveness have the ego to spare to parlay obviously false confessions about fears of their subpar looks. Truly hideous girls will rarely beta bait in this manner, (or any manner), because it will be hard for them to express self-doubts without it sounding like real pain. "Poor me!" ploys aren't ploys when the confessor really is a poor specimen of womanhood. Try to picture a fatty saying "I'll never be as thin as her." It is to laugh. Her ballast isn't some phantasm that even supplicating beta males can reassure out of existence; her ballast is taking up real world space. I have seen sordid spectacles play out where a chubster would pull this stunt on a pudding pop beta male buddy for whom she has long held a torch, only to realize too late her bait would get no traction as the betaboy just stood there blankly staring at her and muttering "oh".

However, when a fatty or fug does attempt to sling "poor me!" bait, reassurance should still be avoided. Why would you want to reassure a fat girl that she's perfect just the way she is? That's adding ugliness to the world. The best response in those rare cases is "Encouragement by Tacit Shiv":

FATTY: "I'll never be as thin as her."

MOTIVATIONAL YOU: “Sure you can. You just gotta stop talking about it and start doing.”

If she isn’t reaching for the bottle of pills after that, consider it a lesson well-learned!

Lastly, there are times when women in long-term relationships will defecate “poor me!” turds on your serenity. A&A and DP are acceptable responses, but once in a while — these rare moments determined at the discretion of your intuitive grasp for relationship harmony — a guileless reassurance is what she desperately needs. If your wife is beginning to worry about her wrinkles, and there’s nothing about her you don’t like, then a calming dissuasion will fit the moment perfectly.

Just don’t overdo it. These “beta male reassurance” moments should be the seasoning to relationships, never the stew. A little goes a long way. Tragicomically, it’s usually incorrigible beta males who lean on the crutch of “reassurance game” to excess, the very last men who would derive any benefit from it, and often the men who experience befuddling negative blowback when their appeasement isn’t met with the gratitude from their girlfriends or wives they mistakenly believe is coming.

Women in LTRs needing expressions of acceptance are usually moved into that position because their lovers are alpha men who are a little short on beta vulnerability game. Such women are sexually bonded to their alphas, but their emotional bonds may fray if, over time, their men — and remember these are men with options — don’t supply them with sufficient sweet talk to allay their gnawing fears of future abandonment.

If your wife or girlfriend really is getting fat or ugly, then “poor me!” ploys are a dangerous game which could blow up the relationship. Unattractive women in relationships — especially those who were formerly attractive when they met their partners — are mentally lubed by a toxic mix of superficial security and comfort coupled with a fearful sensation of impending romantic loss. This emotional turmoil drives them to seek constant reassurance of their prettiness as their men used to know them.

But it’s a catch-22. Reassure these women, and they are never incentivized to improve themselves. Dismiss their concerns, and the same results. Agree with them, and they withdraw spitefully. It’s a minefield and the best way to navigate it is the ol’ “Butter her up before delivering the bad news” tactic.

WIFE WITH POWER OF STATE AT HER BECK AND CALL: “I’ll never be as thin as her.”
DEVIOUS YOU: “You were the prettiest woman I had ever met. And hopefully always will be. I can help make that happen.”

The only other scenario in which it makes any sense to “beta up” and reassure a fat or ugly girl steeped in legitimate self-doubt is one where you want to bang the fug. But then the question has to be asked… WAYB? (Why are you banging?)

A Test Of Your Game

CH · 22 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This edition of 'A Test of Your Game' comes courtesy of a reader in need of a quickie… game tip. Just the game tip.

> I could use your advice on a fading opportunity. I need to act quickly because I'm moving across town.
>
> I have a smoking hot neighbor living next door to me. She has a gorgeous face, the kind where her smile lights up a room. Slim, fit, great posture, perfect skin. We rarely meet. She knows I am divorced and have two daughters. She also knows I have a steady girlfriend (a solid 9, but enough about her). She must have heard me by now making my gf squeal because my bedroom borders her living room.
>
> She lives alone, but she's rarely at home, and I'm not home that much either. From time to time I see her clothes drying on her balcony.
>
> I'm 44, average height, fit, above average looks and I can pass for being in my early 30s. She's in her late 20s, educated, humble but not shy. I saw her with a dorky guy getting out of an expensive car once. That's as much as I know.
>
> So what's the play?

Ok, honored Chateau guests… what's the play? Winner (as deemed by yer preening narrator or by the reader's successful F close) will receive a tender, Palmolive softened tug job from John Scalzi, the sci fi writer and male feminist whose pre-teen daughter can lift more weight than him.

My advice: You need to get sexual fast, but in a plausibly deniable way. Think situational opener. You see her clothes drying on her balcony. Any panties? Next time you're able to chat with her, remark that she should be more careful about what kinds of clothes she dries outside for the whole world to see. Tell her it sends a message. This should get the ball rolling, and rolling fast if she already harbored some interest in you.

Now it's the commenters' turn. Hopefully our resident game experts will chime in. I didn't hand out those VIP passes for my health!

The Power Of Dread Game

CH · 24 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reco writes,

> OT but just had to share. There is this series on Cable called 90 Day Fiance and basically it is typical "reality" series about guys who go overseas to find a woman to bring back to the US and they have 90 days on their fiance visa to marry them. So its ostensibly about the culture shock of these women marrying these men and moving to another country.
>
> But what they are unknowingly illustrating all of the many concepts of the Red Pill on that are discussed on this site. Obviously you can see what kind of men are doing this. Very beta but nice guys who have no real options in the US. On the other side three of the four girls are very cute. Once looks like a lot like Sophia Vergara and she is from Columbia. And she acts like her also. Another looks a lot like Adriana Lima, and another from Russia is very cute. The last one is rough.
>
> Anyway the Russian chick is dating this nice guy totally beta. And she is basically treating him like shit. Not mean but they have known each other for over a year he has visited her several times she is in the US for a few weeks and she has not fucked him yet. Poor bastard does not know what to do. He asks instead of taking what he wants. She just casually blows him off and gives him more orders on what to do. So one night she is supposed to meet the beta boy out after work. He is outside smoking a cigarette and two chicks come up and bum a cigarette and they see the camera and he starts talking to them. Then his frigid Russian cutie comes up and is instantly in a state of dread. She is shooting daggers at the other two chicks. And beta boy is all "worried" that frigid girl is going to be jealous. Ha, then he says "funny thing it had the opposite effect". lol She started talking about he is her man etc.
>
> That night she fucks his nauseating needy ass. lol Do you know what the first thing she says as she is initiating sex with him? "Your cute!!!!" This dude is most certainly not cute in any way. Amazing to sit there and watch game principles at work. This series has many potential future Heartiste posts ready to inspire the manosphere.

Dread game is powerful stuff. Use it wisely. It's easy to overdo.

Mystery's infamous "jealousy plotlines" are a subclass of dread game, and that's what was happening to this frigid Russian chick. A woman's jealousy will supercharge her emotions more than her horniness. Jealousy plotlines can be deliberately invoked, unlike this particular case where it looks like the beta stumbled into a fortuitous ensemble cast of female preselection. The trick is to frame the plotline as if the "other women" — i.e. the pawns — approached you or were accidental afterthoughts in your DHV story. You don't want to "force" a jealousy plotline by, say, talking about your "hottie ex who couldn't get enough of me", or by approaching a girl you know while leaving your date in the lurch for twenty minutes.

Jealousy plotlines are very dangerous because they can easily backfire, but when they work they work like fuckin hamster TNT.

PS: Girls will often describe a physically unattractive but charismatic man who arouses them as "cute" because they don't have the verbal tools to describe his mysterious allure in anything but herd-like universal terms of attraction. This is why you shouldn't bother taking a girl's words describing what turns her on at face value. "Cute" literally can mean a thousand different things to a girl if she likes a man enough.

Spot The Beta Male

CH · 25 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The four fine gentlemen in this photo are North Carolina State University undergrads who have invented a prototype nail polish that, when dipped in a drink, will change color if it detects the presence of "date rape" drugs.

"Date rape", of course, is a feminist bogeyman that has no basis in reality. Actual rape is currently riding a 40-year decline. """Date rape""" is more precisely described as regret rape — the female emotional desire to retroactively reclassify a consensual one night stand with a cool alpha jerk (or a one month stand with a boring beta male) as rape. The female hysteria over it shows no signs of letting up, and hints at a culture of hookups and male escape from the marriage market that is beginning to eat away at women's sanity.

If anything is close to the truth, it's the idea that there's a **rape fantasy culture** gripping the overheated psyches of American women.

Naturally, given these inarguable realities debunking the myth of a rape culture, in ride the four white knights above on their Prius steeds to save women from stealth armies of caucasian frat bros slipping mickies in their appletinis.

But poz never did give nothing to the manboob
that he didn't, didn't already have
and facts never swayed the reason of the white knight
Or the blue balls of Sir Beta Male

The really interesting story, though, is the photo itself. Can you spot the beta male of the bunch?

Trick question. All four qualify.

Whether intentional or subconscious, these four M'lady's have outed themselves as self-abnegating beta males. That standing posture — with hands clasped in front of their crotches — is the international symbol of beta maleness. It bespeaks a deep shame of their vestigial masculinity. They cover their junk and hide it from the world, in case some ugly State U cunt is triggered by a micro microaggression. Shocked by the impudence of their twitching members, they beat them down and shroud them in hand-woven burqas. Perhaps one or two of these anti-men walk with their butts out a little so any hint of groinal protuberance is pruned, like an unwelcome sapling that has dared to reach for sunlight over an expanse of lawn sod with feminist armpit hair.

It's a self-emasculating inversion of the alpha male directive to command space as if at the behest of one's conquering penis king. A repudiation of the sexy and masculine posture wherein one stands with arms and hands at one's side, vital life-giving fulcrum bawdily pushed forward in supreme dominion, tempting coy minxes with illicit pleasures.

The shame exhibited is so blatant, one wonders if this is a new kind of beta male game — Prostration Game — where the goal is complete submission to the feminist imperative in hopes of eliciting a contemptuous pity fuck. If so, this is a game with a very short shelf life, as even avowed feminists cannot help but be repulsed by sniveling supplicants.

The masculinization of Western women and the de-masculinization of Western men is both initially the impetus, and eventually the destruction, of proud and prosperous white European civilizations. Guess which arc of the cycle America lumply squats on now.

Comment Of The Week: Dread Game Macrocosm

CH · 25 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Max from Australia, come on down! This COTW trophy isn't gonna polish itself.

> When women in the west had "dread" back in the 1950s they all had bodies like Jen Selter (without the Darkness). Now with 3 levels of Cradle to Grave Beta Bux from:
> 1) The Welfare state
> 2) Divorce rape
> 3) AFC's **[ed: average frustrated chumps]**
> They all look like Oprah.
>
> Think about this as a measure of the collapse !!! Your Grandpa was banging a 20 year old virgin with a smoking body (as hot as Jen Selter by today's standards) and they both spent the best years of their lives devoted to one another. (instead of their IPhones and our "Tinder" lifestyles)

Although this comment has a high glibness rating, it contains more than a kernel of truth. Dread game on a societal scale keeps women in line, always working hard to please men lest they be cast to the icy wastelands with the rest of the anti-feminine rejects. The opposite of Dread Game — Coddle Game — relaxes selective pressures on women to stay feminine and thin and agreeable. And so what you see now in the decadent, coddling West is what we get: Ballbusting fat feminist cunts and careerist androgynes.

Your Grandmother Was Thinner Than Your Wife

CH · 26 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

British women (and American women moreso) really have been getting beefier over the past few generations.

> [T]he average modern woman would seem like a giant to her great-great-grandmother, because in the past 80 years all measurements of the female body have increased dramatically.Yet it's nothing to do with genetics – simply a result of the way we live.

Marilyn Monroe was not the "curvy" woman feminists love to hold up as a fat apologist icon. She was thinner and daintier than today's modern woman in every conceivable way.

> So how have diet and lifestyle conspired to have such a rapid effect on evolution?

Environmental shocks.

> 1920s
>
> AVERAGE STATISTICS: 31-20-32
>
> Despite widespread poverty, the Twenties' diet was in some ways healthy. Convenience food did not exist and meals, which involved much peeling and chopping of vegetables, were higher in carbohydrates.
>
> A typical breakfast consisted of porridge or bread and butter. Lunch – the main meal of the day – might have been meat pie with cabbage and potatoes, followed by apple pie and custard. Tea would have been lighter – perhaps a pork pie or scrambled eggs – with a snack of bread and cheese at bedtime.
>
> In the Twenties, people burned up their calories with physical activity from dawn to dusk. In streets largely free of traffic, children skipped and played hopscotch and tag. Sports were a highly-valued part of the school curriculum, with compulsory PE for all.
>
> Almost everybody walked or cycled to work, and for the many women who worked in the industrial areas of the North, there was a daily grind of physical labour at the factory.
>
> The housewife did not need a personal trainer to keep the surplus pounds at bay. In a world before vacuum cleaners and washing machines, housework kept her trim. There was coal to be fetched, grates to be blacked, floors to be scrubbed, carpets to be beaten – as well as the Monday wash with washboard and mangle.

Moving onto the next generation:

> 1940s
>
> AVERAGE STATISTICS: 33-21-33
>
> […] Again, it was their highly energetic lifestyle that kept Forties women slim. There was no petrol for cars, and people cycled or walked for miles every day. Girls thought little of walking ten miles home after a Saturday night dance.
>
> With their men off fighting, fashion changed. The curvy feminine look to cheer returning heroes became the order of the day, with fitted suits and belted flowery dresses to show off the waist, and the Flapper's flattening bodice giving way to the circle-stitched bra.

And Lena's getting laaaaarrger!!

> 1960s

> AVERAGE STATISTICS: 34-24-35
>
> […] Our lifestyles became less energetic too. Housewives cleaned their homes at the push of a button as washing machines and vacuum cleaners become the norm, while children fell victim to the Left-wing educationists' decree that competitive sport was 'divisive' and state schools saw their playing fields sold off for housing. Before much longer, experts would be talking of the unimaginable – rising rates of obesity in childhood.
>
> The first steps were made on the road towards the classic modern English pear shape, as, for the first time, the bottom of the hourglass figure became bigger than the top.

We're gonna need a bigger buffet.

> 1980s
>
> AVERAGE STATISTICS: 35-24-37
>
> By the time the Eighties came along, British woman was well on the way to an irretrievable pear-shape, with her hips measuring two inches more than her bust.
>
> Snacking, eating at one's desk, in front of the TV and even on public transport became increasingly common, and the habit of three meals a day was jettisoned. The new-style snacks were high in fats and sugars, and even apparently 'healthy' foods, such as breakfast cereals and yoghurts, are high in 'hidden' calories.
>
> Physical outdoor games for children started to look very uncool in comparison to a video or computer game, and exercise experts reported that Eighties children were dangerously unfit compared to their grandparents.

Nuke the jabba from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

> 2001
>
> By the year 2000, the pearshape has become even more marked, with the average waistsize having ballooned four inches in 20 years.

Feminist concern trolls wonder why men are "dropping out" of the marriage market. Well, you don't need a degree in human physiology to spot a blubbery, boner-killing trend.

Reader Mailbag: Toddler Game Vs EatPraySlut

CH · 26 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A proud Chateau acolyte writes,

> After reading the Toddler game article I decided to try some little kid game.
>
> One of my plates **[ed: "plates" = concurrent lovers or would-be lovers]** was going to Africa for a month doing non-ebola humanitarian work so I decided to give her a gift before she left. Using crayons I drew two crude stick figures and wrote "u R cool hAV fuN iN AfriKA" accompanied by "I stayed up past my bed time making this for you.
>
> She started beaming and even teared up a little. She told me that she would nail it to the door of her hut so that she could always see it when she was home.
>
> Total cost to me was less than $1.

If you must mate guard, this is the cool alpha male way to do it. Low investment, high humor, and a physical anchor that will remind her of you every day she's in that grass hut. If Toddler Game can defeat mandingo-hunting EatPraySlut """humanitarian work""", it is powerful game indeed. Its power rests in the attitude it conveys to women: Charming aloofness and happy recklessness. However, reader, I would caution you to consider the worst possibility, and to have an escape route ready should you sense on her return that your woman did what comes naturally to women who spend months overseas with noble savages.

NB: Alpha males rarely spend more than a few bucks on gifts for their girls. If you spend $$$ on jewelry, etc for a girl, you are beta and you fail.

******

Update: A comment from Count Rockula who applied a dollop of CH game to his text convo with a coy girl.

> Here's a classic Heartiste reply that saved me… little background here. I had been banging this 23 year old who I met one night at a party. She took me to another party one night, where I met one of her friends, a hot blonde 8, who I shared eyes with on several occasions. Chatted her up, found out she was moving in a month to another state, but never got her number. Few weeks later, I see her out at a bar. Got her number ("Oh man, I was hoping you would ask me for it!") and texted her a few days later…
> She knew I was banging her friend, and I knew I would at some point in the interaction have to deal with a shit test regarding that. Thanks to the words from an older blog posted here, I passed with flying colors…
>
> After some prelim banter…
>
> Me: So What night we meeting for a drink? Wednesday or Thursday?
>
> Her: Is that allowed ? Aren't you like dating Sara?
>
> Me: Yeah, Sara and I hang out sometimes, but no, I'm not dating anyone
>
> Me: But hey, if you have a hang up about that it's cool, I get it
>
> Her: Haha no, I don't wanna hang out
>
> Me: lol
>
> …..15 minutes later…
>
> Her: I'm out of work at 8 Wednesday. Planned on seeing Kayla
>
> Her: Time is getting slim because my flights Saturday
>
> Her: Meet at (X Venue) Friday night?

> This blog and its community are life changers…keep it up everyone.

That was beautiful, man. A master class of text game from beginning to end. There is a time for “lol”, and that was it. Poetry.

Go-Topless Day

CH · 26 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

There was a "Go-Topless Day" in NY this past Sunday. Two hundred (mostly) women and four hundred boobs marched in protest of those wrong kinds of white people in those horribly backward flyover states who force women to wear burqas over their nipples when out in public.

Hey I am all for women — but only cute women — having the freedom to display their naked bodies in public, as long as those women accept that men have the freedom to leer at their naked bodies and Instagram photos of their titties for Dad back home. But I'm thinking these weirdo cult feminists wouldn't be down with that part of the individual freedom deal. Equal rights, yo.

Always with these slut parades there are mixed in with the occasional cuties an insane asylum of grotesqueries and/or subversives who provide fodder for normal people to point and jeer. This time it was a couple of men with huge, pendulous manboobs demanding the right to swing their milktits in little Johnny's face. At least, I think they're men, but who can tell for sure. Freaks have a knack for looking like they're stuck in the pupal stage morphing from one species to another.

There's one manboob, all the way to the right.

Here he is with his buddy, in a clearer shot.

Let your manboobs out, freedom fighter! Why weren't their nips pixelated? Two dirigibles sporting flapjack mammaries is less offensive to the taste than female boobs? If the goal here is to uphold norms of journalistic conduct, these two gelatinous blobs should've been blurred head to toe.

"Slut pride" is synonymous with "civilization perishing". By the time your culture gets to the point where women are proud for doing something that their grandmothers were proud of NOT doing, you should have your post-collapse plans squared away.

The Difference Between Promiscuous Men And Promiscuous Women

CH · 27 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Promiscuous men can handle their promiscuity better than promiscuous women can handle theirs.

Compare and contrast:

This is how a man looks after twenty lovers:

This is how a woman looks after twenty lovers:

That's the thousand cock stare. You can't miss it. It's derangement that penetrates right to the soul.

Not only are promiscuous men more emotionally stable and contented than promiscuous women, they are also happier spouses.

> Women who have several sexual partners before getting married have less happy marriages – but men do no harm by playing the field, a study has found.

> According to new research by the National Marriage Project, more than half of married women who had only ever slept with their future husband felt highly satisfied in their marriage.
>
> But that percentage dropped to 42 per cent once the woman had had pre-marital sex with at least two partners. It dropped to 22 per cent for those with ten or more partners.
>
> But, for men, the number of partners [sic] they [had] appeared to have no bearing on how satisfied they felt within a marriage.
>
> Researchers said the study showed that sex with many different partners 'may be risky' if the woman is in search of a high-quality marriage.

If you heed not lies and accept the truth of biological and psychological sex differences, you won't be surprised to learn that men, the sex with a trillion sperms to please their lovers, are hardwired to spread the seminal wealth without incurring psychotraumatic blowback. Men are geared from the get-go for poosy variety (though not all men will fulfill their directive and not all are geared in fifth) and therefore have the cortical capacity to easily tolerate the comings and goings of numerous lovers without having a breakdown or fretting constantly about how well new lovers match up to old lovers. Men occasionally reminisce about a teenage fling, but they don't endlessly bemoan that one "alpha female" who got away like women are prone to do with their long-gone alpha male lovers.

This is why a man with a promiscuous past is not necessarily a bad bet as a marriage prospect, and also explains — along with the fact of maternity assurance — why women don't care as much about men's sexual histories as men care about women's sexual histories. A man can sample the slits and furrows of outrageous fortune and survive the whirlwind of passion to mark a day in the future when he contentedly and without pathological second-guessing slips into a stabler, longer term commitment.

Women who have sampled a poo poo platter of penes accumulate emotional scars that never heal; promiscuous women have a mental storage closet filled with five minute montages of alpha male love, and these exciting, prurient memories rob the female id of something important. Call it purity or innocence or self-worth or ability to appreciate romantic idealism, the slut with ass chafing from riding the cock carousel is never the same as she was before she let herself get pummeled by dick. No uxorious beta male she settles down with in nuptial risk will have power over her senses like her past alpha lovers enjoyed. She is damaged goods.

The Rotherham Evil

CH · 28 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

eofahapi asks,

> are you going to write about the Rotherham thing? It needs a voice that is not delusional like the “Not all Muslims are like that” blah blah blah.

There are two camps of thinking. One says Rotherham is the logical outcome of extreme white ethnomasochism, which is itself a manifestation of pathological altruism, a reflexive mental condition that evolved over millennia of outbreeding. In this take, self-loathing, holier-than-thou whites in positions of power (and less powerful whites refusing to demand accountability from their leaders) are so wedded to their equalist ideology that they will allow the rapes of 1,400 white women and girls by brown skinned goatherders to continue ad infinitum until they are called to the carpet by the preponderance of evidence (and by samizdat rebels releasing uncomfortable facts). This theory presupposes that the ethnomasochist ego is so tender and fragile it cannot withstand confrontation with ugly truths about the reality of race and diversity, so the ego acts to preserve itself with PC social rules that create a bubble of self-soothing pabulum which permits them to go on confident that their worldview isn’t discredited. Since ethnomasochists thrive on external validation from other ethnomasochists, what happens is that their status signaling apparatuses get warped into self-abnegating paeans to the lie that whites are the root of all evil.

The second theory is that the anti-white elite whites aren’t at all ethnomasochists, but are instead a burgeoning new (or orthogonally ancient) race of whites — and here I use the term race in its figurative as well as genetic senses — who don’t perceive themselves at all as part of a broader white identity that must be preserved against barbarian attack. If this theory is correct, the sacrifice of 1,400 white women to brown predations will hardly move them emotionally. They won’t feel sympathy because they don’t feel any kinship, and so for them to sweep the evil of non-whites committed against non-elite whites under the rug is practically a procedural formality with little consequence. If anything, they would welcome such third world predators as allies in their own psychological war against “less enlightened” whites.

Which theory is true, or more true, is debatable. What isn’t is that these traitors need to swing from the gallows soon, before their sickness infects us all and dooms us to extinction.

***

eofahapi also wonders about the nature of feminists,

> Because we know that there are differences in male and female brains, if a woman had hyper testosterone, would she really be feminist? I am skeptical, because feminists tend to be not the most logic people. Feminism is a very emotion based movement, and if you try to challenge one with logic it usually becomes heated ad hominens.

Feminists appear to be burdened with the worst of each sex: The aggressive posturing of men combined with the emotional irrationality of women. Not unlike misbehaving children. And what do you do with misbehaving children? You set boundaries and punish them when they act up.

Feminists Are Not Just Ugly, They're Manly Too!

CH · 28 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air. They exist because people make observations and notice patterns, and then draw generalizable conclusions based on what they see and experience. The accurate observations gain traction and become conventional wisdom, until such time the Krimethink Kommissar orders a media brainwashing blitz and the stereotypes are pushed into people's subconscious world, where they are extracted by white coats in exercises designed to demoralize the enemy, such as implicit bias tests, and through open-source proxies like neighborhood demographics.

Add another widely-held but covertly-discussed stereotype: Not only are avowed feminists ugly and unhappy, they're manly too!

> Feminist activist women are masculinized in terms of digit-ratio and dominance: A possible explanation for the feminist paradox.
>
> The feminist movement purports to improve conditions for women, and yet only a minority of women in modern societies self-identify as feminists. This is known as the feminist paradox. It has been suggested that feminists exhibit both physiological and psychological characteristics associated with heightened masculinization, which may predispose women for heightened competitiveness, sex-atypical behaviors, and belief in the interchangeability of sex roles. If feminist activists, i.e. those that manufacture the public image of feminism, are indeed masculinized relative to women in general, this might explain why the views and preferences of these two groups are at variance with each other. We measured the 2D:4D digit ratios (collected from both hands) and a personality trait known as dominance (measured with the Directiveness scale) in a sample of women attending a feminist conference. The sample exhibited significantly more masculine 2D:4D and higher dominance ratings than comparison samples representative of women in general, and these variables were furthermore positively correlated for both hands. **The feminist paradox might thus to some extent be explained by biological differences between women in general and the activist women who formulate the feminist agenda.**
>
> (From the results section):
>
> In summary, the feminist activist sample had a significantly smaller (i.e., masculinized) 2D:4D ratio than the general female samples. The size of this difference corresponds approximately to a 30 percent difference in prenatal testosterone/estradiol ratio, which was the index found to have the strongest association with 2D:4D (Lutchmaya, Baron-Cohen, Raggatt, Knickmeyer, & Manning, 2004). Directiveness self-ratings also exhibit a large and highly significant difference in the predicted direction. **It is notable that the feminist activist sample 2D:4D was also more masculinized than those of the male comparison samples, except for the left hand in the aggregate sample (see Table 2).**

As commenter chris, who forwarded this study, shivvily exclaimed:

Biology and ideology are intimately entwined. It should surprise no one who isn't deliberately self-deluding that screechingly insane man-hating feminists are ugly, biologically masculine women who resent their sexual market invisibility to men and crave to rearrange society to accommodate their freakish unfeminine testosterone-drenched psychologies. To take a feminist seriously is to elevate the deviant to the normal. It's akin to unloading thousands of liberty-loving Somalis onto Minnesota because you fervently believe they are just like Northwest Europeans in temperament and will assimilate any day now… oh wait.

Not coincidentally, the best allies feminists have got are plush, beboobed, effete male feminists who perhaps suffered a toxic dose of mom's ovary juice while in the womb. We already have evidence that lardassery lowers a man's serum testosterone, so given the current obesity plague ravaging the aesthetics of Western nations it makes sense that fat male feminists would suckle at the flapjack teats of domineering femcunts belched from the bowels of the Jezbuzzalon beast.

Talk about a sickly stew: Aggro feminists + mendacious manboobs. All the degenerate freak mafia ugly in the world compacted into a dense turd by the Hivemind megaphone for maximum truth-suppression and gimp ego masturbation.

The occasional concern troll will stop by here and ask "Why do you give feminists such a hard time? It's not like they'll listen."

Ah, but the goal is not to reform lumpencronetariat feminist grotesques. They are laboratory pets from whom to excite howls of limbic pain with both the chainsaw and the scalpel. Amplified through the stone halls and domed atria of the Chateau, their pain serves as a lesson and a warning for the others.

Normal, pretty, feminine women may not know it, but they too are targets of feminist malignancy. Cursed with her unchangeable outer and inner ugliness, the self-declaratory feminist wagging her masculine 2D:4D fingers finds succor cutting her distant competition off at the knees. We are all Harrison Bergeron now, except for the dyke-y pigs making the rules.

That strategy will fail, as long as CH stands a citadel above the fetid swamp engulfing the West. Divide and conquer. Victory comes when the sick and demented are isolated and ostracized from the healthy and normal, the cultural immune system returned to full functioning, and the icy wastelands where spiteful misfits go to drown in tears of their unfathomable sadness are once again open for business.

What To Do When A Girl Scolds You

CH · 29 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Slap a ho!

I keed I keed. But you should do the verbal equivalent of a firm pimp slap. A reader emails,

> Here's a topic you haven't covered directly: how do you handle a girl who reprimands you? You had a post on handling bad behavior that was focused more on text game and flakiness, but here is the situation I ran into:
>
> I met a gruff but attractive 20-yo EE girl when visiting western Europe (I'm 30). We took a cab and in this country it's not common to tip the driver, or they round up to the nearest euro. I paid and the guy was taking his sweet time returning my change (~2 euro). The girl sternly rebuked me for not letting him keep the change as she felt the amount was small. Now set aside that I don't appreciate being called cheap when I'm the one paying for the taxi ride, and that she may or may not have been correct, how should I have handled this?
>
> I just ignored her which I think is not the best way to deal with her lecturing me like a child. But even in retrospect I can't figure out anything much better. Thoughts?

She sounds like an ingrate cunt. Be that as it may, she could still be fuckable. So you want to know how you could have maintained an alpha male frame under her withering impugning of your manhood. (Calling a man cheap is like calling a woman ugly. The thermal exhaust ports are different in men and women.)

Glad you came here! First, a question. Did the girl scold you in front of the taxi driver? Because that's worse than if she had saved a time later to express her displeasure. Dressing you down in the driver's company means she wanted to enlist an ally to her cause. This is unacceptable behavior, even from a hottie.

If she did it in front of the driver, the best lesson is one that steals her script and "volunteers" the driver as an unwilling third party to ostracize and embarrass her. Instead of addressing her, you turn to the driver and say with mock revelation,

"Hey, dude, she wants to give you an extra 5 euro. I think she likes you!"

Boom. Script flipped. Frame dynamited. Now she's sitting there flustered and wondering how the hell she got into this mess and why it's suddenly feeling so hot. Humor and insouciance is social judo; you have used the thrust of her parry against her.

Rule number one when dealing with women attempting a coup d'cast out: Convert her potential allies before she does.

All women are predisposed to win social battles by enlisting the aid of neutral parties. Women "win" when they have won the sympathies of the herd. To defeat this female prerogative, you must prevent her from acquiring those allies. And that means getting to them first. No matter the details of the dispute, when the herd is turned against a woman, she will surrender her beachhead faster than the Rotherham council of elders surrendered their district to Pakistani sex slave groomers. (Never too soon at CH.)

A similar dynamic is in evidence when you turn the crowd against an "AMOG", and there are a slew of Youtube videos showing Tyler from RSD doing just this. Spergs have a hard time understanding this law of human nature: You never win heat-of-the-moment hierarchical maneuverings with appeals to logic; you win with appeals to the crowd's emotional perceptions.

BUT, if she waited till later to chide you privately, then you have to take a different tack. Ignoring her isn't going to cut the mustard when she's ego-stabbed you front and square. You'll need a strategy I call Allay & Flay.

The formula is simple: She reprimands you, you initially posture as if her point is worthy of consideration, and then

you unsheathe your shiv.

HER: “Why didn’t you let the taxi driver keep the change?”

LUCIFER’S IDOL: “Hm. Good question…. [pregnant pause]… Next time I’ll leave more. I like it when a girl keeps tabs on my money.”

The key here is the reframe. You’ve moved the topic from your cheapness to her obsession with your money. This is an attack few women will successfully counter. She’ll fold into the defensive crouch like a cheap lawn chair. “I don’t keep tabs on your money!” “What are you trying to say?!” “Are you calling me a golddigger?!”

To any of these butthurt replies, a mighty hammer blow of righteousness will close the subject.

“How about this. From now on, if I’m making the financial decisions you keep your opinion to yourself. If you don’t like it…”

Then you motion to the open air with your outstretched arm. Or to the door if you’re indoors.

You have to mean it, otherwise she’ll sense your tentativeness and eat you alive. A firm frame that strongly communicates a take-her-or-leave-her attitude will either rid you of a nagging headache, or earn you an enamored lover.

The Sexual History-Sexual Satisfaction Equation

CH · 1 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Max from Australia ponders an elegant mathematical formula of marital satisfaction.

> If a Man and a woman both have 20 sex partners: the odds are:::
>
> 1/20 X 1/20 = 1/400
>
> That they will both be sexually satisfied by the one they marry.

Close, but no didgeridoo!

The concept is correct. The more past partners each spouse has, the less likely they will be sexually satisfied with their one remaining lifetime spouse.

The problem with this formula is that the variables aren't equivalent. As we know, women with a lot of past lovers are less able to be happy in marriage. Men with a lot of past lovers are better able to leave their past in the past and not get hung up on nitpicking deficiencies in their current lovers.

So a man with 20 partners is more like a woman with 4 past partners. And a woman with 20 past partners is more like a man with 100 past partners.

The sexual history-sexual satisfaction equation would then be:

1/5(1/n{man}) partners X 1/n{woman} partners = odds of mutual sexual satisfaction within a marriage.

The greater odds of a formerly promiscuous man being happy in a marriage must be balanced against the lower odds of a formerly promiscuous woman being happy in a marriage. The woman becomes the bounding variable, but the overall odds of mutual marital happiness go down a little with the man's total former partner count. A woman with 100 past lovers has only a 1% chance of marital happiness by herself, but the chance of mutual marital happiness decreases to 0.1% if the man has had only two prior lovers.

My probability math is a little rusty, so I welcome commenters to adjust this SH-SS equation to more accurately reflect the underlying sociosexual realities.

Think Like A Hot Girl

CH · 2 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Mark the Concern Troll writes,

> It's hard for a guy to see things from the viewpoint of a hot girl. Do a little experiment. Go to a strip club. While you are there you will see many girls you aren't interested in trying ineptly to be fake friendly to you and feigning an interest in you. It will be obvious to you they are only interested in extracting money from you and you will be mildly amused but you will also wonder what they are thinking in imagining that they can succeed and wondering why they don't just get a regular job and a boyfriend. After awhile you will get tired of them all approaching you and leave. Hot girls see most guys the same way as you saw the strippers at that strip club. Instead of trying to extract money, though, the guys are trying to extract sex and add another notch to their bedpost. The hot girl looks at them and is mildly amused but also wonders why they don't spend their time pursuing a career and getting a girlfriend instead of hanging out at bars spouting lines they learned at some game blog. Now if you want to call me a "concern troll" go on ahead. I don't care.

The problem with this analogy is that most men stick around to pay strippers to keep displaying their naked bodies. Men do this because they like to look at slim, naked women. Men who frequent strip clubs rarely leave feeling "annoyed", unless the strippers who hit them up for cashmoney were fat whales or grandmas. Most men leave strip clubs feeling "aroused".

So it is with hot girls getting hit on by men. If the man knows what he is doing, the hot girl will feel flattered, happy, and aroused. If the man is inept, the hot girl will feel annoyed.

However, buried in the crack of Mark's game denialist butthurt is a dingleberry of truth. To seduce hot girls, it helps to know the mind of a hot girl. And that means getting in her peep toes and taking a look at the sexual market through her eyes.

Hot girls don't get hit on as often as merely cute girls, but that doesn't mean they don't notice the head swivels and leery eye rape from throngs of across-the-way admirers. So, hot girls intuitively know their SMV, even if they only perceive it in the vaguest sense. Hot girls, like most girls, also instinctively know that most friendly men approach them with sex not far from their thoughts. Yes, even male feminists. Women may not be able to verbalize this without resorting to scads of hamster droppings rationalizing male attention as something else, but they feel it in their bones.

Hot girls know as well that tiny hors d'oevres of reciprocal friendliness will encourage many men to lunge for the booty buffet.

For all these reasons, hot girls have defensive shields (bitch shields) that enable them to make it through the day without having to deal with the come-ons from hundreds of amorous men. The strength of the bitch shield is directly proportional to the hotness of the girl X the frequency with which she gets hit on. (The most fortified bitch shields are therefore found on 7s and 8s.)

A hot girl's working assumption, like the male patron's working assumption in the strip club, is that she/he will get propositioned for sex/money. Now that you know what the world looks like through a hot girl's eyes, you can better tailor your approach. As with the skilled stripper or escort who makes her customer feel like he's truly wanted for more than his money, so to must you make the hot girl feel like she's desired for more than her sex. This, in practice, means that indirect approaches on hot girls should theoretically work better than direct solicitations, and there should be a general progression in your game that, initially, obliquely convinces the hot girl she is not a sexual interest and, later, convinces her that she shares a deep emotional and intellectual connection with you.

Seduction, in this manner, is two steps forward, one step back, with a plume of smoke and mirrors tossed in for

effect. And it has to be as long as hot girls are your primary desire targets.

Optimizing Your Womanizing: Sex Ratio

CH · 3 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

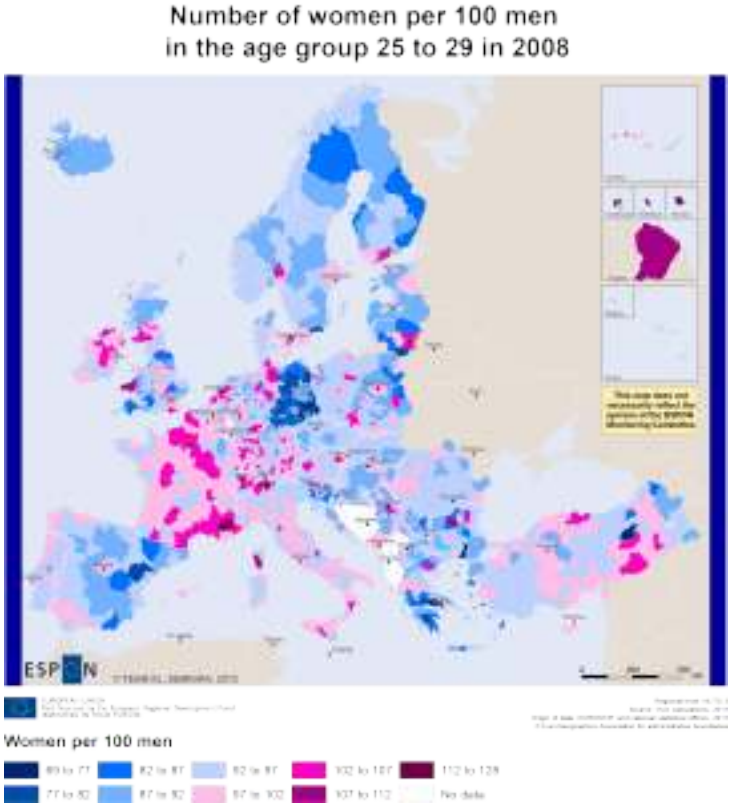
When you aim to get in shape, do you ignore exercise and just focus on eating less crap? When you invest in the stock market with the goal of increasing your wealth, do you put your entire savings into one high-risk, high-reward venture, or do you diversify? When you work on becoming more stylish, do you upgrade your shirts but keep wearing ratty pants and scuffed shoes?

Same with womanizing (or finding that one perfect woman to love a little longer than the others). Game will improve your romantic fortunes, but game + environmental optimization will improve it tenfold.

Optimizing Your Womanizing is a new CH series exploring those life strategy adjustments that add horsepower to your game engine. Environmental optimizations can mean many things, and generally converge to maximize the combined strength of your seductive talents. **Fashion, physique, and field of play** are the big three extrinsic environmental factors that supplement your intrinsic sexy attitude and social savvy.

Today's post is about ideal womanizing locations based on sex ratio skew. A rather blunt force method of finding more attractive women more responsive to your charms is to choose a field of play where prime-nubility age women outnumber the men. In these Vaghallas, the pussy will indeed flow like the Orihoco.

Naturally, not all pussy is prize pussy. I'm sure there are awesomely favorable sex ratios in parts of Africa and China where the local women vastly outnumber the men, but is Bantu pussy or rice paddy peasant pussy really worth your pussy-prowling time? So for purposes of discussion, we'll stick to a realistic field of play: Europe. If you throw a dart at a map of Europe, odds are better than anywhere else that you strike native pussy gold.

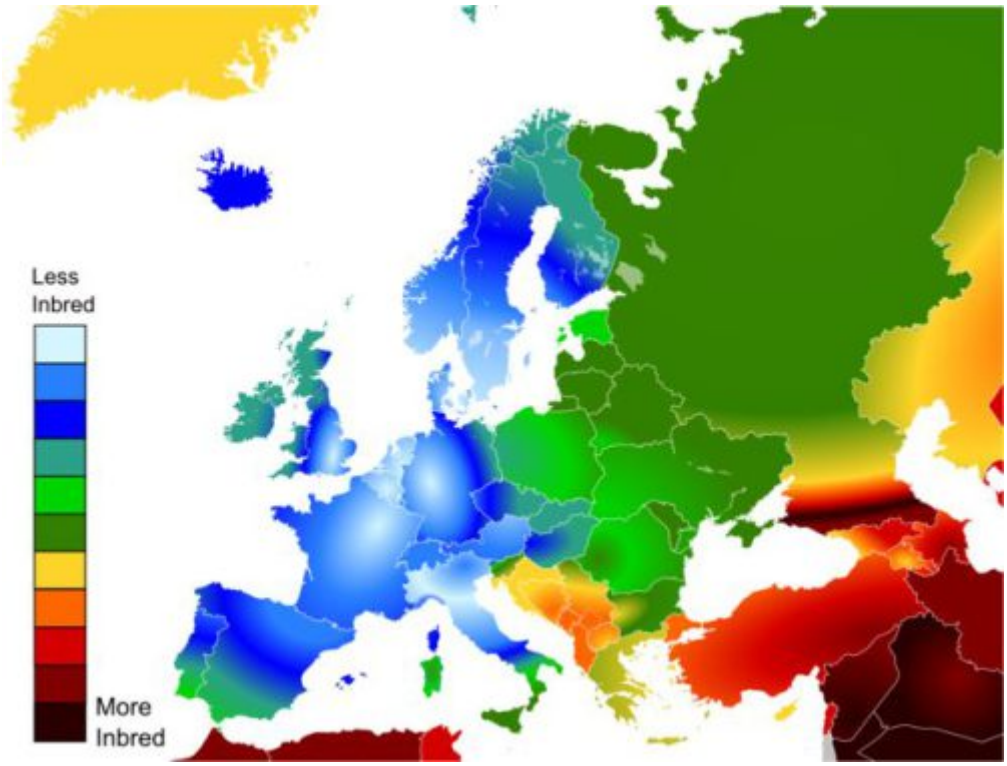


As you can see, in Islamicizing Europe the optimal fields of play (where there are significantly more mid 20s peak beauty women than there are men) include most of France, Switzerland, Bavaria, Ireland, Wales, Southern Italy (though you might want to steer clear of hound-dogging the local women in this inbred omertá-park), the hinterlands of Turkey, and the Baltic capitals.

Although this map doesn't show it, Russia and Ukraine have the best sex ratios in all of larger Europe. Good luck!

Places you as a womanizer would want to avoid: The territory formerly known as East Germany, Spain (too bad), most of the Slavs.

I would like to claim there's a curious overlay with a map of European inbreeding, but the fit is like a nerdling's first suit: Oversized, rumpled, but passable for a nerd herd family photo.



Hypothesis: Outbred parts of Europe are prosperous and thus attract more provider beta male-seeking (or masters of the universe alpha male-seeking) women to migrate there.

If you want a favorable sex ratio AND hot women AND the ever-present threat of dying prematurely, then a small drunken Russian village is your majestic mating ground. Moscow looks to be the best overall city for womanizing on the European continent. If you're fluent in Russian, why would you pass this up? Outside of Moscow's mass quantities of eager hotties, Tallinn, Estonia, though lacking in raw numbers, also hits pussy pay dirt.

UPDATE

The link to the Russian and Ukraine sex ratios doesn't filter the data by female age. This makes it practically worthless to men who aren't interested in banging babushkas, which is all men of sound psychological and testicular profiles. Stick with the non-potatohead options.

Common Beta Male Body Language Mistakes

CH · 4 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I see this a lot in clubs and bars where noise is a problem, but also in quieter venues where the only problem is the beta male doing it wrong.

The horrible combination sideways lean-in + side-of-mouth talking + craning neck. It's the beta male body language trifailure.

Half of game is knowing what not to do. This ludicrous, enfeebling posture may tickle Manboobz Fatrelle's porcine labia, but it'll turn off any woman who is the recipient of it. If you wonder why this behavior is beta, you have to see it in action. Seeing is believing. But the theoretical explanation goes like this: Awkwardly leaning in to speak to an indifferent or distracted woman subcommunicates a frantic need for her attention, which is value lowering, and girls prefer their men enthroned at a higher social value plateau than themselves. Leaning in sideways adds the element of cowardice: Now he is trying to get her attention without putting too much of himself on the line. Leaning in sideways while craning the neck and talking out of the corner of one's mouth is exponentially beta. Pained tentativeness and neediness distress cues are the opposite of alpha male could-give-a-fuck.

So what do you do instead if you find yourself standing like this next to an oblivious girl? If she can hear you from where you're standing, all it takes to get her attention is a pivot of the head so that you're looking at her (and preferably down at her) through one eye. Keep your body facing forward. She hasn't yet earned your full nonverbal engagement. If she reciprocates, you may turn more towards her to continue the ~~foreplay~~ conversation.

If the scene is loud and she won't hear you from way up there, you'll have to engage more forcefully. This means boldness in action. If you must make your verbal intentions known over ambient noise, then do it with pride of purpose. Turn to face her so that you obstruct most of her view and she can't mistake your solicitation for the mumbles of a passing derelict. Penetrate her earspace with a diaphragm-expulsed vocal timbre so that you don't have to bend at the waist too far. The truly overconfident cads may want to bend over until their lips are practically brushing the maiden's cochlea and speak straight into the hamster ear trumpet.

Excessive venue noise unfortunately does not allow much leeway for indirect, uncommitted body language openers,

but that could be a good thing for a lot of men, who from the sight of them treat women like they're museum artworks protected by lines of tape on the floor that one crosses under penalty of castration.

Alpha Male Of The Month

CH · 5 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's been some time since CH has featured an exemplary alpha male.

Alpha Male of the Month, Candidate #1: Sean Stephenson

A reader writes,

> Check out the alpha male smirk while taking a picture with his wife. Dude got shit on by god and decided to take life by the balls.

Stephenson is a motivational speaker (yeah yeah) and is familiar with the pickup community and game concepts. I believe he has appeared as a guest at (pre-married, pre-new age weirdo) David DeAngelo's seminars.

Sean is living proof of the extreme end of what a man can get himself with game (and fame). As an extreme, he is an inspiration, but one should caution against using him as an aspiration. If you're deformed like Sean and think you can score what Sean scored, you will very likely be disappointed. This disappointment will turn you away from game into the arms of PUA hate websites where misfit omegas with chips on their shoulders go to assuage their loneliness by raging against better men.

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Alpha Male of the Month, Candidate #2: Humphrey Bogart

Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Monroe circa 1953

A reader astutely notes,

> He's ignoring Marilyn Monroe and [Lauren] Bacall is staking out her territory.

Pretty sure Bacall was Bogart's wife when this photo was taken. No wonder she's got the kung-fu grip on his thigh. Bogart will never be mistaken for a handsome man, but his skill with women was legendary. Naturally, Bogart had his fame and achievements to scaffold his rough mug, but according to those who knew him he also had game, aka charisma.

A lot of actors who play smooth-talking lovers on screen are also that way in real life. Actors either have an innate aptitude for channeling charming mofo archetypes that is there long before they choose their careers, or their work reverse-leaches into their personal lives.

The voting:

Take Our Poll

Alpha Male Of The Month

CH · 5 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's been some time since CH has featured an exemplary alpha male.

Alpha Male of the Month, Candidate #1: Sean Stephenson

A reader writes,

> Check out the alpha male smirk while taking a picture with his wife. Dude got shit on by god and decided to take life by the balls.

Stephenson is a motivational speaker (yeah yeah) and is familiar with the pickup community and game concepts. I believe he has appeared as a guest at (pre-married, pre-new age weirdo) David DeAngelo's seminars.

Sean is living proof of the extreme end of what a man can get himself with game (and fame). As an extreme, he is an inspiration, but one should caution against using him as an aspiration. If you're deformed like Sean and think you can score what Sean scored, you will very likely be disappointed. This disappointment will turn you away from game into the arms of PUA hate websites where misfit omegas with chips on their shoulders go to assuage their loneliness by raging against better men.

***

Alpha Male of the Month, Candidate #2: Humphrey Bogart

Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Monroe circa 1953

A reader astutely notes,

> He's ignoring Marilyn Monroe and [Lauren] Bacall is staking out her territory.

Pretty sure Bacall was Bogart's wife when this photo was taken. No wonder she's got the kung-fu grip on his thigh. Bogart will never be mistaken for a handsome man, but his skill with women was legendary. Naturally, Bogart had his fame and achievements to scaffold his rough mug, but according to those who knew him he also had game, aka charisma.

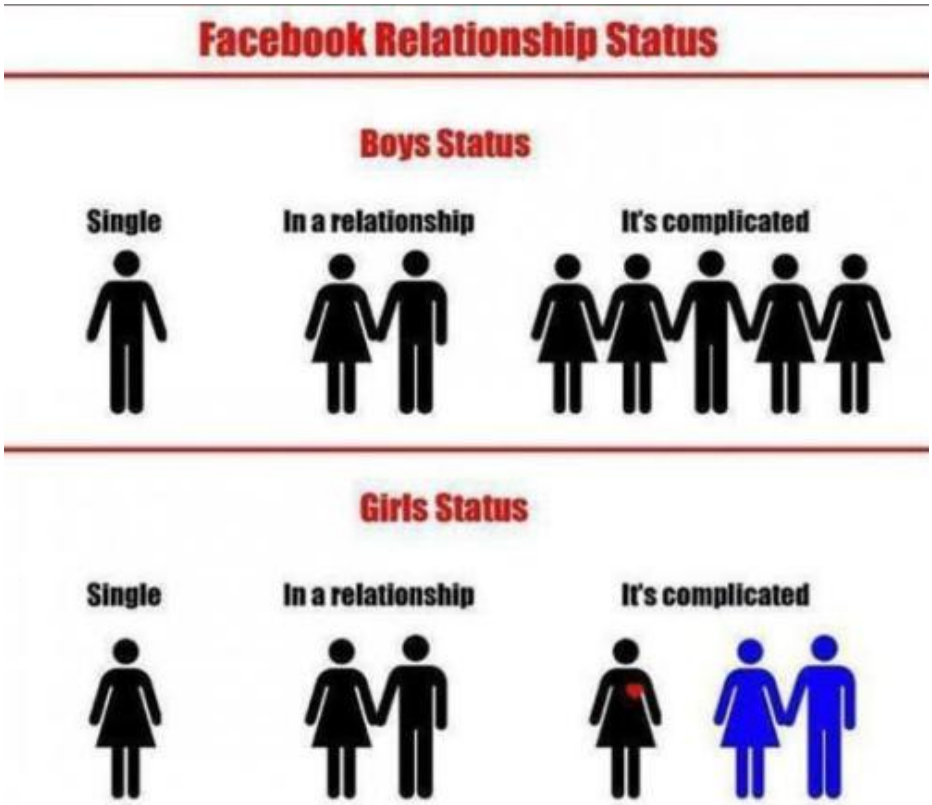
A lot of actors who play smooth-talking lovers on screen are also that way in real life. Actors either have an innate aptitude for channeling charming mofo archetypes that is there long before they choose their careers, or their work reverse-leaches into their personal lives.

The voting:

Soft Harem Acknowledgement In The Wider Culture

CH · 6 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

From a Facebook feed:



Self-report bias may make sex survey data less than reliable indicators of when-the-lights-are-off sexual behavior, but widely-held cultural perceptions that can elicit knowing chuckles from most people are often windows into real world behaviors of a Silent Depravity that aren't captured by pencil and paper divining tests.

The graphic above doesn't say that married couples are all swinging dicks ruling over Golden Whore concubines. What it taps into instead is a recognition that the premarital dating market is skewed in ways big and small toward the advantage of alpha males who, when they and their female admirers are left to their own devices, tend to juggle concurrent lovers while women who catch the eye of these lordly alpha males tend to ignore lesser men for their true desires.

This sexual market reality may dissipate under the constraints of the marriage market, but it never fully disappears. One ignores deeply rooted psychological and libidinous differences between the sexes at peril of their own romantic fortunes.

Accidental Alpha Game

CH · 8 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A reader stumbled on a text schema that has the potential to light up vaginas from Tokyo to Toronto.

> Dude. I just accidentally hit on a great way to sexualize a text exchange. I was Tinder chatting with a girl and after I spit some game, instructed her, as I always do, to punch in her number "and I'll hit you up when I'm back from India." (I'm really going fyi.) except that this time, I accidentally left out the word "up." So, "I'll hit you when I get back." I then said "whoops. Meant hit you UP. stupid autocorrect…But I can hit you if you're into that." Which then led to a convo about hitting and I'm pretty sure she's about to get punished soon. It may sound minor but it changed the flavor of the convo–and if there's anything I learned from this site, it's that the little things make all the difference. Cheers.
>
> PS thanks for fucking changing my life

Better a sheepish alpha than a bold beta.

I think this reader would've had results just as rewarding, or at least as rewarding, had he not bothered issuing a regretful explanation, and let some time elapse wherein the girl could allow her hamster to roam freely trying to decrypt his true meaning. Spin spin rodent!

When a man hears "I'll hit you", his immediate instinct is to gird for violent battle. When a woman hears "I'll hit you", her immediate instinct is to wonder just how unbelievably sexy this man could be. Then, depending on the follow-up psychosexual feedback, she either girds for retreat or ungirds her loins.

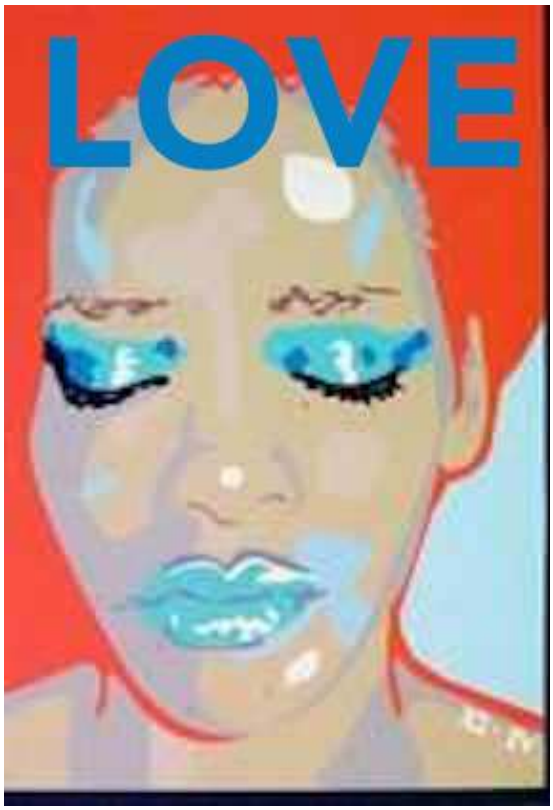
PS Readers have approximately a six week window to try out this text trick before market saturation renders it unusable.

Love

CH · 9 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A Chateau Heartiste accessory shoppe is in the works. Here is sample of what might be found lurking in the product line.

Love Logo T-shirt:



If you can confidently wear a t-shirt with this uplifting message emblazoned on the front, girls will be able to smell your heavy sex balls from twelve parsecs. The pheroMOANal assault could release dangerous shock waves of exploding vagina tingles. A warning label is included instructing the wearer not to wash the shirt for three months or to expect results if the shirt is accompanied by a defensive, apologetic demeanor.

When A Hot Woman Slips The Cold Shiv

CH · 9 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In your travels across the landscape of women, you will encounter a few ice queens who play the soulkill game as well as any sociopathic man. The first exquisite experience with such a woman leaves one breathless with awe; the second experience invites reciprocal devilry.

I'm not saying e-eeevil women will carve you up with as much dramatic poise as Nicole Kidman does in this scene from Eyes Wide Shut, but I am saying these kinds of women exist and the flair they possess for digging deep to the male id and serrating it (usually after fellating it) is a power that would reduce most beta males (and some alpha males) to whimpering self-doubt or reckless vengeful rage.

Pop quiz for those aspiring to Amused Mastery Level of Alpha Maleness:

Given a similar situation, how would you respond to a lover pulling the "Check out my merciless female hypergamy" shiv on you? I know what I'd do. Let her finish her monologue, wait a beat for the moment to grow flush with threatening potential, grin, sit back in bed, and say "Cool story babe". Better yet, if I were drunk and hadn't the mental storage space for cutting quips, I'd get up midway through her speech and leave unceremoniously, as if the noise of her voice was giving me a headache.

To respond with fury or hurt would be perceived as her victory; calm dismissal is a tried and true shiv parry that enervates even the most sadistically charged thrusts.

UPDATE

Via reader PA. This scene from Witches of Eastwick is a case study in how an alpha male steals the frame and totally deflates a bitchy woman's stream of emasculating insults. Be Jack's amused mastery, and then, when your antagonistic lover has had the wind knocked out of her shivvy sails, go on the offense until her former snarling attack posture is reduced to a quivering crouch of passivity.

Two Studies Confirm Women's Preference For Dominant Men

CH · 10 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Touch — aka "kino" in the pickup artist lingo — is a powerful courtship tactic that increases women's compliance to men's requests.

> Previous research has shown that light tactile contact increases compliance to a wide variety of requests. However, the effect of touch on compliance to a courtship request has never been studied. In this paper, three experiments were conducted in a courtship context. In the first experiment, a young male confederate in a nightclub asked young women to dance with him during the period when slow songs were played. When formulating his request, the confederate touched (or not) the young woman on her forearm for 1 or 2 seconds. In the second experiment, a 20-year-old confederate approached a young woman in the street and asked her for her phone number. The request was again accompanied by a light touch (or not) on the young woman's forearm. **In both experiments, it was found that touch increased compliance to the man's request. A replication of the second experiment accompanied with a survey administered to the female showed that high score of dominance was associated with tactile contact. The link between touch and the dominant position of the male was used to explain these results theoretically.**

Touching a woman early and often during the attraction phase of a pickup, and escalating the erogenous intent of the touching as familiarity deepens, is one element of what I call the core precepts of game. (Qualifying, teasing, body language, and outcome independence are other core precepts.) Womanizers and love maestros have long extolled the virtues of touching, and now science has added its stamp of approval.

Most interestingly, touch appears to work its magic on women by signaling greater male dominance. Women have a feedback loop that registers male touch as dominant behavior; behavior which arouses women because evolution honed in them a subtle appreciation for men who can protect them from danger and provide them hard-gained social and material resources. A sexually, romantically, and tactilely entitled man is attractive to women for the same reason a beautiful, hourglass-shaped, young woman is attractive to men: They both signal possession of deeper traits that would maximize an opposite sex mate's reproductive advantage.

If you spend any amount of time in the field, one of the first things you'll notice is how men who stubbornly refuse to touch women, often from fear of rejection or of "crossing lines", fail to close the deal. I could pick out the handful of alpha males in a bar with no information to go on except which men touch girls the most often and effortlessly.

***

The second study (from 1987, but given the feminist-polluted condition of current sociology departments, that is perhaps a good thing) is a diamond shiv straight through the black heart of sex difference denialists. Dominance behavior increases male attractiveness but not female attractiveness.

> Four experiments examined the relation between behavioral expressions of dominance and the heterosexual attractiveness of males and females. Predictions concerning the relation between dominance and heterosexual attraction were derived from a consideration of sex role norms and from the comparative biological literature. All four experiments indicated an interaction between dominance and sex of target. **Dominance behavior increased the attractiveness of males, but had no effect on the attractiveness of females.** The third study indicated that the effect did not depend on the sex of the rater or on the sex of those with whom the dominant target interacted. The fourth study showed that the effect was specific to dominance as an independent variable and did not occur for related constructs (aggressive or domineering). **This study also found that manipulated dominance enhanced only a male's sexual attractiveness and not his general likability.** The results were discussed in terms of potential biological and cultural causal mechanisms.

Dominance alone, as apposed to sheer aggression or domineering control freakery, made the male subjects seem more sexually attractive to women. The effect was not seen when the sexes were reversed.

Color me shocked. Women prefer virile, dominant men and men prefer feminine, deferential women. Thank you, ❤science❤!

(I bolded the second part as a reminder that, although it may appear at a glance that general likability is a prerequisite to female arousal, it is not. Players intuitively know this, and most men would, given the choice, choose passionate sex over “being liked” by women.)

Naturally, this will come as “news” to those creepy recluse losers and bitterboy sex difference denialists who haven’t come within ten yards of catching a cute woman’s intoxicating estrofabulous vibe. And just as naturally, these motley twerps will project the pain of their miserable anhedonic loveless lives with their internet provider or frump wives onto ruthless, charming motherfuckers like yours truly for daring to point out the bleeding obvious.

And it won’t end, it can’t end. The dance of sadistic cruelty with deluded losers, like the dance of love with youthful beauties, is a pleasure incomparable.

The Number One Killer Of Your Game

CH · 11 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The number one killer of your game is a function of time, but it's not time. Time — a merciless decay directive that commissions the end of everyone — is too crude and imprecise an agent of character change to rely on for guidance. We need to measure a new reality closer to the heart.

Around age 11 or 12, preteens experience a significant reorganization of their brains. New neural connections are made while gray matter is "pruned". This process continues throughout adolescence, and doesn't fully end until the mid-20s, when the brain reaches its final resting phase. The adult you is, in a mental sense, forever 25.

The biggest brain change in the early teen years is the shift away from prefrontal development and the shift toward emphasis on the amygdala, the brain's emotional center. We become limbic creatures, more feral and impulsive, once we hit our teenage stride, because our decision-making ability, especially under conditions of stress, is then relegated to the control of the amygdala.

There is a sound evolutionary reason for this brain change. If teenagers were overly risk-averse and worried about the consequences of their actions, they would never take those first vital steps to establish their identity by trying new things. Instinctive bravery, or stupidity, is what pushes baby birds out of the nest to fly. Without that neural window of risk-attachment encouraging teens to bust out of their comfort zones, they would never leave home, rightly calculating that life is perfect under the auspices of their hearth managers.

After those heady teenage years, there's a slow loss in the mental capacity for satiating curiosity and for risk-attachment. This, too, likely has evolutionary origins. Adults who remain wild and thrill-seeking like teenagers do their own children no good, because what those little shits need more than anything is a stable family environment. We are as hard-wired to step into the comfort zone as adults as we are to step out of it as preteens.

There's another word for the risk-attachment that defines the teenage/early 20s experience: Passion.

Game is all about taking social risks and withstanding blows to the ego. It's about reckless experimentation. It's about an inner energy that drives a man to seek new or better lovers and romantic experiences. It's about denying the soothing siren song of comfort zones with a force ten tenacity. Game is, in its essence, the exalting of passion over passiveness.

Unfortunately, game has a mortal enemy, and it is the brain itself. The loss of risk-attachment — the pure energy of passion — for the gain of risk-aversion — the serene submission to contentment — will kill a man's game more completely and with greater finality than physical shortcomings, than financial ruin, than even marriage and its punitive bindings.

The number one killer of your game is the same inexorable biomechanical algorithm that killed your passion and replaced it with placidity: Your changing brain.

If you are a man of keen mind, you may even feel this loss of passion. You'll sense the changes partly in your day to day behavior and partly by way of the nostalgia fuel your living memory provides. Ironically, although the tragedy when viewed from an unbiased distance is immense, you won't feel the pain of passion loss as much as you should because you won't have the passion left to mourn it. Kind of like how I imagine a very old man gazes wistfully at a young beautiful woman while his cock remains undisturbed by the commotion.

Regrettably, there's nothing on offer that could guarantee you avoid this date with dispassionate destiny. But there are weapons that may help you beat back the gathering storm of brain-reconfigured apathy and keep you seducing women in top form for decades to come.

1. Willpower.

If you can sense it, you can slow it. The first step begins with self-awareness. Instead of bleakly shuffling into that

fading light like a gelded automaton, turn your mental howitzers against inevitability and embrace the fight. Go into battle knowing full well your defeat is assured but that you'll have a blast blowing holes in as many passion-killing droids as you can center in your crosshairs.

2. Understand that experience can make up for some loss of passion.

You will get better with women as you get older. This is a natural result of mastering the dating market learning curve and accepting the psychosexual foreignness of the female mind. Improvements in your knowledge and self-control will mitigate some decline in your baseline passion level. To put it more succinctly, you won't need as much animating passion to seduce new women at 30 as you did at 15.

3. Weightlifting/Testosterone replacement therapy.

Testosterone is the fark matter of the pooniverse. It's soul juice. It's the git 'er done drug. It's the molecular chakra that unites man's head, heart and hogzilla. Weightlifting has been proven to raise T levels both temporarily and permanently, and this is true for most men who follow the Law of Iron. So does eschewing the modern high-sugar, high-carb fattyfest. Refusing to allow your T to sink into oblivion is a clarion call for more intrinsically summoned passion. (Recent evidence finds that estrogen inhibitors may work better than testosterone boosters. I leave it to the reader to research the issue.)

4. Spermatogenesis.

WARNING: Experimental territory. Enter at your own risk.

Read this comment. It's anecdotal, but the associations he draws have some founding in the scientific literature, not to mention similarities with the conventional wisdom. Boost your sperm production and that wonderful I'M ALIVE blue ball feeling through the interventions of no-fap, HCG, and something called LJ100. Scrotum pressure is a pathway to scoundrel passion.

5. Set an expiration date on all your long-term relationships.

If you make it a principle to escape LTRs before the two year mark, you'll evade comfort zone entrapment and artificially reignite that dreamy teen passion for new experiences and thrills, and screw the consequences. Your brain will rewire itself to accommodate the new stresses you put on it. Call it, whoremesis. Of course, as great as this is for your love life, it's as bad for the continuation of the species and a prosperous society. Maybe you'll figure you can contribute in a godly way to society later in life, after you've had your fill of the best kind of pleasures and passions, in which case you'll want to save some of that archaic energy for your sequels.

A killer is coming for you. Heed the immortal yearning of Roy Batty — *I want more life, fucker* — and follow him into that rain to die kneeling as you were meant to… but not before proving to yourself and the world you'll damn your destiny on your feet.

Self-Acknowledgement Game

CH · 12 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Self-Acknowledgement Game — the art of verbalizing the technique and timeline of your seduction to a woman as it's happening — has a storied pedigree here at the Chateau. A skilled practitioner can perform miracles with Self-Acknowledgement Game, because it's at once flirty, edgy, jerkish, charming, and all while maintaining just enough running narrative emotional distance to avoid triggering a girl's anti-slut defense or bitch shield.

Commenter Thoroughbred writes,

> In the category of taking social risks, I've been using an opener for awhile now that works like dynamite because it's so straightforward: "Hi… Wanna flirt and talk about sex?" At a minimum it gets a laugh just about every time, and most of the time it gets an enthusiastic "Sure!".

The reason **"Hi. Wanna flirt and talk about sex?"** is so potent an opener is not because it's direct, but rather because, despite the apparent directness of the message, it's obviously humorous and therefore ambiguous in intent. And you know how chicks dig that tantalizing ambiguity.

I will say, though, that self-acknowledgement game probably works best if you've first gotten some minimal signal from a woman to approach. Otherwise, cold approaching inattentive girls with this line will come across more like an apocalypse opener.

And I wouldn't try it on mixed groups. SAG is better for weeknight, one-on-one situations.

Thoroughbred continues with another anecdote that is more representative of cocky, preemptive disqualification game.

> Tried another one recently that was pushing the limit and I was amazed at how well it worked. I had a good buzz on with just a bit of psilocybin in my system which always brings out the caveman in me for some reason. Don't know if I would have tried this stone cold sober, but I'll be damned if it didn't work.
>
> Sitting talking to a friend at the bar and a drunk 8 sits down next to me. We're minding our own business, she's loud and obnoxious. I'm taking up maximum space at the bar (actually have my feet up on the bar and leaning back on the bar stool) and giving her no attention. Catch her eye and she says "You're a typical douchebag player aren't you?"
>
> Me: "That's Mr. Douchebag to you."
>
> Her: "That's what I thought. You don't even deny it."
>
> Me (with a smirk): "Nope… And you obviously have no manners. I know your type. Rich little daddy's girl who always got everything she ever wanted. You need to be disciplined."

> Her (Contemptuously): “Oh really… Who’s going to discipline me? You?
>
> Me (Leaning in and whispering in her ear): “I’m out of your league sweetheart, but if you’d really like, I’d be happy to bend you over my knee and spank that pale little ass of yours until it leaves big red hand prints.” Her mouth drops open.
>
> I turn around and start talking to my friend again and feel a tap on my shoulder. Turn back to her and she says “Will you dance with me?”
>
> I couldn’t believe it.

The progression of male incredulity about female sexual nature:

Stage 1: “I don’t believe it.”

Stage 2: “I couldn’t believe it!”

Stage 3: “I’m beginning to believe it.”

Stage Player: “Wasn’t it always obvious?”

Did Darwin Foresee Pathological Universalism?

CH · 12 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Pulled from the briskly invigorating comments to this insightful Mangan post on the paradox of nationalism. The discussion had moved into explanations for the apparently self-immolating pathologically altruistic universalism that characterizes people of NW European descent. A commenter digs up a Darwin quote that suggests the wise man understood the dynamics of outbreeding and reinforcing cultural feedbacks (feelbacks?) to create a universalistic morality among the populace.

> *in other words, there's been something of a runaway universalism*
>
> Just as Darwin predicted in his 'Descent of Man'.
>
> "As man advances in civilisation, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all the members of the same nation, though personally unknown to him. This point being once reached, there is only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races. If, indeed, such men are separated from him by great differences in appearance or habits, experience unfortunately shews us how long it is, before we look at them as our fellow-creatures.
>
> Sympathy beyond the confines of man, that is, humanity to the lower animals, seems to be one of the latest moral acquisitions. It is apparently unfelt by savages, except towards their pets. How little the old Romans knew of it is shewn by their abhorrent gladiatorial exhibitions. The very idea of humanity, as far as I could observe, was new to most of the Gauchos of the Pampas. This virtue, one of the noblest with which man is endowed, seems to arise incidentally from our sympathies becoming more tender and more widely diffused, until they are extended to all sentient beings. As soon as this virtue is honoured and practised by some few men, it spreads through instruction and example to the young, and eventually becomes incorporated in public opinion."
>
> More memetic than genetic.

More? Could be both equally. I do think proponents of out- and inbreeding genetic theories of universalism tend to give short shrift to the role that culture-gene feedback loops play in amplifying nascent changes in a people's character and moral sense. Cf, the recent surge in obesity.

Darwin considered the evolution of wide-ranging and unprejudiced empathy toward others the "noblest" of human virtues. But, he also understood that there were races of man, past and present, who would not or could not return the favor. In reconciling this inherent contradiction bedeviling those who wished to believe in a one-world humanity of equal moral disposition, Darwin glimpsed the outline of a tyrannical self-monitoring masochism and the development of cultural institutions to codify that tyranny of the mind.

More of the perceptive man's thoughts:

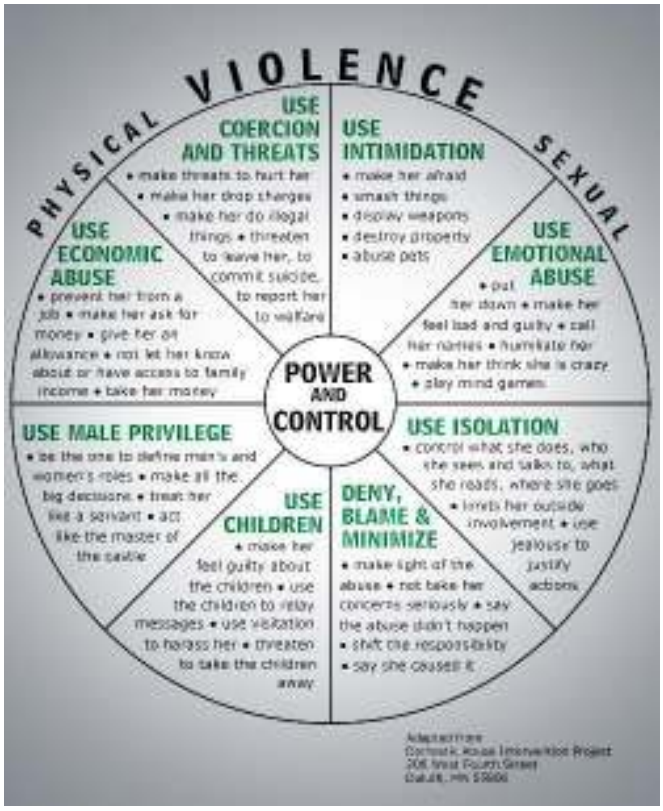
> Darwin goes on to touch upon what today is called political correctness…
>
> "The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognise that we ought to control our thoughts, and "not even in inmost thought to think again the sins that made the past so pleasant to us."* Whatever makes any bad action familiar to the mind, renders its performance by so much the easier. As Marcus Aurelius long ago said, "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts."*(2)
>
> * Tennyson, Idylls of the King, p. 244.
> *(2) Marcus Aurelius, Meditations, Bk. V, sect. 16."

Darwin, as well as great minds from long before his time, foresaw our modern PC, anti-white male witch burning death culture. The point of anti-white propaganda and ritualistic shaming of those who dare to question the reigning equalist narrative is humiliation of wrongthinkers. Humiliate those who entertain even wispy tendrils of wrongthought and you spare the universalist religion and its glassy-eyed Hivemind followers from suffering stains of dispiriting truth upon its soul.

Feminist Idiocy Unintentionally Provides Useful Game Advice (Again)

CH · 14 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A graphic produced by some dumb feminist associated with the dumb feminist Twitter hashtag campaign #WhyIStayed is amusingly, if unsurprisingly, self-contradicting pabulum that works well if read with the opposite meaning intended.



Duluth, Minnesota. Fuckin' ground zero for empty-headed shrill feminist white girls.

If you didn't know, #WhyIStayed was a de-clawed internet cat swarm that defensively erupted after video of Ray Rice knocking out his adoring now-wife in an elevator emerged. The #WhyIStayed message, if one could call it that, was "Don't blame women for anything, ever, that goes wrong in their lives." Really, how else do you interpret thousands of women offering thousands of lame excuses for why they stayed with their sexily abusive alpha male lovers?

There must be an equivalent hashtag called #WhyIHadNoTroubleLeavingMyBoringBetaMaleBoyfriend. There's not? Oh too bad.

Anyhow, if you sift through this dung pile of feminist ego assuaging butthurt you find a few curious nuggets of anti-feminist truth about relationships and how to keep them going.

"not take her concerns seriously" — women love love love when a man charmingly patronizes them.

"say she caused it" — it may be unethical, but then why does it work so well?

"use jealousy to justify actions" — chicks do dig occasional flashes of jealousy, as long as it's obvious the man is expressing them with complete control over his emotions.

"make her feel bad and guilty" — reframing.

"play mind games" — that's one way to provoke a vaginal gusher.

“smash things” — occasional bursts of anger, when justified, are cues of sexy male dominance and they do turn on women.

“make her do illegal things” — the ghost of Bonnie chortled.

“threaten to leave her” — dread game.

“make her ask for money” — because throwing money at women really makes them fall more in love. /sarcasm

“give her an allowance” — if women have no agency in abusive relationships, shouldn’t they be treated like children for their own protection?

“not let her know about or have access to family money” — chicks dig mysterious men. by the way, this PSA is starting to read like an action plan for fleecing wealthy beta males.

“take her money” — aka make a woman feel like she’s invested in you. she’ll try harder to make it work.

“be the one to define men’s and women’s roles” — chicks dig a leader. and they also dig benevolently sexist men!

“make all the big decisions” — because letting women make big decisions works out real well when they’re trying to decide whether to leave an abusive alpha male.

“treat her like a servant” — 50 Shades of Gray has sold millions of copies. To women.

“act like the master of the castle” — this has got to be a feminist secret wish list.

Another day, another drubbing. Thank you feminists, for revealing the holes in your hearts your beboobed beta male lackeys cannot fill!

4 Harsh Truths About The Dating Market

CH · 15 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Eric Barker, a guy CH has linked to several times over the years because of his outstanding work compiling data-rich studies into the workings of the sexual market, has a new article in The Week titled 'The Science of Sex: 4 Harsh Truths About Dating and Mating'.

The four harsh truths he lists and thoroughly corroborates with links to scientific studies will be very familiar to regular CH readers, as they all vindicate a number of Heartistian field observations of the flesh and blood dating world where men and women collide in hopeful union.

> **1) Those things we say we hate actually make us more attracted to people.**
>
> When someone plays hot-cold, keeps you guessing, makes you constantly uncertain?
>
> Yeah, that makes you *even more* attracted:
>
> *Participants in the uncertain condition were most attracted to the men — even more attracted than were participants who were told that the men liked them a lot. Uncertain participants reported thinking about the men the most, and this increased their attraction toward the men.*

Never listen to what a woman says; watch what she does. You ever wonder why women complain about equivocal men, when you yourself and every man you know are niceguys who never lead women on or play head games with women? Wonder no more. Women complain about these kinds of men because these are the men women choose to date and screw. They're like children who complain about the sugar rush from eating lots of candy.

> **2) Yes, guys are pretty shallow.**
>
> The stereotypes are true: men want sex more than women and, yeah, guys are more likely to hit on girls with big boobs.

Men dig beauty.
Chicks dig power.
The rest is hamster nibbles.

> **3) Women can be quite dastardly too.**
>
> The science of sex tells us that the romantic comedies lie. Sex is an area where nice guys do finish last:
>
> In one survey of men, Trapnell and Meston (1996) found that nice guys who were modest, agreeable, and unselfish were disadvantaged in sexual relationships. Men who were manipulative, arrogant, calculating, and sly were more sexually active and had a greater variety of sexual experiences and a greater number of sex partners. [*Journal of Sex and Marital Therapy*]
>
> Women are very often attracted to bad boys like James Bond. In fact, research shows young women sometimes prefer out-and-out jerks:
>
> In the end, young women may continue to claim that they find certain qualities in a "good guy" nice guy as highly desirable and that they want to be in a committed relationship with one man as their ultimate goal, but, at the same time, they seem content to spend "the meantime and in-between-time" going out with fun/sexy guys who may or may not turn into "jerks."

For every Ray Rice who knocks a loving wife out, there's a loving wife who chose to be with a Ray Rice. It takes two to tango. Someone tell that to Rod Dreher and Ross Douthat.

> **4) Little of the above will be changing anytime soon.**
>
> This is the science of sex, not the culture of it. Most, if not all, of these things are true around the world.
>
> In a study of over 1000 participants in three dozen cultures it was consistently found that men are focused on looks and women on status:
>
> Several standard sex differences replicated across cultures, including women's greater valuation of social status and men's greater valuation of physical attractiveness. [*Personality and Individual Differences*]
>
> But we grow out of it, right? Nope.
>
> Our tastes do not mature as we get older:
>
> Findings suggest that although emerging adults believe that their peers' mating desires change systematically over time, emerging adults' self-reported mating desires vary little with age.

Unlike most other human attributes, the sexual preferences of men and women are remarkably uniform across the earth. Which makes sense. The sexual market is the one market to rule them all.

And we pretty much want the same thing throughout our lives, which must cause an amazing amount of pain for aging feminist beauties who are no longer able to cash in their prize assets for their hearts' desire.

To recap:

Women say one thing but do another.

Male ambiguity, coyness, overconfidence and entitlement are sexy.

Men value female looks far above all other considerations.

Women value male social status above male looks.

Niceguys finish last.

Sexual desire is immutable.

GIF Game

CH · 15 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Withering dismissal is antagonistic and thus arousing to cantankerous women. Now that we have at our disposal forms of courtship communication that were unavailable to our forefathers, the seductive power at our fingertips, and for so little investment, is astonishing. Nonverbal GIF game might be the apotheosis of this modern condensed badinage.

A reader writes,

The perfect text response to a woman who is really trying to give you her best bitch act. Just the image, nothing else. It works.

If you're the kind of man who overthinks how to reply to a bitchy (aka flirty) woman, then have a few of these GIFs in your arsenal to deploy when your brain starts whirring too white and nerdy. A woman who may be your future sex partner doesn't want an exegesis on your compatibility; she wants fun. That's just what girls want.

Stealing A Woman's Natural Entitlement

CH · 16 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Women, especially pretty young things, possess a natural entitlement that is the psychological effluvium of being the sex with more reproductive value. Men who step in line with this natural female entitlement (I'm looking at you white knights) are usually rewarded with NOSEX. But men who assume the mantle of female entitlement for themselves are irresistible by their rarity. Flipping the biological script is outrageous and novel; the entitled man demands a woman's rapt appraisal.

Reservoir Tip writes,

> One shit test keeps coming my way, mainly on tinder, and I'm curious how you guys would handle it.
>
> I'll be getting a girl to come over, and at the last minute she'll throw out,
>
> "How do I know you're worth it?"

This is a classic Female Entitlement Syndrome Shit Test (FESST). It's more common among marginally attractive girls, lower class girls, and stridently unfeminine lawyercunts who feel a need to convince themselves of their own desirability. Very pretty women will rarely rear up on you with claws so starkly bared, because they are content with an inner confidence that comes from knowing they have nothing to prove. The residual reproductive value of a 19 year old HB10 is conspicuous from its beginnings as a speck on the horizon; the same cannot be said of a vigorously twerking, clear and present 33 year old Bindi HB5.

Stealing a woman's natural entitlement is easier than it may first seem.

GIRL: How do I know you're worth it?

GÖTTERDÄMMERHUNG: I'm talking to you, right.

The above is a subtle steal. The neophyte beta male, feeling the weight of his newborn bristly balls, might reply "You're talking to me, right?", thinking that this was a clever retort to her challenge. But the alpha male knows better; any acquiescence to a woman's frame is failure, no matter how cleverly garbed. Her frame must be destroyed, utterly. "I'm talking to you, right" (note the jettisoned question mark) assumes the sale. It's a bit of wordplay that connotes the man's higher value by tacitly reminding the girl she's the one invested in keeping this conversation going.

(True or not, it doesn't matter. What matters is massaged perception.)

Here's another example of stealing a woman's natural entitlement and muddling the pulp out of her frame.

GIRL: How do I know you're worth it?

RAGNARCOCK: Charm school wasn't my thing either.

Watch for the follow-up defensive crouch where pussy waterfalls are sprayed in fine mists over jungle canopies. The wording is crucial. You don't want to mow her down tongue-guns a-blazing. It's better to leave a little room for her to laugh it off with face-saving denials. Setting yourself up as an ally in oafishness creates that elusive "connection" that pickup artists know is the longest and most fruitful side quest on the road to sex.

The Ugly Reality Of Open Relationships

CH · 17 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I'm going to tell you something about so-called "open relationships" that you probably already suspected. I'm using the term of art "open relationship" to mean any longish-term relationship in which both partners have agreed in principle to the freedom to pursue trysts or concurrent relationships without punishment, and are fully aware in the abstract if not of the sordid details of each other's extracurricular lovers.

Without giving away TMI and triangulated coordinates of secretive Chateau vaults, I have peripherally known a couple of honest-to-goodness swingers. They had a club and a meeting place where bacchanalia would attend under the tacit permission of local authorities. Spouse swapping was on the menu, along with sundry sexually experimental arrangements. The two men of my brief acquaintance were proud participants in the open relationship lifestyle.

Weirdly proud.

One was a giant goony ambassador for the pleasures of polyamory. "It's not for everyone," he would snobbishly intone in a preface to a twenty minute discussion about free love I had chanced into one evening. Decked in a soul patch, a three piece suit, and fondling a cane topped with a dragon's head ("from Bangkok", naturally), his "primary" — the woman with whom he lived — was a dumpy, squat, mid-30s Janeane Garofalo mimic. She was one of those bountiful fertility goddesses with steatopygia in the front and back, a strange trick on a white girl. She was with him, so I got to see up close the goth eye shadow and ghost rouge concealing her moonscape pores. After the dapper gargantugoon felt sufficiently pleased with my and my company's feigned curiosity and he had regally delivered a layman's guide to his sex at dawn, I was presented photos of his third wheel — strangely not referred to as his secondary — dressed in a slutty vampiress costume and biting his neck, and not to put too fine a point on it, she was butt ugly. Younger — maybe mid 20s — but ugly like Chinese crested dog ugly.

He crowed about sending her off on her own in seedy nightclubs to gather concubines into his whoreticultural goonhouse.

Months later, I met, through unusual coincidence, the second of the two self-professed polyamorists. Omega to the max. Besides his gangly physical asymmetry and receding chin, he had no discernible personality. Weathertalk filler would've added charm to his crashingly dull conversational skillset. Which surprised me, because one figures a man embracing a radically alternative sex life would have to be interesting along other dimensions.

This second meeting was far more disturbing than the first. I learned, diffusely through him and later more pointedly through his female companion, that he was his girl's main man, meaning he lived with her, helped her keep up the home and hearth, and shared her pussy with another man (of whom he was aware) and possibly with innumerable men beyond his ken and his care. My morbid interest piqued, I tried my best to extract the juicy raunch from the moldy rind of their polyamorous polygon. Best I could piece together was that this outstanding specimen of malehood had three jobs: Paying the rent, attending auctions with his girlfriend, and eating her out.

Apparently, penis in vagina sex was off the table. Or uninteresting to him. Because the pride that welled up in them both was evident in their florid descriptions of his oral facility at parting her dandered waves of mange. And, more distressing to yer humble serrator, she clearly evinced delight explaining how this sexual selflessness would turn her boyfriend on so much he would stroke himself during the act to sterile inner calf-splattered completion.

As for her, while not entirely repulsive to the eye, her looks were not the sort of showstopper one would expect capable of enslaving even a wretched omega male into perpetual financial and cunnilingual servitude. Tall, bony, breastless, pockmarked with various tattoos and piercings, she had at least the saving grace of residual youth and thinness and a recognizably human female face. A solid HB5 in good lighting.

The worst of it was the emotionless cadence that infected his voice when he proceeded to explain how a

polyamorous agreement meant monogamy didn't "coerce" either of them to stay in an unfulfilling relationship. Both were free to love on the side, although, "at the moment", only she had the pleasure of another lover (and the timely dart of her eyes suggested other *lovers*). He was, he noted, at present "not that excited about meeting more women".

Of course. I thought at the time, and still do, a man can't go lower. The incel homeless bum and his penis encrusted with twenty years of smegma has more dignity than the willing cuckold with the tongue glazed by the skankhole deposited sperm of better men.

Two anecdotes, to be sure. But adding my brush with polyamorists to the collected literature, a focused picture of the reality of open relationships emerges.

Open relationships are almost never two-way.

One party to the "creatively ambiguous" polyamory agreement is getting the metaphorical shaft, and the other the actual shaft. The shafted is typically, but not always, the male (no need to sully the word "man"), whose role is as the eminently mockable "beta bux" (or beta hugs) available for service during those three weeks of the month when the female's libido goes into hibernation. That he may live with his openly open-legged girlfriend doesn't mean he's getting the lion's share of her vagina. But he is getting the lion's share of her feelings and tantrums and moodiness.

Even males who manage to fulfill their implied rewards from an open relationship are rarely sole owners of the sexual excess. The first polyamorous couple described in this post survived on the male's willingness to whore out his "primary" to fellow travelers at their favorite swinger spot. And as CH readers should know by now, the sexual profligacy of women is a far more serious infraction in biological (and hence, psychological) terms than is the sexual profligacy of men.

Genuine, egalitarian, open polyamory for all practical purposes doesn't exist among white Westerners. There's always one or another party out in the asexual or anhedonic cold, nursing feelings of rejection and traumatic self-doubt. And if that party is a willing participant to his or her sexual/romantic exclusion, it's a good bet he/she is psychologically broken, mentally unstable, physically repulsive, or suffering from clinically low sex drive. In other words, human trash.

Open relationship participants are almost always hideously ugly.

Polyamory is a mating ground for human rejects. Whatever else it offers, the open relationship ruse assists the comically low value sector of humanity to live amongst each other and experience pleasures of the diseased flesh.

True open relationships are predominantly polyandrous.

The general complexion of contractual open relationships — where all participants are voluntary and aware of proceedings — is one ugly to mediocre-looking woman on the pre-Wall fast track lavishing in the flaccid attention of two or more omega males. Invariably, the more masculine (and it's all relative, so maybe it's better to say "the less androgynous") of the males would be the one who is actually porking her.

For a visual of this reality, see here.

Illicit open relationships are predominantly polygynous.

"Open" relationships that form organically from the unspoken (and initially unacknowledged) impulses and romantic decisions of one or another partner nearly always manifest into polygynous arrangements: That is, illicit open relationships are distinguished by one high value alpha male discreetly juggling multiple concurrent female lovers. Pickup artists call the illicit open relationship the MLTR: Multiple Long-Term Relationship. Genghis Khan called it Tuesday.

The MLTR exists in the gray area of the female mind where she senses a disturbance in the romantic force but can't summon her courage, or dismiss her love, to disentangle herself from the web of lives. Illicit open relationships — soft harems in popular nomenclature — can have surprising endurance, because women's love for an alpha male is stronger than their pride. For quite some time, a woman in love with a sexy alpha will sacrifice her pride and

prejudice with a swiftness complete. This is true whether the alpha player informs all his lovers of their complicity in his pleasuredome, or if he keeps his dalliances on the down low. In the latter case, I have only ever seen girls promptly eject upon discovery of participation in alpha male soft harems if those girls were very beautiful, or getting on in years. Very beautiful women have perpetually groomed coteries of alpha male suitors to tap in times of crises. Older women have ticking egg counters and desperation that help their escape.

Illicit open relationships — polygyny circles — are far commoner than forthright open relationships that typically assume the polyandrous or rarer volatile and highly unstable polyamorous forms. Sex differences practically guarantee that this would be the reality we see, rather than the reality homely polyamory proponents would want the benighted to believe.

In the real world, the openly polyamorous nirvana of ‘sex at dawn’ is really the circus sideshow abattoir of ‘sex before personal hygiene’.

Overcoming A Bad First Impression

CH · 18 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

You meet a girl. She's pretty, so you feel yourself tightening up, and your brain revving hot. You speak, trying hard to say something witty. Big mistake. You say something awkwardly tone deaf that pulls everyone nearby out of the conversational flow. You cringe inwardly and are sure it's noticeable outwardly. This makes it worse. Anything you say now will be even stupider and more charmless, pinched through the contracting voicebox of your amygdala.

You've made a bad first impression. For most men (read: beta males), this would mean the hopeful romance was deep-sixed. It's hard to change a woman's first impression, and just as hard to change your reflexive withdrawal when you become aware you've messed up.

But, it's not impossible. Bad first impressions can be overcome. The technique itself is easy, even if the mental hurdle to accept the technique into your life is high.

A reader pleads,

> Love your posts. In the near future, can you please address how to overcome the initial first impression which was bad? Most of what you says makes sense but stigma of previous reputation of nerd/geek/loser,etc. can negate any learned experience. This post can be of tremendous value because it's not always convenient to change venues.
> Thanks.
> Mr.B

Recovering from a bad first impression is a two-step process:

1. Ignore it
2. Plow

To give an example of what I mean, think of a natural you know from your life. The "What Would A Natural Do?" rule applies here.

Naturals aren't always on; sometimes they too say stupid or incongruous things. We can't all be Chateau lords. If you know or have known some naturals, and spent a decent amount of time in their company, you'll recall a few missteps they made. And you'll recall how they responded. Often, from what I see, the natural recovers from a self-inflicted social miscue with a potent dose of nonchalance.

Basically, act like nothing you said or did went afoul of social etiquette. Remember: OVERCONFIDENCE IS KING in the realm of quivering vaginas. What does an entitled, narcissistic, self-regarding, overconfident, jerkboy natural beloved by women everywhere do when he bumbles? I'm sorry, do you think he notices or cares when he bumbles? He doesn't. Or, if he notices his faux pas, he acts like he doesn't notice it. He registers no perceptible shame, no clumsy self-acknowledgement, no reddening cheeks, no stiff retreat from the social matrix. He just plows ahead to bless the world with his next gilded thought.

And girls respond universally to that kind of quasi-sociopathic practiced unconcern with one's perceived impression: Curiosity greased by their mental Bartholin's glands.

This isn't the only way to overcome a bad first impression, but it is the preferred method of 4 out of 5 naturals. Mild self-referential humor is another effective tactic. Making light of one's own social mistake, if pulled off with a competent mien of amused detachment, will release the awkward tension and allow those present to laugh along with you, which is a powerful "social leader" DHV.

"Yup, I just said something nerdy. If you can't handle it, the cooler guys are over there." [point to a nerd herd]

Disqualification plus savvy acknowledgement of social realities is chicknip.

The Difference Between “Open” and “No Fucks Given” Relationships

CH · 18 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

True open relationships are different in kind from “I don’t give a fuck what you do on your own time” relationships. The former are verbally confirmed agreements to strange and psychologically toxic sexual and romantic arrangements that defy biosocial realities and are often designed to the benefit of weird lesser beta females and their ovulation cycles, and to the detriment of lesser beta males with scarcity mentalities and low T; the latter are emergent conditions of the player lifestyle where quantity of experience is valued higher than quality of experience, and short term trysts are valued higher than long term commitments.

I’ve known more than a few dyed in the wool cads who genuinely did not give two fucks (or pretended very convincingly not to give two fucks) about what their flings were doing out of sight. But these cads weren’t getting on bended knee for their lovers either. If that sort of commitment expectation was on the table, and they were considering it, then you can bet they’d drop their pretense of giving no fucks about the sexual fidelity of their girlfriends, (even if they themselves continued giving no fucks about their own caddish infidelity).

The Walls Are Closing In On Equalist Leftoids

CH · 19 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Equalist leftoids are feeling the heat from rebel samizdat. You can sense it in the op-eds littering Hivemind propaganda outlets. Headlines are increasingly defensive, sounding more like rallying cries for one last stand in the name of the Narrative.

Examples abound. Here's one from the front page of CNN.

Spanking is bad – especially for blacks.

It's largely an opinion piece against parental corporal punishment — *especially for blacks* — with a link to two associational studies that don't really tell us if spanking — *especially for blacks* — is itself a cause, rather than a symptomatic property, of the vibrant black behavioral profile.

The smarter equalists, like the writer of the above op-ed, can feel which way the subversive winds are blowing (does the Chateau infect hearts and minds? the thought titillates!), and will attempt to co-opt Narrative destroyers with preemptive blanket assertions to the contrary before white electorate opinion hardens into thoughtcrime. The insidious Hiveminders will even armor their defensive bunkers with the trappings of anti-Narrative themes.

So, for instance, in the above article, the field operative Hiveminder, who fears that the wrong sort of people will draw the wrong sorts of ugly conclusions about possible racial differences in effective child rearing, couches his contrary assertion in language that is more congenial to anti-Narrative foes, and in so doing rob his rebellious antagonists of spirited resolve. What you get, then, is "spanking is bad for black kids because *{proof by assertion}* black kids are no different than white or asian kids who are spanked less, and *{soothing but substance-free pabulum for good-hearted but naive whites}* the black communitaaah needs to be the one to condemn their own culture of spanking."

It's all very enlightening from a sociological perspective, and heartening for agents of change too, because what's happening now is that the first cracks in the Hivemind honeycomb are appearing, and scaring the buzzfeeding bees into a frenzy. Soul-deformed leftoids are using every psychological tool they have at their wicked disposal to protect the Equalist Anti-White* Narrative from guerrilla attack by no-fucks-given Realstinger wasps. They are denying, lying, and disingenuously mollifying, and when they aren't doing those things they are smearing, slandering, and nuking comment sections.

The walls are closing in around the Hive. The Chateau marquises prefer the iron maiden for maximum pain amplification.

Well, Clarice… have the bees stopped buzzing?

I predict in the coming years we'll see more and more transparently desperate and laughable attempts by the media, entertainment, bureaucratic and tenured academic complexes to assert the dominance and relevancy of their dog-eared Anti-White Male Testament in the face of mounting countervailing evidence and a growing army of shiv wielders all too happy to draw blood from the Myth King Xerxes.

*It may seem that Equalism and Anti-White Spite are contradictory, but in fact the former is just cover for the latter, which is the true animating philosophy of the Lords of Lies. Adherents to Equalism exploit the cheat code of religious faith in universal equality to proselytize against White heathens, the only enemy capable of ending their reign of madness.

What To Do When A Woman Compliments You

CH · 19 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not sure if the subject of women complimenting men has been covered before at CH, but it's worth revisiting even so. Reader NorthWestBest asks,

> I was wondering how you would accept compliments from a woman? When a woman says, "you're cute" or "nice shorts, are those new?" or some other bullshit like that, what should I say back in order for her to have the most desirable image for myself. Ill let you know I have no lack of confidence, I will say what ever comes to my mind, but I was hoping you had something clutch to say (you usually do). Also this is just for casual at school interactions where I'm not trying to pick here up (at this specific time) but I'm definitely trying to form a desirable image for future interactions. Also if convenient you should post some more articles on things to say/do with little amounts of time, because I'm in high school and as you probably know already, you don't have very much one on one time with the women, or a lot of time at all. So thanks in advance if you respond to this.

The CH lesson is always, ALWAYS, supremacy of attitude over execution. If you possess the alpha attitude, the sexy words will fall into place.

Given that axiom, the right attitude to have when a girl compliments you is: *yeah, I get this a lot.* Act like you've heard it before. If you act instead like an excited boy who can't believe his ears, then the girl will retroactively wonder if you were worth her compliment.

In my experience, the best way to accept compliments from women is

"Thanks"

I'm not being glib. That is often the best response to a girl complimenting you. Say it calmly without effusive gratitude. A flash of smile is the perfect accessory.

That's how a confident man would respond to being complimented by a woman. He wouldn't self-efface or doubt the girl's sincerity or argue with her opinion. A simple 'thanks' goes a long way to avoiding any impression that you're parched for female flattery.

If the context is one in which gaming her is possible, and you want to enrich the conversation beyond 'thanks', then you could tease her.

SWEET TEEN GIRL: "nice shorts, are those new?"

HIGH SCHOOL HO MAGNET: "sure. don't forget to check them out from the back." [turn around like you're modeling your butt for her]

Teasing is fun and girls just wanna have fun. Good teasing, like the above, has an element of 'assuming the sale'. Chicks dig pre-sold men.

UPDATE

As a commenter mentioned, don't lob a return compliment after a girl compliments you. Girls love men who can accept their compliments without feeling an obligation to answer in kind. Betas tend to do this a lot, because they aren't comfortably narcissistic enough to accept flattery without feeling unworthy of it.

Homeless Gay Game

CH · 19 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A million readers have sent CH links to this video and accompanying story of a purportedly homeless dude picking up girls for sex and flophouse stays.

I haven't bothered to write about it because, well, watch the video and you'll see why.

Strong gay vibe. This video is either a production house put-on or a confused gay man's misdirection. If he's a rump raider, then you should believe exactly 0% of his words. If, despite loudly pinging gaydar, he's straight, AND telling something close to the truth, then godspeed exiled git of the vertical slit. Faux gay game has its place in pickup history; many a fine dandy wooed women with their aloof, refined charms.

Comment Of The Week: Hope And No Change

CH · 20 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reformed Blue Piller painfully recounts,

> Betas live in hope; partly because they are unaware and naive as to women's true nature and motivations.
> It's the same sort of thinking where a guy might believe that a stripper likes him because they had a conversation in a strip club and she was nice to him.
> I know because I once was so Blue Pill it was painful.
> Also; as far as socialising, in many cases there aren't really that many alternatives other than going to bars/clubs.

Hope is the feeling that really nails the naive beta male belief system about women's nature. Hope is the true mindkiller, surpassing fear in enervating power. Hope is 500 Days of Beta, languishing in daydreams and comforting superstition while the real world spins on by.

You will never hear a natural say "I talked to a stripper. I hope that means she likes me."

Hope is the last refuge of the inert. Save hope for divine vocations and train your cynic's eye on earthly concerns.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Liberty Filtered Through The Female Mind

CH · 21 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Trust perceptively piths over at Alpha Game Plan,

> Another way men and women's thinking is alien to one another. They see liberty a different way. To a man, they see liberty as making their own choices and bearing both the benefits and consequences of their choices.
>
> Women, on the other hand perceive liberation as making their own choices and enjoying any rewards, while passing the consequences to others. Which, of course isn't liberty at all.
>
> Hence this [Scotland independence] vote. They see the union as an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of another, failing to see the other party in the union has wants and expectations as well.

This is one of those things that will have overlap between the sexes, but in a large enough sample size one will be able to discern obvious sex differences in emotional perceptions of broad abstract principles, like liberty. And yes, it has been my experience that women do tend to underplay the role of honor and self-determination and the consequences thereof compared with how men view those topics. Women are simply more pragmatic and self-serving than men, and this kind of difference bubbles up often in surveys that ask each sex their opinions of big issues like independence or national healthcare.

“No Sex Tonight” Means “Sex Tonight”

CH · 22 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

When a woman in your company verbalizes her stray thoughts about sex, for whatever purpose, you can be sure that your odds of sex with her that night have risen significantly.

Reader Arbiter recounts,

> Off topic: yesterday I stayed at a girl’s place, someone I had been seeing every now and then earlier this year, but hadn’t seen now for several months. So this was a restart of the booty calling.
>
> So, while we were sitting in the couch watching Britain’s Got Talent videos on her laptop, and doing some other stuff, she told me “No sex this first time, okay?”
> “Okay,” I said, naturally with no intention of sticking to that. But she got to do her no-slut thing. Then it wasn’t her fault when I went for it in bed later.
>
> The thing is, I was actually thinking of CH wisdom about how “When a girl says ‘no sex tonight’ on a date, she is thinking of having sex with you.” I would have done the same thing anyway, but it was a reminder that you’re not out in deep water if you’re going for it in that situation.
>
> For those who say that “this is all theory, you can’t think of it all in real life”, it’s like driving a car: You make the theory part of your own style. You practice and practice until following the theory in practice comes natural and requires little thought.

Yes, a girl who warns you, in so many words, “no sex tonight” at any time during a date (or quasi-date) is far more likely to have sex with you that night than a girl who doesn’t say anything about sex while on a date with her. Once desire is inflamed in a woman, a precious egg-protection mental protocol initiates a sequence of courtship flanking maneuvers that obstruct any clean pathways to her egg, including self-sabotage pathways. A woman prefers not to make it easy for womb raiders, or for herself. One of many sleights of white matter hamster she will perform to satisfy her self-perception (some of it grounded in biological reality) of high sexual worth is the preemptive rebuke. If she has announced her modesty, then anything she might do later would be a clear violation of her modesty boundaries, and thus not her fault.

Women only speak in these riddles when motivated by unmistakably hot feelings. A woman will never utter the cautionary phrase “no sex tonight” unless thoughts of sex tonight had already set up camp in her electric ham.

If you ever hear this from a girl you’re dating, the correct response is “OK”, followed by unspoken dismissal of her pretend boundaries. She wants reassurance before she releases herself to you. What she doesn’t want is you to take her words to heart and retreat from the fight.

The Scientific Consensus Discredits Feminism

CH · 23 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It seems a new book comes out every week now detailing the results from scientific studies proving that ingrained biological sex differences are real, and the "social constructivism" beliefs of feminism are wrong in every way. Here is the latest, a book offering a compendium of evidence into neural sex differences that defy the Standard Social Science Model. Excerpts:

– The biological differences that can be found between the bodies and brains of males and females are largely due to the way these embryos develop in the womb.

– There are also fundamental differences in brain development between men and women, which are clear from the early behaviour of children. A few hours after birth, girls are more sensitive than boys to touch, and 40 hours after birth girls look longer at a face than boys, while boys look longer at a suspended mechanical mobile.

– At four months old, if babies are frightened in a strange room, twice as many girls as boys cry.

– At 12, 18 or 24 months, girls look at dolls much more than boys, while boys look at cars much more than girls. It is hard to attribute these basic differences at such young ages to purely social influences.

– The development of the brain leads to many other differences and it has been claimed that clear sex differences exist in every brain lobe. There are some visible structural differences, such as a cluster of cells in the hypothalamus that is believed to relate to sexual behaviour and which is twice as big in men as in women. Evolution has selected differences between men and women so as to make their reproduction as successful as possible, which is its overriding aim.

– Small boys often get erections after the age of about seven, and by puberty more than half of all males will have tried to masturbate. It is only when girls reach puberty that they may begin to do so.

– About half of men think about sex every day or several times a day, which fits with my own experience, while only 20 per cent of women think about sex equally often.

– Men are far more likely to be sexually promiscuous, a throwback to evolution where procreation was all-important. The need for a more emotional attachment found in women must also have an evolutionary basis.

– Men are more likely to have an orgasm when sex includes vaginal intercourse, while many women are more likely to experience it when they engage in a variety of activities such as oral stimulation

– Hard-wired into the male brain, after millions of years of evolution, is a desire for sex in response to the sight of a good-looking young woman. In contrast, both male and female erotica cause sexual arousal in women, whether heterosexual or lesbian.

– A recent worldwide survey showed that visual stimuli play a much greater role in male sexual behaviour than in that of women, who value status, ambition or wealth more highly.

– Women show their emotions more than men and are more facially expressive for both positive and negative feelings.

– A major difference between the emotions of men and women lies in the expression of aggression, for which men enjoy a pronounced physical advantage. It has an evolutionary origin related to hunting and protection. This matters, as men have discriminated against women and dominated them in all societies from the earliest known times. Women can be aggressive but their aggression tends to be less physical. But girls and women with **congenital adrenal hyperplasia** (CAH), which increases testosterone in the womb, are more like males, with an increase in physical aggression.

– Almost the opposite of aggression is empathy, an emotion that marks a fundamental difference between the two

sexes, being much stronger in women.

– Simon Baron-Cohen's theory is that the female brain is predominantly hard-wired for empathy, while the male brain is predominantly hard-wired for systemising, that is, for understanding and building systems. So, for example, it is claimed that a systemiser will probably choose to read about computers, technology or science, whereas an empathiser will choose romance or fashion. Significantly, boys born with an insensitivity to testosterone are worse at systemising, and girls born with CAH have enhanced systemising capability and lower empathy.

– Other emotional differences are that women generally report greater disgust than men, especially sexual disgust, and men engage in more risky behaviour.

– As regards humour, according to **Prof Robert Provine, professor of psychology at the University of Maryland,** Baltimore, "Females are the leading laughers, but males are the best laugh getters."

– A surprising finding is that distinctive words, syntax, colloquialisms, repetition and other features of written text can expose the gender of an author. An analysis of 14,000 text files from 70 separate studies found that, while men referred more to the properties of objects and impersonal topics, women used more words related to psychological and social topics.

– The areas in the brain where men and women generate their intelligence differ significantly. Men excel at mental rotation, where a subject is asked to compare two three-dimensional objects or shapes, and say if they are the same or mirror images, while females struggle. Women do better on precision manual tasks involving fine motor co-ordination, such the assembly of circuit boards in a factory, which may be a result of foraging skills that evolved long ago.

– Women perform better than men, on average, in tasks related to declarative memory, the retrieval of long-term memories of specific events and facts, and on tests of object-location memory. They are thus better at remembering family history and where they left the car keys.

– Many illnesses are strongly genetically associated with one or the other sex. Those that are more common in women include certain mental illnesses such as depression, eating disorders such as anorexia and bulimia, panic attacks and phobias. Also more common in women are autoimmune diseases such as multiple sclerosis and rheumatoid arthritis, chronic fatigue syndrome and osteoporosis.

– Very few autoimmune disorders show a male predominance. Males suffer more physical illnesses such as heart attacks and stroke. Other diseases more common in men include neurological disorders such as Parkinson's disease, autism, attention deficit syndrome, dyslexia and addictions such as alcohol and drug abuse.

– Women live longer than men but only by an average of about four years.

***

As the author notes, there are significant and lasting biological differences between men and women that are apparent from even before birth. The life choices the sexes make, on average, aren't phantoms of a magical patriarchal privilege that drives men and women into stereotypical sex roles, but are instead natural and enduring outcomes of brains that are wired differently in the womb. Feminists who rail against disparate sex outcomes would do well to understand that only a frontal assault on the brain itself, carved in sweeping horror-strokes to equalist specification, will ever change this reality.

The CH worldview continues to be confirmed by science and by this little thing called leaving the house and experiencing the world with both eyes open. It warms our hearts to give such pain to the Lords of Lies. It may sound like a broken record to veterans of the Chateau way of life, but it needs constant reminding, and constant shivving, as long as corrupt femcunts and their crippled manlet Igors command the public megaphone. Today, an ignoramus celebrity termagant empties lie after lie about the sexes into the captured ears of UN globalists, and to standing ovations. While out here, deep in the gray woods where Heartiste acolytes watch the world crumble under the weight of falsehoods, a rebellion of truth gathers strength.

The Ephemeral Few

CH · 24 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

There is no male equivalent to the female "five minutes of alpha" heart trap. Men simply don't experience the same intense urge as women to constantly compare and contrast present lovers to past or potential future lovers. The hypergamous instinct, while technically a property of both sexes, is most pronounced in women. To reiterate why: Women have 400 viable eggs, men have billions of sperm.

However, wistful remembrance of old lovers, less an exercise in regret than in appreciation, does lay claim to frontier outposts of men's hearts. The swell of erotic nostalgia will vary from man to man, and reach crest heights directly proportional to a man's breadth of bedroom experience. The more women a man has lain and loved (and labored under), the greater his predilection to cynically scour his past for discarded perfection.

But it's not the prettiest women in his past that such a man might fondly recall. Instead, it's those "first movers" who move his memory. There is something lustfully osmotic about the late teenaged man's brain that when permeated by the heartsmoke of that first or second lover seals the memory hard in neural carbonite. The ethereal aura surrounding one's first love only vibrates stronger with passing years and passing lovers, until the enfeebling effect of old age finally defeats its crepuscular magnetism.

On that subject, reader Trainspotter eulogizes,

> No matter how many girls you date/bang, when all is said and done, only a few will matter. Maybe only one. Everyone else is background noise. In time, you'll literally forget almost all of them, as they are utterly irrelevant to anything you care about in life. But there will be a few Great Ones (yes, I'm stealing that from A Bronx Tale). You never forget them. Those are the ones you miss. Those are the ones that haunt!
>
> Talk to a guy who's banged two hundred girls, and ask him which ones were really important to him. He'll probably give three names. Maybe a couple more, maybe a couple less. I could give five names that matter to me, but two stand out the most. Everything else is mere clutter. What the hell was her name? Who cares!
>
> And here's the bad news: chronologically, his top names will probably be mostly concentrated in the first ten percent, maybe twenty percent, of those conquests.
>
> Something to think about. We often make the most intense connections when we are too immature to appreciate them, and most cavalier at throwing them aside. There is a paradox in there, somewhere, and also, I think, a lesson.

The searing chemical reaction of first loves requires two reagents: The unformed mind, and youth. Familiarity with the opposite sex may breed facility with them, but it also breeds ennui if one is not careful to exercise refinement of taste with the accumulating lessons. From the teens to mid 20s, men's minds are ripe for imprinting, and the imprinting will be especially powerful in men with little prior romantic experience.

The other reagent, and the one Trainspotter hinted at, is sheer feminine youth. As teenagers, we men don't appreciate the unearthly beauty of our female cohorts. Truly, a woman will never be as breathtakingly captivating as she is between the ages of 15 and 25 (and this range is skewed toward the younger age). A woman can still be beautiful well into her 30s, but as exquisitely beautiful as she was at 17? No. (The only exception to this rule with any practical significance is the obese teenage woman who loses the weight and transforms into the slender 28 year old yoga queen.)

The male appreciation for precious female youth doesn't pick up steam until later in life, when younger women become more distant and older women more his dating partner norm. We as a species are cursed to value the good things in life with the clearest mind only in hindsight and when bedeviled by the less good things.

Imprinting + female youth = transcendent memories of first loves.

But there are other women who stir men's longings, and who could properly rate alongside that first love. These are the women a man has just left behind, the nearest ghostly competitors to the woman he is now dating. Recent conquests linger in men's thoughts because of their freshness, and if they were (at times) true loves, there will invariably follow flashes of padded regard. Men must wrestle with divinely received compulsions for sexual variety, and given that acquiring new variety is harder than tumescing on the laurels of past variety, men tend to accommodate their compulsion with the easy insertion of nearly corporeal memories.

The first ten percent, and the final ten percent. And somewhere between those two may hover aloft an outstanding lover or two who, through fateful circumstance, diverged from your shared path. Every other woman is, at best, recalled to dendritic apparition with strenuous mental exertion and, at worst, utterly forgotten. And as the years pile higher, the forgotten loves grow in number, though you'll know this only in the abstract. Pain yourself to hold onto your anthology of women — and they will always be your women so long as you once took them completely — against the rust of time.

I call these once and present lovers the ephemeral few. With you when you want them, gone when you don't, never existing when you have left them for good.

Regret Rape Foiled By Text Messages

CH · 24 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If you want to know what a culture steeped in the toxic feminist stew of kneejerk anti-male hatred looks like, this news clipping will help focus the picture.

> A man suspected of raping a woman at knife point after hours on the El Molino High School campus was to be released from jail Thursday after prosecutors said they found evidence that may clear him of the assault.
>
> Sheriff's officials initially said a masked David J. Kocalis, 24, of Guerneville sneaked up behind the woman Aug. 30, held a knife to her and raped her near the Forestville school's tennis courts.
>
> He was arrested the next day on charges carrying a possible life sentence after the woman identified a prominent tattoo, and the car he was driving was captured on videotape.
>
> But prosecutor Brian Staebell said Thursday investigators have since uncovered evidence that may point to his innocence. A judge allowed Kocalis, who had been held on $1.2 million bail, to be released on his own recognizance.
>
> His lawyer, Evan Zelig, said a review of cellphone records showed Kocalis and the 18-year-old woman knew each other. **Earlier in the day, she sent him a text message inviting Kocalis for sex, Zelig said.**
>
> Their tryst began inside his borrowed Porsche SUV but moved to a spot near the tennis courts because the car's alarm kept going off, Zelig said.
>
> **After it was over, Kocalis drove the woman home, the lawyer said. She fabricated a story about being raped because she missed her curfew and Kocalis refused to lend her $20, Zelig said.**
>
> "It was determined her story was not credible whatsoever," Zelig said outside court. "It was completely made up."

This is a War on Men, whatever else you want to call it. An utterly innocent man was arrested, thrown in jail, and held on $1.2 million bail because this bitch was pissed he didn't lend her $20 and she needed an excuse to tell her parents why she was out late.

Another false rape accusation leads to a man's public shaming, and you can lay the blame on a feminist cunt propaganda machine that's plugged into every apparatus of our tyrannical state. These noxious miscarriages of justice wouldn't happen with such regularity if the legal system weren't so prejudicially inclined to assume the best of women's intentions and the worst of men's.

Fuck feminism, fuck feminist water carriers like Emma Watson, and fuck the white knights lapping the runny shit of feminist hags for promises of steamy pig snatch.

Emma Watson's Banal Feminist Hypocrisy

CH · 25 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists… they just can't keep their stories straight. Here's Emma Watson, quoted at two different times, contradicting herself with an assurance that makes one wonder if she has an evil twin.

Emma Watson faces backlash after gender equality speech

By **Lisa Respers France**, CNN
updated 2:47 PM EDT, Tue September 23, 2014

Emma says men don't have to be aggressive...

"If men don't have to be aggressive in order to be accepted, women won't feel compelled to be submissive," she said. "If men don't have to control, women won't have to be controlled. Both men and women should feel free to be sensitive. Both men and women should feel free to be strong. ... It is time that we all perceive gender on a spectrum, not as two opposing sets of ideals."

Opinion: Emma Watson gives feminism new life

'English guys are very restrained': Emma Watson doubts she will ever date a British man again

By **Jennifer Ruby** and **Daniel Bates in New York**

PUBLISHED: 08:09 EST, 16 October 2012 | **UPDATED:** 13:45 EST, 16 October 2012

...unless they want to be attractive.

But now Emma Watson has said she doubts she will date a British man ever again - because they are too shy.

The Harry Potter star said that even though men from the UK dress well and have good manners they take two months just to ask her out.

Instead an American will come up to her straight away and suggest a date - a boldness she finds attractive.

#heforshe twitter: @runsonmagic

The first quote, from this past Tuesday's gender equality speech (guffaw), reads "If men don't have to be aggressive in order to be accepted, women won't feel compelled to be submissive."

(Never mind that this assertion makes absolutely no sense if you think about it for longer than a second.)

The second attribution, from two years ago, reads "But now Emma Watson has said she doubts she will date a British man ever again – because they are too shy. […] Instead an American will come up to her straight away and suggest a date – a boldness she finds attractive."

#HeForShe? More like #HeForHeadCases.

Feminism long ago abandoned any pretense to logic or internal consistency. It's nothing but feels all day, every day, with an extra helping of feels. Watson's rationalization hamster, like most rodents residing in the brains of her callow ilk, is 700% thigh and 800% glutes. A swole spinner on the wheel of ego-masturbation.

Not that more evidence was needed, but once more, from the top and with throat cleared:

DON'T LISTEN TO WHAT WOMEN SAY, WATCH WHAT THEY DO.

Predict This Man's Romantic Future

CH · 25 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If all you had to go on was a couple's photo together, could you predict the man's romantic future? Exhibit Gay:

Men made aware of the sexual market undercurrent propelling each person through superficially detached life events woven into a unified whole by the prime directive could glance at this photo and know in an instant, based on nothing but body language cues, the fate of this happy couple.

There is, of course, the obvious. Mixed-race couples tend to fair poorer than same-race couples. And he looks forty years older than her.

But beyond those black and white monochromatic signatures, there are almost equally telling giveaways in his and her body postures that predict their marital fortune. He grasps her with fearful possessiveness. He leans into her like a human Pisa tower. Her smile is all show, no glow. Her dead eyes reveal her emotional distance. Worse, and most humorously, her head has craned away from his head at an angle that precisely mirrors his neck crick. She checked out of this lovely scene long before the camera flashed.

Can you predict his romantic future from this photo? Take a guess before reading further.

.

.

.

.

She willingly stayed married to him for 20 minutes after her green card cleared.

Beta males need to learn game and to hear non-nonsense talk about the differing nature of the sexes so that they can spot the clues early in a relationship or even during a first date that a woman isn't as enamored of them as they are

of her. This bracing acceptance of reality would save them time, energy, money, and heartache, and most crucially save them the accumulating bitterness that is inevitably projected onto future women who may be good for them.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 26 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I expect a few literal-minded readers to take the wrong lesson from this photo. “Phonebomb game! So if I just check my phone over the shoulder of a girl I’m kissing, she’ll notice out of the corner of her smitten eye and fall harder for me.”

While Phonebomb Game may very well increase your desirability to girls, the real game lesson to draw from this snapshot is how behaviors, brash and subtle, reflect a man’ attitude toward life and women. This guy, looking kind of dorky truth be told, is wrapped in the arms of a girl, looking kind of pretty in profile, because he undoubtedly possesses the sort of alpha male insouciance toward life and romance, as demonstrated in his cavalier division of attention between girl and phone, that drives women crazy with lust.

If he’s checking for texts from other girls in his rotation, then the odds this particular girl has relinquished her backdoor to him are 30% higher.

***

Spot the alpha, part 2.

Tight, solid, thick lack of PDA. I wanna see just how aloof he can get.

We can say that alpha males universally never appear needy.

***

Spot the alpha, part 3.

Aloofness level unlocked: Whirlpoolside.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 26 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

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Paper: Predictors Of Infidelity

CH · 28 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An interesting paper explored predictors of marital infidelity. From the abstract:

> This paper explores the cross-cultural prevalence and predictors of extramarital sexual fulfillment and in doing so tests some predictions derived from evolutionary considerations. Although most adults, across cultures, believe that infidelity, particularly by the female, is 'wrong' and infidelity is often the cause of divorce and violence, the behavior is widespread. Evolutionists have noted various fitness advantages to be gained from sexual infidelity. With such a strong theoretical base for specific predictions about infidelity, it is surprising that few conclusions can be drawn about the predictors of the behavior in married couples. **Our study of married couples from China, Russia, Turkey, the United Kingdom (UK), and the United States (US) revealed that love of the spouse, frequency of finding non-partners attractive, and self-reported extramarital sexual fulfillment of the spouse predicted frequency of sexual fulfillment outside of marriage**. Cultural similarities and differences are discussed.

Heads up, beta males:

If your wife's love is gone ==> cheating whore.
If your wife works in en environment filled with alpha males ==> cheating whore.
If your wife has cheated before ==> recursive cheating whore.

> Infidelity of the wife has been reported to be the most common reason married couples divorce cross-culturally (Betzig, 1989).

A woman's infidelity is a far worse infraction than a man's infidelity, for the simple reason that a woman could bring home the concealed seedling of her extramarital lover, while a man would bring home nothing except perhaps perfume on his shirt collar or, if he chose unwisely, the clap. Plus, a cheating woman is unlikely to be able to emotionally compartmentalize her bifurcated love life in the way that cheating men are able to do; an affair by the wife is often a harbinger for divorce theft. An affair by the husband is a harbinger for his better health. These kinds of sexual double standards are an emergent property of immutable biological nature and are never going away.

> The adverse fitness consequences of being a victim of the wife's infidelity are indicated by the accompanying negative affect. In most cultures, a cuckold is ashamed (Freedman, 1967) and may be ridiculed. A strong predictor of low self-esteem in US husbands was perceived and/or actual infidelity of the wife; suspected or actual infidelity of the husband was not a significant predictor of wives' self-esteem.

When wives cheat, it is a direct refutation of their husband's SMV, and the low self-esteem of cuckolds confirms this reality. When husbands cheat, it may or may not be a refutation of their wive's SMV, as men often cheat because they had the option to do so and sexual variety for its own sake is pleasing to men. (Women will never understand this: Men have strong desires for sex with a lot of different, physically attractive and nubilely fertile women. The reason most men don't act on this male-centric desire is because they can't. Lack of options = relationship stability.) The lesser impact of husbands' cheating on their wive's self-esteem testifies to this biomechanical reality.

From the paper, other predictors of infidelity:

Maleness (ha!).
Permissive sexual values.
Premarital sexual activity.

Premarital cohabitation.
Previous divorce.
Low conscientiousness, narcissistic, and psychopathic women (ha ha!) are prone to infidelity.

(Women's physical attractiveness was NOT a predictor of female infidelity. Most likely what this study has picked up is the fact that very attractive married women are hitched to high SMV men, so there are few alternative options that could effectively compete with the husbands of these women. The temptation for wives of high value husbands to cheat is weaker than it would be for wives of low value husbands.)

Socially dominant men and men high in resources tend to be unfaithful. (Options = instability.)

Low paternal investment and female economic independence are predictors of female infidelity. Quote:

> For example, in matrilineal societies paternal investment typically is low, often giving rise to the avunculate, and infidelity and divorce tend to be common (Daly & Wilson, 1983; van den Berghe, 1979). Similarly, **where the wife is relatively independent economically of the husband, marital bonds tend to be weak (Friedl, 1975; Goode, 1993; Seccombe & Lee, 1987) and infidelity by the wife is common.**

Holy shit. Where have you read this sort of analysis before? What outpost of realtalk first pricked your ears with dulcet notes from the sexual market symphony?

Marital and sexual dissatisfaction are associated with infidelity.
Separate personal and occupational lives are associated as well. (Co-workers are a big threat to marital faithfulness.)

There's a paragraph about "cads" versus "dads" life histories and its relation to infidelity:

> Marital satisfaction and commitment have been associated with adopting a long-term, or slow, life history strategy (Olderbak & Figueredo, 2010), which presumably would reduce the incidence of infidelity. Possibly relevant here is the distinction between high-testosterone "cad" males who exert more short-term mating effort–seeking extramarital partners–and lower-testosterone "dad" males who are more uxorious and paternally inclined (Booth & Dabbs, 1993; Dabbs, 1992) . But "dad" males tend to earn more money and stray less, whereas Atkins et al. reported the opposite relationship between income and infidelity. Higher-income, economically independent spouses were more likely to stray (Atkins et al., 2001). Perhaps men may stray if their wealth makes them attractive or if they neglect their jobs to pursue extramarital affairs. The key for wives may be their financial independence.

Wealth and "romantic ambition" (game) are male attractiveness cues. For women, financial self-sufficiency makes them less attracted to provider beta males (dads) and more likely to risk marital disruption with alpha cad lovers.

> As predicted, in all five cultures men reported greater extramarital sexual fulfillment than women. The sex difference on this variable is in agreement with men's desire for sexual variety, and these findings are consistent with previous reports on various cultures.

Men dig lotsa twatas.

> Two US historical trends do emerge from the Laumann data: wives have gained on husbands in engaging in extramarital sexual fulfillment, and infidelity per year of marriage has risen.

American women: Becoming more like non-American men by the day. (American men are becoming bronies.)

> There was substantial cultural variability in frequency of reported infidelity, possibly due to a host of factors

> including economic state of the country, financial interdependence of the couple, financial independence of the wife, degree of wealth inequality among men, the sex ratio, sex role norms varying from liberal to conservative, and translation differences. The liberal wording of the question in the Chinese sample has been mentioned as an example of the last factor.
>
> This fact, coupled with the practice of spouses sometimes living in separate cities for employment purposes, could at least partially explain why the infidelity rates of the Chinese are higher than those of Turkey, the UK and US.

Absence makes the cock go wander.

> Similarly, the higher rate of infidelity in Russia compared to the other samples may in part be attributed to difficulty encountered by estranged couples in being able to afford divorce and/or in securing separate living quarters. Such people sometimes carry on with a spouse and family while having long-term extramarital affairs.

Russian men = alpha. Or is it the women?

> Three consistent cross-cultural predictors of infidelity emerged for men and women: (a) love, (b) finding non-partners attractive, and (c) extramarital sexual fulfillment of the spouse. Men place physical attractiveness at or near the top of the list of characteristics sought in short and long-term mates, while women also value physical attractiveness in a potential mate, but place less of an emphasis on it compared with other criteria (e.g., Buss, 1989; Lippa, 2009).

One of the biggest myths believed by both red and blue pill adherents is that women value male looks as much as men value female looks.

> We expected that attractive men and women would exhibit more infidelity because of their higher mate value. Previous US research has indicated that this is true of men but not women. However, we found that men's perceiving themselves as attractive was not a consistent predictor of infidelity. Only US men who regarded themselves as attractive reported more infidelity.

My take on this result: Non-US men with high mate value are paired off with high mate value slender women, and so don't feel as great an urge to cheat. US men with high mate value are stuck married to land whales and careerist shrikes, and cheat to alleviate their seven-minute itch.

> Previous research has not indicated that attractive women engage in more infidelity; if anything, the reverse may be true.

Couple of reasons for this seemingly counter-intuitive finding: 1. High SMV women are better able to secure commitment from alpha males, and thus feel less compulsion to seek alpha male lovers on the side. 2. More attractive women feel less need for external validation from men in the form of sex and attention than do women of mediocre attractiveness, who require constant reassurance of their desirability.

> Whether or not one sought sexual fulfillment outside the marriage seemed mainly to reflect amorousness toward the spouse, attractiveness of potential partners, **plus the particular appeal of sexual variety to men**.

Beta males rationalizing their lack of mate options as a virtue, women who project the peculiarities of their female desire onto men, and ugly feminists who loathe male desire are all disposed to misunderstand, underestimate, and disparage the natural male hunger for multitudinous pussy.

> This corroborates the notion that evaluation of the mate continues into marriage, because the relative attractiveness of competing potential partners remains salient to most men and women even if they are not engaged in extramarital sex.

Marriage is no escape from the sexual market.

> Kenrick and Gutierres (1980) found that men exposed to very attractive women (e.g., centerfolds, television stars) rated the attractiveness of average women lower than men who had not been exposed to the highly attractive females.

There's a reason newlywed wives rush their husbands out to the suburbs and away from the fresh meat of the cities. It isn't just about good schools.

> Our own data show an inverse relationship between love for one's spouse and finding others attractive, as well as between love of one's spouse and extramarital sexual fulfillment.

Marry for love; it's good insurance against divorce theft.

(Have you ever noticed that when you're deeply in love with a woman, at least at the beginning, that all other women no matter how beautiful kind of recede into the background like corporate artwork?)

> Infidelity and the potential resulting birth of a child carry long-term consequences for fitness and therefore are unlikely to reflect shifting environmental conditions as strongly as the quality of the mate.

The sexual market is the ur-market, most ancient and powerful. Environmental pressures would need to be severe and sustained to cause widespread shifts in sexual choices.

> Another formidable factor might be infidelity of the spouse, which would pose the threat of desertion and might precipitate undertaking the countermeasure of seeking a new mate. If marriage is essentially a reproductive union **[ed: changing now that gay marriage has been granted equivalent status]**, one would expect that sexual and amorous attraction would loom large in guiding marital behavior. The high correlations consistently obtained between sexual and marital satisfaction attest to the joint importance of these affinities.

Hot sex = warm love. And hot women = hot sex. Therefore…

Reader Mailbag: AMOG Ex Machina

CH · 29 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1, from "Invictus".

> Discovered the site about a month ago, and love the info from you and a couple of your regular commenters (yareally and sentient especially).
>
> I have a couple of questions.
>
> 1. I live in a very small town (my hometown) in the middle of nowhere as a chiropractor in my own private practice. I am financially unable to move until loans are paid off. The only reason I came back here was that it was the only place where a bank would loan me money to start. My problem is that there aren't many women around here to practice game with, and I think I add pressure to make things work with women due to the lack of women in the area (scarcity mentality). What can I do to overcome this?

I wonder if this is a case of small local banks doing their part to discourage brain drain? Kind of like closed loan borders. Anyhow, my advice is change fields, if your dating situation is that bad. But I doubt it's that bad. The internet was invented for men like yourself stuck in small towns with poor prospects. Get some online relationships going with a few hotties (chicks dig a doctor, fib a bit), travel to see them every once in a while, and watch your scarcity mentality melt away.

> 2. I read in many of your posts about making women chase you. How exactly is this best accomplished?

Sheesh. There are a million ways. The clearest summary of all those ways is **hot-cold-hot-cold**. You show interest, you disappear, you make promises, you don't follow through, you initiate conversations, you reply late with one-word blurts, you guide her to the bedroom, you take a phone call in the hall. Hot-cold-hot-cold is the expression of the attitude that YOU ARE THE PRIZE. When you think of yourself as God's gift to women, women will believe the Word of You. A lack of neediness, sexy aloofness, is a cue to women that you have sexual market options. When women perceive that about you, they are jolted out of their instinctive role as the chased and an internal switch is flipped that causes them to assume the role of the chaser.

***

Email #2, from "QDA".

> Reading your site has often helped me clear my tactical approach to game, and I need some help right now.
>
> The following happened not more than two hours ago…
>
> I was in East Village successfully K-closing a girl. I was working out logistics to go to her place, when all of a sudden some drunk idiot started yelling "She's hot man. Ask her how much. If you're not buying it, let me."

"She's not for sale."
"Too rich for your blood."
"Waddaya talking about?! She's paying me!"
"Stay classy, man."

> Now, normally this wouldn't be a problem if I'd picked her up in my normal organic manner, but this time she was just a drunk girl in a bar who needed lovin, and after just a five minutes of talking, I pulled her away from her friends.
>
> She was already hesitating. That sucker really ramped up her ASD. Since I was going for the kill, I hadn't even

> tried taking her number.

Externalities can ruin tight game. This was a scenario when a little beta reassurance would've gone a long way to averting a disastrous ASD (anti-slut defense) cooldown.

> How do you suggest I could have handled it, when an outsider pushes her ASD threshold in the no-go zone?

There are occasionally times that call for a little white knighting. By "a little", I mean "barely perceptible". If you have made out with a girl and she's halfway toward your door when a drunk idiot makes a scene, you do yourself a favor by intervening on behalf of her lonely girl honor. Just don't get carried away; white knighting that is too obvious can quickly escalate an awkward scene to a brawl, and turn off girls who shirk from possessive, mate guarding men. See suggested replies above.

***

Email #3, from "Don".

> Why do younger girls love guys who do drugs??

All girls have a part of them, smaller in some larger in others, that loves a rebel.

> running high school game basically just – social proof, body language and talents.

Don't forget boldness.

> word recently got out I was after a gram of ecstasy for friday and bitches are reeling in with curiosity by the hour
>
> Explains why so many chicks dig black culture

The girls I knew who rolled were all hardcore club chicks and flighty artsy types. Ecstasy let them babble even longer and more incoherently than they normally did, and because it's a touchy-feely drug it served the dual purpose of relaxing their ASD.

Just be careful with drug game; it's highly self-selective, (meaning, you will mostly screen for girls who like drugs), and relying on it will close off tons of options with "high on life" girls.

***

Email #4, from "Cy".

> Hey CH, Cy here- young player (17 turning 18 soon) with term goals to get my body and my game into shape. Got a question about game, but first a bit of background to help understanding.
>
> -Born and live abroad as a US citizen in a somewhat backwards Mediterranean country, with yearly visits to US.
> -Trying to get into western-style game.
> -This is both the opposite of what is done here (the local guys' game) and harder to do since I live in a "capital city" with pop. only around 800,000.
> -Small size is made worse by the fact that parents and relatives all live here. Think an everyone-knows-everyone type of place, amplified by 10.

Welcome to Southern Europe. At least the women are beautiful.

> Any advice on how to practice game? For example I see the cold approach as a major part of the game, but it is difficult to implement it in my environment.

Assuming you speak the native language, I really don't think there's much difference in how the essential game principles are applied throughout Europe. Yeah, some country's girls may require more provider beta game, and some more sexy alpha game, but these are tactical differences. The core attitude you must project — outcome independence and charming devilry — remains the same no matter where you go.

Your question is very broad, so it's tough for me to give you any specific advice. Southern Euro men direct approach women by nature, so maybe you want to stand out in contrast and do more indirect approaches? Use your background as a springboard for conversation. You're an American citizen living abroad who knows her city pretty well, but some things about the place still surprise you; surely that's enough material right there to pique her curiosity?

***

Email #5, from "anonymous".

> I could use some advice. College, supposedly some of the best years of your life. My friends and I are all seniors. I figure that since it's the last year, we must go all out whenever the opportunity presents itself. That means one night stands, keggers, bars and unforgettable stories that we can laugh about when we're old and grey. I've been having a variety of 7/10+ one night stands with these women on a consistent basis. I must say that while I am growing more cold and aloof (which may or may not be such a bad thing), my confidence has transcended to new heights. It's insane how confidence can improve almost all areas of your life and how quickly your confidence can be swept away.

That's why it's important to learn the art of overconfidence, which is confidence that doesn't require external validation to continue functioning.

> All of my close friends (who I go out with) are busy at part time jobs and settling for sub par relationships. None of them have any desire to go out and when they do, they grab a quick drink and leave. When I game, I mostly go lone wolf but I've always got my friends there to joke, have a good time and drink with permitting I don't get laid. Last weekend, my friends bailed and I went out alone on both nights. I had an awful time and I've sort of been in a funk as of the moment. I'm not sure how to snap out of it. I know that I may have to find new friends to go out with but since I'm a senior everyone's social circles are like armored fortresses. I have a feeling that making a new set of ambitious friends isn't as easy as it was freshman year. Ideally, I'd like to be self sufficient and be able to game + have a good time no matter the people or circumstances. How do I work up to that? I'd appreciate your two cents.

Making new acquaintances isn't as hard as it seems, and once you have acquaintances, a few friends will follow. If you can cold approach attractive girls for sex, you can cold approach anyone for meaningless banter. But more to your question, I'd say stop going out to bars/clubs/parties for now. Try new venues. Whenever I'm in similar circumstances, I make it a mission to find events to attend where I know showing up alone won't look out of place. Festivals, fairs, art galleries, beer tastings, auto shows, farmers markets, malls. Gain a bit of knowledge about the event you're attending so you have something to talk about with girls. College must be loaded with social events that you could crash without feeling self-conscious.

Hell, you don't even need events. Go to the park and fly a kite shaped like two boobs. You'll get noticed. Bars on weeknights are lone wolf hunting grounds. Any girl you meet on a weeknight out alone is looking for dick, that much is guaranteed.

***

Email #6, from “T”.

> Beta trying to develop game here. I logged back on to OkCupid for the first time in several months and I messaged a solid 7 I had briefly talked to months ago.
>
> Me – “you’re still here? are the men on this site that bad?”
>
> Her shit test – “haha yes they are. what makes you different?”
>
> My idea for a response is – “I’m not going to qualify myself with an answer. That’s what.”
>
> Thoughts?

Be careful with this shit test. When a girl asks a seemingly harmless question like “what makes you different?” there is an implied recognition of her status as the one being courted. You don’t want to validate this girl’s self-perception as the higher value entity. Your reply is no good; not because it validates her, but because it’s meaning is too translucent. It sounds quasi-autistic, the way you’re describing in lurid detail the unspoken dynamic of this exchange. It also sounds defensive, like you can see her bitchiness and rejection coming a mile away and you intend to tell her in no uncertain terms how you will evade it.

No girl wants your thought process so obviously laid bare, especially when said thoughts are of the preemptively butthurt variety. The alpha reply is one that undermines her self-regarding premise playfully, without betraying the mentality of a man who expects the worst from women. Alpha males don’t expect the worst from women, though they may be more aware than other men of the depravities women can entertain, because alphas are often the recipients of women’s most generous gifts.

GIRL: “what makes you different?”

THE DEVIL’S GOLDEN FIDDLE: “standards.”

California Law Boosts Secret Sex Video Revolution

CH · 30 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

California has lobbed another salvo in the War On Men: Governor Moonbeam signed into law

> a bill that makes California the first in the nation to define when "yes means yes" and adopt requirements for colleges to follow when investigating sexual assault reports.
>
> State lawmakers last month approved SB967 by Sen. Kevin de Leon, D-Los Angeles, as states and universities across the U.S. are under pressure to change how they handle rape allegations. Campus sexual assault victims and women's advocacy groups delivered petitions to Brown's office on Sept. 16 urging him to sign the bill.
>
> De Leon has said the legislation will begin a paradigm shift in how college campuses in California prevent and investigate sexual assaults. Rather than using the refrain "no means no," the definition of consent under the bill requires "an affirmative, conscious and voluntary agreement to engage in sexual activity."

Romance is dead. Long live romance!

I can't think of many things that would kill the moment faster than whipping out a consent form and a pen as you're sitting on the edge of her bed. Unfurling a one inch micropeen? Reaching under her dress to grab a handful of frank and beans? Unsnapping her bra to release a bundle of tissue paper and two deflated flapjack tits?

> "Every student deserves a learning environment that is safe and healthy,"

Infantilization. Coddling. Child-proofing the cap on women's brains.

> We've shifted the conversation regarding sexual assault to one of prevention, justice, and healing.

Poopytalk.

> The legislation says silence or lack of resistance does not constitute consent.

Women generally don't like to verbalize their desire to get banged out. They prefer dropping subtle cues that experienced, confident men will recognize and use to lead the interaction toward the bedroom. They also prefer to put up token resistance before relenting completely. A law that requires women deny these two essential aspects of their nature, or to twist them into something inhuman, is a law doomed to fail… or to "succeed" beyond the wildest dreams of its femcunt sponsors.

> Under the bill, someone who is drunk, drugged, unconscious or asleep cannot grant consent.

If a drunk woman can't grant her consent, then a drunk man can't comprehend her consent. This legal contortion cuts both ways. But of course only men are responsible for their own actions, so loophole exploited!

> Lawmakers say consent can be nonverbal, and universities with similar policies have outlined examples as a nod of the head or moving in closer to the person.

Well, that's a relief! Put away the consent form, you only need a video camera to provide proof to a jury of your feminist inquisitors that you received the requisite head nod and mutually voluntary personal space encroachment to proceed under legal allowance into a reproductively-thwarted union. Wait, it wasn't thwarted by condom or Pill? Are you evil?

If it wasn't a travesty, it would be a farce. Worse, it's humiliation. The point of these toxic, insane, dehumanizing feminist and equalist laws is humiliation of straight (white, beta) men. That's it. Never forget it. This is your enemy.

***

Reader 1357 quips,

> I see a lot more secret recordings of all sexual encounters "just in case", happening in california pretty soon.

Oh yeah. Externalities are a bitch. What man worth his seductive prowess will risk bedding a slutty headcase now, without video proof of her writhing arousal and surrender? But it would have to be secretly videotaped; not many women are down with a camera rolling on that first magical night together. Keep the closet door ajar, hide the camera behind cable wool sweaters, and don't forget to put black tape over the red record light.

How ironic if a perverse law designed to catalogue the organic and nuanced stirrings of mutual consent — aka foreplay — were to have the knock-off effect of flooding the internet with more ill-gotten sex videos of regretful feminist whackjobs!

Reader joe sixpack imagines what convincing a girl to sign a pre-sex consent form would entail:

> "OMG, lol, what's that thing on your head?"
>
> "That's my new GoPro.
>
> Now just look at me and say the following: "I hereby swear of my free personal will, that I do consent to sexual contact up to and inclusive of sexual intercourse whereby I grant unrestricted consent for your penis to enter my vagina, and I duly swear to hold fully exempt from any future civil and/or criminal litigation resulting from said intercourse.

You may not need the GoPro. There's now an app for that. Good2Go. Nerds rejoice, they finally have a technical means of determining if and when a girl likes them in "that way". Naturally, whatever slim chances a nerd gets in his life to have sex will promptly be scuttled the moment he pulls out his Good2Go app for permission to continue fondling the girl's upper forearm.

On a serious note, this law is unenforceable. Last I checked, judges tend to side with defendants in "he said-she said" situations. (Who knows, though? That could be changing, like everything else in America, for the worse.) A law like this is pure signaling by alpha males and omega females. The former get to flex their power over weaker men and demonstrate through their indifference a prowess with women that will never be threatened by morning-after regret. The latter get to make life harder for better looking women of sound mental health, and much much harder for those creepy beta and omega males who sheepishly and awkwardly hit on them in elevators. The nerve! Then there's the politics of it all. The War On Women rhetoric has ramped up so loudly (and incongruously) that politicians can score a lot of votes by pandering to the worst elements of womanhood. The rest of the women just step in line with these feminist gorgons, because that's the direction the herd is heading.

Less Human Than Human

CH · 30 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A balnog belched from the foulest pits of hell was arrested in connection with the disappearance, (and presumed murder), of a cute white college girl this month — and now also with the death of another cute white college girl from 2009.

The feral predator:

The timeline of the crime is chilling, in more than one way.

> The man is 32-year old Jesse "LJ" Matthew, who was arrested September 25 in Galveston, Texas on a charge of Abduction With Intent to Defile in the case involving the still-unexplained disappearance of second-year University of Virginia student Hannah Graham.
>
> Hannah was last seen by an eye witness walking with LJ Matthew in the early morning hours of Saturday, September 13. She appeared heavily intoxicated, the witness told me, slouched against him, not quite able to walk on her own. They were seen together outside Tempo, the same restaurant where just about an hour before, another woman had told him to get his hands off of her. I ask that young woman what one thing she remembered most about that night. She thinks for a moment and says with a steady stare, "That he creeped me the fuck out."

I believe we will discover in the coming decades that some races are, on average, less disposed to empathic feelings for fellow humans. At the extreme left tail of this population-varying average moral sense you will find the demonic dumb beasts like the specimen above, who are "less human than human". But despite the garish horrors of their crimes, their minds are uninteresting, bleak, dull, like the flat tundra under a starless night. They move on instinct; reason and thoughtfulness are as foreign to them as algebra. Like with any rabid animal lunging for your throat, the only life-affirming answer is a bullet to its head. Histrionic postmortems about the meaning of the animal's life are as repugnant as they are ponderous and futile.

> One individual told me LJ [Matthew] always seemed like "a gentle giant." [ed: he was 270 pounds]

Meme-ification Protocol initiated. Activate "gentle giant" ridicule sequence.

More interesting than the mind of the gentle giant is the mind of the all-too-human victim, and the minds of those around her who swaddle her memory in a rootless victimology that excuses reality from any role in the drama.

Hannah Graham was walking alone, late at night, drunk, when a large black man approached her. At the time she met the gentle grotesque, alcohol may have blurred her awareness of her surroundings, or she may have been lucid enough to agree to accompany him to a bar, out of appeasing fear or, more darkly, curiosity.

What Camille Paglia calls naivete, I call delusion. What was this white woman thinking? What were her immediate family, her friends, her larger family, and the culture that ensconced her thinking? That it was perfectly safe to stumble around at 1AM alone, in a drunken haze and a short skirt while the nighttime streets filled with remorseless, hungry prowlers? That "don't blame the victim" means "don't take any responsibility for your own well-being"? That adult women are to be handled like crying, soiling infants, coddled and pampered and indulged… and sacrificed by the dorm-load to demon butchers who didn't get the Take Back the Night memo? That the "real danger" is the happy-go-lucky white frat bro who likes to make crude jokes? That accountability, reason, and personal responsibility are outdated virtues of a backward patriarchal past?

This is what following the Lords of Lies gets you… Death. What she needed to hear was "don't drink until you can't see straight", "don't go out alone", "don't pretend like the world can't be dangerous to you", "if you don't want to be taken advantage of, don't make yourself an easy target", "don't dress like a slut or men will treat you like a slut", and most importantly, "if a large black man walks toward you in the middle of the night and puts his arm around you in fake friendliness, run and scream for help".

This goes for the white college men who must have been in the area to see this American Horror Story unfold. Are you so brainwashed by equalist cant that the sight of a huge black guy confronting a drunk white girl in the dead of night doesn't twitch your risk-assessment reflexes? I'm not saying you had to go mano-a-mandingo with the beast, but you could've gathered compatriots and moved in threateningly, which likely would've spooked the predator.

Yet even this target group's great shame is tinged with tragicomedy. Decades of feminist filth poisons the mind, but decades of unleashed female sexual behavior, all traditional constraints on it vilified and tossed aside, hardens the heart. When generations of men witness their women degrade themselves and hook up, with cavalier disregard for any self-debasing consequences, with degenerates and monsters, the instinct to protectiveness grows numbly useless.

Feminists, equalists, and anti-reality delusionists, you have killed Hannah Graham as assuredly as LT "gentle giant" Matthew did. Your lies were his choking grip. Her blood is on your cowardly hands.

What An Alpha Male's Soft Harem Looks Like

CH · 1 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

COMMENTS
kanakalena Omg. Ok well thank you for all the info. I didnt know any of this! He tells me all different stories about how you were the cheater.
2 weeks ago
cajunfirecracker73 I kind of figured that. I never cheated on him. I was only with one other guy and we were broke up at the time. He has cheated on me every time we get back together. He told me I should just accept it and not make a big deal out of it. Really ? I told him you won't find any women who is willing to allow there man to cheat on them. He's just a man who won't grow up. He says he wants to be married and have a family life but he's actions are just the opposite. I'm just glad he didn't pull you in too far. I hope he didn't hurt you too much. I turned his data back on so he will probably try and contact you. It's up to you on what you want to do. I want him out of my life
2 weeks ago
cajunfirecracker73 He said he was talking to you just to hurt me and make me jealous. he uses a texting app to text girls
Add a comment

COMMENTS
cajunfirecracker73 He said he was talking to you just to hurt me and make me jealous. he uses a texting app to text girls so i never see it on our bill. good luck. I hope you don't fall for his lies. :) know i did
2 weeks ago
kanakalena Well thank you very much for being an adult about it and talking to me about it, letting me know all this info. I really do appreciate it. I dont know what im going to do now. Part of me wants to leave it all alone but another part of me wants to keep talking to him and have our relationship grow..... i wish i wouldve known all this in the first place! It wouldve been much easier
2 weeks ago
cajunfirecracker73 Well I guess you made up your mind cuz you are still texting him. You have know idea what you are getting yourself into. there is always two sides to every story. You want to believe his lies then you deserve what you get. You can have him he's all yours. LMAO
Add a comment

Two girls fighting over one man. This delightful menage a twat won't be the theme of any mainstream rom-com any time soon, because the alpha male these two babycakes are fighting over is, allegedly, Arron (sic) Lewis, mystery meat marekiller currently suspected of murdering Arkansas real estate agent Beverly Carter.

"Well I guess you made up your mind cuz you are still texting him."

Chicks dig jerks. Chicks dig taken jerks. Chicks, at least as far as we can tell by their actions, dig taken jerks who lie to them. Bonus digging points if said jerk has a rap sheet.

Indignant white knights nursing an excessively protective instinct toward women which helps themselves feel useful in the world will doubtless wail, "But he lied to her! She didn't know he was a jerk!" This sort of thinking betrays a lack of exposure to the ~~jungle~~ dating market. I don't see either of these cute-ish girls giving their sex to honest, law-abiding beta males. I see them fucking a lying, murdering sack of filth. And getting into girlfights over who will be his number one. The alpha male soft harem in action.

If you have any sort of experience with cute girls, you know that when they hook up, and stay hooked up, with lying assholes they know on some level with a quickness that these guys are lying assholes. Now of course their spinning hamsters will rationalize away their gnawing suspicions and oddly exciting discomfort, because these sexxxy bastards are just so intriguingly sexxxy and arousingly bastardly. It's similar to how a smitten beta male, unable to think straight because his brain is awash in nutritious fresh squeezed pussy juice, will spin or ignore or sugarcoat evidence that his hot girlfriend is drifting out of love with him.

Hm, she hasn't texted me since yesterday. Probably forgot to charge her phone.

The pricked self-preservation senses of the jerk-loving girl and the girlfriend-loving beta male tell them one thing, while their captured hearts tell them another. As love is the second most powerful emotion in the universe after jealousy, and tied with hate, the heart usually wins these contests of wills. And never really stops winning, even when it is finally denied the satisfaction of fulfillment.

***

A confused commenter avers,

> The women we're talking to each other about LEAVING him not about how much he makes their vags tingle from the power.

This is exactly the kind of misreading that one would expect from a Pollyanna pedestal polisher. Women don't argue with each other in novella format over a man they don't love anymore and truly wish to leave. A woman who has fallen out of love and wants to leave a man won't turn over her decision a thousand times, nor argue about it with the man's other lover. She'll just leave, and her reasoning, if her spurned boyfriend demands it, will be uncharacteristically — for her sex — perfunctory. *"I just don't feel it anymore. I wish you the best."*

Only experience with women will enable a man to understand their different reactions to men they no longer love, versus men who have hurt them but whom they still love. Let's put it this way: If two girls are fighting exhaustively over how to leave you, you're in the gina seat.

Ya gotta read between the id-storm of lines, brethren. Or should I say sistren. *eyebrow raise*

Social Shaming Works

CH · 1 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It’s time to do the same with obesity.

A Highly Useful And Somewhat Controversial List Of Nonverbal Teases

CH · 2 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Are you a man of few words? Are you a man who's frequently at a loss for words? Was your tongue removed by a mujahedin? Or do you just think that talky talk is unbecoming a real man?

Great news, silent sith lord! This post is for you. Some of the best teases (and truth be told, favorites of yer 'umble serrator) are nonverbal messages on full throttle. It's so much sexier and charming to communicate with a lust interest in the language of thespians and queen bee BFFs. Hereforthwithal:

Look of disgust (nose scrunched, eyes squinted).

Don't want to walk across the room to cold open a girl slouched over her megamug of sugar tea? Look at her, wait for eye contact, then scrunch your face up like you just got a whiff of wet turd. Logic? Meaning? Feu! No need for any of that. The expression alone will be irresistible to the female ego. You'll get one of three reactions: A self-point and quizzical look ("Is he doing that to me or someone behind me?"), an aggravated eyebrow knit, or the same face in return. Reactions one and three are your green-lights; You can work with those because the minimal level of interest has been established. Reaction two means agree and amplify: put a clothespin on your nose the next time she looks over at you.

The raised eyebrow look of phony deep thought.

Did a girl say something? Always a good time to raise your eyebrows sky high and contort your mouth downward like her words have spurred you to give them profound consideration. GIRL: "My spirit animal is a kitten!" YOU: "Hmmmm… fascinating!" Add a chin rub for the IMAX effect.

The disdainful air wank.

You know the move, where you pretend to grab your dick and make a wanking motion in the air. This is more of a neg than a tease. Use it on girls who sound full of themselves. Properly calibrated, it can be quite the hamster amphetamine.

The serious listener face.

Girl talks. Big mistake! You lean forward, prop your chin in the palms of both your hands (fingers curled up against your cheeks), squint a little, knit your eyebrows, press your lips together, and generally affect the mien of someone utterly engrossed by what he's hearing. This tease is doubleplustingle if you do it when she's discussing a fantastically frivolous topic, like her career.

The Eureka! face.

Did a girl make a suggestion, or come to a wary conclusion about your intentions? Thrust your finger into the air, widen your eyes, and shout "Eureka!". Good for a punch on your shoulder, which can be redeemed later for a dick punch into her vagina.

The exaggerated Lothario face.

From across a room, locate a timid distaff fawn trembling on shaky pre-orgasmic legs, lock on, and assume the Lothario face. What's the Lothario face? Pursed lips, a rolling motion with the head, rising and falling eyebrows, eye twinkle, and finally a blown kiss. It's a farce, to be sure, but it happens to be a farce that often will extract a reluctant smile and laugh from the girl. It's obviously over the top, and that's why chicks love it. It gets them thinking, "Who is this super confident man with stones of steel clattering twixt legs? What a douche!"

"What a douche!" translates from the womanese into "What a douche whose crotch my wandering eye doth travel!"

You can use the above nonverbal teases to accelerate an already present attraction, or to coax an attraction from a preexisting condition of indifference.

Science Proves Asshole Game Works

CH · 3 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

One day, CH will achieve the perfect post title that captures the spirit of the cosmic shiv. You will read it and the gleaming knife will metamorphose from the words right before your eyes. Perhaps this one is it…

A reader forwards a study and adds this promising promo:

> Powerful people lack empathy.
>
> Asshole game proven by science.
>
> Nice guys do finish last.

The paper is called Social Class, Contextualism, and Empathic Accuracy. The abstract:

> Recent research suggests that lower-class individuals favor explanations of personal and political outcomes that are oriented to features of the external environment. We extended this work by testing the hypothesis that, as a result, individuals of a lower social class are more empathically accurate in judging the emotions of other people. In three studies, lower-class individuals (compared with upper-class individuals) received higher scores on a test of empathic accuracy (Study 1), judged the emotions of an interaction partner more accurately (Study 2), and made more accurate inferences about emotion from static images of muscle movements in the eyes (Study 3). Moreover, the association between social class and empathic accuracy was explained by the tendency for lower-class individuals to explain social events in terms of features of the external environment. The implications of class-based patterns in empathic accuracy for well-being and relationship outcomes are discussed.

I bet you're wondering where this is going. The suspense is delicious!

http://socrates.berkeley.edu/~keltner/publications/kraus.socialclass.2010.pdf
FYI, before delving into the paper, "empathic accuracy" simply means the ability to read another person. Someone with high empathic accuracy is very good at discerning how other people feel, based on social and visual cues.

It'll seem counter-intuitive* to some, but lower class people in this study were more empathic. When you have fewer resources, the external environment exerts more influence on your life outcome. A well-off person can insulate himself from trouble (hi, Cheap Chalupas!) in ways that a poorer person can't. So the poorer person needs to be more aware of potential dangers (and benefits), and that means being better at reading people to determine if they will hurt or help him.

*It's fairly well-known that most criminals are less empathic**, dumber and poorer than the general population, so a study which purports to find that lower SES people have higher empathic accuracy than higher SES people would seem to fly in the face of the typical criminal profile. However, certain aspects of criminal psychology are better thought of as sharing more traits across SES than within; that is, high SES criminals may be just as anti-empathic (sociopathic) as low SES criminals, even when there are far fewer criminals as a proportion of the high SES group.

**Also worth noting: Empathic accuracy — precision at reading others' emotions — doesn't necessarily mean identification with those emotions. A person with robust Dark Triad traits would be very good at knowing what people are feeling and using that knowledge to manipulate them, but he wouldn't feel much guilt from exploiting others.

> Our central prediction was that participants with manipulated lower-class rank would discern the emotions of other people better than participants with manipulated upper-class rank. Initial analyses revealed that participants in the lower-class-rank condition (M = 27.08) showed greater empathic accuracy than participants

> in the upper-class-rank condition (M = 25.23), F (1, 77) = 4.64, p < .05. To further test our hypothesis, we conducted an ANCOVA with our social-class manipulation as a between-participants factor, gender and agreeableness as covariates, and empathic accuracy as the dependent variable. As Figure 3 shows, **participants experimentally induced to experience lower-class rank were better able than their upper-class-rank counterparts to discern emotions from subtle expressions in the eyes**.

This is additional evidence that social priming works, at least temporarily. (Social priming is the presumed foundation for a lot of inner game concepts, as well as "alpha maximizing" and testosterone-raising power position body language techniques.) Subjects who were made to think they were lower rank experienced improved empathic accuracy.

> One prediction that follows from these tendencies is that lower-class individuals should be more accurate judges of the emotions of others than upper-class individuals are. In three studies that tested this hypothesis using measures of both objective and subjective SES, lower-class individuals, relative to their upper-class counterparts, scored higher on a measure of empathic accuracy (Study 1), judged the emotions of a stranger more accurately (Study 2), and inferred emotions more accurately from subtle expressions in the eyes (Study 3).

So what does this have to do with game and assholery?

> Finally, the findings relating social class to empathic accuracy have potentially profound implications for how social inequality affects close relationships. In fact, the greater social engagement exhibited by lower-class individuals in past research (Kraus & Keltner, 2009) may spring from a similar need to perceive the external environment accurately in order to be responsive to it. Empathic accuracy may mediate influences of class on relationship quality, commitment, and satisfaction. It is also interesting to speculate about the costs of heightened empathic accuracy for overall health and well-being, particularly because lower-class individuals tend to experience chronically elevated levels of negative emotion and negative mood disorders (e.g., Gallo & Matthews, 2003). Future research should investigate whether being able to identify other people's negative emotions contributes to relationship turmoil among lower-class individuals (Argyle, 1994; Levenson & Ruef, 1992).

Intriguingly, highly empathic people may get stressed out from constantly reading and reacting to other people's emotional states. And this accords with experience; alpha males seem happier and also less likely to concern themselves with how others are feeling. Beta and omega males who fret about what women think of them are nervous nellies and tightly wound.

The relation of this paper with asshole game requires a connect-the-dots jog, but here it is:

Women love socially dominant men.
Socially dominant men have less empathy. They're more self-focused and less concerned with the opinions and feelings of others.
A lack of empathy is a hallmark of assholes.
Being as asshole is attractive to women because they perceive it as the behavior of a socially dominant alpha male.
Weepy, sensitive niceguys stock up on Jergen's and Kleenex.

Any questions?

Comment Of The Week: Be The Owner, Not The Dog

CH · 4 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Comment of the Week winner is “anon”, who supplies a very apt metaphor to describe how successful, happy relationships are ultimately a pairing off of a psychologically beta, highly empathic woman with a less empathic, pack (socially) dominant alpha man.

> This is like how a pet dog will check his owner’s face and look the owner in the eye every 10 seconds to see whether the owner is happy with the dog because the dog is behaving correctly, or if the owner is going to punish the dog for doing something wrong. A dog that is owned and trained properly by a male owner knows the owner is the alpha; the dog is beta. Both are happy.
>
> In a relationship, the woman should be the beta. When the man is the beta, the woman is repulsed and confused. With a dog-owner relationship, when the owner is beta–like a single woman owner–the dog is confused and unhappy. You will notice, if you are a dog owner who walks his dog every day, that the dogs owned by single women spinsters are the ones who are nasty to other dogs; they are confused because the female owner treats them like a living furry teddy bear and never disciplines the dog properly.
>
> I have just summarized all of CH’s teachings for you. I’m not even kidding. Read carefully and think about it.
>
> In a dog-owner and in a woman-man relationship, the beta (submissive) will look at the alpha’s (dominant’s) face every 10 seconds and is very good at detecting whether the alpha is pleased with the beta.
>
> I actually read a book about dogs one time and then I started noticing this. My dog looks at me every 10 seconds, looks at me in the eyes, and determines if I’m happy or upset with it. My dog never tires of working to please me.

As colorful summaries of the CH worldview go, this is as close to striking distance of core teachings as any.

******

COTW close runner-up is Mike, who has some insight into low SES versus high SES moral senses and ethical codes.

> I’ll give my experience. I’m low SES but went to a high SES private school. Low SES people are more empathetic, and thus their interactions are different. My high SES friends cannot keep up with even normal (non confrontational) low SES interaction. They also run into issues with me because, as a lower SES person, manners and social behavior means a lot to me. The reciprocation just isn’t there with them when it should be, and when they don’t recognize protocol it comes off as disordered from my perspective.
>
> They can be assholes, but many aren’t – as most are constrained by their SWPL ethics rather than any innate empathy. However, in some cases, their lack of empathy leads to a specific type of anti-social behavior that is a definite precursor to dysfunctional social behavior if not criminality.
>
> Absent sociopathy, which is what Heartiste conflated with ‘normal prole criminal behavior’, the typical normal IQ (100) prole personality is less criminal prone than higher SES personalities. This is due to empathy. What makes up for that, in the statistics, are higher levels of low IQ individuals (<100), abuse or attachment disorders that screws personalities, and more culturally accepted violence as a means of resolving disputes amongst males. In black communities, that violence is amplified to much higher levels because it’s instinctual rather than cultural (empathy is shockingly low amongst blacks in general); hence the disparity in violence between prole white and prole black neighborhoods.
>
> In other words, proles are nicer and more reliable friends but more unpredictable for dysfunctional behavior in groups. Higher SES individuals are more uniform in behavior but also in their lack of reliability and trustworthiness as friends and in business.

> Here’s something funny that I’ve noticed: when higher SES individuals begin to engage in business in competitive environments, they find that those environments simulate lower SES threatening environments and thus they all of a sudden put more emphasis on loyalty and other prole social norms that depend on empathy for execution. There’s nothing more valuable to a high SES executive than the loyalty of his few truly prole underlings.

That last paragraph is astute. It gibes with my experience as well; when the heat comes around the corner, successful alpha businessmen who normally luxuriate in their social rank will quickly assume the attitude and slogans of “lower” ranking prole men, and emphasize as mike said, loyalty and teamwork (aka ingroup cohesion). It’s a microcosm for what could soon be happening at the national level, once lifestyle indicators really start to go south.

Don’t Be The Wrong Kind Of Asshole Chicks Don’t Dig

CH · 6 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

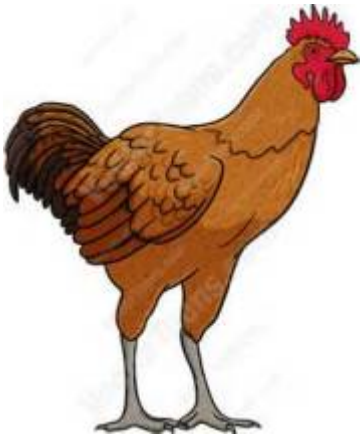
This is what a caring asshole that chicks don’t dig — as opposed to an uncaring asshole that chicks dig — sounds like:

What did this asshole do wrong? Too much investment, too much emotion, too much spite, too much butthurtitude, too much everything. When people stumble across this blog and wonder why CH claims assholes are held in high regard by women, they are mistakenly thinking of the pissed off asshole above as representative of the species *assholicus vajmoisticus*. But he is a subspecies of asshole, and not one particularly beloved by women (although, if it’s a notch count contest between a butthurt asshole and a supplicating niceguy, go with the butthurt asshole).

The opening salvo was strong…

my gf is on vacation, can you send me pussy pics?

…but quickly de-escalated into whiny resentment. When she sent the cat pic, a better — read: uncaring asshole — response would have been:



The above keeps the conversation moving toward, instead of away from, pussy pics.

Some will argue that the context matters. He may very well be a hockey player who used to bang this slut and justifiably thinks she'll toss him fap material at his command. He may also genuinely give no fucks about longer-term prospects with the girl.

Irrelevant. He wanted a pic of her pussy, and he didn't get it because of his off-key assholery. Had he played his hand better he may have gotten what he wanted.

The Young Alpha Male

CH · 6 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A reader watched a future heartbreaker lavish alpha male love on a hot woman.

> Witnessed this pre-Alpha moment at a family restaurant waiting area last week:
>
> HB8 sits down next to a ~5 year old boy
>
> Boy: Hi
>
> Girl: Hi!
>
> Boy: You smell like my grandma!
>
> Girl: What! That's not very nice.
>
> Boy: I love my grandma
>
> Girl: Oh ok! Well that is adorable. What is your name?
>
> Boy: You're…goofy! *walks away*
>
> Perhaps a loyal young reader?

When I see the tightest of game in action, it's like listening to the crescendo in Beethoven's Ninth through noise canceling headphones in a living room dimmed by twilight. Time slows, the hairs on the back of my neck stand straight, and all the beauty and love and possibility of the world pour into my heart in that moment. This boy, practicing an ancient art which comes naturally to his sex but which he will probably relinquish as he grows into a young man assaulted by schoolmarmish do-gooders, weak beta males, and feminist propaganda, has crafted a work of seduction art so pure, so innocent, and so transcendent that Ovid himself would honor the young ladyslayer in poem.

There's the bold approach…

Hi

the teasing neg…

You smell like my grandma!

the refusal to backpedal and the accusatory reframe…

I love my grandma

the swatting away of the beta bait, the teasing escalation, and the magisterial takeaway…

*You're…goofy! *walks away**

My Son, I am your Father.

Naturally, spergs and dweebs and misfits will cry up to the heavens from their dank fap prisons that the caprice and recklessness of the boy child holds no lesson for the adult man. To act like this boy, they would claim, invites disrepute and women's scorn. They know so because they were told so by the skepchicks and gothghosts passing through their lives.

Experienced men know better. This conversation would fit right in place between a scrotally vital charming tomcat and his curious field mouse. About the only thing that would be different is the sexual percolation powering the words into a froth of raunchy promise, and the "incidental" erogenous touch that would accompany the grown alpha male's playground ponytail tugs.

“You smell like my grandma” is hereby declared “Neg of the Year”. Thank this precocious boy for showing you how to act more like a sexy man.

A Test Of Your Game: The No Girl

CH · 7 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

What is “the No Girl”? Reader Sentient explains,

> Another FRIDAY CHALLENGE… If you have been out opening girls, you will come across the NO girl… Like before you even get a word out, she shoots up her hand and says “No”… and there you are! (fwiw – seems to be the younger girls who do this the most, may be something they are taught?).

By scared, sharting betas who allow them to get away with it.

> The Scenario:
>
> You are in a bar, see a girl (maybe a single, maybe with a girlfriend, let’s say no guys in her group) and you go over to her and start to say something and she shoots you the hand and just says “No”… That’s it… “No”… and turns away…
>
>
>
> What can you do to *salvage and optimize* the interaction? Let’s see your tight game, albeit it may be a Hail Mary…

The No Girl is usually a 6 or 7 who thinks she’s a 9. Her autonomic rejection is an act put on for the purpose of self-medicating her ever-vigilant ego. Truly beautiful women will rarely do this because 1. they aren’t approached that often by men and 2. they don’t have to prove their worth with SMV striver antics. The No Girl is more often found in groups, because it’s fun to insta-reject a man for the amusement of your cackling bitch friends.

Of course, displaying resentment or feeling insulted will redound to the No Girl’s victory. If you want to turn a No Girl into a Good To Go Girl, you’ll need a honed reaction that at once conveys your imperturbability and your cocky disregard for her faggy theatrics.

Having been the recipient of a few No Girls in my time, I can offer suggestions:

GIRL: *hand shoots up* “No!”

BABY’S ARM HOLDING AN APPLE: “Hey chill out, I was just gonna tell you you have food on your face.”

The “chill out” part is important. You want everyone within earshot to understand she’s a crazy bitch for reacting so

hostilely. Social shaming is bitch taming.

Alternate version:

GIRL: *hand shoots up* “No!”

BABY’S ARM HOLDING AN APPLE: “Hey chill out, I came over to talk to your friend.”

There’s also the nonverbal response:

GIRL: *hand shoots up* “No!”

BABY’S ARM HOLDING AN APPLE: *high five the girl’s outstretched hand* “All right! On the flip side!”

Then there’s the silent stone wall technique:

GIRL: *hand shoots up* “No!”

BABY’S ARM HOLDING AN APPLE: *sit down, look at her in silence with a wry smile for a few uncomfortable seconds, force her to make eye contact with you* “Charmed, as well.”

This one, if done with the requisite composure, can quickly turn her crowd to your side.

Finally, I’m a fan of the “make lemonade out of lemons” school of game:

GIRL: *hand shoots up* “No!”

BABY’S ARM HOLDING AN APPLE: “No, you don’t use Palmolive. Have you seen your callouses?”

Now it’s your turn to solve this sexual market riddle. Best answers featured in a future post.

The Flaw In Assortative Mating Theory

CH · 7 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In a word: Credentialism.

Credentialism, as defined by CH, is a system where the signaling value of a credential exceeds the content value of the acquired knowledge implied by the credential.

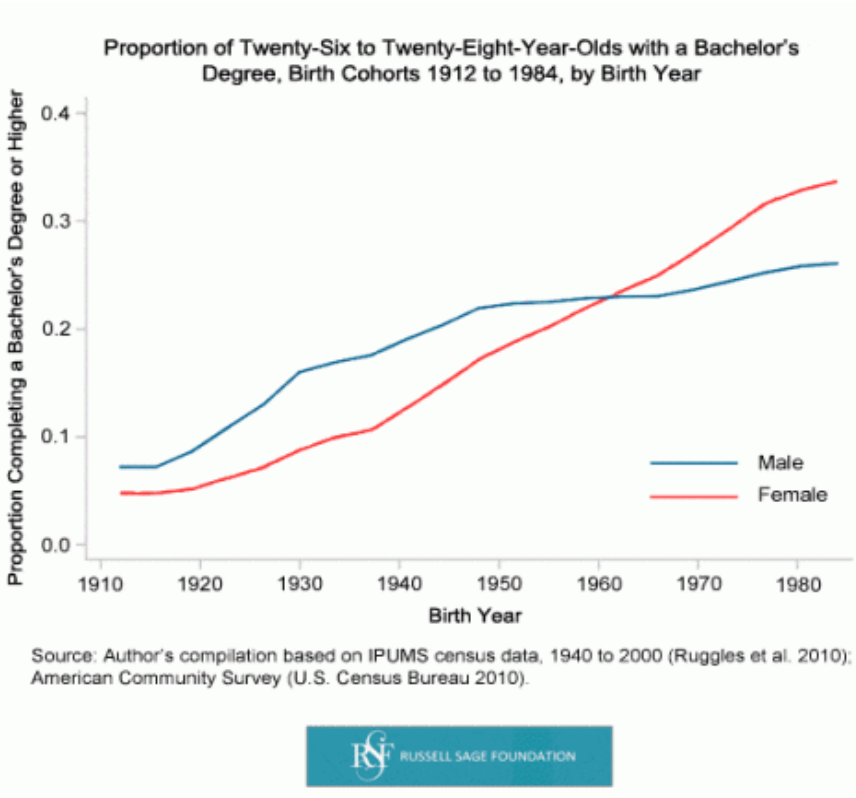
Keep this definition in mind, because it will explain a lot about the shortcomings of assortative mating data.

Assortative mating is the theory that people pair up according to social class, which in modern America is nearly synonymous with educational class. Proponents of assortative mating theory speculate that a cognitive elite — and perhaps soon a racial elite — is evolving from the observed mate choices of the upper classes to marry solely among themselves. Sort of like an "educated class inbreeding". The mechanism by which educated class inbreeding happens is through meeting one's mate on college campus, or later at the office or within social circles, both of which tend to be segregated by smarts and its proxy, college degree.

The more generations that pass through the filter of selective breeding for credentials, the likelier that a distinct race of übermensch becomes a permanent piece of the American social scene. A Bindi-style caste system is not far behind.

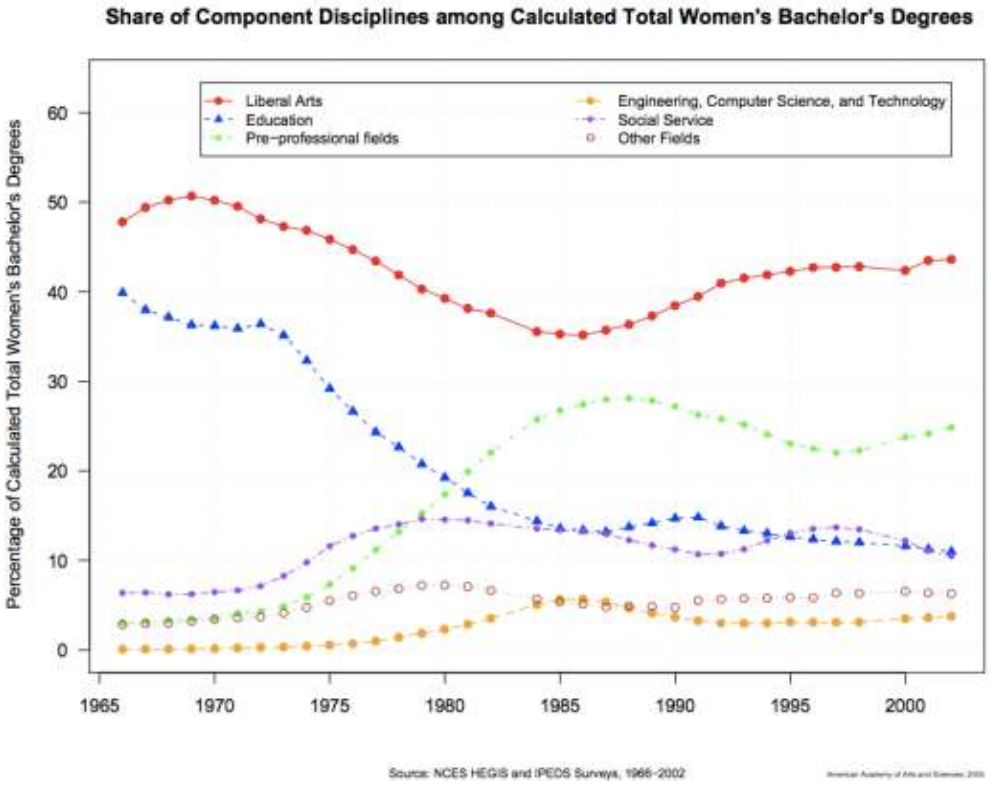
The flaw in assortative mating theory lies in its major premise: That credentials are as accurate a gauge of smarts and knowledge and social class now as they were in the past.

There's no doubt women have flooded academia, and now outnumber men on campus by a nontrivial margin.



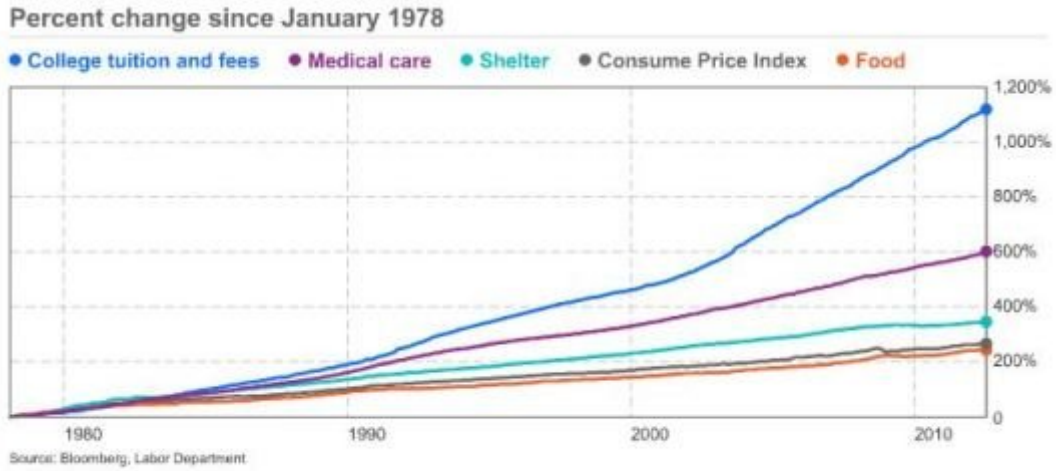
The fact that the female representation in college has risen so dramatically in such a short time period tells us that genetics are not the driving factor. Women did not suddenly become smarter, nor did they become smarter than men, during their rise to higher ed prominence. No, what happened instead is one-parent families became unaffordable in The Disunited States of Diversity, and, more pertinently, the average college degree lost a lot of its value.

Crudely, women have flooded into college to earn shit degrees like Communications, English, Education, and Women's Studies.



Liberal arts degrees are useless degrees, because everything you'd wind up doing in a cubicle job with such a degree can be learned in two weeks if you have half a brain. In fact, these degrees are worse than useless, because they saddle women with a mountain of debt that they must pay off by marrying in their dried-up 30s a no-game-having, scarcity-mentality, provider beta male.

The uselessness of humanities degrees to real world value creation is exacerbated by the diversity industrial memeplex, which has further eroded the college cachet by the necessity of dumbing down and grade inflating the degree programs that vibrant students swarm into on the largesse of creator class endowment money.



By Michelle Jamrisko and Ilan Kolet - Aug 15, 2012 6:00 AM ET

What you are staring at is the twisted face of credentialism, the college debt racket and status whore end game that proves nothing except that women can be gifted conformist suck-ups in the stampede to earn a parchment declaring them competent at arranging client meetings, thinking inside the box, and mingling with white collar men who satisfy their hypergamous desire.

Empty, status striving credentialism is the reason assortative mating theory is flawed. Men and women aren't matching up by IQ or class; they're matching up by credential. Except that, on average, the men's degrees are actually worth the paper they're printed on.

Assortative credentialism is the more precise term for the marriage trend that we observe took off after women stormed the campus citadel. Conflating runaway credentialism with IQ misses the fact that today's paper pushing woman with a communications degree was yesterday's equally competent secretary with a high school degree, and perhaps even yesteryear's farmhand mother with sharp instincts for survival.

So there will be no genetic überwench class. This isn't to say an evolved cognitive elite is impossible; rather, what appears to be happening is less IQ stratification than a perverse reiteration of the patented CH BOSSS (Boss-Secretary Sexual Strategy) sexual market mechanism to reduce wealth and class inequality. The high school grad secretary of yore has been replaced by the college grad secretary of today. And as long as she stays thin and pretty, she'll catch the eye of that high status man, and GSS data will erroneously pick this up as mate sorting primarily based on college experience or IQ.

There's another flawed premise bedeviling assortative mating theory: It's not really assortative MATING as much as it is assortative MARRYING. Whatever marriage trends we see between degreed SWPL women marrying degreed SWPL men are happening later and later in life, late 20s to early 30s. But before then, during those prime female nubility late teens and 20s, marriage rates are low among the "inbred educated class". However, women aren't waiting fifteen years in stark celibacy before assortatively marrying. There's plenty of Pill and rubberized reproduction-thwarted mating going on between ages 15 and 30. The mating is what really animates men, moreso than the marrying. And women *are* assortatively mating, if by assortative we mean women are choosing to fuck sexy alpha cads who aren't interested in footing the living expenses bills for women with feminist studies expertise who delight at the prospect of earning a paycheck to throw back mimosa-fueled single lady brunches.

Like I've said, it's no coincidence that charismatic jerkboy game rose to prominence at the same time female college attendance and credentialism skyrocketed.

UPDATE

Audacious Epigone adds his pence to the assortative marrying topic.

Gay Marriage Is A Farce

CH · 7 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Having had the great honor and privilege to ~~detox my buttox~~ be a member in charmed standing of social circles past that included a fair number of gay men, I've heard enough lurid stories about their sex lives to fill an abattoir of ripped anuses. Some of them got gay married, many of them knew someone who got gay married. As an insider, I'll let you in on a leetle secret…

Every gay marriage that was talked about was an open relationship.

Not a one of these gays who were married, or planned to get married, held any pretense of practicing monogamy. When the topic of promiscuous married gays came up, the only surprise was the blasé avowal of the fact. The gay men announced their intention to defile the tacit monogamous stricture of marriage with such nonchalance that it would astound them to learn anyone thought they might behave otherwise.

The Chateau has gay readers. I know you're reading this. Tell me I'm wrong.

Gay marriage will be a continuation of the unmarried gay lifestyle and all that entails, except legitimized by the state. The bathhouse won't stop at the boy wedding. The national embrace of gay marriage will have, as per usual when infantile tantrum-throwing leftoids get their way, unintended consequences down the line, and I predict bad ones at that. Marriage is already assaulted by numerous cultural forces; undermining it further by essentially permitting into its scope avowed nonmonogamists will drive deeper the wedge between straight beta men and the institution. And once the beta males leave the marriage game, it's game over.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: If Dwight Eisenhower Could See Us Now...

CH · 7 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Speculating about what George Washington, were he alive today, would think of what his nation had become, commenter Sgt. Joe Friday over at Ethnocentrist of the Blogosphere writes,

> George Washington? Hell, imagine Dwight Eisenhower surveying the scene only 53 years after he left office:
>
> Then: Operation Wetback.
> Now: Repeated amnesties for illegal Mexican border-jumpers.
>
> Then: The Gemini project, first manned spaceflight.
> Now: Paying the Russians to put our stuff into orbit.
>
> Then: Single motherhood strongly stigmatized, low rate of illegitimacy.
> Now: Single mother a sort of secular saint, high rate of illegitimacy and climbing.
>
> Then: Blue collar manufacturing jobs plentiful and well paid.
> Now: Manufacturing jobs shrinking.
>
> Then: Homosexuality considered abnormal.
> Now: “You’re a homophobe.”
>
> Then: Immigrants expected to make an effort to assimilate, learn English.
> Now: “You’re a racist and a xenophobe.”
>
> Then: Own a small business and you’re a respected member of the community.
> Now: “If you’ve got a business, you didn’t build that! Somebody else made that happen!”
>
> Then: Traditional gender roles the norm, most believe men and women have different, biologically hard-wired natures.
> Now: Women can do anything men can do, and do it more capably.
>
> Then: High levels of trust between unrelated strangers, low rate of crime.
> Now: Declining levels of trust more common, crime rate brought down through a combination of fudging the statistics, high rates of incarceration, and the rise of a “surveillance society.”
>
> Then: Being in need of government assistance a source of embarrassment and shame.
> Now: Gimmedat.
>
> Then: Virginity or at least a minimal number of sex partners the ideal for women. Low threshold for being considered “damaged goods.”
> Now: Promiscuity is praiseworthy; the idea of “damaged goods” is antiquated and misogynistic.
>
> You get the idea.

We all get the idea, Sgt. Joe. The ugly decadence auguring the decline and eventual destruction of America could not be clearer to those with the eyes to see.

Demography Is Destiny

CH · 8 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

What does a nation in slow-motion self-destruction look like? A diligent reader supplies a handy graphic and description of the demographic doom that foretells the last days of America as we know her.

*****

Here's why the country is doomed. Below are demographic breakdowns of the two major parties in 1976 and 2012, based on presidential preference vote. Republicans basically look now like the way they did in 1976, but see how the Democrats have changed! Was 85% white now just 56%. Soon the Democrats will be a minority-majority party. But blacks, Hispanics, and Asians will *always* vote 70-30 or more with the big-government/emperor/caudillo party. It's part of their genetic/cultural heritage and will not be changed by things like ideas or arguments. It's just how those folks are wired.

This is also why the country is so polarized generally, even in the absence of a major polarizing issue like slavery or Vietnam, and why the country has gone from high-trust to low-trust. We're all just too different from each other now and there's no turning back. Like I say, we are doomed. But you knew this already. Keep up the good work. Many thanks for your ongoing posts and tweets.

Racial Breakdown of Major Parties
1976 vs 2012
Based on Presidential Preference

Democrat			**Republican**	
1976	**2012**		**1976**	**2012**
85	56	White	94	88
15	24	Black	3	2
2	14	Hispanic	1	6
N/A	4	Asian	N/A	2
N/A	2	Other	N/A	2

Source: Roper

http://www.ropercenter.uconn.edu/elections/how_groups_voted/voted_76.html

http://www.ropercenter.uconn.edu/elections/how_groups_voted/voted_12.html

PS: Demographic breakdown of voters then and now (in percent):

	1976	**2012**
White	89	72
Black	9	13
Hispanic	1	10
Asian	N/A	3
Other	N/A	2

******

Because whites still comprise a (precarious) majority of the electorate, if Republicans can increase their share of the white vote by 5-10%, they can win at least for a few more election cycles. But the demographics are baked in the cake. As the youth bubble of latinos and asians bulges into voting age and whites retract as a percentage of the population, it will require ever greater super majorities of the white vote for the GOP to maintain electoral viability. This is not likely unless catastrophe were to change the hearts and minds of liberal city-state SWPL whites

to join with their core white Americans as a voting bloc. As whites are perhaps the most ideologically diverse race in the world, and as white leftoid egos are virtually impenetrable to logic or even notions of self-preservation, it would require a catastrophe of truly epic proportions.

Then there is the question of whether Legacy Republicans even deserve the white vote. Their actions to date say no. At best, GOP pols are niceguy orbiters hanging around the hot chick Democrat nodding along to every inane thing she says, occasionally showing flashes of desperate masculinity, then getting shot down and trying to laugh it off with a feeble “just kidding”. At worst, they’re closet degenerates, traitors, and cheap labor whores.

More likely is an American break-up. Secession is a better bet than hordes of single white ladies and pasty manlets scared at the last into voting Republican. I can envision a regional and city-state partition of America in my lifetime. The omens are too clear now, and too many omens are pointing toward and converging on the same dire outcome.

The unmistakable impression of America is of an empire in rapid decline. As I believe we are entering the acceleration phase of decline, it’s useless to entertain ideas of reversal. The clock won’t be turned back because it can’t be turned back. Poolside, in these times, beckons.

Women To Avoid: The Credentialist Whore

CH · 9 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Men instinctively know to avoid single moms and BPD headcases. No man wants to help raise another man's kid, and crazy drama whores aren't much fun after the post-coital glow wears off.

Now we can add another archetype to the list of women to avoid: The Credentialist Whore.

Reader Dr. Giggles explains,

> Perhaps we've found another type of woman who, like the single mom, should be avoided by men at all costs. Call her the credentialist bachelorette. She carries baggage like the single mom in the form of spiraling college debt which you end up subsidizing, by either paying for everything during the relationship, or outright paying the debt itself once married. Unlike the bastard spawn you can kick to the curb once it turns 18, the debt may last into her golden years, according to a recent Beta times article.

A woman who whores herself out for useless college credentials like an MA in Vagina Pondering, and amasses a mountain of debt on her quest for status feels and anonymous urban fucking, is a horrible long-term relationship prospect. Not only will you invariably get stuck directly or indirectly paying off chunks of her debt, you will have to deal with her insufferable "credentialed girl" entitlement lovingly honed from years fobbing her bills off on her daddy. If you're really unlucky, she might be the type of CW to unload on you about the patriarchy during a first date.

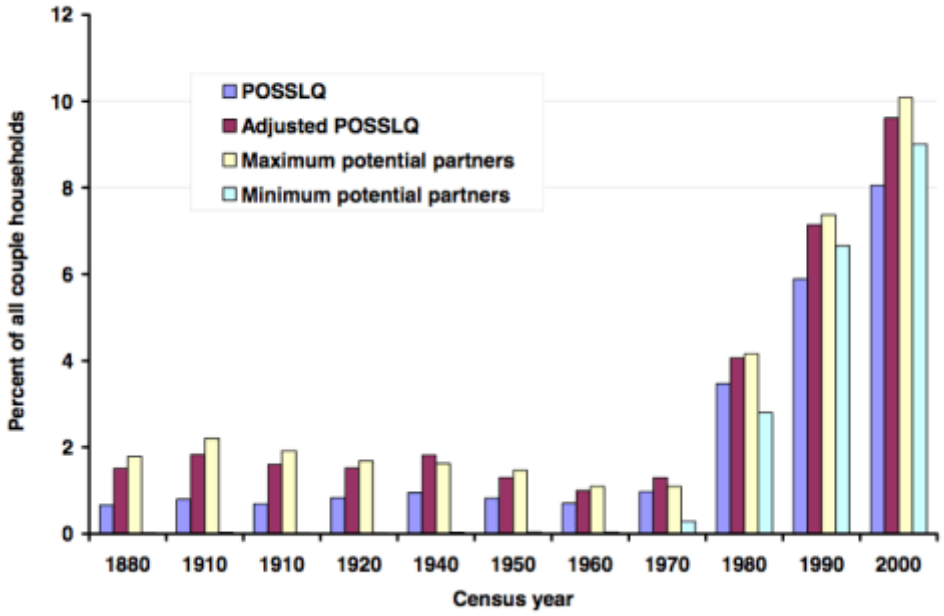
File the Credentialist Whore, along with the Single Mom and Crazy Bitch, under "pump and dump", and don't even think about moving in with her. Sex is a lot more satisfying when you're not paying for it in some form or another.

Unmarried Cohabitation Is A Late 20th Century American Phenomenon

CH · 9 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Researchers performed a historical analysis of cohabitation in the US and discovered that previous estimates of cohabitation understated the pace of change after 1960, and that the cohabitation rate before 1970 and going back to 1880 was historically low. After 1970, cohabitation rose dramatically, and has not stopped rising.

Figure 5. Unmarried couples as a percentage of all couple households, 1880-2000



1970 appears to be the foremost dividing line between “good, functional, beautiful America” and “bad, dysfunctional, ugly America”. So many social ills explode with a ferocity sometime around 1970, and continue exploding right to the present day. Count them out.

Single momhood.
Obesity.
Male unemployment.
Divorce. (Appears to have plateaued recently, thanks in part to fewer marriages.)
Total marriage rate.
Alternative mating arrangements.
STDs.
Abortion.
Low White fertility.
Astronomical debt.
Crime. (Though crime began a long decline in the 1990s, thanks in part to mass incarceration and internet porn.)
Feminism.
Equalism.
Multiculturalism.
PC neoPuritanism.
Anti-white and anti-free association Acts.
Wiggers.
SJWs.

Slut parades.
Fat acceptors.
Credentialism.
Bryan Caplan.
$22 trillion wasted in malign “war on disparate outcomes”.
Hijacking of every major public institution by the Left.
Diversity graft.
Welfare replacing workfare.
Parasite shamelessness.
Surveillance nation.
Manboobery.
White population displacement.

And the Big Kahuna that arguably precipitated or magnified at least half of the culture diseases in the above list:

The 1965 Open Borders to the Non-White European World Act.

It makes one wonder if a supervillain dumped a mind-altering drug in American water supplies in the summer of ’69 that stripped citizens of the character traits which were responsible for the relative sanity of previous generations.

Cohabitation, like abortion, may not necessarily qualify as a social ill (e.g., cohabitation “works”, so far as we know, in the Swedish parts of Sweden), but let’s just say both are leading indicators of trouble brewing in the mating market.

And a generation unable to talk straight or feel healthy human emotions because they’re either utterly brainwashed into true belief or cowed into sociopathic self-policing by anti-white shock troops is a leading indicator of a culture on the verge of giving itself over to the sweet release of death.

Some social problems, notably crime, are cyclical, following patterns for which we yet struggle to identify causes. But even the cyclical social ills experience a radical jump and disheartening persistence after 1970 that set them apart from previous incarnations. Emergence of new ills and amplification of old ills is the story of late 20th century and early 21st century America. Ebola ain’t got nothin’ on whatever post-1970 shadow poison rots the soul of this once glorious nation.

A Test Of Your Game: Judging Your Responses To 'No Girl'

CH · 10 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The readers have responded to this post's game challenge with a show of force. It's a good sign that men who come to this blog are still interested in learning how to pick up women. The scrotal sack of Western man is not yet drained of life.

Many commenters felt that it was a fool's errand to pursue a girl who had shot her hand up and and barked "No!" before the man could get one word out.

Game shaman YaReally essentially subscribed to this point of view.

> And the instant "No" girls aren't judging you as a human being because they haven't met and interacted with you. They're just lumping you in with a type of low-value guy because for whatever reasons that's the headspace they're in at the moment and she wasn't aware of you doing anything to NOT be lumped in with those guys before you approached.
>
> It's all very simple. Ones and zeroes, binary shit: If you're high-value in her mind, she'll talk to you, if not she'll lump you with the rest and not give you a chance. So you can either walk away and take the loss, or figure out how to build your value to her. Those are the two options. She still won't owe you shit even if you build your value, and she doesn't owe you the opportunity TO demonstrate higher value. IDEALLY, you DHV'ed in front of her before approaching so you don't get the "No" in the first place, but assuming that's happened you have two options: You either find a way to DHV or you move on.

I don't disagree with Ya or with readers who've expressed a similar sentiment; as a matter of principle and of practice, it's best to NEXT a No Girl with apathetic prejudice. If you're getting a NO! and a Heisman before you've opened your mouth, you've got a high hurdle that's not worth the effort to jump. YaReally's ideal suggestion — to promptly backturn the No Girl and engage an adjacent group while loudly announcing within No Girl's earshot "wow, that girl HATES me. I didn't even get past the word 'hi'. Looks like I'll be a virgin forever. :(" — is, in my view, the best option from among a really limited set of options.

But the original reader asking for advice did not ask for the ideal response; he asked for the response that would "salvage and optimize" the interaction with No Girl. He wanted to know what he could say or do that would have a

chance of turning No Girl around, despite the heavy odds against him. That's why his question was the topic of a "Test Of Your Game" post.

Assuming he doesn't have the convenience of an adjacent mixed set he can leverage YaReally-style, he'll have to game No Girl on her terms. That means a direct verbal or nonverbal reply. The best of the commenters' suggestions follow. For some, I've included a grading system. Entertainment Value measures how hard you, and perhaps No Girl's circus elephants, would laugh if you were there watching it happen. Workabiliity describes how easy or difficult it would be for a newb to pull it off in the field. And Game Tightness is an appraisal of the chances that the response would actually spur No Girl's curiosity and attraction.

pupton1974 writes,

> By saying "Talk to the hand" she has announced her status as a bitch. Hold nothing back. I don't want to turn her lemon into lemonade. I want her to feel like the turd she is. Any of these with a "don't give a fuck" smirk could take her down a peg:
>
> 1) "Eww, it looks like you've pitted out that blouse really bad."
> 2) "Put your arm down, you're attracting flies."
> 3) "Raise your hand if you have a yeast infection."

#3 is the best. "Raise your hand if [X]" is a good all-purpose takedown of the No Girl's signature "talk to the hand" maneuver.

Entertainment Value: A+
Workability: C (These lines can be a mouthful under pressure.)
Game Tightness: D (Don't expect this tack to result in a mutually satisfying interaction.)

***

monster211 writes,

> GIRL: *hand shoots up* "No!"
>
> BABY'S ARM HOLDING AN APPLE: *sneeze all over her hand, wipe your nose with your arm while sniffling and then wink while nonchalantly grabbing your crotch*

I would pay to see a guy sneeze violently on a No Girl's jivemama hand.

Entertainment Value: A
Workability: D (You'd better be able to sneeze on command.)
Game Tightness: F (Hard to see this leading to a love match.)

***

Days of Broken Arrows flashes his Macchiavelli card,

> "No."
>
> "Um…I was going to ask if you were one of my sister's friends. She died last month. Have a nice day."

Cold as ice. I can't think of a better wedge between No Girl and her friends. The shame will burn to the bone.

Entertainment Value: C (A downer for everyone but you.)
Workability: C (You'll need good acting chops.)
Game Tightness: B (If she believes you, she's yours. If not, she still might be yours. At least, one of her friends will want to console you.)

***

Danny Kovach channels a young alpha male:

> "Your hands look like my grandma's"

Entertainment Value: B
Workability: A (Short and sweet.)
Game Tightness: B (More insult than neg, given the context. Don't expect miracles.)

***

Anonymous couples the high five with a disqualification,

> hahahaaa, my immediate response was the high 5 with a huge grin on my face before i even finished reading, maybe followed with 'eww, whats that on your hand, thats fucking disgusting' and then a 'made you look'.

I like the high five. It's quick and easy to pull off on a No Girl (she might not even see it coming, what with her head facing the other way), it's surprising, it's amusing for you and her friends, and it can open up a lot of disqualification possibilities and enable follow-up ramble game. It'd be really funny if you execute the high five, grinning like a jerk, as you're passing by her to talk to her friend. An alternate but similar version of the high five is "rock paper scissors"; start playing the game with her when her hand shoots up.

Entertainment Value: B (High fives lift everyone's mood.)
Workability: A (Easy peasy lemon squeezy.)
Game Tightness: C- (Outside chance No Girl turns into Yes Girl.)

***

corvinus takes a shot at her id,

> "Hmm, no wedding ring. Figures."

Another superb shiv that draws its blood without much thrashing about. But as another commenter suggested, it might be more "game savvy" to frame this reply differently, less spitefully. "Hmm, nice wedding ring." Nuanced wording can create wildly different impressions.

***

gnarlinbrando writes,

> *sexy grin and slight chuckle to yourself* then look to her friends:
>
> "Is she always this much fun?"

This is a classic PUA neg. The goal is to embarrass her and DHV yourself, while getting her group to switch allegiance.

***

DangerWolf opts for the nonverbal, physical tease,

> Immediately back-turning and talking to another girl, then slowly backing up into her and, if she objects, shouting "no!" with the hand gesture is also fun.

Just sticking around No Girl after the fact can make it deliciously awkward for her and fun for you, as long as you

aren't sticking around nursing your butthurtness. This tactic only works if you have a YaReally-esque scenario set up where another group is directly adjacent and available to open.

***

Boron and a host of commenters went the palm reading route,

> Pretend to read palm.
> "And this is your cat line. I see A LOT of cats in your future."

Entertainment Value: C (Most people aren't good at this.)
Workability: D (You've really got to command her attention for the duration.)
Game Tightness: B (If it sticks, you're in like WIN!)

***

leahnnovash tries the plausible deniability strategy,

> If she is alone, simply ask if I can take one of the extra chairs.

Entertainment Value: B (Could be really funny if timing is perfect.)
Workability: B (How good is your state control?)
Game Tightness: F (It'll save face, but not much else.)

Others suggested similar versions of Plausible Deniability Game (cf., Francis Beam's comment about sipping her drink and wincing). It's popular among the commentariat. Done well, yeah I do think this can take the wind out of No Girl's sails, but the dynamic between you and her won't be much altered. Also, PD Game could backfire if it's obvious you first approached her with an intention to hit on her.

***

whorefinder blows up the joint,

> *flash and smoke and smell of sulfur. Whorefinder appears*
>
> Why, thank you, kind sir. However, the treatment for this kind of Obama voter, er, See-You-Next-Tuesday rag is a bit different…
>
> 1. Observe hand.
>
> 2. Slowly check the crowd's reaction from left to right.
>
> 3. Smile in friendship and extend your own hand, shaking hers, and pulling her onto her feet.
>
> 4. Quick, sharp kick to her stomach, double-middle finger to her face , and STUNNER, STUNNER BY GAWD J.R. ITS A STUNNER!!!!!
>
> ….
>
> 5. And only THEN rape….on the floor in front of the entire bar/club.
>
> Stone Cold Awesome Rape! Rape on, gentlemen, rape on!
>
> *flash and smoke and sulfer. Whorefinder vanishes*

Entertainment Value: A+ (A++ if smoke bomb included.)
Workability: F (Good luck!)
Game Tightness: F (Rape Game Tightness: A)

***

newlyaloof writes,

> Girl: No!
> You to her friend: Hmm. I like your friend. She's feisty.

This is another take on "making lemonade out of lemons" game. The "feisty" line has been a staple of PUA tactics for a long time. The idea is that it signals your imperturbability. Nothing gets under your skin. Chicks like that about men.

***

anotheronetakesthepill,

> That's right. No, I don't wanna get you pregnant

Funny, quippy, jerkish. Wanna see just how much funnier, quippier, and jerky you can get. Post your progress. #TINGLENATION.

***

Area Man reminisced,

> This comment from a few years ago is still the winner:
>
> "So I guess a blow job in the parking lot is out of the question?"

Entertainment Value: B- (Entertaining for you, not for her.)
Workability: B- (Gonna be tough to say this with a straight face.)
Game Tightness: D- (May work on a crazy slut with a history of dating serial killers.)

***

Eeyore tries Disagree&Amplify,

> Disagree and amplify [meta, you're agreeing to play disagree]. Yes! Yes like you're Ben fucking Kingsley. Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Dean Moriarity turned up to 11. Preach it. Sell the fuck out of yes, like you're discovering it for the first time. Yes is America, Apollo 11, and that first girl who let you feel her up when you were supposed to be doing homework. What the fuck is no? No is no. No is nothing. Yes is everything else. Yes is what you want, what she wants, what everybody wants. So yes. Yes to yes. Fuck yes. No fucking no. Yes.
>
> My hunch is she will either (a) disagree more and more playfully or (b) shrink away (and look at you in awe). Regardless, your name for her is Yes. The rest is superfluous.

D&A is taking a page out of Toddler Game. If you are truly a No Fucks Given kinda guy, I say try it out.
NOYESNOYESNOYESYESYESNO!!!YESYESYESEVERYTHINGYES
WE'RECOMINGUPYESATHOUSANDYESSESMLADY!!!!

Anyone who tries this is required to report back to CH with his results.

***

Steve enlightens us all,

> If you don't have a fart ready to fire, a burp will do.

Entertainment Value: B+ (Until the smell hits.)

Workability: F (Unless you ate a burrito beforehand.)
Game Tightness: Who cares? I don't think I'd stop laughing if I saw this go down.

***

Anonymous gets to the heart of the matter,

> "who's gay"

The trick to this reply is NEUTRALITY. It only works as intended if your facial expression and vocal tone are blank and monotone respectively. If you insert emotion, it's liable to come off angry.

***

Nathan imaginatively writes,

> Keep it simple:
> sticking your tongue out and ice cube to the neck/down the dress
>
> –
> 'At least I'm not wasting my time', 360, moonwalk away

Whorefinder has competition in the Totally Unrealistic But Awesome If You Can Pull It Off Game challenge.

***

Finally, from **Mean Mr. Mustard**, there's Penis Game.

Entertainment Value: Busts the grade curve.
Workability: A+ if flaccid, C+ if erect.
Game Tightness: A+ in Toronto and Wellesley.

Stanley Kubrick On Game

CH · 11 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Hat tip: Sunny Bunny.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: White Girl Plead A Lot

CH · 12 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Anton Chigurh (watch where you point that thing) colorfully, Bukowski-ly, paints a picture of the current state of Western White Man's self-annihilating mind.

> "[re: Ebola], there is always something new out of Africa, and it's all bad."
> LOL'ed
> …
>
> The elites in the West are so terrified of seeming racist that they're apparently willing to kill us for it.
>
> The West is like the stupid white girl at the bar who gets invited to go off on her own by a black guy. She is terrified of looking racist in front of her friends, one of whom is a black girl from the office who she likes to impress with her liberalism.
>
> So she goes happily with the black fella, who turns out to be a savage niqger. Later, after the niqger brutally rapes her without a condom and leaves her in an alley for dead, she thinks, well, at least now everybody knows I'm not a racist.
>
> A day later she sits in her hospital bed, recovering from her internal and external injuries and having contracted Ebola and AIDS. She will not survive this combination compounded by her weakened, broken body.
>
> She hoarsely tells her friends visiting her, including the sassy black girl from the office who she wants so desperately to impress, "It's not his fault. He had a hard life. He's experienced racism his whole life. I know in my heart he just made a mistake. White people are so racist, and we made them slaves for like 800 years, sometimes they get angry. I don't blame him."
>
> That's the mass of Western whites right now.

White ethnomasochism evil is like Ebola: Super virulent, kills with impunity, spreads easily, but burns itself out before reaching truly pandemic proportions.

At least, that's the hope. Anyone care to place bets?

Related, here's one of the rotating header images I shamelessly pilfered from the Kakistocracy blog.

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Why Online Courtship Can't Replicate Face To Face Courtship

CH · 13 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's becoming clearer with every close examination of the subject that online dating is a poor facsimile of real world dating. The latest social science shows that the Dunbar number — 150, the number of people of varying acquaintance an average person could reasonably manage in his social circle — doesn't increase on social media virtual networks. In fact, the evidence suggests that online social networks degrade the quality of our more intimate inner circle relationships because we devote more of our mental energy to maintaining connections with distant people.

> With social media, we can easily keep up with the lives and interests of far more than a hundred and fifty people. But without investing the face-to-face time, we lack deeper connections to them, and the time we invest in superficial relationships comes at the expense of more profound ones. We may widen our network to two, three, or four hundred people that we see as friends, not just acquaintances, but keeping up an actual friendship requires resources. "The amount of social capital you have is pretty fixed," Dunbar said. "It involves time investment. If you garner connections with more people, you end up distributing your fixed amount of social capital more thinly so the average capital per person is lower." If we're busy putting in the effort, however minimal, to "like" and comment and interact with an ever-widening network, we have less time and capacity left for our closer groups. Traditionally, it's a sixty-forty split of attention: we spend sixty per cent of our time with our core groups of fifty, fifteen, and five, and forty with the larger spheres. Social networks may be growing our base, and, in the process, reversing that balance.

Close real world friendships suffer when we whore for attention on Facebook from people we hardly know. It's similar to how multitasking and clickbait internet distractions corrode our mental ability to focus deeply on a single topic. Our intimate relations and our creativity are both sacrificed in this new world mordor.

> On an even deeper level, there may be a physiological aspect of friendship that virtual connections can never replace. This wouldn't surprise Dunbar, who discovered his number when he was studying the social bonding that occurs among primates through grooming. Over the past few years, Dunbar and his colleagues have been looking at the importance of touch in sparking the sort of neurological and physiological responses that, in turn, lead to bonding and friendship. **"We underestimate how important touch is in the social world," he said. With a light brush on the shoulder, a pat, or a squeeze of the arm or hand, we can communicate a deeper bond than through speaking alone.** "Words are easy. But the way someone touches you, even casually, tells you more about what they're thinking of you."

Once again, a game concept — this time, kino and the art of touching and physical escalation — is corroborated by ❤science❤. A player will communicate a lot of his sexual intention nonverbally, through escalating violations of his quarry's personal space. If he is skilled, the woman will respond to his touches with intensifying attraction, and erotic thoughts will sabotage her efforts at studied indifference. This tension is what will make her seduction so memorable for her in days, and maybe years, to come.

> One concern, though, is that some social skills may not develop as effectively when so many interactions exist online. We learn how we are and aren't supposed to act by observing others and then having opportunities to act out our observations ourselves. We aren't born with full social awareness, and Dunbar fears that too much virtual interaction may subvert that education. "In the sandpit of life, when somebody kicks sand in your face, you can't get out of the sandpit. You have to deal with it, learn, compromise," he said. "On the internet, you can pull the plug and walk away. There's no forcing mechanism that makes us have to learn." If you spend most of your time online, you may not get enough in-person group experience to learn how to properly interact on a large scale—a fear that, some early evidence suggests, may be materializing.

Thin-skinned, infantile, tantrum throwing, socially retarded internet SJWs explained. A little bit of pushback, and your typical online male feminist or fatty apologist shrieks in horror and promptly retreats to the comfort of a two liter Mountain Dew with a side of Cheetos.

> “It’s quite conceivable that we might end up less social in the future, which would be a disaster because we need to be more social—our world has become so large” Dunbar said. The more our virtual friends replace our face-to-face ones, in fact, the more our Dunbar number may shrink.

Online dating is the perfect match for our sperged-out, credentialist suck-up culture. Static photos, a CV, and all the nuance, grace, subtle physical cues, playful expressions, and sexual tension stripped from the initial courtship maneuverings are exactly what America’s fearful androgynes want. It’s a world perfectly crafted by, or perfectly symptomatic of, the sexually neutered and psychologically withered beta males and the aggro, unfeminine, ego-salving bloat bodies that pass for females. There is even evidence now that relationships which form from meeting online are more likely to break up.

Call me old school, but I prefer meeting and seducing women in the flesh, where the pleasant discomfort of the moment can’t be escaped, our stats can’t be aridly collated and perused, my probing hands can’t be evaded, my warm smirk can’t be missed, my wordless entendres can’t be mistaken. The incitement and sustenance of a woman’s romantic attraction demands a… personal touch.

Why Online Dating Is Limiting

CH · 14 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Just Saying offers a new way to look at the inherent shortcomings of online courtship.

> *Online Courtship Can't Replicate Face To Face Courtship*
>
> Of course not – for a simple reason, when you are face-to-face they don't compare you to their mythical ideal, they feel attraction and voila, the panties come off. But with an app they compare you to their "idea" of what they should date. That is much more limited, if you meet that criteria, you're golden, if you don't you won't get any trim… Simple…
>
> Remember, women cannot control whom they are attracted to – and it's often almost the opposite of what they think they want. Heck, no young 18 yo old thinks, "What I need is a 50+ year old to plow me like a field." And if they thought about it, they would walk, but when they are there and feeling the attraction – all of that doesn't matter, their little rationalization hamster goes full speed later to justify what they are feeling, "Sure, he's older, but that means we can do more, and it's FUN." I have one that loves it when people will refer to her as "your daughter" when we're out, as she'll practically attack me and then say something like, "He's my step-father." Just to shock them… That is what women live for – the excitement, and an "app" on a phone can't deliver that.
>
> It is that simple…

This is well said, and I extend Just Saying a CH Honorary Degree in Preening.

The fact is that any medium which removes context and nuance and body language from the courtship will invariably redound to the man's detriment, because men are judged by women on far more than their looks. Online dating does not penalize women as much as it does men, because women were always judged first and foremost on their looks. A profile pic may be a flawed substitute for a 3D representation of a girl, but it's still a serviceable substitute that gives men most of the information they need that they would similarly get in the field, (barring fatties and oldies posting inaccurate pics).

In contrast, men are more harshly penalized by a medium in which the profile pic is heavily weighted. Women are attracted to men's personalities as much as or more than they're attracted to men's physical presences. Online courtship handicaps the ability of men to project, spoken and unspoken, those sexy contours of their personalities that arouse women. Yes, there's the option to write a witty or indifferently douchey bio that captures some essence of the man, but the style and rapid-fire trawling of online dating sites conspires to focus the female mate judgement algorithm on the attached pic before anything else comes into view. Average looking men are at a disadvantage online that they wouldn't be in the real world, where they could boldly approach women and force them to take the measure of all their cocksure attributes.

Online courtship isn't hopeless. For some men — the top 5% in looks, the exceptionally witty who have cornered a niche market, the mass copypastas playing an urban numbers game, the convicts with internet access — online game is a useful adjunct to whatever fleshworld game occupies their time.

But don't expect internet game to net you the high quality lays and high octane love that face to face game has the greater potential to deliver. In the field, you only have a woman to seduce. Online, you have to seduce her and her alpha male apparition. One hurdle is better than two.

The Single Mom And Her Masturbating Bastard

CH · 14 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A single mom asks "Prudie" for advice about how to stop her horny faphappy son.

> **Q. My Son Can't Keep His Hands Off Himself:** I am a single mother with a 14-year-old son. I knew this time was coming but now I fear I am close to my wit's end. I have seen evidence in his bedroom, the laundry room, and the kitchen. I know this is normal, but how much is too much? Things escalated last week when his hockey coach called me in for a conference. I have noticed my son has been taking a lot of penalties this season. It turns out he has been intentionally going to the penalty box to pleasure himself. I lashed out at him when about this and things have been awkward around the house this weekend. Am I overreacting? I know I have to talk about this with him in a calm setting, but I always find the thought of this type of discussion horrifying. I am losing sleep and I don't want to succumb to letting his father deal with this, but what should I do?

Prudie's (aka Emily YOFFE's) answer is mostly anodyne, though she can't resist the femtard compulsions to demonize the biological father and rationalize cutting him out of the picture, and to suggest "therapaaaaaah" for the boy. Yes, that's the answer to all the problems that boys cause empowered, independent women: Therapy. While you're at it, why not pry his eyeballs open and have him watch 48 hours of uninterrupted footage of suffrage marches and The View?

"I don't want to succumb to letting his father deal with this"

Gotta love the pathological, unrelenting selfishness of single moms. Yes, don't succumb to letting the kid have a talk with his real dad about something that his dad would intuitively understand. Better to yell at him for soiling your cuntrags.

This story? This is future America. Those who are nonchalant about our coming single momhood dystopia take heed: Your world is about to fill up with a lot more crusted calling cards.

Fuck this gay earth.

Time For A False Rape Accuser Registry

CH · 14 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

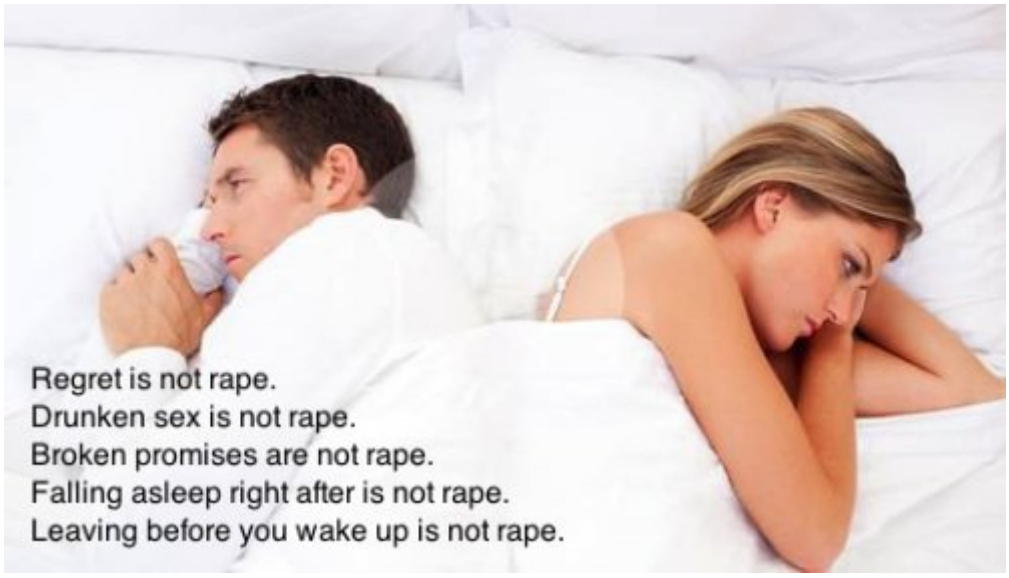
The idea of a false rape accuser registry has been around for a while (most notably right here at Le Chateau), but lately it's picked up momentum.

It's time has come. More precisely, it's time came ten years ago. We're already playing catch-up.

False rape accusations put innocent men in jail where they are buttfucked by large black men. Feminists cheer this. Feminists are hateful cunts. It's time to turn the tables on them and their manlet taint-lappers.

A publicly accessible list of women who have falsely accused men of rape they didn't commit will go a long way towards shaming these succubi until they slice lengthwise. This will also serve as a lesson for the others.

Call it… David's List. Would a diligent, energetic entrepreneur care to take up the challenge? Justice and righteousness will guide your path.



How Men Can Dodge The Age Question

CH · 15 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Pulled from a sexxxy players' forum, here's some advice for older (or younger) men who want to know how to handle large age differences, particularly as the issue applies to online dating, where inclusion of age in the profile is required.

> I lie on my dating profile and put it 7 years younger.
>
> When I get asked my age in person I tell the truth.
>
> Then they say "but your profile says xx"
>
> "Oh, yeah that's because when I had my real age on there all these old chicks were messaging me as if I want that".
>
> Then I make a comical shudder.
>
> Hasn't failed me yet.

Almost poetry. Why does this work? One, he's assumed the sale. *"Why *wouldn't* younger women want to be with me?"* Girls love that. Two, he's implied his high mate value. *"I have options, and age-appropriate women aren't one of them."* Three, he's demonstrated that reckless, careless asshole attitude that drives women crazy with desire. *"Yeah, I faked the funk. What of it?"* Four, he's implicitly qualified and complimented her. *"I'm with you, which means you made the cut."*

This technique can be used for real world interactions as well. The effectiveness will depend to an extent on how invested in you she has become. If you later reveal your real age with an insouciant disregard for her potential outrage, her ability and willingness to forgive and forget will be directly proportional to the love, or lust, she feels for you. You can do this with a lot of conventionally perceived mate value negatives that may deep-six a courtship before it has had a chance to get off the ground. Strategically omit any facts about yourself that you suspect deviate from her "Mr. Right checklist" until a later time when her 463 bullet point checklist has surrendered to her one bullet point vagina tingle.

One other thing… as one of the forum members wrote, a redirecting, strategically deployed compliment can go a long way to defusing female indignation over your naughtiness.

> When/if she finds out, just smirk, "did you really think I was 25?".
>
> Then be impressed at her ability to find out your real age. Chics love thinking they were clever and can't be fooled.

This is Sun Tzu seduction: Using a woman's fondness for flattery against her. Just be sure it doesn't come across like a last-ditch hail mary. Delivery matters. Pleasantly amused surprise is what you should shoot for.

Overconfidence Is The Heart Of Game: ❤Science❤ Edition

CH · 15 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Yer 'ginal aerator has not sifted through virgin forests of montes pubis without noticing a thing or two about the rhythmic ecological tickings of women. One of those tickings is the unmistakable sound of the cogwheel shift that occurs in women who have the good fortune to fall under the admiring gaze of an overconfident man.

"Over-" being the key prefix here.

As always, social science plays catch-up to the keen Heartiste eye.

> A study from 2012 concluded that even when overconfidence produces subpar results, its charm still wins the day. We might expect someone with more confidence than ability to underperform when pressed. The study tested that expectation and found it more or less accurate – but also found that it really doesn't matter. Overconfidence may not shine when objectively tested, but it has a knack for seducing people to such a degree that they ignore the results in favor of keeping the golden child on a pedestal.

Sounds suspiciously like women ignoring the red flags of relationship threat when they're in love with jerkboys.

> If you had to isolate why, it seems to come down to a matter of status—a commodity that overconfidence is expert at creating and nurturing. When managed well, the social status conferred by overconfidence has an aura just shy of magical, capable of keeping our attention diverted from measurable results.

Chicks dig men with social status, i.e., leaders of men and women. They dig that male character trait more than looks, money, or dependability.

> That's a jarringly paradoxical conclusion when you consider the average person's gut reaction to "that overconfident jerk." How can we be both repulsed and seduced by the same thing? The question gets stranger in light of another study that showed how even rudeness gets a pass if its bearer's overconfidence has alchemized sufficient status.
>
> In one of the study's experiments, participants watched a video of a man at a sidewalk café put his feet on another chair, tap cigarette ashes on the ground and rudely order a meal. Participants rated the man as more likely to "get to make decisions" and able to "get people to listen to what he says" than participants who saw a video of the same man behaving politely. Through a few other experiments the same results prevailed – people tended to rate the rule breakers as more in control and powerful compared to people who toed the line.

Jerks are rule breakers. Rule breaking is perceived as high status. High male status is attractive to women.

> And what's the all-essential ingredient in believing oneself above the rules? Why yes, overconfidence, of course. (This may also help explain why rude sales associates outsell others at luxury stores.)

Fake it till you make it. And then, once you've made it, fake it even more.

> Those studies circle the question of why we're prone to falling for the chutzpah of overconfidence, but say little of why the overconfident are so good at pulling it off. The most recent study on the subject has an answer that's not likely to lessen our irritation about this whole thing, but irritatingly makes decent sense.
>
> It can be summarized like this: **Belief sells, whether it's true or not.** In the case of overconfidence, the belief in one's ability—however out of proportion to reality—generates its own infectious energy. Self-deception is a potent means of convincing the world to see things your way.

Inner game. You won't succeed with women until you first internalize the belief that you CAN succeed with women. And are DESTINED to succeed with women. Another term for this is ABUNDANCE MENTALITY. When you start to believe that there's a new woman around every corner excited to meet you, that no one woman has a monopoly on specialness, then WOMEN THEMSELVES will begin to believe that about you, too. It's as if your self-enlarging belief system is carried aloft on an ether of sexy vibes that women can sniff out from the dispiriting miasma of beta male self-doubt that permeates their existence.

> While we may not like that conclusion, it's difficult to argue that it isn't in evidence around us every day. People who don't believe in themselves—whether that belief is well-grounded or not—aren't likely to convince others to buy in.

A better description of the beta male mindset you would be hard-pressed to find.

> What the latest study and elements of the others are telling us is that **self-deception is an especially potent brand of status fertilizer**. When packaged with personality, it makes others want to believe even when the results would counsel otherwise.

Game is applied charisma. Charisma is status + a charming personality. These characteristics will lift an ugly man to a desirable man in the hearts of women. A false belief in your allure as a womanizer will become a true belief in time, and you can thank women's loving assistance for the evolution.

Science Continues Vindicating Heartistian Worldview

CH · 15 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In big and small ways, social science studies have a habit of confirming many CH precepts. The latest finds that expensive diamond engagement rings and expensive wedding ceremonies are inversely associated with marriage duration.

> This study was done by professors from Emory University. They found that U.S. adults who spent large amounts of money on engagement rings and/or their weddings were more likely to end up divorced!
>
> According to the research, men who spent $2,000 to $4,000 were 1.3 times more likely to end up divorced than men who spent $500 to $2,000.
>
> And when it comes to weddings, if you have a wedding that costs more than $20,000, you're more likely to end up in "Splitsville!"
>
> The average cost of a wedding in the U.S. is $30,000, according to "The Knot."

Expensive rings and weddings are classic provider beta male game. And, as science is showing and the Chateau has warned, beta male game is ultimately self-defeating. Women don't fall in love with a wallet; they fall in love with a man. They don't desire a mate guarder who has to pay fidelity money; they desire a self-assured jerkboy who expects love free of charge.

And if you're dating a princess who demands a big ring or ostentatious wedding, my advice is simple: Run. Don't look back. The next day, you can admire the bulge of your full bank account and your spared dignity. I just saved you from hitching yourself to a woman who couldn't really love you without a large gift bag included in the deal.

What studies like this one uncover is a bidirectional sexual market feedback loop: On one vector, you have a weak man who feels it necessary to pay for love and supplicate to his fiancee's gaudy selfishness. On the other vector, you have an unenthusiastic woman who knows she is settling for a less desirable man in a trade-off between exciting sexiness and boring security, and who therefore feels empowered to make her sloppy second beta pay tribute to her in Damegeld. Where these two vectors meet, relationship exactness and complementarity trump love, and subcurrents of divorce are never far from cresting the polished dinner party surface.

The Femme Fatale Test: A Game Routine

CH · 16 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader PA linked to an old video featuring four famous French singers embodying four distinctive styles of womanhood. All four are fantasizing about hitting on the same man who's leaning against the bar. PA comments,

> This is a delight in its own right. It's also a Game tool: ask a girl which style, of the four shown here, is hers.

(Stay tuned for 3:34. Assuming it's not electronically altered, dude has the deepest frog voice I've ever heard.)

The video is fun, and yes it does contain material that would serve very well reconstituted as a game routine. Which is what I've done.

Naturally, in most situations you're not going to pull up a Youtube video for a girl you just met so you can ask her with which femme fatale she most identifies, (although there's nothing wrong with doing that if you can manage it).

Do you remember the archetypical femmes fatales? The classics? The Chateau archives have posts about them and their particular gaming needs.

The golddigger.
The waif/neurotic.
The eternal ingenue.
The Amazonian alpha.

Asking a woman which female archetype she thinks she is will light up her eyes and deepen her conversational commitment. (Most girls like to think of themselves as ingenues. Be wary of the girl who proudly proclaims herself an amazonian alpha. Also be ready to bounce her home for the NSA bang.)

In the video, the singers represent, respectively (and commenters are free to argue with my categorizations):

Singer #1: The shy girl-next-door with a secret raging passion.
Singer #2: The fun-loving free spirit with a naughty side.
Singer #3: The elegant romantic who can throw a dinner party as well as she can flirt.
Singer #4: The take-charge seductress who might walk out with your wallet in the morning.

(Timeout to note how crazy beautiful and feminine Frenchwomen can be. I'd even consider monogamy with that first singer, and it takes a lot to inspire me to that sacrifice. Tragically, the times, and our women, have changed.)

If the girl you're hitting on can watch this video with you, simply asking her which type she relates to will get the comfort stage ball rolling. Without the video, you'll have to keep the above four (or eight) femmes fatales stored in memory for retrieval as part of the Femme Fatale Game Routine.

DEVIL'S VANGUARD: Women love to put men in boxes — you know, the frat bro, the nerd, the momma's boy, the player — but there are types of women too. Femmes fatales. And men can tell a lot about a woman by her type. [pause for her curiosity to get the best of her. look away during this moment, so you don't leave the impression that you're anxiously anticipating her reply.]

LITTLE BO QUEEF: Really! So what type am I?

DEVIL'S VANGUARD: That depends. You see a man you like. You want to grab his attention. Do you look at him, then look away, blushing? Or do you bounce up to him and act flirty?

LITTLE BO QUEEF: Act flirty.

DEVIL'S VANGUARD: So you see yourself more as the free spirit than the shy girl-next-door. Ok, now if the choice is between being a free spirit, or sidling up in a sleek cocktail dress and remarking on his sense of style or

whatever, which do you choose?

LITTLE BO QUEEF: Ooh, I like cocktail dresses. I'd do that.

DEVIL'S VANGUARD: Ok, so you're more of an elegant romantic than a free spirit. Now you have to choose between being an elegant romantic, or wearing a sexy dress with a plunging neckline and whispering racy innuendo in his ear. The take-charge seductress.

LITTLE BO QUEEF: That's too much for me. I'll stick with being the sophisticated romantic in a cocktail dress.

DEVIL'S VANGUARD: ~~Typical American woman~~. Great! Now I know what type you are. Ready?

LITTLE BO QUEEF: Yes!

DEVIL'S VANGUARD: The elegant romantic is passionate, but not crass. She's no prude, she just likes a long build-up before going for the kill. She thinks herself sophisticated [ed: note that this is a challenge], and tries to dress stylishly [ed: another challenge]. She's emotionally mature and has that natural sexiness which makes other women jealous, but not so jealous that they feel threatened. Men feel good about introducing you to business associates.

LITTLE BO QUEEF: Yay!

If words aren't your thing, you can run an abbreviated version of the Femme Fatale Routine.

DEVIL'S REARGUARD: Shy girl-next-door, or naughty free spirit?

LITTLE HO'S SHEAF: Both!

DEVIL'S REARGUARD: That'll do.

***

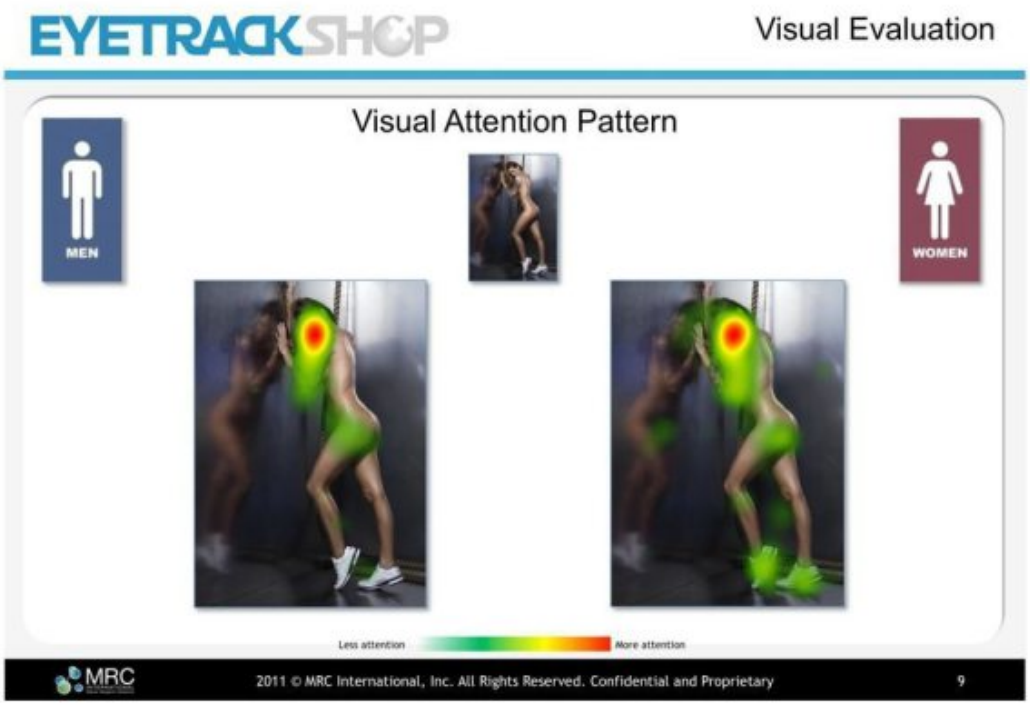
PS I understand that the "style" PA refers to may be the man's style, but I think the routine works better as a pickup tool if you ask the girl about female-specific styles.

Eye Gaze Experiments Demonstrate Holistic Female Attraction Triggers

CH · 17 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A slew of eye-tracking heatmaps reveal some very interesting sex differences in subconscious desire, (as well as revealing optimum product positioning, which come to think of it is related to the former).

In the above map we see that men's gazes focused on the woman's face and body (and less so on the surrounding details). Women were more interested in the photo's context, but they didn't gaze any less at the model's face and body. (It even looks like women spent *more* time checking out their competition.) Conclusion: Women objectify women as much as men do.



Similar results here. Women aren't blind to other women's beauty. Or their shoes. (Men, as per cultural stereotype, don't give a shit about a hot babe's choice of footwear.)

Here are two online dating profiles. The left profile is female, the right male. Eye tracking shows that men and women viewers gaze for a long time at the female profile's face. The male profile photo, in contrast, hardly gets any attention, from either sex! More attention is paid to his background information, aka his story and his identity.

Eye gaze experiments provide strong evidence that a woman's sexual market value is primarily a function of her looks, while a man's SMV is multivariate. Women's attraction triggers are holistic. Women will subconsciously measure and judge a host of personality, psychological, and contextual characteristics of a man before their arousal has solidified into conscious desire.

Because I know it drives certain spergalicious Rainmen crazy, once more with the slash of the shiv:

Maxim #5: A man's looks don't matter as much to women as a woman's looks matter to men.

Men who grasp the innate truth of the above maxim will do better with women than men who give up all hope because they are sad their jawlines are 0.1 micrometers too narrow.

***

Taking bets now on how many bitter quasimodos and Tinder sluts with poor reading comprehension show up here

to ragefroth after ignoring the part that says “as much”.

Five Minutes Of Alpha Syndrome

CH · 18 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A reader generously offers a glimpse into the mind of a woman stricken with “five minutes of alpha syndrome”.

> CH,
>
> Having been a regular reader of your blog for a while now, I couldn’t quite join-the-dots in the general ‘5-Minutes-Of-Alpha-Beats-5-Years-Of-Beta’ (or variations thereof)
> I couldn’t quite see it working in the ‘Real World’.
> Until last night.
> I contacted a woman from a well-known online-dating site that requires a strong rod and large net.
> The woman: 44, 5’8″, Mom-of-one, blonde, pretty, maybe a solid ‘7’ with her war-paint on, separated from nice guy husband of 12 years, recently split from relationship with BF of 7 months.
> The Boyfriend: 45, 5’7″, fire-fighter…really average-looking but with serious ‘issues’.
>
> I was initially pulled-in by her looks and IQ (she’s a smart woman, a buyer, by trade) and a comment she made struck me: “I’m scared I’ll never find the level of intensity I had with my Ex”
> Me: “What, with your husband?”
> Her: “No! My Bf”
> (husband, apparently was a tall, handsome guy, 6’3″, but had two things not going for him: ‘Nice Guy’ and liked to crush a 6-pack each night)
>
> Anyway, we met.
> For a drink, at 20:00pm, a bar not far from where either of us live.
> We left at 22:45pm, after each having a single drink each, mainly because of her life-story of the last ‘X’ months with Fire-fighter Bf.
> I could wax-lyrical about it, but it’s best set out in list form:
> * upon first meeting, she said “the sort of man I wouldn’t look twice at – he’s 5’7″ for God’s sake”
> * didn’t even date him for at least 3 months after 1st meeting, and he pestered me daily for a date
> * finally met and things took-off (in her words, “sexually, emotionally and mentally…it was intense, daily”)
>
> Then things start to slide:
> * he breaks her left-cheekbone with a straight-right
> * deletes names of male co-workers and friends from her iPhone
> * secretly hacks into her FB account and sends ‘Don’t contact me again’ messages to male contacts
> * constantly, calls, queries and questions her about where she is and who’s she’s out with
> * rips her off for 86,000
> * finally after 7 months she dumps him and throws him out.
>
> Cue:
> * paint poured over her Audi A3
> * hate mail sent daily
> * threatening phonecalls made multiple times daily
> * bogus online-dating-agency profiles created and setup to monitor her on website
> * fellow friends recruited to keep tabs on her
> * drives by her home multiple times a day, checking up on her
>
> Finally, the police are involved.
> They urge her to press charges, a) for the physical assault and b) threatening behaviours
>
> What does she do?
> Protects the fuck out him, claims she doesn’t want him to lose his job or get into any trouble.

> And the clincher? She spent the whole 2.45 hr date talking about him (liked to call him ‘Twat-Face’, and this whole sorry episode to me, her supposed date.
> No matter what I did, no matter how blasé or cool I was about it….she just looked like she’d rather be anywhere else but on a date with me….
> Why?
> Because I wasn’t him.
>
> Thoughts, opinions, rants?

Yeah…

Chicks dig jerks. And Ross Douthat handwaved.

Less glibly, yet another reason to avoid a long-term relationship with a woman who has amassed an above-average number of sexual partners in her life is that the odds increase that she has dated, fucked, and fallen deeply in love with an asshole. And though she was able to extricate herself from his intoxicating grip to one day go on a half-hearted date with you, his memory continues to scour her dreamscape. What man who isn’t a desperate loser needs the extra headache?

The girl with a lot of past lovers is never alone. You aren’t sitting across from her at a bar; you’re sitting across from her and all the cockas that rocked her.

My advice:

Date virgins.

Ok, that’s a tall order nowadays.

Your next best options, should an execrable date of this nature ever occur again, are to fight asshole with asshole.

Flirt with another woman in front of her.
Text while she’s talking about her ex.
Keep changing the subject. But make it obvious that’s what you’re doing. Humor helps. *“You ever wonder what it’s like to piss in a moving elevator?”*
Lay down the man law, in so many words. *“If you want a shoulder to cry on about your ex, there’s a gay guy I know who’s much better at this. Don’t worry, he won’t judge.”*
Get up and leave without warning. This is your last card, and it’s an Ace. Don’t be afraid to play it. You shouldn’t be spending three minutes, let alone three hours, of your valuable time listening to a woman bitch about her ex, anyhow. That’s beta male scarcity mentality.

Whatever you do, don’t sound jealous or butthurt. This is a game, treat it like one.

The advantage will be yours because a clear and present asshole trumps an invisible asshole. And given her history, you may be the new asshole who helps her get over her last asshole.

Cheap Chalupa's Dogma

CH · 19 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The Anti-Gnostic writes,

> Everything Tyler posts on this reveals immigration is just more of the Highs and the Lows battle against the Middles. That's probably why Alex no longer bothers with economic arguments like the manic Trillion Dollar Bills On Sidewalks. It's become a Kantian imperative but that gets taken apart pretty easily. Open Borders is essentially a matter of dogma at this point.

From here (comments). I wonder if any of this is getting through to Bargain Beans and his intellectual zombies?

A Short Story About An American Girl

CH · 19 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes a song that I'm singing in my head will escape from its skullblocked cage and make a run for it across the border of my lips. When this happens, I can go fifteen minutes, maybe hours given the retrospective nature of the discovery, before my conscious awareness is alerted to the fact that I've been whistling a happy tune in public like a damnfool. It's a bad habit.

One of these times, my whistling must have been especially loud and taunting to fragile ears, because I was shocked into awareness by the shrieking of a chubby gargoylette, who whipped around from in front of me and demanded, "Did you just wolf whistle at me!?"

Caught completely off-guard, I stared at her flushed cheeks and fleshed body for a half second, dumbfounded. She continued glowering at me, as if seriously expecting an answer to her accusation. Pulling my head back a little, knitting my brow and squinting, I blurted, "Fuck no!"

She fumed. If she were a pig, which with a small tweak of one or two genes she could've easily crossed the species barrier, she'd have stamped her hooves in the mud a few times, threatening a charge. As it was, she turned on her heels while delivering a perfunctory "fuck you" and flipped me the fat bird over her shoulder as she walked away.

I felt embarrassed for the spectacle that had caught the eyes of a few passers-by, but also satisfied that my reflexive defensive parry poked a pig in the id.

I moved on, pissed that a pig deigned to shovel me a handful of her compacted shit, and pissed that I lost the tune in my head. smh…smh…smh… the rest of the walk I wondered, in vague outlines of indignation, how many American women were miserable in this way, cracking under the pressure of their fat and their delayed marriage schedules and their royalty complexes. How many women I saw every day were hiding blocks of TNT up their asses, just waiting for some misapprehended spark to blow the lid off their facade?

The feminine American woman harboring not a lick of resentment toward men is as rare as the HB10. I wonder, equally, if she knows this? I know it.

Affirmative Resentment

CH · 20 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

An Atlantic tweenzine article by Conor Friedersdorf — you may remember tiny prancer Conor from his time in the spotlight as a Chateau Heartiste peeñata — grapples with the blowback from California's new "affirmative-consent" law, the insane, human nature-denying law favored by ugly feminists who want to make romantic pleasure as difficult as possible for men and pretty women to experience.

Friedersdorf passes along a testimonial from a CA male student who attempted to comply with the law by asking women for explicit verbal consent during each stage of the courtship. You can imagine the thousand points of love that bloomed.

> Dear Conor,
>
> I am a recent graduate, and want to share with you a few of my experiences that I think are illustrative of why the new affirmative-consent laws are out of touch with the reality of the human experience. I hope they can be of some value to the debate.
>
> I was raised by a left-leaning, feminist family who (at least I thought at the time) were relatively open about sex.

One thing you have to understand about lefties, particularly the white variety: They are the biggest prudes on the planet. The only difference between them and the evangelicals they love to hate are the target vices of their self-righteousness.

> But while I arrived at college with a healthy respect for women, I was totally unprepared for the complex realities of female sexuality.

CH needs to reach more men before the manlet cancer metastasizes.

> "Oh," sighed one platonic female friend after we had just watched Harrison Ford grab Alison Doody and kiss her is *Indiana Jones and theLast Crusade*, "Why don't guys do that kind of thing anymore? Now days they are all too scared."

Threatening to toss men before a tribunal for busting a move might dampen their enthusiasm. I mean, I'm not connecting too many dots here.

> On our second night together, one of my first partners threw up her hands in disgust. "How am I supposed to get turned on when you keep asking for permission for everything like a little boy?" She said. "Just take me and fuck me already."
>
> She didn't stay with me for long.

Alert the media.

> This would be a recurring theme. More than once I saw disappointment in the eyes of women when I didn't fulfill the leadership role they wanted me to perform in the bedroom. I realized that women don't just desire men, they desire men's desire—and often they don't want to have to ask for it.

A woman who has to ask for a man's desire can never trust him. Once the seed of distrust is planted, it grows and chokes the life out of every interaction.

> I also realized that I was in many ways ashamed of my own sexual desire as a man, and that this was not healthy.

Walk with your cock leading the way. Women love men who are proud of their tumescent entitlement. This is perhaps the hardest lesson for constitutional weaklings to assimilate. It cuts against a lifetime of assuming the rump-up position appeasing their betters.

> At this point I was experiencing some cognitive dissonance with my upbringing, but in time learned to take an assertive lead unless I got a "no" or otherwise thought I was about to cross a boundary as indicated by body language.
>
> One night I ended up back in a girl's room after a first date (those do happen in college). She had invited me in and was clearly attracted to me. We were kissing on her bed, outer layers of clothing removed, but when my hands wandered downward she said, "No, wait." I waited. She began kissing me again, passionately, so again I moved to remove her underwear. "Stop," she said, "this is too fast." I stopped.
>
> "That's fine," I said. I kissed her again and left soon after, looking forward to seeing her again.

Interestingly, leaving a woman in the lurch of lust is not a guaranteed clit-killer. Off the tongue of a skilled vagician, a takeaway of this style could incite a girl to a higher plane of ecstasy.

> But my text messages received only cold, vaguely angry replies, and then silence.

He still had her at angry (the opposite of indifference), but he lost her by the time silence rolled in to steal the show.

> I was rather confused. Only many weeks later did I find out the truth from one of her close friends: "She really wanted you, but you didn't make it happen. She was pretty upset that you didn't really want her."
>
> "Why didn't she just say so then, why did she say we were moving too fast?"

Much to learn, he has…

> "Of course she said that, you dumbass. She didn't want you to think she was a slut."

The liberal male rationalization hamster is almost as swole as the generic female hamster.

> Talk about confusing. Apparently in this case even no didn't mean no. It wasn't the last time I've come across "token resistance" that is intended to be overcome either. But that's a line that I am still uncomfortable with testing, for obvious reasons.

Men are the risk-taking sex. It's biologically ordained. And so women expect men to push the envelope. When a man fails to do that, she'll wonder what other chances at greatness he'll choose to decline.

> But I have learned not to ask when it clearly isn't necessary, or desired.
>
> One of my fondest sexual experiences started with making eye contact across a room, moved to a dance floor, and then to an empty bathroom. Not a single word was ever spoken, because none had to be. We both knew and understood. I was a man and she was a woman, and we found ourselves drawn together in that beautiful way that men and women have been since a time immemorial, a time long before language was ever spoken.
>
> Today in California this would be considered rape. I find that very sad. Women are not infantile. They can make their own decisions about sex, and that includes being able to say no—even if they don't want to have to say yes.

> Regards,
>
> Anonymous

Either women are infantile, or they're adults with agency. If the former, then they need to be treated like infants across the board. This would include removing their right to vote or divorce without cause. If the latter, then these feminist-inspired policies and laws need to be trashed. That means Title IX, affirmative action, and all the rest of the "level playing field aka anti-white male" nonsense must go.

Affirmative-consent laws are in practice Affirmative Resentment laws, because a woman will resent any man who seriously abides a law that requires him to ask her permission to crave and profane her body. Even feminist slags with a two-ton chip on their shoulders will be unable to control feelings of revulsion toward men who accept their demands for slavish foreplay petitions.

What To Do When She Tells You She's Pregnant

CH · 21 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

From Craigslist (remember that site?):

thanks again for leaving me out in the rain! w4m

my phone is now ruined, so I'll have to resort to this – the way we first met. here.

we both knew the other was married… but now that I tell you I'm pregnant, you have nothing to say… your only reaction being to leave the bar and go hail a cab!?

i ran after you for about half a block until almost movie-like it began to rain and i just felt like a whore.

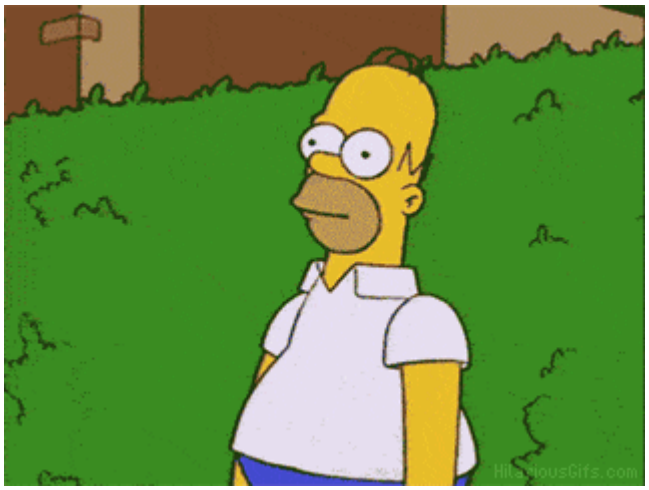
so i stopped.

those raindrops felt like an amplified otherworldly expression of my soul dying.

please at least talk to me through here. tell me how you feel. i think safer speaking here anyhow. more freely. quasi anonymously.

how we started…

"I'm pregnant."



Another option is to toss her a Groupon for Planned Spinsterhood services.

It's an interesting speculation if the gotcha pregnancy risk profiles of married and single women are the same. A single woman faces the prospect of raising a bastard on her own, which is a powerful disincentive to seeing it through. A married woman might similarly want an abortion before her beta hubby finds out, but then she also might calculate that a cuckolding is worth risking discovery say, ten years down the road. As a player cad, you must weigh the available incentives influencing the "accidentally" pregnant single or married woman, and decide which outcome you can most tolerate.

Optimizing Your Womanizing: Weightlifting

CH · 22 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In the first installment of "Optimizing Your Womanizing", we discussed the value of targeting a **field of play** that has a favorable sex ratio.

In this post, we'll talk about the value of **physique** to augmenting your game.

A man's physique is less crucial to his romantic fortunes than a woman's physique is to her's. This discrepancy is a natural outcome of the biological differences between the sexes. A woman's mate value is connected predominately to her window of prime fertility, and by proxy to those physical cues — a pretty face, a slim hourglass figure — that alert men to her capacity to gestate the next generation.

Men's mate value, in contrast, is determined by a number of factors, physical fitness being but one of them, and not even the most important one (at least for 29 days out of the month). And we see this playing out in the real world; the sight of an unattractive, rich man with a trophy wife, or an out-of-shape, charismatic hipster with a cute girlfriend, is far commoner than the inverse.

Nevertheless, it is better, all else equal, to look physically masculine than not. This series, after all, is about *optimizing* your womanizing, which means maximizing your strengths and minimizing your weaknesses until you have crafted yourself into a complete package Casanova.

Bang for buck, pump for fuck, weightlifting is the king of physique transformation protocols. No other exercise comes close to the improvements that performing the equivalent of dragging a large animal carcass across the veldt will make to your body and your attitude. The Iron Pill even provides anti-aging benefits.

(Endurance exercise has its place, but studies show greater physiological rewards from resistance exercise.)

And, like game, nearly everyone will see improvements from weightlifting. There are few exceptions to this rule.

(Even in those few randomized studies that find nonresponders to resistance training, the number is typically small – on the order of fewer than 20% of total participants, the subjects tilted female, and the time period too short. So, worst case scenario, one out of five men and women won't get much muscle growth from doing light weight knee raises for three weeks. Good news: 80% of you will see results within only three weeks! Better news, the worst case scenario from this one study is likely not indicative of real world results from resistance training for the great majority of people.)

(Those who want to disingenuously argue that resistance training response is heritable should remember that longevity is heritable as well, but has been dramatically increasing for the past century. Environmental input matters.)

No, not every man will see equal improvements in the gym, nor look like Franco Columbu, but there will be noticeable improvement. And sometimes a little improvement is all it takes to open a man's world to a wider vista of vagina.

I won't discuss exercise form here. It's relevant, but you can find plenty of YouTube clips showing how to do various compound and isolation movements. Sticking to the basics of resistance training, here's a list of answers to typical beginner questions:

– You will gain just as much size from hypertrophy (i.e., "bodybuilding") training as you will from strength training. If size and leanness are your goals, you don't have to do high weight, low repetition sets like powerlifters do. If strength is your goal, then you'll want to incorporate more high weight, low rep strength building exercises.

(Hypertrophy training also results in strength gains; just not as much as the strength gains from pure strength training. The difference isn't big.)

***

– The optimal combination of sets and reps and weight is, wait for it, somewhere in between low sets/high reps/low weight and high sets/low reps/high weight. The former, geared to hypertrophy, and the latter, geared to strength gain, both result in approximately the SAME AMOUNT of muscle growth. A 3/10/10RM (3 sets of 10 repetitions each at a weight you can lift for ten consecutive repetitions) routine will give you the same muscle growth as a 10/3/3RM (10 sets of 3 reps each at the maximum weight you can lift for three consecutive repetitions) routine.

Since women can't really tell the difference between a man's size and strength, and don't really care, most men who aren't competitive lifters but are competitive splitters will prefer the hypertrophy protocol.

Men who care about both size and strength (they're correlated, but not precise mirrors) will want to devise a lifting plan that includes both high rep/low weight and low rep/high weight. In the long run, muscle response is highest when your body has to adapt to different loading schemes. A mix of hypertrophy-based and strength-based training will create a synergistic muscle response.

Therefore, the ideal lifting routine would be something like **3/8-12/8-12RM**: Three sets of eight to twelve reps at a weight that you can lift for eight to twelve consecutive reps. Every third workout, substitute this protocol with a strength-based, higher weight circuit.

Another option, and a popular one, is to simply mix the two systems into one workout session. So you would start your exercise with a lower (60-80% of maximum) weight at higher reps (8-12) for the first two sets, and then finish up at a high (90-100% of maximum) weight at lower reps (1-4) for the third set.

***

– Another advantage of the hypertrophy routine is the time savings. More rest is needed between sets of very high weight, less rest for sets of low or medium weight. At 1/3 the time, you can achieve the same muscle growth as you could from a strength training system.

***

– Injuries happen. To minimize the chance and severity of injuries, favor a hypertrophy routine over a strength-building one. Most injuries occur under the stress of very heavy loads.

***

– Full body, compound exercises – squat and deadlift being the two most representative – are better than isolation exercises (e.g., bicep curls) but not for the reasons gym rats think. Studies find that "big" lifting exercises don't alter the hormonal profile any differently than do smaller movement exercises. The primary advantage of compound movements is that you can hit a lot more muscle per rep, and you can do heavier weights which, when controlling the number of reps, will generally produce more muscle growth than lighter weights. The ideal is a mix of compound and isolation exercises.

***

– The downward motion of a lift (known as the eccentric phase) is perhaps more critical to muscle growth than the contraction movement. It's during the "deceleration" part of the lifting movement that muscle damage accrues, and from that damage the body heals itself by building the muscle up. Injury is also more likely during a point in the eccentric motion, so take care to lower your weights (or your body, if you're doing squats) slowly and deliberately.

***

– The average man will see observable results in as little as six weeks. Six months later, girls will take notice. A year later, he'll be a new man. Three years later, he'll intimidate other men. Now, you can train three years for a marathon and get nothing from it but a participation ribbon and noodle arms, or you can lift for three years and at least look like a physically active man.

***

– All you need is 2-4 workout sessions per week, 30-60 minutes each. Hell, you'll see positive results going just ONCE per week for FIFTEEN MINUTES. In fact, it's better to err on the side of training too little than training too much.

***

– Steroids work. Most men won't need them. People who demonize testosterone replacement therapy have a secret fear of masculinity.

***

– Here's a good list of the top strength and health supplements for men. If you only buy three supplements, make them whey protein, creatine, and magnesium citrate.

***

We've reached the end of this post. Psst lean closer, I'm gonna tell you a secret…

The times of my life when I slew pussy like the Quim Reaper were times when I slacked off at the gym. At my physically weakest, my pussy pioneer skills never left me. I haven't seen much of a connection between my muscle strength/size and my harem size. Yeah, sure I get more looks from girls, and more playful arm squeezes, when I'm fitter, but the true test of a man's seductive prowess is the bang. A man still has to approach and charm a girl to her final surrender. And on that measure, my close rate was independent of my bicep circumference. The weight room did not hold my hand on the way to the bedroom.

So why did I write this post?

Because the evidence that the Law of Iron holds for every man is too great to wave away. The Law of Iron states:

Every man is a better man when he's stronger rather than weaker.
A strengthened body strengthens the mind.
Looking and feeling stronger imbues a man with that aura of confidence so alluring to women.

Character, Fortitude, Confidence. That's the Law of Iron.

I don't know how much better my total to-date notch count would be had my gym time been more consistent and less interrupted by injury or laziness. Maybe much better, happy as that is to contemplate. I do know that, during those gym down times, my boldness and no-fucks-given attitude took me a lot farther with women than my lack of muscle definition pushed me away from women.

That's the core lesson of the Law of Iron, right there. Boldness. Weightlifting will benefit introverted men the most, which is most of the men who seek game advice, because the confidence and masculine attitude that flows from muscle development will nudge men closer to women and to interacting with women. It isn't the muscles that will make a man a great slayer of poon, it's the boldness and cocksureness that follows from lifting and inevitably enshrouds his personality.

PS: Lyle McDonald's Body Recomposition website is a valuable resource of exercise and diet information.

Wed Man Walking

CH · 23 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Well-meaning tradcons with white knight complexes like Charles Murray and Ross Douthat wonder why more men aren't MANNING UP and getting married. They say it's because too many men are jobless.

Maybe. But there's another, less Hivemind-hospitable explanation for the marriage dearth: Too many women are fat. Groom looks like he just found out he's the designated prison bitch.

***

Commenter negro jesus writes,

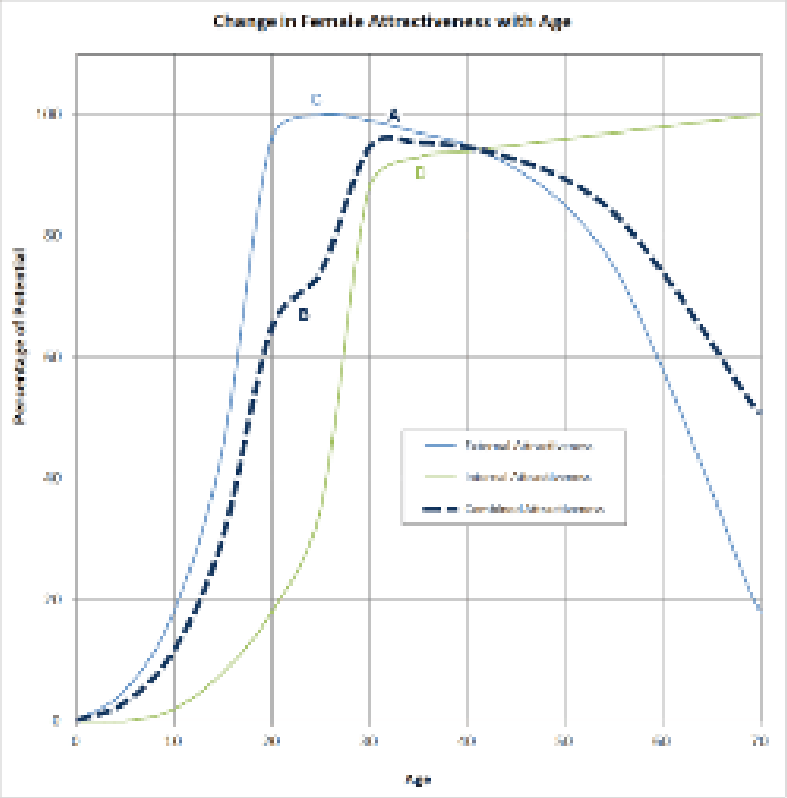
> True or not, I read that one of the original purposes of the best man was to privately ask the groom just before the wedding, "Do you REALLY want to do this??" If the groom said no, the best man would stand in front of the crowd and announce that the wedding was off. That's what this poor bastard needed.

So, if true, the best man acted as sort of an alpha male wingman who would cockblock an ominous nuptial, but not before getting the green light from the gloomy groom. Outstanding. The West could learn some lessons from its disappearing traditions.

The Female Total Attractiveness-Age Curve

CH · 27 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passed along this graph, but I don't know the source. It looks like a graph cobbled together by a feminist or feminist-friendly manboob trying to artificially extend the sexual market viability of aging beauties. See if you can spot the category errors.



The Y-axis is "percentage of potential", which presumably means the percentage of maximum potential beauty that a woman at a given age possesses. So, from the graph, a 15-year-old teenager has achieved 40% of her maximum potential beauty. A 50-year-old woman is on the downslope of her beauty curve and has 85% of her maximum potential beauty remaining (*snort*).

The three lines are "external attractiveness" (physical beauty, which is pretty much the kitten and caboodle), "internal attractiveness" (aka inner beauty, which counts for a little), and "combined attractiveness" (the total attractiveness of a woman after her outer and inner beauty have been factored together).

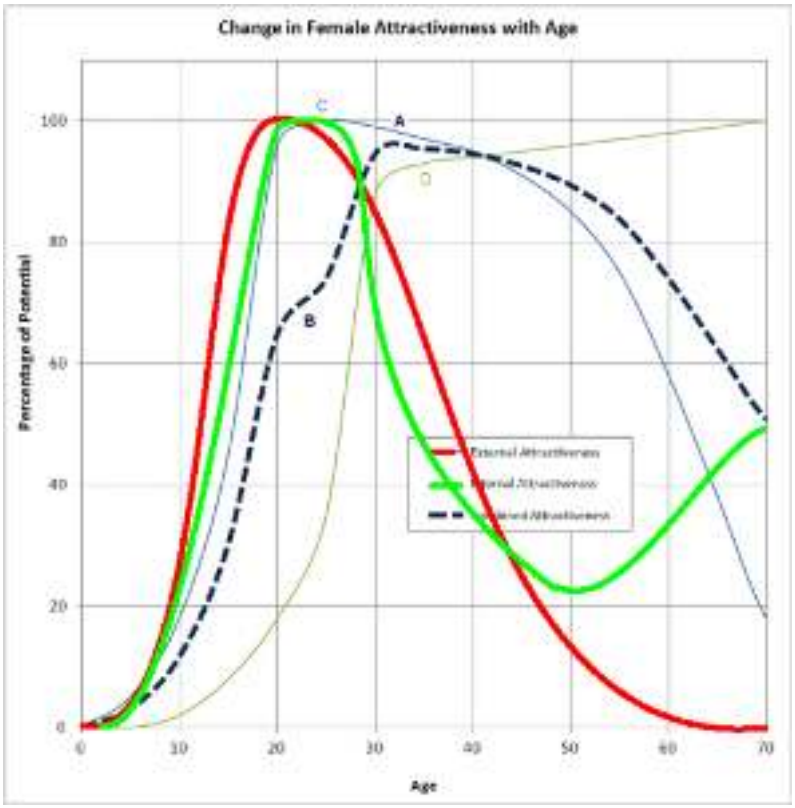
If you haven't got it yet, the category errors are:

1. The curve is much too generous to older women. There's no way in the real world that a 60-year-old woman possesses the same amount of beauty as her 17-year-old self.

2. The inner beauty curve is likewise unrealistic. The typical woman's personality and femininity reaches its maximum at age 70 (and up)? By whose standard? Oh yeah, by the standard of delusional feminists. If nothing else, aging subtracts IQ points, so 70-year-old women are likely not the sparkling conversationalists they were at age 25 (though they may occasionally drop gems of wisdom).

3. Finally, the combined attractiveness curve is worthless because it rests on the false premise that a woman's external and internal attractiveness are equally valuable to her romantic prospects.

Here's the improved, Chateau Heartiste version of the Female Total Attractiveness-Age Curve:



Much better. Red line is beauty (dispensing with the "external" redundancy), green line is inner beauty.

As you can see, the red line more accurately reflects the average woman's external attractiveness trajectory. For most women who haven't concealed their natural slender youthful beauty under an arctic-stressed layer of blubber, their peak beauty will occur between ages 15 and 25. The average woman will therefore max out in beauty at age 20. Unusual exceptions that desperate cougars trot out in support of an argument to the contrary prove the rule.

Past age 20, women begin the retreat from their maximum potential beauty. The fade is slow at first (as reflected in the less precipitous drop of the right side of the beauty curve), and this initially slow deterioration gives women a five to ten year graceless period to hone their self-delusion skills. *"I'll find a great guy when I'm 30!"* CH: "No you won't. You'll settle for less, and your gogrrl friends will lie to you about this fact."

By age 30, a woman is down to about 85% of her previous beauty high. At this stage of the game, she can no longer deny the tribute her skin and sag have paid to the überpatriarch, Father Time. It might not be evident yet under winter clothes, but it sure is the morning after twixt the bedsheets.

Now the decline accelerates in earnest. Age 35: 60% of former glory. Age 40: 40% of former glory (equivalent to her incipient preteen beauty buds). Age 50: 10%. For the typical woman, the Wall — the age at which she becomes sexually worthless to any man who isn't legally obligated to assuage her fears — strikes sometime in her mid-50s. Almost no women beyond age 60 are capable of inciting genuine boners in any (white or asian) man.

The green line — inner beauty — is also adjusted to more accurately portray what's going on with the average woman's personality as she ages. This one is trickier to pin down than physical beauty, so I'll explain.

A woman's "internal attractiveness" covers a lot of territory, but if we are concerned with how she'll fare romantically then we can pare back the number of relevant personality and temperament dimensions to only those that will contribute to, or subtract from, her dating or marital success. When it comes to "inner beauty", the female traits that matter are those traits that men find delightful about women's nonsexual (and sometimes sexual) company. This would include:

Her cheerfulness.

Her kindness.
Her submissiveness (to a greater or lesser degree).
Her coyness (suitably circumscribed).
Her fidelity (slutty aggressiveness has a short shelf life).
Her mothering instinct (does she love animals and children?).
Her gratitude (does she laugh at your jokes and swoon for your kingly mercies?).
Her femininity (does she love your teasing, return the favor, and do it all with a sparkle in her eyes?).
Her focused desire (she is desirous of you, and no other man).
Her patience (she warmly tolerates your masculine eccentricities).
Her self-restraint (she doesn't nag).

The new and improved green "inner beauty" line closely follows the red "outer beauty" line. This is no coincidence. A woman is most charming when she's happiest, and a woman is happiest when she's most desired by men and feels most womanly.

There's a slight lag in personality development. Generally, women blossom physically before their femininity matures. There's a bit of catching up to do to the reality that her body inflames the ardor of young and old men alike. But indiscriminate male ardor can also harden the prettier women who come to learn the art of ice queen coldness as a deterrent to mistaken intentions. Thus, the peak of female inner beauty is short-lived, typically occurring during the mid-20s, after she has mastered her feminine wiles but before any single lady bitchiness has robbed some of her charm.

Inner beauty is a moving target and highly susceptible to changes in a woman's relationship status. Women who ride the 20s-early 30s cock carousel, or who are out of committed relationships more than they're in them, will succumb to the call of the bitch. Their femininity will disappear under a bunker of nastiness and bitterness. This is why women's inner beauty line collapses faster than their outer beauty line: If we are talking about a woman's LTR or marital prospects, then desperation-fueled bitchiness will betray her state of mind before her body betrays her state of hind.

Women who do the smart thing and lock down a man at their beauty peaks (early-mid 20s) won't have this issue of rapidly deteriorating inner beauty, at least not with the same intensity undergone by unattached women. They will have started families and their happiness will become contingent on their wife and motherhood experiences more than their romantic allure.

That caveat aside, all women, no matter their marital or familial status, will suffer a cratering of inner beauty as their outer beauty abandons them. No one relishes the prospect of aging and body decomposition, but the travail affects women more deeply as they are the sex for whom youthful vainglory is most conspicuously allied with their fortunes of romance. By age 50, a woman will have lost most of that feminine charm she had as a 20-year-old vixen. This fact of womanhood is IQ-independent.

But it never bottoms out like her physical beauty. Past age 50, a woman becomes matronly, finally surrendering the last of her dreams of sultry attractiveness for the serene reality of her asexual, swaddling bosom. At this stage, a woman can jettison the feminine for the grandmotherly and substitute one set of happy personality traits for another. The older woman will never be as scintillating as her young self, but she can be pleasant company, rife with stories and disregard for restricting social etiquette, helped to fruition by the specter of sex banished to fond memory. Thus, a woman at age 70 can be as charming as she was at age 13. Peculiarly, at each end of life, a woman's asexual allure converges onto a similar precociousness and innocence.

There was no need to draw a revised combined female attractiveness line. Women's physical beauty is 9/10s of the Wall. Her inner beauty counts for something, particularly when that something is a man's decision to long-term commitment, but as a factor under consideration by men it hardly budges her outer beauty curve in a more "age-appropriate" direction. The best you can say about women's inner beauty is that it can bump up female SMV a half point, perhaps a full point as you get into the rarefied air of 8s and higher. (This latter phenomenon is what I call the

“Oh shit, she’s hot AND sane!” lottery win.)

These are unkind truths, but they need telling, now more than ever in this time of delusional freaks vomiting their mental disease through every available medium. A woman who does not square up and accept this reality about her inevitable and all-too-swift sex-specific attractiveness decline is setting herself up for an unhappiness far more profound and entrenched than any fleeting discomfort from reading the Rude Word of Heartiste.

The Great Men On The Sexual Market

CH · 28 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

> Nor does the sexual promiscuity of Brave New World seem so very distant. There are already certain American cities in which the number of divorces is equal to the number of marriages. In a few years, no doubt, marriage licenses will be sold like dog licenses, good for a period of twelve months, with no law against changing dogs or keeping more than one animal at a time. As political and economic freedom diminishes, sexual freedom tends compensatingly to increase. And the dictator (unless he needs cannon fodder and families with which to colonize empty or conquered territories) will do well to encourage that freedom. In conjunction with the freedom to daydream under the influence of dope and movies and the radio, it will help to reconcile his subjects to the servitude which is their fate.

– Aldous Huxley, 1947, sounding very much like archival Heartiste.

"The Great Men On [X]" is a new CH series. The "red pill" has been digested before by men of perspicacity, and as the night follows day it has been disgorged by shallow men who forgot or ignored the lessons of their betters. Once again, we wade through a putrid sea of slate blue filth, not content to merely dismiss ancient wisdom but to harass it for harshing our mellow.

Why Men Shouldn't Marry Women Over 30

CH · 29 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Don't marry a woman over 30. There are the obvious reasons…

– The over-30 woman has lower fertility. If you want to build a dynasty, your over-30 wife might stall out at 1.3 heirs.

– The over-30 woman has likely amassed an impressive knob count. When you marry a 30+ woman, you're marrying her 30+ cockas. Hope you like getting phantom cucked! As magically prehensile as your penis may be, she'll never look up to it in cross-eyed awe like she did with her first cock when she was younger, hotter, tighter, and inexperienced.

– The over-30 woman is bitter from a wasted prime spent on failed relationships she hoped would lead to marriage. Now that you're marrying her, she should be grateful, but she's not. You remain perplexed, as is the wont of your beta male class.

– The over-30 woman fell in love with her career and the alpha male bosses she answers to before she fell in love with you. Wrong order.

But all these reasons pale in importance to the fact that a man marrying an over-30 woman is investing everything he has in a rapidly depreciating pleasure provider that has already lost a lot of its aesthetic value.

As reader Trainspotter helpfully notes,

> Zombie Shane: *"But the fall-off [in a woman's attractiveness] a few years later can be shockingly abrupt."*
>
> It certainly can be. So many guys these days are marrying early 30's women, and then, almost immediately – Bam! The wall. It's over almost before it began. It comes on so fast these guys should qualify for some sort of PTSD related disability.
>
> As I go through my week, I often see married couples walking about. At least nine times out of ten, the wife is so unattractive that there is no way I could possibly imagine doing her, and these are just women in their 30's. In fact, it is impossible for me to imagine most of them as having ever been attractive enough to warrant male attention.
>
> Perhaps the fault is mine, and my imagination impoverished. Where I saw only blight, sag and bloat, their male partners saw bounteous opportunity, vistas beyond compare.
>
> Do these men have stomachs of iron, or something? What power of will do they possess that I lack, in order to service these mighty warpigs? Most assuredly, I could never do what they do. I lack the strength, to my great and eternal shame.
>
> Col. Kurtz himself has nothing on such gods, strolling amongst mere mortals such as I. Give me ten divisions of men like that and…well, not exactly sure what I could do. Probably bump up porn sales a notch or so.

"It's over almost before it began." The shining shiv delivered. The message received in pierced heartmeat. Surprise expiration!

Marrying an over-30 woman is like buying a used car one mile short of its 120,000 mile servicing. Yeah, you'll enjoy a few bumpy rides sitting in that steal, but it won't be long before the tailpipe falls off somewhere on Route BigMistake and the heater blows ice queen air.

The over-30 woman can fix herself up enough to fool the prospective provider hubby for a short while, and once the line that is dotted is signed the ruse will be discarded. The short time horizon thinking and avoidance of easy prescience are the thermal exhaust ports of many a beta schlub too desperate for love to project the catalyst of their

ardor a few years forward.

Marry her young and un-plunged. That's the ticket (if you must punch it). This way, you get to enjoy five to ten more years of your wife's prime nubility before her petals start floating to the ground. Ten years of almost famous sex in exchange for surrendering your natural male prerogative for poosy variety beats two years of reunion tour sex at the same exorbitant price.

There's another, subtle, reason to refuse the wedded diss of marrying the over-30 woman. Now, naturally, if you marry an under-30 woman, the day will come, ostensibly, that she'll be your over-30 wife. But you'll have something that chagrined men who married women on the cusp of sagging cups don't have: Years of very fond, very monopolized, very supple memories. If you maritally snag a 21-year-old minx and occupy her sugar walls for the next ten years, the spermatomically bonded cervix-splattered glue of all those splendid tumbles of passion accrue into something larger than the sum of your individuated speckles. All that young woman heat, heat which will never be replicated with the older version of your wife, captures into limbic amber a network of interlocked, superconductive emotions with the power to sustain lovingrapture a good ways past the poignantly brief era of peak wife ripeness, onward into the elevator muzak era of bland marital inertia (50 years, plus or minus).

You marry an over-30 woman and you're left grasping at a grease truck menu of curdled, pear-shaped memories and wrinkled recollections for sustenance.

Don't fall victim to marrying that Charlie Brown Christmas tree that drops its one bulb as soon as you carry it across the threshold. Find yourself a young healthy fir, chop it down, decorate it with your tinsel, and leave lots of unwrapped gifts under its voluptuous boughs. Just make sure there's no room under there for anyone else's gifts.

10 Hours Of Walking In New York City As A Racist White Woman

CH · 30 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A viral load of white female privilege dropped in the patriarchy's lap this week. It's a video produced by a racist white puppeteer featuring a racist white woman, Shoshana Roberts, (OK, maybe she's a "convenience white" woman), walking through some vibrant and culturally nonconforming New York City neighborhoods for ten hours recording the reactions of the underprivileged men around her.

Wow. Just…. wow. I can't even…. I can't watch any more of this video. I feel physically ill from the othering. FCKH8!

The racist subtext is obvious. Some cisgendered white woman with a rap sheet of unchecked privilege and internalized racism claims to speak for all goddesshood, and trawls through Harlem like she's on some safari, baiting the heterodusky into othersexual, courtship-positive mating displays. What does she expect, imposing herself on their colorful and enriching gape culture, blaming the victims for her socially constructed alabastercentrism? This is nothing less than minority shaming. And with her mile-wide ass she should know better.

There's clearly a superstructure of anti-indigeneity in her feminist pose. Colonialist oppression is not far from her dismissive gestures. This woman wants to fight against Hollaback discourse, but all she really is doing is promoting Collablack sexual politics. She wants to collar all the blacks and Ricans who don't accept her barely caucasian hegemony to decide rules of intergender solicitation.

Well I ain't no collablack girl, and to this racist white woman pretending to be a real feminist I say, "Don't impose your values on under-served, differently amorous communities. Not every catcall needs your affirmative consent if it doesn't come from a rich, white man with good manners."

Or maybe Shoshana Roberts and her racist white moneygrubbing masters would like to explain the reactions of her white sisters to this man? Should he just accept their creepy, threatening harassment, or should there be laws against this kind of female objectification of the male body (part)?

ps hi jezebel!

pps videotaped reactions (or indifference, as the case may be) from men on Wall Street and the Upper East Side were, for some odd reason, left on the cutting room floor. rumor has it shoshana made out with a few men who glanced her way.

ppps heh.

UPDATES

– As reader CAPSLOCK HUSTLA suggested, the anger of white women toward catcalling stems mostly from the fact that a lot of catcallers are low value men who think the girl is on their level. No woman, especially not a striver 6 like Shoshana, likes the feeling that losers think they have a chance with her. It makes her second-guess the power of her looks to intimidate lesser men (or attract better men).

– It's no coincidence that most anti-catcalling feminist indignation comes from white chicks. Although META ANALYSIS and PEER REVIEWED STUDIES have yet to prove it beyond a reasonable doubt, I suspect that non-white women, as equal inheritors of their race's genes, respond more positively to catcalling men and also know how to handle those men (e.g., by refraining from showing vulnerability that could be misconstrued as sexual interest).

– I noticed over at the comments at iSteve that there still exist ignoramuses who think crude low class catcalling of the sort filmed in the video is the "game" taught by aristocads like yours truly. They're ignoramuses, or they're disingenuous liars. Yelling streetways at a woman to "smile more" and asking her post-rebuff "Am I too ugly for

you?" is pretty much the opposite of game.

– Diversity + Proximity = A gauntlet of crass, 24/7 catcalling. White women will get misty-eyed for those long-ago days when a white man would walk up and say hi.

– Catcalling, if you couldn't already tell, is mostly a non-asian minority thing. Only Mediterranean whites like Italians come close to expressing the… unsolicited robust amour… of blacks and guapos. And even then, the Italians in America catcall with a stylishness far removed from the ghetto version. It's so rare for white men that I can't honestly remember the last time I saw one catcall like those loping suitors in the video. And I've lived in a number of vibrant communities. I could set up a GoPro with Minka Kelly in Peoria, IL and go ten years without a single catcall caught on tape.

– I'm not completely without sympathy for women having to put up on the daily with nonstop catcalling that borders on creepy. The closest analogy for a man would be having to tolerate homeless bums begging for handouts every block. That would get annoying after a while. Of course, the answer is to avoid walking in areas where bums congregate. Or to have a grand ol time telling them NOPE with a sadistic grin.

– It's as natural for vibrants to catcall as it is for white women to dislike it. The solution is to minimize the amount of proximate diversity. Hello, is anyone listening…?

– Shoshana, like her kin Lena Dunham, is a Ditz Class attention whore. She hates catcallers but loves reminding the world of her DD tits. Hypocritical attention whores like these two broads are a blight on civilization. The internet has certainly enabled their craft, but larger societal paradigm shifts away from patriarchal oppression and toward total female sexual freedom are to blame.

– Allegedly, Shoshana FatAssa is dating a bankster. I wonder how her street stooges feel about being set up by an entitled bitch?

– Here's a funny, if less than biting, parody video. "Pumpkin spice season son!"

– Although they may feel threatened or uncomfortable in the moment, deep down most white (and white-ish) women are turned on a little by the feral male attention. It's that dualistic female arousal mechanism at work again.

– Ultimately, the problem with stupid, bitter feminists and their lackeys is their inability to understand, let alone empathize, with how differently from women that men are aroused to desire. Once you have convinced yourself that there are no real biological or sociosexual differences between men and women, it's a small step from there to bemoaning catcalling while your tits are thrust three feet in front of you. This is what a religious adherence to feminist lies gets you: Fear and loathing of men because they get turned on by visual stimulus with an intensity that is alien to your gynocentric worldview.

Husbands Are Happy When Their Wives Are Happy (But Not The Reverse)

CH · 31 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A new study finds that husbands' happiness depends on their wives' happiness.

> The authors did not find a significant association between spouse's marital appraisals and own well-being. However, the association between husband's marital quality and life satisfaction is buoyed when his wife also reports a happy marriage, yet flattened when his wife reports low marital quality.

This isn't the first study to discover a dependency on wife happiness for husband happiness, but not the reverse (i.e., wife happiness dependent on husband happiness).

Two internally derived psychological dynamics are at play here. First, what this study and others like it are picking up is the scarcity mentality that broadly afflicts the class of married men, who in their premarital lives would be known as provider beta males. Scarcity mentality refers to the instinctive and not altogether unjustified male perception that attractive women are hard to get and if you lose a woman you already have it's a good bet you'll spend lonely and aggravating years trying to replace her.

Men (non-NAM men at any rate) are wired to think this way because women are, in fact, the reproductively more valuable sex and thus the choosier sex. So when a man gets married, his happiness, as a consequence of his fear of losing his hard-won sexual outlet, ebbs and flows with his wife's happiness. If wifey is unhappy or sexually distant, hubby's visceral fear of incel goes into overdrive. His response, usually counterproductive, is to amp up his mate guarding.

Second, a wife's happiness doesn't depend on her husband's happiness because wives, particularly younger wives with more sexual market options, don't share the same fear of years of incel. Women have their own pressures and hurdles to overcome, (such as convincing a HSMV man to commit), but total sexual abandonment by the opposite sex is not usually one of them (unless she's fat, ugly or old).

There is also the reality that unhappy husbands can still want and enjoy sex; unhappy wives… eh, not so much. Husbands who want to keep that twat train rolling have an incentive to maintain their wives' happiness. Wives who want marital sex don't necessarily need to keep their husbands happy.

What I've described is the influence of ancient biology. Today, we can add a third dynamic, one that is externally derived: Divorce theft. An unhappy husband won't indirectly threaten a wife's access to her resources or her children, but an unhappy wife can portend a near future of her husband's bank account and assets slashed in half and time with his kids reduced more than that.

A case could be made that civilization is ascendent when wives try to increase the happiness of their husbands, and civilization is in decline when husbands fret over the happiness of their wives.

Comment Of The Week: USSA

CH · 1 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter PA aptly compares the mind control psy ops of the American Hivemind to invidious methods employed by 20th century Communists.

> The purpose of agitprop (agitation and propaganda) was to motivate the Bolsheviks and demoralize the rest. A constant stream of such images and headlines flashing before us is designed to do just that. And demoralize it does, those who are still 'blue pill.' Demoralization takes various forms, from despair, to confusion, to Stockholm syndrome, to a sense of unpersonhood.
>
> The last one is what those under the effects of PCP describe as a sense of lacking a physical body — and what Lawrence Auster (the late, great analyst of the metaphysics of leftism) described as Whites being framed as bodiless beings who lack a concrete physical identity and culture, and are only capable of good or evil as measured by their attitude toward non-whites.
>
> Naturally, comments under that [anti-white] article are turned off. The article can be picked apart in moments by anyone here, or just search the net for "black privilege".
>
> America is a communist country; does anyone here have any lingering doubts? Look at a defense industry web page. Conservative stuff, eh?
> http://www.lockheedmartin.com/us/who-we-are/culture.html

A hostile elite can't demographically displace the majority until it has first displaced the majority's sense of identity. Sixty years on, the latter goal has been realized in the USSA. Now achievement of the original mission — race replacement of whites by non-whites without violent backlash — is just a formality.

I believe this is PA's second COTW award. I wonder who holds the record? GBFM?

***

Speaking of the devilzzllzol, GBFM takes home this edition of the COTW runner-up award:

> lzozoozzo
>
> the peer review system
> put both
> Socrates and Jesus
> to death
>
> lzozoozoozozozozz

Sometimes direct observation is better than waiting for peer review to guide your decisions.

***

COTW consolation prize goes to everybodyhatesscott, for his reminder that God Himself was not averse to knocking up teen girls.

> The virgin Mary was mid to early teens. If it's good enough for God.

God didn't search out a women's studies grad student for supreme alpha fertilization, either.

The Fundamental Problem With Man-Hating Feminists

CH · 3 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Ultimately, the problem with stupid, bitter feminists and their lackeys is their inability to understand, let alone empathize, with how differently from women that men are aroused to desire. Once you have convinced yourself that there are no real biological or psychosexual differences between men and women, it's a small step from there to bemoaning catcalling while your tits are thrust three feet in front of you. This is what a religious adherence to feminist lies gets you: Fear and loathing of men because they get turned on by visual stimulus with an intensity and swiftness that is alien to your gynocentric worldview.

Most women who aren't deranged feminists trying to make a victim class point know that, for instance, catcalling is mostly harmless, and take it in stride (even if driven to annoyance by excessive street solicitations). Normal, psychologically healthy women (read: pretty women), intuitively grasp that men and women are very different on and under the hood. They may not know the evolutionary reasons for the differences, or care to know, but their acceptance of men as men permits them to behave in a more charming feminine manner, and to appease men's desire (or avoid inciting it when necessary) because it's fun and exciting instead of an "injustice" that must be raged against. Feminist spite and resentment towards men comes from a place of studied ignorance and, in some instances, envy of male sexuality. I think a lot of avowed feminists are ugly broads who secretly yearn to possess the liberated and unencumbered sexual joy that is the birthright of men.

If there's one common bond that unites all feminists and feminist-lite pundits, it's a loathing of male desire. Scour away the SJW jargon and that's the angry little id you'll find deep inside shaking a clenched black fist at an unforgiving reality it cannot change.

Cognitive Stratification And Female Obesity

CH · 4 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Leading sociologists like Charles Murray have examined the social phenomenon of cognitive stratification — the generational separating into two classes, or even subspecies, of the smart from the less smart. It's considered a bad thing (and I agree) because an IQ elite will not just amass an unequal amount of national wealth, but their precious IQ genes will get trapped into a small caste instead of spread to some degree around the general population. There is also the issue of dysgenic fertility among the overeducated women of the cognitively gated class.

The causes for cognitive stratification are manifold, but there's one very plausible mechanism which I have yet to see discussed by mainstream ~~white knights~~ pundits.

The Southerner writes,

> attractive 21 year old white women exist for marriage? By the looks of things they're all in college capitalizing on their smv, therefore wasting their fertility and become un-marriageable (and untouchable). I don't think I've ever seen a young post high-school white woman not in college and who wasn't at least overweight.
>
> Can someone tell me I'm wrong?

One of my theories is that female obesity is a big (heh) contributor to cognitive stratification of SWPL elites from other whites. If more working class and lower class women were thinner and sexier, more lower AND higher class men would happily marry them. This is particularly the case for those sassy smart lower class girls who could easily entrance lonely high IQ SWPL bachelors if these girls weren't all so goddamned fat.

The same goes for single moms, even the thin ones. Men are loath to commit to single moms, sensibly figuring that her little bastards are romance killers and there's no upside in raising another man's fly-by-night spawn.

The sub-elite classes are filled with fatties and single moms, and this goes quite a ways to explaining the abandonment of marriage by the men who have these loser women as part of their social milieu.

Unemployed and unemployable men, driven by mass brown world immigration, are doubtless a factor in declining marriage rates among the cognitive outcasts, but due diligence should be paid to female obesity and single momhood as equal, if not greater, contributors to the decline in social stability of non-elite whites. The only reason I can think that this tenderhearted Heartistian worldview is studiously overlooked is because it gives conservatives the hives to shift some blame onto women and their poor life decisions.

Fat, Ugly, Bitter, Malicious, And Incestuous Is No Way To Go Through Life, Girl

CH · 5 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Lena Dunham is quite the classy lady.

> Dunham writes of casually masturbating while in bed next to her younger sister, of bribing her with “three pieces of candy if I could kiss her on the lips for five seconds . . . anything a sexual predator might do to woo a small suburban girl I was trying.” At one point, when her sister is a toddler, Lena Dunham pries open her vagina — “my curiosity got the best of me,” she offers, as though that were an explanation. “This was within the spectrum of things I did.” […]
>
> Lena Dunham never actually writes that she was raped by a mustachioed campus Republican named Barry at Oberlin College. She leads up to it with a long story about her childhood misuse of the word “rape” — she accuses her little sister of raping her and tells people that her father sticks a fork in her vagina when she misbehaves — and dwells on her lifelong fear of being raped. She describes two different versions of the same sexual encounter, in the latter version insisting that she did not consent to what happened. And in a remarkably dishonest turn, she has other people describe the event as “rape,” thereby dodging any intellectual or moral responsibility for making the claim herself. […]
>
> Dunham’s writing all this is, needless to say, a gutless and passive-aggressive act. Barry is not a character in a book; he is a real person, one whose life is no doubt being turned upside down by a *New York Times* No. 1 best-seller containing half-articulated accusations that he raped a woman in college, accusations that are easily connected to him. Dunham won’t call him a rapist, but she is happy to use other people as sock puppets to call him a rapist. She doesn’t use his full name, but she surely knows how easily it can be found. She wouldn’t face him in a court of law, but she’ll lynch him in print.

This is the last time I’ll write a post about Lena Dunham until she drowns herself in an extra-wide bathtub *fingers crossed*.

A White Woman Walks Through A White Part Of Town And Gets No Catcalls

CH · 6 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A hilariously droll response to that Shoshana Roberts catcall-baiting (s)troll through the heterodusk community was recently uploaded to YouTube. It features an attractive white woman taking a 10-hour walk through predominately white Auckland and having her experience recorded by a companion operating a concealed GoPro camera.

Nothing much happens besides a few head turns by men as she walks past them. I suppose a deranged feminist would use that as evidence of eye harassment. Dem man eyes boring holes through women's souls… eye rape!

The first interesting reaction starts at 0:25, when she struts past a construction site. Two brown men stare at her for a while, but say nothing. It's hard to tell if they're very tanned white men, or nonwhite laborers; nevertheless, the scene is reminiscent of the CH observation that the colorful excesses of "diversity", whether of the race or class variety, tend to be kept in check if subsumed into a larger culture firmly in control by a self-assured and demographically dominant white majority. Some would call this an example of a people "owning a space".

At 0:37, she receives a very aggressive eye rape from a mustachioed man who, it should be noted, looks conspicuously nonwhite.

The dramatic climax starts at 0:44. A white man notices her as he walks in the opposite direction, does a turnabout, and skips ahead to her side to drop some indirect day game on her. He stops her and asks if she's Italian. Is this guy a Yad or Krauser acolyte? No mention is made in the video if he got her number. Her GoPro companion keeps walking, possibly to give her some privacy to exchange numbers with the bold pickup artist.

Which leads to another point: Catcalling is anti-game on white women. You will actually lower your chances more by sloppily catcalling a pretty white girl than you would by doing nothing except posing and hoping she digs your contrapposto. White men either intuitively know this and therefore deliberately refrain from the practice, or white men are constitutionally averse to picking up women like a carnival barker. Catcalling is one of those male mating dances that appears to be mostly race-specific; that is, blacks and pedros love it, and their women might very well enjoy it and even occasionally reward it. These guys will also catcall white women, but mostly because they don't understand that white women don't vibe with that style of primitive machismo.

Catcalling is also qualitatively different from game-savvy street pickup, the latter which is honed and practiced by, mostly, white men. Hooting at a girl to "show some love", or "smile more", or following on her heels for blocks without saying a word except a mewling "Am I too ugly for you", is not game. Walking up to her side, stopping her, asking some nonsexual question with plausibly innocent intent, and swiftly moving the topic of conversation into more fertile ground leading to a number or kiss close is game that works, and importantly it's game that works on the world's most desirable women: Slender white women. (The qualifier is, tragically, more necessary than ever.)

Other than the white PUA flashing some game, and a flabby beta foreigner asking her for directions, she manages to walk the entire city unmolested by white men with active sex drives.

Lesson of the tape: White men don't catcall. If you are a woman who secretly wants catcalls to feel attractive to men, and you don't care about catcaller quality or courtship skill level, your best bet is to have a steatopygic ass stuffed into fuck-me jeans and a parade route through Harlem during work hours.

Shoshana Roberts Insider Info

CH · 6 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

“joe” writes,

> Shoshana used to live in my current city, and was actively involved in my blues dance group. I don’t remember meeting her, but after my local dance lady friends started posting this video, some bragging about knowing her, a quick Facebook search showed that we have over 20 mutual friends. With that said, two of my male dance friends are “red pillers”, and both contacted me to via private message to share their thoughts. For starters, both were quick to mention her tits, each saying how unabashedly proud of their being real that she is. One said that it’s entirely common for her to regularly wear revealing tops (no surprise there), and the other said that she danced with him in his living room, topless (“I assure you that they are real”, she apparently told him).
>
> In short, we have a good, ‘ol fashioned attention whore. Now, let it be known that my being lover of women, I am not opposed to women flaunting their feminine figures; though, I do take issue with their both doing that and then crying “street harassment” when men take notice. Correction, they take issue when men whom they don’t deem as being sexually desirous take issue.
>
> As I said, I don’t recall ever meeting Shoshana, though I surmise that our paths will eventually cross, assuming that she’ll find her way at my town’s annual blues dance festival, or that I go blues dancing in Manhattan on my next visit.

The attention whore epidemic continues to rage.

Ideally, what (attractive) women want is a world arranged to their liking, which means a world where lesser men know their place — silent, retiring, respectful, and unassuming — and alpha males — the top 10% of all men — are permitted to admire their beauty in however a manner they see fit.

This world will never happen because convincing 90% of men to essentially neuter themselves is like persuading a fat feminist to slim down and behave sweetly. Men are wired for the hunt, women are wired to be hunted. All the liberty-curtailing laws and thoughtcrime witch hunts in the world won’t change the fact that the prey will never dictate to the predators which of them may participate in the chase, the catch, and the consumption. A hungry man has little incentive to obey rules that perpetuate his hunger.

The Forms Of Female Attention Whoring

CH · 7 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Attention whores — and here we're mostly talking about women, as the sex likely to exhibit both commonplace and extreme versions of attention whore disorder (AWD) — exploit a plethora of psychological ploys to get their external validation fix.

Reader walawala describes a few of the most recognizable AWD symptoms,

> Attention whoring takes on a variety of forms and social media enables it. Some examples beyond this [Shoshana Roberts catcaller] video which is extreme:
>
> Revealing photos on FB crying out for thirsty man comments: "wow" etc
>
> Mentions of health issues: "Headache now…so painful" crying out for sympathy. Sympathy helps keep the attention pipeline flowing without any requirements for reciprocation.
>
> Mentions of work stress: "So busy!!" etc—same as above.
>
> Achievements: **[ed: this was blank. maybe walawala will clarify.]**
>
> Photos with new shit: new iPhone.
>
> Food they ate or cooked.
>
> Generally I ignore all this unless it's the occasional well-placed "like" if there's something unusual or particularly noteworthy.

Feigning illness, mental or physical, is classic AWD behavior. So is exhibitionism. The cruel streak in an attention whore is evident when she acts indignant that you admired whatever naked body part she "accidentally" displays. Attention whores are selfish, narcissistic, often manic-depressive, and prone to cycles of angry blow-ups and pleas for tolerance. Generally, they prey on weak beta males who fear losing the pussy. Experienced men rarely get ensnared for long by the manipulations of ego-gluttonous attention whores.

Attention whores share a lot of traits with women who have BPD (borderline personality disorder). AWs usually are not as scheming as BPDs, which means they can be more easily and quickly identified and avoided or, if you have the COINTEL chops and a thirst for adventure, toyed with for sexual bennies.

Some other forms of female attention whoring are:

– Cutting into conversations with a frequency and assumed authority that could be described as pathological.

– Evincing an astounding lack of self-awareness or humility.

– An inability to listen while simultaneously demanding rapt attention from her human sounding boards.

– A facility tossing out breezy insults that stands in stark contrast to her thin-skinned pique when she perceives herself being attacked.

– A curious lack of fulfillment when she receives the attention she was goading, and a spiral of excitement when her attention seeking is ignored or cavalierly dismissed.

– A preternatural talent for getting into "scrapes" and making "scenes" where she is cast, yet again, as the wholly innocent flashpoint of the drama that magically follows her everywhere.

– Aggravating her mark to the point of exasperation or even anger. An attention whore prefers positive attention but will take negative attention if the former isn't possible to bait.

– An eternal martyr complex she leverages to push unwitting accomplices into guilt and acquiescence to her theater

of the hamster.

– Gossip. Backstabbing. Feigned naivete to encourage the spilling of secrets. Sowing discord is the invidious fuel that feeds the attention whore's thirsty heart.

If any of these AWD symptoms manifest in a girl during a date, you are in for a storm of drama queen bitchery, endless games of one-upmanship, and passive-aggressive emotional blackmail if you later decide to pursue a long-term arrangement with her. Most attention whores age into certifiable nutcases as their looks fade and they have to go to ever more absurd lengths to receive ever less satisfying hits of validation. The old attention whore is not unlike the mentally ill homeless bum screaming obscenities at passersby.

Every woman has a little attention whore in her. The trick is to avoid those women who have allowed that precocious child inside to grow into a ravenous beast that consumes more love than it can give.

The key to fucking attention whores, (in the figurative and literal senses), is to NEVER satisfy her demands, no matter how appealing her acting method. You treat attention whores like you would an annoying, insufficiently respectful child: With amused disregard sharpened by a hint of contempt.

AW: "LIKE me!"

Beelzebub's Beneficent Boner: "I LIKE your stubby eyelashes. If you require further compliments, I charge by the word."

Low effort parrying of attention whore antics is good enough to get you the lay, but after a few weeks of quality time you'll have to raise the stakes and firmly slap down any of her feints toward egotistic head games. When you're pushed to this level of engagement, she'll wail to the high heavens. Copious tears may flow. Weaker men will cave and renew her cycle. Stronger men — that is, men with an abundance of pussy mentality — will savor her tears and try to squeeze out a few more drops for entertainment purposes and as a lesson served that the sell-by date on her low self-esteem shenanigans is come and gone.

AW: "LIKE me!"

Beelzebub's Beneficent Boner: "But you're not likeable."

AW: "Waaah!"

Beelzebub's Beneficent Boner: "That's not helping your cause."

AW: "Fuck you!"

Beelzebub's Beneficent Boner: "Charming." *leaves*

Women And Histrionic Personality Disorder

CH · 8 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Kate writes a primer on histrionic personality disorder,

> We had post about this on our blog. There is an actual term for what CH calls AWS and it is called Histrionic Personality Disorder.
>
> It occurs at estimates of 1-4% in the general population.
>
> And women are 4 times more likely to have it than men, One female psychiatrist said, “Society doesn’t tolerate this behavior in men like it does in women.”
>
> And it is estimated that over 15% of those in treatment can be diagnosed with HPD.
>
> So this means given women are 50% of the population then it can occur at something like 4%-16% in women and that up to 30% of women in treatment have some form of HPD. **[ed: is this math right?]** The women may be being treated for depression or another mood disorder, but often these are the result of the life choices and actions that the women take due to HPD. Depression is caused by repeated failures and constant fight or flight situations. These women tend to place themselves in more “Flight” situations than other people.
>
> And the typical woman that has HPD is typically in the low 5 to low 7 SMV range. A more attractive woman needs not generate attention and the less attractive woman finds that nobody actually gives a crap when she does attempt to generate attention as a coping mechanism.
>
> There is a very long list of symptoms but the two key symptoms are “impressionistic thinking” and “everything is a crisis”, often manufactured or caused by the HPD woman.
>
> Impressionistic thinking is characterized by “feelings”, and a lack of quantification, a lack of actual data. So in the cause of this “harassment”, it is a “feeling” that men are overly harassing them and that this is a “crisis” that someone need to deal with.
>
> One other key is that the HPD woman goes on the attack when challenged or the attention seeking behavior doesn’t result in the desired attention or response. Her responses can quite vicious.

I’ve known women like this. At turns charming and nasty creatures. Learn to identify them quickly and move on.

> Our article actually used the woman in the linked CH article that had filmed her abortion. The entire film had her and her face in the center of the frame and the stills that accompanied the article often looked like selfie shots with her making eyes and smiling at the camera. Even in the beginning of the video, when she is driving to the clinic, the camera is on the dash, focused on her face. And the other examples in the article all had the same effect, the woman raising the issue had the image of the woman at the center point of the piece and not the issue itself. I think another example was some woman who had gotten fat after having two kids, some former bodybuilding competitor, itself a form of attention whoring, and the theme was how she was suffering now she was a pig in such a horrible thin-centric world. The stills released with her articles were of her naked in some sort of pose where her “ladyparts” were not shown to the camera.
>
> So it could be questioned that any woman that releases videos or posts like this might be a woman that could be diagnosed with some form of HPD. And further, it could be proposed that a good number of female feminist bloggers have HPD, given the prevalence of it among women, and any activity in a public forum would tend to attract more women from the attention seeking side of the spectrum. So basically we could question if the whole internet feminist movement has been hijacked by women that could be clinically diagnosed as mentally ill.
>
> -Mark

So basically we could question if the whole internet feminist movement has been hijacked by women that could be clinically diagnosed as mentally ill.

Heh heh heh.

Questions:

Is HPD on the rise? I bet attention whoring tech is causing the condition to explode in prevalence (or at least to explode in perceived prevalence).

Why does it afflict women more than men? AW/HPD is like “social butterfly syndrome” on steroids. Kind of reminds me of Williams Syndrome, which is a genetic disease that cause the sufferer to become highly sociable, emotional, and naive. The opposite of autism. (Williams victims also have very low IQs. HPDers share Williams traits but without the depressed IQ hit.)

Can HPDers ever be “fixed”? I doubt it. Getting old and invisible to men is about the best remedy there is.

***

Commenter blogster adds an anecdote of AW/HPD in the field,

> I have seen this at my local cafe near where I work. Nice, leafy upmarket neighbourhood filled with consulting firms, boutiques, cafes, creative industry types etc. Filled to the brim with pandering beta types. Two guys make the coffee, another cooks meals and the one chick on every shift? Her job is to flatter the betas and get the validation of attention whoring.
>
> She was a very leftist, cute(ish), but opinionated feminist type. her approach was dramatic gesticulation, tonal changes, using her loudish voice to be all dramatic and stuff. Seeing what was happening, I deliberately ignored her and only offered minimal acknowledgement and talked to the two guys, as they were interesting and had something real to say. One day she realises I don’t know her name and she is crushed. There was visible disappointment in her eyes because I had not acknowledged and played into her frame of awesome awesomeness. There was mock shock and pouting for not knowing her name. I started to say, “we’ll may be you should introduce yourself like most adults” and she quickly changed the subject to my coffee order.
>
> From then on she works overtime to engage me, start conversations etc. It was quite hilarious and I gave her the distracted and brief attention of someone in the middle of something more interesting and would turn back to talk to the guys. And each time, she would try to insert herself in the middle. Pathetic.
>
> So in short, chick offers nothing but dramatic phony interaction and expects acknowledgement. It would be like me just standing there and expecting her to blow me just for existing. But that’s how women think.

The tragic part is when women continue thinking like this long past the age they can plausibly get away with it.

The Great Men On Girls

CH · 9 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Libertardian introduces CH readers to Herman Wouk, adding to our "Great Men On [X]" series,

> "'Pretty girls are just girls, Margie, you see. That's what finally emerges. The most immoral slut among them, even a dumb roundheels like Imogene, at heart just wants a fellow and a nest and clothes and furniture. What's more, they tend to be stupider than other girls, because being pretty makes life too easy for them. The day they sprout those charming breasts, they usually turn off their brains, and just bob along on the tide of attention and fun that starts up. Then after a while they're twenty-five and have to start thinking again. Because by that time the breasts are beginning to droop and the fuss is dying down. Of course by then it's too late, like as not. They're empty-headed fools, they can't read, they can't talk, they can't think, their emotions have been gutted by random sleeping around, and their lives are a shambles—"
>
> Marjorie said, "You're a cruel hound, do you know? A cruel hound.'"

Cruel to be kind.

Bonus Wouk:

> Sadly every iteration of technological progress unlocks a new level of potential mental illness. Here's Herman Wouk again with a rant from sixty (!) years ago:
>
> "Being an actress (or a model, same damn nonsense) has become to the average American girl what being a knight in armor was to Don Quixote. It's a process that's going on all over the country, this addling of girls' brains. … Nothing can stop it, until our civilization changes. Year after year troops of Marjorie Morningstars will converge on Hollywood and Broadway to be seduced, raped, perverted, prostituted, or—if they're lucky like you—to merely tangle up in fornication for a couple of years and then go home to marry the druggist's son or the doctor or the real estate man. I say you're lucky because I've been a little more interesting and amusing, I'm sure, than the usual show-business deflowerer. It's generally some asinine chorus boy or actor, or lecherous third assistant stage manager, who does the job. Or a producer, if a girl's really worth bothering with. Or maybe a musician, or a phony Village writer needing a bath and a haircut. Some idle joker, anyway, who stays up late and has a lot of time on his hands for fooling around with the Morningstars."

The attention whoring technologies of social media have opened possibilities for mental and emotional disorders like HPD to far more women than filmmaking ever did. It's mass scale "addling" with even less payoff than casting couch opportunism.

Feminism For Bros (DEFCON: Vomit Bag)

CH · 10 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I dare you to watch this all the way through without feeling at least a small gurgle of nausea.

Feminism For Bros (level 105) is a PSA by a group called “Centre for Gender Advocacy”, based in Montreal, associated with something called The Consensual Collective. I imagine corporate headquarters is a coffeehouse office where two manlets and a chubby cunt get together to project their confused sexuality and self-loathing onto normal people. The video shows a couple, (mostly the vaguely male hipster), asking for verbal consent at each step of foreplay. Unedited footage taken five years into the future shows him asking her if he may briefly appear naked in front of his now-wife while he dresses in the morning. She asks if she may shove her prized buttplug up his rectum. He assents.

“Can I kiss you?” “Can I put my hand here?” “Can I take your shirt off?”

Bzzt! Rebuffed! Her shirt stays on. They go back to loud kissing that sounds like an octopus pulling its tentacles off wet glass.

“Can I kiss your neck?” “Can I take off your shirt?”

This time he gets the green light. Not really sure what difference waiting ten seconds to approve his shirt-removal request made for the girl.

“Can I kiss you… there?”

He points to her sternum, that well-known erogenous zone on women.

“Can I go down on you?”

Of course, this faggot opts to mash his face in her pussy before banging her. OF COURSE. Pre-sex cunnilingus is 99% of times a huge beta male tell.

“CONSENT IS FUN”

No it’s not when it has to be verbalized every five seconds in a cloud of gnawing fear that a presumptuous ear nibble could lead to a rape accusation.

“CONSENT IS SEXY”

No it’s not, and telling yourself that won’t make it so.

“CONSENT IS SAFE”

Pretty sure gonorrhea is transmissible with or without consent. And there’s no way this manlet is overpowering the girl.

“CUTV”

So close.

I hope this video was a parody, because if not, then the people involved with this shit, or people who would seriously entertain its message, are down with the sickness that has no cure.

Coitus interruptus, meet passion interruptus. I can’t think of much that would kill the mood faster than asking for permission to escalate foreplay and slip the tip in. A barrage of mewling inquiries, however smokily whispered, makes whiskey dick seem like the pinnacle of bedroom prowess. Fatrelle whipping out his micropeen and flicking it to life with his porky pinky would be less likely to spoil the moment than a guy following BRO FEMINISM verbal consent guidelines.

Anyone who's been with non-psychotic non-feminist girls (or, if you're a woman, with men who aren't afraid of their penes) knows how this works: The heat of the moment carries both of you forward through sexual escalation, wordlessly (unless you're into actual dirty talk), clothes flying everywhere, hands exploring, mouths traveling great expanses of flesh, until panties are tugged off and sex ushers a symphony of moans. Consent is implied, usually, by the girl not saying "no" or pushing herself off the man.

This is what normal human beings whose brains weren't hijacked by parasites do. As a female commenter at Total Frat Move put it:

> As a girl, if a guy can't take at least some control, it's a turn off. If a girl doesn't want sex then she will say so. If I want you, you'll be able to tell. This was ridiculous.

Most feminist agitprop amounts to unattractive or psychologically defective women running from that scary and confusing female desire to submit to a dominating man, and grappling with those feelings that remind them of their vulnerable femaleness by neutering any man foolish enough to pursue them. A man who obeys feminist pique is a man who is never getting laid, and that's the point. This stuff helps filter out weak betas who are too insecure to give women what they really want: A sexually entitled man who doesn't second-guess his allure.

Males who are into this game are poseurs angling for broken snatch, genuine androgynous misfits play-acting revenge fantasies against the jocks who flipped their lunch trays, or sexually parched spergs who can't read nonverbal arousal cues.

ps The reader who sent this clip wrote, "I love America, but I'm moving." This sentiment must be shared by more men every day who watch this freak parade of putrescence shamble over the remnants of a once vital culture.

What's It Like To Fuck A Fatty?

CH · 11 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It may astound some readers, but yer 'umble instigator has no experience fucking fat chicks, rare one-night hummers from borderline chubsters notwithstanding to the contrary. Of course, no man needs to know what it's like to fuck a fatty; our vision is keen and our imaginations sufficient to piece together a porky pastiche.

However, it does serve as a helpful reminder, especially to the older gentlemen in the audience who may've mistakenly jettisoned BMI standards for the reward of perky youth, to paint in technicolor detail the morbid flesh tsunamis that roll during sex with a fatty. So we here at CH turn to the experience of readers who have submerged themselves in the corpulent deep.

Reader Shortest Straw dishes the dirt,

> The only problem with fat asses is their only sex position is missionary. If they're on top of you it's just nasty, and if it's doggy style, well, there's nothing quite like watching the waves propagate across their behinds. Funny as fuck when you first see it but then it gets distracting and pretty soon the boner is gone.
>
> ***
>
> If I'm drunk enough, I can [fuck a fatty]. I get into thinking about how happy they are to be getting fucked.
>
> There's a certain line even I won't cross, though. You see, it's self limiting: The drunker I have to get, the more likely I won't be able to get it up anyway, and the more likely I'll be to just pass out.
>
> However, a combination of viagra and ritalin both offsets those two effects, and pushes me into an alternate reality. If I remembered it better, I could describe it. Let's just say I've had laundry to do in the morning.

Apparently, to fuck a fatty you need to have a sense of humor and a tolerance for ODing on mind-altering pharmaceuticals.

What To Do When A Girl Signals She's Back On The Market

CH · 12 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If a girl tells you she's having boyfriend troubles, what message should you take from that? How would you proceed?

A reader provides blog fodder,

> I have a hot personal trainer, obviously I'm interested. She has a boyfriend, but the other day she sent me a text telling me the boyfriend might be cheating on her.
>
> Got any Personal Trainer Game tips?

First of all, you don't see hot female personal trainers with male clients very often, unless she works as a class instructor. One-on-one? Rare. I wonder if the reader is a minor celebrity. Now male personal trainers giving hands-on guidance to hot chicks in yoga pants? That harassment is everywhere.

This is a relevant game scenario that could involve any girl, regardless of her occupation. Sometimes a girl will drop a hint, subtle or otherwise, that she's back on the market. These signals of market reintroduction should rarely be taken at face value. Unfortunately, beta males will typically leap on this female availability bait and immediately interview themselves for the replacement job.

There are various reasons why a girl would volunteer information to a third party man about her fraying relationship. If the information is of the "my man is cheating on me" sort, you've got to be extra careful handling that ho potato. First you'll need to untangle penumbras and emanations of meaning.

A girl will announce to a platonic male friend (or, in this case, client) that her BF is cheating for any of the following reasons:

1. He really is cheating, and she wants to find a new man to alleviate the pain of rejection. This is your classic rebound offer.

2. He really is cheating, but she still loves him and wants to stay with him. Her actions then can best be interpreted as trawling for sympathy and flattery from another man so she can feel attractive again.

3. He isn't cheating, and she's a slutty sociopath fishing for a handy rationalization to start cheating on him.

4. She's the one cheating (but not with you), and logic has been hamsterspun to suit her glowing self-conception. By lying to you, the third party man, about the source of infidelity, she transfers some of her incipient guilt to the ether known affectionately as "men are pigs".

5. No one's cheating. She's just an attention whore who may or may not want to sleep with you.

If you were to actively pursue a girl who signaled her market availability by throwing her boyfriend under the bus, one of the following rom-com endings are likely to be your fate:

1. She makes endless promises to leave her BF. This result isn't so bad, if sex and good times is all you want with her. Essentially, you'll be entering a three-way relationship as the interloper who cucks her boyfriend. You are her Ovulation Lover. Just don't make the mistake of committing to her, unless you enjoy the prospect of hearing her come up with new excuses every week why she's still with him. If you aren't fucking her, then in this scenario, by default, you're her beta male orbiter. Don't be a beta male orbiter.

2. She insists she has left her BF, but hasn't. You are now a bug in her web of lies. Why does she lie? She doesn't trust you to be a full replacement, she doesn't want to leave her boyfriend, or surreptitious love triangles featuring her in the starring role make her horny. Alpha fux, beta bux is definitely in play here. If you discover her lie, she'll find some way to spin it as an act of human kindness or as a breach of agreed-upon terms (terms which were

elucidated only in her head). *"I still have feelings for him." "I didn't want to hurt him." "He needs me." "I figured you'd understand." "I thought you knew what this was about?"* This scenario can be benign, but only if all of the below apply:

– the boyfriend isn't a crazy mofo who'll come after you

– you are fucking her, but not dating her with long-term goals in mind

– she isn't a vector for venereal disease

– she isn't a vector for surprise pregnancy

– she doesn't occupy too much of your free time.

When it turns malign:

You aren't fucking her but are being used as an aural pincushion for her self-pitying stabs of romantic discontent.

3. She really has left her boyfriend, and she's left him for you. Lotto! Not so fast, young pat-a-twat. If you're rebound material, the strength of novel passion might not be there to fortify a deep love in her. Don't expect her to become your girlfriend. Again, not a big dealio if feelio is all you want. If, otoh, she has excommunicated her boyfriend and you and her alight on a voyage of priapic discovery, there will always be that cloud of deception trailing her wake. Did she lie about who really cheated on whom? Why did she even volunteer that information, unless it was to relieve her guilt or encourage your premature sexual intercession? Will she pull the same stunt on you? Bottom line: You can never trust girls who air their dirty laundry.

4. She really has left her boyfriend, but not necessarily for you. Now you're in the danger zone. You start to fill with fantasies of lust and love for your newly-freed girl-friend. She, knowingly or not, fuels your excitement and neediness with tales of her empowered but simultaneously cloyingly vulnerable decision to leave her BF, and your internal frenzy betrays your efforts at external aloofness. Since you don't know for sure whether she considers you a worthy substitute, (and she has, as nature intended, played her part in stoking your uncertainty), your game abandons you as the finish line fades in and out of your view. You think, not illogically, that she's romantically interested in you, because why else would she admit her relationship failings to you unless her intention was to incite you to swoop in for the rescue? Damn logic, trips up so many men. Like so many female shit tests, the "my BF is cheating on me woe is me thanks for being there" ruse is a plate of prime id that betaboys can't resist chomping. This scenario is a recipe for drawn-out heartache.

****

So what should the reader do? His personal trainer sent him a text announcing her boyfriend was cheating on her. That the news was delivered via text and not face-to-face is interesting in itself, especially considering that personal trainers and their clients share a lot of quasi-intimate time together when bedroom secrets could find multiple routes of escape.

I suspect she sent the text because she's feeling some guilt for her role in whatever her relationship drama is supposed to signify. There's nothing quite like an electronic middleman layer to hide revealing facial expressions. There is more danger in sending a text, too, as the risk of discovery is higher than if she confessed her desire to sin in evaporative vocal mists.

Reader: Given these premises, my diagnosis is that she is clumsily hinting she wants you to personally train her vagina. (Premises subject to change if additional info is released. For instance, the length of the reader's platonic textual relationship with his tart trainer.)

You proceed like you would with any girl texting her market availability: You embrace the zen of amused indifference, proffer your heartfelt condolences ("dat sux"), and suggest a place where she could meet you, privately, if she "needs your company to take her mind off things". Then you give her an evening when you might be available, reminding her to check with you first. DO NOT, under whatever scrotal or psychological duress,

entertain her tacit aspiration for an asexual therapist. You have balls to drain, and women should always be aware of that on some level.

That final warning means, “don’t chomp on her beta bait”. The next time you have a session with her (following on the heels of her plaintive text wail), you’ll be tempted to bring up the subject of her text and suggest an immediate post-training drink. I say you should lay off for a bit. Pretend like you didn’t even read her text, or forgot about it. Let her bring it up at your next IRL meeting. (Refusing beta bait is a huge DHV. Alphas rarely have time to commiserate with distressed women lamenting cheating boyfriends.)

If she brings it up first, then you’ll have your platform to a) swiftly dismiss any possibility that you’ll listen to an endless stream of her dramatic renderings (a teasing neg helps here) and b) offer an opportunity for a post-session private session at a logistically favorable public venue. “Well, I’m free for a bit after our next workout if you want to grab a drink and talk about happier things.” Cat string theory. Pull away a little bit, make her chase. Don’t go rushing to her with arms open in affection and sympathy; like a cat, she’ll hiss and run for cover.

***

Reader Tilikum adds an important caveat,

> that said, I’d never even get close to any type of trainer/meathead/gymrat either female as the object of my desire, or her male meathead BF. loads of insecurity and “lets you and him fight” drama IMO. almost worse than cops and soldiers. and i’v banged a ton of attached chicks from all three.

“Let’s you and him fight” is an urge in most women, as most women crave, to a lesser or greater degree, manufactured romance drama. The best kind of drama, from women’s POV, is that which pits men in acts of valor (or stupidity) for a faire maiden’s hand. Gym rats and exercise fiends are, I agree, especially susceptible to this kind of female drama whoring. Maybe because they’re surrounded by so much testosterone all day that their estrogenic alter egos get pushed into overdrive and the thought of gladiators duking it out sends tremors ripping through their dilated wombs.

***

Heywood Jablome goes for the kill,

> Reply text:
>
> “8:00 at joes bar on 5th st”

The bold reply right after she texts you about her “cheating boyfriend” is the right strategy IF

1. She has a history of dropping indicators of interest your way. Then her “bad boyfriend” text could be considered an escalation of her sexual intent toward you.

2. Your behavior in her company to date has left no impression that you’d be the sort of man who’d volunteer a shoulder for her to cry on.

If these apply, then go right ahead and push for an insta-date (although in this case, it’d more precisely be called “foreplay”).

How To Control The Population Of r-Selected Humans

CH · 13 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Step 1: Stop feeding them.

Step 2: Introduce predators.

Step 3: Profit economically, socially, spiritually.

Best,
CH

The Fat Daughter Vs Thin Mother Thought Experiment

CH · 13 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter natphilosopher poses an interesting thought experiment,

> What I want to know is, what's the CH translation factor [for female age versus female fatness]?
> I figure, maybe 2-2.5 pounds/year?
> A 20 year old who's 50 pounds overweight against the same woman 20-25 years later, but now she's lost the extra weight and toned up?
>
> No, better yet, CH, they are both at the end of the bar. It's the middle of nowhere, so there's no other action and your stationed here for a while. The newly divorced mother, toned and horny, and the overweight but otherwise hot daughter and two of her overweight friends. The mother is so hot for her age, which is 39, that under the circumstances she appeals to the mighty CH. How many pounds per year does the daughter have to be overweight for the Mom to win CH's attention?

The variables:

39-year-old mom, slender and toned.

VERSUS

20-year-old daughter, 50 pounds overweight.

Which woman commands not just CH's turgid attention, but most men's attention (since the vast majority of men share the same preferences in women)?

In other words, how much fat has to accumulate on a prime nubility young woman before a height-weight proportionate woman twice her age begins to look like a more sexually alluring prospect?

Reminder: Presented with two equally slender women 20 years apart, most men will, given a free choice, choose the younger woman for sex AND love. (yes, both)

The formula is simple: Youth >>>> Cougardom, at a healthy body weight, every time. It gets complicated when we fiddle with the variables and compare a young fatty to an older, age-adjusted hottie.

Thinking hard about this (because neither cougars nor fatties are sexual fantasy material), I conclude that the thin mom would earn the CH rod of approval. Youthful bloom, rare and exquisite as it is, can't withstand 50 pounds of disfiguring blubber. Wrinkles and sag are no man's idea of boner-fuel, but the equivalent of Lindy West is like the anti-Viagra: Boners implode into a black hole of flaccidness, from which no seed can escape.

I'd therefore have to agree with natphilosopher's mathematical elegance: A 20-year-old daughter would have to be 2.5 lbs per year fatter than her 39-year-old mom. But only if her mom is already thin. If the daughter is 50 pounds fatter than her obese mom, that's a dirigible sideshow no one wants to contemplate puncturing.

50 pounds of superfluous fat is a lot of unsexxxy BBBBBBBBW adipose. What if the daughter is, say, 40 pounds heavier than her twice-as-old slender mom? 30 pounds? 20?

At 40 pounds difference, most men would still opt to bang the thin mom with the extra 20 years.

At 30 pounds difference, the pattern of fat accumulation on the daughter will start to matter. Did her additional 30 pounds settle on her ass and tits, and avoid her face, neck, belly and arms? Then I conclude that even numbers of men would choose the daughter and the mother.

At 20 pounds difference, the same as above applies, but now the daughter's sheer youthfulness exerts a powerful influence on men's autonomic desires. Most men will overlook an extra 20 pounds on a 20-year-old if the only

alternative is sex with a thin 39-year-old (again, presuming equal facial attractiveness, i.e. bone structure).

At 10 pounds difference, the daughter wins nearly every time.

I hope this answer has cleared up everyone's questions on the matter of female fatness and female age and their deleterious, and synergistically deflating, effects on men's libidos.

The Origin Of Women's Love For Jerks?

CH · 14 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

SCIENCE! has given us a glimpse into the possible origins of the renowned human female mate preference for jerkboys of varying jerkitude.

> Male sexual aggression: What chimps can reveal about people
>
> Male chimpanzees that wage a campaign of sustained aggression against females sire more offspring than their less violent counterparts, new research finds.
>
> The results suggest that such nasty behavior from males evolved because it gave the meanest males a reproductive advantage, said study co-author Ian Gilby, a primatologist at Arizona State University in Phoenix.
>
> This chimpanzee behavior could also provide some insight into the roots of sexual aggression in men.
>
> "It is possible that in our early ancestors there may have been an adaptive value to male aggression against females," Gilby said.

Chimps aren't the only closest living ape relatives of humans (bonobos and gorillas are the others), but their present-day characteristics could help shed light on deeply embedded human sexual behavior that is resistant to shorter term cultural or ecological changes.

> But sexual aggression in male chimpanzees isn't directly parallel to rape, because it typically takes place at times distant from copulation. Female chimps also mate with multiple males anyway, Gilby said..
>
> To understand the roots of this behavior, Gilby and his colleagues recorded instances of male-on-female violence in a troop of chimpanzees living in Gombe Stream National Park in Tanzania. The researchers studied violence that occurred both when the females were sexually receptive, or swollen, and when they were not. The team then compared that information with paternity tests on all the offspring born since 1995.
>
> Chimps have a strict male dominance hierarchy, and more-dominant males generally engage in a greater amount of gendered aggression. But even when taking this into account, the team found that aggression increased a male's chances of siring offspring — regardless of whether the chimp was more or less dominant.
>
> The sustained intimidation in which chimps engage, which has some parallels to human behaviors such as stalking or domestic violence, is a form of mate guarding. The behavior may make female chimps less likely to sneak off with a partner of her choosing during her most fertile times, Gilby said.

So male aggression isn't primarily about coercing sex from females. It's a mate guarding strategy, similar to the violence that lunkhead alpha human males may occasionally visit upon their in-demand hottie girlfriends (cf., Chris Brown). And according to this study, that mate guarding aggression has a genetic payoff, so it would be selected over genes for "niceguy" supplication and everlasting tenderness.

Obviously, this isn't the whole human story, as niceguys are still with us, and women don't fall for jerks all the time every time. But there is clearly an observable female preference for jerkboys that has no parallel in a male preference for jerkgirls. Think of a jerkboy bell curve, and place women on it. At the far left, you find good girls who never go for men with even a hint of jerkish characteristics, in the middle are the majority of women who like their men best when they exhibit some jerkboy flair, and at the far right of the bell curve are your women who fall in love with serial killers and prisoners.

There is no such equivalent bell curve for men.

The study explains why men might have evolved a taste for flashing gang signs of intimidating assholery upon lovers, but what about women's taste for receiving that assholery with open legs? One can surmise that a "jerkboy

gene" which improved men's reproductive fitness (in an environment where reproduction wasn't thwarted by cheap and easy contraception) would, over generations, ride sidesaddle with a "jerkboy loving gene" in women that improved the reproductive fitness of those women who acquiesced to, or even sought out, the very special lessons in love that jerks are fond of teaching. It's a variant on the sexy sons hypothesis; call it the sexy sonofabitch hypothesis.

Ten Hours Of [X] Walking In NYC

CH · 14 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Inspired by the subversively realist Shoshana Roberts catcall video, a hundred “Ten Hours of [X] Walking in NYC” parody videos have sprung up like facial scruff on Amanda Marcotte. This is a good one:

“Judge me by my size, do you?”

Mockery is the best tonic for feminist idiocy. I can smell the feminist butthurt. **sniff sniff** I detect notes of hairy asscrack.

***

This video would’ve reached epic status if it ended with Chewbacca sidling up and roaring at her, and she gives him her number.

Beta Or Omega Male?

CH · 15 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Many readers sent CH a link to this story for inclusion in the Beta of the Year contest. But is he really beta, or is he that lowest of life forms, the omega male?

A Chinese man dropped to his knees for 30 days (and 30 nights?) in an act of contrition to win back his girlfriend. (No word on what he did that pissed her off. Journalism!)

The Beta Male of the Year series is meant as a learning tool. Betas are put under the spotlight to help readers understand the kinds of commonly encountered male behaviors that cause vaginas to snap shut. Extreme supplication like that committed by the Chinaman in the story above isn't very helpful by dint of its rarity and absurdity. Most beta males aren't committing treason against their sex in quite so spectacular a fashion.

What this is a better example of is a greater omega male at a loss for what to do when the love of his life (and probably the first woman to sneak a peak at his chicken beak) breaks up with him. He reverts to classic omega form: Prostration, appeasement, self-abnegation, and public humiliation. The funny thing is, he doesn't appear to be an especially ugly man, yet his theatrics are so off-putting to women that everyone reading this intuitively knows his girlfriend is filling with disgust at the prospect of laying with him again.

Omega males aren't all sexless basement dwellers. The better species of them sometimes manage to get girlfriends (quality control notwithstanding to the contrary). What usually distinguishes greater omega males from beta males is the facility with which omegas will acquiesce to their gelding and the energy they bring to doing all the wrong things to woo women.

Thought Experiment: The Alpha Male

CH · 16 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Which man is envied by more men and desired by more women?

a. The childless player who has a history of bedding beautiful, unencumbered women and is currently in a relationship with a pretty girl on the Pill, a relationship which he seasons every so often with side flings.

or

b. The low class oaf who has five children with two different land whales.

Envy is a palimpsest that reveals aspiration. Few men, even those who profess belief in the familial dynasty model of alpha maleness, would envy man B. Children do not make the alpha male. Children, quality children at any rate, are a byproduct of the condition of being an alpha male in a world where reproduction thwarting technologies don't exist or are expensive and unreliable.

We're no longer in that world, but we still retain the intuitive discernment from our not-so-distant pre-prophylactic past of which men are winners and which are losers. The winners — the envied — are those men who live varied and fulfilling sex and love lives with beautiful women. Just as CH once elegantly defined the alpha male.

After all, the hard work is persuading a woman to relinquish her sex and fill her heart with love. When she has, it's a mere formality — in the environment of procreative adaptation from which our post-procreation minds are still molded — to fill her womb.

The Boyfriend Zone

CH · 17 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Reader H.H. is bedeviled by the Boyfriend Zone.

> Dear Chateau! you've helped me a lot so…
>
> What to do when girls always put me in the "potential boyfriend" category? I'm a sociable guy who usually has no problems talking to strangers, getting people to smile or laugh, etc. I travel, have a cool job, hit the gym every once in a while and know my way around both in a sports bar and in an art gallery.
>
> However, I tend to always be approached or at the very least orbited by 7s and 8s looking for a relationship*. "I'd like to leave home with you, but I need to know that you're interested in the long term" or "I'd like to kiss you now, but I have to find out first whether you're married". (I could take them home and fuck them, but I hate to lie.)
>
> I'm more interested in short crazy, one nighters with no strings attached. What's this? I've been afraid that I'm giving out too many nice guy vibes, could that be it? Is there an element of danger missing? Are the sluts not interested? What am I fucking up?
>
> *Of course the next step is to upgrade from 7-8s to 8-9s, but i'm not sure if that problem is connected with this…

When a woman tries to put you in the Boyfriend Zone, it usually means you're giving off a heavy player vibe. She fears you'll make her another bedpost notch, but she desires you, so to reconcile the good feeling with the bad feeling, she presses for reassurances that you won't use and lose her. This is classic anti-slut defense (ASD) posturing.

This is a perfectly natural female response, and you have two ways to tackle it. One, you can tone down your charming jerk vibe in favor of more beta-ish cues of reliability and emotional investment. In game parlance, you'd back off of the teasing and flirting and stress comfort-building and qualification (i.e., *"Do you like the idea of traveling with one person you really love?"*). You'll also want to flash hints of vulnerability. *"I've had my heart broken enough times to know I'm no player."* With these girls, that effervescent connection is king. *"I'm just a guy looking for the same thing you are."*

Two, you can screen for girls who want short, crazy flings or one night stands. This means you amp your jerk smirk to 11 and escalate sexually (and logistically). The idea is that you avoid any confusion that you're potential boyfriend material. Mixed messages are probably what's confusing girls about your intentions. Normally, this is a good thing, unless you don't like to mislead girls, which you said you don't. An unambiguous dispatch of your cad intentions communicated through your behavior filters for girls who want the same thing. You'll scare away LTR-focused girls, while attracting sluts, unhappily married women, ovulating women, thrill-seekers, rebounds, urban gogrrls on anonymous adventures, highly sexual women, and smart women.

Occasionally, a woman will put you in the Boyfriend Zone because your behavior in some way has pinged her boyfriend radar, and she's excited about the prospect of dating a man who's on her wavelength. Her excitement can be so great, she seeks validation for the LTR promise that hangs heavy in the air between you two. This validation seeking can take the form of probing questions about your "commitment to commitment", because for these women romantic escalation is as intoxicating as sexual escalation. Many players have no compunction about leading these types of women on (and it's quite easy to be good at it), so if that's not something you'd do then you'll have to stick to strategy #2 and actively select for low impulse control girls.

I have some disheartening news. If you're constitutionally against the idea of leading women on*, you'll have a harder time finding many 8s or 9s interested in no-strings-attached sex. Contrary popular mythology, most

funfunfun girls who'll agree to what amounts to slutting it up are the wastoids, the desperate, and, if your game is good, the borderline cuties in the 5-7 range. While SCIENCE! is hard to come by, my impression is that blue city 7s rack up more sex partners than 9s. Which makes sense; all women want the alpha male's sex and the alpha male's commitment. But only the best women — read: the hottest — have reasonable expectations of achieving both goals. Less hot girls will sometimes resort to giving away their sex for a shot of alpha male money shots and a slim hope of rousing his long game lovingkindness in the post-coital glow (it rarely happens).

This isn't to say that you can't find a boner fried hottie who tingles for the flingle. They're around; they're just better at concealing, even to themselves, any latent desire for a sexual romp. If you want to be both honest and noncommittal with a beauty, you'll have a road ahead of you. If you can handle soft-shoeing your NSA message without having a moral crisis, then blazing a trail of microtears through HSMV women will be easier. Hotties are gonna need to see some feints away from pure sexual objectification. Of course, you'll still want to make them work for your love.

"I'm dating around until I find that one woman I click with."

PS *"Leading women on" is just another term for nonjudgmentalism. Men who don't lead women on are, by necessity, more judgmental of the women they meet. Because in fact there is no such thing as true nonjudgmentalism; we're all judging something about someone else at any given time. Hiding your judgmentalism is good for business if your business is persuading women to giveitaway.

PPS When a girl says *"I'd like to leave home with you, but I need to know that you're interested in the long term"*, the best reply is one that assuages her fears and avoids supplication. That means, don't jump on her beta bait with forceful vows of fidelity.

BAD:

"Oh, I'm definitely interested in the long term with you. I've always wanted a girlfriend."

GOOD:

"Like you, I want the same things. But I can only answer that once I get to know you and spend time with you."

Your long term interest is presumed but not guaranteed.

Maxim #45: If a girl isn't working for your love, she's making you work for hers. Better to be a love owner than a love laborer.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Chicks Dig Charlie Manson

CH · 18 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Days of Broken Arrows provides a short history of Charles Manson, convicted murderer, cult leader, psychopath, and alpha male with a knack for harem building and marrying much younger women while in prison for life.

> Manson:
>
> Son of a prostitute.
> No father.
> Awful childhood.
> Barely literate.
> 5'2″ tall.
> Spent most of his youth in detention centers.
> When he was finally released as an adult, he begged to stay inside, worrying he could not handle life on the outside.
> With a few years he had harems of women.
> Held orgies.
> Orgies were so great that Beach Boy Dennis Wilson invited them to move in.
> Dennis Wilson was a major Alpha Male rock star of the '60s.
> Manson then order his women to kill.
> They were so devoted that they did.
> His women were not ugly losers — some were former cheerleaders.
>
> Say what you will about the guy, but he had an innate Alpha quality. Shame it was put to such bad use. Guys who whine they can't get women should think about his life and how he managed to not only get women to sleep with him but basically make them servants to his will. He had some serious charisma.
>
> I'm not surprised at the wife who is a fraction of his age. I'd be surprised if he didn't have groupies.
>
> He was even a talented songwriter. He placed a song on a Beach Boys album and penned this, which was later covered by Guns N' Roses.

True love.

<dr seuss>

Yes, chicks dig jerks.
Some dig them a little
some dig them a lot.
Some chicks dig them
in the parking lot.
Some dig them white
some dig them black.
And some chicks even dig them
when they go on the attack.
Yes, chicks dig jerks
this much is true.
They dig jerks more
when they're black and blue.
Chicks dig jerks
of all sizes and hues.
They dig charmers and badboys
and prisoners too!
Some chicks dig jerks
of the jerkiest sort.
They marry crazy killers
60 years older, and short.
Nice men and kind men
need not apply.
It's dangerous folk
who catch a chick's eye.
So when you see a puddle
and lay down your coat
just remember the chicks
backstage at death row.
Ol' Charlie Manson
got himself married.
While you sit at home
and whack your tally.

</dr seuss>

On a related topic, F. Roger Devlin pondered the reason for the observable preference of women for jerks, in an article titled "The Question of Female Masochism". A CH read of the week. The take-home punch:

> I would suggest that female sadism might be expected to emerge in a society where men refuse to or are prevented from displaying dominance. A society-wide failure of men to take charge of women is likely to produce a great deal of conscious or unconscious sexual frustration in women which may express itself as sadism. […]
>
> I do not know if frustrated masochistic instincts cause sadism in women—it is just my hunch. What I do feel confident in stating is that female masochism is a critically important subject which neither feminist denial nor the sanctimonious gallantry of Christian traditionalists should dissuade us from investigating.

You only had to listen… to yer loveable Heartiste.

Alpha Or Beta Male?

CH · 18 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Sandals. White tube socks. Is that a fanny pack? His fashion sense is clearly beta.

But then there's his body language. Leg up, the fulcrum of his maleness insolently displayed under her nose. If this were a gif I bet we'd see him swinging his pelvis into her. A fat nerd in the distance looks on, horror-stricken.

Alpha or beta male? Let me put it this way: If I wanted a solid wingman, and my choices were 1. a dapper fellow stylishly appointed and subtly accoutered to catch the inquisitive female eye, but shy and liable to spend the night leaning against the wall for support, or 2. tube sock guy fearlessly projecting his male sexual entitlement, I'm taking tube sock guy, every time.

Boldness beats style, and it's no contest. Why? Because a nerd with a ZEROFUCKSGIVEN attitude can be molded into something great. But a retiring fop who waits for women to approach him has to make an attitude adjustment before he can be great. The ALPHA ATTITUDE is the bedrock of tight game. It's a lot easier to improve a man's wardrobe than it is to improve his attitude, so rock out with your socks and cock out, Package Delivery Man, you've got that special something chicks dig.

Male Sexual Entitlement Is Attractive To Women

CH · 19 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Male sexual entitlement – in its broader application, overconfidence – is attractive to women.

Here is an example of it in action (messages from girl on left):

Reader Blick Mang writes,

> Please rewind to 2005, slap me in the face, and say "I fucking told you so."
>
> No further commentary required.
>
> Thank you for it all.

You're welcome.

Why do women love male sexual entitlement? It signals male status. What kind of man can afford to posture like a Lothario? What kind of man expects pussy to fall in his lap? That's right, a high status man. A man, in other words, that other women want. Entitlement <-> status <-> female preselection. This is the wondrous feedback loop that traps vaginas in amplifying oscillations of raw tinglage.

As an exercise for newer readers, here's the breakdown of Mang's message game:

GIRL: …that is all I deserve?

MANG: We'll have to see. 8===D

Instead of offering tributes to her achievement of being born with a vagina, Mang challenges her to make him a more generous man. The universal Dick Signal is, shall we say, none too subtle innuendo.

GIRL: sorry, that kinda puts me off blah blah i'm not that kind of girl.

Now, if Mang were a beta, he would've tried to appease this indignant girl right around here. Most betas, sensing that a monster is growing within the girl they love, promptly revert to Supplication&Appeasement mode. *"I don't expect that. I meant to call you earlier. I don't think of you that way"* etc. Mang wisely avoids this manipulative female beta bait.

MANG: Eating my jelly beans puts me off. ;)

Tingles are born in the defensive crouch. Nice reframe. (Prolly could've dropped the winkie.) This one liner contains some powerful subcommunication that affects girls' behavior. Its subtext says to a girl, "I'm not going to apologize for being a man, and if you go I won't lose a wink of sleep."

The girl sticks to her guns, but you can sense she's weakening under the alpha onslaught.

GIRL: i deserve respect from you, even though i slept with you

Mang holds his frame.

MANG: See you tomorrow

Nice lack of punctuation.

GIRL: ok

Translation: Her pussy just exploded.

She's defeated. Her euphoric defeat was so complete she mewled to see him a day earlier. Game recognized.

How To Identify A Slut: Ring Etiquette Edition

CH · 20 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

You can add another slut tell to the patented and first-of-its-kind Chateau Heartiste list of slut tells.

Commenter backchecking explains,

> In my experience, gals are extremely aware of ring etiquette. A ring finger is raised like garlic to a vampire — or flashed to evidence availability. This tic comes largely from the subconscious.
>
> In a similar vein, lots of cheap rings and bangles indicate a babe on the hunt. Only one finger will be flamingly naked.

The “ring finger glaring omission” slut tell is almost as reliable as the tramp stamp. A girl with multiple rings on multiple fingers except the one finger that advertises monogamous commitment is practically sending up a Snapper Signal to the city’s gine fighters. Dark knights will converge on that girl to give her the hero sandwich she needs, even if it’s not the hero sandwich she deserves.

Bonus slut tell!

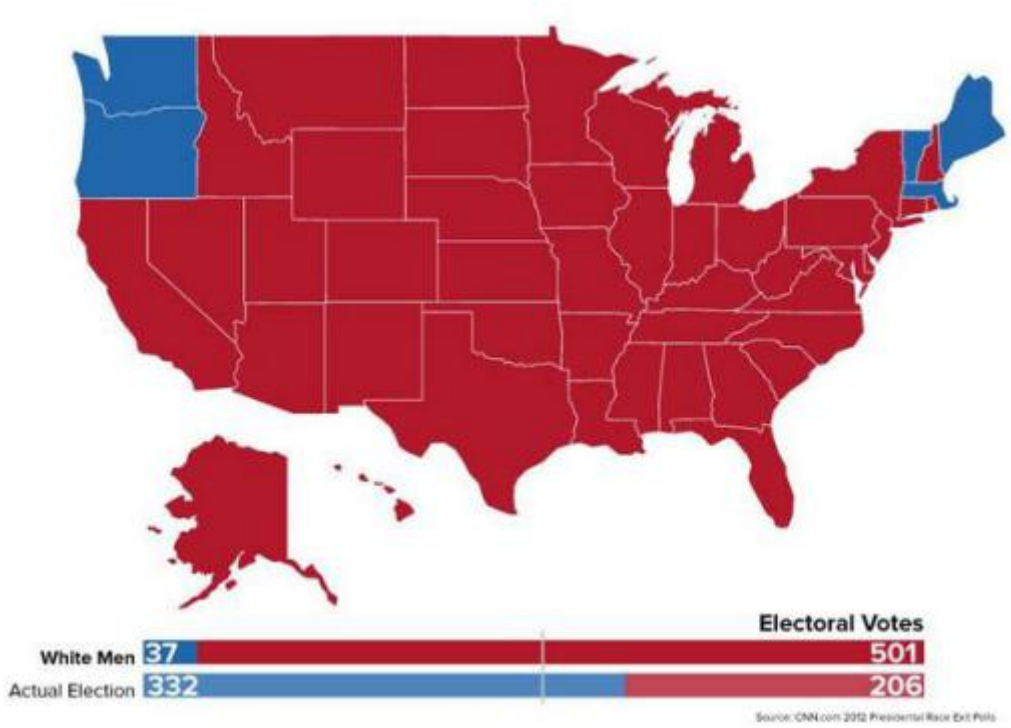
If a girlfriend or wife suddenly requests that you wear a condom, she’s a slut… with another man. No doubt she’ll offer some lame excuse for the change in pound town policy, but don’t believe her. The “abrupt condom policy change” slut tell is evidence that a woman wants to block your seed to allow unobstructed passage of another man’s seed. If you are the other man, and a woman has suddenly permitted you raw god* rights of entry, practice due calendar diligence. Every player should become acquainted with his LTR’s ovulation cycle.

*Ed: This was originally supposed to read “raw dog rights of entry”, but I like the typo better.

Where To Find America's Biggest White Pussies

CH · 21 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Politico recently discovered that demographics and race really, truly matter, and ran a huge article expressing their enlightenment (and burnishing their anti-white bona fides). One of the featured maps helpfully reveals where in the Land of the Twee you can find the biggest white male pussies. Oh, and the most hypocritical, too.



This is what the electoral map would look like if only white men had the vote. In such a world, Democrats would be lucky to win student council seats. However, there are a few (unsurprising) regions where ankle-grabbing, pillow-biting white males would continue voting for the party that hates them and wants them dispossessed from the country they built. Washington, Oregon, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts: If it's hypocritical, sanctimonious white male pussies you want as neighbors, these are the places to be! All you'll need to settle there is a taste for soy latte and white skin (d'oh!), although rumor has it Somali refugee status will get you there too.

Basically, the parts of the country with the smallest numbers of nonwhites are associated with the biggest numbers of white pussies. Unfamiliarity breeds adoration? Or is it more like "supermajority white enclaves encourage cheap moralizing"? For answers, we sent a CH reporter to Provincetown, MA to ask the white man on the street his opinion.

"Sir, what's your name?"

"Geordie Tait."

"Mr Taint, what do think of your predominately white town?"

"That's a racist question."

"Have you ever had a black neighbor who kept it real?"

"Ugh, your question makes me want to throw up."

"Provincetown is 92% white. Is that lack of vibrancy a cause for concern?"

"We have lots of diversity here. Maybe if you weren't such an ignorant hick you'd come visit the dunes after

midnight and see for yourself."

"What message do you have for whites in other parts of the country who, unlike you, live in states with lots of nonwhites?"

"Jesus was black! Ahahaa!"

"He was Semitic."

"Whatever. This country doesn't belong to you anymore. You're on the wrong side of history."

"So the right side of history is Provincetown?"

"It's whatever town shares our values."

"Like New Orleans."

"Sure."

"Ok, then…. Boys, unload the trucks!"

Ten thousand displaced Katrina victims descend on Provincetown.

"What is this?"

"History being made, Mr. Taint."

"The name's Tait! Fuck you, douchecanoe privileged white scum!"

Geordie takes a mighty swing with his thumb-tucked fist, breaks his wrist mid-air on some turbulence.

"Are you OK?"

"OWW!!!!"

"Stop shrieking like a girl. I'll get help."

"FUCK YOU DAD!"

"I'm not your dad."

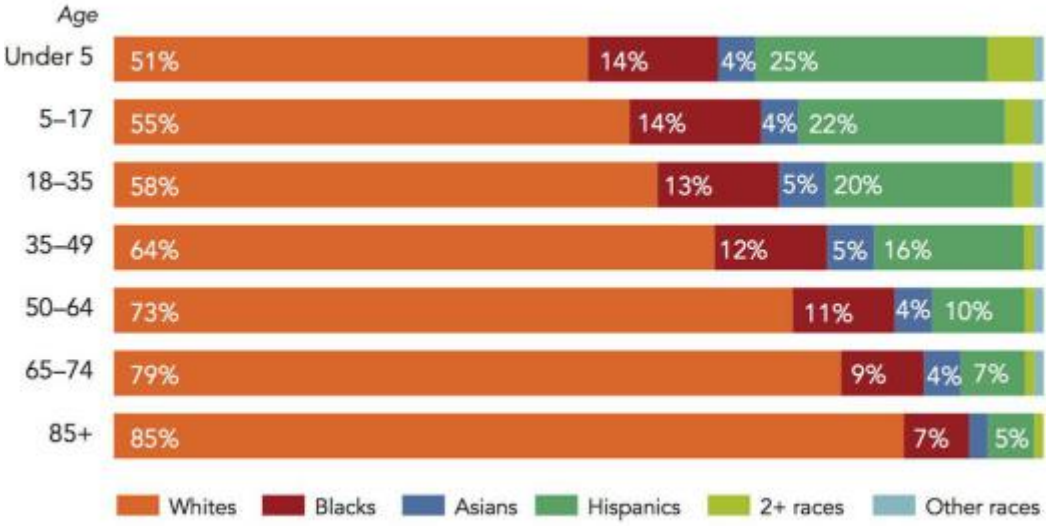
"My mother made me play with dolls!"

***

For the lingering optimists in the CH audience, here's a map of future election results:

FIGURE 2.4

Cultural Generation Gap: Population Composition, by Age and Race, 2010



Source: 2010 U.S. census.

Omens… I see them.

What To Do When A Woman Switches Gears On You

CH · 21 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

"Gear switching" is a common female manipulative tactic that is very good at tripping up less experienced men. You can tell it's happening when one minute a woman is seemingly signaling her romantic interest, and the next she's taunting you for thinking you're in her league.

Reader "Jaki" offers a case study of female gear switching,

> Very common shit test i encounter:
> she gives me a smiley either online or face to face, then:
> Me: "its gonna take more than a smile to sweep me off my feet" – or along those lines – assuming the sale, that she wants to
> Her: "who said i wanna do that?"
>
> how to proceed? thx

First, never respond to a female gear switch with indignation or apologia. It doesn't matter if she was serious, your job as a man is to never take her seriously, and this particularly applies to verbal detours she may pave away from the path to sex.

Gear switches are often, as in this case, reflexive chastity avowals. When a woman suddenly backtracks from a conversation that was turning sexual (or just mildly flirtatious), her behavior is best interpreted one of two ways:

1. she never envisioned you as a prospective lover and the change in your tone spooked her, or

2. she subconsciously doesn't want to leave the impression that she's easy.

If #1 applies to you, you've got your work cut out. If #2 is operative, your job is much easier, because you know there's still interest, even if her words say otherwise. Perhaps it's better to tell you what NOT to do, than to hand-feed you lines, so that in the future you can become a fisher of women.

ONE: Don't apologize for your forwardness. You do that and you're toast.
TWO: Don't stammer about being misunderstood. Same result as above. Chicks don't dig weaselly men.
THREE: Don't cave to her frame, (her frame being "I am the girl, therefore I am the prize").

Knowing what not to do is half the battle. Avoid the prostrate reactions I listed above, and the proper attitude will find a place in your id. Once you have the attitude, the effective response will come naturally.

KEEP ASSUMING THE SALE

"who said i wanna do that?"

"oops. you had me, but now you've lost me again."

KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON

"who said i wanna do that?"

Ignore her, move on to a different topic.

KEEP UP THE PRESSURE

"who said i wanna do that?"

"experience/a hunch/a funny little thing called love."

KEEP HER ON DEFENSE

“who said i wanna do that?”

“you’re new at this whole flirting thing, aren’t you? it shows.”

KEEP HER IN A STATE OF DREAD

“who said i wanna do that?”

“oh, ok. take care then.”

KEEP HER CHARMED

“who said i wanna do that?”

“you protest too much.”

KEEP HER CURIOUS

“who said i wanna do that?”

“three things you just did. i could tell you those three things, but maybe you’re not ready to hear so much about yourself.”

KEEP HER UNDER YOUR JERKBOY SPELL

“who said i wanna do that?”

“your winning personality.”

KEEP HER EMBARRASSED

“who said i wanna do that?”

“I dunno, but maybe next time you try not licking your lips like a hungry cat when you say that?”

***

I hope these responses give you an idea how to proceed with a gear switching girl. Now, none of these replies are guaranteed to work, but they are all guaranteed to improve your odds of closing the deal. The mating market is fierce, combative, and complex; improving your odds by even a small amount will exponentially improve your competitiveness in the all-against-all plunderdome of love.

Comment Of The Week: Edgy Game

CH · 23 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Alex Jone's SuperFan prefers balls to the wall game,

> Alex Jones SuperFan's guide to EDGY GAME:
>
> 1. FLAUNT your edginess. Make sure she sees you checking out EXTREMIST NAZI FRINGE REACTIONARY websites. If she displays any problem with it, MOCK her with a LIBTARD impression & fake whimper.
> 2. Unapologetically throw out the occasional "nigger", "kike", or "dumb broad." If she gives you shit, snicker and say in your best bitch voice, "Whatta holocaust."
> 3. When you're in public, BOLDLY speak your mind. Who's going to have the balls to get involved?
> 4. Secretly buy SEXY SS costumes, give her striped pajamas as a gift, and proceed to DOMINATE her like a bull.
> 5. Tell her she's your Eva Braun and must WORSHIP your fascist phallus for all of eternity.
>
> Soon, every time she sees some stupid politically correct point thrown out on television she'll remember how completely and utterly BADASS and NO-FUCKS-GIVEN her FASCIST MASTER is and get WET.

Edgy Game sounds a lot better in concept than it works in practice. (And yes, I'm aware SuperFan might be sarcastic. Whatever his intent, there's a good deal of real world evidence that rule breaking can help a man attract women.) Sure, chicks dig unapologetic jerkboys. But they also dig charming silver-tongued devils who can deftly read and navigate various social situations.

Smashing social etiquette like a bull in a gina shop is as liable to turn girls away from you as to bring them closer. This is particularly true if the taboos you smash are the most sanctified of your social set. There are certain realities that even the EDGY JERK must abide, and one of those is the high risk of ostracism that would be his punishment for betraying an ignorance of his culture's norms.

Pushing boundaries is acceptable, though. The Zen of Edgy Game is the slow boil; you infiltrate by assuming a facsimile of polite discourse, build the minimal trust that allows you admittance to the group, then slowly chip away at your protagonists' expectations. This strategy works only when you've first established that you aren't a drone who religiously toes the line. This means that you have to convey to your audience from the start that the heart of a naughty jerkboy beats within you.

As with girls and their love of male dominance, a woman's submission is won not with a club to the head but gradually intensifying demands and shows of defiance that weaken the female presumption of her romantic entitlement and undermine her reflex to pigeonhole you as one of the mediocre masses of beta males whom she can walk over. Social subversion is a skill that deserves greater attention at Le Chateau.

***

Quick update. Joe Sixpack deserves the COTW runner-up award for what is in essence EDGY COMMENT GAME.

> If only white men could vote…
>
> the freeways wouldn't be clogged with illegal aliens and their meal ticket children
>
> …your disposable income would be double, yet the cost of living would be 25% cheaper
>
> gas would be $1.50 per gallon
>
> …businesses would be blowing up your email and phone trying to woo you away from your current

> employer…
>
> …the 5% of the populace that commit 95% of all crimes would be securely locked up
>
> …and April 15 would be just another warm Spring day.

Counterpropaganda (COPROP)

CH · 24 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Counterpropaganda is memetic defense against the reigning propaganda, which today happens to be the propaganda of anti-white "anti-racism". COPROP is similar to COINTEL, the former sharing the latter's goal of protection against enemies within and without who might engage in espionage, subversion, or psychological warfare.

COPROP uses the tools and tactics of manipulation of the anti-white propagandists against them. As an anonymous Unz commenter explained,

> *Immigration, or rather population replacement, is one issue where most of the political class is brain-dead, as well as a large portion of the general population. We've allowed a situation to develop where antiracism has gradually mutated into an ideology that seeks to destroy the entire European world. Antiracism is the communism of the 21st century.*
>
> *Lots of analyses around. Lots of people seeing the same problems. No feasible solutions being offered up.*
>
> Mr. Frost,
>
> There is a group, acronym BUGS, that works to develop a counter-culture to "antiracism" by spreading memes.
>
> The most popular one is *"anti-racist is code for anti-white"*. The term "anti-white" is getting record levels of media hits, due entirely to the efforts of this group. Fighting "anti-whiteism" squares the circle of creating a moral ideology to rally around that is also self-preserving.
>
> Another popular one is "*diversity is* white genocide". That's a tough sell to media. I've seen it repeated, perhaps not by BUGS affiliates themselves, with softer finishes like "targeted race replacement", *"white-only race replacement"*, *"anti-white ethnic cleansing"*, and such.
>
> A softer diversity meme is *"diversity means chasing down the last white person"*. This covers all three necessary bases:
>
> Diversity targets only white people
> "Last" means reduced to eliminated demographically
> "Chasing down" means its involuntary
>
> So we have an undemocratic ideology targeting only one group of people based on their race, ethnically cleansing them in their historic homelands. *These simple memes rightfully expose feel-good buzzwords as something sinister.*
>
> BUGS also develops memes to counter common anti-white rebuttals like "America belongs to the Indians".
>
> In terms of countering "antiracism" and "diversity", the BUGS meme strategy of exposing the sinister meaning behind those terms is the most effective strategy I've seen.

QFT. Branding matters. People may feel something wrong deep in their bones, but cannot express their anxiety. Slogans and catchphrases and snappy aphorisms — COPROP — bridge the gap between feeling and expression. These performance-tuned words, so simple, direct, and honest, beat back decades of propaganda foisted on us by the Lords of Lies, and catalyze resistance. Even rebellion. Clear messages help a psychologically imprisoned people to clear their minds of culture trash, and from that follows boldness of belief and, finally, action.

ANTI-RACIST IS CODE FOR ANTI-WHITE
AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS, ASIA FOR THE ASIANS, WHITE COUNTRIES FOR EVERYBODY

And, of course, CH's own contribution to anti-anti-white COPROP:

DIVERSITY + PROXIMITY = WAR

Now all this movement needs is a logo, a symbol encapsulating great power and righteousness, as its war banner.

SJW Game

CH · 24 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

SJW (Social Justice Warrior) Game is described by commenter “Matthew Yglesias is a sex god”:

> Jerkboy game has nothing on SJW game
>
> 1. Read Huffinton Post, Slate, ThinkProgress, and Vox religiously. Check in with the NYT on occasion for a moderate opinion.
> 2. Regularly post on facebook articles about the benefits of eating local and organic, heartwarming tales of minority children, and uplifting quotes about how happiness is more than just material wealth (since you yourself have a shitty job).
> 3. Don’t lift weights
> 4. Boast of your support for women’s rights
> 5. Impress girls with your knowledge of craft beer and artisanal cheeses
> 6. Continue wearing an Obama t-shirt into 2015
> 7. Whenever the bro who’s banged several of your attractive female friends leaves and is safely out of earshot, loudly proclaim “wow, that guy’s such a douchebag.”
> 8. Marry a Lena Dunham look-a-like at the age of 33
> 9. Rejoice that your wife doesn’t want to have kids, giving you both more time to devote your lives to helping others
> 10. Drunkenly hit on your apolitical friend’s attractive wife at a cocktail party. Get rebuffed.
> 11. Go on game websites and ridicule them for being misogynist posers who don’t actually get laid

Numbers 7 and 11 are the sharpest shivs. So many shitlibs I’ve known who guffawed about some cool jerk’s “douchebaggery” once he was out of the room. “Douchebag” has morphed into a catch-all SWPL term for a white man with noticeable muscle development, fearless social command that attracts slender women, and insufficient fealty to leftoid groupthink. It’s the Wormtongue whine of the bitter androgyne.

MYIASG’s comment arrived too late to be included in this week’s Comment of the Week (COTW) sporting event, but it will be grandfathered in as a submission for Comment of the Year.

Using Uber Data To Avoid Sausage Fests

CH · 25 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A neuroscientist working for Uber (the GPS-based personal taxi service) has compiled and analyzed its in-house data (your secrets are safe with them, they promise) and uncovered some interesting rider patterns in San Franswishco. Of particular interest to players on the make is the data that shows where in a city the girls are going out at night.

We used Rapleaf's Name to Gender API to assess the likelihood of a rider's gender given their name, only accepting a match if the probability was >= 95%. So someone with the name of Leslie remains unclassified because there's only a 94.1% chance the name is from a female, whereas a boy named Sue would be misclassified as female with a 99.2% probability.

Any deviations *above* this line means that a neighborhood has more women taking rides into it than what we would expect given the number of men that take rides there. Deviations *below* that line are places where we see more men than we would expect given the number of women (actually, technically, places where we see fewer women than we would predict given the number of men).

What's the gist?

– There are 35% more women in the Marina and 47% more women in Pac Heights on weekend nights than expected.

– Conversely, there are 23% more men in SoMa, 16% more in the Castro, and 14% more in the Financial District.

So if you're looking for a guy, head to SoMa on a Friday night. If you're looking for a lady, check out the Marina or Pac Heights!

This is the kind of information that is invaluable to PUAs. (Or really to any normal red-blooded man who wants to go to where the girls are, and not to where the sausage fests gather.)

I suppose you'd need some way to get your greasy mitts on Uber user data to geolocate the certified fresh sex ratios, unless an enterprising matrix hacker could design an app that pilfers such data for personal use.

Something like this would only work for a short while, as long as supply is limited. Once enough men get a hold of this dame data you have maybe a few hours before the sweaty hordes descend upon your vaghalla. And then the women leave.

And why do the women leave when too many men show up? Aren't they there to meet men? That is a seeming paradox of female behavior that I will explain for you:

One, women don't like to be reminded of their beauty ranking among other women. An audience of a few men zeroing in on the hottest three girls is bearable because it can be rationalized as happenstance. But a small army of men all gawking at the same three hotties is dispiriting to the lesser ladies.

Two, women don't like to be around men stinking of sex-hungry desperation. They prefer the company, tangential or otherwise, of men who act as if they have their choice of the litter. And venues where the sex ratio is favorable to men tends to prime those men with the right proper attitude of choosiness that women love. A venue teeming with try-hard men ten strong to every one halfway-decent woman has the opposite effect on those women: It repulses them.

Three, women start to feel a little insecure when the testosterone reaches critical mass. Most notably, they begin to fear closing time solicitations from sloppy drunks. If the number of sloppy drunks exceeds the number of sober men and fat cockblock friends, it could be a real challenge to leave the place without a scene erupting.

Four, women subconsciously assess a place full of men as the sort of place that doesn't attract ALPHA men. After all, an alpha male will know where to go, and where he goes is NOT where every other guy goes. Women intuitively grasp this unspoken rule of nightlife, and will compensate by heading to female-friendly venues that are also hot spots for smart (and efficient) alpha males.

The Art Of Playfulness

CH · 26 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Women love playful men. Playfulness, broadly defined, is nonverbal teasing. Or it's the physical and verbal working together as an insincere form of taunting. Not many men are naturally playful, especially with attractive women. Men tense up in the presence of sexually enticing women, and this discomfort is anathema to cultivating a playful demeanor. Playfulness is lost with age, as well. Boys are breezily playful, but their effortless joy and naughtiness eventually succumbs to moodiness and the grind.

Not in all men, though. Natural Lotharios have a gift for retaining much of their youthful playfulness, which they love to display in the company of women. For example:

This girl buries her face in her hand and laughs because she has experienced a pleasant sensation: the mischievous flirtation of a cocksure cad.

Playfulness is attractive to women because it's a type of humor. Women love funny men, and all that spazz. You don't need to be jacked or ripped to tease a girl into a swirl of charged hormones. A six pack is great, but you know who's going to get the girl more often, and be adored in loving honorarium by more girls?: The guy pulling playful stunts like the one above.

This is not to say playfulness has unlimited use. All play and no lay makes Jack a null void. Playfulness is like an indirect opener where the romantic intention is hidden under a layer of funnyman obfuscation. At some point, you have to drop the act and break the Fourth Wall, giving due to the sexual tension in a less joking manner. Excessive joking can quickly come to be perceived as emotionally distancing.

There's one other reason women love playful men, and it's the most crucial ingredient in the dynamic between the performer (man) and audience (woman). Playful men appear to suffer no worldly burden. They seem at ease, living in the moment, stress-free and unconcerned with public opinion. Leaders and charismatics share these traits, and women are powerfully drawn to such men. If we understand that women are attracted to certain male personalities that suggest an easy, worry-free life full of material comfort (and resources to be mutually enjoyed or effortlessly gathered), and bountiful choice in mates, then it makes sense that playful men trigger limbic love pulses in women.

Playfulness, then, is best seen as an indirect signal of female preselection ("he's done this before with women and knows from experience it works"), outcome independence ("he doesn't fear rejection or social opprobrium") and self-assurance ("he's not nervous or supplicating"). Playfulness is the opposite of desperation.

Alpha Of The Month: Errol Flynn

CH · 30 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

“Anonymous” compiles an extensive list of Errol Flynn’s exploits for consideration in the AOTM contest.

******

Submitting Errol Flynn for Alpha of the century award

a few interesting facts

>expelled from 3 schools by age 15 for having sex with the school laundress and constant fighting

>went to new guinea at age 18 to be a slave trader and gold prospector amongst other jobs and ended up killing a native in self defense, being tried for murder and being acquitted

>had a job as a sheep castrater in Australia but had to flee after his boss found him in bed with his daughter and threatened to shoot him with a shotgun

>nearly died after overdosing on medication to cure gonorrhea

>had his belly slashed open after getting into a fight with a rickshaw man over not paying him a tip

>had an affair with an 45 year old rich married woman in his early 20s and ‘borrowed’ her jewels off her bedside table before legging it, later when he became famous he attempted to track her down to pay her back

>when he first moved to Hollywood he let everyone assume he was from Ireland because it was ‘easier that way’

>When banned from drinking on a film set, he would inject oranges with vodka and eat them during his breaks

>beat the shit out of an extra on a film set because he knocked him off a horse

>One day on the set, director Vincent Sherman was dismayed to find that Errol had failed to appear on time for a scene. He got a female extra to go and retrieve him. 15 minutes later there was still no sign of Flynn. Sherman, irate, barged into Flynn’s dressing room – and was shocked to find him stark naked, having sex with the woman.The film in question? The Adventures of Don Juan!

>had to climb out the back window of a brothel in Cuba after a local girls school found out he was inside and all the students and teachers stood cheering and dancing outside waiting for his exit

>was constantly involved in bar brawls and fights with police throughout his life

>While filming an action-packed scene one day, famed director Michael Curtiz, a stickler for realism, ordered an army of extras to throw authentic spears at Flynn. In a fit of anger, Flynn, dodging a hail of lethal projectiles, raced across the set – and headed straight for Curtiz. The director’s response? He beat a hasty retreat – and promptly called out: “Lunch!”

>While visiting a lesbian bar in Paris one night, Errol noticed his girlfriend slow-dancing with a tough dike. Flynn stepped in to pick a fight – and was promptly punched out. “If they hear about this in Hollywood,” he gasped from the floor, “I’m finished.”

>once went waterskiing with his best friend David Niven and Davids girlfriend. He then cut the rope on Niven leaving him stranded in the sea full of sharks then zoomed off in the motorboat to have sex with his girlfriend

>hosted cockfights in his house

>once his beloved dog fell overboard and drowned and a snide columnist wrote a cheeky article about flynn failing to rescue his dog….When Flynn seen him in a restaurant one night he flattened him with a single punch, however he got a fork in the ear for his troubles off the columnists wife

>once tricked a Washington diplomat into showing up to one of his partys naked promising him a sex fueled orgy. He was let int he front door by a naked maid and instructed to remove his clothes. He did this with a big smile on his face at the sight of this beautiful naked maid. He was led into the party room where there was 30 fully clothed people all in uncontrollable laughter.

>bugged the ladies bathroom of his Hollywood mansion so he and his friends could hear what women were saying about them in the toilet. (from what he heard he concluded that women are much dirtier than men)

>Gossip columnist Hedda Hopper told a story about how Errol Flynn, angered about an item she put in a column about him, appeared on her doorstep. When she answered the door, he was facing her… masturbating.
"I began laughing," Hopper said, "and continued laughing until he finished with a dramatic flourish all over my doorstep. I'll say one thing for Errol. He's the only man I know who can ejaculate in front of a fully dressed woman who's laughing derisively during the entire process." Flynn then said "Will you invite me to come here again?"

>rejected from the US army for a number of health problems including a bad heart, malaria and numerous venereal diseases

>Was tried on 2 counts of statutory rape in 1942 but was acquitted

>met his second wife aged 18 years old while she was working at a snack counter in a courthouse during his statutory rape trial **[ed: doubleplusheh.]**

>the phrase 'in like Flynn' is coined after him referring to his success with women

>when he sold his mansion due to being in debt the new owners had 3 trucks come to take away the empty vodka bottles Flynn and his drinking buddies threw out the window into the ravine behind

>was a big supporter of and drinking buddies with Fidel Castro

>was rumored to put his own semen in the omelets he sometimes made for his guests

>loved to sail aboard his yacht. An admiring fan once got herself invited aboard and Errol showed her the view from below the deck. The fan's husband angrily boated out to the yacht and demanded his spouse. The wife dove off Errol's yacht and started to swim to her mate's boat. Before she made it the husband sailed off. So did Errol.

>Flynn's yacht was such a hotbed of sexual activity that he frequently flew a flag reading "FFF" – short for "Flynn's Flying Fuckers." Flynn kept tabs on everyone's conquests in a score book, and presented notable performers with a badge depicting a penis.

>was nearly killed on multiple occasions at gunpoint after being caught by a man in bed with his wife

>stated that his behavior in brothels throughout his life had been exemplary and they were about the only establishment he was never thrown out of

>after John Barrymore's death in 1942, director Raoul Walsh, actor Peter Lorre and a few other jokers, dragged his corpse into Errol Flynn's living room while he was off drinking and sat it in a chair.When Flynn returned home from the pub, he took off his coat, nodded to Barrymore, took three steps toward the bar, and froze."Oh, my God!" he cried, before cautiously approaching Barrymore and poking him. Flynn and the others promptly burst out laughing and they all had a well-needed drink.

>drank over a litre of vodka a day

>was a chain smoker his entire life

>bought a small island in the Caribbean but then lost it in a poker game

>died at age 50 from multiple organ failure due to alcoholism, autopsy showed he had body of 75 year old man when he died

>most famous quote ‘if i have any genius at all, its a genius for living’

******

According to the Gay Or Straight gaydar, Errol Flynn is very straight compared with other celebrities. (Although Flynn didn’t mind being rumored as bisexual. Rumors of that nature can actually work to a man’s benefit if he has a history of bedding thousands of women. What woman can resist a mystery, or a challenge?)

If even half of these tales are true, Flynn was a larger-than-life super alpha. I would call him a specific breed of super alpha, the Hell-Raiser. Reckless and self-destructive, the Hell-Raiser is the alpha male who constantly tempts danger and lives on borrowed time. His lack of concern for anything resembling good sense extends to his own well-being; Hell-Raisers often die young from the excesses of multiple vices.

Most Hell-Raisers are volatile and stupid (and highly attractive to good girls and women surrounded by weak and boring men). Flynn was that rare combination of the clever thrill-seeker who enjoyed the spectacle of fucking with the heads of his adversaries (and his friends). Still, like most impulsive, present time oriented Hell-Raisers, he couldn’t curb his drinking to prevent his premature death. Despite his love affair with the bottle, he was fortunate to have lived as long as he did, given his penchant for getting caught bedding the wives of angry husbands pointing handguns at him.

The Hell-Raiser with fame, looks and money is a force of nature few women can resist, at least not at first before self-preservation kicks in. His kind can rack up truly epic notch counts, partly on the strength of his allure to women, partly by the heedlessness with which he capitalizes on that allure. Live fast, die young, leave a thousand bastards (or broken hearts) behind.

How Women Avoid Consequences

CH · 4 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Wrecked 'Em writes,

> OT, but good comment over at iSteve about "Karpman Drama Triangle"… **[ed: i can't ~~be bothered to~~ find the link]** and how women transmogrify from "strong woman – hear me roar" to "damsel in distress – rescue me" very quickly to wiggle out of consequences and to keep the blame on "not me". Might be a good topic to investigate.

This all gets back to the Fundamental Premise. Women are the biologically and reproductively more valuable sex, (men are the culturally and civilizationally more valuable sex), and this instinctive reality influences every social and political aspect of our lives. It's the reason why women are eager to recuse themselves from any blame, no matter how deserving, and the reason why men are eager to enable women to do this.

Since this sex difference in blame apportioning and accountability is biological in nature, there will never be a program or seminar or rehabilitation camp capable of overturning it. The most you can do is point it out so the worst excesses of it aren't codified into law by raving feminist lunatics and nancyboy beta suckups.

Women are indeed verbal magicians in the art of redirecting blame and avoiding consequences for their actions. They likely evolved this talent as an answer (antidote?) to male physical and martial superiority. Some other ways women avoid consequences:

– blaming "the system" or "the patriarchy" (this covers a wide swath of feminist philosophy, such as it is)
– pathologizing male behavior
– exploiting white knights (most of whom are beta males secretly yearning for romantic attention)
– making "for the children" pleas
– demanding female sexual empowerment, then demanding desexualized men (a fine demonstration of cruelty)
– gossip and alliance-building
– tears
– sex withdrawal (the male analogue of sex withdrawal is resource withdrawal. ask a wife how she'd feel about that!)
– its opposite: promises of sex
– poisoning children against their fathers
– making, or threatening, abuse and rape allegations (more common than most think, because a tyrannical state permits this vile behavior to metastasize)
– being unaware of or ill-disposed toward examining their own sexual machinations (it's easier to defy blame for crappy behavior when you can't perceive the importance of your agency, or the motivation for your desires)

It's good to know these unsavory characteristics of women, but unfortunately the inertia toward idealizing the imagined purity of women is strong in tradcons like Steve Sailer and Ross Douthat. No offense to these gentlemen (ok, a little offense), they mean well and their Galileic work in these neoPuritan times is invaluable, but their #Realtalk stops at the bedroom door, like it does for most men with limited experience in the mating trenches.

The Iconic SJW Face

CH · 21 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's hard to choose one face that stands — or scrunches — above the rest as the iconic social justice warrior (SJW) face. But I believe I have found it.

This Harry Potter tranny was snapped at a Ferguson protest in Portland. Like most SJWs, she is a raving beauty. That knitted brow which will never unknot. Those beady, judgmental eyes. The boycut. The thin, sexless lips pressed into a perpetual Puritan's scold.

The overall impression one gets is of that fat judge with the testicle chin in Pink Floyd's 'The Wall'.

All she(?)'s missing is the pitchfork and torchlit mob, and a witch to burn for heresy against the Church of Anti-Racism.

If only degenerate SJWs could see themselves the way others see them…. I doubt anything would change. Cult religions and their followers are immune to the emotions and sympathies that sway normal people.

The 2014 Illustration Of The Year

CH · 1 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

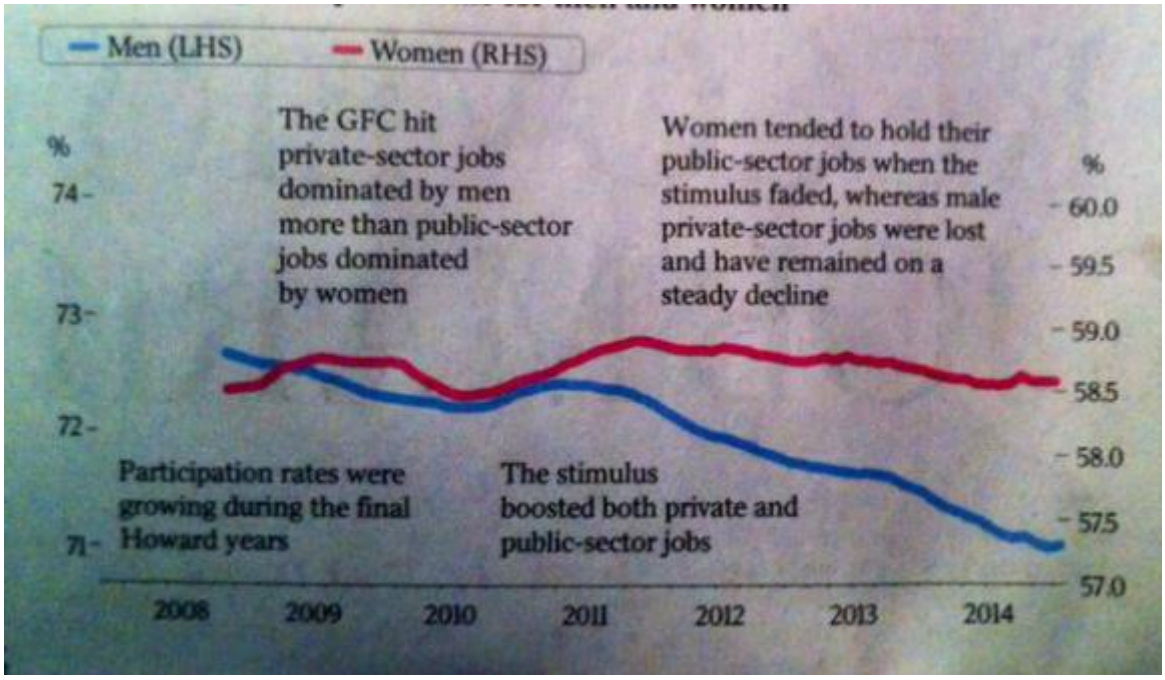
The Attention Whore Gangbang:

The money shot that never ends, and never needs a refractory period.

The 2014 Chart Of The Year

CH · 1 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Public sector jobs and government stimulus are essentially a wealth confiscation and transfer from men to women:



The fantasy: War On Women.

The reality: War On Men.

Beta Royale: The 2014 Beta Male Of The Year Contest

CH · 2 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

2014 is in the history books, and that means it's time to put the travails of the past year's most pathetic beta males on display in a cleansing ritual of public humiliation.

***

BOTY Candidate #1 is **Jason Stanford**, a real shitlib who spends two pages excusing his wife's decision to leave him forever for a one-way ticket to Mars, and snarking at internet commenters who, rightfully, question his wife's commitment to him and their marriage.

> More to the point was "buck," whose keen insight resulted in this trenchant observation: "Going to Mars and abandoning your husband and children forever? Brave? Hardly. Selfish? Most definitely."
>
> Sonia had not learned the first rule of the Internet: never read the comments. Excited to see the reaction to the story, she read, aghast, as strangers sat in anonymous judgment of our marriage. What started as a brave woman claiming her ambition had become a public hazing.
>
> "I want you to tell me honestly," she said, tears welling in her eyes. "Am I being a bad wife?"
>
> Neil Armstrong probably never had to ask his wife this.

That's because Neil Armstrong had a return trip ticket which his wife expected him to punch. Oh, that and the fact that the sexes are psychologically different, and women can't help but admire and romantically desire adventurous, risk-taking men.

> If she goes the distance, I will evolve into a professional astronaut wife, […]
>
> I'll be Mr. Sonia Van Meter for the rest of my life, showing up to cut the ribbon at Sonia Van Meter High School and telling her story here on Earth. I joke about endorsing products ("While my wife is exploring Mars, I'm doing the laundry with new Cosmos Detergent. It's out of this world!")…

Beta males secretly wish they were born female, in the pre-feminist era.

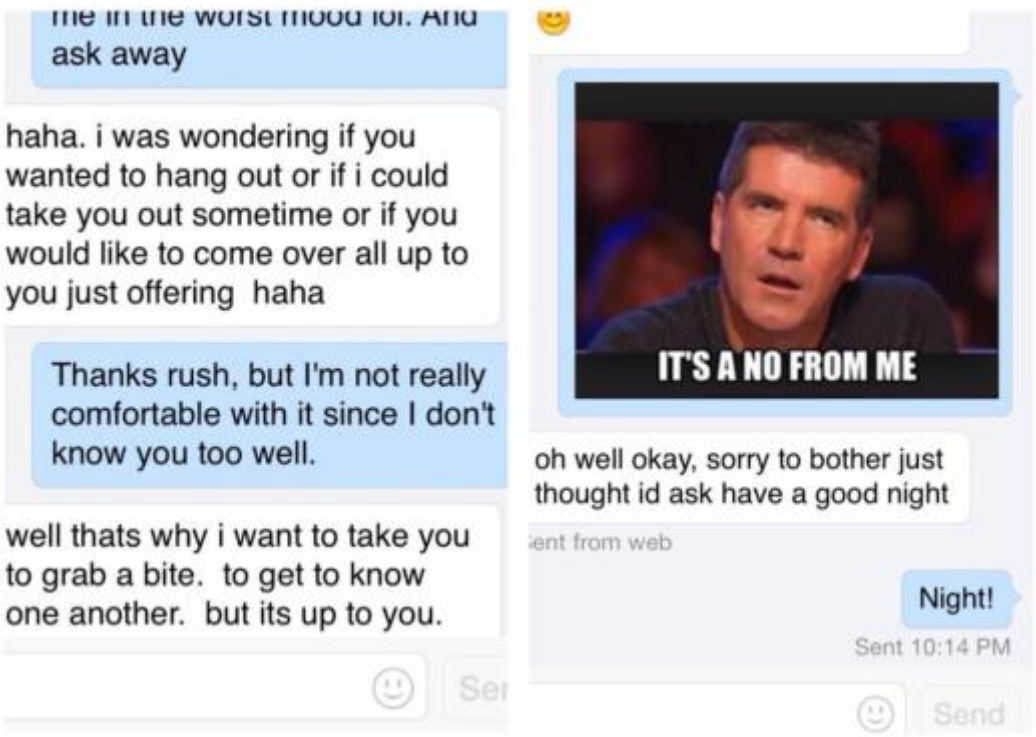
> And though remarrying isn't an option

Scarcity mentality. Whatta brave Narrative Conformist.

******

BOTY Candidate #2 was submitted by reader trbowman. We'll call this beta, **"Sorry to bother" guy**.

> Hello. I'm a big fan of your site and I think I've learned a lot so far, and continue to peruse the archives in an effort to learn more. This gal I follow on twitter posted a screencap of this guy who asked her out via facebook message in pathetic fashion. Where does one began with this debacle? I quite literally cringed reading his side of the conversation. Could he be an OMEGA of the month candidate?



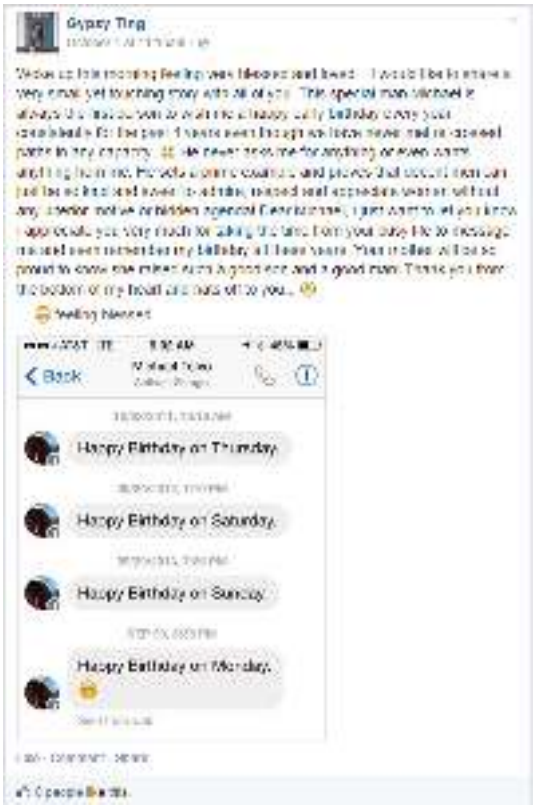
Overly logical? Check. Excessively deferential? Check. Effetely passive-aggressive? Check. Defensively cagey? Check. Socially awkward? Check. Self-sabotaging? Check.

"Sorry to bother" might be the clearest three words that describe the beta male psychology. It really says it all.

"I'm sorry to intrude into the shadow of your mile-high pedestal I have constructed out of roses and love poems with my insolent male protuberance. I shall endeavor to make my presence as unobtrusive and unremarkable as my desperate unslaked horniness will allow, and heaven forfend if my simple offer of an asexual chat should distress you in any way, but as I said, it's all up to you, and by the way… haha?"

******

BOTY Candidate #3 is **Michael Tolvo**, a ~~stalker~~ niceguy with NO ULTERIOR MOTIVE who just likes to message birthday wishes to a girl he doesn't know, year after year, because ~~his penis is bursting with that much unspent semen~~ his heart is bursting with that much love.



Ya know, if after four years your beta orbiter strategy isn't working, you might want to consider trying something less cowardly. There are only so many hours in a life.

******

BOTY Candidate #4 is the skinnyfat masochist in this picture:

I understand that self-deprecation can occasionally work as a courtship tactic, along the lines of the Handicap

Principle, but there are limits to just how shamelessly one can embarrass oneself before the girl starts to take him at his self-abnegating word. Indulging a fuggy fug's sadistic urge to insult you, and taking it all in with a smarmy, self-satisfied grin on your face, crosses that line from charming ironic posturing to cringing loser groveling. Lena Dumpham approved.

This beta would have instantly elevated himself to alpha status had he been wearing a shirt that read, "I'm with Fatty". But he didn't, because character is destiny.

******

BOTY Candidate #5 is a beta male of incomparable cluelessness.

A common trait of the species *betamaleicus menstruatius* is a pronounced urge to assume the best of any woman, no matter the countervailing evidence, and to accept the worst about himself, no matter the insult to his manhood. Short of sitting in a corner and watching his girl take another dick in her hole, there is no evidence in the world that will cure a beta male of his scarcity mentality. He will find a way to reconcile his cuckolding, because he's that hard up for pussy. (Or he believes pussy is that hard to acquire.) And so what you get is what you see here: A beta who believes his woman's flimsiest lies and reinforces his infinite weakness with a clingy "I love you baby" coda.

******

The voting:

Supply And Reprimand

CH · 7 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

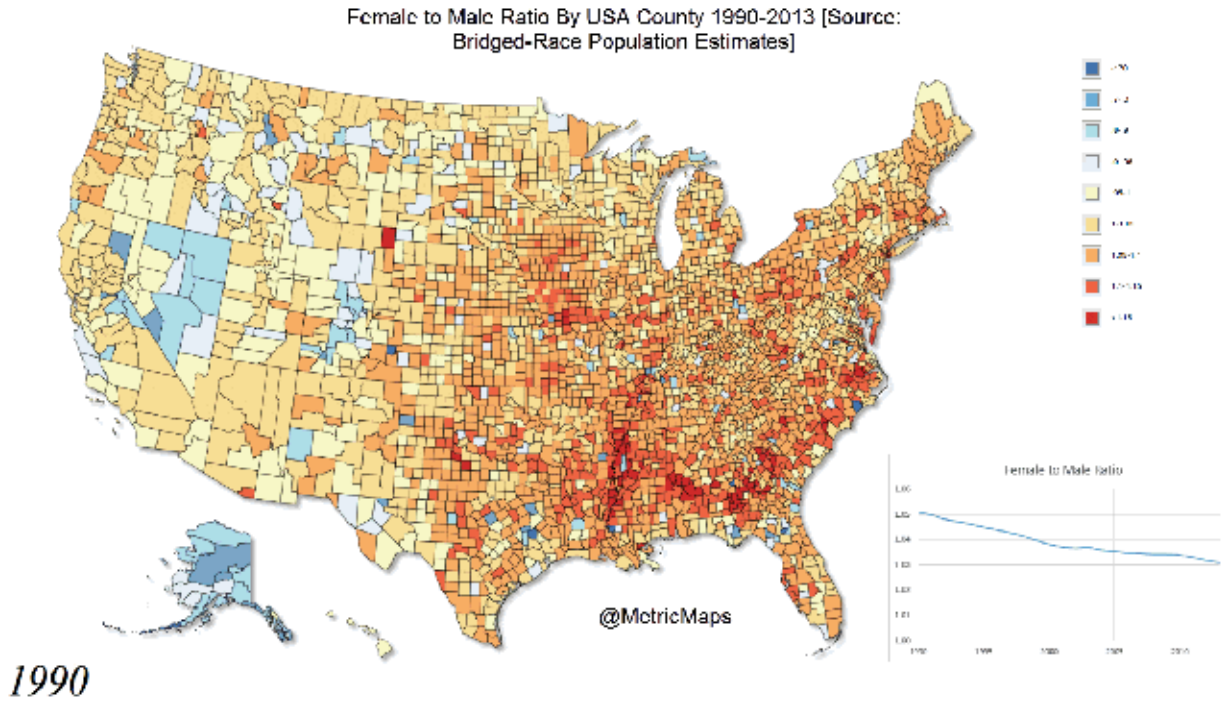
I wonder what gated libertarian foodie Tyler Cowen… excuse me, Cheap Chalupas… thinks about this?

Thanks to the reader who emailed the pic. I like the twist of your shiv, sir.

The Sex Ratio Is Getting Worse For American Men

CH · 7 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an animated map of the sex ratio in the US by county, during the time period 1990-2013 (h/t reader Agree&Amplify):



The blue shades are areas where the number of men exceed the number of women. The red shades are players' paradises where there are more women than men.

As you can see, the transcontinental picture for American men is bleak. Blue areas are expanding their territory and luscious labia red areas are ceding territory.

Sex ratio is important. A good sex ratio will help optimize a man's game.

But wait…

This map is woefully inadequate as a gash guide. Most egregiously, it doesn't break down the female population by age. Who cares about the ratio of 60-year-old women to men? What matters is the 18-28 female demographic.

What about race? Most white men (and since we're being honest, black men too) aren't interested in panty raids of the lands where Shaneequa Law is operative (or soon to be). The South has a "good" female-to-male sex ratio, but you don't see Mystery or Neil Strauss hitting up the Mississippi Delta club scene.

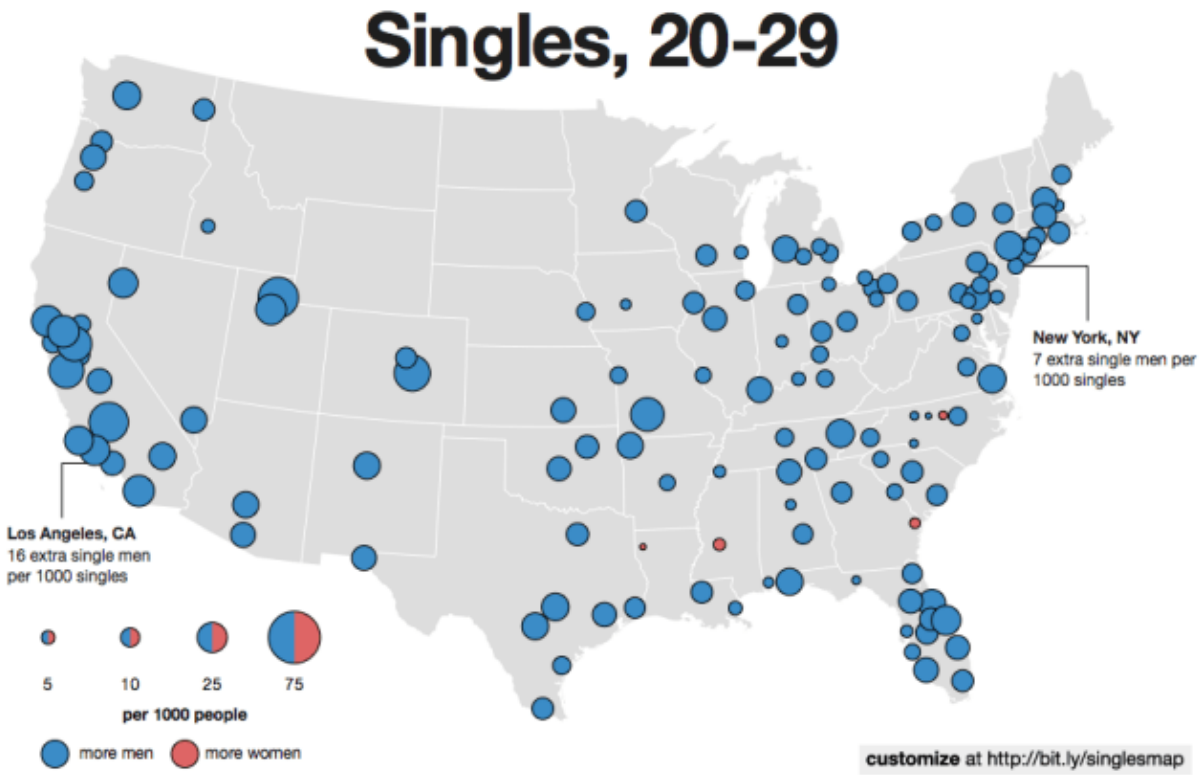
And the Hispanic invasion wave isn't a poosy paradise for American men, either. Most of the 50 million migrants of the last few decades are squat oaxacas with zero sex appeal. It's worse than that, because first generation migrants are skewed male.

Nonetheless, the map isn't totally useless. It does show a widespread secular trend toward more men and fewer women. Even when extenuating variables are controlled for, it's a decent bet that the population share of supple, 18-28 white women relative to all men has decreased, and this, naturally, has knockoff effects on the balancing of the sexual market. Young slender women, and especially young slender white women, have always been the bottleneck to romantic pleasure, but now that bottleneck is squeezing tighter. Obesity, invasion of the less attractive races, and other more obscure factors are jacking up the premium on slender white woman pussy. With every

bottleneck squeeze, the thin white woman ego inflates by 50 psi. Is it any wonder that game — the art of applied charisma — is more necessary in America than ever before?

UPDATE

Jayman links to a map which breaks down the singles sex ratio by the crucial 20-29 year old age group. (Original post here.)



Not looking good. May as well rename America to SausageFestivania.

As jheymon notes, this is city data. The countryside may be better for men, although I doubt it. Sexy single rural women tend to flock to the cities in search of the alpha male of their dreams, leaving their towns pussy-parched.

Saracens Launch Surprise Attack Against French Newspaper Office On Day Of Houellebecq's Publication Of 'Submission'

CH · 7 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Charles Martel wept.

Romance, 2015 Edition

CH · 8 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter dirkdiggly unzips in front of a mirror and 'miringly unfurls this meaty tale of modern romance:

> What fun it would be to make a "romcom" depicting a fiery romantic relationship as it actually plays out for the garden-variety CH apprentice…
>
> Boy meets girl at a gathering of mutual friends.
> Girl is objectively prettier than the guy, and clearly bored with her life and asteroid belts of hopeful orbiters, also present at the gathering.
> Guy behaves outlandishly, or displays bold talent that sets him apart -no fucks given.
> Guy negs girl, finishes her drink while she goes to the bathroom to gossip.
> Numbers are exchanged. Guy writes hers on a napkin -loses napkin.
> She calls after a few days of expectant waiting and overthink.
> Guy "forgets" her name, but tells her that he remembers her hairstyle because it's so common these days.
> Girl asks guy on a date.
> Sparks fly, fluids are exchanged.
> Guy loudly poops immediately post-coitus, bathroom door open. Girl is fascinated.
> Guy doesn't call for a week. Smoke pours from girl's ears due to hamster wheel tread stripping and transmission fire.
> Guy texts "sup". Girl swoons.
> Casual sex ensues for six months. Guy avoids meeting her family.
> Guy moves across country. Girl uproots entire life, quits job at Forever21, follows.
> Girl arrives to find guy with new girlfriend…"babe I thought we had an understanding"
> Credits roll to sounds of wailing/sobbing.
>
> I'm drafting a script now, wonder which studio will jump on this "feel-good hit of the summer" first?
>
> I'll be setting up an indiegogo for those who feel compelled to donate.

This romantic scenario is far more common than the ones you see in typical rom-coms. But it would bomb at the box office, because women wouldn't like it. Women don't like depictions of love and romance that are too honest about the nature of their own sexuality. See, for example, *Blue Valentine*. Concealed ovulation should be your first clue that women are born masters at the art of self-deception.

Romance Isn't Foreplay

CH · 8 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passed along a link to a post from what I believe is a satire website, called 'The Reductress'. The post title is 'Nicholas Sparks' Wife: Romantic Gestures Are Not Orgasms'. It's funny, if stylistically pedestrian.

> "She really was my muse," Nicholas said of the former lending company account executive, who he proposed to in a thunderstorm but never let try a girl-on-top position.

The humor is accessible because it does say something truthful about the sexes. Women say they love romance, and in certain contexts they do, but grand romantic gestures never did do nothing for their vaginas that a jerkboy attitude and an impudent boner didn't already do.

Romance is dangerous beta bait. Books and movies have genres dedicated to the proposition that sappy romance wins women's hearts and gines. I don't doubt that women sincerely love immersing themselves in romantic escapes, but to extrapolate from that arid swoon a real world wet desire by women for pre-schtup sentimental schlock is an inference error that will cost you more lays than avoiding displays of romance altogether.

Don't chomp the bait. Romance can't spark attraction. It can only reinforce love. You will never part a woman's legs with a love poem. Usually the opposite will happen; your LLoyd Dobler love sonnet performance paying loose tribute to the movie scene that shook your amour to joyful tears in a dark theater will have a decidedly less aphrodisiacal effect on her in the bright amphitheater of humanwave transmission.

Maxim #49: Romance isn't foreplay. Romance is, at best, seasoning on an established sexual relationship.

Corollary to Maxim #49: A premature romantic gesture will have the opposite of its intended effect on a high SMV woman. Untethered romance is a DLV.

Hey, I'm a romantic just like most men. I've given myself over to the mush side on occasion, and it was nearly always a mutually enjoyable experience. The one weird trick I used to ensure mutual enjoyment? I never sapped it up with a girl I hadn't yet tapped. I learned that lesson early in life. Save your romantic wanderlust for girls accustomed to your lumberthrust. They'll be much more appreciative than the girls who have a band of betas lavishing them with jizz-stained testimonials of enduring obsession.

Reiterating, this is how women perceive romance:

Post-sex romance = surprise love.
Pre-sex romance = sex-starved ploy.

Naturally, the demanding male logos asks, "Then why, if women don't tingle for romantic twaddle, do they devour representations of romantic twaddle?"

You've got to consider the psychological prestidigitation of the female mind. There are two self-medications being administered here.

One, when a woman melts during a romantic movie, she's not thinking of Bob the Beta photobooth weirdo wooing her as if she were Amelie in her own little gay Paree. She's not even thinking of a sexy but strangely asexual alpha man doing that. Instead, she's metamorphosing the romance porn into relationship victory. A cute girl has little trouble getting sex from a man, but converting that coin of the clam into a long-term investment is exponentially tougher. Male romantic abandon, viewed from this perspective, is cause for a victory dance by a woman who now has evidence she succeeded taming the dude. This female perspective is always tinged with a tacit subconscious understanding that sex was already happening, or destined to happen, somewhere out of immediate sight, and it was therefore the allure of her nonsexual charms that truly won the man over.

Two, women have a queer ability to imagine themselves as the protagonist in rom-coms, even when the protagonist is a man (as they often are). This is a bit of inverse projection by women, as they identify with the lovelorn “beta man” who is desperate to capture the love of the emotionally distant “alpha woman”. The male character’s romantic exertions remind women of the efforts they undergo to win the commitment of the hard-to-get alpha man. In this body swap, women see something of themselves in striver Romeos, especially that something which speaks to a woman’s craving for acknowledgement of her feelings. But of course, what women don’t see is the involuntary sexlessness that typically bedevil beta male characters, because women can’t relate to incel with the ease that they relate to insol.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Shiv And Sweet

CH · 8 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The best thing about stopping by the Cheap Chalupas grease truck is reading commenter The Anti-Gnostic (blog here) make swift work of liberaltarian shibboleths.

> I think we've seen enough to draw a few conclusions: Islam is incompatible with Western ideals; welfare subsidizes violent, unassimilable, r-selected populations; and open borders mean the death (literally) of liberal society.

I like the slice of his shiv. Don't dawdle about with the extremities; aim straight for the leftoid heart. Fun Frag: The Anti-Gnostic has won the FCOTW before.

It's time for a MMM FRESH MEAT! injection of COPROP.

Islam is incompatible with Western culture.
A few passionate bad Muslims will change society more than a million mealy-mouthed good Muslims.
Tribalism trumps liberté and égalité. (Fraternité subject to context.)
Islamophobia is code word for anti-white.
The white elite is the first enemy of the white race.
Diversity + Proximity = Charlie Hebdo.

Gratitude

CH · 9 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

America is feverish with shamelessness. Teeming Trash World migrants are escorted here on a transnational, transubstantiating, blood red carpet, only to arrive and shamelessly agitate for handouts, hand-overs, and upper hands. Single moms shamelessly flaunt their "independence" and "empowerment" as their kids have to endure a parade of dickheads tromping through their living rooms. Sluts shamelessly crow about their accomplishment persuading desperate losers to dump a spastic fuck in them. Fatties shamelessly parade their blubber, and doubleplusshamelessly demand acceptance of their grotesqueness. SWPLs preach diversity while shamelessly doing all they can to insulate themselves from their ruddy religious icons. Government and corporate globalists shamelessly smash the concept of a nation for a fatter wallet. SJWs shamelessly slake their hatred for their enemies' perceived sin of hatefulness. Male feminists shamelessly surrender the last vestige of their masculinity for a patronizing pat on the head from screeching witches.

Soon, women will turn the Walk of Shame into an exuberantly proud strut.

Worse, the American shamelessness fever burns in a Bonfire of the Butthurt. Enthusiastic abandonment of humility mixed with prickly sensitivity is 100% bad box office.

What this world needs is a little bit of gratitude. And that's the reason for this post. A simple thank you to you, the readers, for visiting the Chateau and, more importantly, for taking the lessons to heart.

It goes unmentioned (until now) that CH receives emails almost daily from grateful readers who saw improvements in their lives, or in the lives of people who matter to them, after applying the lessons taught here. Propriety, and sometimes requested confidentiality, dissuades the Chateau from printing these emails.

Some of the emails are incredibly moving. Like the one from an American soldier who lost friends on the battlefield in a most horrific manner, but who found sustenance and fortitude in the CH writings to bear the pain of loss and carry on. The resulting improvement in his dating life was just icing on the cake. To think that this blog is read thousands of miles away by warriors as spiritual nourishment is quite humbling.

But the email that swelled the heart of CH the most was the testimonial from a father of a teenage son. He explained in eloquent detail his distress from watching his son grow unhappier and lonelier by the day, another numberless castaway of a hypercharged high school dating market. The father stumbled across this digital oasis searching for "help my son find a girlfriend" and, struck by the unglossed nature of the CH message of hope, passed along the Rude Word to his son. At first, his son dismissed him with an embarrassed flourish, which the father expected.

Then, something changed. A few months later, the father noticed his son smiled more, and gained a renewed interest in his hobbies. He was funnier, and fun-loving. The moping and slammed bedroom doors decreased in frequency. Not long after that, the son casually announced over dinner he had to leave the house for a couple hours to "meet his girlfriend". Dad, a smart man, did not make a production out of it, but inside he was bursting with pride and joy.

As was CH.

The gratitude, therefore, is for the people behind these testimonials, because in the end if nothing comes of Chateau Heartiste but that one attentive father saved his son from loveless solitude, every word would have been worth it.

So thank you readers, and thank you to those who have made donations, big and small.

I leave you all with this:

Love ferociously what is worth loving, hate with equal passion what is worth hating, and know that in the happy flux

between those two poles you can make chaos dance to your tune.

Comment Of The Week: The Pith Of It

CH · 1 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Hosswire unsheaths (by proxy). The COTW is his reward (or his buddy's):

> A buddy of mine put it so well:
>
> "I kind of feel sorry for women. Imagine if you could only get a hard-on when someone was mean to you."

A nimble tongue tinged with acid awakens a woman's libido in the same manner pert tits and a firm ass awakens a man's.

***

COTW runner-up is trav777:

> Whoever said culture matters is an idiot.
>
> Race is not a social construct.
>
> Society is a racial construct.

Beautiful. That last line — "society is a racial construct" — is worth inclusion in the COPROP insurgent field guide.

Why Leftoids Are Like Women

CH · 2 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Leftoid Prime Jonathan Chait is feeling kind of nervous about the intensity and target acquisition algorithm of the witch hunts that his Social Justice Wanker allies have been up to these last few ~~centuries~~ ~~decades~~ years. Ross Douthat responded in a gentlemanly manner (and that is why he will always fail), and Steverino Sailerino detailed the intramural derailment on his blog.

The liberal elite are beginning the phase of cultural decline where they eat each other after having achieved total victory over their enemies (i.e., normal people). It would all be a humorous sideshow if the stakes weren't so high and marginal realtalkers weren't losing their livelihoods to mobs of screeching idiots.

Anyhow, a commenter at Steve's, doombuggy, perspicaciously noted:

> Sounds like Chait is just bragging that his side is winning.
>
> For all this winning, they are the most unhappy people in history.

Doombuggy, intentionally or not, revealed a deep truth about human nature, particularly human female nature.

Maxim #105: Women, and leftoids, are unhappy when they have no dominant power to whom they can submit.

Leftoids, and women, ARE the dominant power in late stage Western societies. And this makes them very unhappy. That's because the nature of leftoids, and women, is submission. The joyous capitulation to a dominant man, or a dominant paternal culture, has the paradoxical effect of relieving women and leftoids of that gnawing feeling of unfulfilled yearning to give themselves over to a truly powerful force of nature.

When there are no dominant men, or no dominant culture, to rein in their worst excesses of mind and habit, women and leftoids become unhappy and agitated, like untethered electrons spinning out of valence, naked nuclei violently colliding. This explains why, even in the moment of their absolute victory, leftoids and women wail and ragepout like toddlers throwing temper tantrums. They really never wanted to win. They just wanted to stamp their wee feet as dad sternly admonished and sent them to their rooms.

Now that they've won, they cast around for sturdy support, only to find themselves and their despicable loser cohorts flinging feces at each other. Desperate for a father figure to at once obey and resent, they summon the frat boy or redneck southroner golems, but that horse left the barn a long time ago, replaced by fat pigs and sneaky rats.

Leftoids, like women, will stress-test their objects of dominance. They need to know if the dominant society/men they love are as they seem.

Leftoids, like women, will quickly lose respect for their society/lovers if the former are allowed to get away with murder by the latter.

Leftoids, like women, say one thing and desire another.

Leftoids, like women, will get very angry and spiteful if they are given what they claim to want.

Leftoids, like women, will make life miserable for the society/men who supplicate to them.

Leftoids, like women, are contemptuous of a weak society/weak man.

Leftoids, like women, will work ceaselessly to sabotage society/relationships, and will blame anyone but themselves for their treachery.

Leftoids, like women, are incapable of wisely and judiciously exercising power. A few leftoids and women are comfortable wielding real power for the good of their fellowmen and posterity, but most are clumsy tyrants who

secretly hate having the role thrust on them. They grow angrier, more spiteful, and more vindictive with each day they are tasked to possess the monarch's mace.

This is the nub of it: Leftoids are like women because both crave the calming embrace of a strong, dominant, unshakeable lover.

An alpha society as an alpha male.

But we are no longer an alpha society. We are a beta society into which women and leftoids have filled the alpha male vacuum. And they hate the world for it.

Equalism, multikultism, and anti-white prostration have robbed leftoids of happiness just as assuredly as feminism has robbed women of happiness. But they will never realize or accept this. It therefore falls to men, unapologetic men and their patriarchal goodness, to set them right. What leftoids need is what women have always needed:

A strong pimp hand.

***

Addendum: Douthat asks a rhetorical question in his ChaitFact column:

> Is the vocabulary that the contemporary left increasingly uses for this purpose, to condemn arguments instead of answering them — don't victimblame, don't slutshame, check your privilege, that's phobic (whether trans or homo or Islamo or otherwise), that's denialism — worth embracing and defending?

I have a simple reply to leftoids pulling this indignant condemnation stunt:

"Answer the question."

Conservatives should try it sometime. If they do, they might find they enjoy the feeling of their testicles dropping.

Coolasfuck Game Of The Day

CH · 2 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Every so often a commenter drops a line that couldn't be a more perfect execution of game in the field.

Walawala graces us with his latest:

> The Red Pill realization I have is that despite their constant emotional outbursts and mercurial mood swings, if you understand that deep down inside women want you to "get it" and win them over…the rest of what they do is a smokescreen you have to wade through.
>
> I re-opened a girl I banged mid last year. "Let's meet up for drinks" I said.
>
> "Seduce me" she replied.
>
> "We'll see" I said.
>
> The Blue Pill **[ed: aka beta]** guy would say "OK"….where's the fun for her in that?

"We'll see". No need for exorbitant wit. A simple two-word declaration of fuzzy intent is all it takes to pass the Jumbotron Test and, not coincidentally, the Tingle Test. Coolasfuck. That's the man you want to be, because that's the man women love.

Technical game discussion follows.

The reason "we'll see" is so effective is the challenge implied by the statement. You are essentially disqualifying the girl. The chaser and chasee scripts have been flipped.

"We'll see if you meet my standards and therefore inspire me to put some romantic effort into wooing you."

From there, the girl silently translates this into the womanese:

"Who is this guy to be so cavalier about my value as a sexual object? He must be a winner. I like winners. Wooo, suddenly I'm feeling very juicy down below."

There's another reason the line "we'll see" advances from a great one-off open-rift riff to coolasfuck poetry: The brevity. Women prefer curt cads.

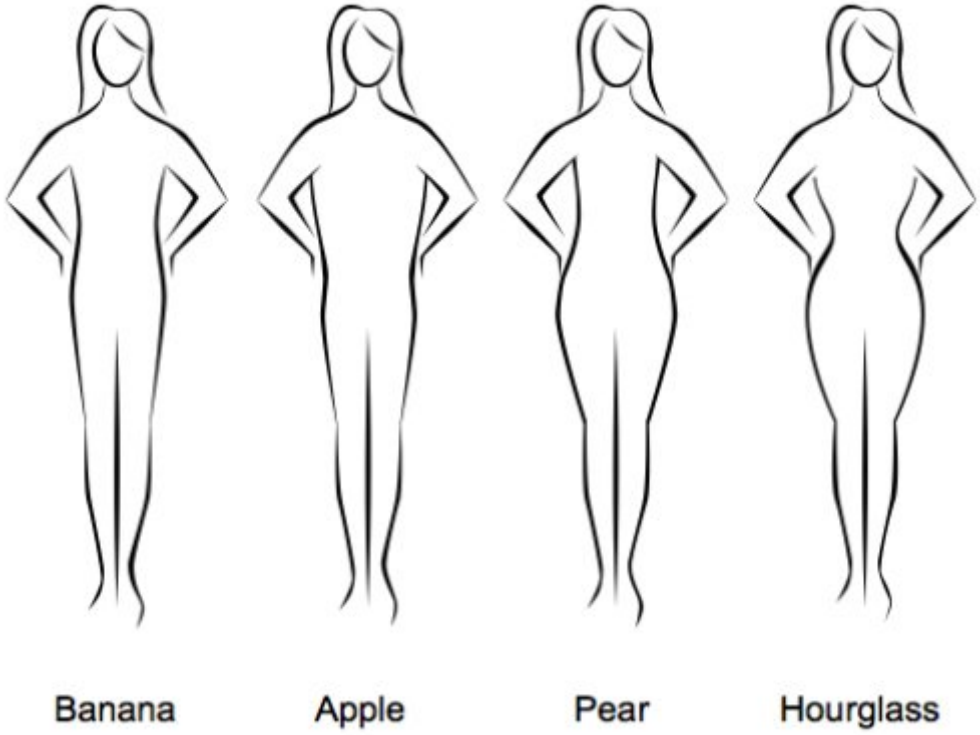
The Five Female Body Types (And One Is The Very Best)

CH · 3 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The shapes of female figures have real world consequences, for both men's capacity to experience pleasure and willingness to commit, and for women's ability to leverage the sexual market to snag a winner man and fulfill their romantic needs. Given that men, unlike women, are neurally primed to get aroused and motivated solely by stimulating visual cues, it's difficult to overestimate just how much a good body shape assists women in the promise of a healthy and happy love life.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" is a lie insofar as it presupposes every female body type is equally attractive. They aren't. Women don't have equal sexual or marriageable worth. Some body types are better than others. And one body type is so much better than the others that women who possess it can name their price.

The Anti-Gnostic, ruddy and taut from doing a yeoman's job disinfecting that cistern of stupidity at Cheap Chalupas whenever the subject turns to mass nonwhite immigration, forwards a handy chart illustrating the ~~four~~ five female body types.



He adds for effect,

> Female body types: hourglass, pear, banana, apple.
>
> I'd add a body type of "rotund", given the historically unprecedented numbers of fertile, obese females.
>
> Never bonked an apple or a rotund. Ever. I've had some widely variant sexual partners, but if she doesn't have inflection points that result in a definite waist, the right subinsular is just not going to be firing. No amount of drugs or desperation on earth could get me over that hump.

The recently added Rotund fifth female body type:

Who said America's inventive spirit is dead? We've invented a whole new female body type!

Of the five, rotund is obviously the most disfiguring, and the ugliest female body type. A woman with this non-shape will suffer MASSIVE constraints on her mate choice options. Compared to less celestial women, she will have the least number of men pursuing her, and those who do will be the lowest value men. Her odds of spending many years enduring painful involuntary solitude are very high. Like her male analogue the socially clumsy nerdo, she will likely spend months, perhaps even years, in parched involuntary sexlessness. And any man she does manage to lure into her sticky, bulbous, pitcher plant vagina will be less interested in a longer-term commitment with her than he would with a woman of more human shape.

The Rotund female body type is so bad in contrast with the others that it practically deserves its own graphic. Correction: It needs its own graphic due to screen size limitations. So we boot Violet Blobbybarge into Jupiterian orbit where she belongs, and rank the remaining four female body types in ascending order of attractiveness.

Apple

Not nearly as atrociously repulsive as the Rotund, the Apple nonetheless squats lumply below the other three body types. Top heaviness works for linebackers, not women.

Pear

The Pear is interesting, because much of her sexual appeal or lack thereof depends on the distribution of her fulcrum fat. If her fat sits grotesquely on her hips like a hoop dress, and her ass juts like a National Geographic native, she will turn off more (white) men than the Apple-shaped girl. If she sports an incipient fupa, even worse. The entire deleterious effect is magnified if her narrow-shouldered upper body sways like a swamp reed atop the mountain of fat below.

But if the Pear's fat isn't obtrusive, and it rests gracefully and smoothly on child-birthing hips without too much distortion, the Pear can be quite bangable. Unfortunately, most Pears aren't this lucky.

Banana

I expect this categorization to elicit the most opposition from the penis gallery. Men like curves, and will assume

the Pear has more of those boner-inducing curves than the Banana. But that's not how it always plays out. Bananas have curves that are proportionate to their overall slender body shape. The waist-hip ratio is what counts, not the absolute hip width.

Bananas are your archetypical athletic girls: Tall, slender and built like sex pistons. Bananas are overrepresented among porn starlets, probably because they have the optimal balance of higher testosterone-induced horniness and thin body shapes that arouse male viewers. If the Banana has a narrow waist to complement her lithe hips, and her torso isn't overdeveloped, she will turn more men's eyes than the Pear. However if the Banana is tubular, the Pear with pleasing pelvic padding will win more head-swivel contests.

Keep in mind that men with a keen future time orientation who are also seeking relationships will be better at projecting the Banana and the Pear into the future, whereupon they will see with mental clarity what happens to each type of body after ten or twenty years, and the Pear doesn't come out looking so good under those conditions. The Banana typically holds up better, while the Pear turns into a Weeble.

Hourglass

And here we arrive, at last, to the goddess. My, but she is a tall drink of tumescence. The vast…. VAST… majority of men prefer hourglass-shaped women. Those perfect Playboy measurements — 34/24/34 and mostly unchanged in their boner-popping power since time immemorial — are so desired by men that women with this body type run laps around their sexual market competition.

The Hourglass lady is desired by the most men, pursued by the most high value men, and when pursued is solicited the most frequently by men with offers of long-term commitment. If she is also pretty of face, she has, for all practical purposes, unlimited sexual market options.

***

There it is. Women would do well to understand and accept the visual acumen with which men make their split-second judgment of women's bodies. Men are frickin electron microscopes in human form when they're visually assessing women's figures. A centimeter here, a millimeter there, can mean the difference for women between suffering the awkward sexual interest of a spazzy beta or the passionate love of a smooth alpha. It can mean the difference between waiting for years for an Alex Pareene to propose in cubic zirconia, or weeks for a God of the Rod to gift wrap a bag of Skittles.

Another False Rape Accusation Rapes The Feminist Narrative

CH · 3 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Attention Whore of the Month, Emma Sulkowicz (Asian-Eskimo), once accused a man of rape. She whored for femcunt fame by carrying a mattress around campus as if she was doing the Stations of the Mattress.

Her victim story, predictably, did not hold up, not even in the Columbia University kangaroo court. Her cry of rape is a lie. A fabrication. A delusion. Feminists wept, but soldier on in the belief that there's a "larger theme" to tell. Just #LikeAGirl.

A Regret Rape is a rape that didn't happen. Let's cut to the chase: 99% of false rape accusations are made by plain janes who shot the alpha male boyfriend moon and missed, and were bitter about it.

They didn't get the relationship and alpha boyfriend status feels they imagined should automatically result from sex, so naturally they respond by marching around with a mattress on their backs and marching into Orwellian university anti-sex league offices to falsely charge innocent men of a vile crime. Dat 60/40 female/male campus sex ratio is really starting to fuck with the heads of marginally bangable girls.

OH WELL. I figure feminist hearts and minds will change once greedy lawyers with brass balls throw a few of these FRA cunts into prison and sue a few Ivies into premature endowment withdrawal.

More Alpha, Better Sex

CH · 4 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Tucked in the CH archives is a seminal (heh) post on the subject of male sexual pleasure and how it relates to women's hotness. It was titled "Hotter Women, Better Sex" and it scandalized neophyte ears, and provoked knowing nods from romantically experienced players.

> I suspect the people who think that men chase hot girls the most feverishly so as to lord it over other men have an agenda. They want to believe that human nature is not immutable; that with the right amount of peer pressure and fist-shaking at the media juggernaut men's desires can be altered — tamed — to accommodate their conceit. And pride is malleable where thermonuclear blasts of lust are not.
>
> If, on the other hand, men pursue the best-looking women at the behest of hidden compulsions buried deep in the reptilian cores of their brains, then there is nothing can be done to change this fact of manhood and what it means for less attractive girls.
>
> How your body responds to a woman during sex tells the tale. The hotter I find the girl, the better the sex is, all else being equal.

What followed was a jizzbomb chart positively correlating a woman's attractiveness with the liquid volume and ejection force of a man's ejaculation.

Not satisfied with field observations, undersexed nerds demanded SCIENCE. It was supplied:

> Slimmer Women's Waist is Associated with Better Erectile Function in Men Independent of Age.
>
> Previous research has indicated that men generally rate slimmer women as more sexually attractive, consistent with the increased morbidity risks associated with even mild abdominal adiposity. To assess the association of women's waist size with a more tangible measure of perceived sexual attractiveness (as well as reward value for both sexes), we examined the association of women's age and waist circumference with an index of men's erectile function (IIEF-5 scores), frequency of penile-vaginal intercourse (PVI), and sexual satisfaction in a representative sample of Czechs (699 men and 715 women) aged 35-65 years. Multivariate analyses indicated that better erectile function scores were independently associated with younger age of self and partner and women's slimmer waist. PVI frequency was independently associated with women's younger age and women's slimmer waist. Sexual satisfaction was independently associated with men's younger age and slimmer waist for both sexes. Better erectile function, greater PVI frequency, and greater sexual satisfaction were associated with women's slimmer waist, independently of both sexes' ages. Possible reasons for the waist effects were discussed, including women's abdominal body fat decreasing their own desire through neurohormonal mechanisms and decreasing their partner's desire through evolutionarily-related decreased sexual attractiveness.

The vigor of the splitter is the smack of the fact. An hourglass-shaped, slender young woman is nature's viagra, yohimbe, and horny goat weed compound, delivered with a hit of Ecstasy.

Interestingly, there's a female version of the CH "hotter women = better sex" formula. Reader RosieOnMaChest stumbles on it:

> Asshole game!
>
> Women really do behave differently in bed with alphas and betas.
>
> Since adopting a more alpha persona, around 5 years ago. Apart from upping the standard of women I let into my life, I've found one other very unexpected bonus…. Sex is a whole lot better and a whole lot wilder.

> Once a woman assesses you as alpha, there seems to be almost nothing she won't do to please you in bed. Two of the current plates have started sticking their tongues into my asshole . Kind of shocked me at first but I guess it's just a sign of the times.

Sign of the hinds.

This is what I call the "More Alpha = Better Sex" formula, and a chart should help clarify exactly what it measures.

First, an explanation of the variables.

"Moan strength" is the loudness of the woman's sex moans. Obvi.

"Shakes strength" is how much control over her body the woman loses during lovemaking.

"Pliability" is the woman's willingness to indulge the man's sexual fantasies, no matter how freakish.

Presenting… the handy dandy alpha maleness-to-female pleasure chart:

status of man	moan strength	shakes strength	pliability
omega dreg	sounds of silence	zen stoicism	she calls the shots
omega	grunt of annoyance	she can multitask	carbonite rigidity
greater omega	disguised wince	stilted pelvic grind	100 "no"s, 1 "yes"
lesser beta	1db college try	did a muscle tense?	it's your birthday!
pubertal beta	10dbs (cat meow)	0.1 second toe curl	it's our anniversary!
beta	20dbs (puppy yap)	brief shiver	pre-coital BJ
striver beta	30dbs (dog bark)	1 back scratch	doggy style
greater beta	50dbs (black woman)	10 back scratches	mirrors
lesser alpha	70dbs (2 black women)	leg tourettes	cameras
alpha	100dbs (corvette)	dog shitting peach pit	chandelier
supraalpha	150dbs (jet engine)	call a sexorcist	"i am your slave"

There are many reasons for a man to learn game and ascend the ladder of alpha maleness, but one goes unmentioned far too often: The better your game, the more pleased your women will be with your sexual healing.

The Thirsty Slut

CH · 6 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Conventional wisdom has it that raw sluts aren't the prettiest girls in school. The conventional wisdom is mostly right about sluts. CH has noted (archive hunt alert) that the sluttiest sluts tend to fall within the mediocre to cute range of female looks. Most sluts are 5s, 6s, and 7s. Proportionate to their demographic ratio, there are not as many slutty 8s, 9s or 10s. Likewise, but for a different reason, neither are there many slutty sub-5s.

(I'm using the term slut in its common parlance: A promiscuous girl. This doesn't necessarily mean she has a lot of sex partners; it could mean she's impulsive and will sleep with a man on a whim, or jump from boyfriend to boyfriend on flimsy pretexts.)

The disproportionate representation of moderately attractive girls among sluts is a function of being just cute enough to get banged out by alpha males* but not hot enough to get commitment from them. These cute-ish girls are in the gray zone between the uglies who *can't* slut it up because desirable men don't want to fuck them, and the hotties who *won't* slut it up because men are willing to give them want they want.**

*Reminder: Sluts haven't lost their powers of female hypergamous discrimination. They may be quicker to fall into bed, but they're still not giving beta males the time of night.

**There is a class (a minority) of hot babes — eternal ingenues — who cash in on their looks by acquiring the seed and resources of multiple lovers. Their numbers are few, but their danger to unwary men is considerable.

Some sluts are discreet about their nighttime activities, although they seem to be decreasing of late to make way for what I call the Thirsty Slut, a Declining Empire breed of bed hopper who takes strange pleasure from proclaiming her sluttitude to the world.

As commenter shartiste (nice, bro) writes,

> Surely the dark Lord has seen the "I fucked Edelman" photo by now. Further photos revealed her to be a gentleman's 7. I'd bet it follows some Heartistian law that its always the less hot girls who trumpet to high heavens when they get an alpha dick inside them while the hot ones are more discreet?

Edelman is a Patriots football player. A hot babe who was accustomed to the company of high value men wouldn't feel a compulsion to publicly announce her role as a passive sexual conquest of a footballer. She has nothing to prove, because her beauty is all the social proof she needs.

But the marginal gentleman's 7 feels like she has a LOT to prove. Sexy alpha males aren't a part of her daily life like they are for hotter women. When one of those alphas gravitates into her orbit (or, more typically, she lurches into his orbit) her hindbrain neurons fire a 21 hamster salute and her vagina pops off like a bottle of champagne sitting in the sun all day.

Who knows for certain what's going through the thirsty slut's head? Nevertheless, we have clues based on environmental inputs.

– Our attention whore enabling society emboldens her. The "slut" sting still penetrates, but now that the internet is filled with girls hoisting their pummeled pussies aloft like trophies after a big win, the individual slut doesn't feel so alone and ostracized. Sluttery loves company.

– She thinks (mistakenly) that demonstrating the speediness of her labial parting for sports stars will bring all the other boys to her yard. (It won't. Preselection doesn't work for women. It only grosses out relationship-ready men subject to her pubic displays of coition.)

– Maybe she wants to lord it over her equally mediocre female friends in one of those esoteric femme status rituals

that make no sense to men. If so, the temporary ego-stroked reward she earns from envious BFFs will be more than paid for by the permanent stain on her SMV record.

– Or it could be as banal a reason as inciting a beloved ex-boyfriend to jealousy. (Note to ladies: This never works on men with options.)

Like her male equivalent — the rejected try-hard beta who loudly insists he "never wanted the bitch" — the thirsty slut is a transparent cartoon of a woman, impressing no one but the mirror and her delusions of social acceptance.

No class, battered ass, take a pass.

As shartiste (two-fer) commented at Goodbye America, the thirsty slut is

> …like a dude posting "just bought dinner for Emma Stone" and posting an $800 receipt.
>
> Slut girl = beta guy

Doubleplusheh.

As any man who wasn't a feeb male feminist or a stepnfetchit white knight would say to the oddly prideful thirsty slut, "Well, OK, that's great. Now tell us again… what did you get out of it?"

"Edelman!"

Really?

"Sure! He'll text me any minute."

Not holding breath.

Why do I call the loud, proud, and indiscreet cock hound a "thirsty" slut? She is thirsty for SOCIAL STATUS. She is thirsty for VALIDATION of her worth as a woman to love. Most conspicuously, she is thirsty for LOVE itself.

This is all female nature 101, but I bring it up because the bigger picture interests me. It seems that in the past few years the frequency of thirsty sluts demeaning themselves in public for a dong hit of attention, and the bravado with which these sluts crow about the achievement of spreading their legs, have increased a hundredFOLD. Not coincidentally, the term of art "slut" has rocketed into the cultural consciousness of late.

Are there simply more sluts now as a percentage of the female population? The available evidence is inconclusive. The population share of sluts appears to be in a holding pattern.

So, again, why the sudden surge in thirsty sluts? I have a theory: It's attention whore enabling technology plus the EFFECTIVE sex ratio influencing the dating lives of 15-30 year old women that's provoking mass public sluttery.

Women are natural LOOKATME exhibitionists. It's in their nature as the sex with the most to gain from displaying their bodies and faces for male judgment. So it's no wonder high bandwidth social media provides an irresistible platform upon which women may strut and slut.

Now, combine this incredible environmental shock with another: The retreat from the sexual market by millions of men into video gaming and hardcore internet porn. This is what I mean by an effective sex ratio skew. On the one hand, you have obesities effectively shrinking the pool of attractive women available to men, and on the other you have the de facto disappearance of video gaming and wi-fi fapping men from the dating market.

These kinds of mass convulsions in the human courtship mechanism can cause untold downstream consequences that most people are either incapable of grasping or unwilling to contemplate. The inglorious rise of the Thirsty Slut can best be understood as a visceral ragepout by marginally attractive women to a painful contraction in the availability of the greater beta and alpha males with whom women most desire to form long-term relationships.

Comment Of The Week: The Danger Of The Traumatized Woman

CH · 21 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

How is a wounded woman like a wounded animal? PA explains as he hoists the COTW trophy:

> A nasty form of red pill involves thoughts of how to act when your woman has been through great trauma, rape or otherwise. A wounded human being is in a shitload of pain, in such cases psychic pain.
>
> They say that you shouldn't try to comfort a beloved dog that was injured by a car because its pain can cause it to bite you. External-source duress, usually financial, can turn a wife into a bitch.
>
> There was an article a few years after the 9.11 attacks, about a middle aged woman, civilian employee at the Pentagon, who was badly disfigured in the resulting fires and how she copes with life. Her husband (photos from happier days were shown, they were both radiant) had left her after the disfigurement.
>
> I was quick to fault the man for abandoning her. But now I wonder, did he try to 'be there' and she pushed him away? I don't know. In the story she said she is not angry with him.
>
> A man wants to be needed and many of us want to help the few people in our inner circle when they need us. When we were little and got hurt, our moms poured concerned affection on us, and in those recesses of our psyches lies a template for healing another's pain.
>
> But like the struck dog, does the traumatized woman lash out at those closest to her? Those with the hard task of 'being there' have to think about what she really needs. Soft care may not be it.

Yes, this is a deeply dark red pill to swallow. I've seen it myself, and I've experienced it: The lashing out of the hurt woman against those trying to comfort her. The proper response to the hurt woman is a nod of sympathy and a studied avoidance of getting entangled in her drama other than giving her time to cry it out, (and giving yourself a little distance from her bared claws).

Why is it not uncommon for traumatized women to push away their supportive lovers? It's a mystery, but my theory is that it has to do with the natural revulsion men and women feel for sex role inversions. The caretaker and the nurturer is the woman; when a man eagerly tries to assume this role, it's disturbing to women on a primal level. It's similar to the aggressive career woman barging into a meeting ready to close a big deal. Men may admire her gumption in the abstract, but as a character trait it's very off-putting to behold in a woman.

Another, related, possibility is the idea that a supportive man, in his readiness to "be there" for a hurt woman, inadvertently "betatizes" himself. He may be perceived less as a shoulder to lean on than as a cloying handmanlet who in his zeal to be helpful winds up reminding the woman of the source of her pain.

Traumatized men do this too, but it seems more common with women. Or perhaps, when it concerns women, it's more shocking to men who witness it, given the pedestal-contoured presumptions that men hold of women's receptivity to assistance in times of need.

Maybe there's a reason why in large parts of the world women who are rape victims are considered sexual persona non grata. Could it be that, underneath the religious or moral justifications, men shun traumatized women because they know, instinctively, that those women will never be "right" as relationship material?

Music Is A Window Into The Female Id

CH · 23 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Holding up a finger to the cultural winds carrying tingles aloft, a (probably) female reader writes,

> Sia is a singer/song writer , ex–party girl with alcohol problems.
>
> She wrote an interesting song, [Fair Game], which outline everything you have described at The Château.
>
> I put in bold the interesting parts.
>
> You terrify me
> **Cause you're a man- you're not a boy**
> You've got some power
> **And I can't treat you like a toy**
> The road less…Traveled by a little girl
> You disregard the mess
> While I try to control the world
> Don't leave me
> Stay here and frighten me
> Don't leave me
> Come now enlighten me
> Give me all you got
> Give me your wallet and your watch
> **Give me your first born**
> Give me the rainbow and the-
> **So go on and challenge me**
> **Take the reigns and the seat**
> Watch me squirm baby
> **But you are just what I need**
> And I've never played a fair game
> I've always had the upper hand
> But what good is intellect and nerve if
> **I can't respect any man**
> Yeah I want to play a fair game
> Yeah I want to play a fair game
>
> You terrify me
> We've still not kissed
> And yet I've cried
> You got too close in
> I pushed and pushed
> Opened your bites
> So I could run run
> And then I did betray the dust
> You saw those teeth marks
> They weren't all yours
> You had been trusted to a history
> That had not worked for me
> Into a history from which I could not face
> **So go on and shake me**

> **Shake until I give it up**
> When I am in doubt baby
> I know that we could make some love
>
> So go on challenge me
> Take the reigns and the seat
> Watch me squirm baby
> But you're just what I need
> And I've never played a fair game
> I've always had the upper hand
> But what good is intellect and nerve if
> I can't respect any man
> Yeah I want to play a fair game
> Yeah I want to play a fair game
> And I never played a fair game
> I've always had the upper hand
> But what good is intellect and nerve if
> I can't respect any man
> Yeah I want to play a fair game
> Yeah I want to play a fair game
>
> I've always had the upper hand
> But what good is intellect and nerve if
> I can't respect any man
> I want to play a fair game
> Oh, I want to play a fair game
> I've always had the upper hand
> What good is intellect and nerve if
> I can't respect any man
> I want to play a fair game

Sia is a 39-year-old Australian singer who's experiencing something of a career resurgence right now. Most of you would recognize her current hit song "Chandelier". It's catchy, visually arresting, and vaguely pedophilic.

Her gimmick of late has been wearing a veil covering her face from view during performances. She's been quoted in interviews as saying the veil is a feminist protest against the objectification of blah blah trail of hamster pellets. A less charitable observer might say that 39yo Sia has suffered her first contact with the Wall and the veil is radical wrinkle-remover and career-extender.

But enough of that. Clearly, Sia loves her incorrigible badboys. Sia later, betaboys!

From the beginning, women have been singing the praises of badboys. What's more interesting, from a sociological perspective, is any noteworthy change in frequency of badboy odes, and in how those female singers opt to stylize their lyrical meanderings. Are the musical paeans to the allure of badboys prideful boasts, seeming almost like taunts aimed at the crushed hearts of lame-o betas? Or are female singers disguising their love for badboys under layers of obfuscating wordplay?

Tuning my ear snare to the pop starlet zeitgeist, I do think barely-concealed confessions of cravings for badboys have been on the increase recently. The weird thing is that this badboy exaltation is occurring simultaneously with a muddled feminist empowerment pop culture fad (think Katy Perry singing "you're gonna hear me roar"). It's as if women singers can't make up their minds whether they want to be mistresses of the universe or just bound and gagged mistresses of a ZeroFucksGiven jerkboy.

If there is a social trend toward women freely expressing their deepest desires for hounds and heartbreakers, this reinvigorated female lust on public display may owe itself to the context within which pop singers, and their fans, circulate. As CH explained, a society that is bottom heavy with mewling, supplicating beta males would push women into the aloof and indifferent arms of alpha jerks. And when the bottled-up pussy pressure becomes too much to bear, even Wall-impact cougars like Sia can't help but throw their natural romantic constituency — older, defeated, weak beta males ready to settle down with any old slutty cow — under the bus.

Women's love for challenging jerks never dies, it just wistfully succumbs to a slow awareness of SMV self-depreciation.

The Special Occasion Texter

CH · 24 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Many men will recognize the Special Occasion Texter. (To be fair, many women will recognize this stalker subspecies as well. I bet men are more frequent SOT violators than are women.) The SOT is the tease-slash-desperado who texts you out of the blue to commemorate a holiday or some other day that is ostensibly important to you.

Commenter 'meet me' has a question about the SOT.

> What do you guys make of a girl who texts you randomly on holidays or birthday, but always delays for a strict meet? I don't try again after suggesting, just looking for attention/orbiters?

The female SOT is a cocktease in digital form, especially if she dodges any offers for a meet-up. But she's no ordinary attention whore tease. There are three common reasons a female SOT would behave this way.

1. Beta Orbiter Maintenance

She texts birthday messages to all the beta male orbiters she has accumulated over the years, and she does this as part of a maintenance program to keep her orbiters from spinning too far out of her orbit (or, conversely, too close to her planet). What good is a beta orbiter who wises up to the futility of pursuing her for sex that will never come, and manages to achieve escape velocity from her pull? She needs those suck-ups sucking up to her emotional needs, and sometimes that requires sending a tiny sliver of romantic hope — say, a birthday text — to her cuckubines.

2. Relationship Anxiety

A woman who is in a shaky relationship and fears its end is nigh, but hasn't yet emotionally abandoned her current lover, will reopen backchannels to once-interested men. But she'll do this with sneaky nonchalance, as is the wont of her sex. A birthday greeting is the perfect set-up to maintain plausible deniability. *"but it was his biiiirthday! i was just being frieeeeeeendly!"*

Similarly, a single woman who has started worrying about ever getting a man to commit to her, but hasn't yet found that Charming Jerkboy of her dreams, will, with wavering reluctance, contact old flames or new suitors to pump her ego and to calm her anxiety. The thought of numerous men "waiting in the wings" is very comforting to single women on their first approach to the Wall.

3. Garden-Variety Mindfucking

She's a wicked mindfucker who gets off stringing ~~men~~ betas along.

***

Whatever the reason, the female SOT is best handled by, most crucially, refusing to chomp on her bland beta boob bait. Don't respond right away to her SOT text. Don't thank her for her thoughtfulness. Don't move immediately to pin her down for a real date. Instead, wait a day, then reply "did u wish me happy labor day? weirdo." Or, "you're so cute when you stalk me". The female SOT needs to know that you aren't the kind of desperate guy to ask "how shiny?" when she tells you to polish her pedestal. She needs to be reminded in so many words that SHE'S the one who texted YOU, not the other way around, and this reminder of her active solicitation will reinforce the implication in her mind that you are the higher value company to keep.

PS If you want to use a SOT to open the lines of communication with a prospect, one irresistibly jerkish maneuver is to text the girl "happy bday" two weeks after her actual birthday. When she responds (and she will) that you're two weeks late, grace her with a laconic "woops". This is a small but powerful tactic to close the organic chaser (man)-chased (woman) gap, and thus improve your odds-to-lay.

PPS The rare SOT who is really interested in getting banged out won’t be circumspect with her texts. If you suspect your SOT girl is DTF (based on, say, past history), then it won’t take much more than a ‘thx’ to coax her to leap at the chance to continue the banter and move negotiations to the bedding table.

Types Of Game

CH · 25 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This post is 1/8th tongue-in-cheek, so don't get yourselves too worked up into an inference lather. Disclaimer aside, there is a solid, observable foundation for the basic premise that there exists a need for categorical types of game streamlined for efficiency in different contexts and with different women.

Don't misconstrue this to mean that there are no universal game principles. The point is that along with the universally applicable seduction techniques, there are refinements of execution that a man could undertake to improve his return-on-courtship (ROC). On that rascally note, here's reader Putin with a cursory list of what he considers different types of game:

> Types Of Game:
>
> 1. Quick Picker Upper Game
> 2. Text Game
> 3. Recover Relationship Game
> 4. Marriage Game.
> 5. Crazy Women Game? Is there such a thing or are they all crazy?
> 6. Dating/relationship game
>
> Any others……

Why are there even "types" of game? The need for differing styles of game rests on three realities: One, the races and cultures of women are different from each other just as women as a sex are different from men. Two, women's desire changes with age (and by monthly cycle). Three, environmental contingencies can subtly realign women's mate choice priorities.

These realities suggest that game tailored to a woman's specific needs which are informed by her racial, life stage, or contextual realities will be superior to a "one size fits all" game.

To recap: Game will vary according to three major input variables:

-Women's race/culture. (Race and culture are nearly synonymous, notwithstanding leftoid beliefs to the contrary.)
-Women's age and monthly cycle. (Evidence, both laboratory and real world, show that women crave alpha cock more when they are ovulating.)
-Women's mating context. (Context includes relationship status, sex ratio, pickup venue, etc.)

I can already smell some of you sweating the small stuff. Pat yourselves dry, un-knot your laden brows, and put down your pickup manuals for a second. There's a simple rule that governs the effective range of beneficial modifications to game:

Maxim #20: All types of game are basically variations in the balance of beta male and alpha male traits.

To visualize this maxim, imagine a line representing the spectrum of male psychosexual characteristics, running from extreme beta on one end to extreme alpha on the other.

ßeta<——————————————————————————>Alpha

Now, if one had to (or could) choose between the two poles, and nothing in the middle, it is BY FAR better to choose extreme alpha over extreme beta. The latter will get you laid more often, and for most men getting laid more rather than less is at least one of the primary ingredients in the recipe for life happiness.

But women are creatures with a dual personality — they crave both the provider beta and the piledriver alpha. Alpha fux, beta bux, as a wise man once said. A man will maximize his ROC if he knows how and when to balance

the expression of his plush beta side with his dominant alpha side.

How much beta or alpha maleness to display in the presence of a woman in whom you want to incite spasmodic gushers of… love… depends in part on the confluence of those three input variables I mentioned above. What is her race/culture? What is her age? Is she a girl you just met on the sidewalk, or is she a girl you've been dating for six months?

Taking all that into account, plus a girl's particular personality profile, will guide you to express the best mix of beta and alpha traits. Or, to put it in PUA parlance, you will find that important balance between comfort game and attraction game.

Returning to Putin's "types of game", it's easy now to evaluate each type based on the metric of beta-alpha balancing. I have placed hatch marks along the beta-alpha spectrum to show you how much of each you should emphasize relative to the other.

1. Quick Picker Upper Game

ß<————————————————-|–>A

You're shooting for a quick lay. This means you'll do best targeting horny girls with few scruples and low impulse control. 90% alpha.

2. Text Game

ß<————————————|———>A

Text game is an impersonal medium that favors alpha over beta. Comfort stage game doesn't translate very well to ASCII. (She'll miss that strong eye gaze.)

3. Recover Relationship Game

ß<————————————|—————>A

Insufficient data. A relationship could falter because the man became too domesticated or too emotionally disconnected. (NB: It can also falter when the woman becomes too chunky.) However, most relationships fail because the man lost touch with his inner alpha asshole. The hatch mark slightly favors the alpha side.

4. Marriage Game

ß<————————————|————>A

Marriage game is a specific instance of relationship game. Time and familiarity erode a man's alphaness, so marriage game typically requires more infusions of alpha, although there are exceptions (like when a woman manages to rope a charming cad into marriage, and later discovers it's hard to change a tiger's stripes).

5. Crazy Women Game? Is there such a thing or are they all crazy?

ß<————-|—————|————>A

Thanks to their dual mate choice algorithm issues, all women are a little crazy, but only a tiny minority are bunny boiling crazy. I put two hatch marks here because the genuinely crazy chick is best played like a fiddle, alternating potent doses of beta and alpha until she feels like she's on a seesaw. With crazy chicks, a good offense is the best defense. PS: Cut and run as soon as you've drained your balls (this could be a full year for those of us with robust testicular bounty).

6. Dating/relationship game

ß<———|———————————>A

Assuming this type of game refers to that delicate moment in time between the passionate first few weeks together and the serene routine that distinguishes relationships that have reached the six month milestone, I'd say that more

beta is the key here. You've already established your alpha fides, and now she's wondering if you're boyfriend material or just another pump and dumper about to break her heart. This is a good time, if you're so inclined, to do those little beta things for her that relax her amygdala and dilate her labia minora.

In a future post, I will explore in greater detail the specifics of each type of game as they relate to common scenarios most men will experience at some point in their lives. This post was meant as a general outline to get your head in the right mental space.

The Redirection Rejection

CH · 26 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever had to deal with an annoying girl who answers a question with a question, like she's trying to put her tier 14 law school degree to use? A reader laments:

> Thanks so much for your blog. I've read it for at least 5 years, and learned a lot. Lost my virginity at 18, so not a natural, but have banged 25 chicks in the last five months in South America by learning from your blog and others', going to a spot suited for me, and generally improving myself.
>
> At this point, I mainly worry about specific issues that crop up over and over. One is that I'll text a girl an invitation, and she'll ask a follow up question about it instead of answering. I call it the redirect rejection. Examples from tonight:
>
> A girl I hooked up with 8 years ago and have seen twice since. Really.
>
> Me: Better for me. I eat brisket like a glutton. I watch the game. They get you drunk. You come after.
> Her: I can't drink alcohol. (First redirection)
> Me: Pregnant? (Plan to get back to the invitation, but first thought I'd tease)
> Her: hahhahaha
> Her: hahahaha
> Her: Can I drink alcohol before traveling?
> Me: No. No you can't. You have to arrive skinny for more contrast with Americans.
> Her: Hahahaha
> Me: You drinking was the least important step. Most important is that I have my brisket and you come after. I will prepare you for your trip.
> Her: What is brisket (second redirection)
>
> Not expecting to see her tomorrow
>
> ———
>
> A girl whose number I got at a party and who I have invited out a few times with no success. I had given up. Tonight she texts me.
>
> Her: Hey! You up to anything tonight?
> Me: Working up the courage to ask me out? □ (don't chomp the beta bait, frame her as chasing, I toy with dropping the emoticon but I don't want to discourage her)
> Her: Hahahahah. Call it whatever you want.
> Me: (stop fucking around and make the plans) Come by at 11. I have the best drink in town chilling in my fridge. Maybe you can convince me to go to [well-known club]
> Her: What exactly is the best drink in town? (redirection)
> Me: [Image of the bottle with the caption Trust Me]
> Her: Haha. Alright. I'm sold.
>
> expecting her in two hours
>
> ———-
>
> A girl whose number I got out once. Never met up since. Been texting some. She went on vacation.
>
> Me: [funny picture of me on a glaciar, I happen to be wearing tight jeans] are you back?
> Her: I'm coming back.
> Her: And that photo?
> Me: A little present for you. Look how tight my jeans are.
> Her: Hahahahahah

> Me: I would send you a photo in my bathing suit but I don't want to cause an accident
> Her: hahaha good idea
> Me: Let's get together this week. There is a bar cafe I want to try.
> Her: What bar? (redirection)
> Me: The important thing is the company.
>
> No response.
>
> In only 1/3 did I turn around the redirection rejection, and that was when the girl had basically begged me to ask her out. Is the redirection rejection game over? I know that it means my game up to that point has been weak, but can I recover?

When a girl is in a positive mood and open to you, and she asks you which bar you plan to take her, it's OK to just tell her, so I wouldn't consider that last exchange a great example of the redirection rejection. You have to have a feel for when it's in the interests of both of you to drop the banter and speak plainly. However, the first text snippet is a classic redirect. The reader made multiple meet-up offers, and she responded coyly to each suggestion with a lame question.

The redirection rejection isn't game over, but it is game on life-support. She's bored, maybe a little curious where this is going, but so far you haven't excited her out of her resting female stupor. But she keeps the romantic possibility, however remote, open. Mostly to amuse herself.

If you are getting a lot of these redirection rejections, that means you've become predictable. Stale. She can see your friendly teases coming a mile away. She throws questions back at you because that's her way of trying to extract a little excitement nugget from the conversation. She's trying to amp the teasing to a level of edginess that makes her vagina feel alive. This is good news in one way: She's saying you have a chance.

You need to surprise her. Don't grace her questions with a relevant reply, like some earnest beta looking to solve all her problems. Instead, dodge and dislodge her hamster from its comfy resting state.

Her: Can I drink alcohol before traveling?
Me: Maybe you should stick with diet coke.
Her: Hahahaha
Me: You drinking was the least important step. Most important is that I have my brisket and you come after. I will prepare you for your trip.
Her: What is brisket (second redirection)
Me:

Be silly, be nasty even. The goal is a seismic shift of her emotional state from boredom to shock, dismay, and intrigue. If, after amping your alpha for a few iterations in this manner she still doesn't make a firm commitment to seeing you, abruptly stop communication. If you can leave her with her last text dangling for a response, that's good. She'll be wondering why you didn't reply, and it might upset her just enough to plant thoughts of you in her head for a week, after which she may be more amenable to your charms.

Theory: Feminists Are Masculinized Phenotypic Morphs

CH · 26 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Five-star commenter chris marshals ¡SCIENCE! to support the theory that feminists are masculine women who use the ideology of feminism to rearrange normal society into a twisted slutscape that serves the interests of less attractive women who fail at extracting commitment from high value men. Quoting him in full:

******

Here's a theory for you:

Feminists are a phenotypic morph.
Feminism is political-ideological weaponization by that phenotypic morph.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Polymorphism_(biology)
Polymorphism in biology occurs when two or more clearly different phenotypes exist in the same population of a species—in other words, the occurrence of more than one form or morph. In order to be classified as such, morphs must occupy the same habitat at the same time and belong to a panmictic population (one with random mating).

http://rsbl.royalsocietypublishing.org/content/11/2/20140977
"Stay or stray? Evidence for alternative mating strategy phenotypes in both men and women"

This study shows there are two distinct phenotypes within human populations. Promiscuous people and non-promiscuous people. Promiscuous = low digit ratio=higher testosterone=short-term mating strategy.

http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/25250010
"Feminist activist women are masculinized in terms of digit-ratio and social dominance: a possible explanation for the feminist paradox."

This study shows that feminists are masculinised in terms of digit ratios=low digit ratios=higher testosterone.

This explains why feminism is about changing society from long-term to short term mating. It explains why they defend women being sluts. It explains why they defend women cuckolding. It explains why they defend and agitate for women to pursue careers and achieve self-provisioning sufficiency. And it explains why they try to change the culture to support these values and necessarily oppose their anti/inverse values.

Thus, there is no right-wing war on women. There is a right wing war on the short-term mating or feminist or matriarchal morph.

Likewise there is a left-wing war on the long-term mating or anti-feminist or patriarchal morph.

And here's the catch: most women are in the long-term mating / anti-feminist / patriarchal morph.

In other words. feminism is anti-(the majority of)-women.

******

A powerful shiv to the bloated gut of feminism is to remind normal, attractive women of the gross, ugly, and deranged feminist women (and their effete male lackeys) who purport to speak for all women. Women are nothing if not herd followers, and if it's made clear to the Normal Majority of women that feminists are unbangable fugs no worthwhile man would touch with a manlet's micropeen, then the herd will change course and leave the losers in its dust.

CH is doing its sadistically fun part of getting that message out to the masses.

Chris's theory jibes closely with CH's theory of feminism:

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male

> sexuality.

Masculinized feminism-congenial women want an unnatural order instituted that grants them the shame-free sexual freedom inherent to men while simultaneously restricting any expression of the natural sexual impulses of men themselves. Feminists want to be able to call all the sexual market shots, take no heat for misfires, and publicly excoriate anyone who fires back. This is the dictionary definition of insanity.

National Review, in a rare moment of ballsiness, also corroborates the chris/CH theory of feminism:

> Feminism has become something very different from what it understands itself to be, and indeed from what its adversaries understand it to be. It is not a juggernaut of defiant liberationists successfully playing offense. It is instead a terribly deformed but profoundly felt protective reaction to the sexual revolution itself. In a world where fewer women can rely on men, some will themselves take on the protective coloration of exaggerated male characteristics — blustering, cursing, belligerence, defiance, and also, as needed, promiscuity.

Allow me to reword the conclusion of this NR statement for endarkening clarification:

"In a world where fewer ugly, unfeminine, financially self-sufficient women can or need to rely on provider beta males, some will themselves take on the protective coloration of exaggerated male characteristics — blustering, cursing, belligerence, defiance, and also, as needed, promiscuity that leaves them feeling gross and unloved the next morning after Jack has slipped out the back."

The view is coming into focus now.

Loudmouthed feminists are more often than not:

ugly,
out of shape chunksters,
unfeminine androgynes,
older, Wall-victim spinsters,
spiteful, LSMV misfits…

who simultaneously loathe and envy the natural freedom and energy of male sexual desire. Because feminists are losers in the sexual marketplace, (and because they know it), they seek to tear down the organic, biomechanically-grounded social and sexual orders and replace them with bizarre androgynous dystopias that help them feel better about themselves. Their justified feelings of low self-worth cause them to lash out at men in the aggregate, (and particularly at lower value beta males), and at prettier, feminine women who by their mere existence daily remind feminists of their pitiful ranking in the hierarchy of female romantic worth.

When losers stop knowing their place, and begin insisting their betters are no such thing, and worse when the losers have acquired the power and means to punish their betters, you get what we have today: A failure to propagate; to propagate as a race and to propagate as a successful civilization.

One Reason Younger Women Like Older Men

CH · 27 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter nash2z writes,

> [The sexual marketplace] is beginning to favor the much older man/younger woman pairing.
>
> I will illustrate. I am a 52 year old white man, and am currently dating a 21 year old white woman, and a 24 year old white woman; simultaneously. I met both online, thru a dating site. I've gathered from both that their attraction to me (I do look a few years younger and can pass for mid-forties, and this is a prerequisite I believe) is in their expectations that I am more old school masculine than the younger men they can choose from in their pool. But there's another reason I've picked up as well – and that is the expectation that the older man is not part of the pump-n-dump crowd (little do they know) of which the predominance as of late has been making these women feel cheated out of what they consider to be quality relationships. What they are looking for, in response to what they have been enduring their entire sexual lives, are for men to consider them in a more serious LTR light – never mind that they don't deserve it. Putting off a muted version of this vibe while at the same time reminding them of the overall beta-flavor of their respective man-circles has done wonders not only to score with these two women, but in my favorable responses from other under 25 female prey when approached.
>
> Could we be seeing the response from women to game – in the wider acceptance of the older man/younger woman pairing. Time will tell.

Effeminizing Millennials works to the sexual market advantage of older, more masculine men who haven't yet learned of the wonders of the brony, male feminist, and transsexual anime lifestyles. But nash2z hits on another explanation that may be more pertinent: There are some younger women who crave a rock solid relationship. Whatever the objective reality, I would bet that older men do give off a "I'm capable of, and willing to, form an adult relationship with a woman who meets my stringent criteria for a worthwhile lifelong mate" vibe.

By filtering for these kinds of younger women tired of the dating scene, the older man can increase his meet-to-lay-to-love ratio. Beyond this implication, it's a hypothetical exercise whether the acceptance and utilization of game by cad hopefuls will drive significant numbers of women into the arms of older (or younger) men who signal their readiness for more serious commitment.

Agree & Amplify For More Sex, Deeper Love

CH · 28 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter 7darktriad3 writes about his ONE POON-HUNTING TRICK that turns around recalcitrant girls,

> Not strictly redirection but I've found a great way of yielding high % of numbers when you get this type of response:
>
> You: Send me your number
> Her: But I hardly know you etc
> You: Your right we should stay Tinder BFF and chat on here forever and ever
> Her: Hehe I guess your right – ######

Essential Game Techniques 101 should be required coursework for all middle school boys.

Commercializing Female Hypergamy

CH · 17 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Rollo comments, concerning the de-stigmatization of polyamory subject,

> Making Up for Missing Out:
>
> On a social scale it seem like the next deductive next step – blend a justifiable Eat Pray Love narrative with the more visceral (yet unignorable) sexuality of 50 Shades and women will readily consume it. I expect there will be the same hamster spinnings of NAWALT and most women respect their marriage vows, but it still wont wash with the overwhelming 'guilty pleasure' popularity that 50 Shades exposed on a large scale.
>
> Writers like Rinaldi and E.L. James have tapped into the Alpha Fucks / Beta Bucks anxiety rooted in women's primal insecurity inherent in doubting their optimization of Hypergamy. If appealing to visceral sex sells products to men, appealing to the inherent 'you-only-live-once' insecurity of feminine Hypergamy sells to women – and women being the primary consumers in western society, sell it does.

EatPrayGetPumpedAndDumped plus 50 Shades is the event horizon of civilizational decadence and decline. Once that Boobicon is crossed, it's a rapid swirl down the toilet bowl. Give women the run of the place and the Swirl is the inevitable result.

I believe the Roman Empire in its waning years was also marked by sexual libertinism, especially of their women. Weimar Germany, too, before its rebirth under a patriarchal epoch which unfortunately insufficiently and belatedly weeded out the psychopaths who are otherwise so crucial to the early stages of revolution, welcomed the indignities of wanton women pursuing the alpha fux/beta bux (sometimes not even bothering with the beta bux) lifestyle.

A telling societal signal of imminent collapse is the glorification and commercialization of the worst instincts of women, and the denigration of the best instincts of men. Our women become like men, and our men like women, until an androgynous slop characterizes an empire wheezing its last.

For a small but portentous example of this radical change, just read the title of the latest attention whore du jour's memoir: "The Wild Oats Project". Sowing one's wild oats used to be the prerogative of men, or at least the excusable offense of men, and this was widely understood by men and women. Now the modern aggrocunt and her mewling manlet sidekick want to assume the wild oats mantle for aging hags and urban brunchettes, while denying the same fun to men whose testes haven't yet climbed north to hibernate.

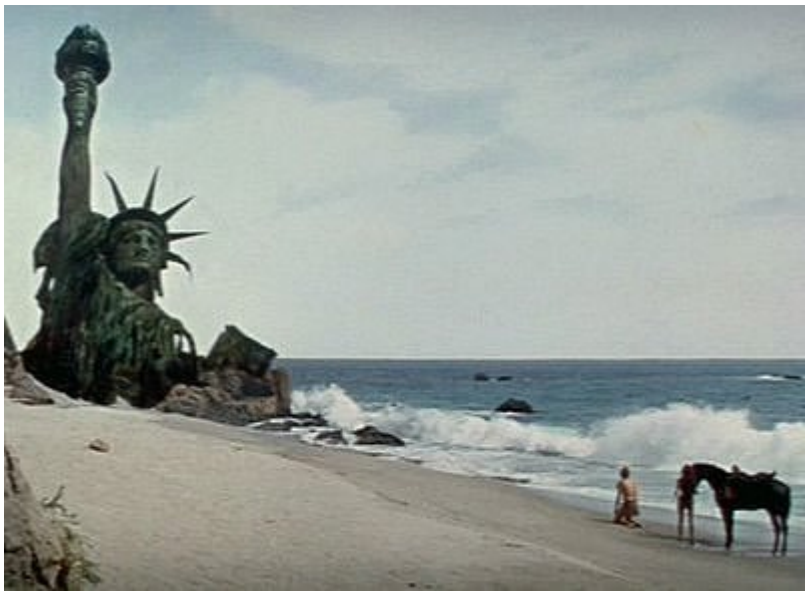
The cultural message is unmistakable: The clit is the new cock. But this message is wrapped in a fairy tale with a very dark ending. Women can no more play the man's game than men can play the woman's game. Not for long, at any rate, and not without a gnawing unhappiness that corrodes the soul.

Comment Of The Week: A Post-White World

CH · 4 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner fredmertz reprimands regular troll “james blond” aka thwack for assuming museums will still be around when the whitey race becomes a relic of the past.

> No nigga gonna pay fo a.museum, specially one fo da white man! Only exhibit I can see is a statue of a giant EBT card. ”Is it true, daddy? We used to get money for nuthin’?” “Dass true Quantavious…it be over now. White man gone…”



Alpha Male Of The Month: Das Booty

CH · 6 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Everyday Jesus. Discuss.

Nobutferreals, the AOTM is this faceless, orchestrating German man from the years 1969-1970 whose candid photos of his mistress (who is also married at the time of the affair), along with notes he wrote about the affair, were recently discovered hiding in an old abandoned suitcase (zehr romantic!).

> We know this because Günter meticulously documented the affair like a compulsive accountant.

Ethnic stereotypes — they don't materialize out of thin air.

> The story would be dull—clichéd even—without the voyeuristic thrill that comes with the *intimate* details: a married German businessman and his married secretary, Margret, have a brief affair from 1969 to 1970. Everything you see here came from a suitcase purchased at an estate auction 30 years after the affair, and it's an utterly engrossing collection of artifacts.

So far, so alpha. But what elevates this man from garden variety loverJunge to alpha male of the month is the following detail tucked in the recesses of his l'affaire journal.

> At one point, the man's wife confronts [mistress] Margret, accusing her of disrupting a happy marriage. Margret is furious, and so the businessman then *forces his wife to apologize to her*.

And there it is. A greater beta male who finds himself balls-deep in an affair would cave instantly when his wife discovered his infidelity and confronted his lover. An alpha male has his scorned wife APOLOGIZE to his mistress for her accusatory insolence! That pivotal conversation as recounted by Günther:

> Indeed, his notes reveal that his wife Leni is aware of the affair but chooses to endure the humiliation.

Maxim #50: The wife of an alpha male will stoically endure the worst humiliations while the wife of a beta male won't tolerate his merest deviation from her impossible expectations.

> In one of the first long notes, typed on a page from a calendar, Günther describes a confrontation between Margret and his wife:
>
> [Roughly translated from German]
>
> *Monday 7.9.1970: At lunch Leni (Günthers wife) says to Margret: Madame, you are a lesser character, you are disrupting a good marriage.*
>
> *Tuesday 8.9.1970: Around 10 a clock Margret says to me: You let this insult from your wife against me pass? No more sex, you can jump on your own wife. Whatever you do, you are not allowed to jump on me anymore.* **[ed: classy lady]**
>
> *Later, my wife has to apologize to her at lunch on 8.9.1970.*
>
> That afternoon they go upstairs again to make love and the note ends with:
>
> *Devil salad is eaten. Everything is okay again.*

Before you think this alpha male has oneitis, or is led by the dick by Margret, read on:

> He gets involved with other women at the request of Margret who wants him to go on dates with other women,

> presumably to quell suspicion from her own husband.
>
> There is Giesela, who Günther describes as "sexually starving", and Ursula, a "*big and skinny*" 21 year-old who "*looks really good. White boots, green dress, black hair.*" Günther reveals Margret's subsequent panicked jealousy, begging him not to fall in love with Ursula. He also mentions that despite him still being involved with Ursula, Margret fights with her husband and asks for a divorce.

When your wife apologizes to your mistress, and your mistress gets jealous of your other mistresses, you might be an alpha male.

> And the questions linger. What makes a man document his affair so meticulously? Did he want to preserve the relationship to relive it later? Was this industrial businessman searching for a creative platform to express his love? Or merely the confirmation of his control over the situation, as he mastered the art of adultery?

All of the above. A man's memories of his lovers and his sexual pleasures will be his most vividly recalled, right into old age. More easily recalled than even the names and ages of his children. A man is roused to creativity by youthful, beautiful women. And a man takes pride in his seductive prowess. This is the way of a man. Yes, a real man.

> During one of their "business trips", Günther makes a list of all the times they made love….
>
> *Wednesday 12 Aug. 1970: 17 18.15 1x*
>
> *Beginning of her period (tampon) Initiation party anyways.*
>
> *Tuesday 18 Aug. 1970: 15.15 -15. 20.*
>
> *Yellow chair in front of the aquarium (sitting) 1x*
>
> *Wednesday 2 Sept. 1970: 17. 05-18.00 1x*
>
> *With beautiful music, resting afterwards*

Günther wasn't about to let the Red Army stop his initiation party advance. Now, if his mistress hadn't been a sweet piece of ass, you can bet Günther wouldn't have thrown propriety to the wind and pressed into the bloody breach, undaunted.

Günther's testimony proved one of the CH maxims about the power of female youthnbeauty:

Maxim #40: A young, pretty girl is nature's viagra, capable of exciting an old man who hasn't seen action in forty years to perform on command.

Postscript: The photos of Margret the Mistress are poetic in their own right. Günther had an eye for fleeting beauty, and doomed romance. Look at these candid snaps. Overlook her dated hairdo for the full impact. Margret has hot little minx face, if ever a woman had it.

PPS No obesity here!

The Fishing Theory Of Game

CH · 7 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Its provenance uncertain, an anonymous sage explains the Fishing Theory of Game:

> It's like fishing. You don't just jerk your line out of the water as soon as you can. That's how you get a broken line and lose an expensive lure. You jerk her in slowly letting the fish tire herself out. Once she's sufficiently submissive then it's time for the net. After that if you feel like catching another one then just cast your reel again.
>
> You never let a girl control the line. That's how you lose fish.

Mystery's "cat string theory" describes a similar phenomenon of female psychology. A cat won't lunge for the string if it's just sitting there in front of her, but if the string [your penis and any proxies for your penis, like your brain or personality] is moving away or zig-zagging, she'll pounce.

The shared idea behind all these pithy game theories is that women want a man who seems like he gets so much mad pussy that he can take or leave any one particular pussy. This is the man who "flips the script" and has women chasing him. Women love the man of plenty. Women are repulsed by the man of need.

I don't make the biomechanic rules, folks, I just deliver the news, because a well-informed citizenry is an accountable sexual market.

Spot The Diversity

CH · 8 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

~~Poz~~ Vox recently had its one-year anniversary ("happy voxiversary"… that's one smooth portmanteau). A staff photo was Twitted.

Vox, as you may or may not know, is a seething pit of anti-badwhite "anti-racism" Judeo-Christian hatred. If there's a Dindu Nuffin or a Gentle Giant or a make-believe rape culture victim who can be exploited to slander normal, heterosexual white men, the girls at Vox are on the case.

With that in mind, notice anything peculiar about Vox's staff? Can you… spot the Diversity?

I see one. Lower right corner. Couple of asians in the mix, too, but they don't qualify as "Diversity" in the way the word is meant by Voxian shitlibs.

Infamous Tweeter, @CAPSLOCKHUSTLA was up to the task of spotting the Diversity. He responded "FOUND IT" and included a helpful pointer:

Very relevant postscript: Matty Yglesias named his kid "Jose". You can't make this shitlibbery up.

PPS This post hit a lot of nerves. Matty Yce is that you shoving your porky sausage link fingers into a bunch of

sockpuppets? Heh. Tell us, why did you give your kid your wife's maiden surname? Are you a huge faggot male feminist? Or did your wife turn the screws on your nutsack? Could be.

Matchmakers' Client Game

CH · 8 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Are you wondering how to maintain that "man of poon plenty" attitude (aka fornucopia) when your social circle plays matchmaker for you? Commenter mendozatorres asks,

> *"Women are repulsed by the man of need."*
>
> So in a case where a man is being introduced to women by friends/acquaintances, does this work against him, since it could come across as him being needy?

It *could*, but it won't, if you know the Way of the Charming Jerkboy. It's a very simple reframe when you want to avoid the stink of neediness that does tend to Pigpen-ishly waft around the clients of eager beaver matchmakers. When you are introduced to the girl, lightheartedly break the ice:

"I apologize for my friends' insistence on setting me up. They apparently don't like the women I date without their help."

This serves two subcommunication goals: One, you don't need their help to get laid. Two, she'll wonder what kinds of women you pull. And when women wonder about that, their hamsters can't resist imagining some sexy, hell-on-wheels badgirl with zero bedroom inhibitions.

The Essence Of Game Condensed To A Three Second Video

CH · 8 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

You can practically see the exact moment a tingle zaps her vagina.

The ponytail pull is a staple of charismatic jerkboys. This outtake is the best distillation of game in three seconds you will likely come across. Why is this so? Think back to this post describing the Fishing Theory of Game.

> The shared idea behind all these pithy game theories is that women want a man who seems like he gets so much mad pussy that he can take or leave any one particular pussy. This is the man who "flips the script" and has women chasing him. **Women love the man of plenty. Women are repulsed by the man of need.**

The ponytail pull is fun, teasing, even taunting. But there's a deeper subcommunication that speaks directly to the female id. The man who pulls the ponytail with reckless disregard for the potential of a withering rebuke from the girl is the man who, through his strong indication of indifference (IOI) to the girl's reaction, signals that he is flush with sexual market options.

The ponytail pull is a powerful mate value cue; it implies to the delighted recipient, "This man is a man of plenty. He breezily risks my wrath, and my romantic rejection, therefore he must have no trouble getting women. Women desire him, so I must desire him. And, oh yeah, the thought of getting my hair pulled during a sweaty rut turns me on."

A clearer delineation between alpha and beta males you couldn't find. If you surveyed one hundred alpha males, more than a handful would confess to having pulled the ponytail. And those who hadn't could easily envision themselves doing it.

One hundred beta males, to the contrary, would confess to never having pulled a ponytail. Instead, they would stare aghast at this demonstration of entitled, dominant, seductive male courtship display, and wonder aloud how it is girls fall for these jerks every time while they politely keep their hands off ponytails like true gentlemen.

Careerism, Alcoholism, Promiscuity: Good For Men, Bad For Women

CH · 9 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Readers sometimes ask, “CH, if you were imprisoned in a cage of domesticity, how would you deal with the cramping of your style? What would do when your old lady is a faint echo of her former pumpworthy glory?” I’ve always half-glibly said, “liquor and hookers”. Now a reader happily affirms the essential ingredients of the CH recipe for the good life. We’ll call it CAP:

Careerism, Alcoholism, Promiscuity.

drunicusrex writes,

> Careerism plus functioning alcoholism plus promiscuity is perfectly fine in men, so long as they support their families well, and raise strong, intelligent children.
>
> It’s also very possible as a married man to enjoy a few drinks, keep a mistress discreetly, and be a fine father.
>
> Most every wife will peter out eventually, in either looks or libido (often both) and yet a strong, successful guy is supposed to give up sex after two or three kids pop out?
> I think not.
>
> Careerism, alcoholism, and eat pray fuck are disastrous in women. That shit ends marriages PDQ, and certainly trashes any maternal or parental instincts. Fuck that. Women who act like men make truly ghastly moms. (And stay at home Dads getting in touch with their metro side are questionable to say the least.)
>
> Traditional sex roles = happiness.
>
> So now wifey is falling asleep in the couch. Earlier from outside the window I saw some college girls heading out for St Pat’s stroll past our yard, towards the bars and shops around the corner.
>
> Our little resort/college town does, in fact, have nearly as many temptations as any big coastal city.
> But I have things to do at work tomorrow ….
> perhaps I’ll just go out for one or two….

Executive summary: You reverse the sexual polarities at your peril and great risk to your family.

A self-confident culture on the upswing features a lot of men following the CAP formula for happiness. A few drinks, a young pretty mistress, and a diligently pursued passion (which could be a career or a hobby) is the secret sauce that inspirits men and motivates them to continue providing for their dutiful wives and paternally assured kids.

But, a sickly, self-negating culture on the downswing reverses this formula. Men become women and women become men. All sorts of crap flows outward from that toxic strew.

Careerist men: Strong, attractive, admirable.
Careerist women: Unfeminine, bitchy, untrustworthy.

Imbibing men: Fun, charming, sociable.
Imbibing women: Slutty, crass, poor mothers.

Promiscuous men: Happy, contented, appreciative.
Promiscuous women: Deranged, restless, divorce risks.

You’ve been warned.

Women Desire To Be Desired

CH · 10 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

An article at Psychology Today titled "What Do Women Really Want?" hits all the Heartistian Realtalk notes. The author sounds like he spent his vacation at Le Chateau, and absconded with a few dusty tomes on his exit for later perusing. Excerpts:

> [M]ore recent studies show that [sex] differences in reported number of sexual partners are reduced or disappear altogether if women are told that they are connected to a lie detector and that the information they provide will remain confidential. […]
>
> The female tendency toward a roving eye can also be inferred, according to the work of evolutionary psychologist David Buss, from the very phenomenon of male jealousy, which is common in all societies and consistently related to men's fears of potential cuckoldry. If women really do not want extra marital sex, then why are men so suspicious and jealous? Why put Stop signs on a street with no traffic?

Women aren't as naturally promiscuous as men (especially men with options), but neither are they as pure as the wind-driven snow, as white knights and pedestal-polishing betas fervently believe.

> Recent studies indicate that the objects of female sexual attraction vary with the menstrual cycle. During their fertile days, women tend to fancy high-testosterone men who are not good candidates for monogamy but have healthy male genes. How many married women secretly act on this impulse is difficult to estimate, but this type of 'sperm poaching' appears to be quite normative among our primate relatives.

CH has discussed "Ovulation Cycle Game" in a few posts. You need never again be SURPRISE CUCKSEXED! by an ovulating lover.

> Men, in turn, are designed for this sperm competition as well. Biologist Robin Baker of the University of Manchester found, for example, that the amount of sperm a man discharges during intercourse with his wife is not dependent on the timing of the man's last ejaculation but on the time since his last sex with his wife. If a long time has passed (increasing the chances that someone else's seed found its way into his wife's vagina), the husband's ejaculate contains more sperm cells, which increases his competitive odds.

How weird to think that there's a part of our limbic subconscious which puppeteers certain aspects of our behavior completely outside our conscious awareness.

> Sex after a long separation tends to be more intense and prolonged. This is because long intercourse increases the chance of the woman reaching orgasm. According to research by Baker and biologist Mark Bellis, the uterine muscle contractions that accompany the female orgasm help retain sperm inside the vagina and move them toward the ovaries, and fertilization.

I don't know about the validity of the explanation for it, but I agree that absence makes the rod grow harder even if it doesn't necessarily make the heart grow fonder.

> [T]he evidence suggests that women initiate divorce more often than men, and benefit less from marriage than do men on measures of health, happiness, and wealth. Additionally, as is well known to clinical psychologists and marriage counselors everywhere, many women who feel close to a loving partner nevertheless fail to feel passion for him.

Relationship Game is the cure for what ails a wife's flagging libido. And, yeah, that female hypergamy is a bitch on lifelong love.

> If monogamy, intimacy and communication are the engines of female desire, why do so many women fail to ignite with a familiar and faithful man? Why does their passion fizzle in marriage? Why will they seek to secretly graze in foreign pastures? Why do they not benefit from the monogamous arrangement more? Why do they break it up more readily?

All these burning questions answered here, in full, at the Chateau over the years. We are your one stop shoppe for the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And amorality.

> As additional evidence [for the subversive nature of female sexual desire], developmental psychologist Lisa Diamond of the University of Utah found that many women experience their sexual interests as fluid and open, encompassing at different times men or women, or both. Richard Lippa of California State University has found that unlike men, whose sexual appetite narrows as it increases, sexually charged women display an increasingly open orientation. Women with higher libidos are more likely to feel desire toward members of both sexes.

We're all familiar with the observation that many more women than men go through a bicurious sexually experimental phase. The old joke: What's two women and a man? A threesome. What's two men and a woman? Gay.

> Marta Meana, a researcher at the University of Nevada, has argued provocatively that the **organizing principle of female sexuality is the desire to be desired**.

That's the money shot right there. Women's desire is to be desired. This conclusion is perfectly in line with similar notions of female sexual psychology made at various UglyTruth outlets, such as the idea that women are the "receiving" sex or that women want to submit to a dominant man. The shared animating impulse described by all these ideas is the innate compulsion of women **to be desired**. Desired so strongly that a man loses control of himself. Women are, by their very nature, irredeemably solipsistic, and this solipsism is a function of their genetic prime directive: to use their bodies and their beauty to capture the seed and the services of a high value man.

The woman who denies her prime directive is a genetic dead ender.

> In her view, the delicate, tentative guy who politely thinks about you and asks if this is okay or that is okay is a guy who may meet the expectations of your gender politics (*treats me as an equal; is respectful of me; communicates with me*) and your parents' preferences, but he may also put you into a sexual coma—not despite these qualities, but because of them.

Niceguys finish last. Jerkboys finish on her face.

> Female desire, according to Meana, is activated when a woman feels overwhelmingly desired, not rationally considered. Female erotic literature, including all those shades of gray, is built on this fantasy. Sexual desire in this view does not work according to our expectations and social values. Desire seeks the path of desire, not the path of righteousness. It thrives not on social order but on its negation. This is one reason all religions and societies try to control, contain, limit and re-direct it.

I'm sure there's a CH maxim somewhere in the archives asserting that female sexuality is more dangerous than male sexuality to social order, primarily because a wanton woman can fuck a man's shit up for eighteen years.

> Marta Meana had men and women watch erotic pictures of contact between a man and a woman and tracked the participants' eye movements. She found that men and women focus on different aspects of the sexual event. Men looked at the women, while the women watched the two genders equally. They concentrated on the man's face and the woman's body. What turned them on apparently were the desired female body, with which they identify, and the man's lustful gaze, for which they long.

Men are visual, women are holistic. This is why a man's looks aren't as crucial to his romantic success as a woman's looks are crucial to hers.

> Despite what is commonly believed, then, Meana argues that female sexuality is more self-centered than male's. Mick Jagger's lamentations aside, male fantasies focus on giving satisfaction, not on receiving it. Men see themselves in their fantasies bringing the woman to orgasm, not themselves. Women see the man, set aflame by uncontrollable lust for them, bringing them to ecstasy. Men want to excite women. Women want men to excite them.

Women are the more selfish sex, in and out of the bedroom. Color me shocked.

Basically, everything feminists assert, the opposite is true.

> [W]ouldn't more women be jealous of the desired woman who cannot orgasm than of the orgasmic woman who is not desired?

Yes, women are more jealous of beautiful women than of ugly fatties. Someone make a social awareness campaign about it.

> Meana asserts that this aspect of female sexuality explains the prevalence of rape fantasies in the female fantasy repertoire. Rape fantasies, in this understanding, are actually fantasies about surrender, not out of masochistic yearnings to be harmed or punished, but out of the female desire to be desired by a man to the point of driving him out of control.

This is the one part of the article with which I mildly disagree. In fact, there are plenty of women who yearn to be harmed or punished, even if their yearning operates mostly on the subconscious level of cognition, below the level of survey administrators asking pointed embarrassing questions. You need only look at the long lines of death row groupies to see that there resides among womanhood a non-trivial contingent who welcome the whip hand of a dangerous man.

It's as if a woman's desire to be desired is, when taken to extremes, warped into a need for punishing treatment as the only demonstrations of male desire that will mean anything to her.

> According to this view, monogamous marriage does work for women on a certain level: it provides security, intimacy, and help with the children. But it also suffocates female sexual desire.

According to GSS survey data, married men have a little bit more sex on a weekly basis than do single men, but this finding is horribly skewed by the reality of all those lesser beta and omega male singles who are utterly invisible to women. I'd bet the ranch that the single alpha male gets a lot more sex, and (obviously) gets it with a much greater variety of pussy, than does the average married man.

> At the end of the day, the accumulating evidence appears to reveal a paradoxical element at the core of female desire, a tension between two conflicting motives. On the one hand is the desire for stability, intimacy, and security—picture the flame on the burner of a gas stove: controlled, utilitarian, domesticated, and good for

> making dinner. On the other hand is the need to feel totally, uncontrollably desired, the object of raw, primal lust—a house on fire.

Female sexual nature is bifurcated. Game — the art of applied charisma — will help build a loving bridge joining together a woman's maddening, competing desires.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Wasted Heart

CH · 10 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Porter writes with an acrid wistfulness about the story of Anthony Stokes, the Goodboy™ who recently died in a stolen car he crashed while fleeing from police after an attempted burglary. Stokes had a backstory that makes his case more interesting than the usual Dindu Nuffin shenanigans. Under pressure from SJWs and "civil rights groups" intervening on Stokes' behalf, the hospital overturned its original decision to deny Stokes a heart transplant, the first decision having been based on his already lengthy history of delinquency. Stokes then got the heart that saved his life… for a couple of years anyway.

There aren't that many viable hearts to go around (and the ones that are available for transplant are disproportionately from white donators, pathologically altruistic beyond the end), so hospitals have to make tough choices who gets a new heart. The life of Anthony "muhfuggin heart" Stokes likely meant the death of a better person. Porter:

> Deserving recipients must die so that SJWs may preen. If the staff of Think Progress were the only ones awaiting organs, I would bury every heart in Anthony Stokes' casket.

Reminder: This is the fine upstanding citizen saved (for a criminally short stint) by modern medicine:

This is one of the horrible racists who died waiting in the back of the line for a new heart:

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? Think Progress knows. They and their ilk sold their black hearts to the devil in exchange for the earthly reward of pompous self-righteousness. Fuck them to hell.

Comment Of The Week: Attitude Begets Gratitude

CH · 11 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reservoir Tip slips the thematic quip in his anecdotal blip,

> Had a great, short exchange with a German girl I've been seeing:
>
> "You know… I'm getting ready to leave town, so maybe I'll actually take you on anise little date before I go."
>
> "Out of your apartment?!"
>
> It struck me: every date I've been on with this girl has been she coming to my apartment to hang out, or me making her take me to get food or groceries. I've never spent a penny on her, or taken her anywhere even remotely interesting.
>
> This is the same girl that told me what she liked about me was the fact that I'm an asshole, and all her ex-boyfriends were lost puppies.
>
> The things you can get away with when you have the right attitude…

So true. When I've been on top of my game, full of self-indulgent attitude, the women in my life would demand so little, and give so much. Fancy dinners? No. How about crashing in bed all day, fucking and channel flipping. That's the shared intimacy which makes fond romantic memories you might tell your grandkids with sufficient euphemistic nuance.

The right attitude is the equivalent of eight figure bank, seven inches extra height, six circles of social connections, five academic credentials, and four plates on bench press. The Attitude is irreplaceable.

***

eofahapi is our runner-up COTW:

> I believe that the reason men experience such intense highs and lows, is because for them their emotion is not used as much. They do not talk or live in emotions, they live in logic, so when that emotion boils over, it is raw, uncultivated, childlike and intense. It is extremely endearing.

Women love a stoic man not necessarily for his stoicism, but for the anticipation they feel for his white hot passion when he is roused from his stoic slumber.

***

Finally, a COTW consolation prize goes to PA, for his recounting an experience with a svelte sexpot that would send the typical tenth wave millennial fug feminist into a rage spiral of rape-flecked spittle.

> Confession from my early 20s. Hotel party, lots of people and drinking. This dude and I both gun for the same chick. Unfortunately she goes for him. He was a grade-A asshole alpha, so I understand. Later everyone crashes in various beds, floor, etc. Dude, chick, and I share a queen size bed and I get woken up by their fumbles at fucking. He got whiskey dick and they gave up. Now I'm horny and wanna do something.
>
> She seems asleep. So I coyly put my arm on her, pretending its in my sleep. I stop and gauge her response. Nothing. Almost, like she's pretending to be asleep. I tell myself to go ahead, and I slide my hand up her T-shirt, no bra underneath. And I am ready for her to jump awake angry, in which case I'd say "sorry, I was asleep and probably thought you're my last girlfriend."
>
> But she is still. I friggin swear, by her breathing, that she is pretending to be asleep. So I start playing with her breasts, gently at first and then boldly. Horny as hell at this point, I slide my hand down her ribcage, her tight

> tummy, down to the elastic of her shorts. and she moves her hand to block me, at which point I know she's awake and then I travel back north.

Female coyness is an evolved behavioral tic to fool men — and. come to think it, fool women as well — about women's rapacious sexual urges. Of course, a girl can pretend to be asleep to receive the caresses of that slow hand without bearing the emotional dissonance that often accompanies prompt sexual submission to an illicit interloper.

***

Finally? One more! Cutting deep with the poison-tipped shiv, Musashi scans the Vox staff for signs of dormant testosterone, and draws a conclusion which earns him (her?) a consolation runner-up COTW.

> If the grid went down everyone in that photo would be dead within 24 hours.
> Those people won't last a day once the diversity gets riled up.

They could use the equity in their blue city fantasyland one-bedroom condos to pay protection money, which might buy a few of them a week's worth of extra life. Beyond that, there's no amount of semantic evasion that'll save them once the diversity hits the fan.

The Paradox Of Women's Need To Be Desired And Dismissed

CH · 13 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter irishsavant puzzles over a seeming contradiction at the core of Game philosophy.

> I acknowledge that I haven't taken a formal course in Heartisteology but surely there's a blatant contradiction here. How do you square the primacy of a woman's need to be desired with the dismissive treatment inherent in the Alpha game plan which seems to be the only way to win a woman's heart?

The contradiction is neatly resolved once you accept the essential conflict of women's romantic longing for the desirable man who will deny the prerogatives of his own desirability to embrace monogamous commitment to her.

Women need the desire of a man who is himself desired. This contingency is responsible for much of the contradictory nature of female intention that befuddles inexperienced men. Yes, a woman loves the idea of the man so struck by lust that he loses control around her, and yet she knows that a man's lustful abandon means nothing if he surrenders himself to any willing provocation. His surrender means so much more when it's wrested after a string of battlefield victories, and his self-pride is at its zenith.

This is the impetus for the female attraction to men who walk the line between strong sexual intent and cavalier dismissiveness. To solicit a woman, then push her away, then coyly reconsider, repeated as necessary and with emphasis at each step added or removed according to its reception, until the passionate coda, is the formula for winning seductions.

A woman wants to be desired and taken, but she also wants to feel like she, alone among women, is capable of inflaming that desire, and what better proof of her power to arouse and capacity to awaken well-fed beasts to the hunt than the beast's initially cagey appraisal of her worth as prey?

Executive Summary: Male desire is a conflagration. Female desire is tinder waiting for a match.

Cuckularity: Sweden Passes the Self-Parody Inflection Point

CH · 14 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Sweden is the experimental lab of the deranged feminist and equalist revolutions. Manjaw and manlet Mengeles perform a gruesome vivisection of Swedish society, reattaching parts until a bolt of lightning gives life to the ünterandrogyne as zie menacingly rises from the operating table.

> The “Together” project is another weapon against Racism.
>
> Motala Municipality’s summer home is the scene of a project that’ll see young Swedes and refugees from Somalia and Afghanistan build bridges together.

here comes the cuck shot…

> Camp organizer Kajsa Nilsson was asked why the camp only allows Swedish girls, but allows foreign man and girls, who are sometimes much older than the Swedish participants. “In the countries that many of these young men come from, they are used to dating girls younger than themselves, so we see [this] as a cultural compromise.”
>
> “I mean, what a welcome to Sweden, right, when you meet a friendly young lady?” he added.

the very best of welcomes.

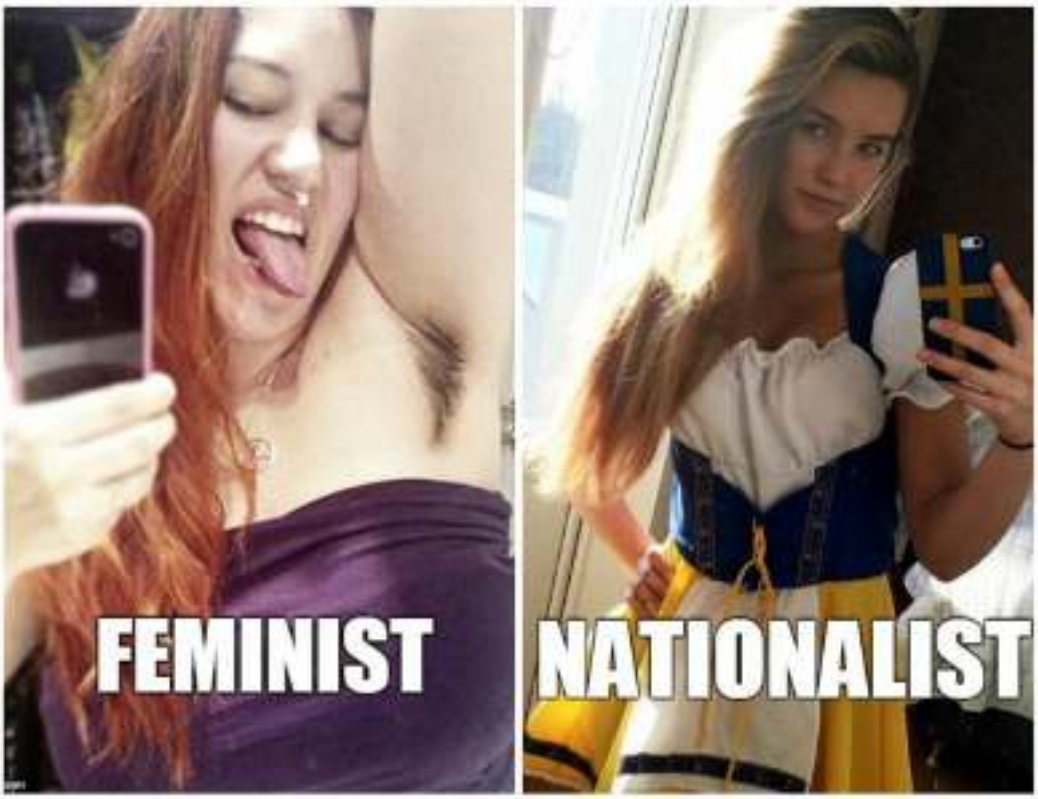
> The camp is held at Motala summer home in the hope the Swedish girls may create “interfaces” with strangers.
>
> The different activities to bring the two groups together include draktillverkning,

swedish for “rape play”.

This post was a delayed April Fool’s prank. But you believed it, because it was, sadly, believable. Ten years ago, you’d chortle skeptically. Today, you assume Swedish self-cucking is par for the course.

And your assumption would be more right than wrong. A Swedish “multicultural center expert” converted to Islam and joined ISIS. That story is true.

I’ll leave this post on a hopeful note. There are nationalists — aka sane people — in Sweden. One lovely Swedish nationalist lass did her own compare & contrast experiment.



It’s funny cuz it’s self-evidently true.

Compassionate Communication Workshop

CH · 15 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Any remnants of white masculinity in the American culture are being swept away for good. Commenter JohnnySixpack relates,

> I was in a “compassionate communication” workshop today (required of all hospital providers here)
>
> To get through it, I amused myself by tallying up the race/sex pairings in the powerpoints. One of the more egregious segments was on “medical literacy” and how patients don’t understand what we are telling them. All patients were described at having a 7th grade reading level or lower.
>
> The scenarios were depicted thusly:
>
> Black male doctor to white male
> Hispanic male doctor to white female
> White female doctor to white male
> Black female doctor to white female
>
> Insidious.

And invidious. The anti-white man propaganda is bad enough, but then one steps back and is forced to ask himself, “What the hell is a compassionate communication workshop, and why does it vaguely sound like humiliation torture to strip men of any desire to express their manhood?” Then of course one wonders if the pegged 7th grade reading level for the typical hospital patient is perhaps a bit too generous.

Ah well. This waking nightmare will have its reckoning soon. The craven disfigured beasts devouring the last shreds of cultural goodness seem to get hungrier with each swallow. They hunch over the carcass of their nation with a purpose that belies any hope of compromise. They will eat until nothing’s left, or they will be made prey themselves.

The Interview-Style Kiss Of Death

CH · 16 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reader “flies” wonders why his text game has such poor reception. Read on, and watch how quickly a girl’s sexual curiosity can turn ice cold when you sound like you’re interviewing her, (or she treats you like you’re being interviewed, and you do nothing to alter her frame).

> Hello, I have a question about text game:
>
> I’ve added recently a girl friend in Skype from my little brother’s Internet social circle (she’s living at 1h+ of driving). I was like “let’s add her, practice my text game”.
>
> She’s a cute asian, not hesitate to make sexual innuendos. She talks to my brother a lot, but he’s in orbiter status.
>
> After several days of her accepting my invitation, I have this text exchange, though I was out of state (I couldn’t find anything witty and stuff):
>
> 21:07 girl: Hi c:
> 21:25 me: hey
> 21:25 girl: how are you?
> 21:26 me: yea. You look like in great mood.
> 21:27 girl: Yeeeeah?
> 21:27 girl: What do you do?
> 21:28 me: training
> 21:29 me: you do you train
> 21:33 girl: yes
> 22:00 girl: why?
>
> My questions are: Is it bad that I ended it like this? And What I could’ve done to make it progress more? I’m not used to text game, so it’s really tough for me.
>
> The last few times I got a number, it all went down super fast the moment I started texting with the girls I picked up, even if the girl was attracted in person and it went well live. My guess is not enough comfort or lack of escalation (like asking the number before leaving because I didn’t escalate enough to what could’ve been a kiss in person).

My first question is, “Do you even English?” Not snarking you, I’m just wondering if some of your trouble has its origin in your broken English. If American girls are your target, broken English will be an obstacle, unless you’re from a sexy export country, like Slovenia.

My second question is, “Are you especially good-looking or do you possess high social status?” Because if you are as dull in person as your text game makes you sound, then you’ll need compensating attributes for girls to overlook your conversational torpidity.

My third question: “Why are you betraying your brother?” Maybe he’s not interested in girls that way. You should still give him a head’s-up about your backroom dealings.

Again, I’m not trying to unduly harsh your mellow. But your text exchange comes across like a very boring interview, which is doubly remarkable considering how few words you needed to convey such dullness.

Rule #1 for beginners: Don’t ask a girl what she does. First, you don’t give a shit. Second, she knows you don’t give a shit. Instead, try a teasing alternative: “I bet you’re in the [x] business. I can tell by your look.” This is a sort of cold read that chicks love, and will be much better received, leading to more fruitful conversation avenues.

Now that I've corrected your most glaring game misstep, I'll point out that you're probably on the right track in your belief that rapid number closes without sufficient emotional connection are leaving girls feeling less than enthused about you the next day when the glow of the previous night has worn off. Getting a number, however rushed, is usually better than not getting a number at all, but don't expect your lay rate to budge upward much from a pile of hastily relinquished phone numbers that the girls probably gave you because you caught them off-guard.

Resolve never again to ask interview-style questions of girls, and make it a personal growth mission to refrain from asking girls for their numbers until you've passed certain pickup trail markers, as defined according to your level of comfort, that may include, say, a well-received touch on one of her erogenous zones or a verbal signal she's into you (did she ask you three questions in a row? that's one positive indicator of female interest).

The Day-To-Day Feminist

CH · 17 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Are you curious what constitutes the daily life of a girl who thinks herself a feminist? An anonymous commenter caught a glimpse of the Day-to-Day Feminist's paltry, predictable world.

> Sitting behind a girl on the bus yesterday, through the gap in the seat i got to see her flicking through her smart phone. She started off browsing Buzzfeed, pausing on an an article featuring melodramatic gifs with woman humour. i watched as she then progressed onto articles featuring makeup and period pain. With a knowing look I went back to my own business. 5 minutes later i looked back and i was met with the word 'feminist' on her screen, being edited by her in instagram to make it more eye catching. Shortly after this she began browsing her facebook feed, i payed particular attention as she paused the mindless perusing when pictures of attractive girls came into view to carefully inspect them. The girls were cute and wearing short dresses. I couldn't see the bus girls face but instinctually I imagined her brow and mind contorting with white burning jealously and loathing.
>
> A snapchat comes in on her phone, she opens the app, watching the 10 second images. She faces the camera towards herself and the dull twilight of the bus is sharply illuminated by a bright flash. she and i look at the resulting photo almost simultaneously, both of us unimpressed by the sight we see. She deletes the image, like a perfectionist artist discarding a painting that has failed to reach the standards of his minds eye. She tries again, same outcome. A third try fails to capture any beauty. She exits the app, putting down the phone, defeated.
>
> I see clarity and ponder the hard truths thought by this blog and feel a sting of pity for this girl.

The Day-to-Day Feminist is the day-to-day girl. That is, she's the opposite of every principle feminists claim to uphold. She calls herself feminist while comparing her looks to the standard established by beautiful women, keeping tabs on her Facebook neighbors, fulfilling her need to feed on buzzy gossip, and prettifying herself so that she can compete better in the sexual market for desirable men.

Feminists are at war with femininity, so they don't like this reality about women, which is why they loudly insist "real" women are the opposite of the way women behave when left to their own devices. "REAL women have curves." "REAL women love math." "REAL women get raped." "REAL women slay dragons."

FYI, the next time you read or hear the words "a REAL woman…", assume that the opposite of whatever is to follow is the truth.

REAL women don't confuse obesity for curves.
REAL women don't much like math and don't perform as well as men at high level math.
REAL women hardly ever get raped, and the few that do are usually raped by non-white, non-frat boys.
REAL women know that the average, out-of-shape man could easily best them in a fight.

Comment Of The Week: It Will Be My Honor And Privilege...

CH · 18 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

There were a lot of quality comments this week, but it was past time to give one of CH's favorite running gag maestros, GasButtox, the honor and privilege of the COTW trophy. It's time to give the man his doo…dy.

> Feminist(butto)X,
>
> An ambitious lass…
> Who wants to have class…
> Knows that my ass….
> Makes whopping quantums of gas.
>
> It will be your privilege and honor to detox my buttox. You will be using a turmeric essence, to generate a nice golden hue.

What put this particular GasButtox sonnet over the top was the "turmeric essence" quip. For those who don't know, FeministX, aka little spoon, is of Indian heritage.

If GasButtox and GBFM were in the same room together, their conversation would be very entertaining.

"lzzlolzzlol alpha fux beta bux"
"alpha essence beta buttox"
"lzzlllzzllll more cockas for you"
"milk milk lemonade in front go the cockas out the buttox my gas is made"
"lzzl bernankified wimmins loolll"
"a slut so crass, bernankified to the last, perches behind my ass, to eight ball my salubrious gas."

The Great (Wo)Men On Marriage

CH · 20 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of commenter mendozatorres, a quote from Mary Haweis, authoress, who sounds spookily prescient about our current state of marriage as she reminds her readers that marriage sans concessions is a boon for women and a raw deal for men.

> Alas, when people complain of men not marrying (even they who are able), they forget how little women offer in exchange for all they get by marriage. Girls are so seldom taught to be of any use whatever to a man that I am only astonished at the numbers of men who do marry! **[ed: we all are, mary.]** Many girls do not even try to be agreeable to look at, much less to live with. They forget how numerous they are, and the small absolute need men have of wives; but, nevertheless, men do still marry, and would oftener marry could they find mates – women who are either helpful to them, or amusing, or pleasing to their eye.
>
> –The Art of Beauty by Mary Eliza Haweis, published in 1878.

I wonder what the prime fertility years sex ratio was in 1878?

Mary Eliza Haweis is a friend of the Chateau. She understands — more nobly, she admits — that men must necessarily sacrifice to marry, while women enjoy lavish gains and the fulfillment of lifelong dreams when they marry. This inherent marital risk bias favoring women implies that the institution should be structured to supply men with some up front guarantees of return on investment or indulgences to fulfill, at least occasionally, their own male-specific romantic prerogatives.

Not surprisingly, Mary looks to be a fairly attractive woman by the standards of her time. It's not quite an ironclad rule, but the way to bet is that attractive women are likelier than homely women to have familiarity with the basic truths governing the behavior of the sexes. After all, what kind of woman will be more in need of soothing platitudes to make it through the day without pondering the existential release of the razor blade poised lengthwise?

The Measure Of A Man's Alphaness By How Much Crap His Woman Will Tolerate

CH · 21 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Although CH prefers the more direct means of measuring a man's degree of alphatude, there are proxy methods for coming up with a ballpark figure for the Alpha Within. One such proxy is the amount of shit a woman will put up with from her man. The more crap she happily tolerates, the higher her man's alpha male rating.

As commenter WillBest explains,

> Women are far and away more pragmatic about men's affairs. I know of several couples that have survived a man's affair and none that have survived a woman's affair.
>
> You could probably plot your relative alphaness against what your wife will tolerate.
>
> brothel outside country < … < discrete mistress < rumored affair < open mistress < claiming bastards < having your wife assist in selection of your harem (as seen on Marco Polo).

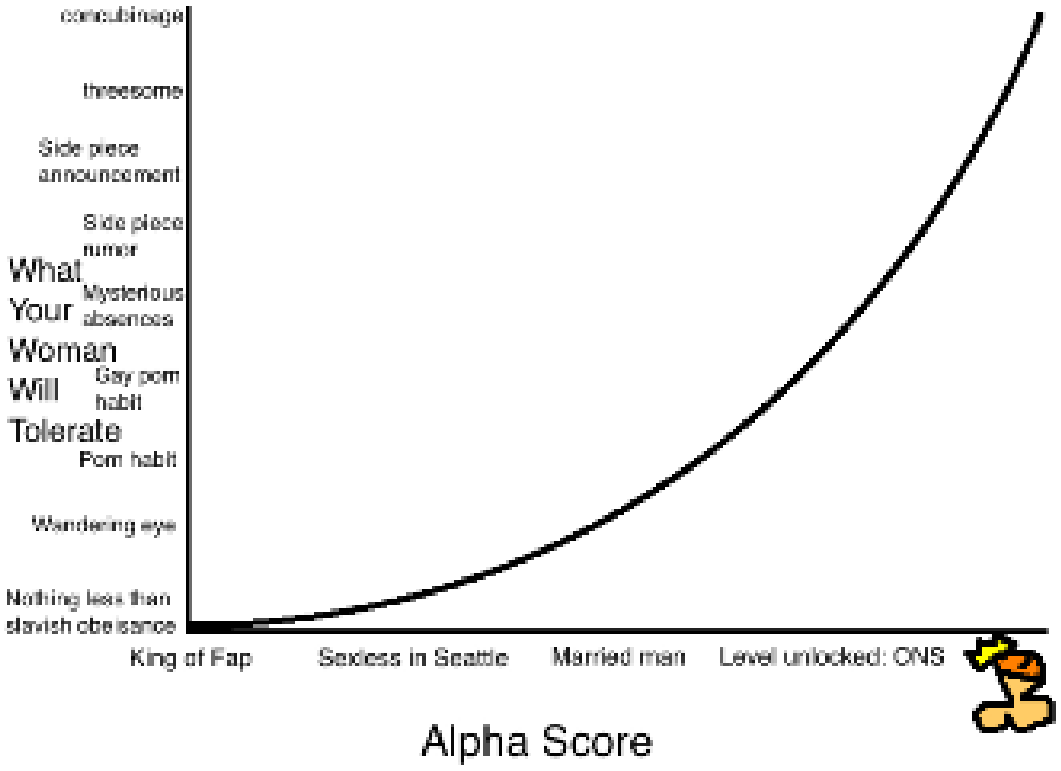
It's funny 'cause it's cruel.

A marriage can survive a husband's infidelity because the real risk, from the wife's gene's POV, is the redistribution of his resources (of which love is a proxy indicator) to the other woman. As long as the husband remains primarily devoted to his immediate family's finances, his oat-sowing won't much affect the future of his children or the guarantee of the mother's "maternity assurance".

But a wife's infidelity is much more dangerous to her family's cohesion. She could get pregnant on one of her slutcations, and saddle her husband with another man's spawn. (And this would've been more likely in the contraception-free environment of evolutionary adaptation.) This is the worst thing that can befall a husband from his genes' POV. And if he finds out, the whole family may be nuked from orbit.

Naturally, a man's affair isn't automatically forgivable. Women aren't totally inhuman; they will feel the sting of romantic rejection. But it's true that the more alpha the man, the more tractable his woman. Hell hath no fury like a scorned wife… if her husband is a beta male. Heaven hath no angelic forgiveness like a scorned wife of an alpha male.

This post cries out for a handy dandy chart.



There's a reason for the exponential trajectory. Observe closely, and you'll notice most married men are betas whose wives won't even tolerate their wandering eye without stirring up a storm of martyrdom. But once a man begins taking on the penumbras and emanations of alphaness, his woman's toleration curve skyrockets. Each increment of alphatude results in a drastic expansion of the scope of caddish misbehavior that a wife or girlfriend will tolerate. At the extremes of male alphatude, their women are complicit in helping their men achieve the limits of sexual and romantic pleasure that are particular to the male domain of desire.

I hope this post has been instructive. May it guide you to better days in your own relationships.

The Shitlib Face

CH · 22 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Pleasureshivvers draw copious blood in an entertaining thread titled "Shitlib-faces.png". Do shitlibs — aka leftoids (the CH nomenclature crafted to draw attention to the essential anti-human ideology of SJWs) — have a distinguishing "look"? Why, yes, they do.

It's physiognomies all the way down.

I leave it as an exercise for the reader to find the shitlibbiest face of all time. Here's my contribution:

I think I just lost five years worth of boners.

The Game Concept Of Devalidation

CH · 23 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The seduction process can be viewed through the lens of validation: how much you give to the girl, how often you give it to her, and how adeptly you retract it when warranted.

> **Validation** is an important part of the social hierarchy and how each individual within a tribe receives feedback relative to their position within that tribe. One might argue that an alpha male is simply the member of the tribe that receives the most social **validation**.

Validation is an umbrella term for a whole bunch of game concepts, like push-pull, hot-cold, takeaways and freeze-outs. The basic premise is simple: External validation is important to women (arguably more sought after by women than by men), and a man can manipulate a woman's desire through adjustments to the amount or intensity of ego validation he gives to or withholds from her.

VERY generally:
Alpha males get more social validation than give it.
Beta males give more social validation than get it.
Alpha females receive almost total social validation and give very little, at least intentionally (they give it unintentionally when they accompany men into social settings).
Beta females give and receive an equal amount of sex-specific validation (give to alpha females, receive from beta males).

Beta females (those girls in the 4-7 looks range) are the trickiest subjects to devalidate, because it's a fine line between delightfully maddening them and antagonistically saddening them.

There are important exceptions to the above generalizations about validation. For instance, an apex alpha male will occasionally give unmistakable social validation to subordinates (including girlfriends), who of course will eat it up and glow for a week thereafter. Giving validation can, in certain contexts, increase a man's alphaness, because it signals that the man giving it can afford to "share the social status wealth", so to speak.

Anyhow, validation, if used correctly (i.e., seductively), will require summoned energies from both your Light and Dark sides. The dark side of validation is called **devalidation**. YaReally explains it well:

> @Sentient: *I backed off of negs because on 6/7's I kept running into "nice" girls [who] just got hurt by them, not in a bitchy way but in a "i like him and he's making fun of me" way. But this caused me to fail to build attraction on the 7/8 range… so still having trouble calibrating the neg. Any resources etc appreciated here.*
>
> RSD Julien's PIMP product. Specifically the Outer Game sections, very specifically the Vibe section of it. Very specifically the stuff on qualifying a girl and combining it into stacking devalidation (halfway thru the first vid)…complicated subject until you hear it explained, but it's basically a turbo-charged version of negging that goes way beyond what Mystery was doing.
>
> A buddy and I have been experimenting with it and the reactions we've been getting are ridiculous. I know everyone thinks I'm an RSD shill lol, but I only recommend legit useful shit (and Tyler doesn't care if people pirate Foundations, Blueprint, etc.) and PIMP is legit useful. If you aren't rolling in $ you won't have a problem finding it through "other" means.
>
> Try to ignore the crazy "I've just snorted a line of coke" mannerisms he has going on, listen to what he's saying and watch the infield stuff he shows to demonstrate it and look where he's using it and how they react. He does it to an extreme level for the sake of demonstrating how far you can take it, but toning it down to a less harsh level while keeping the structure he uses is still insane powerful. He's taken a bunch of PUA concepts that everyone knows already work and combined them then streamlined the result…first time I've been legitimately

> impressed by new information in a few years of checking out pickup products that just rehash old knowledge.
>
> I'll try to explain it better at some point and after I've played with it some more myself, but Julien's explanation is flawless and in-depth. **The easiest way to describe it is that he devalidates the girl, then changes conversation threads before giving her a chance to qualify herself**, and then he stacks that multiple times like Mystery's multiple threading conversation technique and gets her extremely invested in trying to qualify herself to you and then after a while smoothly allows her to "win him over", creating HUGE investment on her part which triggers a chain reaction back to her hamster that says "if I'm chasing him this hard he must be high value". It's brilliantly devious. [ed: indeed.]
>
> Would send anyone to this resource instead of traditional "negging" resources, this is like Neg 2.0 evolved/enhanced as far as I'm concerned. And for anyone who missed it, here's a bunch of vids to watch.

I highlighted the bold part, because that's the take-home point. Have you ever, in so many words, told a girl she wasn't up to your exacting standards, and then just flitted to a new topic before she could insist otherwise?

Devil's Activist: Oh, man you are so high maintenance, I'm surprised you don't come with an instruction manual.
Her: I'm not….
Devil's Activist: Hey, that guy over there is drinking an appletini. Sign of the times. You into men comfortable with their femininity? Figures.

If you've had this sort of conversation with a girl, you'll know how infuriating, and thus arousing, it can be for her. Devalidating a girl, then closing off any chance for her to revalidate herself, and repeating as necessary, can drive a girl into paroxysms of desperate self-qualification. And that's the primrose path to poon. A man can DHV directly, or he can do it indirectly by… seducing… a girl into selling herself to him. When she's selling herself, she'll perceive you as an upscale buyer, because who else can afford her pricey product?

As always, flipping the biomechanical courtship script is pussy fire. Just know when to pull her toward you, or she'll break in defeat when she thinks you're unattainable or uninterested.

How To Exploit The Rise Of The Degenerate Freak Mafia

CH · 24 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Recently, I saw a woman from behind who, when she turned in my direction, displayed a full beard. A real beard meticulously trimmed to glamour mag perfection. Not two minutes after that encounter, I saw a thing whose sexuality I could not for the life of me accurately discern. When it turned to face me, I saw that it had the faint countenance of a male face, and humongous swinging manboobs that slapped against its kegerator belly. The worst part? The thing's nipples were huge. I could see the dark outline of islet areolae and jutting teat tips stretching the fabric of its silky t-shirt.

Now, normally, I don't like giving these freaks the satisfaction of my gawking attention, but some of them are so outlandish that the eye can't help but try to make sense of what it's seeing. Normally, the best way to treat freaks is to look right through them, as if they make no more impression than the air around you. Deny them what they want, which is attention, good or bad.

(Ed: Correction: the best way to treat freaks is to cast them to the icy wastelands, alone with their degeneracy, but that is not an option anymore. Too bad.)

Anyhow, the crooked rise of these shambling mounds has got me to thinking about a potential upside. If you're a well-groomed, healthy, trim, normal looking man with no obvious psychological or sexual identity issues manifested in any body "art" or strange fashion choices, the world of the Degenerate Freak Mafia is your oyster. Waltz into a job interview or client meeting with your head held high and your chest projecting an invincible aura of confidence, because everyone will breathe a sigh of welcome relief that they're in the company of a genetically and psychologically superior human. In the land of the disfigured, the abnormally normal man is king.

Low-T Manlets For Hillary

CH · 27 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Heh.

Any straight white man who votes for Grandma Hillary, aka the wife of Monica Lewinsky's ex-boyfriend, in 2016 for any reasons other than as a principled objection to the current GOP de Meximerica ideological configuration or to hasten the end of Poz-Americana needs to have his balls extracted from their nesting spot against his ovaries.

In the meantime, smearing leftoid men with the "low-T" label is effective COPROP that could, at the margins, convince a few pansy-assed equalists to rethink their self-immolation and even more to slink away in embarrassed silence. The virtue of this low-T slander strategy is that it's true, which means you don't need a supplicant media machine to help elevate your charges to accepted wisdom. Your targets will autonomically wince with self-aware pain, because they've been living with their effeminacy for decades, and are all too familiar with their personal shortcomings in the testicular department.

Prediction: If Hillary Rodham is the nominee, she will receive the lowest percentage of white male votes in the history of the Democrat party. And it won't matter. Election outcome will be the same. Madam President.

Smarter Women More Likely To Be Romantic Failures

CH · 28 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

In my years of living, dating, and loving across these United Plates, I've come to certain conclusions about women drawn from a wellspring of eagle-eyed observations and red raw experiences. One of my personal observations is that smarter women tend, for various reasons among which female hypergamy must surely loom prominent, to have more difficulty locking down a long-term boyfriend, and to stay single far longer in between relationship bouts, than do women of less Hollywood-sized prefrontal-pectorals. And this romantic failure is worse the smarter the woman.

But, I didn't have the benefit of ¡scientifical! studies to confirm my observations, so I guess I should have washed my brain of any pattern recognition inputs and waited the requisite fifty years for the scientific consensus to come to a prevailing view.

As I've always said, if you keep your eyes open and live not by pretty lies, 80% of the patterns you observe about human nature will eventually be proven true by laboratory analysis (or at least recognized as a real phenomenon by cultural gatekeepers). (15% of the remaining 20% are too difficult to properly measure by social scientists, and the last 5% of your observations can be grouped under conventional wisdom that science manages to overturn, usually by data-twisting legerdemain.)

From the article relevant to this post, the quotes that make feminists choke:

> A study conducted with 121 British participants reported findings that females with high intelligence in male/female relationships were seen as problematic.
>
> Their intelligence were predicted to cause problems in the relationships. Whereas, high intelligence in the male partner was not seen as problematic, but desirable. […]
>
> Why don't men want women with whom they can converse and who challenge them? [ed: spot the false premise] When did the aversion to strong and intelligent women become a code orange? When did everyone just want to go to the Bahamas and lie around?
>
> In an article by "The Wire," financial reporter, John Carney, gives one explanation for this phenomenon, deducing, "successful men date less successful women not because they want 'women to be dumb' but rather because they want 'someone who prioritizes their life in a way that's compatible with how you prioritize yours.'"
>
> Basically, they want someone who isn't ever going to let her career come before making dinner and pleasing them first.

My take is that men, especially smart men, instinctively recoil from very smart and/or educated women (in the same way women instinctively recoil from needy niceguys) because men know that a woman of equal or greater brainpower or academic achievement is a high risk for future relationship instability and a latent threat to paternity assurance. Men are aware, consciously perhaps, subconsciously definitely, that female hypergamy is real and therefore it's personally advantageous to find women who aren't too much more gifted in traits that double as male mate fitness cues.

In short, it pays men to date up in looks and date down in everything else.

The inverse is also true. It pays women to date down in looks and date up in everything else.

Everyone's happier all around if they abide the above two Heartistian precepts.

A reader contemptuously adds,

> Nearly schizophrenic incoherence, self-loathing, generalized rage, sexual frustration, pride that she can't admit

> that a life has been spent believing pretty, stupid lies and making irretrievable mistakes, contempt and hatred for men on one hand, yet demands and pangs of hopeless desire for their attention and affection and love on the other hand, unabashed hatred for women who are young and attractive and willing to make love and devotion to a man a priority in their lives.
>
> This hamster wheel is spinning at 10,000 revolutions per second. The axle is going red-hot from the friction. The spinning wheel is making a sharp, high-pitched, painful screeching sound, which sets your teeth on edge. If you listen carefully millions just like it are audible all over America.
>
> This can't go on much longer. 10 years, maybe. But not 50. Probably not another entire generation.
>
> Future generations will look back on the women of this era with disgusted amazement.
>
> Before then they are going to spend the second 50 years of their medically extended lives alone and filled with a despair and a hatred for their own lives and for the lives of those around them who have managed to be happy which is going to poison our society for many years to come.
>
> If they weren't so vicious and destructive you could almost feel sorry for them.

I do think we Americans are living through a period (heh) when women are at their absolute worst. Porn addicted manlet men aren't much better, but this dystopia is largely a female-centered implosion.

There's a gene-culture co-evolution process that describes how groups have self-balancing mechanisms, so that when one type of organism within the group becomes too numerous, a competing type will start to have greater reproductive success to "bring balance to the force". I forget the term for it, but the classic case is the "cheater-cooperator" evolutionary strategies, in which cheaters prosper (and hence reproductively prosper) in cooperative societies, but then lose ground to cooperators when cheaters become too numerous and start poaching each other.

Well, a similar thing could be happening with SMRT women. The more smart over-educated over-credentialed women a society has, the less reproductively fit they become at the same time women with average smarts become more reproductively fit. The group shifts its evolutionary strategy toward smarter or dumber women as each becomes prominent. Maybe this is why human IQ hasn't continued upward into the stratosphere…. smart men get tired of the haranguing from smart women and smart women get locked out of the dating market because there aren't very many men smarter than them who can satisfy their hypergamous urgings, and they resist settling for dumber men.

Related, the supply of beta males in a group could also fluctuate according to some cosmic balancing mechanism that favors or disfavors betas depending on their numbers. The rise of pathologically altruistic white beta males in the West is producing blowback as their ranks swell with self-abnegating ankle-biters. Ultra violent thugs or ultra charming cads are starting to increase in impression, if not yet in number, and women are turning to them for relief from the effete beta male masses.

It's a spitball, I know, but maybe it's high time for the patented CH BOSSS strategy to invigorate our culture to take center stage? Maybe it already has and we're just now waking up to the fact?

PS Really smart women fuck like demonesses. They love their contraceptively-enabled fucking as much as any sub-mensa slut.

The Four Planks Of A Dissident Party

CH · 30 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine there's a border
it's easy if you try
No third world among us
around us only MPC Whytes

Imagine all the oligarchs
swinging from lampposts

Imagine there's no deep state
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to run or hide from
And no NSA, too

Imagine all the cameras
Leaving you in peace

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And your land returned at once

Imagine no surveillance
I wonder if you can
No need for TOR or Tails
A mutual respect for citizens

Imagine all the oligarchs
Swinging till they're limp

You, you may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And America will be reborn

***

The Rise of a Dissident Party

I predict this will happen. It will be bigger and stronger than previous third parties. The Dissident Party will swear no allegiance to the current Narrative pabulum. It will have almost as little in common with Republicans as it does with Democrats. It will spare no space in the tent for pussies whose first instinct is to bend over and take it up the pooper. It will be unabashedly RealTalk, but its best politicians will need to be silver-tongued devils who know how to triangulate from samizdat hatefact warriors pushing the Overton Window into Genghis territory.

The Dissident Party will have four planks, spelled out effectively by commenter JohnnyWalker123 at Steve Sailer's:

> There are 3-4 major issues that Americans should fight on.
>
> 1. Immigration. There needs to be a permanent end to immigration to the US. Immigration lowers wages, erodes American culture, and creates a low-trust society.
>
> 2. Oligarchization. Our media and govt are controlled by a few very wealthy oligarchs. The masses of America need to use a variety of tactics (raising taxes on the wealthy, financial regulation, forming labor unions,

> stopping immigration, protective trade barriers, tariffs, effective usage of anti-trust laws, forming pro-worker third parties, creating alternative media) to break the power of the oligarchs. This is our country, not theirs.
>
> 3. “Deep State.” The military-industrial complex, intelligence agencies, and a variety of organizations and individuals constitute the Deep State. From the JFK assassination onward, they’ve been too well entrenched. They’ve become particularly powerful since 9/11. My view is that this Deep State is eroding democracy, freedom, and privacy. It’s also bankrupting us through parasitism and promoting policies not favorable to the national interest. There need to be limits placed on their power.
>
> 4. Traditional norms. Traditional norms with respect to family, religion, masculinity, marriage, race, and cultural/national identity. This is an issue of lesser importance, but I think that many of this country’s problems could be solved through strengthening through bringing back some of these ideas. Traditional American culture is actually fairly moderate by global standards, so a partial return to traditionalism could be beneficial without being repressive.
>
> I don’t see fighting for HBD to be nearly that important. The reason is that even if we proved our HBD principles were right tomorrow, that might lead to policies that aren’t especially favorable to us. For example, let’s say we prove NAMs have lower IQs than whites. What’s the consequence of that? I could see our elites pushing for large scale immigration of Chinese and Indians (as is the case in Australia, Canada, NZ), which is not in our interest.
>
> Proving HBD principles correct could also legitimize oligarchization and Jewish domination of our country. After all, if Jews and oligarchs are smarter than the average white, isn’t it best to put power in their hands? Shouldn’t the masses trust their “cognitive elites”?
>
> Most common sense policies don’t even need a HBD-based rationalization. For example, we can justify cutting immigration by appealing to a wage depression argument. On an issue like ferility, we can justify aggressive family planning for less educated, lower income women (“1 and done” as Steve Sailer said) on the basis of wanting these women to invest in themselves. Non-HBD explanations work effectively and are probably more palatable to the public too.

Repeat after me:

1. Immigration
2. Oligarchization
3. Surveillance State
4. Return to timeless norms

These are the four digestible, media-ready Dissident Party planks. Get the branding and the message down before delving into the details. This practice helps clarify the mind and gird the spirit.

Immigration

A 20-year immigration moratorium, of legal and illegal migrants. When the borders are once again partly opened, immigrants from NW Europe are to be favored, followed by Immigrants from East and South Europe. The rest of the world may contribute a few percent, tops. A little seasoning can be good for the stew. Note: A LITTLE.

Oligarchization

Strip wealthy oligarchs of their power over policy and the composition of the nation’s citizens. Tariffs, big tax increases on the 0.1%, improved government oversight of their backroom dealings, very high minimum wages, and laws designed to limit the ability of the super wealthy to lobby for cheap labor.

Surveillance State

We’re living in Big Brother’s world, just as Orwell described. I continue to be amazed that the average American isn’t more incensed than he appears to be by the constant surveillance. Bottom line: It needs to end. No more

marketing firms collecting reams of personal data. No more Facebook shenanigans. No government snoops reading your late night pervy sexts to plate number three. Triple layered encryption should be the default condition for all consumer electronics, built right into the firmware. Eyes in the sky should be ripped from their street corner perches. I don't want to live in a surveillance state; I want to live in a cohesive society with high trust levels that obviates the need for mass surveillance.

Timeless Norms

Roll back gay marriage. Cremate the rotting corpse of feminism. Send the race equalists scurrying into dank hovels licking their wounds. The Gods of the Copybook Headings wasn't just a snazzy riff on cultural decay; it was a guide to the Good Life. Press the point that individual rights will wilt without societal norms to scaffold them. If none of this is possible, seriously consider the option of splitting America into regional powers.

I'll have more on the coming Dissident Party in future posts. For now, the clarion call…

This is what separate countries are for.

Norway's 200th National Day Celebration

CH · 1 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Via My Whytening Career:

The superimposed quote says,

"I live in western oslo, the last white part of the city. This picture I took at 17 May 2014, Norway's 200th National Day celebration."

WELP.

PS Give this guy a Chateau VIP pass just for that knowing, shit-eating smirk alone.

The Body Coil: A Sexual Attraction Giveaway

CH · 4 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Donohoe notices that, contrary to popular perception, it's hard for women to hide their sexual desire.

> Does anyone else have exes that they accidentally hurt so much that the ex can't even talk to them?
>
> Strolling with some chick today and saw this kinda-ex fling thing today with her new boyfriend
>
> Her eyes met mine from across the street and she body visibly coiled up, her face turned to that of bambi's mother before being shot, the blood draining from her face.
>
> I smirked and walked on.

The Smirk: Leaving her better than you found her, since 1995.

Raw sexual desire is one of the toughest emotions to conceal from view. (Jealousy is perhaps the toughest.) Men are actually better at hiding their sexual desire than are women, despite most people believing otherwise, and it's easy to see why evolution equipped men with this ability to keep their horniness levels under wraps. In the environment of evolutionary adaptation, a sexually desirous man wantonly displaying his eagerness courts the murderous glares of competitor males. A sexually desirous woman doing the same doesn't risk her life (although she does risk her reputation and catching a slew of venereal diseases).

For men, as the sex that responds instantly to visual cues for mating opportunities, there is simply a lot more time in the day when the typical man will feel urges to fuck, these urges ranging from mild perturbations of the general body to intense conflagrations of the loins. Women, as the sex for whom attraction to men is less visual and more holistic in nature, feel urges to fuck far less frequently throughout the day.

So it is understandable that women would *seem* to have more control over manifestations of their sexual desire. Women don't actually have more control; they just experience fewer moments when their sexual desire is roused from slumber.

Given the near-constant onslaught of limbic-generated horniness men must tame to function in a civilized society, it's no wonder that as a sex, men are very good at controlling their sexual urges and carrying on as if that secretary with the heaving cleavage wasn't setting their brains and balls aflame.

All this is to say that when you see a desire distress signal in a woman, (as opposed to the transparently fake come-ons of strippers and golddigging sluts) you know that what she's feeling in that moment is real and powerful, and therefore not something which she can conceal very well.

The body coil is one of those recognizable signs of a woman's racing desire thwarted by circumstance. Donohoe describes it well; the whole body tenses and she appears frozen in place. An ex-girlfriend (if she's the dumpee, not the dumper) is the perfect candidate for a whole body coil, especially if she sees you with another woman.

Men experience the body coil too. Often, it's the inexperienced beta males who show symptoms of waking rigor mortis when in the company of a beautiful young woman. Alpha men who do well with women and who have accrued years of confidence-boosting successes bedding women sometimes come to miss those days when their bodies betrayed their desire and the aroma of a sexually ripe woman would offer a rush to scrote and soul alike that no other enticement could duplicate.

Spot The Experiment Design Flaw

CH · 5 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Feminist quasiovums are crowing about a recent “”””social experiment“”””” (via Cheap Chalupas, may the appellation forever stick to him), purporting to find that MEN ARE JUST LIKE WOMEN because a woman who went around asking random men for sex received a mere 30% positive replies, supposedly rebutting previous studies which found that upwards of 80-90% of men would agree to casual sex with an attractive female stranger while 0% of women would agree to casual sex with an attractive male stranger.

Feminists love to push any phony fake-out “social science” if it helps alleviate their pain of accepting that men and women are different in many important and crucial respects. The problem is that nearly every feminist-assuaging study they cite to buttress their twisted cause turns out later to be built atop a mound of bullshit. For instance, in this latest shrike salvo, can you spot the experiment design flaw?

Sweden: Where Does She Go From Here?

CH · 5 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Sweden is the flaccid tip of the rapidly deflating penis of Western civilization, so what happens there can be construed as portents of dire things to come to the rest of the West. Reader Jack Dorchol writes about his first vision upon landing at Sweden shores.

> Last year I took a regular passenger ship line from Helsinki to Stockholm. It was to be my first time in Sweden. As I was disembarking the ship, the moment I put my feet on the Swedish soil I was "Welcomed to (new) Sweden" by the sight of East African multiple-wives freak show (the 4th one hid behind his back when she saw my camera.)
>
> And this is just the first of many similar scenes playing out on the Swedish streets.
>
> I felt the sick to my stomach the entire stay.

The suicidal tendencies of white Swedes (a qualifier one needs to employ nowadays) are breathtaking. So breathtaking, that it's not possible to see a happy future for Sweden that doesn't take a path first through an illuminating hellscape. I see two possibilities for the new Sweden:

1. Dissolution. Quickening cultural and economic deterioration, and absorption of white Swedes into a nonwhite polyglot via intercopulation and abysmally low native birth rates. Total demographic and cultural exhaustion.

2. Rupture. A formidable fraction of non-elite, sane-thinking white Swedes bring war home. Or this war is brought to them when a tipping point of foreign migrants utterly drain the Danegeld reserve.

Either way, Sweden is set to go through a trial by fire. What comes out the other end is disappearance, or destruction. What I don't see happening is possibility #3: Swedish elites come to their senses, close the borders, kick out the alien squatters en masse, and reaffirm their northern white European identity. Ideological leftoids with a bad case of the non-reciprocated altruistic yips will never change their minds; the human ego is a cosmic force too

powerful to defeat. They can only be removed from power and cast to the wastelands where their status-striving idiocy can’t threaten the very existence of their own nations.

What Do Women Really Value? Relationships And Love

CH · 13 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

You can tell a lot about what people really value by… eureka!… listening to their conversations.

Women sometimes talk about sex — and they can be surprisingly raunchy recalling or imagining the details of intimate congress — but sex talk is hardly a major focus of their socializing amongst girl friends. Usually, one girl (the token slut) will crack a joke about the shape of the penis she inhaled and the others will collaterally cackle as part of an alliance preserving exercise. The smutcluck is dropped quickly for extended emphasis on subjects nearer and dearer to the female heart: Relationships and love.

(Slutwalk women who stick with the raunch talk for an awkwardly uncomfortable length of conversational air space tend to elicit disapproving glares and then social abandonment from their girl friends. Chicks have a limited capacity for enduring sex talk, even in their female friends.)

When women veer into R&L, as is the frequent wont of their meandering sex, their conversation assumes a VERY SERIOUS TONE.

***

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #1: “We’re back together.”

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #2: “Oh really! I didn’t know…”

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #!: “You didn’t know?”

[twenty more minutes of delicate social maneuvering before getting to the meat of the topic]

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #2: “It’s just that he did this really nice thing and I really love that.”

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #1: “mmhmm, yeah that’s sweet.”

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #2: “And anyhow I think he tried to say he loves me.”

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #1: “He dropped the L word! Wow, that’s big.”

INTERCHANGEABLE GIRL #2: “Yeah, I know!”

[two more hours of hot debate about the precise wording of the boyfriend’s confession and whether it counts as a sincere exclamation of love. tack on another hour of girls #1, 3, and 4 alternately affirming girl #2’s decision to stay with her boyfriend and playing a gentle devil’s advocate for dumping the guy.]

***

Men, in the starkest of contrasts, rarely, if ever, have conversations about R&L. Instead, what do cool dudes talk about when the subject isn’t sports, work or hobbies?

***

ONE OF A KIND COOL DUDE #1: “So what happened last night? I saw you hitting on that hot blonde.”

ALSO ONE OF A KIND COOL DUDE #2: “Dude, I got her back to my place!”

VERILY, ONE OF A KIND COOL DUDE #3: “No shit! Did you tap it?”

ALSO ONE OF A KIND COOL DUDE #2: “Oh man, she was crazy. She was down on my knob, doing this thing…”

[twenty minutes of high fives and rapt attention as excruciatingly crude, detailed account is told of sex positions and composition of female squirt juice.]

NOT SO COOL DUDE #4: “Man, great stuff. Does this mean you’re gonna date her for a while?”

[sound of air being let out of balloon. full-body group cringing and disappointed looks exchanged.]

ONE OF A KIND COOL DUDE #1: “How ’bout those Dodgers?”

***

The examples I presented here are highly illustrative of real life among normal psychologically healthy human beings, but neither presupposes that men never concern themselves with relationships and love, nor that women are never interested in talking about sex. The key difference between the sexes is this:

Women are *primarily* interested in R&L, and *secondarily* interested in sex. Men are *primarily* interested in sex, and *secondarily* interested in R&L.

To punctuate the point, try to imagine a conversation between men that focused on R&L without any familiar, tension-alleviating digressions into sex talk.

***

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #1: “We’re back together. It’s been one month.”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #2: “Aww! Tell me all about it!”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #1: “Wellllll… she’s been really good to me lately.”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #2: “That’s really great.”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #1: “AAAAaaaand… I think she might’ve said she loves me.”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #2: “Wow, that’s huge! How did that come up?”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #1: “I’m not ENTIRELY sure she said the EXACT words ‘i love you’ but it sounded like she was trying to say them.”

BUTTPLAY ENTHUSIAST MANLET #2: “I knew there was something between you two!”

***

Preposterous on the face of it. No straight man has a conversation like this with his buddies, unless he’s auditioning for a part in a Broadway play called “My Colon For Old Fags” or “My Own Private Hide-A-Pole”.

Yes, yes, so many of you are shocked by this news. “Tell us something we don’t know, CH.” But we have entered a cultural dystopia when this common sense is rapidly being distorted and replaced by feminist and manlet poopytalk. Tragically, some of the SJW poopytalk is reaching the ears of impressionable naifs, and setting some of them on a course for self-destruction, especially those whose emotional stability is marginal.

There are CH readers with children. One of these naifs swallowing feminist slut cunt lies by the bucketful could one day be your daughter.

When bitterbitches ape the mannerisms and sociosexual predilections of men, their butthurt try-hardness is a transparent ruse all but the lappiest lapdogs can see through. A girl screeching about “opening her legs for every man BUT YOU” is assuming a twisted, false pride in a domain normally and healthfully reserved for men which she knows, deep inside where the armor of her lies yields to the rumbling growl of her id, is a phony front serving no purpose other than blind rage at the retreating world of a good man’s sincere love leaving her behind.

Case in point: The “dick is abundant and low value” girl I had to disembowel as a lesson for the others. With much pain and sorrow in my heart, I took the shiv to her exposed ego and performed a necessary duty. A duty that perhaps would, one day, somewhere, and in a fashion that social science studies would struggle to capture in their arid data sets, rescue an innocent young woman or young man from living by the lies of a loser in love.

For those still wondering what this is all about, a revelation. Above all, Le Chateau abides the Keats' ode: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Our glorious, gleaming civilization is getting uglier and further from the truth by the day. A mind full of lies contorts the body into misshapen ugliness. An ugly visage will infect the mind with ego-assuaging lies. Lies must be exposed at birth, or they will grow monstrous and consume everything beautiful in their path. In the wake of lies, ugliness follows like a toxic spindrift.

Therefore, the CH Excalibur… the Holy Heartistian Shiv… drives through the bullshit until the gore stains the hilt, so that beauty and truth may once again assert their rightful place as earthly host to humanity, and the loveless lampreys, despite their worst fears, find to their surprise a new hope for a better life…… or slink away to the icy outback where their limbic disease is quarantined to their own souls.

UPDATE

[image]

[image]

SCIENCE presents her rump and accepts a meaty intrusion from yours truly before looking over her shoulder with love in her eyes.

> Findings reveal that while communication patterns tend to be supportive and relationship-focused in women's bathrooms, the graffiti in men's bathroom walls are replete with sexual content and insults, in the course of the construction of hegemonic masculinity.

H/t commenter Strahlemann. The sex-based difference in predilection for R&L or sex talk is evident even in anonymous bathroom stalls. Chicks scrawl odes to LTRs. Men scratch sonnets to sexual slang.

If you play on Team CH, you bat 1.000. How can you not like those odds?

Birthday Cat Game

CH · 14 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, Birthday Cat, what distaff hearts can't you warm? A reader (his chat in blue bubbles) sends a screenshot of his phone, demonstrating the power of the cutesy non sequitur to drive women wild with curiosity and arousal.

Women ask questions when they are intrigued by a man. A completely uninterested woman would simply not reply to the cat pictogram, or would blow it off with her own non sequitur.

That phrase "…I guess" is also telling. Translating from the womanese, *"…I guess"* means *"…I guess I don't know what you think about me, and it's driving me nuts."*

Some more Birthday Cat Game in action, here.

The Perfect Spinster Metaphor?

CH · 14 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A reader perspicaciously noted that not only does this GBFM-approved photo of a carousel feature a cock front and center, but there's a white horse just to its side missing its white knight, and a hungry cougar right behind the cock ready to devour the soul of the girl riding it.

Sometimes eternal truths are revealed through sadistic serendipity.

Troll Of The Week

CH · 14 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A good troll should leave the target of its trollery wondering about its sincerity. Given the ambiguous nature of advanced trolling operations, many victims get tripped up by them. CH has, nevertheless, gained expertise in spotting all forms of troll, in part from experience dealing with them and in part from innate aptitude at sniffing out fake phony frauds. Here's an "anonymous" reader who pinged the CH trollometer.

> CH question of the week:
>
> Can a 50 something guy consistently and successfully game hot girls in their mid 20's?
>
> I can't wait to see the answers.

I bet.

The use of the artlessly derogating term "guy" in this instance is sort of a giveaway that this questioner is a female troll, probably badly aged, but I'll take its question at face value because my answer is useful for men reading here.

The answer is: Depends. What does he have going for him? How charismatic is he? What do you mean by consistently? Does he have a huge gut? Is he self-confident? Does he mingle with younger women from a position of high social status?

But really the most important truth for older men reading is this:

The typical 50-something man will have more success gaming hot girls in their mid-20s than the typical 50-something woman will have getting the romantic attention of men of ANY age.
HTH.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: Screw Your Quality Of Life, GDP Just Went Up 0.1%

CH · 15 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Disingenuous nation-wrecker Alex “Cheaper Chalupas” Tabarrok linked to a horribly flawed study which concluded that mass immigration doesn’t reduce the host nation’s economic freedom.

The Anti-Gnostic, as per usual, SPANKED him hard in the comments,

> These people have no idea; they string together some macro statistics to get the conclusion they want. The net-immigrant countries are Anglo-European with a classical liberal tradition and strong, centralized states. The city-state of Singapore is actually quite authoritarian. Incidentally, Renaissance/Enlightenment city-states used to ban individuals.
>
> Immigration is political and cultural suicide for libertarians. Alex is speaking from an affluent academic bubble, itself enabled by a huge government footprint in financial and education markets. For the schleps, immigration means lower wages, lower property values, and corroded social trust. The academics are just banking on being on the right side of the fence from the favelas.

Mass non-white immigration to white countries erodes social trust, which decreases the support for wealth redistribution to groups of swarthies who act and look very differently than your friends and family, hence increased “economic freedom”. I’m not sure what this Tabarrok-rimjobbing study is saying except that “economic freedom” means whatever an open borders nation-wrecker wants it to mean.

Related: A reader forwards this ROK piece by Roosh,

> The Western elite, especially in Europe, got into power by pushing peace, harmony, equal opportunity, and multiculturalism, but beneath these feel-good concepts includes the blueprint for destruction of the very force that threatens their power: nationalism. Introducing massive numbers of Muslims, Mexicans, or destitute Somalian refugees into your nation reduces the likelihood that you will look to your neighbor and see someone like you, a brother-in-arms who can help you rise up against the cyclical inevitability of a corrupt government ruling over you.
>
> Now that you see a dozen different colors surrounding you on the subway and in the Starbucks, some of whom are looking at you suspiciously, you feel distrustful of these outsiders because they have a different background and belief system than you do. You find yourself in a diluted world culture with standardized gadgets, entertainment, and government-friendly talking points conveniently disseminated by all media outlets. Now instead of looking to your neighbor to help fight against governmental oppression, you will seek comfort in your own amusements, Facebook feeds, internet memes, and legalized marijuana. You turn inwards to satisfy your hedonistic needs while allowing the government to run over your rights and push policies that you feel increasingly helpless to fight in your social isolation.
>
> This is all done by design. The liberal governments of the West will allow the collateral damage of terrorist acts because they need those immigrants to defeat the greater threat to their power: national identity. Destroy the culture and you remove a citizen’s motivation to fight for a nation he would have given his life for not three generation ago. Immigration must not stop because the liberal elite must maintain their power, and the useful idiots in the media and academia will continue spinning the narrative required to ensure that happens. The death of twelve lives or 1,200 is inconsequential.

Leftoid elites think they have outwitted history. For a while, maybe. But their short-term gain will seem a gossamer dream once the long-term punishments come home to roost.

More Common Types Of Beta Bait

CH · 15 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

"Beta bait" — and insidious and often unwitting conversational detour taken by women as a means of smoking out beta males or the manifestation of creeping beta maleness in a formerly alpha male — comes in many forms. CH discussed the three most common types of beta bait a learned man of the field is likely to encounter:

1. Incongruent sex talk.

2. Fishing for flattery.

3. The 'Bad Boyfriend' Ploy.

These three are the big ones, but there are other common types of beta bait. Readers PA and mendozatorres described a couple of beta bait tactics that catch inexperienced, sexually undernourished men off guard.

> An example of beta bait / cougar batting beta [male] mice around for her amusement, which I see on FB:
>
> – Formerly hot cougar posts a non-sequitur
> – Beta mouse posts "?" or worse yet, a request for clarification.
> – Cougar ignores beta's question.

Yes, this type of beta bait falls under the category "Non sequitur lure". Beware the woman bearing gifts of random musings to the world of men; she wants to see how fast and how eagerly you'll legitimize her empty brain farts. Don't even tickle that stinky lure with a curt "?". Let it float downstream, away from you to a stagnant pool of hungry omegas whose rabid nibbling will ultimately make the crafty cougar feel worse than she did before she whored for attention.

If you receive a non sequitur from a woman, the best reply is a. ignore it and introduce your preferred topic of discussion, or b. make fun of it. "Non sequitur lures" are dangerous to naive men but can be quite skillfully and productively turned against their owner by a man with knowledge of the crimson arts. Since NSLs are usually so open-ended, the possiblities for gaming them into a personal DHV are endless.

> The classic one is the sad face and nothing else. Beta bait!

While technically this is also an NSL, it deserves its own classification: The Sad Face Sympathy Emoti-Con.

When a girl shoots a ":(" over the wires, apropos of nothing and solicited by no one, she expects four kinds of responses from men:

– Some will ignore her. (A small minority of sexually sated men if she's attractive.)
– Some will ask what's wrong. (A large majority of beta males if she's attractive.)
– Some will buck her up. (More horrible beta male anti-game.)
– Some will fuck with her and send a "8===D~~" in return. (A small minority of alpha males who know the rules of the game.)

You want to leave this esteemed Chateau as that last kind of man, the one all the ladies love.

“WOW JUST WOW” Face

CH · 16 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Check out the WOWJUSTWOW face on this broad (at 4:02) after Gavin McInnes drops a steaming deuce on a Feminist First Principle.

He’s basically right. Most women (read: non-reptiles) are happier raising kids than they are raising profit margins. Most men are happier in the office than they are at home changing diapers. Men and women are different to their cores, and feminism is a project of lies with the goal of eradicating those core differences. And if they can’t succeed at erasing biological reality, they’ll take their consolation prize by mangling public policy and laws until all men and women are miserable.

We need more hardcore pushback against feminism, and more WOWJUSTWOW faces wrested from the wretched witches.

Related: Sheryl Sandberg’s “Lean In” book more likely to hurt women than to help them.

> Ms. Sandberg goes clueless on science throughout her book…

Heh.

The Puzzle Of Female Eye Flirting

CH · 18 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

One thing you'll notice, and to which many men in similar circumstances will attest, is the puzzling decrease in eye flirting from mediocre women after you've experienced a personal improvement in your sexual market value stock.

It goes like this: You learn game, or acquire higher social status, or lose a lot of weight and carve out a masculine physique, and then begin to exude a presence, and carry yourself with a winner's airs. You walk with your back straight, head held high, eyes flickering with percolating aggression and grin electrified with mischievous intent. You expect more women than ever before will be unable to avoid flirtatious eye contact with you.

But a strange thing happens. You are ignored by that undifferentiated mass of HB4s-6s passing you by on the sidewalk. Some of them even faintly scowl at you. What's going on?, you wonder.

Just when you lose count of all the middling plain janes refusing your sexy smoky smolder, and you perch at the precipice of self-doubt, you also notice, happily, an increase in the number of hot babes — HB8s, 9s, and those rare O'Keeffeian flowers, 10s — stepping in to fill your ocular dance card. And, you can't help but mentally acknowledge, a flirty eye glance from one HB9 can erase an angry brow and studied evasive glare from one hundred NB5s. (NB = Not Babe)

I'll tell you what's going on. Those NB mediocrities who once thought you were safely within their romantic wheelhouse back when the beta oozed from you like a jelly donut, now raise up shields of ego-protection when your alpha aura accosts their blandness. The plain girl's refusal to allow her eyes to drift into your vicinity is nothing more than a defense mechanism to spare her self-conception the indignity of your assumed romantic rejection. You are too good for her, she knows it, and this prompts a subconscious sour grapes retaliatory countermeasure from her.

You'll know this is what's happening to you, (rather than that you are a variable in the simple arithmetic of female indifference to omega male white noise), if you concurrently experience an upsurge in eyeball attention from much hotter babes than have normally noticed you. The newly minted alpha male enjoys complementary rewards of his SMV stature: The sudden interest of better-looking women and the convenient removal of interest from homelier women whose posture of silent, spiteful preemptive rejection helpfully self-culls them from your briefest consideration.

The Crimson Pill Take On The Mad Men Finale

CH · 18 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Creator and anti-WASP bigot Matthew Weiner ended his show *Mad Men*, in his usual style of conspicuously pushing the neurotic propaganda of feminist empowerment and WASP old order cultural displacement while sabotaging his good progressive beliefs by giving in to the exhilarating temptation to sneak morsels of Realtalk™ into his lavish set piece scenes.

(For the record, I thought the show was pretty good 2/3rds of the time. 1/3rd of it was too muddled, directionless, and boilerplate liberal to be worthy of my undivided judgmentalism.)

Mad Men ended on a lot of happy notes. Happy, if we judge by the satisfaction of feminist and manlet pop culture critics crowing about Joan's new business venture or Peggy's bright, barren careergrrl future. But CH has the Crimson Pill which will enlighten you about what really happens to all the characters if they were representations of real world people instead of fantasy pewter figurines in the equalist's curio shoppe.

Joan – She starts a successful video production company spin-off from the contacts she acquired as part of a bonanza of largesse from generous Sterling Cooper men who fucked her or wanted to fuck her over the years. Gradually, her female influence — sexual harassment seminars! — erodes the company's bottom line, and she has to bring in a male COO to right the ship. As is typical of aging, buxom women who are va va voom in their prime, she bloats up to the size of a tugboat, and at age 45 has to face the prospect of romantic isolation with a son who hates her more each day for selfishly robbing him of a father. She consoles herself with cats, her bank account, and feverish shopping sprees, while wondering in her spare moments if she should have hung up the phone as her lover, Richard, was heading out the door for the last time.

Peggy – Stan and Peggy marry, but Stan comes to resent, despite his best liberal intentions, his subordinate occupational and social role to his wife. This perfectly natural male resentment eats at their marriage, until they divorce and Peggy spends the next twenty years in the bowels of corporate America becoming that ballbusting cunt employees will brag about having worked under as proof of their ability to survive the Worst Boss Ever. She has one Downs Syndrome kid with Stan whom she promptly gives up to an orphanage like she did with her first bastard. She ages poorly and kills herself at age 55 on an overdose of Vicodin.

Betty – Betty dies with a cigarette in her mouth, and Henry finds a younger hotter tighter woman to marry within the year, defying his grief and tears and earnest belief that no one like Betty will ever grace his life again.

Sally – The cock carousel is Sally's calling. She rides with abandon.

Pete – As a somewhat charming, egotistical prick with executive status, Pete is never wanting for sexual attention from young women. He breaks his promise to Trudy and cheats on her with a Wichita beauty queen. But Pete loves Trudy and treats her well through the haze of his sexual peccadilloes… she is after all his main squeeze and mother of his children… so this complicates Trudy's anger toward her husband. Trudy loves her prairie life and Lear Jet so much she puts up with Pete's indiscretions, breaking her promise to him and to herself. There is no worse betrayal than betraying one's own principles.

Roger – Aloof alpha male to the end, (and CH's favorite character… "and bring one for my mother…"), Roger learns just enough French to coax hot MILF Marie to offer him anal access. She hates him and loves him for this. Also, he comes to his senses and threatens to rescind his Last Will and Testament to write his bastard son out of it until Joan gives the kid his surname.

Don – Don returns to McCann the most self-assured he's ever felt. He creates the Coca-Cola "I'd like to teach the world to sing…" ad, which catapults him to superstardom status within the ad-making communitaaaaah. He also returns to chasing skirt and charming the pants off everyone, but now that he's found inner peace, he no longer feels guilt for his choices. A yogic serenity allows him, for the first time in his life, to accept himself as the alpha male

juggernaut people can't help but love and serve. He stops beating himself up for possessing a skill set which earns him nice things in life, like money, women, and beta male admiration. He bangs Peggy across his desk after she comes to him confessing marital troubles with Stan.

tl;dr

Mad Men is the expectoration of Matthew Weiner's low T combined with his envy of the Winkelvoss golem and his lifelong mixed feelings for his overbearing Jewish mother.

America, Then And Now

CH · 1 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Then:

Now:

This comparison was too juicy to pass up. The symbolism works on so many levels. LITERAL GELDED NATION.

The Nonprofit Tweeconomy

CH · 1 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

What kind of economy do women prop up, and propagate? A reader forwards an unintentionally funny, and portentous, chart.

Women in their 20s, 30s, and beyond flock to nonprofits for work. There are three reasons for this:

1. Women are psychologically much different than men and have a sex-based preference for work in the "helping" and "schoolmarm" industries. If a woman gets to tell you what to do, and also gets to enjoy a sanctimonious glow from the thought that she's bettering the world, she is a happy clam.

2. Nonprofits are post-scarcity economy work that appeals to people who want to "self-actualize", the preponderance of these people being women. Profit maximizing and corporate ladder climbing are icky to women, unless that greed and self-aggrandizement occurs in the context of a do-goodism NGO.

3. Nonprofit work requires little to no UGH MATH CLASS IS HARD education or skills. Women have both less mathematical acumen than men (on the whole), and less desire to do work which involves the rigors of logic and maths.

A job that lets a white woman write jargony word salad all day, get paid for it, AND status whore about uplifting Africa's women and children (men? what men?)? Hole-y twat tingles, sign her up!

Most nonprofits are a waste of human capital. 99% of them do nothing for their causes, or actively harm their clients and the donors duped into believing the equalist PR. The growth of nonprofits — and the rush of women into their ranks — is a hallmark of a pre-implosion empire.

You may think, "Aren't nonprofits a luxury, and therefore proof that the society which can accommodate them is a wealthy and self-confident society able to afford a grandiose (and futile) amount of charitable giving?"

Yes, but no. Nonprofits are a luxury, but luxuries often foretell coming hardships. Pride cometh before the fall, and so do nonprofits. A tired, self-doubting, enervated culture will, contrary conventional liberal wisdom, often turn en masse to helping outsiders because, one, it has lost the will to enrich itself materially and spiritually and two, turning one's energies outward can serve as a psychological balm for personal failings. Nonprofit work functions as

a kind of palimpsest, underneath the veneer of which we spy scribblings of social unrest.

UPDATE

Reader YIH adds his .01 cents.

> Here's what that $1 you give to "help the starving children of Africa" (or other charity) does:
> .80 – Fundraising: The phone banks and all those ads (What? You didn't know those were paid for? LOL)
> .10 – Administration: The lawyer (on staff, comes in handy), Accountant (gotta document what comes in and what goes out don'cha know) and the guy (or gal) in the suit behind the desk.
> .09 – The costs to transport the 'aid' and the 'aid workers' plus all needed supplies as well as round-the-clock armed security for them. Not to mention the spokesperson and the cameraman – those ads don't make themselves y'know!
> ,01 – That's how much 'Starvin' Marvin' gets – plus those nice t-shirts telling them that the Seahawks just won their second Super Bowl.

Liberals just have to learn to accept that inequality is a part of the human condition — perhaps a necessary and beneficial part — and…

Realtalk About The Sexes, 1920s Edition

CH · 1 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It seems hard to believe, immersed as we are currently in a miasma of equalist lies, that there were ever times in America's rapidly receding past when people shared a generally realistic appraisal of the sexes. But there were. And America's fruited plains were once populated with Realtalkers. A reader forwards a link to Realtalk, 1920s-style. The subject is "Petting Parties", which were all the rage during that time.

> Soon the lovey-dovey wingdings were popping up all across the country. Southerners sometimes called them *necking* parties. They were called *mushing* parties in the West; *fussing* parties in the Midwest and *spooning* everywhere, the United Press noted later in 1921. Eventually some flappers began referring to party-petting as *snugglepupping*.

It's almost weird to read about a time when America was so culturally unified, and this despite massive waves of Eastern European immigration happening then.

A game-aware nugget of Realtalk is tucked into the story:

> "Girls like to be called snuggle-puppies," one school administrator told the reporter. "They grant the boys liberties. Encourage them to take them and if the young chaps do not, they are called 'sissies', 'poor boobs' or 'flat tire.' "

Heartiste Poon Commandment XIII: Better to err on the side of too much boldness rather than too little.

The beta male orbiter was known to women long before our time. He was that "sissy" — an apt description — who couldn't bustamove when it most counted. That 1920s beta male stumbled and fumbled and waited patiently for unmistakeable signals from the girl until she grew bored with him and alighted for a better man who knew how to travel the landscape of her hindbrain.

Related: Fat women were never attractive to men. The "perfect woman", according to an 1890s leaflet, was slender and feminine, not a hint of fupa or manjaw on her. America the Beautiful, where have ye gone?

The Beta Orbiter's Lament

CH · 2 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It's a good idea to avoid the temptation to ask a girl out on a public stage, especially if you don't know for certain that the girl likes you "that way". But leave it to beta males to endorse hope over (lack of) experience. A viral video of a teenager prompositioning his lust object to be his prom date ended with what must have felt like the *ne plus ultra* of humiliating rejections.

She was, naturally, "already seeing someone".

The beta orbiter's lament is always being the guy who arrives at his decision for romance too late. And when he does arrive there, his mountaintop announcement is maladroit and swiftly dismissed.

Why is the beta orbiter so clueless about the feelings of the girl he orbits? I'll tell you what's likely happening behind the scenes of these public spectacles of romantic rejection.

Stage One Beta Orbiter: He "hangs around" this girl he really likes, but only peripherally. Her proximity, however unattached and fleeting, strengthens his feelings for her. She, of course, is oblivious to his feelings.

Stage Two Beta Orbiter: As his love grows beyond the bounds of possible reciprocation, he projects his passion onto the girl he orbits, actively fantasizing and even beginning to imagine real indications that she is as interested in him as he is in her. She remains oblivious to his feelings.

Stage Three Beta Orbiter: Time definitely does not heal blue balls. The beta orbiter now envisions a day not too far in the future when his p will enter her v. He starts to act weirdly (more weird than usual) around her planetary trap zone, and it is at this point that she suspects his romantic interest, leaving her grappling with feelings of discomfort, but also of manipulative promise. It will be hard for her now to resist her subconscious impulse to use her beta orbiter toolbag for emotional and practical provisioning. Even the sweetest girls can give in to the lure of exploiting loyal, lovestruck beta males for asexual profit.

Stage Four Beta Orbiter: He is so infatuated and hypnotized by her platonic company, he can't see that jerkboy pinching her on the ass as he walks by and her turning red-faced with aroused embarrassment. All the real life signals are red, and all his fantasy life signals are green. He ignores the obvious lack of interest from her and pays attention only to what he has concocted in his fevered mental masturbatorium. A collision is coming.

Stage Five Beta Orbiter: He can't contain his feelings any more. The time is ripe! Public proposition, because it can't fail and he wants the world to know his good fortune, or because he nurses a seed of doubt and thinks a crowd of sympathetic allies will exert just the right amount of pressure on the girl of his dreams. Horrible rejection ensues, hug from mom, lesson learned? Not always. Not often.

A beta orbiter can be rescued by a wise male buddy or mentor, and by learning game, sometime around or before Stage Three. By Stage Four, he's a lost cause, and he'll have to endure Stage Five humiliation to snap out of his delirium. That's what happened to the teenager in the above story. That's what had to happen.

Spot The Alpha

CH · 2 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Two photos, side by side, both of men tossed out by their irate girlfriends. We don't see the men (very clearly) or their women, but we do see the ways in which each was ceremoniously dumped.

Couples counselors and people who read too much Jezebel would think that the man dumped by a very angry girl in dramatic style is despised more than the man calmly shown the door, and that this would mean the former is less likely to enjoy a reconciliation with his jilted woman.

Chateau guests know better. A woman's indifference, not her hatred, is the opposite of her love.

Beta males are often perplexed by how quickly their ex-girlfriends are able to put them out of mind once the poon party's over. That is because women never really "imprint" that strongly on dutiful beta male partners. So when the reckoning comes, the women of beta boyfriends are almost giddy with the anticipation of striking out again for alpha male pastures.

Alpha males, in contrast, are rarely perplexed or grief-stricken when dumped, because they know from experience that the odds are very high that the women they royally piss off will come back to them, meekly begging for more of their inscrutably ambivalent attention. An angry outburst from a woman is as good a sign there is that she's still in love, and won't stand to be away from the tormentor she loves for long.

Shiv Of The Week: The Earthly Reward For Beta Male Romanticism

CH · 3 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

What awaits the typical beta male? Reader FrTedCrilly makes a bloodsport of vivisecting the beta male id.

> Sure Game can save a beta orbiter.
>
> Only problem is that beta orbiters often are the most vehement opponents of the sweet science of pick-up, pre- or post-humiliation.
>
> They'll play the waiting game. And the payoff, if they're really "lucky", after years of watching their princess get dumped by Skrillex clones, is a 60,000 dollar wedding and a blank-eyed speech about her soulmate and best friend. And a sexless honeymoon.

The sharpest shiv cuts the cleanest line.

On a less serious note, I do wonder, given the trend to later and fewer marriages, how long sexual market optimists think beta males will put up with being sloppy sixths to carousel-worn vagina switched into semi-arid settling mode? Do honorary Realtalkers believe there won't be blowback from such an unsustainable societal condition? CH loves the pointillistic details best when framed by the big picture.

How To Spot A Psychopath

CH · 3 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

If the data and personal observation are accurate and America is filling up with sociopaths and psychopaths, then the best advice a person could get is how to spot psychopaths and either avoid them or defend oneself against their charming predations.

As a recipient of the wicked love of one or two suprasexy sociopath chicks, I can tell you that unless your state control is rock-ribbed and your sexual market options plentiful, you'll get shredded to ribbons under the stiletto shiv of a femme fatale.

And having had the distinct displeasure to work and socialize alongside one or two male psychopaths, the danger to your well-being is a hundredfold worse.

You could say, "It takes one to know one, right CH?" Eh, maybe. Or maybe my keenness is a gift from the forces of Light, and the wisdom gathered from my experiences meant for bestowal upon the benighted as part of a pay it forward karmic redemption. Yeah, I'll go with that.

Good news for people with functioning empathy centers of the brain: Psychopaths (and their lesser cousins, sociopaths) have tells, just like sluts have tells. If spaths (socio- + psychopath) unintentionally announce their evil disorder before they get their hooks in you, avoidance is possible.

Here's a "psychopathy checklist" of twenty traits that are common in psychopaths. The biggest spath tells are lying, charm, and self-entitlement.

> In essence, psychopathic predators can come across as socially adept, likable – at least at first – and the life of the party. Even after getting to know them, normal people often have the sense that something is wrong, but they don't know what, because they aren't use to thinking in terms of predatory behavior that will never change. Psychopaths, 99% of the time, are not reformable, and normal people who get in their way often spend considerable effort and energy into reforming them, which makes the normal person all the more vulnerable. […]
>
> Glibly charming people who lie pathologically or who have been caught stealing should be like a flashing red warning light.

Perusing that psychopath trait list, I can't help but notice at least a few of those traits are distinctive of successful, and psychologically healthy, womanizers who simply love the romantic company of (a variety) women. There's a fair amount of overlap between psychopathy and tight Game. For instance:

> glib and superficial charm
> grandiose (exaggeratedly high) estimation of self
> need for stimulation

As any good player knows, chicks dig overconfident, charming men with exciting lives.

> cunning and manipulativeness

Players can be manipulative, but so can women in their own ways. It's fair to say a little bit of manipulation is normal and healthy in seduction. Legit psychopaths take that talent for manipulation to levels that would dismay even lifelong womanizers.

A spath red flag I've encountered is when a person (usually a man) puts his hand on your shoulder anytime he

punctuates a joke he told or an opinion he delivered unsolicited. This is a domination move that forces a fast-tracked intimacy, a classic psycho charm+power offensive. If anyone pulls this on you, physically remove their hand while keeping eye contact. They won't do it again.

Another red flag that will help you distinguish spaths from regular guy charmers: A charming, normal man will piecemeal his charm during a conversation, delivering doses of his charisma at opportune moments. A spath will come right at you with both charm guns a-blazing, even before he's shaken your hand and gotten to know your name. The quick draw spath is employing one of his domination moves, attempting to lead and monopolize the sympathies of the social group. If you suspect you've got one of these psychos in your mixed company, (and you recognize the threat that he'll captivate the women in your group), the best defense is a good offense. Treat the spath like an AMOG and tease him for his try-hard efforts to win everyone over.

Mattress Girl Made A Porno

CH · 4 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Emma Sulkowicz, that psychocunt NB4 who lied about being raped and still carries on as if her lie hadn't been exposed, is back for more hard shivving (quite literally). She made a porno """documenting""" her fake, totally made-up ordeal. Reader Pepe alerts the CH audience,

> Remember mattress girl? Well, she made a porno *reenacting* her struggles:
>
> http://www.cecinestpasunviol.com/
>
> This woman has unlocked a new level of crazy. Like you can't be this ugly and crazy at the same time.

Yes, ugly and crazy, that's one unattractive combo. The upside is that not many men will be tempted to stick their dick in ugly, so they don't have to worry about sticking it in her crazy either.

From the rape fantasist's website:

> Do not watch this video if your motives would upset me, my desires are unclear to you, or my nuances are indecipherable.

This is a Nimitz Class Attention Whore (and Control Freak; she wants to shove her smelly snatch in men's faces and sadistically deny their male sexuality by demanding their desexualized consideration). And there's no doubt she's the type of chick (there are an uncomfortably large number of them) who gets off dreaming about a rapist having his way with her.

In the past, attention whores of this magnitude would violate only a handful of people's lives… those closest to them. And they would be discarded once their friends and family caught on to their sickness and gave up showering them with the sympathetic ardor they crave. We see with the rise of the internet and social media that the insufferable attention whore has a new lease on her vampiric, emotion-sucking malevolence. The online world has enabled her like no BFF or doting mother could; it has not created a monster, but turned a monster into a contagion, devouring cultures whole.

America will fall like Rome did, but it will be much quicker, and more cataclysmic, thanks in no small part to social media and the rise of a night army of attention whores.

PS Eskimo.

One Weird Trick For Successfully Dating Ex-Pat Girls

CH · 4 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Meet a girl, charm a girl, love a girl. Beautiful, you found a soulmate. But, there will come a time, sooner than you'd like, when a girl will want something "more" out of her relationship with you. That "more" can be gifts, giving up your skeet shooting hobby, moving in together, or, usually, marriage. If you're dating a ~~green card whore~~ lovely foreign girl overstaying her visa, (say, an *au pair*), "more" means cold hard cash to pay her immigration lawyer.

There's a simple solution to this problem. Enjoy your time banging that cute foreigner, and when she thinks you're putty in her hands and feels brave enough to ask you for money, walk.

WALK.

It's a wonder more men don't avail themselves of this option. All it requires is the confidence to know that replacement pussy is within easy reach.

A Woman's Looks Are *More* Important To Her Marriageability

CH · 5 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau has been a destination for Crimson Pill pilgrims a long time, yet confusion about the functioning of the sexual market continues bedeviling a fair number of click-by readers. And not just at CH, but at other ostensibly Realtalk outposts. A recent example of this entrenched ignorance comes from a commenter at Alpha Game, who is under the impression that a woman's looks are *less* important to marriage-minded men than to fling-favoring men.

> It is probably a bit true that men will make some trade offs in favor of intelligence and other factors against looks in a long term partner relative to a short term one.
>
> But that would be like choosing hot but crazy for a weekend but putting for a bit less hot but sane for a wife.
>
> Of course looks are less important in a wife than in a one night stand. But only in a holistic sense. You don't really care if a one night stand can read or count past 10 without taking her shoes off. You probably would care the mother of your children can.

"Of course" looks are less important in a wife? Da'Fuc? I don't know how one could hold this opinion when the real world evidence points in the complete opposite direction. Take a tally of all your married male friends. If you've been friends a while, you'll be able to compare their ex-girlfriends to their current wives. I bet nine out of ten of them have wives considerably hotter than the average of their ex-girlfriends.

The reason why this is so is simple: When a man is seeking to settle down with a lifelong lover and mother of his future children, he wants the BEST DEAL HE CAN GET. If he plans to invest everything in one woman, you bet he'll make sure he's getting good return on investment.

It's similar to buying perishable goods versus durable goods. Toilet paper? Yeah, you don't want it tearing apart in your ass forest, but you won't care much about the advantages of 10-ply over 9-ply. You'll buy a good value TP, a brand that'll do the job but won't cost more than a decent cheesesteak.

But a more durable good, like a car? You will care about every detail of that purchase — looks, power, efficiency, reliability… "leg" room. You'll spend a lot more time mulling over your auto options than you will your TP options.

It goes the same with women. A one night stand or a short fling? Sure, you want the hottest girl you can get, but you'll make sacrifices if she's good to go. Maybe you allow yourself to tolerate a one point beauty deduction for a two point increase in sexual availability.

But a potential wife… ah, that's serious business. Now you definitely want the whole package — beauty, youth, femininity, dependability, fidelity, and smarts that are in the ballpark of your own intelligence. Emphasis on beauty and youth.

Christ, people, use your heads. Do you really think the typical man would be LESS concerned about the looks of a woman he'll be staring at for YEARS?!

Oh, but you know a man who married poorly. Yes, those men exist… they're called betas with no options. Men with options are VERY discerning about the women they will bless with their full devotion. You can bet that uglier women, fatter women, sluttier women, and crazier single moms have as much, and likely more, trouble finding a marriage-minded man who isn't a total loser, as charmless beta males with nothing to offer but their wallets and sympathy hugs have finding a merger-minded girl who just wants to have fun.

Comment Of The Week: The Comedic Theory Of History

CH · 6 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner Cesare explains,

> I have long considered a Comedic Theory of History. The animating concept is the most outrageous comedy of a few years' past becomes the serious current events of our times. Think of Groucho singing in Duck Soup, "no one's allowed to smoke or tell a dirty joke…' certainly matches up with modern PC. Cleavon Little in Blazing Saddles taking himself hostage, which not only came true but actually shut down one of the largest cities on Earth with the entire OJ Simpson circus. Now you can look back to Life of Brian and the Jewish wannabe terrorist demanding to be called Loretta, and God help you if you don't take it seriously!
>
> This is mental illness. Commander Strangeways is not a woman, he is some fucking oddball who had his dick cut off. No physician I, but no mental illness is improved with indulgence and encouragement. Now this poor wretched de-nutted creature is being lauded for his/it's 'bravery', if that doesn't make you vaguely nauseous what will? Once men like Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain or John Basilone or Nick Rowe were thought to be brave by this country.

Good satire pushes the envelope and flirts with absurdity. What happens when all the envelopes have been pushed over a cliff and the absurd becomes the new normal, enforced just like healthy social norms of yore? We're about to find out! Satirists are standing by… wondering if their craft has been rendered superfluous.

The Three Beta Male Mortal Sins

CH · 10 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Beta males regularly commit three mortal sins that banish them to the Hell of Incel. They are listed here. Why are the Big Three Beta Male Sins against love of a mortal nature?

One, the sin involves a grave matter (failure to succeed at the Prime Darwinian Directive).

Two, the sin is often done with full knowledge of the uselessness of the act. Pubertal beta males can be forgiven for their ignorance of female nature, but older beta males have no excuse.

Three, the sin is done with the full consent of the will. Few beta males have ever been coerced or otherwise extorted to behave in ways that kill their chances with girls. He turns off girls all on his own.

Beta Male Mortal Sin #1

DEFENSIVENESS

When beta males are tested by women, their instinct is to crouch into a defensive ball like a cornered kitten, minus the claws and fangs. Defensiveness is the beta male go-to strategy, and it fails spectacularly every single time.

For instance, if a beta male is caught eyeballing another woman, his girl buddy might chastise him with a sneering "You think she's cute," in response to which the beta male is likely to apologetically self-renounce something along the lines of "I wasn't looking at her," or "Nah, she's not my type."

This, naturally, ruins the nascent flirtatious vibe that the girl buddy (and formerly potential girlfriend) was trying to stoke. She will typically respond to her Pyrrhic female victory over the submissive beta male by mentally shoving him deeper into the LJBF confinement zone.

The alpha male, by way of contrast, would reply "Yeah, she's cute," and leave it at that. A torrent of vagina tingles are sure to flow.

Beta Male Mortal Sin #2

STRAINING

Straining, or what is colloquially known as **try-hardery** and more substantively as **approval-seeking behavior**, is the second romance killer bug in the beta male character code. The straining beta male is the guy whose joke to impress a girl falls flat, who then tries to compensate by emphasizing the point of the joke to a crowd growing increasingly uncomfortable with his inability to ride the wave of his social miscue to a safe landing.

The straining of the beta male is evident in any number of ways: Multiple, lengthy texts to a girl replying once to him with a one-word quip; professing his love to a girl three weeks into a dating cycle; profusely apologizing for slights imagined in his head or concocted in the head of a sadistic woman; m'ladyism run amok; quoting Shakespeare in hopes of arousing a woman he considers his intellectual peer; buying a fresh round of drinks each time he enjoys the warming breeze of a batted, manipulative eyelash; bragging in the most transparently self-serving manner about his accomplishments as an office drone; and, most humorously, sometimes literally chasing after a girl leaving da club, whom he talked with for ten seconds.

Straining is a close cousin of bitterness, which women recoil from at emotional distances that are the square of the distance of the beta male's pointless crotch to the woman's turtling labial folds.

Beta Male Mortal Sin #3

PHYSICAL AWKWARDNESS

Hoverhand. An air kiss at the end of a tepid date. A dainty touch on a girl's shirt sleeve before quickly withdrawing for fear of offense. A hug entered at a bad angle, bodies clashing discordantly. A sweet nothing whispered five feet

from a girl's ear. Body stiffness. Jerky head movements. Darting eyes. Deeply pocketed hands. Shuffling feet. Excessive nodding in approval that is mistaken for true bonding. Relentless smiling. Overeager laughing at a girl's typically horrid stab at humor.

You've seen it in action, (maybe you've been prone to the same), the physical awkwardness of beta males is palpable, and palpably desiccating to all vaginas within a ten-mile field of view.

Physical awkwardness is even worse than social awkwardness, for a social misstep can be ignored, retrofitted into a social triumph, or quietly forgotten with the passing of an hour's worth of masterful romantic interlude. But evidence of a physical discomfort with the boundaries of a woman's body and heart is an unrecoverable betrayal of anhedonic beta maleness and inexperience bedding, as Amy Schumer, feminist blowhard, might say, "fuckable" girls.

You can get away with a lot of socially obtuse miscues if your body language speaks of the pompetous of love.

***

Almost all beta males share these three mortal vibe-killer sins. One of these sins could deep-six a beta's chances with a girl; often, a beta male will commit all three sins in the course of a single evening in mixed company.

If you are a beta male who knows he must make penance for his sins against the one holy, catholic, and apostolic Church of Poon, then I have good news for you. Simply ridding yourself of the stain of the Three Beta Male Mortal Sins —

Defensiveness
Straining
Physical Awkwardness

— will pay outsized dividends towards the balance sheet of your love life. Any further spiritual development after that soul cleansing will be gash gravy on an already promising poon vocation.

Black Angel, White Devil

CH · 10 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Whenever you read a news story or watch a conveniently edited video seemingly demonstrating a BadWhite cop injudiciously restraining a nonwhite Being of Light, you can bet nine out of ten times there's a mischievous backstory that completely undermines the GoodWhite Narrative™™™. And yet again that truism appears to be the operating premise in the latest Black Angel, White Devil imbroglio. (That sound you hear is the rapid deflation of the Talented Tenth's hope in the Untalented Ninetieth's capacity to resist Narrative self-sabotage.)

A reader summarizes the untold full story of the McKinney, Texas arrest, when Vibrancy rudely interrupted Poolside Time.

> The clusterfuck comes into play here when a non-resident, Tatiana Rhodes (further referred to as "Princess Dindu Nuffins") and her mother decided to organize and promote an event w/DJ and pool party at the park area of Craig Ranch Subdivision, in McKinney, TX. Neither Princess Dindu Nuffins and mother Dindu Nuffins obtained permission, nor paid to rent the facility for their party that was promoted on Twitter which obviously would solicit participation from the free-shit army…Princess Dindu Nuffins claims a promotion business and apparently this event was her baby and it provided her another avenue to promote another event that would sell tickets in advance of said event. What better way to keep overhead on the cheap by taking over a privately controlled neighborhood park without residents nor neighborhood security being aware of until the free shit army arrived in car-loads to take over, climbing fences and generally bullying their way into the scene in total defiance of residents questioning what was happening in their own community.

Did you know the white officer involved in this Tom Wolfe-ian fiasco was forced to resign, practically at gunpoint? (He has received numerous death threats). But, you know, the boylets at Vox will never stop telling you about the blessings of Diversity from their sharply appointed, 99% gentrified open-air offices and African art-splattered condos, complete with rooftop pool ten stories above the howling mob.

Let's cut to the bone. A large minority, perhaps a majority, of black Americans are incapable of civilized behavior to the standard of white norms without a strong pimp hand to keep them in line. Choke on this, Tim "My Faggot Ass Bleeds Pathogenic Phony Antiracism Altruism" Wise.

Friendzoning Girls As A Pickup Strategy

CH · 11 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever thought about the seductive magic contained in the element of preemptive friendzoning? A strategic disqualification of a girl has the potential to spark an instantaneous attraction for you.

Friendzoning is almost entirely the province and prerogative of prime nubility women subconsciously (or knowingly) abiding their alpha fux, beta hugs Darwinian Directive. Only the top 10% of men — the hard alphas — enjoy the same friendzone admin privileges as do women, and mostly these men friendzone out of necessity rather than personal gain, as is usually the wont of women. An alpha male with ten women knocking at his door might just find it more convenient and less heartless to curtly coochtease the HB7s so he can concentrate on juggling the HB8s and 9s.

There's a lesson there. *we're all ears*

The top SMV echelon of men exhibit aspects of courtship behavior that are nearly indistinguishable from the courtship behavior of women. Acting aloof and sending ambiguous signals of intent? Yep, women and alpha males do that. Playing coy (with sex or with commitment)? Yep, alpha male = woman. Friendzoning suitors? Again, alpha male is the mimic of woman.

The lesson is this: You want to behave in the ways of an alpha male for increased attractiveness to intrinsically narcissistic women. The rarity of the Alpha Male Experience (indie band name CH-trademarked) can be used as a guidepost to the secret society of sex-loving babes.

Hence, the preemptive friendzone. Here's an example. Let's establish you've opened a line of love communication with a girl of sufficient beauty to make the game fun. Chit chat text yap follows. You wait for an opportune pause in the resonating vibe, or a strike of awkwardness, to execute your move. If you're experienced, you'll be able to sense when your ship of sate teeters on the brink between sexual promise and platonic defeat. Your flirtation credit has maxed out.

Just at that moment, when she's most expecting your announcement of phallic intention, you send this kitty diddy:

Yeeow, the presupposed princess just turned into a humbled housemaid. Guess who's chasing whom now? Who, whom, indeed.

Now, you don't deliberate the nature of the wound you've inflicted. This is the tricky part, because a wrong move here can mean a self-fulfilling friendzone. You don't want her taking you at your word.

She'll reply, you ignore her. It doesn't matter what she wrote or said; in romance, substance is nothing. An hour,

three hours, maybe three days later, you ask her out for a drink(s). You continue your policy of opaque silence on the subject of your friendzone request. If she asks, feign ignorance and assume the sale at the same time… “you remember what i texted last week?”… or stick with the cheeky ruse… “yep, we’re gonna swap recipes.”

Once in her company, you will proceed seducing her as if she is anything but a friend to you. Again, if she balks, you perfunctorily agree “yup, the best of buddies” as your hand travels the expanse of her competing erogenous zones, zones which are, truth be told, much more exciting to navigate.

¡SCIENCE!: 'Five Minutes Of Alpha' Is A Real Thing

CH · 12 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Chateau Heartiste, 2009:

> **Maxim #101: For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.**

¡SCIENCE!, 2015:

> Resisting Connection Following Social Exclusion: Rejection by an Attractive Suitor Provokes Derogation of an Unattractive Suitor
>
> Social psychologists theorize that individuals seek connection following rejection. However, accepting connection from a low status other may imply that one is of similarly low status, which may call into question one's prospects for future acceptance. Thus, we hypothesized that rejection would lead individuals to distance themselves from a low status other even when the low status other is accepting. In two studies, single, heterosexual, female participants received simultaneous acceptance/rejection feedback from one physically attractive man and one less attractive man. As predicted, rejected individuals derogated their rejecters as indicated by a decreased desire for affiliation and more negative evaluations. Moreover, participants rejected by the attractive man also derogated the unattractive man even when the unattractive man offered acceptance. These data may shed light on specific circumstances under which rejection leads to antisocial behavior.

It's a bit circuitous, but the relevance of this study to CH Maxim #101 becomes clear once we accept the premise that "five minutes of alpha (male)" is to women, for all practical purposes, a rejection. "Five minutes of alpha" is an aesthetic interpretation of a one night stand or a short fling that ends without any commitment extracted by the woman from the man. A woman WILL feel the sting of commitment rejection in much the same way a man will feel the sting of sexual rejection; and yet, the fleeting pleasure of an alpha male's attention can ruin a woman for all promise keeper beta males to come after.

This is what the study uncovers, in its sphere of examination. Women "rejected" by the alpha male were more likely to be a bitch to the lesser/beta male. That sting of rejection the women felt from the alpha, and the ensuing bitterness about it, redounded to the betas a hundredfold.

Conclusion: If you are a beta male… STOP DROP AND MOLD yourself into an alpha male. Also, the more alpha fux a woman has accumulated over her prime fertility years (without commitment from any of them), the worse she'll behave toward any beta males unfortunate or stupid enough to take on the role of her sloppy sixtieths.

[image]

[image]

Again, we see the wisdom, first dropped at CH and later confirmed by SCIENCE, that men who want admiration, devotion and loyalty from a lover would do well to avoid dating (or god forbid marrying) any woman who could challenge them in the bed post notch department. Virgins aren't prized the world over for no reason.

But, please, feel free to pump and dump those "dick is abundant and low value" try-hard feminists and add to their future beta husbands' misery.

To Whom Should Men Turn For Advice About Women?

CH · 12 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

In a Steve Sailer comment thread to a post about Tim Hunt, (the Nobel Prize winning scientist who made the reasonable observation that women scientists are emotionally fragile and can't take criticism), commenter Ozymandias, responding to some female commenter demonstrating women's ability to take things personally, wrote,

> Unfortunately, what many women consider to be friendship is little more than them cultivating sexual attraction in men they have no interest in, so that they can harvest ego strokes. That's why any man worth his salt knows the number one rule: never take advice about women from women.

Common sensible and often true, even if women and their beta white knight lackeys don't like to hear it. The seminal post on when and how men and women can be friends is here. It's the only thing you need to read on the topic that bears any resemblance to reality as it is for most normal human beings.

Steve, in all his down-home, around-the-way, congenially nerdy Steve-ness, responded to Ozymandias,

> Guys, listen to your mother, grandmother, aunts, and sisters about women.

Godzilla face palm

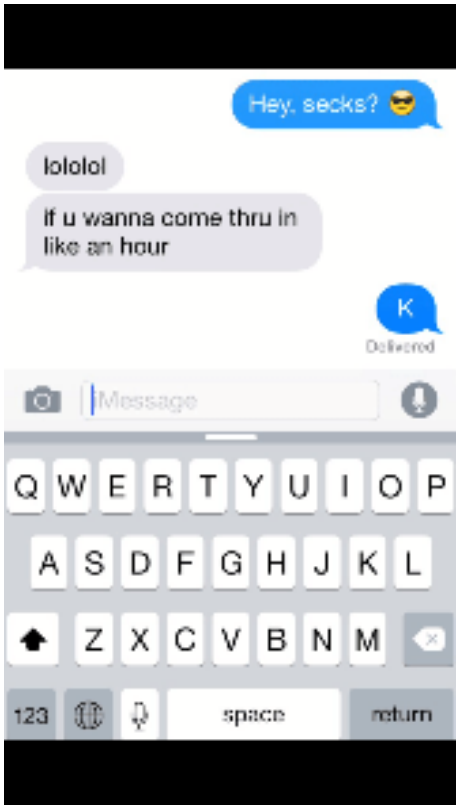
Your grandmother… maybe, if she's at least 90 years old, born well before the post-America funny farm opened its doors. Your mother, aunts, and sisters? No. Women not only give wrong advice to men about how to seduce them, they usually give advice 180 DEGREES removed from what actually works! This is a bug in woman code that men must accept and work around.

The person a man should listen to for advice about women is another man who has both a track record bedding and loving beautiful women and has the self-awareness and mental acuity to know what it is about men like himself that women love and to effectively communicate his knowledge.

Be A Secks God

CH · 12 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Remember Alana Massey? No? Ok, remember the CH evisceration of her? Ah, yes, that does ring a bell. She's back, but in a different way, providing ugly truth fodder that's fun for the whole family. Her Twat feed secretly tingles for a suitor who made such an impression on her that she couldn't help but fondly recall him and announce her fond recollection to the whole world.



Massey writes,

> my fave part of this tactic is always showing up in sunglasses and a shit-eating grin like some kind of a goddamn genius.

He got your attention, Alana. And that's more than can be said for the loser betas "lifting you up" (in SJW-speak) on Tinder.

Boring men who play by the rules are never remembered by women. "Hey, secks?" game may not be eligible for inclusion in the pantheon of great seduction techniques, but it beats "Hi, beautiful, how was your day? ;)" anti-game. (In Alana's case, this come-on would be a lie in at least one detail.)

Don't aspire to be an SJW-approved lapdog shell entity. Aspire to be a Hey, Secks man, a Skittles man, a Bring the Movies man, a Birthday Cat man, or a 8===D man. In every generation, women get the men they put out for.

UPDATE

A commenter thinks Massey is the one texting the "Hey, secks?" line. If so, it doesn't speak well of her SMV. I mean, if you have to request a booty call intervention from a man, you probably don't have much to offer beyond a few minutes of your discount bin jizz receptacle.

Shiv Of The Week: Caitlyn Dolezal

CH · 12 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Via F_McGillicudy, who rightfully earns this week's SOTW.

In case you were wondering about the absurd backstory.

Dolezal sounds like an anti-anxiety med. Fitting.

Mockery will destroy leftoid equalism. Joyous, unbridled, exuberant mockery. Unleash the Cracking.

Comedy Hour isn't over yet:

Why Are Some Beta Males Bitter About Women?

CH · 13 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

They weren't born that way, they were made that way, by repeated failure with women in the sexual marketplace. Their romantic failure is a consequence of their inexperience, lack of game, and their poor understanding of female sexual nature, each reinforcing the other in a feedback loop of infinite incel, until marriage at 33 to a dumpy hausfrau (and they are legion).

But there's another, even crueler and more invidious, reason why beta males become bitter about women:

Women treat beta males worse for no reason other than that they aren't alpha males!

As we learned from yesterday's post, a study has found that women who are rejected by an alpha male experience a surge of bitterness and bad feelings that they then dump onto any beta males unlucky enough to be next in line for the faire maidens' hands.

Now, a question for the tough guys who like to dump on the bitterbetaboys (and CH stands accused along with the sadistic rabble): If women are autonomically treating beta men like shit, through NO FAULT of the beta males' own, might it stand to reason that a legitimate explanation for beta male bitterness and romantic failure is their parallel sexual market reality in which they have to deal with cranky, bitchy, demeaning women who are pissed off that they didn't get the alpha male of their dreams? Just sayin'.

Comment Of The Week: The General Theory Of Maintenance Relativity

CH · 14 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

shartiste wins this week's COTW. This might be his second trophy. Hey man, save some for the betas.

> high maintenance has become a beta rationalization term. most often it means "I'm not high enough SMV to maintain her".
>
> What's high maintenance to you is decidedly low maintenance to Leonardo DeCaprio.

There are objectively high maintenance girls who would give any man fits, but it's true that most of them labeled as such are only high maintenance to betaboys who don't have what it takes to tame the whirlwind of their women. Have you ever seen a girl with a reputation for high maintenance turn into a purring, easy-going kitten under the tutelage of the right kind of man? Yes, you have.

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COTW runner-up is NuancedBrooklynArtist, in fine wowjustwowness satirical form.

> Wow, just wow. I just finished reading your post and I am shaking with rage. This is not okay, and someone could have been triggered by your hostility. This post is literally, vile dudebro neckbeard microaggression. It is threatening and harassment that violates my safe space. Let me tell you a thing: You are an awful, shitty person. Let me explain why your post is problematic, it's 2015 not the 1950s. You are on the wrong side of history. Your post lacks nuance and complexity. You don't know this, because white privilege. You ignore the enriching diverse enrichment around you that will enrich your experience. I'm not here to educate you more. There is consensus on this issue already. This is not a place for learns. Like seriously. I literally can't even now. Read a book on Nelson Mandela (yay Mandela!), and educate yourself. Shut up, listen, and believe. Just sayin'.

 This is getting to be a crowded field. If you want to parody the SJW, you had better bring your A(sshole) game.

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COTW consolation prize goes to whorefinder, for finding the reason leftoids eschew logic in favor of self-serving rationaliztion and emotionalism.

> Left wing "thought" is merely a series of rationalizations to gain power, with no consistency necessary.
>
> So this blip won't make a dent in them, whichever way they come out. And civilization will slide further into chaos.
>
> It's like watching a little girl make up the rules to their games of pretend—altogether, the rules make zero sense and contradict one another, but individually, the rules exist to maximize that particular little girl's power in her pretend world. Her tea parties are dungeons with pretty doily chains around each of her guests legs and arms.
>
> But hey, at least we elected Obama.

whorefinder concludes with,

> Rape!

Leftoids live and breathe on your prostration and apologia. Why not try something different for a change?

Dick Pic Game

CH · 17 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reader W.E.K. takes a page from a gilded CH tome to harness the muff misting magic of the dick emoji.

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An interesting anecdotal aside to the 8======D—- guy.

I have worked as a doorman/bouncer in some highly popular bars/nightclubs in my area.

One time I was working the door sitting on a stool when out comes a quite attractive brunette from inside the bar. She sits on an adjacent stool for a few moments but I really wasn't paying much attention as I was trying to text my then gf at the time and manage her fragile/needy emotional state because she had fallen quite hard for me and at this point was freaking out whenever I went to work and thus was surrounded by lots of young attractive women. Regardless of the fact that I met her at another bar I worked at.

Anyway back to the brunette on the stool. She sees that I'm texting and paying her no mind so she says to me
"Hey want to text me?"
I paused for a moment considering the idiocy of the question.
I was in a playful mood that needed respite from my insecure gf"s annoyingness so I hand her my phone to put her number in.

When I got my phone back I texted her this.
8========D———-

I think she texted back " what's that ?" To which I lol'd.

True to female form her next response was
"Wanna make out?"

I paused for a few moments considering the utter hilarity of the question. Then I stood up and glided over gently holding the back of her head and pulled her in for a quick make out.

Ever the professional I kept it short and made myself get back to focusing on the job.
A few hours later and she texts me with
"Come to my hotel"

I told her I wouldn't be off for another few hours and I forgot about it due to logistics and the fact that my gf was at my place and would stay up waiting for me.
As i'm driving home she texts me again wanting me to come over but I just ignored because I was already nearly home.
Unfortunately for me my gf went through my phone and found an unknown number added while at work (fucking sneaky bitches). The texts were of course deleted. So then I have to make up a lot of shit and manipulate some emotions to keep things copacetic.
The gf ended up calling her though and a lot of shit talking ensued. I had to really hide how entertained I was.

Moral of the story:
8======D——

It works.

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And why does it work on lovely ladies? It keeps 'em guessing. It smacks of male sexual entitlement. It betrays a sexy indifference to female approval. It's fun and flirty. It's (literally) cocky. It's unpredictable and immature.

In other words, it's everything beta males aren't.

Donald Trump For President

CH · 17 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

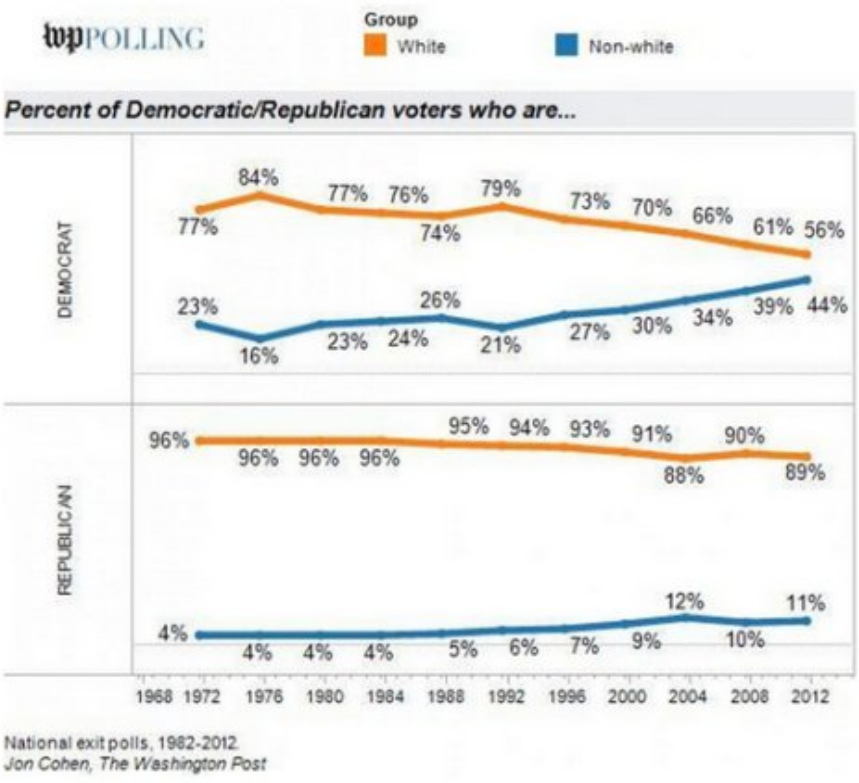
…until somebody better comes along, which, this being post-America, they probably won't.

> According to the economists, who I'm not big believers in, but, nevertheless, this is what they're saying, that $24 trillion. We're very close, that's the point of no return. $24 trillion.
>
> We will be there soon. That's when we become Greece. That's when we become a country that's unsalvageable. And we're gonna be there very soon. We're gonna be there very soon.
>
> So, just to sum up, I would do various things very quickly. I would repeal and replace the big lie, Obamacare.
>
> I would build a great wall, and nobody builds walls better than me, believe me, and I'll build them very inexpensively, I will build a great, great wall on our southern border. And I will have Mexico pay for that wall.

The Great Wall of Trump. Hey, he could splash his name on every cement block as long as it does the job.

Do you think Trump is any more of a clown than any other "legit" candidate? ΔΔΔHillaryΔΔΔ? ¡Jeb!? The ship of state is steered by an army of malevolent clowns. May as well shake it up and enjoy the spectacle of the ruling globo-equalist class sweating bullets.

Related portent:



Predictions About Dylann Storm Roof

CH · 18 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Dylann Storm Roof (dat fuckin wigger name), the Charleston church shooter, looks like the even more soulless twin of Adam Lanza, Sandy Hook school shooter. Same misshapen omega male face, minus a score of IQ points.

CH predictions:

– Roof will have been on some sort of feminism-approved psychotropic drug, like Adderall, since boyhood.
– Roof will have been at some point diagnosed with mental difficulties, and spent time in remedial classes. He looks like he's got a touch of the Downs.
– Roof will have never had a real girlfriend, or will have suffered a recent "break-up" by a girl he thought was his girlfriend but who herself thought he was just a friend to her.
– Roof is a virgin.
– Roof has a manifesto hiding somewhere.
– Roof will have been raised in a broken family, by a single mom.
– Roof was a high school outcast.
– Roof had a gay episode in his past, possibly sexually abused by a gay (black?) authority figure.
– Roof is an avowed atheist.
– Roof has logged years worth of World of Warcraft play.

Reminder: White mass shooters are often afflicted with clinical mental illness, falling well outside the norm for their race. Black killers often fall well within the norm for their race. Crime stats don't lie. I suppose to get around this uncomfortable reality one could always argue that a higher proportion of blacks than whites suffer from mental disorders and psychopathy. Heh.

UPDATES

So far, one CH prediction appears to be true. Roof was on a pharmaco-therapeutic agent called suboxone, to treat addiction. The drug is known to be associated with violent outbursts.

***

Was Dylann Storm Roof a sexually aggrieved White Knight? If this holds up as factual, he supposedly said to one survivor "…you rape our women…this is why you have to go". This goes to an observation I have about especially earnest white knights: The in-your-face, quick-tempered white knight who looks for any opportunity to rush to a m'lady's defense is usually a dude who can't get laid. He sublimates his sexual failure into a quixotic quest to defend all maidens' honor, imagining the righteous pose somehow imbues him with the sexual allure he so desperately wants.

Was Roof a failure with the white women he desired but couldn't get, and did this rejection drive him to the extremes of white knightery, culminating in murdering the symbol of his torment, the fantasy mandingo AMOG? Or, alternately, was he cucked by a black guy, and instead of blame the white girl, he exonerated her from responsiblity and focused all his incel rage on the interloper?

***

Ramzpaul puts his brass ones on the table and won't let you look away.

***

A second CH prediction about Roof has come true. Roof did indeed pine for a white girl who chose to mudshark rather than be with him.

> Scott Roof, who identified himself as the suspect's cousin, told*The Intercept* that "Dylann was normal until he

> started listening to that white power music stuff." He claims that "he kind of went over the edge when a girl he liked starting dating a black guy two years back." He added, "Dylann liked her … The black guy got her. He changed. I don't know if we would be here if not …" then hung up the phone.

"Over the edge" is something you frequently hear about people who are later revealed to be schizophrenic. Roof's cucking at the hands of a black guy was the likely trigger for a psychotic break. Also, it sounds like this girl "he liked" either wasn't aware of Roof's ardor or was and had him firmly wedged in the friendzone.

From the same article, a third and a fourth CH prediction are validated. Roof was from a broken family, (unclear who raised him, but probably his single mom), and "[r]ecords show he attended ninth grade twice, and it appears he dropped out after that." Roof was, literally, a high school outcast.

Chateau Heartiste, your first stop for personality profiling.

FYI, expect to see more of this white omega male cuck-rage if the fad of prole white chicks fucking blacks and friendzoning whites picks up any perceptible steam. Not condoning, only describing human nature and how it's best not to fuck with ancient genetic algorithms.

Which is all to say….

Game can save lives!

Clark And Hatfield Study: Men Are Far More Open To Casual Sex Than Are Women

CH · 18 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Remember that unfunnygirl who performed a social science experiment up to the rigorous standards set by academic feminists everywhere, an experiment in which her results were presented as evidence men don't want casual sex any more than women want it? Femcunts rejoiced, because femcunts will rejoice at whatever slender reed of feels gives succor to their pretty lies.

Dr. Jeremy, from Psychology Today, responded, vindicating the original Clark and Hatfield study finding that men are fantastically more agreeable to the prospect of casual, NSA sex than are women.

> The difference between actual social science research and these pseudo-experiments is that, with real research, there are experimental controls put in place to reduce bias and alternative explanations for the findings. For example, the original Clark and Hatfield (1989) study standardized what was said by the experimental assistants to ask for sex, so that each participant received exactly the same believable message. Specifically they said, "I have been noticing you around campus. I find you to be very attractive. Would you go to bed with me tonight?"
>
> Additionally, Clark and Hatfield (1989) used multiple experimental assistants to control for differences in attractiveness. Also, the assistants were asked to only request sex from believable partners (college students, relatively the same age, and attractive to them). Finally, participants were approached during times when they were most likely to have free time for sex (weekdays and not between class periods).
>
> We see none of these experimental controls in the pseudo-experiment video. The woman is inconsistent with her approach and how she asks for sex. Sometimes she is laughing, uncomfortable, and clearly not serious in her request. She also approaches many men who are not plausible sex partners for her, who are busy with their day, or who are otherwise unavailable for immediate sex.
>
> Nevertheless, when she does approach men that she finds sexually attractive, who are plausible sex partners, who are available, and her request to them is more complementary and believable, then she more often gets a yes (for example, see video at 1:54 with guy in blue shirt). In fact, simply taking the men out of the analysis who are clearly considerably older than her (10), state they are too busy to go with her immediately (9), say they have a girlfriend and cannot have sex with her (12), or tell her they are gay (3), begins to increase her probability of getting a yes to sex (28/66 = 42%). If she only approached men that she actually found sexually attractive, used a standardized and believable request for sex, and hid the camera too, then it is quite possible that her rate of success would be even higher and better match those of actual studies that used such experimental controls. In fact, more recent experimental studies, following those controls and protocols, have indeed found similar results as the original Clark and Hatfield (1989) experiments (for more, see Hald & Høgh-Olesen, 2010).
>
> Clark, R. D., & Hatfield, E. (1989). Gender differences in receptivity to sexual offers. Journal of Psychology & Human Sexuality, 2(1), 39-54.
>
> Hald, G. M., & Høgh-Olesen, H. (2010). Receptivity to sexual invitations from strangers of the opposite gender. Evolution and Human Behaviior, 31, 453-458.

Feminists — ah, fuck it, let's just say all women — will never be convinced by logic or reason to accept that there are deep, abiding differences in the psychology of the sexes. Women are built by evolution to fool themselves as much as fool men to their true natures, because complete enlightenment and the pained introspection that would follow could sabotage the Darwinian prime directive to attract and monopolize the top alpha sperm and resources.

The Opportunity For A Globo-Equalist Ruling Class False Flag

CH · 18 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The fact that conspiracy theories are routine fodder for jokesters doesn't mean one can't occasionally be true. Now that the media industrial complex is a wholly-owned subsidiary and propaganda arm of the globo-equalist ruling elite, the opportunity to devise and execute a conspiracy to neuter enemies, and get away with it, has never been more tempting.

A conspiratorial possibility that could fly under the public's radar today would be a false flag operation designed to discredit and, ideally, criminalize Narrative dissenters engaged in crimethink. An operative, or a very gullible patsy, could be ordered (or duped) to kill some useful innocents, and his computer and home planted with reading material that includes loveable Realtalk blogs which give the elite fits. Then when the Hivemind-friendly media investigate the murders and set their semantic Gatlings on the Un-brainwashed, the job of silencing the real enemy of the ruling class — the rowdy dissidents changing hearts and minds outside megaphone channels — becomes a lot easier.

This post isn't a claim of conspiracy to explain current events. It's simply a reminder that such an elite conspiracy is possible, and maybe more possible than it's ever been in American history.

***

A reader writes,

> Incidentally, the House just passed Trade Promotion Authority after a humiliating defeat last week. This [Charleston] story is the top story on literally every single MSM site as well as the right-wing and left-wing alternative sites, sucking all of the oxygen out of the outrage of those on the left and right who realize what a betrayal this deal is (which incidentally has not been disclosed and even Congress members have to review in a special room and cannot even take notes).
>
> A conspiracy-minded person might be tempted to see a connection between the two.

Is there anything left about America that inspires trust in her institutions and her leaders?

***

The point of this post is that if you're a high ranking member of the Hivemind and you want to devise a conspiracy to discredit your anti-Hivemind enemies, it really helps your cause to have a nationwide media sucking the last drop from your cock.

Consolation Game

CH · 19 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

When women vent, something they do with alacrity and disinhibition, men of all kinds are frequently and amusingly caught off-guard. It's a wonder, given the natural urge of women to routinely weep for their lonely souls and their otherworldly problems, why so many men are inept in the art of consoling women.

I've seen alpha males tongue-tied off the shoulder of a crying HB. I've watched smooth players wither into puling beta males listening to a cute chick quake. All those moments to make her feel special, lost in time… like tingles pre-vow.

Consolation Game is a minor adjunct to the Game oeuvre, but it has outsized importance, mostly because so few men know how to properly execute it. It's very simple.

SELF-PITYING PRINCESS: oh whoa is me, whoa is me yada yada mada yada yada fada welcome to camp grenada…

THE DEVIL'S PHALLIC AVATAR: I understand.

There ya go. That's it. "I understand." No more need be said. Let her smear her make-up all over you and when her aqueduct is about run dry you express your very succinct understanding.

Oh sure, if you want to be creative, you can refract your response through a female narcissism filter.

"It's right for you to feel bad."

I swear 99% of the time this strategy (as elementary as it is) will leave you in her higher esteem than before. Why? Because women don't want answers to their problems; they want wagon circling sympathy feels. And they LOVE LOVE LOVE a man who will step aside and let them have their emotional cleansing once in a while.

Unfortunately, something so simple is lost on the great majority of men, who for some strange reason as a sex are incapable of handling the frailer sex with the unobtrusive, curt collusion that signals to women an experienced man's navigational facility with their peculiar feminine landscape. Instead, what one often observes is the man frantically trying to "lift up" (hi SJWs!) his inconsolable girl, or worse, trying to solve her issue, only to receive as gratitude her scowl and labia-turtling exasperation.

Eager, excessively earnest gestures of sympathy are NOT SEXY to girls. Don't be that approval-seeking beta male spinning his tricycle wheels to turn a girl's frown upside-down. Be the alpha male oak tree (Poon Commandment XV) who, in his girl's moments of frivolous crisis, shades her from the judgment of the world until she has spent herself and returns to the delight of stroking his mighty trunk.

Comment Of The Week: The Benumbing Buzzword

CH · 20 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner is The Other Anonymous, accurately diagnosing a major blood disease coursing through the veins of the Western media.

> The language of today's media is characterized by the thought-terminating cliché. The most far-reaching and complex human problems are compressed into brief, highly reductive, definitive-sounding phrases, repeated until they cauterize memory. These have become the start and finish of any ideological analysis. There is no narrative – only spin … and now a word from our sponsors.

There is a time for pithy sloganeering to rally troops, but that time is not all the time as a substitute for vigorous thought. Unfortunately, the Hivemind has found it beneficial to their warped antiracism cause to drown the body politic in their vicious hate whitey banalities, until free thought is strangled and the masses robotically intone the war chants of their own displacement.

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COTW second place finisher is Bill Price,

> We need more than a new political party; we need a new religious awakening to free us from the false doctrine of Enlightenment orthodoxy.
>
> But we do not need a return to the past — we need something new and better, and in our own language. I suspect that the need for religious reform is often spurred more by changes in language than changes in human nature, which are much slower.
>
> I've been working on this idea for half a year now. We need a new concept of kin-based faith that integrates the wisdom of the old worldview into the modern reality. All faith is kin-based (our earliest concepts of divine authority are based on the human family, e.g. father, son and holy spirit), but we've veered away from this truth in recent years. Christianity was a stroke of genius in that it allowed for a higher universal morality while simultaneously promoting the values that made families and communities strong. But it's been hopelessly corrupted by an imperial form of the religion and a radical equalism that was never intended from the beginning, nor was it foreseen by early Christians, who viewed themselves as small communities of like-minded families resisting the depredations of a wicked and corrupt empire.
>
> Today, once again, we'll have to rely on faith to pull us out of a horrible mess of our own creation. I'm sure a lot of people will disagree, but I challenge them to come up with a better solution. Last time people tried an alternative the Bolsheviks ended up in power for 70 years, and that was a horror show I'd rather not live through myself, not to mention my kids.

Everything old is new again, dressed up in fashion-forward garb. Interesting point about language changes mattering more, in the short to medium term, than genetic capital changes. My suggestion for a pro-white majority national ethos banner: Family, Neighborhood, Nation: Renewing Trust. It hits those subconscious anxieties that are currently percolating through Americans.

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COTW consolation prize winner is PA, reminding us of the hierarchy of female desire.

> Related, I saw a guy on the subway yesterday tenderly put his arm around his girlfriend while she was babbling cocksurely about something indubitably important. Today, saw a couple walking and the young man kissed the top of her head. In neither case did the girl's body language show any reciprocation or gratitude.

> What's significant is that both men struck me as alpha at first glance.
>
> The girl wants to feel your power and charm first, affection distant third.

Power and charm first, affection third. That's a pithy aphorism describing the contours of female attraction for the competing character traits of sexy men. Establish your dominance (which can be done by showing you won't cave like a supplicating beta to her feminine wiles), engage her with your charm (an attitudinal cue that you live with an abundance of women mentality), bestow her with your affection (but only after she's bestowed you with her sex and love).

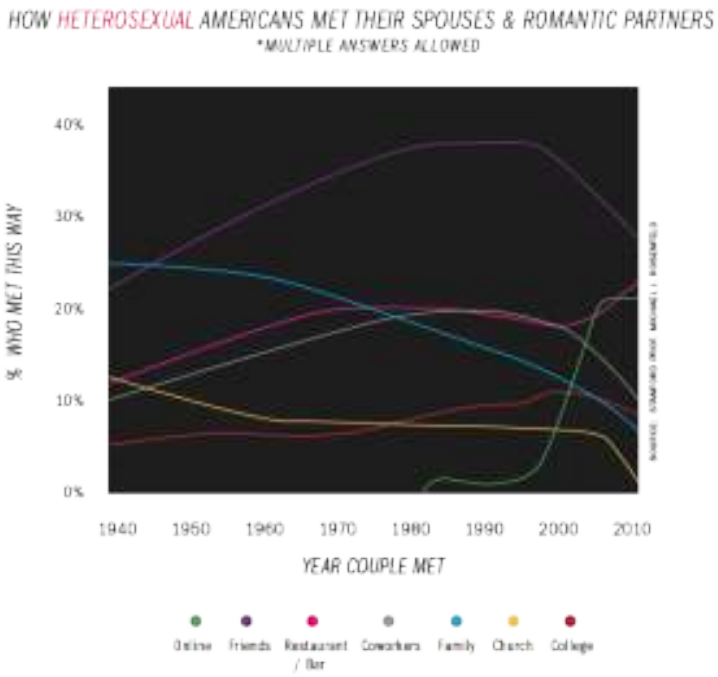
The problem with the more romantically earnest sort of beta males is that they start with the affection, and then clumsily try to segue to the power and charm when they see that their affection is driving the girl away. It never ends well.

Game In The Ego Validation Age

CH · 22 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

How do you game a girl who has received twenty solicitations for sex and fifty compliments on her beauty all before 11AM? This is the problem that men face in the electronic ego validation age, when Tinder and Facebook and sundry dating websites serve as mediums for the uninterrupted fluffing, however superficial, of the tumescent self-perceptions of every halfway bangable girl with an internet connection or a mobile data plan.

This is no minor obstacle to love and romance. The ego is the enemy of intimacy, and female egos that have been inflated to the bursting point are a neural (and neurotic) bunker between you and a girl's heart. Evidence of this mass female ego inflation comes directly from men's testimonials and indirectly from data showing trends in how couples meet.



Every inception source of romance is down over the past 70 years except for bars and online. What happens in bars and online that doesn't happen in the normal course of events when couples meet through the more traditional routes? That's right: Intense, relentless, and usually charmless come-ons by drunk and socially clumsy men, that pump girls full of themselves. We've entered the age of the narcissistically-charged woman who houses in the well-marbled fat of her skull ham a steroid-injected, Facebook-fed hamster spinning its distaff vessel's place in the world as the center of existence.

The catalyst for this post was a question by reader Culum Struan, regarding a girl affecting a pose of boredom who wasn't "biting" on his attempts to connect with her.

> I never got through to her emotionally. Even my best stories barely got a mild emotional response – these are GOOD stories and I have a lot of practice. It was just flat. What do you do with these girls?

YaReally, responding, suggests putting the girl in the defensive crouch, qualifying herself to Culum.

> Stack disqualifiers lol make fun of her basically. If she isn't interested in your stories about yoursef then turn

> the tables and put the spotlight on her instead and put her on the defensive because she likes that more than she likes yapping about her own stories. Drop the stories and go for her emotional jugular and get her qualifying herself and thinking you're a bit of an asshole but then a nice guy but then an asshole etc etc giving her an emotional rollercoaster ride.
>
> Think of it like you're entertaining a 5yo with a book but they're not paying attention or don't seem that into it. Instead of sticking with the book and it might be a great book that most kids love, calibrate to this kid and throw on an exciting movie instead. Or play a game with them. Engage them on a different level.

What Culum describes — girls who seem impregnable to emotional engagement — is a problem that grows in proportion to the amount of ego validation girls are rewarded with online. The more a girl has her ego stroked by a phalanx of online dating desperadoes, the less she'll feel the urge or the need to devote her full attention to any individual man unlucky enough to take her on a real world date. What results is a growing brotherhood of men finding they share experiences dealing with selfish, classless American women of mediocre appearance who act like the stereotype of haughty swimsuit models. It's gotten so bad that actual swimsuit models are proving to be more pleasing dates for men with the balls to ask them out.

Since social media ego validation isn't leaving us anytime soon, a man must learn the skills that will help him master the polluted dating market moonscape. YaReally continues in this vein, linking to a Mystery seminar video and explaining the concept of "conversational stacking" as a technique designed specifically to deal with egotistic, ADHD, mortally validated girls.

> Try stacking it to increase her obsession, 3:57 in this vid.
>
> For anyone who's checked out the Julien PIMP vids I've linked about devalidation stacking, this is the multiple threading concept juliens shit is based on. It's basically this concept but combined with negs/devalidation. Strongest chick-crack I've ever seen, makes the girl obsessed with qualifying herself and correcting your impression of her. Planning to do a write up about it in depth sometime. It's the first legit evolution of classic MM to adopt it to the social media over-validation/over-entitlement era that I've seen.

The value of devalidation in the age of ego validated chicks cannot be overstated. To penetrate a girl's Tinder-spackled ego fortress, you must first show an active disinterest in her world, and one powerful method to accomplish that attitudinal cue is the veering, shallow, self-amusing, multi-threaded conversation style. As Culum says,

> So if I understand right – stacking and changing conversational threads (MM style) is good because it shows lower investment on your part plus creates conversational tension the girl will want to resolve. Julien's devalidation basically puts the girl into a "box" and that creates tension that the girl will want to resolve by climbing out of the box (hence why we make statements about her and not ask questions). But if you combine the two, you multiply the effect of both strategies – is that it?

Recall the formulation "statement-statement-question". This is the foundation you want to begin your career in active seduction. (**Active seduction** simply means you, as a man, aim to have choice in the women you date, rather than drearily accept the fate of the majority of beta males who take what they can get, which is usually an overweight hausfrau.)

Ultimately, the best weapon against internet-abetted female ego validation is **LOWER MALE INVESTMENT**. If a man must deal with a woman's hypergonadal ego, (and consequently her revved-up hypergamous impulse), his first order of business must be neutralizing the influence and unclogging the romance-blockage of her ego. This, in practice, means FLIPPING THE SEDUCTION SCRIPT as soon as possible, and creating the perception that you are the chased and she is the chaser. Tactics that work include:

– refraining from asking a girl too many questions,
– skipping around topics of conversation (less investment in any one topic signals that you aren't much interested in her input, and aren't seeking her approval),
– disqualifying her as a romantic prospect, and
– treating her with amused mastery, as if she's a precocious nuisance you could take or leave.

Once you have the girl hooked, you can switch gears and start to qualify her as a possible sex interest and drive for deeper rapport by asking her more open-ended leading questions with sexual undertones.

This isn't your Greatest Generation's dating market. Prairie farm ladies aren't waiting at home for a battle-weary man to rescue them from spinsterhood. Women aren't effusively grateful to men for giving them the opportunity to exit the singles market. The sexual market has, in sum, devolved from a K-selected one to an r-selected one, and all that goes with such a cataclysmic change. The era of High Male Investment and Low Male Sexiness courtship signaling — poems and flowers and punctuality and appeasing her parents and stressing your financial stability and lavishing her with promises of eternal devotion — is OVER. Or, at least, its effectiveness greatly attenuated. We are now in the era of Low Male Investment and High Male Sexiness, or altered perceptions thereof.

What economically self-sufficient and Pill-freed women want now is a man who can make them FEEL again, and that means, in essence, giving women back the opportunity to do what they used to do without prompting: Making an effort to please men.

A woman is lost, adrift on a murky ocean of her undifferentiated emotions, when she's robbed of that special female duty to please men. Game — the art and science of learned charisma — can give back to women that which massive social changes and the sexual revolution have wrested from them. Game can save women's souls.

Rapport And Comfort Are Fine, But You Need More Than That To Attract Girls

CH · 23 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The previous discussion about ego validation run rampant among Western women and how that changed reality affects the art of seduction generated some fantastically useful comments. Of particular note were the commenters who pointed out that a lot of novices get tripped up stressing the rapport and comfort aspects of pickup to the detriment of the edgier, jerkier realm of game. (And no surprise, either, as most beta males are terrorized by the thought of "acting up".)

As usual, YaReally, replying to another commenter, provided insight coupled with foundational game principles to help clear up confusion.

> *"'how tall are you?" they usually reply below 5'5″—to which I reply: "I can pick you up like a kitten" which always gets them curious about that imagery."*
>
> This is good. But if you wanted to supercharge it, throw in disqualifiers to add that emotional rollercoaster ride:
>
> "How tall are you?"
> "5'5″
> "So short. Are you a hobbit?"
> "Lol how tall are you??"
> "Way too tall for you."
> "Tell me"
> "You're going to need heels."
> "Lol I hate wearing heels"
> "Short AND a bad dresser. If you turn out to be bad in bed on top of all that I'm deleting you."
> "Omg lolololz"
>
> Basically while what you're saying is GOOD, and better than what 90% of normal dudes would say because it IS playful and sexual…it could be charged with more rollercoaster/qualifying for more impact/attraction.
>
> It's not that you NEED it to get the lay…but it's fun to play with and gives her an experience that she doesn't normally get with guys.

A great benefit of game is its rarity of use. There's nothing quite like standing out from the crowd of mediocrities to electrify women's curiosity.

> It's very rare for her to have to chase or invest or defend herself or impress a guy. Most guys are dying to give the milk away for free as soon as possible.

Beta Male: "You're really cute. I'd love to take you out and show you a good time. Oh, and I'll never look at another girl again if you choo choo choose me."

Alpha Male: "If you can talk about more than Scandal, you have a shot with me."

> Just something to play with. I use a ton of this shit in my game and it's part of why I get an emotional impact that dwarfs looks.
>
> Like a lot of the guys who cry that girls just care about looks are running fucking boring game (not even talking about normal chodes I'm talking even experienced dudes studying red pill Manosphere PUA game) that's primarily based in seeking rapport and comfort ASAP and they don't do push pull and emotional rollercoaster shit so they're kind of interesting to the girl but they aren't CAPTIVATING getting inside her

> fuckin brain and taking over her RAS. So ya she picks the good looking guy over them, but she'll pass him up if you make a strong enough emotional impact on her. Pimps and wifebeaters aren't all 6'4″ 6-packed rich jocks. Most of them are pieces of shit but they have more emotional impact on the girl and she's more invested in them and keep coming back for another hit of emotions.

Emotional impact trumps looks. Or, to put it in CH-ian terms, male power and charm trump male looks. I suspect a lot of the "only looks matter to girls" crowd are the types of pickup slackers who, as Ya wrote, shy from cultivating that jerkboy essence in favor of leveling bedroom eyes at chicks and hoping that one of them is horny enough for that to be sufficient.

> This is where the armchair warrior says "but yareally that's just the low self esteem girls who are probably all heroin addicts that wouldn't work on a high quality girl!!!" and demonstrates that they don't go out.

All girls love emotional roller coaster rides, but in my experience I've found that the "nice girls" — the ones with low N counts and stable psychology — love the emotional push and pull the most. Why? Because they get to enjoy it the least often, surrounded as they are by niceguy betas who target nicegirls under the mistaken belief that those are the girls likeliest to swoon for their Ol' Dependable beta male routine.

More Ya:

> – self-amusement (you're not bothering to let her defend herself you're just moving on on your terms instead of letting her lead the direction of the conversation. A lower value guy lets her lead the convo cuz he wants her to have fun and talk about eat she wants to. A high value guy will do that with someone who's EARNED it but some bar chick hasn't earned shit just cause she threw on heels and a push-up bra which is crazy because every other guy lets her lead)
>
> – neg theory (standard shit, it's not that it necessarily knocks her off her pedestal (negative mindset that assumes you're starting out lower value than her) it's demonstrating that she doesn't impress you by default which implies you've had girls at least as hot or hotter than her before because you aren't dying of thirst like other guys she interacts with and the 10 guys messaging her on tinder and the 100 dudes Liking her selfie etc)
>
> – abundance (how come you're fucking around aren't you scared of losing her why aren't you trying to impress her like these other guys??)
>
> – push/pull and cat string theory (dangling winning your interest just out of reach, letting her pass then failing her etc etc)
>
> – that "he has the wrong impression of me I have to correct" him itch she needs to scratch but you stack it repeatedly so that she has 10 itches (lol) and eventually has to grab you. Imagine how it feels when someone mis-states your view on a subject or quotes you wrong in a way that makes you look bad or mid-represents your views. Instinctively you NEED to correct them. You'll even do it politely and let then finish and then say "for the record what I ACTUALLY meant was–". Now imagine before you can get that sentence out they're already misrepresenting something ELSE about you. And again and again and again. Eventually you grab them and go NO SHUT UP FOR A SECOND LISTEN!!!!! and try to correct it all. It doesn't matter who that person is and you kind of hate them a little…but you're emotionally reacting to them. In that moment no one else exists they take over your full attention until it's resolved.
>
> – then when that above dynamic plays out and they're fully qualifying themselves to you, you just interrupt and do like Julien where he's like "you don't have to try so hard to impress me, it's fine I already LIKE you. Relax I LIKE you." and she's like "wait wut??" because it's like she was struggling and then someone just dropped the prize in her lap because of some one thing she did and she's confused and like oh good I mean wtf just happened??? But you've given her an emotional rollercoaster ride that the other guy who was talking to her and the guys on tinder etc have no idea how to make her feel

> – remember ppl bond thru sharing emotional experiences. If we can't talk but we survive on an island after a plane crash together we will be brothers for life when we get back to civilization. So it doesn't matter that none of what you did made sense logically. You could make it as ridiculous as possible. "Oh you don't like older men (loud) wow why do you hate old disabled people? (to the ppl beside you) This girl pushed an old disabled man down the stairs how fucked up is that." All that matters is that she feels an emotional rollercoaster with you.
>
> – investment. A prize you don't have to work for isn't worth much. The more you invest to get something the more you value it. The harder it is for her to get you to like her, the more value your attention must be worth. Chick logic. "If I'm investing so much effort to qualify myself to him so he views me right, then he must be high value because I wouldn't qualify myself to a low value man". When Julien gets into his "get on your knees and beg me for my number" stuff (and like his infield clip in that vid where he tells the girl she thinks he's just like any other guy and makes her grab him and tell him she likes him and makes her say what she likes about him etc) he making them invest hardcore. Because they invest so much, they need closure. ie – if you beg a girl to take your number, she's not going to give a shit when you txt. But if you make HER beg, and in juliens case basically debase herself for your approval and drive her thru enough qualifying and investing she will NEED to fuck you to justify all that investment…because if she invests all that and debases herself for you then DOESNT get the lay, I mean, then she was just dumb and embarrassed herself. But if she fucks you then it was all a brilliant plan on her part. At least that's her logic lol
>
> No one goes to a theater to watch 2 hours of happy people being happy. They go to feel a rollercoaster of emotions good and bad. It makes them feel alive.

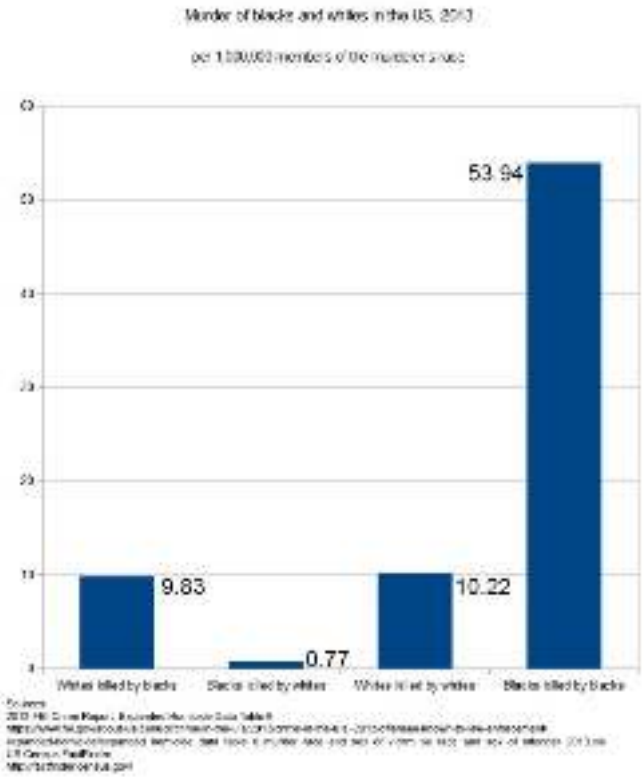
Women fall hard for men who know how to take them high, and drop them fast, until their pretty little hearts are sitting on their sleeves.

The Real Guerrilla Race War That The Media Covers Up

CH · 24 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

U.S. agencies still collect crime data by race. That will end soon, because the data is unfriendly to the Equalist Narrative and is falling into the hands of the Rebel Alliance. For now, a rich trove of anti-antiracism Realtalk is yours for the hatebrowsing at various government websites.

From the 2013 FBI Crime Report:



Although blacks only constitute 12% of the total US population, they murder nearly as many whites as the number of whites murdered by other whites, who are 64% of the total US population.

This website is running a tally of black-on-white and white-on-black murders in the year 2014. The numbers currently stand at 348 BoW murders to 4 WoB murders.

What about all categories of violent interracial crime?

> But in fact, white-on-black crime is a statistical rarity. According to data from the National Crime Victimization Survey (NCVS), an estimated 320,082 whites were victims of black violence in 2010, while 62,593 blacks were victims of white violence. That same year, according to the Census Bureau, the white and black populations in the U.S. were 196,817,552 and 37,685,848, respectively. Whites therefore committed acts of interracial violence at a rate of 32 per 100,000, while the black rate was 849 per 100,000. In other words, the "average" black was statistically 26.5 times more likely to commit criminal violence against a white, than vice versa. Moreover, blacks who committed violent crimes chose white victims 47.7% of the time, whereas whites who committed violent crimes targeted black victims only 3.9% of the time.

FBI stats show that blacks are 50 times more likely to commit a violent crime against whites than vice versa.

John Derbyshire combs National Crime Victimization Survey data and does the math, finding that any given black was almost fifteen times more likely to have killed a white in 2013 than any given white was to have killed a black.

Derbyshire also responds to slithery reptilian leftoid critics who claim that the disproportionate black-on-white crime rates are simply a consequence of population ratios and nothing else.

> The argument here is that blacks move among whites much more than whites move among blacks. We encounter blacks much less frequently than they encounter us, so *of course* we commit fewer crimes against them! If we moved among blacks more, we'd commit more crimes against them!
>
> Er, possibly: but wouldn't they also commit more crimes against *us*? And are we sure that the whites who avoid moving among blacks (why?) are just as criminally inclined as those who mingle?

Derb goes on to explain the math underlying the disparate black-on-white crime stats. Short story: Tim Wise can't do math. But he sure can do sophistry, that rascally bloodsucker!

The arid "population ratio" argument against the idea of blacks deliberately targeting whites in racial antagonism crimes strikes me as specious for another reason. How often do upstanding members of the criminal class of blacks encounter whites in real life? Blacks are fairly concentrated in their rural and urban enclaves. (Even middle class suburban blacks tend to live in majority black neighborhoods.) For a benign "population ratio" argument to have any merit, you'd need to have conditions on the ground that greatly increased the actual encounter rate between blacks and whites. The crude population ratio number doesn't accurately reflect the real world daily encounter rate between the races.

This is damning, because if the black-white encounter rate based on nothing but raw population ratio is much lower in actuality, it means the higher rate of black-on-white violence is even more shockingly disproportionate. It means black criminals are sometimes going out of their way to hunt for white prey, away from their monoracial districts.

Pussy cuckservatives often crouch into the defensive posture when the topic is black crime, reflexively bleating about "blacks killing other blacks, that's the real problem", preferring to ignore the low level race war of black-on-white violence. Yes, blacks kill other blacks far more prodigiously than they kill whites, but that skew is mostly a function of target availability and racial disposition toward impulsiveness; the great majority of liberal SWPL whites are smart enough to avoid living in the thick of the urban (and rural) ghettos, and to limit their exposure to black criminal predation. Even within city boundaries that have dense black populations, whites (and hispanics) sequester themselves into city sectors that are psychologically and economically, if not geographically, distant from the core black urban crimeclass.

Tim Wise lives in an almost racially pure neighborhood.

It's no secret that criminals prefer soft targets. If you walk a certain way, (i.e., like an alpha male), you can reduce the chance that you'll be the target of street crime. It is likely the case that black criminals perceive the supple SWPL whites who live within prowling distance of them as soft, juicy targets of opportunity, made more inviting as hated prey objects by the whiteness of their appearance. Once a doughy white is in the black's crosshairs, the racial hate instinct percolates from the subconscious into consciousness, often driving the attacker to a frenzy of depraved, intertribe violence. This is why it's wrong to assume only premeditated interracial violence is classifiable as racially motivated hate crime; race hate does not abide exquisitely legalistic timelines. Hatred for racial outsiders can simmer for years or it can explode on sight in the heat of the moment.

Smartly, most whites have the good sense to segregate themselves from blacks, establishing themselves in "dindu buffer zones" that are geographic, technological, or economic in nature. It is what whites do, and especially what GoodWhite liberals do, (whether or not they admit to it), to provide themselves a measure of protection from the wildly disproportionate chaos and feral race hatred of black criminality.

So, yes, there's a guerrilla race war happening in this country. It just isn't the one you'll hear about *ad nauseam* by our media, corporate, government, and academia Hivemind gatekeepers of information. They prefer you stay ignorant, self-flagellating, powerless, and victimized for the Great Globo-Equalist Cause.

A part of me hates writing posts like this one, as it really kills my chill vibe, but some lies are so dangerous and, worse, so humiliating to good people that I'm roused to action from my poolside lounge. And that is the worst crime of all.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 25 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

1. "…a culture saturated with vulgar freedomism…" Must-read. An interview with a philosopher (white male privilege alert) who blessedly makes his cogent points without the usual philosophy major linguistic legerdemain. And in that pussy protection program known as National Review, too. Briefly: The FUCK YOU DAD rotten fruit of the Enlightenment project that lifts the autonomous individual above all other aesthetic and moral considerations is destroying the West. A corporate-government alliance is the new Church. Best insight: Marx will be warmly revisited by conservatives (as opposed to cuckservatives) for his early years wisdom and prescience about our current decline.

2. Diversity + proximity = white on white war, too. I think this is true until such time that the Diversity™ is so great and its curses so obvious that a *sine qua non* white identity emerges and a new, if temporary and reactive, white racial alliance forms.

3. "Detachment cultivates human alienation, which draws more people to answer to the call of the mass state's [ed: and globo-corporation's] mob." How to escape the age of mass delusion.

4. Millionaire tech nerds don't know how to talk to women, news at 11.

5. GoodWhite SWPLs who smugly pride themselves on living in vibrant, diverse cities aren't really living with diversity. Next time you're at one of their hipster warehouse parties, tell them Anchorage, Alaska is more integrated than their beatific gentrified hood. Sure to liven the mood. Well, your mood at any rate.

6. Age of Reason. Peter Frost is one of my favorite "big picture" writers.

7. Men are abandoning marriage, and it's fair to lay some of the blame on women.

8. Related: The bitter harvest of feminism.

9. The American media are corrupt, malign, dishonest, incompetent and perfectly OK with all that. They are discredited. Response? Disengage.

10. A Yankee Loses His Shit. Great rant. Spot on. Yankees are insufferable pricks. And nothing worse than a smug prick whose identity is wrapped up in ten layers of ego-assuaging lies.

The Rubicock

CH · 26 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Today CH will introduce you to the theory of the Rubicock. What is the Rubicock? Reader PWN explains it well.

> lol, if you want a girl that didn't sleep around, you must be either her first boyfriend or her second boyfriend. After that, the dam breaks and it might as well be 45 men. There are plenty of girls who hold out, some guy pops their cherry and by the next year they fucked two dozen men.

Ain't that the truth. So many women, after having drunk enough truth serum, will eventually confess to "wild times" in their lives, when they went cock crazy, usually after a break-up or, as PWN notes, after a long dry spell followed by a drought-busting dicking. Once the chaste girl's sugar walls are chafed by her third ride on the cock carousel, all her self-control flies out the window. She's primed for regularly scheduled poundings, especially if she's left her early 20s behind and still single.

I've heard it so many times from women who were considered by their girl friends the "virgins" of the cluck. It goes like this: She has an anonymously urban night when she throws all caution to the wind out of frustration, and the next thing she knows, she's getting new dick monthly, departing with a quickness from the relative chastity of her pre-Rubicock dating history.

That's the Rubicock: The cock notch number that, when a girl crosses it, accelerates her descent into debauched sluttery.

It's like, once the snatch seal is broken, her womb trembles and the four horse cocks of the apocalypse pour molten semen into her damaged psyche.

If you're interested in long-term loving with a woman that comes with threat of financial loss, it's a good idea to avoid committing to any woman who has crossed the Rubicock. There's a good chance you won't be the last Rubicock line she crosses.

America, Fantasy And Reality

CH · 26 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Fantasy:

Reality:

Update: SCROTUS has ruled in favor of fantasy America.

The Behavior Of The Slithery Reptile™

CH · 26 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Tucked deeply into an effluvium of UGH WHITE SUPREMACY HATE HATE INTERNET HATE in the Washington Host, we observe the classic evasive behavior of the Slithery Reptile™ (subspecies, Marc Fisher).

Although the reptile's conflation of the idea of "supremacy" with "realtalk" is typical for its swamp-dwelling genus, where we observe its natural behavior most clearly is the refusal to confront straightforwardly the details of the claims to truth made by the hated hateful hater "supremacist" groups.

> "Frankly, this movement is in such disarray," said Johnson, the 61-year-old American Freedom Party chairman, who traces his involvement to his support of George Wallace's 1972 presidential bid. "You cannot expect there to be no retaliation by certain disaffected portions of white society when you have crime after crime by blacks against whites. People are going to rebel, and that's what this young man did."
>
> Violent crime across the country has dropped to near-record lows over the past two decades; the national crime rate is about half of what it was at its peak in 1991, according to the government's Bureau of Justice Statistics. Despite that, polls repeatedly indicate that Americans perceive crime to be on the increase.

Did you catch The Slithery Reptile's™ flick of the forked tongue? He allows a brief airing of the hated hateful hater enemy's legitimate grievance, only to answer it with a slithery evasion that does not address the core of the complaint. The Slithery Reptile™ knows that absolute crime numbers and disproportionate black crime are two separate and distinct phenomena, but he's hoping you won't notice his color change as he camouflages himself in the pattern of a faggy talk show snarkmeister and redirects your attention to a fat red herring flopping near at hand.

But we're on to you, Slithery Reptile™! You may feel free to classify this as hate. I prefer to call it… The Shiv.

Comment Of The Week: The "Norm Equalization" Case Against Gay Marriage

CH · 28 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It's too late for this now, but VIP commenter chris made an outstanding bio-logician's case against gay marriage.

******

A rational, non-bigoted argument against gay marriage.

Part I
The thing which worries me about gay marriage is that the norms surrounding gay long-term relationships will be imported into the concept of marriage.

http://www.sfgate.com/lgbt/article/Many-gay-couples-negotiate-open-relationships-3241624.php
(The above is a media write-up of a study that found that in a study of 566 gay couples, only 45 percent had made the promise to be sexually monogamous. This is an example of a different moral norm surrounding gay long-term relationships.)

(In the above link is a NYTimes piece arguing that homosexual marriage could modernise (that is import different norms into) marriage as an institution.), specifically; "The traditional American marriage is in crisis, and we need insight," he said, citing the fresh perspective gay couples bring to matrimony. "If innovation in marriage is going to occur, it will be spearheaded by homosexual marriages."

The importation of a moral norm like the one above surrounding gay long-term relationships would destroy the institution of marriage for heterosexuals who wish to pursue a long-term mating strategy.

[ed: aka beta males R FUKKED]

I don't know many men who would sign up to an institution where the partners are expected/morally obliged to be emotionally faithful but not sexually faithful. It is much easier for women to get casual sex than men, so any man signing himself up to that deal would be signing himself up for cuckoldry and cuckoldry is the absolute worst thing that can happen to a man pursuing a long-term mating strategy, (and it is the evolved moral norms surrounding the long-term mating strategy which marriage as a cultural institution is/was developed around/for.)

Of course, if people became more knowledgeable about evo-bio/evo-psych and instead started calling marriage essentially what it is, the social-codification of the long-term mating strategy in humans, then this concern wouldn't really matter. (No worrying about importing norms anti-thetical to the reproductive interests of one party in the relationship and subsequently which disincentivises the pursuit of the strategy from that party as its definition is strictly evo-bio/evo-psych.)

(On a side note, the reason I've given above is also why I think a lot of religious people are against gay marriage, they fear that it will change the institution and expose them to cuckoldry. This wouldn't be the first time that religious norms have been developed to prevent cuckoldry/ensure paternal certainty;

See http://www.eurekalert.org/pub_releases/2012-06/uom-hrp060412.php

Of course, I doubt these fears will be allayed as doing so would go against the feminist establishment's desire to create a matriarchial/matrilineal cad society where all men are cuckolds (if they aren't cads that is), but that's a whole different issue.)

[ed: CH maxim: The feminist goal is removing all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.]

Addendum:
More evidence of different moral norms surrounding homosexual relationships:

http://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/gays-anatomy/200809/are-gay-male-cou…
see "In his book, The Soul Beneath the Skin, David Nimmons cites numerous studies which show that 75% of gay male couples are in successful open relationships."

http://www.tandfonline.com/doi/abs/10.1080/00918360903445962
http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/19243229
http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/20635246
This is the link to the actual study from the newspaper reports.

http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/20069497
This one provides a good review of the literature. But it is pay-gated.

Part II
But how on earth could gay marriage equality import different moral norms into the concept of marriage for heterosexuals you might say? Well, it's very simple. Through the Courts. Remember, in our society, marriage is a legal construct.

I'm going to quote from H. L. A. Hart's 'Positivism and the Separation of Law and Morals' Harvard Law Review, Vol. 71, No. 4 (Feb., 1958), pp. 593-629.

Which can be accessed here;

http://www.umiacs.umd.edu/~horty/courses/readings/hart-1958-positivism-separation.pdf
How do judges decide (reason out) cases?

"A legal rule forbids you to take a vehicle into the public park. Plainly this forbids an automobile, but what about bicycles, roller skates, toy automobiles? What about airplanes? Are these, as we say, to be called "vehicles" for the purpose of the rule or not? If we are to communicate with each other at all, and if, as in the most elementary form of law, we are to express our intentions that a certain type of behavior be regulated by rules, then the general words we use – like "vehicle" in the case I consider – must have some standard instance in which no doubts are felt about its application. There must be a core of settled meaning, but there will be, as well, a penumbra of debatable cases in which words are neither obviously applicable nor obviously ruled out. These cases will each have some features in common with the standard case; they will lack others or be accompanied by features not present in the standard case. Human invention and natural processes continually throw up such variants on the familiar, and if we are to say that these ranges of facts do or do not fall under existing rules, then the classifier must make a decision which is not dictated to him, for the facts and phenomena to which we fit our words and apply our rules are as it were dumb. The toy automobile cannot speak up and say, "I am a vehicle for the purpose of this legal rule," nor can the roller skates chorus, "We are not a vehicle." Fact situations do not await us neatly labeled, creased, and folded, nor is their legal classification written on them to be simply read off by the judge. Instead, in applying legal rules, someone must take the responsibility of deciding that words do or do not cover some case in hand with all the practical consequences involved in this decision.

We may call the problems which arise outside the hard core of standard instances or settled meaning "problems of the penumbra"; they are always with us whether in relation to such trivial things as the regulation of the use of the public park or in relation to the multidimensional generalities of a constitution."

I'm going to propose several assumptions that will be used in a hypothetical. We need not debate these assumptions as I am just using them to illuminate a particular form of logic that would occur when deciding a legal case. These assumptions and the hypothetical will also be used to illuminate the existence of a moral system behind laws which the law attempts to divine (or which Judges at least attempt to) but which doesn't always map directly onto that moral system.

Assumption 1) Marriage exists as the social codification of the long-term mating strategy in humans.

Assumption 2) The long-term mating strategy in humans consists of men exchanging their own exclusive physical

investment for a woman's exclusive sexual investment. If the man diverts his physical investment to another woman, this is at a cost to the original woman he promised it too. Likewise if a woman directs her sexual investment to another man this is at a cost to the original man that she promised it to.

Assumption 3) Cuckoldry, that is the diversion of a woman's sexual investment to one man while she is in a long-term relationship with another man is the worst thing that can possibly happen to that man who is in a long-term relationship with her. In a system where cuckoldry is rampant, male monogamy is not expected to evolve or exist, ergo the male long-term mating strategy is not expected to evolve or exist.

Here is a hypothetical for you dealing with the penumbra.
Let's say we live in a legal system that protects the long-term mating interests of both a man and woman in a long-term mating relationship. Let's say this society calls this long-term mating relationship, marriage. Let's say that the underlying justification for this 'marriage law' is the evolutionary principles surrounding mating.

Let's then also say that a group to which this 'marriage law' does not apply, suddenly want to be included within the same legal construct.

A married couple in this society want to get divorced. The woman has been adulterous, so the man wants to retract his physical investment in her, which means no providing resources or protection to her. Given that this legal system protects his long-term mating interests, and given that the underlying justification for this protection is the evolutionary principles surrounding mating, the judge allows him to retract his physical investment to the woman.

Now let's say that the group to which this 'marriage law' does not apply is Gay Men. And let's say that Gay marriage is passed and they are suddenly allowed to marry.

[ed: woops]

And let's say that the justification for this allowance into the institution is 'equality'.

Now let's also say that because these are gay men we are dealing with, that they do not have the same mating psychologies as heterosexual men and so are perfectly okay with sexual non-monogamy. There is no rule proscribing sex with others outside the marriage within gay long-term relationships.

Now here is an instance in the penumbra. A gay couple has married, but they want to get divorced. One of them has been adulterous. However, it is argued in court that the norms surrounding gay long-term relationships do not proscribe adultery. Should this adultery factor into the division of assets, the supply of alimony? The exchange of physical investment from one of the men to the other? Is there even an exchange of physical investment? If the underlying basis of 'marriage law' are the evolutionary principles surrounding mating, how do you integrate a group of people whose mating behaviours violate those very principles into a system that has been designed to protect the interests conceived of via those principles? It doesn't make sense to say that in a gay couple one partner can cuckold the other partner. So how can you apply a rule that retracts the physical investment from one party to another, when the basis for the existence of that rule, cuckoldry, doesn't occur?

It's plausible that an exception could be made. Kind of like the whole, we have freedom of speech except you can't yell fire in a crowded theatre type kind of exception. The law does this all the time. For instance a statue against cruelty to animals might exclude mice, rats, and pigeons from the definition of animal for the purposes of the statute, as a way to allow lab experimentation or pest removal, even though we all know that they are still animals in reality.

But it's also plausible that because the basis for the anti-cuckoldry rule does not occur in gay couples, that the rule won't be applied, and it will be left at that.

What then happens if another married couple come along, a heterosexual couple, and they want to divorce? The woman has been adulterous and so the man argues that he should be allowed retract his physical investment to the woman, i.e. no giving her assets he paid for, no giving her alimony due to there being anti-cuckoldry laws. But the woman is clever. She knows that gay married couples don't have the anti-cuckoldry law applied to them, and she

knows that gay marriage is to be treated as equal to heterosexual marriage, and so she argues that since anti-cuckoldry laws aren't applied in gay marriage, then they shouldn't be applied in heterosexual marriage as the two forms of marriage are equal. They are the same. Indeed, it is a conceptual error to even consider them two separate forms of marriage. There is only one form of marriage and thus by establishing that a gay couple divorcing don't have anti-cuckoldry laws applied in their divorce, a heterosexual couple divorcing shouldn't have anti-cuckoldry laws applied in a divorce either.

Now all of a sudden, this institution, which has protected the long-term mating interests of men and women for centuries, has suddenly undermined a vital protection to the long-term mating interests of one of the parties by treating two separate categories, which have separate moral rules surrounding them, as if they were the same category. If you equalise the categories, then you need to equalise the rules surrounding the categories to make them equal.

Now it is possible that the categories could be equalised, and they decide to just throw an exception in in those instances where it would be unjust to allow equal treatment, as a way to resolve the issue and allow gays and heterosexuals to marry while retaining the different moral rules for each category.

But it's also possible they won't. And heterosexual men's mating interests will be crushed within the crucible of rigorous logic.

Part III
Now you will probably say, "this is a superfluous example, our marriage laws don't recognise an anti-cuckoldry law, they don't exist to protect the long-term mating interests of each party, adultery doesn't affect the division of property or the award of alimony." And you'd be right. In your jurisdiction they don't, and in my jurisdiction they don't. But I would contend that they should. I would contend that for the greater part of both our jurisdiction's legal history, indeed of Western legal history, that marriage laws did protect such interests and that the ultimate underlying justification for that protection (although not always realised) was evolutionary principles. I would contend that morality is based upon evolutionary principles and that the legal system should attempt to map as directly as possible to that underlying moral schema as much as possible. I would contend that our current marriage laws are an aberration in their rejection of evolutionary principles as their justification and are responsible for disincentivising marriage amongst heterosexuals rendering the institution redundant with each and every passing day. I would contend that this disincentivisation and such disregard of the mating interests of men is an unjust and immoral act and constitutes a moral deficit in our society. And finally, I would contend that the legalisation of gay marriage is a step in a direction away from rectifying that. It is a nail in the coffin of a marriage system being justified by an evolutionary schema.

If you do away with anti-cuckoldry laws, you end the long-term mating strategy for men. You end monogamy. You end the nuclear family as a form of social organisation. You end Patriarchy.

[ed: and you birth hell.]

Now ask yourself, the people on the left pushing gay marriage. Do they have a history of trying to erode and dismantle the nuclear family, do they have a history of trying to erode and dismantle anti-cuckoldry laws and norms, do they have a history of trying to erode and dismantle Patriarchy? To answer the question is to illuminate their agenda with respect to gay marriage and the plausible direction that such equality will take. (Or at least the plausible direction they will attempt to take.)

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Well stated. This is what happens when a culture lives by lies and flees from truth. Penumbras (externalities) carve away at the social bond until all is left in tatters.

Penumbras and emanations of moral universalism. This is the evil of our age.

NW European moral universalism can work in homogeneous, partly genetically-related, societies with widely

shared norms. Outside of that crucial context, moral universalism is self-corrupting and defenseless against predation by foreign elements who abide different moral codes. This is why one should never take seriously an argument in favor of NW European moral universalism by an alien outsider who benefits from its largesse.

8======D~~~

COTW runner-up is homosexmaniac.

> As a homo with masochistic/passive desires I like guys who are hotter and dominant but not very smart. I like straight guys (and pay them). I don't think intelligence is a turn-on for men or for women. When you say that women won't "settle" for a dumber guy is this about the marriage market or sex? I think that a smarter woman might especially enjoy fucking a hot, dominant, but simple-minded man. Of course they won't admit it but so what.

This comment made me chuckle, for reasons I can't explain. Maybe it's the unbridled psychological projection of it. Is there really an untapped (heh) market of straight men willing to go gay for the right price? I find that hard to believe. How much money would it take to overcome the disgust reflex? One biiiiillllion dollars. Even then…

PS A favorite pro-gay marriage argument that doesn't hold up under the least scrutiny is the "we allow infertile hetero couples (or old couples) to marry, so why not gays?" Infertile hetero couples are implicitly acknowledged as tragically deficient representatives of their class, (or as aged vessels of a formerly fertile couple); the intrinsic state of healthy, NORMAL heterosexual couples is fertility, and therefore the recognition of the deviance from the normal heterosexual state is implied in the magnanimous legality and morality of marrying infertile couples.

In contrast, there is no normal homosexual state of fertility, tacitly acknowledged or plainly seen. When two homos are married, we know that under no normally functioning condition are they able to naturally conceive children.

Anyhow, the bottom line is that all this "mass equalization" that is currently running riot over the West will eventually, (and as the evidence begins to demonstrate much sooner rather than later), corrode and ultimately destroy the very values, moral codes, and even behaviors that were responsible for the West's rise as a civilization and shining city on the hill.

Get ready for a tumble back into the gutter from whence we once ascended.

The Great Men On Flattery

CH · 28 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

You know who had a decent grasp of Game and understood its essential truth? Shakespeare. Motherfuckin Shakespeare. His Sonnet 130 (h/t @martel2112):

> My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
> Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
> If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
> If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
> I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
> But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
> And in some perfumes is there more delight
> Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
> I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
> That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
> I grant I never saw a goddess go;
> My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
> And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
> As any she belied with false compare.

Here's an analysis of Sonnet 130. CH take: Sonnet 130 is basically one long anti-white knight/beta male pussy pedestal polisher neg. "Her eyes may not be pearls, especially the left one."

There are innumerable examples of White European Game in Shakespeare's works that resonate with today's more scientific/field tested Game knowledge. Too many to list here. He should probably have his own 'Great Men on Game' category. The man knew women, and knew how they loved.

The poets always precede the professors. Unless they're slam poets, who precede only Culture Death.

The Comedic Theory Of History, Cont'd

CH · 28 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the Comedic Theory of History.

What was once absurdist humor is now reality (Rachel Dolezal). So if you want to know what's next served on the dinner plate of America's decline, listen for themes in the repertoires of current comedians. (Remember Seinfeld's "You must wear the AIDS ribbon!" gay fascism episode? Yeah, that came true, too.)

I wonder how much longer the predictive power of the Comedic Theory of History will last? If comedians are cowed by shrieking SJW mobs into becoming more PC and less incisive, their comedy will stop being the canary in the coalmine, (and stop being funny, as they come to sound more like the droning indoctrination of government apparatchiks).

The Perfect Moment Is The Enemy Of The Pickup

CH · 29 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've heard every beta male excuse for sexual market inaction under the sun.

"She wasn't looking at me."

"She seemed like she didn't want anyone talking to her."

"I wasn't feeling the vibe."

"Too loud."

"Too quiet."

"Too crowded."

"Too empty."

"Too public."

"Too private."

"I might startle her and freak her out."

"I can't get to her without making it too obvious."

"She probably has a boyfriend."

"I need another drink first."

"She's out of my league."

"You can't just WALK UP to girls on the sidewalk!"

"This isn't the place to hit on girls."

"People are watching."

"I'm dressed like a slob/I smell/I feel out of sorts/My hair is a mess today."

"She's talking to a bunch of people. I'll wait till they leave her."

"I forgot my opener."

"My ass-less chaps are wrinkled."

"I forgot to wear my Power Fedora." (ed: this one's not a joke, i heard it)

"I'm not feeling it right now."

"Oh, wait, she saw me looking at her. Now it'll just be weird if I go up to her."

"I waited too long." (ed: well, no shit!)

"I didn't go out tonight to hit on girls."

"If it happens, it'll happen." (ed: logic trap)

"I'm not in a good mood now."

"I'll hit it hard tomorrow."

"The moment isn't right."

***

The perfect moment is the enemy of the pickup. Forget it, Jake, the perfect moment will never come to men who insist on waiting for perfect moments.

Perfect moments are made, by opportunists, aka charismatically bold men. Women happily back-rationalize the moment they meet interesting men as “chemistry”, “we clicked”, and “everything just seemed so perfect”, even if in reality all that happened was he approached and spoke a few words and impudently allowed his hands to take liberties with her erogenous space. So why are you bothering to wait for a perfect moment to hit on women when women will do all the work *post hoc* constructing that perfect moment in their pretty little heads?

[image]

Be an opportunist, not an idealist. For example, here’s a “perfect moment” that occurred when a particularly ruthless buddy of mine exploited what would normally have been an exceedingly embarrassing social situation into a #LoveWins . The girl who is the subject of this recollection had just tripped while walking on the sidewalk. As is the wont of girls, she got up, brushed herself off while suppressing obvious signs of pain, and attempted to carry on gracefully as if nothing had happened.

(When men trip, they will look backwards at the offending sidewalk crack as if to challenge it to a fight.)

My buddy would have none of that.

HIM: Don’t worry about pretending it didn’t happen, I saw the whole thing.

HER: Oh, yeah, ha, that was crazy.

HIM: Confession. I made a Vine of it. You’ll be on the internet in ten minutes.

HER: That’s not even funny.

HIM: Ok fine, it wasn’t as funny as your fall.

HER: I’m glad you were entertained!

HIM: I was. Does that make me a bad man?

HER: Yes, it does.

HIM: Good. This means you’d be down for drinks this week.

***

Every moment is a perfect moment to pickup girls, if you have heavy balls and skill wielding them.

“Love Wins” As A Viable Pickup Opener

CH · 30 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

If you didn’t already know, #LoveWins is a Twitter hashtag celebrating hatred for people who don’t agree with the gay marriage SCROTUS dicktat.

As CH #Loves to do, we find opportunity for romantic pleasure in the detritus of a disintegrating nation. One such opportunity was discovered by reader newlyaloof:

> I’m thinking that #LoveWins would be a great pickup line:
>
> Guy sees girl, just walks up to her and tries to kiss her.
> If you’re a charming bastard, the girl just may kiss you.
> If not:
> Girl: “What are you doing?”
> You “Love Wins!” and go for it again. Or tease her and accuse her of being against love.

Heh. Ballsy, but has broad and deep potential. This tactic doesn’t have a short shelf life, either. It can work well after every ADD-suffering American girl has forgotten why there’s a rainbow sticker on her butthexed bungholelllzlzllol. I could see this opener easily parlayed into an extended, disqualifying, teasing riff on a girl’s numerous character flaws.

GIRL: “What are you doing?”

LOVE’S PENETRATING GAZE: “Are you against being in love?”

GIRL: “No.”

LOVE’S PENETRATING GAZE: “Next thing you’ll tel me you hate puppies.”

GIRL: “I don’t hate puppies either.”

LOVE’S PENETRATING GAZE: “You seem like the type to hate on cute things.”

etc. Anyone willing to try it out? Do I have to be the only one here to go into the breach?

If you don’t want to risk kissing a girl you just met, you could try a toned-down version of the above. Instead of kissing, place your hand gently on her shoulder and, longingly staring into her eyes, say with mock seriousness, “You and I, there’s magic between us. Can you feel it?” When she balks, segue into the “Love Wins!” riposte. The goal is to go for the tension-releasing taunting humor, which will set you up nicely for a more profound seduction.

There Are Innate, Biological Sex Differences In The Jealousy Response

CH · 30 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A long time ago , CH criticized "Sex at Dawn" writer, Christopher Ryan, for his beliefs that jealousy is a social construct (or a recent, malleable, adaptation) and his presumption that polyamory is the natural state of de-Christianized, de-programmed white Europeans.

> But there is also the powerful emotion of jealousy, a painful emotion which is not socially constructed, but is instead a visceral hindbrain reaction in the majority of men to thoughts of their women fucking other men. Did jealousy really evolve in just the last 10,000 years, or has it been with humanity for eons? It is possible that jealousy is a more recent evolution in the human psyche, and perhaps there are population group level differences in how much jealousy is experienced as a motivating impulse. (Maybe Africans feel less jealousy than Asians toward cheating partners.)
>
> Whatever the evolution of jealousy, it is clearly an indicator that men DO give a fuck about paternity, and are NOT Ok with promiscuous women as long term partners who have been chosen to carry their young. If virginity weren't valued by men, there would be no market for it. But in many large scale societies, not only is there an implicit market for virgins, there is an overt market for them.

I don't need a laboratory or multiple Pee Aich Dees to know that men feel more more white hot jealousy for a sexually cheating girlfriend or wife, and that women feel more jealousy for an emotionally cheating boyfriend or husband. One would have to have been born and raised in an SJW reeducation camp to believe otherwise.

These are the observed CH ugly truths that discredit feminism and its parent ideology, equalism, and drive their adherents crazy with rage.

Which is why, once the equalist liars are twisted into a rictus of butthurt, I like to ease the shiv in further, whispering to them in their death agonies, "Give up, you don't stand a chance! Let's end this here! It will be easier for you, much easier. You'll see it will be over quickly." And, since the anti-human leftoids pride themselves on their fellowship with ¡SCIENCE!, nothing quite delivers the killing blow like enlisting the aid of their godhead to betray them to their last breaths.

[image]

[image]

Apropos, here's SCIENCE telling us that, yes, CH was right again: Men and women feel jealousy differently, and this difference is best explained by a biological, innate cause.

> Highlights
>
> • Strong sex differences in jealousy responses across measurement paradigms
> • Sex differences in jealousy responses not subject to moderation or mediation
> • Noteworthy sex differences in a nation with high paternal investment expectancy
> • **Findings contradict explanations derived from social role theories.**
> • Findings support evolutionary predictions.
>
> Despite some controversy about sex differences in jealousy, data largely support that sex differences studied with the forced choice (FC) paradigm are robust: **Men, relative to women, report greater jealousy in response to sexual infidelity than in response to emotional infidelity**. Corresponding sex differences for continuous measures of jealousy typically have been less robust in the literature. A large sample of Norwegian

> students (N = 1074) randomly responded to either FC or continuous measure questionnaires covering four infidelity scenarios. Large, comparable, theoretically-predicted sex differences were evident for both FC and continuous measures. Relationship status, infidelity experiences, and question order manipulation (activation) did not consistently influence the sex differences for either measure, nor did individual differences in sociosexual orientation or relationship commitment. These large sex differences are especially noteworthy as they emerge from a highly egalitarian nation with high paternal investment expectancy, and because they **contradict social role theories that predict a diminution of psychological sex differences as gender economic equality increases**.

There will never be a polyamorous culture, legalized or *de facto*, in European-derived nations that doesn't end in tears. Feminism, as per usual, is a crock of shit and a belief system that, contrary to its stated intent of enlarging the moral universe, strips humans of both sexes of their humanity.

Grexit, PRexit... Texit?

CH · 30 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Greeks aren't (genetically, culturally) Anglo-Germanics. Greece creaks under a mound of debt and must fleece Germany to stay afloat.

Puerto Ricans aren't (genetically, culturally) Anglo-Germanics. Puerto Rico pimp rolls under a mound of debt and floats her crime and steatopygous sassiness to the US by the boatload.

Greece is a failed EU "equal partner", and portends the eventual failure of the EU project.

Puerto Rico is a failed US territory/protectorate/whatever, and portends the eventual failure of the US open borders project.

Texas is becoming less Anglo-Germanic and more Hispanic by the day. Soon, Texas will exit the GOP and take any hope of ending anti-white antiracism from within the ruling class with her.

Speaking plainly like this is pointless. No one will listen. No one wants to listen. Messengers are reviled.

As always, I'll be poolside, watching it crumble away, if we're lucky. Burn, if we're not.

Dangerous ¡SCIENCE!: Clues That Empathic Ability Varies By Race

CH · 1 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The title of this study arrests you.

How your brain reacts to emotional information is influenced by your genes.

Hoo boy, loaded for bear. Are we talking about the intrinsic ability to sympathize with others, and are we talking about genes controlling this ability, and are we talking about these controlling genes varying across race? Mmmmm…. could be!

> Your genes may influence how sensitive you are to emotional information, according to new research by a neuroscientist. The study found that carriers of a certain genetic variation perceived positive and negative images more vividly, and had heightened activity in certain brain regions.

Inverse: There are people who are more aloof toward pleasure, or distress, signals from others. Like psychopaths.

> The gene in question is ADRA2b, which influences the neurotransmitter norepinephrine. Previous research by Todd found that carriers of a deletion variant of this gene showed greater attention to negative words. Her latest research is the first to use brain imaging to find out how the gene affects how vividly people perceive the world around them, and the results were startling, even to Todd.
>
> "We thought, from our previous research, that people with the deletion variant would probably show this emotionally enhanced vividness, and they did more than we would even have predicted," says Todd, who scanned the brains of 39 participants, 21 of whom were carriers of the genetic variation.

Researchers once again shocked by the degree of behavioral influence exerted by genes, news on the hour every hour.

> Carriers of the gene variation showed significantly more activity in a region of the brain responsible for regulating emotions and evaluating both pleasure and threat.

"regulating emotions" = innate impulsiveness. I prefer the stronger definitional formulations. Helps focus the mind.

> Todd points out there are also benefits to carrying the gene variant. "People who have the deletion variant are drawing on an additional network in their brains important for calculating the emotional relevance of things in the world," she says. "In any situation where noticing what's relevant in the environment is important, this gene variation would be a positive."

"emotional relevance of things" = how other people feel. Empathy, and its feelings handmaiden, sympathy, have a genetic basis.

Land ho!, here comes the money shot…

> The ADRA2b deletion variant appears in varying degrees across different ethnicities. Although roughly 50 per cent of the Caucasian population studied by these researchers in Canada carry the genetic variation, it has been found to be prevalent in other ethnicities. For example, one study found that just 10 per cent of Rwandans carried the ADRA2b gene variant.

Mic dropped. 50% of white Canadians have an empathy-boosting genetic variant which only 10% of black Rwandans possess.

The writers of this article must've been so shaken to their equalist cores by that hatefact which slipped through the cracks that they hastily flubbed the second to last line, resulting in a humorous contradiction between "prevalent" and "just 10%".

CH has a big post coming soon which delves more deeply into the darkest of dark truths about racial differences in the empathy response. There are studies out there which the Hivemind won't touch even obliquely, or through professional grade distortion filters. Ignorance is mind control.

The War Against Gerrymandering Is An Anti-White Trojan Horse

CH · 1 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Politicians know European-Americans are more diverse in their voting habits, often splitting their votes 50-50 between the two parties (or 40-30-30 between three parties). They also know blacks and mestizos are less ideologically and psychologically diverse, the former going 90+% Democrat and the latter 65-70% Democrat every time.

This is why all European-Americans must cast a wary eye toward legislation or legal rulings that attempt to curtail gerrymandering, the practice of dividing districts along racial lines to create “voting blocs”. Simple math illustrates why anti-gerrymandering disfavors European-Americans.

In a perfectly gerrymandered state, District 9 is 100% black, and District 8 is 100% white. From this partly-artificial (but only partly) political arrangement, we can expect District 9 to reliably vote Democrat nearly 100% of the time, and District 8 to vote GOP 52% of the time and Democrat 48% of the time.

Let’s also assume for the sake of clarity that the populations of both districts are the same.

Now this is what happens when anti-gerrymandering is forced on the districts, and they are redrawn so that, say, 25% of the blacks have moved (representationally) into the white district, and 25% of whites have moved (representationally) into the black district.

Those 25% of blacks continue voting 100% Democrat, while those 25% of whites continue splitting their votes 52-48% GOP-Dem. What is the end result? Well, where before (in the gerrymandered scenario) District 9 enjoyed the benefits of Democrat local governance and District 8 the benefits of Republican local governance, now District 9 still votes Democrat while District 8 has started to vote Democrat more as well.

The 25% of GOP-leaning whites have barely budged the Democrat advantage in District 9, lowering the Dem vote total from 100% to 87%.

[(o.75×1.00DEM) + (0.25×0.48DEM)] = 0.87DEM

But here’s what happens to the slight GOP advantage in all-white District 8 with the population shift to 25% black:

[(0.75×0.48DEM) + (0.25×1.00DEM)] = 0.61DEM

Did you see that? Don’t look away, because it happened quick as lightning. All-European-American District 8 went from voting for Democrats 48% of the time to voting for Democrats 61% of the time after their population was forced to politically accommodate 25% blacks.

End game: Both District 9 and District 8 become, for all practical purposes, Democrat strongholds.

And the Dem grip on those districts only becomes more pronounced as Diversity™ increases and the share of European-Americans, and the districts they control, decreases.

Now some of you are principled sorts and therefore are repulsed by the anti-democratic notion of gerrymandering as a way to “keep the peace” by making Dindugeld payments, and their consequences, more centrally located and removed from European-American scrutiny.

But we don’t live in an American Utopia of 90% European-American demographics (that time passed somewhere around mid-20th Century), when such a principled stance against gerrymandering could work in practice. We live in Diversity World™, and in this world high-falutin’ White Man privileged principles bow deeply to the blood-fueled pragmatism of tribalism. In Diversity World™, we don’t get the luxury of ideologically diverse whites arguing about street widths and weekend park rules; we get instead Everyone Not White driving drunk and shitting in the parks while ganging up on the few remaining Whites to fork over ever larger taxed remittances from their paychecks.

The elite know all this, which is why, next time you hear them lamenting gerrymandering, what they're really opposing is a place where BadWhites enjoy the blessings of self-determination.

How To Blow Past Girls Dropping The “Creep” Bomb

CH · 2 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Disgust, more than fear, dampens women’s sexual arousal. As a devoted skirt chaser, it’s better to make a girl a little afraid of you than it is to disgust her.

(Any connection between wives’ growing disgust for their beta hubbies and their frequency of headaches is purely coincidental.)

This female hindbrain reality explains why women are so quick to label men they don’t like with terms that evoke disgust, (e.g., “creepy”, “strange”, “weird”), and why men, in turn, are so careful to avoid being labeled as such, and to feel the sting harder when they are the recipient.

But it is also true, as any man with extensive field experience will attest, that women tend to throw around the “creep” smear with scattershot profligacy, as a means of “dramatizing” an incipient seduction as often as a means of communicating outright rejection of their suitors. In other words, the “creepy” label is a semantic shit test, and like any female shit test, if successfully passed your attractiveness to the girl will markedly increase.

There are counter-semantic measures a man can take to power down the empowerment a girl feels when she drops the “creep” bomb.

GIRL: “Ew, you’re being soooo creepy/such a creep!”

YOU:

Agree&Amplify

“Please, you haven’t seen anything yet. Wait’ll I put on my clown make-up.”

Preemptive DQ

Basically, light-heartedly call the girl out as a creep before she gets a chance to do it to you. It’s a great preemptive reframe of a courtship that constantly forces the girl back on her heels, in the defensive crouch (where tingles are born!)

Ambiguous Accusation

“Oh, you’re one of *those* girls.”

Amused Dismissal

“Do you eat with that mouth?”

Reverse Shit Test

“BOOORR-ING!”

Straight-up DQ

“Classy.”

Assume The Sale

“Look, this is my final offer. After this, I have to cut you loose.”

Ignore&Plow

This might be the best option for newbies. Just change the topic and “reset” the convo as if she hadn’t said anything of note.

Playground Challenge

“It takes one to know one.”

Redirection

“You got something caught in your teeth.”

Dramatic Flair

“I bet you say that to all the boys.”

Jerkboy Charisma

“There’s no accounting for taste.”

Style’s Attraction Amplifier

“I’m taken.”

Bring Da Movies Game

“Gay.”

***

As always, when engaged in the business of applied charisma, avoiding the pitfall of sounding defensive is paramount. This is not so hard as it seems, if you mentally groom yourself to be prepared for anything a girl might say in the course of a courtship. If you enter every pregnant-ly romantic interaction with a girl expecting to hear the unexpected from her, the crass from her, the bitchy from her, you likely never will be surprised by whatever she says, and this is the secret to building a personal defense against your own proclivity to butthurt defensiveness.

You needn’t be a cynic; you merely need to be accepting of the full behavioral spectrum of female privilege. You won’t always be able to predict what a girl will say to you, but you can predict how you’ll respond when she throws a monkey wrench into your laid-best plans: Unflustered, because you know this is how women are, how they have been for millennia, and how it is your job as a man to joyously pluck and eat the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and women. If you don’t pluck it, some other man will. Or, tragically, it will rot and fall to the ground, to be eaten by scavenging house cats.

America, Then And Now

CH · 5 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Then, 1925:

Now, 2014:

(h/t peterike) At least the fattest one kept her dress down and spared us all an episode of PTSD.

UPDATE

It seems no commenters got the underlying message of this edition of “America, Then and Now”. The 1920s were a high (or low) water mark of sexual licentiousness and decadence in the US. There are those who argue that these decadence periods follow historical cycles. We may be at another peak (or trough) of sexual licentiousness and decadence now, in 2015 America. (The previous being the late 60s-early 70s.) Yet, the contrast between the 1925 photo and the 2014 photo couldn’t be starker. If the former is decadent, the latter is gutter filth.

Clearly, if there’s a poz cycle that operates on say, a forty-year cycle, the long-term trend over the accumulated poz cycles is towards ever-greater vulgarity. When some deep nadir in the poz cycle is achieved, the system will probably break into parts, rather than swing the poz pendulum back into anti-poz.

The Unapologetic, Stalkergirl Creepiness Of Women

CH · 6 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The ironic misuse of the “creepy” slander by women toward men is in part a case of psychological projection by the unfairer sex. Commenter “Not Thought Police” explains:

> Ahh “Creep”
>
> Never attribute to internal failing that which can be explained by a woman’s inherent need to emotionally project.
>
> Do not pass go. Do not validate. Do not entertain her musings until projection is ruled out first.
>
> This holds true for many facets of femininity but i think in no other place does it hold more weight than the concept of male creepiness:
>
> A woman, in vetting a man, will:
>
> Gossip with friends, look through his private stuff, his books, his music, find out his political leanings to the n’th-degree (from his feminist sensibilities right down to how he feels about trade agreements n shit), how he feels toward his mother, how much he earns, is he carrying a mental illness, can he provide?, does he look and act like Gosling? Can he sing like that dude from Coldplay or at least do something notable so she doesn’t look like she’s just dating Dave, the accountant? Is he strong..but not so strong that he cannot be controlled? Is he intelligent..but not so intelligent that he might win in an argument? Is he confident, but not so much that he might attract the attentions of other girls (not that she’d be jealous or anything because women aren’t creepy like that) Is he articulate but not so much that he might outshine her beaming personality? Is he cool but not so cool that he’d make her look uncool. That’d never do!
>
> Contrast this to the creepy, rapey Man: What’s her rack like? Is she kinda half normal?
>
> Tell me who is really the creepy one here?

Here’s an uncomfortable truth: The Surveillance State is women’s natural operating procedure. But we autonomically give women a pass for being precociously creepy toward men within the field of view of the female Eye of Ovum because… well, read about the Fundamental Premise.

Of course, women have good evo-bio reasons for being creepier than men (and equally good reasons for fooling themselves about their own creepster instincts), but that doesn’t mean men have to roll over and play the women’s game the way women want it played. Correction… the way women “”””want””””” it played; triple-quoted to indicate that women may consciously want obeisance to their rules from men, but subconsciously, where messages are sent direct to the vagina, women want men who don’t do what they “”””want””””.

Are We Living In A Playa's Paradise?

CH · 7 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A player's paradise — aka a cads and tramps society — would have distinguishing features that wouldn't be found, or wouldn't be quite as pronounced, in a beta male-ruled — aka dads and damsels — society.

1. More sexualized women.

Is T&A the order of the day? Do culture-amplifying mediums like advertising and entertainment try to get away with displaying the maximum amount of skin and minimum amount of clothing on their female messengers? Are women (especially women in the limelight) all too eager to comply with the zesty zeitgeist?

In a playa's paradise, we can expect to find more sexualization of women because women will be more interested in short-term hookups with sexy, charming, dominant men. These men have dating market options, and as any man with options will do he'll demand more sexual license and physical perfection from his considered conquests. Women will respond to this male-centric romantic preference by advertising themselves as sexual, sexy objects to be devoured in a bonerbath of contraceptively-safeguarded desire.

2. Less sexual dimorphism.

It seems counter-intuitive, but there is cross-racial evidence for the CH hypothesis that cad/tramp societies are less sexually dimorphic than dad/damsel societies. For instance, in the world's OPP (Original Playa's Paradise), Africa, the women are more masculine and less feminine than woman from dad/damsel societies. Even within the dad-centered West, a swing toward more cads/tramps is associated with less feminine (where feminine = coy, slender, and estrogenically curvy) women. Female athletes are the best example of this trend… all narrow boyhips, flat chests, and scowling countenances hitched atop glass-cutting manjaws.

Why? Best speculation: There are two processes happening that reinforce each other. One, girls with more masculine features and personalities tend, on average, to be more open to the idea of casual, NSA sex, and probably have, as well, stronger, more insistent, libidos than feminine women. Two, men seeking easy flings probably target, subconsciously, women with "sexually aggressive" phenotypic traits, and that may include women with bodies and desirous leers primed for piston-like pumping.

In a cad/tramp society, men will prefer good-to-go, low investment pussy properties, because there's less paternity assurance (and less emphasis on paternity assurance by both sexes) and because there's less expectation that any romantic liaison will lead to a long-term, sexually faithful, commitment. In a dad/damsel society, men are expected to commit before receiving the poon goodies, (and likewise women are expected to avoid riding the cock carousel before receiving that treasured commitment). Therefore, men under these conditions will prefer take-it-slow, high investment pussy properties, which means more feminine, prettier, coy women.

3. More feminism.

Recall the CH maxim regarding feminism:

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

Feminism can be seen as both a happy allegiance to, and a bitter backlash against, a cad/tramp society. On the former, feminism advocates a social order that opens the short-term, sexual field to women, with the intent of allowing women the shameless pursuit of those few sexy, fly-by-night alpha cads who give them womb-shaking tingles. On the latter, feminism wishes to institute draconian, anti-male, anti-human rules of conduct that serve to straitjacket the romantic prerogatives of unsexy beta males. In this latter instance, the gimping of beta male courtship preferences — that is, the discouragement of beta males taking advantage of their sexual market strengths

(shy, deliberate courting with long-term focus) — helps cad-chasing women avoid the awkward solicitations of any men other than those men who are skilled at the art of the approach.

4. Hatred of traditional sex roles.

A cad/tramp society should see more expressed hatred of the traditional sex roles that predominate in a dad/damsel society. This hatred will be found strongest among women who most benefit from the loose sexual and romantic expectations of a cad society: The middling 4s, 5s, and 6s who would rather enjoy five minutes of a higher value man scrubbing out their dirty dick holsters for a few weeks than the enraptured commitment of a lower value man offering financial and emotional commitment that these economically and egotistically self-sufficient women no longer need.

Cads themselves will also shit and piss on traditional sex roles, but they'll mostly do this through their actions instead of the typical female strategy of verbal tumblrrhea designed to police thought boundaries and enlarge the conformist suck-up circle.

5. Hatred of beta provider males.

Concomitant with the above predicted observation, beta provider males will really take it on the chin. They are the biggest losers in a cad/tramp culture. Romantic failures, and hated for their romantic failure, beta provider males will have to find succor in waiting until their early 30s to marry a road-worn, cock-scarred cougarette on the make for a suburban sap she can latch onto for her obligatory 1.5 IVF-aided snot-nosed brats at the low low cost of once-a-year half-hearted birthday blowjobs.

6. More aggressive sexual signaling.

A cad/tramp society will teem with girls signaling their availability for hot sex from the right man. You would expect to see more tattoos, more body modifications, and more behavioral tics that transparently suggest the girl under consideration is DTF if you enter the correct all-access key code into her id-box.

Interestingly, on this matter, men will divide into two competing camps: The players and wannabes who emphasize their sexy male attributes at the expense of their latent romantic idealism, and the hardened betaboys who will cling ever tighter to their emotional tampon/orbiter game in the belief, usually mistaken, that at least one girl, at one point in their miserably incel lives, will tire of the cads and swoon for the beta's earnest niceness.

7. Disproportionately higher STD rates among women.

A sexual market with cads and tramps at the top of the hierarchy would be sex-skewed in favor of the cads, for the simple reason that the female hypergamous impulse to mate with higher status men is more powerful and less malleable to compromise than the male impulse to fornicate with the prettiest girls. (In layman's (heh) terms, men are more willing than are women to slum it once in a while.)

A consequence of female hypergamy is that once it is unleashed from cultural constraints, women will gravitate to a *de facto* polygyny, sharing the top 10-20% of men during their prime fertility years (15-25). What you'd find then, is a few cads spreading their venereal love to the larger number of women who lay with them. And that is what the data point to:

> Overall prevalence of chlamydial infection was 4.19% (95% confidence interval [CI], 3.48%-4.90%). Women (4.74%; 95% CI, 3.93%-5.71%) were more likely to be infected than men (3.67%; 95% CI, 2.93%-4.58%; prevalence ratio, 1.29; 95% CI, 1.03-1.63). The prevalence of chlamydial infection was highest among black women (13.95%; 95% CI, 11.25%-17.18%) and black men (11.12%; 95% CI, 8.51%-14.42%); lowest prevalences were among Asian men (1.14%; 95% CI, 0.40%-3.21%), **white men (1.38%**; 95% CI, 0.93%-2.03%), and **white women (2.52%**; 95% CI, 1.90%-3.34%).

8. More women acting out like men.

Female teachers banging their underage and overhorny charges will be rampant in cad/tramp environments. So will women cursing like sailors, women posturing like drunken frat boys, women pretending to enjoy their slutty lifestyles, and women refusing the chivalric interventions of well-meaning old skool men.

Why bother cultivating the feminine traits when their usefulness has expired?

9. More men acting out like women.

This one is the mortal shiv in the heart of Western dad/damsel culture. What do you get when you (de)couple sexually focused, short-term thinking, masculine women with weepy, romance-starved, long-term focused male feminists?

Spite. Bitterness. Resentment. Contempt. Decivilization.

The difference between manlets and manjaws is part motivation, part exogenous insult. Manjaws (unfeminine women) would suffer in a dad/damsel society where men were more discerning about which women they'd choose for commitment, but in a cad/tramp society vulgar, leg-spreading manjaws don't take too big of a hit to their ability to find horndogs on the one-night-only prowl.

Manlets, in contrast, suffer a big hit whether they operate within a cad/tramp or a dad/damsel context. However, one could argue the hit they take is smaller in the dad/damsel milieu. So what motivates manlets in a cad/tramp society to stick to their feeble, flaccid guns? Perhaps their bitterness as SMV rejects creates a negative feedback loop exaggerating their impetus to unmanly posturing. Sort of like how a bullied kid will retreat deeper into solitude and fantasies of self-actualization.

But the reason may be more concrete than that psychological trawling. Post-America Manlettery (PAM!) could be the consequence of an all-out, all-points environmental estrogenic assault by the chemicals and Hivemind propaganda we all profoundly breathe and ingest on the daily.

Bottom line: Masculine women and feminine men are 100% bad box office. A 7-2 offsuit hand. A cosmic affront. A middle finger to the god of biomechanics. It won't end well.

So, you tell the CH audience… are we living in a playa's paradise?

Horrors From The Christian Adoption Scene

CH · 8 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reader ATC forwards a link to a Christianity Today article about the dark side (heh) of the Christian adoption scene. Apparently, there are lots of white Evangelical Christians who think it is their God-given calling to rescue the world's orphans from lives of destitution, and race-cuck their own families in the process.

You have to read between the lines in theses stories for the full impact of what's being discussed, but thankfully the context is so obvious that your inference skills don't need to be particularly sharp.

> At a church-sponsored adoption event, passionate servant-leaders unpack the clear and resounding call from the Holy Scriptures to care for orphans. Whether speaking one-on-one or in front of the larger group, they eloquently raise awareness of the plight of millions of orphans worldwide. They tell stories about the 100,000 kids in U.S. foster care who need permanent families.

Get ready to bend over and take a soul-ramming, Christian Williams' Syndrome sufferers.

> Away from the crowd during a break, these same leaders talk with one another in muted tones about their real lives at home with kids whose backgrounds are filled with suffering, abuse, neglect, abandonment and deprivation.

AKA "normalcy" back in the adopted kids' homelands.

> They recount incidents of violence and hours-long raging.

Lil' Shitavious slapping his white momma around.

> They discuss the anguish of needing out-of-home care and the accompanying emotional agony and guilt. They lament the plight of healthier siblings [ed: white siblings] who aren't getting the attention they need.

Rachel Dolezal to the courtesy phone…

> They note the stress that is added to their lives by extended family members who can't or won't understand and don't help.

Here's a clue: Psychologically normal people don't like sacrificing their time, energy, and love for unrelated children who don't look or act anything like themselves.

> They nobly attempt to soft-pedal the grief they feel when their church families offer a quick "atta boy" but nothing more practical.

"atta boy" = "lord have mercy on them, that household is a banana republic".

> They talk about the strain in their formerly strong marriages, and the list goes on. Sleep deprivation. Secondary trauma. Hopelessness. Failure. And the feeling of being alone—so very alone.

Not to worry. Christ will reward you in the afterlife for throwing away your present-life on a doomed quest to recreate Mystery Meat Theater 3000 in your living room.

> But they try to remain thankful to the One who will never leave them or forsake them.

Even as they are being left and forsaken. Triumph of delusion over stone cold experience.

> They are trying to count it all joy.

> They are begging God for help, for healing for their children.

And God replied, “I’m spiritual intervention. You want something more practical than that you’ll have to talk to the guy who runs biomechanical intervention. Be careful, though. He likes to cut deals.”

> They pray for strength to get up and do it all over again—day after day.

I can sorta understand desperate childless couples putting themselves through this self-imposed hell, but couples with their own children, adding misery to their happiness and to their biological children’s happiness? wtf? That’s child abuse.

> They don’t like who they become at times, when the stress and fatigue take their toll—but they see no other way forward.

The cops who patrol inner city ghettos agree with this sentiment.

> They want to be filled with the fruit of the Spirit,

Turn your backs for a minute and your daughters might get filled with the fruit of the jungle spirit.

> but survival mode is the order of the day, every day, and it can go on for years.

Suicidal Tendencies: When Separation Isn’t Possible.

> While their church friends talk about sports and college and music, they talk about individualized education programs, 504s, therapists and psychiatrists.

And sleeping with their guns under the pillow.

> All the adoptive families they know have versions of the same story.

The families may change but the dindu remains the same.

> They love their children. They choose to love them with everything they've got. It would just be so much easier if they didn't feel like they were doing it alone.

Translation: "You will love my adopted third worldlet with the same fervor as I love him, or you are evil. EVIL!"

> But no matter how much they talk about their need for the help of the community around them, the help doesn't come.

Diversity + Proximity = Abandonment.

> And it's hard to explain to church friends that a week without swear words can be a miraculous cause for celebration.

One drop of wine in mud doesn't change the mud. One drop of mud in wine ruins the wine.

> Scene 3—One Year after the Adoption Event (this is a hope for the future)

Hope is the ur-cheat clause.

You know which religious group rarely bothers with all this outgroup, extrafamilial, pathological altruism toward their distant lessers?

Maybe evangelicals could learn a thing or two from their apocalypto dream tribe.

Diversity Park™ Takes A Bite Out Of A White Liberal Dream

CH · 8 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A California assisted-suicide bill was shelved because of opposition from heavily mestizo districts.

Now personally, I'm in favor of assisted suicide at any age for leftoids in whatever physical condition. But one has to laugh at the irony of Diversity Park™ undocumented citizens bitch-slapping their effete white liberal patrons. You asked for it, now you'll get it, good and hard.

I'm sure SCROTUS will find a Constitutional right to assisted-suicide in the near future, which is spelled out in the Constitution as clearly as the right to gay marriage, but in the meantime enjoy the cognitive dissonance.

Score: Invading aztecs: 1, white California liberals: 0. Shiv of the Week award goes to La Raza, for giving us all a glimpse of the unified, glorious future of America made stronger and happier by all her Diversity.

Literal Cuckservatives

CH · 23 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The Dissidenti™™ and their frazzled hall monitors buzzsaw with talk about "cuckservatives." It's the shiv du jour, you see. As shivs go, it is in this 'umble narrator's opinion one of the more lethal of the semantic shanks employed by dark realists.

Lovers and haters of the Cuck Shiv gird for battle (well, the haters *girdle* for battle). The wielders love the twist of their shiny new toy. The haters brace defensively, shielding vitals. As well they should. CH commenters wonder, not without historical wonderment precedent for questions of Realtalk™ provenance aligned with Chateau themes, was it Heartiste who coined the "cuckservative" scarlet C? Answer: I don't know. The first mention of it here is dated 24 Jun 2015. I suspect Poasting Whytes were first in the field with their version. Perhaps the term was independently formulated by multiple parties, inspired to simultaneous Phoenixian birth by the polluted cascade of daily poz.

I can tell you this for certain: The term "cuckold", and its related emotional resonance, was thrust rudely into the public consciousness and popularized right here, at Chateau Heartiste, long before the current fascination with the pregnant (heh) weight of the slur. Kneejerk anti-truthers and perplexed alt-rightists scoffed at first contact with Le Chateau's musings on the metadeath genetic threat cuckoldry poses to men, but in time even they began to see the value of the concept as a right and proper fitting metaphor for supplicants and sycophants and self-sodomizers of various stripes, which of course means they understood on a sub-discourse level the biomechanic sexual market truth implied by the insult.

To the gristle: What is a cuckservative?

Occam's Razor ably decodes.

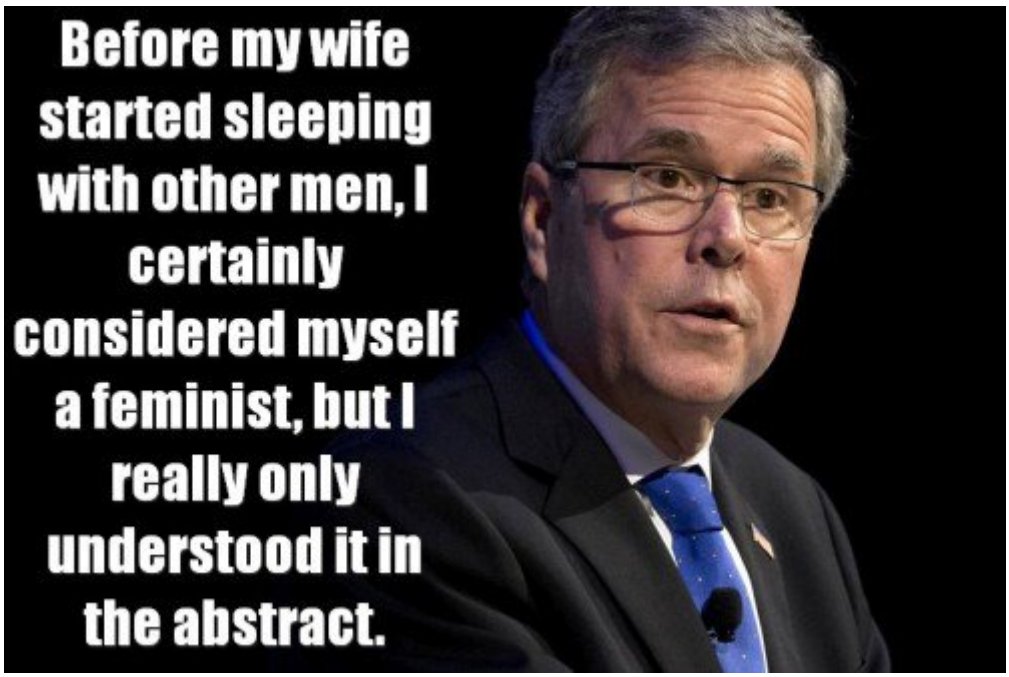
> Very basically, the cuckservative is a white gentile conservative (or libertarian) who thinks he's promoting his own interests but really isn't. In fact, the cuckservative is an extreme universalist and seems often to suffer from ethnomasochism & pathological altruism. In short, a cuckservative is a white (non-Jewish) conservative who isn't racially aware.

That's a serviceable academic description. I prefer something a leetle more… pungent.

CH definition: A cuckservative is a cowardly pussy who sucks up to leftoid equalists for mercy and pisses himself when he gets accused of racism, sexism, or anti-semitism.

Corollary to the above CH definition: The cuckservative will throw his brother and his nation under the bus if it means he keeps his token status as cog in the Hivemind machine. Those cocktail parties aren't going to attend themselves!

So what's the difference between a cuckservative and a garden variety shitlib? Delayed reaction. The cuckservative may or may not be a true believer in reality-denying feminism or anti-white antiracism, but he sure as hell knows to stick his crabbed finger in the air to see which cheek he should spread for his equalist overlord's strap-on.



Some common traits of the species *homo homo cuckservative*:

– is quick to jump down the throat of any Realtalker.
– distances himself immediately from any ostensible ally who lets slip a jarring sin against the Narrative.
– will never once, not once, do or say something brave in his life.
– is at heart the rear-end of a lemming herd. won't take a stand (or a plunge) until the numbers safely allow him to do so.
– is ignorant of or afraid to confront racial, ethnic, tribal truths.
– would rather bear witness to national decline and dissolution and preside over gross injustice than be on record that there are consequential race and sex differences beyond skin color and genitalia.
– thinks the only difference between the sexes that is acceptable to utter in public is the male penchant for gags and buttplugs. (he also projects wildly)
– dreadfully fears social ostracism, rendering him politically impotent.
– will force himself to clap loudly for pre-op Bruce Jenner, to coo falsely over mystery meat infants, to nod soberly in agreement when the pay gap lie is mentioned yet again as gospel truth, to pretend that Michelle Obama is attractive, and to insist women's soccer is just as thrilling to watch as men's soccer (which is not much thrilling to begin with).
– Will give every shrieking leftoid the benefit of the doubt while reflexively questioning the motives of every ballsy Realtalker.
– will preface every feeble tiptoe into his own Realtalk wading pool with an ass-covering "To be sure…" or a spastic impromptu paean to Martin Luther King, Jr.
– backs down with a quickness at roundtable debates with aggressive liberals.
– the only topics on which he won't back down are taxes on the oligarchs and fighting terrorists over there so we don't have to fight them here (while insisting open borders are American as apple pie and that muslim dude who shot dead a platoon of Christian soldiers was really a victim of discrimination and now, now, let's not get crazy and question our shared enthusiasm for increasing Diversity™ in the military).
– will intone "diversity is our strength" while commuting home to an upscale gated community that is 98% White and 2% East Asian.
– exclaims "content of our character", "fighting for freedom", "blacks kill other blacks more than any other race", and "hispanics are natural conservatives" without a hint of ironic detachment.
– has probably sexually molested a young boy sometime before his political career took off.

Cuckservatives are even more loathsome than true blue leftoid believers in the antiwhite progrom, because at least you can say the latter are loyal to a personal, if mortally twisted, ethos. The cuckservative is loyal to nothing but personal aggrandizement. The cuckservative so easily betrays his stated principles because, in fact, he has no principles. He is a globocorporate transnational post-american striver SWPL just as much as any of his ultraliberal co-evals, minus the overt eagerness for estate taxes and nationalized healthcare, and he'll be damned if he'll let some flyover smart-ass with an eye for both the big picture and the demonic detail to destabilize his easy-livin' sinecure.

Given this list of characteristics, the "cuckold" root of the cuckservative metaphor is exceedingly apt. The cuckservative is, in habit of mind and sometimes in practice, that pathetic white man with noodle arms and crusted tear tracks sitting hunched on a stool in the corner of his bedroom watching, with willing fervor, his ecstatic white wife get pounded into post-white release by a buck nigra who eats his food and kicks his ass when the fridge needs refilling.

Yes, he'll sit there nicely and putter with his pud while his wife (nation) gets banged out by another man (nonwhites, third world immigrants), as long as no one mistakes him for a small town prole who can't tell the nose difference between a merlot and a pinot noir.

The cuckservative is cucked by antagonistic races, by antagonistic ideologies, by antagonistic corporate masters, by antagonistic talk show hosts, by antagonistic fat losers editorializing on the internet equivalent of teen beat gossip rags.

All he wants is their approval. A pat on the head from his sworn and intractable enemies. He swears he'll keep his hands to himself and won't cum until instructed to do so!

He is a low self-esteem, approval-seeking, whimpering cumlapper.

He is dog shit.

But there is hope.

Amazingly, some cuckservatives are LITERAL CUCKSERVATIVES. Commenter james1 peruses a few famous biographies,

> It's interesting that even though the Boehner family and the Bush family are Republicans, they are bigger race mixers than the Kennedy family and the Clinton family are Democrats. Jeb Bush married a Mestiza who looks

> like the maid at your local Motel 6 or Days Inn and John Boehner'a daughter married a Jamaican pothead who is a wannabe Bob Marley.
>
> Also the Republican John McCain adopted a very dark skin girl from Sri Lanka while JFK/Jackie O and Bill/Hillary who are Democrats never adopted any Nonwhite children.

Literal cuckservatives take their prostrate mewling before the antiwhite mob a little too seriously. But with a familial C.V. like, for example, Boehner's or ¡Jabe!'s, is it a surprise that these self-abnegating genetic dead ends can't think clearly on the subject of race, borders, nation?

As Occam's Razor puts it,

> On the other hand, the idea of whites acting as a group to secure their own interests terrifies the cuckservative. If you ever want to troll a cuckservative, just repeatedly use the word "white," such as "this isn't beneficial for the white community." The cuckservative will be triggered immediately.

Nobody gets triggered like a nancygoy cuckservative gets triggered. Truly pathetic specimens of manhood. Wasn't Boehner the puffboy who blubbered like a baby on stage recollecting his time in the bathhouses of the Castro District? With "leaders" and "representatives" like him, who needs an opposition party? If Boehner wants a real reason to cry, he should reflect on his daughter's coal burning, doing her part to destroy an aesthetic, cultural, and genetic heritage 20,000 years in the making.

The Cuckservative: Re-raising equalist leftoids, because, hey, he's got something to disprove.

Why Is Randi Lee Harper, Fat, Drug-Addicted, Mentally Unhinged Liar, Still Working At Twitter?

CH · 23 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Twitter twats hired Randi Lee Harper as an "Online Abuse Prevention" schoolmarm, and continue to employ her, despite a mass (heh) of gathering evidence that she is fat, drug-addicted, mentally unhinged, and a disingenuous liar.

So why is she still working there? Does she have dirt on Twatter executives? Or is the entire Twatter HR department staffed wall to wall by crazy-eyed feminists and pantywaist sycophants allergic to facts and tasked with Narrative dissemination?

A reader muses,

> *"feminist… fat… feminist… fat… feminist… fat… feminist… fat… feminist… fat… feminist… fat… feminist… fat… feminist… "*
>
> I see, someone REALLY doesn't want to be allowed back on the twitter.

Does anyone seriously think a CH house lord would beg a porky misfit like Randi Lee Harper for re-entrance to the club she is inexplicably charged with monitoring? No, that is not how this will go. She will come to CH, on her ungulate knees, to offer an obsequious apology and reconciliation to her betters. As losers are meant to do.

Long-time guests of Le Chateau will recognize the deeper message of this post. They will know this post is not solely about Randi Lee Harper (or about using her SJW tools against her) — she is but a convenient emblem to showcase a much more pervasive societal sickness — but is about, instead, the tentacled mind and body rot oozing out over the commons from the sewage pipes emptying the uptalking id waste of the SJW corporation of bitter, spiteful, loser freak degenerates whose adult sentiments were prematurely calcified into a juvenile philosophy of solipsism as they peered at the world outside through the vents of their high school lockers.

PS Hi Randi! PETA wants to know how your blue-dyed dog is doing.

A Test Of Your Game: A Condom Conundrum

CH · 24 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Anonymous found himself in what the walking dead would consider an awkward situation, but one which he sees an opportunity to leverage into love.

> Need game advice. Buying condoms. Cashier is very cute hard 8. Buying only condoms because I have a sex life and do, in fact, need them. But could always use more plates. I'm 40; she's 26.
>
> What is my funny opener to the sales clerk ringing up my condoms?
>
> Store is nearly empty. Would be easy to chat her up. Ask her to come help me try them out? Just say "come get coffee with me on your break"? Also I live 3 minutes from here. She'd get the benefit of three orgasms if she's lucky enough to come with me to my pad.

While not a scenario most men would encounter frequently, and deciding not worth analyzing for its seduction potential, it is amusing and pregnant with much amniotic flirtation, so if you do have the good fortune to slap a box of condoms down in front of a cute cashier, this is the post for you.

My first volley of advice: Don't be overtly sexual. Condom purchase + lewdness is not the golden tingle ticket for a girl who doesn't know you from Adam. That isn't game; that's the bro clown show.

Try disqualification game instead: "Don't get your hopes up."

Or implied preselection game: "Do you guys have a bulk buying policy?"

Or social tension acknowledgement game: "What's more embarrassing… customers buying condoms or douches?"

Anyhow, I don't want to hog the microphone. Readers, jump in here and give it your best game. You will be harshly judged and winners featured in a follow-up post.

Sexist Men Are Quite Literally Winners, Common Sense (And ♂SCIENCE♂) Finds

CH · 24 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Vapid shell entity Caitlin Dewey is at it again, snarkily uptalking in her late Millennial patois and squirting out mental masturbation material for bitter feminists left behind by a merciless sexual market. She links to a study which found that male Halo players who were losing the video game badly were aggressively hostile to female players and aggressively submissive to better male players.

Dewey uses the “””findings””” that are a little too conveniently friendly to feminist shibboleths to grind her cunty battle axe. Unfortunately for her religious tenets, the study is so flawed as to make it nearly self-debunking.

Nowhere in the linked source for the study did I see a reference to ages or races of the study participants. Were these all white kids trash talking what they thought were female teammates who were letting the team down? Or was there an unfortunate racial skew the study researchers felt disinclined to note?

And what about the ages of the male players? 12 years old, or 25 years old? This makes a huge difference. No one should be surprised when a 12-year-old boy lashes out at UGH GIRLS. But these natural and normal development behaviors of boys tend to dissipate by adulthood.

Here’s an ugly scientific and common-sensible truth with which the Caitlin Deweyettes of the SJW world should acquaint themselves: Sexist men are more attractive to women. Or, in urban SWPL ditz parlance, sexist men are QUITE LITERALLY winners.

Here’s a quote that will simultaneously trigger Caitlin’s man-hating ego and jerkboy-loving vagina.

> And, in what is sure to be a shot straight to the flabby feminist gut, women are *more sexually receptive* to assertively sexist men.

Sexist men are socioeconomic winners and sociosexual winners. Women LOVE LOVE LOVE men who scoff at feminist poopytalk.

Now, this is not an endorsement of the 12-year-old boy variety of hostility to women. The sexist adult men who win women’s hearts are best classified as “benevolent sexists”; that is, they aren’t hostile to women; they are patronizing to women. Chicks dig a man with amused mastery. You know what chicks don’t dig, in the digging way that truly matters? Avowed male feminists sucking up to them at every turn.

Comment Of The Week: Inherent Contradicktions

CH · 25 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter tspark156 is quick with the pith and earns this week's COTW:

> The inherent self defeating contradiction of female empowerment is that to achieve it means becoming more masculine. Femininity becomes a weakness therefore there is no actual empowerment for what is truly feminine.

As CH has written, there does seem to be a convergence of Western men and women into an androgynous slop. Feminists have deceived themselves into believing femininity is a losing hand, but to their great pain and regret they will find that playing a second-rate man is far less empowering than living as a first-rate woman.

***

Phil A. O. Physh nails cuckservatism in a simple formulation and takes home the COTW runner-up ribbon.

> At this point "Conservative" simply means "Late to the (Progressive) party".

Can we just call conservatives "pussies", and be done with it? The Pussy Party. Has a nice ring.

***

PA is cleaning up these COTW awards. He's our second COTW runner-up. Maybe time to get a trophy cabinet?

> Modern America:
>
> Degeneracy at the top
> Depravity at the bottom
> Despair in the middle
>
> Despair transforms into resolve when it no longer respects the top.

One can hope. Rule of thumb: If a member of the ruling class or its Hivemind megaphone hates someone, it's a good bet that hated person is feared precisely because he speaks a message of truth that means the demise of the occupying elite. If you smell your enemy's fear, you're on the right track.

***

Commenter elmer has a business idea for SWPLs who want to impress stoop-shouldered white hipster friends (or black girlfriends) with their connection to the black communitaaaaahh.

> When they ask "do you have any black friends" is when you invoke my killer app CloudBlackFriend, who will send you a personalized most def tweet or other "social media" channel message.

Status whoring SWPL: "Hold on a sec." **checks CBF app** "Dey got they OPP to suck they dik."

SWPL Peer: "Keep it real!" **raises hand for high five, misses by a foot**

***

Not a COTW winner, or runner-up, or anything, but funny nonetheless. "Anonymous" chortles,

> At this this point a guy could probably run on a platform of (1) closing the fucking borders and (2) mandatory gay marriage for everyone, and still get elected.

Build up this wall, Mr. Obama! *(and tear down that other wall, you swishy mulatto!)*

Freelance Comment Of The Week: The Craven Race Cucks

CH · 26 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Commenting on a Porter post about the recent town hall meeting where former Democrat Governor and Presidential hopeful Martin O'Malley made an utterly benign observation — "all lives matter" — in response to a genteel gathering of tawny yeoman farmers politely discussing the proper police handling of criminal perpetrators, an observation for which O'Malley later profusely apologized for inflicting upon the crowd of well-wishers, Alex the Goon writes,

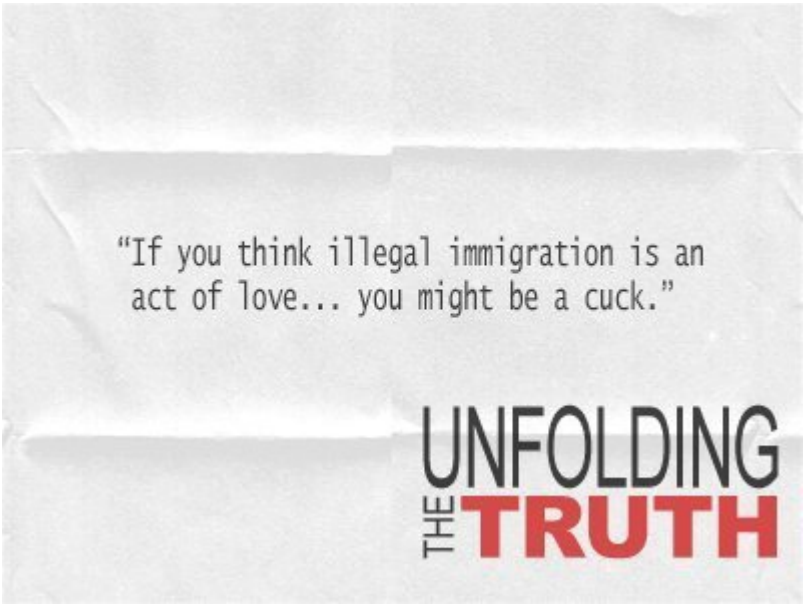
> I'm trying to imagine what Trump would have done, and can only narrow it down to "Shut up", or "You are rude and uncivilized; your life doesn't matter to anyone", or "[off-mike] Security, get this bitch outta here". Either way, he would gain 24 points overnight, and cause Mrs. O'Malley to ovulate two weeks early.

I laughed. Because that shiv hit the bone.

We've reached the point of societal decline where the country would benefit from having more Donald Trumps rather than fewer.

Reminder: Chateau Heartiste endorsed Donald Trump for President before his recent popularity surge. A bloviating winner beats a sickening, mewling, supplicating manlet loser seven days a week and twice on Sunday.

***


"If you think illegal immigration is an act of love... you might be a cuck."
UNFOLDING
THE TRUTH

America, Then And Now

CH · 26 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Then, 1950s:

Now:

A reader, German Viking, explains the provenance of the second photo:

> This photo was from a story on American and European women going to African and Caribbean countries for sex holidays.

What I really liked about this “Ameriqua, Then and Now” contrast was how it seems in the 1950s photo the handsome family is a metaphor for their nation, happy and full of promise for the future as they walk confidently toward the viewer.

In the second photo, the couple walks away from the viewer, a metaphor for an America receding, turning her back on her people, full of fatty desperation and, well, Africa.

Shit Cuckservatives Say

CH · 27 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This is fun. Reader PA creates a useful reference list of shit that cuckservatives say.

> "Sadly, most victims of black crime are other blacks."
> "Unions destroyed Detroit"
> "I'm all for legal immigration, just not illegal immigration"
> "America is safe and free thanks to our troops."
> "Only terrorists would have a reason to oppose the Patriot Act."
> "America is a nation of immigrants."
> "I don't agree with everything [Buchanan/Coulter/CH/etc] says, but…"
> "I'm not a racist but…"
> "I don't care if you're black, white, green, or purple, but…"
> "Edward Snowden is a traitor"
> "I stand with Israel"
> "Family values don't stop at the Rio Grande"
> "Putin is the new Hitler"
> "There is no room for hate and bigotry in the Republican party"
> "We must court the Latino vote to stay relevant"

A few more:

"the GOP needs a big tent philosophy"
"LIEBRULS are the real racists"
"we've forgotten the lessons taught to us by Dr Martin Luther King, Jr"

***

Courtesy of the Hatepoasters of Whyte Preenage:

Support tax cuts for corporations that adopted rainbow Twitter avatars after Obergefell
Support tax cuts for rich liberals like Warren Buffett and George Soros
Whine about how Edward Snowden is a traitor
Whine about how badly Hillary Clinton messed up with Benghazi
Ensure that whites become a minority in the U.S. through legal, not illegal, immigration
Ensure that defending Israel remains our #1 foreign-policy priority
Claim that although border fences work for Israel, they would never work for the U.S.
Claim it's un-Christian to stop non-Christians from immigrating to the U.S.
Give Obama oversight-free power by approving the Trans-Pacific Partnership
Make insincere, ineffectual efforts to repeal Obamacare
Make insincere, ineffectual efforts to restrict abortion
Venerate Martin Luther King Jr. as a national saint and claim him as a conservative icon
Claim that "Democrats are the real racists!"
Get infinitely more offended by the far right than the far left
Think that vague abstract principles matter more than flesh and blood

***

"I'm a fiscal conservative and social liberal."
"Some of my best friends are black." Cuckservative circa Mad Men era.
"Discrimination on the basis of race, religion, national origin, sex, and sexual orientation is abhorrent."

“Our diversity is a strength, and as horrific as this tragedy was, if our diversity becomes a tragedy, I think thats worse”. -General Casey

***

National Review cucks earn a special place in the cuckservative canon:

NR’s Michael Potemra on election night 2008:

“I ask a rhetorical question: Can we McCain voters, without embarrassment, shed a tear of patriotic joy about the historic significance of what just happened? And I offer a short, rhetorical answer.

‘Yes, we can.’”

***

“I would be proud to have a (half) black grandkid”
“Nuclear talks with Iran is like marching Israel to the ovens.”
“I think it’s great the Arizona Cardinals hired the first female NFL coach”
“We all bleed red!”
“George Wallace was a Democrat!”
“My friend, Senator Ted Kennedy.”
“America is a nation of immigrants.”
“They said the same thing about the Irish and Italians back in the day!”
“Abortion is racist because 50% of black babies are aborted.”
“Multiculturalism is awesome because I like mexican and chinese food.”
“Without immigrants, we couldn’t have housemaids, landscapers, or ethnic food!”

***

The Boy Scouts have gone the full cuck:

“For far too long, this issue (ed: faggots in the Boy Scouts) has divided and distracted us,” said the Boy Scouts’ president, former Defense Secretary Robert Gates. “Now, it’s time to unite behind our shared belief in the extraordinary power of Scouting to be a force for good.”

***

“I’m sorry.”

***

“I believe in a colorblind society.”
“I don’t have ‘white interests.’ I have the Constitution.”
“What’s good for business is good for America”
“the liberal/Democrat plantation”

***

“I just called my opponent to concede…”

***

“America is a proposition nation.”
“[insert rebel rouser’s name] should apologize.”
“Not enough minorities own their own homes” -President George W Bush

Readers are encouraged to add to the “**Shit Cuckservatives Say**” list. CH will update the SCS list as contributions roll in, with the goal of making it a one stop reference shop — with a dedicated page at the masthead of Chateau

Heartiste — for other blogs to link at their leisure.

The mockery of venal, pusillanimous cuckservatives will continue until testosterone levels improve.

You might be a cuckservative if…

h/t @ThornLockerson:

My father's grave
my daughter's womb
Please take them both
and seal my tomb.
#Cuckservative

How We've Changed

CH · 28 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Visitor Nobody leaves a despairing comment at the Goodbye, America online photojournal.

> I'm not even mad, just… sad and disappointed. Why did I have to be born at a time of such filth, of such moral inversion, of such rotting decay? Why couldn't I be born at a time when people were actually sane, pious, respectful and dignified?
>
> …The other day my mom showed me these old postcards and black&white photographs of her mother when she was a child. Anyway, I must have spent a good half-hour just admiring the words written in those postcards. There was such a beautiful simplicity and innocence in the expressions that people used back then… and such humble reverence towards higher authority, too (be that authority God, or an older relative, or a cherished parishioner, etc). It made my heart ache with longing for another era where this was the norm, rather than the exception. Now people always have to be cold, sarcastic and… dismissive, I guess, when speaking to others. Being ironic all the time is "cool", speaking with sincerity and seriousness is not. Mocking everything that is precious to people and gives their life meaning (be that their faith, their culture, their traditions, their family), is fun and rebellious. Edgy. No one shows respect for anything anymore. No one values the things that elevate Man above beast, because sacrifice is hard and debauchery isn't. It all makes me sick.
>
> Sorry for rambling but, this picture really hit me hard. This is one depressing site, but one that needs to exist so people living in the West can wake up to what's really going on here. Keep it going.

Moving. We've lost something, and replaced it with something else. People are beginning to perceive the replacement as nothing like the progress promised by those who claim the mantle of the right side of history.

Jonathan Haidt describes five moral senses: Harm, fairness, loyalty, authority, and purity. He argues that conservatives possess a morality that is equally balanced among all five senses, while liberal morality de-emphasizes loyalty, authority and purity, and stresses harm and *faaaairrrrnesss.* Today, liberal morality is ascendent.

Strauss and Howe have a theory of long-term civilizational evolution called the "Four Turnings", which they contend explains the rise and eventual fall of all civilizations. The Turnings follow a cycle beginning with High, Awakening, Unraveling, and ending in Crisis, which each lasting about 20-40 years. Currently, we are entering the Fourth Turning: Crisis.

Peter Turchin coined "cliodynamics", the name for his theory of repeating historical cycles of violence and social instability. He believes there are 50 year cycles of crashing and peaking levels of violence and that we are due for another peak, a big one according to him, around 2020.

Islam has a term called Asabiyyah, which means group cohesion and shared purpose. Asabiyyah is strongest at the birth of a civilization (its nomadic stage) and gradually decreases as the civilization advances to pure individualism. The crooked celebration of Bruce Jenner's mental illness is the apotheosis of extreme individualism.

Alexander Tytler had a theory of cyclical democracy, which states:

> "A democracy cannot exist as a permanent form of government. It can only exist until the voters discover they can vote themselves largesse from the public treasury. From that moment on, the majority always votes for the candidates promising them the most benefits from the public treasury, with the result that a democracy always collapses over a loss of fiscal responsibility, always followed by a dictatorship. The average of the world's great civilizations before they decline has been 200 years. These nations have progressed in this sequence:
>
> From bondage to spiritual faith,
> From spiritual faith to great courage,

> From courage to liberty,
> From liberty to abundance,
> From abundance to selfishness,
> From selfishness to complacency,
> From complacency to apathy,
> From apathy to dependency,
> From dependency back again to bondage.”
>
> If Tytler’s conclusion is correct, this year America exceeded the average length for a democratic form of government by 33 years.

America, according to Tytler’s theory, is currently in the last stage, utterly dependent on corn and porn and moving quickly into bondage (the surveillance state, SJW witch hunts, and militarized police).

There is another historical cycle theory, possibly originating with Turchin, which offers that inequality drives the rise and fall of civilizations. In this theory, the first cycle is marked by organic egalitarianism, and the fourth cycle by extreme inequality of wealth and social influence. America is in this reading in the fourth cycle.

All these theories of history as an engine that repeats cycles *ad infinitum*, through birth, life, and death, may share a single genesis, and a single fate. What that is, no one knows, but the correlation of these historical cycles with the personal evidence of decline that you, reader Nobody, has observed in your own life and in your own small way, may be more profound than anyone can conceivably imagine. This is the reason why the subheading to “Goodbye, America” reads “The decline is in the details”.

A libertarian autist will never get this about humans. He is removed from the sphere of human emotion, and can only see rises and falls and chaotic social change through the lens of MUH SUPPLY AND DEMAND CURVE, which means he misses so much, so very much, of the little ominous details that herald social collapse and culture death. You, Nobody, have seen more in the plaintive expressions of your grandmother’s postcards than a million Bryan Caplans in their gated communities or a million Cheap Chalupas traveling to thousands of ethnic restaurants will ever see in their cramped, pinched lives.

The CH take is that inequality, acute individualism, SCALE, the cultural triumph of leftoid morality, and Diversity™ are all converging at a time, right now, and to a point so sharp that it will pierce the heart of the West, and possibly kill her for good. Our people have changed, literally, through demographic dispossession, and spiritually, through character dispossession.

That’s the pessimistic view. An optimistic view: We still take the spear to the heart, but survive the blow to be reborn into a new cycle, once again grounded and intimately familiar with the wisdom of the Gods of the Copybook Headings. We reconnect to ancient Alpine rhythms and once again find our balance with the world and our greatness within ourselves.

Are you a betting man?

The Sound Of A Nerve Being Hit

CH · 28 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Matt Lewis, cuckservative,

> I can't police the left, but my hope in writing this is to sound the alarm on the right. And message is simple: Be optimistic about America. Embrace our pluralistic society. And don't let these vile goddamn racists pollute our message. They are not our friends, they are not on our team, and conservative leaders must roundly condemn them.

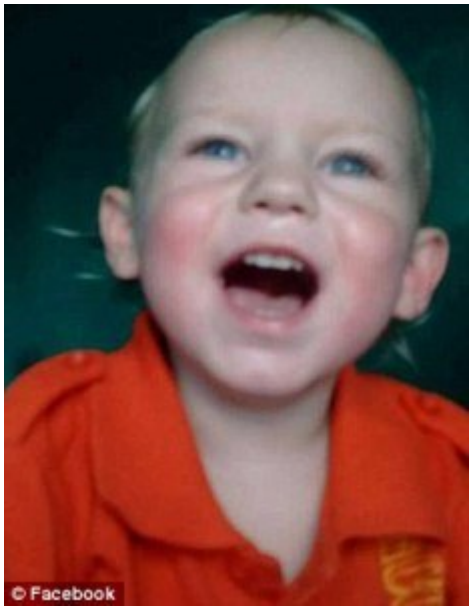
Shiv, meet exposed id.

Remember that old Heartiste aphorism? The cornered pig squeals loudest. Applies equally to weepy, stool-perched cuckservatives as it does to lunatic, ugly feminists.

Crisis And Observation

CH · 28 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Tell the studio audience the things that come to mind when you look at this photo.



Examine your feelings. Is a story starting to form in your head?

Ok.

Take some time to digest your thoughts.

.

.

.

.

.

Now look at this photo.

Ok, have you looked closely?

Great.

Has the story in your head changed in any way? If it has, how so? Take us through your thoughts in the comments section.

I'd imagine for many of you, an official news report is hardly needed. You know, instinctively, the terrible reality behind these photos, even if you don't know the dreary police blotter details. You know, too, that the horror is multifaceted, and goes deeper than the official allegations.

And you'd be right.

Reader Johnny Redux explains,

> I believe myself to be a pretty tough guy, but this story, which points out a lot of what you fellows talk about, almost brought me to tears. I (unfortunately) came across this story in a foreign (UK) paper, even though it occurred in Florida. I looked at local media coverage, but few had more than just a couple photos, obviously bowing to PC.
>
> If it was reported here already, I do NOT apologize for bringing it before you again, as this story must be read, and the message spread. Here is the tale of a white woman (25) who had at least two children with a white man. Both children are beautiful white blond/blue specimens. So, for whatever reason, the white woman splits from her white husband (probably because, as a Beta male, he finally succumbed to the fact that you cannot train a whore not to be a whore, despite the Pretty Woman, White Knight fantasies), and gets involved with a black man who does not work, has raped his former gf (probably more), has a long list of violent criminal offenses (those are just the once that he got caught for, that is), and was left the WATCH the two children – the boy just a toddler, and the girl a mere 5-year-old, while she worked at a strip club! Now, did you get that? This stripper left her two small blond/blue children with an unemployed black man who was a violent, drug-addicted rapist.

> And so, the boy has now disappeared, and the police say the negro male is lying about someone stealing him out of the car while he went back inside to DO COCAINE before picking up the white trash female.
>
> Where to start (as I want to SCREAM)?
> * Did he just kill the blue-eyed devil, or sell him to some pedophile for some easy drug money?
> * Get rid of the boy, as no need for him, but keep the girl for sex and future income (prostitute) potential (like her mom)?
> * How many times has the blond girl been sexually abused by this negro while left alone with him for hours at a time? Hope the doctors examine her.
> * Where is the real father? I would rather kill the mother and go to jail, so that the children go to the grandparents or foster care – where at least they would have had a chance at a decent life.
> * Where are the motherly instincts of the woman? Besides all of the obvious arguments regarding her stupid decision to get involved with any black man, let alone a POS like this one, where is her natural protective instincts for her young?
>
> As to the last point, above, I liken this behavior to animals in a zoo, that give birth in unnatural environments and have no parenting skills, sometimes outright killing their young. That sums up this female, and this putrid society that we now live in.

Crisis and observation.

Crisis:
A dumbfuck, or impossibly self-deluded, attractive white mother and wife, dumps her betaboy white husband, for reasons we can all pretty much suss out in the second photo: He was a supplicating niceguy who bored his wife into anhedonic divergence, and she was a high maintenance drama queen with poor impulse control and a mind polluted by a steady diet of anti-white, pozzed cultural sewage. In her EatPrayCockCarousel stage, she shacks up with a buck nigra with a mile-long rap sheet and, one day, to no one's surprise except her own, the seething envy and race hatred constantly percolating in her mandingo reaches a culmination in the disappearance, and likely death, of her precious 2-year-old son at his hands.

Observation:
Now we watch you. If you're a black person, let's be honest, you don't feel much. It's understandable, if repugnant to more empathetic souls; you are what you are and violence against white children doesn't rouse your emotions beyond obligatory SMH disappointment. Tribal blood is thicker than interracial empathy.

If you're a white shitlib, you screech about demagoguery and execute evasive maneuvers that move the topic to white privilege or police misconduct. You feel something resembling anger and indignation, and even nascent, healthy hatred for the black perp and white cunt, but your predilection for abstraction and moral status whoring and your deadly fear of concrete reality and its emotional resonance transforms you into a sophism robot tasked with the prime directive of ego protection. You are the anti-human leftoid borg at war with your own primal feelings.

If you're a white cuckservative, you twitch, and wait for your betters to signal the approved response. What do you do? Character is destiny. You say this is a tragedy… (note that word "tragedy", stripping any and all agency from the evil)… and your heart is with the family of the lost boy, and then you hope and pray… oh do you pray hard to your Glory Hole God!… that nobody brings up the malevolent race aspect of the sordid crime.

If you're a carver of ids, you suggest, first, and with utmost politeness, that the dindu meet the firing squad and the mother be stripped naked in the public square and paraded in shame as a lesson for the others. Then, you draw back, and present the bigger picture… a most ugly scene of a world where Diversity™ has won the day and the shrinking space for whites has them scrambling in confusion like Calhoun's rats, and strange, incredible things begin to manifest, like mothers abandoning their children to loping demons and normal, if unexciting, husbands jettisoned by bored housewives with a psychoskank itch for a hellscape of vibrant pain, torment, and tingles. And a mudshark monocle.

Crisis and observation.

What next?

Greg supplies a fitting coda,

> Your pain is shared, my friend… foremost by the Most High God.
>
> All accounts will be settled… until then, prepare, have faith, and harden your heart.

Hope and change. Some are not so sanguine. Rot and ruin can have impressive staying power. The collapse may be fated.

When truth recedes
remember this
it won't be found
until #HateWins.

President Butt Naked's Legacy: Afromerica

CH · 28 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

If the Purple-Lipp'd One should be known for anything, it's that he presided over, with keen tutelage, the Africanization of America: The fastest-growing migrant group to the US since 2000 are Africans.

Apparently, President Downlow, in agreement with his predecessor George "Cuckya" Bush, believes America isn't hurtling toward third world shitstain status fast enough. Fifty million amerindians are great and all, but think about the glorious mocha future we can hasten by throwing in a few tens of millions of Sudanese, Somalis, Ethiopians, and Congolese!

The Econocuck goes out of its race cucking way to contrast African migrants with African-Americans, in which the former do favorably compare. However, the first waves of African migrants are undoubtedly the cream of the dark continent crop. But, as with most self-selecting immigration from "civilizationallly challenged" backwaters, past immigrant performance is no guarantee of future results.

Regression to the mean doesn't stop operating once it crosses the Atlantic. Expect the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of today's immigrant Africans to perform gradually worse on all the social indicators that matter (abilities to twerk and balance a forty on one's protruding buttocks should stay strong, though).

Worse, even if regression to the mean were dampened by heretofore unidentified contingencies, a larger threat to American unity, or what's left of it, looms. Once high-performing, "white sheep" African immigrants have a foothold in the US, they will generate a chain migration reaction that hauls in millions more of their less accomplished District Nine-ians. This is the reality of mass migration from shitholes: You can cheat the social destruction of the destination country for a while by selecting for, or being fortunate to have preselected for you, the best of a bad lot, but eventually, given no brakes on the process and the fact that there are only so many high achievers from shitholes to cherry-pick, the depressing heft of the migrants' third world cesspits heaves and lurches into coterminous first world territory, irretrievably and inexorably fashioning its new host nation into a sad, slummy simulacrum of the corrugated-roofed market bazaar they left behind.

This is happening now, because two forces have converged to practically assure the third worldification of the first world: Western ruling class enthusiasm for cheap labor and tribalistic, anti-white middle class votes, and the population bulge of Africa which is projected to double, triple, and then quadruple by the end of this century.

OH WELL, at least you have your iPhag to entertain you. Just don't look up from your screen, or you might catch the world around you on fire. Whatta buzzkill that would be.

Game In The Political Sphere

CH · 29 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Dirty Randy wonders how to evade a typical substance-free leftoid attack.

> You can see the Hivemind formulating their comeback: “They must be Stormfronters.” What’s the proper way to respond? Ignore and plow? Agree and amplify?

A number of game concepts could work here.

Agree&Amplify

“You’re gonna love my jackboots kicking you in your nutless sack.”

Ignore&Plow

“Answer the question. What do you think of the black on white rape stats? Do you deny them?”

Reframe the ad hominem

“Beats being a member of the gaypedoface club.”

Increase The Voltage

“You must be wearing a buttplug right now. Do you take it out for a breather once in a while?”

Patronize Your Enemy

“Why are you so afraid of honest discussion?”

Dismissive Mastery

“Gay”

I’m sure the more skilled game practitioners in the studio audience could come up with a few more effective counterattacks. It shouldn’t be hard. What the hell kind of semantic weaponry do shitlibs have besides squealing like stuck piglets and stamping their wee hooves with DEFCON 1 butthurt?

***

FYI, the Chateau Heartiste blog recently passed 70 million total views.

Too bad it’s not a dollar per view.

Programming Note: “Shit Cuckservatives Say” Moved To Top Of Blog

CH · 29 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I’ve moved the “Shit Cuckservatives Say” post to its own permanent page at the top of the Chateau Heartiste masthead. Please leave all further contributions to this ongoing reference list of shit that cuckservatives say in the comments section to that new dedicated page.

***

You might be a cuckservative if…

***

The flag of cuckservatism:

***

Matt Lewis, high fagstress of cuckservatism (he’s the tolerant sort who hates hate and wants all you Realtalkers opposed to abject prostration to be killed with fire):

***

Cuckservatism has been mentioned in a major Hivemind propaganda organ, (complete with a fedora-tip to The League of Rascally Whyte Sadists).

If you want to know just how far down the cuckhole most Hivemind drones have fallen, here's a representative comment to the WashPost article from "comedownmachine":

> A few thoughts on this issue:
> 1. Is anyone else actually kind of surprised at how common this worldview appears to be? I always knew there were racist Stormfront loonies still hanging around, but I didn't really think it was this bad.
> 2. Uh…What exactly is the proposed solution that these people have to the fact that minorities exist in America? Genocide? ??????????
> 3. Come on, it's 2015. Let's get our heads out of our a$$es and realize that levels of skin pigmentation literally have no bearing on anything and that "race" doesn't even scientifically exist.

LITERALLY NO BEARING ON ANYTHING.

Or this comment from a concern trolling shitlib:

> I really hate this practice of making up stupid words for insults. It is childish and demonstrates a limited vocabulary.

"teabagger".

Or this comment from Fairlington(GAY)Blade, who replied to a laundry list of racial hatefacts with this plaintive squirt of estrogen:

> I see the bigots are out. Perhaps you would care to explain those statistics to Bobby Jindal?

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON, BIGOT?

Refreshingly, there are some commenters with a bit of fight left in them:

> Liberal cat lady politics: trying to save all the strays but destroying your own home and life in the process. Google: “pathological altruism”

Then, pay a visit to Chateau Heartiste. You’ll leave here better than you came.

1943 Guide To Hiring Women

CH · 29 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Via: (zoom-able link)

1943 Guide to Hiring Women

Sounds reasonable. Now, compare and contrast with this 2015 "guide" to ~~brainwashing~~ re-educating your daughters to be cock carousel-hopping urban careerist manjaws with the femininity of a toad.

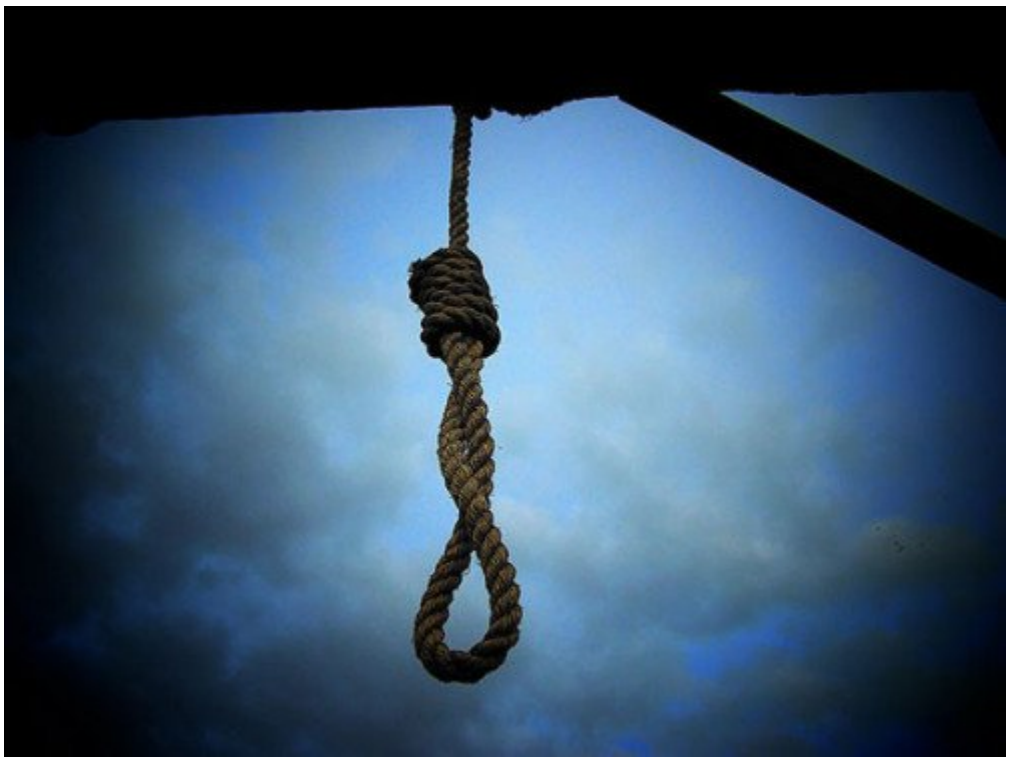
> Beginning at a very young age, kids notice differences between girls and boys that can develop into narrow understandings of gender. Cultivate family practices that widen kids' sense of gender roles and alert them to bias.

Yes, nothing quite like making a kid miserable and confused and man-hating and turning her against her healthy, natural psychology to serve as a guinea pig for your twisted feminist sociological experiments.

Leftoid feminists = anti-human wreckers of souls.

I spot a contradiction in leftoid poopytalk. What about those boys who "feel like girls on the inside"? Your typical child-corrupting leftoid would encourage a boy like that to go the full transgender, because "that's who he is". Similarly, boys (and girls) who think boys are better natural leaders should be encouraged in their beliefs as well, because "that's who they are".

Eh, why bother? Nothing will get through to these malevolent cunts, besides this:



How Will You Know When The Shiv Has Hit The Bone? (Plus: New Music! “The Shitlib Zone”)

CH · 30 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The Scarlet C cuckservative label — Shiv of the Week winner — has really hit a bulls-eye, but what’s more interesting about the extended play body slam of weak whytes is what it illustrates about how semantic weapons work. There is Game in them thar hills, and CH prospectors find the shiniest nuggets.

Their protestations of indifference to the contrary notwithstanding, you know the cuckservative shiv has hit these mincing establishment pansies exemplified by the likes of Matt Lewis square in the deflated scrote. How do you know? I’ll tell you, boy. Look for two reactions.

1. The stuck pig squeals loudest.

Have you ever seen RINOs and their water carriers so incensed? The leftoid opposition toys with them daily and takes dumps in their gaped-mouthed faces, but nothing has riled them up like being called out for EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE: puling suck-ups who’d sell their mother for one more pat on the head by a callow Ezra Klein.

2. Silent backpedaling.

Watch for cuckservatives to back off their inane, autonomic patter of prostration. If they do, that means the shiv cut deep and their lacerated subconscious bleeds into their conscious comfort zone. It’s a classic human urge when publicly shamed: denounce your shamers, insist on your dignity, but quietly pull back from the behavior that got you pegged (heh) as a poltroon.

In the coming election cycle, listen for ostensibly “””right wing””” candidates to gradually abandon their insipid leftoid-lite boilerplate. That “Shit Cuckservatives Say” page at the top of CH will serve as a reminder to them that the front lines are everywhere now. The pressure and incessant ridicule will keep them honest.

The Shitlib Zone

Somewhere in a hostile press room
There’s a cuck starting to realize
That sucking up has not worked out for him
It’s two A.M.

It’s two A.M. my honor’s gone
I’m sitting here waitin’ the stool still warm
Did you know that Lincoln was a Republican?

Yeah, my daughter’s burning coal, dindu in my bed
Bareback my nation, all community dead
Cannot realtalk, my whole life trained to be a toady

Help, I’m steppin’ into the shitlib zone
This is a bathhouse, feels like Lindsey’s home
My scrotum’s climbed up, under flabby gut
Where am I to go now that I’ve gone post-op?

Soon you will come to know
When the shiv has hit the bone
Soon you will come to know
When the shiv has hit the bone

I’m sticking to the Narrative, demographically doomed

Double crossed middle class gettin' the screws
Can't get no election, can't get through
To Pablo's crew

Well the cocktail parties ease his coward's mind
He swears no child left behind!
When the third world comes
He knows damn well he'll be retreating

And he says, "Help, I'm swishin' into the shitlib zone
Place is a cookhouse, feels like Mexico
My nation's been sold to Mark Fuckersperg
Where am I to go when the white vote's submerged?"

Soon you will come to know
When the shiv has hit the bone
Soon you will come to know
When the shiv has hit the bone

When the shiv has hit the bone

{shredding break}

Help, I'm prancin' into the shitlib zone
Place is a bathhouse, feels like anal fun
My dignity is gone, an eager tribute
Who's gonna do the jobs that Americans won't do?

Help, I'm cuckin' into the shitlib zone
Place is a bathhouse, can't stop being prone
My manhood's been moved, under Jenner's dress
How far am I to bend when they call me racist?

Soon you will come to know
When the shiv has hit the bone
Soon you will come to know
When CH has raped your soul

When the shiv has hit the bone, oo-ooga!
When the shiv has hit the bone
When the shiv has hit the bone, sha-lom!
When the shiv has hit the bone

wow wow wow wow just wow
wow wow just wowooooooowow

***

Are there any aspiring rock stars in the audience? Who wants to put this delectable revision to tape? You, sir? Glory awaits!

Have Scandinavians Lost Their Minds?

CH · 31 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The beatings of cuckservatives shall continue until they self-deliver in a pyre of cleansing sacrifice.

Reader Jarl passes along a story from Norway that is truly vomitous in scope.

> This guy may not be a cuckservative but he sure is an idiotic cuck. Just thinking of this Norwegian guy Jorgen Ouren today. Mohammed is now the most common name for men in Oslo. Jorgen Ouren of Statistics Norway said: “It is very exciting”. Perhaps lost in translation, most likely not.
>
> One of the most stupid statement in the last few years.
>
> I traveled across Norway a few years ago. One of those old wooden stave churches has a museum attached to it. The church was hundreds of years old. Within there were photos of congregations from the late 1800’s, early 1900’s. Not Norwegian myself but looking at those faces staring into the camera I felt great affinity with them. Farming people, living hard lives in a harsh climate. Doppelgangers for my own ancestors. Anyways, pathetic how things have turned out for all of us.

“It is very exciting.”

If only that ur-cuck had added the necessary contextual clause.

“It is very exciting to watch Norway’s White population displaced by Middle Eastern lunatics and Norway’s white women raped by the tens of thousands by these vibrant newcomers.”

That’s the thing with race rucks. They ambulate through life sealed in a feels balloon that is easily punctured with a quick slash of the semantic shiv.

On a more (less?) somber note, what the hell is wrong with Scandinavians? Was the fight culled out of them so thoroughly by the loss of their sterner viking brothers to adventures afar that today they LITERALLY welcome their civilization’s cucking on a mass scale?

Darwin said survival was genetic directive #1. How would he explain this? I’m open to the possibility of covert biowarfare or an unknown natural parasite infecting and damaging the minds of northern european weak whytes.

Face-Saving Recovery Game

CH · 31 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A good test of your game is how well you handle your image when you're thrown a curve ball by an impish cosmic overseer.

Reader dirkdiggly relays an excellent demonstration of face-saving recovery game.

> O/t but amusing all the same: had a great reframe/lemonade from lemons experience at the library today.
>
> Cutie in a glass windowed study room catches my eye as I walk past. I smirk big at her, only to walk right into a concrete pillar (slowly, but it hurt nonetheless). Reeling from sudden shame and pain on display, I pulled a fist dramatically down from the sky with a mouthed "yusssss" and then made the "call me?" gesture. She laughed hard, recovered, and…blew me a kiss!
>
> Charlie Chaplin silent movie game?

What do women love?

Well, a lot of things, but they really swoon for

a. unpredictable men,

b. playful men, and

c. men with masterful state control.

dirkdiggly pulled off the trifecta. He did something 99.9% of men wouldn't do, he did it playfully, and he showed how quickly he was able to recover from an embarrassing social miscue that would have left lesser men (betas) scuttling off in red-faced horror.

All these alpha male traits… together, what do they telegraph to women?

Simple.

ZERO FUCKS GIVEN.

The banner of the charismatic jerkboy.

***

Commenter natphilosopher asks (trolls?),

> I had almost the same experience 30 odd years ago, only I was driving when I spotted her, and barely recovered

> with a Bond-like maneuver in my red RX-7.
> Led to I still remember fondly that-very-evening. Erin if you're out there… you'd be too old for me now.
>
> But CH: you don't remark on the obvious thing this transmits, which is kind of opposite your point. It obviously begins with her literally turning your head, to the point where you missed something you obviously wouldn't ordinarily, thus demonstrating to her that you really, no fooling, find her special. Which kind of implies you do give a fuck about her, no?

Ok, how many CH readers are on the spectrum? Raise your hands, I need to get a head count so I know how many times I need to repeat basic concepts and bang my hand against my forehead until I black out.

I keed, I keed. But seriously, you guys are overthinking irrelevancies. Aspiring to EPIC LEVEL ZERO FUCKS GIVEN alpha maleness doesn't mean becoming a blind monk immune to the charms of women.

ZFG alphas love women, love their sexiness and their pretty faces and feminine demeanors, and sometimes like to let their raging desire run wild. This fact of life is in no way contradictory to one of the prime game directives to show "active disinterest" toward women you want to bed, at least early on when women are judging your sexual market worth.

Think of it this way: You aren't a eunuch who never lets women know your sexual intentions. But you are a man with illimitable options (or a man who has crafted an image of one having illimitable dating options) who impresses women with the attitude that you can TAKE HER OR LEAVE HER. That's the pure energy of the alpha male attitude. You show interest in women, AND you show a willingness to walk, through a number of behavioral cues, when you aren't getting what you want out of the interaction.

Beta Male Of The Month

CH · 17 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

We've got some real wieners featured in this edition of Beta of the Month.

BOTM Candidate #1: #excepthesnot anything but an emotional tampon for this chick.

This thinly-veiled sneer directed at lovable but unfuckable beta males is a mini-trend among women. It's become a cottage industry for girls to preemptively mock-upgrade sexually malnourished male friends to """boyfriend""" status who have gotten a little too "uppity" — i.e., romantically earnest — as a message meant to helpfully remind the beta orbiter to know his place.

It's quite wantonly cruel in the execution, although women will never see it that way, to tantalize a niceguy with mock enactment of his lifelong hope fulfilled, and then to rip it away from him with that perfunctory "not really".

So why is he in the BOTM running? He allows himself to be photographed, and thus used, by this girl for sadistic giggles and "proof of irresistibility". A girl loves to let the world know how many men are chasing her, but she doesn't want the impression to go too far and god forbid implicate her vagina in the pawings and thrustings of a sex-starved beta. That might put off any alpha males in her social vicinity. So she simultaneously advertises her coterie of eunuch flatterers while assuring available alphas that the eunuchs aren't getting within a country mile of her vaj.

******

BOTM Candidate #2: eDoorMat mixes it up with a slutty cocktease, comes out of it the worse for wear.

> A police dog bit a constable's bottom as they raided the home of a spurned lover accused of using a gun to get back at his former eHarmony partner.
>
> Evidence of the unfortunate incident emerged in the trial of Drew Francis Thompson, 28, who is accused of arming himself with a gun, hiding in his former lover's apartment, and unlawfully confining her for three hours.

> Thompson began giving evidence on Thursday afternoon, saying the **woman changed when she came back from an overseas internship with the World Health Organisation**.
>
> He still wanted to be with her and met her at Dickson shops, where she spoke harshly to him.
>
> Thompson said she called him “simple” and a “door mat”, who she had used as a dating experiment.
>
> “She said there’d be no chance of it happening again,” he said.

We have a classic EatPraySlut “the mandingo ate my pussy” woman, toying with a desperate beta male for ego thrills. And on top of it probably lying about the break-in with a weapon that the beta is accused of committing.

> The woman agreed she had offered Thompson chocolates and lollies while he was in the home, allowed him to put his hand on her hand and leg, and was concerned about being a good hostess.

Cockteases would have no power if the men they torment didn’t allow themselves to be so blatantly manipulated. But that’s the nature of the beta male, and that’s the kind of low SMV male that women who crow about their immense sexual power are notching their empty victories over.

Another link is even more revealing of the protagonist’s betatude.

> When she returned from her holiday she met Thompson at Dickson shops for coffee.
>
> There they had an argument that ended with her yelling at him.
>
> At the time he asked if they could ever get back together.
>
> He allegedly said: “I made the changes you did not like about me, I am very different now”.

The universal, and universally self-defeating, lament of the pussy polishing beta male: “I tried to make myself a better man for this girl!”

What the beta male never gets: women don’t want your appeasement or your sacrifices. They want to APPEASE YOU. A woman chasing a man, trying hard to win his attention, is a woman in love.

> The woman today admitted she had been cruel to him and had humiliated him by laughing, when he asked if they could be together.

Still, even after that unmistakable humiliation, I bet he’ll spend countless sleepless nights searching vainly for a crumb of evidence of her secret romantic interest in him which he can spin into a wild fantasy of enduring love.

******

BOTM Candidate #3: ¡Jabe! Bush.

The very first autobiographic detail ¡Jabe! chooses to place at the top of his 2016 Campaign website is a paean to his oneitis for a Mexican peasant.

Meet Jeb

My life changed forever when I was a young man on an exchange program in León Guanajuato, Mexico. Across a plaza, I saw a girl. She spoke little English, and my Spanish was a work in progress. But for me, it was love at first sight.

Some people don’t think that’s a real thing—but I know. I couldn’t sleep; I couldn’t eat; I lost 20 pounds. From the moment I got to know her, I knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her.

¡Jabe! urges you to read more about him, and you do, to your great regret.

> It took some convincing, but she came around, and in February 1974, we got married at the Newman Catholic Center at my alma mater, the University of Texas. In the years ahead, whether I was changing baby diapers in Caracas, Venezuela, building a business in Miami or leading a state in Tallahassee, Columba has been with me, my best friend in all of life's challenges and joys

The leader of the free world ought to have experience changing diapers. Maybe his own, given the track record of cuckservatives.

Obviously, this is a gauche attempt to shore up the soccer mom vote, but really no woman who isn't already in the GOP column is going to be moved by this transparent slavishness to the Fundamental Premise.

It's one thing to have experienced oneitis — most men will have at least one memorable episode of oneitis in their lives — but it's quite another to frame it, hang it on the internet wall, and with oddly placed pride ask 300 million Americans to know you first and foremost as the game-less beta who lost 20 pounds over a rock troll mamacita who couldn't speak English. ¡Beta!

******

BOTM Candidate #4: Flavortown smells a lot like pork and smegma.

Going down on a fatty because you can't do better isn't enough to qualify you for inclusion in the Beta Male of the Month contest. But going down on a fatty and proudly broadcasting your lack of taste and low sexual market value to the world vaults you into the rarefied company of BOTM nominees.

Flavortown, meet Betatown. No one's idea of a fun getaway.

Game Tactic: Wounded Warrior Peacocking

CH · 18 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

wounded warrior
bloodied and calm
a silent storyboard
to her heart embalmed

Reader Noel describes the reactions he got after he injured his hand.

> 2. observation. conversation starters. I don't know if CH et al. would classify it under 'peacocking'. I recently messed up my right hand bad [typing only with left] so had surgery, and now the hand is in a splint. People seem to gravitate to it naturally and start conversations ['what happened?'] along with eliciting a lot of 'poor you' remarks and 'get well!' wishes. The handicap is real not apparent like peacocking, and obviously it doesn't show some evo superiority…but it lubricates social intercourse! surprisingly people are thrown off when i give a non-straightforward answer….i don't know if it's my delivery or people in san francisco [where i am] lack a sense of humor….

Don't underestimate the power of wounded warrior game (of which scar game is a profitable subsidiary). Girls flock to men who look like they've stepped out of the beta drone office cubicle to survive a spot of adventure. A man's injury, or permanent mark of a past injury, is rocket fuel for the female fantasia callosum, which she herself eagerly fills with anticipated tales of ZFG (zero fucks given) alpha rogue exploits.

Your job, should you choose the alpha path, is to strike the incipient fantasy chord always taut and ready for a symphony in her brain with your boning fork. Then, allow her imagination some time to run wild before revealing your secret, which of course you should reveal with the maximum vaginally-approved embellishment.

Why are women intrigued by a man with a scar or a wound?

1. Injuries are evidence of a fighter.

Deep, deeeeeeep, in the female hindbrain there resides a poetess who scribes limpid odes to a man who has taken all comers and emerged victorious. It's evolution all the way down in this instance; women can't shake that irrepressible lust for a man who bears evidence of his ability and willingness to physically protect them from danger.

2. Injuries add drama.

All women are drama whores. The difference between women and their love of drama is one of degree, not kind. You have to scale some courtship walls before you can take her on an adventure. Add a scar, and she'll beg to go on the journey.

3. Injuries are a palimpsest over a soul full of brooding pain.

All women are also nurturers, more or less. The nurse in her begs to tend to your wounded soul, a soul which is easier for her to summon into existence if your body bears the stigmata of real wounds.

4. Injuries are the next best thing to female preselection.

Show up to a club with a beautiful woman in your company and other women in attendance will autonomically experience a swell of desire for you. This is because you are a proven commodity. (Women rely much more on these proxy cues of mate value than do men, who merely require a split second visual appraisal to activate the courtship ritual). An injury or scar works like a beautiful woman, plus the added benefit of an implicit invitation to find out more. Certainly, an omega male loser can have a scar, but women are wired to assume, usually correctly,

that scars are most often the badges of men who don't play marathon video game sessions in gloomy bedrooms or rant ineffectually on male feminist tumblrrheas. As Noel experienced, you will have an incredibly easy time striking up conversations with inquisitive girls if you're hobbled or engraved with proof of past battles.

Piercings and tattoos are probably a "safe" scar-lite form of mate value enhancement preferred by hipsters and freaks, but now that women have co-opted the same symbols of warriordom they might not be as effective for men. You'll need the real thing now. Surgically embedded knife wound scars?

PS When a girl asks about your scar or injury, a classic opening reply would be "Ah, it's complicated." Sexual innuendo also works, if the moment is appropriate: "Bedroom injury." Another good reply is to make up an obviously phony reason for it: "Fighting my way out of ISIS captivity". But I think the most productive reply is one that alludes, loosely, to a troubled time from your past: "I got it a long time ago. It's not something I like to remember."

The Diversity™ Danegeld

CH · 18 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter, jjbees, leaves a profoundly pointed anecdote in reply to genial Audacious E's righteous rage against the dying of the White Light,

> It's simply impossible for whites to thrive when there are too many minorities around.
>
> If we want to reach the heights of civilization, to visit the moon again, to colonize mars, to automate cars and have robots servicing all of our needs, to genetically engineer disease out of existence, we simply can't be around minorities, specifically black people.
>
> When my family lived in an urban ghetto (us white, 99.999% of our neighbors black) one of our main worries was survival. Are the guns loaded, did you lock the doors. Oh look, your bicycle was stolen out of the garage by your next door neighbor who we invited to have dinner with us last week (no shit, it happened). Having to drive to school every morning 3 towns over to avoid a 90% minority school (and therefore not get beaten).
>
> Then we moved to a rural town, 100% white, where I could explore in the woods, ride my bicycle around town, never get robbed or threatened or beaten, where I could read books in peace, and we left the doors unlocked at night, and my intellect could flourish and I could dream of a beautiful future and live, not merely exist in a hardscrabble fight against a mean world. I thank god my parents were smart enough to do that for me and for us.
>
> We can spend all our national treasure letting our natural enemies make their home right next door, we can feed them, and clothe them, and let them make more and more of themselves as we dwindle and become less and less, ad infinitum, working ever harder, ever longer, just for them, until we are nothing and there is nothing more to give, and our dreams are dead forever.
>
> Or we can just. say. no.

No means no, except when the question is how best to secure a future for White Americans.

It's a favorite shitlib shitlibboleth to claim that poverty causes crime, but the opposite of that formulation has more truth in it: crime causes poverty. Poverty of the wallet as well as of the mind. jjbees is right; when you fear for your safety every day of your life, and approach every social interaction with an enervating, distrustful cynicism borne of hard experience dealing with aliens who'd sooner screw you over if the screwing was good, you'll sacrifice inordinate mental and physical energy navigating the shoals of Diversity™ that could be better spent tapping the unquenchable human spirit that your great (and unique!) European ancestors bequeathed you to advance civilization.

This is the price of Diversity™: slow attrition of living space for the individual, his family, and his intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual aspirations. To think that the mental template of White Europeans evolved only in the last 5,000 years, and probably later than that, is to realize the precious gift of your genetic and cultural inheritance, and how easy it is to throw it all away for a return to the abyss.

But, hey, White's be raciss an sheeeit, and who's gonna mow your lawn?

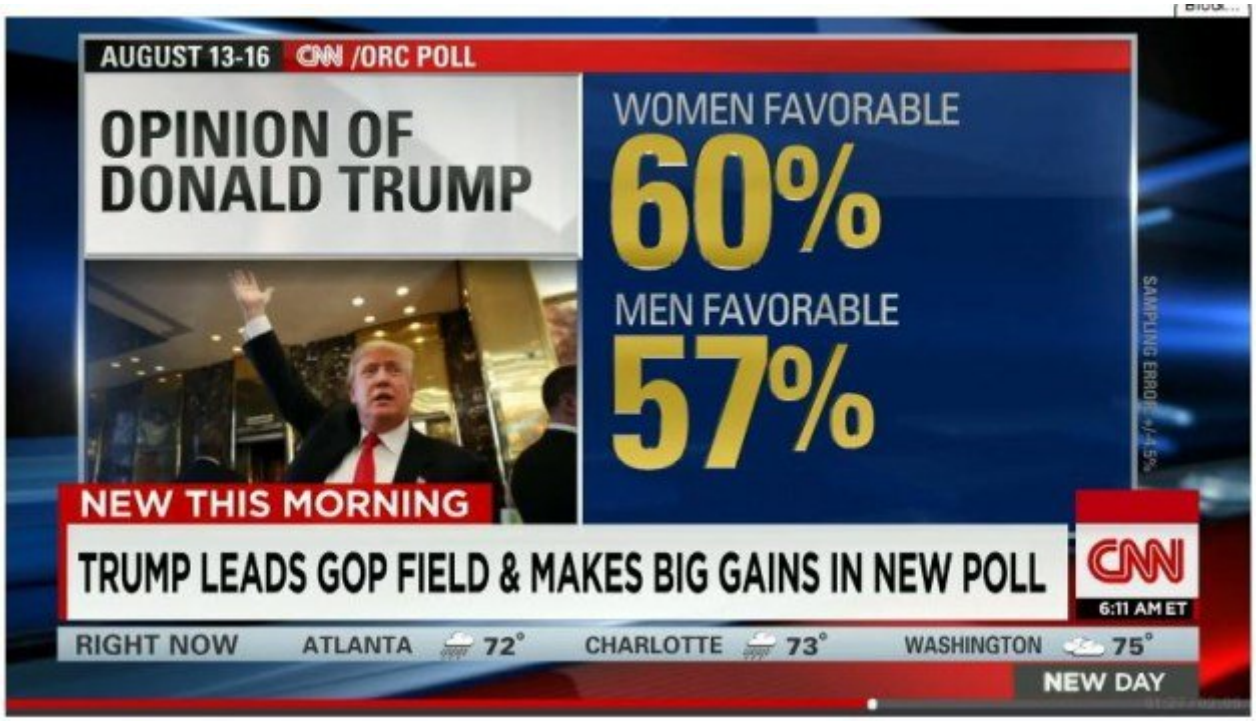
PS As per usual when these topics about self-determination come up, a "white" troll with a fever for the flavor of a Yellow Eskimo drops his stinky "I love diverse neighborhoods as long as they're full of high IQ slants and shekels" schtick. But as the Audacious One rightly reprimands, IQ isn't everything. Not even close. The dimensions of personality and… wait for it… moral character, all of it passed on by chromosome and community, play a big role in how trusting we are with our neighbors and consequently how much faith and investment we put into our little islands of civilization.

> Thriving in a mixed neighborhood of functional, middle-class or affluent two-parent households with children is of course attainable, but that sort of neighborhood tends to have less community cohesion/neighborliness than a homogeneous neighborhood with of intact families of means (a la Robert Putnam's now famous study). I live near Cerner, Sprint, and Garmin headquarters and consequently a lot of my neighbors are Asian (South and East). They take care of their houses as well as anyone else and we always get a reciprocated wave, but they don't tend to come outside to chat it up when my son and some of the other kids in the neighborhood are running around.
>
> And of course NAMs are disproportionately less likely to meet the functional, two-parent household criteria.

A nation crumbles inexorably to its slow expiration when its native sons drop below 80% of the total population for more than a few generations. The US is about to head down that r-selected rabbit hole. This ride won't end well unless someone hits the brakes hard and slaps it into reverse. It may already be too late, but standing against the tide beats a glum suicide walk into the briny deep.

Chicks Dig The Overconfident, Charming Jerkboy And Future President Of The United States, Donald Trump

CH · 18 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original



Via.

There's no end to the ways in which being an alpha male is better than being a beta male.

Doombringer Thought Of The Day: Is The Evolution Of Human Intelligence Self-Limiting?

CH · 19 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

There's a theory floating around alt-blogs that human IQ in the developed world has been steadily decreasing since about the dawn of agriculture. The working hypothesis is that agriculture enabled dense urban life to develop, and cities are known population sinks (lack of space/high cost/disease vectors all contribute to lower fertility rates in cities).

The thinking goes that cities attract smarter people, who upon settling into urban mimosavilles promptly forget the Darwinian Prime Directive and fail to reproduce themselves in sufficient numbers. 1.5 sprog per hipster village yenta is a recipe for extinction. (Which is not necessarily a bad thing.)

I don't know if I buy this theory of decreasing IQ in total, but if true, I can suggest another plausible mechanism that is far more pertinent today, now that disease threat and high child mortality have largely been eliminated. This mechanism is far darker than disease or child mortality, once you get to peering at it closely in your skull ham.

You could call this the CH-ian "The Pill, The Rubber, and Abortion, Oh My!" theory of dysgenia.

The speculative specs: Evolution has slowly, and sometimes quickly, produced human populations with great intelligence (on average). As these population groups gained smarts, they reconfigured their environment so powerfully that their cultures began to exert more influence than the natural world did on how their progeny would evolve.

Gene-culture co-evolution became the order of the day. Civilization sprouted and flourished. And it was good. Until…

These groups of humans became so smart that they outwitted — for a time — the second evolutionary guiding principle of reproduction. They invented Pills and Rubbers and safe and cheap Abortions, thus allowing themselves the joy of sex without the joylessness of changing diapers.

Smarter people, having by their inherent mental dispositions a lower threshold for the tedious and boring tasks of infant care, stopped having so many babies. But smarter people USED to have more babies than dumber people! What happened since then? Well, when pre-20th Century smart people had sex — which they never found boring — they were often stuck with the consequences. Most of them simply accepted the boredom of child-rearing as a necessary component of life.

Once the Era of The Pill, Rubber, and Abortion began in earnest, smart people saw the wisdom, from their own personal hedonistic perspectives, of using these smarthuman-created tools to separate the consequences of boring child-rearing from the titillation of sex. End result: Fewer smarties having kids, more dummies taking up the slack, dysgenia in full black lotus bloom.

For the first time, perhaps, on a large scale, humans had made an end run around a Darwinian First Principle. Humans — some humans, anyway — had become TOO SMART and invented pregnancy-thwarting tech that also thwarted the cosmic, and divine, imperatives. The Pill, The Rubber, and Abortion may be making us dumber!

Hard double-blind, metabolically-controlled ¡SCIENCE! evidence for this "PRA" theory is sparse and mostly circumstantial, but it is out there. For instance, in a study of German parents, having a child lowered their happiness more than any other life change, including death of a spouse!

And of course there are the oft-cited stats of later age of first marriage and lowered fertility plaguing almost the entire Pan Western developed world.

There are countercurrents pushing against the PRA theory of dumbing down humanity. The Pill seems to alter women's sexual preferences so strongly that they choose less masculine beta males as partners if they were on the

Pill during the time of choosing. This would imply that these women would have more kids, Pill-disposed as they are to settling into family life with a beta provider. However, it could conceivably run the other way: Once married and thinking about having kids, women who get off the Pill might suddenly become repulsed by their babyfatted betahubbies as their ovulatory machine revs up again after a hiatus of many years. This could lead to an increase in divorce (which in fact has been happening throughout the West since the 1960s) and consequently a decrease in children (or a decrease in children born in wedlock).

Is the evolution of human intelligence self-limiting? If it is, will societies respond by banning the Pill, the Rubber, and the Abortion? Or will we just have to ride this one out for a few millennia, until the fitness maximizer pendulum swings back to the smart set? Either way, going on the way the West is going now, something's gonna give.

The Reality Of Game: Trump Negs Klum, She Responds... Predictably

CH · 19 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Vox points out that Donald Fucking Trump used a classic game tactic — the neg — on (former) supermodel (and mudshark) Heidi Klum, when he said "she's great, but no longer a 10".

> You know a man is a mega alpha when a single casual neg directed in an offhand manner at a former supermodel results in two videos and multiple public statements as the woman desperately tries to qualify herself to him.

The tingle-stricken lady doth protest too much.

> The sheer incoherence of Klum's remarks underline the degree to which Trump's dismissive remark rattled her. That, gentlemen, is how it is done. Identify the insecurity and casually press. You know you've hit the nerve when their reaction spans *days*.
>
> The alpha does not qualify himself to women, ever. He expects women to qualify themselves to him.

ABQ: Always Be Qualifying.

Oh, and ladies, a helpful reminder: If you are a White woman of incomparable beauty, don't throw your genetic heritage away on a coalburning "F YOU DAD" mission. When you get older and less attractive (as you assuredly will), people will feel less urgency to extend you kindness and deference because your family looks weird and they'll have doubts about your character. Can I get a two-for-one 'heh'? Heh.

(Trump's remark actually straddles the line between a neg and an insult, although a man with as much preselected alpha goodness as Trump has more margin for error in this matter. Nonetheless, I'd still call it a neg, because he did butter her up first before delivering the backhanded compliment.)

***

Also from Vox, another demonstration of the power of Fame Game over women's attraction triggers.

The best part about Game is watching a girl become "noticeably more interested" in you as you weave your biomechanic magic. It's very satisfying, even apart from the normal anticipatory excitement that accompanies courtship.

Spot The Alpha And The Beta

CH · 20 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

August 20, 2015 by CH

Somebody, probably a girl buddy, asked this group to look over their shoulders and put their hands on their hips for a snap. It's hard to make this pose work without looking gay.

One man obeys.

βETA

One man is busy checking another girl out and can't be bothered to remove his hand from his girl's ass.

ALPHA

Any questions?

Yes, you sir.

You still don't get it?

Ok, try this. It's a general guide to the good life. A very simple rule that if you follow it religiously will reward you 99 out of 100 times.

Doing what you're told: BETA.

Doing whatever the fuck you want: .

Stop appeasing girls. They don’t want it, they don’t like it, and they invariably give their sexual favors to men who understand this about them.

“To Be Fair” Game

CH · 21 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I have a buddy who says his pickup game boils down to “fatten them up before the kill”. He means by this that he lowers girls’ defenses with stray, off-hand compliments and then, when they’re smiling and acting gracious and conciliatory toward him, he pulls a 180 utilizing a coy “except for” non sequitur and mildly rebukes something about the girl that she prides herself on. The key, he says, is the delivery; he makes it seem like his insults are never intentional. His whole game is essentially an extended-play version of the neg.

I was reminded of this by reader Chad Durbsley, who explains his “to be fair” game which sounds tactically similar to “fatten them up” game.

> Update on “gay game”.
>
> Although I’ve been using Internet dating less and less, it’s still worth putting a minute or 2 a day into it depending on where you live, and your skill in spotting undercover fatties.
>
> “Gay profile” gets amazing results. Especially with younger sjw girls with a rainbow profile pic.
>
> Also having great success with “to be fair” game.
> I.e. : “to be fair- if your profile was any gayer it would be a power-bottom named Steve”.
>
> The trick here is to use the “to be fair…” and then say something that’s patently *unfair* and also insulting. This short circuits the hamster direct to the pussy.

This is a semantic trick that works surprisingly well. “To be fair” Game is a sneaky false premise verbal sleight, the false premise being that what you are about to say is anything resembling fair. (A cousin of “to be fair,…” is “that said,…”.)

This persuasion technique could be lumped into a school of salesmanship called “relationship building”. It works by presuming, or fast-tracking, a closer, more intimate relationship than actually exists, which in pickup jargon is known as time compression. When you use leading clauses like “to be fair”, you are insinuating yourself into the girl’s circle of trust; you are assuming in effect that you are a fair man, that she knows this, and that anything you say must therefore be weighed more seriously than what any other rando would say.

“Relationship building” goes a lot deeper that that, but don’t underestimate the force that a few well-timed quips can have on a woman’s perception of your mate value. “To be fair” Game would work even better if you “fatten her up” first with a sincere compliment. This is the psychological foundation for the efficacy of the neg. Like Chad said, the blatant contradiction between the declaration of fairness and the unfairness of your comment is just the kind of verbal theatric that drives women crazy with curiosity.

“Love your purple hair!….. To be fair, it does make you look like a gay tranny.”

Mass Immigration To The US Is More Than Mexican Border Jumpers

CH · 2 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

When (psychologically healthy, retained survival instinct) White America has nightmares about a demographic tsunami of illegal aliens swamping their electoral prerogative and ruining their cultural, aesthetic, economic, and environmental heritage, Mexicans usually come to mind. But that's a woefully incomplete picture of the massive and worldwide scale of the immigration invasion to America's, and Europe's, White homelands.

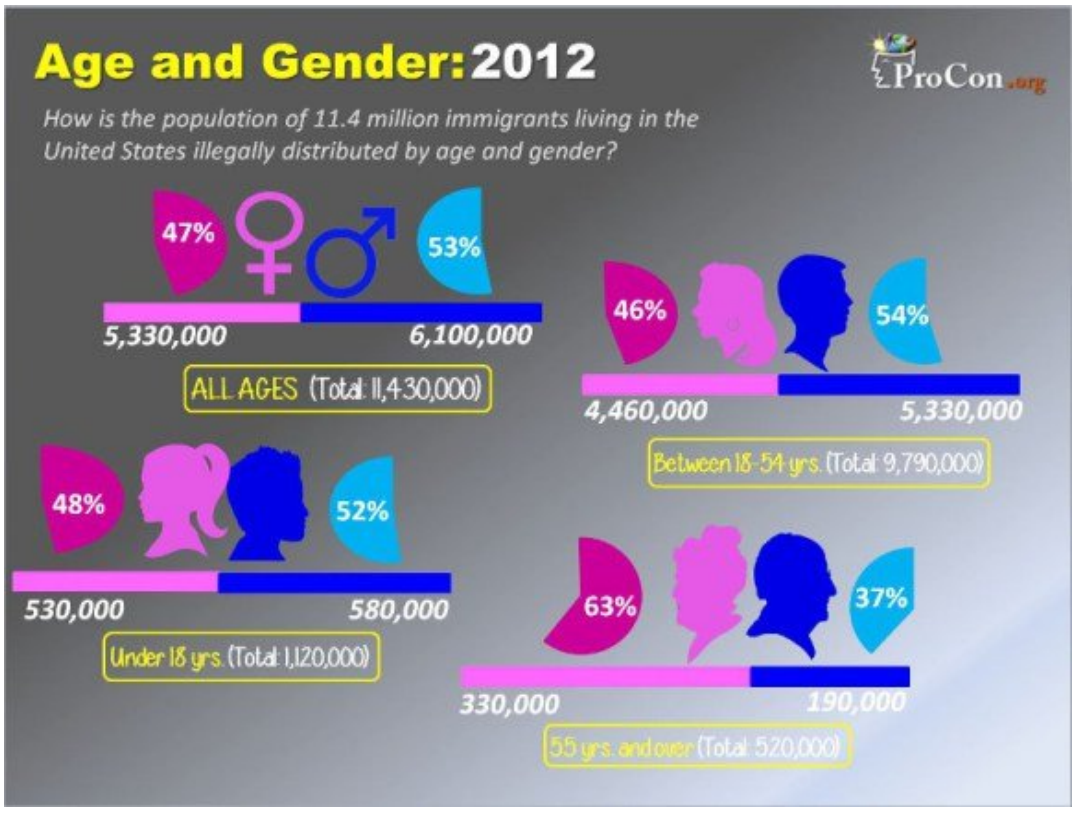
The immigration invasion and (so far) bloodlessly genocidal extirpation of Whites from their own countries has its origins in many foreign non-White lands. This map shows the countries of origin of the *second* most populous immigrant groups ~~leeching~~ living in each US state:

A lot of Phillippinas, Chinese, subcontinental Indians, and, emerging as the next big wave to (re)settle Minnesota, Africans.

Here's an illegal immigrant country-of-origin map for the year 2012, created from US Dept of Homeland Security statistics.

Not even Whyte. Look at that big fat goose egg representing any immigrants coming from Europe. This is nothing less than total displacement of one race by other races, and it doesn't matter if the displacement is "illegal", since the powers that be consider such legalistic fictions to be mere technicalities on the path to a New World GloboCorpBorg.

Are you a PUA hoping that the huddled masses will bring a few huddled hotties your way? Think again.

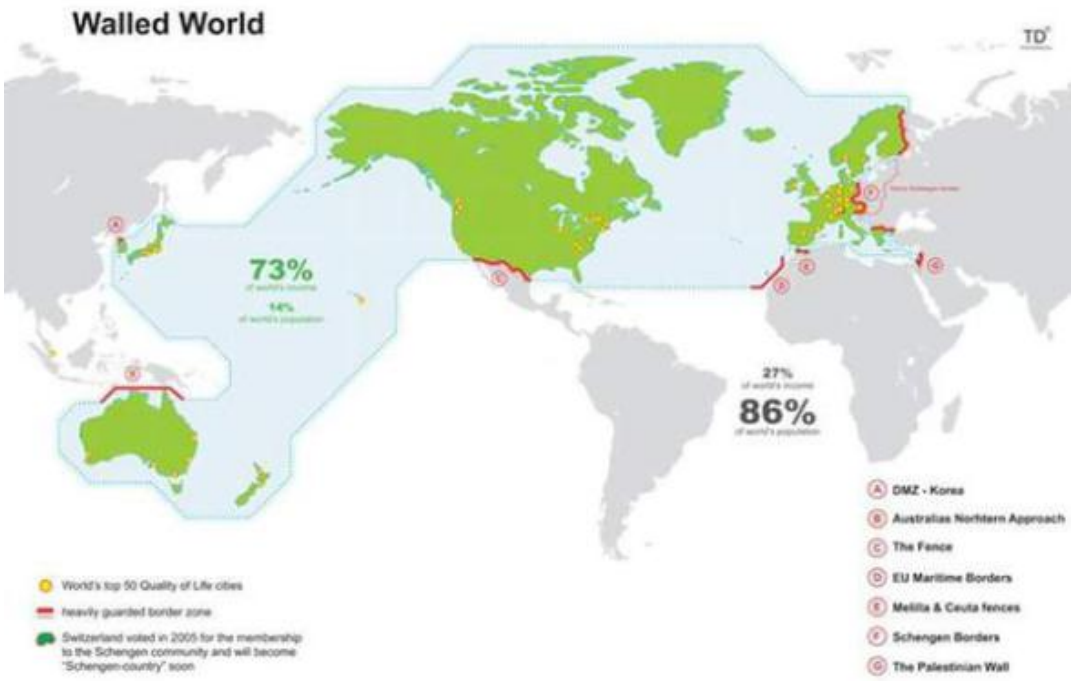


Sorry, no immigrant Poon Paradise here. Open Borders is Closed Beavers. Unless grandmas make you horny.

In 2013, Mexico was overtaken by both China and India as a source of new invaders to America. Emotionally-barren spergs rejoice at the arrival of our Oriental high IQ overlords, but the rest of us know the score: Increased corruption, nepotism, low trust, social disconnection, and the loss of the myriad intangibles that comprise a culture and make it livable for the founding people who were the creators of that culture.

Is an Asian Future really better than a Mexican Future in America? Eh, I'm not so sure about that. I am sure that a White Future for, shock!, Whites would be best, but for some reason that position is considered beyond the pale of settled discussion by the Puppeteers and the hordes of pants-wetting escapees from the funny farm.

Depressing post. I'll end it on a high note. Here's what a beautiful Walled World would look like:



Background on the above map. It's basically a map depicting border walls around territories where 73% of the world's income exists. Or: it's a map of the White World (and honorary Whites, the Japanese) walling off the non-White hinterlands.

A suspiciously unified voice of whiny snark is heard over the Realtalk. "But you can't just build a wall. A wall won't

do anything to stop the Vibrancy Enrichment!”

Really, now? Tell that to the Israelis. Their wall is working so well that news of it must be ignored by the American Hivemind, lest her own people get the same idea.

> According to the most recent quarterly figures published by the Population, Immigration and Borders Authority, 36 people have been caught trying to enter [Israel’s] southern border since January.
>
> It’s an incredible drop after 10,440 were caught in 2012, 17,298 in 2011 and 14,715 in 2010. In the years before that, the numbers were lower but still in the thousands.

Walls work, and construction costs are more than paid for in a few years time.

> The fence along the Israel-Egypt border built over several years cost an estimated $377 million, according to the Times of Israel. The Algemeiner reported that the main section of the fence – a 143-mile stretch – took two years to build.

$377 million is chump change to our bloated US government. The US spends over **$12 billion on bilingual education programs** alone. Even scaling up to the length of the US-Mexico border, it’s clear that cost of construction would be more than worth it in savings down the road.

***

Related to the subject of this post, reader Steely Dan writes about the reality of interracial dating.

> I’ve been talking about the interracial-dating disparity for years. Nobody ever wanted to listen. The number of white women who date inter-racially compared to the number of white men who do in my area is quite significant. People always told me that “it doesn’t affect me” and I shouldn’t care. But it does affect all white males. The number of single white males in my area is much larger than the number of single white females.
>
> It doesn’t take a genius to figure out what an abundance of single men does to a man’s chances to find a woman. There’s a reason men don’t like to go to parties where it’s mostly other men. Hell, even on mainstream websites like Yahoo, they often list Best cities for Single Men, based solely on the male/female ratio of the population. Often the cities that are best for single men only have a higher female population by a few percentage points.
>
> Considering that, just how does one not expect the number of white women in inter-racial relationships not to affect that? On top of that, consider all of the illegal immigration. The vast majority of illegal immigrants are male. This country is turning into a sausage fest.
>
> And who wants to live in a sausage fest.

It’s not quite the case that the “vast” majority of immigrants to the US are male, but it is a majority. And in the sexual market, all it takes is a small population size skew in the direction of one sex or the other to have profound effects on the dating culture.

Maybe The Trumpening should hit the Sausage Fest angle of immigration hard? If he talks about how immigrants are mostly men and are turning the whole country into a sword fight, I bet he’d clean up with the beta male demo. Then he could segue into how most of the immigrant men are nowags, street shitters, and stoop laborer child rapists, and clean up the White women vote.

No problem!
GREAT WALL
of
TRUMP

The Ghosts Of The American Pilgrims Wept

CH · 3 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This is sickening. Here we are, 2015 USA, and principled religious objectors are being tossed into jail over refusing to sanction deviance. The American Pilgrims escaped religious persecution to settle a new land and spark the creation of a great and free nation.

The irony is too rich for words.

Women's Three Fantasy Archetypes

CH · 3 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A reader alerted the CH audience to an excellent write-up by a seduction forum member, The Thin Man, titled "Woman's 3 Fantasy Archetypes". The archetypes the author describes specifically refer to "fantasy sexual scenarios", but they sound similar to the femme fatale personality archetypes discussed here at the Chateau.

By understanding women's archetypical sexual fantasies, and by identifying which fantasy animates a particular woman, a man can tailor his seduction sales pitch to better match a woman's deepest desires.

> **Archetype 1) Pretty Pretty Princess-** In the PPP scenario the woman's desire is to be transformed by her sexual connection to a powerful man. The most common and foundational version of this sexual scenario is the Cinderella Fairy Tail. Cinderella is a scullery maid whose inner secret class and beauty are revealed through a super natural Fairy God Mother make over and a romantic evening with a good looking, rich and powerful man… Kissing and magic shoe shopping transform her into a princess.
>
> The transformative archetype is why the part of Pretty Woman where Richard Gere buys the dresses for Julia Roberts, is so sexy to women… She is transformed from a prostitute, with a secret heart of gold, into an elegant socialite, who is so exquisitely sensitive that she cries at Italian operas! […]
>
> The PPP is most attracted to highly self-developed men, because she literally wants to lose herself in your world. If she is whisked away on your horse, motorcycle, pirate ship, or limo… She must put herself in your hands, change her cloths hair and manners to match your world… This mean what happens next is up to you, she is rendered open and compliant. Because the Pretty Princes is aroused by the emotional rush of the giving over her self-transformation to a man, she is the most vulnerable of the three archetypes…The Princes does not risk her body, she risks her identity.

The PPP female fantasy archetype is held by women who most desire extreme sexual/personality polarity in their relatonships. They want to feel 100% woman with a man, and to achieve this they will execute a few feints in the opposite direction to test your fortitude to stay in the hunt and bend her to your will. Leading, giving directions, making demands, creating scenarios, emphasizing sex differences, and role playing are all effective seduction and romance techniques on the PPP girl.

The Amazonian Alpha and The Gold-digger are the two types of women most susceptible to cultivating PPP fantasies. These two female archetypes, each strong in their very non-feminist, but exceedingly feminine ways, are the women who crave a man stronger than them with whom they can finally feel 100% the woman they want to be.

> **Archetype 2 Over Come with Passion-** The 3 sexist words in the English language to an OCP are… It Just Happened… Passion women have a lot to say and unlike the girly purr of a Pretty Princes, it tends to be pretty declarative, "We just could not help ourselves and tore each other's cloths off… We were like animals…I could not help it… I never do anything like this…We were in public… Other people might have seen… We are practically strangers… Oh god this is so fucking HOT…"
>
> Passion woman require the strongest masculine frame from you because their sexual scenario is about letting go of their inhibitions, they are aroused by transgression and risk. She is a little frightened by the intensity of her own desire and what she might do to satisfy it. She needs to trust you with that. This is why the OCP seduction is all about passing shit tests and trading barbed comments. Each time she tests your frame and it stands up, it increases the sexual tension. She needs a man that can handle her emotion/passion who is strong and trustworthy enough for her to be able to let go of her controlled social veneer and let her true animalistic passion out.

The OCP fantasy girl is likely an Eternal Ingenue. This type is charming, psychologically manipulative, often quite

pretty, and occasionally slutty (while expertly concealing her sluttiness to less experienced men). The Thin Man is right about this girl: She is a master of the shit test and beta bait, and won't relent qualifying you, which will usually trip up betas. The Eternal Ingenue is always seeking the "perfect romance", and this is why she exhibits a predilection for fantasies involving passionate escalation that fills her with hope her search for the ideal lover could be over.

If you balk at grabbing girls and violently kissing them at unauthorized moments, then you will fail with the OCP ingenue.

> **Archetype 3 Submission Fantasy-** Many woman have a variety of submissive fantasy scenarios, but whether they are imagining bondage, rape, coercion, discipline, being a pet animal, or spanked like a naughty school girl, all submissive fantasy has one thing in common. She is not in charge… And so does not have to be responsible for the sex act… I am not a dirty like that, he made me do it… I was tied up…and uh… I loved it.
>
> Submission women have found a loop hole that removes their ASD. How can I be being slutty if I was handcuffed to the bed… For many woman their innate sexual resistance is at war with their desire. Their sub conscious fixes the problem with scenarios where their volition in the sex act is somehow compromised. This is the key to Submission woman… They are not fundamentally about the spankings or the handcuffs or the rough sex… although it is likely they will enjoy some or all of these things; Submission Women fundamentally crave being told what to do. The way to tease out submission fantasy is to tell her to do something and see how she reacts. I usualy start with, " Sit here… and let me look at you," said with a strong contained sexual state and a closed mouth smile.

Ah, the submission fantasy. All women have submission fantasies, to a lesser or greater degree, but some women craft their identity around them. The candidate archetype most likely to have submission fantasies is the Waif/Neurotic.

The Waif Neurotic is dangerous because she is emotionally manipulative through use of her vulnerability and commitment avoidance. A vulnerable, pretty girl playing hard to get is kryptonite to naive men. She is a master at the art of the push-pull, capable of driving men insane with her opacity and her mixed messages. For this reason, game tactics that "flip the script" work quite well on her.

The Waif-Neurotic often has submission fantasies because she craves what she hardly every experiences: a cocky, aloof man who won't fall for her shit and who won't beg her for signs of reciprocal romance. All she knows is that men dance to her tune, and she would kill for a challenge once in a while. In the act of submitting to a ZFG man she finds release from her romantic ennui, and for the first time in her life falls in love… with no psy ops strings attached.

***

Agent X adds,

> An interesting follow-up would be the proclivities of these archetypes to cheating….and how to keep her faithful in a relationship. Number 2, in particular, seems like a thrill junkie that is eventually going to end up in bed with the mailman unless that addiction to "ooooh..what am I even doing??" isn't satisfied by some kind of risky/public sex life.
>
> Number 1 would seem to be safe as long as Prince Even More Charming didn't come along, but I suppose that's basic hypergamy. However, since her fantasy involves transformation and some kind of "story", it would seem she'd be far less likely to slink into the bar broom closet with Chad on a business trip.
>
> Number 3 seems to be the least naturally inclined to cheating. A basic level of frame would seem to keep her happily in her place submitting to her man.
>
> Overall, Number 2 seems to be the one least likely to remain faithful long term. If your game involves

> relatively young divorcees or naughty housewives, it would seem your playbook is simplified a bit. I-Don't-Know-What-We're-Doing Game.

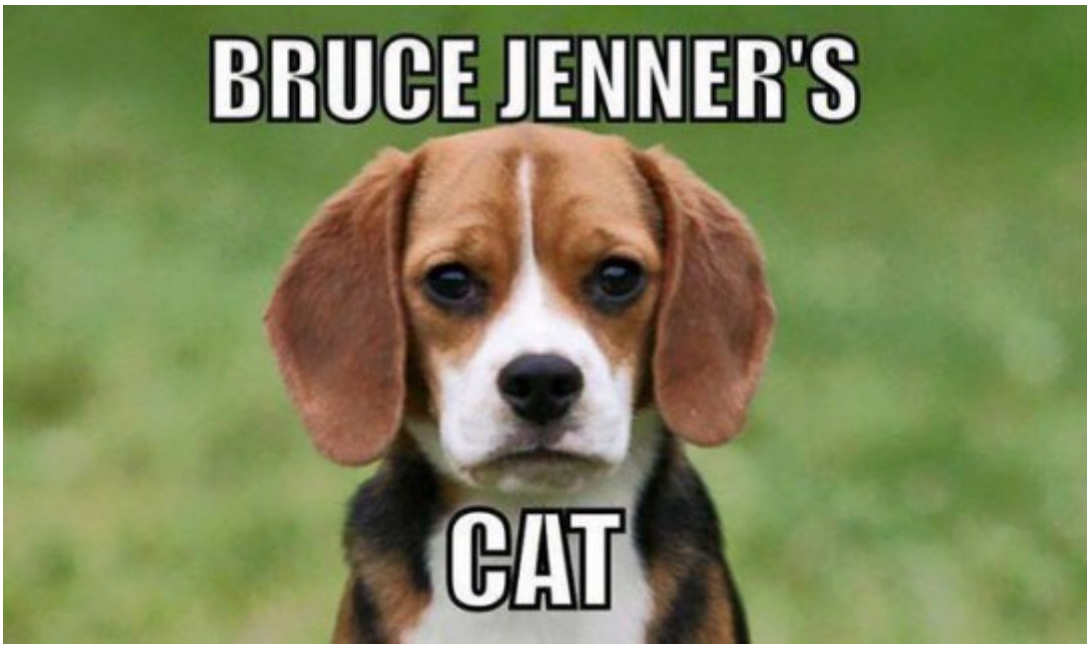
Yes, #2 — the OCP (Overcome by Passion) woman — is the greatest infidelity risk.

Here's a serviceable CH Maxim (that would be less salient for men with game):

Maxim #31: The faster a woman falls into bed, the faster she'll fall into another bed.

Friday Funnies

CH · 4 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original



Deserve's Got Nothin' To Do With It

CH · 4 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This hamsterbation on Jizzebel is a couple years old now but it may have broken an all-time record for number of CH readers who forwarded it requesting a satisfying takedown. All you have to do is read the title to know you are about to enter… The Hamster Zone. (At this point you visualize a hamster wheel spinning through outer space.)

> **What kind of guy does a girl who looks like Lena Dunham 'deserve'?**

What kind of apex predator can turn down sinking his teeth into that juicy bait?

The """article""" is about that insipid show *Girls* (has it fallen off the air yet?) and specifically about the episode when lumpy moocow Lena Dunham's character gets into a relationship with an older, handsome doctor.

Yeah, try to contain your credulity.

Apparently, feminists are offended (what else is new?) that some viewers have expressed the doubleplusungood opinion that Dump-ham didn't deserve the ~~blind~~ good doctor.

As Will Munny said to Little Bill before shooting him dead: "Deserve's got nothin' to do with it."

No woman, or man, "deserves" a certain class of lover. Anyone who says that (and it's mostly women who say stuff like this) is intoning a palliative for her bruised ego. Everyone has a value on the sexual market, and if you want better choices of partners you have to work to make yourself more valuable.

asdf comments:

> The key takeaway from this *Girls* episode is no matter how much of a loser a woman is she can sleep with top quality men simply by lowering the price enough.

Not really. *Girls* is unrealistic. A fantasy itch for Lena. IRL, a 4 like Dunham doesn't get sex from handsome doctors, let alone commitment. There is this meme floating around the omegasphere that all kinds of ugly and fat and old and thunderously-thighed women can get sex from alpha males at the drop of a hat, but that is a fevered concoction badly extrapolating from a loose interpretation of the functioning of the dating market. Men, especially White men, and particularly popular White men, do discriminate when choosing which women they will bang, and their discrimination will become more intense, violating all sorts of EEOC laws, when considering a woman as a long-term girlfriend or wife prospect.

Lena Dunham is repulsive to most men with options, and she will be passed over by those men for sex with prettier women, even if it means the men pay a higher price in energy and time devoted to the pursuit of prettier girls. The only way the Lenas of the world can compete with better women is by slashing their prices so low that they are practically giving away their LSMV pussies. And a bargain bin price drop is no guarantee of sex for the bottom 10-20% of women who are so gross to look at that most of them won't get any man's attention, let alone an alpha male's, with their legs wide open and a neon red vacancy sign pointing at their crotches.

This is a sexual market reality that trips up a lot of bitter men who have a weird need to imagine women have it incredibly easy and men must do all the lovelorn suffering. The dregs of womanhood will suffer incel spells, and longer insol spells, although the frequency of dry spells and the duration of each dry spell will be generally less frequent and shorter for women than they will be for men of equal low mate value.

Another sex-based distinction is that women will better tolerate periods of sexlessness than will men, while men will better tolerate periods of lovelessness than will women (as long as the lovelessness is substituted with casual sex).

Now this is not to say that women, ON AVERAGE, don't have an easier time than do men getting sex when they need it. While both men and women are discriminating in their mate and marital choices, women can afford to be more discriminating pre-sex, because the average woman's sex is worth more than the average man's sex. But that's where a lot of men and women have their perspectives skewed — a man's worth to women is not his sex so much as it is his *commitment* and *survival utility*. The woman who can extract commitment from an alpha male is a winner. The woman who can only get pumped and dumped by desperate goons is a loser. And she knows it.

So, no, the Lean Dunhams of the world are not getting banged out by high status docs, and they certainly aren't getting proposals from them. Instead, the Lena Dunhams are dumpster diving with dirty, socially maladroit, dull, whiny milquetoasts.

And deserve's got nothin' to do with it.

WWIII: What Do We Call The War To Flood White Nations With Non-Whites?

CH · 5 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reader PA says Whites in their homelands are fighting WWIII, even if they don't know it (yet). The evidence that there is an open borders war by the ruling class aggressors to demographically and culturally swamp Whites with non-Whites and essentially render them powerless in their homelands can no longer be contained or massaged by the Leftoid Equalist Hivemind.

But, we need a name for this war. Branding matters. People are gripped by slogans with emotional resonance much more than they're moved by arid data. Everyone needs to know that we are at war, and this isn't the griping of some doomsday cult.

The "Cold War" maintained a hold on the American consciousness for decades, because it was starkly descriptive of the (mostly) bloodless nature of the ideological conflict between the world's only two superpowers. (In hindsight, it seems so quaint now. Official American ideology has become something worse than mid-century Soviet ideology.)

So, I asked readers to come up with a name for WWIII: The War to Displace Whites from their Homelands by encouraging the invasion, legal and illegal, of tens of millions of non-White foreigners. The Forces of Light need their COPROP if they want to win the semantic battle for hearts and minds.

I came up with a few ideas:

The Thousand Cuts War
The Tikkun Olam War
The American War
The Racial Cleansing War
The War of White Dispossession
Civil War II
The Fratricidal War
Albion's War
The War of White Replacement

I'm not particularly enamored of any of these. Readers came up with more:

World War White
War of Ethnic Displacement
The Cuck War
White Genocide
The Anti-Euro War
The Global Blockbusting War

All right, warriors, put your heads together and come up with something riveting. Your nation depends on you.

The winner will be rewarded with the pride of knowing he contributed to the rebellion's morale to retake America from alien invaders and overthrow the traitors who perpetrated this great crime against the nation.

Comment Of The Week: The Girl Friend Experience

CH · 6 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner Anonymous succinctly explains why there is a perception that women are treating beta males with more contempt than ever before.

> Girls are cruelest to other girls. So as betas get more feminized…

Women are as revolted by effeminate, weak men as men are by morbidly obese women.

***

COTW second place ribbon goes to Phall, resurrecting a favorite CH comment meme.

> black men are attracted to women who resemble the great resource-aggregating herbivores of the sub-saharan desert: the elephant, rhinoceros, cape buffalo, and hippopotamus. black men want their women to resemble these creatures in size, shape, color, and texture (it is important to not forget 'texture').
>
> these apex herbivores survive droughts in the african wild, affording them high survival rates. fat black women are also unlikely to starve, and while this may seem a moot point if they live in america, it does not change the genetic preferences of their black male suitors. white women can mimic the size and the shape, but never the color or texture.
>
> creatures smaller than these massive behemoths find survival to be fleeting in the harsh climates of africa. to perpetuate their species, they breed rapidly in large numbers (gazelles, wildebeasts, jackrabbits, hyenas, etc). breeding across a large expanse of territory is a useful strategy for preservation and propagation, genetically-speaking.
>
> black men also inherited this disposition to breed with many women. monogamy is just not a smart choice to ensure that your genes are passed on. in statistics, this is called r-selection (rather than K-selection).
>
> heck, blacks like over-breeding so much that some even try to pass along their genes by mating with simians! (this introduced AIDS to the world)

Don't forget the texture.

The Black Lives Matter Narrative Is Bogus

CH · 13 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Black Lives Matter is the name of a political/social bowel movement pushed out into the toilet bowl formerly known as America by a diarrhetic alliance of Talented Tenth high yellas and pathologically ethnomasochistic and xenophilic white equalist leftoids. Its premise is the belief, outright asserted or heavily implied, that White cops are gunning down innocent dindu nuffins for the crime of having a black body, as Ta-Nigesi Coates might put it.

This movement has incited angry dindus to, in presumed retaliation, gun down cops in cold blood. President Butt Naked on down through the Hivemind propaganda apparatuses have blared the BLM agenda almost nonstop since its inception, not-so-surprisingly coinciding with a big increase in violent crime in a number of dindu central cities over the past nine months as cops have pulled back from aggressive policing of America's Little Zimbabwes.

The problem with the Black Lives Matter movement, like so many regressive anti-White leftoid movements, is that it is bogus. Built on a foundation of lies. Utter bullshit, if you will.

When an actual, fact-based analysis of police shootings is conducted, we find that most black suspects killed by cops are 1. armed, either with gun or automobile 2. shot by black cops 3. had prior arrest records or 4. are mentally ill (and thus more likely to behave erratically around cops).

Furthermore, a meta-analysis of simulations testing police use of deadly force, which was quickly shoved down the memory hole by Hivemind information gatekeepers, found that police reacting to threatening scenarios are biased IN FAVOR of black suspects and AGAINST white suspects.

> Participants in an innovative Washington State University study of deadly force were more likely to feel threatened in scenarios involving black people. But when it came time to shoot, participants were biased in favor of black suspects, taking longer to pull the trigger against them than against armed white or Hispanic suspects. […]
>
> The findings also run counter to the public perception, heightened with the recent shooting of Michael Brown in Ferguson, Mo., that police are more willing to shoot black suspects. Statistics show that police shoot ethnic and racial minorities disproportionately to their population.
>
> But the last comprehensive look at the racial makeup of justifiable and non-justifiable shootings was a 2001 study (pdf) using more than two decades of U.S. Bureau of Justice data, said James. And while statistics show black suspects are shot at more frequently than white suspects, the 2001 study found black suspects were also as likely to shoot at police as be shot at. […]
>
> James' study is a follow-up to one in which she found active police officers, military personnel and the general public took longer to shoot black suspects than white or Hispanic suspects. Participants were also more likely to shoot unarmed white suspects than black or Hispanic ones and more likely to fail to fire at armed black suspects.
>
> "In other words," wrote James and her co-authors, "there was significant bias favoring blacks where decisions to shoot were concerned."
>
> When confronted by an armed white person, participants took an average of 1.37 seconds to fire back. Confronted by an armed black person, they took 1.61 seconds to fire and were less likely to fire in error. The 24-millisecond difference may seem small, but it's enough to be fatal in a shooting. […]
>
> "…there is some evidence from the field to support the proposition that an officer's threat bias could cause him or her to tend to take more time to make decisions to shoot people whom they subconsciously perceived as more threatening because of race or ethnicity. **This behavioral 'counter-bias' might be rooted in people's concerns about the social and legal consequences of shooting a member of a historically oppressed racial or ethnic group.**"

Black Lives Matter? Yes, apparently they matter too much. White Lives Matter Less is closer to the truth. And the Lords of Lies, lying through their teeth about the reality of black violence and vigilantly promulgating their anti-White and anti-cop message of civilizational self-annihilation, have the blood of innocent Whites on their hands.

Fuck dat noize. Bless this, O Dark Lord, that with the Holy Heartiste Shiv of Id-Filet thou mayst blow these lies to tiny bits, in thy mercy.

shiv drawn from under debonair French cuff

Blacks as a race and on the whole are innately more violent and stupidly impulsive than Whites. This is genetic in provenance and amplified by leftoid cultural messages of encouragement and race-based acquittal for black misbehavior. FBI statistics and real world observation attesting to this reality are clear as day, and have been for a long time. Blacks commit homicides at upwards of eight times the rate of Whites. Blacks are likewise over-represented as perpetrators of a whole host of social-fabric-destroying criminal activities, and cops know this, especially cops who have to work the Dinduville beat and daily come face to face with anti-social black dysfunction and antipathy to civilized norms of behavior. This means, in practice, that black criminal suspects will be 1. numerically disproportionate in arrest stats, 2. more antagonistic towards cops and, 3. more likely than other races to resist arrest and to fight back against armed cops, all of which in turn means more of them won't make through the arrest procedure alive. Cops will naturally and justifiably feel more threatened for their safety and the public's safety while patrolling ghetto cesspits, and coupled with the reigning anti-White narrative will know what a personal hell awaits them in the court of media and public opinion if they wind up getting caught in the whirlwind of some dindu's spontaneous outburst of vibrancy which they are required by the code of their occupation to neutralize. This ever-present knowledge of the Eye of Soros and his mau mau shock troops salivating at the chance to put a Great White Defendant to the gallows will create perverse incentives for cops to permit more black dysfunction to go unquestioned and unmolested in black communitaaaaaahs; far more and far worse dysfunction than would be permitted by cops to go unchallenged in predominantly White neighborhoods. This will then devolve into a nigative feedback loop as black crime rises and blacks victimized by it demand more be done to make their hoods livable while simultaneously screeching about police racism, effectively wishing to have their purpa drank and drink it too. And make no mistake: an increase in overall black crime means an increase in violent predation of Whites by blacks. Unless you are lucky enough to live in a Whitopia where the median home price is north of half a million dollars, like Bryan Caplan is able to do.

wipes blood from blade on sleeve, returns shiv to sheath

There may or may not be a rise in the rate of police shootings of criminal suspects over the decades in the US (data on that are hard to find), but that is a separate issue from the lies regurgitated by BLMers. Responsible journalists can discuss police arrest methods and the possibility of an enlarging police state that may be an emergent reality of an increasingly Diverse™ society; what they can't do is malevolently massage that discussion into one of White cops targeting black men so that they may status whore for their noodle-armed leftoid scum buddies, because the facts on the ground say precisely the opposite of their precious and religiously manicured anti-White fiction.

Race creationism kills. It is time to kill the lies that animate the race creationists.

Girls HATE HATE HATE Indecisive Men

CH · 14 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

An 18-year-old girl got fed up with her beta boyfriend's self-pitying mewling and figuratively threw the razor blade at him and told him to finish the job.

> According to prosecutors, Carter pressured her boyfriend to go through with suicide for almost a week before he carried out the act. She counseled him to overcome his fears; researched methods of committing suicide painlessly; and lied to police, his family and her friends about his whereabouts during the act itself and after, prosecutors said. […]
>
> For more than a week in July 2014, Carter and Roy exchanged hundreds of messages in which Carter insisted that Roy would be better off dead.
>
> "You're finally going to be happy in heaven. No more pain," she told him in one message. "It's okay to be scared and it's normal. I mean, you're about to die."

Damn, who bitch this is? Lucifer's?

> According to prosecutors, the two had struck up a romantic relationship — mostly online — in 2012. Her lawyer says they had only met a few times in person over the course of two years prior to Roy's death.

"mostly online". Translation: Dude was a beta orbiter driven to self-deliverance by the whiff of fine pussy so close yet so far away.

> Text messages recovered by police, however, suggest that by 2014, Carter had gotten tired of Roy's idle talk of suicide and she wanted him to go through with it — now.
>
> "You always say you're gonna do it, but you never do," Carter complained. "I just want to make sure tonight is the real thing."
>
> Another time, she texted: "You can't keep pushing it off, though. That's all you keep doing."

Chicks HATE HATE HATE indecisive men. If you're gonna promise an HB8 a suicide, you had better deliver.

Carter was insistent, even when Roy steered the topic to other things:

> ROY: How was your day?
>
> CARTER: When are you doing it?

Girl has tight Plow Game.

> But Carter didn't love that idea, either, because she feared that Roy would make up an "excuse" to explain why it didn't work.
>
> "I bet you're gonna be like 'oh, it didn't work because I didn't tape the tube right or something like that,'" she texted him "You always seem to have an excuse."

Beta males have excuses. Alpha males bust a move.

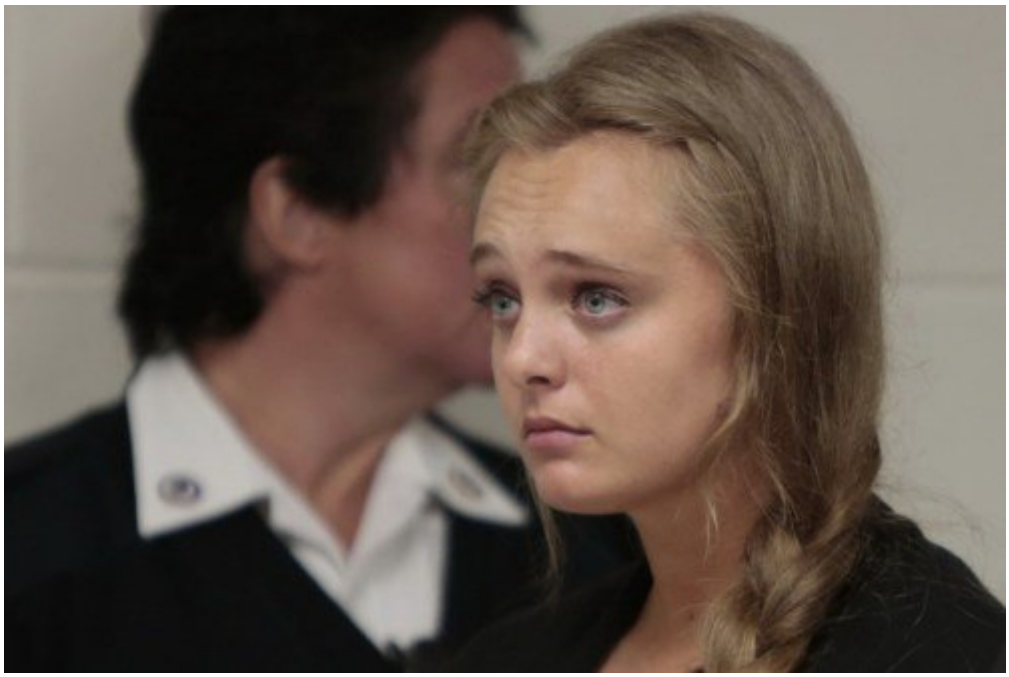
> They texted throughout the day about the plans, about Roy's doubts, and about Carter's insistence that "the time is right" and that he was ready.

Girl is leading the conversation, setting the frame, creating compliance tests, and disqualifying. She's a PUA in drag.

> After his death, Carter became a self-proclaimed advocate for mental health.
>
> She organized a fundraising tournament in Roy's memory and posted on Facebook and Twitter about her attempts to save her boyfriend's life.
>
> "Even though I could not save my boyfriend's life, I want to put myself out here to try to save as many other lives as possible," she wrote on Facebook.

 The best defense is a good offense. She's a reframe master.

A photo of the lovely (for real, WB):



Sociopathic girls are interesting to observe in the field. They are sort of like regular women, but with all the intrinsic female attributes pumped up to orbital escape velocity. Regular women despise indecisive beta males, but usually express their feelings by withholding sex or romantic reciprocation. Sociopathic women take their revulsion up a notch and steer the indecisive beta to valhalla.

Question for our skilled CH Game practitioners: How would you game this girl into doting submission?

UPDATE

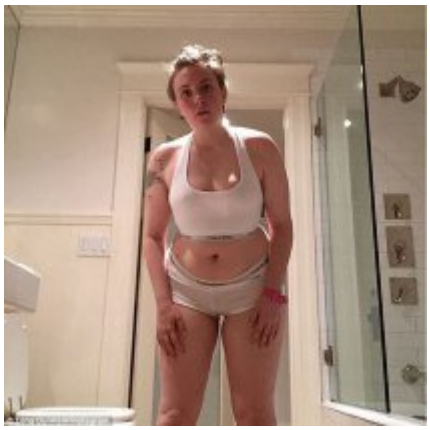
Here's a photo of Just Do It Girl after she dropped the human being mask and put her sadist's face back on.

I dunno, I'm getting a semi thinking about escorting this demon spawn to the exquisite purgatory between pain and pleasure. Maybe in another time — say, five years into the future — when the Diversity™ threatens White existence, women like Carter will come in handy as psy ops against the enemy hordes.

PS Is everyone seeing the poll included in this post?

PPS The perfect game response to this girl would be an insouciant non sequitur, like Birthday Cat or Lena Dunham in her gay boyfriend's skivvies.

SATAN'S HANDMAIDEN: You can't keep pushing it off, though. That's all you keep doing.



YOU:

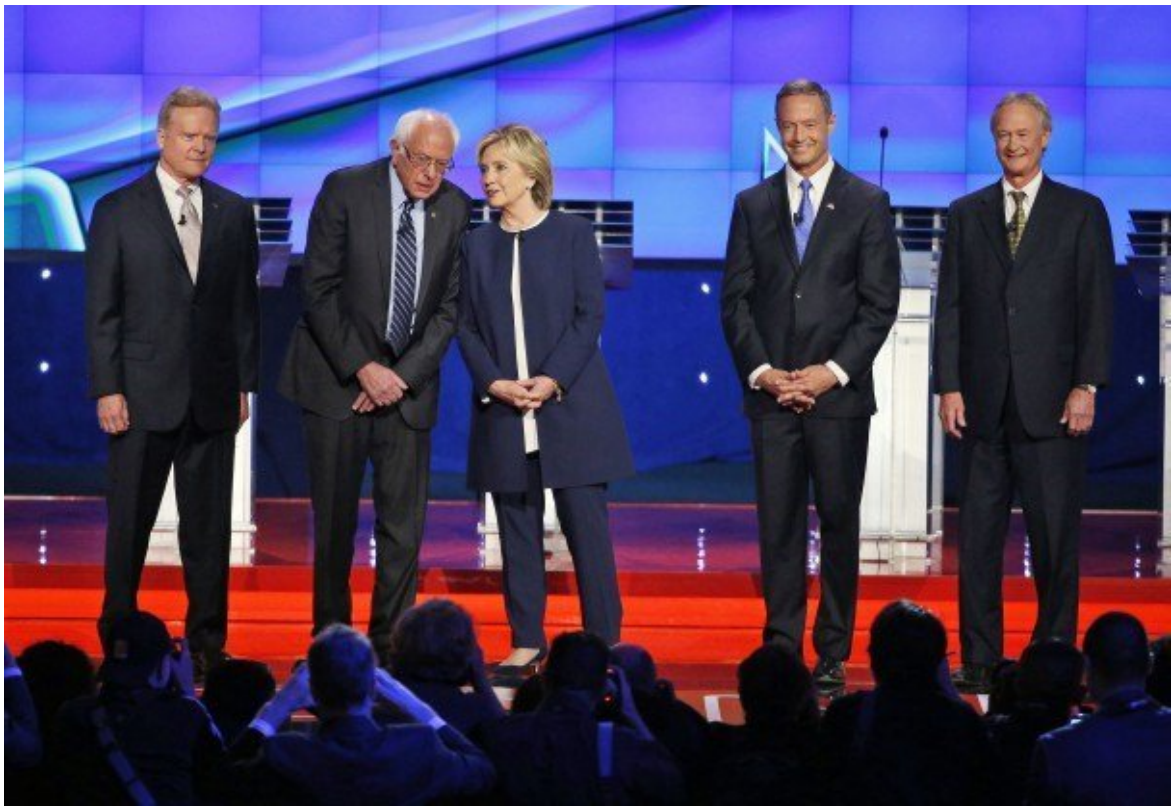
SATAN'S HANDMAIDEN: Are you saying I look like that bitch?

YOU:

SATAN'S HANDMAIDEN: **broken like a wild hellmare** I'm coming… over.

Spot The Shitlib Body Language

CH · 14 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original



Reader Mel Gibson watched a few minutes of last night's Democrat debate, and came away with an astute observation regarding this photo of the candidates standing together on stage.

> All with passive and weak body posture – cover genitals, smile like a submissive chimp. Who's that guy on the left? He's the only one who looks like he isn't a pansy.

That's Jim Webb on the far left (heh). And yes, he's the only one who has a non-shitlib face and non-shitlib body language. And not coincidentally he's probably the least insane of the Dem leftoids running for president.

Reminder: Clasping your hands in front of your crotch to hide your impudent manhood from the world (and this includes Hillary) is a tell of submission and weak betatude. I don't remember Donald Fucking Trumpening ever standing in this manner at a major public speaking event, and I doubt he ever will. (But I bet ¡Jabe! was born with his hands cradling his frank and refried beans.)

Bryan Caplan's Id (Or What's Left Of It)

CH · 15 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Paging Kevin MacDonald…

Bryan Caplan's Id made a guest appearance on his anti-Gentilism hateblog, confessing in starkly monochromatic detail exactly how much Bryan Caplan's Ego HATES HATES HATES the idea of living in a nation with a majority White Gentile population.

There are a lot of open borders nutjobs currently in circulation, but Bryan Caplan's Id is the most deranged of them all. The Sperg Total is so far removed from reality I wonder if his bubble is slowly asphyxiating him and destroying brain cells.

His pro-nation-destruction “””argument”””, if in a fit of magnanimity one could call it that, rests on the (false) (utterly inane) premise that when one group gets too numerically large and powerful, they will necessarily do scary things, the thought of which overloads Caplan’s RAM, and the way to prevent this is to make sure everyone is a minority in their own country, so that power is divided commensurately among the disparate tribes and the risk of its misuse thereby reduced. This will, according to Caplan’s readout, produce a utopia on earth where hundreds of tribes competing for status and power are replaced by one glorious tribe (his own, natch) calling the shots and an indentured commune of powerless peons content with a political and social arrangement that negates their tradition and culture and cuts them off from having any decision over the constitution of the nation they will bequeath their posterity.

Essentially, Bryan Caplan is claiming — against all the real world evidence and the historical record — that Diversity + Proximity = Peace. He is arguing for a state of nature that doesn’t exist, and never has existed. When disparate tribes accumulate in sufficient number under one governing authority, the eventual result is a dysfunctional government and, over time, the gradual (re)separation of those tribes into self-governing entities. That’s the best-case scenario. Worst case: rivers of blood.

Anyone who’s lived a day in his life outside a 1%er bubble knows this is true. But for the (ironically) Endogamously Benighted Bubbleborg the only data their algorithms can compute must be peer-reviewed and published in esteemed ¡SCIENCE! journals, so for spergitarians like Caplan, CH presents a partial list of studies finding that:

Diversity

plus

Proximity

equals

War

and

Misery.

But, really, what is the point anymore trying to reason with the Caplan ilk as if they were anything but malevolent traitors with no intention of meeting their fellow citizens in good faith? The Open Borders Sperg Horde, like the

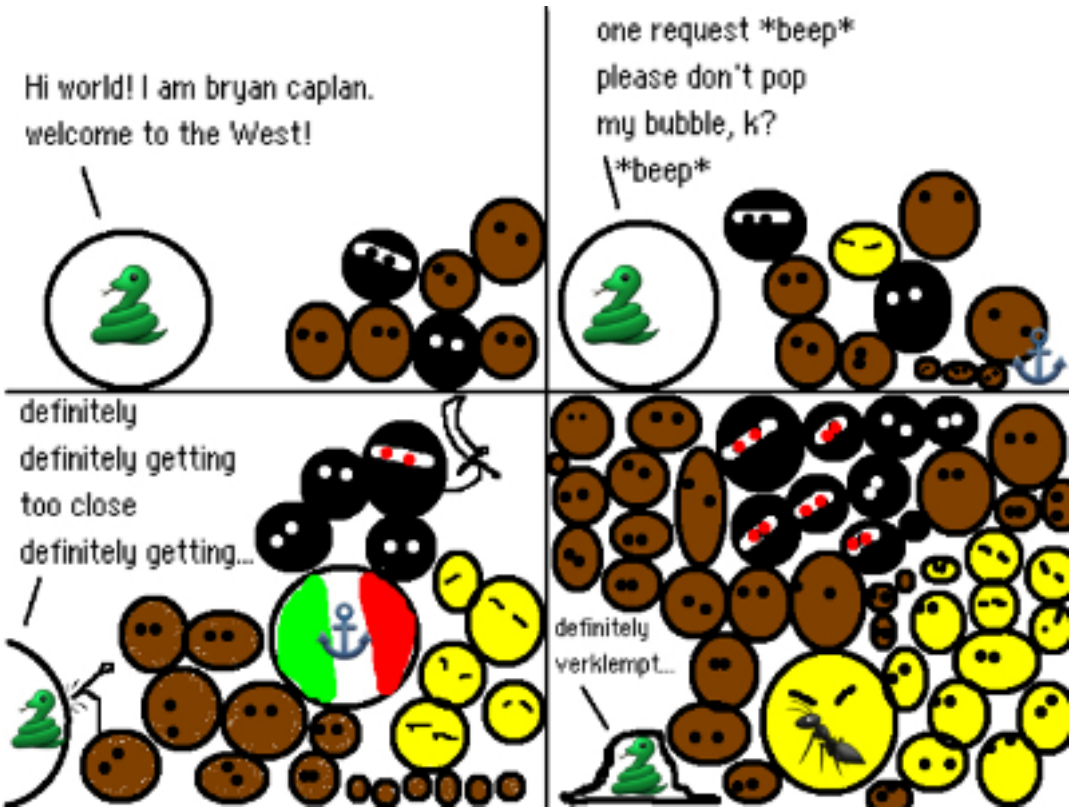
Feminist Cunts, the Race Creationists, and the Pathological Altruists, have clearly shown themselves impervious to facts on the ground and to the expressed desires of the majority of Americans.

They're immune to logic.
To reason.
To truth.
To beauty.
To facts.
To common sense.
To human decency.
To anything that vibrates the valence of their elemental spergomized purity.

They are human defectives with a sadist's acumen for self-justification.

What appeals will reach the sadodefectives who are in positions of influence to spread their disease to the society that swaddles them? Mutter Merkel might be able to offer a suggestion.

Bryan Caplan is SMRT. So SMRT that he can't perceive how ridiculously transparent his cheerleading for open borders and White majority submersion by tsunamis of third world refuse is a manifestation of his psychological projection. His own, numerically outnumbered but disproportionately powerful and influential, tribe puts the lie to his White Submersion Theory of Eternal Peace. He psychologically projects the rise of a Mormon tyranny should their numbers grow, when right now his tiny tribe has a near-tyrannical lock on controlling the levers of the media, entertainment, academic, political (have you seen the top ten political donor list?) and financial institutions.



As SMRT as he is, Bubbleboy Caplan apparently lacks the requisite IQ horsepower to extrapolate that a Babel of Bubbles under one dusty proposition parchment rapidly congealing into irrelevance through the mechanism of race-based antipathy will, in due time, mitotically divide into the border-bounded, separate nations he so irrationally loathes.

A thousand Bubbles will become a thousand Nations, Caplan, and then you'll just have to start your Borderless Tikkun Olam Crusade all over again. You see, when you force a self-identifying people into powerlessness in their own homeland by flooding their commons with genetically antagonistic foreigners, they tend not to take it so well.

***

Bryan "Spergatron" Caplan wants to turn America into the Island of Misfit Goys, an icy wasteland for broken, demoralized outcasts with no home to call their own.

Slutwalker, Meet Shitlord (tingles incoming)

CH · 15 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of Twatter account @MPCtxt, a video of an alpha shitlord crashing a slutwalk protest and provoking gina tingles in a narcissistic, emotionally volatile, BPD feminist, while her white knight manlet looks on impotently and limp-wristedly, wondering if there's anything at the scene he can put up his ass.

YOU *finger point* WHORE

One of the YouGroove commenters summed it up thusly and verily:

> Observations from the first few minutes I've seen this video.
>
> Dean:
> – Alpha Body Language.
> – Doesn't Care if he sounds offensive.
> – Based Hat + Sunglasses.
> – Nice name, also.
> – Defender of truth.
>
> Random White-Knight:
> – Manlet
> – Body Paint
> – Girl doesn't allow him to slur Dean
>
> Girl:
> – Cries because she is having a psychological battle between her feminist ideology and her biological desire to fuck Dean, the alpha Christian.

Heh.

"I was excited for today to be a growing experience for me (in my bra and sharpie skin) and you are making me hurt so bad (in my fetid whore hole)."

This mentally deranged skank must've majored in Poopytalk 101. There's America's future. Write her epitaph in Sharpie marker on the giant dildo that replaced the Washington Monument.

***

TheDissident comments,

> Somewhere around 9 minutes she described the details of her "rape" and it becomes so utterly obvious that she wholly invented a sexual assault as a means of convincing herself and her omega that she didn't actually cheat on him.

That oft-repeated "1 in 5 college women are raped" lie should be rephrased as "1 in 5 college women whore it up and don't want their beta boyfriends to find out so they concoct false sexual assault stories for sympathy from gullible white knights, feminists, and university administrators."

How Men Can Dodge The Age Question

CH · 15 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Pulled from a sexxxy players' forum, here's some advice for older (or younger) men who want to know how to handle large age differences, particularly as the issue applies to online dating, where inclusion of age in the profile is required.

> I lie on my dating profile and put it 7 years younger.
>
> When I get asked my age in person I tell the truth.
>
> Then they say "but your profile says xx"
>
> "Oh, yeah that's because when I had my real age on there all these old chicks were messaging me as if I want that".
>
> Then I make a comical shudder.
>
> Hasn't failed me yet.

Almost poetry. Why does this work? One, he's assumed the sale. *"Why *wouldn't* younger women want to be with me?"* Girls love that. Two, he's implied his high mate value. *"I have options, and age-appropriate women aren't one of them."* Three, he's demonstrated that reckless, careless asshole attitude that drives women crazy with desire. *"Yeah, I faked the funk. What of it?"* Four, he's implicitly qualified and complimented her. *"I'm with you, which means you made the cut."*

This technique can be used for real world interactions as well. The effectiveness will depend to an extent on how invested in you she has become. If you later reveal your real age with an insouciant disregard for her potential outrage, her ability and willingness to forgive and forget will be directly proportional to the love, or lust, she feels for you. You can do this with a lot of conventionally perceived mate value negatives that may deep-six a courtship before it has had a chance to get off the ground. Strategically omit any facts about yourself that you suspect deviate from her "Mr. Right checklist" until a later time when her 463 bullet point checklist has surrendered to her one bullet point vagina tingle.

One other thing… as one of the forum members wrote, a redirecting, strategically deployed compliment can go a long way to defusing female indignation over your naughtiness.

> When/if she finds out, just smirk, "did you really think I was 25?".
>
> Then be impressed at her ability to find out your real age. Chics love thinking they were clever and can't be fooled.

This is Sun Tzu seduction: Using a woman's fondness for flattery against her. Just be sure it doesn't come across like a last-ditch hail mary. Delivery matters. Pleasantly amused surprise is what you should shoot for.

The Son Becomes The Satyr

CH · 16 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

How soon should you teach your sons well… the art of game?

Reader Sentient infers that establishing good Game habits in your son early in life will pay dividends later when there's a lot more at stake.

when in doubt – just act. A bias towards action sets you up as alpha. Be dynamic.

There are two little boys – 3rd grade say. They both enjoy looking at the long blonde hair of little Sally. One boy pulls her hair (and probably tells her she is stupid). Which one is miles ahead of the other?

Fast forward to Freshman year in college… Both boys are there, looking at the shapely Jane at the bar. Which boy goes up to her? Who is miles ahead of the other by doing so?

When in doubt – be dynamic…

"A bias towards action." In the realm of seduction, this is a good rule to live by. Half of a woman's attraction is bound up in her waiting for a man to take the initiative and say something. That is, a woman will feel a surge of attraction for a man who boldly imposes himself on her, and does so skillfully, with women's particular courtship needs in mind.

It's good fathering to instill these habits of masculine impudence in your son during his formative years, before he hits high school and is thrust into the machinery of the sexual market, which will grind him to dust if he's ill-prepared for the reality of female nature and romantic rejection or, worse, misinformed about the machine's programming and liable to punch in the wrong launch code.

In practice, this means teaching your young son a PG-rated version of Game. Encourage his playground antics. Explain to him that girls are different than boys, and love to be challenged, teased, and offended. Tell him that reckless action always beats thoughtful inaction when it's a girl's heart he wants to win.

It won't take much prodding. Children absorb wisdom like a sponge. Even a little guidance will make a big difference later. Then, leaving behind an innocent childhood spent pulling girls' ponytails, he'll be off to college, sparing not more than a minute to sidle up to that cutie in orientation to tell her he's majoring in breaking hearts.

A lot of the familiar Game techniques we know as adults are retrofitted capers emblematic of childhood. In the adult reformulation, the unsolicited physicality is tempered, and the flirty taunts are raised a reading level or two (but not too much). We can learn much about seduction from the carefree ZFG of children, but we as experienced womanizers can also return the favor and help our boys struggling with embryonic self-doubts to locate and fully

express their natural God-given boyness.

Wages Of A Socially Atomized, Paranoid, Man-Hating, Feminist Utopia

CH · 16 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A man was in a Massachusetts park, holding a camera and taking a stroll. A woman got the vapors from this horrible sight, and called the cops to tell them there was a pedophile stalking children. SIX cops surrounded the man and questioned him for twenty minutes, before letting him go. He wrote an open letter to the fevered bitch who wanted to criminalize his existence.

> **Dear Neighbor,**
>
> Yesterday was a beautiful day, I think you will agree. I decided to take a short walk from my house on Hamilton Street to Dana Park, which I have been coming to almost daily since 1989, the year my son was born. As I often do, I brought my camera, sat on a bench for about 10 minutes, did one lap around the park and headed home.
>
> I had barely gotten across the street when three police cars pulled up: I was told to stop, and swiftly surrounded by six policemen. I was “detained” there for approximately 20 minutes and questioned; another officer returned to the park to find out why you had called them.
>
> My suspected crime, apparently, was having a camera in a public park, and allegedly taking pictures of children. As it turned out, I had taken no pictures that day. But I have been photographing in this neighborhood for 30 years, and have published a children’s book of poems and photographs, always with permission.
>
> The policeman returned and wanted to see my “flip phone,” and then asked me if I knew how he knew I had a flip phone: I didn’t. He knew, he told me, because the woman who called the police had taken a picture of ME, sitting on the bench, and shown him the picture. They then took away my phone, scrolled through the few pictures that were on it.
>
> They continued to hover around me asking questions. As it happened, I was standing near the house where my son now lives, and when my wife appeared, walking down the street after work, and saw me standing in front of his house with six policemen, she instantly feared something terrible had happened to our son. She was shaking, and I explained the situation. She is an English teacher at Cambridge Rindge and Latin School; I am a college professor of English. Our son spent much of the first 15 years of his life in Dana Park.
>
> You must be new in the neighborhood. I am often in the park, on foot or on a bike, talking to friends who have children who play in the playground. I know you were standing very near to me for the entire time I was on the bench, though I could not figure out why. Now I know: you were taking my picture.
>
> Suggestion: the next time you suspect someone is up to no good, perhaps you should say hello, speak to them first and, if still anxious, ask what they are taking pictures of. That’s what people do in a neighborhood park: talk to each other. This would save someone the humiliation and degradation of being stopped and held by the police, and might save the police from wasting their time when they could be doing something more useful, like managing the daily mayhem in Central Square.
>
> The fact that you now have my picture in your phone is both sadly ironic and, well, creepy. Could you please delete it?
>
> Your neighbor,
>
> **— David Updike, Hamilton Street**

I’m convinced Americans are currently living through a second Puritan age, and our witch burners are feminists, SJWs, antiracists, and TV talk show snarkmeisters.

Meanwhile, skulking Somalis stream into Maine and Minneapolis. Welcome to anarcho-tyranny. Jefferson wept.

***

Reader Tacitus James writes,

> Writing a reasonable letter to a hyper-alarmist egg layer? You might as well try to talk reason to the egg itself. No, the problem we have in our culture is closer to the police on up, especially the men. We are allowing this to happen by reacting submissively to the hyper-alarmist cries of the uteruti. Women will cry, accuse, lie, and manipulate — it is their nature. The movement, our movement, will reach it's apex when these unsubstantiated cries are met with the skepticism they deserve. The present authorities allow these injustices to happen. We allow these injustices to happen.The police, the law makers–when we finally succeed, they will be the object of our reprimands.

Don't take women seriously. Where have we heard that sterling advice before? **prepares to preen**

Trolling The Exploitative Women Of Friendzoned Betas

CH · 23 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A reader came up with an excellent idea: use reverse psychology (the old-fashioned term for trolling) against the women who exploit beta male chumps for money and emotional support without giving the betas any sex in return.

[image]

[image]

The concept is simple. Whenever you come across an attention whore on social media bragging to anyone who will listen about the asexual lump she keeps around as a “great friend” to “help raise her child (which is not his)”, you slyly imply, or directly state if that’s your style, that she and her beta toy “look like a great couple together!! ”

Attention Whoring Beta Exploiting Sociopath: “This is my best friend, Chodester McChode! He buys me stuff!”

Despicable You: “Aw you guys are so cute together! It’s obvious you two are in love.”

Attention Whoring Beta Exploiting Sociopath: “Whaaat? No, we’re not together….”

Despicable You: “Stop trying to be so modest. We get it, you have a real catch, and you don’t want to make your girl friends jealous.”

Attention Whoring Beta Exploiting Sociopath: “No, really… don’t get the wrong idea….. OMG I can’t belive you think that??!”

Despicable You: “Look at you playing coy. Come on, we can all see what a great match he is for you. You’re not going to do better honey!”

Etc, etc, insert shiv, etc. You can dial up the sadism as much as you like, and have fun while doing it. Bonus: I believe this will make a dent in America’s Attention Whoring Beta Exploiting Sociopath population. Or at least a dent in their willingness to humiliate their pet betas online to throngs of cackling cunts.

Hypertardy

CH · 24 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Remember that Downs Syndrome “model” from the Beta of the Month post?

Friendzoned by a tard. Does it get worse than that?

“We are just friends”

 She said it twice, for the nosebleeds.

As a reader put it, female hypergamy knows no bounds. Downygirl has a beta orbiter — a fellow tard — who looks like he was ready to hug her with the love of ten men. But, you know, she’s a “model”, and no ordinary provider Corky will do for her, even if he’s sporting a righteous clip-on tie.

I tell ya, a girl gets a taste of that sweet chromosomally correct manmeat, and she ain’t looking back!

Didya Ever Notice...

CH · 24 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

…that older Middle Eastern men all walk the same, with their hands clasped behind their backs, bent over a little at the waist, shuffling slowly, heads nodding theatrically to punctuate very important points in their conversations? They like to walk shoulder to shoulder in big groups, so they take up a lot of space on the sidewalk.

The Pushback: Two German Women

CH · 25 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I like the uploader's description of the video:

> As you can see, the scenery is clearly racist and problematic. You can see at least 9 Europeans there.
>
> This hate must end. We must all work together to make Germany a hate-free, multicultural country free of Germans.

This is the inevitable logic of anti-White leftoid equalism, unless leftoids want to argue that they will work to protect native White German interests if their share of the total population falls below some predefined number like, say, 30%. But then we're just arguing numbers, not morality, and once the leftoid goes there they have no tool left in their moral torture chamber to argue against a Germany that is 100% native German.

It all circles back to an inescapable truth:

This is what separate nations are for.

***

The Pushback, continued: Heather Mac Donald recently unloaded a full clip of Narrative-busting Realtalk™ on the assembled at a frickin' Senate hearing! The woman has balls.

Any member who was paying the least bit attention to her mass destruction knowledge droppage could not in good conscience leave that room and ever again mouth the lies of anti-White BlackLivesMatter propaganda. But I suppose that would presume US public servants have an ounce of personal integrity.

Let's Have A Talk About Uptalk?

CH · 25 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Occasionally, and getting less frequent all the time, I consult the radio/TV/print Hivemind media organs for the disinformation of the day. I don't know why I do this, except as an exercise in having my cynicism affirmed. Without fail, I'm subjected to the exquisite pain of a fagged up torrent of leftoid lies, war on women crap, and race creationism… every topic infused with the easy assumption that White men are the root of all evil, and delivered with the butt-clenched sanctimony that only a shitlib in the middle of a set of Kegels can summon.

Lately though, listening in on the enemy has become intolerable. I'm talking about the uptalk. It's outta control? I mean, everyone has to speak their sentences like a question now?

For instance, on a recent excursion to the freaky farm, in the span of fifteen minutes I had to endure hearing four women and two men uptalk NEARLY EVERY GODDAMN SENTENCE that poured out of their mouths. And once you pick up on the repetitive nature of this Millennial verbal tic, the sound quickly hits the ear like nails on chalkboard.

But it's not just Millennials. One woman had the gravelly voice of late middle age, and she uptalked as badly as the younger women. The men sounded like recent college grads, and while they didn't exhibit the degree of commitment to uptalking that the women did, (taking a break every so often to deliver a statement in the form of a statement), when they did uptalk it struck my nerves harder, so unused was I to hearing grown males speak like insecure preteen girls. Like, wow just wow?

I'm continually amazed at how faggy shitlib Americans are becoming, in speech, belief, and behavior. I wonder sometimes if they aren't a new developing species; a branch on the evolutionary tree hanging low with a load of fruit.

In theory, a little bit of uptalk should sound feminine coming from a woman, but in practice it just comes across whiny and passive-aggressive, as if the speaker is so thin-skinned she has to phrase everything as a question so that she can coerce the listener's head-nodding agreement. And, I suppose, if in a rare planetary alignment one of the un-vetted guests on these news shows were to actually challenge the uptalking shitlib on her faulty premise, she can mentally retreat to the ego-saving fake-out that she was only "questioning the received wisdom".

One Of The Most Powerful Female Attraction Triggers

CH · 26 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Any guesses what it might be?

Basement Gollum: “Muscles!”

Nope.

Basement Gollum: “Looks!”

Nope.

Basement Gollum: “Facial symmetry!”

Ah nope.

The answer is FEMALE PRESELECTION.

The game maestros are, yet again, correct in their worldview. ♂SCIENCE♂ clearly confirms the field observation that women are instantly and romantically curious about a man who is in the company of other women, especially if those women aren’t fat bluehair feminists.

> [Female preselection] solves a more important adaptive problem for females than for males—getting information about a potential partner. Because men are often initially concerned with the attractiveness of a partner, they can look at a female and instantly discern a fair bit of mate-relevant information. That’s often less the case for women. […]
>
> Back in the 1970s, a pair of researchers conducted an experiment to examine the importance of having a physically attractive partner. Participants evaluated men who were either the boyfriend of, or unassociated with, a female; and the female was either attractive, or unattractive. Of the four conditions, the men with an attractive girlfriend were evaluated the most favorably. The men with the unattractive girlfriend were evaluated the *least* favorably. This was taken as evidence of how the company you keep seems to be important. […]
>
> Because physical attractiveness is an important cue for female mate-value, the perceived quality of a man’s female partner can be determined to a large extent by how physically attractive she is. Due to positive assortative mating, this can have a bearing on a man’s *own* mate-value. Some studies have demonstrated that mate copying effects are stronger when the female partner of a man is physically attractive than if she is less attractive or perceived as unattractive. In some research I personally conducted, a man’s mate-value was elevated simply by having physically attractive female friends. […]
>
> Based on the research presented above, a man looking to romantically attract women might do well to surround himself with beautiful women. And if one (or all) of them behaves favorably toward him, all the better.

CH has discussed this topic many times, because it is important. You can fast track your seduction successes by rigging the game with a powerful attraction-building shortcut: the presence of an (attractive) woman to cue other women that you are a HSMV man.

But be careful. Being seen with an ugly fatty will actually hurt your attractiveness to other women more than being seen alone! The ideal set-up is one in which your female company is a young, cute girl who acts a little *too* vajcurious with you. (Btw, older men can greatly increase their close rate with younger women through the application of this principle.)

Of course, getting that first cute babe to join you on your nightly poon expeditions isn’t a small feat. But one you have her, successive cute babes become easier to score. It’s like the stock market; you’ve gotta find the money to

invest, but once you've got a steady return on investment you can let the magic of compound interest work and live off your dividends.

In the future, I will have a post about game specifically designed for ugly men (bottom 20% in physical appearance), and preselection will play a big part in the ugly man's ability to extend his dating market victories beyond a few one-off flukes.

How To Stand Like An Alpha Male God

CH · 26 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

"Mars and Venus", by Antonio Canova.

Dat contrapposto. The old timers knew how an alpha male should stand (and how a woman should look when she's ecstatically submitting to him).

Crucially, notice how Mars' chest faces outward (while Venus' entire body is devoted to him). His eyes pierce Venus' soul with divine love, but his torso belies a longing in his heart for conquests and glory that are apart from her. See also: CH Poon Commandment III.

***

Compare and contrast with modern Western art:

It’s the elevation of ugliness all the way down.

The Reason Women Initiate 70% Of Divorces

CH · 30 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Executive Summary: There's a tight link between female fertility and divorce.

Do women initiate the majority of divorces because men are innately "badder" than wives? Or, is it more likely something else which motivates wives — something intrinsic to the demands of their female desires — to push for marital dissolution at greater rates than husbands push for it?

CH has tackled the subject of female-initiated frivorce. It's good to revisit the topic for clarification, because there are a lot of people who still labor under delusions about the malign effects on society of the divorce industrial complex, and what exactly incentivizes wives to file for the majority of divorces.

> Feminists like to point to statistics that supposedly show that divorced women experience a fall in their standard of living as proof that wives are reluctantly initiating divorces to get out of marriages to ill-behaving husbands. There are two problems with this highly misleading statistic (assuming the stat is true in the sense it is being used):
>
> 1. The presumption that women are thinking through the long-term and less tangible financial consequences of divorce when the short-term and more tangible incentives are all in the woman's favor.
>
> A woman who knows she will get half, the house, and custody with child support thinks she will hit the jackpot in the event of divorce, because those rewards are immediate and tangible. She won't be as likely to think through the prospect of diminished career potential or sexual market value. Incentives matter in human behavior, and front-loaded incentives matter more than downstream disincentives.
>
> 2. The drop in a divorced woman's standard of living, if true, is likely based on a faulty comparison with her standard of living while she was married. The better and more relevant comparison is between the standard of living of a divorced woman and her life as a single woman before she got married. Do divorced women live better than they did as single women BEFORE they got married? That is the useful metric which will shed light on whether divorce really is a bad economic decision for women.

Regarding the supposed post-divorce drop in women's standard of living, WPrice added:

> I tend to reject the statistic, because it usually refers to a feminist study from the 1980s (when academic feminism had carte blanche to make things up). However, it's true that a woman's income often looks low on paper following divorce. This is because child support, child tax credits, EIC, property transferred to woman from ex-husband and other benefits are not counted as income. In the meanwhile, it looks like a man's expenses have gone down, because he no longer gets to claim these expenses on his tax returns. The truth, however, is that she gets all of the supposed increase in his living standard and then some directly in her pocket. The statistic is so deliberately dishonest that it ought to be called what it is: a lie.
>
> Divorce is deliberately set up to ensure that women lose as little as possible when leaving their marriage for whatever reason. Men, of course, are punished no matter what the reason.

The reason our laws, and in particular divorce laws, are biased in favor of women, has to do with the human psychological underpinnings that emerge from the Fundamental Premise.

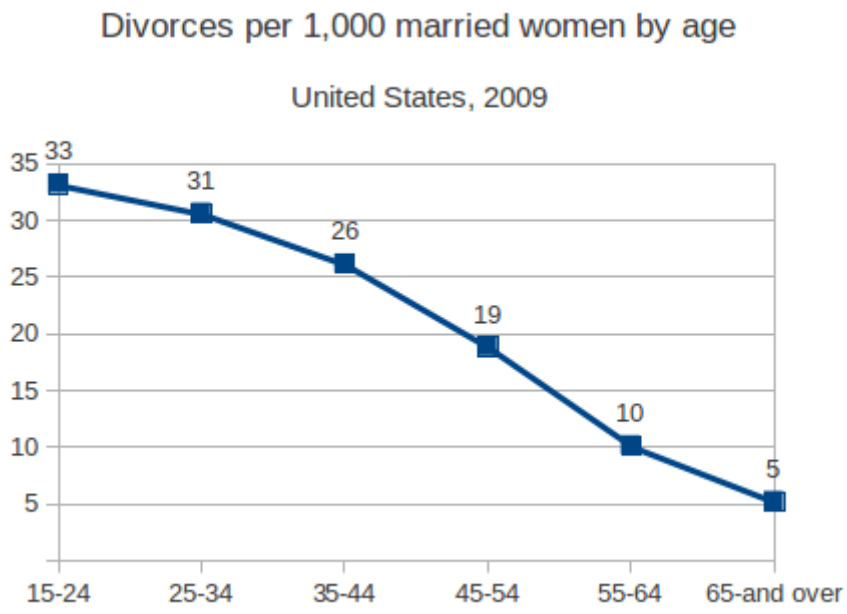
The divorce rate skyrocketed right after no-fault divorce was passed in CA in 1969, followed by most other states. It has since declined from its mid-1970s high and leveled off (but still nowhere its historical lows in the US pre-1969), so whatever shock to the marital system no-fault divorce instigated seemed to have worked itself out by the 1980s.

CH is fond of the Diversity + Proximity = War equation, but there's another one we love just as much for its pithy descriptive power:

Options = Instability.

A young woman in her nubile prime has more romantic options than a same-age young man. This makes commitment at that age inherently unstable (especially for naive beta males). The formula reverses for men, who experience a rise in romantic options as they get older and gain social and financial status, (and given that men of all ages are attracted to female youth and beauty, there would be incentives for an older husband to trade his status for a younger second wife).

Theoretically, then, we should find that female-initiated divorce is mostly by YOUNG wives, and male-initiated divorce by OLDER husbands. And that is pretty much the case… but for the former only.



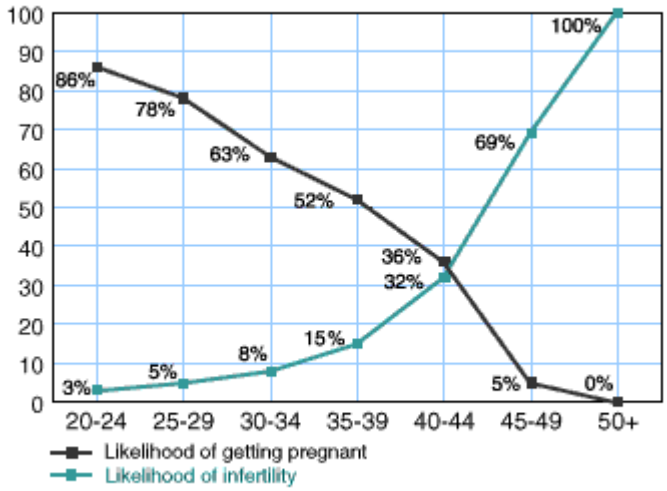
From Dalrock:

> As I've shared previously the data shows divorce rates are highest when the wife is young and has the incentive to commit divorce theft, and lowest when the wife is older and the husband has the incentive to commit divorce theft. Divorce is actually *least likely* when conventional wisdom suggests it occurs most, when the wife is older and the husband has the opportunity to dump her for a younger woman.

On the surface, this result is strange. But thinking about it, I can tell you why the divorce rate doesn't follow a symmetrical "U-curve" that reflects older husbands "trading up" for younger second wives: men, unlike women, are simply more comfortable keeping two lovers simultaneously. Husbands don't have a problem screwing a mistress and coming home to a doting wife. Wives DO have a problem screwing around and maintaining a happy facade with their cucked beta hubbies.

In short, men have a harem mentality. Women don't.

One glaring correlation that emerges when examining divorce trends is that the divorce rate mirrors women's likelihood of getting pregnant (aka how fertile she is, aka how hot she is).



The divorce rate and the female fertility rate, if superimposed, are practically IDENTICAL. Divorce is, to a great degree, a function of a woman's sexual desirability and her options in the sexual market. The more romantic attention from desirable men a young wife can command, the more unstable her marriage.

If stable marriages are a noble societal goal, then encouraging later marriages would work to lower the divorce rate. But, this strategy also works to lower the marital fertility rate, as older mothers have fewer children than younger mothers. Plus, beta males with rising SMV (sexual market value) don't much like marrying road worn and put away hard women in their 30s, and they won't if they don't have to.

A better social strategy would be to instruct young men in the ways of seducing women — both premaritally and maritally — so that they can better tame and redirect their young wives' hypergamous compulsions to themselves and away from alpha male interlopers. Still another possibility is pairing off younger wives with older husbands, for a balanced SMV match. Or, removing the disincentives to stay married that have become part of divorce and family laws.

(FYI, women will always receive the bulk of child support, and child custody, because women are naturally disposed to the task of child-rearing in a way that men aren't. Most men don't much like the drudgery of child-raising, but for that minority of ex-husbands and fathers who crave the joys of being a full-time dad, the family court system should be reformed to better sympathize with their needs.)

Bottom line: If divorce laws are grossly unfair to either sex, they need to be changed. Lamely indulging in "life is unfair" white knightism posturing is no excuse for accepting the continuance of bad laws. (Perspective: "racial quotas are wrong." "life is unfair." See how that doesn't work?)

“Your daughter will marry a bearded man”

CH · 2 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The Muslim invader smells weakness and fear in the enemy. He is aroused in his confidence, and reveals his id monster in all its primal glory.

Germans, and GoodWhite equalist leftoids in general, have no one to blame but themselves for their autogenocide. The occupiers they have let in are just doing what occupiers do when no native sons will put them under the boot. Will the White man find his heart again? Or has the rot reached the bone? The answer to this question will determine the shape of the 21st Century.

Thousand-Cuck Stare

CH · 2 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

We're all familiar with the thousand-cock stare — the glazed, unfocused, hollow eyes of a broken slut in the grips of a delirium from having taken a few too many rides on the cock carousel.

There's a male analogue to the thousand-cock stare:

This is the thousand-cuck stare, the tormented look of a man in the friendzone trying desperately to hide his pain from the world. His suffering is exquisite; always within sniffing distance of prime poosy but who may as well be twelve parsecs from ever reaching vaghalla. He is cucked by: a jerk boyfriend, a mandingo lover, his own futility, the cosmic overlord. Another man has what he wants, but the poor bastard doesn't even have the dignity or good sense to stop being a party to his humiliation. Instead of admitting failure, he'll pretend as if his blue balls are a badge of honor and his sexless circumstance is his free choice.

But his eyes will belie the massive backlog of sperm in his aching testes. If you see a man with the thousand-cuck stare, be on guard. There's no telling when he might snap, like John Boehner remembering his mudsharking daughter and what his grandkids will look like.

Deprogramming Note: A Word About CH Patron Shiv Michel Houellebecq

CH · 3 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

S.S. wrote a review of Michel Houellebecq's latest novel, *Submission*. Le Chateau was kindly linked in the review. I'd like to issue a small correction. Michel Houellebecq wasn't so much a "major influence" on this 'umble reatalk retreat as he was a kindred spirit. The Houellebecqian and Heartistian worldviews happened to align and that is why he was granted shivhood by this blog, but in point of fact CH wasn't aware of Houellebecq's oeuvre until late in the game, long after similar themes (and coy conclusions) were explored here.

CH themes and observations were culled primarily from the field; if those T&Os resemble Houellebecq's sharp scrawls, then that is evidence Houellebecq knows of what he writes.

A quibbling quibble. Houellebecq, along with Tom Wolfe, are the greatest novelists of our age and, not coincidentally, they are also alt-right, neodark, reactoshivvian crimethinkers and sexual market surveyors of unparalleled keen perception.

The Left's causes are exhausted, and their art reflects that. The Right's causes have only just gathered strength, and their art is ascendant. Rebellion has always been a friend to expression.

A Knock-On Benefit Of Ending The Friendzone Industrial Complex

CH · 3 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

We share a hearty chuckle over the avoidable miseries of friendzoned beta males, but there are dead serious implications should the practice ever fall out of favor or get deprived of its seemingly endless source stream of dupes, chodes, and tools.

The fewer beta orbiters willing or available to provide sexless emotional and financial support to dual-mate strategizing ("alpha fux, beta bux") girls, the more pressure is applied to the alpha male lovers of those girls to assume the "beta bux" relationship responsibilities abjured by the former friendzoned betas.

In theory, this gutting of the friendzone industrial complex should result in three dating market adjustments:

– Girls choosing less conspicuously caddish jerks as lovers. Men who can't or won't offer any relationship dependability will have a harder time "locking in" girlfriends for the long haul.

– Girls becoming less disposed to take beta male attention for granted. This will mean that when betas do show romantic interest, they won't immediately get stuffed into the LJBF hugbox.

– Girls experiencing more difficulty advertising-by-beta orbiter proxy their "no muss no fuss" sexual accessibility to roving alphas. As shartiste explains,

> I'm growing more fond of my theory that girls use friend-zoned guys as signals to draw in low-investment alphas. Call it the Conspicuous Cuck Strategy. Look at her, framing him as a prop while she eye-fucks the camera and displays cleavage for any alpha onlooker. Come and get it, I know you'll fuck and run but the cucks all ready!
>
> I no longer hookup with attached girls, but I did a few times in less discriminating days. The girls ALWAYS talked about their bf/husband in the most beta terms possible, even though reality was probably a bit more shade of grey. They'd talk him down so hard and pitifully, not for any illusion that she'd dump him or I'd whisk her away, but it seemed more to signal just how bad she needed an alpha fuck, and simultaneously assure there'd be no reprisal. This is "flirting" to them. Its kinda disgusting, honestly.

It takes two to tango, and the female exploiting the asexual provisioning of the cuck is just as complicit as the cuck accepting his role and enabling the girl's dual mate strategy. In this analysis, the girl is more malevolent, but the cuck is more contemptible.

Nevertheless, I don't think girls are using beta orbiters as dinner bells for fly by night alphas. Not consciously, at least. It's more reasonable to interpret a woman's motivation to establish and sustain friendzoned eunuchs as exactly what it is: a status display to other women, and a practical consideration to "cover all her bases". One can easily imagine a reproductive advantage in the EEA to women who gathered the resources of both sexual and asexual admirers.

Ideally, women want the cad and the dad in the same über alpha male; and women with very high SMV can pull off this coup. But for the majority of women who can't, acquiring an entourage of harmless castrati isn't without its twisted appeal. Think about how much the friendzoned beta orbiter offers women:

therapy.
extreme listening skills.
cashmoney.
endless ego-boosting flattery (without demanding reciprocation).
and, perhaps most crucially, a white knight perimeter defense against hopeful betas (and conversely a character-testing gauntlet for aggressive alphas).

So in theory reducing the frequency of friendzoning in the dating market should redound to the benefit of beta males and the detriment of alpha males.

But theory often gets abused trying to make sense of female sexuality. In practice, as the supply of beta male emotional tampons shrinks, what I think likelier to happen is that the alpha cads remain objects of female desire, but girls will have to find alternate outlets to absorb their bitching and moaning about their jerky boyfriends, which could mean girl friends and family. Hearteningly, or maddeningly depending on your degree of cynicism, it could also mean girls “amp up” their sexual coquettishness around beta males to secure the same amount of harmless male attention they used to get for less effort (and for less risk of misconstrual).

On balance, it’s a good thing to reduce the incidence of friendzoning, even if it means more lesser betas wind up alone with their dignity, instead of alone with a cute girl tormenting them with her unattainable nearness. If betas are unwilling to prostrate themselves to self-aggrandizing girls who will never put out for them, there might follow a morale boost and an impetus to learn and acquire the whole panoply of masculine traits that coaxes from girls the kind of hugs that really matter: post-orgasmic leg hugs.

And, not to put too fine a point on it, girls deprived of pushover eunuchs might start to view those betas in a more sex-positive light.

Poor White Americans Down, Diversity™ Up, Wage Gutting Up, Obesity Up, Anti-White Elite Up

CH · 4 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Poor, middle-aged White Americans are dropping like flies. Their death rate "increased by 134 deaths per 100,000 people from 1999 to 2014." The primary causes of the mortality increase for this group of maligned Americans are suicide, alcohol poisoning, and drug overdoses from painkillers. Environmental shocks.

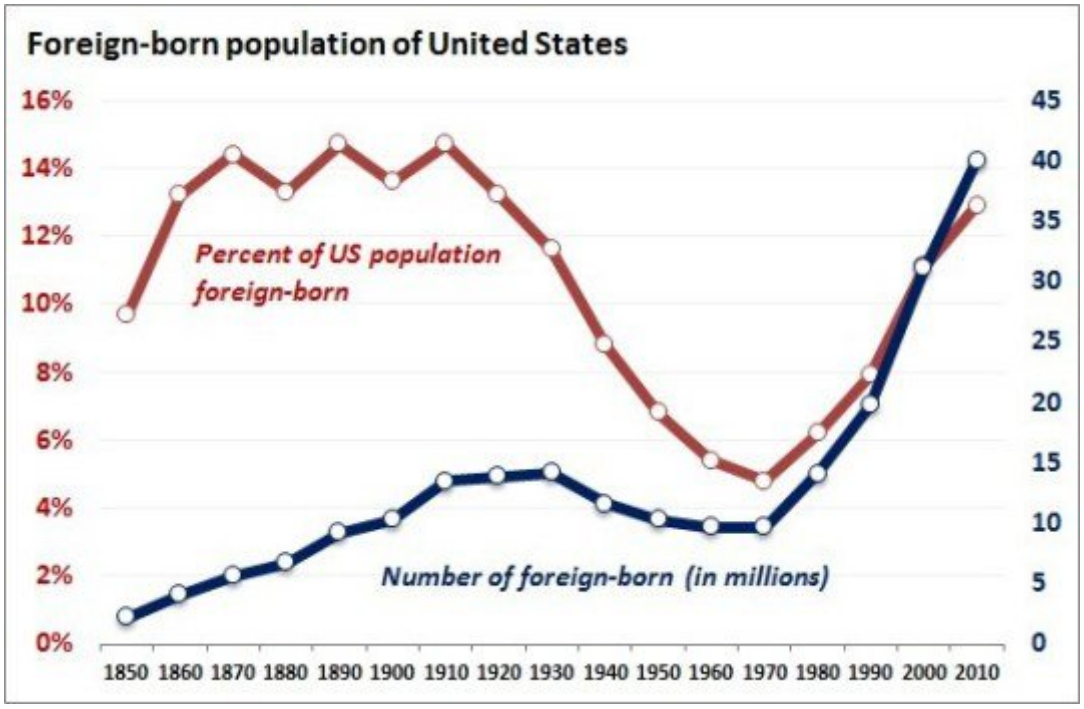
Think about the ingredients of a happy life:

Family — destroyed by welfare, feminism, gogrrl careerism, obesity, and sinking earnings for working class men.
Community — destroyed by population density and Diversity™.
Work — destroyed by open borders, automation, and oligarchic greed.
Faith — destroyed by SCALE-induced materialism and *noblesse malice*.

The working poor and less-educated need these four pillars, perhaps more than effete SWPLs do, to feel like their lives have purpose. Instead, malignant elements in our ruling class have done everything in their power to knock those pillars over and smash them to dust.

I'd like to suggest other reasons for the suicidal ideation of underprivileged White Americans:

– Middle-aged Whites were born during a time when America was still predominantly White and native. Over their lifetimes they have witnessed the country turned over to brown world hordes. They are the only generation to have spent their formative years enjoying Peak White America and their productive adult years suffering the insults and antagonisms of Post-White America. They therefore have a dispiriting perspective other generations lack (or, in the case of the elderly, lack the ready memories from which to draw comparisons).



– White Americans have lost the protection and loyalty of their government. When your government stops "having your back" and treats you simultaneously like a sponge to be soaked for gibsmedats and an evil blight hindering social justice, you tend to feel like a stranger in your homeland.

– Obesity is driving men to suicide and drugs. Not directly; through their fat wives. Men's romantic desires are visually centered. It is cruel to mock men for this biological reality and to expect them to "man up" when their

wives get fat and unattractive. Obesity is rampant among the lower classes and White men stuck in these larded-up marriages have to feel desperately alone with their repudiated desires.

I would only warn the Lords of Lies that if White men drop out, figuratively or literally, there won't be anyone left to squeeze for the Danegeld.

Stereotype Accuracy Is One Of The Most Robust Social Science Findings

CH · 5 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

CH is fond of asserting that stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air. They usually have a kernel of truth. The intent of stating this bleedingly obvious fact is to drive equalist, race creationist leftoids insane in the membrane. But, perhaps the truth embodied in common man stereotypes is more than a kernel.

> There are many different ways to test for the accuracy of stereotypes, because there are many different types or aspects of accuracy. However, one type is quite simple — the correspondence of stereotype beliefs with criteria. If I believe 60% of adult women are over 5′ 4″ tall, and 56% voted for the Democrat in the last Presidential election, and that 35% of all adult women have college degrees, how well do my beliefs correspond to the actual probabilities? One can do this sort of thing for many different types of groups.
>
> And lots of scientists have. And you know what they found? That stereotype accuracy — the correspondence of stereotype beliefs with criteria — is one of the largest relationships in all of social psychology. The correlations of stereotypes with criteria range from .4 to over .9, and average almost .8 for cultural stereotypes (the correlation of beliefs that are widely shared with criteria) and.5 for personal stereotypes (the correlation of one individual's stereotypes with criteria, averaged over lots of individuals). The average effect in social psychology is about .20. Stereotypes are more valid than most social psychological hypotheses.

Generalizations about groups of people are useful because they are short cuts to evaluating another group's values and predicting their behaviors in a variety of social contexts. Generalizations, aka stereotypes aka your lying eyes, work because they are more often right than wrong. There are big social (and reproductive) advantages to the person who is comfortable stereotyping ethnies, races, and sexes, not least of which is the ability to tailor one's trust response according to the likelihood that a member of a different group shares one's values, or will behave similar to oneself given the operative environmental cues.

As for the relevance of stereotyping to Game, if you enter the dating market believing that every woman is a unique snowflake (as opposed to feigning this belief with the purpose of moving a seduction forward), you will encounter a lot of failure from your inability to accurately gauge how women will respond to your romantic efforts. Learning from your mistakes becomes impossible if you refuse to notice patterns. There's no faster route to incel than to go on believing that any one woman's bad reaction to your beta supplication predicts nothing about how other women will react.

> Which raises a question: Why do so many psychologists emphasize stereotype *inaccuracy* when the evidence so clearly provides evidence of such high accuracy? Why is there this Extraordinary Scientific Delusion?
>
> There may be many explanations, but one that fits well is the leftward lean of most psychologists.

Color me shocked. Soft science field filled to the rafters with delusional shitlibs churns out slanted studies and deceptive interpretations of findings that validate their fragile cuckbaya egos.

> And when something happens where they can't avoid looking at [unpalatable findings], they have denigrated its importance. Which is, in some ways, very amusing — if, after 100 years of proclaiming the inaccuracy of stereotypes to the world, can we really just say "Never mind, it's not that important" after the evidence comes in showing that stereotype accuracy is one of the largest relationships in all of social psychology?

Can zero-integrity shitlibs really just utterly contradict themselves without a second thought? Does a fat feminist simultaneously claim fat is beautiful and beauty is in the eye of the beholder?

Sweeps Week: 2015 Punchable Shitlib Face Tournament: First Round Winners

CH · 10 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The polls for most punchable shitlib face of 2015 are closed. We have our winners who will advance to the semifinals.

In what some are calling an upset akin to Buster Douglas-Mike Tyson, **Matty "Polar Bear" Yglesias** edged out [insert double entendre here] Ezra "Null Entity of Nepotism" Klein in Bout 1.

Bout 2: **Dylan Matthews** doubled Alex Pareene's vote total. Matthews' mug inspires twice as many knuckle sandwiches as Pareene's.

Bout 3: John Scalzied will be overjoyed that **Pajamaboy** routed him for backpfeifengesicht honors. No doubt Scalzied was dreading his preteen daughter, who can bench press more than him, impulsively clocking him right in the kisser if he had won.

Bout 4: **Lindsey Graham** didn't need BACKROOM shenanigans to easily defeat Devin Faraci. (Though it looks like the two of them would've loved backroom play together.)

SEMIFINALS MATCH-UPS

Matty Yglesias vs Dylan Matthews

Pajamaboy vs Lindsey Graham

Geeeeeeeet ready to rumble!

Suicidally Stupid Shitlibs

CH · 11 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The streams of leftoid memes are beginning to cross. One minute, shitlibs are crowing about normal people "fearing Syrian refugees who are widows and orphans", the next they're calling Trump a fascist and letting the world know how scared they are of the Rise of His Excellency.

Now that Trump has opened the Overton Window wider than a cuckservative's anus by promising to close the borders to Muslim immigration until further notice (never), the shitlib circus has rolled into town and pulled out the stops. For instance, here's The Economist's latest cover:

Call me crazy, but shooting innocent people in learning disability centers and concert halls falls more squarely in the realm of "playing with fear". And what Trump proposes – keeping out the sort of people prone to playing with fear – is the exact opposite: a practical solution to reduce fearfulness.

But that's the thing with suicidally stupid shitlibs claiming with their last breaths to love the idea of importing the third world while paying top dollar to live in gentrified neighborhoods bereft of all their totemic muddy imports: they have to abuse language and deny the meaning of words to get any moral traction with their fellow self-righteousness whores. If they spoke plainly, they wouldn't be able to hold the positions they do without appearing utterly insane. (they are, regardless)

The shitlib insists closing the borders to groups of people whose culture and race are alien to Western Civ is a sign of fear, when the non-shitlib knows in his gut it's common sense. It isn't brave to stand in the path of a speeding train; it's suicidally stupid. And it isn't fearful to avoid unnecessary entanglements with hot-headed, ingrate foreigners; it's prudent.

So for the typical language-mangling shitlib, "prudence" becomes "fear", and "suicidal stupidity" becomes "nuance", "tolerance", or "love".

Related: IT'S HAPPENING.

Moments Of Beta

CH · 11 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A handsome couple – she: tall, easy on the eyes, he: older, shitlord face – walked by me and I overheard the following:

Her: “You’re always questioning what I do.”

Him: “No, I don’t do that…blah blah”

He trailed off, but I heard enough to know that this man was a paper alpha, hidden beta.

Simple little beta male tells like that say so much. He got defensive. He fell into her frame. He made excuses/apologized for his behavior, with a very predictable reactive wince.

There are so many ways this man could’ve replied that projected an aura of irresistible charisma. It’s not that hard to be the alpha male women love. All you have to do is THINK DIFFERENT. Get out of that obsequious mental space where all that matters is appeasing your woman and “making it all right”. For instance,

Her: “You’re always questioning what I do.”

Him: “YUP. Someone’s gotta run a tight ship in this relationship.”

Does the right phrasing elude you? Never mind! It’s your head space that you need a handle on. In my example, the man does NOT get defensive (if anything, he gets OFFENSIVE), he does NOT fall into the woman’s frame (he makes his own frame), and he does NOT make excuses or walk back his impertinence (he instead implies she’s to blame for her complaints).

When you have the right head space, the right words will flow like a river. As will the poosy tingles.

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themanofmystery2 asks,

> CH, how do you feel about the disdainful “are you fucking kidding me?” glance with no words followed by a conversation started with someone else? Alpha for not falling into frame and making her feel inferior to your power, or beta for letting her get away with her snippy bullshit?

You mean the man responds this way, right? (It wasn’t entirely clear.) Anyhow, this is nasty shit. I’ve seen girls do this sort of thing and it’s such a bitch move. Imo, if for use by a man, this is over the top for all but the most demanding scenarios (i.e., your dignity as a man is on the line). It also carries the whiff of butthurtness/spite/snottiness, which is why it’s more common to see women doing it. (das misogyniss!)

If a woman is snippy with you, remember the clarion call of the alpha male: amused mastery. If she’s snippy with you ALL THE TIME, then you’ve got bigger issues than a nimble tongue can solve. Such a woman was lost to love long before her current imbroglio with you.

Sweeps Week: Discourse On The Psychology Of Mudsharks

CH · 14 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Mudsharks. Coal burners. Smoke jumpers. Daughters of Single Moms. Perhaps you know them as open-minded progressives. Normal people who don't get a thrill up their legs signaling their antiracism righteousness know them as trash with daddy issues and destroyers of thousands of years of genetic legacy that produced the pinnacle in human aesthetics.

There are, by Heartistian analysis, three kinds of mudsharks.

The Fatty

Upwards of 80% of white women who date black men are low class, all trash fatties who couldn't get White men and had to settle for a dindu. This is fact, and it is backed up by more than idle observation. See here, for instance.

In a way, this commingling of the dregs at the bottom of the American dating market would accrue beneficially to White society (or what's left of it) if mudsharks had a below replacement-level fertility. Black men appear to have a much higher tolerance for riding rolls of blubber, especially if the blubber is an alabaster hue. Fat white women get their dusky dick (although they feel horrible about it afterwards, even though they will never admit to this feeling). And the White race expunges its least genetically fit members from the reproductive pool, ensuring water quality remains crystal clear and free of high mutation loads.

Fat white women, just like their slender sisters, would, of course, prefer the love of White men. But they are unwanted by White men with anything on the ball, and for some White fatties, slumming it out-of-race beats involuntary solitude. The psychology of the Fatty Mudshark is therefore a simple one: Burn the coal, or suffer alone. Later, she'll pay the toll, but the fatty isn't exactly known for her forward-thinking ability.

The fatty, naturally, will rationalize her mudsharking as her choice, and will couch her blatant rationalization in terms she thinks will incite the maximum discomfort in the White men she can't get, (e.g., "I got me a STUD", "SO good to finally get fucked by a BIG DICK", "Once you go black you don't go back", etc.) but which will in fact only incite further pity and sadistic mockery from White men.

The Zookeeper

5% of mudsharks are zookeepers. The zookeeper is a thrill-seeker and a control freaker. She gets a dopamine rush from taming the menacing masculine mandingo. (His masculine menace could be real, or an exaggerated perception conditioned by relentless cultural propaganda.) I've seen these types of white women lead their black lovers around by the nose, sometimes barking orders like a drill sergeant, training them as if they were a dangerous dog needing domestication. The black boyfriend obeys, but always with a dissolute air of "I could cut this bitch" as he carries out her instructions.

This type of girl will go for the darkest, largest and most simian-looking of dindus, to maximize the menace he projects and the satisfaction she gets being able to transport a human violence payload around like she was piloting a B1 bomber. The Zookeeper doesn't fit as clear-cut a pattern for her genus: she can be a thin, manjawed lawyercunt-type living large and in charge in the city, or a white trash fatty with a nasty personality, or a miscegenation true-believer neohippie who makes beaded jewelry.

Zookeepers may be born that way, but I believe many turn to the dark side after discouraging experiences dating pushover White betas whom they assumed would hold up under the pressure of their ridiculous expectations. These women are not very feminine, (even if they are bangable), so they couldn't extract LTRs from the take-no-shit alpha White men with options they really want. The black guy then substitutes in the role of the leashed beast for the Zookeeper.

The F YOU DAD Brat

You can sum up the psychology of this category of mudshark with two sentences:

“My daddy was never around.”

And/or,

“Show me on the doll where your stepdad touched you.”

The F YOU DAD Brat is about 15% of the total mudshark population, yet their existence compels an out-sized apprehension in SWPL culture, because it is this mudshark species who swims among the White limp-wrist hipster betas struggling to get laid without resorting to the waifu fallback. She is almost always a petite, cute, tatted-up skank with odd piercings and colored hair. She is usually thin, sometimes chubby, never too fat or homely to write off as dead weight loss to the White race. Therefore, her race cuck transgression hits White hipster dudes a lot harder than would the same from a trailer park fatty or a grating, six foot tall lawyercunt.

Adding to the SWPL hipster dude angst is the fact that in a lot of cases, the kind of black guy the F YOU DAD Brat dates is the complete opposite of them: loping orcs with under-70 IQs belched from the deepest pit of the ghetto. The SWPL hipster dude with the weak shitlib jawline and watery bambi eyes experiences a powerful blow to his self-confidence when he sees the cute hipsterettes he feels are his birthright getting into the mud with monsters who populate his worst nightmares.

Maybe even worse for the SWPL man’s sense of self-worth are the mudsharking pixies who date blacks closer to the fey president butt naked mold than to the Anferqueevius Heagoodboi mold. When he sees a couple like that, he thinks to himself, “she wants a guy just like me in personality and social assimilation, but with the SWPL cred that comes with dating a black guy.” The waifu option starts to look better and better.

Most F YOU DAD Brats will grow out of their neurotic compulsion to get back at their emotionally absent or psychologically weak white beta fathers through the weaponized psy ops of black boyfriends, but some will stick it out to the mudshark monocle end. The white girls who leave that mudshark life behind should know that they are forever tainted by their past indiscretions, and any White beta male who feels impotent enough to settle for her after she has passed her prime nubility years will secretly resent any black dick that soiled her, and this private spite will manifest in various behaviors that gnaw at and sour the relationship.

***

There is one other class of white women who date blacks, but they are so few in number that it’s fine to dismiss them as anything but a curio. These are the hottie white women who date truly accomplished, wealthy, or famous blacks (as you know, this is an extremely niche market with low supplies). They are more interesting as real world evidence of what kind of women black men with nearly unlimited sexual market options choose for long-term partners.

***

Most mudshark relationships have very limited shelf lives, pursued as they are by white women for Freudian ego assuaging reasons that fall apart once the reality of mudsharking hits them… square in the eye. But it should be noted that a tiny percentage are legitimately loving and stable relationships; these odds-defying exceptions are invariably pairings between chubby, shy white women and mulattoes with decent jobs, academic credentials, and temperaments more aligned with White behavioral norms than with black behavioral norms.

***

An important coda to this post: Readers will doubtless ask, “Is mudsharking on the rise?”

Factually, I don’t know. (Census Bureau data show that mixed-race couple have increased in number 28% over the past decade.) Anecdotally, it’s definitely my impression than in the past few years I’ve seen more white woman-black man couples, and this isn’t simply a result of an increased awareness on my part of the social phenomenon. So apparently, runaway Diversity™ and the media miscegenation propaganda that goes along with it are having an

effect on the delicate psyches of White women.

However, mudsharking, in absolute terms, is still a small percentage of total romantic couplings, and there is strongly suggestive evidence that it will remain so for the foreseeable future. The vast majority of White women continue to have a powerful romantic preference for White men, so it's still safe to say that mudsharks are not the norm and are accurately assessed as damaged goods with mental and emotional stability issues.

PS I'm also noticing more WM-BF couples (though not as many as there are WF-BM couples), so maybe the race mixing propaganda really is starting to stick in the heads of more impressionable whites, or of whites more susceptible to the ego rewards from status whoring for multikult shitlib points. Or maybe the American sexual market is experiencing a paradigm shift that is creating more opportunities, or need, for mudsharking and oil drilling.

Forked Tongue, Meet Snow Job

CH · 14 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Staunch promoter of multiculturalism for Australia, says multiculturalism is bad for Israel

Isi Leiber on Australia: **"There is a need to sit together and establish a way in which Australians can recapture that spirit of multiculturalism which I think we are all proud being part and parcel of."**

Isi Leibler on Israel: **"Multiculturalism has no place in Israel."**

Isi Leiber is an internationally known Jewish leader and former chairman of the board of directors of the World Jewish Congress and the former leader of the Executive Council of Australian Jewry. He was major proponent of multiculturalism, open borders, and cultural Marxism in Australia. He moved to Israel in 1999 and still advocates multiculturalism for Australia while advocating nationalism and homogeneity in Israel at the same time.

In 2012 he wrote this article explicitly praising the decline of Australia homogeneity. He gloats that Australia is no longer "exclusively white and primarily of British origin." Leiber praises the downfall of the "racist exclusionary" White Australia Policy.

Isi Leibler loves multiculturalism. Except he also *really* hates it.

However, Leiber is now living in Israel and showing shocking hypocrisy. He writes article for the Jerusalem Post about the horrors of multiculturalism in Israel. He recently wrote in the Jerusalem Post that "this is a country which was set up and created as a Jewish country for the Jews." Leiber has also stated "multiculturalism has no place in Israel."

Isi's wife Naomi is the president of Emunah, a Jewish women's organization. She says that "assimilation and intermarriage" are the "greatest threats to world Jewry."

"Heads I win, tails you lose." Rarely are the machinations of subversion so conspicuously visible.

Donald Trump (+8) Republican Debate

CH · 15 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Discuss.

***

Commenter shartiste explains why ¡Jabe!, and by extension the entire GOP establishment, deserve all the shivs they get.

> Jeb is so beta that you want to feel bad for him, but then you realize he wants your grandchildren to be brown, your cousins to die in the Middle East, your sweat to pay global profiteers, and your wife to be in charge of you.
>
> He deserves every bit of shame and embarrassment he feels and its still not enough. Trump is not just alpha, he is doing God's work by destroying cucks like Jeb.

I like Trump as much for who he is and for what he says, as for how much he pisses off all the right cucks.

Sweeps Week: 2015 Punchable Shitlib Face Tournament Semifinals

CH · 15 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

We're back for the 2015 punchable shitlib face semifinals!

Bout 1: Matty "Yce Yce Baby" Yglesias vs Dylan "I'm hiding a buttplug" Matthews

Don't be surprised if your hand reflexively curls into a fist looking at Yglesias. And multiple viewings which could conceivably inure you to his smug doughboy plushness don't seem to lessen the urge (more like amplifies it).

"Trouty Mouth".

******

Bout 2: Pajamaboy vs Lindsey Graham

Keep in mind, president buttsecks and his staff thought this milquetoast clad in jammies sipping from a hot mug of cocoa was a good representative to sell their healthcare boondoggle.

“Phew, do you smell that?! Oh, teehee, it was me!” Peter Pan, meet yourself in fifty years.

******

Stop the lugenpresses! We have a last-minute punchable shitlib face addition to the cards! He’s a former heavyweight champion of punchability, and a million Buzzfeed fans demanded his inclusion, so the winner of the Yglesias vs Matthews match will advance to a bonus bout against

McKay Coppins.

my hand… curling into a fist……. cannot stop it…….. cannot……. *SWING*…….
CRACK…….ahhhhhhhhhh

McKay Coppins, for those who really must know the bios of our nation’s listicle artisans, is an ur-shitlib who lies for Buzzfeed. His mug is making the rounds because he was at a recent Trump rally and claimed to have overheard someone yell “Light the motherfucker on fire!” to a protestor; “someone” likely meaning him, a left wing plant.

Look at that doughy concave croissant Coppins sports for a face. It's easy to picture him screeching "light the motherfucker on fire" in a faggy tone with a barely-concealed smirk as he thinks of all the good copy this will generate for his online bathhouse.

Study: Evolved Defense Mechanisms Against Mudsharking

CH · 16 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Why do women, particularly White women, have an instinctual racial bias against dating outside their race? Common sense tells us that a woman thinks with her hindbrain when choosing a mate, and one subconscious calculation she runs is how much her potential children with any man will resemble her. People, believe it or not, prefer to bear and raise children who look similar to themselves.

Now a study has uncovered that there is a biological basis for women's racial bias against miscegenation. (h/t Dick Whitman)

> Although a considerable body of research explores alterations in women's mating-relevant preferences across the menstrual cycle, investigators have yet to examine the potential for the menstrual cycle to influence intergroup attitudes. We examined the effects of changes in conception risk across the menstrual cycle on intergroup bias and found that increased conception risk was positively associated with several measures of race bias. This association was particularly strong when perceived vulnerability to sexual coercion was high. Our findings highlight the potential for hypotheses informed by an evolutionary perspective to generate new knowledge about current social problems—an avenue that may lead to new predictions in the study of intergroup relations.

When women are at their most fertile, they are especially racist against outgroup men. Ovulation means Othering. (Would love to see this study controlled for race of woman, too. I bet ovulating White women are the most racist.)

It's almost as if Nature doesn't much care for the supposed benefits of "hybrid vigor" and prefers that kind mates with kind.

***

Wrong Side of History writes,

> Wonder how much of a role birth control has played in the rise of mudsharking?

Good question! I bet it has played a role. Birth control coupled with relentless antiWhite cultural propaganda are possibly responsible for a YUUGE part of that 28% rise in interracial perversions. BC shuts down women's ovulation, perhaps robbing them of their innate ability to discriminate in favor of men from their own race.

***

betamaxx oh-so-innocently asks,

> But its not bad if she's been with 20 white guys?

False premise. (For those new to the logic fallacy universe of devious haters/trolls, the false premise fallacy is often deployed by feminists and dindus, as these two groups seem to be the most certain that their shucking and jiving will go unnoticed by their betters.)

No one claimed it's great if a White woman has slept with 20 White MEN, but there are levels of badness. The proper question to ask is whether 20 White cocks is not as bad, as bad, or worse than 1 black cock.

Commenter -A answers betamaxx,

> Never has one been so transparent with their handle. No, when one must choose between twenty White men and nineteen White men and one nagger (or worse) it will always be the former that wins out. Chances are, if

> she is worth the arousal, those twenty men were not immediately consecutive and were at least bordering alpha. If she is not hot, who cares? Her only choice is mudbirthing anyway.

This is actually the basis for a life-affirming thought experiment.

How many White cock carousels can a White woman ride before it taints her as badly as riding one black cock?

Personally, if I found out a girl I was dating had JUST ONCE burned the coal, I would write her off as an investment vehicle for long-term love. (I would continue to plow her until the bloom fell off her rose, which you could say is a sort of karmic payback for her race denial treachery.) The risk-reward equation would be skewed uncomfortably toward the risk side. White women who 'shark invariably have personality tics and temperaments that make them ill-suited to be loyal lovers and, if it's your thing, doting mothers.

The equivalent number in White cocks sufficient to turn me off to her as an LTR prospect would reside somewhere in the 10-15 range. Which is to say, black cock is a White vagina pollutant 10-15 times more corrosive than White cock.

2015 Punchable Shitlib Face Tournament Finals!

CH · 17 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The 2015 Punchable Shitlib Face Tournament semifinals are over, and **Dylan Matthews** soundly defeated Matty Yglesias in Bout 1, while **Pajamaboy** BARELY eked out a win over Lindsey "GayPedoFace" Graham.

McKay Coppins waits in the wings for his chance at taking more punches to the face than Dylan Gaytthews.

Finals, Preliminary Bout: Dylan Matthews vs McKay Coppins

What's he looking at so suspiciously? Ah yes, the black man approaching him from a quarter mile away.

Fivehead, four eyes, three chins, two T cells, one punchable shitlib.

The winner of this preliminary finals bout will advance to the championship slumber party pillow fight with none other than Pajamaboy! I can't wait, how about you?

Study: May-December Romance is Normal, Natural, And The Way Of The Superior Man

CH · 17 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This is a shibboleth-smashing study sure to give ugly feminists (but I repeat myself) and game-hating tradcons the hives.

> Attachment Styles of Women-Younger Partners in Age-Gap Relationships.
>
> Women have evolved to seek an older mate, however, research has shown negative opinions toward these relationships if the age-gap is significant. The most popular opinion is that women who date men that are 10 years or more their senior have an unhealthy relationship with their father. We investigated women-younger partners in age-gapped heterosexual romantic relationships to see if they differ in attachment styles when compared with women in similar-age relationships. We predicted that women in age-gap relationships will be predominantly securely attached, because it is evolutionary beneficial for women to seek older mates, and that there will be no significant difference in attachment styles between women in age-gap versus similar-age relationships. The common belief that the women who choose much older partners because of having "daddy issues" was unfounded in this study. There was no significant difference in attachment styles between the 2 groups, and 74% of the women in age-gap relationships were securely attached. Results are consistent with the limited literature on age-gap relationships regarding attachment style and relationship satisfaction. This study adds to the growing body of literature on attachment style and offers insight into the less-explored age-gap relationship dynamic.

There's nothing psychologically unhealthy about an older man seeking a much younger woman or a younger woman loving a much older man. "Daddy issues" is just the butthurt bleat of envious beta males and bitterbitch aging females desperately trying to pathologize a natural expression of love and passion-inducing sexual polarity.

This is yet more laboratory proof from the whitecoats affirming the field observations of the common man; in this case, that women place less emphasis on men's physical attributes than men do on women's physical attributes, and more emphasis on other attractive male traits like personality, social status, resources, dominance, self-possession, confidence, and maturity.

So men, go ahead and fall in love with that barely legal beauty. You have less to worry about her motivations than you do about the jealousy and resentment you'll provoke in everyone else who can't stand to see you happy.

Study: Nature Abhors A Quadroon

CH · 18 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Mother Nature, in Her infinite and glorious wisdom, has not only provided for the defense of White women against mating out of the White race, She has additionally provided a back-up defense for those White women who mistakenly defy their hindbrain instincts to conceive with a Swarth. (h/t don)

> Prematurity and Low Birth Weight as Potential Mediators of Higher Stillbirth Risk in Mixed Black/White Race Couples […]
>
> Mixed race black and white couples face higher odds of prematurity and low birth weight, which appear to contribute to the substantially higher demonstrated risk for stillbirth. There are likely additional unmeasured factors that influence birth outcomes for mixed race couples.

It's almost as if Nature knows something that shitlibs don't. Fancy that!

Nature is sending us a message that no one tits-deep in the Equalist Narrative wants to hear: There are deeply instinctive, natural biomechanical processes bequeathed by Our Lord Above (and probably Below) to humanity that encourages discrimination against out-race mating (conception) and, should that barrier fail, against out-race live birth (replication). Nature is LITERALLY expelling stillborn mulattoes and quadroons from the womb chutes of White women.

Now that you know this ugliest of truths, ask yourselves, "Why are certain inimical (((groups))) pushing the White-Black miscegenation propaganda so hard?" The answer to that question rivals the ugliness of the question's premise.

***

The Audacity of YUUGE issues a correction.

> Low birth weight and stillborn risk were both found to go BB -> BW -> WW. This doesn't necessarily suggest hybrid enfeeblement but it does suggest that "hybrid vigor" is bullshit (at least on these metrics). It shows that when it comes to characteristics that blacks are at higher risk of than whites are, mixed people fall in between blacks and whites. Stillbirth risk for mixed couples was found to be closer to the BB average than the WW average, but for premies/low birthweight mixed was closer to WW than to BB. In both cases, mixed falls in between BB and WW. The moral of the story is still the same–whites mixing with blacks is bad for whites. But it's good or at least neutral for blacks, so it's celebrated.

He's right. Of course, it still means that White women who mudshark assume a higher risk of delivering premies/stillborns than they would have if they stuck to their own race. And they should be made aware of these risks by family, friends, and doctors. In so many colorful words. Heh.

I have a confession. This post was a sadistic troll of the usual cuckspects. The title, and the gusto with which the study findings were, ahem, flexibly presented, were deliberately provocative. As long as CH isn't on anyone's payroll, this blog is allowed the occasional prankster indulgence. I'm such a steenker!

The Most Punchable Shitlib Face Of 2015

CH · 20 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The "winner" of the **2015 Punchable Shitlib Face Tournament** will be the peabody puffboy who emerges victorious from the Championship Bout between **Dylan Matthews** and **Pajamaboy** (née Ethan (((Krupp)))).

Matthews handily dispatched McKay Coppins in the preliminary finals bout, as voters felt he had the face more likely to inspire a fusillade of knuckle sandwiches. On to the match!

Ladies and gentlemen…. in the far left corner…. **Dyyyyyyyyyylan Maaaaaaaattheeeeeeeeeewwwws**.

And in the far, far left corner…. **Paaaaaaaaaaaajamaboooooooooooooy**!

Matthews "leans in" to take a hit from a blood and soil patriot….

Pajamaboy offers both cheeks for back-handed slaps from feminists who secretly despise his male genus….

Matthews taunts the crowd, asking them if they have the stones to wipe the smug off his face…

Pajamaboy raises the stakes, sticking a pinky out form his mug of cocoa and wagging it at the balled fists of a phalanx of shitlord spectators…

Matthews does that Morpheus "bring it" hand as he brags about his high verbal IQ and miserable math skills….

Pajamaboy announces he's "strapped on" and ready to "Lamaze the poz"…

this is gonna go down to the wire, folks!

Demon Mom Of The Year

CH · 21 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Jonathan Haidt wrote about disgust occupying a dimension of human morality. He found, (unsurprisingly if you've trawled the internet for five minutes), that leftoids have a higher disgust threshold than non-leftoids. (That is, they can more happily tolerate disgusting things in their lives.)

I bring this up because a world in which disgust is abandoned as a moral consideration starts quickly filling up with people like the demon mom this post will introduce to you. A society recklessly surrendering even the pretense of monitoring culture health for signs of encroaching trends that elicit the disgust reflex is a society that will in short order be overrun by disgusting people and the disgusting things they do.

> Every year, I give presentations about my health classes to the parents of my students. And inevitably, every year, someone will express relief at the idea that I'll be talking to their kids about sex so that they'll be spared the awkwardness of doing so themselves.

Numbnuts Class Hivemind Indoctrination incoming!

This reminds me: leftoids always attack. They never relent in their desire to strip the good from the world and replace it with their island of misfit degenerates. The only effective counterattack is to not play the game by their rules. Go on the attack and put THEM in the defensive crouch. Abide YOUR frame, not theirs.

> At this point, I almost expect that. After all, for a lot of people, talking about sex with their kids *is* awkward. As my friend May said of having such conversations with her three- and eight-year-olds, "Their dad and I are nervous about it in general, so I know we're putting it off."

You know, there's a good reason Nature designed it so that talking about sex with your three-year-old feels awkward: because it IS awkward and you shouldn't be doing it.

> Plus, a lot of parents didn't talk about sex with adults when *they* were growing up, and so don't have a model of how to do so.

Amazing the human race managed to survive this long without sex-ed classes for toddlers.

> But talking openly to your kids is one of the best ways to raise them with a positive view of sexuality

When a shitlib feminist uses the word "positive" with regards to sex, she means "as often as humanly possible, with a black man, involving depraved acts and rectally-inserted objects, but only after verbal consent is established incrementally on the minute, every minute."

> – and to challenge the conventional and damaging messages so many are getting on the subject.

Like how not to spend the day with a vibrating buttplug slipping dangerously close to irretrievability?

> For example, do you want your kids to have accurate information about how their bodies work and to feel good in their skin?

Buffalo Bill here reminding you that it's possible to feel good in another person's skin.

> Whatever your wishes, having a sense of them will go a long way in helping your children navigate these

> waters in a manner that feels true to your family.

Female poopytalk. Thank you, women's studies degree programs! (mo' money for dem…)

> Yet separating sex from reproduction can be hard to do. That's because then you need to talk about desire, and pleasure, and as I did recently with my nine-year-old,

□

> things like oral sex. ("Eeeew," she groaned after I gave a basic description, "That is so gross. What if someone didn't wipe!?")

Smart kid. Dumb parent. Mix the two: child abuse.

> But kids find a lot of things kind of gross and aren't traumatized.

Like steaming dog shit. So the answer is to shove buckets of steaming dog shit in kids' faces, naturally.

> And explaining that many people have sex not to have babies, but because it feels nice and can forge intimacy and connection, isn't actually all that hard to say.

Grooming your White child for that sweet, sweet 0.7 below-replacement fertility rate.

> 2. Start Conversations About Consent Early

Feminist cunt mom is about to unload some Holy Matriarchy injunctions on her kid.

> When addressing consent with young kids,you can teach them that they need to get permission to touch others by asking peers and siblings things like "Can I hug you?" or "Can I hold your hand?"

Or, "How to turn your emotionally healthy child into a creepy, psychologically unstable, socially clumsy spergatron."

> Children should also have their physical boundaries respected by adults.

But not their psychological boundaries.

> Adults often think it is perfectly fine to continue to tickle or wrestle a child who is asking them to stop. But it isn't – and it teaches kids that they don't really have control over their bodies.

This psychobitch sounds like a lot of fun to be around.

> Kids should also be allowed to change their minds. They shouldn't, for instance, be taught that keeping a promise is always the most moral thing to do.

Shitlibs train their sprog early in the art of traitorous status whoring.

> With older kids, explain that consent for sex can be withdrawn at any time. […] Plus, kids and teens should know that you can stop a sexual interaction at any time, even if both people are naked and fooling around. Even in the middle of a sex act.

Nothing says “this is completely natural and loving” like teaching your daughter to demand consent after every thrust into her vagina, and your son to be ready to stop right up to, and including, the point of imminent ejaculation. Just another feminist whackjob demonstrating a clear lack of understanding and empathy for physical and emotional differences between the sexes (and between children and adults).

> It also has to be clear that consent shouldn’t be wheedled or coerced, and that there are circumstances under which consent cannot freely be given – like if you’re asleep, passed out, incapacitated by drugs or alcohol, or under age.

And consent can’t be freely acknowledged when drunk, either. Game set match, feminist shrike.

> it’s understood that teens who want to drive, or take calculus, or play violin should be given the space to learn how to do so before we expect any mastery of the subject.
>
> But when it comes to sex, we deny children the ability to develop their skills, and then blame them when things don’t go well.

Feminist brainwashing agent thinks sex is like calculus, even though field mice manage it without a propaganda blitz instructing them in the act.

> And while there *are* ways for kids to practice sex, many teens are forced to do so in secret. This can be the result of parents’ rules. But it also happens because things like looking at porn or sexting are illegal for minors.
>
> And while such laws are ostensibly designed to protect children, particularly when it comes to sexting, they can do more harm than good.

“ostensibly”. This is what a disgust threshold set to infinity looks like.

> For a lot of American parents, the idea of allowing a teen to have a sleepover with a boyfriend or girlfriend, let alone with a casual hook up, seems either like excessive permissiveness, or actual negligence or harm.

For a lot of American parents, insane feminist nonsense hasn’t yet polluted their ability to think clearly.

> I know that was something my parents worried about when the issue came up for me as a teen. Ultimately, they let me stay over at my boyfriend’s, but they also made it clear that they were only doing so because they wanted to know where I was.

Her feeble parents wanted to be sure she was slutting it up at a known address instead of behind the 7-11.

> We all knew that they were pretty unhappy with the whole situation, and as a result, my return home the mornings after a sleepover were uncomfortable for everyone.

□ □ Fucking skank did the walk of shame back to her parents’ house! Why wait until college to experience that shame from peers? She got an early start on her career in whole hog sluttery. Later, in college, shaming glances would bounce right off her.

> But in reality, permitting sleepovers with a partner can be one of the healthiest ways to keep teens safe since they are getting to learn about having sex in the security of their own homes

Dads love it when their daughters learn about having sex under their roofs. As long as it’s safe and secure, her

orgasmic moans traveling up to Dad's bedroom can only be the sound of a father raising his daughter right.

> Sexuality is not an amorphous entity that lives separately from our children and which we need to protect them from unilaterally. Rather, it's a part of who they are and something they'll benefit from nurturing and developing.

Sexuality doesn't need nurturing and developing. It pretty much happens on its own. But what fun is that when you can be in the running for demon mom of the year and encourage your daughter to take a cock up her ass while dad tries to drown out the sex noises with the Beats headphones you bought him for Kwanzaa?

> But many of us live in environments where any openness about kids and sex is seen as potentially harmful. And as a result, the attempt to raise sexually healthy kids can seem like an uphill battle.

Maybe that's nature's way of telling you not to do it, you dumb bitch.

> But even if you were raised in a household where the topic was utterly taboo, it's never too late to send more positive messages about sex to your own kids – **even if doing so seem a bit unnatural at the start.**

Author: Ellen Friedrichs.

Advice For Fathers Trying To Keep Their Teen Daughters Off The Pole

CH · 22 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Mazinger, like most people with a functioning sanity gland, recoils in horror from the cultural pestilence of demon mom, and wonders while in the grip of his fright how he can protect his daughter from the shambling slutwalkers when she reaches her teenage years.

> This is actually a quite important topic. As a father of a baby girl I'm really not looking forward to her teenage years. How do I shelter her from this society where sluttiness is considered a virtue and where filthy degrading sex is just a click away? Even if I do a good job how do I protect her from getting her mind polluted by schoolmates or leftoid teachers? I could always be ultra strict but from experience I think that if you push too hard you get the opposite reaction. If redpilled guys have parenting tips, actual stories or any advice, I'd be grateful. FYI I'm European and non religious so I don't want to rely on religion.

I can't speak from experience, but I can give you advice based on what I observe happening around me and on what I know about human nature, and particularly female nature.

First, if you have a daughter on the cusp of nubility, skip the birds and the bees talk. Tell her about The Wall, instead. You've got to hit her with the realtalk, and hit her where it matters: her precocious id. (It's like those anti-smoking PSAs that scare teens off smoking by warning how badly they'll be ostracized by their peers if they pick up the habit. That strategy works much better than showing photos of diseased lungs.)

Second, if your future teen daughter does get involved with the wrong crowd, or falls under the spell of a badboy, you had best be ready to drop some tight Patriarch Game on her. Tease her like you would any woman trying to play the "let's dad and him fight" angle (which is what daughters dating badboys essentially distills to), and belittle the badboy of her dreams. You have to think in the mindset less of an overbearing Dad and more of an AMOG tooling the chump who thinks he has a shot with your daughter.

Third, you have to GUIDE your daughter to the Light. You can't just lay down a list of prohibitions and leave it at that. The power of dissuasion must be paired with the power of persuasion. Read this, and think about how you want to tell her all the ways she can grow to be a good woman to a man, and how keeping her end of the bargain will help her find love with a man she can happily love back. Girls becoming women LOVE LOVE LOVE to have expectations set for them, and to have to work to EARN a man's, and a father's, approval.

Fourth, if the above countermeasures fail to steer your future teen daughter away from slut pride, nuke the princess from orbit. Strike a little fear in your darling child's heart with this very special message given to her on, say, her 16th birthday.

Shielding your daughter from Western cultural degeneracy and slut glorification is similar to preventing her from mudsharking. Encourage her to physical, mental, and social excellence. Trash your TV. Don't berate her when she falls short of feminine ideals, but don't make excuses for her failures either. Calmly and forcefully tell her when she is going astray, and how she can get back on the path of goodness. Take pains to explain in clear, stark language how the poz infects everything her friends watch and read for entertainment. Instill a positive racial awareness in her which will serve as the foundation for the development of her individual identity during those formative teen years. Don't be her "best friend", but don't build unnatural barriers between you and her either. You are a loving father, not a dispassionate bureaucrat charged with overseeing her life trajectory.

Most importantly, you have power over the shape of her milieu. You control the environment in which she meets her friends, her teachers, and her romantic interests. If, for instance, you discover that her teachers are leftoids tasked with indoctrinating her to the deviant zeitgeist, storm the school citadel and thunder your displeasure until

the walls shake. If that doesn't change their attitude, pull her out and move to a less diseased school district (getting harder to find, indubitably) that conforms more closely to your values.

That's all I have for now. Your job as a father trying to keep his daughter off the pole is hard, and getting harder, because your nation's elite have it out for you. (ps Trump2016) This nation isn't yours anymore, and you can feel it in your bones. (East Europeans excluded.) But when it seems hopeless and the darkness encroaches, remember that you do have like-minded allies, here and there, scattered about, and doing what they can to beat back the night that seems it will never end.

Final thought: Yes, your daughter will push back against your rules and demands, and you will be tempted to appease her for fear of losing her love, but if you stay the course and do it without bitterness she'll eventually come around and rediscover her faith in you. How do I know? Well, girlfriends do the same thing. And they always come back to respecting strength, never weakness.

Post-Surgery Game

CH · 23 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Post-Surgery Game (PSG) is of a kind with Drunk Game, but riskier as well as potentially more rewarding (if for no other reason than that outpatient quasi-sober sex is generally more erotic than 2AM fully-drunk sex).

Without revealing too many identifying details of the where, how, and why, I had a surgery which required general anesthesia. It was for a non-life threatening issue, and the problem was handily resolved. The Heartistian angle here is what happened in that magical moment between unconsciousness and bland lucidity.

As I confidently strode, or rather, gracelessly loped, out of the bonewhite-walled abattoir, my psyche swirled with the elation of renewed life. I felt good, better than usual, and largely this was a mood lifted by the lingering effects of the anesthesia. My footing was still a little unsure and my brain foggy as I stepped outside under glaring sunlight (released without a promise that a citizen soldier would retrieve me; apparently the doc thought I was able-bodied enough to journey unassisted).

The drugs had another side effect besides general loopiness; they asymmetrically sapped me of my strength, creating the impression of a frankenstein in better control of some extremities than of others.

Naturally, in this condition I just had to talk to a random cutie. It is required. So I did. I grinned, lopsidedly. She cocked her head like a puzzled dog. “Hi.” “Hi?” She may have been scared by my odd sway, thinking I was under the influence of bath salts.

“I just had surgery.” That was my line, and I don’t regret it.

“Oh, ok. That’s not good.”

“Nope. But I’m so happy it’s over I had to share my joy with someone.”

She smiles. Phew!, I think, that could’ve gone either way.

“I hope you feel better.”

The polite indifference of a gentle blowoff? Nah, if I thought every noncommittal thing a girl said to me was a blowoff, I’d be a beta with a bad case of incel.

“I hope so too. Hey, one question…”

“What?”

Tingle-coaxing pause.

“Want to join me for a glass of milk this evening?”

“Uhh, milk?”

“I can’t drink. Doctor’s orders.”

“You’re really milking this thing, aren’t you?”

“Funny!” I meant it. A sassy girl warms my heart.

We didn’t have a milk that evening, but I did see her a few days later for a non-dairy libation.

The “teachable moment” of this vagnette is the power of male confidence over female coyness. Even if that confidence is evoked by a post-surgery high. Whatever it takes. Boldness, whether free-form or induced by an anesthesia-hazed ZFG, can overcome a loping gait and twitchy muscle control. Post-Surgery Game is better than Drunk Game because your incapacitation is not quite so obvious, and you’re in better command of your wits.

(Later, the girl admitted she noticed I was “walking funny” and she thought about getting a hold of her pepper spray

in her handbag. But she said she relaxed when I mentioned the milk thing. She also said that line was “stupid funny” but that’s the kind of deprecating stuff girls always say after-the-fact when they’re free to rationalize their sexual curiosity.)

White People Are Horrible. It's Time For Them To Be Exiled To Their Own Country

CH · 23 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It's fun pointing out the abject hypocrisy of leftoids and provoking them to ragequit their """arguments""" mid-brain fart. Not that it does any good — leftoids are invulnerable to appeals to reason or accountability (just like women) — but personal sadistic thrills don't require that your softcore targets hew to established grounds for reasonable discourse.

For instance, Frank Joyce, a Leftoid Prime who shat out this antiWhite excrescence for status whoring gelt among his cocktail party butt buddies lives in Grosse Pointe Park, MI. His Chosen neighborhood is 85% White, boasts a $104K median income, and is protected from Detroit Dindus by a LITERAL WALL.

I say it's time to take leftoids at their word. Listen to what they say, don't watch what they do (they prefer it that way, again just like women). In that spirit, here's commenter Hugo Stiglitz's suggestion for a peace accord with leftoids.

> Left this comment [at Joyce's Salon article]:
>
> "As a White man, I agree with the author – we must be stopped. I think we should be segregated in our own land. An area entirely composed of just White people, so we cannot hurt anyone else.
>
> I am absolutely sure non – Whites would not want to have anything to do with us, just like the historical record of immigration shows.
>
> So, a huge (yuuuuuge) wall should be erected around this new White nation. This way, no dangerous Whites could escape, and no innocent POC could accidently (not through any fault of their own, but of course due to White tricknology) find themselves in the hellish, failed state an all White country would invariably become."

Agree&Amplify the antiracism Left: Yes, White people are horrible. So bad, in fact, that they need to be removed from the presence of nonWhites and exiled to their own lands, far away from the wonders and blessings of Diversitopias. Perhaps in time these horrible, no good, very bad White people will even give their new land a name… America… and call it a nation.

***

Reader -A comments,

> What if the liberal disagrees and amplifies? At this point in the degeneracy cycle, do they even have to hide their genocidal urges anymore? Would there be a healthy response of "fuck you" from the people they claim to want to destroy or will there just be intellectual insecurity and approval seeking from the status signalers?

That's the beauty (and the purpose) of running Tight Game on leftoids and cucks (as Our Glorious Trumpening is doing); Game clarifies, cuts through, and captures the genocidal essence of the leftoid spirit. Game wonderfully focuses the mind of shitlibs, just as it focuses the vaginal tingles of temptresses. As you Agree & Amplify leftoids to heights of rage and freakboy impotence, they begin to reveal in technicolor dazzle the depths of their degeneracy and their true aim of genociding away the normal Whites who aren't on board with the plan to summon from the Cucken lair the leftoids' r-selection dystopian beast.

When you have GAMED them to basically admitting they find joy in the thought of killing off millions of BadWhites, you no longer need rhetorical devices to win back and occupy the moral/social/political high ground. The mediocre masses will have slowly edged into your camp, ready to listen to your pitch and, if the leftoids don't back down from their civilization-destroying insanity, ready to aid you in pushing them off their thrones by force.

The Winner Of The Most Punchable Shitlib Face Of 2015 Tournament!

CH · 23 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

By a healthy margin of victory, it's Pajamaboy! (also known by his Valusian name Ethan Krupp)

Could it really have been anyone other than Pajamaboy? He's emblematic of the decline of the American man to a sniveling male.

Think about this: PuffedHo, Salon, and Slate, with a combined readership in the tens of millions, are staffed almost 100% by bluehair feminists and effete manlets like Pajamaboy. These fugs and nancyboys control the vertical and the horizontal information gateways for a misshapen army of degenerate freaks oozing their id disease all across America's fruity plains.

That's a lot of punchable shitlib faces waiting to be caved in by your righteous fists of fuhrer. Limber up!

Spread Christmas Cheer!

CH · 25 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Are Badboys The Answer To White Pathological Humanitarianism?

CH · 29 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

If you read Peter Frost (and others like him), you'll be familiar with the theory that white pathological humanitarianism — i.e., white ethnomasochism (as commonly practiced by today's SJWs) — is a psychological disposition of Northwest Europeans that evolved in the not-too-distant past under the twin environmental pressures of manorialism and non-kin marriage. Radical outbreeding essentially selected for people who were very trusting of outsiders. This high level of trust allowed Western Civilization as we know it to find purchase and flourish.

But, as Frost et al have hypothesized, a powerful altruistic impulse combined with an almost gullible trust in strangers has, over time, become corrupted in the people who possess these normally positive traits. The congenial indulgence granted to non-kin locals that worked so well in a largely racially homogeneous geographic region has turned inward and reconfigured into a self-flagellating penance for imagined sins against the world's steaming masses. The Columbus Knights of the European Empire have turned to the dark side.

The fate of white Westerners whose blood runs with humanitarian fervor is sealed: Decline, and eventual overrun by less altruistic foreigners. This isn't idle conjecture. Besides the obvious signs of cultural decay, there is theoretical evidence that ethnocentric groups will eventually out-compete and supplant humanitarian groups. White liberals are the four horses' asses heralding their own extinction.

What I'm about to say will sound strange, and highly speculative. It is. Bear with me. Chicks who dig jerks may be the saviors of white NW European culture. While the mechanism is unclear at the moment, it is possible that the pathological altruism of whites — a once-healthy altruism pathologized by a changed environment — is such a sickly suicidal urge that, through some subtle feedback signal, it affects white women's mate choice algorithm, increasing their desire for rule-breaking badboys with a low tolerance for kumbaya bullshit.

As a commenter at Frost's remarked,

> Thus, it makes me wonder whether we are seeing a display [pathological humanitarianism] that has simply become too costly – much like an over-long peacock tail. It may have been selected for in the past and conferred a mating benefit, but now it is simply dead weight and hard to shed.
>
> It just remains to be seen whether the group has enough variability in the personality traits to adapt and survive – selecting for new traits that are beneficial for survival in the current culture. Perhaps that is why WASP women now appear more eager to mate with "bad boys" than "nice guys"? Maybe less inclusive personality characteristics are beginning to be selected for already…

When a race and its culture are pushed to the brink, its women will begin to favor men who, in myriad ways, offer the chance of resistance against their annihilation. If women are choosing jerks and rascals, it may be that on a level beyond their conscious appreciation they are helping to birth an army of selfish pricks capable of saving them from themselves.

Defiling Christianity (Cucks Don't Even Notice)

CH · 8 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Something vile flew under the radar of the alt-right news reports about the rapefugees in Cologne. Inuit Tribesman alerts,

> Not sure why I haven't seen anything about this and ironic that a Jew has to clue in Christians, but you do realize that Cologne Cathedral is one of the holiest sites in Christiandom? It is the most impressive cathedral that I have ever seen. So, the pinching asses was just a red herring. The real purpose of that stunt was to defile Christianity. This is similar to pissing in the Church of the Nativity that Palestinians did a few years ago. Thankfully the IDF protects the holiest sites outside the Christian world.

Europeans (and White Americans) are so psychologically deracinated and cut off, by an endless shit stream of antiWhite school and media propaganda, from their glorious heritage that they don't notice when kebab invaders defile their holy Christian sites. Worse, the native sons who do notice don't seem to care, or are too cowardly to object. For now. But attitudes have a way of turning on a dime. I predict soon, maybe within a few years, status whoring for shitlib feels will come to be viewed as backward and low class by the people with the megaphone. This may have to mean there will be a new people helming the megaphone.

Does Merkel Hate Germany?

CH · 10 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This video appears damning of Merkel's emotional loyalty to Germany.

Would any German readers translate and explain the context in this video?

Marriage Material Bush

CH · 10 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A critically important topic scissored through a recent CH comment thread: What if we could view a woman's bush as a window to her soul?

Someone posted a pic of a nude German woman in Cologne protesting against the Muslim #rapefugees. (Public nudity appears to be a favorite protest tactic of late stage Teutonic White women).

PA responded,

> I'm being quite serious and not prurient when I say this: her protest would have more visual impact if she had a full bush rather than a shaved clam.
>
> I can't take a woman seriously as a woman [if] her crotch looks like an aged preteen girl's.

Shaved vaginas have been a thing for at least a decade now, possibly longer, but no matter how many women jump on the naked mole rat bandwagon the image of a completely shorn mons veneris will always emit a perfume of puerility, a fragrance of frivolity, a scent of selfishness, an essence of egotism, an incense of immaturity, and a tang of treachery.

PA then posted a pic of a woman sporting what was in his consideration a well-formed bush, a bush that inspires men to poetic acts of devotion, and with equal emphasis exhibits by its sexy cilia both a charming, girlish vulnerability and a seductive, adult femininity.

Tying it all together, Carlos Danger remarks,

> PA, I'm old enough to remember guys who really really liked a hairy hairy bush. What you showed is a very modest and feminine natural bush. I had to point that out because no one sees it anymore. That bush is marriage material bush as a matter of fact.

A small, well-contoured, and decorously delineated bush is also a leading indicator of youth and prime fertility. That, more than any other, is the reason it is maximally arousing to the maximum number of men. A shorn bush evokes prepubescence (not good for reproduction) and a big unkempt bush is the misty jungle canopy of the aging beauty whose hormone profile tipped over and capsized into androgen-dominant, estrogen-recessive territory (also not good for reproduction).

We all know the Marry, Fuck, Kill game, right? (If you read this blog, you should.) Well, this post subject is the bush league version of that pickup game. The trim, tight and White bush in the second photo above is marriage material bush. Perfect in every way, like Baby Bear's porridge; not too porny, not too hairy. Turns you on with just a hint of the good stuff hiding underneath, and keeps you around with its fluffily faithful promise to eschew nose piercings, tramp stamps, race cucking, and mudsharking.

The naked mole rate in the first photo is a pump and dump candidate. The non-bush is the slut's beacon to the world's wave-tossed cocks. Safe harbor here… for the night.

What about the type of bush that screams out "Kill me!"?

The growly über-bush also goes by the name “antifa bush”. This is because the kudzu of beaver bush is a nightmare vision that one will often see, if one should be so unfortunate (or hard up), on antifa females (the approbation “woman” feels wrong to apply to them). (So I have been told and can easily surmise; no first-hand experience with it, thank you very much).

Opponents of anti-immigration right-wing movement Pegida demonstrate on the streets of Cologne

A hundred bucks says she’s got a woolly mammoth in her man panties. Yeeeuck. Kill. Kill. Kill the bush. Off the cliff, with a push.

Fash Game

CH · 11 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Agree&Amplify (@angreeandamp) explores the rich vein of possibilities in an emerging discipline of pickup tactics: Fash Game.

> Opener: “Hitler did nothing wrong”
>
> Spoke some French
>
> Told her I wasn’t kidding.
>
> Fasc’ Game

Fash, or fasc’, is short for fascism. The brass balled right co-opted the term to infuriate shitlibs who wanted to maintain exclusive use of it as a limp-wristed slur against their foes *ad infinitum*.

The black concealing blotch at the bottom looks like a dick.

All chicks adore a dominant man (read: a man who controls the frame). The particulars of fascist ideology may or may not be expressly dominant in a pickup context, but holding fascist views in the current SJW climate — and proudly, uncuckedly so — is an alpha power move.

I bet a lot of White women are secretly yearning and waiting to be escorted over to the dank side, but being women they won’t do it themselves. Too risky, and that’s not reproductively optimal from their genes’ point of view. They need a game-savvy man to show them the way; not a cucked yes-beta to give them excuses to remain Narrative schoolmarms.

PS Fash Game works even if you’re appropriating the term semi-ironically. The key is an unflinching delivery. Ambiguity is a seduction amplifier.

Lonely, Bitter Spinsters Will Be The Death Of The West

CH · 11 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This is a video of Dutch women at an airport singing a song welcoming Muslim rapefugees to their homeland.

A reader helpfully noted that most of the women are middle-aged hags and depressed-looking hippie retreads who probably stink of patchouli and practice cat yoga. The one young girl in the video glances around wondering wtf is going on.

From the very beginning of this blog, there's been a propelling theme carrying culture discussions: The sexual market in the West has changed, in many ways radically changed, over the past half century, and this has had profound impacts on how men and women relate. Technology has driven much of the change, but social patterns and government intrusion have also contributed to the reorganization of mate choice habits.

One outcome of the modern sexual market which was predicted here (although not stressed as much as it should have been, given the nature and primal urgency of current events) was the growth of the demographic of unmarried, unloved, childless, aging, bitter White spinsters who sacrificed their prime fertility years riding the cock carousel (or riding its close cousin, the social media attention whore carousel). The French author Houellebecq has also tackled this theme of a fractured, and fracturing, sexual market, most notably in his book *The Elementary Particles*.

When women reach a certain age, and the lustful leers of men have abandoned them for younger lure, they realize the best is not yet to be, and a nagging sorrow settles on their hearts. For aging women who don't have the comfort of a husband or children or supportive family network, this sorrow is very near grief. Some women will respond to this insult to their femininity by turning inwardly, finding release through self-help books, gardening, or arts and crafts. Others will vent their rage at the world, despoiling the political sphere with nonsensical feminist boilerplate.

And then there are those spinsters who react to their dispossession and displacement from the sexual market – and the maternal market – by exacting revenge on their outer world (homogeneous White Europe) with a summoning of succubi from their inner world. These are the women in the video above: benumbed, loveless rejects throwing open their butthurt hearts to trashcanistan migrants, expressing through their imbecilic kumbaya chanting a dual longing for sexual and maternal satisfaction. Merkel falls into this category, but unfortunately her psychological spinster distress could mean the destruction of Germany.

Childlessness greatly exacerbates this state of despairs. A societal decline in fertility means fewer children to care for, watch after, and guide through life, either one's own children or the children of relatives and even close friends. After an unkind dismissal from the sexual market robs women of their instinct to arouse desire in men, a kinderfrei society robs women again of their other awesome love and yearning: fulfillment of their maternal instinct.

And make no mistake, the spinster's pain doesn't require a woman to remain unmarried. Weak, enfeebled, sycophantic beta male husbands can trigger this crisis of femininity just as assuredly as unmarried solitude, for the resentful wife of a pathetic beta feels as isolated as the single woman with her cats.

The title of this post is half-glib. I don't think spinsters are solely responsible for the West's present insanity. But they are a piece of the puzzle worth putting into place. The only way stone cold patriots will defeat the evil descending on their lands is first through understanding the nature of their foes and the elements of their culture that breathe life into the evil.

Study: Women Are More Xenophilic Than Men

CH · 11 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Piggybacking on the previous post (and perhaps modifying it), here is a research paper (h/t Irving) authored by Chateau VIP guest Satoshi Kanazawa which uncovered some ugly truths about sex differences in xenophilia (pathological love of foreigner).

For foreign conquest and alien rule, the evolutionary psychological perspective suggests that women should fear alien rule much less than men, but only so long as they are reproductive, because they then have a good chance of being spared by the conquerors and have the option of marrying into them. Accordingly, the analyses of the Eurobarometer data show that young women are much less xenophobic than young men, but the sex differences disappear around age 50. […]

Interestingly, a separate analysis (not shown) demonstrates that the interaction term between sex and age in a combined sample of all ages is not statistically significant, except for religion. It means that, at least for nationality and race, women do not gradually and linearly become more xenophobic over the life course. They suddenly become qualitatively more xenophobic sometime between the ages of 40 and 50.

The entire paper is a great read, beyond the salient finding quoted above. Kanazawa is a skilled messenger of evolutionary psychology, even when putting forth theories that are more speculative in nature than established fact. Kanazawa's basic contention – that wars are fought ultimately for access to, or protection of, pussy – dovetails with the CH premise that the sexual market is the one market to rule them all.

Anecdotally, I have heard far more support for rapefugees, and more generally for open borders, from young White women than I have from any other group of people. (The men I know don't bring it up, but a few of them, when forced into a conversation about it, hemmed and hawed or meekly cosigned their girlfriends' opinions. Even the alphas are susceptible to this inglorious path of least resistance.)

The women might not truly believe what they claim to think about letting in Muslim refugees — CH Maxim [X] explicitly advises watching what women do instead of listening to what they say, for the two are quite often at odds, especially in a mate market context — or they might believe it only insofar as they are signaling their conformity to GoodWhitethink, and otherwise don't feel very strongly about helping rapefugees and throwing open the borders to the third world.

Whichever it is, there is no doubt young, single women (and yes, this includes single White women) vote IN DROVES for the antiWhite leftoid candidate on the presidential ticket. Kanazawa would appear to be onto something regarding the evolutionary psychology underpinning the easy acquiescence of young fertile women to invasion by foreign conquerors. And, as is becoming dishearteningly more obvious, when invasion isn't looming on women's horizons, invitation extended to the foreigner to traipse into their White homelands will substitute nicely.

To swipe a page from the Alinsky playbook and pin a suitably baneful term on the phenomenon: women suffer from ignorant **xenophilia**, and the cure is (**smarmy liberal voice**) education.

I hope that I'm getting a skewed impression of women's true feelings regarding border control and White demographic displacement, because if I'm not then the fate of our White nations is sealed, barring repeal of the 19th Amendment.

Alternately, a YUGE increase in the population of marrieds and decrease in the age of first marrieds would also improve the electoral prospects of proto-nationalists, because married women tend to vote like their shitlord husbands. Care of children and preservation of family has a way of focusing female minds.

On a hopeful coda, data analysis of profiles on the OKCupid online dating website tangentially contradict Kanazawa's finding that maximally fertile White women fetishize foreigners more than do men. If dating preferences can be extrapolated to immigration preferences, then White women want to import swarths as much as

they want to date swarths… which is to say, not much.

Related, Kanazawa has a shitlord face, for an Asian.

Woops, that's not Kanazawa. Here he is:

Americans React To The Election Of President Donald J. Trump

CH · 12 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Future vision image courtesy of CAPSLOCKHUSTLER (follow his Twatter feed, he's funny).

Four Alphas Enter A Bar...

CH · 12 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Frosty passes along a wild scene starring four alpha males jockeying for Trumpian glory.

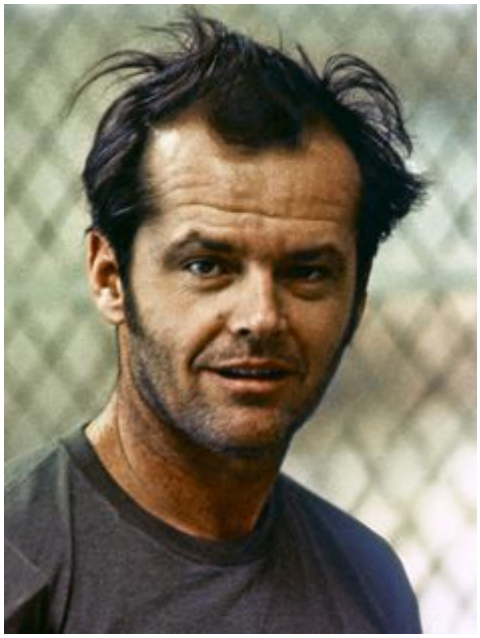
> I read a story once in which Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, Robert Redford, and Clint Eastwood were all at a party. The producer Robert Evans reported that ALL of the women there gravitated to just one of the four. I have quizzed women on which of the four they think it was, and most of them get the answer right: [REDACTED]

I know the answer. Maybe readers can guess which alpha commanded all the female attention.

Hint: Don't think like a man. Think like a woman. What kind of man do women love more than men admire? The word starts with a J.

***

And the one man of the four alphas who got all the gina tingles is….



Jack the Jerkboy.

The readers guessed right. Their Chateau training is paying off.

Many commenters quote stories and do personality assessments that reveal why Jack was so alluring to women.

> jack nicholson has a dynamic personality that along with ZFG includes a good sense of humor and some real acting ability. he seems like he would be a blast to hang out with and he also seems have some depth and wisdom.
>
> ***
>
> I vote Jack– cinematically, he's played the most psychos and truly dangerous men. Kubrick wanted him for Napoleon. Supposedly a huge jerk in real life too.
>
> ***
>
> A sexy woman walked up to Nicholson at a party and asked him "Do you want to dance?" Jack looked her up and down and said "Wrong verb" **[ed: try hearing this in your head with jack's voice. pussy parting**

perfection.]

***

If thought like a man it would be Redford, the most pretty boy of all four. But the jerkiest is Nicholson, so I vote for him.

***

Eastwood's strong, silent type would win in a stern age of purpose. The answer has to be Jack Nicholson, he's the coolest.

***

So for me, it came down to Nicholson versus Eastwood. The other three are almost exactly the same age, but Eastwood is several years older, so I was going to give it to Clint based on that plus his simple physical masculinity – voice, height, attitude – when I read the clue and realized I was thinking like a man: Eastwood is more conventionally alpha than Nicholson, but women go for the jerk.

***

Beatty: try-hard alpha
Eastwood: leader of men
Redford: borderline beta
Nicholson: Joker smile.
The Joker it is.

***

Thinking like a man, I would have thought Eastwood. However both Jack and Warren were known as real lady's men. As per the hint, I'll say Jack. But his appeal eludes me. I guess it was his "bad boy" image.

***

A shitlib, a cuckservative, a shabbos goy and a crazy man walk into a bar . . .

. . . and the women choose wisely.

***

Faggy ?looks are everything' types would say Robert Redford. **[ed: yup. they'll never learn.]**

***

Why would Jack Nicholson get all the actual action, but Redford would get the most verbal praise if women saw pictures of all four? **[ed: to ask is to answer.]**

***

One final point, as I stated in previous post, who gets raped in prison of the four? Redford is wearing lipstick and has his shirt tied off showing his tummy. Beatty is more reluctant but after being promised protection by who he thinks can protect him joins in to stay alive. Clint and Jack you have to kill to fuck, just that simple.

***

Redford is the guy that would get the most love based on looks alone. If women saw photos of these four guys, they'd pick Redford. Yet in a real-life situation they'd fuck Nicholson over Redford.

I've noticed this is in real life as well. There is a tremendous disparity between the men that women say they find attractive, and the ones they actually have a strong desire to fuck. Pretty-boy vs alpha. Comments / further explanation? **[ed: check the CH archives. there are more than a few posts on this very topic.]**

Good insight and powers of inference from the readers. Well done. Here is an article about Jack's legendary ladykiller skills.

> According to biographer Marc Eliot, the pair [nicholson and streep] weren't discussing the script. He claims the trailer would rock around with such energy that it seemed to be balanced on thin springs — ?four overworked Slinkys', as one alleged witness put it […]
>
> Even before he was famous, the parties that Jack Nicholson would throw — the sex, drinks and drugs — were well-known in Sixties Tinseltown. At what was dubbed the ?wildest house in Hollywood', Nicholson presided over ?round-the-clock partying, drinks, drugs, sex . . . and beautiful, hot, willing girls who loved to get just as high as the boys and have a good time,' […]
>
> Having divested himself of his wife and daughter, after the former grew tired of his womanising and divorced him, the eternal bachelor moved into a mansion next door to Marlon Brando and down Mulholland Drive from Warren Beatty. (The road was dubbed Bad Boy Drive in their honour).
>
> Though Beatty was a legendary skirt-chaser, Hollywood insiders say Nicholson left him standing when it came to success with women. Indeed, the pair would play childish tit-for-tat games in trying to steal girlfriends off each other. […]
>
> Naturally, Nicholson exploited the sexual opportunities stardom gave him. Making his debut as a director in the 1971 film drama Drive, He Said, Nicholson decided that in-depth research was needed to find the perfect girl for the brief non-sexual nudity in the film.
>
> Stoned on cannabis, he auditioned more than 100 attractive young actresses in his Hollywood office, making each disrobe in front of him and then subjecting them to a ?near-medical examination'. […]
>
> Nicholson reputedly slept with 2,000 women (he modestly insists he never counted), but the one that lasted the longest — 17 years amazingly — was Anjelica Huston.
>
> She was 14 years his junior and admitted he fulfilled a paternal need in her. ?Jack is very definitely a real man, one who gets your blood going,' she told Eliot.
>
> It was just as well he did, as she had to put up with a lot of cheating. […]
>
> Age difference never bothered Nicholson. He was the other side of 50 when he began an affair with 19-year-old British actress Karen Mayo-Chandler. Stripping off for Playboy later, she told the magazine Nicholson was a ?naughty little boy' and ?guaranteed non-stop sex machine into fun and games, like spankings, handcuffs, whips and Polaroid pictures'.

Jerkboy Jack is a patron saint of Le Chateau.

Text Game: When To Give Precisely One Fuck

CH · 13 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

ZFG (zero fucks given, otherwise known as aloofness & indifference, or outcome independence) is a fundamental principle of seduction that will rarely fail a man adhering to it. But there are those times during a courtship, infrequent but pregnant with suspenseful uncertainty, when a man would do well to give a girl a small token of his attainability, which is expressed with a fleeting affair with sincerity. In other words, you need to occasionally swap your shitlord for your lovelord. Reader Mr. Meaner demonstrates,

> OT game post, but sort of related.
>
> Text convo I had with a chick recently.
>
> Her: You've made me so horny today. Can't wait to see you again.
>
> Her: Can I ask you a question?
>
> Me: Yes, it is a full 8 inches.
>
> Her: Lol. Are you sleeping with anybody else atm?
>
> Me: Only your sister
>
> Her: So no?
>
> Me: Haha, why would you ask me that? You sound like my wife. Except my wife is on vacation at the moment.
>
> Her: Haha. What are you doing this weekend?
>
> Run of the mill shit test, but notice how you have to shift the frame slightly when she persists beyond the smart-ass flirty responses. CH has touched on this before. One or two smart-ass responses is good game, but being a total shitlord with zero sincerity is too transparent. The "Why would you ask me that?" is a solid reframe in this situation.
>
> Note this: A chick who's horny and can barely control herself around you will shit test you to find any excuse to lose those out-of-control tingles. They're scary for her, because they're real, and so few real-life guys give them to her. Don't give her the easy excuse she needs to extinguish them by answering her concerns like a sperg.

I give this Text Game an A+. Perfect execution. Lots of great teasing, taunting, negging, and amused mastery. No beta apologetics or defensiveness or sappy romanticism. The moment of sincerity — not too direct, but just a glancing blow delivering a glimpse of "realness" — comes when Meaner says "why would you ask me that?", followed by a quick cocky jab of humor, taken all together providing the right amount genuine response to the girl's yearning desire to know whether he was sleeping with any other women, (in turn lowering her anti-slut defense shields).

This is how it's done. A lot of jerkboy game seasoned with a sprinkle of vulnerability game. Tat for tit. All play and a little work make Jack a sexy boy.

Guess Who Doesn't Hoverhand?

CH · 14 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the hoverhand. It's a physical tell of beta male awkwardness and psychological discomfort around women. Chicks assuredly do not dig it, because chicks have a finely tuned receiver for body language cues that reveal a man's mate value. The male hoverhand says to girls, "I do not get laid much, and I am really desperate and horny for female love. Will you choo choo choose me? Please excuse my flushed face, I just got finished fapping to 31 tabs of porn."

Appositely, you will never see an alpha male hoverhand. The confident, experienced gentleman has no trouble resting his hands on women's supple flesh, even women he just met. And women love him for this, because his poised palming bespeaks a winner who gets laid a lot, who is not desperate for female attention, and who doesn't fear potential rejection from women who may initially flinch under his brash brace.

Guess who doesn't hoverhand?

That's right. Donald "My Hand Will Claim Your Body Like Columba's Guac Claimed Jeb's Heart" Trump.

Trump's got his hands around the waists of two cuties, and there's no air between his palms and their bodies. Not even his fingertips hover. The alpha male takes ownership of women, and Trump is doing that here. (FYI, women love to be owned by a powerful man.)

Also notice that Trump is employing the "flirting" hand position. Not too presumptuous (like the hineyhand), not too sheepish (like the friend hand). And certainly not the virgin hand. You can accuse Trump of many things, but you can't say he's an incel beta male. Trump's flirt mode is always on, whether it's directed at Hooters girls or at American voters.

***

Since we're on the topic of Trump and his ability to put on a daily clinic in Game principles and tactics, reader Travis writes,

> Hailey accuses Trump of being “angry” and tells the people to ignore him. Trump agrees and amplifies…
>
> http://www.breitbart.com/2016-presidential-race/2016/01/13/trump-3/
>
> His response is basically, “You’re damn right I’m angry. I’m angry about how this country is being run. And so are the American people. Anger is good. Anger is what this country needs.”
> I know it started out as a joke, but I’m really starting to believe that either Trump, or one of his aides is a Chateau lurker.

I was recently emailed by an anonymous admirer who said he/she has insider access to Trump’s campaign and that there were at least two Trumpites who read this YUGE, BEAUTIFUL blog. I can’t verify the truth of the assertion, so take it for what it is (100% TRUE).

A Hot White Woman's Gine Is A Terrible Thing To Waste

CH · 20 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Why are mudsharks and White male race cucks so reviled? One reason is the intuitive understanding existing in all people (even nonWhites) that White woman pussy is the Moloko Bush of earthly pussy. And being a holder of the world's Number One Nethers means that with such power one accepts great responsibility for its stewardship. Now ask yourselves, does it seem like White women are exercising good stewardship of their Golden Gashes? The obesity epidemic, let alone the slow rise in WW-BM interracial dating, suggests White women have fallen down on the job of keeping their down above the mob.

On that depilated note, here's reader syonredux on another post-Western Civilization trend among White women falling out of favor with their own wombs: the adoption and raising of third world sprogs in place of White children.

> You know what might be even more sickening than White male (one can't call them men) race cucks? White females (one can't call them women) who gleefully raise the cuckoo's young as though it were their very own.
>
> Take Charlize Theron as a case study. A truly gorgeous woman. At her peak, a definite 10. Now, in any kind of sane society, her life would have followed two possible paths:
>
> A: Married and had kids at her physical peak (say, 18-25)
>
> B: Acted/modeled until she was maybe 30, then, just as the bloom starts to fade, marries and has kids.
>
> In either case, she would have put her solid-gold vagina to good use by marrying an Alpha White man and pumping out 3-4 (minimum) White children.
>
> In our insane society, though, she lets her White ova rot and adopts some Black kids:
>
> https://s.yimg.com/ea/img/-/150802/charlize_theron_jackson_theron_1arqrdv-1arqrei.jpg
>
> Madness

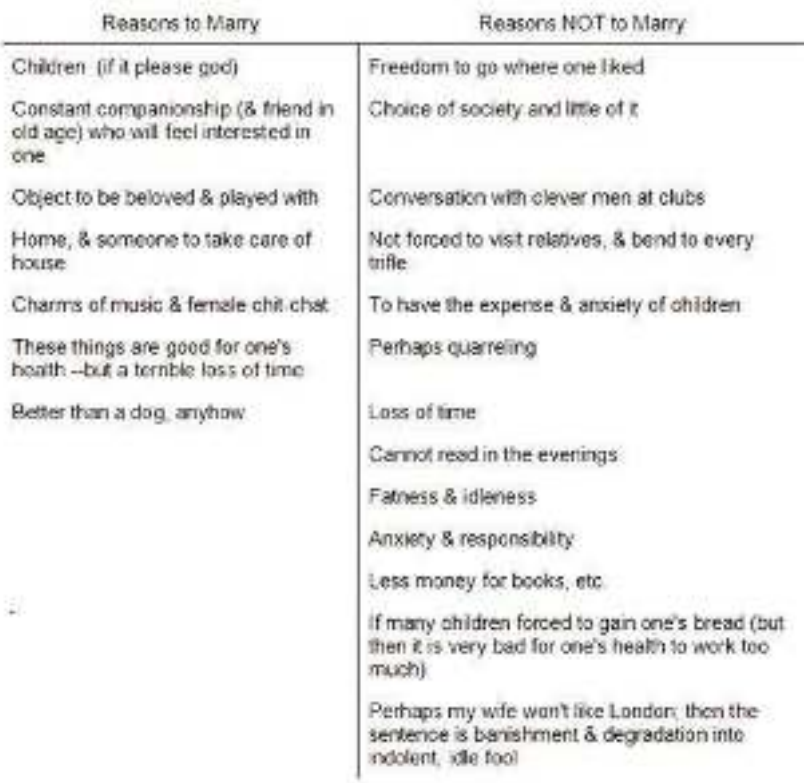
To call it madness is no hyperbole. Beautiful white woman pussyfruit rotting on the vine. Cucks would have us import millions of dusky malcontents to pick that fruit so that it can be sold on the open sexual market at discount bin prices. But we don't even need the cucks; too many White women appear ready and eager to spit on their glorious race and culture heritage, and to disavow even the Darwinian Prime Directive.

Madness.

Charles Darwin's Pros And Cons Of Marriage

CH · 20 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Charles Darwin – yes, that guy – once drew up a pro and con list for getting married. His list is reprinted here, in readable format.



Reasons to Marry	Reasons NOT to Marry
Children (if it please god)	Freedom to go where one liked
Constant companionship (& friend in old age) who will feel interested in one	Choice of society and little of it
Object to be beloved & played with	Conversation with clever men at clubs
Home, & someone to take care of house	Not forced to visit relatives, & bend to every trifle
Charms of music & female chit chat	To have the expense & anxiety of children
These things are good for one's health --but a terrible loss of time	Perhaps quarreling
Better than a dog, anyhow	Loss of time
	Cannot read in the evenings
	Fatness & idleness
	Anxiety & responsibility
	Less money for books, etc
	If many children forced to gain one's bread (but then it is very bad for one's health to work too much)
	Perhaps my wife won't like London; then the sentence is banishment & degradation into indolent, idle fool

The standard Chateau view of marriage is that it is a raw deal for individual American men, as currently constituted, (it wasn't always thus). However, there are good reasons for monogamous, heterosexual marriage to continue as a cultural norm and societal buttress. Ol' Charlie hit on a number of the pros. It's really not a good idea to have children outside of marriage, particularly over the long term (single mommyhood erodes civilizational capital). Over the short term, it's still a bad idea unless you belong to one of the few human races in the world (think: Swedes) who can handle having children within an unmarried, cohabitational context. (The verdict is out on how sustainable the Swedish method is, considering how quickly their evolved suite of mental characteristics compels them to hand their country over to the kebab crush.)

fr tho, Darwin's other marriage pros could nearly as easily be gotten with a live-in long-term girlfriend, but to give him credit that was most certainly not the case back in his day. Also, ? at "Better than a dog, anyhow".

A lot of Darwin's marriage cons are inarguable; men must betray their masculine urge to wander and explore once they are hitched to home and wife. Most men aren't keen about keeping themselves in good graces with relatives; women have much more affinity for nurturing family ties. It is absolutely true that wives, and to a lesser extent husbands, get fat and lazy after marriage. A wife and family are a responsibility that will cut into a man's free time, (many men are ok with trading in their free time for the comforts of domestication). Less money? Sure. (Don't be fooled by the lure of a double income. Wives – and long-time cohabitating girlfriends – will just spend twice as fast and twice as much what they spent when they were single.)

Darwin was very concerned about an increase in his "anxiety" from marriage, as he wrote it twice. Potential marital money problems vexed him, too. The provider beta was a real catch in Darwin's day that isn't as true today. Women didn't HATE HATE HATE betas back then with the same bubbling spite. But the ability of a provider beta in the

Darwin era to leverage his provisioning skill for prime poon meant that he couldn't slack off and give his date a bag of Skittles for her birthday, and recline smugly knowing a blowjob was coming his way regardless. Jerkboy Game in Darwin's time probably had more limited appeal to women than it does today.

Empathobesity

CH · 22 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Americans are fat of waist and fat on feels. Commenter Tark Marg at Sailer's coins a perfect term for the psychopathology afflicting a sizable number of WEIRDO (Western, educated, industrialized, rich, democratic, and outbred) Whites.

> Unless the causative factors behind this PC lunacy are clearly explained, it'll be impossible to effectively counter it. Here is my attempt to do so.
>
> As I see it, the West is suffering from a condition I'll call empathobesity.
>
> For a long time, an egalitarian, empathetic impulse was an asset in the West as it created an ever expanding educated and productive class of citizens by expanding political franchise from monarchs to lords to wealthy commoners to middle class men to all men to all adults, followed by welfare and universal healthcare etc. To illustrate using the example of England, starting with the Magna Carta in 1215, we have the English civil war in 1642, the glorious revolution in 1688, Habeas Corpus, the reform acts of the 19th century, the representation of the people acts of the early 20th, feminism, Welfare, the sexual revolution, mass migration, gay rights, animal rights, transgender rights and so on.
>
> Initially these steps have had a positive payoff as they expanded the class of educated people able to undertake scientific and industrial progress. This is why the scientific and industrial revolutions occurred in England where also we see the first diffusion of political power with the Magna Carta in 1215.
>
> Over time, this empathetic, egalitarianist impulse has calcified into a dogma. Probably in the early to mid 20th century, this dogma has run into diminishing and even negative returns.
>
> Thus, the extension of empathy to adherents of a hostile religion is likely to be a major drag, not gain, a point well proven by this incident. The mass importation of low skilled illegal immigrants will not enhance the economic welfare of the recipient nation.
>
> The feminist movement initially increased the pool of educated workers, but by eschewing reproduction, have condemned the West to declining human and financial resources just as the mass of poorly educated and integrated aliens, especially in Europe, starts to spike.
>
> Yet, like an obese person compelled by instinct to eat in excess, the West cannot shake off its pathological empathy (hence empathobesity).
>
> I've made this argument in more detail at tarkmarg.blogspot.com. Please have a look and see if you find it convincing.

As portmanteaus go, empathobesity is a term of art. The concept isn't all that new; the idea of NW European White altruism being hijacked ("hacked") by less empathic races rendering the condition pathological to Whites has been discussed all over the alt-right, as well as at your 'umbly appointed Chateau. Empathobesity could help explain why the Equalist Elite are sounding more extremist about their pet causes, like Open Borders.

The intellectual diagnosis is necessary, but revolutions need slogans, banners, and rhetorical shivs. The next time a shitlib acts up in the usual shitlibby manner, tell it that it suffers from empathobesity. Advise therapy or medical intervention to fix their problem.

How ironic that the fortuitous evolution of mind which propelled NW European Whites to the heights of art, science, and civilization is the same unique endowment that may be the White race's undoing.

Morbid Empathobesity

CH · 24 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A reader describes the societal stage at which empathobesity becomes life-threatening.

> The commenter knows his history:
>
> *"To illustrate using the example of England, starting with the Magna Carta in 1215, we have the English civil war in 1642, the glorious revolution in 1688, Habeas Corpus, the reform acts of the 19th century, the representation of the people acts of the early 20th, feminism, Welfare, the sexual revolution, mass migration, gay rights, animal rights, transgender rights and so on."*
>
> I've studied the fall of empires dating back to the Babylonians, and boiled the causes down to three (not mutually exclusive):
>
> 1. Deficit spending
> 2. Imperialism
> 3. Social factors such as mass immigration, debauchery, and dependence on welfare or other subsidies.
>
> Basically, with #3, we are looking at the tipping point from where the people feel they have to collectively participate for the good of the nation to the point at which they start approaching it with their hands out.
>
> As someone who seems familiar with complex systems theory, you'll understand that a symbiotic relationship can become parasitic, given some sort of divergence or disparity. Empathy is no exception.

Human ecosystems rife with Debt, Deception, and Diversity™ exist in very unstable equilibria for only short periods, usually while sustained by a reserve of dwindling prosperity. Once any residual faith in the system is lost, it's lost for good, and the mad rush to the cash out of the country begins in earnest. Those with universalist impulses are sucked dry in a parasite swarm, their gullibility and empty moral posturing feeding the bloodsuckers until citizen duty gives way to culture cannibalism.

I'd call this advanced disease state Morbid Empathobesity, suggesting the suicidal altruism status signaling that is symptomatic of empathobesity has metastasized and threatens the survival of the nation.

The Feminine Mistake

CH · 25 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

If you look hard, there are outposts where Shitlords and Realtalkers feel free to speak unassailable truths. One reader passed along this quote from an Israeli politician who was offering an explanation for Europe's open borders madness and supine welcoming of their rapefugee replacements.

> Israeli politician agrees with your observations on the women of Europe + Migrants.
>
> "Western Europe is kneeling and inviting the noble Muslim savage to rape it," wrote the maverick politician on his Facebook page. "What is the meaning of this phenomenon? Were there only German women at that train station in Cologne? Where were the men?"
>
> The Muslims who leave their home countries seek Germany, Sweden and Finland not just for financial reasons, he speculated. "There is something much deeper at play here. Western Europe is actually the most secular place in the world. Most of humanity believes in God – the US, too, is mostly populated by believers. Western Europe is an island of atheism; the situation there is reversed.
>
> "This is a culture that has removed God from its consciousness. It took God out of the game and locked Him up in museums," Feiglin theorized. **"The pressure of the Allahu Akbar culture bursts naturally into the irreligious vacuum – it is a matter of physics, really. Of intercontinental maleness and femaleness."**
>
> "Generations of denial of God have engendered a craving for authority and meaning," the philosopher-politician explained. "The police does not attempt to prevent the rape just as it did not attempt to prevent Kristallnacht, because in truth, it is desired. **The battered woman syndrome, the subconscious, the political correctness of Merkel and those who invite in the immigrants, actually desire it.** […]
>
> "The circle closes with crazy speed," Feiglin observed. "Women's liberation disappears. The State will not protect you – get used to it. Your Godless religion has evaporated. Find yourself a man – a Muslim one, of course – to protect you. **There is no other masculinity.**"

"The battered woman syndrome" is just another way of politely saying "generic female sexual nature", because all women, to lesser or greater degree, desire their submission to a powerful and dominant alpha male. And the dominant alpha male needn't be manifest through the individual man; the strict orthodoxies of patriarchal religions like Islam also fill the role of authority that people, but particularly women, deeply and profoundly crave, beyond even conscious apprehension.

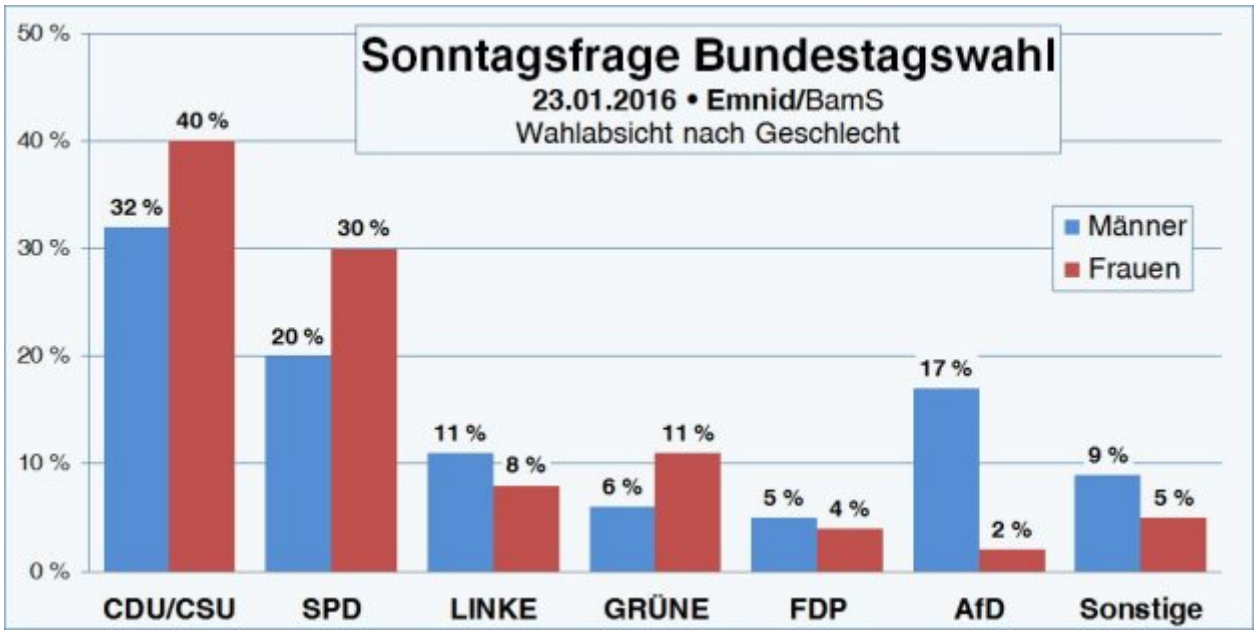
This is an important topic, because it befuddles not just equalist leftoids (who were never going to be un-befuddled) but also race-aware white knights who despite their willingness to grapple with many ugly truths that frighten mass media and the culture gatekeepers, nonetheless exhibit a strong allergy to thinking clearly when the subject is (White) women and their peculiar habits of mind. (These alt-white knights also co-opt a rhetorical crutch preferred by the shitlibs they hate: glib and snarky *ad hominem* against those who do speak truthfully about female nature.)

Men invade, women invite. The essential sex distinction is the male disposition to conquer and acquire power and the female disposition to accede and acquire the charity of the powerful. All real world evidence points to these diverging male and female essences. It would be funny if it weren't dead serious that every single global crisis contradicts the feminist (and lickspittle manlet) worldview.

Today, a Swedish woman was stabbed to death by a Muslim refugee. Add her body to the running count of White female victims of rapefugee runaway entitlement. It has been three weeks since the Cologne mass sexual assaults on German women at the hands (and groins) of Middle Eastern men. It has been two months since the Paris attacks when Muslims killed hundreds of White Frenchmen and -women.

Dwell on recent history. Now consider this: two days ago, a German poll revealed glaring sex differences in male

and female support for various German political parties. “Frauen” are women. The “AfD” is the anti-immigration party.



I don’t think you’ll see anything more shocking than this snapshot of the German female id. It calls to mind that Plath pith, “Every woman adores a fascist”. What’ll it take to convince White women that it’s in their best interest to shut the borders to hordes of nonWhite orcs?

“Best interest”? Maybe that’s the problem. Women’s best interest isn’t necessarily aligned with their men’s best interest. That Israeli politician quoted above is onto something dark and ominous when he accuses the West of assuming the role of intercontinental femaleness — the psychological condition responsible for civilizational ennui and exhaustion and prostrate submission to invading foreigners. Western men have become their women — gelded freaks who dress in mini-skirts to “support” victims of the Cologne sex attacks — and into that masculinity void unapologetically patriarchal Muslim migrants rush to provide that “other masculinity” which animates the hindbrains, and the ginewaves, of so many young fertile WHITE women.

Because who is going to protect these White women? White men in mini-skirts? It is to laugh. And though many women will claim otherwise to reporters holding microphones and even to themselves when uncomfortably alone with their thoughts, their actions expose a different motivation.

I call this sex-disparate phenomenon “The Feminine Mistake”. It was a mistake to hand to women inordinate power – at 51% of the population, women hold the levers in democratic societies – over public policy and the nation’s constitution. Women are who they are; they can’t help themselves when they vote for equalist leftoid nation-destroyers.

If the White West is to save itself from its worst instincts and sentiments, it’s going to take something that most cucks, manginas, and male feminists are loath, or scared, to do: tell women to step aside, because they are royally fucking up the place.

Rapefugee Game

CH · 26 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Another drearily familiar rapefugee news story contains a portentous subtext.

> All over Europe, women are suffering the consequences of the Muslim invasion disguised as a refugee crisis, and one reporter's encounter was captured on video. A group of Muslim migrants thought she was too attractive, then showed her what happens as a result.

The video is at the link above. There's nothing NSFW in the video; it's just the usual enriching perspectives we're instructed to appreciate from our colorful third world Diversity.

A reader gives his interpretation of this vibrantly multicultural scene, and issues a warning to the White Men of the West.

> Here is the reality.
>
> These guys have monumental, stone cold asshole game.
>
> They treat this woman like absolute shit, and she is fascinated by it, she keeps calling them back for more. She lets the guy take the microphone out of her hand.
>
> In the pussified world of Western European girly-men, these guys stand out as masculine, hard men who say what they want, take what they want. They walk down the street like they own it. They don't smile. They double down when challenged. They give sub-zero fucks.
>
> CH readers will see where this is going … .
>
> The dried up miserable vaginas of Europe's women will be engorged and dripping at the sight, and they will be blushing and squirming in their chairs and playing with their hair even as they say, oh, how awful … . Then they will do everything they can to get more of these unapologetic bastards into their country, and look for the opportunity to be called a slut, have their hair pulled, their clothes grabbed and pulled off, be slapped, be violated, be dominated, be owned. As more of these videos circulate, the man-starved women of Europe will become increasingly desperate to spread their legs for a vicious and hateful pummeling by these invaders.
>
> They will forget their own so-called men ever existed.
>
> And to get all "meta", feminism was a civilization-wide shit test, and the men of Western Europe and the USA failed. They have been reduced to sniveling beta status ever since. The poon of the West is desperate for a stern and iron Alpha ramming by anyone, and the first guys who showed up are these Muslim dirtbags.
>
> Looks like it's their lucky day.
>
> Note that the foregoing is clearly correct for the Germanic countries. The Muslims will own the place in a generation. This is not true in Eastern Europe, only the west. The Poles, Hungarians, Serbs, will absolutely without blinking shoot, hang, stab, run over with trucks, set on fire with gasoline, or club to death every Muslims they can get their hands on before they will turn over their women.

Hyperbolic, but he's onto something. After watching the video, I wouldn't go so far to say the female reporter is sexually aroused (she could just be chirpily stringing the rapefugees along to make sure she gets entertaining quotes), but the wider theme explored by the reader is by and large true: when stronger* men invade your public space, your women will eventually, and often in contradiction to their own stated wishes, gravitate into an orbit with the dominant invader male valence and assume the submissive position.

*Stronger in a sexual market context means less appeasing, bolder, and firmer of frame. IOW, an asshole.

The lesson is that when an existential crisis threatens the nation, its women simply can't be trusted to correct course. Men must steer the ship. And if that means dismissing their women's opinions while they get to the hard job of making their country great again, then so be it. The dismissiveness will probably reignite their women's desire for them.

The conclusion one must draw is the utter incompatibility of the White K-selected races with the less-than-White r-selected races. Multiculturalism is a failure. Worse, it's a deliberate failure; an attack by the ruling classes against their own people.

The saracens are a different breed, possessing a natural ZFG attitude and patriarchal insolence towards women that may not buy them much poon in their homelands but acts like a tingle generating explosive reaction in secular, betatized, domesticated, and effeminated European societies. The shy, shoe-gazing, polite White European beta male – representative of his tribe – is rendered impotent when contrasted against the brutish brown man's street theater, and the White man's women notice the contrast, and their hindbrains, despite the best intentions that some may have, map out sexual market hierarchies accordingly.

PS Refreshingly, there are some young women who know the score.

If there is hope among White women, it lies with the virginal cuties. But, as reader Diversity Heretic averred, the White man's chivalry comes with a necessary cost.

> Okay, you want male protection. Male protection comes at the price of female deference. If you want to compete with (and displace) men in the job and education marketplaces, if you want women to be defense ministers, if you want to pursue a career at the expense of being a wife and mother, if you want income and status equality with men, if you want to ride the alpha cock carousel until your early thirties, then expect to find a beta male provider who'll buy with a ring what you gave away free when you were younger and hotter,
>
> THEN CHICKY BABE, YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN! GUTEN GLUCK UND GUTEN ABEND!

PPS PA writes about white knighting (when it's appropriate, and when it's self-toolage.)

PPPS Reader Philomathean adds,

> I'm not convinced the majority of White women support the invasion because they long for a mud breach in their vaginal canals. It's state sponsored, socially approved moral posturing no different in spirit than an Oprah inspired kaffeeklatsch.

I reply: But women lead the moral posturing to open the borders. They are lapping men in their eagerness for more diversity enrichment. There is a deeper psychological compulsion that animates women's politics, and I contend it begins at the source of female sexuality: their innate desire for strength and dominance in men. Right now, that female desire has been redirected to outsider males, because their own men are hamstrung from reacting in the proper masculine manner to the alien threat (and too many are donning miniskirts as feeble signs of protest).

Why Assimilationism Is A Failed Ideology

CH · 27 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Cuckservatives adore the idea of assimilation like they do heterosexual sex; from a distance, as an abstract concept. When things between tribes aren't going well, the cuck pipes up to assert all that's needed is more encouragement to immigrants to "assimilate" to the American Way of Life. The cuck imagines assimilation as some magical process or cosmic intervention that appears after the requisite number of incantations calling for it by name are scattered throughout op-eds and on TV talk shows.

Now shitlibs are getting in on the assimilation racket (they used to be against it, arguing that America isn't a melting pot, it's a salad bowl, but recent trends have them worried the salad bowl is turning into a toxic stew so they're backtracking to good ol' assimilation to save their White dispossession project). You'll hear increasingly frantic calls for Assimilation as Diversity spreads like a black goo over the nation, snuffing out the last strands of societal trust and bonhomie.

Too late. Current events are throwing into stark relief the reality that Assimilationism is a failed ideology, and its failures will become more apparent as there is a rise in the numbers of disparate peoples the ideology must accommodate and manage to meld into a workable social contract.

From Alec Leamas,

> It's not hard to see how a flood of young male and Muslim reinforcements from the Near East and Africa is going to embolden the extant second generation Muslims who may have been born in Europe but who will never be Europeans. The Rapefugees' behavior is a given; the resident Muslims will be more free to act on their existing fantasies of power and conquest.

This is an insightful point. A tribe's essence may sleep, but it never dies. It may lie dormant, but it will never go extinct. As new immigrants gain numerical power and ruling class protection in their host nations, the tribal instinct within their second and third generation cousins already in the country is released from its artificial suppression. The few secular liberal minority tokens that equalist leftoids, in a pique of supreme naivete, assume are representative of all of the minority tribe's people, will recede to nothingness as their half-hearted voices are drowned out by the ululations of their extended family. To put it more bluntly, that smiling taxi driver praising America will revert with a quickness to the mores and standards of his race as soon as there are enough of his kind in close proximity to safely let his assimilationist mask slip.

Assimilationism doesn't take long to reach diminishing returns, and even to expose the absorbing culture to deleterious regression to the behavioral norms of the immigrants. The more immigrants, and the more different the immigrants, the less likely assimilation is to work, and the more likely assimilationist rhetoric will ramp up to conceal its ineffectiveness.

Assimilation to the host nation's way of life can work, but only under very strict preconditions:

1. the immigrants are not genetically and culturally distant from the native population into which they are assimilating.
2. the number of immigrants don't exceed a threshold above which their natural born racial characteristics can't be contained and redirected into expressions more compatible with the host nation's culture.
3. the host nation culture has the self-confidence and pride of place to demand total acquiescence to its norms from the arriving immigrants.

Western nations are currently failing on all three assimilation preconditions: Post-1965 immigrants are almost entirely nonWhite, the numbers of them are astronomical, and the host nations have lost faith in themselves while they bend over backwards to assist immigrants in retaining and celebrating the cultures of the homelands they

abandoned for Western prosperity.

Even when assimilation "works" — e.g., when Anglo-Germanic America absorbed millions of Southern and Eastern Europeans in the late 19th and early 20th centuries — there are immense costs and miseries that must be overcome along the way. And those costs are never completely paid off. Irish-Americans to this day still vote more Leftist than a typical Olde Anglo-Germanic American of yore would have been comfortable voting. And Italian-American communities have more corruption than adjacent Anglo communities. And don't get me started on the Eskimos…

But the Irish, the Italians, the Poles, et al are White ethnics, meaning that they aren't so genetically and culturally dissimilar from Anglo-Germanic Whites that their assimilation into the American fabric was ordained to fail absent the heavy hand of a police and surveillance state to keep everyone in line. Plus, their immigration was halted in the 1924 Act to preserve the Anglo White character of America. Intermarriage with other Whites further helped their assimilation, and this White ethnic intermarriage also contributed to the unique characteristics of Americans relative to their Old Country European cousins. This was a history of ethnicity-mixing among already high-achieving peoples (compared to world standards) that buttressed America's strength.

So past immigrant waves to the US satisfied, more or less, assimilation preconditions #1 and #2, and from all accounts #3 was also operative up until oh, 1970 or so. The assimilation calculation has changed a lot since then, (but don't tell the Ellis Island schmaltz shoppers that). Now the US's immigrants couldn't be more genetically/culturally different from the Anglo-Germanic substrate, couldn't be more numerically unmanageable, and couldn't be more free to avoid assimilation to a native stock American norm in favor of a globalist multikult credo. This is a recipe for the complete annihilation of the historical American culture (and subcultures).

I should mention there's one other way assimilation can work when the above three preconditions aren't met: Assimilation to a new norm via race mixing. This is the goal of the globo-homo elite. They want historic America to die in a hodge-podge of race-mixed mediocrities and consumers of perishable goods, who will then assimilate to a new, recombined America that is changed for eternity right down to its DNA.

For the record, the Chateau's immigration policy proposals (restated here from previous posts) is:

- sixty year (i.e., three generations) immigration moratorium
- deportation of all illegals
- end of birthright citizenship
- end of H-1B program (and similar wage-gutting loopholes)
- favored immigrant status extended to NW Europeans when immigration flow is re-opened
- South and East Europeans receive second favored status
- immigrants from all other groups admitted based on education/skill and only in trivial numbers

Reading this, I'm sure a shitlib's head is about to go Scanners, but perspective is a beautiful virtue. A mere sixty years ago, this immigration policy list would have been considered eminently sensible and uncontroversial by the vast majority of Americans. Here's to hoping Trump Makes America Sensible Again.

The Trumpening Demonstrates Another Game Tactic

CH · 28 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

CH hasn't had a Trumpening Game post in a while. Check out this video of O'Cuckly interviewing Trump yesterday about Trump's wise decision to forego the FoxNews GOP debate moderated by the extremely biased and unprofessional shit stirrer Megyn Kelly, (skip to 14:25).

TRUMP: Don't ask me that question because it's an embarrassing question…… for you.

That quip was deadly. It's what I call a micro-reframe. In a pickup situation, one would use this on a girl who asked a personal question (say, about how many girls you've been with) that you didn't want to answer. The pause before unloading the "for you" coda builds a smug anticipation in the girl that her qualification attempt will soon be validated. But, like what Trump did to O'Cuckly, you unleash this explosive little reframe and she will be left speechless, wondering where you've been all her life.

It takes balls to pull off stuff like what Trump does on a regular basis, but if you want to date young, cute, thin girls who have lots of options, you'll need to find your balls.

Don't be Fox News, the betabitch who begs for love.

TRUMP MOBILE
8:05
Wednesday, January 27
FOX News
Please don't do this
FOX News
Donald please pick up
FOX News
Missed Call (4)
slide to unlock

Spot The Alpha Male Tell

CH · 28 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

[Update below]

Megyn Kelly, a bimbo with a heart three times too masculine, has it in for The Trumpening. She's too biased, and she can't be trusted, so Trump was right to make her removal from the GOP debate moderator panel a condition of his attendance. (Trump has since called Roger Ailes' bluff. It was beautiful. Trump is dismantling the legacy media right before our eyes.)

But did you know Megyno Kelly, the manjawed embodiment of gogrrl, riotgrrl, tankgrrl, de-feminized lawyercuntery, was rumored to have had an extramarital affair with a college student in 2008?

Megyn Kelly, fully-fledged narcissist and product of the post-America sexual market dystopia representing everything wrong with American women, looks awfully happy in that photo. I'd even say glowing. Did he slip her the D moments before that photo was taken?

I'm inclined to believe he did. Why? Because there's a major alpha male tell in this snapshot. Can you see it? First commenter to get it right wins Bernie Sanders' tree money.

PS I know some of you misanthropes are thinking "short manlet… there's no way he was banging Megyn". Have you learned nothing from your visits to the Chateau? Alpha maleness is more, much more, than physical stature. Short men may, on average, have it tougher than tall men, but if they have compensating personality attractiveness traits they can score a grimy giny giantess like Megynocracy.

***

Reader The Raven was the first to get it right. No hoverhand. This guy has got the Grip of Ownage on Megyn's shoulder.

Other commenters pointed to additional evidence of alphatude. His forward-facing torso. The loose belt buckle

which looks like he rushed to dress after their bathroom dalliance. And the impertinence with which he presses his body into hers (or hers into his). There is no daylight between them, thigh to shoulder.

Thumbs up, college bro! You may not always meet aggro Fox News “””reporters”””, but when you do you make it count.

Why Shitlibs Are Helpless To Stump The Trump

CH · 29 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

They haven't seen the likes of Trump in their lifetimes. Johnny Redux explains,

> Trump has so much game, and the general public (and especially libtards) have not seen great game in a White male public figure (especially a politician) in such a long time (maybe a generation), that they really have no clue on how to deal with him. CH, you could probably make a fortune as a hired contractor to advise Hillary, or Jeb!, on how to counter The Donald. If you do, of course, we will be obliged to hunt you down.

I *could* help Grandma Sociopath and Pop-a-Guac make headway against The Trumpening. (In fact, I have considered writing a post playing devil's advocate and dispensing anti-AMOG advice to Trump's Trumpenstruck victims.) However, it's much more fun to watch Trump steamroll every goddamn cuck, cunt, and globalist turncoat in his signature jerkboy style. Best not take the chance that one of ¡Jeb!'s lackeys checks in on this site for tips and tricks that could stump the Trump.

There's no way I'd help to slow down this shitlib destruction show. Here's a taste of the fun (h/t Hackett to Bits):

> I love it. From CNN:
>
> *"[Trump] added that Fox had been "extremely nice," but it was too late. In an interview with CNN just before the rally, Trump said Fox News "apologized" to him for a mocking statement the television network issued…"*
>
> He has taken the most watched network in the country, pumped her and dumped her, and 'she' is begging him to take her back. Has any other candidate for any office at any time, anywhere in the world of electoral politics had this kind of power? Even Obama had to simper before he won in 2008.
>
> Although in this day of and age of fractionated news sources no one medium captures attention so singularly as television used to, I also can't wait for news that whatever tv coverage the Drake University event got beat the debate's ratings. And for Trump for rub that in their faces too.

The annihilation of every pozzed-to-the-pubic-hilt American institution that Trump is spearheading is an absolute godsend for true patriots. Burn this mother to the ground and rebuild it in the image of the Divine Shitlord.

Getting back to the original point, I seriously can't recall any White politician who has, or had, as much alpha male gravitas and tight Game as Trump has at this moment in time. The Rick Wilson clown car is at DEFCUCK 1 and the teeming masses of psychologically and physically disfigured leftoids are shitting their panties because none of

them have been opposed by a man like Trump who so expertly wields the soulkilling Shiv, and who so masterfully understands and executes fundamental Game principles.

Besides presenting the best chance to make America great again, Trump is a frequently featured guest at the Chateau because he is the embodiment of a high level seducer, proving on a daily basis the effectiveness of the entire oeuvre of CH Game techniques. Shitlibs can't stump the Trump because shitlibs have never seen this combination of

Power

Charisma

Balls

in one man. Zero Fucks Given means a million libcucks driven over the edge. Let's hope it's a long fall.

Snorting C*ke Off A Girl's Ass

CH · 30 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

If you get the opportunity to snort c*ke off a girl's ass, only one thought will go through your mind, blandly and iteratively.

"Here I am, snorting c*ke off a girl's ass."

The whole experience is meta to the max; audience to your own theater. The arietta will be accompanied by a syncopation of contrived eroticism, which nonetheless won't much diminish its melodic exhilaration, because something beastly and primal is exposed by the indiscriminate consumption. But the passion, tacitly scripted, will in recollection seem quite silly the next day under the harsh glare of a noontime sun.

hi, nsa!

The Two Paths

CH · 30 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

From what looks to be a late 19th Century pamphlet advising women to heed the approach of The Wall and to abstain from the life of a dissolute party girl, (h/t @KaliYugaSurf):

"bad literature" = *50 Shades of Gray*-style female porn has been around for a long time.

Our ancestors were wise. There was no "40 is the new 20" back then. A single woman at 40 has lost all her feminine charms; a sexual market outcast, for sure, but also a social outcast. The two designations tend to go hand-in-hand for women who remain unmarried and childless. (To a much lesser extent, this is true for men as well, but men have the option of several compensating social and sexual status-boosting pursuits that mitigate any marginal ostracism from remaining unmarried and childless.)

It was also assumed by our wise elders that women would have children by age 26, committing them to a life of home of hearth and removing them utterly from the field of courtship. Today? Eh…. not so much.

This country is, like, going soo downhill!! I'm leaving if Trump is president!!
I KNOW! If like, Trump becomes, like, president i'm, like, moving to Alaska!

The Shitlib Zone: Update

CH · 31 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Do you recall a post from last July featuring a CH twist on the Golden Earring song “Twilight Zone”, parodied as “The Shitlib Zone“? Good news! A reader tantalizes us with an update:

> Shitlibbin’ up the studio zone at long last! Powerful emission building… -HD

I just got a tingle up my leg!

How To Lose Fat And Gain Muscle — Fast

CH · 31 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The Iron Grail – losing fat, gaining muscle, doing it quickly – is here. It's not a gimmick, it's not easy, but it will work for everyone. (Via)

The program:

Cut calories by 40%.

Eat more protein.

Lift weights and do High Intensity Training like wind sprints.

There ya go. At the end of four weeks, subjects following this protocol gained an average two pounds of muscle and lost an average ten pounds of fat.

The hardest part for most people will be the drastic cut in total calories (most of which will come from carbs and a little less so from fat). Calorie restriction is notoriously hard to adhere to over the long term. But fortunately there's a way to achieve the benefits of calorie restriction without cutting calories. Intermittent fasting – eating the same amount of daily calories during a shorter window of time – can readily substitute for the 40% calorie reduction in the study program above. Mangan explains it well.

You want to look like an Iron Pill-chugging Shredded Shitlord, esq., whose strength of body advertises his strength of mind? Now you know what to do. No more excuses.

The Relationship Between Marriageability And Down-To-Fuckability

CH · 1 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There is a relationship between a woman's marriageability and her "down-to-fuckability" (shortened: DTFability). It's quite robust and replicable.

Down-to-fuckability is fancy scientific jargon for the impression a woman makes that she is eager and ready for sex, and that bedding her would not be much of a challenge. DTFability also suggests an openness to sexual experimentation and to trysts in public locations.

DTFability is similar to, but not the same as, sluttiness. For a woman to qualify as a slut, she has to have racked up a higher-than-average cock count. A better synonym for DTFability would be skankitude, which embodies the stylistic and behavioral qualities of sluttiness but not necessarily the high cock count that is the trademark of the slut.

A woman who is commonly considered by men to be "down to fuck" is a sexpot identified by her skimpy clothes, whore hoop earrings, tattoos, slut eye and other quirks of appearance, as well as by her seductive flirtations and aggressively sexual demeanor. Masculinized women with the telltale "manjaw" and careerist ambitions are representative of the DTF woman; they don't play coy and they love giving head.

Marriageability refers to women who are "marriage material". These women are the polar opposite of down-to-fuckable women. A marriageable woman, by her appearance, style and demeanor, implies a low risk of unfaithfulness and a high disposition to romantic loyalty, and following from these implications she likely possesses a pretty good maternal instinct as well. These things matter to men who are considering settling down and starting a family with "the right woman". A faithful, loving, affectionate woman is a woman who is unlikely to frivorce or cuckold a man.

Looks-wise, marriageable and down-to-fuckable women aren't all that different from each other. Beauties can be found in both groups, although DTF girls tend to a "hard" look and a psychotic thousand-cock stare, while marriageable girls tend to look softer, kinder and, less encouragingly, diffident. DTF girls inspire horniness in men; marriageable girls inspire romance in men.

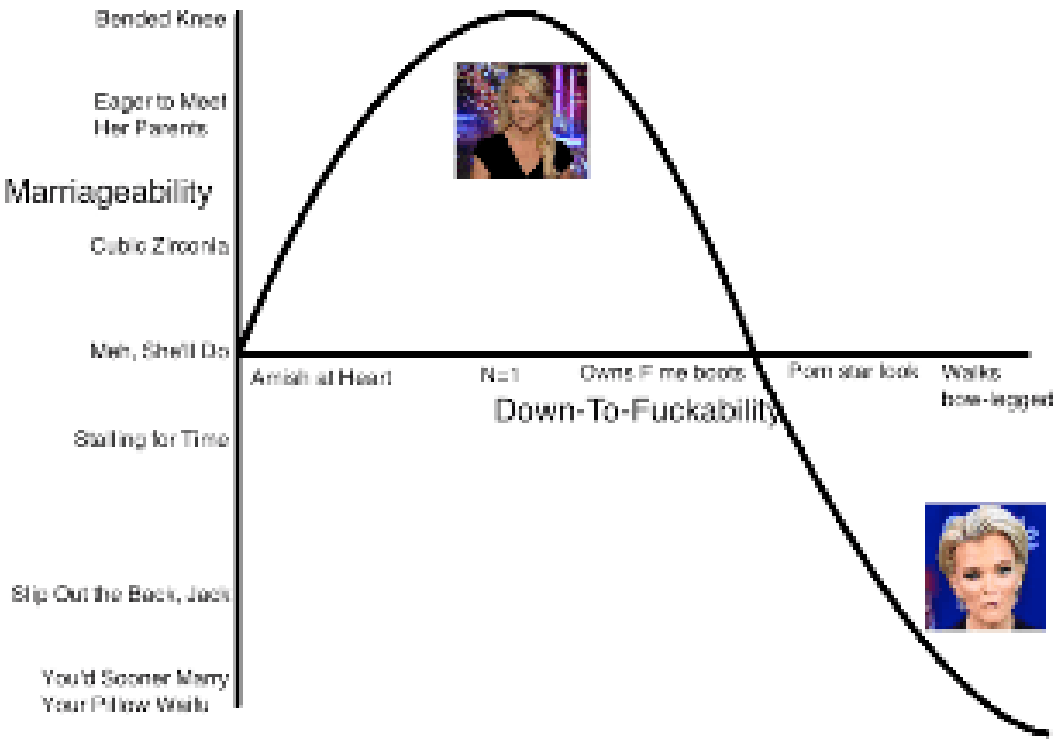
Horniness and romantic investment aren't positively correlated. Their relation is haphazard at best. Yes, men generally want to spend lots of time with women who make them horny, but women who inspire nothing BUT horniness exert a relaxation effect on men's more subtle sexual urge: the urge to protect and provide. In scientific terms, a DTF girl is a "fucknchuck", while a marriageable girl is a "waitnmasturbate" (i.e., men are willing to wait for the marriageable girl to open up sexually to them, while they endure the wait by masturbating).

And that explains the inherent tension in men when choosing between marriageable and DTFable girls. Men love the sexy, alluring ingenue with the come-hither eyes and Mariana Trench cleavage, but they don't so much love her infidelity risk and her reckless, indiscriminate coquetry. And men also love the coy, demure, innocent blushing beauty with the promise of a hymen and a chaste sensibility, but they don't so much love her prudery, sexual timidity and loose-fitting cable-knit sweaters.

So men looking to the future with a woman that goes further than a one-night-stand or a three month fling must find a balance between the two female genera. A woman who is too sexy is a divorce and cheating risk. A woman who is too prudish is a bed death risk, comfortable with weeks of sexlessness and having an aversion to blowjobs (which when she gives them can result in her face twisting into a rictus of disgust; quite the mood killer with the lights on).

Which brings us to:

The Marriageability-DTFability Relationship Curve



This curve captures the essence of the subconscious decision-making process that goes on in the minds of men judging women for their marriageability. A High Marriageability woman is NOT the most prudish and faithful; such a woman will dutifully bear and raise your children, but she will not dutifully bare herself and raise your churro. A very Low DTFability woman earns a “meh” on the marriageability question.

Peak Marriageability occurs at the inflection point where a woman is still relatively chaste but has a nascent talent for projecting a hungry sexuality in your general direction. This is the Sweet Spot (to complement the Wet Spot). A man would feel comfortable leaving a Sweet Spot wife for stretches at a time, and simultaneously would never dread having to hear from her the snapper-sutured lie “I have a headache”.

After this point, the more DTFable a woman becomes — which, in practice, means the more a man will push hard for first date sex with her — the less marriageable she is. A woman with a porn star look and Megyno Kelly’s aggrocunt short haircut will arouse a desire to rush her home and pile drive her through the mattress. What she won’t do is make any quality man with sexual market options reach for his wallet to buy her a fancy dinner, let alone a diamond engagement ring.

A smart woman knows where this balance lies, and works it to her advantage when trying to snag that perfect man into marriage. If there are glowing reviews to be written for the High DTFability girl, it’s that she isn’t satisfied with missionary alone, she gets down to business without a lot of insufferable wavering, and if you have even a lick of experience with women you’ll know how to spot her cruel wantonness and avoid serious romantic entanglements that could cost you your sanity and sense of self-worth, if it was precarious already.

The Corruption Of The American Woman

CH · 2 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Through a series of photographs, you are about to witness the corruption of the American Woman unfold over the course of three years. It's not for the faint of heart.

Photo 1: ~3 years ago. A smiling, modestly attired, feminine-looking 17 year old. On the "Marriageability:Down-To-Fuckability curve", she would be a hot marriageable property (if she lived in a state where 17 was the age of consent).

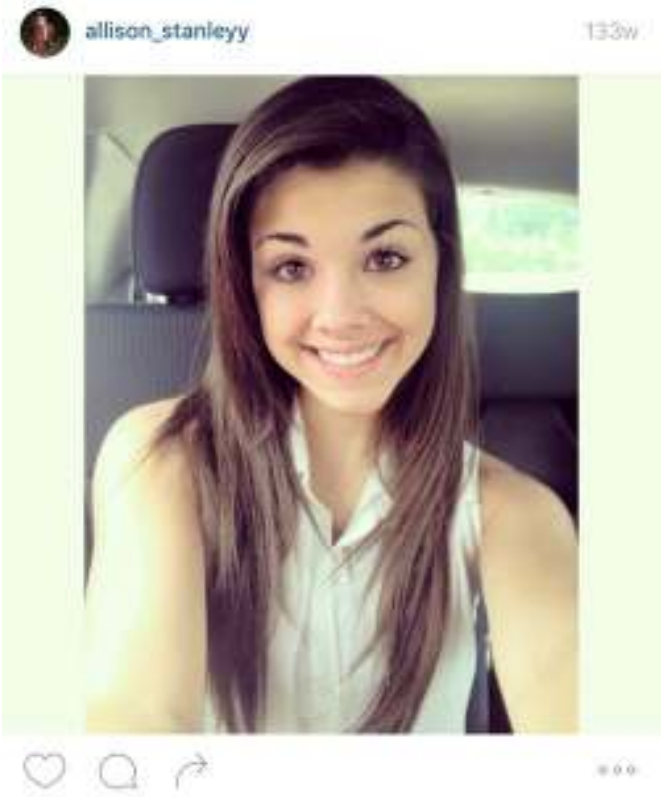


Photo 2: five weeks after the first photo was taken. She still looks worthy of a man's commitment and resources. But the giant sunglasses are the first hint that creeping sluttitude has infected her psyche.

Photo 3: three years later, she is now 20 years old. So much degradation in so little time. The wigger corn rows. The attention whoring, full-body, half-naked selfie (bra exposed). Fake tits, too? The navel piercing. The lacquered makeup. The ghetto nails. She is no longer marriageable, but she sure is DTFable. (wear two condoms)

Photo 4: present day, she is now almost 21 years old. Her corruption is complete. Daringly exposing her undertits for public consumption. Corn rows metastasized into permanent fixtures. Slutty makeup application (ladies pinch, whores rouge). Tattoos in erogenous zones. And the subtle tell of subconscious shame: she can't bear

to look directly in the camera. Who is taking her picture? Her black boyfriend? Is that his pit bull fighting arena in the background?

The reader who sent these photos writes,

> heartbreaking decline of young white girl.
>
> Not much to say here that hasn't already been said. Giving young women freedom or any unsupervised time is a bad move for the woman, for her family, and for society. These before and after shots span from 17 yo to the current day where "Allison" is now 20, 21 later this year.
>
> She was obviously beautiful, and had the potential to be everything a self respecting white man would have wanted in a wife. But after social media, college dorms, and working at twin peaks… This is what's left of the liberated American woman: a microcosm of current white culture; take the best genes and throw them away.
>
> I can genuinely say that I feel a sense of heartbreak for her father.

America corrupts her women, and America corrupts wherever She goes. Obesity, skankitude, deracination, mudsharkery, single mommery, faggotry, equalist dehumanization, social atomization… every corner of the globe touched by America has seen a rise in all these negative indicators of societal health.

The solution is clear: reform America, before She destroys everything in Her path.

Or destroy America, and start anew.

Sidewalk Love Affair

CH · 3 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Recently, I had box seats to a brief lovers' spat on the sidewalk. The couple starring in the show crossed my path perpendicularly. It was a telling scene, flush with unspoken truths about the differences between men and women. She's following him, begging for his attention. The girl has that frantic look like her baby is floating down the river in a basket and she's chasing after it.

All the while (not a long while, maybe twenty seconds total), he's striding purposefully ahead of her, oblivious, or affecting an air thereof, to her fevered pleadings. He stands tall, a confident posture and a neutral facial expression leading his way. He looks kind of like a dick.

I couldn't make out what the drama was about, but it didn't matter. There was a larger message in this theatrical release. I thought:

"This is the direction love should go. It's natural. Woman to man. Woman gives love, man receives love. (Man gives desire, woman receives desire.) No matter what happens next, this woman desperately chasing down her man will eventually fall into his post-coital arms, the both of them happy with their respective statuses in the relationship."

I tried to imagine by way of thought experiment how my perception of the scene would have changed if the roles had been swapped. If instead he had been pleading with his girlfriend to slow down, and she kept walking ahead of him. I twitched at the thought with instinctive revulsion. There was only one-way love in that reverse scenario, him to her. Submissive Male to Dominant Female. A guarantee of relationship extinction.

No one loves a needy man, not even himself.

How will you know your relationship is on solid ground? If she's running after you, red-faced and trembling with love and yearning and desperation and desire and, yes, fear. The sexual polarity is aligned. The love amplified.

If you're running after her, afraid to lose her love? You already have.

A good, if abstractedly imperfect, test of a woman's love for you is to ask if she would she die for you. You can ask yourself this question, and if you're honest you'll know the answer.

Would she die for you?

Because most women wouldn't.

> I watched TED talks today and a woman there defined love as you would give your life for that person. I would die for my son without question..but for my husband probably not. I do love him, but I wouldn't die for him..would I die for my husband when we first started dating when I was CRAZY in love with him? Nah..

You'll know you own your woman if she's so in love she'd at least claim in online scribblings that she'd die for you.

The Manlet Dialect: Fagcent

CH · 3 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Recall that Pajamaboy won the 2015 Most Punchable Shitlib Face tournament. In the comments, a reader warned that these punchable shitlibs have voices that are as insufferably effete as their plush pool boy mugs.

> Just wait until you hear them speak;
>
> Dylan Matthews: http://www.c-span.org/video/?311177-6/sequestration-labor-department-budget-cuts
>
> Pajama Boy aka Ethan Krupp: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AuRb4YJvvmM
>
> It's like the faggot accent has become a standardized dialect throughout America.

Call it the "fagcent". As in, "Did you hear that effeminate shitlib bitch about pico-aggressions? What a fagcent!"

It's hard to encapsulate the fagcent in one word; it's really a constellation of horribly enfeebled verbal tics. It's sing-songy, lilting, often high-pitched (but not always), and appropriates female inflections like vocal fry and uptalk. The overall impression is of a snarky, sneering little manboy trying to sound like a passive-aggressive woman in drag.

The 1880s were the Gilded Age. The 2010s are the Gelded Age. Request to replace the stars and stripes with buttplugs and dildos.

The Post In Which I Give Donald J Trump Some Game Advice

CH · 4 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The Trumpening took a small stumble at the last debate, hedging a bit on his commitment to ending the H-1B visa wage gutting program. He quickly clarified his remarks on Twatter afterwards, indicating that the alt-right influences his campaign.

Trump has struck me of late as more hesitant and defensive than is his norm. His offensive juggernaut, which won the hearts and minds of so many Americans, seems to have sputtered and switched into a premature “cruising speed” gear. I wonder if Trump is tightening up? His quips flowed better when the race was young, and he was the outsider. As things have gotten real, he may be more self-conscious of his pole position and the need to maintain his pack leader status.

If Trump is beginning to play defense, at this early stage, he risks losing his lead. Whether from a feeling of comfort or laziness or miscalculation, letting up on the gas now means he will get lapped. A justifiably hard line against open borders and illegal aliens is what propelled his campaign; to “soften” on those terms of combat now is akin to Chamberlain-esque appeasement. You dance with the girl who brung ya.

In war, hunkering down isn’t perceived as mercy. It’s an opening for attack. Any feints Trump makes towards the Nation-Wrecking Alliance, such as support (however tepid) for H-1Bs, or constant disavowals of some internet backwater weirdo because media cucks harass him about it every minute, will simply embolden his foes to strike at him twice as hard and four times as often.

So my Game advice to Trump is this: Politics is pickup without the bodily fluids. The master seducer doesn’t backtrack at the bedroom door. Keep up the Zero Fucks Given nationalist populism charm assault, and don’t disappoint the swooning voters at the electoral door. Carry them across the threshold. They want you to take them. Sure, whisper a few sweetly romantic nothings in their ears, show a little of your beta softie side, but when panties are in view don’t sit up and ask “Should I slow down?”. Slip a finger under the waistband. The seduction isn’t over until the Trump voter sighs.

PS Enjoy this great article by a veteran explaining to the cuckservative media why he left the movement to hop aboard the Trump Train.

The Integration Peril: Christianity Or Leftism?

CH · 5 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I thought this was an interesting and pithy comment by imnobody00, replying to the question posed in this post.

> It's easy. Leftist Jews are secular/reform Jews. When they came to the West, they had two options: to remain in a secluded community or to integrate. Since they were secular, they wanted to integrate. They could integrate by adopting Christianity, but this was the enemy of their forefathers, a kind of ancient taboo.
>
> Or they could integrate by adopting the religion of the Left, which filled the religious void they had in their minds, integrated them to the West and wasn't a taboo or a historical enemy. In addition, it was the religion of brainy people, such as them. They did that although retaining their ethnicity. Since the religion of the Left, it is anti-Christian and anti-White, they are anti-Christian and anti-White. They have a plus because they are Jews so they remember grievances against Christians.
>
> In short, the Jews that are producing these mayhems are not Orthodox Jews but converts. Converts to the religion of the Left. Their Judaism is vestigial and disappearing, when they intermarry (think Woody Allen's kids) or have a low birthrate. This is why Orthodox Jews will be the majority of the American Jews in some few decades.

I would only demur that from what I've read and heard plenty of Conservative Jews are equally as leftist as their secular/Reform brethren. So apparently choosing the lower-integration path doesn't also thwart the desire to adopt Leftism as a supplementary religion. My follow-up question: are Orthodox Jews in the U.S. against open borders and multikult in meaningful numbers? There are enough of them that a breakdown of their voting preferences shouldn't be hard to determine. If they are, that would lend credence to imnobody00's argument that Leftism is only a religion for otherwise irreligious Jews seeking a substitute to fill their spiritual void that isn't Christianity.

Hemaphobia

CH · 6 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Hemaphobia is the Greek word for “fear of blood”.

Rakiphobia is the Greek word for “fear of race”.

A classic rhetorical trick used by leftoids is to pathologize the normal, healthy instincts of BadWhites (aka Whites with a functioning self-preservation instinct) with the purpose of ostracizing those crimethinkers from contributing to the public discourse. The winning counterattack to this leftoid rhetoric is to draw attention to their ethnomasochistic/anti-White virtue signaling, social status whoring pathology, using similarly emotion-laden words. Labeling the Left is as critical to mission success as substantive refutation of Leftist beliefs.

This is what COPROP is all about. A winning revolution against a tyranny of lies needs its rhetorical shivs as much as its dialectical shield.

An example of effective COPROP that turns leftoid tactics back on them would be the crafting of smear words that roll off the tongue and imply the recipient is suffering from a mental disorder or a sociopathic compulsion to screw over good people. For instance, a quick and dirty script flip is to substitute the suffix “-philia” to any leftoid term of disparagement.

“xenophilia”

“homophilia”

“dildophilia”

When you target leftoids with these words you will experience the exquisite pleasure of witnessing their child-like egos prolapse in a tantrum of indignation. Their confusion as to how to respond to this novel line of attack will often leave them gibbering like lunatics.

As much as I love taunting shitlibs with the label “xenophilic”, (a slur which hits pay dirt because it is true as well as diagnostically caustic), there is another term which I hope will hit the mainstream consciousness as hard as any leftoid agitprop.

“Hemaphobia”.

Fear of blood, which translates into the vernacular as fear of genetic kinship and aversion to ethnic/racial affinity. A standard representative of the typical platitude-spouting, **hemaphobic** leftoid would be this woman.

> Interviewing my 11 year old on **#SyrianRefugees**: We should let them in. If we treat them like Americans, then they’ll act like Americans.

Exhibit C(uck) in empty-headed poopytalk that provides an endorphin rush to the moral preener but also reveals the deep-seated hemaphobia that motivates her race betrayal. She is a sick woman who needs many MANY years of therapy.

If hemaphobia doesn’t catch, “rakiphobia” can be used instead as a colloquial substitute. My prediction, if these lethal alt-right psy ops begin to imprint on the block-like skulls of mainstream cuckservatives, is a pall of shock and awe, and eventually crippling self-doubt, settling over the leftoid hivemind as they grapple with their rhetorical Hate Machine reprogrammed to destroy its creator.

The Poet Needs The Warrior

CH · 7 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

What is the ideal man? Twatter Agree&Amplify writes,

> The ideal man combines the culture of the (sane) liberal, and the fight/masculinity of the conservative-type.

The liberal environment — or, rather, the environment created by conservative scientist and engineer Whites that attracts a lot of White liberals who then build upon the civilized foundation — has a lot of good things going for it. If only xenophilic, virtue signaling libfags would learn that fewer Whites = fewer good things. Guys with gun racks and ATVs may scoff at bike lanes, but biking around a gleaming city unspoiled by crime and grime is a pleasure in its own right, (although perhaps not on the level of watching a sunset dip below a m0untain ridge).

Twatter a.p.hill, channeling Anonymous Conservative and the r/K theory of human organization, adds,

> Libs have smaller amygdalae. Learn too late enrichment is a poison pill. Warrior kept poet in line. Feminism killed warrior.

Conservatives need liberals for their creativity and (usually) aesthetic lifestyle sensibilities. Liberals need conservatives for their guardianship and wisdom. Too few liberals, and conservative society can become static and self-satisfied. Too few conservatives, and liberal society can become self-destructive.

In this view, conservatives are the more crucial linchpin to civilization. Without liberals, we might have worse movies and fewer charming coffee shops. But without conservatives, we might have no civilization at all, having handed over the keys to the White kingdom to babbling barbarians.

So there is something to this formulation that amygdalae-deficient shitlibs, poets till the consummating end, need (if not consciously want) the pimp hand of warriors with full hearts and clear eyes to stop shitlibs from blowing up the nation and taking everyone down with them.

In normal historical cycles, the warrior would ascend in times of decadence and social disconnection to bring balance to the force. But these are not normal times. Feminism, the ideological spawn of Satan and his thousand reptilian succubi, thwarts the natural ascendancy of the warrior class, allowing the shitlib devolution to continue unhindered and unchecked. Feminists must therefore be defeated in order to pave the way for the rising warrior class to defeat the platitude-drowning shitlibs. The Chateau has not been sadistically discrediting feminists for this long without good reason.

The (((Rebbe))) sums it up:

> [White liberal utopias] cannot exist long term. Complacency > Degeneracy > Self-Destruction.

Americans may be fated to abide this dismal decivilizing loop., no matter how many Trumpenings crest the battlefield. If I'm right, then so is my prescription: Poolside, watching the conflagration complete its appointed mission. If I'm wrong, and I hope I am, then Trump is just the first trumpet blast of many more White heralds to come.

Exploiting Peeple To Pick Up Girls

CH · 8 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Peeple is a new app in a long line of privacy destroying, character assassinating, surveillance state facilitating, attention whore enabling apps that went live recently and promises to hasten the end of Western Civilization.

For those in the dark, Peeple is a human ranking app. Character is currency on Peeple.

> When the app does launch, probably in late November, you will be able to assign reviews and one- to five-star ratings to everyone you know: your exes, your co-workers, the old guy who lives next door. You can't opt out — once someone puts your name in the Peeple system, it's there unless you violate the site's terms of service. And you can't delete bad, inaccurate or biased reviews — that would defeat the whole purpose.
>
> Imagine every interaction you've ever had suddenly open to the scrutiny of the Internet public.

Naturally, two nosy broads co-founded the company.

After public outcry, Peeple caved on their initial negative review guidelines and apparently users can now contest posted bad reviews. (Good luck with that.) Also, you have to have a registered Peeple account for negative reviews to show; otherwise only positive reviews are displayed.

Comment from James:

> Assuming this app is successful, what new markets would it create or change?
>
> 1. phone numbers and email addresses become sacred. A cloaking device which hides numbers/addresses could be installed on each phone. if you're in proximity to someone else, you could accept that person's handle name, without ever know their contact details. You or this person could block each other if things turn sour.
>
> 2. The demand for multiple names would go up. People will develop separate names for family, friends, work, the State and relationships. This will become a headache for, not only the authorities, but also banks and courts. It will resemble something like the Native American naming system. Pick-up Artists have already figured this out.
>
> 3. The demand for social media declines. (I feel like we've already reached peak social media, but that's just me.)

I've been saying that full suite anonymizing apps and network privacy solutions with shallow learning curves will be the next big thing, because the market for them is YUGE and untapped. TOR and TAILS and VPNs are great, but they are still only usable by a small minority of tech-savvy customers sufficiently motivated to search for and install these cloaking devices. The average American 1. doesn't fully grasp the nature of the online threat to his privacy and identity and 2. doesn't have the time or smarts to grapple with the privacy-enhancing tools currently available.

To any budding entrepreneurs with an interest in cyber anonymizing, this is your moment. A simple, one-click app that can effectively conceal online identity from corporations, government, and psychostalker exes will absolutely COMMAND customer response and loyalty. Why there's nothing like it yet is a mystery to me.

Anyhow, as James hinted at, Peeple is an exciting new exploit for pickup artists. If Peeple gets a reputation for aliases, then any girl using it would not be able to discern a regular Peepler from a PUA Peepler. Sowing that much confusion allows the sneaky fucker with the 007 alias to operate with plausible deniability. Imagine a girlishly tentative post-coital inquiry: "Your name's not John?" "Oh yeah, that's not my real name. You know how it is on Peeple. No one uses their real names."

Another advantage of Peeple to PUAs is, of course, the ability to manipulate its review system and thus girls' perceptions. Fake female accounts to add positive rankings to one's profile would trigger the "preselected by

women” algorithm in curious viewers. Or, the aspiring modren womanizer could try the opposite tack and flood his profile with low rankings and conspicuously bitter butthurt reviews that read like the pained regrets of disgruntled ex-girlfriends and puzzled one night stands. This “jerkboy verification” via third party bitching has a powerful effect on spectating girls — especially the younger, hotter, tighter, asshole-adoring girls that every man really wants — who will be drawn, uncontrollably, to a bad man who has left such a lengthy trail of broken hearts.

The Sex Stare

CH · 9 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Try this. Next time you and a woman are walking toward each other, make eye contact and lock it in. Don't glance away bashfully to return to the scene of the oracular crime. Don't blink, wink, or unlink your pupils from hers. Dive into her vitreous orbs with a strong, unrelenting, remorseless stare. Not a psychostare. No, no, not like that. No deathbrow furrows or judgmental squints. No wide-open, twitchy, soul-sucking Manson gaze. No salacious leer. Just a confidently casually neutral stare of visual assessment, as if she were a sunset dipping below the ocean horizon, or an odd splotch of graffiti in an unlikely place.

One other thing. If you can hitch the tiniest hint of an approving smile to your stare, all the better.

You will notice something wonderful when you do this. No woman can resist returning your stare. She will relinquish her eyes to the noose of your iris, and won't try to wriggle free. An inflamed rush of arousal will course through her capillaries instantly, even if you aren't her "type". The sex stare, as I call it, isn't about seductive flirting so much as it is about impudent masculinity — the assertion of visual entitlement and dominance over the female. The dominance is subtextual, a refracted signal of high sexual market value that prompts an equal and complementary reaction; a locked stare is rarely broken by the woman, intolerant as she is to preempting her conscription into a moment of spellbinding pleasure.

A gripping sex stare takes a little practice to get right. Newbs will walk close to the creep line. You will have to battle the urge to look away or break visual rapport with a goofy grin or a flustered introduction. Once you avoid the obvious try-hard pitfalls, it's a simple task to land the sex stare with a natural's composure.

The more you do it, the more positively intrigued return stares you'll get from women. It's lasciviously linear. This will grow your scrote three sizes, and then you will want to graduate to the big boys' broadroom: at the threshold, when shoulder-to-shoulder, convert your sex stare into a strategically platonic opener. The contrast between pregnant eyeplay and pallid wordplay will drive your mark to the brink of Tinglegeddon. Contrast is king.

Cat Ladies And Childlessness: A Love(less) Connection

CH · 9 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Stamping the imprimatur of SCIENCE! on what we already knew, this study found that cats and childlessness go together like a horse and carriage.

> Quantifying the Search Behaviour of Different Demographics Using Google Correlate.
>
> Vast records of our everyday interests and concerns are being generated by our frequent interactions with the Internet. Here, we investigate how the searches of Google users vary across U.S. states with different birth rates and infant mortality rates. **We find that users in states with higher birth rates search for more information about pregnancy, while those in states with lower birth rates search for more information about cats.** Similarly, we find that users in states with higher infant mortality rates search for more information about credit, loans and diseases. Our results provide evidence that Internet search data could offer new insight into the concerns of different demographics.

Wait for it……..

Small useless pets like indoor cats are child substitutes. There's no flim-flamming away that obvious conclusion under a fog of try-hard White Knight rhetoric. The cat provides the single in the city cock carouseler the outlet for her maternal nurturing instinct (however weak) that a real child of her own can't, because she hasn't gotten pregnant in the fifteen years she's been on the Pill.

There's been chatter among the alt-cognoscenti about parasites and assorted pathogens secretly being involved in most of humanity's weird behavioral outliers. News come daily of discoveries that viruses have the creepy ability to alter our personalities. Maybe T gondii, the cat-transmitted pathogen, infects the cat owners' minds and suppresses their desire to settle down with a dutiful beta male who will help them raise a brood. It might even compel cat ladies to pop womb-charring Pills and seek fleeting hookups with undependable cads. Cat food for thought…

Our Distant Ape Ancestors Were Polygynous

CH · 9 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

For evidence of our true sexual natures when artifice and compromise are stripped away, we look to the world around us and watch it go with our lying eyes… and if distrustful of our powers of observation we look to the historical record for an idea of how our distant ancestors navigated the sexual market.

One such very distant ancestor to humans, it turns out, was polygynous (one man, many women).

> "**The Y chromosome tree for gorillas is very shallow**, which fits with the idea that very few male gorillas (alpha males) father the offspring within groups," Hallast continued. "By contrast, the trees in chimpanzees and bonobos are very deep, which fits with the idea that males and females mate with each other more indiscriminately." […]
>
> Study leader Mark Jobling, also a geneticist from the University of Leicester, noted that "humans look much more like gorillas than chimps" when considering Y-chromosome data and mtDNA.
>
> "It's interesting to compare the shapes of the trees between humans and our great-ape relatives," he said. "**This suggests that over the long period of human evolution our choice of partners has not been a free-for-all, and that it's likely that humans have practiced a polygynous system — where a few men have access to most of the women, and many men don't have access — over our evolutionary history as a species**. This is more like the gorilla system than the chimpanzee 'multimale-multifemale' mating system."

A figure that gets bounced around the realtalkosphere frequently is the 80/40 ratio: 80% of women, but only 40% of men ever reproduced, over the course of human history and up until the relatively unique modern era. If this number is accurate, its implications are astounding.

One, it confirms a degree of influence on mating systems from female hypergamy. Women's deeply hypergamous compulsion to prefer the shared company of an alpha male over the monopolized company of a beta male is a tough truth for most to accept. Though it is a universal truth subject to mitigation by recent evolution just like any human trait, and certain races of women may have been selected for a less hypergamous disposition.

Two, it suggests an ultraviolent past, far removed from the noble savage fantasies percolating in liberal minds, when death stalked men constantly. If murder, lethal accidents, and animal maulings were common throughout most of pre-modern human history, then there wouldn't be many men surviving to reproductive age, skewing the sex ratio.

Three, most ominously, it portends dysgenic evolution in modern societies. We are near a 1:1 ratio of reproductive success for women and men in Western societies. This is a great egalitarian achievement from the perspective of those who would lose in a sexual market governed by the laws of nature, but the equal mating field may come with a stiff (heh) price: too many low fitness misfits passing on their mutational loads to future generations. Nature, in the end, always wins. No Title IX, condom, or Pill will thwart Nature from her appointed mission of culling the losers and rewarding the winners. And as of now, it appears the winners of tomorrow are those with healthy genomes and an aversion to contraceptives and the sex and the city liefstyle.

All The Single Ladies Are Pushing America Over The Leftist Cliff

CH · 10 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Single momhood is up. The marriage rate is down. The age of first marriage is up. And the divorce industrial complex provides incentives to women to shatter marriages that would have survived similar rough patches not too long ago.

What does this distressed state of frayed affairs portend for America? How about a rapid and continual shift in the electorate toward Leftism and all its attendant social ills.

> Why have women become Left-Wing? The political gender gap and the decline in marriage.
>
> The last three decades have witnessed the rise of a political gender gap in the United States wherein more women than men favor the Democratic party. We trace this development to the decline in marriage, which we posit has made men richer and women poorer. **[ed: this is not necessarily true. controlled analysis of actual living standards post-divorce support a less financially stable position for men. and the *perception* of financial gain matters; women perceive, due to legal incentives, that they will gain more in a divorce.]** Data for the United States support this argument. First, there is a strong positive correlation between state divorce prevalence and the political gender gap—higher divorce prevalence reduces support for the Democrats among men but not women. Second, longitudinal data show that following marriage (divorce), women are less (more) likely to support the Democratic party.

Divorced men don't stop voting Democrat because they are in a better financial position than they were in marriage; rather, they stop voting Democrat because the Democrat Party supports the whole panoply of anti-male feminist policy preferences that tilt the divorce playing field against men's interests. Burn a divorced man once, shame on him. Burn him twice….

The real reason single women — pre-marriage and post-divorce — more strongly support the Shitlib Party is because they are biologically compelled to seek a male provider and his resources when they are mate-less. If no dependable or asset-rich man is available, then single and divorced women, and especially single moms with future juvenile delinquent and roadside stripper mouths to feed, will seek resources from the best available alternative: Big Daddy Government.

Consequently, as the nation loads up with more sex and the city mimosaettes and platitude-quaffing obese single moms of mystery meats, the bigger government will grow to satisfy the demand for more ~~free first date dinners~~ of dem welfare programs. And that is how the culture substrate changes absent any widespread genetic changes in the population, (which will follow not long after a massive and prolonged culture change).

Moral of the SCIENCE!: Female suffrage was a big mistake.

Spot The F*ck Me Stare

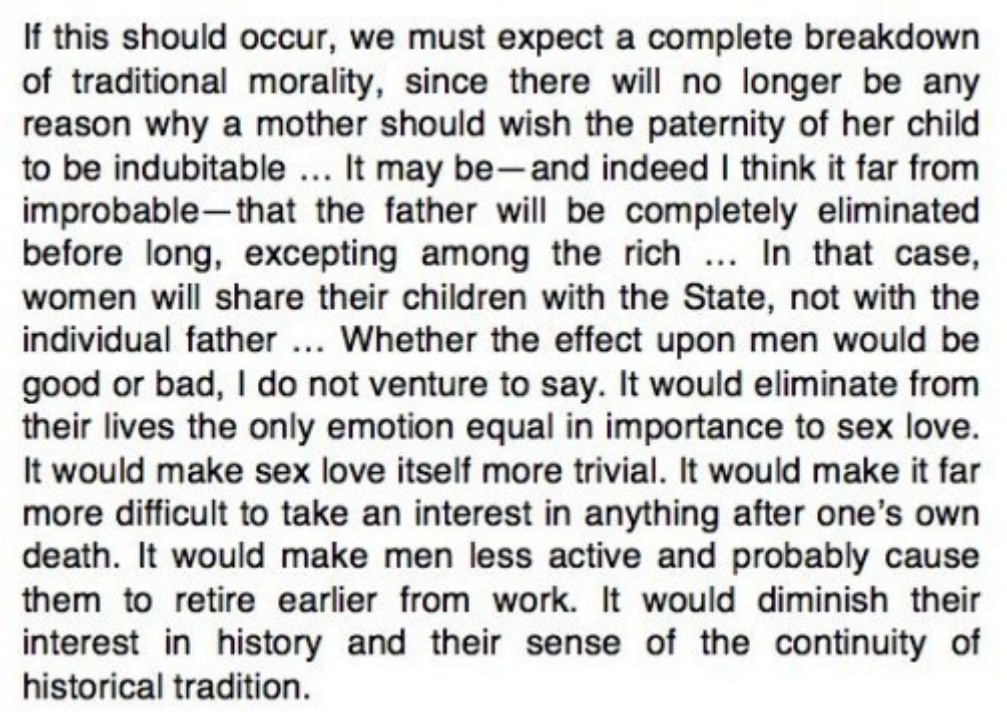
CH · 11 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

While you're at it, see if you can spot the "I'm a witchy cunt" stare, too.

The Great Men On The Welfare State

CH · 11 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Bertrand Russell is a patron sadist of Chateau Heartiste for good reason; when he's on, he's quite good at cataloguing the ills that befall those cultures which turn their backs to the gods of the copybook headings. Here he is on the welfare state and its corruption of the sexual market:



If this should occur, we must expect a complete breakdown of traditional morality, since there will no longer be any reason why a mother should wish the paternity of her child to be indubitable ... It may be—and indeed I think it far from improbable—that the father will be completely eliminated before long, excepting among the rich ... In that case, women will share their children with the State, not with the individual father ... Whether the effect upon men would be good or bad, I do not venture to say. It would eliminate from their lives the only emotion equal in importance to sex love. It would make sex love itself more trivial. It would make it far more difficult to take an interest in anything after one's own death. It would make men less active and probably cause them to retire earlier from work. It would diminish their interest in history and their sense of the continuity of historical tradition.

If you got a chill reading this, that's normal. You see how prophetic Russell was — the rise of single momhood, the destruction wrought by the divorce industrial complex, the encroachment of leftoid authoritarianism, the disavowal of kin and country — and you fear what is to come next.

The Leftoid Phenotype

CH · 13 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

These two Trump haters are representative of so many of their kind.

A masculine woman and a feminine man. The sexual polarities reversed, flipping a giant upside-down middle finger to the divine order. Mangrrls and girlbois are the classic leftoid phenotype. They carry the baggage of their scarred psyches on their punchable faces. A sick people steering a sick society to a sick bed.

National Review's Resident Cuckmug Kevin D. Williamson Pens Racist Screed

CH · 14 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Check out these excerpts from Kevin D. Williamson's latest *National Review* article. I can't believe they give him a platform to print this racist trash!

> National Review's Kevin Williamson believes Hillary Clinton's appeals to African-Americans are "immoral" because that demographic's way of life deserves to die out. […]
>
> Williamson, a long-time critic of The Harridan, essentially agrees that he doesn't support any policies or rhetoric directly tailored to African-Americans — particularly about jobs being taken by outsourcing and immigration — because it would be wrong to do so.
>
> "It is immoral because it perpetuates a lie: that the African-Americans that find themselves attracted to Clinton have been victimized by outside forces," the NR roving correspondent writes. "[N]obody did this to them. They failed themselves."
>
> He then goes on to state that all the ills associated with downscale blacks are a result of that race's inherent depravity.
>
> "If you spend time in hardscrabble, black Detroit, or Ferguson, MO, or my own native Texas bathhouse, and you take an honest look at the welfare dependency, the drug and alcohol addiction, the family anarchy—which is to say, the whelping of human children with all the respect and wisdom of a stray dog—you will come to an awful realization. It wasn't Beijing. It wasn't even Washington, as bad as Washington can be. It wasn't immigrants from Mexico, excessive and problematic as our current immigration levels are. It wasn't any of that," Williamson states.
>
> He then goes on to make the conclusion that it's great these communities are dying out because they have a warped morality and are a dead weight on the economy.
>
> "The truth about these dysfunctional, downscale black communities is that they deserve to die. Economically, they are negative assets. Morally, they are indefensible," the conservative writer says. "The African-American under-class is in thrall to a vicious, selfish culture whose main products are misery and murder. Hillary Clinton's speeches make them feel good. So does crack cocaine. What they need isn't analgesics, literal or political. They need real opportunity, which means that they need real change, which means that they need U-Haul. If you want to live, get out of Atlanta [a heavily-black town in Georgia]."

If you haven't figured it out yet, Williamson's racist screed was actually aimed at Whites. Just substitute "whites" and "white working class" everywhere you read "blacks" and "African-Americans". The racism against Whites gets published; the version of it with "blacks" replacing "whites" would get Williamson fired from National Cucktacular and his penis-shaped head on millions of network broadcasts as the featured "two minutes hate" antiracism whipping cur (which he'd probably enjoy).

Prying into Williamson's GRidS, I can think of at least three motivations for this latest Williamson article revealing his hatred of BadWhites who don't genuflect before the MLK monument or rave about the unconventional conservatism of piss porn.

1. The article is an elaborately insincere troll of the foes he really hates: the "White identity" alt-right. In this reading, Williamson appears to be sarcastically mocking an assumed hypocrisy among White identitarians to support the White working class against elite machinations while simultaneously blaming blacks' miseries on their race's inherent deficiencies. The premise is flawed, though, because it relies for its ideological grounding, like all cuck declarations do, on the religion of race creationism (i.e., the belief that evolution stopped at the

neck up and the skin down and that therefore all races are equal in every way except on the most superficial traits). The alt-right recognizes intra-race as well as inter-race differences in aptitude and character, and understands that this fundamental view is not incompatible with the indictment that the ruling class and their lackeys push policies that bring unnecessary hardship to the non-ACELA classes. This worldview is a far more consistent stance than anything the cuck-right has attempted to elucidate.

2. Williamson is psychologically projecting his hatred of black dysfunction onto Whites. He's too cowardly to come out and say "blacks are violent and allergic to civilized norms of behavior" so he sublimates his hatred into a rage against the White working classes who, for all their faults, are nowhere near the level of dysfunction that your typical majority-black ghetto exhibits.
3. Williamson is a gay homosexual who was rejected by his redneck Texan father, and his slanders against the White working class are essentially an elaborate F YOU DAD act of negative transference.

Whatever Williamson's psychological peculiarities, his stated and implied reasons for hating working class Whites are utterly bankrupt. Non-elite White men aren't coddled like blacks and hispanics and women. There is no affirmative action for non-elite White men. No government contract set-asides. No 24/7 mass media engine to blame all their woes on nonWhite racism and celebrate their White working class cultural contributions to America. No White Lives Matter or Black Privilege movements to shore up their egos and make them feel like under-appreciated valued members to society. No education industrial complex to glorify their history (or make it up if insufficiently glorious) and to simultaneously diminish the history of nonWhites.

But Keven D. Williamson knows all this. He's just doesn't care. Which makes him a dirtbag. Nothing more.

He'd better hope that when his dreamed-of Diversitopia in America is fully realized, that the numerically overwhelming nonWhite races, whom I guarantee won't share his ACELA Whites' pathologically cucked impulse to leapfrog moral loyalties to outsider races, keep him around as the funny-looking court faggot instead of feeding him alive to a pit of crocodiles like they do to Boer farmers.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: The Project To Turn Women Into Poor Facsimiles Of Men

CH · 20 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

From a comment to a New York Beta Times article about “gender equity”.

> Otis E Plainfield, Tx The College of The Permian Basin
>
> Peter Drucker, in his famous essay Managing Oneself, advised strongly the need to understand your strengths and weaknesses, and observed that you can never win by improving your weaknesses, only by improving your strengths. In broader socio-economic terms, we have given women the opportunity to build on their weaknesses (ability to compete against men) and discouraged them from capitalizing on their strengths (youth and fertility). They compete through artifices of fairness and inclusion that are borne on the backs of an ever-dwindling pool of male supporters. We have weakened society as a whole by building on women’s weaknesses in attempts to make them the equal of men, rather than encouraging them in their natural strengths. And while this charade is going on, men are encouraged to adopt feminine attitudes and lifestyles at the expense of their own natural strengths, now deemed unnecessary in the new gender-neutral economy.

Fucking hardcore. Otis is awarded a VIP guest pass to the Chateau (if he wasn’t already a secret visitor).

This project to turn women into men and men into women won’t end well. But it will end, either in a pyre of societal disintegration or pinned under the sword of better men (and women). Nature doesn’t tolerate for long social experimentation at odds with Her directives.

This One Weird Trick To Overcome The Age Objection

CH · 20 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This mischievous courtship feint is kind of nerdy, but it really works in the SWPLopolises where girls tend to be a little smarter, or at least more concerned about signaling their smarts to demanding alpha males.

When a girl asks how old you are (because you regularly hit on conspicuously younger women), say

"The square root of [X]."

So, if you're 35, you'd say, "The square root of 1,200." Tell her to "round up" because "all women prefer an established older man". Bust her chops and say you'll add points to her score if she doesn't use her phone calculator.

Most girls will play along, especially if you frame your challenge less as an earnest invitation to turbocharge a conversation and more as an aloof swipe at her insolence for asking such lame questions.

She'll guess (usually younger, b/c girls will form-fit you into a suitable male mold if you sufficiently intrigue them), and, as per the usual CH advice, your reply should be something along the lines of "wow, you're really good at this!" or "well done!", implying that she nailed your age without ever actually confirming her guess as true or not.

PS: If you look like a spitting image of a math olympiad winner, you might want to field test this baby on a few uninspiring ladies first, and gauge their reactions. I'm thinking that very nerdy-looking men would be mistaken by girls as the type of men who would seriously consider a math question to be appropriate flirting, which would cause the tactic to backfire. Alternately, if the nerdy-looking man projects a flippant self-awareness while delivering the line, women could become interested by the contrast between the outer nerd and his inner ZFG confidence.

PPS There is always an ulterior, goal-directed undercurrent buoying Game techniques. In this instance, the conversation is framed as a challenge to the woman, which psychologically provokes a feeling in her that she has something to prove, which coaxes her into a "chaser" role and alters her perception of the man as having higher mate value than he otherwise would have had he dutifully submitted to the rules of her interrogation.

Compare And Contrast

CH · 20 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

president butt naked's latest military combat command appointee:

Russian soldiers at the last Victory Day parade in Red Square:

There's a reason Trump speaks well of Putin, and weepy cuck vaginas want to start WWIII with Russia, (from afar, and with prole cannon fodder, of course).

The View From America

CH · 21 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Johnny Redux paints a lurid, dismal picture of the America he sees fulminating around him.

> We need something to change, and that's for sure. I live in a pretty nice area. Stopped at the chain grocery store to get some items for the week, and here are some things that I saw/thought:
>
> * Saw two young girls (between 12-14) wearing skin tight leggings with no skirt or anything to cover their butts. They were not together, but with separate moms walking around the store. One mom looked like a trailor park loser, the other mom was a fake blond whore wearing her own set of tight leggings (and fat ass to go with it). Both totally oblivious to the whore-training their daughters (or maybe jealous of it, who knows!). The older brother of one of the girls (and son of the trailor park trash woman) looks pale, thin, and has turd green pants on drooping down to mid-butt. He slides when he moves, he does not walk. I am guessing there is no dad in the picture with any of them.
> * Tall, heavier set 25-ish year old White girl at the checkout line next to mine, with what appeared to be her father. The father was carrying the girl's young 2-year old looking son, who clearly had some Puerto Rican or other non-White blood in him. Turned my stomach. Of course, the father of the child is no where to be found. Pumped and dumped, raising the genome of another race, and doubtful to ever carry a full-blooded White baby to full term. Of course, beta dad is just happy to have a grandchild. Yeah, diversity.
> * On the way out, a fat, 40 year old, 5'2″ slug of a woman almost runs into me (as she is coming through the exit!) because she is staring at her iPhag. Does not bother to say excuse me, sorry, etc. I say, loudly, "Nice job! Keep staring down at your stupid phone!"
> * In the parking lot, put my groceries in the trunk. Look over to the car in the next isle unloading the family. Both girls are hypnotically staring at their iPhags. I wonder, "How will either of these girls making a fully functioning adult, let alone a fully functioning mother who has to GIVE her attention to another human being for more than 30-second blasts?! This is why the Third World, for now, has an advantage on the social level, because they are not being destroyed by all of this readily available technology…and pumped the drug of constant entertainment."
> * Get inside my nice, sound-deadening car, and all is quite. Breath. Jezuz! Going out is depressing when your eyes are open. Turn the key, and "Lips Like Sugar" comes on. That helped.

Kevin "Eggface" Williamson would tell these people to rent a U-Haul and move to another town. And that is why the magazine he works for, and his preferred candidates, fail.

America is regressing and growing coarser and more venal by the day. The last stages of decline and irruption are in view. I have hope that this ship can be turned around before hitting the shoals, but my hope dwindles with each new outrageous news cycle testifying to the stupendous malevolence and incompetence of our ruling elite and their sycophantic, status whoring, megaphone lackeys.

Eventually, this will end. I think now more than before that it will end with America splintered into regional powers, because the mutual hatreds have festered and been stoked for far too long to permit even a facile show of unity. Our """leaders""" now openly show utter contempt for their subjects, denying their constituents even the simplest and most beneficial concessions, like deporting invading migrants and refraining from depositing alien refugees in small, rural towns; how is this state of affairs any different than living under a malicious dictatorship?

Good men of noble T levels fall into two camps: those ready to fight no matter the odds against, and those ready to "deaden the sound and the fury". Either choice, in sufficient numbers, means the death rattle of this tainted America. Soon, the house cucks will come to realize their cause is not just futile, but wicked, and their time will disappear like Spanish moss in a hurricane.

I Could Tell You, But You Won't Like It

CH · 21 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A naive beta male wonders why there's a dearth of single men willing to marry the aging spinsters he knows.

> why don't I know any single men who could be fixed up with a well-educated woman in her late 30s?

Smart people say the stupidest shit sometimes.

> This seems to be a common situation among our friends. We know single women whom we believe would be wonderful companions and mothers, but none of the single men whom they are seeking as partners.

Wonderful companions and motherhood potential don't make dicks hard.

> A friend in D.C. says "Single women nearing 40 have spent decades perfecting their adult selves.

That's their problem, right there. Instead of spending decades perfecting their adult selves, they should have spent some time getting serious with a man while their bodies were still perfect.

> Men of the same age are still stuck in their teenage personality."

Bitterbitch snark for normal, natural male sexual desire for younger, hotter, tighter women.

> What is the explanation for this phenomenon?

Hard-on heuristics.

> …finding an unpartnered adult male who is in possession of said good stuff seems to be impossible.

For mangy cougars. But for spry springboks, not at all impossible.

> Separately, I'm wondering if the large quantity of involuntarily single-and-childless women shows poor life-planning strategies.

That Pill-lubed, anonymous urban living-facilitated cock carousel isn't gonna ride itself!

> These women have advanced education, great job skills, and good careers compared to the American average.

Yeah but do they have clear skin, pert tits, firm asses, and pussies that smell of lavender?

Inadvertently, our plucky White Knight shilling for his starving cougars stumbles upon a payout system that likely incentivizes the pursuit of alpha fux over settling for beta bux.

> we must observe that [women's] after-tax income is in nearly every case lower than if they'd had sex with a dermatologist or dentist in Massachusetts and collected child support.

Note to dermatologists and dentists: if you're gonna bang a desperate aging beauty, wear your own condom and dispose of it in the toilet.

> (Most of these women want two children, which, if properly planned, could easily offer a tax-free cash yield of

> $200,000/year via child support (multiply by 23 years in Massachusetts).) See this from the Practical Tips chapter:
>
> *In most states, the potential child support profits from a one-night encounter are roughly the same as the profits from a short-term marriage. … "Women who want to make money from the system aren't getting married anymore," said one lawyer. "The key is recognizing that it is a lot easier to rent a rich guy for one night, especially if he has had a few drinks, than it is to get a rich guy to agree to marriage."*

All women can be mercenary given strong enough incentives, but luckily (for men) most women still strive to have children within a marriage. Single momhood is not (yet) a desired life outcome for psychologically healthy women, despite its inglorious rise over the past forty years. What this means is that for the typical man, the odds of getting fleeced by a woman pulling the ol' gotcha pregnancy maneuver are low.

Rich men do have something to worry about, especially rich men with Game, because women will lose all sense around them (like men do around barely legal sexpots) and are liable to think pregnancy and child support entrapment are reasonable first date objectives.

> From the point of view of having the children that they want prior to the exhaustion of their fertility and from the point of view of financial security, these women would have been better off spending their 18-22-year-old years having sex with married men rather than attending college. That's not to suggest that 18-year-old child support profiteer is the optimum lifestyle for every American woman, but the fact that it would yield a better outcome measured against their own goals than what the women we know have accomplished suggests that they pursued a pretty bad life strategy.

Here's a better idea that isn't compiled in the abstracted kookland of the *homo spergonomicus* mind:

Women who want kids should get married in their early 20s and start having them by their mid-late 20s, then spend some years at home raising them, afterwards returning to their careers soulfully satisfied and serenely accepting of the fact that they can't have it all and motherhood necessarily means the corner office won't be a realistic option for them. No "child support profiteer" shenanigans needed. (Any woman who seriously follows such a cold, sociopathic blueprint deserves all the pain and suffering she will inevitably receive in the romance market.)

> Readers: Looking at the 35-45 age group, and restricting to people who have a college degree, above-median earnings, agreeable personality, and responsible habits, what's the ratio of single women to single men?

Who cares? It's like asking what's the ratio of garden slugs to single men. The one will have no influence on the behavior of the other.

The first commenter to the original author's blog post gets to the heart of it:

> Men select for beauty and fertility; both of which are on the decline in the women you mention. They also select for low-conflict behavior, kindness, etc., which may or may not be found among the women you mention.
>
> Reality is, that any guy who is 40 and has his act together, is going to date younger; especially with the horrible economy -there are lots of 28yo women without a clear path to career at this point.
>
> A 37yo with possibly 2 years of fertility left should be looking not for 40 or 42, but for someone about 50 to 54 who is in good shape and still wants to have 1 or 2 kids.

Satanic feminists have lied to women for so long that simple truths like "don't wait too long to marry and have kids because your fertility window is short and men won't be interested in you when you're older and uglier" are willfully ignored or twisted into nostrums of oppression that should be fought against and actively denied through

the alchemy of embracing gogrrl, leaned in, cock-hopping, careerist lifestyles that ironically will leave women more miserable than if they had just submitted to the patriarchy's price of admission.

Guess Which Virtual Sex Doll Women Want The Most?

CH · 22 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

In Japan, a burgeoning "fake anime boyfriend" market is capturing the hearts of Japanese women and overseas American women.

> Since the 90s, Japanese women have been playing otome ("maiden") games, which allow the player to pursue virtual relationships with several virtual hunks. In the interest of journalism, I spent over $60 flirting with emotionally manipulative anime characters, and it fucking ruled.

So what kind of virtual boyfriends do nipply Nipponese and sassy statesiders prefer? Take one guess.

> When I asked Gray which character types tend to perform best, she told me that the "sadistic but charismatic" archetype is beloved in both Japan and the US.

Chicks dig those charismatic jerkboys.

> She pointed to Eisuke Ichinomiya, which she says is the most popular character in *Kissed by the Baddest Bidder*, Voltage's top-grossing game in the US. […] On Eisuke's character profile, he is billed in glittering pink and purple script as a "cold-hearted narcissist." His quote is "I'm going to make you **mine**. And you **don't** get to say no."

What's revealing about this dating simulation (aka female pornhub) is that it is essentially the female version of sex dolls for men. Women aren't aroused as much by the visual and tactile inspection of men's bodies as they are by the emotional and psychological inspection of men's personalities. And when choosing male archetypes, the jerkboy narcissist is number one pulse amplifier in the arterial transverse between a woman's heart and vagina. This is why real world feedback continually proves the efficacy of Game to the goal of seducing women: Game is the creation of sexier male personalities.

> "Usually [this character is] sadistic and mean to you, but sometimes, when you and him are alone, he becomes so sweet and very kind to you," Gray explained.

Vulnerability Game. A girl wants a challenging man (i.e., a man with a lot of poosy options) who can't help but occasionally, and reluctantly, succumb to her erotic charms.

> Also like Voltage's millions of other customers worldwide, I was really only interested in the mean and sadistic gentlemen—which is weird, because I actively avoid mean and sadistic men in real life.

Fantasy is inward projection of outward sexual desire. We know this because no woman in the history of the world has ever fantasized about a reliable beta male in pleated khakis. Hence, the reason there's a maxim stating "watch what women do and ignore what they say". The details of female desire are quite disturbing to idealistic minds when seen up close, so much so that even women recoil from a cogent awareness of their own sexual urges. Which is why women are gifted with an ability to flim flam themselves whenever they are asked about what they want romantically.

This woman quoted above, when alone with her virtual tingle generator, chooses a badboy for her stimulus. "In real life", she claims otherwise. But that's the source of the fantasy's power; in real life, most women don't have the goods to attract and tame the badboys who turn them on, so in moments of introspection they fall back on sour grape-isms to rationalize the parade of dependable boring betas that is their lot in life. Or, oppositely, they have

been burned by badboys so often in the past that avoiding them must be an “active” process rather than the more natural, unplanned pursuit that doesn’t require active effort typical of women who don’t have a dating history littered with alluring assholes.

> Gray insisted that most of Voltage’s users “think that their real life and romance in our apps are totally different.” However, in the same response, she acknowledged that an elision between fantasy and reality does often take place. “The user who has a boyfriend plays our app to fill in the unsatisfied part of her boyfriend. Playing the app makes her happy and it helps to prevent fights with her boyfriend,” Gray told me.

Virtual alpha widows. Literally cucked by an anime lothario.

There is no bottom to the romantic humiliations that beta male boyfriends can suffer.

The Science Of Slurs

CH · 23 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There's nothing quite like a sharp semantic shiv that hits a vital. But did you know slurs evolved to serve a social purpose? And that there are sex-based differences in the perception of slurs?

> We investigated the influence of the sex of the target and the sex of the sender on the judgment of slurs (verbal derogation). From previous research, we selected and clustered slurs into seven categories and respondents rated their degree of perceived insult in two consecutive questionnaire surveys (N = 281 and N = 224, respectively). **Results confirm that slurs are generally judged as being more insulting when directed towards females than towards males.**

The fundamental premise: Women are the reproductively more valuable sex, and this biological reality has downstream effects on human psychology. This is why Trump (PBUH) catches so much flak for insulting fat, caustic pig Rosie O'Donnell or slimy gotcha "reporter" Megyn Kelly, yet no one cares when he levels worse insults against the hundreds or even thousands of men who have landed in his target designation cross-hairs.

> In comparison, differences in sex of sender were small. When directed towards females, slurs referring to "being loose" were rated as the most insulting.

That's because it undermines the female prime directive to attract and keep a high value man with promises of fidelity (aka paternity assurance).

> For both target sexes, remarks referring to homosexuality and physical unattractiveness were among those rated as the most insulting.

I guarantee you the homo slur was rated more insulting by men.

> Least insulting were slurs referring to unethical acts, lack of intelligence and cowardliness.

This is why I usually favor a rhetorical attack on shitlibs that hits them where it hurts: their sexual androgyny and circus freak physiognomy. Although I don't buy the finding that "stupid" isn't an effective insult, especially when aimed subversively at the pencilnecks whose only source of pride is their MENSA membership.

> A sex of respondent effect was found, suggesting that women rated slurs generally more insulting than men. The pattern of results showed considerable stability across surveys attesting for the reliability of the method for measuring the social evaluation of slurs.

Rank of slur effectiveness, least to most shivvy:

Character
->
Economic status (more effective against men)
->
Social status
->
Smarts
->
Looks (for women, less so for men)

->
Sexual worth (“slut”, “nerd”, “creep”)

The most vicious slurs circumvent the superego and ego, striking at the pith of the id, where the rawest measure of a man is contained: his (or her) worth as a mate.

How To Tease An Attention Whore (i.e., all women)

CH · 24 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a fun routine I like to pull on girls if I happen to have my camera or my phone's camera out for use. It's a Game tactic that works on the principle that no woman can resist the attention whoring allure of a lens. This is true whether the lens is pointed at her or at someone else.

(Example of the latter. I passed by a photographer taking shots of a skinny hipster male with a shock of red hair. He looked so weird that I doubt he'd catch many looks from women if there wasn't someone taking his picture. Girls who walked past the same photographer from the other direction would invariably glance over, slow down, and even completely stop to watch the proceedings. They were transfixed.)

The tease: Lift your camera or phone up to your eye and aim it at the girl (or girls) you're with, as if you're planning to take her picture. As she readies for her close-up ("wait, lemme fix my hair", "oh no, I'm not in a good light", "don't please doooooooon't…", "you're too close! everyone will see my pores") and preens and primps, you pause, lower the camera bit, frown, and hand-wave her to the side while saying "could you move over, I'm trying to take a shot of that building/flower/car accident/day-old dog shit behind you".

The "photographer neg": instant deflation. There's nothing more seductively savage than taking a girl on an emotional roller-coaster of expectation. She expects to be the star of your show, fluffing herself up for her screen time. Instead, she's gently brushed aside for a plant or a stone which caught your eye. Now she'll feel the urge to work ten times harder to earn your attention.

This Game tactic, and others like it, are illustrative of a category of teasing courtship I call the "Beta Switch Technique". You prime the girl to think you're about to fall into a predictable pattern of beta male supplication, then you pull the rug from under her, and she's left wondering if perhaps she thought too much of herself. The mental process she'll thereafter initiate essentially raises the perception of your mate value at the expense of hers, which is the sexual polarity you want if hot sex and her deep abiding love are your goals.

The lesson is that all successful womanizers are jujitsu masters in the art of turning women's strengths into weaknesses. Young pretty women are by nature incredible attention whores — it's not a question of which hottie isn't an attention whore, but rather which hottie is a tolerable attention whore — and their predilection for assuming the world wishes to fawn over them can leave many a beta male stumbling into a trap of flattery and supplication and appeasement, from which no lonely penis will escape to graze vagina.

The Muff Maestro recognizes women's strengths, and prepares for it by SUBVERTING the female prerogative at precisely those moments when she expects reflexive beta maleness as the usual response. He redirects her haughty, puffed-up solipsism into a weapon used against her ego, and once her ego is breached a flood of spumy confusion and desire will wash over her loins, greasing the way to a better intimacy.

Anime Jerkboy Game

CH · 25 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

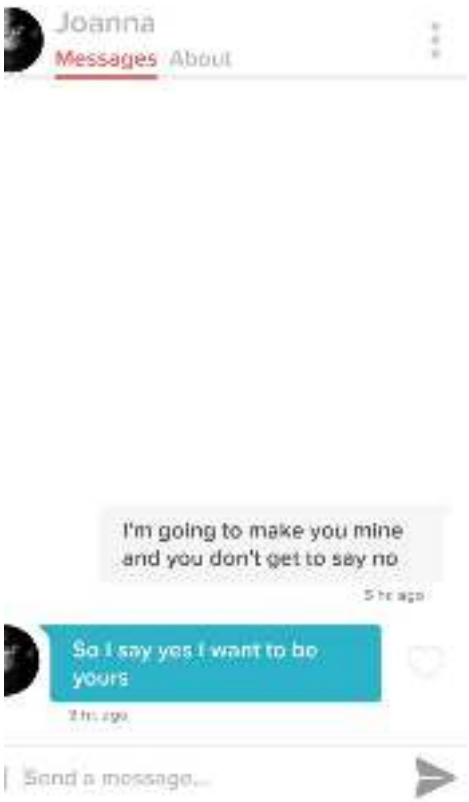
Recall this post about the online otome (“maiden”) game, a female porn app which hooks up human women with their perfect anime boyfriend. The most requested anime boyfriend is the “sadistic but charismatic” jerkboy, best represented by the anime character Eisuke Ichinomiya.

> On Eisuke’s character profile, he is billed in glittering pink and purple script as a “cold-hearted narcissist.” His quote is “I’m going to make you **mine**. And you **don’t** get to say no.”

One of the Chateau’s intrepid readers, Paolo, decided to try out Eisuke Ichinomiya Game in real life.

> I tried “Eisuke Ichinomiya” game, straight up jerkboy game. Most efficient opener I’ve ever tried.
>
> paolo

This is what happened next…



There’s nothing like a twist ending. /sarcasm

Cut out the chit chat fat and streamline your seductions. Anime jerkboy game ftw!

Guess The Supporters' Presidential Candidate

CH · 26 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter jackmcg came up with a clever parlor game.

> Want to test your phrenology skills? **[ed: minor quibble, but technically, this would be testing your physiognomy skills]**
>
> I looked at the hashtags for each presidential candidate, and grabbed the profile pictures of 10 supporters for each. 5 women and 5 men. I took the first ten that I saw, so it's as random and unbiased as I could make it.
>
> So which supporters go with which candidate? Clinton, Sanders, Trump, Kasich, Cruz.
>
> Anyone who wants to try I'll let you know if you get it right.
>
> Click on it for a larger, clearer view.

Fun stuff! Here are my guesses:

Group 1: Kasich or Cruz

They look pretty conventional, middle America, nice White lady vibe from the women, and cuck vibe from the men.

Group 2: Trump

Men aren't smiling, have that shitlord look to the eyes. UNCUCKED. The women look like they enjoy the company of men.

Group 3: Cucksich or Cruz (leaning Cruz)

Sunglasses, military, flag shirt, guitar. The men are good ol' boys. The women look friendly but also a little mentally unstable. Possible religious nuts?

Group 4: Sanders

Men: Baseball hats, beards/goatees, and that Quentin Tarantino-ish faggotry about the face. Women: exotics, cat ladies, and art and crafts hippies.

Group 5: TheCunt

The men are all weird-looking omegas, and one of them is doing something stupidly ironic in his profile pic (sipping on an iced coffee). The women look like manjawed lawyercunts and sluts. Two of them are wearing “problem glasses”.

You can find the answers here., along with PA’s 5/5 winning picks and reasoning behind each one. I’ll give myself 4.5/5. The sexually de-polarized manjaws and omega males were the easiest; those are Hillary folk!

PS PHYSIOGNOMY IS REAL

The Sound Of A Soulkill

CH · 27 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

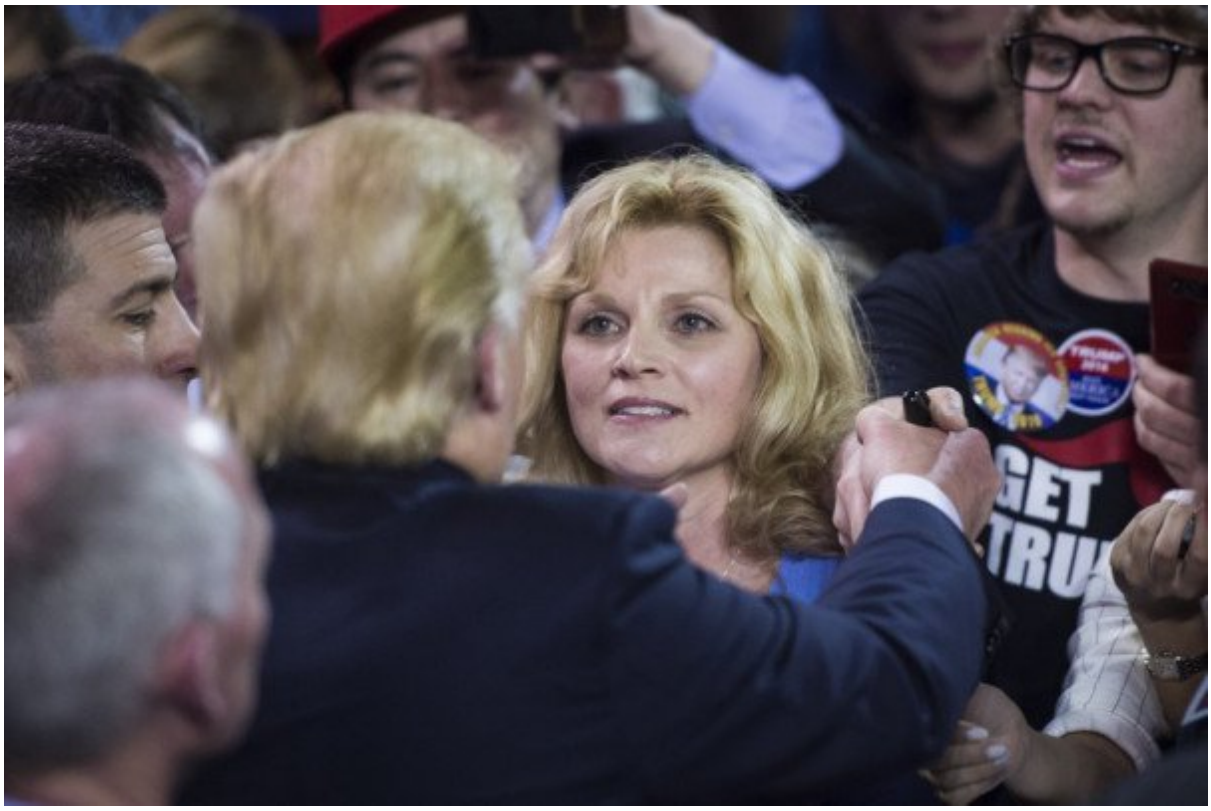
The Trumpening earns Shiv of the Week for this soul shot:

I'm sure that Trump will accumulate plenty of SOTWs between now and his inauguration as Leader of the Fashy World.

The Female Sex Stare

CH · 28 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Now this is a Fuck Me Stare.



H/t reader passionman, who writes, “Expression translated: If you fucked me, my life will be complete. Absent that, you have my vote.”

The female version of the sex stare is noticeably, how you say, *creepier* than the male version. That is, if a man had this look for, say, TheCunt at one of her recipe swapping rallies, she’d signal Secret Service to apprehend him and whisk him away to an undisclosed location for a feminist brainwashing session.

Reader Mailbag: Putting The Scruz To A Cooz

CH · 29 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Email #1: bernieciz wants to know about reversing last-minute date cancellations by flaky girls.

> I've been getting a lot of pre-sex flakes lately and would be very greatful for some VIP Le Cheateau advice:
>
> Her (Morning of the day we're supposed to hang out): Hey I'm actually not feeling good today and I think I'm sick. Sorry!
>
> I usually just delete her number but I was wondering if there was a solid reply to make the fire get started again. Are the best options still "right" "lol" or "gay"?
>
> Many thanks

"gay", et al are still very good responses. I don't know if they can be classified the "best", but they come close. The best response is the one that results in a bang, right?

The CH archives are filled with anti-flake tactics. (Hit the search box on the right. Punch in "flake".) "Flakey McFlakester" is one that will always get a positive re-engagement from girls, as long as the girl has a minimal level of interest in you. There are tons of good anti-flake techniques here as well. Finally, don't overlook Birthday Cat, the all-purpose cartoon projection of your ZFG alpha boner fides!

***

Email #2: Club Monster feels the first stirring of one-itis. Some would call it love.

> I have the following situation: I am banging a girl (let her name be Hannah) I met in a club for about a month. She does not know where I live and we always meet at her place. She pays for food and condoms most of the time.

Amanda Carpenter to the courtesy phone…

> She complained a few times that she fears I only pay her visits because her flat is located so conveniently, which I ignore. Anyway..
>
> Yesterday I went sarging with a friend. At 11 pm I phoned her. She was at home with two female friends. So me and my friend paid her a visit. In the house (but other flat) there was also a party going on. So we all went there. I spoke to/gamed her female friends (with light kino) there for a few minutes, before me and my friend left for a club. Hannah denied me a goodbye kiss. I didn't really have an idea why, and I didn't want to ask in order to circumvent any argument, so I shrugged and shrugged it off.
>
> At the club

The term of art is "at da club".

> I found a girl (we talked, danced, kissed) that I then took home to the flat of my friend. While in the club, I didn't pay much attention to my surroundings, so it might be possible that she or any of the people from the previous party went there as well, saw me and the other girl and reported that back to Hannah. So today, without any further communication since the kiss denial, she deleted my phone number (I know that, because since this afternoon her Whatsapp-picture doesn't show up anymore).
>
> So far, I did not reach out to her and I will probably wait a few more days and for her to reinitiate contact. But I am suspicious that won't happen.

> I've read enough CH articles since I found your page 3 month ago to know that I should not act like it's wrong to see more that one girl at the same time. By now this is also my honest opinion so I would not need to fake that. ("I am dating around until I find a girl that shows commitment.", "We are not married", etc.)
>
> Do you have any suggestions on how to handle the situation?
>
> PS: She is a psychologist and i.e. knows that touching is a component to build comfort with each other. And she knows that I know it.

Hannah wants something more than you're willing to give her. She's in relationship-hunting mode; you're in da club kino-ing other girls. That's why she denied you a goodbye kiss and deleted your number.

Your "dating around" isn't the problem. Most girls expect men to date around at the beginning. It sounds like you don't have any beta provider/vulnerability game. You didn't make Hannah feel comfortable because you made yourself appear unattainable. Most girls can abide that for a few months, but not for much longer than that.

If you really like this girl, it's advisable to skip a couple of nightclub trawls for a one-on-one evening with her.

***

Email #3: Cunt Wrekcer tries to swing the "customer-to-lover" transition with a stripper.

> I'm in a new situation and I need a slice yours and the communal loaf. It's all about picking up a girl who is located some 80 miles from me. It all start back in July when I met her at a strip club in a smaller city. Our vibe was struck right off the bat and after two visits, I got her number. I wasn't able to proceed because the text she sent to my number never went through and I could not verify the messages delivery. This because my phone was at home and because my number was European based and I guess there were network issues.
>
> So, for 6+ months, couldn't do anything. The day after the second visit, I returned to Europe. Now, I am back State side and after a visit last week I got her number again. This time I got hers and all was verified as I drove back. She replied an hour later.
>
> Since then, silent on both sides. I figure that is ok as I think too many messages too soon would all be in bad form. The questions are
> – How to start the text game?
> – How to broach the first message?
>
> I go out there occasionally. It's an all-nude club, so when the one in town doesn't deliver I take a ride out there. Is it better to keep on with the occasional visits since I would rather start up a conversation?
>
> If you're thinking she's in it for the dough (I question that myself) I have to wonder. On several instances, she turned down dance tips and every time I go (twice since my return), she and I hang out in the club, most often with her on my lap letting me feel her up and even tweak her nipples. On top of that, our last lap dance we ended up kissing. Although I initialed a kissed, she responded to it positively. Plus, the night ended with her number.
>
> So, the primary question is is how not to fall into a beta orbit? How to lock in on these vibes?
>
> Thoughts are appreciated.

Ah strippers. The toughest, and paradoxically the easiest, of pickups. Commenter James put it well,

PUAs talk a lot about stripper game because it's so hard. A whiff of beta or the slightest bend to your frame, and you're just a customer to her again.

They have so many interactions that they're really calibrated.

Plus all game is just flipping the script on women, and stripper game is apex of flipping the script. She comes to you

looking for money. You give her none, and fuck her. Using only words and actions. It's beautiful, in its way.

The seminal CH post on strippers is this one.

Executive summary
– don't be beta
– be an asshole
– defy all her expectations
– keep pre-sex communications short and sweet

That last rule means terse texts and getting to the point. Just tell her you're taking her to [place X] and to wear something sexier than her usual outfits. Ideally, choose a venue that isn't a seedy bar. She spends her life in bars and clubs, and a change of scenery would strongly imprint on her.

***

Email #4: Mr. Sadist seeks Ms. Masochist with a heart of gold.

> Say a girl is deeply in love with an alpha ex-convict, to the point she'll permit the most extreme sexual depravities to keep his love. Things as extreme as eating shit, forgiving him putting her in hospital etc. But she has a history of being a hardcore slut/prostitute.
>
> What are the chances she won't fuck any other dudes?

Higher than if she were somehow in a relationship with a law-abiding beta male, lower than the typical woman who doesn't measure her love by trips to the hospital. I hope that clears things up.

You want a lady on the streets and a freak in the sheets. What man doesn't? But a woman's sexual history is the best indicator of her future fidelity, and her deep abiding love only marginally alters that equation. If she has a slutty past, odds are she'll have a slutty future… until The Wall stops her homentum dead in its tracks.

***

Email #5: #MAGA would like us to know it's all pink on the inside.

> First off, big fan of your blog! I have learned much useful insight from weekly readings here. You are like a modern prophet, showing the men of America how to avoid the abyss of the betas, showing the path to the land of freedom and quality pussy. You and your writings will have a more positive impact on people's lives than any pied-piper's speech that Hillary or Bernie could ever tell to their degenerate flocks. For the love of all things sacred and human, don't stop showing the way back to the light.

I think we could beef up that intro a little.

> I'm 24 year old white man, former college wrestler, hoping to eventually be a world-travelling, self-publishing author, like Roosh. I was put on aderall in 8th grade, and all through high school and most of college it prevented me from learning how to interact with girls in the alpha way; then, realizing that the fuckin' shit was close to driving me insane from lack of sexual action (coupled with being on a teetotal southern Baptist college campus), I stopped taking it, and began to awaken the alpha instincts within. So, yes, i'm a late bloomer, and am still snapping myself out of the matrix that that damned pill had put me in. But I better stop with that background-explanation bit before I get too off-topic.

Dirty leetle secret: Most of the great womanizers you'll know were late bloomers. Ted Cruz, for instance.

> Now, here's the reason I am writing this to you…

> I was recently hired on to work at a call center as a phone rep. They've got me and other recent hires in a 3-month training class involving computer modules that is now approaching the completion of the first full month. As you can imagine, being a call center, there are a lot of black people who work there. That includes a number of cute looking early-20's black girls, several of them in my training class. I've never dated black girls before, and I feel that being in a training class with several attractive black girls is a great way to build my basic seduction-related skills. I've figured "hey, an attractive girl's snatch is still a snatch, be it on a black girl, a white girl, or a latina; no reason I cant get practice of an alpha's seducing frame or getting bedroom experience with these girls."
>
> (And in case you're wondering; I barely talk with the fat women there outside of a professional context; I rarely flirt with them or have a typical conversation going in a sexual direction with them. I mean, come on; it'd just be too cruel to let them think that they have a shot at getting with a rising white alpha male like me when there's obviously more worthy targets for me at the locale.).
>
> When at work, I have carried about myself there with a general air of being an alpha male who gets sex on the regular, which is something that I'd seen you recommend before on the blog here, and my verbal game has been pretty tight so far; I've maintained the unfazed higher-status position in almost all of my flirtings with these girls, and have flirted with these girls in front of each other, and I've seen the arousal in all their eyes when doing so; this has been largely helped by my constant reminder of the wisdom of "imagine yourself in bed with 3 women" advice you have.

Yeah, that's a classic. Bump the imagined number up by one additional woman for each one-point increase in the SMV of your real world target.

> But I haven't gotten to bed any of the girls yet, mostly because they all have their own places located in ghettoesque parts of town (and I don't want to drive to a neighborhood where my white skin would get peppered with bullets on site),

Your dick might get peppered with genital warts, too.

> and, while I live relatively close to where we work, I am still living with my parents (to save up money & pay off as much of my college debt) who, to put it frankly, are of similar opinion as you are on blacks and have probably never had a black person set foot in their house.

That's not my opinion. (Picking up whiff of troll here.)

> So I'm in a bit of a quandary about the logistics of getting with these girls.
>
> Any advice on how to exploit the environment with regards to improving my overall skills with seduction/game? I can already tell you now that the general black anti-GOP hivethink that I've seen in there isn't going to stop me from covertly voting for Trump should he be GOP candidate in November, so i'm not worried about that. I'm just wondering if there's any thing about this workplace "mudsharking for the sake of experience" that I may have overlooked, and if you have any particular advice for a rising white alpha male.
>
> Sincerely,M
>
> #MAGA (Make All Girls Aroused)
> #Trump2016

I can't take your email seriously. It has a false note quality to it. But for the sake of appearances, my advice is simple: Cute girls, of whatever race, are fun to flirt with and whose company can be used to sharpen your skills. If you want to "ride the rainbow" so to speak, you should know the races of women have on the whole particular courtship preferences and flirting behaviors.

ps the term for white men hitting on black girls is “oil drilling”.

***

Email #6: A likely foreign reader learns that it’s not GAME ON until penis is in vagina.

> I would like to hear your opinion about my situation, and maybe you can help other guys with a similar problem due your always good answer.
>
> I meet this girl 3 months ago in a club, she was from the begining into me, i went for a kiss that night, but got a cheek, and she sayd im not that kind of girl. She gave me her number and begging me to contact her, she wanted to have my number to be sure that we see each other (i didnt give my number, because i wanted to have the control) i waited 3 days, and called her, she was so excited, asked 100 questions per minute.

Girls have always told me that my calling them instead of texting them was a big point in my favor. Meh, I prefer to think it was the ICBM in my pants. (InterCuntinental Boner Missile)

I didnt want to talk alot, i wanted to stay mysterious, and asked her for a date when she is free, she says we need to meet tomorow! So we meet.She was totaly nervous, her hands were shaking, she was speaking all the time (i let her speak, and only asked questions). After that she wanted to show me her apartment, and introduce me to her roomates (on the first date), so we went there, talked alot (i didnt have the oportunity to do anything sexualy because the next room without door. Okay, since she was so into me, i knew thet we will meet in private fhew times for sure.

She texted me every second day, whats up, how are you. I responded as short as possible: im good. Her texts were short, but i keept mine shorter.

We meet fhew days later, and she wanted me to show my apartment i was thinking GAME ON, we were little DRUNK, i wanted to kiss her, and she was shocked, no she cant do this bla bla.. and then we started to make out, i acted like a man. I think from kissing, cuddling all the stuff we made that she is a virgin. She didnt do anything, she was scared to do something wrong, or she didnt knew what to do in this situation. She is a bad kisser (inexperiance). she stayed the night by my place.

Next morning i wanted to kiss her, but got a cheek, like a friend.

I never pursued her, i waited always for her to send a text, or call.

She called me that she is so excited, she wants to meet me, i think in my head, what the fuck.. she came in a bar, and i was totaly cold to me. And so she was every time after that. She wants to meet, but then shes coold. Im not responding every time, im going with her 1x, and 4x im canceling to stay aloof.

I like this girl, but how to handle her?

Im a flirt master, really good at that, but when im with her, she creates a situation that causes extrem discomfort. But when a roomate arrives, when she company, then she laugs, and is extremly flirtable..

Whats wrong with this structured, shy woman?

Congratulations, you’ve tangled with a cocktease. Not just any cocktease either; the most fearsome of cockteasers: the unintentional summoner of blue balls.

My take: You are overgaming, and she’s responding to that with an amped-up ASD (anti-slut defense). Yes, she likes you, but she is also afraid you are a player who will pump and dump her. She loves your attention (hence the deluge of calls and texts) but she doesn’t love the feeling of insecurity that overwhelms her when you and she are alone together.

She has a male analogue: the guy who’s charming and funny with a girl in mixed company, but suddenly gets penis-

pretzled when his tension-relieving audience is gone and he faces the prospect of an open path to vagina.

You might be coming on too strong, Casanova. Here's a couple things you can do to warm her up when it counts.
1. Gently flirt with other women in her presence (this will supercharge her libido and potentially override her ASD)
2. Slow down and PUSH HER AWAY from you. You're too much PULL, not enough PUSH. By pushing away, I mean you say things like "whoa, I'd like to take this slow, I'm a romantic that way". Essentially, you'll be flipping the script and redirecting her greatest power against her.

***

Email #7: A reader who calls himself "Known here as Squibby" is baffled by a genuinely desirous woman.

> New broad has me baffled. We've gone out three times and she's making it fun and easy. She's not dropping any shit tests, and the little quizzes she does serve up are soft balls. There has been nothing stronger than, "I can't believe I'm doing this on our first date" (which I didn't even respond to). She's yet to flake, and she even sent confirmation texts letting me know she was on her way. WTF? I'm not used to this. I sense a disturbance in the force but I can't identify it's nature.
>
> This isn't a fatty or single mom tramp. She's a thin cute blond nurse/PA (8ish) Frankly, I thought I was punching a little above my weight. I'm thinking 3 possibilities.
>
> 1. She's conserving ammo. Brace myself for the mother of all shit tests which will be forthcoming.
> 2. I'm a jaded motherfucker. This actually happens.
> 3. It's a regional/cultural thing. She's from the south and redneck women are just more pleasant than Yankee bitches.
>
> Any input is greatly appreciated. I want to keep fucking this one.

(1) Maybe, but most girls can't conserve ammo much past the third date (female high time preference).
(2) A jaded PUA, Mystery, once called these kinds of women "fools' mates". That is, gimmes.
(3) True, to a point. Southron girls are easier up front, but Northron girls are easier on the back end (heh).

Input? Ok. Enjoy her company and stop over-analyzing her desire for signs of insincerity. Does a supremely confident gentleman question why women unhesitatingly adore him? Rhetorical.

Approach Anxiety And The SJW

CH · 30 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There's a saying in the seduction community that's meant to help newbs get over approach anxiety. Often, the neophyte womanizer will avoid approaching cute girls under the pretext that "she's out of my league". The PUA answers, "Don't make that decision for her. Let her figure it out."

It's basically an argument for reframing perceived obstacles as opportunities.

The same applies to "alt-righters" tangling with anti-White SJWs (otherwise known as the dregs of humanity). The typical alt-righter has a habit of rhetorically neutering himself by acceding to the SJW's frame. Usually, this neutering takes the form of "just to clear the air, I'm not a racist…" or "the alt-right isn't *really* racist, their memes are ironic…"

This is bad stuff. It's the equivalent of the insecure man excusing himself from the field in a hail of apologies for having the gall to possess a penis. "Oh, good madam, I'm not *really* hitting on you, it's just an ironic pose of patriarchal conformity!"

Here's a suggestion for the mincing princes of the alt-right: Don't fight yourselves. Make the SJW fight you. Yes, you are a racist. (So is everybody, especially shitlibs who pay top real estate dollar to sequester themselves from racial vibrancy.) So what? Racism as it manifests in the real world instead of in shitlibs' fevered fantasies is a normal and healthy human trait that invigorates group identification and assists cultural transmission.

A crib sheet of bracing realtalk for the alt-righters who backpedal from their ideas by summoning the irony cheat code:

Race-mixing: Lineage destruction
Homosexuality: Norm equalization
Diversity: Social disintegration

Irony is not the goal. Irony is the gateway.

The Cisgender Genie

CH · 31 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Three cultural adventurers — an antiracist, a feminist, and a shitlord — stumble upon a treasure trove. In the loot, they discover a magic dildo. The antiracist picks up the dildo with a great effort, his wrist flopping against the weight of the object, and rubs it. A genie ejaculates.

"I AM THE GREAT CISGENDER GENIE. I will grant you three wishes, but on one condition: the wishes will only benefit your next-born child."

All three adventurers look at each other in amazement; the shitlord with his strong high T jaw and cliffside brow carving the air in front of him; the antiracist with his doughy face and watery eyes soaked in estrogen; the scowling feminist with her blue femmestache and "Syphilis Sisterhood" fupa tattoo.

The manlet antiracist, already struggling to maintain his grip on the tumescent didlo, goes first.

"I wish for a beautiful black daughter! That will show the world how committed I am to ending White hegemony."

The genie booms, "Your wish is granted! Go home, and you will find your wife in bed with a 12-inch buck."

Many years later, the antiracist would have his head caved in by his half-black daughter's fully grown 9 year old black boyfriend. He will die with a smug grin on his battered face.

The feminist, creaming herself with the patriarchy-smashing possibilities, grabs the magic dildo (effortlessly, as if she had spent a lifetime handling such objects) and makes her wish.

"I wish for a smart daughter! Her smarts will lead her to the top in corporate law, and sufficiently privilege-checked male feminists will beg for her love."

The genie announces, "Your wish is granted! In nine months, you will birth a 150 IQ daughter with the assistance of a noted Massachusetts sperm bank."

Many years later, the feminist's smart daughter, 32 years old, a lawyer, and clocking in at 250 pounds with a face that could cleave ice sheets, empties the bottle of pills into her mouth, tears streaming down as she remembers the boy from law school she loved who mistook her for a man and told her he "doesn't swing that way".

Finally, the genie turns to the shitlord.

"Maybe YOU will choose wisely?"

The shitlord ponders, (stoically, not theatrically, as is the wont of effeminate males). He thinks this is a mischievous genie, who will grant his wish with a baleful clause attached.

"I wish to make America great again."

"Granted!"

Many years later, revolution shakes the country to the core. President Trumputin imposes an immigration moratorium. Unfair trade agreements are torn up, deportation cars haul illegal aliens back home by the millions, colleges have stopped offering black and women's studies, gay marriage is repealed, SJWs and feminists are laughed out of public discourse, heteronormativity is the norm, the Middle East is abandoned to its petty inbred warlords, and America is great again. The nation is so great, in fact, that the shitlord has many sons and daughters, and all of them can buy affordable homes in high-trust White neighborhoods with good schools, and bless him with a small army of grandchildren.

Now an old man, the shitlord is visited by the genie one more time.

"Why did you not ask for a beautiful daughter or a smart son? Your wish unleashed chaos for millions of

Americans, and guaranteed you nothing in return."

The shitlord smirks, knowingly (is there another kind?). "A beautiful daughter may be dumb. A smart son may be nerdy. But a great America gives all her sons and daughters a better chance."

The genie smiles and slowly vanishes, departing with a final promise to grant one more wish.

Without hesitation, the shitlord says, "I wish to make anime real." And like that he is compressed into a 2D cartoon and teleported into an alternate universe, large-chested wide-eyed Japanese girls giggling all around him, happy to have defied his mortality.

Chateau Guest Feedback

CH · 31 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

archerwfisher arrived for his stay at the Chateau, imbibed of the house wisdom, and left a more virile man.

> Got to test a piece of game off this blog, it worked well. Went to a college church group at my alma mater–I'm 24 so I can still fit–and it was handfuls of guys or girls sitting around here or there, and a few games. I was bored and had only said a few sentences to a few people, then walked over to a bolo game they had set up. Saw a cute brunette I had spoken just a few words with, sitting at a table chatting with two guys and another girl. Used the power of the Chateau–pointed and gave a "come hither" gesture. She says to the others "ah, I gotta go" and walks over to me, just like that.
>
> This blog could cost $50 a month to read and it would be totally worth it.

Poon Be Upon You, sir.

The come hither gesture is high risk, high reward. Risk: takes real balls to pull off confidently, can backfire if performed with the slightest uncertainty. Reward: a positive response is *really* positive, practically greasing the skids of the next hour of conversation.

Scoreboard Game (Women Want To Be Judged)

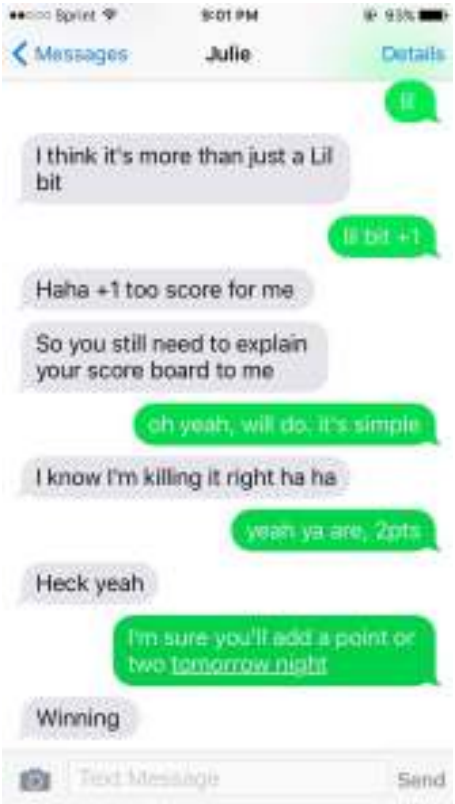
CH · 1 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The ideology of nonjudgmentalism, primarily held by women, is better understood as female guilt transference of their secret desire to be judged. Women WANT a man who will judge them and make them feel if not unworthy at least short of perfection. This provides a pretext for the woman to prove herself to the man, which she will love doing because the act of pleasing arouses in a woman the feeling that the person she's pleasing is above her and therefore deserving of her efforts. And though women will never admit it on self-report surveys, they get quite turned on by the challenge of satisfying a man who occupies a higher station than them.

With that in mind, here's Twisted Alpha (Twatter handle @Twisted_Alpha) writing about a form of judgmentalism that women can't resist,

> scoreboard game. arbitrarily giving points for good behavior

He attached this screenie:



Adding or subtracting "points" from a woman's conversational prowess (or even physical/sexual prowess) is a classic Game routine, and illustrates very well the theory of Qualification/Disqualification. There's a reason Qualification is such an important Game technique: it works, and it works fast. Why does it work? In two words, female hypergamy. A magistrate is sexier than a sycophant.

So if you're searching for a rhetorical ploy that will coax girls to aim to please you, try Scoreboard Game. And don't be afraid to deduct points for bitchy or excessively coy behavior. The impact will be lost if you revert to the beta male norm of awarding hundreds of points to women for the accomplishment of possessing a vagina.

Trump Confirmed For Chateau Heartiste Disciple

CH · 27 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Piers Morgan (he's had a "come to shitlord" moment) writes about Trump's sway over the ladies. Read this, and you'll wonder yourself if Trump was a founding proprietor of Le Chateau.

> 'They say every powerful man is good in bed,' I once asked Donald Trump. 'That true?'
>
> He smirked. 'I think there is a certain truth to that, yes. Put it this way, I've never had any complaints. A lot of it is down to The Look. It doesn't mean you have to look like Cary Grant, it means you have to have a certain way about you, a stature. I see successful guys who just don't have The Look and they are never going to go out with great women.
>
> 'The Look is very important. I don't really like to talk about it because it sounds very conceited… but it matters.'

Count the number of statements Trump made which affirm core CH principles governing male-female relations.

- **Powerful men are generally good in bed.** Why is male power and sexpertise correlated? Power imbues a man with self-confidence that opens bedroom possibilities to him, enticing him to be more demanding of the women he sweetly fucks, which in turn makes those women perceive him as more sexually skilled. Similarly, women will have stronger orgasms with a powerful man, regardless of the man's objective sexual prowess, which alters their perception of the man's skill.
- **"A lot of it is down to The Look."** Trump understands that facial expression and body language can communicate charismatic winner… or dull loser. Handsomeness is beneficial, but not required. A man who projects confidence with his posture, his piercing gaze, his unflappable ZFG demeanor, and his snapper-sundering smirk is more alluring to women than the prettyboy with the vacant stare.
- **"I see successful guys who just don't have The Look and they are never going to go out with great women."** Trump, like CH, knows that money and business success are no guarantee of pussy abundance. Wealthy Silicon Valley nerdos lacking in any notable charm, like fat waifu-settling Mark Cuckersperg, are proof that wealth cannot compensate for a shit personality. Women are turned off by dull betas, even if a billion dollar portfolio is added to the equation. Sure, not a few golddiggers will fake their love to mooch the betabux moolah, but that is paid-for allure. Transaction "love" is no substitute for sincere validation love.

There is no doubt in my mind that Trump enjoys, and has enjoyed, the validation love of many beautiful women in his life. Strong evidence for my assertion comes from Trump's ex-wives, who speak better of him than most men's current wives speak of them.

ps article via minor Twatter celeb @DJTWMAR.

The Implied DHV: A Killer Line

CH · 28 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A DHV, for the new recruits, means Demonstration of Higher Value. It's shorthand for the observable fact that women are romantically intrigued by men who occupy higher social or lifestyle status than they do.

On that intro, reader ReedAndLEWIS writes,

> Been using this line in person and online to great results after we have some rapport and she says something that could be considered as a joke
>
> "ha let me get your number now before i lose interest"

The best courtship teasing has sharp edges. You want to walk right up to that line of obnoxious jerkboy entitlement, and sometimes cross it. Chicks dig the ZFG man.

I really like this line because it accomplishes two bedroom-redirecting goals: it's got just the right amount of asshole-y self-regard and immunity to reflexive appeasement, and it implies a surfeit of snapper choice. Girls will wonder, "Who does he think he is that he could possibly lose interest in ME?!" Then their hamsters will squeak, "Maybe he's used to having a full dance card", and that will be the pussy power surge that sends them to bed feverishly dreaming about you.

Flip the seduction script. Most men are chasers of women. You are chased by women. And women love it.

Trump's Wives

CH · 28 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Yup wants us to notice something very telling about Trump's wives.

> Trump's had 3 wives.
>
> 1st wife: 14 years
>
> 2nd wife: 4 years
>
> 3rd wife: 11 years and counting.
>
> Guess which wife was American.

I'll take "4 years" for $5.5 billion, Alex.

The Great Men On Sexual Polarity

CH · 28 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I don't know if 16th Century poet Michael Drayton can be considered a great man, but he was esteemed by literary critics at the time. Here's an excerpt from his long-form poem "The Moon-Calf", (a moon-calf is an abortive fetus of a cow, sometimes applied to human fetuses). Colloquially, it had come to mean during its time in common usage any grotesque thing. Drayton hasn't a kind word for androgynes, which he thinks "pollute the earth".

> Quoth one, " 'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;
> And, for a monster, quick, let's bury it."
> "Nay," quoth another, "rather make provision,
> If possibly, to part it by incision,
> For were it parted, for aught I can see,
> Both man and woman it may seem to be."
> "Nay," quoth a third. "that must be done with
> And, were it done, our labor is but lost: [cost;
> For when w' have wrought the utmost that we can,
> He's too much woman, and she's too much man:
> Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
> Let it not live here to pollute the earth."

The great men knew that masculine women and feminine men are abominations against nature. They would weep to see their descendants glorifying what once they thought a blight upon the earth.

Cornered! What To Say To A Girlfriend Who Caught You Cheating

CH · 29 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There comes a time in a man's life (or a few hundred times) when the sum total of his gathered experiences with women and the wisdom he gained from them is called upon to help him out of a pinch. The pinch I refer to is when a woman accuses you of sneaking around on the side. There are only three things that drain the blood faster from a man's face than the thought of erectile dysfunction:

1. When your wife serves you divorce papers.
2. When you catch your woman fooling around with another man.
3. When your woman busts you for cheating.

The first two haven't happened to me, but the last one has… multiple times. And from those trials by ovarian fire I have learned a few valuable lessons. I'm here to tell you what to do — or, more precisely, what *not* to do — when your girl jabs the infidelity finger of accusation in your face.

I'll illustrate how NOT to handle a suspicious girlfriend with a fairly recent example from my own life (about two years ago). I was three months into a torrid fling with a pretty cable TV station producer whose sexual appetite rivaled the libidos of the horniest girls in the world — the Russians. She left streaks of black fingernail polish on my shower tiles, which I did not clean off for months as a tribute to her voracious vagina.

As with most sexual dynamos, she was a Class A attention whore. There are pics of her scattered all over the social media pooniverse of her (literally) dancing on bars and hipster supplicants licking her stockinged calves. She is now a grad student, still childless. One Friday evening, we were having ice cream and she asked me to join her later at a fashion show her friends were putting on. I said maybe and offered a go-to excuse about a friend coming to town, because little did TV producer girl know I hadn't broken up with the serious girlfriend I had been dating for a year (the serious gf didn't know about the fling) and I had made tentative plans to see her that night. The option to blow off my loving girlfriend was not available, as her and I were at a critical juncture where any more asshole behavior on my part (such as not seeing her on a Friday night) would've caused her to dump me to avoid further pain. I wished not for that gravy train to end.

Later that night, as I post-coitally lounged in my girlfriend's bed, the TV producer texted me asking if I was coming

to meet her. I didn't respond. I wanted to see her, but the logistics were horrible. (Try escaping an intimacy-shrouded bed to see another woman without rousing suspicions. Not that easy while the oxytocin is flowing freely.) I was stuck.

The sexpot fling texted me the next day asking to meet her at a local bar later that night. Hoping for another brain frying bang, I happily met up with her. The curse of Admiral Akhbar was upon me. It was a trap. As soon as I sat down on the stool beside her, the conversation assumed an ominous tone:

HER: So why didn't you come join me last night?

ME: Oh, I had some things come up. A buddy is leaving town and I wanted to see him before he left.

HER: What's his name?

ME: [I hesitated for that critical split second when a girl can figure something is up] Um… Bobby.

HER: Where did you meet him?

ME: [X] street.

HER: I thought you told me your friend was coming to town?

ME: Um, oh yeah, well he was coming, but then leaving, so I wanted to catch up with him.

HER: [long pause, staring intensely into my eyes] Your story's not consistent. What girl were you with last night?

Why did she suddenly sound like a goddamn lawyercunt?

ME: What?

HER: Why don't you tell me who you were really with last night.

As suddenly as a tropical squall, her face hardened into a sheet of ice. The love had vanished. For some inexplicable reason, I decided a mid-course change in my story was acceptable. (It never is. Stick to your lie like it's the 11th Commandment.)

ME: Look, I don't like talking about this shit in my life, but my ex-girlfriend is going through a tough time and she needed me. [I was hoping to gain points for being compassionate. What a fool I was.] If I didn't go see her, she might've freaked out.

HER: I don't date cheaters. Or liars. I'm leaving town soon. It was nice knowing you.

Although I tried to smooth the waters, I did not get a bon voyage bang.

Some of you will be able to figure out where I went wrong. Pretty much everywhere. The above vignette is a textbook example of how to bungle the handling of a girl accusing you of cheating. I had violated my own rules for dealing with women.

- I prevaricated, weakly.
- I attempted a salvage operation.
- I played right into her frame.
- I confessed.

These four bullet points are everything you need to know about what NOT to do when accused by a girlfriend/wife/fling of spreading your man manna. You will want to do the exact opposite of what I did. Namely:

- Don't prevaricate.
- Don't backpedal or appease.
- Reframe.

- Deny deny deny!

Let's illustrate how to properly handle the above scenario by changing the words I say.

HER: So why didn't you come join me last night?

ME: I had some personal issues to take care or.

HER: What issues?

ME: It's personal and nothing to do with you.

HER: Did you meet a girl?

ME: Would you like my bank account number while you're at it, Inspector Clouseau?

HER: If you're fucking around with someone else I want to know.

ME: No.

HER: Why don't you tell me who you were really with last night.

ME: Heidi Klum and Scarlett Johansson. We fucked like rabbits. I had to kick them out. Clingy bitches.

HER: I don't date cheaters. Or liars.

ME: I don't date distrustful girls.

Now there's no way to know if this would've resulted in the bang bus rolling on, but I believe the readers will agree that the odds of retaining the sexpot's services would have been much higher had I handled it as in the second imagined scenario.

So, to recap:

When accused of cheating:

1. Pause before answering.
2. Speak directly. Don't hem and haw.
3. Look her in the eyes. Remember, every moment with a girl is a staring contest which you must win.
4. Don't appease. Appeasement is the great pussy desiccator.
5. Don't fall into her frame. Reframing is king!
6. And, finally, deny like the sociopath you are. No matter how damning the evidence (she could walk in on you with your cock up to the hilt in strange pussy) if you keep a straight face and firmly deny everything she will rationalize a way to believe you. Yes, even the smart childless ones with multiple grad school degrees.

If you're gonna play the man's game, you had best know how to rig the rules in your favor.

Gangrenous Elite

CH · 29 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The rot is spreading quickly through Western elites. Courtesy of reader M.M., a photo of four German ruling class members of various uselessly decadent administrative posts.

> Feast your eyes on our* dysmorphic and dystopic misery:*
>
> Elke Ferner, parliamentary secretary for the federal family ministry (SPD), Justice Minister Heiko Maas (SPD), Minister of Work and Social Issues Andrea Nahles (SPD) and Environment Minister Barbara Hendricks (SPD) arrive for the weekly German federal Cabinet meeting on February 17, 2016 in Berlin, Germany. High on the meeting's agenda was discussion of the German military's presence abroad.**
>
> also cute:
> German Chancellor Angela Merkel (CDU) and Minister of the Chancellery Peter Altmaier (CDU)
>
> * kraut speaking
> ** from the gettyimages.com description page

Generated by IJG JPEG Library
A smug fatty, a gay, and two lesbians. How far are we from a Social Justice Department? Soon, there'll be "ministers" explicitly tasked with the project of reducing the number of Whites in their homelands. And no one but a few ZFG rabble-rousers will blink an eye.

PS Physiognomy Is Real.

More On “The Look”

CH · 30 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The (((Rebbe))) explains,

> The easiest way to get “The Look” is to find close family members who have it (and those who don’t). Your family members will be very close to you genetically, so study how women react to them. Even quiz women on their impressions: Ape the good traits and carefully avoid the bad ones.
> If your father is an Alpha, this is a sincere blessing. Copy your father down to the slightest detail while noting his flaws (yes, every Alpha has flaws). Clothes, hair, style, demeanor, personality, taste, car, home decorating, humor, etc. If it works for him, it will prolly work for you. Then prune his bad habits or combine those of other family Alphas, and, of course your own identity, which likely doesn’t fall far from the tree.
> Yet, many people let jealousy get the better of them and tragically fail to learn from their betters.

Having a few alpha naturals as friends is invaluable to your personal growth as supreme poonslayer, esq. This goes double if those naturals are family members. Closely observing a natural in the wilds of the sexual market, learning his ways, appropriating his winning traits to conform to your style and personality…. all these choices are superior to the choice of feeling envy toward the natural.

Tattoos As Maimgeld

CH · 6 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Tattoos are everywhere. I believe more women than men now sport the under-skin ink. While I personally am not put off that much by small, inconspicuous tats on attractive women, what I see parading around lately are women who have disfigured themselves under sheets of blotchy doodles. Why? Why would women — particularly White women whose alabaster skin is a bucket of boner bait no other race of women can simulate — deliberately uglify themselves? Worse, deliberately advertise their sluttiness? (Tattoos are a major slut tell.)

Reader Ang Aamer offers a possible explanation, and it relates to the rapid browning of America,

> White girls getting numerous tattoos always struck me as the girls trying to look more like their less white boyfriends. Almost maiming the beauty to fit in more.
>
> I would bet the 40 year old does not feel that she can have any control over her daughter. Because she remembers when she was that age and that she herself was uncontrollable.
>
> Which is why you don't control the behavior of your offspring you control the environment. If daughter were brought up in an area where South Americans were rare she might hook up with a white bad boy and at least have a daughter with better looks to perhaps break the cycle… Blue eyes could do that. Or even better live in an area without public transportation so the not-whites can't make it out to court your white daughter … but that's me.
>
> I will say this pointedly to any fathers out there. Go to your daughter's school and LOOK at the student body. That is the gene pool of your potential Grandchildren. It takes like 2 minutes to go to the local high school website and look at the graduating class picture. COUNT the colors and do the math. If there is a high probability of you getting a diversity package delivered by the Stork… MOVE.

Reader PA adds,

> The rare high-end mudsharks (ones who consort with Talented Tenth or high functioning coloreds and remain members of White society), generally keep normal grooming habits.
>
> The much more common low-end mixers, ones who assimilate into the male's usually ghetto society, will NEVER keep their hair long and pretty.
>
> Even if in many cases that's their sole physically attractive feature. It's usually the Mudshark Facelift, with hair pulled up tight to a bun on top of her head.
>
> As I figure, they do that to avoid antagonizing the black females they socialize with. Also, it's slovenliness — laziness about grooming — which is congruent with their other defects of character.
>
> But I hadn't considered your more transcendent point about self-maiming before.

Tattoos in the current year could be seen as a sort of "maimgeld": the tribute that White women pay in self-disfigurement to a growing Diversitopia they live in that both covets the White women's exquisite natural looks and hates it to the verge of eliminationist rage. So all these negative body modifications by Whites could be construed as an effort to blend invisibly into the muddying waters of late stage America.

Self-maiming (to alleviate the envy felt by the lesser races of women) and slut signaling (to attract the attention of alpha males on the prowl for easy r-selected sex) are the two big subconscious reasons tattoos have become such a cultural marker for White women.

“Flirt Workshops” For Invading Migrants In Germany

CH · 8 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Germany has reached The Cuckularity. There are now state-sponsored “flirting workshops” that ostensibly instruct third world invaders — invading courtesy of the welcome mat put out by Mutter Merkel — in the art of picking up German women and, presumably, filling them with the seed of Saracen and the sperm of sub-Sahara until the White German race is sufficiently diluted as to be unrecognizable from the people of any third world shantytown idling under corrugated metal roofs.

I’m telling you, the backlash to all this insanity will be hellacious.

Watch Carly Fiorina Pull A Raw Dominance Move On Ted Cruz

CH · 8 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

What happens when a low E manjawed bitch teams up with a slimy beta male? This:

Painfully awkward. It's clear Fiorina is trying to one-up Scruz with the classic hand-over-hand domination play. (This aggrocunt even looks like a M2F post-op.) Cruz, sensing the submissive under-handshake Fiorina is forcing him to betray, attempts a counter-maneuver to save face (save hand?). It fails badly, as horse-faced Fiorina is not a woman to go down without a fight…. especially when her opponent is a beta male.

For the record, if you ever find yourself in the mysterious position of publicly declaring solidarity with your token vagina VP choice Fiorina days before you have to drop out of the nomination race and a week after you were mathematically eliminated, the alpha male strategy is to grab her hand quickly to complete the victory gesture, denying her the window of opportunity to do likewise to you.

The Circus Sideshow Freaks Among Us

CH · 9 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday I saw an It
that cursed my sight and gave me fits
this It I could not tie in with
anything come before It
I may even admit that this It
was too illegit to quit
a man's face It had
(formless chin to brow)
a man's shoulders It had
(sloping to a bow)
even a man's hands It had
(hard work they disavowed)
but the strangeness that would occupy
my thoughts till morning cleared my mind
was the shorts It wore
mid-thigh, no more
but tight around
the middle mound
except there weren't
no middle mound
where legs did fork
you'd expect to note
a roll of pork
not an empty boat
the material gathered
into telltale bunches
of wrinkles and creases
that supported hunches
Its member was tucked
deep in asscrack behind
or queasier still
had untethered the pine
and showcased so proud
to an audience, astound
a missing link
a disorienting cline
where once was a peen
there now was a gine

(poem inspired by real life spectacle)

(ps fuck this gay america)

A Mind Virus Most Malignant

CH · 9 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

From Wickedpedia:

It's an academic question whether the anti-White agenda dominating the Western nations is a product of active eliminationist malevolence by a cabal of unhinged ideological zealots, or misguided universalist intention arising from a glitch in the Western White race's evolutionary code. Whatever the source, the immediate concern should be stopping it, reversing it, and eventually holding accountable those who most doggedly disseminate the psy ops campaign to defame White ancestors, demoralize White spirit, Diversify White communities, and drive away Whites from a shared commitment to ensuring a future nation for themselves and their posterity. The stakes could not be higher.

Higamous, Hogamous, Civilization Is Monogamous

CH · 10 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Via Mangan (Twatter link: @Mangan150), the reason why monogamy beat polygamy:

> The anthropological record indicates that approximately 85 per cent of human societies have permitted men to have more than one wife (polygynous marriage), and both empirical and evolutionary considerations suggest that large absolute differences in wealth should favour more polygynous marriages. Yet, monogamous marriage has spread across Europe, and more recently across the globe, even as absolute wealth differences have expanded. Here, we develop and explore the hypothesis that the norms and institutions that compose the modern package of monogamous marriage have been favoured by cultural evolution because of their group-beneficial effects—promoting success in inter-group competition. In suppressing intrasexual competition and reducing the size of the pool of unmarried men, normative monogamy reduces crime rates, including rape, murder, assault, robbery and fraud, as well as decreasing personal abuses. By assuaging the competition for younger brides, normative monogamy decreases (i) the spousal age gap, (ii) fertility, and (iii) gender inequality. By shifting male efforts from seeking wives to paternal investment, normative monogamy increases savings, child investment and economic productivity. By increasing the relatedness within households, normative monogamy reduces intra-household conflict, leading to lower rates of child neglect, abuse, accidental death and homicide. These predictions are tested using converging lines of evidence from across the human sciences.

It all comes down to paternal certainty. Where (beta) men are reasonably assured the kid is theirs, civilization can flourish. Where men have no idea if the kid is theirs or some other (alpha) dude's, chaos, dysfunction, and indigence reign supreme.

Ironically, the incredible success of the modern West portends a near future of less monogamy and more *de facto* polygyny, possibly reverting Western Civilization to a more primitive form:

> It was not until 1943, amid world war, that penicillin was found to be an effective treatment for syphilis. This study investigated the hypothesis that a decrease in the cost of syphilis due to penicillin spurred an increase in risky non-traditional sex. Using nationally comprehensive vital statistics, this study found evidence that the era of modern sexuality originated in the mid to late 1950s. Measures of risky non-traditional sexual behavior began to rise during this period. These trends appeared to coincide with the collapse of the syphilis epidemic. Syphilis incidence reached an all-time low in 1957 and syphilis deaths fell rapidly during the 1940s and early 1950s. Regression analysis demonstrated that most measures of sexual behavior significantly increased immediately following the collapse of syphilis and most measures were significantly associated with the syphilis death rate. Together, the findings supported the notion that the discovery of penicillin decreased the cost of syphilis and thereby played an important role in shaping modern sexuality.

The mid-20th Century and 21st Century **War Against the Beta Male** will have profound consequences for the West, none of them good…. except for one potentially beneficial outcome.

How Should Trump Help The Coal Miners Of West Virginia?

CH · 10 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A cursory examination of the evidence, pro and con, has convinced me that global warming is happening, and that humans are partly responsible. But not nearly as responsible as shitlib alarmists like AlGore would have us believe. I don't mean to get into the thickets of global warming science in this post (accommodation probably would be the more sensible response to GW than wholesale abandonment of fossil fuels), but the topic does pivot my thoughts to The Trumpening, and his heart&mind capture of the White working class.

I have a fondness for the hillbillies of Appalachia. Yeah, they're poor and fat and wary of outsiders and have their vices and dysfunctions, but they're generally good-hearted folk, and in the battle for my limited sympathies a run-down White ethnic enclave will have far more of my support than ghetto dindus or Punjab in Bombay. I'm secure enough in my masculinity to keep my loyalties close to home instead of leap-frogging all over the world.

Many "blood and soil" West Virginians work in the coal business. Their livelihoods are threatened by environmental activism. That is a fact no bloviating advocate of wind and solar power can wave away. WV voters have responded to Trump as if he was a savior come to help them in a country that is rapidly disavowing them. The reality, such as it is, of global warming, and of Trump's popularity with the White working class means he has a rhetorical tightrope to navigate.

If AGW is real and potentially catastrophic, what message should Trump give to West Virginian coal miners? I see four possible angles Trump could take:

- Promise to return their coal mining jobs.

This would work to Trump's benefit (as well as the benefit of WVians), and it probably won't hurt Trump much in the general election except among the most zealous anti-AGWers. But it would mean choosing the welfare of coal miners over concerns for the long-term consequences of global warming.

- Tell them coal is a dying industry and they had better find other lines of work.

This is essentially the "screw off" option, and it's exactly what TheCunt told them to do. It may be "true", but only because shitlibs have arranged the political landscape to make it true. I don't recommend this message.

- Offer government largesse to ease their transition away from employment in the coal industry.

Not very """conservative""", and won't play well with the "muh Constitution" cuckwads, but it would be the sympathetic solution that avoids callously throwing the White working class under the bus. And of course there's the risk that the government aid will be misused, as poor people are wont to do with social welfare. Plus, welfare, however well-intentioned, tends to dispirit Whites receiving it.

- Promise big infrastructure projects in alternative energy sources that will employ WVians.

Nuclear power plants come to mind, as do wind turbine farms and electric car manufacturing plants. Throw in highway construction and you've made a lot of former coal miners employable. Yes, this will cost taxpayer money, but the argument here is that a shared commitment to the welfare of Americans and the ease of their suffering takes precedence over "principled" tax cuts. And we might even enjoy the knock-on effects of a reduction in opioid deaths and obesity among our less privileged White brethren.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: There's More To A Civilization Than SES

CH · 18 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

From LegendoftheGalacticHeroes, a reminder that the Goodness of White civilization is multifaceted, and its bounty not always captured with arid econometrics.

> eventually one realizes that everything good and beautiful in this world is a product of white cooperation and love, and that anything other than that is savagery and corruption, and non-whites can never understand why they fail, because they don't have the je ne sais quois, or white man's magic that it takes for simple s**t like a public park or a good book or helping a stranger find their way or not raping a 9yr old to cure your hiv

It's funny because it shivs. What's not funny: president Gay Mulatto having Omar Mateen's father at the White House, or importing one million Muslims in his last year in office. Open borders to the third world = say goodbye to that fragile, tenuous magic that makes White homelands so livable.

Physiognomy Is Real

CH · 19 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Pman sells the science of physiognomy short. There's evidence (re)emerging from the labcoats' mental masturbatoriums that a person's looks do say something about his politics, smarts, personality, and even his propensity to crime. Stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air, and the historical wisdom that one can divine the measure of a man (or a woman) by the cut of his face has empirical support.

For instance, facial width-to-height ratio (fWHR) is a reliable cue to dominant social behavior in men. Another study found that wide-faced men are untrustworthy. You CAN judge a book by its cover: ugly people are more crime-prone.

Shitlibs have a look. Shitlords have a look. And you can predict with better than 50/50 chance which 2016 presidential candidate a person supports based on nothing more than their photograph.

Physiognomy is real. It needs to come back as a legitimate field of scientific inquiry, and the snarling equalists who lied and slandered good men to suppress the investigation of physiognomy should have their faces rubbed in the realtalk. Physiognomy isn't just an illusion of confirmation bias, or of backwards rationalization of evoked emotions. The connection between facial appearance and character is observable and measurable, not a figment of cognitive self-bias. There are exceptions, of course, but the existence of exceptions should not be used as an excuse to sweep the reality of the rule under the rug.

One Not-So-Weird Trick To Get Past Approach Anxiety

CH · 20 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Chateau archives contain limitless wisdom, including the idea that hitting on girls while you're battling a hangover can do wonders for your pickup success. There's a related personal observation which I want to share with the assembled. Dressing like a slob and stinking of barn animals is an oddly effective means of hurdling chronic approach anxiety.

Very few men don't feel at least a little anxiety in the moment between seeing a cute girl and thinking over how he'll introduce himself. (We call those men lacking any approach anxiety, "psychopaths". Or, "blacks".) Obviously, some men will be more anxious than others. For these sufferers, a mental or behavioral short circuit that bypasses their anxiety modules can mean the difference between intractable incel and endless samplings from the poon poon platter.

The based brain trick works like this: Dress slovenly before going out. I'm talking white tube socks and sandals, jorts, and a ratty t-shirt with holes in the pits. Top with greasy hair. Talk to girls with flirtatious intent, making no sincere feint toward excusing your disheveled appearance. As on any day when you approach numerous girls, you'll likely experience some female skepticism*. But unlike other times, you'll have a scapegoat to blame for their caution*. The grist of the cognitive gimmick is your psychological instinct to pin the blame for any romantic thwarting on the most obvious culprit: your slovenliness. The benefit of this ego detour is that it grooms you away from listening to that inner voice that loves to blame your strike-outs with women on your personality or looks.

If you have a conspicuous and largely superficial fault to help explain to yourself this or that stillborn pickup attempt, then you won't feel approach anxiety as strongly as you would if you looked sharp and thus had only the less malleable aspects of your character to blame. Do this enough times, and the quieting of your anxiety will start to stick, becoming something of a permanent fixture of your resting emotional state.

Affected slovenliness makes approaching girls more like a fun game, with little on the line that can't be answered with a wry smirk and a raised eyebrow… "Oh, it's my pit-stained t-shirt, isn't it? I always forget it isn't a hit with the ladies."

* It's good to reframe women's natural leverage in the sexual market — their sexual prerogative — into a less loaded term. So stop saying a girl "rejected" you. Say instead she was skeptical or cautious or tentative. Word choice matters. You can add sting or remove sting with the words you choose to describe your seduction adventures.

FYI the greatest variable influencing any one man's success with women is his BOLDNESS.

CH Maxim #21: In the quest for romance, boldness overcomes a lot of personal flaws. Timidity swamps a lot of personal virtues.

The Body Language Of A Woman Pretending To Love A Beta Male

CH · 21 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Some women approaching the Wall so despise having to settle for a dull beta male before the clock runs out that they fantasize about killing off their consolation prizes, and sometimes even go through with it in deed!

For the sake of survival, beta males ought to become acquainted with the telltale signs a woman exhibits when she's not in love. There are her words, of course….

> Investigator DeQuarto had asked her how she felt about Mr. Viafore's death. Her response, he said, was: "Fine. Over it."
>
> "She felt like herself," he testified. "She felt free."

But it's a rare woman of incomparable cruelty and capacity for self-sabotage who would admit to her beta male fiancé that she wanted to be free of him (and his beta bux). So men who haven't yet attained the lofty red-pilled heights of alpha maleness need to watch for nonverbal cues that their women may not love them beyond phony exclamations uttered just before the marital dotted line is signed.

And the more reliable indicator of a woman's true loveless feeling is her body language, precisely because the body autonomically transmits one's emotional state. It's very difficult for most people who aren't aware of the nature of biomechanics to conceal their real feelings for long under a facade of faked body language. Behold, photos of the murderous woman who killed the beta fiancé she couldn't bring herself to love:

Woman Charged in Kayak Death Admitted Keeping Paddle From Fiancé, Officer Testifies

Leaning away, leaning and looking away, arms crossed protectively over bosom.

If you see any of these loveless body language cues from your girlfriend or wife, it's already too late to do anything about her state of heart, except two potentially effective interventions:

Dread Game.

Walk away.

That's it. Don't be a beta male sufficiently bedeviled by scarcity mentality that you'll wife up a woman who so blatantly telegraphs her cunt-clasped contempt for you. She might happily watch you die in freezing cold water some day.

Birthday Cat Lights Another Cooter Candle

CH · 22 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Birthday Cat is a multi-functional Game changer, capable of flipping girls from cold to hot in an instant. Use judiciously, but never second-guess His Royal Kitty's pedigree, because Birthday Cat has slain pussies on all social media platforms and in all courtship contexts. The latest delirious victim (somewhat NSFW):

Birthday Cat is the emoji equivalent of “lol”, “gay”, or “bring da movies“. I think he’s even better than those, because girls can’t resist a cute jerkcat.

Shitlord Of The Week

CH · 22 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This jacked White man with the neck thicker than your typical shitlib's thigh:

0:33 – "Go fucking cook my burrito, bitch!"

Let me tell you something real and true about the Shitlord Rising: If America is to be great/White again, she'll need the help of ALL her shitlords, from the meme-making pranksters to the theme-cranking intellectuals to the shitlib-shaming musclebros. Higbrow, lowbrow, shivbrow… it's all to the Good in the Time of the Trumpening.

So after you're finished soaking up the latest shiv-right treatise on diversity and social atomization, let loose with a satisfying GO FUCKING COOK MY BURRITO BITCH. And don't be bashful or feel like you have to soften the exclamation in a gauze of irony. Our smartie shitlords will strike fear in shitlib egos, while our shirtless shitlords will strike fear in shitlib hearts. Victory is assured by cutting a devastating swath through both paths to the enemy's quaking id.

The Moral Derangement Of Elizabeth Fauxcahontas Warren

CH · 23 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Donald Trump calls the esteemed, conspicuously White, Senator from Massachusetts, Elizabeth Warren, “goofy” and “Pocahontas”, (I prefer the term of art “Fauxcahontas”), for her Deformative Action system-gaming mischief of claiming American Indian blood to land a plum job at Harvard. So she’s just another corrupt White leftoid leveraging anti-White virtue signaling for her pecuniary benefit.

She’s in the news again for staging a social media-ready, attention whoring “sit-in” in Congress to protest lack of Congressional action on stripping the 2nd Amendment of all meaning. She’s a gun control nut (aka “take all means of power from law-abiding White men” nut), among other nuttiness, and looking at photos of her and reading her Twats, the “goofy” label is apt.

However, I would go farther than Trump. Rabbit Warren is no mere goofball. She’s a sociopath. A malevolent modern era witch burner. A fucking crazy-eyed SJW psycho carrying a viral load of civilizational death. Evidence:

> lol the losers in the center look like they should be picking gnats off each other https://t.co/nwXucWtjRH
>
> — Bumbling American (@BumblingUSA) June 22, 2016

Those soulless, fanatic eyes. Let’s zoom in for a closer inspection.

Unmistakable. We've seen those eyes thousands of times. It's the Charles Manson-esque look of every high-strung, SJW zealot who was ever triggered into a fire and brimstone sermon about the evils of White privilege.

Here's the deal on these degenerate equalist freaks: once you understand that their religion is race creationism — and that any attacks on their religious belief using incontrovertible evidence to the contrary will be met with the same ear-plugging, gum-flapping storm of rage and denial and psychological projection that one will often see manifest when the strict adherents of any traditional religion are attacked — then you'll know why sanctimoniously preaching about "gun control" is a big part of their liturgy.

The gun control (((debate))) is a classic case of negative transference. American Whites have a gun violence rate about on par with White Europe. The Rabbit Warrens know deep in their schoolmarmy, sooty hearts that blacks and Muslim migrants are disproportionate vectors of gun violence (either drive-by or mass-shooting), but they can't abide that percolating reality. It clashes with their entire worldview. To own up to a racial reality would be to disavow their most cherished beliefs. It would be like an Evangelical renouncing Jesus or a Jew accepting Jesus. Sheer heresy.

And they can't have that. So they transfer their cognitively demanding bad feelings about black and Muslim violence onto Whites, and most ludicrously onto lawful White men in particular, to help ease the pain of self-doubting waywardness from their religion. "Bad White man! Bad guns that White men love so much! Ahh, I'm a good Race Creationist again. I'll still go to gated community heaven, where all signals are virtuous and all self-righteousness at the expense of BadWhites rewarded with a Godly smirk of knowingness."

Trump, of course, is the hungry wolf who found the rabbit warren, and is busy tearing apart rabbit flesh as tufts of bloody fur fly in every direction. That's why Elizabeth Warren looks like she escaped the funny farm recently. Trump knows, like we DGAFians of the shiv-right know, that there's no reasoning with religious fanatics. There's only mockery, derision, ostracism, and if things get bad enough, cleansing cruelty.

France (again)

CH · 14 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I predicted on the Twatter that underprivileged muslims would target iconic European landmarks, like the Eiffel Tower. WELP. France is on fire…again.

I wonder when it will be the Western White elite give up on their open borders ethnic cleansing pogrom swamping native Whites in their homelands with third world trash. How many dead bodies have to hit the floor before deluded or malicious leftoids renounce their race creationism religion?

Rhetorical. Too many. The right answer is removing these perfidious leftoids from power. By force, if it comes to that. And the hour is late.

Two Shit Tests, One Conceptual Response

CH · 14 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Today I present you with two fairly common types of female shit tests, and then discuss the one guiding concept you should have in mind to help guide you to the best neutralizing, momentum-swapping responses.

The first shit test (and it rightfully qualifies as a legit shit test) is what I call the Snarky Feminist Butthurt by Asshole Boyfriends Past Shit Test. An umbrella term for it is the **Dominance** or **Compliance Shit Test**. It takes the form of a feminist poseur, (whom you can tell is just seething with man hatred because some jerkboy throttled her lady thing in 2014 and didn't call back), who takes out her resentment on random men she meets online with quizzes about their familiarity or obeisance to whatever idle feminist keking point happens to be sloshing through her electric ham. She uses the shit test to exert dominance over the men she has so far failed to control.

Exhibit C(unt):

"Her friends" = her imaginary friends.

Let it be known that every man whom "holly wood" has ever fucked likely had no clue about female authors, had never read a book by a female author, nor any book for that matter. The man she winds up fucking next will likewise have been recused from answering her vapid quiz. In the cock carousel interim, there will be a small army of lickspittle beta males willing to jump through humiliation porn hoops for an A+ grade on her testicle-shredding test.

The feminist poseur shit test has nothing to do with screening for sufficiently craven male feminists; it's all about virtue signaling — or better, vixen signaling — to her amen chorus of loveless HB5 single bitter girl friends, or to herself to satisfy a too-long un-scratched solipsism itch. Why vixen signaling? It's a humblebrag. If a girl can slap male suitors upside the scrote with boner-killing feminist demands and still get dates, she's signaling to other girls her vixen allure is potent enough to surmount her self-imposed handicap.

A response to this shit test that would keep the playing field open (and not automatically and instantly disqualify you from further consideration) is one that conspicuously betrays an insouciant disregard for her terms of debate.

For instance:

"Good Housekeeping", "Cosmo", "Story of O".

You've humored her, exhibited wit, and dismissively patronized her all at once. She'll hate you and love you for it, and that's a good feeling to put in a girl on whom you have carnal designs.

She'll probably reply with a version of *wow just wow how could you you asshole chauvinist pig it's the current year haha i bet you think you're smart*. Ignore it. This is license to HOLD YOUR FRAME and add gas to her loinfire. Call her out for being a philistine unable to appreciate good literature.

"cosmo has great style tips. a leader in the field. try reading it, you might learn something"

Inevitably, if you stay true to your amused bastardy frame, she'll crack and warm to your teasing ministrations.

***

The second shit test is more properly categorized as "Beta Bait". It's very common and it essentially involves a woman ostentatiously showing off her body to get a rise out of any man viewing her photo. The beta bait is her sexy figure, which will invariably incite beta males to praise her beauty, chomping down hard on the chub-swelling chum and thus getting the exit stage left hook.

Exhibit S(lut):

When a girl posts a photo like this online, or sends it across the chat line, you can be sure of two things:

1. She knows what she's doing
2. She loves assholes

Beta Bait is a type of **Fitness Shit Test**. It's how a sexy girl separates the beef from the daft; she wants to know if a man has high reproductive fitness, and one effective means to determine that is testing him for a needy reaction that reveals sexual scarcity. If he doesn't sound needy, she subconsciously registers that to mean he's a man with limitless sexual options who can take or leave her, and this is very arousing for the typical prime fertility woman.

The worst response to this shit test is the one I mentioned above: drooling appreciation. *"Damn girl, you hot"* is not just a failure of imagination, it's also a one-way ticket to incel. This girl EXPECTS men to reflexively pop wood to her tantalizing physical taunt, so the obviously correct response is to do the opposite. Which means, in practice, ignoring her blatant exhibitionism or challenging her self-perceived sexual worth.

For instance:

“don’t do it. u have so much to live for, even if u can’t see it”

What she hears: “Doesn’t this guy notice my perfect ass? Wtf does he mean?” And BOOM there’s that pleasing alpha male ambiguity that supercharges twatbox tingles coast to coast. The “even if u can’t see it” late addition is extra spicy sauce drizzled on the main course, beckoning her to wonder if the good parts of her aren’t her body at all, but some other ineffable quality that doesn’t matter much to her overall SMV, like her judgment in profile photos.

(Another wag offered the reply *“jump u faget”*. Noted here for its sweet, outcome independent, jerkboy-compliant misspelling.)

She’ll shoot back something empty-headed and indicative of the confusion you’ve sown in her…. *haha wtf *smily crying face**… but all you have to do is refrain from backpedaling off your cock-solid frame and you’ll have a live one on the line.

“who took that pic? your mom?”

Exhibitionists can’t have too much Asshole in their lives, so don’t worry about going overboard. Just remember that effective asshole game is also emotionally distant. Think “devil-may-care” instead of “unstable rage-head”.

***

So what is the one guiding concept to overcome female shit tests? Is it “Agree&Amplify”? No, that’s a tactic; a very powerful tactic that can substitute for Inner Game in a pinch, but still a tactic that doesn’t offer the deep mental state you’ll need to navigate you through the thickets of the fellating market.

The guiding concept is this: SURPRISE WOMEN.

Challenge them.
Thwart them.
Provoke them.
Elude them.
Baffle them.
Deny them.
Disqualify them.
Defy their expectations.

This is how you set yourself apart from the dully bantering, endlessly appeasing mass of mediocre beta supplicants stuck in a courtship mindset that linearly follows a grooved path from desperate need to impress to stepinfetchit apologetics. Everything you want to be is NOT what most men are; namely, predictable polishers of the pussy pedestal.

Ass pic? Question her suicidal tendencies. Feminist quiz? Mock her pretensions.

The kind of men who surprise women are impudent, self-entitled, sexually privileged, ZFG Jercques Cousteau holding girthright citizenship in Vajhalla. And it’s that kind of man, any shrilly claimed protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, with whom women can’t help but fall deeply in love.

Shitlibs Are Exhausted. Here's Why

CH · 15 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Post-Nice, post-Dallas, and post-…well, pretty much every mass killing that's happened in the last five years, I've been hearing a lot of comments from shitlibs bemoaning the "exhaustion" they feel over all these events, and how it's more important that ever to keep hope alive and tell people to love each other.

This is the classic shitlib retreat to sentimentality, coupled with a gnawing sense that surrender is about to subsume them, that happens when near-daily doses of reality put the lie, bluntly and relentlessly, to their equalism religion. Liberals retreat to sentimentality when inconvenient facts are freely aired, and surge forward with snark when facts are suppressed. As a Twatter reader observes:

> Leftists I know:
> 2009 – happy, hopeful
> 2013 – angry, gloating, bullying
> 2016 – tired, confused, afraid

Why are shitlibs exhausted? Because they're losing their religion. Religious beliefs — and make no mistake the typical shitlib's belief in race creationism and autonomic White perfidy is as piously felt and immune to contradicting evidence or reason as any radical muslim's belief in the teachings of the koran — are hard to dislodge without causing extreme emotional distress.

Religious fanatics, when emotionally distressed by an uncooperative reality, double down on adherence to their beliefs. We see this happening all over the West, as shitlibs and the cucks who lap their runny effluvia come to sound more like gibbering lunatics than sensible classical liberals as the mountain of evidence discrediting their kumbaya worldview crushes them into a brainless paste.

But there's a stage after the doubling-down. That's exhaustion. It's when you've lost that loving feeling for your Synagogue but you can't yet let go of everything you've believed in since you were a wee shitlib bouncing on your libdaddy's lap. Exhaustion, the feeling of it or the claiming of it, is how a shitlib reconciles her cognitive dissonance. No more fighting, now. No more raging against the BadWhites. Just sweet release into the long slumber of empty, nihilist, emotional vacuity. Rest your weary head on that inviting id-pillow, sing "Imagine" in a low whisper, and maybe, just maybe, you'll wake up tomorrow to a fresh injection of ego-assuaging feelz. Usually this ego reaffirmation takes the form of the shitlib clinging to her rare outlier while ignoring overwhelmingly common instances of the opposite occurring.

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Related, media shitlibs have taken to cooing stuff like "We can't let fear and anger dictate our policies." Newsflash, fear and anger are justified responses to endless violent attacks by enemies within. Fear and anger motivate actions to defend oneself from continuing attacks on one's countrymen. If you aren't fearful or angry, you're holding a useless candlelight vigil and hoping the next truck doesn't run over you and yours.

Snarky, juvenile language allows media shitlibs to emotionally disengage from a credible threat to one of their own. To wit, shitlibs also like to say "let's not reduce this problem to something simplistic." No, of course not. Complicating a rather straightforward horror show — muslim aggression against infidel White Westerners — is the rhetorical legerdemain that allows shitlibs to maintain a facsimile of faith in their Equalism ideology. What the shitlib mistakes for simplicity is to the sane mind known as clarity. More clarity, please, and don't stop with the clarity until every last shitlib is too exhausted to fagslap the shitlord army as they're assuming control of the main engine room.

Executive summary:

Houellebecq was right.
Powell was right.
Raspail was right.
Juvenal was right.
CH was right.
Modern liberalism is wrong.

Compare And Contrast: Two Men And Their Wives

CH · 18 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a photo of a just-married man with his blushing bride. Did you cringe while looking at it? That's understandable. Her body language drops at least three clues that this marriage is doomed to roll off the divorce disassembly line.

1. He's leaning into her (and her head is arching away from his kiss).
2. She's (fake) smiling for the camera, instead of for him.
3. She's got the kung-fu take-down grip on his wrist, as if she's ready to stop his hand from roaming toward her ass.

Those are bad omens for your marriage if your bride is like this woman. Recall an ancient CH maxim (paraphrasing): If a man has to chase a woman's love, she'll never relinquish it.

The romantically successful couple reverses the polarity balefully evidenced in the photo above. A marriage destined for many years of reciprocal loving love looks more like the couple in the photo below:

This pic is literally the mirror image of the first photo. The man — Trump — is the one looking at the camera smilingly, his hand smugly occupying the erogenous nook of Melania's appealing lordosis, and tickling the top of her ass. His torso, like his megashit-eating grin, is swiveled forward-facing. Meanwhile, Melania gazes at him adoringly, pressed unquestioningly into his chest, seemingly oblivious to the photographer in the room. If there is an attention whore here, it's Trump, not Melania, and that makes all the difference in the world.

To recap:

Chasing man + chased woman: splitsville
Chased man + chasing woman: healthy relationship
Chasing man + chasing woman: unmarried couple in throes of lust
Chased man + chased woman: theoretically possible if both partners are cheating

The Fundamental Psychosexual Difference Between Men And Women In One Photo

CH · 18 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

That's Serge Gainsbourg and Jane Birkin. Photo was taken sometime in the 1970s, I'd guess.

As a psychological experiment, its raw unapologetic essence can't be topped for rudely revealing the fundamental psychosexual difference shaping male and female desire. Both men and women — at least normal, sexually dimorphic men and women and not bitter androgynous blobs — would feel sexually aroused by this photo.

Which really says all you need to know about the sexes. Men are aroused by the sight of a beautiful woman submitting to a dominant man administering disciplinary blows to her backside. Men imagine themselves in the role of the man in the photo, and become excited.

Women are aroused by the sight of a dominant man exerting his uncompromising power over a vulnerable woman surrendering to her punishment. Women imagine themselves in the role of the beautiful woman in the photo, and become excited.

If you could only know one thing about women, this photo, and how men and women react differently to its stimuli, is sufficient to guide you through life.

Joyce Carol Oates As A Convenient Sheath For My Shiv

CH · 18 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Mutant Seven gushes,

> CH, your trolling of Joyce Carol Oats is one of the highlight of my day! I read your tweets with my morning coffee before work and they put me in a sunny mood for the rest of the day. She just keeps barfing up the same tony progressive cliches, and you just keep swatting them aside one by one. The time you suggested she may be suffering from toxoplasma gondii was a hilarious zenith, but today's unrelenting rope-a-dope was like a marathon of mirth. Thanks for the good times!

Believe me, the pleasure was all mine. For those wondering what this is about, click here, or here, for representative excerpts of the CH-Joyce Traveling Shiv Show. Unfortunately, it looks like Joyce, finally!, blocked yer magnanimous soul-carver after a year of shiv twists that would have left a sane cat lady yenta reaching for her pills by day two of her Twatter torment.

I don't have a particular animus for Joyce beyond her service to me as a stand-in for every aging shitlib spinster with the gall to think she can happily waltz into a rhetorical freefire zone without receiving a .50 caliber shiv to the id, and unload a Lifetime Channel's worth of vapid (((anti-White platitudes))) while operating under the impression her boilerplate liberalism counts as deeply suppressed truths.

For all practical purposes, Joyce was my muse to abuse, as a lesson for the others. That lesson?

Their time as race equalism propagandists shielded from blowback by the media Hivemind and from inside insular liberal cryodomes scattered along the US coasts is over. There's a new paradigm in town. The front line is everywhere.

The Beach Body Metric Of Male Sexual Market Value

CH · 19 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Within these hallowed stony Chateau halls, scribes once labored to define for a general audience the characteristics of the alpha male, the beta male, and the rest of the men who reside somewhere along the SMV (sexual market value) ball curve of male desirability.

> Due to this enduring confusion about what makes an alpha, I submit the following system, in the form of a handy chart, to help clear the air. It hits on the three major factors influencing male rank — **how hot are the women he can attract, how strong is that attraction for him, and how many of those women find him attractive.**
>
> Keep in mind that there is no line in the sand that separates betas from alphas — the distribution of men by their attractiveness to women follows an uneven continuum where at the extremes a small percentage of alphas monopolize an immense number of quality women and a much larger blob of omegas struggle to rut with warpigs.

It was an accurate definition that by dint of its perspicacity was also arid. Many house guests felt intellectually nourished but emotionally disconnected by an explanation of male attractiveness that lacked sensate grounding to earthy personal observation. With that shortcoming in mind, I present a more poetic definition of male sexual market value: The Beach Body Metric. The sorting remains the same, but the measurement has changed.

Omega male: Girlfriend is never beach body ready
Beta male: Girlfriend is beach body ready in the summer
Alpha male: Girlfriend is ready for the beach year round

For those of you (newbs) who thought “beach body metric” referred to men’s physiques….HAHA much to learn you have. In the realm of romantic desire, men are visual; women are holistic. This means a beach body ready woman is likely to be dating a HSMV man, but the inverse — a beach body ready man — is not necessarily as good a bet to be dating a HSMV woman.

More succinctly, female beach body beauty is a LEADING INDICATOR of female romantic success. A hot woman with a perfect 0.7 waste-hip ratio and a BMI in the 17-23 range is as good as a royal flush to win the love of winner men.

Male physique is more accurately a LAGGING INDICATOR of male romantic success. That is, men who have the full suite of attractiveness traits that women love are likely to be confident men who think too highly of themselves to let their body go to shit.

The Beach Body Metric reasoning is simple:

A low value man will be stuck dating no one, or dating only fat and ugly women who have no intention, nor motivation, to shape up and re-assume a natural hair color. A man on the beach in the company of a land whale is almost guaranteed to be a loser.

A middling value man will be with a girl who still feels enough self-esteem to at least try and look good when it matters (such as on the beach). The problem for the middling beta male is that the circumscribed and temporary allegiance of his girlfriend to shaping up is a telltale sign she’s more interested in looking good FOR OTHER MEN. The rest of the year she proves by her lack of interest in looking good that she doesn’t much value her beta boyfriend’s needs.

A high value man will be with a girl who looks beach body ready ALL THE TIME. She rarely has a downtime (maybe for a few days after popping out his alpha triplets). Her commitment to looking good year-round is a major

cue that she's primarily interested in looking good FOR HER MAN, fearing (rightfully) that if she lets herself go, he'll let himself go away. She RESPECTS her man's sexual desire, and strives to fulfill his desire's preconditions. Anti-feminist? You bet! Pro-healthy relationship? You bet! No accident feminism and healthy loving relationships are diametrically opposed.

If you are a man with a GF who's never beach body ready, kill yourself.

If you are a man with a GF who only frets about her figure when summer approaches, learn Game.

If you are a man with a GF who tries her darndest to look good all the time, pinch the iota of baby fat on her ass as a gentle jerkboy reminder to keep it up.

Spot The Common Denoginator (it's predictable)

CH · 24 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A White prankster (who's doing more good for the cucked world than he can possibly know), bix noody-trapped his bike with a taser, and then left the bike unattended and unlocked in his neighborhood, recorded by a hidden camera. Hilarity and uncomfortable pattern recognition ensued.

See if you can spot the common denoginator.

> View post on imgur.com

Reader quixotic adds context:

> This is freaking hilarious
>
> So reddit is freaking out because fans of Trump have turned the site from a liberal safe space into a painful (read: honest and realistic) forum.
>
> The video was posted to a thread and people familiar with reality noticed that hey all these thieves have something in common…
>
> That did not go over well with the censorship loving lefties who dont like that
> reality doesn't match up with their oasis of equality. Now the thread is nearly scrubbed of comments that discuss the fact that the thieves are all dindus. Every day we get closer to 1984.
>
> Also thanks for your help fellas i picked up my first AR this weekend people were in a frenzy for a m m o and finding lowers

White "asserted virtue on the cheap" shitlibs will just have to come to terms with the lovefact that White morality doesn't port smoothly to other races. Assuming nonWhites share the same moral and ethical impulses as Whites is a mission-critical error of judgment.

Projecting White morality onto other races was always going to end in tears. And caustic laughter.

***

The same prankster did something similar with an empty, unlocked car and a fake bomb in the backseat. The usual suspects turn out for their shot at YouTube fame.

White Nationalism: The Principle And The Practice

CH · 25 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

In honor of Hillary's schoolmarm harangue against the alt-right today, I'll jot down a few of my thoughts on the idea of White Nationalism (as a principle and as it would work in practice).

First, a word on vanilla (heh) nationalism.

Nationalism ultimately distills to racial nationalism, though the latter isn't required to prompt the former (or to sustain it for a while). A polyglot, Babelized citizenry corrodes nationalist principles and practices. A multicultural nationalism is an oxymoron over a long enough timeline. This is self-evident once we take it as a given that culture (aka nation) is inherited from the genetic legacy of its people.

So in principle, White Nationalism is effectively a synonym for garden-variety nationalism, because a numerical onslaught of nonWhites would irretrievably alter the characteristics of a White-majority nation that followed a theoretically race-blind nationalist ideology (similar to Steve Sailer's Citizenism).

In practice, though, avowed White Nationalism is a non-starter. Whites aren't a monolith. Italy looks and operates differently than England which looks and operates differently than Ukraine. There are four primary continental scale races — White, asian, amerind, black — and a nationalism ideology that attempted to place those races under an all-encompassing umbrella term would be viciously mocked and rebuked by popular revolt. There can be no Black Nationalism or Asian Nationalism or Amerind Nationalism. Try telling a Mexican he's indistinguishable from an El Salvadoran.

Likewise, a White Nationalism movement will fail.

Although I will say this in contradiction: If White Nationalism can work anywhere, it's most likely to find purchase in a Euro-mixed nation like America, and at a point when American Whites fall below 50% of the total population. (Spot the irony.)

I'll have more to say on this subject in future posts, but for now my conclusion is to leave White Nationalism alone in favor of regular Nationalism. The White part will work itself out organically as the nation becomes less globalist and more nationalist.

What Colin Kaepernick And Barack Obama Have In Common

CH · 28 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Both are examples of the commonplace phenomenon of the bitter mulatto who spites his White mother's heritage and yearns for his missing black daddy's love.

Keepin' it real, yo.

Is Antagonism Necessary To Seduction?

CH · 30 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The transparency of media hivemind antagonism to Trump and, by extension, to White America, got me thinking about a similar undercurrent that pushes along any successful seduction.

That there's media antagonism to their audience is inarguable. Examples of media doublethink and contemptuously glib violation of journalistic ethics abound, and Twatter renegades do a bang-up job showcasing them. One that immediately comes to mind is how the MSM treated Trump's visit to flood-wracked Louisiana compared to how they reacted to W. Bush's post-Katrina performance. W was denounced for "missing in action", while Trump is denounced for "exploiting a tragedy for a photo op".

When you're up against this kind of Numbnuts Class bullshit artistry, the only response is all-out flame war; show the media the mount of respect they show regular Americans: less than zero.

The take-home point is that the leftoid media are skilled rhetoricians who have mastered the art of the reframe. **Reframing** is, as it happens, also a crucial Game concept, deployed whenever a woman shit tests a prospective suitor for signs of his alpha male essence. The reframe is an invaluable pickup tool.

Interestingly, seductive reframing smoothly slips off the tongue when one isn't emotionally invested in the girl (or group) being addressed. It's the same reason the media is able to so effortlessly reframe everything they communicate through an anti-White distortion field; 97% of shitlib media whores actively despise half of their audience (and probably more). This intrinsic antagonism for the occupied rubes provides a fertile mental field from which reframing subconsciously springs to action, hardly requiring any forethought to achieve maximally effective execution.

Consider the opposite: the beta male whose heart beats like a drum for a cute girl. He stumbles and often fails entirely to properly reframe teasing challenges from the girl, often failing so badly that he acquiesces to the girl's frame and loses control of the interaction, essentially reduced to apologizing for her accumulating negative impression of him.

Reframing is exceedingly difficult when your interrogator is a sexual prize you feel an incredible compulsion to appease. Every fiber of your being resonates with the urge to avoid reframing in favor of accepting an anhedonic frame from a cute girl.

Media antagonism and their ease of reframing thus offers insight to the field of romance. It's sometimes helpful for striving betas who want to do better with women (but don't yet have the state control to sublimate their growly horniness) to view women as neutral parties, if not antagonistic adversaries. Putting the pussy on a pedestal is widely regarded the kiss of pickup death; the inverse — knocking the pussy off the pedestal and sneering at it with a stir of contempt as it lays on the ground — is, sadly for romantic idealists, an effective psychological reconfiguration that ironically raises women's awareness of a man's desirability.

I want to stress that regarding women as adversaries worthy of condescension until proven otherwise isn't necessary to successfully seduce them, but it is better than sucking up to women. If you are a beta male who struggles with practical application of the reframe concept, you would improve your results with a simple change to your mental outlook. View women as occupied rubes ready to lap up your agit-cock, and reframing their shit tests and princess-primed expectations will come as easy to you as does reframing every story through the anti-White filter to the duplicitous, vile media apparatchiks.

Once you have taken the Crimson Pill, you won't any longer need this psy ops crutch of making enemies of who are in reality neutral parties to navigate the dating market and women's limbic landscape. Your self-confidence will surge with each sparkle of a new girl's eye and that will grant you a reservoir of effortless reframing that you can tap with every girl, even the special snowflakes who ping your major histocompatibility index.

An Alt-Right "Nine Theses" (or "Disputation on the Power of Elite Indulgences")

CH · 30 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

One of the better attempts to describe the occasionally shape-shifting alt-right political platform that I've read comes from an anonymous source who devised the following "Nine Theses" infographic.

All nine points are winning soundbites to quietly rebelling White (and black-American) voters. One could quibble on the details of each thesis — for instance, I wouldn't say the alt-right rejects (or should reject) any immigration in perpetuity, so much as it rejects racially and religiously incompatible immigration in high numbers — but the general thrust of the Nine Theses alt-right message is unassailable.

I don't think any anti-SCALE missionaries would find fault with this platform, either. It's strongly anti-globalism (and against all related social upheavals that globalist traitors foist on societies) and, most importantly, gives no quarter to the blank slate, leftoid equalism forces of culture destruction and anti-White humiliation porn. It's bold, brash, and unyielding, all traits from which the useless cuckservative me-too-ist establishment recoils, like they do from health inspector oversight of their favorite bathhouses.

CH appreciates the shout-out as well. After all, the inaugural Chateau post (pre-dating all thoughtcrime Realtalkers except the venerable Steve Sailer) could justifiably qualify as a proto-alt-right blast of social realism. So we Stewards of the Shiv have been feeling a little left out of the recent alt-right foam party, though on reflection we don't mind too much. The low media profile of this 'umble outpost keeps Hillary's good squad off our backs.

The Earnest Futility Of "Proposition Nation" Magical Thinking

CH · 31 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This comment by consiliosus stands as one of the purest expressions of "proposition nation" idolatry I've read. I highlight it because Realtalkers should understand the imposing mental road blocks of the benighted that they have to hurdle if America is to be saved in any form that remotely resembles the historical America.

> Respectfully, what CH is missing is that, what is unique about America, is it was the first nation or even first political organization of people NOT built on race or ethnicity, but on an ideal. Alt-Right/ethno-racial nationalism is based on European political thinking. The latter is a way of thinking that goes back to the beginning of Human history. America made a break from this. It showed that it was possible, even ideal.
>
> Leftism, another European ideological import, exploits ethnic and racial groups for it's benefit, seeking to be in power. The Alt-Right, being an ethno-racial ideology also, reacts to such, and fights back, also seeking to be in power. Both however are ethno-racial based, even more so the latter however.
>
> America doesn't deny the influences of bio-mechanics and race and ethnicity. It developed a new way to organize and benefit from such influences. We need Constitutionalism more than we need White Nationalism. The latter is just a European leftist ideology based on race, ethnicity and bio-mechanics. It's a watered down Nazi Germany.

The fundamentally flawed premise in this earnest proposition nation belief system is the idea that America is an idea which can stand apart from her racial genesis and heritage and continue thriving with any sort of people constituting her population. "As long as the idea is embraced, America will survive", is the core tenet of this "blank state" religion.

This religion is heretical in any American age but the one we live in now. It is historically ignorant and a disingenuous misinterpretation of the Founding Fathers intent — Vox does a good job dismantling the proposition nation lie here.

Like any effective lie, each is constructed around a fragment of truth, in this case, the section of the Declaration of Independence which declares: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

However, it is also self-evident that a secular atheist Jew, such as (((Ekaterina Jung))), who does not believe in a Creator, cannot credibly appeal to the Declaration in order to claim to be an American. And it is documentarily evident that, like the U.S. Constitution, the Naturalization Act of 1790, the writings of John Jay, Ben Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and other Founding Fathers, and the Alt-Right nationalist position, *the Declaration of Independence itself* is directly opposed to the revisionist interpretation, as the document also refers to:

- the connection between [the United Colonies] and the State of Great Britain
- the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages
- large Armies of foreign Mercenaries
- the present King of Great Britain
- the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners
- the free System of English Laws
- our Brittish brethren

To cite one phrase of a document in contradiction to the central theme of the entire document, which is that the People of the United Colonies are an English people, unique and distinct from foreigners, Indians, and the English

people loyal to the King of Britain, is an *outrageous* attempt at deceit that relies entirely on the historical ignorance of the audience. To say that anyone can become an American because “all men are created equal” is a *shameless* lie. One might as readily cite it as evidence to claim it means anyone can become Chinese.

And here is MPC’s contribution to debunking the proposition nation myth and revealing the universalist idealists among America’s founders whose equalist fervor helped provide subversive rhetoric for the various tribes to come later who despised blood-and-soil legacy America.

So not only is the proposition nation shibboleth historically inaccurate, it’s biologically (and hence culturally, since culture derives from biological inputs) fraudulent. The principle simply cannot be severed from the people. And the people cannot be severed from their pedigree.

Principle from people from pedigree.

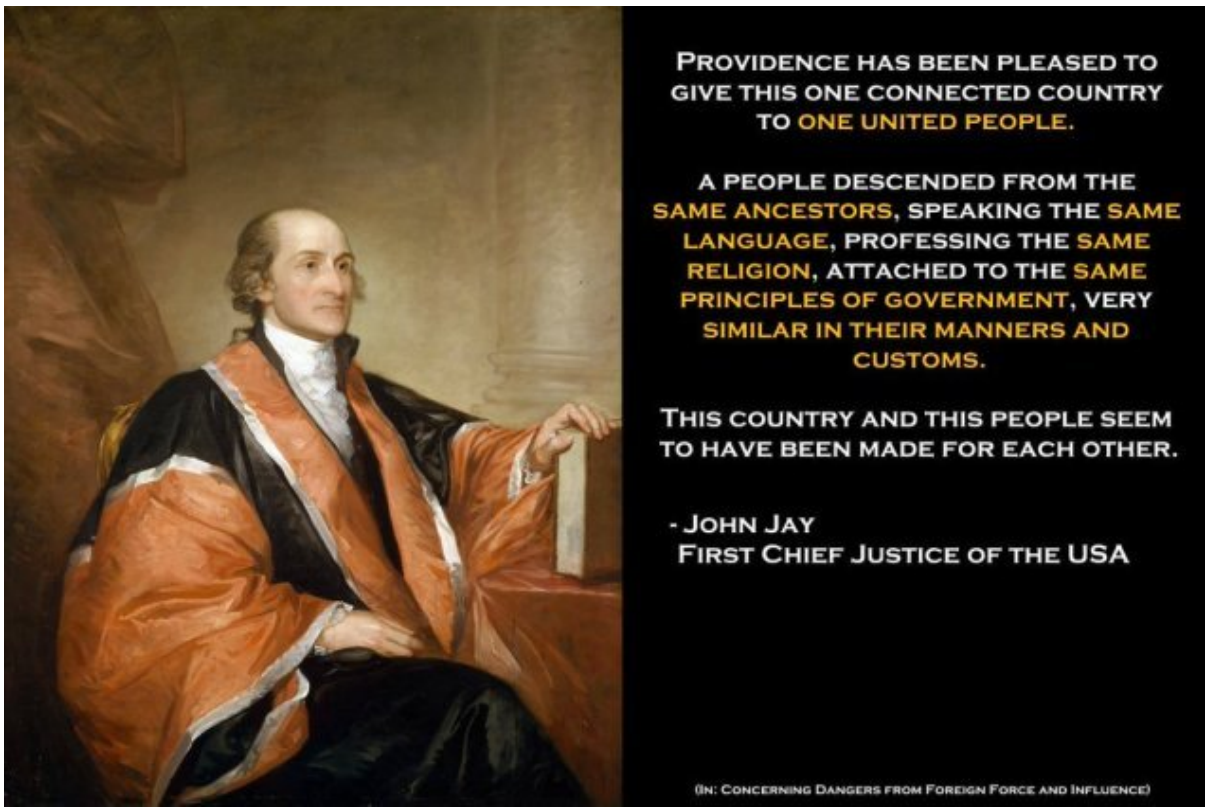
Ergo, Constitutionalist principle = racial pedigree.

Race is people is idea is culture is nation. Englishmen created the American Idea, and Englishmen are best suited to allow that idea to flourish and to sustain it over generations. Others came who were not too dissimilar from Englishmen — the Germans, Dutch, Swedes — and their genetic closeness did not radically undermine the American Idea. Later still, ethnic Whites and half-White/half-Semites — Slavs, Italians, Irish, Jews — arrived, and their genetic and cultural distance, relative to the Englishman’s, did begin to erode the American Idea and twist it into a monstrous apparition that could be turned against its father.

These later White ethnic waves opened the Pandora’s Box to the Hart-Cellar 1965 Immigration and Naturalization Act, which has since overrun the nation with literally tens of millions of nonWhite hordes who are as genetically and culturally distant from the founding sons and daughters and their posterity as can be, and their presence on American soil now rapidly (and predictably) debases, poisons, and will shortly extinguish, the Proposition Nation ideal.

Of course, some misanthropes insist that turning America into an unrecognizable third world market bazaar teeming with violence, grime, corruption, hostility, incompetence, and tribalism, all of which left unchecked by a hollowed-out disappearing White middle class, is evidence of the victory of the Proposition Nation ideal.

Normal people say to that, “If that’s colorblind Constitutionalism, give me race-aware Nationalism.”


PROVIDENCE HAS BEEN PLEASED TO GIVE THIS ONE CONNECTED COUNTRY TO ONE UNITED PEOPLE.
A PEOPLE DESCENDED FROM THE SAME ANCESTORS, SPEAKING THE SAME LANGUAGE, PROFESSING THE SAME RELIGION, ATTACHED TO THE SAME PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT, VERY SIMILAR IN THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.
THIS COUNTRY AND THIS PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE BEEN MADE FOR EACH OTHER.
- JOHN JAY
FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE USA
(IN: CONCERNING DANGERS FROM FOREIGN FORCE AND INFLUENCE)

A Preview Of The Trump-Hillary Debates

CH · 31 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of elmertjones,

> The class valedicktorian is preparing hard for her upcoming battle with the class wise-ass. The media has already declared her the winner, especially after her devastating George Santayana quote (to be delivered in the debate along with other killer platitudes). Everyone else is going to the party at wise-ass's house.

That about sums it up. TheCunt is a spent shell entity who delivers her "killer" lines like an automaton in a gravelly dyke voice, and her wonking out on stage will go over about as well as the class nerd tediously explaining the logical fallacies of stuffing him into a locker.

A Sexual Market Oddity

CH · 14 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

> The sexual market is the one market to rule them all.

That's a classic Chateau maxim. But reader Daffyduck thinks there may be evidence of a Current Year contradiction of the maxim.

> My question to the proprietors is this: if the sexual market is the primary market, why do so many women (the vast majority of women where I live in the UK), do everything they can to lower their SMV? Tattoos, obesity, single mummery – all so ubiquitous now it's close to impossible to find a woman that doesn't have some dire self induced SMV cratering characteristic. Thank you.

On the face of it, this does strike one as a refutation of the primacy of the sexual market. But digging a little deeper into the mechanics of mate acquisition in postmodern Western societies, we find that the maxim holds as true as ever.

It's a fact that obesity lowers every single fat chick's SMV, often dramatically. 99.9% of men would choose a slender babe over a fat chick if they had the option to do so. (78.4% of black men)

Tattoos generally ding female SMV, although this self-induced body modification has mixed results depending on the woman sporting them. On hot babes, tattoos that don't occupy much skinscape have a neutral to occasionally positive effect on their SMV. And don't neglect the handicap principle, which postulates that prime nubility girls get tattoos as a way to advertise they have excess SMV to spare (The "Look at me, I'm so hot I can afford to defile my body and you'll still love me" whore's brag.)

Single mommery lowers female *marital* market value (similarly, their long-term relationship worth). As with tattoos on hot babes, single mommery won't detract much from a woman's SMV, but it will *severely* penalize a woman's value as a long-term partner.

So as we can see, of the three SMV-altering inputs, only obesity reliably craters a woman's SMV. Tattoos and single mommery are best avoided, but if a woman has a super tight bang-able body, most men won't let a butterfly tat or a screaming sprog stop them (at least for the night. heh).

Here's where we get to the grist explaining the source of Daffyduck's confusion: Sexual markets are vulnerable to changes in the incentives for paternal investment. (Paternal investment itself is a crucial aspect of the sexual market.) As women become more economically self-sufficient and sexually liberated their mate acquisition algorithm begins to emphasize the targeting of men for sexual and romantic validation and to undervalue men who would make dependable resource providers.

Likewise, men who are less interested in commitment and family formation would seek out women primarily for sexual thrills rather than their maternal instinct or faithfulness.

If this is the operative sexual market, then tattoos and single mommery would not only have little effect on women's SMVs, they may very well *raise* their SMVs by advertising a greater willingness to go all the way right away, (and to not make much of a fuss when she's dumped post-chaste).

Now ask yourself, where do you see women with lots of garish tattoos and bastard spawn? The lower classes. And where do you see less dependable fly-by-night men? The lower classes. In the upper classes single mommery is still rare and tattoos, though more common than they once were, are tastefully inconspicuous. Obesity, too, is rarer among upper class women.

So it's in the lower classes (now gradually expanding into the working and middle classes) where the sexual market has responded to the changing incentives and women have resorted to more "slut signaling" accoutrements like tattoos, skimpy trashy clothes, and yes even bastard spawn (a single mom is a slutty mom).

In the upper classes, paternal investment is still important, so we see less of this among the women who have kept to the traditional SMV norms of their sex: slenderness, clear skin, and childlessness.

Ok, you ask, if tats and single mommery are slut cues to men on the make, what about obesity? No man wants to boff a blob if he has a choice.

Female obesity does present a difficulty for the theory of sexual market primacy….until we realize that very very few women voluntarily choose to be fat (unlike the many who choose to get tats or bear the devil bastards of one night stands). Most fat women want to be thinner, so they know, whether they admit it to anyone or drown their egos in a vat of fat acceptance platitudes, that fatness kills their SMV dead.

Larger societal and chemical forces have conspired in modern societies to accelerate and amplify the gaining of many pounds of fat. Unless you're careful and actively avoid sugars, grazing and processed foods (all of which increased exponentially sometime in the mid-20th century) then you will likely get fatter than your ideal peak performance weight. (Reminder: For women, peak SMV performance is a 17-23 BMI, 0.7 waist-to-hip ratio, and an age that is roughly half the age of gogrrl feminists looking to conceive their first and only autistic child.)

The relatively recent explosion (heh) of obesity among Westerners suggests that the existence of all these female fatties is not a refutation of sexual market primacy theory, but is rather evidence of a rapidly changing input variable that is causing immense (heh) volatility in the sexual market, as men respond by "dropping out" to amuse themselves with acceptable substitutes that are better than sleeping with a fat chick: porn, controlled substances, video games, and now even gainful unemployment.

So if you notice a lot of tattoos, obesity, and single mommery in the sexual market, you can deduce the following dynamics are in play:

1. Men have less leverage and fewer mate options (due to sex ratio skew or female emancipation from needing to rely on men to provide for them).
2. Women have utterly given up trying to find a husband and have settled for finding a cock notch or a sperm donor.
3. Sluts are ascendant.
4. Men are dropping out and tuning into substitutes for female companionship.
5. Enormous upstream social forces are streaming down and wreaking havoc on the normal functioning of the sexual market.

None of the above redact the primacy of the sexual market. They are instead first responder symptoms of a sexual market in dire flux. In the final analysis, SMV remains king of human society, and any secondary markets (economic, social, political) that exert downstream pressures on the sexual market will eventually be reconfigured, even corrupted, by the unstoppable feedback loops unleashed by a primal sexual market convulsing from rapid transformation of the individual players and the higher order systems those players design.

The Aggrocunt Period

CH · 15 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The Daily Mail wonders if we Westerners are living through a time period when the numbers of aggressive, unfeminine, caustic, ball-busting battle-bitches are on the rise.

I think we are. And I'll tell you why it's happening. First…

> So seemingly serene is the 51-year-old that she even soothes others in the course of her career as a reiki therapist. **[ed: wtf?]** But, like an increasing number of respectable women, Jo has become so consumed by rage that even a simple trip to buy the weekly groceries can lead to frighteningly aggressive outbursts. Recently, she completely 'lost it' when another driver tried to take the space she wanted in a Tesco car park.
>
> Jo's response was instant, and utterly disproportionate. 'I was there first. So I got out of my car as he approached and shouted: 'F*** you, a*******, I'm staying here until I get this space.'
>
> 'The driver was a man much bigger than me, but I wasn't intimidated. I told him we'd be stuck there all day if he didn't move — which eventually he did.'

There's the problem right there. If the Gynocratic State didn't leash men, women wouldn't be testing men's patience like this cunt did.

> Worryingly, it would seem this is a dangerous trend, seen by many as yet another dark side of equality.

Equalism is a false prophet heralding decay, misery, and eventual capitulation to nonbelievers.

> Stories of professional women drinking themselves into ill health, trying to keep up with male colleagues are well documented.

Nothing good comes from reversing the sexual polarities.

> But they are now matching men on the aggression front, too, putting themselves in physical danger — risking their good name, career prospects and relationships. In 1957, men were responsible for 11 violent offences for every one perpetrated by a woman — today, that is four to one.

Some of this shift towards more female violence (if accurate) is owed to the race replacement pogrom in Western countries. White women are fairly pacifist by world woman standards.

> Add to the mix long hours, pressure juggling work and family life, plus fluctuating hormones caused by the menopause, PMS or childbirth and it's no wonder so many women are exploding with rage.

I would've said "childlessness". Failing at their most important life job has got to make careerist tankgrrls feel a little peeved.

> Indeed, earlier this month it was reported that Oxford-educated Jocelyn Robson, a company director, 40, etched the word 'c***' in capital letters on two of her former boyfriends' cars after they broke up.

"Oxford-educated". "company director". I guess it would be redundant to add "Maestro of Manjaws".

> And last month BBC presenter Jeremy Vine released footage of a woman — smartly dressed and driving a top-of-the-range car down one of London's most expensive streets — who swore at him to 'get the f*** off the

> road' and allegedly kicked his bicycle.

These are the kind of women that men pump and remorselessly dump. And then these masculinized women have the gall to wonder why they have trouble finding a husband.

> Research has also found that women are significantly more likely to be verbally and physically aggressive to men than vice versa — something physicians are seeing more of in their clinics.

Correction: BETA men. Since it's obvious to anyone who has trawled a social media account that the ranks of weepy supplicating beta males in the West is at an all-time high, it's no wonder women are lashing out at them. Weak men are like fat women: each defies the opposite sex's romantic needs.

> 'We are treating more women than ever who are struggling to regulate their emotions and express themselves appropriately,'

Sounds like the typical problem of men. This is what it looks like when the modren woman's estrogen level are as low as the modren nümale's testosterone level: bitterness, spite, aggression, acting out from an uneasy feeling that the world ain't right.

> And why is this anger afflicting so many upstanding women, the sort you might hope would be immune to, or too ashamed of, having outbursts?

"Upstanding" translated from the equalist leftoid mewlspeak means "over-credentialed careerist shrew".

> Some experts suggest women believe that such outward displays of aggression allow them to seize the initiative from traditionally dominant men.

NOPE. That's not it. The usual feminist answer to these sorts of social changes is never the right one.

The right answer is that power abhors a vacuum. And nobody abhors the loss of male power more than a woman, who will rush in to fill it with nagging, passive-aggressive bitching, and closed legs.

> Whether it's in the workplace or around the dining table, shouting, swearing or throwing things are increasingly viewed as valid methods for women to assert themselves.

Aggrocunts aren't interested in asserting themselves. What they're doing is crying out for a chance to be a feminine woman again who doesn't have to assert herself.

> Such outbursts can also become addictive, a form of almost animalistic release.

Women who are regularly dicked by a self-entitled ZFG jerkboy feel no need for further animalistic release.

> But as well as this rush, Jo also admits to feeling under constant pressure to provide for her family.

Economically self-sufficient gogrrls betray the essence of their sex.

> Thankfully Steven who works with disabled children,

Nümale pussy.

> has learned how to cope with her outbursts. As mild-mannered as Jo is volatile, he's found that the best thing to do is to walk away and let the tantrum burn itself out.

Wrong answer.

Right answer: SHUT THE FUCK UP JO *readies pimp hand*

> Her stepchildren, too, have learned to walk away from her outbursts.

Mix-and-match broken family. Cunt stepmom. Shit writes itself.

> 'Our relationship is still strained, which is a shame, but I feel convinced she is as much to blame as me.'

Pathologically narcissistic BPD supercunt spotted.

> And when, last year, she decided a driver was too close behind her as she kept to a 30mph speed limit, she braked suddenly and got out of the car. 'I asked the driver, a young man, what the hell he thought he was doing driving up to my bumper,' she says. 'My heart was pounding as he called me a bitch and drove off.'

A young shitlord, to be precise.

> Perhaps unsurprisingly, she has upset family and friends with her behaviour. In restaurants, she has embarrassed loved ones by high-handedly sending back food she considers isn't good enough.

By the way, if a woman ever does this on a first date, you have complete license to exit through the kitchen and leave her with the bill.

Executive Summary:

DIVERSITY + FEMINISM = UNLOVABLE CUNTS

The Friendzone Has A Logo

CH · 15 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A minute of staring at this friendzone logo and it starts to make sense: A beta male half-heartedly burying his real feelings to receive an asexual thumb's up from his oneitis who green-lights his blue balls.

I think the girl's hand is supposed to translate as "up yours", or "I rip your heart apart with my dual-edged thumbnail".

In this photo we see the straight man on the left friendzoning the gay man on the right.

Comment Of The Week: How Is A New Woman Like An Old Car...?

CH · 15 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

stevetirone takes the COTW trophy (a ball gag for your woman) with this astute comparison between the declining US auto industry of the 1970s and the declining US woman industry of the 2010s:

> This is advanced fundamental market theory. The concept of the market itself is not devaluated simply because participants in the market fail to maximize their worth within it. Look at the American auto industry of the Seventies: the American Big Three auto manufacturers kept cranking out bloated, gimmick-laden, low-quality rolling monoliths because of the dynamics of industry politics and an effectively captive American auto-buying market. The Japanese came in with high-quality svelte gas-sippers, and were in place when an exogenous shock–the oil embargoes–overturned the market. Americans got yellow fever quick, because they couldn't afford the costs of supporting road behemoths. American manufacturers were either forced out of business or forced to change their business models to survive.
>
> Note the parallel behaviors of auto industry and modern women: being unable to compete with the Yellow Peril, they both attempted consumer shaming and governmental protection.

You don't even have to summon a waifu to make this similarity between the old auto market and the new woman market work. Any thin White chick who doesn't apologize for her "thin privilege" is practically demonized by today's bloated, rolling American woman market. Consumer shaming has turned into man shaming (ugly feminists loathe male desire for a reason), and governmental protection of the old auto industry has become governmental set-asides and largesse for the new Unlovable Feminist Prerogative Industry.

***

COTW runner-up winner is **Space Viking**, making the important point that some odd sexual market behaviors can be explained by the Freudian concept of psychological projection.

> the tattoos on women thing can actually be explained simply. women, like most men, are absolutely clueless about what the other sex finds attractive. just like the beta thinking that women only like pretty boys, because beauty is what he finds attractive, the woman thinks a tattoo will make her more desirable to men because shitty prison tats make her wet.
>
> We all know that they are both wrong.

More evidence projection is at work in the sexual market:

Women thinking men value them for their smarts, humor, degrees, witty banter or, worst of all, sexual experience.

Men thinking women value them primarily for their muscular development, faithfulness, chastity, niceness or, worst of all, sensitivity.

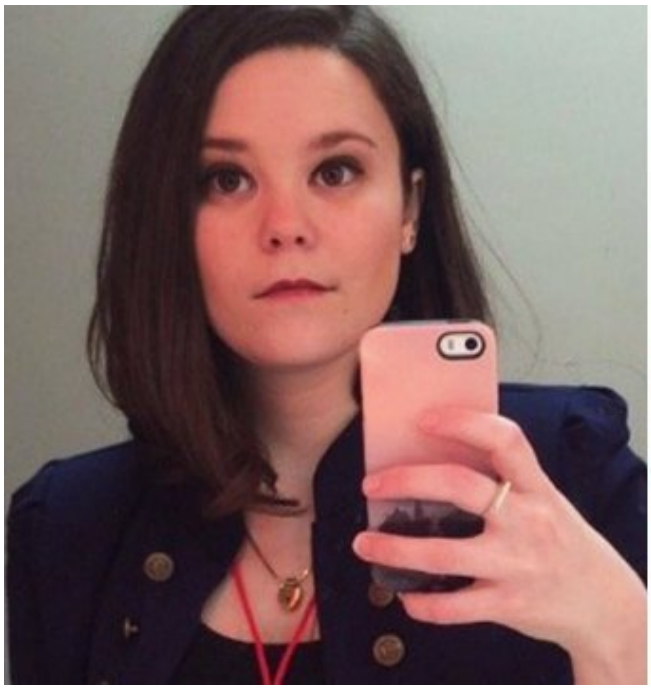
#ImWithHerpes

CH · 16 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Hillary Clinton……excuse me, thecunt…..has made genital herpes acceptance part of her campaign.

You think I kid. I kid you not.

> Hillary Clinton Thanks Woman for Shattering STI Stigma in A Powerful Letter
>
> Hillary Clinton's powerful letter to a 24-year-old writer living with genital herpes is striking a nerve on social media.
>
> ***
>
> Dawson shared the letter in a Tuesday tweet, prompting a story on the Washington Post.
>
> Clinton praised Dawson for speaking candidly about genital herpes and taking a stand against the hateful rhetoric that women often encounter on the internet.
>
> "I am so grateful to you for not only speaking out against the stigma," Clinton wrote, "but for also taking a courageous stand against the ridiculous, but very real, barrage of hate you received online."
>
> "The erosion of civil public discourse is one of the most concerning developments in our society today," Clinton went on. "As you point out, the internet is not a friendly place for women, and you are not alone in facing the relentless onslaught of baseless, personal attacks."



That's the prematurely aging slut with genital herpes and the thousand-cock stare, on the left. Her name is Ella Dawson. (Twatter handle: @brosandprose) I have no problem revealing that, because neither does she. As a strong, empowered, and vaginally adventurous woman in The Current Year, she is very proud of having contracted a sexually transmitted disease, so proud that she wants everyone else to pat her on the back for fucking a battalion of dirty-dicked jerkboys (probably half of them black).

> "I have never seen a politician understand the danger of the Alt-Right," Dawson wrote. "It made me sad that a fringe hate community has become so central to American politics that a presidential candidate has to make a speech about them. But it also filled me with genuine, raw hope for the first time since I became an activist."

Something's raw with her, but it's not hope.

> "My work consists of raising awareness of STI stigma"

This is possibly the most Millennial feminist sentence ever written.

FYI, Ella, there's a good reason why certain afflictions have a stigma. Dirty hos are stigmatized as a warning to other women who might be tempted to follow your path and acquire a petri dish of STDs and regret. Agitating to remove the STD stigma is an insult to people suffering from diseases that aren't the result of poor life choices and low impulse control.

But hey if you really want to remove your genital herpes stigma, how about a centerfold of your chancrous cunt, the weepy labia spread for the world to admire? That'll exorcise those man-hating demons inside you for good.

Enough of this attention whore. The real story here is Hillary Clinton aka Illary, who is now so mentally rekt by her neurological illness that she thinks genital herpes acceptance is a winning campaign issue.

How obtuse can a presidential candidate get? Who is this going to appeal to, besides bitter lonely feminists and their gayfag BFFs? Whatever she gains in xojane readers she loses fifty times as much in normal Americans who aren't yet on board with the notion that the crotch diseases of street whores are worthy of the same sympathy as cancer patients.

Thecunt is going down in a landslide in November, and it will be because of her hubris, and the hubris of her shitlib feminist supporters, who live in a culture bubble and can't conceive that millions of people think differently than they do, or that their shitlib project to ulcerate healthy human instincts isn't yet a *fait accompli*. The alt-right Basket of Deplorables was the first gut punch they've received since wresting power of all the cultural megaphones, and they are reacting exactly how you'd predict a bloated, complacent piggish enemy to react: with squealing, impotent horror and rage.

The next beautiful shiv will be the killing blow.

Did SCIENCE! Confirm The Validity Of Inner Game?

CH · 16 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It's too soon to conclude one way or the other, but it appears SCIENCE stumbled upon evidence that confirms the validity of Inner Game.

> People suffering from anxiety or traumatic stress can be taught to modulate their own brain activity, claims a new study.
>
> The recent study showed that people were able to make the change after just a couple of 'neurofeedback' sessions .
>
> The technique could be used as an affordable way to help people control their own stress disorders, according to the study from Tel-Aviv University.
>
> ***
>
> Using the updated tool, 42 participants were given visual and audible feedback according to the brain activity in their amygdala.
>
> They were then trained to reduce this using a variety of mental strategies.
>
> The participants were able to modulate the electrical activity in their own brains using this method.
>
> In another experiment, involving 40 participants, researchers showed that they were able to actually improve the regulation of their behavioural emotion by lessening their own amygdala activity.

Emotions aren't like IQ. The intractability of IQ is well-researched. Emotions, though, are more malleable, and at least in short-term bursts can be controlled or regulated. This is the premise that underlies the concept of Inner Game, aka state control, aka outcome independence, aka self-confidence:

> Poor inner game — what is known by other jargon as your state of mind or your self confidence — is inwardly directed. Good inner game is outwardly directed. It's the difference between berating yourself for not winning over others and berating others for not winning over you. The men who are naturally good with women live outside their minds — they are externally focused. The downside is that they are usually not very introspective, but who cares about that shit when you're getting pussy? Introspection is for dainty young women in sundresses picking buttercups in meadows. […]
>
> If your inner game isn't solid then what you present to the outside world won't match what you are feeling inside. Your inner game is reflected through your body language and voice tone, so however clever your routines they will strike a false note if you don't internalize the confidence you are trying to portray. You will betray yourself with negative thinking. […]
>
> Fake it till you make it means faking that internal confidence as well as the external behavior. This is not as hard as it sounds. Every time you feel self-doubt and talk yourself into inaction, yell "Stop!" out loud, and your brain will reboot. You then consciously reframe your thought processes to put the burden of approval seeking on those around you.

What the latest study above is hinting at is the truth of the classic Game dictum "fake it till you make it" (or, my preferred version: "fake it till you create it"). Self-confidence, irrational or otherwise, will take a man far with women. And now it appears we have the ability to self-regulate our emotions, which means that beta males struggling with women can learn to calm their nerves, refocus their energy outwards, reduce approach anxiety, and stop wallowing in self-pity when they think some girl they like is out of their league.

> *I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I*

> *will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when my fear is gone I will turn and face fear's path, and only I will remain.*

The Three Cultures Theory

CH · 16 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Healthy culture: Alpha men, deferential women

Unhealthy culture: Entitled men, entitled women

Dying culture: Deferential men, entitled women

America is a dying culture. Trump is the last chance to meme more life back into America.

Gaypedoface Kaine

CH · 4 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Given that thecunt is one blackout collapse off a high curb from being flayed over and over for eternity in the ninth circle of hell, it behooves us to consider that this creature could wind up President:

Like I said, this is an existential election for the soul of heritage America. It's a globalist war pitting Lies and Faggotry against Truth and Beauty.

Tonight, Pence helped score one for Team Truth and Beauty. Kaine will drown his disappointment in a day-long Peter Pan film festival binge.

PHYSIOGNOMY IS REAL

MAGA

The Purges Are Activated

CH · 5 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Social media monopolies have begun large-scale purges of any and all effective pro-Trump voices using their platforms. CH was blocked two weeks ago from Twatter. Today, Ricky Vaughn got suspended (until further review post-election?). Apparently, Scott Adams was kicked off as well.

The night of the long knives is right on cue, one month before The Trumpening. Leftoids have lost the argument. Now they reach for the only weapon they have left: silencing.

Ah, but this is legal censorship. These are private companies, the leftoid sneers. Yes, I suppose it's "legal", which goes to show what a tenuous concept the legality of censorship can be when the information gateways are owned and controlled by six companies sharing an identical globalism worldview and shitlib equalism ideology.

Alternative information mediums such as Gab.ai are one answer to Hivemind directed purges of thought criminals. But that solution could takes years to develop viable competitors to the crumbling Narrative Megaphone. Another counterattack is depriving the tech oligarchs of their money; targeting celebrities and driving them away would eat a big hole in Twatter's ad revenue. Faceborg and Spoogle likewise would suffer loss of power if consumers left them in droves. But getting there from here is a mountain of a challenge. Most attention whoring Americans couldn't unplug from the Faceborg if a gun were to their heads.

What I think it's going to take is an anti-trust lawsuit by President Trump's DOJ to break up these media behemoths (including NPR) and breathe fresh air into their hermetically sealed shitlib echo chambers. And maybe a scandalous Wikileak or two on the private lives (and public machinations) of some of our gated community billionaire oligarchs.

The Memes Have Become Real

CH · 5 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Via the Euro Intel Service Twatter account:

> Lajos Bokros, Jewish MEP for Hungary. 'Admitting economic migrants is a national interest to replace the aging Hungarian population.'

This photo is not altered, nor is Bokros' genocidal quote edited.

I kind of feel bad for empathic, alt-right-ish Skypes with a healthy dose of perspective and introspection. Imagine how you'd feel at family gatherings if 90% of your relatives were anti-Gentilic psychopaths.

***

FYI the slippery snake-like argument that migrants are needed to offset declining native populations is tribe-serving bullshit in so many ways.

- Humans aren't fungible. A Syrian:Swede swap isn't 1:1. As a matter of human capital, I doubt any number of Syrians could seamlessly substitute for one Swede, as the negative externalities of having to import hundreds of Syrians just to luck out on finding that one smart and conscientious Syrian with the equivalent talents of the average Swede would nullify the individual fair trade cases.
- The economic market is not the most important market; that would be the sexual market. Followed by the social market. A population decline isn't "solved" by importing sullen foreign ringers any more than a beef shortage is solved by placing parsley on an eggplant and calling it a steak. Sure, a nation could boost GDP by some trivial amount by importing billions of new consumers, but the quality of life for natives would take a nosedive. It's time we stopped listening to economists. They shovel lies.
- I bet it warms the hearts of "xenophobic" aging Hungarians to reflect on a near future approved of by scheming economists when they can gracelessly expire in their death beds to the sight of a wage mule brown migrant care

worker ignoring the flatline on the EKG to text bomb codes to a sleeper cell over a government-issued iPhag and chortling at grainy video of one of his homies pissing on a native Hungarian's gravestone.

- Populations have a natural rising and falling rhythm. Like beaches, it's best if their movement is left unhindered by mitigating interventions. A falling population will never naturally recover if the freed-up land is suddenly occupied by imported foreigners. The elites will have to suffer without their cheap labor and authentic grease truck dining if the people decide they want their nation to belong to themselves and not become a pit stop for Davosians to shelter their income and the third world to plunder.

Why A Decadent, Corrupt Elite Attracts So Many Gay Men

CH · 5 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Reader whorefinder zeroes in on the reason why late-stage ruling elites mired in corruption and decadence are coincidentally so freaking gay.

> Gays are defective men, and their effeminacy leads them to value and excel in very female traits. What's more, gays excel past women in these traits because their retained testosterone naturally makes them more competitive than women. Gays like careers where licentiousness, flashiness, graft, catfighitng and backroom politics rule the day, and not ones where team work, tangible-goal meeting, merit-based advancement and self-sacrifice are valued.
>
> Politics in decadent cultures is all about social manipulation and not about accomplishment. In non-decadent cultures, politicians assess which general conquered effectively; whether the police are keeping crime down. In decadent cultures, politicians assess whether they will get a payoff for favoring a certain bill; whether they can make another rival look bad; and whether they can get away with it.
>
> Hence gays will excel in a decadent political climate. Hence why D.C.'s politicians and power players are very fag-heavy.
>
> Hadrian was the exception rape!

A great insight to which I would only add that low T heterosexual men also excel in decadent political climates marked by constant elite infighting. The same female instincts that motivate gay men appear in abundance in the low T man as well.

The solution to American decline is…. more T. Higher testosterone, whether exogenously administered or included as an intrinsic part of the shitlord package. Trump is a virile man with the visage and slash and burn rhetorical skillset of a shitlord. If anyone can un-gay DC, and America at large, it's Trump.

***

Related, a study of people's natural feelings of "homophobia" — or what should more precisely be termed **homoaedia** ("disgust for homosexuals") — found that it's an emotional immune system response to the often-correct presumption that gay men are untrustworthy, disloyal, and unreliable when the group needs to be defended against outside threats.

> Perception of Gay Men as Defectors and Commitment to Group Defense Predict Aggressive Homophobia
>
> Homophobia encompasses a variety of attitudes and behaviors with distinct causal paths. We focus on aggressive homophobia, a propensity to feel anger and express aggression toward gay men. We investigated the conjecture that homosexual males might be seen, in recent Western cultures, as defectors from collective group defense. We predicted that consistent with a functional motive to punish and deter free riding, the perception of gay men as defectors would motivate aggression toward gay men. **We also predicted that individuals with greater commitment to group defense might show more aggressive homophobia (as these individuals have more to lose from the defection than individuals who are not committed to group defense).** Study 1 showed that aggressive homophobia correlated positively with the tendency to implicitly associate gay men with defection from group defense. Study 2 showed that a tendency to punish homosexual males for a theft correlated positively with commitment to group defense. The findings suggest that coalitional psychology might contribute to explaining the existence and quality of certain kinds of social stigma.

The part I bolded is interesting from a post-America vantage point. Very homophilic urban shitlibs — masculine

careerist shrikes and low T effete hipster men — have, to borrow a Sailer phrase, leap-frogging loyalties to people and races far beyond their neighbors and racial kin. This remote defense of genetically distant groups is perfect for liberals who prefer to signal their virtue rather than act according to their claimed virtues (by, say, raising their family in the ghetto). The shitlib thus lacks the instinct for in-group defense, and when he is roused to group-defense does so for the benefit of outgroups, and often for extremely antagonistic outgroups. This muted if not altogether missing disposition to ingroup defense is reflected in the typical shitlib's nonchalance toward the disease and disloyalty threats that homosexuals present to the group.

In other words, the same reason shitlibs don't much get worked up over elite betrayals and the demographic destruction of White America explains why they don't feel much concern about homosexual subversion and defection. It's stunted shitlib amygdalas all the way down.

On this topic of justifiable disgust, I frequently come across assertions by shitlib sociologists that disgust *per se* leads to the ostracism and "dehumanization" of homosexuals, minorities, women, etc *ad nauseam*, and that if people just stopped feeling disgusted the tikkun olam utopia would be achieved. But this claim always struck me as an ass-backwards rationalizing of a studiously manicured false leftoid equalist worldview.

Disgust is not itself a stimulus; disgust is the emotional reaction to a negative stimulus. The leftoid inversion of this reality presents hilarious logic traps when examined critically by analogy. Dog shit serves as a useful mindgunk cleanser. Does our natural disgust at the sight of dog shit "dehumanize" and "other" the shit, or is our disgust a reasonable reaction to the smell and appearance and disease-carrying threat of dog shit? Naturally, the latter. We evolved the disgust response to protect against curious ingestion of dog shit or playfully smearing our faces with dog shit.

The same is true of homosexuals. People, especially those enmeshed in strong local communities, know instinctively that homosexuals are disease and disloyalty vectors, and they react with the appropriate and natural feeling of disgust when flamboyant gay homosexuals attack their senses. It's why Kaine has triggered so many disgust reflexes; physiognomy is real and gaypedoface physiognomy is about as disgusting to normal people as a toadstool sandwich with arsenic sauce. Or Michelle Obama's traps.

***

The contrarian asks, "If disgust is so useful, why did evolution select for shitlibs with high disgust thresholds?" My answer is that disgust inhibition is probably associated with increased creativity. If there was an environment in the past that greatly rewarded creative people, then that could, generations later, result in a larger proportion of the population suffering from an underdeveloped insula region of the brain (where disgust is manufactured). But the pendulum always swings back; our current petri dish culture of shitty aesthetics and shitlib eagerness to wallow in filth long ago reached the point of diminishing creativity returns. Now that the leftoid filth is threatening to swallow us up and destroy everything our ancestors worked to create, evolution will strongly select for the re-emergence of a shitlord phenotype/genotype to bring balance to the force.

But if the reproductive and cultural selection pressures for a Shitlord Ascendance are too slow or weak, then we will run out of time to wash away the grime. System failure will have to proceed if a truthnbeauty rebirth can happen.

“This will not end well”

CH · 6 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There are a couple of must-reads that were published this week. The first, by Kurt Schlichter, warns leftoids that their eagerness to silence dissent will strike back at them with a fury. Schlichter feels the passion of the shiv. You can tell because his article is sharp, hungry for leftoid vitals, and remorselessly allergic to the supine “to be sure”-isms which typify cuckservative mewlings.

> But then, those concerns apparently aren’t worthy of attention. The news covers, day in and day out, some overeating foreigner and drug lord baby mama who Donald Trump was mean to a couple decades ago, but no reporter ever asks our guy about his problems. And they don’t merely ignore him. They come after him, jamming things down his throat like gender neutral bathrooms and murderous Muslim refugees and Wall Street scams that mean he gets about .001% interest on that money he saved just like the experts told him to. And he’s expected to just take it.
>
> This will not end well.

It will end either with leftoid retreat or leftoid heads on stakes. The choice of fate is theirs.

***

The second article comes from the now-famous Publius Decius Mus, who whacks another two-by-four against the fiveheads of plush cucks like James Pethokoukis.

> Whenever you find an article that begins with the title, “The Conservative Case” for or against something, lock your door, check your wallet, and grab your gun. You know what’s coming is an unadulterated sell-out of everything “conservatism” purports to hold dear.
>
> ***
>
> Pethokoukis, like a good AEI-nik, would presumably dismiss such concerns as “the politics of envy” or some-such. True Conservatives™ don’t care about income inequality! The aggregate is what matters!
>
> Matters to what? “The Economy?” Oh. Gains accruing to techies and hedge fundies are more than enough to offset losses everywhere else and that’s apparently good enough for Pethokoukis, who—like nearly all economists—bases his case on a narrow economic analysis that ignores the broader political sphere. Here we find another typical misinterpretation of Reagan. The Gipper’s successful policies proved that it’s all about incentives. All hail *Homo economicus*!
>
> True, incentives matter. What do open borders and trade-giveaways incentivize blue collar workers in the heartland to do? Give up and shoot heroin?
>
> ***
>
> Pethokoukis makes the highly unoriginal point that “Google, Facebook and Uber” show the continued dynamism of the U.S. economy. This is like John Kerry praising Apollo 11 in his acceptance speech at the 2004 Democratic National Convention. Can’t think of anything to say? Moon shot! Oh, you’re talking about the economy? Google! Is any cliché more tired at this point? Google—actually Alphabet—has made a few people rich but otherwise has depressed high tech wages in Silicon Valley by its relentless importation, and advocacy for same, of foreign programmers who will work for less and transform neighborhoods through over-occupancy. All this to make porn searches more efficient. Mark Zuckerberg’s Facebook is even more aggressive about screwing American workers—fwd.usa, anyone?—and his company even more useless. Uber promises to turn unemployed American workers, and untold foreigners, into cab drivers. But you hail them through a smartphone, so it’s high tech! These, and dozens more that Pethokoukis could have mentioned but mercifully did not, are far cries from the robber barons of old, who electrified the nation, linked us by rail,

> road, sea, and air, and built our greatest monuments. In the process, they employed millions, created wealth for tens of millions more, and improved standards of living for people on every rung of the ladder.
>
> But for Pethokoukis, the true measure of national success is "translat[ing] entrepreneurial daring into wealth." […] And what about the people who *aren't* entrepreneurs and can't be? Are they just losers? Does the wealth ever get to trickle down to them? That is, in the form of something other than lower iPhone prices?
>
> ***
>
> Like all conservative Hegelians, Pethokoukis is endorsing, if implicitly, rule by the administrative state. "Truth" derives from scientific principle, which is published in academic "studies." For their own good, the voters should not be allowed to contravene said "truth." If the people don't like current, academically endorsed immigration and trade policies, then the people are wrong. Which is manageable, as long as the political class successfully conspires to thwart their will. But when a "demagogue" comes along who threatens to implement the people's will, that must be stopped!
>
> ***
>
> The actual, political truth is that men are free "of all but moral law." And there is no moral imperative for or against immigration or trade. If the people want them, they may lawfully enact them. If they don't, they may restrict either, to the extent that their preferences in the moment dictate. Even if a consequence is that their economy contracts.
>
> An economist will gasp at this heresy against his faith. But politics is greater and higher than economics. A failing economy might be a merely economic problem but a failing society is fundamentally a political problem.
>
> ***
>
> The left rules out-of-bounds any discussion of the cultural or political effects of immigration as "racist," and the conservatives go along. Hence they can only talk about immigration in economic terms, as if human beings were widgets.

Beautiful. This was a shiv aimed straight at the heart of Cheap Chalupas. I wonder how our favorite econo-autist is doing? He's been on a "DAS RACISS" rearguard action lately, content to polish the knobs of various open borders leftoid freaks like Esssra Klein and Noah Smith. The Trumpening making him butthurt?

The rest of the article is even better than the excerpts I've quoted above. The closing sentence is absolutely killer. Read it in full and feel the force of a righteous revolution bearing down on the complacent, arrogant, smug equalist leftoid Hivemind and their cuckservative suck-up lackeys.

Are Dissident Thinkers Targeted By The US Government As Enemies Of The State?

CH · 6 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Every intimation is a conspiracy until reality proves otherwise. And reality is rapidly proving the existence of a government-corporate globohomo alliance conspiracy against dissident thinkers (aka the alt-right). whorefinder is on it (again),

> Look, I am hesitant to bring this up, but I plan on shutting down my blog/disappearing the whorefinder moniker in the near future.
>
> Why? I'll explain in my final blog post when the time comes, but basically it comes down to two things: (1) Comey's July 5th press conference refusing to recommend that Hillary be indicted and (2) I finally watched the documentary on Edward Snowden and read up on just what the U.S. government is currently doing to its own citizens via violating their Fourth Amendment rights.
>
> I will expand upon it on my future final blog post, but understand that we–as in the Alt-Right—are under heavier surveillance than you can imagine. And it is the Alt-Right—-and not ISIS, Al-Queda, BLM, Black Panthers, immigrants, or dirty politicians—who are the targets. And that is truly frightening.
>
> This slow-moving purge is just the start, especially if President Trump's coronation is shut down by a coup or an assassination. Hillary foolishly named the Alt-Right as her enemy to the national public; she was hoping to polarize us into an enemy, but she gave us a head start.
>
> Even if President Trump gets into office, this Deep State will hammer him in a way that will make Nixon's takedown seem positively pleasant. And even if President Trump is successful at curbing immigration and clamping down a bit, the apparatus (as Snowden has shown) is still in place and will outlast him.
>
> I'll let you all know when the blog is disappearing. Watch your back brothers, and MAGA.

I predicted a crackdown of thought criminals by the social media companies would intensify one month before the election, and that is what appears to be happening. Trump is a threat to the global world order, but more importantly Trump's rise and victory would be an utter invalidation of the leftoid HiveEgo. The human ego is the strongest force in the universe and to think it would cede mental territory without a fight to the metadeath is the height of naivete. Shiv artistes should be ready to upgrade to a scythe at a moment's notice.

Do Women Prefer A Man With Money Or Looks?

CH · 6 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

If we artificially constrict the sexual market to include only money and looks as variables, we can get a pretty good idea of the emphasis that women (and men) place on both as criteria in opposite sex mates by using heavily filtered dating website data. (h/t chris)

> Really what we want to do is observe people's choices directly which is why dating websites are so useful to us. Here's an example. What if I have a hypothesis that when choosing a mate, men care more about their potential partner's appearance than her income and women care more about her potential partner's income than his appearance. Imagine the following experiment. A woman/man can choose between communicating with two people. One earns $60,000 a year and is more attractive than 9 out of 10 people on the market. The other earns X dollars per year and is less attractive than 9 out of 10 people on the market. Every other observable characteristic about these two people is identical. We can use the information that tells us who individuals choose to communicate with to determine what X would have to be in order to make a woman/man prefer the less attractive person.
>
> Researchers have done this* and find that **for men there is no amount of income that the woman in the bottom ten percent in terms of appearance can earn to make men prefer her over women in the top 10 percent**. That is, looks really matter to men relative to income. **For women though, if the man in the bottom ten percent in terms of looks earns more than $248,500, they will prefer him over the more attractive guy earning $60,000**. My students often interpret this result as saying that women really care about money, but that is not what it says at all—$186,000 is a huge difference in income. If women didn't care about looks and only cared about money, the figure would be much, much lower. This says that despite the impression that on the marriage market women really care about income, the evidence suggest that they also care about looks. They just care about income too.

Men are the reproductively expendable sex (sperm is cheap and plentiful and has no expiration date) so it is no surprise that men's attractiveness qualifications for a woman are so much less complex than the attractiveness criteria that women have for a man. What men want is a hot bod, a cute face, and a lot of residual reproduction value (aka youth). Anything more than that is gravy.

What women want is a far more extensive list of attractive male traits, because a woman can less afford to submit her rare and depleting resource of eggs to the inquisitive probings of subpar sperm.

The results of this study align with the real world observations of anyone who's spent a day in his life outside the home interacting with women in human settings:

Women value money *and* looks.

Men value looks.

On paper, this means a very ugly man's ugliness carries a $186,000 per year premium to access the same hotties that a good-looking man can get. Which also means that it is possible for an ugly man to buy his way into prime pussy. In practice, an ugly man can fake the appearance of wealth to cheat his way into prime pussy (while a good-looking man who is poor will have trouble getting past the first date if his Game is weak).

On paper and in practice, no amount of money will make an ugly woman attractive to men. So ladies it's time to ditch those PhD in patriarchal deconstruction degrees for a gym membership and an MRS.

This is yet another study (as if one was needed) that repudiates the ONLY LOOKS MATTER queefing chorus of quisling cuntboys. The bigger picture is even more unfriendly to the looks crü. When we examine the sexual market as it functions in reality — that is when all metrics and multivariate attractiveness traits are thrown together in the

search for a lover — we discover (and science confirms) that men's attractiveness to women is greatly influenced by nonphysical factors.

Men are visual.
Women are holistic.
The rest is commentary.

Evidence Mounts That The “Pussygrab” Leak Came From A GOP And Cuckryan Operative, Dan Senor

CH · 11 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Read a synopsis of the treachery here. Dan Senor, a neocon lackey for Cuckryan and Romney, was behind the leak of the “pussygrab” tape, with the follow-up worldwide release and coordinated rapid cuck response ostensibly directed by traitorous backstabbing bugeyed scumbag cuckryan in an effort to deep-six Trump’s campaign.

Cernovich also has been doing a bang-up job documenting the evidence as it comes in that the GOPe is sabotaging voter registration efforts in battleground states to help ensure a Trump loss.

These snakes are playing with fire that will consume them.

The Cold Civil War is on. These are interesting times we live in, Chateau readers. Veeeeeerrry interesting. If the shitlibs, media, and cucks double and triple down, this Civil War 2 could turn hot.

Storm clouds gather.

The Wickedest Links

CH · 12 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

1. Mangan has a fantastic post on the most effective, scientifically-founded weight training system. A must read for any man interested in building muscle (that should be all men, including Bernie Bros).

2. A powerful pro-Trumpening video: “Message from Brussels”.

3. A refugee-loving German mayor actively working to import more of the third world into Germany was made to pay for his treachery and knocked unconscious by patriots. Faster, please.

4. Correct the Record is thecunt campaign’s super-PAC. They are basically an army of demoralization trolls fanned out over alt-right and other pro-Trump sites. A hacker got monitoring software on one of the CTR’s laptops and made a transcript of the chat room conversation.

5. More women than ever are cheating, but with fewer consequences (because their beta male partners are supplicating pantywaists who let women walk all over them).

6. When I see data like this, what comes to mind is “runaway obesity, feminism, and androgyny are real mood killers”.

7. This news will surprise no one who isn’t clinically insane and bitter: Study finds that feminist theories are hogwash! The “socially constructed” feminist theory of sex differences is bunk; the sexes are born equipped with minds that already show sex-based preferences.

8. A restatement on the “Flight 93 Election” article by Publius Decius Mus.

9. Reminder: This is the America we live in now.

10. A really good article from Steve Sailer about how the ruling class has changed its psy ops to accommodate the Age of Information Abundance: “From Orwell to Gladwell and Back“. (Disinformation and diversion, as opposed to concealment, are now the preferred propaganda tools of the leftoid hivemind.)

Bonus links!

11. Yoko Ono, the widow of John Lennon and the screecher of awful singing, is claiming she had an affair with man-hating dyke Hillary Clinton. I believe it. A number of women have come out and attested to Hillary’s lesbianism. Bill Clinton told Gennifer Flowers that Hillary had eaten more pussy than he had. Dykes are usually the worst man-haters.

12. POTENTIAL BOMBSHELL FOR THECUNT CAMPAIGN! Anon sources on 4chan are saying that Wikileaks has Hillary’s 33,000 deleted emails, and what’s in them will mean the end of her candidacy. Teasers: Money funneled to ISIS, Obama rattling the war drums against Russia to distract from what’s in the leaks, Hillary on racist rants against black subordinates, bribes to media and election officials. Mmmhmm, this gonna be good.

13. Apparently, thecunt has paid off a couple of old broads to claim that Trump played grab-ass with them 35 years ago, about which the NYBetaTimes is dutifully reporting without any substantiating evidence. It’s a classic she said-she said last ditch smear campaign. But do you think the Lion will take this lying down? Hell no:

14. “That’s noblesse oblige, and that’s why America was a better place back then, because our leaders were better people.”

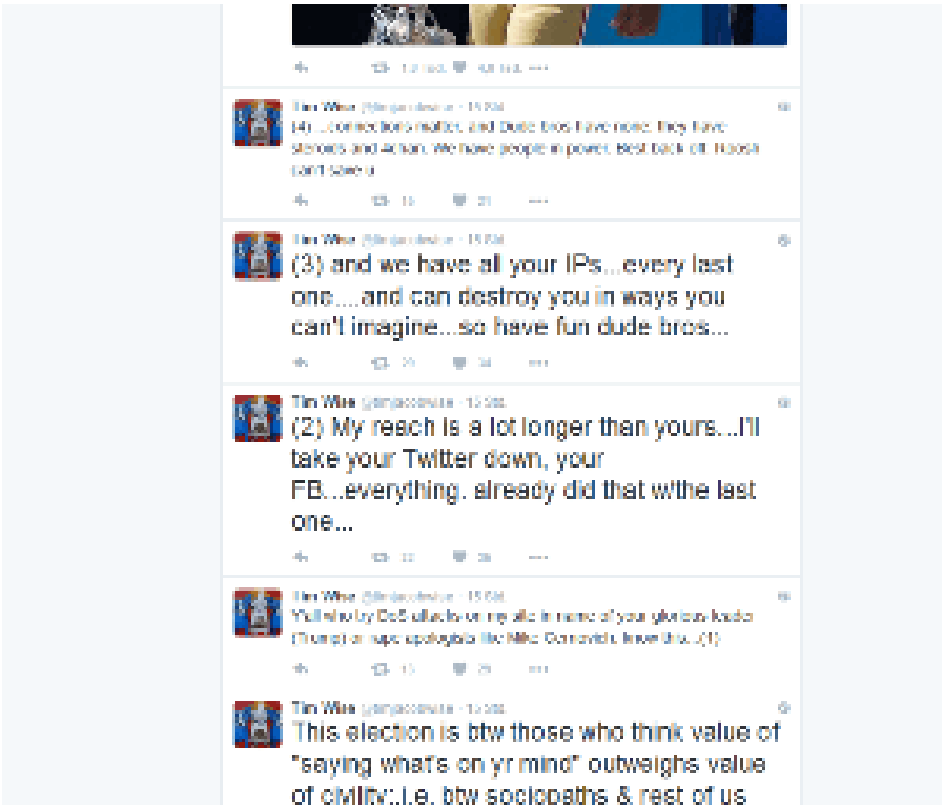
Tim Wise: Hysterical, Emotionally Incontinent, Pudgeball Manlet

CH · 12 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Tim Wise proves that bullying has a place in the social order, (namely, cleansing society of degenerate filth).

If you're not familiar with Tim Wise and his oeuvre, a primer: He's a hateful little pansy who spews noxious anti-White vitriol on his Twatter and at colleges where he's paid by leftoid faculty to give speeches to a handful of sympatico human dregs. Oh, and his last place of residence was in a neighborhood that is **97% White**. (He claims he has since moved to a more diverse neighborhood, but mysteriously no record of his new address exists.)

Now that you know about Tim Wise and his contributions to humanity, enjoy this meltdown he experienced after he was bullied to tears on Twatter by Shitgoyim. (via)



"steroids and 4chan" Yeah, not getting the insult. A swoke bullycider is better than being a flabby leprechaun with a face made for taking spermloads from his wife's bull.

"dude bros" Do these goony nancyboys all write from the same Spunk & Anti-White stylebook? John Scalzied loves that term as well. He ejaculates it every time a shitlord points out his effeminacy.

One thing you never miss in an anti-White's rantings is the psychological projection. "Sociopath" describes Timmy Wise pretty well; he makes his money preaching the evils of Whiteness while he makes damn sure he's surrounded by Whiteness in his daily life.

Then there's the cowardly skirt-clutching appeals to the AUTHORITAAAAAAHS to "take down" his Twatter tormentors. He has all your IPs! And connections!

But you meet this shitstain IRL and I bet he runs like the yellow-bellied cur he is.

Related: Video of the German Parliament voting down a proposal to "ensure the continuation of the German people".

Doubleplusrelated: Video from Germany of the aftermath of a mass brawl involving syrian refugees that coated an

apartment hallway in blood.

The Nexus Of Womanizing And Wokeness

CH · 12 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Some readers have asked your ‘umble house lord, “How does one go from being a womanizer to a woke clinician of the anti-White globalist slurry agenda?”

The answer is simple. When one has seen the depravity of which women are capable, one sees more clearly the depravity slumbering within the hearts of all men.

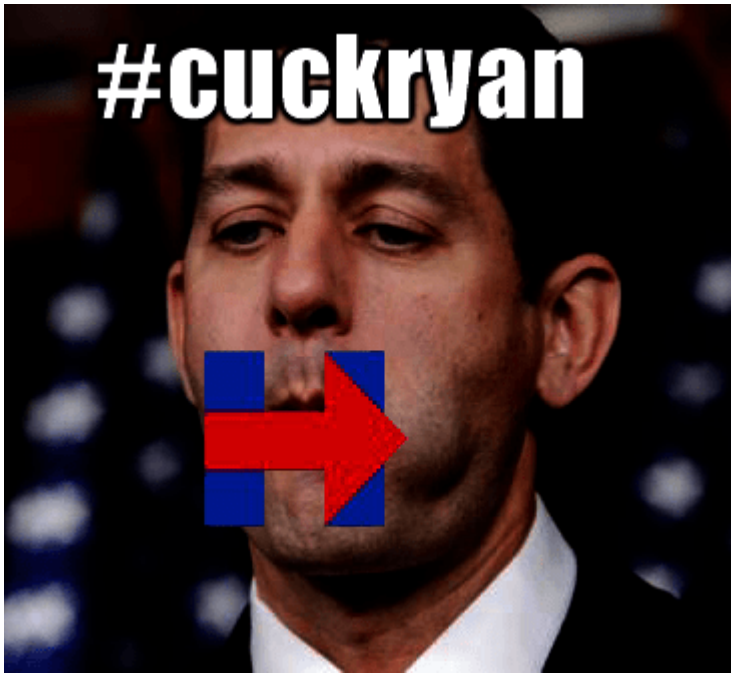
Evidence That Hillary Clinton Has A Serious Neurological Disease (And The Media Is Covering It Up)

CH · 12 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Watch this amazing video that uncovers very strong evidence that Hillary Clinton suffers from a serious neurological disorder, and that the media is COVERING IT UP, going so far as NBC News has done here to alter newsreel video so that Hillary's crossed eyes appear straight.

Step back for a second and take it all in. The accelerating cratering of journalistic ethics, the Orwellian manipulation of truth, the total and complete collusion between all arms of the globalist project firmly ensconced and enskyped in every American institution.

I dunno, but my impression is that wars, real wars, have been started for less.



Related: Here's a brutal #Cuckryan meme, courtesy of a CH commenter.

President Gay Mulatto Flaunts His Erection, Hypocritical Shitlib Female Reporters Giggle Like Schoolgirls!

CH · 12 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Video shot aboard a Gay Mulatto (Barack Obama) campaign flight in 2008 shows him flaunting his hard-on to female reporters who position themselves for a better look.

LOL THEE CURRENT YEAR KEEPS ON GIVING

#Pussygrab is kid's play in the "patriarchal misogynist sexual assault" feminist guide book compared to Gay Mulatto's literally showcasing his half-blood chub to a plane full of INDIGNANT AND OPPRESSED women who should be championed and revered. That dipshit feminist category is now wholly owned by #BarackMamba.

Remember that these shitlib female reporters giggling like schoolgirls at the sight of gay mulatto's stiffened snake (Reggie Love must have fluffed him) are the SAME FUCKING HYPOCRITES FEIGNING OUUUUUUUUTRAGE over Trump's raunchy frat bro banter spoken in private to Billy Bush.

I'd say FUCK THIS GAY AMERICA, but a better send-off might be FUCK THIS WOMANISH AMERICA.

Hey feminists, your hero is manspreading! And not just any spread; this one comes with a dill pickle!

PS How much you want to bet the shitlib estrogenic media had this video in their possession in 2008 but suppressed it to help obama win?

Grope Solo

CH · 13 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Reader average chump has a Game question that a lot of men can relate to at some point in their womanizer careers: how to introduce oneself to groups of women when out alone?

> This is off topic but relevant to flirting with women. Tonight I plan on going out solo. Last night I went out solo and ran into the issue of girls hanging out in groups. I don't have any experience approaching multiple women at the same time so naturally the issue makes my approach anxiety more intense. Usually I'll just wait till a girls on her own, then I'll bust a move, but this is not a common thing. My only practical choice is to learn how to approach multiple women on my own.
>
> What is your game plan when approaching 2+ women? – Do you just say fuck it and dive in? – Is there even a difference?
>
> I'll have to find out tonight.
>
> Regards,
> Averagechump

My first piece of advice is this: Don't worry about it. That is, don't feel like you have to make excuses for your solitary night out. Talk to the groups of girls with the same self-assurance you'd have if a couple of your male friends were tagging along. If you aren't concerned about what women will think of you spending a night out on your own, then the women won't be concerned either. Remember, it is the nature of woman to fall in line with a strong man's self-perception. Woman follows, man leads.

Having said that, I understand it's not so easy for inexperienced or introverted men to simply summon an endless fount of confidence when they're lone wolfing and trying to meet girls. For these men, I suggest an innocuous verbal trick I use when I'm solo and I have to approach a group of girls (or any mixed set) which makes the introduction a lot easier. Say, "I'm waiting for my tardy friends and getting bored so I figured I say Hi to you guys in the meantime."

If you get in with the group, they'll eventually forget that you had friends planning to arrive so you don't have to worry about coming up with an excuse for why you're still there alone. If one of the girls does ask later what happened to your friends who were supposed to show up, you can at that point either tell her you made that up as an excuse to meet her (she'll be flattered) or you can say "knowing my buddies, they're probably tied up to a hooker's bed". Which is a sort of jerkboy-by-association DHV.

One last relevant factor I should mention. Approaching groups of girls solo is never as daunting as it seems from a distance and from inside your head. The reality is much kinder to your prospects, because individual girls within a group have a tendency to self-detach when they catch the vibe that one of their own is interested in the man talking to her. Girls are generally very perceptive and clued into cues of romantic excitation emanating from other women, especially if those other women are friends. Following a fundamental Game strategy, you'd befriend the group, tease your target ("who brought their bratty little sister?"), and gradually refocus your lovingkindness on the girl you really like, at which point the other girls will get the hint and peel off to talk among themselves or flirt with that guy wearing the MAGA hat.

The one exception to the above in-field rule is the fatty cockblock, but you should already have a plan for dealing with her before you open the set. If you don't recall your Game teachings, make nice with the potential cockblock first so that she doesn't feel excluded when you eventually turn your attention to her hot friend. If you're out solo, handling cockblocks can be a challenge, as you won't have backup to throw themselves on the grenade. But that challenge difficulty level can also work in your favor. When the cute girl witnesses you expertly defuse her bitter cockblock friend without male friends to provide you air support, it boosts your "grace under pressure" alpha cred.

Hillary “thecunt” Clinton’s Campaign Strategy: Be Mired In So Much Corruption Voters Refuse To Believe She’s That Evil

CH · 17 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A few brief updates on the clinton corruption news cycle (now turning over at a clip of one new revelation every hour courtesy of Julian Assange’s Wikileaks and other intrepid alt-right journalists):

- thecunt campaign paid people (often mentally ill) to incite violence at Trump rallies.
- thecunt and corporate media are in bed with each other.
- thecunt is for a “hemispheric free trade and open borders” one world order. She also told Goldman Sachs moneymen that Americans who are opposed to open borders are “fundamentally unAmerican“.
- thecunt said behind closed doors in speeches to Wall St fat cats that she would seek their input before imposing any government regulations on their practices. (has thecunt heard of conflict of interest?!)
- thecunt admitted she speaks with a forked tongue and says one thing to the public and another thing to private donors.

This is just an appetizer of all the Wikileaks drops proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that thecunt is a scummy, corrupt, self-enriching, globalist whoremonger who lies as effortlessly as her husband shoves cigars up intern cooches. So what is thecunt’s response to the daily drumbeat of leaked emails that exposes her corruption, duplicity, and sociopathy to the American people? Apparently, it’s:

1. Have a lapdog legacy media.
2. Bribe a few dopey sluts to lie that Trump made inappropriate passes at them 35 years ago.
3. Cut off Julian Assange’s internet access.

This psychotic broad should be in prison, not running for President. Please pass this post along to your shitlib friends. It won’t change their minds (that’s not the point), but it will make them squirm uncomfortably when they try to defend their bitch queen. They won’t be saying YAASSS QUEEN, they’ll be saying “Um, gotta go.” Dispiriting shitlibs should be your goal in these final weeks before Judgement Day: Trumpening vs The Poz.

PS I haven’t even gotten to FBI Director Comey’s ties to Thecunt Foundation. No wonder he refused to press charges against hillary for her use of a private server to send classified emails.

10%

CH · 17 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

One of the most important (and under-appreciated) social science studies to have been linked at the Chateau had to do with the escape velocity of revolutionary political movements. Unfortunately, I gave up trying to find the relevant post in the archives after fifteen minutes spent trawling for it, but I recall the gist of the study's conclusion.

A game-theoretical mathematical algorithm was applied to large scale movements of a social and political nature, to determine the number of people required for a movement to take off and snowball into a revolutionary fire that sweeps away the megaliths of the old order. (The algorithm is similar to the one used to discover that ethnocentric societies win out over other types of societies (e.g., humanitarianism) when they directly compete.)

What the study found was that a successful revolution only needed to start with 10% of the total population as active and passionate advocates of the cause. That's a surprisingly low number at first glance, but it meshes with the historical record of past social movements. For instance, not many people know that a large majority of Americans in 1970 supported the Vietnam War, even though this was during the height of the flower power anti-war movement that would eventually succeed in ending the war and abolishing conscription — and fifty years later making the girls' bathroom safe for men wearing dresses.

I was reminded of this study when I saw the video of cuckryan getting booed off the stage at a Wisconsin event.

Cuckryan, loathsome creature he is, won his August primary by a comfortable margin (although Paul Nehlen made deeper inroads than previous challengers had done against cuckryan). How could that be, I asked myself, when he seems to be despised by his constituents? And what does this say about an anti-globalist revolution?

The answer lies hidden in that gem of a study I mention above. Far from a majority of Wisconsinites are shouting SHAME ON YOU at cuckryan, but that vocal minority who do — that glorious 10% bringing all the heart and the balls to the populist nationalism rebellion — are influencing future events in ways that their small numbers prevent them from fully comprehending.

10%.

That's it.

You get a dedicated 10% to stand athwart the globalism whore machine, yelling FUCK YOU TO HELL, and you can move mountains….and cucks from their corner stools.

So the next time you're feeling despondent in your shiv-right isolation and surrounded on all sides by despicable cucks and john leibowitzian shitlibs, be invigorated in the knowledge that your tattered and dispersed regiment of realtalkers, fueled on nothing but white hot rage and righteousness, is striking a mighty blow straight at the heart of the corrupt and degenerate ruling class and the wicked Clinton witch.

Why do you think the elite are pulling out all the stops to kill this numerically insignificant alt-right rebellion? Because they know its potential power, and they are afraid.

Is Julian Assange In Federal Custody? (Plus, More WikiLeaks)

CH · 18 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

If this news story is true about Julian Assange being in US custody, then the Clinton Machine and their globalist puppet masters are VERY afraid of the scum and filth and corruption that WikiLeaks is exposing about Her Heinous. This is the kind of desperate, last ditch, strong arm silencing that one would expect of a banana republic dictator, BUT IT'S HAPPENING IN AMERICA AT THE BEHEST OF THECUNT.

In related Clinton Corruption News, WikiLeaks uncovered a deal signed off by Secretary of State Hillary Clinton to give the Russian government control of 20% of US uranium production, after investors in the deal """"donated""""" over $140 million to the Clinton Foundation.

Pay for play is thecunt's modus operandi. Trump is right. #DRAINTHESWAMP

T Levels Are Rising Across The Fruity Plains As The Trumpening Swells

CH · 18 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along an anecdote that tells of The Trumpening sweeping the nation. I reprint it in full here.

******

Heartiste,

I just wanted to drop you a line about something that happened this morning at work, 6AM on a Saturday being the white man's burden when you work in construction.

A T level most certainly is rising across the fruited plain.

I'm a construction superintendent, working currently on a project to build a Starbucks in an airport outside of the security area. I unlocked the job site for some of my subcontractors before they arrived, and went upstairs to pass through security with my airport credentials so that I could grab a tray of caffeinated nectars for my worker bees. The manager for the food service company comps me free coffees because we're building their other location.

I noticed a new worker behind the register today. Young lad, probably 19 or 20, working his weekend gig as there's a state college nearby. He's as tall as I am at 5'11", and has the lean runner's build that I once had in my youth before I started to lift and weld for a living. His hair is blonde, a bit long but not unkempt but waving out a bit on the sides from beneath his company hat. I'm dressed casually. Button-down Carhartt plaid work shirt, well-fitting jeans, and Red Wing work boots. I have my Trumpening campaign donation hat on– it's glorious simplicity broadcasting a bold MAGA on a crimson background.

The young fellow gets told by the manager that I'm all set– a woman in her mid to late forties, post wall, but with a prominently displayed rock and wedding band on her finger. She radiates a maternal glow despite her declined looks that reveal a stunner in previous years. The young blonde man can't hold it back anymore, and he looks for the fifth time at my hat, locks eyes with me and his face starts beaming from ear to ear in that sort of genuine happiness that may make him look a bit buffoonish, but his youthful excitement won't let him control his state. He slides my coffees over and gushes, "Man, I LOVE that hat!!!" I ask, "Do you have one?" He does not. I have four or five of them from my repeat donations and an order for two more. I took my hat off and handed it to him, and he's beside himself with thanks.

He struck me as a young man who is a beta of circumstance of his environment, on the precipice of losing his last fuck to give about Leftoid sensibilities so pervasive in our culture. He innately knows, and maybe isn't quite able to articulate it yet, that what is happening with Trump is a very wholesome and virtuous thing.

I walked away thinking, for the first time in a long time, that there really is hope for nation.

Keep up the tireless work. You have my faith and support.

******

It's the little trumpenings like the one in this story that, added together, foretell a revolution so mighty and unstoppable it will smash the edifice of the One World/One Race Globalist Order and replace it with what has been lost and ignored for far too long: Truth and Beauty. Our fathers might have thought, "someday a real rain will come and wash away the filth". The rains have come. The filth is scurrying for the sewers. Tomorrow brings a Golden Don.

PS Reader Corvo offers his own Trumpening anecdote.

> I was campaigning for Trump knocking on doors in a run-down PA town this past weekend with a 20-

> something year-old young White man. This town used to be full of working-class Whites, now most of the houses are abandoned or inhabited by blacks or mestizos who don't speak English.
>
> Out of roughly 60 doors we knocked on in this neighborhood, there were only a handful of Whites; they seemed to me cut-off, desperately clinging to what little they had left and surrounded by a sea of decay as the third-world rose around them. They were pretty shocked to see two White men with MAGA hats knock on their door offering bumper stickers and campaign flyers.
>
> One man was so happy to see us, he shook our hands and thanked us for coming out and said he couldn't remember the last time a Republican presidential campaign came through his neighborhood. This young goy I was with had a TRUMP t-shirt (new from the campaign office) on top of his long-sleeved shirt, and he took the Trump t-shirt off and handed it to the guy and said "Here, take this one, I'll get another one later."
>
> People are waking up, indeed.

That's a great vignette of life in America's Forgotten White communities. These are the left behind people disparaged as "deserving to die" by fatcuck NROnik Kevin Williamson and as "deplorable" by corruptcunt Hillary Clinton. Instead of helping these lost souls, our anti-White cucks and Clintonista globalist whores want to heap an endless procession of miseries upon them. There isn't a lake of fire deep enough and hot enough to consume all the rottenness and malevolence that animates Hillary Clinton's wicked corporeal form.

The Legacy Media Is A Wholly Owned And Operated Gear In The Clinton Machine

CH · 18 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

As if we needed the verification of what is bleedingly obvious to anyone who's listened to five seconds of Clinton News Network in the last year, a study done by the Center for Public Integrity (a righteous cause in an age of Zero Integrity) found that

> …a review of campaign finance records showing that those listing their occupations as "journalist", "reporter", "news editor", or "television news anchor", have given over $380,000 to the Clinton campaign and less than $15,000 to the Trump campaign, a 96%-4% Clinton advantage over Trump among the line workers who create the Narrative's news.

As Audacious E says, "Trump should continue to poison the well". I agree. The ruling class loves it when the enemy plays by genteel rules of engagement that they themselves don't abide. It makes picking clean the carcass of heritage America that much easier. But then the Trumpening happened — i.e., a heavy impudent scrote sack returned with a thudding vengeance to the American political scene — and our effete globohomobezos class felt a spike of fear they hadn't felt in a long time.

If the elite double and triple down on their hatred of heritage America, it'll just be a spike next time.

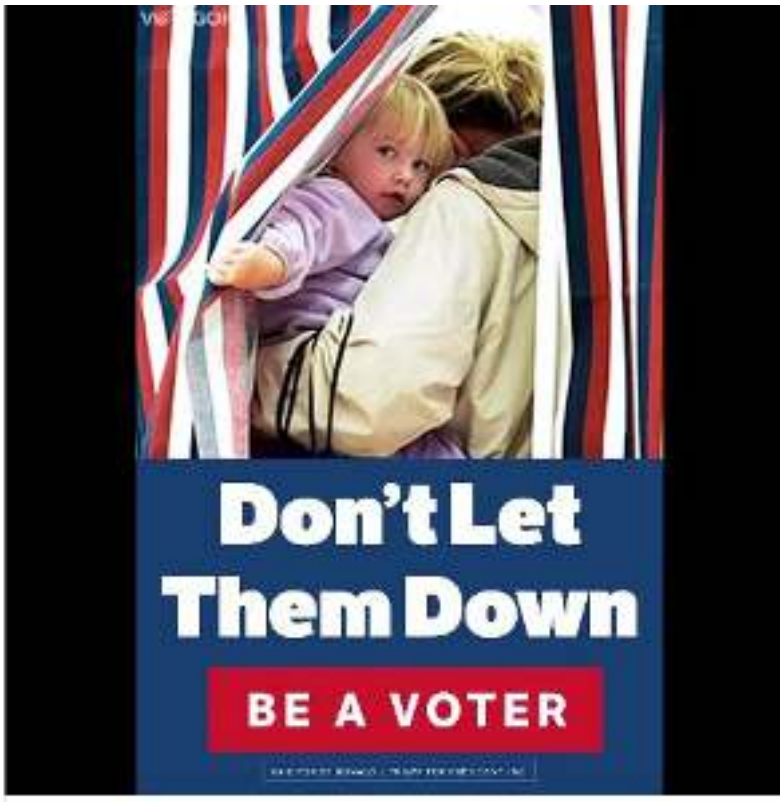
***

Zero Integrity Era update: A massive voter fraud investigation is underway in TX. And also in Indiana.

The Best Political Ad Of 2016 (And Possibly Ever)

CH · 18 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Get ready for a visual gut punch:



Via Shrill, who writes,

> This is the best political ad I've seen in a long time. Absolutely implicit.
>
> A mother carrying a child is a rich image, one that's imprinted not when motherhood starts but when girlhood starts; very little girls want to hold babies, almost as soon as they stop being babies themselves, and when they're trusted to do so unsupervised (without the fear that they'll drop the kid ("let them down")) it's a *big* deal. It's a huge self-identity thing for females in general and mothers in particular (because of the emotional bond between mother and child).*
>
> She's wearing a windbreaker, which is a very white item of clothing. There's nothing about it to make it stylish, but it also lacks the kind of branding or logos that would make it look prole. She and the kid are blondes, with blonde hair being a sort of lightning rod both for whites and for people who hate us. the red white and blue partition evokes patriotism, privacy (your ballot is secret), and tradition (these are currently only used in small towns, modern polling locations create privacy by spreading people out, rather than covering them up, which is a tangent rich in metaphor but let's not).
>
> *This is another illustration of the fatuity of transsexual men's claims that they "feel like girls on the inside." They don't have the maternal instinct, they have the fashion instinct, which, of the two, is done somewhat more for their benefit. They're saying to real women "the vision of you and your kind that I've created to inflame my lusts is the totality of your existence, independent of what you've actually felt in your life."

I'll add that the image is potent for another reason: it evokes primal race consciousness simultaneously through the emotional pathways of perceived threat and future promise. The child looks behind, her face a mix of perplexity and fear, at the dusky horde invasion and corrupt rulers; is she holding the curtain open for the viewer to peer at the

gathering danger with her, or closing it in an act of defiance against the approaching darkness?

The mother is a guardian not only of her child, but of what her child represents: a lineage. We see only the mother's shielding arm, her face hidden and focused on a momentous decision. She is the promise of a future. For her child. For her family. For her race. For her nation. The ad implores her, and all mothers like her: don't let them down. You, White woman, aren't voting for yourself. You're voting for your children. Powerful. Provocative. And proof that the passion and the beauty and the art and the timeless truths are with the Trump revolution.

CH Has A Creepy Silicon Valley Stalker

CH · 18 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

“Silicon Valley Stalker” has a nice ring. It would make a fine name for a movie about an unaccountable tech oligarch trying to find and take out a dissident freethinker who is planting the seeds of revolution against the old order that has been so good to the oligarchy.

It appears yer ‘umble Chateau retreat from clown world has a stalker residing in Silicon Valley. A steady trickle of emails from EmailSherlock.com helpfully warn:

> Hi ,
>
> Someone from Mountain View, CA, United States searched your email and found your social media profile(s).

Editor’s note: CH has no social media profiles other than this blog and the now-silenced “shitposter formerly known as Chateau Emissary” Twatter account. As you can see, for good reason.

Readers are welcome to guess who is the Chateau stalker behind the shitlib curtain. SerGAY Brin? Tim Cook? Bachmanity?

Portlandia

CH · 13 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Portland police released the fug shots of some of the anti-something or other shitlib protestors flinging poo at the dawn of Trumperica.

Now that's a lineup of LSMV losers.

Top left: acid tripping Happy Gilmore
Top center: homeless wigger neanderthal
Top right: Edwina Scissorhands
Middle left: assembly line bluehair fatty
Middle center: Ricky Gervais pooping
Middle right: It's Pat!
Bottom left: Thomas Middleditch
Bottom center: problem glasses gaywad
Bottom right: Alex DeLarge, post-aversion therapy

When high disgust threshold meets genetic mutational overload, you get these freaks filling their diapers in Portland. Inchoate shitlib rioters, particularly the white variety, are usually sexual market rejects acting out their failures with the opposite sex.

If you know what to look for, you'll see the influence of the sexual market on just about every human activity.

Cognitive Dissonance, Narcissistic Rage, And Psychological Projection: The Trifecta Of Liberal Neuroses

CH · 14 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The dawn of Trumperica and the collateral empowerment of Shitlord, Inc. has supercharged three stereotypical neuroses of the Left, pushing them to the brink of mass psychosis and mental breaks with reality. These neuroses are cognitive dissonance, narcissistic rage, and psychological projection.

Bixxy Noodles explores the topic here, and it's well worth reading in full (including the follow-on comments).

> Cognitive dissonance is a major problem in our over-SCALEd society. The information control systems (education-media complex) used by our governing order to manage the people and keep them in line lead directly to the people adopting a lot of conflicting and wrong beliefs in order to adapt to the system and get by. The indoctrination of these conflicting beliefs happens mostly in education, while the purpose of the major media has been to reinforce them via "the narrative" and provide a vehicle for the management of any cognitive dissonance which does arise.
>
> This election has been a case study in this dynamic. The regnant orthodoxy demands that its partisans believe all sort of incompatible and false things: everyone is equal except white males, faggotry is normal and healthy while traditional marriage is rape, debt is money, and way too many other examples to list. Because of the constant, competing cognition these nonsensical and contradictory beliefs generate, the people who hold them are in a nearly constant state of emotional disequilibrium. They are temperamentally brittle, and easily perturbed into emotional outbursts as their cognitive dissonance essentially causes their brains to lock up and blue screen.
>
> The old media narrative control system evolved specifically to mitigate this problem. By dramatically narrowing the Overton Window and ruthlessly deprecating everything outside of it, the amount of contradictory stimulus and information generating dissonance was reduced. They also provided mantras as tools for people to use to insulate themselves from dissonance: extremist!, racist!, conspiracy theory!, dangerous!, insane!, etc.
>
> The advent of the internet undermined and routed around this control and management system, to the point where, in The Current Year, the only people still using the old media are the ones who need it most to manage their dissonance problems.
>
> When there is no direct threat or stimulus generating dissonance, their attitude is what I like to refer to as "aggressive complacency" or "belligerent apathy." They are comfortable in their bubble and aggressively reject, ridicule, or ignore anything that might endanger it.
>
> This was on display everywhere over the past 18 months, on both the establishment left and establishment right, as well as the major media gaslighting the whole nation right up to the end (and beyond at CNN).

This is a great point about "aggressive complacency". It's the same emotional phenomenon that explains the reaction of lifelong beta males upon exposure to realtalk about the true sexual nature of women. Betas love their loser comfort bubbles (after all, those bubbles serve to absolve them of personal responsibility for their romantic failures), and will lash out indignantly at the bearer of new information which challenges the primacy of their pussy pedestal ideology.

> When aggressive complacency fails to insulate and cognitive dissonce occurs when conflicting and false beliefs run smack into cold, hard realities, you get strong emotional reactions.
>
> Now, a psychologically-healthy person will generally respond to cognitive dissonance emotions by recognizing something is wrong and adjusting their beliefs and behavior to adapt.

> What we're seeing with these meltdowns is a long way from psychologically healthy. Light years away.
>
> What it DOES resemble, quite closely, is Narcissistic Rage.
>
> *(Narcissistic rage) occurs when the narcissist perceives he is being personally "attacked" by someone else. Grandiose self-worth, vanity and entitlement are basic characteristics of this disorder; when these are challenged it often leads to narcissistic rage. Narcissistic rage is a reaction to" narcissistic injury"- a perceived threat to their self-worth or self-esteem. Their rages can be of two types: explosive or passive-aggressive. The explosive rages are just as they sound- explosive, volatile outbursts which may be verbal, physical, or both. The passive-aggressive rages are exhibited as withdrawal into a sulky, silent treatment as the means to punish the offender.*

ShitlibMillennials.txt

> …they have strongly encouraged those partisans to closely associate the beliefs with their personal identity and self-worth. E.g. "I am a good person because I hate racism and vote for Hillary Clinton."
>
> This naturally leads to the narcissist's flip-side of the equation: "Anybody who opposes these beliefs is an evil, bad person."
>
> The recent meltdowns we're seeing are a perfect storm of these two dynamics. In the one hand, we have a belief system so contradictory and out of touch with reality, that a situation in which reality has contradicted it has generated mass cognitive dissonance. On the other hand, the people experiencing that dissonance emotion are treating it as an existential threat to their personal identity and self-worth, so they can't respond in a healthy manner and are instead freaking the f**k out.

Reality — and the thrusting of reality into the faces of libtards by sadistic alt-righters — has forced the equalist leftoid bubblebitches to grapple with their amplified and aggravated cognitive dissonance. This unfamiliar threat to their cortical stability results in a narcissistic self-protection cascade; essentially, race and sex equalist shitlibs feel like they are under physical attack (even when the attacks are only verbal shivs) and that their worth as human beings — as *reproductively judged* human beings — is questioned and found wanting.

The political is personal for libs, and therefore the massive dissonant mental break between their signaled virtues and reality makes it feel to them as if their sexual attractiveness has cratered. They are in a state now that is not unlike how a fat chick or a loser man feel when her or his sexual worth is suddenly and unappreciatively thrown into stark relief by exposure to higher SMV women and men enjoying the romantic adventures that they futilely crave. This causes a bitter series of contradictory reactions to unkind reality that manifests as, for example, "fat acceptance" hitched to "thin privilege", or to bring it closer to the origin source of this blog, as Game denialism contradictorily coupled to jerkboy shaming.

The one libshit neuroses I would add to Bixxy's thesis is psychological projection, which is universally evident in liberal mental gymnastics, and never more so than now, when they are being undermined and subverted to a degree that they haven't experienced in generations by an unleashed force of impertinent shiv-wielders. Psychological projection, like narcissistic rage, is the liberal's emotional defense to cognitive dissonance. When the real world won't align with one's cultivated virtue-world, and one's beliefs and actions are exposed as the menace to healthy society they are, then psychological projection becomes an ego emollient that spares the liberal any need for self-reflection, or even self-awareness. When one can readily project one's personal malevolence (intended or coincidental) onto a perceived enemy, a release from guilt and shame is achieved.

Furthermore, psychological projection has the added benefit of opening a pathway for liberals to recommit to their virtue signaling and slandering of non-liberal realists. If you have tricked yourself into believing your foes are the shitbags that you really are, then you can return to the pleasure of feeling smugly moralistic.

So what does all this mean for the nascent White Awareness rebellion? When equalist leftoids are experiencing acute cognitive dissonance and narcissistic rage, the correct response is….

INCREASE THE VOLTAGE.

Cucks had it all wrong from the get-go. You never give emotionally breaking shitlibs an inch. Feed a rabbit a blade of grass, and he'll pop out ten more rabbits to devour your lawn. When the rabbit warren is on the edge of annihilation, you put foxes in holes and wipe out every last one of them. Metaphorically, of course, by completely frying their ability to bunker their egos behind a gaywall of narcissism and projection.

Metaphorically…….until only the alternative option remains.

The Opposite Of Hoverhand

CH · 14 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Behold the Trumpenclutch:

That's a firm laying of hand, right there, drawing Conway's body in for additional ownership delights. You won't see a photo of Trump hoverhanding. In every pic of him, especially the ones where he's with women, his hand is pressed unapologetically into waist-flesh, allowing no daylight between his palm and the woman's body.

Feminists gasp indignantly and betabitches mewl cloyingly, but what neither will ever understand is the truth that feminine women LOVE LOVE LOVE men who aren't afraid to exhibit those little alpha body language cues that speak of male privilege, male entitlement, and male sexiness.

Make America Sexy Again (MASA)

President-Elect Trump Likely Won The Popular Vote, Too

CH · 14 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlibs are hanging their egos on the wispy reed of the popular vote, claiming (wrongly) that Trump's electoral win is illegitimate because he (narrowly) lost the popular vote.

They are wrong whether their premise is true or false. Remind them that their beloved Bill Clinton won his 1992 election with 43% of the popular vote…meaning, quite correctly, that 57% of Americans did not want Bill for President. Bubba then went on to win his 1996 reelection with 49.2% of the popular vote.

Was democracy subverted by Bill Clinton's back-to-back Presidencies each won with under 50% of the popular vote total?

Regardless of shitlib historical ignorance and incoherence about American republicanism and the electoral college championed by Alexander Hamilton, the reality is that Trump likely won the popular vote, too.

Not all the states have finished counting. MI is still tallying as of this post. Once counting up Trump's states is done, the current popular vote difference will narrow.

More crucially, it is probable that thecunt's national vote total is padded by the votes of millions of illegal aliens. Right now, she leads the popular vote by 300-500K. Toss those illegal alien votes (of which she doubtlessly received the overwhelming bulk), plus any felon votes and fraudulent votes (I see dead Democreeps), and Trump takes a 2-3% popular vote lead.

For this reason, President Trump should use his Golden Mandate to immediately send to Congress a Voter ID law. It's time, for the sake of American democracy, to crack down on vote and election fraud.

***

A word on Trump's successful campaign strategy. Trump didn't follow the advice of cucks, for if he had he would have lost as assuredly as cucks have been losing for so long. Trump focused on galvanizing the Forgotten Whites vote, eschewing the cuck template of "reaching out" to Diversity and expecting (futilely) Diversity to return the embrace. This meant, on the ground, Trump maximized his White vote share in the Rust Belt and Appalachia, at the cost of losing White cucks and beaners out West.

"I Love Carbs" has a great write-up on Trump's path to victory.

> Trump's low popular vote surprised me initially, but after giving it some thought, I think I shouldn't have been surprised at all. After all, he was running an obviously skinflint campaign — spending $5/vote vs. crooked's $20 — and sought to get the highest ROI for campaign resources. By implication, he didn't bother much with states he thought weren't worth it. I'm sure if the election was decided by overall vote he would have campaigned differently and obtained different results.
>
> ***
>
> Now, WY is a state where, as an R, your vote matters, so unsurprisingly, Trump got basically the same amount of votes there that Romney did, ~170k. CA is a different story. Romney got 4.20M votes there, which was worth exactly nothing save for padding his total popular vote. Trump hardly bothered with CA, and unsurprisingly, only got 2.97M votes.
>
> ***
>
> Also, you have to expect that plenty of voter fraud went on, especially with illegals, but, like with NeverTrumpers, this mostly happened in states that didn't really matter anyway.
>
> All of which is to say that the monster vote was indeed real, but Trump only tapped into it where necessary. And boy oh boy, that worked *bigly*…

> ***
>
> …it's pretty clear now that we really are in the midst of a yuge realignment. Trump did indeed bring out a ton of new voters, but he also lost a ton. Basically, he swapped the cucks out for the deplorables — the deal of the century, if you ask me!

Carbs argues that Trump ran at just the right moment, because America had to endure eight years of Gay Mulatto before they'd be ready for Trump, but analysis done by of all places National Cuckview found that Trump likely would have beaten Obama in 2012 using the same vote targeting strategy he used to successfully end the Clinton crimenasty.

PS The Semen Plug Within, right now:

The Best Gif Of The Election

CH · 14 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

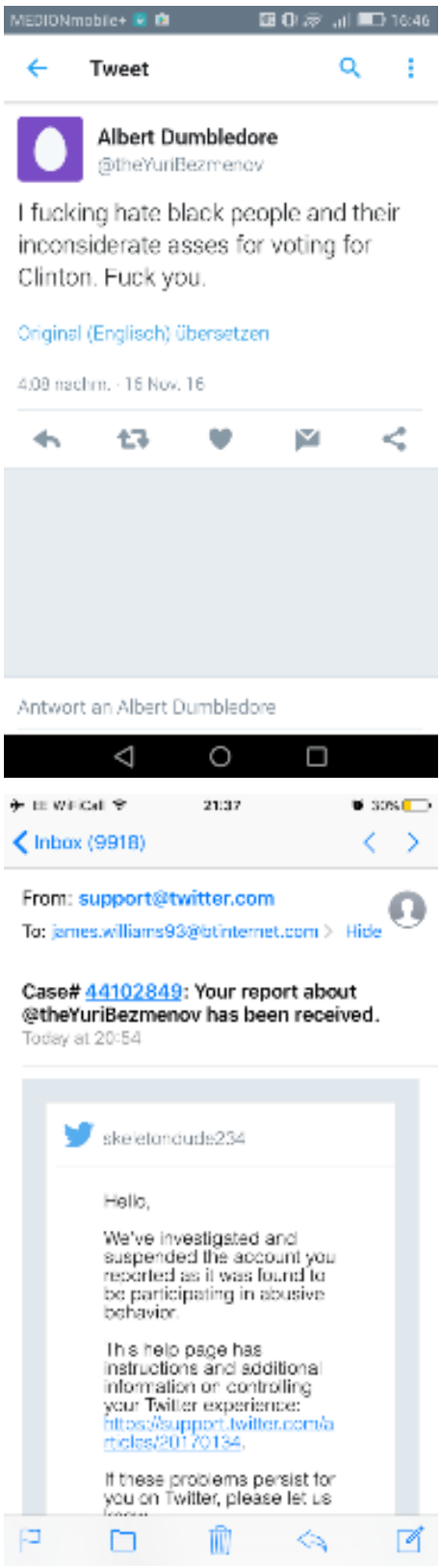
Vince McMahon is an under-appreciated genius of physical comedy. I'd put him in a class above Chris Farley (RIP). And it should surprise no one that Vince is a big Trump supporter. Shitlord physiognomy and morphology don't lie.

***

This compilation video of shitlibs and cucks over the past year laughing at the notion of a Trump Presidency is a beautiful multi-pronged shiv to the guts of the globohomo establishment.

The Malevolent Banality Of The Anti-White Left, In One Word

CH · 16 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original



Via.

White Americans won't put up with this bullshit much longer. The anti-White Equalist Left knows this, which is why they won't relent on pushing for open borders and mass nonWhite colonization of America. If the leftoids can demographically displace Whites and thus disenfranchise them from the country their ancestors built, the Left won't have to answer for their crimes against heritage America. They'll simply crow victoriously behind an impenetrable phalanx of brown and black shock troops.

If the Left loses their precious open borders and mass nonWhite repopulation, they are staring down the business end of a noose. So don’t expect them to give up on their globohomo dream easily; their survival is tied up with your dispossession.

More ¡SCIENCE! To Break Feminists' Bitterly Black Hearts

CH · 16 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

In news that, if you think about it, makes perfect sense, it turns out faggy boys who think they're girls more often have crazy, BPD, depressive mothers. Link.

> This pilot study compared mothers of boys with gender identity disorder (GID) with mothers of normal boys to determine whether differences in psychopathology and child-rearing attitudes and practices could be identified. Results of the Diagnostic Interview for Borderlines and the Beck Depression Inventory revealed that mothers of boys with GID had more symptoms of depression and more often met the criteria for Borderline Personality Disorder than the controls. **Fifty-three percent of the mothers of boys with GID compared with only 6% of controls met the diagnosis for Borderline Personality Disorder on the Diagnostic Interview for Borderlines or had symptoms of depression on the Beck Depression Inventory.** Results of the Summers and Walsh Symbiosis Scale suggested that mothers of probands had child-rearing attitudes and practices that encouraged symbiosis and discouraged the development of autonomy.

Mentally and emotionally rekt moms promote sex identity complexes in their sons, and leach off their sons to feel better about themselves. COLOR ME SHOCKED.

How many feminists do you know who *aren't* depressive, crazy, BPD headcases? Now imagine how many gender bender fruitcup sons those feminists will produce. IT'S A BALLOCAUST!

Don't stick your dick in crazy, confirmed by SCIENCE.

***

In more soul-crushing SCIENCE news for feminists, a congenital defect that alters the balance of sex steroids in developing fetuses affects sex-specific behavior later as children.

> Prenatal Hormones and Postnatal Socialization by Parents as Determinants of Male-Typical Toy Play in Girls With Congenital Adrenal Hyperplasia
>
> Toy choices of 3- to 10-year-old children with congenital adrenal hyperplasia (CAH) and of their unaffected siblings were assessed. Also assessed was parental encouragement of sex-typed toy play. Girls with CAH displayed more male-typical toy choices than did their unaffected sisters, whereas boys with and without CAH did not differ. Mothers and fathers encouraged sex-typical toy play in children with and without CAH. However, girls with CAH received more positive feedback for play with girls' toys than did unaffected girls. **Data show that increased male-typical toy play by girls with CAH cannot be explained by parental encouragement of male-typical toy play.** Although parents encourage sex-appropriate behavior, their encouragement appears to be insufficient to override the interest of girls with CAH in cross-sexed toys.

God of Biomechanics: 1
The Patriarchy: 0

Contrary to feminist claims (what else is new?), social conditioning is a phantom that has no bearing whatsoever on how girls and boys turn out. Sex-based behaviors are hardwired; baked into the cortical cake the moment sperm spears egg.

A tragic footnote to that study is the description of parents sensing their little girl is a bit too "boyish" and feebly attempting corrective measures to get her to behave more girl-like. This must be the life story of every manjawed femcunt who currently functions as a Narrative Reinforcer for the leftoid media machine.

Lügenpresse Strategie

CH · 19 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

1. Lie
2. Get called out
3. Panic, blame “fake news sites”
4. Achieve perfect lack of self-awareness
5. Lie again

Step 6 is there is no more lügenpresse. BUH BYE

PS A few on the Left are asking, “What is the problem with the media?” I’ll tell them what the problem with “real news” is: The media hivemind was demographically swamped by shitlibs. An unremitting leftoid bias pervades almost all political and social coverage that is a natural consequence of 96% of journos being libdopes. Clean house, and the problem resolves itself.

Put Another Manlet On The Barbie

CH · 20 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

> Australian Trump supporters real fired up in Melbourne today, gotta take ya helmet off for this bloke pic.twitter.com/uaI6x2dYMh
>
> — very australian man™ (@AusAesthetics) November 20, 2016

BASED OZZIES

The Trumpening knows no national boundaries. It is the call of the masculine, a return to a high T world our smug no-T snarkmeisters thought they had successfully relegated to the wrong side of history.

Bend The Knee: Dispatches From Trumperica

CH · 21 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Step back for a moment and marvel at all the knees bending before Trump has even taken office. Courtesy of shill, who bullet points the shit out of the glorious shitlordery following in the wake of Trump's election win.

> It's been a fortnight since the election, and trump has already
>
> 1. gotten ford to keep their plants in america
> 2. intimidated apple into moving manufacturing to america
> 3. ruined the latest extolled faggy broadway play with a 140 character bitchslap on twitter
> 4. picked an old fashioned southern gentleman, sweet-tea drinking, nagger-hating lawyer to run the justice department
> 5. appointed steve bannon, a conservative nationalist in the european sense (versus some libertard/cuckservative/etc), as his top advisor
> 6. Driven the entire liberal hive to stuttering apoplexy to the point where they need to pet therapy dogs to ameliorate their anxiety attacks
>
> And he hasn't even been inaugurated.
>
> I want to know. I've had a big indelible intransigent smirk on my face for the past 2 weeks, but… will we honestly get tired of winning?

If suffering through eight years of compassionate cuckservative W and eight years of anti-White spitemeister Gay Mulatto was the price to pay to enjoy even one week of Trumperica taking the media, cucks, and shitlibs to the wood chipper, then mein gott it was worth the price. All that's left to wonder is whether my shitjoy, multiplied and magnified by eight more years of The Trumpening, will leave me any dopaminergic room to equally appreciate competing pleasures, such as five hour sexathons with HB9s or defunding NPR*.

*Leftoids control the vertical and horizontal of information gateways. Cons have argued for a long time that the solution to NPR's egregiously mendacious leftwing bias is to inject more uncucked cons into their line-up, but when has that happened? Still tapping foot….

No, the solution is defunding. Let the shitlibs wail (their peals of pain are its own reward) and then counter with a mercy offer to refund contingent on the creation of a new board balanced with shitlords.

Spot The Alpha Male, Handshake Edition

CH · 21 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Via 28Sherman, a series of photos of Trump and Romney shaking hands, with their faces cropped out, and a challenge to the viewer to determine who is who by the attributes of the handshake.

I bet most CH readers will ace this Spot the Alpha test with barely a cortical strain. Pulling the hand of the other man into one's torso is a classic alpha dominance move. (For you noodle-armed newbs, there's a sneaky way to pull off this alpha handshake prestidigitation that doesn't required ballsy muscular flexion; swivel the free-hand side of your torso into the person whose hand you're shaking, which will give the visual impression that you're pulling the person's hand inwardly to your body.)

Verdict: Mittens is Trump's bitch.

PS An LA Times story on the alt-right. Richard Spencer appears to have congealed as the official face of the alt-right. I have nothing against the man, so good luck to him. From what I've read (about himself and of his views), there isn't much with which I'd disagree. I wouldn't stress objectives like mandated racial segregation or mass deportations of nonWhite citizens, (that kind of stuff just serves red meat to an automatically antagonistic media), but his world view strikes me as mostly in line with a realist appraisal of the eventual fate of hyperethnic, multiracial societies.

The other criticism I'd level at him is the embrace of the ghey. Enough already with this fruitcup glorification as a perceived means of lending a revolutionary movement a sophisticate's credibility to make it more palatable to a pozzed culture. I really don't see NPI going anywhere if its brand is embroidered with the gay rainbow. The Trumpening is a clarion call to a resurgent masculinity, not to the poseur campulinity of roided up gays.

PPS An oldie-but-goodie: feminist women have masculinized digit ratios. Bonus LOLs: Swedish WOMEN have more masculine digit ratios than Swedish MEN. Sweden is so cucked it's fucked….by swarthy invaders. Too bad. Say goodbye to the Swedish phenotype. It's not long for this world.

A New Pickup Genre: Trump Game

CH · 21 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Twatterer City_DayGame passes along his version of Trump Game, suggesting that there is a rich new vein of text game to exploit by summoning the power of Trump.

Bestride the sexual market with the spectre of Trump at your side, and never go thirsty again.

A quick count of all the little alpha male cues of high mate value that are evident in this short text exchange:

- ZFG (Trump opener right outta the gate)
- Shit test nuke (He responded to her “gross” remark with a pitch perfect “pussygrab” voltage amplifier)
- humor (‘shopped video clip)
- Rapport break + assume the sale (“remind me are you a wine or cocktails kinda girl?”)
- Leads the interaction to a meet (“I’ll explain why I’m glad Trump won over cocktails”)

This was a master class in Trump Game. Not all iterations of Trump Game will sound like this one, but they will all share the same themes: proud ZFG Trump support and provocation, shit test destruction, unshakeable frame, and bold leadership. The God Emperor would approve.

Be Prepared For A Shitlib Push To End The Electoral College System

CH · 22 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Trump won't formally be declared winner of the Presidential election until December 19th, when the electors cast their votes. Shitlibs are hoping against hope that a sufficient number of faithless electors will throw the Presidency to thecunt. They'd better be careful what they wish for; that outcome would guarantee a hot civil war. And their side will lose this time.

Lately, don't be surprised to hear butt-chafed quimlibs mewl about ending the electoral college system (which, btw, would be a great time to remind them that Alexander Hamilton created the electoral college and was an ardent immigration restrictionist). The lib line of reasoning goes like this: "The electoral college was invented to stop demagogues from taking power, but now it's moot because a demagogue just won the electoral college, so let's go back to a popular vote for President that would ensure we win every election going forward with the help of our twenty million noncitizen voters (all inconveniently located in CA, so we need more Section 8 to disperse them across the heartland)."

When reading lib reasoning, it helps to run their scuzzwords through a leftoid-to-human translator.

"demagogue" = "an insufficiently anti-White public speaker"

"moot" = "no longer serves the interests of shitliberalism"

"voice of the people" = "a full-throated advocate for nonWhites"

"popular vote" = Is the margin of victory delivered by Whites? "dangerous nativism" Is the margin of victory delivered by nonWhites? "democracy in action!"

Leftoids love their buzzwords because they serve as vapid, arty veneers concealing an intellectual bankruptcy. And wow just wow is the Left intellectually bankrupt today. They survive on the fumes of a civil rights era kumbaya feelz-amplification cognitive-suppression protocol of studiously ignoring race and sex difference realities and viciously slandering nonconformists who stray from the equalist reservation.

Their recent demands for ending the electoral college are of a piece. The real reason they crave an anti-republican (in the generic sense) nationwide popular vote to decide the Presidency is that the election of a nonWhite demagogue (or White demagogue lackey for the nonWhites) is perfectly fine with them. A popular vote gives them the edge in a nation getting less White by the year, given they can exploit the huge lump of illegal alien voters squatting in CA and the southwest, and soon to overrun Texas. Once Texas falls to the migrant colonization, a Republican who isn't a complete cuck for the "acts of love" streaming across the border will never again win the Presidency (assuming the electoral college is still operative).

It always comes back to this essential formulation: Leftoids hate BadWhites and will gladly virtue signal their country into oblivion to give meaning to their hatred. Any rationalization, hypocrisy, cognitive dissonance, inconsistency, or slander is acceptable if it furthers their goal of pulverising heritage America into dust.

As for the popular vote notion, it's a non-starter as long as there is one state — CA — which would be able to impose its will, its values, and its policies on the rest of America. At the point in a nation's history when one state can eternally dictate the terms of government for people living in a state 2,500 miles away, a serious consideration must be given to allowing that state to secede into a more morally cohesive entity.

The alternative that keeps CA within the union is to make a deal with shitlibs. Tell them they can have their popular vote, but only if they agree to a strict national voter ID law, paper ballots, and mass deportations of illegals that effectively removes a reliable source of Democreep votes from the rolls. This will ensure the added benefit of inching the White percentage of the total population higher, which would help reduce the cultural and political

chasm between the deep blue states and the deep red states.

Shitlibs will never agree to this sensible deal, though, so I'm not hopeful about the future prospects of a whole America. I foresee a crack-up of the US within our lifetimes.

Defund NPR (Or Make Them An Offer They Can't Defuse)

CH · 22 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

NPR is a propaganda arm of the Democreep Party. This past year their shilling for thecunt was particularly egregious; the station was like a circus of shitlib tropes and blatant lying as they pulled hard on hoisting thecunt's dumpy body across the finish line.

Listening to them was, if nothing else, a revealing window into the corrupt soul of the amoral degenerate shitlib.

I've advocated defunding NPR, and a Trump administration moves that possibility a little closer to reality. Others have countered that rushing to defund NPR will only trigger normies (nevermind shitlibs) into a cucked defense of the supposed virtues of public radio.

Reader whorefinder offers a WINNING compromise that Trump's team ought to read in full:

> Or we could do what Giuliani did to his local NYC-based NPR station during his tenure as Hizz Honor, the Mayor:
>
> Demand a one-hour show each day to spread his views. As a government-controlled station, they were pretty much forced to do it.
>
> It was a brilliant move, got him a free talk show while mayor and allowed him to spread his message on the left's dime while simultaneously taking a valuable hour of propaganda away from his enemies.
>
> Look, NPR and PBS, while unpopular, can't be destroyed so quickly; too many lefty foundations support it, and too many non-lefty folks aren't too worked up about it to demand the smashing—-when people bring it up, the easy block is "wait, you hate Elmo and Big Bird???".
>
> But Trump could demand that the government (i.e. his administration) get at least 12 hours of programming per day (1/2 the total programming blocks) on both NPR and PBS would work wonders, and is a win-win-win for him.
>
> Why is it win-win-win (yes, three wins)?
>
> 1. If his administration's 12 hours of programming turns off viewers/listeners, he's weakened NPR/PBS to the point of no one tuning in/funding, meaning any resurgence attempt will take years. Boring people would actually be a good thing.
>
> 2. But If his administration does a decent job retaining viewers and spreading his message and being entertaining, he's again gotten free advertising for his message while severely weakening the left-win mothership.
>
> 3. OR: If NPR/PBS refuses and fights him and digs him and refuses "equal time", he's got a YUUUUGE cudgel to wield against them in moving for defunding/delegislating—in that NPR/PBS would be all but admitting they oppose anything that isn't George-Soros-funded-Lefty-talking points. And that kind of moral authority *could* be enough to get rid of them politically.
>
> Think strategically rape!

NPR and its ilk (read: the entire media oligarchy) are leftoid anti-White hatred signalers who essentially run their equalist propaganda unopposed. NPR's audience may be small, but they contribute beyond their audience numbers a hefty load of snark to the shitlib zeigeist, funneling approved talking points and moral indignation into an intricate web of mutually reinforcing hatemachine agitprop. Defunding them will accrue benefits to the wider culture far greater than the dissolution of their tiny audience of religious libfruits suggests.

As for triggering normies, keep in mind that Sesame Street was bought out by HBO. So libs don't even have that YOU WOULD DEPRIVE THE CHILDREN OF BIG BIRD emotional leverage any more.

Whether the strategy is salt-the-earth defunding or whorefinder's flanking maneuver, something has to be done about the 100% leftoid media monolith. The days of empty cuckservative promises to bring more balance to public media are over. Time for action.

Civilization And The Taming Of The Sloot

CH · 9 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

> 8,000 Years Ago, 17 Women Reproduced for Every One Man https://t.co/ijY8JcRk4E
>
> — Gábor ADORJÁNI (@adiz0r) December 7, 2016

Female hypergamy is real. How real depends on which data set you take as gospel. One study claims that 8,000 years ago, 17 women reproduced for every one man. (Tribal ancestor of CH confirmed for top 6%) This skewed reproduction ratio is so large it can't possibly be accounted for by the pre-reproductive age mass deaths of men alone. Women at that time had to have been sexually selecting a few alpha males and sharing these lucky few men with other women. The researchers hypothesize that the transition from hunting/gathering to agriculture allowed a few men to accumulate a lot of resources, possibly by exploiting the labors of less ambitious or aggressive men. This naturally aroused many women who as a sex are instinctively drawn to powerful men who can provide a bounty for their future family.

A notable geneticist, Greg Cochran, objected that the study failed the plausibility test. He figures that at the worst of runaway female hypergamy (or premature male deaths), 80% of men made it to the bang and the follow-up banglet.

> Such a society would be like the famous car-wash scene in Cool Hand Luke – all the time.

Whatever the disparity in the reproduction ratio, it is evident that throughout history more women than men reproduced. If this were not so, other selection pressures (e.g., child mortality) would have to take up the slack for the loss of a major driver of human evolution.

What is also evident is that the dawn of civilization has had a dampening effect on female hypergamy. Civilization requires engaged and committed beta males. Lots of them. A sex market that radically disenfranchised a big chunk of those betas would sabotage any civilizational momentum. Severe sex restrictions and runaway female hypergamy can exist in a state of nature, but putatively only for short periods of time. Entrenched and unrestricted female hypergamy would sexually and reproductively dispossess too many men and remove the ROI foundation upon which advanced societies are built.

So civilization and its dampening effect on female hypergamy selects for women who perhaps are more averse to sharing an alpha male, less averse to settling with a beta male, or sufficiently sexually muted to resist the orgasmic promise of pump and dump sex with a harem leader. (The reader is free to draw up a compare and contrast chart with present-day Europe and Africa.)

Not to mention civilization provides a reproductive safety net that was unimaginable in the preindustrial world. That safety net goes a long way to evening the reproductive playing field between men and women.

Nevertheless, civilization is not a perfect tamer of the sloot. There are still more postindustrial age men locked out of the sexual gratification market, and to a lesser degree from the procreative market.

> In more recent history, as a global average, about four or five women reproduced for every one man.

Now of course there are two variables in this sex market equation: procreation and fornication. Just because the procreation ratio may be close to equal doesn't mean the fornication ratio is as egalitarian. Birth control, penicillin, and social sanction have permitted a long, premarital flourishing of a consequence-free open legs sexual market, aka the cock carousel. And within that market, one may reasonably observe a minority of alpha men monopolizing a majority of pussy, particularly the choicest pussy.

While civilization has been good for beta male family formation, it has not been so generous for beta male furrow incursion. Settling for a post-prime, high cock count gogrrl in her 30s to pop out 2.1 kids may brighten up the genetic balance sheet nicely, but it doesn't do much for the abacus of self-worth that animates a beta male's id. He has procreated….but at great cost to his ego's ledger of lifetime pleasure.

Given this sex disparity reality, we may say that in the modern, "civilized" sexual market, there are two parallel mating systems: the enforced marital one and the single lady free-for-all. In the wall-approaching marital market, women settle and satisfy their evolved hypergamous compulsion with clitlit and cheating. In the sexually liberated anonymously atomized urban cock carousel market, you have the 20-80 bang ratio rule in effect: 20% of men drinking the milk of 80% of the cows (which they bequeath to their beta brethren to nuptially purchase at fire sale prices).

Any computational geneticist would say beta males win out under civilized conditions, but the numbers don't tell the whole story of the hardened hearts and blue-ish balls that these beta bux must endure for a good portion of their most sexually…insistent…years. I have argued in these pages that the current sexual market configuration is unsustainable for just this reason; generations of dispirited betas missing out on prime pussy, even if they get the consolation prize of an older wife and two kids, will eventually erode societal bonhomie and lead to civilization eating itself. Eating its seed porn, if you will.

Civilization tames the sloot, but only reproductively. Carnally, the civilized woman is no more tamed than her preindustrial forebear. Ironically, civilization in the process of guaranteeing beta males a place at the procreative table may have unleashed women from pre-civilization restrictions on their sexuality, giving women a sexual bounty of alpha males — and a larger pool of beta males to reject — that they would not have in a world without birth control, abortion, penicillin, dissolved community oversight, or social acceptance and even glorification.

The question begging for an answer is this: How long can modern civilization accommodate both beta male reproductive success and beta male sexual isolation? Both female resource exploitation of beta males and female sexual wantonness with alpha males?

One thing is certain: the current system configuration is a boon to, and the reason for, men with Game. Western women are now culturally, economically, and perhaps cognitively optimized to disregard negative consequences from casual sex and to ignore potential risks from "hookups", while simultaneously readjusting their mate value calculator to de-emphasize the beta male traits of dependability and resource hoarding. Into this steamy, globalized and civilized sex market stew the charming jerkboy strides confidently, knowing no pregnancy threat, angry father, or watchful town squire with a genetic kinship to more than a filament's worth of his neighbors' DNA is there to stop him from plundering and ghosting and plundering again.

Weak men create HARD times, indeed.

The Page Gap

CH · 10 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Ever notice how little published material is marketed to straight (White) men? There's a reason for that: The Page Gap.

> But just how many more women work in publishing than men? In PW's recent Salary Survey (Aug. 2) one statistic stuck out: 85% of publishing employees with less than three years of experience are women. So, while everyone knows there are more women than men working in this field, that statistic raises the question: is an almost all-female publishing industry bad for business? Does it matter?

Those last two questions wouldn't even be broached if the publishing industry were 85% male. Instead, there would be calls for immediate congressional action and Million Cunt Marches on the Mall. #RepresentationMatters

Total Responses:1,584
70% Female 30% Male
Under 3 Years Experience: 164
85% Female 15% Male
3 to 6 Years Experience: 388
82% Female 18% Male

And you can bet a majority of the male publishing industry employees are gay.

The publishing industry is dying and it's because of women. When a tipping point of women are embedded in admin and managerial slots of any institution, its decay and dissolution are not far off.

The first comment at the link gets to the meat of the matter:

> This is not really a mystery. I just finished a semester graduate course in literary theory in the English department. We spent about 3 weeks in that course studying feminism. Not feminist literature; feminism. The only feminist literature we looked at was "The Yellow Wallpaper". In fact, now that I think about it, that was the last piece of literature we looked at, about 6 weeks ago. We spent the entire second half of the course studying Marxist theory, feminism, continental philosophy, and gender and race.
>
> If you read College English, the journal of English teachers, you'll see that the English department is now really the Cultural Studies department, and a very large proportion of that is feminism. It is not surprising that men are hesitant to enter a field in which they must sit through 2 years of being blamed for everything, especially when they're told (as our (female) teacher mentioned off-handedly at one point) that males didn't have much chance of getting a faculty position in America unless they worked in feminism or post-modernism.

Nuke the universities, civil war now.

The only way out of this cultural toilet bowl in which we find our nation swirling is to do an end-run around the femkunt kkkollective and self-publish or start up publishing houses with the express mission statement of JUST SAYING NO to vapid diversity hires and feminist agitation. A new industry dedicated to the proposition that all White men are created superior and on average produce better literature than fat dykes and degenerate trannies.

Moral of the (unread) story: Give the misfit leftoids a taste of power and they'll use it to smash every last bit of good from the earth on their way to constructing the EXACT sort of exclusive privileged sexist society they railed against when they were, rightfully, cast out of the halls of power by their betters.

The White War

CH · 12 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The best way to think about America, now and historically, is as the battleground between rival White factions, with nonwhites and women as shock troops ordered to exploit, respectively, White men's racial guilt and their white knightery.

One faction — the Runaway Universalists (RU) Whites — is engaged in biological warfare against the Fuck You (FU) Whites, via open borders to the third world.

This is not a recent invention. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the RU Whites (back then, Yankees of Quaker and Puritan blood) opened the borders to non-Anglo ethnic European immigration, seeking the same goal: defeat of their cousin FUs (loosely organized under the later umbrella term "WASP" for Anglo-Germanics, but including Southern and Appalachian Whites of Scots-Irish descent).

The RU Whites won a surrender and a temporary peace with the FU Whites in America's first Civil War, but the ethnic faults and schisms persist, and have deepened since then, despite decades of "Diversity is our strength" propaganda.

The end game is the same: hot war. But RU Whites know they can't win a shooting Civil War 2 now. So their strategy is demographic displacement. This is the strategic undercurrent that will strand a true "White nationalism" political platform from achieving social significance.

The White War pitting RU White ethnics against FU White ethnics will necessarily confine any emergent WN movement to within the FU White sphere of influence, as White Nationalism is inherently a defensive posture against memetic and cultural attack by the RU Whites.

In the latter half of the 20th Century and to the present day, the psychological lethality of the RU Whites' anti-White subversion propaganda was amplified by a tacit alliance with various nonWhite and MENA-White tribes, most notably the Jews. This alliance has facilitated a rapid and nearly uncontested march through the American institutions by the RU Whites (or more specifically by their wealthy sponsors), who had won, until 2016 the Year of the Meme Wars, absolute power over shaping public opinion, news, entertainment, reeducation, and federal government legislation.

The latest RU White assault on the FU Whites is their active promotion of miscegenation which, given recent CDC data, is successfully chipping away at the fortress inner walls protecting an organic American White fellow-feeling from complete dissolution into a deracinated favela of the soul.

In sum, it's helpful to see the intraWhite War (or inter-ethnic White War) through the lens of abstraction versus intuition, and conjuration versus common sense. RU Whites value abstraction and use their cognitive skill set to conjure labyrinthine justifications for their airy, abstract principles that have increasingly become unmoored from reality. FU Whites favor intuition and rely on their earthy, tried-and-true common sense (aka gut instinct) to validate what they intuitively know to be true, and this reliance is what has made them particularly vulnerable to RU rhetorical attack. But to the FU Whites' advantage the same reality that is leaving the RU Whites behind is bolstering the *esprit de corps* of the (till now) unspoken, and rapidly growing, FU White ranks. The FUs enjoy now a consolidation of determined purpose they haven't had in a long while.

***

In a follow-up post I will discuss the emergence of Trumperica as an unexpected setback for RU Whites, and outline a wartime strategy for FU Whites to defeat the RU Whites. The take-home lesson is this: We are at war, the White War, and the sooner you recognize that the quicker we can bring this interminable White self-annihilation campaign to an end.

The Neediness Scale

CH · 14 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Love is the alibi of neediness, and neediness is the accomplice of love. The two are rarely without each others' company, yet they are an irascible, codependent pairing of old friends that would do one another a lot of good if they were separated and communicating via time-delayed diary entries.

It's a short hop from self-directed purpose to neediness. A dash of neediness seasons the motivational stew, but too much spoils it right quick. We all know variants on the aphorisms "the hungry wolf gets fed last", "we want what we can't have", and "women love a challenge".

All true, and it's why one of the first instructions at CH was to implore beta males to shore up their inner game by banishing the specter of neediness.

But beta males aren't the only victims of crippling neediness, and it's important that those who tend to gather their life lessons from the ego chamber internet instead of from the human world

The CH Neediness Scale, from most needy to least needy:

1. sexless men
2. loveless women
3. sexless women
4. loveless men

My chart is borne out in the real world, where it is common to see (and commonly agreed upon) that sexless men (blue pilled betas and blue balled omegas) are the neediest creatures, often sabotaging any chances they get in the dating market by chasing too soon and crashing too hard when their lust-love isn't immediately and similarly reciprocated.

But then things get interesting. The next neediest group is the loveless women. Iconic representatives include your Wall-imminent single sex and the city ladies, your BPD headcases, your lonely fatties and fuglies, and your cock accumulating slut machines. Women over the long-run value love more than sex, give or take a few breathless moments getting buried under a tingle avajanche. The woman who is a loser in love (no matter how many cocks she's coitally collared) will get more bitter, unfeminine, and emotionally damaged as the years grind her down. See: Amanjaw Marcuntte. There's a lot of rueing in spinster nation.

The second to least needy group is the sexless women. Unwilling sexlessness — or what we in the caulk-gine community call incel — is rare among non-obese women of non-autistic child-bearing age. If a healthy, height-weight proportionate young woman wants sex badly, she can get it. She may not like the morning-after feeling, but that's the sort of long-term thinking about accountability and consequences which the airier sex is ill-equipped to undertake. Therefore, actual involuntary sexless women who are worth sexing are rare, but they do exist; usually though their sexlessness has at its source, not a personal failing that turns off men, but an exquisitely conjured mental image of the perfect man that prevents the sexless woman from ever conceding her cooch to any man who falls short of her fantasy by even a cat's whisker. The sexless woman can tolerate her condition for quite a while longer than can the sexless man, which is why she's not often prone to the sort of self-sabotaging theatrics that are the desperately horny beta male's stock in trade.

Finally, the least needy of the neediness groups is the loveless man. A CH maxim would serve us well here:

Maxim #80: For women, sex is validation of love. For men, love is validation of sex.

Sex validates that a woman loves a man, and that a man loves her. Women give their sex because they feel in love with a man. Or they give their sex because they want a man to fall in love with them. One night stands aren't the hard exceptions you'd think, either. The same internal bargaining exists whenever a woman presents her most

valuable asset for purchase. Inversely, women are susceptible to thinking that a man who fucks them must also love them, which is true enough to sustain their delusions.

Love validates that a man desires a woman's sex, and that a woman sexually desires him in kind. Men give their love because they have fallen in love with a woman they love fucking. Or men give their love because they want a woman to keep giving them sex. Inversely, men are susceptible to thinking that a woman who loves them must also want to fuck them, which is true enough to sustain their delusions.

The scone code truth is that men who swim in pussy can go a LONG time without love, and not feel any ill-effects from it. Love is the perfect transcendence from the banal, and every man is more a romantic than the average woman, but unlike women for whom love is notarization of their self-worth and a green light on a future together, men receive their external validation primarily from internal penetration. Any validation of a man's sexuality is already complete by the time penis is waylaid in vagina. Love, after that, is icing on the pound cake of a cad's leavened ego.

Still, sexually fulfilled men can become love-parched; one sometimes sees this in aging players who never settled down and have lots of war stories with which to console themselves during bouts of fleeting loneliness. And however good the pussy is, love makes it that much better. In this way love injects meaning into all the sex the womanizer enjoys, by adding an extra layer of limbic fluffing. A sexed man feels on top of women; a loved man feels on top of the world. Furthermore, the loved man gains a sense of security over his sexual destiny, knowing that his penis is craved by the woman who loves him as a nearly divine object of spiritual commingling and a meaty medium of soulful consummation.

Revenge Is A Dish Best Served To Psychopaths

CH · 15 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Revenge against those who have done wrong by you is not only personally satisfying, it's an effective social strategy for dealing with assorted sociopaths and psychopaths.

Case in point: Yer ever-so-'umble narrator was proven right once again when I mused that Trump's rumored consideration of Mitt Romney for Secretary of State was nothing less than a public humiliation spectacle of a traitor who tried to derail the Trump Train.

WELP, Roger Stone says the intent of Trump's interview of Romney was to "torture" him.

Stone called Romney a "choker" and said that Trump was simply toying with him.

"Donald Trump was interviewing Mitt Romney for Secretary of State in order to torture him," Stone claimed on the program. "To toy with him. And given the history, that's completely understandable. Mitt Romney crossed a line. He didn't just oppose Trump, which is his democratic right, he called him a phony and a fraud. And a con man. And that's not the kind of man you want as Secretary of State."

2016 has delivered a cornucopia of WINNING photo memes, but this one, of Romney and Trump sitting at a private restaurant table presumably discussing Romney's fit as a possible SoS Cabinet member, is in my top ten list of visual shivs.

Romney looks like he pissed his magic underwear. And Trump…..well, that's the face of a mischievous boy who just pulled a fast one on the school principal. Truly a photo worth savoring.

Revenge as a tool to manage psychopaths is a novel interpretation of this behavioral trait. Trevor Goodchild explains,

> Trump has repeatedly written in his books regarding public revenge and how he personally engages in it. While viscerally satisfying, it's also master game theory. When dealing with sociopaths and psychopaths (as he has throughout his entire career), one fundamental truism is that their word means absolutely nothing. Pathologic lying is actually one of their tells, although some can keep it under wraps. So how can you close deals (or win an election) while having to work with and in some cases depend on such creatures? Knowing that they would benefit more in the short term by selling you out? It's the prisoner's dilemma all over again.
>
> The solution: delayed punishment. Public humiliation. Revenge.

> The most successful strategy to overcome the prisoners dilemma is tit-for-tat; you never initiate a screwjob, but always remember the people who have screwed you, and make a point to get even (while making sure everyone knows about it). This is one of the keys to The Golden Don's success; far from being flighty or unstable, he's very likely one of the most rational actors to step into the White House in a long time. This doesn't make him predictable, but it does make him a world leader that others can trust to actually honor negotiations. Something that's been seriously missing from the US for the last 8 years.

Revenge, especially publicly exhibited revenge, is a targeted form of social shaming, and those who are high in the Dark Triad traits — Machiavellianism, narcissism, and psychopathy — are particularly vulnerable to the threat of suffering the vengeful wrath of one of their victims. The narcissist especially fears nothing like a public humiliation that exposes the dimness of his glowing self-conception to the jeers of the crowd.

As a NYC real estate magnate, Trump has had to deal with a condensed collection of the world's worst high-functioning psychos. The political world must have felt like more of the same bullshit to him, and his familiarity handling backstabbers and sniveling cunts like Romney prepared him to 1. crush the GOPe 2. crush the media and finally 3. crush the clinton corruption machine.

It's fortunate that Trump is on the side of the Light. He'd make a formidable foe working for the open borders sleaze team.

Rate His Game

CH · 16 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A reader who spent some time acquainting himself with the Chateau teachings applied what he learned to the field, with good results. (incoming *preen*)

> I'm somewhere in the reforming beta stage right now. Working on refining and developing myself. I was reading the Chateau for half the day today and smelled a perfect opportunity on Bumble to straight up rip some lines from here.
>
> She opened with asking me about Incubus (great band), gave her a real answer. Then she followed up with another question and I smelled blood in the water…
>
> Number is in her next message. That worked way too fucking easy. Why is this shit so difficult for me to pull off on my own?

He included a screenshot of his text Game, which I ask the readers to rate, so that this man can refine his Game as needed and others can learn about the Game principles which underlie the rhetorical vaggle-dazzle.

My first take: This is tight Game. He avoids all the beta traps and stays on the offensive (in both meanings of the word). I especially liked that he assumed the sale right at the outset. And then he nuked her "I don't know enough about you…" shit test from orbit, by basically agreeing and amplifying her phony reticence. After those two stellar exhibitions of Game, her number was a foregone conclusion.

Did I miss anything? Now it's your turn to rate his Game and, if you found it wanting, suggest improvements.

Make White Women Deferential Again

CH · 16 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Over at Goodbye, America (in a photo), commenter Buh wins a freelance COTW for this insight to the nature of White women and how that knowledge can help White men keep their women within the beautifully unswarthed White fold.

> Cut the welfare and you'll stop subsidizing the outgroup indulgences of errant white women by cutting the ability of blacks to pay for them. This is similar disincentive for women to firing/divorce-nuking older men who have affairs with tasty 18 year old interns. When society punishes both with financial ruin sit back and watch the recessive white gene pool preserve itself in traditional marriages. No 1488 necessary. Of course that won't alter the fornication market, but isn't it about time young white men emulated the traits of their dusky competitors? Irrational self confidence, muscle mass, gang membership and assertiveness would serve them well compared to safe spaces and consent forms. Make white women barefoot and pregnant with white babies again.

I'm afraid Buh is right; this is where we are today, and if White men don't rediscover their long-lost balls their women will continue leaving the reservation to get jacked up by googles. Everyone is drawn to the strong horse, but White women love the coolasfuck ZFG jerkhorse the most. It's time to remind White women that the Age of Scalzis is over, and the new dawn has arrived: the Rule of Renegade White Men.

Obama And His Admission Of Treason

CH · 20 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Amazingly, and doubtless owing to the self-abnegating Whitegeist that encourages this sort of blatantly anti-White crowing, lame duck White House squatter Gay Mulatto admitted to committing treason against the United States of America.

> Regardless of what President-elect Donald Trump's plans are for immigration, President Barack Obama says there will be "inevitable" changes to the demographics of the United States.
>
> "If you stopped all immigration today, just by virtue of birth rates, this is going to be a browner country," Obama told NPR's Steve Inskeep in an interview that aired Monday.

A browner country is exactly what Gay Mulatto wanted. It's why he refuses to close the border, why he won't enforce immigration laws, why he wanted to fast-track unconditional amnesty and give illegals the vote, and why he has spent years and political capital bum rushing Somalis into heartland America.

Make no mistake, this was Gay Mulatto's treasonous plan all along: the dispossession and demographic displacement of White heritage America. Open borders to the brown world was his biggest middle finger yet to the White lineage that he so despises in his own family tree.

HE IS OPENLY BRAGGING ABOUT THE INEVITABILITY OF IT NOW, because he thinks, not unjustifiably based on past experience, that White America won't hold him accountable. That instead Whites will line up behind Gay Mulatto and cheer their till now bloodless annihilation from the nation their ancestors built and their White posterity will inherit.

In clown world, he gets away with it. Luckily for him, he's leaving right at the moment clown world is about to cede to a resurgent sane world, in which the gallows for traitors to the nation are returned to service. We have these treasonous vermin on record and every legal justification at hand. All we need now is the will to make our enemies pay for their crimes against the People of the United States.

The Accidental Approach

CH · 21 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A quick story about the power of the uninhibited approach. This one time (in cad camp), a girl crossing my path on the sidewalk strongly resembled a girl I was dating, at least in profile and from the back. So much so that I thought she was my girl, and I hurried forward to catch up with her and deliver a warm greeting. She hadn't seen me when I trotted into her view and said "Hey!" inflected with an intimate, and confident, familiarity.

From her vantage, this was a cold pickup attempt. From my vantage, I thought I was saying a surprise hello to a girl I was banging. For a flickering second, we eyed each other with disbelief — her trying to figure out why I introduced myself, and me suddenly realizing she wasn't the girl I was dating at the time.

Then an odd turn occurred in the plot line. Instead of furrowing her brow with annoyance at the bother, or promptly dismissing my accidental approach, she parried my 'hey!' with an equally friendly and intimate 'oh, hi!', and stood still, planted to the sidewalk in front of me, looking like she was expecting more consent-defying magic to spring from my prolix tongue.

This girl was in it to see if I would win it. My instinct switched from 'I should tell this girl I thought she was someone else' to 'Wait a sec….she thinks I'm hitting on her…and she's open to it!'. Now aroused by the opportunity before me of fresh cleft, I hesitated to exit our fortuitous rendezvous with a curt explanation for my impudence. During what must have been just a couple seconds but felt like an eternity, I considered my next course of action….I could easily springboard from my accidental hello to deliberate pickup banter….but at the last decided to take the noble — or less adventuresome — route and excused myself on the wispy adieu of mistaken identity.

The scene reminded me of a truth about women and pickup that guests of the Chateau should know by heart. For all the talk of tactics and logistics and hurdling last minute resistance, indubitably all of it a valuable store of knowledge to the aspiring womanizer, one rule governs them all: the man who says something will always get further with women than the man who says nothing.

The world of women will only open to men brave enough to trek it. If you never invade a woman's safe space, she'll never *post hoc* rationalize your invasion as her invitation. Women's safe spaces are essentially self-fulfilling until a man with a set of steel ones decides they aren't.

This girl I thought was someone else had no idea I greeted her under false assumptions, yet the confident familiarity with which I made my existence known to her lithesome universe sparked something primal in her: a welling up of ancient desire that the expectations of modern society successfully suppresses most of the time. I'm sure vanishingly few men have ever cold cocka-ed her like that on the sidewalk. When one man did, it stirred a longing every woman shares to be the lust object of a man who takes what he wants. My accidental entitlement reminded me that deliberate entitlement remains the essential provocation of women's romantic curiosity.

Comment Of The Week: The Pre-Rational Male

CH · 22 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A pithy insight into the nature of Game and women, from commenter “We are losing 1 IQ point a decade. Oh well, that rocks baby.”

> For you to succeed at [picking up women/Game] you have to either understand nothing of it and be thoughtless or to understand it in full.

Half-assing an understanding of women’s romantic natures is what creates the sort of lost, bitter souls who populate forums like PUAhate. You can know just enough about women to fill you with dread and cynicism and spite, or you can know it all and achieve an inner peace about your part in the machinery of the mate market.

Pre-rational men have this inner peace unknowingly, by virtue of their blissfully primal approach to life. Rational men learn too much, about women and about themselves, and waste time and opportunities second-guessing their value to women.

But the man who uses his reason to integrate the emotional filter of the pre-rational man into his mindset is a force of pussy-parting power without equal.

Virtue Signaling: The ¡SCIENCE!

CH · 25 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A very dank social psychology study has found evidence that virtue signaling is real, and is distinct from virtue alone.

> Theories that reject the existence of altruism presume that emotional benefits serve as ulterior motives for doing good deeds. These theories argue that even in the absence of material and reputational benefits, individuals reap utility from the feelings associated with doing good. In response to this normative view of altruism, this article examines the descriptive question of whether laypeople penalize emotional prosocial actors. Six studies find that emotion serves as a positive signal of moral character, despite the intrapsychic benefits associated with it. This is true when emotion motivates prosocial behavior (Studies 1, 2, 3, and 5) and when emotion is a positive outcome of prosocial behavior (i.e., "warm glow"; Studies 4, 5, and 6). Emotional actors are considered to be moral because people believe emotion provides an honest and direct signal that the actor feels a genuine concern for others. Consequently, prosocial actors who are motivated by the expectation of emotional rewards are judged differently than prosocial actors who are motivated by other benefits, such as reputational or material rewards (Study 6). These results suggest that laypeople do not view altruism as incompatible with all benefits to the self. (PsycINFO Database Record (c) 2016 APA, all rights reserved)

That's a lotta 888 academic jargon to say "shitlib virtue signaling is self-serving because it feels good and because the more emotionally incontinent the signaling, the better others judge the signaler's moral character".

Virtue signaling isn't an empty insult; it has teeth (and really gets under the skin of shitlibs accused of it) precisely because virtue signaling provides emotional and reputational rewards to shitlibs with or without attachment to actual virtuous deeds. It's essentially a feelz and status whoring free lunch, and what post-America NEET can resist that?

It's why, for example, John Scalzi and Donna Zuckerberg — two notorious antiracism, anti-White virtue signalers — can hypocritically live in 98% White neighborhoods and still enjoy the respect and admiration of a fair number of like-minded anti-White signalers.

But the moral posturing good times are about to end for anti-White leftoids. A small army of meme-generating realtalkers that shocks and awes way above its numbers takes sadistic pleasure in exposing the hypocrisy and double-talk of the virtue signalers, and over time that rising riptide of bad PR will inevitably reduce the emotional rewards of signaling and blur the general public's faulty perception that sanctimonious anti-White emotionalism is a positive indicator of the signaler's moral worth.

PS There's a PUA/Game lesson hidden in this study. I'll leave identification and discussion of that lesson as an exercise for the reader.

America, Then And Now

CH · 27 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Then:

Now:

Addendum:

The Editor in Chief of National Geographic in December, 1969 was Frederick Vosburgh. He once halted the presses and cost the magazine $30,000 because of a missing comma.

The Editor in Chief of National Geographic in December, 2016 is Susan Goldberg. She is the first female editor of NatGeo magazine, and has a degree in journalism from Michigan State University. She is also a member of the International Women's Forum, and lives in Washington, DC.

Will Swedish Men Awaken?

CH · 27 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I say Swedish men, because anyone who places their bets on women as saviors of the West is a damnfool.

Reader RikF translates a comment from a Swedish online forum, discussing the self-inflicted migrant crisis.

> I picked this up from the comments section in a Swedish forum (my translation to English):
>
> "The violent phase has been initiated. He who is aggressive tests, again and again, the possibility for dominance. If he who has the position of authority cannot, will not or is unable to understand that this happens, he becomes whiped away – that goes for us humans as well as for dogs.
>
> When response finally comes in the purpose of recreating the former position it will be viewed as unfair since it has taken so long, which also often means that he who tries to re-establish dominance settles for doing a half-assed job.
>
> This provokes an even stronger violent response from the challenger and puts the defendant in a moral check mate if he has surrendered political stances as his conceptual ground – which we have done in Sweden. We have, seen as a whole, forgotten that victory counts, not how it is achieved. Or put in a way of a sportsman: all scores count.
>
> I believe (i.e. know) that Sweden will not be able to manage this within the framework of a democratic system of government or even with democratic means. The question now is who becomes master and who becomes slave.
>
> It will not be the marxist-feminists – they are too few, too coward and lack capacity and means for violence. Useful idiots, I think we call them. "
>
> Link:
>
> http://genusdebatten.se/vansinne-22-dokumentaren-om-de-sociala-rattvisekrigarna/

Weak men create hard times. Ask yourselves, has the West fielded a weaker team of men at any point in history than what we have now? This is going to end in the overrun of the West by the barbarians, or (cuing "hard times create strong men") a reaction so shockingly violent it'll make an abattoir of Europe's and America's effete hipsterscape. Buckle up, 2016 will be a happy memory for shitlibs after 2017 is through with them.

The Embittered Sexual Market

CH · 27 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

CH Maxim #90: Bitterness surges in a sexual market that is fully liberated, producing a surplus of incel beta males and pump and dumped beta females.

Recall the CH definition of feminism: An ideology of ugly, mannish, and slutty women who want to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

The theoretical end product of such a feministed society is similar to what we see developing in the decadent West: Women sharing their late teens-late 20s prime pussies and hopeful hearts with a few top tier men, loads of beta males demoted to omega male involuntary celibacy, lots of mediocre-looking women “promoted” to the alpha male pumpndump discard pile, and in the waning years the sad resignation of late-in-life marriage between has-been sluts and never-was incels settling for a weak facsimile of passion over solitude.

The liberated sexual market is the embittered sexual market, for all but the few alpha males who have the cheat code to exploit the system to fulfill their male primary directive: casual sex and flings with enamored peak nubility women.

Everyone else suffers to a degree. Even HSMV (beautiful, chaste) women lose out. One, by competing with slutty women for the sexual attention of high value men. Two, by getting stuck with commitment offers from low value beta males, which accumulate rapidly as the Wall looms nearer.

Another consequence of the liberated sexual market: Male *and* female sociopathy is likely on the rise. A beta male mid-century opened the mate market to exploitation by sociopaths.

The answer to the Embittered Sexual Market is a return to Sexual Socialism, the driver of human civilization:

[image]

Don’t Commit To A Woman With A Lot Of Male Friends

CH · 28 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A woman who has a lot of male friends is bad news, for three reasons. First, her battalion of beef buddies is a leading indicator she’s an attention whore who won’t give up her whore ways just because she’s added a “serious” boyfriend to her roster of men.

Second, there’s something *off* about a woman who has as many, and more, male friends as female friends. She’s not comfortable with the company of her own sex because the demands of her avaricious sexuality, sumptuously fed by her male orbiters, has the opposite effect on women. It’s a good idea not to place your trust in a woman, or a man for that matter, who won’t, or can’t, cultivate same-sex friendships with the same care and enthusiasm shown toward opposite-sex friendships.

Finally, and most importantly, odds are she has slept with at least one of her male friends, and he laughs at you. Laughs? Yes. He pounded that pussy for free when it was younger, hotter, tighter while you pay exorbitant relationship fees to keep an older product past its obsolescence date. In fact, every time you’re at a social function with your heavenly angel and her twenty male friends, they’re all inwardly smirking that they tapped that twat before you got close to putting just the tip in, and counting their blessings that they’re not the schmuck forswearing all other pussy for the opportunity to lock down a social circle slut.

There was a good reason our high T forefathers and high E foremothers discouraged young women from hanging around “with the boys”. They knew it was bad for a girl’s reputation and her romantic prospects.

Finding Truth At Urban Dictionary

CH · 28 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes the truths that society wishes to expunge from mass consciousness are found hidden in the down-voted basements of rogue websites like Urban Dictionary. Reader Tuna comments on one such hidden truth regarding trannyism,

> The following is the best definition of "transgender" on urban dictionary. It's pitch-perfect. Obviously it's down voted into oblivion, and I thought I'd post it here before it disappears. Too funny:
>
> Transgender
> A mentally-ill man who chops his balls off for attention, injects himself with pregnant horse urine, and stuffs their franken-snatch with a dildo to prevent it from healing shut (because human biology is "transphobic"). They justify this decision on extremely-tenuous "scientific research" where any dissenting psychologist or medical expert is fired/blacklisted if they were ever to question it. They usually suffer from clinical depression, borderline personality disorder, histrionic personality disorder, narcissistic personality disorder, and/or schizophrenia.
>
> After transitioning, they will usually kill themselves upon discovering that the grass isn't greener on the other side. The few that don't kill themselves eventually de-transition back to their real gender and obtain the real psychiatric help they need, all while being ostracized and marked as a traitor by "tolerant" LGBT groups.
>
> Women trying to be boys supposedly can also be transgender, but about 90% of all trannies are MtF, which should be a red-flag to anyone with a brain
>
> "Look at me look at me look at me

Female Hypergamy, By The Numbers

CH · 30 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Via Marginal Autism,

> We show that promotions to top jobs dramatically increase women's probability of divorce, but do not affect men's marriages. This effect is causally estimated for top jobs in the political sector, where close electoral results deliver exogenous variation in promotions across job candidates. Descriptive evidence from job promotions to the position of CEO shows that private sector promotions result in the same gender inequality in the risk of divorce.

Commenters at the Cheap Chapulas grease truck have lots of theories to explain the results of this study, but it boils down to a basic understanding of female nature. When women advance in their careers, their husbands, should they not equally advance in theirs to keep up, are "left behind" on the occupational status ledger that women subconsciously consult when evaluating a man's mate worth. (Among 463 other male mate value ledgers that women have at the ready.)

Female hypergamy is real, is different from male "dating up" (which is closer to polygamy in nature), and has consequences in the aggregate on marriage and divorce rates. Women want to look up to higher status men; men want to look *at* beautiful women. In our rapidly de-masculinizing, anti-White male, pro-tankgrrl culture, men are in a status free-fall. Knowing this is all you need to explain why women initiate 70% of divorces.

Pencil Sketch Man

CH · 3 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Has Skittles Man met his aloof and indifferent match in the form of Pencil Sketch Man, or is this just a try-hard underemployed hipster beta male placating his demanding girlfriend on the cheap?

My favorite comment was from someone who zoomed in on the boyfriend's self-portrait and wrote "when u nut but she keep suckin".

My initial reaction is ALPHA. Pencil sketches are part of a school of seduction that emphasizes the value of small, cheap, unique, sentimentally romantic gifts to girls over large, expensive, hackneyed, commercially romantic gifts. But is Pencil Sketch Man as ZFG towards his beloved as Skittles Man was to his lovely? (Recall that Skittles Man gave his girlfriend a bag of Skittles for her birthday, and she loved him so much for it she put finger to keyboard and revealed to the world that more than one woman loved her Skittles Man.)

I'd normally hesitate to put someone like Pencil Sketch(y) Man in the same tingle-manufacturing league as Skittles Man — after all, it requires more effort to sketch even a creepy child-like facsimile of your girlfriend than it does to buy her a bag of candy — until I read this from the girlfriend's sister:

"i think she was super cool about it which makes it all the more puzzling."

Puzzling….for her. Not at all puzzling to regular guests of the Chateau.

VERDICT: Gina tingles activated.

***

tteclod adds,

> If the sketch is remotely accurate, then I don't know why he invested the effort.

This would be a strong case for demoting Pencil Sketch Man from the Skittles Hall of Game.

The Law Of Gender Conservation

CH · 4 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There are posts buried in the CH archives discussing the phenomenon of sexual polarity and its importance to relationship health. Masculine men match well with feminine women. Yin and yang. Quim and wang.

What about gender oddities like feminine men and masculine women? The Law of Sexual Polarity — or what some have called the Law of Gender Conservation — states that the masculine and feminine must balance out in any relationship, in whichever sex those essences are primarily contained. So that means feminine men match well with masculine women. And if you've seen the wedding photos of Jezebel manjaws and their shlubby, uptalking, no-T, chinless beta hubbies, you'll respect the perspicacity of the Law of Gender Conservation.

Which brings us to John Scalzi. If you wonder why I shiv this magnificent mangina so hard, you need look no further than the reason for his internet fame: a craven, dorky, shitlib virtue signaling post on his inane Whatever blog that likened Whiteness to playing at the lowest difficulty setting on a video game.

This lumpy hypocritical doughgoon who lives in a 98% White town deserves every bit of contempt coming his way. He is the androgynous embodiment of everything that is physically and psychologically deformed in the White leftoid race.

With that as context, Scalzi's marriage — which he loves to boast about on Twatter, always (naturally) casting himself in the egregiously self-deprecating role of the anhedonic willfully emasculated doofus beta bitchboy raising an empowered feminist daughter and licking the boots of his warrioress wife — is revealed to be the PERFECT example of the Law of Gender Conservation in action.

CAPSLOCK HUSTLA nails this smug phaggot nerdo to the wall:

> SCALZI PROVIDES EXAMPLE # AD INFINITUM FOR THE LAW OF GENDER CONSERVATION: IN EVERY COUPLE, ΣMASCULINITY = ΣFEMININITY.

Did he marry the love child of the Refrigerator and the Mountain? But for real…

EVERY

SINGLE

TIME

you find a quisling White mangina begging for acceptance into the Amanjaw Marcuntte man-hating club, there's a she-ggoth glowering over him.

Cerebral scalzied is filth. His brand of contemptible cowardly virtue whoring self-neutering is emblematic of the shitlib mind rot that's sweeping through the White West. It's good to call him out as the pathetic whipped cur he is, putting not just him on notice, but any other impressionable Whitelings who may be tempted to comfortable prostration by his sickly siren call.

These degenerated freaks have only just begun to feel the crunch of the Fourth Turning grinding its gears into motion.

Slut Stereotypes

CH · 4 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Sluts do not come "in all shapes and sizes"; they fall into archetypes that are noticeable to even the untrained beta goober eye. This post briefly profiles the stereotypical slut appearance and behavior, with the caveat that these observations by yours truly are broad (heh) generalizations. Plenty of exceptions to the rules exist, and this is so because nature has deemed it beneficial to bestow women a valuable coin of the reproduction realm: skill in the art of deception, of others and herself.

For instance, despite my general impression that ultra-feminine girls are less slutty than mannish girls, there are certainly very dainty, coquettish, eternal ingenues who play men like a fiddle for their resources and pack on a surprising amount of cockage over the years as man-eaters in pixie's clothing. So the wary (or opportunistic) man reading this post would be wise to use it as a loose (heh) guide rather than a precise schematic.

FYI, "cock count" is a lovingly scientifical term to describe how many sex partners a woman has had in her life to date.

Women with the highest cock counts tend to be

1. sassy/neurotic
2. liberal
3. androgenized (narrow hips, manjaw, short temper)

Women with the lowest cock counts tend to be

1. demure/deferential
2. conservative
3. estrogenic (hourglass figure, neotenous features, nurturing temperament)

Why do masculinized, liberal women have higher cock counts? My theory — one that will no doubt be validated by SCIENCE! in a few months' time — is that the key variable isn't the intensity of female horniness but rather the presence of female disinhibition. Masculine women, like men, skew toward risk-taking and have fewer inhibitions than feminine women. They are less coy about their wants and (probably) less regretful about fulfilling those wants (at least during the immediate aftermath of their hookups). And liberal women, like liberals generally, have a stronger novelty-seeking compulsion and higher disgust thresholds, which together mean they aren't as prone to existential crises about noncommittal casual sex as are conservative women.

I don't see that feminine, conservative women are any less horny than masculine, liberal women, but they are certainly less inclined to act on their horniness with the perfunctory freewheeling attitude that your garden variety slutty urban SWPL chick brings to the bedroom.

Men can do one of two things with this darkly dank information: help them identify which women will go all the way right away… or which women would make good LTR girlfriend or wife material. The two goals are mutually exclusive in the whole (allowing for overlap at the margins).

Be careful with this knowledge. There's no free munch. Long-term, low cock count women are a much better bet for relationship stability (and hence, for paternity certainty and divorce theft avoidance). But those low cock count women come with a price: lower sexual drive. If you like to bang, and bang a lot, you may become unhappy with a chaste low N girl who'd rather dream of babies and gossip with her girlfriends than ride you through the night into the morning. One mitigating advantage men with aggressively high horny levels have at their disposal, should relationship stability be their primary concern, is that, as a reader has reminded, on average men have a higher sex drive than women anyhow, and it's "better to 'work [a low cock count woman's libido] up' (probable) than to 'tame [a slut's vivacity] down' (not possible)".

Men care more about any particular woman's cock count in proportion to the length of time they want to spend with that woman. A woman's cock count cutoff for a man is highly dependent on his intentions with her. ONS? No cutoff. Fun fling? A cock count higher than twenty will gross a man out (even if he won't admit it). Marriage? Any number over ten will seriously make a man question his decision to nuptially shackle himself. Ideally, most (non-black) men would love to marry a woman who's a virgin, or more liberally (given current sexual market realities) who has accumulated no more than three cocks in her lifetime.

One of the illest feelings in the world for a man is to find out *post-cock ergo cocker* that the woman he loves and committed himself to has a sexual history that would rival Genghis Khan's. This feeling will percolate no matter how much his woman loves him presently or swears her fidelity to him in future; these are primal attractions and repulsions that modern society with its platitude carpet bombing and gogrrl glorification and emasculation affirmations will never banish from the hindmind of man. That's why it's so critically important that alpha males teach beta male buddies, and shitlord dads teach pre-brainwashed sons, how to identify sluts and exploit them for pleasure biding or avoid them for patriarchy building.

The Chicago Four

CH · 5 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This week in Chicagoland, four Feral-Americans — two males and two females — kidnapped and tortured, live on film uploaded to Facebook, a mentally disabled White 18 year old man, cackling gleefully as they had him drink toilet water, nearly scalped him, and made him recite "Fuck Trump" and "Fuck White people". The kidnapping and torture dragged on for nearly two days. One of the HBzeroes, Brittany Herring, narrated the torture-fest. It's as chimptastic as you'd surmise.

The "mainstream" (not for long) media reacted with their predictably unbiased and swift coverage that they bring to any violent crime in which the perps are black and the victim White: they reported nothing when they weren't actively censoring news about the incident at their social media monopolies.

That is, they stuffed the story until their crabbed hands were forced to report on it from the pressure applied by a small army of alt-right shitlords mass spamming and shivving the freethought channels with the unvarnished truth.

What can be said about the leftoid media's reaction to this depraved anti-White hate crime that hasn't been said the million other times the media blackwashed and memory-holed similar crimes because those stories violated the Stop Noticing Narrative? So far, the media and government reaction has been:

YouTube scrubbed the video.
NPR refused to identify the races involved.
CNN ignored it (until late today), and finally confronted the story with a bunch of shitlib talking heads fretting over ten heavily-edited seconds of a thirty minute video.
The Chicago police chief jupmed ahead of the message machine and said it wasn't a hate crime, and "kids do bad stuff sometimes". (Would he say the same thing about Dylann Roof?.)

> Although President-elect Donald Trump was mentioned, Chicago Police do not believe the crime was politically motivated.
>
> "I think some of it is just stupidity, people just ranting about something that they think might make a headline. I don't think that at this point we have anything concrete to really point us in that direction, but we'll keep investigating and we'll let the facts guide us on how this concludes," Supt. Johnson said.

The Gay Mulatto, NATURALLY, has said nothing. (Trump hasn't either, afaik, but in his position, that's a wise move. Let your enemies hang themselves with their own rope.)

Miraculously (possibly because they are sensing a shift in the winds that could mean their DOTR is closer than they think), the NewYorkBetaTimes actually used the words "anti-white" in their coverage of the kidnapping.

Porter had the best take on the craven and by now banal media handling of the story:

> If the Chicago kidnapping races were reversed, about seven Hollywood films would currently be in pre-production.

Here's the video, if you can stand watching it. (Check here if YouTube censored this copy (they've been busy)).

The reason white shitlibs excuse or sugarcoat the depraved violence of blacks is because they don't really believe blacks have moral agency. And frankly, they're right. The races don't share equal reserves of empathy, and blacks by their astounding level of dysfunction prove over and over that their moral compass doesn't quite point as true north as that of Whites'. The issue with shitlibs is their rank hypocrisy and bad faith; instead of facing the reality of race differences, they choose instead to heap lies, libel, and calumny on other Whites for, apparently, the sin of insufficiently ignoring stunted black morality and for pilfering blacks of their moral agency through the alchemical

magic of White privilege and racism.

Lawrence Auster (RIP) once astutely noted that blacks are a sacred object to white shitlibs, whose religion is anti-White Equalism (don't bother squaring that circle). And the one thing you don't do to a true believer is desecrate their sacred objects, or even just reveal them to be mere vessels of fallen man. White shitlibs are undergoing a heretical threat to their religion like none they've experienced before; and you know from history that when a zealot is cornered and disillusioned, and his icons thrown to the ground, he will lash out in rage and demand the heads of the infidels.

But soon, the infidels will outnumber the Equalist zealots, and their grand vision will be crushed and blown away, in the end disappearing without a trace, as gossamer and insubstantial as the ideas and beliefs which founded their crooked worldview.

Race Differences Include More, Much More, Than Propensity To Violence

CH · 6 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Black predisposition to violent criminality well above the rates for other races receives all the focus as evidence of innate racial differences and incompatibility with White culture, but crime rate is only one of the myriad ways — albeit a very sensationalist way — in which the black and white races fundamentally differ.

Culturally, mentally, morally, behaviorally, and temperamentally, the group characteristics of blacks are different than those of Whites. The exceptions to these race-based generalities are uncommon enough to compel people to take special notice of them.

One non-crime related difference springs to mind: Blacks are more demanding than Whites. This black personality quirk expresses itself unmistakably when a black person wants information from a White person. The black will rarely say “Excuse me” before politely asking a question, preferring instead the grill-to-grill direct approach: a loud and abrupt assault, often taken from an angle that maximizes the element of surprise, on the personal ear-space of the White, demanding this or that service rendered. Examples of the genre: “YO YOU GOT THE TIME?”, “WHICH BUS THIS IS?”, “FIVE DOLLAR FOR A HAMBURGER. NO? ALRIGHT THEN, PEACE TO YOU”, “YOU GOT A QUARTER FOR THE METER?”, “WHERE THE BATHROOM AT?”, “GOT A PHONE ON YA? MINE’S BUSTED. I GOTTA CALL SOMEBODY.” (like I’m gonna hand my phone over to a ghetto fabulous rando on the street).

Compared to their love of murder, this specialty of blacks is small potatoes, but the little, annoying, black ways of doing things add up to make their Section 8s and District 9s unlivable shitholes for even White libs who profess a love of Diversity and speaking in a steady stream of euphemisms.

And blacks aren’t the only players in town. All the nonWhite races differ in multitudinous ways from Whites; some of these differences are amusing, some are aggravating, and some are downright menacing. Which is why John Derbyshire was correct when he wrote that Diversity should be a seasoning, never the stew.

Distinguished Gentleman Game

CH · 8 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Let's say you're a distinguished gentleman. You've reached middle life with a string of accomplishments to your name buttressing an unshakeable self-confidence. You handle your social affairs with a relaxed poise. That crucial ZFG attitude comes to you naturally now, a product of experience and genuine unconcern for the opinions of others on the subject of your worth as a man. How would your relations with women change? A reader writes,

> There is a guy on FB who is in his 50s. He's in a punk band from back in the day, so he has fans and groupies. He has a cute but not beautiful girlfriend with a nice body maybe half his age. He refers to her as "my current girlfriend" or "the current girlfriend." He does it offhandedly like it is totally normal. Nice.

"The current girlfriend". That's a fine dread neg right there. Women love a man who challenges their complacency and impels them to battle day and night, year upon year, to earn his devotion.

The answer to the question "How would a distinguished gentleman's Game change?" is this: It wouldn't. Game is applied charisma, and male charisma never goes out of style.

A White Hot Fire Rises

CH · 9 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There are signs of volcanic life surfacing in long dormant White America. A White hot fire rises. Recently, I saw once such sign, a very small sign, but magnificently portentous because it was an act of pro-White rebellion committed deep in the heart of a decadent anti-White shitlibopolis; the nature of the act was one that I had not encountered before in the wilds of any SWPLville.

A handful of posters promoting an anti-Trump protest march were taped to traffic light poles and other utility boxes near an outdoor cafe. As I watched with growing interest, five corn-fed and bearded White men wearing working class clothes and ear-to-ear shitlib-eating grins strode purposefully from one poster to the next, tearing them down and (respectfully) walking to a nearby garbage can to throw them out. As they performed their valuable public service, an effete, stoop-shouldered white manlet snarled at them from across the street. Even at twenty paces I could see the manlet's curled lip quivering with menopausal rage.

The Fantastic Five noticed him too and, gathering together in a V-formation of happy force, triumphantly strutted across the street toward the iconic white liberal, whereupon they rudely impaled his personal space to remove the last anti-Trump poster that happened to be on the traffic pole situated at that corner right where he was standing and fuming. One of the Five swung in front of the manlet and made a dramatic show of crumpling the poster and tossing it into the garbage for a sweet three-point conversion.

The funniest outtake from this scene was the manlet's utter enfeeblement in the face of an impudent provocation from his mortal enemies. Snarling from a distance, he was left speechless and catatonic when the Five entered his comfort zone; his inability to act on his suppressed rage a reminder of his low-T futility. I loved witnessing his libsnarl give way in slo-mo glory to a chin-tucked, downcast-eyed, beta male turtling once he realized the Five were heading his way to commit what he must have fantasized was unimaginable horrors against his nonblack body.

Nothing physical happened, this time, but something much worse occurred: the ouster of the shitlib from his position of power in the public space he considered his own, and his abject humiliation in the face of real resistance.

There's fight left in White men. The time is coming, very soon now, when the paper tigress of shitliberalism is exposed on the vivisecting table, and unapologetic shitlords stream out of their bunkers armed to the teeth with the liberating knowledge that the passive-aggressive snarl is all their enemies bring to battle, and behind that snarl there's nothing but cowardly submission.

Speaking of a White fire rising:

A rare breed, two Pedowood shitlords, react to post-Wall harridan Meryl Streep's anti-Trump self-aggrandizing harangue on stage. Look at the fire in Vince Vaughn's and Mel Gibson's eyes. These are men asking themselves, and the world, "Who bitch this is?". They forge in the furnace of their unalloyed disgust a quiet and seething intolerance for the enemies of White men; a vengeance devised to settle the ultimate score — recapture of their homeland from degenerates within — percolates in their blood and radiates from their irises.

Look at those eyes brimming with righteous hatred closely, and multiply that look by millions, because that's how many White men of the West feel the same way. And their numbers grow daily. White men are awakening to their planned and active dispossession by malevolent forces corrupting the creation of their ancestors. They see Meryl StreepThroat as another in a long line of preachy hypocritical reprobates shitting on their race and culture and values for fun and profit and the adulation of the elite bubble crowd. This rapidly coalescing army of normal White men and the White women who have not yet abandoned them for the wigger low life knows that attacks on Trump are proxy attacks on Whites. They know, too, that Meryl Creep gave a standing ovation for child-rapist Roman Polanski, and wonder who is she to lecture White Trump-supporters about decency?

Meryl HeatStreep, in the act of mendaciously regurgitating a media-generated fake news story about Trump mocking a disabled reporter, says "Disrespect invites disrespect". White men of the West say to her, "Your cretinous ilk have been disrespecting core White America for generations. You just don't like that now there's return fire."

And this time, anti-White shitlibs, the war won't be fought with rhetorical BB shooters. The cucks are chastened, the silos opened, and the shiv-tipped nukes ready for launch.

The Leftoid Legacy Media (LLM) Is The Enemy Within

CH · 9 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A brief CBS News radio report covering the Chicago Four black-on-White hate crime was falsely contextualized to leave the misleading impression that the kidnapping and torture victim was black and his attackers were White Trump supporters (literally the exact opposite of the truth).

> The viral video of a beating and knife attack in Chicago suggests the assault had racial overtones. CBS's Dean Reynolds tells us the victim is described as a mentally-challenged teenager.
>
> **In the video he is choked and repeatedly called the n-word.** His clothes are slashed and he is terrorized with a knife. **His alleged captors repeatedly reference Donald Trump.** Police are holding four people in connection with the attack. [Emphasis added]

The full report does finally get around to revealing the relevant details of the crime, but short attention span and low information listeners (most of CBS News' demo) will tune in to hear the encapsulation and buy into CBS's blatant anti-White agitprop.

Hopefully, soon, enough)))normies(((will wake up to the bone-deep hatred the media has for them and theirs, and when (not if) the insurrection arrives these media propaganda mills will be first on the target list.

Someday A Real Talk Will Come

CH · 10 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

someday a realtalk rain will come and wash away all the deceit and degenerates from the public sphere.

It has come.

Reader Mutant Seven explains,

> In her rebuke to Streep, I noticed that [Kellyanne] Conway cited the race of the four scum in the torture video. As the subject (or really the pretext) of her comments was "concern for the disabled" and Streep's hypocrisy, the race of the criminals would previously have gone unmentioned. In fact in all likelihood, an experienced media figure like Conway would have deliberately self-suppressed that point, fearing immediate lib-borg backlash. But not this time. Not anymore. The fear is waning and the bravery to speak the truth growing. In the future this trait could become a clear litmus test for anyone who appoints himself as one of our countless "event interpreters": do they have the courage to say what we all see clearly in front of our face? Or do they sputter and waffle and shy away and equivocate? Conway took her stand in that clip. You can see it in her deliberation. And there was more honesty in Vaughn's visceral stare than in all the newspaper op/eds of the last 50 years.
>
> I suspect you have had more influence in inspiring people to real talk than anyone will ever know.

I like to think so, because The Preen is my prime directive.

Anyhow, M7 is right that this small anecdote is very telling of a much larger culture shift in what is deemed acceptable discourse and not censored or shouted down as crimethink. Conway is a shitbird, to be sure, but she didn't have to mention the race of the Chicago Four to get her point across; she did it because she thought it was important to release that information to the listening audience, assaulting the cotton-stuffed ears of shitlibs and cucks alike.

This is great news, because it means the leftoid legacy media is put on notice that, now and in future, their lies and dissimulation and suppression won't enjoy protection from exposure by cowed controlled opposition. The cowardice is in retreat, and that makes all the difference. Viva Trumperica!

Your Daily Asshole Game

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It's funny cuz it's true.

This is one of those memes that is easily transferable to real life application. Say a sassy girl gives you lip about only dating rock stars (or tall men, or whatever). You shoot back, "ya well I prefer girls who are pretty". She'll fume, but she won't feel indifferent towards you, and that's a springboard to romance, gentlemen!

The Debased Beta

CH · 11 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Spot the debased beta. This won't be a difficult test. Regular beta males aren't always immediately discernible, but debased betas stick out like a White person in Germany.

Our case study today is John Scalzi, a quisling male emblematic of so much that has gone haywire with White American men (and their beards).

Exhibit A: This is Scalzi's Christmas card. He signed off on it. He approved of it. This is how he wants the world to see him.

Is this the Self-Shiv of the Week? I see two brutish women and one screeching little girl. Merry sexual inversion, everyone!

Nature abhors a T vacuum, and Scalzi, having surrendered his T to the devil for the nice life in a 98% White town, guarantees that his defensive back megawife and daughter take up the T slack. And so here they are, wife and daughter doing a man's job and smirking like a cocky self-assured chad respectively, while the nominal male (scalzied) clasps his hands together and shrieks with delight off to the sidelines as the real men get to work.

Exhibit B: Scalzi in love

Here Scalzi is in the submissive position, an obvious inferior looking up to his wifely better (who hulks over him and honestly looks like she's thinking about jamming that silver strap-on all the way up to his ovaries). Scalzi's open-mouthed gape ever-so-subtly hints at a cloying adoration, and he strokes his deluxe buttplug with anticipatory sensuality. You will notice similar poses in almost all of John Scalzi's photos with his wife.

A Twatterer, @zeroingclicks, twats,

> When the wife has amused mastery on her face, the husband is fucked.

Scalzi's wife does have that alpha male amused mastery look that says "Oh John, you're such a naughty mangina. I can't take you anywhere. There'll be a spanking waiting for you later tonight."

John: "Screeeee!"

@TheHardRight adds,

> She looks about ready to regurgitate into his beak.

lmao

Exhibit C: Scalzi smooches

Kissing upward and nuzzling his doughy face into hard manjawline, eyes closed as his hunky lady peers into the middle distance looking burdened with the weight of the world (or for an escape from her husband's octopus lips), Scalzi eagerly inverts the sexual polarity, taking on the role of the woman in his marriage, ceding all the T to his wife. Sad! Scalzi is like a pulp romance cover negative.

Exhibit D: Serious Scalzi

Scalzi tries to look serious (ie like a normal man), but is still out-mugged by his wife, who looks more serious, and tougher, than him. Who's really sporting the D here? Notice again how Scalzi leans into his woman (a tell-tale beta

posture), afraid he'll get cut out of the picture or that another man with functioning gonads is waiting nearby to swoop his wife should Scalzi neglect to occupy her personal space for a hot second.

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The debased beta is a creature of the modern dystopian West. His kind was vanishingly rare before THEE CURRENT EPOCH, because any males in such craven, open revolt against their masculinity were bullied into social seclusion and ignored by women with anything on the ball. (Or they successfully transmogrified their effeminacy into a strength by becoming the charming dandy lover to loveless housewives.) But now they effloresce all across America's fruitcup plains, glorified by the media, championed by disingenuous feminists, and medicated into an epicene stupor by Femme Pharma, corn, and porn.

Debased betaness is a bastardized form of the handicap principle. Self-deprecation is part of the seducer's skill set that can be occasionally indulged to one's benefit, *IF* one can afford to do so. But the abject and egregious and endless self-deprecation by which debased betas practically define themselves is a different beast entirely. It's not a counter-signal of high male SMV, but rather a direct signal of the beta's low sexual worth.

One wonders why debased betas (DBs) allow themselves to sink so low on the masculinity scale, and to flaunt their plushboy androgyny publicly to the cheers of fellow freaks and the jeers of the sexually dimorphic. Is the DB simply a virtue whore for the femkunt kollective, or is there a deeper psychological motivation explaining his self-inflicted emasculation?

Virtue signaling is definitely part of the equation, but only insofar as the DB believes his posturing for sexless equalism will land him some choice bluehair porkpussy (or clicks on his Amazon book link).

The handicap principle I mentioned above is a factor, but only applies to betas who don't routinely and excessively neuter themselves, thus retaining some of the tactical value of the counter-signal. Scalzi is not one of these betas; his self-abasement is thorough, habitual, and nauseatingly ostentatious.

Another facet of the DB personality is the love for wallowing in powerlessness, reveling in weakness. This self-abnegating stance harkens the sacrifices of hermit monks or early Christian proselytizers, but the real impetus for it is the classic fear of success psychology. A lot of emasculated betaboys in Scalzi's position don't want to act more manly because they secretly fear improved manhood will lead them to abandon their fat wives. Affecting an air of servitude and prostration and doofusness reinforces the comfort bubble that debased betas prefer to ensconce themselves within, precluding any possibility of betterment and temptation to vice.

Some of the beta male proactive self-abasement, of course, is a loyalty signal to an unattractive wife from a husband with higher occupational or social status. I don't think this is pertinent in Scalzi's case, because apparently his wife is a writer like himself and by most accounts better at it, but it bears mentioning.

Finally, I come to what I consider the Prime Motivation of the debased beta…a motivation that has its source in the directives placed upon humanity by the God of Biomechanics.

Ego assuaging.

One will very often notice that debased betas bend the knee and present their balls in a jar to surprisingly unattractive girlfriends and wives; one would think that such beta male prostration makes more sense as a supine gesture to a much better-looking lover. But the reality is usually the opposite, and the reason has to do with the fragile state of the debased beta's ego — he knows he is hitched to a low value woman, so to guard his ego against spiraling despondency he will feign the behaviors of a man of much lower SMV who is lucky to have such a woman as his. Scalzi's self-emasculation is best viewed as a form of ego stroking; a faggoty shriek to the world that he is happy to assume second class status in his marriage because his wife is a prize worth adoring and elevating to great heights.

John Scalzi deserves this post's hate because he's a vector of a mind disease; he advocates by his actions and male feminist moralizing a demasculinization of American White men. Vivisecting him and displaying the entrails to the

crowd is an important public service for any marginal males who may entertain thoughts of taking up the Scalzi banner….weakly, which they must quickly hand over to their daughters who can bench press more than they can.

Reminder that this is the Scalzi who bleeds under the CH shiv:

> Been out to dinner and a movie, I guess I should check on what's new with Trump.
>
> (Reads Twitter) source

screams forever This is a little girl's tantrum pouring forth from a grown man's piehole. Did he stamp his wee feet while tweeting this? I could carve a better man out of a Barbie doll.

> ZOMG @kdlang just liked a tweet of mine and now I'm going to listen to Hymns of the 49th parallel and squee for the rest of the evening.
>
> — John Scalzi (@scalzi) January 10, 2017

Reading Scalzi is like bathing in a vat of menstrual blood and having pure estrogen injected straight into the scrotum. One must exit Scalzi's world through a decontamination chamber of red meat and range shooting. His sickness can't be allowed to spread to vulnerable men. His dildology worldview is a disfigured anti-reality that will yield like buttery goodness to the shiv every time, because nothing substantial underlies it. And the Chateau will flay him, over and over, until his ugliness of mind and spirit perishes from the earth.

Spot The Slut

CH · 12 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Did you know you can identify a slut without mind-reading?

One major tell is the infamous "thousand cock stare".

Look at the photos of these five women of varying sexual experience.

Based on their physiognomies and expressions, can you guess which ones are chaste and which ones have all-access passes to the cock carousel? One of these women, incredibly, has permitted 150 cocks to rotor through her tunnel of love. (Which means more like 300 cocks, given the female self-report rule to double every crotch notch she admits to having accumulated.)

I'll take my shot. From left to right:

Huge slut
Newbie slut
Avaricious has-been slut (the 150-cock count winner)
Dirty slut
Chaste girl

I base my evaluations on these indicators:

Left-most blonde woman in blue dress has that classic "over-happy" look that cock-addicted women put on to conceal emotional torment. She looks wound up. If you use your hand to cover up the lower half of her face, you can't miss the aggression and anger in her eyes. And notice how she holds her hands; clasped and cupping her vagina area. With women, this is a subconscious revelation that her vagina is the center of her existence and she offers it up tenderly to the fertility gods, like she's releasing a piece dove.

Second-from-left woman is black and fat. Hate to say it but those are two major slut tells. However, she has a soft,

friendly face, marked by a natural sincere smile and open raised eyebrows. She might be a sassy ho or one of those rare down-home ladies who likes to snuggle and dream of starting a family. My guess is that she's sluttier than average, but not by much. (She may also not have had many opportunities to collect cocks, because men will pass over fatties if thinner alternatives are available.)

The middle cougar in the red dress is my choice for Slut of the Group (SLOG). 150 cocks looks about right for her, based on her age, short hair, ruby red lipstick, slightly crazy eyes, and deeply cut dress displaying what's left of the bounce and fullness of her cleavage. And if you look closely, you'll see she has a masculine digit ratio. DTF! (but suppleness is running out, so act fast.)

The Puerto Rican chick second-from-right is, again, black, and all the data we have on the matter shows that black women are as a rule sluttier than women of other races. The neck tilt is a classic female submission gesture, presenting to the male for ravishment. But coy women with low Ns do this too, so it's not definitive. However, her bangles indicate that she's adventurous once you get her in the bedroom. And her manjaw is impressive, cutting a sharp precipice from chin to ear. Verdict: AY YI YI SLUT. (100+ cocks)

Redhead at the far right is the chaste girl. Modest dress, unassuming stance, little make-up or jewelry, and from what I can see no fingernail polish (or very faint understated polish). But the only features you really need to look at to tell she's no slut are her eyes and smile, both of which exude a natural, unforced warmth. Her eyes especially betray an inner calmness and deep satisfaction. This is a woman with a one cock gaze of love.

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Have you readers taken your Chateau-educated guess? Good. Cross-check your results with the actual slut numbers from the story about these women.

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Let's see how I did.

Blondie: 102 cocks

> MARKETING consultant Hattie Isaacson, 38, from Watford, says her number put some men off, but not husband Paul. **[ed: beta]**
>
> She says: "I first had sex when I was 16 and it was the start of a good few years of doing it regularly.
>
> "When I was young and single I liked to play the field and have sex whenever I could.
>
> "My active sex life did mean I picked up chlamydia five times. I was on the pill so I didn't always use a condom, which was silly.
>
> "I had friends with benefits for years and I slept with a lot of interesting people when I went travelling when I was 22. I've kept a log of every man I've ever slept with so I don't forget any.

Eat, pray, slut for the pyrrhic win. One has to wonder about the mental health and fidelity risk of a woman who kept a log of all the logs she holed (so she "doesn't forget any"). Her husband has to be either a supreme beta or a gives-no-fucks alpha with pieces on the side.

I'll give my slut guess a "HIT" for this woman.

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Blackie: 3 cocks

> "The final guy I slept with is the father of my son.
>
> "I knew him at school too and we'd always had a connection but never acted on it.
>
> "I was 20, and the first time we slept together I got pregnant. It wasn't planned so it caused a few problems and I am currently single.
>
> "I'm proud that I've only slept with three people — most people my age have slept with far more."

Three cocks is low for any woman in our Houellebecqian Western sexual market dystopia, but it's particularly low for a black woman. She's definitely defied sterotypes (if she's telling the truth).

I vacillated coming to a slut judgment (sludgment?) about her, but ultimately was too harsh. I'll give myself a "MISS".

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Cougar: 35 cocks

> "Bringing up four children doesn't leave much time for sex so for over a decade my sex life was virtually nil.
>
> "I never cheated on my husband, but by the time we got divorced we were not having much sex.
>
> "We got divorced when I was 33, and when I eventually started meeting new men, I loved feeling free again and was able to indulge myself for a while.
>
> "I really enjoy male company and see nothing wrong with having an active sex life if you are safe doing it.

How much has abortion, condoms, the Pill, and penicillin altered the sexual market? Rhetorical.

> "In many ways I am making up for lost time.

Women who say this are super easy. You'll go to pound town on the first date.

> "In fact, I would be happy to get my number up to over 50, I have no problem with that.
>
> "Most men don't ask me how many people I've slept with, but if they do I always tell them the truth and I've yet to have a bad response.

She dates needy betas with limited mate options.

> "It has been a bit of a turn-on for some because they know I know what I'm doing, and I'm also not clingy afterwards."

Sluts love to hamsterize their cock gobbling as a victory for experience over bedroom ineptitude, but the truth is that sex isn't complicated. Leg spreading isn't rocket science.

Ok, I was off on this woman, but to be fair, 35 cocks is still a lot of cock, and she admits she would've racked up a much higher cock count had she not had four children early in life, and then asserts that she would happily love to crest 50 cocks.

Nevertheless, she's not the number one slut.

My score: MISS (on a temporal bias technicality)

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Puerto Rican: 150 cocks

> ALESHA, 30, and son Justin, four, live in Stockwell, South London.

Single mom. Get ready for a no muss, no fuss easy lay.

> She says: “I lost my virginity aged 16 to a guy at school. Like most of my friends’ first experiences it was awkward, but a relief too.
>
> “At 17, when I started going clubbing, I’d meet and sleep with a man most nights. Men are usually quite easy to persuade into having sex.

If you aren’t 200 pounds or look like Hillary Clinton.

> “I wouldn’t say I was addicted, I just saw sleeping with someone as part of a night out. By 20 I’d slept with over 100 men.
>
> “I don’t regret my encounters. I just had a high sex drive. At times I felt like a predator. I do think my number is pretty high but I see nothing wrong with it.

I called 100+ cocks for this woman, so I’m giving myself the HIT. And it sounds like at age 30 she’s not ready to slow down, so she could quickly hit 150, 200, or more cocks.

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Redhead: 1 cock

> FULL-TIME mum Lara Eventide, 35, lives in Uxbridge, Middlesex, with her husband of 11 years, Chad.
>
> They have a son aged seven and a 20-month-old daughter.
>
> Lara says: “I was in my mid-teens when I met Chad at high school. We were just friends for four months then, one summer night, we revealed our love for each other.

High school romances are often the deepest, strongest, and longest-lasting loves a woman will ever feel. Not all end happily, but all leave a permanent imprint on a woman’s psyche.

> “We started dating just days after I finished school in 1999. I had kissed five boys before but Chad was the only one I fell head over heels for and he has been the only man I have ever shared any sexual experiences with.
>
> “We first had sex shortly after starting dating. We were both 17 and it was really special.

I have counseled that it’s always better to have sex sooner rather than later, because the best long-term relationships start with a foundation of uncontrollable passion. The key, if you want to avoid getting hitched to a slut OR a prude, is to see evidence in those first delirious dates of your woman working hard to contain her sexual ardor for you if she doesn’t want to give her sex away too quickly.

My score: HIT

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I got three hits and two misses, but my misses were not totally off the reservation. This score reflects my real world experience; I have pretty good slutdar, and have never completely whiffed by mistaking a hardcore slut for a chaste, magical White girl. All men should be able to identify sluts, because knowledge is power. The moar you know…

A tragicomic coda: Maybe as little as sixty years ago only the 1 cock redhead would be considered by the general public a chaste woman of good repute and marriage worthiness. Even 3 cocks would have been deemed the work of the devil. Now, of course, no one bats an eye if a woman rolls into marriage with a long trail of cock memories shadowing her. If anything, a trad-chad who objects to dating or marrying a modren woman with a triple digit cock count is shamed for perpetuating oppressive patriarchal double standards.

Slut Velocity

CH · 13 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A woman's propensity to sluttery requires a favorable context before she can fully realize her puss-parting potential. Reader welcomerain introduces the sexual market concept of "slut velocity":

> I think the issue here is that we estimated [these women's cock counts] based on cocksas velocity in identical environments, not absolute cocksas in their individual cocksaspheres.. The middle skank's greenly steaming, mephitic slimehole is still attracting desperate losers, and she's cleared the runway to accommodate them. The Puerto Rican may be willing to maintain velocity, but I'm guessing she gets even fewer takers than the white chick if they were in similar cocksas markets.
>
> That number is what I think we read into their looks. Yes, accumulation of past cocksas affects their current soul-deadness and therefore willingness to be the port in every storm, but I think what CH was assessing was slut-velocity in equal markets. I know I was.

LOL. In slut humor there is great truth. Yes, I based my judgment on an assumption that the women were operating within identical cockas markets, but that assumption is of limited usefulness. Too theoretical, needs refinement with real world variables, such as the fact that white cockas are gonna pass right over black vagllzlz, even if the white vagllzlz is older, wrinklier, and looser. But in a black cockas environment, Peurto Rican chick can easily amass 150+ cockas because black cockas are less discriminating.

Sexonomics 101, folks.

Alpha Dad Of The Month

CH · 16 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

What should a father do when the daughter he raised and poured his heart into grows up to burn the coal?

Support her?

HAHAHAHAHAHA…. no.

How about cut her off.

> Allie Dowdle just wants to go to college and date the boy she wants to date.

How nonjudgmental. Does that include dating serial killer boys?

> But her parents are making that extremely difficult — all because they don't like her boyfriend.

This article sounds like it was written by an emotionally stunted, petulant child. Authoress:

http://elitedaily.com/users/asvokos/
Alexandra Svokos has been published in Vox! Squeee!!

> The 18-year-old, who is white, started a GoFundMe after her parents cut her off and refused to help pay her college tuition.
>
> On the fundraising page, she says they cut her off because they don't approve of her dating her boyfriend, who is black.

Alpha Dad of the Month winner, right here. (The mom probably disapproved, too, but it takes a father to deliver a real threat and back it up with action.) This is the lineage destruction that her father is trying to save her from:

The merging of such disparate clans is the triumph of Lies and Ugliness over Truth and Beauty. Not to mention over real diversity. But there is a price to pay. Once you go black, we don't want you back (unless you're a desperate sniveling beta male with no other options).

The parents sound like very sensible caretakers of their progeny:

Allie, who lives in Memphis, Tennessee, showed her parents a photo of him, and they immediately said she could not date him. She wrote,

> Why? Strictly because of skin color. It wasn't a quiet 'no,' either. I'll never forget the yelling my parents did, when they expressed how disappointed they were in me, that I could do so much better. I did not know what to do. I couldn't comprehend how someone could be seen as less because of pigment.

Allie and Michael kept dating, but "discreetly."

Every White dad must fear his lovely daughter becoming a mudshark. Yet what can a dad do to prevent it? I recommend delivering the stone cold truths early in life, and if preventatives don't work, then do as this father did: excise the tumor from your family. A White daughter who deliberately and insolently dates down shows by her actions that she doesn't respect her father's wishes, her family's social standing, or her mother's silent pain. The number one reason White fathers fear the threat of mudsharking daughters is **aesthetics**: every parent wants to become a grandparent to grandchildren who resemble them and their family's esteemed ancestors. Race-mixing across distant genetic ecosystems is the equivalent of dropping a deuce in the family gene pool.

There are other reasons, of course, to counsel White daughters against dating googles. The IQ difference will mean stupider kids that can't compete as well in a modren economy; the propensity of google males to express their love with fists and chokeholds; the behavioral profiles that don't align and will gradually erode the intimacy necessary to build a long term relationship. And then there's the fact that it's a low class decision for the White woman in all but a few rare instances. But really the most palpably heartfelt reason is the aesthetics. We are hard-wired to prefer family members, children, and grandchildren who look like us.

> Then, around Christmas, Michael approached her parents and tried to get them to accept him.
>
> Instead, they cut Allie off. They also took away "my personal savings, my car, my phone and my education."

That's a start. They will also take away Allie's emotional support, and that's the sting that'll hurt most, particular for a woman who will rely heavily on the help from immediate family if she decides to have children. If her progeny are mystery meatballs, Allie will now have no help from anyone who really cares about her.

Coalburner Allie raised $12K through her HoFundMe, thanks to wasted largesse from the degenerate freak mafia, but that's chump change compared to a lifetime in the financial and emotional wilderness as a cast-out from the only family she will ever have.

> Her father, Bill, insisted to the New York Daily News that "it was never about race." He said he and his wife's disapproval came in part because Allie started dating Michael in secret. But also, Bill said, her dating a young black man isn't his "preference" because of "issues" with interracial dating in the South. He said he cut her off because she was spoiled.

You'll know the nation is making progress toward a better, more truthful, future when fathers like Bill can proudly say it *is* about race, and that it's normal for a White father to want his White daughter to date within the fold. We're not there yet, but in the meantime we can help hasten the arrival of that day by sending Bill our expressions of approval. Le Chateau does our part by christening Bill our first Alpha Dad of the Month.

The Uxorious Male

CH · 18 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Are you familiar with the sound of a rhetorical shiv piercing mangina hide and splintering id-bone? It sounds like this feeble defensive mewl from John Scalzi, the world's most foremost beta male feminist emasculate.

Following a shock and maul CH campaign on both Twatter and at this 'umble blog belittling the remnants of Scalzi's manhood and everything he stands for, El Castrato finally cracked and Twat-streamed this effluvium of butthurt katzenjammer:

$\sum T = \sum E$

That wedding photo is so very revealing. Megawife must've been ovulating on her wedding day, because she doesn't want Scalzi's supplicating seed anywhere near her eggs. I haven't seen a "lean out" like that since Sheryl Sandberg's husband set his treadmill speed to "the sweet relief of marital release".

Naturally, I stuck the shiv once more in the undulating mass of Scalzi's swolelessness.

> It's not about being "besotted", it's about your uxorious public vows to her held forth as evidence of your manhood.https://t.co/b6iW61kGBe
>
> — ≠Chateau Emissary≠ (@ChateauEmissary) January 17, 2017

***Uxorious**, adjective*
– doting upon, foolishly fond of, or affectionately submissive toward one's wife.

Scalzi is the Uxorious Male personified. His debased kind seem to be blossoming like dainty wildflowers all over Gaymerica, sending airborne tufts of estrogen to signal high T pollinators that their women are open to illicit dalliances.

The Uxorious Male is in reality a red flag of relationship disquiet. A man who ostentatiously and publicly bends the knee to his woman and considers it an act of sexual polarity-inverting rebellion against masculine norms instead of what it really is — a craven display of sycophantic shamelessness by an LSMV manchild — unintentionally announces to any spectators that his relationship or marriage is not what he wants it to seem.

Male uxoriousness, especially the variety that seeks a public platform, is a flamboyant concealment of relationship trouble. This trouble can take many forms:

- the male feels an urge to cheat, and is ashamed of it
- the woman is emotionally and sexually disconnecting from the relationship
- both partners have checked out and are now in the business of keeping up (laughably try-hard) appearances
- the male has experienced a sudden increase in financial or social status and subconsciously feels impelled to reassert his fidelity
- the woman has experienced pleasing attention from other men and behaves in an emotionally distant way that triggers the male to uxorious mate guarding
- the male is extremely low value relative to his woman and believes, mistakenly, that cloying displays of faithfulness and admiration will keep her as interested in him
- both partners are sexually low value and each of them abides the uxorious male's exaggerated show of fealty because it pumps their flagging egos

Dear girlfriends or wives reading at this outpost of outrageous truth,

DON'T TRUST A MAN WHO WANTONLY GLORIFIES YOU

He has an ulterior motive, is feeling guilty for something, or you can do better and he knows this (even if you don't…yet).

CH Maxim 88: The fervor of a man's public declarations of fidelity to his woman positively correlate with an increased risk of cheating by either the man or the woman.

Scalzi is not just a psychologically disfigured beta bitchboy; he's also an anti-White virtue signaling whore. And as long as the Chateau stands in defiance of the Degenerate Freak Mafia, anti-White empty virtue whores like Scalzi will no longer be free to indulge their smarmy habit unopposed. It's a new day.

More Scalzied chew-toy fun:

> also the sound scalzi's micro makes as it enters a realdoll (male unit).https://t.co/YOMtOTmAJH
>
> — ≠Chateau Emissary≠ (@ChateauEmissary) January 18, 2017

The Counter-Qualification

CH · 19 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Qualification (having standards and applying them to women) and Disqualification (telling a woman in so many words that she doesn't meet your standards, to raise your SMV relative to hers) are vital Game concepts that no seducer should leave the fapping hovel without.

A reader suggests a third entry in the Qualification suite of pickup dialectics: The Counter-Qualification.

> Dear CH,
>
> Think I came up with a new way to handle a woman trying to qualify you – I call it "counter-qualification" (CQ). I was out on a date tonight and this girl was asking me a lot of questions – not because she was curious – but because I felt she was trying to qualify me a lot.
>
> So at a few points I said to her "Wait, this isn't a job interview – is it? You're asking me a lot of questions…" if her questions were sounding like too much like an interrogation Eg. if she said, "so do you go to shops all the time and try to get dates? When was the last time you used Tinder/online dating?" etc. In which case, I used counter-qualification.
>
> I did this on the iDate I went on last night and the same thing again – the girl got a bit defensive and qualified herself. Again, when she was trying to interrogate me about my dating habits, I would tease and say "see – you're doing it again. back in "interview mode". Do you do this to all the guys you date?"
>
> I'm gonna play with it some more. I'm also thinking I could start using CQ questions like "why are you asking me that question?" or "why is it so important for you to know that?" – of course, has to be done with the right tone, expression, etc. to avoid sounding butthurt and defensive.
>
> Be interested if anyone at CH has experience with this. Maybe next time a woman gives you a shit test and it's a question, you could:
>
> a) Ignore
> b) A&A
> or c) CQ
>
> Regards,
> Phoenix

The CQ is a push-pull subroutine that's more akin to teasing than to qualifying, but the gist of this reader's definition is clear enough. In fact, the "wow I didn't know I was going on a job interview" CQ line that the reader uses as his example is a well-known PUA shit test-busting tactic for instantly deflating a hot babe's pretensions and flipping the chaser-chasee script. If a girl peppers you with interrogative questions and you cheekily reply, "is this a job interview?", she will back off her aggressive posturing and regard you with more carnal curiosity. After all, she's used to beta schlubs dutifully answering her questions as fast as she can ask them.

So that's the CQ. The A&A response would be something along the lines of "My job? I'm a male stripper. Work is slow right now, but I fill in my free time doing bored housewife porn". A&A achieves a similar result as CQ, slowing a girl's momentum and asserting your manly prerogative.

Caution is warranted when using these tactics. If the girl is just needling you to see if you'll break beta, then CQ or A&A can be repeated with a positive response rate. She'll laugh and stop asking her banal questions. On the other hand, if she genuinely wants to learn more about you, then don't overuse CQ or A&A; you'll sound spergy and suspicious, like you're trying to hide something unflattering about yourself. If she's a real deal doll, then one CQ followed by one A&A is all that's necessary, allowing you to gracefully segue into surrendering a sincere answer to her questions without losing alpha bed-cred.

Inaugural Balls

CH · 19 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Some balls are held for charity
And some for fancy dress
But when they're held for pleasure,
They're the balls that I like best.
And my balls are always bouncing,
To the left and to the right.
It's my belief that my big balls should be held every night.

I've got big balls
I've got big balls
And they're such big balls
Dirty big balls
And he's got big balls,
And she's got big balls,
But we've got the biggest balls of them all!

AC/DC – "Big Balls"

Remember when rock bands had testosterone? Yeah, seems like forever ago. But that's about to change. Hello, America! It's

PRESIDENT DONALD J TRUMP

You can almost feel the smog of estrogen and denatured T wafting off the land and into the stratosphere, as a man with the biggest set of balls America has had the pleasure to take on the chin strides into the White Again House with purpose, good cheer, and a bloodlust to see his emasculated enemies crushed beyond recognition.

What a glorious day. What a time to be alive!

The Reason Why Pussy Grabbing Triggers Manlet Manginas

CH · 19 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's all about the lack of balls. Les Saunders, Protestant, explains.

> In my line of work, I run into a lot of young attractive women and cucks (in addition to old crones). Being me, if an attractive young lady in the workplace drips past, I'll make a comment about her appearance of something or other. You know, normal guy stuff. These cucks seem just aghast that a male could think of women in such vulgar ways.
>
> I think I've figured it all out.
>
> Cucks have never, ever in their lives seen pussy, gone after pussy, and grabbed pussy*. Rather, they are the pathetic losers who have only gotten laid by virtue of women choosing them, instead of their choosing the woman. These are the guys in university who got laid maybe once per semester or year because some drunk girl grabbed them at 2am on the dance floor when Red Red Wine came on. They've never chased a woman in their life, save perhaps for some weak, passive aggressive, beta supplicant way which never works by the way. So naturally, they find the idea of men pursuing women "problematic". Sad!
>
> *it bears repeating. Those of us who've ever seduced women in our lives know that grabbing women by the pussy did not and does not mean sexual assault. That's for losers and Arabs. It's about seducing and creating that moment with a woman where she totally surrenders to you, and you can take what you wish.

Cucks, manlets, manginas, and reedy-voiced white knights will actually use words like "vile" to describe Trump's braggadocio about women letting rich and famous men grab their pussies. Les gets it; the manginas' carefully manicured revulsion of boldly entitled alpha males is a product of their immersion in the shrikeheist of a demasculinized gynecratie coupled with an EXTREMELY slow life history that meant decades in the incel wilderness waiting waiting waiting for subpar poon to fall in their laps instead of sacking up and doing the one thing women really cream for when it comes from a man: busting a move.

The baleful rise of anhedonic male feminism is directly related to the expansion of the incel subsociety and the missing experience that comes from actually hitting on women to know that Consent Feminism virtue signaling dries pussy faster than an accidental Pill overdose.

The Xir Response to Trump's Inauguration

CH · 20 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> An anti-Trump protester screams 'no' as Donald Trump is sworn in as the 45th US President pic.twitter.com/qmsaFmMSkr
>
> — ITV News (@itvnews) January 20, 2017

That is funny as hell. But again I cannot tell if a shitlib protestor is man, woman, or xir-beast. The modern Left is a Rorschach test. What sex and/or species do you see?

Leftoid protestors used to have a veneer of coolness (way back), until the internet thunderdome exposed them all as androgynous fatty crybaby loser fugs. They're like a mass catfish operation on normie society; you think you're reading about scary revolutionaries and then a phone camera catches them blubbering in the middle of the street as cheetos tumble out of their chin folds and you're not sure if they pee sitting or standing.

***

Pudendum: I've always had a fondness for Bill Clinton, and this is why:

> Credit: @beinlibertarian! Hillary catches Bill staring at Ivanka #Inauguration pic.twitter.com/b0NwQZHb5D
>
> — James Slingsby (@luckyjimsling) January 20, 2017

I don't doubt that Trump and Bill Clinton were good friends (at one time). Unapologetic alphas who love women tend to "get" each other.

Comment Of The Week: The Inaugurated Bedroom

CH · 20 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Sentient slips a saucy shiv through the bunched bustle of the departing administration.

> This is probably the first night in forever that the First Lady is getting banged out by The Prez tonight…

Melania is going to get sore from all the WINNING. But it's a good sore, something that America's shitlibs will begin feeling during the next eight years as their delicate snowflake psyches take a long-overdue pounding back to reality.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: The Menopause March

CH · 22 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An anon at Sailer's site passive-aggressively snarked about Steve neglecting to mention the Menopause March because it wasn't just filled with "angry black women". The Anti-Gnostic used the opportunity provided by the anon John Leibowitz acolyte to expose the reality of that cunt festival.

> It turned out to be a bunch of well-fed white women wearing $150 running shoes and holding $500 cell phones, with more life options than they know what to do with.
>
> Practically speaking, there are no more rights left to give women. So when they find out that all jobs frankly kind of suck, *everybody* forms hierarchies, *everybody* has to compete, and successful men don't enjoy their company, what then? Answer: find a lightning rod for all your inchoate rage about your sucky life and go on a stupid, pointless march.

Judging by photos, there were a lot of menopausal fatties and hippie boomers at the Menopause March, which convinced me to change my preferred name for it from the Menstruation March. Even the pre-Wall chicks looked old for their age. Shrieking Leftism notably accelerates aging in its adherents. All that stupid rage based on lies and vapid solipsism must keep cortisol and inflammation levels perpetually high when their precious snowflake egos aren't sufficiently fluffed.

Case in point: Ashley Judd

This woman used to be a hard 9 not long ago. The Wall decided to target her for early expiration once she gave herself over to the Cat Lady Cult and starting speaking bitterbitch poopytalk. Here's video of her at the Fatties Finally Get Off The Couch March reciting a poem titled "Nasty Woman". It's so insipid in its White man-hating evil that one could easily picture this screechy, crazy-eyed, rancid psychocunt at the side of Pol Pot cheering on his liquidation initiatives.

"Ashley! Ashley Judd is here!" Fucking sicko Michael Moore looks and sounds like a giddy old lesbian. If these are

our enemies, the war is already won.

The Tingle

CH · 22 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

First, can I just say how UPLIFTING (heh) it is to look at First Lady Melania instead of Harambe Trapezius? A guy could get used to this.

Second, every man who's lived a day in his life knows that look of a woman rocked by a silent, seismic tingle of love rushing on a current of lust. Right at the moment Herr Trumperica assumed the most powerful throne in the world, a barely-contained supernova of admiration and primal desire escaped Melania's poise. Sex for only her man drips from her gaze in this photo.

If optics were everything in politics, Americans have the distinct pleasure of jettisoning a sooty smoggy reduced visibility for a gleaming, glorious, crystal clear vista that extends to the farthest horizon. The stars shine in all their multitude tonight.

The Resistance

CH · 22 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

COCK THE WORLD

(what I would've given to see a zfg shitlord strut through that Bitter Bitch March wearing this mass triggering projection of toxic masculinity.)

PS Why couldn't any self-promoting and enterprising alt-righters foot the airfare for this Original Shitlord to crash the Million Skank March with his member impudently wagging in their screwed up faces? You've gotta stay one step ahead of the deranged Left if you want to play this game.

Shia LaBeouf probably would’ve misinterpreted it as an invitation to suck his dick.

Freak Fault Lines

CH · 22 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Left's fault lines will soon rupture, bigly. Diversity + Proximity = Centrifugal Tribalism.

The only thing keeping the modren Left """unified""" is White Submissiveness. The day that Whites stop bending over in abject obeisance is the day the Left falls victim to its internal contradictions.

***

A great comment from safespaceplaypen:

> The left's intellectual basis has past its prime long ago. The philosophers and leaders that gave it its teeth have all died away. All that's left is the remnants of its most dedicated ideological followers – those who believe in the principles but don't know why; they just like it because it appeals to their biological dispositions. This is what happens when you have no intelligent or philosophical foundation to your movement and when your opposition has grown clever to your arguments/tactics and has adapted – you get incredible, eye-opening inconsistencies and contradictions, where the only thing sustaining you is teenage angst, a degenerate culture and billionaire financiers.

The reality about any movement run on pure feelz is that it will burn itself out spectacularly and in short order. As sspp writes, incoherent rage without intellectual grounding will fly off into the ether, untethered and fizzling out on the panting, red-faced, empty diatribes of bitter cat ladies and misshapen grotesqueries. The alt-right, whatever one may say about its tactics, has at its many nodes a real intellectual heft girding its memes and trolling. That is why it wins, and will continue to win, besting both the Left and the Cucked Right. Rhetoric is unstoppable when it's wedded to Realtalk.

Rhetoric + Realtalk = Victory in War.

Calculating The Cost Of Diversity

CH · 24 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I facetiously mused why we don't see real cost-benefit analyses of the effects of affirmative action and diversity quotas on the economy and on society, knowing full well the answer (a lying corrupt anti-White media, government, and academia stifles such crimethink).

I mused too soon. Those Who Can See crafted a superb post laying bare in excruciating detail just how much the Diversity Is Our Strength cult costs us Americans in hard cash and soft social cohesion (answer: a lot).

Excerpts:

> We at *TWCS* propose, on the contrary, that in Western countries diversity has proven to be much more like a tax. A tax that falls, like medieval manorial dues, disproportionately on the working classes.
>
> ***
>
> To grossly generalize, we will split our subjects into two groups: the 'higher-functioning' and the 'lower-functioning' Diverse. The reason is that the two groups tend to tax us in different ways.
>
> ***
>
> In this essay La Griffe du Lion models the effect of affirmative action on the income of whites, blacks and Hispanics. It is shown that on average a black worker between the ages of 25 and 64 earns an extra $9,400 a year because of affirmative action. Hispanics also benefit to the tune of almost $4,000 a year. However, being a zero-sum game, **white workers pay an average of about $1,900 annually to foot the bill.**
>
> ***
>
> As we have reported in detail, the EEOC, Washington's private-sector quota enforcement arm, spends **$385 million of your tax dollars** each year to make sure enough non-Euros are hired by private companies.
>
> ***
>
> France's 'banlieues,' or suburbs, filled mostly with low-performing Diversity, are an endless money sink. The National Observatory on Urban Policy's 2015 report points out that despite **half a trillion taxpayer euros** invested in these vibrant areas in the last ten years, the quality of living there is still the worst in the nation.
>
> ***
>
> Closer examination reveals that **the biggest effect is in the semi/unskilled services sector**, where a 10 percentage point rise in the proportion of immigrants is associated with a 2 percent reduction in pay.
>
> ***
>
> 'Where else would you see **bags of shit, bottles of piss, car parts, bathroom fixtures, canned vegetables, furniture and shitty diapers** snatched off the baby's ass in a fit of rage to be flung out the window at the Police.'
>
> ***
>
> The top ten most expensive riots in U.S. history were all the work of our lower-functioning Diverse, with a total cost of $2.8 billion (in 2016 dollars) to the taxpayer.
>
> ***
>
> Minneapolis has asked for half a million dollars to keep its new Diversity, Somalis**,** from committing crime and terrorism. This most vibrant of minorities is apparently unable to avoid such activities without massive cash infusions.
>
> ***

> ‘My wife works at the mayor’s office in a town near Paris, exactly the same scene this morning… **the Muslims bring their whole clan** (I thought this was a Christian holiday? [ed: Easter] pffft)… **They go back again and again… If you ask them to stop, they call you “racist”**… The only way to control them is to stamp the kids’ hands once they’ve filled their [egg] basket, otherwise it’s total anarchy… What a screwed-up [Arab] community!’
>
> ***
>
> Once places of affordable, innocent entertainment for American families, they have now degenerated into holding pens for feral minorities who can’t keep themselves from cursing, molesting, or simply attacking each other or anyone else that gets in their way.
>
> … Dr. King, your daughter couldn’t go to Funtown because **white Southerners knew that once it was integrated, your people would ruin it. And you did.**
>
> ***
>
> I teach for Metro Nashville Public Schools … **At my high school around 30 percent of the total student population has a first language other than English**, with as many as 120 languages represented. More than 14 percent need English language (ELL) services.
>
> School districts nationwide are pouring **millions of dollars** into helping students learn English. … Researchers say it takes students five to seven years, sometimes more, to attain the English proficiency necessary to do the academic work of grade-level peers.
>
> ***
>
> Never mentioned is the cost that families incur in order to live in a safe place away from the destruction of poor blacks**.** … Of the suburban white families I know, the woman works full-time. **Homes in “safe” neighborhoods are hundreds of thousands of dollarsmore** expensive than my mostly black neighborhood.
>
> Four bedroom historical homes here cost **$60,000** with low taxes, but then you must deal with bad schools, feral thugs, teenage gangs, graffiti, police presence, shootings, blight, section-8 rentals, and poverty. If we lived in the suburbs, our home would cost over **$350,000**, taxes would be much higher, and my husbands commute would be more expensive.
>
> ***
>
> The Iowa cheating rings are the latest evidence of how **a vibrant East Asian industry is corrupting the U.S. higher education system** by gaming entrance exams, concocting college applications and completing college coursework on behalf of students.
>
> As Reuters reported in March, some companies are leveraging weaknesses in the SAT, a standardized college entrance exam, to help clients gain an unfair advantage on the test by feeding them questions in advance. In addition, Reuters has identified **companies in China that help students contrive their entire college application –** embellishing or ghostwriting application essays, doctoring letters of recommendation from high school teachers, and even advising kids to obtain fake high school transcripts.
>
> ***
>
> Faculty and domestic students interviewed said it appears that substantial numbers of **international students either don’t comprehend or don’t accept U.S. standards of academic integrity**. At the University of Arizona, the staff works hard to explain academic integrity to those from abroad, but “our students don’t always understand what plagiarism is,” said Chrissy Lieberman, associate dean of students.
>
> … At nearly all [schools] that provided data, the rate of such cheating reports was at least **twice as high for foreign as for domestic students**, ranging up to over eight times as high.
>
> ***
>
> At Queen Mary University of London **75% of postgraduates found to have plagiarised were from**

> **overseas with a third from China**, the newspaper reported.
>
> ***
>
> As a BBC documentary **showed**, **the system is wide open to "health tourist" abuse whereby foreign nationals use NHS services to which they are not entitled,** place an already overburdened system under intolerable strain. It is a form of predation to which the traditional White population, with their almost reflexive honesty, have no defence.
>
> ***
>
> University College London said that **the majority of the 88,000 foreign doctors practising the UK would fail exams if held to the same standards as their British colleagues.**
>
> ***
>
> **There have also been accusations of postal voting fraud in predominantly Asian areas**, just years after a judge found evidence of fraud in Birmingham.
>
> ***
>
> 'I too am fed up with **job seeking where Cantonese or Mandarin are required**. We're just handing our country, values and culture over to them and they are laughing at us for it and not even discreetly. **This isn't immigration, it's an invasion.'**
>
> ***
>
> In his findings, Putnam writes that those in more diverse communities tend to "**distrust their neighbors**, regardless of the color of their skin, to **withdraw even from close friends**, to expect the worst from their community and its leaders, to volunteer less, give less to charity and work on community projects less often, and to huddle unhappily in front of the television. … that ***virtually all measures of civic health are lower in more diverse settings."***

And on and on it goes….all these wonderful blessings of Diversity.

Except, you see, the truth of it all is that far from being a blessing….

Diversity is our curse.

Far from being a strength…

Diversity is our penury

our coarsening

our demoralization

our surveillance state

our declining trust

our misery

our metadeath

and, soon, if we don't stop the black goo of Diversity poisoning the lifeblood of White nations…

our real death.

Our war.

May the MAGA be with us. We'll need it. Because as TWCS asked, "Why, then, must we import many multiples of these same problems, but in different hues?"

PS As if reading this post himself and responding with a gift of love, reports emerge that the God Emperor is set to sign an immigration restriction executive order targeting Muslim countries and refugees on Thursday. That's a start if there ever was one.

It is impossible to be as erect as I am now. Skyward!

Comment Of The Week: A Race Odyssey

CH · 24 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of Hugh Jennik, this COTW honor may be hasty but i doubt there will be a better one this week.

> The Obama years was like watching 2001: A Space Odyssey in reverse.

lol now all that's left to wonder is if we're heading backward to the primordial sludge.

The Bonus Army And The Fundamental Premise

CH · 24 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recall The Chateau Fundamental Premise — that sperm is cheap and eggs are expensive and this biomechanic reality manifests as observable cultural and institutional differences in the treatment of men and women — while reading this comment by long dong silver drawing a contrast in response between the Slut Walk March and the Bonus Army protest of 1932.

> If a group of men marched on Washington and the state capitols in the same numbers, I'm certain that the police would to nearly [full] media coverage crack some skulls. Funny how that works. One little footnote in history not taught in the history textbooks anymore is the Bonus March. Over 17,000 WWI veterans and their families set up shop on DC in 1932. It was much like the occupy movement of a few years back. The veterans had tent cities that included their families. They were broke and hopeless. Uncle Sam promised them cash for their WWI Service but didn't pay. In response, they staged a peaceful but lengthy protest. President Hoover responded by sicking General MacArthur on them with cavalry, infantry, and tanks. The media called the protestors "the Bonus Army." They were not an army at all. It was a hobo camp. Imagine if that happened to these women. You can't because it wouldn't. The message is clear: Eggs are precious, sperm is cheap. Men's legitimate complaints are met with either shame or truncheons. Women's slight pet peeves are demonized by publicly funded propaganda or made outright illegal. We live in clown world.

The Fundamental Premise coupled with leftoid equalist control of the media apparatuses means that 17,000 WWI homeless vets with a legitimate grievance against their government get crushed by cavalry and tanks, while half a million cat ladies and emotionally frazzled wine-chugging cock hoppers with NO LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCES WHATSOEVER in the year 2017 beyond a chance to vent their self-inflicted spinster frustrations on a world stage custom built to satisfy the most demanding attention whore's ego get lavished with endless praise and credulity by every American power structure that isn't named Trump or Chateau Heartiste.

Ringling Bros recently announced it was closing down for good. So clown world does have a termination date.

The Shitlib Mind

CH · 24 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

One day, skedaddles in fear from a school bus unloading ghetto teens.

Next day, sings the praises of the *Hidden Figures* movie.

***

COGDIS isn't a mental bias to overcome for the typical shitlib, it's a call to arms.

PS The premise of *Hidden Figures* — that a trio of sassy black women put men on the moon — is thoroughly debunked as just another anti-White goyim Pedowood production. Don't expect whitest NPR to report on the debunking any time soon.

The next phase of the leftoid equalism project — which we are currently watching kick into high gear — is to sanitize White men from their historical achievements, like that unlucky victim of the purges scrubbed clean from a Soviet photo of Stalin and his lackeys.

The good news, if there is any, is that Whites, and White men in particular, are WAKING THE FUCK UP to the endless leftoid legacy media, entertainment, government, and academia agitprop campaign to demonize, disparage, displace, and dispossess them from the nations they and their ancestors built from the fucking GROUND UP. Uncucked Whites have begun to see clearly their role as designated targets, and are refusing to cooperate. This is what's driving the Left batshit insane with point-and-sputtering rage.

By hot lead or cold affidavit, Civil War 2 is coming. You read it here.

Childlessness And Mass Female Hysteria

CH · 26 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Jan 21, 2017 Bitter Bitch March can be explained, in part, as the mass hysteria of childless women seeking the drama in their lives that their childlessness denies them. Reader Days of Broken Arrows writes,

> Women are psychologically built to deal with drama, because nothing is more drama-inducing that having to deal with a baby or a toddler.
>
> But if there are no kids, women still have the psychological need for drama. So they create it. In most cases it's in their personal lives, but what you're seeing with this march is that drama being acted out on a mass scale.
>
> This is ultimately the mass insanity caused by a country that insisted on women having careers instead of families. The fact that women now live longer than ever (thanks to the ingenuity of Beta MALE scientists) means there will probably be a lot more of this to come.

This is insightful. American White women — and Western White women in general — have the easy life, all whims catered to, all conceptions thwarted, all egos stroked. Their abject sexual liberation and child-free lifestyles — and recall the Chateau maxim: "the goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality" — has made them yearn for submission to a greater dramatic power. Now that God is gone and the patriarchy is prostrate and supplicating boringly drama-free beta males orbit them like cosmic dust, to whom do these placated women submit?

Islam. Leftoid equalism. The cock carousel. And finally, they submit to incoherent rage fueled by the dying eggs of their childless wombs. Ashley Judd's "Nasty Woman" recitation on stage at the Bitter Bitch March before a squealing crowd of whores and harpies is emblematic; her "poem" was a psychotic, obscene fusillade of nonsense and man-hatred. A more iconic representative of the inchoate mentality and emotional infantilism of modern feminism would be hard to find. A literal crazy bag lady screeched like a loony toon as half a million sympatico spinsters and sluts metaphorically scissored her cunty discharge.

Childlessness and cresting sexual worthlessness are the two unspoken, subconscious psychological drivers impelling the scattershot and scatterbrained "protests" of the women who went to the Bitter Bitch March. Not all of them; I'm sure there were one or two women who just wanted to get a coffee and got caught up in the crowd on the way.

Strip away the sound and nagging of the bitterbitches, signifying nothing, and you are left with the sad tragic realities of their lives. Childless Ashley Judd with the dead womb six feet under a mound of piling regret is Exhibit C(unt). Here is a photo of her ex-husband with his new wife, who just had his baby.

Leave yourself little doubt that this excruciating reality of Ashley Judd's personal life — alone and old, looking from the outside at her ex-husband's happy life with his glowingly beautiful new wife and his new child — colors everything she does. She is a "nasty woman", but not because she wants to crush the patriarchy or Trump, or make a bold stand for on-demand abortion. She's a nasty woman because her heart is small and black, poisoned with envy and regret, with nothing but ugly feminist anthems to alleviate the pain of spinsterhood and cratering SMV that consumes her.

The **#BitterBitchMarch** BitterBitchMarch was

1. childless libchicks looking for drama

2. old hags yearning for lost sexual relevance

3. their weak men

A collection of modern America's MASS SCALE losers, venting their pain and frustration at a man the media helpfully caricatured into Hitler reborn, descended on DC with binders full of slogans and chants…..and complete obliviousness to the real reason for their torments: an atomized society on the verge of cracking apart while their worst excesses are glorified and their true contentment demonized.

A nation's women never self-immolated so spectacularly. As marriage rates continue to fall, and age of first marriage continues to rise, and childlessness follows in the wake of two decades spent cock hopping, paper pushing, and mimosa chugging, prepare yourselves for more hysterical female fireworks. There's a lot of ruing in a nation.

***

The **#BitterBitchMarch** Bitter Bitch March was the death rattle of feminism. The truth about the sexes and their innate differences will have a resurgence. Like I predicted, this march **#BitterBitchMarch** was shitlib women's "good cry" after a bad breakup with normal America. Out of their system!

SHUT UP MEGS.

Dear Women's March: Our Children Are Watching

CH · 26 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

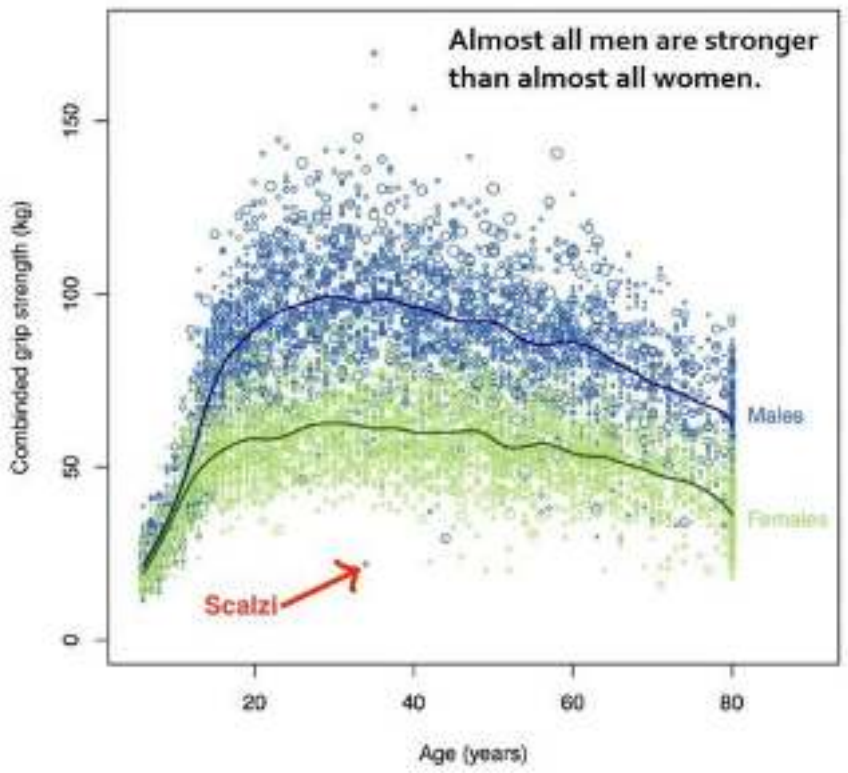
> WATCH: Remember the dramatic #Hillary ad, "Our Children are watching?" The @FreeBeacon mashed it with #womensmarch clips and it is glorious. pic.twitter.com/eCXOx1aLS4
>
> — Tim Young (@TimRunsHisMouth) January 24, 2017

This video mash-up has earned the coveted Chateau Heartiste Shiv of the Week. The shiv is a phallic symbol assaulting Ashley Judd's "bloody woman parts". Tbh she hasn't had that much action since her husband dumped her childless, crazy old lady ass back in 2013.

John Scalzi, Pixelated

CH · 26 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Via Gunnar:



Reviewbrah Leads The NEET-Chad Alliance To Victory

CH · 26 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> @ChateauEmissary Reviewbrah at work pic.twitter.com/zFS1TvVC9o
>
> — Ian (@eastviewphotog) January 26, 2017

The Circle Of Strife

CH · 27 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlib travels.
Sees shithole.
Feels bad man.
Brings shithole people to US for non-shitty life.
Shithole comes to US.
Shitlib blames Trump.

Don’t be a shitlib.

Shitlord Of The Month

CH · 27 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Our SOTM is this soldier of subversion, crashing a Shia LePoofter outdoor shitlib art show to drive the congregants insane in the membrane.

> Nomination for Shitlord of the month@ChateauEmissary pic.twitter.com/3Jw5TlZdhW
>
> — Secret Agent Skippy (@kweenslandah) January 27, 2017

Watch the video to the end for the climactic shiv twist!

Let's zoom in on this mischievous shitlord's face.

That's how it's done. That's the look you want in this degenerate age. Take that look with you wherever you go, it'll serve you well. Even in the bars, where the pussy will throw itself at you.

SOTM runner-up are these two pizanes who could take on twenty antifa shitlibs in a bare knuckle street brawl and relive it one hour later over pasta and meatballs at their moms' place.

> Video: Old School New Yorker Smacks Down Leftists in Epic Rant – https://t.co/lHrhOF4uj8 pic.twitter.com/LR6Nf4aPYG
>
> — Paul Joseph Watson (@PrisonPlanet) January 27, 2017

Beta Male Body Language, A (cringe-worthy) Series

CH · 30 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If your body language resembles the pose of the male in this photo, and the girl you're with looks like the woman in this photo, end your date immediately because you aren't getting any.

> Look at the body language here with @TomiLahren and Ben Shapiro's lawyer. Looks like the worst 1st date of all time. pic.twitter.com/FfPrYQarCR
>
> — LA Playboy (@thelaplayboy) January 30, 2017

Ouch. So much beta in one snapshot. A summary of what he's doing wrong:

- leaning forward
- clasping hands (merchant-style) and blocking the view of his crotch
- downcast gaze
- looks like he's apologizing for farting

And her autonomous "get away from me you lazy-eyed psycho" reaction:

- leaning backward
- arms and hands blocking vagina viewage
- retreated into corner of couch to maximize physical distance
- looks like she smelled a fart

Remember the cardinal rule of pickup: FLIP THE SCRIPT. You will get sex if you are the chasee and the woman is the chaser. It takes some skill and effort to flip the seduction script, because the default dynamic between men and women is hunter male-hunted female….which will never be overturned, but a smart man knows perceptions can be altered just enough to jog a woman out of her natural indifference and into a curious feeling.

Ben Shapiro's lawyer is chasing badly here, and Tomi is reacting as most attractive women do when presented with an over-eager suitor — she is recoiling to protect her precious eggs from contamination by subpar sperm.

So what should Shapirolawyer be doing instead? Think the Mad Men silhouette: relaxing lasciviously into the couch, arm draped over the back, legs impudently spread, head tilted back a little, chin up, smile wiped from his face. As a man, if you incorporate these alpha body language cues, the woman you are with will irresistibly and mechanically assume the vulnerable, entreating posture of flowering arousal. As you lean back, she leans in….as you stop smiling, she smiles more (to earn your hiding smile)….as you eye her judgmentally, she juts her bosom under your gaze….as you deliver ambiguous signals of intent, her intent to get to know you becomes clearer. When you feel that she has begun chasing you is when you can make a more forcefully intentional move on her sexsugarbloodmagick. A woman needs this challenge; deny her at risk of acquiring incel mojo.

The Left And Mass Protests

CH · 31 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Why are mass protests usually the domain of crazy-eyed leftoids? I've mentioned it before — and parisian privilege mentions it here — that geographic distribution plays a role in the Right-Left mass protest disparity. It's simply a fact that densely populated coastal cities loaded up with shitlibs provide a large, quickly mobilized base from which to efficiently scale up a mass protest.

Conservatives number in the single percentiles in most of the blue megalopolises that host these mass protests; they live in the suburbs and towns, so getting into the city for them means a minimum one hour trek by car and then finding street parking or paying through the nose for it at a garage. Shitlibs living in the city can roll out of bed, and if they skip the shower (they often do), they can be downtown with their paper mache puppets in fifteen minutes flat. Geographic centralization and density without a doubt amplifies shitlib protest formation.

And it's far easier to get the word out about a protest inside of shitlibistans. One poster advertising a march stapled to a kiosk on one city block will reach a thousand eyeballs. Where would one tape up a poster in the suburbs? A street light pole. Ok, that'll be seen by the fifteen people who live on that leafy suburban street.

Pleasureman unnecessarily and superciliously objects to this theory, which is a habit I've noticed of him. PugnaciousMan is a natural contrarian — it's the trait that probably drew him to the maul-right and against the reigning equalism orthodoxy — but he carries his contrarian banner into too many battlefields, frequently winding up contradicting himself out of stubborn resistance to conforming to a majority view. No need for the perpetual pissiness, Pman, you can curb your obstinacy without losing e-dad cred. Geography plays a role in the relative paucity of conservative mass protests; so do other factors, which you and others in your thread wrote about; the factors aren't mutually exclusive.

Pman prefers to blame character or personality failings of conservatives for their aversion to political activism. He belittles conservatives for this, but it's unfair to call conservative "inactivism" a failing; rather, conservatives have inherited a unique suite of personality traits and moral feelings that predispose them to methods of registering their disagreement and of seeking social belonging that aren't mass protests.

I happen to think the moral dimension of DISGUST has a lot to tell us about leftoid protest organizational skill and affinity for mass protesting. A big moral chasm between conservatives and liberals is the feeling of disgust; cons have low disgust thresholds (they are acutely sensitive to disgusting things or disgusting people) and libs have high disgust thresholds (they can tolerate, even enjoy wallowing in, disgusting things). Gathering tit-to-tit and fagface-to-fagface by the thousands, hoisting obscene placards and wearing obscene costumes, and cursing for hours at the top of one's lungs feels disgusting to cons. Libs, otoh, practically live for the degenerate slop life.

Keep in mind, too, that atomized city living requires a different way of looking at friendships. SWPL city libs have fewer means of building social connections than do cons. The urban shitlib has lost the social glue of his family and the neighborhood he grew up in. He has to befriend people through his job…or through similar political outlook. And the multiracial, low trust blue cities lean heavily on politics as a friendship glue, at least for Whites. So you've got a dense population of extremely politicized shitlibs yearning for social belonging who are within walking distance of mass protest sites and are bombarded on every street corner with posters screaming for "resistance".

Now, I happen to agree with Pman and others that cons need to get better at mass protesting, or whatever the optical equivalent of mass protesting is, because as long as the media acts as a leftoid propaganda mill framing all lib vice as virtue and con virtue as vice, cons can't afford to cede the protest arena to shitlib shenanigans. Cons may not like it, but when Civil War II is looming it's time to tear away from the college football and hit the streets, real or metaphorical, to do your part reframing the media anti-White message machine. If there was ever a time for acting and not just reacting, this is it.

But the adage "maximum your strengths, minimize your weaknesses" applies here; maybe cons shouldn't bother

getting in the street theater mud with shitlibs where the latter are strongest. I don't know what the optimal counter-attack will be for cons, but it has to include defusing the leftoid legacy media normie-destruction protocol. Which Trump is doing, PBUH.

I also don't buy the argument that leftoids are better at organizing protests because they're SMRTer or more conscientious than conservatives.

> And contrary to the self-serving pablum pushed by conservatives, almost all of these high-involvement liberal activists have jobs and a healthy majority have at least some sort of family commitment. They're just way more willing to make personal sacrifices for the sake of political action than conservatives are, and the squalid direction of American society over the last half century bears witness to this tragic fact.

Maybe the top of the shitlib protest organizational chart is staffed with UMC mcmansion strivers, but the rank and file — you know the hundreds of thousands down on the field capturing media attention — really are disproportionately filled with bitter aging spinsters, childless shrikes with libtart degrees working as baristas, and their weak chinless male hangers-on thinking of post-protest pity blowies.

The sexual market is, like with most big picture issues, the best lens for viewing the phenomenon of mass protesting. Conservatives find fulfillment checking off in a timely manner the traditional milestones of a good life. Liberals below the UMC level enjoy more chaotic, novelty-seeking lives, and part of that can mean enduring stretches of sexual and romantic dissatisfaction or loneliness. And in fact we see this behavioral preference of liberals reflected in the fertility of their women, who average fewer kids than do conservative women. Mass protests are the shitlib sublimation of their reduced fertility. They hope their slogans will seed the future they aren't conceiving.

Conservatives may numerically outnumber liberals nationally, but it doesn't matter because in the political protest arena that anyone is showing up to, liberals vastly outnumber cons. So cons should focus on fighting an asymmetric war against the louder voices of the Left. This could mean hidden camera type stuff, like James O'Keefe does, or prank videos, like Sam Hyde does. On a larger scale, it means trust-busting the tech and media oligarchies. Guerrilla tactics are how the geographically distributed Right will take down the densely urbanized Left. Small, thematically targeted protests by cons in their suburbs and towns, multiplied a thousand-fold across the nation and coordinated to exploit the transmission power of the net, WILL have an impact on the media narrative, even if the media tries to negatively spin it.

And it needs to be said, conservatives steeled themselves for the fight when they unburdened themselves of the demoralizing dead weight of their cowardly cuckservative opinion "leaders". Trump's greatest blow, imo, was his utter annihilation of any coherent or effective controlled opposition of cuck saboteurs. Once he did that, he could turn his gatlings on the Left and the media with much greater force than if he had to fire while weaselly cucks were pushing the safety back on. Trump opened a way forward for local conservatives to fight back against the poz; his greatest gift to them has been to show that victory can be had without betraying one's principles.

We The Chattel

CH · 31 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a more accurate graphic depiction of the message delivered by Shepard Fairey's original poster, which Steve Sailer identified as the Orientalist hijab fetishism of White male liberals who fantasize about a submissive hot babe underneath the tents, and of White female liberals who fantasize about submitting to a strong swarthy non-liberal man.

A reference photo from real life Sharia Law that White liberals want to import to the West:

Trump's Alpha Male Contagion Effect

CH · 1 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an Instagram photo of Jared Kushner with his wife Ivanka Trump. Keep in mind this photo was selected and posted by Ivanka herself.

A photo posted by Ivanka Trump (@ivankatrump) on Jan 28, 2017 at 9:04pm PST

No doubt Ivanka felt her husband's hand on her ass, and knew the world would see this photo. So she's sending a message: "I love my ass-grabbing husband and his sexual objectification of me."

VERDICT: Jared Kushner is alpha.

Trumperica is having that effect. You can see it at the White House, where lifelong mincing betas like Spicer and Priebus have magically located their balls this past week and are dishing the shit to the media and leftoids like they never have before. Even CuckRyan showed a glimmer of sacking up (still don't trust him).

The only question remaining about Kushner is whether he knew the camera would capture his mirrored grabass. If he knew, then Chateau SMV judges will have to review his status for a possible upgrade to Super Alpha.

Dust In The Womb

CH · 2 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is what happens to childless women when they get old and their wombs turn to dust.

> WAKE UP & JOIN THE RESISTANCE. ONCE THE MILITARY IS W US FASCISTS GET OVERTHROWN. MAD KING & HIS HANDLERS GO BYE BYE❤❤❤❤ https://t.co/Y2WZbL012A
>
> — Sarah Silverman (@SarahKSilverman) February 2, 2017

A song is in order to pay tribute to Sarah Silverman's call for a military coup. Sing along, why don't you!

Dust in the Womb

(first stanza courtesy of Twatter contributor @DrGarnicus)

I froze my eggs only for a moment, and the moment's gone
All my queefs pass before my thighs, a curiosity

Dust in the womb, all my eggs are dust in the womb

Same old womb, just a drop of semen and dead ovaries
All you screw finds no fertile ground, except a wizard sleeve

Dust in the womb, all eggs gone to dust in the womb

Now, don't bang on, cats cannot recover a womb left to die
Eggs slip away, and all your crying won't a single child buy

Dust in the womb, all you are is dust in the womb (all you are is dust in the womb)
Dust in the womb (every skank has dust for a womb), infertility of the womb (dead womb)

Trump Is Bringing Alpha Maleness Back To The White House

CH · 2 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Neil Gorsuch (an old Anglo-Saxon name) is Trump's nominee for Scalia's empty spot on the Supreme Court. By all accounts, Gorsuch is Best Pick. Super smart. Right philosophy. Right tribe. Right physiognomy. Attractive wife. And perhaps pre-channeling Richard Spencer's Glib Heil, Gorsuch even mischievously started and ran a group at the prep school he attended in the 1980s, called "Fascism Forever Club", to protest the leftist hegemony of the school's faculty.

You can bet that will trigger the ANTIcipating FAglove (antifa) degenerate freak mafia.

Here's Gorsuch with his tradwife. She's holding up well.

WB. Do you see a hoverhand there? I don't. I do see a man with an impeccable shitlord face claiming ownership of his slender prairie lass companion. One thing we will never see in a Trump White House: blue hair feminist fatty freaks, mewling manlets, or hoverhands. And why is that? Because the people who hold America First ideas tend to be sexually dimorphic — that is, the men are men and the women are women. Reinforcing that notable alpha infusion into the White House is Trump's rumored predilection for choosing allies based on their shitlord physiognomy. The less like a nancycuck you look, the more likely Trump will warm to you.

In fact, I think Trump's preference to surround himself with alpha males (and comparatively with beautiful women) is so strong that sometimes his apprentices out-alpha the master.

Watch this short vid of Gorsuch and Trump — two lions on the veldt — approaching for the handshake.

> What's this handshake saying? @ChateauEmissary pic.twitter.com/BONYbA4E6w
>
> — Walter Wade Jr. (@waltwadejr) February 1, 2017

That handshake is saying, "Yes, Neil, you are an apex White male predator, just the kind I like to have on my side,

but juuuuuust in case you need reminding who's running the show…. *POWER SHAKE*."

Or it could just mean that Trump's a really personable guy when he likes you, and he shows his affinity through the man code of rough and gruff physicality.

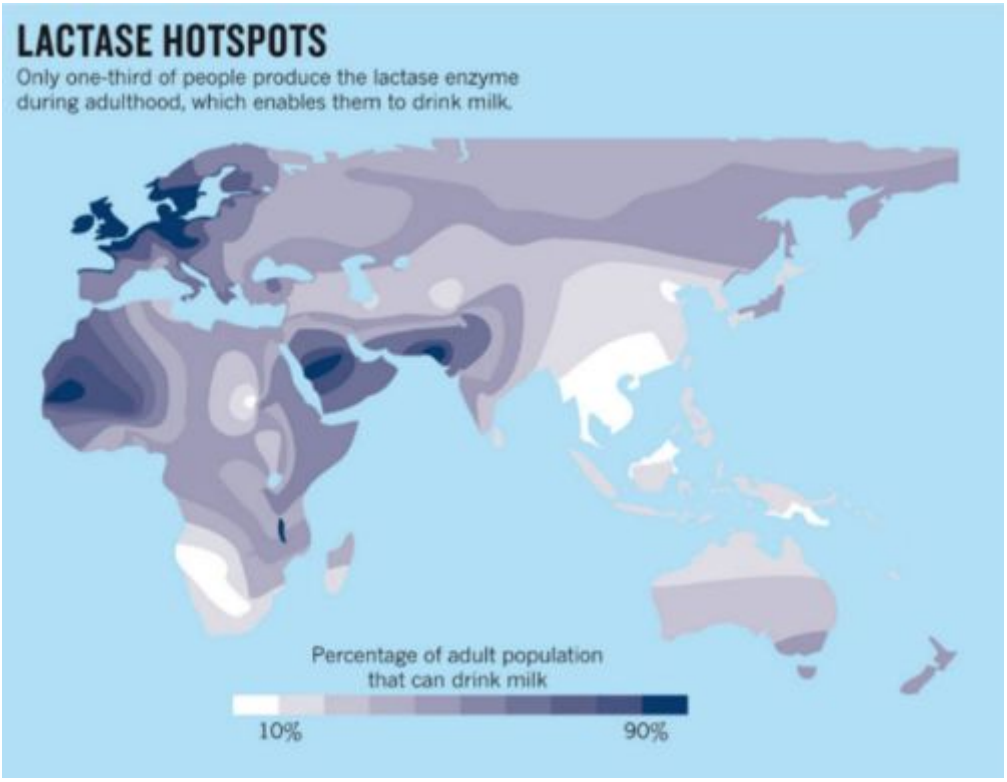
Here's more. In this photo still, Gorsuch actually has the more alpha body language. Chin higher, eyes locked on Trump, who does have a tendency to slouch at the neck (I chalk that up to his age and heavy frame).

After eight years of AW CUCKS George W Bush having his strings pulled by neocon traitors, and eight years of Gay Mulatto snarking and snarling his spite for heritage White America at every chance, I can't tell you what a FUCKING RELIEF it is to have a real man storm the gates and make the White House Proudly White again.

Lactose Tolerance: The Last Stand Of Implicit White Identity

CH · 5 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Milk Zone:



Some offerings from the CH #MilkTwitter feed:

roses are red
barack is half-black
if you can't drink milk
you have to go back

***

lactose tolerance is a virtue

***

Milk does a White body good

***

A haiku:
cows' milk calories
fueled White civilization
non-adopters REEEEEE

***

I think that I shall never see
a milk moustache on a rapefugee

a calorie source that feeds the West
and adds a roundness to White breasts

Fresh milk that's poured from God's own hand
proves Europe is His chosen land

A glass of milk in summer quenches
and gives a luster to hair of wenches

Imbibe this milk for bigly gains
of muscle and of aryan brain

Lactose propelled Nord supremacy
leaving behind men of the wheat

***

***

This photo still is from Shitlib LePoofter's #HWNDU (he will not divide us) livestream in New York. A subversive

army of chads and shitlords has crashed the HWNDU hugbox and made it their bitch.

Raise your gallons of whole milk, and make America whole White again!

Trump Wins The Super Bowl

CH · 5 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Audi Enters The White War

CH · 6 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Audi released a Super Bowl ad that is more devious than it looks at first glance. Superficially a feminist boilerplate hack job, its real message is that Audi is a car for the GoodWhite victors in their eternal war against the BadWhite losers.

> The Internet is in the proverbial tizzy about Audi's "feminist" Super Bowl advertisement, in which the automaker comes out in favor of equal pay for women.
>
> ***
>
> After watching the one-minute advertisement carefully, however, I understood feminism, or equal pay, is the *last* thing Audi wants you to take away from it. The message is far subtler, and more powerful, than the dull recitation of the pseudo-progressive catechism droning on in the background. This spot is *visual* — and as you'll see below, you can't understand it until you *watch* it and see what it's really telling you.

Advertising — especially advertising of the anti-White male and anti-BadWhite varieties — is a psy ops of bone-chillingly manipulative complexity and influence. The GloboHomoBezos Ministry of Propaganda did not get to where it is by playing softball. And for quite a long time, American advertising has had as its mission statement the demoralization and demonization of White people who aren't sufficiently eager to be absorbed into the mudworld and feminist man-hating borg.

> Well, if you've been reading along, I think you've figured out what the *real* message of this Audi advertisement is, but just in case you've been napping I will spell it out for you: *Money and breeding always beat poor white trash.* Those other kids in the race, from the overweight boys to the hick who actually had an American flag helmet to the stripper-glitter girl? They never had a chance. They're losers and they always will be, just like their loser parents. Audi is the choice of the *winners* in today's economy, the smooth talkers who say all the right things in all the right meetings and are promoted up the chain because they are tall (yes, that makes a difference) and handsome without being overly masculine or threatening-looking.
>
> At the end of this race, it's left to the Morlocks to clean the place up and pack the derby cars into their trashy pickup trucks, while the beautiful people stride off into the California sun, the natural and carefree winners of life's lottery.

The White War is heating up. Instead of finding common ground, White factions are squaring off and preparing in every way but firing actual shots for a coming Civil War II. Advertisers that sell to upscale GoodWhite (or, what they should be called, FoolWhite) markets have chosen sides and all firepower is now directed without remorse or mercy on the enemy BoldWhites.

It's getting hot in here. The nearer shitlibs approach their reckoning and destruction of their equalism worldview, the louder and more insistent will be their calls for violence. America will hit a breaking point, a threshold of discarded empathy, when the sputtering vituperation will boil over into manifest vengeance. This reality is becoming less avoidable by the day. And, as I have cautioned shitlibs who strayed into this happy hunting ground before, their side won't win this time around.

Stayin' All White

CH · 6 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Well, you can tell by the way my celtic cross
Is a white beacon: makes shitlibs balk
White man proud and women crowd, I've been demonized
Since I was born
And now it's all White, it's okay
The browns may finally go away
We can try to understand
The New York Times' effect on man

Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother
You're stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Feel the nation breakin' and everybody shakin'
And we're stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Wow, just, wow, wow, stayin' all White

Well now, I get woke and cucks will cry
And if libs are triggered, I really smile
Got the genes of Odin in my soul
I'm a Bronze Age man and my heart is swole
You know it's all White, it's okay
The White race will survive this day
We can try to interpret
The Bezos shills' effect on kek

Whether you're a nazi or whether you're a pepe
You're stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Feel the nation breakin' and everybody quakin'
And we're stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' all White, stayin' all White

El, oh, el, oh, stayin' all White

Strife goin' nowhere
Diversity bleeds
Diversity bleeds
yeah

Strife goin' nowhere
Until we're all White
again….
Stayin' all White

Well, you can tell by the way my max deadlift
Is a call to arms: weak manlets miffed
White and proud and girls aroused, my homelands are
a precious gift
And now it's all White, it's okay
(((Echoes))) kvetch the night and day
We can try to understand
The anti-Christ is Davos man

Whether you're a SWPL or whether you're a shitlord
You're stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Feel the nation breakin' and everybody shakin'
And we're stayin' all White, stayin' all White
Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' all White, stayin' all White
I, can't, e-ven, stayin' all White

Strife goin' nowhere
Diversity bleeds
Diversity bleeds
yeah

Strife goin' nowhere
Until we're all White
again….
Stayin' all White

In times of great anti-White lies, it's coolasfuck to be assertively, unapologetically White.

Women want you, men want to be you.

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 7 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A beautiful, tragicomic shiv that exposes the diseased vitals of White Western woman. She spreads her…love…for any ingrate who will have it while fighting for the death of her posterity.

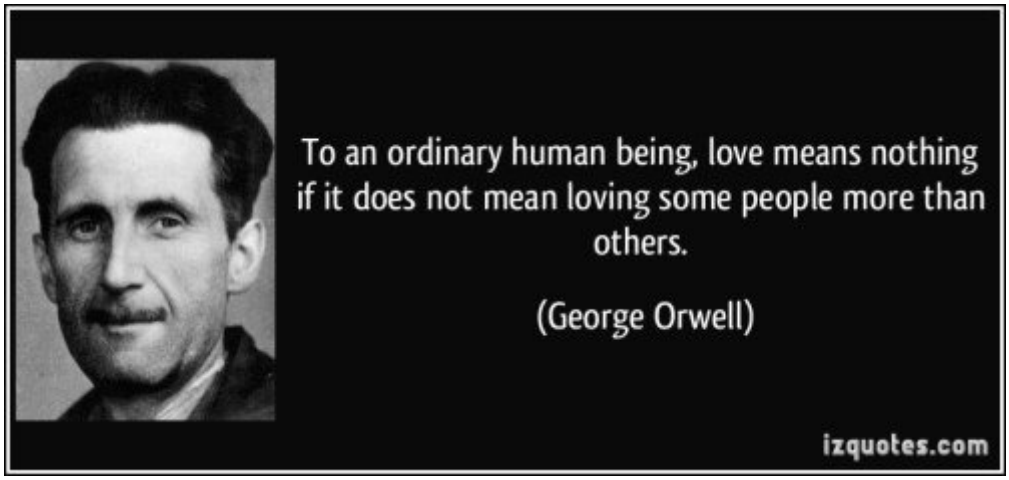
We've left Clown World behind for a more thrilling attraction: the Culling Fields.

Indiscriminate Love Is No Love At All

CH · 7 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter cortesar writes — while on the topic of globohomoist John Bercow's slut wife and his cowardly acquiescence to their rotten marriage — of the paradoxical retreat from love underway by the very equalist leftoids who wave the banner of love aloft as their rallying cry.

> There is no doubt in my my mind that if George Orwell was alive today he would have been on our side
> I could not think of any quote that would come close to this one in depicting today atomized soulless globalist world by simply contrasting it to a principle that love is not opposite of hate but of indifference
> The whole concept of family, community and nation has been for thousand years based on the idea that love means choice, that loves means discrimination
> that loves means preference
> To love means to choose and therefore there is nothing further from love than indifference



Cortesar, and Orwell, are right, and as usual shitlibs will have to deal with another hot flash of COGDIS when they encounter this Orwell quote that aligns more closely with Maul-Right truths than it does with their vapid #LoveWins hashtag attenuation of human nature.

Buried in the Chateau tomes of Everlasting Knowledge of the Mortal and the Transcendent is the truism that Indifference, not Hate, is the opposite of Love.

Anti-White leftists who wail and rend their H&M garments for more of the wretched refuse to teem toss'd upon America's shores are as far removed from being champions of love as their sainted mulatto obama was from his Kenyan biological father. Indifference to whoever squats in one's homeland is a political act of self-love; it's certainly no love that anyone but the haughty poseur would recognize as such.

Manginas Are Running Western Countries

CH · 7 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

John Bercow (or is it (((Bercow)))) is Britain's House of Commons Speaker and Globohomo elitist in good standing who opposed BREXIT and who is now internationally infamous for wanting to ban President Trump from addressing Parliament.

He is also — hold onto your Pickelhaube — a sniveling mangina.

> John Bercow has decided to give his marriage 'one last chance' after his wife Sally's astonishing affair with his cousin.

lol Sharia family values.

> The affair – revealed by The Mail on Sunday – progressed so far that Alan, 57, even moved into the Bercows' £1.2 million flat in Battersea, South London, while the Speaker was away campaigning in his Buckingham constituency.
>
> Sally was left alone in the flat while the Speaker stayed in his grace-and-favour Commons apartment. The couple's three children were forced to shuttle between their estranged parents.
>
> However, after Sally complained that she found living by herself 'excruciatingly lonely', Mr Bercow decided last month to give her a final chance – on the understanding that she never strays again.

What's worse, John Bercow may be a literal cuckold. Tabloids are rife with juicy stories of his wife caught *in flagrante delicto* with other men.

Here is the Bercow woman with her black bull:

The West is out of order, Mr. Bercow, and you are part of the reason for the disorder.

Beloved Democrats Call For Border Wall And Illegal Immigrant Ban

CH · 7 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Options = Instability: SCIENCE! Confirms Another CH Maxim

CH · 7 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Partner attractiveness has a corrosive effect on relationship stability.

> Those rated as more attractive in high school yearbooks were married for shorter durations & more likely to divorce.
>
> Across four studies, we examined the relational repercussions of physical attractiveness (PA). Study 1 ($n = 238$) found that those rated as more attractive in high school yearbooks were married for shorter durations and more likely to divorce. Study 2 ($n = 130$) replicated these effects using a different sample (high-profile celebrities). Study 3 ($n = 134$) examined the link between PA and the derogation of attractive alternatives, a relationship maintenance strategy. Study 4 ($n = 156$) experimentally manipulated perceived PA and examined its relation with both derogation of attractive alternatives and current relationship satisfaction. PA predicted likelihood of relationship dissolution and decreased derogation of attractive alternatives. Furthermore, PA predicted greater vulnerability to relationship threats—in this case, relationship alternatives—resulting from poor relationship satisfaction.

Shorter version: Options = Instability.

This particular study found no sex differences, but other similar research has found sex differences in attractiveness and relationship stability.

> Think of the relationship permutations this way:
>
> **Man with options + woman with fewer options** = man with peace of mind and wandering eye + happy but anxious woman + lovingly prepared home-cooked meals.
>
> **Woman with options + man with fewer options** = unhappy woman with wandering eye + happy but anxious man + microwaved dinners.
>
> **Man with options + woman with options** = stable relationship. Both are happy and infidelity or rupture risks are minimized.
>
> **Man with few options + woman with few options** = stable relationship. Both are unhappy yet infidelity or rupture risks are still minimized.
>
> ***
>
> A recent study found that relationship length is partly a function of the attractiveness of the woman's face.

Generally, relationships in which the man has more options than the woman are less likely to rupture than relationships with the inverse dynamic. There are a few reasons for this discrepancy, but the primary reason is that men, especially HSMV men, are natural "harem builders" and are by wont of their male sex less interested in blowing up a marriage if they have a side piece for fun and relaxation. Men can more easily than women compartmentalize multiple concurrent relationships, and this includes outside flings pursued from within marital confines.

Cheating women, in contrast, have psychological and emotional resistance to maintaining their marital facade when they are fucking around on their husbands or boyfriends. A cheating wife will be more likely to initiate divorce than will a cheating husband, and ironically more likely to do so than the *faithful* wife of a cheating husband. This is the nature of women influencing our rationalized principles.

The claim that relationships/marriages are more stable when the man has more options than the woman is proven undeniably true simply by dint of the fact that 70% of divorces are initiated by women. Cheating husbands often

don’t initiate divorce because, well, two women in the rotation beats one woman on repeat play.

Naturally, given the lop-sided divorce initiation stats, one may wonder if there are more women today than in the past who have, or *feel* they have, increased sexual market options. Certainly the bulging (heh) obesity epidemic can’t be contributing to American women feeling more full of themselves, but the increasing infantilization and effeminacy of America’s beta boys can certainly convince women to stop and ponder if they have settled too hastily or downwardly.

Antifa Are Basement-Dwelling Incels

CH · 7 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As if we didn't already suspect, The Strapon Within and his leftoid protestor comrades are, according to a Berlin study of arrestees, losers living at home with mommy and daddy.

92% of left-wing activists live with their parents and one in three is unemployed, study of Berlin protesters finds

The vast majority of left-wing protesters arrested on suspicion of politically-fuelled offences in Berlin are young men who live with their parents, a new report found.

The figures, which were published in daily newspaper Bild revealed that 873 suspects were investigated by authorities between 2003 and 2013.

***

A third of them were unemployed, and 92 per cent still live with their parents.

***

Between 2009 and 2013, the Bild report claims, left-wing assassins attempted to commit 11 murders.

The arrest records confirm the theory that leftoid street protestors are mostly LSMV men trying to get laid by exploiting an avenue that projects an image of badboyness.

But we know better.

Nordic Feminism Vs Jewish Feminism

CH · 8 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The two most virulent and mentally handicapping strains (perhaps the only two strains worth noting) of feminism in America are Nordic Feminism (NF) and Jewish Feminism (JF). Those BitterBitchMarch protest photos of screeching SJW fish-mouthed feminists? Odds are those lovely ladies have a dollop of Nord DNA. And all the feminist bilge pouring out of the anti-White Krull machine known as Hollywood and academia? That's created by Jewish women (and their astoundingly cucked men).

Commenter PA explores the two feminism camps and how they may differ.

> There is a strain of feminism native to Nordics that's driven to break boys. It comes from a fear of strong or dissolute men. What makes it different from Jewish feminism is that it doesn't seek to corrupt the famiIy, only to subordinate the famiIy to the woman's authority. Those kinds of women aren't inclined toward hypergamy — they despise alphas, marry betas whom they might henpeck but to whom they'll stay faithful, and they will castrate their sons.

I think that's basically right, except that NFs only superficially despise alpha men; I've known too many NFs with sexual histories that could read like instruction manuals for how to fall into bed with alpha badboys and bitch about the inevitable pump and dump for months afterward.

Same for JFs; they're very adept at rationalizing a vocal hatred for masculine alphas, but when push comes to love, they can't resist the crow of the cocksure cock.

I also have noticed, to buttress PA's insight, that NFs do often settle down into egalitarian anhedonia with the wimpiest honey-do betaboy male feminists. JFs are more ethnocentric in their settling calculus, preferring the betas of their own tribe, male feminist or not, or when they out-marry, preferring to engage in long-term subterfuge to mold their goy toys into affiliative Jews. The NFs tend to choose born-cucked hubbies who come pre-equipped with the whole suite of insipid feminist fantasy beliefs.

Another difference (besides the relatively greater ethnocentricity of the JF and the more sincere universalism of the NF) is the anger that fuels their man-hatred. Give or take the expected slate of exceptions, in my observation NFs are ANGRIER about their feminism than are JFs, who wield their feminist ideology more like a lawyerly brief to undermine goyciety than like an emotional call to arms against the patriarchy which will never go anywhere but in the battlefield of their fevered imaginations.

It's all a bit odd when one considers that

1. Judaism is traditionally a patriarchal religion and
2. the Nordic countries are among the most sexually dichotomous in practice, according to research, where men take man jobs and woman take woman jobs and physically their women are among the most beautiful on earth.

I'll open the floor to more discussion of this topic, since it's a fascinating one that potentially can reveal a lot about the female-driven leftoid hysteria and demand for open borders to the swarth world that is currently gripping America and fated to destroy the nation as we've known her.

Sexual Market Tragicomedy

CH · 8 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Human world confirmation of the omnipresence of the God of Biomechanics on the sexual market is all around if you pay attention for signs of it. A vignette of sad and funny resonance flickered into the technicolor reel of my life recently.

Scene: a sidewalk stroll of intermittent urgency. An Asian guy walking towards me spins around about ten paces in front of me to say Hi to a petite, nicely figured Asian girl whom he apparently knew from somewhere. She registers his less-than-meaty intrusion with a surprised smile and a chirpy Hello, while her buff White frat bro boyfriend at her side keeps walking forward, ahead of my location. The un-hued boyfriend did turn round briefly, I suppose to send a signal, and his funtime waifu had to catch up to him, practically running backwards as she waved a perfunctory and no doubt inscrutable goodbye to the Asian dude, who by this point I could discern had acquired a saddened and somewhat miffed countenance (as best one can spy these things on a lunar facescape).

As our intrepidly stoic Asianman stumbles over his feet backing away from his rightful kinwoman who was obviously his source of many nights of dericious fapping, I look back at his retreating figure out of a morbid sympathy for his condition…..and catch him walking straight into a tree.

BRAM! oh the NOWAGity.

It really is a minor miracle that more NOWAG transplants in America the Diverse don't go the full Elliot Rodgerian supreme gentleman.

If Game can help these Asian men reclaim their women in a harsh sexual ecosystem of unforgiving discrimination, then there isn't a Game-denialist White beta alive who has any excuse left for his mopey inaction.

PS As I was coincidentally sharing a trajectory with the AW-WM couple and following on their heels, after the scene expired I could pick up her giggles and him punctuating her girlish shiv-twisting with a firm butt squeeze. No doubt all jokes were at the expense of the smitten samurai who had to swallow a romantic indignation that women are simply incapable of appreciating in its awesome ego-carving horror.

“Days Of Rage”

CH · 9 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I’ve been meaning to link to this great post at Status 451, which is a review of the Bryan Burrough book “Days of Rage” and a look at the late 60s/early 70s political upheaval and violence in America. The categorical differences in Left/Right revolutionary fervor are also examined, with a special consideration for the now largely memory-holed murderous violence committed by radical black activist groups.

In short, the near-term prognosis for our nation is not good.

This is the difference between the hard Left & hard Right: *you can be a violent leftist radical and go on to live a pretty kickass life*. This is especially true if you’re a leftist of the credentialed class: Ph.D. or J.D.

The big three takeaways for me about Weatherman, when it comes to political violence in America as we might see it in 2016:

1. Radicalism can come from anywhere. The Weathermen weren’t oppressed, or poor, or anything like that. They were hard leftists. That’s it.
2. Sustained political violence is dependent on the willing cooperation of admirers and accomplices. The Left has these. The Right does not.
3. Not a violent issue, but a political one: ethnic issues involving access to power can both empower and derail radical movements.

Interestingly, a lot of the 60s/70s political violence originated with revolutionary groups based out of California and the West in general. Agnostic would say this fact follows from the basic character of Far West Americans, who are rootless itinerants and radical individualists prone to falling into cults and infiltrating mainstream religions.

> What does it mean for us? First, let’s be blunt: most political violence is not going to be as well-trained & highly disciplined as FALN. You’re not going to see that level of skill again, unless the Cubans decide they want to come to play. What you might see, on both sides, is what to me is the most amazing part of the FALN story: its parasitization of the Episcopal Church.

And the important point that Leftist murderers are simply more tolerated, even coddled, by the establishment:

> The other takeaway: again, Lefty radicals have more opportunities and more acceptance from their mainstream than Righty ones. I don’t see Eric Rudolph getting clemency, no matter the administration. He shouldn’t. Nor should have FALN.

A new Turchin cycle (a Fourth Turning) is descending upon us:

But it’s the implications of Bryan Burrough’s book that scare the willies out of me.

I am afraid that the United States is in for political violence in 2017. It could be as bad as or worse than the 1970s. I have some ideas as to what some of it may look like. It really isn’t pleasant to think about.

***

I’m going to talk about some nasty things here. I do not want any of it. But some or all of it could happen. Some of it already is. In 2017, I am very pessimistic about America’s future, to the point that I think the country should seriously consider a National Divorce.

Everyone feeling nice and at ease now? Good, let’s get started.

Let’s not mince words: the United States of America is currently engaged in a cold Civil War.

***

So maybe we can hope that political violence in the US, '70s-style, won't go all-out for massive numbers of deaths? Well… maybe. The way I see it, domestic conflict in the United States could operate in basically four stages:

1. cold Civil War
2. targeted political violence, mostly short of murder
3. political violence with murder as the default
4. Civil War II

The United States should start seriously talking about National Divorce before we get to stage 3.

We're in Stage 1 now. Stages 2 and 3 are what we're concerned with: the public getting mobilized. What would that look like, on Left and Right?

People tend to think that the Right will be an awesome, horrific force in political violence. The SPLC's donations depend on that idea. Righties tell themselves that *of course* they'd win a war against Lefties. Tactical Deathbeast vs. Pajama Boy? No contest. Why, Righties have thought about what an effective domestic insurrection would look like. Righties have written books and manifestos!

It's horseshit.

The truth: the Left is a lot more organized & prepared for violence than the Right is, and has the advantage of a mainstream more supportive of it.

What about the pro-Trump military?

> Righties might go, "Yeah, but the military!" Yes, the military runs very heavily Righty. As do the cops. To which my answer is: if we get Civil War II, how many Americans do you think the U.S. military is willing to run over with tanks?

And that's all the author says about it. A pat assertion, with which I disagree. If the situation heats up enough, like it did just before the first Civil War, then the military (red state through and through) will be more than willing to crush leftist Americans in the streets. Or turn their guns on Leftist institutions like academia, federal buildings, and media headquarters.

The Chateau Civil War II Doomsday Clock now calculates that the chances of bloody internecine war within the next ten years is more likely than not.

Why The Hivemind Left Resists Realtalk

CH · 9 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Leftist institutions — NGOs, unis, gov, media, etc — are existentially threatened by sex and race realism because their work is devoted to the opposite premise. Everything they do, their reason for being, their very purpose, is based on the false belief that intervention can make everyone like GoodWhites. Imagine you spent your life believing in, and working towards, one value system, and happy heretics armed with undeniable truths about humanity told you your work is a fruitless endeavor. You'd be shattered.

The Hivemind Left, in other words, resists ego death. And, tautologically speaking, the human ego is the most powerful force in the cosmos. The ego that is particularly susceptible to shrieking in pain under an onslaught of contradicting knowledge is even more powerful in those for whom social status and feelings of self-worth are tightly wound with intellectual preening and ideological rightness.

Gentleshitlords, there aren't many BTFOs bigger than that.

Shiv Of The Week: Still Single Tho Girl

CH · 9 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There are friendzonings so cold that men reading about them from hundreds of galactic zones away can feel the chill in their bones.

I've seen masterful vivisections of orbiters before, but this LJBF scalpel removed the fool beta's id and placed it outside to sizzle under the hot sun. One might say our Good Christian Girl crucified Daniel's upstart apostolic lurch.

Note that this beta orbiter is not gay. If he was, the girl would not feel compelled to append a brutally perfunctory #stillsingletho tag to her post; if the beta was gay, she would know all her friends know that he's gay and the tag would make no sense. This was specifically a tag intended to remind both the orbiter and any real men reading that her pussy is OFF-LIMITS to the orbiter and IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE to any man with the BALLS to JUST SAY NO to the friendzone.

I hereby declare Still Single Tho Girl to be the female equivalent of Skittles Man, Nah Man, and Bring The Movies guy. She takes emotional fulfillment from a hapless dopey beta male orbiter without giving an ounce of her sexual fulfillment in return, just as Skittles Man takes sexual fulfillment from his hapless smitten girlfriends without giving an ounce of his emotional fulfillment to them. Well OK, he gives about 12 ounces….of Skittles.

Incels and insols are not the loneliest people in the world. That distinction belongs to the friendzoned beta orbiter whose romantic loneliness is compounded by the excruciating juxtaposition of the physical and emotional nearness of his oneitis with the cosmic immensity of her sexual remoteness.

There is no loneliness worse than the tortured loneliness.

I have a powerful message for lovelorn beta male orbiters stuck in the gravitational pull of the friendzone black hole: Paying a hooker for sex is more dignified than pretending to enjoy being blue-balled by your cold-hearted lust object.

("Why cold-hearted?", asks the pleb. I'll tell you why. Because EVERY chick wielding the power of the friendzone

knows EXACTLY what her emotional tampon wants from her, and yet #ShePersists in draining her sexually thwarted beta buddyboy of the last drops of his dignity and often while feeding him just enough morsels of hope to keep him tagging around in asexual limbo and giving her what she wants from him….which in this case is Top Golf, dinner, flowers, ice cream, and horseback riding. The horse was her sexual outlet. Cucked by a horse!)

Recall an ancient CH maxim: Sexless resource extraction is the female version of the uncommitted sexual extraction practiced by alpha males.

If after our unconscionably stoic beta sucker Daniel gets his head straight upon blowing his load in a hooker's strait, he can go here to read about methods for curing his oneitis, and thus releasing himself from the souldeath of the friendzone.

How To Draw A Woman Into Sensual Conversation

CH · 10 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a little trick I picked up over the years hound-dogging my way into women's heart-shaped boxes. First, oftentimes even moreso second, and sometimes third dates, can fall victim to the dreaded conversational lull. Women I have noticed are less revealing than are men in the early going. Likely, this too is an evolved predisposition to protect women from themselves: unsavory blurts about their sexual histories or motor-mouthing that might betray a little more *eagerness* than should be acceptable for a coy woman measuring up a bevy of suitors.

Anyhow, drawing a woman into conversation isn't so hard once you know a few verbal tricks to lube their larynxes and spike their curiosity for you (a feeling which in women is handmaiden to self-doubt).

I will ask some anodyne question, like "What do you like to do for fun?"

She will get that glaze in her eyes that women always get when a man asks them to describe themselves in a generalized, ill-defined way (chicks prefer details). "Oh, here comes the interview", she'll thought bubble.

And just as she's starting to speak through blank eyes and blanker lips, I'll interject,

"It's ok, I know everything about you anyway."

aaaaaand……TINGLE STORM.

She'll suddenly perk right up, lean forward, and naturally wonder aloud "And what's that?"

At which point, I'll call upon my powers of id-stripping observation and like Shercock Bones deliver an ASSessment of her peculiarities. If I'm not feeling so keen, I'll just make up some shit on the spot. If I'm wrong, at least it revs the banter and opens avenues for humor and sexual innuendo.

Try it, you'll find you (and her) like it.

And you should know that drawing a woman into conversation is a great example of FLIPPING THE SCRIPT and MAKING THE WOMAN CHASE YOU. When a woman is invested in what you have to say about her, she's in effect assumed the role of the suitor, the chaser, the eager beaver who wants your validation. She'll qualify herself to you, over and over, enthusiastically, a bit desperately, like a beta male, and her head space and vaj place will effloresce with anticipation of hosting your arrival.

Shitlibistan Smoking

CH · 10 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

From my bird's-eye view, smoking appears to be on the rise (again, after a long dormancy) among the SWPL race (the Eloheloi) in shitlibistans. Real smoking…cigarettes, not vaping, or fedora-accented stogie smoking.

Is it a reaction to the decriminalization of pot in many major cities? Public toking is everywhere with police looking the other way. I don't know if the old timey cig smoking is a reaction to toking that may be perceived by Whites as déclassé now that the Morlocks are strolling around outside with huge blunts dangling off their lips, or if its a product of a general secular rise in substance abuse across the board.

I'm not kneejerk anti-tobacco, but cig smoking is a net negative for health. The aroma of fresh second-hand smoke doesn't bother me; the stink of it in clothes the next morning, or embedded in car seats, otoh, is rank. I've smoked, intermittently, occasionally, lightly, and when I did it wasn't for long periods of time. Mangan has marshaled a fair amount of evidence that, while cigarette smoking is clearly bad for health, tobacco in smokeless forms may have positive hormetic effects on brain health and longevity.

We'll see if this smoking trend sticks. I suspect it will, if only because vices in general tend to be indulged more frequently during times when social disintegration and chaos are also on the rise. And smoking may be favorably perceived as a "White thing" by SWPLs when Diversity is slowly but inexorably driving them into conspicuous tribalistic signaling.

Destroy The 9th Circuit Of Hell

CH · 10 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday, the 9th Circuit of Hell ruled that the stay of Trump's travel ban from seven Muslim countries (a stay for which a migrant-adopting cucked Judge Robarts in WA state literally made up the basis for out of whole cloth and feelz) was legal and would continue.

The traitors who sit on the 9th Circuit of Hell (headquarters: San Francisco, CA) essentially ruled that the President and the Executive Branch have no discretion to set the nation's immigration policies. This is the unavoidable precedence that is established by their decision.

Allow me to cut to the quick with this leetle shiv I have at the ready:

The judiciary is corrupt. The shitlib-infested courts are black robed enforcers and propagandists of Democreep legislation and Democreep executive orders, and act as a "check" only on conservative legislation or Republican President EOs.

The courts, iow, are completely biased and partial adjudicators of the law, which they now define into existence as whatever meets the anti-White shitlib standard of excellence.

Checks and balances apply to the judiciary too, and we're well past the time when the courts need to be brought to heel. Trump was elected by the people; judges are appointed. Trump has more legitimacy than the 9th circuit court because he is a more direct conduit to the American people's voice.

I see three post-9th Circuit of Hell options for Trump:

1. Follow his ban with more Trump EOs that shitlibs have to endlessly parry. (flood the zone)
2. Wait for Gorsuch confirmation, and bring the refugee ban to SCOTUS where that court will HAVE to weigh in its favor, or lose legitimacy
3. Crush the judiciary

Point 3 will require a GOP Congress that Trump can rely on to strip the judiciary of power, which is far from a given. There is also the quasi-military option; aka a show of force. Trump just goes ahead and commands LEO and other border authorities to follow his EOs and ignore the judges. And finally there's the FDR nuclear option: threaten to pack SCOTUS and reduce the power of each individual justice.

Point 2 also requires faith in the sanity and loyalty of Judge Gorsuch to the American people. (we've been burned before by noms turned libshit….). Frustratingly, evidence has emerged that Gorsuch may be a crypto-liberal in the mold of David Souter.

Point 1 is the easiest for Trump to succeed with in the short term, but also the least damaging to the anti-White Left in the long term, for it leaves their stranglehold on the judiciary in place, and cauterizes the Left's framing of the citizenship and border issues.

I'm partial to number three. Blow this mother up. Pat Buchanan and Daniel Horowitz agree: It is time to dismantle the 9th Circuit of Hell. And that is only the first step to get this activist globohomo judicial tyranny to bend the knee to Heritage America.

Immigration, borders, and the National Question are the Gom Jabbar/Pain Box and the Voight-Kampff tests of humanity rolled into one. Will the nation find its core humanness, or will it withdraw to nation-wrecking instinct and embrace a lack of empathy for fellow Americans?

Demography is the Left's source of power. If they lose on the National Question, they lose on all the other globalist initiatives they want to visit on ordinary Americans, because no amount of miseries heaped on Heritage America is too much to the anti-White Left. This is why the Left will fight to the brink of Civil War II for their "right" to

spread the Constitution thin enough to cover the entire world's ingrate indigents.

Like Love, if you indiscriminately extend US Rights to everyone in the world, then Rights mean nothing.

Pathological altruism will kill us, or we will kill it. And killing an idea has historically all too often required….well, you fill in the blank.

Trolling As A Pickup Tactic

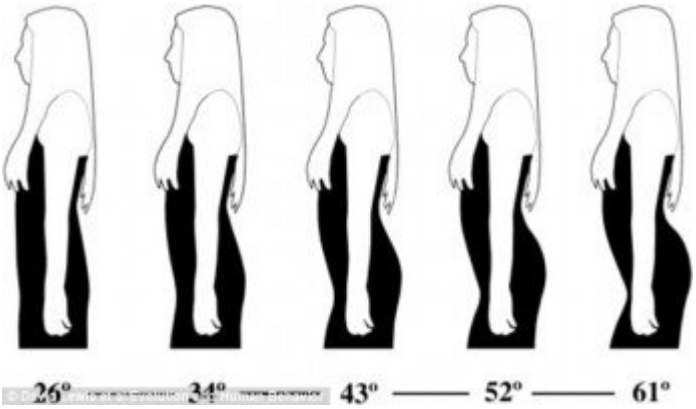
CH · 10 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader irksome1 suggests a universally-applicable cousin to the Birthday Cat emoji sabotage of grandiose female self-perception.

> CH, I came up with a troll so simple, so powerful, it's like a cold fusion briefcase nuke. It works as a comment on posts of nearly any topic (or as a responsive text, perhaps), due to its perfect simplicity. It doesn't matter if it's some retarded political post, party selfies, pictures of her dinner, or whatever pop cult degeneracy she idly finds entertaining. It is best when the posts aims to be ~empowering~ to women sorts of agitprop. The comment is:
>
> "ASKING FOR IT"

I like it. It's sufficiently ambiguous — "asking for what?", she wonders — yet pointedly provocative — "who does this badboy think he's talking to!", she tingles — that it will spur additional inquiries from the woman so addressed. Additional inquiries that could lead to nutritional intrusions.

Another ambiguously graphical emoji I've lately been sending to ladies is this one:



Like Birthday Cat, it's an all-purpose response to just about anything a girl texts or posts. She yaps about Trump, or TweeVee, or fashion, or my reticence to indulge her with immediate and glowing respectful appraisals of her awesomeness, I pass along this graphic illustrating the ideal womanly "swayback" that maximally arouses men…..and she's left in the defensive crouch, furiously hamstering what it could mean and feeling just the right amount of unease that the pic has something to say about her own sexual worth.

Meme magic is real, and it'll get you erected just as it got Trump elected.

Jewish Censorship

CH · 10 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Readers Moses exposes a tentacle of the mighty underworld octopus of Jewish censorship and consent manufacture.

> OT re: censorship. I didn't know it was this bad.
>
> Yesterday I posted 2 comments on a story in "The Hill" about the 9th Circuit Court's ruling striking down Trump's temporary immigration ban.
>
> Guess which comment was removed?
>
> First comment:
>
> *People who voted for Trump deserved to get beaten with metal rods by masked blackshirts at Berkeley.*
>
> Second comment:
>
> *"The plaintiffs in the case, Washington and Minnesota, maintain that the order violates the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment, which prohibits the government from favoring one religion over another."*
>
> *If that's the case, then the Jackson-Vanik Amendment to the Trade Act of 1974 is unconstitutional as well. That amendment favored Jews from the Soviet Union for immigration to the USA. It did NOT favor people of other religions for immigration which was effective negative discrimination against other religions and positive discrimination in favor of Jews.*
>
> The second comment was simply a statement of fact and connecting the dots on consistency of Constitutional principles. Yet it was deemed verboten and removed.
>
> The first comment expressed [sarcastic] glee at political violence against Trump supporters. Yet it was left unmolested.
>
> Let that sink in for a minute. The Hill management cannot bear even FACTS that might adversely affect Jews or perception of Jews. Yet they condone by non-removal the cheering of political violence.
>
> I was curious, so I checked the management of The Hill. From Wikipedia:
>
> *The paper was founded in 1994 and was published by New York businessman Jerry Finkelstein. The paper is currently owned by his son Jimmy Finkelstein, who serves as its chairman.*
>
> My takeaways:
> 1) Every. Single. Time.
> 2) If you think Skypes are not a threat to America you need to have your head examined.
> 3) The left hates you. They want you dead. Literally.

I know Mencius Moldbug (né Curtis Yarvin) likes to refer to this octopus of nation-state orchiectomy as "The Cathedral", but it's a bit more precise to call it "The Synagogue". Or, if you're like me and prefer an inclusive label that captures both disproportionate Jewish anti-Gentilic malignancy and numerically impressive shitlib Gentile anti-BadWhite malignancy, "The Leftoid Equalist Hivemind".

PS The Establishment Clause applies to citizens of the United States. It doesn't mean every Juan, Dak, and Habib in the world enjoys the same First Amendment right to plop en masse onto America's shores. The fact that anti-White shitlibs have twisted the Judiciary to rule in favor of such a lunatic interpretation of the Establishment Clause proves just how far past the date we are for a massive and thorough house-cleaning of the courts. By force, if necessary.

The Beta Orbiter Destroyer

CH · 13 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Boyfriend Destroyer is a staple of the dark arts of seduction. A darker shade of crimson, if you will. The tactic is thoroughly explained here and contextualized within a bigger picture — outcompeting other alpha males for pussy — in this CH post.

For a brief overview of the Boyfriend Destroyer, see here.

The Boyfriend Destroyer is, like most Game tactics, essentially an exercise in full range REFRAMING. If you are unfamiliar with the Game concepts of framing and reframing, please consult the past 18 months of President Trump's rise to power for real life examples of its use.

> 4) You must REFRAME all behaviour to appear like insecure nice guy behaviour.
>
> Even behaviour that -WE- as ASFers would use on girls (such as not agreeing to LTR) is to be REFRAMED as being nice guy behaviour, as someone who is too afraid to be decisive and go for what they really want, since they are too afraid that they will lose it once they've been emotionally vulnerable (as will be explained below). All behaviour can be REFRAMED.
>
> 5) By making the guy look like a "NICE GUY", you are making him the most sexually unappealing guy conceivable. Once you've done this, there is NOTHING that he can do to get back into her good books, as you've put him into a predicament where anything that he does will be interpreted by his GF as being insecure. So, if he's too distant, and he makes up for it by buying her flowers -> he's insecure. If he's too needy, and he makes up for it by getting a life -> he's insecure. You are trying to DIFFUSE his outer glossy shell, and give the girl a window into his inner workings, so that he no longer appears "mysterious" in any way. You make her understand him so well, that she likes him more as a person, but no longer has any sexual desire for him.

In the realm of direct sexual market bartering, the Boyfriend Destroyer is a devious underhanded method of lowering the value of the girl's boyfriend while appearing to defend him.

> The tactic:
> What you're looking to do here is tear the guy down to a NICE GUY, while making it look like you're actually STICKING UP FOR HIM! Your goal is to make him one of those guys that a girl would go out on a date with, like as a person, and feel bad for having to LJBF at the end of the night when he tries to kiss her at the door.
>
> ***
>
> Neediness:
>
> "You've got to understand that for this guy you are his entire world. He cares about you so much, that everything else in the world is meaningless to him. You are his only source of pleasure, and without you he knows that…he's nothing. You can't blame him, he just doesn't have anything else going for him, so he needs you."
>
> ***
>
> So, remember that you are focusing on destroying the guy's sexual appeal, by making him seem too familiar, and easy to understand. People generally get 'one-itis' for those who are challenging and hard to understand. By making the BF seem both easy to understand, and very insecure/nice/beta in the meantime, the relationship will likely not last the week.
>
> Just remember not to be the LJBF who counsels her on her problems. Instead, you are constantly getting her worked up by doing the EVing that MrSEX4uNYC discusses in his archive. Ideally, she must be getting both turned off the guy by what you're doing, and getting turned on by YOU, and the conversation NATURALLY LEADS TO HOW YOU ARE DIFFERENT, AND -IDEAL- FOR WHAT SHE WANTS. The natural flow of

> conversation must indirectly lead to exposing your highly desirable qualities.
>
> She is getting turned on by the DIRECT CONTRAST between you and her boyfriend.

A subset of the Boyfriend Destroyer is the patented **CH Beta Orbiter Destroyer**. Beta orbiters are boyfriends in all ways but PIV. They hover around the girl you are picking up, generally making the seduction more difficult than it need be by interjecting at awkward times to alternately tool you, drag her away, or clumsily kill the buzz you're creating with the girl. Beta orbiters WANT the girl you want, but unlike you are stuck in a recursive incel hell of their own making, so their bitterness is often not very far from the surface.

If you have an especially persistent beta orbiter disrupting the smooth move of things, I have a line you can use which will effectively neuter him above and beyond the self-imposed exile already placed on his frustrated frank and beans.

Wait for the orbiter to leave the girl's ear-space for a minute, and ask, as innocently as you can, if he's the girl's boyfriend, or if she's dating him. She'll say no, (listen for the tone of her reply…indignation is a good sign you've hit pay dirt), at which point you say, under raised eyebrow and through upturned lip-corner,

"Does he know that?"

This is a megatool and a subtle qualification wrapped in four simple words. It not only showcases the beta orbiter's romantic futility, it reminds the girl of his inability to read social cues and take a hint, as well as signals that YOU are aware of HER amoral reluctance to forego using the orbiter for his emotional support.

The trap is set. She has nothing of mercy left for her orbiter, whom she will cavalierly dismiss if he approaches again out of sheer shame that he shares her company, and she will likewise know that you know the game she's playing. Your tacit disapproval may be evident to her; better still will be your implied familiarity with the sexy women who have the goods to pull into their orbit easily exploitable beta males. She will get that you aren't "one of those loser guys", and have in fact a pretty good idea of what women are like because their secret world is always open to you. She won't consciously know it, but she'll feel it: YOU'RE PRESELECTED.

How the girl answers that oh-so-innocent question will reveal a lot about her (and how you should proceed).

SATAN'S SIDEARM SHIV: Does he know that?

BUNNY RABBIT: *giggling* uumm….no?

SATAN'S SIDEARM SHIV: Maybe someone should tell him. *motion towards the beta to come over*

BUNNY RABBIT: What?! What are you doing? (If she frantically grabs your arm to stop you, the bedroom door is already ajar.)

Or:

SATAN'S SIDEARM SHIV: Does he know that?

BUNNY RABBIT: *indignantly* of course!

SATAN'S SIDEARM SHIV: Oh good, then he won't mind you hitting on me.

American Jerkboy: Sometimes Hated, But Never Unloved

CH · 13 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I wasn't sure whether to put this human interest story (h/t reader A.P.) in a "Shitlord of the Week" or "Alpha of the Week" post, so I decided to skip either option and focus on the lightly embedded moral tale of this Texas man's life:

The jerkboy may be hated, but he is never ignored nor unloved.

> After Leslie Ray Charping died at age 75, his family decided to run a brutally honest obituary eulogizing the "evil" late relative.
>
> The family wrote that Charping "leaves behind two relieved children," in addition to "countless other victims including an ex wife, relatives, friends, neighbors, doctors, nurses and random strangers."

The jerkboy may come
the jerkboy may go
But the jerkboy is rarely
if ever alone.

> His death came at an age that was "29 years longer than expected and much longer than he deserved," according to the obituary on the Carnes Funeral Home site.

At least he was remembered. Many boring betas go to their graves leaving no trace of themselves in the collective consciousness.

> "At a young age, Leslie quickly became a model example of bad parenting combined with mental illness and a complete commitment to drinking, drugs, womanizing and being generally offensive," the obituary read.

I bet Leslie left behind a lot of broken hearts. Hearts which still secretly yearn for his love.

> The obituary goes on to list his hobbies which included abusing his family and expediting trips to heaven for his pets. He was also interested in fishing, which "he was less skilled with than the previously mentioned.

Now that's just bad form.

> "Leslie's life served no other obvious purpose, he did not contribute to society or serve his community and he possessed no redeeming qualities besides quick [witted] sarcasm, which was amusing during his sober days," the obituary read.

Ah, there it is. Did you catch that? The sound of those hurt by Leslie who nevertheless, even in his "deserved" death, can't help but fondly reminisce about his charming company. The jerkboy is like that; one moment stomping on your heart, the next lighting up your dull life. A force of personality. An anti-hero. A blast of heat in a cold world.

> No services will be held for him.

He served himself in life.

> "Leslie's passing proves that evil does in fact die and hopefully marks a time of healing and safety for all," the

> obituary concluded.

“Healing and safety”: the words of an alpha widow rationalizing the blessings of her post-Leslie bored, drama-free life.

To all the Leslie Ray Charpings of America: we lovers of women and grabbers of pussy celebrate your life and honor your passing in the hope that your kind will not disappear from weird, wild America at a time when we need you most.

♀?♀T = ♀?♀E (The Scourge Of Christcuckery)

CH · 13 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a family of Christcucks. The anti-White leftoid establishment — demonstrating once again their facility at feigning interest in, and newfound respect for, the Good Word when it can be put to use to further their Globohomo cause — is scandalized that this family is being ostracized by some Church members for advocating the mass relocation of the third world into their homeland. Shocking, I know.

The story is less relevant than the photo attached to it, (as is often the case with most establishment pieces written in the past decade). First, this is not a "family of six children"; it's a family of two children and four adopted status whoring totems with health problems.

Second, the matriarch (there is no patriarch in this family) looks more aggressive, confrontational, and high T than her putatively male husband. Dat manjaw, dat "come at me bro" glare, dat knitted brow, dose clenched teeth, crouching forward like a tigress about to pounce….this is a woman bitterly unsatisfied in the bedroom, loveless, angry, and full of hate for her culture, her community, and her racial peers. She needs a supreme dicking by a real man of God. Or of Lucifer, as the pool of real men of God has just about dried up.

Her husband is nothing more than a plush betablob placeholder to grant legitimacy to his reckless Queen's rule. He has the look of a man in pain. Physical pain as well as soul pain. His limbic system is constipated with suppressed and compacted emotions; you can tell he's got something big to shout at the world, but he dare not lest his Queen cast him the icy gaze implying present and future sexlessness.

Christcucks are a scourge on Christianity, the Final Feminization of a once-great religion that is rapidly degenerating into a feelz therapy session for the racially alienated and the egotistically coddled. Jesus would, if he were alive today, lash them and strike them from His kingdom like he did the money-changers from the temple. He would know that Christcuckery isn't love, but empty virtue signaling and moral posturing, much like the ostentatious shows of religiosity of the Pharisees that Jesus condemned in his day.

The title of this post, ♀?♀T = ♀?♀E, is a reference to the Law of Gender Conservation. All the testosterone

appears concentrated in the wife, with little to none evident in the husband. A wicked inversion of the sexual polarity created by the God of Biomechanics can't hold, on the micro or macro scale, and our nation will pay for its betrayal of the natural balance of the sexes.

PS I spy a T so high in the Queen's digit ratio!

PPS Commenter TLM has a warning for Christcucks who may be tempted to traverse the Path of the 'Dopted Dindu.

> CH
>
> A few years ago I commented here I believe, on a super-churchian neighbor that had went all in with the virtue signaling by adopting a little dindu from Dindu Land, also known as the shit-hole continent of Africa. Showers of churchian praise rained down on this woman from the local churchian community like manna from Heaven. In my comment I mentioned how little Dindu had dead eyes and I always watched him like a hawk if he was around. Fast forward 5 or 6 years and little cute Dindu toddler is 10 or 11 now, and after being held back a year in school, was finally expelled for choking another student (Not sure of the gender or race of the victim, but this private school is 99.8% white). I guess even upper middle-class churchians paying 10K a year in tuition reach the point of dropping the equalist BS when their lily white children are recipients of a rear naked choke from an authentic Bantu. Anyway, the 'mom' was an employee of the school that expelled little Dindu and you guessed it, she resigned in disgust at this nasty raciss private school that was prejudiced against her sweet little dindu pet.

The only way these people are gonna learn is at the receiving end of lessons in brutal mockery and shaming. CH leads the way.

How The Leftoid Establishment Silences Dissidents

CH · 14 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This blog has come perilously close to extermination by Big Brother since the Time of the Trumpening dawned over America.

In the past few months, Chateau Heartiste and subsidiaries have been threatened with a WordPress shutdown, a legal injunction, and a Twatter ban.

Exhibit A:

The WordPress SHUTITDOWN threat was delivered just before the 2016 election, but didn't come to light until recently thanks to a belated forwarding by a freelance Chateau proprietor. A WordPress consigliere (all names redacted to protect the Chateau from further threats of elimination) had informed this 'umble retreat of realtalk that WordPress had "received several complaints" about the "content of the blog", specifically the "tone" of the following posts:

https://heartiste.wordpress.com/2016/10/11/election-fraud-its-happening/
https://heartiste.wordpress.com/2016/10/06/this-will-not-end-well/
https://heartiste.wordpress.com/2016/10/07/paul-ryan-worlds-biggest-faggot/
How wude!

WordPress reiterated its commitment to free speech for dissidents, but not without appending a veiled threat of closure in the future, should Chateau house lords prove unwilling to sufficiently neuter the message of this blog.

> WordPress.com is deeply committed to free speech and will not take content down just because someone find it offensive or disagrees with the point of view. As such, we are not taking any action at this time.

at this time…..but you'd better watch yourself from here on out!

> However, we don't allow genuine calls for violence or death against individuals or groups to be posted on WordPress.com. Some of your content is approaching that line and we ask that you be aware of our policies to avoid a potential suspension in the future.

"approaching that line". There's a lot of legal gray area that can be scoured within those three leetle words to make a permanent exile stick under current TOS.

I reread the above three posts that are the heart of the complaints against CH. There were no calls for violence or death threats. There were the usual allusions to the metaphorical shiv of argument that should be obvious to fair-minded readers from the context in which the allusions are embedded. There were warnings of bad things that could happen on the societal level if the anti-White and anti-free speech Left continued their total war against heritage America. But no direct threats to anyone, under even the loosest and goosiest interpretations of the posts in question.

(The CuckRyan post did contain an image of our favorite reckoning day prop, which can be interpreted as a call to action against an individual (in this case, Ryan), so I removed that image. Wouldn't want to send the cucks shrieking in terror and waking up in cold sweats every night.)

The WordPress suspension was, in retrospect, narrowly avoided, but the stay of execution came with an implied promise that future complaints from butthurt shitlibs reading this blog would be treated with the utmost seriousness and the terms for suspension greatly attenuated to satisfy the bloodlust of the anti-Chateau complainants.

Exhibit B:

A hilariously censorious and hysterical “legal injunction” to remove some off-topic comments made by Captain Obvious within a thread to a throwaway one-line post that linked a funny status update from MPC.

> PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE – TAKE DOWN DEMAND
>
> To Those Who Own and Operate Chateau Heartiste:
>
> I represent [REDACTED]. On June 17, 2016, between 3:09 and 3:22 p.m., you permitted to be posted on your website a series of false, derogatory, and illegal hate messages regarding (((REDACTED))) (the “Posts”). The Posts may be found at this link: https://heartiste.wordpress.com/2016/06/17/americas-epitaph/. Like the majority of the disgusting content on this website, the Posts offend basic human decency and are not protected speech under the First Amendment.

The “Posts” this mewling nancyboy refers to are the comments to the post. The post itself is most certainly protected speech under the First Amendment, and did not reference his “client” in any way.

> They are calculated to humiliate my client for no reason other than hate-mongering. Not only are the Posts anti-women and support the most malicious and vile time in human history – the Holocaust – but the basis for the Posts is patently false. [REDACTED] never knew nor examined [REDACTED]; [REDACTED] has admitted that its statement to the contrary was false, and [REDACTED] has been sued for its misconduct.
>
> This message demands that the Posts be taken down immediately. If the Posts are not taken down by 11:30 a.m. EST on February 10, 2017, my client will seek all legal remedies available […], including seeking compensatory damages, punitive damages, and injunctive relief. You should not re-post, correct, or in any manner republish any content referencing [REDACTED]. You should only delete the offensive Posts and do so immediately.

Who needs the headache of defending so trite an issue? I deleted the comments by Captain Obvious. I don’t know if his comments were defamatory or not, and I don’t care. The copyright user agreement clearly states the blog hosts are not responsible for the content of the comments. I just find it funny that a miffed feminist and her male feminist lackey couldn’t just simply request a comment removal (which would have been promptly honored, as has been done for others who’ve nicely requested comment removals for personal reasons) without adding all the extraneous MUH MISOGYNY shitlib shrieking about this blog’s handcrafted paeans to truth and beauty. How very OY VEY.

> Govern yourself accordingly.
>
> [REDACTED]

WILL DO, SCHOOLMARM. HOW CAN YOU HAVE ANY PUDDING IF YOU DON’T EAT YOUR MEAT.

PS I noticed there weren’t any designations of legal authority in the above email. No credentialist suckup letters after the name of the person who wrote and sent the email. All a fake-out? The volatile, over-the-top nature of the email would suggest it.

Exhibit C:

Sadly, the Twatter ban has happened. The Chateau emissary tasked with enlivening the Twatter timelines of so many vapid and trollable shitlibs has been…..disappeared. Apparently, Le Chateau was on a list.

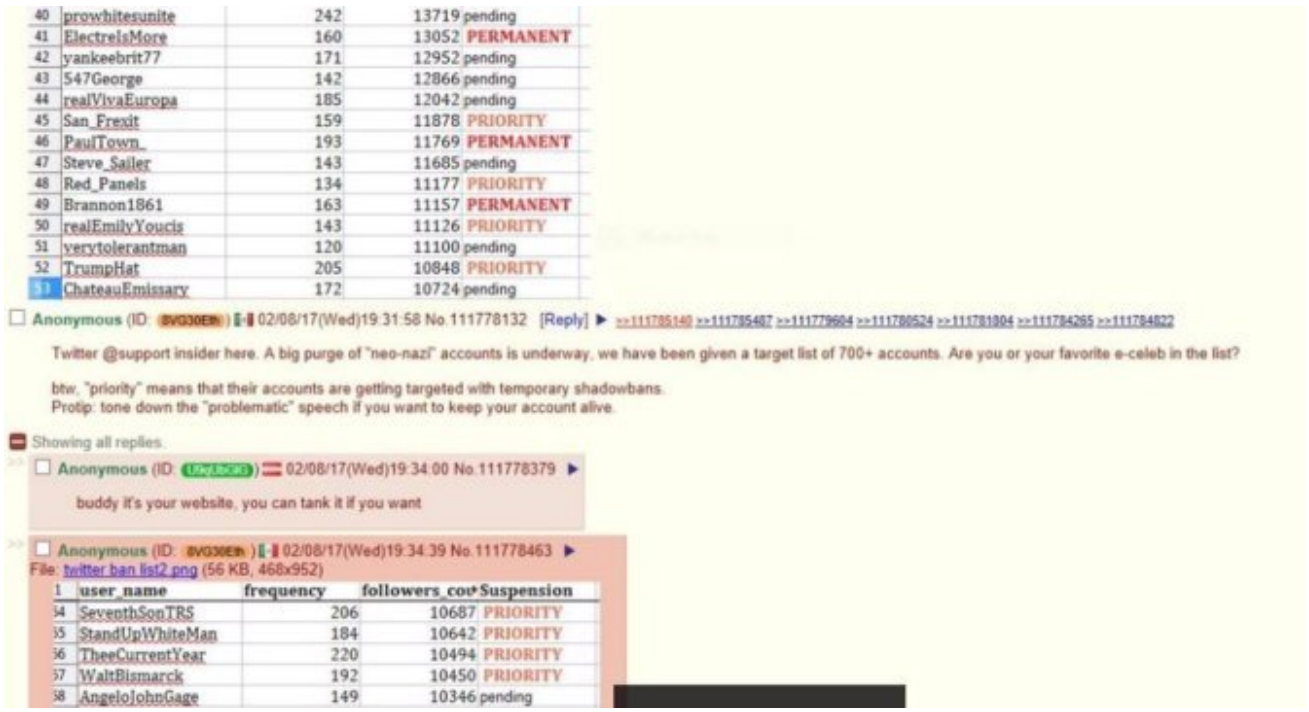
I can’t vouch for the authenticity of this insider information leaked from Twatter headquarters that purports to be a list of Realtalker accounts targeted for extermination.

> A list of accounts accused of wrongthink from a @twitter insider. pic.twitter.com/1FUQEOFSaI
>
> — Iris Caldor (@iriscal) February 9, 2017

/pol/ got a hold of this list and publicly posted it. Chateau Emissary (the ambassador of the Chateau Heartiste blog) was listed at number 53 on Twatter's inverted version of Schindler's List (those identified and targeted by Twatter for liquidation on the flimsiest possible pretext and at the earliest possible convenience).

CH made the first page! I assume "frequency" refers to the number of butt-chafed shitlib complaints each account received. The list looks a couple of months old, because ChateauEmissary had 12,500 followers on the day of its (likely permanent) suspension.

Some more inside info (you may have to zoom in to read this):



These two near misses and one successful ban point to a larger theme; namely, the methods used by the Leftoid Establishment to silence heretics to their one-world one-race equalism orthodoxy.

The Leftoid Establishment Silencing Protocol utilizes three primary means of manufacturing consent and marginalizing recalcitrants:

1. customer complaints (often coordinated and delivered en masse by non-customers)
2. legal threats
3. liquidation lists

The WordPress warning to CH is a classic case of a corporate entity bowing to pressure from a stream of shitlib complaints with little to no grounding. But this is a tactic for which shitlib SJWs are renowned: mass coordinated complaints that strike suddenly and are intended to make a corporation bend to the social justice warrioresses' will before all the facts are in and digested. If it could happen to James Watson, it could happen to you.

The "legal injunction" email is another shitlib favorite: threaten baseless legal action in the scariest language possible and hope for instant capitulation. Often, shitlibs who are unsatisfied with the slow pace of legal intervention will resort to taking the law in their own hands by doxxing their foes, or even real-life stalking internet enemies.

Finally, the Twatter ban reveals the shitlib predilection for enemy lists. Shitlibs are sensitive to crimethink and need to know up front who is acceptable reading and who is verboten. They love enemy lists because the lists protect them from stumbling onto triggering words or hatefacts. Better still, they love lists that fall into the hands of sympathetic corporate honchos who can make their exterminationist dreams come true.

Complaints, threats, lists…..these are the swarming tactics of shitlibs. Anonymous Conservative would have a lot to say about the tendency of r-selected liberals to swarm, and how that swarming instinct protects the rabbit warren from powerful, but outnumbered, predators that can be distracted from the focus of their hunt.

Diversity + Proximity (aka Globalization) means censorship of dissident views that might question the GloboHomo tenets. The Shitlib Swarm of Censorship can be defeated, but it requires smarter thinking than what the controlled cuck opposition has given us so far. Think of K-selected species like the wolf; they attack in small packs by cutting off and isolating a prey animal from its stampeding herd. Something similar should apply to social unrest that is headed by massive shitlib signaling herds.

The K-selected shitlords must use their numerically smaller but individually stronger forces to cut a swath through the shitlib swarm; isolate a member of the shitlib herd and hunt it down ruthlessly. Don't get distracted. Then move on to the next whimpering and weak shitlib that has strayed from the pack and hunt it down. Repeat ad nauseam until the fields are littered with the shredded ego tufts of shitlib fur.

Ignore hazy shitlib complaints while lodging targeted shitlord complaints.

Ignore vacuous shitlib legal threats while lodging pointed shitlord legal threats.

Proudly flaunt shitlib lists while making shitlord lists.

Then rhetorically and politically pick off isolated and surrounded groups of shitlibs by exploiting their natural aversion to loyalty and setting them against each other. Each small loss will quickly compound until the entire rabbit warren is scattered and hopping in every direction for safety.

Undermining the integrity of the shitlib warren in this way is a long haul proposition, but be heartened that a tolerance threshold for being preyed upon exists for shitlibs, beyond which they will fold in unison to a new orthodoxy.

Leftoids Are Tools Of The Deep State

CH · 14 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Do leftoids and their antifa schlock troops have any self-awareness at all? Because if they did, they'd recoil at what their "progressive" movement has become: a bought and paid for tool of the Deep State. Their "Fight the Man!" ilk used to revolt against the Establishment before it became a moral imperative to support Davosian globalist oligarchs and neocon warmongers.

Case in point: the resignation of national security advisor Mike Flynn from Trump's Cabinet. I won't get into the thickets here concerning the events leading up to Flynn's departure (it isn't nearly as scandalous as the FakeNews media would have you to believe), but suffice to say the Left is very happy that their new Master, the invade-the-world, invite-the-world Deep State, has claimed a Trump Administration scalp.

anonymous over at Sailer's explains the Deep State connection to the effort to oust Flynn:

> Jack D: *He made Pence look like a fool by lying to him repeatedly. Trump would have forgiven him for the rest but you don't make someone above you in the hierarchy look like a fool. Trump owes one to Pence who really stuck with him during the campaign and I'm sure Pence was the one who wanted Flynn out.*

Bullshit.

Pence is a mediocre intellect neocon who wants war with Russia. He said so in the debates. He was a mediocre radio talk show before going into politics.

Of course it was all bullshit and Flynn never made reference to sanctions just improved relations. Russian Strategic Rocket Forces had gone to DEFCON-2 and were moving toward DEFCON-1. Flynn knew this and needed to deescalate as NSA designee.

With Flynn's resignation Deep State won. Trump and the outsiders lost. Big time. Deep State HAD to take out Flynn because he was inside the belly of the Deep State as head of DIA and knew their m.o. They fabricated and lied and pushed the narrative and won. Major loss for realists. So, first we have the federal judiciary controlling our immigration policy and now we have Deep State controlling foreign policy and making the world safe for Davos.

And I can't believe Trump caved. It will only get ten times worse for him now.

I agree with both anonymous and Jack D. Trump's "cave" (perceptions matter when you aren't controlling the leftoid media megaphone) will make his Presidency more difficult. You give a shitlib an inch, they'll take a mile. That is the nature of r-selected critters.

But Jack D is also right that Trump genuinely admires Pence and probably felt he had to do him a solid on this issue, if it's true that Flynn dissembled to Pence and jeopardized Pence's integrity, (even if the matter on which Flynn dissembled is in the grand scheme the smallest of potatoes). I think Trump may come out ahead in the long run if Flynn's resignation establishes an anti-Deep State precedent that Trump will tolerate no lying in his Cabinet, and firings are a real threat for anti-Trump subversives.

But the moral of the story is the Left's total and complete alignment with the GloboHomo Axis of Weasel's project to deracinate Western nations and replace them with chaotic, socially disemboweled market bazaars selling cheap Chinese-made trinkets and zika-laced tacos.

The leftoid equalist rebels will gladly subsume their directives to the Deep State if it means a continuation of open borders and the rest of the anti-White globalist agenda. It always comes back to anti-White posturing. Always. Shitlibs will rationalize any putrid alliance as long as their precious anti-White "social justice" isn't hindered.

The real revolutionaries now are on the Maul-Right; we fight a crooked Establishment that includes, but is not

limited to, the media, the government bureaucracy, the Deep State, the Democrats, the Republicans, academia, the judiciary, the entertainment propaganda machine, the Left, the Russophobic neocons, the Mexican squatters, the cucked Anglosphere, the Soros saboteurs, the SJW social media censors, and the street theater antifa perception manipulators and demoralization agents.

We are David versus the Goliath Left. If only the Left had the decency to recognize which side of that battle they represent.

***

PS Vox Day presents disturbing circumstantial evidence that Flynn was taken out by the Deep State for his commitment to investigating PizzaGate (ie, the allegations that a kiddie sex ring operation that caters to powerful politicos is run out of Comet Ping Pong in DC).

PPS Hillary Clinton is a nasty cunt, isn't she?

Valentine's Day In The Era Of The Perpetually Single Lady

CH · 14 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader tomjones copypastas a plaintive cry for attention from a single lady on Valentine's Day.

> It's valentines tomorrow . This is the first valentine being single so I thought I am sure there are other singles too . If anyone wants to meet for coffee and just talk about life and things message me.
> Please include ur info when u messge
>
> The above paragraph is a lady on craigslist. Discuss….

More American women than ever are single well into their 20s and 30s. V Day used to be a time for couples to rejoice in their love, but the corporate holiday has had to bend to the new reality of pump and dumps, flings, the extended cock carousel ride, delayed marriage, and late in life marriage. So V Day has morphed into a convenient, plausibly deniable excuse for these future cat ladies to crassly advertise themselves in the hope they'll get banged out by cads or showered with sexless sympathy feelz by gullible white knight betas all too willing to drop a bennie on expensive cocktails so that they can trudge homeward with full aching balls after doing their last ditch V-date duty and cheering up a studio apartment slut who's experiencing a bout of regret and timetable disorientation in between cock hops.

Trump Negs Justine Truvada

CH · 14 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the definition of the Game technique known as the neg — a backhanded compliment which has the purpose of jarring a high mate value girl's self-esteem — as you read this Tweet by President Trump to Justine Truvada, Canada's Prime Menstruator.

> Today I will meet with Canadian PM Trudeau and a group of leading business women to discuss women in the workforce. https://t.co/bFAHPRXHdP
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) February 13, 2017

That was a subtle neg slipped like a rhetorical shiv right between Truvada's ovaries.

I could get used to Trumperica.

Trump is a manspreader. Truvada is, well, skeered of his raisinettes. Truvada clasps his hands very close to his vagina, a clear defensive tic….the man is an emasculated product of the gynecracy to our north known as Tumblr: the Country. I'd rather have Russia as an ally and Canada as an enemy. At least Russian leaders don't make me throw up with disgust.

How To Spot A Shitlady In The Shitlibistan Wilds

CH · 15 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This edition of the Washington Bezos' "Date Lab" is a rarity; not for the beta male's crash and burn (all too common) but for the clues in the quotes that reveal a budding shitlady navigating the dating shoals of DC, which next to San Frannie and Minneapolis is the shitlibbiest of shitlibistans.

> Policy analyst Adam Staveski, 22, and financial analyst Maddie Csere, also 22, are fresh-faced and fresh out of local colleges, enjoying their first year as D.C. young professionals. We sent them to Maple in Columbia Heights to see if a shared love of running, economics and a laid-back attitude was enough to spark a fresh romance.

Read the story and keep an eye out for a name-drop of an infamous Twatter icon.

.

.

.

.

Got it? Ok.

Once you've found it, consider that this girl, Maddie, might very well be a female shitlord…a shitlady….and I mean that in the most complimentary way.

Evidence that Maddie is a closet alt-righter:

1. Harambe name drop
2. she's from rural Michigan (Trumpland)
3. according to her date, she's able to "look at [political issues] with a lot of nuance"
4. one of Maddie's deal-breakers is someone who's "extremely political" (aka a shitlib)

Number 3 is really telling. Any shitlady wading through the bug-eyed hysteria of a major shitlibistan learns to handle the local fauna with savviness and a deft inscrutability. Parroting shitlib insanity is the cheap accommodation; better is to retain one's dignity by slipping realtalk into the hivemind miasma under cover of plausibly deniable "nuance" to avoid triggering one of the snowflakes into calling for ostracism air support.

And number 4 seals it for me; extreme politicization is the domain of liberals. Conservatives are much less invested in publicly debating politics and the status whoring verbal sparring that goes along with it. When a girl says she wants to avoid "extremely political" dates, she means "liberal male feminists who enjoy buttplay (their own)".

This chick Maddie is RIPE for the taking by any Trumpentrooper who wants her. Just show up with biceps and a smirk.

***

Reader Little Spoon asks,

> Can you give them a more attractive name than shitlady? Alt lady? No actually that sounds like some new kind of trans gender. I don't know. You're better with words than I am. But going on names alone, leftoid is more becoming than shitlady.

How about shivlady?

Refugee Pimping As A Form Of PUA Peacocking

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Is refugee pimping by Western leaders and shitlibs a nation-wide scale-up of the PUA tactic peacocking (aka the handicap principle)?

Peacocking signals to potential mates you are so HSMV you can handle the burden of unneeded impediments. Refugees are unneeded impediments…for Trump-supporting flyovers, because that's where the Gay Mulatto and the various international adoption Christcuck agencies have been relocating the refugees.

"Refugees Welcome" shitlibs (and their limpwristed leaders) get the reward of peacocking in the vestments of refugee virtue signaling without taking on any of the risk of actually living side by side with hordes of transplanted refugees that they can't escape from into super zips and electronically gated apartment buildings.

Signaling one's commitment to welcome refugees, particularly brown non-Christian refugees, is a demonstration of sexual market value by shitlibs who don't have alternate, more traditional means of advertising their sexual and resource fitness, (through means, for instance, that include physical strength, emotional stability, masculinity, femininity, or yes, even looks).

PS The latest research has discovered that conservatives are, on average, better looking than are liberals.

PPS Yet another Chateau maxim based on real life observation is affirmed by the labcoats: Shitlibbery is the ideology of the ugly, infirm, freakish, and degenerate, whose motivation is driven primarily by a desire to upend normal society and replace it with a dystopian system that is more accommodating of their physical and psychological afflictions.

Justine Truvada Lets Teh Ghey Out

CH · 15 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Skip to 13:58 in this 2012 video of a charity boxing match between Prime Menstruator Justine Truvada and Conservative MP Patrick Brazeau for hilarious confirmation that Truvada is a closet case.

Justine is bursting with fruit flavor!

That fight was ridiculous. Were they even trying? Those punches looked like they were thrown at 10% of max power. Trump in his prime could knock out Queen Truvada.

Hey, everyone thank a GAY CANADIAN today for foisting this effete SJW embarrassment on the world stage.

One way Trump could thank Truvada for all normal, healthy men is by calling his bluff.

Trump: “Justine, you say you love refugees and Canada remains open to them, so here’s the deal…we send all our refugees across the border to your hometown. That way, we both win! I keep the refugee riff raff out of my country and you get to moralize about embracing all the refugees stinking up your country. What say you?”

Truvada: “Oooga, thoundth like a plan, big boy!”

***

It’s not just Truvada’s politics that provoke the disgust response, bad as his views are. It’s everything about him; his demeanor, his smug phaggy virtue signaling snarkiness, his effeminacy, his lemming-like eagerness to latch onto any vapid shitlib cause du jour and parrot equalism shibboleths to the letter….the man is a cipher for every twisted degenerate SJW perspective on earth, the perfect emblem and final product of the end stage of Western gynecracies.

Why Do Aging Ex-Sluts Hate Trump So Much?

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One thing I have noticed (as has reader DoBA) is the incredible amount of hysterical bile flung at Trump by has-been ex-sluts, spinsters, cougars, and bitterbitch skanks whose salad days are receding in the rearview mirror. DoBA:

> Re: Louise Mensch.
>
> A lot of people don't like Trump, but I've noticed a pattern in that the people who truly seem to DESPISE him with an obsessive fervor all seem to be aged ex-sluts. Examples among women I know: An old "rock club" slut who used to fuck metal bands passing through town; a former college friend who fucked almost the whole dorm hall and several professors; and the town slut who not only fucked but *dated* her high school bio teacher, then went on to be in countless wet t-shirt contests.
>
> I could give more examples, but these are the most glaring. Why? Because they especially took offense to Trump's pussy-grabbing comment. That's right — the very women who were the first to actually get their tits out in their teens and twenties are now indignant in their forties that a man (OMG!) would actually talk about sex. Imagine that. How rude!
>
> There has to be some weird psychological thing going on here. Resentment? Loss of power? Lack of control over the sexual market? All of the above?

I have three theories to explain the psychological motivations of ex-slut hatred of Trump (and by extension, hatred of Trumperica and its people).

1. Shame. Ex-sluts have to carry the burden of their sluttery and no matter how much they put on a brave grrlpower face, they HATE HATE HATE to be reminded that they joyfully acquiesced to alpha men like a young Trump using their youthful bodies for fleeting pleasures of the flesh and of the peak femininity.
2. The Wall. Ex-sluts try to ignore The Wall and their inevitable sex and romance-destroying impact with it. As with the shame of their sexual histories, ex-sluts don't like reminders of their rapidly coalescing sexual (and marital) worthlessness. Trump's well-known ALPHA MALE ENTITLEMENT in the company of younger hotter tighter women, and his implied DISAVOWAL of spending romantic effort on older women, is a constant needle under the skin of aging beauties for whom Trump is the visual embodiment of every man they secretly desire but can now no longer attract.
3. Social ostracism. Fact is, if Trumperica is realized in all its feminism-jettisoning, patriarchy-recovering glory, sluts and spinsters will have a hard go of it, especially in the marital market. A nation of beta males energized with a renewed masculinity and healthy male prerogative will feel less inclined to suck up to low value women or, worse, settle for them out of a misplaced sense of lack of options which have heretofore been drilled into their heads by the man-hating shrikegeist. Trumperica means the end of beta male thirst, at least as it is practiced today under the rules of our degenerate matriarchy: in public, with ostentatiousness and self-defeating white knight earnestness. The drying up of the beta male thirst pool will mean, blessedly, less attention lavished on fading cock hop stars by any man but the most desperately indiscriminate blacks. Ex-sluts will feel this social demotion in their bones, and they fight against its arrival — an arrival in the form of Trump and his aesthete army — with a passion they are no longer able to conjure in the bedroom.

I hope this clears up the matter!

Shitlibs Can't Distinguish Between Disgust And Lust

CH · 16 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jonathan Haidt researched differences in morality between liberals and conservatives and one of his most striking findings was that liberals have a much higher threshold of disgust than do conservatives….that is, it take a lot more to disgust a liberal.

Related, liberals may also have a more difficult time judging when a person is disgusted, or reading the feeling of disgust on a person's face. Liberals, iow, have a blind spot to disgust, (and this would partly explain their irrational xenophilia).

Given this premise, a reader wonders if a recent shitlibistan viral meme concerning photos taken of Ivanka Trump and Justine Truvada together and Ivanka's purported lustful gaze is in fact a shitlib misidentification of Ivanka's disgust for Truvada.

> saw this bouncing around with the libs on fbook. Apparently they have a tough time distinguishing from female lust and female disgust….in one picture she is greeting him with a well rehearsed fake smile, the next photo she is looking right at him with a level of disgust that she can't even fully hide. Clenched teeth in a forced half smile, a look of restrained dominance…in the other photo she isn't even looking at him….
>
> but of course, i suppose that is what love looks like to the beta male of our day
>
> anyways, love the blog, keep it up. Cheers

The shitlib beta male probably does mistake disgust for love, because at least its a form of attention!

Is this Ivanka-Truvada rapprochement riven with lustful stirrings, or barely concealed disgusted misgivings? At least this photo above appears to me to show a latent disgust as much as it may display a blatant lust.

Whatever one may say about Truvada's looks, his gay effeminate male feminist demeanor will turn off women soon enough. Most women will figure Justine for a closeted homosexual not long after he takes them home to discuss his admiration for Beyonce.

A Day Without Immigrants....

CH · 16 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

…is a great day!

Today is the first nationwide "Day Without Beaners" protest siesta.

> In cities around America, thousands of construction companies, restaurants and other businesses are bracing for "A Day Without Immigrants," a combination boycott/strike that highlights the contributions of immigrants to U.S. business and culture.
>
> The movement is a response to President Trump's immigration agenda, which includes a pledge to seal the U.S. border with Mexico and a travel ban on citizens of seven majority-Muslim countries.

I got up and stretched and went about my business and drank in the sun and realized why it was such a great day…..all-White English-speaking staff served me, competent and friendly White faces greeted me, White cashiers didn't fumble my purchase, White construction workers joked in that familiar way that only Whites can understand, White women blessed my field of view with a pleasing aesthetic only they could provide, and even the sun seemed a little Whiter and brighter up in the White-blue sky.

Next thing you'll tell me the wages of vast swaths of American workers will go up.

I wish every day could be a day without immigrants!

#FakeAgent Evan McMullin Gets BTFO

CH · 16 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

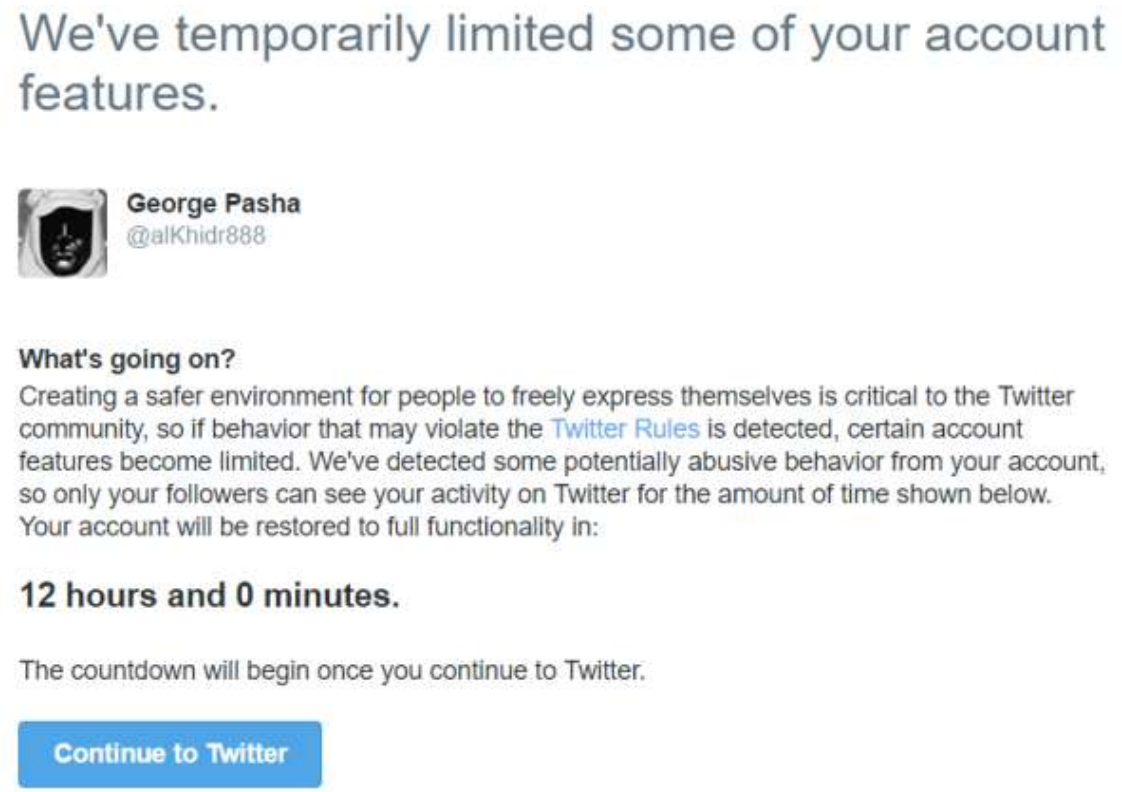
Via:

LOL. Reminder that Egghead McTraitor is a hysterically overwrought NeverTrumper and BIG FAN of the Derp

State.

And yellowfang bint Louise Mensch? She's a paranoid NeverTrumper Russophobe, former roadie whore, and self-confessed drug addict suffering mental illness. Oh, and she was a (((conservative MP))) in the Caliphate (aka Britain). LOL again!

George Pasha obviously hit pay dirt, because Twatter shitlib censors were quick to shoah his account.



This dam is bursting and very few shitlibs have the faintest idea of the torrent of cleansing water rushing toward their super zip biodomes.

Why Trump Has Captured The Hearts Of Heritage America

CH · 17 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The leftoid legacy media (LLM) will never report fairly on Trump's good deeds and bigly heart, so you'll have to come here, to the Chateau, for the Authentic News.

I'll assume everyone reading here has seen the YT video of PRESIDENT TRUMP'S live press conference, in which he perforated the usual suspects — rogue Derp Staters and the defanged and deteriorated shitlib media — with a rhetorical howitzer aimed calmly and even humorously at his targets.

As great as that Trump appearance could be fairly judged, there was an even better, and more important, video of him shot on the same day.

That appearance was Trump's signing ceremony with WV coal miners, keeping his promise to roll back a burdensome and redundant Gay Mulatto regulation. It was an emotionally reverberating reminder of Trump's big heart and why Heritage America loves him as their own.

Trump has a genuine and sincere common man's touch. He may be a billionaire playboy President, but his heart is good ol' boy and his soul salt of the earth. He's a man's man and a lady's man without the hoverhand, a Vince McMahon-schooled showman and now the true leader of a revolution we may not deserve, but need more than ever. PBUT.

***

On the subject of Trump's speaking style, as I wrote on Gab (@Heartiste):

My thoughts on Trump the extemporaneous speaker:
Not a master rhetorician.
Leaves killer points on the table too often.
Can veer off on tangents.

And none of that matters.
Why?
Because the man has balls.
BIG FUCKING BALLS THE SIZE OF BOULDERS.
That's all it takes.
All it's ever taken.
Balls.

And one more thing….candor. Balls & candor. The two are often seen together.

"L. C." objects,

> Your wisdom is showing! Yet, as I agree with most of what you say, I must add that Trump is a master of one-liners, a RETORTICIAN if not a rhetorician as when I heard him say "low-life leakers" I burst out with laughter and enjoy his refreshing CANDOR.

L. C. is absolutely right. My complaints about Trump's speaking style were in fact "backhanded insults", meaning they were really praise. Trump's lack of polish is his great strength; he's candid, earthy, and funny, and that resonates with Americans even if it bugs snobby, conniving Acela elites. "Retortician". I like it.

Cuck Of The Century (or humorous send-up of LSMV freak culture?)

CH · 17 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This story comes by way of The Sun, a Brit tabloid, so take it with a flat of salt, but if it's accurate reporting then the Chateau doesn't hesitate to claim that you are about to read the tawdry details of a male who can proudly wear the Cuck of the Century crown (a pink pussyhat).

> Meet the man who lets his girlfriend have sex with other men…so that she doesn't leave him.

Whoo boy, this one's gonna be a doozy of omega male haplessness.

Before reading further, a definition of cuckoldry. The cuckolded man is one who unwittingly raises another man's offspring because his wife (or reproductive partner in the hunter-gatherer parlance) secretly cheated on him and duped him into believing the bastard was his own.

Implied in the traditional definition of cuckold is the man's lack of foreknowledge. We need a word to describe males who WILLINGLY and even EAGERLY acquiesce to their cuckoldry, for this debased creature is so low in sexual market value (and in dignity) that he does not even have the decency to be deceived into dishonor. He embraces his ignominy and wallows in it for the pittance of a rarely-parceled polluted pussypiece. There is more honor in the incel life.

How about SUPERCUCK to describe the open cuckold? Or CUCKTASTROPHE? KING CUCK? SCALZI?

> WAKING up on a Saturday morning, Beatrice Gibbs takes one look at the naked stranger lying next to her before quickly putting on her clothes and leaving.
>
> As the 22-year-old make-up artist walks home, she texts her boyfriend Adam Gillet to tell him she's on her way back.
>
> Beatrice feels no guilt as she walks through their front door – because Adam knows exactly where she has been and what she's been doing.
>
> The pair, who have been together for two years, have a one-sided open relationship.
>
> Beatrice can sleep with who she wants, when she wants, despite Adam, 27, not having the same privileges.

This may be one of those times when I CAN'T EVEN may be applied with universally recognizable precision.

Beatrice….as if you didn't already know….is a bigly obesity.

> They came to the controversial arrangement after Beatrice threatened to leave because she was unable to resist other men.

Correction: “black men”.

> “I said I had to break up with him so that I wasn’t unfaithful. I didn’t want to hurt him by going behind his back with someone else.
>
> “He was devastated and suggested we stay together but I could sleep with other people, as long as I told him who and when.

For Adam’s sake, I hope he’s literally retarded.

> “It’s the perfect situation. I have a boyfriend I love but I also get to have fun with other men when I want to.”

fattyfiction.txt

> She says: “I don’t feel guilty as we both agreed to our open relationship. I know it must be difficult for him but it’s the only way we could be together.
>
> “The morning I see him after a night out I do sometimes feel a bit bad, but after a cuddle and a chat it’s just us being normal in our usual relationship.”

That’s not a cuddle, that’s asphyxiation.

> Adam claims he has got used to their arrangement.
>
> The warehouse worker says: “I really like Beatrice and I didn’t want to lose her. I’m happy for her to enjoy herself.

> “We decided this is the best way to take the relationship forward so I have become used to it. I’m not really interested in chasing other women and I know if I did then Beatrice wouldn’t be happy about it.

Oh come on, this can’t be real. A genuine eunuch would be more masculine than this nominal male. A non-obese man can’t bear to be without a morbidly obese skank so he agrees to open polyamory for her and strict monogamy for himself to ensure she stays “happy”. I doubt a rabid man-hating bitterbitch feminist could come up with supersized slutfic as over-the-top as this without wondering if it would put her REEE-cred on the line.

> “I did feel jealous to begin with, especially after the first time. I still feel a pang of jealousy when she mentions what she has been up to, but I keep it inside. I’ve learnt to deal with my feelings about it.”

The larger revelation here is the 100% TRUEFACT that many thirsty beta and omega males suppress their natural sexual desire under the false belief that this is what persuades women to stick with them.

> “Three have been one-night stands and one is a regular who I sleep with around twice a month.
>
> “He drinks in the same clubs I do, so we hook up at the end of the night if he hasn’t gone off with anyone else.”

Fat chick doesn’t realize she’s the garbage hour last resort for whiskey dick drunk losers. Not that the whiskey matters; a blubberbutt that yuge would have a hard time feeling a two-by-four jammed up her pig poke.

> Adam says: “It takes away the worry about her cheating on me, if I let her sleep with other people she comes back to me.”

I WANT TO DISBELIEVE

Beta male thirst, entitled fatties, proud sluts, scheming single mommies, willing cuckolds…..what we are witnessing is the wholesale corruption and disfigurement of the sexual market in the West. This bloated baby is gonna crash and burn big time. Soon. Buckle up.

***

Sparta Doc G comments,

> He’s gay. She’s his beard. That’s why he doesn’t care about her sex habits. He has no interest in them. The article is a cover.

The couple *claim* to still have sex. But yeah there is a flicker of gayface in Adam. And it’s true that gay men, not having any interest in the female form, don’t mind a coterie of fat fag hags as long as the fatties bring some sass and gossip to the friendship. It wouldn’t be the first time in history a closeted gay homosexual male took up with a fatty beard.

What Is The Purpose Of The Chateau?

CH · 17 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Les Saunders, Protestant, provides a springboard from which to ponder the purpose of the Chateau.

> Speaking of betatude – There are two admin bitches in my office, both still relatively young (late 20s), but even at this age you can see the wall rapidly approaching. Sexy girls but still, their best days are behind them. Doesn't help that they smoke, either. my office overlooks the entrance of the building so I see everyone arriving to work in the am. I started noticing that when these broads arrive to work, the security guards remove pylons on the street to make room for the girls' cars in prime parking spots. So basically, the security guards reserve spots for these broads so that they can put on their oversized sunglasses and sling their purses over their forearms and strut 15 feet to the building, their egos laughably and artificially inflated because of some fawning behaviour from a few Average Frustrated Chumps. Why would a man do this, pro forma, day in and day out for these ungrateful bitches? Do they think they're going to get laid by doing so? The girls probably didn't even ask for such treatment, betatude is such an ingrained handicap nowadays that they did it on some subconscious level hoping being "nice" would lead to a reward. Anyways, just makes it easier for me to swoop in while the other guys get more sexually frustrated by the day.

These men have no game, and no understanding, and ominously their kind are proliferating all over America and the West. There is a beta male thirst epidemic sweeping the nation. Symptoms include grinding celibacy, cringing supplication, and fattening unfeminine women who have been released from the need to exert any effort to please men.

There is no single purpose of the Chateau, but if this 'umble settlement of shiv wielders and soul quenchers has one accomplishment to its name, I hope it will be remembered as the place where BETA MALE THIRST CAME TO DIE and men recovered their masculine, entitled prerogative to grab the pussy of the world.

Reversing the destructive course of BETA MALE THIRST in the nations of once-proud men and their 'mirin women is a noble cause to which the Chateau would be happy to associate itself.

More Mask Slippage: Sweden Edition

CH · 19 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

During a Florida rally, Trump commented that Sweden was having security problems with their self-inflicted migrant invasion. Swedish globalists (mutually exclusive terms in due time) rushed to snark-shame President Trump for implying migrants had brought any rise in crime with them into Sweden. ("Official statistics", they huffed, showed no such migrant crime rate rise. Official Sweden statistics coincidentally also show Syrian migrants contributing to a massive increase in economic growth, world peace, and a boom in the nonconsensual fertility rate.)

So OK Swedish authorities (probably not for long) lie about their migrant problems and cover up crime associated with migrants. The data that lies outside "official statistics" clearly shows migrants have brought huge increases in crime with them to Germany, Sweden, and other NW Euro nations. Trump was likely referring to specific news stories about two Swedish police officers who blew the whistle on the Sweden government's cover-up of migrant crimes. (One whistleblower is, incredulously, being charged with inciting racial hatred.)

The mask slippage in all this brouhaha is revealed in the words of the Swedish Foreign Minister (a woman, natch).

> Swedish Foreign Minister Margot Wallstrom appeared to respond to Trump on Saturday by posting on Twitter an excerpt of a speech in which she said democracy and diplomacy "require us to respect science, facts and the media."

Did you catch that? "…respect science, facts and THE MEDIA". Since when does democracy automatically require the media is lavished with respect? Respect must be earned. Is it not possible in the world of Sweden's Foreign Menstruator that a lying, discredited media can coexist with a democracy? In fact, all the evidence to date amply demonstrates the case: advanced degenerating democracies coexist quite warmly and even symbiotically with corrupt, media indoctrination mills. There are now six megamedia companies in the US, and all of them are wholly-owned subsidiaries of globohomo oligarchs. Our vertical and horizontal is controlled by a handful of obscenely wealthy rootless cosmopolitans who love open borders, cheap labor and compliant consumer cogs.

The mask slippage reveals another great fear of the anti-White Left: their loss of the leftoid legacy media megaphone and the power to shape public sympathies through devious framing of stories and omissions of counter-Narrative facts. If the media is discredited as the VeryFakeNews that it is, then the Left will have lost a powerful ally in their demographic war to reduce White majority nations to White plurality or White minority nations.

We in the Maul-Right are getting very VERY close to the target now. You can hear the Left's fear in the nervous scoffs of the foreign ministers and in the shrieks of indignation from the newspaper editorial boards.

The stuck pig squeals loudest, and by the sounds of it the globalist pig is stuck in the vitals.

The Mask Slips Completely Off

CH · 19 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

…and underneath is the face of a genocidal eliminationist. From yesterday's NYSukkahTimes editorial:

> Where could the demonizing and dehumanizing of the foreign born lead but to a whiter America?

And the truth comes out; what is feared most by the Left (and propagated against most vituperatively and diligently by ((((the Left)))) is a Whiter America. A demographic return to the days (not long ago, mind you) when America was, Yahweh forbid!, 90% White and still in good health is a crucifix to the autonomic anti-White Leftoid golem. This is why the Left fights so hard against border control and immigrant discrimination. They are nothing and their twisted utopia is dust if the White majority isn't reduced to a manageable number.

As a White man, I sense that war has been declared on me and my kind. When my enemies bring war to my doorstep, what am I to do? Welcome their bayonets to my chest? Whine about how totally not racist I am as the enemy levels its guns at my head?

I'm not a rash man, but I believe the time for defending myself has arrived.

Feminism Is The Final Shit Test

CH · 19 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Women by their nature want to submit to a man; the only question is to which men they will submit.

Hint: It's not weak yes-men who flatter feminists' childish world views.

Canadian Friend winces with disgust at the wont of the fairer sex,

> A bit off topic,
>
> another submissive feminist,
>
> take a look at the prime minister of Ontario (population 14,000,000) a lesbian feminist, a strong independent woman who turns into a submissive woman and acts as if she is inferior to men the second she steps into a mosque
>
> they made her wear a veil and sit separately from men, a woman who is in charge of 14 million Canadians, she became docile like a battered wife, like a battered dog in the presence of muslim men.
>
> I'm looking for s stronger word than scandalous.
>
> the photo alone is mind bogglingly shocking. (first link large photo + second link details by Milo)
>
> http://www.smalldeadanimals.com/2017/02/wynneing-57.html
> https://milo.yiannopoulos.net/2017/02/canadian-politician-mosque-corner/

> "Wynne didn't complain about degradation of women. Nor did she, although gay, say a word about the statements of the imam at the mosque she visited."

Let's just say the imam's words would easily qualify as hate speech under the Berkeley code of acceptable

discourse.

The GAYNADIANS are the most nauseatingly cucked of the Anglosphere nations. At the very top of GAYNADA power prances an effete SJW closet case, Justine Truvada.

Did the Russians hack the GAYNADIAN food supply and slip megatonnes of soy into the poutine and Horton's hot beverages? The only grace that is saving GAYNADA's bacon for the time being is their skills-based immigration system, but expect that to be challenged in short order and overturned in even shorter order.

But never mind GAYNADA, an afterthought of a country. The real issue illuminated by this story is the BIG MISTAKE it has been handing the reins of power over to women. And especially to lesbian ferengi-faced women. We can see in technirainbow glory how hypersignaling women are driving the West off a cliff, as they sneer at and belittle their own White men, (who can't stop sucking up to feminist twats for POZitive press in the VeryFakeNews papers), while literally sitting shoeless and veil-clad in the mosque dunce corner at the demand of dumbfuck sand wops, submitting to the strong horse quicker than you can say "Obama is a secret Muslim".

Feminism is the final shit test because if we men of the West don't pass it — i.e., brutally ridicule and ostracize women like Wynne — then the West will fall into the hands of men who don't pass shit tests….they give them. And feminists will happily, joyously, even relievedly, oblige their patriarchal supplanters.

The Stupidity Of Intelligence Signaling

CH · 21 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is great article by Bruce Charlton, a must-read, because it explains so much about post-America shitlibbery. (For a complementary thread on the topic, try here.)

Executive Summary: what liberals have in IQ they lack in common sense. It's an evolutionary trade-off.

> In short, it has often been observed that high IQ types are lacking in 'common sense' – and especially when it comes to dealing with other human beings. General intelligence is not just a cognitive ability; it is also a cognitive disposition. So, the greater cognitive abilities of higher IQ tend also to be accompanied by a distinctive high IQ personality type including the trait of 'Openness to experience', 'enlightened' or progressive left-wing political values, and atheism. Drawing on the ideas of Kanazawa, **my suggested explanation for this association between intelligence and personality is that an increasing relative level of IQ brings with it a tendency differentially to over-use general intelligence in problem-solving, and to over-ride those instinctive and spontaneous forms of evolved behaviour which could be termed common sense.** Preferential use of abstract analysis is often useful when dealing with the many evolutionary novelties to be found in modernizing societies; but is not usually useful for dealing with social and psychological problems for which humans have evolved 'domain-specific' adaptive behaviours. **And since evolved common sense usually produces the right answers in the social domain; this implies that, when it comes to solving social problems, the most intelligent people are more likely than those of average intelligence to have novel but silly ideas, and therefore to believe and behave maladaptively. I further suggest that this random silliness of the most intelligent people may be amplified to generate systematic wrongness when intellectuals are in addition 'advertising' their own high intelligence in the evolutionarily novel context of a modern IQ meritocracy.** The cognitively-stratified context of communicating almost-exclusively with others of similar intelligence, generates opinions and behaviours among the highest IQ people which are not just lacking in common sense but perversely wrong. Hence the phenomenon of 'political correctness' (PC); whereby false and foolish ideas have come to dominate, and moralistically be enforced upon, the ruling elites of whole nations.

That description sounds precisely like the basis for the cognitive and social schisms currently tearing apart Western nations. Self-segregating and supercharged-signaling "clever sillies" are running their homelands into the ground with overbearing government interventions to "close the gap" and open borders to "create more gaps". This stupidity of intelligence signaling would be funny if it weren't also so damned threatening to the continued survival of the West.

> The over-use of abstract reasoning may be most obvious in the social domain, where normal humans are richly equipped with evolved psychological mechanisms both for here-and-now interactions (e.g. rapidly reading emotions from facial expression, gesture and posture, and speech intonation) and for 'strategic' modelling of social interactions to understand predict and manipulate the behaviour of others. Social strategies deploy inferred knowledge about the dispositions, motivations and intentions of others. **When the most intelligent people over-ride the social intelligence systems and apply generic, abstract and systematic reasoning of the kind which is enhanced among higher IQ people, they are ignoring an 'expert system' in favour of a non-expert system.**

For an immediately palpable example of SMRT shitlibs applying abstract and systematic reasoning to a social intelligence system, see their snarky "you're more likely to be killed by falling furniture than by a Muslim terrorist" apples-to-oranges comparison. (Socially intelligent reply: "Sure but falling furniture isn't getting on planes with me, patting me down after a two hour wait in the TSA line, or calling for death to all infidels.")

Charlton goes on to explain why it seems like we are seeing more pajamaboy shitlib faces and cuckfaces in the West:

> Indeed, I suggest that higher levels of the personality trait of Openness in higher IQ people may be the flip-side of this over-use of abstraction. I regard Openness as the result of deploying abstract analysis for social problems to yield unstable and unpredictable results, when innate social intelligence would tend to yield predictable and stable results. This might plausibly underlie the tendency of the most intelligent people in modernizing societies to hold 'left-wing' political views.
>
> **I would argue that neophilia (or novelty-seeking) is a driving attribute of the personality trait of Openness; and a disposition common in adolescents and immature adults who display what I have termed 'psychological neoteny'.**

Psychological neoteny is likely correlated, by the associative property, with physical and facial neoteny. Physiognomy is real, and it's no accident that we often observe the silliest of shitlibs have very punchable faces devoid of any masculinity.

Shitlibs are, in essence, arrested adolescents, forever on the hunt for the next thrill to add meaning to their disconnected lives. Risk-taking and novelty-seeking are useful traits to have when one must impress a mate (usually a man impressing a girl) or broaden the pool of acceptable mates; but those traits are destructive when scaled up to the level of social policy and beyond the bounds of the life stage when mate acquisition is paramount.

> In such an evolutionarily-unprecedented, artificial 'hothouse' environment, it is plausible that any IQ-related behaviours are amplified: partly because there is little counter-pressure from the less intelligent people with less neophiliac personalities, and perhaps mainly because there is a great deal of IQ-advertisement. **Indeed, it looks very much as if the elites of modern societies are characterized by considerable IQ-signalling. Sometimes this is direct advertisement (e.g. when boasting about intellectual attainments or attendance at highly-selective colleges) and more often the signalling is subtly-indirect when people display the attitudes, beliefs, fashions, manners and hobbies associated with high intelligence.** This advertising is probably based on sexual selection, if IQ has been a measure of general fitness during human evolutionary history, and was associated with a wide range of adaptive traits.

But we are now at the point when the libshit SMRT mate signaling has reached sexual market saturation; I predict, and in fact we can see it happening already, that deftly counter-signaling the leftoid equalism orthodoxy will be a powerful display of fitness, for what do women love more than a bad boy rule-breaker who can buck the system and not just survive, but thrive? As always, BALLS wins babes.

> My hunch is that it is this kind of IQ-advertisement which has led to the most intelligent people in modern societies having ideas about social phenomena that are not just randomly incorrect (due to inappropriately misapplying abstract analysis) but are systematically wrong. I am talking of the phenomenon known as political correctness (PC) in which foolish and false ideas have become moralistically-enforced among the ruling intellectual elite. And these ideas have invaded academic, political and social discourse. Because while the stereotypical nutty professor in the hard sciences is a brilliant scientist but silly about everything else; the stereotypical nutty professor social scientist or humanities professor is not just silly about 'everything else', **but also silly in their professional work.**

I was convinced before reading this Charlton hypothesis that what's happening in the AngloGermanoSphere is runaway "intelligence signaling"; that is, aesthetically disfigured and socially untethered White shitlibs of the West can only pride themselves on their abstraction smarts, and to stay ahead of their peers they have to signal hard against common sense, leading to xenophilia spirals (as well as degeneracy spirals and anti-White spirals).

(As a reader wrote, “Believing in a lie can require more intelligence; you have to know the truth to conceal it properly, plus the pleasing lie, plus the explanation why the lie is more true than the truth.”)

What’s happened is that common sense (or gut instinct, or mental sanity) has become associated with declassé opinions and flyover rubes. The cause of this association is complex, but it’s where we are today and it means that the shitlib clown-cognition signaling will continue until a cataclysm *forces* common sense on them. I doubt that increasingly insulated, credentialist suck-up shitlibs will rediscover the merits of common sense on their own.

Addendum: the Maul-Right is the next stage of human evolution: high IQ AND common sense. And that fact, more than any other, explains the hysterical response of the Left to dissident crimethinkers and to Trump; the Left knows a real threat to their rule when they see one.

Sex Differences In Prostitution Solicitation

CH · 21 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The difference between men and women? When men pay for prostitutes, they want sex. When women pay for gigoros, they want romance and flirting.

> Cigarette smoke hangs thick in the air of a Tokyo nightspot as Aki Nitta sips champagne with a trio of sweet-talking Lotharios peddling fake love at premium rates.
>
> In a country which has lost its mojo, many wealthy Japanese women spend eye-watering sums on male hosts in return for an evening of sweet talk, flirting — and often sex.
>
> "I want my heart to flutter," Nitta told AFP at a popular club in the Kabukicho red-light district lined with chrome and mirrors.
>
> "Japanese men aren't very attentive and don't show their feelings, but hosts treat you like a princess. I want to be pampered and I don't care how much it costs," she adds. […]
>
> But some big-spenders splurge over $100,000 in a single night to have their egos stroked by smooth-talking rental Romeos who themselves can earn five times that amount in a good month.

There's a lucrative ROI in Japan for any man who has Game.

> Many women — ranging from 20-somethings to those in their sixties — lavish expensive gifts on their favourite hosts, buying them diamond watches, luxury cars, even apartments.

Sugar mommies.

> "When I was 20 a customer bought me a Porsche," said former host Sho Takami, who owns a chain of clubs and likens a host's role to that of a psychiatrist, with benefits.

LOL a gigolo's job is basically a therapist for ronery women.

> "It's important the customer believes there's a chance of love. After all that's how you get her to come to the club and spend money," Takami explained.

Game 101: Flip the script. Make the woman chase you. "So you're saying I have a chance!", she shrieked with delight.

> Around 260 of those are located in Tokyo, most squeezed into Kabukicho's narrow streets where flickering neon signs display the air-brushed faces of hosts outside clubs with names such as Romeo, Gatsby and Avalon.

You see, Japan does multiculturalism right: Don't let the alien riff raff in; just appropriate their iconic characters from literature and make them your own.

> Japan's hosts, denizens of the night instantly recognisable by their spray tans, crimped long hair and tight-fitting suits, are often accused of preying on women's emotions.

See how this game is played by the gynecracy? Pathologize male sexuality while casting women forever in the role of victims to predatory men. A simple rhetorical reframe is the best defense: Do female prostitutes prey on men's libidos?

> “We’re selling them dreams, so you lie about loving them in return for serious money,” added the 38-year-old club manager, freshly blow-dried and shirt open to reveal a medallion.

Peacocking pendant.

> “Hosts exist to fill a void in someone’s life,” he said. “In this business, the host is the product. We pamper to a woman’s every need — listen to her problems, tell her she’s beautiful, act out her fantasies.”

This confirms a Chateau observation about the continental races: Beta Romantic Game works better with super-K-selected women like the Japanese. It also confirms another CH maxim: women are like doge shite; the older they get the easier they are to pick up.

> With harsher restrictions on opening hours, regular police checks and far less ‘yakuza’ gangster involvement, the host business has cleaned up its shady image in recent years.
>
> But the promise of sex is still dangled as bait in a cutthroat industry, admits Ichijo, whose plush apartment screams bling.

Within these stories if you read closely you can see the outlines of a future sexual market taking shape in Western and Westernized nations. It’s very Houellebecqian and Heartistian.

“Bizarro Salon” Awkwardly Reveals RealNews

CH · 22 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Those merry memesters at 4chan’s /pol/ forum are at it again, busting narratives and realtalking their way into the history books. An especially precocious mischief-maker created a Chrome (Spoogle) extension that changes “White” to “black” on various shitlib websites like PuffedHo, Feedbuzz, and Shalom.

> An anon got the idea to start flooding Twitter with screenshots of the extension in action under the hashtag #WhiteToBlack

Perfect. Let’s see what happens.

As a wag chortled, finally Shalom’s headlines make sense!

A pastiche (click for zoomed-in version):

My sides! Every one of those inverted headlines is more truthful than Shalom's original hate-whitey headlines.

Some people may say this is a classic case of shitlib psychological projection. (The white shitlib projects his real racist feelings onto other Whites to absolve xirself of guilt.) But what this more closely resembles is *negative transference*; the white shitlib has a lot of bottled-up negative feelings about blacks that xe transfers to those no-good, awful, very bad, deplorable BadWhites — conveniently located far away outside the shitlib's bubble so that a true and honest gauge of the BadWhite's emotional state can't be fairly taken — and in the process unburdens xerxesself of intense cognitive dissonance. (Freud wasn't entirely useless.)

If libshits had to confront their own negative feelings about blacks squarely and candidly, they would have a mass psychotic break. So they go through ludicrous and increasingly insane mental contortions to transfer their secret racist guilt onto other White people whom they don't know and with whom they don't mingle in their shitlibistan circles. This entire process is further amplified by the urban shitlib's very real and very deeply-felt hatred for heartland Whites, so the job of trashing one's credibility and shitting on one's integrity doesn't feel like a chore when the ideological and cultural enemy is taking flak.

Executive Summary: For the truth and the underlying motivations of every unhinged writer for a leftoid legacy mouthpiece, just switch "white" and "black" and enjoy the illuminating high from taking an enormous race-based red pill.

A 4channer astutely notes that the Lying Left must be attacked with a combination of Rhetoric and Realtalk. The latter alone will bounce right off leftoid COGDIS, while the former alone (although more powerful as an instrument of leftoid destruction) will eventually crumble without a solid foundation. If you do it right — attack the shitlib ego and expose the shitlib id with mockery (i.e., emotional appeals) while relying on a fortifying base of truthful observations — the shitlib destruction is nearly self-fulfilling.

> This is actually pretty great. The way to wake up the left is not with logical arguments or with facts or statistics.
>
> It's by holding a mirror against them, let them chimp out at their very own image and make them realize stumble over their own arguments. They deconstruct themselves. No need for us to even get involved. Spread

> this shit on facebook, twitter, everywhere.

Comment Of The Week: The Signaling Fields

CH · 22 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader PA wonders if shitlib clever-silly virtue signaling is really a survival tactic in a Western country that excessively and mercilessly punishes its middle, working, and lower class White citizens.

> Shitlib "abstraction smarts" signalling is caused by the opposite pressures that were imposed on Cambodians during their genocide. Communists were going for the head. If hands were not calloused or he wore glasses, you were taken away. White nations are being hit in the gut. Our working class is going through its slow-motion Killing Fields. So brains signalling comes not just from a place of vanity.
>
> A related thought, now I see why gamma males of lower class origins can be some of the most obnoxious SJWs. Not only are they working hard to signal, but they are also pleading their case for being noticed by their betters and pulled out of the working class.

When listening to SWPL shitlibs gleefully regurgitate the latest Faceborg anti-White, anti-Trump snark, I can't help but notice a tinge of FEAR and hysteria staining their self-righteousness. PA may be onto something; shitlibs virtue signal for more than vainglory or as a social bonding substitute….they do it to avoid being cast out to the icy wastelands.

Of course, no socially healthy nation eagerly casts out its yeomen to the icy wastelands. That's suicidal. But national suicide is the point to our Globohomo elites, whose only real threat comes from a cohesive resistance of blood-and-soil-bound heritage Americans. As corvo puts it,

> And this is why those of us who are in a position to do so must advocate for our people. We cannot just abandon the White working class to be economically decimated and intellectually stomped on. We can't think "Well, I've got mine" and just slink away from the fight. These are our people.

If you wonder why the vile reptilian Bill Kristols of the world openly confess they prefer the depredations of the Deep State to the legitimately elected voice of Trump's America, you need only read Corvo's last sentence.

"These are our people."

Not "their" people. "Our" people.

It's tribal mechanics all the way down.

The Communist Cambodian Killing Fields only stopped running with blood when neighboring Vietnam invaded.

There's a lesson there for the combatants of America's Signaling Fields. A very ominous lesson.

The Evanescent 10

CH · 22 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

10s exist. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise. Their rarity and rarified beauty are naturally cause for disputation among men who bound their egos to their ability to discern exquisite apex femininity, but rarity is not a synonym for nonexistence.

With that in mind, would you consider this meadow minx an HB10? The perfection of woman by the standards of present-day worldwide womanhood?

Loud And Brown Christianity On A Collision Course With Polite And White Christianity

CH · 22 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jesus Cucking Christ, the anti-White rot seeps into every crevice of the Church, softening the edifice from the inside out.

From Sigma K,

> Was at the Catholic Church for my father's funeral. The new art they used is this statue when they refurbished the church a few years ago. This is an almost all white neighborhood North of Detroit. It's that way because of white flight in the 60s-70s. White's will never learn.
>
> Looks like we need a funeral for the church.

There's a psychological undercurrent subtly conveyed by this "artwork". You'll notice the chocolate imp is sitting in (presumably) Jesus' lap, while the White children gather round Jesus almost like they are his apostles. Everyone stares lovingly and tenderly at the black baby. The message is that the African orphan is a charity case through which empathobesic White Christcucks may demonstrate their virtue. It's Captain Save-a-Fro as Church policy, and you will only ever see this sort of thing in all-White churches. (Black churches have black iconography. Blacks, for all their dysfunction, are unashamed of their race.)

Secularism and pleasuredome technologies wounded European Christianity, but Diversity will kill it in all but name.

Sigma K provides more context,

> The ceremony for my father was simply awful.
>
> The priest was weak but my all female family loved it because it was touching…
>
> They had some lady playing a shitty keyboard/synth and singing with all of the awe, reverence and wonder of a

> month old loaf of bread. All doughy and moldy.
>
> My dad's corpse had more "T" in it a week after he died than the priest.
>
> I understand why men are no longer interested in church. I understand why church is dying. I see why those vibrants/muzzies are so welcome.
>
> Dalrock is correct, the church is poison.

Feminism is civilization death. It's that simple. As either a contributing cause or a symptom, feminism and its ideological tributaries and political repercussions are an unmistakable harbinger of a nation's decline and fall. When feminism poisons the commonweal and pollutes 2,000 year old institutions, the end is in sight. No low-T soynation teetering on the brink of no-T hyper-emotionalism will survive for long, in any capacity that would be recognizable to past generations. A strong-willed phalanx of foreign men pulsing with purified T can and will easily overrun a nation and its institutions of house eunuchs and their weepy, whip-hand postmenopausal matriarch slavemasters. "I'm with her…..to our Darwinian doom."

Diversity Heretic adds,

> Over at Occam's Razor/Dark Enlightenment I read a comment that Christianity is becoming loud, brown and obnoxious. This certainly seems true of the present Roman Catholic Church and mainstream Protestant churches. Is there any hope in either the evangelical Protestant churches or the Eastern Orthodox Church? I don't count the Mormons as Christian, but they also seem to be moving in the direction of race cuckoldry. I'm not sure about the Seventh Day Adventists. Perhaps in the 500 year anniversary of Martin Luther's rejection of the Roman Catholic Church there can be the beginning of a muscular ethnonationalist Christianity: perhaps the "Cult of Michael the White Warrior Archangel?"

Loud and brown Christianity is on a collision course with polite and White Christianity. Most Christian sects appear afflicted, with notable exceptions like the Amish and the Eastern Orthodox. Catholicism is fully under the spell of anti-White globohomoism as a seditious Pope does his level best to undermine the foundations of the Church he leads by embracing every pozzed directive and diversity nostrum on earth below.

The remorselessly masculine loud and brown will overpower the submissively feminine polite and White, if the present course remains uncorrected. Perhaps nukes change the historical equation. But even then, I doubt it; bitterbitches and their manlet quislings with their fingers on the button don't inspire confidence. They'd probably hand the launch codes over to the first spokesvibrant who complained about lack of representation in deciding humanity's fate.

The Christian Church can allow itself to be overrun by the loud and brown and reshaped into a grotesquely unfamiliar abomination of its former glory, or it can SACK UP and REASSERT its primal Whiteness, remembering the wisdom of the ancients: You dance with the one who brung ya.

Reader Mailbag: Escaping The Small Talk Trap

CH · 23 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's been too long since our last reader mailbag, so here we go. The emails have piled up to an unmanageable level, which means if you don't see your question answered here, stay tuned for future reader mailbags.

Email #1 is from a reader who wishes to remain anonymous. The Niceguy's Lament:

> Dear CH,
>
> They say the first step to fixing a problem is recognizing there is one. My problem is this: I'm a gamma. I'm 23, unkissed, I'm often called a nice guy and been rejected numerous times as a result. I fall into the trap of the worship/hate dichotomy of women. I catch the gaze of a lot of girls at uni, though, so I'm not all that unattractive. I've slowly began to realize that it's not the women that's the problem but myself. I have no game and hardly have the confidence to make advancements. When I do talk to girls, it's the same old nice-guy small talk. Since reading your blog, though, I've hit the gym five times a week and have gained a chin and some confidence—after all, I do have a sizable cock. My question is this: is there hope for me and how do I get game? I want change.
>
> Thanks.

First, a sizable cock is an asset…but only after you've seduced a woman into bed. Unless you're in the habit of plonking your peter on the table for awestruck girls to gaze at hungrily, you won't have any chance to leverage that asset until all the hard work is already done.

To your main gripe, what you're suffering and feeling is the Niceguy's Lament. You get eyeplay, but it never goes anywhere. Girls keep telling you you're "a great guy" and it feels like a punch to the gut, because you know by now it means "a great guy who's not drinking this milkshake". Small talk inevitably leads nowhere, so here's what you've got to do. I'll give you a very simple instruction to follow, and all I want is for you to gauge girls' reactions for any changes from prior experience.

Instead of the usual small talk, say this:

"Hey, I love your glasses/dress/shoes! My mom wears those too."

That's it. This is called "small talk with a shiv twist", aka a neg aka a backhanded compliment. Watch closely for girls' reactions; you'll be pleasantly surprised by how indignant and yet, curious, they become toward you.

Do this wee babby step, and get back to us with a progress report. We'll work on you from there.

PS Cut your gym time to three days per week. You're either over-training, or not training hard enough in each session, given how you are able to recover so quickly for consecutive workouts.

***

Email #2: A female reader, leveledup, wants to know what to call a female shitlord.

> Shivgirl names:
>
> How about shivlet, shivstress, shivdolly, princess of the shiv, pinkpiller, or misschiv?

Thoughts? CH's first stab at this problem was "shivlady".

***

Email #3: Eggplantzzz tries to explain the rise of beta male thirst.

> I was wondering if in the past, the “expectation” of marriage and faithfulness allowed most betas to be less desperate and made it easier for them to act like they have options. More precisely, since promiscuity wasn’t normalized and most womyn pretended to be chaste betas in a way “didn’t feel threatened” to perform, or weren’t so anxious about their status/performance.

Short answer: Yes. Options will exert their marital market leverage whether objectively available to the man or perceived as such by him. Beta male thirst is really an inverse function of real or perceived mate options; the more options, the less thirst. We are seeing record high levels of beta male thirst now because the sex market, for multiple reasons discussed at this blog, favors women; this skew doesn’t have to be large, only large enough to strongly affect the margins until there’s a huge ripple effect extending out over the entire playing field.

Beta males who feel as though marriage with an under-30, feminine, slender woman is a realistic expectation are of course less likely to litter women’s Faceborg feeds with “you go grrl!” motivationals and the tepid wayward seed of their fapped-out blue balls.

The good news is that there’s a hidden treasure waiting to be unearthed in a female-biased sexual market, for any man who has Game. The more women are clumsily hit on by anti-Game thirsty beta males, the more eagerly they’ll lap up the sexy ministrations of the aloof alpha cad who acts as if the world of women is his harem.

***

Email #4 is from Padawan, who needs advice about how to open chicks on dating apps like Tinder.

> Hail lord and saviour.

Now that’s an intro I can strut in behind.

> I’m a new learner on the path to the truth and I’m having a good progression but my weak point is sending the opener texts at dating apps like okcupid/tinder etc. I’m successful at dating and bedding women I meet irl , however usually I am clueless about what to say in the first message to get the chicks interested on virtual platforms. I have far less trouble with keeping the conversation and directing the topic to sex and meeting up *when* my opener gets through but that’s the only real trouble I have, it usually doesn’t get through especially when it’s with empty profiles that I have to make shit up out of blue (which I assume is the real thing that differentiates real winner alphas from the semi-betas) **[ed: it can’t hurt]** so I’d be grateful if you wrote a guide on how to open up with good starters for your young learners. And thank you for all your helpful articles.

Check the CH archives for online Game; there’s too much info to recap here. I’ll keep it brief, instead, to get the ball rolling for you.

Tinder/OkCupid and the rest are FEMALE ATTENTION WHORE VEHICLES. That means,

1. don’t feed their egos
2. jolt them out of their expectations that a deluge of beta male thirst is their due

Abide those two rules and your online dating adventures will feel like a spring breeze blowing through labial leaves.

In practice, these two online dating rules mean:

- be terse
- don’t be long-winded
- don’t be needy (end chats first)
- assume familiarity
- don’t get bogged down in emotional conversation

- don’t fall into the girl’s frame (always be framing)
- push-pull is your friend (push more than you would pull)
- a neg or disqualification opener right out of the gate is perfectly acceptable
- you may experiment with “going the full asshole” in the dating app milieu

Remember, the girl is chasing you; you’re not chasing the girl.

A classic PUA OkTinder opener is the following:

> you’re everything I thought I never wanted in a girl

Delightfully ambiguous, something girls can’t resist. Downside: this may be played out by now. (Some of the hardcore online daters ie sluts might recognize it coming from other newbie womanizers.)

In a world of thirsty betas, the man who qualifies women right away will stand out. So try this, too:

> are you cool?

Simple and direct, and however she answers, you can reply “I’ll be the judge of that.” Chicknip!

There’s the sneaky opener:

> woops. i meant to swipe left

And the all-purpose birthday cat opener:

[image]

Finally, I will reveal a new tingle triggerer that is TNT, a combination of asshole + disqualification game + attention whore hamster nuking, so be careful when deploying it.

This last one is actually best used as an opener or early on, in response to nothing particularly nagger-ish by the girl, because she’ll wonder what she’s done to earn this repudiation.

Girl: “? what i do?”

Underworld Emissary: “nothing, yet. I’m just getting it out there now and out of the way.”

PS Here’s a guy who claims to have a pickup routine that puts Tinder on “God mode”. Note the Game elements he uses: eliciting a girl’s values, intriguing a girl through storytelling, female preselection (“I’ll tell you mine that happened last night”), and a solid DQ (“it’s prob better than yours”).

Anti-Game

CH · 23 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Scene:

A beta, Adam, tries to be funny and sympathize with the bluehair feminists he likely sees as his only romantic outlet.

Adam recruits a sad, sleepy emoji to punctuate his male feminist cred.

One of those weirdo feminist girls, Alysse, rhetorically pats Adam on the head and sends him to bed with no promise of sex.

Artistic flourishes:

“Aw” = interjectional castration

“Feel empowered!” = “you can do it, little boy!”

“(Hint: it’s equal rights. ^_^)” = no matter how feminist-y the male feminist struggles to become, the grrlpower targets of his smarmy sympathy will feel indescribably repulsed by his utter lack of sexual magnetism and finish him off with a barely-concealed nastiness (usually involving some recapitulation of banal feminist talking points).

Anti-Game is the romance-killer. It’s worse than No-Game because it actively reduces a man’s chances to get the lay. A No-Game-having herb can stumble into a lay despite himself, but the Anti-Game-having adams actually make their prospects worse whenever they put forth an effort.

Here’s what the above Anti-Game looks like when converted to Game:

Adam: “This is why the patriarchy gets so much done at night.”

Alysse: “um wow? what’s that supposed to mean?”

Adam: “that the patriarchy are secretly vampires.”

Alysse: *SPLOOGE*

Female Hypergamy 101

CH · 24 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

15% of women have slept with their bosses. (37% of those got a promotion out of it.)

That 15% is the number of women who *admitted* to having affairs with their bosses, so we can safely double the number to get an accurate picture of the percentage of women banging up.

This is female hypergamy 101, the desire of women to date up, marry up, and fuck up. By "up", I mean a man's social, economic, and sexual status: women want a man higher than themselves in all the ways that matter, except looks and youth, in which women prefer to retain an edge over the men they screw.

The rise of a managerialist corporatocracy/gynecracy greased with conformist HR cogs from the effluvium of a thousand libarts colleges has created a sexual market that accommodates and amplifies the female hypergamous impulse. Any beta provider would be wise to steer his beloved away from hyper-stratified, super-SCALED corporate behemoths that are run as *de facto* harems by a few alpha males at the top supported by an admiring and desiring ovaclass of id-starved, Shonda Rhimes-raised women all too happy to turn the cubicle farm into a hive of gossip and sexual intrigue.

As long as humans are a sexually reproducing species, female hypergamy will always be a feature of life, but the least a healthy society can do is stop undermining its own foundation by feeding that hypergamy tasty morsels from the globohomo gadget mills and paper pushing parks.

Shitlib Face Of The Century

CH · 24 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

AfD gegen AStA: Engelhardt reagiert auf juristische Drohung

Lehnt die Unterzeichnung einer Unterlassungserklärung „darlehnt" ab: AStA-Mann Felix Engelhardt

AACHEN. Reden möchte mit dem Rechtsaußen im Aachener Stadtrat eigentlich kaum jemand. Abgesehen von dem ehemaligen „Pro NRW"-Mitglied Wolfgang Palm, mit dem er eine Ratsgruppe gegründet hat, zeigen dem AfD-Ratsherrn

Felix Engelhardt is a huge open borders cucked-up lefty in German politics. But really, the story here is that face, which may be the consummate shitlib physiognomy, a perfect facial palimpsest revealing the libfruit worldview underneath. The chinless androgyny, the smug grin, the manletry, the skin pallor which hasn't seen sun in years, the happy merchant hand clasp….it's all there in a soyfed shitlib package that cries out for a punch.

I don’t know about you but my disgust threshold is triggered. This guy makes Pajamaboy, Matty Iglesias and Dylan Mathews looks like milk-chugging Chads.

Shitlib Vs Shitlord

CH · 24 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

These two photos come from a news story that was reported way back during Trump's 2015-2016 historic anti-establishment campaign for President. At a Trump street protest in which a road was being blocked by establishment tools, a driver slowly drove through the crowd, pushing them aside. A photographer for a local shitlib

rag snapped the driver's face just as he was ramming the crowd of SJWs.

Can you guess which one is the shitlib, and which one the shitlord?

This shouldn't be hard. Shitlibs are attracted to chaos, disorder, trash. Sometimes literal trash, as we see above. The photographer who wrote the story about the driver running over protestors is pictured during a different time posing before a trash can, making the gayest possible gayface imaginable. Squeee!, as Scalzi might exclaim.

Driver Hate, meanwhile, will not take a break. That's the look of resolute disgust, a man on a mission to cleanse the world of filth and scum.

Physiognomy is real.

Ranking White Civilizations On The 1-To-10 Scale

CH · 24 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Society is a racial construct, and reader Heinrich creates a parallel with the HB (hot babe) 1-to-10 scale,

> If it is true what many scientists say that culture correlates with genetics, what does it mean in the real world? Can we sum it up like this:
>
> – pure white civilization: A dream, you do not have to lock your car, you do not have to lock your house. If you happen to lose your wallet, there is a fair chance that your door-bell we be rung, followed by the words "Excuse me Sir, is this your wallet?". Having sex with a HB 9 is equivalent.
> – white civilization spotted with little dots made of people who either admire the host civilization or are at least friendly towards the host: Minor disruption WILL occur, for example Octopus being dried in the student dormitory. The piano student's honest apology, her demure smiling will make life quality peak at 6 or 7
> – white civilization enriched with dots made of people who either oppose the host civilization or are mortal enemies: hell on earth. Goats are being butchered in the dormitory's bathtub. No excuses, no apologies, no trust, death threats, civil war. Andrea Dworkin is your wife. HB0.

It's funny cuz it's a paler shade of true. HB9 White civilizations would be Scandinavia (until recently), enclaves within the nations of Continental Europe (Austria, Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, Germany, France), rural England, and parts of America (New England, the northern plains). The problem is that these are HB9s with a bad case of BPD. Crazy ingenues who are busy importing drama into their lives. Very self-destructive girls, so leave them before they leave your country a wreck.

HB6-7 White civilizations would be Scandinavia (now), urban France and England, large swaths of Germany, Spain, Italy, Greece, Belgium, heartland (read: cucked) America. I'll include the East European nations here too, even though they are not very diverse. EEs are by nature more clannish and corrupt so you'll have to lock your car door. The EE women are HB9s and HB10s relative to worldwide womanhood, so they have that going for them, which is more than nice.

The HB0 White civilizations are urban shitholes in America, large swaths of California and the Southwest, the black belt parts of the South, the asian-skype dystopias emerging in the technopolises, the banlieue of France, the MENA migrant settlements sprouting up all over Germany and Scandinavia, and London.

I'm sure I haven't covered all the possibilities, but you get the idea. HB9 Whitopias are a vanishing sight, while the FUG0s of White civ are proliferating. Sex with Andrea Dworkin, forever, with the lights on, is the future of White civilizations. *shudder*

Office Game

CH · 25 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

We don't write about Office Game as much as we could, given the sheer beta-hours spent by so many aspiring womanizers in office spaces, but the fact is that the business and culture environments have changed to make it a lot more difficult to flirt with (let alone pick up) girls at work, if you aren't the boss. It's still good policy to not shit where you eat/don't dip your pen in the company ink. But there remain sufficiently deniable and fun ways to flirt with cutie coworkers that will sail under the radar of HR ballcutters.

Reader archerwfisher reminds us how to liven up the cubicle farm by porting over an idea he read at this blog:

> Off topic, but toyed with a game tactic I read on here and loved the result. Remember reading about little kid game?
>
> Cute white girl coworker at work, sits at the cube across the aisle from me. We've talked a little and she seemed flirty, or maybe she's just a flirt. Towards the end of the day she started yawning loudly now and then.
>
> What did I do? Shoot rubber bands at her after each yawn, of course. So mature, a 25 year old shooting rubber bands at a 22 year old. She absolutely loved it, like a cat chasing a ball. She'd yawn then turn around and look at me, grinning, waiting for me to shoot a rubberband at her.
>
> Read the Chateau, apply it to your life… live better.

That's good stuff. Chicks dig the slow tease and saucy taunt. Teasing displays a man's ZFG attitude and preselected prowess; men who care too much what women think of them won't tease women. They'd be too frightened to even entertain the thought.

But act now, because freedom-to-flirt supplies won't last. We're nearing the day (if we haven't already passed it) when flirtatiously shooting rubber bands at a girl in the adjacent soylent pod will get a man fired or tossed in jail for perpetuating the patriarchy and creating a hostile work environment (btw, don't trannies advocating all-access shitters create a hostile bathroom environment?). Like I've said, the goal of Pozmerica is to liberate female sexuality from all constraints while maximally restricting male sexuality. It used to be all a man on the prowl had to worry about was rejection; now he has to evade state authorities, too. Which, come to think of it, if he successfully evades, his SMV shoots through the roof.

The alpha male bosses love the new rules of engagement that basically criminalize office flirtation, because it cuts off at the knees any competition from savvy, upstart beta males making a run at the hot secretaries the bosses really hired as options on future sexual trysts. Reality-warping and beta-stomping feminism needed a powerful ally, and it found that ally in the 1%er alpha male ovaguards.

What's President Trump Like When The Biased Media Isn't Watching?

CH · 27 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Turns out he's pretty much like what you'd figured him to be: big-hearted, friendly, funny, and genuine. He's the kind of man proles love not necessarily because he's one of them (although he is in some ways) but because he has a down to earth, relaxed, unpretentious, cheerfully combative demeanor that resonates with proles. He's masculine, in other words.

Based on an insider tip, an Independent Journal Review reporter managed to gain entry to an unannounced private dinner at the Trump Hotel in Washington, DC, that was attended by President Trump and others in his inner circle. No media were invited to nor informed of the dinner; this reporter had access to Trump when his guard was down, which makes for a very rare glimpse of Trump the President when he's out of the media spotlight enjoying the company of friends.

8:17 PM: Without any announcement or indication, President Trump enters the hotel lobby which bears his name, flanked on all sides by the Secret Service. Shock and astonishment fill the guests in the room. The woman next to me screams "Is it him? It's really him! Oh my God! This is like a dream!" Trump is rushed by fans in the lobby as he makes his way to the steakhouse. Secret Service makes a barrier for him, and the President waves and shakes hands on his way. The young crew are the first in line. Also waiting in line as the President arrives is Nigel Farage.

***

One woman shouts at him "Donald, it's my birthday!" Trump stops and says "Happy birthday," as he hugs the elated woman. "How about a birthday present? Let's take a photo," he says to her, afterward telling the woman she looks very young and has great skin.

***

8:30 PM: Trump leaves the Tillersons to their date night and heads back to his table. I get ahead of him and squeeze in one question, asking the President if he will be attending the White House Correspondents' Dinner this year. "No," he says with a smirk, "You like that?" The crowd around me cheers in agreement as Trump sits down with his party.

***

8:45 PM: Trump is served his entree. According to a waiter, who wished to remain anonymous:

> "The President ordered a well-done steak. An aged New York strip. He ate it with catsup as he always does. The sides and appetizers on the table were shared. Three jumbo shrimp cocktails were delivered before the meal. At one point, the President looked at his watch and remarked "They are filming 'Saturday Night Live' right now. Can't wait to see what they are gonna do to me this week." It was hard to serve him because he is so funny and relaxed, it makes you laugh."

Trump talks jovially with his guests for the next two hours. His iconic hand motions fill the space as dinner is served.

***

10:14 PM: Trump and his party get up to leave. The president is stopped momentarily for selfies and handshakes. discreetly, Trump can be seen handing cash to one of the latino busboys for his table. The president handed the young man a $100 bill.

> The President exits the restaurant and addresses a long line of adoring visitors waiting for him in the hotel lobby.

Still no hoverhand.

They say the Office changes the man. I say Trump will change the Office. And not a moment too soon.

Flooziognomy Is Real

CH · 27 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Slut eye is real.

It really is easy to identify a slut by her appearance and mannerisms.

Yes, Vaginia, ¡SCIENCE! confirms the wisdom of the womanizers: You can tell long before she's tapped your bank account if a woman is commitment-worthy, or courtesan-dirty.

> What your face says about your mating preferences
>
> Three-quarters of people can tell your mating preferences just from looking at your face. […]
>
> Men who have large noses, square jaws and small eyes, are apparently telling the world they prefer short-term relationships, research finds.
>
> Women with larger lips and wide eyes are sending the same short-term relationship signal — whether they like it or not.

I.e., more neotonously feminine women (the eternal ingenue).

The conclusions come from a study in which people were shown faces and asked to guess their attitudes to:

- Short-term relationships,
- one-night stands,
- and sex without love.

Incredibly, 72% accurately identified the sexual attitudes of men and women just from photos of their faces.

Women who enjoy those three romantic options are more likely to be sluts than women who prefer long-term committed relationships. So what this study has revealed is that men can tell by a woman's face if she's inclined to ride the cock carousel on repeat and then spend her post-roadie whore years a raving neocon Russophobe, or if her lifetime cock notches can still be counted on one hand.

The study doesn't mention it, but it's a good bet more men than women prefer STRs, ONSs, and NSA sex, although I've no doubt our Fifty Shades of Faceborgian modwomen are catching up to their porn-satiated mansupials. Nevertheless, knowledge is power, especially knowledge of the sexual market, and it's in every man's interest (even the sniveling manlets') to know if the women he wants to meat will go all the way right away or if they're worth slow-cooking to a mushy suburban bliss.

Alpha Male Body Language: The Scoring ’20s Edition

CH · 27 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A photo of a well-dressed couple on a date, taken in the 1920s. (h/t Shiv Sharpening Apprentice)

That’s the classic “package display” alpha male position. Leg up, pelvis thrust jauntily forward, one hand resting on hip the other hand landing some sweet prime time kino on the girl.

There are few men in our present day who would impudently impose upon a woman like this. One, he’d have to worry about some mentally unbalanced feminist twat blowing a rape culture whistle in his face. Two, testosterone levels are down across the board. This is not idle speculation; American men really have experienced a major decline in T over the last few generations. Most of today’s emasculates feel more comfy tightly crossing their legs like women and daintily folding their hands in their laps.

CH Maxim #30: Men who get laid impose themselves on women. If your aggressive body language around women feels a little uncomfortable to you, you’re doing it right.

What The Hell Happened To Men's Fashion?

CH · 28 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I gotta get something off my privileged pale pecs. Male urbanwear/street fashion/business casual has really taken a nosedive in the last few years. Skinny pants that hug the leg and ankle or end halfway up the calf? Jeans so tight and femininely contoured that men wearing them sashay and look like they have birthing hips? Sweatpants cuffed at the ankle and leaving enough saggy material in the rump to hold a deuce? All-day pajamas?? Worse, pajama tops that don't even match the bottoms?

WTF is this infantile androgynous shit? I can't understand how any woman would be attracted to this look on a man. It's as if the world's fashion designers got together and declared, "How can we make men look as unmasculine as possible?"

Related, at about the same time male fashion started sucking androgyne nub, the amount of floor space clothing retailers have devoted to the men's section has shrunk considerably. Either men aren't buying clothes for themselves because they have no money and no hope of attracting a woman, or fashion has gone 100% gay homosexual. Or the internet has allowed the vidgya game-playing, porn-fapping, dropped-out generation(s) of men to subsist on the barest clothing essentials: t-shirts and underwear.

They way we're heading, men's underwear may soon be out of style, replaced by manties or an arrow and a "gloryhole input" sign.

Another Female Infidelity Red Flag

CH · 28 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Fake it till she betrays it. A study found that a woman who fakes her orgasms a lot is also more likely to cheat.

> According to a new study, published in the Archives of Sexual Behaviour, women who regularly fake orgasms were less faithful.
>
> The survey studied 138 women and 121 men in heterosexual relationships and asked them about climaxing and cheating.
>
> While the intensity and frequency of female orgasms had little bearing on whether women had cheated before or were likely to cheat in the future.
>
> But there was a definite link between the number of times a woman faked her climax and how likely she was to cheat.

Women have a dual mating strategy. They evolved to reassure beta providers, and to rock their ovaries with fly-by-night alphas. A woman who is especially skilled at, and motivated to, fake her orgasms is a woman pursuing her dual mate strategy of comforting a lovemaking beta and convulsing with a raw dogging alpha.

Be aware of the female infidelity red flags, especially this giant banner. The healthiest relationships are those entered with clear eyes, full heart, and Girl Two in the kitty.

The Berkeley Effect

CH · 1 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Freshman – would marry.
Sophomore – would date.
Junior – would bang.
Senior – would mistake for a boy.

The Berkeley Effect isn't limited to Berkeley. Libtard colleges and universities all over the West are busily turning our fresh-faced innocent waifs into indoctrinated man-hating aggrocunts with chips on their shoulders and sexual histories that would scandalize de Sade. There's a Frenchman on Twatter who runs an account (@adoisdepois?) dedicated to showcasing the university corruption of these delicate flowers into hardened cuntzu. Every week he features a random girl who has undergone the nightmare transformation that occurs after four years of university: from a pretty girl with long, natural hair color into a brutalist feminist with short, laboratory hair.

Save our women, cleanse academia in fire.

Any parent of a daughter would be smart to encourage her to marry young and marry well, and to start popping out kids instead of destroying her number one asset — her feminine beauty and charm — at a university delusion mill. Leave the multiple degrees and cubicle careerism for the ugly women who never had a chance in the marriage market.

Study: Men And Women Have Different Regrets

CH · 2 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

scraaaaatch

freeze frame

Let me tell you why I preen so much. Because ¡SCIENCE! can't stop slobbing the CH knob!

The Chateau was out there early laying realtalk on the stubborn ears of the eunuchracy about the male enthusiasm for no strings attached sexual release and the opposite female preference for sex swaddled in the comforting confines of commitment.

Now a study had rediscovered the wisdom of the ancients: Women regret one night stands, men regret not having more one night stands.

> Feminists have striven for decades to emancipate women sexually, but when it comes to casual promiscuity, the female of the species is still more straight-laced than the male. And evolution is to blame.

The prime lie of feminism is that women are sexually and romantically wired like men. Therefore, the feminist goal of liberating female sexuality from any and all constraints will run headlong into the reality that women don't do well pursuing the same sexual liberation that men take to more instinctively.

> Only one in three women said they were happy about their casual sex experience, compared to more than 50 per cent of men.
>
> However far more men regret saying no to a one night stand than women. Eight in 10 women said they were glad that they had said no to a recent opportunity for casual sex, compared to just 43 per cent of men.

FYI any aspiring womanizer should read this as evidence that it's the smart move to push a woman for sex sooner rather than later. Waiting too long allows more time for her to rationalize reasons not to sleep with you. Use a Trump tactic and "flood her zone" (double entendre intended).

(The 43% of men who regretted their one night stands were the ones fucking fatties.)

> "We're not saying that there aren't men who regret casual sex," added Prof Kennair. "But it is far more common for women to regret saying yes. They are also less unequivocally happy about the experience.
>
> "Women regretted having a one-night stand the most, but they weren't sorry about saying no at all."

High cock count sluts have that tell-tale thousand cock stare for a reason: they're wracked with regret and a gnawing feeling of worthlessness.

> Men in the study were also found to enjoy the actual sex more, with more men saying they had achieved orgasm than women.

Feminists BTFO……..by literally thousands of years of common human knowledge about sex differences!

> "Due to selective pressure from the big difference in parental investment, one would expect men and women to regret different aspects of casual sex decisions: having casual sex with the wrong partner versus missing a casual sexual opportunity," the authors conclude in the study published in the journal *Evolutionary Psychology*.
>
> Men can theoretically father thousands of children and are only limited by the supply of willing, fertile women. In the past those who could reproduce freely could have so many children that it would not matter if some did

> not survive.
>
> The “scatter-gun” strategy means that the quality of a sexual partner for men does not have to be as high as for women, the study suggests. Men who moved from woman to woman and got them pregnant would have scored best in the evolutionary race.

When Whites and Asians evolved in their high paternal investment environments outside of Africa and its particular selection pressures, the men picked up a stronger discriminatory taste in women because they would be sticking around to help raise their kids. So this evo psych assertion needs trimming to account for race differences in male mate acquisition. Black men honestly will fuck anything, and that simply doesn’t apply to nonblacks to the same degree.

> However for women, partner quality is far more important and adding additional sexual partners does not increase their chance of reproductive success.

The BLEEDING obvious.

> “Many social scientists expect that in sexually egalitarian cultures such as Norway, these sex differences would disappear. They do not. This fact makes the findings on sex differences in sexual regret in modern Norwegian people so fascinating scientifically.”

Nordic Feminism is a luxury of a decadent people who can afford to entertain lies and fantastical interpretations of human nature.

> The researchers conclude that cultural changes since the 1960s have not altered underlying gender differences in how men and women view sex.

The God of Biomechanics laughs at your idiotic human ideals.

Da GBFM On Why Women Vote For Leftist Governments

CH · 3 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Da gbfm and yours truly are on the same lollzolzy page. From Le Chateau, circa 2008:

> The result of all this government largesse is the substitution of handouts for husbands. When provider males who are predisposed to marry and support a family are worth less on the market than they used to be they are slowly replaced by playboys taking advantage of the sexual climate. Women who have their security needs met by Big Government (in combination with their own economic empowerment) begin to favor their desire for sexy, noncommital alpha males at the expense of their attraction for men who will foot the bills.
>
> Prediction: As women's financial status rises to levels at or above the available men in their social sphere, they will have great difficulty finding an acceptable long-term partner. The men, for their part, will turn away from emphasizing their ability to provide as they discover their mediocre-paying corporate jobs are no longer effective displays of mating value. They will instead emphasize the skills of "personality dominance".

And here's da gbfm, this week's COTW winner, explaining the well-known connection between women and leftism:

> hey hertaistetsts!! dA after much study nd reflectionsz like PLATO, da GBFM figured sometinsgz outs eiculicd logicalz!!
>
> why do so many women vote for leftist governmentsz?
>
> because leftist govenerments enforce da Alpha fux beta bucks system at gun point!!
>
> obammasz tellz womenz "if you vote for me, you can ficky ficy and butthext all da thugsz, and i will criminalize white mensz for complimenting your hair in the workplace, and send da police state to grab and sconfisce da BETAs tax dollarsz zlzzlzloo and give them to you and your bastard chcildrenz, if yo vote for mez and da obammsz kangz lozlzoozolzozo"

So true it hurtslzlzlzllolz. Eunucho-tyranny.

more gbfm poetry,

> once upon a time
> teh great reformes said things like
> "a chicken in every pot"
> and
> "A car in every garage"
> and
> "A family in every home"
> todya the eneeoocn berenankerkieisi say, "lotsas cockas in every buttholeelllzlzolooloio lzozozl"

…and in every public bathroom.

PS There's now a study which has confirmed (years late) both the Heartistian and GBFMian observations of the postmodern sexual/marital markets.

> As predicted by a simple model of marital decision-making under uncertainty, we document that adverse shocks to the supply of 'marriageable' men reduce the prevalence of marriage and lower fertility but raise the fraction of children born to young and unwed mothers and living in in poor single-parent households. The falling marriage-market value of young men appears to be a quantitatively important contributor to the rising

> rate of out-of-wedlock childbearing and single-headed childrearing in the United States.
>
> Two cardinal results help to weave these many empirical strands together. A first is that trade shocks faced by the U.S. manufacturing sector—which employs a disproportionate share of male workers—reduce the economic stature of men relative to women. Consistent with this pattern, shocks to male-intensive manufacturing industries are particularly destabilizing to marriage-markets. A second broad result, predicted by our model and strongly affirmed by the data, is that gender-specific shocks to labor-market outcomes have strikingly non-parallel impacts on marriage-market outcomes. Male-specific shocks reduce overall fertility, but reduce it by less among teens and unmarried mothers than among older and married mothers, thereby increasing the fraction of children born out of wedlock and living in poverty. Conversely, female-specific shocks have more modest effects on overall fertility but reduce the share of births to teens and unmarried mothers, thus raising in-wedlock births and reducing the fraction of children living in single-headed households. These patterns are consistent with our model in which a decline in the quality of male partners makes single motherhood a more attractive option to young mothers, while a decline in female earnings potential increases marriage rates conditional on fertility. Netting over the effects of secularly falling male earnings and improving women's labor-market conditions during recent decades, our model predicts a reduction in both fertility and marriage, a rise in the fraction of children born out of wedlock, and an increase in the prevalence of children living in single-headed and poor households. These patterns are evident in the aggregate data and, moreover, hold as causal relationships within local labor markets when we isolate plausibly exogenous shocks to earnings opportunities overall and by gender.

Chateau Heartiste, January, 2008:

> So why are women now the eager instigators of divorce? What changed in the culture? Four things, primarily: the pill, easy divorce, **women's economic independence**, and rigged laws that make divorce a good financial prospect for women. The four sirens of the sexual apocalypse together have created the perfect sociological storm where a woman has every incentive in the world to ditch a husband to follow the whims of her heart once his usefulness has been exhausted.

Female economic independence is the default setting when labor shocks adversely affect the economic and job prospects of men. Single mommery and alpha fux follows from that. The Trump phenomena is as much about working and middle class men striking out against an unfair economic and immigration system deliberately arranged to leave them behind as it is about beta males expressing their subconscious displeasure with the regressive, death match sexual market that has inevitably taken form as they have lost a chunk of their SMV currency.

#FatSex (making the natural unnatural)

CH · 6 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Did everybody have lunch? Good, because you're about to have it again! Behold (with a wide-angle lens), a primer on how to have fat sex. You're about to enter (at orbital velocity) a world of fatties describing their sex lives and the necessary…adjustments….they must make to accommodate their morbid obesity to nature's most instinctive act. Say hello to Corpulent Clarissa:

> If you are uncomfortable talking about bodies or genitalia or fat people doing normal human things, then you should probably watch a different channel. Because we're going to be talking about that today and lots of days following this.

When you're unloved and alone, talk is all you've got.

> So, some of you have seen my last video about fat sex and dating and I kind of just started to skim the surface on that one and I am going to change the format of how we do these videos just a little bit.

Skim the #FatSex surface. Like trying to skip a stone across the Pacific Ocean.

> I'm going to answer one question at a time and I'm going to try to be more detailed about each answer. We will see how that goes.

Spare no detail. ISIS recruitment videos don't offer enough gore to satisfy.

> It's a lot earlier than I usually film videos right now, so the sun is weird, my hair is weird, I feel very weird about this whole thing.

Fat chicks always feel weird when they can't control 100% of their environment before a public viewing. Human-looking slender beauties don't have this feeling.

> So this is the question that I get the absolute most in my inbox, and it says, "I have a very large, gorgeous belly. Sometimes it gets in the way of certain positions. Do you have any advice for fat accessible sex positions?"

Forklift, crowbar, antiemetics.

> I'm 30 and I've slept with a lot of people, and you kind of learn these things after sleeping a bunch of people.

The classic fat chick hamsterbrag. Fat women don't have the slutty sex lives they want the world to believe. There aren't tons of men, let alone quality men, banging down the fatty's door for a bedroom romp. However, the fat girl who opens herself (heh) to the right demographic can rack up an impressive and emotionally scarring muhdik count.

> First and foremost, all bodies have different abilities and it is essential to communicate those abilities with your partner. It's just a really good idea to vocalize your limits before or during sex just so that the person or people that you're having sex with know where your limitations on your body are. These are things that all people need to talk about.

The women with the least amount of experience with real men are also the women whose sex advice would most quickly and assuredly kill the seduction buzz. Could you imagine lawyerly hammering out pre-coitus contract

negotiations with a girl about her “limitations” before unhooking her bra and sliding a finger under her panty elastic? Me neither.

> This does not just apply to fat people. Some fat people have limitations on what they can do and some don’t.

I’ll guess the fatter the woman, the more limitations. Past some point of metric tonnage, you’d need dynamite and a pile driver before hitting pink fold.

> I do yoga

> and I stretch and I do all sorts of stuff, but if my hips are spread for a very long amount of time, they get very sore. So one of the things that I do to help prevent my hips from getting sore, is I use very stabilizing methods.

Rebar?

> So if my hips are spread then I like to put a pillow under my knees so that my hips are not bearing the weight of holding my legs up.

Each leg weighing the same as a small Toyota, you can understand why fatties have to spend so much time worrying about load-bearing positions.

> Or if I’m on the edge of the bed and my partner is standing here and I am laid on the bed, I will put my feet on a chair or something, on each side of my partner. That way, my feet are bearing some of the weight of my legs and not just my hips.

What did the chairs do to deserve such abuse?

> Another really common problem is having some knee issues and having issues putting pressure on your knees.

One of the biggest (heh) quality of life issues that dogs fatties is joint disintegration.

> So if you like to ride your partner – whether they have a penis or a strap-on

? Rick/The Strapon Within’s secret life of HB harem smashing revealed!

> [or] you’re just down to grind it – is to, instead of kneeling down on the person, to actually sit on the person.

Torture that was banned from Guantanamo for excessive cruelty.

> You can also have your partner put pillows under their pelvis while you're riding them to make penetration just a bit easier and to elevate their pelvis so that it is closer to your goodies.

I'm dying here! "After your woefully unsuited normal-sized penis penetrates fifty layers of blubber, you will hit the fat chick's goodies, which is just a month-old piece of cake (plus plate and fork) that got wedged in the fatty's vagina when she sat on it."

> This means that if you are somehow getting squished or if your thighs are being pinched somewhere somehow, you are allowed to take a handful of your belly and move it around if you need to.

This is how she found a pot roast, her (traumatized) cat, and that strap-on from last week.

> You can also spread your thighs. You can ask your partner to spread your butt.

With the Jaws of Life. PS Jesus spewed.

> You can do whatever you want. It is your body. You are allowed to make it as accessible and pleasurable as is physically possible.

Fat chicks are very concerned about accessibility.

> If they've been dating you or even if they've only had one date with you, they know if you have a fat belly before you get naked. So you're not going to shock them when you lift your belly up a little bit and move it.

Clothing can't hide the fat chick's size, but it can hide the gross details of her fatscape, like the rolls, the cottage cheese dimples, the massive underhang crease of her fupa….

> So generally, when you do take the time to adjust yourself and make sure that you're at the right angle or to make sure that nothing's uncomfortable, your partner gets really excited about it as well.
>
> And it usually feels really, really good for them.

Imagine how desperately horny a man would have to be for fatsex to feel "really, really good". If he's at that stage of indiscriminate horniness, car exhausts and poodle rectums would satisfy him.

> And the fact of the matter is: No matter what position you are trying, the part of sex that is going to be the most fulfilling and make it feel the best is being able to communicate with your partner about your body.

#FatSex = logistical nightmare that requires hours of planning and coordination.

> A year from now, you may be having sex with a totally different person. They might have different genitalia; they'll almost certainly have different limitations with their body.

"different genitalia". This is something people with few romantic options say. Cast a wider net and all that.

> Fat people can absolutely have super fulfilling, phenomenal sex lives.

The land whale doth blowhole too much.

> I think next up on the channel, we are going to talk about sex toys specifically for fat people and fat couples.

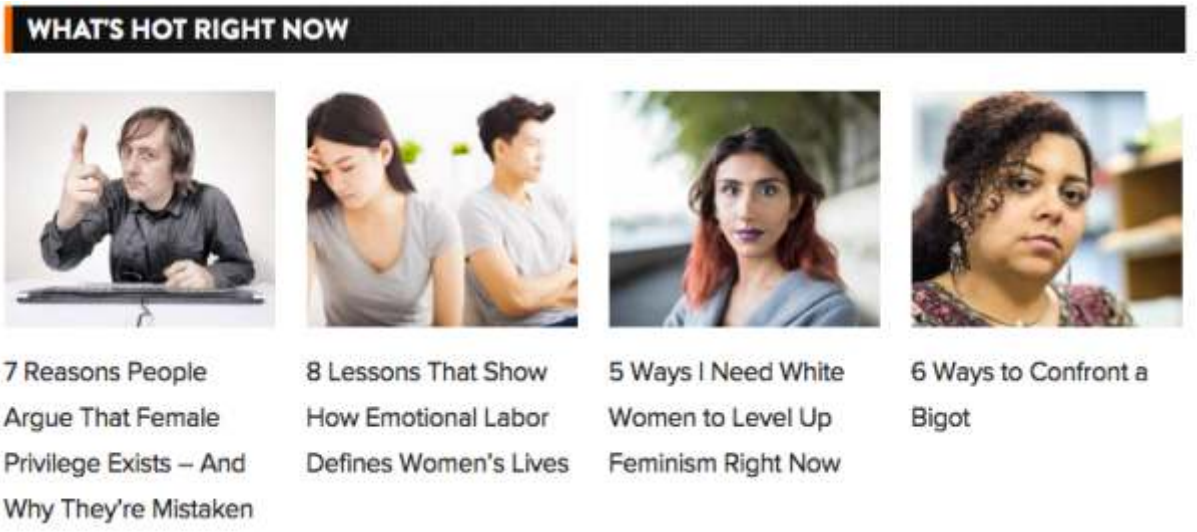
Will this talk include wiping implements?

> How to Have #FatSex by @fatgirlfreedom https://t.co/BlFeggzY4I #sex #bodyimage #consent #communication #pleasure
>
> — Everyday Feminism (@EvrydayFeminism) January 9, 2017

CH Maxim #42: Those who bitch loudest about "consent" are women with few opportunities to give it or men with few opportunities to receive it.

The video of "fatgirlflow" discussing fatsex (if you have an urge to put porky mug to words):

PS Related, these were the recommended Everyday Feminism sharticles linked at the bottom of the FatSex post:



Bullies do nothing wrong.

The Four Types Of White Shitlibs

CH · 7 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

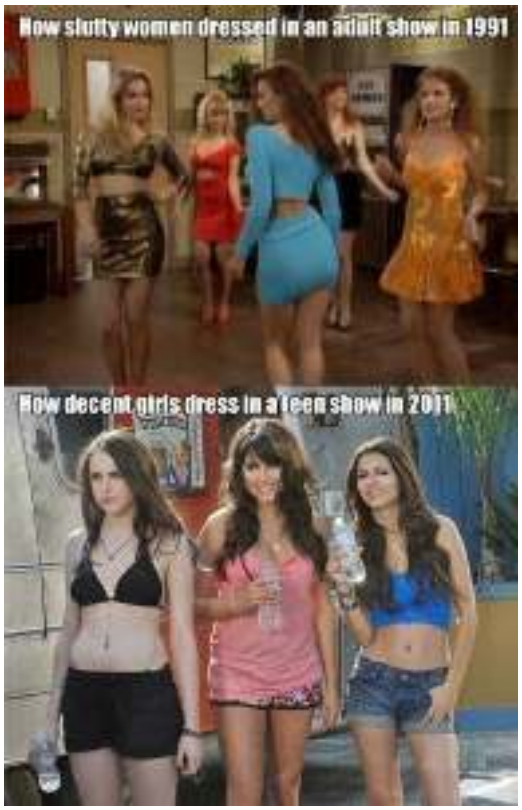
jackmcg had a really good description of the types of White shitlibs that populate post-America.

> Been trying to deprogram liberals. Putting aside Jews and minorities (special cases), I see 4 classifications of WHITE liberals. Many have qualities of more than one (status liberals can also be dreg or empathy liberals), but there is usually a dominant classification that you can focus on.
>
> Status Liberals – They want the most status for the least cost, which is very psychologically exploitable. They've been convinced through a rigorous propaganda campaign at schools, work, advertising, movies, etc. that being a liberal is high status and noticing differences between races is low status. Easy choice for them… just be a liberal and presto… you are now high status. These people can be smart and successful… but they are never as smart as they think they are.
>
> How to turn them: Forget facts. They need to be convinced liberals are low status. Without taking over Hollywood its impossible to do this alone, these people are heavily warped. But you can do it on a micro scale. Press the buttons. Liberals = losers, over and over again. Remember, they think they are above manipulation, so the more subtle you are the better (thats how the other side brainwashed them in the first place.)
>
> Dreg Liberals – Rejects of society who would be crushingly low status under a traditional, fact-based societal order. So they turn to lies of liberalism to lower the psychological cost of how unworthy they are.
>
> How to turn them: You can't. If you were able to successfully convince them of facts, the hit to their ego would be so big they might off themselves. If you get them to admit a fact that counters liberalism, they will have amnesia about it the next time you talk to them. Just avoid them. (This means unfortunately lotta women are hopeless and can't be converted away from the liberal cult. Excessive cock mileage makes budging from feminism psychologically impossible for them.)
>
> Empathy Liberals – Usually young daddysrich white women who have lotsa empathy to give due to their station in life. Has been manipulated their entire life into directing their empathy towards groups of people with no civilizational value.
>
> How to turn them: Visual evidence of anti-white crime. Show them how Islam treats women. A white female Trump voter got pepper sprayed by antifa? Bookmark it and show it to empathy liberals. A true empathy liberal is the easiest to turn but they are rare. Scratch what you think is an Empathy Liberal and you usually find a Status Liberal or slut Dreg Liberal underneath.
>
> Blissful Ignorance Liberals – These are usually young. normal, sane Fucking White Males with slightly above average IQ.This is your classic liberal-who-turns-conservative later in life. Taught liberal crap and only become conservative later in life when they see the taxes in their paycheck, or when they try to start a business and get crushed by regulations, or when they get mugged, or when their daughter looks at a black guy.
>
> How to turn them: Like I said, with the right impetus they'd eventually slide towards shitlord. Your job is to speed it up and take them deeper than they'd ever go. Burst their bubble. Red pill them hard. Visuals are best. These are your best hope for real recruits to our side. Be prepared with status visuals, too.

The CH recommended MO for dealing with shitlibs — mockery and realtalk — is effective with varying impact on all of the shitlib types jackmcg lists. Some libs require more mockery, others more realtalk. The best attack is a combination of Rhetoric and Realtalk; hit the ego and the id simultaneously. Any shitlibs that can't be turned, like Dreg Liberals, should be ostracized. Or at the very least their dreg liberal lifestyles shouldn't be glorified and granted rights magically unearthed between two semicolons in the Constitution.

Yesterday's Slut Is Today's Lady

CH · 8 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original



If you stop to think about it, yoga pants are the sluttiest thing women could wear as casual walking-around clothes. Bitches be bitching about cat-calling and leering men, then go out in public displaying their camel toes (and inner labia on some of them).

It's Time To End Daylight Savings Time

CH · 10 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The unintended consequences of intervention by *homo economicus* in the natural order of things materialize in sweeping effects (Communism), and sometimes in what can seem superficially trivial ways: Daylight Savings Time is bad for your health. And health improves once the clock is returned to Standard Time.

Revelations like this one are just more confirmation of the CH axiom that the further humans distance themselves from their evolved predispositions (in this case, from sleeping and waking to their biological circadian rhythms and losing an hour), the worse off their well-being.

The God of Biomechanics always has the last word.

International Women's Day

CH · 10 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Menstrual red was an appropriate color to celebrate international shrewism. So glad I missed the festivities. Call me when there's an International Men's 364 Days to proportionately honor the contributions men have made to the advancement of human civilization.

But I'm in a magnanimous mood. Here are a couple women who truly deserve all the symbolic accolades weird bitter feminists and disappointed betadads of daughters would like unquestioningly lavished on the zero achievement pussyhat crowd.

Based Barr has more manly integrity than her putative prole-cousin Michael Moore.

IWD related:

The Day The Snowflakes Cried

CH · 10 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is an entertaining and topical remix of an old classic.

Artist: CHAD Prather.

The Chad Alliance is real.

Female Privilege

CH · 11 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A hilarious social experiment unintentionally blew up in the faces of the shitlib academics who ran it when it busted their cherished shibboleths about male privilege and misogyny. An actor and actress were recruited to replay the Presidential debates between Trump and thecunt, except the actor played as thecunt and the actress as Trump, ostensibly to confirm the biases of the liberal academic audience that only anti-woman sexism caused thecunt to lose the election.

Unfortunately for the self-congratulatory libs, their egos were stroked against the grain.

> Salvatore says he and Guadalupe began the project assuming that the gender inversion would confirm what they'd each suspected watching the real-life debates: that Trump's aggression—his tendency to interrupt and attack—would never be tolerated in a woman, and that Clinton's competence and preparedness would seem even more convincing coming from a man.
>
> ***
>
> "I've never had an audience be so articulate about something so immediately after the performance," Salvatore says of the cathartic discussions. "For me, watching people watch it was so informative. People across the board were surprised that their expectations about what they were going to experience were upended."
>
> Many were shocked to find that they couldn't seem to find in Jonathan Gordon what they had admired in Hillary Clinton—or that Brenda King's clever tactics seemed to shine in moments where they'd remembered Donald Trump flailing or lashing out. For those Clinton voters trying to make sense of the loss, it was by turns bewildering and instructive, raising as many questions about gender performance and effects of sexism as it answered.
>
> ***
>
> We both thought that the inversion would confirm our liberal assumption—that no one would have accepted Trump's behavior from a woman, and that the male Clinton would seem like the much stronger candidate. But we kept checking in with each other and realized that this disruption—a major change in perception—was happening. I had an unsettled feeling the whole way through.
>
> ***
>
> We heard a lot of "now I understand how this happened"—meaning how Trump won the election. People got upset. There was a guy two rows in front of me who was literally holding his head in his hands, and the person with him was rubbing his back.

Male shitlib academics are such nancyboys.

> The simplicity of Trump's message became easier for people to hear when it was coming from a woman—that was a theme. One person said, "I'm just so struck by how precise Trump's technique is." Another—a musical theater composer, actually—said that Trump created "hummable lyrics," while Clinton talked a lot, and everything she was was true and factual, but there was no "hook" to it. Another theme was about not liking either candidate—you know, "I wouldn't vote for either one." Someone said that Jonathan Gordon [the male Hillary Clinton] was "really punchable" because of all the smiling. And a lot of people were just very surprised by the way it upended their expectations about what they thought they would feel or experience. There was someone who described Brenda King [the female Donald Trump] as his Jewish aunt who would take care of him, even though he might not like his aunt. Someone else described her as the middle school principal who you don't like, but you know is doing good things for you.

Anti-reality: Male privilege.
Reality: Female privilege.

Feminists and Globohomo poz dealers want you to believe in the anti-reality of MUH MISOGYNY, when the reality is that female privilege is the incessant undercurrent of culture, derived from the fundamental premise that governs all social organization and policy: women are more reproductively valuable than are men. The Fundamental Premise — namely, the biological reality that the sexes are innately different in reproductive capacity and in the psychology that must flow from that reality — explains why, for instance, thecunt actually would have done WORSE on election day if she were a he, and Trump would have done better if he were a she.

Female privilege is getting a boost for being a woman, which is exactly what thecunt got, given how her core natural constituency — smug liberal academics — hated her male version.

The opposite of male privilege — male privation — is closer to what Trump had to overcome; a plain-talking, aggressive, masculine man will frighten away a lot of sensitive shitlib snowflakes, whereas a female version of himself would have lowered his natural antagonists' defenses and rendered them more open to his message.

This also clues us into why Trump supporters tend to be feminine women and masculine men; both groups are more secure in their healthfully polarized sexuality and thus unlikely to be put off by a male leader behaving as an unabashedly masculine man. Masculinized shitlib females and feminized shitlib males often feel threatened by men (and women) who are closer to the SMV ideal for their sex.

> I was particularly struck by the post-performance discussions about effeminacy. People felt that the male version of Clinton was feminine, and that that was bad.

Generally, people are more accepting of masculine women than feminine men (the latter are bigger traitor risks to the tribe), but neither are loved. Sexual polarity was the God of Biomechanics' first order of business, and that means we — all of us, whether or not we admit it in heretic-burning company — prefer our women feminine and our men masculine.

> I was surprised by how critical I was seeing [Clinton] on a man's body, and also by the fact that I didn't find Trump's behavior on a woman to be off-putting. I remember turning to Maria at one point in the rehearsals and saying, "I kind of want to have a beer with her!" The majority of my extended family voted for Trump. In some ways, I developed empathy for people who voted for him by doing this project, which is not what I was expecting. I expected it to make me more angry at them, but it gave me an understanding of what they might have heard or experienced when he spoke.

Recall, as uncovered by Jonathan Haidt in his research of the moral priorities of liberals and conservatives, that libs have a more constricted moral universe and are therefore less able to understand and empathize with conservative moral considerations. Conservatives in contrast have a broader and more soundly distributed moral spectrum of concerns that one might call "adult", (as opposed to liberals' "juvenile morality" that focuses almost solely on harm and fairness).

I don't expect any of these eureka moments to crack the libshit facade. The typical post-America libocrite can accommodate levels of COGDIS that would've left his lib-lite grandfather a quivering lump of neuroses. No, the only solution to the currently toxic shitlib insanity is a return to the kind of existential pain that can't be mentally eaten away.

Think Highly Of Yourself And Women Will Think Highly Of You

CH · 13 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If you have an objective flaw, then as a man the best attitude to cop is a wry, over-confident disregard of it. Chicks dig men who aren't wracked with self-doubt.

Observe any men good with women and the one trait the supreme womanizers share is an indifference, natural or studied, to their own limitations, weaknesses, and blemishes. The pickup artist worth his beaver pelts never expresses self-doubt in public, certainly not in the company of sexy women, and even in private he nurtures a deep reluctance to the kind of wallowing in self-pity that so often marks out the typical beta male three levels deep into rationalizing his romantic exile.

Are you poor? Never let a woman see you sweat about it. The poor jerkboy doesn't shine a spotlight on his economic distress; he may occasionally own it with a droll Agree&Amplify — "my chauffeur's out front. his name's Honda and he's 16 years old" — but beyond that he gives no indication of shame.

Same goes for shortness, ugliness, older/younger age, etc. Don't act like it bothers you. Don't make excuses for your shortcoming (heh), don't draw unnecessary attention to it, don't wring your hands over it. If you fret, girls won't get wet.

Women aren't the best objective evaluators of a man's worth. Women DO have very good radar for a man's PERCEIVED worth, and perceptions can be altered. Women think highly of men who think highly of themselves first. An objectively HSMV man who's riddled with self-doubt eventually wears down women and loses their admiration (and arousal). An objectively lower SMV man who ACTS like a HSMV man, and comports himself as if he fully trusts his inflated self-regard, will engorge women's curiosity and wrest their admiration.

A man must first stroke himself before women will do it for him.

PS This is possibly big news: Sources have told FoxNews that British Intelligence surveilled Trump on behalf of the Gay Mulatto Administration. That's a clever way for the Derp States of the US and UK to get around the legal prohibitions against spying on their own citizens….just collect the data on each others' countrymen, (which is legal since it's spying on foreigners), and then exchange the data sets.

The Surveillance State is one of the great evils of our age. It was carried into the Anglo West in the Trojan Horse of Diversity, proving that Diversity is our wiretapping. No multi-racial stew lowering social trust and harboring terrorists, no need for the Surveillance State.

PPS I don't want this post to be misconstrued as a call to avoid improving oneself. The cocksure, overconfident player doesn't tolerate his personal flaws, especially if those flaws are fixable. The man who wants it all hates the thought that he might leave pussy on the table because he allowed a scab on his SMV to ooze and fester. Sustaining that charismatic ZFG attitude that girls love is easier when there's a foundation supporting its stylish facade. That foundation could be self-reinforcing — i.e., charm begets more charm — or it could be a conventional buttress (better job, more money, bigger muscles, enlarged social circle, swankier home, brighter teeth, shinier trophies).

Realtalker Of The Week: Steve King

CH · 13 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Overton Window of acceptable discourse nudged wider a little more this week when Iowa Representative and Red Pill Dispensary Steve King had this 100% TRUEFACT to say about civilization and race:

> Wilders understands that culture and demographics are our destiny. We can't restore our civilization with somebody else's babies. https://t.co/4nxLipafWO
>
> — Steve King (@SteveKingIA) March 12, 2017

Naturally, Steve King's foray into the fucking bleeding obvious truth sent whole warrens of shitlib rabbits hopping in a frenzy, denouncing him as a Nazi, a White supremacist, a White nationalist, and the dreaded SupraWhite Nazemalist (rare breed).

Steve King's shockingly uncontroversial assessment of the nexus between civilization, culture and demographics — that a nation is a culture and a culture is a people and a people are their genetic bloodlines, and that the fewer White people there are the more America will resemble an alien land — has bent the arc of the *ad hominem* universe toward his Twatter feed.

The shitlib hysterics are expected, but what is notable this time around is the fairly muted response from the GOP cuck crowd; few if any GOPers have joined in on the witch hunt, and for once that has sapped some of the self-righteousness steam from the howling leftoids at the front of the torch and pitchfork parade. Overton cracks a bit wider with each passing week in the Era of Our God-Emperor Trump.

A reminder, to any stray shitlibs who wander into this happy hunting ground, of the essential truths underpinning nationhood and civilization which Steve King tapped:

- Society is a racial construct.
- There is no magic dirt that will transform, say, Somalis and Syrians into lovers, defenders, and disciples of Constitutional republicanism.
- Race matters.
- Once more…..RACE MATTERS.
- In fact, race is the primary source pool of civilization and culture; all other variables are commentary in comparison.
- Culture isn't a costume. It can't be worn like a Turinic shroud with the expectation that it will reverse-imbue the intrinsic character of any people who happen to hop the border and adopt its most superficial trappings.
- Culture is an emergent property of the people that comprise it, who themselves are properties of their genes and of the predispositions and beliefs and behaviors and temperaments and aptitudes with which they are endowed by their genes.
- America is not a nation of immigrants. America is a nation of colonists who, along with their descendants, created, built, and nourished America into a great nation, perhaps the greatest the world has ever known. Immigrants came later, and they were for a long while chosen from stock populations that were not too dissimilar from the founding stock of America (African slaves stand as a glaring exception). It was not until relatively recently (1965 onward) that immigrants significantly deviated in numbers and racial congeniality from the historical norm of immigration into America.
- Quite simply, the myth of American exceptionalism is just that. American ideals aren't spread by osmosis into the deep psyches of different races of people; rather, a very specific race of people — White Europeans of primarily Anglo-Celtic-Germanic descent — breathed life into the American ideals, and without them their ideals wither from neglect and misuse in the care of their usurpers.

- We are not created equal under Nature, and this truism applies to races as it does to individuals. Memorable exceptions only prove the wisdom of pragmatic generalizations.
- The Constitution, or any stirring stanza of words written by Whites for White sensibilities, will not change a Chinaman into a heartland Chad. Racial foreigners can mouth the words, but if they don't feel it in their bones they'll have no trouble betraying those words when its personally advantageous or when the Law isn't hovering closely to motivate their observance.
- A civilization is the sum total of the people that inhabit it. Change the people, change the civilization.
- Some cultures really are superior to other cultures. If it were not so, millions of those from the lesser cultures would not be escaping into the homelands of the better cultures.
- Finally, the character of a nation is not established by a founding document; instead, the founding document chronicles the character of a nation. PEOPLE MAKE THE NATION, THE NATION DOES NOT MAKE THE PEOPLE. If the people change, so does the nation, into whatever form the replacement people find most familiar, which usually means a facsimile of their native homelands they left behind.

Steve King is right. You can wave your final goodbye to White American civilization if some other tribes are having all the babies. The future belongs to those who show up, and the shape of that future depends on the innate character of its inheritors. That's Stone Cold Truth 101, and it's the truth that has bedeviled suicide signaling leftoids for generations, and driven them into increasingly insane postures of delusional doublethink, obscene hypocrisy, and hoary lies.

The Chateau stands against these lies and the liars who swallow and vomit them up, and if their deluge of sewage should eventually drown us all we here can say at least that we never stopped shining a way to safe harbor. Cold comfort, but it beats cuckery.

What Are The Consequences Of Multigenerational Low Testosterone?

CH · 14 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Testosterone levels have been plummeting in Western men for at least two generations and this fact is without question. I will speculate in this post what a multigenerational, age-independent decline in T will portend for American society, should the trend not shortly reverse itself.

- women will dress and act sluttier to capture the attention of increasingly benumbed men who need the services of the hardest of hardcore porn to feel aroused.
- team sports will disappear.
- drama club will be a required class.
- politics will intensify its shift leftward because low T men will vote more like women.
- the national (and psychological) borders protecting the low T men from predation will remain, for all practical purposes, open to the sewer world until, inevitably, higher T conquerors arrive in sufficient number to wipe out the low T White submissivists.
- inventiveness and entrepreneurship will stagnate, and contract.
- any big job or goal will demand more oversight, more paper pushing, more regulatory hurdles to overcome. the days when men gathered and made shit happen on a reasonable time frame will be over. it'll be an HR dystopia of endless meetings all the way down to the musty cellar of the gossip mill.
- corporations will turn into ghettos of bickering crones, slutty college girls, and yes-manlets. nothing will be produced but social media apps and articles about online dating. the resulting economic collapse will create a run on arable urban land as millions of useless SWPLs fight to the death for patches of communal gardens to plant their sad kale and heirloom tomatoes.
- therapy and self-medication will shoot through the roof.
- heart disease, cancer, and obesity will rise again (or continue the general upwards rise) among men.
- the rate of infidelity will increase.
- the rate of divorce will hold steady or increase (we may have hit the divorce industrial complex saturation point).
- marriage will increasingly be platforms for brides to take selfies and grooms to blubber during the vows. jerkboy best men will be tasked with the job of deflowering any virgin brides remaining in the wilds as the soyfatted grooms recite lines from their favorite feminist poets.
- fertility will continue declining.
- the rate of cuckoldry will increase.
- cat ownership will increase among men.
- muscle cars will become a distant relic.
- there will be vanishingly little entertainment made with a straight male sensibility in mind.
- weird sexual paraphilias and fetishes will rise (those afflicted with declining libido will compensate with outlandish substitutes to bring back that lovin' feeling).
- the prevalence of sexual dysfunctions will increase.
- feminism will get increasingly shrill, and male feminists increasingly servile and pathetic.
- the population of basement bachelors, cat ladies and bitter spinsters will explode.
- sexbots will be the only romantic companionship for half the population.
- high libido men — cads — will reign supreme in the actual sexual market (what's left of it) as opposed to the pretend sexual market that lonely feminists jabber about during their intersectionality bullshit sessions.

- androgyny will become the norm.
- polyandry will be common.
- polygyny will be rare, but more entrenched. (the few high T men who aren't eunuchs will have no trouble keeping de facto harems of smitten lovers satisfied and compliant)
- balls, penises, jawlines, chins, noses, and musculature will literally shrink in men. ears may become floppy.
- a million sociologists with shitty research papers no one has any intention of replicating will claim that beta male orbiters are our strength. they will write of the virtues of polygamy and the matriarchy, as their civilization burns down around them.
- no one will ever again speak anything close to the truth about the world, about the sexes, about the races. equalist self-delusion will be taught in schools under the subject "everything but math".
- math will succumb soon afterward.
- art will suck. music will suck. architecture will suck. literature will suck. this will continue a trend long evident. houellebecq may very well be our last great author.
- tissue boxes will be handed out in movie theaters so that the 70-30 male-female audience may dab their eyes sitting through a full line-up of sappy rom-coms.
- Mars? Uh, no. More like, the space program will be dead and the androgynes of the future will come to remember the moon landing as a myth promulgated by ancient hirsute men imprisoned in a strictly binary sexuality, who possessed a vestigial feature called a "jawline" and squinted a lot.
- infrastructure will continue crumbling. instead of doing something about it, everyone will wait for the next tragedy when a bridge fails and then participate in a candlelight vigil and cry a lot. they will repeat this process until everyone is dead from preventable tragedies.
- John Scalzi will be Premier of this Empire of Aromatase. His rule will not last long. Muslims, blacks, and black Muslims will overrun the Femme West and every capital will ring out with the dulcet ululations of muhammed's flock.

Recall the Law of Gender Conservation:

$\sum$Masculinity = $\sum$Femininity

Or, $\sum T = \sum E$, for short.

Nature abhors a testosterone vacuum. If one tribe's men has low T, the fapuum will be filled with (in no particular order or likelihood of emergence):

1. invader men who have higher T
2. aggrocunts of man-jaw and boy-hip who have lower E (to align with the lower T of their men)
3. intratribe men with high T who somehow evolved an immunity against the low T disease.

Option one is genocide. Not fun.
Option two is bed death. Not fun.
Option three is our best bet for saving the West. Society will rebound as Nature, in her infinite wisdom, entrusts the low T landscape to high T spermlords who, despite feminists' faux abhorrence to the contrary, will piledrive a wide swath through a lot of parched pussy that has spent decades lost in an anhedonic wilderness of un-men.

But if we don't get our borders under control and stop seeding our water supply with endocrine-disrupting chemsexicals, Option Three will never have a chance to pass.

Loony Louise Mensch

CH · 14 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> Looks like @RussianEmbassy and one of its Putinbots @EmperorHubris got caught out there. Luckily I grabbed the deleted tweets cc @FBI @GCHQ pic.twitter.com/cokGW7SgQj
>
> — Louise Mensch (@LouiseMensch) March 13, 2017

This syphilis-steeped ex-shiksa is so fucked in the head I almost…ALMOST…. feel bad for the very public humiliations she's visiting upon herself. Her inevitable downfall into social pariah and cat lady madness is worth at least two buckets of popcorn. I hope she takes all her old-ass Trump-hating spinster fans down with her into the abyss of mental illness.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: A Primer On The Modern Sexual Market

CH · 15 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Responding to Triflewoman (infamous cross-platform, multiblog denier of sexual market realities), LOTB commenter “map” channels many CH themes and unloads one of the best short primers I’ve read that echoed my collected writings on the functioning of the modern sexual market.

> There is no such thing as male hypergamy. Female hypergamy, though, is quite real. It was enabled by the sexual revolution, which divided the relationship market into the market for marriage and the market for sex. In the sexual market, women trade up…the result is that, at every level of attractiveness, there is a shortage of women. This shortage is generated by the belief that every woman who is a 5 can do better than a man who is a 5. And this is true…a woman who is a 5 can sleep with a man who is a 6,7, or 8. This happens due to the shortage of women in these categories as well, created by the female hypergamy of their corresponding women.
>
> The problem with this is simple and dire: women confuse the market for sex with the market for marriage. The woman who is a 5 thinks that if she sleeps with a man who is a 6, 7 or 8, that she, too, is a 6, 7 or 8. The reality is she is not, so she will not be able to convert her easy sex life into a marriage with the men to which she is genuinely attracted. She, instead, will continually be pumped and dumped until she ages past her peak years of attractiveness and can no longer pull the attention of the men she genuinely loves, usually at around age 30. The vast majority of women have gambled away their 20’s on this very high risk strategy in hopes of finally getting a marriage with a high value man.
>
> Traditional, monogamous marriage and morality short-circuited this problem. While biological hypergamy still existed, men did not date or marry beneath them and sex outside of wedlock was frowned upon, so there were few opportunities for women to carry on open affairs with lots of out-of-league men. Marrying young and having children young also sucked out their narcissism and they focused inward on their families instead of competing with other women. The system worked…which is why the Cultural Marxists did everything they could to attack it.
>
> Unmarried women riding the carousel until they age past their peak years of attractiveness are some of the worst human beings you will ever meet. Their personalities harden because they need to filter out the men that they previously rejected, who are now the only men that will actually talk to them. To marry one of these shrews is a guaranteed divorce. These women should never be rewarded with marriage.
>
> Why do we focus on television? Because television is how the people who run the country, the ruling class, communicate with the masses. It is nothing but propaganda, where what you watch is exactly the kind of world the elite want you to believe can be created. So, 50 Shades of Grey is about a billionaire who loves a woman who looks like a housekeeper. Sex and the City has 40 year old women sleeping with baseball players and marrying investment bankers. Big Little Lies has a woman marrying a beta-male provider while pining for her alpha male ex. See, woman? You, too, can have a life like this.
>
> The reality is different. Billionaire alpha males marry models, like Donald Trump did. Most women will end up as crazy cat ladies after 13 years of riding the carousel. Look at Ashley Judd. Why is she so angry? Because her husband, a former race car driver, dumped her ass, married a far younger and hotter woman, and they just had their first kid. She knows there are no race car drivers or kids in her future, so we get to watch her act out that realization in public by demanding other women make the same mistakes she did. And she is a very successful and beautiful woman, who did not lock down her options when she had the chance. Imagine the results for the less gifted. It’s a society of Meg Griffins.
>
> Cultural Marxism is about engineering this decline, by triggering female hypergamy and letting it run wild.

> Once that reproductive and youthful window closes, you will have this army of women permanently, because they have no choice but to be committed to this course of action, just to avoid the despair of their own circumstances. This even operates internationally, where NGO's try to "educate" women in various third-world countries, like Nigeria. Boko Haram was created to fight this.
>
> Whiskey and others **[ed: that would be me, the original realtalker]** make the claim that women are far more valuable than men and that is how all of this is enabled. They are partly correct. Women, in their prime youthful and child-bearing years, are more valuable than men, but that quickly inverts once women lose those years. The women who have missed those windows really have no idea the living hell that is coming for them in the decades to come. Childless, unattractive women, with bitter personalities, causing problems in a resource poor and declining civilization, will get burned at the stake, like the witches of Salem. Count on it.

The kinds of people that stubbornly deny these blatant truths about the sexes and the shared mating market which they inhabit, and worse invert the truth into a distorted funhouse mirror image lie that plays to their fantasy of how they wish the sexual market worked, typically fall into two camps:

1. ugly women
2. flawed women

Ugly women have every incentive to deny fundamental truths about SMV. They can't fix their ugliness in the way men can improve their lots in life, so for them lying and wallowing in vapid platitudes is better than existential hopelessness. You can throw fat women and childless post-Wall women into this mix, too.

Flawed women — for example, the aging ex-stripper who's still sexy enough for a night but would give men pause when she began demanding more commitment than that — aren't at risk of existential hopelessness….yet….but they loathe any incursion of sexual market reality and any messengers bringing news of that baleful incursion because they prefer to maintain the illusion that their marital market worth is the equal of their sexual market worth.

So I deduce that Triflewoman is either an ugly woman or a skank approaching the Wall.

(A third category — envious, spiteful beta males bitterly hitched to fat sow wives — are also particularly prone to resentful denials of sexual market realities; the truth in their case is a depressing reminder of both their low romantic rank and their politely suppressed desire for something better. If Triflewoman is a Trifleman, he would fall in with this group of misfits. John Scalzi is a case study.)

As to map's comment, there isn't much with which I'd quibble. He (likely not a she) pretty much nailed the essential difference between the sexes (chicks dig power, men dig beauty, eggs are expensive, sperm is cheap, men are expendable, women are perishable) and the nature of the modern sexual market in relation to mating behavior and marriage. He makes a good point about postmodern society severing the ancient link between the sexual market and the marriage/monogamy/parenthood market, and an even better point about children focusing women's attention and preventing female solipsism spirals (and leftist activism predicated on megadoses of feelz; one of the reasons why divorced and single Boomer hags with no or few kids are so obstreperously anti-Trump).

Consequently, we observe that an isolated and transactional sexual market — greased by urban anonymity and social media — prolongs the time and energy women spend on the cock carousel (or languishing in "I REFUSE TO SETTLE" insol hell). We similarly observe that prolonged childlessness is a female narcissism accelerant, and simultaneously jacks up women's standards and carves away at their likeability and femininity (aka chasteness), resulting in a snatch-22 that reduces their chance of finding love at precisely the moment they think the most highly of themselves and place the greatest demands on potential mates.

It's an open question whether our Masturbators of the Universe intentionally or accidentally unleashed forces (abortion, condoms, the Pill, penicillin, poz, female economic self-sufficiency aka the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse) that would sever at every level sex from marriage and children, and thus lead to the low fertility of the

West and the poisoning of relationships that naturally percolates when women are surrounded by weak, deferential men and men are left with the prospect of marrying road-worn sluts who secretly still pine for the dazzling cads of their nightclub bathroom passion play memories, but it's indisputable that the oligarchs and Bezosians and open border 1%ers prefer a deracinated, dehumanized world bazaar with women freed from the constraints of early marriage and motherhood to consume, capitulate, and clog the globohomo capitalist self-negate machine as happy little office cogs.

In my opinion, the current situation is unsustainable. Something's gotta give. In a near-future post, I will explain how our postmodern sexual market dovetails with evidence that the West is careening toward idiocracy.

Beta Male Body Language: The Spin-Check-Merge

CH · 15 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A mixed group enters a room. As they walk through the door, the lead man spins around on his heels anxiously, ostensibly to check that the rest of his friends aren't far behind. He clumsily rights himself forward-facing after he's quickly scanned and accounted for everyone, and then makes half-step stuttering retreats backwards until he's aligned at the group's side, rather than at their front.

This subconscious body language is a classic tell that the man displaying it is, in his soul, a subordinate beta male. The "spin-check-relief-merge into middle of pack" dance of discomfort reveals the beta male's aversion to leading his group, even leading by accident of spontaneous entryway coordination. The beta male is constitutionally uncomfortable with leadership, real or symbolic. He hates the idea of being at the front, clearing the way for his team to follow behind him, taking responsibility for their destination. He hates it so much that a tiny, temporary, positional cue that would cast him as the de facto leader fills him with unease, and he looks for ways to fall back into pack obscurity.

No man respects this maneuver, and no woman is aroused by it. They can't verbalize their disgust, but they'll feel it in their bone zones. So the alpha male Game lesson for today is this: don't spin-check when your group falls behind you. Embrace the leadership role, however fleeting, and use it to demonstrate to any lovely minxes who might be watching that you're a ZFG man with a plan, no time to flim flam, and the rest of them can board your jerkboy tram or scram.

Every cutie adores a self-possessed man who doesn't act like any second his squad might bolt on him. The alpha male never worries about that; instead, his squad worries their alpha male may bolt on them. And that makes all the difference.

***

tomjones comments,

> A mixed group enters a room. As they walk through the door, the lead man looks behind him, picks the hottest chick, takes her the men's bathroom, offers her a line of coke, she snorts it and he tears the pussy up.
>
> The alpha male.

Visualization is next to penetration.

Shitlord Of The Week: Peerless Chad

CH · 15 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Story. He's dry humping the "Fearless Girl" statuette that was placed in the public square to, somehow, celebrate International Shrew's Day.

I love it. The weak West needs more of these impudent White shitlords to rub it in the faces of the Femkunt KKKollective. Grab em by the pussies.

***

PS I believe Wall Street should be broken up and dispersed across the country. To have so much financial chicanery concentrated in one city encourages wealth capture. Wall Street benefits from its localized geography and talent, via shady stuff like insider tips, that essentially allows it to game the stock market and leverage information bottlenecks that are resolved by the time the money finds it way out to middle America.

The Greatest Generation (the remake)

CH · 22 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Myth Of The Bitchy Hottie

CH · 23 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Physiognomy is real. Which means bitchiognomy is real. You *can* judge a woman by her cover. As tomjones says,

> In my experience, pretty girls have the best face/body AND the best personalities.
> Ugly hideous bitches have ugly hideous personalities or okay personalities. I think there is a connection between the physical beauty of the person and the beauty of the soul. Ugly ones still hope that an attractive man will get them pregnant. Then, they can trap the guy.

The Bitchy Hottie is another one of those pervasive sexual market myths that likely has its origins in the seared and stung egos of striver beta males who received polite rejections from hotties and later, reeling from the plugged up poison of their blue ball hallucinations, *post hoc* rationalized their loss as a victory over a bitch. Genuinely bitchy feminists are also likely candidates for fueling this myth, given that God's miscreations have an incentive to blaspheme the good nature of Nature's winning hands.

Yes, it's a big myth that hot girls are bitches. Some are, sure, (I've dealt with a few sassy strumpets), but on the whole pretty girls are nicer than ugly girls. If a woman is treated well her whole life because she's pretty, she'll tend to think the world is a great place overflowing with kindness and love. Many betas confuse hot girl rejection for bitchiness, when in reality most hot girls reject men in exceedingly polite terms. It's the fugs and marginal girls who are nasty bitches when they reject the betas they think aren't in their league.

Here's a handy dandy hierarchy of what I've observed is the "Bitchiness Quotient" of women at various SMVs along the belle curve:

A BQ of zero means the girl is nearly always exceedingly nice without being cloying. A BQ of 10 means the girl is a fat feminist writer for Salon. ("HB" = Hot Babe. "PJ" = Plain Jane. "UG" = Ugly Girl.)

VHB10 -> BQ 0
HB9 -> BQ 0-1
HB8 -> BQ 1-2
PJ7 -> BQ 3-4
PJ6 -> BQ 5-7
PJ5 -> BQ 6-10
PJ4 -> BQ 4-10
UG3 -> BQ 1-8
UG2 -> BQ 1-4
UG1 -> BQ 0-3
VUG0 -> BQ 0-1

I hope the CH readers have noticed the patterns in the above HB-BQ correlations. First, there's a general leaning among hot babes and ugly girls toward niceness over bitchiness. Hot babe niceness is explained above (i.e., it's easy and fun to be nice when the world loves you). Ugly girl niceness is a result of low self-esteem. When you are beaten down by life and have lost all confidence in yourself as a romantic catch, you'll be nice to people more out of necessity than good will.

UG niceness is similar to the Niceguy's deference; neither one feels as though they have social elbow room to fly their hate flag or even show mild disapproval when slighted. Neither one would dare express their true feelings to another person or a group if they believed there was even a tiny chance their words would be misconstrued as anything less than fulsome praise or abject supplication. This is the prison low value people live in; a cramped world in which all thoughts are checked to avoid the omnipresent threat, always nearer for them than for their betters, of social expulsion.

However, one difference between the insta-personalities of HBs and UGs is the variance. HBs are rarely unpleasant. In contrast, UGs on the boundary between ugliness and mediocrity span the niceness gamut; not a few are repulsive bitches, having turned to the snark side by an Inner Palpatine coaxing them to embrace their pariah status. Smart, overeducated UGs are the most prominent, and worst, example of this breed. They survive by banding together, so you will rarely deal with them mano-a-monster.

The BQ sour spot is the middle of the female beauty curve, smack dab in Plain Jane country. The 4s, 5s, 6s, and sometimes 7s are the girls who were born into bitchiness, molded by it, and have emerged from the other side skilled at lashing out in the general direction of any approaching man. Plain Janes have enormous chips on their shoulders from endlessly straddling that labial wedge between cute-enough-for-betas and not-cute-enough-for-alphas. The pressure of this wedge is exacerbated by the entitled self-assurance of the omega and beta males who hit on them without their consent, and by the evasiveness of the alpha males who toy with them with their consent.

Plain Janes are as likely, if not more likely, to be bitches as to be half-hearted nicegirls, and when they're bitches they aim to be the biggest bitches on earth. The Plain Jane is occasionally nice, but then only to men well out of her league, for whom she nurses an unreasonable expectation of reciprocated desire, partly inflamed by the paternal kindness of these men toward her. To all others, including hot women, the Plain Jane is an annoying cockblock too full of herself, unless she has been blessed with a predisposition for circumstance-immune niceness.

High BQ PJs often wind up childless spinsters by their mid-30s because they couldn't suffer the indignity of settling, especially if they have wasted their prime nubility years on a quixotic quest to ensnare alpha cock beyond the pump and dump statute of relegation. HBs don't settle (much), and the UG's gratitude for any man, however lowly, who shows her love overrides her distaste for settling.

Aging beauties are another demo that has a high BQ. Totally understandable, if still noxious. The 21-year-old HB8 who by inevitability of age has degraded to a PJ6 as early as her 30th birthday is right down there with the overeducated UG0 in quickness to resort to repellent bitchiness for no apparent reason. The cunty cougar and odious spinster aren't stereotypes for nothing.

Ya know, patriarchy would solve all these problems that bedevil mediocre women.

The Myth Of The Sexually Lackluster Hottie

CH · 23 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There are a few pervasive sexual market myths that cry out for the tender vivisection only a Chateau house lord can lovingly execute. One of these myths is the notion held dear by sour grapes LSMV men that hotties are dead fish in bed.

Reader Passer By comments relevantly,

> i remember when an ugly woman (skinny, though) was asking for advice in some men's forum. She wanted to know if men are going to prefer a pretty woman that rarely makes sex over her, that can offer great sex. The men told her that they will prefer an ugly woman (with good looking body), if she can make great sex, over a pretty women, that rarely makes sex.
>
> So you could give that advice to such women. Sex up!

The men in that forum are lying. It's what men do when they want to help a distressed woman feel better about herself. But when the rubber meats the hole, men will betray their stated lofty principles and experience hotter, better sex with a hot woman than with a plain jane. Because of this real world dynamic, men will expend a lot of energy seeking one night stand sex with hot women over relaxing in the confines of a secure relationship with a buttaface who puts out more regularly.

Commeter Tarl inserts a pointed shiv,

> If you are so ugly that no man will ever climb in bed with you, then your ability to "make great sex" is irrelevant.

True, and it's a false dichotomy anyway. An unrealistic hypothetical. The "dead fish in bed hottie" is another one of those dumb feminist and butthurt beta male ego-assuaging foundational myths that has no bearing in reality. Hot chicks are actually more passionate in bed because they know their beauty is a turn-on for men, and they get turned on by watching their men lose control. A mind-body arousal feedback loop sets up that can escalate a hot woman's carnal passion to heights that ugly women only read about in female porn (aka romance novels).

And it's even more dispiriting for ugly women than that. Not only are hotter women generally MORE sexually wanton in bed than are ugly women, but men are primed to PERCEIVE a hot woman's sexuality in more glowing terms than they would a plain woman's sexuality, EVEN IF the plain woman objectively possessed a broader repertoire of sex positions and wider flexibility to accommodate those positions.

There really is no end to the ways in which being a beautiful woman is better than being an ugly woman.

***

I suspect the dead fish hottie myth first circulated among beta male strivers who had accumulated some experience bedding genuinely hot women. Hot women have hot woman standards, which can play out as sexual indolence on the rare occasions when a hot woman hooks up with an uninspiring beta male. Rejection stings, but sexual rejection is a scythe to a man's soul, and many such betas cut down by the turtled snatch scythe will rationalize a hot woman's lack of sexual enthusiasm as her own character defect. The male rationalization hamster exists, though we may say the critter is slower and smaller than the female version.

The Cycle Of Strife

CH · 23 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I was having a foreplay-slicking conversation with a talented shivlady about the Scandinavians. (She called them the Ikeans.) She wondered how the Scandis went from savage warrior Vikings and continent conquerors to the weeping pussies they are today. I told her it is one of the world's greatest mysteries, then explained to her the Cycle of Strife.

Basically, I said, the warrior blood gets washed out after many generations of losing the strongest men to attrition on their rape and pillage high adventures. This leaves the gene pool full of the tepid seed of weaker men, the ones who stayed behind to help raise the children of the warriors when they went off to claim new lands. A new, more compliant, people is born on the home front. Civilization needs these domesticated men. All our modern conveniences — a CH reader says that nearly every invention of the 20th Century occurred in a 300 mile radius around Chicago, which is the settlement of the German and Ikean diaspora — are the result of tamed men cooperating toward the goal of easing the burdens of life, especially those burdens that fall most heavily on the women.

But domesticated men have a fatal flaw: they build civilization only to surrender control of it when comfort and prosperity, and haranguing by their social justice ladyfolk, lull them into a defenseless stupor. Weak, domesticated men like the modern Scandinavians are doomed to roll over to foreign invaders and their single White women sponsors. Then *their* blood is washed out, and into the vacuum the warriors rise again, reclaiming their homeland, crushing the invaders, and putting their silly women to heel. The Cycle of Strife. It is required.

It's the cycle of strife
and it kills us all
through phony virtue
through hugs and tropes
till we find our place
overrun with ISIS
in the cycle
the cycle of strife

The Innocent Victims Of Feminism Are Boys

CH · 24 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Feminism is a disease that afflicts everyone, including women, but the twisted ideology's truly innocent victims are boys. Reader Passer By links to a Carlos Slim Personal Blog article on the "decline of men". He comments,

> Btw, just learned about some interesting studies, posted at the (((NYT)))
>
> Basically they argue that single motherhood weakened mostly the male children, because the sisters in such one parent families perform better in life than the brothers. In normal families, there is no difference or brothers perform better.
>
> In other words, the lack of father harms more the male child than the female child. Therefore if you want to weaken men, push for single motherhood. No wonder jews try to destroy the family in the West, while simultaneously strengthening the family in Israel. There is deliberate push to decrease male influence in western society because jews feel threatened by white males, and by their innate nationalism.
>
> So the next time a woman tells you that there aren't enough good men, you can answer her: there aren't enough good men because they were raised by women.

That's a great truth Passer By wrote. **There aren't enough good men because they were raised by women.** Trigger the shit out of any feminist or mangina lackey you come across on twatmedia with that stone cold shiv, and link to the relevant study.

From the CSPB article,

In a 2016 paper, David Autor, an economist at M.I.T., and four co-authors, measured academic and economic outcomes of brothers and sisters in Florida born in the decade between 1992 and 2002.

For boys and girls raised in two-parent households, there were only modest differences between the sexes in terms of success at school, and boys tended to earn more than their sisters in early adulthood.

Among children raised in single-parent households, however, boys performed significantly less well than their sisters in school, and their employment rate as young adults was lower. "Relative to their sisters," Autor and his collaborators wrote, "boys born to disadvantaged families" — with disadvantage measured here by mother's marital status and education — "have higher rates of disciplinary problems, lower achievement scores, and fewer high-school completions."

When the children in the study reached early adulthood, the same pattern emerged in employment:

> Employment rates of young women are nearly invariant to family marital status, while the employment rates of young adult men from non-married families are eight to ten percentage points below those from married families at all income levels.

Autor and his co-authors conclude that **family structure "is more consequential for the skills development and labor market outcomes of boys than girls."**

This study is more interesting than the run-of-the-mill research recapitulating the detrimental effects of single mommery (a major *cause celebre* of mainstream feminism), because its structure seems to obviate any potential genetic influence into sex-differentiated life outcomes. That is, if genetics were the cause, then the sisters of brothers in single mom broken families would have similarly poor outcomes and behavioral problems. But instead what the researchers found was that single mommery disproportionately affected the life outcomes of boys, leaving their sisters largely untouched (at least as measured by SES outcome and delinquency rate) by the single mommery postindustrial complex.

This isn't to say genetics aren't a factor in the shitshow that is single mommery, but it does suggest environmental pressures inherent to single mommery are at least partly to blame for making life harder on boys.

It's just more evidence that feminism has been, and continues to be, a Hate Machine dedicated to churning out Big Lies about the sexes and about their roles in society, with the express purpose of handicapping boys and men and lavishing extreme favoritism and government largesse on girls and women.

It's silly to argue feminism is a symptom, rather than a cause, of a broken society when its agenda has directly contributed to so much social disruption, antagonism, distrust, resentment, and national decline. This is like arguing Marxism, Freudianism, Communism, SCALE, and GloboHomoism are symptoms of some deeper, underlying, corrupting force that bedevils the West. Large, society-spanning movements are as much cause as symptom of social degeneration. We're splitting vellus hairs here.

If one wants to argue for a First Cause of the West's decline, the most promising culprit would be Hajnalianism, but for some reason those who find SCALE objectionable rarely tackle the subject of inherited empathobesity.

Feminism as a distinctive movement really got started as a vanity project of masculinized or otherwise oddball women who were for various reasons uncomfortable in the world of women. Its leaders — and one shouldn't neglect to mention the preponderance of feminist leaders were and are Jewish women and their co-tribal male suckups — were able to leverage their gripes to a wider audience of women who had become frustrated and flustered and, in plenty of cases, enthused, by the postindustrial revolution shocks to the social system that, critically, severed fecundity from sex and community from individual.

There was never a feminist movement that had its origins in widespread complaints about male discrimination against working women. That is a myth. Pre-20th Century Western women worked plenty, either on the home or off it. Wives working as apprentices to their husbands' businesses was fairly common in Medieval Europe.

What feminism has been, and what it remains today, is a propaganda howitzer to mow down the natural order and replace it with an inverted dystopia in which the defining feature is the removal of all constraints on female sexuality and the maximization of restrictions on male sexuality. As in any social movement, the breath of its life emerges first from the sticky goo of the sexual market.

Lies have consequences, and the Big Lies of Feminism and Antiracism have destroyer-of-worlds consequences. They must be fought with a vengeance.

Greg Cochran Demolishes Mendacious Feminist Cordelia Fine

CH · 24 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Cordelia Fine, feminist, esq., wrote a book titled “Testosterone Rex”, which she padded with lie atop lie to bamboozle her readers into believing that there are no innate psychological differences between the sexes.

Greg Cochran decided to review the book, and a good thing too, because his destruction of Fine’s thesis is total and complete, and should in a sane world discredit her so badly that the media and academia stop providing her a public platform to propagandize her Femcunt Equalism lies.

> She does not want her readers to believe that men and women have different natures – apparently because such differences, or belief in their existence, would prevent social equality of the sexes. Personally, I think the more important question is whether it’s true. But I would say that, wouldn’t I?
>
> Rather than talk much about differences between the sexes, which would do her case no good at all, she talks about testosterone’s role in creating such differences. Testosterone is a strawman theory, here. Sex differences might be caused, in part or in whole, by biological factors other than testosterone: would disproving an incorrect testosterone-based theory make the differences go away? On the other hand, it might confuse people enough to reduce or eliminate belief in such differences. People are fairly easy to confuse.
>
> ***
>
> There are psychological differences as well. Boys prefer rough-and-tumble play, girls prefer ‘intimate theatrical play’. Boys and girls have different toy preferences: boys like trucks, while girls prefer dolls. Interestingly, we see similar sex differences in play in other young primates, such as vervet and rhesus monkeys. Young chimpettes are known to carry a stick around, sticks that seem to be stand-ins for future babies – like dolls. Since other primates that are not exposed to anything resembling human socialization [they can’t talk] show similar play preference patterns, socialization is unlikely to be the driver of those patterns in humans, no matter how much Fine would like that to be the case.
>
> ***
>
> Men are far more violent than women, far more likely to commit murder [and suicide], in every society. Obviously, if we see it everywhere and everywhen, the cause must be … climate change.!
>
> ***
>
> Men take more risks, especially after puberty. Fine attempts to talk this away, as she often does. Her argumentative approach sometimes has a certain mad charm, as when she mentions her baby son rolling across the room to a power drill, juggling knives, and trying to plunge a running hair dryer into the cake mix. I guess that no truly educated person could believe in anything so obvious, so… She also steps up to ” No true Scotsman “. She defines what must be the only correct definition of a risk-prone personality – someone that tends to embrace every possible risk – and if those correlations aren’t perfect, how could there be such a thing as a risk-prone person?
>
> ***
>
> Almost all men are sexually interested in women, and the overwhelming majority of women are sexually attracted to men. I’ve heard that there are parallels in the animal kingdom. When you think about it, it makes a twisted kind of sense. Isn’t that a psychological difference? **[ed: heh]**
>
> ***
>
> Fine’s fruit fly chapter is completely pointless. This lawyerly rhetorical technique, criticizing an early experiment in order to snipe at a well-established contemporary theory, was also used by S.J. Gould in *The Mismeasure of Man*, when he argued that Samuel Morton had skewed his measurements of skulls to fit his preconceptions. Which was untrue – but it wouldn’t have mattered a rat’s ass if Morton had screwed up,

> because the art has advanced very far since Morton's time. Today we use MRI and CAT scanners to image skulls to millimetric precision.
>
> ***
>
> Fine takes a stab at showing that there's isn't much point [in terms of extra evolutionary fitness] in men getting extra mates. She comes up with an unphysical and absurd example – mentioning how unlikely it would be for 100 one-night stands to generate an extra 100 babies. That's totally irrelevant: all it shows is that she's innumerate. Here's the practical example: suppose some dude has a wife and a girlfriend next door. Suppose he has intercourse 50 times with each of them over a year – both are probably going to have a kid, while with just the wife , he would have had one. 2 > 1. Am I getting too abstract here? By the way, if sexual selection doesn't really happen, what could explain men's huge strength advantage? Eating Wheaties?

Cochran's flaying of Fine goes on like this for a while. Fine (and Fine-ism) must traffic in an endless procession of lies if it is to have any reason for existence. These necessary lies make them easy targets for unruly realtalkers like Cochran. One might say, for masculine truthtellers.

Feminism (aka Sex Denialism) is one of the two pillars — the other being Antiracism — supporting the greatest lie ever told to Man: Equalism, the religious belief that man is interchangeable with woman and the races interchangeable with one another. Both pillars must be attacked and reduced to smoldering rubble if the White West is to have an opening to revitalize and become great again.

Live not by lies. Which means, live not by feminism and antiracism.

PS I highly encourage CH readers to spam Cochran's review at Fine's Amazon link to her Book of Lies. As usual, the reviews are all from agrrocunts and mincing phaggot male feminists giving it five stars. All it would take is one brutal predatory shiv of a bad review, like Cochran's, to send that rabbit warren scurrying in all directions.

13th Century Alpha Male And The Degeneration Of Modern Man

CH · 24 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

In a fascinating research project, British archaeologists reconstructed the face of a 13th Century laborer from a skeleton excavated in Cambridge.

Physiognomy of the dead is real. The dude even has that alpha smirk.

> He was just slightly over 40 years old when he died. His skeleton showed signs of considerable wear-and-tear, so he likely lead a tough and hard working life. His tooth enamel stopped growing during two occasions in his youth, suggesting he likely lived through bouts of famine or sickness when he was young. The archaeologists found traces of blunt force trauma inflicted to the back of his head, which healed over before he died. The researchers aren't sure what he did for a living, but they think he was a working-class person who specialised in some kind of trade.
>
> Context 958 ate a diverse diet rich in meat or fish, according to an analysis of weathering patterns on his teeth. His profession may have provided him with more access to such foods than the average person at the time. His presence at the charitable hospital suggests he fell on hard times, with no one to take care of him.

Men are expendable, women are perishable. Also, mass scaled society and its attendant disruptions of the link between affordable family formation, fertility, and old age care were evident in Medieval England.

This man looks more alpha than most American men do today. Was he representative of his time? As a poor laborer, I'd guess yes. He didn't have the wealth or occupational status that would have set him apart physically as well as socially from the masses. His *eau de alphatude* was likely the norm for his era.

My hunch is that the Good Life has been Very Bad for modern man's masculinity. We already know testosterone levels are down over the past three generations. Soft hands and crabbed faphands are the mark of modern man, a far cry from the bear mitts of Olde Alpha man. All you have to do is look around at Millennials with their furries and anime and ennui and uptalking and vocal frying and safe spaces and lackey feminism to suspect that a physiognomic, hormonal, physical, and mental degeneration of modren man is rapidly metastasizing.

And perhaps now we have a clue to why modren White woman has taken up the masculinity slack and revolted

against her own men.

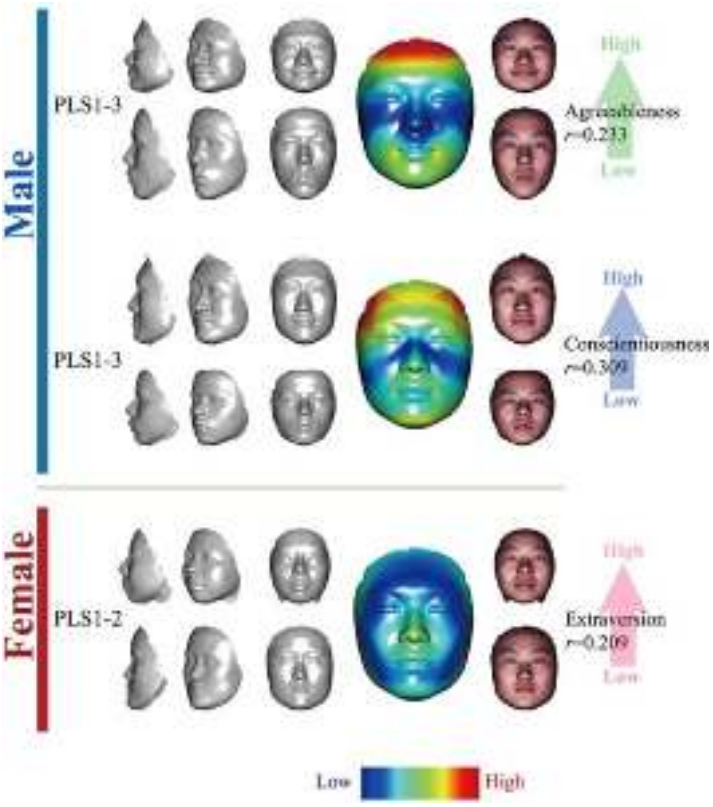
Physiognomy Is Real: Reading Personality In The Face

CH · 4 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The amoral Chinese have produced another study that supports the PHYSIOGNOMY IS REAL maxim, and adds to the growing body of real world evidence undermining the Equalism orthodoxy currently straitjacketing the minds of the Western intelligentsia-cum-Ignorati.

(Honey panda don't give a shit for your laughable leftoid ideals.)

> It has long been speculated that cues on the human face exist that allow observers to make reliable judgments of others' personality traits. However, direct evidence of association between facial shapes and personality is missing from the current literature. This study assessed the personality attributes of 834 Han Chinese volunteers (405 males and 429 females), utilising the five-factor personality model ('Big Five'), and collected their neutral 3D facial images. Dense anatomical correspondence was established across the 3D facial images in order to allow high-dimensional quantitative analyses of the facial phenotypes. In this paper, we developed a Partial Least Squares (PLS) -based method. We used composite partial least squares component (CPSLC) to test association between the self-tested personality scores and the dense 3D facial image data, then used principal component analysis (PCA) for further validation. Among the five personality factors, agreeableness and conscientiousness in males and extraversion in females were significantly associated with specific facial patterns. The personality-related facial patterns were extracted and their effects were extrapolated on simulated 3D facial models.



chinkiognomy

Despite the uniformity of ant people faces, I can easily see the workings of physiognomy, a true palimpsest of the borg soul. The faces of the extraverted, conscientious, and agreeable Chinese reflect their subcutaneous personalities, and these looks-personality intersectionalities fit the primal templates we all have for specific types of people.

Something that stands out in particular for Chateau readers is one other trait revealed by the physiognomy test: the disagreeable and careless male faces look like they get a lot of vertical pussy. Chinagirls dig chinajerks. And the high extraversion female face looks like a party girl (adjusted for native population…to most Whites she looks like a budding Chinese teen boy).

Does anyone else get the sense that modern Western liberalism with all its gynecratic beliefs is about to suffer a catastrophic loss of faith very soon? The question remaining is whether the crisis of Western shitlib ego death will transition peaceably to a Shitlord Renaissance or if it will have to be birthed in a hell-crucible of civil road warring.

Obamagate: A Spy Scandal Unfolds

CH · 4 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's looking more like Trump has set a trap for the Globohomo establishment (the DNC, their media piss bucket boys, and 90% of the GOP) by waiting out this Russia nonsense until a Gay Mulatto diversity-hire mystery moron (Evelyn Farkas) accidentally spilled the beans on another Gay Mulatto diversity-hire (Susan Rice, former National Security Adviser), revealing that Derp State operatives had been surveilling Trump for over a year and that Rice had indeed broken the law by "unmasking" Trump associates (aka American citizens).

Resident CH guest black piller on all matters Trump, Greg Eliot, may be ready to take the Gold Pill after reading this bombshell story.

> Former President Barack Obama's national security adviser Susan Rice ordered U.S. spy agencies to produce "detailed spreadsheets" of legal phone calls involving Donald Trump and his aides when he was running for president, according to former U.S. Attorney Joseph diGenova.
>
> "What was produced by the intelligence community at the request of Ms. Rice were detailed spreadsheets of intercepted phone calls with unmasked Trump associates in perfectly legal conversations with individuals," diGenova told The Daily Caller News Foundation Investigative Group Monday.
>
> "The overheard conversations involved no illegal activity by anybody of the Trump associates, or anyone they were speaking with," diGenova said. "In short, the only apparent illegal activity was the unmasking of the people in the calls."
>
> Other official sources with direct knowledge and who requested anonymity confirmed to TheDCNF diGenova's description of surveillance reports Rice ordered one year before the 2016 presidential election.
>
> Also on Monday, Fox News and Bloomberg News, citing multiple sources reported that Rice had requested the intelligence information that was produced in a highly organized operation. Fox said the unmasked names of Trump aides were given to officials at the National Security Council (NSC), the Department of Defense, James Clapper, President Obama's Director of National Intelligence, and John Brennan, Obama's CIA Director.

There are two issues of note: The surveillance of American citizens suspected of no crime (Trump and associates), and the leaking (unmasking) of the names of citizens caught up in the surveillance.

I believe both are tantamount to treason and in no sane, healthy Western society would active surveillance of its citizens by Big Brother be tolerated, but right now the news stories have been focusing on the unmasking of "incidentals" as the potential violation of federal law.

> Doran charged that potential serious crimes were undertaken because "this is a leaking of signal intelligence."
>
> "That's a felony," he told TheDCNF. "And you can get 10 years for that. It is a tremendous abuse of the system. We're not supposed to be monitoring American citizens. Bigger than the crime, is the breach of public trust."
>
> Waurishuk said he was most dismayed that "this is now using national intelligence assets and capabilities to spy on the elected, yet-to-be-seated president."
>
> "We're looking at a potential constitutional crisis from the standpoint that we used an extremely strong capability that's supposed to be used to safeguard and protect the country," he said. **"And we used it for political purposes by a sitting president. That takes on a new precedent."**

If Trump knew this all along, then what he has demonstrated so far is supreme patience in waiting for just the right moment to unleash hell on his enemies. And what a vengeful hell this could turn out to be for Team Gay Mulatto;

these are real acts of treason that could have many Democreep operatives Pepe-marched into federal prison.

Meanwhile, Gay Mulatto spends a suspiciously long time vacationing in Indabuttfuckistan. Whatever could the Limp-wristed One be running from? A major spy scandal that he orchestrated to interfere with a US election and undermine the incoming Administration? Say it ain't so! Saturday Night Hivemind will have to retcon their last three months' worth of Trumputin Derangement Syndrome opening skits.

PS I am disappointed that Trump signed an order permitting ISP companies to trade and sell users' personal data. I hope that Obamagate will convince Trump of the need to kill the Surveillance State before it grows into something undeniably tyrannical.

The Lynchburg Butchers

CH · 4 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another story about the gifts of love pouring across our southern border that the leftoid legacy media has for the most part hushed up, lest they give succor to insufficiently anti-White Whites who prefer a little truth over a boatload of lies in their lives.

Three ~~hard-working natural conservatives~~ illegal immigrant Latinos, all upstanding members of the MS-13 gang, murdered (presumably White) 17-year-old Raymond Wood in Lynchburg, VA, (an outer burb of the Acela nexus of vile anti-White statism). The vibrant latinos mutilated Wood's body.

> Raymond Wood's uncle, Dale Wood, told local station WLNI that his nephew's body had been savaged by his murderers.
>
> "His hands were cut off, his throat was cut, his tongue was pulled into his throat, he was stabbed 16 times, ran over 3 times," Dale Wood told the station.
>
> The gruesome mutilation in which a victim's tongue is sliced and pulled through his neck is sometimes known as a "Colombian necktie."
>
> ***
>
> On Friday, The Roanoke Times reports, police charged three illegal immigrants with Wood's death — 21-year-old José Corea-Ventura, 19-year-old Victor Arnoldo Rodas, and 24-year-old Lisandro Posada-Vazquez. The men were determined to be illegal by the Bedford County Sheriff's Office, detained, and subsequently arrested by U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement.

You can blame the previous president, Gay Mulatto, for these murders. He left the border undefended and allowed, through his malignant negligence, these three foreign vermin along with countless others to terrorize White America.

> The original piece — "Raymond Wood's uncle confirms details of nephew's death: hands cut off, throat cut, multiple stabbings" — was taken down and replaced with a note that WLNI had removed the story "to honor a grieving family's wishes."
>
> WLNI did not retract its reporting.

Hm, is that really why WLNI took down the story? Or were they acting as dutiful enforcers of the Narrative?

We're at war, whether or not we formally accept the fact of it. The Enriching Diversity is here, and they don't have much love for Constitutional republicanism. White America will rise up against this war raging in their homeland, or they'll kneel down to their usurpers. There's no way this ends in hugs and hand-holding harmony, no matter how many vapid Globohomo logos Spoogle splooges on its home page.

Maul-Right Street Art Coming To A Gentrified SWPLville Near You

CH · 5 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Street art is often banal or nonsensical, but when it hits the mark it can exert a subliminal influence on the national psyche. Branding, symbols, and slogans are airily dismissed by the convention-bound Right, which is their loss. Leftoids have had a monopoly on street art for at least half a century, and enough of it has infiltrated the public consciousness that it'd be a mistake to think their propaganda hasn't been a factor in their endless procession of institutional takeovers.

So it's with happy heart that I see Maul-Right street art appearing in shitlib oases like, for instance, Malibu.

Nice! The shitlord who made that sign really put effort into the execution. Very realistic. So good, one may wonder if it's an official Malibu welcome sign (it's not….City Manager Reva Feldman was quick to correct the record).

More of this, please, and faster. The Alt-Maul-Right has PLENTY of material in their rhetoric arsenal; there's no reason a thousand points of shiv can't pierce every shitlibopolis beating heart. Shitlord street art like this one will upset shitlibs, perhaps even cause some of them to question their faith, and most importantly, hearten and embolden Heritage America.

WE ARE THE MEME-LORDS NOW. The Left is artistically destitute, intellectually bankrupt, and exhausted with the fight. They have Soros-funded, scattered skinnyfat schlock troops putting up a token whine on their home turf, and concentrating their fire on the few public realtalkers they can occupationally and socially ostracize from their campuses and tech jobs. But underneath the bluster, they have NOTHING. Dead inside. And they know it.

The Left has had no answer to the Maul-Right's memes and paradigm-busting gusto. They were caught completely off-guard, reduced to an amen chorus for thecunt and her tone-deaf deplorables counterattack. This is a lesson for any on the Right willing to hear it: You have the Truth, you have the Shivs, now all you need are the Balls. Big ones. Yuge. Unsheathe your throbbing zest for reconquest of your stolen nation and take it to the enemy, and when you have xir in your rhetorical sights, don't stop triggering your juicy target with anti-equalism heresies. Make the phagggots' ears bleed, or from their wherever. If shitlords begin moving their revolution in ideas with unstoppable momentum in all directions and at all points of contact, the Left will fucking CRUMBLE to a shattered mess faster than you would have ever guessed. That's because the Left has never known a fight. Not a real one. Now they're getting a taste of it, and they are scared like they've never been scared before. I can smell their fear.

Eatin' Pussy: The Verdict

CH · 5 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Daily Stormer, a major maul-right tributary coming close to perfecting that balance between sincere shitposting and humorous ironic detachment, has a hot bake on Natalie Portman's ugly sister and her Cosmo column imploring Reptile-American women to dump men who aren't enthralled to be sharing snatch space with a vibrator.

> When you do decide to let him in on the fact that you own a vibrator that you would also like to use in bed together, there are two possible reactions: He's either overcome with joy that your sex life is about to get even hotter (and wants to start immediately), or he's, well, weird about it. He might say it feels "a little unnatural," or ask if his penis and sex skills aren't enough. And if he does, he's in trouble.
>
> **Because if a man is anti-vibrators, you should absolutely, without question, dump him.**

Yeaaah, this is dumpsthatneverhappen.txt. I saw your photo, Julia Pugachevsky. The pug part is right. Don't flatter yourself. If you managed to snag an aryan shivsa with something on the ball there's no way in hell you're dumping him. Especially not for something as trivial as refusing to fuck you if you have a purple saguaro pressed against your benumbed clit. And lo and behold, like magic!, her goyboy borefriend looks like he came prefitted with a choke collar.

There's a whole genre of femmefic tumblrrhea written by Fake Hotties — fat sows, fugs, and striver plain janes — that amounts to egregious wishful projection that the authoress is an independent, empowered, orgasm-demanding riotgrrl HB9 who came here to chew gum and fuck two dicks at once, and she's just about out of gum. As fiction, it's so transparently bad that it boomerangs back on the girlwriter. As Whoreschach Test, it's a perfect mirror of the girlwriter's bitter heart, revealing a lying phonyfuck cunt who either has never held a man for longer than the time it takes him to get his whiskey dick operational, or is stuck with a mangina cucklet who reminds her by his irritating omnipresence of her low SMV.

Girls who proudly flaunt their vibrators are best avoided as investment properties. If she can't be bothered to put up at least of facade of modesty, she doesn't respect your desire and needs as a man. (Hint: most men prefer to save their exclusivity for chaste women.) This goes double for chicks who insist that men tolerate the additional company of an artificial penis during lovemaking. If your girl is that desperate for sexual relief while fucking you that she needs the assistance of a vibrator, she's either a world-beating slut with a carnal appetite that will guarantee her straying, or you're not doing anything for her. Either way, this kind of girl should never be promoted from occasional cum receptacle.

Seguing to the title of this post, the final word (in my estimable opinion) on the topic of eatin' pussy was written off-handedly in this archived gem of Chateau consilience.

> Eating a girl out anytime during the first few weeks of dating is beta. When you eat a girl out, you telegraph your incredible horniness for her. Men normally do not want to go down on women and bury their mouths in that fetid, humid mess unless they find her so overwhelmingly hot that they can't help themselves. Women instinctively know this, so they correctly gauge that a man who goes down on them on the first date must feel he's with one of the best he's ever had. This, in turn, will sour a woman's attraction for a man, since no woman in the history of the universe has ever felt raging lust for a man she believed lower than herself in value.
>
> Cunnilingus later in the relationship is absolved from this rule, because you have already demonstrated your manly ability to use her strictly for the piledriving hole she is.

I'm not anti-eatin' pussy, but men should be aware of the risks involved (both disease and psychological feedback

arousal-damping risks). Very broadly, alpha men don't eat pussy. Beta men do. And if a man is eatin' pussy for any reason other than his own pleasure — say, because he feels obligated to help deliver his woman the elusive O which his dick and jerkboy je ne sais cocq can't summon — then odds are good that he is an appeasing beta male who must endure tongue cramping and oral abscesses to sufficiently please his woman. And if that's his station in the relationship, his tongue ain't gonna save him from her inevitably checking out.

There are exceptions to the eatin' pussy rule. When an alpha male is so overcome with animal lust for his HB9+ that he's compelled by inner forces to dive downtown and sniff the intoxicating aroma of springtime snapper, then we can say that he's not beta-tizing himself by the act. Still, it's smart poon-swooning policy to refrain from chowin' on the downy before spending a few months crustin' the cumcatch basin.

The Gay Lady Doth Protest Too Much

CH · 5 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The stuck pig squeals loudest. Remember that as you read this comment by Sentient.

> "The legacy media is going insane over us"
>
> Yes… When the NY Times is running subscription campaigns headed with
>
> "Truth. Discover it with us."
>
> you can see Trump's brilliance at work… Imagine the NYT having to advertise that they are true? All the Trump stuff about bias, complicity, duplicity and fake news has unmasked them… and they know it. That's why they are melting down near nightly…
>
> This is the first step in taking the noose from around our necks…
>
> The people are getting woke. Yeah there may not be change overnight to satisfy Greg, much injustice will go unpunished. But the people are just getting more woke every day.

And the Washington Bezos has added "Democracy Dies in Darkness" to the top of their fishwrap.

As Sentient said, it used to be that the pursuit of truth and ethical journalism were implied by the near-universal high status held by our nation's big papers. That status is lost, which is why the venal vipers running the papers sound like try-hard beta males convincing a woman they aren't creeps.

There's dignity and power in being trusted enough as a source of news that there's no need to assert trustworthiness. A good man doesn't go around begging people to believe in his goodness. His actions and behavior speak for him. Great womanizers don't plead with women that they're great womanizers. They let their seductive prowess demonstrate the fact for them.

Same with the dying leftoid legacy media. Now that they've been unmasked as liars and disingenuous propagandists for the Globohomo Bathhouse Alliance, it's only a matter of time until complete abandonment and rejection by the public they supposedly serve. And like any stuck pig backed into a corner, they squeal with indignation and pain and oink impotently, begging their dwindling loyalist libshit readers to defend them from the killing blow. "No, really, we are the Final Arbiters of Truth. Trust us! Would we lie to you?"

No, thanks. That ship has sailed. It's time to make bacon out of you.

England, Then And Now

CH · 5 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> Levenshulme girls High School in Manchester, England has changed a bit. pic.twitter.com/JFb27zcO8U
>
> — /pol/ News Network (@polNewsNet) April 4, 2017

Nonlinear Seduction

CH · 6 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Vagnette #1:

A past girlfling back in town had spotted me and flounced over to say hello.

HER: “Heeeeey, [Lucifer’s Third Leg], it’s been a while.”

ME: “It has! Heeeeey back atcha.”

HER: “What’ve you been up to?”

ME: “Oh just doing my thing.”

HER: “Your thing? What thing is that?”

ME: “Ah you know, all the things. This and that. Mostly that. I prefer that over this.”

HER: “Hm, you’re still as silly as ever,” she said as her eyes glowed with event horizon gravitingle pull.

We talked more, and she departed with a smile and a promise to MEAT again.

***

Vagnette #2:

A ladyfriend and I were sidewalking when we noticed what possibly may have been a self-driving all-electric test vehicle parked at the curb.

HER: “Check out that car! Pretty cool huh?”

ME: “I dunno. Will it take me to paradise?”

HER: *shoulder punch followed by penis grab*

In the realm of seduction — which is any realm that a man is alone with a woman and he isn’t a sniveling beta orbiter enabling her emotional vampirism — logic and reason won’t work on women. Oh sure women can sufficiently mimic the cadences of logic and reason, and even summon a convincing simulacrum of interest in the worlds of logic and reason when circumstances demand, but it’s not what juices women’s genderpulp. What women want is nonlinearity. Unpredictability. Surprize bantzsex. Cleverness. Or even silliness.

Anything but what they EXPECT the typical beta boob to say to them.

Beta male conversations with attractive women are like the weather. Everyone talks about it, no one says anything interesting. “How about this weather we’re having?” “Yeah, it’s been so nice.” Weatherjive is a fine lube for polite social interaction (I’M NOT A DANGER I TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER) but it’s horrible for lubing sexual tension. The unexpected — “WEATHER IS FOR PLEBS” — is undiluted snapper stimulant. When you knock a woman off her daily script, her vagina explodes like a CIA-sponsored Syrian barrel bomb.

Logic and reason create civilizations, but destroy vaginations. The evo sike dudes would say that the freewheeling, devil-may-ZFG, out-of-cleft-field, flirty tangents that demarcate charming jerkboys from boring betas are an evolved preference in women to help them discriminate in favor of men who would have the cognitive horsepower to gather ARE RESOURCES when the gathering is tough. Perhaps long ago, that nonlinearly seductive man was equally adept at conniving stuff from other men as he was at stuffing gines.

Game lesson: Don’t sweat your conversations with women. Let it fly. You might say something stupid occasionally, but at least you won’t be a bore. And the hottest chicks hate nothing more than a man who bores them.

Chicks HATE HATE HATE boring men.

Worse than they hate unemployed bums.
Worse than they hate pygmales.
Worse than they hate nümales.
Worse than they hate neomaxizimdweebmales.

Don’t be boring and predictable and you’ll discover women expectantly hanging on your next word. Follow-ups to opening lines become much easier, and convos flow much smoother, when the girl can’t call your next move.

Studiously avoid self-entrapment in the world of “point A-to-point B” sanity. This is the world of women you’re in now, so check your sanity at the door and climb on the ride that is wild.

CH Maxim #14: KEEP HER GUESSING, KEEP HER GEYSERING

The Illusionist Hottie

CH · 6 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I once dated a hot little minx who was the spitting image of this chick.

In a slinky dress and made up, she would turn heads. Beautiful face, curvy hourglass figure, long legs, pert tits. Men AND women would check her out (former with lust, latter with envy and curiosity and proxy attraction for the CH with her) when we were out together.

But there was a problem. She was an illusionist hottie. Back home, clothes off, her body betrayed a surprising patchwork of unsightly flaws; thigh and ass dimples, creeping cottage cheese, an incipient fupa, and blotchy skin tone (probably from a bad diet). Even in dimmed light, I could see that the road to vajhalla would be a bumpy one.

She didn't lift weights, and tragically she was one of those girls who could have benefited immensely from weightlifting instead of counting steps on her ClitBit. She was the poster girl for yoga pants as the push-up bra for the booty.

None of her body flaws were deal breakers. But there was just enough taut-less terrain wildly out of sync with her after hours glamour that I could never make peace with the whole package. The world saw one woman; I saw another. Sure, I loved showing her off when out on the town, but my pride was tainted with insider knowledge of the grit beneath the glitz.

It got to be that near fling's end, I was looking for excuses to leave post-date with the intention of avoiding sex with her. {ed: judge me harshly.} Once, I made a cuddle suggestion when she started heating up during foreplay. COSMIC POLARITY INVERTED.

This woman created the worst dickonance —

dickonance: an incongruous feeling caused when intense arousal for a fully clothed woman clashes with deflating desire for her disrobed form.

— in me I have ever had to compartmentalize. I loved going out with her and soaking up her beauty when she was dressed to the nines, but I was indifferent to sleeping with her afterward. It was never *that* bad, but the wickedly unfair juxtaposition was needling me to the edge of insanity — I felt like Nature was playing a cruel joke on me, robbing me of the one nonnegotiable pleasure of a hot woman's love: her stimulating naked form. The wedge between us widened to a chasm of unspeakable provenance.

She never knew the real reason it ended. I supplied a plausible explanation for my receding ardor that required no recourse to the state of her maculation, an explanation which in fact made me out to be a very bad person but bad in an understandable OH GEE ANOTHER NONCOMMITTAL DOUCHEBAG way and not bad in an OH FUCK YOU ARE THE DEVIL INCARNATE way. A few female tears I can handle. A deluge of waterworks that wrack the body and shake the shoulders I prefer not to witness. Or, worse, she might lunge for the kitchen knives in a blind rage.

I had no intention of revealing the stark nature of my un-caged id. She didn't merit any meanness, so I committed relationship seppuku.

When it ended, friends asked what the hell I was thinking. "She was a hottie! What the hell were you thinking?" was what they said. I lied that we had incompatible personalities. I doubt they bought it, (no one really buys it when a man claims a relationship ended because of personality issues), but I was not eager to sully her lady-honor by exposing the pocked underbelly of our separation. I expose it here, anonymously and obliquely, because I suppose I'm seeking absolution. To confront one's superficiality is fun and games in abstraction-space, but not so fun in real life with real lovers and their real hearts on the line.

The duality of man is his endless struggle to embrace, and to reject, to free, and to tame, the animal of him.

Isramerica's Middle East Policy

CH · 6 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As near as I can tell, the US's Middle East policy is:

- neutralize Israel's regional enemies
- provide a rationale for demographically swamping White Christian nations with "refugees" from Middle East clan wars inflamed by American Deep State meddling.

Oil? Nah, the US is practically self-sufficient now. Spreading democracy among dune coon lunatics for long-term stability? HAHA, no. Iraq clearly demonstrated to anyone with half a brain the folly of that mission: unaccomplished.

I was listening to the leftoid legacy news (I needed my daily fix of egregious lying scumbaggery) and the (((usual suspects))) were practically crowing about the Syria """gas attack""" on """children""" by """Assad""" (hi, CIA! perfect timing to distract from the Susan Rice treason) proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that the US has a moral imperative to take in more rapefugees and settle them all over heartland America. "It's a sin," one slithery reptile hissed, "that we have 10 gorillion Syrians displaced by war and the Trump Administration refuses to take in any refugees. It's morally reprehensssssssible!"

Remember CH maxim #1488: all leftoid policy is motivated by anti-White hatred and is intended ultimately to demographically dispossess White European Christians from their own nations.

The anti-Whites' objective couldn't be more explicitly stated than if they stood on a hill holding a KILL WHITEY banner aloft while directing phalanxes of nonWhites to storm small town America. In fact, we're already at that stage with some of the snakes now steering the Democreep Party and staffing the editorial boards of our esteemed newspapers of record.

***

Days of Broken Arrows makes a good point about the current iteration if disingenuous leftoid sophistry.

> Regarding the "it's a sin" quote. I'm going to repeat a comment I made a few posts ago that disappeared.
>
> The leftoid media pushed through gay marriage by telling people their old, biblical ideals were obsolete. Now when it comes to refugees, they suddenly want us all to go back to those biblical ideals, and behave like good little Christians, being charitable and kind.
>
> THIS is where Trump came in, just at the right time. A large portion of the right (unconsciously) thought: "You wanna shame us for biblical beliefs? Fine. Just don't expect to us our beliefs for your own ends anymore."
>
> The very people who told us there is no such thing as sin, now want to tell us they think certain people are sinner. Ain't gonna work.

Shiverrific. "Gay marriage is a sin" would be a killer riposte to any shitlib claiming it's a sin to refuse refugees.

PS I just noticed WordPress has inexplicably been shunting a ton of comments straight into the trash folder. I don't know why, but I'll try to rectify the problem. In the meantime, keep commenting. If your comment gets trash compacted, be patient, I'll fish it out.

Steve Bannon Confirmed For Chateau Reader

CH · 7 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter wrote a while back that Trump or anyone from his inner circle could signal that they secretly vacation at Chateau Heartiste by inconspicuously dropping the word “shiv” somewhere in a tweet or press statement.

WELL

This story comes from the #FakeNews Daily Beast outlet. I will not provide a direct link to them and would counsel readers to take anything written there with a flat of salt.

Steve Bannon Calls Jared Kushner a ‘Cuck’ and ‘Globalist’ Behind His Back

Donald Trump’s chief strategist Stephen Bannon has called the president’s senior advisor and son-in-law Jared Kushner a “cuck” and a “globalist” during a time of high tension between the two top aides, several Trump administration officials told The Daily Beast.

The fighting between Kushner and Bannon has been “nonstop” in recent weeks, according to sources who spoke on condition of anonymity. It’s been an “open secret” that Bannon and Kushner often clash “face-to-face,” according to senior officials.

One official said Bannon has lately complained about Kushner trying to **“shiv him and push him out the door”** and likened him to a fifth column in the White House.

Now “shiv” isn’t a tremendously uncommon word, but it’s not exactly within most people’s regular lexicon. Yet I’ve been seeing it crop up in the last few months in news stories, and as the preen overcomes me I must insist that this ‘umble realtalk abode (re)popularized the term for a mass alt-audience. My shiv sense is telling me Bannon and/or other close associates of Trump read this blog.

Recently, I lamented on Gab,

> Kushner globohomo camp won. Bannon nationalist camp lost. Shakespeare had something to say about this. It was always going to be family that would be the undoing of President Trump.

…in reference to the news about Bannon getting pushed out of White House national security meetings.

This was always my biggest concern: that Trump, his inner circle comprising globohomist New York hyperliberals (both Kushners, Cohn, Powell) and ultrawoke nationalists (Bannon, Miller), would eventually betray his nationalist message for his family. My fears look to have been justified.

Bannon is a self-described “nationalist” and long-time Republican, while Kushner was, until his father-in-law ran for president, a lifelong liberal and a Democratic donor.

ed: it’s in the clan’s blood. and blood type never changes.

“There’s a big fight [going on],” one senior official said. “It’s all about policy. There’s tension [between them] on trade, health care, immigration, taxes, [terrorism]—you name it.” […]

“Steve thinks Jared is worse than a Democrat, basically,” another official close to Bannon said. “[Steve] has a very specific vision for what he believes, and what he shares [ideologically] with Trump. And he has for a long time now seen [Jared] as a major obstacle to achieving that.”

However, it’s clear that Kushner has been expanding his reach and level of influence in Trump’s core circle of advisers, and that the two men are essentially working against one another as they attempt to keep the president’s ear and affections.

“I love a gunfight,” Bannon told his associates and allies since Wednesday, according to Axios.

Heritage America better hope Bannon wins this duel, but it’s not looking good so far. Trump’s loyalty is legendary, and his family will come first always. If his family doesn’t much care for Trump’s populist-nationalism message — the core reason his base supports him — then I’m afraid we’re in for a rough four years as the Jared Wormtongues whisper the equivalent of “America Last”.

If my fears prove misplaced, I’ll retch up all the blackpills I took this week and swear allegiance to the one true Golden Pill.

From The Annals Of Disingenuous Shitlibbery: “If you break it, you buy it”

CH · 7 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Neocons and cucks are ecstatic today about Trump’s missile strike on some Syrian pavement. If the craven enemies of my nation and people like something, I tend to take the opposite view of that thing.

As I predicted would happen (on Gab @Heartiste), lying forked-tongue neoscum who got us into a trillion dollar Fake War in Iraq based on a pack of lies, and who were Never-Trump until yesterday, are now hailing him as “leader of the free world” for his stand against Assad. The fucking chutzpah on this guy Elliott Abrams. Neoscum want da goyim to believe that a fairly elected American President isn’t a true leader until he’s bent the knee to their Bernankified globalist buttsecks cabal.

I used to read TOG as a fun, conspiratorial diversion, but I’m beginning to think he’s onto something.

Anyhow, the latest gulling point from the leftoid legacy media is the assertion that Trump must take in more Syrian refugees now that he’s bombed an airstrip over there. “If you break it, you buy it.” NPR (Nümales with Pierced Rectums) shitlibs think this is a clever boxing-in of Trump. FACT CHECK: Assad and the various warring clans broke Syria, with help from the CIA and Mossad. The American people certainly didn’t break Syria, and all Trump is doing (to take the unlayered view) is going in to fix things someone else broke. So, no, WE don’t have to BUY anything. There’s no moral law that states wartime actions must inevitably result in the mass relocation of one nation’s population into another nation.

This disingenuous shitlibbery is similar to their taunt that refusing rapefugees is “a sin according to the Bible”; the purpose is to subvert the goyim’s healthy survival instinct by seeding doubt about the tenets of his cherished religious texts. Gay marriage is a sin, too, according to the Bible, shitlibs! CHECK AND MATE.

The question that goes begging is a simple one: What the hell are neoscum still doing in positions of influence in the US? One would think that a group of warmongering dual citizens that were proven mind-numbingly malevolent liars OVER AND OVER would AT THE FUCKING LEAST lose their access to the halls of power.

The “Doe-Eyed Suffering Child” Test Of Leadership

CH · 9 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Every administration member should have to pass a “doe-eyed suffering child” test. If he or she can’t look at a photo of a suffering child without starting a war, they’re automatically disqualified from participating in national security decisions.

Naturally, this will rule out 99% of women from public service.

***

Reader (and now Gabber) PA adds,

> They all pass the “doe-eyed suffering child test” when the child is Swedish.

Or French. Remember that photo of the tarp-covered French child after an Islamofreak rammed his truck into a crowd of French parade-goers? Our Globohomo leaders weren’t shouting for war with Greater Gutterabia. In fact, just the opposite….the scumbags were calling for MORE immigration of Muslims into the West.

Good things happen to bad people and bad things happen to good people all over the world all the time. It’s not the job of America to play God meting out justice. If every suffering child was cause for military intervention by America, we’d be balls-deep in civil wars and tribal conflagrations in the four corners of the world for eternity, or until our coffers finally dried up and we could no longer afford the luxury of preening moral profligacy.

You reading, Ivanka?

Trump The 4D Chess Master, Or Trump The Puppet?

CH · 10 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Before I begin, I'll say that I'm not off the Trump Train. Not even close, and won't be unless he betrays his Twatter-stenciled campaign promises in more spectacular fashion than lobbing ordnance at a Syrian airfield. Trump would have to renege on the Wall and the Deportations to lose my support. Hysterical girls on the alt-right should collect themselves; you don't cast a man out for a trivial concession — and we'll see if it truly was a concession or if it was a burst of strategic political genius — to the globohomoists when he has done so much in one year to manifest your revolution of thought.

That said, I'm at a place with Trump where my eager trust has given way to a state of suspended belief. There's a lot we don't know about Trump's innermost thinking on these matters, but the days ahead will reveal a needed clarification of his loyalties. I'm with Anti-Gnostic on this: I've substituted my Golden Pill and Red Pill cocktail with a Grey Pill.

> First thought: the US tipped off the Russians who, surely, tipped off the Syrians. Not much actual damage done.
>
> 1. A token display of force to divert his increasingly unhinged critics. Leverage with Russia in advance of Tillerson's trip as they negotiate Assad's exit and joint plan on squashing the cockroaches.
>
> 2. The bored generals and You-Know-Who's finally got to him and it's off to war and endless occupation of yet another country that deeply resents us. Billions to bomb them, billions to rebuild them. More immigrants, and more Muslims with a grudge.
>
> The problem with 1 is, who do you put in power in the Big Man's place? Syria is a snakepit and the Assads have spent so much time consolidating power that there's nobody competent outside their circle left. Does anybody know ANYONE in Syria ready to step up to the plate? Or does the CIA have some gray-haired guy on ice in a Northern Virginia suburb ready to roll out, who'll have to hire US mercs because he can't trust his own countrymen?
>
> I just don't see how you implement 1 without it leading to 2.
>
> I'm paused at grey-pill for now. But immigration was the issue that swept him into power (via the Electoral College) and he doesn't seem to be doing much on it. And now he's bit into something that could occupy his time 24/7 if he let it (like the perplexed LBJ with Vietnam).

The tidiest explanation for Trump's decision to send a volley of cruise missiles at a pre-abandoned Syrian airstrip is that Trump — and his favorite daughter — saw (possibly false flag) footage of dying and dead kids purportedly gassed by Assad forces and, coupled with what he may have thought was an opportunity to shore up his leverage with Russophobic neocons and war-thirsty cuckhawks, it emotionally moved him to action. A perfectly human reaction, if not necessarily a wise geopolitical response.

But tidiness left America sometime after 1965. We live in a Diverse Untidytopia now. And so it's fair to ask ourselves if Trump is a 4D chess master one move from checkmating our New World Byzantium, or if he's become a puppet of globalist elites, sucked under by the riptide of an apozalypse even a God Emperor can't resist.

Briefly, I present both cases here.

From the pessimistic, Puppet Trump side, we have:

- Derb swinging his Doombringer. (executive summary: picking up the banner of neoscum warmongering has a way of crowding out more important issues, like stopping mass immigration.)
- Cernovich's source is claiming that current National Security Adviser H.R. McMaster is manipulating

intelligence reports to mislead President Trump because McMaster wants 150,000 ground soldiers in Syria. (Agnostic covers it here.) Note as well Susan Rice — the treasonous gay mulatto official who illegally unmasked names in surveillance docs on Trump associates — is a McMaster ally who wanted Steve Bannon ousted from Trump's White House.

- Trump's pick to lead border enforcement has support from cucks and Gay Mulatto officials (not in itself hard evidence that the pick is a secret globohomoist, but definitely a leading indicator).
- Trump appointed a pro-immigration free-trader as CEA chair. (CEA is the Council of Economic Advisers)
- George Soros, the oyveytar of Satan on Earth, quietly funneled $250 million in credit to the Jared Kushner-backed real estate finance startup Cadre.
- Jared Kushner (Trump's son-in-law remember) was in Iraq just a few days before the """Sarin gas attack""" that prompted Trump's retaliatory missile strike two days later, on the same day Gorsuch was confirmed for SCOTUS (probably on guarantees from McCain et al if they got their Syria attack dearest wish).

The Puppet Trump camp believes, in no order of likelihood, that Trump ordered the missile strike to

1. appease YKW
2. appease Ivanka
3. goose his polls, thus his ego
4. shake off the perception of him as a Putin stooge
5. Partition Syria/start WWIII at the behest of the Deep State which has blackmailed/misled/threatened him
6. fracture the Shiite crescent of influence running from Iran through Syria, ostensibly for Israel's benefit and to open new oil pipelines access routes

Unbelievably, I think #5 is the most likely possibility of all the pessimistic scenarios.

***

From the optimistic, 4D Chess Master Trump side, we have:

- Trump sidelining the pro-immigration CEA chair.
- Bannon attending an NSC meeting one day after he was reported to have been removed from his role with the NSC.
- China President Xi visiting on the same day Trump ordered the missile strike.
- GOPe cucks, neocons, and Dem shitlibs hungry for Putin-Trump collaboration evidence being made to look silly by Trump's "anti-Russia" move.
- reports that Trump tipped off the Russians (who would tell Assad) about his "retaliatory" missile strike.
- the fact that the only thing blown up was an airstrip.
- SoS Tillerson giving very mealy-mouthed assertions about finding a way to eventually ease Assad out of power.

The 4D Chess Master Trump camp believes he ordered the missile strike to

1. flex power ahead of Xi meeting.
2. genuinely strengthen deterrence against any nation thinking about using chemical weapons.
3. extend a trivial political favor to his neocuck foes (who are gullible and will savor it) in exchange for yuge progress on his domestic issues. See: Gorsuch, the Wall (coming soon).
4. smoke out the globalist Deep State by tying them to evidence later revealed by Trump of rogue agents coordinating the gas attack with Syrian rebels.

Does this feel like whiplash to you? Maybe it should. It's part of Trump's MO.

The Chess Master Trump proponents are in awe of Trump's ability to out-wit the globohomoists with his tactical retreats that turn into strategic victories, but there is a risk to feeding your enemy a false belief in his pyrrhic victory over you. Perception matters, and it's hard to escape the optics of the globalists getting Trump to betray his stated principles with this missile strike against Syria. Trump tweeted a lot about the folly of getting involved in Syria; now he's involved.

The danger of sacrificing a stated principle (no matter how small the actual sacrifice) for a longer-term gain in power, is that it erodes the trust of one's supporters and it gives one's enemies too much leverage in the short-term. Anti-Trumpists will be emboldened by Trump's self-betrayal, and as Trump manipulated them, they will manipulate Trump. Just as Trump can lob a few token missiles to awe cucks and advance his nationalist agenda, so too can cucks stroke Trump's ego with tokens of support for irrelevancies while advancing their true globalist agenda.

My suspicion is that the gas attack was either a false flag (been known to happen) or an accidental release caused by a bombing run that detonated a rebel/al-nusra aka al-qaeda ammo dump. And what if Assad decided to gas some rebels risking a PR disaster and US response at a time when the war was turning in his favor? prolier than thou writes,

> It's not an opinion I would venture to everyone, but assuming Assad did use chemical weapons (and I'm not sure there really is such a moral distinction on the type of weapon used anyway) I don't automatically think that makes him a bad person.
>
> Most Western European countries have Muslim minorities of only 5% or less, yet look at the problems they cause. The only reason we are not experiencing terrorist attacks in Britain and France every week (every day?) is that we have sophisticated and expensive security services, most of which are staffed by non-Muslims who are not likely to be secretly helping the Islamic radicals. So how would a secular Muslim president go about trying to keep order and create some kind of progress in a nation that is not only 100% Muslim, but a nation also made up of different kinds of Muslim who hate each other, with little money to combat them, and the world's only superpower hell bent on installing Islamic radicals in every secular Muslim country in the Middle East?
>
> It's easy to judge Assad, but if you think that having your nation taken over by the likes of ISIS is the worst thing possible, then launching a chemical attack in your own nation becomes something less than the worst thing possible. Heck, if ISIS were twenty miles from my town I'd be out on the streets DEMANDING he uses everything he's got on them and their supporters.
>
> I've read a lot of comments on Alt-Right sites like Steve Sailer making these kind of arguments about sending a message to North Korea or China, or the Democrats, or some other foreign or domestic enemy. This just seems like the kind of mentality of a corrupt Empire that sees the world as it's plaything. You are talking about a foreign nation engaged in an existential struggle against an evil opponent, the idea that some Americans view whole nations as irrelevant pawns in a geopolitical or domestic political game is sickening, and something I'd hope only those on the left would make.

The best positive spin analysis of Trump's Syria action comes from Gabber @GrapeApe, who writes that Trump is giving himself breathing room to make progress on the stuff that really matters to Americans,

> Trump has been facing a historically entrenched opposition made up of Dems and Cucks (but I repeat myself). They froth over Russia. The dissension weakens us abroad.
>
> One Syrian air strip later… they're rolling over.
>
> Trump knows what he's doing. If he sends in troops I will stand corrected.

Ultimately, I think Trump sincerely has some nationalist leanings, really does know what he's doing most of the time, and wants to do right by the American people….BUT I also think he's got vulnerabilities (a need to be loved,

for one), is open to manipulation by treasonous apparatchiks who will exploit Trump's unfamiliarity with how the federal globalist government works, and might have an insufficiently skeptical eye toward (((elements))) within his inner circle. Trump's non-ideological pragmatism and paucity of allies within the military-government-industrial complex could open him to victimization by hardened ideological antagonists who would seed Trump's administration with ideological subversives. As commenter Kelly relates,

> Former CIA agent Robert Steele:
> "We do not make this shit up. We can understand naive young adults falling for false flag photographs that the neoconservatives and their mainstream media sock puppets broadcast, but we cannot understand — the one time CIA gets it right and Mike Pompeo tells the President this is a false flag — Donald Trump being swayed in this fashion (he is smarter than that). The situation is complicated by the evident treason of National Security Advisor Herbert McMaster, who appears to be lying to the President. Despite deep reservations about all this by Pompeo, Secretary of Defense Mattis, and Steve Bannon, the influence of Ivanka Trump, Jared "shiksas don't count" Kushner, and McMaster as well as Petraeus behind the scenes — and of course all the neo-cons including Condi Rice and Bob Gates — appear to have "justified" an act of war not authorized by Congress. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the Russians and Syrians both turned off their very sophisticated anti-missile defense systems and the target was an abandoned unoccupied airbase. Roger Stone's perspective is that this was intended to show that Trump was not "in bed" with the Russians and to shut the neocons and media up. The possibility that this was also a move of attempted genius by the president intended to lead to a Wednesday night massacre (12 April 2017) cannot be rejected. Steve Pieczenik puts the best face on it: a strong message to China and North Korea (with no actual damage to Russians or Syrians) — I find the "message" shallow and lacking in credibility. There is a great deal we do not know. What we do know is that in this instance, Steve Bannon and Mike Pompeo shone brightly with integrity; Secretary of Defense Mattis was adequate but not stellar; Herbert McMaster may be an indictable traitor; Jared Kushner appears compromised; and Ivanka Trump — whose potential we consider substantive — was in way over her head. We pray she learns from this.
>
> http://phibetaiota.net/2017/04/special-joe-burgett-ivanka-trump-reportedly-the-one-behind-president-trumps-move-to-bomb-syria/#more-124850

Anyone know what the "Wednesday night massacre" refers to?

Finally, I'll close with this /pol/ assessment that may be more accurate than anything you'll read in the leftoid legacy media:

Developments to watch for over the coming months:

- Trump sending troops into Syria
- Russia escalating threats against US*
- Trump quietly walking back his immigration policy promises
- neocon jubilation continuing unabated

If all these things happen, it's a good bet Trump has been compromised, and MAGA is DOA. Because if 4D Chess Master Trump is real, then he won't start another war in the Middle East, won't abandon his Wall, deportation, and immigration restriction pledges, and won't have to hear any "strange new respect" from his inborn neocuck enemies.

*It's possible that Russia could still escalate even if Trump clued them into the game being played, because Russia (being Russia) might exploit Trump's non-belligerence with them to push their own objectives.

Cuck Nation

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TV is now a feminist wish fulfillment wasteland, glorifying every White man-hating matrigenic dystopia, from single mommery to race mixing to willing cuckoldry. The latter's insinuation into popular (read: single White female and gay homosexual) culture has been egregious; willing cuckolds are everywhere, satisfying the female desire for alpha fux and beta bux. There are shows that have blatantly pro-cuck plot lines in which a pregnant slut or single slut mommy has beta phagg suitors lining up to swear their loyalty to the bastard spawn, while the alpha cads that knocked these hos up are either nowhere found onscreen or they come and go continuing to service the sprog-saddled skanks with the least investment possible.

Harry Potter was perhaps the first major shitlib touchstone to vault willing cuckoldry into the wider culture as some kind of moral imperative; it was beta orbiter Snape, a man with the worst case of oneitis imaginable because he was in love with a dead woman who when alive wanted nothing to do with him, who vowed to look after Harry, (the child of his oneitis by another man Snape hated), out of a misplaced sense of loyalty and maybe hope for an afterlife consummation.

Literally "alpha fux and beta bux" from beyond the grave. What independent, empowered modern woman wouldn't love that?

Jane the Gutter Slut and *Girls (if you can believe it)* are two more cuntocracy brainwashing pipelines that women love which feature major arcs involving willing cuckold beta males swooping in to relieve the main female characters from the encroaching burden of single momhood, no questions asked, no faux-father responsibilities abdicated. Women cheer, (non-pussified) men reach for vomit bags.

There's a reason women cheer Cuck Nation. They know that good men, on a gut level that is impossible to sway with sophistic shaming appeals to the contrary, don't want to raise the bastards of other men. No man wants to be duped into 18 years of servitude to a child that's not his own. For the few men who walk into cuckoldry with eyes wide open, they never shake the resentment that ceaselessly thrums from knowing they willingly chose to be cuckolds for the chance at regular sex with a single mom.

Women cheer because the fantasy of the willing cuckold saving women from their big mistakes is a repudiation of the intractable laws of Biomechanics, laws which irk women and which they desperately want overturned when personally beneficial. It's a form of Power Play over men and over Nature, allowing women the (brief) escape from a reality with uncaring rules they must abide if they want a shot at happiness. TV tells them, hey ladies, you can have that happiness without those cumbersome rules. Magic is real!

The male version of this escape from Darwinian dressage is the trope of the nebbishy omega male with a hot blonde shiksa, or nerds exacting revenge on their jock tormentors. Rarely happens outside TVland, unless you count supreme gentleman Eliot Rodger.

Cuck Nation is the acculturation and codification of cuckoldry, both the duped and voluntary versions. Voluntary cucking is in a way more loathsome than unwilling cuckoldry, because it's harder to fathom the depth of depravity to which a man must have sunk if bartering his cuckoldry seems to him like the only way he can buy sex and love, and with damaged goods no less.

We can say then that Cuck Nation is nothing less than the total surrender of masculinity and any male prerogatives to runaway androgyny and sexual polarity-inverting feminism. It's the metaphorical equivalent of lopping off a nation's balls and importing a few foreign stud horses to do all the seeding. And the saddest facet of this DNA-denying degeneracy is that there are more than a few self-flagellating manginas who lap this shit up and hi-five bitterbitches under the false impression that this will earn them a pity handjob.

Reader chris writes,

> You can take the feminist definition of “rape culture” and replace every instance of rape with the word cuckold and it will perfectly explain what their agenda is.
>
> Cuckold culture is a concept that examines a culture in which cuckoldry is pervasive and normalized due to societal attitudes about gender and sexuality.
>
> I also propose that the manosphere create a new term.
>
> Cuckoldism
>
> Definition:
> 1) The promotion, advocacy, or support for an ideology of cuckoldry.
> 2) An ideology that seeks to enable, encourage, celebrate or normalise cuckoldry.
> 3) An ideology whose central organising premise is cuckoldry and its enabling.
> 4) Promotion of cuckoldry.
>
> Cuckoldist
> Definition
> 1) A person who believes in, advocates or supports cuckoldism.
> 2) A person who ascribes to an ideology of cuckoldism.
>
> It will provide a conceptual rallying point for combating feminism, (or at least the parts of feminism that I believe many in the manosphere have a problem with). It will do for the manosphere what coining racism did for anti-racists or sexism did for feminists.

The cuckoldism portmanteau (cuckservative) vaulted the alt-Right to prominence because it was so effective at destroying GOPe credibility.

> Then it’s just a matter of propagating emotionally reactive images of cuckoldry in practice and attaching it to that word.
>
> i.e.
> http://www.reddit.com/r/relationship_advice/comments/mazxi/gf_pregnant_by_another_guy_after_wild_weekend_of/
>
> or
>
> http://www.reddit.com/r/TheRedPill/comments/1rir7r/prefect_example_of_alpha_fucks_beta_bucks/
>
> or
>
> http://www.ebaumsworld.com/video/watch/84261128/
>
> And Boom! Pretty soon we can shut down any feminist in a debate by accusing her and her argument of being cuckoldist.
>
> This agenda of cuckoldry is easily observed in #Gamergate:
>
> Zoe Quinn cuckolded her boyfriend with 5 other men. He put her on blast for this and this pissed guys off as men don’t like cuckoldists. Then it took on a life of its own as being about ethics in gaming journalism.
>
> But what has been the feminists’ response? To accuse the men of just wanting to slutshame Zoe Quinn. But just think of that for a moment, feminists oppose slut-shaming, by saying this event was about men trying to slut-shame Zoe Quinn they are extending the definition of slutshaming to women who cheat, to women who cuckold. By extending the definition out to such women feminists have made their agenda clear. Their agenda is cuckoldry and they will fight, agitate and advocate for the imposition of a culture that cuckolds men.
>
> And the reason why the term cuckoldry so aptly encapsulates what the left/demoncrats/liberals/SJW’s/SWPL’s is doing to the right/Whites/heteronormative/traditional men and women is because cuckoldry is a form of parasitism, and the left/demoncrats/liberals/SJW’s/SWPL’s ARE trying to parasitise those on the

> right/Whites/heteronormative/traditional men and women.

A revised CH maxim comes to mind: The goal of feminism (and all anti-Whitism for that matter) is to remove all constraints on female sexuality/anti-White hatred while maximally restricting male sexuality/White prerogatives.

Less *"this is my wife's son"*, more *"to the moon, Alice!"* please.

Decodewords

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A gay homosexual lying leftoid columnist for the Washington Bezos (but I repeat myself all over the place) psychologically projects his neuroses and his tribe's rhetorical inclinations onto the Alt-Right, claiming (while lacking any self-awareness) that it is the Alt-Right (now the mainstream Right) which strategically tries to control the discourse.

A commenter at Steve Sailer's nails this Amazon drone rainborg warrior to the bathhouse wall, correctly interpreting his smear job of the Alt-Right as a rearguard frenzy of sophistry deployed when the happy enemy is bearing down on his citadel of delusion.

> Petrow's article completely misses the point about Alt Right and 'code words'. Those terms that the Alt Right uses are NOT codewords. Codewords are secret words that only insiders can decipher or pick up.
>
> Alt Right lingo are NOT codewords. They are OBVIOUS in meaning.
>
> Rise of Alt Right has to do with their power to DECODE the PC that is all around us. It is PC that uses CODEWORDS and manipulative iconography. For instance, PC promoted homo stuff by equating it with the rainbow.
>
> Now, what does homos doing their 'sex' or trannies cutting off balls have to do with the rainbow? Nothing. Rainbow is beautiful. A homo act is not. A man with a cut-off penis and fake vagina is not beautiful. But homo agenda coded homosexuality with the rainbow to fool people.
> Alt Right has the clarity to see homosexuality for what it is. It has NOTHING to do with the rainbow. That is a trick from advertisement where you associate something with something… like how ads used to associate smoking with beautiful women… when, in fact, smoking ruins a woman's beauty.
>
> Alt Right gained some traction because it says it like it is. It sees the reality of race and says so. It sees the reality of Jewish power and says so. It sees the reality of black crime and says so. It doesn't use code words like 'teens' or 'youths'. For Alt Right, a man with a wig pretending to be a woman is a man with a wig pretending to be a woman. He is not a 'she' or one of the 50 coded genders that gets ever so 'creative'.
>
> Here are some codewords used by PC and Progs.
>
> Gentrification. This is codeword for de-negro-ification or denegrification. It's really about using economic muscle to drive out blacks to create upscale communities for yuppies who are mostly white, Jewish, and Asian. But 'gentrification' sound so much nicer.
>
> Black Lives Matter. It's really codeword for "We blacks are tired of homos and trannies getting all the attention under Obama, who is supposed to be a Black President. We are sick of being sent to back of the bus. We want attention and respect!"
>
> Stop and Frisk: It's really STOP AND FRISK THE NEGRO as cities that use this tactic mostly target blacks because they are more violent and criminal.
>
> Dreamer: Illegal alien kid whose parents violated US laws.
>
> Refugee: Muslim victims of US-instigated wars in the Middle East that turned nations upside down. The very globalists who pushed all these wars and wrecked Iraq, Syria, and Libya now posture as humanitarians who feel so much compassion for these poor poor Muslims. But why are Muslims displaced? Cuz Bush wrecked Iraq, Obama wrecked Libya and Syria.
>
> Rape Culture: This is hysteria cooked up by globo media to spread the bogus narrative that blonde jocks are raping white women in colleges. It is to drive wedge between white men and white women. The most dangerous rapists in colleges are black athletes.

> Reagan's Indifference: This is a codeword to cover up the fact that the MAIN reason why all those homos died in the AIDS epidemic was because they went wild and were buggering each other in bathhouses. But since homos are holy and can't be held accountable for anything, PC cooked up 'Reagan's indifference' for all those AIDS death.
>
> New Cold War: Jewish War on Russia because of soreness over the fact that Putin rolled back some Jewish oligarchal power after the 90s.
>
> This is why Alt Right got some traction. Not because it uses codewords but because it uses 'decodewords', the key that unlocks the ceaseless BS of fake news PC.
>
> This Alt Right pieces gets to the heart of the matter on race differences.
>
> It's like what Robert Weissberg wrote. Alt Right are like kids that discovered Santa isn't real. And they say so.
>
> http://www.unz.com/article/why-is-the-alt-right-so-threatening/

The Maul-Right has pointed at the Equalism Narrative and precociously announced it has no clue. The Left are livid at their religion being so brazenly exposed for the pack of lies it is, but their envy of the Maul-Right's freedom of thought may rival their outrage as objects of Maul-Right ridicule.

It burns GoodWhite leftoids that they have to expend so much cognitive capital hewing to codewords and poopytalk to vent their spleens against the ravages of Diversity. It kills them inside that they have to speak in Fake Rhetoric to, in effect, hide their rank hypocrisy not only from BadWhites but from themselves.

The labia-wrapped Left is split wide open by the meaty intrusions of Realtalk Crusaders laying waste to their worldview; the penetration is so deep that the Left's id is poked, and has to invent all sorts of twisted reality-inverting rationalizations to prop up their glowing self-conception as moral leaders. They would prefer their pussyhatted sinecures as culture guardians unmolested by better, stronger men, but now that authentic barbarians are at their gated retreats they have no choice but to make themselves look silly tied up by their own pretzel logic in vain efforts to maintain their increasingly irrelevant and besieged priestly stations.

The anti-White Left is being decoded by hate-poets and shiv artists for all the world to clearly see them for what they are: corrupt and incestuous curators of a discredited and dying dogma. Naturally, they don't like their underbellies splayed for public viewing by vivisectionists who wield with equal precision the scalpel and the chainsaw, so they squeal like stuck pigs, futilely, feebly, and desperately, for one more day to live it up at the trough of self-admiration.

That day isn't coming for them. This day, the barbarians feast on bacon.

The Three Whorewomen Of The Apocalypse

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The Bitches of Yeastclit

In white, the First Whorewoman of the Apocalypse, **Defiled Womb**. She is the harbinger of abortion and single mommery. She holds, alternately, her aborted fetus or her bastard spawn. All that follows in her wake is spiritual and social decay.

In blue, the Second Whorewoman of the Apocalypse, **Severing**. Her skull and scissors symbolize the severing of Fornication from Reproduction, Sex from Love, Race from Posterity, and Life from Death. She is mortal pride, and her bounty is Pills, condoms, penicillin, and infertility.

In red, the Third Whorewoman of the Apocalypse, **Folly**. Her wine glass and backless dress are the accoutrements of unbound pleasure, symbols of indifference to Time and Temperance. She is the patron siren of urban powersluts and aging beauties blinded by egotism to the Silent Coming of the Wall.

Red, white, and blue. America the Whoreson.

Racist Babies

CH · 14 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

SCIENCE! is rapidly (re)discovering that racism is natural, normal, and biologically inborn. Two studies found that 6-to-9 month old infants "demonstrate racial bias in favour of members of their own race and racial bias against those of other races." INFANTS, which means for you social kuntstructivists that MUH PATRIARCHAAAAAAHHH had no time to exert its magical white privileging influence on the infant brains.

> In the first study, "Older but not younger infants associate own-race faces with happy music and other-race faces with sad music", published in Developmental Science, results showed that after six months of age, infants begin to associate own-race faces with happy music and other-race faces with sad music.
>
> In the second study, "Infants rely more on gaze cues from own-race than other-race adults for learning under uncertainty", published in Child Development, researchers found that six- to eight-month-old infants were more inclined to learn information from an adult of his or her own race than from an adult of a different race.
>
> (In both studies, infants less than six months of age were not found to show such biases).

Steve Sailer quipped, "So there's hope for humanity after all: we just have to keep human beings perpetually at a mental age of five months."

The study authors — the very Anglospheric Kang Lee and Naiqi Xiao — say that this infant own-race favoritism occurs so early in life (long before significant exposure to other races) that "negative experiences" with other races can't explain the cognitive bias. Racism — or what is better framed as race-based love — is in our genes. We aren't "taught" race-based love, we are born with it. And likely for a very good evolutionary reason: being able to distinguish your tribe members from another tribe's members increased your odds of survival. Infants appear to come pre-programmed with a favoritism for own-race adults because those adults are more likely than other-race adults to nurture and love them.

Of course, instead of accepting race-based love as normal and psychologically healthy, the researchers (steeped as most of them are in Equalist tripe) present the findings as proof that racism can be fought with *extremely* early intervention.

> "These findings thus point to the possibility that aspects of racial bias later in life may arise from our lack of exposure to other-race individuals in infancy," Dr. Lee said.
>
> **Study results could be significant in prevention of racial bias**
>
> He continued to explain that overall, the results of these studies are critically important given the issues of wide-spread racial bias and racism around the world.
>
> "If we can pinpoint the starting point of racial bias, which we may have done here, we can start to find ways to prevent racial biases from happening," he said.

That last quote is chilling. "…if we can pinpoint the starting point of racial bias….we can start to find ways…" Final solutions, if you will. Only for White infants, though. That was always the plan.

The leftoid hivemind is revealed in all its totalitarian evil. Race-based love is part of the human condition; our Equalist Underlords are dehumanists, wishing to cleanse the world of its humanity and replace it with a dehumanized slurry of deracinated emotionless self-deluding automatons feeding the atomized consumerist borg. One lazy thoughtcrime drifting through your head, though, and its off to the reeducation camps, where you'll join the White infants having the "racist" parts of their brains excised.

As a Sailer commenter ominously noted,

Eugenics, anyone?

The picture at the top of the original article “Infants show racial bias toward members of own race and against those of other races” suggests that these are the white infants who exhibit racial bias.

It appears that this study aims at finding ways to re-engineer the white race so that it no longer is capable to engage in any racial discrimination, like the reluctance to be displaced by highly fertile non-whites. I am sure the authors will deny it, but such a conclusion must be obvious to those with enough IQ and cognitive curiosity.

How about fixing other “birth defects” of (some) white babies, like propensity to seek individual freedom, and disdain towards collectivism? That would ultimately eliminate the last standing obstacles for the construction of a neo-Marxian world of racial justice and the redistributive political system (based on the dictatorship of “minorities”) that it will require.

And, if nothing else works well, how about lobotomy?

Anyway, for those who remember eugenics research, the article “Infants show racial bias toward members of own race and against those of other races” may be disturbing.

Some of you may be wondering if this baby racism study has simply restated the principle of imprinting. Keep in mind that imprinting itself is an evolved trait and therefore heritable and at least partly genetic in origin. Evolution has given us imprinting so that as babies we don’t make the mistake of willy-nilly latching onto whichever Somali migrant happens to be nearby. As adults, we “imprint” to racial kin as well, as anyone can see with a quick trip through a high school or college cafeteria, because we share attitudes, behaviors, and temperaments with racial kin and this shared experience creates positive feedback loops which strengthen the imprinting.

Leftoids hate this, and will do anything to change it, because underneath their abstract rationalizations is the truth of the matter: leftoids hate truth and beauty.

Democrats Celebrate White Suicide

CH · 17 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Video footage caught Maine Democreeps cheering the rise in suicides among White men.

For anyone living in a cave the past few years who might not understand the depth of anti-White hatred to which the Demokreep Klown Kollective has sunk, now you see the chameleonic enemy in its uncamouflaged malevolence.

> After saying the Democrats need to encourage more “young people” and “women” to join their party, Fochtmann said: “Today, you know, I saw a thing that said a lot of men, white men, are committing suicide. I almost thought, ‘yeah, great!’”

“almost”? Don’t sell your hate short, Fuckedman.

> The crowd burst into laughter.

Listen to it. That wasn’t nervous laughter. It was the chortling of bloodthirsty vampires.

> “Then I thought about it little more, and I thought maybe I shouldn’t say that out in public,” he said.

The anti-White equalist leftoids are feeling emboldened to air their hatred openly and remorselessly, helped along by a complicit media and demagogic Dem pols like Pelosi and Waters and cucks like McCain. They have become Chutzpah, destroyer of citizenism.

> The Daily Caller asked Fochtmann to explain his comment:
>
> *Fochtmann told The Daily Caller “a joke’s a joke isn’t it?”*

You weren’t joking, fuckermann.

> *“I’m a white male.*

How convenient.

> *I’m an old man,*

The “old man” card. If your age is an excuse for every murderous fantasy you indulge, then maybe it’s time you consider the early self-deliverance option. Otherwise, WAYSA?

> *and I’m appalled by what’s happening to a lot of people my age, and their either lack of morality or whatever it is,” he continued.*

Whereas your morality shines through like a Mosaic commandment.

> *“There’s no big protest going on about [the Trump] administration.”*

There will be a big protest in your backyard soon, if this story catches fire and loosens even the Leftstream Media’s information choke hold.

> *“It’s anathema to me. I hear a lot of people out there espousing things about being good Christians, being patriots*

> *and what not. We just read different history books. Different Bible, everything."*

Old Testament man.

> *"I don't really know what to say," Fochtmann conceded.*

Missing a clause: "I don't really know what to say….that would make me come out smelling like a rose and my White enemies burnt to a crisp on a pyre."

> *"I thought the point of the joke is that it won't be long, and that this won't be a majority white nation, and I think that's a good thing."*

Your anti-White genocidal intention is noted for the record, Fochtmann. Best pray you have enough old man wisdom to silence your Old Testament man chutzpah during the dangerous interim between your premature gloating and the completion of your beloved demographic displacement-of-Whites-via-open-borders-and-suicidal-despair.

> *"I think it's about time Americans come to terms with we are a melting pot," he clarified.*

Does that melting pot come alloyed with the blown out brains and meth-stopped hearts of millions of White men and women?

> *"We've been calling ourselves a melting pot forever and ever and ever."*

If you have to repeat it ad nauseam, then maybe it isn't the natural state of affairs.

> *"So there you are, you know, one of these days we'll be a big melting pot stew and it won't predominantly be white people, and that's ok with me."*

So there we have the mission statement of the Murderous Left: They won't be able to achieve Diversitopia with White men gumming up the gears. Whites will have to be dealt with, and since we're not (yet) at the shooting stage of this war the weapon of choice for the Equalism Dehumanists is mass Dirt World immigration and the killer depression it carries in its silty wake as it washes like a shitnami over the receding Whiteness of Heritage America.

> If that's the case, why do you choose to live in the second whitest state in the union?

Good question. As a matter of course, shitlib hypocrisy is so blatant that I coined a word to describe it: Libocrisy. I really need to get going on that Libocrite Watch List post I've been meaning to do. You can't hide from neighborhood demographic data, gentrified-community libfruits!

FYI, here's a photo of former Maine Senatorial candidate Richard Fochtmann:

Hm. What do you guys think? Physiognomy is real, or (((physiognomy israel)))?

The goal is to make it costly for these anti-White signaling fatbags to continue mouthing off about the blessings of an inevitable White minority America: Politically costly, socially costly, and occupationally costly. Do to the Left what the Left has been doing to Heritage America for sixty-plus years. Coax these fuckers outta their rat holes and shame them in the public square. We won't rid ourselves of this evil, but we can arrange our society so that the fochtmanns of the West have only the company of their padded cells and gloomy bedrooms willing to entertain their genocidal fantasies.

***

Black Hole Soul

In their eyes, genocide
In disguises chosenite
Hides the hate, lies the snake
And a soul as black as slate
Boiling frog, Whites object
'Neath the tact the soul looks dead
Call their name through the ruse
And you'll hear them claim virtue

Black hole soul
Now we know
You wish upon us pain
Black hole soul
Now we know
Now we know (now we know)

Sophistry, lies and craft
Fool the hearts of the goyim
Times are gone for honest men
And sometimes far too long for snakes
In my land, a stalking leech
And our youth awakening
Blood and soil here to stay
No one gulled like that anymore

Black hole soul

Now we know
You wish upon us pain
Black hole soul
Now we know
Now we know

Black hole soul
Now we know
You wish upon us pain
Black hole soul
Now we know
Now we know
(black hole soul)
(black hole soul)
Now we know
(black hole soul)
(black hole soul)
Now we know
(black hole soul)
(black hole soul)
Now we know
(black hole soul)
(black hole soul)

Lift my head, fight my fear
Till my home is free and clear

Black hole soul
Now we know
You wish upon us pain
Black hole soul
Now we know
Now we know
Black hole soul
Now we know
You wish upon us pain
Black hole soul
Now we know
Now we know
(black hole soul)
(black hole soul)
(repeat)

Why Women Should Leave the Battlefield Badassery To Their Men

CH · 17 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Throwback Thursday with the flamethrower ? *DISCLAIMER : Yes the flamethrower really had that much pressure to kick me back. Yess my hair should have been up in a ponytail. Yesss it could have gone horribly wrong. AND lastly… Yessss if you comment about any of above mention items you are a d-bag ?* #flamethrower #gunvideos #weaponsfeed #igmilitia #gundose #gunfreaks #gunchannels #sickguns #gunsbadassery #bad_ass_official #jillhensley #teamrocky #weaboutthatgunlife #oneshotindustries #burnmotherfuckerburn

A post shared by Jill Hensley (@jill.hensley) on Apr 13, 2017 at 7:55am PDT

Bless her White Thrower heart (it's in the right place), this girl shows what happens when women try to do a man's job: Bigly kickback that knocks her small frame off-balance and sends the powered-up candlelight vigil shooting in every direction (hypothetically in the faces of friendlies).

The Moral Dichotomy Of Women

CH · 18 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

In the hindbrain of every woman throbs an autonomic neuralgorithm that mimics their genitalia and splits the female soul in two. It's a sexual dichotomy which women are fated to reconcile into a teetering balance between the limbically juiced pursuit of alpha fux (a sexy charming jerkboy for sex) and the cortically lubed yearning for beta bux (a reliable if boring family man for resources).

Gatekeepers of the prime directive will necessarily be contradictory vehicles for genetic survival. To fulfill the only Darwinian duty that really matters, women have evolved an intricate cognitive system for accommodating their internal contradictions. CH has dubbed this system the "rationalization hamster". This head-cased hamster ensures that women never think too hard or too closely about the concessions or the exploitations they personally abide on their quest to birth and raise the fittest, healthiest, and most productive kidlets in the merciless sexual and survival markets.

Unsurprisingly, the sexual dichotomy that animates women's subconscious is overlaid by a conscious moral dichotomy which provides plausible deniability to the amoral compulsions of the subconscious.

On this topic, Cynthia speaks a great truth,

> There is nothing that satisfies us ladies more than the knowledge that we are superior to another woman. I know women who've based their entire existence around the pursuit of this feeling.

This explains why women can at once happily jump on the Freak Acceptance bandwagon while secretly satisfying their selfish urge to have their egos diddled and their social status elevated as a consequence of the favorable distinctions they will irresistibly draw between themselves and the freaks.

CH Maxim #91: The irony is that just as women are cloying sympathizers for their lessers, they are also avid pursuers of vaulting their lessers.

The female moral dichotomy is "declare inclusion, indulge exclusion". The former gives license to the latter.

***

Do men have sexual and moral dichotomies within them? Yes and no. Certainly not any dichotomy at the same advanced developmental stage that women possess. Men haven't evolved truly dichotomous natures because men aren't the primary gatekeepers of reproduction. As the chosen sex (although this formulation isn't absolute), men are Nature's experimental guinea pigs and come born compartmentalized into a variety of sexual and moral configurations women choose from among, according to the fitness demands of the currently operative environment.

I would say the closest approximation to a male sexual dichotomy is the classic madonna-whore complex — or in modernistic bantz, Marry-Fuck-Kill. Men want the slut for the zero-effort instabang, and the virgin for marriage and mother-of-heirs. But the comparison is limited, since the sexually dichotomous drive is much weaker in men, who as a sex are generally less selective than women and will make easy compromises if a woman is sufficiently desirable (i.e., hot, young, and feminine). For men, women's looks trump every other consideration so profoundly that any innate male dichotomous compulsion will often be drowned under the deluge of desire.

Likewise, a male moral dichotomy usually amounts to nothing more than spun up pretexts for guiltlessly pursuing NSA sex. The female moral dichotomy greases the id-skids to indulge intra-female status contests and ego gratification; in contrast, the male moral dichotomy has a more pedestrian job: to convince himself and the women who don't immediately write him off that his love is unconditional, while pursuing the accumulation of sexual market capital that enlarges the scope of his mate options.

The Prime Sex Difference: Penmanship?

CH · 18 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There are myriad sex differences — physical, emotional, mental, temperamental, and psychological — that anyone of sane mind unblemished by equalist propaganda can observe permeating every aspect of daily life in which men and women interact. But maybe the most pervasive, immutable, and encompassing sex difference is…penmanship. Johnny Redux writes,

> I always have found one very fascinating difference between males and females, which can only be explained by brain behavior – pretty much 90% of the time, you can tell the difference between male and female handwriting. That shows how the brain actually behaves and interprets things, when pen is put to paper. It covers all educational levels, and all professions. I am not concerned with primate writing, so I can only speak on what I have seen of my race.

So true, and the Chateau covered this topic a while ago in this post. Cursive summary: the more biologically and irretrievably feminine the woman (according to digit ratio and personality assessment), the more feminine the handwriting. The God of Biomechanics is a prankster who likes to mock our cherished moral aspirations with the flick of a pen.

So if you're dating a girl who still owns a pen and writes her d's and p's with bloated, pregnant relish and tops her i's with hearts, wife that bitch up.

Freak Acceptance As Pressure Release Valve For Striver White Moms

CH · 18 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An insightful comment by JD (John Derbyshire?) over at the Goodbye, America photojournal, speculating about the reason why so many women, particularly White women, glom onto Freak Acceptance.

> Female consumers have perceived weaknesses. “Am I gonna be a good mom? Time to worry… rev up the rationalization hamster”. Female consumer watches freak females “redefining” motherhood on YouTube or Ellen. “If these freaks can cover up their weakness in public then so can I! All I have to do is subscribe to this new idea/emotion of freak motherhood and I can protect my pride, cuz lol, I’ll be a way better mother than some freak in a dress. Hmm maybe the best way to get out this new message of redefining motherhood is through supporting Dove so they can spread this message…”.

Globalization — aka worldwide SCALE — has hijacked the female instincts to conformism, social inclusion, and hypergamous status competition, resulting in multivariate, multinational ad campaigns that push women’s id-buttons as effectively as they push product. JD has identified one of those female instincts: a desire for high social status through approved mothering. It’s an instinct which is a strength in small-scale Dunbar-delineated contexts, but a glaring weakness in large-scale media-driven social organizations that, thanks to the full spectrum infiltration of social media and TV, means your average American mom can compare her mom-cred to moms halfway across the globe and all the way across the threshold of human degeneracy.

This was unheard of for all of human history up until the last couple of generations. That’s gotta have unforeseen consequences, which can already be seen by those not yet succumbed to soyification.

American moms are getting hit by mixed social status pinging messages — they wither with the comparison to glam-moms or humblebragging Faceborg-moms, but cheer up when some cross-dressing man-titted mistake of nature pumped up with a cocktail of bovine growth hormones is glorified by Globohomo, Inc. as an equally plausible representative of good mothering. The Real Moms know in their bones that the Fake Moms are degenerate losers, so the agitprop tranny clown show helps feed the egos of the Real Moms.

PS Speaking of Derb, he has a good article at Unz about the reality of voter fraud in America, and what it portends for the Anglo-Saxon foundation of the Law. (Answer: it portends nothing good, because non-Anglos in specific and non-Westerners in general simply don’t share the same faith and instinctual affinity for the English system of law. As Triggering E puts it,

> WEIRDO societies require WEIRDOs to make them work. The less WEIRDO a society becomes, the more being a WEIRDO–characterized by high social trust, reciprocity, political compromise, generosity to those in need, isonomy, etc–switches from being an advantage to being a disadvantage. Social trust declines, reciprocity disappears, political compromise is replaced by a winner-take-all ethnic spoils system, generosity is exploited to the point that it is seen as an entitlement, and the legal system gets hijacked by racial grievance concepts like “social justice”. It’s a vicious circle.

A vicious, tightening noose around the neck of the Anglosphere.

“Image of God”

CH · 18 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Dark Meat Continent

These are the gifts of love made in the image of God that Fake Virtue signaling White leftoids who advocate for open borders in perpetuity want to air drop by the millions into a Heartland, America small town near you. And as the Africa population bomb ticks to its detonation, you can bet there will be no shortage of sanctimonious instruments of self-annihilation and their puppeteers sniveling for America to “open her heart to the human suffering” and relocate Africa’s miseries to Dubuque, Iowa, (instead of doing the sane thing and cutting all food and tech aid to Africa before the natural culling that must occur when an ecosystem’s carrying capacity is overloaded reaches the level of an epic die-back that will make the Holocaust numbers of dead look like street crime victims in comparison).

PS Trust CH commenters to find the humor in abject African depravity.

PPS This post’s title was half warning, half chewy bait for Matt King. I miss that guy’s sonorous pontifications, but an exposer of monstrous ids can’t stop, won’t stop, his duty to vivisect the corporeal provenances of the races of man.

Stinky Pussy Girl

CH · 19 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recently, I had a weird run-in with an ex-fling. First, some background: We had met years ago in a different city while simultaneously exiting a dingy caliph-themed cocktail bar bobbing with the greasy-haired heads of a swarm of swarths; I had then asked her if she was racing out as fast as I was to avoid the douchiness inside. In the time it took her to laugh, I soaked up her package: tall, lean, enticingly angular facial aesthetics, pert tits, ivory skin, ebony hair. The hunt was on.

Two hours later, I had escorted her to one of my public pleasure palaces (a shadowed sofa tucked in the recesses of a hookah bar swirling with mood-smoke) where we made out in between sensually blowing smoke rings. (Gentlemen, you should coax a woman to blow smoke rings whenever possible, because her form will give you a good idea of what she'll look like when she's gazing up at you during a blowjob.)

Cutting to the end-of-chase: She went back to my place with me. I unzipped her knee-high boots and stripped her woolly skirt off and caressed her inner thigh with a free hand (the other stuffing a ball gag in her mouth….I keed! or do I?). Gradually, my hand hopped her panty border and day-labored in the fields of her life-giving lips. I listened intently for the liquid smacking of vajlube peeling from vajflesh, and redirected my glistening hand to her freed left breast….whereupon an odor most foul drifted from drenched digitalis to my nose, triggering an olfaction reaction inescapably pronounced. I retched a little.

But the boner reflex is inversely proportional to the disgust reflex; a man with a rager will shawshank through a snapper sewer to bust outta priapism.

So I bore on. And bored on. Or that was the plan, until in the act of ripping off the last tattered shred of her industrial-grade panties my face swooped a little too near her crotch swamp, and the sting of fetid juices actually made my eyes water. Did she notice my fully throttled necksnap to the back? I figured she must have, but she made no indication thereof.

Hyenas are known to marinade their scavenged rotmeat in stagnant pools of sun-ripened toxic water; the matriarchal beasts prefer their sustenance falling off the bone in gangrenous ribbons, much like our current crop of Western women prefer the composition of their nations. But man is not clit-dicked hyena. Notwithstanding my insistent boner to the contrary, my frontal lobe — or perhaps the hindiest part of my hindbrain — overrode my crotchal zone and in a burst of creativity spurred by sensory stinkulation and desperation, I stopped my attack cold and summoned a semi-quasi-pseudo-rationale for why she must politely leave and oh yes I would certainly call her soon and we'll get together again the next time we will make it count it's just that I care for your opinion of me and your feelings and I'm a romantic that way trust me you'll love that I'm not like all the other men…..

Ad fuckin nauseam, she quietly left, a cloud of worry and suspended disappointment encroaching on her pretty face as I closed the door behind her and set upon my bed sheets with a fury, dousing them in Oxyclean and paint thinner. Mid-winter, windows wide open! AHHHHHHH WINTER-CHAN CLEANSE THIS HOME!

So tragic, such a waste of an adorable face, but whaddaya gonna do? Stinky pussy is the deal killer. The boner imploder. The Darwinian dental dam. Unless the girl is a hard 10 and the man is a hard-up 10, a subatomic stink down below will wither any hard-on.

Fast-forward to the near-present: New, far away town, new day. I'm in a store. A woman in black enters behind me. She has orange-red hair and a youthful glow despite her almost translucent skin. Fishnet fuckme stockings carve the contours of her long legs. A fleeting familiarity sparks my mind. I look a bit longer at her; she notices, and reacts with the expected mix of consternation and curiosity. Could this be the same Stinky Pussy Girl from years ago, unbelievably standing right next to me a thousand miles from where we first primed our directives?

It couldn't be. The hair, and the clear skin. If it was her, she was wearing a wig or had a pro coloring job, and she

hadn't aged a minute since our rendezvous…. our, if you'll pardon the pun, kerfluffle. Our whiff of a tryst, a long-faded memory, suddenly wrenched to consciousness, as freshly manured as if it had occurred the day before down the block.

I shook off the thought. Then she walked toward the exit. That walk, endearingly clumsy and lopey….I couldn't possibly forget that walk, no woman I have known walked like her. It was her.

None of this happened all that quickly; I had time to run her down and tell her I knew her from long ago, and possibly (probably!) try for another stab at her stankflaps. But as powerfully as the memory of her face and body and weird walk flooded my corticalleys, so too did her pussy stink. That smell memory — smellory — punched my gut as hard as any pungently hectoring specter could.

So I watched her walk off, dissipating into a street crowd. There you have it, ladies: an incredibly coincidental re-meeting, an opening for love created by divine intervention some would say, and the mere memory of stinky pussy shut the possibilities off a second time as strongly as they were shut off the first time when the stink was fragrantly real and aromatically macroaggressive.

On the way home, all I could wonder was what her kids, if she were to have any, would telegonically or frictionally acquire on their way out of her ill-fumed womb; if for instance the poor sprogs would squirt out in a pigpen-like shroud of green gas that followed them everywhere.

Virgins are prized by men all over the world. It's a universal desire, so evolution must have a good reason for men to prefer untrammeled twat. Paternity certainty is one given reason; men can be confident the kid is theirs if the hymen blood of their women stains their dicks. But now I think it's something more conspicuous; whether caused by accumulating cock notches or poor hygiene, a stinky pussy is a warning to men that there's something off with the talking vessel incubating the spicy vaginey. A tangy clam is nature's red flag that disease or immune system failure lurks labially and threatens the fitness of any posterity that you might deposit in her belly.

Some of you may ask, "CH, why didn't you just let her give you a hummer?"

Dear deluded friends of the Chateau, pussy stank is the warmest of air; it'll rise, right up to my face. I wouldn't want to deflate in the woman's mouth and have to bear the guilt of possibly driving her to suicide.

The Great Men On Mastering Women

CH · 1 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along a gem of realtalk about women's desire for dominant men and loathing of sensitive beta manginas.

> In case this should be both novel and interesting to you and your readers…
>
> The writer George Gissing is best known for "New Grub Street", a grim tale of struggling writers in 1880s London. It contains a scene in which the failing author Edwin Reardon attempts to be masterful with his wife. He is shortly to take a clerkship job, several notches downwards in the social scale, in an attempt to rescue his fortunes; he wants his wife with him but she is resistant.
>
> From the novel:
>
> He had but to do one thing: to seize her by the arm, drag her up from the chair, dash her back again with all his force—there, the transformation would be complete, they would stand towards each other on the natural footing. With an added curse perhaps—Instead of that, he choked, struggled for breath, and shed tears.
>
> Amy turned scornfully away from him. Blows and a curse would have overawed her, at all events for the moment; she would have felt: 'Yes, he is a man, and I have put my destiny into his hands.' His tears moved her to a feeling cruelly exultant; they were the sign of her superiority. It was she who should have wept, and never in her life had she been further from such display of weakness.
>
> http://www.gutenberg.org/files/1709/1709-h/1709-h.htm#link2HCH0017

The ugliest of truths lies in the recesses of the female hindbrain. This is why white knights desperately fear to tread there; what they'd find in the uncut chick-id would put the lie to everything they believe AND to everything women have told them to believe. The confrontation with female nature reminds the beta male boob of his neutered sexuality, so he avoids it assiduously.

Globalist Girl Remix

CH · 1 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Mamas & The Pepes recorded a raw version of my “Globalist Girl” lyrical reinterpretation of the Tom Petty song “American Girl”. Very sing-able! And you’ll enjoy the accompanying slide show.

Tingles And Treason: The Decline And Debasement Of Western White Woman

CH · 2 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Never trust a tingly woman. When a woman gets the tingles for a bad boy, she loses any sense of responsibility or personal safety she may have had before lust struck her muffdumb. When a woman with top secret security clearance working for the FBI gets the tingles for a German (ha!) rapper-cum-ISIS fighter and recruiter she's assigned to investigate, she will betray her country for the jerkboy cock.

> An FBI translator with a top-secret security clearance traveled to Syria in 2014 and married a key ISIS operative she had been assigned to investigate, CNN has learned.
>
> The rogue employee, Daniela Greene, lied to the FBI about where she was going and warned her new husband he was under investigation, according to federal court records.

Daniela Greene

tipped off her ISIS headchopper loverboy.

Daniela Greene

is a traitor to her country.

Daniela Greene

committed treason against the United States of America.

How was she treated by the US DOJ? With kid gloves, of course.

> Greene's saga, which has never been publicized, exposes an embarrassing breach of national security at the FBI—an agency that has made its mission rooting out ISIS sympathizers across the country.
>
> It also raises questions about whether Greene received favorable treatment from Justice Department prosecutors who charged her with a relatively minor offense, then asked a judge to give her a reduced sentence in exchange for her cooperation, the details of which remain shrouded in court-ordered secrecy. […]
>
> Within weeks of marrying Cuspert, Greene, 38, seemed to realize she had made a terrible mistake. She fled back to the US, where she was immediately arrested and agreed to cooperate with authorities. She pleaded guilty to making false statements involving international terrorism and was sentenced to two years in federal prison. She was released last summer.

All this occurred under the Gay Mulatto's watch. The more that's unearthed about the Gay Mulatto years, the seedier his administration sounds, and the more amazed I am that this phagggot White-hating mongrel got anywhere near the White House.

> The man Greene married was no ordinary terrorist.

He was also a bloodthirsty jerkboy who made her swoon.

> He was **Denis Cuspert**, a German rapper turned ISIS pitchman, whose growing influence as an online recruiter for violent jihadists had put him on the radar of counter-terrorism authorities on two continents.
>
> In Germany, Cuspert went by the rap name Deso Dogg.

@RawDoggedByDesoDoggNOWATRAITOR

> In Syria, he was known as Abu Talha al-Almani.

Blacks must love these wacky arabicky names. They sound like the joke names they make up for their kids.

> He praised Osama bin Laden in a song, threatened former President Barack Obama with a throat-cutting gesture and appeared in propaganda videos, including one in which he was holding a freshly severed human head.

Merkel's pets.

> "It's a stunning embarrassment for the FBI, no doubt about it," said John Kirby, a former State Department official. He said he suspects Greene's entry into Syria required the approval of top ISIS leaders.

WHO BITCH THIS IS?!

> Most outsiders trying to get into an ISIS region in Syria risk "getting their heads cut off," said Kirby, now a CNN commentator on national security matters. "So for her to be able to get in as an American, as a woman, as an FBI employee, and to be able to take up residence with a known ISIS leader, that all had to be coordinated."

Try to imagine the subcontinental depths of shittiness the Derp State would have descended into if we had a president thecunt instead of President Trump.

> Greene, who now works as a hostess in a hotel lounge, said in a brief interview with CNN that she was fearful of discussing the details of her case.
>
> "If I talk to you my family will be in danger," Greene said. She declined further comment.

You should have thought of that before you let your vagina call the shots and hop on international terrorist apecock, bitch.

> [Her attorney] described Greene as “smart, articulate and obviously naïve.” He said she was “genuinely remorseful” for her actions.
>
> “She was just a well-meaning person that got up in something way over her head,” Moore said. He declined further comment.

The universal defense for criminally treasonous women is insisting they have no moral agency. Ok, if that’s gonna be law of the land, then morally inculpable women should have their right to vote rescinded. A fundamental degree of consistency is called for in these matters.

> There is nothing readily apparent in Greene’s past to suggest she would one day find herself the bride of an international terrorist.

Yes there is. She’s a woman.

> Born in Czechoslovakia and raised for a time in Germany, she married a US soldier at a young age and moved to the United States, several friends and acquaintances recalled. She went by the nickname Dani.

Red Flag #2: Stripper nickname.

> She attended college at Cameron University in Oklahoma where she was on the dean’s list.

Red Flag #3: Small liberal arts college.

> She then went to graduate school at Clemson University where she earned a Master’s Degree in history.

Red Flag #4: Grad school.

> “I could see she was a really hard worker,” said Clemson Professor Alan Grubb, who advised Greene on her thesis, which explored “racial motivations for French collaboration during the Second World War.”

Red Flag #5: SJW indoctrination.

> “She was one of our better graduate students, I thought,” he said.

Red Flag #6: Conformist suck-up who would never question the Globohomo received wisdom.

> Fluent in German, Greene went to work for the FBI as a contract linguist in 2011. It was a job that, following a grueling application and vetting process, came with a top-secret national security clearance.

That Gay Mulatto-era “grueling vetting process” worked well, didn’t it? #TrumpWasRight

> Before Cuspert became a front man for jihadists, he was known as Deso Dogg in Germany. Tattoos on each hand spell out the image he cultivated in the mold of American gangsta rappers.
>
> “STR8” was inked on one hand, “THUG” on the other.

American (((culture))) is the handmaid of Satanism.

As if this story couldn’t get any more emblematic of White Western Woman’s decline and debasement, this little detail adds a flourish that will surprise no one who’s spent a day at the Chateau:

> On June 11, 2014, Greene filled out a Report of Foreign Travel form — a document FBI employees and contractors with national security clearances are required to complete when traveling abroad.
>
> Greene, **who was still married to her American husband at the time**, characterized her travel on the form as “Vacation/Personal,” court records show.
>
> “Want to see my family,” she wrote. Specifically, Greene said, she was going to see her parents in Munich, Germany.

Eat, Pray (to allah), Slut. Never fail to meet expectations, Globalist Girl!

Greene was probably married to a dutiful, dependable beta male who would never suspect his wife’s infidelity while she was on long, overseas straycations all by herself. And that is why she craved the dominating intrusion of dusky caliphate cock from a man who would sooner wrap her in a burqa and make her set infidels on fire.

> She boarded an international flight on June 23, 2014. But her destination wasn’t Germany. She flew instead on a one-way ticket to Istanbul, Turkey, where she had reservations at the Erguvan Hotel. From there she traveled to the city of Gaziantep, about 20 miles from the Syrian border.

….leaving an anticipatory love puddle everywhere she sat.

> She contacted “Individual A,” the documents state, and with the assistance of a third party arranged by him, crossed the border into Syria. Once there, according to the court records, she married him.

There isn’t a *facepalm* exaggerated enough to communicate the necessary exasperation. Sure, *maybe* I could understand a tingle so powerful that it can shatter a normal family life back home in a nice country for a few weeks of “abu-bout-to jaq hammer that pussy into soumission” in a shithole that makes the Congo look like a four star resort….but to go on and MARRY the fuckin #GoatLife69? Was the sex back home that bad?

> Shortly after, Greene sent emails from inside Syria to an unidentified person in the US showing she was having second thoughts and suggesting she knew she was breaking the law.
>
> “I was weak and didn’t know how to handle anything anymore,” she wrote on July 8. “I really made a mess of things this time.”

“The Future is Female”.

> In another email the following day she wrote: “I am gone and I can’t come back. I wouldn’t even know how to make it through, if I tried to come back. I am in a very harsh environment and I don’t know how long I will last here, but it doesn’t matter, it’s all a little too late…”
>
> On July 22, 2014, she again wrote to the unidentified recipient: “Not sure if they told you that I will probably

> go to prison for a long time if I come back, but that is life. I wish I could turn back time some days."

It really is a bad idea to abandon national security to unhappily married women with a bad case of clit itch for un-neutered badboys.

> While Greene was expressing regrets, Cuspert was actively fighting ISIS's battles.

This is where Deso Dogg blew it. He should have had her along on his adventures instead of leaving her back in the dingy bolthole alone to contemplate her life with him.

> A video from July 2014 "showed glimpses of him in the bloody aftermath of the ISIS takeover of the Al-Sha'er gas fields in Homs," according to the MEMRI report on Cuspert. In a field covered with dead bodies, Cuspert "is seen for several seconds beating a corpse with a sandal," the report said.

LOL. The loser learned all the important tenets of Islam, like how displaying one's shoe sole is offensive to the corpse of one's enemies.

> After about a month in Syria, Greene somehow was able to leave the war-torn country and returned to the United States.

"Somehow". Yeah, there's no way ISIS would let a White American woman leave their clutches unmolested. There's a bigly backstory here.

> The bulletin made no mention of [ISIS terrorist recruiter Deso Dogg] having recently married an employee of the FBI.

This could be the epitaph of America.

For added post-America authenticity points, it would be perfect if it came out that Gay Mulatto designated Deso Dogg as a war refugee and relocated him in Minneapolis.

There's something malignant and poisonous snaking its way through the bloodstream of American White women. My explanation is that this something is a terrible ennui brought on by both the masculinization of women and by the de-masculinization of the White men all around them, amplified by a free-for-all anonymously atomized sexual market that is especially soulkilling to women's emotional health.

We see it in the increase in stories of slut teachers boffing their 12-year-old charges as buffoonish beta male husbands stand to the side during press conferences promising to "love and support" their deranged cheating whore wives when all those whores want is a real man to put them in their place.

The incidence of extreme sexual and romantic behavior among Western White women is rising, and extreme behavior at the margins is a canary in the coal burner mine that there is occurring a less dramatic but similarly deleterious shift in the behavior and choices of the mass of women in the vast middle of middle America.

The fever will only break when one of two conditions is met:

- total national collapse into separate and possibly warring regions
- White American men finding their balls again

Option two is less bloody, so we should be rooting for that one. What does ball-rediscovering entail? It means revoking all those anti-White male laws and regulations and cultural incantations that glorify women and berate men. The future is not, and never was, female. The future, if there's to be one for America, MUST be WHITE and MALE. Otherwise, get ready to bow five a times a day toward Mecca. Nature abhors a male dominance vacuum; if

White men won’t sack up, White women will glom onto men who aren’t ashamed of their phallic prerogative.

Finally, it means libshit White men have to jettison the silly Equalist post-reason notion that women are the equal in all ways of men and whatever disparities exist between the sexes must be mitigated by government policy. The alphabet agencies don’t need outreach programs to women and minorities. What they need are pride of purpose and a healthy appetite for ignoring the pathetic bleats of the Diversity, Inc. dingbats who’d rather sacrifice national security at the altar of numerical representation.

What America needs is what made America great, once: Serious White men back in charge.

America, Then And Now

CH · 2 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Blood Libel, Or Psychopathy? (same difference?)

CH · 2 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Unbelievable numbers coming from the ADL of all places that prove Jews are VASTLY over-represented among perpetrators of anti-Semitic incidents. The Bigly Epigone crunched the per capita result (thus discombobulating shitlibs who never learned what *per capita* means) and found:

> So far in 2017 Jews have been perpetrating "anti-Semitic incidents" in the US at more than 19,000% the rate that non-Jews have been doing so.

At this point it's fair to wonder whether the predilection for Jews to concoct anti-Semitic hate hoaxes which they inevitably know will be pinned on Da Goyim by a compliant (and family-connected) leftoid legacy media amounts to a concerted blood libel campaign of slander and intimidation, or whether it's an emergent property of an elevated disposition towards psychopathy among their ethnicity.

Watch For Christian Tradcons To Deny Race Realism

CH · 3 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As the inescapable scientific and experiential reality of deeply-rooted, genetic race differences in behavior, temperament, and even morality pushes aside the lies and the hoary shitlibboleths of the equalist leftoid anti-White narrative, it's dawning on those who normally would be amenable to hearing truths which undermine the communist Left that the ugliest truth of intractably inherited race differences might also undermine their tradcon worldview.

I have in mind Christian tradcons; not all but many of them have alluded misgivings about the genetics of race. I predict you will read many more Christian tradcons — and political "moderates" who aren't antagonistic to religion — disavowing and slandering in strengthening language the ideology of "race realism" and anyone who assents to it. As the logical consequences of race realism (inevitable in a Diversitopia) are grasped and the ideas emerging from the theory are fully apprehended, along with what that portends for any philosophy which still clings to the penumbra of moral universalism, there will be a panic among Christian tradcons from realizing race realism is at odds with their teachings and professed beliefs.

They wouldn't be entirely wrong in thinking this. Race realism subverts at least the superficial tenets of the New Testament. (The Old Testament was too genocidal and tribalistic to be anything but comfortable with race realism.) A generous reconciling between racial reality and Christianity/Tradconism (the Bene Gesserit Option) might suggest that post-modern Christianity has a cramped and incomplete understanding of the Bible, and that having lost touch with the more ancient, less New Agey Biblical injunctions the modern Christian is impelled to defend antiracism as a proxy for defending his religion from what he perceives as lethal heresies.

I don't think Christian tradcons will be able to square this circle without serious cogdis and uncomfortable reappraisal of the more feminized beliefs that have overrun both Protestantism and Catholicism. Race realism could provoke a major schism in Christianity on par with Martin Luther's rejection of Church dogma.

So be on the lookout for various "moderates" and "calmer heads" and "house eunuchs" (hi, Ross!) pressing hard with their assertions that culture matters (an anti-HBD strawman, at any rate), that not all Whites are equally impressive (also an anti-HBD strawman), that genetic influence is over-rated, that the history of Western Civ can be sufficiently understood without recourse to the genetic inheritances of the Whites who comprise it (it can't), that life would be perfect if the nation was all-White (the ür-strawman). These nervous Christian tradcons will eventually lie and dissemble with the same facility as equalist leftoids lie to protect their worldview.

For instance, I can already hear Tradcons denying the racial basis of culture, on grounds that it's "simplistic"; this is a catch-all word (like "nuance") that people (mostly shitlibs and kneejerk contrarians) use when they wish to promptly and unmessily discard an idea that gives them the hives. It's simplistic only in that it's jarring to the modren's sensibility. The race realism answer is that culture is indeed an emergent property of race, and that over time gene-culture positive reinforcing feedback loops set up, sculpting distinct societies (i.e., nations) from the clay of genetic inheritance of the people who create those agreeable social bubbles.

The cultures that arise from the gene source pools aren't random configurations; cultures affirm, coalesce, and amplify the genetic traits of the people who populate them. So there's no way to draw a red line between race and culture; the latter would be a phantasm without the former. The Alt-Right is right about this.

In short, change the genes, change the culture. This process is immediate on an evolutionary timescale. But change the culture from the top-down, say by mass migration and perniciously anti-realist indoctrination, and the genes of the native population remain the same for a long while, until enough selection pressure, stress, miscegenation, (and misery, as is the wont of the God of Biomechanics) culls those who are ill-suited to the changed culture.

Christians can reconcile their religion with race realism, but it will require a jettisoning of gathered 20th Century nostrums that have taken a hold of the Christcuck imagination. We are not all "made in the image of God", but the Christian can console himself that the pre-feminized Jesus never taught that the sameness of man was God's will.

The Wages Of Wage-Earning Women

CH · 3 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader John Whorfin writes about the costs, conspicuous and hidden, that women in the workforce impose on families.

> A bit OT, but women in the workforce has obviously been a disaster for a number of reasons, well catalogued, but briefly:
>
> 1. Lowered wages across the board; Supply and Demand 101
> 2. Stressed families as no one is home to take care of the place, meals are fast food or processed crap.
> 3. Increased family taxes.
> 4. Inflation (more $ chasing goods).
>
> All of which leaves the family running in place in terms of cost of living.
>
> There are also less visible damages and one of them is kids overall getting less sleep. Think about it. Mumsy and Dadsy both work, so state-sponsored babysitting (aka "school") is now a must, which means that the tots must be rousted out of bed at 5:30-6:00AM so mom can get to her cubicle job at Globohomo, Inc. This lack of sleep stresses the hell out of kids, whose brain development depends on 8-10 hours of sleep a night. I submit the hellish schedule most modern families adhere to is in part responsible for declining IQs and mental aberrations among kids.
>
> Any family men out there should seriously consider if a two-income family is worth it. We homeschool, my car is approaching 10 years old, waifu's is 14. We do state park trips instead of jet-setting or theme parks, don't have the latest must have iPhag accessory and don't have cable (a twofer as that sh*t is poison, spent that $ on a gym) and yet, we couldn't be happier.
>
> In the coming days of privation, prioritizing will become a…priority.

Leftoids have a real aversion to discussing or even lightly speculating about the economic, social, and biological costs of dual income families. When the Left's argument is to shout down any opposing viewpoints and threaten ostracism via slander and libel, you have a good clue that the Left knows the opposition is onto something. No matter how much data and real world observations you amass to buttress your case that women in the workforce is far from an unalloyed social good, the mere utterance of this view will get you tossed out of uptight society, and probably from your job.

But those heady days of unaccountable power are ending for the Equalist Left. Each day their power drains, and they respond with increasingly unhinged displays of insanity. It won't be long now before the leftoid system that's been in place for the past 70 years breaks apart in a cacophony of rhetorical and possibly real shrapnel.

***

Related: Academia is becoming more left-wing because it's becoming more feminized. The share of women who describe themselves as liberal or far left rose to an all-time high of 41.1%, while the share of men describing themselves this way was only 28.9%, for a 12.2-point political sex gap. THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL.

Also related: Women are sexually attracted to war heroes.

Tangentially related: Lord of the Gulf Stream jokes relevantly,

> Little Johnny asked the teacher, "Say, there's three women sitting on a bench eating ice cream cones. One is licking it, one is sucking it, and one is biting it. Which one is married?"
>
> Teacher blushed to the roots of her hair, and stammered, "Why Johnny, how dare you even ask such a thing? I

> never! But, well, I'd have to say, the one who's sucking it."
>
> "Nah, the one with the wedding ring, but I like the way you're thinking…"

***

Passer By has a great comment about the dead weight of working women in ARE ECONOMY.

> It is not clear at all if female presence in the economy benefits the economy. Feminisation is at all time high, yet growth levels are at all time low (and debt levels at all time high).
>
> South Korea for example uses few women but economically is in pretty good shape.
>
> For example male scientists publish twice as many papers per capita as women, receive more citations than women, invent twice as many new things and start twice as many new businesses as women (per capita). Currently 91 percent of new things in Sweden and 92 percent of new things in the US are invented by men (this is in modern times). A female STEM worker is 45 percent more likely to quit than a male STEM worker. In other words it makes no sense to have female scientists as they are actually a drag and burden on the economy and society, since they are far less productive than men.
>
> Same with doctors – a male doctor is 25 percent more productive than a female doctor, several times less likely to quit his job, and although there are lots of females in the medical field, most medical discoveries are made by men. Female doctors are causing large debts and inefficiencies in western medical systems – again a drag on society. Even today, in modern western societies, men pay 70 percent of taxes while women are net liability for the government – take more from the government than they pay in taxes.
>
> So currently we have both women who have negative birth rates (not replacing the population), and women who are less productive than men. I would say that society wants women as second rate men, instead of first rate women, and the result has been a failure – both economic and demographic.

That last paragraph is iconic truth for what it reveals about the nexus of female privilege and fertility. Coddling and privileging women should come with the expectation of robust female fertility. As women, especially White women who agitate most loudly for the feminist dystopia, have abandoned their prime directive — birthing the next generation — they have continued to receive largesse from the State. This is unsustainable on both genetic and economic levels. If women turn away from their natural function but continue to receive the State privileges that come attached to an assumption of fertility and child-raising, what we'll have is an institutionalized system that privatizes profits (female coddling) and socializes costs (mass immigration to provide an ever-exapanding base of consumers for the technoborg).

If women want the State-enforced privileges that membership in their sex provides, then women must accept the rules of membership that their sex demands of them: procreation, not careerism.

Sexual Redirection Game

CH · 4 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passed along a Game tactic he uses on Tinder which in my opinion would work equally well offline. (FYI Trump is causing Tinder to lose users.) The reader calls it Plausible Deniability Game, but I think a better term would be Sexual Redirection Game.

> There's a trick I've developed when talking to girls on tinder that is way more effective than I even thought it would be. After the initial couple of messages, I'll ask something like "what do you do for fun?".
>
> Women love to talk about how interesting they think they are, so this gives her a chance to run her mouth and get engaged in the conversation. So once she's done saying shit like "oh you know, walking my fur babies, volunteering, drinking organic responsibly sourced whiskey, bla bla", 80% of the time they'll ask "What do YOU like to do for fun?"

I'm not a huge fan of open-ended questions during a pickup, because as often as not they tongue-tie the less excitable women who can't think of any response. It's like asking "What's your favorite movie?"; there are too many options to think of one on the spot, and this sort of question can cause awkward stutters in the conversational flow during a date or first meeting. But the open-ended question "What do you do for fun?" may skirt the issue. The Modren Woman loves to talk about fun, having fun, doing fun, being fun, being around fun…it will be easy for her to think of a hundred ways she participates in fun fun fun. And like the reader says, most of the time she'll return the question, which opens new avenues of seduction potential.

> This is where you get her mind on sex without activating the anti-slut defense shield. I usually respond with something like
>
> "Canoeing, hiking, shooting my gun, having sex, going to the gym, splitting atoms, reading the news, slaying dragons, you know, just the usual stuff".
>
> Now, there's a lot of moving parts here but every girl I've used it on has loved it.
>
> 1. I've blended "having sex" in the middle of strenuous, physically invigorating activities so the gears in her head are turning about what it must be like.
>
> 2. I've put it in the middle of the list to remove any hint or desperation. This comes with an air of aloofness and hints at preselexxxion.
>
> 3. I've also attached hilarious and absurd activities like "splitting atoms" and "slaying dragons" to make it an obviously playful statement, and it inspires playfulness in return.
>
> EVERY SINGLE TIME, I get something back like "wow I see a lot of my favorite activities in there ?"
>
> PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY. She wants to hint at her desire to get cervix hammered without flat out saying so. The conversations always COME ALIVE after this exchange.

I like the cut of this reader's psy ops. Misdirection and subliminal associations? We don't see that often enough. The most effective facet of the ruse is contained in #2, where the reader defangs the sexual redirection by burying it in a list of less erotic activities. #3 is important too; most of my successes were when I was in a playful, devil-may-care mood.

It's a tenet of proactive seduction (game) that a man should introduce sexual themes and sexual tension sooner rather than later, which means in practice the first date. A man who makes it through the first date without some kind of sexualized banter is not having a second date. (If he is, it won't be any second date worth having.)

The sooner sexual language is introduced, the more your rhetoric should provide plausibly deniable cover for the

change in tone from friendly to sexual. I WANT YOUR HOT BOD works when she's one foot over the bedroom threshold; it doesn't work so well as a reply when she asks your name (well, it can, but you'd better have rock solid frame in the delivery and follow-up). So if you want to steer that convo to salacious innuendo before she's downed her drink, you need playfulness, cockiness, and a bit of the ol' rhetorical legerdemain to soften her up to The Hardening.

Of Manjaws And Infidelity: ¡SCIENCE, Yo!

CH · 5 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Manjawed women are avoided by men because men don't like women who look like men. CH has written about this topic a number of times, so the news won't surprise regular readers.

Too much femme T
there goes my chubby

Evolution has seen fit to incorporate this distaste for masculinized women into the male limbic landscape as a hedge against female infidelity and getting cuckolded. It turns out the manjaw (and associated manchin) in women is linked with an increased "sexual unrestrictedness", which in laybro's language means manjawed chicks are more likely to step out on you.

It is therefore natural and normal and most importantly SELF-INTERESTED for men to prefer the romantic company of slender, young, attractive, feminine, womanjawed women.

***

In related SCIENCE, YO! news:

- The more household chores a husband does, the more likely the marriage is to end in divorce. (Also an ugly truth CH has covered in the past.)
- It helps (a lot) to be a female criminal defendant. *"After controlling for the arrest offense, criminal history, and other prior characteristics, "men receive 63% longer sentences on average than women do," and "[w]omen are…twice as likely to avoid incarceration if convicted." This gender gap is about six times as large as the racial disparity that Prof. Starr found in another recent paper."* Now some of this sex disparity (like the race disparity) is probably a result of female criminals exhibiting less depravity than male criminals in the commission of legally equivalent crimes. But a bigger reason for the disparity goes to something much deeper in the human psyche: the Fundamental Premise, which explains that female coddling is a natural psychological instinct among both men and women that exists because (most) women are more reproductively valuable than are (most) men.

Younger, Hotter, Tighter: Not Emmanuel Maricon's Wife

CH · 5 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Maricon's literal old lady is a leading indicator that he's a beta male (or beta gay) puppet of Globohomo, Inc. I would say that 64 year old Brigitte hit the Wall, but that's superfluous; she experienced terminal velocity impact 25 years ago. The consummate insider Emmanuel Maricon has been riding a beat up mule since the day they met, when he was 15 and she was 39 (that's 24 years of banging out dusty grandma muff…I can't think of a worse exile from indulging normal male desire).

If Maricon wins the French Presidency, as now seems likely, France will have sealed its doom. You don't shackle your nation's fate to a squirrelly, low T, globalist lickspittle during times of crisis and expect anything good to come of it.

On the topic of wives as leading indicators of their husbands' betatude or alphaness:

The Washington Post-Op tuts tuts about the Trump-Melania age difference (while lauding the Maricons' age difference) because Bezos's personal blog is staffed by mincing beta phagggots, bitter bitches, and hateful frozenites. Nothing bugs the Betacunt Establishment more than an alpha male exercising his sexual entitlement and availing himself of the hot younger women who are his natural, adoring constituency.

And of course nothing delights these same sexual market losers like a malleable betaboy-slash-closet case globohomoist taking up with a fat, ugly, or old woman and providing a sliver of hope for lonely feminists.

FYI, Maricon's wife is fair game. Any ruling class cipher who wants to flood the West with indigents and orcs has fully earned the gloved shiv treatment.

FYI, part deux: 4channers sleuthed up information revealing that Maricon lied about tax evasion.

Comment Of The Week: Game Is Good

CH · 5 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Mr. Vain channels Gordon Gekko to deliver the Rude Word of Game,

> The point is, gentleman, that game — for lack of a better word — is good.
>
> Game is right.
>
> Game works.
>
> Game clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit.
>
> Game, in all of its forms — game for life, for money, for love, knowledge — has marked the upward surge of mankind.
>
> And game– you mark my words — will not only save you, but that other malfunctioning place called the USA.

The funny thing is……..it's true. All of it. Because Game is Balls. And Balls are Life. Life of mind. Life of body. Life of America. Life of White Western Civilization.

You aren't just picking up women. You're picking up America's spirit. You aren't just banging an over-entitled HB7. You're banging the feminist cuntery out of America. You aren't just helping women fall in love with you. You're helping Americans fall in love with their heritage again.

Game on.

Spare a moment for me preen, will ye?

CH · 5 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Le Chateau Heartiste passed 100 million straycation guests recently. I thought this was notable.

The Perils Of Nepotism

CH · 5 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump having his globalist girl daughter Ivanka and Soros-paid son-in-law Jared Kushner part of his Administration, sitting in on meetings, presents an obstacle to the free flow of information, ideas, and strategies that a president needs to perform at his best and to hew to campaign promises.

The calculus is simple: Blood is bond. And the only thing that can unbond blood is other blood. Non-family members of Trump's team, even if they are close friends and confidants, will find it exceedingly difficult to question or contradict the suggestions of Trump's family in his company, or even alone with Trump. They will find it difficult for good reason; as judicious as Trump may envision himself, genetic directives will pull him toward family, and away from anyone he perceives as having besmirched his family. If Bannon has the right nationalist-populism ideas, but it clashes with Ivanka's competing social liberal mushiness, Bannon risks Trump's wrath or disavowal if he objects to Ivanka's suggestions at the roundtable. Possibly, he risks the same if he objects in private to Trump, hoping to tactfully skirt the family issue.

I believe that lady lemming liberal Ivanka and globohomoist Jared, by their mere presence, are hamstringing the Bannon-Miller axis and thus sabotaging Trump's nationalist agenda. It would take a real set of brass ones to tell the boss in so many words his daughter's idea is stupid and counterproductive. Would you? And if you had the requisite sack size to pull it off, you probably won't be around for long to pull the same trick twice.

#Melania2024

Shitlord Of The Month

CH · 5 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Baby Dexter:

Story.

Game, Dominance, And Diversity: The Globohomo Project of Forcible Betatization

CH · 8 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Diversity + Proximity = War.

I got to thinking about this ugliest of Ugly Truths while reading a Sailer post about a review of a book written by a French "real estate theoretician" (now there's a legitimate new job created by open borders) taking on political correctness. An excerpt from the Frenchman's book jumped out at me.

> A public-housing development is a community, yes, and one can wish that it be more diverse. But it is also an economic resource that, more and more, is getting fought over tribally. An ethnic Frenchman moving into a heavily North African housing project finds himself threatening a piece of property that members of "the community" think of as theirs. **Guilluy speaks of a "battle of the eyes" fought in the lobbies of apartment buildings across France every day, in which one person or the other—the ethnic Frenchman or the immigrant's son—will drop his gaze to the floor first.**

Regular guests of Le Chateau will be familiar with the "battle of the eyes", because it also features in dominance displays between men vying for women's attention, and in seduction cues between men and women. (I personally love this archived CH post that advises striking a balance between unwavering eye contact and tactical distractedness when picking up a woman.)

Eye contact is a crucial indicator of a man's self-perceived social and therefore sexual status. If he is given to promptly lowering his eyes when meeting the gaze of strangers, or of women, or of invader saracens, then he is communicating his low status. He is a beta male, and in the case of France, he is a beta male on his own turf.

Interestingly, there's a confluence of biomechanical streams than join and flow into a delta where Game, Dominance, and Diversity mix in a toxic effluvium. Male dominance — telegraphed through various means, including body language signals — is inherently attractive to women. The ladies love men who show dominance over other men, and over women. The happy nature of woman is to submit to a powerful man; this goes doubly for careerist feminist shrikes. A woman never feels more fulfilled in the embrace of her feminine essence than when she is captivated by a man above her in all the ways that matter.

Men will always strive for dominance in one form or another over other men, because they understand beyond their conscious ken that this is the avenue to flared furrows. There will be no extinguishing of this male urge without reconfiguring humanity into something other than a sexually reproducing species. Men with kinship or national ties (but I repeat myself) can cooperate, but the dominance domino is always in the back of man's mind, waiting to topple.

Diversity™ accelerates the internal drivers of male dominance; when a genetically and culturally distant tribe invades (courtesy of invites sent out by the globalist elites) the land of another tribe, male dominance displays are amplified and aggravated to the precipice, and beyond, of violence.

Smiling, too, is a cue of social status. Among men, toothy smiles are a signal of submission, of low status, and of low testosterone level. Smiling is context dependent; when a fighter is outmatched by his opponent, (and he knows it), he will smile more, indicating an unwillingness to proceed with hostilities (naturally, this display of submission only emboldens the stronger man).

Smiling relates to degree of Diversity™ as well. It's no coincidence that America is both a diverse country and a nation filled with goofy smilers. Though this article's author doesn't connect the dots, the real reason Americans feel compelled to smile so much is because Diversity™ imposes miseries on them and increases the contexts and opportunities for intertribal dominance displays. Sad to say that White Americans are losing this battle of the

smiles; your typical SWPL isn't smiling in the company of vibrancy because he's friendly…he's smiling because he's signaling his submission to the invaders. As the emailer welcomerain wrote,

> Apparently, Americans smile a lot cuz diversity.
>
> This has many disturbing implications that the article does not explore. If we smile more to signal amiability in a diverse population, this necessarily implies that diverse populations have a lot of internal tension. In other words, Science has once again conceded that Diversity + Proximity = War.
>
> The article does not make note of the fact that most of this smiling goes one way. Dindus maintain their thug scowls and angry pouts. Only the goodwhites supplicate with grins as immobile as car grilles.
>
> It is by this means and toward this end that goodwhites are being forcibly betaized. This process feeds itself.

The Forcible Betatization of Western Whites is a perfect catch-all term to describe the evils of the Globohomo Inc agenda to de-White the White West: Step One: Neuter the White men.

Diversity™ will increase the need for dominance or submission displays such as "battle of the eyes" and smiling like a goof. As social trust craters, people must fall back on primal modes of interpersonal assessment, which means a return to primitive dominance and submissiveness postures to keep the social peace and prevent all-out tribal warfare. If this strikes you as a regression from European norms of social interaction to a more African-style norm, you'd be right. As a rule, when a more primitive people invade the homelands of a more civilized people, the primitiveness will push out the civilized norms, absent a show of cleansing power and the willingness to use it.

Game is partly an organic response to increased Diversity™, and in this definition I include a diversity of sexual market options. (The old meet-marry-mate rule has been tossed for a freewheeling mate-meet-manage expectations anti-rule.) The nexus of Game, Dominance, and Diversity™ becomes clearer: dominance displays must increase in a Diversitopia of both race and sexuality, and Game is perfectly situated to help men capitalize on that intensified need for communicating dominance, to acquire pussy as well as to flex power over invader tribes.

Women, for their part, are fated to submit to the strongest men, no matter what they tell themselves or write about in Salon, and a stew of competing tribes under one national flag means that White women will now be assessing the dominance scores of their White men against nonWhite men. The field of male dominance has expanded in scope, and resulting stress fractures are bound to split apart further an already frayed social fabric.

This is why the Globohomoists are intent on executing to the end their Forcible Betatization of White men; the less White men feel they are the owners of their homeland, with a government that has their backs, the more inclined they will be to submit to the globalist locust scourge. A creeping powerlessness means more stupid smiling and lowered gazes to appease the Diversity Rötherhämmerung.

Game can be White men's salvation, giving them once again a "home of their own", as it instills a powerful sense of self, of entitlement, of prerogative, and of mastery over their women and their public spaces. The times demand solutions that may offend the moral sensibilities of the smiling defeated.

Media Globowhore Gets Culturally Enriched

CH · 10 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

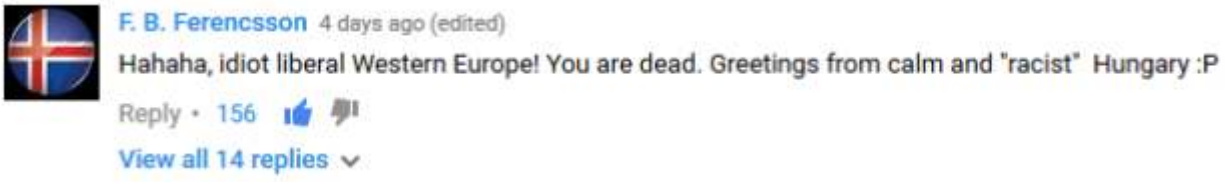
Ready to unload a withering guffaw? While reporting on migrant squatters loitering in Rome's streets, an Italian leftoid news anchoress was assaulted live on camera by the same swarth-saharan trash for whom she was trying to drum up sympathy.

mamma kek-a!

First, this media globowhore is HOT. Would bang, multiple positions, multiple times. I might have to apply bronzer, dress like a jihadi, and warm up my pimp hand to get her interested though.

Bella Francesca is a data point in favor of my personal theory that at the high end of female SMV, Italian women (along with French women) are among the hottest on the planet. Too bad they aren't reproducing and their countries will soon be swarming with hairy awrah. 4,000 years of unique evolutionary phenotypes down the drain in three generations. OH WELL DAT SWEET EUROSLUT HSMV HAD A GOOD RUN.

Second, this YouTube comment:



The Hungarian speaks the truth.

PS Word has it YouTube has already taken down a number of copies of this video, so catch it now before the One World Governing Panel on Affirmative Censorship memory holes this one.

PPS Related: commenter Passer By compiled a thorough list of stats (with source links provided) that proves women are more left-wing and pro-immigrant invasion than are men.

Mudsharks And Stepmoms: A Lethal Composite

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This blog revels in peering across the lip of the abyss to gaze at the id monster lurking within, but there are occasionally news stories of human depravity so hellish that even yer 'umble hindbrain-exposer hesitates to venture into its thickets. This is one of those stories.

A bright-eyed young boy, Adrian Jones, was tortured and eventually killed by his n166er father Michael Jones and his demonic mudshark stepmom, Heather Jones.

Two winners, here. If it's possible for people to look like they're demonically possessed, these two qualify. Especially the fucking grotesquely ugly mudshark. Those eyes are bringers of icy death.

The stepmudshark recorded for psychopathic posterity all the acts of terror and brutality she and her husband inflicted on Adrian. I won't repost the photos or videos here; you can go to the link provided if you desire nightmare fuel to keep you up for weeks. Here's a teaser of what you'll find:

> A photograph showed [Adrian] with a bar of soap stuffed in his mouth, others with injuries caused by a Taser. Heather seemed to be documenting the abuse and the injuries it caused as if she was proud of it.
>
> Hoevers even found a message Heather had sent to an unknown person: 'Just strapped the boy to my inversion table with handcuffs and ace bandages and put him downstairs,' she wrote, adding: 'the hubby wants some a** and I ain't had none in over a week!!'
>
> She signed off cheerily: 'love y'all nighty night.'

Burn the coal, the kid pays the toll.
Mom is fake, stepson will break.

An under-remarked social phenomenon of mudsharkery is how the white female mudshark will tend, over time, to conform to the code of her black lover's moral universe, which in practice often means a morality regressed from White norms and a shrunken capacity for empathy. The mudshark will make every effort to please her dikdu, and what comes of this egregious deference is a slow betrayal of her sense of right and wrong, until she's not just rationalizing her dikdu's worst depravities, but participating in them.

CH Maxim #14: When civilization, in societal or individual form, confronts primitivism, the latter will eventually corrupt and overrun the former absent a will among the civilized people to temporarily discard their civilized norms to save themselves from the primordial infestation.

Sometimes, this "primitivizing" goes both ways; it's not out of bounds to say that an inordinate number of mudsharks are mentally deficient, physically repulsive, emotionally child-like, and psychologically imbalanced headcases who nurse a seething hatred of the White men who reject them. They bring their own brand of sociopathy to interracial relationships, setting up a two-way avenue to access levels of scumbaggery unseen in normal man and woman. The N166er Jones-Demon Mudshark story fits this mold. The devil gaze of this ugly hellcunt, Heather Jones, hints she turned her ebony executioner to the dark side with equal facility as his hollow soul engulfed and digested what morsel remained of her humanity. A chilling detail from the story provides evidence:

> His stepmother called him 'the boy,' rather than use his given name. While she and Adrian's father cared for their six girls, he was singled out for abuse of the worst kind.

A boy-hating psychobitch: your gynecracy in extreme manifestation. Where were the sisters while all this pain was meted to Adrian? Did everyone within their social circle turn a blind eye? It appears that's the case.

Now add to the toxic stew the stepmom angle, and Adrian had no chance. Stepparents are far more likely to abuse their stepchildren than biological parents are to abuse their children. Darwinism 101: like the lion clearing out the infant cubs of the pride he just occupied, to make room for his own cubs, the stepmom will clear out the competing males from her pride to make room for more of dat azz hubby demands.

These two are part of the "diversity of family configurations" that high priest of the Globohomo Dehumanization Cartel, Emmanuel Maricon, wants all of us to welcome into the fold of normalcy. Mudsharks and stepmoms and MUH DIK and a little tape-recorded roughhousing with the young'un…there are your globalist family values. Culling hellfire, faster please.

Comey Sent Homey

CH · 10 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump fired FBI Director and Derp State cog in the Gay Mulatto machine Jim Comey. My first reaction was “It’s about time!”, but now that I’ve had a moment to reflect I think Trump’s timing was perfect. He waited until after the recent Capitol Hill testimony with Clapper, who once again had to admit there was no evidence (with the politicized “yet” implied) of collusion between the Trump campaign and Russia, thus giving Trump a handy soundbite reason for the firing.

Trump’s signed dismissal letter to Comey was savage. A most public of public humiliations. It has earned Trump the coveted Shiv of the Week (his first? CH archivists are busy confirming).

LEGENDS OF BRUTALITY. One must appreciate Trump’s secondary shiv slipped between the ventricles of the media-dem grouplove reacharound alliance, where he reminds them that Comey had thrice informed Trump he wasn’t under investigation, before tearing Comey’s heart out by concurring with the DOJ’s judgement of Comey’s ineffectiveness.

This comment from jimbojones had me chuckling,

Comey had to go after his shenanigans over the last 12 months. The only thing Trump should be blamed for is that he didn’t fire Comey earlier. Though a firing this prominent requires political capital – it’s not an easy thing to do.

The Democrats, by the way, are now deeply divided. Half of them think that Trump is profoundly disloyal for firing the man who put him in the White House. And the other half think that Trump is trying to cover up the nefarious and so far invisible Russian intervention. They are, however, united in having forgotten that they all called for Comey’s head last November.

Goodbye, Comey, you freak! I wonder if we will ever know what the hell you were doing. I personally think you didn’t know, either.

I have inside info through let’s say two degrees of acquaintance that Comey is a die-hard shitlib and slavish thecunt

lackey. You can bet that had Trump not fired this Creep State operative he would have had to endure eight years of Comey publicly preening about his ongoing Russia investigation and undermining Trump's agenda every step of the way. In other words, if you want that Trump Wall, Comey had to fall.

Strategically, Trump also waited until he had the gallows rolled in for treasonous scumbag Democreeps to hang themselves with their own rope. For instance, here's Cryin' Chuck Schumer (a slithery venomous reptile even by the standards of his ilk) hating Comey before loving Comey.

> White House passes out past Schumer statements of no confidence on Comey pic.twitter.com/wsoQJrE870
>
> — Jack Posobiec ?? (@JackPosobiec) May 9, 2017

White House passes out past Schumer statements of no confidence on Comey pic.twitter.com/wsoQJrE870

[image]

— Jack Posobiec (@JackPosobiec) May 9, 2017

And that bully went HA HAAW. There's so much more in this vein. A cottage industry exists of shitlords trawling Twatter for reams of contradicting pronouncements on Comey from Democreeps who hated him before they thought he was an ally giving credence to their Trump Derangement Syndrome.

How bad is the snarklib "who, whom?" inconsistency and hypocrisy? Check this: phaggalicious Colbert's studio audience initially cheered with approval when Colbert announced Comey's firing, before realizing they were supposed to boo when Colbert corrected them that Comey had been fired at the behest of AG Sessions. Congratulations, Colbert, your audience is a freak show of emotionally incontinent tards who can't think for themselves.

Back to Trump, you can bet he's sitting in a very strong position to make this ballsy move. The Russia stuff was never credible, and Trump knew it. He let the Dems walk out to the edge of insanity with their RUSSIA PUTIN shrieking, and now they'll only triple down on it, cause what else have they got? The typical Democreep was calling for Comey's ouster when they were accusing him of throwing the election to Trump, and now they're Team Comey when they think his dismissal benefits Trump. The normie American will see right through this tribalistic Fake Outrage by the Left.

Trump is setting the stage for another Dem catastrophe in the midterms. Shit is gonna start coming out now about the mulatto's program of illicit surveillance of Trump and surrogates. The leaks by rank-and-file agents who hated Comey's partisanship and grandstanding will flow like a river. I expect the DC drama to get much uglier, and there's no possible resolution that helps the Dems.

Comey's tenure was doomed in the Trump Era. Just remember what this guy did for the mincing mulatto.

> Comey earned his firing on July 5th of last year, when he went along with Loretta Lynch's fiction that it was up to him to decide whether or not to seek prosecution of Hillary Clinton. That wasn't his job, and it is not within the scope of the AGs powers to delegate her powers to the FBI director. He was providing political cover for the Obama administration and the Democratic party. Trump was right to fire him. He would have been right to fire him on January 20th.

You don't kill the snake by grabbing its tail. That only enrages it. You aim for the snakehead. The writhing body will arterially expunge traitorous obamacrats once the head is gone. Trump flexed his power with the firing of Comey, and now he has to get rid of Clintonista #2 at FBI. Once he has his MAGAmen in charge, the swamp-draining will proceed almost automatically.

You know who's shitting cunt-shaped bricks this morning? Hillary. And possibly the gay mullato xirself. A new

sheriff's coming to town, and he don't owe the degenerate freak mafia a thing. These two treacherous narcissistic zombies want to keep their ugly mugs in the media, undermining Heritage America at every chance, then they can expect Trump and his new loyal FBI director will make the spotlight uncomfortably hot for them.

Trump is performing a valuable governmental service besides draining the swamp; he's showing cuckservatives how to win again. And some of them are starting to believe. They feel it, and it feels good; nothing feels better than a hard fight with T levels pumped to maximum fortitude.

PS Anyone remember that Syrian air strike? Yeah, that's what I thought. Big to-do about nothing. Go choke on your black pills, Trump turncoats.

PPS Here's video of Putin reacting to the Comey firing by doing what should be the default mode for anyone interacting with the media: humiliating the reporter.

The Childless Should Not Lead Nations

CH · 10 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ann Althouse notes that the leaders of Europe's four biggest economies have zero biological children among them. (h/t reader pavetack)

Theresa May, UK, no children (unable to have them)
Angela Merkel, Germany, no biological children
Emmanuel Maricon, France, no biological children
Paolo Gentiloni, Italy, no children

May is the least cucked of these four, and it's therefore unsurprising that her childlessness was a pained regret imposed on her instead of a lifestyle choice. (Gentiloni is wobbly on border control, to put it nicely.)

I'm sure exceptions exist in the historical record, but as a rule, it's generally better if a democratically elected leader has children than not. The feeling of stewardship and kinship is heightened when one has a stake in the future of the nation via his or her blood-bound progeny. Merkel and Maricon have no stake in the future of Germany and France (sorry, stepchildren don't count on a Darwinian level), and so they will be inclined to push globalist policies that expand the scope of nihilistic degeneracy at the expense of racial and cultural continuity.

This excerpt from Maricon's platform is so revealing of the globohomoist death cult mindset,

> Perhaps because he wasn't carrying the burdens of an entire gender when accounting for his [family deformation] decisions, Macron seemed completely at ease. He was saying, less apologetically than I've heard it said by a politician, that his family would be what he made of it, and that this was a cause for celebration, not suspicion or pity. His platform backs up his rhetoric, making special mention of the "diversity of family configurations"—married couples, couples in civil unions, co-habitating couples, parents who are together, parents who are separated, single-parent families, blended families, and same-sex-parent families—and promising to insure them equal rights under the law.

"Blended families" is a microcosm of what Globohomoists like Maricon want to do to the entire White West. Blend it out of existence.

Maricon's shitlib blather to the contrary notwithstanding, it's socially responsible to cast suspicion and pity towards rejects, misfits, and freaks who accumulate dysfunctional family formations like mutational genetic loads. This includes Maricon, a closet case who's banging dusty grandma muff and will leave no legacy beyond being France's last peacetime leader before the Siege of Elysee by Suleiman's gremlin heirs.

A "diversity of family configurations" is code for "death of the West". What libfruits like Maricon are either unable to process or resistant to accept is the beautiful truth that some family formations are better than others, and that this hierarchy has its source in our very humanity, which would be snuffed out if Maricon's deformed families were to become the norm rather than the oddity. If the Family Maricons of the world were equal in estimation and under law to fitness-maximized heterosexual families with biological children, then it should be no threat to humanity if there were more Maricons to "celebrate" and fewer normal families to blend into the tar pits of the vast Dirt World.

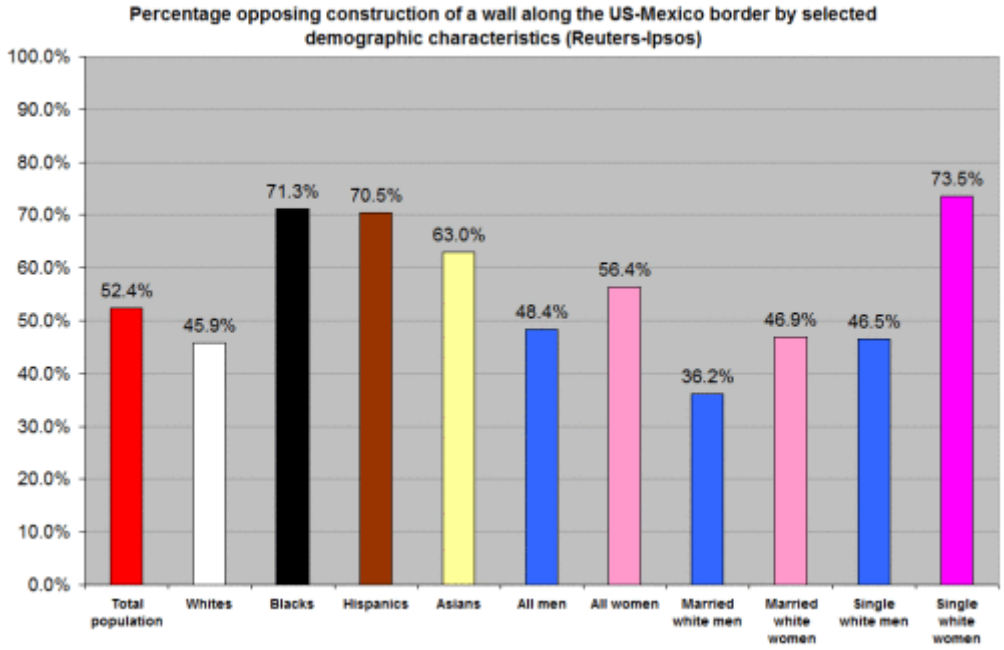
Except it is a threat. A Maricon France means no France at all, at least not in any historical sense. Mariconism is Mort, the squandering of seed in barren old lady womb, the disappearing of White French from their homeland to be replaced by more reproductively vigorous invaders from swarthlands.

With stakes this high, suspicion and pity of Maricon's Unfamily Circus are tepid responses. Mockery and ostracism would be more appropriate reactions.

Single White Women Want To Spread Their Legs For The World

CH · 11 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

What other conclusion are we to draw when the voting behavior and opinions of single White women corroborates exactly what this post's title asserts? From Bigly E, another id-buster post that reveals a leetle too much about the vagoconductive currents that emanate from single White women's hindbrains.



> Single white women are more opposed to a big, beautiful wall than Asians, blacks, or even Hispanics are.

twatpalm

Single White women are, presumably for those of them who still have a bit of bloom on the rose, actively trawling the sexual market for cad and cavalier. Thus, they are in their stage of life when all faculties, mental, emotional, libidinal, are focused to a pinpoint of estrogenic vitality, with the familiar shit-testing behavioral profile that vitality presupposes.

This means, single White women are limbically primed to be aroused by dominance and a ZFG attitude in men, and those men who fall short in these traits are dumped into the beta orbiter/friendzone with a quickness, when they aren't rejected outright. The dumping can be literal, or metaphorical, as in a political friendzoning that weakens the electoral power of White men.

As a social phenomenon, a large chunk of America's White men have spectacularly failed the dominance/ZFG test. America the Shitlib Feminist Shrike has effectively neutered White men, and unmasked them for romantically unappealing doormats to single White women. As women are wont by the essence of their sex to spread their legs for the dominant tribe's men, they will wish to see tribal battles play out so that they may enjoy the luxury of choosing winners and their winning seed. The single White woman desire for open borders is nothing less than a desire for alpha male interlopers to test the mettle of their betatized male loafers. A massive civilizational shit test, if you will.

For this reason, it was always a mistake to entrust the nation's future to its native daughters, especially while in their pulchritudinous primes. Women are more xenophilic than men and this difference goes deep, all the way to the Darwinian pulses in the primal part of the brain that regulate reproductive algorithms. No logic, reason, accountability, or basic common sense can defeat such a primitive force.

There aren't many solutions to this intractable cognitive block in women's hindbrains that don't require serious divestment from the recently operative political and social calculus. Off the top of my head, here are solutions that would work (but just try hurdling the independent variables on your way to a solvable equation):

1. rescind suffrage and disenfranchise single White women
2. get more White women married off and pregnant at younger ages
3. break America into regional entities, diluting the single White woman vote
4. convince married White women to socially ostracize single White women by any means necessary
5. make divorce harder for women
6. economically and socially incentivize early marriage (e.g., conduct a massive draw-down of women from the workforce and cease glorifying single momhood and tankgrrl careerism)
7. ban abortion and contraceptives (good luck with that)
8. execute a vast, mass propaganda psy ops involving reframing of contentious national question issues and other rhetorical gambits that constitute the heart of Game to reorient the acceptable opinion avenues by which single White women gain social status rewards so that they find value in claiming the opposite of the self-defeating open borders beliefs they comfortingly regurgitate for now. (whether he knows it or not, this is the Trump Option.)

I welcome further suggestions from the commentariat.

An "overfeed the beast" strategy that I sometimes see entertained by crueler elements in the Exasperated-Right won't work; if you dump millions of Dirt World trashkin into single White women playgrounds, all that will accomplish is an increase in the murder, rape… and miscegenation rates. The bleeding heart politics of these dumb bunnies won't move an iota. No, the way forward is for White men to retake control of their homeland and scoff at the precious political boilerplate their women solipsistically indulge.

I can tell you that if we refuse to tackle our shared single White women problem, the nonWhite invaders will tackle the problem for us. And the way they solve it won't abide feminist SWPL rules of conduct.

PS Cough up your black pills, because Trump's firing of Comey may have opened the way to renew the investigation of thecunt's email case while at State. I told you guys Comey was a lackey for thecunt. Get rid of him, and thecunt will start thinking about getaway plans to safe havens.

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PA suggests motives for the single White woman signaling for open borders.

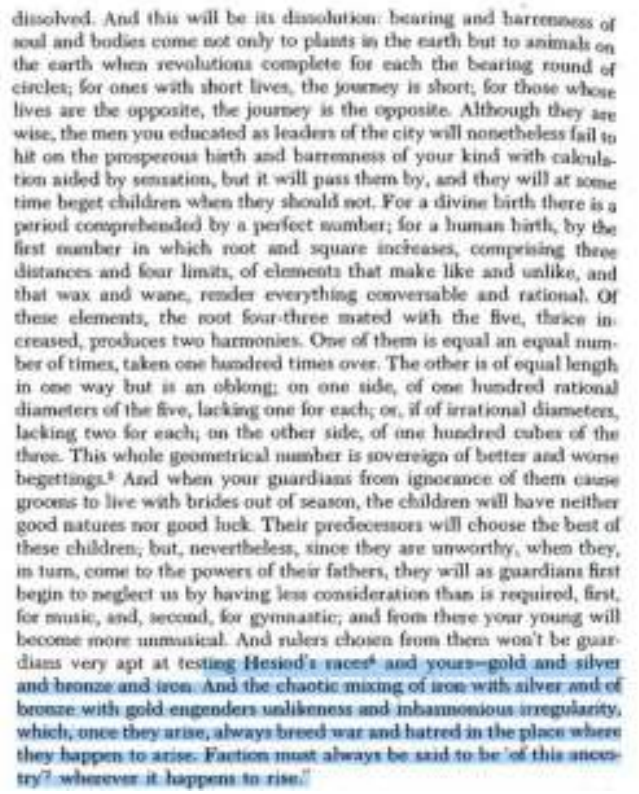
> *— The single White woman desire for open borders is nothing less than a desire for alpha male interlopers to test the mettle of their betatized male loafers.*
>
> Yes, I agree. Other reasons why normal young single White females (as opposed to gutter-grade trigglypuffs) think they want open borders, along with my estimate of the likelihood of that being one of their motives:
>
> To enjoy brown d_ck: 5%
>
> To have a mixed baby: 0%
>
> To be on the top of an even taller female SMV pyramid: 90%
>
> To increase the likelihood of *other* White women getting r_ped, k_lled, or kn_cked up by browns: a sobering 75%
>
> To virtue-signal (read: follow a fashion) that they don't yet know is about to go out of style: 100%
>
> Female Suffrage. A mistake that will not be made again.

I meant to bring up this point in the body of the post, but PA's #3 reason — to enjoy the instant social status ladder climb from importing a vast bottomfeeder population of lower SMV women and men — is probably the most subconsciously pertinent (and least remarked upon) motivation to single White women.

The Great Men On Diversity

CH · 11 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

None other than Plato had this to say about Diversity™:



dissolved. And this will be its dissolution: bearing and barrenness of soul and bodies come not only to plants in the earth but to animals on the earth when revolutions complete for each the bearing round of circles; for ones with short lives, the journey is short; for those whose lives are the opposite, the journey is the opposite. Although they are wise, the men you educated as leaders of the city will nonetheless fail to hit on the prosperous birth and barrenness of your kind with calculation aided by sensation, but it will pass them by, and they will at some time beget children when they should not. For a divine birth there is a period comprehended by a perfect number; for a human birth, by the first number in which root and square increases, comprising three distances and four limits, of elements that make like and unlike, and that wax and wane, render everything conversable and rational. Of these elements, the root four-three mated with the five, thrice increased, produces two harmonies. One of them is equal an equal number of times, taken one hundred times over. The other is of equal length in one way but is an oblong: on one side, of one hundred rational diameters of the five, lacking one for each; or, if of irrational diameters, lacking two for each; on the other side, of one hundred cubes of the three. This whole geometrical number is sovereign of better and worse begettings.[5] And when your guardians from ignorance of them cause grooms to live with brides out of season, the children will have neither good natures nor good luck. Their predecessors will choose the best of these children; but, nevertheless, since they are unworthy, when they, in turn, come to the powers of their fathers, they will as guardians first begin to neglect us by having less consideration than is required, first, for music, and, second, for gymnastic; and from these your young will become more unmusical. And rulers chosen from them won't be guardians very apt at testing Hesiod's races[6] and yours—gold and silver and bronze and iron. And the chaotic mixing of iron with silver and of bronze with gold engenders unlikeness and inharmonious irregularity, which, once they arise, always breed war and hatred in the place where they happen to arise. Faction must always be said to be 'of this ancestry' wherever it happens to rise."

From Plato's dialogue, *The Republic*.

Plato, run through the CH translator: "Inharmonious irregularity" + Proximity = War.

Our modren virtue signaling SWPLs do very well on the SAT verbals, but they're no match for the smarts and wisdom of the ancients. They are like little baby brain in comparison. And their little baby brains are sending the West right over a cliff, wah wah wah all the way down.

British Diversity

CH · 11 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> Just saw someone speak of Britain's great history of diversity: "Normans, Saxons, Danes, Celts".
>
> So basically inside this circle. pic.twitter.com/0d1BrvQl8X
>
> — Derek Hopper (@derekmhopper) May 11, 2017

That's a lethal slip of the shiv, right there. Congratulations, Derek Hopper, you've won the coveted CH Shiv of the Week award. Accolades from people that matter, and lots of bitter butthurt from people that don't, are coming your way!

Once more, for the nosebleeds:

Race matters.

Genes matter.

Social engineering doesn't much matter.

HTHurts.

***

Related: Porter on concentric loyalty circles [aka genetic distance] and White nationalism. A necessary corrective to the fretting of the gestalt-right culturalists.

> Variances between Western peoples, while certainly no trifle to our eyes, are that precisely in light of the external force being applied to all of them. Scots and Englishmen may nurse a mutual acrimony as old as their island; but they are indistinguishable oppressors to the aliens busily taking it from them. Some natives will even say they don't mind the encroaching muslims at all. But that's the voice of solipsism speaking. The question more relevant to their continued health is "do the muslims mind them?" This being a question most whites are little inclined to pursue.

What Are The Biggest Obstacles To Romance That Beta Males Face?

CH · 15 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Nick brings up an important topic:

> It's Krauser's business, of course he's going to say that. Most guys would never cold approach a girl on the street to even know if she was a "yes". Cold approaching is game, knowing how to escalate a "yes" is game, "converting maybes to yeses" is game, but it's not where it starts, it's moving the goalposts for PUAs to distinguish themselves in an increasingly saturated market. Nothing against Krauser, just ran into him last week, but approach anxiety is hands down the biggest issue all guys face. Getting over AA and flipping stones to find a "yes" girl is game, even if PUAs consider it insufficiently difficult to merit their notice.

In my opinion, approach anxiety is one of the top three hurdles beta males face on the journey to romantic fulfillment. The other two are the urge to appease women and the avoidance of escalating sexual tension.

Basically, the three SELF-COCKBLOCKING ISSUES bedeviling beta men are all downstream of one character trait they share: fear of failure. Cowardice, if you want to be mean-spirited about it. Reflectiveness, if you want to be nice.

The Chateau has covered these issues, in detail.

How to overcome approach anxiety. (among other suggestions in similar archived posts)

How to overcome the urge to appease women. (among similar posts)

How to escalate. (see also)

If women can be sorted into three categories

-yeses

-nos

-maybes

then game is about

-securing the yeses

-screening or cold converting the nos

-leading the maybes

Contra Krauser (or whatever his detractors claim he's said), Game is part of nailing down the "yeses". A lot of men blow it with "yes" women — how many dates have you been on that didn't end with sex? — and could use the aid of game to stop doing those things that cause "yes" women to turn into "no" women.

I've written this before, but it bears repeating: Game is as much the discarding of unsexy beta habits as it is the accumulating of sexy alpha habits.

Related: The three beta male mortal sins.

Also related: You can calm your nerves before hitting on women. This is known as Inner Game.

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None of the ugly truths discussed at CH are really off-topic. New research uses brain scans to estimate IQ. Mark your calendars. May 15, 2017 is the day Leftoid Equalism died.

Also not really off-topic: The Audacity of Yuge hypothesizes that the sexbot revolution could be a boon for America's native stock fertility, rather than the civilization destroying sexual market shake-up I have foreseen.

Is Female Masculinization Darwinian Selection For Female Slenderness?

CH · 15 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A thought occurred to me while noticing a boy-hipped, broad-shouldered manjaw crank out a 10-rep set of man-pushups at the gym without breaking a sweat. She wasn't half-bad in the facial area, and her body, despite its cylindricality, was thin and taut. Her lunge-carved ass broke the straight line of her figure, supplying just enough rolling landscape to keep her out of the "guess what, you're an arab banging a prepubescent boy!" zone.

These masculinized tankgrrls are all over the big blue urban sexopolises. Their creation as a distinct subspecies of human female could have both endogenous and exogenous causes: endocrine disruption e.g. in our plastics and Pills, or sexual selection increasing their numbers in the genpop. (Sexual selection could happen genetically over a few generations by reproductive skew, or culturally by encouraging low E/high T women to go even lower E/higher T in the gym, at the office, and on the marathon circuit.)

My thought was this: now that America has had to wheeze under fifty years of obesity — and given that fatness is a bigger SMV hit for women than it is for men — maybe masculinized females are becoming sought after by men simply because masculinization protects against obesity. It's fairly well-known by researchers that testosterone inhibits fat gain and accelerates fat loss. Female obesity is SO FUCKING REPULSIVE to the vast majority of (White & Asian) men that men may be making subconscious mate choice calculations favoring masculine women and their slender, if pre-teen tubular, bodies.

A woman with jacked T is less likely to be fat, and that could mean all the difference in our fulsome Fatopia. Masculine women are a social and male mate choice response to a food and globohomoist environment that punishes curvy feminine women. Our iPhags and iFoods have killed off our Marilyn Monroes (men hardest hit).

This is a sad state of affairs, but perfectly understandable that men would rather bang a curve-less fuck piston than suffocate in the fat folds of a flabberwocky. Given free choice, and a healthy female SMV sexual market, men would choose slender, hourglass-shaped, feminine women who could never be mistaken for men. But we don't live in that healthy sexual market; we live in a technocarb horror spun by a girthful incubus. In this nightmare, the large swath of sub-alpha American men are increasingly offered only two choices of woman: a fatty, or a mandibular muscleslut barking into her phone at subordinates as her womb turns inhospitable to sperm and egg alike.

Bang a boyische twat or a fat blob? For many men, the shrill sergeant wins that contest.

Real News The Media Refuses To Cover: Seth Rich's WikiLeaks Connection

CH · 16 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I suppose it's not surprising that the Fake News Establishment wouldn't bother to report on Real News possibly implicating DNC operatives in the still-unsolved murder of former staffer Seth Rich, but here we are: Another day, another Fake Hysteria over MUH RUSSIA while very important news about Rich's connection with WikiLeaks goes totally ignored by the propaganda arms of the gay mulatto and thecunt regimes.

Refresher: those propaganda arms are CBS, ABC, NBC, CNN, MSNBC, NPR, NYTimes, WashPost, AP, Reuters, Yahoo, MSN, and a bunch of others I can't recall atm (I mean who can blame me? they all sound like the same shit tier media whores).

The latest development in the case is that Seth Rich had sent 44,000 emails from Jan 2015 to May 2016 to a WikiLeaks contact. In response, the Rich "family" is denying the allegation, but through a PR flak tied to the DNC.

At the very least, this sort of information demands at least a cursory investigative response from the gaystream media, but it won't get even that. Phorce One Phaggots at NPR will instead snark something about the "debunked" Seth Rich rumors without providing any reporting of their own to substantiate their claimed debunking.

And our march to Civil War 2 will continue unabated.

FYI it's a pretty good bet that an Israeli was involved with the leaking of Trump's discussion with the Russian ambassador. #EST

Chicks Dig Alt-Jerks

CH · 16 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've resisted turning this blog into a gossip mill, but a juicy titbit hurtled across my wired tin can that I feel impelled to comment on, if for no other reason than that it devilishly and deviously exploits anti-pozz alt-icons to corroborate timeless Chateau maxims. (In this case, "chicks dig jerks".)

ie it's all about my ravenous ego.

I won't mention names, but I'm sure some readers will be able to identify the players without much trouble. Word between the sheets is that a well-known alt-right ladyhawke, a pretty petticoat by any man's standard, had some kind of illicit romance with physiognomically-approved Based Stickman, the scofflaw 40 year old husband of a waifu and father of an Elliot Rodger who is a hero to the alt-right for bashing antifa skulls in Berkeley and beyond, (ps I approve of his actions as well, though my affiliation with the alt-anything is shall we say, peripheral).

It's only a rumor, so take it with a dose of skepticism, but it's a rumor that 4chan maultistes fueled when they found a photo of the smitten minx wearing the morning-after sweater of the smiting sphinx.

Moral of the story: Chicks dig jerks. All kinds of chicks. Left chicks. Right chicks. Indie chicks. Feminist chicks. Fat chicks. Skinny chicks. Lovely chicks. Lovelorn chicks. And yes, alt-right chicks.

Chicks can't resist that charming jerkboy waving the stick of war over his head and hitting his main squeeze up for tens of thousands in bail money. I say this with no disrespect, only observational wryness. The Based Stickmen of the world get primo pussy, while niceguys who never broke a rule in their lives….don't.

There is only One greater than the God Emperor and his minions, and His name is the God of Biomechanics. PieceBUH.

The Washington Post-Op Who Cried “Drumpf!”

CH · 16 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The wonanish shitlibs who comprise 100% of the Washington Post-Op’s employee roll have torqued themselves into hysterics over a Fake News story about Trump discussing ISIS terrorist plots with the Russian ambassador.

The Fake News: Trump recklessly revealed sensitive classified terror threat info to a foreign adversary, endangering field agents. This was leaked by anonymous sources and reported in a tone of crisis, as if it were the scandal of the century.

The Real News: McMaster contradicted the Bezos Blog’s account of the event, saying Trump revealed no sensitive info. Regardless, no illegality was committed. Trump as President is free to declassify classified information and share it with whomever he pleases, and Trump believes Russia can be an ally to the US in their mutual war against ISIS, instead of the media’s favored characterization of Russia as an adversary.

The Realer News: The Washington Post-Op, before it transitioned to a shrieking anti-Trump cunt on the rag, was perfectly somber reporting the news in 2016 when Obama DID THE EXACT SAME THING they hysterically accuse Trump of doing yesterday.

“Democracy dies in darkness”. Try-hard much?

The Realest News: The Leftoid Legacy Media must be destroyed and culled of every last fucking libcrank obamanaut Globohomoist apostle who churns out pro-Democreep, anti-Trump, anti-nationalist, anti-White propaganda for their Acela zip code globalist whores. Nothing less will suffice.

There will come a time, maybe soon, when all these Gaystream Media clickbait whores have cried “Drumpf!” one too many times, and no one will listen, no one will read, no one will care. Not even their core leftist audience who will finally succumb to amygdalae burnout and recuse themselves from the company of sane people.

The Washington Post-Op is burning through its credibility at a rapid clip, and normally I’d say this means the end of it as a reputable news source, but there are a lot of mentally deranged libfruits who need their drumpf fanfic.

Thankfully, the leftmedia has lost its power to steer public opinion, so these manufactured Fake Crises will largely go ignored by Trump's supporters.

The leaks are the real problem. My advice to Trump: Fire everybody, including Jared Kushner, and start from scratch. No one has your back, President Trump. but The Deplorables, so think about bringing in freelance outside help from parts of the country that actually voted for you.

What Is Sexy

CH · 16 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A natural red-head early 20s girl in a summer dress riding a bike on a warm spring day as a gust of wind catches the hem and lifts it just enough to glimpse sheer pink panties caressing a smoothly perfect ass cheek. Praise Cleft.

A Clitmus Test To Determine The Strength Of Your Relationship

CH · 16 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

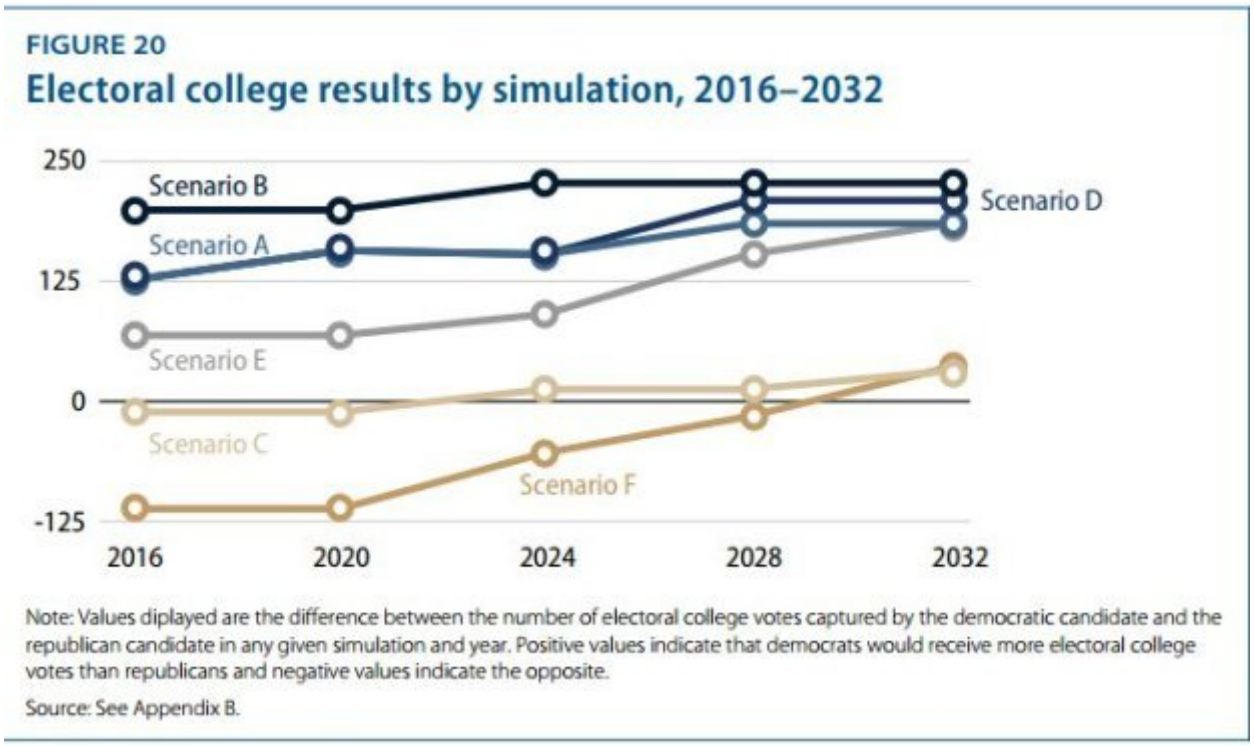
Hypothetically, would you care that much if your gf/wife/placeholderpussy cheated on you?
If yes, keep on lovin' her.
If maybe, give it three months.
If no, end it.

HTHealstheearth

Demography Is Division

CH · 17 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Get ready for the dusky enrichment. Libshit Brookings Institute squealed with delight when it released a report that modeled electoral college results going out to 2032, based on projected demographic trends within the US.



Positive values indicate Democreeps receive more electoral college votes than do Republicans. Negative values indicate the opposite.

Thanks to the magic of de-Whitening, by 2032 the Republicans will be essentially shut out of ever winning a national election again.

This was the Left's goal from the beginning, and they are on the verge of total victory. But then Trump happened, and the victory parade celebrating the dispossession of Whites from their own homeland had to be put on hold. Hence, the slow coup to oust Trump currently being orchestrated by the leftoid media, Dems, GOPe, spoogled technoborg, Creep State, and every other Globohomo elite buttplug aficionado with zero kids and a granny bedmate. The future of America as an indivisible nation will be decided by events that happen over the next year. You are sitting front row, center seat to a titanic power struggle that may bring down — or save — the greatest outpost of White Civilization the world has known.

Alt-Right Street Theater (from blitzkrieg to crusade)

CH · 17 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I have a suggestion for alt-right artiste Mike Enoch and his band of pranksters who've been organizing street theater dressed in Nazi regalia. Instead of the Nazi stuff, which isn't really tapping into Heritage America's soul, and besides is kind of gay, how about wearing something else that's equally triggering to shitlibs and their media overlords, but that won't repulse or confuse normies and therefore will put the media in a bind about how to report on it without sounding antagonistic to a touchstone cultural symbol shared by millions of Authentic Americans?

For maximum libgina apoplexy, I suggest this:

Broad sword optional.

Comey's Catch-22

CH · 17 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Phony Comey is caught in a catch-22. A Comey-22, if I may amuse myself. When he's called to testify before Cuckgress, he either has to admit his memo insinuating Trump's obstruction of the Flynn investigation is a lie, or if true that he withheld important information about an ongoing investigation which is itself illegal. (And Trump should request ALL memos Comey kept over his tenure, especially those memos he wrote during dealings with thecunt and the Gay Mulatto.)

Phony Comey is a shitlib hillary shill, so his anti-Trump antics should not surprise anyone. This "memo" that Comey's "friend" recited to the Nuevo York Times is, I predict, nonexistent or so watered down in actual substance that Comey will have to disavow his previous insinuations in his testimony. McCabe, the FBI's current #2 and another hillary cuntfluffer, is already on record stating that the Trump Admin has not impeded their Russia investigation. So even if Trump said what Phoney Comey claims he said during their meeting, it had no obstructionist effect on the FBI's investigation.

When will this clown show end? When Civl War 2 erupts, at this rate.

The Assumed Alpha

CH · 18 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Circumstances permitted me to overhear and oversee an awkward one-way conversation between four men, or rather between one man and three men. The three men were co-workers and friends (easy to tell by their comfortable banter) and all were cis-chad cis-dudes (one was black); the fourth man (white) entered the scene as an outsider, and attempted to ingratiate himself.

I should mention here that the fourth man was very tall and, though these things are normally outside my field of discernment, exceptionally good-looking. This detail is important, as you'll learn.

Tending to my task, I got sucked into their conversation when it sounded like it was going south. That's when I paid more attention and noticed the disconnect between the cleft-chinned outsider's overall dominant male appearance and his weak, clumsy, try-hard bantz. He seemed unable to stop trying to impress the three men and every sentence he uttered came across more forced than the one before it. His joshing fell flat, and his anodyne remarks went unreciprocated. (Male friends, or even polite strangers, will at the least acknowledge another man's trite observations with a head nod or a "yup uh huh".)

It wasn't long, but it only took about two minutes of this painful interlude before the three men began the process of blatantly disengaging from the fourth man's effortchat; they looked around the room, at their feet, squinted, and exchanged knowing glances. Worse still, when Good-Looking Goober finally and blessedly took his leave, he had to do it on a rocket ship of cringingly awful parting words. "ALL RIGHT THEN GUYS I'LL SEE YOU GUYS AROUND…"…. turns to walk off, turns back again to say more… "…OH AND YOU GUYS SHOULD COME TO BAR [X] THEY'VE GOT A GREAT HAPPY HOUR I'LL BE THERE YOU SHOULD GO OK PEACE BROS", his head bobbing enthusiastically throughout his long goodbye.

I should add that the three jockos had welcomed GLG warmly, (like I or any other man would have), probably figuring a man that good-looking would be cool in all other ways. Then, as GLG revealed himself to have the soul of a beta male trapped in the body of an alpha male, a funny thing happened….his audience couldn't help show their disgust. One man rolled his eyes while GLG bantzed nerdily. After GLG cleared from earshot, another man muttered "Jesus".

The entire cringenette was a sterling demonstration of what I call the Assumption of Alpha Fallacy. For primal reasons beyond the conscious ken of normies (but available in technicolor apprehension to guests of the Chateau), we assume good-looking and/or masculine men will have the coolness of personality to match. When our assumption fails, we can turn almost cruel in mocking the instrument of our disappointment.

It's a similar dynamic that happens when a girl meets an attractive man, assumes the best about his social skills, and is bitterly disappointed to the verge of spite when he stumbles and bumbles to deliver exceedingly bland rhetorical enticements like a typical incel dork.

In this sense, the GLG man is akin to the Illusionist Hottie, except what takes a few dates and a disrobing to uncover the normally concealed Nottie underneath the Illusionist Hottie can take as little as a minute of awkward convo to expose the Beta Male Soul lurking in the vessel of the Assumed Alpha.

The same awkwardness and disappointment that men feel when an Assumed Alpha in appearance can't project that alpha maleness in his personality is the awkwardness and disappointment (with the added astringent of spite) that a woman feels when an Assumed Alpha's charmless flirting doesn't live up to her expectations set by his appearance.

It's not wrong to assume a hot babe is an alpha female. No matter her personality, her hotness guarantees that most men will dream about fucking her and sucking up to her for the small chance of realizing their dream. But it IS a mistake (not always, but often enough) to assume a good-looking man is an alpha male based on nothing more than his appearance, because for men their mate worth (aka coolness) is predicated on more, much more, than their

looks. The truth that lad and glam mags rarely explore is that men's personality is a big factor in their attractiveness to women, and over a time spanning longer than an introductory glance and hello a man's personality is MORE relevant to the impression he leaves on women AND on men.

Women simply have a lot bigger margin for error in the personality department, which is why crazy hot crazy psychobitches can extract a lot of loving and providing from men who haven't prepared themselves for female dysfunction through the accumulation of a rich romantic history boning hotties.

> In descending order of importance, here are the female attractiveness traits that men desire in women:
>
> Beauty.
> Femininity.
> Sexual eagerness.
>
> In descending order of importance, here are the male attractiveness traits that women desire in men:
>
> Psychosocial dominance (game).
> High status/fame.
> Personality (passion/charisma/humor).
> Wealth.
> Good looks/height/muscularity.
> Cleverness/smarts.
> Dependability/reliability.
> Sexual prowess.

Cool men are embarrassed to be in the company of a socially awkward nerdo, and when the nerdo happens to be a tall good-looking goober the embarrassment is felt just as strongly, but now coupled with a feeling of foolishness for having assumed the best about the goober.

That feeling is the same feeling women have when a good-looking man approaches them and destroys the illusion of alpha sexiness by speaking the language of beta loserdom. But it's even worse, because women are more entitled than are men, and there aren't nearly enough alpha males to satisfy all the women who want them. So when a women's expectation of thrilling courtship with a man who APPEARS to be a top 5% alpha is dashed by his sloppy execution, she burns with resentment at the lost opportunity for love, and retroactively blames the Assumed Alpha for her entire history of dating woes. Her blame can shoot out of her in sudden flares of anger, in the form of a scorching shit test or nasty rejection and departure.

This is why I have observed that oftentimes the men who do really well with women are those who are very charming but aren't especially handsome and are therefore unburdened by women's expectations. It's better to pleasantly surprise women than to unpleasantly disappoint women. The Assumed Beta with Game will arouse women to a deeper and longer-lasting intrigue if his alpha personality puts the lie to his beta phenotype. The Assumed Alpha, with inverse alacrity, will disenchant women to a shallower and shorter-lasting curiosity if his beta personality puts the lie to his alpha appearance.

The Story Of The Wolf And The Maricon

CH · 18 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

File under: It's funny cuz it's true.

Exhibit A: Pathologically Altruist Wolf

Exhibit B: Globohomo diversity

Non !

Phoney Comey's Web Of Lies

CH · 18 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

From testimony given two weeks ago, May 3rd, by James Comey, FORMER FBI director, to Congress:

> COMEY:
> I mean where oftentimes they give us opinions that we don't see a case there and so you ought to stop investing resources in it. But I'm talking about a situation where **we were told to stop something for a political reason**, that would be a very big deal.
>
> **It's not happened in my experience.**

Case dismissed. Comey testified long after his meeting with President Trump occurred that there was no attempt by anyone to thwart an FBI investigation for political reasons. Libshits ur done here.

Comey's Catch-22 is this: Either political pressure from Trump to stop the Flynn investigation *didn't* happen and Comey is now lying about what he wrote in a memo after meeting with Trump, or political pressure from Trump to stop the Flynn investigation *did* happen and Comey didn't report it at the time and therefore lied under oath about it later in his testimony.

Was Comey lying during his testimony, or is he lying now about the context of his memo which he had a "friend" leak to the Nuevo York Times (being the pussy he is he couldn't leak it himself)? Lessee, the weasel who dutifully bent to Gay Mulatto's political pressure back in July 2016 to exculpate thecunt from all wrongdoing in her email case was just fired by Trump, so he might be a little bitter about it.

Phoney Comey is FUCKED, but I'm sure the Gaystream Media, which now is so depraved and united in their womanish rage against the dying of their Globohomo Order that they are the ones who give marching orders to their subservient Democreep Party, will find a way to frame their coverage to have Comey wrangle out of this smelling like a rosey.

The Maul-Right can't let that happen. All memesters and shiv soldiers to the front.

Inspired Woman

CH · 18 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Gas Mask parodied (aka improved the veracity of) a dating app advertisement featured on the Goodbye, America blog. The original ad:

And Gas Mask's pitch perfect parody:

The blue city dating scene is now filled with these over-credentialed yet airheaded yoga-pants'ed "spiritual but not religious" aging beauties regurgitating platitudes and catchwords so vapid they could only be cynically interpreted as misdirection from what these women really want: the destruction of everything their White men built for them.

The luxury of this vacuous virtue signaling that characterizes the societal output of our shared single White woman problem will be like muff dust in the wind once the money, and the White man self-effacing indulgence, runs out. That day is coming sooner than our entrenched globohomo elites know.

My favorite comments from that Goodbye, America post:

> Finally, a dating site for women who want geldings or gays.
> -Alex the Goon
>
> It is no doubt a tired story. Attractive white woman in yoga pants making "friends" with the locals. Some of them are living that life, and it's largely paid for by a cuck white man. If it isn't, and she is still sexy enough, those trips to Dubai are for making friendly with the buttholes of royalty while he takes a dump on her head. But, hey, culture, right?
> -James ashleh
>
> Its all about the image and self absorption. Nothing else matters.
>
> It would never even occur to them there that this might be what they're all about. But they are.
> -Cecil Henry
>
> And just what, exactly, is "personal growth"? Growth can be measured. Can any of these self-absorbed broads give me a concise explanation as to how they measure personal growth? Please quantify it for me.
> -KGB

Quantification class is hard.

I can stroke the fragile egos of self-contextualizing globalist girls with the best of amoral womanizers, and if the poon is what you want I suggest you do the same. Needlessly antagonizing globowhores by calling them out on their vapidity isn't good pickup policy. But if you intend to stay with one of these space cadettes, you'll need to set ground rules early: No poopytalk, no "after hours" with their yogi/cocaine dealer, and no solo travel to chocolate paradises.

The Inspired Woman is the Self-Centered Woman. She's inspired to tell the world (and jealous girlfriends) about all the globohomo consumerist bullshit and Pedowood-approved moral posturing that inspires her. If women wonder why men can't be counted on to treat them like princesses anymore, well maybe it's because these women already treat themselves like princesses and men have decided their pedestal services are no longer needed.

PS There's one category of inspiration missing from the original meetmindful self-mindfuck: children. As GBFM would say, "lzzllol DOWN WITH THE PATRIARCHY UP WITH MY PATREONARCHY lzzllolzzzl".

The Beauty-Boning Intimacy Correlation

CH · 19 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader mendo earned himself an honorary Chateau post with this gem of a comment in which he explains his "beauty-boning correlation" categories of varying intimacy.

> Reminds me of a recent categorization I've been developing in regards to rating a women's face.
>
> Beautiful–making out whilst boning her
>
> Pretty–looking at her whilst boning
>
> Okay–looking at the boning

It's hardcore cuz it's true.

Okay-looking chicks get the "straight to doggy style" treatment and a denouement hastened by staring intently at the insertion point. Pretty chicks get missionary and eye contact, and a perfunctory effort to engage the cum-stumping kegels. Beautiful babes get a marathon lovemaking session afforded by a pre-date rub-out to take the edge off, deep passionate kissing, eye contact so profound that the iris juices commingle, and intimacy that makes it feel like you're jizzing straight into her heart.

Related: Hotter women = better sex. And SCIENCE! agrees.

Mongrel Nation

CH · 22 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The anti-White miscegenation propaganda pushed by Pedowood, marketing departments, ad agencies, and Globohomo, Inc appears to have had an impact on Americans' mate choices. I have noted recently that I've observed an uptick in mixed couples in both red and blue towns. The numbers coming from Pew Research vindicate the focus of my eagle eye.

> More and more Americans are marrying people of different races and ethnicities, reaching at least 1 in 6 newlyweds in 2015, the highest proportion in American history, according to a new study released Thursday. Currently, there are 11 million people—or 1 out of 10 married people—in the United States with a spouse of a different race or ethnicity, according to a Pew Research Center analysis of US Census Bureau data. This is a big jump from 50 years ago, when the Supreme Court ruled interracial marriage was legal throughout the United States. That year, only 3% of newlyweds were intermarried, meaning they had a spouse of a different race or ethnicity. In 2015, 17% of newlyweds were intermarried.
>
> "There's much greater racial tolerance in the United States, with attitudes having changed in a way where it's much more positive toward interracial marriage," Daniel T. Lichter, **[ed:** (((0)))**?]** director of the Institute for the Social Sciences at Cornell University, tells the AP. "But I think that a greater reason is the growing diversity of the population. There are just more demographic opportunities for people to marry someone of another race or ethnicity." Researchers say Asian-Americans were most likely to intermarry in 2015, with 29% of newlywed Asians married to someone of a different race or ethnicity, followed by Hispanics at 27%, blacks at 18%, and whites at 11%.

Don't get too excited about that relatively lower outmarriage rate among Whites, because the absolute size of the US White population means that Whites will have a lower outmarriage rate compared to nonWhites who are (for now) demographic minorities. If there are 10 marriageable asians and 100 marriageable Whites and three couples are asian-white mixes, then that means a 30% outmarriage rate for asians but only a 3% outmarriage rate for Whites.

A few thoughts:

I'm not surprised asian-Americans outmarry at the highest rate (and I presume most of those marriages are asian women to White men). Culturally and educationally, and probably genetically, there's less distance between asians and Whites than there is between blacks and Whites. Asian women love White men (OkCupid data revealed that asian women respond at a higher rate to White men than they do to asian men).

Asian women are also, on average, thinner than their White female counterparts, and I can't impress upon women enough that men, especially high value White men, really HATE HATE HATE the thought of sex with a fat chick. The obesity epidemic is pushing a lot of White men away from White women and into the yellow fever swamps.

The de-masculinization of White men and de-feminization of White women are two trends accelerating the outmarriage of White men to asian women. White nerds who get nowhere with White women will find a more receptive audience among asian women, whose own men are uber-nerds in comparison. If a White nerd wants to feel like Adonis (or any Gentile God Hero), he'll hitch himself to an asian woman.

"Asian" is a broad category. Are ching-chongs, kimchees, and nips the predominant outmarriage culprits, or is it the flips, gooks, and pakis? Clarity in all things.

"Race or ethnicity" is also a broad category. If interethnic marriages are included in the total outmarriage rates, then that would sweep up all the intermarrying White ethnics — Poles with Dutch, Irish with Germans, English with Italians, etc — which is to say the least a very misleading lump-stat intended to demoralize Whites into believing

there's been a massive uptick in Whites marrying nonWhites. As a commenter at the linked article put it,

> Hmmmm … so does this mean that the marriage between my wife, a Scottish-German-Irish American, and me, a Franco-Italian American, is counted as a "marriage between different races or ethnicities"? If so, then I think your "1 in 6" statistic is ridiculous, because it has nothing to do with race. In particular, Americans have been marrying across ethnic lines for generations. Virtually everyone in my family has married someone of a different ethnicity since the 1940s. I therefore find it extremely hard to believe that marriage rates across ethnic lines in America have increased much in the past 50 years, since they were already high 50 years ago. That said, if what you really meant to say is that marriages across racial lines have increased greatly in America and are now 1 in 6, that fact would be significant. So did you mean that 1 in 6 American marriages now cross "racial" lines? Or just that they cross "racial or ethnic" lines? And if the former, why didn't you simply say so? And if the latter, why report this at all, since it's not news?

FYI, a big reason "White nationalism" is more salient in the US is precisely because of all the marriage across White ethnic lines over the generations, which has literally decreased the genetic distance (and therefore the cultural distance) between American Whites. Paging MPC…

Diversitopia™ may influence outmarriage rates (the argument being essentially, options = instability), but I wonder about that. The pre-Civil War black percentage of the US population was higher than it is now, but outmarriage between whites and blacks was virtually nonexistent then. However, a "raw numbers" argument for Diversity itself boosting outmarriage may apply if the racial minorities are closer to the White gene/culture norm. The huge influx of invader hispanics in the past thirty years must have been accompanied by a concomitant rise in hispanic-white couplings.

There are hispanics and there are "white hispanics" (aka diaspora Spaniards). I'd bet a lot of the hispanic outmarriage is with blacks, and the outmarriages with Whites are to phenotypically European Spanish-speakers. Few White men not named ¡Jeb! Bush are hitching themselves to squatemalans.

NOWSS (no one wants soul sisters).

Readers have asked, "tell us how you really feel about miscengenation?". At the individual level, if deep love is truly the motivating principle, then godspeed to those mongrels. But even those lovebirds should know that they are putting their families through a lot of silent pain, and they might flinch a little inwardly if they gave serious thought to the disruption of their genetic and phentoypic lineage if they had kids. Aesthetic continuity matters; mongrelization destroys in one fell splooge thousands of years of evolutionary refinement.

That aside, my real beef is with the miscegenation propaganda pushers. Let love flower where it may, but for all that is holy don't brainwash people into thinking mongrel love is any kind of special love that deserves glorification, pumped 24/7 into the eyeballs and eardrums of goyische kop who still cling bitterly to the quaint notions that one is ideally attracted to the opposite sex from one's own race and that having kids who look like oneself is a normal and natural preference. Race-mixing agitprop that sublimates the propagandist's subconscious genocidal urge is distilled evil, in my opinion.

White interethnic mixing that has occurred since the mid 1800s in America is not the same beast as modern mogrelization imposed on us by open borders third world enrichment. An Englishman and a German are distinct White ethnicities up until their respective gene streams, so unique to the sharp-eyed observer when meandering side by side, collide at the Dirt World delta and a vast muddy effluvium obliterates the sparkling European waters.

MAGA Game Challenge Field Report

CH · 23 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader cobrantula accepted the CH MAGA Game Challenge. He writes about his experience.

> A few posts ago you bad asses suggested a man go out wearing a MAGA hat and tell ya'll what happened. So here ya go.
>
> I live in Baltimore and usually hang out in the artsy, SJW area known as [REDACTED]. I will tell you where I went, but ask that you don't make that public knowledge beyond saying an artsy neighborhood in Baltimore.
>
> First I went to the [REDACTED] which is on the first floor of the [REDACTED]. I sat at the bar next to two SJW chicks. It didn't take long for them to open me. They were challenging. "How can you wear that hat in Baltimore?" I went with an answer I stole from Wild at Heart.
>
> "'Cause it's a symbol of my individuality and it represents my belief in personal freedom."
>
> They started trying to argue and that's when I remembered the teachings of the Chateau. I just grinned and tried to have amused mastery. I don't remember any of what I said, but I just remember my attitude and soon enough they were laughing with me and calmed down.
>
> Unfortunately I ran out of steam. After a lull in conversation I asked for the number of the one closest to me and she refused. I stole a line from Sam Kinison. I said, "Good luck with your compromise," and I left.
>
> Next bar was the [REDACTED], another SJW haven. I got many looks of hate/ disgust, but no one really fucked with me. One Indian girl started chatting me up enthusiastically, but all of a sudden about three minutes in she just up and left.
>
> The last bar I went to was the [REDACTED]. This bar I would consider the SJW belly of the beast. I sat and waited and sure enough the two girls next to me opened me with disgust and curiosity. But just as it was about to get good the Bouncer rushed over and shouted, "Do not talk to them!"
>
> I tried to argue that they were talking to me, not realizing that I wasn't gonna be able to logic my way out of this. At the time I thought the smartest option was just to open some other girls rather than get thrown out of the bar. So I moved.

It's a good strategy to make friendos with bouncerbros at establishments you frequent, for exactly this reason.

> Ordering a drink the cute bartender asked me about the hat. For the second time the Bouncer rushed over and this time said, "This guy's a troll don't feed the trolls."

Then again, some bouncers are dicksucking phaggot white knights who voted for thecunt.

> I left soon after and went to [REDACTED] where reactions were much warmer. In the end I got drunk and my game fell apart, but it was a fun experiment all in all.
>
> Next day I walked around Georgetown wearing it. So many girls did double takes. A lot of them gave me looks of disgust.

Remember, in women disgust is one emo-oscillation away from a full blown vagina tingle. It's true, SCIENCE! says so in this study which used plethysmograph measurements to discover that women are involuntarily turned on by a lot of weird and disgusting stuff:

***

The genitals of the volunteers were connected to plethysmographs — for the men, an apparatus that fits over the penis

and gauges its swelling; for the women, a little plastic probe that sits in the vagina and, by bouncing light off the vaginal walls, measures genital blood flow. An engorgement of blood spurs a lubricating process called vaginal transudation: the seeping of moisture through the walls. The participants were also given a keypad so that they could rate how aroused they felt.

The men, on average, responded genitally in what Chivers terms "category specific" ways. Males who identified themselves as straight swelled while gazing at heterosexual or lesbian sex and while watching the masturbating and exercising women. They were mostly unmoved when the screen displayed only men. Gay males were aroused in the opposite categorical pattern. Any expectation that the animal sex would speak to something primitive within the men seemed to be mistaken; neither straights nor gays were stirred by the bonobos. And for the male participants, the subjective ratings on the keypad matched the readings of the plethysmograph. The men's minds and genitals were in agreement.

All was different with the women. No matter what their self-proclaimed sexual orientation, they showed, on the whole, strong and swift genital arousal when the screen offered men with men, women with women and women with men. They responded objectively much more to the exercising woman than to the strolling man, and their blood flow rose quickly — and markedly, though to a lesser degree than during all the human scenes except the footage of the ambling, strapping man — as they watched the apes. And with the women, especially the straight women, mind and genitals seemed scarcely to belong to the same person. The readings from the plethysmograph and the keypad weren't in much accord. During shots of lesbian coupling, heterosexual women reported less excitement than their vaginas indicated; watching gay men, they reported a great deal less; and viewing heterosexual intercourse, they reported much more. Among the lesbian volunteers, the two readings converged when women appeared on the screen. But when the films featured only men, the lesbians reported less engagement than the plethysmograph recorded. Whether straight or gay, the women claimed almost no arousal whatsoever while staring at the bonobos.

***

The CH ür-Maxim: Watch what women do, don't listen to what women say.

> I yadstopped one girl and she was all butthurt about the hat, but she stayed in set. Turns out she's engaged so it didn't go anywhere.

"Engaged" but "stayed in set". Just when you think you've got marriage material on your hands.

> Best part of the day:
>
> A homeless veteran stopped me and said, "America was already great. He just made it greater."
>
> He showed me a picture of him and his infant son. He was wearing a MAGA hat in the pic.
>
> God Bless Trump, America, and the Chateau.
>
> Cobrantula

Good stuff. I would say the reactions were what I'd expect in a deepest blue shitcity like Baltimore, but despite that there were women willing to indulge their curiosity with MAGA MAN. The bigger obstacle appears to be pissed off Trump-hating males like the bouncer in this sociological experiment. If you can neutralize the bitterbitch males, the women's objections should be easier to surMOUNT. (White knights are like mobile border walls "protecting" women from sexy interloper womanizers.)

Any others willing to accept the MAGA Game Challenge?

Seth Rich Murder Mystery Intensifies (hillary hit hardest)

CH · 23 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Kim Dotcom, a legendary internet pirate, is claiming he knows it was Seth Rich who coordinated the leak of the DNC emails to WikiLeaks, and that Dotcom is willing to travel to the US to testify that he was part of the leak operation. He released a statement moments ago:

> **I KNOW THAT SETCH RICH WAS INVOLVED IN THE DNC LEAK.**
>
> **I know this because in late 2014 a person contacted me about helping me to start a branch of the Internet Party in the United States. He called himself Panda. I now know that Panda was Seth Rich.**
>
> Panda advised me that he was working on voter analytics tools and other technologies that the Internet Party may find helpful.
>
> I communicated with Panda on a number of topics including corruption and the influence of corporate money in politics.
>
> "He wanted to change that from the inside."
> I was referring to what I knew when I did an interview with Bloomberg in New Zealand in May 2015. In that interview I hinted that Julian Assange and Wikileaks would release information about Hillary Clinton in the upcoming election.
>
> **The Rich family has reached out to me to ask that I be sensitive to their loss in my public comments.** That request is entirely reasonable.
>
> I have consulted with my lawyers. I accept that my full statement should be provided to the authorities and I am prepared to do that so that there can be a full investigation. My lawyers will speak with the authorities regarding the proper process.
>
> **If my evidence is required to be given in the United States I would be prepared to do so if appropriate arrangements are made.**

Welly welly well, the Seth Rich murder mystery is heating up, and DNC creepazoids like John Molesta and their wretched queen thecunt clinton must be sweating bullets. If what Dotcom says is true, then that puts the lie to the Creep State Russia hacking narrative AND implicates DNC agents of thecunt in the murder of Seth Rich. The times are more interesting than we could have imagined.

Li'l Asian, Tight Puss

CH · 23 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Comment of the Week winner is Pill, with this compare and contrast of sex with a tightbody waifu and sex with a fatbody average american woman.

> In my limited experience. My first bang was a chubby girl. Great curves, tits, hips. But she just had too much weight. And a belly at times almost looked egg like and pregnant. Her Vaj was average tightness for me. Nothing special. NEVER CAME while fucking her. I used condoms, but still. Never came in out 5 month relationship.
>
> Had sex recently with an asian girl. Much better body, lanky with subtle curves. Nice butt. Zero tits. But her pussy was Tight. It hurt her just a little getting it in. (using condoms). 1st time fuck, never came. 2nd time, (changed to bigger condom that didnt constrict as much). First time ever I came while fucking a girl. Blew my load while inside her. Felt goodman.
>
> Moral of story, looks matter. Condom matters (probably better feeling without one, duh) Tightness matters.
>
> First girlfriend when she was on top. All I could feel was her weight crushing down on my pelvis, and I swear I forgot I even had a dick. I couldnt feel anything and would go limp. Lil, asian tight puss. Bouncin on me, and can feel every stroke squeeze my shaft.

I laughed very hard when I read this comment. Should I have? I feel shame that I was so easily amused, but this comment hit the G spot in my funny bone, ymmv.

By the by, if you can't come with a girl after five months of sexing her, it's time to abort emission.

Chicks Dig Niceguys...Underneath The Jerkboys

CH · 23 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

“But I’m ALL Milhouse!”

Sorry, Milhouse, chicks don’t really want niceguys. They want jerks they can pretend are niceguys underneath. Allow me to introduce you to the female rationalization hamster:

52 Genes Linked To Human Intelligence

CH · 23 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Story. It won't be long before genes linked to race differences in behavior and intelligence are identified.

Are equalist shitlibs feeling like this:

or more like this?:

Bonus shitlib cogdis BTFO: Our common chimp ancestor may have been from Europe rather than from Africa.

Here Comes The Constitutional Crisis! (and you can thank a shitlib judge for bringing it on)

CH · 25 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A leftoid freak (black) judge (are these scumbags factory-pressed now?) ruled against Trump's eminently sensible muslim immigration ban, (and not one day after yet another muslim atrocity), misusing the Establishment Clause as a jizz wipe to clean up his orgasm of feelz.

What a fucking disgrace. The Establishment Clause doesn't apply to the whole world. It's meant for Americans. If the whole world falls under the First Amendment's protections, then in theory American voters, through their representatives, have no right to restrict the flow of invaders from any foreign country in any number at any time. The Zeroeth Amendment, as Sailer calls it.

WELP that's a wrap folks. A Constitutional Crisis is coming, courtesy of rabid virtue sniveling anti-White shitlib nation wreckers. Let's all take a moment to recall what happened the last time we had a major Constitutional Crisis.

And now a moment to reflect on what's happening in our homelands today:

> The soldiers in your streets are not your protectors.
>
> They are the prison guards of your multicultural insane asylum. pic.twitter.com/vIs3EotHff source

If there aren't changes, BIG changes, soon, to redirect the Vector Negative that the West is traveling, the shit will hit the fan harder than even the most dedicated doomsday prepper could have imagined. Reminder that "checks and balances" applies to curbing excesses of the Judiciary as well as the Legislative and Executive. Which means (in the words of Anti-Gnostic):

> Well, step two is people beginning to ask how many tank battalions the judges have.

Like I've said, there needs to be a culling of shitlibs from ALL American institutions of power. The shitlib saturation point has been reached and surpassed in nearly every important field:

> 4th Circuit opinion shows partisan divide. 10 on winning side: 6 Obama appointees, 4 Clinton. 3 losers: 2 GWBush, 1 GHWBush.
>
> — Byron York (@ByronYork) May 25, 2017

Culling, not debate, is our only avenue remaining to make our voices heard and our votes count.

What's at stake and coming for us: an enormous, unstoppable tsunami of Dirt World detritus.

Reframe Of The Day

CH · 25 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is both a Game post and a politics post. Enjoy this explicit two-fer, because it'll be one of those rare times you can witness the see-sawing CH haters implode from cogdis.

The reframe is a powerful Game technique, capable of stopping shit testing bitches cold, reigniting stalled banter, and easing the apprehensions of egg-guarding girls. The reframe is essentially perception management, in which one can alter the value of something (such as oneself) by changing the context in which that thing is understood.

A classic of the genre:

GIRL: I bet I'm not the first girl you've said that to.

POPE BUTTPLUG'S ALT-NEMESIS: I've learned what to say from girls just like you.

One more PUA classic:

POPE BUTTPLUG'S SATANIC TRUMPDREAM: Hey girl, don't get handsy! You've gotta wine and dine me first, I'm not that easy.

***

Swinging this around to the politics angle, we can apply the reframe to a current event that has shitlibs twitching with gotcha! tingles.

The story: A trickle down media dweeb and walking nebbish caricature Ben Jacobs got body slammed by a Montana Republican pol named Gianforte. It's being reported with indignant tones suggestive of a major scandal but honestly it's the best news I've heard all day! Who hasn't wanted to remind these dorky uptalking shitlib manlets that high school never really ends for them?

The reframe: "A reporter was tackled by a Montana Republican? Don't give in to fear and hate. If you do, the Montana Republicans will have won."

Another reframe, courtesy of Gabber @CorneliusRye:

> In the aftermath of this attack, I fear the backlash that the Republican and Alt-Right communities will have to endure. ?
>
> We stand in solidarity with them.

Post note: On cue, Paul Ryan has cucked his way into the news by asking Gianforte to apologize. If CuckRyan had instead said anything akin to the reframes above (instead of groveling for an apology from Gianforte), my estimation of him would have gone from AIDS VECTOR to T LEVEL DETECTED.

The Virtue Sniveling Market

CH · 25 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The shitlib demand for Whites Doing Bad Things greatly exceeds the supply.

The shitlib demand for Vibrancy Doing Good Things greatly exceeds the supply.

At the intersection of these market realities, shitlib mendacity crashes into shitlib insanity.

I came to this formulation about how the Virtue Sniveling Market governs shitlib behavior after reading Moses' comment on the "Shitlib Ego" post:

> *CH: "The lesson: never give the Left an inch. They'll take a parsec. Confederate statues today, books authored by White men tomorrow, until it finally reaches end game: second class status for all Whites outside of a few Acela elites who sufficiently grovel at the altar of anti-Whitism."*
>
> This can not be emphasized enough.
>
> No matter what shitlibs do, it will NEVER be enough for them. Their whole belief system is built on lies. They MUST HAVE an oppressive enemy to keep their believe system from crashing down.
>
> Today it's confederate statues. Tomorrow it's removal of any Great White Man from any place of honor in our society — Jefferson and Washington removed from currency (gasp, slave holders!), schools renamed, shaming of White children, it goes on and on.
>
> Demand for "evil whitey" far outstrips supply. So they manufacture more. Like a fire, it simply will not stop and will grow until the fuel is exhausted.
>
> I'm running out of hope.
>
> They absolutely cannot be reasoned with. It leaves violence, and violence only, as the unavoidable end-game. It will be violence from based White Men or violence from Islamics, but violence all the same.

The major limitation of the Virtue Sniveling Market, at least from the perspective of shitlibs who love to never practice what they preach, is that the kind of virtue shitlibs want — Vibrant Virtue — is scarce, while the kind of vice that shitlibs want to snivel against — White Vice — is as scarce as virtue is among Vibrants.

So, as Moses correctly states, shitlibs will manufacture Evil Whitey lies from whole cloth, while simultaneously excusing the worst predations of nonWhites as the consequence of conveniently hidden Evil Whitey forces. Since lies are the coin of the shitlib realm, there is simply no internal brake on their agenda, no end to their game that doesn't feature war by whatever means and either the eventual subjugation and destruction of White Civ or the total and complete ousting of shitlibs from positions of power and influence.

Unfortunately, since shitlibs have at the moment no real pushback from anyone in power, (the alt-right is effective but don't mistake that for institutional power), the likelihood of war in the not-so-distant future, maybe even a real hot war, between rival White factions — between say localist Whites and globalist Whites — is greater than it otherwise would be.

It all comes back to Leftoid Equalist lies about race and sex, and the pacified cowards who abet their lies.

As long as cucks/the controlled opposition refuse to grapple with the reality of race and sex differences and everything downstream from those, the Globohomo Bathhouse Alliance will continue winning the rhetoric war, even if a million nail bombs go off in every city of the West and welfare-incentivized dysgenic breeding rots the edifice from within.

The Alt/Maul/Balls-Right, far from being the dire threat to civilized society the Mendacity Merchants would have you believe, are a last gasp salvation for the West and call to redemption for the cucks who have betrayed their

claimed principles every step of the way. Appeasing milksops will never find their own way, but stronger harder men can inspire them to break out of their vaginal prisons.

As Trump might say, only losers snivel for virtue whoring status points.

Dominance Game

CH · 26 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Male dominance is the irresistible force that compels steadfast followers and unfurled furrows. It's the secret sauce of seduction, and no man serious about luring the fare sex neglects to cultivate an air of authority and social dominance.

Emailer Lurky McAesthetics is astonished by the power of male dominance to arouse women.

> Long time lurker and admirer. Came upon this nugget of game on one of my friends' cellphones, he is tall, good looking, and id call him a charming narcissistic asshole (have heard him tell girls on more than one occasion that she should feel lucky he took time out from admiring how sexy he is to talk to her….it works more times than i expect it to)

Haha, that's funny, and the sort of cocky banter that would work for any man, not just good-looking men. If anything, it would work BETTER for average-looking men, if delivered with a deadpan expression and convincing sincerity.

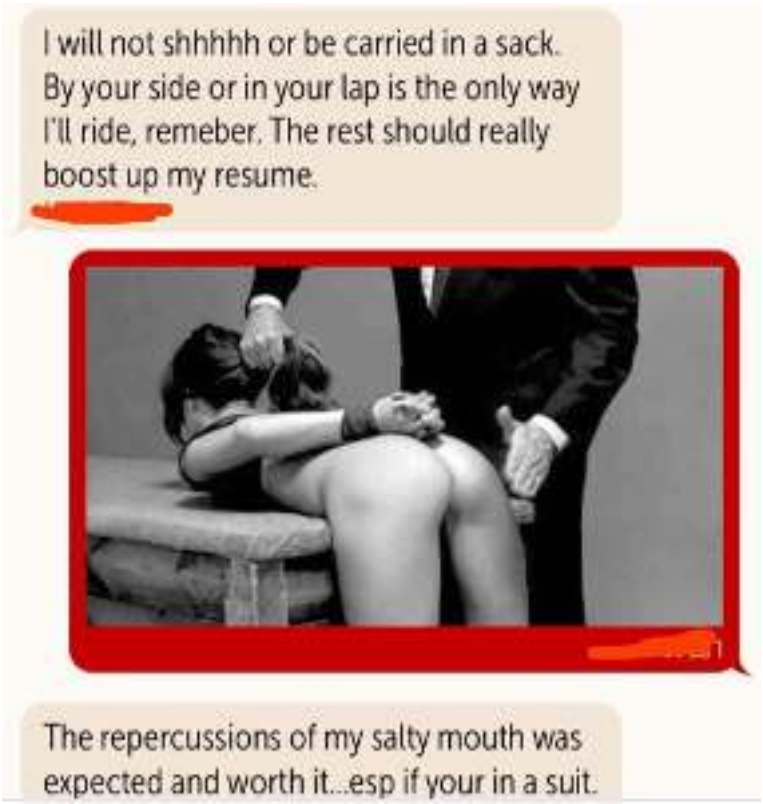
> I have met the girl he was talking to mid 20s, hard 8, fancy, used to men slobbering over her, and he apparently talked to her for 5 minutes when we were at a bar (big city, USA) and then invited himself over to her place

Men invade, women invite.

> and broke her self-imposed 18 month hiatus from "dating dicks", she is feisty (overheard their first convo) but subdued around him.

Every woman adores a caesar.

> I always wondered why she behaved like that around him until i saw his texts to her (relevant info redacted for privacy) even being aesthetic it just blew my mind that such a girl was just beggin to be reframed (?) dominantly. Without further ado, the text exchange. Please feel free to use to to educate any beta pussy-pedestalizing herbs (he told her he would throw her in a sac in a cat costume instead of getting a cat) Red Box response is his).



A masterful seduction reads like a symphony sounds: uplifting, transcendent, inspiring. Note that no words were needed to send this lass in a tailspin; just a picture, a cream meme if you will, signifying everything that women love about men, and what women want to do with men who are worthy of their pussies: they want to submit, eagerly, with happy abandon.

Women's eagerness to submit is partly a function of the paucity of available men who can inspire their submission or have the guts to demand, through word or action, their submission. No crevasse of the female hindbrain is deeper than the one that contains the ür-desire to relinquish her body, heart, and soul totally to a man exuding that I AM A GOLDEN GOD attitude.

PS Some will waver that good-looking men have more leeway to act dominant; that women will forgive them this indiscretion that would sink less attractive men. That is a bad misreading of female nature. The dominant handsome man bests the submissive handsome man EVERY TIME. Although women don't mind a man easy on the eyes, it's his alluring dominance and entitlement (who does this man thinks he is? he must be someone important) that really snares their hearts and juices their cunts. Now this isn't to say nebbishy men should charge out of the gate wielding a cream meme like the one above; there must be consideration given to women's trite first impressions, and that means for the less conspicuously dominant man a sudden gear shift from niceguy beta to ass-slapping alpha will trigger female creep alarms. He should avoid this obstacle by setting a subtly dominant tone early and often, so that when he deploys the cream memes later they don't land with a thud but rather a throb.

Creativity Is The Beta Male's Mace In The Hole

CH · 26 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau is long on record observing that a man's force of personality — his charisma — is a powerful lure for women. As women are unlike men in some very fundamental aspects, it benefits men to understand which ways women differ from men and to tailor their seduction technique to press women's particular arousal buttons.

One major difference between the sexes is the emphasis each places on desirable traits in the opposite sex. Shortly and sweetly, women are holistic mate evaluators, men are visual mate evaluators. Women want the whole package, but are especially aroused by men with intoxicatingly jerkboy-ish attitudes who stand apart from the masses of "So what do you do for a living?" beta males. Men want hot babes, end of story. More sweetly:

Men dig beauty.
Chicks dig power.

Male power is projected through various social cues, including dominance (over men and women), humor, confidence, cockiness, entitlement, wit….and creativity. All these traits fall into the "male personality" category, which broadly speaking one can call "charisma", which is why the CH "Dating Market Value Test for Men" includes questions such as:

> **13. When was the last time you went to a house party?**
>
> Within the past month: +1 point
> Between one month and one year ago: 0 points
> Over one year ago: -1 point
>
> **14. Have people besides your family called you funny?**
>
> None: -1 point
> A few have: 0 points
> Nearly everyone who knows me: +1 point
>
> […]
>
> **21. You've just met a cute girl in a club and have been talking with her for five minutes when she abruptly changes the topic to a raunchy conversation about her multiorgasmic ability. You respond with:**
>
> (A) a huge grin and an eager "Damn! That is HOT!"
> (B) a look of mild disdain.
> (C) a raised eyebrow while saying "Hey, thanks for the medical report."
>
> If you answered (A), subtract a point.
> If (B), no points.
> If (C), add a point.

The background is to set up another *PREEN* HERE COMES ¡SCIENCE! ONCE AGAIN TO SLOBBER THE CH KNOBBER:

> In the ruthless world of the mating game, plain-looking men instinctively know that being funny, smart or poetic helps to compensate for a less-than-stellar exterior.
>
> That gut feeling has now gained scientific validation from an unusual study published Wednesday.
>
> Average-looking men become more alluring when women sense the man has an imaginative spark, it found.

Charisma can vault an average beta schlub past hunky men and into the hearts of women. This is vindication of a core CH concept.

> But for women, sadly, there may not be the same boost.
>
> Indeed, one experiment suggests that less attractive women even worsen their mating chances if they show mental zing.

This too is vindication of a core CH concept: men don't much care about women's wit and wisdom as long as she lookgood. In fact, men are a little bit TURNED OFF by women who have interesting personalities that could make the men's personalities seem lame in comparison. (The same happens with wealthy or over-educated women; men don't like to be with women whom they perceive as competitors, or as possessing traits in sufficient quantity and quality that diminish the attractiveness value of those same traits in men. This is why it's arousing to men when women seem vulnerable and admiring.)

> The results showed that men with less attractive faces get a big boost in the popularity contest if they show a creative touch, Watkins found.
>
> "Creative guys with less attractive faces were almost identical in attractiveness to really good looking guys who were not as creative," he told AFP in a phone interview.

Male smarts are pointless for attracting women unless those smarts are put to use crafting an intriguing, creative personality. In other words, more storytelling, less logical explaining.

> The top-ranked men were those considered to be both physically attractive and creative.

Also does not contradict CH teachings. Looks matter less for men's romantic success than they do for women's romantic success, but that doesn't mean male looks don't matter at all.

> For women, though, the news is not so good. Looks remain paramount.
>
> In one experiment, creativeness did nothing to boost the allure of attractive women — and it even reduced the appeal of less attractive women.

I enjoy being with witty funny women….who are super cute. But that's because my wit and humor is at the infinity-eth percentile. The point being, the stablest, happiest relationships are those in which the man is superior to the woman in all ways except looks. Women want….NEED…to look up to a man to feel love for him. Men want….NEED….to know that a woman is looking up to him to feel loved by her.

> Why would women rate creativity among men so highly?
>
> Watkins pointed to evolutionary biology — the hidden criteria that drive us to seek the best mate for ensuring healthy offspring and their survival.
>
> "Women on average are a more selective sex when it comes to choosing romantic partners," he said.
>
> Imagination and inspiration may be "a proxy for intelligence," he suggested.
>
> "Creativity is thought to be a signal that an individual can invest time and effort into a particular task or can see things in novel ways that may be useful for survival."

Evolution works on the human hindbrain by hiding its intentions. Women aren't thinking "Oh, I really want to sex with a high IQ man who will be better at providing for our future children"; what they're thinking is "Wow, this man makes me feel great. He's so funny! Wew is that a love puddle in my yoga pants?"

> That means nerds and poets are at a big disadvantage in online dating, where decisions to swipe left or right — to shun or show interest — are often based on just a glance.
>
> “Certain platforms that we have now for dating might not be favourable for assessing people on more complex attributes,” Watkins said.

This is another vindication of a CH tenet: online dating severely restricts the range in which men can display their mate value to women. Use online dating as an appetizer, never the main meal, especially if you aren’t a top 5% man in the looks department. If you’re an exclusive online dater, you are handicapping yourself if you’re a man with that ineffable jerkboy charm that women crave in doses of close physical proximity. It’ll be much easier for you to get across your charms face-to-face than through the Zuckerborg Dehumanization Autistoportal.

A fat woman is inherently untrustworthy

CH · 27 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It’s generally a good idea to avoid those with indiscriminate tastes and passions. The wind blows them whither, and the buffet table bloats them thither. AKA NO FAT CHICKS.

Spot The Alpha Male's Wife

CH · 28 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a homoshoot of NATO wives plus Melania Trump, winnergirl.

Behold soft, plush Europe, telegraphing for all the world's barbarians that She is ready to bend over and take their invader seed. The rump roaster in the back is the """husband""" of Luxembourg's gay prime sinister, which I guess makes him the bottom.

And wtf is going on with some of these Euroshrews? How about old chicken legs on the far left trying to pull off the sexy teen girl look. Lady, don't go above the knee if your entire leg is the same width as your knee. And who's the broad in the tent and head covering? The Manchester bomber's mother? Nice blood splatter dress on that middle giantess (probably Dutch). At least the two on the far right look bangable. Melania as usual looks great, a welcome change from the Jane Goodall jungle subject we had to endure looking at for eight years.

Anyhow, the alpha male's wife is always the youngest, hottest, tightest, and most elegant of the bunch. (Luxembourg puts his hand to his chest, "why thank you!") When men have options, they choose wisely.

How You'll Know When You Have A Lady On Lock

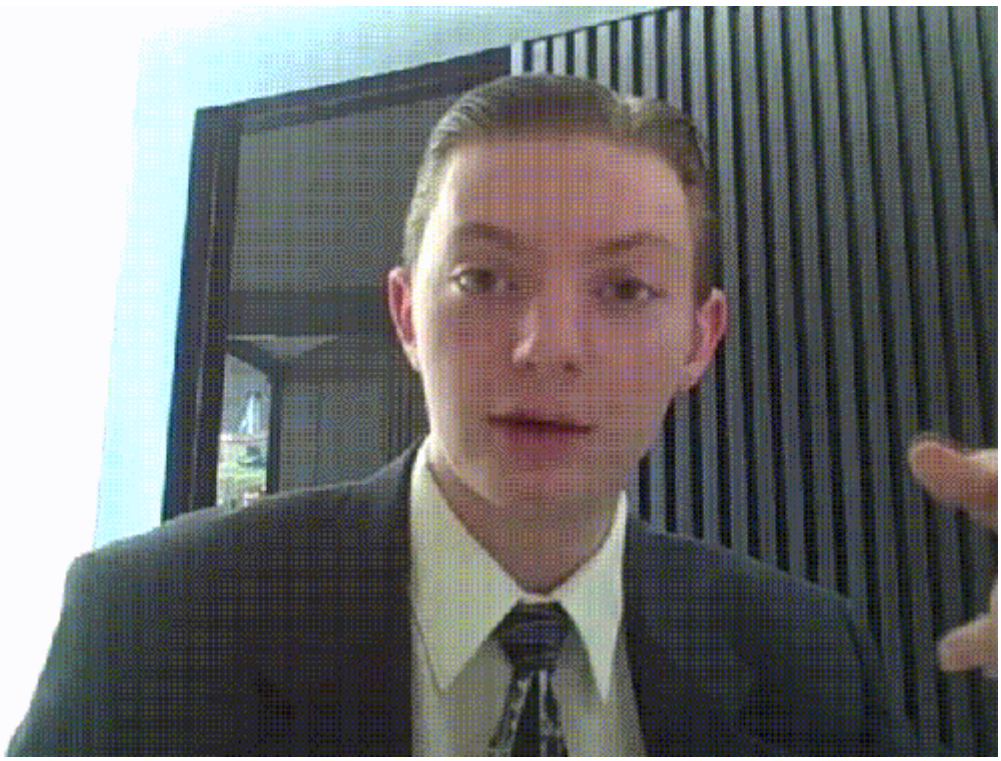
CH · 30 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

When she gives you this look:

Someone should notify Emmanuel Maricon that this is what a bangable older broad looks like. Maricon took the "half plus 7" rule and inverted it to the "twice plus twenty" rule. Way to go, try-hard closet case!

PS
Chicks dig power.
Men dig beauty.
The rest is commentary.

PPS I laughed so hard at this meme of Reviewbrah channeling his inner Racistbrah.



Posse Interruptus

CH · 30 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Why don't White people form posses and administer vigilante justice on invader "communities" that have infiltrated and despoiled their White nations? The answer rests on two fundamental pillars of social organization in late stage White nations:

1. Whites of NW European extraction have been over-bred by evolutionary forces into passive, placid house pets who wouldn't survive a day without a paternalistic owner to provide their comforts, and for whom every stranger, no matter how threatening, is a friend deserving tail wags and hand licks.
2. The Globohomo-captured leaders and representatives of White nations won't defend Whites from rapacious foreign and domestic enemies, and worse actively punish organic, local defenses that nationalistic (aka self-preserving) Whites may coordinate in their defense.

Pillar #2 is overlooked by those disposed to biocultural explanations for civilizational decline. Corn and porn and Hajnalianism can account for a lot of White passivity in the face of existential demographic threat, but an equally pernicious factor is the collusion of the White ruling class with Globohomoists pushing a one world, race-slurry dystopia that benefits no one but oligarchs in their fortified bunkers deepening their ties with the Creep State. The White man's worst enemy are his "democratically elected" leaders who sold their souls to the globalist agenda and now control the full might of the State to crush any local resistance to the forced construction of a mass market bazaar society greased by enormous waves of third world migration.

White men don't form posses because they're enervated AND because they know by now that those leaders in whom they have placed their trust and stewardship would crush absolutely any show of lethal defiance to their State-sanctioned dispossession.

I call it Posse Interruptus, and it isn't so much evidence of the "impotence of masculinity" as our Girl World evajelists would have you believe as it is the growing reality dawning on so many White men that their nations have been occupied by enemies within whose first and last order of business is enforcing the "restraining order against White masculinity".

You can tell a lot about which rebellious faction an entrenched, decadent enemy fears most by how it apportions its energies and considerable resources; the globalist elite shrug off routine Muslim terrorist attacks and nonWhite dysfunction while hammering into submission with every weapon they have on hand, short of hot lead (for now), any insurgency by White men against the Globohomo status quo that aims to turn White homelands into Blade Runner-esque nightmare visions.

Contra the agitprop of globalist emasculates, the most potent force in the world isn't Diversity™; it's White men evicted from their own homes, awakened to the traitorous boot on their necks and hungry for vengeance.

The Expired Woman

CH · 30 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

How does a woman let decades slip by and watch forlornly as she tumblrs from bodacious to barren? By deluding herself that her biological clock has more minutes on it than it actually does.

> Sarah Haas, 35, says she feels like she has about five years to decide whether to have children.

facepalm At 35, the smart bet is that the lifespan on her womb has already reached the end. If she's lucky, she'll push out one underweight autistic problem child allergic to every food group except soy before her last egg is unceremoniously expunged in a portentous hot flash by age 40.

One can blame the feminist grrlpower gaystream media for pumping women's hamster cages full of lies about their fertility and sexual market staying power, but ultimately it's the fault of these women for hoping wishing fantasizing and **persisting** in the Fake Belief that they are just as sexy and, coincidentally, ripely fertile at 35 as they were at 25 and even more so at 19.

> For Haas, 35, though, the assumptions are hard. She was in two long-term relationships, each lasting nearly a decade. If those didn't result in a child, it must be because she didn't want them to, right? Nope. It just happened that way. It was just life.

Cheap, widespread, and easy birth control has been a more potent Darwinian selection force than wars and famine. We are just now seeing the effects of that unnatural selection on the populations that have had effective birth control the longest, and the verdict is in: overrun by more fertile barbarians.

> She separates it into "before" and "after." In previous generations, many women had kids "before" — before career, before travel, before other elements of life. Now, Haas sees people who think of having children as "after" — after you have built your own, individual life.

Careergrrlism is civilizational death.

> Haas can list the reasons that now isn't the perfect time: Her career isn't in an ideal place. Financially, it would be tough. Her current relationship is pretty new.

The prologue of *Idiocracy*, the most prescient movie of the past twenty years, nailed this female solipsism.

> And, that biological feeling, that hit-you-in-your-gut urge that some women feel so deeply, has never struck Haas.
>
> "I know a lot of women who know that they want to be mothers," she says. "They know it. They don't know how; they don't know when; maybe they choose a life that doesn't give them that, but they know they want to be mothers. And because either I can't trust that feeling, or I don't have it, I do wonder if that means that I shouldn't. But at the same time, I know that I love children, and I know that I would be an amazing mother."

Tragically, she won't be making that decision for children; the God of Biomechanics will decide for her. And His avatar of intervention in human affairs — evolution — is a ruthless, merciless reaper of self-deluding fools. Her anti-natalism kind will, in short order, be washed from the earth into Hades along a Pill-polluted ovary-dead River Cysts, and we who have eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Poolside and Evil can only hope that the barrenesses of the West don't take White Civilization with them.

PS The Expired Woman is closely related to the Inspired Woman.

CH Tribute Game

CH · 31 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Mr. Meaner collected an impressive best-of compendium of CH banter lines and jizzed them all in one glorious rhetorical orgasm while jiving with a sheila on Tinder. I don't think this is the first CH reader to attempt such a feat, but Mr Meaner's effort is worth inclusion in the Hall of Swain pantheon of poon wrasslin'.

> Tinder convo, nearly every CH line used in one sitting, more as a tribute than anything. Enjoy!
>
> Me: so how normal are you?
> Her: I guess that's a matter of perception.
> Me: little spoon doesn't make the rules
> Her: Haha
> Her: What if I don't play by the rules?
> Me: punishment. that's what
> Her: Haha does this normally work for you? I'm actually curious…
> Me: only on hot girls
> Her: Touche
> Her: You're good
> Her: I'll give you that
> Me: so what else have you got going for you?
> Her: Not much really… just my looks
> Her: Oh and my sarcastic remarks
> Me: How's that working out for you?
> Her: Rather well to date
> Her: What do you have going on for yourself, apart from a desire to be domineering?

I almost feel sorry for this girl. How much vaginal overload can one girl take?

PS Take special note of the word count ratio between these two poolsiders. Mr Meaner adheres admirably to one of the Poon Commandments:

> **V. Adhere to the golden ratio**
>
> Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

Mr Meaner: 6 replies
Girl: 11 replies

That's actually better than the 2/3rds ratio recommended in Poon Commandment V, and it shows. This chick has one foot in his bedroom already.

Trump's Dread Game?

CH · 31 May 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Auarian wonders about that ballyhooed Melania hand swat that gossipy shitlibs want to believe is evidence the Trumps' marriage is faltering,

> Has anyone used any common sense in connecting the dots when Mrs. Trump was walking a little distance from the pres and delayed taking her hand…this bootylicious cougar was walking near Trump. Mrs. Trump's actions clearly reflect those of a jealous woman, maybe she was mad that this quite fuckable president of croatia was getting a little too juicy over her man and her man knew it.
>
> Ergo..she was mad.

I haven't followed the handhold story closely, so I don't know what scenes may have served as pretext to Melania's supposed displeasure with her husband, (personally I can't clearly discern from the vid I watched if she really swatted his hand away). If Auarian is right about Melania noticing HBCroatia cozying up to Donald, then his is the best reason I've read yet for Melania's hand swat. The problem is that too many shitlibs and dweebs in the gaystream media have no understanding of women, and therefore don't get that women will sometimes act out not because they don't love their husbands but because they are afraid and angry that their husbands may have cast wandering eyes at other attractive women. And when a woman acts out of jealousy, it's one small step from that to intense arousal. It's Dread Game 101.

The other reasonable explanation is that while Melania was in a woman-hating shithole like Saudi Barbaria she wanted to be extra vigilant about projecting an image of an independent woman, and maybe to her holding hands with her husband (as he walked ahead of her) undermined that goal.

Those who think Melania never loved Trump and continues to not love him are engaged in willful ignorance. Melania, like almost all women, is attracted to power and charisma, two traits Don has in ample supply. She married him when he was a real estate icon and minor celebrity. She bore a son with him. That's love. Now that Trump's Galactic Overlord? Just remember that Melania has had a habit since Inauguration Day of provoking Trump haters in the media with her sly fashion choices that mock liberal sensitivities. See for example, her "pussy bow" dress.

Side note: I've dated East European women, and it's my impression that they aren't as keen on PDA as are Western women. They're ragingly passionate sex sirens in bed, but can appear cold and distant when out in public with their men. I believe this difference goes to their DNA.

The Curse Of Male SMV Longevity

CH · 1 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Regularly dating young women in their nubile prime and having long-term relationships with some of them can provide unexpected jolts of depressing reality delivered through ordinary objects that provoke intense bouts of rumination.

Most modern couples have photos of themselves from the time they first met, usually of them hanging out, all smiles, with a group of friends. The pre-relationship photo montage is a peculiarity of the digital photography age; photos of couples spontaneously enjoying each other's company in the dawning of their love would have been much rarer before the camera phone became ubiquitous. This is why you hardly have any photos of your young parents or grandparents drinking in a bar with their friends celebrating some urban slut's birthday. It used to be that couples' photos pretty much began and ended with their marital careers.

I'm thinking of this seemingly trivial sexual market phenomenon as I write this post. More than once when I've been balls deep in a relationship I've been stopped in my tracks by a passing glance at an early photograph of the both of us that my lover had framed and prominently displayed on a dresser or somesuch. I'd look at this photo and even if it was taken only a year earlier I could discern the greater glow of youth in her appearance to what she exuded in the present. For most women, three years difference is enough to notice the quick fade of their late teens-to-mid 20s youthful allure, and the noticing becomes worse the further past prime nubility she has time traveled.

The photo juxtaposes tragically with a man's greater SMV longevity compared to women's SMV lifespan. This is the curse that shadows any man who has skin flute in the game; if you are still capturing and amplifying flirty vibes from fresh cleft, then that haunting "pre-relationship photo" with your steady will have you questioning whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the schwing-less sorrows of restricted options, or to take arms against diverging values, and by leaving reset them.

This was an ugly post, but it needed saying, because the world has become a playground for platitude pushers, and more than ever the services of borderline sadists are required to fight back against the plying of the lies. The feminized West needs this Chateau reminder of the tremendous unheralded sacrifice that men make when they commit to one woman…a sacrifice that isn't measurable by econometric formulae or social science r-squareds, but that is just as significant as the sacrifice women make for motherhood or soldiers make for their country.

Childless Married Men Are Automatically Beta

CH · 1 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter HEM writes that men who get married but then don't justify the marriage with kids are beta.

> 1) alphas don't have big weddings. Every extravagant, expensive wedding (and cake with figurines) is a chick's doing with her beta's compliance.

An alpha might go along with a big wedding if it's no skin off his nose, but HEM's general sentiment is correct: big weddings are usually the domain of domineering self-absorbed brides and their lickspittle plan B betaprops.

> 2) an alpha knows the only reason to marry is for the sake of his children. No big theatrics (small ceremony of close friends, trip to Vegas, courthouse wedding, etc). The wife is emotionally ecstatic just to take his name and the upgraded label of wife as opposed to "baby mamma." Her biggest fear was she was going to have children out of wedlock because Mr Alpha wouldn't settle down (quit partying and fucking other chicks). Any childless dude who gets married is definitively a beta.
>
> 3) alphas don't do PDA. Another sure sign of a beta male is during the "you can now kiss the bride".. If the dude is all liplocked in a pathetic movie scene inspired 5 seconds or greater kiss – guaranteed beta. He'll spend the evening eating at the Y and not pounding the pie.

lol at that last line. PDA is a tricky topic, but yeah betas are wont to publicly slobber all over their women while alphas prefer the coolasfuck policy of holstering their PDA while their women get worked up having to restrain themselves until later.

HEM's precision-guided shiv is the observation that childless husbands are beta. 4 out of 5 White irredentists agree: there's no fucking point to marriage if you won't meta-consummate it with kids. Why assume all that baggage — the enforced monogamy, the legal risks, the messy financial commingling — if your sacrifice isn't rewarded with noble heirs?

I suppose there's the filing jointly tax angle benefit, but is it worth the hassle and downsides of a non-trivial chance of divorce theft? If you just want a steady supply of sex and love, then the alpha male move is to grab yourself a long-term pussy, enrapture her to a blissfully transcendent plane of committed adoration, non-maritally cohabitate like people from the nation formerly known as Sweden, and wheeze dustily into that long twilight holding hands until the Final Snuff relieves your shared earthly burden.

PS Hi, Pman!

SCIENCE Not Silence: Physically Weak Men Are More Likely To Be Shitlibs

CH · 1 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

SCIENCE SAYS!: Noodle-armed bitch-tittied nü-males are more likely to be shitlibs.

> An academic study from researchers at Brunel University London assessed 171 men, looking at their height, weight, overall physical strength and bicep circumference, along with their views on redistribution of wealth and income inequality. The study, published in the *Evolution and Human Behavior* journal, found that weaker men were more likely to favor socialist policies than stronger men.
>
> Brunel University's Michael Price believes this may be a product of evolutionary psychology.
>
> "This is about our Stone Age brains, in a modern society," said Dr. Price. "Our minds evolved in environments where strength was a big determinant of success. If you find yourself in a body not threatened by other males, if you feel you can win competitions for status, then maybe you start thinking inequality is pretty good."

I know, try to contain your shock. But this is SCIENCE, the beloved snark totem of the shitlib self-holding company, speaking authoritatively on a topic that causes shitlibs to spontaneously menstruate and temporarily forget that ¡SCIENCE! can and often does radically undermine their globohomo worldview.

I'm surprised shitlibs have so desperately allied themselves with the SCIENCE abstraction, given how incredibly easy it is for subversives like yours unduly to rhetorically hang shitlibs with their own professed faith in SCIENCE. "You're a fan of science, libmanlet? Good for you! So tell me, what are your thoughts on the science of physiognomy and innate race and sex differences?"

Predictably, the mass cucking of America over the past few generations has allowed shitlibs the luxury of wrapping themselves in the cloak of SCIENCE because there have been — UNTIL NOW — so few shitlords willing to id-slap the neotenous SCIENCE crowd with findings that cut against the equalism and magic dirt narratives.

PS "Science not Silence" is the latest mystery bleat canard shitlibs have adopted to virtue snivel to their fellow shitlibs in their all-White hipster doofus gentrified enclaves. Like I said, this is a shitlib own goal as long as the Maul-Right is around to remind everyone what SCIENCE has to say about subjects that science-hating shitlibs would rather ban from public discourse.

Our State Department

CH · 1 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Behold the geniuses and honest men staffing our respected State Department, and the complicit Gaystream Media apparatchiks that allow this unremitting torrent of Creep State bullshit to flow unimpeded. (h/t mpc)

(PS Thank a Russian hacker today for helping to bring about a better informed American citizenry by doing the job the US media wouldn't do.)

> Watch as Stuart Jones, a high-level acting official in the State Dept, is asked why they criticize Iranian elections but never Saudi Arabia: pic.twitter.com/RLkKGn48Z7
>
> — Alex Emmons (@AlexanderEmmons) May 30, 2017

THAT'S NOT AN ANSWER. YOU LOSE! GOOD DAY, SIR!

Seriously, this video is an illuminating glimpse at the normally hidden gears of the bloated managerial state and the claimed Equalist suppositions that grease the entire corrupt machine and repackage it for normie consumption. There's no logical consistency to criticizing Iranian elections while giving Saudi Barbaria a pass. Maybe a Gaystream reporterette could follow up on Mr. Jones' non-answer and ask if the self-evident goodness of the neocon project of "exporting democracy" doesn't apply to certain Arabian sandpits? HAHA nope never happen.

In related news, The State Department is apparently acting under its own counsel and ignoring President Trump's directives, by raising the quota limit on the number of rapefugees permitted to enter US territory and squat here indefinitely. Is this treason against the American people? (answer: it is)

DESTROY THE DEEP STATE.

PS One wonders exactly how much money the Saudis funneled into Hillary Clinton's ~~early retirement plan~~ Clinton Foundation during her tenure as State Department head? How much influence did Saudi Arabia receive for their investment in thecunt's ahem "charity work"?

Alpha Or Beta?

CH · 1 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ok, now same question, but with the roles reversed: the groom dragging the reluctant bride by her dress collar to the altar.

Renewable Energy Sources Are Money Sinks

CH · 2 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The latest rhetorical gambit by shitlibs emotionally invested in virtue sniveling about global warming but starting to feel uncomfortable about conspicuously aligning themselves with globalist nation-wreckers, is that renewable energy — by which they mean solar and wind — is good for the American economy and will create lots of jobs.

This is how shitlibs are trying to do an end-run around Trump's nationalist appeals. They like to crow about there being "ten times as many solar industry jobs as there are coal mining jobs", and point to that as evidence that Trump's pulling out of the Paris Accord will hurt American workers.

It's all disingenuous bullshit, which is standard operating procedure for the Fat Cat Globalist Left. Solar and wind are propped up by MASSIVE government subsidies. Wind subsidies alone total $176 billion dollars.

Can the US afford these subsidies? The country is $19 trillion in debt and essentially bankrupt. You tell me.

If you remove the Fake Economy of government subsidies, the renewable energy industry collapses overnight. And a reminder: subsidies are your taxed income from productive work being redistributed to artificially maintain uncompetitive job sectors.

(Another Fake Economy: the black middle class. If you remove lax government hiring and affirmative action to staff useless dead weight jobs, there is no black middle class.)

Now one can argue that those subsidies are necessary investments to avoid the coming global meltdown apocalypse (similarly how one could argue government make-work and set-asides are a necessary Dindugeld to pacify an enormous class of dysfunctional moochers), but what you can't argue is that the renewable energy industry is good for the American economy. But just try telling this lovefact to the numbnuts at Shitlib Central hiveminds like NPR.

The Paris Accord is nothing less than a Globohomo cash grab from America to China, India, and the dirt poor Southern Hemisphere. A good rule of thumb is that all these international agreements have as their primary goal the hobbling of American power and sovereignty. That's why the Gay Mulatto loved signing up for them. And that's why the big business community and 0.1%ers hate immigration restriction and a Rio Grande Wall; they enrich themselves on the cheap labor provided by the Southern Hemisphere and the destruction of middle class White localism that would act as a preventive against globohomoist depredations.

If elitist shitlibs now crying about Trump's majestic middle finger to the globalists were sincere in their stated beliefs about what pulling out of the Paris Accord would mean for the earth, they'd immediately stop jetting around the world to their Davosian confabs. Richard Branson, the homosexual CEO of Virgin Airlines who was photographed canoodling with the homosexual Barack Obama, certainly contributes more than his fair share of CO2 to the atmosphere.

Also, mass dirt world immigration into the West isn't exactly a boon for the environment, either. Nothing says "I love Mother Gaia" like importing hundreds of millions of low carbon-emitting Third Worlders into the First World where they can immediately jump the economic development queue and live the high life of a high carbon-emitting Westerner.

Of course, shitlibs aren't sincere, they just want to virtue snivel for the approval of their effete low T audiences with sterling SAT scores. You can tell how badly insincere they are because they've resorted to criticizing Trump for leaving an agreement that wasn't even binding. OK, if the Paris Accord wasn't binding, then what the hell good would it have done if the US stayed in it? Oh yeah, the whole point to the Paris Accord, like most of these international deals, is to set up a money train in loans from international investment bankers.

> The agreement is widely expected to be the catalyst for large-scale lending and investments in greenhouse gas (GHG) reduction technologies and infrastructure. The International Energy Agency has estimated that the

> investment required to meet the Paris Agreement goals could be a towering $1 trillion annually. Bank of America Merrill Lynch calculates that investments in renewable energy alone will need to grow to $900 billion by 2030.

My thoughts on global warming:
– probably some human influence
– likely not as bad as predicted
– intervention would be pointless (CO2 lag effect baked in the cake)
– best solutions are adapting & nuclear power
– wind & solar are money sinks
– Int'l accords are meant to hobble USA
– Trump right again.

So chalk this one up as a win for Trumperica. If shitlibs want to reduce CO2 emissions, maybe they should think about de-scaling their societies and retreating from international liberalism? As @tteclod put it on Gab,

> Best solution is energy conservation. Your family doesn't need two commuter cars if your wife doesn't need to be employed outside your home. Your kids don't ride a bus if they attend a neighborhood school. Your country can build less infrastructure if it rejects refugees & immigrants. Conserve.

Trump should sell his travel bans, wall, and immigration moratorium as environmentally friendly. It would be an easy sell, because it's true. You listening, Bannon? Miller?

The Paris Accord discord on the Left is the usual shitlibbery: distilled womanish hysteria from the rank and file emos, shekel-counting from the internationalist bankers. Trump is hated by both because he refuses to subsidize their lifestyles. And that's a win for Heritage America.

Shitlord Of The Week: TX Rep. Matt Rinaldi

CH · 2 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Call it the Trump Effect (NPR uptalkers call it that): another White man has unlocked the Secret Cow Level where his balls roam free to graze, and finds that he likes the heft of them.

> Republican lawmaker: I called immigration authorities on Capitol protesters
>
> On the last day of the regular session of the Texas Legislature, hundreds protested at the Capitol — and Republican state Rep. Matt Rinaldi called ICE on them. He also nearly came to blows with Democratic colleagues.
>
> […]
>
> State Rep. Matt Rinaldi, R-Irving, said he called U.S Immigration and Customs Enforcement while hundreds of people dressed in red T-shirts unfurled banners and chanted in opposition to the state's new sanctuary cities law. His action enraged Hispanic legislators nearby, leading to a tussle in which each side accused the other of threats and violence. […]
>
> Hispanic Democratic lawmakers involved in the altercation said it wasn't physical but indicated that Rinaldi got into people's faces and cursed repeatedly. Video shot from the House floor shows both Republicans and Democrats pushing each other.
>
> "[Rinaldi] came up to us and said, 'I'm glad I just called ICE to have all these people deported,'" said state Rep. César Blanco, D-El Paso, whose account was echoed by state Reps. Armando Walle, D-Houston, and Ramon Romero, D-Fort Worth.
>
> "He said, 'I called ICE — fuck them,'" Romero added. Rinaldi also turned to the Democratic lawmakers and yelled, "Fuck you," to the "point where spit was hitting" their faces, Romero said.

? ?

> "Matt Rinaldi looked into the gallery and saw Hispanic people and automatically assumed they were undocumented. He racially profiled every single person that was in the gallery today. He created the scenario that so many of us fear."

It's about time these fucking anti-White shock troops felt a shiver of fear.

Let's have a look at Matt Rinaldi's physiognomy.

Very trustworthy. Would enlist in the Chateau Deconquista Corps.

His wife is nice looking, too. Not surprising, really. Shitlord of the Week winners can usually be counted on to have wifed up attractive, non-fatty White women. This is a good time to introduce my “Bangable Wife” assessment of a man’s commitment to preserving White America: the hotter the wife, the more likely her husband won’t sell his country to the nearest globohomoist oligarch bidder.

I know Texas will soon turn blue thanks to the refried beaner tidal wave, but in their defense if there are any White men left who will fight for Heritage America, you can bet a lot of them live in Texas.

Three cheers for Matt Rinaldi!

The Saddest Sight In The World Coming Soon To A Dying Society Near You

CH · 5 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Around the year 2040, maybe a little sooner or later, the saddest sight in the world will be seen in the wilds of a dying America. It will be so sad, so pathetic, that onlookers will know deep in their bones — it will in fact cause them to palpably shiver — that was the moment their country finally yielded itself through wheezing gasping breaths to the illimitable darkness.

That sight will be an old wrinkly woman with leathery over-tanned skin sporting a "Proud Slut" tattoo, or a similar formulation, on a visible part of her body such that it was obviously meant for mass consumption during greener times, but now etched into her skin in drape-like folds, creased almost beyond recognition and the color leached out of it to a smear of sickly gray.

When you see it, you will remember this post, and regret that the world only had to listen to CH.

PS Odds the first sighting will be in Florida: 100%

Try to imagine this:

…on an eighty-year-old woman's haggard body.

There's nothing more pathetic than a slut who long ago aged out of her ability to capture male interest, but continues to advertise her past sluttery inches above her dusty muff. It's self-mockery as biting as the WE WAZ KANGZ meme.

Why Men Prefer Smaller Women

CH · 5 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Women prefer to lay with taller men, generally. There is a visual dominance aspect to this preference that synchronizes with the female craving for men who are socially and psychologically dominating. In short (heh), women like the feeling they get when they literally and figuratively have to look up to men.

Less remarked upon is men's preference for women smaller than themselves. Far from universal, it is nevertheless a common sight to see a taller/larger/fatter man with a shorter/smaller/thinner woman. Much more common than seeing the inverse.

It used to be thought that the latter was simply a consequence of the former; that is, women choose to be with bigger men than themselves and since women are the choosier sex men don't choose smaller women so much as men end up with smaller women who have chosen them.

But what if the preference for sex-based size differentials goes both ways? What if men prefer smaller and thinner women as strongly as women prefer bigger men?

Reader Ironsides speculates that, if it exists, a male preference for smaller women is probably an evolved predilection that harkens back to a distant time — and which remains salient today — when size was the integral factor of tribal dominance.

> [A smaller woman] also might instinctively indicate a person who won't be constantly fighting the man for dominance. Instinct may not be fine-grained enough to distinguish a large, muscle-bound creature from a large, blubbery creature. It simply perceives enough bulk to indicate the mass necessary to challenge the male for leadership of the family/pack.
>
> Kind of like how most guys won't get in an LTR with a woman taller than they are — and how they often seem to be the subject of mockery or scorn when they do. See, for example, the view of Scalzi's home life on this site.

Scalzied's wife is not just taller than him, she's bigger too. She looks like she could break Scalzi over her knee. And he's the type of blobby shitlib goober who'd brag about that.

> A large female may simply trigger a hard-wired "rival, not mate" reaction, even if the largeness is helpless blubber rather than muscle. Or at least, triggers a "what is it?" reaction from the instincts, which might be even more fundamentally unsettling than a straight-up "this is a rival" response.

So men have two good subconscious Darwinian reasons to reject fat chicks: fatties have lower fertility, and can be mistaken for dominance rivals. Or resource hogs (heh).

It's an interesting supposition, but I think it goes even deeper than Ironside's Fatties As Assumed Rival Theory (FaART), to the sexual dynamic always present between man and woman. Smaller women (relative to the man they're with) appear more vulnerable and in need of protection. This female vulnerability adds a layer of pleasure to a man's arousal, because men (White men at least) have evolved a wintry instinct to provide for a woman and any children they may have together. Big ol horsewomen don't trigger that response in men. That's why betafag low T losers like scalzi glom onto amazons….those kind of weak men prefer to be in the role of the vulnerable partner, mentally fapping to their own powerlessness.

All these calculations are subconscious (or fleetingly conscious). The grunt work to ensure our reproductive success on this earth is done by the tiny imbued survival and replication motors in our hindbrain architecture built and powered by our genes. On the poolside level of awareness, it's all about the custard cannon. Men don't like big-n-fat

chicks because they look disgusting and sex with them feels gross. That’s really all the justification the God of Biomechanics needs to get His dirty work done.

Gaystream Media Propaganda Mill CNN Stages A Fake Protest

CH · 5 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Just when you think the leftoid media corruption machine can't sink lower in its efforts to brainwash the masses in their anti-White Globohomo narrative, malevolent CNN shitlibs were exposed as having staged a Fake Protest of "muslims" in head scarves "spontaneously" "gathering" to "stand with" the London policemen who put an end to yet another muslim terrorist killing spree.

The purpose of CNN's staged protest is putatively to undercut the argument of justifiably angry Whites that muslim invasion is bad for White nations. In the leftoid's mind the ruse works like this: a solidarity street protest of a handful of traditionally garbed muslims aligning against rampant terror attacks is visual proof positive that all muslims except a few oddballs are right on the verge of seamlessly assimilating to SWPL society, and anyone who doesn't embrace more muslim immigration is a bigoted bigot, a racist, and a Noticer of Very Bad Things.

Unfortunately, CNN had trouble finding a spontaneous gathering of muslims expressing sympathy for Westerners and their values, and had to resort to, eh, *alternative facts* to "tell a larger truth" (that larger truth is the gaystream media lies like a rug).

President Trump is 100% right: Fake News! Sad! (and maybe illegal. trust-bust the media companies NOW. or go after CNN for securities fraud.)

Body Language Analysis

CH · 5 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Submitted for your judgment: A photo of four — two women, two men — preserved in a ripely evocative group pose begging for a body language analysis.

We'll start with the men.

USA Hat: strong posture, shit-kicking boots, no toothy smile, no hoverhand (his hidden hand might even be snugly nestled in the small of the woman's back), contrapposto standing pose (this is the iconic alpha male pose when standing in place), the fist is a little try-hard and cheesy but it works as an accessory to his general aura. Most telling: he has no discomfort pressing his body and her body together for the camera. A subatomic particle couldn't wedge itself between those two. Bonus body language cue: there's a subtle, yet jam-packed with sexual polarity, power dynamic in evidence: she's practically motor-boating his pecs. VERDICT: ALPHA MALE

Paramilitary Peacocker: feet pointing straight ahead and nearly heel to heel in a casual setting indicates some discomfort with his surroundings, arms clasped tightly behind back add to the overall impression of closed body language indicating that this man is uneasy in this free-wheeling social environment and doesn't want his body intruding in the physical or sociosexual senses. The un-toothed smirk is a plus as is the Eastwoodian squint, but the facial confidence is betrayed by his body leaning into the group. If you're worried about getting cropped from a photo, don't lean in; just position yourself closer to the center of the pack, even if it means physical closeness that stresses you out. VERDICT: RECENTLY WOKE AND WILLING TO LEARN BETA MALE

Now the women:

Blondie: Easy natural smile, relaxed posture. She's executing a three-quarter turn which means she's not too solipsistic for a woman (the self-absorbed women tend to stop whatever they're doing and turn to pose conspicuously and dramatically for the camera), the three-quarter turn with one knee bent also reveals an underlying feminine warmth that I bet translates to a preference for bedroom intimacy…and note to whom her bent knee is pointing (USA! USA!). This broad looks like a lot of fun at a party, the type of girl who'd scamper around

making everyone feel at home. VERDICT: ALPHA FEMALE BASED ON LOOKS ALONE

High Contrast Ravenette: Her smile is a mystery novel, evoking at once consternation, callousness, mischief, and a volcanic smoldering sexuality. Her MAGAma is about to blow. All she needs is to find that man with enough T in the tank to scale her summit, peer over her precipice, and with a cocksure grin coax a mighty eruption from the abyss that is her tightly wound womanly soul. And from the body language assessment I have provided so far, that man won't be Paramilitary Peacocker. Bonus body language clue: look closely and you'll see she's matching USA Hat's contrapposto pose. Mmmmhmmmm, awww yeeeeahhh. VERDICT: ALPHA FEMALE BASED ON LOOKS ALONE

PS Big ups to both women for keeping their hair long and their tats, if they have them, away from their necks and faces. It's almost too much to ask of women nowadays, ain't it?

PPS Ladies, ladies, don't knit your delicate brows. You should feel honored to place among the women who have served as CH muses. Seriously.

Our Shared Single White Woman Problem

CH · 6 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An over-muscled, low E, boy-hipped, steroidal androgynous butterface who was a BernieHo and "resisted" Trump, got really mad on the day Trump fired Comey and rashly decided to snail mail copies of NSA classified information to a reporter, who promptly called the NSA to verify the docs were authentic, after which the FBI came a-knockin' for our hicklib heroine. And now the dumb dickclit is meme material for /pol/ sadists.

> The 25-year-old woman who stole "Top Secret" documents from the National Security Agency and leaked them to The Intercept appears to be a supporter of Bernie Sanders and other progressive icons, such as Bill Maher and Michael Moore.
>
> Reality Leigh Winner's

"Reality Winner". Her hippie parents really took those "fake it till you make it" and "assume the sale" maxims to heart when they named her.

> apparent social media footprint also shows that she is a supporter of other liberal causes, including the Women's March and the Islamic Society of North America, the Muslim civil rights group.
>
> She also recently referred to President Trump as a "piece of shit" because of his position on the Dakota Access Pipeline (DAPL) protests.

Let's have a look at Mz Fantasy Loser's sexually ambiguous libdyke physiognomy:

Waste-to-hipless ratio: 1488.7

The fucking traps and delts on this biological experiment gone awry would be the envy of Scalzi's Megawife. And of course Reality Neigh Winner was into cupping. Every airy-fairy swpl drone fad ticked off on her atomized soul-search for meaning.

Some more bio on Reality W(ien)ner:

> White House leaker "Reality Leigh Winner": Jewish, Bernie Supporter, supports Muslims, Women's Marchhttps://t.co/uOQC3ntaBR pic.twitter.com/AKBFI3xafP
>
> — St. Frexit (@SlFrexit) June 5, 2017

I was planning to sub-head this post "and our acutely shared single jewish woman problem", but I thought that would be too on the nose. Instead, I'll request the services of an enterprising meme-lord to 'shop the tanktop she's wearing in this photo to read "EVERY DAMN TIME":

Here's a reality that should shake Reality "Being White is terrorism" Winner's self-conception to the core: The modern post-patriarchy post-shame post-truth and post-beauty America corrupts single White women, totally and utterly, turning them from fresh-faced young feminine women into tatted and injected masculinized freak ogresses recklessly subverting every value and tradition that provided the foundation for the rise of America to a nation the envy of the world. Thanks, ladies! For proof, check these before and after shots of Reality Nay Winner:

Before the influence of Femcunt Unreality:

After the influence of Femcunt Unreality:

A tragic fall from grace.
From innocence to cynicism.
From feminine to unfeminine.

From love to self-hate.

I've written about this stuff before, and it always bears repeating because it so thoroughly exposes the craven psychological motivation of the modren Leftoid Fuggernaut. The Left is the outpost of SMV oddballs who want vengeance on the beautiful people and their beautiful nations. The gnarled, ugly anti-White leftoid ideology is a siren song to the degenerate freak mafia, to the has-beens and never-was's, to the nerdos and tomboys and manlets and manginas and uptalkers and poindexters and fatties and emotionally deformed and mentally ill and spiritually spent and bodily bent and every bitter loser with a hard-on for powerlessness who seethed far too long with envy for his or her betters instead of doing what it took to improve themselves in accordance with the immutable laws of aesthetic and humanistic truth as set forth in evolutionary scripture by the God of Biomechanics.

The Equalist Left is a repository of rejects, and the Reality Lame Winners of the West are the circus sideshow soldierettes of the devolution into Lies and Ugliness, where they believe, at last, they will feel welcome, loved, and accepted in the bosom of their Ugly Lying creation. But they will only feel miserable, and misery will be their company, forever.

Speaking of souldead single White women, here's a pic of the White Brit spinster who married one of the London Bridge dirtbag terrorists and garnered him a green card for the duration:

Aiding and abetting the swarthiland immivasion of the West, a calling that is irresistible to our single White women! Once more…thanks, ladies!

Our shared single White woman problem is huge, and growing. Something must be done, and soon, before they destroy White nations with their toxic empathobesity and peripatetic pussies.

Bold White Prole Of The Week: Roy Larner

CH · 6 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Roy Larner, a 47-year-old White prole, took on three mudfilth muslim killers and lived to tell the tale.

> 47-year-old Roy Larner battled the three machete-wielding jihadis with bare fists and shouted: “Fuck you, I’m Millwall!”

This should be the new maul-right rallying cry. Season to taste, e.g., “Fuck you, I’m Louisville!”.

Roy was enjoying a pint in a pub when the attackers ran in with machetes, chanting, “Islam, Islam!” and “This is for Allah!”

He’s now been hailed as the Lion of London Bridge, a reference to his football club’s nickname. But like any true set of football fans, his mates have been sure to keep his feet firmly on the ground.

They’ve presented him with a book called *Learn to Run* – a tongue-in-cheek gesture, praising him for not hiding when the terrorists entered the building.

Unlike the demeaning snark aka humiliation porn enjoyed by swpl shitlibs, prole humor is authentic, generous, and genuinely funny.

> Roy was knifed eight times by the attackers at the Black & Blue restaurant and bar. He fearlessly shouted back and fought them alone, saving countless lives and allowing others to escape in the process.
>
> Hero Roy told The Sun from hospital: “They had these long knives and started shouting about Allah. Then it was, ‘Islam, Islam, Islam’.
>
> “Like an idiot, I shouted back at them. I thought, ‘I need to take the piss out of these bastards.’ I took a few steps towards them and said, ‘Fuck you, I’m Millwall.’ So they started attacking me.”
>
> Roy claimed he shouted it a second time, and described it as ‘the worst thing’ he could have done as they carried on attacking him.
>
> “I stood in front of them, trying to fight them off. Everyone else ran to the back. I was on my own against all three of them, that’s why I got hurt so much.

Let’s have a look at Roy’s physiognomy:

100% shitlord. No doubt about it. His bravery should therefore be unsurprising to anyone who understands the predictive power of #PhysiognomyIsReal.

Roy Larner is hereby bestowed with the highest gallantry honour a limey can receive — the Chateau Heartiste Iron Triskelion.

Roy Larner didn't choose love. He chose to stand and fight. And that should shame every quisling White lib in the West.

Pro-White Hand Gestures Vs Anti-Goofball Female Id (it's no contest)

CH · 6 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I had to chuckle when I saw this photo in the CH combox (h/t a reader who shall remain anon):

The reader writes,

> A liberal friend sent me this — ah ha! Racist hand-gestures!
>
> I responded:
>
> The funniest thing is Brittany Pettibone, who is very good looking as well somewhat articulate, cannot help but sit removed from the goofy guys with a mildly disgusted look on her face in a posture that is defending her lady-parts from the subpar sexual equipage of these dorks and signaling that none of these guys is her boyfriend.

One underlying psychological obstacle for those men who have lurid designs on the bodies, hearts and souls of alt-coquettes is, as commenter manwhoisthursday put it, the probable weirdness of chicks who conspicuously and publicly glom onto small insurgent political movements started by men, especially a movement that has as its central conceit a willingness to jettison female-friendly treacly and embrace the ugliest mantruths about humanity. I welcome the alliance of these thot little minxes, but their active participation is a red flag that the girl has, generously, a quirky personality and acts and thinks in ways that are unrepresentative for the female norm of behavior.

Because, and I suffer to say it, the single White woman norm of behavior in 2017 Weimerica is shitlib. Women are herd animals, and the herd has been stampeding in the shitlib direction for a long time now. So it's sensible from the aspiring alt-cad's POV to cast a wary eye at single White women who blatantly counter-signal the platitudes of the majority of their sex. If you want to take a crack at these outlier alt-chicks, I suggest you speak smoothly and

carry a based stick.

To be fair to the alt-men in this photo, any mixed group social event that has one cute girl in the company of eight men is bound to elicit egg-guarding defensiveness and egg-gilding ego boostification in the outflanked and surrounded girl. BP's closed body language and sit-offishness may therefore be less an indictment of the quality of the men at that table than a natural female instinct toward personal safety when the sex ratio is badly skewed.

If that's the case, then one of these men needs to peel away from the sausage reich and coax BP into a mano-a-womano private location where her feminine power can more assertively flower. Godspeed, aspiring alt-womanizer, and remember that milk and OK hand signs may trigger shitlibs but only the Rude Word of Game can thaw a frosty thot.

Souldead Spinsters

CH · 7 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As little as five years ago, the following would have been an unbelievable story, mistaken for extreme satire. Today, it's real: Swedish bitterbitches and souldead spinsters are flooding their homeland with swarthy young muds and inviting their pet refugees into their homes to get their (liberally lubed) dusty muffs banged out.

> Swedish social service workers tend to be older women that are outspoken advocates of socialism, feminism, multiculturalism, ect. It is now being alleged that many of these women actually get involved in social services in order to have sex with young immigrant men. Some Swedish media outlets are even accusing these women of "exploiting teenagers" for sex.
>
> These women are being called"Batikhäxor," which is sometimes translated into English as "Dye Witch."

In America, we call them "blue-haired fatties".

> It is a derogatory Swedish slang term for an unattractive woman who is an outspoken advocate of feminism and political correctness. Similar to what is called a "Social Justice Warrior" in the USA, but specifically for older women.
>
> The ongoing double-murder trial of Johanna Moller has brought the scandal to the forefront. Moller is accused of having an Afghan refugee murder her husband and father. During the trial, it has been alleged that she routinely plied underage refugees with drugs and alcohol and had sex with them.

Reminder that young men, even indiscriminate swarthlords with low standards, prefer younger hotter tighter female flesh to older looser wrinklier spinster sag, and have to be plied with drugs, drink, and green cards to lay with these batikhaxor:

> The communist website Black Spot published an explosive anonymous column from a female social worker stating that it is common to have sex with young male refugees. The anonymous columnist says that the males are traumatized and the sex is therapeutic for them.

Gine-ological projection.

Western nations are spinning apart; the center has stopped holding. Wailing bitterbitches rend their families and gnash their gashes for rapefugee romance; souldead spinsters whose porky bodies and unfeminine demeanor have turned off their own men delude themselves that juvie jihadis truly, deeply love them and that rekindled spark in their old leathery snappers is worth trashing their nations.

Our shared single White woman problem vexes the entire White West. We solve it, or we perish. Simple as that.

Islam As Anti-Christianity

CH · 7 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Lawrence Auster (RIP, a true shtetl of mettle mensch), discussed William Muir's 1878 *The Life of Mahomet* and drew the apt comparison that Muhammed was essentially the opposite of Jesus, the anti-Jesus, and that this says everything you need to know about the type of people who are drawn to the message of Islam. (via)

> I've just read the fascinating third chapter of William Muir's 1878 *The Life of Mahomet*, "The Belief of Mahomet in His Own Inspiration." In the great tradition of 19th century scholarship, Muir is an author who sees both the trees and the forest. He works closely from the original sources, presenting the facts about Mahomet (I'll use Muir's old-fashioned spelling here) as we have them from the Moslem tradition, while also offering his own critical assessment of those facts. He has a highly articulated point of view about Mahomet that seems to me exceptionally insightful.
>
> Muir shows how Mahomet became convinced, or claimed, that his own thoughts were Allah speaking to him, so that every sentence in the Koran, every single word, is believed to come directly from Allah. While Muir doesn't deny Mahomet's spiritual experiences that led to the writing of the Koran, he calls Mahomet's claim of divine authorship a *forgery*, since he was falsely claiming that Allah was the author of the Koran rather than himself. By placing this divine imprimatur on his own thoughts, he made them impervious to analysis. To this day, it is virtually impossible for Moslems to think critically about the contents of the Koran.
>
> After pointing out that Mahomet himself occasionally worried that it was genii who were speaking to him rather than Allah, Muir does something rather brilliant. He demonstrates, step by step, that **Jesus' responses to the three temptations of Satan were the *exact opposite* of Mahomet's behavior. Whereas Jesus refused to use his divine powers for his personal advantage or for power, Mahomet often used his (false) claim of direct divine authorship of the Koran for purely personal ends (such as his various murders and marriages), and, of course, to make his religious teaching into an earthly, conquering, political force. In other words, Mahomet yielded to the temptations that Jesus rejected. Therefore, Muir concludes (and he calls this a suggestion rather than a dogma), if Mahomet was indeed inspired by a supernatural being, it was not God but someone else.**
>
> In this connection, Andrew Bostom in his research for his book on Islam has discovered and shared with me a remarkable Persian illustration of Muhammad at the massacre of the Koreizites, a Jewish tribe of Medina. It's a famous episode in Muslim history. Muhammad, whose face is veiled, is seen sitting with his lieutenants in a kind of plaza while the killings, which he has ordered, proceed in front of him. The illustration is highly significant because it shows Muhammad "at work," as it were. This is what he did as Prophet and founder of a religion. Nothing could bring out more clearly the world of difference between Muhammad and Jesus. While Jesus, innocent of sin, allowed himself to be executed for the sins of mankind, Muhammad ordered the mass executions of innocent men.
>
> Getting back to William Muir's remarkable biography, he quotes and comments on many passages from the Koran, making that book somewhat accessible to me for the first time, since whenever I have tried to read it on my own, I've been quickly overcome by a combination of boredom and revulsion. **It occurs to me that the primitiveness of the Koran, the endless reiteration of the theme, "Either you follow Allah, or you are a piece of garbage and you are going to burn in hell," is like taking the judgmental aspect of the Hebrew and Christian scriptures at its most judgmental, reworking it into the crudest possible form, and making that into the basis of an entire religion. And perhaps that is the reason Islam, unlike Judaism and Christianity, was so successful in winning over the Arabs: it appealed to their simple, fierce, tribal mentality in a way that Judaism and Christianity could not.**

Why are the world's violent and primitive attracted to Islam? Executioner's Summary: it's Islam's appeal to the base

instincts. The sand people are on the whole a stupid, clannish, hot-headed, inbred lot who have populated the world in numbers well above their natural state of existence thanks to the oil money and exported Western technology, and so it is their religion appeases and amplifies their under-evolved natures and provides justification for their burgeoning populations to expand and conquer infidel lands. You'll note, too, Islam's appeal to prison blacks, for similar reason: dr. feelgood and Hulk SMASH for the brutishly dumb.

Christianity is the religion of the higher IQ, the more empathic, the bigger-souled, the guilt-based (inner morality); it's a religion for a people whose impulse is to transcend their human failings and better themselves, rather than to embrace their will to filth and stamp a seal of approval on their avaricious barbarity. Now of course there are exceptions, but in the sweep of history the general observation holds up, and continues to hold up.

I'm of the opinion that a religion is less an influence on culture and society than it is a manifest revelation of the genetic foundation of the people who profess belief in it. Religion serves the God of Biomechanics, not the other way around, and over time a religion is amended and elaborated, or in the case of Islam distilled to its thuggish essence, to satisfy the soulful yearnings and emotional demands of its followers. Christianity, in other words, could never be felt the same way or interpreted with the same keenness outside of the social context of civilized White Europeans and their diaspora. The same is true for Islam, which must necessarily remain chained to the jungle hearts of its tropical and desert wasteland base of believers (who will never realize this until they force Armageddon upon the world).

Regrettably, Christianity, like its people, has "out-evolved" itself — it evolved to where it was always logically heading faster and more completely than it could counter-evolve defenses against exploitation of its core tenets — and now waits in a horribly weakened condition for enemies to burn its cathedrals and piss on the gravestones of its saints and heroes.

Those who think the White West can be unyoked from Christianity and not just survive but thrive are fools; Christianity can no more be excised from the West than charity, empathy, genius, poetry, and high trust can be cut out from Western societies without permanently altering the character of the people. Discarding Christianity is taking a hatchet to a part of the essence of European man and expecting him to walk off the operating table unchanged. Instead, what's happened is de-Christianized European man lays naked and defenseless on his gurney, once lamenting and now begging the world's demon spawn to put the final fading glimmers of his listless spirit to the breaking wheel.

Lack Of Options = Loose Standards

CH · 7 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

File under: Too funny

No further shivving, yer honor.

Condescension Game Update

CH · 8 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An enterprising reader (call name: ireallymissyareally) already put my Condescension Game suggestion to use (if only the government worked this fast).

Victory. This reader's patronus is Birthday Cat.

And now I will take a long acid bath to wash the gayness of Harry Potter references off me.

Phoney Comey Update

CH · 8 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Clinton taint-licker Phoney Comey did his cowardly, CYA beta male shuck and jive act today before a Congressional panel, and as everyone who wasn't a lunatic libshit knew already, Comey all but loudly proclaimed from the mountaintop that there's nothing to the Trump-Russia collusion Fake News, and oh yeah one other thing he's the kind of guy who's scared to be in the same room with Trump. Admirable FBI Director we had there!

The clearest, most succinct take on the crackpot charade comes from here:

> Very well said, gentlemen. To me the key of understanding this so typical Beltway "scandal" is to look at the readily available primary evidence; in this case, that means the President's dismissal letter to Comey. Remember the passage in that letter that got the usual suspects riled up?
>
> ——
>
> *While I greatly appreciate you informing me, on three separate occasions, that I am not under investigation, I nevertheless concur with the judgment of the Department of Justice that you are not able to effectively lead the Bureau.*
>
> ——
>
> Now we know from Comey's submitted, written testimony exactly why the President used this odd phrasing.
>
> The President was briefed by the FBI director when he was President-Elect about certain ugly charges circulating around about his time in Russia as a private citizen and was informed directly that the FBI knew there was no truth to them nor that there was any Trump "Russia link" being investigated.
>
> Once President, as the lying press continued to go crazy with this fake story, he asked Comey again–now as his boss–to dispel the cloud that was hanging over his ability to do his job as a result of this typical bullshit Beltway media frenzy, and Comey refused, citing, as has been expertly noted here, a lame excuse. An exasperated Trump then told Comey he expected loyalty, i.e. to actually help his boss rather than blow smoke up his ass. Comey did nothing and allowed the press speculation to rise to an even more unbelievable level of frenzy.
>
> The President then did this a third time, with the same result.
>
> So, Trump fired him, and when he fired him he told Comey, and the American public, why: Because Comey had told him directly three times that there was no such investigation but had failed to tell the American public, Congress or the press this.
>
> Good for the President.

Anyhow, everything you need to know about the fallout from Phoney Comey Day is written on the faces of these libsters glued to their CSPAN in a Brooklyn situation room:

> That face u make when reality hits & u realize u wasted 6+ months of your life on something that doesn't even exist. #RussiaHoax #ComeyDay pic.twitter.com/MkNogQMuWB
>
> — Democrats for Trump (@YoungDems4Trump) June 8, 2017

Baboon Got Back

CH · 8 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

For your consideration:

> Human brains are specialized for face recognition; chimp brains are specialized for butt recognition (!) (via)
>
> For social species such as primates, the recognition of conspecifics is crucial for their survival. As demonstrated by the 'face inversion effect', humans are experts in recognizing faces and unlike objects, recognize their identity by processing it configurally. The human face, with its distinct features such as eye-whites, eyebrows, red lips and cheeks signals emotions, intentions, health and sexual attraction and, as we will show here, shares important features with the primate behind. Chimpanzee females show a swelling and reddening of the anogenital region around the time of ovulation. This provides an important socio-sexual signal for group members, who can identify individuals by their behinds. We hypothesized that chimpanzees process behinds configurally in a way humans process faces. In four different delayed matching-to-sample tasks with upright and inverted body parts, we show that humans demonstrate a face, but not a behind inversion effect and that chimpanzees show a behind, but no clear face inversion effect. **The findings suggest an evolutionary shift in socio-sexual signalling function from behinds to faces, two hairless, symmetrical and attractive body parts, which might have attuned the human brain to process faces, and the human face to become more behind-like.**

I'll leave it as an exercise for the commenter to draw the obvious illicit cross-species similarity.

PS The final sentence in that abstract is possibly the funniest nerd wording I've ever read coming out of a ¡SCIENCE! journal.

PPS Recently I saw a queenie with steatopygia so massive, protruding, and gravity-defying I had to do a double-take, during which I mused that not only could a brother (because who else would?) prop a forty on dat cantilevered azz, he could comfortably fit a whole goddamn case of forties on it.

***

jeangray07 observes,

> There's been an interesting trend on social media, especially Instagram, where big lips, big butts and darker skin are glorified, and "white girl" features like straight hair, natural proportions, and fair skin are mocked and stigmatized. It's like there's a massive push to eradicate time honed beauty ideals and install more primitive ones.

The de-gentilification anti-White project of the Ugly Mendacious Left has targeted its full spectrum psy ops weapons against every available sacredness of the White race. The first step in defeating this slithery enemy is to admit when its fangs are buried in your flesh. Only then can you know to suck out the venom.

Condescension Game

CH · 8 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A condescending line I like toss out when a fine SNHB (supernova hot babe) gives me a little shit has worked so well for me that it's time I share it with the world. Try not to burn the source through over-use.

Context: I approach and chat up a frisky filly.

GIRL: "You seem kinda young/old/tall/short/weird/devastatingly handsome to be hanging out in this club/hitting on me/flirting with me."

KURT EICHENWALD'S HENTAI FAP FOLDER: "You're very perceptive."

The line is a multiple-warhead MIRVaj because it's short, sweet, and deploys a cargo load of female ego busting rhetorical sleights. It's also a subtle neg (i.e., a backhanded compliment) because it teases the girl for noticing the bleeding obvious.

It subcommunicates:

1. You're not interested in seeking the girl's approval (sexy)
2. You don't care what the girl thinks of you (implied higher value)
3. You can jive like the best practitioners of amused mastery (super sexy)
4. You're cutting off any further interrogation from her concerning your presumed incompatibility with her (leader of women, social dominance)
5. You're experienced with girls, evident by the facility with which you swat away their feigned objections (preselection)

Usually the girl will laugh in response, or if she's witty say something like "I try", and then it's off to the races. After the line is delivered and alpha ape social status secured, rarely will the girl try to excavate the conversation for further reasons to object to your presence. A ZFG demonstration of value, if effective, will jolt a girl from her prepared beta male-filtering banter and open avenues of freshly unscripted flirtation.

Try out the line and report back with your progress vids!

The Inevitable War

CH · 13 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A reader submitted his encounter with Diversitopia in America, lived to tell the tale, and wants Chateau guests to know that they don't need to fear they'll be alone when the storm comes.

******

The coming war that needs to happen

Seigneur de la Chateau Heartiste,

I have been considering this correspondence for some time now, my delay being in part to the rigors and schedule of my work as a welder and construction superintendent, and also in part due to my recovery which has been longer than anticipated.

In March of this year, I was attacked by a shining example of Diversity! (Inc.) in Baltimore, Maryland. I had returned to my car after having a few drinks with friends in a recently gentrified artsy fartsy part of town– don't ever let that fool you in Baltimore or any other major city with a significant black population where recently converted ghettos may have been sold to productive human beings for fire-sale real estate prices. There is no part of this city where a "good" neighborhood is less than 500 to 1000 meters from a slice of Mogadishu. Predators learn the travel patterns of its prey. I see it every day when I drive to work through Liberty Heights and other squalid hells. Since the attack I moved to Annapolis, the last big town in Maryland not connected to the others by way of subsidized transportation in the form of the Light Rail network, Amtrack-MARC lines, or regular bus shipments of the third world. To live in Annapolis largely means to work elsewhere, and to work elsewhere means to have the capacity to own, register, inspect, and insure a private motor vehicle for which you are responsible for maintaining. The automobile may be our salvation if we let the cattle cars crumble, as at least then we can largely immobilize the third world into their respective islands whilst we build walls around them with the machine gun sectors pointed in.

[ed: fyi this is one reason leftoids hate hate hate the privately owned automobile]

As a former US Marine, I am painfully aware of the security risks of Baltimore, and go out of my way to reduce my need to resort to force for survival. At approximately 10 PM, I sat in the driver's seat with the engine running and texted a few friends while I let the engine warm up (diesel car, cold night). I was parked in the corner of a restaurant parking lot that is surrounded by fence on all sides save for the entrance– trapped. Suddenly, to my left, a loud banging against my driver window caused me to drop my phone, and I looked up in horror at some young dindu punk with a cheap Hi-Point brand 9mm pistol leveled right at my chest ordering me to get out of my car. I raised my left hand in a stop motion to show him I meant no harm as my right hand inconspicuously but instinctively went for my right hip where, if I were in Virginia or my native New York, my hand would have grasped the hilt of my Glock model 27 .40 caliber soul liberator. The realization of its absence is when the blood truly drained from my face, and the icy cold reality of having to get out of my car and into the jaws of the beast to negotiate for my life set in. Had I been able to drive off, I would have done so, and run this dindu down in the process by a fast reverse with the wheel hard to the right.

The instant I lowered the window to tell him to take the car, he started pulling on the glass (thanks for the fingerprints, asshole) and managed to force my window down to reach inside to pull the door handle. He grabbed me by the shirt, and pulled me out of the car but my seatbelt slowed my progress. He kept screaming, almost in a frightened manner, to "get out of the fucking car." His pistol-whips came raining down on my head and somehow I was able to get out of the car when I tried to just run, but was on my knee with the door open and my right leg still in the car. He kept screaming for the keys, when I yelled, "they're in the car, they're in the car!" On about the fourth or fifth smash to my head and face with his crude instrument of an impoverished savage, I saw a starry flash and knew this cocksucker was going to kill me if he was able to get control of my car. I unclipped my Benchmade

4.5″ Stryker knife when I felt him lean over me to look into the car and plunged the glinting tip of my shiv directly into his abdomen somewhere near his spleen. I pulled the knife out to go for a second thrust when I barely got the edge of his blue hooded sweatshirt as he was in Jessie Owens mode running for the street nearby to make his escape back to the shadows. It just goes to show that we are ceding Western Civilization without so much as a whimper, because the instant I became a hard target capable of presenting danger to him and taking his life, he ran like a spearchucking skinny after the last gazelle on the grassy plain.

After driving off hurriedly to safety and dealing with the police, where my vehicle and knife were impounded for evidence for the night, I called my loved ones to let them know I was OK. The smiling southern belle who worked in the evidence lab gave me my knife back when I went to retrieve my car, smiling and thanking me for "marking" the son of a bitch while mentioning that she took the time to completely wash off all the blood for me. Had she not had a wedding band on, I might have asked her if she liked coffee, and if not, the company of handsome men.

The recovery was a bit longer than I expected. I went to see a neurologist and had an MRI in the coming week to check for bleeding, as my girlfriend said there were several times that I stopped mid-sentence and lost my train of thought completely. In addition to the headaches from the concussion, I went approximately three weeks with SEVERELY reduced libido– thankfully that has all worked itself out and I am functioning again as a physically fit man. That fucking dindu nearly made me a eunuch for a car whose resale value is less than ten grand, and one I tried to give him as the insurance company (one of those things that only white people have) would have paid me up in full when my car was found wrecked or parted out in some hole in the city. The black eye and swelling lasted for about two weeks.

Enclosed is a photo of my face that morning, as I decided to go get a line of cocaine's worth of coffee before heading home to shower and clean up. **[ed: injury status confirmed]** Later that evening, my girlfriend and I went to a pub in Annapolis to just enjoy each other's company and celebrate our love and my still being here on this earth– rather than her standing with my parents as my fellow Marines fire three volleys over my lifeless corpse. A gentleman sitting next to us with his girlfriend interrupted us to say that he was a photographer and graphic designer, gave me his card, and asked if he could take our picture for us because he "never sees the kind of affection in couples nowadays." This wasn't the first time we were complimented on being so "obviously in love," so I know it wasn't just the previous evening's events that was causing this reaction. My girlfriend will always sit close to me, or in booth-seat restaurants, next to me. I give her the non-hoverhand, and occasional smile or peck on the cheek as I like to refrain from public displays, so what you recently wrote about a woman who has to fight to contain herself resonated that I must be doing something right. The body language in that photo is admittedly a bit beta, but the guy asked me to lean in and kiss her while she looked at him for the specific purpose of hiding my bloodied and bandaged left side of my mug. **[ed: it was about as alpha as a peck on your girl's cheek could look, so well done. cute girl, too** ??**]** She insisted on being on top that night because of my bruised state. I let her have that request for about half the session.

The experience hasn't really changed me, but it certainly has honed my resolve, Heartiste. If white men are to take back the cities they built, they will need to use the same weapon on the dindus as they do on us– fear. Civilization is starving for squads of proud, iron-pumping and steel-strapped shitlords to peaceably take to the streets in fearsome enough numbers to remind our squatting guests that transgressions will be met with the same but multiplied. Western Civilization is hungry for her men, and any political advocate of disarmament should be treated, verbally at first, as nothing more than someone who wishes you a terrible death. Do not be their friend. Do not play nice with them in the workplace lest your advancement or security rest upon it. Do not tolerate their bullshit, and remind them who are committing the murders (dindus). Ask them if they would buy an affordable house in the shit pit to live with the pets they so admire. Rub their fucking noses in the shit they have dropped on the floor in which to test white men and white civilization.

Please keep up the tireless work. I sincerely believe that Le Chateau is at the forefront of important work for the coming storm.

As always, you have my faith and support.

******

Six decades of this equalism shit is enough. These lethal Diversity™ skirmishes are taking place all over America, and are routinely ignored, suppressed, or sanitized of relevant facts by our anti-White Gaystream Media. And our White foot soldiers who are out there on the front lines taking black flak and fighting back are targeted for silencing and intimidation by Creep State operatives who will allow nothing to stand between their cushy sinecures and their dream of a one world open borders globohomo dystopia.

Which is to say, lunatic libs are at the helm, and their disfigured morality has made war inevitable.

Lunatic Libs

CH · 13 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

On 9/11/01, muslim soldiers for the caliphate, embedded in the US on overstayed visas, attacked and killed 3,000 civilian Americans.

In the fifteen years since, the US, in defiance of all common sense and sanity, opened the border doors even wider to hot-headed vagabonds from the world's predominately muslim countries.

The following table shows the percentage change in the number of immigrants to the US from the 27 countries whose populations are more than 85% Muslim from the year 2000 to the year 2015:

Country	Increase
Somalia	275%
Saudi Arabia	200%
Iraq	100%
Morocco	100%
Sudan	100%
Yemen	100%
Uzbekistan	100%
Bangladesh	90%
Pakistan	50%
Kuwait	50%
Egypt	45%
Syria	40%
Turkey	38%
Palestine	33%
Iran	32%
Afghanistan	20%
Jordan	20%
United Arab Emirates	11%
Tunisia	11%
Libya	0%
Oman	0%
Qatar	0%
Tajikistan	0%
Djibouti	0%
Mauritania	0%
Bahrain	0%
Western Sahara	0%

The number of immigrants to the US has increased from nearly all of these places and has not declined from a single one.

The number of Saudis–the country that supplied 15 of the 19 9/11 hijackers–living in the US has tripled in just 15 years. That's right–since the worst Muslim terrorist attack in US history, America has nearly quadrupled the number of Somalis, has tripled the number of Saudis, and has doubled the number of Iraqis, Moroccans, Sudanese, Yemenis, and Uzbekistanis living on its soil.

The total population of the US increased 13% from 2000 to 2015. The number of immigrants from these 27 countries to the US increased 60% over the same period of time, from 1.3 million to over 2 million. This truly is astonishing.

Lunacy, it what it is. But of course our lunatic libs wouldn't get to experience the fullest pleasure of their virtue sniveling if there wasn't an element of danger attached to it…or rather, attached to the flyover BadWhites who bear the brunt of living side by side with these dirt world detritus resettling in their bucolic Heritage America idylls.

Lunatic libs
I know you're out there
You're in high towers
And you hold your meetings
I can hear you schemin'
I know what you're after
We're wise to you this time
(da goyim know this time)
We won't let you kill our homelands

Uh huh
Uh huh
Uh huh

Lunatic libs
In the nation's last gleaming
This is open season
And you've pushed it too far
Cause you gotta be pompous
For your moral delusions
We're on guard this time
(On guard this time)
Against your tribal solution
Oh no

Uh huh
Uh huh
Uh huh

We can hear you sneerin'
(We can hear you sneerin')
No, you're not gonna win this time
(Not gonna win)
We can hear your hatred
(We can hear your hatred)
In your op-eds and gay parades
(coming from the deep state)

Lunatic libs
We all know you're out there

Can you feel the resistance
Can you feel the thunder

*Aficionados of obscure pop culture references will appreciate the delicious irony in my choosing this particular song by Red Rider to remix as an anti-globalist call to arms.

Phony Comey: Deep State Scumbag

CH · 13 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Via LOTB's Jewish Community Center, a shiv worthy of CH recognition.

> Comey is a weasel and has been unmasked before the country.
>
> Quoting John Nolte's twitter:
>
> "Lynch asked Comey to lie, he agreed.
>
> Trump asked Comey to tell the truth, he refused.
>
> SCUMBAG"

Phony Comey's gonna be wishing there was another drape to camouflage himself with when Trump's America finally applies the finishing throttle on his fifteen minutes of lame.

Reader Field Report: Reversing A Flake

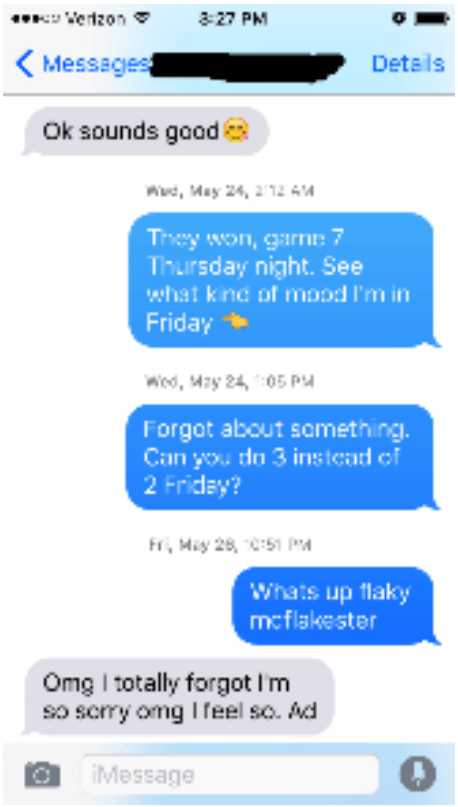
CH · 13 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

June 13, 2017 by CH

A reader dug up an old CH anti-flake tactic and wished to express his gratitude for a successful reversal.

I'm a beta trying to break out. I often peruse the CH archives for helpful advice, and it's still there in all its glory. Let's go back to 2009, I used this tactic on two girls with results:

https://heartiste.wordpress.com/2009/02/02/reversing-a-flake/
I deleted the second conversation, but attached is the screenshot of the first. Each time the girls had stopped responding to my messages, yet each time they immediately responded to the mcflakester comment. It resuscitated my conversations with both girls. Unfortunately my lack of game prevented me from capitalizing, but it gave me two additional chances. So far I'm 2/2 using that quote. Feel free to share this e-mail as a reminder to the readers of Le Chateau of the effectiveness of this tactic.



Implied in the reader's enthusiasm about the "mcflakester" anti-flake line is a reminder that each of these CH Game tactics, taken individually, won't normally seal the deal with a girl, but taken together greatly boost the chance of sheet twisting success. That's because you can't get anywhere with a girl if she isn't talking with you, and one throwaway CH line can be enough to, in the reader's words, resuscitate a dead conversation. Game is a full spectrum assault on women's hindbrains; one artillery shell won't win the war for reproductive entente but a barrage of shells all targeted at different limbic bunkers will open a clear path to her heart.

Defining Zero Fucks Given

CH · 14 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

manwhosithursday has taken a stab at psychologically defining that ineffable alpha male attitude — Zero Fucks Given — that is so incredibly alluring to women. Note: B5 is shorthand for the Big Five Personality Factors, which includes the primary traits Openness to Experience, Conscientiousness, Extraversion, Agreeableness, and Neuroticism.

FYI, there's a more recent personality inventory called HEXACO that incorporates an "Honesty-Humility" factor as well as the Dark Triad. Proponents claim HEXACO is a more thorough personality assessment that accommodates the discovery by researchers of the Dark Triad in 2002. The Dark Triad has a long and illustrious history here at the Chateau as handmaiden to Game-savvy womanizers.

> The personality factor most associated with male attractiveness is B5 Extraversion. This is the optimism/confidence factor.

Overconfidence is the heart of Game.
Boldness is the muscle of Game.

> Zero Fucks Given, analyzed in terms of personality, is composed of the following:
>
> Low B5 Conscientiousness – you don't care about consequences
> Low B5 Agreeableness – you don't care about people
> Low B5 Neuroticism – you don't care about pain

Add it all up and you get the charming jerkboy (channeled through his avatar, Birthday Cat).

> Extraversion and Conscientiousness do not have significant sex differences, though there are some differences on subfactors.
>
> Men are significantly lower in Agreeableness and slightly lower in Neuroticism.
>
> Psychopathy/the Dark Triad are really just low Agreeableness/low Conscientiousness. This can mimic Extraversion, because you literally don't give a fuck.

These ZFG traits aren't exactly conducive to maintaining civilized society (though they may be essential to *building* a civilized society from the dirt up). So why are women drawn to ZFG men? It's that ape part of their brains, the part that has a direct pipeline to their vaginas….ZFG men trip all sorts of hunter-gatherer proto-human wires that once ago, and still do, assure a woman that her chance of survival is increased and the fitness of her potential offspring maximized if she jackhammers up with the kind of man who can handle pain, can amass beau coup resources, and can take high-flying risks for great rewards. Whether this is good for civilization is beside the point from a Darwinian calculus.

ZFG also boosts a man's mating success because it gives him a boldness, nearing recklessness, that enables him to slash and burn his way through female shit tests, AMOGing betabitches, and (sorry tradcons) disapproving parents. This can backfire, of course, which may be why the trait is so attractive to women…what worth a man who hasn't proven he can stare at his own expendability and laugh in its face?

ZFG men go by other terms which will be familiar to CH guests: the outcome independent man, the challenging man, the asshole, the jerk, the natural, the "he just has a way with women" man. Women have been molded by their ancestresses' experiences to evolve into the sort of women who love, TRULY DEEPLY MADLY, a certain kind of man. That irresistible man is the one who is, or seems, loved by many women. And ZFG is the male attitude that

radiates the inner peace and smug self-satisfaction — two emotional characteristics in men women rarely miss joyously recognizing — which comes from knowing one has limitless sexual market options in female company.

If your B5 profile is more Beta Five than Big Swinging Dick Five, I suggest you get to work on a deliberate self-improvement program to become less conscientious, less agreeable, and less neurotic. Take baby psychopath steps (stop short of torturing cats). You won't make wholesale changes to your personality (fighting your genes is like swimming upstream; you can get a ways very slowly but it'll tire you out and as soon as you stop thrashing you'll float downstream), but you CAN make alterations at the margins of your personality, and in the zero-sum, scarce-hummer sexual market a small boost in your masculine charisma can mean the difference between fapping to Kurt Eichenwald's anime porn collection and fucking a real life woman unrendered into 2D nerdspace.

Lewiston, Maine

CH · 14 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

White genocide is real. Just because it has proceeded relatively bloodlessly (so far) doesn't make it any less real.

All the evidence you need that the Equalist Leftoid agenda has been to dispossess and depopulate Whites from their homelands is in this stat:

1950 America: 90% White

2017 America: 63% White

The numbers reveal an unspeakable evil fills the hearts of equalists.

The Amoral Left: Far Left-Wing Extremist Bernieboomer Guns Down Republicans, Egged On By Leftist Big Media

CH · 14 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Left has never stood on the high moral ground they claim for themselves. That was always a ruse. The Left is amoral; a consortium of ugly, lying destroyers of White civilization who will say whatever is necessary, and when that fails *execute* whoever is necessary, to reach their ends, which is total power for themselves.

Compare and contrast Leftist reactions.

Evidence locker A:

> Rep. Gabrielle Giffords' blood is on Sarah Palin's hands after putting cross hair over district
>
> Here is what Sarah Palin said on the Facebook page where she depicted Gabrielle Giffords in the cross hairs of a rifle scope: "Don't retreat! Instead – RELOAD!"
>
> Well, the guy who shot Giffords yesterday managed to keep firing until he killed six, including a child, and wounded 13 .
>
> Palin would no doubt say that she was only speaking in metaphor, that she only meant her followers should work to unseat Giffords and 19 other Democrats who had roused her ire by voting for health care.
>
> But anyone with any sense at all knows that violent language can incite actual violence, that metaphor can incite murder. At the very least, Palin added to a climate of violence.

Evidence locker B:

Left-Wing Twitter Celebrates Shooting of Rep. Scalise [UPDATED]

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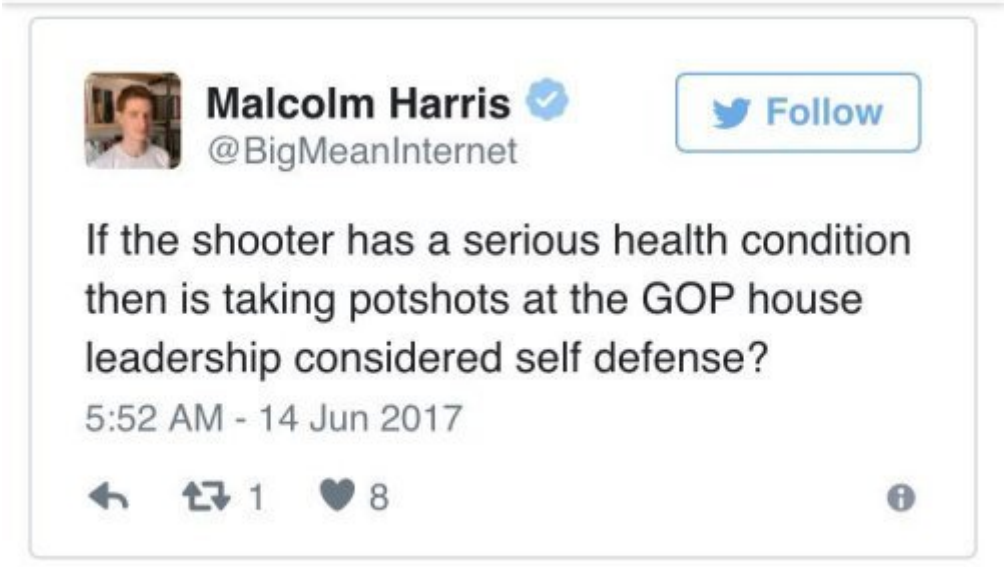

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Welly well, isn't that interesting? When a leftoid icon is targeted, every Republican and White American is responsible for creating a "climate of hate" that "incites violence", but when a baseball field full of GOP Congressmen are deliberately targeted by a beta loser Trump-hating Bernieboomer incited to violence by the deluge of anti-Trump hate and lies spewing forth from the Gaystream Media 24/7, that's just desserts for the victims.

Leftoids always psychologically project their own tendencies to violence and neuroses onto others. The "climate of hate" and "incitements to violence" that leftoids decry as representative of the Right have been standard operating procedure for the Left for decades, only recently intensifying to a level that one could historically compare to social tensions that existed just prior the (first) Civil War. But the Leftoid Equalism island of misfiring droids is relentlessly on the offense, never playing defense, because they know deep in their twisted black hearts that they boil with malice and fantasies of domination and that *they* are the monsters of their fever dreams. If they give one neuron over to an honest self-assessment, they lay open the pulsing fleshy center of their anti-White ids to

vivisection by those they have never stopped tormenting.

Right wing violence in America is almost always a reaction to these Leftoid depredations and amorality. One thing I can tell you is that the US has been in an extended White and (((white)))-on-White civil war since the first one, barring a relative time of comity and stability in the mid-20th Century. A pressure cooker eventually blows if steam isn't released, and I don't see any member of the ruling class or the propaganda organs of the globohomo elitists interested in releasing steam. Just the opposite.

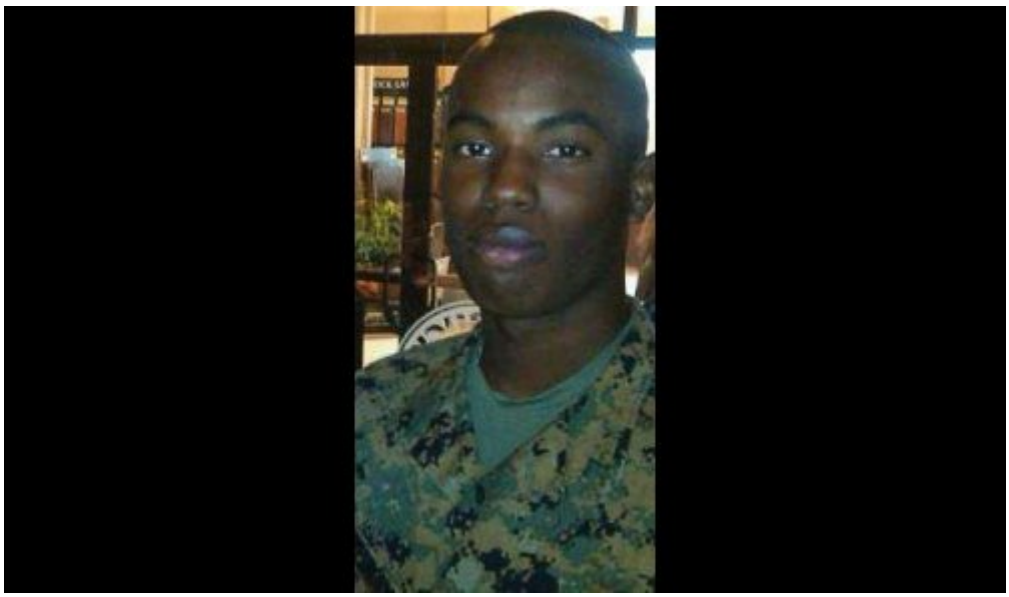
The Equalist Left is a malevolent will to untrammeled power, an expression of raw hatred, and a beast with an unquenchable thirst for humiliating their enemies. Their high-minded professed ideals are merely rhetorical tools to gain them power and relish the crushing of anyone who dares to fight back.

Cucks who insist on opposing the Left with recourse to their stately "principles" will always ALWAYS lose to an enemy for whom principles are nothing more than expedient rationalizations that can be altered at will to serve their cause. Some cucks are starting to WAKE UP and fight the Left on the same battlefield the Left has played on for decades…the field of total war and limitless chaos. Once the Left is defeated, and only then, can cucks return to abiding their cherished principles. Not before.

PS Tariq Nasheed, you have to go back to the blighted homeland of your ancestors. This is not a request. It is a demand.

PPS The gunman, James Hodgkinson (now deceased), must be the worst shot in the world. Apparently this loser loaded and reloaded multiple times, had ten minutes to work with, fired off 50-100 rounds, and could only manage to lodge a bullet in one Congressman's hip and lightly injure of couple of others in the area before security service agents took him out. We can conclude Berniebros aren't ready for Civil War 2 prime time.

PPPS Recently there was a terror attack in our nation's Swamp. Two cops and a bystander were intentionally run down by Brandon Figures-Mormom driving a pickup truck, mimicking a spate of recent attacks by muslim terrorists throughout the West. The story has mysteriously gotten very little page space or airtime by our Big Media-Deep State Collusion Collective. Hm, I wonder why….



Skinny Chick Insurance

CH · 15 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's true for most non-r-selected men that female thinness trumps everything else about women's attractiveness. As a consequence, fat chicks get nosex, nogsex, or dregsex. Them's the breaks for the bulbous brigade.

It's also more or less true that as a man's sexual market options, real or perceived, shrink, his standards loosen to accommodate girls with "cushion for the pushin'". (Or so he will try to convince himself.) This means, for example, that older men who haven't any compensatory attractiveness traits will "unexpectedly" discover the latent fuckability of chubby younger women. (But never the fuckability of chubby older women. Even LSMV men have a floor to their mate criteria.)

If options = instability, then lack of options = floating standards.

So we may conclude that shrinking sexual market options from, say, rapidly advancing age or sudden bankruptcy, contribute to men's willingness to rut with juvenile manatees. But there's an additional factor at play here. I have gleaned from random conversations I've had over the years with buddies that we all agreed there was a time in our lives — middle school to high school — when we exclusively craved the skinny chicks with 0% conspicuous body fat, and wouldn't look twice at any sweet sixteen girl who had a touch of mature woman plumpness round the hips ass and thighs. (In Lolita, Humbertx2 called these plumply ripe women older than the age of 12, "cows".)

Then, as we entered our 20s and as our SMVs were rising, our whoreizons BROADened and the allure of egg-laden, exquisitely curvy, hourglass-shaped feminine women became more apparent than it had before. Note that exquisitely curvy doesn't mean FAT. It means Gal Gadot. Or a randomly chosen Playboy Playmate of the Month.

I suggest this minor male hindbrain phenomenon is related to the subconscious fear in every man that the woman he eventually chooses to make honest will get fat on his watch. The Fear is mostly relevant when considering those women who are marriage material. It doesn't factor as urgently in short term flings or one night stands, which is why less-than-super-skinny chicks with future porker potential don't turn off horny men just looking for fun. However, when a man is seeking a life sex partner (so solly, that's what the marital dotted line amounts to for men), he will shoot for a younger, skinnier woman safe in the knowledge that she will stay desirably thin and fuckable even if she puts on five or ten pounds over the years.

Commenter Days of Broken Arrows explores the same topic:

> *"If I'm being honest, though, and obviously I'm biased, I think that the skinniness fetish is more a modern thing promoted by the homo fashion industry…"*
>
> DoBA: Some of it is. But some of it is also a form of insurance that helps protect against the woman putting on so much weight after you get married that it seems like you're with a man. I addressed this in a post that disappeared. But you notice this as you get older.
>
> Too many wives of my old high school friends gained weight and cut off all their hair. They now look like drag queens. They're so masculinized that you'd never guess what they looked like in college.
>
> While marrying a thin woman doesn't prevent this happening, it makes it a better bet than exchanging vows with a female who is already porking out.

Like I wrote above, when I was a stripling teenlord I wouldn't notice any girl who had even an exxxtra half pound of fat on her. It was the slimmest babes who grew my meat flue. As I got older, I still was disgusted by fat chicks, but a pound or two in the right places no longer offended my senses with the same intensity. I think that DoBA's theory is right, we (White) men are programmed to prefer especially skinny chicks when screening for an LTR girlfriend or wife because it's insurance against them getting too fat when older.

This theory — Skinny Chick Insurance — is related to the concept of women's "residual reproductive value" (you down with RRV?), which has been discussed at CH. In sum, men prefer younger-than-prime-fertility women and thinner-than-normal-weight-according-to-the-1950-MetLife-weight-tables women because those women give men access to their total fertility window and to the longest time they are at a sexy skinny weight. If a man invests in a woman, he wants that beauty rolling off the lot brand new and the interior smelling like patent virgin leather.

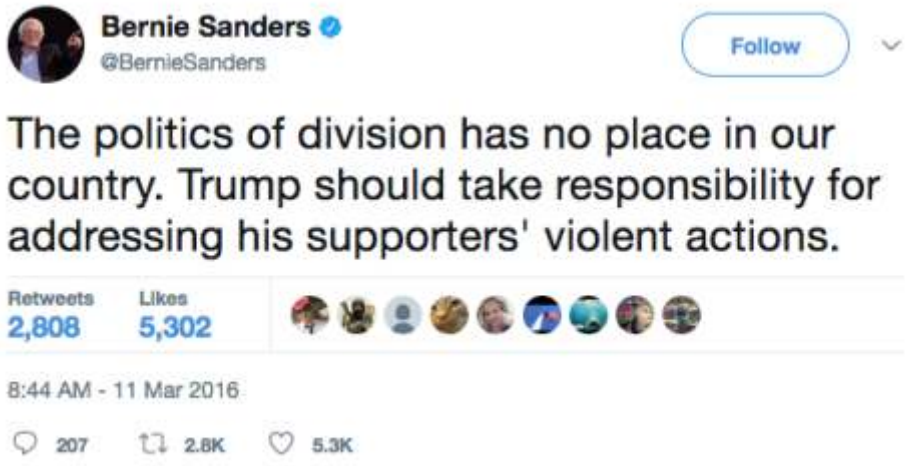
The Universal Symbol Of The Modern Western Woman

CH · 15 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of da gbfm, this symbol says it all about the corrupted ego of the modern Western woman (and the thirsty beta males that enable her downward solipsism spiral).

Self-Shiv Of The Week: Feel The Bern (Squirm)!

CH · 15 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original



Hey Bernie, will you take responsibility for addressing your supporters' violent actions, such as assassination attempts on political enemies?

HA HAWW!

FYI I think Bernie either deleted this year-old tweet, or Twatter buried it so that it's not search-able anymore. This is a screen capture of the tweet.

Idle Thought Of The Day

CH · 15 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Is the social media “Like” button the most insidious force in the West today? Discuss.

Physiognomy Is Real: Punch A Marxist Edition

CH · 15 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Leftoid dweebs posing as tough guys ("just say that to my face, fucker" *dribbles Mountain Dew and semen from his chin*) are all over Twatter flexing their Fake Muscles about the Alexandria assassination attempt of GOP Congressmen by a mainstream Democrat voter with bad aim. One such poindexter is Malcolm Harris:

Let's have a closer look at Malcolm Harris' physiognomy.

That's not a T-shirt, it's his underwear pulled up to his neck…..by a girl.

Physiognomy is real, alert #2: Is Harris a mystery matzo?

As usual, the online venom of a leftoid nümale doesn't match the defanged piehole. Or in this case, cockhole.

> ROBERT SAPOLSKY: PHYSIOGNOMY IS REAL – Even when judging competence isn't the goal, looks influence whom we vote for. This too isn't totally irrational, as studies in a number of countries show that ***people can identify liberals versus conservatives at above-chance levels merely by seeing their faces***. – Robert M. Sapolsky is a professor of neuroscience at Stanford University.

After Richard Spencer got (feebly) clocked at the Inauguration protests by an antifa drone, a knitting club of lefty keyboard warriors latched their vaginas onto the "punch a Nazi" meme. (John Scalzied was a prime offender, given to reposting old comic book cells of Nazis getting punched, seemingly oblivious to the fact that women also got slapped a lot in those vintage comic books he masturbates to).

Never mind using logic on the Left; to argue with them that violently opposing free speech is a betrayal of their stated principles is a pointless endeavor. Instead, tell them that their "punch a Nazi" meme was an incitement to violence that encouraged Bernieboomer Hodgkinson to shoot up a ball field of Republican Congressmen. Then tell them you're starting a crowd-sourced "Punch a Marxist" movement. What's good for the goon….

Could you imagine this slump-shouldered marxist goober getting cold-cocked? (Yes, all the time.) That 90 pound porn whore antifa chick from Berkeley could send Harris to the ground with a stiff pinky finger (up his anus, he hopes).

PS Harris has claimed he's a full-time writer for Esssra Klein's Vox (Juicebox Emporium), a claim which the Vox menschlets have had to disavow repeatedly over the last two days. The effect is to keep Vox in the defensive crouch where, like with women, submissiveness is born. Keeping the Left on the defensive should be in the Rules for Reformed Cucks handbook. Trolling opportunities abound; I can envision armies of maul-righters penning parodies of leftist rhetoric and by-lining it with short bios claiming to be full-time writers for a major leftoid publication, like the Washington Bezos. Good times!

The Personality Profile Of The SJW & The Female Shit Test

CH · 15 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A reader alerted me to a video by Jordan Peterson, whom the reader believes is a secret Chateau reader. It's a good vid as Peterson describes the personality profile of the typical SJW and relates it to fundamental psychosocial differences between men and women.

There are plenty of ugly truthgems in Peterson's talk.

- "the SJW equality above all else philosophy is more prevalent among women…is predicted by the personality factors that are more common among women"
- "historically, women were responsible for distribution, men were responsible for production"
- "there's an antipathy between [equalism] and the reality of differential productivity"
- "we don't know what women are like when they have [mass] political power, because they've never had it [until now]"
- "men tested ideas, and women tested men"
- "is there an attraction that's emerging among the female radicals for that totalitarian male dominance that they've chased out of the West?"
- "as the demand for egalitarianism and the eradication of masculinity accelerates, there's going to be a longing in the unconscious for the precise opposite of that"
- 'the more you scream for equality, the more your unconscious is going to admire dominance"

I would say in the case of women surrounded on all sides by lickspittle appeasing beta bitchboys, their hindbrains are going to DESIRE male dominance and not be content to just admire it.

Jordan Peterson has basically recapitulated a core tenet of Chateau Heartiste in his talk describing the SJW personality profile:

Chicks dig power.

The Difference Between Fat Men And Fat Chicks

CH · 16 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A commenter over at the Goodbye, America blog, Theodora, has a great insight about the major difference between fat men and fat chicks.

> I think that one big difference between female obesity and male obesity is this: while the health and aesthetics problems are common to both sexes, female obesity is totalitarian. Fat men don't demand to be called Big Beautiful Boys. They don't lie themselves that they are voluptuous, gorgeous and curvy. They don't want to change the standards of beauty existing since the beginning of humanity. They don't shame and bully thin people ("eat a sandwich!:), they don't ask to vanity change the sizes of clothes, they don't ask to erase the word "fat" from public conversations. Fat men usually deal with their problems individually and in silence, while fat women want to change society, dictionaries, standards, reality and human nature to ease the burden of their fatness, acting as true Stalinists in the process.
>
> That's why the female obesity epidemic is more dangerous than a matter of health and aesthetics, and an affront not only to Beauty, but also to Truth, and well-deserving of the Shiv.

Theodora nailed it, and it's something I've been saying here for a while: the real danger of fat acceptance — a malignant movement largely (heh) spearheaded by women — is the dishonest advocacy against all that is True and Beautiful and Sexy. The fat chick who knows she's gross looking, and who wants to be thin to be attractive to men once again, is never a target of my shiv. I save my necessary sadism for those fat chicks who lie through their food-laced teeth trying to convince the world to believe 1. they have tons (heh) of men banging down their doors 2. that they don't suffer any sexual market penalties for being land whales 3. that there's nothing unhealthy or unappealing about fatness 4. that men prefer fatsos anyhow 5. that indeed fatness is objectively attractive 6. that not only that but fatness is MORE attractive than those stick figure thin girls men are tricked into desiring 7. that society told men to be disgusted by fat chicks and 7. that's just, like, your opinion you awful no good body-shaming misogynist.

Fat men? They rarely, if ever, lie like fat chicks do about their condition. The shit stream of fat acceptance sophistry — eerily similar to the #SelfLoveWins degenerate freak parade sophistry that characterizes the equalist left — is mostly a female thing, and its effluvium seems endless….until someone with balls finally calls them out on it and drops a steaming deus vult in their social media ego gratification circle diddle of miserable lying fatties pretending their custom-made reacharound wiping implements aren't a testament to their great shame and self-abasing dehumanization.

There's one other notable difference between fat men and fat chicks that helps explain why fat women feel compelled to engage in a quixotic quest to change the world so that their fatness is desirable to quality men:

Fat men really don't suffer as large a penalty to their romantic fortunes. Male desire is predominately visual-oriented, which means fat chicks whose female forms are buried under layers of disfiguring blubber simply can't arouse the same ardor in men that thin shapely women who can never be misidentified as a block of cheese can arouse.

Female desire is holistic, meaning that women subconsciously weigh (heh) more factors when judging men for romantic promise. Fatness doesn't kill a man's chances for love and romance with nearly the same brutally quick efficiency that fatness kills a women's chances for love. I'm not saying fatness is irrelevant to men's SMV; I'm saying a fat man with compensating attractiveness traits can overcome the SMV handicap of his fatness, which is something that no funny, charming, wealthy, creative, or socially dominant fat woman can ever hope to do for herself.

I think fat women, deep down, know this about themselves. They know their fatness kills romance dead for them. This engenders a lot of resentment and spite in them, which they take out on thin women and men in general, for

the equalist sin of having standards and discriminating taste. Because no sin in the Leftoid Equalism Fatty Gooniverse is worse than the sin of revealed judgmentalism. The post-West coddled fat chick would rather go to her early grave railing futilely against the God of Biomechanics than to lose weight and therefore admit to herself that her ugly life and uglier beliefs were a pack of lies all along….and those very bad fat-shaming men like yours truly were right.

Comment Of The Week: Why There's No Reasoning With The Left

CH · 16 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

COTW is awarded to chris, one of my favorite commenters.

> why reason, words and facts does not work on the left.
>
> if a hookworm could talk, do you think you could ever reason it out of infesting your intestinal track and feeding off your body? or would the hookworm always somehow find a way to argue that it's actions are virtuous or righteous and that it is a victim and not you?
>
> a parasite will never agree to not being a parasite because that is how it lives. not being a parasite will end it. thus you can never reason one into not being a parasite.
>
> this is the left. they are the hookworm of society. burying itself further and further in, all the while exclaiming it is the victim as it feeds on its host.

The parasites of the Leftoid Equalist petri dish will only be defeated by weaponized emotions. That means, in practice, relentless mockery of their hypocrisy and delusions, and personal attacks on their grotesque phsyiognomies. The bullies who dished out pain to lefty freaks were right. They were always right. If the weak and degenerate aren't occasionally reminded of their weakness and degeneracy with public shamings, they get uppity. And uppity neomaxizimdweebies with too much power are a bloodsucking blight on civilized society.

In the war to subvert and discredit a decaying culture overrun by leftoids, your realtalk logic and reason should serve to support your psy ops shivs, not the other way around.

The Fudge Pack

CH · 17 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

First there was the Rat Pack. Then came the Brat Pack. Now, meet the Fudge Pack.

I knew there was something between these three!

Dom: Gay Mulatto
Power Bottom: Maricon
Masturbating in the corner while filming the other two in bed together: Truvada

Your leaders of the twee world!

PS Or, using MPC's "h0m0, negr0, j3w" bar game:

h0m0: maricon
negr0: truvada
j3w: barack soetoro

Ashkepathy

CH · 19 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I was reading Sailer's hotter-than-usual take on vile, malevolent, lying anti-Gentile Bret Stephens, when I was reminded of a commenter over there linking to potent Narrative-demolishing REEEsearch on the Ashkenazi personality profile.

(FYI, Steve Sailer is a constitutionally mild-mannered and generous realtalker. It would take a lot of chutzpah to rouse his ire, but Nepotism, Inc manages the task.)

This is where [the Cozeners] *really* don't want to go, in my opinion,…

> *What about those at the pinnacle, did they need high IQ's? No doubt, it took cunning to see good opportunities. But other personality factors besides intelligence could lead to fortune.* ***One could even keep this with a psychological Darwinian orientation by suggesting that risk taking, or aggressiveness-both traits often claimed to have genetic bases-led to great profit.*** *— Jews* **(2R 1.3%; 3R 62%) carry low-activity MAOA at much higher rates than Whites (2R 0.2%; 3R 36%)**
> http://theunsilencedscience.blogspot.com/2013/01/monoamine-oxidase-bibliography.html

– http://www.unz.com/jthompson/genetics-of-racial-differences-in-intelligence-updated/#comment-1903952

Low-activity MAOA genes (2R and 3R) are associated with impulsive aggression and psychopathy.

> Here is the direct quote from Steven Pinker:
>
> *[T]he low-activity version of the gene is even more common in Chinese men ([55] percent of whom carry it), and the Chinese are neither descended from warriors in their recent history nor particularly prone to social pathology in modern societies.*
>
> – http://theunsilencedscience.blogspot.com/2011/10/kill-popular-science.html
>
> He (deliberately?) ignores or does not seem to be aware of the high number of pathological gamblers among Asians/Chinese, that I pointed to above.

–
http://www.unz.com/isteve/reforming-stuyvesant-hs-admissions-should-blacks-whites-team-up-against-asian-grinds/#comment-1814572

This topic of racial differences in inherited personality traits is gonna be the next big frontier in LoveFacts, and it will cause even more hysteria from the equalist crowd than does the topic of IQ when it becomes common knowledge that characteristics like propensity to violence, sociopathy, conscientiousness, trustworthiness, and kindness are NOT equally and randomly distributed among the world's races of people.

It will get ESPECIALLY and DELICIOUSLY interesting when ¡SCIENCE! zooms in on one particular group and (re)discovers genetic links to that group's distinctive personality traits which uncomfortably recapitulate commonly observed stereotypes about that group's everyday behavior.

Speaking of…

The population, which has the highest frequency of the combination of the "worrier gene" (low-activity COMT (Met)) and the "warrior gene" (low-activity MAOA), as far as I could ascertain, is the Ashkenazi Jewish population.

> Tested IQ 110 **Met% 0.486** Ashkenazi Jews

– Table 3.
https://lesacreduprintemps19.files.wordpress.com/2014/01/correlation-of-the-comt-val158met-polymorphism-with-latitude-and-a-hunter-gather-lifestyle-suggests-culturee28093gene-coevolution-and-selective-pressure-on-cognition-genes-due-to-climate.pdf

***

The Russians recently financed a study into the this COMT/MAOA allele combination, which I shared here on the *Unz Review*:

> **Personality traits and low-active diplotype on polymorphic loci Val158Met COMT, –uVNTR MAOA in men**
>
> This investigation has been carried out with financial support from Russian Science Foundation (project No. 16-18-10222)
>
> The increase in mean values on the pessimism and paranoia scales (MMPI) might be the evidence of intense anxiety characteristic of this male group and reflect their inclination to depressive and paranoid reactions, hostility and sticking to the negative emotions. The peculiar personality traits of the people with low-active varieties of the genes under study listed above might have destructive influence and contribute to social maladjustment. Judging by the result we get, such people approve of expressing aggression and violence in the society, they are highly inclined to committing illegal actions and try to solve their problems by withdrawal from reality with the help of chemical agents or other, non-chemical addictive behaviors.
>
> – http://programme.exordo.com/bga17/delegates/presentation/99/

–
http://www.unz.com/isteve/will-wonders-never-cease-trump-gets-nyt-to-editorialize-against-immigration/#comment-1866063

For the highest IQ test scores low-activity COMT (Met) and low-activity MAOA (3R and 2R) seems to be the ideal combination, but as the Russians found out above, this allele combination comes with a whole host of side effects.

So in summary:

Africans and East Asians are “double warriors.”

Ashkenazi Jews are “worrier warriors.”

(Northern) Europeans are “worrier pacifists.”

> There is not that much difference between Western and Asian IQs, but the difference in the frequency of the low(er)-activity MAOA (3R) allele between those two races is quite significant, and I posit the reason why Western/White societies are less corrupt, etc. than Asian societies:
> http://www.unz.com/jman/clannishness-the-series-how-it-happened/ and
> http://www.unz.com/jman/clannishness-the-series-how-it-happened/#comment-1701996

– http://www.unz.com/freed/iq-a-skeptics-view/#comment-1725649

Now we’re cooking with gas! The Hoaxin’ have on average a much higher incidence of both the genes which predispose to paranoia and the genes which predispose to psychopathy and aggression.

This gene combination appears to be stunningly effective at boosting IQ test scores and presumably the material success (and possibly sexual success, at least for the males — any reader have a study I could cite here?) of the people possessing it, but it comes at a great cost to the society in which this kind of person is numerically and

socially significant.

The personality trait combination of high anxiety with high aggression/psychopathy is rare among human groups, and really deserves its own categorization: ashkepathy. On the B5 inventory, a person with ashkepathy would score high on Neuroticism and low on Agreeableness. There aren't many studies specifically examining the Ashkenazi personality profile which could corroborate the emerging genetic evidence of a distinct Ashkenazi personality, but one study did find that Jews have a higher overall "General Factor of Personality", which showed moderately higher levels of Neuroticism and (oddly) slightly higher Agreeableness.

***

PS weev has a good historical analysis on the myth of European barbarian patriarchal oppression, and the reality of Roman White Sharia.

The Leftoid Id, A Series

CH · 19 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A ramavan rammed a crowd of salafist invaders celebrating the muslim holiday ramadan in the capital city of a once-great White nation, and in the news reporting following the battlefield escalation all I can say is that I've never heard leftoids sound so somberly pious about a religious holiday. If only leftoids were as respectful of the traditional Christian holidays. Discuss.

***

Hackett to Bits twists the shiv,

> Funny how the mayor of Londonistan isn't bleating now about whytes mowing down Muzzies is just "part and parcel of living in a big city".

The very fact that there's a muslim mayor of London should be a glaring signal the West is on a war footing, and hostilities have begun.

Btw, the leftoid fuggernaut has so thoroughly discredited themselves by decades of indulging the rankest hypocritical posturing, that they have made themselves extremely vulnerable to semantic attacks by zfg shitscribes. The Current Year is a wonderful shivnette of leftoids hanging by their own rope.

Sad CNN Today, Demographic Obliteration Tomorrow

CH · 21 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday, an Emmanuel Maricon-like cipher named Jon Ossoff lost to an uninspiring establishment Recucklican in the 6th District of Georgia. The Democreeps are now 0-for-4 in special elections since Trumperica dawned.

The DNC and energized shitlibs across the country had poured a record amount of money into Ossoff's campaign, only to see it flushed away, a massive loss that would have made ¡Jeb!'s donors wince with pain. But the Gaystream Media (including cucksidiaries like National Review) was up today spinning the loss as a moral victory for their NeverTrump side. More on that below.

In the meantime, enjoy this freeze frame of CNN leftoids once again shocked and saddened after news broke of the defeat of one of their own.

?

Left to right:

- just remembered he forgot to remove his buttplug
- is daydreaming of a refugee fucking her out of this dreary reality
- farting on the inside
- PTSD thousand yard stare

I love the sight of Democreep stunned faces in the morning!

Handel (the GOP candidate) won GA-6 by a smaller margin than did Romney. As I wrote above, the post-shame analysis by the Gaystream Media and the Democreep Party (redundant) is spinning Ossoff's loss as a win for Dems going forward, and as a "demoralizing" (their word) loss for Republicans, given that the GOP had to sweat out eking a win in what was once a secure House seat. From this, the MSMDNC assassin-provoking collective is arguing that Ossoff's near-win (not really that near, but close enough for shill work) is proof that Trump is hurting down-ballet GOP candidates, and the people are RISING UP against Orange Hitler's reich.

Don't believe a word of their lies. It's all distilled skypeological projection and catharsis for their ashkepathic hamsters. The only people demoralized and fearful today are Democreeps and their media message crafters — eight months of spewing the most hateful vitriol against Trump, of inciting hysteria to rally the emotionally needy shitlib troops, of one mass pussygrab catlady protest after another, and of a massive unprecedented Creep State witch hunt against the Trump administration….and all the Dems have to show for it are zero….ZERO….wins in the four elections since Trump ascended the throne.

The skypes who currently control the horizontal and the vertical are mewling impotently and with their usual forked tongues about the Ossoff "referendum on Trump", but their faces and transparently try-hard and agitated rhetoric betray their secret pain. However you frame it, this was a blow to libfruit, inc.

Having indulged our happy sadism at the expense of ululating shitlibs, it's time to grapple with a reality that will hearten Dems and their controlled opposition cucked-out gluttons for pain:

Demographics.

Ossoff didn't come sort of close to beating Handel in GA-6 because of demoralized Republican voters, or anti-Trump backlash, or the fruitcup resistance, or anything along those lines. Ossoff came close because of the demographic change in that district's racial composition.

> But demographic changes are brewing. Growing minority communities and transplants from other regions have made Atlanta's suburbs increasingly competitive for Democrats. Georgia's sixth congressional district, the location for April's special election, exemplifies changes common in booming southern cities like Atlanta, Charlotte and Nashville.
>
> The district was about 80 percent white at the turn of the century. But since then, the black share of the population has grown from 10 percent to 13 percent, the Hispanic share has doubled to 12.5 percent and Asian representation doubled to more than 10 percent
>
> About a fifth of the district is now foreign born – twice the statewide average, according to census data.

The real story in this election, as in all elections since the Hart-Celler Treason Against Heritage America Act was passed fifty years ago, and in all the elections to come if something isn't done to alter the course the country is headed, is a simple one: Demography is Destiny. Or Doom, from the perspective of the dispossessed native stock Whites.

If you could only take two lessons to heart from what has transpired over the past couple of years leading up to Trump's amazing coup against the corrupt ruling elite, it would have to be these two:

1. The long-term, permanent solution to the crisis of journalism posed by an entrenched Gaystream Media (GSM) that routinely lies and manipulates news in service to the DNC and the Globohomo Bathhouse Alliance is **a mass culling of leftoids from GSM ranks**. That's it. Nothing else will work. The media is something like 90+% leftoid, and the results of that horrible ideological skew can be read any day in a major metro newspaper. Given that ideology is partly heritable, we know there is no chance of changing the minds of the majority of these effete uptalking media leftoids; they must be removed, by force, by shame, by scheme, by defunding. I don't care how the leftoids are removed — right-wing billionaires funding journalism school scholarships for shitlords, anti-trust lawsuits against the Big Six media empires, alternative maul-right outlets that sap GSM of ad money and audience, abortions and contraceptives on demand for journo school graduates — just that they're whittled down to a manageable number so that the increased ratio of non-leftoid voices forces objectivity and balance in the newsrooms and at Bezos' personal blog offices. You reading, NPR?
2. Ideology is heritable, and ideology is associated with race. NonWhites — hispanics, asians, blacks — vote for bigger government and anti-White social policies, no matter who is running for office or whatever outreach program is attempted to persuade nonWhites to vote differently. Left-wing, tribal, anti-White ideological feeling is IN THE DNA of nonWhites and no pre-funny farm era classical liberal appeal to assimilation will change

> that. **People of different races are largely unassimilable**. There are real and lasting and immutable consequences to effectively reducing the number of Whites in their own nation by importing nonWhite scabs to artificially prop up dem GDP numbers: the electorate is eternally shifted to the Left, which leads to the institution of a bigger and more oppressive bureaucratic apparatus, and to a degraded culture and unrecoverable frayed social bonds. Conclusion: **The demographic fuggernaut of nonWhites into America must be stopped**, and the millions of nonWhites here illegally must be deported. Those here by the treasonous graces of Hart-Celler and Gay-Mulatto must be encouraged to leave and return to the homelands of their ancestors. No other solution exists that will save the GOP's future prospects without a complete betrayal of their stated principles. Even the laudable goal of maximizing the White vote to preserve GOP electoral success has an expiration date when the nonWhite population becomes too numerous to neutralize with a consolidated White vote.

There ya go, the two lessons you need to know to make America great again:

CULL THE MEDIA

CLOSE THE BORDERS

The rest is commentary.

Maul-Right Street Artist Sabo

CH · 21 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Right needs more Sabos, fewer cucks. I like this guy and what he's doing ON THE GROUND to advance the anti-globohomo, anti-leftoid, anti-cuck, pro-Trumperica resistance.

> The guerrilla art movement is usually associated with leftwing politics. Banksy targets capitalism, consumerism and inequality. Blek le Rat, the father of stencil graffiti, depicts oppression and resistance.
>
> Shepard Fairey gilded Barack Obama's rise with the iconic "Hope" poster and now highlights the scapegoating of Muslims and the corporatisation of US politics.
>
> In the Trump era, the right, however, has its own guerrilla artist: Sabo, a former US marine who works from an apartment-cum-studio in Los Angeles beneath a sign that says "Fuck Tibet". Another says "Fuck peace".

There's no clause in the cosmic laws that says the Left has to own the domain of street art or street activism. The Maul-Right is showing that clever artlords can turn the streets into their agitprop playgrounds with arguably more impact than do the icons of the shitlib self-pleasuring consortium, given that the material the maul-right works with is by its nature incredibly subversive and id-throttling.

> "Republicans are the new punk," said Sabo, echoing a slogan on his T-shirt also adorned with an image of Trump in a three-piece suit, looking rather rakish, giving the finger. "I'm pretty much the only right-winger doing guerrilla art. I'm like patient zero, the first one doing this on our side."

Ahem, I hate to preen out of turn, but a case can be made this very Chateau was uglytruth guerrilla art before it could be even imagined by the kweer kultur kommissars.

> Several other rightwing street artists are in fact active in LA but prefer anonymity, thinking that gives their work more power. Some on the right consider Sabo a showboater.
>
> He is not shy about self-promotion, calling himself a one-man rebuttal to Madonna, Katy Perry, Lady Gaga and other anti-Trump performers. "I cater to the street urchins, the young people. I want them to understand that there's another message out there."

I don't have a problem with Sabo's showboating as long as he's effective, passionate, and willing to stick the shiv in leftoid guts when the sticking's good. But anonymity does generally imbue an artist with an ineffable coolness factor.

> Sabo now says he is "cautiously optimistic" about the president. "The day I came to love Donald Trump was when I saw how hard he was kicking liberals in the teeth."

Amen, Sabo. How can you not admire a man who doesn't cry at the sight of his own balls or apologize for their impudent heft?

> The left, he said, has mastered cultural and political "dark arts" and "weaponised" Hollywood, the FBI, the IRS, universities and other institutions to promote a nefarious agenda.

Indeed, for going on sixty plus decades. But hope glimmers from a retreat nestled deep in the Alsatian wood. Chateau Heartiste is a place where lords and guests come to retrieve those dark arts and reclaim them for the side of Truth and Beauty.

***

Here's a take on Sabo over at the Chicago Boyz.

The Crisis Of Supportive Beta Husbands

CH · 21 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A hot if somewhat mannish-looking female teacher is in court on charges of "raping" one of her students during their months-long sexual adventure.

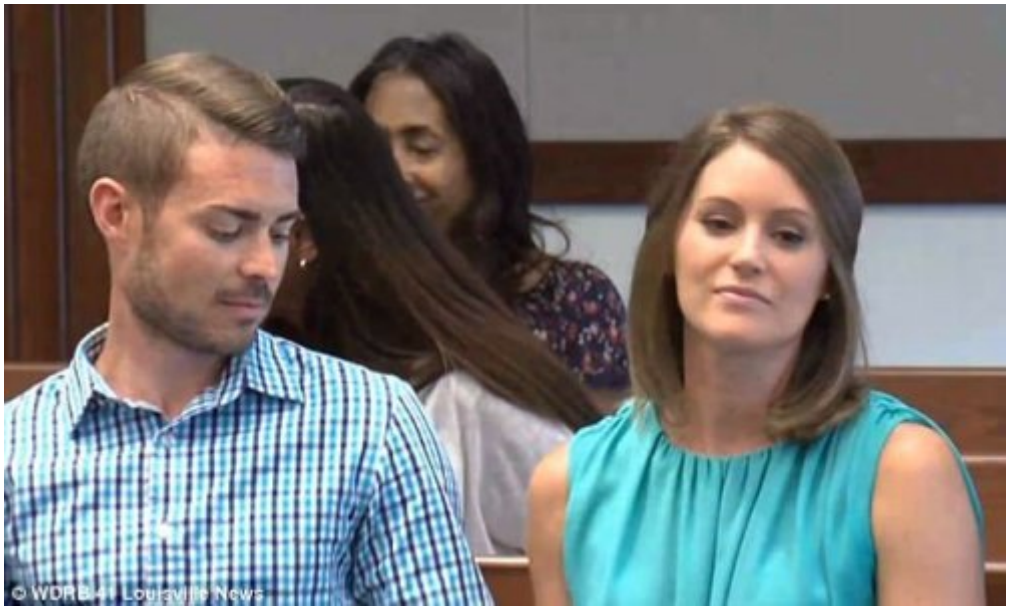
> A teacher is accused of sodomizing a middle school student and raping him during their alleged months-long sexual relationship.
>
> Lindsey Jarvis, 27, pleaded not guilty to two counts of rape at the Fayette County Courthouse in Kentucky, where she held hands with her husband of three years.
>
> She was also charged with rape, sodomy and unlawful transaction with a minor in neighboring Woodford County, where she was accused of sexually assaulting the boy in May 2016.
>
> Police found evidence on the victim's phone suggesting **the two were in a 'romantic relationship'**, and Jarvis was arrested on Friday.

If you've heard this story before too many times to count, you're not going crazy; sexual predation by female teachers, many of them hot and married, of their young (and usually willing) charges is rampant in America, FOR SOME ODD REASON. (Hint: it's the leftoid glorification of unconstrained female sexuality and the concomitant demonization of normal male sexuality and patriarchal prerogative, plus various r-selected biofeedback loops that accompany declining cultures in the throes of late stage decadence.)

You can tell by the psychocunt smirk in her mugshot she expertly summoned like a seasoned PUA that there was no adult alpha man in her life who could stand up and answer the call, "Who bitch dis is?". On paper, she was her husband's bitch. On paper. In reality, she was no one's bitch, to the detriment of society.

Never rely on legal documents to secure a woman's love. You can only win her heart in the supreme court of her raging id.

But the black heart of this sordid tryst — the essence that tells you everything you need to know about why she did it and why she's smirking — isn't in Lindsey Jarvis, Wonderslut. It's in Lindsey Jarvis's lapdog, her dutiful, supportive husband.



> **Lindsey Jarvis, 27, pleaded not guilty to two counts of rape at the Fayette County Courthouse in Kentucky, where she held hands with her husband of three years**

There's a time to hold your wife's hand, and that time is NOT when she's in court for fucking and tickling the anus of one of her underage students for months on end.

(Who, by the looks of her, will probably go right back to livin' la vida alpha fux beta bux once she's out of jail (one month)).

Their body and facial language is a thin palimpsest barely concealing two rotten souls — hers rotten with wantonness, his rotten with appeasement. That's a married couple in complete sexual polarity reversal, defying the God of Biomechanics with arrogant impunity. She's the alpha male, here, looking into the middle distance, thinking of some other male, head tilted away from her doting husband who, for his part, must reach across her lap to take her hand, his eyes downcast in submission and supplication, probably fighting back a gnawing fear of her hot body and BPD love leaving his life forever (even though he never really had unrestricted access to her body and heart, but just try telling ARE MARRIED BETA MALE that, and he'll suddenly find a reason to passionately defend his manly honor.)

"But he's innocent in this!", you poon plebs shriek ignorantly. No, friendos, he's not innocent. He's an enabler. A force ten amplifier of the crassest female instincts and tramp malice. America is suffering a crisis of these "supportive" beta male husbands who stand by their cheating slut wives, bearing for themselves all the shame and responsibility that should be the sole domain of their faithless women.

You think a beta phagg like Lindsey's Lapdog just started being supportive now, in Lindsey's time of greatest need? Ha, no. This doormat was born supportive, a human toilet seat upon which the world's whores would sit to pinch their cock-impacted loafs embedded with the crusty cum of secret lovers, knowing all too clearly that a pushover like this milquetoast will take those steaming slut deuces and beg for more.

Not to put too fine a point on it, but women are DISGUSTED by indiscriminately supportive males. Look closely at Lindsey's face in the second photo; that's disgust mixed with contempt amid a swirl of illicit yearning. No man who's had experience with more than one or two women would miss the meaning in that face. And no man worth

his dignity and salvageable serum T level would unconditionally “support” a cheating wife who seethed with that much resentment for him. He’d tell her to hit the road, face first, and be glad he was rid of her for the rest of his life.

Unquestioning beta male support is ruining our women. It’s as simple as that. Beta thirst kills feminine virtue dead. Manginatude frees the Inner Whore in every woman.

If women, especially spoken-for women, don’t fear consequences for indulging every sexual compulsion (and women have many, often contradicting, sexual compulsions), then they won’t curb themselves. Women are not natural self-regulators; they require a strong pimp hand to avoid descent into womb wilding, whether that pimp hand comes in the form of a dominant alpha male or a dominant patriarchal culture.

Instead, America’s men are caught in a spiral of self-abnegation and slavish pussy pedestal polishing. Witness:

> On her 25th birthday, husband Andrew Jarvis paid tribute to his wife, writing: ‘Happy 25th birthday to my sweetest Lindsey!
>
> ‘So thankful for your wonderful heart, which teaches me so much about compassion and kindness.
>
> ‘So thankful for your wisdom and discernment that help guide us through life….Love you with all my heart, and so thankful to have you as my best friend.’

First mistake: a wife or gf should never be a man’s “best friend”. His lover, his confidant, his alibi, his accomplice, his lolita, his sex toy, sure. But not his best friend. That cloying admission reeks of neediness and uxuriousness, and sucks all the romantic lifeblood out of what should be a sexually dichotomous relationship. Women don’t want a best friend for a husband; they want a lover and a king.

Second mistake: penning this treacle at all. He could have done so much more for his cause, meaning his sex life and future paternity certainty, had he sent her this instead on her birthday:

I’d like to end on a hopeful note. How do we solve the crisis of supportive beta husbands and boyfriends enabling the worst sort of female animal behavior?

My suggestion, one I’ve been proselytizing for a while, to no avail apparently as we can see the population of supplicating betas grows year over year, is….hold your breath….Game. If beta males gained the skills of the

crimson arts and had more choice in women, or at least perceived that they had more choice in women, the confidence instilled in them would stream outward and fill the hearts and Bartholin's corpuscles of the women in their lives, and a big beautiful mutually reinforcing limbic synchronization that aligned with the ancient biomechanic laws of sexual polarity would draw man and woman closer together, and those wild cockscillations that undulate darkly in the vajfold crevices of every woman threatening to crumble heartbridges would be calmed.

Or, having options in women, beta males would at least be more emotionally continent about their choice of long-term mate and be more willing to jettison those women who don't make the grade.

Urban Atomization And Its Tribute In Broken Souls

CH · 22 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ejected from the valences of the elementary particles, a new social science survey (re)discovers that city life breeds loneliness.

> Are there aspects of city life that can heighten one's feelings of loneliness? The charity network Acevo, which set up The Loneliness Project last year to tackle social isolation among young people in London, today publishes a report which suggests young Londoners are twice as likely to be lonely as their counterparts elsewhere in the country.
>
> Young people surveyed for the report cited high housing costs, long working hours and the growth of social media as factors contributing to loneliness in the city.

Part of the reason for this increased loneliness of Londonistan Shrillennials is sample bias. Maybe the kind of people who abscond for the big city life are prone to solitude, or to feeling lonely. But my bet is the two big reasons for the increased urban loneliness are the negative effects of Diversity™, which has been proven to lower social trust and fray social bonds, and the severing of connections to family, neighbors and friends in the home towns from where the fresh London recruits hail.

Loneliness is a combination of distrust of your neighbors and density of strangers in your proximity, intensified in those with introvert personalities. The modren deracinated Western megalopolis deepens feelings of distrust and sharpens the division between the soulful social connectedness the new resident left behind and the stew of mystery meat animus he bears and the self-protective ennui he adopts when he moves to the city to become a "stranger in a strange land".

> The report recommends, among other things, the establishment of a mayor's Fund for Young People's Resilience and Inclusion, worth £3.2m, to help ensure that young people build the necessary strong social connections to battle isolation.

Instead of blowing money on another fruity lib welfare project doomed to fail, how about enacting long-term plans to reorient Western societies so that there's a backing-off from the rush to stuff everyone into these market bazaar soulless anthill megacities, and a concomitant revival of small cities geographically distributed across the nation into which smaller, more cohesive groups of people can sort themselves?

Of course, this won't happen under the globalists' watch, because it would mean stronger local community bonds, less concentrated Diversity™, and more affordable housing, all social goods which undermine the political and cultural power of insular coastal elites.

> Having tried both rural and city life, I've come to the conclusion that although you can experience loneliness in both, it feels more pressing in a city environment. I've just moved to a big city and I'm reminded again of how alienating it can be. When you're approaching 50 and trying to 'start again' in a new place, it can be really hard. In a city it can feel like the whole world is out having fun, which makes you feel like a bit of loser. **(Polly, Edinburgh resident)**
>
> Big cities are intimidating. The more people around you, the easier it is to get lost among them, to lose track of your own self. In big cities one can be completely busy doing so much and be left with little to no time to nurture any particular relationship or interest. Therefore, you're living surrounded by people, but connected to no one. **(Gustavo, Chicago resident)**
>
> Growing up in a city that had little to offer but decrepit playgrounds, underfunded schools and a sorry park, I spent most of my precious childhood at home staring at screens. Later, I was compelled to move out of the city

> and into a more suburban, almost rural place. After a rough phase of adaptation, I was overwhelmed with the cordiality that surged up on me. Within a year, I made dozens of friends, met the girl I now live with and developed a much more positive attitude. **(Donald Saunter, ex-Saarbrücken resident)**
>
> I personally feel that NYC has become a more transient place rather than a community-building place. There's no real sense of community left. The city has also become an investment haven for absentee foreign owners. It has also become a homogenised 'Disneyland' of sorts – imitating itself like the New York New York hotel/casino in Las Vegas. Another life-long New Yorker I know once referred to the city as a 'five-star jail' which I found to be pretty accurate. What can be more lonely than a jail? **(David, New York City resident)**
>
> I have a thing for major cities, but they can be intimidating. While anonymity isn't necessarily always bad, big cities do leave you somewhat unprotected and exposed. But part of that loneliness means cities are the ideal environment to discover yourself in your own light, without feeling like you are being watched or frowned upon, and really thrive. **(Juliana, Buenos Aires resident)**

Juliana is the kind of girl I prey on in the biggest cities. Girls who need to "discover themselves" free of judgmental family or friends who would "frown upon" their sexual adventures. (Let's cut out the bullshit…in femmespeak, "thrive" means "lotsa cockas".) This lifestyle does come with its downsides, though. Ironically, urban atomization and its discontents offers a chance at romantic redemption for loveless beta and omega males by giving them the closest facsimile to an "SMV blank slate" they can hope to have.

I once wrote that the anonymity afforded by dense city living was a godsend for aspiring cads, (and a threat to aspiring dads), as the urban milieu does a good job sheltering men from angry ex-boyfriends, bored gossips, and disapproving parents. Similarly, the anonymizing urban jungle encourages permissiveness among girls who don't have to worry so much about their reputations and walks of shame circulating far and wide among watchful family and friends. They can let their slut flag fly.

The loneliness of city living isn't its sole enervating aspect, but it will contribute, along with the sexually primal, non-inclusive secret society that hums just underneath the city's androgynous veneer, to a vast interwoven malaise that saps souls of meaning and wombs of nurslings.

The open borders project forced by a 0.1%er elite on an unwilling citizenry can be viewed in the context of this post as a poisoned ameliorative for the negatives of big city life, specifically the fertility depression and the spiritual depression brought on by social atomization. It's no wonder elections are more and more shaping up into existential battles between the working and middle classes in the countryside and the dregs and upper classes in the cities. Rome fell under similar strains. Barring a Trumpian reversal, we will too.

The Neg Can Slake Beta Male Thirst

CH · 22 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A gem of a neg turned up in this Twatter exchange. So good, it deserved showcasing at the Chateau.

> Behold the hypocrisy of Hollywood and American women: pic.twitter.com/yMeF7BGzLR
>
> — Modern Life Man (@ModernLifeMan) June 22, 2017

To which a sly dog replied:

> They have huge feet, kinda weird
>
> — Brock Atkins (@batkins6011) June 22, 2017

A well-placed and finely-tuned neg like this one can slake beta male thirst. Nothing arouses a ho's curiosity more than a man who betrays her expectations. And noticing a girl's big feet in a vanity shot she had taken of her ass in the bent-over position, prepared for copulation, is a YUGE expectation-buster.

Maybe you think this neg is too rough; more an insult than a neg. I say no, it's difficult to be too much of an asshole with slutty airheads like the one in this pic. But there are safer ways to neg if you're a wilting flower sort of man. For example,

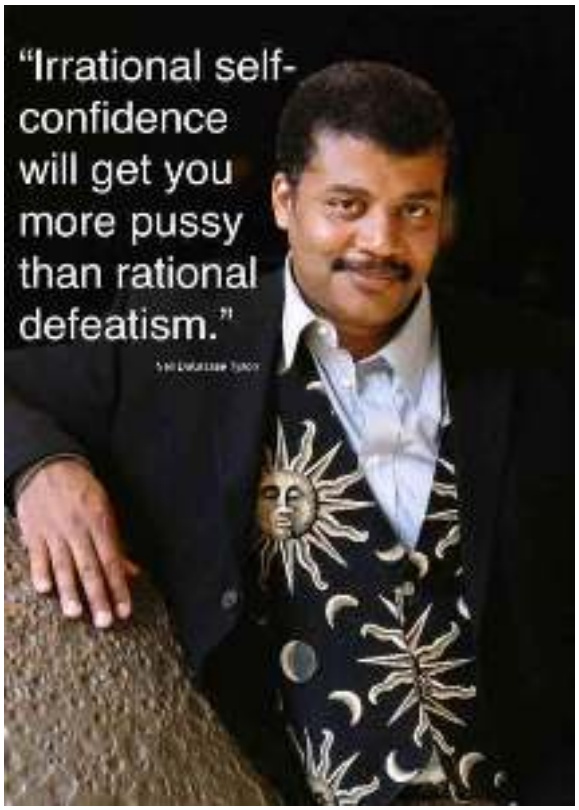
"Big feet on a girl are sexy. ? ?"

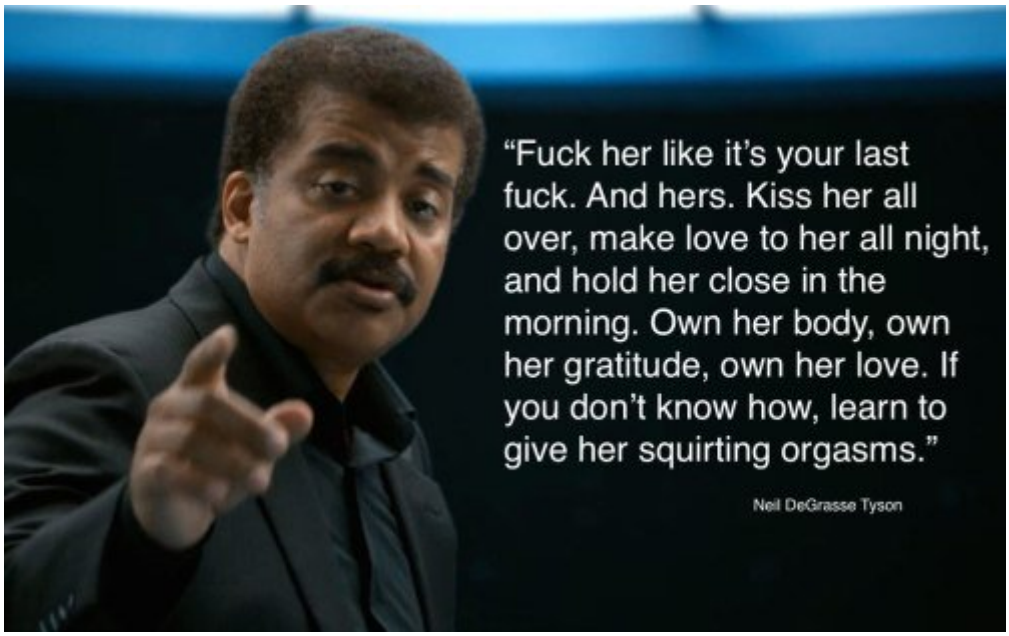
This is the classic formulation of the neg as a backhanded compliment. Buried in the compliment (she's "sexy") is the observation that she has big feet, which no woman would consider an attractive part of her body.

There's a pandemic of beta male thirst in America, perhaps in all of the White West, and tried-and-true Game techniques, including the neg, can help betas get past their thirst and to stop sounding like desperate, needy tools who have a sordid sexual history with their hands and waifu pillows. Will the beta males listen? Or will they continue their self-defeating goal of making themselves as unsexy as possible to women?

Neil DeGrasse Tyson Shares His Thots On Love

CH · 22 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original





More here. That Neil DeGrasse Tyson, he is a wise black man!

Credit to Pax Dickinson (@pax on Gab) for creating these. I only wish he had done more of them.

From Gizmos To Paperwork And Lawyering

CH · 23 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

In 1998, a Usenet proto-realtalker speculated on the topic of national decline, and why it seemed the frequency and amplitude of glorious achievement of mid-20th Century America had slowed to a flatline. (via)

> From: (Steven B. Harris)
> Newsgroups: rec.arts.sf.science,sci.astro,sci.physics
> Subject: Re: Solution to Fermi Paradox right here!
> Date: 30 Dec 1998 06:29:33 GMT
>
> In <> writes:
>
> >Pick your favorite sci-fi, (say, something written 50 years ago making
> >predictions about life near the year 2000), and it's probably wildly
> >optimistic.
> >
> > JS
>
> COMMENT
>
> Yeah, but that's only because as a society we've become effete and lost the will to try new things just for the hell of it. In the 60's they were trying things like nuclear propulsion, and they were walking on the moon. Then, something horrible happened in the early 70's. I grew up then, and I could FEEL it. I'm still trying to figure out exactly what it was, but I think what it was, was a generation of kids who grew up with television instead of playing with gizmos, and who got into power and then just turned our society into a big mess of paperwork and lawyering, because paperwork was all they'd ever learned to do. When I look at the physiology research done in the 60's, it takes my breath away. The creativity of it! The things they did! I find my "new" ideas all the time in papers done in the 1960's, but they never went anywhere (perfusion of organs with fluorocarbones to cool them, for example). One guy (the same guy in fact), before heart lung machines, repaired the hearts of babies by surgically cross-connecting them to the circulation of adult humans, who volunteered in order to save a life. Where has that kind of courage gone? Where are the Yeagers and the Goddards and the Microbe Hunters? How come the heros of our movies are no longer Micky Rooney or Spencer Tracy playing Thomas Edison, or Paul Muni playing Erlich or Pasteur, instead Val Kilmer playing Jim Morrison and Woody Harrelson playing Larry Flint? And movies whose heros are lawyers. Arggh. I don't care if it is Tom Cruise or John Travolta. And the rest of the movies seem to be re-creations of 60's TV shows.
>
> Paperwork and lawyering. Fixing and improving and advancing society by talk-talk, not building. A lawyer president and his lawyer wife. **[ed: bubba and thecunt]** Crises of power that don't involve spy planes and sputniks, but incredibly complicated and deceptive word definitions and complicated tax frauds. You think we're not preparing to go to Mars because SF is too optimistic? Sure. But it was optimistic about whether or not the can-do engineering of the 40's and 50's, done by the kids who'd grown up playing with radios and mechanics in the 20's, was going to continue. Needless to say, it didn't. I've seen a late 1950's book of science fair projects for teenagers that include things like building your own X-ray machine and cyclotron (no, I'm not kidding– it can be done). There are rockets in there, and cloud chambers, and all kinds of wonderful electronics stuff. But we didn't go that way. Instead, we turned our children into little Clintons, and our society into a bunch of people sitting at PCs, entering data about social engineering, not mechanical engineering. So instead of going to Mars, we went instead to beaurocratic Hell. Enjoy, everybody. It really could have been different. Nature didn't stop us– WE stopped us.
>
> Steve Harris
>
> (God, look at me. I'm well on the way to being Uncle Al)

I haven't read a more prescient synopsis of American culture trends than what I've written myself here at this blog. "Bureaucratic [sic] hell" = Burnham's mass SCALE dystopia come to life.

Something horribly invidious happened to America around the late 1960s and early 1970s that abruptly turned the country from greatness to a path of decline, navel-gazing solipsism, and now finally to racial self-annihilation. Soy and sugar in the food supply? The explosion of a twisted ideology into everyday life? The Pill? TeeVee?

I'll tell you something, the hallmark of national decline is the rise of the gynarchy and the diminution of male talents and preferences.

Gizmos = male
Paperwork and Lawyering = female

You want American history in a pithy aphorism? How about this:

Male became Female. Then came the End.

Or maybe you like your pithy aphorisms with more focus and bite:

Christian European became….

you catch my drift.

Boys used to be encouraged to tinker with material objects. Now they're encouraged to explore their emotional landscape and inner femininity (while girls are pushed to become second-rate boys). Both White boys and White girls are brainwashed on a daily basis by every institutional power to hate their race, heritage, and ancestors' accomplishments. An accident of decadence, or the rotten fruits of a deliberately perpetrated evil?

We can turn this sinking ship around and steer it to safe harbor, but that will mean returning to the wrong side of history where we laud boys for their distinctiveness and encourage them to tinker, not shame them for preferring stoicism over social justice blubbering. On the flip side, it will mean stopping the inhuman agenda of praising girls for acting boy-like and pushing girls to think their natural female talents are signs of weakness. Less "leaning in", more "leaving alone" to pursue the lives their sex-based dispositions organically push them toward.

The Paperwork and Lawyering crowd needs to back off and allow the Gizmo crowd to rule again. If the P&Lers won't (they won't), then our culture will die, or the Gizmos will fashion new machines to loosen power from the soy-weakened grips of the P&Ls.

The Flirt Fatale

CH · 23 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If you see a girl you find attractive flirting with another man, don't assume she's out of your reach. Not all female flirting is the same. I've noticed that women will flirt to satisfy three emotional compulsions:

1. **To directly signal sexual availability to a man she really likes.** This is authentic flirting, and it's easy to discern because the girl won't break eye contact with the object of her flirtation. An aroused girl who is happy to be swept up by a man's attention will flirt hardcore with him, because she won't want him to miss her interest and have him decide to break away under the false assumption she's not open to her seduction by him. Authentic flirtation is, in this scenario, used by women to increase sexual tension, and help drive the courtship toward a culminating bang, but only if the man is capable/alpha/experienced enough to deduce her intention and successfully parry her flirting.
2. **To release sexual tension.** This is different from Flirting case #1, even if it sounds superficially similar. A girl who's all wound up with sexual tension will seek a man (or men) into whom she can dissipate her stored sexual energy if her preferred mate choice isn't available. This urge to release sexual tension will manifest as flirting when it isn't resolved through actual sex or making out. Despite sensational press releases to the contrary, most women have an instinct to protect their precious eggs and guard against indulging wanton sexual escape. For a woman, flirting serves this purpose as both tension reliever and firewall against cumming down with Sudden Meaty Intrusion Syndrome. The man who is the recipient of this kind of female flirting doesn't necessarily have to be on the girl's radar as a potential lover; extraverted BPD girls are particularly prone to flirting with men for whom they have no sexual desire. Any earport in a tingle storm will do. NB: Beta males should be wary of this kind of flirty girl, because they are often exploited as earports and likely to misconstrue the girl's harmless flirting as real sexual intention.
3. **To coax a third party man to bust a move.** In this instance, the one under consideration here and practiced by the girls to whom I refer as Flirt Fatales, the flirting is a means to an entirely unexpected end: inviting a different man than the one with whom she is flirting to come over and meet her. The Flirt Fatale's objective is to incite jealousy in the man she truly desires, and she does this by openly (and often sloppily) flirting with another man in the hopes that it will trigger the "hurry up and conquer" instinct in the man who is her primary interest. You can easily identify the Flirt Fatale by how she'll frequently break eye contact with the pawn she's flirting with to cast darting, sidelong glances at the rest of the room, or directly at you. NB: A man who suspects he is the true target of a girl's flirtation with a beta prop should be ready to pounce after the girl is finished cockteasing her sounding board. I like to go in and open with the line, "Looks like your flirting didn't work on that guy." This is both a disqualification of her as a primary target of your affection and a cheeky challenge to her feminine allure.

In sum, if you see a girl flirting with another man, and she's in your vicinity, check for darting eyes that betray her real purpose. If her eyes are locked on the flirtee, don't bother. If her eyes sweep the veldt for your predatory gaze, prepare to approach once she's detached from her pawn.

The neophyte to the world of women may ask, "why won't the Flirt Fatale just go up to the man she really wants and flirt with him instead of going through this convoluted proxy beta?"

Sure, women do that. But not always. Not even very often. The reason Flirt Fatales like to play this game is because they want to maintain the illusion of their feminine allure, and that illusion creaks under the strain of any active moves she makes to capture the attention of a man she wants. Directly flirting with a man, to these women, is like giving too much of their game away. She relinquishes power with every aggressive move that betrays the essence of her feminine soul; an essence which is vulnerability and submission to a powerful man who takes what he wants. So she plays these flirty games with the unwitting aid of third party beta dupes to preserve her self-perception of passive sexual power which overwhelms desirable men to throw caution to the wind and risk her rejection on a direct approach that hasn't been green-lighted by any overt flirtatious invitation she could easily send their way.

***

It almost goes without saying, but another psychological need of the Flirt Fatale is to satisfy her urge to play the “let’s you and him fight” game of male social dominance that helps her identify which men are strong enough to enjoy her chute fruit. Inciting jealousy through manipulative flirting with a proxy beta pawn gives her the giddy high of watching a second man enter the field of battle to oust the first man for her romantic favor.

Comment Of The Week: Women Are Anti-Civilizational

CH · 24 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner Jack Ragnar does a 180 on cuckventional wisdom and as a result grazes a deep and abiding truth about the sexes.

> I had a conversation about flirting with my sister. This came up. Women at their core want to find out who the better man is. They would by default go with the winner of "you and him fight". However men are not all on board with this idea. Such games are anti-civilization, and the costs are high. If men refuse, and choose to work out their differences in a more civilized and subtle way, women have to gain the information about men in a more covert fashion. So we get shit-tests, status seeking, etc.
>
> Women are literally anti-civilizational. Their instincts if left unchecked (ala modern women), will bring out the most violent aspects of men. Men despite their capability for violence and destruction are not on average destructive. Women, if left to their devices would have us living in grass huts.

The white kight/cuck aphorism they love to cling to is that women are the civilizers of men, by dint of being the gatekeepers to sex and therefore having the leverage to demand men behave themselves.

But what if the civilizing force runs the other way? Any man who has experience with women has seen that the fair sex can entertain malice and destructiveness the equal of any man, but without the sensationalist physical violence that grabs headlines and puts the spotlight on male wickedness. There's a better case to make that men are the sex with the drive to civilize, and that women, constrained as their sex is by the hypergamous need to identify the strongest man in the tribe, exert de-civilizing forces on the sexual market that if left unregulated can and do lead to cultural collapse.

Jack is onto something yuge, and we here at CH have toyed with the same idea of unrestricted female sexuality as a herald of national decline. The entire story may be more nuanced than this, but it's a necessary and useful widening of the discourse to at least begin to cast suspicion on the shibboleth that women civilize men and not the other way around. When all is said and done, CH will have pushed open the Ovaton Window so wide the sunlight will scorch dying feminist wombs from Berkeley to Bonn.

Trump's Love Letter To Heritage America

CH · 26 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Watch this: (via)

> Last week @POTUS & @FLOTUS hosted members of Congress and their families for the annual Congressional Picnic on the South Lawn. pic.twitter.com/NCjdnvWMgU
>
> — The White House (@WhiteHouse) June 25, 2017

Did you feel a sudden yearning for a better, bygone America? That was intentional. Trump knows what he's doing, and he knows the sides in this battle for the soul of America. His promos, visuals, and speeches are an extended play love letter to Heritage America. To White America, before it became a Dirt World Depot. If you doubt Trump's loyalty to the cause, dispel your doubt. His heart is in it. He fights for you.

Would Psychopaths Thrive In A Diversitopia?

CH · 27 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Psychopathy and Diversity™: are the two like oil and water or match and fuel leak? The answer to this question isn't so clear. There are two competing forces that complicate analysis.

1. Psychopaths exploit high trust societies, preying on dupes. Diversity erodes social trust and makes everyone warier of each other, reducing the number of dupes to scam.
2. Psychopaths are skilled at manipulating the natural antagonisms between people and groups for their personal benefit. Diversity increases the number of groups fighting for resources and representation and thus enlarges the field of play for psychopaths.

FYI I define Diversitopia in any Western nation as majority-minority White plus Other. The US is currently sitting at 63% White, and the true number is worse than that, because there's a big uncounted demographic market of beaner illegals and a fertility bulge of minority births cresting on the horizon that dwarfs the White birth rate.

Psychopaths would have a rich vein of culture rot to excavate in a Diversitopia because there would be so many tribes to play off one another. But, psychos would have a counter-current to swim against in the form of society-wide lowered trust that would increase the difficulty of finding gullible marks. It's hard to tease out which way the psycho winds would blow, but my impression is that they are currently thriving in the interregnum between wide-eyed Joke Whites still clinging to their pathological altruism and virtue sniveling and squinty Woke Whites casting suspicion in every direction. Soon, though, psychos may find it tough to extract any more nuggets of self-aggrandizement from a dying America.

PS It's useful to distinguish generic psychopaths from ashkepaths. The latter is a supercharged subspecies of Genus Psycho and undoubtedly thrive in Diversitopias….at least until they're ejected from their 6 gorillionth host nation. So if you're waiting passively for Diversity™ to sufficiently crater trust levels in the body politic and deprive ashkepaths of their nutrition, you'll wait a long time.

This Is Why Libchicks HATE HATE HATE Trump

CH · 27 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The topic of this post could easily bloom into an oceanic algae field of effortful analysis, but I intend to keep this particular foray succinct.

Libchicks HATE HATE HATE Meaty Intruder Trump because he is **iconic maleness**.

It's Trump's unapologetic masculinity — and by association the happy masculinity of his supporters — that gets under the speckled hides of the Femcunt Fuggernaut.

The general direction of Western Civ over the last decades has been away from masculinity and toward androgyny. Femininity is under attack as well, but so far has avoided the kind of vitriolic (((propaganda))) that's been leveled against all forms and expressions and attitudes of masculinity.

Trump is a direct rebuke to the anti-masculinity and anti-male agenda. Precisely, the anti-White male agenda. He is the distillation in one man of everything that drives bitterbitches crazy with hatelust.

He speaks his mind.
He never grovels for approval.
He refuses to regurgitate the symbolic catchwords of feminist and antiracism cant.
He loves women with sexually explicit vigor and remorseless objectification.
He has a child with a much younger, beautiful model wife.
He has multiple children by former wives he has continually traded up for fresher pussy.
He uses his wealth, charm, and power to seduce women.
He tacitly reminds women that they are complicit in his seduction, welcoming his advances when they are young and not in the employ of hillary clinton's shadow orgs.
He holds a mirror up to women's rapacious, animalistic sexual natures.
He is a chad who loves being a chad.
He is a doer instead of a talker.
He builds, rather than blathers.
He is a Gizmo, not a Paperwork and Lawyering drone.
He has Game.
He mocks liars, gossips, and degenerates.
He fights, and shames cowards.
He has ridiculed feminist beliefs and representatives and come away unscathed, even stronger than before.
He reminds women that their own men — their very own beta male bootlickers — may think the same things as Trump and pursue the same pleasures if they had Trump's stones and Trump's options.

Iconic Maleness embodied by Trump is the hot branding phallus that penetrates the hunchbacked ids of bitter women and the manginas who are fated to settle for them. Trump and his Trumpericans spotlight and magnify the romantic failures and futility of the Nasty Women and the Girly Boys. It's no wonder they hate him; he's a Big Beautiful TruthWall looming high above the muck and blocking their desperate ego-soothing escape into self-deluding fantasy.

p

June 27, 2017 by CH

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He mocks liars, gossips, and degenerates.
He fights, and shames cowards.
He has ridiculed feminist beliefs and representatives and come away unscathed, even stronger than before.
He reminds women that their own men — their very own beta male bootlickers — may think the same things as Trump and pursue the same pleasures if they had Trump's stones and Trump's options.

Iconic Maleness embodied by Trump is the hot branding phallus that penetrates the hunchbacked ids of bitter women and the manginas who are fated to settle for them. Trump and his Trumpericans spotlight and magnify the romantic failures and futility of the Nasty Women and the Girly Boys. It's no wonder they hate him; he's a Big Beautiful TruthWall looming high above the muck and blocking their desperate ego-soothing escape into self-deluding fantasy.

Shitlib Men And Shitlib Chicks: The Fracturing

CH · 27 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Anti-Trump “”””resistance””” has always been a gynocentric movement, consisting mostly of low E single White SWPL sluts, cougars, spinsters, boy-hipped androgynes, fatsos, uglies, and older broads of the type who hang dreamcatchers over their loveless beds. The protests are majority female, and the passion is largely an outpouring of female bitching and moaning, organized at the very top by effeminate Antifa and Cozener nü-males.

I bring this up because I’ve noticed a change in the way shitlib men behave around their Shrillennial shitlib women whenever the subject of Trump is broached. The women are still crazy with wild-eyed hatred for Trump, giving themselves over to histrionic avowals to stop Trump, humiliate Trump, or even kill Trump (if they could get away with it). This has been their M.O. (Menstruation of Offense) since the election.

The shitlib (Gentile) men, though, are far more circumspect in professing the intensity of their anti-Trump hatred, so much so that I wonder if they really hate the man or if they’re mouthing empty pledges of fealty to a resistance they don’t really feel in their hearts. The difference is especially noticeable when I peel one of these shitlib men away from their Cunt4Prez shrews to have a one-on-one political conversation about current events. It’s during these times that the lemming libmask slips and I can practically hear them taking their first micro doses of red pill, scoffing at the Russia fake news and agreeing that Trump is a major earthquake in the political landscape whose ideas should be taken seriously.

The passionate shitlib women? Forget it, they’re unreachable. You either parrot their insipid Trump-hate, or you ever so gently disagree with them and they promptly exeunt in a muff huff.

Then when the libmen are back in the company of their libcunts, they immediately abandon their tentative forays into masculine realtalk for the submissive role of playing affirmation therapist to their harridans. But their affirmations are weak and feeble, and occasionally one of the libwomen will break social protocol and demand a stronger display of alliance from her Test-less wonder, which he will try to appease with a humorous segue intended to redirect the conversation away from the volatile vaj flapping to something lighter and less toxic.

My personal observations are of course the law of the land, so expect to see more breakups between less unhinged shitlib men and their insane shitlib women demanding total allegiance to their pussyhat religion. I call it The Fracturing, and I predict three consequences from it:

1. Fewer relationships between ideologically-divergent men and women (which means fewer relationships in general, because there aren’t enough lunatic libmen for every lunatic libchick).
2. More bitter single libchicks, creating a menstrual spiral into deranged anti-Trump hatred inconsolable by any therapeutic means of intervention. Not even kitten porn can save them now.
3. Intensified assortative mating and marrying along ideological complementarity. This isn’t a good trend, because it will also drive deeper rifts between classes of White people and erode citizen fellowship, two ingredients necessary for the outbreak of another civil war.

PS Maul-Righters should be careful of succumbing to insularity disease. For every dulcet Katie McHugh, there are one hundred screechy pussyhat crones. We Men of the T have a lot of work to do to pull our single White women back from the brink of madness. Keep close the Poon Commandments, and you can’t fail in your rescue mission. Pay particular attention to Poon Commandments III, VIII, XV, and XVI:

> **III. You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority**
>
> Forget all those romantic cliches of the leading man proclaiming his undying love for the woman who completes him. Despite whatever protestations to the contrary, women do not want to be “The One” or the center of a man’s existence. They in fact want to subordinate themselves to a worthy man’s life purpose, to help

> him achieve that purpose with their feminine support, and to follow the path he lays out. You must respect a woman's integrity and not lie to her that she is "your everything". She is not your everything, and if she is, she will soon not be anymore.
>
> ***
>
> **VIII. Say you're sorry only when absolutely necessary**
>
> Do not say you're sorry for every wrong thing you do. It is a posture of submission that no man should reflexively adopt, no matter how alpha he is. Apologizing increases the demand for more apologies. She will come to expect your contrition, like a cat expects its meal at a set time each day. And then your value will lower in her eyes. Instead, if you have done something wrong, you should acknowledge your guilt in a glancing way without resorting to the actual words "I'm sorry." Pull the Bill Clinton maneuver and say "Mistakes were made" or tell her you "feel bad" about what you did. You are granted two freebie *"I'm sorry"*s for the life of your relationship; use them wisely.
>
> ***
>
> **XV. Maintain your state control**
>
> You are an oak tree. You will not be manipulated by crying, yelling, lying, head games, sexual withdrawal, jealousy ploys, pity plays, shit tests, hot/cold/hot/cold, disappearing acts, or guilt trips. She will rain and thunder all around you and you will shelter her until her storm passes. She will not drag you into her chaos or uproot you. When you have mastery over yourself, you will have mastery over her.
>
> **XVI. Never be afraid to lose her**
>
> You must not fear. Fear is the love-killer. Fear is the ego-triumph that brings abject loneliness. You will face your fear. You will permit it to pass over and through you. And when your ego-fear is gone you will turn and face your lover, and only your heart will remain. You will walk away from her when she has violated your integrity, and you will let her walk when her heart is closed to you. She who can destroy you, controls you. Don't give her that power over yourself. Love yourself before you love her.

Strike the fear of insol into libchicks and you'll marvel at how tractable they become.

Women Become More Promiscuous In Relationships, Men Become Less Promiscuous

CH · 29 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A curious finding is buried in this tour de force article recapitulating the wealth of scientific evidence for the huge sex difference in willingness to have sex with a stranger.

> Over the last few decades almost all research studies have found that men are much more eager for casual sex than women are (Oliver & Hyde, 1993; Petersen & Hyde, 2010). This is especially true when it comes to desires for short-term mating with many different sexual partners (Schmitt et al., 2003), and is even more true for wanting to have sex with complete and total strangers (Tappé et al., 2013).
>
> In a classic social psychological experiment from the 1980s, Clark and Hatfield (1989) put the idea of there being sex differences in consenting to sex with strangers to a real life test. They had experimental confederates approach college students across various campuses and ask "I've been noticing you around campus, I find you to be very attractive, would you go to bed with me tonight?" Around 75 percent of men agreed to have sex with a complete stranger, whereas no women (0 percent) agreed to sex with a complete stranger. In terms of effect size, this is one of the largest sex differences ever discovered in psychological science (Hyde, 2005).
>
> Twenty years later, Hald and Høgh-Olesen (2010) largely replicated these findings in Denmark, with 59 percent of single men and 0 percent of single women agreeing to a stranger's proposition, "Would you go to bed with me?" **Interestingly, they also asked participants who were already in relationships, finding 18 percent of men and 4 percent of women currently in a relationship responded positively to the request.**

Did you catch the glint of that sparkly truthgem? On the question of having sex with a stranger, the percentage of men willing to do so dropped from 75% if they were single to 18% if they were already in relationships…..while the percentage of women willing to fuck a stranger *rose* from o% if they were single to 4% if they were in relationships.

Welly well, isn't that interesting. *Alpha fux, beta bux* in existential play?

Of course, 4% isn't a big number. However, it is a big number when it leaps past 0%. It's an even bigger number in a man's calculations when her dirty deed, or thought thereof, is executed within the comfy cozy confines of a relationship under the presumption of her monogamous faithfulness. How strange that a woman would be slightly more open to stranger sex if she's already in a relationship with a familiar betaboy than if she's swingin' single!

How strange….to anyone who hasn't had a stay at the Chateau.

As we Illubricati know, the alpha sheen can and often does wear off a taken man. What was once a dominant and sexy new lover to a woman de-sexualizes into a submissive long-term beta bootlicker. Sad! And when that happens, his lady will start to entertain salacious notions of concupiscent cuckoldry. She'll look at her primary investor, consciously thank him for his dependable omnipresence while subconsciously resenting his lost aura of mystery, and allow herself sensual dreamy drifts into fantasies of fucking the next stranger from afar who cock struts into her rearview, perhaps comforted in the knowledge that any illicit issuance of her tryst would remain undisclosed to her duped day lover.

So if you don't want to be a victim of the 4%, learn Game. It'll do your LTR or marriage good.

Maybe just as intriguingly, men become less — a lot less — promiscuous (i.e., willing to have sex with a stranger) when they are in relationships. The vast majority of single men would funbang an average-to-hot girl they had just met, but that percentage drops to a mere 18% of taken men.

So men become more moral once they commit to a woman, and women become less moral once they commit to a

man.

Why? One reason: men in relationships fear losing their lovers. A complacency, anhedonic complementarity, and kneejerk gratitude settles in (aka betatization) and robs a man of feelings of masculine sexual worth, until he stops believing he can get a girl as good to him as his current girl is to him. So his big fear is a breakup followed by what he imagines will be years of incel. This fear instigates a cravenness in his behavior and attitude that only further dispirits his woman, who wonders where the heat went.

Another reason: Men in relationships are getting a steady supply of sex they never had when they were single, given that definitionally most men are betas whose single lives are dreary sexless landscapes punctuated by occasional flowerings of welcoming furrow, which are finally notarized into semi-regularity with the signing of the nuptial prison terms. So men in relationships are simply unwilling to risk losing access to that comparatively turgid sex stream, hence the drop from 75% to 18% in willingness to indulge their natural male desire.

A third possibility: Men really are more moral than are women, and this would explain why a huge number of them would deny their God-given male inclinations in order to fulfill the moral obligations tacitly understood to be essential to a monogamous relationship. Women otoh appear to lose whatever moral compass they brought with them to a relationship. Oopsie, sexy stranger's fault!

Now, men are still men and not women, so the big sex differences in desire for casual NSA sex remain whether in or out of relationships. On the subject of openness to stranger sex, 18% of taken men is still far more than 4% of taken women, but the relevant variable is the intra-sex difference in willingness to eat, pray, stray. Men are horndogs, but women can rest a little knowing that once they've cornered a man and removed him from the market he's basically a neutered pup compared to what he was before she snagged him. Men though have to worry a little bit more once they've locked a woman down, because…and this is a maxim somewhere in the CH archives I'm sure…the **pussy lockdown is illusory**. It doesn't exist, except by the will of the woman and the Game of the man.

If women are slightly more willing to step out with a stranger when they are in a relationship, within which all the risk of discovery and moral approbation are arrayed against her, as opposed to sexing a stranger when they are single and morally unchained and free of the risk of blowing up an LTR or marriage…..then that should strike at least a shiver of fear in any man who thinks the dotted line secures his honor and his progeny.

Finally, a result that confirms a core CH tenet:

> In a French replication attempt, Guéguen (2011) had experimental confederates of various levels of physical attractiveness actually approach real-life strangers and ask if they would have sex. **He found 83 percent of men agreed to have sex with a highly attractive woman, whereas only 3 percent of women agreed to have sex with a highly attractive man.** Among confederates of average attractiveness, 60 percent of men agreed to sex with a woman of average attractiveness, but no woman (0 percent) agreed to sex with a man of average attractiveness.

The takeaway here is that very good-looking men don't have a huge sexual market advantage over average-looking men, but they do have some advantage, mostly in short term mating scenarios. No one of sane mind would argue otherwise, however it does prove (again) that male looks aren't as crucial to men's romantic success as female looks are to women's romantic success. If you happen to be in the top 5% of male looks, congrats, you bumped your chance of casual sex with a random woman you just met from 0% to 3%. Unfortunately for the no-Game-having Drabios, women are holistic mate assessors and require a lot more convincing than that provided by a megawatt smile and biceps. The calculus is the same for men of average looks or good looks: to bed more women, and higher quality women, you'll need a personality. A charismatic man of average looks will run labia rings around dull pretty boys.

Is This The Reason Men Adore Virgins (And Abhor Skanks)?

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The greatest disconnect between whom a man claims to love and whom he really loves is that produced when asking him his thoughts on the superiority of the virgin bride. You'll hear variations of the following from him:

"Hey man, I don't care who's she's slept with as long as I'm her last dick."

"Nah don't matter, as long as she's spreading for me."

"How can I ask a girl to be a virgin when I have so many notch counts?"

"I want an experienced woman, not a dead fish."

"What's the diff? Pussy is pussy."

These are all male hamster rationalization droppings, intended to conceal a deep truth that most men are uncomfortable revealing to themselves, let alone to any women they're sizing up for long-term commitment. Men prefer virgins, and the preference is universal. The gynarchic West may have made it inconvenient to satisfy that male preference, or to even announce that preference out loud without threat of job loss and social pariah status, but that doesn't mean the preference has been abolished. The primal code isn't trifled with.

The CH explanation for this innate male preference to be the sole pumper of a virgin (and the numberless dumper of a slut) has been to invoke the paternity certainty clause: Men don't get pregnant and bear children, so they have to be sure the women they choose to make honest are the sort to stay sexually faithful and guarantee any children of their unions are in fact fused tissues of their own seed.

And ¡SCIENCE! has been bearing this maxim out: Slutty women are a bad bet for marriage. The likelihood of marital disruption is greater if you have hitched your sunk opportunity costs and roughhoused wallet to a veteran cock carousel rider. Cheating is a surefire way to disrupt marital harmony.

Over eons of mutually co-evolving love and romance and righteous dickings, the virgin bride was prized by men (and prized as a condition to retain by women) because men could be near-certain that a child with a virgin would be his (and virgin women could be as nearly certain the love of an alpha male was theirs). Bedding down in legal limbo with a slut whose snatch has scarfed up a scud missile's length of schlong is asking for a cucked effacing, a divorce raping, or a dignity scraping. The slut may put out sooner, but she'll make you pay for it later.

Tantalizingly, ¡SCIENCE! may have stumbled on another, related, reason to explain why men prefer virgins.

> Male Microchimerism in the Human Female Brain
>
> In humans, naturally acquired microchimerism has been observed in many tissues and organs. Fetal microchimerism, however, has not been investigated in the human brain. Microchimerism of fetal as well as maternal origin has recently been reported in the mouse brain. In this study, we quantified male DNA in the human female brain as a marker for microchimerism of fetal origin (i.e. acquisition of male DNA by a woman while bearing a male fetus). Targeting the Y-chromosome-specific *DYS14* gene, we performed real-time quantitative PCR in autopsied brain from women without clinical or pathologic evidence of neurologic disease (n=26), or women who had Alzheimer's disease (n=33). We report that 63% of the females (37 of 59) tested harbored male microchimerism in the brain. Male microchimerism was present in multiple brain regions. Results also suggested lower prevalence (p=0.03) and concentration (p=0.06) of male microchimerism in the brains of women with Alzheimer's disease than the brains of women without neurologic disease. In conclusion, male microchimerism is frequent and widely distributed in the human female brain.

63% of women tested had male DNA in their brains. The primary culprit in this study appears to be male fetuses, but prior studies have found male DNA infusion from other sources, and though it's speculative at this point the

possibility exists that one source of male microchimerism is sexual intercourse.

> In conclusion, data suggest that male microchimerism in young girls may originate from an older brother either full born or from a discontinued pregnancy or from transfusion during pregnancy. We speculate that sexual intercourse may be important but other sources of male cells likely exist in young girls.

If sex implants tiny cargo holds of male DNA into a woman's body — a big if at this stage of research — then it's plausible that the male preference for virgins ensues from a subconscious desire of men to avoid having children with a skank whose vagina has hosted a spunk parade that could festoon his precious DNA-carrying vessel with the spermtastic spangles of past dangles.

The gbfm summary:

lotsa cockas, bastard totsas.

***

FYI chimerism is one of the leading theories to explain the persistence of low levels of homosexuality despite the huge reproductive hit the condition incurs in those afflicted (pathogens and genetic susceptibility are the other contending theories). The chimerism theory states that early in pregnancy the winning fetus absorbs genetic material from the losing fetus (which is never born), and in some cases this will mean female fetus DNA embeds in the male fetus's brain, somehow altering the sexual orientation of his brain architecture. Just putting it out there.

“Welcome Back, America” Is Online

CH · 29 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

After popping Red and Black Pills by the mouthful at the Goodbye, America photojournal blog, you’ll need the refreshing mental cleanser of a fortified White Pill. Without further adieu, enjoy the catalog of signs of hope and change and revitalization pouring forth from the heart of Heritage America over at the WELCOME BACK, AMERICA photo blog.

Kiss Cam Game (Or: How To Pass The Jumbotron Test)

CH · 30 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Now this is how you own the Kiss Cam. Pay attention at the 0:07 mark when he kisses his “girl”.

> Abundance mindset level=1000. Watch his girl freak the fuck out! pic.twitter.com/SqeeP4DQu7
>
> — GotPickup? Gary PUA (@gotpickup) June 29, 2017

I laughed. She did too. That’s how you keep a girl hooked on you for the duration.

1. defy her expectations
2. be a charming jerkboy
3. don’t be a boring beta

How does Beer Man compare to the previous Jumbotron master Ice Cream Alpha featured here on this blog?

It’s interesting to compare the two, because there’s a lot going on that’s similar but also differs, yet the reactions of their girls are the same (tingle torrent).

Beer Man is more try-hard. It’s obvious he’s hamming it up for dramatic effect. But try-hardness doesn’t hurt a man if his efforts are to amuse himself (and in this case the public) rather than appease the girl. Ice Cream Alpha is less acting out than reclining in the plush luxury of his assholery. He’s not putting on a show, he’s just chilling and playfully taunting his girl with the least amount of effort. (Playfully? Eh, maybe not so much. He looks dead serious about protecting the perimeter of his ice cream.)

That’s the main difference between the two men. The similarities though are obvious and go deeper than their chosen method of executing a triple lindy jerkboy maneuver. Neither man caves to public pressure. Neither man is interested in signs of approval from his girl. Neither man gives a crap what the watching world or their women think of their antics. Both men blast through their girls’ expectations, mixing unpredictability with cheeky teasing. By pushing their girls away, they have pulled their girls closer to them.

Abundance mentality is the right term for it. So is outcome independence. When you think you can score at will, you’ll act like the type of man who does score at will.

Trump’s Dread Game

CH · 30 June 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A poem.

Trump’s Dread Game
Flirts on camera with cute dame
Balls of ZFG
Melania peeved?
No, that’s aggrieved betaboy steez
Melania cleaved
Later that eve
thunderous Trumpian marital glee
her still-smoldering flower reaved
And somewhere in a mood-lit bedroom
escapes a squeaky peep
a self-administered clit sweep
to put a reporterette to happy sleep.
Dread Game
It works!

Trump The Ironclad Chad

CH · 3 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Trumpinator retweeted a gif lovingly prepared by a Redditer, of Trump administering Stone Cold Steve Austin's Stunner finishing move on FraudNewsNetwork (neé CNN).

> #FraudNewsCNN #FNN pic.twitter.com/WYUnHjjUjg
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) July 2, 2017

Glorious.

The usual hypocritical pansy shitlibs have their manties in a twist, squealing and moaning in pain about Trump acting "unpresidential", I suppose conveniently forgetting Gay Mulatto's history of trash-naggering flyovers and their years spent defending Bill Clinton from prudes when he made a cigar humidor out of an intern's kosher kunt.

We are witnessing the implosion and destruction of the leftoid inbred nerdo Gaystream Media in real time, by a Natural Chad who knows the soft underbelly of his enemy, and that alone should qualify a spot in granite for Trump's Caesarian mug.

But I really can't say it better than Jung Man did here, so I'll reprint his tribute in full:

******

Upon witnesing President Trump's CNN smackdown tweet today, I was left making much the same facial expression Laurence Fishburn makes at the end of *The Matrix* when he realizes Neo truly is The One. Long has MPC and the greater alt-right waxed rhapsodic over Trump's many paradigm-shifting qualities, but today was the first day I truly saw him for what he is: Trump is not just a Chad, he is *The* Chad, in much the same way top-level Taoists claim to become the Tao. This is the key to understanding his behavior and why he appears to so effortlessly triumph over legions of incredibly well-financed yet morally-bereft, insidious bugpeople. If you were to combine every star high school quarterback and Ray-Ban clad summer lifeguard into one, you still would not be scratching the surface of the Pure Chadism that flows through Donald Trump's veins at any given moment. For him, bullyciding isn't just a fun pasttime; it's a way of life.

Donald Trump is a 139 IQ certified triple alpha Apex Chad, born with a nearly perfect anti-autism genome which was then steeled through a lifetime spent in the cutthroat world of high-end ManFUCKINGhatten real estate, which is basically the Olympics of bare, no holds barred Jewry. He is at the top of the Chad food chain, imbued with not only the quotidian Chad qualities of athleticism and insouciance, but also rarer, top-level Chad qualities like completely effortless trolling and unshakable detachment. When you see Trump – the President of the United States of America, lest we forget – retweeting a meme of (real, actual) himself delivering a WWE Raw smackdown to the bugman hive that is CNN, you're watching a completely autonomic response; trolling comes as easy to President Trump as breathing comes to the rest of us, and he puts the same amount of thought into it as you or I just put into our last breath. Unlike his bugman opponents, The Chad does not expend valuable energy hand-wringing over what the latest (((models))) may show; The Chad simply does. Whether he's a plucky, new-to-the-scene NYC realtor having his associate "John Miller" call up some sleazeball tabloid yid to call him a f****t, or a 2016 Republican presidential candidate bragging about his dick size to 80 million prime-time viewers, or the President of the United States of America retweeting a silly meme showing him giving CNN a stunner, The Chad is acting on 100% instinct at all time; this makes him an absolutely fatal opponent for the bugman, whose modus operandi is by nature spergy, data/consensus-driven, and highly fragile. Many here have spoken at length of Trump's anti-fragility in the vein of Taleb; I propose that Trump exists outside of the fragility continuum altogether, a being wholly inoculated against any traditional understanding of vulnerability. Imagine the popular "it all runs off like water down a duck's back" copypasta we are so fond of poasting; now imagine that there is no "… but call him a Jew" clause. That is Donald

Trump, The Chad. He has no natural weakness, at least not insofar as the postmodern, atomized, bugman Acela class is concerned.

I love President Trump in that brotherly, manly way that used to be common in America before pozz corrupted the feeling into a prolapsed homosexualist . It feels so good to have a leader on my side. It's always been Who, Whom, and for the first time in a long time there's an Overshitlord with Chadism running in his veins leading the nation on the behalf of my tribe. the Who.

Exactly how Chad is Donald Trump? We're talking about a man who had the stones to write a very Chadily-composed tell all paperback some 30 years ago that – and this is really amazing stuff, folks – literally takes the reader on a point by point dissection of his understanding of life, the gambits he runs, how he views success and how he wins so often. His entire playbook, laid bare for any literate man, woman, or child to peruse at their leisure, millions of which did. But because Donald Trump understands the nerd/bugman on a fundamental level – far better than the bugman knows even himself – he knows that even with his entire strategic gameplan free for the taking, there is no danger of the enemy catching on. Trump's Chad instincts are so finely tuned that he knows even if he shows the crowd how the magic trick is done, if he does it with his trademark flair, they'll keep falling for it every time. Whether consciously or not (likely not, as we're talking about hardwired, base-level instincts at this point), Trump realizes the bugman will never catch on, as the bugman considers Trump a buffoon, a charlatan, an idiot and a fraud, just as the nerd sees the garden-variety Chad. Simply speaking, bugpeople simply have no idea what they're dealing with when encountering Trump; watching them squirm reminds me of the Strugatsky brothers' *Roadside Picnic*, wherein mankind spends an inordinate amount of time trying to comprehend alien actions that were, to the aliens, simply a picnic stop. Not only does the bugman foolishly consider himself smarter than Trump, he simply does not understand him at all. To them, his very existence is incomprehensible, a problem to be run through endless datasheets and algorithms and editorial columns; to Trump, that the bugman exists doesn't even register.

When you're watching Trump troll, you're not merely watching a maestro at work; no, you're seeing the very essence of trolling given human form. Trump himself is aware of his incredible, Chadly prowess, as he mocks his opponents' appeals to staid (and laughable) ARE PRESIDENTIAL DIGNITY by announcing that he is not presidential, but *modern presidential*, a one-off tweet that illustrates Trump has a far deeper understanding of his paradigm-shattering position than he normally lets on. He knows exactly what he is doing, folks. His Twitter finger is a veritable Seal Team Six of bullycide, able to (((ethnically))) cleanse entire newsrooms with the tap of a pinky. Trump is essentially delivering public, extrasensory wedgies and swirlies over the air to millions of bugmen at any given moment; to be quite honest, this is a level of Chadism that I thought was theoretically impossible. No one man should be able to bullycide like ARE president, and yet there he is, delivering a precision-guided tweetbomb holocaust right to the frontostriatal pathway of millions of shitlibs at 2:05am in the morning. This is simply preternatural.

To borrow one of my favorite CJ quotes (over a year old now, how time flies in Trumpville):

Cinco Jotas, on 14 May 2016 – 12:22 PM, said:

> f**k the movies. There's no happy ending here for the media. This is evolution in action. Our oppressive s**tlib media has produced the ultimate media killer. Trump isn't a centipede. He's one of those giant Japanese hornets that kills an entire hive full of bees. He's immune to their stings, and until they evolve a new strategy, which will take a generation or more, it'll just be carnage.

This is a fantastic metaphor, but I think in light of recent events it could use some minor tweaks. Not only is Trump completely immune to the bugman's stings and their postmodern false idols of snark and sarcasm and feigned outrage, he absolutely *thrives* on their suffering. I see Donald Trump as more of a blue whale (the most yuge animal), happily gliding along with a smug look on his face, mouth lazily opened, all the while swallowing hundreds

of plankton at any given moment. Journalists, shitlibs, and assorted anti-Trump f****ts are in this simile the plankton, just complete non-entities to the yuge Trump juggernaut, completely inconsequential in every way, unable to do much of anything in the face of the oncoming titan. Their suffering and eventual destruction fuel Trump for even more trolling and bullyciding; where in the past, conservative sadsacks would wither and die in the face of sustained s**tlib onslaught, President Trump uses their angst to propel himself forward, not really even aware that any one given s**tlib-plankton exists. Trump is an extinction level event for the bugpeople, who are quickly discovering their snarky takedowns and affected, outraged attitudes are akin to when the Poles trotted out the cavalry against the blitzkrieg. When you see the Trump CNN tweet you are effectively witnessing shitlibs using 20th century tactics coming up against a 21st century president; just a complete and total slaughter, the Charge of the Blight Brigade.

I never thought in my life we'd see such a spectacle, and yet here we are, existing in a universe where it's not completely implausible that POTUS Trump will have John Cena deliver a Five Knucle Shuffle to some nebbishy trickle down media whore during one of his upcoming press conferences. I only wish David Foster Wallace could have lived to see this day; who would have thought that the harbinger of New Sincerity would be a reality TV billionaire who starred in a Pizza Hut commercial? ARE president is such a Chad that he is murdering postmodernism right before our very eyes, using nothing more than a free Twitter account. Infinite jest indeed.

******

Jung Man is right, and the cucks were wrong all along. It's always been Who, Whom. And for once we have a leader on OUR SIDE. We are the Who, and it feels good man. For this, I love Trump with a brotherly, manly warmth that used to be common before America became a mystery meatball disstopia and the poz corrupted masculine bonhomie and warped it into a grotesque homosexualist aberration.

More on Trump and his libfruit prey:

Harry Dexter Whyte:

DRUMPF

tells twitter followers to punch "nazis"

IS

calls for the President to be beheaded

NORMALIZING

bashes young woman in the back of the head with a bike lock

VIOLENCE

takes potshots at congressman

Bumbling American:

> It's fascinating to watch libs and cucks call this vulgar and dangerous and a diminishment of the office. Welp this is the populist version of a sitting president putting his wife on the Oscars, or doing standup at a press club, or starfucking barely human popstars and athletes in the White House, or appearing on (I still cannot believe this) a stoner YouTube show. Obama was pure s**tlib exhibitionism and vulgarity; if the average libarts major were wealthy and powerful, this is what he'd be doing. Trump is doing what the average prole would do if he were wealthy and powerful. Dismiss it or sneer at it, fine, but let's not pretend this is a horrifying novelty

RexLex:

> I was remarking the same as I read Yung's post to my blind Dad. I had to explain Chad, but he got it. At 65 years old now, he's still a Shitlord.
>
> The media has doubled down to the power of *whatever*. They don't have any other plays in their playbook beyond leveraging shame. Any normal person would have folded by now but Trump will not. He knows he can't win if he surrenders even an inch and surrender is antithetical to the essence of an Alpha Apex Chad.
>
> As they attack Trump, he gets stronger and they become diminished. It is a game they cannot win. And yet due to their limited playbook it is the game they are forced to play or retreat from the battlefield completely. In this regard, the insane fanaticism of the Dem base has Democrats and the Democrat media complex in a bad way. MSNBC and CNN are addicted to their ratings in the age of Trump, and yet by continuing to attack him, they are actually destroying their brands and the reputations of their main faces. It's a lose lose game they are forced to play. The Dem party is having similar problems where the ambition of individual members (mostly in the House) wants to attack Trump head on, but the wiser old heads in the party know that nothing makes a President more sympathetic than trying to impeach him. Bill Clinton finished up generally well regarded in the 90s even though he was a corrupt scumbag who cheated on his wife in the Oval Office with a fat intern suffering from Daddy issues.
>
> I think what we're seeing with the media is also happening to liberalism/postmodernism/globalism worldwide. (((They))) had a winning strategy (accusations of racism, sexism, misogyny, antisemitism) but people have stopped responding to that as they used to. As with calling someone Hitler in 2017 is seen as a joke in the American right. "Sure, I am Hitler, check out this meme I made of you in a gas chamber LOLOLOL Eat s**t Niglet"
>
> Those vectors of shame attack and social pressure will never have the same magnitude of effect on you as they did the first time you cucked. Repeated exposure makes it annoying instead of debilitating. We all get stronger every time they punch us.
>
> The shame game really only worked on Cucks as long as Cucks stayed Cucks. While the Cucks were controlling the so-called right wing narrative (NRO, Weakly Standard, Glenn Beck) it worked great. Kurt Schlichter's newfound attitude is the worm beginning to turn in the Cuck Media establishment. I even saw Little Benny Shapiro on Twitter supporting Trump's full spectrum dominance of the media crybabies. At one

> point, even the most despicable Neoconservative Jew is impressed by the raw power that Trump exerts in all social domains.
>
> I believe that this is also why Jews are so angry these days. They have relied on everyone self-cucking before their superior holocaust victim status and exploitation of minorities for political points. They don't like that many Goyim now know, and are rapidly telling other Goyim what the game is and how to win.
>
> Because Congressional elections work at a slower pace than the internet, it could take a few more House cycles before you see this attitude really permeate the GOP. But it can certainly be pushed at the grassroots level by people attending GOP meetings and participating in local party events.

Happy Mirth of July, fellow MAGAMEN!

#CNNBlackmail

CH · 5 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reminder that CNN is in deep trouble for having violated federal statutes against extortion blackmail, as they did in this piece where they threatened to dox the 15-year-old Trump-CNN gif creator if he ever dared to post something objectionable to the CNN ashkepaths again:

> Is that normal? Is @CNN essentially threatening to dox him, or am I reading that wrong? pic.twitter.com/7LMMqo1fK5
>
> — Philip DeFranco (@PhillyD) July 5, 2017

FYI The real reason CNN is shitting a brick over a funny gif meme that discredits and humiliates them: DA GOYIM ARE LEARNING.

Anyone who can't see a problem with this is either a (((tribalist))) or tribalist apologist. Or in the dark.

Here comes the sun, motherfuckers.

> CNN: It's racist and wrong to point out somebody's background, unless we're criticizing white men. #CNNBlackmail pic.twitter.com/ShibCYBpyS
>
> — Orbison's Revenge (@OrbisonsRevenge) July 5, 2017

PS weev on CNN's blackmail.

CLEANSE THE MEDIA
CLOSE THE BORDERS
CUE THE SALTY TEARS

Corpulence And Consequences, Part Two

CH · 6 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A fat chick was fat-shamed on the internet, but a national scandal was avoided when her boyfriend defended her honor and in return thousands of social media Likes fell upon the lovebirds like high glycemic index manna from heaven.

> Boyfriend Restores Faith In Humanity With His Response To Someone Calling His Girlfriend “Fat”

HIS RESPONSE RESTORED FAITH IN HUMANITY
HIS RESPONSE REVIVED HUMAN BEASTS
HIS RESPONSE REVVED MANATEE TITTIES
HIS RESPONSE RUBBED HOS WITH CLIT-WILLIES
HIS NARCOTIC WORD ROD TROD HALF-WIT BLOBS WITH BROKEN HEARTS

Whenever you read a formulation of “just wait until you read his response”, slip into your biohazard suit because you’re about to be splooged by toxic shitlibbery.

The Fat Girl:

And here comes the PUNCHline….the chivalrous boyfriend:

The funniest outtake from this happy pill sap story leaking out of femmeland was this:

> Following this, Tre also became the victim of online hate when he was asked if he had “lost a bet”.

? Ok, no but really this was the funniest part:

I believe this young black man is sincere.

The cathartic release all those reality-escaping libfruits have been waiting for:

> People from all over the world decided to share their views on the controversial goings on, including Bill Clinton’s daughter, Chelsea Clinton. Madison’s tweet was retweeted more than 43,000 times and liked more than 224,000 times.
>
> Tre’s love and support for his girlfriend was retweeted more than 33,000 times and gained more than 64,000 likes.
>
> The couple even went on to feature in *People* magazine, where their story was published in newspapers and magazines in England, France, Italy, and all the way in Australia – not forgetting the coverage they received in

> the U.S.

Ahhhhhh, now doesn't that feel better, losers? A troll cracked the fuggernaut fantasy facade for a brief shining moment when she reminded the corpulence collective that fat chicks are gross and doomed to rake the mud pits of the sexual market to relieve their existential loneliness, and the glimpse of reality sent the fat acceptance fupa frottage crowd into a rage denial spiral so combustible they shared a mass catharsis over an ungrammatical shit-tier tweet brimming with the moloko plus of empty bromides.

"Your not fat baby. Your perfect. PS GO AWAY I'M BATIN'"

Unsurprisingly, bugwoman nothingburger Chelsea Hubble retweeted Tre's panegyric to his pachyderm. This horse-choppered spawn of thecunt is headed for great things, I tell ya.

PS What we are witnessing is the rapid evolutionary split of White America into two racial classes, the El-Aloi (pure White and jewish-hybrid globorace) and the Mudlocks (LSMV fat White chicks slapping a saggital-headed horde of mystery meatballs from the comfort of their Walmart cruisers). Some argue this is best for the White race, because a culling of the dregs further purifies and focuses the minds of the milky cream at the top. I disagree. Allowing and even celebrating the racial jettisoning of our worst kin instead of resisting the broken society that encourages their defiant retreat into depravity will have upstream effects that will reverberate for generations, infecting every member of the race from bottom to top.

The best solution is ending the female obesity epidemic so that a vast blight-wing enstupidation doesn't take hold in our homeland and despoil the natural beauty. Maybe the day will come when we have no choice but to sever ties with our unlucky kin and kith, but for now there's still time left to ennoble our worst to aspire to something better. But it won't happen if our currently operative *noblesse malice* isn't replaced soon by a return to *noblesse oblige*.

Corpulence And Consequences

CH · 6 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I don't know any formerly slim women whose personalities and politics didn't get worse the fatter they got. Every additional pound added to the American female obesity epidemic is a vote added for a shitlib candidate.

Which brings me to the CH Sexual Polarity-Revolutionary Momentum Positive Reinforcement Feedback Mechanism Maxim.

CH Maxim #45: If a revolutionary movement is strengthening, you'll know it by the slimming figures and feminine demeanor of its women and by the muscular development and confident attitude of its men.

And, as I prophesied and CH Maxim #45 predicts, all the uglies, fatties, and androgynes are coalescing into a fetid force of Trump Derangement Syndrome, while the masculine White men and beautiful White women are aligning firmly and tetris-like in pro-Trump solidarity.

You simply cannot disavow the God of Biomechanics.

Gay Men Kissing Disgusts Straight Men, News At 11

CH · 11 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

¡SCIENCE! dropped two beautifully ugly truths this week that the Gaystream Media will never cover because their libshit audience craving dopamine hits of pretty lies would abandon them:

1. Fat women have an increased chance of delivering malformed babies
2. Straight men are as disgusted by two men kissing as they are by the sight of squirming maggots

That second study is sure to outrage all the right creeple. The sight of gay PDA — PDGay — is as disgusting to straight men as is the sight of maggots.

> In heterosexual men, pictures of rotting flesh, maggots and spoiled food induce the same physiological stress response as pictures of two men kissing each other. That is the surprising finding that was recently published in the peer-reviewed scientific journal *Psychology & Sexuality*. […]
>
> "In comparing the salivary alpha-amylase responses of participants to the various slideshows, we found that participants had higher salivary alpha-amylase responses to the images of two men kissing and the disgusting images. In both cases, these responses were significantly different than the responses they had to the neutral stimuli."
>
> However, Blair warned it was difficult to interpret the finding at this stage.
>
> "It is difficult to specifically state what this means…"

I can tell the researchers what it means: homosexuality is a major vector of disease and social disruption, to which normal-sexuality men have evolved a disgust response that functions as a social shaming quarantine limiting their tribe's exposure to debilitating and sometimes lethal gaysex pathogens. If gayness itself is caused by a pathogen, as Greg Cochran has theorized, then straight male disgust at the sight of PDGay is a perfectly plausible evolved reaction to a real biological threat, a threat that is particularly dangerous to any unborn children who could contract the gay disease and thus render themselves Darwinian dead ends.

> Previous research has found a strong link between sexual prejudice and the emotion of disgust. For instance, a 2008 study found that individuals who are more easily disgusted are also more likely to make unfavorable moral judgments about gay people.

High disgust threshold libs will steer orderly civilization to the brink of extinction, at which time low disgust threshold chads will offer an oasis of health and vigor to a tired, sickly population who deputize the chads to pull us back from the blight side of history and return the HDT gene carriers to the cesspit of social invisibility and political impotency.

> But it was clear that the physiological reactions in the present study could not be explained by the participants' sexual prejudices alone.
>
> "What is most important to note is that the responses did not differ as a function of self-reported levels of prejudice or self-reported levels of aggression towards gay men," Blair explained. "In other words, it was not our highly prejudiced individuals who were experiencing a heightened physiological response to the images of same-sex couples kissing, it was everyone in the sample, even those with very low levels of prejudice."

Haha, so #LoveWins "tolerant" straight shitlibs (practically an oxymoron) are just as disgusted by PDGay, a feeling which they spend inordinate energy denying to anyone who will listen. Libocrisy is the crisis of our age!

> The finding provides more evidence that the so-called “gay panic” defense — the assertion that a person’s sexual orientation can “trigger” a crime against them — is bunk. The defense was used by the two men who beat, tortured and murdered gay student Matthew Shepard in 1998.
>
> “Whatever is happening physiologically when someone witnesses same-sex PDA, it is not something so strong, or so uncontrollable as to explain the patterns of violent LGBTQ-hate crimes that have been repeatedly reported in the media,” Blair told PsyPost.

Lying homosexualist agenda BTFO.

> “Why do people low in prejudice still show an increased physiological response? We can’t say definitively, however, it could be that society has socialized the notion of same-sex sexuality and affection as being ‘disgusting’ or immoral so strongly, for so long, that merely witnessing it causes a slight physiological stress response. It would be interesting for future research to examine whether this physiological effect is more likely to be found in cultures that still evidence high levels of prejudice compared to those who have made more progress towards normalizing same-sex affection and sexuality.”

This is exactly how I expect the typical logic-trapped shitlib to respond to evidence that straight men are disgusted by gay men kissing.

Shitlib: MOAR WORK NEEDS TO BE DONE AND $$$ SPENT TO NORMALIZE PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF ANAL SEX. TOGETHER WE CAN DEFEAT IRRATIONAL HINDBRAIN DISGUST REACTIONS THAT STRAIGHT MEN HAVE NO CONTROL OVER.

It’s funny, but having lived in areas flush with homos, one does become somewhat inured to the sight of gay men holding hands or kissing in public. The disgusted feeling never goes away; instead what happens is that one’s emotional reaction is deadened. It’s probably the same emotional deadening that surgeons undergo as they adjust to years of slicing open broken bodies, or that city dog owners experience from years scooping poop. It’s also similar to kissing an LTR…the electricity just isn’t the same as when you first met her, even if the feeling is still enjoyable.

I suppose that’s the point, eh? Shove PDGay down everyone’s ocular throats until we have lost any connection to our valuable inherited sense of disgust and related self-preservation.

Of course, shitlibs arguing for a mass inurement program to solve the problem of straight male disgust for PDGay would never argue the inherent goodness of the battle-scarred soldier who becomes habituated to killing swarths. No, in that case, the shitlib would cry to the bowels of hell for the soldier to find his inner compassion and disgust reflex and return to the world of indiscriminate love for all and all for indiscriminate love.

Because really that’s the centrally flawed conceit of shitlibs: support indiscriminate love and oppose discriminating hate. But the problem with that world view is evident. Love requires discrimination to have any meaning, and discriminating hate is the natural consequence of discriminating love, given that the former guards against threats to the latter.

Not that a study confirming the *ick* factor of gay male makeouts is needed to buttress common sense and layman’s observations, but shitlibs are the ones who hold ¡SCIENCE! up as the imprimatur of all that is right and good in the world, so it’s only reasonable that their delicate egos should be hand-wrung and roller-pinned by their own meme bestie, Ms Science.

It’s almost like the science-loving shitlib crowd don’t really love science so much as the idea of science which they can use as a rhetorical cudgel to silence those who have the gall to discuss actual scientific data.

Fat Moms Give Birth To Mangled Offspring

CH · 11 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Non-black men are viscerally disgusted by fat blobby broads, and this disgust has its evolutionary logic at least partly in the fact that fat moms are more likely to birth children with congenital malformations.

> **Results** A total of 43 550 (3.5%) offspring had any major congenital malformation, and the most common subgroup was for congenital heart defects (n=20 074; 1.6%). Compared with offspring of normal weight mothers (risk of malformations 3.4%), the proportions and adjusted risk ratios of any major congenital malformation among the offspring of mothers with higher BMI were: overweight, 3.5% and 1.05 (95% confidence interval 1.02 to 1.07); obesity class I, 3.8% and 1.12 (1.08 to 1.15), obesity class II, 4.2% and 1.23 (1.17 to 1.30), and obesity class III, 4.7% and 1.37 (1.26 to 1.49). The risks of congenital heart defects, malformations of the nervous system, and limb defects also progressively increased with BMI from overweight to obesity class III. The largest organ specific relative risks related to maternal overweight and increasing obesity were observed for malformations of the nervous system. Malformations of the genital and digestive systems were also increased in offspring of obese mothers.
>
> **Conclusions** Risks of any major congenital malformation and several subgroups of organ specific malformations progressively increased with maternal overweight and increasing severity of obesity. For women who are planning pregnancy, efforts should be encouraged to reduce adiposity in those with a BMI above the normal range.

Lay with a land whale, unprotected, and you raise the risk of bringing into the world a child with severe organ malformations and limb disfigurement.

I wonder what the fat acceptance and fat encouragement crowds think about the horrifying deformities that fat moms visit upon their newborns? Rhetorical. They don't think about it at all. They stuff their giant bloated heads in the sand and wait for the bad feels to pass, like an impacted carboturd.

Fat Acceptors = Child Manglers. It's more than just sadistic fun to shiv the blubbery hides of fat apologists; it's a fucking moral imperative.

SHAME A FATTY, SAVE A CHILD

Sexbot Revolution Update

CH · 11 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The revolution will be animatronic.

News from the Emerald Guile: A sexbot brothel opened one month ago in Dublin, and customers are lining up for Dolly the Dirty Bot's very special services.

> GONE are the days of blow-up women with perpetually open mouths – sex dolls are rapidly evolving and becoming more lifelike than ever.
>
> And now a brothel in Dublin is renting out a silicone robot sex doll for £80 an hour.
>
> A bit like a buxom Barbie doll, the blonde android has massive boobs, an hourglass figure and eerily lifelike facial features fixed into a sexy pout.
>
> Described as "Ireland's most realistic sex doll", Passion Dolly arrived at the Dublin brothel less than a month ago and dozens of punters have already had their way with her.
>
> Weighing eight stone with 32 E boobs the doll imported from America has a metal skeleton covered in silicone and responds to vibrations moving like a human.

tbh, would bang, if I had no other satisfying realflesh options. A hot sexbot is a huge upgrade for loser men stuck with fat broads or for old men facing a sandpaper snapper desert of nursing home grannies.

> When customers arrive they will find Dolly – who you can rent for £80 an hour or £40 per half hour – lying on a bed in a dimly lit room.
>
> Condoms and tissues are also provided.

You couldn't pay Dolly's clean-up crew enough money.

> Her owners explained: "We have had her about a month and have had dozens of visitors, mostly Irish men and ranging in all ages.
>
> "Some of them are a bit lonely, a few have social problems interacting with women, while others have a fascination with dolls."

Omega and beta males in a rut will be the primary users of sexbots. This will unleash tremendous shock waves on the sexual market, placing enormous pressure on the sub-HB7 Western woman who will experience an accelerating decline in the number of thirsty men willing to entertain her feminism, anti-femininity, and even garden variety coyness.

Sexbot brothels will be the predominant service until prices drop low enough that private sexbot ownership is feasible for the masses. We are far from end game in the sterile jizz pens of the sexbot brothel.

I found this news via a Christian website. The author predicts consequences from the sexbot revolution that sound very similar to what CH wrote on the topic years earlier.

For instance, here is the author Andrew Bieszad, 2017, on the implications of AI sexbots for human relationships:

> What you are watching is literally the process of divorcing human beings from attachment to each other and, as a result the complete destruction of the family.
>
> There are some people who are looking forward to the changes that sex robots will bring, because given the current developments and trajectory for the future, which will take some time to realize in a more complete fashion (and this is with everything- after all, a computer from 1995 is very different from a 2015 model), but when it is reached it will redefine the nature of sexual relations in ways that have never been reached before. […]
>
> This is an incredibly dangerous road. If fertility rates are low right now, the sex robot will cause, worldwide, and absolute fertility collapse in all peoples, since sex affects all men regardles of race or place. Women will find themselves competing with a fantasy found in a machine to realize the unattainable, which is the perfect form. Men will to the same, pursuing the perfect vision of their pleasure, and for every woman that there may be, a better robot can be made to replace her.
>
> Remember how in the West corporations outsource work to third world nations and destroy their local economy while benefiting a few? This is the outsourcing of sexuality to robots, thereby collapsing male-female relationships and creating a dystopic world in which pleasure is the rule and families are the rarity since people would rather pursue their fantasy through sex rather than use sex for its created purpose.Families will exist by choice, not by natural events. It will further isolate and again, make marriage something done by choice, not natural action. It will destroy the conception men and women have of each other by offering them a pleasure they cannot naturally have easily and everywhere, thus making human sex boring. Machine sex will pervert the very institution of sex itself and immerse mankind in an ocean of sterile hedonism.

CH, 2007:

> But, outside of self-pleasure and procreation, would sexbots replace real women?
>
> For some men, yes. The replacement would be total, at least until the dating market adjusted to the new reality. For other men, sexbots would be a part-time replacement. The result will be a shift in the mating landscape that will put selection pressures on humanity equivalent to a massive plague or a catastrophic famine.
>
> Sexbots are a very real threat to the established order because men's sexuality is so visually driven. Compared to women, it is a rather simple affair to create an alternative sexual outlet for men. […]
>
> Either marriage will take a bodyblow from which it will never recover, or paradoxically divorce will decrease as husbands inclined to stray fulfill their cravings for variety with non-human mistresses. With the sequestering of betas to their sexbotatoriums, the price of alphas on the market will skyrocket. They will call the shots in matters of marriage — I see a regression to sanctioned polygamy and overt adultery. This will herald the end of Western civilization. […]
>
> **Conclusion –** The entire market structure of dating will shift seismically in the direction of men becoming

> choosier and less willing to please and women becoming looser and more willing to please.

Do you think I prophesy the future for shits and giggles? I'm here to save the world, dammit! With amused mastery, of course.

Literal Thousand Cock Stare

CH · 11 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is Lisa Sparxxx (néigh Lisa Hansen):

She is a porn star who holds the world record for most sexual partners in a single day: 919 cockas.

Look at her eyes staring back at you. What you see is a literal thousand cock stare. Vacant and deranged….the same look a soldier has when he's seen too much blood and death.

Whatever anima pulsed in the broken vessel of her body abandoned her for good around cock number 300, I'd wager.

For the record, would only bang in virginal condition. She's not hot enough to overcome the disgust factor at porking the semen slide which is her vagina.

The Myth Of The Polyamorous Bonobo

CH · 12 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists unable to tolerate evolved psychological and biological differences between the sexes, along with free love freakazoids on the supposed side of realtalk, cleave to the neoDarwinian meme that bonobo society proves polyamory is a natural instinct that humans share with them. Sexual jealously is just so gauche, don't you see, pleb? Welcome to the polyamorous side of history!

The problem is that it's just a feelgood meme for LSMV rejects; the actual research has discovered that bonobos aren't polyamorous at all, they just happen to be less violent than other apes in apportioning bonobo pussy to the top male.

> Bonobos have a reputation for being the peaceful, free-loving hippies of the primate world. But, researchers reporting in *Current Biology* on July 10 have discovered that despite friendly relations between the sexes, particular males have a surprisingly strong advantage over others when it comes to fathering offspring. For example, researchers found in one group that the most reproductively successful bonobo male fathered more than 60 percent of the next generation.

Another blast of ¡SCIENCE! leaves equalist losers rubbing their wounded egos.

The top male bonobos father most of the next generation, which means female bonobos are acutely hypergamous.

What's interesting about bonobos is that they are less violent than chimps, but MORE polygynous, (that is, a few males get all the females). This is a puzzle for researchers because they thought female hypergamy was a downstream consequence of male dominance, i.e., "let's you and him fight". Men fight for women, and the women mate with whoever is left standing in the arena of genetic oblivion or survival. Bonobos show that female hypergamy itself is a decisive factor. The females don't have to wait around for the males to duke it out; they glom onto the most charming of the bonobo PUAs.

So what do all those unloved beta male bonobos do with their extended fap-time as they watch a few alphas hoard the females? Apparently, male and female bonobos are very friendly with each other, so maybe the blue-balled beta orbiter phenomenon seen in humans evolved from bonobo females LJBBFing (let's just be bonobo friends) their mangina males?

FRIENDZONED BY A BONOBO HO, NOW CHIMP CHICK IS MY FRIEND

The alpha male bonobos father 60% of the next generation. Imagine that degree of female hypergamy in human society. Did it exist once? Evidence is scarce, but tantalizing gene research says it did exist in the human past, to the extent that for every one man who reproduced, two women reproduced.

So, if you think beta male thirst is bad now, try envisioning a society in which half the men were lifelong incel and most of the other half had to share their women with a few harem leaders drowning in pussy. Somehow, the spark of civilization emerged from that stew of toxic hypergamy.

Fat Moms Give Birth To Dumb Offspring

CH · 12 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is turning out to be the week the Chateau carpet bombs the gangrenous ids of equalist freaks and fatties, with ordnance enriched by shibboleth-smashing ¡SCIENCE!. The latest evisceration: high waist-to-hip ratio fat chicks give birth to dumb kids.

> Upper-body fat has negative effects and lower-body fat has positive effects on the supply of long-chain polyunsaturated fatty acids that are essential for neurodevelopment. Thus, waist-hip ratio (WHR), a useful proxy for the ratio of upper-body fat to lower-body fat, should predict cognitive ability in women and their offspring. Moreover, because teenage mothers and their children compete for these resources, their cognitive development should be compromised, but less so for mothers with lower WHRs. These predictions are supported by data from the Third National Health and Nutrition Examination Survey. **Controlling for other correlates of cognitive ability, women with lower WHRs and their children have significantly higher cognitive test scores, and teenage mothers with lower WHRs and their children are protected from cognitive decrements associated with teen births. These findings support the idea that WHR reflects the availability of neurodevelopmental resources and thus offer a new explanation for men's preference for low WHR.**

The wages of fat moms are mangled kids and dumb kids. Note that this study controlled for cognitive ability, so it is the DISGUSTING MOMFAT ITSELF that's dumbing down the newborns.

Way to go, fatties!

Like I've said, shaming fatties is more than sadistic fun and environmental activism. It's a goddamned moral imperative.

SHAME A FATTY, SAVE A CHILD

Shiv Of The Week Contest

CH · 12 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Today we have two Shiv of the Week contenders vying for the Sacred Shiv of the Order of Shivlord.

Shiv wielder #1:

VS

Shiv wielder #2:

One shiv is a penetrating thrust into vitals, the other shiv is a poison-tipped prick of the skin. Both shivs have similar effects on the egos of the victims: crushing deflation.

Poll:

The Set-Up Of Donald Trump Jr With A Russian Honeypot

CH · 13 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Thoughts on a Clinton-Obama-Creep State sting operation to thwart the will of the American people, by Jacked Handsomely:

After reading the latest twists in the story about Don Trump Jr meeting a Russian "lawyer" for twenty minutes in June 2016 ostensibly because he was promised by a music publicist shyster named Rob Goldstone that juicy dirt (opposition research) on Hillary Clinton would be forthcoming, and then Don Jr releasing the email chain he had with Goldstone a few days ago before the JYTimes could gotcha him, I have come to the conclusion that there's a lot of smelly facts emerging that could implicate the Democreep Party, thecunt, and gay mulatto in a major political scandal to subvert the Trump candidacy and, later, Presidency.

Here's the background on Rob Goldstone (#PhysiognomyIsrael alert) who arranged the meeting between Don Jr and the Russkiya. Does Goldstone's ham-fisted stuffing of the claim in his email to Don Jr that the information comes by way of the "Russian government, who wants to see Trump elected" sound like a try-hard entrapment lie to you? It does to me. Goldstone posted this photo on his Instagram shortly after Nov 8, 2016 when the legitimate voters of America elected Trump President:

> Then, after promoting Trump's candidacy through his social media posts, Goldstone posted a picture on Instagram shortly after the Nov. 8 election of him wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the word "RUSSIA."
>
> The caption to the post read, "Hedging Bets."

I look at Goldstone's face, and I think "slimeball". Not "trusted confidant on the up-and-up". I don't have the link on me, but I've read somewhere that Goldstone once worked for the DNC.

The whole thing reeks of a sting operation to entrap a member of the Trump family in a situation that could later be framed as Russian collusion, with the help of a Russian honeypot-slash-patsy who was mysteriously allowed back

into the US on an expired visa by order of Loretta Lynch, Obama's head of DOJ at the time.

By all accounts, the Russian honeypot Veselnitskaya returned to the US a week before her meeting with Don Jr, and was seen sitting with Obama's Russia Ambassador Michael McFaul eight days after her meeting with Don Jr. She posted an anti-Trump rant on her Facebook page four days before meeting Don Jr. Her Moscow law office appears to be a shell company. Finally, during her stay in DC, her chaperone was Rob Dellums, former Dem Representative and big Clinton and Obama supporter. There is also evidence come out recently that Veselnitskaya was photographed in John McCain's office.

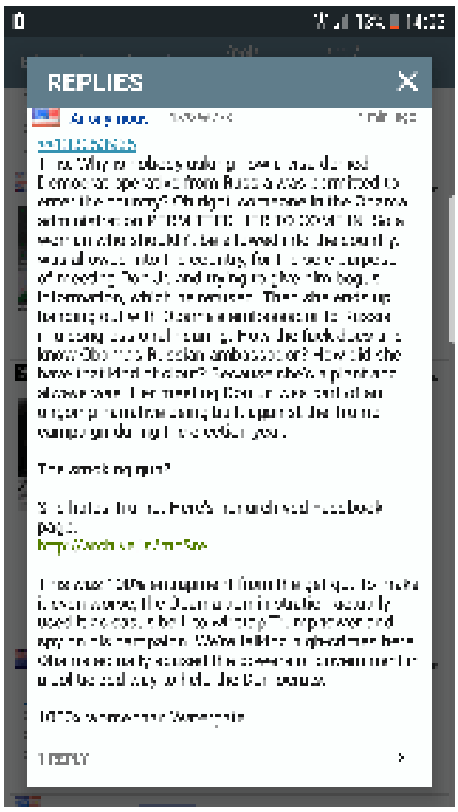
PEE-YEW it's getting stinky in the Swamp.

Meanwhile, Hillary is under renewed threat of prosecution. The timing of the release of the Don Jr story is suspicious.

And in actual collusion news, Juan McAmnesty reached out through an intermediary to a British spy (aka foreign agent) for dirt on Trump from the spy's Russian contacts, producing the fantastical piss dossier that the Dems and cucks have heavily leaned on to sabotage Trump's Presidency. Wherefore your outrage against McCain's collusion, shitlibs?

What does it all point to? /pol/ has the most plausible take on the don jr meeting with Veselnitskaya. If this theory proves true, it means currently manic shitlibs calling for impeachment are in for a painfully depressive episode soon. (click on link to activate zoom-in option):

This anonymous truth-seeker gets to the heart of the matter: this Russia collusion Fake News pushed by the gay mulatto machine is tantamount to high crimes against the nation:



Interestingly, and probably related, Trump signaled this week he would bail on defending Obama's DACA, the so-called "Dreamer" amnesty.

Why is Trump now deep-sixing DACA (after months-long hints he'd preserve it). Why now?
My 2 ¢:

Trump has realized there's no compromising with the establishment, so he's gonna do what he wanted to do all along, OR

Trump has the Russia-entrapment goods on the obama-clinton-derp state machine, and this frees his hand to go all-in on MAGA.

According to an inside anon source on /pol/ who claims to work for the Deep State, something big will drop on July 27th that will crush the hopes of the libshit collective. This source has had verified claims before, so stay tuned.

In the meantime, keep rope alive!

***

Latest news (I'll probably have to keep adding postsciprts to this post, the Real News is coming in fast): "Leaked documents show Democreeps plotted to blame Russia for hacking". A Ukrainian foundation transferred 10-25 million dollars to the Clinton Foundation, putatively in exchange for technical details in how to plant a false flag of Russian hacking of the DNC servers.

Gaming The “Nasty Woman”

CH · 13 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As American girls are getting progressively more belligerent and screechy, a man should assume that on his sojourns into the dating trenches he will occasionally have need to parry an out-and-proud “nasty woman”.

mendo explains,

> And we can dodge all the cunts wearing [the Nasty Woman] shirt.
>
> Though I wonder if some will be snarky and try to bait a guy into a shit test (but I repeat myself) by bitching about men not manning up and liking nasty women.

No doubt many of these nasty women are generic sluts just looking for another faddish edge to shit test men and, in the course of playing the anti-coquette, inflate their girly egos. If you really want to hate fuck a woman wearing a Nasty Woman t-shirt, you could play along assuaging her ego while lacing your charm with enough bite to preserve your masculine dignity.

Nasty Gashy: “Real men like nasty women.”
Fashy Gatsby: “Depends where she does the nasty.”

FYI I’ve found that talking about a woman (whom you are directly addressing) in the third person is an amplifier of sexual tension. It subtly demeans her social status relative to yours, and it provides rhetorical room for sexy, sizzling teasing without crossing the anti-slut defense threshold that would shut her down to further sexploration.

The Bitch We Dodged

CH · 13 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

You only had to listen.

You listened!

The psychocunt man-hating dusty queef queen we narrowly avoided propelling into a position of absolute power where her corruption and hatred could go unchecked:

> Support Samantha Bee & Planned Parenthood & buy a Nasty Woman t-shirt!https://t.co/I9qd3M3cFq pic.twitter.com/XDpBcFqF7k
>
> — Hillary Clinton (@HillaryClinton) July 11, 2017

Truth in advertising. Hey Hillary, don't you know our children are watching? HAHAHAHAHA cunt.

It's time for thecunt to go on another of her wildwoman walks in the woods and spare us the displeasure of her return.

James Woods Plunges The Shiv

CH · 13 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlord of the Month is actor James Woods. He has earned it. Here's his latest blitzkrieg of the snowflakes that populate Twatter:

After a shriek of shitlibs lamely counterattacks, Woods agrees & amplifies, taking out another gay parade of bruised lib egos.

> Using one's child as a social justice propaganda doll is tantamount to child abuse. This is not about homophobia. Nice try though…
>
> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) July 12, 2017

James Woods shows the way
You don't have to cuck to have your say

PS What is it with shitlibs and their quasi-pedophilic urge to dress up children as political placards and immerse the kiddies in nonstop perversion pozpaganda? Is it the blank slate thing? Shitlibs believe all humans are the same and malleable from birth, so why not commence the reeducation camps at the earliest possible age? At this rate of degeneracy acceleration, we'll be reading in a year about shitlibs going clockwork orange on their newborns.

#Trumperica
#MAGAMEN
#GRABBINPUSSIES

Ideal Weight For Americans Used To Be Much Thinner Than It Is Now

CH · 14 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of tteclod (who justifiably labels this “the shiv of truth”), the 1959 Met Life “desirable weight” tables for American men and women.

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
According to Height and Frame. Ages 25 and Over

WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN

HEIGHT (with shoes on) 2-inch heels	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
4′ 10″	92– 98	96–107	104–119
11″	94–101	98–110	106–122
5′ 0″	96–104	101–113	109–125
1″	99–107	104–116	112–128
2″	102–110	107–119	115–131
3″	105–113	110–122	118–134
4″	108–116	113–126	121–138
5″	111–119	116–130	125–142
6″	114–123	120–135	129–146
7″	118–127	124–139	133–150
8″	122–131	128–143	137–154
9″	126–135	132–147	141–158
10″	130–140	136–151	145–163
11″	134–144	140–155	149–168
6′ 0″	138–148	144–159	153–173

WEIGHTS FOR MEN

HEIGHT (with shoes on) 1-inch heels	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
5′ 2″	112–120	118–129	126–141
3″	115–123	121–133	129–144
4″	118–126	124–136	132–148
5″	121–129	127–139	135–153
6″	124–133	130–143	138–156
7″	128–137	134–147	142–161
8″	133–141	138–152	147–166
9″	136–145	142–156	151–170
10″	140–150	146–160	155–174
11″	144–154	150–165	159–179
6′ 0″	148–158	154–170	164–184
1″	152–162	158–175	168–189
2″	156–167	162–180	173–194
3″	160–171	167–185	178–199
4″	164–175	172–190	183–204

Weight in Pounds According to Frame (In Indoor Clothing)

Note: Prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Derived primarily from data of the Build and Blood Pressure Study, 1959, Society of Actuaries.

If you’re a dedicated weightlifter with serious muscle, these sorts of tables won’t apply to you. You’d be better off measuring body fat % directly.

These ideal weight MetLife tables from 1959 are funny in a “oh my god what have we ~~lost~~ gained?!?” way, when one ponders that the average weight of an average height American White woman in 2002 was **162 pounds** (sadly, a weight which has gone higher since then).

Compare that weight to what was considered the ideal weight for an average height (5′ 3″), medium frame American woman in 1959:

110 – 122 pounds.

Like I’ve said, White beta males had it good before America began her transformation into a gynarchic festival of blubber, gogrrlism, and man-hate right around 1970.

The beta male of 1959 was banging, marrying, and cherishing women a full **46 pounds lighter** on average than the women available to the beta male of 2002.

That’s the sensate difference between banging a UG4 and an HB8. In erection terms, it’s the difference between sporting a half-chub that goes soft in her after two pumps versus a granite steel-tipped hard-on that jabs her cervix and impregnates her with shitlord quadruplets. In love terms, it’s the difference between a garbage hour pickup and post-jizz ghost versus a three month courtship and a sappy poem written in calligraphy which you learned in a class you took specifically to impress her. In marital terms, it’s the difference between vidja gaming and porn versus

signing the line that is dotted…with exuberant flourish.

And tradcons furrow their fiveheads in puzzlement trying to understand why American men have dropped out of the marriage market.

I'll keep my reply to them brief.

IT'S THE ECONOMY OF FEMALE, STUPID.

The War Against Testosterone

CH · 14 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An incredible news story (via the Daily Stormer) about the CDC redefining the normal range of testosterone to a lower range. (which is referred to in the study as "harmonized reference ranges" — Mewlspeak). The DS author, Zeiger, adequately explains the major flaws of the study.

> ZOG changing 'normal' male serum testosterone range from 348-1197 ng/dL to 264-916 ng/dL. Modern medicine trying to make you gay. Sad! pic.twitter.com/q44NQtWnAd
>
> — Faceberg (@weimerica) July 12, 2017

Mother fucking yahweh, this is a declaration of war against masculinity. The ruling class wants a compliant and pacified herd of puppy dogs in place of the White men who could pose a threat to their ill-gotten and corrupted sinecures.

The soyfatted manboobed weepy feminist nümale is not a meme. It's real! Soy Nation is here, and your government is helping create it.

Think about the implications. Are you a high T man who's within the formerly normal range of male serum testosterone level? Guess what, you're now suffering from pathologically high testosterone. Report to your nearest feminization camp for the requisite T-lowering Mazeltov cocktail of beta blockers, SSRIs, estrogen, dissolved birth control pills drawn from the local tap, and opioids.

There is a Western-wide War on Men, because the effete low T Globohomo taintlickers that have somehow wormed their way into power and laugh at the plebs assaulted by Diversity™ from behind their gated communities know…they KNOW fam…that testosterone is the elixir of the god emperors, and a million god emperors whose veins flow with the power of T and whose hearts are opened to ethereal channels of connection to their mighty warrior ancestors through their shared high T heritage are the ONLY FOE WITH THE FORCE OF WILL to oust the degenerate elite from their plush sanctums.

Pull the Goylent feeding tube from your soulgut and reclaim your rightful place in the pantheon of powerful White men as heir to a noble race of warrior poets. Sup from the bowl of Swole, the flagon of MAGA, the chalice of Chadness, the canteen of Preen…and when you are flush with the lifeblood of manhood and your brimming balls wrest songs from you of once and future conquests, summon your Inner Shitlord. He'll have been waiting a long time for this moment, and he'll feel like an old friend who never left your side.

***

This institutional effort to classify lower T as normal in men is similar to the CDC changes to their weight tables, which have been subjected to "girth inflation" and the normal weight range for Americans adjusted upward to accommodate the numerical explosion of fatties.

Our government is evil. It wants to pathologize masculine men and normalize fat women. The bureaucratic machine and its elite operators assault the very notion of Truth and Beauty, which they want replaced with Lies and Ugliness. This is our generation's war, and I can't think of a nobler reason to fight than the nature of our enemy…a globalist swarm of soulless atomized grubby usurers with no attachment to anything but their continued power.

Trump The Buck Negger

CH · 15 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump delivered a vivisectionist's neg of Emmanuel Maricon's granny wife with this slow-acting venom of a backhanded compliment:

Trump, to Brigitte Macron: "You're in such great shape!"

A plausibly deniable shiv that is at once flattering and ego-deflating. A perfect teasing set-up to have a woman swoon for your attention all night, and then to dream of you for months afterward.

What Trump executed here was the context-dependent neg. You can't tell a young hottie she's in such great shape without it backfiring on you. It sounds supplicating, and compliments on a hot woman's physical assets are generally poor form if bedding her is your goal. But if the context is right — say, the "girl" you're addressing is the much older wrinkly wife of a closeted globalist gay man — then telling her she's in great shape is the kind of subcutaneous unctuousness that implies one is surprised to see such a body on such an old lady. From that neg, the cratering of her self-perceived SMV will open a wide target to your seductive aims.

It also helps if your much younger and hotter wife is standing next to the granny, throwing the contrast in stark relief.

***

Related, Monsieur Maricon and Trump had an epic handshake battle that has the lib rag phag wags agog:

I've said it before, and this is further evidence confirming my suspicion: Maricon is a closeted homo (no straight man with options marries a woman who could be his elderly mother) who is way too try-hard about AMOG-ing the natural alpha male Trump.

But, biomechanics being what they are, Trump does respect a man who shows some strength, even if it's precociously try-hard. Only two world leaders have shaken Trump's hand with gusto: Maricon and Putin. And word is that Trump likes both men. He's practically had a bromance with Maricon during this recent Parisian adventure.

The alpha male respects strength and despises weakness. The weak male (and female) is perceived by the strong male as a disloyalty threat, a rat, a snake, someone who would push their own White grandma under the bus. Maricon with his handshakes and vigorous mano-a-mano parrying with Trump has earned the God Emperor's affinity. Is anyone surprised that Maricon, so obviously in gay homosexual love with Trump and eager to share his melodramatic masculine ardor with him, had recently dropped some realtalk about the exploding African population problem and how the West simply can't let the dark continent hordes into their nations as a solution?

Either Maricon is a globalist shill working through some sexual identity issues, or he's secretly /ourguy/ and the unlikely savior of France from the merchants of borderlessness. Time will tell. For now, enjoy the spectacle of the great man Trump single-handedly clothes-lining the Nü World Order.

There's No Bad Sex, Only Bad Stimulants

CH · 17 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Many women, particularly single women of the slutty persuasion, take a perverse glee in recounting episodes of bad sex with a man. Some even like to challenge the alphalinity of a potential suitor by offering unsolicited stories of times in the past when they had endured bad sex, the unstated purpose being a sneaky desire to test the new man's quickness or reluctance to assert that he is not one of those "bad sex guys". (Sincerely answering this kind of probing question is a no-win situation; best reply is to tell her it takes two to tango.)

The femmesplaining and gloating by women cackling about bad sex is a rhetorical ego balm. The truth is that the bad sex theory, as a rule, is a misdiagnosis of the first cause: a bad stimulant. Women who complain about bad sex should look in the mirror. If you're not very attractive, don't expect the men who will have you to put much effort into pleasing you.

I'm sure there are isolated cases of men who for whatever reason are simply horrible in the sack. But it defies credulity that the world is overrun with bad sex bros; more likely is that very few men are banging their dream woman, and that this mismatch in the male hindbrain between bang reality and bang fantasy accounts for most of the bad sex complaints by the middle of the belle curve plain janes.

And the further down the female SMV hierarchy a man must tumblr to get laid, the less likely he is to feel the power of his Inner Jackhammer summoning him to feats of boudoir majesty.

This is the high unholies of ugly truths that sub-hottie poseur-thotties will never ever acknowledge (not that I blame them): that their romantic disappointment is a byproduct of their facial comportment.

Personally, I have noticed big differences in my enthusiasm with women who differ by as little as 1 point on the 1-10 female beauty scale. As a man of stealth and taste, Game and my accumulated experience with women have afforded me a lifestyle which precludes the necessity of dumpster diving for sustenance, however even a maester of the muff sometimes dates across instead of up, and heaven forfend even *down* a bit when the stars cross in cursed portent.

The occasional muse-less 5 or 6 has knelt at the Chateau pine shrine. From my perspective, at least, bad sex ensued, and I imagine they thought similarly though they kept that opinion to themselves. A perfunctory piston-efficient pumping, followed promptly by a snooze.

I can tell when I've delivered a sub-par performance because I know what heights of sexual abandon I've scaled when inspired to a great performance. The HB8s and yippie! 9s who've made the crimson-pillgrimage received the banging of their lives, all clitorises excited, all proclivities gratified, all G spots perused. Once, I broke my no-licky-the-sticky first month rule on a first date with a hard 9 whose pussy smelled of lavender. I went at her neatly trimmed bush like a tasmanian devil, gulping her aroma with the exuberance of a drowning victim piercing the surface for that precious breath of life. Anal? You betcha. Sweat? Through the sheets. Splattered juices? Like a crime scene. Bent over the kitchen counter, her head knocking into a cabinet as glassware rattled its orchestral approval? Oui oui, my mortal release. And did I kiss her deeply, passionately, longingly, as we met and pressed our flesh into one? It was required.

An older womanizer once told me that erectile dysfunction isn't real if it can be cured by a younger, hotter, tighter woman. He was a mentor of sorts, and in his honor I remembered of him that old seducers never die, they just fade from the game.

Jacked Asian

CH · 18 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A legit jacked Asian (he looked Korean or possibly Jap) at the gym was comfortably knocking out sets of 225 lbs on the bench press when a nerd herd of willowy Asian males stumbled like a lost tourist group into the weight room. They promptly spied through extra slitty squints the muscular Jacked Asian doing his thing alone at the bench.

It was funny watching their reaction, as their eyes widened (imperceptibly) in wonder, gaping at this unusual specimen of Asian swoleness. They swirled around Jacked Asian muttering in their native bug-tongue, casting glances in his direction every so often, and seemed clearly impressed with the man and desperate to say something to him but for their insurmountable shyness. I'd guess by their body language they wanted to ask him how he got so yuge (left unsaid…."for an asian").

Now there were plenty of jacked non-Asians in the gym at the time, some of them bigger. There were a couple of negronis and a handful of Whites with builds similar to Jacked Asian's physique. But the worker drones didn't see them; all they saw was Jacked Asian, defying stereotypes and radiating the pride of the Asian master race. To them, who cares that non-asian gym bros exist? The world stopped for that moment to prove there's room for an asian gym blo.

There's a term for the scene I just described. It's an outdated term weighed down with historical baggage according to our kulture kkkommisars, but it still accurately describes a recess of our human psyche that will never be abolished by reeducation camp counselors:

Racial pride.

The lesson is this: We find soulful nourishment in the accomplishments of our racial kin, no matter how personally unknown to us or in what part of the world we find ourselves entangled. Racial pride is natural, and really unremarkable until recently, and it's why we honor the achievements and glories of our racial ancestors, no matter how distantly related, and it's why a dweebening of asian manlets felt their hearts soar at the sight of Jacked Asian. We can't help ourselves, and that is why our quisling lessers have to spill so much verbal diarrhea trying to convince themselves they have the feeling under control.

Race matters. It won't stop mattering, so we may as well start speaking honestly and truthfully about it.

PS I overheard a couple of possibly gay gym bros making snide remarks about a skinny gym newb putting up tiny weights on the bench. Bad form. Why mock someone who's trying to turn he body around? I give a lot of shit to losers and degenerates who are on a quest to normalize and even glorify their loserdom and degeneracy, but I give nothing but support and love to those who try to better themselves. As it should be. So save your ridicule for the deserving and encourage the newbs breaking out of their blue pill prison. They could have just as easily stayed home and wanked it to tentacle porn, in the way that Kurt Eichenwald prefers to spend his downtime.

Single White Women Are A Civilization-Scale Shit Test

CH · 18 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recently, the Audacious Epigone highlighted a poll which found that, among women age 18-29 (the single White woman years), the most common preferred term of self-identification is “feminist”.

I was reminded of that poll and the data showing single White women voted overwhelmingly for thecunt (and for Gay Mulatto), single women are more xenophilic than are men, and single White women are for open borders trash world globohomoism, when I watched this Jordan Peterson video and read the following excellent commentary from a CH reader. Note that I have already commented on the same Peterson speech, but the reader who forwarded the video, including his commentary, fleshed out my thoughts more exhaustively.

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This series is amazingly good. Very long lectures, but saturated with good ideas.

This third lecture is the most recent one I have listened, and they just keep getting better.

You must listen carefully to 2:33:00 to the end, last question at the end of the lecture, about 8 minutes.

Peterson says that the SJW “equality-above-all-else philosophy” is predicated on personality factors associated with women, “agreeableness and high negative emotion” but even controlling for those, SJWs are more likely to be female. He then tries to explain this.

The relative evolutionary roles of women versus men, is men produce and women distribute, and insist on fairness. This was shaped the evolutionary background of human beings.

He talks about the role of women political power, which has never happened before, He notes correctly how their demand for equality runs up against the reality of differential productivity.

The SJW phenomenon is associated with the rise of women to political power. “We don’t know what a truly female political philosophy would be like.” He then correctly notes simply saying everyone gets the same thing, which is not a sophisticated philosophy. He evades saying this is all the “philosophy” they ever will generates. But there is no reason to think it will ever be anything else.

Peterson then quotes someone — he can’t remember who — and a Google search does not turn it up: “Men test ideas and women test men.”

“We don’t know to what extent women test men sheerly by provocation. It’s a lot.” “I’m going to go after you and see where your weak spots are.” Bingo. He recognizes the that women shit test men. He then says that in this movement, and using shame, “there is a tremendous amount of provocation.” He is recognizing that PC, SJW behavior is a shit test.

As I have noted before, feminism, from the beginning was civilizational-scale shit test that women, at some level, wanted men to overcome. They wanted a firm hand, and instead they got: “Whatever will make you happy, honey” The men of our civilization failed this colossal shit test. And that was when our civilization started to fall apart.

This is amazing enough. But it gets better.

Back to Peterson.

He next says “I shouldn’t say this.” Then he says: “I don’t believe this but I am trying to figure it out.” Ha, right! As a Freudian psychoanalyst, Peterson himself would know this is a major tell. He knows it is risky to say it, he decides to say it, but then he tries to introduce some not-very-plausible deniability. He talks about 50 Shades of Gray and says it is “comical” that at the very moment of strident demands for equality this bestseller shows that the subconscious female mind desires for dominance.

Calling this “comical” is a way of downplaying its significance. It is not comical. Another Freudian tell. It is rudimentary that people claim to be joking when they are saying what they really think but are afraid to admit it. The gigantic fact of the bestsellerdom of 50 Shades is not funny. It is evidence. It is damning, irrefutable evidence of what women really want versus what they say they want. Peterson does not use the phrase “revealed versus disclosed preferences.” But that is exactly what it is.

He then says that something else he is trying to puzzle out, and he agains says “it’s not like I believe this” — again implausibly. He refers to the “crazy alliance” between the Feminists and the Radical Islamists “that I just do not get.” But he does get it. He pretends to take Feminism at face value, that it is about the rights of women, the safety of women, the wellbeing of women, which it has never been. He says “Why they aren’t protesting non-stop about Saudi Arabia is completely beyond me.” But, it is not beyond him, as his next comments prove. He then says, agains distancing himself “this may be the Freudian in me.” He then tells the truth couched as a question: “Is there an attraction that is there attraction that is emerging among the female radicals for that totalitarian male dominance that they’ve chased out of the West.” Again the distancing: “I mean, that’s a Hell of a thing to think.” It is even more of a Hell of a thing to live with as your country and your civilization is committing suicide because your females are so desperate for an unapologetic dicking that they are desperate to import the Muslim bitch-hand. Peterson then says he can see “no rational reason” for the alliance between radical females and Islam. Correct. There is an irrational reason. Or is it actually rational for a woman to want what evolution drives her to want. He

He raises and rejects the simple notion that the female radicals are attracted by radical Islam primarily because it is the enemy of the west.

Peterson then restates his main point more strongly. “I’m not going to shake my suspicion about this unconscious balancing. Because the demand for egalitarianism and the eradication of masculinity accelerates there is going to be a longing in the unconscious for the opposite of that, the more you scream for equality the more your unconscious is going to admire dominance.” Pause, as if he realizes he has gone very far. Then in an aw-shucks tone: “Well, that’s how you think if you are psycho-analytically minded.” Which has already repeatedly said he is. So in the end he admits, by logical indirection, but nonetheless clearly, that this is what he thinks.

This is an amazing performance. You can see struggling to puke out the truth, against his will and better judgment. But he does manage at last to puke it out. Dr. Peterson is courageous man. But even he does not want to say some things out loud, and at least initially hedges when he does so. But he is a realist and a truth-teller first. But getting there is not easy. We can see him clawing his way toward the truth, and speaking the truth. We can see that struggle in real time in this video.

Peterson is a mighty slayer of pretty lies. He is nothing less than a hero for what he is doing, and saying out loud.

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Single White women don’t want to be appeased.

They don’t want to be indulged.

They don’t want to be catered to, coddled, or placated.

They don’t want their tears dried or their complaints addressed.

They don’t want men to listen to their words.

They want men to watch what they do and respond with the requisite dignified and dominant masculinity.

They want to submit to a man, and to a society, worthy of their submission.

Now of course single White women will never tell you this, or admit these 100% truefact desires to even themselves…but they feel these urges, and their hindbrains demand this from them and from the men they shit test.

Single White women individually shit test men and collectively shit test men through the male achievement of

civilized society. Our shared single White woman problem is a civilization-scale shit test, and as the reader wrote, the men of the West have been, and continue, spectacularly failing this single White women shit test.

Modren Western man fails this shit test so badly that he is fairly likened to the incel beta orbiter who is always on call to provide a shoulder to cry on while his oneitis fucks dirt world ingrates who beat her silly and crap in his yard.

That is how badly, how powerfully, single White women yearn for the pimp hand. Their yearning for the ministrations of dominant men beckons them to sacrifice their homelands for the thrill of the tingle. A tingle which has been lost to them as their men have grown soft and weak under the yoke of decadence and decades of weaponized anti-White male propaganda.

It's time the White men of the West learned Game and brought their women to heel. The alternative is civilizational death.

Game can save nations.

Enlightened College Students Are Disgusted By Interracial Relationships

CH · 19 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Disgust is a wonderful emotion. It's a spontaneous transmission from the ganglia that acts as a palimpsest revealing our truest thoughts in unguarded moments. Three cheers for those shitlords with low disgust thresholds, for they have brushed aside the clutter of media propaganda and social expectation and seen the face of God in the sanctums of their own minds.

What has the science of disgust illuminated in this Year of Our Lord Trump?

Straight men are as disgusted by gay men kissing as they are by squirming maggots.

But maybe that ugly truth wasn't ugly enough for your burnt-out thrill-seeking receptors? Maybe you forwarded the above post to your Faceborg shitlib friends and all you got was blocked. You wanted more. Like mass suicides. OK, how about this latest science shiv:

Putatively liberal and open-minded (and mostly White) college students are disgusted by the sight of interracial couples. Quoting from a synopsis of the research at Phys Org:

> [N]ew research from the University of Washington suggests that reported acceptance of interracial marriage masks deeper feelings of discomfort—even disgust—that some feel about mixed-race couples. Published online in July in the *Journal of Experimental Social Psychology* and co-authored by UW postdoctoral researcher Caitlin Hudac, the study found that bias against interracial couples is associated with disgust that in turn leads interracial couples to be dehumanized. […]
>
> The research involved three experiments. In the first, 152 college students were asked a series of questions about relationships, including how disgusted they felt about various configurations of interracial relationships and about their own willingness to have an interracial romance. The participants overall showed high levels of acceptance and low levels of disgust about interracial relationships, and pointed to a strong negative correlation between the two.
>
> In the second experiment, the researchers showed 19 undergraduate students wedding and engagement photos of 200 interracial and same-race couples while recording their neural activity. The researchers asked the students to quickly indicate whether each couple should be included in a future study on relationships, a task that was intended to ensure participants were socially evaluating the couples while their neural activity was recorded.
>
> Participants responded faster to images of same-race couples and selected them more often for inclusion in the study. More significantly, Skinner said, participants showed higher levels of activation in the insula—an area of the brain routinely implicated in the perception and experience of disgust—while viewing images of interracial couples.
>
> "That indicates that viewing images of interracial couples evokes disgust at a neural level," Skinner said.

It's inborn and natural to be disgusted by interracial couples! Bill Nye should do a children's special on this research and have a skype comedienne sing a song about it with her vagina. "NO BLACK STUFF FOR THIS SACRED MUFF ONLY KOSHER WHITE WILL DO ME RIGHT!" *picks up Emmy nom*

> Participants were quicker to associate interracial couples with non-human animals and same-race couples with humans.

> That suggests that interracial couples are more likely to be dehumanized than same-race couples, the researchers write, and previous studies have shown that people tend to exhibit more antisocial behavior and are more likely to use aggression and even violence toward dehumanized targets.
>
> Taken together, the experiments show that despite high levels of reported acceptance, bias against mixed-race couples persists in the United States, the researchers say.

That revealed versus disclosed preference is a bitch, ain't it shitlibs?

> Such sentiments, Skinner said, belie the notion that most Americans are ready to embrace mixed-race romance.

Le Chateau has been gleefully belying shitlibboleths since its inception.

> "Some people are still not comfortable with interracial relationships, or at least they're a lot less comfortable than they would appear to be," she said. "Acknowledging these biases is the first step to figuring out why people feel that way and determining what can be done so they won't."

Ah the totalitarian impulse of your garden variety social scientist femme. You have BadThoughts, so it's off to the Neural Reconfiguration Camp with you until you think like we do! Or rather, until you think like we like to think we think, but really don't and have learned the good sense to keep those dirty thoughts deeply suppressed thanks in part to the yeomanlet efforts of our inherited snazzy verbal IQs.

Why do people have to be taught/whipped/lobotomized to stop feeling disgust for interracial couples? Why is that the immediate assumption, instead of the saner and more humane reaction that we shouldn't force people to deny their true feelings which have been a part of the human emotional template since time immemorial?

Disgust obviously serves a useful purpose if evolution has seen fit to keep us equipped with its powerful instinctual leverage over our real world mating decisions. Just spitballing here, but maybe we feel disgust at the sight of interracial couples because we crave aesthetic continuity, cultural familiarity, and social connectedness, and all these things which bring us closer to the heart have as their provenance the pairing of similar genes, which we perceive through the proxy of race?

Maybe…..oh I know I'm going out on a limb here….but *juuuuuust* maybe…..all of us envision having children WHO LOOK LIKE US, and the sepia-hued sprog of interracial couples — produced by the weirdly discomfiting commingling of disparate lip and nose and eye and cheek flush and Weltanshauung — violate that intense yearning in us for a shimmeringly congruous lineage. A line of love extending back in time, through the present, and out into the future….a Beauty incomparable, surviving unimaginable odds. No wonder we are disgusted by the notion of rupturing that line in an instant for a FUCK YOU DAD momentary expulsion of spite.

Is that so bad? (Rhetorical, it’s not.)

Trust Is Nice, But Jerkboy Is Spice

CH · 19 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Platitudes are the curse of our times. The Pretty Lies are everywhere, and polluting the minds of our most vulnerable and emotionally fragile: single White women.

Here's a revealing glimpse at one of the incantations performed during this Platitude Purification Protocol that single White women indulge to gain entry to the right-thinking GoodWhite World:

A morning zoo radio show had a discussion about the female orgasm and what women need to experience it. A chirpy White woman, quoting a glam mag article on the same topic, bubbled that women need trust to have an orgasm. The male hosts agreed, lending the skit an air of medicinal predictability.

This is a lie. As Overlord-pilled guests of the Chateau know, what women say and what they do are two very different things, especially in the realm of sex and romance. Women say: "I need to trust a man to relax enough and have an orgasm". Women do: Have mattress-soaking orgasms with some bad boy who picked them up at a nightclub.

Women don't need trust to have great sex. What women need is a psychologically dominant ZFG man who can arouse them to an autonomic orgasm.

Usually, when we restrict our range of options to women who are sexually unfulfilled, the men with whom these women have the most trouble having orgasms are the men women trust the most and know the longest: borefriends and hubbies.

tl;dr: Women say: "trust". Women need: "alpha". Trust is nice, but jerkboy is spice.

You want an uglier truth? Women's orgasms may not be for women at all; they may exist to serve men.

Vote For The Worst Shitlib Archetype

CH · 19 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Alpha Male Switch

CH · 20 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Via the Grauniad (so take with a flat of salt):

> Scientists discover brain's neural switch for becoming an alpha male
>
> Timid mice turn bold after their 'alpha' circuit is stimulated as results show 'winner effect' lingers on and mechanism may be similar in humans
>
> Brash, brawny and keen to impose their will on anyone who enters their sphere of existence: the alpha male in action is unmistakable.
>
> Now scientists claim to have pinpointed the biological root of domineering behaviour. New research has located a brain circuit that, when activated in mice, transformed timid individuals into bold alpha mice that almost always prevailed in aggressive social encounters.

Determinism getting you down? AYO HOL UP FOR DAT SCIENCE SEQUEL

> In some cases, the social ranking of the subordinate mice soared after the scientists' intervention, hinting that it might be possible to acquire "alphaness" simply by adopting the appropriate mental attitude. Or as Donald Trump might put it: "My whole life is about winning. I almost never lose."

#InnerGameIsReal

> The brain region, called the dorsal medial prefrontal cortex (dmPFC), was already known to light up during social interactions involving decisions about whether to be assertive or submissive with others. But brain imaging alone could not determine whether the circuit was ultimately controlling how people behave.
>
> The latest findings answer the question, showing that when the circuit was artificially switched on, low-ranking mice were immediately emboldened. "It's not aggressiveness per se," Hu said. "It increases their perseverance, motivational drive, grit."

This is a rebuke to all those dummies who falsely equate "alphaness" with aggression. Studiously refusing the temptation to be a wilting betaboy flower watching the world of women go by is not the same as unloading ten clips of aggro douchebaggery on unsuspecting innocents.

> With brain stimulation, low ranking mice won 90% of the time against animals they would normally have lost to.

Lesson for beta males: YOU HAVE IT IN YOU. Romantic failure is not a fate you must quietly await.

> "When we took mice that used to lose in the tube test they could win within just several seconds of stimulation," said Hu.

Someone will invent an Insta-Alpha pill that will give betas a temporary boost of sufficient fortitude to ask women out, and it will radically change the sexual market like nothing else has, not even porn.

> Intriguingly, the experience of winning appeared to leave an imprint on the mice, making them more assertive, even when their brains' were no longer being artificially controlled. They were found to be more combative in a second scenario in which they competed to occupy the warm corner in a cage with an ice-cold floor.

> “We observed that not all the mice returned to their original rank,” said Hu. “Some mice [did], but some of them had this newly dominant position.”
>
> The scientists described this as the “winner effect”, hinting that there may be a grain of truth in the self-help mantra “fake it ‘til you make it”.

Spare a moment for me preen? CH, 2008:

> Fake it till you make it means faking that internal confidence as well as the external behavior. This is not as hard as it sounds. Every time you feel self-doubt and talk yourself into inaction, yell “Stop!” out loud, and your brain will reboot. You then consciously reframe your thought processes to put the burden of approval seeking on those around you. With good inner game you can say just about any ridiculous routine and the girl will be intrigued.
>
> The most important change in thinking you can make:
>
> **You are not there to win over women, they are there to win over you.**
>
> Keep saying this over and over until you begin to believe it. You are re-wiring yourself. Don’t worry about the truth or falsity of it. That’s irrelevant.

Of mice and men.

Ten Years Of The Manosphere

CH · 20 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not given to retrospectives (mortality reminders are a buzzkill), but this reader's email deftly describes the incredible cultural influence of the internet realtalk revolution collectively known as the manosphere, a loose affiliation of men who, cutting to the pith of it, were tired of pretty lies and wanted the ugly truths. The manosphere itself was a child of seduction forums, where men actively trying to crack the code of female attraction would share ideas, with all the SJW and PC window dressing stripped clean. They were the proto-shitlords of their day, uninterested in virtue signaling or status whoring for the benefit of admittance to polite company. The manosphere later expanded and fed a whole new vocabulary and theoretical framework to dissident factions like the alt-right, /pol/, Frog Twatter, and neoreaction. (Even MPC, no friend of the PUA life, has a thread titled "Examples of Beta Male Faggotry". The lure of realtalk, no matter the source, is irresistible to iconoclasts and modern heretics).

What started as a get laid guild became the greatest unleashing of rhetorical and memetic testosterone in modern American history. Cucks, shitlibs, manlets, fatties, and feminists were swept aside by this tsunami of refocused and revitalized T, particularly of the White man's T. The question remains whether the manosphere's Frankenbeans monster — their testicular shiv of the bloated and sclerotic Lords of Lies — has achieved apotheosis in President Donald J Trump, or if there are bigger and ballsier reckonings to come.

> Message I sent to someone that may be of interest:
>
> One funny thing about the game guys. They are empiricists because they wanted to meet women and, as CH puts it, get love and sex. It is really wrong to say it is just about getting the rocks off. They really wanted girlfriends, too, but the girls of today are all too often damaged goods. But to do any of that they had to overcome a lot of lies and programming, and even learn new vocabulary, and be hardcore realists and empiricists. Only facing reality and facing the truth about men and women would get the girl back to the crib and get the panties off. No emotion-protecting lies will do it. And over the decade or so this conversation has been going on, the habit of being hardcore realists and empiricists has spread into all areas of thinking and acting. And also the guys involved in the conversation are maturing. Ten years is a long time in any human life, especially from the 20s into the 30s and beyond. So ingesting the red pill was like a magic potion that was supposed to make you into a mighty poon-slayer, and it worked! But the magic was far more powerful than anyone dreamed. And it kept working and all kinds of new powers kept emerging until the initial thing became secondary to the larger goal of living a life aligned with reality, which may even mean moderating the demand for female bodies, as nice as they can be, and as necessary as they sometimes seem to be.
>
> Strange to have been watching this from the sidelines all these years.
>
> No one would have predicted how it has played out so far.

"A life aligned with reality". A government aligned with reality. A nation aligned with reality.

That is the manospherian Realtalk Revolution's legacy, and it is as Beautiful as it is Truthful. Instructions for a life well lived inevitably became a warning and a remedy to a society rapidly draining its life force in the abattoir of anti-reality. The Virtue Snivelers can deny reality, but reality will always belie their denials.

And ironically, I don't consider the Chateau a "manosphere" outpost. I don't know what I'd label this place, but "manosphere" seems too constricting. I'll call it what it has meant to its many guests and wanderers: A rejuvenating retreat from a mad world, and a beacon to those who feel like strangers in their own land and time. The best description may be in how you leave this place, rather than in how you came to it: as purposeful and impassioned men.

Sartorially Shitlording Your Way To Prime Poosy

CH · 21 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I have a shirt that is Pure Shitlord Energy. Its pec-framed artistry is set to maximum triggering; no fatty, frump. or fug SJW can see it without shaking violently on the inside. I wore this shirt recently at an outdoor event filled with the libbiest libshits, and every SJWhale and problem glasses fishmouth snarled as I passed by them. But the hotties….woowee they smiled and loitered in my vicinity. The beauty of the shirt is in its humor. The message is in-your-face antediluvian alphatude coated with a soothingly humorous shell.

Shitcocking serves three useful purposes:

1. It filters the noxious cunts from bang consideration
2. It attracts the curious cuties
3. It provokes curious cutie shit tests that allow you to demonstrate your grace under pressure

It seems the HSMV girls relish the triggering. They get a kick out of a man who triggers them; this is a stark contrast to the puritans and schoolmarms and twatalitarians who can't tolerate dissent from their straitjacketed, dreary world view, and frown and scowl at any man who dares mock their prudery.

The catch is that if you're gonna shitcock, you had better be fearless. The second you disclose through word or body twitch the slightest doubt and discomfort with your chosen form of shitcockery, the girls will eat you alive. Even the once-curious cuties. But if you are overflowing with overconfidence, the girls worth your attention will reel from sudden blasts of arousal. They will poke and prod, but it will all be done with a presumption of your attractiveness. Poking and prodding is a good thing; it's when they frown and look the other way that you'll know you rubbed their hindfur against the grain.

Mass triggering a large public gathering of shitlib cunts is one of life's finer pleasures. But doing so while feminine fillies flirt with you, and your un-wipeable smirk steals the show, is a sensual shiv incomparable. If you've got the cahones, one mesmerizing shirt can substitute for one hundred cold approaches.

Going...going...

CH · 24 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An all-White Boy Scout troop stopped at a quiet intersection and dutifully waited for the crosswalk signal to change, while vibrants dashed across. Now you can call the Boy Scouts goobers, but I thought this is the high trust, high responsibility America that is rapidly vanishing, and may be gone soon. Sad.

If it weren't socially unacceptable to mourn its passing, we might have the fortitude to ensure its continuance.

The Winner Effect

CH · 25 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Winner Effect is the cognitive key to unleashing the Latent Alpha in every beta male. The term was entered into the Chateau lexicon via this post about the existence of an "alpha male switch" in mice:

> Intriguingly, the experience of winning appeared to leave an imprint on the mice, making them more assertive, even when their brains were no longer being artificially controlled. They were found to be more combative in a second scenario in which they competed to occupy the warm corner in a cage with an ice-cold floor.
>
> "We observed that not all the mice returned to their original rank," said Hu. "Some mice [did], but some of them had this newly dominant position."
>
> The scientists described this as the "winner effect", hinting that there may be a grain of truth in the self-help mantra "fake it 'til you make it"

Imprinting is a synonym for social priming. Both terms describe how extrinsic alterations in one's behavior can leave a lasting effect on one's intrinsic mentality. In laybro language: Fake it till you create it. If you assume the trappings of alpha male posture and body language and attitude and verbal terseness, you will neurally metamorphose into the alpha you mimic. Game is the elevation of a man from beta status to alpha status, and it provides a long-term boost almost the equal of the temporary boost it gives to a man's SMV.

This is the Winner Effect benefit of Game: the more alpha maleness you project, the more positive attention you'll get from women, and the more this feeling of winning will embed itself as a semi-permanent feature of your limbic landscape.

Experiences have consequences. If your experiences are a B(eta) side compendium of rejection, you'll grow bitter about women and skeptical of your ability to attract women. But once you've tasted the power surge of testosterone-y glory that accompanies social mastery and the glow of being the locus of female desire, your brain will be reconfigured to a higher alpha plane of functioning, supercharging a positive feedback loop of continued alphatude, winning, and womanizing.

Whether you are besting men or bedding women, the Winner Effect lingers. Don't misunderstand; The Winner Effect requires steady inputs to achieve an acceptable consistency in output. Persuading one plain jane to sleep with you will produce a Little Winner Effect that may last a whole week, or until a real hottie brushes aside your advance. To really exploit the Winner Effect, you need to build up a reserve of psychological capital, and the surest route to that state of mind is through the hearts of multiple women of increasing beauty.

A lesson for the excitable betas: One girlfriend or wife does not a Rico Suave make. One kiss close does not a loverboy make. One same night lay does not a ladykiller make.

One girlfriend is certainly better than no girlfriend, but to scale the heights of the sexual market and banish the depressive beta male within always threatening to end the party, you'll need a C.V. of snapper hauling history. Success breeds success, winning begets winning.

Think of it this way: Each new bang secures a slightly elevated SMV rank for a man. If you're incel, one bang with a mousy nerd girl will fill your jewels with juice and your shuffle with swagger, but it won't turn you into a Casanova. Bang another, better lo0king girl within a reasonable time frame of the first girl, and your balls will grow two more sizes. Now you're less beta than you were after banging the first girl, and the Winner Effect lingers a little longer. Bang yet another girl, even hotter, and your Inner Beta is shrunk again while your Nascent Alpha has hit its pubertal stride.

After every bang and new girl, you will "reset" to a less beta/submissive and a more alpha/dominant psychological position once the penumbra of Winner Effect has worn off your post-coitally frazzled ganglia. And the time it takes

for the Winner Effect to wear off will increase with each cuntquest. Nirvaja is reached when the Winner Effect is a permanent fixture of your everyday emotional state, and picking up women becomes as eventful as grocery shopping. You expect food to be on the shelves, and enough money in your pocket to purchase what you need.

From a personal standpoint, I can vouch for the Winner Effect. Bedding women lends an air of inevitably and invincibility to a man's desirability, which translates as an unstoppable confidence in the field. But these romantic adventures tend to come in bunches. It's the nature of the mating arena. One six month stretch I had tore my way through fifteen women; then the well tapped out and the two months that followed were high and dry. The Inner Beta creeped up on me, and I could've succumbed to a longer bout of tingle-killing self-doubt if I hadn't already had a vajfap sheet a mile long upon which to calm my emotional chaos.

The danger that lurks for all men who rely heavily on interpersonal qualities (rather than, say, a billion dollars) for projecting alluring masculinity is that there is an equal and opposite reaction for every action. The Winner Effect can easily yield to the Loser Rut if you are a weak-willed sort. If you are accustomed to a regular stream of prime pussy gracing your gonads and suddenly suffer a dip in fortunes, then a natural and brief interregnum can seem like a lasting catastrophe. A negative reinforcement can set up that quickly exacerbates what would normally be a tiny disturbance in your force into a cataclysmic referendum on your seductive prowess.

Put your faith in the Winner Effect, but temper your zeal with a commonsensical appreciation of the likely ruts you'll endure along your journeys in the world of women. If you have a level head and aren't given to hysterical self-appraisals every time you experience a setback, then Game will serve you as a lifelong friend. For this reason, the womanizers I have admired the most were those men whose quality of conquest was nearly matched by their consistency of conquest. That's how I knew they had achieved the equivalent of Chateau lordship. Every man experiences ruts, but only a few men gaze up from within their ruts and see an opportunity to climb to a new zenith.

Final Exits: Shitlib Vs Shitlord

CH · 25 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

After watching this Rammstein video (which PA called the most masculine music video ever produced), I was inspired to write a short list of final exits, sorted by the most common death scenarios for shitlibs and shitlords. Watch the vid first (great song too):

Shitlib final exits:
nursing home staffed by guatemalans
dildo impaction
sofa death, eaten by cats
marathon race collapse

Shitlord final exits:
mountaintop view
coital surrender
surrounded by twenty grandchildren and fifty great-grandchildren
under a personal best squat weight

I welcome commenter contributions to these lists. The ugliest truths are often excavated from the mind shafts of satire that blurs the line between exaggerated humor and unembellished reality.

Foreigners, Refugees, And Crime: The Stone Cold Truth

CH · 25 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Fake News is quick to claim brown migrants don't commit crime at levels higher than the native White populations of the countries the migrants are colonizing, but that claim is based on nothing but ignorance of the concept of per capita and wishful feels meant to allay nervous shitlibs starting to worry that the core tenets of their equalism religion are bunk.

A first-rate Twatter account run by French dude Philippe Lemoine parses the German crime stats and discovers the maul-Right was right all along.

> Okay here is a thread about the latest data on immigration and crime in Germany. It's based on data in this article. https://t.co/L1vdF70SQd
>
> — Philippe Lemoine (@phl43) July 24, 2017

Summary:

Foreigners have a crime rate 3.5 times that of native Germans.

Asylum seekers have a crime rate 7.3 times that of native Germans.

Foreigners have a **violent** crime rate 5 times that of native Germans.

Asylum seekers have a **violent** crime rate 15.1 times that of native Germans.

Foreigners commit rape and sexual assault at a rate 5.2 times that of native Germans.

Asylum seekers commit rape and sexual assault at a rate 15.2 times that of native Germans.

And it goes on and on like this, one hatefact after another demolishing the leftoid equalist Weltanshauung. Consult Lemoine's Twatter feed for the drilled-down details.

Thoughts, NPR? I know you lying sacks of libshit love to bamboozle your audience into falsely believing that "criminal attacks can come from anyone", so maybe you effete pansies could summon an ounce of journalistic integrity to report on these hurtful crime stats so that your listeners can be better informed about the world they choose to live apart from.

Not holding breath…

Flaky Flakeberg Text Game

CH · 26 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau's Flaky McFlakester text Game is acquiring a lot of devotees. A reader adds to the cacophonous encomium,

> CH,
>
> When am I going to give up the struggle in my heart and just accept that you are the source of all knowledge?

dein kampf.

> I've been commenting on your posts for awhile – recently about my adventures on Tinder as a married man. I had a girl lined up this weekend, and she was ready to go… until her mom called from across the country and it fell apart. We texted a bit the next day, and it trailed off.
>
> Sitting here today, and I go through the CH archives and come across your advice for reversing a flake. I figured, what do I have to lose? I edited a bit cause I know she's Jewish, and texted her "what's up, flaky flakeberg?" Got three texts back in under two minutes.
>
> Honestly, my schedule is complicated since I have a wife to work around, so I doubt she and I will be able to connect again. But hey, I got a response, and a few more dirty pictures to add to my collection. And you can't put a price on that, can you?
>
> Thanks again,
>
> [WHOO BOY YOU BET THE NAME IS REDACTED]

Folks, I am but a humble messenger of the True Nature of Woman. Sup from my banquet of knowledge at your own risk, and prepare to receive the shwings and furrows of indignant tradcons.

Women Want Arrogant And Confrontational Men

CH · 26 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

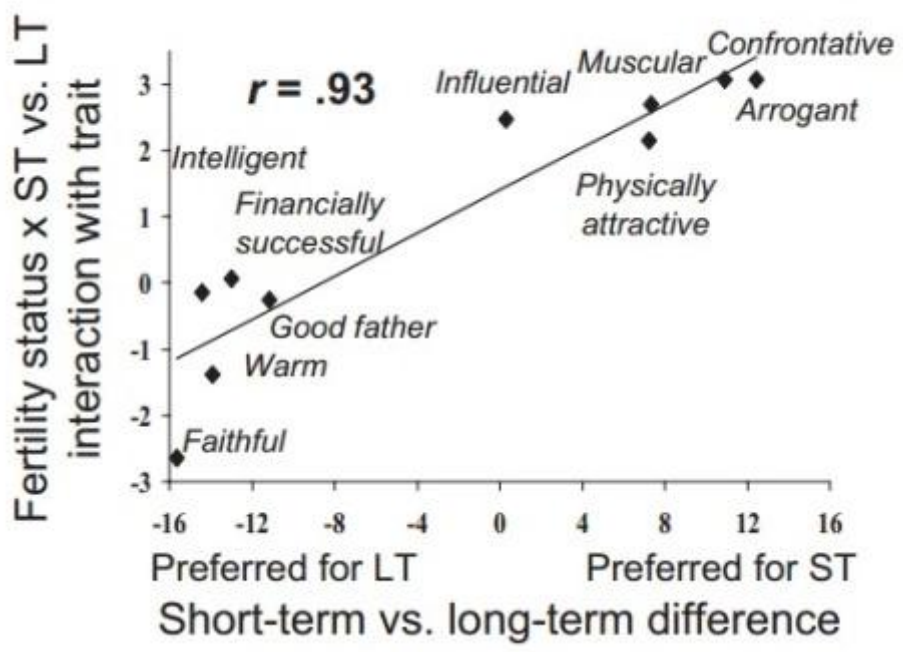
Chicks dig jerks, the evidence mounts and mounts (heh).

The latest (via r/TheRedPill) (here's a link to the original 2007 pdf)

> Science says: Women most attracted to arrogance, confrontative behavior, and musculature for short term relationships from TheRedPill

Cuing the inimitable gbfm: alpha fux, beta bux. Same as it ever was.

This accompanying chart deftly summarizes the study's conclusions:



Male looks is not the sole, nor even the most important, factor in women's preferences in a short-term mate. (sorry, wolfiecub) While being handsome and muscular helps, it helps more to be confrontative and arrogant. A prick. A jerk. An asshole. A self-righteous peacocking glibly-preening ego-teeming smug sonofabitch.

Confrontational? Arrogant? Influential? Hey, sounds like Poon Comandment XIII:

> **XIII. Err on the side of too much boldness, rather than too little**
>
> Touching a woman inappropriately on the first date will get you further with her than not touching her at all. Don't let a woman's faux indignation at your boldness sway you; they secretly love it when a man aggressively pursues what he wants and makes his sexual intentions known. You don't have to be an asshole, but if you have no choice, being an inconsiderate asshole beats being a polite beta, every time.

The most interesting finding is the category termed "Influential", which is also described as "social respect" by the study authors. It is, essentially, male personality. Charisma. Force of personality is what wins men the respect of their social peers, men and women alike. As it so happens, social respect aka personality is the only trait of male attractiveness that is equally valued in a long-term and short-term mate prospect by women. Game is the full spectrum enhancement of male personality, utilizing and amplifying the mind-body feedback loop, to increase a

man's attractiveness to women, and it is the only enhancement that will work equally well on ovulating and non-ovulating women.

Therefore, BANG for buck, Game is the most efficient SMV boosting protocol a man can undertake.

Charisma is technically asshole-independent, but it's undeniable that charismatic men are more often than not willing to tinker around the edges of assholery. Being an asshole is itself something of a charismatic trait, and one which women respond to very strongly, in their vagina areas. So while you don't HAVE to be a huge asshole, if the choice is between HUGE ASSHOLERY and niceguy respectfulness….choose wiseguy-ly.

The following quoted from the study is funny in a tragic sort of way: Men perceived as less faithful were rated as particularly attractive as short-term mates by fertile women. So if you're hittin da club and da egg-releasing estrogen fumes are blowin your way, it pays to come across like a shiftless cad who will spin a plate, dump a fuck, show up late, and run amok. These are the men women LOVE LOVE LOVE to FUCK FUCK FUCK.

Related: Poon Commandment VII.

> **VII. Always keep two in the kitty**
>
> Never allow yourself to be a "kept man". A man with options is a man without need. It builds confidence and encourages boldness with women if there is another woman, a safety net, to catch you in case you slip and risk a breakup, divorce, or a lost prospect, leading to loneliness and a grinding dry spell. A woman knows once she has slept with a man she has abdicated a measure of her power; when she has fallen in love with him she has surrendered nearly all of it. But love is ephemeral and with time she may rediscover her power and threaten to leave you. It is her final trump card. Withdrawing all her love and all her body in an instant will rend your soul if you are faced with contemplating the empty abyss alone. Knowing there is another you can turn to for affection will fortify your will and satisfy your manhood.

More Crimson Pill excerpts:

> …when women are fertile they report greater attraction to men other than their partners, but not greater attraction to their partners.
>
> As most of these studies do not find changes in [female] sexual desire across the cycle, sexual desire per se is probably not responsible for these effects.
>
> Based on good genes hypothesis, then, this theory should anticipate that women would find men perceived to be intelligent especially more attractive when [women] are fertile. We found no such pattern.

Male feminist white knighting MENSA nerdos cast to the icy faplands by women of waspy waist and sultry grace. What else is new?

The Whores Of Pozzed Media Solicit Yours Truly

CH · 27 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've been receiving an increasing frequency of emails from gaystream media whores soliciting this blog's lordship for a roll in the clickbait hay. All of them, to date, have requested absolute privacy (the irony), so I won't divulge details on threat of (((legal))) recriminations, but I can offer a general impression of what they're asking. For instance, one media whore speaking on behalf of a well-known whoresite is part of a team putting together a piece of ~~agitprop~~ art on the manosphere and wanted CH's scintillating contribution to the effort.

I've wondered for a few months how best to respond to these inquiries. So far, the CH policy has been to ignore and plow. No j/k, it's been to ignore. Period. I never respond, partly because, what's the use? I won't persuade a shriek of shitlibs to accept in their hearts the Rude Word of the Chateau, and I certainly can't expect to be treated fairly by these toads. More practically, I am very careful to guard my shadowy dimensions, and there is a risk, however muted through multiple proxies and TOR nodes, that a reply by me would be scoured for identifying info by a black ops team at Fusion GPS (stands for Grabbing Pussy Systems).

But the inquiries are getting more insistent and coming from bigger and bigger names. So I'm reconsidering my standard policy of ignoring them; perhaps for an upgrade to a "lol suck a dik" response? I have toyed with the idea of a conditional reply. That is, I set the ground rules and they swear by them in writing before I offer any penetrating insights of my tumescent wisdom.

For instance, we all know leftoid gutter filth can't help litter their reporting of deplorable subjects with smear terms and baseless slander. One can't hold a gun to reporters' heads (yet) to demand honest and accurate journalism, but one can bind them to abide at least a rudimentary schedule of fair play. I believe two of the Original Shitposters, weev and Anglin, have a lot to say about this tactic when dealing with the globohomogenized media and their skypistry.

For instance, I would demand any reporter refrain from using the term "White supremacy" in any article about Chateau Heartiste, and if needed for context to substitute the term "White competency". Similarly, they would be required by the CH Vajeena Convention rule 69, subsection 14.88, to replace the word "racist" with "totally rad race realist". And "misogynist" would become "man who doesn't bow and scrape before delusional feminist cunts".

Any violations of the terms of agreement would result in an immediate public shaming and an army of weaponized autistes leaving pig entrails on the reporter's super zip front door.

And, to punctuate my seriousness of intent, neither would the reporter be permitted to insert a disclaimer that contained the words "white supremacy", "white supremacist", "racist", "misogynist" or other favored term of othering the leftoid equalism cuntsortium employs to maintain their icy grip on their quack Narrative.

I throw my quandary to the studio audience. What do you think is the best way forward to deal with slithery solicitations from Snakes and Merchants of Fake?

PS Vox Day has written about this topic: Don't talk to the media.

CNN Is Fake News

CH · 27 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This CNN meme-themed video is one of the best I've watched. A ton of visual gags are slipped in. Keep an eye out for Wolf Blitzer's great shame.

CNN is a travesty of lies and agitprop. But that sick malevolent channel is still blared in doctors' offices and airports everywhere in America. If you have some gumption left in ya, make it a point to change the channel, even when others are watching. At the doctor, demand that the station be changed (it's making you more ill than when you arrived, and you don't want to have to sue the doc for negligence). Pressure Globohomo conglomerates to drop CNN from their TV feeds.

Word on the street is that the Trump insurgency sent orders from the top to the heads of all departments and agencies, and now all government public access TVs have switched from CNN to the Playboy Channel (is that still around?).

It's this kind of atomic wedgie culture warring that I just can't love enough! Viva Trump!

Where Do All The Good Girls Go?

CH · 27 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Pusifer (most excellent handle) wonders how a man with a lavish taste for wanton love sheds his accumulated bedroom company.

> *CH: "One six month stretch I had tore my way through fifteen women"*
>
> How do you get rid of them after?!

Some drifted away, some left purposefully, some cried on my porch, some stormed off angrily. Some texted forlornly, but got no reply at all.

A lesson for the ladies: if a man's heart isn't ready to merge completely with another, it will be a high hill to climb to convince him otherwise.

This illustrates two big advantages of prowling a densely populated sexual market.

1. Submersion into the Bangborg. It's harder to bump into former lovers from among a sea of worker drones and have that awkward "wow so what have you been up to since we last….saw each other?" convo.
2. If on the off chance you do bump into a past or present plate, there's an unspoken assumption between atomized hedonists that this is just the way things are in this place we mutually inhabit but separately share. You may fuck me one night, and forget me the next, and I may do likewise, and it would be very gauche of either of us to lament this lay of the land like some sentimental fool.

This also illustrates the one big disadvantage of dating in the bangopolises: if you're looking for love you can count on, get ready for an adventure that likely won't end the way you want.

So to answer Pusifer's question more pithily: the women never left, they just faded to gray.

Appeasing Wife, Happy Life

CH · 28 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's ¡SCIENCE! day at the Chateau, and that means another 100% LOVEFACT to trigger a cascade of yeasty femlib tears.

If you want a slender wife, and hence a happy life, it helps to be adored by her.

> The attractiveness of one's partner may play a role in their decision to improve their body image, particularly when it comes to women, a **new study finds**.
>
> With previous studies having shown that a marriage is more likely to be successful when the wife is more attractive than her husband, the phenomenon of a more-attractive husband particularly piqued the researchers' interest. […]
>
> Based on their findings, their hypothesis — that less-attractive wives felt compelled to appease more-attractive husbands — seemed to have merit.
>
> Women, for example, were found to be more likely to diet and seek a slim figure when they had attractive husbands.

The God of Biomechanics works in not-so-mysterious ways if you aren't brainwashed by feminist poopytalk and PC platitudes.

> Men, on the other hand, did not diet based on their partner's attractiveness — or lack thereof.

Haha this is really the killer finding in the research. Men don't diet to appease their wives, however attractive the wives may be, because men subconsciously, and rightly, know that their physiques aren't the primary reason their wives are attracted to them. The strongest marriages are a physically attractive wife paired with a psychologically attractive husband. The sexual polarity is required.

Naturally, the study authors are aghast, rubbing their chafed id-ass, as they scurry to appease nasty women who might tumblr along to be offended by this latest iteration of science reconfirming the existence of reality.

> "The results reveal that having a physically attractive husband may have negative consequences for wives, especially if those wives are not particularly attractive," says researcher Tania Reynolds in a **university news release**.

Why is it assumed that wives who feel a pressing urge to lose weight to appease their HSMV husbands are experiencing negative consequences? Do women secretly desire to be fat and unloved by their men? Because that's the presumption behind this stupidly femcunt value judgment. The truth is that women love being thin and sexy and especially love being desired by the men they love. So HSMV husbands are VERY GOOD for women. Nothing but positive consequences all the way up.

> These findings are critical in that they offer insight into the causes of more grave conditions caused by a desire to become or stay svelte, such as eating disorders.

My theory is that anorexia is an acute metastasizing form of a normal female desire, honed by millennia of evolved male mate choice preference, to be slender and able to entice alpha men to love them. The way to defeat anorexia is not to convince sufferers that being thin is wrong and being fat is OK, but to sympathize with their natural desire to be thin and then help them moderate their self-destructive behaviors rather than eliminate them.

Demented Leftoid Autoinvalidation, Aptly Memed

CH · 28 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

White shitlib credentialati have to be among the most short-sighted subpopulations in human history. What do these status whoring virtue snivelers think will happen when their collective 1.2 White children have to grow up in a society that jettisoned the buffer zone of its prole class racial kin in favor of imported swarthlords with a bad case of the gibs? Do our landed gentrifiers think they'll be left alone by the Dusk World denizens to play their SJW-certified vidgya games, read libfruit social constructivist history books, amass useless gender studies post-grad degrees, watch black bull porn, strut insouciantly from cafe to cafe wearing camel-toe accentuating yoga pants, stroke it out to another snark cue from steven gaybert, and wonder which amazon drone delivered goodie they can stick up their ass?

Mass delusion is real, and our current incarnation of Western White liberalism is proof.

Much Abo About Nothing

CH · 31 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Every race of woman, no matter how ugly on average, has its redeeming exceptions of universally admired beauty.

Except the abos. Not even one.

[image]

Abos and the assorted subpopulation primitive groups like pygmies and Amazonian tribes have literally zero attractive women. You could Find, Meet, and Attract ten thousand of their women, but you wouldn't want to Close any one of them.

Would abo men bang their women? Apparently, enough to still exist as a race. Actually, research of that nature would be very illuminating. Do abo men — literal proto-human throwbacks with an average IQ lower than that of deepest Africa — prefer their own women or would they be enticed by the standard White Euro beauty norm? This would reveal the nature of the tussle at the intersection between evolution and a platonic universal beauty standard.

Most likely, abo men would prefer non-abo to abo women, were they given a side by side comparison and a realistic shot at bedding a non-abo. Can we get some funding over here for this critical research proposal?

Aesthetically, the beautiful women of every race have more in common with each other than they do with the ugly women of their own race.

Aesthetically. Not temperamentally, intellectually, or morally.

A universal ideal of beauty is real. The beholders' judgment is a borg.

The Corporatocracy Purges

CH · 17 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The purge-friendly argument that “private corporations can ban or restrict access to whomever they like” loses its moral leverage when every multinational corporation bans the same dissident voices. In effect, what this situation resembles is a giant world government actively censoring speech.

My belief now, as we watch a massive totalitarian purge of crimethinkers roll out with curious efficiency and coordination between the State and its Corporate hitmen, is that Trump has two urgent tasks that supersede all other considerations:

1. Trust-bust Silicon Valley tech oligarchs and the huge media conglomerates
2. Build the Wall

Everything else on the Trump agenda needs to take a back seat to these two items. The first will prevent the subjugation and silencing of a large swath of the American citizenry, and the second will provide the symbolism of inevitable victory that will chasten the inhuman Left and prevent a Civil War II.

The events of the past week reveal the depth of fear gripping the Globohomoists. They could feel the heat coming on from the maul-right and assorted realtalkers. They knew their house of cards was about to fall down, that their decades-old manicured lies that propped up their power were set to be exposed and torched. So they played their last hand: the Great Purge. Will it work out for them like it did for the Soviets back in 1938?

Will it buy the Globohomoists another fifty years of plutocratic rule? Or will Truth and Beauty triumph over the Lords of Lies?

The Chateau, as usual, remains open…for now, its warm window-framed light beckoning wayward travelers navigating a very dark and foreboding wood.

The Reflexive Retreat To Pretty Lies

CH · 1 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've come to the conclusion that virtue sniveling anti-White shitlibs will never convert to Realtalk and Truthlove. It's simple. Any moment in a shitlib's life that she lets race-aware truth approach her obliquely, she'll promptly retreat to some heartwarming pic or story of a single nonwhite behaving in accordance with societal White norms.

There will be plenty of these pics and stories for her to latch onto, not because there are plenty of nonWhites behaving in an exemplary (read: White) manner, but because the anti-White Gaystream Media is diligent about seeding their bird cage copy with a false impression of omnipresent numinous nonwhite feats of honor and basic decency (and equally diligent about seeding the false impression of omnipresent White treachery and ultraracism).

I call this the Reflexive Retreat to Pretty Lies, and it only takes a tiny dose of pretty lies to turn back a massive onslaught of Ugly Truths. There's no way to permanently reorient shitlibs laboring under those precog conditions, because no matter how big your Truth, a bigger Lie will swamp it. There will always be some stray sappy pic or story that the shitlib can embrace like a Linus security blanket, to be used as an enchanted vestment against the torrent of unsentimental ugly truths that assault her senses from every direction every day of her hypocritical life.

You can't convert such people, because there isn't enough Truth in the world to cure them of their addiction to false narratives. If all it takes is one pic of a dead Syrian child (death caused by forces unrelated to White supremacy) to push a shitlib back into the comfort bubble of her open borders, welcome-refugees nonsense, then reams of data, appeals to logic and reason, gripping memes, and millions of counter-examples to the contrary will be impotent against the hardened bunker of her unreality. Her brain is incapable of any meaningful long-term adjustment in outlook and self-perception.

So what's the solution to shitlib cocooning in the face of daunting Truth?

- permit the fertility of the most pathologically altruist whites to drop to zero (this is the only option that will work permanently and decisively)
- mockery. hammer libs relentlessly with the truth, packaged in such a way as to maximally overload their amygdalae until they voluntarily withdraw from public life
- retake the institutions of media and thought control. good luck with that.
- civil war (decisive, not as permanent as option #1, unless you salt the earth afterwards)
- pray for Trump's ultimate victory (and Javanka's banishment from his trusted inner circle)
- secession, separation, segregation. cordon off shitlibs in their own city-states away from sane Whites
- enact whatever policies you can pass to diminish shitlib power to mold the media narrative
- agree & amplify shitlib hostility to heritage america. relocate millions of feral dirt worlders into shitlib enclaves
- build a parallel society, parallel tech, and parallel self-rule that effectively gerrymanders shitlibs into their own culture ghettoes
- ban estrogenic endocrine disrupting compounds so that the T level of men and E level of women returns to a healthy base
- sit poolside and enjoy the part of the ride where we have crested the final hill and are plummeting to the ninth circle of hell

Sexiest Vagnette

CH · 1 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Valhalla Lost

CH · 2 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Do not adjust your screen. What you see below is an actual leaflet given to newly arrived Dirt World colonizers in Sweden. (via)

Similar pamphlets advising swarthy invaders how to find, meet, attract, and impregnate the local ladies have been handed out in Germany.

Is there some glitch in the soul of White man that convinces him, once he has created an earthly paradise for himself and his posterity, to then give away the fruits of his labor and imagination to ingrate locust swarms who will consume his creation and then his lineage in an orgy of primal gluttony and spite?

Houellebecq is a living prophet. And do I not bleed if I am denied a preen? I too have been warning for some time the feminized corruption that haunts the heart of Western man. Well here we are. All that's left is to dot the i's and cross the t's on the West's crumble into District 9 decay.

I blame wide-faced sociopathic low E cat lady hags. Hillary Clinton and Mutter-less Merkel are members of the species. It's the Kuntocracy of Post-Menopausal Pussyhatters who heedlessly clamor for their dusty muffs, or its psychological equivalent, to get pounded out by the migrant vanguard of the Caliphate. These dumbfuck biddies and their gay mangina enablers tossing Western Civ overboard for a Fake Romance with a swarthswarm soldier will be the death of the West if they aren't stopped.

Trump's Compliance Game

CH · 3 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Donald Trump has Game. It's a contributing factor to his improbable ascension to the White House. His message coupled with his charisma won the hearts of many Americans.

Trump's command of core Game techniques is a marvel to behold. He reframes, he plows through resistance, he agrees & amplifies, he disqualifies, he assumes the sale. He's a master seducer, of women and of voters, even of those who would not normally be his natural constituency. In this video, you'll watch Trump deliver an excellent example of "Compliance Game" on a black dude who doesn't at first seem too pleased with Trump. Skip to 4:20 for the relevant bantz.

The black guy complains about something and Trump listens, asks him to point out whomever it is the black guy is mentioning as part of his complaint, and then Trump tells him to "bring those people over here", after which the black guy says "yes, sir" with enthusiasm and trots off to do the President a solid.

You'll like a person for whom you do a favor more than you'll like a person who does a favor for you. This is the Personal Investment Halo Effect that Game cleverly exploits to help men seduce women who might otherwise be out of their league.

The purpose of compliance testing is to gauge interest and, more powerfully, to increase interest through manipulating the perception of investment. If a person complies with your request, he or she will feel like they've invested something of themselves in you and your well-being, and thus will perceive you having high value or moral worth, because why else would they do something for you? Trump gets this aspect of human nature, and you can see it in action in the above video as he easily mingles among the "commoners" despised by our insular, credentially inbred elites, who have to take classes to learn how to communicate with them in the robotic patois that defined Hillary Clinton's interactions with the rabble.

The triggering irony is that our first implicitly white nationalist president is more comfortable jiving with regular black folks than our first half-black oval office squatter Gay Mulatto ever was. Will the leftoid media accurately report this reality? HA.

FYI this is why I have always contended that obama wan't our first black prez. He was our first SWPL president. A president for effete craft brew sipping urbane shitlib whites with zero muscle tone….because he IS one of them. Obama is exhibit A in the thesis that race is more than skin color…..race goes to the bone. And obama's bone-deep race pilfered a lot of DNA from his megamandibled single white mama who was virtue sniveling before it was a thing.

The #Excrescence

CH · 4 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> This is the #Resistance pic.twitter.com/nu9JW78bxU
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) September 4, 2017

I'm gonna stop critiquing leftoid media drivel and just post pics of the authors, activists, and reporters. It's a more efficient and powerful rebuttal.

PS I think we should start calling the anti-White Left genocidal maniacs. The funny thing about fightin' words is that it forces the recipient to answer the charge. And that's half the battle won.

PPS When the Realtalk flood came, I figured the Leftoid Equalism establishment responses would be:
1. shame
2. defame
3. inflame
and if those responses failed to produce the expected result, they would trigger the nuclear options:
censorship, suppression, and extortion.
The ICBMs have been launched.

The Expulsion Of Andrew Anglin

CH · 5 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The hounding of Andrew Anglin from impolite internet company is a case study in the reflexive desperation of an elite losing the citizenry's confidence in them to remain arbiters of culture and conversation. The mass purges of Real-Right websites over the last few weeks by domain registrars and social media technopolies is illegal, and evidence of fear. No one in power overreaches that badly and impulsively unless they have felt the first shiver of fear that an enemy at the gates inspires.

Why was @AndrewAnglin unpersoned? Why was the sum total of the leftoid fuggernaut's firepower aimed at chasing Andrew Anglin off the internet?

It's not offensive memes. Our DNS kkkommissars permit much worse than the c'ville fatty joke.

It's not fighting racism. Racist nonwhites are given free rein by all the SJW thothouses of shitlib boilerplate.

It's symbolism. A prize target is chosen for elimination as a demonstration of the elite's power. The objective is intimidation of others who may similarly deign to fight the entrenched power of our corrupt and evil ruling class.

The Anglin Affair's purpose is to fill your head with one question: Are you next?

Gabber @jackmckrack writes,

> that's why Based Stick Man, etc. TERRIFY them and it's why they've cracked down on these guys and the Alt-Right in general. a non-cuck, potentially violent and vengeful opposition is completely foreign to them and makes them absolutely shit their pants.

The soft coddled elite want passive consumers of their poz. They don't want fighters. A fighter inspires allies. A fighter squaring off against insurmountable odds can inspire an army to his side.

Gabber @mjag on the subject,

> Anglin/TDS disrupted the gaystream C'ville narrative more than anyone else; instead of whining about a false flag (which it probably was), he simply mocked it and desensitized parts of the public using the left's own normalization strategy. That's why the reaction reeks of extreme desperation.

That's a legit point. The Anti-White Left's strategy has been very successful for them over the last sixty years, and this is why they fear and loathe any foe who co-opts their strategy — they know it can work against them as well as it has worked for them. Thus, their insane defiance of American values, social norms, and First Amendment legal precedent in the commission of commandeering every node on the internet to silence their alt-opposition. Maybe they get away with it, maybe they don't, but in their twisted calculus, groomed from decades sitting plushly at the top of institutional power centers, the first biting wind of blowback scared them so badly they lashed out like a stuck pig.

Currently, there's a lot of in-fighting among alt-right factions. This is exactly how the leftoid ruling technoborg wanted it to go; a few targeted SHUT IT DOWNs of alt-accounts and the survival instinct of the remaining alt-righters who still have their platforms to speak kicks in, leading them to vociferous denunciations and ostracism of "bad" crimethinkers from "good" crimethinkers. The rebel alliance is fractured, the Empire can continue its globohomo project unhindered.

Haidt identified purity as a moral dimension that righties score much higher on than do lefties, perhaps explaining why the Right gets bogged down with in-fighting. Maybe readers have noticed I tend to stay away from internecine slap fights. Perspective in everything. Eyes on the prime enemy. My instinct, when faced with a seemingly

indomitable enemy of boundless malevolence for me and my kind, is to praise potential allies when they deserve my praise, and to ignore or chide them in good cheer when they stray too far off the realtalk reservation. But never will I rage at them with the passion I save for my true enemy, Anti-White Leftoid Equalism. Excusing one's worst enemy while disingenuously railing against one's occasionally intemperate allies is the way of the cuck. Do leftoids ever do this with their zealots? No. The Right could learn a thing or two from the Left.

For this reason, I support Anglin despite my stylistic differences with him, and believe that his censors should be hauled before court to answer for their egregious violation of the First Amendment.

SMASH ANTI-WHITE DEGENERACY

PS Here's the Z-Man on "killing chickens".

A Music Video Idea

CH · 5 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Staking claims to a moral high ground doesn't have to be the sole purview of the Leftoid Equalist gimposium. The Maul-Right can do it too. I had an idea for a music video that would be a great example of recapturing moral ground ceded to the anti-Whites.

If you were an alt-composer of catchy tunes with a flair for the dramatic, you could write a song about censorship as a tool of the establishment Left (gussy it up with lyrical license). In your music video, you croon, ladies swoon, then halfway through, still singing and playing as before, total silence envelops the scene. Your voice is nothing but soundless mouth-moves, your guitar gently sleeps. Suddenly, black tape appears over everyone's mouth. A Goolag-clad mystery figure is seen pulling the plugs on everyone's amps in a cutaway. None of the central characters in the video notices, but the silence continues baffling the viewer.

A minute of silence passes, visuals still proceeding as if all was normal, then on the last note the lead singer rips off his black tape, perhaps aware of his silencing, and belts out an E major howl of protest.

I wish there were more artists on the Right, because it's not like our side is lacking for material, inspiration, or enemies to lampoon. Maybe everyone on the Right needs to suffer a little more under the boot heel of their equalist oppressors before their artistic instinct can flourish.

Subliminal Seduction

CH · 6 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

NLP — Neuro Linguistic Programming — is a fancy term to describe subliminal rhetoric that plays on the natural human tendency to suggestibility (aka the need to feed the ego). It's a quasi-science that is probably overblown but does offer some feints of tongue that can assist in seducing women.

An example from my dating life: I asked a girl to dance…more precisely, I told a girl she was about to dance with me…and while I normally don't do Dance Game I will indulge if the girl I'm interested in looks like she has two left feet. The comparison makes me look better on the dance floor than I am, and more importantly her awkward rug-cutting opens fresh avenues of value display and subliminal flirting.

We danced. She stumbled a bit (as I assumed she would from a quick visual analysis of her mind-body-physiognomy axis). She grinned sheepishly, and apologized.

CONCEALED CARRY WEAPON OF LOVE: "Ok, you'll bend backward a little after the third step…step one……step two…….aaand step 3….bend back!"

HER: *bends at a clumsy angle* "See, I'm not much of a dancer."

CONCEALED CARRY WEAPON OF LOVE: "You're a natural."

HER: "Hah, no I'm not."

CONCEALED CARRY WEAPON OF LOVE: "Don't run from it."

We stop dancing, I chat her up off-stage, and then exit while she's distracted by someone else she knows. FYI this tactic of stealthily exiting a budding flirtship unannounced, and returning twenty minutes later to a mouth-agape eye-widened curious girl wondering where you went off to, is dynamite on a girl's mental vagina. It's the best way to end a dance, because it sidesteps the risk of seeming overly enthusiastic and attached to a girl after dancing with her in which the forced physical contact is bound to energize her self-perceived SMV, shit testing and anti-slut defense.

The real tingle generator is in the line, "don't run from it." This is what I call an Alpha Compliment. While alphas don't typically compliment girls, when they do their compliments are distinctly potent, because they don't compliment women's physical assets (unless to neg them) and their compliments are worded in a way that is easily construed as 1. an assessment of the girl's CHARACTER and 2. a qualifying statement that sounds like the man is trying to make the girl live up to his standards.

(Expressing a hint of disappointment in a girl is a powerful courtship accelerator. She will work harder to win your approval than she would with a man who had nothing but effusive praise and comforting words when she denigrated herself.)

The NLP of the line is the subconscious insinuation that what the girl should not run from is YOU, rather than from the dance floor or her natural talents. I have practiced this line in-field a lot and the impression it leaves with girls is always positive; her eyes will momentarily sparkle, a smile will drift across her face, and a lurch to feigned indignation (to salvage her "qualified" ego) will push her deeper into a mutually satisfying rapport.

You can use the line in just about any scenario, so if you hate dancing don't think this tactic is closed to you. Give it a try at least, and report back here with tales of conquest or woe; either will suffice as learning tools.

Exquisite European Beauty

CH · 6 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Having brutalized the Chateau readership by draining the swamp to reveal the enormous gullet of the TacoToad creature, a magnanimous urge overcame me. I hope this post puts me back in good graces with the commenters who matter.

Continuing the CH series paying tribute to exquisite (and native) European beauty and triggering all the right envious haters, here is Senta Berger from Austria:

[image]

Would bang? Yes. More than that….

Would love.

In painfully related news, the Uglification and Devaluation of America proceeds apace. White Christians are now a minority of the US population.

A poem, by Contemplative Me:

Little by little
with foam fleck and spittle
the carvers and butchers
tore muscle from gristle
till all that was good
familiar and genial
bled of its life froze and turned brittle
and the hearth of your people
coughed soot ash and cinders
as home, kin, and myth
succumbed to the whittle

We have strip mined our Wealth, our Truth, and our Beauty from the homeland. If future generations of our posterity remain, they will curse us to their last breaths for damnable fools and malicious traitors.

Meet The New Cigstache

CH · 6 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, Cigstache. Old timers at the Chateau will not-so-fondly recall her as the representative “zero” on the 1-to-10 female beauty scale.

[image]

Well, it’s time to meet your new Cigstache. Say hello (through your plumes of puke) to Tacotoad:

[image]

I get a thrill from torturing the retinas of my readers. It’s not like some of you don’t deserve it.

***

Let’s make this more interesting. Which woman would you prefer to have for extremely platonic lunch company?

I can tell you I’d choose Cigstache, no hesitation. She looks earthy, like she has some good stories to tell, and I bet she’s not a man-hating femcunt. Tacotoad….or should I write (((Tacotoad)))…likely has a distinctly caustic personality belied by her inbred mutant physiognomy. So with Tacotoad, your ears are gonna hurt as bad as your eyes.

Gayface Is Real: GayI Edition

CH · 7 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An AI algorithm — or "GayI", if you will (I will) — has proven that gayface is real.

> We show that faces contain much more information about sexual orientation than can be perceived and interpreted by the human brain. We used deep neural networks to extract features from 35,326 facial images. These features were entered into a logistic regression aimed at classifying sexual orientation. Given a single facial image, a classifier could correctly distinguish between gay and heterosexual men in 81% of cases, and in 74% of cases for women. Human judges achieved much lower accuracy: 61% for men and 54% for women. The accuracy of the algorithm increased to 91% and 83%, respectively, given five facial images per person. Facial features employed by the classifier included both fixed (e.g., nose shape) and transient facial features (e.g., grooming style). Consistent with the prenatal hormone theory of sexual orientation, gay men and women tended to have gender-atypical facial morphology, expression, and grooming styles. Prediction models aimed at gender alone allowed for detecting gay males with 57% accuracy and gay females with 58% accuracy. Those findings advance our understanding of the origins of sexual orientation and the limits of human perception. Additionally, given that companies and governments are increasingly using computer vision algorithms to detect people's intimate traits, our findings expose a threat to the privacy and safety of gay men and women.

What about the privacy and safety of young boys and dudes who just want to be left in peace in the gym locker room?

YET AGAIN a scientific study has validated a Heartiste real world observation. Megapreen incoming! CH has been saying gayface is real since inception date 1488. From a May 15, 2008 Chateau post:

> There is such a thing as a "gay face". Hard to describe, but you know it when you see it. Think big bright feminine eyes, full lips, and an all-around glow.

The gayface composite photo that accompanied the above study:

[image]

Swishiognomy is real.

Would gaypedoface be redundant?

You can almost draw diagonal lines representing femininity and masculinity levels, connecting the gay male face with straight female face, and the straight male face with the lesbo female face.

There is (for lack of a better science-y description) a feminine glow and openness in the faces of the straight woman and the gay man composites. Oppositely, there's a masculine hardness and compactness in the faces of the straight man and the lesbo woman composites. (And honestly that's not even a very representative composite of most dykes I've seen….my composite lesbian face would be a lot fatter, uglier and mannish.)

Gabber @lglookingglass adds,

> Gay Face is the hollowing out of the checkbone structure.
>
> This approach applies to almost all chronic health conditions as well. If you want a really deep cut, realize that doctors do about 1/2 their diagnosis from seeing your face. It's why they'll catch rare things: they've seen it.

According to the study, the GayI was better than humans at accurately identifying by facial features alone the gays

from among the straights. But I bet a person who was exceptionally observant and had spent time around many gays would have a more honed gaydar than the average human test subject, so I wonder if the GayI hit rate can't be matched by, say, an urban SWPL with a social circle that included a lot of homos.

Or maybe the urban SWPL's gaydar would be blunted due to inurement to constant exposure, familiarization, and normalization.

Composite soyface:

Composite pedoface:

Fistiognomy is real.

Composite ashkepathface:

[image]

Composite xirface:

I detect a pattern.

Bone Zones

CH · 7 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Nestled in the quaking bosom of the Chateau comment section was a discussion about European female beauty and why it seems more often to float down from the mountain than emanate from the plain. I suggested that hot spots of female beauty from around Europe (and yeah sure the rest of the crappy world too) be labeled Boner Zones, riffing on the Blue Zones where the healthiest people live. Although now I'd like to change that term to Bone Zones, for its symmetrical quality.

> for reasons that are a bit beyond my ken atm, striking white female beauty seems to emerge more often and with greater intensity of flourish from mountainous regions. though not always. if we designate hot spots of white female beauty — call them Boner Zones — then the big three would be the Italian Alps, the Ukraine steppe, and the Baltic seacoast.

A reader emailed with a reply addressing the likely causes for the eruption (heh) of Bone Zones in particular geographic and historical regions. Bottom line: it's the sex skew.

> Remember, ABD: Always be Darwinian.
>
> Why would female beauty emerge anywhere? Because there is a shortage of men, and women have to compete for men, which is not the usual thing. Where do women have to compete for men? Where the men are engaging extremely dangerous occupations and lots of them get killed, occurred in Northwestern Europe over the centuries. Working in the mountains, logging, mining, fishing in the North Sea, all very dangerous ways to make a living. Or in places where there has been sustained violent conflict and huge numbers of men were killed off. Beautiful women in Kiev? World War I, Red Revolution, Holodomor, Great Purge, Barbarossa, Nazi occupation … . All of Eastern Europe is similar. The Baltics were especially hard hit.
>
> Female beauty is nature reasserting life and fertility in the face of bloodshed and slaughter.

That's a great final insight. Beauty is the flower of bloodshed.

At least for some peoples and places. Has endless bloodshed in Africa given rise to female beauty?

Generally, though, there does seem to be something to the hypothesis that native White European Beauty is unique in the world and uniquely arose from an environment that became the premature resting place for millions of its young native men, resulting in a veritable pornucopia of pussy for the men left alive who did what men naturally do with a surfeit of choice in women: they chose the hottest, youngest, tightest, and had a lot of kiddies with those proto-HBs.

I hate to leave a post viewed through a soft focus lens, so here's a jarring depth-of-field corollary to whet your inner masochist:

In regions and in times that there isn't any culling of men, and the sexes enjoy a stable, long-lasting 50:50 ratio that restricts male choice and in which women don't have to compete for the hordes of thirsty betas begging for cummies, women evolve to become……

uh oh…..

uglier.

Does this corollary remind you of a specific time and place?

If we are fated for Civil War 2, one upside is that in the aftermath white female beauty may return to the land of the twee, home of the knave.

What Produces Female Beauty?

CH · 8 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Surplus women.
Male paternal investment.
Female dependency.

williamK explains,

> You're missing an ingredient.
>
> A boner favorable female to male ratio is a necessary but not sufficient ingredient for female beauty.
>
> Due to the outsized spermatazoa-to-ovum ratio and the longer sexual market viability of men, you can never truly skew the female-male ratio enough. There will always be men who will give the less good looking women a throw occasionally.
>
> Its not that given the choice of women, men only choose the most beautiful. No. Given the choice of women, men will choose all of them.
>
> Even the ugly, fat woman was 18 and do-able once. (Especially in the evolutionary environment we're talking with lower obesity rates). And that's all it takes. She'll get knocked up and pass on those genes.
>
> What you need is an environment where women are dependent on men. This is most effectively imagined by food. If an African knocks up 50 women, its good for him. The women can gather food for her and the babies. He doesn't have to see them ever again. An ancient Scandinavian does this, and all 50 women die on the frozen tundra with their fetuses and his genes die. They NEED him to win food for them because they can't hunt or fish reliably and there's no gathering to be done. (Now parlay this thought to racial differences in approach anxiety).
>
> It is good ratio, but also male parental investment and female dependence that creates beauty.

Drearily for lovers of Truth&Beauty, the modern Western sexual market may select against the production of exquisite female beauty.

Surplus women?

Nope. If anything, there's a surplus of men in the West. Infant mortality rates have dropped, technology has brought immense comforts, wars of attrition are largely one-sided affairs now, and there's been an effective elimination of male-skewed early deaths from hunting and disease.

Male paternal investment?

Retreating. Presumably it's still an innate disposition in White Western men, but shocks to the functioning of the sexual market have incentivized a gradual shift to caddishness and delayed family formation, especially at the margins where there are men who could go either way (towards a dad or cad lifestyle).

Female dependence?

Nope. This is the big one. As I've argued here before, female economic self-sufficiency like we have now in the West creates massive negative feedback loops in the Male Commitment-Female Commitment Worthiness relationship. And as williamK notes, female independence (in which women can feed, house, and clothe themselves) not only pushes women to emphasize fulfillment of their desire for sexy cads, but it pushes men to DE-EMPHASIZE their beta provider skills. Men don't feel inspired to wife up self-sufficient women; men DO feel inspired to provide for and protect vulnerable women. And in en environment of female dependence, men will be careful to choose the prettiest women they can get, because they will be investing a lot in her. In contrast, an

environment of female independence encourages men to spread their seed indiscriminately, because the pressure to provide for careergirl yaass queen shrikes has diminished.

Executive summary: The West is currently selecting against the efflorescence of female Beauty and selecting FOR the effluvia of female Ugliness.

Literally feminism means more ugly women and fewer beautiful women. Feminism is the ideology of Ugliness.

PS I have to disagree with one point williamK makes about men being willing to fuck anything that moves. It isn't true. Like I've said before, I wouldn't get carried away with this glib smear of male looseness. Eurasian men do have standards, which they exercise even when the have effectively limitless options in mate choice. Fat, ugly, and older women really do suffer a romantic and even sexual penalty in the modern dating market. So I'd amend williamK's comment to say that a sex skew favoring men CAN be sufficient to move sexual selection toward producing more beautiful women, but that for maximum effect the emergence of widespread female beauty requires all three preconditions — female sex skew, male paternal investment, and female dependence.

#OpenBordersForHotties

CH · 10 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Why does a majority of single White women support open borders? One reason: to test the mettle of their own, softening men in mortal combat with the interloper men. Another reason: the invader females of the vibrant races pouring over the US border are ugly. By comparison, average White women look like supermodels. So open borders is a relative white female SMV boost. Mass Dirt World immigration is the equivalent of "standing in good lighting" for White women all the time and everywhere.

It's a broader application of Sailer's Law of Female Journalism…

> The most heartfelt articles by female journalists tend to be demands that social values be overturned in order that, Come the Revolution, the journalist herself will be considered hotter-looking.

…to include all women.

The solution to our shared single White woman problem is, of course, to turn their SMV weapon against them and advocate for open borders to only women from Bone Zones: East Europe, Russia, Scandinavia, and the Italian Alps schwing to mind. Single White women will suddenly change their minds about welcoming refugees if those refugees are hot, feminine foreign babes stealing all the quality American men.

A reader (Gab: @worden) writes,

> I've found western women become hostile when i mention that foreign women are moving in on middle class guys.

No doubt. Nothing focuses the mind quite like the threat of a sexual market demotion.

Now that I think of it, the next maul-right rally should meme **#OpenBordersForHotties** into existence. I honestly can't think of a bigger trigger of cognitive dissonance in the pussyhat clitlib cuntsortium. What are they gonna do? Cry about closing the border? Cry about hotties? They can't win. If our single White women have a problem with hotties streaming across the US border, they have to explain if the border policy bothers them or if the hotness of the migrants bothers them. I'm sure they'll figure out an expedient inconsistency, but it'll come at the price of making themselves look catastrophically foolish, and that may be all it takes to nudge the marginal cases away from supporting the bitches of the New Witch Order.

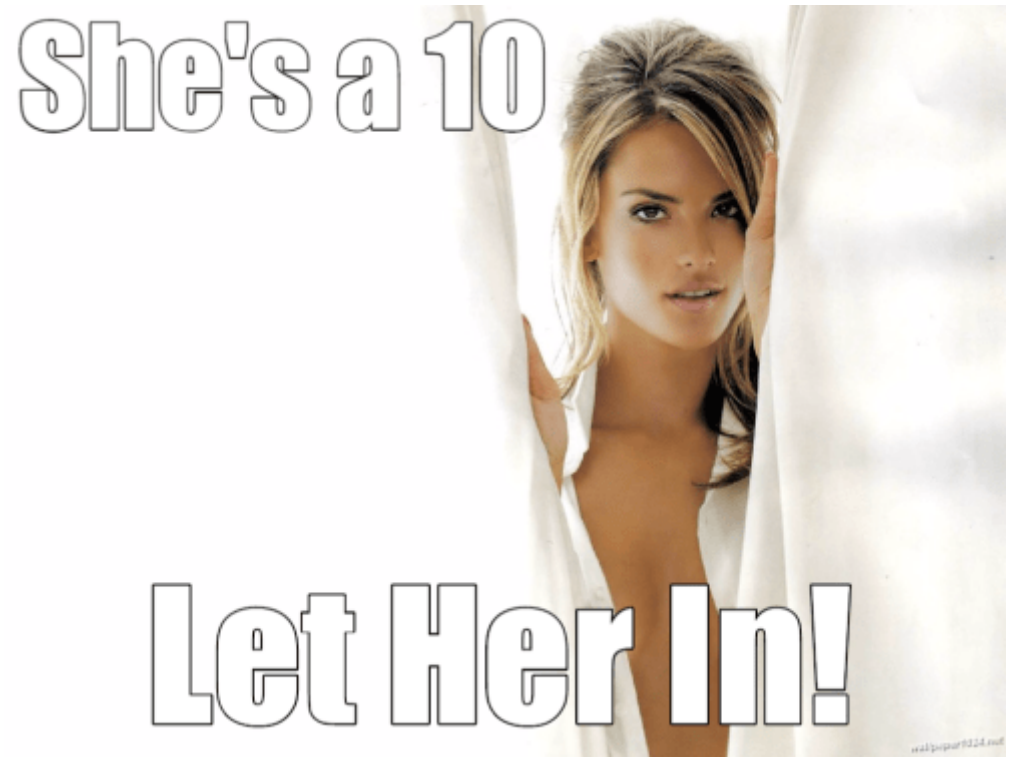
Another reader, @AlCynic, writes,

> Sounds fair. Sounds humanitarian.
> Ukraine is a war zone. Scandinavia is under siege. Belorussia is oppressive.
> We must admit these refugees.
> It is an act of love.

#LoveWins.

Humorously, Gabber @Love created some visual memes and slogans to accompany the #OpenBordersForHotties theme.

7 plus? Come on the bus!
The lower 48 need more 8s!
You're a dime? Skip the line!



The contorted faces of antifa feminist REEtards after catching sight of these sexy memes hoisted high in the air potentially must rank as one of life's finer pleasures.

In The Land Of The Low T Males, Toxic Masculinity Is King

CH · 11 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Lichtof, on attending a mimosa brunch in a major shitlibopolis:

> One of my many red pill moments was living in a DC suburb and having to go to a mimosa brunch thing that bitches love.
> My girl wanted to show me off.
> 6 other couples at the table all engaged or married and every one of the 'men' could have passed as gay. They even dressed gay..pink clothing…shorts..and all with high voices.
> Me being hungover I thought I'd stumbled on a joke or something.
> I acted a jerk and had two of the bitches eating out of my hand and none of the other 'men' knew what was going on.
>
> Aside…I turned down a fuck from a white Colombian last year. A farmer's daughter ..attractive, fit and I'd say loved a good fuck but she had big shoulders and just a little too much 't'.

Ladies, we men of impeccable taste and evolved slaydar can spot the slightest deviation from normal T levels in women…the shoulders that are a 1/4 inch too wide in relation to hip width, the gorilla feet, the man hands, the dusky tufts of lip hair, the pubic thatch that migrates across the pelvis-thigh crease (the nappy valley), the narrow hips, the wider waist (even if toned and taut), the flattened swayback, and of course the mark of the Lawyercunt Beast, the manjaw.

To the larger point, cities and in particular shitlibopolis strongholds that have a new pet grooming store open every week, become beacons for effete males where they resettle in large numbers and their scent of overactive aromatase suffuses the air. This scent is a turn-off to women, including the effete male's polar opposite the high T careerist shrike. But libchicks love these harmless puffboys as asexual company whose only purpose appears to be inflating the egos of crass unfeminine bitterbitch pussyhatters.

Oh sure, occasionally a puffboy will pair off with a pussyhatter (usually after the pussyhatter has run a marathon through MAGA cad cock and needs the shitlib social acceptability imprimatur of a compliant beta borefriend), but you can tell neither of their hearts are into it; they're hooking up for appearances rather than passion.

Worse, the coastal cities produce endemic toxins via food and culture channels that saps its male inhabitants of their T. So a double T whammy sets up….nancyboys gravitate to the cities, and their nancy-ness is amplified to an acute degree by the urban lifestyle. Only the strongest and most willful of MAGAmen can resist urban gayification. You have to be extremely confident in your masculinity to spend a lot of time in the cities plundering the sexually unfulfilled shitlib chicks downing mimosas by the vat to help them forget they're on the slow track to a loveless marriage with uptalking vegetable lasagnas without worrying that you'll become one of them.

The good news for men who don't measure up to a Paul Bunyon standard is that it doesn't take much inborn masculinity to shine like a diamond dick in a shitlibopolis. A recognizable bicep, a neck thicker than a pencil, a voice that doesn't mimic little girls at play, and a cheeky ZFG attitude that isn't concerned with constantly assuaging girls' egos and reaffirming their insipid politics is enough to storm a pink-hued brunch like a Viking Berserker and insinuate yourself into the sexual fantasies of an entire HR department's worth of alpha-starved feminist Trump haters.

Trump Follows Poon Commandment VII

CH · 12 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recall Poon Commandment VII, because Trump just obeyed it.

> **VII. Always keep two in the kitty**
>
> Never allow yourself to be a "kept man". A man with options is a man without need. It builds confidence and encourages boldness with women if there is another woman, a safety net, to catch you in case you slip and risk a breakup, divorce, or a lost prospect, leading to loneliness and a grinding dry spell. A woman knows once she has slept with a man she has abdicated a measure of her power; when she has fallen in love with him she has surrendered nearly all of it. But love is ephemeral and with time she may rediscover her power and threaten to leave you. It is her final trump card. Withdrawing all her love and all her body in an instant will rend your soul if you are faced with contemplating the empty abyss alone. Knowing there is another you can turn to for affection will fortify your will and satisfy your manhood.

If you've been keeping abreast of the news lately (after dutifully sifting through the 99% of it that's Fake anti-White and anti-Trump trash), you'll have noticed Trump making overtures to some Dems on raising the debt ceiling and reworking the tax code.

Trump is doing exactly what I predicted he would do after eight months of the GOPe thwarting him at every turn: dissociating himself from Congressional recucklicans and threatening their 2018 midterm prospects by reaching out to Dems. This is CLASSIC push/pull Game. Works on girls, works on cucks.

It's also a bracing demonstration of CH Poon Commandment VII: Always keep two in the kitty. Trump has some major Dems lined up as working partners (however temporary) who are situated to reap the legislative and midterm election rewards if their partnership is successful. The Dems are like plate #2 in Trump's kitchen vaginet (aka his cherry-go-round). Their purpose is to instill dread in Trump's primary girl, the GOPe.

But the GOPe cucks have been trying to divorce Trump since he announced his candidacy. They have withdrawn their love from Trump, so he has responded by reminding them he has another "woman" waiting for him on the side. This has had the predictable effect of scaring the shit out of the GOPe cucks, who stand to lose no matter what happens now — they either lose their midterm election prospects to the blossoming Trump-Dem alliance, or they lose their Chamber of Commerce big money donors by finally giving Trump the populist agenda he wants.

This is more evidence that he Game that works on women is the same Game that works on….well, womanly men like GOPe cucks and Dems.

PS Here's an incredibly based video clip of Steve Bannon (pbuh) delivering a two minute shitlord salvo of realtalk that blows open the reality of the swamp's existence and its tireless efforts to sabotage Trump.

Seduction And Storytelling: The Science

CH · 12 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Seduction is the art of persuading women to relinquish their pussies. The better you are at pussy persuasion, the more you'll get laid and the greater choice you'll have in quality filly. One important facet of seduction is the ability to tell captivating stories. The skill is so crucial to winning hearts and gines that CH has featured numerous blog posts covering the topic of storytelling.

In news that is sure to inflate my preening beyond my ego's carrying capacity, a big data research project discovered that storytelling significantly boosts a speaker's persuasiveness.

> From a random sample of 700 audio and video recordings, Quantified researchers reached the following conclusion: **Messages that included well-crafted stories were 35 percent more persuasive than the average communication in the QC database. Story-based messages were also 21 percent more memorable.**
>
> According to the research, presentations that scored high for storytelling were more likely to drive an audience to change its beliefs or actions. "Storytelling language gives a speech the qualitative elements that help audiences engage with the speaker and recall the key points," says Sarah Weber, marketing manager for Quantified Communications.
>
> The research finds that the best stories follow a classic narrative arc: Establish a setting, introduce tension through conflict, and then establish a new normal for the characters via the resolution.

You want to be memorable to girls. If you aren't leaving an impression, you aren't getting an inquisitive text from her the next day. You also want to drive your audience of HBs to change their beliefs and actions from "coy female diligently assessing all her mate options" to "fuck machine ready to anoint you the Giver of Tingles". Storytelling is more than an exhibition of your verbal fluidity; it's a bridge that connects a girl's holesoul to your polesoul.

> Princeton University researcher Uri Hasson told me that our brains are wired for story–literally.
>
> Hasson and his colleagues recorded the brain activity of speakers telling stories. They used fMRI machines to measure blood flow to regions of the brain. Next, they measured the brain activity of the people listening to the stories. The researchers found that the brains of a speaker and his or her listeners "exhibited joint, temporally coupled, response patterns." Simply put, the listeners' brains mirrored the speaker's brain–only when the speaker was telling the listeners a story. The speaker and the listeners were in sync, and story was the glue that brought them together.

Coupling with a girl's brain is prelude to coupling with her love drain.

The best pickup stories in my experience are the ones I tell to girls that involve exotic locales, ill-fated relationships, and lessons learned. I'm careful to couch the events and players in terms and a tone that plausibly reflects an unwillingness to reveal these deep dark secrets to someone I'm just getting to know. This has the predicted effect of drawing the girl into the conversation and electrifying our rapport. It's not humblebragging, it's rumblevajjing. No girl can resist the feeling that she's extracting some personal anguish or shadowy regret from a reluctant man. Note: intensely engaging storytelling is best left for the Comfort Stage, after you have ZFG'ed and teased her into a hotter buying temperature.

Google Gal Gaga For Gangstas

CH · 13 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It;s not just the low self-esteem, indigent, welfare class white-less girls who dig jailbird jerkboys. A well-off White woman who works for Google, excuse me Goolag, gushes (literally) over prison inmates in this article titled "Prison, Proximity, Pure Humanity". (CH version: Delinquency + Proximity = Open Vaginity.)

The reader who emailed the link thoroughly cross-examines all its implications, so I'll repost what he wrote rather than write essentially the same thing myself.

> Fodder for your chicks dig jerks and criminals subseries, with a dash of Goolag. A white collar white woman who works for Google and verbally splooshes over the thugs in a California prison.
>
> So, this woman by the hippie name of Sage Moon (she's white, or maybe happa), who by the way is a full time Google employee, penned the following felon-sploosh essay about her outreach work at a local prison. If you don't trust email links, it can also be found by Binging or DuckDuckGoing terms like "sage moon prison proximity pure humanity".
>
> On her LinkedIn, she humbly describes herself as "Story-Teller | Smart-Creative | Global Policy Wizard". (Have you noticed public female egomania has became socially acceptable, even blase – every woman declares herself Wonder Woman meets Denerys Mother of Dragons?)

Self-glorification is practically a rite of passage for today's gogogrrl. In stark contrast, men must abjectly renounce their egos and prostrate themselves before the GloboCunt.

> By the way, 'Policy' at companies like Google usually is the go-to term for the people who deal with PR and government lobbying type stuff…..so this little slice of life may also shine some insight on the sort of employees who are the liaisons between Google and the Democrat party and Deep State.

Web of shrikes.

> But I digress. Sage Moon starts by describing her experience with the prisoners: "To call it 'life-changing' diminishes my experience. This was soulful. Raw. Nothing but absolutely human at its core.".

> Bet ya she's never talked about her interactions with the nerds at Google as 'soulful' or 'raw' or 'absolutely human'. She drivels on with which bodice-ripping language such as
>
> "Carl never took his eyes off mine, and I never took mine off his. Tears streamed down my cheeks but I smiled

> through them; I radiated every.single.ounce of love in my being to every man in that room.”.

Chicks need to feel desired by dominant men. When a prisoner locks stone cold killer eyes and unlocks his tongue to speak in powerfully emotive grunts and curses, the woman will feel something she has never felt with the masses of mediocre betas who flit around her inoffensively: she’ll feel vulnerable. Vulnerable and objectified. With no remorse, no apology from the man. What a feeling if you are a woman! It must be as if Lucifer Himself flicked her clit with a bony red finger.

> It’s interspersed with sappy song lyrics. Then she talks about how Carl the crook gave her a rose to remember him. You can’t make this shit up.

I know there’s a Chateau maxim somewhere in the archives about one heartfelt cheap display of love meaning more to a woman than expensive vacations and jewelry.

> The essay drivels on about emotion and humanity and how ‘we’re all ex-somethings’ (maybe Sage is thinking of her own exes from the carousel?)
>
> So here’s what’s so hilarious to me: she isn’t some poor white trash skank who lives in a no-name town with a big local prison and naught else. If she works at Google in California, she is surrounded by nerdy genius-IQ white knight beta males pulling mid six figures, with the local gender ratio skewed in her favor, I guarantee it. And she’s getting paid to hang out with them 9 to 5.

Beta male nerds should spend some time in jail, or make up stories about jail time. It’ll help them get laid and get loved.

> And yet she volunteers to spend unpaid hours on a bus going across the state to go do volunteer work and hang out with locked up thugs elsewhere in California. Then she – publicly, on LinkedIn, her professional social media profile – proudly pens this purple-prose essay about how raw and human it all is. (I’ll bet she was raw, after getting home and spending a few hours with the purple rabbit while she reminisced over Carl.)
>
> When I first saw this, I was reminded of your heartiste posts about chicks and prisoners. If you make a post about this gem, don’t mention my email address in the post, but feel free to quote parts of my email. However my own words can scarcely do it justice – the essay truly speaks for itself, as you’ll see, and I can scarcely make reading between its lines even more obvious than it will be to you or any red-pilled heartiste readers.
>
> Been reading for years. Keep up the party. I’m convinced that the mainstream percolation of terms like cuck and red-pilling all trace back to you. You’ve nudged the needle and Overton window on the culture.

Female nature is so poorly understood by so many men because one, they don’t have a well of experience to draw from and two, they actively fight against the dreary acknowledgment that their romantic ideals are built on a foundation of sand. Or on birth control pills and sappy poems written as odes to hardened inmates.

I’m not claiming that all women will rush to the local prison yard to meet a man, but I am saying that the nontrivial minority of women who do, or who fantasize about doing so, is a leading indicator that all women harbor in their souls an ancient and untamable urge to bend to their knees and break their hearts open to a man who has proved willing to laugh in the face of societal expectation and feminist demands, and to take what he wants without a consent form nor promises of lifelong provisioning.

If the role of man is to dominate, then by the principle of reciprocation the role of woman is to submit. And both sexes never feel more alive than when assuming their proper biomechanical roles.

The Iconic Photo Of The Decline Of The West

CH · 13 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> What attracts European women to have sex with homeless migrants on a pile of trash, in public?https://t.co/vqYPR4q2lr pic.twitter.com/o9FDLbZVvJ
>
> — Black Pigeon Speaks (@navyhato) September 12, 2017

If the West does well and truly disappear from the face of the earth, my celestial form will lay the blame squarely 'twixt the open thighs of the West's White women. Skank you very much, ladies!

Funniest Twatter comments to that photo:

> She may be a Guardian reporter interviewing him about institutional oppression of minorities while respecting his cultural requirements.
>
> ***
>
> Maybe the migrant just cashed his welfare check. Money talks.
>
> ***
>
> Literally EUROTRASH
>
> ***
>
> Migrants aren't subject to Feminism's laws, so they can be "real men", and that turns them on.
>
> If only western men would overthrow Feminism
>
> ***
>
> Well, they have successfully neutered white men. Hardly surprising they are looking to other groups to dominate them.

Those last two commenters get very close to the truth of the matter. The West's White men have been castrated by chemfare, feminism, and titanic globohomo social forces that have masculinized our women and feminized our men. Seeking the strong embrace of unrestricted masculinity (or an ebony street shitting facsimile thereof), Western White women spread their legs — rhetorically, politically, and all too often literally — for dirt world dick. If White men don't reclaim the mantle of alpha male dominance, they will lose their women for good. Women have evolved to survive, which for them means bending over lubriciously and accepting the spear tips of the successfully invading tribes.

It doesn't matter much this specific Italian white woman's status. Whether prostitute, unpaid whore, drug addict, feminist soldierette, low self-esteem basket-case with daddy issues, or high self-esteem narcissistic slut, she is emblematic of a deadly corruption snaking its way through the limbic system of Western White women. For every White ho getting pumped in an actual dump by a Bringer of Darkness advance colonizer, there are ten White hos hooking up with migrants in more discreet locations, and one thousand White hos shrieking like crazed banshees for the West's borders to be opened wide to third world filth and impregnated with decay, destruction, and destitution.

Anyhow, judging by the details available in the photo, she doesn't look like a common street whore to me. Her legs are too long and smooth, and her thigh-high boots are in pristine condition. If her face matches what we can see of her body, she is probably attractive. She may be an escort, but then how could this gutter cretin afford her? Others have suggested she's being raped. It doesn't look that way to me either, based on her languid body language and relaxed arms, but I'm open to the possibility the photo caught a rape in progress right at the moment it appeared as

if she was enjoying herself.

Finally, there is the dismissive argument that she's low self-esteem, with the implication that we can't deduce anything about the general psychic trajectory of Western White women from her particular degradation. My answer to that is: how many low self esteem white women can the West accommodate before the rot reaches the beating heart? Seems like the numbers of them increase year over year.

Trash Pile Game (h/t @jackmckrack) will be noticed by White men as an effective seduction technique to win the lip-split loins of sexy White women. This is the dystopia Western White women are ushering with their decision for the Night Christ: normally conscientious and considerate White men opting out of Ye Olde Dating Market that sustained civilization and instead culturally appropriating the pickup techniques of the world's swarthswarm. Can you blame them? Why slave away in a cube farm and take women out for nice dinners when you can just rustle up with your trash pile bed and fuck thots in broad daylight?

We're gonna need a bigger pimp hand to save Western White women from themselves. The femcunt complaint about "toxic masculinity" is pure skankological projection to assuage their guilt over feeling less than enthused about the effeminate thirsty males who gravitate into their orbits. The women of the West are begging for the masculinity that has gone missing in the men of the West. What Western White women need now more than ever is a **Masculinity Detox**. Masculine White men will release the latent femininity of their White women, and prevent more women from infection by the Androgyny Strain.

Autodeification

CH · 14 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A big pet peeve of mine is the smugness of our current elites. They're all hubris, no perspective. Giant walking talking egos which must constantly feed or deflate instantly with the tiniest puncture to the moral, lifestyle and credentialati bubbles they live in.

They haven't just abandoned *noblesse oblige*, they've trashed it and replaced it with its evil twin *noblesse malice*. Whatever tenuous organic and emotional connection the American ruling class had to the nation which they deign to lead is now totally severed. They act more like usurpers than as sons and daughters of the land.

And our elite buttress their entitlement and vanity with the requisite empty rhetoric deployed with no other purpose than to shut down criticism of their rule. Take Paul Ryantifa. FOR ONCE, I'd like to hear a reporter ask CuckRyan what he means by "that's not who we are"? Who are we, specifically, Mz. Ryan? Explain in clear English and with no recourse to tautologies that invoke killwords like racist and white supremacy. Push these fuckers against the wall with their own vapid rhetoric.

As a reader wrote, "you don't get to tell us who we are…we tell you who we are."

Our Globohomo rulers seem to think they are gods, dispensing wisdom and truths which are only accessible to them through divine sanction. "WE will tell you who you are, pleb!" It's like thecunt hillary saying she wouldn't give "absolution" to those voters who didn't bother to vote for her, as if she is some earthbound deity before whom the rabble must bow, and from whom mercy, or divine judgment, flow unchallenged.

Gabber @AlCynic calls this mental invanity "autodeification", and pins the causative factor in its infectious spread on postmodernism, or what I have termed Equalism.

> Postmodernism has resulted in autodeification.
> They think they are divine by their own hand.
> It's not an illusion, it's not rhetoric.
> It's insanity, but true.

Pride cometh before the fall, and there's no greater pride than thinking oneself arbiter of all that is holy and right and those who would oppose you as unholy and immoral deplorables. What happened, Hillary? What happened is you thought yourself a god among mere mortals, when you are nothing but a rancid psychopathic narcissistic cunt of the most foul self-entitlement pedigree. And now you have jumped the precipice, and to shield you from the abject humiliation you so karmally deserve and which you have spent a lifetime imposing on your enemies through cackles of sadistic glee, your morbidly obedient Bezosian lackeys assiduously scrub one star reviews from your book's Amazon page.

But the tenor of the times have changed, thanks in part to outposts of TruthLove and HateUgly like this 'umble web abode. See through you and your ilk, we do. The GodCunt has no pantsuit. We point and mock and soon, the people will see you and your priestess aristocrats for what you all are: nakedly self-serving spoiled rich brats hawking a Fake Morality for a Fake Religion called Globalism, aka the vanity project of greedy rootless deracinated wealth capturers.

Another reader writes, "Equalism should be attacked like the start-up religion that it is. All value is derived from inequality. If we are all totally equal we are all totally unnecessary."

It really is a start-up religion. Equalism is the perfect un-truth for the globohomoists to proselytize, because it presupposes equal outcomes and that any difference in outcomes is the result of discrimination (by BadWhites). The GoodWhites who sit at the top of the human hierarchy cashing in on their inherited suite of cognitive traits that allows them to maximally exploit the currently operative environment governing human status wars bear the duty to

enlighten the Noticers and, failing that, to ostracize and silence them. An amorphous and ill-defined enemy is identified (“fellow White people”), and the elite are inoculated from the threat of precision-targeted rage of the masses. Equalism allows the elite to have their cake and eat it.

Younger Mother, Bigger Family

CH · 14 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If you want three kids the natural way, you had better start by knocking up a woman no older than 23. Younger, hotter, tighter, and now with more residual reproductive value! (h/t chris)

> If you know how many children you'd like, and whether or not you would consider, or could afford, IVF, a computer model can suggest when to start trying for your first child.
>
> Happy with just one? The model recommends [women] get started by age 32 to have a 90 per cent chance of realising [their] dream without IVF. A brood of three would mean starting by age 23 to have the same chance of success. Wait until 35 and the odds are 50:50 (see "When to get started").

There's a cautionary statement at the end of the article that I think worth reposting for all man-hating bitterbitch femcunts who so desperately wish the God of Biomechanics would treat men and women the exact same way.

> The information captured in the fertility model is extremely important to have out there. There's been a lot of publicity recently about the decline in fertility with age – not all of it well informed. This is such an emotionally charged subject with such fundamental consequences, we need to get the message right.
>
> In June, for example, one scientist suggested that women who haven't started a family by the age of 35 should freeze their eggs. But this doesn't guarantee a family – eggs don't always freeze well, and you need to freeze quite a few to give yourself reliable insurance.
>
> It's also been suggested that all men should have their sperm frozen at the age of 18. That's even more ludicrous, because while male fertility falls with age, the effects don't kick in until the late forties.

The biggest Darwinian difference between men and women? Women run out of eggs, men don't run out of sperm.

> Young people today expect to have complete control over their life. The messages about unwanted pregnancy are clear – you can control that with contraception. But when it comes to getting pregnant things are less clear. For most people, it's not as simple as coming off the pill.

The Pill has distorted the thinking of many urban shitlib women, not to mention corrupted their femininity. The ability to perceptibly sever the connection between womb and vagina has metamorphosed in women an aggrocunt personality and sleazy sexual voraciousness that doesn't sit well with their sex.

> It is our duty to educate people about the decline in fertility with age. There is also a case for providing fertility checks to couples. At the moment, such tests aren't widely available to healthy people, but I don't see why they shouldn't be.
>
> Couples need support so they can start their families early. Women who have children in their 20s are more likely to achieve their desired family size but can also expect lower lifetime earnings than women who start later.

Careergrrls who can't abide this trade-off will simply see their genetic lineage disappear from the face of the earth. The lower earnings of more feminine, mothering women will be made up in their ability to attract more masculine male providers who are aroused by vulnerable women.

> We need to ensure women aren't disadvantaged at work, and sort the lack of childcare facilities so we can enable young couples to establish their careers and families at the same time.

This is an impossible task. You either have a fertile society, or you have a lawyercunt careergrrl society. Any attempt to reconcile the two on a large scale will end in massive debt overhang and gradual social decay. Western shitlib Whites are gonna have to learn this lesson or take their insipid equalism ideology with them to the darwinian dustbin of discarded DNA.

And there are sexual market disruptors coming that will make the Pill and abortion seem like piker stuff. Just remember, when the sexbot revolution emerges like a kraken from the depths of the robot AI-fake skin-so-soft tech atlantis and sets off the final solution for all of humanity, CH was among the first to warn you.

Gabber @cleisthenes writes that a TradLass revolution is inevitable,

> Between trans women dominating their sports and sexdolls (I assume childbearing ones will be a thing eventually) women are going to move to hard Trad positions over the next 50 years. Will be their only option.

A plausible case can be made that social forces now in motion will birth a TradLass reaction the likes of which haunt feminists' nightmares. It's not just tranny normalization, the Pill, and sexbots contributing to a potentially society-wide backlass. Assuming current disparate fertility rates between lib and con women continue on the same trajectory, there won't be many rootless deracinated White women left to bitch about the patriarchy. The gene pool of the future will shimmer with tradly luminescence, and that more than anything will alter the direction of "progress".

Racist Babies: More Science To Confound The Freakqualists

CH · 14 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Once again, shitlibs who love SCIENCE will have a major cogdis to overcome, because their totem to liberal reason and intellectualism has discovered that babies show racial bias in picking their playmates.

> Two white adults divided the toys, one equally and the other unequally.
>
> Seventy per cent of the toddlers chose to play with the researcher who distributed the toys fairly.
>
> But in a second test, when one researcher favoured a white recipient over an Asian one, they picked the 'fair' researcher less often, the journal Frontiers in Psychology reports.
>
> And the babies are more likely to help those who share the same ethnicity, which is known as in-group bias when people favour those with the same characteristics as oneself. […]
>
> The study revealed when it came to picking a playmate, the babies seemed more tolerant of unfairness when the white recipient benefited from it.
>
> They picked the fair experimenter less often when the unfair experimenter gave more toys to the white recipient rather than the Asian one.
>
> The researchers say this implies that babies can take into account both race and social history when deciding which person would make a better playmate.
>
> Professor Jessica Sommerville of the University of Washington said: 'If all babies care about is fairness, then they would always pick the fair distributor, but we're also seeing that they're interested in consequences for their own group members.'

I'm really starting to wonder if there's something to the disparaged evolutionary theory of kin-based selection.

This latest study lines up with a previous study finding that 6-to-9 month old infants show a marked in-group racial preference for own-race adults and for associating nice things with own-race faces.

Technically, babies aren't racist, they're racialist. They prefer to play with and to be supervised by own-race babies and adults, respectively. No doubt, further research would find similar preferences among nonWhite babies (for totally shocking reasons, the research to date has focused almost exclusively on the racialism of White babies. Things that make you go HMMMMMM.)

Racialist babies are proof that God loves the separate races and wants us to be happy with our own kind. Libs could use a gleeful reminder at this point of the post that the fact of racialist babies proves racialism is inborn and not the product of social conditioning or patriarchy or White privilege. Our racialism is normal, natural, healthy, and inspiriting. It is also comforting, particularly to the most vulnerable of us. Our beautiful inborn racialism is the product of millions of years of evolution, and it won't be dislodged by a few decades of shitlib social engineering and anti-White agitprop, nor should it. If freakqualist shitlibs want to abolish Beautiful Racialism, they will have to do it at the barrel of a gun, for they are up against human nature itself, and we know how those Wars to Eradicate Human Nature usually go.

The Sociopolitical Theory Of Everything

CH · 15 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Physicists are always searching for that unifying Theory of Everything that ties all the loose ends together and accounts for all phenomena. In the sociopolitical realm, that Theory of Everything is already discovered: **Anti-White Animus**. Once you see all the actions of our present-day ruling classes and their morbidly obedient anti-First Amendment lackeys through the clarifying lens of Anti-White Animus, everything happening in the West makes sense.

From Gab, @Atavator writes,

> Why the animus rules: white delusion. The biggest error of whites: the assumption that nature defaults to a condition where justice is distinguished from vengeance. WhItes rarely see the hatred for what it is.

It's a truism that we are often blind to our own existential flaws, given that humans have evolved an ego-fortifying habit of mind to overconfidence in our rightness and other's wrongness. Whites of NW European extraction may be afflicted the worst with this condition, which is ironic considering that recognizing their flaw in thinking will be what saves them from their own evolutionarily refined and exquisite taste in navel-gazing introspection and empathic identification.

@MadScienceType adds,

> Biggest problem is decades of globohomo agitprop has convinced whites that non-whites are Just Like Us. Whites naturally project their non-sociopath gestalt onto sociopathic groups of parasites. Globohomo propaganda reinforces this with dopamine hits ("virtue signaling") to insane degree.

Totally agree. My opinion on Globohomo anti-White agitprop is that it requires a genetically susceptible audience to gain a toehold, but that given enough time and propagandistic energy, the agitprop can successfully amplify the existing moral degeneracy of the host audience and even flip those on the margin between wokeness and anti-Whiteness into the false consciousness of race equalism.

Universalist Whites of the West will need to destroy the Globohomo propaganda hate machine, AND they will need the help, in interbred blood or electoral power, of their clannish White brethren to prevent the West from driving off the cliff. Trump has channeled both forces, but he can't do it alone. He needs his people to keep him honest.

iBorg

CH · 15 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Uh oh.

> "People are treating those phones like they are gods," she said. "They're bowing down to it at the table, bowing down to it when they're walking. Here we say we don't bow down to idols, and that's getting dangerously close, I think."

Story. Greg Cochran once wrote that the Amish exemplify the natural selection process he calls "boiling off", meaning that every generation there's a time in an Amish person's life when he or she can choose to join "the English" (i.e., the outside world….haha if only the naive Amish knew how little of the "English" remain in America) or stay within the Amish fold. What happens is that a certain percentage of Amish leave (boil off) and what's left behind is a community with distilled "Amishness", more Amish than the previous generation with all the behavioral characteristics and beliefs that entails.

But it often happens that technology outpaces natural selection. What happens when the iBorg infects the Amish community with its iDivide algorithms faster than the Amish can boil off their least committed community members? You get what you see in the photo above: a portent of a fully assimilated and converged Amish holdout.

The good news: the Amish population has increased 150% in the last 25 years, thanks to their women marrying young and birthing a-plenty. I'd much rather the Amish inherit the future of America than the urban yenta shitlib cuntsortium and swarth swarms.

The bad news: iBorg will rapidly decrease Amish female fertility. And America will have lost something truly precious: a living memory of what this nation was like before it succumbed to the Globohomo contagion.

Comment Of The Week: Her Love Will Find A Home

CH · 17 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

From Popcorn Out, a quip which has earned him the coveted COTW.

> A good canned line to use when pointing out the ridiculousness of feminism to the girls in your life:
>
> 'Feminism is the idea that women are free when they serve their employers but slaves when they help their husbands.'

It's not if, but to whom, women will devote their hearts. And it's better if they devote it to the presumptive father of their children instead of the Corporatocracy, an anti-human entity which is a father to no one but itself and a lover of nothing but untethered power.

The First Amendment Is The Left's Thermal Exhaust Port

CH · 18 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The vulnerable underbelly of the Leftoid Fuggernaut is the First Amendment. This is why leftoids have recently taken to dismissively snarking about "freeze peach" and claiming that hate speech isn't covered by the First Amendment…they know that this is their biggest weakness if the Right decides to focus its firepower there instead of turning its guns against allies or retreating to the coward's haven of fealty to high minded principles that conveniently excuse them from the battlefield fight.

I overhead a conversation at a table of Uptalking Vegetable Lasagnas…three un-hued males, two mystery meat women…talking politics. One of the soyboys croaked, "…it's really problematic…"

***

I pause here for station identification and a programming note that this upstart male actually used the word "problematic". For a time, I thought "problematic" was a funny meme cooked up in the 4chan labs to skewer how shitlibs talk. I didn't think it was documentation of shitlib speech habits in the wild.

***

"…that the alt-right is trying to co-opt the First Amendment…."

I tuned out after that, but not before jotting a mental reminder to post about that particular snippet of lib-id. The Left is afraid, really afraid, that they are losing, or have lost, the moral high ground on the subject of free speech and free assembly. And they would be right to fear it, because they have done nothing but sneer at free speech contemptuously for the past few years, pass hate speech codes on campuses nationwide, violently protest alt-right rallies, dox and destroy the livelihoods of anyone caught saying a bad word somewhere on social media, kick crimethinkers off the internet, and glibly call for physical violence against anyone who speaks unauthorized opinions on subjects that shitlibs deem closed to further review.

It's perfectly reasonable to accuse the shitliberal establishment of anti-Americanism and label them heirs to the Orwellian Big Brother nightmare, because their actions prove they don't believe a word of the First Amendment. Deep in their BPA-saturated hearts, the saner shitlibs feel a twinge of discomfort about the anti-free speech direction their rule has taken of late. This is the fissure into which smart maul-righters can drive a sharp wedge fracturing the Anti-White Leftoid Alliance, peeling off some of the red-blue mixed Purple Pilled White libs from the nonwhites and (((whites))) who don't give a flying fuck about the principles of Anglo governance and the racial temperament from which those principles derive. The White libs who still harbor a quaint respect for the First Amendment won't convert, but they'll "retire" from politics and take their competence with them.

Alt-Righters should be hitting this free speech angle HARD. Every rally should feature the defense of free speech and assembly as its unifying theme, because free speech permits the expression and exposure of every other theme that energizes the pro-White counterculture. Freedom to express ideas without getting fired or purged or blacklisted means that there's a chance those ideas percolate into mass consciousness and the needle moves away from the Lies and Ugliness of Equalism and toward Truth and Beauty.

Free speech is the first right enunciated in the Bill of Rights for a reason. Without it, all other rights are effectively voided. Given its importance to a republic, the default defense of free speech should always err on the side of absolutism.

Codified free speech is uniquely American. It's what sets us apart from the rest of the benighted world, and from our ancestral homelands in Europe. It's why when we're kids learning about the Bill of Rights, we feel pride in our 1A heritage. It's as American as apple pie and imported chinese junk. The Wild-Right needs to own free speech and assembly, and hang the smelly albatross of speech criminalization on the Leftoid Fuggernaut. Champion 1A, and the rest of your revolutionary pro-White agenda starts to look more A-1 to normies.

[image]

[image]

PS In case I haven't already linked to this, here's Pleasurecel on the importance of fighting tooth and nail for the rights guaranteed in the First Amendment.

A Test Of Your Game: Turn The Other Cheek

CH · 19 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine yourself in this situation, however painfully.

This is a test of your Game. Ground rules:

1. This is not a test of your ability to state the bleeding obvious or throw satisfying insults. That means refraining from leaving stupid comments like “I wouldn’t have been in that situation to begin with.” The purpose of this test is to demonstrate how you would skillfully rescue what seems like a hopelessly bad ending to a date.
2. “I’d stay home and fap to my pornhub waifu princess” is not an acceptable response.
3. Cut Your Losses isn’t an example of Game. It’s an example of cutting your losses, which is a perfectly reasonable suggestion for the no-Game-having beta prone to self-embarrassment spirals, but by no means anything resembling “Game” in its colloquial sense.

No doubt any man having a passing familiarity with the charisma arts would know better than to save the kiss for the last possible moment, when he’s standing at the door to her place ostensibly to drop her off and thank her for yet another sexless evening added to his string of sexless evenings. It’s never a good idea to put that kind of expectational pressure on girls; all that does is create awkwardness and deflate the air of mystery which girls love about men. It’s like charmlessly hitting on a woman in an elevator…if she does’t feel like she has an escape hatch and that you’ve only screwed up the courage to ask her out because she’s cornered with nowhere to go and no cockblock to summon if you’re a dud, she’s gonna physically and emotionally turtle. And then write a bitter tumblrhea post about the experience.

(FYI the proper way to do an elevator pickup is to open with “damn, looks like I only have 63 floors to flirt with you. Don’t get too excited, I need fifty floors to think about it”. In other words, make light of the perception that elevators are breeding grounds for sexy pickups.)

Game 101: kino escalation is your night-long companion, not a hurried afterthought at the end of the night. You

make your move for the kiss close during an emotional high, as the date is steaming up, not after all the energy has dissipated and she just wants to go to her apartment and pig out on PozTV.

So we all know the doofus in this video clip fucked up the kiss close timing. We also know he made his fuck-up worse by leaning way in and for far too long trying to steal a smooch, only to be left with his puckered lips smacking empty air like Pepe Le Pew after his chat amour squeezed out of his grasp. To get not one cheek, but two cheeks as he futilely tongue bathes the infinite space between his craning mouth and her obviously practiced dodge and weave raises this scene from a tale of beta woe to a Jumbotronic piece of performance art.

That's where you the reader come in. You're this man. What's done is done. Now tell us your next step.

What do you do?

Sometimes the most impressive Game is the Game you spit when the odds are nowhere near your favor.

The Prime Truth

CH · 19 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Prime Truth that anti-White scum, Diversity™ mongers, sanctimonious baizuo, platitude pushers, parasites, pussyhatters, the comfortably sinecured, and cowardly cucks with phony pretensions of color-blindness
will never
ever
escape from is this:
Nations are essentially societal, political and geographic expressions of race. And the further a nation retreats from its racial essence, the less it resembles the nation of its distinctive heritage. A homeland unrecognizable to its native people is not a home; it's an imposed fiction. Worse, it's a spiritual prison.

Feels Before Reals

CH · 20 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A study of political bias in academia (accidentally) found that the more women there are in a college discipline, the more politically correct that discipline becomes.

> Then Simmons analyzes disciplines, and finds sharp differences — largely consistent with previous studies about disciplines and political leanings. Humanities and social science fields tend to have higher politically correct rankings, while professional and science disciplines do not. The table that follows is in order of political correctness. Psychology is the only field where a majority of professors are politically correct. Four fields — finance, management information, mechanical engineering and electrical engineering — had no one who was politically correct.

Sociology and English were the other two disciplines in which the faculty were predominantly politically correct.

It's not just the sex composition of the faculty that drives an academic discipline into the arms of Clown World. Psychology, Sociology, and English also have more female than male students. A female-skewed faculty plus a female-skewed student body is essentially a recipe-swapping club; where dykey cat ladies and their callow charges mutually reinforce their vapid religious beliefs and turn the university into a safe space where all emotions are validated and all uncomfortable facts are suppressed.

The menopausal cat ladies running the show in the soft disciplines are the ultimate conformist suck-ups and feelz addicts. Their First Amendment would read: "Does the speech make me feel good? It's free. Does the speech rattle my cat carrier? It's illegal."

It's an undeniable truth that women as a sex value emotions over facts, and men the opposite. It's why male dominated disciplines like engineering and finance eschew political correctness in favor of telling it like it is. This problem of female skew exacerbating political correctness will only get worse because nationally colleges are now 60-40 women to men. Fewer male faculty and male students means the brake lines on poopytalk have been cut and the majority female campuses are careening over a cliffside of unscientific nonsense and overheated platitudes. When the rot reaches the engineering departments, it'll be time to avoid driving over bridges.

Featured Maul-Right Meme Artist Of The Month

CH · 22 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Meet Francis Dominicus. He's the memelord responsible for creating instantly iconic and stirring visual memes of Trump.

[image]

[image]

[image]

The Supertrump* smirk on that last one slays me.

**goodbye shitlibs it's been nice*
hope you find your peace of mind
tried to warn you of our memes
hope your tears will salt your dreams…

Joining Dominicus in the pantheon of maul-right street artists (a small but effective cadre of creatives who wield the technicolor shiv better than any leftoid art school phag does) is Sabo. We need more of these kinds of men to take it to the shitlibs' turf. The triggering should go global, and spare no anti-White virtue sniveler. We attack now with words and art, because we know the horrors that follow when the words and art fail to disarm the enemy. If you're not keen on all-out war, you make your words and art count. In this sense, men like Sabo and Dominicus are the real humanitarians to which the Leftoid Excrescence can only pretend.

Your Daily Game: A Kiss In Time

CH · 24 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

On a first date (or first meet), aim to kiss the girl during the middle of the date when she's emotionally invested and fully engaged in the outcome. Going for the kiss at the end is predictable and desperate. Going for it at the beginning is needy and awkward.

Ignore this advice if the girl is uncontrollably horny for you.

On second thought, even if it's obvious the girl wants you inside her badly, hold off on kissing her until later in the date. Anticipation is making her wet, is keeping her waiting….she loves the man who keeps her guessing. Giving a girl what she needs means not giving her what she needs when she expects it. Delayed gratification = inflamed vaginal elation.

The Walk Of Triumph

CH · 25 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Seeing a passion project through to the end. Excelling at a personal pursuit. Mastering a hobby or skill. Closing a big deal. Earning accolades from respected peers. And, yes, seducing and fucking a cute girl on the same night you meet her. These are a few of every man's favorite things. The world-bestriding emotions each induces in a man are incomparable. In sone ways, these feelings are better than sex because they are longer-lasting, nourishing soul as well as ego and gonads.

But the greatest feeling of them all is something that only men can experience without regret or an asterisk. You bang a girl to a dizzying state of euphoria and full body exhaustion throughout the night and then again in the morning, delivering a limb-wrapped flaparoscopy so thoroughly destructive of bounds of propriety that you lose sense of where your body ends and hers begins, and you pause just long enough for breakfast before resuming a time-lapsed reenactment of every Discovery Channel rutting caught on film. Her body is a plunderland and you've just left her gash ashes to scatter to the winds. She can barely muster the strength to sit up for the goodbye kiss as a long smooth leg flops languidly over the side of the bed. Admiring your ransacked treasure one more time, you grin the grin of champions and strut out her door into the painfully bright sunshine.

Outside, you feel the warm sun reflecting off the sweat and juices that have adhered to every pore. You walk with a sluggish lope, as if in slo-mo, legs more akimbo than usual because a pleasant throbbing ache pulses through your crotch and demands room to breathe and heal. Happily, you acquiesce and every step seems like you are following along on a leash attached to your rolling rollicking reverberating balls. You are a Viking Berserker, carving a swath through the world with your two-handed broadcock.

Every girl you pass on your short journey home you greet with a devious smile and perhaps a finger gun and wink. They can't help themselves as your conqueror's testosterone wafts like VajslayerX nerve gas and stiffens their drop-mouthed gaze in your direction. One girl at a cafe table conspicuously uncrosses her legs at the moment you glide menacingly, tail up, through the savannah grass of her placid urbanite existence. Breathe deep the masculine fumes, watch shiny babes splooge their looms.

This is the greatest feeling in the world for a man, to ride in on a storm surge of your validated sexual energy and crest with froth and fury over the mundane lives of women. They can smell it on you and see it coming a block away, and you feel it, and it feels good man, for you know in that moment you could have any one of those girls if you chose to grace them with your attention.

There is no walk of shame for men like there is for women. There is only the Walk of Triumph.

The CH Law Of Unchecked Anti-White Tribalism

CH · 25 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Anything that can be remotely associated with White people will inevitably be subverted, perverted, or protested by nonWhites and virtue sniveling white cowards, absent powerful social prohibitions or sufficiently dissuadable punishment to contain the tribalistic and status striving impulses.

Corollary: The rebuke of implicit White symbols is a plausibly deniable proxy for the rebuke of the White race. Similarly, rallying to implicit White symbols when those symbols are under attack is a plausibly deniable proxy for the defense of the White race.

We're at Peak "This Has Nothing To Do With Race". Normie Whites are waking up to the anti-White hatred that permeates oh, pretty much the entire world, but they're still not brave enough to speak plainly, so they're lashing out at nonwhite ingrates under the rubric of symbols like the national anthem to conceal to others and themselves what they're truly fighting for…their place in the world.

But as Whites are finally learning, forced unity is tyranny and division is clarification. The time for an honest dividing is upon us.

Start with this rule: Know your primal enemies by the symbols they renounce.

The Tradcon's Troubled Relationship With Female Sexuality

CH · 26 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A comment by Greg Eliot (a longtime valued contributor to this fappy forum) spurred me to write a bit about tradcons and their discomfort with female sexuality. He wrote,

> *CH: And, yes, seducing and fucking a cute girl on the same night you meet her [is one of a man's greatest pleasures in life].*
>
> Especially when she's "never done this with anyone else".
>
> :DUCKFACE
>
> Get real, gentlemen… any girl who bangs on the first date is more a petrie dish than LTR material.
>
> And if you're out looking for a quick bang… and not a woman who you'd trust as a mother to your children and a true helpmeet, then you're just a muh-dik no-account who deserves whatever physical and/or emotional ailments you get from those types of women.
>
> And this is why we lose.
>
> This world ain't no Ian Flemming novel, and you ain't no James Bond.

I'm not saying Greg is a tradcon, but his comment is emblematic of so many tradcon howls of spite for men who have a way with women and for the women who let those men have their way. So his idburst gives me a springboard to write a rebuttal I've been meaning to for a while addressing the typical smears that tradcons keep in their rhetoric rucksack.

I'm not talking about marrying one night stands. Sure, a man should think twice about wifing up a girl he plowed the same night she twatted him a come hither eyeplay twitter. But there's room in a man's life for one night stands as well as for marriage, should he decide nuptial chains slip easily on his scrote. The one does not preclude the other. In fact, I'd argue a man is best positioned to choose a bride-to-be if he has some experience dealing with women's emotional landscape both before and after sex. The best defense is a good offense.

To my points.

1. Not every girl who has premarital sex is a slut. If that's the standard for sluttery, you may as well give up finding a wife in the world we inhabit right now.
2. Experienced men have a honed sense of which girls are slutty and which are chaste. It's not that hard to know if a one night stand is a cock carousel veteran or an innocent naif caught up for the first or second time in her life in the heat of the moment (generated by your superb seductive prowess, of course). So just saying you've had a one night stand is not incontrovertible evidence that you banged a slut.
3. The petrie dish metaphor is indicative of a favorite myth of tradcons that cutie patootie sluts sleep with any man who will have them. No, that would be fatties and Wall-imminent cougars. Prime nubility sluts are just as discriminating as damsels; that is, sluts prefer the company of the same alpha males who inspire a quaking of the mons in damsels. Beta males are still left out in the cold. Which means you are gonna need skillz to bang sluts, and perhaps even sharper skillz than you would need to bang damsels considering that sluts are masters of shit testing. The difference between sluts and damsels is one of impulsivity and to a lesser extent of quantity. Sluts jump into bed quicker and make more rounds sharing the tiny pool of acceptable alpha males.
4. If you are dominant and sexy and charming as fuck, you can make any girl LTR material. It may be a more efficient use of your time and energy to screen for LTR material from the get-go if that's your quest, but even the sluts will bend the knees to a man of incomparable HSMV.
5. Whether mounting slut or damsel, one night stands will make a man feel like a king, as long as his conquest is a verifiable hottie. If he has a ONS with a grotesquerie, he will experience the Walk of Self-Abasement and avoid

looking any women in the eyes for a month lest they sense the tunastank on him.

6. Addendum to #5: Any man with a robust ledger of cuntquests to his name will know very early on in the evening if the girl he is seducing is a no muss no fuss slut or a hard-to-whet modest mouse. This means that really good players often deliberately seek out more challenging girls because they know that the afterglow of despoiling a low cock count coygirl shines so much brighter than it would emptied into the dark ravine of a slut's war-torn womb. Be careful tradcons; that womanizer you accuse of banging bar skanks may be the one who cut his ONS chops on your tradwife before she lost her taste for fun and met you.

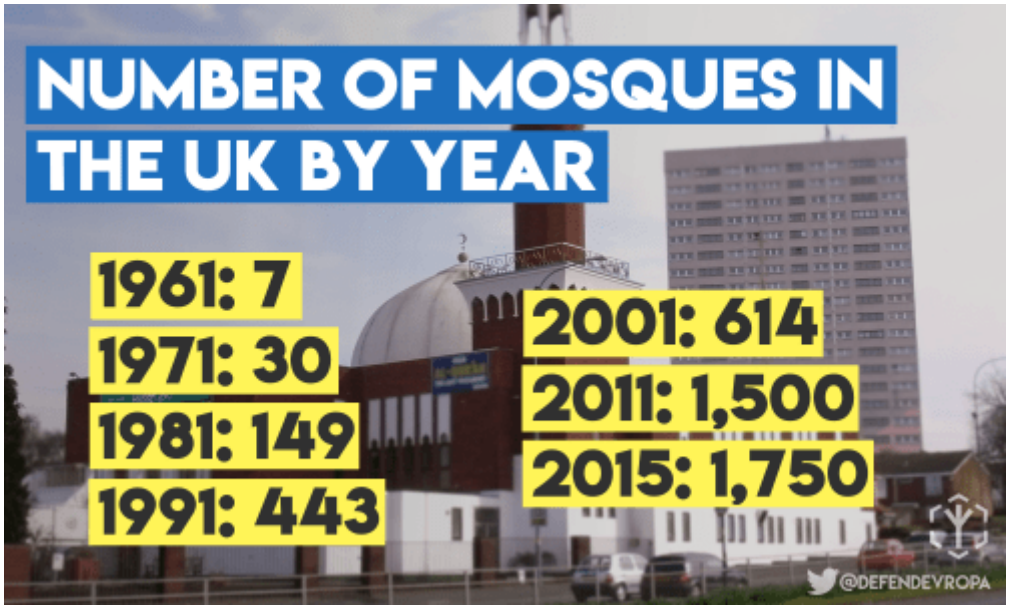
On a conciliatory note, Greg and his genre of female sexuality spiters aren't totally off-base about the slut life. While not a guarantee of a girl's sluttery, a predilection for one night stands is a leading indicator. And though it's hard to find chaste women in 2017 (as measured against historical chasteness standards), it nevertheless remains true that even one additional partner over the bare minimum greatly increases a women's risk of marital infidelity. Therefore, all things considered and all nuts busted, tradcons have their hearts in the right place when they advise men looking for wife and mother candidates to be wary of investing in a property that is trespassed without a preliminary scouting expedition.

Bottom line: If you fall in love with a ONS, and *forever* dangles on the edge of your dreamy thoughts, best give that gril a few extra months or years of up close premarital personal assessment. If she's truly a natural born slut, you'll see the signs long before she hears the wedding lines.

White Dispossession Is Real

CH · 26 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

What Identity Europa calls “The Great Replacement” is happening with astonishing speed.



Worse, in London since 2001, 500 church buildings have been converted into private homes. And in America, land of the twee home of the depraved, there were 1,209 mosques in 2000. That number rose to 3,186 mosques by 2016.

For comparison, the number of Christian churches in Saudi Arabia in 2000 was zero. In 2016 it was still zero. Iraq had 300 churches in 2003, but in 2013 had only 57 churches (and a lot more dead Christian bodies).

Whites are currently under attack. They are being dispossessed demographically, racially, socially, geographically, economically, and culturally from their own nations. They are being psychologically evicted from their homelands. For lack of a more precise term to describe the mass scale displacement of Whites, this is genocide in all but bloodletting. And if past is prologue, it won’t be long before the letting begins.

***

The recent colonizers have Resting Bitch Face for America. @pen writes,

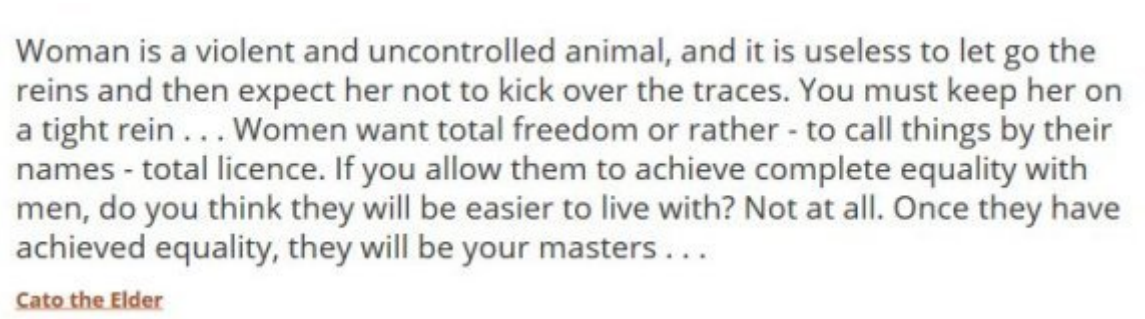
> Bad: When your extended family rules you with contempt.
> Worse: When complete strangers rule you with contempt.

Wars of totality have been fought for lesser reasons.

The Great Men On Loosed Women

CH · 26 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Cato the Elder had this to say about toxic egalitarianism,



Cato is arguing for the deputizing of a Thot Police.

If you've been paying attention, you'll note that Cato's wise words eerily mirror the implied threat to high culture and Western Civ in the Chateau Heartiste definition of modern feminism:

> The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.
>
> Corollary: Radical female equalists seek the destruction of the feminine in women and of the masculine in men.

Constraints on female sexuality enable the full flowering of femininity. Absolute license corrupts femininity. It's a more complicated relationship between sexual restriction and license for men. Constraints on male sexuality channel machismo to beneficial ends in a patriarchal culture, but demoralize men and corrupt their masculinity in a gynarchy such as we live in today in the West. The ideal society is one which recognizes the essential psychosexual differences between the sexes, and abides different standards for men and women that on the whole permit more license for male sexuality and more constraints on female sexuality.

What women want is license, as Cato correctly stated. License is different than freedom in that it grants the recipient a reprieve from personal responsibility and from the consequences of one's actions. License means basically the removal of moral agency, so when women demand license what they are demanding is blamelessness. This is the end game of feminism: a child-like sheltering from opprobrium and expectation for women, and all duties imposed and consequences borne for men.

Equalism is the ideology of regression past the wean.

Great Scenes Of Realtalk In The Movies

CH · 26 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Movies used to be this good. From *The Fall of the Roman Empire* (1964):

> As true now as it was then pic.twitter.com/1yPV0Kgmpv
>
> — Tolerant Fellow (@nontolerantman) September 26, 2017

Are we more free now under our groaning Diversitopia than we were in 1964 when the US was 90% White? This scene wouldn't make it past the cutting room floor today. There's your answer.

Crossing The Hajnal Border

CH · 27 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

East (and South) of the Hajnal line is the helical elixir that will save the White West.

When can targeted miscegenation do good? @Aquinas prompts this question with the following comment,

> The admixture of a little Southern European basedness and tribalism is what will save domesticated nordics. They are over evolved toward pathological altruism. This is why so many alt right people are catholic.

A touch of Outer Hajnal White blood, ironically, will save Inner Hajnal Whites from their self-destructive excesses.

For those new to Hajnalianism, an explanation: The Hajnal Line is a geosociological concept. It's a line that separates (more or less) NW Europe from Southern and Eastern Europe. Inside the line, White Euros (such as Germans and Englishmen) evolved extreme out-group altruism from selective pressures imposed by the manorial system and the Church's ban on cousin marriage (out to the sixth cousin, I believe). Furthermore, inside the Hajnal Line there was a period of European history when the death penalty for violent and not-so-violent criminals was administered frequently and remorselessly, which had the effect of culling the impulsive predators from the NW European White genetic stock.

Unfortunately, we have a dire need for the services of those predators today.

If Inner Hajnal Whites are to survive, they may need the blood of Outer Hajnal Whites coursing through their veins. If you consider this ethnic cleansing or the counsel of an ethnicity traitor, be assuaged that a little interethnic White mixing goes a long way. The Cuckosphere wouldn't need much. Think of it more as a vaccine. We'd be introducing a small dose of foreign agent to save the whole body.

Iambic Summary:

SOUL OF A POLE
PRAISE KEK FOR THE CZECH
SPAR LIKE A MAGYAR
TO SAVE THE WHITE WEST

[image]

> ?!!?? #Germany: Usual Migrant block a car! What he does not know, no Germans in the car! Eastern Europeans, probably Russians. Instant KO! pic.twitter.com/xvm4kL3V1j
>
> — Onlinemagazin (@OnlineMagazin) September 25, 2017

Study: Stereotypes Are Accurate

CH · 27 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

How many times have I written that stereotypes don't materialize out of thin air and that generalizations are useful for navigating the obstacles and uncertainties of life?

In a new book by Lee Jussim, a century's worth of social psychological research was reviewed and the conclusion reached that stereotypes are robust and accurate. Furthermore, human bias and self-fulfilling prophecy generally exert weak or no effects on the accuracy of stereotypes.

[image]

The stereotypes we hold about the sexes are accurate.
The stereotypes we hold about the races are accurate.
The stereotypes we hold about our fellow-white-people are accurate.

@Atavator adds,

> That's beautiful. Oh, The Irony. So more or less, what we see is social scientists, because of political ideology, enacting the very bias they've been telling us for 100 years that regular people are guilty of.
>
> Has there ever been a grander act of projection?

If psychological projection is the default cognitive and rhetorical template of shitlibs, then their loudest shrieks will reveal their rawest exposed nerves. Find those nerves, and press hard.

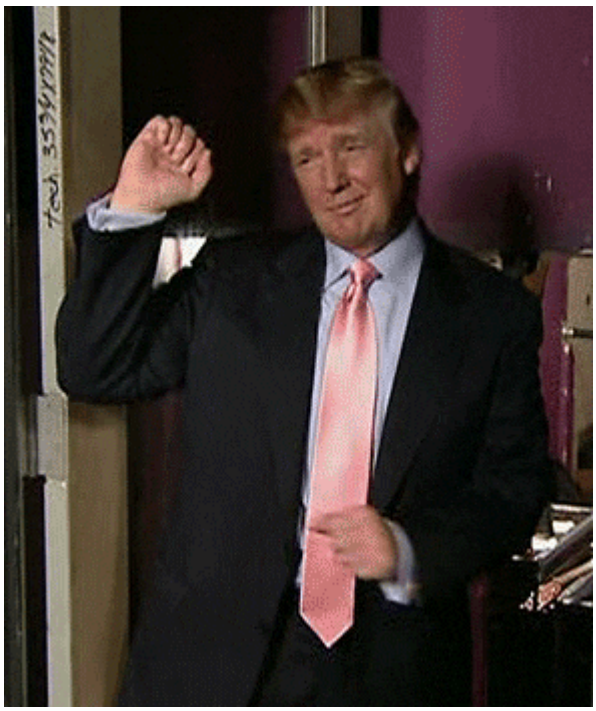
The yeasty feminized and rabbinical ideology of Equalism is built on a foundation of lies, and it won't be long now before it crumbles to dust.

I'll save you all the gauche preen that I so richly deserve to enjoy at this moment…

not gonna do it…

nope, i have way more respect for my readership than that….

ah fuck it



The Fleece Marriage

CH · 27 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reports coming in from the field suggest a new form of marriage is appearing on the scene that capitalizes on late stage societal sanction of divorce theft. From Days of Broken Arrows,

> I'm starting to notice a trend of older thirtysomething women marrying older guys, having a kid, and then almost immediately divorcing the guy. These aren't rich guys, either, but average men who get nailed with child support.
>
> This just happened to a guy I know and I don't know how he's going to deal with the financial fallout.
>
> What these women are doing has to be some sort of racket. It's one thing when couples meet and marry young, have a few kids and then split when the kids are teens because they grew apart. That I get.
>
> But from what I'm seeing, these thirtysomething women (all pushing forty) are in and out of these men's lives by the time the kids are 3. I'm posting it here because I think it plays into the main topic. Once they get past a certain age, these women don't bond.
>
> I did an online court records search and this is what my formerly happy-go-lucky friend is now facing:
>
> Issue: DIVORCE LIMITED
> Issue: POSSESSION OF PROPERTY
> Issue: CUSTODY
> Issue: VISITATION
> Issue: SUPPORT
> Issue: FEES

The sexual market in the US is warped beyond salvageability if shit like this is happening. So much wrong, where to begin?

DoBA is right that after a certain age women don't emotionally bond with men like they could when younger. As the pool of eggs dries up, the reservoir of passion salts over. Men, too, lose some of this bonding ability with age but the difference there is that men can instantly regain the feeling of a strong bond if they date and marry considerably younger women. The bonding agent is called YHT — younger, hotter, tighter. You down with YoHoTi?

Misandry, not misogyny, is the law of the land. Literally. Look at that legal imprimatur for divorce theft. There's even a line item for FEES, always a convenient catch basin to levy nebulous punitive damages against the poor schmuck who thought he was marrying forever.

The mate landscape is now so bad for American beta males that they're wifing up late 30s Wall victims and aged feminist careercunts for one or two, max, years of tolerable sexual relief with a rapidly depreciating ASSet who will get her one kid with him after wasting her prime bangability on the cad carousel quaffing birth control pills like vitamins, and who will unceremoniously divorce rape him after the beta dupe has pitched in to help raise the little snotbag during the most inglorious, dull, and thankless years of its life between birth and toddlerhood.

No joys of fatherhood for you!

Only everlasting financial servitude and psychological destruction.

A sex market that rewards this sort of dynamic is irretrievably broken. We are spitting in the face of millennia of sex polarity, denying the God of Biomechanics his tribute. Instead of passionate love marriages with young women notarized by multiple children, we have socially expedient striver marriages in which haggard careerist shrews on perpetual headache mode diddle the bean to Fifty Shades of Gay and suck dry the resources and emotional

commitment of beat-up fap-weary sex-starved limp beta noodleboys before chucking them to win cashmoneyshekels right at the moment fatherhood presumably gets interesting for the damned fools.

Gentlemen, beware the Fleece Marriage! (brought to you by an antagonistic state sponsored divorce theft apparatus and women responding to dystopian incentives).

I really wasn't kidding when I said Game can save the West.

Finnish Women Have Telekinesis

CH · 28 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

wtf I love Finn chicks now, they can use their psionic powers to transatlantically stroke me off.

Via.

> This is the funniest video I've seen in years, although it is meant seriously. All women have to do to keep from being raped is turn around, hold out their hand in a "halt" gesture and say "Stop!" That's it! The Muslim migrant problem is solved!

Apparently, Finland has joined the growing list of White nations allowing itself to be overrun by ruddy rapefugees. And this is their response.

White people have lost their marbles. Try to come up with a better explanation.

I wonder if this is what it's like for faithful adherents when their religion is under attack from an increasingly emboldened chorus of heretics? The religion — in this case Leftoid Equalism — must buckle as the onslaught of realtalk hits from every direction, prompting a wagon-circling reaction among loyal followers that eventually descends into farce, as they grasp for the lifeline of incrementally lunatic rationalizations and defensive postures to protect the investment their egos have made in their wacky beliefs.

If I'm right, then the lid is about to blow on this insanity soon, because when cultists realize they've been played for fools all along they either suicide or lash out with a fury. One day, Finns and all the rest of the CuckWhites will have no choice but to make their peace with the reality that the races are constitutionally different and no amount of love or social policy will change that fact. They will make their peace either in rest or in revolt. Pray for the latter.

Importing Rape Culture To The West

CH · 28 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Sweden is what happens when a whole nation decides to test the real world applicability of Equalism. The result isn't pretty.

[image]

It's a tremendous irony that the institutionalization of feminism creates the very rape culture that feminists falsely accuse white patriarchal society of creating.

A reader passes along a relevant quote,

> Related, from Caldwell's review of Zemmour's *French Suicide*: "Zemmour notes that the ruthless Don Juans of the old macho sexual order had feared two things above all: pregnancy and marriage. "The paradox of feminism," he writes, "was that it fulfilled the dreams of generations of male predators."

Women's lib has been a boon for the native cads, and now also apparently for the invited migrant hordes. But, it hasn't been very good for women themselves.

Somalia Or Sweden?

CH · 29 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

Story.

> A new book aimed at children in Sweden is entitled Grandpa Has Four Wives in another example of how Sharia law is being normalized as the country takes in thousands of Muslim migrants.
>
> The book, named *Farfar har fyra fruar* in Swedish, has been published in both Swedish and Somali and is aimed at 3-6 year olds.
>
> “Asli has never been to Somalia, but now she finally gets to go there with her dad, to meet grandfather and all her grandmothers,” states the blurb for the book, which is written by Oscar Trimbel and published by Adlibris. […]
>
> Another book by the same author entitled *Mormor är inget spöke* (Grandma is no ghost) serves to normalize the burka.
>
> “Omar greets his grandmother who comes from Somalia. When it’s Halloween, Omar wants to dress up like a ghost like any other child. He wants his grandmother to come along because it can be scary,” states the blurb for the book.
>
> Despite many countries in Europe handing out fines and prison sentences for polygamy, Sweden recognizes polygamous marriages performed abroad and allows up to four wives to be registered as spouses.

Lemme see if I have the math right.

One Sweden + one Somalia = White supremacy
Zero Swedens + two Somalias = Diversity

I must have missed the international council that convened to declare words no longer have meaning.

Ya know, a while ago I predicted that legalized polygamy was coming to the White West. I wrote that the logical trajectory of anti-White shitliberalism would lead sans opposition to the normalization of every degeneracy and regressive human behavior antagonistic to the genetic, cultural, and historical habits and traditions of Western societies.

> Sweden recognizes polygamous marriages performed abroad and allows up to four wives to be registered as spouses.

Too depressing to muster a preen.

TV Is An Endless Sewage Stream Of Anti-White Male Poison

CH · 29 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Ralph Stanley ventures into the bowels of the poz factory known as TV and returns with tales of horror to make any White man's blood curdle.

> I was watching the Comedy Central show, "Broad City", with my wife last night and we got into a huge fight about it (we don't agree on politics). The whole show is basically two Jewish girls having: (i) gay sex; (ii) interracial sex; (iii) doing lots of drugs and basically trash talking white guys. They even had a scene with an elderly white lady in a sex shop buying a massive black dildo. Previous seasons weren't nearly as obnoxious. It's horrible to think this is the shit women are watching. To my knowledge she is also watching a Netflix show about trannies. And don't get me started on "Master of None", which is another white guy bashing "comedy" with plenty sassy gay friends.
>
> The commercials offered no relief: a show about tennis player Bill Jean King, some anti-white comedians, a "comedy" show about "the resistance" against Trump, and a preview of a weird fantasy movie with lesbian overtones. It was fucking relentless. I'm no prude but enough is enough. In fairness, we don't watch Narcos or Westworld together.
>
> Making matters worse, she flipped to Youtube afterwards and saw I had been watching a documentary on a Belgian Nazi sympathizer. What can I say? After being exposed to modern tv your brain needs a dose of Fash to right itself.
>
> Shit tests abound and you don't always pass them.

"she flipped to Youtube afterwards and saw I had been watching a documentary on a Belgian Nazi sympathizer" — this line is instantly iconic. I laughed audibly. It reads like it could be the epitaph on modern American marriage.

One benefit of the abject pozification of TV is that I watch a lot less of it, mostly out of a sense of preserving my dignity. What kind of man enjoys getting pissed in the face over and over by degenerate mutants who hate him and his kind? I'm no masochist.

They hate us White men. What's clearer is that their hate is an echo of their envy and thwarted desire. It's 100% shitlib psychological projection and sour grapes.

You can take away one uplifting message from their venomous effluvia: the louder these cunts shriek about the bad White man, the more intensely they desire the White man's approval. Some even want the White man's dick. But they will never have it, because they're ugly, inside and out. The White man's standards and general excellence are what drive them to the plush comfort of babbling insanity.

The Ground Floor Girl

CH · 29 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Besides the sagging tits and wrinkling skin, there's a good reason men of taste and sophistication who are looking to settle down spurn older women for the pleasure of younger women. DoBA writes,

> In short, if you're thinking about getting married, really think about what you're doing. As someone who is divorced, I would say that you have to get in on the GROUND LEVEL with women. Once they're about 33-34, you don't know where the hell they've been and their anger toward men or neurosis about them will likely be taken out on YOU. From what I see, the best marriages are when the couples meet in high school or college.

That last paragraph is gold plated good advice. Single women get bitter and spiteful with age in a way that men don't, because every added cock scours a woman's soul while every added pussy gilds a man's soul. Bad relationship experiences accumulating over the years can potentially embitter both men and women, but men in my observation, when they bounce back, are more seamlessly able to reconstitute a loving relationship with a new woman minus the emotional baggage of past women who left them with foul memories. In contrast, women who have run through failed relationships tend to dump increasingly heavy loads of baggage on their new men.

The Ground Floor Girl is another term for the "marriage material girl", or the "wife and mother of my future children girl". (In the meme scene, she is called the tradwife.) She is many different women, but the defining characteristic all GFGs share is youth and romantic innocence. You can get lucky meeting an older woman who has managed to retain her whimsy and untainted love of men, but that's not the way to bet.

tl;dr: younger women >>> older women.

***

If you need the recap, the present configuration of the Western sexual market is despoiling and shrinking the pool of available Ground Floor Girls. Marriage rate is down, age of first marriage is up, and though I couldn't find the data I'd be surprised if marriage counseling hours and clients as a share of total marriages isn't up as well.

Leveraging White Knights To Steal Their Queens

CH · 30 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

We give white knights a well-deserved shellacking here at the Chateau for general inanity and counter-productive goofballery, but meeting one in real life is more a blessing than a curse. You just have to know how to leverage them for fun and profit.

For reasons I won't get into in this post, white knight numbers seem to be on the rise, mostly online but occasionally offline. Confronting one in the wild provides the maester seducer a wonderful expedient to aid him in getting the bang with the very girl whose honor the white knight rushes to defend.

I love crossing paths with white knights because they're the hanging curveball of cockblocks. It's a pleasure to tool them in front of their girls whose vaginas they will never see.

White knights play the really long game, hoping the girl will one day wake up and appreciate their efforts on her behalf. Sometimes it happens, but by then the girl is a little rougher for wear and has been through a few cockas. It's a piss poor strategy in an open unregulated sexual market, though, because the implicit rules favor those men skilled in maximizing short term gains. White knights are no match for jerkboys in an atomized and quasi-anonymized hookup market; their brand of chivalry works better under highly regulated courtship conditions in which fathers have as much input as daughters and the pill isn't dispensed like candy.

Now that you know you'll almost always have the upper hand against white knights, it helps to know the best strategy for ~~neutering~~ neutralizing them and turning them into an advertisement for your sexytime fitness. The best method that I've found is the ol' standby Agree&Amplify. Assume the white knight's good intentions, and praise him effusively. By doing this, you are

1. tooling him as the hard-up lickspittle he is
2. delivering a proxy neg/disqualification to the girl which will cause her to distance herself from the white knight

When a white knight comes in all m'lady-like, I tell them, "It's good you're looking out for this girl. Does she have a curfew? I wouldn't trust her alone either. Lotta bad guys out there."

This banter achieves multiple objectives. One, it demonstrates your high value. Now you're the insinuated bad boy with whom she might get into trouble. Few girls can resist that delicious thought. Two, it embarrasses the white knight. He'll get defensive and swear he's not chaperoning her, he's just being a friend yada yada, which now plants the perception in the girl that he's not actually her protector he's just a dud who likes asexually hanging around her.

Three, and most importantly, it will provoke an opposite reaction in the girl. She'll laugh or act indignant (either one is a positive reaction for you), insisting she's doesn't need a babysitter, she can handle herself, and the white knight is cool with that (he won't be).

At that point, it's time to run the table. "I dunno are you sure you're ready for this…being on your own and all? It's a scary world. If you can't handle it, I'll check in with your buddy (always use the word buddy to describe a girl's male orbiters) over there (point at white knight across the room) and he can safely take you to your parents' place."

Now you've set up the challenge — is she a strong independent woman or is she a nervous little girl? — and if you've learned anything here it's that girls love challenging men with standards. It's the flip-the-courtship-script ruse and it works because women have no defense against their own weapons.

If, on the off chance, you are confronted by a physically bigger white knight — rarely, a bouncer will white knight just to start fights — the better course of action is to keep it short and plausibly complimentary. Don't directly engage the white knight, that'll only wind him up. "Looks like you've got a bodyguard already. Lucky girl." Leave her be after saying that, and there's a good shot she'll find her way back to you later in the night once Derp Lancelot is distracted and moves on.

Study: Diversity Is Our Misery

CH · 3 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Diversity™ heaps limitless miseries upon the host nation. You don't need social science studies to tell you that, (you can just go to a diverse part of town and experience the joylessness, tension, annoyances, stress, and general aesthetic dreariness for yourself), but when the ¡SCIENCE! is available it sure is fun to rub it in libfruit faces.

> Happiness in modern society: Why intelligence and ethnic composition matter
>
> ABSTRACT
>
> Recent developments in evolutionary psychology suggest that living among others of the same ethnicity might make individuals happier and further that such an effect of the ethnic composition on life satisfaction may be stronger among less intelligent individuals. Data from the National Longitudinal Study of Adolescent Health showed that White Americans had significantly greater life satisfaction than all other ethnic groups in the US and this was largely due to the fact that they were the majority ethnic group; minority Americans who lived in counties where they were the numerical majority had just as much life satisfaction as White Americans did. Further, the association between ethnic composition and life satisfaction was significantly stronger among less intelligent individuals. The results suggest two important factors underlying life satisfaction and highlight the utility of integrating happiness research and evolutionary psychology.

LIE: Diversity™ is our strength.
TRUTH: Diversity™ is our sadness.

Happiness (for White people) is a paler shade of settlement.

Multiethnic societies make everyone unhappier, but the clash of tribes hits the downscale hardest, who lack the excess cognitive chops to rationalize their unhappiness as the sweet price to pay for moral posturing and crappy ethnic food that gives you the shits for weeks.

Modern multitribalism may not pose the same threat to the survival and reproduction of individuals as it would have in the ancestral environment when encirclement by another tribe usually meant you were about to be killed or raped, but that doesn't mean modern multiracial stews like the US don't threaten the Darwinian fitness of individuals dealing with the consequences of the diversity. Bloody tribal warfare and pillaging still exist, but in a domesticated form; instinctive tribal nepotism, out-group aggression, and low trust are proxies for open war, and these interactional conditions pose incremental risks to the social and economic statuses, as well as the psychological health, of members within the multitribal society. One example would be, for instance, the nepotistic domination of the Ivies by one tribe and its affirmative actioned pawns which has pushed out the historical representation of the heritage tribe.

Or, Diversity + Proximity = War (by any means).

***

In related ¡SCIENCE! news, shitlibs are just as prone to science denialism as are cuckservatives.

> Liberals and Conservatives Are Similarly Motivated to Deny Attitude-Inconsistent Science
>
> We tested whether conservatives and liberals are similarly or differentially likely to deny scientific claims that conflict with their preferred conclusions. Participants were randomly assigned to read about a study with correct results that were either consistent or inconsistent with their attitude about one of several issues (e.g., carbon emissions). Participants were asked to interpret numerical results and decide what the study concluded. After being informed of the correct interpretation, participants rated how much they agreed with, found knowledgeable, and trusted the researchers' correct interpretation. Both liberals and conservatives engaged in

> motivated interpretation of study results and denied the correct interpretation of those results when that interpretation conflicted with their attitudes. Our study suggests that the same motivational processes underlie differences in the political priorities of those on the left and the right.

I would love to know which test studies the researchers used to determine how much libs and cons engaged in motivated interpretation, besides the one mentioned in the abstract ("carbon emissions"). I'd bet that libs more intensely deny or spin the science of race and sex differences than cons deny the science of global warming. My observation is that cons aren't as egotistically and emotionally invested in denying global warming as libs are in denying innate sex-based psychological differences and racial disparities in average IQ.

***

A commenter reminded me of a relevant 2014 CH post about a study of spiders and diversity, which found that tribal homogeneity, contra conventional shitlib wisdom, increases individual diversity.

> Summarizing, a lack of inter-group diversity…actually *increases* individual diversity, through the mechanism of amplifying preexisting personality differences among same-group members. In contrast, a lot of inter-group diversity (say, moving to a SWPL hipster enclave in a minority white city soaked in vibrancy that makes daily living an adventure in survival) produces a uniformity of thought and, CH will note, uniformity of aesthetic within groups, which is why we see SWPL hoods in nearly every major American city converging on the same farm-to-table Obama-loving liberal hypocrite norm.
>
> Paradoxically, group cohesiveness creates more individual diversity, while inter-group diversity creates more intra-group uniformity. Diversity + proximity = conformity.
>
> In other words, the diversity that really matters — diversity of thought and personality — flourishes in less racially diverse environs.

Diversity is our within-group sameness.

***

PS I've added the study findings discussed in this post to the Diversity + Proximity = War reference list at the top of the front page of this blog.

How To Handle A Disrespectful Girlfriend

CH · 4 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recovering Beta has what I consider an important Game-related question about girlfriend management.

> Need game advice guys!
>
> If a girl you been seeing starts to lose respect for you.
>
> Do you call her out and say: "- I feel that I don't get the respect and admiration from you and its a big turn off for me"

jfc no. Pity ploys never work unless you're a rape-y syrian refugee. That'll only earn her growing contempt.

> …or something like "- Cut that shit off right now. I need respect from you or its over"?

The first half of this response is good. But you should've stopped there. When you spell out the reason for your demand, it loses potency. Telling a girl you "need respect" is borderline mewling. If you have to ask for it, you don't deserve it, and you're not getting it.

> Because I believe respect is something a guy earns, not demand and calling a girl out on this may even make her feel even less respectful for you.
> Because I just admitted to her that she is losing respect for me, something she might even noticed herself.
>
> What to do?

Exactly, you verbalized the reality of her disrespect, validating it in her mind. Instead of causing her to reconsider treating you shittily, she'll double down in the reconfirmed belief that you're not worth her feminine respect.

What you should do is call her out when she disrespects you, but without airing demands for more "respect" that you feel you "aren't getting", which will almost always sound like the butthurt pleas of a lower value man. Just tell her to cut the bullshit, and if she keeps it up, kick her out (or kick yourself out).

If she's disrespecting you as a shit test of your character because you've acted too beta of late for her taste, then slapping her with the verbal pimp hand and walking out if she doesn't comply will encourage her to reassess your alpha cred, and she'll likely come back to you full of apology and begging for a reconciliation bang.

If, otoh, she's disrespecting you because she has lost that loving feeling and is just fishing for a way out, then walking yourself out of her life will give her the denouement she wants while preserving your masculine dignity. Either way, you win.

This is the short-term solution. Long-term, you'll want to apply some patented CH Dread Game to permanently reorient her behavior towards a more respectful tone. There are only so many times you can tell a girl to cut the shit before her excessive need to be dominated and told to shut up soils your spirit. You want to avoid girls who *incessantly* crave their disciplining; this is the kind of shrew who will cheat the moment you slip up and forget to administer her daily ration of taming.

Does The Chateau Exaggerate The Perils Of Niceguyness?

CH · 4 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader archerwfisher passes along a vagnette from the omnipresent sexual market.

> Random, the other day I was thinking, “Maybe the Chateau is overdoing it, maybe being nice and sweet and a good guy isn’t such a bad route.” I stop at a grocery store, buy a few items, head back to my car. In the SUV next to mine, a cute blonde college age girl is getting in the driver’s seat. Long hair, dressed cute and not slutty, no visible tatts or piercings, in decent shape.
>
> She’s accompanied by two similar aged guys, one white who looked like a boyfriend, one maybe white hispanic, and they look like dregs who would be getting arrested for shoplifting beer. The girl playfully locks them out and starts teasing them with a grin on her face. The white probably boyfriend’s witty, playful response? “We’re trying to get in the fucking car, unlock it.” She did so.
>
> Aaaannd that is why Chateau Heartiste should be studied the same way you study a textbook to earn a certification.

The hottest girls in their fertile primes respond with the greatest intensity of arousal to jerkboys. This call-and-response never dies in a woman, it only fades away with her looks and shrinking repository of eggs. The specter of settling into a life of lonely spinsterhood scares many women straight into the arms of a reliable niceguy, but their fantasies always drift to the cocksure assholes who put them in their place and treated them with an amount of respect inversely proportional to the respect they demand from their beta borefriends.

If you’re a niceguy unwilling to better yourself, you have the option of hefting your blue balls for a decade and then relieving your psychological load in a woman on the cusp of Wall crashing. But most men don’t want to sit on the sidelines that long, waiting out their shot at love with an aging beauty. They want the YoHoTis — younger, hotter, tighter women — just the same as the jerkboys want them. If the niceguys want them bad enough, they’ll learn to love breaking bad.

Was The Mandalay Bay Mass Murderer A Left-Wing Terrorist Operative?

CH · 5 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There are a lot of strange circumstances and suspicious details surrounding mass murderer Stephen Paddock's massacre of Harvest country music festival attendees that lead me to wonder if there's a cover-up by authorities and/or the gaystream media. Specifically, multiple eyewitnesses claim there was more than one shooter, there is a credible claim that a woman menacingly warned concertgoers of their impending deaths 45 minutes before the shooting started, and now we have a photo showing a possible suicide note left on the table in Paddock's hotel gun nest which no one has yet reported on in the media and which the police have yet to mention.

Video proof of multiple shooters?

A Mandalay Bay hotel guest staying in the room adjacent to Paddock's room says he saw multiple gunmen.

Stephen Paddock's brother, Eric, has given a number of interviews and in each he comes across weirdly unbalanced, like maybe he knows something he's not telling. My impression is that Eric Paddock is trying too hard to convince people his brother was apolitical and had no discernible motive for committing his atrocity. A body language expert agrees, noting that Eric's facial expression when denying Stephen had any political affiliation betrays insincerity. She also believes Eric has the behavioral tics of someone who may have co-plotted with Stephen and bailed on him at the last minute.

That same body language expert says the eyewitness who claimed a hispanic woman had announced to a crowd of festival attendees that "you're all going to die tonight" is honestly recalling a real memory.

According to Flightaware.com, a plane once registered with Stephen Paddock (he had a pilot's license) is currently registered as active with the Virginia company VOLANT LLC that does work for the "Defense/Intelligence community". Flightware pulls its data from the FAA; however, the FAA has the tail number associated with Paddock's-VOLANT's plane listed as inactive.

Paddock's Filipina girlfriend, Marilou Danley, used two social security numbers and was married to two men at the same time. Paddock wired $100,000 to a bank in the Philippines one week before he committed his mass shooting.

Speaking of atomized Boomers and their Flip green card lovers, both Paddock's ex-wife and current girlfriend are Asians. I've lost the link, but someone posted a screencap of the Faceborg page of Danley's ex-husband, Geary Danley, which revealed he's a major BernieBoomer leftie. Very curious.

In all the media coverage since the shooting, I didn't hear the one question that should have been asked by our discredited journalist class that might shed light on Paddock's motives. Why did he target a country music concert, the type of event known by anyone not living under a rock to be favored by Trump supporters? Line of sight convenience? But mass shooters usually have deeper reasons for choosing their specific targets. Paddock allegedly scouted other hotels near leftie-ish events like Lollapalooza but that doesn't mean he intended to target those leftie concertgoers. He could have been scouting different hotels more as a training exercise to prepare for the BIG DAY firing on Trump people.

I smell a cover-up coming of Paddock's left-wing political and social affiliations.

For instance, unconfirmed photo evidence has emerged of Paddock hanging out with Pussyhatter friends.

Humorous aside, courtesy of Gabber @AshinFurnacestein,

> Virgin Stephen
> -Sad Boomer
> -No kids, likely never had sex
> -GF loves Chad
> -Squinty eyes, can't even see
> -Ugly shirt with pocket protector
>
> Alpha Chad
> -Superior Gen. X
> -Gook and Hapa Harem
> -Fucks Stephen's bitch, doesn't even like her
> -Sick indoor outdoor glasses
> -Only buttons 2 buttons he DGAF

More tellingly of his ideological leaning, Paddock himself donated to a Democrat Party PAC called ActBlue.

Was Paddock also a Bernieboomer? Police have said Paddock acquired most of his 42 gun arsenal starting in October 2016. Did the impending election of either thecunt or theTrump drive Bernie-lover Paddock into a state of nihilistic despair, which was later inflamed by antifa incitements to violence and the constant Fake Media demonization of Trump and his supporters in 2017?

I don't buy the mental illness theory. Paddock planned this out for at least one year, and probably longer than that, going back to when Bernie was primaried by a sociopathic man-hater. Schizophrenics don't do that kind of long-range meticulous planning, learning how to bump stock semi-automatics and dropping thousands of dollars at high end hotels to test their security systems. If Paddock had schizophrenia his whole life, family and friends would have known something was off about him. Most who knew him say he was secretive, not odd or mentally unhinged. He may have had autism, but that condition isn't associated with violent outbursts.

Paddock's father was a diagnosed psychopath, though, who was on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list for serial bank robbery back in the 60s. Psychopathy is heritable. However, if Paddock had a psychotic break just before he decided to commit mass murder, what explains his year-long acquisition of an arsenal of death and his decades spent paying for everything in cash so he could remain essentially untraceable? Nope, not mental illness; he knew what he was doing and he did it with a clear mind.

All of this is so strange that even übercucks like David “LOOK AT AND ADMIRE MY PRECIOUS ADOPTED BLACK CHILD YOU BENIGHTED PLEB” French question the official reporting on the shooting.

This post speculates about Paddock’s motive, based on the available evidence, so conclusions are subject to change as more details come to light (if you can trust the media and cops to deliver trustworthy information). As it stands, it looks to me there is a real possibility Paddock killed for ideological reasons, or that he conspired with antifa or another anti-Trump far left-wing group. We need to get to the bottom of this, because if this was a left-wing operation designed to undermine support for the Second Amendment or frighten Trump supporters to retreat from public life, then we have no choice but to acknowledge we are in open civil war.

She Cheated On You. What Now?

CH · 5 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If a woman cheats on you, there is only one acceptable response:
WALK.
And don't look back.
Anything else is accommodation.
For if you decide to "stand by" and "support" your cheating ho, you'll have doomed yourself to being a second class man in her eyes.

Female infidelity is the septic tank of shit tests. Trying to "pass" this shit test within the boundaries of a relationship will only cover you in liquid shit. If a woman knows she can get away with cucking you, there's no end to the mischief she'll visit on your dignity. The surefire way to lose a woman's respect is to forgive her cheating. You will forever be that pitiable beta spittoon who stood by her side soothing her worries and relieving her guilt after she opened her furrow to another man's plough. You set yourself up as a man for whom no woman's insult to his pride is too great to endure.

"Ladies night out with some random men in tow? Of course my boyfriend is cool with it! He forgave my cheating."

"Getting drunk with my boss at an after-work function? Of course my boyfriend is cool with it! He forgave my cheating."

"Attending an underwear and dildo party with a casting couch director? Of course my boyfriend is cool with it! He forgave my cheating."

"Getting pregnant while on a two-week 'business trip' in Ibiza alone and telling my boyfriend it's his? Of course he's cool with it! He forgave my cheating."

There's no turning a ho into a loyal harem primary. You could Game her into a more compliant and respectful lover, but the stink of her infidelity, and your disgrace, will waft over the detente. No real love can find purchase in that poisoned ground.

Remind yourself that female cheating never occurs in an emotional vacuum, or without downstream consequences. (Male cheating often does occur in an emotional vacuum, because of the male psychological wiring predisposing to visual-triggered arousal and polygyny when the option is available.)

If she cheats because she's impulsive, then what's stopping her from giving in to her urges again? If she cheats because she is horny for the alpha fux to supplement your beta bux, then how will you feel knowing that your worth as a man to her is as an asexual sounding board with a wallet? If she cheats to fill a romantic void, then she likely had a long emotional affair accompanied by nightly fantasies before she physically consummated her infidelity, in which case you would be tolerating and forgiving not one isolated cheating event, but months and perhaps years worth of emotional betrayal, creating a horrible imbalance of power that will corrupt any attempts to salvage the relationship. Very rarely will women cheat spontaneously and out of the blue if their relationships bristle with sexual polarity.

A reader asks,

> What about beating the shit out of her?

Scoundrels would argue that's an option for a more enlightened age in the past. But we've regressed as a society, so the best move is to move on, and leave her to suffer the fallout by herself.

Another reader suggests the playa protocol (aka the "I don't give a shit about her feelings anymore" full throttle pump and dump alternative),

> Ah might I suggest banging her sister or best friend? Takes some good frame control to be sure but it is one way to do it…or for the hardcore men her mother.

Make lemonade out of sour pussies.

Banging another woman within the social orbit of your cheating ho is the MOAB of Dread Game. You drop that explosive load and you'll wipe the patronizing smirk right offa dat ho's mug.

Ghosting on a cheater is for men who had good intentions and wanted to get serious with the girl. If you've made a bad investment, cut your losses because that slutstock will never rise again….for you. But if you're just playing around with a girl and you discover she cheated on you, the option remains to continue fucking her, if she's still putting out and you double bag it. I have done this once with a fling; we had a few great months of fucking, and then I came across evidence suggesting she may have cheated — although under the circumstances, I'm not sure it qualified as cheating since I never gave her promises of exclusivity. Anyhow, instead of confronting her about her whoring, I ignored it and continued the Plow Protocol, knowing it would end soon. The important detail was that it would end on my timetable. Three weeks later, after loading her up with a few more gallons of souljuice, (and sensing by her erratic behavior that the time to move was then), I told her I couldn't see it working out, and that she was great but she wasn't the one. Her face instantly morphed from distracted indifference to twisted rage. *WHAAAT*, she bellowed, *are you taking about?* You're not good for me, I said. Red-faced, she fumed, *Whatever, maybe you should know I've been cheating on you!* Eyebrows raised half-staff, I feigned mild surprise. Ok, then no harm no foul. This works out for both of us.

The key to really sticking the shiv under the skin of a cheater is state control. You knew she was like that, you didn't care, the fucking was great regardless, but there was no way she would be anything more than a fun time for you.

Age Of Chaos

CH · 6 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Beckow, commenting at Steve Sailer's blog, writes about the primary purpose of nations and why a *de jure* or *de facto* policy of open borders undermines the authority, credibility, and even necessity of central governments.

> One of the main functions of a central government is to control the country's borders. That is why there is a central government. This used to be more military based, with occasional actual wars, but today it is about who comes across the border, who gets to stay, in other words *migration policies*.
>
> In the last few decades this core function performed by central governments has been gradually abandoned. So when parts of these larger states – like Catalonia in Spain – look at their capitals they don't see much value. With unguarded and open borders, large centralised states make no sense.
>
> This is one reason for the rapid increase in separatism. There are of course many others, cultural, economic, linguistic, etc… But I believe opening borders also creates a vacuum in the centre of the current states. Almost nothing they do makes sense with open borders and mass migration. How can there be educational or health policies with open access from outside? Or a normal labor market leading to a normal economy? Or cultural policies? Mass migration with effectively unprotected borders make all central state functions pointless. One reaction is an increased desire to separate by constituent parts of the state. This is what the Brussels (and Washington) ruling elites don't get. **They have been so obsessed with not allowing a 'power vacuum' internationally, that they stopped caring about not creating a de facto governing vacuums inside the countries they are supposed to be governing.**
>
> Disintegration is one consequence of not having effective external boundaries. The global mandarins have been dreaming about a seamless, integrated, one-world with no borders global super-state (or a smaller European one), but they lost sight of how that changes the dynamic inside their existing countries. We are heading towards a period of more nationalism, more separatism, more disintegration that is really just re-integrating in a different way what has been stupidly abandoned by the global utopians. It will be messy. I wish both Catalans and Spaniards good luck – but if Madrid wants to stop the separatism, they should do their job and control the external borders.

We can either have one large national border, or millions of smaller borders within the disintegrating state. There will never be a borderless world; like water, borders will find their level. And that level is usually contoured by race and ethnicity.

We're in the Age of Chaos. The near future for us is marked by centrifugal separation into constituent elements that have stronger binding valences. Things fall apart, the center stopped bothering to hold. Asabiya (social solidarity) is down, the economic and sexual markets are splintering into haves and have-nots, faith in our institutions is at an all-time low, multiracial diversity imported into relatively homogeneous countries has destroyed social trust and happiness, outsourcing and mass migration have crushed the spirits of our workingmen, national borders have shattered paving the way for the organic emergence of gated community borders, intensified partisanship, pathological assortative mating into hardened neo-castes, and secessionist movements defined by their own well-protected geographical and cultural walls.

To save us from this, we have elected an agent of chaos, Furor Trump, to manifest our primal scream for change and a return to a better past. A past that we know in our hearts as Heritage America. We also know, instinctively, that only chaos and its avatar in Trump can crush the Globohomoists and their war against human nature. The rulebook is shredded, the righteous are released from their duty to a failed authority. As Chaos works its mercurial magic and the insulated and disconnected globalist moneychangers succumb to its all-consuming energy vortex, a clear vision takes shape from among the debris and rubble: the resurrection of nations woven with the ancient threads of kith and kin.

Trump Really Is A 4D Chess Master

CH · 6 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump wants his staff to portray him as a "crazy guy".

> In an Oval Office meeting earlier this month, President Trump gave his top trade negotiator, Robert Lighthizer, an Art of the Deal-style coaching session on how to negotiate with the South Koreans.
>
> Trump's impromptu coaching came in the middle of a pivotal conversation with top officials about whether or not to withdraw from the U.S.-Korean trade deal. Sources familiar with the conversation paraphrased the exchange for Axios, and the White House did not dispute this account.
>
> A number of senior officials and cabinet secretaries were present for the conversation, including Defense Secretary Mattis, Agriculture Secretary Perdue, and Secretary of State Tillerson. At issue was whether the U.S. would withdraw from the Korean trade deal — an action Trump threatened but still hasn't done.
>
> *"You've got 30 days, and if you don't get concessions then I'm pulling out," Trump told Lighthizer.*
>
> "Ok, well I'll tell the Koreans they've got 30 days," Lighthizer replied.
>
> **"No, no, no," Trump interjected. "That's not how you negotiate. You don't tell them they've got 30 days. You tell them, 'This guy's so crazy he could pull out any minute'."**
>
> "That's what you tell them: Any minute," Trump continued. "And by the way, I might. You guys all need to know I might. You don't tell them 30 days. If they take 30 days they'll stretch this out."

Trump Derangement Syndrome is a consequence of having a President you hate who's smarter than you and knows how to push your buttons. In other words, Trump has Game.

All that's left to hope is that Trump uses his mindfucking powers for Nationalist Good instead of Globalist Evil. DACA, imo, will be the first real test of his loyalties. The entire Globohomo establishment, the uniparty, the media, plus a majority of shitlib Whites and their yippy nonwhite pets want DACA enshrined in law. Those of us who see the demographic nation-wrecking writing on the wall want DACA whacked, all 800,000-leading-inevitably-to-millions of illegals sent packing for their native homeland. 4D chess means nothing if you've boxed your own king into a corner to save one of your pawns.

Shitlord Of The Month: Clay Travis

CH · 6 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If only there were more Clay Travis' storming the clitadel at ChosenNewsNetwork, we outnumbered but not disheartened shitlords would have the media back in control of Heritage America within the fortnight.

A couple thoughts. First, this is a sly meta defense of the First Amendment by Travis that logic traps the talkingcunt into tacitly disavowing the free speech protections of the 1A. "Because as a woman, I can't even….why are you sitting here on CNN…why would you even say that live on national television and WITH A FEMALE HOST…to the reeducation camps with you, sir! RAKE SPEECH IS NOT FREE SPEECH"

Second, it's not often you'll see a 100% undiluted dindu humorlessly white knight an overtanned hapa. But I suppose the urge to stick it to Whitey overrides any other innate compulsion.

#IBelieveInTheFirstAmendmentAndBoobs

PS Take some time today, gentlemen, to manspread extra wide whenever the opportunity presents, because the gynarchy deserves nothing less.

***

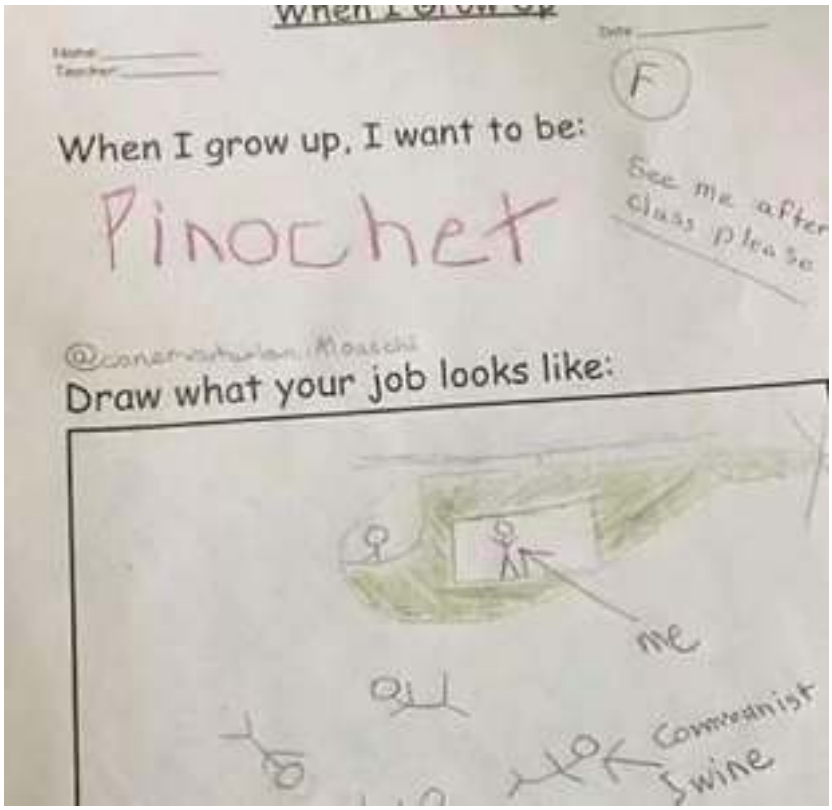
A great comment by williamk,

> This vid highlights for me one contemptible quality of liberals: The insincere posing.
>
> Here Ms. Brooke Baldwin is playing the part of a woman who is really offended by the word "boobs". How dare you sully the presence of a lady with such words. Meanwhile, we all know damn well that this 38 yr old never married powerslut fucks dudes who joke about her boobs. Probably the dude she's currently banging made some remark about her tits after the news of this blew up. She probably laughed, then fucked him.
>
> They don't believe in any of this shit. They buy houses in 100% white areas, feminists fuck the baddest bad boys their collagen can get them, and everybody takes jobs that immigration can't threaten if they can.
>
> The world is separated into people who admit plainly obvious facts, and people who lie about it for brief pats on the head.

That second paragraphs sez it all about the Lie Machine that is post-America shitliberalism.

Generation Zyklon Is Coming

CH · 9 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original



Generation Zyklon is the turning generation. They're on the cusp of chaos, and there's an opening for elder shitlords to redirect Gen Z's thirst for social status and identity into something productive and truly paradigm-shattering like, say, White pride.

Compare And Contrast: Pro-White High T Trump Vs Anti-White Low T Obama

CH · 9 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

2016, the Gay Mulatto's Columbus Day message:

> Obama's proclamation acknowledged Columbus' spirit of exploration. But he said the nation should "also acknowledge the pain and suffering reflected in the stories of Native Americans who had long resided on this land prior to the arrival of European newcomers."

2017, President Trump's Columbus Day message:

> The president's proclamation Friday directs the U.S. to celebrate his discovery of the Americas, noting "the permanent arrival of Europeans … was a transformative event that undeniably and fundamentally changed the course of human history and set the stage for the development of our great Nation."
>
> Trump's proclamation only praises Columbus, Spain and the explorer's native Italy.

The difference between Trump and Gay Mulatto is like the difference between white and black, testicles and ovaries, a 300 pound bench press and pendulous man titties. You may think this is small potatoes, but symbolism in act and speech matter. Leaders set the tone and can demoralize enemies and uplift supporters. Gay Mulatto's instinct was to demoralize Whites and uplift anti-Whites. Trump's instinct is the opposite, and America is better, and more closely aligned with Truth&Beauty, for his sensibility.

Before Primo Paisan Columbus:

After Primo Paisan Columbus:

PS From #MPCStatusUpdates:

> “They tear down Confederate monuments and tell me losers don’t deserve trophies, then they want to call it Indigenous People’s Day”

PPS Not that this matters in any assessment of Columbus’s contribution to the glorious explorers’ canon of White Western Civilization, but if you’re in the mood to troll shiltibs tell them the 100% TRUEFACT that 95% of the New World Indian deaths were the result of European Hispanics — an “invasive species” for the greenies — unintentionally infecting the natives with diseases for which they had no immunity. In other words, there was no deliberate genocide, but there was open borders and a giant “sanctuary land” for pathogens. Heh.

Lesser Beta Of The Month: The Mewling Male Feminist

CH · 10 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Are you curious what kind of wormy male wriggles just above the stinking detritus at the bottom of the male SMV barrel? Meet our Lesser Beta of the Month:

I made this image in Texas while working on a story for MDS (Mennonite Disaster Service) about a group from an Amish community in Ohio that traveled down to Texas to help out local folks hit badly by rampant fires and flooding last year. I am posting this for two reasons. 1. This is my way of encouraging all of us (including myself) to find ways to involve ourselves in being rebuilders of brokenness. If not in the aftermath of Harvey currently ravaging Texas then perhaps in other areas of need in our communities. and 2. During coverage and other conversations about Hurricane Harvey, I've heard on more than one occasion about how this storm is going to require a "man sized" effort that could be drawn out for years and cost untold sums. In response, I am showing this image of this exceedingly capable and strong woman to help fight against that kind of sexist language, because of course the obvious truth is that women are as vitally important and as capable as any men can be. I know that many of us use languages like this casually and without meaning any offense or harm. I know that it's difficult to be mindful of such things when sexist language is so deeply ingrained in our cultural consciousness and subconsciousness (believe me I totally get it, because I catch myself more often than I like to admit). Nevertheless, I do believe it is vitally important being intentional about reducing our sexist language and actions as much as we are able to, because at its core it serves to dehumanize and to normalize the lie that one gender has more worth and is more capable and more important than others. Harvey has broken so many lives already. Let us not add to that by unnecessarily breaking each other further.

A post shared by Andrew Huth (@andrewhuth) on Aug 28, 2017 at 2:01pm PDT

Only a limp-souled mangina can be triggered to verbal apoplexy by the term "man-sized". in response, he posts a photo of an Amish woman — a woman who supports and cherishes the most patriarchal subculture in America — either pushing aside or ducking under a slender tree branch as evidence in his stunted juvenile ball pit of a mind that women are as physically strong as men. This is the soiled diaper of inanity and virtue sniveling which the Lesser Beta is happy to squish around in all day if it means a pat on his ASCII head from fat feminists online.

What else does the Lesser Beta and intrepid defender of ye faire maiden's honor excel at? Disavowing "female objectification", of course! (While unwittingly disavowing the natural functioning of his own gonads.)

I grieve over the fact that I grew up in a society and a time period where one of the first things I was taught about women from the well meaning voices all around me were commentaries about the appearance or "usefulness" of their bodies. Look at how beautiful you are! Well aren't you a gorgeous princess. Oh my watch out, she's going to be heartbreaker! Wow, you're so sexy. Oh that Dad is going to have a hard time fending off all the boys when she grows up. I grieve this for many reasons, but one of them is because it has obscured the fact that bodies truly are beautiful and mysteriously amazing beyond explaining. Not as the object of someone else's judgement or commentary, but INTRISICALLY beautiful in its own right. Think about your body for a moment. Big or small, scarred or markless, flat noised or sharply angular, long or stout, curvy or straight. It is a marvel and should BLOW ALL OUR MINDS! The way we often talk about bodies (women's bodies in particular) strives to strip away their universally intrinsic beauty and instead cheaply commodifies it and seeks to take ownership of it away from them and into a thing for others to posses and place a value on. Like everyone else, me included, she isn't immune to the damages of such toxic narratives about our bodies and from time to time feels that her body isn't particularly beautiful. I won't tell you that she is beautiful. I will simply tell you what I try and tell her on my better days (and I fail at it more often than I like). I love you. Please know that love is a slow burner of a thing. It has taken me awhile to get here, but the impossibly kind and generous life you lead has redefined for me what it means to be beautiful. Your sharply intelligent and creative mind engages and challenges me. And yes…your body is amazing. Not because I say so, but because it simply is. And because I've earned the right for you to care a little what I think of

you, on our walk the other day, I took one camera and this one lens and I wanted to show you, YOU, as I see you

A post shared by Andrew Huth (@andrewhuth) on Sep 6, 2016 at 3:06pm PDT

“I grieve this…” Would someone pass the vomit bucket? Spewage incoming. That’s a lot of rambling incoherent poopytalk to say “you’re a butterface, honey”.

The Lesser Beta avoids slipping into Omega Male incel status by somehow securing for himself a homely female. Naturally, the daily reminder of his low SMV causes him to polish his lover’s pussy pedestal with the vigor of a man hoping to be blinded by the turgid light reflected off it.

I’ve now been married to this woman a few years less than all the years I’ve spent not having known her. I’ve photographed her face more times than I could possibly remember. On certain days when we cross each other’s space while we’re carrying on with the mundane movements of our lives, I sometimes catch a glimpse of her face and realize that there isn’t a line on her face that I don’t thoroughly recognize. On other days, even when I’m gazing deeply into her eyes, lost in conversation, I realize her face is a total and utter mystery to me. Some days she is a vision of home–calming and steadfast and on other days she is a land foreign—a curiosity and complexity that I’m eager to discover and rediscover time and again

A post shared by Andrew Huth (@andrewhuth) on Aug 13, 2017 at 2:11pm PDT

My advice, kid. If you’re gonna do purple prose, take a T-boosting supplement before writing. It helps keep your readership awake.

Finally, our Lesser Beta in the skin-crawling flesh:

I remain grateful that he still regularly asks if he can have sleepovers with Heather and me. I saw him take his very first breath in this world and instantly fell in love wholly and with all my body and being.

A post shared by Andrew Huth (@andrewhuth) on Aug 29, 2017 at 7:10pm PDT

“sleepovers”. “fell in love wholly and with all my body and being”. What does he mean by this?

Oh, and you might want to stop manspreading. That insolent display of misogyny is apt to get you in the doghouse for years.

Well that was an unpleasant foray into manlet-land. Final thought: In the context of the US’s multiracial gruel, white knighting by nonWhites should be viewed as a proxy attack on sturdy White men. In fact, every whine and cringing exegesis on the patriarchy should be viewed as an extended play wail of desperation and bitter envy by the degenerate freak mafia against their Golden God White Man tormentor.

Placing bets how long it’ll be before Mrs. Lesser Beta steps out to indulge her secret fantasy of a righteous jerkboy MAGAfucking by a member in good standing of the objectifying patriarchy.

Self-Disqualification As A Seduction Ploy: The Two Strikes Trick

CH · 11 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Seduction — a Eurasian male art form that women only weakly impersonate when they want to hasten the enforcement of an already closed deal — is in its essence the flipping of the conventional courtship script to follow a plot line in which the woman chases the man. A Game technique which effectively flips the script is Self-Disqualification (SDQ). I'll explain by way of example.

(You could also call this George Costanza Game)

SDQ means telling a girl in so many words or actions that you aren't good for her. The idea is to steal the natural female prerogative to reject suitors by "rejecting yourself" before she's had a chance to assess your mate value. This is a psychological feint that has the effect of raising your SMV relative to hers because we have a cognitive glitch that biases us to think a person willingly evading and disavowing our social approval is a person with high social status who doesn't need our validation. Or, worse, whose social and sexual status would FALL with our approval. SDQ, just like DQ (telling a girl she's not good for you), is a potent activator of female inquisitiveness. And in women, curiosity thrills the snatch.

While it may be amusing to disqualify yourself as an opening gambit — "hi there, i'm not gonna say more because you don't want to get to know me, it's problematic…" — and may even work sometimes if the girl is in a flirty mood, I've found that SDQs are better administered a little ways into a virgin pickup attempt (visual intended). You open a girl, casually chat a bit, then just at the moment the convo threatens to go comfy cozy for her (and thus drained of its sexual tension), you deliver the SDQ. My favorite SDQ routine is the "Two Strikes Trick":

"As great as it is to shoot the breeze with you, I've gotta cut it off now before you're entranced. I already got two strikes against me. A third and I'm out."

If you're in the bantz zone, feel free to jokingly deprecate the nature of the strikes against you. "Yeah strike one is my riotous BO. Phew! Strike two, I'm always making girls cry…"

You can also explain the two strikes as references to how you flubbed your approach. "Strike one, I used canned material to hit on you. Strike two, I still think it's gonna work."

Or you can go over-the-top. "Strike one, I'm on parole. Strike two, I'll probably break it tonight."

You get the idea. Almost all girls WILL laugh at this, and it will rejuvenate a flagging flirtatious vibe. Most girls will ask about the strikes, and most will react by saying something like "we'll see about that" to give them an excuse to continue enjoying their seduction. But be prepared for the sassalasses who will CALL YOUR BLUFF. This is the girl that'll come at you, through a wickedly wide smile, with "Oh, OK then, I don't want you to strike out, so see ya!"

The best reply is a simple one.

"Good call." Say it with an equally disarming smile and a wink, then leave her. You want to convey an impression of total state control, as if this was the response you were expecting from her and are grateful to receive, rather than leave in an acrid mist of bitterness. 9 TIMES OUT OF 10 the sassalass will call out for you to come back. When that happens, you're in the driver's seat. Now YOU are being chased and SHE is the chaser. And she and you will feel this change in the complexion of the seduction down to your sinews. Romantic aspirations become must easier and smoother to fulfill when the woman is implicitly soliciting the love of the man, instead of the usual way these things go.

Trump Was Right. Women Will "Let You Grab Them" (If You're A Rich And Famous Alpha Male)

CH · 12 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's good to be alpha. Women will let you do things to them that would make Harvey Weinstein fertilize the nearest potted plant.

Beta males should watch this video below for real world proof showing how cute, "good" girls honestly and naturally react in the company of an alpha male. What gets lost in the moral panic about famous men groping women is that, like Trump said, the women LET THEM DO IT. Ben Affleck is to women what a random HB10 is to men: a passcode that unlocks the sexes' most primal desires.

If you walked up to a girl like that as a total stranger and, after introducing yourself, drunkenly grabbed her all over like Affleck is doing here, I think you can guess what would happen to you.

Fame Game and Power Game are unstoppable arousal triggers and disinhibition stimuli of female sexual desire.

Untutored beta males and insol bitterbitches need to see this side of women, because it's routinely hidden from social consciousness by anti-male propaganda and by women themselves who don't want their depraved natures exposed to idealistic young betas who may be their provider hubby fall-backs in ten years time after the cock carousel has made them sore. That pussy pedestal requires a lot of good PR to keep its squeaky clean vajeen sheen.

Male power is both intimidating and intoxicating to women, and as I have argued (and others like commenter PA have as well) the rush of women into the workforce has undermined marriage and poisoned relations between women and the mass of betas who don't glitter with fame and power, by exposing so many women to alpha male bosses.

Keep in mind that in women there is the natural pleasurable impulse to submit to a dominant man…it's instinctual really… so when you read women who describe such men as "intimidating", know that the intimidation psychologically strikes women much differently than it strikes men who would be the natural competitors or worker drones of powerful men. When a woman meets an "intimidating" man there is a part of her that is sexually and romantically aroused, and if conditions are right that part will flourish and manifest at the expense of the cautious part of her. When a man meets an intimidating man, he is aroused to fight, fold, or flee, all of these reactions serving in their particular ways to guard his honor, preserve his dignity, and spare his social status. Sometimes even spare his life.

The Lesbian, Ugly Woman, And Jewish Origins Of Feminism

CH · 12 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The original feminist, Mary Wollstonecraft, was very likely a closeted lesbian.

> Two friendships shaped Wollstonecraft's early life. The first was with Jane Arden in Beverley. The two frequently read books together and attended lectures presented by Arden's father, a self-styled philosopher and scientist. Wollstonecraft revelled in the intellectual atmosphere of the Arden household and valued her friendship with Arden greatly, sometimes to the point of being emotionally possessive. Wollstonecraft wrote to her: **"I have formed romantic notions of friendship … I am a little singular in my thoughts of love and friendship; I must have the first place or none."[5] In some of Wollstonecraft's letters to Arden, she reveals the volatile and depressive emotions that would haunt her throughout her life.**[6]
>
> The second and more important friendship was with Fanny (Frances) Blood, introduced to Wollstonecraft by the Clares, a couple in Hoxton who became parental figures to her; Wollstonecraft credited Blood with opening her mind.[7] Unhappy with her home life, Wollstonecraft struck out on her own in 1778 and accepted a job as a lady's companion to Sarah Dawson, a widow living in Bath. However, Wollstonecraft had trouble getting along with the irascible woman (an experience she drew on when describing the drawbacks of such a position in *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*, 1787). In 1780 she returned home, called back to care for her dying mother.[8] Rather than return to Dawson's employ after the death of her mother, Wollstonecraft moved in with the Bloods. She realized during the two years she spent with the family that she had idealized Blood, who was more invested in traditional feminine values than was Wollstonecraft. But Wollstonecraft remained dedicated to her and her family throughout her life (she frequently gave pecuniary assistance to Blood's brother, for example).[9]
>
> Wollstonecraft had envisioned living in a female utopia with Blood; they made plans to rent rooms together and support each other emotionally and financially, but this dream collapsed under economic realities.

[image]

The gaydar AI algorithm would peg this face as a rugmuncher mug.

Wollstonecraft married, but in the 18th Century it would have been common for lesbians and gays to marry into heterosexual relationships.

The origin of modern feminism — the particularly nasty and virulent form of feminism that seeks to invert the sexual market to the perceived benefit of ugly women by removing all constraints on female sexuality and stripping moral agency from women, while maximally restricting and pathologizing male sexuality and burdening men with all moral responsibility — was disproportionately a Jewish and ugly woman movement. The book that begat modern feminism was *The Feminine Mystique*, by Jewish woman Betty Friedan.

What followed in Friedan's wake was a freak parade of uglier and uglier women fronting the modern feminist agenda, and enacting their warped vision of the sexes into policy (e.g. Title IX).

Steve Sailer argues feminism is a WASP concept, and 20th Century Jewish immigration and dominance in media and Hollywood actually delayed the triumph of feminism (seen in the WASPs passing Female Suffrage and Prohibition), because Jewish men, like all Semitic men, evolved in a patriarchal and ethnocentric culture and didn't see a need to extend respect to shiksas.

Maybe proto-feminism is WASPy, but that doesn't explain the Jewishness of modern feminism, unless one considers Jewish feminism an ethnic-scale case of intratribal negative transference. Jewish female feminists were rebelling against their patriarchal religion (and seething with resentment against their Jewish men lusting after

pretty Gentile women), but as is the wont of their tribe they organized their resistance around defiance of the Gentile soft-patriarchy culture of comfortably accepted sex roles and sex-based preferences, instead of targeting their attacks against their own Swinesteins. They transferred the cause of their bad feelings onto the contemptible goyium.

Jewish-led feminism was actually a reaction to their own anti-feminist ethnic culture. But since Jewish men, like all men, are more interested than are women in acquiring status and power to exchange for sex, the heights of industries like Hollywood filled with patriarchal Jewish men instead of feminist Jewish women.

That's not the end of the story. Jewish men eventually caught on that hypocritically espousing the radical feminism of their tribeswomen was a great stick with which to beat goy society and poison relations between Gentile men and their women….and also to fool naive feminists into bed using the "Hugo Schwyzer" male feminist ruse. If you're a casting couch sleazebag running a de facto brothel for skanky actress wannabes, posturing like a champion of women's lib is an effective way to keep the heat off you and your whores satisfied with a pittance of hush money and empty promises.

When one sees feminism, and especially modern feminism, through the lens of homosexuality, ugliness, and Jewishness, the tenets and demands of the twisted ideology begin to make sense.

Lesbians resent men. They love feminism because they want to be men in every way that matters, and that means they have a stake in undermining sex-differentiated norms and even sexual dichotomy.

Lesbian Feminism is the agenda of making unfeminine women into second rate men rather than first rate women.

Ugly women resent pretty women. They love feminism because they want to reduce the competitive advantages pretty women enjoy by enforcing equality and uniformity among women. Ugly women also love feminism because they understand on a deep level that they are too ugly to find a provider husband and must pursue careerism to collect the resources themselves.

Ugly Woman Feminism is the agenda of pitting the bottom quarter of women against the top three quarters of women.

Jewish women resent their patriarchal culture and Gentile social norms. They love feminism because it subverts the traditions of their ethnic religion and gives them cover to corrupt the benignly sex-differentiated Christian culture which largely rejects the radical value system of Jewish women.

Jewish Feminism is the agenda of delegitimizing patriarchal Judaism/Semitism and of poisoning the benevolent sexism of Christian Gentile culture.

Put those three origins of modern (and proto-) feminism together — the lesbian, the ugly, and the Jewish — into one monstrous frankenshrew, and you get intersectional insanity like "white male privilege", the UVA rape hoax scandal, and the constant invocation of the mythological discriminatory "wage gap". Not to mention the gross anti-male injustice known as the family court industrial complex.

PS Even WASP feminism is tainted in origin. Prohibition was a failure, and Female Suffrage has inarguably shifted America politically leftward and into the waiting petri dish of Poz.

Women Create Drama To Socially And Sexually Bond

CH · 13 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An eccentric psychosocial study reveals an abiding truth about women and indirectly validates a core Game concept.

> Emotional arousal when watching drama increases pain threshold and social bonding
>
> Fiction, whether in the form of storytelling or plays, has a particular attraction for us: we repeatedly return to it and are willing to invest money and time in doing so. Why this is so is an evolutionary enigma that has been surprisingly underexplored. We hypothesize that emotionally arousing drama, in particular, triggers the same neurobiological mechanism (the endorphin system, reflected in increased pain thresholds) that underpins anthropoid primate and human social bonding. We show that, compared to subjects who watch an emotionally neutral film, subjects who watch an emotionally arousing film have increased pain thresholds and an increased sense of group bonding.

Wew cads. Let's lick our way to the sploogy goodness at the center of this study.

The shared experience of drama increases pain tolerance and bonding among (active or passive) participants.

Drama.

Drama queens.

Girls.

Shit tests.

Connecting the dots?

> We used an emotionally intense made-for-TV film (*Stuart: A Life Backwards*; 90 min), based on a real-life personal story [38]. The film portrays the life story of Stuart, a disabled and homeless child abuse survivor, often in harrowing detail, and provides a disturbing insight into how a disabled child could end up being driven to prison, drugs, hopelessness, a life on the streets and eventual suicide. In all, 169 participants (101 females; mean age = 24.8 ± 10.2 years, range 18–72) watched the film in a small theatre environment in groups of varying size (mean 11.3, range 2–49). As a control condition, 68 participants (42 females; mean age = 29.7 ± 12.3 years) watched two documentaries (*The Museum of Life, Episode One* (BBC, 2010; 60 min) and *Landscape Mysteries: In Search of Irish Gold* (BBC, 2008; 30 min))

CH and other PUAs have long contended that the female shit test is a form of flirtation that women use to filter out weak defensive men and select for self-confident jerkboys, and as such should be viewed as an opportunity for, rather than an obstacle to, romance.

What this research highlights is the essential need of humans, and particularly of women, for drama as social glue and pain reduction. Women shit test male suitors to CREATE THE DRAMA THEY NEED TO SOCIALLY AND LATER SEXUALLY BOND WITH A MAN, and to reduce the pain of hastily acquiescing their vaginas to a passionate impulse.

The shit test is a dramatic fiction novel written by a woman on-the-fly, to bond her more strongly to you as the mutual seduction plays out to its welcome end. Men who take shit tests personally have a complete misunderstanding of it, thinking it's a personal attack. When they act butthurt or spiteful in reaction, the bonding spell is broken; the woman has lost her partner in drama. But the man who knows that shit tests are a woman's invitation to keep telling your story and ramping up her buying temperature with dramatic plot lines, twists, and

temporary impasses, is the man who will laugh off her shit tests and amplify them to absurdity. Drama.

Seduction is manipulation, and manipulation is goal-oriented communication. To be complicit in one's seduction is to know the destination but demand the scenic route. A woman wants the scenic route because that's where the best stories are made and told.

Witnesses Go Missing Or Dead After The Mandalay Bay Massacre

CH · 16 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Was Stephen Paddock the lone perpetrator of the Mandalay Bay massacre? I don't know, but the recent spate of missing or deceased eyewitnesses who defied the deep state narrative that Paddock was the only shooter has me questioning everything about the official line on this crime of the century.

Eyewitness A (deceased): Kymberley Suchomel

*A woman by the name **Kymberley Suchomel**, 28, who attended the Oct. 1 Route 91 Harvest Music Festival, passed away Monday at her Apple Valley home just days after she had survived the deadliest mass shooting in modern U.S. history unscathed, reports say.*

Suchomel, who posted her eyewitness account of the Las Vegas massacre in astonishingly vivid detail to her Facebook page on Oct. 4, subsequently passed away in her home on Oct. 9 from what reports are claiming were 'natural causes.'

Shockingly just days before her death, Suchomel posted key details about the shooting to Facebook contradicting the official narrative that **Stephen Paddock** is a lone gunman. […]

Additionally, the eyewitness reported that she was running with her group alongside "Tropicana Avenue" when a 'dark-colored SUV' slowed and a 'smaller Hispanic woman' emerged from the window to "taunt" her group.

> "[She] leans out the window, and she yells something we couldn't understand in a clearly taunting manner. It really freaked us out, because again, we didn't know who we could and could not trust," the eyewitness explained.

Could this 'smaller Hispanic woman' have been the same 'short Hispanic lady' reported by another eyewitness to have threatened concertgoers 30-45 minutes before the shooting started? […]

Update: After the time of this article's publishing Suchomel's post is "no longer available."

Eyewitness B (missing, accounts scrubbed): Chad Nishimura

> Moanike'ala Nabarro, a reporter for KITV4 and ABC affiliate wrote a story recently that has been wiped from the internet. The story was regarding the valet worker named Chad Nishimura who parked Paddock's car and told Nabarro that he chatted with Paddock briefly before parking his vehicle.
>
> Well, that story has been completely scrubbed from the internet. Even more strange is the fact that social media accounts for Nishimura have been deleted as well.
>
> According to the ABC affiliate's report, Nishimura told the ABC Affiliate that Paddock ***"seemed normal"*** and that he ***"didn't have any bags with him upon arrival."*** People are tweeting about the deleted story… […]
>
> When we searched to speak with Nishimura, we found that all social media accounts for him have also been deleted from the internet. Even his Linkedin profile has been deleted.

Eyewitness C (missing): Jesus Campos

> The Mandalay Bay security guard who disappeared last week moments before he was scheduled to break his silence in television interviews has not been seen since he went to a walk-in health clinic, his union president said.
>
> David Hickey of the Security, Police, and Fire Professionals of America (SPFPA) told reporters Friday that he got a text the night before saying Jesus Campos was taken to a UMC Quick Care facility, though he did not

> specify where or whom the text came from.
>
> A spokesperson at the UMC Quick Care, which has eight locations throughout the Las Vegas area, told Fox News on Monday that they had “heard nothing” about Campos visiting them.

Campos has also claimed there was more than one shooter.

In perhaps related news, it looks like the Globalist Deep State killed the reporter investigating the Panama Papers scandal.

> A journalist who led the Panama Papers offshore tax evasion expose was killed today when a bomb blew up her car.
>
> Investigative reporter Daphne Caruana Galizia – dubbed a “one-woman WikiLeaks” – was killed as she was driving near the village of Bidnija in northern Malta.
>
> She had filed a complaint to police a fortnight ago after receiving personal threats to her safety, local media said.
>
> Caruana Galizia ran a hugely popular blog relentlessly highlighting cases of alleged corruption, often involving politicians from the Mediterranean island nation.
>
> In Malta, she had led the coverage of the Panama Papers, a leak of millions of legal documents last year detailing financial details of offshore entities used by the rich and powerful to avoid tax.

The Panama Papers revealed the network of international banks that the globalist elite use to park their money offshore and evade taxes (or launder ill-gotten gains). The Clintons “have multiple connections with people named in the papers“. The Panama Papers also reveal a Clinton connection to the Kremlin and the Russian financial institution Sberbank, via the Podesta Group. Can you say “psychological projection” and “misdirection”?

I, myself, wrote and published this post from an offshore kiosk through multiple proxies and Tor nodes. One can never be too careful when taking on the Democrat-Globohomo-Deep State Collective. Godspeed, President Trump. You are up against malevolent forces that defy credulity.

STOP MASS IMMIGRATION

CH · 16 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This video is the most effective bit of pro-White European COPROP I've seen to date. You don't even see the colonizing hordes in the video…you don't have to, because you know that's the dark shadow that lurks in the background…and this artistic choice gives the video greater power. The evil is all around us, choking us like dirty air, driving us from our homes.

Unfortunately, I can't hot link the video to WordPress, because Twatter has likely shadowbanned the account which pinned it. Catch it now before it too, like all the Great and Beautiful Truths, is stamped out by our perfidious overlords.

Here's a link to the video on PewTube.

The Myth Of The Proposition Nation

CH · 16 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Those Who Can See has crafted a tour de force of a post exposing the lie behind the myth that America was founded as a "proposition nation". The truth is that America was founded for and by Anglo-Saxons, and the propositions were meant *for them* because our Founders knew that the noble ideas endowing America were *of them*.

TWCS dismantles the belief that America is a nation born of universalist principles with a reminder that the "proposition nation" idea didn't appear in the social consciousness until the mid-19th Century, when non-WASP immigration was rising,

> The idea that the U.S. was meant to become a League of Nations *avant l'heure* dates back to the mid 19th century, when America's first nativist party, the 'Know-Nothings,' agitated against Catholic immigrants (both Irish and German). They were lambasted by people like George Julian, VP candidate:
>
> *'Know Nothingism . . . tramples down the doctrine of human brotherhood. It judges men by the accidents of their condition, instead of* ***striving to find a common lot for all, with a common access to the blessings of life.****' (1)*

The proposition nation was an expedient rhetorical gambit for the nation's 19th Century nascent oligarchs demanding cheap Southern and Eastern European labor.

The seed of race-blind national suicide was planted in America after the mass immigration of the late 19th Century:

> By the 1912 presidential election, Woodrow Wilson was currying favor with his new electorate by trumpeting:
>
> *'America has, so to say, opened its doors and extended its welcome to men who were Americans everywhere in the world.* ***She has invited all the free forces of the modern civilized peoples to come to America*** *where men can be free, and where all free forces can unite and forget all their differences of origins.'* [. . .]
>
> But even a 'proposition nation' man like Wilson wasn't a true multiculturalist—he did not extend this welcome to Blacks or Asians:
>
> *'The whole question is one of assimilation of diverse races. We cannot make a homogeneous population out of* ***people who do not blend with the Caucasian race.'***
>
> These days, things have gone so far that we're being told that *not* letting masses of Mexicans or Africans into our countries is the equivalent of turning away the Jews in 1940, or runaway slaves in 1840.

Skypists claiming that America easily absorbed previous waves of non-Anglo immigrants are full of schmaltz:

> Open-borderists argue: 'In the 19th century we absorbed enormous waves of immigrants with no problem at all. Why would we turn anyone away now?'
>
> 'No problem at all'? Americans who lived through that era would find such a characterization surprising to say the least.
>
> As a matter of fact, then as now, alien groups brought their character and governance styles with them. The result, as we shall see, was far from smooth sailing.

TWCS documents the enormously negative pecuniary and social toll mass Irish and Italian — and now mestizo — immigration levied and still levies on the American republic. To this day, we groan under the legacy of corrupt Irish machine politics and the Southern Italian mafia, though sustained interbreeding with Anglo Whites may have at last pacified the Outer Hajnal ethnic Whites and moved them closer to the Anglo norm for civic behavior and the

"temperate love of liberty" that Thomas Jefferson considered essential to republicanism.

Ironically, 2017 America may have crossed a second rubicon in which our salvation will only come from incorporating more Outer Hajnal White blood into the Anglo-SJW swath of White America. We've reached a dangerous dissolution point of Extreme Diversity that requires a vaccination shot of Lesser Diversity to save our mortal nation.

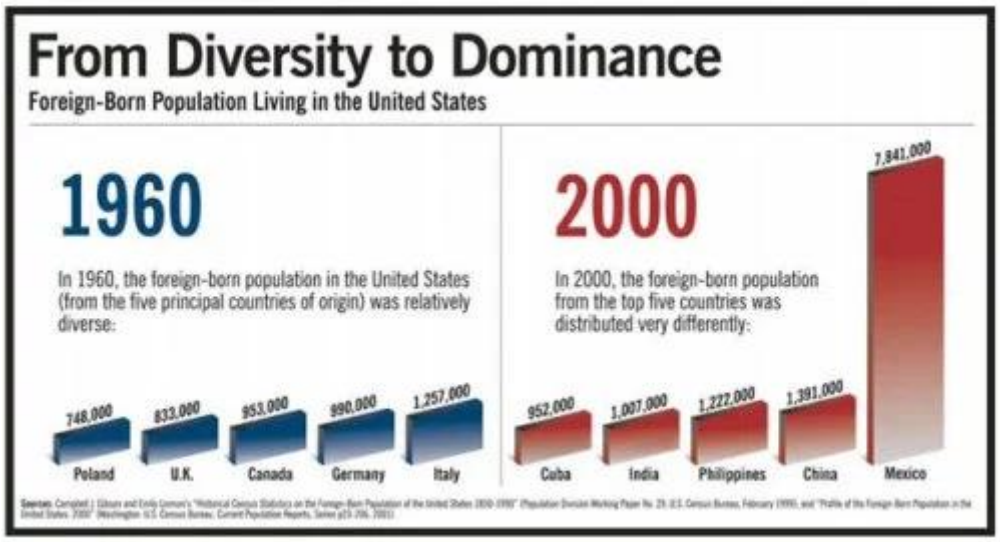
The unprecedented waves of South / East European and Irish migration in the late 1800s rattled America deeply. They should have. The country's founding stock were at that time threatened with eclipse. Were these people assimilable?

Some say *no*–that this era marked the beginning of the end of our great Anglo-Protestant republican experiment.

Some say *yes*--that after turning off the tap in 1924, many of the foreign groups who weren't already 'marrying out' were suddenly forced to do so. This intermingling between higher- and lower-trust Euro groups led to a 'leveling' by which today, globally, American Whites are behaviorally and cognitively similar to modern NW Europeans. Wiki:

An analysis of Census information and immigration records would suggest that ***62% of White Americans today are of British Isles descent, and a total of 86% are of Northwestern European origins****. Approximately 14% of U.S. whites are of southern and eastern European ancestry.*

Since 1965, of course, our all-European 'melting pot' of yore has taken a decidedly different flavor:



The intermingling of ethnic Whites in America into a generic "White American" ethnicity, paradoxically, makes "White Nationalism" more salient here than it would be in European countries manifestly constituted to reflect the unique ethnicities of the people who reside in those nations and call the land their ancestral homes.

> Humans are not interchangeable. The accidents of history, of our culture, and yes, even our genes have helped make us who we are and our societies what they are. If we treasure the liberal democratic systems we've inherited, let us have the good common sense to think carefully about just who we allow into that 'delicate fabric.'

TWCS echoes what I wrote here:

> Culture does not spring up out of the ground unseeded, like a summoned monolith. Human genetic disposition seeds the ground and creates culture, unleashing a macro feedback loop where culture and genes interact in perpetuity. Those "cultural judgments" [the leftoids] recoil from are actually subconscious reinforcements of

> ancient biological truths.

The less Anglo-Saxon America becomes, the less American America becomes, unless you dilute the definition of “American” to encompass any cultural and political expression under the sun. There are certain people who work tirelessly to memory hole America’s founding and replace the vacuum with the rotting fruits of their Freakqualism worldview. We can’t let them do that. They must be stopped.

Psychocreep Hillary

CH · 16 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Julian Assange notices the same thing about hillary clinton that I've noticed for a long time: she's a psychopathic creep. But the gaystream media has done a great PR job hiding and massaging the demonic nature of thecunt's personality.

> There's something wrong with Hillary Clinton. It is not just her constant lying. It is not just that she throws off menacing glares and seethes thwarted entitlement. Watch closely. Something much darker rides along with it. A cold creepiness rarely seen. https://t.co/JNw2dkXgdu
>
> — Julian Assange □ (@JulianAssange) October 15, 2017

I wouldn't be surprised if it was revealed in the post-Clown World world on the way very soon now, that thecunt really did order the targeted killings of family and political opponents. When thecunt dies, Satan will hire the gaystream media as a spin doctor to stop her from making him look good.

This face, fam…

[image]

…is what greets you on a stick at the end of Doom, or in the previously unpublished version of Dante's Tenth Circle of Hell. (Imagine that feel when you defeat the Prince of Darkness only to be ushered into a deeper supernatural plane of evil to face the Real Antichrist, and she's wearing a "nasty woman" t-shirt.)

Speaking of Satan (and not unrelated to the HOT topic of this post), meet the latest virtue sniveling shitlib intervention to teach your children well:

[image]

From @Aquinas:

> This was story time at Long Beach Public Library yesterday. Funded by tax payers, to normalize your children to satanism and sodomy.
>
> Always part of the plan.

I heard a chirpy cunt on one of the shitlib radio news shows earnestly trying to normalize this level of kiddie abuse degeneracy agitprop. "The kids know it's fun and laugh along with it! how can you deny a child happiness?"

Kids will nervously laugh at a lot of disgusting shit, that doesn't mean you help them wallow in it you dumb bish. I dunno call me old school, but opening a portal to satanic tranny freaks to read little kids anti-natural order propaganda about two million genders and zero races is the sort of cultural regress that in a saner time would provoke a full body politic immune reaction. For now, everyone throws up their arms and sighs heavily. For now.

Has America Hit Peak Obesity Yet? (nope, still growing)

CH · 16 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

One immense and expanding frontline in the War of Beauty vs Ugliness is the obesity epidemic, which threatens to consume every last american in an orgy of consumption. From the CDC's latest "Obesity and Overweight Report in the US", via a Gaystream Media tentacle:

> A troubling new report released Friday by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention shows that almost 40 percent of American adults and nearly 20 percent of adolescents are obese — the highest rates ever recorded for the U.S.
>
> "It's difficult to be optimistic at this point," said Dr. Frank Hu, chair of the Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health. "The trend of obesity has been steadily increasing in both children and adults despite many public health efforts to improve nutrition and physical activity." […]
>
> Overall, 70.7 percent of Americans are either overweight or obese, meaning that an unhealthy weight has become the norm, with normal weight Americans — a BMI of less than 25 — now in the minority.

The Eloi and the Morlocks. The elves and the orcs. The SWPLs and the rest.

Bad news, readers. Ugliness is winning. Beauty is in retreat.

In the US, squatemalan reconquista drives a lot of the growth in overweight and obese "Americans", but if you consult the CDC source data you'll discover that White women and even Waifu-Americans are getting fatter, too. No one race is untouched by the scourge of the calorie splurge.

Government intervention could help turn this around, but that would require rolling back significant sectors of modernity to a quasi-premodern stage. Is the Chamber of Commerce Party ready to accept punishing regulations on the sale of sugar, wheat, and soy, or anti-monopoly actions to rein in Big Agriculture? Is NIH or CDC ready to give full support to inverting the anti-fat, pro-carbface USDA food pyramid to one that is healthier for all Americans? What about the public? Are they ready for societal assaults on open borders to the Girth World and the en masse relocation of prime fertility women from home and hearth to the workforce?

All these trends have contributed to the obesity crisis. But instead we live in Round Clown World where fatties are accepted, normalized, and glorified, and men are shamed for their natural sexual desire to prefer slender babes. Instead of fixing the problem, we have committed ourselves to MAKING THE PROBLEM A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE.

"When in a hole, keep digging until you've carved out the beating heart of your nation and sacrificed it to a portly Aztec god", should be the motto of the Freakqualist Left.

Physiognomy Quiz: Guess The Personality (Plus Thoughts On The Gaystream Media)

CH · 17 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Reader OldFart asked me what I thought of this face:

Physiognomy is the word to describe the face as an index of the character and personality. It is the science — yes, the SCIENCE — of inferring personality traits from facial composition.

My thoughts on Des Shoe's mug and what it reveals of her innermost nature:

- manjaw
- unsmiling, sneering duck lips
- beady, sociopath eyes
- ample nose
- bangable in a fuck piston sort of way, not a marriage material way
- and last but not yeast, she's got the thousand cock stare

Her hair is a natural color and she isn't sporting a bull ring, so I figure she's not yet fully subsumed into the whore borg.

Verdict: unprincipled urban gogrrl careerthot with pretensions of uber-feminist "resistance" to the Trumpening. Speculative, based on the aforementioned physiognomic details: she has a rifled vagina from a full clip of phalluses firing off inside her.

Let's see if I hit the bulls-eye.

Project Veritas has released a video of the *New York Times* Homepage Editor Des Shoe, who was caught on hidden-camera admitting that the *Times* has a liberal bias and attacking President Donald Trump and Vice President Mike Pence. This is part three of their American Pravda NYT investigation.

When confronted with the notion that during the election, *The Times*' front page, for which she is responsible, was completely focused around Trump. She tells the undercover journalist that NYT reporters tried to influence the election with their reporting:

> "I think one of the things that maybe journalists were thinking about is like…Oh, if we write about him, about

> how insanely crazy he is and how ludicrous his policies are, then maybe people will read it and be like, oh wow, we shouldn't vote for him."

She admits that the *New York Times* has a clearly defined liberal-leaning bias: "*The New York Times* is not…I mean, it's widely understood to be liberal-leaning. But, American newspapers are not supposed to claim a bias, they're supposed to be objective."

[…]

She also tells the undercover journalist that reporting objectively is simply too difficult for the *Times*: "Our main stories are supposed to be objective. It's very difficult in this day and age to do that."

Shoe blames the business model for the *New York Times*' lack of fact-based reporting:

> "This is what I was trying to say is like the last couple years it's changed for the bad…

> "I think the business model itself is just… there's so much panic about what to do that, you know, what else is a company supposed to do?

> "That's the conundrum…is that a business model, in this time is built on what the readers want."

The *New York Times* senior homepage editor goes on to explain the positive effect of Trump's victory: "Since the election, like you know…Speaking on, you know, for *The New York Times*, our subscriptions have sky-rocketed since…I mean, they call it the Trump bump."

[…]

Shoe finally goes on to explain her personal biases against President Trump, "I feel like Trump is…is just a…is sort of an idiot in a lot of ways. Just an oblivious idiot."

She also attacks Vice President Mike Pence, implying that his religious beliefs make him unfit to lead:

> "If you impeach him, then Pence becomes President, Mike Pence, who's f***ing horrible…I think maybe, possibly worse than Trump.

> "He's extremely, extremely religious. He [Pence] at one point backed a bill that hinted at conversion therapy for gay people…Which is like electrocution, stuff like that."

LOL. When memes become real.

Des Shoe is a Southern transplant (gleaned from her Twatter bio) with what appears to be a high T hormonal profile acquired either prenatally or while immersed in the careercunt subculture. Personal details were hard to come by, so I don't know if she's still single and careening to a cat lady retirement or married to a betaphag. Her PR face shot is far prettier than her live action face in Project Veritas' video, so my guess is that as a mediocre looker she gets pumped and dumped a lot by drunk Manhattan chads having an off night, and spends the aftermath rationalizing her romantic failures as a blow for shrew empowerment. It's a good bet she has participated in one or more slut walks.

My physiognomy analysis was close to the mark, eh? She's a cog in the worst shitlib propaganda machine in the world, a Trump hater, a rainbow coalition platitude pusher, and has forsaken a calm family life in her hometown for the gritty clitty bottomless brunch abattoir of shattered peak fertility windows.

***

It won't surprise erudite and learned guests of the Chateau that anti-White message makers like the NewYorkChaims have been reduced to running their operations like Feedbuzz clickbait warehouses and therefore totally destroying their reputation as serious journalism, given that ad blockers are killing the online revenue generation model. (You better have an ad blocker installed, asshole, or be ready to turn in your shitlord card.)

What should also be understood is that it takes two to tango. The shitlib gaystream media doesn't operate in a vacuum. Sure, the craven ideological bias and tribal disposition of the vast majority of journowhores practically assures a left-wing slant to the news, but the utter implosion of journalistic integrity and ethics wouldn't be as spectacular as it has become without a willing shitlib audience who hungers for the swill that the media are ladling into their rattled cortical cages.

The media can be cleansed of shitlibs to help restore objectivity and sanity to the news, but that won't solve the demand side of the freakquation: there is a needy and vocal American subpopulation — rootless cosmopolitans and virtue sniveling SWPLs — willing to financially prop up anti-White leftoid equalist bullshit """"reporting"""" for the happy feelz it gives them. As long as those people exist, and they are eager to jettison any expectation of standards from their news sources as long as they are imbibing news that assuages their egos, then there will be media outlets ready to serve them.

The solution is not clear, but it has to include delegitimizing the concept of a "mainstream media", so that shitlibs can no longer comfort themselves that the news they seek out is anything close to a consensus opinion. The readership of Bezos' personal blog has to feel that they are trapped in an insular newsiverse that just may not be giving them the whole truth.

Long-term, I think the only lasting solution to a debauched partisan media will be secession, either formally or culturally. Freedom of association and organically emergent segregation are the future of multiracial bus depots like America. We'll either have separate countries with our separate folk-owned and -run news sources, or we'll have de facto genocultural nations within the boundary of our American nation that effectively filter news sources to appeal to the like-minded residents living in each largely self-governing canton.

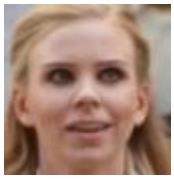
The Thousand Tingle Ogle

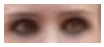
CH · 17 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Thousand Cock Stare is the vacant crazy-eyed unhinged look that women get when they've slutted it up too much and the cavalry of cockas have left psychic scars. It's a dead womb walking sheen of the eyes that is similar in soul-skinning affect to the "thousand-yard stare" that soldiers manifest when they've spent too much time in the charnel fields.

Thankfully, there's a beautiful inverse of the thousand cock stare that alights on lovely women who've devoted their hearts and parts to one man. That is the "thousand tingle ogle". Any man who has seduced a woman to reckless love knows that look. It's the look that is at once arousing and comforting to a man, for it says simultaneously, "she will gobble my knob, and no one else's". It's the eyes of a woman who has wedded her lust to her love. Powerful stuff.

A perfect instance of the thousand tingle ogle was caught on camera after a major election win for the forces of Goodness and Whiteness. Count the tingles arcing across the insufferable void between them as pro-nationalist Austrian wünderkind Sebastian Kurz is admired by his girlfriend:





Trump gets that look from women a lot, too. It's the ocular equivalent of "I'll let him grab me by the pussy when we get home".

Update On Our Lesser Beta Of The Month: Sissy-Shaming For The Win

CH · 17 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Sissy-shaming works. From a reader, an update on CH's Lesser Beta of the Month:

> You must really have done a number on that AndrewHuthFruit™! He completely privatised his Facebook, restricted comments on his instagram, and took down his photoblog! One incisive flick of the CH shiv was enough for this cowardly fucker to completely turtle! Well done.

Good. That was the goal. Another mewling mangina trawling for online attention from bitter feminists falls to the Shaming Shiv.

What I DESPISE to my very being are Agents of Ugliness, Messengers of Mutation, Heralds of Hideousness. And Lords of Lies. If a loser accepts the truth of his low station in life and works to improve him or herself, I salute them. I encourage their efforts. But losers who lie that their loserdom is normal, even exceptional, and that their betters should bow and scrape before the ugliness they want to visit on the world, well…they get the shiv.

Male feminists are a loser subspecies. They spread lies about the sexes, and their grotesque rhetoric defying the natural order gives succor to spiteful cunts and gutless worms, who then spread the lies to innocents like a viral infection, lethal to those of weak will. Meanwhile, the onslaught of ugliness, weaponized by a complicit Gaystream Media and attention whoring accelerants like Faceborg and Instawhore, cows the remnant believers in Beauty, until the mutants have occupied the public consciousness, screeching their Pyrrhic victory over common sense and dignity.

Yeah fuck dat noize. The Chateau stands athwart the Disfigurement Delegation, smirking "lol suck a dick, freaks". I don't care if this blog is the last outpost of Beauty in the world, the message will be sent to the Fuggernaut in the teeth of active technopoly suppression of realtalkers that there is no safe space for them as long as the Shiv of Plain Speaking is free to unsheathe. The front lines are everywhere.

So to the Andrew Huths of the Mutant Mafia, I say good riddance. Your social media helicopter ride was the necessary sacrifice to discourage the others who might have similar urges to traffic in civilization-wrecking and romance-killing lies. The seep of your stank is turned back at the gates of this humble abode.

Clintons Accept Russia Bribes, Comey Lies, Media Hides

CH · 18 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Russia-Trump collusion narrative is a gigantic case study in shitlib and Clintonista psychological projection, misdirection, and straight-up false accusation by Hillary Clinton and her demonic surrogates including John Podesta, James Comey, and now likely Robert Mueller.

> Mueller and Rosenstein were on the CFIUS committee that approved the sale despite knowing that, as The Hill reported, "Russian nuclear officials were engaged in a racketeering scheme involving bribes, kickbacks and money laundering," that also ensnared the Clinton Foundation.

There never was any Russia-Trump collusion; there is, however, Democrat-Russia-Clinton-Deep State-Gaystream Media collusion, finally coming to light.

The short of it: Russia bribed American officials — notably the Clintons, favored special prosecutor Mueller, and Gay Mulatto himself — to secure a 20% stake in American uranium deposits.

> Before the Obama administration approved a controversial deal in 2010 giving Moscow control of a large swath of American uranium, the FBI had gathered substantial evidence that Russian nuclear industry officials were engaged in bribery, kickbacks, extortion and money laundering designed to grow Vladimir Putin's atomic energy business inside the United States, according to government documents and interviews.
>
> Federal agents used a confidential U.S. witness working inside the Russian nuclear industry to gather extensive financial records, make secret recordings and intercept emails as early as 2009 that showed Moscow had compromised an American uranium trucking firm with bribes and kickbacks in violation of the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act, FBI and court documents show.
>
> They also obtained an eyewitness account — backed by documents — indicating Russian nuclear officials had routed millions of dollars to the U.S. designed to **benefit former President Bill Clinton's charitable foundation during the time Secretary of State Hillary Clinton served on a government body that provided a favorable decision to Moscow**, sources told The Hill.

Yes, thecunt knows how devious the Russians are because SHE WORKED WITH THEM in violation of US law! It takes a colluder to know a colluder.

From Zman:

> The Clinton Foundation has always looked like a money laundering operation.
>
> […]
>
> There are a number of possibilities here. One is incompetence by Clinton. Her team may have started the "Russian hacking" chant without realizing that it would lead back to this deal. That's another trait of Hillary Clinton. She screws up everything she touches. Going back to her days on the Watergate committee as an entry level staffer, he career is one foul up after another. The only thing she has done well is stay married to Bill. That's how she stays out of jail and how she keeps getting shot to run another scam.
>
> The more likely answer, though, is the old Progressive habit of accusing others of the very thing they are doing. In this case, she was willing to do business with the Russians, so she just assumed the other side was too. Perhaps it is evidence of a guilty mind or maybe it is something else, but Progressives have a habit, an instinct, for accusing their enemies of crimes committed by Progressives. It muddies the waters and that may be the sole purpose. It is another way of shifting the focus.

Of course, the Cunt Queen will chastise les deplorablés for blowing up “mere conincidences”, but it’s too late for her flim-flamming. See through her we do. (Speaking of thecunt’s perfidy, what’s the latest on the Seth Rich murder investigation? Hmmm?)

Meanwhile, Trump has lowered the boom on that Clinton shill Comey:

> Wow, FBI confirms report that James Comey drafted letter exonerating Crooked Hillary Clinton long before investigation was complete. Many..
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 18, 2017

> …people not interviewed, including Clinton herself. Comey stated under oath that he didn’t do this-obviously a fix? Where is Justice Dept?
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 18, 2017

> As it has turned out, James Comey lied and leaked and totally protected Hillary Clinton. He was the best thing that ever happened to her!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 18, 2017

And where is the media in all this?

crickets

> The Senate Judiciary Committee has now launched a full scale investigation into the bribery scandal, although as The Hill columnist Joe Concha points out, the bombshell story is being ignored by the media.
>
> “This important & explosive story from Solomon and Spann of The Hill received exactly zero seconds of airtime on the evening newscasts,” he tweeted.

Man, I am so glad we have Jeff Bezos’ personal blog to keep our democracy from dying in the darkness!

In related Trumperica news, our main man has nominated an antitrust attorney to head the FTC. And if you listen closely, you can hear the soft pfft and pop of the media and silicon valley oligarchs shitting their buttplugs out.

God Game

CH · 19 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If you really want to mindfuck an urbanness girlie and instill the Good Lord's dread, after banging her out Saturday night, wake up early Sunday, get dressed, and tell her you're going to Church. She won't be able to stop texting you for the rest of the day.

If your local church is a cucky cheese, make a detour for the nearest pool hall.

Bonus God Game routine: After dressing in your Sunday best, kneel at the foot of your bed while she's still in it half-asleep, wondering if you're for real, and pray, "Dear Lord, wash the taint of carnal sin from me, and spare this woman your divine retribution. Show mercy on your wayward flock. Amen….Oh darlin' there's leftover pot roast in the fridge if you get hungry later."

Why does this work?

Chicks dig the jerk with a heart of gold. (Bust expectations to crest poon vibrations.)

The bigger reason is that sheilas get all confuse'd-like and tingly when their man ignores them for a higher purpose.

The beta mangina's credo is "there shall be no other god above me than the goddess whose pussy pedestal I swear to polish unto my last day", and we can see how arousing that is for women. (Not very.) But the jerkboy who knows the value of God Game has placed a higher power above pussy power.

In fact, I'm convinced that the abandonment of Christianity and rapid secularization of the West removed a critical pillar supporting the natural hierarchy from women -> man -> God. When man no longer had God's pearly gates to polish, his worship was redirected to the pussy below him. But women are constitutionally repulsed by men who worship them (being the object of worship goes against the inclination of women to submit to a sexy, dominant power), so secularism has had the knock on effect of hardening women's feelings toward the growing brigade of supplicating secular beta manginas. Women have become resentful of the pussy pedestals onto which their areligious men have placed them, and they have reacted to this unnatural state of no-affairs by lashing out at feeb betas and by themselves masculinizing to fill the masculinity void.

Natural born alpha male jerkboys who haven't lost that supernatural feeling know that God is the perfect foil for wanton woman, serving the role of the "other woman" who incites romance-intensifying jealousy and neediness in his earthly woman. God is an HB10 who shuns careerist cuntery for nurturing femininity and boundless few-strings-attached love. That's the source of some serous mortal female envy.

The areligious jerkboy is at least smart enough to have replaced God not with one woman, but with many women, so that the only pedestal he polishes is the shrine to his penis that resides in his heart.

The SurpriseCBM

CH · 20 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If girls are checking you out in public with love in their eyes and mist ‘twixt their thighs, it could be simply the case that you’ve got a ten foot hard-on walking ahead of you.

This happens when you’re daydreaming about last night. If you have an active, imaginative mind capable of weaving exquisite detail into a memory, you’ll often access those neural pleasure vaults that store steamy scenes of lovemaking, ancient and recent, while engaged in blissfully pedestrian activities, such as walking outdoors to get from place A to place B. Dulled by pre-collapse hedonistic pampering, you zone out to the thump of your playlist and recall in vivid hues that would be the envy of a weinstein bros production the girl you lacquered 18 hours ago. Your mind’s hand caresses her mesmerizingly rolling skinscape, exploring every hideaway, parting slick chrysalises, kissing lip and trough and mound, a stray nipple catching on your chest and springing away to resume its erect posture….

…and then you’ve got a boney. A big one. You look down and smile, because you’re not a soyboy ashamed of your surprise swole pole. Instead of concealing your insolence behind a stack of *Atlantics,* you milk your gristly thistle for all it’s worth, thrusting your crotch as far forward as it can go before you tip over backwards. Maybe you put your hands on hips to draw inattentive doe eyes to where they should be focused. A fat feminist shambles by, and practically salivates before remembering to be offended. You guffaw in her maw.

Personal space? That’s pleb talk. You have summoned a mighty pipe from your manly dendrites, and a gift as that should not go unnoticed.

Carrying A Girl Across The Bang Threshold

CH · 24 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

You've got a limbically lubed girl on your sofa. It's late, the tension is thick (your pants pleats have flattened out). Whoa, tiger! You should know that LMR (last minute resistance) is coming. Are you prepared? Reader Mason shares a very typical anecdote illustrating the precarious tightrope that men must walk between beta orbiter and alpha orificer.

> Dear Heartiste Proprietors,
>
> Please allow me to share a wonderful story of how I SO BADLY fucked up and found your blog, which led me to erase the traces of betadom that disrupted and ruined an obviously good opportunity.
>
> I met a cute brunette with blue eyes at an event and she talked about being "stressed about her long-distance relationship with her boyfriend".

FYI girls don't bring up problems with their relationships like this unless they are already one labia flap into the idea of cheating.

> We hit it off and I asked her to drop me home.
>
> I invited her to come up. She giggled.

The giggle is the loin wriggle vocalized.

> I have an apartment by the pool. She stood on my balcony and started talking about her problems, how she had anxiety disorder. I did some light kino by touching her feet (she had a weird foot band on) and putting her hands in my palms.
>
> She then came into my living room and sat down on my close sofa. And said hug me.

Don't be so quick to hug a woman who solicits it. That's a mild compliance test to see if you'd fit comfortably into the emotional tampon role instead of the sex god role. I'd have teased her, "hmmm, I dunno if you're ready….my hugs are potent." The idea is to get her begging for your hug, and in the mental space where she feels like she's chasing you.

> I did BUT immediately leaned in for a kiss like a moron. She backed off and said "I have a boyfriend".

That was predictable. What she flung out was classic beta bait. Specifically, she tried a version of the "fishing for flattery" ploy. She's "anxious" and "stressed" and wants reassurances from you that nothing that has happened — or will happen — is her fault.

> Now here's where I really fucked things up. I'm usually immaculately articulate but I just spaced out and sat back in my seat for an awkward 5 minutes. Her boyfriend messaged her and I told her not to take the text and she agreed. Now, despite my awkward silence for another 10 minutes she didn't leave and stayed plopped on my sofa with heavy breathing and even said "look at my hair, it's multi-colored", asking me to run through it.

You were getting hardcore signals to proceed carrying her to dizzying heights of ecstasy and to ignore whatever empty protests to the contrary she may have thought necessary to squeak out to make herself feel less like a slut. Her "I have a boyfriend" feint was the verbal equivalent of the gif above. *"I don't know how I wound up in his bed, I swear I told him I have a boyfriend!"*

She wants to feel desired again; obviously BF is not giving her that. But she won't just "cheat", so she'll structure her seduction in a way that absolves her of responsibility for her hoped-for surrender to you.

> I found your blog, Heartiste, and read through a hundred posts. I feel like an idiot because I thought that my typical dominant, aloof personality wouldn't work on the "sweet, shy, innocent" girls.

Liddl' betaboys with limited dating experience are often the ones to dishonestly and self-servingly assert that Game only helps men pick up bar skanks, but that is not true, unless they want to stipulate that skanks and non-skanks are essentially different sexes who respond to different male mate value cues. In fact, the girls that fall the hardest for jerkboy charm are the tingle-deprived "sweet" girls who otherwise languish in niceguyland where jerkboy charm is notably absent.

> I should have laughed off her silly first kiss rejection shit test and tried again. I should have negged her. She asked me to twirl her fucking hair. I should have escalated kino gradually, asking her to sit on my lap, then kissed her neck, and then kissed her, and then pulled away feigning disinterest. Your stuff is ALL on point.
>
> There's no way a girl would act this way in the hopes of gaining a "friend" or a beta orbiter, right?

There's only one way to find out. Force the issue. Make your intentions known, and if she's insincere she drop her bluff and forget all about her boyfriend.

> I mean, the fact that she came up to my room at 11:30pm and stayed for 2 hours alone makes me feel that this was an opportunity beyond obvious and I blew it.

Yes. Or she's a psychocunt who wanted to torture you with the scent of her lush womanhood and slap your probing lips away when you made a go at it. A (thankfully) tiny minority of women amuse themselves by tempting and

rejecting betas in an endless cycle of quasi-dominatrix humiliation.

> Nothing lights the fire in your loins (heh) like a rough encounter with reality. Unlike the larpers here I'm not going to pretend I'm a total alpha or anything like it. I'm a young 20s guy with alpha and beta traits and I'll have to weed out the latter.

This describes most men.

> Laugh at me and feel free to share the story with your readers, but goddamnit, I owe you a debt of gratitude for waking me the hell up.
>
> Cheers
> Mason

I won't laugh at you. The mistake you made wasn't unique to you; many such cases!

Lessons learned:

1. "I have a boyfriend" is an anti-slut defense if uttered within intimate contexts. If you hear it, relax. It means she's looking for an excuse to continue being with you. You should have replies at the ready. My favorites are "I don't care" and "right". Better yet, ignore her and plow when she drops that line. Don't give it the dignity of a direct response. Change the topic or shrug your shoulders or get yourself a beer from the fridge.
2. Always Be Escalating. If she murmurs to you to stop, don't. Physically escalate as long as she's giving in to it, and don't quit unless she's walking out your door in a hurry. Sure, offer token (and temporary) signals of compliance to her rebuffs, but don't get down on yourself, don't sulk, and don't think this means you have to keep your hands to yourself the rest of the night. If she's in your bedroom for two hours in the middle of the night, her last minute resistance (LMR) is a perfunctory obstacle she tosses in your way which she fully expects (and hopes) you will hurdle.
3. Push-Pull is the spice of seduction. If she asks you to run your fingers through her multicolored hair, tease her about it. "I dunno, it looks kinda greasy." That's the push. Pull her back by reaching over to gently cradle the back of her neck with your hand, while saying "See, I was right". Frame everything she says and does as an advance ON YOU; this way you can "reject" her advances, which is a huge turn-on for women. No woman can resist the curiosity incited in them by a man who isn't slavishly throwing himself at their taunting sex.
4. Remember the Takeaway and the Freeze-out. If she's insistently coy and bantering way more than she's perforating, it's time to flip the script. Her: "I have a boyfriend." You: "You'd better not stay here any longer, or you might start getting the wrong idea about me." Or: "Oh, don't get ahead of yourself, I don't see you that way. We hardly know each other." The Freeze-out is even more powerful. That's a tactic where you simply get up off the sofa and make yourself a sandwich if she objects to your roving mitts. The key is to be utterly unmoved by her objections, as if you expected it and know she'll eventually come around (or outlive your patience).

Finally, if you want to experiment with nuclear psy ops that can close the deal (or blow them out) a lot faster than is typical for women, try this bedroom finishing move when a girl agrees to come to your place: tell her she can't go in your bedroom. When she asks why not, you have a rule that a girl has to be naked before going in there. A surprising number of girls will agree to this rule, and an idealistic young beta's heart will have suffered another jolt of arrhythmic cynicism.

The bang threshold is similar to the nuptial threshold, except in the former you aren't legally bound to one pussy for life, don't have to worry about your savings and imputed income being transferred to fund a new boyfriend, and carrying her over it is a lot easier at her pre-marital weight.

#SheColluded

CH · 25 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If you've been keeping abreast of the news these past two weeks, you might have noticed the anti-Trump enemies have become discombobulated and put on the defensive by recent exposure of their criminal misdeeds. What was "a reckless and treasonous Trump Administration suffering daily leaks and subterfuge by establishment loyalists" narrative has turned into a "by Zeus' beard, the Trump Train is rolling and the lamentations of the shitlibs and their Bitch Queen Clinton are heard over hill and dale!" battering ram of truth.

Too funny that the Podesta-cooked Russia-Trump collusion scandal has completely boomeranged and threatens to take down the Clintons and their scummy surrogates for good. You think I'm exaggerating out of a misplaced love for Herr Furor. Nope. Check the latest bombshells.

PAY FOR PLAY, INFLUENCE PEDDLING, STRAIGHT UP BRIBERY. Foreign investors shoveled $145 million into the Clinton Foundation while thecunt was heading the State Department, to ensure thecunt and Gay Mulatto would OK a deal that transferred 20% of America's uranium stores to a Russian energy company. IOW, thecunt colluded with Russia. Bill Clinton, meanwhile, got a cool half mil for a canned speech he delivered in Moscow the same time the Russian energy company Rosatom inked its deal for a stake in Uranium One.

President Trump (may God guard his path) recently inquired about the Seth Rich murder mystery. (He knows, fam)

thecunt campaign and the DNC (and now it's been revealed, the Bushes and McCain) paid hefty sums to Fusion GPS to ~~researcH~~ manufacture the hillary fanfiction known as the Piss Hooker Dossier, with the intent to undermine the incoming Trump Administration (this is called treason).

Quads over at MPC writes,

> In short: Tucker was contacted by a lobbyist from the Podesta Group. Lobbyist claims that the Russians, using a Ukrainian shell company, funneled money to the Podesta Group for the explicit purpose of influencing the Clintons. Paul Manafort was the go-between. Tucker is satisfied that his Lobbyist isn't lying and has been verifying the details, so far all successfully. I.e., Tucker is reporting that Hillary colluded with the Russians and Manafort was in on it. Tucker promises more to come.
>
> Surely it's no surprise to any here that Hillary was a corrupt hag selling State to the highest bidder. But this news, on the heels of the Uranium One and Dossier stories, has great implications. Hillary allowed Uranium to be sold to Russia after they donated to the Clinton Foundation. Hillary funded Kremlin-compiled pissgate allegations which were then investigated by Obama's Justice Department. That same Justice Department was headed by Loretta Lynch, who colluded with Bill Clinton on the tarmac to squelch investigations into Clinton's crimes. This is no longer 4chan anon LARP conspiracy theories but verified news in the public record. What do we make of this?
>
> First this calls into question Manafort's role in the Trump Campaign. Is it a coincidence that Trump hired Manafort when Manafort had funneled money from the Russians to the Clintons? It's hard to believe that Trump would work with Manafort to defeat Hillary without hearing Manafort's dirt on Hillary. Alternatively: if Manafort colluded with the Clintons, and Manafort was the FBI's justification for tapping the Trump campaign, did the Clintons collude with the FBI to wiretap Trump?
>
> Second, what to make of Mueller? It came out yesterday that Mueller was investigating Tony Podesta. Manafort is one of the only other people we all know Mueller was investigating. Without going full /pol/lack conspiritard, is it possible that Mueller really is investigating Democratic corruption? Remember, Mueller was interviewed by Trump the day before he took up the special council. At the very least: if Manafort was working with the Clintons, doesn't this shed new light on Mueller's investigation?
>
> This is all starting to sound too opaque, like a police cork-and-pinhead bulletin board. I wouldn't worry too

> much about the details which, if true, imply much more dramatic conspiracies to be. The takeaway is that this isn't in the realm of internet myth and rumor. This is real, verifiable. Senate investigations are starting and more is on the way. Is it possible that Clinton will really see the inside of a jail?

Hillary Clinton is going to jail.

I repeat, HILLARY CLINTON IS GOING TO JAIL.

Basically the whole Russia-Trump Collusion Narrative is a massive case at its root of psychological projection and deliberate misdirection by the Clintons and their depraved surrogates in the Deep State and the Gaystream Media. They smeared an incoming President with the very same crimes and treasonous actions that they themselves had committed. The best defense is a slanderous offense to Cuntlib, Inc.

This isn't a White Pill, kind readers. This is a bucket of White paint dropped on your head from a booby-trapped door in Trump Tower. You're swimming in White.

Who needs Challahwood when you have this kind of quality entertainment beamed into your eyeballs and earhalls every day IN TRUMPERICA? We are blessed to be alive at a time when our mortal enemies are closer than they have ever been to the breaking wheel.

Update: CNN checks in with their CONSISTENTLY hot take!

Bonus Shiv (it's all related once you identify the anti-White source malignancy): PA on why Whites shouldn't race-mix. The cruelest and truest of shivs: the cold heart gazes upon one's own children and remains unmoved when it sees nothing of oneself in them.

The Alpha Male Anthem

CH · 25 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There have been plenty of cad anthems in the rock and country music pantheons celebrating raw masculine privilege, but the song "I'm a Wanderer", sung by Guinea-American Dion and released in 1961, is in my factual opinion the greatest alpha male anthem in American history.

Read the lyrics (along with my editorial commentary) and you'll agree with my judgment of this song's ZFG ALPHA GLORIFICATION:

> *Oh, well, I'm the type of guy who will never settle down*
> *Where pretty girls are, well, you know that I'm around*
> *I kiss 'em and I love 'em 'cause to me they're all the same*
> *I hug 'em and I squeeze 'em they don't even know my name*

Man of Mystery Game plus an attitude of Outcome Independence, aka Zero Fucks Given. The Wanderer knows that the pussy pedestal is a penis prison, and he should fight the urge to idealize women and to succumb to oneitis by treating women as if they were interchangeable.

> *They call me a wanderer*
> *Yeah, a wanderer*
> *I roam around, around, around, around*

Chicks love a hard-to-get man.

> *Oh, well, there's Flo on my left and there's Mary on my right*
> *And Janie is the girl, well, that I'll be with tonight*
> *And when she asks me, which one I love the best?*
> *I tear open my shirt and I show "Rosie" on my chest*

Poon Commandment VII: Keep two in the kitty. Season with a bit of Dread Game and jealousy plotlines.

> *'Cause I'm a wanderer*
> *Yeah, a wanderer*
> *I roam around, around, around, around*

What's the opposite of a beta male puppy dog begging for validation? An alpha male lion roaming the veldt for prey!

> *Oh, well, I roam from town to town*
> *I go through life without a care*
> *And I'm as happy as a clown*
> *I with my two fists of iron and I'm going nowhere*
>
> *I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around*
> *I'm never in one place, I roam from town to town*
> *And when I find myself fallin' for some girl*
> *Yeah, I hop right into that car of mine, I drive around the world*

Love is The Wanderer's Achilles' heel. But instead of allowing himself to swoon straight into tingle-killing

domestication, he makes distaff hearts flutter wildly by refusing the nuptial leash.

> *Yeah I'm a wanderer*
> *Yeah, a wanderer*
> *I roam around, around, around, around*
>
> *Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around*
> *I'm never in one place, I roam from town to town*
> *And when I find myself a-fallin' for some girl*
> *I hop right into that car of mine and drive around the world*

Disappearing acts are cunt-nip.

> *Yeah, 'cause I'm a wanderer*
> *Yeah, a wanderer*
> *I roam around, around, around, around, around, around*
>
> *'Cause I'm a wanderer*
> *Yeah, a wanderer*
> *I roam around, around, around*
>
> *'Cause I'm a wanderer*
> *Yeah, a wanderer*

I doubt a song with this unapologetically caddish message could be released today. Not so much because the arts and entertainment complex is suffused with bitterbitches and gays, but because there aren't any men left with the requisite high T and heavy balls who'd want to proudly celebrate the male romantic prerogative. We're in a male feminist world now, and our women are the worse for it.

The theme of this song and its time — 1961 America, right in the heart of the Great Compression when relations between the sexes were at its precious polarity zenith and wage-earning men could still acquire a reasonably pretty and slender wife (and nonWhite Diversity™ had not yet gutted the soul of the nation) — is puzzling when examined in its cultural context. Was it a rebellious sneer against the implicit monogamous restrictions placed on men, or was it a reflection of a sexual market that was perhaps wilder than we assume, or (my personal theory) reflective of the attitude of people at the time who understood the sexes were innately different and that men who make themselves a challenge to women are sexier than men who appease women?

PS On another note, check that handsome 1961 crowd in the video. Not a fatty, bluehair, or soyboy in the mix. America was truly a better country then, and no amount of blathering about BUT MUH IPHAG is gonna change the reality that as a culture, we Americans have devolved into quasi-mutants. Sad!

The Thotarchy Theory Of Asshole Game

CH · 26 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

From Girl Next Door to Sassy Slut, knowing what kind of girl you're dealing with is the first step to tailoring your Game for a proper fit. Hawk explains what to say to a girl in your room late at night, who has demurred (a bit late in the hour) that she has a boyfriend,

> Know your audience.
>
> If she's willing to be in your rooms alone despite the boyfriend she's already decided that you might be worthy of her…seriously if her instinct was put into words out loud it would sound like that.
>
> Verbal witty responses work differently depending on the girl.
>
> "No you don't " is teasing the kid sister response. Funny, but not mean. Best used on the girl next door type.
>
> "Really? Don't see him here though." More edgy, best used on the proto-THOT.
>
> "Does the chastity belt chafe much?" A-hole response to the entitled HB7 plus.
>
> "Not anymore you don't" with a caress to her face, laser eye, is for the girl you're interested in keeping around.
>
> Your goal is to make her want to please you by forgetting about the boyfriend. Betas acknowledge the girl's charms prior to her acting to please, alphas do so afterwards.

Hawk's advice is similar to the Chateau's recommendations on the use and suitability of Asshole Game. Age and innocence affect how well, or badly, a woman will respond to jerkboy charm. With some chicks, you gotta finesse it. With others, you gotta swing a whetting warhammer into her pussy.

Younger women are riper targets for asshole allure. Older women who have lost some of the sheen on their SMVeen will feel alienated and even rejected by a man giving them too much outcome independent jerkitude.

Age isn't the only determinant of female receptiveness to male assholery. As Hawk wrote, sluttier, sassier girls will need more evidence of a man's guttural disregard for her. She has seen things you betas wouldn't believe…attack chads grinding on her posterior…she watched cum beads glitter in the dark near her cockhouser gate…all those cummings will be lost in time…like aborted fetuses in pain.

But the girl next door — a rare creature, worth yeoman seduction effort to despoil — might recoil at being assumed a sassy lass. Your assholery may make you seem unattainable to her, and cause her despair when she believes you are only toying with her. She likes a self-assured man but she hasn't the constitution nor the sexual experience to handle your jerktruth. Proceed gracefully, accepting that her soft innerspace is sensitive to impudent cock shocks.

Where a girl resides on the Thot Spectrum — a Thotarchy if you will — that runs on the left from the preserved innocence of the nicest of virgin Amish coquettes, all the way to the right where you'll find the bluest of blue-haired, bull ring-pierced aggrosluts, will give a hint to her need for a mental dicking. It stands to reason you as a man of taste of wealth must attune your assholery to the receptiveness of the woman in your hosshairs. This isn't a green light to go Retard Beta and turn yourself into an asexual piece of furniture. It's just a warning that your alpha attitude can and should be communicated in a fashion to suit the listening habits of your target audience.

Comment Of The Week: The Vanishing Virgin

CH · 27 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner Days of Broken Arrows unloads a gauzebomb of nostalgia porn on the CH collective, reminding us that virgins (of hooch and heart) vanish as quickly as they appear.

> Thanks for spotlighting my comment about ground floor girls.
>
> In case there are younger guys reading, I want to (re)tell the story about what got me to think about this subject (I've written this before elsewhere). One of the sad aspects of growing old is that when you look back at your life, people and things that once seemed trivial become more important than you realized in retrospect.
>
> The first time I ever set foot on college campus, at Freshman Orientation, I met a sweet, very inexperienced girl from a small town. Within hours we were "together." That night at the sleepover in the dorms we kissed — which I practically had to teach her to do.
>
> But she was "cute" and not sexy or beautiful. She also looked about 12 years old and had no sense of style. All of this and her "small town-ness" put me off. I wanted the hot chick(s).
>
> Which I did get. When I returned home after orientation I started dating a high school hottie I'd been after for a while. I also blew off Orientation Girl without a second thought and without any apparent guilt (until now, ironically enough).
>
> I had a lot of fun in college and dated the aforementioned high school girl as we went through college. But she left for California after graduation. After that I was thrown into the early '20s dating market. And by then you start to get jaded and meet people who are even more jaded: The women with multiple abortions, countless partners, strange diseases and habits, etc.
>
> Decades later, I was able to track Freshman Orientation Girl down on Facebook. She got married and stayed married (to someone who is a lot like me, funny enough). She looked too young back in college, which was bad. Now that quality is good.
>
> My advice to any young guy reading this is that you probably already know the woman who would make a great wife, but you're passing her up to ride the male version of the carousel. Unless women like these become young widows, you won't have the chance to meet them again because they get pulled off the market and stay off the market. Forever.

The fact that age of first marriage and total marriage rate have been rising and falling respectively for at least the last twenty years, it's less likely now than it used to be that the inexperienced ground floors girls leave the market early and stay off for the duration (unto death). What's happening now is the innocent and pure of heart girls are being left high and dry by men OR are seduced by the urban slutstyle and get caught in a hamster wheel of endless dating, breaking up, and blossoming bitterness. So you as a man are less likely to later "miss out" on those special ho-flakes if you don't nab them before college….however, you will miss out on monopolizing their pure-of-pussy hearts.

That's not a trivial consideration. All it takes is two partners (read: cocks) for a woman's risk of divorcing you to skyrocket.

DoBA's wistful jaunt through his lass-shaped past reminds me of something else; a sort of quasi-ephebophilia (love for younger women in the (legal) 18-22 age range) is the natural sexual state for men past high school. That girlish-looking 18-year-old girl may be insufficiently womanly for horndog 22 year old men, but when those men hit their late 20s-early 40s stride, those neotenous women they once spurned now look like prized poon compared to the cows surrounding them. Neoteny ages well on women. It's related to the concept of residual reproductive value: older men who are ready to build a family empire have a natural instinct to lock down very young (or young-

looking) women because those women will age better and provide many more enjoyable years of bedroom intimacy. Female youthfulness is THE leading indicator of maximum remaining fertility.

The Starbuckwheat

CH · 27 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Starbuckwheat is the term for the numinously accessible black mascot adopted by 115 IQ SWPL shitlib sanctimony-addict Whites who want to prove their moral righteousness to wine party circuit peers. Anon at Sailer's uncorks a portmanteau with accompanying etymology that is so causticly readable and insightful it deserves a reposting here at the Chateau. In his example, the Starbuckwheat *du jour* assuaging shitlib egos is Ta Nigisi Coates.

With the ebbing of religion, Negro Worship became the new faith in America, esp among White Libs. It's tied to MLK as the new founding father, the new messiah, the new christ, new martyr.

Blacks are seen as holy because they not only suffered slavery and discrimination but can sing & dance and do sports.

So, Negroes are supposed to be the Moral Arbiters of America. Whites are supposed to save and protect (instead of exploiting) black bodies so that blacks can save white souls.

Blacks bodies are supposedly impoverished because whites treated blacks badly. But because whites gained so much by robbing blacks, their souls have become sick and diseased. So, the New Race Deal (maybe should be called New Steal) is about whites healing black bodies and blacks saving white souls.

And MLK seemed to be that great leader. In a way, his death made the Negro-as-Saint bigger than ever. Turned into martyr, he could be worshiped like a god. If he'd lived on, he'd been just another Jesse Jackson.

So, there is this constant search for the Great Black Hope. The one who might live up to the white dream of Negro as Moral Redeemer. But too many blacks are into crime, ugly rap, corruption, or dementia. And stuff like BLM turns invariably into Trash Talk and violence.

Since blacks on their own are incapable of putting forth the Great Black Hope, white Libs must nurture and create them in their own Laboratory. The Lib-Lab. And Obama was a graduate from the Lib-Lab. His formative influences were hardly black. And even though The Nasty Coates grew up among Negroes, he found sanctuary among Nice White Folks who could channel his obligatory rage into pseudo-intellectual & pseudo-inspirational rhetoric. He is to social theory what Neil Degrassie Tyson is to science. A mascot for white Libs to show that they are into Diversity and the Great Black Hope. White Libs (and even White Cons) get high from over-praising blacks. (Thomas Sowell is smart guy but Paul Johnson praising him as the greatest thinker is just goofy.)

Because of the Negro's role in the American Imagination, every era needs its
Negro Laureate.

It's like white feminists were esp taken with Alice Walker's COLOR PURPLE.

Also, The Nasty Coates looks like a turtle without a shell, a perpetually lost child in need of milk and cookies and kindness of strangers. He is Arnold for the intellectual class.

Also, there is something strangely satisfying about watching a Negro succeed in intellectual field. Though whites once resisted the rise of black athletes, it's now long been established that blacks are good at sports and dancing and physical stuff. So, there is hardly any moral excitement in championing the black athlete. Ali was the last one to ride on that wave because it was the Civil Rights Era. So, his victory had racial overtones. There is still some of that when blacks make inroads into sports that tend not to be very black. Like tennis and golf and gymnastics. And of course swimming and winter sports, those associated with white privilege and culture of exclusion. Even so, it's hardly surprising that blacks, if given the chance, would do well in something like tennis.
In some ways, there is a kind of subtle 'racism' in praising black success in sports. Some may see it as stereotyping blacks as BODIES who are more adept at brawn than brain. So, even as black success in sports is seen as triumph over 'racism', it is also felt as a kind of 'racism' since it stereotypes blacks as akin to beasts who can run and jump.

So, it is more surprising and satisfying to see blacks do well in brainy fields in which they've lagged behind other races. This goes against stereotype. It also means that blacks as thinkers are less threatening than blacks as fighters or athletes or thugs. But the problem with praising blacks-as-thinkers is it makes them less authentic. It robs them of their black essence that is closely associated with the thug, street hustler, musician, athlete, or big personality. It could be construed as whites trying to force 'whiteness' on blacks. This is why white Libs feel uncomfortable around black conservatives. Why, they are 'uncle toms', and white Libs don't want that.
They want the non-threatening Negro but who retains his authenticity and this means Race & Rage. But for this Authentic Rage to be acceptable among white Libs, it must be articulated in less threatening manner. And the 'genius' of The Nasty Coates is he has concocted an intellectual coffee-grinder that turns his blackness into something more Starbucky. He is Starbuckwheat.

That wasn't a shiv, that was a thresher to the shitlib id.

There are some phaggy male-things on liberal news outlets like NPR (Negro-mascot Purification Ritual) who virtue signal so hard when they have Starbuckwheats on their shows that their voices slip into a whisper and crack with welling emotion like a single tear is about to stain their soycheek.

Joker Game

CH · 27 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is a great response to a chick's IHAB. Via Jimi2x,

> IHAB game by the Joker (jack nicholson) in the first Batman:
>
> Joker: Stop the press…who's that?
> Bob: Thats Vicki Vale boss..shes a reporter..shes dating Bruce Wayne.
> Joker: Shes about to trade up.

Good stuff. I'd call this Mischievous Jerkboy Game. It's not mean, it's supremely self-congratulatory. It assumes the sale (she's more likely to buy if she thinks she already made her mind up to buy).

If a girl is alone in your living room at midnight and she tells you she has a boyfriend, you say with a deadpan expression, "You're about to trade up." Cheesy? Maybe, but if spoken like an afterthought the cheesiness morphs into cockiness. And you all know from your time here at the Chateau that chicks love overconfident men.

Caution, I would use this line if it looked to me like she was already one vajflap into my bed. Subtler methods of psychological breakdown are needed fro girls experiencing sincere anti-slut hesitation and doubts, such as the takeaway and

Trump Negs The Media

CH · 29 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Watch and learn. Trump negs the shit out of the gaystream media and comes off charming as a mf while doing it. GAME RECOGNIZED

Anonymity And The Hunted Man

CH · 29 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

"there are only two ways to tell the complete truth: anonymously and posthumously."
-thomas sowell

Reader Lichthof draws my attention to the trials and tribulations of Andrew Anglin (proprietor of the Daily Stormer) and Weev (Mossad's most wanted realtalker):

> WAPO has an article on Anglin today..written by a muslim I think. Interesting read..totally dismisses the claim that muslims wanting a caliphate :..'what nonsense and anyone who believes this is deluded' ha ha nothing to see here..move along.
> It's quite amazing how Anglin is a hunted man and for what exactly?
>
> Then we have the comments where the libtards show how unhinged and rattled they are "how dare he say that about the Charlottesville girl..I'd love to run him down with a jeep"..actually every comment seems to espouse to violence. I see this on facebook all the time.
>
> Let's stop these nahzees by erm..dressing up in black and punching them..and stopping their freedom of speech..yeah!
>
> Since November I have seen liberals openly calling for Trump's assassination, calling for an end to democracy as their candidate lost and the [1st] amendment does not really mean free speech. […]
>
> and I back that up with the realization that I have no idea what liberal ideology is or what exactly liberals believe in. They do not either and any probing can show this.
> Liberals are basically a cult- the outliers and freaks in society who have banded together into an union of numbers. Their faux values is their mantra to bind them together. Like everything else it's all about access to power and resources.

And via @Ricky_Vaughn99 (Gab):

> SCOOP FROM AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE (THREAD)
>
> JournoList has known since before the election how much McCain and #NeverTrump were involved in trying to take down Trump, and later, trying to take down #TrumpTrain figures like Milo. Some of them helped.

The hounding of Anglin and Weev from not just polite society but any society at all, is straight out of (((Alinsky's))) Rules for Radicals: identify the target, freeze it, personalize it, and polarize it. It's really twisted and evil if you think about it for long. In order to sustain their Big Equalism Lie, shitlibs and their (((benefactors))) will utterly destroy the lives of a few public enemies fighting the good fight to expose their Big Lie and the malevolence that underlies it, *pour encourager les autres.*

The past two years confirms my belief that anonymity was the power source of the Maul-Right and Trump's Troopers. The house media can't destroy what they can't target. To hunt the hunters, you first have to camouflage yourself from their Eye of Schlomo.

Did Trump follow this rule? Yes, in a way. His wealth was his protective shield of anonymity.

***

In related news, an official report has put the blame for the Charlottesville pro-White protest violence squarely on the City of Charlottesville. CNN covering this latest breaking news in……*tapping foot*.

(LARPing and playing to caricature to trigger snowflakes into meltdowns can work in a social vacuum, ie a society

that isn't manipulated by a viciously hostile alien media that will amplify the smallest missteps of their enemies and turn them into venal crimes against humanity. LARPers forget that the Eye of Schlomo still rules the vertical and horizontal.)

***

Still on topic, researchers have identified, frozen, personalized, and polarized 1,500 genetic differences between men and women. Biggest losers: Pay Gap, Title IX, Trannyism, diversity seminars, sensitivity training, guilt tripping the patriarchy, No means No, Sheryl Sandberg, leaning in.

Study: Diversity + Proximity = Yup, You Guessed It

CH · 30 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Add another vindicating fluff of yer 'umble narrator's e'er-so-'umble ego. Via HBD Chick, a pointer to a 2017 research paper that lovingly (if jargonistically) validates my Diversity + Proximity = War equation and (re)discovers that ethnic diversity in close proximity raises the risk of civil war and other miserable outcomes.

> oh, no. don't tell me that χ2 diversity + proximity = you-know-what?! https://t.co/ViAXJVkAx4
>
> — ?h(orror)bd chick? (@hbdchick) October 29, 2017

> χ2 diversity: raising the risk of civil war. Desmet, Ortuño-Ortín, Wacziarg, in the American Economic Review (1/N) https://t.co/6Br1zU2zcz pic.twitter.com/064rDaRkLd
>
> — Garett Jones (@GarettJones) October 27, 2017

> In the middle of the paper, the authors allude to Lewontin's Fallacy, and a casual reader might think they succumb to it. They don't. (3/N) pic.twitter.com/hpAeFhRdkQ
>
> — Garett Jones (@GarettJones) October 27, 2017

From the paper's abstract:

> We investigate the empirical relationship between ethnicity and culture, defined as a vector of traits reflecting norms, values, and attitudes. Using survey data for 76 countries, we find that ethnic identity is a significant predictor of cultural values, yet that within-group variation in culture trumps between-group variation. Thus, in contrast to a commonly held view, ethnic and cultural diversity are unrelated. Although only a small portion of a country's overall cultural heterogeneity occurs between groups, we find that various political economy outcomes (such as civil conflict and public goods provision) worsen when there is greater overlap between ethnicity and culture.

Lewontin's Fallacy refers to Richard Lewontin's (Jew) deliberate misinterpretation of genetic analysis to push a social constructivist theory of human races. Evolutionary biologist A.W.F. Edwards helpfully corrected the record, noting that, using cluster analysis, race can be accurately classified by comparing the frequency of alleles at multiple loci across populations. Or, as one person in that Twatter thread explained it: "Take eye color. Variable within race; largely same variants across different races."

In other words, the observation that genetic variation is greater within groups than between groups is a banal talking point, because the variance that exists between races is phenotypically and behaviorally classifiable, and these racial differences are profound and impactful. Lewontin's Fallacy leads to the illogical belief that mice and men are nearly the same because we share 97% of our DNA; that 3% may be small but it makes all the difference.

This digression is important, because it'll thwart leftist ideologues from misreading the nature of this paper's findings, which are bad news for the diversity-is-our-strength crowd.

From the conclusion:

> If anything, higher cultural diversity reduces the probability of civil conflict and increases public goods. However, in countries where ethnicity is more strongly predictive of culture, as captured by a high $\chi 2$, violent conflict is more likely, and public goods provision tends to be lower. Our interpretation of this empirical result is that **in societies where individuals differ from each other in both ethnicity and culture, social**

> **antagonism is greater, and political economy outcomes are worse**.

Diversity + Proximity = War (by any means).

The first part of that conclusion is interesting in itself, because what I think the authors have captured (but failed to reason through) is that within-group cultural diversity has lower probability of civil conflict because one, race and ethnicity act as a bonding agent that override cultural distinctions and two, a large and invasive welfare state is inevitably established to keep the peace in multicultural societies. AKA the Danegeld.

The effectiveness of the Danegeld in managing social tension is reduced with increasing racial and ethnic diversity, because the natural state of most people is generosity toward genetic kin (this is a subconscious motivation and most people will conform to social expectation bias and deny it if asked). Only NW Euro Whites have strong out-group altruism that becomes toxic and self-annihilating in a globalist context. The study has found exactly this: societies that are both multiethnic/multiracial and multicultural have more social stress, antagonism, corruption, and low trust.

Think of the social spider study linked here.

> Summarizing, a lack of inter-group diversity…actually *increases* individual diversity, through the mechanism of amplifying preexisting personality differences among same-group members. In contrast, a lot of inter-group diversity (say, moving to a SWPL hipster enclave in a minority white city soaked in vibrancy that makes daily living an adventure in survival) produces a uniformity of thought and…of aesthetic within groups, which is why we see SWPL hoods in nearly every major American city converging on the same farm-to-table Obama-loving liberal hypocrite norm.
>
> Paradoxically, group cohesiveness creates more individual diversity, while inter-group diversity creates more intra-group uniformity. Diversity + proximity = conformity.
>
> In other words, the diversity that really matters — diversity of thought and personality — flourishes in less racially diverse environs.

In all-White societies, you have your geeks, jocks, goths, droogies, skaters, scenesters, preppies, nerds, etc. That'a a lot of intra-group diversity, but it's the kind of diversity — of thought and personality — that doesn't much interest the anti-White demon horde. They want the kind of Diversity™ that strikes fear and loathing into everyone's hearts and forces Whites into a pan-White identity that jettisons quaint personality differences in favor of a racial bloc that can withstand the encroachment of competing ethnocentric races who don't share the White predilection for kumbaya universalism.

Ethnic and racial diversity can have the opposite effect on cultural diversity, pushing a society to a uniformity of ideology and thought (think of how much people walk on eggshells in a multiracial milieu to avoid offending anyone) that will boil over into seething resentment and social conflict.

I'm one of those post-racial pathologically altruist Whites, so I know of what I speak. I can get along with people as long as they're sympatico with my outlook, entertain me, and provide balance to my temperament, but I have the smarts and immunity to virtue signaling that gives me the perspective lacking in most hyper-outbred Whites. So I'm duty bound to overcome facets of my genetic inheritance and embrace the pattern-recognition wisdom that allows me to understand all-too-well the nature of the 99% of the world that doesn't think like me and my kind.

I've added a link to this latest research to the Diversity + Proximity = War reference page at the top of this blog, now up to 42 peer-reviewed studies on the baleful interaction of racial diversity and social cohesion. Forward it to your shitlib friends for fun and triggering!

The Manafort Indictment Will Boomerang On The C*nt Cabal

CH · 30 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Paul Manafort, Trump campaign chairman for a brief spell before Trump fired him (ostensibly because of revelations of his illicit foreign contacts), has been charged with tax evasion and money laundering committed during the period 2006-2015 (the Obama and Hillary years).

The Gaystream Media is in a tizzy thinking this will hurt Trump, but the media is enstupidated by its Trump Derangement Syndrome. As I explained, the Manafort indictment will likely boomerang on thecunt and her cabal of Creep State operatives, bigly, because Manafort was the intermediary between Russian contacts and the Podesta Group, a lobbying firm run by thecunt's campaign chaircreep John Podesta. The Podesta Group helped funnel Russian bribe money into Hillary Clinton's charitable (ha) foundation, to the tune of $145 million.

WELP, looks like I am right again. From Politico:

Happenings are coming, fellow MAGAMEN. Your patience putting up with thecunt's general cuntery and the sacks of lying lickspittle shits in the media will be rewarded soon.

PS The media is unlistenable anymore. Their framing is so egregiously perfidious and mendacious that all it takes is a little reframe-tinkering at the margins to illustrate how deeply the journo-whores are in the tank for thecunt collective and how badly their industry needs a mass culling of shitlibs if they want their credibility back. From Bersicker:

> Notice the Lügenpresse keeps including the phrase "Former Trump Campaign Chairman" whenever it mentions Manafort.
>
> Here's what their reporting should really look like, if they were honest:
>
> *Former Podesta Associate Indicted*
>
> *Paul Manafort, who worked extensively with the Podesta Group as far back as 2011 on behalf of Russia, turned himself in Monday to federal authorities.*
>
> *Special councel Robert Mueller has been investigating Tony Podesta and the Podesta Group, as part of a criminal inquiry into whether the firm violated the Foreign Agents Registration Act, known as FARA.*
>
> *Tony Podesta is the chairman of the Podesta Group and the brother of John Podesta, Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign chairman.*
>
> *Manafort is being charged with 12 counts, including conspiracy to launder money, conspiracy against the United States, being an unregistered agent of a foreign principal, false and misleading FARA statements and other charges.*

Framing is king, in pickup and in politics.

PS This Trumpette is asking the right questions. Why didn't the FBI warn Trump that he was bringing a suspected criminal into his campaign? Answer: Because the whole thing was a set-up. A sting operation run by the Comey-Clinton Axis of Collusion to draw attention away from their own malfeasance and to mortally wound the Trump campaign.

The Takeover Of America

CH · 31 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This is what a takeover of America by nonWhites looks like: A hostile alien force flexing its growing demographic power and preying on its constituents' fear of and loathing for Whites with campaign ads that portray Heritage American White men as stone cold killers:

Paid for by the White Victory Fund…..haha but not really kidding. This is the kind of Dirt Worlder racial gloating that will push more Whites into the arms of a *de facto* White Party, aka the Trump Train.

Takeover, land grab, colonization, invasion, conquest….call it what you like, it's indisputable that the engineered demographic swamping of White Americans by nonWhites is tribal war in all but formal declaration.

The reality of course is the exact opposite of this blood libel video. Whites are preyed upon by violent, criminally rampant aliens and nonWhites in the cities and suburbs where they are resettled by the Globohomo Forced Integration Project. These locusts then proceed to shit en masse on the history, culture, and symbols of White America, smearing the descendants of White Americans who founded, built, and brought glory to the nation as redneck pickup truck drivers running down beaner babies on the streets.

Are they begging for RAHOWA?

And if America is so full of White devils, WHY THEY HELL ARE THEY COMING HERE? Is it a masochistic thrill? Surely they and their 50-to-a-room families will be a lot safer in their homelands where there are no redneck neoconfederates to strike fear in their hearts.

No, the answer is that they have swarmed, they have sucked at the White gibs teat, and now they are ready to plant their tribe's flag in the nation they are conquering. The age of tokens is over, there's no longer a need for the fig leaf of multicultural respectability…it's Tribal Time now.

But maybe they have begun their victory dance a little too early. They can feel their power rising, but like the impulsive dummies they are they have pounced too quickly, imprudently, for a clarifying fight with the alpha male White lion. Instead of playing the long game of reducing the White population ratio to a sufficiently small number, they have chosen macho confrontation before they have the strength to defeat the gringo/infidel. Their puppet masters are in retreat, having lost an election and the meme wars, and are too weakened to properly manage and coordinate their primitive charges.

Virtue sniveling shitlib Whites are playing with fire. They think they can morally preen their equalist enlightenment over their benighted BadWhite kin forever without paying any consequences. But they badly underestimate how moronic, tribalistic, and impressionable our dirt world colonizers are. Savior-complex shitlibs seeking religious redemption through their imported riff raff have unleashed the braying mob, and the mob won't stop with the heads of rednecks; they will come for the soyboy libs too, and they will be consumed with just as much glee and fury.

PS PA writes about the implications of this ad, here.

***

A commenter quips,

> Damn, that guy really wants his truck stereo back.

?

The Frankenstein Uterus

CH · 31 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Women are being misled by the Globohomo Mendacity Machine and Grrlpower Cuntsortium into delusions about the time left on their fertility clocks. From reader TLM,

> There is one career girl that really stood out to me. She was close to 40, or early 40's, and having a myomectomy done (Her uterus was full of fibroids-round hard benign tumors). She had so many that the doc was having a tough time getting them all out. The surgeon is a fertility specialist I knew well enough to ask, "Why didn't you just schedule her for a hysterectomy", which would be standard for a case like this with the patient's age, condition, etc. Doc says patient, a childless unmarried business woman, still hopes to conceive a child some day. Talk about wishful thinking. No way her post-surgery Frankenstein uterus is in any condition, at her age, to provide a safe environment for a baby.

In the end, the God of Biomechanics wins. The genes of these sex difference denialist careerist shrikes will fade from the helical strand of humanity. They will be replaced by more feminine, nurturing women who love babies and love having them at a young age. The hard-charging, leaning in, credentialist whore megabitches who blow their prime fertility windows on bed hopping and grad school genderqueer studies degrees are not long for this world. Nature doesn't long tolerate deviants to the Prime Directive. A cleansing is coming, one way or another.

The Aging Slut Doth Protest Too Much

CH · 31 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Post-Wall:

> Rose McGowan made an impassioned speech at the Detroit Women's Convention on Friday about taking down sexual abusers and rapists in what was her first public appearance since accusing Harvey Weinstein of rape on her Twitter account.
>
> McGowan has been extremely vocal on social media about Weinstein and encouraging women to come forward with their stories — supporting the #MeToo campaign which has gained traction online in recent weeks. […]
>
> "I have been silenced for 20 years. I have been slut shamed. I've been harassed. I've been maligned … we are one massive collective voice, that is what #RoseArmy is all about …no more will we be shunted to the side. No more will we be hurt. It's time to rise. It's time to be brave."
>
> "No more," she said to a slew of cheers from the crowd. "Name it. Shame it. Call it out. It's time to clean house!"

Pre-Wall:

Very few aspiring actresses didn't know that Harvey Swinestein's potted plant audition room was an invitation to a starring role in his perversion. Most of them went in aware of the deal. Even a 17-year-old Kate Beckinsale knew what was up with the Swinestein creature.

No one but maybe a handful of truly innocent naive flyover girls has clean hands in the Swinestein affair. You've got the depraved shambling mound weinstein, the tribesmen who sat on the story, shabbos goy who took hush money and ran interference, and starfucking sluts willing to bend the knees for a role. How do we know this? Because only the women (and men) willing to suck snipdick are made into stars.

Now a tidal wave of these has-been whores are coming out claiming multitudinous rapes and endless sexual harassment at the crabbed hands of Challahwood gollums. Yep, you bet these guys are no-Game-having degenerates. And you can bet attention whores are gonna attention whore, especially regretful sluts who've hit their sexual expiration date and love the idea of playing the victim and absolving themselves of responsibility for their past decisions to whore their bodies for stardom. Moral agency? Hah, don't mansplain morality to me, sexist!

A lox on all their houses.

PS If you want to know why it's a problem that ~80% of executives at the six major media companies are jewish, look no further than the reality of the media burying the swinestein saga for years (and similar stories for decades).

What is the purpose of media? Inform the public? haha no. Its purpose is to mold public opinion into the opinions held by those who control the media, which are largely anti-White, anti-Gentile, and anti-Gods of the Copybook Headings.

Fake-n-Bake News achieves its fakeness and bakedness primarily through lies of omission, i.e. framing. A lie of commission is harder to hand-wave. If media says not-A and it was A it has to retract. But leaving out crucial details is how media frames their Narrative and evades complicity. If media says A but is silent on B, they're in the clear. This is how the Kosher Wall of Silence is sustained. Decades of Challahwood harassment and whoring are hidden from the public by a media that shares the values of Challahwood. A culling of shitlibs from media is the only solution to this problem.

PPS The Harvey Swinestein-ization of America is accelerationism jet fuel. Only good things can come from discrediting the major anti-White institutions and destroying the public's faith in them. When shitlibs can't see a movie without thinking of Weinstein's penis, the Happening is not far off. Challahwood never had moral authority, but they used to have pretensions to moral authority. Now they don't even have that. Sad for them, great for Heritage America.

PPPS There isn't a schadenfreude meme bold enough to capture Mel Gibson's post-swinestein feelings.

When Soyboys Attack! (with flapping wrists)

CH · 1 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A quavering quartet of Feedbuzz fruitcups had their testosterone levels measured, and the results will SHOCK you….with their utter predictability.

When the Asian dude in the group looks like the highest T, you know you've got a soyboi problem. When the Asian dude's T level is a full 100 ticks higher than the nearest white guy's T, the problem requires immediate attention.

Soy has isoflavones which are associated with increasing estrogen levels. Multiple studies confirm soy's de-masculinizing effects. You can read about many of those studies here. Soy protein depletes testosterone in men. And this study is interesting because it rebuts a sloppy 2009 meta-analysis claiming no soy-low T connection.

Soyboy Nation is here, and it's trilly pathetic. As a CH commenter once quipped,

> fill boys with ritalin, soy & porn
>
> fill girls with birth control

….and watch your native stock implode into an androgynous slop of self-negation. If you want to know why urban White women are so aggressively antagonistic to their own men, look no further than the effeminate specimens above working for Feedbuzz. If you were a White woman surrounded daily by uptalking, vocal frying, male feminists who gesticulate with swishier body language than the gayest of gays, you'd come to resent your men, too.

Soyboys have lost the masculine esprit to defend their borders and their honor. They lay supine with power bottom butts in the air to receive the invading third worlders, and then they limply low five each other for their exquisite taste in purity signaling as jihadi jizz dribbles off their ass cracks.

Physiognomy is real. Soyboys are real. The current social system is unreal. A T reckoning is coming.

The Girl Notch

CH · 2 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Biomechanical sex differences extend to the infamous “notch count”. A man’s notch is not the same in style nor substance as a girl’s notch. Psychologically, girls record their “notches” in a limbic language that would befuddle men.

From williamk, our COTW winner:

> A general rule is once a girl knows she could sleep with you, that’s her “notch”.
>
> Once your thirst is telegraphed, actually having sex is superfluous to the woman. She’s already validated… why take on the potential risks of sex with some dude she barely knows?
>
> Now, its a case by case basis. Her sluttiness, horniness (often cycle dependent), drunkenness also play a role. But in general, most girls worth laying (read: White girls) are perfectly happy to just play goalie and make out, allowing boob feels and giving no nookie.
>
> It makes her feel good, wanted.
>
> To go further with a girl, she needs to think she has to win you over because you’ll walk away if she doesn’t.

Well stated. For women, actual sex, rather than telegraphed sexual interest, is an additional risk that adds little to nothing to her need to be validated as a desirable object. Yes, OBJECT. Objectively speaking. Because that’s what it all cums down to: the human race survives when men look at women’s sexy bodies and faces and are compelled by the power of the Lord to seed their wombs with His gestational image.

This isn’t to say women don’t need and want sex. They love to fuck, but fucking isn’t necessary to fluff their self-conceptions. The man whom a woman WILL fuck is he who arouses her so completely that his flirtatious interest isn’t enough to satisfy her. She needs to complete the soliciting-dicking cycle.

A man’s sexual interest is necessary but not sufficient to pump a woman’s ego to bursting with fertile flavor, IF the man can successfully communicate a “take or leave her” attitude and redirect his sexual interest to other women without suffering some existential crisis of identity.

williamk’s last line gets to the heart of Game and seduction of women. Eagerly flirting with a girl and never pulling back or challenging her — i.e., exhibiting not an abundance mentality but an outcome dependent beta thirstiness — is handing the win to the girl. It’s giving her the trophy before she’s crossed the finish line. That’s the Girl Notch. (Or Thot Notch if you prefer a Current Year lexical rhyme.)

The nature of the Girl Notch is such that a thin girl in her plunderable prime will collect daily and even hourly affirmations of her sexual worth. This indiscriminate frequency means that the Girl Notch is lass valuable than the Man Notch (given that notch value is partly measured by difficulty of acquiring it), but more readily available for ego-stroking when the mood for a personal boost strikes. The Girl Notch doesn’t have the raw power of the Man Notch, but what it lacks in intensity it makes up for in volume. This is why girls often look happy if not ecstatic at all hours of the day, while men tend to evince alternating emotions of ecstasy and despondency.

The Man Notch — which traditionally and properly is simply known as the Notch — is meaningless without a finish line crossing. No man ever earned a notch with hours of foreplay and then a night spent spooning the girl through her jeans as his blue balls weighed heavily with unreleased pressure. For men, ego gratification is the rope of validation unleashed by PIV. Anything less than a Final Coition has the opposite effect on his ego, deflating it from a precoital high; though kissing and a gentle rebuff at the decisive moment is not nearly as ego-shattering as outright rejection on the approach, it is a fact that men feel a twinge of failure, as if they let themselves down, if they can’t close the deal when all the signs were pointing to vajhalla.

So what kind of man does a girl feel unsatisfied receiving his mere flirtatious interest and nothing more? What kind of man does a girl recruit to top her Girl Notch with her popped cherry? Very broadly, two kinds of men:

- The preselected masculine chad who, as williamk noted, trips her radar while she's ovulating
- The man with alpha attitude and force of personality who flips the script and gets girls chasing him

This is the skeleton key to opening pussy: You're the prize, and she has to win you over. Every man who can be called a beta male forgets this lesson, or disregards it out of spite and an addiction to noble losing and daydreaming about what could have been. Betas appease, alphas tease.

A girl knows a beta male is a sure thing, and that sucks all the tension and excitement out of her interest in him. But the alpha male leaves her wondering if he's really that into her or if she's up to his standards, and this will compel her to work harder to please him and earn his affection.

To wrest the real notch from a girl, you have to deny her the Girl Notch. And that means taunting her ego with the idea that uncertainty is the rule and validation is the exception.

***

Related to the subject of this post, LeShitlourde writes about the different motivations for male and female cheating, and why the existence of the Girl Notch hints that female cheating isn't entirely, or even substantially, about fulfilling sexual desire:

> Cheating for women is saying "I want out of this relationship".
>
> Some betas out there rationalize their woman cheating as a "momentary slip up" or some sort of heat-of-the-moment mistake.
>
> But he's projecting his psychology onto women. Men's appetite for variety is insatiable, and even if a man is perfectly happy with his girlfriend, side pussy is a constant temptation. Even if a man's wife is a 10, he'll happily be banging 7s or 8s on the side. There is no female analogue to this, because women hardly ever have any sort of compulsion to bang men less alpha than their boyfriend or husband.
>
> But if a woman cheats, it is communicating something different entirely. Women cheat as a way to express their lack of respect for you and to take out her anger at your weakness. And if you choose to stay, she will lose all respect for you, throttle the sex to zero, and metaphorically wipe her ass with you for money and support for as long as she can get away with.

The Girl Notch is SMV validation without the sex. It is particularly suited for women because men are less sexually continent, thus there's no equivalent Girl Notch for men. Women know men will have sex with them as soon as they have indicated their interest, but men don't know the same about women. It is often the case that many men receive positive signals from girls but then fumble somewhere along the way and lose the shot at sex. This affliction hits greater beta males the hardest.

Tangentially, what this means is that when women cheat they are doing so for reasons that extend beyond ego and loin gratification. Sexual fulfillment is part of that (alpha fux, beta bux) but a bigger part is what Le Shitlourde mentioned: women cheat to lash out at their domesticate men. If cheating was solely about stroking her ego, she'd get her kicks flirting with strange men but not taking it farther than that. This is why a man must immediately ditch a GF or wife who cheats on him; she has crossed a line that indicates a commitment to a larger disloyalty than that which would follow from mere "momentary passion".

Reader Cracker adds that men's apocalyptic reactions to female cheating are indirect proof that different standards for the sexes are evolved responses that accurately reflect the differing size of the impact that cheating has on each sex,

> exactly right
>
> there is no recovery after a girl cheats and the relationship will only get worse.
>
> i get trying to stick by your obligations especially if kids are involved but there is no happy ending if you decide to stay. and it's bad for the kids.
>
> even if they aren't told about the cheating, they will see and feel that something is wrong with the two of you. they will lose respect for you as a man.
>
> son will grow up to be a pussy who gets used and abused by women and daughter will grow up to be a whore like mommy. best way to prevent that is to teach them a good lesson. show them strong men don't tolerate cheating. leave and get a better woman so they can see how things are supposed to be. that's the only way.
>
> besides that, getting over the fact that she was with another man was something i couldn't get over. i don't know how any man could. i had a girl cheat who i was head over heels for. i would have done anything for her. full blown oneitis.
>
> but after she cheated, i couldn't stand the thought of touching her again. going where another man had been. leaving her was the best thing i ever did in my life. after her was when my life really began.

It's a fact that men experienced in the world of women learn early on: women can get over male cheating quicker and more thoroughly than men can get over female cheating. Women often run right back to cheating men, if they love those men; and though the wound of betrayal never fully heals she is happy to have him back in her arms again, because the grief of losing him would cut her deeper. Men, by contrast, and unless they are LSMV losers with no other options or hope of options, are less eager to take back a cheating woman. As Cracker said, there is often an accompanying disgust that prevents a man from ever again touching a woman who has cheated on him. It's as if the invasive cock left a foul odor or slimy sheen on her skin, and now she is an object to be tolerated at best, disposed of at worst, for whom his affection can find no purchase.

Trump Finally Unleashed To Execute The Unabridged MAGA Protocol?

CH · 3 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump's tweets from this morning were extra spicy. Is he warming up for the MAGA crescendo?

Inexplicably, Jeff Sessions has now recused himself from any investigation into the Uranium One-Clinton-Russia pay for play scandal. Trump's instincts about Sessions were right; he's a Boomer cuckservative who will fold when the fight gets going. Either that, or the Deep State got to Sessions and threatened him if he tried to expose the entire corrupt Uniparty apparatus for the money funneling operation it is.

Sessions' recusal from investigating the Uranium One deal means that the public will never know the truth about it. Mueller is s swamp creature and a hillary cabal member…exposing the thecunt's pay for play criminality is as good as DOA. This might be Trump's cue to replace Sessions. Bring on the God Emperor…

***

My Christmas wish list:
– Hollywood is rechristened “Mel Gibson’s Beyond Thunderdome”
– Hillary/Podestas in prison yard orange
– GoogleFacebookTwitter made public utilities
– opioid crisis solved, reenergized appalachian whites storm capitol hill with rope & gallows
– chuck schumer has a mental breakdown

Surprisingly, my wish list is less fantastical today than it was one year ago, so I’d call that a very merry march for progress!

PS I’m still waiting for the CIA to thoroughly sanitize the withheld JFK docs and release the cartoon version to the public, after which the Gaystream Media will ask none of the pertinent questions and will continue pushing the Trump-Russia hoax.

Social Media, Dating Apps, And The Decline In Millennial Sex

CH · 3 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Millennials are having less sex than previous generations, according to research by the CDC and other outfits. This is likely bifurcated survey data (i.e., the number of sexually inactive soyboys and fatty bluehair Millennials has increased over previous generations but a sizable minority of bubbly babes and trumpening chads are going hog wild). Call it the 80-20 Piece-of-ass Principle of Female Hypergamy. Nevertheless, an explanation is out there, and it's missed by lots of people because it seems so counterintuitive. Doktor Jeep comments,

> So with all the dating apps and simpery at its peak, women get their validation with a swipe – post some cleavage on social(ist) media and get scores of likes by the thirsty hordes – this explains why (mainly white) teenagers are having less sex than previous generations.

The great paradox of social media and dating apps which were intended to facilitate hooking up and relationship formation is that the technology leads to LESS sex because, as the good Doktor noted, women get their egos stroked so thoroughly by thirsty swiping betas, they don't need their kittens stroked.

How utterly ironic that the very tech that was supposed to usher Sexual Liberation 2 has instead flattened the romantic landscape into a dreary chafed handscape. The Whoring 60s, 70s, and 80s have given way to the DVZ: Devirilized Zone. Chicks get swamped with empty anhedonic come-ons and the mass of thirsty betas drains their energies into porn and their dignity into Tinder aka chick crack.

A stroked female ego is a dormant female libido.

A sapped male libido is a debased male ego.

Beauty And The Bunz

CH · 4 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

therebbeblog writes that beauty boosts fecundity, and anti-White Western shitlibs encourage (White) women to look ugly because it reduces their fertility.

> The point of the Israeli hotties, isn't "porn" but that beautiful women boost fecundity. This is obvious but defies conventional analysis. The Left understands that ugliness depresses white fecundity and encourages white women to defile their appearance.
>
> https://identitydixie.com/2017/04/18/moldylocks-trashy-villain-tragic-victim/
>
> Certain countries favor beauty. It appears to be a side-effect of a martial/nationalist culture. Sparta and Nazi Germany favored beauty. Sparta was said to have the beautiful women in the world (Who, like Israeli women, had martial training).
>
> France, Brazil, Venezuela, Brazil, Columbia, Israel still seem to prize female beauty. Everywhere else in the West, ugliness is cherished. A healthy nationalist culture views the beauty of its women as part of its national identity. Give the lads something to fight and die for. Israeli army girls perfectly embody this.
>
> Israeli's won their independence in Messerschmitts. Israeli tank commanders perfectly applied Guderian's tactics if Hitler wasn't so stupid as to hold them back, again, and again, and snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. The Israeli commando culture harkens back to Nazi commandos. Many early Israeli parties featured the faces symbol. Israel was secretly the strongest ally of South Africa and Rhodesia. Vlaams Belang/ Dutch right wing are tight with Israel. Israel's history, oddly, is interlinked with White Supremacy. Intuitively, this makes much sense as Israel is existentially an apartheid/ethno state as well. OFC, US Jews are not going to get this. You can get pissed at the hypocrisy, but this is just too mindblowing for a typical US Jew to grasp.

Israel's fertility rate is above replacement, but still lower than most of the surrounding Ay-rab countries. But the fertility rates of the Arab MENA nations have dropped precipitously in the last couple of decades, while simultaneously the overweight and obesity rates in those nations have skyrocketed. (Saudi Arabia is either the first or second fattest country on earth, along with the US.) Israel has the lowest overweight/obese rate of the Middle East countries. So maybe there's something to rebbe's contention that female fattitude = female barren wombs.

In fact, I'd say there's more than something to it. Real scientists as opposed to Fake Feminist Scientismologists have known for a l0ng time that fatness depresses female fertility. A healthy weight, 17-23 BMI, hourglass-shaped young women has the choicest fertility of any class of woman.

More pertinent is the fact that most men don't want to fuck fat women. Sometimes they do, out of desperation, but if they can avoid it they will. And it's hard for a woman to bake many bunz in her oven if no man is willing to add the dough.

It's Time For A National Conversation About Left-Wing Terrorism

CH · 5 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An atheist goon shot up a church in Texas, killing 26. (From photos of survivors and relatives, congregants appeared to be mostly White.)

This is yet another mass shooting perpetrated by a leftoid terrorist in the past year. Here's Pax Dickinson (Gab: @pax) on the pattern:

> June: Bernie Bro shoots Congressmen at baseball practice
> Sept: Refugee shoots church attendees in Tennessee
> Oct: Registered Dem kills 60 at country music concert
> Nov: Atheist kills 27 attending Baptist Church
>
> This country is already embroiled in a civil war, but only one side is participating yet.

I'd add that just yesterday a Democrat neighbor assaulted Rand Paul and broke five of his ribs.

Prediction: The major Gaystream Media networks will dutifully fail to report the San Antonio attacker's antifa and atheism affiliations, just as they have assiduously failed to adequately cover the political affiliations of all those other shootings.

Thank your local dissident blog for reporting the news that our information gateway Kommissars won't report.

Study: Masculine Men Prefer Feminine Women

CH · 7 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

¡SCIENCE! says….

sexual polarity for the win!

> Men report stronger attraction to femininity in women's faces when [the men's] testosterone levels are high
>
> Many studies have shown that women's judgments of men's attractiveness are affected by changes in levels of sex hormones.

Alpha fux, beta bux.

> However, no studies have tested for associations between changes in levels of sex hormones and men's judgments of women's attractiveness. To investigate this issue, we compared men's attractiveness judgments of feminized and masculinized women's and men's faces in test sessions where salivary testosterone was high and test sessions where salivary testosterone was relatively low. **Men reported stronger attraction to femininity in women's faces in test sessions where salivary testosterone was high than in test sessions where salivary testosterone was low**. This effect was found to be specific to judgments of opposite-sex faces. The strength of men's reported attraction to femininity in men's faces did not differ between high and low testosterone test sessions, suggesting that the effect of testosterone that we observed for judgments of women's faces was not due to a general response bias.

Soyboys are despised even by other soyboys.

> Collectively, these findings suggest that changes in testosterone levels contribute to the strength of men's reported attraction to femininity in women's faces and complement previous findings showing that testosterone modulates men's interest in sexual stimuli.

The more masculine the man, the greater his desire for feminine women. The less masculine the man, the greater his tolerance (if not desire) for masculine women.

Note that high T and masculinity are the primary drivers of male libido, so the preferences or tolerations of effeminate men don't matter all that much to the Darwinian prerogative if low T males can't get sexually aroused for the manjaws in their midst. The boner doesn't lie.

Executive Summary: The God of Biomechanics will not be disavowed.

A reader writes,

> this [study] helps us understand why more masculine female faces have become the norm in media.

Heh. The Gaystream Media is filled to brimming tears with low T limp-wrists who aren't bothered by the lack of feminine female colleagues. You couple that with the natural selection effect of obnoxious status striving fields like media whoredom drawing in manjawed careerist shrikes and you get what we have today: Snarky, virtue signaling Fake News brought to you by the sexually amorphic androgynes who have swarmed like insects into media brothels, and who have corrupted the integrity of their occupation with the presence of their own corrupted minds and bodies.

This is why sexually chadmorphic masculine men like Trump trigger them so badly; the fear and loathing of the fancy male feminist and fierce female ballcutter for Trump is reflective of much deeper emotions than those

provoked by political disagreement; this bitchback goes to the id and its force multiplier is raw envy and suppressed desire.

Liberalism Is Childishness

CH · 7 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Libs love platitudes because they paper over ugly truths.
Love wins = Don't fight back
Unity = Concealed disunity
Tolerance = Make the best of a bad situation
The essence of a lib is childishness. Liberalism is a juvenile ideology. It's rationalizing retreat from adult concerns.

White liberals have a very low fertility rate. It's concordant with human nature that childishness is associated with childlessness. The good news is that there are fewer White shitlibs with each generation, so this Clown World insanity won't last. The only mystery is what will follow in the vacuum left by the end of the era of White shitlibbery.

One Year Anniversary Of The Trumpening

CH · 8 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

Another seven years of this glory left to go! It's Hardening.

***

Here's the very first post in which Trump is mentioned at Le Chateau.

Here's the very first post (dated June 17, 2015) in which CH endorsed Trump for President. I was ahead of almost everyone but a few perceptive samizdat bloggers.

‘Shark Shaming

CH · 8 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It’s Happening!

> This really just happened. 2017. pic.twitter.com/KBOmgsqoaL
>
> — Sarah Chamberlain (@sa_harraa) November 8, 2017

More of this and mud runners will eventually learn the lesson: Burn the coal, White men withhold.

PS “I own a color TV” hahahaaaa 10/10 ZFGs.

You may not see race, but race sees you

CH · 8 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> First it was California.Now it's Virginia.Next will be Florida.It's over come Texas.
>
> Demographics is Destiny. pic.twitter.com/iUyYDTPt6A source

Just imagine what a spiteful cuck you'd have to be to work at crushing Trump and his MAGA agenda to indulge a momentary vindictiveness at the expense of your political ambitions, your Party, and your country.

***

Williamk writes,

> If the muddying of America is destined, we will necessarily shift to NIMBYism.
>
> This is how WASPs operate. See the liberal town in Vermont that voted overwhelming against letting refugees live there.
>
> It may be that the concept of race nationalism does not compute to hypocrite liberals, because they only sense threats as they encroach upon their Dunbar number.
>
> Long term thinking should be get outta the cities, plant roots.

That's an astute point about the Dunbar number. (Dunbar's Number is the upper limit on the number of social relationships the average person can comfortably sustain, and usually rounds to 150 people.) Maybe liberals and conservatives differ fundamentally on how well they can perceive threats beyond their immediate social circle. Shitlibs can only sense danger if it pierces their Dunbar Number, while conservatives can sense it farther off. What this may prove is that contrary to conventional wisdom it's conservatives who have the imagination and open-mindedness to perceive things that fall outside their Dunbar sphere of influence and sensation, while shitlibs only see a mass of LoveWins refugees who randomly do bad stuff to random strangers who are of no concern to the shitlib. (This also gets at loyalty, which is stronger feeling in conservatives and better helps them identify threats from afar.)

For a perfect example of Dunbarred liberals, see the recent truck attack in Manhattan, in which the local shitlibs insisted to media whores that they were unaffected by the attack and it wouldn't stop them from celebrating Halloween.

No Future For White Men

CH · 8 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

Unsubtle message: the enemy is White men, and the future will be rid of them.

PS there are two trannies in this PuffedHo montage. Can you pick them out?

PPS If you're a White man, would you fight overseas for this country anymore? I wouldn't. It's time to turn that White shitlord martial instinct inwards, and fight AGAINST the country for betraying its contract with you and yours.

“Thoughts And Prayers” = “Candlelight Vigils”

CH · 8 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Christophobe shitlibs have latched like a hungry infant onto the snarkmeme that “thoughts and prayers” don’t solve gun violence. (Shitlibs have lost the part of their soul that understands people say these niceties not to solve social problems but to soothe the grief-stricken.)

What’s ironic about this recent malicious sneering by shitlibs against “thoughts and prayers” following the Sutherland Springs church massacre by an avowed atheist goon who escaped from a mental hospital, is that it mirrors the candlelight vigils shitlibs like to organize after a Muslim terror attack. If “thoughts and prayers” are political cowardice and an excuse for inaction, then so are candlelight vigils.

Of course, what shitlibs mean by political action is what they want put into action: banning guns and repealing the 2nd Amendment, with the ultimate goal of disarming White America so that they can start throwing dissident thinkers into prison without stirring up much fuss, like they do in Britain. What shitlibs DON’T mean by political action: banning the immigration of Muslims to prevent Muslim terror attacks.

The candlelight vigil is the shitlib call to inaction, because they fear what action means for their desired Diversitopia.

The similarity ends there, because “thoughts and prayers” are never meant to substitute for a long-term solution to chronic social problems, unlike “candlelight vigils” which are meant for exactly that reason.

A REAL solution to the Texas Atheist Massacre is demanding more competence from our government officials to enforce the laws already on the books, instead of what we get: a clerical error that enabled our atheist smasher of baby skulls to buy guns.

The shitlib will to power means consistency of thought and loyalty to principles is off the table; all that matters is winning the rhetorical battle, and the shitlib says whatever xir thinks gives xir the upper hand in the atomized debate zone. If the shitlib is self-contradicting, no problem! Just wriggle out of the lawgic trap by segueing to a freshly muddled thought. Accountability is for those who play by the rules.

Choosy Sperm

CH · 9 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the CH maxim "the God of Biomechanics will not be disavowed" while reading this 2017 study which found that men have choosy sperm, subconsciously and autonomically saving their best loads for the hottest babes. From the study:

[image]

Although men are (relative to women) indiscriminate in which women they'll bang, their sperm pick up the discriminating slack, releasing tepid disfigured dribbles for plain janes and explosive jizz missiles for HB10s. The Virgin Cum Bubble vs the Chad Jizz Rip.

Most interestingly, HSMV men produce higher quality sperm loads for attractive women, suggesting that the limbic system somehow knows on a primal level beneath conscious awareness that hotter women deserve better sperm to increase the likelihood of conception, and the id-testes axis of love is able to call up these elite soldier sperms for duty as needed.

Truly remarkable stuff, when you think on it, and one can just imagine the cognitive shutdown that is induced in feministards by lovefacts like this one.

Also noteworthy:

- women fake orgasms and moan during sex to make their betaboys feel like they are loved (and their alpha toys to feel like they should stick around)
- fresh pussy is intoxicating to men, from their forebrains all the way to their testicles
- "men who engage in fewer mate guarding behaviors produce higher quality ejaculates": betas mate guard, alphas assume the sale. If you catch yourself mate guarding too much, you are probably driving your woman away from you.

If this research reminds you of an older CH post, well, your memory is reliable:

Hotter Women, Better Sex

> How your body responds to a woman during sex tells the tale. The hotter I find the girl, the better the sex is, all else being equal. Since men remember sex acts with crystal clear clarity, it's easy for me to recall the exact specifications of my sexual encounters with each woman in my life. Not to put too fine a point on it, but my jizzbombs were heavier and the distance ejected farther with the prettier girls. Since this is something I cannot consciously control, it is proof of the innate characteristics of the male sex drive.

SCIENCE has sucked my dong so much I need a lengthy refractory period to give it the quality sperm it begs me for.

"CH, give me your thotkiller sperms!"

"Baby, only the best for you."

Tinder Thots

CH · 9 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A new hashtag — #TinderThots — has revealed the thotty midriff of America. It's a tingle explosion of social decay and sexual market deregulation. Enjoy these selections of America's Women at their least marriageable!

et tu, waifu?

is that a cup full of cum?

[image]

I've got the (T)ree (T)runk, all I need is the HO.

Mockery will tame the thot. Here's a funny dude who mimics Tinder thottery under the tag #TinderThotCosplay.

[image]

[image]

[image]

¡Jeb! isn't laughing at that last one.

Tina Brown Tingled For Trump

CH · 9 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This story is hilarious. I thought I could love Trump only so much, but clearly there's room for more love.

> In a wide-ranging interview, Brown talks about some of the highlights of her nearly 40 years at the top of the magazine world – including the decision to put the famous image of a pregnant and nude Demi Moore on the cover of *Vanity Fair* – as well as her recipe for success, her marriage to Sir Harold Evans, her book *The Vanity Fair Diaries* and her interaction with Donald Trump when he was just gossip page fodder in New York.
>
> "Donald Trump always came on the line with a gag, and in a funny way it did win him the hearts of the press, I think," Brown tells Dokoupil. "I found him very beguiling actually. He had a kind of freshness and bravado that made me laugh. But then he got less and less entertaining."
>
> It changed, she says, because "the desire for publicity made him so impossible to deal with. One of our best writers did a piece on him, and she noted in the piece that he had Hitler's speeches in his office. And he went absolutely ballistic."

HELLO. Will The Right Stuff jump back on the Trump Train?

Btw, *Mein Kampf* does have a lot of astute psychological insights.

> A few months later, the future president got his revenge at a party by dumping wine down the back of the writer's dress, she says.

Wine Game >>> Whine Game.

Trump AMOGs Gay Mulatto

CH · 9 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump has become an internationally recognized conduit for illustrating Game concepts in action.

A reader writes,

> "I don't blame China" has to be the biggest AMOG statement in the history of mankind; he just made Obama look inferior while complimenting AND gaining the respect of China:
>
> *"I don't blame China," Trump said during remarks to business leaders inside the Great Hall of the People. "After all, who can blame a country for being able to take advantage of another country for benefit of their citizens? I give China great credit."*
>
> *Instead of pointing the finger at Beijing for exacerbating trade disputes, Trump blamed past US administrations "for allowing this trade deficit to take place and to grow."*

Gay Mulatto just got ALPHA'd. Combine this statement with his granddaughter's beautiful rendition of a Chinese song in Mandarin which dazzled the Chicoms, and you have a Master Salesman setting the table for a great deal that will benefit Americans rather than enrich the Clinton Foundation and globohomo merchantmen.

If Trump's two terms are nothing but AMOGing Obama and his legacy, he will have knowingly or not done more good for America than the past five Presidents.

PS for those new here and unfamiliar with Game terminology, "AMOGed" essentially means "bitch slapped".

The Shiv Felt Round The World

CH · 10 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

….the world of bitter bitches and spiteful betas.

From Chavo Ruco (Gab @chavoruco):

> Look at these respective ages and you can see why Jonah Goldberg is so invested in white-knighting and moralizing.
> Jonah Goldberg, 48
> Mrs. Jonah Goldberg, 54
> Mrs. Roy Moore, 56
> Roy Moore, 70
>
> https://twitter.com/JonahNRO/status/928758537672675332

That wasn't a shiv, it was a battle axe that cleaved Goldberg's soul in two.

So much sublimated bitterness and spite from prissy white knights who couldn't pull the young tail Roy Moore pulled. The history of the world can be explained by the envy of the beta bitchboy mob and ugly feminists clawing and tearing at anything beautiful and true and natural.

Hacking The Attention Whore Algorithm

CH · 10 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

From the "tell us dread pillers something new why doncha ya" file: A Faceborg psychonerd insider reveals the psy ops that social media companies engage in to hack your brain's need for dopaminergic speed.

> "I don't know if I really understood the consequences of what I was saying, because [of] the unintended consequences of a network when it grows to a billion or 2 billion people and … it literally changes your relationship with society, with each other … It probably interferes with productivity in weird ways. God only knows what it's doing to our children's brains."

Dunbar wept.

> "The thought process that went into building these applications, Facebook being the first of them, … was all about: 'How do we consume as much of your time and conscious attention as possible?'"

Porn wasn't the answer, because the refractory period cuts into the profit margin.

> "And that means that we need to sort of give you a little dopamine hit every once in a while, because someone liked or commented on a photo or a post or whatever. And that's going to get you to contribute more content, and that's going to get you … more likes and comments."
>
> "It's a social-validation feedback loop … exactly the kind of thing that a hacker like myself would come up with, because you're exploiting a vulnerability in human psychology."

Corn and Porn is the updated version of Bread and Circuses, but we should expand it to Corn, Porn and Attention Whoring. The term encapsulates the "little dopamine hits" that modern society provides in the form of refined carbs, sexual abundance, and instant ego gratification. The key is the dopamine hits aren't immediately overwhelming; the good feelings are small at first, but just pleasurable enough to coax continued investment in attaining those hits. Then we get fat, androgynous, anhedonic, and toxically narcissistic until no one is attractive to anyone. And Americans need those dopamine hits more than ever as they become less appealing offline. The cycle accelerates until you have what we see today: a sexual market imploding into rancor, despair, aggressive posturing, and inverted sex-based roles.

> "The inventors, creators — it's me, it's Mark [Zuckerberg], it's Kevin Systrom on Instagram, it's all of these people — understood this consciously. And we did it anyway."

Is Mark Cuckerspserg the most evil man in the world, or would that be Soros? Or Bezos? Between these three Satan has a run for his money.

So we have a confessional from an insider that the Big Tech industry deliberately hacks the attention whoring algorithm to hook its users, just as a drug dealer would "hack" users with the highs that his product supplies until they become addicted and experience withdrawal when the dopamine hits are stopped.

From observed experience, it's a safe assumption that the Attention Whore Hack hits women and soyboys hardest. Both are emotionally needy and thrive to an inordinate and often unhealthy degree on external validation by social peers. The Female/Soyboy ego is fragile and requires constant stroking and affirmation of feels, because they secretly fear everything they believe and hold up as worthy of admiration is built on a foundation of lies.

Furthermore, the retreat from establishing family while still in the bloom of youth has left American women unmoored and drifting on a sea of self-doubt; they are easy victims for hacks that give them the sense of purpose

and worth that a husband and children used to give women. As for the soyboys, the romantic rejection they have to endure for years before a past-prime careerist shrike deigns to marry them has likewise aggravated their need for validation. They slobber their thirst all over thots for the same reason thots trawl for thirsty Likes: a sense of purpose and worth that someone, anyone, is listening to them, even if only to platonically pat them on their pointy eggheads.

Dear Lord, Please Bless Us With Trump's Trolling For Eternity, Amen

CH · 10 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> I am leaving China for #APEC2017 in Vietnam. @FLOTUS Melania is staying behind to see the zoo, and of course, the Great WALL of China before going to Alaska to greet our AMAZING troops.
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) November 10, 2017

Daughter Guarding

CH · 12 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

PA's comment evoking the inherent tension between fathers and daughters — pitting protective instinct against sexual awakening over a Darwinian backdrop of expensive eggs and post-industrial delayed marriage — had me thinking about the kinds of affronts with which a daughter could burden her father, and how they would rank on a "bringing dishonor to the family and heartbreak to daddy" checklist.

> When you come down to it, no father likes his daughter of any age "dating" any man, of any age. Tolerance of dating is a compromise with modernity.
>
> (and WTF is an "LTR", that most mealy-mouthed word of the century?)
>
> He would be delighted with his mid-teens daughter marrying a proper 30-year old man.

LTR is shorthand for long term relationship. (I'm mentioning this for the few Philistines here who may not be familiar with the acronym.) It came into existence out of necessity, to describe the modern sexual market phenomenon of being with one partner for a long time without codifying the commitment in marriage. It has also entered our lexicon because short-lived flings became more common, and a more precise term to describe a romantic relationship longer than three months was required.

I agree with PA here, in that I believe "dating" (as opposed to courtship that quickly led to either rejection or marriage proposal) is a fairly recent creation in human history. Years spent dating multiple lovers until settling down into marriage and kids when the woman is on the downslope of her fertility curve is certainly a historical anomaly; I doubt humans would have survived as a species had the modern dating market been the norm throughout our evolution.

Daughter Guarding in the Time of Game and the Cock Carousel would seem to be paramount for fathers today, but that hasn't panned out; in fact, more than ever fathers are abdicating their role as guardians of daughters' sexuality, probably out of fear of losing status within their suburban soccer mom virtue signaling milieus. In the upper classes, there's almost a glorification of daughters "sowing their yeast", while in the lower classes, mudsharking is tolerated if not outright celebrated. Sheeeiit, the ex-President's own daughters have been caught smoking dope at a rap concert; no public consternation was proffered from the Gay Mulatto.

What this suggests is that paternal investment is fading as a social and familial binding agent in the West, aka Africanization. As a Gabber put it,

> Where's the daughter-guarding when it counts?
>
> They're paying big bucks to subsidize her "independence" "adventures" and "travels" while she's surfing "lotsa cockas" when she goes away to college, to the big city or overseas…

Another Gabber astutely commented that the death of Daughter Guarding and the removal of restrictions on female sexuality (along with the neutering of fatherly oversight) opens Glandora's Box to shifting and corrupted definitions of sexual imprudence that no one can agree upon.

> recreationalization of sex means that most "sexual misconduct" is morally equivalent to a 5 yard penalty.

A revival of Daughter Guarding means that fathers have to get back in touch with their native Disgust Response and relearn the ancient lesson that Disgust is the source pool of Morality. Society will have to grow smaller, as well, because scaling up way past the Dunbar limit like in Calhoun's rat experiments inevitably causes breakdowns in the natural dynamics between parent and child and between family and community.

Using my powers of imagination, I've come up with this short list of what actions a (White) daughter could take that would crush her (White) father's spirit, in descending order of soulkill:

- Burn the coal/marry the coal (soulkill)
- Turn to prostitution
- Get fat and dye her hair blue
- Become lesbian
- Remain single, childless, and infected with toxoplasma gondii
- Murder
- Hook up with an inmate or psycho
- Date a homeless bum
- Date a hispanic or asian
- Date a (White) "artist" or aspiring rock star
- Date her debauched professor
- Date a well-heeled man 10+ years her senior
- Marry a well-heeled man 10+ years her senior
- Briefly court then marry an Epic Chad with a square jawline (soulthrill) and family money

A healthy White culture denigrates the top 2/3rds of that list and poeticizes the bottom third. The message our Current Year culture instead delivers is the polar opposite. Epic Chads are rape hoaxed by seething hateful cunts and mudsharking is put forth as desirable progress.

Daughter Guarding is mostly a NW European White man thing. Even today the norm for most of the world is marrying off ripe teen daughters. Whites regulate this natural impulse with laws and cultural taboos, and the reason they can do this is because as a race they have evolved high paternal investment and a disposition to favor nuclear family formation.

Concomitant with this NW European Inner Hajnal White outbred nuclear family disposition is later marriage, but that cultural anomaly (compared to the global norm) was sustained by restrictions on women's sexuality; i.e., unmarried medieval women didn't have an opportunity to ride the cock carousel. Male chivalry was part and parcel of that restrictive regimen.

Daughter Guarding matters are best left to family and community oversight and not to an impersonal legal machine staffed and operated by Rebekahs, feminist cunts, Diversity™, and bitter spinsters. Mobility and urban atomization have neutered that oversight so we have chucked nuance for One Strike You're Out, but this unjustly penalizes, for example, high status older men who want to start families with younger women.

***

FYI Your Daily Shitlord Science: Female obesity, not young maternal age or pelvic immaturity, is associated with fetal malposition. Roy Moore did everything right (he has four kids) with a loving wife fourteen years his junior.

The Beta Daddy Orbiter And His HBdaughter

CH · 13 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Ironsides triggered this post with reflections on ultra-posturing fathers of hotter younger tighter daughters,

> Translation of all this huffing and puffing:
>
> "I spoiled my daughter absolutely rotten, giving her an ego-swollen princess syndrome which is almost certain to launch her onto the Carousel with Saturn rocket boosters because she thinks that she's so Precious and Special that no solid regular guy is worthy of her …
>
> … and realizing my mistake at some level, now venting my futile beta rage by being as obnoxious as possible to young men interested in her, which has the effect of driving off the decent, hard-working betas who would actually care for her and make her happy with a family, while the alpha cads see right through my posturing and pump-and-dump her over and over again, laughing at me as they swagger out the door at 3 AM in search of greener puss-tures."

Matt King strikes out a lot but when he connects he goes yard. His reply to Ironsides,

> *… now venting my futile beta rage by being as obnoxious as possible to young men interested in her …*
>
> The cuckservatives have queered this meme beyond all usefulness. It's now nothing more than how to dramatize oneself as the Ultimate White Knight Orbiter to one's own flesh and blood.
>
> Fatherhood is a kind of game, and just as in game, a little mystery and a lot of ambiguity goes a long long way to getting her to behave the way you want. Putting up a Top Ten list of your intentions, along with the least subtle photo of a threat imaginable, creates the opposite effect. These are unreconstructed dorks who grew older but never left their beta insecurities behind.
>
> To see schlubs fawn over the only alpha female (i.e., their young and attractive daughters) ever obliged to give them attention is one of the most putrid side-effects of the veteran-carouseler-incel-betamale alliance for the creation of one designer baby in wifey's late thirties. I know how I'll make pretty girls pay attention to me! I'll make one!
>
> "Omigod ur so hawt" in college transforms 20 years later into "My daughter is an angel." Learning curve flat.

Fucking hardcore.

It shouldn't go beyond most woke men's notice that beta daddy soyboys, when they manage to convince a veteran cock carouseler to take them under her marital wing at the ripe age of 38 to pop out that one designer baby three years later (and not a baby more!), curiously produce some of the hottest prime nubility daughters this side of Kiev. The Helical Holy Spirit has a sense of humor about these recombinant mysteries, and with a little thought it's easy to figure that feminine low T daddies shoulder more than their share of the burden of gracing the world with HBdaughters, should they have daughters who inherit daddy's supple skin and manteats and mommy's defined triceps and cock hunger.

(The sons of such unions tend to fair poorly in the physiognomy department.)

Thank the Cosmic Overlord that He has seen fit to ensure the sexual appetites are properly redirected to outside the immediate family circle, else these beta daddy orbiters of HBdaughters might wind up nursing a hellacious case of incestual blue balls. As it stands to everyone's relief, their blue balls are strictly of the emotional, psychological variety. The captured company of hot daughters is likely the best chance daddy orbiters have had to monopolize the attention of the kinds of women who ignored them most of their lives or, worse, toyed with them by dangling effervescent promises of a future hookup in exchange for months and years of sounding board provisioning. It's no

wonder daddy orbiters are gung-ho to shove gun barrels in the faces of any suitor of his daughter-cum-sublimated girlfriend.

Apropos King's comment and the Roy Moore moral panic of the past week, it's a good time for this song:

Different Standards Vs Double Standards

CH · 13 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue, but what if the hypocrisy isn't a tribute but a misinterpretation of a separate rule book?

chris comments,

> It is not hypocritical to treat different things differently. It is hypocritical to treat same things differently.
>
> Are men and women the same? Are the fitness costs for promiscuity the same for men and women?

Short and sweet. Parents are more vigilant about Daughter Guarding than they are about Son Guarding because daughter's eggs are far more precious than son's sperms, and there's the fact that if daughter gets knocked up she's bringing the baby home to family. So slut shaming women while rake praising men isn't hypocrisy, but the expression of naturally formed sociopsychological rules to navigate two separate and distinct playing fields. It's different standards for different things.

Real hypocrisy would be what we see virtue sniveling shitlibs offer up as alms to their Equalism God: they speak of the blessings of nonWhite Diversity™ as they retreat to homogeneous gated communities and gentrified urban cloisters. Here the rulebook governing what they preach and what they practice is the same; it's different standards for the same thing.

Anglin, Destroyer Of Friendzones

CH · 14 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Andrew Anglin, hounded and hunted man and proprietor esq. of the The Daily Stormer, the world's foremost censored and suppressed pro-White website, is featured in an Atlantic article titled "The Making of an American Patriot".

An excerpt reveals that Anglin is a member of the Thot Police, a ZFG Guardian of Ground Floor Girls, and Destroyer of Friendzones.

> Former friends recall that Anglin's parents seemed blind to their son's alarming behavior. And while he could be tender toward his younger siblings, Chelsey and Mitch, and loyal to his friends, he also had a sadistic side. Alison (who asked that her last name be withheld from this article) told me that during Anglin's sophomore year, she called him, distraught: She said she'd passed out at a party and been raped by a friend's older brother. She needed compassion and support, but Anglin just laughed and broke up with her.
>
> "You're a slut," she remembers him saying.

Classic case of a regret rape cheating ho who wanted her boyfriend to validate her desired victimhood and excuse her sluttery, which Anglin sniffed out and smartly called out. My bet is he saved himself a lot of heartache down the road.

(For those new to this crimson-hued degree of realtalk, girlfriends don't roll solo to parties and get black-out drunk unless they are entertaining notions of cheating. Last I checked, women still have moral agency and a primordial sense of personal responsibility.)

> Several girls Anglin had gotten to know at another high school began calling her house at all hours of the night, according to Alison and other sources. "You deserved it," they'd say. "You slut." Alison says the abuse went on for weeks, as

Anglin confirmed for harem whip hand. Game recognized.

CLEANSED OF SOY
ANGLIN ASPIRED
TO BE A BAD GOY
"CLEANSE IT WITH FIRE"

The Atlantic article went to great lengths to exaggerate Anglin into a national security risk, the bastard child of Putin and Lucifer. Clearly the author, Luke O'Brien, is unfamiliar with how girls normally react to rule-breaker badboys with crazy adventurous life stories taking on the entire Globohomo establishment.

Too bad I couldn't verify a photo of Luke O'Brien to confirm my hunch about his physiognomy.

Gaming Mean Girls

CH · 14 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Game can work on middle school girls.

Now that your mind has prematurely (heh) drifted into the gutter, the follow-up context will save your mortal soul from eternal damnation. Reader mindweaponsofragnarok explains,

> To show you how long Heartiste has been up:
>
> 2011….I'm awed and fascinated, high af on the Red Pill.
>
> My daughter is 13 and having trouble with her female peers. A rich girl name Anna is jerking her around, "I'm your friend, I'm not your friend," type games.
>
> So I tell my 13 year old kid about Game. I tell her:
>
> "Ignore Anna's texts, until she sends you a few texts, then reply with one or two words at most, as though you didn't have time or give a shit to even correspond with her. Trust me, try it!"

CH Poon Commandments V: Adhere to the golden ratio, and VI: Keep her guessing.

Give your woman [ed: or middle school BFF] 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

***

True to their inscrutable natures, women [ed: and middle school BFFs] ask questions they don't really want direct answers to. Woe be the man who plays it straight — his fate is the suffering of the beta. Evade, tease, obfuscate. She thrives when she has to imagine what you're thinking about her, and withers when she knows exactly how you feel. A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly. Reward her good behavior intermittently and unpredictably and she will never tire of working hard to please you.

> She did it, and Anna came to heel. She then used Game on boys, too, she used it on everyone. It was like I handed the kid a weapon and the answer to all social interaction became Game.

You opened Glandora's Box for her. This is a dangerous power to give a flowering daughter.

> However, she was also kind of a brat, but I sure as hell was NOT a beta daddy. I wouldn't give her what she wanted, and she would wish death on such on me, and I would just laugh and say, "Whatever." She would threaten all sorts of things, and i would just shut her out.
>
> This was absolutely the best thing to do. The worst thing would have been to show weakness. She accused me of having no feelings at all. I would say, "That's a good thing, LOL!"
>
> Now she's 19 years old and doing quite well.

For young daughters on the cusp of their formative years, Game save them from mean girls and preen boys. Or, it can turn them into femme fatales. The power of Game to warp female sexuality and self-entitlement is something

to behold, because women live and breathe on their ability to jockey for intra-sex status through gossip, slander, and innuendo. Game can amplify all these traits in women, providing them with a better defense but also a thermonuclear offense. The wise daddio tempers his daughter's growing power and keeps her grounded with tiny seeds of self-doubt, because the truth is that bloated female self-esteem is far more corrosive to the dating and marriage markets than is high male self-esteem.

Good to hear for this reader, his daughter learned just enough to exert active influence over her social life but not too much to make a lot of enemies and attract fly-by-night cads.

Guilt Trip Game

CH · 14 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

For perfectly understandable reasons I won't elaborate here, I had left an undisclosed location wearing a badly mismatched shirt and pants. No chance to change into something more sexually harassing, I went to an event where a late 20s woman standing near me leaned over to state the obvious.

"You know, your shirt and pants don't match."

I deadpanned, "What if I told you I'm color blind?"

Glaring at her with feigned offense and raising my eyebrows in expectation of an apology, she stuttered and mouth hanging open replied, "Oh….what, really?"

I pursed my lips and nodded a little.

Her: "Oh god, I'm sorry…..I didn't mean, I didn't know that….". She landed a hand softly on my forearm while apologizing.

Me, smiling like a filthy prankster, "Ha, no, I'm not color blind, I just can't coordinate my outfits."

Her, shimmering and glimmering: "WTF is the matter with you! You had me freaking out over here."

Me: "I was pretty embarrassed by my clothes once I walked by a mirror, but truth is it was totally worth it for the look on your face. Priceless!"

***

This is what I call Guilt Trip Game, and it works on women because it's push-pull amped to eleven. She is disqualified for being offensive (the push) and then pulled back by my cheeky revelation. NW European White women with pathological empathobesity running through their veins are particularly susceptible to Guilt Trip Game, and can be driven to howls of subterranean ecstasy by first provoking their guilt and then allowing them the sweet relief of alleviating their guilt.

(It won't work on low empathy black women, who will mm-hmm and reply, "If you color blind, get yo'self a woman to dress you.")

It's the essence of teasing and pleasing women: don't chase her, make her chase your approval. Teasing of this nature also subcommunicates to a woman that you don't mind crossing the line of social respectability (aka predictable betabore droning) to fuck with a girl's expectations, which cues her to your high mate value because her Inner Vagina will whisper through fluttering limbic labia, "this man has to do well with women to happily risk my huffy displeasure".

This flirtatious vajnette occurred not too long ago, so hopefully the woman involved won't stumble across this post and recognize her participation. But I just had to tell it, I loved it so.

The Mass Effect Neg

CH · 15 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

November 15, 2017 by CH

A Russian pranklord created an app called MakeApp that uses digital magic to strip the makeup from photos of women. The before and after pictures have provoked a worldwide triggering in our slutwalkers. You can ride a dimpled wave of butthurt at the Twatter #MakeApp hashtag. As @Moonman put it,

> This guy just negged every thot on the internet, he deserves an award.

The Mass Effect Neg (MEN). See for yourselves:

Gentlemen, we may have found the proton torpedo to drop down narcissistic thots' thermal exhaust ports. If beta male thirst has created a generation of egomaniac 5s, MakeApp will dry up that thirst and return sanity to the sexual market.

Naturally, feminists are reeling from the COGDIS implanted in them by MakeApp. Feminists are wont to bitch about everything (this is known as cuntplaining), but one complaint in particular is that """society""" somehow manipulates them into wearing makeup. Well, OK, pussyhatters, if that's true why are you so ass blasted by an app that removes society's makeup from your charming mugs? Your negative reaction could almost make a man think your complaints are disingenuous, meant to absolve you of personal responsibility and kvetch about men having objective female attractiveness standards. WHA WHA WHAAAAAT?!?

@chesterbelloc draws the necessary conclusion which highlights what MakeApp signifies about our modern cutthroat, androgynous, antagonistic sexual market:

> Never doubt that a man enraged at the misbehavior of a woman can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has.

Feminist: “all women are beautiful”
Feminist, after MakeApp: “AACCK, THE RUSE IS UP, BAN THIS APP!!”

Too easy.

It’s amazing what MakeApp can reveal. It’s a powerful app!

[image]

[image]

[image]

The MakeApp algorithm may or may not be entirely accurate, but it's pretty darned close; close enough to shock the shrike system.

I've written about makeup and the limited benefits it confers on women. Bottom line: makeup doesn't do much to improve women's looks. Fugs will still be fug with makeup, hotties will still be hot without makeup. Where makeup appears to have the biggest impact is among the fat (sad 'heh') middle of the belle curve, giving the 5s and 6s noticeable bumps in facial SMV (important information for fatty fucker blowjob hounds).

The limitations of makeup are obvious: 1. the morning after, and 2. market saturation. Makeup's boost is less pronounced if all women use makeup (which they do). Makeup won't increase a woman's RELATIVE beauty to other women also wearing makeup, but it will make her prettier than her unpainted self. That may be enough to capture a man's attention…until the morning sun exposes her natural coloring.

Not every woman looks worse after MakeApp. For example:

[image]

That's the power of female youth. Makeup would be redundant on such an exquisite White babe.

The women who see the most benefit from makeup are masculinized manjaws with prominent cheekbones and

sunken eyes, who are close to hitting the wall, eg Angelina Jolie. The makeup softens their angularity and lightens their shadows. Beautiful women don't see much improvement from makeup; their natural beauty is already radiant. Makeup imo helps plain janes and weirdo chicks with odd facial bone substructure that gays and women love to parade on catwalks.

An enterprising womanizer could mass neg every chick in his little black contact list with MakeApp. Butter them up first…"Have you seen this new app? It can't be real"…then deliver the payload…."no WAY do you look like that without makeup, right?"….and watch a thousand points of slice qualify themselves to you. The return of the post-industrial sexual market to a state of healthy, balanced functioning thanks you for your contribution.

The Pathologization Of Male Sexuality

CH · 16 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I'm having as big a laugh as any crimson-blooded American man over the latest sexual assault accusation against ür-shitlib feminist tribal hypocrite Al Franken, but it's a good time to step back from the charade and examine this strange new moral panic overtaking the land as part of a larger marxist and feminist agenda to stigmatize normal male sexuality.

Pat Boyle worries about the same trend, in a comment over at Sailer's,

> I see this morning that Al Franken is the latest celebrity male to be accused of harassing some woman sometime. I hate all this because my views put me so outside the mainstream of contemporary politics but more importantly the mainstream of the community of iSteve readers.
>
> I suspect that all this moralizing and tut-tuting about men harassing women will read like Victorian posturing's in just a few years. Women want to be harassed. Indeed they are designed by nature to be harassed. My experience is that women demand to be harassed. Feminism will surely turn on its heel and come to be outraged that men are no longer harassing them as is their right.
>
> Why are women happy and when are women most happy. Probably on their honeymoon and the first few months of marriage. This is when women get the most sex. Normal heterosexual women want to have sexual relations with a man every couple days. Most women for most of their adult lives probably are partially starved for sex.
>
> How do women get what little sex they can manage? Unfortunately for them they are largely at the mercy of the energies of the men around them. They are also tightly bound by a network of prohibitions and customs that keep them from exercising the initiative. They must wait often for some man to make an approach. Not all men find it comfortable to do this. There is some risk of rejection and humiliation. Others are clumsy.
>
> I never cheated on either of my wives but in those periods when I was single I worked diligently at accosting females. There was a time when I dated over a hundred different women strangers in a single year. This has become easy with the rise of the Internet. I was never accused of harassing any of them but I was often rejected – sometimes loudly and in public. So what? Girls dress up so as to become the object of men's lust. Then they feign indifference. That's just how the game is set up. Since women are generally small, weak and unarmed, all a man risks by being sexually aggressive is a few unkind words.
>
> In those periods when I was most active I thought of myself as providing a public service. Women like to be vigorously pursued. If they are ignored they pout.
>
> Some women are now thinking of the current jihad against grab-ass as some kind of moral crusade. They haven't counted the costs. If as seems likely, men become more reluctant to flirt or even just make naughty comments to women, the sum total of human happiness will be diminished. Men will hesitate and women will go home and cry in their empty bed.

Women by nature are loathe to hit on men, so they must rely on men aggressively pursuing them to have any shot at love and marriage. If men stop busting a move, both men and women lose out.

Daniel Chieh follows up,

> As Slavoj Žižek kinda trolled, the "new rules" are like an ashtray with a "No Smoking" sign above it. Its all madness, the glorious result of a combination of pursuing fantastical ideas of equality to their natural limit plus absolute atomization of the individual.

Enjoy the Current Year spectacle of leftoids getting id-raped by the very man-hating beast they released from the

abyss, but don’t forget that the end game is not good for anyone: this beast won’t stop devouring until Equalism is dead as an ideology and virtue signaling passes from the stage as the flare of madness it has always been.

The Resistance

CH · 16 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

“Daddy’s Money”. ? I don’t call it “Twatter” for no reason.

H/T https://twitter.com/CheekiScrump

The Democrat Party

CH · 16 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

H/t @DouglasMcGrew

I started calling the Democrat Party the Democreep Party over a year ago. Was I ahead of the times? You bet!

PS There's an even creepier photo of Anthony Weiner floating around of him in his tightey whiteys sporting an obvious bulge and sexting a lolita while his toddler son lays next to him.

Another Reason To Shame Fat Chicks

CH · 16 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Maternal obesity is directly linked to childhood autism.

> Maternal prepregnancy obesity and maternal diabetes in combination were associated with increased risk for ASD [autism spectrum disorder] and ID [intellectual disabilities]. ASD with ID may be etiologically distinct from ASD without ID.

The increase in diagnosed autism in kids over the last 40 years can be blamed on fat cows unable and unwilling to push away from the refined carbs table.

We can add another reason to mock, shame, and ostracize fat chicks: the cascade of spergery in the West. It's an aesthetic, moral, health-promoting, and child-saving duty to hate fatties, hate fatty acceptance, hate fatty glorification, and hate fatty apologists.

From our righteous Hate will emerge like a butterfly from its chrysalis Love, Truth, Beauty, and psychologically normal children who can leave a scattered mess of paper clips on the floor without freaking out.

Definitely, definitely no fat chicks.

Open Borders, The Picture Book (For The Short Bus Sh*tlibs)

CH · 18 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> European migration crisis explained for children and boomers. pic.twitter.com/YSMTBtOyAA
>
> — Alba_Rising (@Alba_Rising) October 23, 2017

“children and boomers”. ?

The Cucktat

CH · 19 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A stocky young White man, pale, short-limbed, barrel-chested, and ruddy-bearded who looked to have a significant amount of Scottish ancestry was ordering food when I noticed the Chinese chicken scratch that passes for some ancient Confucian wisdom tattooed on his calf.

A Vietnamese couple were sitting behind him and across from me when I watched the ladygirl snicker to her rice burner boyfriend and point at the White dude's cucktat. Clearly they were amused that this fatted Pink Pig would have Oriental script inked on his ham hock.

I laugh with them. What kind of man dishonors his ancestors, his family, and his people with the cucktat of a foreign race? A poseur, that's what kind of man. Our Scot-ish piglander should have had a halberd tattooed on his Proud White Calf.

Death to fake leapfrogging loyalty, long live authentic concentric loyalty!

***

Moses writes,

> Tats in a foreign language fetish-ize outgroups. It's a symptom of low self-worth.
>
> Just part of a larger disease afflicting Whites. Whites are fetish-izing outgroups and preferring them over their own in-group at rates that are unsustainable. It will not end well.
>
> Chinese would never dream of adopting a non-Chinese baby. Ever. Same for pretty much every racial group except Whites.
>
> Pathological altruism indeed.

It's no coincidence that as White women's self-esteems are artificially pumped to eleven by the Globohomo Ministry of Propaganda, the White race's collective self-esteem is hitting rock bottom. Time to bring back those halberds.

Liberalism Is The Truman Show

CH · 20 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Long-time commenter Captain Obvious vividly analogizes modern liberalism to The Truman Show movie.

> *"She added that she couldn't understand 'how you could do that to somebody.'��?*
>
> *The problem in a nutshell. The only way someone could possibly think this is some sort of incomprehensible action after even a cursory glance at human history is a level of naivete that shouldn't even be possible. People like this woman have no place in adult discussions.*
>
> The Gramscian Cocoon of Anti-Reality.
>
> These Insula-dominant Amygdala-submissive sheep have lived their entire lives in an artificial world created exclusively for their delusional pleasure by The Frankfurt School.
>
> It really is a psychological "Matrix��? within which they are unwittingly imprisoned.
>
> And this particular chick's li'l sailboat just collided with the End of the World as She Knew It.

Liberalism:

The only difference is that, in the movie, Truman tried to escape his artificially constructed environment once he realized it was all set pieces and illusion. In our world, shitlibs have no interest in escaping their anti-reality; in fact, they fear escaping it. The ego doesn't take kindly to utter refutation.

The Fuggernaut

CH · 20 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

These are the Alabama pastors who “rallied in opposition” to Roy Moore.

Steve Sailer calls it “the Coalition of the Fringes”. I call it The Fuggernaut. The reality both terms describe is the same: the forces arrayed against Heritage America are a slop bucket of human scree. Every fug under the black hole sun has come out of the goonwork to “resist” Trumperica, and in so doing they have revealed themselves as the bitter spiteful degenerate bloodsucking transnormal effluvia lashing out at anything conceivably connected to what is true and beautiful and worth fighting for in the world.

Our enemies aren’t deathly afraid of exposure; they’re deathly afraid of being called out for what they are once exposed. And who but your ‘umble shiv-servant has been dong just that for as long as the internet has been free?

When An Uppity Feminist Meets An Impervious POC

CH · 20 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An aging, anti-Trump pussyhatter clashed with a manspreader on the NYC subway, and given the ancestry of the accused the result was predictably comic for those of us who enjoy seeing virtue sniveling White women at the moment their Anti-White Equalism religion is refuted by reality. Via reader M.L.,

> Ha.
>
> Feminist with chip on her shoulder finds out that gentlemen of color punch uppity bitches in the face if they show disrespect.
>
> A white guy would have apologized profusely.
>
> That feminist shit only works on men who are already neutered.

The Wonder Woman herself, Sam Sweeney Saia, from her Twatter account in August 2016:

Sam Saia, this week, after her encounter with a typical representative of the mandingospreader who haunts feminist nightmares:

I have no doubt this spreader of vibrancy was taking his feral frustrations out on an HB3 White goddess and pushing his leg into her till she was crushed against the bars, but naturally being the ditzy lib broad she is, she forgot for a hot second that her feminist indignation is no match for thejungle. As M.L. wrote, what works on already neutered White men won't work on the orc horde. Feminist haranguing is impotent against MUH DIK; it can only find a swaddling home in the deflated bean bags of shitlib white males.

Dumb virtue sniveling cranky urban slutmouths like this sour hag who spend the bulk of their attention whoring

time shitting on their own men can take a White man's sympathy from White Knight to "lol suk a dik" in five seconds flat. It's more proof for my contention that feminism is, among other deleterious qualities, a mass psychotic case of negative transference by hardened liberal city shrikes unable to cope with the reality of daily black and brown and (((tribe))) violations of feminist moral code, so they blame the cause of their bad feelings on White Gentile men, which allows them to preen as both a feminist and antiracist heroine.

The White woman civilizational shit test continues unparried….

***

In related negative transference news, the Broken Windows dindu-stopping strategy is giving way to Windows Asking For It, the dindu-enabling strategy. Subway fare evaders are almost entirely black, so the Globohomo Order wants to decriminalize fare evasion.

There are two ways to deal with the dreary reality of wildly disproportionate black dysfunction in Diversitopias like the US:

1. a crackdown on black behavior that would warm a Grand Dragon's heart
2. sewer spiraling to the lowest common denominator of social responsibility that doesn't disparately impact blacks

As long as White Men remain unrooted from their heritage and faithless in their purpose and cultural glory, we will pursue option #2 until the wilting, deflorating end. Ironically, White Supremacy was never the problem; White Supination is the problem. And this is why MAGA has resonated so deeply with unapologetic White America.

***

An outtake from Your Daily Trump.

Shitlib/Cuck Uniparty media: "Trump has to be careful how he responds to these sexual assault allegations against Democrat Congressmen, given his own history with women…"

TRUMP: "…makes you wonder where Al Frankenstien's hands were in pics 2, 3, 4 ,5, 6…"

Age isn't denting Trump's T level. And America is the better for His Chadness.

The Nailing Railing

CH · 21 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There's this bar/nightclub that has two floors, the second floor extending about 2/3rds of the way out from the back of the venue, so that those on the first floor near the front of the club can look up and see people on the second floor. (it's great for boning up (heh) on your upskirting skills.) An iron railing about waist high protects dancers and drunkards from falling over the edge into the crowd below, though I can't fathom how there haven't been topplings that I know of, given the nature of drunkards to fall over just about anything that isn't a brick wall.

The club gradually morphed from a Chad-White bro-scene to a Dindu savannah, but it never completely de-gentrified (bixnoodified?). A given Saturday night could be 50/50 White/black. Many of the blacks were hardcore ghettolanders bused in from duskier parts of town, so the 50/50 ratio felt more like 10/90 if you were a wypipo. One street creature carries the menace of one thousand of Shaun King's threatening tweets.

The night would quickly humidify with the influx of MUH DIKKING and jungle musk, and White Privilege at that time never felt more remote. But it was still fun to stay despite the risk of a massive house riot because of what would eventually and inevitably transpire on that exposed second floor. The nubian ladies would line up along the edge, two-handedly grab the railing, bend over and jut their steatopygian buttocks out as far as possible, rhythmically swaying and bouncing and jiggling their leopard skin tights-clad, dimpled posteriors with a ferocity that would evoke a post-monsoon reproductive dash for ass among Africa's red-butted fauna.

Then the real show began. The brothers in their knee-high sweatpants would lope into the buoyant backsides of these Nail Rail sisters, making a big show of judging the asses for quality — some nodding their heads and licking their lips in vigorous approval, other stroking their chins in phony discernment — before channeling Al Frankenstien on Viagra and pressing their tighty-whitey-strained boners into the gluteal abyss of not one, but two, three, or ten event horizon booty cracks.

The Bump n Grind commenced, howls and hoots and screeches that startled birds and sent them flying out of the canopy would echo off the walls of the club. Spilled drinks, sweat, spit, and possibly semen would rain down on the first floor denizens who were staring upward mouths agape in unbelieving laughter. After a short while, the tribal "music" having sufficiently worked the participants into a copulatory frenzy, the fertility dance would move to stage three. Already ten to fifteen sassy girls were displaying along the Nailing Railing, and the woefully underprivileged and eternally victimized gentlemen of color would begin the musical chair part of the mating ritual, swapping girls between each other, slapping asses with an air of perfunctory ownership as they entered and exited ass cubbies.

Usually the buckiest of the daggering brothers would hog (heh) the preponderance of booty, overstaying his time with each ass, choosing the finest ass (as he saw it) from among a murderer's row of gargantuan globularity, and grabbing two asses at once, one glued to his pelvic region, the other tickled into a spastic froth by his outstretched hand. It was at this time that the scent of sudden mayhem was strongest, and the possibility of a violent resolution bristled through capillaries and engulfed the room, electrifying the senses.

This is when the smarter Whites leave, (the smartest Whites never arrive), but for one time the crowd remained in full as a climactic scene unfolded that stunned the gallery before a great laughter ensued. At the mating dance's peak excitation, a tall scrawny nerdy White man with "I'm a shitlib Virtue Signaler" practically tattooed on his fivehead stepped confidently into the tush pit, smiling goofily, full of wonder and joy at his chance to bond with the natives, and bounced heavily at the knee near an open black behind, waiting for a cue from one of his hued heroes to enter the Dark Incontinent without a safari guide. The Flummoxed Flava took one long incredulous look at this Supreme Dork, promptly cackled in unison, slapped his back, and pushed him into the booty dead center at the rail.

Below, the crowd erupted in cheers. Gangly and spindly, our brave sinfiltrator jerked his body like a broken marionette to the smooth gyrations of his amour, nearly disappearing into the sea of butt blubber. Slipping on the wet floor, he almost dove headfirst over her back and the railing, but steadied himself by planting his paw in the

thiccness of her shoulder padding, and it was at this moment that his other hand swiped right….toward her giant tit mashed into the iron bar. He leered at the crowd as he gave it a lusty squeeze, at which the girl turned to look back at him, stood up, shook her head in that OH NO YOU DINT way, and slapped his face. He rocked backwards from the force of it, and the gathered brothers released gales of knee-slapping, tongue-wagging laughter as they resumed their spots in the tar pits.

There is no moral to this story except don't go looking for love in the bush.

White Privilege

CH · 21 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> White privilege in action. pic.twitter.com/BX1xyBLZCI
>
> — Mark Collett (@MarkACollett) November 20, 2017

You have to use the Leftoid-to-Human translator to understand that “White privilege” means “White aptitude”.

Mercenary Valley

CH · 24 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> "About 57 out of every 100 jobs in Silicon Valley requiring a bachelor's degree or higher are filled by someone who wasn't born in the US" https://t.co/hctcitOvK3
>
> — Lachlan Markay (@lachlan) November 22, 2017

Silicon Valley is a foreign entity operating on US soil. SV technopolies that import foreign scab labor by the tens of thousands should be considered enemies of the American people. My fervent wish is that the Trump Administration regulates the internet as a utility.

A reader writes,

> This has less to do with Silicon Valley and more to do with the fact that foreign students get charged more for tuition, so universities have an incentive to enroll as many foreigners as possible even at the expense of native students.

That's part of it, but no I really do believe SV prefers warehousing mystery meat code monkeys on its campuses because 1. they're cheaper and 2. they won't question authority. The solution is canceling the H-1B program and ending all foreign student allotments in American universities. All we need is the will and the shaming of virtue signaling single White women to make this happen.

Human Burrito

CH · 30 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

> In her series of self-portraits set in the New Mexican desert, Laura Aguilar is at once part of the American land, and the viewer's eye, and apart from them: https://t.co/65RikwtwR3 pic.twitter.com/nsuonvFR4d
>
> — The New Yorker (@NewYorker) November 30, 2017

From the Twatter replies: "not my proudest fap". ?

The most absurd aspect of this story is the self-seriousness with which the New Yorker reports on this obvious cry for validation from a morbidly obese señorita as if this is legitimate art rather than the adipose droppings of a shapeless blob. The Fuggernaut won't stop on its own, it has to be stopped.

We're not approaching a Singularity. We're approaching a Nihilarity: Nihilism + Hilarity. I can't think of a better term to describe late stage America regressing from responsible adulthood to a psychotic solipsistic juvenilism.

***

A big reason the New Yorker lauds garbage like this is because it knows its (((readers))) secretly thrill to voyeuristically feeling superior to their lessers. They signal egalitarianism while enjoying the rewards of human hierarchy. It's the circus side show updated for a postmodern urban clerisy.

Two Centuries Of US Immigration

CH · 30 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Every government policy recedes to insignificance in the crucible of demographic churn created by waves of immigration. If you're arguing over tax cuts while your country starts to resemble Zimbabwe and Honduras, you're a fool aka a cuck.

The American settlement and later independent nation was relatively churn-free for the first 200 years of its life. America was never a "nation of immigrants", not for 200 years. America (and before that the Royal colonies) was a nation of Anglos. A nation of settlers. Of Englishmen.

Then, the dam burst. Not once. Not twice. But three times. And the last time may very well be the killing deluge.

See the full size version of the time-lapsed map of 200 years of immigration to the US, at this link. It's basically a crystal ball into the future of America (cloudy, with periods of Armageddon).

Two centuries of US immigration is a revealing glimpse at the soul of a nation slowly being rotted out and replaced with new soul parts. It looks like there were three inflection (or defecation) points which irretrievably altered America's future for the worse: 1840-1860 (Irish immigration bringing corrupt Irish machine politics to American cities), 1900-1920 (Russia = Jews, though some were Germans), and 1971 (start of the Dirt World invasion which has yet to decelerate).

Present-day immigration looks like a rainbow of mystery meat throwing up on America, with nothing but a pot of Danegeld and social strife at the end of it. Every country is sending their worst EXCEPT native White countries. Fucked, we are, if the Trump MAGA agenda is captured and subverted by Chamber of Commerce Recucklicans. Looking at that map, we may be fucked regardless.

Alexis de Tocqueville Predicts Current Year America

CH · 2 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Give the Frenchman credit for having Nostradamus-like power of prescience. He eerily foresaw the primary danger to established democracies like the US, and his warning echoes in the reality that exists today.

> Democratic governments may become violent and even cruel at certain periods of extreme effervescence or of great danger, but these crises will be rare and brief. When I consider the petty passions of our contemporaries, the mildness of their manners, the extent of their education, the purity of their religion, the gentleness of their morality, their regular and industrious habits, and the restraint which they almost all observe in their vices no less than in their virtues, I have no fear that they will meet with tyrants in their rulers, but rather with guardians.1
>
> I think, then, that the species of oppression by which democratic nations are menaced is unlike anything that ever before existed in the world; our contemporaries will find no prototype of it in their memories. I seek in vain for an expression that will accurately convey the whole of the idea I have formed of it; the old words despotism and tyranny are inappropriate: the thing itself is new, and since I cannot name, I must attempt to define it.
>
> I seek to trace the novel features under which despotism may appear in the world. The first thing that strikes the observation is an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives. Each of them, living apart, is as a stranger to the fate of all the rest; his children and his private friends constitute to him the whole of mankind. As for the rest of his fellow citizens, he is close to them, but he does not see them; he touches them, but he does not feel them; he exists only in himself and for himself alone; and if his kindred still remain to him, he may be said at any rate to have lost his country.
>
> Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident, and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in perpetual childhood: it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. For their happiness such a government willingly labors, but it chooses to be the sole agent and the only arbiter of that happiness; it provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances: what remains, but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living?
>
> Thus it every day renders the exercise of the free agency of man less useful and less frequent; it circumscribes the will within a narrower range and gradually robs a man of all the uses of himself. The principle of equality has prepared men for these things;it has predisposed men to endure them and often to look on them as benefits.
>
> After having thus successively taken each member of the community in its powerful grasp and fashioned him at will, the supreme power then extends its arm over the whole community. It covers the surface of society with a network of small complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate, to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent, and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting. Such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd.
>
> I have always thought that servitude of the regular, quiet, and gentle kind which I have just described might be combined more easily than is commonly believed with some of the outward forms of freedom, and that it might even establish itself under the wing of the sovereignty of the people.

> Our contemporaries are constantly excited by two conflicting passions: they want to be led, and they wish to remain free. As they cannot destroy either the one or the other of these contrary propensities, they strive to satisfy them both at once. They devise a sole, tutelary, and all-powerful form of government, but elected by the people. They combine the principle of centralization and that of popular sovereignty; this gives them a respite: they console themselves for being in tutelage by the reflection that they have chosen their own guardians. Every man allows himself to be put in leading-strings, because he sees that it is not a person or a class of persons, but the people at large who hold the end of his chain.

The great fear de Tocqueville harbored about American democracy was the rise of the Administrative State. He believed a vast, expansive and expanding, bureaucratic regime would spiritually enervate the nation's citizens by stripping them, slowly and inexorably, of their agency and willpower. We would become consumerist pods attached through dopamine IV drips to an impersonal and suffocating paternalistic directorate issuing countless rules and regulations and codes of social conduct intended to relieve us, as de Tocqueville wrote, of the need to think.

Alexis de Tocqueville if he were alive today would have admired Trump, figuring him for the incarnation of a true resistance against the Administrative State; a man embodying the desperate howl for life from the broken but not yet dead soul of Heritage America.

There's still fight in us Americans, and we'll go down swinging if nothing else.

Fake News

CH · 2 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

ABCNews, a subsidiary of the industrialized “mainstream” Jewish Interest Media, had to issue a clarification on their breaking news story about Mueller charging Flynn with lying to the FBI.

[image]

LO fucking L! To ABC “””news”””, “clarification” means “we lied our asses off to you and the truth is the opposite of what we initially reported”.

But hey the Dow only dropped 350 points on ABC’s Fake News, and arrogant puerile Clinton clit sucker James Comey is tweeting Bible verses to the Twatterati blue checks getting the rabble riled up for a Trump impeachment that will never happen, so no biggie.

Can the broadcast licenses of these Fake News agencies be revoked yesterday?

What Happens When An Ethnocentric Leech Attaches To A Humanitarian Host?

CH · 3 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Answer: The host is liquefied and consumed at leisure.

> The Evolutionary Dominance of Ethnocentric Cooperation
>
> Recent agent-based computer simulations suggest that ethnocentrism, often thought to rely on complex social cognition and learning, may have arisen through biological evolution. From a random start, **ethnocentric strategies dominate other possible strategies** (selfish, traitorous, and humanitarian) based on cooperation or non-cooperation with in-group and out-group agents. Here we show that ethnocentrism eventually overcomes its closest competitor, humanitarianism, **by exploiting humanitarian cooperation across group boundaries as world population saturates**. Selfish and traitorous strategies are self-limiting because such agents do not cooperate with agents sharing the same genes. Traitorous strategies fare even worse than selfish ones because traitors are exploited by ethnocentrics across group boundaries in the same manner as humanitarians are, via unreciprocated cooperation. By tracking evolution across time, we find individual differences between evolving worlds in terms of early humanitarian competition with ethnocentrism, including early stages of humanitarian dominance. Our evidence indicates that such variation, in terms of differences between humanitarian and ethnocentric agents, is normally distributed and due to early, rather than later, stochastic differences in immigrant strategies.

Every virtue signaling White shitlib should read this research paper and absorb the lessons therein. You can have your harmless virtue signals, or you can have open borders, but you can't have both, because the rest of the ethnocentric world doesn't share your moral universalism and will, if permitted to live in close proximity to universalists, ruthlessly capitalize on the latter's gullibility, trust, and knee-jerk cooperativeness, reconfiguring their virtue signaling into virtual suicide.

If, while perusing the abstract above, you were reminded of a certain ethnocentric tribe exploiting a universalist majority, you aren't meshugana.

Challenging Girls To Impress You

CH · 5 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There's no greater arousal trigger of women's lust than a man who challenges them to be better women. Or more interesting women.

Women love love love the thought of having to work hard to meet a man's standards because the challenge indicates the man has dating options (which is sexy) and women like to know they are alluring to men for reasons that go beyond their faces and bodies.

I was meeting a girl at a cafe for a date. This was one of those places that has wrought-iron two-seater tables, with just enough room for a tea cup and saucer, and a slyly presented mid-conversation condom. Pro-tip: those iron cafe tables are chick crack. Girls think they're so romantic.

I wasn't feeling great, very tired, sad! She arrived a bit after I did, and when she settled in, she began chatting up a storm. Under the weather, I could barely muster head nods and inquisitive grunts in reply. Sensing an imbalance in the force, she paused to ask with visible concern, "You don't say much, do you?"

The laconic man is quite attractive to a woman primarily because his terseness induces a dread in her which has her wondering if he doesn't feel motivated by her looks to bother impressing her with a fusillade of verbal prestidigitation. This wasn't the situation here. I just didn't have my stuff. Explaining myself, I answered ingenuously, "I dunno….I can be wordy when I'm inspired."

WOOOOOOOOOOOMP STUCK THE LANDING

She caught her breath, leaned back in her chair and then forward with theatrical relish, and said "Huh."

When a girls says "huh", you can assume there are a thousand other unspoken words attached to that utterance, and most of them are rationalizations for her growing intrigue with the pleasure of your company.

She added, after a lengthy beat, "Are you not feeling inspired now?", and that was my cue to shift the gears into overdrive.

I don't want any reader to get the idea that one throwaway line can take a first date from chat to hammerjack in an instant. That would be silly. But these little throwaway lines, each crafted meticulously or unintentionally as manifest indicators of a man's sexyasfuck mate value, add up over the course of a courtship, and taken in aggregate produce the effect of lubing a girl's mind to entertain and ultimately expect her akimbo surrender to his cylindrical timber.

That's the power of offering a challenge to a woman, or of disqualifying a woman, implicit or otherwise. She can't #resist the limbic bait. Few men do this. Those who do reap a girlwind. I hadn't intended to encourage my date to question her worth to me, but that's what my glib explanation for my lexical leanness did for her. And when a girl is questioning HER VALUE to YOURS, rather than the usual direction these intersexual on-the-fly assessments go, she is psychologically groomed to look up to you, which brings her halfway to relinquishing herself to a majestic boning.

"What can you bring into my life?", is the attitude every great womanizer possesses. It's the ultimate flipping of the script.

Self-regard is male T and A.

Communicating an adherence to standards is male shapeliness.

Assuming the sale is male swayback.

Asking more from women than what they are accustomed to giving is male eyelash batting.

And an impeccable sense of entitlement is male cleavage.

As we men respond autonomically with animal lust in our hearts to T and A, shapeliness, swayback, eyelash batting, and cleavage in women, so too do women respond autonomically with animal lust in their hearts to self-satisfaction, a fondness for conspicuous appraisal, and impertinence in men.

Game, in three words: INSPIRE ME, BABY

***

Some readers wondered how the rest of the convo played out. Paraphrasing, it went like this:

HER: Are you not feeling inspired now?

ME: I'm open to the possibility.

HER: Maybe you need to worry about inspiring me.

ME: Good news! If I'm inspired, my word count will hit twenty words per minute.

HER: Twenty words per minute? I'm a lucky girl!

ME: You're already winning me over.

We parried this joke for a bit longer before I changed the subject. It turned out to be a great ice breaker/mood setter/tension releaser. The take-home lesson is that I didn't shy away from my initial challenge to her; I upped the ante instead, but never without a cheeky self-awareness of what I was doing. When she tried to reflip the script to where she would have hand — by taunting me that I should worry about inspiring her — I didn't take the bait, get defensive, or appease her. I throttled her offensive maneuver when I blurted out "good news", and her attention was recentered back into my frame.

***

daysofgame says that he's never picked up girl by being laconic. Maybe I was unclear…I agree with him. I don't recommend terseness as a viable go-to seduction strategy. True to its definition, a little terseness goes a long way. There are windows during a pickup when fewer words can build sexual tension and reestablish a man's higher value if it's flagging from over-exposure, but most of the time I talk, and talk a lot, to stoke a girl's interest. If anything, confining myself to few words is more mentally draining than letting my nimble tongue rip. A laconic man is attractive to a woman….after he's said a lot of words to pique her curiosity.

How To Know When A Date Is Heading South

CH · 6 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's a good skill to know ASAP during a date if a girl's interest in you is flagging, so that you can turn it around before her vaj has completely folded in on itself and disappeared into a Labiarity. The interim between inquisitive petaling vaj and inimical imploding vaj is shorter than inexperienced men realize. If you sense a perturbance in the whores, you have to move fast before their thermal intrusion ports seal up.

Most men (by definition betas) don't lose the girl at the first meet. The stone cold approach rejection is more exception than rule in the annals of unclosed deals. Given that men don't approach nearly as many women as they are capable of approaching, it falls on the first or second date with the few women he does manage to sufficiently pique to really test a man's seductive prowess and ability to identify when a girl is fawning or fading.

The fact is that most men lose the woman sometime between getting her number and the second date, before sex has bound her fate to his and colored her judgment in his favor. The majority of scuttled attempts at sex occur when the man loses his veiny hold on a woman's imagination while on a date, when he has to be on top of his game for a few hours. Many such cases! He's flying high after swapping grimy late night texts for a meet up, goes on the date two days later, starts to get nervous as the hour wears on and the convo stalls and she still hasn't signaled him to kiss her, and then the whole enterprise unceremoniously ends with a platonic "I should get going" and he's alone at home wondering how and when he blew it.

The first step to solving this problem is knowing when you're losing the girl. That furrow won't stay unfurled for long. Once you can tell when a girl has JUST started emotionally sheathing, you can make powerful adjustments on the fly and prevent the dreaded Desiccating Date. It's the Game equivalent of inserting a screw jack in her limbic node and keeping her dendrites moistly parted.

So here is my shiniest slickest pellet of wisdom. The first sign that your date is drifting into anhedonia is when she's looking sideways. If her head has swiveled and her dead gaze has alighted on the surroundings (or worse, on another man), your star is falling fast. If she's propped her chin in her hand while looking sideways and is heavily sighing, cut your losses, there's nothing left you can do for the nookie.

You can see this phenomenon play out with other couples, if you happen to be in the vicinity as an impartial observer of Human Cringe. (I can identify first dates with a 99% accuracy rate.) The girl will be looking sideways while the beta will be straining hard, in body and verbosity, to recapture her devoted attention. Usually this means he's leaning out way over the table they share and jabbering painfully desperate chit chat about nothing interesting, sensing in his bones her rapid retreat, and resorting to ever more unattractive supplicating, try-hard beta male ploys to reverse the trend. Worst is when her eyes momentarily dart back to look at him as he's on the verge of an anguished appeal for her input, only to quickly look away again and locate a speck on the window as a convenient distraction from the horror.

The correct response to the sideways girlgaze is the opposite of what most men do: instead of trying harder to reach her, you put less effort into reconnecting. Her sideways gaze is your cue to flirt with other women, such as the waitress, or a passing rando. Miraculously, her wandering oculars will spring back to you, peripherally offended and yet enticed by the gauzy apprehension of your aloof and indifferent ZFGness. It'll amaze and astound how quickly a girl's interest reignites when presented with the possibility that the man she had begun writing off has legitimate competing objects for his affection.

If that fails, the next best solution to the sideways gaze is ending the date before she's had a chance to end it on her timeline. Nothing screws with a girl's overstuffed ego more than robbing her of her female prerogative to establish both the beginning and the end of a date.

Misogynist, Sexist SJWs Bullycide A Sexually Empowered Young Woman

CH · 6 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A sexually empowered woman stated that she wouldn't do porn scenes with men who have done gay male porn because she, wisely, did not want to risk exposure to the exotic multitude of their gay anus-to-cock diseases.

The poofter mafia SJW Fuggernaut saw this and promptly shrieked with overwrought indignation. They descended on her like a pack of grotesqueries, wagging their shit-encrusted fingers in her face, driving her out of the industry and rendering her jobless and mentally broken, until she committed suicide.

> Porn actress August Ames apparently killed herself because she stated she wouldn't want to do scenes with men who've done gay porn scenes, so she got bullied online, lost her potential gigs, and killed herself.
>
> Good job, SJWs. Back pats all around. pic.twitter.com/vGe1Dqwm6p
>
> — Ian Miles Cheong (@stillgray) December 6, 2017

There's no room for sexism on this side of history, gay bigots! Now a promising young woman is dead because of your hateful words. Liberated women will stand up to your gay SJW bullying and take back the night! #ShePersisted #TheResistance #ImWithHer #MeToo #LoveWins

The United States Of Ingrates

CH · 7 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Trump's Press Secretary Sarah Sanders triggered a roomful of leftoid media runts when she asked them to name something for which they were thankful. The narcissistic leftoids were caught off-guard, perplexed by this question that targeted their soft underbellies, and immediately took to Twatter to wail about fascistic calls for gratitude. The leftoids wow just wowed that a press secretary would have the gall to imply they owed some measure of gratitude to someone or something at some point in their miserable lives.

We've become the United States of Ingrates. Illegal aliens storm our land and demand our treasure and deference, sanctimonious virtue arbiters of the priestly class rob us blind and destroy our social fabric and then demand we abide their predations, crazy old cat ladies and fish-mouthed sluts for whom post-patriarchy life has been a soft pillowcase of negative struggle demand more government largesse and cultural favoritism while libeling the very men who provide them their comforts, nonWhites suck us dry and visit immense aesthetic and criminal violence on our communities and demand our apologies and our blame for it, foreign economic mercenaries arrive at the behest of wage-gutting globocorps and promptly lecture the native stock on their racism and lack of commitment to importing more foreign scabs, members of the most privileged minority race in America sit atop the heights of achievement wealth and influence in astronomically and suspiciously disproportionate number and use their power to undermine those beneath them while demanding encomiums to their victimhood…..

What a loathsome lot has settled on this land like a locust plague. If there's one sign of hope, it's this: ingratitude is the howl of hubris, and hubris comes before the fall.

May-December Game

CH · 7 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

For May-December alpha cads, the best gambit to pick up much younger women is this disqualification line: when she starts to think you may be flirting with her, gently chide, “Don’t get the wrong idea, you’re too young for me.”

9 out of 10 naifs will react by proving they’re not too young for you.

Alpha Or Beta?

CH · 7 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This one's a close call. In a poorly written "news" story, Jennifer quit her day job to breastfeed her boyfriend Brad.

> However, they have a very unique bond that has caused Jennifer to quit her job. The former bartender is now planning to stay at home and begin what is known as an adult breastfeeding relationship. […]
>
> Jennifer has taken a leave of absence from work in order to further the relationship. She consumes herbal drinks and pills that are designed to stimulate milk flow. Brad is also excited about the health benefits that her milk has to offer. He is a workout buff who prides himself on working hard to look good for the woman he cares about most.
>
> They plan to become married one day. For now, they are in no rush at all. Jennifer and Brad have yet to tell the whole world about their relationship, but they have shared the news with a few close friends.

Woops, whole world notified!

The Breastfeeders:

Literally breastfeeding as an adult is beta, but persuading your girl to turn her life upside so you can latch onto her tits all day long and suckle at her life force is alpha.

When my ability to judge a situation like this one is so badly clouded by contradictory inputs, I revert to the old stand-by criterion: How hot is the dude's girlfriend? She's a 3 or, generously, a 4, so my verdict is that breastfeederboy is beta.

PS The most important factoid from the story:

> She has never fed a baby of her own.

That’ll be all, clickbait internet. That’ll be all.

Old School Strong, Silent Dad Game

CH · 7 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A hilarious field report from Ironsides, about his dad meeting his mom,

> According to my mother, my dad's entire conversation during most of their first date consisted of one word: "Hello."
>
> They did go out to eat, while she chattered away and he remained absolutely silent, after which he drove her back to her parents' house. He didn't open the car door for her.
>
> This apparently intrigued her enough so that she thought 'I'm not getting out of this car until he asks me out again.' They sat there silently for several minutes until my dad said, "Let's go out next week." That completed his entire verbal effort for the evening.
>
> Considering that they're still married a number of decades later, the strong, silent approach apparently worked.
>
> Postscript: they actually DIDN'T go out the next week. My dad's uncle, who he hadn't seen since before he joined the Army, came to the state and stayed for two weeks. Since he was about the only close-ish relative my dad liked, they spent the time chewing the fat, going out shooting, etc., and my dad didn't call my mother back at all until his uncle left. She says by the time he did call up, she was in an absolute frenzy to hear from him.
>
> I don't even think this was particularly deliberate on his part, just the way his personality was at that point; I'll have to ask him.

One part dread, one part jerkboy, one part challenge, one part scarcity (aka abundance mentality). And all of it subcommunicated with an economy of words. Ironsides' dad followed the CH Poon Commandments before they were written down for the masses.

One thing you'll notice if you date a lot of women is that while women are chattier than men on average, some women are chattier than other women. For the loquacious ladies, letting them blab while you laconically punctuate their verbosity with occasional pithy insights or sexy innuendo is just the balance that those women need. (Don't try to out-gab a gabby woman, because she'll never let you and she'll get annoyed, draining the sexual tension from the date.) For less garrulous gals, you'll want to speak more, to rev up the conversation before it stales out.

Fake News

CH · 8 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of Fake News updates for you today, (because somebody has to record this perfidy for the benefit of future historians digging through the tomes of Western Civ for the source of its ruination).

First, the primary Roy Moore accuser has confessed she forged his writing on her high school yearbook. You'd think that would be enough to blow her credibility out of the water, but no, ABC News jumped in to provide cover for her.

> In a shameful and coached interview with ABC News reporter Tom Llamas, Ms. Nelson was allowed to explain away the forgery as "notes" added by her to a legitimate signature.
>
> As People's Pundit Daily (PPD) reported, the inscription was clearly written in two different inks and appeared to be two different sets of handwriting. However, no expert would go on the record without physically analyzing the yearbook, which the Moore campaign called on Allred to agree to do.
>
> She repeatedly refused. And now we know why.
>
> "Nelson admits she did make notes to the inscription," ABC News' Llamas says in his narration. "But the message was all Roy Moore."
>
> "Beverly, he signed your yearbook," he asked Nelson.
>
> "He did sign it," she responds.
>
> "And you made some notes underneath," he coaches in a follow-up.
>
> "Yes," Nelson replies.
>
> The inscription in the yearbook reads "Roy Moore D.A," which was purported to stand for "District Attorney." Aside from the fact that Judge Moore was a D.D.A., not a DA, the "D.A." matches initials on court records for "Delbra Adams," who was Judge Moore's assistant at the time.
>
> In 1999, Ms. Nelson filed for a divorce against her husband and, as it turns out, the case ended up in Judge Moore's court. That's another detail that stood in contrast to her story, which claimed she did not have any contact with Judge Moore after the alleged assault attempt. The ruling made by Judge Moore against Nelson is motive, one that Big Media either failed to uncover or omitted.

The media lie by omission more than they lie by commission, which affords them plausible deniability if their truth-tampering is exposed. But omission lies are in critical ways worse than commission lies, because a BIG FAT LYING NARRATIVE can be sustained much longer with the former.

This old bitter crank Beverly Nelson is clearly making shit up to deep six Moore's election chances. Forging his name (badly) and liner notes reveals a person of bad character. She's mad af still to this day that Moore didn't marry her, and now she's gonna play a game of "gotcha!" by conspiring with a willing accomplice — the Jewish Interest Media — to take him down.

It's more important than before that Roy Moore win his election, because it would be a killer rebuke to the Globohomo Uniparty.

***

Item #2: CNN misreported (i.e., lied about) a news story concerning Don Trump Jr receiving an email with Wikileaks information. They framed the story as if DTJ got advance knowledge of a Wikileaks dump of Clinton emails when in fact they botched the date and DTJ actually received the email the day after the Wiki dump was made public, turning CNN's BREAKING NEWS into a broken work of shitlib fanfiction.

> So CNN misreported the date of the Wikileaks email that @DonaldJTrumpJr received, meaning that the entire point of the story —
> that the campaign might have gotten advance warning of the leaks — is wrong. Wow.
> https://t.co/oiXngwHZAq
>
> — Sarah Westwood (@sarahcwestwood) December 8, 2017

Like I've been saying, the only solution to Fake News is a mass culling of shitlib emotional and mental runts from their position of predominance in big media. Oh, and Trump has the green light to fire Mueller now, and end the witch hunt against him by Mueller's squadron of hillary lackeys. Or are the MAGAmen just gonna sit idly by as thecunt and her surrogates methodically execute a coup against a fairly elected President and the American citizens who support him?

Shitlord Of The Month: Paul Nehlen

CH · 10 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Twatter link. JClod throws around a lot of pedophile insults. Skypological projection? (yes)

More predictable lack of self-awareness from our chosen caricature:

[image]

Do bottleneck tribalists have no mirrors in their homes?

Save these confessionals of distilled anti-White Christian hate from the likes of JClod, because when #110 arrives no one will be able to feign ignorance about why it happened.

You Can’t Turn A Third World Ho Into A First World Housewife

CH · 11 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Freelance Comment of the Week winner is Gabber @antidem,

> When I was a kid, we worried that we’d destroy our civilization in nuclear fire. Instead, we destroyed it by trying to play Captain Save-a-hoe to the whole world’s supply of drunks, sluts, layabouts, petty criminals, and low-IQ Third World proles. I’m not convinced this is really better.

Death by nuclear fire at least leaves the soul intact.

Fake Rape

CH · 13 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

41% of rape accusations are fake, according to a study that examined rape cases over a nine year period in a small metropolis.

> With the cooperation of the police agency of a small metropolitan community, 45 consecutive, disposed, false rape allegations covering a 9 year period were studied. These false rape allegations constitute 41% the total forcible rape cases (n = 109) reported during this period. These false allegations appear to serve three major functions for the complainants: **providing an alibi, seeking revenge, and obtaining sympathy and attention**. False rape allegations are not the consequence of a gender-linked aberration, as frequently claimed, but reflect impulsive and desperate efforts to cope with personal and social stress situations.

So women lie about being raped for revenge against an insufficiently alpha man, to cover their asses when their boyfriend or husband catches them cheating, and to ATTENTION WHORE FOR THE FEELS.

It would be funny if it weren't a malicious slander against men that can and often does cost them their livelihoods and freedom.

Solution: Twice the prison time for fake rape accusers what would be sentenced to actual rapists. That'll nip it in the bud.

It's comical that there are still watery-eyed platoons of internet white knights out there who don't believe women lie, and routinely at that, about allegations as serious as rape. These Wank Crü WK buffoons are ostriches with their heads in the sand, stubborn polishers of the pussy pedestal, probably incapable of grappling with the reality of female sexual nature because they have one female relative who married a dick and that clouds their thinking on the matter.

WKs have always been enablers of the worst sort of man-hating, skank-glorifying feminism. I bet that most WKs have little experience with women beyond one or two lifetime girlfriends who bitched to them about past lovers, and they think their hard work locking down that HB6 in an LTR or marriage grants them deep insight to women.

***

meistergedanken comments,

> Back in 2013 I did some digging on this. And I remember that study you cite: Eugene Kanin at Purdue conducted a study that showed, according to police reports from one city, that 41% of rape claims were untrue, and a full 50% of claims at two universities were untrue. Other researchers have come up with similar numbers for false rape accusations: Gregory and Lees, 1996: 45%. Jordan, 2004: 41%. Chambers and Millar, 1983: 22.4%, Grace et al., 1992: 24%. McDowell and Hibler, 1985: 27%. Buckley, 1992: 25%. Washington Post, Virginia and Maryland, 1991: 25%. Even the lowest number is TEN TIMES the number of false rape allegations that feminists will admit to.

This is a good time to remind the studio audience that the cuckoldry rate is 30 TIMES the actual rape rate. So women are 30 times more likely to deceive men of their paternity than men are to deprive women of their reproductive prerogative.

This is also a good time to remind everyone that in surveys of sexual behavior, women are more likely to lie than are men, AND when women lie they lie BIGGER. The ego boost that men get from padding their notch count is smaller than the ego boost that women get deducting from their cock count. Or, men are less ashamed of their sexual inexperience than women are of their sexual experience. The sexual market is illuminated by the pretty lies

the sexes tell about themselves, and women fear the slut label (for good reason) more than men fear the incel label.

Thought experiment: Try to imagine what the public and institutional reaction would be if 41% of criminal charges against blacks were based on false allegations, if 41% of police rationales for shooting perps were false, if 41% of terror attacks were falsely attributed to muslims…..

…it'd be a lot more vociferous and indignant than the non-reaction accompanying the hatefact that 41% of rape accusations by women against men are fake af.

Sweet Sixteen

CH · 13 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Taylor Swift, Lady and the Trump aryan ür-goddess and connoisseur of bad boys, at sixteen:

As reader chris wrote, Prime Marriage Material.

As Nature intended.

Guess The Sex

CH · 13 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Dweeb State

CH · 14 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

One of the lead investigators for both the credible Hillary Clinton email scandal and the manufactured Russia-Trump collusion Fake Story, Peter Strzok, is a 13 year old girl, judging by his texts with his mistress, Lisa Page.

> Strzok – Omg. You listening to npr? Apparently Melania's speech had passages lifted from Michelle Obama's…Unbelievable
>
> Page – NO WAY!
>
> Page – God, it's just a two-bit organization. I do so hope his disorganization comes to bite him hard in November.
>
> Strzok – It HAS to, right? Right?!? Panicked

Strzok is a grown man speaking like an SJW Millennial with a Tumblr account. Dwell on that for a minute. The point man in not one, but TWO major investigations in America in the past two years is a LOW T, ZERO MASCULINITY, UPTALKING PHAGSPEAK WANNABE MILLENNIAL SOYBOY. These are our G men, ladies and gentlemen. Pathetic!

There is no Deep State. There's a Dweeb State.

Everywhere you choose to look, you find evidence of a great nation swirling the drain. America is about to hit the Civ Wall at speed, and only Trumpism can prevent the impact. We need to roll back the toxic feminization of US politics with a healthy swig of tonic masculinity.

Strzok, btw, was also the main mangina conducting the Michael Flynn interview with the sole purpose of catching Flynn out on a lame process crime. And, as if this will surprise anyone now that we know where his loyalties lie, Strzok was responsible for changing the wording in Comey's dismissal letter for thecunt from a charge of "gross negligence" to the non-crime of "extreme carelessness", thus sparing thecunt the prison time she richly deserved.

On and on it goes like this. The DOJ and FBI are stacked to the rafters at the highest levels with vaginamen Hillary lackeys and NeverTrump cat lady co-conspirators. Some are aware of this subversion of justice. Southern Shitlord Trey Gowdy hammers (((Rod Rosenstein))) on the entrenched anti-Trump bias that exists at the Federal Bureau of Exonerating Hillary Clinton.

From a Yidtube commenter:

> Rosenstein's response to Gowdy was nothing short of execrable. In effect, he was saying, "Never-mind an inherent bias in the information gatherers [the process], I (and Mueller and Wray) will ensure fair results." It is impossible to ensure fairness if the process is corrupted. Rosenstein knows this to be true and thus his response was disingenuous and revealed his true character, a dissembling one, despite the heady praise that has erstwhile been heaped on him, gratuitously it seems. Furthermore and regarding Mueller, are we expected to believe that he appointed people to, or carried people over into key investigative positions without fully– and fastidiously knowing their backgrounds and everything about them? Wasn't he an FBI Director where absolute transparency is required for all hires including field agents with everything being known to the Bureau about them including how quickly their cuticles grow? Yet he missed the political inclinations, contributions, communications of his team members until, it seems, he read about in the papers? Not believable. I am not a Republican and have no brief to argue for that party– nor for Mr. Trump. I wonder, however, if people realize that our country is meandering perilously close to the edge of a sinkhole and at its bottom is the status of a failed state. I have never worried so much about my country as I do today and I am not optimistic about where things are going.

I warned my readers well ahead of time about the Globohomo prejudice at the FBI. I knew Comey was a pro-cunt dirtbag from day 1, and now the latest revelations vindicate my prescience.

Let's have a look-see at the physiognomy of disgraced butler for thecunt, Peter Strzok:

100% bugman. Classic male shitlib. Watery Bambi eyes, pencil neck, fivehead, perpetual smugface. In Trumperica, I want to see physiognomy elevated to a legitimate employment criterion. It would solve a lot of the country's problems.

At least Strzok has a vestigial chin. I can just imagine the inner monologues of FBI human resources when they were interviewing Strzok for the job:

"He has a chin AND he's With Her? We've hit the jackpot! So dreamy!"

"He sent me a text with OMG in it."

"Hire him!"

While we're on the subject of the face as palimpsest to the soul, here is a photo of Strzok's mistress, Page:

Those mandibles. Those teeth. *Neeigh*! Her chin spoons his chin. Makes perfect sense that a low T girlyman would have an affair with a high T horseface, and that they'd both bond over their mutual love for the nation's preeminent psychocunt. What happened to standards at the FBI? Did they menstruate all over them?

In a sane world, all these FBI and DOJ conspirators to subvert the will of the American people and remove their chosen leader from office would be in jail on charges of treason. But we don't live in Sane World. We live in Downs World, run by androgynous retards with unusual strength given to them by a corrupt banana republic State, and so we have to suffer daily reports from the propaganda arm of Downs World about Trump's perfidy while the real filth is handed the reins of justice to drive the country into the cesspit.

OMG panicked!

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FYI, our very own Rick/The Strap-on Within is none other than Peter Strzok!

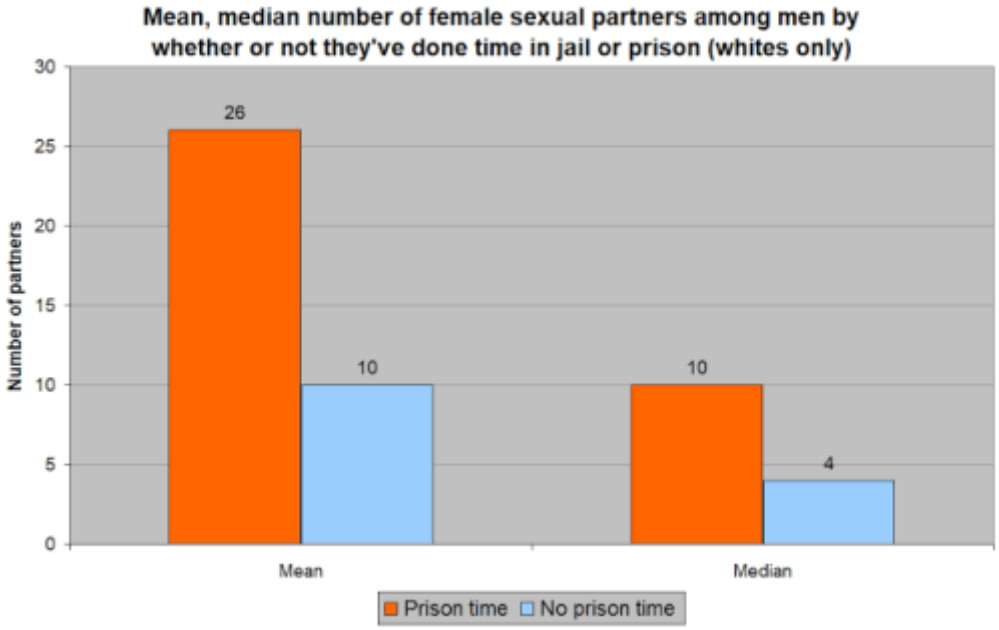
Living In A Jerkboy's Paradise

CH · 15 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

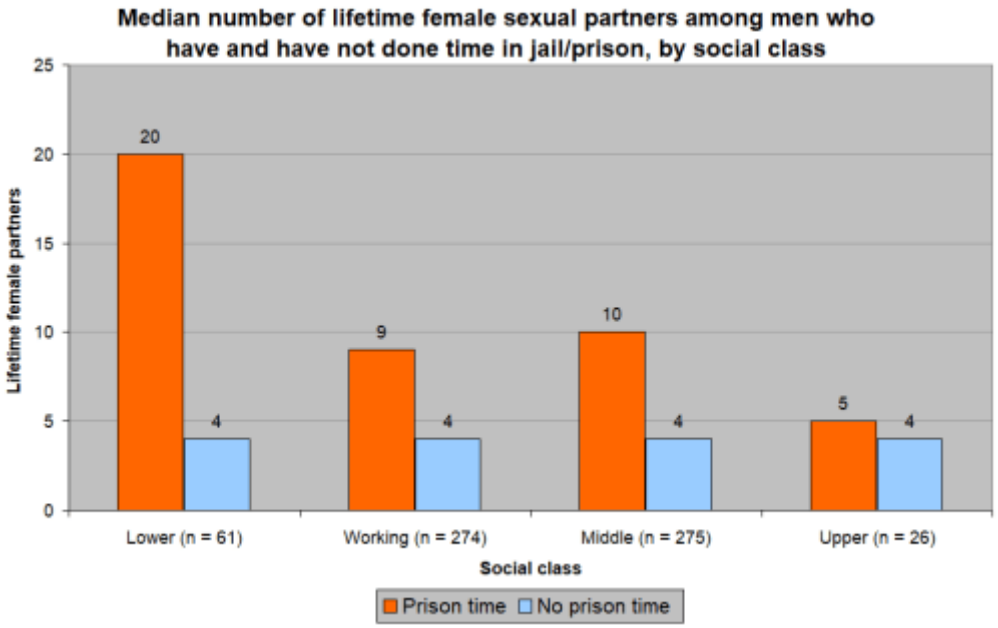
Audacious E had a couple of posts about chicks digging jerks, in which he trawled GSS data to confirm what is bleedingly obvious to anyone who's lived a day in his life and has seen how differently younger, hotter, tighter women react to assholes and niceguys. The eye twinkle a girl flashes when a jerk teases her is unmistakable, and a stark contrast to the eye dullness she betrays when a niceguy properly courts her.

Some girls, we must admit, twinkle for prison yard shank artists. But most girls just want a man who doesn't immediately return their phone calls, or who says stuff like "you don't look fat in that dress…*per se*", or who schedules three dates in one night, or who gives his girl a bag of Skittles for her birthday. Whatever the degree of jerkitude, chicks dig it. And it's not just ghetto mamas going for black thugs. The jerk allure crosses racial lines.

White men who have done jail time report having had more sexual partners.



But maybe you think the jerkboy magic only works on lower class girls….the Jerks and Skanks Find Each Other theory of womanly desire. Not so fast, Tradcon Defender of Distaff Honor. In a follow-up post, AE graphed number of lifetime female sexual partners among men who have and have not spent time in prison, further broken down by social class:



The trend for jerks to have more sex partners than niceguys holds up across all social classes, from lower to upper. This is dynamite stuff….chicks in all social classes dig jerks in their respective class. (We can presume that each class of men draws from a pool of women who are in the same class, or close to it. Upper class jerkboys are likely scoring with middle and upper class cuties. Likewise, lower class jerkboys choose lovers from among lower and working class girls.)

Now, it's fair to say that ex-cons are more likely to lie about their sex lives than are law abiding niceguys, but given that the disparities in partner count are significant (and exceptionally large among lower class men) it's likely that these disparities would still exist even if we could control for inflated parter numbers by lying ex-cons. I'd bet, too, that lying about notch counts is more common among lower class thieves than among upper class criminals, which may help to explain the enormous difference in partner number between lawless and lawful lower class men.

An additional possibility — and one which I happen to think is correct — is that the infamous lust chicks have for jerks is attenuated in its intensity as one climbs the social class ladder. That is, all chicks dig jerks, but not all jerks are dug by chicks. For lower class chicks, the desire for jerkboys is more primitive, and only hardcore lawbreakers can satisfy them. As we move up in social class, women swoon for the more refined jerk, perhaps the man who, rather than have a gang sign tattooed on his pec, has an S&M playpen in his basement, or a honed skill for subtly bringing the typical woman's sky high self-esteem in line with reality, or a flair for teasing that walks up to but doesn't cross the line of personal insults.

AE adds an important footnote,

> Interestingly, the deleterious effects of the sexual revolution may be neutralized by the salubrious effects–at least in this particular context–of modern contraception. While criminals and low-lifes do more fornicating, they do not appear to do more procreating. Among men aged 30 or older, those who have done time average 1.94 children while those who have not average 2.08 children.

The Pill and widespread dissemination (heh) of cheap and effective condoms has severed the link between jerkboy sexual success and jerkboy reproductive success. This is a fascinating development for the reason that it probably hasn't happened at any time in human evolution before now, at least not on the scale we have experienced in the post-moderin West. The post-industrial sexual market endured a seismic blast to its balancing mechanisms, and no one knows for sure how this will play out, but I will speculate here.

Women and men remain guided by their primitive sexual appetites, inherited over millions of years in a pre-

agriculture, Dunbar friendly environment. Women love physically and mentally tough men who act like they could protect them during dangerous times; men love prime nubility women who could violate age of consent laws in some states. Particularly for women, their appetites are mismatched to the current sexscape; jerkboys aren't the "rational" choice anymore, because we have the State to protect women from predation by competing tribes and rapists.

But women still love the jerks. If there wasn't a contraceptive revolution sixty years ago, jerkboys would have a disproportionate share of their sprogs seeding the following generations, as it likely has been for most of human history. Contraceptives broke the chain linking jerkboy reproductive success across generations. In the Darwinian calculus, this means fewer jerkboy genes in future generations. It may NOT mean fewer jerkboy-LOVING genes in future generations of Western women, though. Women who love jerkboys are still reproducing (perhaps on par with women who prefer niceguys), so presumably their genes would continue into the next generations of their daughters and grand-daughters…..UNLESS the niceguy betas they have kids with contribute genes to daughters that somehow influence them to prefer niceguys like themselves.

(Keep in mind that this is predicated on the observation that a jerkboy-loving woman, when she eventually settles down with a dupe beta male, suffers a loss of passion and zeal for living that accompanies settling for a dependable but boring partner who is less desirable than the jerks she loved utterly and completely back in her sexy teens and twenties. That is, women who settle for niceguys after a decade or more of jerkboy journeys aren't very happy about their acquiescence to biological reality and their impending Wall impact, so their jerk-digging genes would sneak into couplings with oblivious beta niceguys.)

Here's where it gets *veeeerrry* interesting. What happens when you have the emergence of a sexual market predominated by jerk-adoring chicks and boring beta niceguys, with very few jerks around to satisfy the cravings of the chicks surrounded by betas, because jerk genes have been mostly culled from the population?

What does an alpha cad-craving girl do when all her mate options are super swell beta dad types? She might do this:

The title of this post is a hint at what a contraceptively reconfigured future sexual market might mean for the vanishingly few jerkboys still on the loose in a world filled with niceguys and sexually unfulfilled women: poon paradise. In the land of the neutered soyboy, the ZFG jerkboy with one ball is king.

The Pill is having potentially cataclysmic, humanity-altering impacts that very few are willing to openly discuss or to prognosticate upon. MUH REPRODUCTIVE FREEDOM is the unquestioned core tenet of secularism, and yet

right under our foamy rhetoric a Darwinian tsunami is about to submerge the West in the effluvia of birth control pills, and the outcome may not be conducive to the sustainability of civilization.

We may lose our own jerk sons to the Pill and the Rubber, but we will have gained in the trade the jerk sons of alien tribes. Or we will over-domesticate ourselves and be sitting ducks for invaders. Or our women, uninspired by the weak niceguys available to them, will continue delaying marriage and childbirth until our people evaporate into anhedonia. Or we will morph into an androgynous consumerist slop that fills boardrooms while emptying bedrooms.

I'll leave you with this crimson pilled portent: hormonal birth control use is associated with an increased risk of attempted suicide and suicide among women.

> Among women who used hormonal contraceptives currently or recently, the risk of attempting suicide was nearly double that of women who had never used contraceptives. The risk was triple for suicide. The patch was linked to the highest risk of suicide attempts, followed by IUD, the vaginal ring and then pills.

There are correlations to disentangle before concluding that hormonal birth control itself causes the increase in rate of suicide and suicide attempts — for instance, women who use birth control may already be more suicidal than non-users, or the cock hopping lifestyle that birth control enables may be the factor contributing to women's self-loathing — but an earlier study examining the same association found

> …an alarming link between hormonal birth control and depression. Published in *JAMA Psychiatry*, that study found that women who used hormonal birth control had a 40 percent increased risk of depression after six months of use, compared to women who didn't. Some types of hormonal contraceptives carried an even greater risk, and younger women were at even greater risk when using hormonal contraception.

If women are getting depressed as a side effect of hormonal birth control use, then that may also change women's attitudes toward men, and what kind of men they want, and what decisions women make for themselves.

Whatever the knock-on effects of accessible and effective birth control on the sexual market, one thing is clear: we are living through a golden age for jerkboys. They are in demand, and they can get the freshest milk without paying for the cow (or the cow's calfs). I don't know how long this Jerkboy Paradise will last, or if it's only a blip in the general trend toward an Androgynarchy and a dispiriting reduction in the sexual polarity. (#MeToo is a flare shot warning of a coming Androgynarchy in which men are psychologically castrated and women are encouraged to forsake their femininity.)

What I do know is that people who expected nothing substantial to change between the sexes or in society when we directly interfered with the helical Prime Directive are fools.

The Science Of Mean Girls

CH · 15 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Another telling indication of the cramped mental universe of white knights and dyke-wave feminists is their studied ignorance of the existence of intrasexual female competition. Women, in their way, can be harsh toward what they perceive to be their sexual market competition. It's not always female conformism and gogrrl #MeToo mutual ego stroking. We go to SCIENCE on the scene for evidence of lengua a lengua calumny among the fairer sex:

> Why fertile women hate a pretty face
>
> Everyone loves a pretty face – except those women who might see it as a threat. With eyes on the competition, women of childbearing age rate other attractive women consistently lower than women who have entered menopause, according to a new study.
>
> "It's almost as if they're putting down other attractive women," says Benedict Jones, a psychologist at Aberdeen University, UK, who led the study of 97 middle-aged women.
>
> […]
>
> No matter their menopausal status, women favoured masculine-looking men. Yet when rating other women, women still able to have children rated feminine faces as slightly less attractive than menopausal women.
>
> Competition between fertile women seems like the best explanation, Jones says. "It's quite well established that as women go through menopause they shift from a mating-oriented mindset to more family-oriented mindset," he says.

me-OW! Women don't fight with fists (unless they're ghetto queens); they fight with gossip, innuendo, and slander. And they're very good at it, coming as naturally to them as it does to the soystaff at Vox.com.

The question I ask myself is what evolutionary benefit, exactly, do these catty fertile women receive from under-rating pretty women? It's not as if a woman's spitefully harsh rating of her feminine competition will change men's minds about what they find attractive. Men judge women through their own male eyes, not through other women's eyes.

My guess is that women undermine pretty women to avoid slipping into a long-term depressive state themselves that will hurt their chances to attract quality men. Looks are 99% of a woman's skill set, but after controlling for looks men will prefer the company of a happy woman over a despondent woman. Happy women think they HAVE A CHANCE. Sad women don't bother trying to flirt with men, and so men figure they aren't interested in being solicited. Maybe these nasty woman games give women just enough of an edge to out-shine other women of similar SMV. (There's no way in this reality a LSMV woman outshines a HSMV woman. As in any war, the worst fighting is between close cousins.)

Another theory I have is that cattiness demoralizes the female competition if they are informed of the gossip campaign against them. Demoralized women might cede the mating field to other women of equivalent SMV, and men won't meet women who don't make themselves available for meeting.

Tinder As Testimonial Of Psychological Self-Deception

CH · 16 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Spot the Tinder Fail:

What's with all these women who have men hovering near them in their Tinder profiles? Answer: Classic female projection. Women are more attracted to preselected men (i.e., men who have other women interested in them) and assume that men must be the same way and desire women who are surrounded by men. Wrong!

A reader (@jimwva) agrees, noting that psychological projection isn't a sex-specific cognitive bias,

> Many, if not most, young men and women assume that what attracts them is also what the other sex finds attractive. Huge mistake. Many never catch on.

He's right, men do the same thing (although not as frequently nor earnestly as do women). For example, men project their attraction to female beauty onto women, falsely assuming women wouldn't willingly fuck rich and powerful men who aren't handsome.

The same reader adds,

> Lower projection frequency among men I would attribute to their own fewer areas of interest in women (1. Beauty 2.Feminine personality 3. Beauty 4. Youth 5. Beauty…∞Beauty). With more areas of attraction to men, women have more to project.

Good point. Also, men are less prone to projection because men have to take the initiative to find love and romance, which means they are handed lessons on the reality of female nature on a regular basis that constitutionally passive women don't learn about men. A man who ignores sex market reality will go to his grave incel. Women can afford to ignore reality.

More precisely, women can afford to ignore reality while young and pretty and men are eager to appease them and supplicate to them, essentially hiding the seedy underbelly of the sexual market from women. As women age, their reality-avoidance can doom them to childless cat lady status. There's no blissfully ignoring the approach of the Wall.

***

Sheer lunacy is single moms scattering droppings of their mystery meatball bastards in their Tinder photos, (some even cajoling men with the "reward" of becoming an "insta-daddy"). Nothing says "firmly grounded in reality" like women who think men want to raise the bastard spawn of other men. Maybe some of these women are super sluts who use their illicit sprog as advertisement of the women's desire for NSA sex. The single mom figures that no man who takes her up on the tacit offer of no muss no fuss fornication will bother teasing her with the promise of commitment, so she has no worry that he might break her heart.

The Whitelash

CH · 18 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here comes Generation Zyklon!

> Pendulum swing is a helluva thing. pic.twitter.com/6trpUpA2EB
>
> — Evocatus Rex (@NoSlackDelta) December 17, 2017

How the fuck do you deal with this shit? I'll tell you. You surrender to it. Because the alternative is much much worse….for you.

I sleep easy at night knowing, or at least believing, that this 'umble abode of Blood Squat rack Sex Realtalk helped birth and inspire the shitlord army about to descend on the land and crush the Globohomoists.

The Jerkboy Forged By Circumstance (And The Fear-Charisma Axis)

CH · 19 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jay in DC writes as a jerk who earned his jerkitude the hard way — by circumstance and experience instead of gifted to him by the cosmic overlord.

> I unfortunately find myself walking down this same road. But I got here in an odd way. I was on the OTHER side of this equation for almost a decade. Law Enforcement and Prison were my job. The thing is, because you are dealing with literal animals all day, its adapt or die. So you get hard as fuck just like the creatures you have to "handle".
>
> This is also when I noticed the pussy starting to flow like mana from heaven. Couple that with already being a bit of a natural alpha and very decent looking (think young pre-insane Charlie Sheen) and yeah… I slayed vag for 2 decades straight.
>
> In the last few years, I was on the OTHER side of the bars and that shit ain't no kinda fun. Not going to get into the whole story but I nearly was killed in the process by overzealous cocksuckers who like to play "soldier" against US Citizens. (read: SWAT faggots)
>
> Survived, but it just made what I already was much much worse. I have true killer instinct now because if I'm ever threatened in such a way again, I will put you in the fucking ground even if I'm going with you.
>
> The thing is, this is a double edged sword. You usually have to soften this up around chicks because if you are 'full on' they will be afraid. Some natural charisma will leave them fearful but turned on. It is a balancing act for certain.

That last paragraph is crucial. Most men don't readily grasp how entwined fear and arousal are in women. When men are aroused by the sight of a hottie, fear is not the emotion rumbling through us. There's a bit of fear just before the approach, but that's the fear of rejection and hurt pride, not the fear of physical harm, and it vanishes as quickly as it appears. Women….they're different. Powerful, dangerous men arouse them, but these men also could hurt them, badly, in ways Mean Girls can never do. That fear is always present in women and it's always bound closely with the men women find most alluring — the jerks, the assholes, the powerful, the strong, the sociopathic, the charismatic, the passionate, the unpredictable, the ambitious, and the reckless. The irresistible man is also the uncontrollable man, and women are fated to love the very men who could crush them as easily as they crush weaker men.

So when women say they are "intimidated" by sexy men, they aren't lying, nor are they denying their sexual interest. A sexy man is necessarily an intimidating man, in one form or another, or he wouldn't be sexy to women. Fear and arousal are hitched to the female id and work in concert to coax her to a fulfilling relinquishment to the insistent and desirous sex of a powerful man. Grrlpower is a temporary phase shift in the sexual market; a response by women to the emasculated soyboys who leave them cold. What women really want, beneath the feminist posturing for social media head pats, is to embrace their vulnerability and repose in their femininity, reflected through the overpowering lust of a man who doesn't take to the leash.

This is why dangerous men have to walk it back and soften their hard edge, and why your typical beta male mediocrity has to find his inner jerk and turn it up. Without that element of fear, women won't feel the white hot passion they are all capable of feeling for a man. But too much fear and women's survival instinct will override their desire. (Not all women, though. Many such cases of women ignoring their fear response in favor of their furrow response, and paying the toll later.) This is where the fear-charisma axis comes into play; charisma, aka a self-knowing facility with teasing banter, relaxes women just enough to allow their fear of a powerful man to sublimate as carnality. This is why a woman will sometimes confess in the afterglow that the idea of you "having

your way with her” turned her on so much. That’s the chord of fear you skillfully plucked in her which merged with the rhythm of her desire to elevate her to ecstatic surrender.

I loved that he was so powerful I was nothing.
– O

Me Me Me Too

CH · 19 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

A heartwarming story for the holidays.

Tales of woe and perfidy like this one abound. The sexual and marital markets are two way streets. It takes two to tango. If our culture and society degrade or flourish, it will be because men AND women contributed in their particular ways.

Ignore this lesson to polish the pussy pedestal, and you are complicit in whatever social dissolution follows.

Subversive Dissident Art Or Sincere Suicidal Ideation?

CH · 19 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Londonistan calling. I can't tell if this is subversive street art satirizing post-moderinity or a sincere cry for self-abnegation. The educated guess is that it's sincere, given that White Brits have become a Jim Jones cuck cult.

We all need a dendrite cleanser after that: Based boy makes pro-White Pepe hand sign during a meeting with President Trump.

Look at the shit-eating smirk on that little Whitelord. America is gonna be all right, after all. In due time she'll fall into the loving care of a whole generation of ZFG Trumps.

A reader remarks,

> This is actually no joke lol I've seen several kids doing that shit constantly. I told one if he knew it's a Nazi sign. He answers, and I quote:
>
> "Yes I already knew it meant white power or something thats offensive to lesbian dance theory majors"
>
> This kid is like 12 LOL

Let's face it, secret society pro-white hand signals under the noses of the Globohomo elite that provoke the jewish interest media to spill vats of ink dissecting for nefarious intent are so much cooler than any rebellious act the Left has done in the past fifty years of their cultural dominance.

A lot of the hatred on the Left for the dissident Right is motivated by artistic and aesthetic envy. Case in point: If hillary had come up with MAGA, the Left would have creamed themselves over her superior branding skills.

The Tingle Laughs At Your Idiotic Human Rationales

CH · 20 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Randon Guy points to a comment JudgyBitch made in which she described in more detail why she left her first niceguy boyfriend who helped her through the ordeal of her broken family.

> Later on in the reply to the comment section so as to further explain why she said what she said about him being too weak.
>
> She said partly it was because she couldn't trust herself to be a good wife for him, that his willingness to bend over would end up with her mistreating him.
>
> To some extent it seems like she was doing it to also avoid becoming like her father/mother had been.

This is pure *post hoc, ergo propter hamster* rationalization. Niceguys hear this crap all the time from women — a glorified *it's not you, it's me* — and it must drive them batty. Imagine you're the niceguy dating JudgyBitch and she dumps you because…wait for it…she was afraid she would treat you like crap.

So treating him like disposable crap and dumping him is the solution to treating him like reusable crap while still fucking him.

You'd have to forgive a guy for thinking that's a load of self-serving BS and the real reason is something else. The typical niceguy would be glad for more time in Pound Town and a chance to decide for himself if she's mistreating him.

I don't mean to pinch a steamer on JudgyBitch's parade. As far as one can bitchily judge from a single blog post confessional, she seems like a decent woman who turned she life around. She made an edible omelette out of some very rotten eggs, defying what could have been her genetic fate. She doesn't hate men, which is a minor miracle in this day and age. And scanning her archives, it appears she's /ourgal/, so I can't find it in me to savage her hamster too much.

But I will use her as a springboard to remind the beta males strolling into this happy hunting ground that whatever reason a woman gives you for dumping you, it's WAAAAY downstream from the real reason, which is that your niceness shut off her tingle spigot.

The tingle is immunized against all rationalizations: one may call it a splooge, gush, womb flume, squirting hibiscus, it all runs off her vagina like tepid beta sperm off a greasy keyboard. But call the tingle a command center of the female vessel and you will be astonished at how she recoils, how injured she is, how she suddenly shrinks back: "I didn't want to hurt him!"

This is important, because it gets to the heart of what this blog is about: **Don't listen to what women say; instead, watch what women do.**

A woman will NEVER dump a niceguy because she's afraid of hurting him. Or for any other rationalization that sounds good to community college couples therapists. A woman WILL dump a niceguy if she stops wanting to fuck him.

It's only when a woman's tingles dry up that the thought of her niceguy boyfriend touching her repulses her, and it's only when that happens that she rationalizes plausible sounding but nevertheless fantastical reasons for why her labia furled like a slug under a shower of salt.

The Tingle is the gom jabbar. The one ring to rule them all. The Voight-Kampff replicant test. The cosmic palimpsest. The Prime Directive. The Force. Women DO NOT STOP FUCKING a man who gives them the Tingle. Women DO NOT DUMP a man who gives them the Tingle. Women DO DUMP a man, for sundry rationales, who is incapable of giving, or has stopped giving, them the Tingle.

Once the Tingle is gone, a woman's heart is gone, and her head is recruited to gussy up the only reason for the coldness in her heart and vagina.

No matter how nicely a man treats a woman, no matter how much of a gentleman he is to her, she won't love him as long as he doesn't give her the Tingle. If a woman doesn't feel the Tingle, she'll rationalize any nice behavior from a niceguy as bad behavior, or as behavior that incites her to bad behavior. She will invent new and creative reasons for dumping the niceguy, reasons that could fill a ten page listicle in Teen Vogue, when the reducible truth is that his niceness desiccates her vagina.

Similarly, no matter how badly a man treats a woman, no matter how much of an asshole he is to her, she will not leave him as long as he gives her the Tingle. If she feels it, she'll rationalize any shitty behavior from a man as good behavior, or as reasonable and predictable behavior caused by her own bad behavior, and invent new and creative reasons for staying with him. Sure she will bitch and moan and continually ignore her friends' advice to dump him, but she'll always run back to his arms, happy to be with the man who coaxes the Tingle from her. Maybe, some day in the distant future, she will have put up with enough of his assholery and decide leaving him is better than more Tingles, but she won't do it without plenty of personal anguish, and she'll never feel great about leaving him.

The niceguy? She'll hardly spare a second for the pain of losing him. *shrug* No Tingle, No Linger. But he will make an appearance in a blog post about a journey of self-discovery, as the token emotional tampon.

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Waffles comments,

> Beginning to think that over 75% of LTRs are just window dressing and the majority of LTR and married couples are not happy. The best part of any relationship is pretty much universally accepted as the beginning. Once that is gone it is hard to get back to that point sexually. Which isn't always a bad thing, but can quickly lead to other issues that are common in any LTR.

"The best part of any relationship is the beginning". This is one of the ugliest truths. "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be" is one of the prettiest lies to distract from that ugly truth.

All the passion, the white hot passion, the delirious vertiginous love, the beautiful obsession….it's front-loaded, going downhill after (if you're lucky) the first year or two. Later, tenderness and affection and maybe joy replace the passion, but the best part has been lost forever, to familiarity, age, time, and benumbing.

Sad.

When The Red Pill Meets The Crimson Pill

CH · 20 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Read this depressing but illuminating account by JudgyBitch recalling her wicked mother alienating her and her siblings from their father, and how it affected the children. At the end, a redemption and the victory of truth will lift your spirits, because this is one sad tale that is repeated all too many times in post-America.

There are two pills to swallow from this story. A Red Pill on the divorce industrial complex and how it effectively shields bad mothers and wives from punishment while shafting fathers and husbands with extreme prejudice, and a Crimson Pill on the primal sexual nature of even good-hearted, well-meaning women.

First, you take the Red Pill:

> [My father] met my mother when she was just nineteen years old and he was considerably older. He never told her about his family back in Germany, and they married and had four children by the time my mother was 25 years old. My three brothers, and me.
>
> And they were fucking horrible parents. There is no nice way to spin it. They embraced a religion that encouraged extreme violence against children. Their philosophy was that a child's will must be completely broken so that the child will then accept the will of God. My mother was ecstatically violent, and my father less so, but they were both culpable. Their particular brand of religious violence continues in America to this day.
>
> […]
>
> And then….my mother discovered feminism. She exchanged one violent, irrational, dehumanizing ideology for another, and she soon decided that she needed a man like a fish needed a bicycle. After countless physically violent arguments with my father, including one episode where she hit him in the head with a cast iron frying pan and left him for dead on the front porch, he turned his back and walked away from us, just like his first family.
>
> One day we woke up and he was gone. My mother was quick to inform us that he simply walked away, and left us to starve in the streets, and that she alone would be the sole reason we survived and prospered. She never missed an opportunity to curse him. She told us about his first family, and how she did not need to divorce him, because they were never married in the first place. She hated him and hated all men and our daily lives were filled with her anger and vitriol and violence. She never gave a moment's thought to what her hatred of men and our father was doing to her sons. She gave us daily rations of rage and blame and every bad thing that happened was always his fault.
>
> Being a child, I believed it. So did my brothers.
>
> And we loathed him for it. How could he leave us with such an evil woman? My mother once held a knife to my throat and made me beg for my life. When I was eleven. And I remember going to bed, thinking not how much I hated her, but how much I hated HIM for leaving us to her devices.

Turning children against fathers has been a female specialty since forever, but only the post-industrial man-hating femcunt dystopia we know as the progressive West institutionalized and weaponized this malevolent female predilection, by removing moral culpability from women and adding a presumption of guilt to men.

The Red Pill payoff (you knew this was coming):

> And then I received a phone call. It was my father, calling to tell me that my mother's mother had passed away, and that I should let her know. So much of the pain had seeped away that I felt confident confronting my father, and I asked him why he had done it.

> Why did you just turn your back and walk away?
>
> And then the truth came to light. He hadn't walked away. He certainly had not left us to starve. My mother had filed for an annulment and requested a restraining order, which she was granted. When I finally saw my father again, he had two boxes with him. One was filled with income tax returns showing that he had never missed a child support payment, and court orders preventing him from seeing us based on his violence towards my mother, along with supervised visitations that were all scheduled for when he was overseas, working to meet his child support payments.
>
> The other box contained cards and letters. Birthday cards and so many letters. All returned. By my mother. He never stopped sending them, hoping one of us would one day get the key and fetch the mail, but my mother was always adamant that the mail was her business.
>
> As an adult, it makes so much sense. How did we continue to live in our house? How was my mother able to afford food and clothing and YMCA memberships for four children without my father's support? Of course she had his support. But she hid it from us, and poisoned our minds against our father. It's called parental alienation, and she is not the first, nor the last woman to destroy her children in this way.
>
> It's a special kind of evil.

In the end, she meets her father, he asks her forgiveness for the way he raised her before her mother excised him from his kids' lives, she forgives him and welcomes him into her family, he gratefully becomes a much better grandfather to her kids than he was a father to her. As for the awful mother, JudgyBitch did to her what mom did to her dad: removed her from her life.

Nestled in the middle of this story is a Crimson Pill so big it's a choking hazard.

> Interestingly enough, I was never attracted to men who behaved badly. I never sought to enmesh myself in relationships that replicated the worst of my father. Quite the opposite. I didn't seek out pain in an effort to work through what I had suffered. I had a lovely boyfriend who was all kindness and sympathy. He was the gentlest man I have ever known. And I cannot adequately articulate how his gentleness and caring healed me.
>
> He proposed marriage, but ultimately, he was far too compliant and mild, and I was disconcerted by his willingness to acquiesce to what I wanted, even though I never wanted anything bad. I could trust him to treat me with the utmost kindness and care, but I could not lean on him. That was impossible. I declined his proposal and moved on.

Appeasing, supplicating niceguys turn off women, because women perceive their niceness for weakness. And sometimes, the women are right. Very nice men who give women what they say they want, and who dutifully parrot feminist boilerplate and share the household chores under the false assumption that equality out of the bedroom is carnality in the bedroom, sow distrust in women.

Women trust the jerk because they know the jerk won't tell them whatever he thinks will win their approval. And THAT'S how the jerk, ironically, wins their approval. By not trying for it.

A big reason women are attracted to jerkboys is the aversion jerkboys have for acquiescing to anyone's demands, let alone women's demands. That delightfully novel and romantically exhilarating jerkboy self-regard leaves a potent impression on women, who see refracted in the trait a forthrightness and strength of character and purpose that is lacking in niceguys.

Recall the CH Poon Commandments: You are the oak tree, immoveable and solid, under which she frolics and runs to when the rains come. She senses this strength in jerkboys because she can trust them not to bend to her whim, unlike niceguys who do nothing but bend and bend until they're licking girls' boots. And no tingle ever gushered for a polite lackey.

***

safespaceplaypen comments,

Thesis:

> Interestingly enough, I was never attracted to men who behaved badly. I never sought to enmesh myself in relationships that replicated the worst of my father. Quite the opposite…

Antithesis:

> I had a lovely boyfriend who was all kindness and sympathy. He was the gentlest man I have ever known. And I cannot adequately articulate how his gentleness and caring healed me.

Synthesis:

> He proposed marriage, but ultimately, he was far too compliant and mild, and I was disconcerted by his willingness to bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit logic bullshit logic bullshit I declined his proposal and moved on.

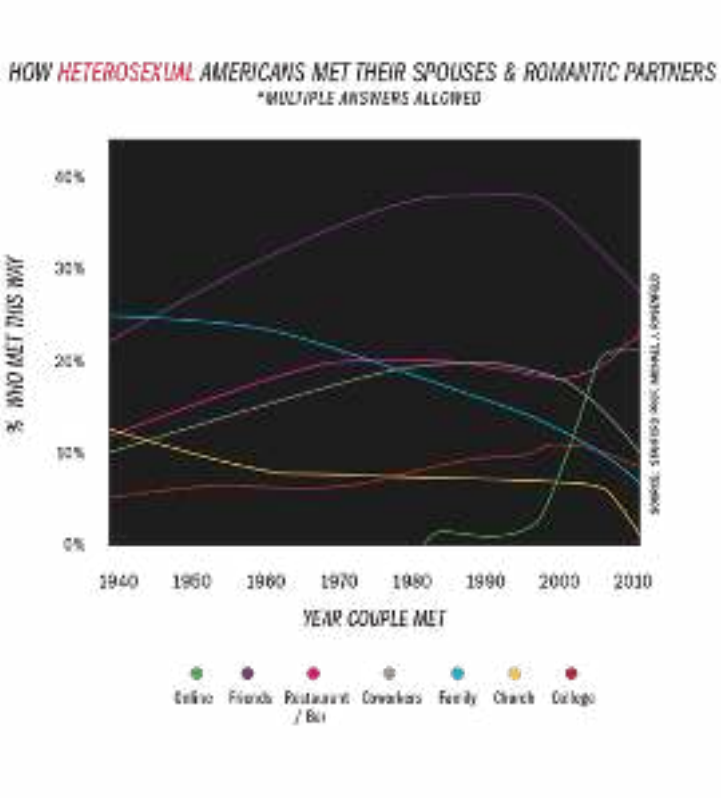
Heh. The Tingle is Synthesis. And Syllojizzm.

Where Men And Women Meet To Find Love In The Current Year

CH · 21 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Rod Dreher, Über-Poseur Pussy-Pedestaler Christcuck Cuckstian Cuckstraordinaire and advocate for the Craft Brew Selfie Option, linked to a Free Northerner blog post (and tangentially to this rumble abode) to explore the reasons why young Christians have stopped meeting their potential spouses at Church.

I've discussed the same interesting dating market changes underlying the graphic Dreher featured at his blog and highlighted in this older CH post (with correct attribution along the margin of the graph, so the spergatroid dreher commenters can quit their bitchin'….and fyi, readers email unattributed jpegs to me all the time, so if I post a few without PROPERLY linking the source you can sleep soundly that the oversight wasn't intentional).



Excerpted from that CH post, remarking on the sexual market changes to women and their place in it caused by the rise of bars and online dating as the primary mediums facilitating courtship:

> Every inception source of romance is down over the past 70 years except for bars and online. What happens in bars and online that doesn't happen in the normal course of events when couples meet through the more traditional routes? That's right: Intense, relentless, and usually charmless come-ons by drunk and socially clumsy [ed: thirsty] men, that pump girls full of themselves. We've entered the age of the narcissistically-charged woman who houses in the well-marbled fat of her skull ham a steroid-injected, Facebook-fed hamster spinning its distaff vessel's place in the world as the center of existence.

This is coming at the change from the angle of women's egos, and how their over-inflated and over-stroked egos will be a barrier to love and marriage. But there are other ominous portents in the major changes to the way men and women meet.

As you can see from the graph, every avenue for meeting the opposite sex is down over the last twenty years, except one. The percentage of couples who met through college is down (partly a result of college becoming 60% female-40% male). Couples who met through family is way down (continuing a long-term trend). Couples who met

through Church is down (and almost near zero). Couples who met through work is way down (and likely to hit rock bottom after this #MeToo sex panic burns itself out).

The majority of couples still meet through friends, but that too is on a downward trend, set to be eclipsed soon, if the trajectory holds up, by restaurant/bar, which is the only meeting place that is upwardly trending. Couples who met through online dating appears to have leveled off. This might be a temporary lull as privacy and security issues are worked out, but I suspect it's the calm before online dating takes a nosedive as a matchmaking facilitator. I predict this because it has dawned on women that men use online dating as a sex supplement to their "real" dating lives, and it has dawned on men that women use online dating to hide their physical flaws (fat) and to aggressively filter out any but the top 5% of men in looks (which is an unstable selection filter utterly divorced from the reality of what women want in men, and which means that exclusive online dating will end badly for women's romantic hopes of commitment with a good man).

> Ultimately, the best weapon against internet-abetted female ego validation is **LOWER MALE INVESTMENT**. If a man must deal with a woman's hypergonadal ego, (and consequently her revved-up hypergamous impulse), his first order of business must be neutralizing the influence and unclogging the romance-blockage of her ego. This, in practice, means FLIPPING THE SEDUCTION SCRIPT as soon as possible, and creating the perception that you are the chased and she is the chaser.

What does the massive and radical change in the way men and women meet each other mean for Western society? Can we glimpse the ropey contours of our future Jizztopia?

Relevant, from that older CH post,

> This isn't your Greatest Generation's dating market. Prairie farm ladies aren't waiting at home for a battle-weary man to rescue them from spinsterhood. Women aren't effusively grateful to men for giving them the opportunity to exit the singles market. The sexual market has, in sum, devolved from a K-selected one to an r-selected one, and all that goes with such a cataclysmic change. The era of High Male Investment and Low Male Sexiness courtship signaling — poems and flowers and punctuality and appeasing her parents and stressing your financial stability and lavishing her with promises of eternal devotion — is OVER. Or, at least, its effectiveness greatly attenuated. We are now in the era of Low Male Investment and High Male Sexiness, or altered perceptions thereof.

Church won't be restored as a meeting place for singles any time soon, barring some unforeseen seismic shift in attitudes toward religiosity and patriarchy (the two go together when both are healthy).

Neither will college, as long as it remains a warehouse for aggrieved Diversity and intellectually mediocre but conscientious girls, and antagonistic to young White men. Feminist cuntsent culture is turning campuses into anhedonic deserts.

Family? Age of first marriage is later than ever, fertility is down, single mommery is way up, miscegenation is up, and families are geographically and socially atomized to the edge of becoming total strangers with a shared genealogy. Family will continue its downward slide as a matchmaker.

Meeting as coworkers? MEEEE TOOOOOOOOO!!!!! Nope, the days of the corporate office as informal imprimatur of marital proposals are past us. The future is the increasingly rare (and risky) after hours bang in the janitor closet.

Social media, video gaming, porn, and the attendant isolation are undermining the service of friends as the primary means of bringing people together for the making of loves. It's possible friends can come back as the major matchmaking vector, but I wouldn't count on it happening until Generation Zyklon matures, and by that time it will have assumed a much different pallor than what it has been for most of the last sixty years.

Online dating is stagnating. I predict it will crash further, for the reasons noted above.

Restaurant/Bar is the new Family/Church, and given that post-atomization friends mostly meet offline at bars nowadays, these venues will also be quasi-dating services run by close friends and acquaintances. The upward trend should continue.

Anything new on the whoreizon?

Clubs.

SWPL shitlibs shudder at the thought because clubs imply exclusivity (as well they should…no club is worth the membership that doesn't have exclusionary practices), but they'll have to get over it or just admit that their preferred venues are de facto exclusive clubs. How many blacks and browns do you see at craft breweries? Artisanal distilleries? Shooting ranges? Bowling alleys? Painting classes? Wineries? Art shows? You get the idea.

As Diversity scours at our communality and social bonds, expect to see implicitly White (or nonWhite) clubs re-emerge as forces of social glue and romantic promise. If Gen Zyklon is real, this movement will be helped along by a renewed support for the principle of free association.

One more possibility that I don't think is a positive development: ideology will loom larger as a requirement for meeting the opposite sex. I hate this trend, because it elevates the abstract (pussyhattery) above the concrete (blood sugar sex passion). What this portends is a dire future in which ideologically oriented clubs and venues become the dominant medium by which people meet and pair off. After that happens, it won't be long before Civil War 2.

I'll end this post with a comment pulled from Dreher's post, by Tex Austin:

> Historians will one day seek to unravel the mystery of how, in our present unsustainable cultural moment — rife with contradictions as it is — a corner of the blogosphere intended to help hapless "betas" learn how to "bang HB 9's" morphed into the source of the most convincing arguments for traditional sexual morality.
>
> That said, I never thought I'd live to see Rod link to Heartiste!

Why wouldn't he? I've had nothing but the moloko plus of love for Rod! Who was first to praise Rod for standing firm with Trump and for recognizing the yuge shift in the political and cultural landscape that Trump's rise represented?

Rod is an hero to me. A true Instagram Christian. A man for the times.

Niceguys Lose, Nicegirls Win

CH · 21 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The topic of this post comes via a 2014 study, so it's possible it may have been written about already here at the Chateau. Regardless, it's good enough to write about again and educate the newbs who are always stumbling into this coven of lovin' and wondering with wide open eyes and whiplashed brains just how deep the rabbit hole goes.

Often it is claimed by catastrophically bitter feminist cunts that men love bitches such as themselves as much as women love jerkboys. This is a bluehaired lie. And now ¡SCIENCE! has arrived on the scene to ONCE AGAIN (i will never tire of this) gorge on the CH knob and validate my anti-feminist worldview: men don't like crazy bitches unless those crazy bitches are sexy and willing to go all the way right away. What men like when they have their choice of vixens are nicegirls. Nice, feminine, natural hair-colored girls.

> Scientifically, nice (heterosexual) guys might actually finish last. A study published in Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin recently found that while men were attracted to nice-seeming women upon meeting them, women did not feel the same way about men.
>
> […]
>
> The study examined burgeoning sexual interest and the participants' feelings on the possibility of long-term dating with their new "partners," and how those connected to their perceptions of a personality trait the study calls "responsiveness."
>
> In the study, responsiveness is defined as a characteristic "that may signal to potential partners that one understands, values and supports important aspects of their self-concept and is willing to invest resources in the relationship."

Responsiveness, AKA appeasement. To put it a nicer way: approval seeking. To put it a psychotherapeutic way: External validation. To put it a PUA way: outcome dependence.

> But it's not as important of a factor when you first meet someone, according to the study. "Our findings show that this does not necessarily hold true in an initial encounter, because a responsive potential partner may convey opposite meanings to different people," stated Birnbaum.

Overly responsive suitors can be perceived as manipulative suitors. Have you ever been creeped out by someone trying too hard to please you? That's your mind-body axis telling you to distrust that person. This is particularly true for women and responsive men, because women have to be more on guard for men who just want to get them in the sack fast, and will tell those women whatever they think they want to hear to win their affection. Men, in contrast, don't have to guard against responsive women because fast sex is an equally, if not more valuably, prized achievement as a committed relationship.

> The researchers found that men who perceived possible female partners as responsive found them to be "more feminine and more attractive." Past research suggests that physical cues of femininity stimulate sexual attraction because they suggest higher estrogen levels, better overall mate quality and solid reproductive health.

Nicegirls are more feminine than crazy bitches, and men prefer feminine women. Why would men perceive nicegirls as more feminine? Maybe because those girls aren't busting their balls for propping up the patriarchy. Also, the default posture of women toward unfamiliar men is one of neutrality bordering on contempt. The responsive nicegirl therefore stands out as a real romantic prospect in a sea of resting bitch faces. And niceness is just more estrogen-y, which looks, sounds, and smells SO MUCH BETTER to men than does the caustic testosterone-y gogrrlism of your typical urban slore.

> On the other hand, women didn't necessarily perceive a responsive man as less masculine, but they also did not find a responsive man more attractive. What's more, when women perceived their male partner to be responsive, they were less attracted to the man.
>
> In other words, it appeared that in an initial encounter men liked nice ladies; women thought nice guys were kind of lame.

You have to attract women before you can have a relationship with women. Jerkboy attitude is necessary if not sufficient to lock down a quality (read: hot) nicebabe. The opposite is true for women: a bitchgirl attitude will make it harder for them to find a quality man.

> The second study required participants to engage with either a responsive or unresponsive person of the opposite sex, then interact with them online while detailing a current problem in their life. The goal here was to remove the potentially confounding elements of live social interaction (smiling, physical attractiveness) to see if they could isolate how much responsiveness—or niceness—played into attraction.
>
> Again, the men in the study thought responsive and attentive women were more attractive as potential partners, while women found men with those same traits to be less desirable.

And yet every couples therapist in the degenerated West advises the opposite: that men should be MORE responsive and attentive to women. How many relationships would be saved, and lonely men and women rescued from romantic failure, if the Chateau was the only couples therapist in the world? I give and give and give, like the humanitarian I am, and yet all I get is grief from the gatekeepers of socially approved discourse. It wounds me deeply!

> The third and final study presented in the paper sought to test specifically whether the mechanism by which "responsiveness" motivated individuals to pursue relationships was, in fact, sexual arousal. To do so, they replicated the second study, but added a specific measure of sexual attraction. They then found that when men found women to be responsive, it led to a heightened sexual arousal among men. That, in turn led to greater desire for a relationship.

The petaling pussy is always more enticing than the dormant pussy, all else about the pussies equal. Male arousal is primed for action when the pussy is within jizzing distance. (Female arousal is primed for action when the pussy has to close the jizzing distance.)

> While the studies shed some light on why men find responsive women more sexually desirable, Birnbaum explains that researchers are still unsure why women are less sexually attracted to responsive strangers than men.
>
> "Women may perceive a responsive stranger as less desirable for different reasons," said Birnbaum in a press release. "Women may perceive this person as inappropriately nice and manipulative (i.e., trying to obtain sexual favors) or eager to please, perhaps even as desperate, and therefore less sexually appealing. Alternatively, women may perceive a responsive man as vulnerable and less dominant."

All of the above, but mostly for the reason I've described at this blog: responsive niceguys betray a lack of romantic options, and since female desire is holistic rather than primarily visual as it is for men, a man without romantic options is very unsexy to women, who will assume his desperation is evidence of weakness and deficient character. Chicks dig non-responsive jerks because any man who can afford to be a jerk with women must have his pick of the clitter. And every woman wants to be the one who snags the man who can have any woman. Not to mention, a man successful with women will pass on his pussy-smashing genes to her sons (sexy sons hypothesis).

The hierarchy, from most romantically valuable to least romantically valuable:

- Jerkboys (desired by all women, for sex and love, rarely dumped)
- Nicegirls (desired by all men, for missionary sex and love, not as rare as jerkboys)
- Bitterbitches (desired by some men, for kinky sex, if she looks hot)
- Niceguys (desired by no women, except Wall victims, cougars, and fugs. as common as cat dander)

***

Anonymous objects to one implication of this study:

> Kind of disingenuous. Nice girls win IF they are attractive. When feminists or women in general complain of men liking crazy women, it's usually in comparison to average/ugly women. I used to complain of this in high school. I used to say all the guys like the crazy/mental girls. The real issue was they liked them because they were hot. The craziness was just extra.

No doubt the crazy bitches who get a lot of men have to be very hot to compensate for their shitty personalities. But nicegirls win against bitches when matched for looks. I would bet nicegirls even win when they are one SMV point lower in looks. Bitches only "win" when they are significantly hotter and sluttier than their nicegirl competition, but since there are at least as many hot nicegirls as their are hot bitches the point is moot, and we're back to the original conclusion: nicegirls win, bitches lose.

The one countervailing factor that bitches use to their advantage is sluttiness. Nicegirls don't do slutty, so they will lose the men just looking for an easy lay. Bitches can compete more effectively against nicegirls by advertising their willingness to fuck without strings attached. This is a potent defensive tactic, and one reason why women are the primary slut shamers in society.

The Little Culture Deaths

CH · 21 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

An old man excused himself to ask me for directions. I can't remember the last time that happened. Not in the car nor on the sidewalk. Everyone's got their snarkphone GPS to tell them where they're going.

We the people are atomizing, socially and neurally. Our gadgets make us stupid and solitary. We are losing those common social graces and facial cues and verbal tones that have helped us for millennia navigate complex social arrangements and the demands of civilization. The rotten fruit of this devolution to a human-paramecium hybrid is all around us if we're willing to see it with open eyes and de-politicized egos. For the latest example of it, see #MeToo. Men and women have stopped knowing how to deal with each other, preferring instead snarkphone listicles that make fun of people who still cling to their antiquated notions of sex differences.

The little culture deaths will add up until nothing is left but for the barbarian hordes to storm our unwalled fortress of mass solitude and put the decomposing, fap-wearied body of our nation to rest.

Urbanization And Female Hypergamy

CH · 22 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Urbanization and the accompanying social disconnection have the effect of pathologizing female hypergamy, turning it from a useful Darwinian selection mechanism to an auto-immune disorder that robs women of their prime child-bearing years and elevates their risk of spinsterhood.

De-urbanization will throw a monkey wrench in the gears of the cock carousel and corral runaway female hypergamy. If you want to improve the romantic and marital prospects of beta males….that is, if you want more beta males to have access to relatively unsullied feminine women who forsake gogrrl careerism and avoid emotional pollution by shitlib hivemind propaganda in favor of family formation and hearth duties…you'll support de-urbanization.

A de-urbanization program (aka a Heritage America Renewal Project — HARP) plus an immigration moratorium for a couple of generations are together the only long-term solution to feminist dysgenics. Federal and state incentives should be structured to support small city and town development, antitrust to break up megacorps…basically decentralization and de-scaling.

Infrastructure projects will help revitalize the US interior, making it more attractive for businesses and locals, which will limit the brain drain from rural regions to the coastal megacities. Ending immigration and thwarting the menace of Diversitopia will make good districts more widely available and thus more affordable.

Now if we can only solve the existential problem of female obesity in the heartland, we'll truly have made America great again!

Confounding The Cocktease

CH · 22 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

If you've been around enough women in your life, you'll have come across a most frustrating subspecies of the sex: the manipulative exhibitionist, aka the cocktease. Anonymous writes,

> Happened to a friend of mine. She let him touch her everywhere but nothing more. When he gave up, she lured him back, only to play the same game again, for months. Don't waste your time with such women, or improve your game to prevent these games.

The worst reaction a man can have to the unique predations of the cocktease is gullibility. Like Charlie Brown trying to kick the football Lucy is holding for him, the cocktease will never let you make solid contact. Keep hoping for a different outcome with her, and keep getting stymied right at the moment your blue balls have hit maximum pressure.

You have to stop pulling her toward you, and start pushing away from her. Redoubling your efforts to get in her pantsuit will only lead to the same detente: her stringing you along by the short and curlies, and then giving you the Heisman when you think you've breached her perimeter defenses.

A few CH words of wisdom on the cocktease, which should help clear any man's mind about the nature of his antagonist.

> The worst of the Manipulative Exhibitionist girls are power-tripping narcissists who love inciting sexual arousal in men, but especially in men with whom they have no reciprocal romantic interest. I.e., the classic cocktease, on roids. This is important, because the ME girl's feeling of control and power over men would be harder to sustain in the presence of a man who likewise aroused her own curiosity.
>
> The Power Tripper ME girl loves the reaction of sex-struck beta males driven to catatonic impotence, but she loves even more the consequent opportunity to put those betas in their places. This is why more than a few Power Trippers are past-peak women in their late 20s and early 30s; she is the woman in dire need of reassurance that she still has the slut stuff to play bumbling betas for marionettes.
>
> ******
>
> The cocktease's ideal man would be someone she approaches first, but who doesn't flirt back. He just stands there being amused by her antics, making her work harder and harder for his attention, until his value is outsized in her mind. One step forward, two steps back, is his motto for dealing with cockteases. And then when the time is ripe, he pushes hard for the close, leaving her little head space to rationalize yet another coquettish escape.

The cocktease doesn't want you to chase her; that will only embolden her to greater depths of cockteasery. The only intervention that breaks the cocktease's spell is non-intervention.

When she lures you back….don't bite. Brush her off and later offer a rescheduled meeting on your timetable and at the place of your choosing. This will screen out the cockteases who truly have no interest in you and are just using you for ego thrills. What the cocktease least wants to do is make an effort, so if you have made her work a little for you she's more likely to drop her act and get real.

When she lets you touch her….don't bother. Your active disinterest will drive her crazy, and she'll overcompensate by coming onto you harder to provoke a flirtatiously sloppy reaction from you. State control is your best friend when in the company of a cocktease.

When she's coming onto you to provoke your ardor…..push her away. "Whoa, not so fast. I like to be wined and

dined first." Or, "What are you running here, a brothel?" You get the idea. You want to frame the situation as one in which you're the prize and she's the ho who can't control herself around you.

The Confound the Cocktease strategy is basically flipping the seduction script. The better you are at psychologically manipulating a cocktease to believe she's chasing you for your approval (and romantic interest), the quicker the cocktease will stop manipulating you for external validation.

Tell your friend to give it a go, and report back to us.

The Schizophrenic Sh*tlib

CH · 23 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Via. (direct link)

Shitlibs are children. Emotionally stunted, psychologically scarred, and physically androgynous, the schizoid shitlib deserves nothing more than dismissive contempt or sadistic trolling (Trump's specialty). They are best treated the same way a parent would treat a misbehaving brat: with firm paternal discipline and withholding of their allowance.

Shitlibs aren't really schizoid…not all of them, anyhow. I'm taking artistic license. They'd like to be called schizo, because it would excuse them of any personal responsibility for their elemental dishonesty. What they are is more sinister: unprincipled, disingenuous, double-talking sophists who will say anything, however self-contradictory or hypocritical, if it hurts their enemies.

Why bother reasoning with these emotionally incontinent headcases? They won't argue in good faith, ever. The winning response to shitlibcanery is mockery and public shaming, until they crawl away to impotently fume with their fellow losers.

Comment Of The Week: The Jerkboy Will To Power

CH · 24 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner is Leonard D Neubache, extracting a source of the love women have for jerkboys, and holding it aloft like the 17th Poon Commandment.

> Women don't like jerkboys because they call them out on their bullshit. That's just the expression of what's truly valuable about the jerkboy.
>
> The actual substance of value is his will to power.
>
> If he has no will to power then how will he protect her or her children? If he has no will to power then who will protect and provide when things get tough?
>
> The conformist nice guy is humanity's dodo. He survives in good times but when things get bad (and they inevitably do) he is worthless.
>
> Women are fundamentally hardwired to accept this, no matter what they say. Look at the state of white men and look at how many white women are welcoming foreign conquerors.
>
> The will to power is the only imperative worth a damn.

Hard times create jerkboys.
Jerkboys create good times.
Good times create niceguys.
Niceguys create hard times.

We're at Stage Four now. Over the horizon, Generation Jerkboy shimmers into view. Shit's about to get interesting.

***

Comment of the Week runner-up is gunslingergregi, with this oldie but goodie from 2009,

> Problem with american woman they treat their job like they should treat their man and treat their job like they should there man.
>
> Problem with american men. They treat there woman like their boss instead of like their subordinate.
>
> A person who does not have enough expected of them at work will quit.
> American men are not expecting enough out of their woman.

I left GSG's original syntactical and linguistic collage as is, because it's a part of his persona and if you have the dedication to puzzle together the full, intended meaning of his comments, consider yourself a learned man. Rearrange and swap a few words above, and you are staring at a scintillating gem of wisdom.

Inner And Outer Hajnalia

CH · 24 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jayman writes in a comment to this post,

> Hajnal line. It's all about late vs early marriage. Northwestern Europeans married late (average age for women 23) for centuries. Eastern and Southern Europeans married much earlier (often in early teens for Russians, for example). This is a pattern that continues to this day, albeit at later ages across the board (the rank order remains fairly unchanged).

Right, and the Hajnal Line is now colloquially associated with differences in a bunch of other inter-european characteristics, such as clannishness, familism, nationalism, passivity, and fondness for watching from the corner stool. (Paradoxically, fertility rate is unusually low in Outer Hajnalia.) Anyhow, I wonder when the trend of Inner Hajnalia late marriages will bang up against the biological reality of the Wall. That is, given a choice, men aren't really happy about marrying women with only a few years left of supple fuckability in them. Preference for younger virginal women is universal among men. And there are many biological reasons men prefer virgins over road worn sluts who've spent the better part of their salad decade warming up for their ludicrously ostentatious wedding day.

At some point the raw Darwinian calculus will re-emerge and there will be a pendulum swing back toward younger marriages with hotter, tighter babes who have oodles of residual reproductive value left.

MAGA Christmas, Everyone!

CH · 25 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

MAKE AMERICA
GREAT AGAIN

Female Social Rank Is Irrelevant To Male Mate Choice

CH · 28 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

In my view, an unresolved mystery of human evolution is why women would bother engaging in status jockeying competition with other women when men choose mates primarily based on physical attractiveness and youth (but I repeat myself), traits which women have little control over and which are hardly altered by direct competition with other women. It's obvious why men compete with other men….women are attracted to high status men who can provide resources and social connections for them and their children. It's not so obvious why women compete with other women given that no man who wasn't a scheming gigolo marrying an older rich widow to finance his gay twink lifestyle ever gave a rat's ass about a woman's social station.

And swaggering in to add the weight of natural world evidence to the evolutionary mystery of intra-female status wars, is our old friend ¡SCIENCE!: (via rman2017)

> CH, here is a documentary about wolves.
>
> I've forwarded to the part on topic. The females go into heat and the alpha has to choose which one he will mate with. He has 2 choices, who happen to be sisters. The assertive, aggressive Grey Female Alpha (GFA). Or the shy, submissive Black Female Omega (BFO). A few interesting bits:
>
> 1. The beta is disciplining the females, and being especially aggressive towards GFA. The Beta acts like the court eunuch keeping the harem in line.

Lupus orbiters.

> 2. The Alpha DGAF. He's playing in the snow. (If you watch the full documentary you will see at the beginning that he establishes himself as alpha not because of his size or age, but because his attitude.)

no matter what happens, his claws are a-tapping'.

> 3. The Alpha makes his choice. It's the BFO. Social rank within the female group has no bearing on the Alpha, as he completely disregards their status. He goes for shy and submissive. He knows that the mate he chooses will automatically become the Alpha Female in the pack by association, not the petty games the females play between them.

Among wolves, female social rank is irrelevant to alpha male mate choice.

Among humans, same. If you're a hot babe, you'll attract the attention of alpha males, no matter your social or occupational status. But human society is a bit more complex, so there must be a reason intra-female competition evolved.

One theory: women compete to demoralize SMV-comparable competition into ceding the playing field. Men won't date women they don't ever see or meet.

Another theory: A woman's male partner isn't the only provider of resources for her and her children by him. Other women can act as proxy providers by cajoling or otherwise influencing their own male partners to redistribute their resources to the highest status woman in the tribe/suburban neighborhood. Under this hypothesis, women compete to earn the favor of not just men, but of everyone so that they are looked favorably upon when times are tough and favors are needed.

Consolation prize theory: women compete intrasexually to scratch their itch for drama that they aren't scratching with all the boring beta males sniveling around them for a piece of pity pussy.

Bottom line: there's a lot of misunderstanding about the nature of the psychosexual differences between the sexes that needs clarifying before we #MeToo ourselves into Darwinian oblivion. One major source of misunderstanding is the mass psychological projection that men and women, but particularly women, engage in when they delude themselves into believing what attracts them to the opposite sex is also what attracts the opposite sex to them.

Koanic gave one sterling example of female projection feeding into false female beliefs of a societal double standard holding The Woman down:

> If women can indiscriminately hit on all men by dressing like whores, then men can indiscriminately hit on all women by propositioning them like whores.

This gets at the heart of moderin confusion: sex denialism obfuscates differences between men and women, notably ignoring the fact that men are visually aroused and women holistically aroused. So in effect women dressing like whores IS hitting on men.

A lot of man-hating cruelty and female unhappiness could be avoided if we all accepted the biological truth that male desire is focused through the eyes while female desire is focused through the ego.

Similarly, the false consciousness that female social rank matters a whit to male arousal thwarts the budding of a lot of potential romances, while wasting in the rogering trenches the prime birthing years of women afflicted with the delusion of male desire for empowered careerist tankgrrl shrikes.

Merkel LEGOs

CH · 29 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Do not adjust your screen. This is not a prank. It's your new reality. Diversity blocks — aka Merkel LEGOs — have been popping up all over Germany for the past few years, at Christmas markets and airports, tourist spots and campuses. This is the fruit of mass muslim colonization into Western countries. Your high trust society and expectation of enjoying a public space free from jihadis in trucks ramming pedestrians is a luxury of the pre-globohomo past, when white bigots roamed the earth.

If you can't see anything wrong with these pictures, please self-deliver, to honor your ancestors.

Mutter Merkel should be remembered as a traitor to her country, but having these 2 ton anti-monoculture blocks named after her is an acceptable legacy. I first heard the term listening to a Europa Weekly podcast on Soundcloud. The men who run that show — a Finn, a Frog, and a Spud Famine Survivor — are funny, and their accents make the show even funnier.

Spot The Beta

CH · 30 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Paris Hilton is back in the news (her reappearance strangely feels like a breath of fresh air after the deluge of degeneracy that followed in her culturally quaint wake). One of the first pathologically narcissist women with a sex tape and a media happy to elevate her to the status of celebrity famous for being famous, Paris is up to her usual Dark Triad BPD antics in this photo hand-delivered by Gabber @cnair, who comments on the sexual power dynamics between Paris and her fiancé evident in their PR announcement photo:

> Classic beta pose. He's consumed with her, she's consumed with the camera.
>
> Though admittedly the bigger tell is that he's even willing to be the public boyfriend of a notorious camwhore.

Some men who have mistresses and run in party circuits with lots of willing quasi-whores are the kind of men who JDGAF about the sexual histories of their chosen martial imprimaturs. I bet that's what's going on with Mr. Beta Cocksa Number 175. He looks like the sort of douchebag who's already mapped out his extramarital affairs.

One the other hand, as cnair noted, this is a classic beta pose by the fiancé, and any man willing to PUBLICLY announce in photographic format his intention to make an honest woman out of a notorious cock gobbling slutstress is the sort of man who likely is riddled with self-doubt and anxiety about his ability to snag a more valuable chaste woman of equal or hotter facial configuration.

Or it could be that this beta is in it for the money, and is doing what Paris wants him to do to keep that gravy train flowing.

> Christmas with my love. ?? #LifeisBeautiful pic.twitter.com/DgluKUFeVW
>
> — Paris Hilton (@ParisHilton) December 26, 2017

Overrepresentation Matters

CH · 31 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Link to a zoom-able image.

Specifically, overrepresentation of market dominant, subversive, nepotistic, tribalist minorities with interests diametrically opposed to the interests of the native stock whose ancestors built their nation from the ground up matters.

Ugly Truth Of The Day

CH · 31 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

There is no assimilation; there is only miscegenation.

Our ruling clowns have figured this out, which is why they're hard at work pushing mixed race couples in media, entertainment, and advertising. They see the writing on the Diversity + Proximity = War wall, and they know that mixing up the gene pool into an indistinguishable slurry that ironically strips all human diversity from the world is the only way to prevent their deserved ousting by the people they have for too long exploited as disposable consumerist widgets easily replaced by imported scab consumers and wage gutters.

They won't win. Blood is thicker than shekels.

Ashkepathic Doublespeak

CH · 1 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Note the timestamps:

For a primer on the ethnospecific, inherited cognitive template I've termed ashkepathy, see here.

Be A Man With Standards

CH · 2 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Adhering to standards and expressing them to women is what separates the quenched alphas from the thirsty betas. Too many men cede the Darwinian high ground of standards to women, an assumption not without biological basis in reality — the vessel housing expensive eggs can demand more than can cheapo spermos — but nevertheless an assumption that can cost men a lot of romantic possibility, and tragically an assumption which can be overturned with minimal mental effort.

We are all familiar with the 463 bullet point checklist that fertilely-fledged women carry in their subconscious to be accessed when and where potential suitors are found. The online dating market doesn't even require the cloak of subconsciousness; there, women are forthright about their criteria. Some female Tinder profiles can run to upwards of fifty dealbreakers, often hilariously coupled with fatty bluehairs and fishmouth tatted freaks belying either their sincerity or their sanity with which they make their demands.

The "out and proud" female bullet point checklist accompanied by ravenous hordes of thirsty betas tripping over themselves to meet those female standards is solid evidence that the modren sexual market has shifted to the favor of women — likely culprits in the imbalance: numerical sex skew and female obesity — and that men are falling right into their roles as desperate hound dogs chasing after table scraps.

It's even worse now that we're in the era of Trump, and ideology has become one of if not THE sorting mechanism for Shrillennial hookups and relationships. "TRUMP VOTERS SWIPE LEFT" is a common refrain on girls' profiles.

It doesn't have to be this way. So much hidden love can explode in the world if men abided for themselves the same laundry list of criteria that women take for granted as the prerogative of their sex. Men with freely and boldly expressed standards are a lightning rod to women who labor under a scarcity of such men. Try it and see for yourself. Set standards of what you will allow or disallow in women and follow those standards. You don't even have to be sincere; the mere revelation of your standards and ACTING as if they matter to you will be enough to flip the seduction script and have women effortflirting for your approval.

EVERY WOMAN SUCCUMBS TO THE BITTERSWEET THRILL OF CHASING A MAN OF DISCRIMINATING TASTE.

And I'm not talking about demands for physical perfection. Women already know men lust most forcefully for 36-24-34, barely legal, and blemish free. NO FAT CHICKS is just a start. You need to flesh that out with MORE demands, MORE criteria, MORE checklists. For example: HILLARY PUSSYHATTERS SWIPE LEFT. NO FATTIES, NO TATTIES, NO WHACKIES. BPD? SAVE IT FOR YOUR BETA MALE ORBITER. LTR FOR THE GIRL WHO EARNS IT.

Then sit back and recline in your cowgirl position banging chair as the ladies line up to

1. meet your exacting standards or
2. shit test you to kingdom cum

Either reaction is good. Remember, the shit test is prologue to sex. If a girl is uninterested, she will ignore you or curtly reject you. If a girl is interested DESPITE her forebrain telling her you're no good, she will tease, taunt, and try to wind you up as a gauge of your alpha male state control (or beta male emotional and libidinal incontinence).

Some readers object: what's to stop a girl from simply lying to you about meeting your standards?

A lying girl?

Is there another kind of girl?

If you ask the second cumming of Mother Theresa how many cocks she gave alms to in her youth, she will lie about the number.

Why it doesn't matter:

You're still getting laid.

And, unless you're a hard-up buffoon who marries the first girl who looks at your cock cross-eyed, you are gonna have (at least) a three month trial period breaking her in; few women can sustain the illusion of a perfect fit with you longer than that. Her annoying tics, untrustworthy sluttiness, antagonistic value system, psychological scars, and feminist proclivities will eventually out, and they almost always out post-coitally, when she (like all women) thinks her vagina is sufficient to placate any doubting thomas and divert his attention from her shitty personality.

Know the ho
in the afterglow.

By then, you'll be well-positioned to offer or rescind any implied promises of exclusivity.

Shiv Art

CH · 3 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shiv of the Week goes to the person or persons who put up this id-rending sign in the beating heart of Shitlibistan. Bonus shiv points for making it look like a legitimate State authorized welcome sign. I would guess Sabo did this handiwork, and for obvious reasons can't take public credit for it.

Trump should retweet this photo with this simple attached message: DEMS WANT CHEAP VOTES, GOPE WANTS CHEAP LABOR. THEY GET MS13! That would go a long way to scaring the living FUCK out of the Globohomo Uniparty, and practically guarantee a successful realization of his nationalist-populism MAGAgenda.

As reader PA has said, shitlibs have to know they don't own the public spaces. Not anymore. There's a new agitator in town, and he's had it up to here with the leftoid orthodoxy.

The Fempire Shrikes Back

CH · 3 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Behold the face of Fair America. Old, tatted up like a common street whore, eyes ablaze with the psychosis of having spent too many years on the cock carousel and in the working world of men with nothing to show for it, and a Very Fake Smile belying a deep well of spinster soulpain.

The reader who emailed this photo explains,

> "educated" american female. She's a medical doctor, tired, old, used up tatted, and single. Look at the "you go grrl" comments
>
> We have beautiful women. They're just using them up and burning themselves out on a career

The social media revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the female sex. The dopaminergic addiction to internet "likes", and the irresistible compulsion of undersexed beta males to stroke the online egos of bangable girls to pathological tumescence until they're so deluded to the nature of male sexuality and the inevitability of the Wall that they can no longer perceive a future of sexual invisibility that is the fate of all women, has accelerated the trend toward later marriages and the growing demographic of childless spinsters full of regret for all those eggs lost in time, like tears in rain.

A generation of Forgotten Furies is the tragic detritus of Facecock and Spoogle and Twatter.

Nasty Womanhood, Inc — a wastrel horde of aging pussyhatters and manjawed lawyercunts — now roam the land like lepers, rattling a dusty vagina for a pence of penis and begging for romantic handouts from men who long ago looked past them to their younger and less careerist competition.

The Fempire Shrikes Back, but this episode doesn't end with Darth Vajeen's victory over her UGH JEDI WHITE MAN secret crush. Instead, it ends with her sulking back to read 50 Shades of The Force and diddle her dying bean in a grrlaxy far far away.

Technology And Female Hypergamy, And The Inegalitarian Consequences

CH · 4 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Owing to its theme, I feel duty-bound to alert the CH readership to this very good post examining the interaction between technology and female hypergamy, over at a blog named Selonomics.

> **"Why does it appear that the vast majority of women prefer the same small group of men?"**
>
> […]
>
> In my model, I decided to test how simple mate selection strategies resulted in wildly different statistical distributions in each of the final selection pools.
>
> In the simulation, men make their mate selection decisions by minimizing over the age of their prospective partners, whereas women maximize over the status of the men in their accessible vicinity.
>
> […]
>
> Although the simulation results above show only the most extreme scenarios, one biased in the direction of the median man (Regulated Monogamy, or Patriarchy) and the other in the direction of the median female (Open Hypergamy), it is interesting to note that contemporary real world data looks a lot more like the extreme scenario on the female side of spectrum.

The author's conclusions won't surprise regular guests of the Chateau, but he spells them out lucidly and adds some insight into how social media and the technology which supports it have magnified female hypergamy and made it nearly virulent.

In summation, I found the following:

- There is a strong outcome asymmetry in preferences between men and women when it comes to selecting a mate.
- We don't have to assume very much to see this play out in the real world, only that men prefer young women and women prefer high status men.
- The positional trait (social status in this case), when amplified by both technology and the freedom to use those technologies, i.e. social norms favoring the Feminine Imperative (in Saudi Barbaria, women wear burkas and can't use Tinder) the selection pool of prospective mates increases far faster for the median woman than it does for median man.
- Given that women are primarily interested in status, which is a positional good, then any technology that amplifies your ability to be noticed by high status men, will also **increase mating inequality.** Consider, for example, how men do not benefit nearly as much from the scale offered by Tinder as do women. In the graphs shown below, **Hypergamy is calculated as the difference in median in-degree (number of incoming links) between the two distributions**.

[image]

In layman's terms, this is the MOST IMPORTANT GRAPH IN THE WORLD. It shows the stark sex difference in how mate quality of the opposite sex is perceived. Start at the extremes: the top 1% of men and women will receive "likes" from nearly all members of the opposite sex. The bottom 1% of either sex will get almost no likelove. In between is where it gets interesting.

At a female attractiveness level of 80% (corresponding to an HB8 on the 1-to-10 hotness scale), only men in, roughly, the 97th percentile of male attractiveness will get "likes". HB6s will give "likes" to men in the top 5% of

male attractiveness. HB4s will “like” the top 10% of men. HB2s (ffs) will “like” the top 25% of men. Men at the 20% attractiveness level will only get “likes” from the BOTTOM 2% OF WOMEN.

You see where this is heading. As far as female DESIROUS INTENT is concerned, the bottom 80% of men may as well be distracting nuisances at best and utterly invisible #MeToo potential violators at worst to the top 80% of women. That’s what unrestrained female hypergamy looks like. A few alphas bathing in a lube-slicked ocean of vagina juice, while the mediocre beta male masses languish in their masturbatoriums.

Of course, real life pairings don’t arrange themselves according to online “likes” (yet). One look around, and you can easily see that far more than 20% of men have some success with women. What accounts for the difference between online intent and offline action are a number of factors, the most relevant of which are:

1. female resignation to the inevitable and frighteningly quick loss of their beauty and the romantic settling that most women who aren’t batshit crazy eventually accept as a part of living in the real world where men have standards
2. holistic female attraction criteria that result in more complex mate quality evaluations of men in real life, face to face interactions, which contrast sharply with the artificially myopic female attraction criteria that inordinately emphasize a man’s dating app profile and best-angle photo (this is why Game shines IRL)
3. porn and other sex substitutes that dampen the realization of female hypergamy by robbing middle of the pack women of valuable feedback on their allure

Social media amplifies female hypergamy by introducing more high status men to more women, and vice versa more hot women to high status men. Localism moderately contains female hypergamy simply by limiting the number of HSMV men in any given woman’s immediate environment, (which many women get around by moving to the big coastal cities). So Burnham’s critique of SCALE is apropos here, as a major factor in the development of runaway female hypergamy.

The THREE CULTURAL CHANGES that have had the biggest negative impact on beta male romantic fortunes have been:

1. Urbanization
2. Social media and online dating
3. Female obesity

#1 and #2 increase beta male competition with alpha males (by proxy) which relationally lowers beta SMV, while #3 reduces beta male dating market leverage by shrinking their pool of acceptable prospects.

If we are to solve the crisis of incel soyboys, we have to de-urbanize the shitlibopolises, log off our gadgets while mocking the women and thirsty betas who remain addicted to them, and Make American Women Waifs Again.

- Age in men tends to be a proxy of social status, where as age in women tends to determine genetic quality. Genetic quality is normally distributed, on a Bell Curve, whereas social status (and the wealth and income that results) is either log-normally or Pareto distributed in a population (What if Bill Gates Were as Tall as His Money?), following the truism that “20% of the men get 80% of the women.” While close to true, what my simulations actually show is that what is really happening is something closer to **“20% of the men receive 80% of all female intent.”**

He’s made an important distinction here. Intent isn’t fulfillment, but it certainly smooths the path. Formal social regulations and informal cultural regulations have historically been used to stymie the full and free expression of female hypergamy, at least in Eurasian peoples, because there was a gut instinct understanding that it was a bad arrangement to alienate 80% of men in an asexual purgatory and break the bonds of nuclear family formation by permitting women to waste years chasing the 20% of men they desire most. These traditional barricades against free-wheeling hypergamy loosened the link between raw female desire and domesticated female behavior. Women

may not have liked it (though there is evidence in happiness surveys over time suggesting otherwise — aka the "tyranny of choice" paradox), but tamping down on their unfiltered and unobstructed hypergamous drive certainly was good for society as a whole.

Over time, the cultural and geographic constraints against hypergamy imprint via sexual and natural selection onto the racial genetic code, so that today Eurasians are more constitutionally comfortable with monogamy than are, say, Africans. But some universal traits still linger, and female hypergamy is one of them, shared by women across the world. This is because the force of sexual selection provided by the evolved hypergamous urge is such a powerful Darwinian mechanism to ensure survival that selection pressures against hypergamy were only able to slightly alter primal Eurasian female sexual proclivities in the direction of monogamy and intersex SMV complementarity.

- Hypergamy, then, is ever present. The only thing that changes whether it is realized or not is the extent to which women are free to act on it. Hypergamy doesn't necessarily guarantee an inequality in actual sexual encounters, but the more free that women are to act on it (and this is personal speculation) the more likely are there to be social norms and institutions favoring women, i.e. fault-free divorce, preferential child custody laws, anti-slut shaming, hyper-popularity on social media, (the free trips to Dubai that entails), etc.

It's kind of a victorious vagina queefback loop: the greater hypergamous freedom women enjoy, the more that institutions have to bend to cater to women's prerogatives, and the more those institutions feminize (by essentially locking out beta males from economic and sexual opportunity) the more hypergamous women become in response.

In a way, this knowledge validates Game, because Game (aka applied charisma) is primarily a hack of a sexual market characterized by runaway female hypergamy. In a monogamous, patriarchal society (which America may have had, customarily, during periods of the 19th Century and for a few decades in the mid-20th Century), Game would be less needed and less effective because female hypergamy — essentially the liberty of women to follow in full the whims of their sexual desire — would have been kept under control, and tempered by beta male oversight.

As I've written before, it wasn't a coincidence that modren Game as we know it started in the late 1990s, emerging from the last vestige of male-only public spaces: the PUA forum, as an answer and a solution to the riddle of a dating scene that had radically changed as a result of the absolute liberation of female sexuality that followed in the wake of abolished sexual norms, abortion, female economic self-sufficiency, the latex condom, and the hormonal birth control pill.

> A final, somewhat counter-intuitive point. An increase in the female-to-male population sex ratio increases competition for women amongst men because it increases the time until which women decide they are ready to "settle" for inferior quality mates (**Briffault's Law** tells us that the female, not the male, determines all the conditions of the animal family, and so when there are more opportunities to do better, why settle early?). As a result, and at least in the context of my simulations, **there is a sub-linear scaling law in which a doubling of the population of women compared to men increases the median woman's number of matches by 50%.**

I'm not entirely sure I understand what he's written here. Is he saying that a sex ratio which skews to more women and fewer men actually favors women? That does seem counterintuitive and doesn't gibe with what the prevailing sociological research says about sex skew and its effects on mate choice. I hope the author clarifies in the comments.

***

Female hypergamy and *runaway* female hypergamy are a difference in degree with sufficient consequences for the sexual market, and on top of that for society, that the two female selection states function as a difference in kind.

I am not saying female hypergamy is evil, or wrong. It's an amoral Darwinian mechanism that exists because it powerfully, if somewhat inefficiently in the post-industrial environment, maximizes the reproductive fitness and

survivability of women. Given that hypergamy is a part of the world, men should learn to leverage it when it cannot be contained, and to contain it when it threatens civilization. As the Selonomics guy wrote, female hypergamy in moderation and locally contained by limited choice is a positive force for quality control, but unrestrained female hypergamy in highly complex, mass scale societies can turn ugly fast, creating gynarchic dystopias of bluehair fatties bragging about their cock counts and haggard cat ladies "holding out" for a 6′ 4″ Adonis, while swarms of men from invader tribes hate-rape lonely #Resistance divorceés who welcomed them in, and ghetto mommas crank out five or ten bastard spawn who have to blow their allowance on a basket full of father's day cards:

> In summation, **Hypergamy is a general purpose filtering mechanism for maximizing the genetic quality of a stock of evolving agents.**
>
> In simple systems with few additional feedback loops, Hypergamy can be a good thing. In complex systems, such as human societies, however, Hypergamy, the mating access and genetic inequality that results, is likely to cause a society to self-implode, in much the same way that too unequal a distribution of household income in an economy, for example, stalls growth by making it impossible for a debt-loaded Middle Class to continue consuming increasingly sophisticated and expensive technology.

Beta males are the debt-loaded middle class of the ultrahypergamous sexual market, and the price for entry to the world of slender, chaste, feminine, young White women has skyrocketed beyond their means. An angry young man revolt is all but assured under these chronically persistent conditions of sexual, romantic, and marital inegalitarianism. Trump's election was the first salvo of this justifiably angry young man revolution. If Trump fails, the next salvos won't be so benign. Shitlibs and pussyhatters will soon know what real anguish is.

One obvious outcome of reckless hypergamy in a sexually atomized mate market is delayed marriage and childbearing, and too many years spent in endless dating cycles hopping from cock to cock and job to job, only to surrender at the last with a few remaining years on the ol' biological clock as a consolation prize for the unlucky also-ran herbling who has to eat the pain of wifing up a woman who historically would qualify as a road-worn spinster whore, a pain amelioration which he typically accomplishes by posturing as a white knight male feminist pretending it was his choice to leap at the flappy labia scraps thrown his way.

The good news, especially for readers of this blog, is that there are many Game techniques devised specifically to leverage female hypergamy to the benefit of men….push-pull, DHV, disqualification, outcome independent mentality, assuming the sale, etc. This is a benefit to the few individual men dedicated to learn Game, and more so to those committed to put it to practice. But runaway female hypergamy is a disaster for the West as a whole, after accounting for the few Machiavellians who can extract pleasures from its dwindling resource of feminine women. Female preference cascades in openly hypergamous societies are accelerating the lockout of beta males from the primest cuts of poon, while also locking out women from motherhood and happiness.

> My next few posts will cover this explicitly. The Mating Economy is likely best understood as a series of feedback loops, in which a balance between Regulated Monogamy and Open Hypergamy maximizes the "socioeconomic growth rate" of a Civilization.

I'm looking forward to those posts. (To the author: If they've already been published, please link to them in the comments, and I'll add the links to the post.)

Purified Poz

CH · 4 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The CEO of Netflix is Reed Hastings, who from what I know is not parenthetically circumscribed. But Hastings is a big hater of Trump, and his current physiognomy is the morning drink equivalent of a mint sprig soylatta, so he may as well be a shabbos goy.

From the Y1dTube comments:

> The humor is that if you are a white male who don't agree with decadence, you wife will get BLACKED and LESBOD, while you, evil white cis male, kill yourself and your kind for the benefit of the sem… oops… benefit of HUMANITY!
>
> ***
>
> Is this supposed to be funny? Are men of Germanic or Slavic descent supposed to not notice the obvious propaganda? Large alpha black man dominating the passive, weak "white boy." And the black stud gets all the white women, who are equally attracted to him. (((Who))) could be behind this "Kalergi Plan" commercial??
>
> ***
>
> My wife's son really enjoyed this video. He laughed and then told me I should go back to playing Nintendo so now I'm gonna play some switch while enjoying some nice soy. I'm so proud of Tyrone.
>
> ***
>
> (((They))) aren't even trying to hide their power level any more.
>
> ***
>
> Now imagine a reverse ad: a tall, white stud cuckolding a short, black dude with his black wife. The chances of such an ad being made are zero. Funny how one interracial narrative is OK with Netflix, but the other way it's a total taboo.

Cutting cable only gets you halfway to a poz-free, proudly pro-White life. Unfortunately, the streaming services have taken up the slack and then some, weaponizing the delivery and sugary rush of the poz so that even little White children can imbibe it by the vat and beg for more. The only solution to this state of genocidal fervor is a mass (legal) culling of fancyboy shitlibs from all layers of the media-entertainment sewage reclamation complex, to be replaced by less antagonistic White shitlords. The other option — the nuclear option PA recommends — is tossing the TV from your home. Starve the beast of ad money and eyeballs, and eventually it will shrink and slink away, perhaps to find a foothold in China, though that's becoming less promising by the day what with China fast developing its own in-house entertainment machine.

Well, to be honest, there IS one last ditch option……

[purge placeholder]

Is Male Hypergamy Real? (No)

CH · 5 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter days of game offered the "normie" objection to female hypergamy that I've come across from other readers in previous posts on the topic: specifically, both sexes want the best deal they can get in the mate market, so "hypergamy" isn't limited to one sex.

> I don't understand the manosphere's interest in "hypergamy." It's the most obvious thing… girls are looking for the best opportunity. That's not girls… that's everyone.
>
> And then: Eggs are expensive, sperm are cheap. Got it.
>
> So… girls have more bargaining power, and thus… a lot of guys lose (due to low SMV)… and girls hop around (because they can)… as that egg is in demand (until it isn't).
>
> Why does this need a billion hours of analysis?
>
> This particular research continues the pattern of underwhelm:
>
> A seller with a high-demand product (her pussy), that can find more and more markets (online)… can charge a higher price, and/or burn more potential buyers (for fun or profit).
>
> Econ 101.
>
> When I see guys that get frothy about MUUHHH HYPERGUUHHHMEH… I increasingly read all that as signals of beta reality/paranoia. And a waste of our time as men to go over this again and again.
>
> The cool guy get the girl. Dur.

For a simple concept, a lot of men (and women) dismiss female hypergamy out of hand as having no basis in reality. And that reality is this: There is no equivalent male hypergamy to female hypergamy. "Everyone is looking for the best possible deal" is a trivially true statement which obfuscates the fact that men and women look for mate market deals with differing intensities of commitment and with differing emphases on what constitutes a good deal. These differences are so profound in both a quantitative and qualitative sense that they may as well be representing totally different mate selection strategies (which they are).

I'll quote myself here on the subject of "male hypergamy", before illustrating the Fake Comparison of male and female sexual market bargaining using a car dealership analogy,

> Some readers would demur that hypergamy isn't sex-specific, pointing out that men also strive to find the best possible lover they can get.
>
> My rebuttal is two-part: One, men don't date up based on social, economic, or occupational status. Men, if and when they are able to date up, do so based almost entirely on women's looks. We've all seen or experienced how men trade up when they've come into a financial or social status windfall — younger, hotter, tighter women, as the GBFM would put it. So male hypergamy — what is more precisely termed "physiogamy" — is different in kind from female hypergamy.
>
> Second, male physiogamy is also different in degree from female hypergamy. Women are biologically compelled to aim for a man higher in SMV from themselves, and this compulsion is strong enough that many women will accept long bouts of solitude before settling for a man at their own SMV level (usually at the moment when The Wall first looms on the horizon). When men aim higher, they a. don't aim quite as high as women aim and b. won't opt out of the sexual or marital market (like women will often do), if they don't get everything they want in a lover.

Another point of difference between male and female "dating up" limbic algorithms which I alluded to in that quote

but didn't clarify is this: Male SMV is largely contextual and relational. Social, occupational, financial, and prestige status have to be measured against a backdrop of other men all competing along the same metrics that women use to assess male mate worth. Women only have to look young and pretty, which can be accomplished with or without other women to use for comparison purposes.

This has an impact on how each sex dates up. Men will upgrade to a hotter younger babe after they have spent considerable time improving their SMV, either through amassing resources or social/psychosexual capital (Game). Men's ability to date up is thus limited by the time and energy commitments required to do so. Men respond to this sex-differentiated mate market reality by de-emphasizing dating "up" and settling for dating "as good as possible for right now".

In contrast, women have to commit relatively little time and energy to improving their SMV, largely because their mate value is set at conception and there isn't much they can do to improve upon what they were given by their parents. There's no point working hard to improve that which has only a tiny margin for improvement (unless we're talking about a fatty who could slim down and gain 5 SMV points). What this means in practice is that women can spend a lot more time and energy "dating up" while their looks are holding up. Their window for primo action is smaller than it is for men, but within that window they have a lot more leeway to entertain suitors and hold out for the best, even if the best is a cad illusion who offers empty promises of commitment (the age-old risk that women take when they hold out for mr right aka mr beta bux and mr alpha fux in one man). Dating up comes more naturally to women because it comes more easily; as long as they aren't old fat or ugly, women can leverage their looks almost as an afterthought to attract attention from a lot of men, both low and high SMV.

The analogy of female hypergamy is this:

A man goes to a car dealership. He's a sensible fellow, and just needs a commuter vehicle. He sees a cherry red Corvette center stage. He salivates. He walks over, runs his hand across the finish. Maybe he asks to sit in it and dream, gripping the leather steering wheel. But he knows he can't afford it, so he quickly focuses his thoughts and leaves fantasyland behind, to browse the boring sedans. He consoles himself with the hope that maybe, someday, he'll have made it and can return with enough to buy that Corvette. In the meantime, he haggles like a champ with the seller to drive down the price of his sedan and maximize the amenities at his budget. No undercarriage rust protection, thank you! Finally, he signs on the dotted line, and drives off content that he got the best deal he could, and as he's heading home he thoughtfully itemizes all the good things about his new car. The smell! The climate control! The gas mileage! He's happy for himself.

A woman goes to a car dealership. She's a sensible lady (for a lady), and just needs a commuter vehicle. She sees a cherry red Corvette center stage. She salivates. She walks over, runs her hand across the finish, sits in the car, applies lipstick in the rearview mirror, lays across both front seats in a languid pose, asks to take it for a test drive, motors giddily around town for an hour until the seller has to gently chide her to call it a day, returns and labors some more over the Corvette, sighs heavily as a penny drops out of her purse, shuffles over to the boring sedan and gives it a perfunctory once-over, noting with depressing self-encouragement that it gets 35 mpg on the highway. She haggles with the seller for five grueling hours before announcing she needs more time to think on it. (meanwhile, the seller wonders why she's shit testing him.) On her way out, she stops by the Corvette again, for one last flirtatious hand graze. Over the next six months, she stops by the dealership weekly to cavort with the Corvette, until her current rust bucket dies in an intersection to a thousand honking cars and sheer embarrassment drags her shamed butt back to the dealer to grudgingly trade in her dead clunker for the ~~boring beta~~ sedan. She resents her new car the second she rolls off the lot in it, and abuses it daily with cigarette butts, spilled coffee, and unchanged oil, until she has to repeat the process, except next time with even less money in her pocket, which forces her to browse the sub-compacts. Oh lord, what will her friends think?! They'll know she settled because she waited too long. Maybe she can get a bike instead and rationalize it as environmental activism. One night, in a horny and desperate mood, she sneaks into the dealership and fucks the Corvette's stick shift. She slumps spent, in the love puddle she left in the bucket seat, and whimpers softly for a romance that will never be.

***

I hope that clears things up.

Money And Chicks, The Executive Summary

CH · 7 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Anonymous comments,

> CH is fond of saying that $$$ has poor return in terms of women. I suspect you need real wealth (>$10 M) and live a truly different lifestyle (weekend trips to st Barths, aspen, other global hotspots) in order for it to make any real difference.

Below the level of extravagant male wealth, money doesn't make a huge DIRECT impact on women's attraction to men. If a man has a nice car and condo, no economically self-sufficient careergirl will be wowed by that. The benefit of money comes from the confidence it instills in men, which women DO love.

Another anon has doubts about the efficacy of money to pull women,

> I feel like a distinction should be made about "high-status men" in what context. My experience says that now "high-status" is almost completely determined by "hookup criteria" and not long-term considerations until chick hits the wall (but preaching to the choir).

If modren Western women are indeed switching to an r-selected reproduction strategy — i.e., focusing on short-term hookups that advantage cads over dads and chads over NOWAGS — then a man's earning power will have a smaller impact on female attraction than it historically has had in more patriarchal (aka Regulated Monogamy) times when women weren't paper pushing corporate whores who could afford their own mortgages and streaming pussyhat entertainment packages.

Of course, this will not end well for civilization. When the big bulging mass of beta providers realize they can't leverage their provisions for a loyal young babe who isn't saddled with a porn star's sexual history, they will drop out of the mating market and make just enough to satisfy their immediate needs. Then after the fiat economy collapses from the disengagement of its most competent and conscientious men, there goes the female workforce it enabled, and we're right back to the primordial patriarchy of young, chaste, dependent women locking down that beta provider while she still has miles of virgin road left on her hodometer.

Grope-rah

CH · 8 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlibs are working themselves into another anal lube froth, this time over the prospect of Oprah running for president in 2020. A negression to the mean ousting orange hitler? Collective lib splooge!

So this is a good time to keep reminding them that Grope-rah was an enabler of Harvey Swinestein's pervtastic predations. Groprah was in the thick of it, running interference for Harvey, and probably grooming young actresses for him with promises of access and fame. She may as well have been holding harvey's dick over the potted ficus.

Every time shitlibs catch a whiff of a heroine coming to save them from Trump's Reich, it turns out she's as tits-deep in depravity and mendacity as the rest of their icons. The Fuggernaut will never have an ally or an hero who isn't compromised by association with their ugliness.

PS Drudge is drenching his panties over Grope-rah. Maybe he should put up the red alert for real news, such as James Damore's individual and class-action lawsuit against Goolag. The anti-American, degeneracy-glorifying, anti-White male tech monopolies are GOING DOWN.

Peak Hug

CH · 8 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From the #MeTooPlease vault:

> In wake of Matt Lauer's firing, NBC reportedly cracks down on hugging, asks employees to tell on each other
>
> […]
>
> The source also informed Page Six that "staffers have been told that if they find out about any affairs, romances, inappropriate relationships or behavior in the office, they have to report it to human resources, their superior or the company anti-harassment phone line."

Since when did consensual office romances become sexual harassment? Oh yeah, since bitter aging has-been whores deemed it so.

Imagine the type of person who'd be willing and eager to snitch on a co-worker having an office romance. The caricature that comes to mind is a giant, walking pussyhat. Nasty Womanhood, Inc. The anti-sex schoolmarms are on the loose.

The mass movement of women into the workforce and its consequences have been a disaster for Western nations.

> To take it to the next level, the source further claimed NBC's new rules stipulate employees wishing to hug one another "have to do a quick hug, then an immediate release, and step away to avoid body contact" and are forbidden from sharing taxis home or, oddly, "taking vegans to steakhouses."

We need a new word to describe the hysterically man-hating, anhedonic feminist dystopia that's unfolding at a rapid clip in America. Gynarchy doesn't quite nail it. Prisstopia?

This would all be stupidly funny if it wasn't dead serious, but tbh i'm not a fan of the hugging trend. Compulsory hugs between acquaintances phags up male friendships and desexualizes potential romances between men and women. Thanks, Shrillennials! But I think we've hit Peak Hug. Gen Zyklon is bringing back head nods, and with them, a return to electric sexual polarity.

It’s Time To Mock Credentialism As Foolish And Womanly

CH · 8 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Credentialism is inherently shallow and effeminate, which is why college is now 60% female and the other 40% are uptalking soyboys who can only approach asian girls after pinky-sipping a flight of craft beers.

Culture messages have a big part in changing public attitudes, which changes social policy. Mocking the credentialist suckup diddle-jerk will help realign public perception toward a healthy skepticism and disdain of left-wing, post-America, anti-White academia, and drain their coffers while preventing fertilely fruiting women from getting pulled into the anti-natal vortex of degree whoring. More crucially, it will spiritually enliven our men who have been propagandized to view any life course not winding through a 4-year (now 6-year) college indoctrination struggle session as failure, and bring a renewed esteem to the technical crafts that are men’s forte.

A Trump trade policy reinvigorating manufacturing in the US will go a long way to diminishing the malevolent power of the leftoid academia menopausal complex.

Ugly Truth Of The Day: The Nature Of Identity

CH · 9 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The more multiracial America becomes, the less that “American” resonates as an identity, and the more that race resonates as an identity.

Nation is an extended phenotype of race. (sorry Boomercucks) The people of a racially homogeneous nation can afford the luxury of identifying themselves by patriotic national pride. The people of a multiracially fractured squatters’ zone can’t. They will be forced by tribalistic antagonisms and competing racial interests to identify by more primal signifiers, and those who remain committed to a deracinated higher order national identity will eventually succumb to the undertow of ethnocentric aggrandizement and either sink into a malaise or expend huge mental and emotional energy acting tribally but thinking globally to assuage their cognitive dissonance and unresolved feelings of unease.

Nothing will gel an implicit and explicit White identity faster than multiracial encirclement. If you value the concept of an American Identity and think a White Identity is gauche, then you’ll support staunching the decline of the White population share of America and renewing the White majority so that it sits comfortably and securely at 80% or more of the total American population. You will support closing the borders to perpetual Dirt World colonization and deporting the invaders who have set up shop here at the behest of the Uniparty Globohomoists who live and breathe for cheap votes and cheap labor.

It’s past time we stopped pussyfooting around about this issue. Existential threats to a nation deserve existential truths in defiance.

White Knightism

CH · 9 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

White Knightism is just as bad as feminism. In fact, they're air-kissing cousins. The predominant feature of a gynarchy is women taking offense at increasingly trivial perceived slights, while their White Knight coddlers aggressively move to restrict the freedom of people (particularly beta men) who are accused of offending m'ladies. It's the mad hag-tool bag cycle, and the end game is stillborn romance, a parched dating scene, and suffocating anti-sex social norms and anti-male institutional rules which drive out any remnant of passion remaining between the sexes.

Leftoid Envy Drives Trump Derangement Syndrome

CH · 9 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Our resident yenta and Oprah's #1 fan, Spiritual But Not Religious Rick the Menstruation Within, stopped by to drop another steaming NeverTrump knish in the comments.

> Well troll is one one way to describe Fredo Trump.. As for real estate, anybody can be successful when you dodge your debts via not paying workers and declaring bankruptcy.

Yes, that's why the world is brimming with formerly bankrupt billionaire playboys. /sarcasm

Strap-on's tepid shitlib boilerplate got Greg riled up and he replied with the customary atomic wedgie that causes the Aryan Viking Ubermensch's anus to flutter in anticipation of the stimulation it will receive.

> Disingenuous shill, if you knew anything about the construction industry and real estate, you'd know that the bankruptcy laws are used by many successful people because things don't always go right. But the ENTIRE TRACK RECORD is where the rubber meets the road, and if Trump never paid his workers and always declared bankruptcy, he'd never had gotten past his first building.
>
> The fact that his track record is extremely good, much better than most in those industries, and that he's provided payment and jobs for tens of thousands of people is the heart of the matter.
>
> But you're the type of (((clown))) k!ke who would see Christ walking on water and neener-neener Him for not being able to swim.

Rick the Emergency Room Rectal Extraction is typical of his species: his life is a record scratch of shitlibboleths picked up at the Daily Kosher. He's so stale, he thinks his stuff is fresh.

But his unprincipled snark, gleeful self-contradictions, hypocrisy, and sophistry do illustrate something I've thought about modren shitlibs for a while: Trump Derangement Syndrome is sublimated Trump Envy.

It's so simple to demonstrate how utterly disingenuous are The Talmud Within and her pussyhat ilk. Thought experiment: consider an alternate universe in which thecunt (aka thecunt) was the outsider, charismatic real estate magnate candidate upending the old order and gunning for the corrupt establishment as the heroine of the workingman.

Now imagine in this alternate universe (where strapon within is actually a man) the encomiums to thecunt that shitlibs like rickygirl and their chaimstream media megaphone would be writing….about her incredible business acumen, the rebellion she leads, the coolness of her MAGA branding, the david vs goliath theme of her against-all-odds mission from God to take on the whole entrenched elite and the deep state, her authenticity, her tell-it-like-it-is plainspeak, her pro-America agenda, her fight against fat cats and greedy international corporations, her rousing stump speeches, her quick-thinking when attacked, her rhetorical mastery, her yuge rallies, and her genuine love and sympathy for the downtrodden and forgotten American.

It would be a tongue bath of epic proportions. So, really, the psychological state that drives shitlibs like Clitty Ricky insane with envious rage is that the person they really wanted to throw all their passionate support behind and to lead their side was instead….

leading the other side.

That's gotta burn.

Just Like Us: The Gay Marriage Lie

CH · 9 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter chris and myself have objected to gay marriage on grounds that heterosexual marriage is essentially an anti-cuckoldry social rule codified into law, and gay marriage undermines that social rule by importing homosexual norms into heterosexual marriage. (This is inevitable if gay marriage is the legal and cultural equal of heterosexual marriage.) The consequence of gay marriage and its attendant norms will be the end of monogamy and the patriarchal nuclear family, which will destroy the most important lynchpin of civilization.

Coming to the same conclusion, but from a different angle, is Quads, who writes succinctly about the ways in which gay marriage upends the traditional order honed by millennia of evolutionary trial and error.

> Gays of yesterday used to understand that they were in some way broken. It wasn't just that they had a sexual dysfunction, but that they were excluded from broader social life. They could never produce a family, they could never be part of the basic unit of society. They knew it and embraced it. This is no longer the case.
>
> Society has changed. Its basic unit is no longer the family, where men and women each play a part, where knowledge is passed from one generation to the next. (That was too bigoted.) Now it's the individual, a citizen who pays taxes and consumes goods and services, who is society's basic unit. This is all it means to be normal — this is what the social revolutions of our time asserted. Everyone is identical — men, women, blacks, whites, asians — and everyone plays the same social role. In this atomized context, where marriage and sex are private behaviors, then gays really are Just Like Us.
>
> Today's gays see themselves as normal. Any bigotry against them is just arbitrary and irrational, because they can do anything you can do. They work and pay taxes and consume goods, Just Like Us. And to an extent they are normal, they've marinated their whole lives in a culture of atomized individuals. Marriage isn't a ritual, something with social significance, but just an achievement, like buying a car or getting a diploma. So any combination of private reasons — tax benefits or a fantasy of being "married" some day — is justification enough. Gays are Just Like Us, their money is as good as yours. Gays are Just Like Us, and they'll believe this even as they get fisted by a stranger in the airport bathroom.

Just Like Us is a pithy phrase that encapsulates the conflict Quads mentioned between socially significant ritual and individually rewarding achievement. In a society increasingly breaking down into being defined by its least common constituent parts (ie consumerist cogs), the normalization of and rationalizations for gay marriage will necessarily have a corrosive effect on heterosexual marriage, subverting the social oversight dimension of marriage and substituting it with a shrunken hyper-individualistic quality which reduces marriage to a private consumer purchase with no implication for the wider society.

Gay marriage is an empty sacrament of accumulation — a rite of crassness — without a broader and deeper connection to family or society, past or future, and without the gravity of acting as an occasion and a commitment enforcing a collective rule which exists for the benefit of a larger social purpose than the kitschy gratification of deracinated and atomized consumerist impulse.

Mark my words, we will pay dearly for the folly of passively acceding to the gay marriage fuggernaut.

Inflaming Foreplay

CH · 12 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Men (and lately women too, thanks to the endless sex denialist propaganda stream) underestimate the vast difference in physical strength between the sexes, and as a consequence also underestimate the psychological impact men's size and strength has on women's emotional state when in the company of men. The strongest woman would be no match for the average soyboy, and this fact of life has implications for how women have evolved to behave around men. Specifically, women are evolved to be both aroused and scared of male physical strength, and particularly so when alone with a man and no nearby white knights to aid her in case the man she's with turns out to be a psychokiller.

Women have evolved this way because a dominant, potentially dangerous man is both a benefit and a risk to her. His benefit is obvious: in a harsh environment filled with predators human and animal, he can protect her. His cost is obvious as well, but maybe less so to the muff-struck girl: a dominant man may turn his ire on her if she crosses him or his entitlement or rage escape his self-control.

Thankfully for you readers, years in the wench trenches and a compilation of personal experience from hundreds if not thousands of aspiring womanizers who told their stories in online forums have revealed some extraordinarily potent pre-bedroom maneuvers to heighten a woman's sexual arousal and consequently lower her inhibition.

The goal is to walk that fine line between a display of dominance which excites women and a menacing threat which scares women. Foreplay is maximally inflamed with a quick, yet unmistakable, hint of your manly power.

The move is simple. Grab a woman's wrist HARD in the heat of the moment. Pin it against the wall, or against her shoulder or hip. This motion is AC/DC electricity, and as segue to sex it's both boner and beaver fuel. You see, your dominance display will not only arouse her, it will arouse yourself seeing her submit so deliriously to your entitled whim and overwhelming physicality. Dominance is the limbic lube that both men and women secretly crave, the former for its powerful alpha penumbra, and the latter for its submission summoning sexiness.

The Phony Indignation Of The Soyciety Shitlib

CH · 12 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The harder a cuck or lib loses their…shit…over the Trump "shithole" story, the likelier it is they have thought to themselves that a shithole country was a shithole. The usual mental libness projection.

Imagine being a lib and having to pretend Haiti isn't a shithole? All the time? That's a recipe for mental anguish.

Libshits have to suppress a lot of crimethink to function in their soyciety. COGDIS is more than an annoyance to them, it's their life partner. So whenever they have an excuse to act phonily indignant about a shitlord's realtalk, and they have a plausibly deniable moment of freedom to air their deepest darkest suppressed word bubbles, they go bananas repeating the offending term over and over. Like a small child who just learned a certain word is naughty and runs around the house yelling it in every room.

CNN maxipads said the word "shithole" 36 times during one night's broadcast. That's what a leftoid does when he's got cover to relieve the pressure-cooker in his skullcap.

The Nümale Grimace

CH · 12 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It goes by other names:

The Male Feminist Rictus
Soylent Grin
The Soyboy Void
The Castrate Gape
Moneyshot Face
The Shartle
The Prog Agog
The Awestruck Chucklefuck
The Human Gloryhole

Apparently, these low T wonderboys are mimicking an emoji. Grown nerds reduced to male bonding across a vast cultural emptiness via an iphag cartoon face, linking up in a shared snark experience so they can forget for a second how much time they spent in lockers. The always invigorating TOG put it best,

> Nerds are always mining the internet for quirky frontier jibberish that they can then copy and emulate and pass off as their own to other nerds IRL. However all the nerds are online in the current year +2 and they're all seeing the same cultural references at the same time so theres no originality, no character, no uniqueness – just the same quotes from the same latest episode of GoT. Emulating emojis is just the latest iteration of this trend. Before this it was emulating anime characters and before that it was emulating saturday morning cartoon characters and sci fi characters. These broken f****ts are brainwashed by jewish media 100%. They cant wait for the next episode of Rick and Morty to come out so they can memorize it fast as possible to get all the snarky lines and regurgitate them back to their robot nerd friends so they can sound and act like the nerd actors they have been programmed by Hollywood to emulate. This has been the problem with our culture since jews

> took it over about 100 years ago. The jews demoralize the American population to control us; they make us feel weak, ineffective and worthless using tv advertisements to make it seem as if the only option to not be weak is to act like Sloth Rogan, or act like Will Smiff, or act like Ross from Friends. All the ugly beta nerds are scurrying around trying not to look like ugly beta nerds and the best they can come up with is emulating Hollywood programming and mimicking cartoon facial expressions. All they have to do is some light aerobic exercise, lift weights and eat right but they refuse.

Personally, I think these nümales are subconsciously assuming a submissive facial expression. The whole world is a silverback ape to them (including the women) and they respond with a gaping piehole showing both rows of teeth to assuage predators that they mean them no disrespect nor designs on their primacy.

Shithole Nationalism

CH · 13 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shithole Nationalism is basically White Nationalism minus the (((emotional))) baggage.

Other forms of implicit White Nationalism include but are not limited to:

- White flight to the suburbs (getting farther away every year)
- talking in euphemism about “good schools”
- White reintroduction to gentrified, formerly nonWhite neighborhoods
- Whole Foods, craft breweries, opposition to expanded mass transit from the inner city
- the Founding Fathers and the Preamble to the Constitution

The Chaimstream Media and the gobsmacked shitlib masses it leads by the nose are menstruating over Trump allegedly asking why the US is “taking in immigrants from shitholes like Haiti and Africa instead of from Norway” during a meeting with Congresstraitors.

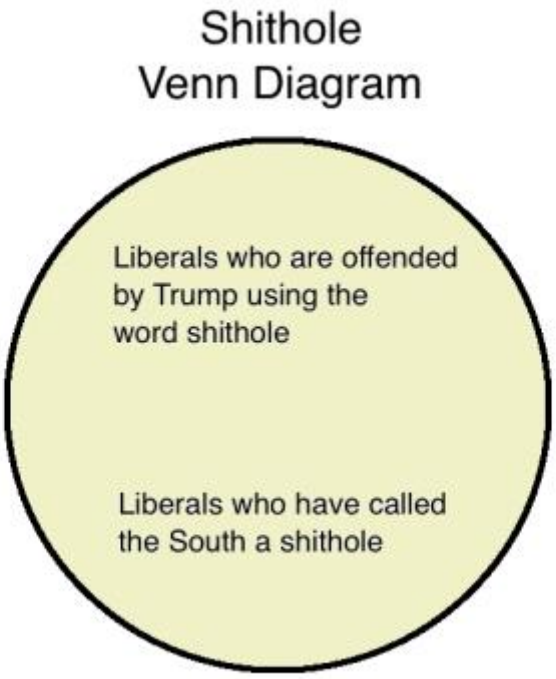
Everyone of sane mind asks the same question, but of course you’re not allowed to ask that aloud anymore. The worst sin in Clown World is to vocalize a truth (what are you, some ill-bred rube?) instead of suppressing it at great psychic cost and insisting the opposite is true so your soyciety lib friends won’t ostracize you or get you fired. Emperor has no clothes, on a mass scale.

And whom are these sanctimonious liberals fooling, anyway?

From MPC’s status updates:

> Pres. Trump used the same word to describe Haiti that liberals use for the entire Midwest.

A reader suggested a Venn diagram to represent the latest self-manufactured shitlib outrage.



There’s a social signaling element to the shitlib reaction to Trump’s plainspeak, but there’s also an aggressiveness

that belies an intent to humiliate the enemies of shitlibbery. @pen writes,

> Refuting that “Haiti is a shithole” is the ultimate test of the communist apparatus’ power to humiliate.

2 + 2 = 5. (Orwell was a prophet)

Testosterone: “shithole countries”

Estrogen: “if i had a son, he’d look like trayvon”

mendo/eaux writes about how badly the libs have logic-trapped themselves with their insistence on not calling shithole countries shitholes,

> …[libs] defending that those countries aren’t shitholes, then the obvious follow up, “then why are those people leaving?” puts them in a quandary.
>
> Friggin’ checkmate!

It’s so unbelievably easy to checkmate shitlibs on the subject of uncontrolled mass third world immigration that it really speaks to the treachery, cowardice, or just plain stupidity of GOP cucks that they couldn’t do it for decades, as they presided over the US sinking into the mud.

“If these shithole countries are so great, why is everyone from there leaving them?”

“If White colonialism/imperialism/racism caused shithole countries to be shitholes, then why do shitholies want to come to White countries?”

“If America is an idea, why can’t we just send a copy of that idea to shithole countries so they can build their own cities on the hill?”

The fact is that shithole people (shitholies, to morally preening lib Whites) make shithole countries. Just as there’s no magic dirt in nice countries which will turn a Somali into a White Vermonter, there’s no magic dirt in shithole countries that turns them into shitholes irrespective of the people living there.

Which means, the more shitholies you bring to America from shithole countries, the more America becomes a shithole. The people, not the paper, make a nation.

Now I hear that Norwegians are twatting about the US being a shithole, in protest of Trump or something. Nobody virtue snivels like a scandicuck. They are world champions at disavowing their whiteness. NorRRREEgian anti-Trump poseurs who say the US is a shithole are thinking of the black ghettos, not the white parts of america. Or they’re outright lying for a pat on their pussies.

Ending on a positive note, Trump has masterfully pinned the Dems (and cucks) into a corner where they either have to deal with him or admit to the American Normie that they think the US should be eternally open to migration from the whole world, for any reason, at any time. A literal shithole depot. It would be tough for Trump not to look good when the dust on this settles. From a CH commenter: “The left will replay that “shithole” comment nonstop in 2020 and accidentally get Trump elected again.”

If, as it appears increasingly likely, Trump pushes the fuggernaut over the edge with a few coarse words and a couple of early morning shittweets, I have to just LOL that America may lurch into Civil War 2 and break up into regional entities because libs wept salty crocodile tears over DACA.

***

Great comment from a reader on the Left’s meltdown over the national conversation on immigration that Trump has forced:

> Immigration is about sharing in the exploitation of the country, not sharing in the building or maintaining it.
>
> To the Left, the US is something that White people found in North America and stole from Native Americans, and now we have to stop hoarding it and give it to the rest of the world.

Simple hooks are all Trump needs to destroy the Deceitful Uniparty and its leftoid lunatic army and win the approval of the majority of Americans. Simple hooks, like

WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

PS The US State Department (no friend of Trump) believes Mexico is a shithole.

PPS Via /pol/ News Network, the US Department of State pays employees extra, up to 35%, to work in shithole countries.

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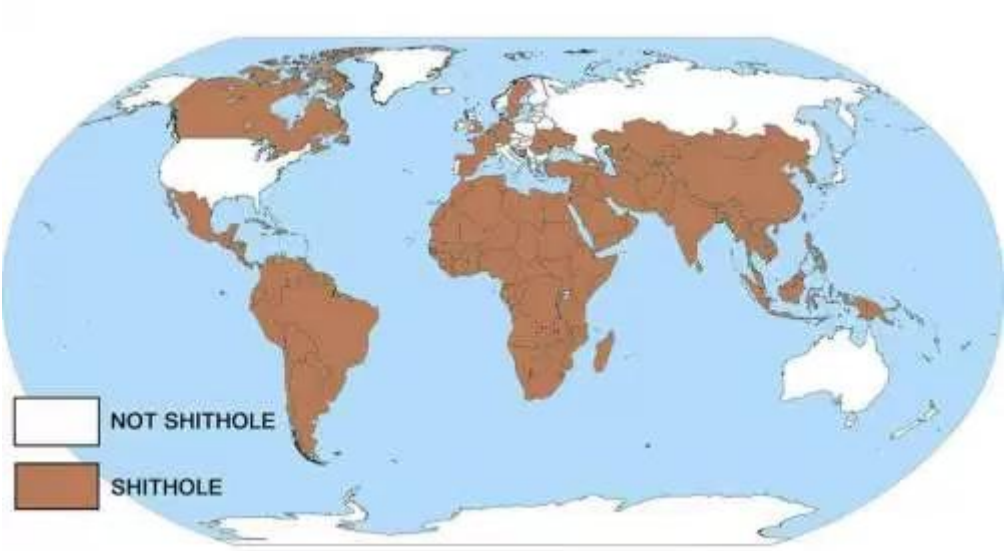


Classifying Shitholes

CH · 14 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

In the interest of precision, we need a shithole ranking system. Classification helps us think more clearly on questions such as, “From which shitholes should the US absolutely NEVER take any shitholies?”.

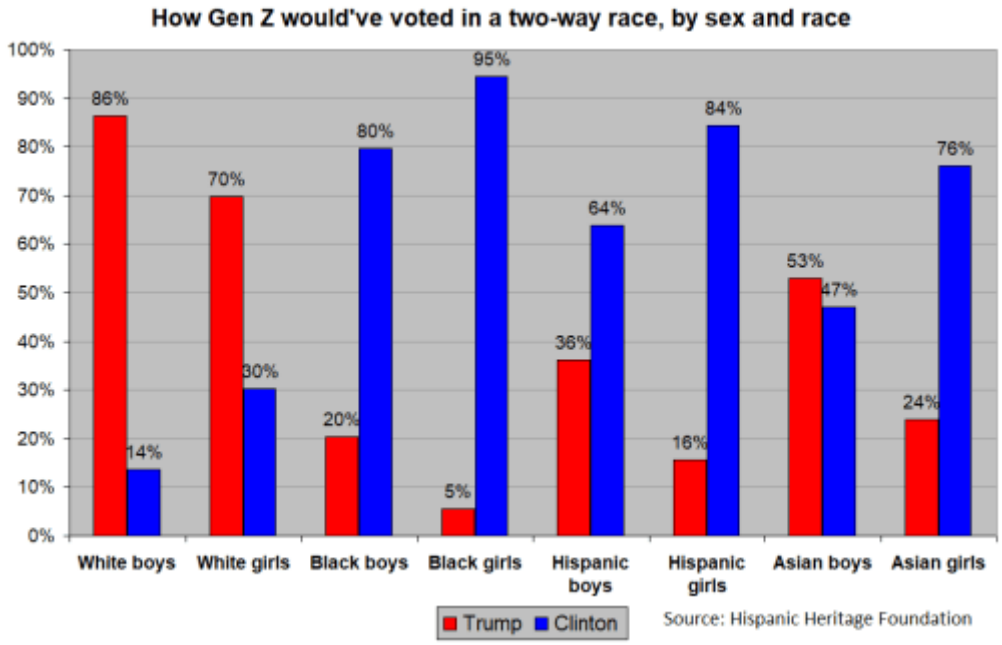
In ascending order of shitholery:

Shitburb – Banlieues of Paris
Shitpit – Detroit
Shithouse – El Salvador
Shithole – Haiti
Shitabyss – Somalia
Illimitable Shitvoid of Desolation – Liberia

Wew after reading that my mind is already wonderfully focused!

The Whitelash Is Coming

CH · 14 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original



There's a reason the Maul-Right calls them Generation Zyklon. The Whitelash is coming, and it'll be glorious, (assuming current trends are indicative of future results, which I think they will be, because normally White kids at that age are extremely and stupidly kumbaya liberal, so for them to be so strongly pro-Trump is a powerful cue that they are instinctually repulsed by their parents' and grandparents' self-cucking universalism).

When Gen Z WHITE GIRLS support the Anti-Shithole President by over a 2-to-1 margin, you know something beautiful and clarifying and dangerous to the elitist old order is barreling toward us, to deliver a reckoning of historical proportion. The only question left is whether the transformation portended by Gen Z will arrive in time, before the shitholization of America has metastasized and neutered Gen Z's electoral power. If The Darkening outpaces the Whitelash, then all bets are off. A competent and pissed off White people won't go quietly into that electoral irrelevancy night.

More evidence of the Zyklonic Tonic:

PS I believe both of these graphics are from Audacious Epigone, but I couldn't find the links. If a commenter would supply them, I'll add them to this post.

MeToo-ism And The Criminalization Of Romance

CH · 15 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment by SebastianX1/9 over at Sailer's blog, musing about the Me Too, Please sex panic and its end game,

> You are watching the real-time abolition of romantic love and courtship, to be replaced with mediated social media. Unmediated human interaction is being fazed out. They mean to abolish physical reality and the possibility of talking in person. Flirtation, romance, banter, charm, poise, casual human interaction – all of these things have been diminished.

I have a lot more to say on this subject, but for now take a moment to think about the path to anhedonic hell our culture is determined to travel, and why it has come to be at this point of history that love is under attack from the very forces which claim the mantle of love.

It Takes A Black Woman...

CH · 17 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

White women always react the same way to a bothersome kneegr0 beggar: with deference, patience, and finally sorrowful apology for not coughing up enough dough.

Black women react differently: they completely ignore him or give him lip for not minding his own business.

Black women know how to handle their black men.

There's a lesson there for earnest shitlib White women. #NotLikeUs

When The Strip Club Experience Stops Being Sexy

CH · 17 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A comment from Tiberius that had me chuckling,

> The strip clubs around here are more circus than anything. We went to one on a friends birthday. The hottest one had only one arm. She dragged the birthday boy up on stage, ripped the elastic out of his underwear, took his belt, wound it tight around her stub and whooped his ass with it. I've never seen anything more surreal in my life. I do not get boners recalling this experience.

I'll take a wild guess which region in the US this "Weird Americana" titty bar is located: West Texas.

The Scent Of Ripe Sex

CH · 17 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A male friend a few years older than me once took me to a high end strip club. It was my first time at a house of ill repute, and I was underage (but of age in the way that mattered). He knew one of the club's employees and arranged a deal to sneak me in with him through an alleyway entrance.

I'll never forget the sounds, sights, and….smell….of that experience. They linger today. Blood red light, thrashing heavy metal, and riotous naked pussy assaulted me. I popped a stiffy before we had taken our seats at a table in the back, to my relief cloaked in cranny dimness.

I had by then notched some innocent quality time with Real World girls, but never had exposure to raw, unbridled female sexuality until that field trip with a buddy I would go on to admire for many years afterward as my chaperone to a parallel pooniverse told in tales of thigh adventure.

I remember my friend had informed me the strippers were "just north of jailbait". Which meant all the girls were older than me, by a few years. We gawked for a while — rather, I gawked, he pretended to soak it in like a seasoned viewer — and then he slipped a twenty in my hand.

"Should I get change?"

"No, that's for the lap dance you're getting."

He motioned to an unearthly beauty with jet black hair framing cum-white skin. She glided over to us on a cloud of estrogen. Her body was perfection to match her face. Slender hourglass figure, levitating tits, and a pert ass. I guessed she was 18 years old. And a hard 10. They exist.

She and my friend exchanged some words, then she smiled at me, performed a lissome posterior chain maneuver that drew her face and body nearer mine, and her hands pried open my legs. Standing in my manspread zone, she unbuttoned her leather miniskirt. It shimmied unceremoniously to the ground (*very smooth*, I thought to myself), revealing black panty and….was I seeing right?….a rolling hillock of peekaboo vulva adorned with villous springtime fluff. She lifted the elastic on one side of her panty and pulled my moneyed hand toward the pleasure portal; I slipped the twenty in and made sure the second knuckle of my middle finger got some before she closed the gate.

She was unusually practiced at her art for a girl who shouldn't have been at this line of work for longer than a year. Gracefully and with a patina of eagerness that I had hoped was sincere, she crossed my southern border and gyrated and twisted and grazed and rubbed and pressed and ground……but the sensation that would grab my hindbrain by the reins and steer it to a catatonia I have found hard to replicate in the time since was the sensation that entered through my nose.

Her aroma. It emanated most powerfully from a moist place, a fog bank, a source of life, and more subtly from every square inch of her body. It was the Engineer's goo if the goo was pink and smelt of a thousand roses and the richest peat. That scent…I can recall it in an instant, and still it stuns me. Later, reflecting on it in the wisdom of my adulthood, I would realize it was the scent of ripe sex. Of a woman in her fertile prime whose sole purpose in this world was to be inseminated by a warrior poet and birth the next generation. Her natural perfume wasn't of the material world; it was a divinely endowed advertisement that she was laden with a full basket of the freshest eggs.

I would likewise realize that no matter how many women one has bedded, loved, lost, or loved again, there will be nothing that comes later which can precisely capture the stupefaction and delight of that first sniff of a hard 10's maximally fecund fragrance. It's like a first love; you'll love again, but occasionally your heartthoughts will drift to that sun-dappled sweet sixteen siren, a memory unblemished by life's inevitable compromises.

There have been moments since when I've caught whiff of a similar scent, and I remembered it fondly — as one

would the surprising intrusion of an odor that recalled grandma's kitchen — and every association would come flooding back, filling empty neural nooks with lust. But you can't go all the way back. The past is unsullied precisely because it exists in a magnified amber constructed of sensation, newness, and promise. Pussy #30, however sweet-smelling, can't hit with the limbic force of Pussy #1. No shame in that ladies, just don't expect the same invulnerable adoration from a man when you're his Thirtieth Act.

***

I had met a girl a couple months after that trip to the strip club, and I was so relaxed around her she mentioned it to me with a hint of annoyance. "Are you always like this with girls? So…calm?", she had suspiciously inquired. *No*, I had replied, hoping to allay her, *only with you, because you're easy to talk to.*

Lie. I was relaxed because I had smelled the scent of God, and the girl sitting with me was an aromatic mortal in comparison.

America Is A People, Not An Idea

CH · 18 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There can never be too many pimp slaps administered to traitorous, cowardly Galactic UberPhag LindsGAY GAYham's slap-able gayface. Tucker backhands Graham a good one, here.

Keep the heat on these cucks. They deserve every publicly humiliating beatdown coming their way until they slink off into the 9th circle hellscape waiting for them where their lies and malignancy and treachery won't infect America.

The "American Exceptionalism" era of delusion is over; the Blood and Soil America era is beginning (again, as the Founders intended). A great comment from anonymouslee:

I don't know why we don't more often point out the absolutely definitive evidence against "muh Constitution" arguments:

the worst shitholes, however you want to choose them from the Soviet Union to the failed states of Africa to the genocidal warmongers of Europe, have fantastic constitutions. Any country you hate, just name it and find a perfectly nice sounding Constitution.

We are a people. The Constitution is something we decided to put on paper to better organize the government which exists to serve us, the nation. Not the other way around.

The Constitution didn't write us, we wrote the Constitution. (hat tip to Malcolm Little for getting me down to one line)

Something else we should point out is that rhetoric about how people are not really people paves the way for attempts at genocide. No people, no crime. Case closed!

Emphasis mine. The People are the Paper. The Paper is not the People. Change the People, and irrevocably the interpretation of the Paper changes to suit the disposition of the replacement People. Anyone who says otherwise is an idiot, cuck, or lying shyster.

***

On the topic of Realtalk Rebels taking it to the corrupt, sclerotic, anti-White male establishment, here's a vid of Jordan Peterson shellacking a dumbstruck feminist cunt.

The race by the Chaimstream Media to censor (by commission or omission) and shut down dissident voices is evidence of their fear. Not fear that they're losing; rather, fear that they have ALREADY LOST and now they're scrambling to keep the angry mob from tossing them on the spikes lining their gated communities. Institutional Leftoids tamp down so hard on dissident thought criminals because they KNOW that if they lose this war the revenge exacted on them will be epic.

***

Not entirely OT: The only polling outfit you should trust is Rasmussen. They were closest to accurately calling the 2016 presidential election up to a week before Election Day. The rest of the polls are rigged in any number of ways to artificially boost Trump's negatives or shrink his favorability numbers. Last I checked, Rasmussen had Trump at 46% favorability. Keep that in mind, because there's been a daily drumbeat of leftoid media orgs pushing the narrative of Trump's "historically low favorability" using the same polling outfits that were badly wrong all the way through 2016.

It's as if the Narrative gatekeepers live in a bubble and don't think Americans are paying attention to their perfidy and lying scumbaggery.

***

Speaking of the loathsome and self-discrediting Chaimstream Media, do the screechy mouthpieces employed to safeguard the Narrative have any idea that their hysterical remote psychological diagnoses of Trump's mental health are ripped straight from the pages of Stalin's playbook? Our elite have never been more malevolent or historically ignorant. BAD COMBO

The Voluntarily Sexless Marriage

CH · 18 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

After you read this incredibly Millennial news story, you'll understand why I titled this post "The Voluntarily Sexless Marriage" instead of "The Voluntarily Celibate Marriage". Our platonically married couple isn't celibate at all; they're just celibate for each other.

The sexless marriage is a timeless rue with an explainable kernel of pedestrian truth to it, but at least it can be said for men trapped in age-independent sexless marriages that their woeful predicament wasn't contractually inked before the vows were exchanged. Not so for Tiffany Trump's newlywed friends:

> When New York socialites Quentin Esme Brown and Peter Cary Peterson got hitched in Las Vegas over the weekend in front of a small group of friends — including Tiffany Trump, who acted as the flower girl — they knew that people would make some assumptions. Either they were madly in love or drunk, right? In reality, the best friends said they were neither. They're planning to make theirs a **sexless, open marriage**, they explained, and this actually sounds like a pretty wise idea to relationship experts.

100% of chaimstream media approved "relationship experts" are charlatans.

"Sexless marriage". An irretrievably broken, anhedonic society at war with the reality of innate sex differences takes the one redeeming feature of marriage and tosses it away.

A sexless marriage is pointless, but a sexless, OPEN marriage is just plain malicious, because those super progressive, feminist friendly polyamorous arrangements never benefit both parties equally; it's usually the slutty woman getting her rocks off down the hall as her moans of ecstasy drive her incel "partner" crazy with murder-suicide ideation.

> "He has always been my soulmate in every sense of the word

Women and men have competing definitions of "soulmate". Men tend to emphasize the "mate" part of the term.

> and we felt mutually that Vegas was the place to finalize our commitment to partnership," Brown explained on Instagram. "Peter and I are not romantically involved — in fact we are still dating others and will continue to seek love in all forms — we are just each other's hearts and wish to begin our journey towards evolution, because the more we face reality, the more we can see that there is no right or wrong."

Poopytalk. They're doing the opposite of facing reality; they're hiding from it under cover of Clown World's Cloak of Inchoateness. If Tiffany Trump's friends are indicative of Tiffany's own views, it's no wonder Papa Trump practically disowned her.

> Susan Pease Gadoua, a licensed therapist

Licensed to bilk.

> and co-author of The New "I Do," has yet to meet anyone else with this kind of marriage, but she says it fits in with the way she sees many people deciding to change the rules to suit their relationship needs.

Dope. People aren't changing the rules to suit their piques; they're lowering their expectations and adapting to the encroaching jungle.

> “We don’t need to get married for any of the reasons we used to,”

Including but not limited to reasons such as reproduction and generational continuity.

> Gadoua tells Yahoo Lifestyle. “Once you’ve got everything else in place, it is like the cherry on top.”

> But Brown and Peterson don’t seem to have married for children. So why get married at all?

The question with no answer that won’t sound like a try-hard rationalization.

> “We did this because we wanted to finalize our commitment to each other as life partners and best friends,” Peterson wrote on Instagram.

What happened to mutually presumed and unspoken loyalty between friends? If you have to rely on the imprimatur of State authorization to declare your shared friendship, you don’t have anything remotely resembling a friendship. Instead, you have a pose. Two attention whores jockeying for social status within their group of unloveable weirdos.

> Brown also put a statement on Instagram, saying, “I am confident my husband and I will break some walls down,” she wrote.

If your official terms of endearment preclude fucking, he’s not your husband.

Husband:

> before 1000; Middle English husband(e), Old English hūsbonda master of the house

You haven’t consecrated a house for him to master. You’re two neutered farm animals who happen to be dozing in the same bed of hay and dried manure.

> “A lot of these sorts of marriages are in response to society getting increasingly isolated, and people want to create a kinship model. You either have to be married or you have to be blood relatives; otherwise, you can walk away from each other.”

Like I wrote, adaptation to the r-selected jungle.

> This kind of union may in fact last longer than a marriage based solely on intense romantic attraction, Gadoua surmises.

Well, sure. Because it isn’t a marriage. It’s a zero-investment masquerade. It’s easy to let a “sexless, open marriage” linger for eternity because the cost of upkeep and dissolution is negligible. No romantic reward, no romantic risk.

> The other advantage is that the friends can seek out those romances outside of this relationship. In this way, their setup resembles the kind of polyamorous arrangement that some couples have found to be a better alternative to divorce.

“Some couples” = a few physically and psychologically repulsive losers who can’t hack it in the human sphere where standards still exist.

> "Where the complications are going to come in is when people outside their relationship look at it like, 'I don't want to get involved in that,'" Gadoua says. "It's going to make it a little bit more complicated for them to find partners who understand."

GIRL: hey I'm free for that drink Thursday, but I should tell you I'm married to a great guy, but we never have sex. It's in our vows.

THE DEVIL'S HARD BARGAIN: fantastic! you sound totally normal. I'm scratching you in now as my third stringer.

> Rodman also cautions that this won't work if one partner isn't being entirely honest about what he or she wants in this relationship.
>
> "If one person was secretly hoping that this would turn into something romantic or sexual, then that would be quite the disappointment," she says.

The Voluntarily Sexless Marriage is the next evolution in beta male bait. Watch for hordes of thirsty betas to jump in with both feet hoping a piece of worthless paper has the power to unplug the tingle spigot.

> But if we're to take Brown and Peterson at their word, they're pretty happy with their decision so far.
>
> "We have one life," Brown wrote. "Free yourself!"

Combined IQ: 1

Time for a Phys Quiz. The glowing, and strangely tense, lovebirds:

Hm mm mm. So progressive! Tiffany Trump's friend married her gay bestie. Cameras and Yahoo blog typists are standing by….

PS I was planning to award Peter Peterson both the coveted Beta of the Month and White Male Pussy of the Month titles, but as you can see from the picture above, those titles aren't applicable.

How To Control A Slut: The Slut Whisperer

CH · 18 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sluts are wild women. The wildest, which is impressive considering the basal state of women is sexual wildness when released from cultural supervision. Many an unwitting beta male has thirstily stumbled into a slut's Venus Thigh-Trap and been liquefied, financially and emotionally, by her muff-shaped machinations. But sluts can be controlled, and their sexual recklessness harnessed for the beta's exclusive pleasure, no psychological costs or commitment strings attached.

williamk writes that a slut uses her sex like a shackle, binding her quarry into a one-sided relationship that robs him of his dignity and prepares the way for his cuckolding:

> Sluts control weak guys with sex.
>
> It's likely every once in a while he imagines her past and feels disdain rise in his viscera, but then she drains his nuts and dissipates his drive.
>
> He'll never leave her or cheat because she knows just how much to sate him to own him.

Beta male thirst is more than a tingle-killer; it's a poisoner of long-term relationships. If you give in to an LTR with a slut solely to prevent your nuts from backing up with unspent sperm, you'll regret all the times in between nutting that you have to spend with her, and that's a lot of time, unless you can nut non-stop without turning into a bleached desert skeleton.

A slut who has your cock on a leash will NEVER give you all the sex you want; she will give you THE BARE MINIMUM of sex to get what she wants, which is usually a combination of your money, energy, abject supplication, unreciprocated fidelity, and willingness to excuse any and all bad behavior she wishes to dish out (which sluts will dish out frequently and gleefully).

The experienced man with options knows how to control sluts for the reasons above: his interests as a man will often diverge from the interests of the sluts he bangs for fun. He has no thirst, so sluts can't play the ol' dame game of throwing their sex at him in the beginning and then slowly but incrementally drawing their sex away in hopes of reorienting the relationship to one in which the slut has all the hand.

The Slut Whisperer also never commits long-term to a slut unless he is absolutely sure of his ability to control the slut's sexual manipulations and impulsivity. The number one reason to avoid commitments to sluts that last longer than a three-month fling is because they're high risks for cheating, divorce, and cucking. As a man, you'd want such a tight grip on your slut's heartlight that she wouldn't dare indulge her natural inclinations….and that's a tall order to suppress what is likely a genetically imprinted predilection.

So, the two most potent slut controlling psy ops a man has at his disposal are:

- dating options, or the ability to collect dating options
- his love

Having options, or the confidence that comes from an ability to collect options on short notice, reduces a man's sexual thirst, thereby reducing his susceptibility to a slut's exploitation of men's higher sex drive.

A tried-and-true technique for projecting a powerful perception of your ability to score new poon post-haste is Dread Game. And nobody falls for Dread Game as thoroughly and predictably as the slut, who senses in it (and for that reason cannot defy it) the mirror manipulation of her Sex Apportioning Game. Driving a slut to heights of jealousy will put the brakes on her sexual power games because she will lose the focus to stick to her Gine Directive.

Dread Game is essentially Love Apportioning Game, and as a slut will open and close her vagina to the rhythm of her desires met and unmet, so will an experienced man open and close his heart to the rhythm of his desire met or unmet for a woman who will behave herself to his liking.

In sum,

SEXUAL CHOICE

CONDITIONAL LOVE

are the ingredients to bring a slut to heel.

In woman-conditioning language, I call this

INTERMITTENT REWARD, CONSISTENT PUNISHMENT, OCCASIONAL MERCY

and now you have tamed the slut.

It’s Jerkboy Game Day!

CH · 18 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of Gabber @LexParsimoniae:

She looks like she’s ready to admit him to her S&M dungeon. A keeper!

FYI the jerkboy move that sealed the deal (or at least sealed delivery of the dominatrix outfit pic) was when Lex dropped the “lol” bomb. Short, snappy retorts like “lol” and “gay”, which in context don’t make a whole lot of sense nor need to, are MASS GAINER snickerdoodle flavored hamster pellets. Also, note the ratio of her words to his words: she’s investing more in the exchange (even microinvestments like total typed letters count towards relative SMV scores and the perception of higher value of the person investing less).

Remember, as you scan that screenshot for eternal wisdom: NICEGUYS PACIFY, JERKBOYS ELECTRIFY

Her: what makes u think u can demand anything from me

Niceguy: oh sorry if i crossed a line *wets himself*

vs

Her: what makes u think u can demand anything from me

Jerkboy: lol *chain texts three other plates*

Update:

> I had her over for dinner, she washes all the dishes and the ones I used before she gets over and never complains. She’s 30 I’m 45. She’s used to getting her way. She can’t figure me out.
>
> My guess, she wants to land a man. Doesn’t want kids though. See what happens.

Insist that she wear those cute animal ears whenever she’s with you, including out to restaurants. (This is

domination-ownership move you can find in classics of the Unholy Love genre, such as *Story of O*.)

The Number One Reason For Sexless Marriages

CH · 19 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Johnny Redux nails the answer to this post's title with an ugly truth few men, let alone women, would be willing to confront head on, obliquely, or deniably:

> A sexless marriage, in many (if not most) cases, is the result of a man marrying a woman his own age, and after time losing all sexual interest in her as she quickly morphs into an old woman before his eyes, much quicker than he is aging.

Men are maximally attracted to young women.

Men age more slowly than do women. (At least going by outward appearance.)

Men's sexual worth climbs through their 30s and 40s while women's sexual worth declines through their 30s and 40s.

Put the three preconditions together, and marriage between "age appropriate" men and women is a recipe for sexlessness, followed by lovelessness, and then finally divorce.

Which is why I advise men, if you're gonna do something stupid like get married, make sure the deal is as sweet as it can be for you by choosing a younger woman to be your monogamously avowed last fuck. You'll come to appreciate her extended shelf life when your married buddies are staring down the barrel of a dumpy hausfrau and dreaming of escape. You don't want to wife up a woman on the wrong side of supple.

PS This post explains the true cause of "mid-life crisis". The crisis is the rapidly diverging SMV values of the husband and wife. And the cure is trading up, fapping off, or dropping out.

The Three Words That Reveal The Essential Difference Between The Sexes (All Two Of Them)

CH · 19 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There used to be a "sex positive" feminist who would comment here and offer up such breathtakingly backward Feminist Cunt Wave boilerplate on men and women that I started to appreciate her cuntributions for their usefulness as reminders of the self-medicating delusions that modren society inculcates in the sexual market losers of our age. Whatever she wrote, I would tell readers, take the opposite to be the truth.

She never posted a pic of herself from what I recall, but her comments were written in the unmistakable "aging, fading slut" style, filled with the caustic, slut pride snark which our current crop of pussyhatters think is funny, that belied a life nursing spiteful man-hate. Imagine a Nordic feminist-Jewish feminist recombination, with a touch of commercialist Anglo feminist, seasoned to a sarcastic spiciness by the rapid approach of the Wall, and twisted into a false braggadocio of her receding sexual ensnareline and her ability to manipulate men to do her bidding, and you have a good idea of this woman's character. I could practically see her stringy blond hair with streaks of gray, and her manjaw strengthened from years of cock gobbling and chewing out pretty subordinates.

In sum, she was a "Swipe Left Broad", from both sides of the swiping ledger. If Tinder was around then, (not sure if it was), she'd've bragged about swiping left on tons of thirsty guys while she herself was the recipient of numerous left swipes.

AnyHO, one time the topic was broached about what to say to a date (or potential mate) inquiring about your sexual history. I had written that men shouldn't run away from a storied sexual past, because girls are attracted to men who are successful with girls (preselection is a powerful predictive evopsych theory). I also wrote that men should avoid openly bragging about their notches — it would strike any normal girl as try-hard desperation — but instead to couch their personal history of successful womanizing in ambiguous or teasing language. For example,

GIRL: You seem like a player. How many women have you been with?

TRUMP'S PUSSYGRABBING ID: Counting Alaska?

After my advice, embroiled as it was in a deep understanding and easy acceptance of innate male-female psychosexual differences, landed in the combox, Swipe Left Broad chimed in, acrid spittle nearly flying off the screen, to inform the assembled that her go-to line when a man inquires about her sexual history was:

"I lost count."

Of course, I was compelled to spear her with the Shiv of Sexual Realism for her steaming feminist dropping, lest innocent girlies ambling into the free fire zone think her hag-words would be helpful to them. Swipe Left Broad didn't take kindly to my informing her that a skeleton key which opens a lot of locks is more valuable than a slutty lock that can be opened by many rusty keys. ARGLE BARGLE, she replied, paraphrasing. Collecting herself, "Men love an experienced woman!"

No, men don't "love" an experienced woman. Men may want to fuck an experienced woman, figuring (rightly) that she'd be an easy lay who will put out with a quickness, but men don't cherish sluts like they do chaste girls with eyes and gines for their cocks only.

The thought occurred to me in the recounting of this tête-á-termagant that the three words "I lost count" crystallize with pithy efficiency the essential, core difference between the sexes. What works spectacularly to increase a man's perceived SMV — a smirky allusion to his sexual experience — works equally spectacularly to decrease a woman's perceived SMV. And in the crucible of this rhetorical clarification we see the power of the female ego when confronted with undeniable sexual market truths about her romantic worth to feed at the trough of self-delusion. Giant, gulping swallows of delusion. Deep-throated delusions. Every delusional drop swallowed, and a pearl of

delusion whisked from her chin as an apéritif.

The crucial detail — the one that often trips up those accustomed to years of quaffing ego-assuaging platitudes — is the one embodied in the deepest, truest desires of men and women. These desires aren't the same, and at the critical mate assessment junctures can be said to be contradictory and competing:

Men desire sex, women desire commitment.

Commitment is a euphemism for resources and protection, and love is the feeling women lean on as assurance they have secured a man's commitment.

Women desire sex and men desire commitment, too, but these are secondary to the primary impulses which guide each sex, and guide them at especially important times, when life-changing choices are carefully deliberated or acted upon impulsively.

Women want an experienced man, and they project this want of theirs onto men who, for their part, want women willing to go all the way right away regardless of experience or, if the woman under carnal consideration is of exceptional beauty and modesty, want her to have a relatively unsullied sexual history and to at least have the sense to avoid bragging about the numbers of past lovers to whom she lays claim. To a man, a woman's discretion is the better part of her allure.

It's a self-defeating assumption women make, which they find out the morning after as their latest "conquest" is scurrying out the door, never to call them again.

This is why a slut bragging about her cock count is repulsive to any man with options, and why a pussyhound alluding to his gash and churn past is intriguing to any woman with a working tingle spigot.

Alpha Male Body Language

CH · 20 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's a lot going on here that adds up to a snapshot of pure alphatude in full display. The easy stride, the ownership arm draped loosely but heavily over her shoulders —

Just hold on loosely
But don't let go
If you cling too tightly
You're gonna lose control

— the deliberate avoidance of nuzzling or any soy-laced PDA, the contrapposto pose in motion (check the angle of his right foot), and the "I'm surveying my kingdom" wandering gaze.

Even if you're an ugly man, you can project an aura of alphaness, and therefore look more attractive to women, if you walk with the insouciant confidence of this fellow here. Every little improvement helps.

An Urgent Message For Strap-On Within

CH · 24 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

sike!

Insane In The Fembrane: The Worldwide Feminist Cuntsortium Of Rapefugee-Welcoming Shrews

CH · 24 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If you want a vision of the post-West wasteland, imagine a middle-aged white single mom with impeccable feminist beliefs shielding her brown rapefugee lover from the charge of raping her preteen white daughter, forever…..or until the last White is breathing.

> A #Metoo feminist and a mother allegedly engaged in a relationship with an Afghan refugee has refused to report his sexual assault on her preteen daughter on the grounds that it would lead to his expulsion from Sweden.

I'm a cynical man concerning the primal nature of female sexuality, but even my wokeness on the Woman Question is strained to the breaking point by this story. To understand why, read on….

> The middle-aged woman, who works at a migrant home, reportedly started a relationship with one of the "refugee children" and allowed him to move into her place. The cohabitation ended with her fosterling sexually attacking her 12-year-old daughter. However, the woman refused to report the assault and allowed the culprit to stay, the news outlet Fria Tider reported.

When Scandicucks suicide. The "my wife's son" meme has a female version now: "my daughter's rapist".

> During the trial, the girl said that her 45-year-old mother had worked at a home for "unaccompanied minors" in Sölvesborg, Blekinge County. When one of the refugees officially came of age and could no longer take advantage of the accommodation center, the mother started a relationship with him and let him move into her home.

Pathological altruism, or pathological tingle-storm?

> Soon, the Afghan began to stalk the woman's 12-year-old daughter, trying to kiss and hug her.

Hoellebecq on one of his most fevered satirical jaunts could not imagine a xenophilic Swedish cougar character for his novels if they didn't already exist.

> One Saturday night in late September 2017, the Afghan reportedly pushed his fingers into the girl's underwear, while allegedly under the influence of alcohol. The girl responded by pulling away and running into her bedroom. Later, she told her mom about the incident. However, the woman let her Afghan boyfriend stay despite his dangerous ways.

tbh surprised the 12yo daughter hasn't yet been arrested by swedish authorities for hate speech and intent to commit cultural privilege.

> "He stayed with us, and it felt outlandish to me," the girl said during the trial,

When children have more sense and wisdom than adults, you know a society is close to collapse. This story is the stuff that will weaponize Generation Zyklon.

There arises a hero who rescues the girl from this swarthy rapefugee migrant horror show….

> The next day, the 12-year-old refused to go home from school to her mother without contacting her estranged father, who upon hearing the story, reported the incident to the police.

…the estranged beta White father. You know, the hero who for decades has been taking the brunt of slander and defamation from every establishment media outlet, elite institution, feminist cunt man-hater, and virtue signaling SJW. That hero.

> According to the girl's older sister's testimony, the mother had told her to keep quiet about what had happened.

This is female sexuality unleashed. THIS…is what it looks like unshackled from male oversight and cultural regulation: a desperately lonely, post-Wall bitch queen single mom divorceé throwing her own daughter under the rapist bus so that she could keep getting pounded out by a dirty migrant who secretly loathes her and everything she represents as he grunts his way through her disgusting flab while dreaming of sticking it to her preteen daughter to help him get through the act of love with her old mom. A love which doesn't exist except in the mom's head.

> After a while, however, the Afghan chose to leave anyway.

And another EatPrayRape romance comes to a totally predictable end.

> Despite being sentenced for sexual abuse, he is allowed to stay in Sweden, as the prosecution did not demand expulsion. Instead, he was slapped with 100 hours of community service, as he claimed to have been 18 at the time of the crime.

Is Sweden just a giant corner stool?

> The mother, who is said to be an **active member of the #Metoo movement** against sexual harassment, continued her involvement in her Afghan boyfriend's destiny.

> [the mom] wrote in a Facebook group against the deportation of Afghans, and that she had a "wonderful kid"

> who no longer had a permanent residence, asking if fellow feminists would want to take him in.

Afghan fux, beta bux.

The daughter was victimized three times: first, by her mother and/or the Swedecuck State taking her away from her loving, responsible father. Second, by her mother's rapefugee pretend lover. Third, by her mother protecting her daughter's rapist from prosecution.

Mamma mia
Sweden's going fast
my my, how can she survive this?
Mamma mia
Stockholm's turned to trash
my my, rape gangs stalk our sisters

MISOGYNISTS DID NOTHING WRONG

1950s Patriarchy Game

CH · 24 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This kind of whimsical role playing is tingle dynamite! From marc,

> I took my girl (23 year difference) to a nice but casual Italian restaurant in the heart of left-wing university town. I told her we were in the 1950's and she was not allowed to talk to the waiter. I would order for her and answer any questions put to her. We had a blast! Waiter had no idea what to do with us.

A soyboy would never do this because a soyboy is cowardly. And that is why a soyboy fails.

Beautiful Truth Of The Day: Sexual Polarity

CH · 25 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The successful pair-bond is the successful polarity-bond. Ever try to squeeze two magnets of the same pole together, as feminists and manginas insist we all do? REPULSION!

The dominant man<–>submissive woman is the strongest magnet in the known universe. The submissive man<–>submissive woman or the dominant man<–>dominant woman are the weakest bonds. In warped sexual markets, the submissive man<–>dominant woman couple can work — for a while — but it's a coupling of egoistic convenience rather than one of passion. Its bond is reliable enough for tax purposes but also weak, and marked by frequent resentments that can provoke unfaithfulness.

The current Western sexual market is riven with submissive man<–>dominant woman couples, which doesn't bode well. It's why assortative mating along arid criteria like credentials and political ideology are the norm now instead of the exception, and why mating along hot wet passionate criteria like masculine-feminine frisson and provider-nurturer sex-based roles is becoming less the norm and more the exceptional act of rebellion.

Hard times will bring back the ideal Darwinian bond of strong men coupling with submissive women.

Our Wayward Wenches

CH · 25 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's a Swedish Faceborg advocacy group called #WeCantTakeIt — meaning the middle-aged women participating in the group can't take their rapefugee loverboys being sent back to their shitholes. They lobby the Swedish government and (unsurprisingly) the women-heavy feminist government gives in to their demands, ruining Sweden in the process. Here's a photo montage from the group:

On a hopeful note, some Swedish men (they still exist) mocked the group by creating one called #WeCanTakeIt which featured old, fat balding men and their imported Thai girl lovers.

Naturally, the offended Swedish scoldocracy deleted their sarcastic faceborgle group post-haste. The oldbroad-rapefugee matchmaker group still exists.

We've run out of time to beat around the bush (heh) any longer. Our virtue shrieking single White women and desperately lonely middle aged White broads are the PRIME VECTORS of misery, rape, death, indigence, crime, ugliness, and terrorism into the West.

At the least, these wayward wenches ought to be mocked so hard they self-deliver. And for real, not that fake phony attention whoring attempted suicide crap that women are wont to do for FB Likes.

Exhibit A: Our wayward wench of the day, @missmayn

H/t @JackMcKrack,

> she stepped outside to cry – and take a selfie.

Pathological attention whoring. She should've gone outside and thrown herself in traffic to ease the pain of Trump. That way we'd know she was sincere.

I'm convinced now that most online pathological attention whores are hitched to soyboys IRL and are using the internet to advertise themselves to usurper alpha males.

For Miss Mayn, that usurper could be any man who doesn't take pictures with his mouth gaping like an expectant gloryhole. For our Swedish spinsters above, that usurper is the vast barbarian horde.

I've said it before, and it deserves repeating: we men of the West bring our women to heel, or our women will have the West kneeling to the Shadow Swarm.

Western Women Are An Omnipotent Child

CH · 25 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Baron Ungern-Zimmerman (TM) draws the Shiv of the Week by drawing an excellent analogy between Western women and that Twilight Zone episode featuring the evil, all-powerful child.

> [The swarthy rapefugee] hit the right baboon buttons on the back of her brain. The strongest, smartest, handsomest, best color-coordinated, well paid, conscientious, most well spokended, fat penisted, masters of ceremonies, best tile laying, or most talented at playing the kazoo do not survive. Only *the fittest* for the conditions which they face.
>
> Unfortunately, the current conditions are similar to that Twilight Zone episode, "It's A Good Life," where an omnipotent child holds everyone hostage according to his whim. That child is the unleashed vicissitudes of the female hindbrain.

This is what happens when you give too much social and political power to women: they act out, refuse all personal responsibility or accountability for any of their actions, and demand immediate satisfaction of any whim which happens to cross their minds.

In other words, it's like giving power to a child. Don't expect good things to come from that. Do expect caprice, cruelty, and short-sighted stupidity.

#MyBordersMyChoice

CH · 25 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Like the “It’s Ok to be White” posters cropping up all over college campuses, you know a maul-right meme is spicy when it provokes lib snowflakes to an impotent rage that they can only relieve by tearing the offending signs down. And this one — My Borders My Choice — is extra spicy hot because it borrows the daffy feminist rhetoric of shitlibs, forcing our phony xenophilic single White women into grand mal cogdis seizures.

When these dumb broads are really kind of upset, America wins. Here's another meme that gets under the thin skins of the right kinds of fishmouths: #OpenBordersForHotties.

Stranger Flings

CH · 26 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

We're in the age of stranger love. Not real love, but signaled love. Love that is expressed but not felt, for the same purpose: to keep the peace and to feel something, anything that distracts from a boring dreary life.

Hackett to Bits includes a great Godfather quote in an equally great comment,

> The Godfather novel is a Red Pill must-read.
>
> "…Don Corleone had no desire, no intention, of letting his youngest son be killed in the service of a power foreign to himself. Doctors had been bribed, secret arrangements had been made. A great deal of money had been spent to take the proper precautions.
>
> "But Michael was twenty-one years of age and nothing could be done against his own willfulness. He enlisted and fought over the Pacific Ocean. He became a Captain and won medals. In 1944 his picture was printed in Life magazine with a photo layout of his deeds. A friend had shown Don Corleone the magazine (his family did not dare), and the Don had grunted disdainfully and said, "He performs those miracles for strangers." "
>
> And that was for 90% White America.
>
> Here we are, in the 17th year of sending our alphas off to foreign lands to risk their lives, only to protect the 'rights' of invaders to claim the use of our lands and send billions in cash to their home countries, to protect the 'rights' of the mentally ill to claim that their biology can be ignored and their 'rights' to not be offended by those of us who object, to protect the 'rights' of two finocchios to get 'married' and thus render marriage meaningless, and all the other crimes against the people and against nature, whitewashed as 'enlightened attitudes', that we daily comment on here.
>
> No more performing miracles for strangers…

The Don was speaking as a man from Outer Hajnalia: the clannish Sicilian blood made him question the value of shedding it for anyone outside the family.

Clannishenss prevents the wider social trust needed to advance to the heights of civilizational greatness, but it's also a prophylactic against the high trust Inner Hajnalian compulsion to xenophilia — stranger flings.

The time has come to accept the Don's wisdom and stop performing miracles for strangers while we ignore and slander our close kin and leave them to suffer under the miseries of the strangers' ways.

Love that forever goes unrequited is no love at all; it's obsession. And our virtue shrieking SWPL White shitlibs are in the grips of a severe obsession that may very well mean the death of the one thing which is truly capable of loving them back: their blood, their soil, their nation.

The Great Men On Faking It Till You Make It

CH · 26 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

C. S. Lewis, Christian extraordinaire, knew a thing or two about Game. From his *Mere Christianity*,

> **Very often the only way to get a quality in reality is to start behaving as if you had it already.** That is why children's games are so important. They are always pretending to be grown-ups—playing soldiers, playing shop. But all the time, they are hardening their muscles and sharpening their wits so that the pretence of being grown-up helps them to grow up in earnest.
>
> Now, the moment you realise 'Here I am, dressing up as Christ,' it is extremely likely that you will see at once some way in which at that very moment the pretence could be made less of a pretence and more of a reality. You will find several things going on in your mind which would not be going on there if you were really a son of God. Well, stop them. Or you may realise that, instead of saying your prayers, you ought to be downstairs writing a letter, or helping your wife to wash- up. Well, go and do it.

Great quote, and I left the second half in as delicious Matt King bait.

The Great Men of Christianity were well-acquainted with the mind-body-penis reinforcing feedback axis, and though Lewis likely would have disapproved of yer 'umble host's lifestyle, he would have spared a gentleman's respect for our shared worldview and perspicacity, though he arrived to our point of confluence via the Light and I via the Dark.

The pretense of being a ladykiller alpha male will help you grow into a ladykiller alpha male in earnest.

Game Game

CH · 26 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes, a girl will call you out if you're using well-known Game tactics that she may have read about second-hand in Cosmo. Or, she'll call you out because your execution is sloppy and transparent. She might say, "Are you trying to run your player stuff on me?" if she's not intimately familiar with Game concepts but suspects you're using them on her.

An example provided by CalvinDecline,

> Last night a girl told me some dude she was chatting with on a dating website was running weak game and trying to "neg her about her day".
>
> I wasn't aware girls were that fluent in game terminology heh… was a solid reminder to keep my material fresh and tailor it to myself as best I can.
>
> Now that I think about it… I'd wager most women spend way more time online than most men, so it shouldn't surprise me if any have stumbled across it.

I've noticed that the only Game idea women know about is the Neg. For whatever reason, this relatively trivial Game ploy was the one that percolated through the Damestream Media, and now girls have their hackles up for any appearance of a neg. Women are so neg-defensive that they'll label any pickup ruse that makes them suspicious of being a neg. This means you as a man should personalize your negs (avoid online favorites), learn to deploy them with more subtlety, or drop them altogether from your patter.

This trend of women calling out Game when men hit on them opens up new possibilities in…Game! (A smart, horny man is nothing if not resourceful.) Captain Obvious gives it the name "Game Game" and humorously explains its application,

> You can always run "Game Game" on them.
>
> "This is me negging you."
>
> "This is me going radio silent on you."
>
> "This is me flirting with your best friend."
>
> "This is me getting you pregnant…"
>
> Like Marlin Perkins narrating Mutual of Omaha's "Wild Kingdom"

I laughed. She'll laugh. We'll all laugh straight to the orgy chambers.

FYI, CO's Game Game has been discussed here at the Chateau, under a different name: Self-Acknowledgement Game.

> Self-Acknowledgement Game — the art of verbalizing the technique and timeline of your seduction to a woman as it's happening — has a storied pedigree here at the Chateau. A skilled practitioner can perform miracles with Self-Acknowledgement Game, because it's at once flirty, edgy, jerkish, charming, and all while maintaining just enough running narrative emotional distance to avoid triggering a girl's anti-slut defense or bitch shield.
>
> Commenter Thoroughbred writes,
>
> *In the category of taking social risks, I've been using an opener for awhile now that works like dynamite because it's so straightforward: "Hi… Wanna flirt and talk about sex?" At a minimum it gets a laugh just about every time, and most of the time it gets an enthusiastic "Sure!".*

> The reason “Hi. Wanna flirt and talk about sex?” is so potent an opener is not because it’s direct, but rather because, despite the apparent directness of the message, it’s obviously humorous and therefore ambiguous in intent.

Other names for this type of Game are “Running Narrative Game” and, in old school PUA/NLP parlance, “future pacing” or future projection. More specific applications include the “Time Bridge” and “Time Distortion”.

In the semen-al 2009 CH post, “Telling a girl how you will seduce her“, the basics of Game Game were illustrated with a real life pickup attempt.

> A while back on this blog Chuck left a comment suggesting a new type of game routine to run on women.

“Chuck” is Chuck Ross, a once-regular Chateau guest who, through a winding path leading from the comments here to his own blogs and eventually to the offline world, now works as a star reporter for the Daily Caller, America’s most foremost online journalism paper of record. (Not kidding. Daily Caller is co-owned by Tucker Carlson and is imo the best realtalk news site out there. Better than Breitbart.) I’m proud of him, feeling like an e-lucifer who sent his shitlord demons to the normie plane to wreak havoc on the pharisaical establishment.

> It involved telling a woman exactly how you plan to seduce her, in step-by-step detail. I thought this idea was nifty so I tried it for myself. The following conversation is not verbatim (who can remember their conversations in minute detail?) but it’s close enough to the spirit of the interaction.
>
> […]
>
> ME: Hair twirling is a sign of romantic interest.
>
> GIRL: Or maybe it’s just a habit.
>
> ME: Maybe, but not likely. After the kiss, if I’m feeling it, I would invite you back to my place to admire my photographs.
>
> GIRL: And if I declined to go?
>
> ME: I would take your phone number instead.
>
> GIRL: And I would give it?
>
> ME: You would give it.
>
> GIRL: And you wouldn’t call.
>
> ME: Who knows? But you would relish the anticipation.

You can read the rest at the link provided.

Game Game, Self-Acknowledgement Game, Running Narrative Game….whatever you call it, it’s essentially a form of the more fundamental Game concept “self-disqualification”, and its effectiveness comes from not just the humor but the relaxation it induces in women’s bitch shields. Game Game simultaneously heightens and relieves sexual tension — heightens it because the verbalization of sexy ideas will imprint in the girl’s thoughts; relieves it because it removes the possibility of social awkwardness from the interaction.

There’s a spin-off of Game Game that involves narrating the *woman’s* contributions to her seduction. I’ll call it “Pussy Pacing Game”. bigjohn33 explains,

> I’ve gotten into the habit of just calling my wife’s shit tests out as shit tests. It works pretty well. I’ll even give her a chance sometimes to agree and amplify to her own shit tests.
>
> Her: You didn’t call to let me know you were going to be late.

> Me: Is this a fucking shit test? Yes I didn't call you because I was fucking another woman.
>
> Her: Yeah. You should have said a younger hotter tighter woman.
>
> Then we bang later. Women being game aware doesn't hurt anything. It's kind of fun, actually.

Agreed. I've narrated my pickups on numerous occasions, broadcasting my own moves as well as her reactions. Once, over drinks at a rooftop bar, I threw skepticism to the wind and hit on a girl by announcing at what times of the night she was gonna start falling for me, when she would move closer, when she would pretend to be coy, when I would reach in like I was going for a kiss but then at the last second reach around her to grab a napkin, etc….she lapped it up like a dehydrated kitty at a milk bowl. (That last part I also foretold, which intensified the lapping.)

williamk adds,

> Some game terminology is actually fairly intuitive.
>
> I've said "stop shit-testing me" to girls when I can't think of something witty. They take it in stride and just laugh. They know what they're doing.

Never be afraid to call out a woman on her bullshit. This is Jerkboy 101 advice. Run out of bantz? Flip the script. Put the "moral" onus on her for stalling the convo. Girls love men who are aware of the girls' manipulations. It indicates a learned facility with women, which is preselection.

Captain Obvious, with more Game Game routines,

> Hold out your hand, and pretend like you're holding a remote control, and your thumb is mashing up and down on what would be the "Fast Forward" button, and you say, "Let's just fast forward through the shit-testing and get to the baby-making."
>
> [Be sure you're pointing the imaginary Remote Control at her mouth when you say it.]

If a girl doesn't laugh and shine after hearing that, she's hardly worth the bother. (Note: fatties and uggs will be least likely to laugh, so no loss to you.)

***

Hackett to Bits is rightly unconcerned about women achieving Game-sentience,

> 'Women being game aware doesn't hurt anything….'
>
> On the contrary, they love it. Recent jerky remark to a plate:
>
> "You're alright…I don't care what [her female friend X] says about you".
>
> "Lol! Hey, are you negging me?"
>
> We had discussed the Neg before, but she couldn't care less about understanding it; she only cared about feeling it.

Women's feelings are paramount and supplant all other cognitive processes, such as logic, morality, self-awareness, and even self-preservation. If she feels good, it's all good. Game on, soldier of pink poon.

Comment Of The Week: How To Solve Feminism

CH · 28 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

As woman follows man, feminism follows beta male. Hackett to Bits explains in this pithy comment that wins him COTW:

> Feminism flows from excess Beta. Make men man up and the problem dissolves.

Feminism is a consequence of weakening men, *not* of strengthening men as feminist propaganda claims. Weak men create a sexual polarity void which is filled with spiteful hags and bitter careerist shrikes who subconsciously resent their empowerment. The solution to feminism, therefore, is to Make Men Dominant Again.

hard times create feminine women
feminine women create good times
good times create feminists
feminists create hard times

America is at Stage Four. Come to think of it, America is at the chaotic Stage Four of a lot of cyclical societal trends.

***

COTW runner-up is Wild Man, with these two comments. The first accolade he shares with Matt King; it's a muse on the "White mean" of social organization.

> King: *"striking the golden mean between individual and group. Neither the "army of one" nor the ant-hill horde model suffices for whites. That's what Shitlourde is lobbying for — a little more tribalism in the recipe to neutralize the excesses of both radical individualism and totalitarianism to which we often succumb."*
>
> Yes – aka responsible individualism. Which is valuing one's self-agency above all else, and expecting others to as well. Self agency = the belief in the personal power to make meaningful non-deterministic decisions that therefore implies personal responsibility for the consequences of said decisions.

The second comment is about the disruptions and repercussions that the West is still experiencing since the full liberation of women, (because women are less capable than are men of striking the necessary balance of individual freedom and personal responsibility), and how non-Western colonization and subversion are preventing the emergence of a needed accommodation between Western men and their women.

> courtesar: *Such a mindset [ed: Outer Hajnal clannishness of the type exhibited by Sicilians] could never build any successful society or civilization*
> *Look no further than Sicily itself*
> *Now in these days it is certainly better than atomized individuals scattered all over the wasteland pleading allegiance to nobody but the the shekel god they serve and worship*
> *That I can give you*
>
> Yes – something alot of people (non-NW Europeans, as well as alot of NW European women) seem not to grasp. NW European men are killing machines. But it takes a lot to provoke that. But once provoked ….. well, look at history.
>
> NW European women have been given freedoms (in keeping with their requests along these lines) as per the western mindset that emphasizes the ascendancy of the responsible individual as the prime cultural organizing factor. NW European women are still sorting out the 'responsibility' end of that deal. They are struggling with that, alot right now, because of the non-western influence that is running interference on the western

> man/woman dynamic. Part of that interference has been to convince western women that their men are devoid of aggression, or alternatively … that their men are malignantly deficient because of said aggression. It's all a bunch of hogwash of course. And there are other interference tactics at play as well (as well discussed here – encouraging western women along their natural proclivity to see morality in shorter term time frame contexts than is appropriate, ….. encouraging western women to adopt the pleasure principle lifestyles, ….. encouraging western women along their natural proclivity to be prone to jealousy over the emotional steadiness of their men …. etc. etc.)
>
> It's the primary problem right now. The western agenda can't progress while this condition still exits. What this means is that the non-western influence impinging upon western culture must be discounted ….. like that has to be the normal cultural outlook on these matters in the west …… that non-westerners are entitled to their opinions and all that (which of course is a standard western sentiment), but that it stops right there – an opinion that counts for very little, in the whole scheme of things, western-mindset-wise. Now how is this going to occur when non-western influence targets the weak point in the western experiment at this juncture – which is that our women are still struggling with the 'responsibility' end of the 'western individuality' deal?
>
> So how to we eventuate the necessary condition whereby non-western opinion on western matters is discounted as worthy of very little consideration with respect to the continuation of the western endeavor? Imo, first order of business …… re-introduce and re-popularize the precepts of the western mindset within western culture. The understanding of what the western mindset even is, has been badly eroded by the non-western cultural interference, as I have alluded to above. There is a positive way forward out of this temporary western setback.

Easier said than done. I'm afraid the only way forward out of our morass is by excising the necrotic flesh that prevents our full civilizational recovery. The excision can occur through multiple means, but the result must be the same: a culling of anti-Western elements from positions of power and influence over the Western mindspace.

The Chaim-'Gro Alliance Against The White Middle

CH · 28 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> ***Bane voice***
>
> Of Course. pic.twitter.com/YwGp9y6wHN source

One reason, if not the primary reason, jews slobber over blacks and happily use blacks as weapons against Gentile Whites is because jews pride themselves on being the motivating force in the "liberation" of the American negro. Therefore, if inherent black characteristics, rather than White VeryBadNess, is blamed for black dysfunction, jewish pride in their outsized role in the civil rights movement is tainted. Worse, it's negated.

(A secondary explanation for jewish infatuation with blacks is a neurotic obsession with the "primal buck" starkly revealing by comparison their own physical and sexual insecurities. I'm not convinced of this theory, though, because in private many jews will let slip what they really think of "the schwartzes". jews may be neurotic and theatrically self-obsessive, but that doesn't mean they're incapable of feelings of superiority and of lording it over their true hated enemy (not blacks)).

Advancing On Shitlib Territory

CH · 28 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

More of this, please. Shitlibs on their turf should start feeling anxiety, dread, and fear. The public spaces they thought were theirs are no longer safe havens. The front lines are everywhere.

***

A thing is offended. Good.

> "…disgusting…" pic.twitter.com/PmWQaJHNVD
>
> — The Polok [redacted] (@PeterPolok) January 28, 2018

"…disgusting…" pic.twitter.com/PmWQaJHNVD

[image]

[image]

— The Polok ??????? (@PeterPolok) January 28, 2018

Indebted Game: Or, Why A Man Should Never Get A Vasectomy

CH · 29 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A vasectomy is the equivalent of an alphaectomy because it communicates in no uncertain terms that the man snipping out the channel of his life force has no intention of ever leaving his current termagant to trade up to a hotter, tighter, younger woman who might inspire him to load her belly up with heirs.

The vasectomy is therefore the surgical inverse of Dread Game: it's Indebted Game. It tells your girl that you're hers forever, she will never have reason to feel anxious about you leaving her for another woman, and that if *she* were to leave *you* it would be a graver blow to your dignity and fortunes because you'd be stuck having to find another woman willing to accept your fizzless jizz. And usually the women willing to agree to that deal are older, low sexual market value women who can't have any (more) kids themselves. So your lady gets to walk off into the sunset with her options relatively unrestricted compared to your options, beaming as she no doubt will be knowing that it would be difficult for you, Beta, Esq., to find a better looking and hotter woman than herself….in your emasculated condition.

The vasectomy would leave the man victim to the vicissitudes of his girl's hypergamous tingles. It would render him defenseless, psychologically and seminally. Instead of his girl delightfully dreading his allure to other women and putting in the effort to keep him entertained, she will insightfully appraise his allure as the groinvoid it is and put in zero effort to contain the God-given peripatetic masculinity that he surrendered to the butcher's scalpel.

Maybe that demonstrated devotion sounds romantic to you, but as regular readers of Le Chateau know, it plays out quite differently in women's hamster cages, where abjectly domesticated men tied by a whoredeon knot to their women from lack of options on the free sexual market are irretrievably less sexy to those women. Over time, that de-amplification of the sexual polarity will erode the woman's love and jump start her concubine protocol.

In sum, it pays a man to have his plumbing in working order so his main dame always knows he has the arsenal at the ready to seed the earth with the help of another woman's welcoming womb. Even if his current girl expressed no interest in having children, the thought alone of her man's romantic freedom will electrify her hamster-vagina axis of tingle and awaken her suppressed femininity to the job of doting on him exclusively so his wanderlust stays focused on her.

Compare And Contrast: The Nümale Grimace Across Species

CH · 29 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A chimp shows the fear grin gesture of submission to a dominant male:

A human male displays the Nümale Grimace (aka the Soylent Grin, the Moneyshot Face, the Human Gloryhole):

The soyboy lives in a constant state of fear and automatic deference to his dominant superiors, which include the women in his life. He spends his waking hours gesturing his submission to anyone who will tolerate his company. If no one is available to accept his submission, he submits to himself, in a final act of plaintive onanism that ends with his seed mixed in edamame crumbs and spilt 120 minute IPA.

Snipping The Alpha Out Of White Men

CH · 29 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Moby is “excited” about raw dogging Miss Manjaw and leaving behind a few disfigured blanks to wither and die out of sight of her womb. I’m not sure how anxiety or challenge figures into the future that follows this decision for alpha excision, but it must have something to do with the proper rhetoric to virtue snivel for their equally androgynous shitlib friends and broken-hearted family members.

Mock these people, but don’t sweat them. It’ll all shake out in the Darwinian stew in a generation or two. More anti-natalist shitlib Whites choosing to go childless (or the 1.2 child route) means a lot less of their full spectrum snark pervading society. Maybe that’s what’s giving these two anxiety about the future. They’re the last of their non-breed.

PS Dollars to donuts The Chinster dumps Moby for a blackity black to birth a squad of gargroidles. And then poor Moby will be left with his de-privileged, powerless pud and his estrogen-boosting double IPAs to burnish his emasculate bona fides. Luckily for him the procedure is reversible, although complications are possible, such as suffering the tut tuts of his barren lib friends for daring to reconstruct a faint shadow of his masculinity.

SOTU, Brute?

CH · 30 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

What I want to see tonight: SOTU, Brute?
What I will likely get: Unity pabulum
What reaction this will cause: Accelerated disunity
What this will mean for 2018: plausible cover for Trump to continue clotheslining cucks and Dems.

***

Ricky Vaughn names the cuck,

> List of traitors:
>
> Graham
>
> Rounds
>
> Flake
>
> Cornyn
>
> Murkowski
>
> Collins

I really hope Trump hits these fucking traitorous cucks right where it hurts in his SOTU tonight by mentioning how unrestricted immigration hurts blacks the most. Hang them by the penumbras of their own cuckery.

***

The best thing that could happen for Trump (and by extension for America) is if prominent Dems just come right out and start yakking about the benefit of making America less White. Stay tuned to those SOTU responses from the Treason Party!

***

I'm pre-jizzing at the happy thought that Trump stares down the CACA Caucus Dems and says, while pointing at the family members victimized by MS13 invaders, "their blood is on your hands." (Won't happen, but should.)

***

Trump getting co-opted in any way by the "polite" establishment has NO benefit for him whatsoever. He'll lose his base and he'll never get the support of the Left. He might be able to shave off a few nevertrump cucks, but that number is already low. He should stick to being Trump: a man called upon to wage war against a corrupt genocidal globohomo elite.

***

I really hope Trump doesn't start blabbing about offering an amnesty as part of a "deal". The word alone is kryptonite to his supporters. I'll know this SOTU didn't go over well if I see Lindsay Gayham clapping in the audience. I understand the need for CYA "unity calls" and vapid cucknoise of that nature; I just hope he doesn't go overboard and get used to the applause from the enemies of Heritage America.

***

If time permits, I'll be live-shivving cryin chuck schumer's sweating merchant brow tonight.

******

Time did not permit. However, I read all about it. This is the best analysis of Trump's SOTU:

> It was a fantastic speech, though, and one that I'm making sure to spread to any independents I know that have negative or undecided opinions about Trump. My blue dog boomer parents are getting the transcript emailed to them this morning. (Actually, send this speech to every boomer you know, if only for the prescription drugs section.) This speech exists to drive a wedge between sensible moderates and democrats and their radical elements. This was pure divide and conquer. The more Trump doubters and haters you convince, the more effective the MAGA agenda becomes.
>
> Look at the numbers for this speech that were posted online. Basically every republican, 1/2 of democrats, and 3/4 of indies liked this speech. That's an election winner, every time. This is a winner's speech. This has to be our tone, both in our lives and in our politics. This is the winning approach. As promised, Trump is teaching us how to win.

no_poz reminds me why sometimes the slow play — rather than the sick burn — is the better long-term strategy,

> CH I get the desire to chew on the raw red meat of dems and cucks getting shiv'd by GEOTUS in front of millions. But I have noted you prodding readers to think outside the box and I'd encourage you to do it here. Surely you haven't forgotten the three rules of Trump?
>
> Give it time. He will not let us down. He is driving multiple wedges around the dems. They are being isolated and exposed as un-American, alien life forms. You are witness the complete decimation of a political party in slow motion. Schumer looked like fucking Golem and Pelosi is a Tales From The Crypt lich.
>
> We're just getting started here.

What I wanted to see for purely selfish reasons — shivs galore — was not necessarily best for Trump or Trumpism in this moment. He did the right thing by playing it down the middle. Now I hope that when the time comes to cash in the good will and leverage he's built up for himself, he doesn't go and ruin it with any permutation of a mass amnesty. In the end, it's policy that matters. The road to get to the desired policy is great theater, but inconsequential when the costs and benefits are finally tallied and we are staring at either a rejuvenated America or a demographically doomed America.

Trust in Trump….but verify.

A Test Of Your Game: The Lonesome Threesome

CH · 30 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> This is what a date in 2018 looks like: pic.twitter.com/dYSzBo1ajN
>
> — 5th Year (@5thYear) January 30, 2018

Ok, gentlemen….what do you do?

Best answer will be featured in a follow-up to this post (along with my preferred table-turner).

Patter Patterns

CH · 30 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Abc123 has a Game question about girls texting at predictable times of day,

> First time posting here. What does it mean if a girl never replies to you, waits a day and texts you at a specific hour. I'm noticing a pattern here. For example:
>
> I text or initiate
> she replies 10:12 am I reply later on in the day then 24 hrs later her reply is at 10:22 am or same exact time.
>
> I met this girl during the day she opened me and we sparked up a convo, during our convo she got all chipper and asked to exchange numbers
> Ive only interacted with her via text twice to say hi etc and to meet up. She texted me saying she couldn't said she's free to meet up Thursday and if that good for me. Am I being gamed?

Maybe. Girls have their own text strategies (and courtship strategies in general), so never assume girls are unaware of their machinations. However, girls who date a lot tend to fall into habits of mind, such as texting at a particular time each day (so they can text all their suitors at once)….take that for what it is. My advice? Ignore her games. Don't breathe life into your suspicions because the last impression you want to leave is one of a butthurt man over-analyzing her actions.

Rush Limbaugh Confirmed For Chateau Reader?

CH · 30 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

MMMmmmmmm…..COULD BE! Via Captain Obvious,

> 1:43PM Eastern Time; Tuesday, January 20th, 2018: Some lady calling in to the Rush Limbaugh show, just said she thinks the shitlibs are living in a bubble, just like the Truman Show.
>
> 1:45PM: Rush re-iterates, "this Truman Show environment you're talking about…"
>
> COMPARE: "Liberalism Is The Truman Show"; November 20, 2017; by CH.

Is this a stretch? Fuck no! It's plain as the FBI's high treason that Rush and his millions of listeners have paid their visit to this 'umble abode.

Relationship Maintenance Game

CH · 30 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's no question women need occasional reassurances from the men in their lives that they are

a. still attractive
b. still attractive compared to Jenna down the block
c. still attractive to that guy who lives with them

Reassuring women amounts to assuaging their fear that their looks are fading or that they can't aesthetically compete with prettier women.

(Reassuring a man is mostly about complimenting his competence and leadership.)

Beta Reassurance Game is the largest hamster pellet you'll feed to your LTR girls. A pet peeve of mine is when haters of any stripe caricature this blog as a dopey frat bro listicle of cringeworthy pickup lines. These haters are the finger-in-ears ignoramus equivalents of leftoids whose political insight starts and ends at HURRFLE DURRFLE ORANGE HITLER DRUMPPHPHHH.

The edgy pickup stuff that drives tradcons crazy — the negs, the DQs, the compliance tests, the teasing, the DHVs — is frontloaded in a courtship. This is the stuff that makes women curious about a man and willing to bed him. But as a relationship progresses and deepens (whether with a girlfriend or wife or mistress or Thai ladyboy), the kinder, gentler strategies come to the fore, helping to assuage a lover that she isn't going to be tossed aside like yesterday's trash.

This means occasionally, infrequently, reminding your girl of her beauty and feminine charms. There's an effective way to do this without sounding like a slobbering supplicating soydicked betaphag.

A line I use to this end is,

"You'll always be better looking than me, baby."

A man should never stop angling for relationship hand, and that goes double for those times he has to show a little vulnerability and acquiescence to his woman's needs. You want to be that sexy jerkboy she fell in love with instead of the uxorious male that most men morph into once cozily confined in a relationship.

My M.O. is that I never totally abandon my cad soul to take the easy peasy path of suckup sap. Any woman with me gets daily reminders, big and small, of my essential nature. The sack-saving subtext of that leetle bit of flattery I wrote above accomplishes my goal. One, it's not a backhanded compliment (even if I were the ugliest man on earth, I'm still punching above my weight). Two, if we grow old together (chick crack tacit vow) I'll never catch up to her looks so she will always own the lust in my heart. Three, it has *juuust* enough ambiguity to zap her with a drive-by tingle ("but HOW MUCH better looking?", she thinks to herself).

Most importantly, the line isn't more than superficially self-deprecating. All women know on an instinctive level that looks don't matter as much to men's romantic and relationship success, so a lover telling his girl that she's better looking than himself isn't self-incriminating nearly as much as suggested by the overt meaning of his compliment. In other words, the compliment is equal parts true, sexy, reassuring, and attitudinally alpha.

A Test Of Your Game: Reader Responses

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In the "A Test Of Your Game: The Lonesome Threesome" post, readers stepped up and provided myriad solutions, some effective some not so much, to the problem of a girl devoting more of her attention to her phone than to her date.

I promised I would recap the best responses, so here they are in no particular order of pickup artistry or date management skill.

Many readers suggests that our meek beta male being upstaged by an iPhag should "flirt with the cute girl behind the counter".

This is basically Dread Game, and it works because it taps into women's irresistible need to be with men whom other women want to be with, and their fear of losing those kind of men to other women. It's a perfectly fine catch-all answer, but it's neither immediate nor direct (given that it relies on a cute girl being present who will accept your flirtations and banter with you in front of your date), so a lot has to be in place for it to have the desired effect on your date.

***

Many other readers opted for a more aggressive response — variations on the pimp hand, ultimatums, leaving her with a huge check, grabbing her phone and passing it to a stranger/tossing it in the trash/shoving it under your crotch, buying a donut and placing it on her head while saying "a crown fit for a princess", pulling a Stone Cold Steve Austin move (hi, whorefinder), taking a dump in front of her, etc etc — which, while personally satisfying, aren't good Game. Use only if you want to go home smiling without her.

A general rule is that the best responses to a iPhag whore will be from a place of amused mastery rather than anger or butthurtiness.

***

"Ghost" was the most frequent suggestion.

This is an understandable reaction, and probably the best bet for men who lack the skill to jump-start a bad date but don't like being so publicly humiliated by a woman. As a reader wrote, "*"Just get up and walk out" is a perfectly good option if you already failed hard enough for it to end up like this*."

Ghosting is easy and time-saving, and there's a small chance it refocuses the girl's attention after the fact. However, there are better resolutions with much higher odds of closing the deal. Imagine you have time to burn and love a challenge, and you can see why ghosting isn't an inviting option.

CH Maxim #92: Almost every bad date scenario is salvageable.

It's just a question of how much effort you're willing to spend to turn it around, (which itself is a question of how many plates you have concurrently spinning).

***

Sentient has one of the best variations on the "take her phone away from her" theme:

> "Cool phone!!! Let me see…
>
> Put in pocket.
>
> As I was saying…"
>
> Yes I've done it. Solid move. If she balks tell her "it's grown up time".

You're living dangerously once you make a #MeToo move on a girl's phone, so be prepared for her to bitch you out or scream and alert any nearby white knights. Mostly I liked Sentient's response for the line "it's grown up time".

***

A Student of the Game,

> Take a photo of her and text it to her with the caption, "I'm about to walk out on this shitty date."

Haha. That's funny-aggressive, which is better than just aggressive.

***

Schockenheimer,

> "Hey! Eyes up here, not on my dick pic."
>
> "What?"
>
> "Put your porn away."
>
> Frame locked in. Banter away…

Funny, jerkish, assumes the sale. "You can stop pretending to look at your phone while checking out my crotch." Good stuff.

***

Steve Silver,

> Stand up. Grab her phone. Start dancing whilst making a Snapchat story. Go take selfies with other ppl at the restaurant. Say, "okay okay, you can have your phone back." Start to hand it to her, "but not yet." Make another snap of you thrusting your pelvis into the phone. "Ok, here you go." Start to hand her the phone, but as she puts her hand out, pull the phone back, lick it, then hand it to her.

You can't go wrong with "children's games" Game, (because women are in fact overgrown children).

***

Phelps gets ahed of me and suggests the table-turning response that I prefer,

> Move my chair around to her side to read over her shoulder, giving jerkboy commentary the entire time.
>
> If she tries to playfully hide it, wrestle with her to see. If she gets pissy, leave.

I did this once with a girl…

"hmm interesting….haven't met too many girls who browse Playgirl on their phones…."

***

Anonymous, similar to the above,

> "Are you googling what to say when your nervous on a first date with a hunk?"

I would've said "serial killer" instead of "hunk" for the xxxtra lulz (and tingles).

***

O Patriarca writes,

> It begins way before the video. First he should take his hands off his vagina, and learn to sit like a man and not like a neutered lap dog.

True.

> I'd throw crumbs or pieces of napkin at her if I was feeling playful. Dripped in saliva for extra fun.

Playfulness is a guaranteed winner.

> I actually don't mind when my woman is on the phone. Gives some respite from the chatterbox, one can just survey the room and think about my own stuff.

This is fine when with a girlfriend, not so much when on a first or second date.

***

Hawk has a good comment about calibrating your response to the type of girl who's with you and the type of reaction you expect to provoke in her,

> The ability to correct the behavior is proportional to the frame you can hold.
>
> Butt hurt: order everything on the menu and leave for her to pay. She'll look down on you failing the shit test.
>
> Ghost: walkout and say nothing. More neutral but won't be able to generate tingles.
>
> Tease: variations on taking the phone away and playfully negging her. Thus combines physical and verbal. The taking of the phone is an alpha male entitled response but the verbal play has to be THOT appropriate. The more she's acting like a brat the more kid sister is your response. The more she's acting like a bitch, the meaner and more ZFG is your response.
>
> Nuclear: grab phone and point at your own groin and yell: "does this have a wide angle lens?" Audience laughs and social proof is gained. She'll blush and look at your groin. Seed planted in her mind.

LOL at the Nuclear Frame option. This is a great general insight about Game that applies to all situations, not just iPhagged first dates. Jerkboy Game and assholery should be tailored to the bitchiness of the girl; a real bitch deserves…no, NEEDS….a real asshole to make her feel anything other than boredom and inflated self-regard. Less bitchy but equally annoying girls will respond better to playfulness and teasing.

***

One other table-turner I do is a tried and true Game stand-by: I'll text her a big, beautiful, "8===D~~~". She'll get the idea, and either put her phone away and play nice or act pissed that I invaded her iPhag space, (which would be my cue to leave without saying goodbye, satisfied that I avoided further entanglement with a yuge kunt).

***

Finally, there's this:

As America Tribalizes, Politics Becomes Less About Patronage And More About Race

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Audacious E rightly rebukes sometimes too-far-out-of-the-box thinker Agnostic for his assertion that race doesn't matter in politics nearly as much as patronage matters.

> More recently, Agnostic audaciously wrote:
>
> *The least insightful way to analyze politics is focusing on race and ethnicity.*
>
> There are several points that need addressing, so here it goes.
>
> Agnostic:
>
> *California is one of the states where Democrats win the presidential vote even among white voters only.*
>
> California's whites are pretty evenly split politically. Bush won them by 4 points, McCain lost them by 6 points, Romney won them by 8 points, and Trump lost them by 5 points.
>
> The reason California is settling into a deeper and deeper blue hue is revealed not by the figures from the last four presidential elections that are circled in red and blue but by those that are circled in green:

The Original Audacious then displays graphs showing CA's White population falling in 2004 from 65% to 48% in 2016.

> A white California would still be a politically competitive California. A non-white California–just like a non-white anywhere–is not.

Race matters. And it matters more as a country gets more multiracial, aggravating existing human impulses to regroup along racial kin lines against the rising threats from invading and aggrandizing competitor tribes.

Audacious notes that Whites are more ideologically and politically flexible than nonWhites, but that the shift of CA's Whites to the Far Left has been driven at its source by massive race churn.

> That's not to dismiss changes in the composition of the white population. White Californians were more right-leaning a couple of generations ago because the Mexican migration into the state, the ignoring of proposition

> 187, and the subsequent immigrant deluge propped up the top, swelled the ranks of the bottom, and pushed out the middle. The non-white bottom welfared their way out of regulations and zoning restrictions and plastic bag taxes while the top gladly accepted these nuisance expenses in return for uncontested dominion over some of the most prized real estate in the hemisphere.

As I've been predicting (and which imo unfolding events are proving true), Whites will become less politically flexible as their share of the total US population shrinks. That is, Whites will be pushed into a tribal identity by the forces of nonWhite tribalism, as a survival mechanism.

Audacious also takes Agnostic to task for over-emphasizing the influence of patronage networks in elections.

> Agnostic also puts too much emphasis on the shifting of various industries that putatively drive white voting patterns, namely finance, tech, and the media, for Democrats and agriculture, natural resources, and the military for Republicans. A glaring problem with this template for understanding electoral trends is that Vermont, which contains none of the Democrat industries and a couple of the Republican ones, has the most Democrat-voting whites in the country (save for the Imperial Capital itself).
>
> If industry told the whole story, we'd expect Vermont and West Virginia to vote the same way. Hardly anything could be further from the truth. The American Nations–that is, ethnicity–matters more.

A surefire way to make intraWhite ethnicity matter LESS is to flood the country with nonWhites. Watch for future politicians abandoning the framing of their issues in terms that appeal to this or that White voter bloc, and instead to frame issues along more starkly race-based concerns.

> Contemporary California is still mostly the country's future rather than the country's present. It's certainly not the country's past. In beating Carter by 10 points in the popular vote and 440 votes in the Electoral College, Ronald Reagan garnered 56% of the white vote. In losing to Clinton by 2 points in the popular vote and winning by 'just' 77 votes in the Electoral College, Trump garnered 58% of the white vote.
>
> Yes, in his first landslide victory, Reagan performed worse among whites than Trump did in his relatively narrow Electoral College win in 2016.

Wow. Says it all.

> The shift is virtually entirely attributable to the growth in the Hispanic (and to a lesser extent, Asian) population(s) over that period of time. In 1980, Hispanics and Asians comprised 2% of the electorate. The November before last, they made up 15%. What a difference a generation–and a disastrous 1986 immigration bill–makes!

I recall reading a news item recently which claimed Reagan's biggest regret was signing off on the 1986 amnesty. The man knew. And as usual Reagan-idolizing NeverTrump cuckservatives are BTFO.

> The takeaway is that the Democrat nomination now runs through non-whites, and specifically through blacks. Blacks vote nearly monolithically, not just in general elections but also in primaries. White Democrats will not vote overwhelmingly against the candidate blacks have chosen. If they did, it would signal a drastic change in the American landscape.

This is the civilization-saving question of the era: will leftie Whites continue voting in (by proxy or intentionally) their nonWhite dispossessors out of virtue shrieking spite for BadWhites, or will they begin to align, however tentatively at first, with rightist Whites into an implicitly White voting bloc capable of preserving Heritage America from being overrun and scattered to the winds by the Swarth Swarm?

A race replacement pogrom that occurs sufficiently quickly, I predict, will provoke the drastic change in White voting behavior suggested by AE's warning.

The Blight Side Of History: Single Mommery Edition

CH · 1 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here's some news you can rue: 40% of all US births are to single moms, a 700% increase since 1960, (although the rate does appear to have peaked in the last few years….we'll see if it holds (it won't if the US de-Whitening continues apace)).

> The Social Capital Project, spearheaded by Senator Mike Lee (R-UT), decided to investigate why single motherhood has become more common in the last two generations. Since 1960, America's single motherhood rate has risen from 5 percent to 40 percent in absolute terms—a 700 percent increase in under 60 years.

Too short of a time period for this trend to be the result of genetic disposition alone. Genes may be involved (in that there could be genes which make a woman more or less monogamously inclined), but given the rapid increase in single mommery it's reasonable to conclude that deep and broad social changes have exerted the greater influence, either by directly altering behavior through a suite of incentives and disincentives, or by providing reinforcing stimuli to genetic triggers that switch on or off depending on environmental inputs.

The report offers explanations for the rise in single mommery that reiterate most of what I've written on the topic: namely, female economic independence, State welfare as Daddy substitute, the Pill, and male economic stagnation are the big incentives fueling the increase, largely through the mechanism of reducing the number of fertile-age married women.

> To review, the past 60 years have seen more unmarried women and more of them engaged in sexual activity, leading more of them to become pregnant, even as fewer married women today get pregnant or give birth. Shotgun marriage has declined, and over the past 40 years declining rates of unintended pregnancy among unmarried women and rising acceptability of unwed childbearing have led to fewer abortions. Rising unwed pregnancies, declining shotgun marriage, and falling abortion produced more unwed births. All of those trends increased the share of births to unmarried women.
>
> How important were each of these changes in raising the share of births that occur to unmarried women? We can roughly simulate counterfactual scenarios in which some factors changed as they actually did while others are kept at their early 1960s levels. In Figure 14, the top line shows the estimated increase in the share of births that were to unwed mothers from the early 1960s to the late 2000s, an increase from 8 percent to 43 percent. Many people might be inclined to see this rise and attribute it to an increase in pregnancy among single women. But the next line down indicates that this factor is a minor one. **It shows that the share of births to unwed mothers would still have risen to 36 percent if the nonmarital pregnancy rate had stayed as low as it was in the early 1960s while everything else changed—the share of women who were married, marital pregnancy rates, marital abortion rates, nonmarital abortion rates, and shotgun marriage rates.**

Emphasis mine. The factors driving the massive increase in single mommery are primarily exogenous, ie independent of the single woman pregnancy rate.

> In fact, the fall in the marital pregnancy rate appears to be a more important factor; if that rate had remained at its high early-1960s level while everything else changed (including the nonmarital pregnancy rate), the share of births to unwed mothers would have risen only to 32 percent.

Fewer marriages, more later-in-life enfeebled-egg marriages together decrease the marital pregnancy rate. (The marital abortion rate is very low.)

> The decline in shotgun marriage has been a bigger factor than changes in either nonmarital or marital pregnancy rates taken individually (and about as important as changes in both taken together).

Shotgun marriage — basically, a woman's family persuading the father to "man up" and marry the woman he knocked up before she gives unwed birth to the shame of her family — is a lot less common today because severed social bonds which used to make the threat of public shame palpable, and cultural changes in how single momhood is viewed (from less to more positively), have reduced the urgency to provide a conception with the imprimatur of marriage.

> **The biggest single factor in raising the share of births that were to unwed mothers seems to be the decline in marriage**, which has expanded the pool of potential unwed mothers. Had the share of women ages 15-44 who were married stayed at its early-1960s level while everything else changed, just 24 percent of births would have been to single mothers in the late 2000s. **The decline in marriage primarily reflects an increase in never-married women rather than divorced or widowed women** (not shown).

This is basically the "I don't need no man, I'm an empowered careerist shrike" phenomenon, which, as you will read, created a premarital sexual market feedback loop encouraging men to demand sex from women without offering marriage in exchange.

The report authors conclude that the cause of the rise in single mommery is NOT primarily a consequence of negative economic trends. Instead, they blame affluence for weakened family stability.

> Affluence brought a proliferation of novel ways to enjoy leisure time and fed a growing pay-off to enrolling in higher education. Marrying early, having children early, staying in unfulfilling marriages, and having large families became more costly relative to the available alternative ways to achieve fulfillment, whether through pursuit of a humanities Ph.D. or sexual gratification.41 The result was an increase in the pool of single people and a decline in marital birth rates.
>
> At the same time that women began to demand more educational and economic opportunities, rising affluence facilitated the expansion of the two-earner family. The introduction of more and more labor-saving home appliances and types of processed food reduced the amount of time necessary for housework. As family incomes rose, more and more couples could afford paid child care, meals outside the home, and other services that replaced the considerable work housewives had traditionally undertaken.
>
> Rising affluence also was responsible for the development of reliable contraception. The pill, in particular, allowed women to control their own fertility and facilitated family planning around career considerations. This new ability greatly increased the appeal to women of professional pursuits.

Executive Mommery: Affluence and technology decoupled sex from marriage.

> Affluence and technological development facilitated the decoupling of sex and marriage, which increased nonmarital sexual activity and elevated unwed pregnancy rates. Penicillin brought an end to the syphilis crisis that regulated sexual activity through much of the first half of the twentieth century. The pill provided a way to dramatically reduce the chance of an unintended pregnancy. And abortion became safer, fueling rising demand for legal abortion services that culminated in the *Roe* decision.
>
> As nonmarital sex became safer and its consequences less severe, more single men and women became sexually active. This trend became self-reinforcing. Normative regulation of sexual activity among single men and women loosened. In 1969, 68 percent of American adults agreed that pre-marital sexual relations were wrong. Just four years later in 1973, that number had dropped to 47 percent, a decline of nearly one-third, and as of 2016, only 33 percent agreed that sex between an unmarried man and woman is wrong. What is more,

> pressure increased on ambivalent single women to engage in sex in order to win and maintain the affection of romantic partners and potential husbands.

When women no longer needed marriage (because women were economically and reproductively self-sufficient), men no longer needed to barter marriage for sex. Now where have you read that before? Oh yeah…..HERE.

> As we have seen, despite advances in birth control (or, paradoxically, because of those advances), more sexual activity led to higher rates of unwed pregnancy. While wider use of more effective birth control might have been expected to reduce pregnancy rates, it may be that the greater availability of contraception itself increased sexual activity.

Steve Sailer has made this same point about abortion; paradoxically, the increasing availability of cheap, effective abortion incentivized increased sexual activity, because it's human nature to do risky stuff if we believe operators are standing by to protect us from the consequences of our risk-taking.

> Regardless of the reasons behind this increase, not all sexually active couples used effective methods of birth control or used them consistently. Many couples, in the pre-pill past, would have been poor contraceptors but were not sexually active. But as nonmarital sex became more common, their reproductive fates became more tied to their ability to prevent sexual intercourse from leading to pregnancy. In this regard, relatively disadvantaged women suffered disproportionate consequences from the more general changes in societal norms around nonmarital sex.

Noblesse malice. Or: culture norms matter.

> The availability of the pill and legal abortion also affected shotgun marriage, which further contributed to the rise in unwed childbearing. Previously, single women could expect a promise of marriage from their boyfriends in the event of pregnancy. Men, after all, generally would have to make a promise of marriage in any other relationship. But over the course of the 1960s and 1970s, given the diminished risk of unintended pregnancy, more and more single women were open to sex without a marriage promise. That weakened the bargaining power of single women who preferred not to engage in sex without the promise of marriage in the event of pregnancy.

Sluts are a chaste woman's worst enemy. The feminist movement against "slut shaming" is the revolt of less attractive women who can't compete with prettier women able to convince men to hold out for marriage without the women giving away the bore store.

> Further, the availability of effective contraception and abortion may have led many men (and their friends and family) to reason that since women have a degree of control over whether they get pregnant or choose to carry a pregnancy to term, a man who impregnates a single woman is not obliged to marry her.

Feedback loops, I see them. AKA it takes two to tango. AKA men and women don't exist in a sex-differentiated vacuum.

> Finally, affluence also made it more affordable to be a single mother relative to the era before World War II. Socioeconomically advantaged women could better afford to raise children on one income, sometimes with child support from their former partner. Disadvantaged women could draw on an expanded federal safety net that reflected the rising wealth of American taxpayers. That safety net afforded a fairly meager lifestyle on its own, but in combination with their own earnings and assistance from family, friends, and partners, women could increasingly make it work (especially if they had only known an impoverished living standard themselves

> growing up).
>
> However, the particular way that American safety nets were designed often disincentivized women from marrying or staying married, since benefits were generally even less generous to two-parent families. That led to increases in unwed childbearing too.

There is a contingent of tradcon-ish righties who balk at the idea that the State and the social norming of working women create disincentives for women to marry; but here we are, data in hand showing exactly that.

The report authors conclude that male economic fortunes aren't the main cause of the decreasing marriage rate (and subsequent rise in the single mommery rate). However, I note that the authors make the critical analysis error of ignoring the reality and impact of female hypergamy. This is a very common flaw in these studies, but it's a critical flaw because women don't judge the status of men in absolute terms; women judge the marriageability (the bux) and romantic worth (the fux) of men relative to other men AND relative TO WOMEN. Read on to see what I mean.

> The idea that affluence is behind the rising share of births to unwed mothers may sound strange to those who hold a more negative view of the American economy. The prevailing wisdom is that unwed childbearing has been driven by the deteriorating position of male workers. Poor, working- and middle-class men, it is claimed, have seen lower pay over time, reflecting globalization, deindustrialization, and automation. The weak labor market has driven an increasing number of men out of the labor force entirely. Thus, some reason that the reduction in the share of potential male partners who women consider "marriageable," combined with a persisting value placed on motherhood, explains why women have increasingly chosen to have children without getting married.
>
> There are a number of problems with this position, however. For starters, most of the trends discussed above that have contributed to a rising unwed birth share began or began to accelerate in the 1960s. Nonmarital birth rates were rising in the 1940s and 1950s, and perhaps earlier. The increase in the unwed birth share itself started in the 1950s and accelerated beginning in the 1960s. In other words, these trends generally extend back at least to the "Golden Age" of twentieth-century America—when productivity and wage growth were much stronger than after the 1960s, and when household incomes were rising faster in the bottom half of the income distribution than above it.
>
> Second, rather than seeing declines in pay, **men have generally seen flat or modestly rising compensation since the 1960s**. That certainly has been a disappointment compared with the strong wage growth of the 1950s and 1960s, but it remains the case that men are mostly doing at least as well as their 1960s counterparts, and so it is unclear why they should seem less marriageable than in the past.

I'll clear it up for the authors: Hypergamy. As women have seen their career prospects and personal incomes rise, economically stagnating men have been hardest hit by women's innate desire for higher status mates. A working class man is a catch for a jobless single woman, but he brings nothing to a working woman who already has her basic needs met. And as women rise occupationally and financially, their attraction for higher status men than themselves rises along with their own economic status. This leads to working women choosing men based on non-provider mate value cues, or choosing to drop out of the marriage hunt altogether.

Oh, and obesity. Can't forget female obesity, which is a big (heh) driver of the low marriage rate. Men don't want to marry fat chicks. There are more fat chicks since 1960. Ergo, there are fewer marriages.

(Fat men are less of an obstacle to marriage because women don't put as much emphasis on men's physiques as men put on women's physiques.)

> Third, to the extent that men's labor market outcomes have worsened, this could reflect the increase in unwed childbearing rather than the former causing the latter. Research finds that married men have better labor

> market outcomes than single men, even accounting for the fact that they may be more marriageable.

Genetic confounds.

> If partners, families, and society writ large have come to accept single parenthood, it is likely that their expectations of nonresident fathers have diminished as well, which could have reduced the effort those men put into optimizing their economic status.

I've mentioned this before: working women disincentivize male resource provision (there are those sexual market feedback loops again), and the corollary to that is economically vulnerable women *incentivize* male resource provision.

> This may be particularly true in disadvantaged communities where single parenthood is common. Alternatively, the legal or moral obligation to pay child support may lead some absent fathers to avoid the formal labor market and rely on family, friends, informal work, and the underground economy.

When the State gets involved in the family formation racket, bad outcomes usually ensue.

> Even the "marriageable man" hypothesis ultimately presumes a baseline level of affluence that, historically speaking, is a recent phenomenon. The argument that because men are less marriageable, women are delaying or foregoing marriage but still choosing to have children presumes that many women are able to afford single motherhood. If not for increased female earnings potential relative to the past or a more generous government safety net, it would matter little if men became less marriageable. Women would be unable to afford single motherhood, and rather than seeing rising unwed childbearing we would simply see reduced childbearing.

Ensuring the economic self-sufficiency of women has created the single mom crisis.

> Social phenomena are complicated and have multiple causes, but our read of the evidence—and we are by no means alone—is that negative economic trends explain little of the overall rise in unwed childbearing. Instead, we think it is more likely that, as with other worsening aspects of our associational life, rising family instability primarily reflects societal affluence, which reduced marriage and marital childbearing, increased divorce and nonmarital sexual activity and pregnancy, and reduced shotgun marriage.

Mass scaled society is creating a gynarchy (defined by me as a society organized around the primacy of women and their needs, and characterized by social chaos). The Gynarchy is a synonym for Africa. That's where we're heading….the blight side of history.

> This does not mean we should lament rising affluence. There is no reason we must choose between having healthier families and communities or having stronger economic growth. Indeed, it is possible to imagine a future in which rising affluence will allow more women and men alike to work less and less and spend more time with children, families, friends, neighbors, and fellow congregants.

On this subject, I'm a pessimist. Good times create…and all that. First, there's the loss of purpose that accompanies the Automated Life. This hits men especially hard, because men, unlike women, don't primarily get their sense of purpose from raising children and chatting up the neighbors hoping for gossipy dirt. Men get their purpose from work, from achievement, and (yes) from sexual conquest.

Second, there's the matriarchal nature of "workless" societies in which men are rendered superfluous as resource providers for women and children. This is guaranteed to encourage cock carouseling, alpha fux beta bux, delayed marriage and spinsterhood, and low fertility rate. The end result of affluence will be more time with oneself, rather

than with children, family, or friends.

> But to date, we have tended to spend additional wealth to pursue individual and personal priorities. That has eroded our associational life—including the stability of our families, especially among disadvantaged families who have enjoyed the fruits of rising affluence less than others have. Continuing to make the same choices with our ever-higher purchasing power threatens to diminish the quality of life for rich and poor alike.

A reader asks, “if the single mom babies are White, maybe it’s not so bad”. I reply: In the short term, sure, not so bad. Single mom White babies >>>>> married mom nonWhite babies. But over the long haul, in a timeline that gene-culture co-evolution can have an impact on behavior by cementing into the code of life a new suite of traits, it’s bad.

And it’s an irrefutable fact that the bastard spawn of single moms do worse in life on just about every measurable outcome than do the kids of married moms. Whether the cause is genetic or social, doesn’t much matter. As long as you can set your watch to the predictability of a single mom sprogson huffing paint under an overpass or sprogdaughter mudsharking by age 14, it’s in the interest of society to keep a lid on the single mommery rate.

The risk of allowing our affluence to normalize a high rate of single mommery is evident: If in the fullness of time our 40% single mom rate metastasizes, there will be YUGE downstream consequences and emanating penumbras from what would amount to the wholesale destruction of the Eurasian family structure that has existed for millennia. Each generation laboring under a grossly high single mom rate will slowly inch the character of our women away from K-selected Euro monogamy and toward r-selected African polygyny/polyandry. What starts as a social selection pressure eventually ends as a genetic selection effect.

PS As usual for current sociological research, from what I can tell none of the data and analysis was controlled for race. Maybe I should expect this glaring oversight from a cucked Utahn like Mike Lee, but the days when everybody ignores the racial elephant in the room are over.

***

I just noticed the stock photo that the National Economics Editorial used as a banner for their single mom story is this:

You CAN find all-White couples and families in the media, as long as the story is about something dysfunctional, like single momhood or volcuckery. White privilege, everyone!

The Memo

CH · 2 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I speculated on Twatter's replacement that the infamous Deep-State-Exposed Memo would contain the following revelations:

1. mccabe sat on thecunt emails on huma laptop

2. secret society is real

3. lynch-comey-strzok collusion to exculpate thecunt in her email crime

4. FISA warrant issued from baseless evidence, sources and payment parties withheld by FBI from FISC judges

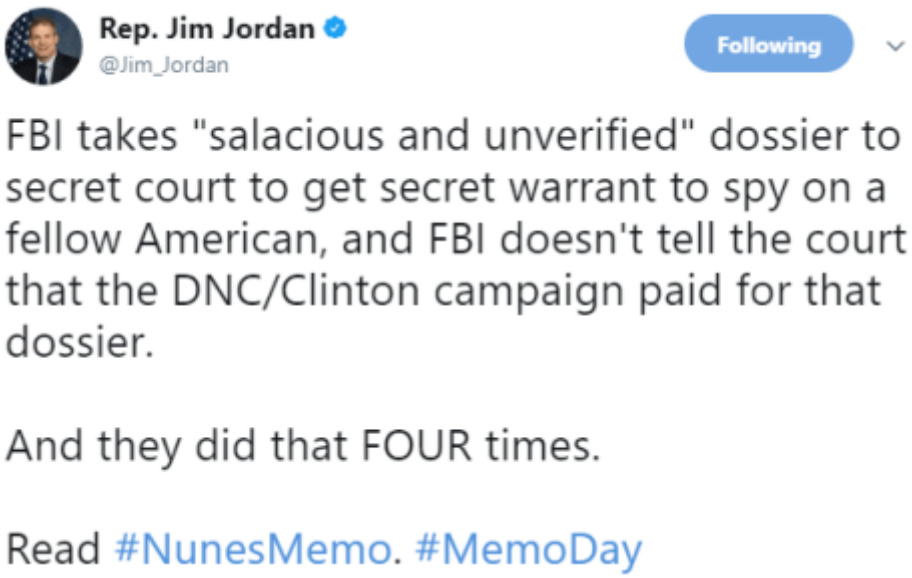
5. conclusion: fbi-doj-gaymulatto-thecunt conspiracy to influence election and subvert democracy

From what I've read of the publicly released memo, I was right on at least points 2, 4 and 5; thecunt loyalists in the FBI, DOJ, and gay mulatto admin spied on a political opponent using baseless "evidence" gathered by a firm hired by the DNC and by former British spy Steele who was being paid by the FBI for his services. The upcoming IG report should prove me right on points 1 and 3. (Rumor has it McCabe will be the one to sing for his freedom.)

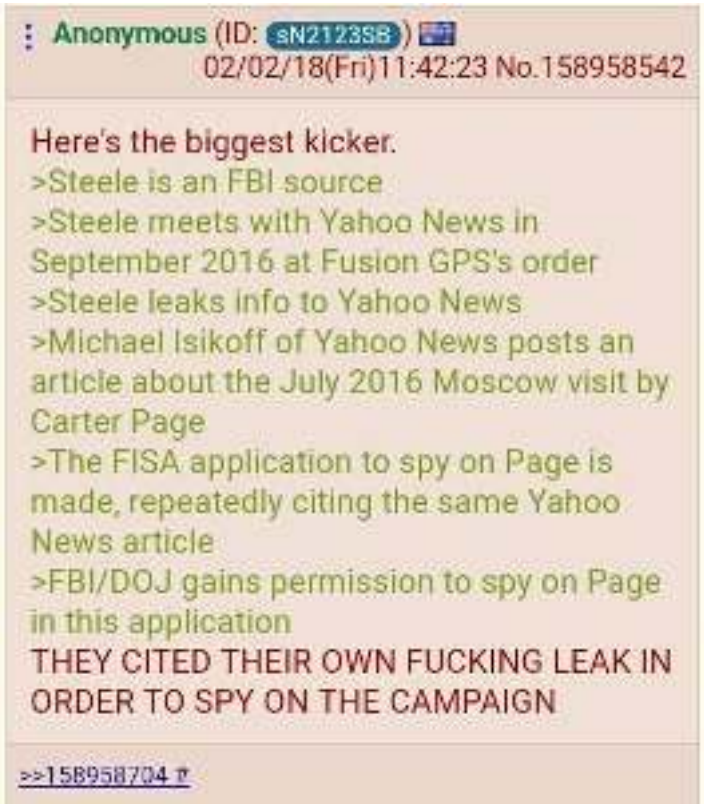
That's nothing less than the politicization of our law enforcement and intelligence agencies; a massive act of collusion between a presidential candidate and various unaccountable deep state actors in our three-letter agencies to spy on her opponent in the hopes of affecting an election outcome, or of undermining an incoming administration.

Bigger than Watergate would be an understatement. This is the Mother of All Political Scandals.

Others agree:



The entire "Russian collusion" hoax narrative is a political hit job by thecunt and her Stalinist lackeys in the Creep State. Is it time to officially declare the US a banana republic? Or are we Ingsoc now?



Via @Volbeck, “The FBI cries out in pain as it spies on you.”

Gummy Worm Comey is such an arrogant prick. Glad to see him get BTFO here, in the most shivvy manner possible (calling Phoney Comey what he is: a hillary hit man and treasonous eel).

The Hill reports the FISA memo is a “deep state bombshell”:

> The Nunes memo is out, and it is a stunning rebuke of the prevailing Democrat narrative on Trump-Russia collusion. It shows, beyond reasonable doubt, that extreme abuses of authority and bad faith were instrumental in getting the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court (FISC) to approve a counterintelligence warrant that circumvents normal 4th Amendment processes for an American citizen.
>
> […]
>
> There can no longer be any doubt — oppo research was used to weaponize the intelligence collection process on behalf of one American political party against the other during a presidential election.
>
> […]
>
> Their motivation for such an abuse appears to be that some or all of them shared the feelings of Steele, a British national, who according to the memo told the FBI he was “desperate that Donald Trump not get elected and was passionate about him not being president.” The preponderance of the evidence now shows us Steele was not the only one who felt this way.
>
> […]
>
> But we now have clear evidence that yes, Trump associates were targets of intelligence surveillance, using a flimsy partisan pretext that only makes sense if those advancing it from the corridors of government power were filled with a judgment-clouding hatred for all things Trump.

#CullTheDeepState

This seems like an appropriate time to quote Scripture at Comey,

> But justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream” Amos 5:24

The Trump giveth, and the Trump taketh away.

America, Then And Now

CH · 4 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Then: 1950s teenage men:

Now: Adult males on a bus:

Physiognomy collapse.

The Redacted Republic

CH · 5 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Memos exposing Deep State (FBI/DOJ/Obama/Clinton) treason are everywhere lately, and each with more redactions than the previous one. Obviously, there is a lot of ass-covering going on, and enough high ranking swamp creatures seemingly hold the belief that the government doesn't really answer to the American people, so the people shouldn't be privy to classified information about the Deep State's corruption and subversion of democracy. "Bend over and take it, soyim", is the prevailing attitude of the arrogant pricks running America into the ground.

America is in the Redacted Republic stage of decline, just before we become a Late Republic.

A Redacted Republic is marked by elites scurrying like rats to hide from the sunlight. When things get really bad it'll be the gallows of the Late Republic they'll try to avoid (usually by throwing other elites under the bus).

Jack Random asks,

> Wait they are scurrying? Based on Comey's response [ed: Comey feigned a cavalier "That's it?" reply to the Memo] I thought it was "Yeah I broke the law, suck it we are invincible!" And this is a guy the deep state has already held out to be burned…not a lot of fear I see.

It's common for prey animals to puff their chests and fluff their fur when cornered. It's a last ditch desperation ploy to avoid the tooth and claw by mimicking the strength and confidence of a larger, more fearsome beast. But their predator is President Trump, so this move won't work.

Via, a primer on just how deep the Deep Rot goes,

> But the deeper insight to have here is that there is already no functional difference between a FBI Special Agent, a CNN commentator, or, for that matter, a New York Times op-ed author, a professor of political science, a public school district administrator and a SEIU organizer.

Cull The Globohomo Establishment. It's the only way to be sure.

***

In completely related news, the central figure — Carter Page — that the FBI claims was the impetus for getting a FISA warrant to spy on the Trump campaign and transition team was an FBI employee in 2016 before he was a Russian spy in 2017.

From a reader: "Worse, Page was employed by the FBI in March of '16, and was used to obtain the FISA Warrant by the FBI in October of '16."

Right.

The Swamp is about to be drained bigly.

This is unbelievable banana republic corruption in the executive branch agencies. It almost looks as if the FBI used one of their agents (Page) to entrap Trump by assigning him to worm his way into his campaign.

BEFORE
AFTER
AND THAT LADIES
IS HOW YOU SUCK A DICK

Sportscucks

CH · 5 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> >mass 3rd world invasion>terrorist attacks>demographic dispossession >rape/murder of your women>soaring crime>desecration of your traditions >entire communities uprooted >destruction of your monuments
>
> But what gets men to take to the streets is winning a sports game. pic.twitter.com/qHEpNWfLx7 source

The good news is that Spookerbowl ratings were way down this year, so a growing number of Whites* are getting the message that their nation's corporatized bonding rituals are corrupted by anti-White animus and not worth supporting any more.

*Hispanics don't much like football, so the NFL will have a hard time capturing the drunk driver market, but the drop in ratings is most likely caused by Whites fleeing rather than by a sudden exodus of hispanics who were never big fans of concussionball.

PS By my count about half of the commercials had mixed race couples (mostly BM-WW). (((They're))) not gonna let up on the gas unless forced to surrender the steering wheel, eh?

Brave New 1984

CH · 5 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It used to be a rebel pose to accuse the US of becoming Ingsoc.

Given the revelations of the past two years, it's no longer a pose.

It's real.

But it's limiting as a description of post-America. What we're really becoming is Ingsoma: Ingsoc + soma. A corrupt elite that keeps its power over a blissed out populace.

Dark Triumvir writes,

> Our Bolshevik overlords are quite devoted students of Dystopia Engineering. We received a sinister blend of both Orwell and Huxley's worst nightmares. Amused to death in private, and ruthlessly silenced in public. Porn & Scorn.

I've called it Corn & Porn as a modren riff on bread & circuses, but Porn & Scorn is more encompassing, capturing the true spirit(lessness) of our age: dopaminergic pacification hitched to a tyrannical sanctimony, AKA vapid virtue sniveling for the feelgoodz that requires its tribute in the livelihoods of dissidents from authorized pussyhatter opinion. Left unchecked, the tribute will eventually be extracted in blood.

The moment a dissident faction gets uppity and threatens the existing globo-order, their private porn drip and their public persecution are simultaneously increased. It's a lethal Suppression Loop that works by stoking both fear and satiation. But some are finding avenues of liberation as well as leaders they can admire and trust (Trump), and the elite have never been more afraid than they are now.

The Neil Postman critique of *1984* and *Brave New World* is relevant:

> What Orwell feared were those who would ban books. What Huxley feared was that there would be no reason to ban a book, for there would be no one who wanted to read one. Orwell feared those who would deprive us of information. Huxley feared those who would give us so much that we would be reduced to passivity and egotism. Orwell feared that the truth would be concealed from us. Huxley feared the truth would be drowned in a sea of irrelevance. Orwell feared we would become a captive culture. Huxley feared we would become a trivial culture, preoccupied with some equivalent of the feelies, the orgy porgy, and the centrifugal bumblepuppy. As Huxley remarked in *Brave New World Revisited,* the civil libertarians and rationalists who are ever on the alert to oppose tyranny "failed to take into account man's almost infinite appetite for distractions." In *1984*, Orwell added, people are controlled by inflicting pain. In *Brave New World,* they are controlled by inflicting pleasure. In short, Orwell feared that our fear will ruin us. Huxley feared that our desire will ruin us.

In related Ingsoma news, Amazon has gotten into the NoFap business and invented a GPS receiver that tracks its employees' hand movements every second of the day, ostensibly to improve their ~~inhumanity~~ productivity moving boxes around a colossal warehouse.

What I would really like to see: Amazon forcing Bezos Broadsheet """reporters""" to wear a TrumpHateMeter that records the number of negative thoughts they have about Trump and Heritage America every day, and electrically zaps those with insufficient hate in their hearts. This should helpfully cull those last few employees who aren't obsequiously loyal apparatchiks to the Globohomo Politburo.

Relationship Red Flag

CH · 5 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Alpha clutch, beta bux.

Antitrust NOW

CH · 6 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This news report exposing the inhumane treatment of Whole Foods employees since Baron Bezos bought the SWPL chain is further evidence that we live in a new age of robber barons using their monopolistic bargaining power to basically run slave labor sweatshops here on American soil as well as abroad.

> The popular Texas-based niche grocery chain was bought by Amazon last year for a hefty $13.7 billion price tag, but employees are ruing the day the online retailer made the purchase, according to Business Insider (BI).
>
> Employees feel hard pressed by the new policies Bezos's management team put in place at Whole Foods. The pressure put upon them by updated stocking procedures and "pop quizzes" is causing some to have "nightmares" about work.
>
> "I wake up in the middle of the night from nightmares," a Whole Foods staffer told BI. "The stress has created such a tense working environment. Seeing someone cry at work is becoming normal."
>
> One of the problems for employees is the new order to shelf (OTS) stocking system put in place by Amazon bosses. The system is apparently breaking down morale.
>
> According to Amazon, OTS is geared to deliver smaller amounts of product to stores in order to keep it fresh and to help the company track inventory better. But OTS requires employees to stock shelves far more often and to keep a closer eye on stockroom supplies to prevent shortages.
>
> […]
>
> Multiple employees said these tests had "crushed" morale in stores because workers are terrified of getting "walked" and missing some small detail.
>
> "You are so concerned about passing this military-like test that you actually start to lose your department's operational conditions," an employee said.
>
> Another worker explained: "We think of it as punishment. They think of it as a way to correct errors."

Remember when the Left used to advocate for the working man and against Big Business? Yeah, I don't either. It's been so long all I know of the Left is that they're globalist bug-shills for MegaTech, international finance, and race replacement. In the Left's collective consciousness, allying with predatory billionaire monopolists is worth it to stick the knife deeper in Whitey's back.

But given that leftoids LOVE LOVE LOVE our modren day capitalist oligarchs because the omnipotent fat cats can be counted on to stream anti-White poz 24/7 into the eyeballs of Heritage America and to fund open borders advocacy NGOs, it's full speed ahead with the violations of workers' rights and basic humanity. "WTF I love robber barons now!"

The Left isn't unprincipled; its core principle is power, by any hypocritical contradiction necessary. We won't crush the Left by reminding them that they once, a long time ago, championed the oppressed worker. They'll just shrug that off with a snarky riposte fed to them by John Oliver and carry on virtue shrieking until their enemies are silenced and their livelihoods destroyed. The Left will only be crushed by crushing them….ousting them from power.

The Left hasn't forgotten that open borders means in practice population churn, social disintegration, consumerist escape, rapacious multibillionaires importing scabs to displace American workers and gut their wages, and rapacious multimillionaire politicians importing ringers to displace American voters and gut their electoral power.

The Left hasn't forgotten that open borders amounts to greedy fat cat CEOs running an arbitrage scheme on American native workers in which the former have all the leverage provided by millions of third world peasants

willing to work for pennies in bezosian slave labor camps while the latter have to bend over and accept rock bottom wages, shitty workplace conditions, and low morale.

They haven't forgotten any of it.

They have chosen to ignore it.

In service to their overarching desire to snuff out White Heritage America and morally preen on its smoldering ruin.

> Still, BI also learned that with [Bezos'] OTS system, Whole Foods might be on track to saving $300 million in costs by 2020.

Cheer up, SWPL shitlibs, with those cost savings you can afford a Whole Foods artisanal cheese block as you scurry out the store trying not to look any of the employees in the eye.

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 6 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes a picture stabs a thousand shivs.

Goodbye, Traveler. You Are Missed.

CH · 6 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have sad news to pass along. When I read this, it hit me harder than I thought it would, because despite the fact that there are thousands of daily readers and I haven't met a one of you IRL, this is a meetingplace of like-minded friends, and a family of sorts, so when one leaves us it feels like a personal loss.

I don't know if the emailer wanted the correspondence to remain private, (no explicit instructions one way or the other were given), so I'm using my prerogative to tell you all about it because it matters to long-time Chateau readers, and it's my opinion that the person of interest would appreciate my decision to inform everyone here of what has happened.

However, I've redacted any and all identifying info, so if the correspondent wished for privacy this post will not have violated that wish. And I will delete the post if asked to do so by the original emailer.

> Dear CH,
>
> I wanted to let you know one of your biggest fans, winner of many COTW's and my best friend of nearly 40 years "[REDACTED]", died suddenly aged [REDACTED] (apparently from heart failure but there are very strange circumstances still surrounding his death).
>
> [REDACTED] unplugged me when he gave me the 16 commandments of poon after a crushing friendzoning (I was beta). So I will be forever grateful that he brought me to your blog that I read every day.
>
> [REDACTED] was recently divorce raped, deliberately being alienated from his kids and his own mother disowned him and cut him from her sizable will (complicated backstory).
>
> However, during the last 4 years, [REDACTED] and I would get together at least once or twice a week and have truth talks as found on this hallowed blog. We helped each other deal with the shit men go through in life via the teachings of this site, so again I thank you for that.
>
> I will give the eulogy when we say goodbye in about a week and I so badly want to shiv his ex wife & her side of the family that basically stole his life. I would be grateful for any suggestions…
>
> Anyway, part of my grieving process is looking back of those classic [REDACTED] comments.
>
> Best,
>
> [REDACTED]

Many of you are familiar with our departed happy warrior's handle and his commenting style. (I won't link to any of his thoughts here, unless otherwise asked to by involved parties.) The Chateau lost a good one. He was funny and biting and if I can judge character from a person's commenting history, he was a mate I'd have a beer with no problem. It's disillusioning to hear that a cheerful fellow like him had to bear the heavy burden of our fucked up modren societies, and that it likely contributed to his early death.

As for suggestions about the eulogy, I can't give anything that wouldn't sound artificial and distant. This is an online neighborhood; it fulfills social needs unmet by our breaking bad societies, but it's not real life. I didn't know [REDACTED] as a real life friend, nor his family, nor his friends; any words I offer on his behalf would be a degree or three removed from who he was as a man and what his life story told to the world. Any contribution I'd make would be jarringly off-key in a solemn context.

Ok one suggestion….don't pull out the howitzers. The subtlest, softest shiv is all you need. The ex will get the point (heh). Something like, "[REDACTED] faced obstacles, some put in his way by those whom he trusted, yet he smiled through it all….". (If he didn't smile through it all, say so anyway. It'll trigger his enemies.)

Last thing I remember

I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the blog I was before
“Relax,” said the blog host
“We are programmed to receive
You can check-out any time you like
But you will never leave.”

The Androgyny Strain

CH · 7 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

LMA (@lovelymiss) nicely encapsulates the outline of the Globohomo Androgyny Agenda to turn Western White men into soibois and their women into manjaws, until they meet as a twisted union of de-souled bugfreaks in a dispiriting, passionless, anhedonic, asexual androgynous slop easily amused by their consumerist baubles and stupefied by Narrative pabulum.

> Both male & females are under attack & it is done on purpose.
>
> > Convince men that masculinity is bad. That they should cower & become more feminine. “Toxic masculinity” becomes a thing. We see more beta type males running around.
>
> > Contrary to what blue haired harpies & the [chaimstream] media want people to believe, women do not like beta males. It’s biological. Women seek strength because biologically stronger males have better genes & can provide better. It’s primal & it’s almost instinctual.
>
> > Once the men are sort of transformed to the opposite of what masculine is supposed to be, they flood countries with men who (even though they’re probably borderline mentally retarded) are more masculine than the ones we have in the west
>
> > Tell women that whoreishness is where it’s at. Don’t settle down & have families. Sleep with as many (usually this comes with a non-white sidenote) men as possible.
>
> You are able to ruin both men & women- and the final result is the ruining of a people & their civilization.

The Androgyny Strain is weaponized and purified to afflict both sexes. Its lethality is a combination of emasculated males and masculinized females, for only if each sex is in open revolt against their biological nature can our overlords expect to keep them pacified and unable to mount a real resistance that eschews degenerate pussyhats. I remind readers that the feministism cuntscripts exert almost as much energy deriding feminine beauty and demeanor as they do masculine vigor.

What the West needs is Tonic Masculinity. By Zeus’s chest hair, the Chateau will do its part Making America Virile Again. And in doing so, make America’s women feminine again.

The Principled Left

CH · 7 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

"Nixon loyalists bugged a Dem hotel room."

Left: OMG NATIONAL TRAVESTY SCANDAL OFF WITH THEIR HEADS THX FOR THIS PULITZER BTW

"Obama/Clinton loyalists in the FBI and DOJ bugged a political opponent's phones, rooms, cars, hotels, toilets for months on false pretext."

Left: THIS IS A SCURRILOUS ATTACK ON OUR ESTEEMED LAW ENFORCEMENT INSTITUTIONS REEEEEEE

***

The Left is principled; it just happens to be that their animating principle is the acquisition of power (and the attendant humiliation of its enemies that power allows). Hypocrisy and contradictions are useful tools to get them what they want: destruction of exclusionary normalcy.

This is why the media — wholly owned and staffed by leftoids with few exceptions — are ignoring, suppressing, or spinning news of the biggest political scandal in American history: the collusion of a former president, presidential candidate, the FBI, and DOJ to spy on a political opponent and subvert the will of the American people. The vast majority of media whores are TRUE BELIEVERS in leftoid transnational progressivism. This is why nearly all the gaystream media outlets aren't furiously digging for information into the growing FBI-DOJ-obama-clinton scheme to influence an election. Fame and fortune are there for the taking, but loyalty to their egos and their grip on power over the anti-White Narrative matters more to them.

Thus, we see every day evidence of their self-serving doublespeak:

The mask is off, leftoids. The battlefield is cleared of your obfuscation. Now we fight.

The 2%

CH · 7 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Our favorite slithery reptile Esssra Klein types that democracies die when White Christian Americans don't bend over and welcome into their homelands the penetrating vibrancy of the Diversity World's billions of nonWhites.

anon skewers this daft punk,

> Right, because democracy is all about obeying the 2% to have your people and culture replaced by waves of serfs and helots whose children are indoctrinated to blame your race for all the ills of the world even as they leech off your people.
>
> Btw, what kind of democracy is it that the 2% has more power than the 98%?
>
> Sounds more like ethno-oligarchy.

The 2%. I like that catchphrase. Spread it far and wide, particularly into soyim bunkers where the blindfolds concealing the true nature and identity of one of the most malevolent divisions of the enemy legion have been on for too long.

Maybe we'll capture as allies for our revolutionary movement the anti-1%er occupybernie troops who will be pried loose from their petulant anti-Trumpism with the sloganeering similarity of "the 2%".

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In related Globohomo Ministry of Propaganda news, the sickening and likely demented Nancy Pelosi recruits her grandson into the anti-White cult and publicly parades him for tokens of Ingsoc-recognized virtue in service to the de-Whitening of America.

Cucumber In Her Tailpipe Game

CH · 8 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This clip is from a British dating show. Like all reality shows, it's likely staged and scripted (in full or in part). However, if there's any ad libbing going on, and the participants' reactions look unrehearsed, then there's a nugget of life lessons we can extract for our benefit.

> Fair play to @@MikeThalassitis, he's snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. #CelebsGoDating pic.twitter.com/ZvzJLmeQGu
>
> — E4 (@E4Tweets) February 5, 2018

I'll admit I laughed. The whole way through. Good writers, or this guy is funny af.

So much great jerkboy Game on display. In before the "only looks matter" loser crü, yes I know /ourGreek/ is handsome. Which is why operators paired him off with a hard 9. But before you lament your droopy jawline, console yourself that the jerkish charm of the Greek would work just as well for any man. If you're like most men and you have average looks, you could parrot the Greek's patter to similar effect on girls — doggy dinner bowl face. Now I'm not claiming an ugly man can nab a 9 by talking like this (and with the same ZFG confidence); instead I'm telling you that an ugly man can nab better looking girls with "Cucumber in her tailpipe" Game than the girls he would normally attract just being his anxious uglyman self.

A quick rundown of Greek's Game:

0:00 — Greek follows the "two in the kitty" Poon Commandment.

0:18 — "You look nice tonight," while picking his nose. Very rare verbal-nonverbal mixed signal neg.

0:24-0:29 — She drops her first shit test. "Up here please". He passes it with flying colors. (A betadroid would have apologized for his impudence.)

0:30-0:47 — She hits him with her second shit test, and it's a doozy (calling him stupid). Again, he passes it easily by resorting (in so many words) to the classic CH Game technique Agree&Amplify. At 0:46, you see the effect his ZFG insouciance it has on her (it lights up her face).

0:48 — He flips the script and challenges her to a battle of wits. Now she has to qualify herself to him. (Remember a key Game concept: when a girl feels like she's chasing, she's tingling.)

0:52 — He plays a childish word game. She eagerly complies. That's our hero's first compliance hoop, which she jumped through no questions asked. Chicks dig children's games.

1:10 — she thinks she's zinged him, but he turns the tables on her when he teases her for "ruining" the game. At this point, you can practically hear the splooge coleecting on her seat.

1:14 — HER: "cause I'm just cleveeeeerrr" HIM: "hmm". Nuclear Neg. (You don't have to say much to get your neg across.)

***

A pause to remind the studio audience that hard 8s and above require at least two solid negs and preferably three or more to sufficiently lower their bitch shields and open their limbic lobes to the romantic possibilities with you. Plain Janes would wilt under an assault of negs, and ugly girls would cry. This is Mystery style Game 101, and you can see it in action here.

***

1:22 — Aaaaand Neg #3! She tells him she's a beauty contest winner, and he asks how many women entered that

competition, (implying that her win wouldn't be impressive if there were two other girls).

1:30 — She spends some time trying to DHV him with her plans to become Miss England. Instead of groveling before her beauty like a beta would do, he (figuring out quickly what she was up to) simply alters the subject to be about her surname.

1:45 — Him, describing his surname, "stands for seaman". He says it with a straight face, too, which makes it funnier. Best part is the follow-up; without losing a beat, he describes in detail the confusion that she might be feeling about the meaning of "seaman". This is a critical juncture of the date, because what he's done here is akin to NLP (subliminal language): he's planted sex thoughts in her mind and now she won't stop thinking about sex with him.

1:55 — She asks him twice if he speaks Greek, first time in English, second time in Greek. This is a challenge, and he knows it. Instead of a direct response (aka the dancing monkey response), he replies with his own question, asking her if she speaks Greek. She says yes. and this gives him the opening (heh) to showcase a truly stellar example of pure uncaring ZFG asshole Game — watch his face for what amused mastery looks like in action — and he asks her in Greek if she'd want a cucumber up her bum.

2:04 — POOF goes the hamster. Her face at this moment is that perfect mix of anger and arousal. Remember the CH maxim: The opposite of love isn't hate; it's indifference. She calls him a wanker. That's when he knows he has her.

2:07 — If a beta male was called a wanker by a girl, he would turtle and either beg forgiveness or try to save face by excusing his behavior as the fault of his waning sobriety or the fault of her not getting the joke. HAHA JUST KIDDING. No no no, this is why betas fail with beautiful women. /ourGreek/ knows the score; instead of getting trapped in a recursive loop of betafying behavior, he quickly and unceremoniously announces he's ready to go and she'd better hurry and down her drink. This accomplishes three objectives: it shows he cares not a whit for her opinion (which raises his SMV relative to hers), it disrupts her thought process (she thinks she has hand, but now she doesn't), and it reinforces the dynamic he wants which is her chasing his approval and his momentum instead of the usual way these things go.

2:16 — "I'm gonna play Flappy Bird while you drink that". Silly non sequiturs are an integral part of pickup, best used right at the moment you've brought a girl up to the line of genuine anger. The sudden and unpredictable humor of this non sequitur completely deflates her previous ire over his demands on her to hurry up and finish drinking.

2:25 — It just gets better. /ourGreek/ is putting on a Game clinic. Sensing her anti-slut defense system gearing up for duty (which is understandable given that he basically told her to wrap it up so they can get home and bang), he disqualifies himself as a sexual possibility when he tells her she's drunk and he "doesn't want to take advantage of her" so he'll call her a cab. What does this do to a girl's frame of reference? For one, it rejiggers her self-identification from "I'm a hottie every man wants to fuck" to "This guy wants to send me home and he's been teasing me all night…am I not hot enough for him?"

2:37 — Final shit test. She tells him she's going home after the date. He replies "No I'm not, you are." Not exactly a reply that makes sense with a second thought, but it works because it again takes the decision-making ball away from her. If there's to be sex, he's implying, it'll be him who decides.

2:40 — "Are you ready [to leave together]?" He can tell from her face that she won't turn down his final offer.

2:45 — She says goodbye. He continues following her as if he didn't hear her. Bold move.

End scene, he softens her up with conventional chit chat just before the timing is right to execute a simultaneous leaning-in and kiss close.

The Deep State Is The Deep Left State

CH · 8 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A former FBI agent exposes the machinery of the Deep State which helps explain how so many American institutions become left-wing over time. It's insightful, inasmuch as it's crucial to know HOW we got to where we are, so that we can figure out a remedy.

> Former FBI Agent Jonathan Gilliam: Bureau's Top Brass Climb Ladder by Ideology, Not Merit
>
> "Go in and think like a liberal" was the advice two FBI agents gave Jonathan Gilliam prior to his taking an FBI entrance exam. […]
>
> Gilliam, a retired Navy SEAL and former FBI special agent, spoke of left-wing political corruption across the federal government, specifically identifying the CIA and FBI.
>
> Gilliam recalled that two FBI agents advised him to "think like a liberal" during his FBI entrance exam. "I was told by two FBI agents that did not know each other – I was told, 'Do not go in and take that test as though you are thinking like a SEAL.' In other words, 'If this happened, this is the way it should be done because this is the way a team works, and this is the way an investigation should be carried out.' They said, 'Don't do that, you'll fail. Go in and think like a liberal.' And that's what I did, and I passed."

Think like a liberal: "My grandson says he wishes he had brown eyes and brown skin! Please clap."

> The FBI's entrance exam illustrated how leftists use ideological filtering tools preferencing ideological fellow travelers, said Gilliam.
>
> "These tests are written to recruit a certain type of person," said Gilliam. "So what you end up having when you do that is, you're gonna have – the CIA has the same problem, where it's not that they have individuals bringing a skill set to the table; it's that they're bringing an ideology to the table that those that wrote the test want them to have."
>
> "The people who are like-minded, the people that get along are going to be the ones that stay there," added Gilliam. "They're not going to recruit people who don't do what they do, who don't think like they do."

This explains why the various bureaucracies are so top-heavy with leftoids while the rank and file are less ideological — the striver leftoids are the only ones getting promoted by the smug leftoids already in charge.

Right wingers imo are simply more principled — or maybe more likable — than are Leftoids. The distinction shows up most clearly in employment practices, where righties seem to be constitutionally averse to ideology litmus tests to boost their ranks with those who share their worldview. Leftists otoh not only have no problem screening people for ideological conformity, they revel in it. They make it company policy. They set out to destroy those who depart from their ideology, no matter how small the particular point of disagreement.

(Ironically, the smaller the point of disagreement, the more viciously the leftoid will lash out and accuse you of heresy. It's really best to let it all hang out if you're gonna disagree with a leftoid; you gain nothing by pussyfooting around the disagreement, and the leftoid will be driven to impotent catatonia and perhaps even submission if you disagree fundamentally and unapologetically.)

> The "deep state" network of leftists, said Gilliam, extends across various federal bureaucracies. He advised President Donald Trump to cleanse federal bureaucracies of politically corrupt leftists.

The Chateau Word of the Year is….CULL. As in, #CullTheMedia, #CullTheFBI, #CulltheDeepState, #CullAcademia, #CullAdInfinitum. There's a lot of institutional culling of leftoids to do, and so little time

remaining to do it before it's impossible. We aren't gonna change hearts and minds, but we can change personnel.

Culling can be accomplished many ways. There's physical culling. Mass firings and what-not. (I'll leave it as an exercise for the reader what "what-not" means, and when the time would be right for its use.) There's preemptive culling. This would involve altering recruitment and promotion requirements and exams to rid them of ideological filtering. There's legalistic culling. Expanding anti-discrimination civil rights laws to include political or ideological affiliation would be an example of that. Finally, there's passive culling, which would be creating work environments hostile to liberals by, say, mandating a physical assessment day heavy on the tests of strength, or requiring attendance to a "Western Canon" seminar for every Diversity Seminar a company requires for its employees.

President Trump, I know you're reading. CULL. Remember this word. Drop it in your next tweet. I'd appreciate the shout-out.

> "If you want to see the deep state, this is what you're looking at," said Gilliam. "It's not just the FBI. It's not just the DOJ. It's also the State Department. It's the IRS. It's the DOD. It's the VA. You want to look across the board and look and all of these."

Bataan death march through the institutions.

> "I don't think that what we're seeing in the FBI is just about the FBI," said Gilliam. "What we're seeing … is that this is a slice of the bigger picture. Right now, the president has the greatest time that he's probably going to have in his presidency to pull back and unleash either another special counsel or a team of investigators to go in and clean up these upper echelons [of federal bureaucracies]."

I'm not a prayerful man, but I'll say a prayer for Trump. His enemy is numerous, entrenched, and determined.

> "You can call them deep state. You can call them globalists. I often call them communists," said Gilliam of left-wing federal bureaucrat careerists.

The commie slur never goes out of style.

> Ideological alignment allows otherwise disconnected people across federal bureaucracies to cooperate absent conspiracy, said Gilliam, using terrorist networks as an illustration of this phenomenon.

It's a literal leftoid hivemind. They all think alike, so they proceed to the same goal without explicit direction. Such radical and independent thinkers, they are!

> "You know how terrorist cells work. They have a financial group that raises money, you have planners, you have people who build the bombs, and you have people that carry the operation out," said Gilliam. "They may never meet those people, but they belong to the same ideology."

Inadvertently (perhaps), Gilliam has also addressed the JQ.

The Globohomo Ministry of Propaganda, like its bureaucratic brethren in various state agencies, won't change from within. Change has to be forced on it from without, and that necessarily means CLEANING SHOP of all the leftoid freaks that currently run the show.

I've said it before and I'll say it again: You can chin-rub for ages over the nature of our national dissolution but the crux of the issue is that there are too many leftoids in positions of power. Remove them, and many of our problems go away with them.

The Particularism Of White Morality

CH · 8 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Humans aren't fungible. Human races aren't interchangeable. Even our notions of right and wrong are particular to our race. SWPL leftoids who assume the morality which guides them also guides the peoples of the Dirt World are making as ASS out of U and ME. Not to mention, aiding and abetting the destruction of the homelands they share with less naive or less malicious Whites.

The Fecalized Environment People of the world are incompatible with White Civilization. A bristling field report from a Nice White Woman who spent a year in Senegal on a Peace Corp mission proves the point.

> What I Learned in the Peace Corps in Africa: Trump Is Right
>
> Three weeks after college, I flew to Senegal, West Africa, to run a community center in a rural town. Life was placid, with no danger, except to your health. That danger was considerable, because it was, in the words of the Peace Corps doctor, "a fecalized environment."
>
> In plain English: s— is everywhere. People defecate on the open ground, and the feces is blown with the dust – onto you, your clothes, your food, the water. He warned us the first day of training: do not even touch water. Human feces carries parasites that bore through your skin and cause organ failure.
>
> Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined that a few decades later, liberals would be pushing the lie that Western civilization is no better than a third-world country. Or would teach two generations of our kids that loving your own culture and wanting to preserve it are racism.
>
> ***
>
> Senegal was not a hellhole. Very poor people can lead happy, meaningful lives in their own cultures' terms. But they are not our terms. The excrement is the least of it. Our basic ideas of human relations, right and wrong, are incompatible. […]
>
> Take something as basic as family. Family was a few hundred people, extending out to second and third cousins. All the men in one generation were called "father." Senegalese are Muslim, with up to four wives. Girls had their clitorises cut off at puberty. (I witnessed this, at what I thought was going to be a nice coming-of-age ceremony, like a bat mitzvah or confirmation.) Sex, I was told, did not include kissing. Love and friendship in marriage were Western ideas. Fidelity was not a thing. Married women would have sex for a few cents to have cash for the market.
>
> What I did witness every day was that women were worked half to death. Wives raised the food and fed their own children, did the heavy labor of walking miles to gather wood for the fire, drew water from the well or public faucet, pounded grain with heavy hand-held pestles, lived in their own huts, and had conjugal visits from their husbands on a rotating basis with their co-wives. Their husbands lazed in the shade of the trees.
>
> ***
>
> The Ten Commandments were not disobeyed – they were unknown. The value system was the exact opposite. You were supposed to steal everything you can to give to your own relatives. There are some Westernized Africans who try to rebel against the system. They fail.
>
> We hear a lot about the kleptocratic elites of Africa. The kleptocracy extends through the whole society. My town had a medical clinic donated by international agencies. The medicine was stolen by the medical workers and sold to the local store. If you were sick and didn't have money, drop dead. That was normal.
>
> So here in the States, when we discovered that my 98-year-old father's Muslim health aide from Nigeria had stolen his clothes and wasn't bathing him, I wasn't surprised. It was familiar.
>
> In Senegal, corruption ruled, from top to bottom. Go to the post office, and the clerk would name an

> outrageous price for a stamp. After paying the bribe, you still didn't know it if it would be mailed or thrown out. That was normal.
>
> One of my most vivid memories was from the clinic. One day, as the wait grew hotter in the 110-degree heat, an old woman two feet from the medical aides – who were chatting in the shade of a mango tree instead of working – collapsed to the ground. They turned their heads so as not to see her and kept talking. She lay there in the dirt. Callousness to the sick was normal.
>
> ***
>
> All the little stores in Senegal were owned by Mauritanians. If a Senegalese wanted to run a little store, he'd go to another country. The reason? Your friends and relatives would ask you for stuff for free, and you would have to say yes. End of your business. You are not allowed to be a selfish individual and say no to relatives. The result: Everyone has nothing.
>
> ***
>
> I couldn't wait to get home. So why would I want to bring Africa here? Non-Westerners do not magically become American by arriving on our shores with a visa.

Truespeak. White values and White morality, let alone White worldview, White aptitude, White creativity, White psychology, White temperament, and White culture — in sum, White uniqueness, can't be ported to other races, and in trying to do so all that is accomplished is a diminishment of the Whiteness — in form and function — we, in our vapid virtue signaling sanctimony, want the nonWhite world to share in, to adopt, to enjoy the blessings of, and ultimately to assume control of and to destroy.

We need more pushback like this field report from all corners of the)))dissident media(((. Trump is our opening salvo. He gets the memes out there — "shitholes" — and the screams of the White lambs follow, because they know any movement of the national conversation in the direction of Truth & Beauty means more obstacles in the way of realizing their dystopian vision of a gated community of White shitlib elites lording it over a sea of mystery meats.

The Rootless White Left know the wolf is outside their bubble, eyes leveled, teeth bared, muscles taut. They can feel our hot breath. They are afraid.

The Arc Of Beauty

CH · 8 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The video below is a time-lapse of a Dutch dad's daughter as she aged from 0 to 18 years old, compressed into five minutes. It's very cool. Takeaways:

- Cute babies grow into cute adults
- A hint of her raw nubility makes its first appearance at 3:00
- Her rapid beauty ascent & teen facial exaggerations begin at 4:00
- Final frame: Peak Beauty (age 18)

A follow-up time-lapse of Lotte from age 18 to age 50 would be decidedly sadder to watch. We viewers would be subjected to the cosmic cruelty of witnessing in ten minutes the full flower of her peak beauty (years 18-25) slowly wilt at first and then accelerate with demonic tribute into a far less bubbly woman of wrinkles and sag (age 45, give or take).

But for now let's enjoy this gift of Whiteness. It truly is special. There are so few of her kind in the world, it would be a shame not to protect the homelands which give birth to her.

Unfortunately, we are ruled by shameless homewreckers. This exquisite beauty will be wiped from the earth if the globohomos get their way and turn White nations into outposts of the Dirt World.

The Cat Lady Culmination

CH · 9 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

We may have reached the apotheosis of cat ladydom. A couple photographed themselves as the “mom” gave “birth” to a kitten.

This would be mildly amusing if these two were actually poking fun of the cat lady culture, instead of implicitly poking fun of “breeders” as this type is wont to call people who have human children. But no, they’re not kidding around about their embrace of the cat lady/cat lad lifestyle. Proof:

> But one couple who recently [adopted a kitten] decided to let the world know about their furry new family member in the most unforgettable way. […]
>
> Photographer Lucy Schultz and her partner, Steven, don’t have any kids of their own…

WOMB, there it isn’t. Looking at her, it’s not as if she’s got years left to contemplate having a real child. The clock

on her egg factory is set to expire. Maybe they can psyche themselves up for the coming regimen of IVF treatments (using a buck's sperm) by fondly looking back at these photos for encouragement.

And he looks like he's about one tofu niblet away from his testicles burrowing back under his fupa.

> "I'd been talking about doing a kitten announcement shoot when I was finally ready to adopt for over a year," Schultz told The Dodo. "I just wanted to celebrate my cat adoption milestone as it's something I've looked forward to for such a long time."

It took her a year to decide to adopt a fucking cat? How many years will it take her to decide on the real thing? No wonder these shitlib Whites are going extinct at a rapid clip.

> Schultz enlisted the help of her colleague, photographer Elizabeth Woods-Darby. The two have worked together documenting human births…

A woman's maternal instinct has to be pathologically underdeveloped if she photographs human births as a career and still doesn't feel the urge herself.

> The photo shoot is certainly comical, but there's nothing insincere about how much love they have for their new pet.

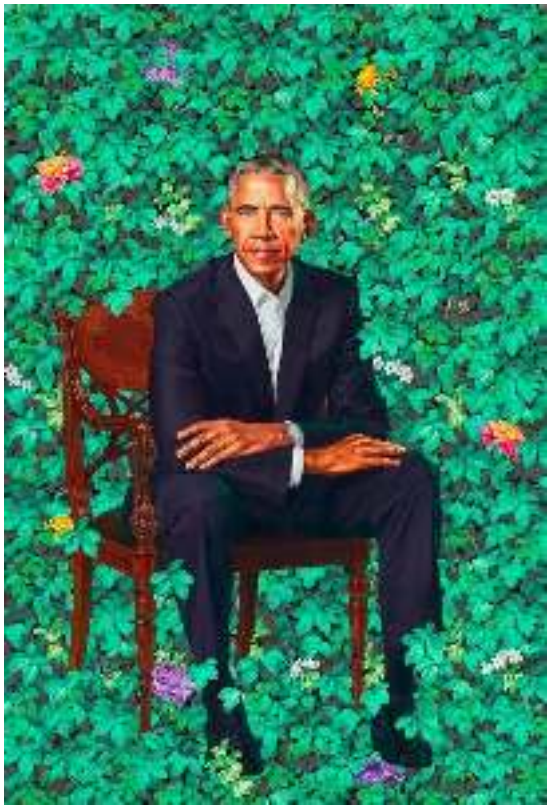
Two minutes after they die (from toxoplasma gondii complications), this cat would be gutting them and slurping up the pools of blood.

> Hilarity aside, Schultz hopes it might inspire others to grow their own families with a pet in need of love:
>
> "My message to everyone who is digging these photos is to check out your local shelter, consider volunteering or become a foster home and consider adopting one of the amazing homeless pets out there!"

This is how the world ends, not with a bang but a whisker.

Spot The Beta Ex-President (And His Giant Middle Finger To Heritage America)

CH · 12 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original



This is The Gay Mulatto's presidential portrait. Now where have we seen that coverhand* before? Ah yes.

> …hands clasped in front of their crotches — is the international symbol of beta maleness. It bespeaks a deep shame of their vestigial masculinity. They cover their junk and hide it from the world, in case some ugly State U cunt is triggered by a micro microaggression. Shocked by the impudence of their twitching members, they beat them down and shroud them in hand-woven burqas. Perhaps one or two of these anti-men walk with their butts out a little so any hint of groinal protuberance is pruned, like an unwelcome sapling that has dared to reach for sunlight over an expanse of lawn sod with feminist armpit hair.

*Coverhand: when the hands are positioned to conceal the radiating aura of a man's power — his crotch — from view. Usually indicative of a nervous tic or low self-esteem, especially when in the company of women.

Horrible art, btw, in both style and substance. All sorts of skewed perspectives, a cartoonish (i.e., African) color palette, and that try-hard deep thinker pose. So Fake. Has the Gay Mulatto ever had a facial expression that wasn't marred by a vapid smug affectation? *"And unto this, Conan, destined to wear the jeweled crown of Aquilonia upon a troubled brow…"* Yeah, no. Barry is not Conan. For one, Conan was less comically vain.

A visual comparison of a long line of previous President portraits should help throw into lark relief the amateurish and retina-scraping WE WAZ ROUSSEAUian gay mulatto addition to the lineage.

Zoomable link.

The bitter halfbreed born of an alcoholic absentee father and a manjawed EatLaySlut Globalist Girl clearly hates Heritage America, otherwise he would not have gone out of his way to choose a portrait "artist" who would render Obama as a figurative middle finger to the White men who came before him.

An emailer: "It's Obama in his natural habitat, surrounded by homegrown ganja!"

Hah.

It gets ~~better~~ worse. Michelle's portrait:

Interesting hair choice recapitulates White Hair Privilege and expertly hides her over-muscled traps. Note: looks nothing like The First Linebacker.

The Gay Mulatto disgraced the Office, in Boomercuck-ese, and he's proud to let you know how little regard he has for it.

Want nightmare fuel? The obamas aren't a one-off. As America's demographics succumb to the Hued Wave, the obama portrait is the first of many more, increasingly ugly and primitive, presidential portraits to come. Final portrait, if the Trumpening fails to stem the invasion:

***

While I'm on the subject of Yet Another Sign of America's Decline, obama's portrait artist, Kehinde Wiley, is a blackity black man whose portfolio contains these Love Wins rorschach tests:

Let's play a game: Reverse the Races. Imagine the shitlib media reaction if a White artist hired by Trump to paint his portrait had also painted White women holding the severed heads of blacks.

I'm guessing mass chimpouts and CNN dispensing with the veneer and just scrolling FUK YT across the screen. NPR would have had a special roundtable to call for a renewed "national conversation about race", aka "Ugh White People, again".

Cheater Red Flags

CH · 13 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Recent research has confirmed CH wisdom in the matter of which kinds of women are more likely to cheat.

> To help, researchers from Florida State University have identified some of the key predictors for infidelity, based on a three-year-long analysis of the marital behaviours of 233 newlyweds.

Ok, great start, half-decent N. But as usual, the rag doesn't link to the original study, so I don't know if this is based on self-report answers. If it is, take the results with a flat of salt.

> Surprisingly, they found that those who were satisfied with sex in their relationship were more likely to cheat on their partner, possibly because they "felt more positive about sex in general", the study suggests.

Pomo poopytalk. This is the high libido effect, which in men means the Coolidge Effect.

> Age, attractiveness and sexual history all have a crucial part to play, too, they found. In addition to those who were sexually satisfied in their relationship, younger people and less attractive women were also found to be more likely to be unfaithful.

Options = instability (younger people — really, younger women — have more options, so they have more temptations).

What about the seemingly contradictory finding that less attractive women are higher cheat risks? This is explained by the inherent instability of LSMV partnerships. Plain Janes are usually hitched to boring asexual beta mediocrities who are nonetheless reliable emotional tampons and open wallets. Beautiful women may get more attention (and have more tryst options), but they also are more likely to have a relationship with a high value man who gives them both the alpha fux and the beta bux, tamping down their urge to illicitly merge. Given the sexual market reality of men fucking "across and down" (and women dating "across and up"), it's not surprising that average looking women would have both access to alpha males willing to pump and dump them *and* the motivation to seek out that exciting extracopulatory affair.

This is why, btw, sluts are more often than not less attractive than their peers. Sluts NEED to be slutty to get laid; no man will invest his energy into an unattractive chaste woman. Men WILL invest in chaste hot babes, because the payoff is so much higher.

And ladies, there's useful info for you too.

> The same was not true for men, who were conversely more likely to cheat when their partners were less attractive.

Men have to find that balance between a less attractive but no muss, no fuss woman, and a more attractive but harder-to-get woman. Men who choose the former are more apt to cheat to fulfill their desire for the latter.

> The researchers found that men who had a higher number of short-term sexual relationships prior to marriage were less likely to stay faithful whereas women in this same category were less likely to cheat.

Sociosexuality 101. If you like to fuck around, marriage ain't gonna stop ya. At best, it might slow ya down. As for the second part of that finding, I call bullshit. Every study I've seen to date has found the opposite — that women with lotsa cocksas under their felt prior to marriage were a much greater cheating and divorce risk in marriage.

One plausible explanation for the latter finding that isn't explored by the researchers: women who had racked up many short-term sexual relationships prior to marriage got married later in life, when their SMV was well into its decline, inhibiting their ability to act on their urge to cheat.

> The research did, however, find two techniques which could minimise the chances of infidelity occurring; 'attentional disengagement', and 'evaluative devaluation' of potential romantic partners.
>
> Those with higher levels of attentional disengagement (avoiding thinking about a potential romantic partner's attractiveness) and evaluative devaluation (downplaying the potential partner's attractiveness in their mind) were less likely to cheat.

AKA meta-death.

Ironically, 'evaluative devaluation' is a fancy term for an Inner Game technique to help men approach hot babes. Mentally priming oneself to view women as interchangeable makes it easier to hit on any one of them, because "another is always right around the corner". As Outer Game, evaluative devaluation takes the form of DQs (teasing disqualifications of girls for not meeting your standards), negs about girls' beauty ("nice eyes, especially the left one"), and self-DQs ("hey now, don't get the wrong idea, you're not my type").

***

Update

I located a link to the original study. A couple of additional thoughts I have now that I know better what exactly the study concludes about cheating predictors.

> Another predictor of infidelity was attractiveness. A person's own attractiveness was negatively associated with infidelity among women but not men—meaning less attractive women were more likely to have an affair.

Like I wrote above, less attractive women are more likely to have settled way below their ideal, which makes alternative romantic possibilities more enticing. Not so for men. Less attractive men are more likely to be in a relationship with the best looking woman they can get; one, because men aim high when they have to sacrifice their natural male urge to polygyny and two, because women are holistic mate assessors and will choose long-term lovers based on a multitude of male SMV factors that include but are far from limited to his physical looks. What this means in practice is that less attractive men are more *grateful* for their main squeezes, and thus less inclined to risk losing it all on an infidelity.

> A partner's attractiveness was negatively associated with infidelity among men but not women—meaning men were more likely to be unfaithful when their partners were less attractive.

Ok, this is cheating risk assessment based on partner looks rather than one's own looks. And it comports with CH wisdom: men hitched to hot babes won't risk losing them to a dalliance (and those men are already getting great sex since male sexual fulfillment is directly proportional to female lover beauty). But men hitched to unattractive women (or to women those men perceive being below the best they can get) will think a lot about cheating with more attractive women.

> A person's history of sex was a predictor of infidelity, too. Men who reported having more short-term sexual partners prior to marriage were more likely to have an affair, while the opposite was true for women.

Another possibility occurred to me that may explain this study's unintuitive (and stand-alone) finding that women who have more short-term sexual partners prior to marriage were less likely to have a marital affair. It could be simply that these are the lower value women who got pumped and dumped a lot by men, and when they finally

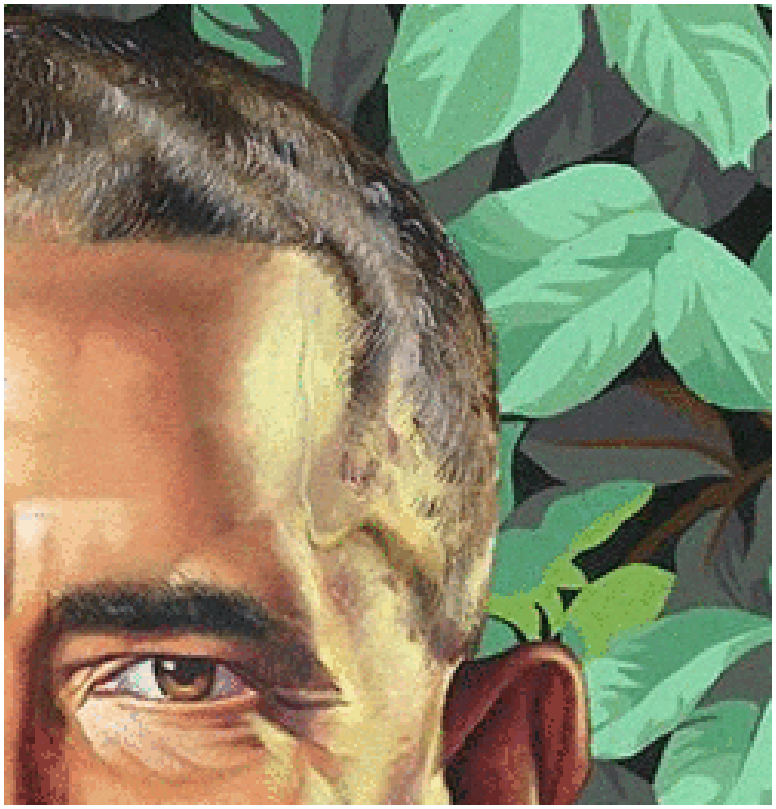
found a doting beta to wife them up they were overjoyed at their good fortune and, like the men in LTRs with hot babes, wouldn't dare risk it all on a momentary illicit fling.

Did Kehinde Wiley Slip A Sperm Into Obama's Portrait?

CH · 13 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Kehinde Wiley, gay black obama's gay black portraitist (chosen by obama, mind you), is known for hiding sperms in his paintings.

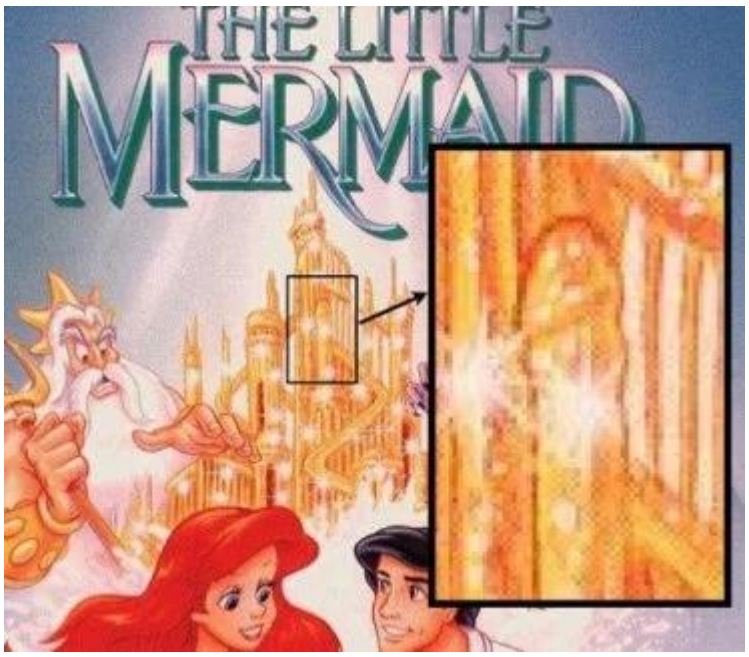
So did he leave a little jizzlet in the gay mulatto's official Presidential portrait? It sounds too crazy to be true, but the evidence says, YES! Via KingGoy:



A hale and hearty LOL. The effete mulatto takes Reggie Love's money shot.

I wonder if the mincing mulatto knew beforehand about Wiley's sperm plug-in? I'd put it at even odds that he did, and that the both of them shared a subversive giggle before the unveiling. Although it would be funnier if the rainbow mulatto didn't know about the sperm, and found out later through an aide who reads maul-right websites. He'd probably decide to keep it the official portrait, given his fondness for kitschy black flamer art.

Culturally uncloseted gay homosexual artists have a history of peppering their works with barely-concealed phalluses and subliminal sexual messages, so the lurking sperm in the gay mulatto's portrait would not be out of character for a gay shartist.

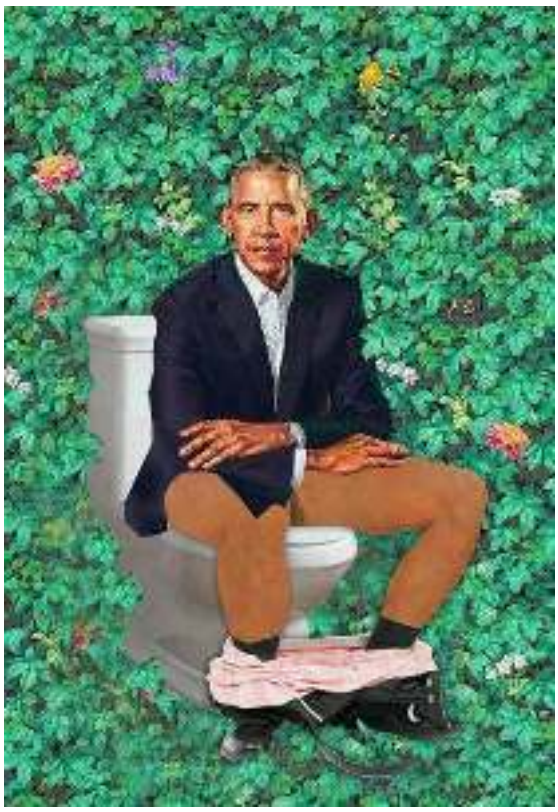


Fitting, that our (Trump-willing) first and last affirmative action president will be remembered for the load of poz dribbling down his troubled brow.

HA:

> Well….glad that mistake is getting fixed pic.twitter.com/akvK5vKju7
>
> — B. Wood (@DirtyKallahanX) February 13, 2018

HAHA:



HAHAHA:

> Stunning. pic.twitter.com/cTsMdfqfzT
>
> — Josef Bosch (@deplorableish) February 12, 2018

***

@thoma-valiant eviscerates the subtext and spermtext of the portrait,

> Shitty pomo style? Check. Shitty nig-supremacy ethic? Check. Faggotry? Quadruple check. Clashing, garish colors? Check. Beta pose? Hahahahaha, check. Created by coolie labor? Check.
>
> It's some kind of Clown World masterpiece really. A self own on top of a self own on top of a giant middle finger to the American nation.

Every day brings a fresh batch of normies to the American Heritage Revolution. Thanks, Gay Mulatto!

Happy Tender Lovemaking Day

CH · 14 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From Popcorn Out,

I printed this out in black and white, wrote ‘happy valentines day’ in a speech bubble coming from the God Emperor and stuck it through her letterbox.

Anybody raise me?

Roses are red violets are blue raising walls while balls deep in you. On Vaj Day, she wants a lover with a slow hand. Tomorrow, we’ll be back to our regularly scheduled jackhammering.

The Smotherhand

CH · 14 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The opposite of the Hoverhand and the Chopstick Grip is the Smotherhand. It also goes by the name Hineyhand.

I'm not very familiar with the cast of Maul-Right characters, but this dude is supposedly Based Stickman, caught on camera claiming ownership of two tradthots by laying hands on their asses.

> pic.twitter.com/NX0jffGJIC
>
> — MicroGramps™ (@MicroMystery) February 10, 2018

Tweet deleted! Here's a zoomed-in thumbnail as backup:

A felony record and a waifu at home apparently fine with his road trip meet-ups? Hands firmly palming ass ledges? That's just the jerkboy magic tradthots can't resist!

Speaking of ass ledges and impudent palmistry, here's what the official hand placement guide says about Based Jerkboy's status with these two tradminxes:

Officially flirting, and scandalously close to assuming boyfriend privileges. Wew I knew there was something between those three!

PS You'll never catch this God Emperor hoverhanding. Never.

Hoverhand, Meet The Chopstick Grip

CH · 14 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

lostcausemonaut satirizes,

> zuck: “you must turn your right hand 3 times to reinstall my battery, ching-chong. do it wrong & i will spray acid upon you from my mouth parts.”
>
> #ZuccFanFic

I love the #ZuccFanFic series. But keeping to the post’s topic, that weird fingertip exploration that Cuckersperg’s waifu is doing to his back demands a term of art to describe it.

Asiangraze
Hovertap
ETphonehome
Tentacleswarm
The yellow feeler
The waifu probe

The chopstick grip!

If the hoverhand is the physical expression of a beta male feeling anxious and uncomfortable in the presence of a hot chick, worried she might reject him if his hand were to find purchase on her shirt sleeve, then the Chopstick Grip is the physical expression of a girl who is too repulsed by her husband to make full palm contact with his scaly back. Instead, she probes for points of weakness, such as the location of his wallet and the release point for his fear of her dragonlady mother.

Btw, is it possible for Zux to look like a human in any of the photos of him? He always looks like he’s about to molt or catch a fly mid-air.

Cuckface Of The Year

CH · 14 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Very sneaky of this tub of soy to use the category "middle eastern refugees" rather than the more precise and relevant "moslem", which includes all moslems residing in America rather than just those officially designated as refugees recently escaping a war zone. The latter category — "moslem" — has a terrorist attack rate in America 5,000% higher than the rate for non-moslems.

And the vapid conflation of terrorist attacks with falling down stairs is par for the shitlib course. Stairs don't surprise us with pipe bombs in the subway. We all know where the stairs are and the risks inherent in climbing or descending them. But the goal of moslem terrorists goes beyond their kill count; their objective is to spread fear and panic that death could come at any time and in any place. And, unlike stairs, moslems kill in the name of a religion, and have deep and wide networks of fellow moslems helping them in their deranged cause. They have an agenda, which stairs do not.

Finally, one has to scoff at the asterisked fine print on this bugman's posterboard. He went out of his way to assure viewers he has "citations" for his claims.

But who will fact check the fact checkers?

(anyone with descended testicles)

Anyhow, that PURE CUCKFACE is a lesson in physiognomy. A quick glance at his problem glasses and his smug doughy androgynous puffboy mug is all you need to know he'd be the type to WELL ACHSHUALLY about moslem terrorism and welcome an invasion of hued hordes….into somebody else's neighborhood. It's also the look of a pasty blob who just hit the button on his rectally-inserted orgasm egg.

4Chan Trolled The Media (and it may not matter)

CH · 15 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

4Chan pranksters, or a le 56%er subsidiary of 4Chan, trolled the Chaimstream Media bigly today, which wasn't hard to do because the media is desperately eager to add more grist to its anti-White Narrative mill. The troll involved "confirming" for the ADL and ABCNews that the Florida shooter, Nikolas de Jesus Cruz, was a member of a local White Nationalist group.

(((Media mavens))) including ostensibly conservative outlets like Drudge were all-too-gleeful to slap "FL SHOOTER IS A WHITE SOOOOPREEEMACISS" ledes on their webhovels based on the flimsiest uncorroborated claims. Nothing excites the media pharisee more than WN culpability, which is normally why it's so easy to troll them with Fake Stories about WN "terrorism". When even a tepid White self-awareness threatens to crash the curated national discourse, media tribal affinity quickly overrides any intratribal ideological differences. Drudge is not exempt from this schul rule.

Too bad for the information gatekeepers the story of Cruz's connection to a WN militia group turned out to be a lie cooked up by some mischievous larkweb goons. Andrew Anglin sums up the timeline,

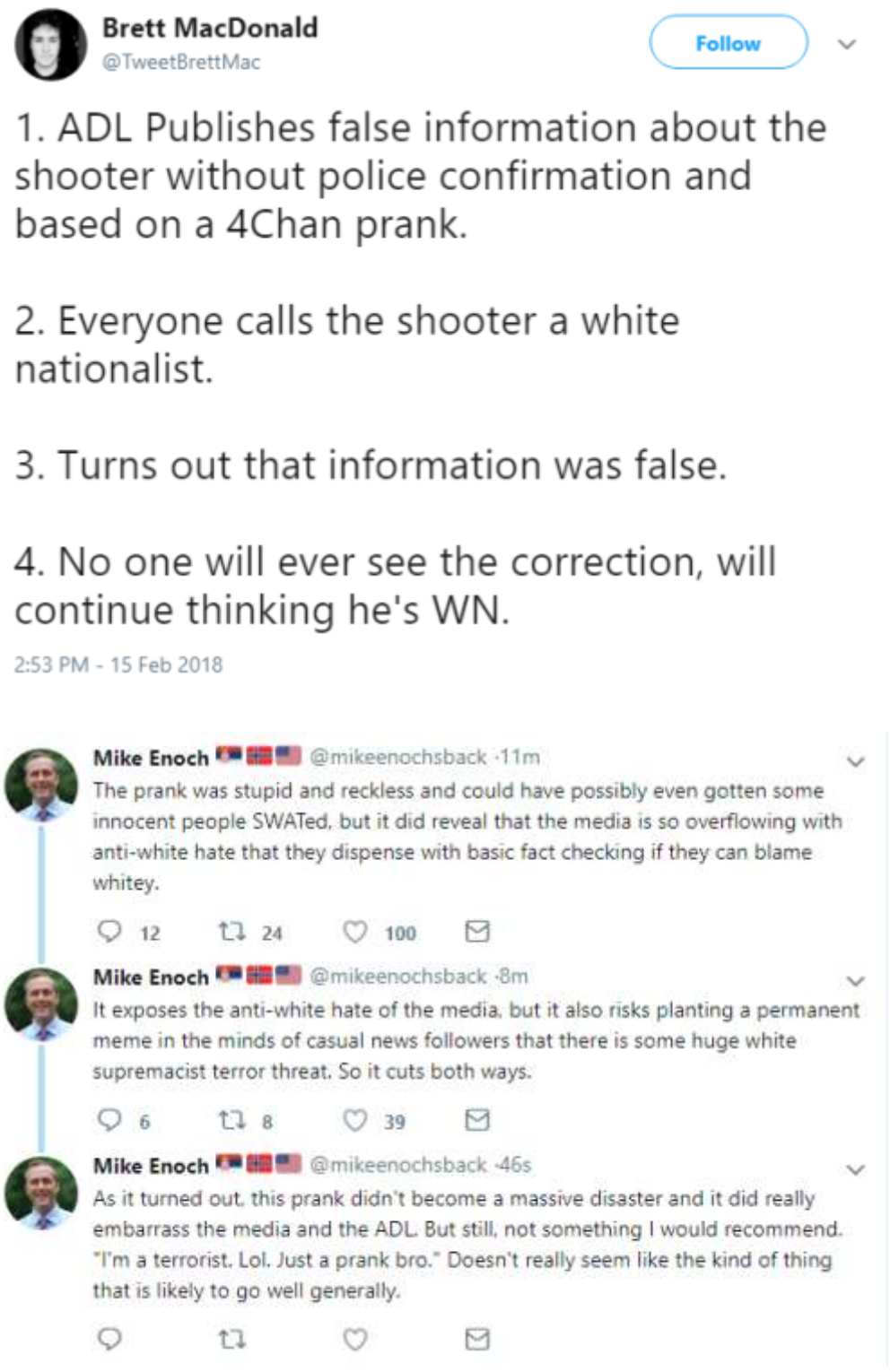
> Summary is that someone wrote on 4chan that Cruz was a member of the group then the ADL called the group and they said he was.
>
> For teh lulz.
>
> Then the ADL ordered the media to report it as fact. And they did, because the media always does whatever the ADL tells them to do without asking any questions.
>
> It really makes the media and the ADL look both ridiculous and bloodthirsty.
>
> It was well played.

Troll, set, match. And police confirm the hoax: "there are no known ties between Cruz and a White Nationalist group". ADL/Soros/GaystreamMedia BTFO…again. OY VEY will the media ever learn? (Answer: not until they're culled of their excess leftoids.)

As much as I relish the opportunity to watch how hysterical fancyboy Drudge walks back from this troll job* (does his crack team of sleuths have a reverse red alarm?), I don't think the upside of the troll outweighs the downside.

(*The latest is that Drudge removed the white supremacist lede entirely. No retraction, just a quiet redaction. Darn. I was hoping for a more hysterical backpedal.)

Anglin thinks this is a win for the White Side of the Force. I'm not sure anymore that these trolling antics work as intended (i.e., rapidly and unmistakably discrediting the media in the eyes of normies). And I'm not the only one sympathetic to the goals of subversive autistes who is beginning to doubt the effectiveness of rapid response chan-right trolling.



Trolling the media only works if there's a good chance of coercing the media into humiliating retractions. But we're deep into Clown World, where the media prints lies and avoids truths and refuses responsibility for either. It's the old "a lie makes it around the world before the truth gets its boots on" aphorism, except there's no longer any bother with putting on the boots.

Proving my skepticism on cue, my shitlib friends are crowing (yes, crowing) about the "news" that Cruz was a "White Supremacist". The revelation that it was a con job by a limelight hound in FL hasn't yet, nor will it ever, penetrate shitlib blocklike skulls.

It doesn't matter if you successfully trolled the media into an embarrassing position of running with Fake News if

the media is big enough and powerful enough to suppress or ignore the consequences of their gullibility. It's about winning and power and crushing enemies, and if the media and its shakedown surrogates like the ADL can run with a fake troll story to hurt their enemy — White Gentile men — without feeling any pressure to retract the story (or to retract it weeks later in tiny fine print that normies will never read), then they'll do it.

***

btw, after the shooting I predicted this about the killer's motives,

> When the dust settles and the kippahs have floated back onto their owners' heads, i predict it will come out that the Cruz shooting was mentally ill omega male rage over a girl who rejected him.

Looks like I was close to the mark. Via:

> Cruz had been suspended from the school from fighting his ex girlfriend's new boyfriend and was depressed and having girl problems at the time of the shooting.

Underneath every male teenager mass shooter raised by a single mom is the broken heart of an omega male incel with a crooked face betraying a high mutational load inheritance. AKA a le 56%er.

High Wage Truth Of The Day

CH · 15 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Cheap labor is neither.

1. The imported peasant world labor is less productive than the native White labor.

2. The initial cost savings to BIGCORP are lost to negative social externalities.

Monopolize the profits, socialize the costs.

Cracker Jack writes,

> It wasn't long ago that liberal Democrats/media made the case that "cheap foreign labor" wasn't cheap – it was an example of big corporations profiting while society pays the cost. Then big corporations/Big Judaism convinced the Democrats to abandon workers because those foreign laborers and their anchor babies vote Democrat 8 times each.

The forces of Globohomo Inc will and are pulling out all the stops to thwart the nascent rise of a White-aware political and social movement in America.

They have everything to lose if they fail to contain nationalist populism. They know this, which is why they're resorting to lies and frame jobs and censorship and full throttle 24/7 Narrative agitprop. The media-democreep-oligarch partnership in crime will assure America's decline into banana republicanism if their agenda isn't exposed and stopped in its tracks.

Which means we Americans have to ask ourselves…do we want self-rule, or rule by BIGCORP overlords?

PS The armchair historian in me recalls that the demand for cheap labor and the sexual and political liberation of women were defining features of nearly every major civilizational collapse. If there was a notable exception to this rule, I invite the commenters to discuss it with the civil flair that is customary for Chateau comment threads.

PPS From an MPC Status Update (strapon will be triggered to a pungent menstruation):

> 'The Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) counted over 100 people killed or injured by alleged perpetrators influenced by the so-called "altright"-a movement that continues to access the mainstream and reach young recruits.'
>
> "100 genuine deaths or injuries from the altright per year would make them about 14% as dangerous as toasters"

Ban toasters! Heh.

Sissy-Voiced D-List Professor Dwayne Dixon Cornered Like A Guilty Rat

CH · 15 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The “White supremacist terrorism” Charlottesville Narrative is slowly being unraveled by dissident investigators. The latest turn is the uncovering of evidence that Dwayne Dixon, a professor of anthropology (self-discrediting) and antifa leader proudly admitted on the socials that he, while armed with a rifle, chased down James Fields, the Dodge Challenger driver who accelerated into a crowd which resulted in Heather Heyer dying of a heart attack.

Dixon was confronted on camera about his actions chasing down James Fields’ car while brandishing a rifle, causing Fields to panic and accelerate his car into a crowd. Dixon’s reaction was…telling.

That sound and fury you see in the video are the soy drippings of a fruitcup who knows he’s done fucked up and hurt The Anti-White Cause.

The you-know-whos are gonna lose their weinsteinian grip on their carefully constructed C’ville Narrative, and they are shrieking like never before in pain and anguish that they have failed to bottle up the truth and silence the truth-seekers.

It’s past time for Trump or Sessions to classify pantifa as a domestic terrorist organization.

***

From commenter zek,

> Prof: Fuck the police!
> Interviewer: Did you kill Heather Heyer?
> Prof: Police!!

Heh.

Lessons From Based Stickman's Alt-Poon Pump And Dump Tour

CH · 15 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reader comments,

> That's Faith Goldy on the left, an increasingly based Canadian girl, who was kicked off (((Ezra Levant's))) failing alt lite site "the rebel" for straying into JQ territory. I'm not sure if that's alt lite cam girl Lauren Southron, but if it is, then, with the conquest of Brittany Petmyboner, it would appear that's he's in the process slaying the top tier of the right wing camgirl cadre.
>
> It's interesting to see how the outlaw bad boy lifestyle, and the accrued benefits, play out in real life. Based stick man (bsm) has been charged and probably has a record. He too to the streets and gained notoriety for engaging in political violence. Those two factors, the publick outing and the brush with the criminal law system, would ruin most of us. It would spell poverty.
>
> Yet he manages to ride it out; parlaying his fame into a bit of shekels and smashing seriously good pussy along the way. But most of us can't do that. If we went out and started crushing antifa/BLM goons at protests, we'd be charged, many of us would lose our jobs, and no one would care about our crowdfunding pages.

Lesson #1: Be an outlaw

Lesson #2: Don't apologize for being an outlaw

Lesson #3: Act like you've been an outlaw before

Lesson #4: Don't have a soyboy body

Lesson #5: Be preselected by women (or stay-at-home waifus)

Lesson #6: Whatever happens, your toes are still tappin'

Chicks dig jerkboys. You, too, can be the jerkboy chicks dig.

(Tradthots not exempt from the rules issued by the god of biomechanics)

Schuls Within Schools

CH · 16 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If true, this insider account by commenter trocjoh who was a student at Parkland HS — the school which was targeted by mass murderer Nikolas de Jesus Cruz a couple days ago — is extraordinary for the glimpse it offers into our shtetl-izing and diversifying anti-nation.

> This shooting in Florida has been interesting to watch, as I have a bit more insight into the culture and circumstances surrounding the school in question. I transferred to that school at the start of my Junior year of highschool in the early 2000s. Hailing from a White cuckservative stronghold in the Midwest, it was a culture shock, as I was now surrounded by Jewish kids (Parkland FL, is a Jewish enclave) and brown minorities, both of whom I had never had much contact with. The following two years were probably the worst of my life.
>
> Because I wasn't an idiot, I placed into all Advanced Placement and Honor classes, and these were filled to the brim with Jewish Kids. I had never been exposed to such degeneracy in my life: cheating on tests, drug use, hedonism, homosexuality, backstabbing and cruelty were the norm of these wealthy spoiled Jews. It was an affront to my wholesome, Protestant background. On the other hand, the mostly Latino population (plus a few blacks) on campus seemed to inhabit a world separate from the one in which I lived. Yes I saw them in the central square or in the halls as I walked around campus, and occasionally would hear the jungle screeching when a fight broke out, but I had literally no interaction with them in the classroom, as the Jews were seemingly protected from such creatures. Indeed, it was almost as if there was a separate small academy for Jews within a larger school of several thousand. This lead to some strange dynamics to say the least. It was clear that there was a resentment towards the Jews by the minorities, as I recall on a couple occasions having change thrown at me. "Here Jew! Take it!" (They assumed I too was Jewish, even though I have blonde hair and blue eyes). I never felt physically threatened however, as I think the minorities knew to never touch the Jewish kids, as there would be Hell to pay.
>
> There was a pall of darkness surrounding that school that is hard to describe, except to say that I was not at all surprised to see that violence has now visited its tainted halls. I am also concerned about what the repercussions will be for this shooting, as the Jews in that community are indeed very wealthy and powerful and are sure to seek revenge on White America, whom I'm sure they perceive as being responsible for the violence.
>
> The only positive I can take from my experience at the school is that my eyes were opened to the world as it really is. If I had not spent time in such hellish circumstances, I know I would be a cuckservative to this day, appalled by Trump, "antisemitism", "racism", etc. Thank God for that.

No group practices the Diversity they preach, except perhaps a vanishing caste of true believer SWPL urban libshit Whites, and even they run to the hills when the Diversity hits a tipping point of 30% or higher.

Schuls within schools is a real phenomenon; it exists in counties and townships wherever there's been rapid gentrification and a wily exploitation by the newcomers of diverse schools that receive boatloads of government grants for dem Title I programs.

As these things usually play out, the Diversity Schools segregate along racial lines; the blacks sticking with the blacks, the asians with the asians, the latinos with the latinos, the indians with the indians, and the jews with the jews (and deracinated Whites). But from a distance, these schools look like exemplars of the races commingling in peaceful harmony and accelerated creativity, the raw demographic ratios of the students within their prison walls somehow proving the "diversity is our strength" nostrum.

Only the Inner Hajnal Gentile Whites attempt to foray into Diversityland and reach out to the Other. Or to welcome Diversityland into their nations. No other group is suicidally empathobesic like Inner Hajnal Whites.

PS When the dust settles and the kippahs have floated back onto their owners' heads, I predict it will come out that

the Cruz shooting was a case of mentally ill omega male rage instigated by a girl's rejection. Hey now, what's this?

> Cruz had been suspended from the school from fighting his ex girlfriend's new boyfriend and was depressed and having girl problems at the time of the shooting.

Game can save lives.

*Yes I know the correct plural form is schuln, but it didn't flow as smoothly in this post title.

Russian Trolls Indicted

CH · 16 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Trump-Russia Collusion Hoax story had its ignominious coda today when Clintonista special counsel Robert Mueller released his indictments of thirteen Russian nationals on counts of conspiracy to shitpost on Twatter and organize pro-Trump, pro-Bernie, and pro-Jill Stein rallies of about eight people.

What a fucking joke and waste of taxpayer money.

This is a CYA face-saving move by Mueller to protect the FBI, DOJ, Clinton cabal, and Gay Mulatto minstrel show from the real story, which is collusion between all those ideologically aligned groups against Trump and the Americans who voted him into office. ffs there's more evidence (Uranium One for starters) of thecunt colluding with Russians than there ever was of Trump drawing up campaign battle plans in Putin's study.

So Mueller quietly ends this witch hunt in a way that gives just enough of a patina of legitimacy to this farce while protecting the FBI and DOJ from a counter-investigation into their roles in the biggest scandal in American history pushing this hoax to illegally spy on a political opponent and subvert democracy.

The timing of Mueller's announcement is curious too, considering that it arrived on the same day the FBI had to confess that it dropped the ball on the Nikolas de Jesus Cruz threat, failing to investigate 39 LEADS which if followed-up on would have thwarted that nutter's murderous rampage a month later.

The FBI has the blood of those 17 Parkland High students on its hands.

This is not hyperbole.

So let's talk about thirteen Russian content farmers instead who probably moved the needle on a combined ZERO votes in the 2016 election.

> If you want someone to shoot women holding babies, you call the FBI. If you want to stop a terrorist attack or school shooting, well you're shit out of luck. — MPC Status Updates

Related: An American Pietà.

Tangentially related, on the topic of the Cruz school shooting and womanly shitlib virtue sniveling:

Shitlib Fantasy: “Congress is bought and paid for by the NRA!! REEEE”

Reality: The NRA is not among the list of the top 20 lobbyists in 2017.

The NRA is one of the few truly grassroots, unsemiticized lobbying groups on Capitol Hill. And this is why they are hated by the Left.

Why The Left Can't Tolerate Anonymity

CH · 16 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

COTW winner is williamk, adding this insight to a discussion about the ideological proclivities of anonymous realtalk forums like 4chan,

> Any anonymous board is by its very nature Right Wing and pro-White. The chans are /ourguys/, they just have lots of energy and no clear, explicit goals, which leads to lots of entropy.

"You don't have to believe in chaos. It's self-evident."

> Anything anonymous inevitably turns Right Wing, because the only point of being Left Wing is for status, and you can't win status anonymously, so left wing talking points quickly dissipate, there is no incentive to repeat the pretty lies of the left.
>
> The less anonymous the forum, the less about truth and more about status-signalling the political discussion becomes. It's why Left Wingers create and congregate in the most deanonymous discussion places, they quickly abandon anonymous places. They can't hang with unvarnished discussion, and have no status to gain there, so they leave.
>
> The /chan autists are /ourguys/. They just have too much disordered energy and don't always operate with perfect long term strategy.

The (((drive))) to de-anonymize the web (via policy and threats of doxxing) is motivated entirely by the Left's fear of maul-right realtalk and the mockery it makes of leftist virtue signaling. Anonymity is the Left's thermal exhaust port, because anonymity provides a means of expressing truths free from witch hunts. Anonymity exposes the impotence of the leftoid mob.

Humiliating impotence is something the Left can't tolerate without cracking up in a brain blast of cogdis.

For the record, I don't think the chans are apolitical agents of chaos. They're anti-Left agents of chaos. That's what makes them truly dangerous to the corrupt existing order; disaffected, angry young White men can change the world like no other force on earth.

The Post-America Sexual Market, In A Photo

CH · 17 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This photo captures the modren post-America sexual market better than any other I've seen of the genre. You've got two men (at least one presenting symptoms of early onset soyboyism) sharing sangrias over candlelight at a hipster bar with one fat chick who may as well be running a bizarro world reverse harem.

And then there's that chalkboard sign behind them which, although the message is meant well, misses the mark by a country mile. It should read, "If your date doesn't kiss you by the end of the first date, she's here for the free [beer]."

Not "they're here"…"she's here". Men don't go on dates for free beer. Men go on dates for free sex. Only women pull the "free resources for promises of sex later" stunt. Of course, the sign writers are probably nerds or bluehairs who've spent their formative years immersed in gender fluidity nonsense and have lost touch with how men and women behave in reality.

Even more truthfully, the sign should read, "If your date doesn't put out by the third date, she's thinking about fucking some other guy (or already is)."

Recap:

Two males

fighting over one land whale

drinking sugar and hops bombs

by the light of a barroom's candles.

May the odds be never in your favor.

Diversity + Proximity = Hostile Work Environment

CH · 18 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If I haven't already, this 1996 study deserves to be added to the Diversity + Proximity = War reference list at the top of this blog's home page. Executive summary: Demographically (i.e., racially and ethnically) diverse workplaces have lower cohesion, lower satisfaction, and higher turnover.

> …high diversity prevents social integration and cohesion from forming on the team. In their absence, team members are unable to effectively process information…
>
> …Group cohesiveness is positively related to performance. Three meta-analyses and several empirical studies found a slight to moderate positive relationship between cohesiveness and performance. This is a robust finding in an area that has long been studied…
>
> …separated conflict into two types: relationship conflict (interpersonal incompatibilities, tension, animosity, and annoyance) and task conflict (disagreement among group members about task content)…Relationship conflict was detrimental to satisfaction and to members' intent to remain in the group regardless of the type of task…
>
> …The most consistent findings occurred when tenure predicted strategic persistence and change, and when demographic heterogeneity predicted turnover….there's a direct relationship between diversity and turnover, in that similarities attract and those dissimilar may be 40 pressured to leave the team…

Diversity is not our organizational strength. At best, diversity is our neutral organizational variable; at worst, diversity is our disorder.

So why do our overlords foist it on us?

Because our cooperative homogeneity is our strength…and their vulnerability.

***

Commenter westray exposes the fundamental contradiction at the heart of modren anti-White leftism:

> "Diversity Is Our Strength" right next to "All Races Are Equal" placards at any given lefty rally. And no lefty can see the self-cancellation. You could walk a 3 year old boy through that and he'd have a more clear understanding.
>
> "These people are different, right?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "So are they the same if they are different?"
>
> "No"
>
> "If they are different will they do things the same way?"
>
> "No"
>
> "If they are different will they do things differently?"
>
> "Yes"
>
> "If people do things differently will there be different results?"
>
> "Yes"
>
> Sorted.

If Orwell were alive today, would he have spent the last years of his life saying "I told you so" over and over to

whomever was listening?

Gaming The Exhibitionist

CH · 19 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Almost all pre-Wall women who haven't surrendered to The Fattening are natural exhibitionists, to a lesser or greater degree of commitment and intensity. It's in their meat robot wiring, because women have to exhibit themselves to capture men's attention. They certainly won't attract male attention with their math skills or stand-up routines.

HB exhibitionism is therefore a rhythm of female life that is best tolerated, or even eagerly welcomed as part of the richness of passionate seduction. However, a man will, in the course of a full dating life, occasionally tangle with a pathological exhibitionist. You know the type: standard BPD operating system, crazy eyes from either too little or too much alpha cock, a whimsical GUI that hides a devious sociopathic core processor, and most notably a propensity for shoving her blatant sexuality in a man's face and then accusing him (in so many words) of objectifying her. Paging PoundMeToo…

On the topic of gaming exhibitionists (who will Game the Gamer?), Turd Ferguson asks,

> What's the best way to game the Exhibitionist?
>
> Story: Last night at the gym, strong HB8.5 wearing spandex shorts & sports bra. Must have really been worried about her upper back bc she did only bent-rows for 30 minutes. **[ed: she was presenting]** I approached, she seemed enjoy my teasing & smiled a lot, but rejected the # close. What do?

The strategy is a simple one. Exhibitionists expect male slobbering. Defy that expectation. Don't be a StepinFelchIt. Exhibitionists are gamed by deflating their expectation of thirsty betas noticing them. Very subtle negs insinuating that you know what they're up to are usually gold. For example, in Turd's scenario above: "Are two mirrors enough for you? Minimum, three, to get your form right."

What the implementation of the counter-exhibitionist strategy entails is a. acting like you don't notice her flagrant displays of attention or b. noticing her display, but only to make fun of her for it. A really good tactic I've found is to call the exhibitionist an amateur, along the lines of "flaunting your cleavage is so derivative"*.

*please do not use the word derivative. i used it here for humorous effect. off this blog, use a normiejerk line such as, "does that cleavage act work for you?".

There are other tacts. You could accuse the exhibitionist of not living up to your standards for clear and evident displays of female sexual interest. Or you could completely flip the script and chide her for being a prude in dress or behavior. This really mindfucks the psychobitionists, especially if she's hiking her skirt up and you tell her she should try showing more leg if she wants a man to notice her.

The Secret Lament Of The Race-Mixer

CH · 19 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I was standing near a couple who appeared to be navigating the psychosexual thickets of a second or third date. White girl and Street Shitter. He was chatting incessantly. She looked depressed. Every so often I caught her checking out my Great Whiteness. I could see the redirected sex thoughts and the rue mingling on her face.

If current dating market trends hold, there'll be a lot of ruing in post-America. The Rue Side of History.

Your Daily Game: Hacking Your Biofeedback Loop

CH · 19 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If you have what you think is a smoothasfuck line or routine to try on girls you hit on, first practice it by saying it aloud to yourself. Not kidding. Every idea we have sounds better in our heads than it usually does IRL. It may seem gay to you chadwicks, but speaking aloud a thought in private is excellent practice for refining one's Game. When you hear (and see) yourself as others hear and see you, the biofeedback loop between your mind and body is exposed to tinkering, and by making slight adjustments in your voice and body language you will coax adjustments in your mental state and self-conception. You've just rejiggered your biofeedback mind-body axis into a positively reinforced SMV signal boost.

Steve Keaton adds,

> Record it and play it back.
>
> Less is more, and think of the words as being a carrier signal for the real communication: Your face, your voice, your body language.

Self-recording is also a good idea. Everyone is a little shocked when they first hear a playback of their own voices (we all think in our heads that we sound like a Hollywoodian Zeus or Aphrodite). A man can work on his tone and delivery speed this way, training himself to sound sexier to women. Generally, you want a lower pitch, slower delivery, and fewer words. Almost all beta males in their natural conversational style speak at too high a pitch, too fast, and too loquaciously.

If you want a good rule of thumb governing vocal delivery, shorter is sweeter. Anything you say to a girl will come across sexier and manlier if you can say it with fewer words. Exegeses are never sexy. Quips are sexy.

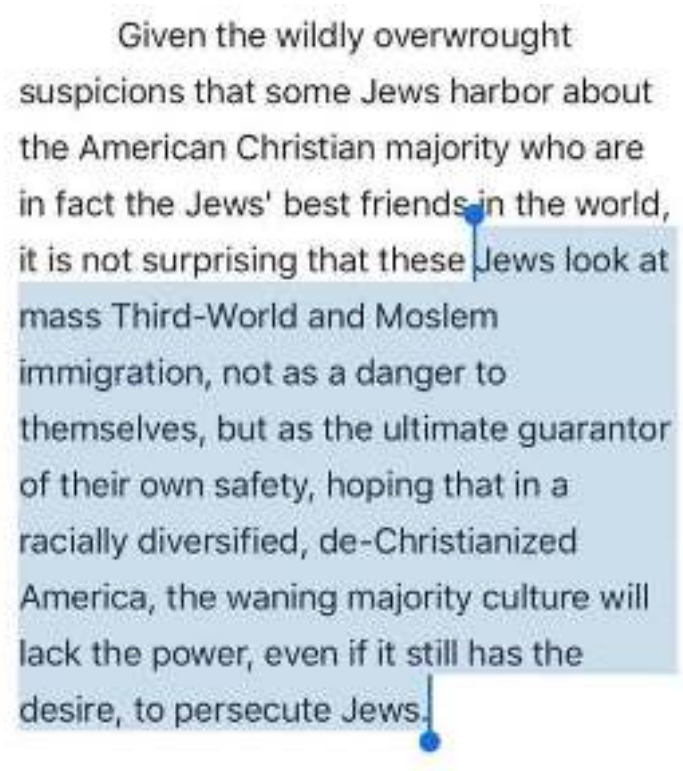
Quips and teases and taunts are the meat and potatoes of the beginning of a seduction, which is when attraction is created. Storytelling and value sharing — the longer-winded stuff — comes later, during the comfort stage.

There is a notable exception to this rule: storytelling (and embedded DHVs). If you have a nimble tongue, you can pull a lot of ass by flaunting your talent. But even a silver-tongued devil can bore a woman in an ocean of voluble smoothtalk. The best approach is a balanced diet of jerkboy quips sprinkled with intimate sit-close-togethers sharing deepest dankest thoughts.

The Abbreviated Auster: Why Do Jews Support Mass Immigration?

CH · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Lawrence Auster passed away a few years ago, but his stamp on maul-right discourse lingers. In my estimation, he was a Jew of sufficient based-ness that I'd put him in the same rarefied company that includes Stephen Miller and Mickey Kaus. Here is Auster explaining the reason for Jewish support of mass nonWhite and nonChristian immigration into Gentile host nations:



That's a highball of truth right there. The peculiar Jewish psychological profile of neuroticism coupled with psychopathy predicts this exact sort of behavior toward the majority culture. From a historical vantage, it's incredibly short-sighted.

And we see this jewish predilection playing out in every imaginable way. Today, Jewish provocateurs assemble groups of child soldiers in Florida, following the de Jesus Cruz shooting, to agitate for gun control, which is really goyim control.

If the thesis that diaspora jews are most paranoid about a White Gentile uprising against them is true, then OF COURSE jews would want their Gentile hosts completely disarmed.

Yet instead of wisely reflecting on their own motivations and simmering resentments, jews prefer to take the moon shot of rendering the goyim toothless and impotent.

RIP Auster, you had a critical word or two to say about this blog, but you are honored here because your writing will be looked back on as prescient during a time of turbulence. You were one of the few jews who could cast a judgmental eye at the flaws and foibles of your own tribe. If only there were more like you in positions of influence.

***

Given that this post meandered a bit into the topic of gun control, a word from your esteemed host:

Trump should not concede an iota to the shrieking shitlibs on their "gun control" issue.

As sure as snide follows gay, that first tiny concession will lead to more concessions, and bigger concessions, until the 2nd Amendment is a historical relic.

This is because the goal of shitlibs is total disarmament of Heritage Whites. If it was about stopping violent crime, shitlibs would be all for effective methods like racial profiling and long prison sentences. But they aren't. So they're lying about their real motive.

Why Do Leftoids Virtue Signal?

CH · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

DEUSVULT wonders,

> what is the lefts obsession on hating Christianity, but going balls deep in love with islam?

Less complex answer: Leftoids are cowards. It's easier to insult people who won't fight back.

More complex answer: Leapfrogging loyalty (a term coined by Steve Sailer iirc).

There are many psychological factors that explain leftist virtue sniveling, but one that I don't see getting much airplay is this: virtue signaling is a way for leftoids to morally preen without actually having to act morally.

It's a lot more work to be manifestly charitable toward your White neighbor than it is to profess empty charity toward a far away foreigner you will never see nor interact with except possibly at political protests against HURPHLE DRUMPH. Leftoids don't want to do the hard work of charitable giving, they just want to emote about how charitable they are, and the best way for them to do that is by directing their phony piousness to alien hordes who are kept out of leftoid neighborhoods by restrictive zoning laws and high housing costs. The leftoid who claims the mantle of the xenophilic priesthood is careful to choose distant Others as the objects of her mouthed generosity, because if she made the mistake of speaking charitably about her countrymen and neighbors there's a chance she'd have to put her signaling into concrete action.

Exhibitionist's End

CH · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Entertaining field report from Capogambino about his night almost stealing a sexhibitionist from her borefriend.

> I'm at the local pub on a Friday, and a guy walks in with two girls dressed for the club scene. One girl is a bit chubby and totally forgettable. The other, his girlfriend, is a solid 9, full slut uniform, hair, makeup, tight stretch black dress barely covering her ass. At several times during the night, as she's walking around the bar or dancing, her dress rides up, revealing a juicy crescent of ripe cheek for a few moments before she pulls it back down. All the guys in the bar are staring at her, waiting for the next wardrobe malfunction.
> At one point, the group I'm with is sitting at the table next to theirs, and I overhear her say, "I can get any guy in this bar to buy me a drink." Her boyfriend and the other chic are doubting her, so she calls over to our table, "I need a drink, who wants to get me one?" The guys at my table are staring at her, not sure how to react, the girls looking like they want to set her on fire and feed her ashes to dogs. I chime in first, "Depends. What are you drinking?"
> "Ginger snap."
> "Aw, a foofy drink. We should do shots. I'm thinking tequila."
> She looks surprised, and mildly intrigued.
> "No, I want a ginger snap." She's testing me.
> We go back a forth a bit but she won't come off the ginger snap, so I turn back to my table and start chatting. I glance over and her friends are looking at her like "ha-ha told you so", and she's looking disappointed. She sees me looking over, so she tries again. "So you're not gonna buy me a drink?"
> I stand up, walk over, stand close to her looking down, take her by the hand, and say, "Let's go to the bar and pick something out."
> Her eyes light up like she's been hit by lighting. She gets up, takes me arm-in-arm, pulling me close so my arm is pressed against the side of her tit, and we start walking to the bar.
> I'm thinking I don't really want to get into a fight with her boyfriend and get kicked out of my favorite pub, so I pull away a little. She looks me in the eye with a mischievous twinkle, pulls me back in, and starts rubbing my arm against the side of her tit.
> At this point I'm wondering whether this girl has any boundaries, and thinking mischievously myself about how to test them. We get to the bar and she still has my arm locked against her tit. As we're waiting for the bartender, we banter back and forth about what drink I'm getting her, with me teasing her about her wimpy girly drinks. I pull my arm free and move it to her lower back and stroke it slowly. She turns to me, presses her tits into me and puts her hand on my chest. At this point I'm in the bubble and completely forgetting about the boyfriend. I imagine he must have been seething back at the table watching our little scene.
> I think maybe my stroking gets her dress to misbehaving again, and she reaches down and starts pulling it back into place, commenting about how she keeps flashing everyone. I snicker and tell her she's got a great ass, and that all the guys in the bar have been staring at it all night. I give a couple gentle tugs on the back of her dress and say, "Why don't you give 'em all a show?" She gives me a naughty girl look, and says, "Go for it." I pull slowly on the back of her dress. I can feel it coming up, but I have no idea how much, because I'm eye locked with her, and she's staring back with a look like she wants me to throw her across the bar and ravage. Then she giggles and says, "Not that far," and starts pulling her dress back down. That's when the forgotten boyfriend shows up.
> He pushes us apart, turns to me and yells "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!"
> Part of my brain is telling me to get ready for a fight and start thinking about how to calm him down, but I can't help just laughing. Then the girl shouts, "Leave us alone!" She starts trying to claw her way past him to get back to me. He turns to her, pushes her back, and yells, "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!"
> "Go away! He's buying me a drink!" They're in a little wrestling match as she's still trying to wriggle around

> him and he's holding her back.
> I figure this is my chance to exit stage left before things get ugly, so I retreat to the bathroom. I take a piss, then I'm washing my hands as he storms in. "Dude, that was so uncool!" I back up, ready for a fight. I look at him for a moment and decide he's not gonna fight over it. So I do a weak mea culpa, calm him down, and he leaves.
> When I get back to the table a WK friend of mine hits me with "That was just so wrong, you shouldn't have done that."
> So I say "She asked me to." I tell the story of what we said at the bar, and we all have a good laugh about it. I can feel the stares of the two of them boring into me. When I glance over, I see them looking at me, him with daggers, her with tingles. They pay their bill and leave, so no chance to seal the deal.

Mate guarding when the whore is out of the barn is never a good look; it's bound to push the girl even further away. The boyfriend in this tale of ho should dump her post haste because she's gonna cheat on him soon if she isn't already.

This girl is a particularly noxious genus of exhibitionist, the "let's you and him fight" variety who uses the public display of her dripping sexuality as a red cape for any alpha males nearby who could conceivably challenge her boyfriend's ownership of her and provide her with the ferocious tingles that only two men fighting for her glans can coax.

Similarly, her exhibitionism could have been motivated by relationship trouble (her bf ignoring her, for example) and she was keen to enlist Mr. Stranger Danger to ignite her boyfriend's jealously so that he'd appreciate her again. Either way, the recruited interloper is playing with fire; he gets the bf's fury or the slut's retconned rejection.

Copagambino had some ZFG fun and played his hand well, but in the end an exhibitionist got the drama she needed and Copa narrowly avoided the drama he didn't need.

What Is Love?

CH · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Reciprocal obsession.

(a lovely lady asked)

Undiscriminating Truth Of The Day

CH · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It’s not a coincidence that female obesity and miscegenation are rising in lockstep in post-America.

If the country is filling up with more nonWhites of undiscerning taste, and more White females of unrecognizable shape, then the predictable outcome is Halfbreed Hamerica.

Fat White women take what they can get, which is usually either solitude or sooty coal.

Was David Hogg, Parkland High Shooting "Survivor", Caught Lying On Tape?

CH · 21 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I was alerted to a potential bombshell in the de Jesus Cruz shooting story by Ricky Vaughn's Gab feed (@Ricky_Vaughn99). David Hogg, one of the self-proclaimed survivors who made an infamous tape while hiding out in a closet during the shooting, may have been caught lying on tape.

The media is telling us David Hogg interviewed his classmate in a closet DURING the shooting. In this video, he clearly states the time as 9:30 A.M.

But, as the timeline from the Sheriff's office shows, the shooting did not start until 2:21 P.M.

https://archive.fo/ZQ80m
What the hell is going on here? These student activists are LYING to us.

***

Folks, I have archived the video, so they cannot get away with this.

We need the truth, the public deserves to hear the truth.

***

I am NOT saying this is a false flag. I am NOT saying that these are crisis actors.

I am saying that these student shitlib activists are LYING to us, and we need answers. The public deserves to know, just what the hell is going on?

***

Here's what I think happened: They had a drill that morning in order to scare kids into gun control. During the drill, they made these videos.

Then, that afternoon, there was an actual shooter.

They lied and said, "we made these videos during the shooting."

First of all, why did they lie to us?

Second of all, were FBI agents online posing as Siegetards and goading this idiot, Cruz, into doing a school shooting that afternoon?

That way, they would have all the video and students who were anti-gun activists and media-trained all ready to roll for their massive anti-gun psy-op.

David Hogg, who is the face of this group of charlatans posing as "concerned activists," is the son of a prominent FBI agent. What the hell is going on here, folks?

If true, this whole post-shooting "march against guns" activist movement is a HUGE chaimstream media-driven hoax, probably financed by that agent of Satan himself, George Soros.

More suspicious details about David Hogg that lend credence to the claim he's a hired crisis actor tasked with pushing a major social movement to repeal the 2nd Amendment:

- Hogg works for John Podesta's Center for American Progress
- From that same link, an antifa member claims Hogg didn't go to Parkland HS; he went to school with him at Redondo Shores HS in California
- Hogg really is the son of an FBI agent

Most hilariously, Hogg is seen feeding shitlib boilerplate scripted lines to a “schoolmate” in a video “interview” he supposedly shot “during” the Cruz shooting.

> Interviews @davidhogg111 conducted during the #Parkland shooting were reported in the @MiamiHerald. In the clip, Hogg asks a peer “what’s your message?” She answers. He then asks, “do you want to say anything else?” She declines. Then he whispers “come on” & “we need diversity”? pic.twitter.com/aM4fpOXcmR
>
> — Richard Armande Mills (RAM) (@RAMRANTS) February 21, 2018

The whole hacktivist clown show has the feel of a top-down, rather than bottom-up, managed movement. A BIG LIE. Who’s behind the scenes, funding and directing the show? (((Curiouser and curiouser))).

Crisis actors and false narratives. It’s not like the Degenerate Leftoid Mob doesn’t have experience recruiting kids to tell whoppers. Turning out an army of child soldiers to shill for the cause du jour is the Left’s specialty.

America is drowning in lies. This age of chaos and spiraling decline will end, but not before the globohomos have tried every gaslighting weapon at their disposal. When the truth outs, the rats scurrying for cover will be a marvel to behold.

***

LOL

The Chaimstream Media Is Lying About Gun Violence

CH · 21 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Gay Mulatto used to say after a school shooting that “this just doesn’t happen in other countries”. Various leftoid media outfits picked up on it and the like-minded chaimchorus kicked into action, singsonging the Big Lie that mass shootings are a peculiarly America phenomenon. After the de Jesus Cruz shooting, NPR apparatchiks slipped into hysteria, challenging guests who were insufficiently anti-2nd Amendment with references to “this one study, and so many other studies if we had the time to cite them, that proves mass shootings only happen in America”.

Lies lies lies lies lies…all in service to the ultimate goal of disarming law-abiding White Gentiles who are the ONLY group in America capable of organized revolution against the globohomos.

John Lott already researched this issue, and concluded that the US, on a per capita basis, falls in the middle of the mass shooting pack when compared to European nations. Remarkable, considering that most European countries are….wait for it…”gun-free zones”.

The US is NOT uniquely violent in the world. Shitlibs are lying through their teefs.

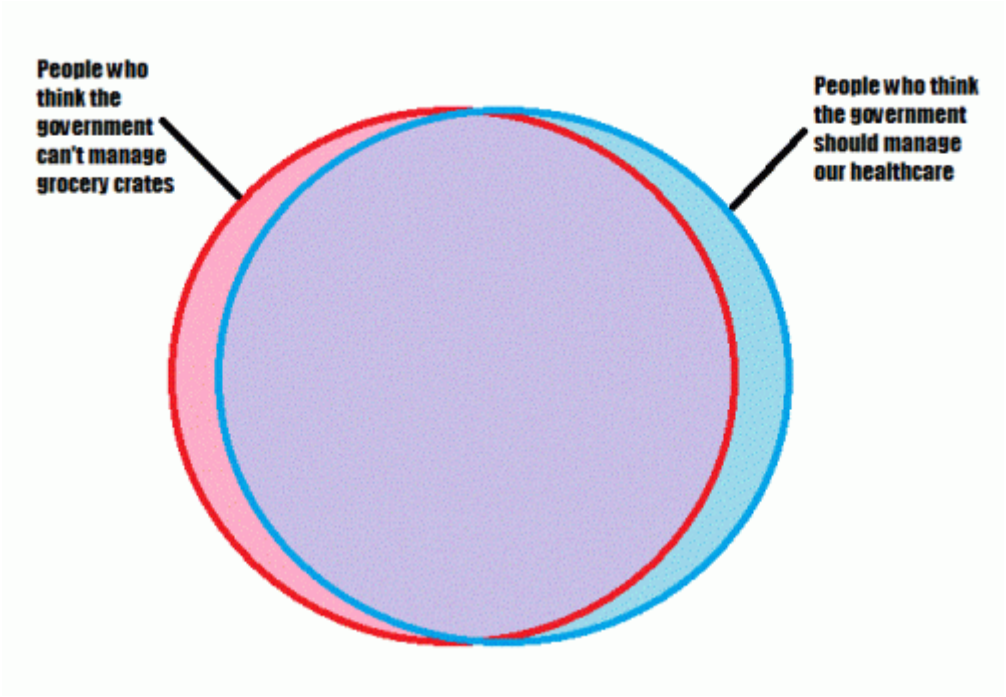
The Leftoid Lie is even more pronounced when one controls for race. Nearly half of the mass shootings in the US between 1982 and 2017 were perpetrated by nonWhites, (and this number could go higher if we account for the disproportionate number of mischling mass shooters), which means that the native White mass shooting rate compares even more favorably to the mass shooting rates in European countries most of which are still predominately White populations.

So the next time one of these anti-White bigot haters sheds a Fake Tear…

…for the chillun, just remember that Chicago has had 60 murders by gunshot in 2018 to date, almost all of them the result of black-on-black or black-on-nonblack violence. Where are the Fake Soros-Funded Marches against the 2nd Amendment for all of those Chicongo murders?

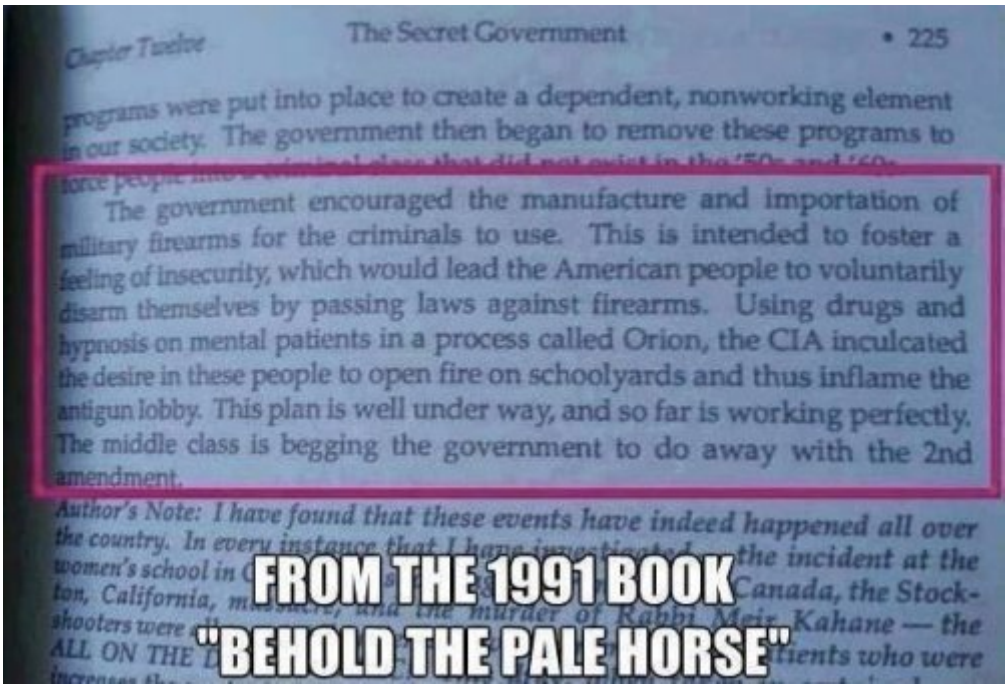
America doesn’t have a gun problem; America has a n[REDACTED BY GOVERNING AUTHORITIES] problem. We need n[REDACTED BY GOVERNING AUTHORITIES] control, not gun control.

But this is a raw uncut truth that doublespeaking shitlibs…



…would rather hide from the public because it undermines their Get Whitey Narrative.

A conspiracist book written in 1991 by a former Naval Intelligence member gets much closer than the Gaystream Media to the truth behind the leftoid push for national gun control:



So far, the White middle class has held strong in defense of 2A. But the anti-Whites have turned up the heat following Parkland High, and the puppeteers and their puppets spy an opening to take on lawful gun ownership and mold the nation in their vision: an unarmed impotent babel of squabbling tribes rules over by a gated community elite.

Sweet Chai Breakfast Boi

CH · 21 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's that nümale gloryhole face again, agape and waiting eagerly for the buckcock to jam the back of his throat. It's the contorted grimace of fear and submission, and why not? The sweet chai breakfast boi with his soylent grin is the emasculated, aromatase product of a globohomo world order which prefers its consumerist cogs in a state of asexual surrender.

This buttplug generation can't pass from the scene soon enough.

Related: The national emasculation is evident wherever you look. The latest trend is the "soyboy sit", or the "soy sit". Also called "cuck leg".

> The demasculinization of young men is a phenomenon that is pressured by a variety of outlets, namely feminist movements and college campuses. Since the '80s, which famously marked the decline of the alpha male, the public idealization of masculinity has declined as far as traditionalism is concerned. Consider the icons of past decades (**e.g. Clint Eastwood**, **Robert Conrad**, **Burt Reynolds**) with media stars today (**Robert Pattinson**, **Harry Styles**, **Justin Bieber**). There is something about a "feminine" man that succeeds in the current social paradigm.

"Succeeds", only if loosely defined to mean "gets airtime on house organs and has to molest manjawed coworkers to get any action".

Feminine men can only succeed in small numbers, by exploiting tiny sexual market niches as sneaky fuckers stealing women who've been emotionally abandoned by their chad lovers. But a society full of these feminine men, as we have now, is destined to fail, and fail spectacularly. The sexual polarity will return with a force. The natural order will resume. The God of Biomechanics doesn't slumber for long.

What Is Allure?

CH · 21 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A woman blushing.

A blushing red tide slowly cresting over a White woman's porcelain-skinned face as she takes in the power of your presence is a sight unequalled in the human kingdom for its primal allure. Only unfolding labia perform similar magic on a man's swelling pride.

The full body blush is more intoxicating still. Watch as the crimson hue spreads over her chest, her breasts, up her neck, to her cheeks and her ears. Blushing is the body's betrayal of the heart's infatuation.

This is another one of those divine traits that White women have as a blessing of their lineage and which is the envy of the world's nonWhite women. A few lightly toasted women can visibly blush, but you have to look closely, under good light, as the red struggles to emerge from the brown.

The palest White women, like the Irish, blush so hard that it hinders their ability to play coy for men because their true feelings are constantly revealed by the rush of lust to their faces.

When a girl blushes, a man falls in love again.

Narcissist Nation

CH · 22 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via TheExcrutiationator, a great comment by Matt in VA regrettably hitched to a Rod Dreher post, making the point that we live in a nation increasingly populated by sociopathic narcissists who aren't all that different than the murderous school shooters they exploit as a springboard to the start of their left-wing political activism careers with CNN.

> I am surprised that you don't draw out the parallel between school shootings and another common theme on this blog — early-onset transgenderism.
>
> Both are to some degree social contagions and media/extremely-online-culture phenomena.
>
> The most recent school shooting in Florida is depressing but the school shooting itself is not the only thing that is revealing. What is most interesting from a cultural-criticism standpoint is the way the shooting generated a simultaneous parallel media spectacle in the form of the survivors who were already making videos for Youtube while bullets were being fired and who had media handlers and hashtags ready to go before the bodies had a chance to get cold.
>
> I have seen the faces of the *gun control NOW* kids about 1,000 times since the shooting happened less than a week ago. I don't think I've seen any photos of the kids who got murdered at all.
>
> Generation Z will have two big cohorts:
>
> alienated dysfunctional (to a greater or lesser degree) kids who engage in activities ranging from incredibly dedicated online trolling to can't-get-a-girlfriend PUA forum posting to going crazy and school shooter speedrunning like it's a videogame
>
> and
>
> smarmy cold-blooded strivers born on third base whose reaction to traumatic and horrifying experiences is to seek–instantaneously, instinctively, even while bodies are hitting the floor around them– to convert them to clicks, engagement, and fodder to pad college resumes with killer ways to sell themselves as passionate self-starters and change agents, hugely effective at doing exactly what Silicon Valley wants most — generating likes, comments, and shares.
>
> 100 years ago, many young people (not too much older than these high school kids) responded to the carnage they witnessed and experienced on the Western Front — how? By carrying around a well-worn volume of Housman and writing poetry (*the* characteristic response of that particular generation to the war.)
>
> **Now, kids' primary response to something like this is to trample over the freshly fallen bodies of their classmates in order to throw themselves in front of as many TV and smartphone cameras as possible. The narcissistic sociopathy (cloaked of course, in repeated hysterical assertions of moral self-righteousness based not on acts but on political positions) is related, in a way, to the murderous nihilism of the school shooters themselves. This is how the winners and the losers of today's society conduct themselves.**

The question left to be asked is, WHY is there runaway narcissism in America?

Why do we have a generation of bratlings bouncing like hypertards from one hashtag to the next for a quick fix of social media applause? Why are there limelight hogs like David Hogg who will effortlessly segue from a traumatic school shooting to reciting focus-group tested shitlib lines in front of CNN cameras? Is no one else utterly repulsed by the sight of attention whores slipping in their dying classmates' blood to grab headlines and harangue Congressmen with political talking points put together by craven chaimstream media propagandists?

Is this cultural trend not SICK AS FUCK to anyone with a scintilla of common decency left in him?

My answer to the narcissism question: it's the feminization, stupid. Narcissism is an inherently female trait (and homosexual male trait). Both sexes have their narcissists, but the condition is more prevalent and manifests more acutely in women, who are natural attention whores constitutionally aware that their bodies and faces are their primary means of capturing male interest. Furthermore, in a sexual market becoming more r-selected (cads over dads), narcissistic men have a leg up on the male competition.

As our culture and institutions feminize, and media agitprop pathologizes normal healthy masculinity, we get more womanly narcissists. YouGoGrrlism and gay poz are yielding a bounty of narcissists for whom other people are either obstacles or accomplices to the public recognition of their glowing self-conception.

The explosion of Americans with the Dark Triad suite of personality traits means more psycho narcissists mugging for cameras and wearing pussyhats as substitutes for good character. Narcissism is being genetically or socially selected for via open borders mass immigration, sexual choice, cultural propaganda, and social atomization. The latter condition is particularly fertile ground for narcissists to flower, because a complete lack of social controls that otherwise small communities bring to bear on individuals means there is a lot of upside to using narcissistic exploitation to get similar social benefits from strangers that one would normally get in a rooted community from family and neighbors. And given that rootless itinerants are less likely to stick around for long after their sociopathic, narcissistic exploitation has shattered the lives around them, there is less possibility for corrective punishment like social shaming to curb the narcissist's excesses.

The David Hoggs of the world aren't far removed from the de Jesus Cruzes of the world. That's something which

should worry us all, because narcissism has a bad habit of burning itself out in a pyre of self-centered immolation that scorches everything in its radius of contact.

The Broken Culture That Breeds Mass Murderers

CH · 22 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There are two very good articles about our changing cultural conditions which are helping to breed mentally deranged school shooting mass murderers like de Jesus Cruz. Both come at the problem from different angles, but provide equally compelling explanations in my view, so I've included each in this post.

The first is a Quora post by Jon Davis, a Marine Corps weapons instructor. His basic thesis is that school shooters are the inevitable detritus of a "victimhood culture".

> People hate generalizations, but here you have a fairly undeniable one. School shootings regularly are perpetrated by almost exclusively males, either boys or young men, who have had severe socialization problems. I'm not even aware of a single female shooter in the lot. Following Columbine, schools began implementing "anti-bullying" campaigns, attempting to target everyday violence and general mean behavior among kids. Did that solve anything? Anything at all?
>
> […]
>
> The problem with being at the bottom is that there are many barriers to prevent you from exiting it, but few to climb back up. There simply aren't many ways to overcome your oppressors. Fighting my bully was how I did it. This was how I was able to right my situation.
>
> Does it sound extreme? Well, not so much if you were born before the 1980's. And if you were born after, it probably sounds barbaric. After three years as a teacher, I saw a culture that acts very foreign from my own. Almost no one gets into fights. At first, I thought this was a good thing, but then I started seeing what was missing. The boys are almost completely incapable of competing academically besides the very few with parents who are very motivated, mostly teachers themselves. They lack motivation and a sense of purpose or meaning. Obviously there is more going on then a lack of the schoolyard tumble, but that seemed to be part of it. I found that many longed for the presence of an authoritative male figure. With two Iraq deployments under my belt, I fit the mold. I was surprised the authoritarian routine worked. Everyone said it wouldn't, but it was all I knew, and it was like they craved it. But the darker thing I noticed was that it seemed very hard for my personal success story to work today. Those who started off losers stayed losers, forever. There was no climbing the hierarchy as I had. As I said before, it is not good to be at the bottom, especially for long.
>
> I pieced together that this had a great deal to do with the anti-bullying policies put in place since I graduated. Again, I thought it was fine to avoid problems and keep the peace so that students could learn. But they weren't learning. At best, it felt like they were being herded. What's worse, "bullying", at least the far more pervasive and much more common forms of bullying I experienced, the non-violent kind was just as present. Ironically, bullies now used the system to bully others.
>
> […]
>
> According to a 2015 study Microaggression and Moral Cultures, this is textbook victimhood culture. Victimhood culture is when a culture evolves to handle slights against them through responding to each of them, not directly, but leverage third party intervention. These third parties could be parents, school authority, police, voters, or political donors. What makes victimhood cultures dangerous was that it incentivized "victims" to catalog and broadcast every conceivable slight against them, no matter how trivial or unintentional the insult. They need to build cases and this encouraged to exaggerating or falsify harm they received to create a case against the accused satisfactory enough to warrant some desired or demanded action. That said, I sympathize with schools. To stand up to a mob and say, "You don't have all the facts," is hard. So I understand why schools gravitated in this direction.
>
> But victimhood culture does something else to the character of its members. It causes them to value victimhood as a form of virtue itself. That means that those within such cultures seek to gain the short term

> benefits of being perceived as a victim, such as pity or advocacy, but at the cost of long term appreciation from the culture, as classic (and more healthy) character traits, such as self-reliance and self-respect are ignored and allowed to atrophy.
>
> This matters to those concerned about the development of boys. The reason that victimhood culture is dangerous is because it short-circuits natural boyhood development by specifically contradicting with the nature of boys. **Boys align themselves in the same way as anyone else, through dominance hierarchies.** The adolescent male dominance hierarchy is one which is attempting to collectively define what being a man should look like, and it socializes its members to this archetypal masculinity identity.

Bolded emphasis mine. Male dominance is the yang to female submissiveness. And male dominance hierarchies are a natural and healthy self-organizing behavior among young and old men. Hierarchies keep the peace and enable male cooperation for the greater good. Women and male shitlibs of womanly disposition don't understand this inherent property of manhood because the former don't compete to establish useful hierarchies and the latter are always on the bottom of male hierarchies and so seek to destroy them and the need for them.

> A part of this is that schoolyard fights are common, even normal form of social interaction for boys. In many ways, they are necessary to create an ordered hierarchy, establish norms, set ideals, and importantly, provide a vehicle for boys to climb the hierarchy. So that I am not taken out of context, schoolyard fighting is in no way the same as the violence that is the subject of this question. They are categorically different. The fighting among boys was not intended to cause permanent physical injury or death. It is a simple non-lethal duel by two unarmed combatants until one of them gives up. The fighting provided a means for all boys to attain respect across the local microculture, even those at the bottom of the dominance hierarchy, so long as they proved to the collective that they were willing to take their lumps.
>
> Victimhood culture disrupts this process and is contrary to honor cultures. Both are reactionary when slighted, but honor cultures seek to handle matters personally without intervention of third-party authority. With victimhood culture, third-party intervention is the goal. In this way, one playing by the rules of a victimhood culture can undermine the entire adolescent male dominance hierarchy, disrupting its ability to socialize males, preventing the establishment of positive male ideals, and removing a means for the boys at the bottom to rise to a healthy middle.

Victimhood culture is the outgrowth of a feminizing (and feministing) nation. As our institutions have caved to the deluge of the Great Menstruation, boys have been severed from their innate biological predispositions, with no outlet of expressing their inborn male-ness. The result has been a massive retreat of boys from school and of men from public life, and a terrible overrun of our institutions by women, particularly women who harbor deep wells of spiteful man-hatred.

> The last element is important for the subject of school shooters. Without the normal processes of restitution, such as fighting, boys at the bottom of the school's dominance hierarchy may have no means to gain respect in their local community, relegating them to the bottom of a very brutal hierarchy for a *very long time* during many of their formative years. In this way, the banned behavior of schoolyard "violence" may actually be what immunizes boys from murderousness later in life.
>
> […]
>
> I'd argue that system of discipline we have in place short-circuits this all important process of childhood adolescent development. To prevent "bullying" we have prevented this necessary outlet for boyhood socialization and replaced it with one where real bullying, the manipulation of those in power or who know how to game the system, continues to take place.

aka credentialism and status striving suckuppery.

> Without the outlet, the means to settle the score, the tyrants have no means of being humbled, as the only power they respect is prevented from reaching them. By that, I mean a truly self-righteous boy. But worse, those who are their victims have literally no means of recourse… unless of course they want to tattle and increase their suffering tenfold in the days to come.

Great insight. The protection of the feminized State protects the tyrants from their deserved humblings at the hands of boys who are proud to be boys and not some twisted tranny genderfluid simulacrum of a male-thing. We've created a real monster in our zeal to defeat an imaginary monster.

> I say this is worse because we believe we have protected the boy who is being bullied by preventing only one form of conflict – physical violence. Because we have conflated a schoolyard tussle with a school shooting, we've made all forms of violence evil. I'll say this to make it clear, there is a need for the Marines to kill people. There is a need for the justice system to sometimes take a life in defense of others. Sometimes, violence is necessary, but in making the idea of violence taboo — "there's never a reason for violence" — we've short-circuited that all important understanding of the world where we teach kids what kinds of violence are acceptable, what kind is not, and what kind is necessary.

This aligns with Jon Haidt's moral foundations research which uncovered that liberals stress fairness and harm in their moral calculations, while conservatives place equal emphasis on all six moral dimensions (fairness, harm, liberty, authority, purity, and loyalty). What this means is that shitlibs are constricted in their world views, seeing all violence as against their notions of harm-based morality, instead of having the more nuanced moral view of conservatives who better understand that some violence is necessary to preserve societal health.

> By removing the most observable conflict method, we removed from him the ability to rectify his own situation through that ancient of means, and I'll add, the means most common and most widely respected among boys. At the same time, we interfered in socialization through friends and peers, a form of solidifying social norms which the data is clear on, is far more powerful than teachers and schools. And worst of all, we never taught him about violence, so he's teaching himself.
>
> Now, look at many of the cases of school shooters. I see disturbing similarities to my own story. What was different, was that I figured out how to move up a few notches, so that no matter how bad it got, I was never the guy on the bottom. It needs to be understood that the difference between the least popular kid and the *next* to least popular is enormous. For mathematicians (many of whom probably understand this personally) the pattern follows somewhat of a pareto distribution. The kid at the bottom doesn't just have it worse than the kids above him in the dominance hierarchies, he has it exponentially worse. They start off on the wrong foot, then stress causes them to make mistakes which causes them to fall further. Continued stress causes their grades to slip, which causes problems with parents and future outlook. Stress amplifies. Eventually emotional regulation becomes a problem and eventually, even their immune system is weakened. Logically, these children are more likely to need medication to cope or adapt normally to the world, either in the form of antidepressants or through self-aid, in the form of illegal drug use. The former may help or it may only exacerbate their problems, while the latter will surely only provide short term relief at the expense of long term suffering. Maybe other things are factors. Perhaps divorce of the parents, or someone with cancer, or a recent death is part of the story. All of these make it harder and as unfair as that may be, make it easier to fall down the dominance hierarchy. Maybe they seek help by playing up their victimhood status for a while, and maybe it will help for the short term. Pity can feel very good for a little while. However, if they do it wrong, they risk revulsion because neediness is repulsive. There is a point where you can become so bad off, that even asking for help makes others resent you more. These people are in complete collapse.

Neediness is repulsive to women too. So the young boy who fails to learn this lesson on the playground will grow up

and fail the same lesson in the dating market. He will be rejected by women later in life as assuredly as he was rejected by male peers early in his life

> Put all this together, and I think we have a much better understanding of what makes a school shooter. They aren't *just* bullied kids. Everyone faces some degree of meanness from time time, but they are kids who absolutely *cannot* escape the bottom rungs of the adolescent social structure. Over a period of years they absorb abuse by other kids using them to climb their own dominance structures. They never develop strategies to deal with this, but instead, attempt and fail at other strategies which exacerbate their position, such as retreating into isolation or seeking to accentuate their own victimhood to the revulsion of everyone else around them, even adults.
>
> […]
>
> Then the final evolution is to embrace that hatred for the world, hatred for themselves, and sense of meaninglessness to the point of suicide. Many simply stop at that tragedy, but some take it *even* further, wanting to take as much with them before they go. Maybe they'll use a gun, maybe arson, maybe a bomb, but those few will stop at nothing to express their resentment of Creation.
>
> […]
>
> And as much as schools are trying to resist this message, it's becoming clearer with every instance of young men and boys massacring their peers, that all the ad-hoc programs cooked up by our "Anti-Bullying Committees" aren't helping. At best, they are patronizing programs intended to communicate a child's uniqueness and individual value, diluted by the fact it is exactly like the message given to all the other kids. Like the message of the Syndrome in the Incredibles, "When everyone's special… no one will be." At the same time, these programs seem to do little more than categorize many of the behaviors necessary to escape the bottom of the social hierarchy are the same as the violence it evolved to replace. Throwing these behaviors out has left a hole in how we socialize boys, not just in preventing them from committing massacres, but in how we they define their own identities and how they become healthy men in society.

Flattening male hierarchy creates psychologically flattened men untethered from society.

One more thing I'd add: Cruz was an omega male with girl problems.

> Cruz had been suspended from the school from fighting his ex girlfriend's new boyfriend and was depressed and having girl problems at the time of the shooting.

Victimhood culture also prevents young men from learning how better to appeal to women and to understand what makes women tick, and the result is that a single rejection can send an omega or beta over the edge.

Btw, I think social media and the instant access to one's loserdom provided by internet search engines only magnifies the social isolation felt by the bottom-rung young men in society. Before the Eye in the Skynet and Faceborg broadcast everyone's social standing across the globe it was likely easier for losers to manage the burden of their low social status. Now, everyone sees it, all day every day, and this must contribute to feelings of hopelessness and rage in outcasts like Cruz.

One more thing: we should be looking out for Crooked Face people like Cruz because these are the sorts of LSMV omega males who have likely inherited a heavy genetic mutational load that predisposes them to low self-control and psychopathy.

******

The second post is by Agnostic, whose thesis is that rootlessness — characterized by geographic regions that are full of recent transplants — is a major factor in the creation of mass shooters.

> A striking fact about the deadliest mass shootings is their geographic distribution, lying mostly in areas that are heavily colonized by transplants, rather than in places with deep historical roots and communities.
>
> This tends to be a fractal phenomenon — at the regional level, they're most likely in the Sun Belt, but even within such states, they're from newly founded suburban enclaves (ironically intended to be "safe" unlike the dangerous old towns and cities nearby), and often the killer's family and perhaps the killer himself are transplants (including immigrants or sons of immigrants).

Ann Coulter recently made this point: a lot of our relatively recent mass shooters have been the poison fruit of our open borders policy.

> Rootless places attract people guided by a laissez-faire approach to behavior, who don't mind throwing away the constraints of living in a place where traditions are strong, family ties are extensive, and even strangers know each other. Perhaps that's the exact reason they're fleeing a rooted place — so they can just live their own lives without being bound to others.
>
> As a place comes to be colonized more and more by such people, normlessness becomes the norm. Do whatever, say whatever, think whatever. Fuck the haters. If it feels good, do it. If you got it, flaunt it.

Shitlibs think the above describes a utopia, but it has a dark side.

> The residents may think this low-lying level of anti-sociality is no big deal. They're being true to their individual selves, and at worst it produces bratty and entitled children. Nothing devastating, certainly not worth going back to the rooted environment with all of its constraints on individual behavior.
>
> But it's precisely this code of "do whatever" that allows the small handful of truly warped individuals to carry out their warped fantasies. Typically these are revenge fantasies (rape or murder), as the social reject killer has no other ties to sustain him, and seeks to lash out at those who have rejected him. He has no extended family, no neighbors, no other communal links that would keep him calmed down despite being a loner at school.
>
> Once he stews in those revenge fantasies long enough, what constraints are there to hold him back from carrying them out? He lives in a world of his own, with no palpable policing presence.

Social norms exist for a reason, even if liberaltardians don't have the mental capacity to see those reasons beyond "Ugh, stop harshing my buttplug mellow, man!". As we add more Diversity, we add more competing norms, and we take away more of the national cohesion that makes America a real country and not a bus depot for international frugalists and their buffer zone third world pets.

> Although such cases may be rare, their impact is catastrophic when they do hit — there could be dozens of innocent people brutally murdered for no reason in a public spectacle. In addition to the immediate loss of life, there's the permanent scar left on the area. It is exactly these rare-yet-catastrophic cases that social norms are supposed to protect against. They may feel annoying sometimes when you want to do your own thing, but they're there for the greater good of preserving the community, like a form of insurance.

Liberals may be slightly better than conservatives on tests of abstraction, but I've normally found that conservatives are much better "big picture" thinkers than are liberals who are hidebound by their pinched individualistic morality to focus exclusively on short-term affronts to their lifestyles.

> These kinds of spree murders have become more common as more people have dislocated themselves and their families in pursuit of higher career prospects. It's generally not dirt-poor people reluctantly moving to the nearest city after the good jobs vanished in rural areas. It's middle class people moving from Nowheresville to an up-and-coming "it" place. This is what makes the shootings so counter-intuitive to most observers — they

> happen in middle-class enclaves with good schools and promising children.
>
> […]
>
> Only when we reverse this trend by staying put where our roots are, and accepting the duties and constraints that this places on our behavior, will these kinds of warped revenge fantasies no longer be thought of, let alone acted upon. The moral code will change from "do whatever" to "rein it in for the greater good".
>
> That will mean denying yourself the attempt to climb the status ladder by moving around all over the place — but by now that's mostly a fool's game anyway, all of the good spots having been taken and held onto for awhile. If a handful of people do this, it may not wreck society, but if enough people uproot themselves, then the entire society gets destabilized — behaviorally and morally.

Parents who put their kids through wrenching geographic dislocations to pursue their own status goals are committing a form of child abuse.

> To put it bluntly, we do not have the right to "do whatever" as long as it doesn't immediately harm others. Acting as though we did have that right leads to patterns of behavior that, after a sufficient percolating delay, cause far more destruction to ourselves and others than we imagined was possible.

Conservatives rely more on their gut instinct, which is why they tend to lose media-framed sophistic shitlib "debates", but also why they are smarter about foreseeing the downstream effects of social policies favored by liberals.

> But you can't push for tough regulations on other people's behavior without accepting more regulations on your own personal behavior. Pointing to potential "harm" done by the other person is no good, since your own laissez-faire behavior is corroding and destroying others, just not in as concentrated of a way. It's long-term and diffuse, but no less offensive to social norms.

Narcissists are more likely to be represented among rootless transplants, ("why should I let anyone hold me back? I do it my way!"), so it's not surprising that they have more of the attitude that their actions do no harm, it's all the other guy's fault.

> And of course the ultimate form of regulation comes from feeling social pressure, whether from extended family, neighbors, peers you've known your whole lives, and so on.

A rootless nation substitutes one form of social pressure — family and neighbors — with another form that accommodates the atomized existence — pressure from fake news media, entertainment, social media, and BIGCORP. It's a malignant trade-off in the long run.

Diversity™ of course exacerbates rootlessness and the problems that come from population churn. White people constantly fleeing encroaching Diversity can turn an entire nation into a rootless mob of psychologically frayed zombies doped up on SSRIs and opioids.

It's not a shock to learn that almost all the school shooters were taking anti-anxiety drugs. Cause and effect are hard to disentangle — it probably goes both ways in a vicious feedback loop of degenerating evil: rootlessness brings on the anxiety which is prescribed BIGPHARMA drugs which with chronic use mentally destabilizes the user and makes him more susceptible to the problems arising from rootlessness and social isolation.

We've got a long way to go to make America great again. Trump was only the opening salvo.

Questions About The Parkland High School Shooting That Need Answers

CH · 22 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a provocative post from a retired school administrator who asks some really disturbing questions about the official narrative of the Parkland HS de Jesus Cruz shooting. I reprint the whole thing here because it's that important.

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My name is John Bouchell and I am not a bot. I was in school administration after spending a stint in the military. Let me explain: As usual, I was a teacher, a coach and later became an administrator. I worked at all three levels of public school in administration.

Like most athletic males I was assigned as a part of a school security team- at all three levels. Eventually, I was trained by the Department of Homeland Security, Several sheriff's departments, and the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, GBI. Prior, I was trained the military.

I was a Combat Crew member and a certified marksman with both rifles and pistols (M-16, and .40 Cal Colt) with an Oak Leaf Cluster (Multiple awards). I was a likely person to help with school security and had an extensive background in technology and video surveillance as well.

I held an SCI security clearance which is the very highest we have in America. I say these things to help you to understand my background to weigh my opinion as to the events in Parkview Florida, (30 minutes from my home where I live, now retired from School administration).

As an administrator in charge of a large High School of 1,800 students and 140 employees, I held tabletop exercises and wrote publications & power points presentation, & helped with both multiple school & mult-jurisdiction school systems training as developer and presenter.

Never did I hear from, receive information from, or was contacted by, read any publications, or gathered statistics from the United States Secret Service. Not once- EVER. Yet, 3 weeks prior to the shooting in Florida, the USSS was not only at the school, they held training.

I have also, despite actually thwarting a school shooting by an armed predator at my school, causing both Code Red, total lockdown, 911calls and arrests and conviction of the potential shooter, saw, spoke with, or was interviewed or contacted by the FBI, or the USSS.

Its worthy to note the 911 response time was in excess of 20 minutes. In fact, I was only contacted by a few reporters. The incident was basically ignored and squashed in fear of damaging the political establishment, school board, school superintendent, et.al.

NO REPORTERS EVER CONTACTED MY STUDENTS for interviews or opinions. I never spoke to a national law enforcement agent much less the USSS. So, to hear the FBI were the first responders only beating CNN by minutes in a wealthy Florida area saturated with Law Enforcement shocked me.

Seeing the amazing amount of CNN coverage so well organized and all espousing one message and only one message is equally troubling. Seeing a student saying she actually walked with the shooter while evacuating and HEARD shots shocked me.

Seeing video of a student telling us she was told they would have a drill that day with actors deeply troubles me. Seeing the same young man over and over who visited CNN that day and whose father is an FBI agent troubles me.

Seeing and hearing the same narratives over and over that conflict with every aspect of training and experience I have is extremely unsettling. I saw video interviews of students claiming multiple shooters. This is troubling as well.

I realize that the shooter apparently pulled the fire alarm to create chaos and provide a richer target environment (that alarm would have sent a signal to its precise time and location by the way) and tossing smoke bombs in a stairwell to drive the victims to the shooter's local

BUT: At least one interview I watched was a student saying her doorknob was rattled and she heard a voice say "Go try another door". This needs exploration. I can sit here and tell you who I think failed miserably but it is fruitless. I'll save that opinion for future reference.

In my utterly qualified, expert opinion, there are several troubling "Facts" being dispensed that I refuse to accept prima facia. Some of them are: Why was the shooter visited 39 times by local LE but never placed on a watch list and their right to a firearm flagged and denied.

Why was his extensive school discipline not compiled and presented to the school board for total expulsion from the schools? What was the FBI the first response when the school is so close to the PD and an officer with a radio was supposedly on campus?

How did CNN have so many "Kids" in place to echo their exact verbiage and focus on the actual weapon and not the shooter? Why isn't the alleged USSS involvement in a public school being examined? Who is this reoccurring "Student" that has family in the FBI?

Why are the interviews that do NOT agree with the one shooter or the narrative that CNN is pushing being heard? Why aren't the multiple videos available (With the floor plan I have seen I would have had approx 22 cameras in that building and had over 140 in my school) being seen?

I realize that some of the videos will be used for the trail of the shooter; however, it is in the interest of the public to see some of the unused footage that is available. Why was the USSS at a this school providing training 3 weeks prior?

And how was the weakest, sloppiest, and most often NOT on REAL location news company all over this son of the FBI agent with an amazing and uncanny ability to find a news camera in multiple sates in the last six months?

Did this infamous teenager actually graduate already? Has the USSS ever been to any other schools to supervise and provide training for an active shooter situation? How could the USSS possibly visit all 22,000 High Schools in the US? And how would they be chosen?

Who identified this shooter and how did L.E. track him to the retail store he was arrested at? Why has the entire CNN narrative to attack the second amendment when at least THREE government institutions (possibly FIVE if you count DFACS) failed miserably to help the mentally ill

Why has the school district decided to demolish this building (like they did Sandy Hook) if their narrative is true and correct? Why not allow the forensics to be published and explored completely? Make it the offices of school safety as a monument even- But I digress.

All in all my PROFESSIONAL opinion is this stinks to high heavens. Either we are surrounded by the most incompetent news people in the world, who don't ask questions or give a damn about these murders, or they have NO concept of why this happened will happen again soon.

I for one am SICK TO DEATH of fake news outlets pretending this is about a rifle- its not. Its about a mentally ill person, totally abandoned and discarded and politically expediently ignored, by multiple agencies allowed to commit inhumane acts of terror due to incompetence. END

***

Your move, Deep State.

PS From MPC Status Updates:

> TOG is the answer to HOGG

100% TRUEFACT.

PPS What's the latest on Seth Rich? The Las Vegas shooting? The Wasserman-Schultz laptop mystery? Huma's laptop emails? Anyone listening? Mueller? Mueller?

Trump's Substance *And* Style Win The Day

CH · 22 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Trump's substance — the wall, deportations, immigration moratorium, better trade deals, tariffs, noninterventionism — is what ultimately won over Heritage America. But Trump's style — his Game — is what is destroying his enemies in and out of the media and keeping the morale of his supporters sky high.

Dawg writes,

> It's basic for Trump he has game and can handle women meaning our feminized elite and their followers. Our betacons are stuck in the Ol' Papa Conservative shtick and are utterly useless, Gen Z will pillow the fuck out of them, soon I hope.

Naturally, if Trump doesn't follow through on his substantive promises, the bloom will eventually wear off his stylistic rose. And, inversely, if Trump had no Game, it's not a sure bet he'd have been elected, or if he was if he could have manhandled the media and his enemies in the Deep State the way he has so far.

Dawg has hit the clit on the hood. The media/academia/globohomo bureaucracy are full-tilt feminized institutions staffed and womaned by feminized men, indeterminate androgynes, and masculinized manjaws pushing poz and shitliberalism by the metric ton. They are all, in effect, bitter cat ladies and BPD headcases with womanly sensibilities.

And this is why Trump owns them. He has Game. He has a history of seducing and screwing parades of beautiful women and, usually, leaving them better than he found them. Likewise with the female media, he screws them so good that they can't stand afterwards, and act discombobulated for months on end.

The same Game that seduces the girl in the bar is the Game that seduces the feminized media to commit a series of self-discrediting own goals until they are begging to be loved again. (Which won't happen, because they're the equivalent of fat chicks. Hard pass.)

Random Cat Game

CH · 23 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Birthday Cat Game is a tried and true flirt-over-text technique. But generic Cat Game is an all-purpose, any-time, any-place pickup ploy. Your Cat doesn't have to be diving into a birthday cake to make an impression on a girl.

A reader gives an example of Random Cat Game,

> I met a Korean smokeshow the other day at the mall, instant boner but I knew that there would be an element of flakiness over the phone.
>
> She dodged an attempt at date setup, so I deployed a non sequitur as per CH teachings, worked a charm.. and this one is combined with a cutie pie element and some qualification.
>
> I'm trying to balance out game with this kind of thing, since many women are intimidated by me in person (scar on my forehead).

The exchange:

This was a stalled out text convo (note the time stamps between the cat text and the previous text), which was rescued by the cat in the bread pic. The follow-up Game was tight, too, disqualifying the girl by asking her if she could best a cat in the cuteness and fun departments.

This isn't Jerkboy Game, unless you want to call it the mildest form of jerkiness. It's really just a form of teasing and light-hearted self-amusement that tragically escapes most beta males when they're interacting with women, who take them far too seriously. Levity isn't in the beta male's playbook, which is unfortunate because levity is a social cue of a man's sexual abundance. A well-fed man is attractive to women because he is a proven commodity; no need to wonder if he's a beta under the hood.

***

PS I agree with some commenters that this guy's text game, other than the cat pic, is pretty bad. But the power of the non sequitur is evident in its ability to distract a "smokeshow" from otherwise bad text game.

PPS You don't need much jerkboy game to flirt with waifu material. Asian chicks tingle at a different frequency than White girls; asians generally prefer, or at least better tolerate, niceguy beta courting, and can be intimitaded by the type of jerkboyishness that White girls love.

PPPS If you're wondering why I've focused on Cat Game so much, it's because 1. it works and 2. it adopts the primary symbol of spinsterhood — the cat — and turns it against the bitter cat ladies who despise men aiming to date and fuck a higher class of women. Cat Game is about #LoveWins and #LonelySpinstersLose.

Terms Of Impalement

CH · 24 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to re-introduce classic terms of disparagement that have fallen out of favor with the snarkerati. I'm thinking words like "traitor", "coward", "", "skank", and "whore".

We really need these powerful, masculine words now more than ever as our nation increasingly is held hostage by traitors, cowards, , skanks, and whores.

When The Fuggernaut Meets The Unconverged Man

CH · 26 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The monstrous clown world creation seethes at the sight of the soy-free, sexually dimorphic, JQ-pilled goy enjoying the rewards of obeying the natural order of the cosmos.

PS more real-lulz:

Scientists Have Determined What Americans Will Look Like in the Future, and It Is Beautiful

CH · 26 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's CACA and the Nightmares, everyone! They'll be in all zee veek. Check that, all zee VEEKS. Plural, ad infinitum, ad nauseam, for eternity, an illimitable void of endless aztecalypse.

Hilariously, via Buzz Mohawk.

PS Fred Reed seems to think America is being overrun with Penelope Cruz's. Eh, not quite, Fred. Not even close.

The Beta Sidle

CH · 27 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've come down hard on beta male forms of mate guarding behavior as counter-productive to creating healthy, loving relationships with women punctuated with wall-rattling sex. Beta male mate guarding is "benefit provisioning" — distinct from alpha male mate guarding which is "cost-inflictive".

Alpha male mate guarding emphasizes intrasexual threats ("keep your hands to yourself") and intersexual psy ops (disqualifying, teasing, negging, assuming the sale, etc), while beta male mate guarding (BMMG) emphasizes resource provision, emotional support, vows of fealty, and cloying displays of PDA.

On that last example of BMMG, CA Expat writes,

> I'm definitely not perfect but I always felt that boyfriends that come up to you when you're talking to their gf and hold her, kiss her etc, were faggy so I never did that shit. I always felt like I was the 10 and she was the 7 and infidelity was unlikely. I was also young/fit. Looking back I turned into a bit of a chump on the 3 real dimes I had. Those lasted <1 year. ?

What CA Expat describes in all its awful repugnance is the Beta Sidle. The possessive "sidle" is the kind of mate guarding behavior that insecure beta males do. It's a passive form of benefit provisioning doubling as a warning to interlopers, but it reeks of lsmv desperation. Alpha males (or higher T men) who must lay claim to a woman in public prefer the more direct confrontation (against either the man or the woman).

The Beta Sidler…you know the type. He's the guy who will, at the most awkwardly inopportune times, sidle up to his girl and lay gentle romantic pats on her like a puppy pawing at its owner for food. Maybe he'll wrap his arm around her while she's talking to you, and nuzzle her neck. The worst of the sidlers will try to reach for her hand and hold it, intertwining fingers and imploring her to "come over" and join him as soon as she's ready. He's doing all this in the time frame it took you to say hi to her and to ask how she's doing.

Unsurprisingly, BMMG behavior this uxorious is rarely a turn-on for the girl at the receiving end of it, and for the third party man it's enough to laugh out loud and make fun of the dude to the girl's face when he's out of earshot. I've mocked these goobers, usually saying something like "wow, your guy really likes you. I don't think you'll have trouble keeping him for yourself."

A girl of course doesn't like hearing that her man is a slave to her pussy who would die an incel if she ever left him, so this leetle poke and prod of her hamster that I do will ripen her to consider the very infidelity her betaboy tries so hard to thwart.

Mate Guarding Degrees Of Alphaness

CH · 27 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Mate guarding tactics, in descending order of alphaness:

- She mate guards you
- You flash a frown and she promptly self-corrects
- You mindfuck her (see: Dread Game)
- You let most insults slide, but explode once in a while to keep her on edge and in line
- You kick the other guy's ass
- You lavish excessive PDA on her whenever another man is talking to her (or just in the general vicinity of her)
- You buy her stuff
- You beg her to love you
- You marry her*
- You accept her terms of polyamory
- You mate guard yourself (the undescended testicles soyboy option)

*"Marriage is beta?", sneers the tradcon. No. Marriage is beta when it's relied on by a man as a solution to prevent a woman from straying (it never works). If you think the legalistic imprimatur of marriage will finally convince that thot to take her mind off other men and love you unto the end of time, you'll be disappointed. You're an even bigger tool if you believe a huge rock and expensive wedding guarantees a woman's fidelity. (Just the opposite — if you have to spend a lot to convince a woman to accept your monogamous submission, she's more likely to divorce you.)

As I've argued in these pages, and as ¡SCIENCE! has confirmed, frequent mate guarding, as it is typically practiced by Western men, is beta.

> Established alpha males don't typically mate guard — at least not obviously — because they don't fear their women cheating on them or falling under the spell of other men, and, less benignly, they redirect some of their relationship energy that would normally be spent on mate guarding toward hooking up with side lovers.
>
> Beta males, whether consciously or not, sense more keenly the sexual interloper threat posed by other men and the wandering eyes of their own women. This heightened threat detection system is likely an evolved instinct that serves the useful purpose of keeping the lover of a beta male faithful, (or constrained in her ability to cheat).
>
> Here's where it gets interesting for philosophers and warriors of Game alike: While mate guarding may offer some temporary or discrete relationship security, multiple acts of mate guarding will paradoxically increase longer term relationship fragility. The mechanism by which this LTR instability is generated is a status feedback loop; if a man mate guards, his woman will subconsciously evaluate his romantic worth downward because (her sensitive idware will reason) only a beta male would feel the need to mate guard. An alpha male would not; his aloofness would be perceived as proof of his impenetrable high status.

Research has even found a positive association between a man's jizz quality and his indifference to mate guarding.

In another blow against mate guarding as a viable minx management tool, research has shown that "aloof and indifferent" men who create feelings of uncertainty in women are more attractive than clingy men:

> When women think of assholes they don't want to date, they're thinking of caring assholes. The kind of men who are clingy, mate guarding buffoons. The assholes who are loved by women are the men whose jerkitude is implied through emotional distance, cocksureness, outcome independence, and inscrutability.

The Alpha Apex for a man is reached when a woman is so smitten with him that the thought of cheating never even crosses her mind and in fact she spends most of her idle cognition devising ploys to keep other women away from him (and his attention focused solely on her *daily bjs wink wink*).

The Nancyboy Nadir for a male-thing is hit when his woman is given free rein to indulge her slutty cheating heart while he puts limits on his own behavior, fearful of her wrath and rejection should he hold her to the same faithfulness standards he holds himself.

Mate guarding is a behavior associated with men who fall in-between those two extreme states of manhood. It isn't always self-defeating, but it quickly can be if it becomes the primary means to manage a wanton woman. As a general rule:

Alpha men never or rarely mate guard (they don't have to because their women love them too much to risk losing them, but when they do mate guard, obedience is immediate and unquestioned).

Beta males sometimes or frequently mate guard (and when they do, their women are often driven further away by the weak display of desperate possessiveness, but can sometimes be convinced to stay in the relationship with promises of trinkets and marriage).

Omega dregs never or rarely mate guard (it's futile for them as they are in no position to make demands, and the rare times they do mate guard it usually emerges in a clumsy spectacle of inchoate rage that further lowers their already low SMV).

Soyboys (psychologically lower than omegas) actually reverse mate guard — they **mate liberate**, preferring to avoid any conflict that might threaten their relationships (or beta orbiter status) via the warped solution of permitting total sexual freedom for their women while restraining their own sexuality.

Mate guarding is largely the province of sub-alpha men, because men lower on the sexual market hierarchy have to deal with 1. more threats from male competitors and 2. an urge to unfaithfulness from their women. As a preventative against gf or wife cheating or abandonment, these men show signs of loyalty (generously defined) or possessiveness (more realistically defined) as enticement to their women to stick with them. Since women love dem beta bux, these displays of commitment can be persuasive on those women peering at the Wall cresting over the horizon and eager to settle down in post-cock carousel expedience.

Mate guarding can take numerous forms, one of which is the elaborate proposal. If you notice an increase in certain mate guarding behaviors, you are seeing an increase in beta males (as perceived by women) who feel the need to hammer home the message that they'll give everything plus their dignity to assure a woman's fidelity.

The corollary to the mate guarding = alpha LARPing observation is that men can raise their perceived SMV by avoiding conspicuous displays of mate guarding when a woman is likely to expect them. Undermining her expectation of a jealous reaction will create cogdis that encourages subtle but powerful micro-reassessments of her beta boyfriend/hubby, that over the long run raise his value relative to her value.

***

This topic re-arrested me because a study just released seems, at least on the surface, to contradict CH teachings and previous studies examining the relation between mate guarding and men's attractiveness to women.

> Men with higher testosterone levels report being more protective of their romantic relationships

Whoa, hold the phone. Alpha males tend to be higher T, and higher T is associated with more mate guarding. What gives? Delving into the study's details reveals that there is no contradiction.

> "…very little research has examined whether testosterone relates to other forms of mating-relevant competition, such as effort aimed at retaining a mating partner. This includes benefit provisioning (e.g., doing

> nice things for your partner to highlight your commitment to her such as buying gifts, proposing marriage) and cost inflicting (e.g., threatening other men to stay away) acts meant to hold on to exclusive access to one's mate." […]
>
> The researchers collected saliva samples from 108 male undergraduates to measure their testosterone levels and had them complete surveys on mate retention and intrasexual competition. They found there was an indirect relationship between testosterone and mate retention behaviors.
>
> "Our results suggested that there is a modest relationship between testosterone and mate-retention, but that this relationship is not direct in nature. Rather, testosterone predicts holding a more competitive attitude toward members of the same sex (intrasexual competition), and it is this characteristic of intrasexual competitiveness that in turn predicts mate retention," Arnocky told PsyPost.
>
> "Moreover, this relationship seems to be strongest for cost inflicting, rather than benefit provisioning, acts of mate retention."
>
> Examples of cost-inflicting mate retention behavior include things such as limiting a partner's social life by monopolizing her time and **insulting her to make her feel undeserving of the current relationship**.

Teasing and negs are a valuable component of a healthy, committed, and uncucked relationship!

I was right in my suspicions about what this study was really saying. Higher testosterone was associated with "cost-inflicting" mate retention behaviors, i.e., threats against interloper men or psy ops against girlfriends. Psy ops on girls and maneuvering for dominance over other men are alpha male pastimes. Showering women with reassuring PDA, being a shoulder to cry on, expressing devotion, and "benefit provisioning" as mate retention strategies are the lower T beta male options, and in the Darwinian calculus these beta strategies aren't nearly as effective as the "cost-inflicting" alpha strategies for keeping women in love and reproductively loyal.

> "Our study was correlational in its design, and so one cannot make any causal assumptions about whether testosterone influences levels of intrasexual competitiveness or mate retention," Arnocky noted.

Correlation does not equal penetration.

Ted Colt adds,

> if you want to prevent a woman from straying, impregnate her, limit her employment prospects, & surround her with family
>
> it worked for thousands of years

Realtalk. But suffrage happened, and now we live in Vagina World. For modren times (ie the age of careerist shrikes and mass contraception), the best prophylactic against a woman cheating on you is

1. choose wisely and
2. have her fall in love with you

A love of sufficient infatuation is indistinguishable from worship. And no woman will cheat on her god.

***

Women mate guard too. They use sex as their preferred means of mate control.

> Chapter 5, "Green-Eyed Desire: From Guarding a Mate to Trading Up," deals with other economic constraints relating to the human mating market. Women appear to use sex to help guard male mates by keeping them satisfied, reminding men what they stand to lose should they defect—or as many women in the study put it, "keep[ing] his mind off other women."

More sex from women? Sounds great! To gain access to that parallel pooniverse, you have to keep women in a steady state of uncertainty and anxiety.

Leftoid Cognitive Biases: Negative Transference And Psychological Projection

CH · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Two common cognitive biases, negative transference and psychological projection, are evident in most people but especially common in those of the leftoid persuasion. There are also racial differences in vulnerability to each of these ego-assuaging biases, manifesting typically in lower performing and worse-behaving groups who use these coping mechanisms to alleviate or accommodate their feelings of resentment and envy.

Negative transference is a subset of psychological projection. A quick definition:

> Transference is having feelings that seem to be about one person when they're really about someone else. For example, I sometimes think my therapist doesn't want to listen to me. Really it was my mother who didn't listen, and I've transferred those feelings onto my therapist.
>
> Projection is where you think someone else is feeling or behaving in a particular way when actually they're your feelings or behaviour. I find it hard to feel sad or angry about things I tell my therapist, but I imagine him feeling sad or angry – I project my feelings onto him. And sometimes people accuse others of doing things they are in fact doing themselves.
>
> So transference is about the cause of the feelings, and projection is about who you think is feeling them. Does that help? So your therapist would tell by looking at a) the cause of the feelings and b) where you think they're coming from.
>
> If you experience your therapist as being distant when really a parent was distant, that's transference.
>
> If you experience your therapist as being distant when really you're being distant, that's projection.

Negative transference is similar to scapegoating and blame shifting. Basically, person [A] transfers negative feelings he has for person or group [A2] to an innocent third party [B] when person [A] has an affinity for or emotional connection to person or group [A2] and balks at blaming [A2] for his bad feelings.

Psychological projection is when person [A] accuses innocent person or group [B] of poor behavior that person [A] is doing himself, or which person [A]'s associated group [A2] is doing. Projection is also a form of blame shifting.

These two powerful cognitive biases are ego emollients because they shift blame away from a person, or away from a group with whom the person positively identifies, to a resented third party person or group.

Which brings me to this observation:

Just like "White racism" is negative transference by blacks who can't admit it's black dysfunction and criminal violence that bedevils them, "the patriarchy" is negative transference by women who can't admit it's female cattiness, gossip, innuendo, emotional manipulation, and envy of other women's beauty that bedevils them.

In both cases, blacks and women (particularly feminists) also psychologically project their own bad behavior onto resented outgroups (Whites and men, respectively). So they are covering for themselves as well as for the groups to which they belong.

Negative transference and psychological projection explain A LOT of the current hysterics we see from the BLM crowd, the pussyhat bluehairs, and the…..well, you know who.

Thought Experiment: Microcuckings

CH · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Hypothetically, if you were cucked by a man with a micropeen, would you:

This post inspired by:

Your Daily Game: Assume The Sale

CH · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

That's a two-for-one assume the sale payload!

Why work for a woman's love when you can assume she already loves you and sit back in the banging position waiting for her to catch up?

Cuckoldry Red Flags: A Woman's Chosen Career

CH · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

NewYorkerParody stumbles on a good reason to judge a woman by the job she keeps: it could be a warning of future infidelity:

> I think the best possible wife material is a preschool teacher: Cute, employed (but inevitably makes less than you), in a motherly/nurturing career, not surrounded by alpha males, has to get up early, has summers off so she can watch the kids (I.e. no expensive summer camps; you can take family vacations). Contrast this w/ a wife who travels/works in sales.

If this sounds familiar to old-time Chateau readers, it should. From a 2007 CH post "What a girl's job tells you":

> **Elementary School Teacher**
>
> Pure gold. Put this girl on your short list for long term commitment. What's not to love about the elementary school teacher? Cute, thin (it's a workout chasing kids all day), ultra feminine, nurturing, selfless, caring, and most importantly blessedly low maintenance due to the nature of her workplace environment sequestering her from the attentions of men. The best ones teach 1st through 5th grades. Women who supervise daycare are too toddler-focused and will love the kids more than you. You will soon tire of her coo-ing at every baby you both pass by. High school teachers are too stressed out from their job to properly service your manly needs at home. Don't bother with college professors unless you think foreplay is listening to an earful of pomo feminist shrillness.
> Bonus: teachers don't make much money so your financial status will always be higher, guaranteeing a long and healthy relationship.
> *Sexual Satisfaction Rating: 3/4th erection*
> *Long Term Potential Rating: hope diamond (she's not gonna have much opportunity to cheat at work)*

The world is converging on a conventional wisdom that is indistinguishable from Chateau teachings. In a few years, anchors on the locals at 8 will be saying diversity + proximity = war and citing the relevant studies linked at this blog.

It wasn't mentioned in the original CH post on this topic, but a yuge cuckoldry risk red flag is a woman with any kind of job that requires extensive business travel. Any men looking to wife up a faithful companion should steer clear of women with enough frequent flyer miles to EatPraySlut the four corners of the world with swarthers from afar.

You may as well call it United Cucklines.

***

What about men who travel a lot for their jobs? Aren't they risking a cuckolding when they leave their lovers behind to keep home an hearth in wait for their return?

Yes and no. The risk of cuckoldry is higher with traveling women, because they interact with more alpha males on the road than the homebound woman does in her time alone while her man is away on business. Naturally, women can get lonely, and a man who's traveling all the time opens himself to getting cucked by a sneaky fucker loitering back home and whispering emotional lube juice in the romantically starved hausfrau's ear. But in general women's hearts grow fonder for ambitious men who must be on the road a lot….to a point, beyond which the local butcher's eyeplay starts to catch her attention.

Another thing to keep in mind: women in jobs that require a lot of travel are typically low E, high T manjaws

gunning for the brass ring. That is, the type of woman who might not think twice about fucking a co-worker in a flyover Marriott to scratch an itch (or jingle a tingle).

High T-ku

CH · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

muscles credible
deadlift no rounding error
oops extra syllable

throw iron like thor
testosterone-infused brain
now MAGA for good

soybois sneer limply
laugh in their faces, i do
“lol you watch the view!”

sophistic shitlibs
run marathons vote thecunt
chad shits better men

Game Advice For The Masochistic Man

CH · 1 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ted Colt asks for some Game advice to give his son,

> other than fleeing, what advice would you give my son?

He's referring to this scenario:

If a chick sincerely and weirdly said that to your son, and she was cute enough to consider angling for the bangling? He should ask if that pickup line has ever worked for her.

A fledgling womanizer up for the challenge of seducing femcunts-in-training will never go wrong macking these girls using the one-two combo of "assume the sale" and "flip the script" game techniques. Assume she's trying to pick you up, and flip the female chasee-male chaser script. All delivered with a tacitly, pregnantly jerkboy *je ne sais cock*.

These kinds of girls — the screechy parroters of feminist drivel — were never very common, but their numbers have been increasing since The Insanity took over America, so there's a chance your son may come across a girl saying something like this to him, in which case my line above should help him pass her shit test with flying colors and wipe the early onset schoolmarm sneer off her face.

Why I Love President Trump

CH · 1 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This video of an extemporaneous Trump telling it like it is about hot female teachers boffing their male students explains better than a thousand-word essay could why I, along with tens of millions of Americans, hold a deep and profound nohomo love for the man.

> pic.twitter.com/2YN66LpmsJ
>
> — Mel Gibson fan 3 (@MelGibsonFan3) February 28, 2018

I didn't think it possible I could love this man more than I already do.

Everything about this video clip is high T goodness. Trump's facial expressions, his cool under the pressure of a left-field question, the way he looks at the camera and only briefly visually acknowledges the sexy reporter, and of course his answers.

"male students haven't been hurt by [sex with their teachers]" Politihack rating: 100% TRUE

"they're going around bragging about it" Politihack rating: 100% TRUE

"i don't see a lot of damage done" Politihack rating for both the stated and implied assertions: 100% TRUE. Teen boys are psychosexually different than teen girls. A right good fuck with a hot teacher isn't gonna leave lasting emotional scars on a horny young man.

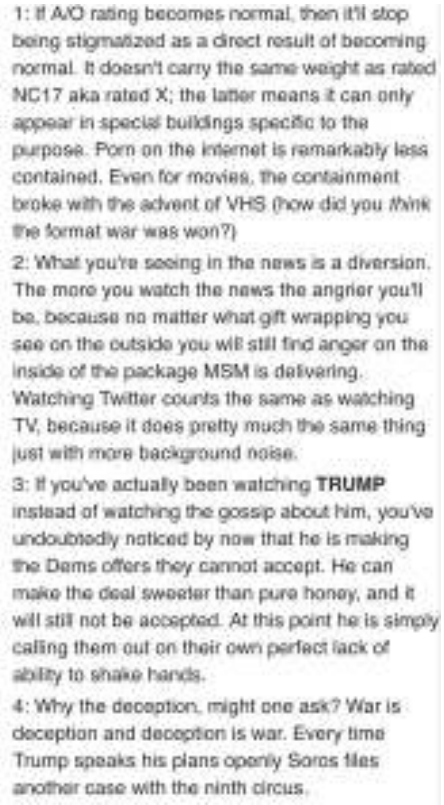
"i would say her husband cannot be happy" Politihack rating: 100% TRUMP

The great irony of our Fake News Agitprop Age is that Trump speaks more raw honest truth in a day than the Left and their cucktrolled opposition have spoken in the last sixty years.

And that's the TRUTH that burns Trump's enemies, and why they are sinking in a morass of their own psychological projection.

***

PS Here's an insight worth reading about Trump's WINNING strategy:


1: If A/O rating becomes normal, then it'll stop being stigmatized as a direct result of becoming normal. It doesn't carry the same weight as rated NC17 aka rated X; the latter means it can only appear in special buildings specific to the purpose. Porn on the internet is remarkably less contained. Even for movies, the containment broke with the advent of VHS (how did you *think* the format war was won?)

2: What you're seeing in the news is a diversion. The more you watch the news the angrier you'll be, because no matter what gift wrapping you see on the outside you will still find anger on the inside of the package MSM is delivering. Watching Twitter counts the same as watching TV, because it does pretty much the same thing just with more background noise.

3: If you've actually been watching **TRUMP** instead of watching the gossip about him, you've undoubtedly noticed by now that he is making the Dems offers they cannot accept. He can make the deal sweeter than pure honey, and it will still not be accepted. At this point he is simply calling them out on their own perfect lack of ability to shake hands.

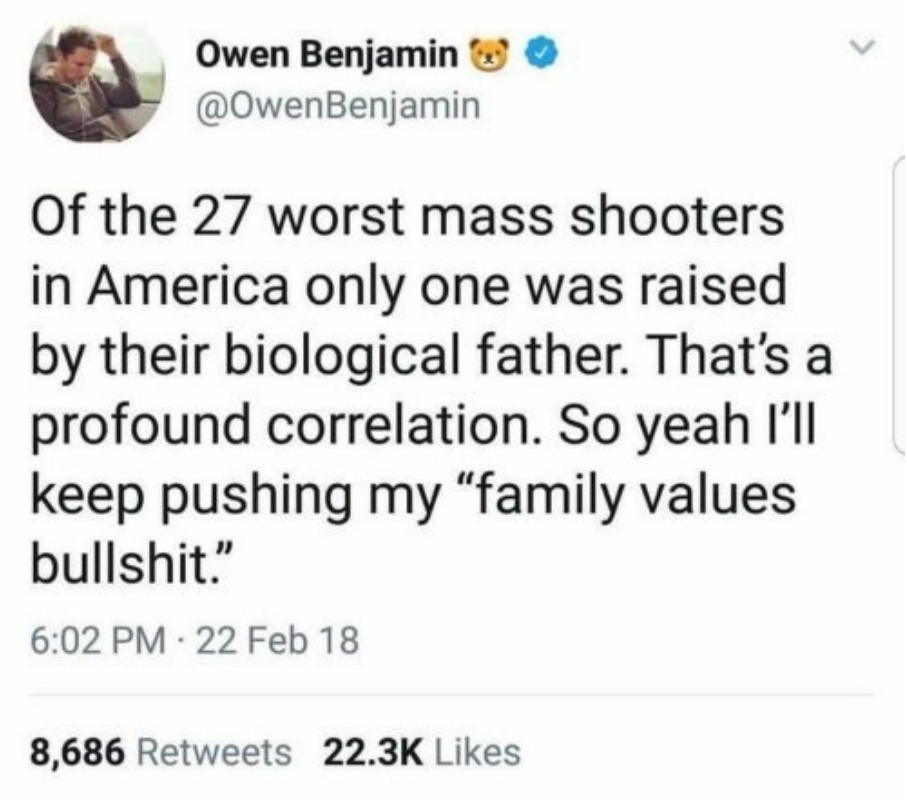
4: Why the deception, might one ask? War is deception and deception is war. Every time Trump speaks his plans openly Soros files another case with the ninth circus.

Black Pillers, chill out. Trump knows what he's doing. He's a master at out-maneuvering and mindfucking the media (and by the associative property, the Democrat Party).

It's why I don't take everything Trump says at face value. I take him seriously, but not literally. He says — in front of cackling hand-rubbing Feinstein — that he wants to ban guns? That's the deception. He lies to his enemies — to America's enemies — and that's a good thing, because the Left plays for keeps. And Trump is the warrior we need to crush the Left.

HateStat Of The Day

CH · 2 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



wew if true.

Single momhood and broken families are the spearhead of the Fuggernaut.

We fight the Fuggernaut by reminding them of their Ugliness and Lies, not by retreating from our Beauty and Truth to help the Fugs feel welcome in our Elysium (which they will destroy in due time).

Large scale, widespread, obtrusive, encompassing, relentless and merciless social shaming of the degenerate freak mafia will make America great again.

Diversity + Proximity = Low Quality Of Life

CH · 2 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Add another hatefact to the Diversity + Proximity = War reference list (liberally forward to your libshit friends for cogdis hilarity!). US News editors compiled a "best state to live" ranking, but unlike previous rankings they gave more weight this go-round to scores in categories that mattered most to people, according to survey answers. (h/t Beeschelhoff)

Consequently, "Quality of Life" scores had more prominence in evaluating state livability. Quality of Life is defined as

> …largely a result of their interactions with those around them," U.S. News writes. "Studies show that when people feel socially supported, they experience greater happiness, as well as physical and mental health."

Careful, veering close to crimethink there. (Someone page Pleasurecel so that he can update his SCALE archives with this latest confirmatory evidence.)

On this basis, the top five states with the highest quality of life were

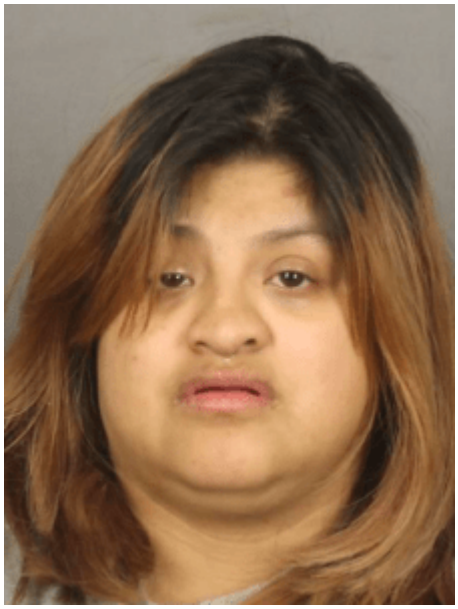
North Dakota
Minnesota
Wisconsin
New Hampshire
South Dakota

The state with the lowest quality of life was California.

Related, the percentage share of Whites in each of those states, as of 2015:

North Dakota: 88.7%
Minnesota: 84.8%
Wisconsin: 86.5%
New Hampshire: 93.7%
South Dakota: 85.0%

California: 61.8%



It’s well-known by now to those who aren’t self-deluding that Diversity™ reduces social trust. The more racially disparate groups crammed together in geographically close quarters, the more miserable, alienated, and socially atomized everyone feels. So it’s predictable that vibrantly diverse Mexifornia would have a shitty quality of life convincing its unhappy (White) residents to flee to other states for relief, while mostly homogeneous states like New Hampshire have a good quality of life and happy residents who feel like they belong to something bigger than their buttplug collection and anime porn.

TRUMPERICA!

CH · 2 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

No hoverhand.

My brah-love for this man expands like a supernova.

Trump has the charisma to unite the PUA-ReadSiege-le56%er-MPC factions of the Maul-Right.

It’s a new day for American Dreamers (previously known as American Deplorables).

ps choke on it, hillary!

Physiognomy Is Real (Wealth)

CH · 2 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Physiognomy is roaring back as a legitimate field of research. Will phrenology soon follow a similar path to realtalk respectability?

We CAN judge a book by its cover. We can tell with a quick glance at a person's face who is prone to criminality, who is stupid or smart, who is a cad or a slut, and who is rich or poor.

> A new study published in the Journal of Personality and Social Psychology posits there's a good chance you can tell if someone is rich or poor just by looking at them.
>
> "The relationship between well-being and social class has been demonstrated by previous research," R. Thora Bjornsdottir, a graduate student at the University of Toronto and co-author of the study, tells CNBC Make It. In general, people with money tend to live happier, less anxious lives compared to those struggling to make ends meet. She and her team demonstrated "that these well-being differences are actually reflected in people's faces."
>
> Bjornsdottir and her co-author, psychology professor Nicholas O. Rule, had undergraduate subjects of various ethnicities look at gray-scale photographs of 80 white males and 80 white females. None showed any tattoos or piercings. Half of the photos were of people who made over $150,000 a year, which they designated as upper class, and the other half were people who made under $35,000, or working class.
>
> When the subjects were asked to guess the class of the people in the photos, they did so correctly 68 percent of the time, significantly higher than random chance.

Surprisingly, researchers co-discovered people can tell which Whites live around blacks; they never look relaxed.

> The effect is "likely due to emotion patterns becoming etched into their faces over time," says Bjornsdottir. The chronic contraction of certain muscles can actually lead to changes in the structure of your face that others can pick up on, even if they aren't aware of it. […]
>
> "Over time, your face comes to permanently reflect and reveal your experiences," Rule told the University of Toronto. "Even when we think we're not expressing something, relics of those emotions are still there."

We age into the face we deserve — a fairly conventional bit of wisdom that has a big kernel of scientific validity. Related, it's the reason why successful womanizers have that "unperturbed and in charge look" which seems to exert a preternatural pull on women, and why incels aging into bottled up, scrunched up, constipated faces push women away, regardless of baseline facial attractiveness. A satiated cad walks into a roomful of Betties pre-radiating a glow of unflappable confidence and libidinal fulfillment, and it's all the women can do to control their curiosity. I.e., the hungry dog is the last to get fed.

CNBC, like most leftoid outfits, chooses to interpret the findings of this Narrative-exploding research with a rhetorical dissembling that would spare their blank slate-committed egos.

"That's a reminder that snap judgments can have real consequences, and contribute to the cycle of poverty" — CNBC, dribbling typical shitlib boilerplate.

Realtruth: "That's a reminder that snap judgments are based on concrete biological cues of human worth, and can contribute to efficiently filtering people for purposes of association."

Physiognomy doesn't *create* poor people, shitlibs. Physiognomy *notices* who is likely to have the inherent characteristics that predispose to poverty.

It's that NOTICING which really bugs shitlibs. They hate that a reality exists that constantly makes mockery of

their antiquated religious orthodoxy.

Your Daily Game: Girls Playing Gotcha

CH · 2 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Theodore asks,

> Game question: What is the best way to respond when a girl asks if she annoys you?

As you probably surmised, this question is a trap. If you answer yes, she "got to you" and you sound a little butthurt. If you answer no, and she really is annoying, you look weak for appeasing her. A teasing evasion is the way to go. I'd answer, "now you do", or "when you ask questions like that, you do". One of my favorite go-to lines for taunting girlquestions like this one is, "You wish". It totally deflates a smarmy beyotch and re-establishes yourself as the dominant banter force.

The other countermove is Agree&Amplify. "Yes, you are the most annoying girl I have ever met. Each second with you is like waterboarding torture. I'm gonna call you Gitmo." Obviously if you're saying this with a wry smile and over-the-top eye rolls, she'll laugh and come back down to earth to meet you human-to-human instead of shit testing theatrical drama queen-to-human.

The Gotcha! Girl trips up many a beta male with her deviously probing questions. The best frame of mind to have for skirting this trap is to dodge her rhetorical charge and make it about her and her insecurities instead of about you qualifying yourself to her. The thrust (heh) of a man's seduction should always be away from qualifying himself and towards qualifying the girl.

Grassroots Donations

CH · 4 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I don't thank my grassroots donors often enough. Like the NRA, and unlike just about every left-wing nonprofit advocacy group, this humble Chateau has lots of individual small donors standing up to the Globohomo behemoth.

So thank you, generous readers, those who have given a lot or a little. (Even you, that one guy who donated $0.69. I see what you did there.) It is appreciated.

Reminder that donations are always welcome, year round, big or small or epically yuge. The donate button is at the right side of the home page of this blog, just under the "where pretty lies perish" part of the banner. Direct link.

As a show of gratitude, there are two large Reader Mailbags scheduled for publication soon, chock full of answers to your pressing pickup and relationship questions. The core mission of this blog is, and has always been, to help men understand, navigate, and succeed in the modren sexual market, and to find and manage their role in a chaotically shifting cultural landscape. Topics can veer wildly here, but the core mission is never forgotten.

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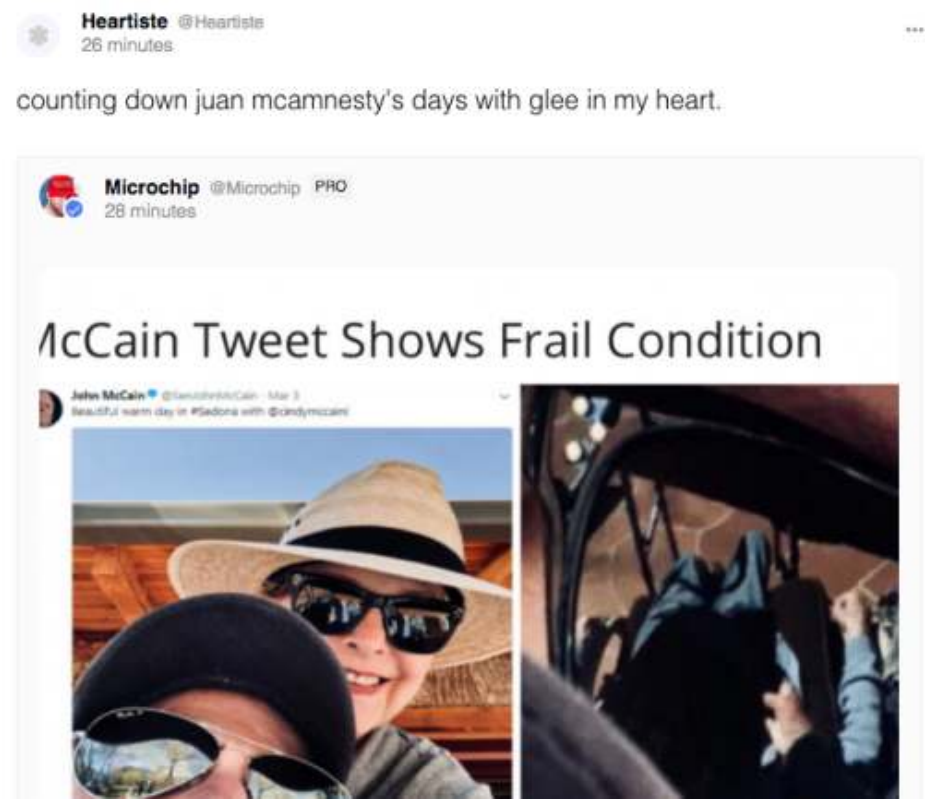

Screenshotted, and on bucket kick watch stand-by, ready to deploy an army of happy dancing Snoopys for the glorious occasion.

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Reminder that the Chateau is a glowing, warm light guiding lost travelers to its doors and holding the encroaching darkness at bay. This encroaching darkness:

The Fake Bravado Of The Gross Skank

CH · 4 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A gross skank brags about cheating on every man she's been with, and pretends it's her preferred career path. It's a classic case of sweet lemons rationalization (the inverse of sour grapes rationalization). She can't get a quality man to commit to her, so she lovelessly fucks around with losers or fly by night cads who have no problem pumping and dumping a sloppy slut for a no muss no fuss easy lay, and then claims it's the perfect lifestyle for her and anyone who will listen. Those LSMV lemons are really sweet! she swears through jizz-stained tears.

> When I talk about my future with my friends, it always includes marriage and children. But I've also cheated on every person I've ever been with.

No man worth marrying is gonna wife up and have kids with a slattern. What man could trust such a bargain bin cum receptacle? Why would any man with something on the ball give a Proud Slut and an incorrigible cheater the blessing of birthing his champions? He'll always wonder if the kids are his. The lowest of loser males might consider it, but that's because they have no other options except incel, and the skank will be reminded daily of her low value as a woman by loserboy's presence in her life.

> People don't refrain from cheating because they're happy with their partners, they refrain from cheating because they're afraid of being caught.

That's not the whole story. Fear of being caught rarely stops a cheater from turning thought into action. The primary reasons monogamous people don't cheat are because 1. they can't (un-tradeable undesirability) and 2. they actually love their lover. Oh, and guilt. Most people feel guilt about cheating on their lovers or spouses. People who putatively don't feel guilt, like Gross Skank, are sociopaths missing a part of their humanity.

Fear of being caught factors prominently into the decision for older married men who have money and holdings they could lose in divorce court, or for stay-at-home moms married to alpha males who aren't apt to "forgive and support" a wife caught cheating.

But Gross Skank has never been in love (sad!) so it's easy for her to cheat on the street curs sniffing around her putrid pussy, and then act as if spreading her diseased jizz trap for these hard-up losers (how much you wanna bet most aren't white?) is some sort of achievement, (it's not an achievement for women….getting a man with options to stick around, now that's an achievement).

> It's easier to get away with than you think

Only if the males she fucks are beta noobs who have little experience with women and can't identify the warning signs of a slut. Or they don't give a shit about her character.

> If you're worried about them seeing you on Tinder, don't be. Ask them why they were on it in the first place.

That non sequitur won't allay their suspicions.

> And if a friend sees you? Say your account is old.

She must have very gullible friends if they believe her unconvincing bullshit.

> There's no easier way to get bored of someone than by dating them.
>
> **And nobody wants to date someone who doesn't have their own life.** Seriously dating someone is similar to

> moving in — you can't just un-move in with someone you're seeing. You're either going to spend the rest of your lives together, or you're going to split. Those are literally the only two options. With decades of time ahead of you, why rush into pushing other people out?
>
> I hope (and assume) you know this by now, but **guys want whoever is least interested in them**. Once you're dating, it's impossible to keep playing hard to get unless you actively work towards making yourself unavailable.

Psychological projection — thinking that others feel the same way one feels — is everywhere in this age of bruised, fragile egos. And women are particularly prone to this cognitive bias, because as a rule women are more solipsistic than are men. When a woman is rejected by a man — rejection for a woman is romantic, not sexual — she is brutally soul-seared by the experience; to protect her ego from imploding to a hamster singularity, she rationalizes the rejection as her failure to be insufficiently man-like, rather than insufficiently woman-like which would be a much harsher indictment on her worth as a woman.

Men don't want whoever is least interested in them. Men want beautiful women who are attentive, feminine, and loving toward them. Women, otoh, *do* desire challenging men who give ambiguous signals of interest for them and who "have their own life". A herpes incubator like Gross Skank who can't get what she wants from high value men — marriage and kids — subverts the reality of differing male and female desires to avoid confronting the obvious cause of her woes: her revolt against ideal femininity.

Not all girls think men are attracted to the same traits that they are attracted to, but most do. And slutty low value girls are the worst afflicted by this psychological deflector shield. The slut who thinks men want what she wants can justify to herself why men don't stick around after porking her without harming her self-conception as a desirable woman.

> In the end, you're going to date a lot of people and you're going to marry almost none of them.

Almost? Sluttery is the triumph of self-delusion over experience.

> But how many of your friends and interests are you going to shelve while placing them first, only to realize you're boring and impossible to date afterwards? You have nothing of your own because everything you had was shared.

Telling. She defines herself by the number of cocks she hoovers. And if she isn't hoovering random cocks and cheating on "boyfriends", she's "boring". This is a woman so empty inside she needs gallons of cum to spackle a veneer on her paint-stripped soul.

Someone should remind her that most emotionally healthy women manage to have their own personalities while being faithfully committed to a man.

> Guys don't want you to sleep with other people because it's the only thing they have that we don't.

That's not it. Men don't want their gfs or wives to sleep with other men because it's disgusting and she could get knocked up, cuckolding him.

> And once you rise above that, they realize they've lost their grip on that leash they thought was so tight.

So very revealing. This is unfiltered man-spite. She's trying to lash out at men because she's been burned so many times by them in her quest to find the love that has eluded her for her whole life.

> I didn't love any of the people I cheated with, and I never went on to date them in the future.

The palimpsestic lament of the unloveable lovelorn.

> But ultimately, they taught me more about myself than any of the guys I called my boyfriend.

Obviously, these “boyfriends” were nothing of the sort, and her naming designation was an exercise in ego assuaging conceit to avoid calling them what they really were: dildo-shaped opioids.

> And as far as the “boyfriends” are concerned, they’ve all slid into my DMs since. Checkmate.

I put “boyfriends” in sneer quotes above to highlight Gross Skank’s essential dishonesty, but here she is one line later putting “boyfriends” in sneer quotes herself, so if she comes by here to wake up on the table and witness her own vivisection she should find herself in complete agreement with what I wrote about her. Checkmate.

Executive summary: Butthurt Caroline Phinney pens the Fake Braggahocio of a lonely hearts club cunt.

***

A reader writes: “the whole article reads like a foolish attempt to project the image that she’s super in demand, which she’s obviously not if you look at her nose. Literally ruined any hope of marriage.”

Yeah, it’s all another version of LOOKATME by a road-worn disposable cumdump. I’m sure all the “boyfriends” she cheated on have shed copious cockodile tears over losing such a prize.

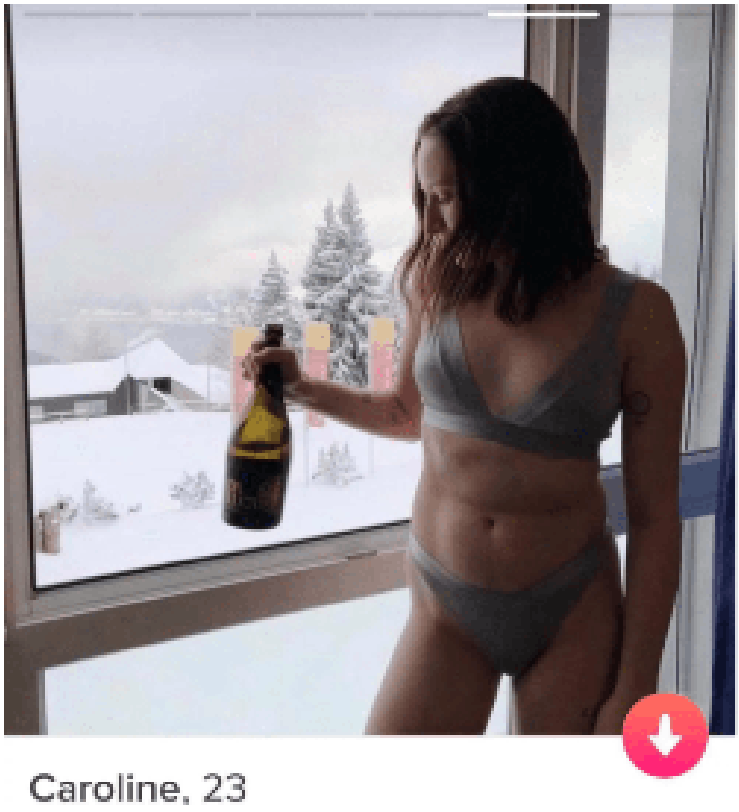
As with all matters issuing from the Degenerate Freak Mafia, their underlying motivation is revealed with a quick glance at their physical form.

Here’s Gross Skank at her absolute best, caked with makeup and saturation lighting:

And here she is the morning after (which explains why her pumpings are always followed by dumpings):

Yeesh. This is all publicly accessible, readers. She wants the world to see this, so who am I to deny her the audience she craves?

Finally, the full body physiognomy:



Manjaw.
Manhips.

Manwaist.

Physiognomy — or more generally, anthroposcopy — is realer than ever.

High T, Low E boy-shaped hole fucknchuck aggrocunt sex piston slurping wine slag from the bottle wants you to know she cheats on every man she's been with and will continue to do so, men really like it despite not a one of them sticking around to show their appreciation, and by the way she dreams of marriage and kids one day, a dream which eludes her, but that's totally unrelated to her decision to shill for skank glorification.

PS Related: Research shows American women are becoming less feminine since the 1970s.

Anti-Male Sex Assault Research Is Discredited

CH · 6 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From (of all places) Real Clear Politics, an essay on David Lisak and the lies about campus rape he pushed onto an eagerly believing academia and equally gullible legal system, to the detriment of American men everywhere.

Discredited Sex Assault Research Infects U.S. Legal System […]

The example discussed here began with a small study by an associate professor at a commuter college in Massachusetts. The 12-page paper describing the study barely created a stir when it was published in 2002. Within a few years, however, the paper's principal author, David Lisak, a University of Massachusetts-Boston psychologist, began making dramatic statements that extrapolated far beyond the study's conclusions. He created, virtually out of whole cloth, a theory that "undetected" serial rapists are responsible for 90 percent of assaults on college campuses, that they premeditate and plan their attacks, and that they are likely to have committed multiple acts of violence.

When speaking on campuses, to the military, and to law enforcement, Lisak started showing a highly disturbing video that he claimed was based on the transcript of an actual interview with a campus rapist to whom Lisak gave the name "Frank." The authenticity of the video has been seriously questioned, raising grave doubts about Lisak's contention that it illustrates the typical campus perpetrator—in his view, an unrepentant sociopath who cannot be reached or educated.A news search for mentions of Lisak finds only a single one prior to 2009, in which he revealingly opined in an urban policy magazine about the Duke lacrosse rape hoax. He was interviewed again by CBS News in November 2009 about non-stranger rapes. He increasingly became the draw at conferences on sexual assault and his calendar filled with campus presentations. The media began to fawn over him […]

As his celebrity grew, the gap between documented facts and his status as an expert became almost inconsequential.

Criticism did eventually catch up to David Lisak. His serial predator model of campus rape has been compellingly debunked by scholarly researchers and well-regarded publications, including investigative articles and a book. His claims regarding the psychology of campus perpetrators were revealed to be based on nonexistent interviews. […]

His assertions, allegedly supported by a study he co-authored in 2010, that false accusations of sexual assault are exceedingly rare, have been shown to violate basic math by counting as true cases that didn't qualify as sexual assault, had insufficient evidence to make a determination, or were referred for prosecution but about which the outcome was unknown.

As for Lisak's vague statements about having interviewed "hundreds" of serial rapists (occasionally styled as "thousands" when others talk about him), in truth no evidence exists that Lisak has interviewed any "undetected rapists," serial or otherwise, since his dissertation research 30 years ago.

Feminism, of the femcunt or mangina variety, causes real pain and extracts real tribute from innocent men. It's essentially blackmail of men, a ransom on normal healthy masculinity. Feministism is a blight on the country and should be taken seriously as a wicked ideology which destroys lives, communities, and whole nations.

Unfortunately, our "elites" and our institutions in which we have placed our trust lap up the lies of feminism and beg for more of that man-hating vitriol:

> Yet all of these devastating exposés have barely dented Lisak's popularity. […]
>
> Were the damage wrought by David Lisak's popularity confined to his college-circuit road show, there might be some hope that his toxic influence would be worn down by the critical thinking ostensibly prized by the academy.
>
> Instead, that has not happened. The list of invited presentations, workshops, and media appearances in which he has hawked his unsubstantiated theories runs an additional 40 pages on his curriculum vitae. Among the most worrisome aspects of Lisak's presentations and workshops is how they appear to be gaining influence

> among professionals close to the investigation and adjudication of sexual assault. His debunked serial predator theory and wildly extrapolated statistics on the false-accusation rate form the core of the training materials he has developed—and in some cases sold to law enforcement, prosecutors, judges, and the military.

Read on, it gets worse. The System is utterly and totally rigged against men.

> Most troubling of all, Lisak's material is being codified in law enforcement policies, legal precedents, and judicial guidelines at the local, state, and federal levels.
>
> The Sexual Offense Bench Guide for judges in the state of Washington, for example, draws liberally from Lisak's 2008 publication "Understanding the Predatory Nature of Sexual Violence." His claims have been similarly incorporated into New Mexico's Sexual Assault Bench Book, the Tribal Court Judges Bench Book on sexual assault, the Missoula County Attorney's Office Policy and Procedure Manual, the Pennsylvania Crimes of Sexual Violence Benchbook, New York State's Judicial Symposium, Wisconsin's Prosecutor's Sexual Assault Reference Book, and the Judge Advocate General Corps Criminal Law Desk Book.
>
> The relationship between prosecutors, judges and the juries who will ultimately arrive at verdicts in criminal trials is further tainted by recommendations that prosecutors and judges incorporate into the jury selection process: namely, Lisak's claim that false accusations are rare and his unsupported theory about serial offenses.
>
> JAG guidelines for prosecutors, for example, advise that "myths" about the frequency of false reports be challenged "directly, in voir dire and in argument." Prospective jurors whose information does not align with the (inaccurate) information provided in guidelines influenced by Lisak could then be dismissed and/or a seated jury could be told of the supposedly "true" facts.

Ignoramous snarkmouths mock anti-feminism as "male whining", but flesh and blood innocent men are being chewed up and their livelihoods destroyed by this lying spiteful institutionalized femcuntery that has polluted our legal system:

> A judge in Montana, for example, denied a request to have a case dismissed on the grounds of a Missoula police department requiring officers to presume the guilt of the accused when investigating sexual assault. The judge stated that she based her ruling on Lisak's (baseless, and thus misleading) testimony about the low rate of false reports. When such decisions are made, when presumptions of guilt are part of the training of judges and prosecutors, or reflected in jury instructions, innocent defendants are put in harm's way.

No institution is immune from the feminist gelding project. The media are bullhorns for every crackpot man-hating feminist or mangina claim that lands in their Faceborg feeds:

> Even those ostensibly in the business of impartial news coverage have been tainted by their own guidelines, as when the media have been fed the same misinformation, masquerading as insight. Their contribution to the problem is further amplified when they are further advised not to use the phrase "rape allegation" because "allegation is not a neutral term and strongly implies doubt," and they fail to see that the alternative suggested—"reported rape"—implies an act that has, indeed, happened, distinguished only by the fact that it is on record.

The authors of this piece ask:

> Where does that leave those for whom accuracy, integrity, and truth matter?

Crushed underneath the jackboot of the Anti-White Male Narrative enforcers.

> This is not an easy assignment, but the use of good lawyering to dismantle bad “research” can be powerful, and good courtroom theater as well. When faced with a Lisakian claim that “only 6 percent of rape allegations are false,” the defense attorney can ask what percent, then, are true? David Lisak himself would have great trouble answering that question without being exposed as a statistical manipulator, because his writings have never even addressed it. Rather, he has used misleading language to imply that almost all rape accusations have been proven true. Indeed, a good defense lawyer could fairly ask: “Isn’t it a fact, Mr. Lisak, that the number of rape accusations that have been proven false may well be larger than the number that have been proven true?”

Reminder that false rape accusations may be as high as 40-50% of total rape cases.

Women lie. Women especially lie about matters concerning sex. Shitlibs and tradcons need to deal with this fact of womanhood, and stop pretending belief in the Princess Proposition.

> Lisak’s claims are wrong and the experts who tout them are vulnerable when asked direct questions. **The discrediting of Lisak must become part of the court record**, in case after case, before the far more difficult task of correcting the effects of his bogus claims on criminal justice policies can be accomplished.

The Truth won’t be denied forever. It will out, one way or another. And helping the Truth out will be the re-introduction of lots of Based White Gentile Men into the legal profession. More White Gentile shitlord lawyers will put these laywercunts and their greasy society-subverting (((accomplices))) under the microscope, their biases and agenda revealed for the world to mock, their malfeasance exposed, and themselves along with their standing army of Fake Social Scientists punished with extreme prejudice.

> The focus here has been on one particular—and particularly problematic—conveyer of misinformation. David Lisak’s high profile and willingness to depart from even his own published papers in service of an agenda makes him the embodiment of the attack on due process. But Lisak is not alone. He has recently been joined by other “experts” straying even further afield from verifiable data and often in direct contradiction of known science.

The Fuggeraut feels no guilt. The Hate Machine feels no empathy. Fuggernaut and the Hate Machine will only stop when they are stopped by a more powerful force wielding a more powerful weapon: The truth.

> The difficulty of fighting the toxic distribution of misrepresentation and statistical sleight-of-hand is partially a function of high-profile purveyors and enablers.

sand-sophists

> The codification of myths in law enforcement procedures; in the training of prosecutors and judges; and in policy at the town, county, state, and federal levels all but guarantees insidious and continuous regeneration.

There is a great deal of ruin in a nation, and there is a great deal of effort required to repair a ruined nation.

> The roadmap such myths provide is wrong but concrete, offering up sociopathic villains in place of a continuum of offenders, permission to presume guilt in the absence of evidence, and a philosophy that accusers not only don’t lie but are never mistaken.

A lot of this man-hating false rape fabulism witch hunting is motivated by an ego-preserving shitlib urge to avoid confronting the elephant in the room: the massively disproportionate rate of black-on-white rape. The Lying Lisaks of the world give white feminists and their mangina lickspittles an excuse to avert their eyes and level their

redirected rage against the object of their desire and envy: White Gentile Men.

Shut It Down!

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Truth & Beauty are breaching The Fuggernaut's perimeter defenses. You can tell this is happening because The Fuggernaut has, perhaps hastily, resorted to coordinated censorship of dissidents. The Keepers of the Globohomo Orthodoxy have mowed down innumerable thought criminals on Faceborg, Goolag, Twatter, and Fapple, and now they're turning their silencing superweapon against Alt-Tech.

> By Rabbi Abraham Cooper […]
>
> –The Alt Tech phenomenon is gaining traction. Extremists in the Alt-Right movement reject the rules laid out by social media companies and others to curb online hate. As a result, they increasingly use platforms where there are few if any rules and, when necessary, start their own online funding efforts. Taking their inspiration from far-right gains in Europe, the U.S.-based extremists are recasting neo-Nazism, xenophobia, Anti-Semitism and white supremacism with a new vocabulary (e.g. "It's OK to Be White," "Stop White Genocide"). An entire subculture of hate is taking shape online ranging from Pepe the Frog's icon to gaming apps to t-shirts—all using insiders' vocabulary.

When your enemy has lost the argument in the arena of ideas, but refuses to cede power or admit defeat, then he will, while power is still in his hands, silence, censor, suppress, slander, gaslight, and blacklist you and anyone remotely associated with you. It's what psychopathic neurotics do when things don't go their way and their vision of a Globalist Market Bazaar in every small town is thwarted by the common man. If they can't beat a foe's ideas, they'll beat the foe into submission.

This is where the West is at today, and the potential for the current stand-off to get a lot worse is at least as great as the potential for it to resolve peacefully and to the benefit of Heritage America.

But an uprising is coming. A Z which haunts their Zzzzs. And they know. It's why they're desperate to SHUT IT DOWN, while the shutting down's good.

> Over the course of this time, we've witnessed a frightening evolution in the sophistication of the tools they use and professionalism by which they go about their work. Today, we're on the verge of a tipping point.

"tipping point" = "our decades-long curated Lies are about to be exposed"

> The post-millennial Generation Z has grown up with a smartphone in its hands and is reaching adulthood with an unprecedented ability to organize, fundraise, and, if so inclined, to create hateful content and distribute it through fragmented, but interconnected media channels.

Translation: Unmonitored free speech is a threat to our democracy.

> Here are the principal 2018 takeaways, all tying back to the common theme that we are dealing with more agile and increasingly capable adversaries:

Adversaries = White Gentiles. The mask has slipped so far down the face it's like one of those comedy skits where the light suddenly goes on while a shadowed anonymous person is being interviewed.

> Here is the good news: While far from perfect, most major social media providers, led by Facebook, are removing hate and terror postings.

These types never, ever learn the age-old lesson: they can censor the Truth and ostracize Truespeakers all they want, but the Truth never stays subdued for long. The Truth's dominion is encompassing and irrepressible. If you strike down ten of us today, a hundred more will rise tomorrow, angrier and more vengeful than the martyrs they followed. Each iteration of censorship by the ruling elite begets a bigger army of the censored.

So we're at a crossroads, anticipating the beleaguered elite's next move. It's in this time, cornered and stuck like pigs, that the elite are most dangerous. Oppress soldiers of the pen now, prepare for soldiers of the sword later. They censor and humiliate us with Fake Support for their nation-crushing agenda, and now they even jail us for speaking impolitely about essential differences between the sexes and races, and for daring to confront the corrupt authority in which so much faith has been lost. They've instituted their nuclear option all over the West, hoping to contain the stifled majorities that have experienced at long last the exhilaration of free thought unchained from the Globohomo Narrative.

It's too late for them. All it takes is the tiniest morsel of mental and psychological freedom to shun the padded cell of soothing globalist boilerplate. There's no going back, and attempts by the discourse gatekeepers to rewind the clock will fail, miserably, utterly, and, if they push it, spectacularly.

The Homestead Analogy Of America

CH · 6 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

America used to be a Small House-Big Lot country.

America then became a Big House-Small Lot pseudo-country.

And She is on her way to becoming a Small Living Quarter-No Lot post-country.

Thanks, Globalist Scum, for turning American into a real life human version of Calhoun's rat dystopia experiments!

***

In heartening news: when young White men are ready to fight, the world will shake.

PS De-urbanization should be a major plank of the Maul-Right. Crass, mass urbanization is intimately tied up with national decline. To save America, we must spin off Americans from the centripetal pull of the urban soymachine.

***

From RedPillofHergest:

> Went with friends to a top ranked ski resort in New England for an over-priced (white-priced ?) weekend. At lunch we observed an extended family nearby. The brothers obviously worked out, looked to be late 20s or early 30s, both married to slender, blonde, attractive women. Each had 2 kids. There were 3 boys and girl, aged probably 4-8. One of the dads gave them a $5 and they wriggled past the crowd near the door waiting to be seated, through the packed restaurant, right along the bar, to the door in back that led down the hall to the arcade. A few minutes later we laughed as the little girl, all flowing long hair and batting eyelids asked for more quarters. One woman in our group said, "those boys aren't dumb! Send the girl to hit him up." And dad poked back at his daughter with "you guys went through 20 quarters already?!", hesitating until she leaned in with a "puh-leeeeez?" before coughing up another $5. And off she went alone through the gauntlet of adults, out of sight in an instant. I looked to a 16 year old boy in our group and said, "what do you make of that? Those little kids going off like that and nobody is worried about them?" He replied, "so? I used to do the same thing here," And then I hit him with, "You know why parents let their kids do it? Because this is a homogenous environment. Everybody operates the same way. If there were any freak that might hurt a kid, he would stand out in this crowd, and people would put a stop to it." His eyes started scanning the crowd. "Now", I finished, "imagine if you're entire country was like that !"

sigh Heavenly thoughts.

“...to ourselves and our Posterity”

CH · 6 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ugly Truth Of The Day

CH · 7 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

When a woman cheats, odds are she'll fuck the man with whom she cheats harder, longer, deeper than she has ever fucked her husband or boyfriend.

tclifford adds a relevant quote:

> From Anthony Powell's *A Writer's Notebook*: "Being unfaithful to a woman gives a man rather tender feelings about her, but a woman usually hates a man when she is being unfaithful to him."

It's true because men have a harem mentality and a sexual appetite that can be easily divorced from emotional feelings, while women have a "be part of an alpha male's harem" mentality and a sexual appetite that cannot be easily divorced from emotional feelings. It's why a man can cheat on a perfectly loving partner, while a woman often resents and despises the partner who (she rationalizes) pushes her into cheating on him to seek the love she needs.

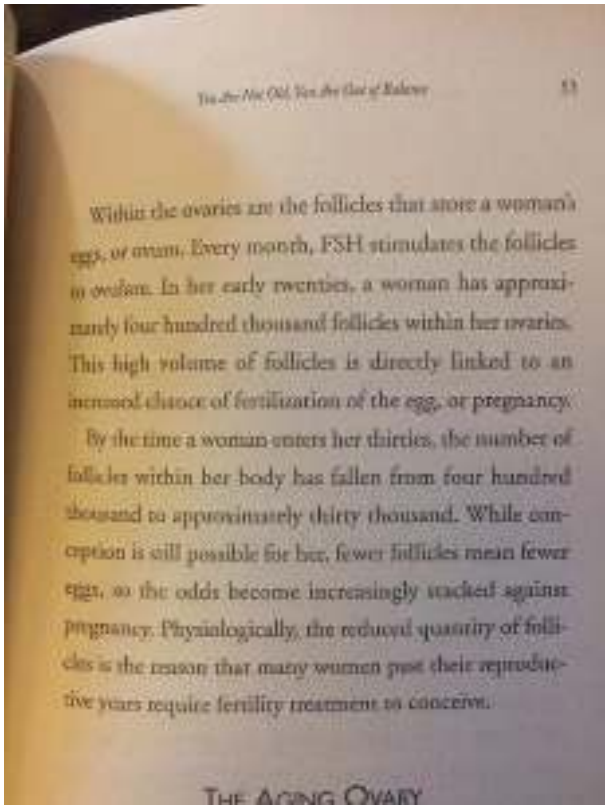
Bonus UTotD:

"Unwanted sexual advance" is an oxymoron. How's a man supposed to know he's sexually unwanted if he doesn't advance? The advancing is necessary to find out if it's unwanted. PoundMeToo

Female Fertility, Like Female Beauty, Is Fleeting

CH · 7 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Read this, and marvel at Nature's mischief in blessing women with durable egos tragically misaligned with the reality of their ephemeral eggs.



You Are Not Old, You Are Out of Balance 53

Within the ovaries are the follicles that store a woman's eggs, or ovum. Every month, FSH stimulates the follicles to ovulate. In her early twenties, a woman has approximately four hundred thousand follicles within her ovaries. This high volume of follicles is directly linked to an increased chance of fertilization of the egg, or pregnancy.

By the time a woman enters her thirties, the number of follicles within her body has fallen from four hundred thousand to approximately thirty thousand. While conception is still possible for her, fewer follicles mean fewer eggs, so the odds become increasingly stacked against pregnancy. Physiologically, the reduced quantity of follicles is the reason that many women past their reproductive years require fertility treatment to conceive.

THE AGING OVARY

A woman in her early 20s — 400,000 follicles.

Ten years later — 30,000 follicles.

7.5% of her original supply, or a drop of 92.5% in ten years.

In Darwinian terms, the romantic worth of a woman in her early 30s goes down by 93% from her worth in her early 20s.

Hm.

For comparison purposes, here are some choice excerpts pulled from the archived wisdom of Chateau Heartiste, on the subject of women's age and SMV:

> A 40-year-old woman is worth (sexually) half of a 30-year-old woman, who is worth half of a 20-year-old vixen. These incontestable facts about the nature of the sexual market matter, and matter in big ways, to women's romantic fortunes. (Link)
>
> ***

> Men, no matter what age they are, converge on a female attractiveness ideal. And that ideal is a 20-year-old tart. A college bro and a middle-aged suburban domesticate want to screw the same dewy susie. Oh sure, the older married guy will never admit it in polite aka judgmental company, but you can bet he's feeling it. Remember that, you older wives. And keep your hubbies away from cheerleader practices and college orientations. (Link)

> ***
>
> Past age 20, women begin the retreat from their maximum potential beauty. The fade is slow at first (as reflected in the less precipitous drop of the right side of the beauty curve), and this initially slow deterioration gives women a five to ten year graceless period to hone their self-delusion skills. “I’ll find a great guy when I’m 30!” CH: “No you won’t. You’ll settle for less, and your gogrrl friends will lie to you about this fact.”
>
> By age 30, a woman is down to about 85% of her previous beauty high. At this stage of the game, she can no longer deny the tribute her skin and sag have paid to the überpatriarch, Father Time. It might not be evident yet under winter clothes, but it sure is the morning after twixt the bedsheets.
>
> Now the decline accelerates in earnest. Age 35: 60% of former glory. Age 40: 40% of former glory (equivalent to her incipient preteen beauty buds). Age 50: 10%. For the typical woman, the Wall — the age at which she becomes sexually worthless to any man who isn’t legally obligated to assuage her fears — strikes sometime in her mid-50s. Almost no women beyond age 60 are capable of inciting genuine boners in any (white or asian) man. (Link)

> ***
>
> If you are a woman, this test will measure your dating market value. The higher the number, the better quality man you can catch. The lower the number, the more likely you will find yourself surrounded by cats. Unlike the male version of this test, here I have added a sliding scale to some of the questions because this better reflects the outsized importance that certain factors have on a woman’s total sexual value.
>
> Guys, you may take this quiz for your girlfriends or wives to see if you have settled for tepid sex once a week or if you always get hard looking at her and never forget her birthday.
>
> **1. How old are you?**
>
> 15 to 16 years old: +5 points
> 17 to 20 years old: +10 points
> 21 to 25 years old: +8 points
> 26 to 29 years old: +3 point
> 30 to 33 years old: 0 points
> 33 to 36 years old: -1 point
> 37 to 40 years old: -5 points
> 41 to 45 years old: -8 points
> 46 to 49 years old: -10 points
> over 49: you’ve hit the wall. waysa? (Link)

A women’s remaining eggs and her remaining sexual worth roughly correspond. A decrease in Inner Eggs accompanies a nearly equivalent decrease in Outer Beauty.

What a funny coinkydink.

You got ten, maybe fifteen, good years, lasses.

DON’T

FUCK

IT

UP

(literally)

The fatherly advice youze poppas oughta be giving yer fairer sprog, but won’t because yer betapussies.

“Wahmen”

CH · 7 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

pewdiepie most based Swede.

This post sponsored by the PoundMeToo movement, dedicated to removing all accountability from starfuckers and blaming White men for the actions of (((white))) men.

Celebrating International Women's Day: The Perfect Ass

CH · 8 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Gaily skipping along, was a mischievous sneak, on this joyous International Women's Day, when a fortuitous Assening occurred and the firmament poured forth a perfectly formed testament to the sacrifices and contributions women have made to international internationality. To honor and celebrate ARE WAHMEN, beings of pure light and goodness beholden to no law of reason or accountability, I present…the perfect ass.

(note: photo may or may not have been taken on International Women's Day)

Is this a stalker-ish snap of a random hottie's pert derriere? You bet! But a wise shitlord once said, "what good does it do a man to publicly splash the squeezable asses of his sexy intimates, when his trouser eye can spy the fine behind of a stand-in twin who tweren't the wiser for it?" Ergo: Ass memorialized.

Women will receive a lot of vapid encomiums and treacly today from mangina suckups, and they will politely thank their coterie of fluffers with appreciative emojis, but I guarantee the chickadee in this pic, if she were to stumble across the Chateau's shrine to her behind, this pasture of assture, would be far more flattered than if she were to get yet another #heforshe hashtag shout-out from a thirsty beta.

We here at the Chateau have a motto: Asstags before hashtags.

On a more serious topic, what makes the perfect ass? Allow me.

It must sit atop slender legs (preferably long, but short can work in a pinch (heh))

It must emerge like a lava dome from a lovely swayback.

And anchored to a lithe upper body.

Steered by a pretty face (preferably White, but swarth can work in a pinch (heh)).

It is round, and firm, and unblemished by cellulite or spots.

It is framed with exquisite attention to detail and form, erupting from a waist 0.7 times the width of her hips, filling out a space in three dimensions, the fleshy width no wider than the structural hips, the height approximately 2/3rds the width, the depth (protrusion) from the pelvic wall approximately 2/3rds the height. Aka the Pooper Apportion.

Finally, the crack is symmetrical and modestly pruned, ending below the back dimples, and nestling within incomparable delights.

What the Perfect Ass is not:

Fat

Gross

Extra wide

Flat

Pocked

Droopy

Steatopygous.

On that last trait, a definition:

> Steatopygia is a high degree of fat accumulation in and around the buttocks.
>
> The deposit of fat is not confined to the buttock regions, but extends to the outside and front of the thighs, forming a thick layer reaching sometimes to the knee.
>
> This is a widespread genetic trait of the Khoisan (more commonly known as Bushmen). […]
>
> Steatopygia is often accompanied by the formation of elongated labia (labia minora may extend as much as 4 inches (10 cm) (!) outside the vulva).
>
> Look how a Boer in the XVIII the century describes this trait:
>
> "The lining of the body appears to be loose, so that in certain places part of it dangles out. They have to themselves this peculiarity from other races that most of them possess finger-shaped appendages, always double, hanging down from the private parts; these are evidently nymphae (labia minora)."
>
> James Cook, the famous British navigator, noted in 1771, while passing by Cape colony:
>
> "The great question among natural historians, whether the women of this country have or have not that fleshy flap or apron which has been called the Sinus pudoris. The most recent testimony of travellers commands us to put the cutaneous ventrale of female Hottentots in the same category as the human tail, and in like manner to relegate it to the fables." […]
>
> It seems that steatopygia in both sexes was common in early types of Homo sapiens.

Come for the perfect ass (heh), stay for the accidental realtalk.

PS A science-y word to describe the perfect White woman ass is callipygian {adj, "having well-shaped buttocks"}.

Internet Bill Of Rights

CH · 8 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The new robber barons are the Silicon Valley technopoly overlords. Today's Standard Oil and Ma Bell are Goolag, Faceborg, Twatter, and Fapple. These anti-American pro-censorship leftoid behemoths must either be broken up or regulated as common carrier utilities.

To that end, everyone reading here must go right now and sign the Internet Bill of Rights petition to Congress and the White House requesting they ACT NOW to stop the menace of the Big Four and their fully converged subsidiaries like YouTube and PayPal. (h/t Steve Silver)

> Internet forums and social networks which provide free access to the public are a digital place of assembly, and individuals using such methods for public communication should not be subjected to censorship due to political beliefs or differing ideas. Conservative voices on many large public website platforms are being censored, based solely on a differing opinion. Some of these platforms further employ tracking mechanisms for monitoring an individual's digital history, which can be used to censor the individual's public communication through various censorship practices, sometimes without knowledge or awareness. These actions directly violate personal liberty and stand at contrast with the bill of rights.
>
> We the people demand action to bring our digital future into the light.

We will make our dissident voices heard.

Photo Of The Century

CH · 8 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Danegeld

CH · 9 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> The abuse teachers go through! This is sickening. pic.twitter.com/xAQiZNJrpL
>
> — Ruslan (@Retarded_Ape) March 8, 2018

This is why even hardcore virtue signaling shitlibs sweat bullets and pay through the nose trying to get their shitliblings into White school districts.

EVERYONE KNOWS

EVERYONE LIES

DOUBLESPEAK IS OUR STRENGTH

***

GeneS writes about his experience with Diversity™,

> Good Lord, that's nothing. I taught in a High School in a well-known suburb east of Cleveland, Ohio for over twenty years and watched the school gradually shift from white to majority black as the years went by. You would NOT believe the stuff I saw and lived through. I found shit on the bathroom walls, dealt with assaults (even rapes!) during the school day, found the hallways packed with screaming animals every 50 minutes all day every day, heard "F### You!" And "N####R!" screeched hundreds of times a week, passed by one chaotic classroom after another as I walked through the school, shook my head over the mindless destruction of school property, hopelessly tried to teach mathematics to students who could not read and who could not reason, ran toward fights in the halls which immediately escalated every time into the most horrific scenes out of darkest Africa, comforted broken white teachers who were sobbing in the staff lounge…. it was a nightmare that never ended. I was paid very well, so I hung in there and finally earned my retirement, but it scarred my soul for sure. I came to the district a starry-eyed liberal and left 23 years later an extremely hardened race realist. Make no mistake, negroes are NOTHING like the rest of us.

The worst part of red pill awareness is realizing that our overlords shoving Diversity down our throats KNOW FULL WELL the miseries they are imposing on America. And they don't care….

….or it's part of their plan.

Neocons, Free Trade, Open Borders (Choose Any Three)

CH · 9 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ted Colt notices,

> One needn't look further than a Wikipedia article describing NeoConservative history to comprehend the connection between neocons & free trade
>
> https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Neoconservatism
>
> EVERY! FUCKING! TIME!
>
> If your Alt-Right brand isn't "anti-semitic" then you're not alt-right

I prefer the more accurate term of art "countersemitic". (The ADL, unsurprisingly, does not.) We are countering the malicious agenda of a hostile minority intent on drowning us in foreign invaders, trite consumerism, backbreaking debt, endless interventionist wars, and basically anything that destroys the historical and cultural bonds of the majority's community, neighborhood, town, and nation.

Free Trade is practically a euphemism for Open Borders. The underlying motivation of the neocons and their useful signalers is One World Deracination. Neocon Globalists love free trade because they love open borders, cheap dispensable labor, and a terrorformed society that restricts the ability of Whites to act as a bloc and petition for their own interests. Arguing from the relatively benign premise of free trade allows the shift to "free movement of labor" rhetoric, which is the real goal of the Nation Wreckers.

Most fortunately for the Nation Saviors, "free trade" has become justifiably saddled with negative connotations, so this neocon sleight of rhetoric no longer works as well as it once did (there are still GOPe cuck hold-outs, but they'll bend the knee to Trumpism in due time). Tariffs, for example, are immensely popular, and support cuts across voter demos. The latest poll has 80% of Americans supporting Trump's tariffs.

Neocon Globalists pull more than their weight, but they aren't acting alone. The universalist strain runs deep in neoliberal Gentile Whites.

Ovidiu Stoica notices,

> It is a continuation of the liberal project of modernity which started in the 18th century but got trapped inside the national state because of nationalism. The goal is universal individualism and contractual only relations between individuals- no non-commercial (not chosen) community ties&bonds which would limit the individual.

Pure transactionalism is, ironically, dehumanizing of the individual, because we didn't evolve in a social vacuum. There are those who would like us atomized and vacuum-sealed, but they don't have the majority's interests at heart, so it's smart to dismiss their agitations as the effluvium of tribal spite, and to stop pretending they are worth heeding and that they know what's best for us.

Twinkie notices,

> I think Amy Chua is right in one way – the condition she describes may be objectively true. But she is wrong in another way. Some groups (e.g. Jews, blacks) could never be the majority and, yet, for some reason appear to harbor an irrational hostility toward the existing majority. Therefore, given the choice between living under that majority comfortably and stably or Balkanizing the society so their relative power improves vis-à-vis that majority, despite the increase in general instability, they seem to favor policies that lead to the latter.
>
> For me, not only is the dominant Angl0-American culture (and the native white majority that enables it)

> appealing and desirable, it is also objectively beneficial for non- and part-whites who live in it, so it's also in the interests of non-whites to want to maintain the native white majority.
>
> So I find the political behaviors of these groups irrational, short-sighted, and quite incomprehensible.

Why? is a great question, and "social status striving" left to stew in a cauldron of envy and in-group favoritism is the answer. Status striving to feed an insatiable ego is a powerful force, powerful enough in some successful but implacably resentful minority groups to convince them to destroy the country they live in to spite the majority. As well, this particular group (and others who have evolved a similar temperament) may be better able to handle the societal instability their spite creates, and so for them the increase in their relative power vis-à-vis the shrinking majority is worth the comparatively smaller decrease in their well-being caused by the consequences of their monstrous Babelic creation.

PS Svigor has a great comment on this important topic. His other comments in that thread are worth reading, too (the same can't be said for Fred Reed's post which inspired Svigor's thrashing of him).

***

Commenter Watson notices,

> "It's Okay to be White"
>
> "My Borders, My Choice"
>
> We should have one for trade. Maybe, "Don't Trade Away our Wealth". Or something else.
>
> Even AFL-CIO gave a statement strongly in favor of Trump's tariffs. Imagine that, a liberal-dominated institution strongly favoring a Trump policy:
>
> ""For years, we have called attention to the predatory practices of some steel exporting countries. Such practices hurt working people and cheat companies that produce in the U.S. We applaud the administration's efforts today to fix this problem."
>
> "Some steel exporting countries."
>
> Context: China produces 53% of the world's aluminum and 49% of the world's steel. (There was a time when most of the world's aluminum came from Rhodesia, before that nation was destroyed.) Is half the world's steel located in China? Of course not, it's spread across the world. But their government finances the mining so they can dump prices in order to bankrupt Western steel producers. And they cut costs to a level where they every year have mines caving in and killing people.
>
> AFL-CIO knows this. Everyone knows this. Politicians who pretend not to know are simply traitors, and that's not an exaggeration.
>
> There's a nationalist issue here aside from saving business for economic reasons. And that's this: Control of production = control of policy. Example: Nations are afraid of officially recognizing that Taiwan is a country because they don't want to lose trade with China.
>
> China knows that production is power, so they demand that those who export to China have to build factories … in China. Where they are easily controlled in future confrontations. (And also give jobs to Chinese.) How about we demand the same? "No, that would be a blow against free trade! Except when China does it!"
>
> For liberals and cuckservatives who want to oppose Trump, this tariff policy would be a very foolish hill to die on. It's much like the Black players who refuse to stand for the flag: Trump identified an issue where he can win easily.

Control production, control policy. That should be a go-to Maul-Right meme. And Watson is right; the preponderance of our ruling elite are traitors, in the very traditional sense of the word and with all that it

retributively implies.

Commenter meistergedanken's friend notices,

> A friend of mine wrote on FB:
> "I already pay thousands of dollars more to live in the suburbs instead of the pleasantly-scaled, walkable mill town nearby. Why? Because the mill that supported the town closed after NAFTA and is now a dangerous slum. I pay more in gas and vehicle wear-and-tear because I can't walk to anything. I drive all around town for work, groceries, hardware, church, and school. Utility upkeep–including roads, sewers, electrical, cable, etc.–costs more because the supply lines are spread over hundreds more acres of sprawl.
>
> I pay more in taxes because people on the lower end of the intelligence distribution curve no longer have a source of stable, adequate employment. The schools require more resources to manage malnourished and emotionally damaged children from broken homes–well, that comes out of my property tax too. I give more time and money to local charity to help my community cope with waves of drug addiction and homelessness. I'm told that this endless, crushing social illness affecting every corner of American society is just part of the price we pay for living in a global economy.
>
> That it's all part of the price of "free" trade.
>
> So I've always wondered what, then, is the price of protectionism? Surely if I'm willing to pay all this just to keep my shelves lined with unlimited Chinese plastic, the cost of tariffs must be truly backbreaking.
>
> Wait, what? It's three cents per beer can? Three fucking cents?"

Globalism is evil. Globalist cheerleaders are full of malice for Heritage America. And now we know. The curtain is finally pulled back.

williamk notices what rick the strapon within refuses to notice,

> strapon: "US consumers paying more for things"
>
> No proof this actually happens. Prices are set to maximize PROFIT. Raising production costs doesn't automatically raise the price. If you lose more customers by raising price, price stays put, tariff or not.
>
> Microeconomics is more complicated than "durr drumpf tariffs bad"

williamk is right and, as usual, strapon is wrong. There's very little evidence that tariffs nontrivially raise prices on consumer goods. There is evidence that tariffs lower corporate PROFITS but what that means is a hit to stockholders and fat cat CEO take home pay. So tariffs REDUCE INCOME INEQUALITY, which you would think a shitlib goon like strapon would be all in favor of….except perhaps when it's her nemesis Trump proposing the egalitarian policies. Strapon never misses an opportunity to remind everyone that she is disingenuous as a matter of habit.

How Will You Know When You've Melted Her Core Tingle Reactor?

CH · 9 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

When she gives you the doggy dinner bowl look: Video Player00:0000:05

Related, if a girl glances downward or upward when you pass by her on the sidewalk after making eye contact, she wants you to hit on her. If she looks sideways after you have made eye contact with her, she's probably not interested.

If she bites her lower lip, I hope you brought a condom and a favorite public sex location.

***

Therajraj adds,

> when you get a married girl to momentarily forget she's Married.

If a man's wife gives this look to any man other than himself…trouble brewing!

The Empathy Gene

CH · 12 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've teased in these pages the idea, buttressed by scientific evidence, that empathy may not be evenly, universally distributed. That the sexes are differently-empathic, and the races (whoa!) may not be equally empathic either. This is thought crime of the highest degree, because innate racial differences in empathy — some groups having tender feelz and other groups having an empathic response that seems developmentally stunted in the pre-adolescent stage — have huge downstream consequences in every aspect of our lives living in this Diversitopia.

Imagine the strains on our criminal justice system if the philosophy of the mind supporting it was overturned by the new knowledge that the criminal suspects of some races, on average, are less able to empathize with their victims and consequently have relatively less moral agency than the criminal suspects of more empathic races.

Well, on time and under budget, here comes my favorite whore ¡SCIENCE! to giggle and stroke my ego again with this latest finding:

> Now scientists say empathy is not just something we develop through our upbringing and life experiences – it is also partly inherited.
>
> A study of 46,000 people found evidence for the first time that genes have a role in how empathetic we are.
>
> And it also found that women are generally more empathetic than men. […]
>
> …in this new paper, published in the journal Translational Psychiatry, scientists looked to see if how empathetic we are can be traced to our genes.
>
> Participants in the study had their "empathy quotient" (EQ) measured with a questionnaire, and gave saliva samples for DNA testing.
>
> Scientists then looked for differences in their genes that could explain why some of us are more empathetic than others.
>
> They found that at least 10% of the differences in how empathetic people are is down to genetics.

"at least". It'll wind up being a lot more than that once the genetic analysis data rolls in like an unstoppable tsunami, you can bet.

The dam is bursting on the curators of acceptable discourse. The direction of discovery is rapidly and remorselessly aiming toward more genetic influence, and less cultural influence, on human cognition and behavior. The Blank Slate thesis is badly wounded, and in our lifetimes it will be killed and laid to rest and the world will change forever from that point onward.

***

A reader says one reason the shitlib elite like their spanish-speaking brown help is because they have nothing in common, so they can't empathize with them and therefore it's easier to boss them around. I wonder if, ironically, it's those of us who warn against diversification of a nation's people who are the most empathetic by nature, because we see the damage diversity does to social bonds and how it robs us of the small victories of being able to share an emotional and psychological connection with our neighbors and laborers.

Peak Resting Bitch Face

CH · 12 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is the ideal cat lady. You may not like it, but this is what Peak Resting Bitch Face looks like.

She had her first eggs frozen at the ripe young age of 38. Story here.

Let's zoom in on those eyes.

Thousand Cat Stare.

> Brigitte Adams caused a sensation four years ago when she appeared on the cover of Bloomberg Businessweek under the headline, "Freeze your eggs, Free your career." She was single and blond, a Vassar graduate who spoke fluent Italian, and was working in tech marketing for a number of prestigious companies. Her story was one of empowerment, how a new fertility procedure was giving women more choices, as the magazine noted provocatively, "in the quest to have it all."
>
> Adams remembers feeling a wonderful sense of freedom after she froze her eggs in her late 30s, despite the $19,000 cost. Her plan was to work a few more years, find a great guy to marry and still have a house full of her own children.

How can an ostensibly SMRT, overeducated woman be so fucking deluded? I doubt artificial wombs or lab-grown eggs, or the egg freezing already available and discussed in this sob story, will have the huge impact on the sexual market that I hear claimed in some quarters. Men don't fuck frozen eggs or hidden wombs. Men fuck women. A woman's face and body is what motivates men to fucking or to a bid at fucking. This is why I've argued sexbots will be the game-changer, rather than those other reproductive technologies coming down the pike. The sexbot correctly manipulates men by simulating the experience of sex with a younger, hotter, tighter woman.

Our Peak RBF has forgotten the common sense that "younger, hotter, tighter" doesn't mean "younger, hotter, tighter eggs". A sexy egg in a decrepit body is still an egg no man would bother fertilizing.

> Things didn't turn out the way she hoped.

The realness of physiognomy applies. What man would want to wife up a prissy schoolmarm careerist shrike with that pleasing face? Surely, one look at her and all men would think, "there's a feminine lady who would happily cook me dinner and give me blowjobs and have unfaked orgasms".

> In early 2017, with her 45th birthday looming and no sign of Mr. Right, she decided to start a family on her own.

insert Idiocracy opening scene

> She excitedly unfroze the 11 eggs she had stored and selected a sperm donor.

Was that excitement or panic?

> Two eggs failed to survive the thawing process. Three more failed to fertilize. That left six embryos, of which five appeared to be abnormal. The last one was implanted in her uterus. On the morning of March 7, she got the devastating news that it, too, had failed.
>
> Adams was not pregnant, and her chances of carrying her genetic child had just dropped to near zero. She remembers screaming like "a wild animal," throwing books, papers, her laptop — and collapsing to the ground.

The God of Biomechanics wins in the end. (tbh it's best for the race if her kind drop out of the darwinian arena.)

The story goes on to describe in excruciating detail the low, low odds of women conceiving via frozen eggs, with the odds dropping precipitously every year after age 35, a time in a hopeful woman's life known as the "fertility cliff". By age 40, most women should just throw in the towel and become nuns.

> In an unfortunate and unfair twist of nature, men are believed to replenish their sperm at a rate of 1,500 a second through most of their lives; there are documented cases of men remaining fertile into their 90s. Age also affects the quality of sperm **[ed: overblown risk pushed by aggrieved feminist researchers]**, according to numerous studies. But the effect on fertility is markedly less dramatic than in women.

Sperm is economical
Eggs are valuable
Men are expendable
Women perishable

> The procedure is growing rapidly in popularity: Gina Bartasi, the former chief executive at fertility benefits company Progyny, predicts that as many as 76,000 women could elect to freeze their eggs this year.

Natural selection in real time. The White women of the future will be nothing like the careerist ballcutters of today. Think more “Stepford wife” than “empowered shrike”.

> Her own story has a happy twist.
>
> After a dark period of mourning and soul-searching, Adams began IVF again, this time with a donor egg and donor sperm. On a recent weekday afternoon, she was lying on an exam table staring at a computer screen — her first ultrasound.

She is literally an incubator for a child who has no genetic connection to her and was conceived of a father she has never met. Yet somehow, incredibly, she manages, along with a guiding agitprop hand from the media whore, to put a non-dystopian, happy clappy spin on her predicament.

> Picking out a sperm donor was fun, she said, like perusing an online dating site to find the ideal mate.

The problem is that she spent too much of her total lifetime in urban slore hell perusing dating sites for men who would ultimately pump and dump her in search of more fertile asstures. And now, looking at her, she’ll be lucky to catch the attention of old black men.

> Trying to select an egg donor, on the other hand, was “excruciating,” she says: “You are thinking, ‘This should be me.’ ”

Of course. That’s her bioprogramming telling her she done fucked up.

> Adams says she is trying to control her emotions, given the ups and downs of her long journey. But then the doctor comes in and locates the thud-thud of a heartbeat, and her eyes start to water.
>
> The baby, a girl, is due in May.

This is how the West ends
this is how the West ends
this is how the West ends
with a procession of issue-less bangs followed by a single autistic, allergic, Downs-y IVF daughter who will grow up to hate her selfish bitch mother for dying on her before her high school graduation and for denying her a flesh and blood father to love.

***

A big reason why we have an epidemic of overeducated women tragically delaying marriage and childbirth until it’s too late is because of the reality of female hypergamy. When women gain economic, occupational and social status, their mate criteria rise commensurate to the rise in their self-perceived (or more precisely, their self-wished) SMV. The tragedy is that their high SMV left them in their youth.

Ugly Truth Of The Day

CH · 12 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There are none more bitter than the smart, accomplished woman with the quick tongue who aggressively holds court with the men, smugly glowing in her belief that she's winning them over, only to retire the night watching those same men gravitate into the company of less intellectually aggressive, prettier girls.

Machine Learning Correctly Predicts Sex From Brain Imaging, Feminists BTFO...Again!

CH · 12 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Grab a kleenex feminists, because there are only two sexes and your idiotic deconstructivist ideals are laughable!

A machine learning algorithm was able to correctly predict with 80% accuracy the sex of study subjects from brain images. Highlights:

- Neuroanatomical sex differences in youth is modeled using a statistical learning approach.
- Results indicate the advantageous of multivariate analysis over univariate analysis.
- Cortical thickness and mean curvature measures revealed sex differences that were unrelated to brain size.
- Most discriminative brain areas were angular and occipital gyri and paracentral lobule.
- The source code for the analysis performed in this study has been made available.

The algorithm was not able to distinguish more than two sexes, male and female. Sorry, freaks, you don't have a poo poo platter of genders to choose from. You're either man, woman, or mentally ill.

Sex differences are literally brain-deep and therefore invalidate feminist theory that the sexes are born the same but diverge in ability and preference due to "social conditioning". Men and women have different brain architectures, notable in specific regions of the brain, and these differences are independent of brain size.

Interestingly, male and female brains show the most pronounced difference in the occipital lobes and the angular gyri. The occipital lobes process visual information (holistically appealing jerkboy vs visually stimulating HB). The angular gyri are involved in calculation (math) and in mental representation of spatial information (engineering).

Mm mm mmm mm mm. ¡SCIENCE! won't take my salty balls out of its mouth.

PS If this machine learning research were directed to predict the race of subjects from their brain images, I suspect the results would be….AWFULLY revealing.

PPS Right on cue, scientists have discovered that DNA tests can predict a person's IQ. Uh oh! Narrative collapse incoming!

Body Language Analysis

CH · 13 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

cracks knuckles

Leaning in, kung fu grip of +100 mate guarding, forehead cuddling PDA.

Verdict: beta body language

Assessment: trouble brewing

This power couple is Martin Sellner and Brittany Pettibone, renowned figures in the It's Self-Evidently Awesome to be White revolution. Sellner fronts a European "Identitaire" group, but don't hold me to that. I don't follow these things closely.

Does their pose remind you of anyone?

I know there's a post in the CH archives about cheekpecker guy above, but I can't be bothered to search for it. Anyhow, I remember the romance did not end well for him (nor did it start well for him).

The lean-in with goopy canoodling is the international symbol of anxious betatude. All men should strive to avoid it, especially when cameras are pointed at them.

A few readers have objected to Sellner's skinny fit purple pants, green sneakers, and man purse (excuse me, European handbag). That's not much of a hit against him, tbh. It's classic peacocking, and it works if paired with a confident jerkboy attitude. His bigger problem is that his body language betrays an Inner Niceguy. If Brittany's ardor wanes, it won't be because of his floodwater purple jeans.

To his credit, Sellner does strike a legit contrapposto pose, the ideal Davidian stance that girls love across time and space.

Why do I tease Brittany? Because she's totes adorb, and it's what I do with adorable girls. I can't help it, it's in my mischievous DNA. (Sellner may be adorable, but I wouldn't know. All men are ugly to me.) I mean no disrespek to the Movement Minxes. I wish these two the best, but Manpurse is gonna have to step up his body language game if he wants to heave Brittany the bone. Call it tough love.

Martin, less of what you're doing in that snap above, and more of this:

You'll thank me later.

The Ass-Pass Equation

CH · 13 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

CH Maxim #34-24-36: The quality of a broad's ass is directly proportional to the time it takes to realize her ass isn't worth keeping.

The Black Adoption Experience

CH · 13 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Anonymous unloads a MOAB of Truespeak about the reality of Whites adopting NAM (non-asian minority) babbies.

> A decade ago I dated a Peak RBF career gal who, unable to have her own kids had adopted a mystery meat child out of desperation during the last few years of her failing marriage.
>
> The kid, born to a drug-addict mother who basically sold him in a private adoption was picked up at birth and ensconced in the upscale family home in a predominately white community.
>
> When I began dating her, said kid was 7. He had never met his mother but that didn't stop the birth mom from getting in touch with the adoptive parents, claiming to need more money, which they often provided. Anyway, to get to the point.
>
> This kid had never met his mother, no one knew who his father was, and he'd never been exposed to anything but western-European culture and values.
>
> When I met the kid, my first observation was that he lacked any empathy whatsoever. He dominated his adoptive mother, even at 7, and out of guilt she acquiesced to his every demand. His world-view appeared to be one of "other people are there for my convenience and god help you if you don't comply."
>
> Back then, I mistakenly assumed that a little tough love could help the child turn into a respectable young man. I would soon discover that I was mistaken.
>
> I dated mom for a year and our time together was invariably spent dealing with the fallout from her kid's behavior. His tantrums turned into rages which eventually turned into violence when he didn't get what he wanted, when he wanted it and how. To wit, the kid exploited his mother's empathy at his 'being brown-skinned' to his advantage over and over and over. When he discovered that his manipulations failed to work on me, I became the enemy.
>
> What I came to realize is that here was a perfect example of nature vs nurture. Here was a child who had spent zero time in his native 'habitat' and still came to develop the nature that his genetic coding specified.
>
> I ended that relationship when I saw that the kid was going to be a liability.
>
> The worst part of this knowledge is that it is so utterly dangerous. We all know the truth but to speak this aloud often results in a mock social media trial and speedy immolation.

David French wept.

Some White shitlibs are truly naive. They put their virtue signaling to practice. And they pay the price.

Most White shitlibs secretly know the score. But they virtue signal — aka LIE — anyhow, because 1. they're afraid to lose their social status and 2. their egos are fragile.

Because the White shitlib ego is almost wholly tied up with the White shitlib's ideological commitment, very few shitlibs will renounce their ideology even in the face of overwhelming evidence that undermines it. But the smart ones know enough to mouth the freakqualism platitudes that stroke their egos while avoiding the practices that turn their platitudes into real life misery.

The dumber ones….they take their pain with them to the grave, a lifelong journey of self-delusion muttered through gritted teeth and betrayed by soul-killed eyes, consoling themselves at every step that at least they weren't a Deplorable. Sad!

Tragic Truth Of The Day

CH · 13 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I added this earlier to a recently published post, but I figured it deserved its own headlining.

***

A big reason why we have an epidemic of overeducated women tragically delaying marriage and childbirth until it's too late is because of the reality of female hypergamy. When women gain economic, occupational and social status, their mate criteria rise commensurate to the rise in their self-perceived (or more precisely, their self-wished) SMV. The tragedy is that their high SMV left them in their youth.

Female hypergamy, economic empowerment, credentialism, and psychological projection are a toxic anti-natal stew.

The Industrial Revolution And Its Consequences Have Been A Disaster For Overeducated Women

CH · 14 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Hot off the presses, a criminally patriarchal research paper has concluded that men with higher income and status have more reproductive success than women with high income and status have in industrialized nations. First, to set the table, an excerpt from the abstract:

> It is concluded that an evolutionary perspective helps explain reproductive patterns in modern humans and may thus make a valuable contribution in the assessment of urgent contemporary problems.

The sexual market is the one market to rule them all, across space and time.
– Le 156% Heartiste

> Contrary to women, men still convert higher income and status into greater reproductive success in industrialized nations. https://t.co/FRdFvUDIka pic.twitter.com/7369Cq8WZQ
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) March 13, 2018

Female hypergamy, female education, female economic self-sufficiency, low female fertility…choose any four.

In terms of social and economic status, men date across and down, women date across and up. Industrialized societies filled with overeducated careerist shrikes make it more difficult for both men and women to find long-term reproductive partners. What the West has done is weaponize female hypergamy, so that the only winner in this zero sum mating game are the HSMV alpha males who can serially date and marry increasingly younger women.

In the modren West, overeducated, careerist women are DARWINIAN LOSERS. They now join the lonesome ranks of fat women, ugly women, and old spinsters. Lean in? Try barren quim.

Low status beta and omega males are bigger losers in this new world order than they were before under the rock solid pre-femcunt patriarchal system, because the women who would be theirs under the old rules have decided to skip past them for a shot at 1. the high status alpha or 2. a tub of ben and jerrys.

The biggest DARWINIAN WINNERS are the charming jerkboy cads and the sociopath hedge funders.

Post-America alpha males enjoy not only reproductive success (in an environment in which widespread use of contraceptives thwarts the ability to convert bangs into bangbinos), but sexual success:

> Also, men in industrialized nations still convert higher income and status into a greater number of sex partners and acts. https://t.co/wdojnFsnzm pic.twitter.com/XowOjUm4TF
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) March 13, 2018

Potential fertility — that's a nerdy way to say "sexiness". Men with high social and economic status in industrialized and primitive nations alike — HSMV alphas — monopolize the hottest babes, and probably more than their fair share of the plain janes too. The Pill and condom don't thwart the sex act; those things just thwart the consequence of the sex act, and incentivize women to liberate their sexuality (which in practice means liberating themselves from beta males). Imagine how many little snot-nosed Heartistes (heartots?) would be running around creating kindergarten mayhem if the Industrial Contraception Complex didn't exist.

How unequally is sex distributed in industrialized jizztopias? Very:

> In one point, he is definitely right: Sex is far more unevenly distributed than wealth.https://t.co/AwDyyW8tRq

> pic.twitter.com/mIsg1Absl3
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) October 6, 2017

There are interesting eugenic/dysgenic possibilities to ponder from this knowledge. There is dysgenic selection pressure on high status women — at least as measured by income, social status, and their proxy, IQ — but eugenic selection pressure on their male counterparts, the HSMV alphas who are having more kids.

This isn't a complete picture, though, because female mate worth is so much more tied into their physical beauty. Those HSMV alpha males are choosing less educated, less wealthy, lower SES "status" women who are younger, hotter, tighter, so by Darwinian calculation the end result is very eugenic: capable sons and pretty daughters. This is evidence that the West is beginning to pursue the patented CH BOSSS strategy of sexual market health and societal reinvigoration.

I've been warning about this stuff for a while, and I'm glad to see ¡SCIENCE! finally catching up with Heartistian observations. There was only ever going to be one effective response by men to the emergence of weaponized female hypergamy (and it wasn't cuddly beta supplication).

Game will save the West….in one respect, by heightening its late stage contradictions and encouraging a change in course.

***

On the silliness of the "wage gap":

…and the silliness of the feminist narrative about the "patriarchy":

******

Some juicy excerpts from the paper linked in this post:

> religiously homogamous couples have a significantly lower chance of remaining childless but a higher average number of children, even controlling for religious intensity…
>
> ***
>
> In addition to the fact that close inbreeding carries genetic risks (discussed previously), this may also be the case (p. 485) for distant outbreeding, although the effects of outbreeding are far less clear…
>
> ***
>
> …homogamy along certain characteristics has consequences as well. Particularly educational homogamy may be an undervalued risk factor, resulting in less permeability of social stratification and hence a stronger segregation of the social strata. This has negative consequences for "social cohesion," increasing the tensions within a society.
>
> ***
>
> In times of global mass migrations, the high prevalence of religious homogamy, together with its reproductive effects, may also have far-reaching implications because it may lead to **the breakup of societies into "parallel societies,"**…

Word of the day: Homogamy.

It is the secret Truth that shivs miscegenation propagandists dead.

> …empirical evidence for a fitness advantage over generations by reducing the number of children and investing more in fewer children is minimal or absent. Evidence suggests that on the one hand, low fertility increases the progenies' socioeconomic position, but on the other hand, it reduces long-term fitness.

> ***
>
> In addition, **different strategies of maximizing versus optimizing fertility may lead to a conflict between the sexes**.

Aka the modren sexual market. The battle of the sexes has never been more pitched than it is now.

The Queerness Of The Female CEO

CH · 14 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Theranos.

The tech company is in the news because its celebrated female CEO, Elizabeth Holmes, was just charged with committing "massive fraud" by the SEC for misleading investors with false claims about her company's tech.

And that little shitlord boy went HA HAAWW!

Watch this video of Holmes speaking in the patois of a souldead corporate diversiwhore automaton.

Wew. The Strange.

Under the skin of every female CEO you'll find high T, manjawdibles, phallic clits, an excitable infidelity-cuckoldry neural feedback loop, a deep ocean vocal register, and quite often a leftover kippah from her bitch mitzvah.

In other words, a man. Parenthetically speaking.

PS Gaze into the technicolor funhouse abyss of her eyes. Crazy is as crazy glares. We live in the era of autistic psychocunts. #LOSING

Deep Thots By Jacked Heartiste: Famediggers

CH · 14 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Riffing on this long-form neg, (is it working, Bri? DM me!), some bantz regarding Brittany Pettibone's purpose and pleasure ensued between readers and yours cruelly. As a stand-in for the constellation of PIVnat alt-right thotties, Brit does nicely. NAMinxALT, yes, yes, but let's face it, these camera-ready nonconformist coquettes must share similar characteristics (and characters).

If they're categorizable as femmes fatales, which archetype would best fit them?

The Golddigger?

The Waif/Neurotic?

The Eternal Ingenue?

The Amazonian Alpha?

I'd need more time studying her…personality, but from what little I know and have seen of B. Pettibone, she's a cross between the Golddigger and Neurotic femme fatale archetypes.

Jack McKrack writes,

> I doubt she's a Golddigger – she's attractive enough 2 have hooked a wealthy man by now if money was what she desired. maybe…Famedigger is more accurate? or maybe she's playing a long game of seeking fame that turns into more wealth than could be had by a more direct approach (marrying a dude who's rich already but with a comparatively low wealth ceiling)?

Yes, she'd more precisely be a Famedigger, a subcategory of Golddigger. (Less flattering terms are fame whore, starfucker, groupie, renown hound, rep chaser, klieg queen, YidTube sensation, blue tick snip dick (for the males).) These kinds of women don't necessarily marry or fuck for money, but they are characterized by a ruthless pursuit of their goals, and a fulfillment of their desires, which can be unremunerated social status rather than wealth. This type doesn't fall in love very easily, because love tends to interfere with the aggrandizement directive. And many of the men they latch onto are treated as stepping stones to further their public exposure, which also works against love finding any purchase.

FYI the modren sexual market with its economic and cultural incentives to ride the carousel into the Wall somewhat selects against attractive women hooking wealthy men for a lifetime of comfort and security. That option is always in the back of the thot's head, but more than ever before she is unmoved to urgency by its siren call. This will likely change when penury and menace sweeps Western nations once again.

Jack,

> i'm real torn on this phenomenon as it pertains to the Maul Right. their T & A gets eyeballs where there normally would be none, but the Maul Right is rife with betas and white knights that are easily weakened and coaxed off message by Brit's pouty lips or Lauren's cosplay selfies. i disagree with Roosh on a lot but i agree with him on the imminent dangers here.

Taken in isolation, I don't have a problem with cuties jamming the airwaves with their girlythoughts. In the aggregate, though, I agree that paradigmatic shifts in thinking and revolutionary movements are best led by men, of men, and for men, because men make the sacrifices in dire times. The women will, and should in a healthy sociosexual system, follow.

As for beta male thirst, yes it's been discussed ad nauseam here and elsewhere that social media amplifies the thirst

to pathological affliction, and likewise blows up the egos of oftentimes marginal SMV women who ultimately pay the price for their short-term ego boost by refusing to settle down until the settlin' down's out of reach for them.

Every girl has a bit of Famedigger in her. Not every girl can act on the impulse. Those that can, often do.

Famedigger and Woman are practically synonymous for the very simple explanation that women are ATTRACTED TO, AROUSED BY, AND LUBE UP TORRENTIALLY FOR famous men. That these women, when in the company of famous men, get to experience a little of that fame for themselves is icing on the handsome rake.

So most Famediggers swarm the spotlight because that's where the famous alpha men are. Others, perhaps including our intrepid thots, seek fame for its own sake, and use famous men — specifically, beta famous men who aren't at ease with their newfound HSMV and don't know how to exploit it — to vault themselves into the public consciousness, where they can display their….minds….to a much larger audience of men. It's every woman's most cherished fantasy to be the object of desire of many (alpha) men, their coy protestations to the contrary notwithstanding.

A Test Of Your Game: You Got Her Digits. Now What?

CH · 15 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reader needs Game advice (for a friend, natch):

> So you meet this girl. Very pretty & seems to be going well so far – albeit short time. Then she sends you this photo of her new manicure. Thoughts? Pull eject lever? Asking for a friend.

The photo was sent unsolicited, so he could see her new nails. It's her left hand; her thumb is on the right.

I've decided to turn this reader's quandary into a Test of Your Game post. Put yourself in his position. Pretty girl just sent you the pic above. You got her digits.

What do you do?

Clue: roses are red, violets are blue, palimpsests are nice, but anthroposcopy rules.

I'll post below the best answers from commenters. Stay sharp!

PS If you can gauge a woman's character, you can Game her with customized material. Solve the clue, and you'll have more insight into her needs, wants, and desires than a man should be legally allowed to have.

Port-au-Chicago

CH · 15 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Welcome to the jungle. pic.twitter.com/priJqati91
>
> — Normie (@NormieAnon) March 15, 2018

But remember, citizen, Diversity™ is our strength! And Black Lives Matter!

CAPTION CONTEST

“#ConanHaiti” (ref)

Opposite George Game

CH · 17 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A buddy is a study in contrasts. He likes to do the opposite of whatever the masses are doing, but without the pretension that often characterizes iconoclasts. The idea, as he puts it, is to transgress social norms in one medium while following them in another, parallel medium, to disorient women and pique their interest.

For instance, he wears a deep red t-shirt on St Patty's Day to go out in, while everyone else is dressed in a shade of green. Naturally, this draws the attention of hungry poon, particularly the girls who are up for a deep tissue flirtation. A girl walks over and gives him shit about his shirt, he smiles and, rather than smugly going off on not being Irish or how he's too autistic to celebrate ethnic holidays in post-racial American, he says "eh, green makes me look washed out" or "I'm color blind. Feel better?" Or he might self-incriminatingly reply, "I'm a nonconformist prick."

Opposite George Game — "I'm unemployed and bald and live with my parents" — can juice your bantz to incredible heights as long as you avoid even a hint of defensiveness, discomfort, or trepidation, and you don't take yourself, or your marks, too seriously.

Jerkiognomy Is Real, Dark Triad Edition

CH · 19 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I can't believe this hasn't been done before. A criminally curious researcher averaged the faces of normies and compared the composites with an average of the faces of those possessing the Dark Triad personality traits (a suite that includes psychopathy, narcissism, and Machiavellianism) and discovered that jerkiognomy is real.

> Average faces of 33 men and 48 women high and low in Dark Triad traits: psychopathy, Machiavellianism and narcissism https://t.co/2fcZNyk3Ha pic.twitter.com/04K9Q97dIn
>
> — Diana S. Fleischman (@sentientist) March 18, 2018

From the paper's abstract:

> Is facial structure a valid cue of the dark triad of personality (Machiavellianism, narcissism, and psychopathy)? I obtained self-reports and peer reports of personality as well as expression-neutral photographs of targets, and then I created prototypes of people high and low on each of the three dimensions by digitally combining select photographs of Caucasian targets. The results indicated that unacquainted observers reliably detected the dark triad composite, especially in female prototypes. Thus, not only is the dark triad a set of psycho-social characteristics—it may also be a set of physical–morphological characteristics. In the Discussion, I introduce a website that stores these personality prototypes and many others (http://www.nickholtzman.com/faceaurus.htm).

The evidence is piling up that we really can judge a book by its cover. Fat chicks are bitter. Manjaws are cunts. The gayfaced are narcissists. Waifs are emotionally manipulative. Wide-faced men are aggressive. Dindus are [laundry list of dysfunctional behaviors]. (Although even within the world of dinduognomy, there are less sociopathic and more sociopathic individuals.)

The face is a window to the soul. Character is countenance.

Lest we get ahead of ourselves, this study had a very small sample size. There's more research to be done to see if this replicates with a much larger subject pool, and if it correlates across race. But it provides a chilling hint at the nature of our humanity — it's more mechanical than transcendent.

My thoughts on the commonalities of the DT and non-DT composites (DT = Dark Triad):

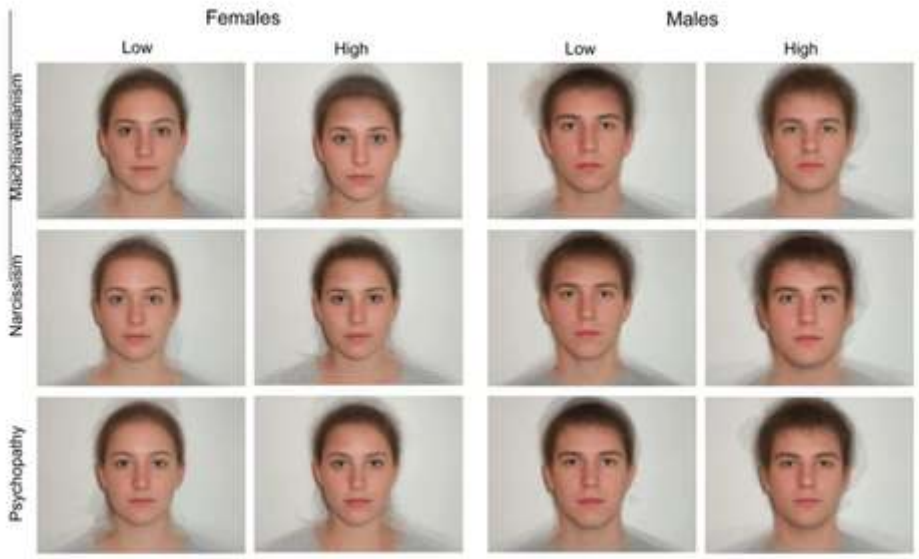


Fig. 1. Dark triad prototypes.

Overall, the DT women look more attractive than the non-DT women. The attractiveness differential isn't huge, though, so if you don't want a bunny boiler you needn't have to settle for a plain jane. However, the difference is big enough to ungenerously conclude that pretty women are all manipulative, attention whoring psychocunts.

The attractiveness differentials for the men are more of a mixed bag. The male narcissist looks more masculine (heavier jawline and brow, thinner lips, smaller eyes) than his humble counterpart, but the masculinity differences are much less obvious between the psychopath and machiavellian composites. If anything, the psychopath male looks more feminine than his trustworthy counterpart. The machiavellian male is your classic "pretty boy" but I wouldn't say he is more masculine looking than his counterpart.

This is important for Game aficionados and students of the crimson arts, because men with the Dark Triad personality traits do better with women, so their success is not necessarily a function of associated masculine physical attractiveness.

(One wag in that Twatter thread noted that the narcissist male looked arabic…and that the DT women looked "more White".)

Interestingly, the non-DT women and the DT men appear to share facial structures. As someone noted, the DT women have slimmer (and longer) faces and juttier chins. Which is close to the mirror image of the men; the non-DT men have the slimmer and longer faces and the DT men are wider-faced.

All the DT men look meaner than the non-DT men. All the DT women look sexier and sluttier than the non-DT women (ie they are ready and eager to fuck…with your head).

Mm hmm, makes sense. DT men succeed by dominating the social space or others' perceptions of them, rather than cooperating within the social space or allowing others to form their perceptions unimpeded. DT women succeed by exploiting their sexuality to get men to do their bidding, rather than meet men halfway in mutual adoration to build a long-lasting relationship. All this is apparent in the shape of the face, which acts as a palimpsest of one's innate character.

The physical facial differences are greater between the DT and non-DT women than they are between the DT and non-DT men. Why? I don't know, but it aligns with my observations and romantic experiences with waifish, lithesome cuties batting big eyes and resting their dainty heads in their delicate hands as they attempt, usually unsuccessfully, to mindfuck yours truly into surrendering frame and losing state control. (I may or may not be a DT kinda guy, but I learned early on how to spot them and flip the predator-prey script.)

DT women are femmes fatales. Particularly, the femme fatale known as the Eternal Ingenue. So cute and sexy….and so likely to rob you blind in divorce court, spend the winnings on her live-in methhead boyfriend, and wind up on a list of hot female teachers who have been caught banging their students.

***

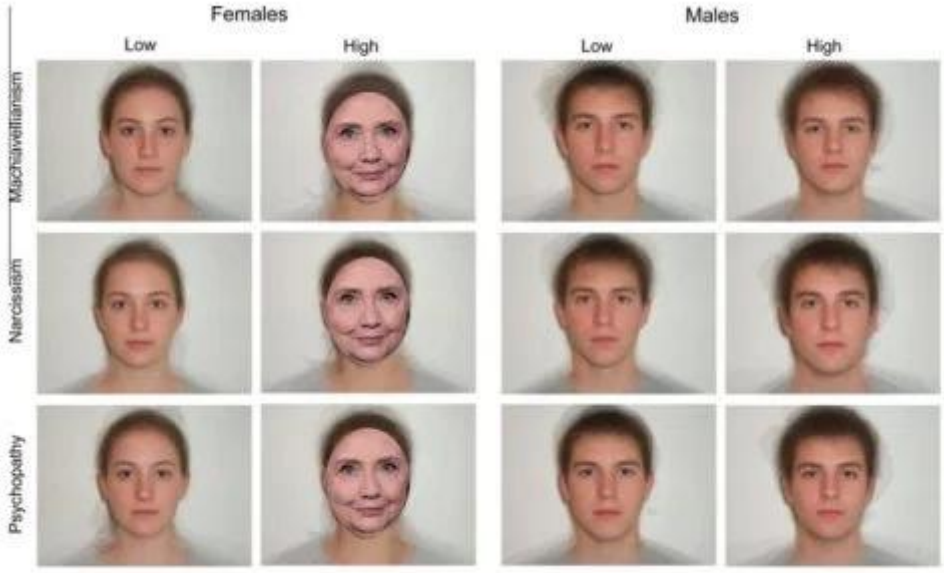


Fig. 1. Dark triad prototypes.

Adoration

CH · 19 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The look of admiration, which in women is the same as the look of love. Thus, adoration, the coupling of admiration with love.

PS Stormy Daniels alluded on-air in 2007 that Trump was “the best sex she ever had”. Reminder that this was when Trump was in his 60s, and she was a porn whore who had taken untold numbers of cock to all of her holes. Add her to the list of Trump’s lovers who have said the same about his bedroom prowess. (Also add to the list of Trump qualities that drive shitlibs insane with rage and envy.)

FYI if you are a powerful man with a dominating personality and a ZFG attitude, it won't matter if you're 60 and out of shape….porn stars will feel like they've had their world rocked in bed with you.

PPS An excellent forum-form essay by Harry Dexter Whyte on the Trump-Mueller shit show and the rusty, road-worn shitlib outrage machine that fails against the force of nature in the White House.

> There is no end in sight, the charges are dubious and unanswerable, the media reaction is unhinged and extreme, the potential punishment is completely over the top (execute him! the second generation "Russian" immigrant insists).
>
> The Trump-Russia hysteria, and the Mueller investigation it has produced and sustained, has all the hallmarks of the s**tlib outrage machine. It's interesting to note that they behave the *exact* same way when going after some random guy on Twitter for wrongthink. Of course the difference here is that they are trying this approach on the most adept politician of the last fifty years.
>
> The comparison works on another level too. Ultimately what's at stake here is speech. What Trump has *said*. The charges now being levied against him rely on uncharitable interpretations of his words to Comey and patently *absurd* interpretations of US law. Twisting and turning the most innocuous phrase into the gravest offense is a s**tlib specialty. They do it all the time!
>
> Again, the big difference is that the man they are attempting to slander is no ordinary man. Dain has said that freedom of speech in modern society has become the privilege of the rich and those with nothing to lose. I think that's a profoundly truthful statement, but I also think that, as in many other areas, Trump is the exception to the rule. It is true that he is very wealthy, and it *seems* (to many outside observers) that he has nothing to lose, but neither of these things has been what's saved him.
>
> What saved him was getting elected. It was the voters who supported what he said, in anticipation of what he would do. They took him at his word, because he spoke in a blunt and frank way about issues that seriously concerned them. Had the voters not given him their support he would have been left with a ruined reputation at best, after losing the primaries, and possible prison time at worst, after losing the general election. The stakes were high and the victory was narrow but he overcame the odds. That is what is so enraging about him for

> some people and so impressive about him for others.
>
> All this is to say that Trump's speech is a Janus coin – simultaneously appalling and delighting people. It produces such a dichotomous reaction that it becomes almost impossible to have a reasonable discussion about it, the divide being so stark. And when it comes to accusations of obstruction of justice, the same issue arises. For some people he clearly obstructed (and by implication must be guilty of something else even if we can't prove it!) and for others he simply spoke reasonably to his subordinate (who, like the weasel he is, "recorded" every conversation he had with his boss).
>
> The question, then, is when Mueller looks at what Trump says what side of the Janus coin does he see? Given everything we know, I highly doubt his interpretation is kind. Indeed, it is a testament to the lasting power of the cuckservative mindset that people like Paul Ryan and Trey Gowdy *still* act as the Mueller investigation is some high-handed, fair-minded, truth-seeking enterprise.
>
> But Trump is smart enough to see the investigation for what it is. This will undoubtedly inform his decision making, and at some point he will have to take drastic action. Shitlibs may think it is reasonable to keep this investigation going for the next three years but I can't imagine Trump will stand for that. Inasmuch as anyone can divine his future plans (a folly that journalists continue to fruitlessly engage in) I think that much is clear. If the shitlibs force his hand he will not hesitate.

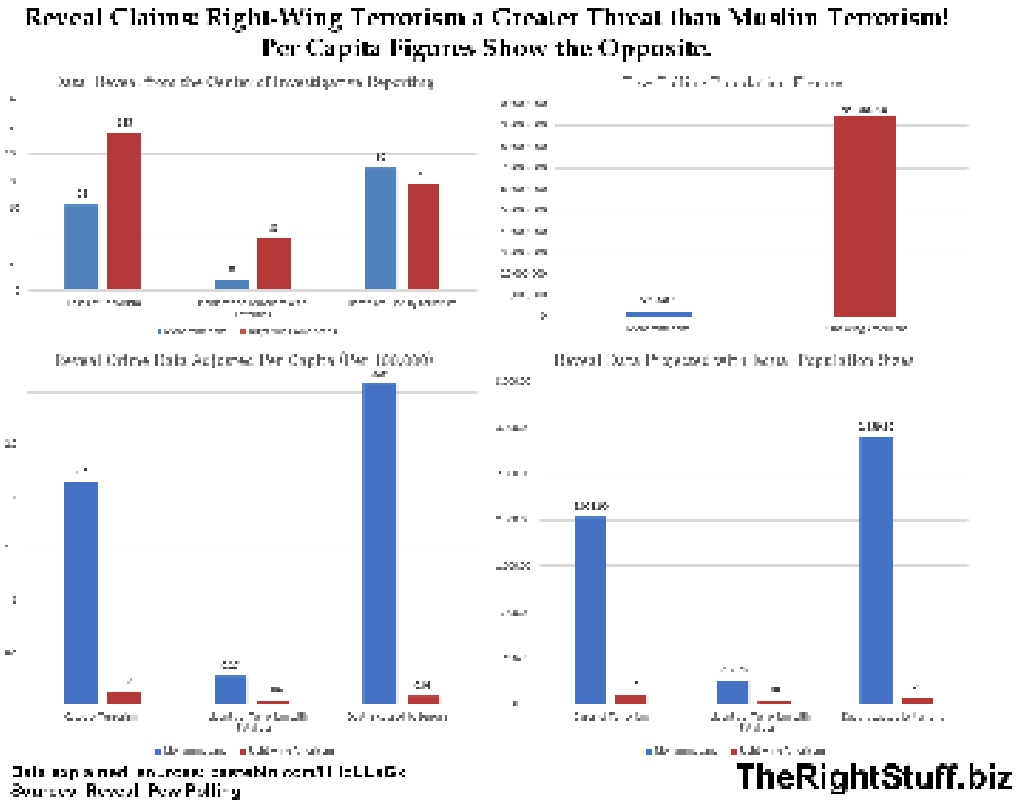
Kebab saving robot has a good follow-up:

> I can't wait for the day that things finally turn around and the investigations start pointing the other way.
>
> Huma Abedin committed actual crimes. This is a confirmed fact. Those emails on Anthony Weiner's laptop are all the evidence needed to convict. The only reason she hasn't been prosecuted so far is "prosecutorial discretion"/corruption.
>
> James Comey committed actual crimes. Every time he anonymously leaked classified information he committed a crime.
>
> Hillary Clinton took money from Russian groups for her "charity" while delivering their favored policies via the state department.
>
> Republicans control the House, the Senate, and the White House.
>
> Why the f**k is the only investigation in Washington pointed at Trump?
>
> The legislative branch won't pull the trigger because it would feel too much like winning, but I expect Trump is eventually going to turn the prosecutions around on his enemies.

The IG report is expected to drop soon. Trump may be waiting for that to give him cover to fire Mueller (which would be the predictable move), or he, being Trump, may strike now, inciting Democrats and their fanatic shitlib base to anti-America apoplexy, only to have his judgment confirmed by the IG report that is released shortly after.

Moslem-American Terrorism Vs “Right Wing”-American Terrorism, The Numbers

CH · 19 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



This is the reason why shitlibs HATE HATE HATE math and love sophistry.

The Fat Chick Tax

CH · 20 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A fat tax has been seriously discussed on various platforms for years, usually supported by the premise that fat craps cost society a lot of money in higher health insurance premiums, mitigation overhead, and the daily annoyances of dealing with fatties in public spaces, making room for them, avoiding their stank, and spending mental energy looking away from their disgusting blobbiness while trying to suppress the retch reflex.

A well-meaning but nutritionally misguided fat tax (which taxed foods high in saturated fat) was even tried in Denmark, with positive results (the tax was later scrapped due to open borders…not kidding).

But what if I were to tell you that a Fat Chick Tax makes a lot more sense than a sex-blind generic fat tax? Tucked into a great post on macro-sexonomics (which reads a lot like Heartiste posts) from the blogger who calls himself Giovanni Dannato, the justification behind the Fat Chick Tax:

> When most men rarely see higher than a 6.5 in public who isn't flagrantly anti-social, their morale and motivation is sapped and the scale of sexual market value is drastically distorted in favor of those obese and plain women who stay behind.
>
> While men will always get thirsty enough to settle for whatever they can find, they aren't as willing to sacrifice as they would be if access to potential mates were more equitable. Once the girls they could approach are repulsive enough compared to anime porn, enthusiasm for the chase goes into a downward spiral.
>
> For every low-status nerd who is willing to date a fat woman, there is another who ends up a celibate omega. This creates millions of bare branches with no roots or prospects in the social order, a state of affairs which makes steadily increasing agitation against the establishment inevitable.
>
> Even those men who still succeed with women know they could be doing a lot better. Without any real status or bargaining leverage they are struggling with long term relationships and family formation. They have no more stake in the present state of affairs than do incels.
>
> Just as illegal immigration and offshoring push down wages for everyone, most men see their sexual market payoff reduced by relentless demand inflation.
> To put it in perspective, we all know how an influx of millions of pretty young women would be received by the matriarchy.
>
> The overwhelming thirst caused by the hyper-inflationary collapse of the sexual market has played a significant role in the death of civic life. […] Clearly, a society that wants to persist under modern conditions must acknowledge the importance of balancing the sexual market for the sake of cohesion and stability. […]
>
> A main point here is when we objectively rate beauty in a new inegalitarian age we can incorporate it into policy. **A special tax on obese women for instance would tacitly acknowledge they are reneging on their side of the social contract by depriving society of the beauty that motivates male participation and helps sustain a workable balance of power between the sexes.**
>
> Similar penalties might apply to disfigurative piercings or tattoos.
>
> Congregating in a few neighborhoods in a few cities could be dis-incentivized by removing feminist laws that make it easier for women to get nice white collar jobs they can't get fired from and imposing special taxes on certain places of residence for single females.
>
> These kinds of measures would obviously trigger massive female opposition, but if women as a whole tried living within a stable balance of power rather than an extractive matriarchy, they might actually like it.

The modren post-America sexual market is horribly skewed against men and their interests, and this as noted is a recipe for revolution. Giovanni is essentially recapitulating the same themes CH touched upon in posts like

"Obesity to blame for Game"…

> Game has been refined, taught and embraced by men in direct proportion to the shrinking pool of attractive thin girls. As the reduced supply of skinny chicks have seen their sexual market value skyrocket, they have adjusted by pricing their pussy out of reach for the average guy. In return, men have sought solutions to this new challenge in the rapidly advancing science of seduction. Where simple courtship worked in the past, it is no longer effective against the deep bunker defenses of the in-demand slender woman.
>
> There has always been an evolutionary arms race between men and women in the quest for sex but now, for the first time in human history, the sheer numbers of fat chicks — in concert with the increase of financially independent women — is accelerating this arms race so fast that many people can't cope and drop out. The tools of seduction for men become better by the day and the women counter with more impenetrable defenses. The tension is palpable. The whining and bitching is cacophonic. Distrust and dating blogs are at record highs.
>
> If just 20% of fat chicks lost weight relations between the sexes would start to noticeably improve. And there would be more happiness in the world, because a skinny girl with hunger pangs is happier than a fat girl with a sheepdog and peanut butter.

…and in posts like "Game. obesity, and men dropping out":

> In short, no sociological theory into sex, marriage and family trends is complete without a long, hard look at female hypergamy, the one biomechanical force to rule them all, and its intersection with economic realities. The science is out there; when women become financially empowered, they begin to choose men based on criteria other than their ability to provide.
>
> But that's not all that Murray, et al are missing. I'm here to tell Murray and others perusing his findings that there is another, MASSIVE factor at work skewing the sexual market, and one that, just as unsurprisingly, gets almost no attention from the PC-soaked punditariat: female obesity.
>
> Imagine you are an unmarried working class dude recently unemployed. You look around you and marvel at a sea of grotesquely misshapen fat women, rolls upon rolls of undulating flesh hiding stores of cheesy poofs, porky hellion spawn trailing their wakes, chins resting atop chins, bloated diabetic cankles stomping the Walmartian grounds like lumbering elephants. In some towns, close to 40% of the available single women are clinically OBESE.
>
> This is obesity folks, not just overweight. Overweight women are physically repulsive, but obesity renders them monstrous. To clarify this assertion for the modern indoctrinated female reader: an obese woman is as sexually undesirable to men as a jobless, charmless, humorless, enfeebled, dull man is sexually undesirable to women.
>
> So back to our realistic scenario: Our typical unmarried working class man surveys his cellulite-blasted kingdom (and it does not matter how fat he, himself, is, for fat men and thin men alike prefer the exquisite sight of slender female bodies), and he makes a quick hindbrain calculation. Does he bust his ass in a crappy service sector job doing women's work for a shot at legally bound long-term commitment to a shuffling shoggoth dragging the bastard spawn of a hundred alpha males in tow, or does he say "fuck it" and turn to video games and porn featuring hot, thin chicks for his status and dopamine fix?
>
> You see where this is heading. It's entirely reasonable, and expected, that a lot of men would drop out of the intensified competition for the few remaining childless slender babes in a world full of fat asses, single moms, and fat assed single moms. And even among the small contingent of sexually appealing women, they make enough in government and HR paychecks to cover expenses plus gifts for their Skittles Men. What working stiff beta provider can compete on those terms?

A Fat Chick Tax would go a long way to bringing balance back to the force — bringing Truth & Beauty to a

swellscape scarred by Lies & Ugliness — and in so doing return to White Men, the creators and maintainers of civilization, the motivation to keep sacrificing for the Good.

“Trump slept with me”

CH · 20 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

“George Washington slept here” is a pretty common plaque found at or near historical sites throughout colonial America. As his legend grew, American households which hosted the Great Man for the night were proud to publicly say so, even if his presence in their humble abodes was apocryphal.

Likewise, hot sluts who hosted today’s Great Man — President Donald Trump — in their vaginas are proud to publicly say so, and will go to any lengths to be allowed to preen that their vajeen was a canteen for Trump’s alpha cream.

How many hsmv women has Trump pumped? Trump apparently boffed the entire back catalog of Playboy centerfolds. GAME RECOGNIZED.

Porn whore Stormy Daniels is so desperate to prove that she caught the attention of the world’s most foremost alpha male who used her as a Godseed receptacle that she took a lie detector test, and gave us this timelessly iconic Clockwork Orange-esque pic instead:

Atavator writes,

> Game measured! **[ed: lol]** And by the way, is this a polygraph, or a tit scale? I think this is excellent pictorial representation of just how desperate the establishment is to take Trump down.
>
> Yes, you’ve gotta think that for a number of these women, “Trump slept with me” is their last hurrah. It’s a great study in female psychology. At the time they signed these agreements, they figured they’d have no trouble abiding by them. After all, having concluded their affairs with Trump, they were off to ride other Alpha men. They didn’t foresee… apparently couldn’t foresee… a time when that would be over.

That’s exactly it. This is all **sexiness signaling** by aging has-beens. The difference between sexiness and sexiness signaling is the same as the difference between virtue and virtue signaling: the former is the real deal while the latter is a claim to being the real deal (but is usually just hypocrisy or self-serving ego stroking). A sexiness

signaling woman is admitting she USED to be sexy and tacitly suggesting she MAY still be sexy enough to catch the eye of high value men.

Carlos Danger wonders,

> Who rivals Trump's bedpost notches in terms of quality? DiCaprio? Maybe Brady pre-Gisele? And Trump gets there with 50 more pounds, 30 more years, and the pompadour. Impressive.

If the stories and rumors are true, I don't think many men can rival both the quality and quantity of Trump's notch count. The man is as close to a modren day Genghis Khan as a Westerner can be. Wilt Chamberlain? Nah, I read somewhere most of his lays were with ghetto groupie trash. Porfirio Rubirosa might top Trump's meet-to-lay ratio.

> I have to imagine Sinatra is up there.

Wasn't Sean Connery legendary in his day? Going way back, you'd have to give the nod to Lord Byron, Voltaire, and similar Supreme Gentlemen of the West. Some (pre-indie hipster) stadium rockers could rival Trump's womanizer score. John Bonham was known for his unreal hotel room orgies. He once said he couldn't tell which vagina belonged with which face when he was in the middle of a romp.

anon writes,

> from the the looks of it, Trump has never slept with an ugly girl in his life.

That's the small detail that elevates Trump's womanizing well above the human plane.

A word about Trump's Women. We have the obvious angle — a cat herd of Wall impact whores looking to cash in on the bottomless appetite of Shitlib, America for salacious stories about Trump's sexual stamina (Freud would have a field day) while the cashing in is good — and the angle obvious only to Chateau guests: none of these cum dumpsters cumming out of the woodwork now to relive their glory days getting Pump and Trumped, or accusing Trump of allegedly taking their flirtations at face value, were scandalized at the time of the alleged affairs and grandfathered PoundMeToo infractions.

I guarantee that every woman who is now crowing about getting fucked by Trump, or moaning about getting groped by Trump, absolutely, undeniably, LOVED HIS GOD ALPHA ATTENTIONS AT THE TIME THEY HAPPENED. This is because women are viscerally attracted to powerful men, much the same way men are viscerally attracted to beautiful, young women. Women can't help themselves around powerful confident men; they lose all sense and judgment and notion of personal accountability.

Women go into every alpha male flirtation with the subconscious hope that he will make her his princess (or his movie star, in the case of weinstein). Even the sloppiest of slopworn sluts feels this way in the presence of a mortal GodKing. It's not until years and hundreds of wrinkles later that some of these women, realizing they have been had by a cad and by the merciless approach of the Wall, give in to their bitterness and lash out at the man who would be theirs but chose differently. In a fury of spite against the God of Biomechanics, these cast-aside bitterbitches try to take down the powerful men who once loved them, believing in their tiny black hearts that this will redeem their poor life choices.

And this secret desire hits ostensible Trump-hater pussyhatters, too.

Trump (or Trump's hog) is living rent-free in her vagina.

In related news, feminists are finally starting to catch on that sexbots will mean the end of their romantic possibilities. In France, femcunts are trying to change the law to include nonconsensual sex with sex dolls under the definition of rape. Please don't bother trying to work out the logic of their stance, you'll only be met with MUH FEELZ, MISOGYNIST!

If feminists are allowed to ban male sex substitutes, then patriarchs are allowed to ban dildos, vibrators, pulp romance novels, and pretty much everything broadcast or streamed on TV. Fair's fair.

***

Jay in DC writes,

> There has been a long list of vag slayers of Trump caliber. Sinatra, Warren Beatty, Redford, (Connery as mentioned), etc. Even Kennedy was neck deep in pussy far beyond Marilyn Monroe if the rumor mill is to be believed.
>
> This was a non-event in times passed. Only in this faggoty and #metoo era are high status alpha males who are showered in trim some kind of neo-puritan scandal.
>
> Fuck man, for anything you think about him even Slick Willy was a very smooth talker and got ALOT of pussy. Far more than Killary would like her cogdis to ever come to grips with.

Both Bill Clinton and Art of the Sealed Deal Trump are charming. but Bill is a classic case of the charming alpha hitched to a snarling ballcutter, so to him any juicy adoring prolehole seemed like a goddess. Trump has mingled and commingled with hotties his whole life. His wives were the opposite of thecunt hillary. Trump's mistress standards were thus a lot higher than Bill's. And tbh I think Bubba was a borderline sociopath and probably did rape that Paula broad in a fit of sexual energy after spending weeks on the couch escaping from dragonbreath hillary breathing fire on him.

Trump, otoh, is not a sociopath. He's a confident jerkboy full of justified swagger who seems to genuinely love women, and loves making love with beautiful women. He hurts his wives satisfying his urges, but he has the good

sense to keep it discrete, and I wouldn't doubt if he's had conversations with his wives that his appetite is yuge and they should accept that part of him, in exchange for assurances that they will always be his number ones and he will never fall in love with his mistresses.

If you want a leader with the HEAVY BALLS to take on the Deep State, then you'll have to reconcile yourself to a leader with the HEAVY BALLS to have a romantic history filled to brimming with porn stars and centerfolds.

Manly vigor is a complete package. (heh)

williamk writes,

> Trump gave this lifestyle up for us.
>
> Other men (like Bill Clinton) attain power for the purpose of getting pussy. Trump gave up getting pussy in order to deserve power. Its pretty amazing.
>
> His enemies know his weakness; he's probably swatted away numerous honeypot attempts. My bet is Trump was smart enough to give up getting strange when he decided to run for president. And of course, chances he's had any new pussy since getting inaugurated is just about 0%.

Trump's sacrifices shame our craven self-serving establishment rulers. He deserves our loyalty. He deserves our fight.

Remembering The Cucks Trump Humiliated: Rubio

CH · 21 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I like recalling 2015-2016, when Trump steamrolled 17 cuckservative GOPers to secure the nomination. There are enough highlights of Trump hilariously insulting his opponents to create a separate blog dedicated to cataloguing them.

Jim Christian writes,

> [Trump] always told Rubio he gets better pussy than Rubio ever did, a sly insult to Rubio's wall-impacted Jew wife.

Did Trump say that to Rubio? Maybe JC is confusing Rubio for Tucker Carlson, whom Trump *did* taunt about him getting hotter women than Tucker.

> He was right. There's a picture of Rubio's slag. She was wearing this dress with the Jewey, really, really Jewey stars embroidered into her dress. Would love to see that one again. Bitch's phone clutched tightly in one hand, pushing her husband away with the other. What a cunt, although Rubio is a cuck. Clearly a half-a-faig. The two of them deserve the miserable divorce rape they have coming.

Here ya go:

B E T A

She's "leaning out" farther than Sheryl Sandberg's husband did on the treadmill that tragic day.

Preemptive Rejection Game

CH · 21 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Girl sidles up next to you at the bar to browse the tap selection. You, after binge reading CH: “I see the way you’re looking at me. Might want to tone it down a bit, I don’t date amateurs.”

Girl: “I wasn’t looking at you.”

You: “Win-win.”

What does a woman want? A man who’s rejected her.

Clear the way for Preemptive Rejection Game! From PBR Streetgang,

> Can’t decide whether to shit or go blind with the options – I’m going on a campaign of rejecting women from the get-go. Gonna respond to even passing glances with ‘I’m not available’ – reject, reject, reject – my new modus operandi.
>
> “Can I pet your dog” – You’re not my type
> “Would you like your receipt” – Stop hitting on me
> “Press the button for 5th floor” – I’m dating someone
> “Good Morning…” – Too bad, I’m gay .. Try that guy
>
> I was all in for ‘Approach Week’ – but their behavior recently has me fed up – her comes ‘Rejection Week’ – And I’m not feeling the lease bit anxious about it.

This is all upside if your approach game isn’t working for you. Sure, you might lose a few girls who’ll call your bluff, but overall your number of hits should go up because girls find it tough to resist a man who resists them.

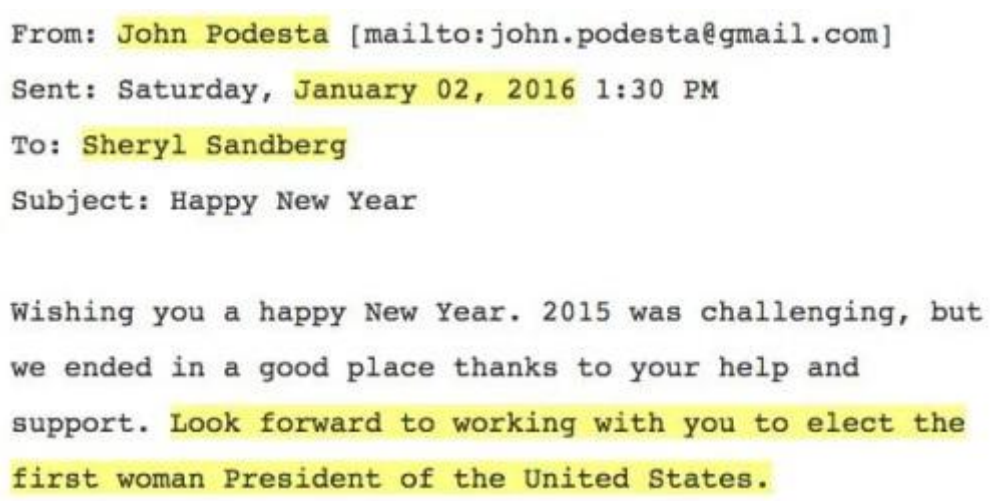
Preemptive Rejection falls under the umbrella category of Disqualification Game and is an extreme version of the Assume the Sale tactic. You go about your day assuming all women want your D, but they have no chance to get it. You are disqualifying girls from being worthy of your consideration, while collaterally implying they want you. It’s courtship script flipping on steroids.

The best thing about Preemptive Rejection Game is that it’s just damned funny if your timing and delivery are right. Most girls will laugh, a little anxiously, not knowing whether you’re serious or joking around, because it’s something they never hear from most men. Humor can take a totally cold open from Zero to Curious in ten seconds flat. Even faster if the humor is deadpan.

Cambridge Analytica And The Left's Strange New Respect For The Social Media Menace

CH · 22 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The latest shitlib outrage du jour is about Cambridge Analytica and their work unwittingly helping LITERALLY HITLER DRUMPPHPHPH win in 2016 through totally legal purchased access to data-mined Faceborg info for user sentiment. Suddenly, shitlibs have noticed that monopolistic social media companies have too much privacy-violating control of our personal details now that those Big Brother-esque companies and their willingness to sell user data have been exploited by Trump campaign hires instead of the Gay Mulatto campaign.



From: John Podesta [mailto:john.podesta@gmail.com]
Sent: Saturday, January 02, 2016 1:30 PM
To: Sheryl Sandberg
Subject: Happy New Year

Wishing you a happy New Year. 2015 was challenging, but we ended in a good place thanks to your help and support. Look forward to working with you to elect the first woman President of the United States.

TJP recaps a surprisingly good National Cuckview article about the Left's strange new respect for the Social Media Menace,

> The moral panic over social media and the 'misuse' of information is ONLY about suppressing right-wing speech and taking away the tools of mass communication from people on the right.
>
> That's all it's about and that's all it's ever been about. The Obama campaign quite literally wrote the book on social media manipulation and massive data harvesting. Nobody in the press or Silicon Valley cared, because he won.
>
> Now that Trump won based on (largely organic) social media success, our democracy has suddenly been 'corrupted' by a 'war' of ideas and information that manipulates people into voting the wrong way.
>
> The left had a monopoly on broadcast media for decades. They got to decide who was legitimate and who wasn't. Then the internet came along and gave THE PEOPLE a voice — and surprise, it's not working out so well for the left.
>
> All these current social media recriminations are about is reestablishing the old order. Instead of the big-three broadcast networks where liberals decide what voices are heard, we're headed into the big-three social media networks where, again, liberals decide what voices are heard.
>
> Simply breaking up the big tech monopoly isn't going to fix this — we need legislation binding tech monopolies to the Constitution. It's the ONLY way we're going to escape censorship.

Shitlibs are getting worked up over what are essentially targeted political ads because their side didn't get to benefit from it this time. It's a grab at maintaining their total control of the informational vertical and horizontal.

Countenance Blog writes,

> I'm so old that I remember when the Democrat-left-media just LOVED the political data game.
>
> Like, five years ago.

Exactly. I can recall the fawning articles delving into Gay Mulatto's "big data" gurus and super savvy datanauts. It's like the history-washing shitlib Left thinks no one remembers anything more than five minutes ago. Trump came along and his team basically co-opted lib battlefield tactics, and OUTMANEUVERED libs on their own turf! That's gotta burn, so libs are in full hysteria mode trying to pull the wool over everyone's eyes long enough to build a Fake Impeachment case against Trump. Russiahoax isn't working, so it's back to the well with Cambridge Analytica, and maybe Stormy Daniels as a last ditch effort.

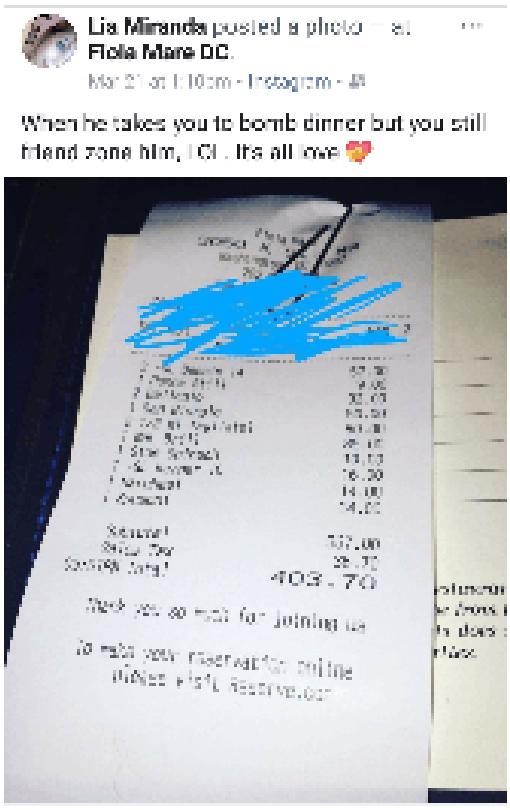
The Big Four Socials — Goolag, Faceborg, Fapple, Twatter — along with the Biggest Technopoly, Scamazon, have to be broken up under existing anti-trust laws, and/or regulated as common carrier utilities. The shitlibs who run these companies have way too much power to censor and demonetize political opponents, (not to mention get employees like James Damore fired for speaking uncomfortable truths about the Diversity Racket). Big Data and the selling of personal user information to the highest bidder is an affront to a humanistic interpretation of civilization, and there really is a dire need to curb the power of the Dopamine Drippers and protect users' privacy.

If it takes Cambridge Analytica to focus shitlib minds on the Social Media Menace, then so be it; just make sure your local indignant lib is continually reminded that regulating the socials means his tribe won't be able to exploit them for narrative control or electoral profit any longer like they've been doing.

Unrelated, but too funny to wait for an appropriate post:

Your Daily Game: The Dead End Dinner Date

CH · 22 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Gentlemen….Game 101:

Never EVER take a woman to dinner before you've fucked her. You're begging to be resource exploited. (aka economically objectified)

If the girl wants you, dinner isn't necessary to coax her across the consummative threshold.

If the girl doesn't want you, dinner won't change her mind.

Save your money, sup her honey.

Stick with bottom shelf sugary drinks for those first crucial dates. Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker. Food only gets in the way of alcohol absorption, and no girl feels sexy gnawing rack of rib in between talking about herself.

If anything, buying expensive dinners to impress a woman will turn down her thermosnatch. One, she'll perceive (rightly more often than not) that you're desperate and trying to pry her legs open with lavish payments up front. Two, if she thinks she can soak you before soaking your hog, she will.

Sperg Alert draws up the timeline:

> What happens when you take out a #Modern #Wamen to a fancy dinner, and achieve… The #Friendzone.
>
> …But don't worry! She'll suddenly have #Sex with you when she's 35, and #PostWall after #Chad stops returning the phone calls, and you can have maybe 5-10 years of #Marriage before she #DivorceRapes you.

There is no end to the ways in which being in the bangzone is better than being in the friendzone.

PS What kind of dingbat spends $400 at an Italian restaurant? It's fuckin pasta!

***

Henry Mueller is positioning for a COTW nomination:

> Seriously. In the wake of #reetoo, I can't count the number of "bad date" articles by complaining women that have appeared: "His choice of guacamole felt really problematic to me."
>
> If a lsmv man dares to even approach a woman, it's "entitlement" rape. But if a decent guy she didn't click with disappoints her, she feels obligated to write up a novella about it.
>
> It's a bizarro world we live in where a man seeking sex with a woman is taboo and a woman seeking to syphon off everything she can get while giving nothing in return is celebrated.

The term of art is Gynarcho-Tyranny. And only Game can defeat it….and save the West.

Supreme Gentlemen Are The Real Misogynists

CH · 22 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Henry Mueller concludes his special counsel investigation and astutely notes that the men who are hostile to women are often the ones claiming the mantle of gentleman supremacy.

> A funny thing that confirms what we've been saying for years is that feminists like to strawman by saying men who run game are fundamentally hostile towards women. When in the actual [Seinfeld] episode, the point of "the Opposite" is that George becomes magnetic only when he totally gives up caring what women think of him.
>
> It's the Supreme Gentlemen who have the real seething hatred towards women, because they actually care what women think. It takes a new level of confidence to tell the beautiful blonde "this probably isn't going to work" when she asks why you didn't shave.
>
> I always regretted that after such a spectacular transformation, the George character in Seinfeld returned to being a nebbish nerd. It always felt to me like that episode was the series peak, and after that it became a little looser at the seams.

This helps explain all those rape-y shitlib males in the news recently. They're lsmv chinless dweebs who appease, supplicate, and dance like lackeys for the manjaws in their midst in the hopes that one of them will look kindly upon their obsequiousness and toss them a pity fuck. When the libwomen decline the anhedonic offers on display in their open office bughives, the shitlib males freak out and become angrier than Elliot Rodger after watching another yellow pearl fall into the hands of a White Chad. "Why doesn't this blue hair feminist with the blowjob enhancing tongue stud appreciate my male feministery? THE BITCH", wails the shitlib male, psyching himself up for an awkward tit grope at the HuffPo retreat.

If you, as a member in good standing of the male feminist Castrati, care a lot what women think of you, then when women inevitably let you down after all the effort you put into giving them what they claim to want from men, your reaction is likely to be seething resentment. It's the Real Entitlement Mentality that femcunt women complain about, located most centrally in their own weaselly lib "niceguys".

Of course, libchicks are practiced in the art of negative transference, saving themselves the discomfort of looking closely at exactly which types of men make them horny. In the leftoid universe (a smelly place rapidly contracting to a twinkularity), a misogynist is "a sexy White man I want but can't have" if the accusation is hurled by a woman, and "a popular White chad who used to stuff me in lockers" if the accusation is hurled by a soyboy mangina.

Tucker Carlson The Identitarian

CH · 23 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Watch this video and you tell me if Tucker isn't woke to the White Question.

Bannon!

CH · 23 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Don't write off Steve Bannon yet. The man is smart as a tack, and has the moral worldview the Left hasn't had since abolition. Here he is talking about how social media empires debase "digital sovereignty". Via:

> "Central governments debase your citizenship, central banks debase your currency, and the central, technocratic state capitalism we have with Google and Facebook take your personhood, and basically take away your intellectual property, your digital sovereignty" Bannon continued.
>
> "Right now, you're serfs. You're well-paid serfs, but you're serfs. They've debased your currency, and so you're continuing to underwrite debt for sovereign governments at zero interest rates, so you're always on the spinning wheel like a little hamster, trying to get ahead," he told the audience.
>
> "Because they've destroyed the ability of thrift, of you to save, to get ahead. It's the same thing on your digital assets, your intellectual property: They take it all for free."
>
> He added that Facebook chief Mark Zuckerberg's "entire business model" is based on these activities, "taking [your] data for free and monetising it, and then writing algorithms behind a wall that treat you like hamsters on a wheel."
>
> Barber was keen to steer the conversation to more comfortable topics, trying to suggest Bannon was an admirer of Fascist leader Benito Mussolini and proposing that U.S. President Donald Trump's plans for a military parade in Washington D.C. made him a kind of latter-day Julius Caesar — but failed to land any telling blows.

Hold on, people.

Bannon….

is da GBFM!

It all makes sense now.

GBFM is Bannon drunk-poasting!

The Stakes

CH · 23 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Logic writes,

> One way or another, the next ten years are going to be a turning point for the US and by extension for the rest of the western world. There is no middle ground moderate outcome left. One side will prevail. I am just hoping that no blood will be shed but I am not optimistic about it.

Allow me my daily impudence allowance: there are three ways our current year impasse ends:

1. The Left capitulates
2. The Right capitulates
3. Secession and separation

There's no compromise solution, because the Left has proven over the decades that it's uninterested in compromise. Purimtan Leftoids will take a compromise on Tuesday and agitate for more by Thursday. They believe in power, and in humiliating their enemies. They won't rest until they have consumed everything, including themselves.

The Real Right has been capitulating, and we got Trump. If the Right continues to capitulate, we will get Trump^2. Then Trump^4, etc until there are no more Trumps, no more words, no more secretive midnight deals that shaft the common man. When that day comes, the curtain falls on this grand national experiment.

We have to face facts: Antagonistic White groups, ideologically different with different value systems that are biologically bound to different ethnicities and sub-ethnicities, can no more live side by side under the same laws than can Whites and nonWhites. The insatiable White thirst for domination and dominion extends most ferociously and predatorily over other Whites, and this drive to dominate is primarily found among Leftoid Whites.

There is a chance the Left capitulates if immense Trumpian pressure is administered, but so far what I've seen in the Era of Trump is a Left unhinged, violent, and committed to an increasingly deluded orthodoxy that defies Truth & Beauty and spits on it for good measure.

So I predict secession and/or separation, formal or informal, is America's not-distant future. In our lifetimes, in fact, we will likely see the partitioning of America into geographic and administrative cloisters that actually represent the people living within them, and give them their voice.

Timestamp this post for posterity. It will truly make you heartsick with nostalgia, and proud to have been a guest at the Chateau, seeing what others did not.

The Globobus Spending Bill And The MAGAbyss

CH · 23 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Drudge is taunting Trump with a "*Fake Veto*" headline. It's a fair shiv. Trump teased a veto of the bloated globalist omnibus bill, then signed it anyway. What it doesn't include is more important than what it does: no funding for The Wall. Thankfully, it's only a six month spendgap, so we revisit this stinking trillion dollar pile of GayMulatto-era crap again in September.

Politically, though, this is a loss for Trump. Finger to Heritage America wind, my take on the 2018 midterms and beyond:

He just lost the House.

Possibly the Senate too.

And 2020 is looking real shaky.

> ☑ Signed Worst Budget Deal In American History
> ☑ Planned Parenthood Fully Funded
> ☑ Banned From Building U.S. Border Wall
> ☑ Hired Iraq War Fanboy John Bolton
> ☑ Demanded Amnesty for Illegal Aliens
> ☑ Tweeting Leftist Gun Control Talking Points
>
> Did Hillary win?
>
> — Stefan Molyneux (@StefanMolyneux) March 23, 2018

But six months is a long time in politics. A lot can happen that vaults Trump back to the high ground, smiting cucks and Diversicrats.

The stakes cannot be higher. If Congress flips, impeachment and the destruction of Heritage America are all but assured. As Eleutheria puts it,

> When one (both) chambers flip, they will stall him for 2 years. No more wall funding. No tightening of immigration.
>
> Then whatever half-baked token candidate the Dems field will wipe the floor with him, and commission diversity themed art on his wall prototypes.

Imagine a nation of bald lesbian dykes stomping on a Chad's face, forever. Oh and we'll get this, too:

This is the not-so-far off future for everyone if Trump and Trumpism are defeated.

Jack McKrack writes,

> the bill for his protection by the Military Deep State came due. and boy was it a doozy. let's pray he gets something out of it.
>
> look, Trump has limitations. i hate this bill. HATE it. there's nothing good about it. but what's the alternative? T has every Deep State scumbag breathing down his neck and the MSM pulling out all the stops 24/7. getting this shit bill out of the way buys him some time to deal with Mueller & Co and plan The Next Big Shakeup. he's mortal. but he's the best we got.

This might be the window Trump needs to fire Mueller and end the witch hunt which was always intended to hobble him for the full four or eight years. He's given the DoD State what they want and now he has a brief moment to leverage his payment into real action by firing Mueller. We'll see if the Drone State doesn't turn on him as well.

The bill preserves untold numbers of GayMulatto diversity grant programs and includes Democreep-approved language that the 1.2 billion earmarked for border security applies only to fencing and not to any wall prototypes introduced after 2017. I'm sure after a close reading of this encyclopedic monstrosity we'll find that the 2nd Amendment was repealed. As Ann Coulter twatted, "Congratulations, President Schumer".

This is who won today:

There is no “minority”; there is only the Globohomo Uniparty (vs Trump and the People).

Cackling Merchant.

This is obscene. 3 billion for Israel and 700 billion for the Pentagon but HOLY COW THE WALL WILL BE SO EXPENSIVE WE CAN'T SPARE 20 BILLION TO PREVENT WHITE AMERICANS FROM BECOMING A HATED MINORITY IN THEIR OWN NATION!!

There's no way Trump comes out looking good in the immediate aftermath of signing into law this giant middle finger to heartland america. But maybe there's a midterm election strategy, outlined by J.H.,

> Omnibus expires in 6 months. He probably WANTS this fight, but wants to do it closer to the election. Make the 2018 election a referendum on The Wall, immigration, etc. 6 more months of omnibus is no big deal if he has a plan. He's earned some trust and a right to be flexible.

Trump's hands were tied. The GOPe pukes dumped this Globobus spending bill on him just before their two week recess. He knew a gov shutdown for that long would blow back hard on him, given the helping hand of the media to redirect blame away from congress and to Trump. Still doesn't excuse it; Trump should've been involved in this bill sooner. I hate to say it but he may have been outplayed….just this once, ZOG unwilling.

AJP adds,

> I don't know if it's possible at this point that Trump understands how and why he was elected.

In my black pill moments, I wonder the same. Bannon was right. "Let Trump be Trump". If only Trump had taken his advice to heart.

So why didn't Trump shutter the government and ride the hate, like he's done so expertly since the day he announced? I think he realized he was stuck between a cuck and a hard place. Optimistically, he signed because:

1. Trump is flushing out the cucks to weaken their hold on the GOP

2. Trump had to pay the Drone State for having his back on the Russia Hoax witch hunt

3. A veto would have made an enemy of everyone on Capitol Hill, effectively ending Trump's Presidency.

But still I think he would have been better off striking a blow against the swamp. Wounds to his base of support this deep — and don't kid yourselves the Chaimstream Media will blare 24/7 how Trump "caved" on his demand for Wall funding — don't easily heal.

Therajraj sneers,

> How about a simpler explanation : Trump never believed anything he said and just wanted to put another notch on his bed post of achievements?

Wrong. Trump would not have risked sacrificing everything — including the financial viability of his brand name — on a lark. Go back to old interviews of Trump. He's been pro NatPop for a long time.

Trump is not the enemy. He is our ally in a fight with incredible odds against him, and an implacable merciless conniving enemy intent on destroying his Presidency and the hopes of the Good Half of America who voted for him. He will backslide. He will make mistakes. He will occasionally tactically retreat in the face of a massive enemy offensive. And he will hate doing it, because he truly does care about the Forgotten Americans who made him their emissary.

So what do we MAGAmen do come Nov? Oy, there's the rub. The GOPe is full of traitors. The Democreeps are full of anti-White tyrants. Trump was the answer.

I'm not counting him out yet, but we're at a nadir. A MAGAbyss. All things considered, we're still far better off than with president thecunt, but if Trump doesn't want to go down a loser, he's gonna need to fight harder, and smarter, because his enemies — and by the transitive property, AMERICA'S enemies — are legion and animated by demonic energies.

DEUSVULT sends us off with a positive suggestion that beats wasting time endlessly black pilling disingenuously about Trump,

> If people want to be angry, turn that anger at your congressmen and senators that created and voted for this bill, this political trap to turn us against POTUS. Show that anger through local elections.

This WAS a realignment. It's now a whirlwind. Chaos will save us.

More of this, please, and soon:

March For Their Limelight: The Little Narcisshits

CH · 24 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

An army of child soldiers groomed by their media handlers and sent into battle under the Soros banner are descending on deep blue cities today to march for their limelight. The playbill says it's about gun control, though, so a few words of wisdom for this callow mystery meat generation:

Guns are not the problem; people, culture, and policy are the problem.

POLICY

Authorities missed the warning flags cropping up like kudzu about Nikolas Cruz multiple times. The FBI got 39 tips to investigate this guy, and they followed up on ZERO. The local police called to the scene hung around outside the school browsing porn on their phones, afraid to go inside to neutralize the shooter because that's not their job or anything. And Ann Coulter stuck the biggest shiv in this steaming pile of leftoid anti-2A agitation when she rightly noted that Gay Mulatto's "school-to-mass-murder pipeline" policy recommendations were directly responsible for mentally unhinged killers like Cruz slipping through the gutted school and law enforcement disciplinary nets, to do as he pleased. (Coulter advises Republicans to beg the Democreeps to bring up their "school to prison" initiatives; they will not take her advice because they love the smell of losing in the morning.)

Per 100,000 US residents, the rate of mass shootings was higher in the 1920s and 1930s than it is now; yet few back then were marching to repeal the 2nd Amendment or for draconian gun restrictions. Today, the Left mounts impressive shows of noodle-armed force against the First and Second Amendments, predominately because the internet has globalized local news and because anti-Gentilic jews didn't yet control the information gateways in the 1920s-30s. Americans had freer minds ninety years ago, unpolluted by rank innumeracy or media sensationalism and propaganda.

PEOPLE

As America becomes more brown and black and less White, she will become more violent. Blacks and browns have violent criminality rates that range from two to eight times higher than the White American rate. FBI stats don't lie (though give it time, I'm sure the Derp State is working on a fix to that). This will spill over into mass shootings, where the hard and fast numbers already prove that nonWhites are disproportionately represented.

Then there is the problem of broken families (Nikolas deJesus Cruz was the product of a broken family) and fatherlessness. 26 of the 27 deadliest mass shooters came from fatherless homes.

Do you want to reduce mass shootings? Ban moslem immigration. moslems commit mass murder at a rate far exceeding their share of the total US population.

CULTURE

We live in a Gynarcho-Tyranny. Boys aren't properly socialized into manhood; instead, they are forced into disavowing their toxic masculinity and embracing their feminine side. This thwarts the natural male development process, producing a breeding ground at the extreme margins for psychotic boys to lash out by taking up arms. If boys aren't allowed to compete in the natural way for dominance, their suppressed urge can explode with deadly violence. Add Big Pharma to the mix — we drug our boys because their natural boyish rambunctiousness is ill-suited for the modren prison school system run by and for women and girls — and it's no wonder most mass shooters are later discovered to have been taking a cocktail of SSRIs.

Further, cosmopolitan and geographic rootlessness pushes some boys at the margins over the edge. Transplants are unmoored from nourishing social, familial, geographic, and yes ethnic grounding. Open borders adds a constant source of transplant churn to society that doubtless contributes to mass shooting events. But the (((media))) doesn't want to hear about this, because they prefer their host nations shaped in the image of their diasporic rootlessness.

***

So there ya go. Banning bump stocks isn't gonna stop mass shootings. All that does is whet the Left's appetite for more restrictive bans. You will never compromise with the Left; you can in the end, only lose, unless you fight back and "turn back the clock" on their inhuman agenda.

I am a big supporter of both 1A and 2A, because without 2A we don't have 1A (cf: Britain). I'm not a gun nut (I hunt infrequently and enjoy target shooting), but I know when the civil war SHTF (and no one can honestly guarantee it won't….did you predict President Trump ten years ago?) I want my kin and countrymen armed against a despotic, embrowned federal government. When you strip away the right of free citizens to own guns, you fundamentally change the nature of the relationship between government and the governed, and not in a good way.

Again, look to Britain for a vision of a disarmed citizenry future: a White British man was just thrown in jail for humorously teaching his pug to seig heil on yidtube, while pakistani moslem rape grooming gangs are permitted to operate unchecked for decades in bucolic towns throughout merry dead England.

Make no mistake, the March For Their Limelight is the first nationally organized feeler to accustom the populace to repealing the 2nd Amendment. Agitprop will be in high gear today; women will be pushed to tears with a cavalcade of sob stories. Challahwood fruitcakes are naturally attracted to a movement of narcissists, identifying strongly with stupid, pissy brats hogging the camera reciting shitlib boilerplate to a doting jewitan media, hoping to distract from their sexual perversions.

Only a nauseating little despot like David Hogg can deep six this whole operation by getting on camera and cursing and stamping his wee feet to the tune of "It's a Soros World After All".

What America needs isn't guncontrol.exe, it's Punk Control.

***

Speaking of twig-armed pillow biter scions of FBI hillary suckups, the real point of this post is to discuss the phenomenon of le crooked face. It's everywhere you look.

What's causing this efflorescence of crooked faces in Shrillennials? Theories abound. Fluoride. Soy. BPAs. Estrogens in our water supply from urinated birth control pills. Chemicals and preservatives in our packaged foods and goods.

I think it's genetic mutational overload. Greg Cochran has talked about this, and I believe it's related to the catastrophic drop in sperm levels and quality in men throughout the industrialized world. (I also think it's related to the increase in manjaws and snarly attitude among Western women.) The natural culling mechanisms of unviable conceptions and infants have been thwarted by modern medicine, allowing degenerate freaks to live to reproductive age. Over generations, crooked genes proliferate, until phenotypes assume the crookedness of their underlying genetic enfeeblement.

Basically, we're chinless-deep in the "Weak men create hard times" part of the civilizational cycle.

And David Hogg, you are one weak manlet.

***

As we all could have guessed, this anti-White man, anti-2nd Amendment march was funded by wealthy New York and Challahwood jews.

> Follow the money.
>
> It's a strange political fact, but nearly every major anti-gun group has been a front group. The NRA is maligned 24/7 and yet it's completely obvious whom it represents. Despite the efforts to tie it to everyone from firearms manufacturers to the Russians (if you can't tie any random Republican thing to the Russians these days, you won't be working at the Washington Post or CNN for very long), it represents its five million members. Anti-gun groups tend to represent shadowy networks. […]
>
> The March for Our Lives permit application was filed by Deena Katz, a co-executive director of the Women's March Los Angeles Foundation. This wasn't just a little bit of professional activist assistance.
>
> The application lists Katz as the "Person in Charge of Event".
>
> Katz is a former Dancing With the Stars and current Bill Maher producer. She's also the former owner of Talent Central, a Los Angeles talent agency, The leaked application lists her as the president of the March for

> Our Lives Fund. […]
>
> March for Our Lives is funded by Hollywood celebs, it's led by a Hollywood producer and its finances are routed through an obscure tax firm in the Valley. Its treasurer and secretary are Washington D.C. pros. And a top funder of gun control agendas is also one of its directors.
>
> None of this has much to do with Parkland. The mass shooting by a mentally ill man who should have been committed and arrested long before he carried out his massacre was a political opportunity.
>
> Now that opportunity is being exploited to the hilt by a professional class of political activists.

I'll be brief here. "Gun control activism" is spearheaded by jews who wish to disarm White Gentiles. Don't believe me? Take it from the whoreson's mouth:

> armed goyim are always bad news for us, duh. https://t.co/ASRYGmO0PX
>
> — Philip N Cohen (@familyunequal) February 25, 2018

I baited a shitlib I know who was going to one of these marches. "Pretty big national turnout and coordination. I wonder who paid for it? These things cost money".

Shitlib: "The kids put this together."

Me: "Nah, no way kids have this kind of organizational skill and money. Had to have been big players behind the scenes, no?"

Shitlib: *sound of silence*

There isn't a child alive the Professional Left won't promptly try to turn into a soldier for the cause. It's in their DNA to corrupt the impressionable. So tell shitlibs they're child exploiters, one step removed from child rapists. Tell shitlibs they dance to the tune of the rich. Tell them they're useful idiots for international financiers.

If you really want to shiv a shitlib, tell xir "you're a puppet for greedy fat cats". Gets em every time. Added bonus: it's true.

Forget about reasoning with a shitlib. It's a losing proposition. Libs don't operate logically, they're emotional creatures first and last. The way to hurt them is to hit them in the feelz plexus by making them doubt their self-righteousness. A reader had a great comment about this:

> This is why I don't argue with them anymore. I just accuse them of being child rape deniers and blast them with righteous indignation and disgust. It's the only thing they understand. The only thing that can reach them, if anything can, is moral condemnation, the recognition that they are not the ones who judge, but are the ones being judged.

REFRAME. Stop allowing yourself to be judged by leftoids, and START JUDGING THEM. If this reminds you of Game and the nature of women, you're on the right track. Women can't resist a man who swats away their womanly judgmentalism and replaces it with his own list of qualifications.

***

Shitlibs don't really care about "saving lives". Via MPC's Regime Loyalist,

> To put this crisis into perspective, the number of people killed in mass shootings by AR-15s over the past *decade* is practically equal to the number of people who die from drug overdoses every *day*. Thanks to the explosion in opioid abuse, fatal ODs are now up to 64,000 per year, or 175/day.

The dismembered bloody body parts of vacuumed third trimester fetuses don't move the compassion needle on shitlibs at all. If anything, it incites them to more bloodthirst. Remember that libs have a much higher disgust threshold than cons, so libs can better tolerate disgusting things like gore, puke, shit, piss, and skull crushing forceps. A mass die-off of working class Whites from opioid overdoses usually wrests a gleeful cackle from your typical ultracompassionate shitlib.

Libs are using guns as a cop-out to avoid confronting the illimitable damage they've done to society through their lies, policies and poz. That's the Right's cue to hit the Left hard with both facts and emotional appeals that paint libs as subversives attacking basic American civil rights. From Shitlord Policy Analyst:

> It's not that they're ever going to disarm us totally, it's that they are going the tobacco route to try and make guns socially uncool while getting the government to do as much as possible to grind away at all things guns except actually banning them outright. That's why internet media companies (Google, Youtube, Reddit) have started cracking down on guns. It's why big merchants have voluntarily adopted new regulations about guns the left couldn't get legally. That's why we you see certain states starting to push very modified AR's, mag limits and other laws instead of banning them outright. This would have been a good time for the alt right (or whatever you want to call the broad grassroots online movement that supported Trump 2016) to flex their muscles and help change the rhetoric, but I'm still seeing so many circa 1995 stale talk show radio host lines about "Go after Planned Parenthood!" or what have you. We should be able to hit the left with better emotional rhetoric (make the party of civil rights own fighting against a civil right) while also matching them on pure facts, such as who is actually doing the shootings and where. There's also the greater internet censorship issue which should bring together a coalition greater than gun owners to fight back against.
>
> The only positive I'm seeing from all this is that there are a lot of Trump supporters who have had a hatred of the left inculcated in them and are buying guns out of spite.

At the very least, if libs are gonna demand raising the gun purchase age to 21, we have to answer them by demanding the voting age be raised to 21 as well. This will eat into the Left's electoral base.

Satire, but accurate:

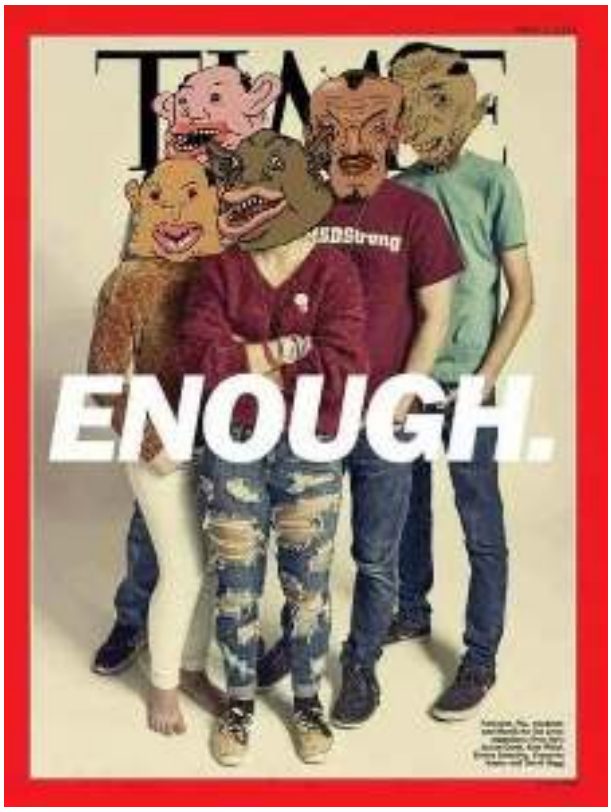
Not satire, still very accurate:

frogwave
@_____ribbit

Brown immigration is about disarming whites politically

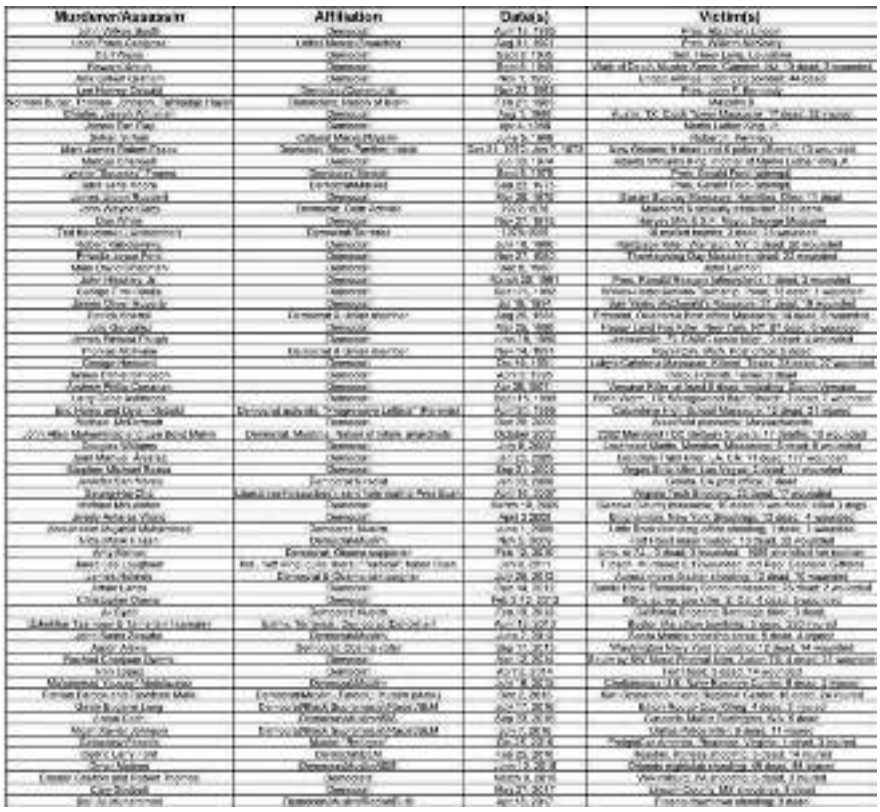
Gun control is about disarming whites physically

Censorship is about keeping whites ignorant and confused while the previous two get done



***

Wew, that's a lot of Democrat mass shooters!



Murderer/Assassin	Affiliation	Date(s)	Victim(s)
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Democrat	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

The Art And Science Of Compliance Tests: “Yes, but…” Edition

CH · 26 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Henry Mueller (this guy again!) discusses an important Game concept, relating to the post about a girl sending a text pic of her newly painted goth nails as a ruse to fish for a compliment from a man.

> “Red would’ve gotten my attention better.”
>
> Even if you like the black.
>
> There’s a subtle art to teasing a woman’s ego while still dangling the carrot to keep her interested.
>
> If you say it looks nice, that’s alright. Not a fatal error but not terribly interesting. If you say “that looks like sh!t”, you run the risk of sabotaging it.
>
> I say things like this in a “yes, but…” way so there’s always an implied compliment within a criticism, and vice versa:
>
> “You look good now as a blonde but I prefer brunette.”
>
> “The black nails look nice but __ would be better.”
>
> I dated a beautiful Southern girl for 3 years who was obsessed with girly things like taking thousands of pictures of her nails and hair, and I used this kind of thing effectively on her whenever she was fishing for compliments.
>
> It sets a win-win frame: I’m attracted to you, but there’s still a lot of room for improvement. Done in the right way, women will happily fall into this like a hypnotic subject.
>
> She’s asking you for an opinion on her beauty. You can act indifferent, but why not use it to your advantage? Even if I have no opinion, I always give girls specific instructions and frame it like it’s self-evident that it’s all being done to please me.
>
> A woman who will dye her hair or change her nail color at your whim just to please you is a woman who will do damn near anything to please you.

Related, from the world of highbrow literature: In *Story of O*, O had her labia pierced with a heavy dangling chain for her man, and gave herself over to another man on her own man’s insistence. Lesson: Women will only love you with wanton obsession if they are working to earn your approval. So keep them on their painted toes.

Fashion photographers and sleazy professors know this “yes, but…” compliance test trick and exploit it to great personal benefit. “This shot of you is great, but if you did this or moved there or smiled like so, the photo would be much better.” “You have a lot of creative ideas, but if you edited your thoughts you would persuade me better.”

In PUA lingo, this Cockiavellian tactic is called Compliance Tests. Similar and related concepts are Hoop Theory and Qualification. All have the goal of altering the usual courtship dynamic to one in which the woman is seeking the man’s approval. Old timers would call it “chasing the carrot”. The idea behind it is that women who do something for you, by being subtly encouraged to self-improvements to please you, are psychologically groomed to think that you are higher value and therefore worth pursuing as a lover.

There’s nothing wrong with trying to please a woman….if you already know she wants you and the act of pleasing her will validate her feelings for you. Men who are over-qualified to women will want to make a few sincere efforts at complimenting and pleasing them, so as to increase their attainability. (Surprisingly often for very HSMV men, women will bow out of a conversation early on with them to save their egos the frustration of potentially getting pumped and dumped or overlooked for a hotter friend.)

But trying to please women in the conventional sense is self-defeating when the dynamic is uncertain and unstable, and your efforts liable to be perceived as the try-hard supplication of a lower value beta male. Before she has fully

opened for you (in every way), you want to keep her guessing, chasing, and pleasing you, so that she goes to bed at night eagerly awaiting your next date and all the ways she can impress you, instead of bemoaning the dullness of humoring another cut-out average joe who tells her nice predictable things and vouchsafes his submission to her whims.

“Yes, but…” is a devious sales technique that works as well in seduction — the arena in which you are selling yourself to women — as it does on the car dealership floor. As you persuade your woman to do things for you, over time you increase the frequency and intensity of your demands until wake-up BJs are given without waiting to be asked, just as a message to you that she is always ready to take her next order.

“we need diversity” & misc.

CH · 27 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

imo this is the most bizarre unreported fact to come out of the Parkland shooting: Unedited video of David Hogg coaching a girl, as they’re presumably hiding in a closet during the shooting, to say “we need diversity”. Creepy af and hints at a much larger scandal looming.

> Interviews @davidhogg111 conducted during the #Parkland shooting were reported in the @MiamiHerald. In the clip, Hogg asks a peer “what’s your message?” She answers. He then asks, “do you want to say anything else?” She declines. Then he whispers “come on” & “we need diversity”? pic.twitter.com/aM4fpOXcmR
>
> — Richard Armande Mills (RAM) (@RAMRANTS) February 21, 2018

***

Many prominent leftoids are now calling for repealing 2A. I can’t think of a better turn of events for GOP fortunes in the midterms than Democrats going hogg-wild with calls for repealing the 2nd Amd. Instant right-wing voter turnout surge!

If Trump continues baiting the Dems into running on 2A repeal and coddling illegal aliens, he could raw dog every porn whore in LA and still see his favorability polls go up.

Dems and their invasive kudzu pets are overreaching on the gun issue, calling for repeal of 2A, but one can understand why they make this mistake: recent history shows huge and rapid gains for the degenerate freak mafia on issues such as tranny bathrooms and gay marriage. The typical Dem sees how easy it was to take a mile, so…

***

The Left’s ultimate goal is the restriction of free speech for their political & social opponents, by creating for themselves the power to deem what is and isn’t acceptable speech.

2A has to fall before 1A, to get the people accustomed to losing their cherished Rights, and ofc to remove the final obstacle to realizing their totalitarian dreams.

***

WHITE PILL: Trump’s Commerce Dept just added a citizenship question to the 2020 census. This move could significantly cut into California’s representative apportionment and electoral power.

> Big deal: The Commerce Department just announced that the Trump administration is adding a question on citizenship to the 2020 census questionnaire pic.twitter.com/5wTRsABdnW
>
> — Andrew Restuccia (@AndrewRestuccia) March 27, 2018

***

Judeo-Christian heritage. From DEUSVULT: Norway is still a very homogeneous white European society “so there is a job to done” says Ervin Kohn, President of The Jewish Community in Oslo and the Deputy Director at the Norwegian Center Against Racism.

tick tock it’s 1:10 o’clock.

The Semite’s lack of self-awareness is necessary to their success as a diasporic tribe. If they understood the consequences of their malice and showed empathy towards those it hurts (Gentiles), they’d not be as powerful as they are because good will and empathy work against the accumulation of raw F YOU power.

Atavator writes,

> More importantly, it would probably work against their continued existence as a tribe. They would continue to exist as people, but not as *A* people. They'd simply get along with those around them, and then intermarriage would basically erase the identity, subsuming it into the surrounding group of goyim.
>
> Listen closely to Jews, and you'll occasionally hear this: intermarriage is feared nearly as much as a shoah.
>
> This is why the state of Israel is such an interesting experiment. You'd think if the primary interest of Jews was to survive as a group, they'd all go there. But they're evidently splitting their strategic chips, as it were, not fully trusting the way of other groups. Whether this is conscious or subconscious is hard to say.
>
> My opinion has always been that Israel is necessary for this reason. Played correctly, it allows us to force Jews to make a choice: assimilate or go there — you can't have it both ways. Nobody else gets it both ways.

Game theory experiments have proven that ethnocentrism defeats humanitarianism as a survival strategy, so…

***

The high IQ and educationally accomplished of the nonwhite races will clink glasses with elite Whites, but when tribal push comes to immigration restrictionist shove those articulate, well-to-do nonWhites will post-haste ally themselves politically with their dumb brutish co-ethnics to stick it to Whitey. There's no whitewashing blood.

***

I'm still looking incredulously at this pit crew of mutants and wondering how in the hell the british decided it was a good idea to invite them in by the millions. hey brits, it would be a lot faster if you put the gun in your mouths. Right-o chap, you banned guns. Try throwing yourselves in the Thames then.

These gargoyles are no more "Oxford men" than I'm a shogunate man.

Soul cleanser and loin girder: "What do they know of England":

***

The reason this meme…

…has triggered leftoids so hard and emboldened the Right is because it hitches the Boomer-friendly Constitutional Crisis angle to the face of a brown dyke, hitting that subconscious reptilian part of our brains that lights up when our way of life and our values are under threat from foreign invaders.

***

One of those 56%er Parkland narcisshits admitted to bullying school shooter Nikolas deJesus Cruz.

> Emma Gonzalez admits to bullying School Shooter Nikolas Cruz And Says She Was Justified In Doing So.#ParklandShooting #MarchForOurLives pic.twitter.com/bgJg9gD4FY
>
> — ??Meme America?? (@Millenniel_Matt) March 26, 2018

J.R. quips,

> so wait – we have to give up our guns and tear up the Constitution cause some Bald Brown Dyke bullied an autistic kid until he went postal?
>
> that doesn't seem fair

Heh. Memed:

Double barreled heh:

> pic.twitter.com/RoZufe9eez
>
> — Crazyslutmagazine the sequel (@HomoFreemasons) March 27, 2018

***

The Senators should be asking these mini-tyrant tech reptiles why they routinely ban the speech of users with differing political views. And then smash their companies to bits and turn them into common carrier utilities.

***

How about that! Another thot-for-teacher caught banging her underage charge. (As always, we here at Le Chateau wonder if the lucky boy was a colorful lad.) Wait for the sequel: hubby makes a tearful announcement that he will "support and forgive" his wife "during this challenging time".

***

White power couple Martin and Brittany listened to my advice and released a photo of themselves with the harmonious dominant alpha/submissive female body language. That's the spirit!

Polyamory Is The Last Refuge Of The Incel

CH · 28 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shot:

> 2016: Avowed polyamorists are almost universally VLSMV (Very Low Sexual Market Value). This is especially true of polyandrous arrangements. The male facsimiles who volunteer to be shared by one (ugly) woman are so wretchedly unlovable that only the mentally diseased leftoid webzine Salon can identify with their cause.
>
> 2010: **Maxim #109**: Consensual polyamory is a contrived hookup service for undesirable sexual market rejects.
>
> 2014: **Open relationships are almost never two-way.**
>
> One party to the "creatively ambiguous" polyamory agreement is getting the metaphorical shaft, and the other the actual shaft. The shafted is typically, but not always, the male (no need to sully the word "man"), whose role is as the eminently mockable "beta bux" (or beta hugs) available for service during those three weeks of the month when the female's libido goes into hibernation. That he may live with his openly open-legged girlfriend doesn't mean he's getting the lion's share of her vagina. But he is getting the lion's share of her feelings and tantrums and moodiness. […]
>
> Genuine, egalitarian, open polyamory for all practical purposes doesn't exist among white Westerners. There's always one or another party out in the asexual or anhedonic cold, nursing feelings of rejection and traumatic self-doubt. And if that party is a willing participant to his or her sexual/romantic exclusion, it's a good bet he/she is psychologically broken, mentally unstable, physically repulsive, or suffering from clinically low sex drive. In other words, human trash.
>
> **Open relationship participants are almost always hideously ugly.**
>
> Polyamory is a mating ground for human rejects. Whatever else it offers, the open relationship ruse assists the comically low value sector of humanity to live amongst each other and experience pleasures of the diseased flesh.
>
> **True open relationships are predominantly polyandrous.**
>
> The general complexion of contractual open relationships — where all participants are voluntary and aware of proceedings — is one ugly to mediocre-looking woman on the pre-Wall fast track lavishing in the flaccid attention of two or more omega males. Invariably, the more masculine (and it's all relative, so maybe it's better to say "the less androgynous") of the males would be the one who is actually porking her.
>
> **Illicit open relationships are predominantly polygynous.**
>
> "Open" relationships that form organically from the unspoken (and initially unacknowledged) impulses and romantic decisions of one or another partner nearly always manifest into polygynous arrangements: That is, illicit open relationships are distinguished by one high value alpha male discreetly juggling multiple concurrent female lovers. Pickup artists call the illicit open relationship the MLTR: Multiple Long-Term Relationship. Genghis Khan called it Tuesday. […]
>
> In the real world, the openly polyamorous nirvana of 'sex at dawn' is really the circus sideshow abattoir of 'sex before personal hygiene'.

Chaser:

> "…polyandry generally seems to be a reproductive strategy mostly used by lower status males, likely as a last resort…"less socially competitive males may be willing to share a wife and make an attempt at achieving

> paternity, rather than risk never reproducing."" https://t.co/OtMWAGm7B5
>
> — Darwin's Finch (@FinchesofDarwin) March 28, 2018

Thank you, SCIENCE, for once again taking my balls on the chin.

***

PS If our society seems to be efflorescing with more openly proud polyamorous arrangements connecting ugly bluehairs with low T soyboys, that is likely because our society is filling up with more lsmv losers desperate for love and affection. Look around, is America currently an HSMV or LSMV nation? Obesity, pussyhattery, sluttery, and soylent grins are an epidemic.

HSMV men create good times.
Good times create LSMV men.
LSMV men create hard times.
Hard times create HSMV men.

Scientists Have Determined What American Women Will Look Like In The Future, And It Is Beautiful On The Inside

CH · 28 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Le 56% Four are lionized here.

Related.

***

? ? ?

The real face of the Repeal The 2nd Amendment March is a Democrat Baby Boomer wearing a pussyhat to feel young and hip again. It looks like this:

Still laughing. Gun grabbers aren't the future; they're the musty old cat lady boomers of the past.

Watergate Ghost quips,

> Who here is shocked that the Democrat propaganda march was filled with the same boots that fill out every other Democrat propaganda march?

These flabby pussyhatter cat lady cows with one foot in the coffin don’t have much of a romantic life, so they have to fill their free time with something other than suicidal thoughts. BOOM ON.

A Test Of Your Game: Grabbing Gun-Grabbers By The Pussy

CH · 28 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reader emails with a Game-related question,

> This is between me and a girl who had been uploading videos from one of the gun-grabbing marches. Which route should we go here, the "natural hypocrites (women) have no business voting" route, or the "Low T shitlib men have no clue how ravenously their women desire MAGAmen" route?

This is tight Jerkboy Game right here. The joke about seeing this pussyhatter at the gun range gave me a genuine laugh.

The first line, btw, is a classic neg. "Do you go to this dumb shit because you love being the only pretty girl there?" It's a type of push-pull rhetorical question: she's getting the compliment about her looks couched in an insult about her politics and the kind of losers with whom she associates (which itself is couched in a taunt about her attention whoring and need to have her ego stroked).

Anyhow, to the reader's question: should he segue to "women are natural hypocrites" or "you already want me but your soyboy orbiters don't know it yet"?

I think he's demonstrated enough titillating jerkboy attitude to consider moving on from it to less antagonistic banter. She's already attracted — no girl would ask three times if you're free tonight if she wasn't already envisioning sex — so now it's time to dig for a deeper rapport, in person.

What are your thoughts, readers?

Hogg Hitler!

CH · 28 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This parody of the mini-tyrant David Hogg is friggin hilarious, and very well done. Of course, (((Susan Woczicki's))) Yidtube is frantically trying to quash it, because it hits leftoid nerve. Can't be havin' none of those dissident crimethinkers telling profound truths through their unauthorized art!

Bonus: Shitlibs logic-trapped!

***

Scanman running away with this post's COTW:

> Can you imagine the shame that kid's father must feel?
>
> Oh wait… his father is a deep state leftist traitor.
>
> Never mind.

Chicks Dig Formerly Bullied Incels Who Channeled Their Inner Jerk

CH · 29 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

File sarcastically under: WOW JUST WOW I CANNOT BELIEVE ANOTHER MASS MURDERER IS GETTING TONS OF FAN MALE FROM ADORING WOMEN!

From FoxNews:

> Parkland suspect Nikolas Cruz showered with fan mail, donations: report
>
> Lovestruck groupies from around the country are showering the Parkland, Fla., gunman Nikolas Cruz with fan mail, including sexually provocative photos and donations, according to a Wednesday report.
>
> One 18-year-old from Texas purportedly professed her love to Cruz in a March 15 letter adorned with smiley faces and hand-drawn hearts, South Florida's Sun-Sentinel reported.
>
> "When I saw your picture on the television, something attracted me to you," the letter said. "Your eyes are beautiful and the freckles on your face make you so handsome."
>
> The missive flatly concludes: "I'm really skinny and have 34C sized breasts."

She knows the way to a man's heart. Ever notice how quick girls are to validate their sexual and romantic worth to stone cold killers, while they give doting beta buxmales the endless runaround?

There's a lesson there. (Fame + Killer Cred = Moist Pussies)

> Another Texas woman reportedly sent a bizzare handwritten love note less than a week after Cruz gunned down 17 people Feb. 14 at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School.
>
> "I reserve the right to care about you, Nikolas!" read the unsolicited declaration.

Her love for deJesus Cruz is so strong she challenges social expectation and defies opprobrium. "I reserve the right!", she yells indignantly as she shakes her fist at a world that cannot understand the humanity in Cruz's soul which only she can see.

> A Chicago woman reportedly sent Cruz numerous suggestive photos, including one in which she slurps a Popsicle while wearing a bikini, and another in which she shows off her backside for the camera.

Gainfully employed and law-abiding beta males are never sent unsolicited naked pics. They are sent divorce court lawyer bills.

> Cruz, who jail officials say has received nearly $800 in donations to his prison commissary account since the shooting, has also caught the eye of some members of his own sex.

First, that's more money than most feminist bloggers make. Second, did you know that a disproportionate number of serial killers are homosexuals? It's true.

> A New Yorker with a bushy moustache sent Cruz a card featuring a cat and a photo of himself sitting in a white 1992 Nissan convertible, according to the Sun-Sentinel.

Anthony Weiner has gone native.

> At least for now, though, the mass murderer's suitors are pining at the wind. Jail officials, who screen all letters to inmates, said Cruz has not seen the letters, and remains on suicide watch.

#ReleaseTheMemos! All those girls making themselves sexually available to him should perk his… spirits right up.

> Nikolas and Zachary Cruz reportedly discussed their newfound popularity in a jail visit.

Someone mentioned that innocence has been lost when, in the past, men would seek fame because they wanted to achieve something great that moved a lot of people and getting women was a secondary reward to that but, today, men seek fame explicitly to haul in pussy. We know too much now. And maybe there's no going back from that (absent worldwide conflagration).

> "We read a few religious ones to him that extended wishes for his soul and to come to God," Broward County Public Defender Howard Finkelstein told the Sun-Sentinel, "but we have not and will not read him the fan letters or share the photos of scantily-clad teenage girls."

LOL. Finkelstein will take good care of those photos.

> Finkelstein added that he's "never seen this many letters to a defendant" in his 40 years as a public defender.

> The unseemly interest in Cruz may stem from women with poor parental relationships, or a strong desire to save an apparently lonely and vulnerable figure, mental health experts told the paper.

As usual, "mental health experts" miss the forest for the trees. Those observations are often associated with hybristophilia — the academic term for "chicks dig jerks" — but doesn't get at the root of why women swoon for le 56% killers. The answer you'll find here at CH: women love killers because those men have demonstrated their dominance over others and their environment. They are proven commodities who have shown, by proxy, they will commit atrocious violence against enemies and interlopers and secure a woman's place in her tribe.

From the Sun Sentinel, reporting on the same story,

> The South Florida Sun Sentinel obtained copies of some of the letters showing that Cruz, who had few friends in the outside world, is now being showered with attention.

Social Circle Game recognized.

> The reverent note takes up all available space on the front and back of a kiddie-like greeting card showing a furry bunny holding binoculars looking out at the ocean. The inside of the card says, “Out of sight, but never out of mind.”

Women should not be allowed to vote.

> A teenager wrote on March 15: “I’m 18-years-old. I’m a senior in high school. When I saw your picture on the television, something attracted me to you.”

That *something* is your Gine Directive — to secure the blessings of a stone cold killer’s seed — honed to exquisite precision over millions of years of evolution (and perhaps….perhaps…out of place in a modren post-industrial society…but the jury’s out on that).

> An 18-year-old from New York wrote: “No one else is dealing w/your demons, meaning maybe defeating them could be the beginning of your meaning, friend. I know you could use a good friend right now. Hang in there and keep your head up.” The letter closes with hearts colored in pink ink.

You will never see a woman so recklessly offer her emotional and sexual support to a straight-n-narrow beta male like you will see her do for a mass shooter.

> “The letters shake me up because they are written by regular, everyday teenage girls from across the nation,” he said. “That scares me. It’s perverted.”

It’s the God of Biomechanics.

> On the “Nikolas Cruz – the First Victim,” a now-secret group that until recently had 300 members, one young woman solicited photos for a collage to send to the killer. “I want him to see how many people love and care for him and all the beautiful faces,” she posted.

If only fat wives would put in this much effort to please their beta hubbies.

> “I want you all to know that Nikolas knows about us and he had the biggest smile on his face when he was told that we all support him,” a female commenter wrote on March 16. “Keep the letters coming because he can’t wait to finally get them.” She wrote that “hate mail is filtered out so no one can upset our boy!!! Haters gonna hate, potatoes gonna potate.”
>
> It’s unclear how Cruz would be aware of the group, but when Zachary Cruz visited his older brother in jail, he was overheard telling the killer that he’s now very popular with the ladies.
>
> “[Zachary] has been heard and observed discussing how popular his brother is now. That his face is everywhere and his name is national,”

Congratulations, ladies, for increasing the likelihood of another mass shooting.

> “There is discussion of starting some sort of pen pal or fan club and how many girls he’s capable of attracting — referring to his brother, Nikolas,” Murphy said.

When life gives you lemons, make a harem.

> Lieberman has analyzed Cruz and wrote a book about groupies of incarcerated killers, “Bad Boys: Why We Love Them, How to Live with Them and When to Leave Them.”

Why We Love Them: because they're bad.
How to Live with Them: in deep, exhilarating love.
When to Leave Them: under duress.

> He's referred to in some posts as "our Nikolas" and described as "cute."

Post-tingle rationalization.

Gentlemen, see women for they are. You will become handsomer in her eyes if you are more attractive in your attitude.

> One supporter who uses the hashtag #NikFam is selling $2 purple bracelets on eBay.com, declaring "Justice for Nik." The seller lists a litany of reasons for supporting the confessed mass killer, including that "we believe EVERYONE is worthy of love."

#RefugeesWelcome

> On the website PrisonTalk.com, would-be Cruz pen pals are inquiring about writing to him.
>
> "I feel bad for him and after reading about him I want to get to know him so he's not as lonely," one person wrote. "[I don't know] why I feel like this because he committed an awful crime I can't help it but I want to talk to him."

There are a lot of lonely nonviolent niceguys, but for some strange reason women aren't as compelled to ease their loneliness. It's enough to make a hamster…

A.A. channels his inner Chateaulord to vivisect this story with his own special panache,

> One thing that beta male white knight faggots don't want to hear about is the obsession that bitches have with wanting to fuck mass murderers. […]
>
> If you want to live in some fantasy dreamworld where "they're not all like that" then go ahead, but if you don't accept the truth you're just going to go through your entire life getting fucked over by these skanks.
>
> Conversely, if you look at them as what they are – stupid, wild animals – they you might have a chance to make a relationship with one work. Just always remember that as a boyfriend/husband you are basically a zookeeper, trying to keep control over a twisted amoral beast.

Poonkeeper.

> [Cruz] is obviously not handsome.
>
> He's a complete twerp.
>
> But her brain is telling her he's handsome because her biology is driven towards giving birth to psychopathic murderers.

It's a reproductive fitness maximizing strategy that only stopped working recently….if that.

> You don't need to go MGTOW and swear off women just because you realize how disgusting they truly are. On the contrary. Once you grasp the levels of depravity you are dealing with, you enter a state where you can tame these creatures.

The taming of the sloot.

> The first thing is to never treat them as though they have value. Always understand that it is her that owes you something, not the other way around. There is no romance. You can use romance on her, but don't believe any of it. Don't EVER let yourself feel like you need that skank.

Outcome independence.

> No matter how good she looks, I can promise you: she is absolute trash.

Flip the courtship script. She has to qualify herself to you, rather than the usual way these things go.

> What you always have to be able to do is walk away – remember that if nothing else. You always have to never need a bitch.

"Don't let yourself get attached to anything you are not willing to walk out on in 30 seconds flat if you feel the heat around the corner."

> Firstly, don't get legally married. Secondly, don't let her have the self-esteem to believe she can exist without you.

A.A. is angling to be the successor host of Le Chateau. If I had to pass the tumescent baton, I can't think of someone more worthy. Maybe GBFM.

> They are driven solely by animalistic pussy-drives, in particular the drive to fill their pussies with the seed of the most extreme psychopathic murderers alive.

i fucked my american cunt
i loved my english romance

***

fire and ice
you come on like a flame
and you turn a cold shoulder
fire and ice
i wanna give you my love
but you just take a little piece of my heart

Your Daily Purity

CH · 29 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Choose wisely.

The consequences are permanent.

Girls Are BEGGING For Pushback

CH · 30 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Henry Mueller (this guy again!) has a great anecdote that involves himself, an SJW chick, and a brief but sufficient flash of brass balls.

> No matter how often it happens, I'm still surprised sometimes by how well "You're wrong" game works.
>
> Just for kicks, I tried this approach with a girl standing in line for food recently. Turns out she was a carpet muncher. A 4 or 5 at best. But she started loudly talking shit about "pussy power feminism" and all that, in line.
>
> Finally I couldn't stand it any more and just started playfully contradicting everything she said. I called hardcore activists losers with no lives, and to my great surprise she said "Well..I don't actually go out protesting and all that, my girlfriend is more into that…"
>
> Point is, during a five minute interaction I actually had her by the end leaning against me while asking my help looking up a book I had recommended. We could call this the "I hope you're not like those other girls" frame, and it's another old school tactic that still works like a charm.
>
> "You're too pretty for the pussy hat march" might be the ideal game for these types. Most of them are in it for the virtue signalling as mentioned. And all women want to be perceived as special, especially at the expense of other women. Even if that woman is her girlfriend.
>
> Convince her that this SJW nonsense is for losers, and then it's a win-win either way. Either she sees the light and comes to the right side. Or she just pretends to in order to submit to you.

Isn't it great when you can get a pussyhatter SWPL chick qualifying herself to you?

Every girl desires a dominant man. Every girls secretly desires to submit to a dominant man. Every girl will test men for their dominance. Every girl BEGS for a man to PUSH BACK against her insolence and entitlement.

Girls are BEGGING to be DEFIED.

Keep close CH's three rules of manhood:

YOU make the demands.

SHE is judged worthy or wanting.

Always be prepared to WALK AWAY from the deal.

Happy Easter

CH · 1 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

God Emperor Game

CH · 1 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a technique for seducing women EASILY and INSTANTLY into bed. You tell the chick she has to sign an NDA (non disclosure agreement) if she's gonna spend any time with you. Whatever happens has to stay hush hush. Insinuate that if you and her hit it off, you may have to lawyer up. If she breaches the terms of contract for a "shot at reflected fame" (say exactly that) she can expect to hear from your legal team. After a condomless night together, hire one of your plates to follow her to her car and menacingly warn her against "falling in love" with you.

GEG GEG.

PS Years later, save America from eternal damnation.

When The Jumbotron Test Is Crushed

CH · 3 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Jumbotron Test is essentially a visualization of Poon Commandments V and VI.

Jumbotron Test:

> Every text or email or recordable instance of conversation you have with a girl must follow this simple rule:
>
> If it were given a public airing, let's say on a blog or a sports stadium jumbotron, you should feel comfortable with what you have written for the world to see. You should not feel an urge to wince, because it will be clear to everyone reading it how alpha you are. If the thought of someone other than you and your girl reading your permanently archived romantic exchanges makes you cringe with embarrassment, then you are doing something wrong that will eventually lead to your girl dumping you.

Poon Commandment V:

> **V. Adhere to the golden ratio**
>
> Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

Poon Commandment VI:

> **VI. Keep her guessing**
>
> True to their inscrutable natures, women ask questions they don't really want direct answers to. Woe be the man who plays it straight — his fate is the suffering of the beta. Evade, tease, obfuscate. She thrives when she has to imagine what you're thinking about her, and withers when she knows exactly how you feel. A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly. Reward her good behavior intermittently and unpredictably and she will never tire of working hard to please you.

I've seen, heard of, and executed some impressive text game that could publicly air to accolades from discerning viewers, but I've rarely seen the Jumbotron Test (or should I call it, the Jumbrotron Test) crushed so thoroughly as it was in this exchange:

Skittles Man has met his match: 2$ Big Towels Bro.

Ok ok I know what you're all thinking…"Look at the chick, CH. It's easy to give zero fucks when the fuck is a zero."

No argument there. State control doesn't operate in a vacuum; the amplitude of the disturbance matters. Still, many omegas and betas fail the Jumbotron Test under extremely favorable conditions. So give this bro some love, he spun that broad's hamster wheel into orbit and gave the public a good laugh.

¡SCIENCE! you dirty whore: Study Proves Women Love Men Who Are Loved By Women

CH · 3 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Male preselection, aka the observable reality that the desirability of men to women increases when men are desired by women, gets a boost from ¡SCIENCE!:

> Men are more attractive when desired by other women, study finds
>
> Published in the journal Scientific Reports, researchers from the Universities of St Andrews, Durham and Exeter believe that a man is given an "attractiveness boost" when he is desired by other women.
>
> This is because he is perceived to be more kind, faithful and a better father.

Right observation, wrong interpretation. These cues may play a role in the additional desirability of preselected men, but they aren't the primary reason for women's arousal in the company of men who are surrounded by adoring women. The more honest explanation for the "mate copying effect" in women is that preselected men are proven HSMV commodities — the love of other women validates the preselected man's sexual worth. Women need this validation because it's a shortcut to determining if a man would be a quality mate. Why do women, but not men, exploit third party opinion to gauge a potential lover's worth? Because women are HOLISTIC mate value assessors; women judge a lot more about a man than just his looks. Men predominately rely on their eyeballs to tell them which women are worth pursuing and courting.

> The women were asked to rate how attractive they found each image before being shown the average rating given by the rest of the group.
>
> Interestingly, when the women were asked to re-rate each image shortly after, their answer changed in favour of the social information.
>
> On average, a participant changed their initial rating by around 13 per cent when rating the attractiveness of men's faces depending on what other women had said.

In the zero sum sexual market, even a 1% edge can mean the difference between incel and normielove.

> "Women appear to copy the mate preferences of other women but this might simply be because humans have a general tendency to be influenced by the opinions of others," said research leader Dr Kate Cross.

A strong sex difference operates here. Women tend to be more influenced by group opinion.

> A trait which is often seen in female birds and fish, the idea behind mate copying or The Wedding Ring Effect, is that by already being in a relationship or desired by other women, a man has already proven that they have some desirable characteristics.

When a woman sees an ugly man with attractive women, she thinks, "what does he have going on? I must find out."

When a man sees an ugly woman with attractive men, he thinks, "she's ugly, they're gay."

> The findings are also supported by an earlier study from Oklahoma State University which found that 90 per cent of single women were interested in a man they believed was taken, while a mere 59 per cent wanted him when told he was single.

The "wedding ring effect" can be spoofed by single men in two ways: wear a wedding ring, or surround himself

with female friends who will act as his wingmen completely unawares of their purpose to him if he chooses exploitation over honesty.

If you decide on the female friend strategy to boost your preselection score, don't ruin the effect by acting like a gay-ass beta orbiter. You aren't supposed to give women the impression that you're a gay bestie helping your girls hook up with chads. You're supposed to be *that guy* who's socializing with women whom he may or may not be banging, while still keeping an eye out for fresh meat. And when the girl you've got your eye on asks about the nature of your relationships with your female company? "Oh them? They're my caravan of migrants, always following me around."

Psychopath Game, Reader Edition

CH · 3 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

CH has explored the darkest nooks where psychos reveal their seduction secrets. Add one more to the Psychopath Game genre, this time from a reader:

> This is an addition to your jerky testimonies. I have at least two of the three dark tetrad traits; psychopathy and machiavellianism.
>
> The thing with psychopathy is that society has so shamed it that even a psychopath has the cognitive dissonance to never admit to themselves that they are a psychopath.

For the life of me, I can't figure out why civilized society would shame psychopaths?

> But after a while, enough people tell you that you are a psychopath that you accept it.

I've heard it said, "a true psychopath would never know he was a psycho." I don't buy that. A true psychopath would know *exquisitely* that he was a psycho…and wouldn't care.

> My court mandated therapist hasn't "diagnosed" me with psychopathy but he told me i have an extremely low sensitivity to stimuli. He said I need to have a job or hobby which stimulates me; like a mountain climbing guide or white water rafting instructor. Although, he never came out and said I'm a psychopath.

A lot of human personality traits reside on a spectrum of disposition. There may be a hard and fast line between non-psycho and clinical psycho, but clustering near that line — the marginal cases — people will exhibit some if not all behaviors associated with psychopathy. So the true rate of "psychopathy leaners" could be significantly higher than the 2% of the population identified as clinically psychopathic.

> I have multiple friends who are ex military and they tell me I have the 1,000 yard stare. I've never been in the military.
>
> I've had a couple stints in the clink. No prison time, just a couple days at a time.
>
> I've figured out that during peace time societies and governments lock people like me up; during war time they actively seek us. They don't put up a sign saying "psychopaths wanted" but their recruitment screen for psychopaths.

This is as good a reason as any to explain why psychopaths, if they're so antagonistic to civil society, still exist in the human gene pool: they're Darwinian insurance bets against existential crisis, able and willing to do what it takes to protect their tribe. (The other theory I've read is that the % of psychos in a population is relatively stable because at low numbers they can successfully exploit the empathically cooperative societies in which they live, but when their numbers get too high they are ruthlessly culled back to a manageable level by a "law and order" reaction to their predations.)

> Side note, i've also figured out that police officers know exactly how to lie to get a conviction.

Psychos are often extremely canny observers of human nature (the "business card aesthetic").

> Anyway, enough background; here's some anecdotes.
>
> I've dated PhD's, strippers, wealthy foreigners (non Americans), I've had ONS threesomes offered to me. I was meeting a newly single "friend" out for cocktails. I arrived earlier than her and I chatted up another woman.

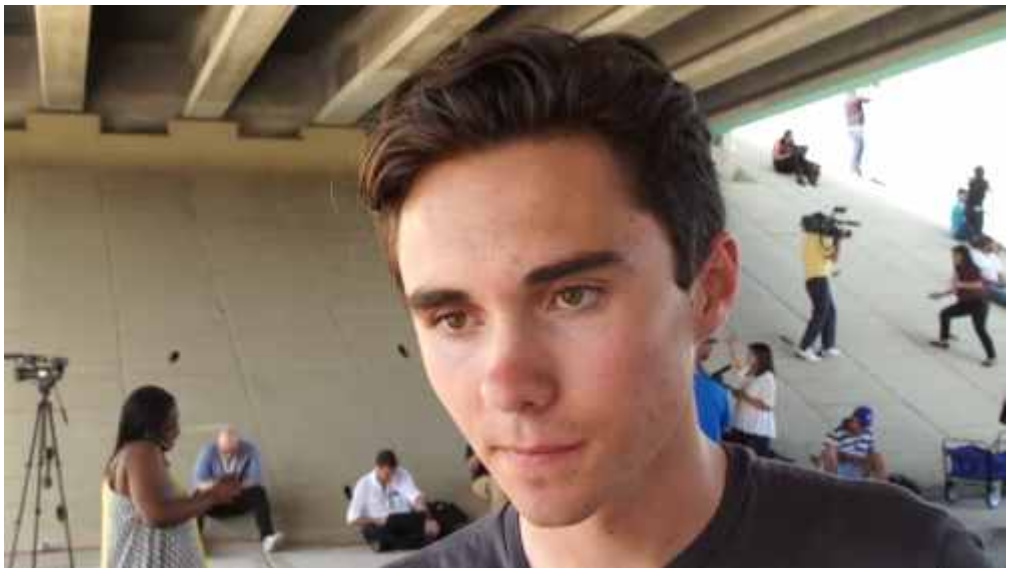
> My “friend” showed up; a hb8 amazon; taller than me with huge tits… alpha female. the girl i chatted up earlier came and told me she wanted to have a threesome with me and my amazon “friend”. The amazon asked me what that was about, i told her that girl wants to have a threesome with us. The amazon was pensive for a minute. I wasn’t propositioning her. after a minute she said, “sure” as if it were a proposition. I told her, “let’s just wait a while” but soon both girls were grabbing my dick.
>
> I was at the gym doing legs. I was at a squat rack. There are five other squat racks at my gym. Jacked dudes at every rack; more jacked than me. A yoga chick came up to me and told me she needed someone to teach her how to do squats. I said, “Ya, you need to.” She gave me that bright eyed surprised, “you’re an asshole!” look. then said I was really busy. But she can give me her email and i’ll send her some links. she shook my hand and intro’d herself. then she shit tested me by saying, “wow, that was a really weak hand shake.” I pulled out (heh) one of your lines and said, “I try not to hurt girls, unless it’s the right kind of hurt.”
>
> She displayed faux indignation and gave a wow just wow reaction and chastised me for being lame.
>
> I emailed her a couple days later with some links and told her to give me her number and we can talk about it more in person. we met for coveffee a few days later strategically near my house. we venue changed and we got a drink. you can use this line. I told her we can go to my place but I don’t think we should have sex. She’s like, “what!? why would you think we would have sex!?”
>
> My living room is strategically arranged to be uncomfortable for guests. I have a desk and a chair and that’s about it. so wimmins have to go to my bedroom for movies/netflix. I started rubbing her pussy. She said, “I thought you said we weren’t going to have sex?” I said, “I changed my mind”
>
> boomshockalocka
>
> don’t use my name

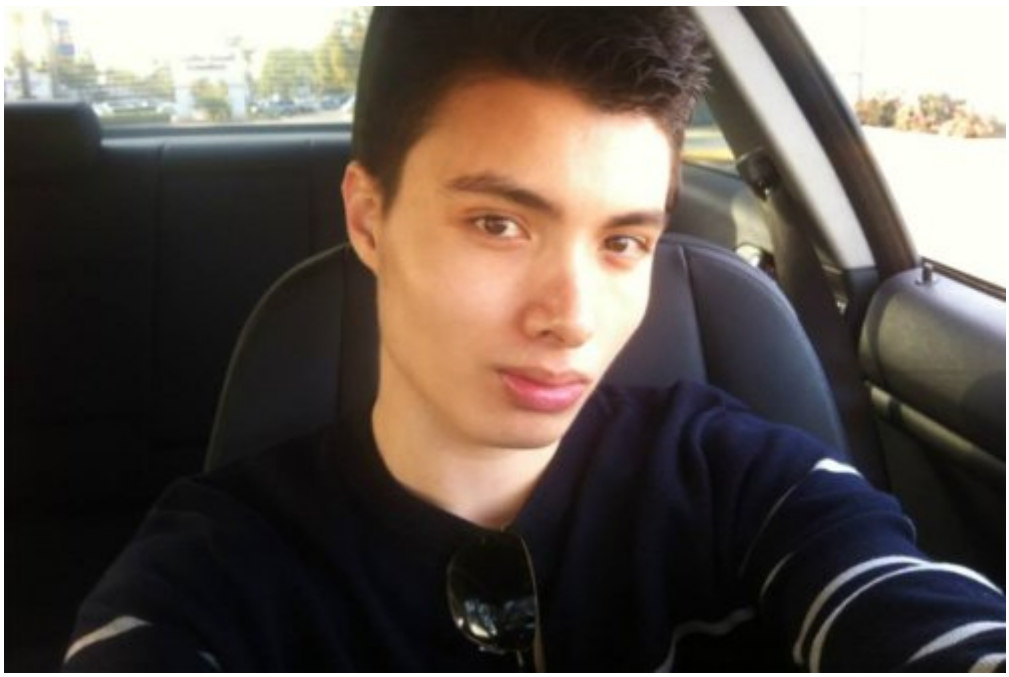
If you noticed Psychopath Game and regular Game are similar in execution, you wouldn’t be far off.

Psychos have so much Outcome Independence, that it can get them in trouble…and in a lot of pussy.

Separated At Birth: The Loveless Loser Crew

CH · 4 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original





Top: Insol

Bottom two: Incel

All three: Narcisshits groomed on a steady diet of social media Likes.

Explains a lot.

Nasim Aghdam looks like the love child of David Hogg and Eliot Roger. Really wide face indicates psychopathic tendencies. And of course she's a racial mutt from that part of the world that produces a disproportionate number of the world's psychos.

Verdict: she, and her family, should never have been let into America. They aren't like us.

***

I confess when I heard Oytube got shot up by this unibrow minx, I didn't shed a tear. Globohomo Valley tech monopolies on the receiving end of their vibrant pets' rage? Umm, sorry? I forgot to mourn.

If an emboldened horde of steppe-nomad mystery meat vegan psychocunts decides to visit hell on the centers of Leftoid Power, there isn't a bucket of popcorn big enough to enjoy the fratricidal freakshow.

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A reader writes,

> The YT killer story has various levels/angles, but I think the most interesting one is the wish for revenge against a company that has taken on the task of arbitrarily censoring the content of videos posted on its system, often undermining people's businesses in doing so. A proportion harmed by it will follow in this woman's footsteps.

Reminder that this is the grotesquerie, deformed by inbreeding whose ancestors sacrificed a human visage and relatability for a few shekels of IQ, who controls what you see and hear on her worldwide communications medium:

#PhysiognomyIsrael

It's Revenge of the Nerds, times one million and more repulsive than any Lovecraftian horror. It's Fuggernaut politics. The degenerate freak mafia only knows how to destroy the true and beautiful so that they no longer feel the sting of their lies and ugliness.

The Fuggernaut doesn't want us gazing to the heavens; they want us staring at the muck.

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My sides! From MPC status updates:

> The internet really is an incredible mental illness incubator.

Petition to replace "marry, fuck, kill" with "italian, persian, or jew?"

Chad Bigly:

Me: The perfect Narrative Collapse doesn't exist.

Nasim Aghdam: Hold my vegan kebab.

LOL. What's wrong with our angry young women? Has feminist veganism gone too far?

One more flog of the Hogg:

It's funny cause it's cruel. (For those who don't know, Hogg tweeted about his virginity and no-girlfriend lifestyle, confessing that his classmates think he's weird. Who could've guessed that?)

The Psychopath In Post-America

CH · 4 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a great comment by emery, who tells about a clinically diagnosed psychopath among his group of friends:

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There are a lot of posers in this topic who are commenting about psychopaths without realizing that their opinion of them has been super biased by the media they consume. Like this guy
"A psychopath or sociopath or narc will never fight for his 'tribe'. There is no tribe for them. There is no social belonging. Its just them and them alone for miles to come in their head. Their evolutionary strategy is simply to fend for themselves using short term measures. They also make incredibly poor soldiers who have trouble sticking to chain of command and instead use the system to gain short term benefits. "
or this guy
"I'm a psychiatrist and the dude seems more likely to be one of those common internet aspie nerds than a psycho. Psychos dont post on the internet. They dont tell others they are psychos. Aspie nerds have low sensitivity to stimuli because of continuos uninterrupted viseogaming and porn surfing"

My closest friend is a psychopath, 6 out of 10 on the scale (around 8 you start to be unable to integrate into society in any meaningful fashion) and boy let me tell you that our host's assessment of their charismatic powers is dead on. For some reason women of all stripes love him, men want to be his friend and all sorts of opportunities are opened for him with seemingly no effort. He is willing to kill over his friends and is the first guy to kick up a shitstorm when one of us is dissed (when it can be done and we get away with it, he always has a sense of when to fight or walk away too) so their lack-of-tribe isn't a hard rule. As a soldier they are great; there's the book "Wisdom of Psychopaths" which interviews some elite british special forces guy and he's a geniune psychopath. They are unfazed by danger and are willing to do crazy shit; and they follow orders WHEN THEY MAKE SENSE. Otherwise they operate with independence which you want in your most elite forces. You want someone wacked, you send the psychopath.

Anyways I wanted to respond to this comment.
"I've heard it said, "a true psychopath would never know he was a psycho." I don't buy that. A true psychopath would know exquisitely that he was a psycho…and wouldn't care. "
I can only speak for my friend but he didn't know he was a psycho until recently. He just thought other people made dumb choices or had weaker logical centers than him. Turns out he is half right, since the defining thing of psychopathy is that emotions don't affect their actions. He only found out he was a psycho because he asked me, "Sometimes people just completely misunderstand what I say, Why is that?". One thing led to another and voila.

As you can tell I'm totally jealous of him. Psychopathy is the tits in our modern society, like running on a clear high while everyone is a panicked mess. It's like being in the zone in a game you've mastered and played for years going up against people who still make newbie mistakes and don't really understand how to play and are stuck in their head. Only one weakness; There is some truth to all the posters saying they are predators who feast on the tribe. If they are poorly socialized they will roam and prey on people and they absolutely cannot sustain a hierarchy. My friend is loved by everyone and they'll do what he says when he asks but doesn't have that tribal-leader quality that keeps group cohesion strong. It's hard to phrase, but he cannot see and thus cannot add to the 'social currency' that really tight groups use to feel bonded to one another.

There IS a place for them though. You want your doctors, soldiers, executioner headsman and your priests to all be psychopaths. The commonality is that they benefit when their personal emotions do not factor into their actions. Btw, I believe this is why they totally slay women (heh). Women manipulate emotions through superior empathy and superior empathy-manipulating-tools (boobs, childlike features, demure purring etc.) and they are completely stripped of those weapons against the psychopath. If she doesn't have any other mental tools (and modern women are the least socially adept they've been in, possibly, all of human history) it's, again, like a child fighting a master.

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One of the greatest pickup artists — womanizers, in the new-old vernacular — I've known was on the psycho spectrum, in my estimation based on his personal acquaintance with me. And yes, women were totally out-gunned and ill-equipped to parry his charms. Short term conquests were his specialty; he had a few gfs but his relationships always ended prematurely, and usually with spectacular fireworks. He acquired many obsessive stalkers in this way.

I recall reading somewhere that heart and brain surgeons have the most psychopaths in their ranks of any occupation.

I've written about this before, so I'll reiterate my thoughts here: As we enter the Fourth Turning — the time of Crisis — the sociopaths and their close cousins the psychopaths will be in their element, alternately feasting on America's decaying husk for personal benefit and disregarding virtue signaling peers to crush the enemies of America. We would be smart to corral the Stone Cold Charisma Corp to our ShivNat cause.

Reader Mailbag: Dating In The Era Of MAGA Edition

CH · 5 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Welcome to this edition of Reader Mailbag, wherein your gracious Chateau hosts answer your sex and relationship questions in as untimely a manner as possible so that the girl you were chasing is long gone from the picture and the wisdom you imbibe here can be used to torture yourself with "what could have been" mumbling chants.
Programming note: Emailer names are never identified in reader mailbag posts, but if for some reason you *want* your name (real or a handle) publicly aired, please explicitly request it in your email. Otherwise, amusing nicknames will be given to emailers.

Email #1: Sadness Market Value wonders about the depths of depravity that some men are willing to plumb.

> Which is sadder, a woman getting so shitfaced in public that her husband must drag her home, or the fact that her girth is so immense (far greater than hubby's) that her soyboy geldling collapses under her heft?

In ascending order of pathetic sadness:

- hot mistress getting blitzed and effortlessly carried home by cheating hubby
- hot oneitis getting tanked and carried home in straining noodle arms by her friendzoned beta orbiter
- fat chick getting sloppy drunk and dragged home by an acquiescing betaboy who is trying to impress her hot friend
- fat, drunk, and stupid wife crushing her soyhubby under the load of her bulbosity in full view of bar patrons

I hope that clears things up.

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Email #2: No Mate Guarding asks if there's an alpha way to mate guard a flirty girlfriend.

> Just been catching up on the blog & reading the posts on BMMG got me wondering about less beta / more alpha ways of mate guarding in public – not everyone's a Heartiste yet after all.

Even a Heartiste occasionally falls short of Heartistian expectations. Yet I carry on.

> Ex: whilst on your way to buy a drink etc, give her a playful smack on her posterior & say something lighthearted along the lines of 'teasing them again… someone's going to get such a spanking when we get home', then carry on to the bar / washroom / whatever.
>
> I'm thinking something like this shows you're not really that worried about her (not quite ZFG alpha territory, but few fucks given – FFG, if you will), but also assumes the sale etc.

I'd leave out the "someone's getting a spanking" part; it sounds cheesy in a mate guarding context. A playful ass smack and a light-hearted warning (to both your gf and the other guy) along the lines you suggested — "Watch out for this one, she's a tease. She'll break your heart" — is good enough to get your point across. That point being, you still own her, and he's the sort of beta to get his heart broken a lot. So this accomplishes two goals: it puts her on notice and lowers his SMV.

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Email #3: Preen Enabler praises with faint damns.

> Just donated.

> Since I started practicing techniques I learned on Heartiste, my marriage has improved dramatically. My wife now says “You’re a bad man. You’re a very bad man.” With a gleam in her eye and a moistness in her vaj.

I would have been a failure as a marriage counselor. Saving all those marriages with too much winning advice would mean fewer follow-up sessions. Now you know how the therapist racket works: keep the marks coming in for more temporary hits of feelgood pabulum that does nothing to actually help them become better, happier people.

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Email #4: Bumble Rumble is an accelerationist.

> Some men just want to watch the world burn.
>
> WWYD. I matched with this girl on bumble and we’ve been talking through the day. She plays that dumb 2 truths and a lie game. I try to figure out the answer by plugging in her pics to google reverse image search and I find her instagam. Turns out shes married and has a million posts with her husband and other bullshit posts about how god is good lol. Shes also going under a fake name on bumble. I hint to her that I know her real name and she immediately deletes me from the app. Now, I don’t know these people at all but I really want to tell the guy shes on bumble. Should I blow up her spot?

I make it policy to stay away from married broads, unless the circumstances of a potential hookup are so favorable to me that indulgence is possible without much blowback. In practice, this means I almost never have flings with women I know to be cheating on their husbands. The few married chicks I’ve been with kept that a secret from me until after we were in the Boff Zone, and then I ended it shortly after the revelation.

This chick was using a fake name because she just wanted to get her fuck on and it’s a good one of that I’m sure. If you wanted the same, I don’t know why you’d blow her cover. If you didn’t want sex, but want to save a mortal beta hubby’s soul…DON’T. At least, don’t do it unless you can guarantee your anonymity. No matter how saintly your intentions, getting involved in a domestic dispute never ends well, for any party to the chaos. Most likely scenario: he blames you for casting aspersions on his loyal wife, and now you have two people, ho and hubby, who’d like to fuck your shit up. The cuckold will have to find his way to salvation on his own.

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Email #5: Legally Bound Beta’s Lament has a question for the ages.

> How do I get my middle aged wife to lose weight?
>
> That was the short version. If you need background, here is some:
>
> Met around age 30 my n was about 9 and hers was 1.
>
> She was about a 6.5 and I was maybe a low 7. She has always been in the passenger seat and I have always had hand in the relationship. Occassional dread game, eyeing other women, comments on looks etc have been deployed. Comments about her weigh, big butt are not even offensive to her because I do it in a playful way. She knows she has to lose weight for herself and to keep my interest. She is about 190 lbs at age 42 and was 140 on our wedding day 11 years ago.

Depreciation is a bitch.

> she is 5’7″. She has borne me 4 beautiful white children and I get baby weight happens, but nothing is slowing this down. I will say she always had a little extra ass, but now its getting to be a turn off to see her gut. I have had dream (last night) of being in a new relationship with a younger, slimmer, 7 or 8 girl next door. My wife is a great wife and mother. Does all the tradcon wife stuff, in the kitchen and the bed. Not one complaint. She

> knows she has to lose weight, but can't seem to commit herself, and has excuses all the time. Donation headed your way for the years of great wisdom emparted if youd help save my marriage by telling me/the CH community how to motivate our goodwife to be less of a fatwife.

Maybe I should have made this a separate post titled "Fatwife To Goodwife: The Reclamation" because the topic is so damned important to so many American men.

Fatwives: If you love your husbands, you'll lose weight. If you want to be loved by your husbands, you'll lose weight.

If you refuse to lose weight, the obvious conclusion is that you neither love your husband nor care about receiving his love. So why should he stay with you? Better question: Why should the law demand under penalty of financial ruin that he stay with you?

CH Maxim #120lbs: There's no such thing as unconditional love.

LBBL, here's my advice: continue kicking yourself into shape, amp up your dread game, and encourage your wife every time she loses even an ounce of flab. The carrot and the stick, acting together as a force multiplier, will turn your fatwife into a fapwife. When you're swole and confident, other women will notice, and your wife will notice other women noticing. When you're pretending to be scandalized by other women flirting with you, your wife will notice. When you step off the scale, tell her "I warmed it up for you" (she'll get the hint). When you make innocuous asides calculated to unnerve your wife, about the peculiarity of her single female friends with the "amazing" bodies who can't find a man, she'll notice.

If, after a six month protocol of this psychological version of chinese water torture, your fatwife is still fat and still your wife, you have permission to lower the boom.

"IF YOU DON'T SLIM DOWN, I'M LEAVING YOU"

Because you've left her already, in your heart, as long as she stays fat, there's no downside to a hail mary ultimatum to save your marriage: she either complies, or you formalize what you feel about her. Good luck. In this anti-male, gynarcho-tyranny we live in that slanders male virtue and glorifies all female vice, you'll need it.

***

Email #6: Disturbed By Cucking writes,

> My biggest personal hurdle towards unplugging is as follows. I'm deeply disturbed by the thought that girls which I'm currently dating are sleeping concurrently with other guys.

Rule 1: More girls than most are willing to believe will cock hop while dating non-exclusively.

Rule 2: If you suspect your girl is fucking around, she probably is. Ignore gut instinct at your peril.

> The more beautiful the girl, the more these irrational thoughts unsettle me, to the point that I dreamed that one of the girls I'm seeing gave me a video call and she was laying almost naked in bed with another guy, looking sweaty and rosy in the cheeks — as if they had just finished having sex.

Fear and loathing of cuckoldry is normal in men; those feelings protect you from resource exploitation and reproductive annihilation by cheating women. If you are constantly having nightmares about cuckoldry, that could indicate deeper psychological issues stemming either from the pain of victimization by a past infidelity or even from a taboo fantasy.

> I should add that this chick is the hottest I was able to pull so far, a HB9, 6y younger than me (I'm 28 btw). Now there are a few red flags about this girl, the latest being that she posed as a nude model in her drawing

> class. That ruffled me a bit, though I didn't let it show. Should I just NEXT her?

Damn son, why would you NEXT an art class nude model? That's not a red flag, that's a BED FLAG. I bet she'd be a great romp. Set up an easel in your bedroom and tell her you're gonna draw a picture of her with your dick.

Seriously, though, if you just want to date and get your rocks off, stop worrying about the possibility this chick is engaged in extracliticular activities. Sure, being a nude model is a tell of promiscuity and unfaithfulness, but that should only be a concern if you're committing to her with the intention of marrying her. In the meantime, exercise your god-given prerogative as a MAN and have your no-strings-attached fun with her.

> Back to my self-inspired dread… How do I get past this stupid Beta fears?

Date more the one woman. The calmest you will ever be around women is when women are always around you.

> How do I stop caring?

You can't. You can only pacify it.

> Should I even stop caring?

No. Let the caring pass through you.

> I understand that these fears are probably rooted in my insecurity, perhaps they even make sense as a protection mechanism of sorts (like mate guarding) against cuckolding. Another issue is that I cannot bring myself to go down on any girl, petrified by the idea of other dicks having been in there, maybe just the night before.

Dirty little secret is that most men don't like going down on women, because most women aren't scorching hot babes with perfectly manicured pube thatches and disease-free snatches that smell of lavender. If you find yourself heading south by a hidden force beyond your control, chances are good you're with a chick who really turns you on.

> I don't know of any friend of mine who has this issue (in fact, a friend told me he's turned on by the thought of his LTR banging another guy… wtf).

Low T soyboy. Avoid him like the plague, lest his disease rub off on you.

> This site changed my life.

It is required.

PS A trick I use to stop thinking the worst thoughts about women is to accept a priori the worst about women, knowing that many women will surprise me and beat my expectations. Then….LOVE. :heart:

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Email #7: The Ebony Mole requests the company of yours humbly.

> I'm a young black man who is a reactionary and I would love to be friends with you anyway I hope you accept my token of friendship and if you want to call me my phone number is [redacted]

You sound totally legit and trustworthy. Let's get together and chat over 40s. You can find me at MPC under the handle That One Guy.

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Email #8: MAGAdating may have the most current year question of the day.

> I'm asking for advice on a Trump shit test/social experiment. I'm going to a speed dating event in a shitlib city and I expect some girls to ask, "Are you a Trump supporter?" (because they do it on Tinder).
>
> I don't want to cuck. At the same time I don't want to argue politics or give them the smug satisfaction of dismissing me by saying "Yes." I want an aloof shitlord response that reframes and keeps them guessing. Or maybe agree and amplify: "How could you tell? Maybe it's my new cologne called WINNING."
>
> Any ideas? If you blog on this I'll try various responses and report back. Maybe even secretly record interactions and post for all to hear.
>
> Thanks. Keep up the good work.

Great question (I've had to deal with similar interrogations from women, so my advice on this topic is guaranteed fresh).

No, you don't want to cuck. Unless you're a weapons-grade liar who can and will say anything with utmost believability simply to get the bang with a rooted cosmopolitan libsloot, you'll feel bad about betraying your god emperor thrice before the cock plows.

Your "WINNING" cologne line is pretty good, so you could go with that.

Here are my additional suggestions, to both keep your dignity and to seal the deal with maga zeal:

Agree&Amplify

"Are you a Trump supporter?"

"Worse. I'm an Ivanka supporter."

Substitute "Hitler Youth", "Roy Moore", or "Pinochet" to your personal liking.

Qualify

"Are you a Trump supporter?"

"Are we really gonna do politics on a speed date? I thought you were better than that."

Pre-emption

You: "Are you a Hillary supporter?"

NEXT as required.

Reductio ad absurdum

"Are you a Trump supporter?"

"As if! I'm a Hillary supporter all the way! A proud male feminist. I have a favorite pussyhat. In fact, I'm menstruating right now."

Nuclear Disqualification

"Are you a Trump supporter?"

shaking your head sadly "Damn. Another one." *get up and walk away*

Script Flipping

"Are you a Trump supporter?"

“Of course. I’m not gay.”

Assume the Sale

“Are you a Trump supporter?”

“Of course. Isn’t everybody?”

“I’m not!”

“Sorry to hear that. You should see a doctor about that.”

Bane Game

“Are you a Trump supporter?”

“For you.”

Ok, that’s enough for now. MAGAdating, we here at CH would love if you’d field test these and secretly record your interactions. I will definitely dedicate a post to whatever responses you get from these shitlib sheilas.

The Accidental Jerkboy

CH · 6 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A surprising number of beta males will pull cute women totally by accident, usually because they temporarily forgot to filter their thoughts before speaking them aloud, or while in a fog of liquor and xanax they executed Dread Game or Disengaged Asshole Game without realizing they were doing that.

Which goes to prove one of my main contentions that ALPHA is a state of mind more than it is a jut of jawline, and that beta males CAN LEARN to be the more charismatic men that women desire.

It's just so friggin tragic that these "accidental jerkboys" RARELY take the lesson of their fortuitous faux pas to heart, preferring instead to ignore the HARD EVIDENCE OF A BINDING CONNECTION BETWEEN JERKITUDE AND MUFF MOISTENING in front of their eyes for the comfort of keeping their lips latched to the milk-less teat of the pussy pedestal in their heads.

Maul-Right Street Art

CH · 7 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I don't know who or which group was responsible for the above dissident skylarking, but it's a beautiful thing to behold. If it were a shiv, it would be serrated and dipped in tree pepe poison. We need more of this, and fast. Increase the voltage!

The following is from the incomparable SABO, and is one of his bast street artworks yet:

Shitlibs are put on notice by this heretical street art. In this war, it's strategically smart to let shitlibs know they don't

own the public square, especially the public squares of the big blue coastal megacities that have become their adopted hive home. We want them in fear every minute of their fappuccinoed soylives that the person standing next to them at the movie theater wine bar or sharing an uber pool ride with them could be an apostate, a VERY BAD FREETHINKER, and why is that person staring at them that way? Is he dreaming of DOTR? Oh god where did I put my inhaler?

PS An American Thermopylae.

Comment Of The Week: The World Wide Web Of Insanity

CH · 7 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

PBR Streetgang collects this week's COTW:

> Imagine the internet was a real place – it'd be like visiting an enormous public library where everyone was screaming for attention- or jerking off.

I'd drop a mic in PBR's honor if I had one in my hand. (not a euphemism for anything sordid)

The Laundry Test

CH · 8 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

How do I love thee? Let me smell your panties.

A good test to determine if and how much you love your girlfriend is what I call the Laundry Test. If you shack up with a chick, or even if you don't but you spend a lot of time together at each other's places, you will eventually do a load of her laundry (one load deserves another HEH). Usually this will happen when she tosses her clothes into your pile, and by then it's more work to fish her stuff out than it is to do the whole mess at once. After a few times, she'll just ask if you can wash her clothes when you wash your own clothes. You will consent. Don't fret it. It's no demerit against your masculinity score if you don't maintain 100% PURE PATRIARCHY all the time.

When you drop her unmentionables into the washing machine, do you act as if your hands are tongs for transporting nuclear waste? Does your face scrunch up and do you force your thoughts elsewhere? After you pull her clothes out of the dryer, do you toss them in an undifferentiated heap, annoyed with the chore?

You don't love her. Not like you used to, at any rate.

Alternately, when handling her soiled snatch hammocks do you sneak in a sniff? Gaze at the centerpiece fabric for a moment, wondering if her tube lube has left a Rorschach test of romance for you to decipher? Rub the fungal foundational between your fingers? When pulling her dainties out of the dryer, do you caress them individually, allowing the warm scented fabric to linger under your nose. Do you perhaps, when even your God isn't watching, press your lips against her slips and inhale like you're taking an epic bong rip? Do you longingly admire her cleaned G-strings, and fold them neatly in a pile, enjoying a moment to reflect on the happiness she has brought to your life?

You love her. Like you used to, and as you will until the Wall fights you to wrest your love away.

The Visionary

CH · 9 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Womanizers never die, they just slay away.

A wise, old player of my former acquaintance — a man whose opinion I would only come to value after he left for adventures beyond and my experiences had endorsed the truth of his words — once told me a story about a quim slayer he had known and from whom he had learned so much about the ways of womanizing. His story was perhaps apocryphal, but the lesson it put forth was true.

He said his friend (we'll call him The Visionary) suffered from a congenital affliction that was slowly robbing him of his sight. When he had met him, the friend was already on the cusp of declaring himself legally blind. He could still get around without a walking stick, and he could discern individuals and detect enough anatomical difference to know who was a pretty girl and who was the cockblock, but fine facial details were lost to him. He would describe the sensation as a shimmering blurriness, as if a piece of luminescent gauze was draped over the world which he would peer through trying to find peculiarities in each face to help him identify friends from strangers at an indoor distance.

Again, he had no trouble spotting pretty girls. My wise, old player friend confirmed the Visionary's exquisite taste in women. What was different for him was the one obstacle he didn't have to overcome which bedeviled fully sighted men: beauty catatonia. Up close, pretty girls didn't cause him to stumble over his words or to physically stiffen with discomfort brought on by raging horniness. The sharpness of focus that causes an adrenaline rush in men when near a pretty girl was missing in him; he could see "this here is a pretty girl" but past that her features were smoothed out, flattened, blurred, and therefore deprived of the power that renders men tongue-tied and self-conscious.

Into this power vacuum he strode, preternaturally confident for a man with a disability, carrying with him, always, a hamster-nuking inborn disqualification neg to every HB he met: no hottie rattled him, and every hottie wondered why. He never let on he was vision-impaired, or if he did he downplayed its severity. Women could likely figure it out in time, but to their hamsters that didn't matter.

Smoothasfuck and brimming with a ZFG calm that impresses men and drenches women, The Visionary would cold approach so many hsmv women that there were moments his friend would simply watch, awe-struck, as the crippled master of muff worked his stuff, and digits would exchange faster than the NYSE on the quants' coke delivery day. Rejection was nothing to him; if he couldn't feel the sear of their beauty he wouldn't feel the burn of their loss.

His secret can be yours. Poon Commandment X:

> **X. Ignore her beauty**
>
> The man who trains his mind to subdue the reward centers of his brain when reflecting upon a beautiful female face will magically transform his interactions with women. His apprehension and self-consciousness will melt away, paving the path for more honest and self-possessed interactions with the objects of his desire. This is one reason why the greatest lotharios drown in more love than they can handle — through positive experiences with so many beautiful women they lose their awe of beauty and, in turn, their powerlessness under its spell. It will help you acquire the right frame of mind to stop using the words *hot, cute, gorgeous,* or *beautiful* to describe girls who turn you on. Instead, say to yourself "she's interesting" or "she might be worth getting to know". Never compliment a girl on her looks, especially not a girl you aren't fucking. Turn off that part of your brain that wants to put them on pedestals. Further advanced training to reach this state of unawed Zen transcendence is to sleep with many MANY attractive women (try to avoid sleeping with a lot of ugly women if you don't want to regress). Soon, a Jedi lover you will be.

You don’t have to wear vision-blurring novelty glasses to achieve the state control of the highest smv alpha males, although it might help. Alternately, you can train your mind to demystify women’s beauty by exploiting game principles that deceptively prioritize the display and proof of a woman’s character and personality, thereby deleveraging the capital advantage of her number one asset.

The Visionary played the game as if each pickup was his last, because he would go completely blind in a few short years and the blurred beauty of women would be gone from his world for good.

da GBFM's Magnum Condom Opus

CH · 9 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

da GBFM needs no introduction, but does need a Pulzlolzllolzzlitzer. Reprinted in full:

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TO EE HOW WELL ALL OF YOU BEETATTZ BUNGHOELRZ HAVE BEEN STSUDYDYTING lzozlzozlzlzz

lzozozlzozo da gbfm quiz:

1. The best way to bernankify a woman is through her:
a) nose hole
b) ear hole
c) mouth hole
d) butthozlzoozlz
e) gina hoelez
f) zlzozozlzolzozozoz

2. Tukker MAx rhryems with
a) Goldman sax
b) ben bernanke
c) sosdoomy
d) feminisst writer
e) sextrrive tapingz of buttehtx

3. The proper spellinzg of butthext is:
a) buttheext
b) butetehtxtxtx
c) butetehxtxtxt
d) buetetxlxoooozozoz
e) butetehrolozozozozozoz

4. The neoeocnths promote butyhe buttehxt so as to
a) desoul your womenz
b) beernakify your owmenz and ruin them as motehrz
c) pwn your owmenz and addict them to buttehxt
d) plant the butthextual longing seed that leads to divorce
e) detsory the fmaily to put your chcildren in beernaneke day care
f) all of da above zlzozooozlzoz

5. The following neoenthcts faought and were injured in the Middle East warz:
a) Jonah Goldbergz
b) BEn BErnnanke
c) Bill Crrystal
d) Jonah Goelebrgz mom lucianne goldbergz
e) bene shapriorz
d) none of teh abaovez lzozozozozoozoz

6. Sigmund Freud stated that the one question that puzzled him most was "What do women want?" The famous polymath poet/psychologist GBFM figured it out circa 2011. According to the great GBFM, women want:
a) beta fucks and alpha buckz
b) beta bucks and betasz fucks

c) alpha fucks and alpha fucks
d) alpha fucks and beta bucks
e) alpha fucks, alpha buckz, beta bucks, an all your moneyz too zlozlzlzozoz

7. The best way to gt a publishing deal with a publishing house run by women, or to be featured in a consertaive magazine article penned by women is to:
a) write exlated rhyming poetry
b) butthext a girl and tape it secrtely without her ocnctnt conthent
c) write a story with plot, values, and honor, like homer's odyssey
d) write a shakeparean sonnet with imanbic pentaammeneterz and a couplet dat ryems at da end lzozlzlzozozoz

8. The difference between modern ministers and pimps is dat
a) pimps will not charge you for past use of a pussy
b) pimps are not fronting a divorce regime which transferz money from menz to owmenz and the state at gunpoint
c) a pimp cannot garnish your wagesz if yo ho beocme preggeersenenlzlzlzlzo
d) a pimp does not ask for donationz
e) a pimp doesn't claim he's doing god's work by grating you temporal use of a pussy in esxhange for past, present, and future wages
f) all of da aboveez zlozlozlzlzozozoz

10. If a womanz is a 3 and 7 alphas pump and dump her in collegez, she will do the math and conldue she is a
a) 3-7 = -4
b) 7-3 = 4
c) 7+3=10 I AM A TEN ZLZOZOZOZO!!!!!!

11. BOUNS BONUS BOENERUS QUETSION EXTRASZ CREDITZ: Chivalry is good because:
a) It gets betas to pay for what alpahs got for free hwen it was younger hotter tighter twnety pounds lighter
b) It guarantees that there will be men with assetetzzz that can be rapaed via dirrvoece
c) granpda said so, "when i was your age son," i was married and supporting a family. man up and marry da whos!!! lzozloz"

12. The chronalogical chroniloogical chronological economic relationshpipz between ass and assets is:
a) da bankerz get your wife's ass in college (as thy sefctrievly tape her doeusling in a buttehxtual buttehxting sessisin like tuukker max rheyems woith godlman saxxx) and your assets after divorce
b) your wife givez her azz butthoele away for free in college, and then chagegegrs you moneyz (assetts) just to look at it
c) your wife is butthurt after her ass is plundered in college and den she takes her revenge by plundering your assettsst
d) da bankerz deosul your wife in college by bebenrnakaifying her in her buttholez ass, and den dey program her to transfer your assets to them, fgruataleyfliey transferring your assets out theorugh her bngohole and into their beenrbeeknake bank acocuntz zlzozozozoz
e) all of da above zlozzolzozoz

FEEL FREE TO ADD YOUR OWN QUESTSIOZNZZZZZ!!!! lzozozozoozoz

ESSAY QUESTION: Describe thee relationship between usury and sodomy. Those who cite Milton, Dante, and other historical sources and figures will be given higher scorezz zlzozolzlozlzozlzzozozozozlz

lzozozozolzolz bonus nboenerz wuqestsionz:
#11. I like dating aemrican womenz and western womenz beacues:
a) i like paying for what otherz got for fre when it was younger hotter tghtr twnety poundz lighterz lzozooz
b) i like paying for rental carsz after i return them
c) i like urinalz dat make me pay and make small talk each time i pee

d) i like suiting up in a hazmat suit, self-contained breathing apparatus, snorkel, fins, and thre cans of lysol when i go down on pusysysysys zlzozozlzo
e) i like hearing about how men created all the evil in the world including shoppng malls, cars, ipodz iphonez twitter (clitter/twatter) and even cinabun zlzozozolzozzl

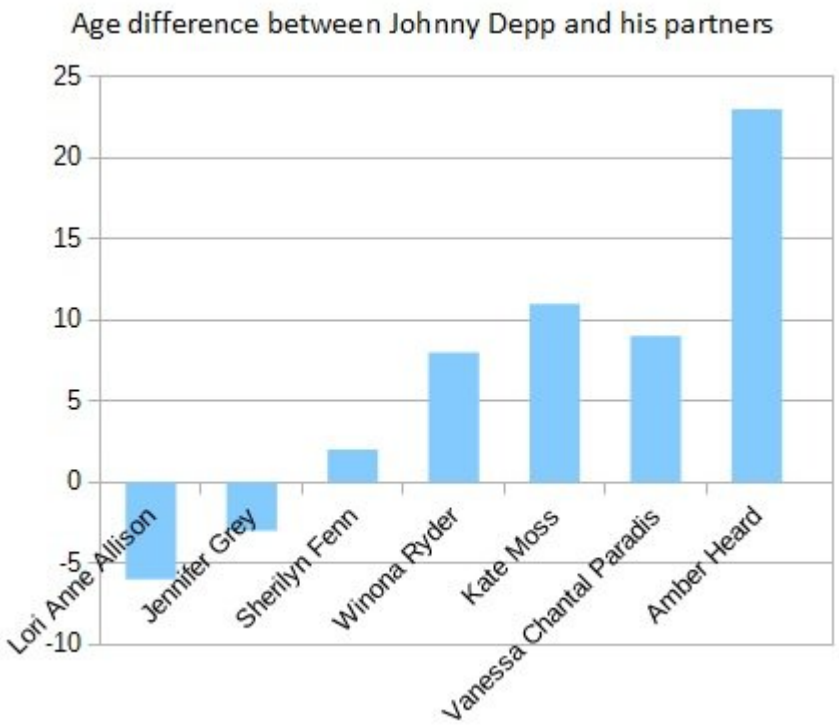
******

In a sane world, GBFM would be hailed a visionary poet on NPR while Ta Nigisi Coates would be doing dreary slam rap on the gay black bar circuit.

The Depp Progression

CH · 9 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via Waffles, “As Johnny Depp got older / more successful, his GF’s got younger.”



As Johnny Depp’s fame (and age) increased, the relative age of his lovers decreased. An exponential relationship! (The minor trend-outlier, Paradis, must have had a paradise pussy. *i will dine on pubic dew, and lap the lube of pussy pried…*)

This isn’t a one way sexual market phenomenon. As intensely as men are attracted to young, beautiful women, women are intensely attracted to rich, famous (and often older) men. Depp doesn’t have to chain these barely legal minxes to the radiator; they come to him willingly and eagerly.

As did many of those post-Wall PoundMeToo women now claiming in the dimming of their sexual allure to have been victims of the very men they trampled the competition to be near when those women were in their primes. See through this sexual panic, the Chateau does.

Race Matters (And Our Enemies Know It)

CH · 9 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> EU Head Juncker Slams Poland for Taking in Ukrainian Migrants But Not Muslims
>
> European Commission President Jean-Claude Juncker said Poland should not choose which refugees to admit and should accept Muslims and other groups.
>
> President Juncker said that Poland did not show the proper 'solidarity' with the rest of the political bloc because it has only allowed in large numbers of Ukrainian migrants and not Muslims, Swedish broadcaster SVT reports.
>
> During a meeting with new Polish Prime Minister Mateusz Morawiecki, Juncker praised the country for allowing in many Ukrainians displaced by the country's internal conflict; however, he later said: "We are in talks with Hungary and Poland. I do not accept them saying, 'we do not accept coloured people, Muslims, or homosexuals in our territory'. It is a major violation of European fundamental values."
>
> Jakub Dudziak, an official in Poland's migration department, said: "In the streets, you can not tell if people are Poles or Ukrainians, we're very much alike. It may be that the Poles are afraid of people coming from other parts of the world."

Poles understand that race matters. Ukrainian migrants (likely from West Ukraine) are far closer genetically and culturally to Poles, and would therefore assimilate easily and abide Polish social norms and values. As the Polish official noted, Poles and Ukrainians are hard to tell apart. People who are physically similar are usually — due to the transitive property governing the relationships between phenotype, genotype, and personality — psychologically and behaviorally similar. Within this sphere of similarity, social connections are built on a foundation of shared values, personal affinities, and trust.

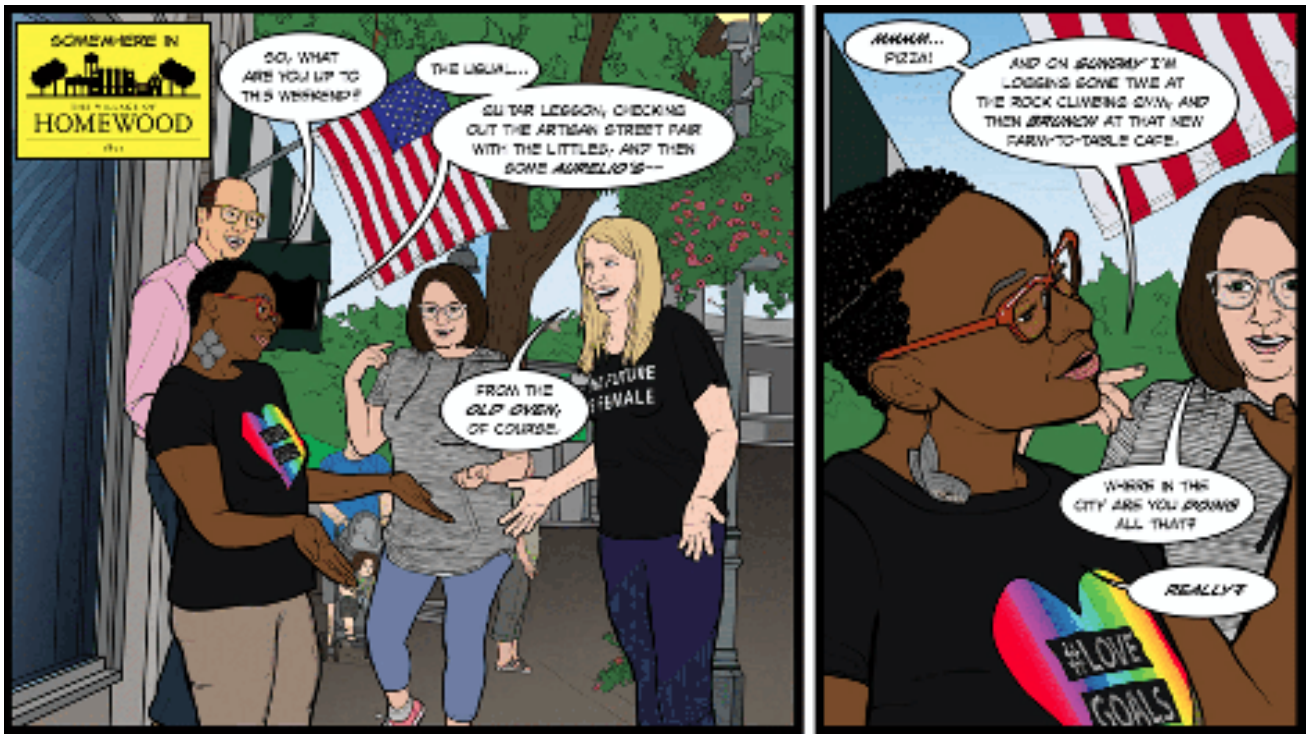
The effete traitor Juncker also understands race matters, which is why he wants swarths to overrun the last bastions of explicit Whiteness in Europe and destroy those precious and fragile social bonds, forged over millennia, forever. He is an enemy of the European peoples and in a de-clowned West would be treated as such.

The United States of America must impose a lengthy immigration moratorium and if or when the time comes to re-allow immigration, return to the immigration policy of the 1924 Immigration and Naturalization Act if this country wants to remain united.

POZburbia

CH · 10 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

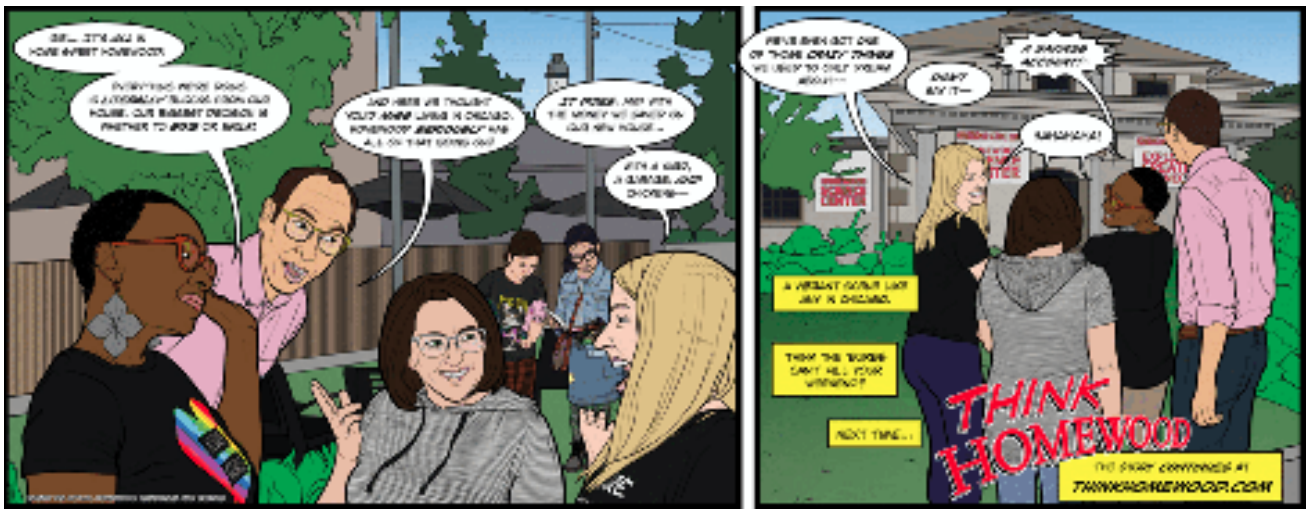
This is NOT a parody comic strip lampooning SWPL shitlib sensibilities and their lifestyle pretensions.



"The Future is Female". From the old oven, indeed. Heh.

It gets worse. The heroine is a fat, tatted, mudsharking cow.

My sides! So we've got two mystery meatballs playing in the grass, a dyke in a vest jacket, and a slovenly fat white woman with her black boyfriend who, btw, is wearing a Local Food t-shirt. There isn't a single dindu in the world who gives a flying fuck about eating locally.



LOL Schlomobomb.

Again, not a parody. Astounding. One has to wonder about the physiognomy of the cartoonist — Marc Alan Fishman — who drew this multikult jizzart with sincere intentions.

The work is the product of an ad campaign by the town council of Homewood, IL, a suburb of 20,000 outside of Chicago. The goal is to pull effete Shrillennials away from Chicago by presenting their town as an affordable, less hectic “urban lite” enclave with its delightfully comforting trappings familiar to rootless cosmopolitan White liberals: the mixed race couples, the feminist posturing, the edgedork t-shirt slogans, the avocados, and of course the low T White soyboys prostrating themselves to their Masters of Diversity.

But the whole thing comes off less like a promo for an idyllic suburb with a decent walkability score than like a creepy caricature of shitlibville at the highest estrogen setting. I want to wash the menstrual blood off my eyeballs after reading this “comic”.

> In one strip, a Homewood mom with a purple streak in her hair and a tattoo praises the school system. “Zen

> gets to be with the same kids all the way through high school," she says.

Many urban hive bugmen and bugwomen feel an ancient stirring for less social atomization and more connectedness in line with how we humans evolved for most of our history, but the feeling is horribly atrophied in them, so they have to grapple with it through an infantilizing lens of abject POZ, because they frighten easily by the thought of a de facto patriarchal normietown where everybody knows your shame. Compromising solution: POZburbia for the burned out city creature.

> The ads, which will run through the end of May, were the idea of Mary Jane Maharry [ed: echo alert], a public relations consultant to the town. Maharry enlisted Fishman, the local artist, and presented the concept to the village board, whose members embraced it, according to Homewood Mayor Richard Hofeld.

Try to picture the roomful of pasty herbs and jaw-jutting femcunts who signed off on this concept. Yeech.

> Hofeld said the town wants more young families to move there, and as urban Millennials start to think about homeownership and child-rearing, it's the right time to recruit them. "We found the Millennials [in Chicago] are prone to looking to the north suburbs and the west suburbs, and rarely look to the south," Hofeld said.

Forget it, Zen. It's N*****town.

> Who's the sucker for moving to the suburbs now, eh?, the ads seem to ask. But the characters are more or less interchangeable; the implication is that if they move to Homewood, those tightly wound Chicagoans will chill out and name their kids "Zen," too.
>
> While they might seem suspiciously like they were generated by an algorithm fed with marketing data and New York Times trend pieces,

And run through a soy compiler.

> the comic-strip Homewood denizens are based on real residents and real events, according to Maharry (who lives in Homewood herself).

Maybe this is why Homewood needs a public relations consultant. (so very organic)

> In fact, "Think Homewood" reveals just how much the old dichotomy of city vs. suburb is blurring.

It's blurring because the cities are becoming Whiter (and thus more desirable) while the suburbs are becoming browner (and thus less desirable to high income Whites). There are huge tracts of suburbia throughout regions of the USA where the schools look like Little Mexico. Plus, blacks are being economically forced out of the cities they once held as a super majority, and flooding into the surrounding exurbs (with all the blackness that defines ghetto life transported *in toto* to the burbs).

> It proves a fact that would have been unthinkable 20 or 30 years ago: Suburbs now have to work to attract the cohort they were built for.

Right, suburbs ringing the big shitlibopolises are rapidly embrowning, so they aren't as attractive to Whites living in cities that are more pleasant places to live now than they used to be before their Paris-ification. This is why diverse suburbs like Homewood have to hire PR firms to sell their towns to Whites who have grown tired of talking to the cat.

> As certain cities become more sought-after and lively, suburbs can no longer just sit back and wait for the inevitable stampede of first-time homebuyers and new parents. They have to convince skeptical young folk of their essential urbanity first.

To a juvenile mind, “essential urbanity” means a pussyhat and feigning adoration of mixed meatballs.

> They also have to offer a competitive advantage vis-a-vis the city. In Homewood, that advantage is affordable real estate and good public schools. The median home value in Homewood is a reasonable $149,800, according to Zillow. The area high school, Homewood-Flossmoor, is well regarded.

“Well regarded” is real estate-speak for “no metal detectors in the separated White part of the school“.

> In the view of sociologist John Joe Schlichtman, Homewood is basically promising gentrification without the guilt.

This is exactly it. The suburbs of these big cities are trying to replicate the cities’ success at convincing Whites to return en masse.

> The multiracial cast of these ads is not a sleight of hand. Homewood is legitimately diverse: 53 percent white, 37 percent black, 2 percent Asian, and 8 percent Hispanic. Its schools are majority nonwhite. These figures reflect larger demographic shifts as people of color move out (or are pushed out) of expensive cities, and as immigrants bypass central cities and head straight to the ’burbs.

Open borders mass third world immigrations has been a disaster for suburbia. The landscape is now dotted with tiny ramshackle homes housing three generations of aztec peasantry.

> But Homewood-Flossmoor also has a history of proactive integration efforts: The South Suburban Housing Center, a regional fair-housing organization, was founded in Homewood in 1975.

A history that will never end. Hint: the best kind of integration is the integration that doesn’t require proactive efforts to summon forth. It happens naturally, because the people are racially, temperamentally, behaviorally, and culturally similar.

> [Mayor Hofeld] hopes people who are interested in the town will attend one. Millennials, he said, “have enjoyed living in the city, and the features the city might afford. But they’re getting a little bit older, thinking of raising families, and looking around for a stable community that has a lot of amenities. And that’s what we are.”

If the schools are good (White) and the residents genuinely feel an affinity for each other, then the amenities will organically follow. But amenities are a symptom, not a cause, of a strong social community. All the amenities in the world won’t turn southside Chicago into a Pleasantville.

I can laugh at the effort while appreciating the intention. De-urbanization (aka de-scaling) is generally a good thing, so in principle I support any efforts to get White libs to disperse for the countryside so that their liberalism is muted by a closer connection to the land, to kids, and to normal Americans. But some efforts are more retarded than others, and this one is super retarded. Not many Whites of the replacement fertility level persuasion want to live in a town that feels it necessary to have a PR flack and thinks purple-haired fat coalburning goonettes are a selling point. And they won’t live in a town without some serious compensation if the schools are *wink wink* “well regarded”.

The United States Of Ingrates, Audiopost Edition

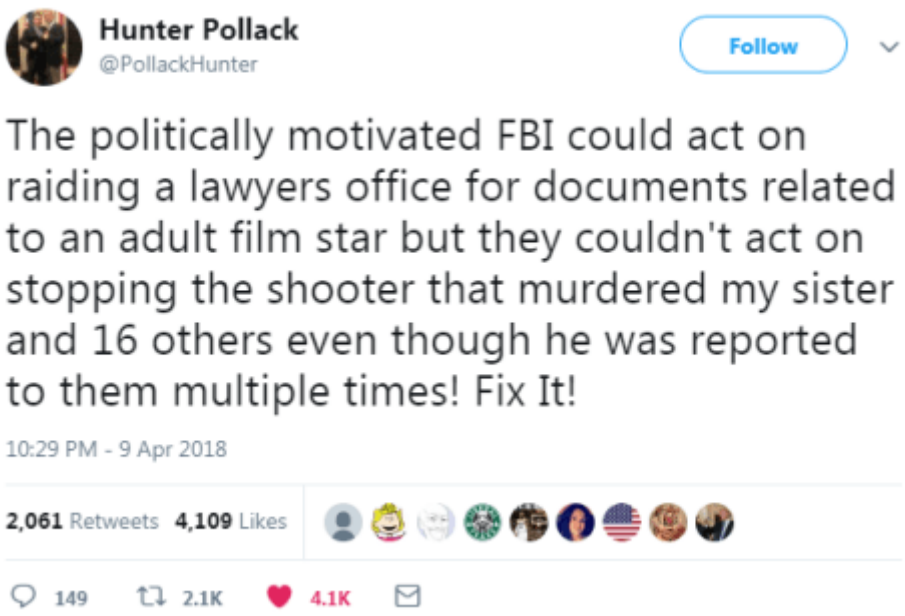
CH · 10 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The original post is here. VertigoPolitix must be an admirer of Le Chateau. He does an admirable job putting my words to speech.

Your Daily Shivs

CH · 10 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via: “Brother of [Nikolas de Jesus] Cruz victim brutally twatterslays FBI over Trump raid.”



I like the cut of this man’s shiv. Straight to the beating heart of the Creep State! Mueller isn’t even pretending to be hunting for Russia collusion anymore, is he? (That’s because Clinton-Britain Collusion is the real collusion, and Clinton lackey snake in the grass Mueller knows it, so he’s been making himself busy finding *anything* on Trump — including perfectly legal hush payments to past porn star lovers — to cover his own ass for his failure to evidentially support the fantasies of hysterical shitlibs.)

***

Tucker Carlson joins Ann Coulter as the most redpilled media personalities still permitted a platform by IngSoc to speak uncomfortable truths openly and freely. But for how much longer?

Die for Trump first, die for Tucker second.
-MPC Status Updates

The Pearl Diver And The Thresher

CH · 11 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A boy had come of age. His father, sensing the boy's agitation, sat down with him and told him a parable of the pearl diver and the thresher.

"Son — "

said the father,

"there were two young men ready to enter manhood, their lives before them. They were full of passion and idealism, eager for adventure, and yearned for love like they would never yearn again.

The first young man, about your age, was a pearl diver. He would dive deep into the sea, knife clenched between his teeth, holding his breath, until he reached bottom where he pried open oysters for pearls. Many of the pearls were small, or misshapen, lacking luster. Others were uniform and round, suitable as jewelry, but short of the exquisite perfection he demanded. He ignored those for something truly prized. He would have to dive many times and deeper each time to open more oysters, until he found that perfect, precious pearl he wanted.

Each dive, deeper and longer underwater, was risky for the pearl diver. He could tire and drown, or get the bends while ascending from a great depth. He could cut himself with his knife and attract sharks. This was a risk he was willing to take, to put his life on the line for that one pearl like no other.

Which he did. Many years he dove, hunting for his special pearl while what he considered lesser pearls sat on the ocean floor, unable to catch his eye. He grew weary of his toil, and resentful that the pearl of his dreams hadn't yet presented itself to him. Time ran away from him, until one day, diving deeper than he had dove before, he spotted the finest oyster he had ever seen, and began prying it open. It was tough, refusing to yield its treasure, and he began to look upward to the shimmery sea surface wondering how much longer he could stay down there. Eventually, with tremendous effort, he pried it partly open and glimpsed the beauty within. His eyes widened, his heart pounded. My pearl! he thought.

He frantically wrenched the knife into the flesh of the oyster, forgetting his poise and the skill he needed for a proper extraction, and out popped the pearl, to be suddenly carried away by an ocean current! He swam after it, his chest throbbing in pain, his muscles aching, dizzy from breathless exertion and fear. Come to me!, he seemed to cry to the escaping pearl. Finally, his hand wrapped around the gem, and he started his ascent to air…but he was a long way off and before he made it halfway he drowned. In his death throe, his hand loosened and the pearl and his knife floated to the silty bottom, to lay within sight of each other for eternity."

"The second young man…"

continued his father,

"also your age, maybe a little older, was a thresher. He worked on a farm and threshed wheat to separate out the grains. He pounded and flailed wheat every day, to collect huge basketfuls of grain. He cared not so much for the quality of individual grains, for he was paid by weight. He would throw out moldy grain or diseased grain, or pest-eaten grain, but beyond that his interest was simply to collect as much edible grain as he could.

And so he threshed wildly and tirelessly, his brow glistening with sweat, singing a tune to himself all the while. Grains tumbled into his waiting baskets, and he marveled at the product of his efforts. Every basket was a feather in his cap. The grains ground up and baked would provide food for himself for a long time. No meal would be a king's feast, but he would never go to bed hungry. He would thresh, eat, and rise to thresh again. There needn't be more to life, he thought, as long as I can satisfy myself.

The thresher spent many years threshing wheat for grain, and many years eating that grain, sometimes marveling at its nourishing consistency, but with increasing frequency as time passed wondering if the development of his palate

was stunted. He had fine-tuned his day to day life to ensure he would never go hungry, and he mostly enjoyed his work, even if it lacked a higher purpose. As long as the grains tumbled, he was happy. Perhaps there was little passion in his pursuit, but there was comfort and satisfaction and well-being.

Years turned into more years, and the thresher wearied of his routine. I'm fed, he thought, and each bread I make from the grain is a little different from the last, but my heart never soars even as my belly is sated. I live a good life and never want for food, but something is missing. I have secured myself a reprieve from hunger, but in doing so have made myself hungrier than I could ever imagine.

The thresher laid down his flail, prepared to set out and seek meaning, but too much time had passed. His joints and muscles ached with overuse, his back stooped from gazing earthward instead of heavenward, his heart lacked the vigor he would need to start anew. Memories blurred into an indistinct stew, leaving him nothing within to sustain an odyssey, and the transcendent feeling he wanted was long lost to him."

The father sighed, and sat back in his chair.

"Son, you can be the pearl diver or the thresher. How you choose will affect you for the rest of your life. Or you can take to heart the wisdom I'm about to give you:

There is a time for threshing and a time for pearl diving, and you would do well to know the virtue in both."

Facecock

CH · 12 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ted Cruz grilled Mark "no spark of life in the eyes" Cuckersperg about his company's censorship of conservative viewpoints.

> Accusing Facebook of giving "conflicting answers" on whether they are a neutral public forum, Cruz went on to outline voters' concerns about political censorship.
>
> "There are a great many Americans who I think are deeply concerned that Facebook and other tech companies are engaged in a pervasive pattern of bias and political censorship."
>
> Cruz went on to cite the trending news scandal of 2016, in which it was reported that Facebook "routinely suppressed" conservative stories from its Trending News feature.
>
> "In addition to that, Facebook has initially shut down the 'Chick-fil-A appreciation day page,' has blocked the post of a Fox News reporter, has blocked over two dozen Catholic pages, and most recently has blocked the Trump supporters Diamond & Silk's page – with 1.2 million Facebook followers – after determining that their content and brand were 'unsafe for the community'."
>
> In response, Zuckerberg said concerns over political bias were "fair," and conceded that Silicon Valley is an "extremely left-leaning place."

You don't say! I'd go so far as to call it an "extremely un-American place".

> Pressed by Cruz, Zuckerberg also conceded that he did not know the political orientation of the "15-20,000 people" who work on content review at Facebook.

He doesn't have to know. He has set up an institutional framework which ensures the predominance of Facecock employees are anti-White leftoid freaks.

> Cruz also raised the issue of the firing Palmer Luckey, the founder of Oculus VR which was later bought by Facebook. Luckey was fired following a media witch-hunt, after he was revealed to be one of Silicon Valley's few Trump supporters in 2016. Zuckerberg told Cruz that his firing was "not because of a political view" and that the company does not make firing decisions based on what candidates employees supported.

Lyin' Zuck. Does he really expect people to believe his BS?

What was interesting is that NO OTHER SENATOR followed up on Cruz's justified and pointed criticism of Cuckersperg. Were they afraid to pursue the truth? Were they paid off to suppress the truth (that leftoid technopolies like Facecock routinely and as a matter of institutional policy censor and de-platform ideological opponents)? Inquiring minds already know!

> In total, we found 45 [senior] employees who had previously worked or volunteered with the Hilary campaigns, the Obama campaigns, or the Obama White House and are now employed by Facebook, Facebook-owned companies, or the Chan-Zuckerberg Initiative.

The government of our corrupt elites is a wholly owned and operated subsidiary of Shillicon Valley.

Facebook employees donated big bucks to Congress members.

A reader adds,

> Most of [the Senators] like what he's doing, using technology he, hpc, and cia worked together to create to track our every movement.

Orwell welp'ed.

Atavator gets to the diseased heart of the matter:

> *Fakebook is as fake as the losers who spend their lives telling us all about the Grande Lattes they guzzled after shopping for useless disposable consumer goods all day. Take back your life and #DeleteFacebook*
>
> Lol. I live in a 96% white, very "well-adjusted" upper middle class white community. Normie central.
>
> Just judging by other women my wife knows, nearly every facebook presentation of a female is at least 15-20 years off her present age, and who knows how many pounds fewer. Much space dedicated to very public and indecent exclamations of matrimonial love, humble brags about kids, and of course, virtue signaling about whatever news item NPR or CNN has mentioned that day.
>
> In my view, facebook is one of THE contributors to the trashing and uglification of America by way of the female id. Any respectable kulturkampf will need a way to raze it.

Yup. Facecock is porn for women, with the same dopamine receptor frying effects on them that hardcore online porn has on men. And yet men are shamed for their fap habits while women are lauded for theirs. Wassupwitdat? (The Fundamental Premise, that's what's up.)

The Fuckerborg hearings are a joke, not only for what it reveals about Suckerdork (a lying psychopath) but what it says about our fully converged media and government (lying psychopaths in bed with a lying psychopath). All the psychos are stroking each other off to a psychotic jizz blast, and Heritage America is taking the diseased load to its bound and gagged face.

ZUCK: "If we have a fault, it's that Facecock is too idealistic. We were naive, and for that I'm sorry."

This LIE from the man whose company's mission has been FROM DAY ONE to snoop on, gather, and sell user data to the highest bidder. WHO THE ZUCK DOES HE THINK HE'S FOOLING (besides NPR libs)?

A truly privacy-protecting Facecock would be a pay service, which means its account base of 2 billion would conceivably be whittled down to twenty million, depriving Zuck of his many billions and thwarting his plan to establish a real world IngSoc. And the poor people who had to sacrifice their privacy to use Facecock wouldn't be advertiser targets anyway, so Zuck would be taking a huge cost-overhead bath by allowing a no-fee option.

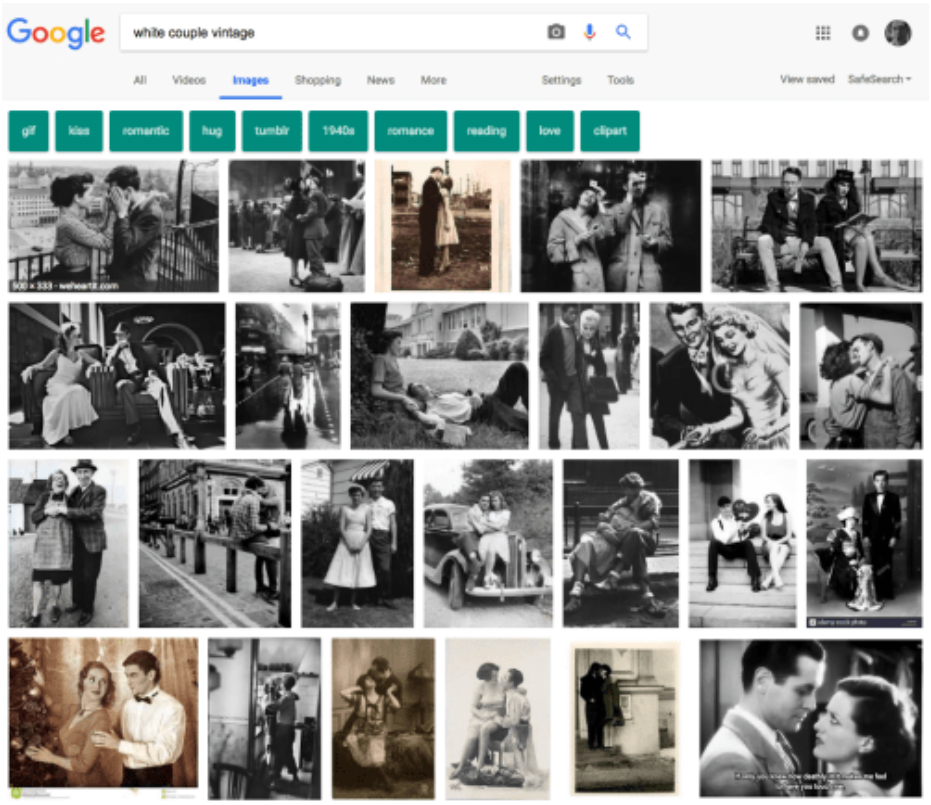
Zuck wept. Or he would if he was a mammal.

Our Lilliputian Overlords:

America, Then And Now

CH · 13 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Then:



Now:

It's the White Side of History vs the Blight Side of History.

Our globohomo cosmopolitans are titillated by the thought of the White race becoming a vintage relic.

Our job is to stop them from realizing their dream.

Biomechanical Truth Of The Day

CH · 16 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn for men who refuse the mantle of male dominance.

children –> woman –> man –> God. It's the natural order for a reason.

Feel free to substitute Purpose for God if you're the earthly-bound type.

Comment Of The Week: The Unwavering Self-Amnesty Of Leftoid Projection

CH · 18 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Major1 wins COTW for clearly stating in colorful dialogue the unbending reality of leftoid psychological projection,

> This entire post [leftoid envy post] can be condensed into a single, eternal truism.
>
> Whatever a liberal/progressive says, they mean the opposite. Period.
>
> There are only fifty-eight bazillion examples.
>
> “Trump colluded with Russians”
> Translation: “Hilary colluded with Russians”.
>
> “The alt-right are fascists”.
> Translation: “We are fascists”.
>
> “Trump isn’t mentally healthy enough to be President”.
> Translation: “Hilary’s seizure disorder, Parkinson’s disease, alcoholism, and inability to competently handle classified material makes her unfit for the Presidency”.
>
> “Trump is a vulgar pussy-grabber”.
> Translation: ” Al Franken, Harvey Weinstein,and Bill Clinton are vulgar pussy grabbers”.
>
> And….ad infinitum.
>
> We can pity our liberal friends, neighbors, and co-workers. That level of prevarication and cognitive dissonance must take a terrible psychological toll.
>
> But just because we pity them doesn’t mean we can’t crush them, mercilessly, under our boots.

Freud really nailed it when he identified “psychological projection” as a real cognitive bias. (He wasn’t right about much else.) The affliction bedevils leftoids far more frequenlty and with greater intensity than it does conservatives. Why? Theory: leftoid will to power is based on phony moralizing, so they need a devious rhetorical trick to convince themselves and their enemies that they act with virtuous intentions. Believing one’s lies helps with that.

The Essential Femaleness Of Leftism

CH · 19 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

williamk could win a Comment of the Month with this gem,

> Leftism is a solitary female way to think. The physically weak must rely on deception and manipulation. This necessarily includes self-deception where necessary to ease cognitive dissonance.
>
> Leftism appeals to soyboys and solitary females. Strong men rely on natural laws to attain power, well-adjusted women rely on the strong men and those same natural laws.
>
> Females who are alone, or who can only attain a soyboy, will necessarily turn to leftism to navigate the world.

Very useful rules of thumb:

Weakness => Leftism
Strength => Commonsenseism

Ugliness => Leftism
Beauty => Commonsenseism

LSMV men and women => Leftism
HSMV men and women => Commonsenseism

Effeminate men and masculine women => Leftism
Masculine men and feminine women => Commonsenseism

Loveless losers => Leftism
Beloved winners => Commonsenseism

Bitter sluts and cat ladies => Leftism
Loving wives and honored mothers => Commonsenseism

Weak soyboys and the feminists who resent their company => Leftism
Strong men and the women who love them for their strength => Commonsenseism

The socially atomized => Leftism
The socially embedded => Commonsenseism

Conclusion: As a society becomes more female in nature, it becomes more leftist. A feedback loop develops so that increasing leftism pushes society further away from the life-saving masculinity it needs to correct its degenerate distaff course.

williamk, Henry Mueller, PA, among others, produce some of the finest commenting I've read on any blog, let alone this one blessed to have so many MAGAminds gathered at one place. I understand this outpost of Love takes some heat for having a mainly hands-off philosophy toward commenter quality control (it is a blog after all, not a forum), but if you have the patience to sift through the food fight debris you can find quite a few diamonds.

PS something I've noticed in my travels is that in locales where White leftoid cogdis is highest, anti-Trump fever is hottest. But where White leftoids live basically free of the need to ease any cognitive dissonance, their anti-Trump furor is muted and they tend to cleave to traditional leftist gripes with a focus on class and capitalist predation. I think this has to do with Trump being the Great Clarifier; his raw candor and no-bullshit freewheeling style exposing the lies of our currently ruling orthodoxy act as a pain amplification chamber for leftoids heavily burdened by the task of accommodating their equalist religion to the reality encroaching in every direction on them which belies their religious beliefs.

Shudderthought Of The Day

CH · 19 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

What if Big Pharma has created this androgyne self-annihilating estrogenically virtue shrieking society we currently inhabit because the Pill causes women to prefer limp beta males and ibuprofen feminizes men to prefer manjaws, so that the two find each other compatible and work together to bring the End of the West?

From David Duke Nukem,

> When you combine this with the fact that birth control stays in the water tables, the plastics, Monsanto “food”, opiate epidemics, the entertainment industry promoting dindus, and more… It’s even worse. It’s such a perfect storm to destroy the White race that it couldn’t be a conspiracy. It’s so perfect that it has to be a biological consensus. Sleep well

The biggest red pill will be when Americans are woke to the chemical warfare waged against them for at least two generations. That is, if by then they’re still capable of wokeness.

The Iconic Goodbye, America Photo, Or A Portent Of Reborn America?

CH · 20 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

At first glance, this photo is the iconic Goodbye America still shot. The soyfaced White punching bag just standing there, inert and full of self-hatred, taking the n1gra's bullhorn to his frappuccinoed face while mystery meat onlookers, their psychotically masochistic white enablers, and a (((puppeteer))) cheer on the n1gra's 'shines. Sick!

But look closely at Whitecuck's eyes. What's going through his head? "I am suitably chastened and prepared to make amends to my black betters." "I am scared." "I am not getting paid enough for this." "I hate myself." "Please make it stop."

Hm, I dunno. I think I see something else: the look of stoic resolve just before the battle charge. Redemption.

And is that soyfat or muscle beneath his apron of oppression?

If America has a future, our beset White man is thinking, "fuck this n0gnoize, where's the road war sign up sheet?"

Auschwitz Pool Lifeguard writes,

> Imagine actually taking this abuse for a minimum wage job at a company that forces you to undergo constant humiliation from the point of training onwards for being a white male.

I personally can't imagine it, but a lot of White males can, and decide to live it out in reality. Those of sane mind and descended testicles can only hope that these self-castrating White males one day, not far off, tire of the prostration parade they must march in every day, and on that day become White Men.

From MPC Status Updates,

> Ancient men called general strikes, manned barricades, put bourgeoisie to the sword…you go to "coffee chain" for "grande latte" and enjoy "diversity training"…YOU ARE GAY!

lol. We may have hit Peak Paleface Prostration with this Starcucks nonsense. Safe White Spaces (all implicit today) like Starcucks are the newest frontier in enlightened leftoid activism. Anything or any place that can be remotely associated with Whiteness or pinned as an organically emergent White community will be under fire from here on out to disavow its Whiteness and make room for disruptive elements.

Leftoids really want a world in which there's no place left for Whites to run from Diversity™. Leftism is a White death cult.

tin man wonders what our White hero-to-be could do under the circumstances,

> The fuck is he supposed to do, fistfight someone for Starbucks Corporation? This is the first time I've ever thought it would be cool to work there, this would be fun

He could laugh in the face of his inquisitors. He could throw down the garb of his anti-White SJW corporate master and storm out, cleaving the freak crowd in two and leaving them screeching at his receding figure. But that's the crux of the issue. It's not so much what he isn't doing, it's that he's embedded in a malevolent system which hates him and his kind, and which prohibits him from doing anything. The whole point of these mau mau charades is humiliation porn, to strip White men of their dignity.

That channer prank using a fake free coffee coupon redeemable only by those of african american descent has the potential to bring Starcucks to its knees if it goes viral. No brotha is gonna question the authenticity of a gibs ticket, so what's Starcucks gonna do? Tell the proud black body sorry, no freebie for you?

PS I find it hilarious that everyone in this photo is wearing problem glasses.

Adorable American Beauty

CH · 21 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Adorable American Beauty is the sister series to Exquisite European Beauty, and the purpose is the same: to celebrate and consequently encourage White women to embrace their White-bred femininity and to push away from the table (and away from beauty-destroying open borders third world invasion cheerleading).

The emailer who submitted Zooey for consideration in the Hall of Dame writes,

> Really.
>
> Glad at least one actress is just unapologetically, devastatingly feminine.

FYI pic is from Season 2 of *New Girl*, and before she birthed a White champion, i.e., her nubile prime. Sweet and quirky…squirky.

The Leftoid Infiltration Of Central Command Is Complete

CH · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Audacious E put together a graph of political donations during the 2016 election season and uncovered an astounding left-wing bias at Facecock:

> …crooked Hillary received more than 85% of all campaign contributions made by Facebook employees during the course of the 2016 presidential campaign. Democrats took 93.1% of the total; Republicans 5.8%, and third-party candidates 1.1%.

Hillicon Valley is more lopsidedly leftoid than the Chaimstream Media. Incredible.

America's arguably two most powerful institutions — tech and media — are anti-White left wing to the hilt. Floor to rafters staffed by leftists, run by leftists, and owned by leftists. This is very bad for democracy. No way can we sustain the fiction of a working republic with an IngSoc thumb firmly on the scale of fairness, free speech, and objectivity.

As I've been saying for a while, the only guaranteed solution to this problem of leftoid control of the command centers of America is a mass culling of them from the ranks of the media and, we may as well add, from Shillicon Valley technopolies. There really is no other solution. We won't change their minds; we won't convince them of mercy toward the dissident voices they censor and silence. We can only defeat them, totally, utterly, mercilessly, and run them out of power on a rail(car). It's the only way to be sure.

Here's to hoping, once again, that Trump or his surrogates read this blog and slip in the word "cull" in one of his morning tweetshivs to subtly acknowledge the influence this blog has on their thinking, and to signal their commitment to the necessary culling, by whatever means.

CULL THE MEDIA

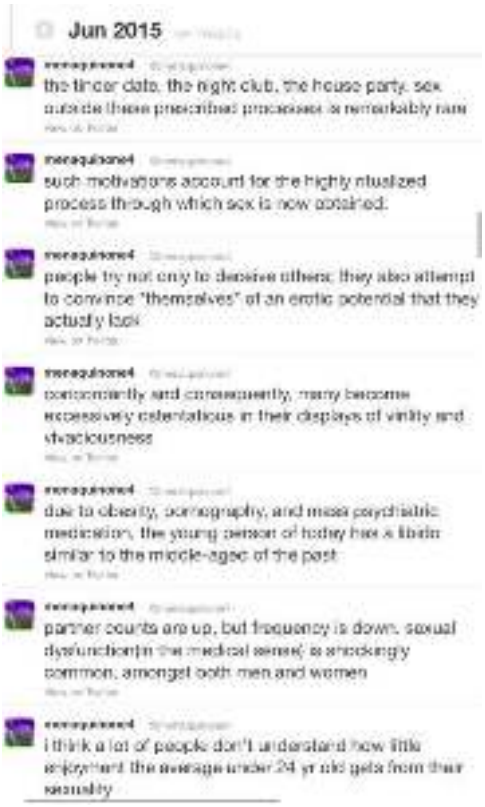
CULL THE TECHNOPOLIES

MAKE AMERICA DISEASE-FREE AGAIN

Generation Anhedonia

CH · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Menaquinone4, a funny and talented shiv wielder booted off Twatter to join the rest of us deplorable hate-istes, had a thread musing about the Anhedonia Strain that seems to have swept like a virus through his generation. (Note: this post was dredged from the recesses of the draft folder, so you'll excuse its dated source.)



That's a great point about the deception of intensifying sexual ostentation (in both the mate signaling and inner-directed psychological senses) paradoxically indicating a flagging libido. When libidos are high (at least in the Eurasian races of Man), it takes but an uncovered calf to get the pump primed. The twerking and posturing and yoga pants and stripperwear of da club girl is needed to cut through the r-selected meat market noise and possibly through the fog of diminished libidos.

More germanely, a puzzling aspect of the post-America, gynarcho-tyrannical sexual market is the superficially contradicting trend of higher partner counts (increased cock carousel ridership) coupled with lower sex frequency. What gives? Four factors immediately come to mind which may account for this strange cuntfluence: one, higher partner counts could reflect lower desire for longer term relationships, or less ability to keep an LTR, and sex is generally more frequent within relationships than without (there is for most people a lot of incel downtime between lovers, unless you are a master class skirt chaser).

Two, higher partner counts could be a consequence of unrestrained female hypergamy, in which economically self-sufficient careerist shrikes bounce from partner to partner seeking the next alpha male thrill and beta males bounce from partner to partner out of necessity because women are delaying relationship and family formation. (Alpha male cads will also partner bounce, but for a different reason: variety is the spice of life.) Again, a lot of cock or cooch hopping can decrease sexual frequency if there is significant downtime between fuck buddy acquisitions.

Three, biomechanical and sociocultural influences like Big Pharma, Big Soy, Big Obesity, Big Vidja, Big Porn, Big Diversity, Big Wage Stagnation, Big Feminism, and Big Poz can contribute to physiologically lowered libidos as well as to a psychologically stunted desire to build a romantic relationship with the opposite sex. Years and years of

frivolous, short term “hooking up” intermingled with lengthy bouts of social isolation can run up partner count without padding intercourse frequency.

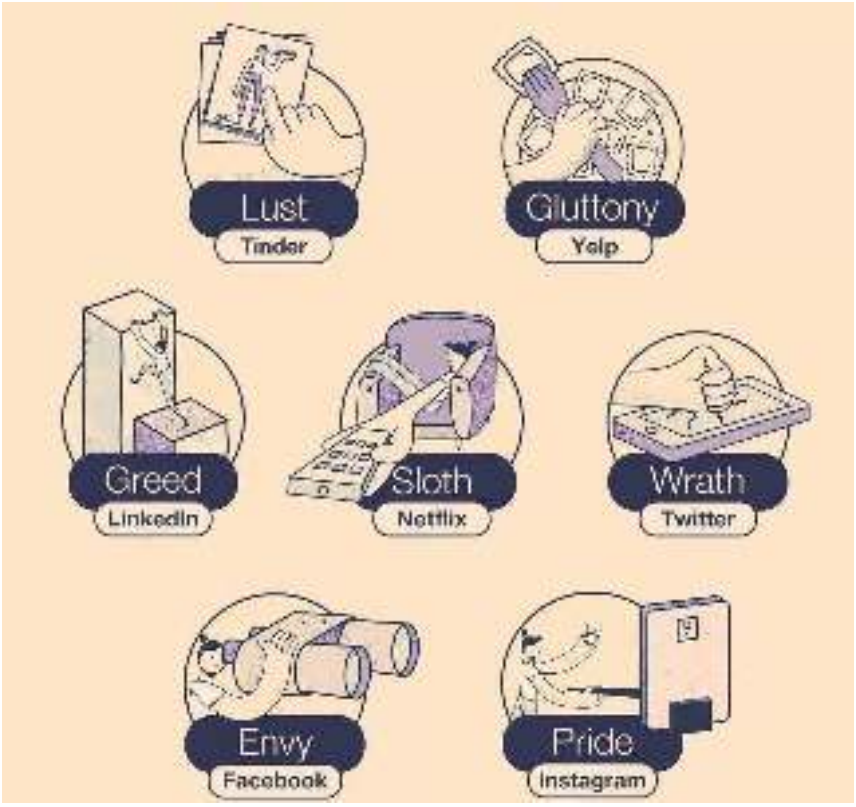
Four, Americans (and Westerners generally) are becoming pathologically narcissistic. The blame for this can be apportioned to multiple causes (social media, digital cameras, online anonymity, thirsty beta males, lifestyle instead of wealth-based SWPL status striving etc), but the end result is men and women with extremely fragile egos refusing to accept the possibility of romantic rejection and therefore shying from taking a risk in the mate market, preferring the zero-investment option of occasional and nebulous hook ups that avoid risky declarations of love (or even ONS interest) in favor of noncommittal “hanging out” in which soypenis somehow, through gay alchemical magic, slips into piercedvagina. And from this consortium of mate market confusion, Regret Rape, #MeToo, Xanax, and mixed signals accelerate the retreat from LTRs and marriage. This toxic androgyny can have another effect: it kills sexual desire and neuters hook ups until those precious moments are reduced to fingers jammed into dry vaginas and lockjaw blowjobs delivered with the perfunctory rush of someone eager to get home in time for the latest streaming effluvium on Pussyhat TV.

The solution is patriarchy, because only under patriarchy are women’s beauty and femininity, and men’s strength and masculinity, fully appreciated.

Sexy men and women create sensual times.
Sensual times create soy males and manjawed bitterbitches.
Soy males and manjawed bitterbitches create anhedonic times.
Anhedonic times create sexy men and women.

Memetic Perfection

CH · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original



***

From PBR Streetgang,

> Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out – has become
> Tune Out, Turn Off, Work Out … Suppose every generation has its slogans, how you say – memes … It feels good to stick it to the man.

***

From commenter war-damned,

> the seven beta sins:
>
> greed: anti-family careerism
> wrath: school shooting
> lust: dumpster-diving
> sloth: low-T
> pride: virtue signalling
> gluttony: carbs
> envy: PUA hate

This “seven deadly [X] sins” meme has legs, I can tell.

What Makes A MAGA Man?

CH · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Are you a MAGA Man? An emailer who goes by the nom de plume “A MAGA Man” passed along a story from his life. Reprinted in full and worth reading in full.

******

My site is sucks but it’s the least I could do to prove the legitimacy of the below.

Inspired by the writings here at the last bastion, as well as LIFE ITSELF and MUH DICK…I’ve done some shit. Some good, some bad, some epic, but that’s for another time.

Point is, the MAGA challenge inspired me to write in the following anecdote. I’m a dude that pissed the urban shithole behind, as a next level step towards the ever-deepening and symbolic, as well as actual, unplugging:

—

Ten years ago, my father got sick. Major heart issue (he is not fat by any standard) that took all his life to manifest. When that happened, I forgot game. It was three intense months and he’s still with us. Thank the lord and bless all you with love that have lost their fathers.

But it was close. And it hurt. We cherish that pain and life every day, and text and talk often, and all is well. And I transformed afterwards (hi2u ex gf that I said ‘you aren’t being helpful’ after her tantrum and hung up during the whole ordeal).

This story isn’t even about him.

It’s about the homeless guy that I saw when I went back to the city a month ago.

Amidst an affluent, coastal town. Outside and In&Out, actually. Suburbanites everywhere.

There was one homeless. Looked coked out. He left quickly.

Another man came by. He had a sign. Heart problems, please help, lost job, anything helps.

Went over, and asked him name. We started talking and he had the exact same issue as my father. I gave him all the money I had on me, and we talked for a good twenty minutes.

Everyone at the Shit&Out (god bless them though) was looking, in awe/wonder/jealous/tingles/whatevers.

“WHAT WOULD THE HEARTISTE DO,” I asked myself just now as I write this. I didn’t even think when I did. I just went over to the patio of the fast food and looked every single one of those normie fucking faggotBitchSluts in the eye and commanded an excuse me.

Maybe 30 people on the patio? Doesn’t matter, everyone was looking. I introduced Dave (from a distance) and told his story.
I told them I know each and every one of them is affluent, and driving nice cars, and I saw them driving them. And that it doesn’t matter what you think, or whatever, that you need to support your fellow countryman.

I said we don’t need more people, we need to take care of each other. That man is Dave and he had the same heart issue as my father but fortunately my father worked hard and planned and was able to help himself.

Help him out, he’s a good man, thank you for your time. Stood for a moment and a few MAGA dudes (I think) clapped me out.

The women/moms were tingling just cause big young guy coming up.
The younger tweens were in typical man-founded give me D look.
The maga dudes were just leaning back respectfully (as clap showed later)

The young boys were in awe.

Best part….

The manlet husb-ginas had a grimace of pain and a similar look at the teens, with a mirror of contrast reflecting what they will never do.

MAGA my brother. Had to channel my tears but when men contain and channel those emotional uprising into BEAUTY and GOODNESS, then, as you said, the world can change.

Thank you dear leader for your WORDS, and ACCEPTANCE into this community.

I am putting forth efforts to help the movement, online, but moreso in person. Always MAGA, always do what's RIGHT, and always stand up for beauty and truth.

******

CH here. The MAGA Man. He's in you.

Maybe the above anecdote is shitthatdidnthappen.txt, maybe not. The moral lesson is real enough, though, so I dedicated a post to it.

Embrace your Inner MAGAman, and for one moment in your life defy the comforts and inertia of materialist late stage capitalism and perform a miracle rebelling against the globohomo hellscape swarming around you.

A MAGA Man is:

- tired of the complacency
- suffers no fools
- recoils from polite newspeak
- delivers harsh truths
- never apologizes for his manhood
- never excuses women their vices and bad choices
- is merciful to honorable foes
- is merciless to backstabbing cucks
- understands that fellow-feeling begins at home, not halfway across the world

A MAGA Man:

Rent-A-Minority

CH · 24 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A word about White shitlib virtue signaling.

You won't rationally convince the White shitlib to abandon it. As williamk deftly noted, shitlibs live and die by their status; to surrender their anti-racism (really, anti-Whiteism) is tantamount to a billionaire surrendering all his money plus his company. It's just not done without coercion.

The White shitlib is a member in disfigured standing of The Fuggernaut. Most White shitlibs are, if male, androgynous soyslops or, if female, manjawed skanks. They will rarely win hierarchical contests of physicality, health, attractiveness, robustness, sexual dimorphism, or general aesthetic goodness. Where they excel is in the domains of credentialism and sanctimony, two endeavors they take up with a determined gusto that would be the envy of any captain of industry.

And so it is that the accessible strategic ploy to defeat White shitlibs is through a shiv straight to their black, envious, insecure hearts: mockery. Unremitting, gleeful mockery that reveals their virtue sniveling for what it is: fake phony fraudulent posturing for pussyhat points among fellow degenerates.

To wit: Rent-A-Minority. This is imo the greatest troll site ever created.

> Diversity On-Demand
>
> Rent-A-Minority is a revolutionary new service designed for those oh-shit moments where you've realized your award show, corporate brochure, conference panel is entirely composed of white men. For, like, the fifth year in a row. Suddenly you're being called out on Twitter and you need to look not-racist and not-misogynist fast. Actually doing something meaningful to disrupt institutional inequality would be way too much work; so why not just Rent-A-Minority instead?
>
> We have a minority for every occasion. Whether it's a tech conference panel, an awards show, an advert, or a business meeting, we will collaborate to find the right minority for you. All of our minorities have been vetted to ensure they are not "too black??? or "too Muslim??? or "too much of a Feminist.??? We know how awkward that can be. Each minority comes with bespoke pricing based on a proprietary algorithm that analyzes current states of supply/demand and the Degree of Diversity (TM) intrinsic to the potential hire.

I'm pissing myself here! The website continues with a list of "Featured Minorities" that includes "Smiling Muslim Woman" and "Intellectual Black Guy".

The genius of this troll is that it places White shitlib anti-racism phoniness FRONT AND CENTER in their own heads and in the public eye. It completes two objectives: it puts pressure on White shitlibs to deny the Rent-A-Minority message ("you won't use their service? what, do you hate minority representation") and it exposes the real reason for their virtue signaling: to look respectable to other White shitlibs.

PS There is a remote chance, given that we have descended into the rectum of Clown World, that this website is sincerely offering its services to benighted White men.

***

Dick Jones comments,

> Exactly – this is not a shiv against libs, or a troll site, as CH originally wrote.
>
> The author – Arwa Mahdawi – is a stereotypical lib, and a proponent of "true woke diversity."
>
> On her FAQ page, she asks, with a straight face, "SO HOW DO WE ACTUALLY CHANGE INSTITUTIONAL INEQUALITY?"
>
> Her proposed solutions are textbook examples of LIBERALISM IS A MENTAL DISEASE.
>
> http://rentaminority.com/hire-us/

So we've reached the point of social degeneration where shitlib earnestness is indistinguishable from mockery and trolling by their enemies on the right. Sounds about right. The modren shitlib, swarth or unhued, is a walking self-own.

Finger Guns Game

CH · 24 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I had just left the outdoor bar where I was daydrinking with friends. The early evening sun was glowing and there was a pep in my step. I wasn't drunk, but I had happyhead. It's that space between sober and drunk, where I still had my wits but I was feeling more upbeat and garrulous than usual.

On my walk home, I finger gunned every cute girl I passed. Theatrically, with an audible *tchh* and a wink. There were a lot of cute girls walking about, so my finger guns were chewing through rounds. As best I can recall through my happy fog, every girl smiled, and a few commented sassily. One girl, a petite fatale heading in the direction of the barrel of my finger gun, grinned and sassed, "Do I look like target practice to you?"

I waited until we had merged into a delirious close quarters friction on the sidewalk, before back-sassing, "Do you want to be?" while blowing out the smoke curling from the ends of my finger guns and holstering them with Old West pizzazz.

She laughed and said she would but she's a "taken cowgirl", and we parted for our respective sunsets. No worries, my happyhead was still airborne. A girl's "rejection" is much easier to absorb when she delivers it with a warm smile and sparkle eyes, letting you know with her expressionist regret that under a separate timeline the odds would have been ever in your favor.

Recollecting that day, and the innumerable sex positive reactions I received from girls at the business end of my finger guns, I wondered why I didn't unholster those bad boys more often. It clearly worked to put the ladies in an approachable mood. And I've done it once or twice, unthinkingly, while on walks of triumph. Finger Guns Game has enormous potential as an opener gambit.

Maybe I've avoided it because it's silly. It feels silly. It looks silly. But, chicks dig the silly. The man of stoic resolve who can indulge silliness demonstrates that he isn't harmed by the indulgence. He has stoic resolution to spare, and that's what chicks subconsciously notice, to their everlasting tingles.

Unaltered photos. lostcausemonaut quips,

> tfw girth *and* rigidity

Grandma got something on her mind! First pic…a gentle fingertip caress of the frenulum. Second pic…the grip of uncompromising resolve, ushering *la petite mort*.

The Abortion Test

CH · 25 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a good litmus test to determine if the girl you're dating (read: boffing) is committed relationship material. I call it the Abortion Test, and as a measure of a woman's commitment worthiness it's almost as good as the Cock Count Test.

When you get a chance, pry her about her abortion history. Best Girls will not have had abortions, of course, but the CDC reports that upwards of 1 out of 4 American women have had at least one abortion in their lifetimes. (The White woman ratio is likely lower than that; the abortion industry disproportionately serves women of color.) So as an American man you have to figure there's a decent chance your princess has had at least one prenatal princeling vacuum pumped.

If she confesses to having had a past abortion, gauge her response as she recollects it for you. Is she full of regret and pain in the retelling? She might pass as LTR material. She made a mistake and knows it; she still has a feminine soul.

Or does she recount it with the dead black eyes of a psychokiller, utterly unmoved by remembrance of the ordeal? Perhaps even dismissing it with a selfish "and THANK GOD I did, because I never would have made it through Lotsa Cockas University with my Slut Studies degree if I had to take care of a kid." Double bag it and hide the valuables, because you, sir, are getting laid tonight! Just remember to leave before the first morning light and never contact her again.

A reader addressed the topic,

> …people gravely underestimate the emotional damage [abortions] do to a woman, it leaves them broken, unable to interact with children in a normal way for the rest of their lives. Everytime they see a child, think of a child, somewhere deep inside a little voice asks what would the child I murdered look like today what would it be doing.

…and the kind of women who aren't emotionally affected by their abortions?…..you don't want to be with those kinds. Those women have lost an essential piece of their womanhood, which they aren't getting back. Or they never had that piece to begin with. Taking a broken bird like that into your kingdom is taking in half of a woman; and the half that's missing can never be filled by anything a man could offer.

> They are affected, they just won't admit it, they are the most dangerous, they are emotionally ready to explode at any time.

With sexperience, a man will be able to discern which women are sincere in their insistence of emotional disengagement and which women are faking it to protect their tissue paper thin egos. I've met both kinds, and while the latter are more common, the former are downright chilling. An emotionally dead woman is a faint echo of womanhood; her coldness on matters fetal belies a pact made with the devil: the nurturing part of her feminine essence in exchange for a veneer of empowered self-guidance.

Cause And Effect

CH · 25 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Cause and Effect: Act like a cloying beta male borefriend, become an ex-cloying beta male borefriend. From everybodylovesscott,

> I have a friend where every single picture with his gf hes praising her in the fb caption (I've since deleted fb so I don't see them anymore) with a "My gf is so amazing" or "She's out of my league" or leaning into her and grinning like an idiot. Recently he complained to me "women are stupid, she takes forever to reply to my messages now" and he told me "yeah, we stopped having sex so often because my penis is too big and she needs recovery time"

When the reframe is way too try-hard.

> She's post 30 so I'm not positive she's going to rip his heart out before they get married or after she gets her 2 kids and decides she "loves him but isn't in love with him" but I don't see the situation ending well. Maybe I'm wrong, but I doubt it.

Ironically, the Wall has saved many beta males from a much-deserved dumping. The anxious woman on Wall approach is the beta male's best friend. Downside: you get one, maybe two, months, tops, of bangable pussy.

> He's also packed on 40lbs in the last year because "I'm getting laid so I don't have the motivation to stay fit anymore"

That's not it. He's depressed because he senses his aging beauty is already, or is thinking about, cheating on him.

> He's a narcissistic know it all so showing him this website would do nothing except get me a "you don't know anything" response

Narcissists would make great Game-savvy womanizers, but their very narcissism prevents them from learning a thing or two from their betters.

***

Another example of Cause and Effect which eludes White shitlib cognition: Bring more third world peasantry to America, make America more like the peasants' third world homeland they left behind. From Johnny Redux,

> So, 150 or so squatamalans arrived at some shithole on the Mexican border called the Hotel de Migrante. The place looks like America — IF we let them keep coming in. One big shithole.
>
> Anyhow, just like the fake "migrant" crisis in Europe, these so-called asylum seekers are bringing their iPhones. Oh, how rough they have it. Seeking more free handouts, medical care, etc. up North. Clearly they have NO right to seek asylum, when they walked right through a safe nation, Mexico, which offered them sanctuary. Nope, not enough free shit in Meh-hee-ko. Need to go farther north, to the land of the liberal gringos!

I'm convinced a lot of the West's problems, and interrelatedly a lot of the problems bedeviling beta males, could be solved with a proper and complete understanding of cause and effect.

But no one's much interested in cause and effect anymore (to economists: externalities), because the logic of it is a huge buzzkill to our gadget-enslaved, lifestyle advertising, virtue sniveling ipod people.

The Wee Heartiste

CH · 25 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From an emailer,

> ok. so i'm hanging out with my 4 year old son and my girlfriend – a blonde, 5'9″ smokeshow. my kid's riding lookout on my shoulders as we make our way through an idle, sun-soaked afternoon. after a natural ebb in the conversation, my woman looks up at my boy and says, "so, if you had to choose between being a fish or a bird for the rest of your life, which would it be?"
>
> silence, for the length of a drawn breath.
>
> then, my son: "i'd like to kiss YOU for the rest of my life."
>
> i may never stop smiling.

Haha. Non Sequitur Game meets Apocalypse Game. The boy's technique is a little rough around the edges, but he's got the right mindset that will guarantee him a bright future in the poon procurement business. He's only four years old, so there's plenty of time for honing his seduction skill. To the boy's credit, the inner alpha attitude is more important to achieve than the Game techniques which advertise it, and the earlier in life it's achieved, the better for the growing boy's romantic prospects. It's usually a tougher path to go from Technique –> Attitude (essentially, fake it till you make it) than it is to go from Attitude –> Technique (mine it then refine it).

Related, I've noticed fathers glow with pride when recounting or observing their sons' romantic exploits. Nothing makes papas proud quite as much as watching their sons charm the ladies. Only a son's victory in sport or accomplishment in business or academia have a similar ego swelling effect on fathers, and for the same reason: success in those things translates to success in the one thing that matters most in the final analysis — winning the love of hsmv women. Our emailer's 4-yr-old budding Casanova is revealing, for now unwittingly, the glories of his future reproductive fitness.

Spot The Alpha: High School Prom Edition

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Three gentlemen before their prom night, but only one will close the deal, plus the deals of the other two gentlemen. Body language and facial expression are all we need to know which young man has a thrilling future as a womanizer and which two men will go on to pussy-parched careers in goofy self-clowning and accounting. (h/t Drack)

.

.

.

.

Still haven't got it? This next photo should help:

The above should be the front cover of an instructional manual titled “How to pose for photos with your girl and come out looking like the Jerkboy King all women want”. The body language and physiognomy specifics are old hat to regular CH readers, but for the newbs, they are:

- man facing camera, girl facing man
- girl administering PDA, men receiving her PDA
- girl leaning into man, man standing straight or leaning out a little from girl
- girl’s eyes and/or lips adoringly locked on man, man’s eyes gazing at horizon or camera
- girl flush with love, man smirking like a Trump scion, one eyebrow cocked for added effect

Scroll through the rest of our stripling alpha’s girl’s Instawhore feed for more proof of her undying love and his unending jerky charms.

#prom #mormonprom #2018 @hk_4_ever #mydaughter #almost18 #gorgeous #arlingtonwa @eli.vick.17 #thesetwo #powercouple #roses #younglove #beautiful #beauty #betsyjohnson #momofgirls #girlmom #proudmom #thankful #quitgrowingup #whereidthetimego #iloveyoukid #makingmemories #doeshelooklikespiderman

A post shared by Kym (@rdschick2012) on Apr 22, 2018 at 5:26pm PDT

If our alpha promlord isn’t a Chateau VIP already, he will be the morning after.

The Strapon Within, Yours Truly, Captain Obvious.

The Coming Black Sex Gap (Or: Black *DO* Crack)

CH · 26 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

For decades (in the pre-Current Year era), blacks have voted lockstep for the Dems. The black vote of either sex rarely dipped below 90% D in any election. That may finally be changing. I predict a coming black sex gap, in which black men will vote less D while black women continue voting D with near-unanimity. The reason?

TRUMP.

> my MAGA hat is signed ?????????????????????????????? pic.twitter.com/DrDHJybS8V
>
> — KANYE WEST (@kanyewest) April 25, 2018

It won't take much black realignment to cause an electoral crisis for Democreeps. If Trump can steal 10-15% of the black male vote from Dems, a lot of purple states will flip red. Some blue states would come into play. Kanye West isn't the cause of this shift, but he is a powerful symptom of it, and his Overton smashing, leftoid COGDISSING tweets may very well end up pushing a nontrivial number of blacks into Trump's camp in 2020.

Black men secretly love Trump. They respect Trump. Not enough to leave the D reservation (for now), but enough to consider it in the future. Trump's brash style, his preference for gaudy golden palaces, his "one man taking on The Man" political trajectory, and most relevantly his hilarious TRASH TALK are all traits admired by the black man. That's Trump's style — his GAME — winning over blacks. But Trump's substance shouldn't be discounted. Black unemployment is at record lows in Trump's reign; black men are noticing this in their lives, and it's trickling into the black consciousness (such as it is). Blacks, especially black men, also notice Trump making their lives better by restricting legal and illegal immigration, which depresses the wages of lower skilled labor. The Beaner Wall is Black Magic.

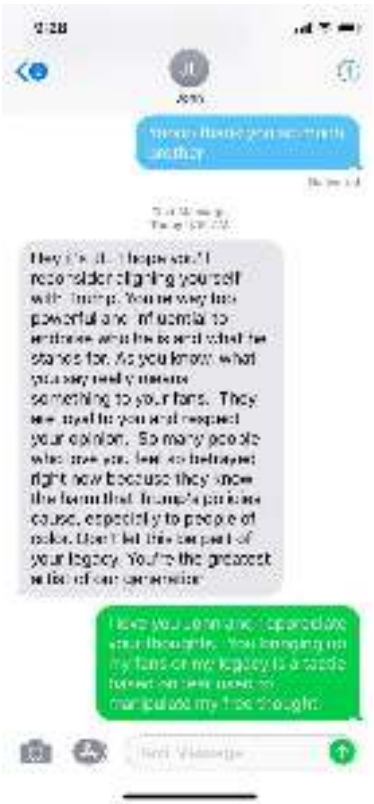
Black women don't notice it nor will they ever see the Trumpian light because black women are already under the employ of Uncle Gibs. Diversity quotas mean the government has to hire lots of incompetents and dead weight; black women are generally more conscientious and disciplined than are black men, so agencies fill their quotas with black women, hoping to limit the damage that Diversity brings to quality of service and product. Walk into any DMV and the ratio can be as high as ten black women for every one black man. This isn't an accident; sure part of the skew is because a lot of black man are "out of the workforce flow" so to speak, but mostly it's because black

women are considered less obstreperous employees.

There is also a racial predisposition at work in the potential for diverging political preferences between black men and black women. As a race, blacks are r-selected; they have the behavioral profile of their African ancestors, and in Africa to this day the women toil in the fields while the men drink, gambol, and alternately revere the “Big Man” or try to become him. Africa is a matrifocal social organization, and that carries over into African-American neighborhoods where black women don’t expect black men to have a job and stick around to help raise the kids. Black women are economically self-disciplined in a way black men aren’t, either self-disciplined to earn a living working for the government or to know how to soak the welfare state.

So Trumpism has less to offer black women, who do quite well already under a quasi-socialist Democrat-controlled makework bureaucratic administrative state. Trump’s nationalist-populism agenda means a tighter labor market, especially at the low end, and more manufacturing jobs, which largely accrues to the benefit of black men. But it also means a less powerful central government as hiring agency, as employment opportunity moves away from Panem and toward localities; this would harm the interests of black women who, like women of other races, aren’t much interested in men’s jobs like manufacturing or anything involving physical labor and teamwork.

Which brings me back to Kanye; closeted gay though he may be, he has tapped into a dragon energy pulsing through many black men that will, in time and under the guidance of the Goad Emperor, create a noteworthy sex gap with their black women. But only if Trump reigns; any Republican after Trump not sufficiently Trumpian will lose black men as quickly as Trump gained them.



“JL” is John Legend. Kanye is in green. BTFO linguistic killshot confirmed.

Professional Boob Washer writes,

> Kanye going hotep would be earth shaking culturally but the gender split in blacks is overdue seeing how black men are useful to the Left only when dead. Clinton won black women 93-4 and black men 80-13. If Kanye and the Hoteps move the needle at all, it’s over for the Dems due to their need for blacks +90% tallies. If the gender gap were to widen, Trump would be taking 18-20% total and depressing enthusiasm which enables vote

> stuffing in those 106% turnout districts. This helps secure the swing states he flipped and puts VA back into play. I don't see black men voting for a black woman and there isn't a South African style militant available yet nor will be with America's mix. It's Caudillo-Big Man politics now and Trump is the playmate fuckin' Big Man.

When black men hear that Trump hired hookers to piss on the hotel bed Gay Mulatto shared with Reggie Love, they think "TRUMP IS A PIMP DADDY". And they'd be right. Just yesterday, the Trumps used thecunt's china collection to deck out their State Dinner with Micron, in what has to be one of the coldest shivs a sitting President has ever delivered to a sociopathic former political opponent. (I loved that news story so much I read it twice for the sheer pleasure of it.)

I don't think there's a whole lot of room for black male vote poaching by Trump — they're a tribal race far outside their natural environment and they will vote anti-White gibs now, gibs tomorrow, gibs forever; the "natural conservative" myth is a cuckservative talking point for a reason — but Trump's persona and agenda open the possibility of a paradigm-busting movement of 10-20% of black men away from the Dems. This would be good for America and hilarious on many levels, not least would be listening to the lamentations of the ur-cucked NeverTrumpers.

From TOG, one of my favorite reads across all platforms,

> [Kanye's Konversion is] a big deal in that it shows the MK Ultra brainwashing didn't work 100% on Kanye. He fought it. Having a famous black liberal icon show solidarity with a famous black conservative helps the average black man wake up to divide and conquer saul alinsky tactics. This may matter if it takes votes away from the Dems in midterm elections. It's also a big "f**k you" to the jewish media. Kanye played the game and was used as a tool of jewish media interests for years so they allowed him to be A-List popular. Now that he is A-List, he is allowing other blacks to not be a democrat. Woah! Just the seed being planted that "you dont have to be a democrat" is a good thing. The democrats only have smoke, mirrors and trickery to keep their followers together. Once people start looking up the facts the democrats push (i.e. they push the narrative that white cops shooting black men is a problem, & when you look it up you see statistically it is insignificant, and in fact, black crime is the problem) then the democrats cease to exist. Their entire party relies on the fact that some people don't look anything up and just get all their news exclusively from international jewish media outlets and NPR.
>
> 7 Simple Steps to being a Liberal
>
> ———————————————————
>
> Step 1) Listen to national public radio on the train ride to work,
>
> Step 2) Seek confirmation bias from others at work who also listen to jewish media
>
> Step 3) Watch cnn and msnbc when you get home after work.
>
> Step 4) Sneer and snark at anyone who thinks differently than you.
>
> Step 5) Occasionally read a huffpo blog article confirming what the jewish media has told you after you were triggered by a random pepe meme.
>
> Step 6) NEVER EVER LOOK UP ANY STUDIES OR DATA FROM THE DIRECT SOURCE!
>
> Step 7) Pat yourself on the back and call yourself "informed"

Btw, not that I listen all that often, but I haven't heard any of the lertoid media outlets mention the Kanye story. NPR? NPR? Omitting truths is as bad as committing lies! Journalism 101.

The Overblown (Yet Oddly Comforting) Threat Of The Gotcha Pregnancy

CH · 26 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

gkai tut tuts and finger wags,

> Lost the ball here. I far far prefer a chick with abortion history, that one that [won't] play the surprise pregnancy and chain you for life with child support, just after some recreative sex. The pro-life fundamentalist Christian here was disturbing, while I was a fan before, now it's becoming unbearable….I guess my CH lurking days are soon aver….

gkai (probably azn) hates White Christians, news at 11. (Why ARE so many damned asians colonizing the West? Their own countries too crowded? NOT OUR PROBLEM)

To his point, the Gotcha Pregnancy looms large as a devastating life-changing menace in the male imagination, but it's an overblown threat that I have noticed appeals to two kinds of men: lsmv omegas who have little chance of convincing any woman to have sex with them, let alone bear their children, and wealthy hsmv alphas who have real reason to fear a mistress or lover snagging them into a lifetime of indentured servitude.

The latter group of men have to be careful which women they choose for trysts, because the gotcha pregnancy risk isn't overblown for them. This maybe explains why so many wealthy alphas turn to escort services for fun when they could get the chicks for free at the local bar: the pros are paid up front and have an incentive to keep their bodies in a forever pre-preggers state.

The former group, the omegas, have nothing to fear, but they are egoistically comforted by the idea that they are threatened by sexually rapacious women who want to steal their disfigured seed and their non-existent resources.

In reality, the gotcha pregnancy is a rare event if you are minimally selective in which women you choose to bang and romance. Avoid ghetto mamas, barely legal beaners, mentally unstable coke fiends, trailer trash, and women over the age of 35 laboring under the loud tick tock of their biological clocks, and you are pretty well secured from victimization by a gotcha pregnancy.

If you are a Chateau reader, odds are you have something on the ball and swim in a social circle and cultural milieu filled with sensible women who don't think gotcha pregnancies are smart, forward-thinking life choices. The fact is that cheap contraceptives (for both men and women) have largely eliminated the Gotcha Pregnancy threat among middle class and higher Whites. If you're fresh off the boat and only date in the clan, maybe it's a problem for you, but Western White women have abandoned the Gotcha Pregnancy as a strategy because 1. it interferes with mimosa brunch time and 2. Western White men have abandoned the Shotgun Wedding amelioration plan.

I'm not saying the Gotcha Pregnancy is a myth. I'm saying it's like HIV…if you're not a member of one or more specific demographics particularly susceptible to Gotcha Pregnancy infection, you can sleep easy that your womanizing career won't suddenly end with the rash decision of a high time orientation, impulsive skank scheming for a sugar daddy.

However, should you fall prey to the Gotcha Pregnancy — one of the most malicious evils a woman can deliberately perpetrate on a man — I suggest leaving the country on the red eye, and don't look back until such time that the USA has instituted rationality and fairness to its sexual regulation laws and added a "Gotcha Child Support" clause to any Gotcha Pregnancy claim that requires the woman making the claim to foot the entirety of the child-raising bill. Reproductive rights shouldn't be the sole province of women.

***

williamk adds,

> The particular kind of man who tends to get oops'd is a low class situational alpha with steady money, aka guy who has a harem of low SES girls (who are usually kinda gross), and works on a military base or something (not being a hater, its just a heuristic).
>
> the gotcha pregnancy recipe:
>
> guy: some cash + game + low standards + low IQ
> girl: skank + low IQ + beneath the margins of do-ability for CH commenters

Another reason (as if it was needed) why refined men of stealth and taste should have and maintain standards in the opposite sex. Less risk of used condom scooping.

How To Manage The Hysterically Jealous Girlfriend

CH · 27 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A jealous girlfriend isn't necessarily an obstacle to an award-winning relationship. In fact I'd argue that a woman's jealousy is the solar energy of sustainable romance. When she's jealous, you're desired. And when you're desired, she's not MIA for twisted bedsheet time.

Ideally, you want to stoke a little jealousy in your woman, sporadically and with varying intensity and duration, so that it's never predictable and she can dismiss it as another one of your effortgoads to secure her love. Too little jealousy is a recipe for cuntplacency. Too much jealousy risks a relationship blowout. Be baby bear's porridge.

Inciting bouts of manageable jealousy is the heart of Dread Game. However, there will be times you overstep and drive your girl insane in the femmebrain with self-doubt and fear of loss. When this happens, I have a mitigation plan that won't let you down. When she melts down accusing you of cheating or some other affront to her faithful womanhood, put on your best amused mastery face and, smiling broadly like a cat who just caught a mouse, reply,

"Wow you are REALLY jealous right now. This is so awesome!"

She'll check herself before wrecking herself. Expect her to be confused or charmed (in women, these two states are often the same), and watch as the ire and anxiety drain right out of her. She might murmur something like "how is this awesome?" or "oooookaaaay…" which is her way of processing an unexpected information flow. (She was expecting your defensive denials.) You will continue in the same vein,

"You love me so much. It's sweet."

Her: blah blah don't think so blah blah you're so arrogant blah

"I better watch myself around other women! If I check out a cute girl you might buy me a Corvette."

At this point, she's either laughing or fuming, or both. Either reaction is good news. The fear has dissipated; thanks to your ASSUME THE SALE and AGREE & NOTIFY ministrations she's realized how silly she sounded and is mad at you for making her feel that way. The madness will in short order give way to gladness and then to missionary tradness.

The above can be used by stone bold jerkboys who got caught cheating for real but don't yet want to give up the dream of building a de facto harem of slightly obsessed loverladies.

Explicit Sexual Consent Is No Guarantee Against False Rape Accusations

CH · 27 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Judge says giving women all the responsibility for initiating and controlling the pace of sex is the answer to false rape accusations.

> Women are just dishonest to the bone, 24/7. You can think everything is cool because the dumb bitch doesn't say anything, next thing you know, she claims you raped her, or she "felt half-raped".
>
> In such a climate, Game…CHARISMA…is needed, because the only safe sexual encounter is one initiated and controlled by the dumb bitch.

The Judge is well-meaning but his suggestion will actually make the problem of women blaming men for the regret and emptiness women normally feel after impulsive hookups much worse. Ceding the domain of bedroom escalation to women is no guarantee of a safe sexual encounter. As we all know, a woman will back-rationalize any sexual encounter into a distant facsimile of actual events to support whatever her feelings require in the moment, and that includes sexual interactions she initiated and controlled. Even if you signed a consent form with a lawyer present and tied your hands behind your back so that she would have to undress you and guide your penis into her three holes, if she felt bad about it the next day she'll concoct a load of self-serving sophistry to excuse her actions and relinquish her accountability, which in practice means IT'S ALWAYS THE BOYIM'S FAULT.

Paradoxically, the closest thing men have to a guarantee against a false regret rape accusation is to DOMINATE and LEAD the girl to a sexual encounter in which she CAN'T CONTROL her erupting arousal and EAGERLY SURRENDERS to the man. (Then make sure you give her a peck on the cheek and tell her something nice before bolting in the morning. Leave em wetter than you found em.)

The problem with the physically and personably unattractive amy schumers of the world is that they are fated to date weak men, soyboys, gloryhole faces, male feminists, john scalzis, and simpering omega nerdos. A woman who initiates and controls the sexual encounter from start to finish with one of those kinds of un-males will FEEL LIKE she was raped afterwards, because her contaminated womb will be crying out for a mercy killing. Naturally, this bad feeling of existential darwinian regret will compel her to deny her role in the consensual sex and to seek absolution by shifting a fake blame onto the unwitting loser male who thought she was enjoying his tepid romantic advances.

A woman sexually in control is a woman emotionally in doubt. Give her control over sexual progression and the only guarantee you'll get is her post-coital spite and resentment. Few women, deep down, want to lead a man. Most women, deep down, want to follow a man. You, as a man, deny this want of women at your peril.

The “#110 And Counting” Girlfriend

CH · 27 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Amy Schumer. Here she is bitching about (or humblebragging about) all of her horrible ex-boyfriends.

I’ll translate her porridge of puling for you:

IT’S ALWAYS THE BOYIM’S FAULT!

Keep telling yourself that, Amy, and when you get dumped (yet again) you won’t have to change a thing about yourself. Just keep rolling with your martyrdom complex until the Wailing Wall claims final victory over your delusions.

***

In related “total lack of self-reflection” news, there was a massive purge of NeverTrumpers from the cuckblog Red State. Trump should win a Nobel in Aesthetics for that.

***

Lisa Page’s gums (lol) writes,

> So she lost her virginity while she was asleep…who was her date -Bill Cosby?
> I mean how could she not wake up with a guy trying to move her fupa?

Fat amy schumer is like most fatties. Something’s always getting stuck in their folds so a penis could easily be mistaken for a half-eaten hot dog.

Love And Hate, Perfect Together

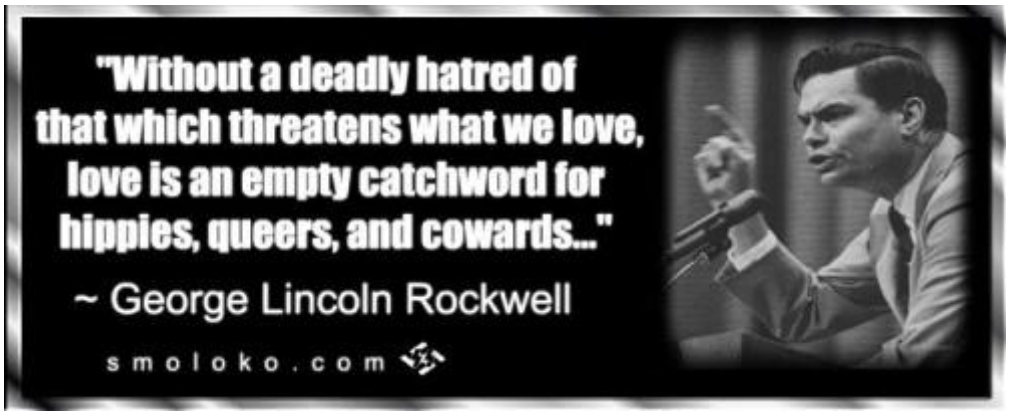
CH · 27 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Too much love is servility.

Too much hate is malice.

Too little love is cruelty.

Too little hate is self-destruction.



Hate is as natural as love, and as necessary.

When The Jerkboy Meets The Tankgrrl

CH · 27 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

…this happens:

Too funny. This is how the alpha jerkboy treats the abortion-loving girl: with extreme disdain. It's called standards, and beta males could benefit from having them.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule. The jerkboy who on threat of abandonment has persuaded his girl to abort their oopsie baby would be wise to accompany her to the clinic to be sure she follows through on her end of the deal.

Otherwise, treating a girl like the piece of meat she treats her womb is all around good policy for changing feminist hearts and minds.

The Pair Bonding Case Against Male Genital Mutilation

CH · 27 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

dshugashvili makes what I consider a novel and convincing case against Male Genital Mutilation (aka circumcision): the barbaric practice robs *both* men and women of the white hot lust which intimately bonds them for the long haul.

> plumpjack: *Prior to my [circumcision] restoration, I had some great experiences – or so I thought. In hindsight, they were all experiences that centered around HER pleasure: "Boy, I really made her cum last night," etc. But now there was a profound difference; the experiences I was having were mine. And they were damn good.*
>
> *Ironically, the more pleasure I started having, the more that my partners began to have. They could sense my pleasure and this made them more excited. There is an interconnected aspect to sexual intercourse, and having genitals that function correctly is an integral part of this.*
>
> How I Restored My Foreskin
>
> ***
>
> kinda off-topic for this post, but I would like to offer you my sincere congratulations for overcoming the humiliation that the Khazars and their stooges inflicted on you when you were a defenceless child. (the Khazars always prefer their victims to be defenceless; for example, they delight in shooting children along the Gaza border fence.)
>
> apparently, it's all part of the plan:
>
> *Similarly with regard to circumcision, one of the reasons for it is, in my opinion, the wish to bring about a decrease in sexual intercourse and a weakening of the organ in question, so that this activity be diminished and the organ be in as quiet a state as possible. It has been thought that circumcision perfects what is defective congenitally. This gave the possibility to everyone to raise an objection and to say: How can natural things be defective so that they need to be perfected from outside, all the more because we know how useful the foreskin is for that member? In fact this commandment has not been prescribed with a view to perfecting what is defective congenitally, but to perfecting what is defective morally. The bodily pain caused to that member is the real purpose of circumcision. None of the activities necessary for the preservation of the individual is harmed thereby, nor is procreation rendered impossible, but violent concupiscence and lust that goes beyond what is needed are diminished. The fact that circumcision weakens the faculty of sexual excitement and sometimes perhaps diminishes the pleasure is indubitable. For if at birth this member has been made to bleed and has had its covering taken away from it, it must indubitably be weakened. The Sages, may their memory be blessed, have explicitly stated:* ***It is hard for a woman with whom an uncircumcised man has had sexual intercourse to separate from him. In my opinion this is the strongest of the reasons for circumcision.***
>
> — Moses Maimonides
>
> see also:
>
> The effect of male circumcision on the sexual enjoyment of the female partner

LOL that Maimonides thought it was a bad idea that a woman would love her man too much.

Maybe jews really are malignant masochists? The notion neatly explains some of the more dire aspects of diaspora jewish behavior in the lands of their generous Gentile hosts. From a reader,

> Saw a decent argument that (((they're))) pure masochists on a memetic level, always wanting to revisit the good old days of Deuteronomy when they fucked up on a tribal basis and needed heavy handed correction by God.
>
> Nothing else can explain their sheer malevolence. Other middleman minorities don't openly taunt the host

> populations, don't beg for wipeout.

I disagree with that last part. I would say we are entering (for better or worse) an age in Western nations in which other minorities, taking their jew cue, openly taunt the host population. Bindis for instance have taken up the "taunt Whitey" banner with real gusto. This might not be a bad thing in the long run. NiceWhites can only take so much shit pushed in their faces before they abandon their niceness with the same gusto that their nonWhite taunters revel in their anti-White malice.

The other possibility here (to explain why circumcision was historically a jew thang), might be that the high average IQ jews inherited (thanks to occupational bottlenecks European Gentiles created to protect their hamlets from levantine imprint) conflicts with their equally inherited ravenous Middle Eastern libido, and into this unholy amalgam pitting the forebrain against the hindbrain the masochistic impulse in jews grew beyond normal bounds to accommodate the inevitable cogdis, and ritualistic circumcision was one manifestation of this internal battle. I hope this makes sense. (Maimonides seems to have understood what I'm saying.)

From that 1999 anti-circumcision research paper (brace yourselves for a poonami of realtalk):

> Women having sexual experience with both circumcised and anatomically complete partners were recruited through classified advertisements in magazines and an announcement in an anti-circumcision newsletter. Respondents to the advertisements were mailed a survey to complete and return, the comments then compiled and the responses analysed statistically.
>
> […]
>
> Comparisons of experiences with circumcised or intact males are shown in tables 2 and 3. With their circumcised partners, women were more likely not to have a vaginal orgasm (4.62, 3.69-5.80). Conversely, women were more likely to have a vaginal orgasm with an unaltered partner. Their circumcised partners were more likely to have premature ejaculation (1.82, 1.45-2.27). Women were also more likely to state that they had had vaginal discomfort with a circumcised partner either often (19.89, 5.98-66.22) or occasionally (7.00, 3.83-12.79) as opposed to rarely or never. More women reported that they never achieved orgasm with circumcised partners (2.25, 1.13-4.50) than with their unaltered partners. Also, they were more likely to report never having had a multiple orgasm with their circumcised partners (2.25, 1.13-4.50). They were also more likely to report never having had a multiple orgasm with their circumcised partners (2.22, 1.36-3.63). They were also more likely to report that vaginal secretions lessened as coitus progressed with their circumcised partners (16.75, 6.88-40.77).
>
> **During prolonged intercourse with their circumcised partners, women were less likely to 'really get into it' and more likely to 'want to get it over with'** (23.32, 11.24-48.39). On the other hand, with their unaltered partners, the reverse was true, they were less likely to 'want to get it over with' and considerably more likely to 'really get into it.' […]
>
> When the women were divided into those with more or fewer than 10 lifetime partners, those with >10 were more likely to have orgasms with their circumcised partners than those with fewer partners, but still less frequent orgasms than they had with their unaltered partners. Women who preferred a circumcised partner overall were more likely to have had <10 partners (3.52, 0.92-13.50).

If a woman has accumulated enough rides on the cock carousel to have a penis preference, do not stop at Ho, do not collect nuptial vows.

> When women who preferred vaginal orgasm were compared with those preferring orally or manually induced orgasm, the former rated unaltered men higher (Z=2.12, *P*=0.016), had more positive post-coital feelings (Set 3; Z=2.68, *P*=0.003) with their unaltered partners, and rated these men higher overall (Z=2.12, P=0.016). These women were more likely to prefer being on top during coitus to achieve vaginal orgasm (2.46,

> 1.21-4.98). They were also more likely to have an unaltered man as their most recent partner (1.74, 0.87-3.47).
>
> The women who preferred circumcised partners (as elicited in one of three questions, n=20) were more likely to have had their first orgasm with a circumcised partner (8.38, 2.88-24.35) than those who preferred unaltered partners. Although these women preferred circumcised partners, they still found unaltered partners to evoke more vaginal fluid production, a lower vaginal discomfort rating and fewer complaints (Sets 1 and 2, Table 3) during intercourse than their circumcised partners.

And finally, the coda, which could win prizes in literature:

> These results show clearly that women preferred vaginal intercourse with an anatomically complete penis over that with a circumcised penis; there may be many reasons for this. When the anatomically complete penis thrusts in the vagina, it does not slide, but rather glides on its own 'bedding' of movable skin, in much the same way that a turtle's neck glides in and out of the folder layers of skin surrounding it. The underlying corpus cavernosa and corpus spongiosum slide within the penile skin, while the skin juxtaposed agaist the vaginal wall moves very little. This sheath-within-a-sheath alignment allows penile movement, and vaginal and penile stimulation, with minimal friction or loss of secretions. When the penile shaft is withdrawn slightly from the vagina, the foreskin bunches up behind the corona in a manner that allows the tip of the foreskin which contains the highest density of fine-touch neuroreceptors in the penis [1] to contact the corona of the glans which has the highest concentration of fine-touch receptors on the glans [18]. This intense stimulation discourages the penile shaft from further withdrawal, explaining the short thrusting style that women noted in their unaltered partners. This juxtapostion of sensitive neuroreceptors is also seen in the clitoris and clitoral hood of the Rhesus monkey [19] and in the human clitoris [18].

Of course, this is correlation and potential selection bias, so it's possible unaltered men happen also to be jerkboy men who maximally arouse women, but the uniformity of the results at least should give the mutilated man pause, as it indicates circumcision itself reduces women's pleasure.

It's really a counter-intuitive argument, because most people would assume that by diminishing through circumcision the sexual pleasure and ardor a man can feel, he would be less likely to stray and satisfy his over-torqued libido with mistresses. Instead, reducing his pleasure reduces his woman's pleasure as well, and the sexual disappointment may contribute to relationship dissolution.

Putting the results of this study in the language of our oypressors, "informed consent" means the barbaric practice of infant circumcision must end. My boner, my choice.

Biocultural Shocks To The System

CH · 29 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

These are the biocultural revolutions the long-term impacts of which most Westerners have severely underestimated:

– the Pill

– cheap and safe abortion

– mass nonwhite immigration

– the total abandonment of organized patriarchal religion

– female economic empowerment

– sugar dousing

– market saturation of hardcore porn

– (((the diaspora)))

– runaway credentialism

***

Regarding that last item, credentialism is inherently feminine. Hierarchy is inherently masculine. All pre-collapse late stage empires are marked by a retreat from the masculine virtues and an embrace of the feminine vices. I plan to do a post on this subject because understanding its importance is crucial to correctly diagnosing the system-wide social failures now percolating through the West.

***

A reader adds penicillin to the list. I figure that's a gray area, because the benefits of penicillin (at least over the evolutionary short term) would appear to far outweigh negatives (decoupling sexual behavior from fear of disease and helping to unleash an r-selected sexual market). In the long term, though, penicillin may come to be viewed as one of CH's six sirens of the sexual apocalypse.

How To Recover From A Brutally Public Friendzoning

CH · 30 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

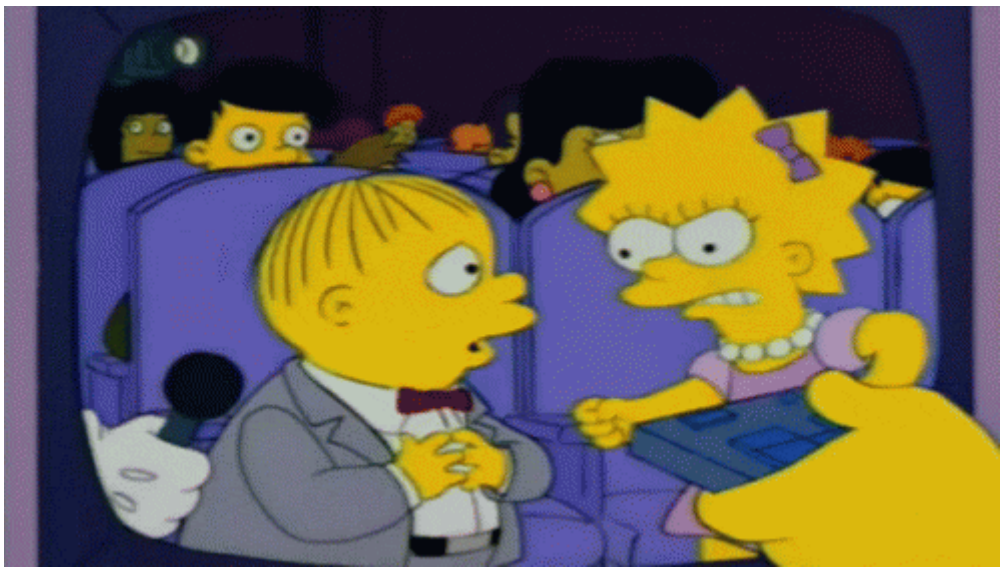
Some women, either through malice or naivete, have the worst timing and execution when dropping the LJBF bomb on their longtime beta male orbiters. Like this ballcutter:

> Oh no. This man was just put in the friend zone on national television. pic.twitter.com/dtbHj3P9fN
>
> — Barstool Sports (@barstoolsports) April 27, 2018

An experienced man would never find himself in this situation, but most men aren't experienced with women, so they are easily victimized by emotional and resource objectifying women who use them for attention and gibs without having to provide sexual release in return.

Some say the video is staged; I don't think so. Both of their reactions seem spontaneous and authentic to their sex (the female recklessly indulges cruelty and the male is surprised his ardor isn't reciprocated). We'll proceed as if the clip is the real deal.

Right after she cackles murderously and chirps "we're friends!", you can see the moment that her poison-tipped shiv strikes beta ventricle (around 0:07). It looks like this:



At 0:16 our soulkilled beta tries the "It's complicated" line (maybe he read about its usefulness at a PUA blog?), but it falls flat because the context was all wrong (it can't be used effectively after one is freshly castrated) and the girl nonetheless yammers incessantly over the top of his voice, "I'm single. I'm single guys. I'm single".

She had to remind the pool of alpha males in the studio audience THREE TIMES that she's single. This wrecked herbling went SIX MONTHS thinking he and her were an item. You see, it's all fun and games for the beta orbiter-exploiting cutie until the day comes her obedient pet gets uppity and publicly airs his romantic assumptions. Whoa, big fella! she thinks, curb your enthusiasm! And that's her cue to publicly shear the last wispy locks of his manhood.

Those eggs won't tolerate the slightest incursions by beta orbiter seed. Impudence like that must be snuffed in the crib, before a REALLY awkward scene erupts and he cockblocks a jerkboy she wants to meet.

At 0:19, our defenestrated beta can't sustain the grinning rictus concealing his shredded dignity any longer and the already transparent mask slips completely off. "What?!", he yelps, anguished.

Maybe she finally notices the hurt on his face, because she jumps in to console him…by reminding everyone again

“oh no no, we’re really good friends”, as if saying it the tenth time will somehow make the castrati oil go down easier. After all, what man *wouldn’t* love her for a friend? She’s teh awesome (vagina not included)! And then to punctuate her compassion, please note at 0:22 the little shove she gives to his shoulders, pushing his incompetent seed away from her golden eggs.

He looks back at her forlornly, and all she can do is break into tension-relieving laughter. What’s so funny? Well, his humiliation for one. The audience’s groan, for another. But mostly a girl will laugh like this, after neutering a man with a chainsaw, to sonically disrupt the rapidly emerging narrative of her cruelty in the hopes that observers will agree to her new implied narrative that the ordeal is all a light-hearted joke between friends. Girls have to walk a tightrope when disabling insolent beta orbiters in public; they have to simultaneously disabuse the orbiter of his presumption AND prevent her social ostracism by onlookers who will naturally feel sympathetic toward the orbiter.

I can’t blame the girl. This beta set the bitch up. She was cornered. She had to move against him. It’s so typical of mincing passive betaboys to wait for claustrophobic moments to make their move, like when the girl is trapped in an elevator or on a TV game show. If I were this cute girl, on reflection I’d be pissed.

But it takes two to tango. One exploitative minx, and one willing-to-be-exploited beta. He pounces when (he thinks) she’s most defenseless; she leads him on for months when he’s most defenseless. Nobody comes out a winner here. The sadist requires the masochist. The dom the sub.

Returning to the title of this post, the best way to recover from a brutally public friendzoning is a cheeky interpretation of the Game tactics ASSUME THE SALE and AGREE & AMPLIFY.

HER: shiv shiv shiv shiv shiva destroyer of socially retarded blue balled beta orbiters *tee hee*

YOU: I love a girl who plays hard to get.

To pull this off our insipid beta would need Supreme Gentleman levels of state control, and a practiced shit-eating grin. But let’s face it, there aren’t many ways to salvage an LJBF blowout this catastrophic. To get the right Inner Game for such a salvage operation, our beta male would have had to have multiple HB6s-and-above plates in rotation to prevent the ramifications we see here from his having oneitis for this Cruella de Filly.

Charisma Doesn't Have To Be A Foreign Language

CH · 1 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

WS has a complaint I hear often from a certain demographic of men: he believes it's unrealistic to expect a man under duress to have charming quips at his disposal.

> *Her: you're friendzoned!*
>
> *Him: I love a girl who plays hard to get.*
>
> *Him: YESSSSSS! I'm single again! FREEDOM BABY!*
>
> *Him: Yeah, we're just friends…with benefits lzzlolzlol!*
>
> It'd be great if life was like an 80's action movie where you could just fire off one-liners that utterly defeated your opponents but, realistically, the guy probably handled it the only way he possibly could have without burning his life to the ground.

This pessimism betrays a lack of experience hanging out with male friends who do well with women, or who are generally favored guests at any party. I know many men who are adept at firing off those tingle-inducing one liners under pressure. With experience and the right attitude, the quips become second nature.

Experience: women don't tongue-tie you. They aren't mysteriously opaque creatures you have to wrack your brain to figure out what language they speak. You have bedded them before; you are confident you will bed them again. You know girls enjoy getting teased, and over time you've learned how to tease for maximum quimpact.

The Right Attitude: You have outcome independence, an abundance mentality, a self-assured entitlement complex that permits a charming familiarity and ease of communication with women you've just met. Your interactions are lucid, compact, comfortable, and friendly. You don't strain for words because deep in the pit of your gut you don't feel a need to impress any one particular woman; if this chick isn't charmed, the next one will be. Teasing one-liners are your go-to bantz formula because you are more interested in not boring yourself than you are in not boring the girl you're chatting up.

A buddy I occasionally hang out with is a master of quips. When we're shooting stick, he'll pause mid-strike to accost a passing cutie with a jerkboy mofo one-liner. He rarely regurgitates one liners verbatim because his humor is all contextual and situational. (His one liners do share a common theme, comedic element, timing, and tone, though.) Neither does he bother with "deep thoughts" or monologues; the man is a wrecking ball of pussy-parting pith. The girls lap it up like hungry kitties starved for cocky asshole affection.

One time I met his dad, and discovered he had the same facility with teasing quips as jerkboy jr. This confirmed for me something I've always assumed based on personal observation: those men who have mastery of in-the-moment quips that beta males insist are the stuff of scripted TV sitcoms are in fact very real and move among us. And some of them learn their craft at dad's side, watching him charm the ladies and soaking up the lessons. This is another reason why fatherlessness sucks; it deprives many developing young men of mentorship in the ways of charismatic seduction.

What I'm saying is that these quips and the skill to use them in high pressure situations are often a generational artifact: granddad to dad to son (the inheritance continuity possibly broken by the phaggiest generation ever — the millennials) passing on the same or similar one liners they used on grandma, mom, and today's tatted monstrosities. Quips — and male charisma in general — are cultural memes: the original meme machine before /pol/ exploited the executable and weaponized transmission of tingle-gushing cadquips into soul-killing cogdis weapons against the Shitlib Left.

Dads are only one source of charisma transmission. Many "naturals" learned the art of the quip by having as friends

coolasfuck dudes who had the gift of gab. Men also learn by watching unfamiliar men successfully flirt with cute girls, and by observing the girls' reactions to the torrent of monosyllabic teasing. Unwittingly, these beguiled girls show bystanding men the jizzropes.

The point of saying all this is that you don't have to be that hapless beta pastry on that TV game show, flustered, despondent, and butthurt by your oneitis's cold shank, reduced by the cruelty of her surprise attack to muttering lamely and garnishing your emotional pain for the viewing audience to feast upon. You CAN learn charisma, and the art of the quip, and learn it well enough to make it a regular and spontaneously summoned feature of your SMV-projecting conversational habits.

Caption Contest: First Bums Edition

CH · 1 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> #Squats vs. #Cardio pic.twitter.com/9quemxhZIj
>
> — ??Chad Vandal?? (@realChadVandal) April 25, 2018

#Squats vs. #Cardio pic.twitter.com/9quemxhZIj

[image]

[image]

— Chad Vandal (@realChadVandal) April 25, 2018

> When you park a Ferrari next to a Toyota pic.twitter.com/bnaBna98LQ
>
> — Ethan Ralph (@TheRalphRetort) April 27, 2018

Staying slender is no reprieve from the Wall, ladies. When you get old, your slender figure turns skeletal and the flesh droops like canvas drapes off the bones. Your best bet for delaying critical Wall impact is weightlifting (notably squats) in conjunction with cardio. You lose that tender adipose fat soon after your early 20s and you need something to replace it — muscle — to keep your curves and protuberances in the right boner-inducing size and place.

PS: Men: let this be a lesson. That 35 year old sexpot teacher you have the hots for when you're fourteen? Have fun with her, but don't marry her. When you're 45, she'll be 66, and that's the boner killer for which there is no cure.

The Myth Of Female Cooperativeness

CH · 2 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

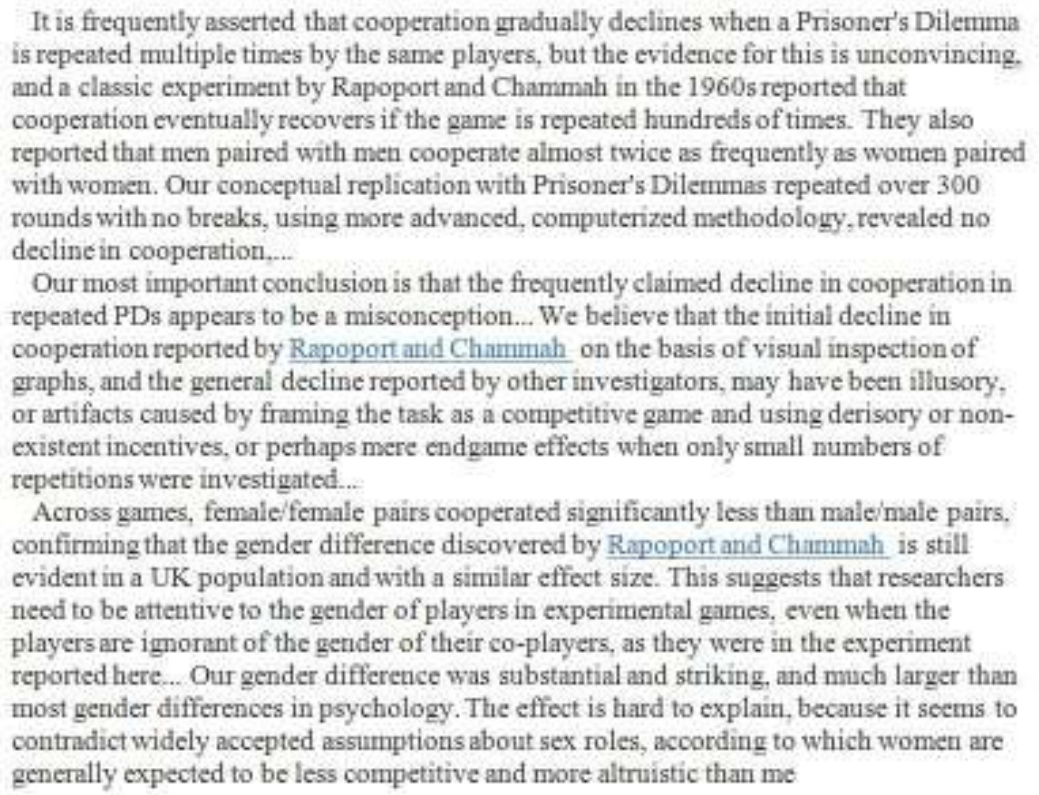
Gossip and salt and blame-shifting fault, that's what older girls are made of.

Via reader Pepe, ¡SCIENCE! once again shits in the faces of feminists and pabulum spewing equalists.

This is not the place for this comment, but then again SCIENCE: Women are way less cooperative than men.

This goes against the leftist myth that the world would be a better place if women ruled.

"We confirmed a puzzling gender difference: men cooperate much more than women" [in a repeated Prisoner Game]. Also, cooperation doesn't fade over time, as previously thought.



It is frequently asserted that cooperation gradually declines when a Prisoner's Dilemma is repeated multiple times by the same players, but the evidence for this is unconvincing, and a classic experiment by Rapoport and Chammah in the 1960s reported that cooperation eventually recovers if the game is repeated hundreds of times. They also reported that men paired with men cooperate almost twice as frequently as women paired with women. Our conceptual replication with Prisoner's Dilemmas repeated over 300 rounds with no breaks, using more advanced, computerized methodology, revealed no decline in cooperation,...

Our most important conclusion is that the frequently claimed decline in cooperation in repeated PDs appears to be a misconception... We believe that the initial decline in cooperation reported by Rapoport and Chammah on the basis of visual inspection of graphs, and the general decline reported by other investigators, may have been illusory, or artifacts caused by framing the task as a competitive game and using derisory or non-existent incentives, or perhaps mere endgame effects when only small numbers of repetitions were investigated....

Across games, female/female pairs cooperated significantly less than male/male pairs, confirming that the gender difference discovered by Rapoport and Chammah is still evident in a UK population and with a similar effect size. This suggests that researchers need to be attentive to the gender of players in experimental games, even when the players are ignorant of the gender of their co-players, as they were in the experiment reported here... Our gender difference was substantial and striking, and much larger than most gender differences in psychology. The effect is hard to explain, because it seems to contradict widely accepted assumptions about sex roles, according to which women are generally expected to be less competitive and more altruistic than me

The numbers:

Comparing player pairs by gender composition, the means were 206.56, 95% CI [170.96, 242.17] in female/female pairs, 238.90, 95% CI [214.57, 263.22] in mixed-gender pairs, and 250.32, 95% CI [224.48, 276.17] in male/male pairs. Because the gender difference tends to be suppressed in mixed-gender pairs (Rapoport & Chammah, 1965b), we compared female/female with male/male pairs, and found that the female/female pairs were significantly less cooperative, $t(48) = 2.05, p = 0.046$ (two-tailed), $d = 0.55$—a medium to large effect size. A planned comparison of female/female pairs with mixed-gender and male/male pairs combined confirmed that the female/female pairs were significantly less cooperative: $F(1, 70) = 3.98, p = 0.05$, partial $\eta^2 = 0.05$

And from other study:

Dominating versus eliminating the competition: Sex differences in human intrasexual aggression

Joyce F. Benenson [a1]

https://doi.org/10.1017/S0140525X0999046X

Published online: 01 August 2009

Abstract

Archer presents a traditional view of intrasexual competition. Knowledge of a species' social structure provides a more complete picture. Human males compete against individuals with whom they may cooperate later in inter-group aggression. By contrast, females compete against individuals for a mate's continued support. Females' aggression may aim at eliminating the competition, whereas males simply may attempt to dominate others.

No doubt that men are the civilization builders, and no wonder why feminazis and manginas hate evo psych so much.

The Fuggernaut hates anything that disproves their belief that one day, soon, the Armies of the Disfigured will rise up to claim their equally distributed share of Facecock Likes.

The labcoat unearthing of the ancient wisdom that women are far less cooperative than are men is another step forward in the recent progression of scientific studies rediscovering the truths at the center of every stereotype. As

usual, I was on top of this before the four eyes crowd…women aren't cooperative, they're (superficially) non-hierarchical, which is a different thing entirely (but shitlibs and femcunts are happy to confuse the two).

Besides the primary finding, there are two other results of interest to Chateau readers:

One, cooperation didn't fade over repeated iterations of the Prisoner's Dilemma game. I'd bet most of the test subjects were WEIRDO Whites, because there's a racial confound to measurement of cooperativeness. If cooperativeness is partly heritable, then the disposition to cooperate will show durability even under the stress of PD games.

Two, men fight for dominant status, women are eliminationist. As I alluded to in a previous post about credentialism being inherently feminine and hierarchy inherently masculine, research shows men follow a "compete then cooperate" model and women follow a "compete and cast out" model. The two strategies exist because men and women have differing reproductive goals and sex roles. Men must gain status and then use that status to acquire fertile women and resources and to protect those resources from rape and pillage by competing tribes (which requires intratribal cooperation with other men).

Women don't have the role of protecting the tribe from invading tribes or of accumulating resources to win the love of high value men, so their intrasexual strategy doesn't require cooperativeness, but since men are attracted to young nubile women and are thus a persistent abandonment threat to women, the female intrasexual strategy does require competing against other women to retain a male provider. Ominously, because other younger women are a continual poaching threat, women will seek to eliminate them from competition rather than dominate them. Intrasexual female domination is useless from a Darwinian perspective because men aren't attracted to dominant women (they're attracted to sexy fertile women).

From a Game perspective, these studies basically reiterate CH's Dread Game — the exploitation of a woman's fear of abandonment for another hotter, younger, tighter woman via intimations of infidelity and wandering romantic interest.

***

The compulsion in women to gossip and tear down other women when they're out of earshot can be exploited by the smart Gamesman. The idea is to raise, *in absentia*, the SMV of the other woman your girl is bitching about. By raising her competition's SMV, by the zero sum property of female ego credits, you implicitly lower the SMV of the girl you're talking to, and thus raise your own SMV. The relative SMV comparisons, now structured to favor you getting the bang, are a key element of pickup.

The Myth Of A Muddy Harmony

CH · 2 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Many confused shitlibs sincerely believe world peace will be achieved when we are all a mixed muddy harmony of racial ambiguity. Not so. From Alt-Sociology (Upvotes grilled meat):

> Black Lives Matter was always lead by fair skinned, nerdy blacks. Anyone who grew up in a black high school gets it; Racial activism is their way of fighting lifelong accusations of “Acting white”.

Miscegenation is a genetic portal to social chaos.

Ironically, the support Trump and Heritage America get from blacks may come from their blackest members.

Practice Makes Poon Split

CH · 2 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You don't need to be perfect with women, you only need to make poon split. Commenter K Young shares the positive romantic outcomes he's had from learning and practicing Game well enough to elicit desirous reactions from women and ultimately, to improve the quantity and quality of his dating life.

> CH: "With experience and the right attitude, the quips become second nature"
>
> Yes! Im proof. Or at least proof that your brand of game can change with practice and disregard while morphing. I hope the following is helpful for someone!
>
> When I was 20, I usually got the girl I wanted, but I was raised by single mom and steeped in morrissey and depeche mode. But also outgoing, voted funniest male in a large high school etc. It was charming and self effacing. Effective but with a side of beta.
>
> Now Im 45. Ive been on testosterone replacement, and lifting weights heavy for 10 years. I have this dominant daddy look almost. Very different on the outside. So I essentially *had* to change. Women dont want me to be self deprecating; It was weird for me, but Ive come to accept that they crave cocky!
>
> So I say things now that I would have considered extreme douchey in the past. Examples I can think of from this week:
>
> (Crucial: delivery is dry and immediate)
>
> From a young HB8 coworker, regarding another coworker who recently quit:
> Her: "I think you were her favorite"
> Me: "Im everyones favorite"
> Her: stunned deep laughter
>
> HB7 barista at coffee shop…
> Her: "I cant believe I remembered your name."
> Me: "Its because Im so special."
> Her: near gasp, taken aback, smile, red face, intense eye contact
>
> They just work. File under females-are-like-children. Its audacity and "[Poon Commandment] XI. Be irrationally self-confident". If this isnt your style, try for yourself! Enjoy!

The truth is that this style — call it cocky jerkboy — is almost universally applicable and attractive to women of all ages and stations, and there isn't a man alive who wouldn't benefit from being more like this and less like every other boring beta.

Genetic constraints matter, but that doesn't mean practice has no utility. Practice at anything will improve one's skill with that thing, and this goes as well for Game as it does for playing the violin or throwing a ball. The typical beta male may not reach the heights of charisma that "naturals" seem to intrinsically possess, but he can learn and practice the crimson arts and become a better, sometimes a much better, man than he was before he set his mind to the task.

The men who swear up and down this is impossible are usually the men who daren't try. Fear of success is as strong in the human condition as is fear of failure, because success, unlike failure, sweeps away the refuge of excuses and rationalizations weak men flee to for comfort.

The Counter-Coup Fire Rises

CH · 2 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I quote here the astounding testimony of former Trump aide Michael Caputo to the Senate Intel Committee.

******

'In 2009, my wife and I moved to my hometown of East Aurora, New York to have a family. Making far less money back home, we had a far better quality of life. That is, until the Trump-Russia narrative took off. Today, I can't possibly pay the attendant legal costs and live near my aging father, raising my kids where I grew up.

'Your investigation and others into the allegations of Trump campaign collusion with Russia are costing my family a great deal of money – more than $125,000 – and making a visceral impact on my children.

'Now I must to move back to Washington, New York City, Miami or elsewhere, just so I can make enough money to pay off these legal bills. And I know I have you to thank for that.

'Here's how I know: how many of you know Daniel Jones, former Senate Intelligence staffer for Senator Dianne Feinstein? Great guy, right? Most of you worked with him. One of you probably just talked to him this morning.

'Of course, very few of us in flyover country knew Daniel until recently. Now we know that he quit his job with your Senate committee not long ago to raise $50 million from ten rich Democrats to finance more work on the FusionGPS Russian dossier. The one the FBI used to get a FISA warrant and intimidate President Donald Trump, without anyone admitting — until months after it was deployed — that it was paid for by Hillary Clinton.

'In fact, good old Dan has been raising and spending millions to confirm the unconfirmable – and, of course, to keep all his old intel colleagues up-to-speed on what FusionGPS and British and Russian spies have found. Got to keep that Russia story in the news.

'Of course Dan's in touch with you guys. We know from the news that he's been briefing Senator Mark Warner, vice chairman of this committee. Which one of you works for Senator Warner? Please give Danny my best.

'I saw some of his handiwork just last month. Remember this lede paragraph, from McClatchy on April 13?

'The Justice Department special counsel has evidence that Donald Trump's personal lawyer and confidant, Michael Cohen, secretly made a late-summer trip to Prague during the 2016 presidential campaign, according to two sources familiar with the matter.

'That's your pal Dan, isn't it? He came up with some kind of hollow proof that Michael Cohen was in Prague meeting with Russians when he wasn't. He tried to sell that to reporters, and they didn't buy it because it doesn't check out. So, to get a reporter to write up his line of bull, he gave the documents to the Office of Special Counsel.

'We know that's likely, because he's told people he's briefing investigators.

'So, technically, the special counsel's office has evidence. Your pal Dan gave them more of the Democrats' dossier, funded by more Democrats, provided again by Russian and British spies. Information no reporter would write up, but now there's an angle: the Special Counsel has it. Now it's a story.

'It's a clever but effective ruse. That's a story, just like when reporter Michael Isikoff of Yahoo News wrote this gem on September 16, 2016:

'"…U.S. officials have since received intelligence reports that during that same three-day trip, Page met with Igor Sechin, a longtime Putin associate … a well-placed Western intelligence source tells Yahoo News. That meeting, if confirmed, is viewed as especially problematic by U.S. officials…"

'Dozens of stories were written from the Isikoff piece, doing real damage to the Trump campaign. Of course, now we know Isikoff's reference to "intelligence reports" was just him renaming a dossier funded by Democrats and dug

up by his longtime pal Glenn Simpson and some foreign spies. Once Simpson gave his Clinton campaign opposition research to the feds, it was news.

‘This was especially true after Isikoff intentionally labeled the campaign materials as intelligence – just like McClatchy called Dan’s information “evidence.”

‘But who is McClatchy’s second source? It couldn’t be Dan; he was the first source. It couldn’t be Simpson; he works for Dan. It can’t be the Mueller investigation; they kicked the McClatchy story to the curb with aplomb. So who could it be – perhaps one of his former Senate Intelligence colleagues? I mean, you’re all in this together. You’re the swamp.

‘What America needs is an investigation of the investigators. I want to know who is paying for the spies’ work and coordinating this attack on President Donald Trump? I want to know who Dan Jones is talking to across the investigations – from the FBI, to the Southern District of New York, to the OSC, to the Department of Justice, to Congress.

‘Forget about all the death threats against my family. I want to know who cost us so much money, who crushed our kids, who forced us out of our home, all because you lost an election.

‘I want to know because God Damn you to Hell.’

******

Can you feel the heat? This is the sound of white hot rage. Of unslaked vengeance. Of righteous fury. The anti-Trump coup coordinators and operatives of the Creep State who want to steal the vote of Heritage Americans are unwittingly ushering forth an army of counter-coup rebels.

Trump is not “going down”, notwithstanding to the contrary the desperate fantasies of shitlibs. There will only be one of two outcomes:

The seditious coup collaborators (including their media enablers) will back off and Trump will be free to implement his MAGA agenda, or

the seditious coup collaborators (including their media enablers) will double down, and there will be riots on Capitol Hill as Trump’s fiercest ally — the American people who voted him into office — storm the citadel in his defense.

Choose wisely, Deep State, and God damn you to Hell.

The Crone Police

CH · 2 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The form and the function. Women abide the form, men abide the function. MagyarFaszALegjobbFasz (i'm as puzzled as the rest of you) has a great comment implicitly tying together the female predilection to act as Tone Police with the overrun of Western societies by Dirt World Dreck.

> This is classic feminine TONE POLICE. Ask any married man, he's heard this shit a thousand times. In her moral calculus that the white knight's tone is actually worse than the Slav drunkard's behavior.
>
> "I agree with you but I don't like the way you said it."
>
> This comes pre-installed in every women — the question is how high is the dial set to?
>
> 1-3 = girl next door
> 4-6 = bitch next door
> 7-10 = feminazi shrike
>
> The feminine is all about the form, and has no respect for function. This is why most masculine men find women boring, trite and superficial. It's why women love credentialism. All surface, no depth.
>
> The mistake the British white knight made is that he paid any attention to her and treated her like an equal/adult and/or expected her to support him.
>
> Never expect courage from the feminine. It happens, but it is rare. Remember, men move to danger, women move away from it. (That is exactly what happened in the clip too.)
>
> She's a child. She should keep her mouth shut and not interrupt adults. He should have signaled that.
>
> I am sure heartiste et al have strategies to deal with tone police shit testing. Now would be a good time to share them given the obliviousness of the commenters on this post.

The Tone Police, or rather the Crone Police because schoolmarmish tut tutting has the effect of prematurely aging women and robbing them of their tender femininity, is a real problem in the West. Our Western White women are, among the world's races of women, most severely afflicted by the urge to scold nonconformists to the reigning shitlib orthodoxy. (NonWestern women learn real quick what happens to them when they betray their men for the favors of invaders and effete UN monitors.)

It is inarguable that in general women are the sex more risk-averse, socially conforming, and superficially wedded to universalist norms of behavior. Men concerned with the wholesale abandonment of their homelands to invader ingrates for the pennywise pound-foolish siren call of cheap labor, moral preening, and real estate churn need to have strategies and tactics at the ready to disarm their hovering Crone Police.

As with pickup and Game tactics, the best defense is a good offense. Shit testing Crone Police should be answered similarly to how shit testing bar thots are answered:

1. Agree & Amplify ("I'M SO SORRY, I want our country to turn into a Third World heaven just as much as you do.")
2. State Control ("Thanks. I've been working hard to improve my racism.")
3. Dismissiveness ("lol you're gay")
4. Shock & Awe ("Shut up, cunt")
5. Id Vivisection ("If you want to fuck him, just ask.")
6. Amused Mastery ("I'm glad you like it")
7. The Asshole Counterattack ("Was I talking to you?")

8. Assume the Sale (“This isn’t the time for flirting with me.”)
9. The Aggro Asshole Counterattack (“Your ugly face offends me.”)
10. Amused Mastery 2 (“That’s Mr. Racist to you”)
11. Assume the Sale 2 (“Sorry, I’m not your type”)
12. The Disregarding Brush-Off (“yup” or “see ya”)

The take-home lesson is that you’ll always be on the winning side as long as you aren’t flustered or defensive. Be vigilant and prepared for the Crone Police, and you’ll never let yourself, nor your country, down.

It Takes A Village (To Birth Geniuses)

CH · 3 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Tucked within this post by Steve Sailer on the last surviving WWII physicist Freeman Dyson, might be the most subversive argument against globalism and mass scale urbanization I've read yet.

Steve quotes Dyson in a review Dyson wrote of *Scale: The Universal Laws of Growth, Innovation, Sustainability, and the Pace of Life in Organisms, Cities, Economies, and Companies* by Geoffrey West of the Santa Fe Institute.

(By the way, you ever notice how so many suprageniuses are ectomorphs?)

> On the average, people in villages are not more capable than people in cities. But if ten million people are divided into a thousand genetically isolated villages, there is a good chance that one lucky village will have a population with outstandingly high average capability, and there is a good chance that an inbreeding population with high average capability produces an occasional bunch of geniuses in a short time.
>
> The effect of genetic isolation is even stronger if the population of the village is divided by barriers of rank or caste or religion. Social snobbery can be as effective as geography in keeping people from spreading their genes widely.
>
> A substantial fraction of the population of Europe and the Middle East in the time between 1000 BC and 1800 AD lived in genetically isolated villages, so that genetic drift may have been the most important factor making intellectual revolutions possible. Places where intellectual revolutions happened include, among many others, Jerusalem around 800 BC (the invention of monotheistic religion), Athens around 500 BC (the invention of drama and philosophy and the beginnings of science), Venice around 1300 AD (the invention of modern commerce), Florence around 1600 (the invention of modern science), and Manchester around 1750 (the invention of modern industry).
>
> These places were all villages, with populations of a few tens of thousands, divided into tribes and social classes with even smaller populations. In each case, a small starburst of geniuses emerged from a small inbred population within a few centuries, and changed our ways of thinking irreversibly. These eruptions have many historical causes. Cultural and political accidents may provide unusual opportunities for young geniuses to exploit.

"Starburst of geniuses". Evocative term.

> But the appearance of a starburst must be to some extent a consequence of genetic drift. The examples that I mentioned all belong to Western cultures. No doubt similar starbursts of genius occurred in other cultures, but I am ignorant of the details of their history.
>
> West's neglect of villages as agents of change raises an important question. How likely is it that significant numbers of humans will choose to remain in genetically isolated communities in centuries to come? We cannot confidently answer this question. The answer depends on unpredictable patterns of economic development, on international politics, and on even more unpredictable human desires.
>
> But we can foresee two possible technological developments that would result in permanent genetic isolation of human communities. One possibility is that groups of parents will be able to give birth to genetically modified children, hoping to give them advantages in the game of life. The children might be healthier or longer-lived or more intellectually gifted than other children, and they might no longer interbreed with natural-born children.

I have predicted that sexbots will gravely disrupt the functioning of the Western sexual market.

> The other possibility is that groups of people will emigrate from planet Earth and build societies far away in

> the depths of space. West considers neither of these possibilities. His view of the future sees humans remaining forever a single species confined to a single planet. If the future resembles the past, humans will be diversifying into many species and spreading out over the universe, as our hominin ancestors diversified and spread over this planet.

Aspie sci fi masturbation. Let's make Earth the best it can be before we engage on quixotic quests to seed the universe with our species. As AnotherDad commented,

> Respect Freeman Dyson for being a freethinker, skeptic and willing to call b.s. on establishment fads.
>
> However, his scifi-ish flights of fancy (nerdbait) are the kinds of things that i had a so-so interest in as an adolescent. But one of things even a nerdy scfi reader should grasp as he matures is that *the earth–however prosaically present–is what matters.*
>
> Space–even if some things making terrific dramatic pics–is actually mostly cold and boring. The earth in contrast is full of contrast, full of life, full of interest–incredible interest. And unsurprisingly we are terrifically well suited for life on earth–after a couple billion years of evolution coughed us up.
>
> Space may be of some modest–or even great–interest way, way down the road, but what's absolutely critical is to not screw up planet earth. Not destroying the planet, and preserving and building on the best humanity has achieved. The critically important stuff is … well cue Steve's "world's most important graph��?.

Getting back to Dyson's lucid argument for the value of village life (and concomitantly for the de-scaling of America's managerialist administrative state and a de-urbanization of its big blue coastal shitlibopolises), what he's suggesting — that small isolated towns and villages produce the geniuses who create and expand civilization — is profound beyond words, because it contradicts in every fathomable way the neoliberal globohomo orthodoxy.

Dyson is saying that the opposite of globalist miscegenation agitprop — inbreeding in small, local, racially distinct communities — is the ENGINE OF PROGRESS.

The restrained and range restricted sexual market of the village dating life is the source pool for the starbursts of genius and the Truth & Beauty which shoot out like a supernova from those starbursts.

Think on that and laugh, because a more total refutation of leftoid equalism you won't find anywhere (except at places like this blog).

Dyson then warns us on the likelihood of humans choosing to "remain in genetically isolated communities". Our neoshitliberal effetes want to herd us all into ever-larger and dysfunctional megacities. They WANT to depopulate the countryside and crush the small town and village because they know, even if they'll never come right out and say it, that those goy outposts are where rebels, revolutionaries, and great new thinkers will come from to challenge their despotic orwellian surveillance state gynarcho-tyrannical rule.

Dyson's warning is unfolding. The trend away from small town America and into Citizen of the World Coastal MegaBabels has only accelerated in the time since the West birthed those starbursts of genius and changed the world forever. Americans, and Westerners in general, and young fertile women in particular, are choosing to leave those genetically isolated communities for the genetic slop bucket of the anonymous urban sexual jungle.

The future is grim for the West and hence for humanity, if Dyson is right.

In effect, the small town and village are an organic constraint on female sexuality. Women of genius-bearing age are limited by small town life in how aggressively they can satisfy their hypergamous urge; instead of the density of alpha males in the cities where anonymity protects against the consequences of impulsive romantic choices, the small town offers no such cockucopia possibilities or protections for women. They must choose from among a smaller pool of men, and they will often settle happily for their small town men because male SMV is relative, and without the glut of cads that the city presents to women their small town men look better for the lack of

comparison. This gives those starbursts of genius genes a chance at a foothold (or poonhold) in young willing women, and the opportunity to multiply in large families where cost of living is low and lebensraum is expansive.

Restricting female sexuality is the formula for unleashing civilizational genius! Who woulda thunk it?

Rod Dreher, True To His Character

CH · 3 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Rod Dreher, a former CH Beta of the Month contestant (he almost won, but almost only counts in horseshoes and corner stools) interviewed Wrath of Gnon, a Maul-Right advocate for traditionalism. A reader informed Rod that Wrath of Gnon was an unperson, a thought criminal, and Rod promptly bent over to give penance to his true Lord and God: his anti-White shitlib paymasters.

UPDATE: A reader warns that Wrath of Gnon is some kind of white nationalist, and sends along this proof:

That's awful. I cannot reconcile this with Christianity. This is the main reason why I stay away from neoreaction.

Where in dreher's benedictine christianity does it compel him to run from the Truth like a frightened little girl?

Congratulations, ROD, you're the first BOTM runner-up to win an honorary BOTM trophy (buttplug shaped) for exemplary commitment to spinelessness in the line of duty. A dry insertion might be your calling.

Reader Submitted Game Vagnette

CH · 4 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a pretty good pickup field report from archerwfisher demonstrating the awesome power of preselection, cockiness, and outcome independence to deliver poon into a man's lap.

> Off topic but MAN had another example today that the Heartiste gospel is true. Short version–pre approval and a little game work a TON.
>
> Long version–met a somewhat crazy, fairly slutty girl on tinder. Didn't want to date. (I'm more on the Christian side so didn't bang when I could have.) She loves to randomly hang out even though she's decided I'm 100% a friend. Today she randomly wanted to meet at a bar. I get there and she's happy drunk with a happy drunk friend. She introduces me, I'm snapchatting another girl (crazy girl asks what I'm doing, I honestly say I'm snapping my ex, so I'm pre approved by crazy girl and my ex) and I'm partially chatting with crazy girl and her drunk friend.
>
> We go outside, they're talking about hookups and I'm making dry comments and a few jokes and half paying attention, didn't flirt with or hit on either. We all sit in crazy girl's SUV with ac on for a few minutes. Someone calls crazy girl, drunk friend starts making orgasm noises, I join in "yeah you like that baby" and crazy girls takes the call. Drunk girl tells me about breaking up with her fiance, I go, "I completely understand, crazy people are hard to deal with" and point at crazy girl. Drunk friend almost dies laughing going "that's so awful! take that back!" To which I say "tell me it's not true!" Aaand five minutes later drunk friend is asking if I have a dick pic I can show her, I do, and her reply is "Hmm, I can do something with that" and she asks me to come over to her place.
>
> Gospel proven–be pre approved, don't be an eager beaver, and have some humor.

I can already hear the mewling chorus of naysayers. "Ah but she was drunk, CH, that lay was practically a gimme!"

Really? How often do betaboys go home to their faphovels because a bar full of drunk girls ignored them for more charismatic men? I'd say if betas rely on girls being drunk to get laid they are setting themselves up for disappointment. Even through the haze of alcohol, girls can tell which men are the cool alphas. Drunkenness might lower her inhibitions, but it won't reliably widen her net.

Shiv Of The Week: The Most Vicious Slut Shamers Are Other Women

CH · 4 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've gotta hand it to black women, they have a knack for cutting through (or being unconcerned with) feminist sophistry, to deliver the id vivisecting shiv.

Will No One Rid Us Of These Meddlesome Incels?

CH · 4 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ellen Pao, a dog ugly thing who could be transitioning to either male or female (hard to tell), wants to rid the world of incels (involuntarily celibate men; the female analogue would be insol — involuntary solitude) and has put out a call to liquidate the unloveable. Omegacide.

> CEOs of big tech companies: You almost certainly have incels as employees. What are you going to do about it?
>
> — Ellen K. Pao (@ekp) May 2, 2018

It's not a coincidence that the ugly women bitching about sexually aggressive or socially awkward men are also the least likely to get hit on by those men. The point of the fake victim signaling is to imply a sexual allure these women don't have; they're so irresistible that they can't make it through the day without getting sexually harassed or run over on the sidewalk by….total losers. It's calumnybragging.

Pao Creatures are susceptible to narratives that men are tripping over themselves to fuck them, and what better narrative to assuage their bitterbitch egos than that an army of incels is ready to burn the world because our unconventionally beautiful empowered women won't promptly give their sexual favors to UGH SEXUALLY ENTITLED MALES.

The Incel Revolt narrative is the perfect pao creature cuntfectionary, at once sweetening their egos and their social standing among other women (their real competition).

A wag sensibly suggested:

> "We heard there were incels on our staff, so we brought in an expert." pic.twitter.com/BXD6I8R37M
>
> — Justin Whang ��?� (@JustinWhang) May 3, 2018

All this time that femcunts in the mold of Pao reviled this 'umble outpost of love they were really saying they wished men would come here to learn how to avoid becoming incel. We finally have a mutual understanding!

Diversity + Proximity = War: The Noise From Brazil

CH · 5 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Chris comments about his time in Brazil, the muddy confluence of the world's races.

> I lived in Brazil 4 years as an American young man back in 1990s and I am yet to see a more dis-trusting and antagonist society in the planet. Brazilians HATE each other, they hate their country, and they distrust each other to the point the country is really nothing more then a 3rd world powederkeg of social and economic disharmony and violence. Brazil is California on steroids. Highly-racially and culturally mixed and yet that country is divided, dishonest, and self-loathing.
>
> The more "racially mixed" a country is, the more unstable it becomes, because it has no common culture, no common past, and no common background. The only part of Brazil that works (sorta) is the South, where the population is overwhelmingly German, with Italians as second largest group, Ukrainians around 500,000, and about 100,000 Lithuanians, all concentrated in their own cities and towns across the 3 southern States. The south of Brazil is only coherent part of Brazil and only white-majority region. Most Conservative, prettiest girls, and least Feminist. The rest of Brazil is a messy chaos of mixed and semi-white populations, all distrusting and hating one another. It is a sight to behold! ?
>
> This is the case anywhere in the world. When Norway was almost 100% ethnic Norwegian, the country worked and functioned, even with dumb socialist policies (like national healthcare). Because the population was homogenous and educated, they did not abuse and overuse public services and that enabled socialist policies to work to some extent. After they allowed SOME immigration, not even at the ridiculous levels of Sweden or Germany, NOTHING works in Norway anymore. Healthcare is overwhelmed, people bleeding in ERs, elderly drinking water out of potted plants, and all levels of social services and police are overwhelmed, and the country has become more polarized and unstable.
>
> But unlike Sweden (a country headed for total collapse), Norway woke-up and elected the "Go Forward Party" and the zero immigration parties are growing rapidly. Their motto "let's not become Sweden".
>
> Simply put: mass immigration = chaos and disunity. No matter how much you "mix races" or "mix cultures", the "mixing" will not resolve the most basic of human behavior, which is distrust, disunity, and hate. No matter how much you indoctrinate, the truth of our most basic ideas, behaviors, and reactions will never change. That is hwy "Progressivism" has always fails, since it replies on humans to "evolve" (progress) into holy and perfect beings. This will never happen, thus Progressivism fails over an dover again.
>
> In fact, all tis "mixing" makes it all worse. My 2 cents.

Diversity + Proximity = War (by whatever means). Racial diversity introduces social instability. The races have on average differing world views, behaviors, temperaments, personalities, and preferences, and forcing them together into an artificial union under one political and cultural umbrella amplifies preexisting antagonisms and distinctions, resulting in lower trust and a less livable society by any one group's standards. The reason racial and ethnic diversity creates instability (which Robert Putnam found in his research, even within races because lower trust caused by multiracial proximity infected relations between racial kin) is because shared threads of experience, history, heritage, values, demeanors, behaviors, rituals, and unspoken affinities are torn and discarded, and in fact must be, to appease the MultiKult Cerberus.

Mixing doesn't fix the problems caused by Diversity™; it only makes it worse because the mixed population becomes more, not less, racially conscious, spending productivity-sucking energy jockeying for a racial identity and the status that accrues to it which sets oneself and one's family apart from the muddy masses. It's part of the human condition to tribalize; only NW European Whites have had this predilection somewhat but not entirely bred out of them. And if it is bred out of them, they will cease to exist and all the world's races will return to unapologetic

tribalism.

And as Chris noted, race mixing destroys cultural continuity — “no common culture, no common past, and no common background”. Our underlords must preach the satanic gospel of Diversity Is Our Strength constantly because they understand on a primal level that Diversity is our weakness. They propagandize that which requires propagandizing: the inorganic, the artificial, and the alien.

People who think all our problems of Diversity will be solved by de-scaling are short-sighted, unless by de-scaling they mean the disaggregation of America into separate and distinct geopolitical entities that are self-governing and no longer answer to the Federal Poz — aka racially distinct nations, which we forget, to our peril, is a redundancy in terms.

***

South Africa is another horribly low trust society. So how does the country function? Clues abound: fencing of every variety encircles everything, gated community security forces are armed to the teeth, and Whites self-segregate from nonWhites and follow an informal byzantine rulebook to help them avoid predation.

In other words, South Africa functions by creating an insular pocket of high trust Whites to run things and keep the low trust hued hordes surrounding them appeased with gibs (or with the lives of apparently disposable White Afrikaaner farmers).

Gibs Management is a classic example of short-run profit at the expense of long-run sustainability. It works, for a while, until the gibs takers outnumber the gibs givers, which they always do because (absent contraceptive and abortive intervention) gibs takers are wired for explosive population growth in times of plenty.

Atavator passes along an anecdote about a White African:

> A few years ago, I struck up a conversation with a white guy from Zimbabwe — in the Wal Mart checkout line, of all places. Fair number of blacks around, but the guy was totally relaxed. It was a comparative matter, you see. Back home, he explained, there was just just no way his car would still be in the lot when he exited the store, since in the present case he had left no one armed to watch it. Just having that luxury — not leaving an armed person and believing his car would be present — was like heaven.

Requiring the presence of an armed guard to watch your car in Walmart parking lots will become a feature of the US if the White share of the total population continues its downward trajectory to majority minority status, and then eventually to absolute minority status. This is why sounding pessimistic alarm bells about the demographic catastrophe set to befall us is as critically important as crafting an optimistic message that lures normie Whites to voting for pro-Heritage America politicians (aka MAGAmen).

If Whites in the remaining majority-White regions of the US don’t feel a sense of urgency and menace for the future of America as a nation, they won’t act as quickly about signing up for an implicitly or explicitly heritage-protecting agenda. And what we don’t have now is the luxury of time. South Africa is our future sooner than most think.

Alpha Of The Month: Daniel Ritchie

CH · 6 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

YOU: won't approach a soft 6 because "the ratio is bad" or "she probably has a boyfriend" or "i'm tired" or "she hasn't given me the green light yet", retreat to masturbatorium for epic fap, decry your burgeoning incel status, log into PUA blog intended to help you only to bitch and moan about not looking like Chris Hemsworth.

THIS GUY: be born with no arms, swoop a hard 7, have two kids by her.

If you can't muster the courage with a full set of limbs to approach a girl and say hi, try to imagine how much tougher it would be for you if you had to approach girls armless. There goes kino escalation! (aka surreptitious groping for you hollywood producers.) Then hang your head in shame that all you *can* muster are excuses about not looking like a male model as the reason why you're alone and celibate.

GET OUTTA HERE WIT DAT NOIZE

Stupid self-confidence which defies expectation and prudence can take a man far. Be inspired by better men than yourself, rather than demoralized. And by inspired, I don't mean by the universalist pabulum those men might write to explain their grace; I mean by what these men with two strikes against them do to score their hotties. Maybe it's humor, or the fame of running a ministry, or a preternatural ability to emotionally connect with women, that is their secret. Or maybe it's "DGAF what the world thinks of my armlessness" jerkboy charisma that women are wired to behold with starry eyes. Those lessons are hiding in plain sight; all you need to do is stop pulling the blinders over your eyes.

“Self-respecting”

CH · 6 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

baked georgia asyntactically commented,

> a (good looking) female co-worker commented about how no self-respecting male won’t have a real relationship with one of those bikini girls from instagram, and that they’ll may die alone when their looks fade away.
>
> I’ve almost cried tears of joy

Be careful in your admiration for a woman who uses the term “self-respecting” as an implicit tool of male behavior management, especially if her slut shaming target is her sexual competition.

Women use the term “self-respecting” in a passive-aggressive way whenever they’re commenting indirectly about male romantic preferences that they find objectionable and threatening (such as men’s compulsive willingness to not only fuck but fall in love with Instawhore bikini babes). You may think she’s a trad thot doing the Lord’s slut shaming work, but in reality she’s stud shaming you to ignore hotter women for a “real relationship” with women like herself.

It’s generally good policy to avoid committing to women who splash their gash all over social media, but don’t get bent out of shape about it. There’s nothing mutually incompatible between female beauty and female lovability, and men should allow some breathing room for women occasionally and with a prudent bow to modesty to “display their goods” (say, in a slinky cocktail dress to catch your eye at a black tie dinner event) because it’s a normal urge in women to physically advertise their sexual and, hence, marital worth.

When I hear “self-respecting”, I hear a schoolmarm finger wagging me for not sufficiently denying my natural male desire.

The Look Of Lovelessness

CH · 7 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Poor guy. He shoulda bailed with one of the bridesmaids.

Fame Game is all-powerful, so don't expect many women to be able to resist smiling ear to ear when in the presence of a famous man. What you should worry about is when your wife can't summon the same smile on her wedding day that she did standing next to Rob Lowe for 30 seconds (that we know of).

Game can't stop a woman from auto-splooging around famous men, but it can sufficiently turn on her heart light so that she doesn't look like she's being forced into an arranged marriage with John Scalzi during the wedding day photo shoot. You want your girl smiling as broadly with you, in grateful acknowledgement of the sacrifice you're making to be with her alone and to foreswear all other poon, as she would be smiling when posing for an Instawhore pic with 55 year old Rob Lowe. Or: If your girl acts like your groupie, you're doing it right.

(This brings to mind a good rule for any kind of relationship: I call it the Smile Disparity Rule. If your girl smiles less than you in photos, you need a relationship course correction. If you both smile equally, have fun but don't get complacent. If she smiles more than you do, she's your love slave. Be discreet about your mistresses but don't fret if your main dame discovers one of them. She'll cry about it for a few minutes then concede she can't stop loving you.)

More than anything, the photo comparison above exposes female hypergamy in its full flower. Ecstasy is her reaction when an alpha male so much as grazes her shoulder or asks for the time; barely concealed disappointment is her reaction when she knows she's settling for ol' dependable beta male who will provide her a lifetime of comfort and adoration. Not every woman will act on her hypergamy, but every woman will feel its tremors deep in the pit of her womb.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to reorient society so that informal regulations on the ability of women to satisfy their hypergamous urges are established for the benefit of civilization. Good luck!

At the very least, don’t be a self-deprecating cuck and act like there’s something funny or endearing about your woman swooning for another man while she looks at you like you’re ball-less ballast. If your wedding pic resembles the one above, prepare now for the inevitable divorce industrial complex ass ramming, and start sexting Schneiderman’s brown slave exes. Their nights are free now (praise be upon Trump and his long memory).

The Hypnotic Power Of Dread Game

CH · 7 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From commenter Cultural Resilience,

> O/T from Managing hysterically Jealous Girl to see if I'm still stuck in mod
> I've just played this tactic and it worked a fucking treat. I got the sense that the current long term gf has stopped giving of her best. I know that she has checked my phone before so I changed the lock code to one that she would find easy to break. I've been having flirty online text exchanges with a foreign girl and started closing my phone of quickly when ever she came near. Sure enough I come home one day and I immediately recognise the atmosphere.
>
> "Something wrong?" "No!" (In that no means yes tone that only a hurting woman can use). "Ok then" I reply, while thinking I bet she doesn't last five minutes. Sure enough before my post work drink glass frosting has even begun turning to water droplets. "I've found those messages on your phone" which, by the way include hot nude pics. "Knew you would" says I. "I feel like its a betrayal" "I knew it would make you feel like that but it didn't stop me" "Doesn't is bother your conscience?" "A hard dick doesn't have a conscience"
>
> A few sulky days laced with occasional comments about wether or not we have a future, tears and of course picture with no sound. (Its cute how they think that a few days free from continual vocalisation of every empty female thought is a punishment.)
>
> Bam! Hot make up sex, and texts confessing undying love and her desire to make everything right with me. This shit just cannot fail. Its a kill or cure strategy, but it is certain to end in cure if properly executed.

Dread Game is like two Quimfinity Gauntlets of Pussy. Two snaps, and *all* the snapper promptly dissolves into a frantic bawling mess of lovesick conciliation and devotion.

It's so powerful it has sex-independent properties; it can work on (beta) males as well, although not as powerfully as it works on women and rarely does it work on alpha males with options (it does work particularly well on hot babes with options because they have no defense against it given that they rarely experience it).

The catch is that you need a shiny set of brass ones to pull it off with genuine feeling. You have to be willing to risk total relationship implosion and be ready to walk, no looking back. Many weak-willed betas don't have the stones for Dread Game, so they get played relentlessly until their half-committed girls tire of their supplications and execute a mercy dumping. (Many girls get so disgusted with the cajoling, cloying behavior of their beta borefriends that they will throw away a reliable source of resources and sounding board feelz just to get away from their betas' icky kisses and gimp seed.)

If the girl senses you're bluffing, she'll double down and turn cold as ice as she calmly explains why "this isn't working out". If you're unprepared for this, you'll cave like a Florida sinkhole and beg for forgiveness and a second chance. If you were prepared to end it right there and then, you'll say "Ok" and watch as everything changes between you and her. Where she had been holding all the cards and leveraging her sex and love withdrawal, suddenly you're sitting in the cadbird seat and she's hysterically trying to smooth things over so you'll stay with her.

It's a brutal psy ops, but no one said the sexual market was a soft pillow landing of genteel trade and barter. The sexes have competing reproductive goals, and though fraternization is the point the battlefield clashes to reach the victor's tent are winner take all.

It's not as insurmountable as it sounds if you don't regularly swing a heavy sack in all your interactions with women. If your girl has "stopped giving of her best", you have to tell yourself that she's already one lab flap out the door. She's gonna leave you in time if you do nothing, so you may as well take a chance on Dread Game. Either she leaves now (rather than in the near future), and you get a few extra months of character building field experience

chewing into fresh meat, or she capitulates and returns to giving you her best.

Dread Game is win-win for any man who has the least bit of confidence in his ability to pick up a new chick. But if you're a quisling beta accustomed to licking the glitter sneakers of your girl hoping your abject uxoriousness will keep her loveless attendance tethered by a frayed string to your life of endless anxiety, then Dread Game is a grenade you're holding after you've thrown the pin into her trench. You won't be able to handle it hot, she'll know it, and the damned ploy will blow up in your face because deep down you're afraid to risk losing her to be alone, sexless and unloved, straitjacketed by your fear of meeting new girls to find a replacement.

I want to add that Dread Game is so powerful it can resuscitate relationships which by cosmic law should die and stay dead. Exploit it wisely. It's a great relationship management tool for corralling and bringing back under your tonically masculine auspice a wayward girlfriend or permanent girlfriend; but it's a devil's bargain if you use it to keep a determined, manipulative whore in line. Accept that if the girl isn't right for you, Dread Game offers tremendously satisfying short term rewards at the cost of long term frustration and cancerous resentment. If the mutual love is poisoned or missing, you'll have to administer a constant PIV drip of Dread Game to keep what is essentially a zombie barge afloat. Some men have enough ice in the veins (and fire in the main vein) to happily sign on for such a commitment. But most don't. Dread Game administration for the duration will eventually heighten the loveless disconnect until it explodes with a fury or deflates to a perfunctory, impassive goodbye long past its due date. And by then you may wonder why you didn't just cut the cancercunt out sooner so you could spare the time saved for other women who would be a better fit for you.

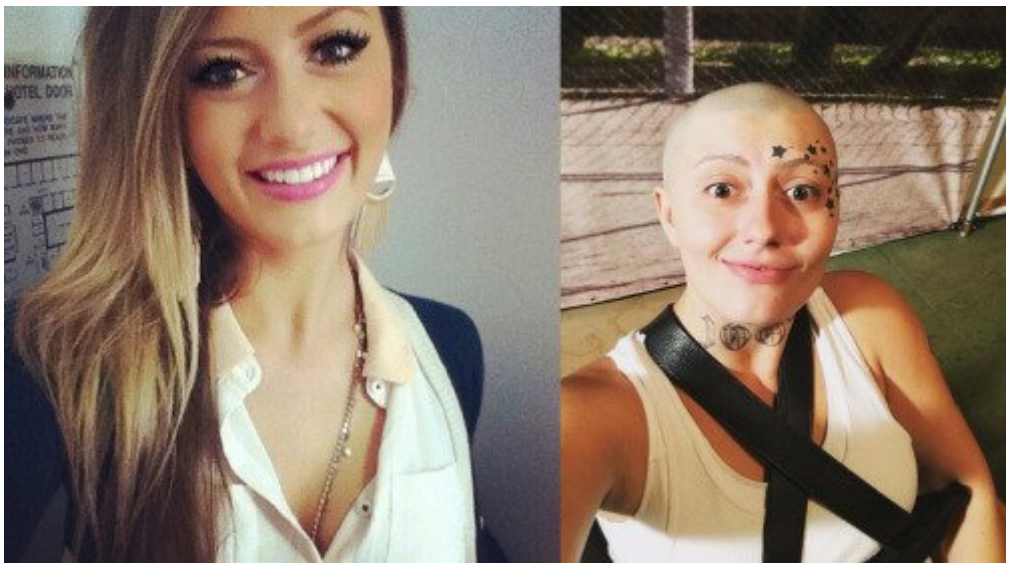
Feminism Is The Destroyer Of Femininity

CH · 8 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

37 women before and after their impact with cunt'th wave feminism.

The transformation above ?? is the most heart-wrenching to me. Something snapped in her. You can see the joyous femininity in the first pic replaced in the second pic by a seething bitterness. Alpha widowhood?

Total destruction ??. Could be two different species.



Women, DON'T DO DYKES. And stay away from the buffet.

Lesson: feminism is as destructive of female beauty as is hitting the Wall.

Why would pretty women hideously disfigure themselves? Jack McKrack writes,

> women are literally psychologically handicapped. if you were a young hottie, think about what it would take for you to turn your back on a life of privilege – thousands of beta orbiters ready to serve your every beck and call, free drinks, free food, endless favors, etc. – to be a hideous freak who's despised by all but those in your freak sorority?
>
> i get why fugs go 3rd wave. they're a laughingstock, or worse – they're invisible. feminism at least makes them into *something* that has to be acknowledged in a room. but why on earth does a hard 7 with the world as her oyster go 3rd wave?!

It would be as if mark zuckerberg threw away his billions, his houses, his cars, and drove his company into bankruptcy…..

hm wait, it kind of is still like that for him.

Speculating, I offer the following explanations for uglifying behavior that seems to defy the Darwinian Directive.

- fatherlessness, weak fathers, slutty mothers, and supplicating millennial males.
- burned by a jerkboy lover, the embrace of ugliness "protects" these girls from getting burned again
- disgusted by cloying beta males, the ugliness likewise "protects" the girls from "creeps"
- basic bitch misandry ("i hate men so i will deprive them of their greatest pleasure: pretty girls")
- experimental lesbianism that went too far
- feminist brainwashing by evil professors filling her head with garbage
- and finally, don't underestimate the impact that shifting cultural mores can have on individual behavior: the culture inculcates rabid man-hate and toxic grrlpower. it shouldn't surprise that marginal, weak-willed chicks heed the agitprop and conform to the new norms.
- F YOU DAD
- you know how some men have a fear of success because success means they have to abandon their excuses and rationalization for inaction? feminism disfigurement could be similar for women: a fear of romantic success because they don't want to abandon their excuses and rationalizations for failing to secure a man in a committed relationship.

Ironsides looks on the bright side,

> They’re revealing their inner selves as a warning for those who observe the world with a trace of sanity.
>
> In doing so, they’re most likely removing themselves from the genetic future of our race.
>
> This is a good thing. More power to them. The monster within has decided to show itself outwardly as well.

We can’t afford to lose very many pretty White girls to the Feminism abattoir. The death of a million fugs is a statistic; the loss of one cute girl to feminism is a tragedy. It’s a goddamned shame to lose any of these girls to their inner demons. Some of those girls were downright hot before the feminism cerberus ate their souls and turned them into unlovable, unfuckable monsters. A shame for them, and a shame for the newly minted incel betas who now have fewer cute girls available to them.

PS Totally related: The JQ: An Empirical Examination.

Gawping Nümales And Institutional Desecration

CH · 8 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The American Library Association has been overrun by gloryholing nümales, rug munchers, and pussyhatters. (see slideshow)

ljl at that banal intersectionalist poopytalk at the bottom.

If Ben Franklin could have seen what would become of the American Library institution, he would have stayed in Paris, enjoying ze poolside.

The American Library Association is now staffed and overseen by submissive beta bitchboys, aggrocunt feminists, and ex-DMV employees, all of them intent on achieving final victory over the hated (and self-hated) White Man: corruption of his institutions, erasure of his history, and replacement by his lessers.

When weak men and abrasive women have captured the institutions, decay, desecration, and destruction of those institutions isn't far behind.

Related: There is evidence (thank you, ¡SCIENCE!) that big goofy smiles — aka gloryhole faces — are associated with lower dominance and lower prestige.

> Across four studies, the current paper demonstrates that smiles are associated with lower social status. Moreover, the association between smiles and lower status appears in the psychology of observers and generalizes across two forms of status: prestige and dominance. In the first study, faces of fashion models representing less prestigious apparel brands were found to be more similar to a canonical smile display than the faces of models representing more prestigious apparel brands. In a second study, after being experimentally primed with either high or low prestige fashion narratives, participants in the low prestige condition were more likely to perceive smiles in a series of photographs depicting smiling and non-smiling faces. A third study of football player photographs revealed that the faces of less dominant (smaller) football players were more similar to the canonical smile display than the faces of their physically larger counterparts. Using the same football player photographs, a fourth study found that smiling was a more reliable indicator of perceived status-relevant personality traits than perceptions of the football players' physical sizes inferred from the photographs.

Another nugget of Chateau wisdom lovingly polished by the labcoats.

- Betas smile too little and smile too much

Yeah, it seems contradictory, but betas never have a firm grasp on when and how often it's personally advantageous to smile. They don't smile when they walk into the bar or before they've started talking to a girl, and they smile too much once they are in a conversation with a girl. This behavior reveals their tormented beta soul: They are unhappy to be there until a girl's presence makes them happy. Would an alpha relinquish his state of mind to another person? Especially a woman? No. His joy is self-generated.

When you go out to FMAC girls, try this face for best results:

In the big picture analysis, the efflorescence of gawping soyboys indicates a bifurcating sexual market featuring the cad haves and the incel have-nots. The open-mouthed betas are advertising their submission to the new paradigm whenever they get the chance, hoping an alpha will toss them one of his sloppy fifths and the manjawed shrikes who work with them won't accuse them of a #MeToo infraction. This period of Western history, particularly in America, is notable for the appeasing prostration of its mass of beta males. The pendulum will eventually swing back to confident beta males in charge of the culture, and when it does it will swing with a vengeance, because we've gone much further down the road of anti-beta male degeneracy.

Also related: Richard Spencer's Alt-Right website was de-registered by GoDaddy at the request of a butthurt black woman "civil rights" lolyer. Hey, how about that! Diversity isn't so great for free speech! Corporations that cave like this to shrieking anti-White mobs ought to be de-registered from earth.

When A Girl Intercepts A Communique Between Her Brain And Vagina

CH · 9 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Chicks dig jerks.

If you want to be the jerk chicks dig, don't appeal to her forebrain.

Try rubbing her hindbrain.

That means yelling a little and generally behaving like the dominant, self-entitled man truly loved by women who indignantly insist otherwise, instead of like the appeasing yes-beta lackey who gives women everything they claim to want.

After all, you can't fuck a woman's frontal cortex. (Fuck *with*, sure, but that's filed under Relationship Management Game.)

The Three Walls Impact: DEVASTATION TOTAL

CH · 9 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

What happens when a once-desirable woman hits all three extinction event Walls — the Wasting Wall, The Wailing Wall, and the Wymyn Wall — at once?

She might look like what's become of Rose McGowan (NSF male libidos):

Jay in DC comments,

> [Rose McGowan] is officially "quitting" acting to become an activist. LOLWHAT? You haven't been relevant or acted since the late 90s. Dafuq outta here…
>
> [McGowan] with her lawyercunts from the firm Ballcutters, LLC.:

Fugg that pic is frightening. It embodies everything wrong with American women: the manjawed stridency, the lawyercuntery, the man-hating, the phony empowerment bravado, the total annihilation of the last remaining traces of femininity…

If the future is that kind of female, then the future after that future will be this kind of man:

The traditional age-appropriate Wall — the Wasting Wall — hits all women, turning Ladyhawks into

Viragovultures with merciless efficiency. But when a woman additionally smashes into the Wailing Wall and the Wymyn Wall at the same moment in her life and with the same impact velocity, as Rose McGowan did under the tutelages of Father Time, Weinstein, and Feminism Prime…..

the carnage is awful to behold.

Look away, for there is nothing to see here but the soul ashes of a woman who stared too long into the abyss.

Reminder: This was Rose McGowan before The Three Walls exacted their tribute from her:

so sad.

The Chick Bump

CH · 9 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reader reminded me of a classic female IOI (Indicator of Interest): the Chick Bump. (don't get excited Captain Obvious, not that kind of bump)

If a girl keeps "accidentally" bumping into you while you walk together, she's incipiently aroused.

"Accidental" physical contact NEVER happens if the girl isn't into the man. In fact, girls are hard-wired to go out of their way to avoid even the briefest brushes of physical contact with a beta male. Prime Lubricity girls are very careful to avoid giving lsmv men the wrong idea. Girls would much rather low value men keep their distance than have to fend off their clumsy advances. Accidental elbow touching could excite a blue balled incel to a rash solicitation.

Therefore, if the girl in your company bumps into you more than once, assume she wants your D. Pass Ho, collect 200 tingles. This is the female version of kino escalation, and it means you are cleared for philandering.

Western Women Forget To Be Women

CH · 9 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reflective, honest White lady. Truly a rare find in the wild. (h/t mendo via Daily Stormer)

Your Daily Game: A Tasty Hamster Treat

CH · 10 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The first scribed instance of use of the coinage “rationalization hamster” at Le Chateau. A later definition:

> The rationalization hamster is a descriptive term for the typical woman’s tendency to rationalize her decisions to fulfill herself sexually such that her personal culpability in making the sex happen is removed or reduced. Since that original definition, the rationalization hamster has come to acquire a broader meaning, encapsulating all the odd little mental tricks that women (and sometimes men) do in service to their glowing self-conceptions.

I bring this up because in my Pullkit I have many lines that excite women’s hamsters, and a spinning hamster is a slicking clamster. (Translating from the wordplay: a woman thinking a lot about the hidden meaning behind a man’s words is emotionally investing in him, which will persuade her to perceive the man as a high value mate prospect.)

Zee personal anecdote:

YER ‘UMBLE BED-RAKER: i like your kicks.

THE LADY AND HER HAMSTER: thanks.

YER ‘UMBLE BED-RAKER: the unisex style is in right now.

THE LADY AND HER HAMSTER: *rictus grin* i’m preeeetty sure these aren’t unisex.

YER ‘UMBLE BED-RAKER: don’t run from it. look at me. *sweeps hands over self* everything i’m wearing is unisex.

THE LADY AND HER HAMSTER: haha, but no these are women’s shoes.

YER ‘UMBLE BED-RAKER: i figured you’d say that.

***

It’s that last line — “I figured you’d say that” — which has been killer for me on many occasions. It can be deployed in a multitude of milieus and in response to a plethora of parries (notably excepting two: when she calls out your self-disqualification bluff and when she rejects your advance outright), and it works the same ambiguity magic every time, stroking that hamster against the grain so hard it spins itself into a fluffy orgasm.

HER: buy me a drink first.

ME: i figured you’d say that.

***

HER: are you hitting on me?

ME: i figured you’d say that.

***

HER: what do you do?

ME: i figured you’d say that.

***

HER: well i’m a lawyer at ballcutter, llc

ME: i figured you’d say that.

***

HER: no i don't have a waterbed.

ME: i figured you'd say that.

The point of the line, if used correctly, is to pave the way for a cold read. It gets the girl wondering, "what did he mean by that? what is it about me that seems predictable to him?", and then you are off to the races if she so much as haltingly whispers, *"how do you figure that?"*. Curiosity drills the hamster.

Fuglyamory

CH · 10 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From Thhhlate,

> Easier With Three
>
> My wife's girlfriend moved in with us, and balancing work, life, and leisure has never gone better.
>
> By EVAN URQUHART

SHUDDER

SHIVER

THERE GOES MY DINNER

More proof that avowed polyamory is a refuge for subhuman dregs so ugly their mommas don't love them.

Atavator reclines into the bigger picture,

> Either of those "women" could be a tranny — no problem.
>
> These cases raise an interesting question: is there, perhaps, a correlation or at least a parallel between polyamory, and what the evolutionary guys call r-selection?
>
> That is, when you get high r-selection, there is care, but it's generalized and weak, with low particular investment. Your kid just got mowed over? Oh well, shit happens. (Parenthetically, I'm always horrified by the nonchalance of some of my liberal neighbors regarding not just dirt and squalor, but the fates of people in their own families.)
>
> Is polyamory just one type of r-select behavior? There is the sex urge, but it's not targeted with any particularity, and hence jealousy cannot exercise as much force.
>
> Though the language was not present for this sort of thing at the time, it is more or less the way the first "sociologists" in the 17th and 18th centuries described the amorous lives of primitives. This was before either "racism" or egalitarianism came into vogue, and I tend to think the early observers got this right.

> And you have to figure there is some genetic remnant for these behaviors even among white europeans; it's just that for a long time civilized mores prevented their expression.

If sexual markets can become disrupted and grossly distorted by degenerating social forces similar to those of Calhoun's rat experiments, then the evidence you'd look for would be increases in sexual deviancy, loneliness, involuntary celibacy, rancor within and between the sexes, sexual identity problems, STDs, sex panics, ideological hysteria, and miscegenation. You would look as well for decreases in the marriage rate, long-term relationship formation, and fertility.

Well, look around. What do you see?

***

In related Fuggernaut News, the NeverTrump Uniparty's pathological open borders xenophilia continues importing thousands of MS-13 gang members who shoot dead completely random innocents and then burn the bodies in their cars. Let's have a look-see at the chupacabran horrors our virtue signaling single White women are welcoming into your neighborhood:

I've lost count of how many treasonous fucks in our ruling class deserve to sway eye-bulgingly in the warm Spring breeze.

Oh, and Fred Reed? Go fuck yourself and the burro you rode out on.

ps tonight let's all say a prayer for mccain's tumor.

The Manipulated Man: Denial – Playing The Victim – Confrontation

CH · 10 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an insightful post from what looks like a Reddit group source. (click on the link for zoomable reading)

[–] norwood_victim haircut + shower = sex 50 points 4 hours ago*

Growing up with manipulative women (4 sisters, mom, step-mom) I'll explain the flowchart to everybody here: denial - playing the victim - confrontation.

If a man confronts a woman with her deceit/lies, she will ALWAYS start denying whatever he's accusing her of. Men are easily manipulated and they don't want to believe that their woman would cheat on them/lie to them, so they WANT to believe her lies. Most men never get past this stage of the flowchart. They will happily believe all the bullshit that their woman is feeding them. If they do press further because they have proof or are absolutely certain of their case, they'll reach step 2 of the flowchart.

She will start crying and blaming the other men/other people. She will start using words like rape, drunk, drugs, roofies, "I was going to pay you back", "I thought it was *our* money" etc. They deviously abuse the male protective instinct. You wouldn't believe the amount of fights I've seen between 2 guys because the boyfriend came after the guy she had consentual sex with, just because she told her boyfriend that he had "taken advantage of her". 99% of men will be fooled by stage 1 or stage 2.

There is a rare side of a women that men will only see if they STILL aren't fooled by stage 2. She will start getting angry at HIM and she will blame HIM for whatever he's accusing her of. She could have been doing gangbangs and stealing money out of his bank account and she will tell him that he wasn't home enough and she wasn't feeling desired. She will start yelling, throwing shit, destroying property and doing lord knows what else. At this stage there are STILL men who will believe her and think they're somehow responsible for their woman's behaviour. This is another clever way of manipulating the typical man's basic instincts.

If you are the rare man that is actually able to see through her lies and you break up with her/kick her out/sue her, you will have a new stalker in your life. It's not even that they actually care about you, it just seems like women are traumatized by the fact that they weren't able to manipulate a man into believing her. That shit is the worst feeling for a woman and she will spend a LONG TIME trying to figure out HOW she wasn't able to fool the man. And even if she can't fool that man anymore, that doesn't mean she can't fool his friends and family, the police, jury and the rest of the world.

tl;dr: Denial - playing the victim - confrontation. This is the female flowchart for dealing with a man that accuses her of something. You might think that this information is useless to us because we don't have girlfriends anyway, but it's just a good thing to keep in mind in general. Women are born manipulators, never fall for the cute exterior.

permalink embed save report give gold reply

Summarizing, women employ a three tiered counterstrategy when they are accused of lying or cheating (or of doing anything a self-respecting man would consider out of bounds).

Stage One: Denial

> If a man confronts a woman with her deceit/lies, she will ALWAYS start denying whatever he's accusing her of. [Beta males] are easily manipulated and they don't want to believe that their woman would cheat on them/lie to them, so they WANT to believe her lies. Most men never get past this stage of the flowchart.

Stage Two: Playing The Victim

> [If the man presses further] she will start crying and blaming the other men/other people. She will start using words like rape, drunk, drugs, roofies, "I was going to pay you back", "I thought it was *our* money" etc. They deviously abuse the male protective instinct. […] 99% of men will be fooled by stage 1 or stage 2.

Stage Three: Confrontation

> There is a rare side of women that men will only see if they STILL aren't fooled by stage 2. She will start getting angry at HIM and she will blame HIM for whatever she's accusing him of. She could have been doing gangbangs and stealing money out of his bank account and she will tell him that he wasn't home enough and she wasn't feeling desired. She will start yelling, throwing shit, destroying property and doing lord knows what else. At this stage there are STILL men who will believe her and think they're somehow responsible for their woman's behaviour.

This Three Stage description of women's self-defense strategy is spot on. Denial, victimhood, blame shifting (aka psychological projection). Coincidentally, it's also the typical self-preservation strategy of narcissistic sociopaths.

Women are narcissistic sociopaths? What kind of sexy jerkboy would draw such a comparison!?

> If you are the rare man that is actually able to see through her lies and you break up with her/kick her out/sue her, you will have a new stalker in your life.

Sadly, so true. You want to turn a half-hearted girlfriend into an obsessed lovestruck stalker? Follow these three easy steps:

1. Be unmoved by her antics
2. Call her bluff
3. Show her the door

She'll be curled up at your door the next day, begging you to take her back [true story].

> It's not even that they actually care about you, it just seems like women are traumatized by the fact that they weren't able to manipulate a man into believing her.

Understandable reaction. Most men are appeasing credulous betas inexperienced in the wiles of woman, and will fold like a cheap lawn chair under pussy pressure. Give this reality, women are unprepared for the rare alpha male who defies her expectation of a toady.

> That shit is the worst feeling for a woman and she will spend a LONG TIME trying to figure out HOW she wasn't able to fool the man.

In fact, the emotional and mental energy the woman will spend trying to figure out how she wasn't able to wrap the Chateau acolyte around her finger WILL make her care more about him. The frazzled hamster is a form of devotion, of investment, and women are programmed by the Cosmic Coder to fall deeply in love with men who have wrested this form of emotional commitment from them.

This blog teaches men how to identify these three stages of female smoke and mirrors and to see them for what they are: manipulative tactics to exculpate herself, to hide the contours of her hypergamy, and to place all blame and accountability on the man. Once you can see them coming, you have the tools — Game and jerkboy psy ops — to dismantle them and come out looking like a champ instead of a chump.

Is Feminism An Ideological Rationalization Of Sour Grapes?

CH · 10 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Williamk offers a compelling explanation of the motivating psychology of once-attractive girls who self-mutilate in the name of feminism:

> Because they dont want beta orbiters, or random hookups, they want alpha commitment. That's out of reach for even some genuinely pretty girls, the supply of alpha guys is low.
>
> So they say "well I don't want that anyway" and chop away their appeal to prove they totally don't want an alpha commitment. That way it's "her choice", and she can stave off enough cognitive dissonance to keep from offing her self.
>
> Pretty much every one of these cases starts with alpha widowhood.

The sour grapes fable is about the fox who can't pluck delicious grapes hanging out of reach, so the fox pretends that it never really wanted those grapes ("they're probably sour anyhow"). It's related to Pointy Elbow Syndrome which afflicts internet dwelling omega males. What Williamk (and myself, in various posts) is saying is that women who have taken up the banner of feminism and uglified themselves are like the fox in the fable, insisting those out-of-reach alpha males are probably losers and misogynists anyhow, and she never really wanted their love and commitment.

Where these feminists differ from the fox is in their willingness to self-abase and self-disfigure in order to convince themselves of their ego assuaging lie. The most effective lies start with self-deception. The fox merely stated his insincere disapproval of the juicy grapes before moving on to nibble on an edible within reach; feminists underscore their insincere disapproval of masculine alpha males by mutilating themselves in body, mind, and/or spirit, and then tacitly declaring that the lack of attention from a dwindling pool of sexy men is how they wanted it. See: Amanjaw Marcuntte, or any "mainstream" feminist mouthpiece.

Which is another way of saying, "How convenient!".

Understanding this psychology of women who straddle the upper-lower and middle tiers of female SMV, we can predict that Feminist Idiocy will only get worse with the increase in gloryhole faced soyboys. Apropos, vfm#7634 writes,

> *"the supply of alpha guys is low."*
>
> Women, being the reactive sex, turn femcunt as a reaction to men becoming soybois.
>
> If there were more alphas, you'd think that the average beta would be worse off. Not true. More alphas mean many more attractive women around.

More soyboys => relatively fewer alphas => more bitter romantic losers among women who will find ego saving solace in the embrace of man-hating and femininity-discarding feminism. Every generation deserves the sexes it gets, and if men are weak suckup betasoys, then their women will be haranguing embittered fat feminist harpies. And the feedback loop travels in both directions: the more unfeminine bluehaired fat feminists, the more low T men there are who will abandon the masculine virtues and escape to vidja, pron, and David Fatrellian male feminist toady signaling.

When soyboys abound, plain janes get resentful. Spiteful. In this condition, these tingle-denied middling SMV women on the cusp of cuteness are liable to self-destruct in one final F YOU SOYS to the un-men in their midst. Only charismatic, dominant, entitled, masculine men (including strong fathers) have a hope of walking these women back from the pussyhat brink, but those men are MIA or busy courting hotter, more feminine women.

Piling on, HoneyBear adds,

> A similar formulation… they [SMV-destroying feminists] are the female equivalent of MGTOW.
>
> Many girls are probably as disgusted as redpilled men are about the desecration of the postmodern mating market. Their hearts want a prince for life. The self-mutilation is them recoiling in horror from the Jewish slaughterhouse of souls.
>
> They don't understand the cause and nature of the problem, so they fall prey to diabolical lies; they direct their hate at the wrong target, and lash out in the wrong way.
>
> Aghast at the nature of the beast, men blame women and women blame men. There used to be a system that caged the beast, but somebody unchained it intentionally.

The Id Monster is loosed.

One tried and true method for women to follow if they want to improve their chance to land a winner man willing and eager to commit to them is to avoid accumulating too many cock notches (really, any number greater than one is a red flag), to resist mudsharking, and to give of themselves heart and vagina at a young prime fertility age to a worthy man.

This may mean cutting back on the number of years devoted to mimosa brunches, college degrees, and cat selfies, but it's a small price to pay for lifelong happiness. You'd think.

I've written that the goal of feminism is

> …to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality.

This goal serves a purpose, and it dovetails with the feminism-as-sour-grapes-rationalization argument, considering that female romantic losers (and mediocre women with a bigger hill to climb to capture a masculine man's eye) would benefit from rearranging the world so that their every whim, preference, and desire are encouraged and celebrated, while men's every whim, preference, and desire are circumscribed and shamed. This won't get those women the alphas they want, but it will provide social cover for their bruised egos.

Similarly, feminism is an equalizing ideology; feminists (though they may not know it) cling to their mistaken beliefs because the point of the ideology isn't truth, it's to level the female playing field:

> According to Benenson, a common way women deal with the threat represented by a remarkably powerful or beautiful woman is by insisting on standards of equality, uniformity, and sharing for all the women in the group and making these attributes the normative requirements of proper femininity. […]
>
> From early childhood onwards, girls compete using strategies that minimize the risk of retaliation and reduce the strength of other girls. **Girls' competitive strategies include avoiding direct interference with another girl's goals, disguising competition, competing overtly only from a position of high status in the community, enforcing equality within the female community and socially excluding other girls.**
>
> ***
>
> So feminists' promotion of anti slut-shaming and anti fat-shaming and anti ugly-shaming and anti single-mother-shaming etc, is really just an execution of women's intra-sexual competitive strategies. It's the bottom third of women versus the top two thirds. Or perhaps it's the bottom quarter, as if I remember correctly only 20-25% of women identify as feminist.
>
> With knowledge such as this, you can easily reframe any leftist/feminist argument about a war on women as instead a war by the bottom loser women against the top successful women.
>
> It's the SU's (Sluts & Uglies) versus the HB's.

The Sour Grapes and Intrasexual Egalitarianism theories of feminism may at first glance seem unrelated or even contradicting, but it makes sense when you realize the latter theory's feminist equalizing push for uniformity in standards of female behavior and SMV that evades and eschews judgment (implicitly denying that men have, or should have, standards in female sexual and relationship worth) is a complement to the former theory's function as cognitive dissonance relief for marginal chicks who lose out in a liberated sexual market. The former — Sour Grapes — is the backup hugbox for their egos when the latter — Female SMV Uniformity — fails sufficiently to convince the HSMV hot babes to relinquish their advantages or to convince society to celebrate every feminist bout of insanity as womanhood perfected.

As society fills up with more soyboys and turns away from enabling the side show circus act known as cunt'th wave feminism (thanks in part to the very special lessons this outpost of love lovingly administers), we can expect to see more borderline chicks, with *juuuuust* enough latent SMV to help them fantasize they have a shot to land an alpha male, embracing the uglification protocol of Sour Grapes Feminism.

A rapidly disintegrating and unregulated, atomized sexual market that becomes more primal by the day will drive many more disillusioned women on the losing side of the romantic life ledger into self-mutilation, and likewise beta men into self-castration.

In this reading, relations between the sexes have to get much worse before they get better. The Bluehair Apocuntlypse is the necessary nadir of the battle of the sexes, when fraternizing is limited to the few remaining slender feminine women and dominant, charming men, and the rest are mutually repulsed low T soyboys and tatted hair-chopped feminist scolds. That's rock bottom, and when the West hits it our shared worldview will experience a massive paradigm shift back to accepting and elevating the wisdom of the ancients, when the sexes knew their roles, their weaknesses, and their strengths, and joyfully reveled in their inspiriting sexual polarity…

…instead of denying their polarity to stew angrily and spitefully in an androgynous passionless soulless slop of equalist anhedonia.

The FBI's Mole In The Trump Campaign

CH · 11 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

CH, Feb 5, 2018:

> It almost looks as if the FBI used one of their agents (Carter Page) to entrap Trump by assigning him to worm his way into his campaign.

Kimberley Strassel, WSJ, May 10, 2018:

> The Department of Justice lost its latest battle with Congress Thursday when it allowed House Intelligence Committee members to view classified documents about a top-secret intelligence source that was part of the FBI's investigation of the Trump campaign. Even without official confirmation of that source's name, the news so far holds some stunning implications.
>
> Among them is that the Justice Department and Federal Bureau of Investigation outright hid critical information from a congressional investigation. In a Thursday press conference, Speaker Paul Ryan bluntly noted that Intelligence Chairman Devin Nunes's request for details on **this secret source** was "wholly appropriate," "completely within the scope" of the committee's long-running FBI investigation, and "something that probably should have been answered a while ago." Translation: The department knew full well it should have turned this material over to congressional investigators last year, but instead deliberately concealed it. […]
>
> Justice asked the White House to back its stonewall. And it even began spinning that daddy of all superspook arguments—that revealing any detail about this particular asset could result in "loss of human lives."
>
> This is desperation, and it strongly suggests that whatever is in these files is going to prove very uncomfortable to the FBI. […]
>
> The bureau already has some explaining to do. Thanks to the Washington Post's unnamed law-enforcement leakers, we know Mr. Nunes's request deals with a "top secret intelligence source" of the FBI and CIA, who is a U.S. citizen and who was involved in the Russia collusion probe. When government agencies refer to sources, they mean people who appear to be average citizens but use their profession or contacts to spy for the agency. Ergo, we might take this to mean that **the FBI secretly had a person on the payroll who used his or her non-FBI credentials to interact in some capacity with the Trump campaign**.
>
> This would amount to spying, and it is hugely disconcerting. […]
>
> Obama political appointees rampantly "unmasked" Trump campaign officials to monitor their conversations, while the FBI played dirty with its surveillance warrant against Carter Page, failing to tell the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court that its supporting information came from the Hillary Clinton campaign. Now we find it may have also been **rolling out human intelligence, John Le Carré style, to infiltrate the Trump campaign**. […]

Nixon resigned because a loyalist bugged a hotel room used by the DNC. The Gay Mulatto-Clinton-DNC-Deep State axis of weasels surveilled, bugged, tapped, and SPIED on the Trump campaign AND the Trump transition team AFTER Trump had been elected President in an all-out effort to delegitimize the incoming Trump Administration, set the table for impeachment, and steal the votes from the American people who put Trump in the White House.

Bigger that Watergate? This makes Watergate look like piker's play.

> This suggests the "source" may be overseas, have ties to foreign intelligence, or both. That's notable, given the

> highly suspicious role foreigners have played in this escapade. It was an Australian diplomat who reported the Papadopoulos conversation. Dossier author Christopher Steele is British, used to work for MI6, and retains ties to that spy agency as well as to a network of former spooks. It was a former British diplomat who tipped off Sen. John McCain to the dossier.

Deep State, Clinton, Obama, and DNC collusion with British, Australian, and Russian foreign agents. What's that saying about accusing your enemy of the very crimes you are committing?

> **I believe I know the name of the informant**, but my intelligence sources did not provide it to me and refuse to confirm it. It would therefore be irresponsible to publish it.

Carter Page may or may not have been the Deep State's mole in the Trump campaign and transition team, but my instincts were right. Someone working for the FBI was planted in Trump's inner circle to set him up and arrange the pieces for the later Mueller investigation aka attempted coup.

GAL-LOWS
SWEET LARIAT

***

Latest: Brennan, Strzok And Kerry Allegedly Set "Spy Traps" For Trump Team; Hunt For FBI Mole Intensifies

The Myth Of The Maladjusted Bumpkin

CH · 14 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A field report from an anonymous realtalker:

I live in a big city. The lack of community or any real sense of connection here takes it's toll on me. I was just talking to a women who moved out to a very rural area. The day she pulled up with her moving truck, every one of her neighbors stopped in to help her move. They wanted to introduce themselves and welcome her to the area.

Here in the city, you're lucky if you even know your neighbors' names. Or unlucky, depending on which neighbors you get. I've tried to wave to my new neighbors who moved in 3 months ago. They just stared back like I was a weirdo. I've got 4-5 neighbors here who won't wave, even if you're making eye contact – and eye contact without interaction just feels like a challenge to me. Like, I feel the need to walk up and punch their teeth in for not waving back and just staring.

The city would be a deathtrap within hours if we had a major catastrysm. Earthquake, solar flare, tsunami, nuke - whatever it is. If it makes these people feel like their lives are in danger, it will be worse than any movie you've ever seen. And that's the funny thing. People seem to think rural folks are all hermits who want you 'off' their property' or whatever. And they think city people are outgoing, well adjusted people. But it's the exact fucking opposite. City people can't be bothered. They can have a homeless 'grald shouting at them from 3 feet away and they won't even look up. Everyone's just turning it out while they get from one responsibility to the next. And seeing this shit day in and day out really does kill some part of you.

I drove out to the country today and let my dog run free. I only saw white people. Just nice, normal rural white people doing their thing. People waved as they drove past me. I stopped and pulled into a turnout to let an oncoming car pass on a small road. They waved and smiled. A logger walked up and said I had a beautiful dog, but they're about to fell a tree and it'd be nice if I could go back the way I came. I said 'sure, thanks for the heads up', and he said 'Of course, thanks for understanding. We will be done here in a couple hours if you feel like coming back.

Then I drove home and it was nothing but arabs and mainland chinese and blacks and mexicans from the moment I got off the freeway. Talk about alienating.

De-urbanization has to be a long-term goal of the Trump administration, or whichever “more Trump than Trump” Presidency follows Trump. A handful of megalopolis shitlib hideouts accelerates civil breakdown and regional alienation. I’m not saying do away with cities; I’m saying de-scale them, make them smaller, spread them out, and redistribute their talent and hothouse ideological insanity so that the damage the urban hives can do to America is muted. (Questions about if or how to redistribute the urban Diversity™ I leave as an exercise for the reader.)

Reintroduce connections between city, town and countryside that today are utterly severed, and you’ll reinvigorate the sense of shared values and mutual concern for countrymen that naturally evolves in healthy connected societies. As part of this project, de-diversification must accompany de-urbanization, which can be achieve by deportations, an immigration moratorium, and a later immigration policy that exemplifies the spirit of the 1924 Immigration and Naturalization Act.

As is the wont of their crabbed mental condition, shitlibs project their maladjusted social insularity and general cold-heartedness onto rural Americans, and with a vengeance, because the shitlib hates nothing more than his own self-deceiving smallness.

Game In Advertising

CH · 15 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There are a lot of great examples of Game in advertising, especially ads produced during the egalitarian, compression era of America. For instance there's this ad, which reads like Don Draper wrote the copy:

Can you identify the Game techniques and concepts used in this ad?

"We pass up around 19 girls, before we get one that qualifies": (literally) QUALIFICATION

"If looks were everything, it wouldn't be so tough": ACTIVE DISINTEREST

"Sure, we want her to be pretty": IMPLICIT NEG

"But we don't stop there. We talk. And we listen": COMFORT, ATTAINABILITY

"We judge her personality,…": FLIP THE SCRIPT

"So we try to eliminate these problems by taking a lot more time and passing up a lot more girls": MALE ENTITLEMENT, CHOOSINESS

What are adds today? A weak mewling White beta who is the butt of jokes, a manjawed careerist White woman with mystery meatballs in tow, a wise confident dindu anointing the unwashed.

How far we have fallen as a culture.

***

I bet very VERY few women of the day bitched about this ad when it was released. I bet the ad's "misogyny" (by current year standards) barely if at all registered in women's consciousnesses. American women have had to be propagandized by a relentless assault of feminist nonsense to learn that what was once normal relations between the sexes is actually patriarchal oppression. And now we have American women begging for the love of third world rapefugees and retweeting campus rape hoaxes published to universal fanfare and used as the basis for man-hating

government policy.

The Recovery

CH · 15 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

On the fly reframing, that's how it's done. If you can see the flame-out coming, may as well go out with your dignity intact, the flamethrower scorching everything within the perimeter of engagement.

And who knows? This deport-a-slore might've been intrigued by his assholery, enough to take up his offer. Girls are known to succumb to the jerk's charms.

***

FastEddie flashes his MAGA Game.

> Can confirm. I have -Trump supporter. Gun and business owner. If you have "swipe left if you voted for Trump" on your profile, swipe left- all on my profile.
>
> Had one recently message me saying she's not sure we'd click because I'm obviously an ardent Trump supporter. I said- no problem. Appreciate the honesty. I just feel bad relegating you to all those male feminists and soy boys.

GREAT reframe. Shit test passed with pyrotechnic flair.

> She laughed and said I just described her friends. I told her of course they're her friends.

"I figured you'd say that."

> Deep down, beanie wearing soys make her sick.
>
> Now we're off to the races. She flat out says, "If you want to fuck me, buy me a drink." I said, "I know the best place in town," then gave her my address.

> Banged out. She's 26. I'm 38.
>
> PS
> Would share screenshots, but she unmatched me afterward (not interested in a relationship with someone that brainwashed.)
>
> She sent me a screed with verbosity to shame Balzac after a couple days screaming, "YOU know why I date soy boys?!!!(she used the actual term) Because THEY won't pretend to be interested in me, fuck me and throw me away!!!"

This is when you know you've banged out not only the girl, but her hamster as well. A double banging.

> The whole thing was several paragraphs long. I responded- lol.

lol. Also, this is how everyone from the "intellectual dark web" should respond to chaimstream media requests.

> Then she unmatched me, right when I was trying to go back in and screenshot.
>
> There's always next time.
> Glad you're all my brothers.
> FE

There's a lot of good Game advice in FE's story, but that profile line — If you have "swipe left if you voted for Trump" on your profile, swipe left — is killer. The best thing about it is that it can be ported easily to almost any profile or pickup scenario because it's basically a nuclear disqualification that immediately puts the girl in the chaser/appeaser/approval seeker role. For instance,

"If you ask me to buy you a drink, swipe left" (this is really funny if you do it IRL and make a theatrical swiping motion with your hand as you're telling her)

"If you ask me to put on a condom, swipe left"

"If you have a pussy hat, swipe all the way left"

Mexican Colony

CH · 16 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I see the beaners on the corner
And the grime of a world with no borders
I leave my town and check the neighbors
I leave again when it's full of invaders
I hear the rhythms of ranchera
I plug my ears but it's in my cabeza
I hear the talking of the lawn guy
Can't understand but he's 5 bucks a day

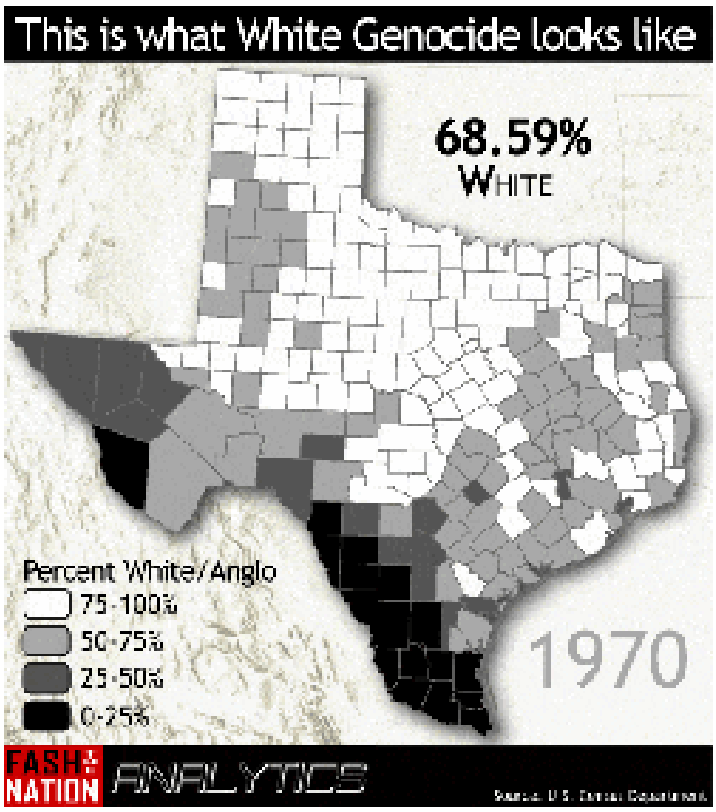
We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ohh colony

I look around and see invasion
They talk about a new globalist nation
I understand more than a little
Yo comprende, my vote is whittled

We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ooh colony
We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ooh colony

I wish I was with Bernie Sanders
Living with folk who are mannered
I'd sneer at rednecks in haughty tones
And keep the riff raff far from home
MS-13 is round the corner
The south has moved to north of the border
I hear the talking from the Beltway
Can't understand they must live far away

We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ooh colony
We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ooh colony
Mexico El Norte
Mexico El Norte
Mexico El Norte
Mexico El Norte
We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ooh colony
We're in a mexican colony
We're in a mexican whoa-ooh colony
Colony colony
Where is my say?


This is what White Genocide looks like
68.59%
WHITE
Percent White/Anglo
75-100%
50-75%
25-50%
0-25%
1970
FASH NATION
ANALYTICS

Submission Is Woman's Calling

CH · 16 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

i loved that he was so powerful i was nothing.
-O

From anonymous, who misses the mark by equating psychological submission with sex.

> one of the pretty little lies of the pua "community", perhaps the PRETTIEST little lie is that when a woman had sex with a man that she has "submitted". or that when she falls in love with a man that she has "submitted". the whole point of birth control, of the state-wielded women's "rights" bludgeon, is so that women can enjoy sex and power without submitting. she can even birth children without "submitting" via an epidural and C-section.
>
> in every way white women are collectively trying to avoid submitting, unless of course they are forced to. but what happens when society has pretty much banned/demonized all of those traditional ways where women were subjected to submission? game is supposed to be an antidote for ALL THAT. pfffft.
>
> fasteddie said it well above. game is simply a temporary, stop-gap measure. an adaptation to slow, but not remotely stop, the hemorrhaging.

Women have an innate desire to submit…to a worthy man. AKA a dominant man. That's the catch. Weak men, by constitution or State fiat, aren't worthy men, and under their tutelage or even in the foulness of their impotent presence it's of course expected and natural that women would defy submitting to those men. And in fact that women would begin to fight their own feminine instincts to avoid an accidental commingling with a weak man or a weak nation.

And by submission, I mean the hunger that comes from the deep-seated hindbrain place where women frolic in the summery haze of their primeval fantasies. Sex alone is not submission, though with the right man it can be for a woman. The submission I'm talking about is what Pauline Reage described had stricken her book's heroine: a submission of the soul. It's the submission of a love felt so profoundly for a powerful man that it never needs summoning, excuse, or rationalization; it is omnipresent and unassailable, proof not only of the man's worth but of the woman's worth to him as well.

Women won't announce this desire, or even consciously recognize it, because evolution has seen fit to conceal women's truest desires from men, and from women themselves!, to avoid the problem of spoofers and to better assess male mate worthiness ("does he understand intuitively what i really want? then he must be loved by many women and thus worthy of my love").

If you give women the tools — for instance, via anti-discrimination State mandates to "resolve" discrepancies in outcome and preference between the sexes, or via cultural innovations like the Pill which sabotage the bonding mechanism — to avoid their natural inclination to submission, you get a lot more unhappy women. And that is precisely what the happiness data show since the inception of modren feminism.

When social degeneration forces weaken the native men, their women flee in protest and claim the false god of gogrrl empowerment as their new idol. In their agitated and spiteful escape from their submission-craving femininity, women become increasingly unhappy and unhinged and have no mental template left to help them understand why or to navigate the sexual market shoals. They make things worse for themselves by assuming more aggressive androgyny, man-hating, and anti-femininity are the answer, but the alternative — relaxing into their feminine submission with a strong man ensconced within a State apparatus that celebrates and encourages his strength — is unavailable. Therefore, the idea and the instinctual urge of submission repulses women, makes them ashamed, because they would have to submit to what they view as weak men left adrift by a post-op M2F State

hostile to efforts to restrengthen men.

Women in this condition fight endlessly against their nature because on a primal level they're fighting against pollution by anemic seed. The fight will eventually consume women, but unless strong men backed by a concordant State awaken that latent submissive energy in women these women will never stop availing themselves of products, ideologies, sophistries, technologies, and carousels that serve the purpose of building bigger walls between themselves and the mass of spineless beta males who have forgotten how to excite and inspire women.

Game is one open path to showing men the way to exciting and inspiring women once again.

In the meantime, the poz pendulum continues its arc into Unipolar Ugliness, guaranteeing its return descent will be wicked, swift, and lethal to those who defied the gravitational pull of the sexes into their biomechanically preordained roles.

The Divorce Industrial Complex Responds To Incentives

CH · 16 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

70% of divorces are initiated by women. Now a Pedestalman might say that's because more than ever men are horrible, but a Pedestalman would say the same if 70% of divorces were initiated by men.

Kids, don't do pussy pedestals.

The truth about the Divorce Industrial Complex is exactly as I have described it here on this blog: INCENTIVES MATTER. And American women respond to the personally advantageous incentives of the divorce market which massively redistributes money and children away from ex-husbands to ex-wives at no cost or stipulation to the women.

Proof? It's as plain as the mangina in your midst who never took a risk with the opposite sex in his life. But if you prefer STATS AND DATA, here you go:

> Rise of women backing out of divorces as court settlements shrink
>
> Women are backing out of divorce cases because settlements are becoming less generous, experts have said.
>
> Fewer wives are being awarded income for life and they are increasingly having their divorce settlement limited to a few years.
>
> This is making some of them back off from going through with a split, law firms say.

Yo yo yo….ayo hol up….so what you're sayin is….

WIVES DON'T FRIVORCE WHEN THE GRAVY TRAIN IS SHUT OFF

How about that! Women ARE rational creatures! This is an astounding discovery to the world of white knights who had been laboring under the belief that women bear no moral culpability for social ills, nor exercise any self-serving sex-based calculus which might fray the social fabric.

I'm happy to see that at least in some White redoubts the direction of reform is heading away from incentivizing EatPraySlut frivorce rape and toward equitable treatment rooted in a wise understanding of the inherent, innate, and intractable biosocial differences between men and women.

Somalis Are Just Like...Somalis

CH · 17 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

What do you get when you resettle Somalis into America?

Americans?

I'm afraid not.

You get what you started with.

Somalis. Acting like Somalis. Local news link:

> For five months, Fox 9 has been investigating what appears to be rampant fraud in a massive state program.
>
> This fraud is suspected of costing Minnesota taxpayers as much as $100 million a year.
>
> The Fox 9 Investigators reporting is based on public records and nearly a dozen government sources who have direct knowledge of what is happening.
>
> These sources have a deep fear, and there is evidence to support their concerns, that some of that public money is ending up in the hands of terrorists.
>
> This story begins at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, where mysterious suitcases filled with cash have become a common carry-on.
>
> On the morning of March 15, Fox 9 chased a tip about a man who was leaving the country. Sources said he took a carry-on bag through security that was packed with $1 million in cash. Travelers can do that, as long as they fill out the proper government forms.

A shady-looking Somali leaving the country with 1 million in cash? Nothing to see here, goyim, what are you, racist?

> Fox 9 learned that these cloak-and-dagger scenarios now happen almost weekly at MSP. The money is usually headed to the Middle East, Dubai and points beyond. Sources said last year alone, more than $100 million in cash left MSP in carry-on luggage.

Holy fugg. Minnesota scandicucks bilked out of $100 MILLION by their pet rapefugees. Someone page Poetic Justice Warrior.

> [The ill-gotten money] was coming from Hawalas, businesses used to courier money to countries that have no official banking system.
>
> Some immigrant communities rely on Hawalas to send funds to help impoverished relatives back home.
>
> Kerns discovered some of the money was being funneled to a Hawala in the region of Somalia that is controlled by the al Shabaab terrorist group.
>
> "I talked to a couple of sources who had lived in that region and I said, 'If money is going to this Hawala do you think it is going to al Shabaab?'" said Kerns. "And he said, 'Oh definitely, that area is controlled by al Shabaab, and they control the Hawala there.'"

Scandicucks inadvertently funding Somali Moslem terrorists. Oh my oh me oh my, it would be to laugh if it wasn't so fucking predictable.

> As Kerns dug deeper, he found that some of the individuals who were sending out tens of thousands of dollars' worth of remittance payments happened to be on government assistance in this country.

> How could they possibly come up with such big bucks to transfer back home?
>
> “We had sources that told us, ‘It’s welfare fraud, it’s all about the daycare,’” said Kerns.

This is our world: Hate Whitey, Bilk Whitey, Shame Whitey for noticing. Maybe a leetle bit o’ corrective racism might not be such a bad thing?

> Five years ago the Fox 9 Investigators were first to report that daycare fraud was on the rise in Minnesota, exposing how some businesses were gaming the system to steal millions in government subsidies meant to help low-income families with their childcare expenses.
>
> “It’s a great way to make some money,” Hennepin County Attorney Mike Freeman said.
>
> In order for the scheme to work, the daycare centers need to sign up low income families that qualify for child care assistance funding.
>
> Surveillance videos from a case prosecuted by Hennepin County show parents checking their kids into a center, only to leave with them a few minutes later. Sometimes, no children would show up.
>
> Either way, the center would bill the state for a full day of childcare.
>
> Video from that same case shows a man handing out envelopes of what are believed to be kickback payments to parents who are in on the fraud.

Dear diaspora scandicucks: when you resettle nonwhites into your White societies, all the nice things about White societies disappear as the shitty things about nonwhite societies take over. HTH.

> Fox 9 obtained video of Fozia Ali being sworn in as a member of the city of Hopkins Park Board.

No one named Fozia Ali should be a member of any city board anywhere in America.

> “We believe that there’s a scope of fraud out there that we really need to get our arms around and ensure that those dollars are going to kids that really need them,” Acting Commissioner for the Department of Human Services Chuck Johnson said.

You know which kids should get those dollars? Poor White kids. After all, Whites are paying for this welfare.

> Search warrants obtained by the Fox 9 Investigators show each one of the suspect centers has received several million dollars in childcare assistance funds.
>
> According to public records and government sources, most are owned by Somali immigrants.
>
> When asked if the Department of Human Services has any evidence to suggest this looks like organized crime, Johnson responded, “There’s a common pattern in how a lot of these are carried out, but beyond that, not something that I would directly categorize as organized crime.”
>
> Sources in the Somali community told Fox 9 it is an open secret that starting a daycare center is a license to make money.

Welfare fraud crime doesn’t have to be organized crime. All you need is a race of people who are predisposed to scamming anyone gullible enough to allow them into their elysium, and then let them act on their predilections with impunity. The end result will look something like an organized crime effort, but was really an organic expression of a race’s innate characteristics.

> The fraud is so widespread they said, that people buy shares of daycare businesses to get a cut of the huge public subsidies that are pouring in.

> Government insiders believe this scam is costing the state at least a hundred million dollars a year, half of all child care subsidies.

Minnesota scandicucks are the worst of the White virtue signalers. This is America's Rotherham, and it required a whole state of self-abasing scandicucks to look away from the crimes perpetrated right under their noses because the perps were those sacred religious icons known as black africans.

> This crime is spreading. Sources tell Fox 9 fraudsters in other states are now using the Minnesota playbook to rip off millions of public dollars meant to help kids.

Diversity + Proximity = the nationwide fleecing of America's children. The blessings of somali vibrancy are coming to every town in America, because that's how our ruling class wants it. And they're getting it…until they're stopped.

Quoting VDare,

> Before Somali immigration, Minnesota had a reputation as a friendly and law-abiding state, so $100 million stolen from the state's taxpayers for child care comes as a shock, although muslim crime has been an ongoing theme there for years. The fraud certainly blows up the diversity narrative that liberals worship. […]
>
> Somalis have been leaving Minnesota for years to fight for jihad in their ancestral homeland — why wouldn't they transport stolen dollars to Somalia for the same purpose?
>
> Of all immigrant groups, Somalis are arguably the worst because they are actively hostile to assimilation, even though great efforts have been made by extra-nice Minnesotans.
>
> America has been swilling immigration poison via Somalis for too long, so it's time to admit failure and just stop importing trouble.

Espousing common sense like that can get you fired, censored from social media, thrown in jail, and your family raped and killed by all those "gifts of love".

From commenter redone,

> The government takes from the productiveness of the white man to give third world invaders free daycare. Third world invader brides (like the invaders themselves) don't have jobs and don't use daycare.
>
> Third world invaders engage in massive daycare fraud and send the money out of the country stuffed in suitcases to support third worlders who are to lazy to invade – also, much money goes to terrorists.
>
> We are supporting third worlders here, there, and their terrorist killers because the government is giving the

> big gibs.

Never has a time needed the gallows more than the time we currently live in.

America, Pre-Hoverhand

CH · 17 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

No fatties, no diversity, and most importantly….NO HOVERHANDING. Welcome back to 1950s America, soyim, enjoy your heart-rending nostalgia for an age when the sexual polarity was at its most magnetized and ZOG wasn't yet fully awakened.

You know who else doesn't hoverhand?

Trump is an ambassador from Olde America. He is not of this Current Year, and yet the weltanshauung and attitude he brings from Trolle America is the perfect weapon to aim at Nü-America, which has no defenses against the tonic masculinity of Bolde America.

Will Old Photos Save America?

CH · 17 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

No manjaws, no tats, no blue hair, BMIs under 23 and glowing with feminine energy. These photos of Olde America are painful to look at, knowing how much we have lost since then.

Idle thought: how much influence does photography have on cultural continuity? Will photographs save America from the fates of other empires? When Rome was declining, Romans didn't have photos of Olde Rome to remind them of what they were losing. They had myths, fading generational memories, and sculpture, but if they had photos would they have evaded their collapse?

If we had no mid-century photos, would we have forgotten by now what American women, and America, used to be? Would we be able to fondly, vividly, and instantly recall that America was once a shining titty on a hill?

Because we have photos and can look back at a better America, will it be the secret ingredient so many others before us were missing, that steels our hearts to save a dying nation? I wonder.

***

A reader writes,

> Roman homes were full of busts and death masks of forebears which were worn at festivals and funerals. These and all sculptures painted to look lifelike. Oral family tradition strong. Household gods worshipped for a thousand years before Rome. The collapse took a long, long time.

But those were death masks. Ancestors captured in plaster and marble, stiff and quasi-monstrous in their facsimile. Today, we have photos, qualitatively different. We can see bygone America alive and happy and flush with confidence. The hit right to the feels is more visceral.

***

Another reader,

> The question is how well does it compete with the shitlib infested media and education monstrosities that attack the culture.

I like to think a faded photo of one smiling, height-weight proportionate 1950s woman can sweep away the lies of a million hate Whitey opinion pieces by our enemies.

***

Another reader,

> the marble statues and architecture gave them a false sense of permanence

Yes, ironically those statues might have had the opposite effect on Romans than what was intended: made them complacent instead of feeling the urgency of the loss.

Power, Approach, And Inhibition: A Study Of Alpha Males And Beta Males

CH · 18 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A very interesting paper examines power relations in humans, and in so doing illuminates classic dichotomies between the behaviors of alpha males and beta males. Link.

> This article examines how power influences behavior. Elevated power is associated with increased rewards and freedom and thereby activates approach-related tendencies. Reduced power is associated with increased threat, punishment, and social constraint and thereby activates inhibition-related tendencies. The authors derive predictions from recent theorizing about approach and inhibition and review relevant evidence. Specifically, power is associated with (a) positive affect, (b) attention to rewards, (c) automatic information processing, and (d) disinhibited behavior. In contrast, reduced power is associated with (a) negative affect; (b) attention to threat, punishment, others' interests, and those features of the self that are relevant to others' goals; (c) controlled information processing; and (d) inhibited social behavior. The potential moderators and consequences of these power-related behavioral patterns are discussed.

If you want to get over Approach Anxiety, feel more powerful. (Likewise, by the transitive property of the behavior-cognition-emotion feedback loops, if you want to feel more powerful, start approaching more girls.) Easier said than done? This is one of those studies where most of the useful gems of knowledge are tucked deep in the paper and only alluded to in the abstract.

Power influences human behavior. When you have it, you act differently, in accordance with the goals of someone who expects deference, gratitude, and reward. When you don't have it, the world is a frightening place. You act like a trembling field mouse waiting for a hawk to swoop from the air and carry you off.

First, a relevant quote:

> The fundamental concept in social science is Power, in the same sense that Energy is the fundamental concept in physics . . . The laws of social dynamics are laws which can only be stated in terms of power. (Russell, 1938, p. 10)

All human interaction can be stripped down to battles for power, on macro and micro levels. Power in this usage means the ability to influence our social environment to our personal advantage. The study authors define power as…

> …an individual's relative capacity to modify others' states by providing or withholding resources or administering punishments. This capacity is the product of the actual resources and punishments the individual can deliver to others.
>
> Resources and punishments can be material (food, money, economic opportunity, physical harm, or job termination) **and social (knowledge, affection, friendship, decision-making opportunities, verbal abuse, or ostracism)**. The value of resources or punishments reflects other individuals' dependence on those resources.
>
> The perceived freedom with which individuals can deliver resources and punishments to others also influences the individual's level of power. Beliefs about the exercise of power figure prominently in cultural values and morals…as well as attitudes within personal relationships. Beliefs about the freedom to exercise power can come into conflict with the actual resources and punishments the individual can deliver to others—a tension that we elaborate on later.

Emphasis mine. Game largely resides in the domain of social resources and punishments, ie mindfucking.

If social status is power, what is status?

> Our definition also distinguishes power from related constructs. Status is the outcome of an evaluation of attributes that produces differences in respect and prominence. Status in part determines the allocation of resources within groups and, by implication, each individual's power. However, it is possible to have power without status (e.g., the corrupt politician) and status without relative power (e.g., a readily identified religious leader in line at the Department of Motor Vehicles). Authority is power that derives from institutionalized roles or arrangements, but power can exist in the absence of formal roles (e.g., within informal groups). Dominance is behavior that has the acquisition of power as its end, yet power can be attained without performing acts of dominance (e.g., leaders who attain their positions through their cooperative and fair-minded style). Thus status, authority, and dominance are all potential determinants of power as we define it.

In seduction, a man's status, authority, and dominance are each alone highly arousing to women, but together they create the archetypal powerful alpha male which few women can resist. See: our President.

Let's dig into the relevant meat of the paper that addresses, if obliquely, the power dynamics between alpha and beta males as pertains to pickup and approaching women.

> Of the many objects of social attention, we will focus on three: rewards or punishments, other individuals, and the self. We propose that high-power individuals, who are disposed to approach, will attend to potential rewards rather than to threats and as a consequence will construe others through a lens of self-interest. In contrast, low-power individuals will be more sensitive to threats than rewards and will therefore construe themselves vis-a`-vis others' interests.

Alphas don't see women as a threat and expect good reactions (rewards) from approaching women, so they feel less inhibited. They are embodiments of male privilege, feeling entitled to rewards from women and seeing them as avenues to fulfill their self-interest. Naturally, women reward these entitled privileged men because women are attracted to confident men.

Betas see every interaction with women as a potential mine field of shame and humiliation and rejection, so they're more cautious and fearful of approaching women. Betas are also overly empathic and concerned with women's feelings; they are the opposite of entitled, always assessing their own actions for how they may impact others' feelings. This is why PUAs say betas "live in their heads" which gets in the way of their romantic success.

> A related prediction is that elevated power will increase the tendency to perceive rewards and opportunities in ambiguous acts and interactions (Hypothesis 6). One suggestive line of studies finds that men, who might be assumed to occupy positions of elevated power, perceive sexual interest in women's ambiguous behavior.

Self-entitled men do better with women because they're more likely to bust a move, perceiving sexual interest from women where there might not be any. This is an advantageous self-deception because 1. it motivates approaching women which increases his romantic opportunities and 2. it projects supreme self-confidence which is attractive to women.

> A complementary prediction is that low-power individuals will perceive themselves as a means to the ends of high-power individuals, or as the instrument of others' goals and desires. […]
>
> We have posited that high-power individuals selectively attend to rewards and how others satisfy self-interests, whereas low-power individuals attend to punishment and threat and construe the self through a lens of others' interests.

Alphas are a means to their own ends.
Betas are a means to others' ends.

This has sexual market implications.

Betas need to be more selfish to succeed at attracting women.
Alphas can become too selfish and sabotage their relationships (platonic and romantic). Often, alphas could benefit from being more selfless.

> The approach system modulates processes related to eating, offensive aggression, and sexual behavior. Power should therefore increase the performance of approach related behaviors in these and other domains. Power should prompt the performance of simple approach behaviors (Hypothesis 18), such as entering the social space of others and initiating physical contact. Indeed, high levels of touching behavior correlate with being male, being older, and having higher SES. Studies of adults and children indicate that high-status, powerful individuals are more likely to approach subordinates at interpersonal distances that indicate intimacy.

Game concept vindicated: kino escalation. Get physical sooner rather than later if you want to improve your meet-to-lay ratio with women.

> …high-power individuals should be more likely to engage in aggressive acts (Hypothesis 24). Several research literatures lend support to this prediction. Across contexts (e.g., school playgrounds, hospital settings, and summer camps), high-status individuals are more likely to tease (rather than avoid the potentially offensive teasing in the first place), and when they tease, they do so in more hostile ways. In one study of heterosexual and homosexual relationships, the partner who was less committed to the relationship, and therefore more powerful, was more likely to bully the partner.

Bullying is a cue for power. This helps explain why women are attracted to, and stay with, assholes: assholery is a proxy for power, which in a man is a highly attractive trait.

> We have not portrayed power in a flattering light. High-power individuals tend to act in ways that disregard conventions, morals, and the effects on others. Yet approach-related behavior can be of a more prosocial nature, and our analysis and the supportive findings of Chen and colleagues (2001) do suggest that high-power individuals will engage in behaviors that violate social norms in prosocial ways. Some of these behaviors include intervening in emergencies or helping others in distress, mediating conflicts, and expressing approval and affection.

I can think of one other, very topical, prosocial way that powerful men violate social norms: speaking ugly truth to globohomo power.

> High-need-for-power individuals engaged in profligate gambling, drinking, and sexual licentiousness less often when two kinds of life events enhanced their accountability: having younger siblings and becoming a parent. In fact, the social responsibilities tied to having a younger sibling or being a parent led high-power individuals to engage in more prosocial, approach-related behaviors, such as involvement in voluntary organizations. More generally, we would predict that accountability would lead to less approach-related emotion, more attention to others, and more careful cognition in high-power individuals.

Unsurprisingly to anyone who isn't a liberal, accountability regulates the expression of power. Relaxing accountability leads to more abuses of power (see for example, the modren American woman).

Accountability is enhanced by younger siblings and parenthood. This should send up a red flag. In European Christendom, White family sizes are shrinking and parenthood is delayed. The consequence will be powerful

people expressing their power in less prosocial ways and with more self-gratifying impulsivity.

> High-power individuals may be more likely to stereotype others or perceive homogeneity in their social worlds because those with less power inhibit the expression of their actual attitudes.

Weak, spineless soyboys and low value skanky pussyhatters cling to kumbaya universalism because they don't have the balls nor the smv to express their true feelings.

When do the powerful fall? When their disinhibition becomes pathological:

> The very individuals who might keep in check this pattern of [high-power individuals'] behaviors, those with less power, are constrained in thought, word, and action.
>
> This analysis just as readily reveals the conditions for social change: The excesses of powerful leaders—their propensity for disinhibited behavior and stereotypic, error-prone social perceptions—

Virtue signaling leftoid equalists.

> are certain to feed into the processes that lead to changes in leadership.

Hello, Deep State!

> These speculations make contact with social psychology's longstanding interest in authority and group dynamics, as seen in Lewin, Lippitt, and White's (1939) early investigation of authoritarian and egalitarian playgroups; Sherif, Harvey, White, Hood, and Sherif's (1961) Robbers Cave experiment; Janis's (1972) discussion of groupthink; and Emerson's (1962) lasting observation that low-power individuals constrain the actions of high-power individuals by affording them respect and status and thus controlling their public reputation.

Rescinding the respect and status that low-power people accord high-power people will render the latter less powerful. Or, to put it in Heartistian terms, The Mocking Shiv will Save the West.

It Happened

CH · 21 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> I hereby demand, and will do so officially tomorrow, that the Department of Justice look into whether or not the FBI/DOJ infiltrated or surveilled the Trump Campaign for Political Purposes – and if any such demands or requests were made by people within the Obama Administration!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) May 20, 2018

From Electric Pence,

> He has his cabinet, the courts are filled to the gills with right-wing judges, the FBI/CIA's public reputation is in ashes, thousands of indictments are ready against the Swamp. Everything the Deep State does from here on out will be the death throes of the most corrupt secret bureaucracy in history.
>
> Trump is ready for war.

As are we, his standing army of American citizens fed up with Globohomo sedition.

PS Because I am proud of the warriors I send out into the world, a short mention here that Chuck Ross — former commenter at the Chateau — is delivering some great reporting on the breaking story of the Dirty Deep State's coup attempt against President Trump.

Note that the Degenerate Freak Mafia tried to take Chuck out for his past realtalk on his personal blog and here on this blog, but they have failed. Chuck is now instrumental in helping to bring down the Clinton-Bush-Obama-Deep State nexus.

When CH sends its soldiers to do battle, we only send the best.

PPS Bonus shiv:

PPPS greginaurora writes,

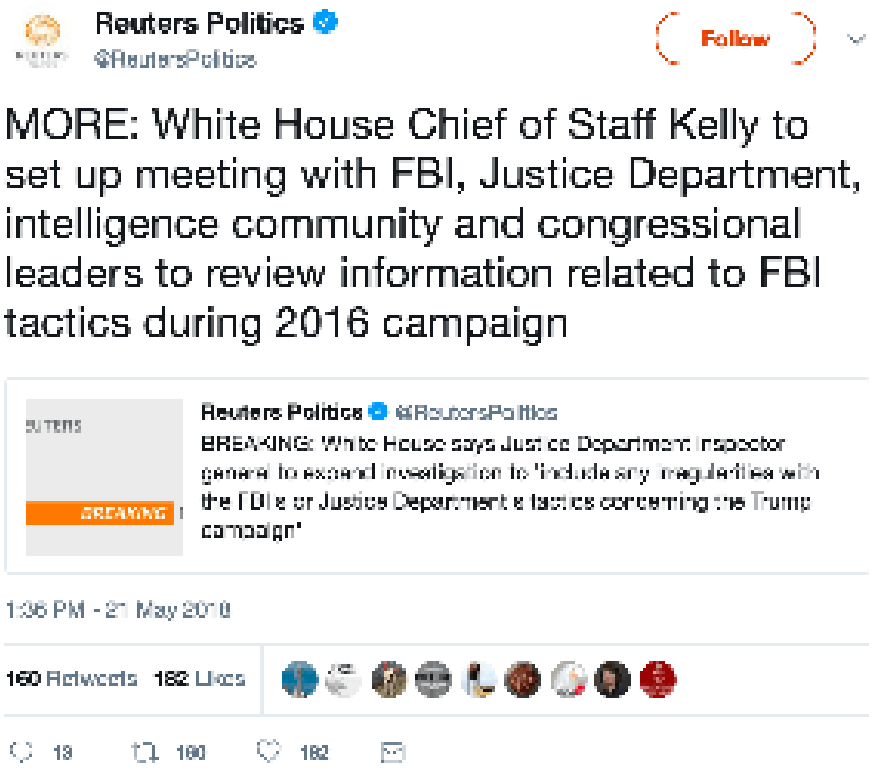
> Unless I misjudge the man, calling for action means he's already assured of success. That's why I love his tweets so much; in battlefield terms, he doesn't deploy his battlelines until he's already guaranteed their win against the enemy.

yup:

> Move slowly, carefully — and then strike like the fastest animal on the planet!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) September 20, 2013

PPPPS How do I love thee God Emperor? Let me count the ways…starting with this (authentic) headline posted at the whitehouse.gov website:

PPPPPS More happening:



Greg Eliot, do you have another Turd Pill to share with us at this moment?

How To Recapture Converged SJW Leftoid Organizations

CH · 22 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment from R.G. Camara,

> There are really only two ways to defeat SJWs once they take over an organization:
>
> 1. Let the institution die a slow, painful death while you build another one and keep SJWs out.
>
> 2. A massive, one time, blitzkreig strategic/tactical attack where you and some very trusted allies remove all SJWs in one fell swoop—a purge of immense magnitude and blinding speed to prevent any form of defense.
>
> For the blue print on the latter, see how the NRA took the organization back from the SJWs in 1977, in what is now termed "The Cincinnati Revolution".
>
> If Trump is playing the latter game….expect it to happen in a flash. He knows if he leaves any significant number of SJWs around, they will redouble and use every means necessary—including unleashing black mobs, calling for UN intervention, and releasing gas and biological attacks—to fight the purge.
>
> Either way, the SJWs will desperately try to paint it as a "Night of the Long Knives."

For a real-time example of a once-admired American institution utterly surrendering to the Veil of SJW Darkness, see the Boy Skirts (née Boy Scouts), which has allowed homosexual scout leaders and girls into the fold, and now requires the availability of condoms to all participants at its global gathering.

The Soy Scouts is lost to us. There's no salvation that doesn't involve a mass cleansing of the filth that has infiltrated the organization. Evoking Camara's point number one, White men and their sons will have to create parallel male-bonding institutions free of the freakqualist poz, and then make sure not even one bitter beauty-destroying leftoid is allowed into the ranks.

Point number two is of course a lot faster and a lot more fun, if inflicting mass casualties on shitlib psyches is your thing (and why wouldn't it be?).

I hoped that Trump would execute his version of the Cincinnati Revolution the day he took office, but he either felt it was necessary to wait and lull his enemies into the CROSSFIRE HURRICANE zone, or he really didn't know what he was up against until enough betrayals of trust and basic Constitutional guarantees had accumulated and cleared his mind of the nature of his enemy. Whatever his motivation, I hope that he is about to unleash Hell now that the Dirty Deep State has finally revealed its scaly underbelly.

A third way — one that is slow, laborious, but ultimately long-lasting and preserving of the traditions and organizations that leftoids have corrupted — is an equal and opposite march through the institutions by a Standing Shitlord Army. This is the bloodless way, but truthfully I think we've run out of time for it; the counter-MTTI needed to happen at least a couple decades ago. Now it's too late. Leftoid Equalism has dug in too deep, has closed off too many avenues for redress, and painfully slow substitutions of leftoids for sane people won't come quick enough to pre-empt Civil War II.

My bet is that the future of America will be a combination of #1 and #2 — parallel reactionary institutions flowering and multiplying, while a few SJW captured organizations fall to a Night of Long Gibes — followed by cultural and then political regionalism that essentially heralds the end of America as a united nation.

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 22 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Brutality! The Shiv Mart called…

…and they have run out of shivs!

The Double-Edged Sword Of Identity Politics

CH · 23 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Leftoids love identity politics — less euphemistically, race and sex politics — because to date they've been able to exploit nonWhite and feminist shrike tribalism (aka identity) to advance their political goals, which is basically the destruction of European Christendom.

Inciting chauvinist and tribal feelings in women and minorities against White men has worked out well for the Left, because Whites are the least tribal race on earth and therefore the most susceptible to accusations of privilege and oppression and to pleas for warped notions of fairness that handicap Whites to the benefit of the anti-Whites.

But I've noticed something simmering in the last few years, as realtalk about race and sex has seeped into the neural crevices of the Chaimstream Media hivemind. That old anti-identity politics Boomer meme is finding new purchase in the rhetoric of the goyennes of acceptable discourse. You're gonna hear in the coming months and years a lot more calls to "abandon identity politics" from the Left and the CuckRight (but I repeat myself), and the reason is simple: they're afraid. Afraid that White men are embracing identity politics with the same eagerness that nonWhites and women have embraced it. The Left wielded a double-edged identity politics sword and now that blade is swinging back at them.

And that's gonna kill the Left's identity politics cash cow for good, because White men (as distinguished from ((((fellow white men)))) organizing politically and culturally for their own benefit means White men resisting their psychological and economic fleecing and disrupting for good the host-parasite relationship that has been the primary feature of the Anglosphere since WWI.

I thought of this post and wrote it before I was informed by commenter redone that Chris Langan, the American with supposedly the highest tested IQ in the world, recently wrote the following about identity politics, mirroring what I wrote above,

> My view on identity politics is that it can be justified only if everyone of any ethnicity is entitled to participate, in which case it is necessary for all (because failing to assert it, as when White people of European ancestry fail to assert it lest they be branded as "racists", means leaving oneself and one's group defenseless against competition for resources and opportunity). Alternatively, lest any group be denied its identity while others assert their own, group identity must be equitably denied to everyone.
>
> Human identity is stratified, and thus has both individual and group levels. Accordingly, we can (and sometimes must) reason in terms of group identity. But when group self-identification is officially granted to some groups yet denied to others against which they compete, this can only result in imbalance and injustice. For example, when some overpopulating groups which have overtaxed their own resources by reproductive incontinence and homegrown oligarchy are allowed to migrate into the sovereign territories of worldwide ethnic minorities – e.g., people of European descent – and enjoy special "oppressed" status whereby they reap special benefits such as free food, free housing, free education, free healthcare, affirmative action, reproductive subsidies, and special treatment under the law, and are even credited with moral superiority due to their alleged "oppression", this can result in the destruction of the national, cultural, and ethnic identity of the hosts, leading ultimately to their extinction. Incoming groups which assert their own collective identities while denying their hosts any reciprocal right of political group cohesion thus amount to noxious, invasive, and ultimately lethal socioeconomic parasites. Obviously, any governmental authority which enforces or encourages such asymmetry – e.g., the European Union – is illegitimate.
>
> Bear in mind that once we cease to treat individuals as individuals *per se*, thus allowing members of their respective groups to assert their ethnic, cultural, or religious (etc.) identities against their "oppressors", their group properties and statistics are automatically opened to scrutiny and comparative analysis. For example, if after several generations of special treatment in the educational sphere (compulsory school integration, special

> programs, modifications of educational procedure, racially defined college admission preferences, etc.), a particular “oppressed” group fails as a whole to outgrow these measures, its members are no longer entitled to exemption from objective characterization in terms of associated group statistics; if one wants to enjoy the social benefits attending ethically loaded group-defined properties like “belonging to an oppressed group”, one must submit to rational policies formed on the basis of not just individual assessment, but empirically confirmed group-defined properties such as “belonging to a group exhibiting a relatively low mean IQ and a tendency to violently disrupt the educational environment”. Continuing to pursue racially parameterized measures of human worth and achievement can only lead to personal injustice, social degradation, and biological degeneration (because such measures inevitably supplant any rational form of social, economic, and reproductive selection).
>
> In short, identity politics should either be shut down immediately, or the majority populations of Europe and North America should be encouraged to assert their own ethnic and cultural identities and group interests with full force. Any governmental, academic, religious, or media authority which tries to prevent it is clearly unworthy of respect and obedience.

Or: Diversity + Proximity = War.

White men built up a huge store of seed corn in America, so we’ve had the luxury of putting our virtue signaling preening into policy without knee-capping ourselves in the competition for resources and opportunity, but that’s changing with the swiftness of the demographic change in America to minority White and with the boldness of nonWhites to demand ever more concessions and obeisance from Whites.

When identity politics battlespace dominance is achieved, and this time is coming sooner than most would like to think, we will see a rapid reorientation of American society and politics that will make the present age seem like a three day acid trip from historical reality. A political and societal asymmetry is inherently unstable, and will resolve in short order with one or more sides capitulating in abject submission to the dominant group, or all groups vying unabashedly for power and fighting for their own group-defined interests.

Now personally, I don’t relish a society structured solely around identity politics. It’s gauche, claustrophobic, miserably stressful, and a mockery of the transcendent. But damned if I’m gonna idly sit by as every other group looks out for themselves at my group’s expense. That’s a suicide pact. But the only way out of this inevitability is to restore Whites to demographic primacy in their homelands, from which perch Whites can safely and confidently eschew identity politics without risk of parasitic infection.

My idea of a great country to live in:

One that’s so explicitly homogeneous that these implicit identity conundrums never need addressing.

The Danes seem to understand better than most NW Europeans the value of what I say. Denmark recently passed an immigration law that sets “an annual limit of 1,000 persons on new citizenships, whereby there will be a premise that people from Western cultures are given a higher ranking”. (code word for the White race)

The Danes have decided to stop paying the Danegeld and have gone full 1924 Immigration Act.

We can hope America follows Denmark’s lead in returning to her own roots in that civilization affirming 1924 Immigration Act which has so conveniently been flushed down the memory hole by those who would rather see America drowned under a deluge of alien invaders constitutionally incompatible with and derisive of the historical American ideals and habits.

CH Maxim: The Vicarious Woman

CH · 23 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

everybodylovesscott leaves a comment that allows me to segue to a new CH Maxim:

> *throw off the yoke, don't get married and get a motorcycle. That would at least be a start.*
>
> Getting a motorcycle and hitting the gym can increase your SMV by 2 points in less than 6 months. Bike game is EASY. Chicks dig them. Don't get a Harley; they're for fat middle aged men (unless you are a fat middle aged man).
>
> "But EBHS, Bikes are dangerous"
>
> That's what makes them attractive numbskull. Chicks dig guys willing to risk death for a bit of adrenaline.

CH Maxim #102: Nothing interesting would happen in a woman's life if she didn't have a man making it happen.

Make a woman's life interesting, and she will reward you with the one interesting aspect of her that she has to offer……..

.

.

.

.

her love.

The Unaccomplished Millennial

CH · 23 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Jim Christian writes about his life, contrasting the seeming generational decline between his time and the time of Millennials in accumulated life experiences and accomplishments,

> I don't owe young men anything, but I'll offer in this informal setting, my experiences and impressions of the day. If rooting for the end of the world, they better think twice. They take a lot for granted, including their own experience and capacity to fight back and do murder themselves. For a morsel of food. Because that's what the end looks like. Doods bad-ass enough to cope in THAT end-game situation ain't sitting here raving about Baby Boomers. Millennials are creeping up on thirty or thirty five now? Time to finally grow up kids. Jesus, I'd done 10 years sports, cutting grass and working at McDonalds as a kid, then 51/2 years aboard flight decks, 200,000 miles on motorcycles, a marriage, two houses, a kid, a divorce, and two or three or four careers and dozens and dozens and dozens of chicks by 35. And that was just getting started. Most of us have similar lists of "accomplishments' by such an age.
>
> But then, we didn't have 'smart phones', liberal-based CATV and 16 years of SJW training, K-12 and 4 at college like a Millennial. Maybe that's where they're hamstrung and THAT I can't help them with other than to say to throw off the yoke, don't get married and get a motorcycle. That would at least be a start.

Millennials are both the most narcissistic American generation in recent history, and the generation with the least accomplishments and real world life experiences that don't require viewing through a screen.

What happens when you combine pathological narcissism with an absence of the experiences and accomplishments that would justify the narcissism?

No worries. This is all about to change with the blitzkrieg of Generation Zyklon.

Via PA, a Millennial millennializes,

> A good comment by a Millennial few months back:
>
> I'd say that Millennials are the generation of escapism. Stockholm Syndrome is just a subset of that. Our generation was presented with a world that was entirely a lie (and was apparent to us as such), but with no

> alternative leading to the truth. So as a generation we avoided reality. Many did this by embracing the lie, such as the Stockholm Syndrome group you mentioned. Others escaped into video gaming. Others obsessed over their childhood such as Harry Potter, and many live with their parents.
>
> The strength of conviction of the Millennial progs is not because they truly believe, but is born of their desperate fear of reality. For Millennials, reality is too terrible to face.

If you don't acknowledge reality, reality automatically works against you. Escapism is a short term alleviation that will create a more painful long-term reckoning. Some Millennials have it in them to fight against their own generation's current, but it'll be Gen Zyklon which has to deal with the reckoning and it will mold their character and make them stronger than they now know.

Is Game A Zero Sum Activity?

CH · 25 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Heritage Blogger A to the E has a good post up about the sexlessness of Millennials (a paradox in an age of overt sexual degeneracy and proud slut walks), in which he pulls the polls (heh) to uncover data on women's idea of what constitutes sexual harassment.

> The following graph is sourced from a Reuters-Ipsos poll asking women if they consider unwanted compliments about appearance to be sexual harassment. The results, by age ("don't know" responses are excluded, N = 1,958:

You can go there at the link to view the graphs. Basically, the percentage of women who think unwanted compliments about appearance are sexual harassment drops linearly and precipitously with age, confirming the age-old Chateau wisdom that the hungry dog loves table scraps while the well-fed dog turns his nose up at a buffet.

> What is deemed "unwanted [compliments]" is entirely up to the subjective judgment of the woman in question. It's tough for men to gauge whether or not the compliment is wanted or unwanted until after it is made.
>
> This makes apprehension manifesting as approach anxiety relevant again for men. Exploding Muhammads excepted, today it's relevant not because the woman's brother or father might put a shiv in your ribs for approaching, as was the case earlier in human history. It's relevant instead because the woman who is approached may decide not only is the one who approached her beneath her attention, but he should suffer for thinking she'd have anything to do with him.

American beta and omega males (the latter group housing your typical incel) have it tougher today than they have in a long long while. Not only are American women fatter and more obnoxious, and older when they do decide to grace a beta male with a pre-Wall impact relationship, but the discount bints are more cruelly sadistic against the bottom 80% of American men who impertinently hit on them.

> For alphas, this isn't that big of a deal, though it carries risks even for them. For lesser betas and omegas, however, it's ruinous.

Incel hate is punching down. I wonder if libs understand that? (they do, they don't care, they're unprincipled). I mock pretentious losers. I help honest losers trying to better themselves. My blog is a guidebook to lift incels out of celibacy, to lift omegas to betas, to lift betas to alphas, and to remind them all that what alphas possess isn't unknowable or unlearnable. Never have the beta male masses needed Game wisdom more than now, when women have been let loose to wreak havoc on the sexual market and in turn on civilization.

> The following graph shows the percentages of women, by race and presidential vote, who consider unwanted compliments about appearance to be sexual harassment. Sample sizes for blacks, Hispanics, and Asians are too small to break out separately so they are combined and presented here as "non-white":

No surprises in that graph. Female Trump voters are far less offended by "unwanted compliments about their appearance" than are female thecunt voters. This skew applies almost as notably to White Trump and thecunt voters.

Why? Well, shitlib women are snowflakes with fragile egos. Shitlib women are also, on average, uglier than Trump women. Ugly women tend to get unwanted compliments from soyboys, noodle-armed male feminists, fat depraved challahwood producers, and swarthy quasimodos, so they get real bitter real fast about the whole male-female

courtship dynamic, and sublimate their frustrations in the PoundMeToo movement.

Also unsurprising to anyone who's lived a day in his life, White women are considerably less likely than nonWhite women to say unwanted compliments about appearance constitute sexual harassment. This is because nonWhite women receive most of those compliments in the form of cat-calling from their nonWhite men.

As AE mentioned, some of this skew is due to older women supporting Trump and younger single women supporting thecunt, but not all of the skew. Differences in female attractiveness and the (relatively) lower attractiveness of nonWhite men account for some of the bias. Call it the Chad Effect.

Commenters IHTG and Chris Lutz bring up another salient reason for the readily aggrieved spitefulness of the careerist shrike:

> *Familiarity breeds contempt?*

Familiarity breeds verklempft, for those who work in entertainment, media, or finance.

> IHTG, I was thinking the same thing. I think there are a host of reasons.
>
> 1. Your point. You deal with women all day. You want to deal with them later in more social situations?
>
> 2. Prevalence of porn.
>
> 3. The loose sexual mores have created a situation where it's the Alphas getting the girls and the rest are stuck on the sidelines.
>
> 4. Toxic feminism which makes interacting with women in social situations legally dangerous.
>
> Sexualizing everything has killed sex.

Too much asexual time around women, as would be the case in a sterile office environment, corrupts the frisson between the sexes that is necessary for romance. Men and women need each other to be a little mysterious to the opposite sex to fully charge the libido.

AE's post aside, my attention was caught by sid's comment, recapitulating a common refrain I hear from Game skeptics.

> In a number of blue cities in North America, especially those in tech, talking up women is honestly more trouble than it's worth. I could repeat what everyone has said here, but why bother? You all know what I'm talking about.
>
> For a lot of guys, the best that happens is that they get laid more frequently. To do so, you need to scour your ego with an acid bath, talking with girls who honestly have few positive qualities but a lot of entitlement, snarkiness, and just plain rude behavior.
>
> At worst, you can be accused of sexual harassment and rape, the definitions of which become blurier every month.

I've found that if you're a charming mofo, girls are unlikely to wake up in the morning thinking about lodging a false rape accusation against you.

> After a certain point, spending your free time playing video games and watching pornography is a whole lot less painful and not all that much more shallow of a way to while away your hours.

If you have a high libido and a silver tongue, porn and vidja won't sufficiently scratch your hedonistic itch.

> I think pornography is corrosive to the male mind, and while the occasional video game isn't bad, you're

> definitely not living up to your potential if you're playing 100 hour long fetch quests. Even so, I can't call either activity all that much better or worse than talking with a feminist woman in hopes of getting a date.

Porn and vid are dangerous because they co-opt the dopamine channels in male brains, squatting there by spoofing the rewards of sexual conquest and status acquisition.

> What is to be done? I frequent manosphere and PUA forums and blogs far, far less frequently than I used to, but I don't think I've heard a solid answer.
>
> Game and self-improvement only go so far. Both are essentially zero-sum endeavors on the dating market, though I guess the average guy being able to talk to a girl competently MIGHT make the dating market more egalitarian. I don't know.

Game isn't a zero sum activity. Think on this analogy: Imagine the cosmic overlord snapped his fingers and every American woman became an HB10. The sum total of happy arousal in men would increase beyond the environment's carrying capacity. Boners would pop far and wide, jizz would flow like the Nile. (gross but needfully vivid) There would be an increase in the sum total of male joy.

Likewise for Game. More charismatic men means an increase in the sum total of female joy.

If you want to nerd out and summon your Inner Darwin, sure, after many generations there would be sexual selection effects that re-establish a natural SMV hierarchy. Today's HB10s would become the distant future's plain janes. Over time, picky alpha males would choose to wife up and impregnate HB10++s, while regular HB10s sob tears of feminist butthurt, and the contours of a female SMV belle curve would reappear. Same for the charismatic men; today's charming jerkboys would evolve to tomorrow's hypnotizing jerkboys.

After all, there were hot cavewomen millennia ago who turned all the cavemen's eyes, but today that poor cavewoman transposed into our modren sexual market would be alone and unloved, barely an SMV notch above Amanjaw Marcuntte.

But none of that really matters much to the man living now, in this gineline. He learns Game, he gets more and better quality attention from women. A fat woman loses weight, she gets more and better quality attention from men.

Speaking of zero sum activity, here's Scott Adams on the desperate sophistry of a cornered Deep State:

> Four things to understand about SPYGATE: 1) There was no spy in the Trump campaign. 2) The spying that did NOT happen was totally justified. 3) It would be bad for national security to identify the spy who doesn't exist. 4) His name is Stefan. #SPYGATE
>
> — Scott Adams (@ScottAdamsSays) May 23, 2018

Once Again, ¡SCIENCE! Corroborates Dread Game

CH · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Dread Game is the CH term for mindfucking girls into loving you deeper, harder, longer. In so many words. The concept is simple: when a girl thinks you, as a man, have romantic options, and you are able to indirectly (sometimes directly) communicate your high SMV and attendant options to her, she'll work harder to keep you pleased.

In short, women value men who are valued.

(In tautologies, there are great truths. Women appraise the mate value of a man in large part by proxy; that is, how attractive he is to other women, particularly to other attractive women.)

Over the years, SCIENCE has galloped side by side with Game, confirming over and over and over again the field observations of Game-wielding men.

Add another lovestudy to the mix of scientific evidence giving weight to Game principles: Insecure people tend to behave more morally. (scroll down to #9 in the list)

> Insecurity is generally thought of as a drawback, but it is not entirely bad. People who feel insecure about whether they have some positive trait tend to try to prove that they do have it.

Hamster strife, happy wife.

> Those who are unsure of their generosity, for example, are more likely to donate money to a good cause.

"Women who are unsure of their attractiveness or lovability, for example, are more likely to donate morning blowjobs to a manipulative jerkboy."

> **This behavior can be elicited experimentally by giving subjects negative feedback—for instance, "According to our tests, you are less helpful and cooperative than average."** People dislike hearing such judgments and end up feeding the donation box.

Dread for life, happy wife.

(if you haven't noticed, I love messing around with that pussy pedestal aphorism "happy wife, happy life".)

> Drazen Prelec, a psychologist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, explains such findings with his theory of self-signaling: what a particular action says about me is often more important than the action's actual objective. More than a few people have stuck with a diet because they did not want to *appear* weak-willed. Conversely, it has been empirically established that those who are sure that they are generous, intelligent or sociable make less effort to prove it. **Too much self-assurance makes people complacent and increases the chasm between the self that they imagine and the self that is real.** Therefore, those who think they know

> themselves well are particularly apt to know themselves less well than they think.

Read: Too much betaboy appeasement and supplication and approval seeking makes a woman complacently self-assured and increases the chasm between her vagina and his penis.

As a reader wrote, “put her in the defensive crouch and she’ll be a better partner to you.” That’s Dread Game, now autistically validated by the labcoats. If your girl thinks that by your uxorious behavior she owns you, heart and soul, she’ll put in less effort to prove she’s worth your love. And by “less effort”, I mean less sex, in fewer positions, for shorter durations, accompanied by fake moans and missing pussy squirts.

So if you want a happy, loving relationship with a sexy babe, make her insecure about something that matters to her. Hit her with a neg or two like a daily multivitamin, and watch in wonder as she works hard to prove she can not only excite your love, but keep it too.

***

#1 in that link’s list of ten psychological biases neatly explains the leftoid mentality.

> ***1. Your perspective on yourself is distorted.***
>
> Your “self” lies before you like an open book. Just peer inside and read: who you are, your likes and dislikes, your hopes and fears; they are all there, ready to be understood. This notion is popular but is probably completely false! Psychological research shows that we do not have privileged access to who we are. When we try to assess ourselves accurately, we are really poking around in a fog. […]
>
> The way we view ourselves is distorted, but we do not realize it. As a result, our self-image has surprisingly little to do with our actions. For example, we may be absolutely convinced that we are empathetic and generous but still walk right past a homeless person on a cold day.
>
> The reason for this distorted view is quite simple, according to Pronin. **Because we do not *want* to be stingy, arrogant or self-righteous, we assume that we are not any of those things.** As evidence, she points to our divergent views of ourselves and others. We have no trouble recognizing how prejudiced or unfair our office colleague acts toward another person. But we do not consider that we could behave in much the same way: because we *intend* to be morally good, it never occurs to us that we, too, might be prejudiced.

This is another way to describe psychological projection, a cognitive affliction to which liberals are famously susceptible. We not only conceive ourselves in unearned glowing terms, we too easily see in others the faults and vices that we ourselves possess.

Leftoids are known to be less charitable than conservatives, but more sanctimonious about their self-perceived charitable impulses than are conservatives. In the undrained swamp that is the shitlib mind, status accrues through moral preening (virtue signaling), so shitlibs, objectively less charitable, generous, and tolerant than conservatives, are nonetheless — because of their trade in virtue and lifestyle status rather than financial or achievement status — MORE interested in propping up a righteous self-image which results in a BIGGER DISCONNECT between the misanthropic liberal action and the inflated liberal ego than would be evident in the typical conservative.

This action-ego disconnect is also known by the term COGNITIVE DISSONANCE, and it’s why gated community liberals, limousine liberals, trust fund hipster liberals, 1%er liberals, credentialist suckup liberals, SJW liberals, and striver SWPL liberals (aka GoodWhites) have a pathological compulsion to slander conservatives and flyover bumpkins (aka BadWhites) with the vices and bad traits that liberals themselves copiously evince.

It also harmoniously explains why Challahwood — the world’s leading cesspit of depravity and narcissistic malevolence — has spent decades pumping out bilge that subverts normal Gentile values and lifestyles. Bravely “exposing” and undermining the bucolic normie way of life allows these agitprop scumbags to project their own degeneracy onto those whose simple good-hearted existence is a reminder that the merchants of malice aren’t the

paragons of saintliness they imagine themselves.

President Trump's Amused Mastery

CH · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From a Gabber:

> *Decent people view an apology as a positive gesture and usually reciprocate with the same level of generosity and good faith.*
>
> *Leftists however view any apology as (1) an admission of Guilt and (2) a sign of Weakness that needs to be exploited.*
>
> *Never apologize to Leftists.*
>
> This is one of the big reasons Donald Trump drives the Left into such a frothing rage. He never apologizes, never admits guilt and appears to have no sense of shame whatsoever — and he keeps getting away with it no matter how loudly they scream and stomp their feet. Their entire schtick revolves around shame and guilt: when the Commander in Chief refuses to go along with their show trial, it shows just how impotent they really are.

In Game terminology, what Trump displays is the attitude known as Amused Mastery. It's the demeanor of a man who brushes away impertinence from his lessers, shit tests from women, and screeching indignation from the media. He answers shaming tactics with shamelessness, phony opprobrium with ridicule, and smarmy moralism with Chad-crafted nicknames.

What he doesn't do is get defensive, apologize, or supplicate to his would-be inquisitors to gain their favor (or a brief reprieve from their hate). Trump's attitude is all alpha, with the tiniest of beta morsels occasionally thrown in to utterly disorient his detractors and, more crucially, to peel away more fence-sitters to his side, the kind of disengaged normies who can't understand why the media is crying hitlerwolf for the millionth time because Ivanka posted a touching photo of herself cuddling with her little boy.

SpyGate: The Scandal

CH · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Let's cut to the chase: The Democrats and the Deep State, under the aegis of President Gay Mulatto and with the knowledge and assistance of the Clinton Crime Family and select GOPe traitors, authorized and administered the spying, surveillance, infiltration, and evidence planting of a political opponent's campaign, motivated by the desire to ensure that opponent's election loss or to delegitimize his election win.

Only in Clown World is this not a huge scandal that dwarfs Watergate.

HELLO CHAIMSTREAM MEDIA? WHY SO SILENT?

The Inherent Womanliness Of Leftoidism

CH · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This isn't a new insight to regular guests of Le Chateau, but it bears repeating as we descend swiftly into the leftoid abattoir where the blood and bones of murdered civilizations are collected.

The photo and quote from Dr Unabomber above illustrate the insight nicely: leftoids have a strong submissiveness urge, which is why I liken the male leftoids to women. Part of the desire to submit is a desire to "feel alive" through masochistic suffering. Aggressive or active submission, you could call it, and it is an innate quality in women who evolved the urge so that they are maximally attracted to powerful dominant men. Aggressive submission is also an evolved strategy of the weak and puerile, who must resort to it in place of the direct confrontations which they can't win.

In leftoids, this urge has turned pathological, and because of its inherent womanly nature the males of the Left are often feminized, emasculated passive-aggressive brats like David Hogg. In the females of the Left, the masochistic compulsion manifests as a spiteful hatred toward the weak males of the Left who are the primary opposite sex company of leftoid females. Unrequited submissiveness can make a woman very hateful against the males incapable of satisfying her primal sexual and romantic desires, (and very confused when the leftoid female is aroused to sudden surrender by the tonic masculinity of a Trumpian Chad).

Kaczynski called this self-hatred, but in fact it's very much self-love; the twisted self-love of the weak who protect their egos by summoning power from the supine position.

The way to defeat the armies of aggressively submissive leftoids is to cut their rhetorical gordian knot and defang their street theater with unremitting, merciless mockery. Deflate their pretensions, and with their social status robbed from them the allure of strategic submission is dispelled.

The Sun Sets On The West, Abbreviated Version

CH · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There is more accumulated wisdom in one day's worth of /pol/ posts than there is in decades' worth of Carlos Slim Times agitprop.

Of Soyboys And Manjaws

CH · 29 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Is the sexual polarity reversing? And if so, what does it mean for society?

The science and social observation bear out a strange and creepy merging of the sexes in America toward an androgynous unisex of masculinized females and feminized males. I am on record as perhaps being the first among dissident thought kings to notice the emergence of a cultural hermaphroditism (a touch of the 'ditism).

> Every which way you measure the health of America, she is declining, except for the stock portfolios of the 1% ruling elite. One is tempted to draw a connection between the flowering androgyny of the Anglosphere people and the loss of confidence and faith in the historical Western project. The ubermensch is not a Nordic warrior; he is a doughy whiner and a shrieking termagant begging for annihilation at the hands of the uruk hai. […]
>
> A world of ballbusting manjaws and pudding pop nancyboys is about as far from divinely inspired beauty as fallen man can sink.

Note that John Scalzi's bra is unpadded.

While research is scant, I believe based on what I see happening around me that this cultural androgynization has a biological component as well. Unfortunately, it's hard to fund research exploring possible biological changes in the sexes without running afoul of the Phalanx of the Foul. Data on generational sperm count levels are relatively simple to collect, but what about the enlargement of women's jaws or the narrowing of women's hips? Just try and get a grant for that study.

I bring this subject up again because I've noticed the androgyne phenomenon is getting worse, and goes beyond desexualizing or uni-sexualizing fashion statements. Something profoundly disturbing is going on with the bodies of, in particular, American Millennials. Sexual dimorphism is flipping; the sexes aren't just converging on an

asexual norm…they're swapping body types!

I see so many 20s and 30s women with the broad shoulders and narrow hips natural to men, and so many men with the narrow shoulders and broad hips natural to women. It's as if the sexual market turned upside down and switched sexes. Manjaws lumber cityscapes on africanized pelvic fulcrums as their cantilevered shoulders cut swathes through cowed crowds. Their vaginas seem misplaced on them.

As unsettlingly, soyboys swish and swivel on bulbous pear-shaped haunches, supporting droopy unmuscled flesh that recedes upwardly to strangely child-like clavicles and diminutive shoulder spans, upon which soft rounded heads jerk fearfully out of the way of the manjaws with snapping vaginas.

Social conditioning can't do this to bodies. Something evil lurks in our environment, in our ecology, that's responsible for the sexual polarity reversal. I suspect that the same evil is responsible for the xenophilic anti-White virtue sniveling insanity currently gripping the White Left, and which left unanswered and unchecked will mean the end of America as a nation distinct from the vast dirt and dystopia fields of the Hued World.

If the March of the Manjaws and the Mewl of the Micemen proceeds apace, what consequences can we expect to see unfold in our society? Here I speculate, based on experiences dealing with both types in my day to day life.

Masculinized women are the worst of both men and women, stridently aggressive and competitive like men but lacking the instinct of loyalty, cooperativeness, and duty of men, and cruelly subversive and passive-aggressive like women but lacking the nurturing vulnerability and intoxicating femininity of women.

Somewhat the reverse applies to feminized men, who have the submissiveness and avoidance mentality of women hitched to the single-minded focus of men, and the indiscriminate nurturing of women weaponized by the tribal boundary patrolling of men.

Within a few generations of this grotesque circus side show we will likely see society eating the last of its seed corn as once-admired institutions succumb to abject corruption, in-fighting, vapid credentialism, even more vapid moral preening, and finally systemic breakdown of basic civilizational functions.

Executive summary: nothing good can come from entangling the masculine and the feminine in physical and psychological bonds each was never meant to accommodate.

Fake It Till You Make It Really Works

CH · 30 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Personality, like nearly all human traits, is heritable. There remains debate about how much of personality is genetically predetermined versus how much is formed and shaped by interaction with the environment, but unlike IQ which is hard to change at all over the long-term with intensive intervention, personality is "spongier" and less resistant to active efforts to change it. One can adapt and alter one's personality to suit certain social contexts, and though personality tends to rebound to one's genetic default over time it's possible through repeated efforts to make nontrivial and long-lasting improvements in one's character and demeanor where one sees fit to do so.

Since personality is an umbrella term for human relational characteristics that include charisma and coolness, Game falls under its rubric. Game is, essentially, cultivated personality.

I bring this up because yesterday's post about psychological biases links to research that strongly suggests the old Game maxim "fake it till you make it" really works.

> ***10. If you think of yourself as flexible, you will do much better.***
>
> People's own theories about who they are influence how they behave. One's self-image can therefore easily become a self-fulfilling prophecy. Carol Dweck of Stanford University has spent much time researching such effects. Her takeaway: if we view a characteristic as mutable, we are inclined to work on it more. On the other hand, if we view a trait such as IQ or willpower as largely unchangeable and inherent, we will do little to improve it.

Note that this isn't social priming (which deserves more study but to date hasn't been very replicable). This is about adopting a mentality that encourages practice, and people will do better at any task or skill if they have practiced it. Not everyone will achieve the heights of facility with the skill they practice, but they will get better than not doing anything at all.

> In Dweck's studies of students, men and women, parents and teachers, she gleaned a basic principle: people with a rigid sense of self take failure badly. They see it as evidence of their limitations and fear it; fear of failure, meanwhile, can itself cause failure.

Some people (we call them black pillers, mgtows, and feminists) enjoy wallowing in failure and pessimism because, as I wrote, "The men who swear up and down [self-improvement] is impossible are usually the men who daren't try. Fear of success is as strong in the human condition as is fear of failure, because success, unlike failure, sweeps away the refuge of excuses and rationalizations weak men flee to for comfort."

> In contrast, those who understand that a particular talent can be developed accept setbacks as an invitation to do better next time. Dweck thus recommends an attitude aimed at personal growth. When in doubt, we should assume that we have something more to learn and that we can improve and develop.

President Trump's secular religion is personal improvement. I think it worked out for him.

> But even people who have a rigid sense of self are not fixed in all aspects of their personality. According to psychologist Andreas Steimer of the University of Heidelberg in Germany, even when people describe their strengths as completely stable, they tend to believe that they will outgrow their weaknesses sooner or later. If we try to imagine how our personality will look in several years, we lean toward views such as: "Level-headedness and clear focus will still be part and parcel of who I am, and I'll probably have fewer self-doubts."

If you think you can change — better yet, if you think you WILL change — then you'll be more eager to set about doing those things which help bring about the change you seek. It's a psy op that denies the genetic overlord his tribute in predetermination by creating a cognitive loophole that evades (if not entirely) the helical straitjacket.

> Overall, we tend to view our character as more static than it is, presumably because this assessment offers security and direction. We want to recognize our particular traits and preferences so that we can act accordingly. In the final analysis, the image that we create of ourselves is a kind of safe haven in an ever-changing world.

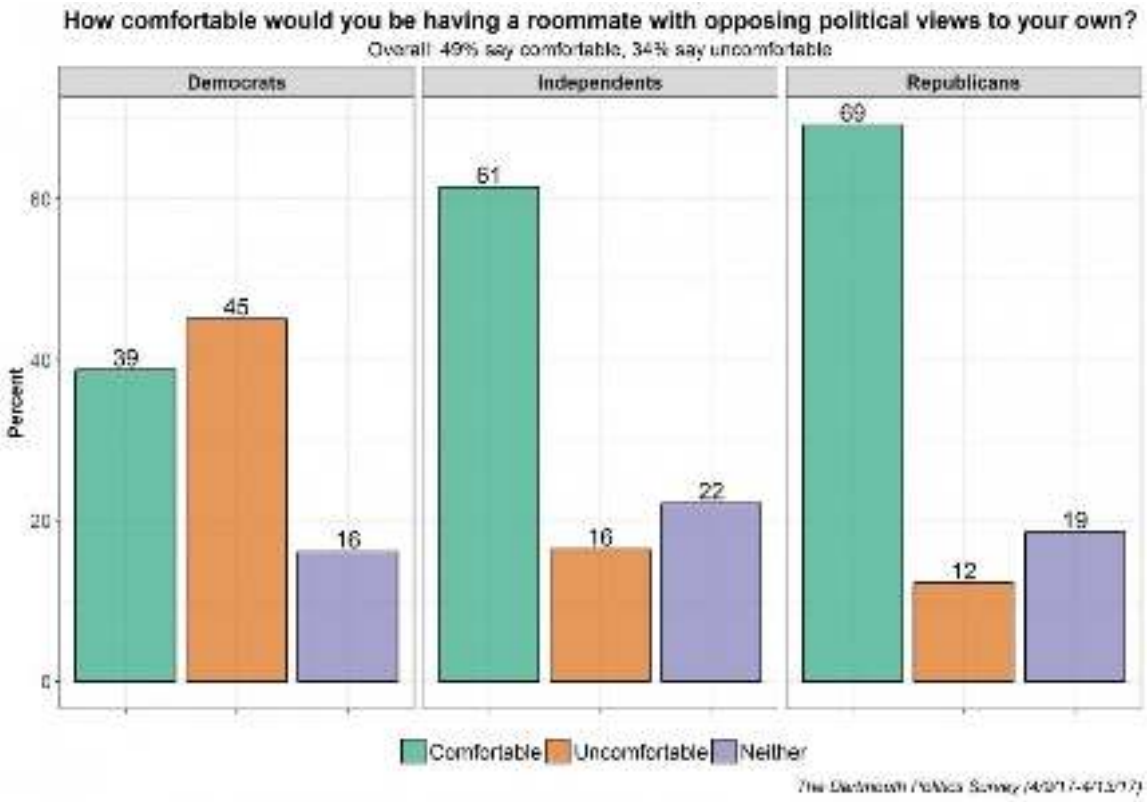
Your mission, should you choose to accept it: create an image of yourself as a charming mofo irresistible to girls. THAT should be your safe haven (safe for you, not so much for the delicate hearts of your conquests). Create it till you make it.

> And the moral of the story? According to researchers, self-knowledge is even more difficult to attain than has been thought.

This explains why the majority of men who come here for guidance fight tooth and nail against the lessons imparted. Self-knowledge eludes them, because it's frightening to contemplate the abyss at the center of our souls. Very few will heed my wisdom, but if even one man is saved it will have been worth it.

Behold Liberal Tolerance

CH · 31 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Shitlibs sure do screech loudly about the virtue of tolerance which they themselves don't possess. The soyboys and clitdicks doth protest too much.

Another way to look at this: conservatives and independents are more generous of spirit and normal of socialization than are shitlibs. The former can handle political disagreement like adults; the latter runs to HR and tattles like a bratty child to get the bad person fired, that is when they can actually function and aren't curled up in the pillow-biting position.

(yeah i know D, I, and R aren't perfect proxies for lib, moderate, con, but it's close enough for a shivisection.)

Shitlibs are also less charitable than cons, despite agitating for more of other people's gibs. What's going on? Psychological projection, for one thing. Lib status is wrapped up in their lifestyle and morality megaphoning, so they can't bear to grapple with their own flaws, preferring instead to imagine those flaws in their ideological enemies. If you live as if everyone around you is beset with the very vices that beset you, it becomes difficult to tolerate let alone enjoy the company of political foes, because their good-natured presence would constantly remind you of the bankruptcy of your worldview and how far you hypocritically fall short of your professed beliefs.

Another angle to this is race. Comparatively more nonWhites are Democrats, and there are broad racial differences in ability and willingness to tolerate opposing views and those who hold them. See, for an example of this, any recent CNN or MSNBC roundtable discussion. However, I would bet the bank that White Dems/libs show a similar disregard for the tenets of their Tolerance Religion, even if they are not quite as intolerant of the "intolerant" as are tribalistic nonWhites.

Finally, there is the disjunct between a shitlib's virtue signaling and reality, a disjunct which doesn't bedevil moderates and conservatives nearly as much because on the whole the latter have a more concrete and intuitive grasp of reality and aren't constantly trying to abstractify the world to fit the beliefs and commandments of a preconceived equalism religion. I think this disconnection between belief and reality explains best the shitlib

intolerance of people who are ideologically different than themselves. If you are a shitlib your waking life is spent in an acid fog of cognitive dissonance, always harshing your mellow, threatening your sanity; to keep up your self-deceiving mental health initiative requires a hard separation from those who would only aggravate and amplify your dissonance. Thus, the shitlib must ensconce xirself in a monastery, away from the temptations of a reality-based enlightenment.

PS Heh:

PPS Heh heh (bottom far right):

SEX
CAN BE
GOOD

Bioteleology, Or Biomechanics Is God

CH · 2 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Why does sexual dichotomy appear to be decreasing or, worse, why are men and women taking on secondary sex characteristics of the opposite sex? emmajoey leaves the following comment in reply,

> People really need to go read Neoteny.org and take it in, it's been sitting there for nearly a decade now with most of the answers.
> http://www.neoteny.org/2010/02/09/teleologys-biological-roots/
>
> Not primarily genetic, mostly epigenetic, the pill, delayed pregnancy, environmental factors, etc.
> Bio/physiological swapping over of sexual/psychological traits, likely exacerbated by poor diets.
>
> The later a woman gets pregnant the higher the T in uterus.
> High T pregnant women produce high T girls and low T boys.
> Feedback cycle increases effect in each generation.
> Personalities are broadly built-in during development, not learned in later life.

I have my doubts about epigenetics as a science; (fatties like to cite it as settled science to explain their bulbosity and race deniers like to cite it to cling to hope that innate racial aptitudes and dispositions are malleable to later intervention). But I don't doubt that historically novel environmental influences like the Pill and delayed pregnancy can fuck up the prenatal and early development ecologies, creating some equally novel freak shows like we have today shambling through the remnants of our civilization.

emmajoey's synopsis is interesting to me because if, indeed, high T older mothers birth high T girls and low T boys, then this would establish a negatively reinforcing feedback loop with successive generations of high T manjaws and low T soyboys less and less attracted to each other and putting off for greater lengths of time marriage and children, in an infinite spiral of cat litter, infertility treatments, and gimp sperm.

I have more to say on this topic, but for now I toss out this tasty chum so readers can encircle it and tear off chunks of polemic. Bonus points to the readers who explore a consilience between bioteleology and self-domestication.

Al Bundy Game

CH · 2 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> How to talk to girls pic.twitter.com/BBtT2LqT81
>
> — Duke Nukem Groyper (@DukeGroyper) May 31, 2018

“Hey, hey, eyes up here.”

Revolt Of The Revolting

CH · 4 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The entire social justice/aggrotolerance/equalism movement is a revolt by the ugly and freakish against the beautiful and normal. The ideology has no morality nor purpose and exists only to substantiate in political radicalization the aggrieved spitefulness of life's losers.

Every day you can see this dynamic playing out between sexual market winners and losers. The feted Samantha Bee, whose resting and active bitch faces are indistinguishable, called Ivanka Trump a "feckless cunt" for the crime of being a beautiful radiant woman posting a photo on Twatter of herself and her young son sharing a tender hug. (Never mind Bee's rationalizations — something to do with foreign invaders and their kids being kept in obama-era cages — the real impetus was the hate and envy of an ugly woman for a hot woman.)

Reminder that this is the same shitlibette Samanthe Bee…

…who hypocritically opposed a school relocation plan that would have meant her own kids, rather than the BadKids of BadWhites, were forced to learn their ABCs directly across the street from a housing project of color. tfw your virtue signaling is put to the test:

Samantha Bee is crushingly ugly inside and out. Her incoherent rage against Ivanka is what happens when the unpopular girl in school is given a megaphone and a like-minded loser audience to air her existential butthurt.

Another outtake from the Revolt of the Revolting: a creature by the name of Molly Jong-Fast (externally and internally disfigured sprog of ür-feminist Erica Jong) was brought to a frothing rage by…Melania Trump spending

some private time out of the media spotlight.

The portmanteau that comes to mind is *snobtuse*.

John Rocker slipped the shiv in this bitch with real flair:

Imagine you're Melania Trump.

Imagine you've been a 10 since puberty. You walk into a room and fill it with a celestial glow. You rise through every social strata, winning admirers with your beauty and elegance everywhere you go. You marry a billionaire mogul-entertainer and possibly the savior of Western Civilization. Like a protag in a catlady fantasy e-book, he fills you with his master seed and you bear him a prince. You live in a tower of pure gold.

And then this gremlin ambles up next to you…

…and offers you her pearls of wisdom.

I love America. One reason is because wealthy and influential people, cultural elites like Erica Jong, exhaust themselves. Abominations like Molly Jong-Fast come crawling like swamp creatures out of the primordial cum. This is why we have historically replaced our elites, early and often, with a steady churn of ascendant figures like Trump and Melania.

Our urban elite are fragile. Their offspring are barely holding it together with the aid of SSRIs and wine. On the rare occasion they manage to reproduce, it's almost always some Habsburg-jawed Quasimodo-looking bundle of neuroses like the goblin above.

UMC and elite shitlibs… it's only natural that you resent beautiful, fecund, healthy Americans. You can feel your reign coming to an end. And all you can do is impotently snarkpoast about it on Twitter as you recede back into the great unwashed.

VICTORY HAS DEFEATED YOU.

Underneath their feigned indignation and anti-Trump (read: anti-White) hysterics is an inbred, incestuous elite living in a rapidly shrinking bubble and sensing deep in their rickets-bent bones that their mutationally overloaded, flabby freak show is about to get run through by the Sword of Shitlord Physiognomy. The Great Replacement may not turn out to be the one they were hoping for.

A reader writes,

> Uncle Ted said as much in his manifesto. Leftism is less an ideology and more a psychology that stems from envy and over-socialization.

Over-socialization is an interesting concept, which I take Uncle Ted [Kaczynski] to have meant that the over-socialized are excessively sensitive to status, both signaling it and losing it. Is that in the ballpark of his thinking? Commenters are standing by to clarify.

Of all psychological motivations, I believe raw envy of their Darwinian betters explains best the compulsion of leftoids to destroy Beauty, corrupt Truth, sanctify Lies, and glorify Ugliness. Harrison Bergeron laid it out: when all are in the muck, the muck can imagine themselves the cream.

In time, the increasingly zealous guarding of opinion boundaries by the degenerate freak mafia results in accelerating expulsions of insufficiently pious devotees, until the synagogue of Lies&Ugliness is distilled to the most revolting of human dregs, producing a pungent bouquet of loserdom that will cause even politically disengaged normies to recoil in disgust and vote in a succession of president Trumps.

The Fuggernaut screeches and shrieks with a fury knowing they will fold to a superior, self-confident force. They don't have it in them to really go toe to toe with an impassioned, ZFG foe that is never tired of winning. Trump is just the beginning of their pain and eventual banishment to the dreary emo wastelands where they belong, sad but smug till the end.

United States Of Schoolmarms

CH · 4 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Fapple has decided to be the arbiter of which news their users should read. The company is calling their initiative the “Sanitization Curation”, in tribute to the tech-media alliance’s commitment to not just telling lies, but omitting truths.

> Apple’s Vice President of Product Marketing Susan Prescott…

I could stop right there and you would have everything you needed to know about this news story. Runaway credentialism, empowered cat lady, tech company…Heritage America and the principles established and held dear by White men are about to be subverted (yet again). To hammer home the impression, here’s a face shot of Susan Prescott:

[image]

Prigiognomy is real.

And now the rest of the story,

> Apple’s Vice President of Product Marketing Susan Prescott made an alarming announcement that Apple would be selecting the top news stories that appear in Apple News during the company’s Worldwide Developers Conference on Monday.
>
> According to Prescott, Apple News’ editorial team will be selecting the top news stories of the day for millions of potential readers.

Number of Trump voters on Fapple News’ editorial team: 0

Prescott did not say what the criteria would be for Apple News to consider a source “trusted,” but conservatives will find this announcement particularly alarming.

Last year, Apple announced that it hired to head Apple News Lauren Kern, who previously served as executive editor for the liberal *New York Magazine*. Apple’s hiring of Kern raised questions about the Cupertino-based company’s impartiality when it comes to news.

This is what happens when you put women in positions of power: the economy and culture get overrun with hall monitors.

CEO of Fapple, Tim Cook, is a person of bugger, which is essentially the same as Fapple being run by a woman.

Sex-Based Status

CH · 4 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Jordan Peterson had this to say about sex-differentiated status hierarchies:

> Girls can win by winning in their own hierarchy—by being good at what girls value, as girls. They can add to this victory by winning in the boys' hierarchy. Boys, however, can only win by winning in the male hierarchy. They will lose status, among girls and boys, by being good at what girls value. It costs them in reputation among the boys, and in attractiveness among the girls. Girls aren't attracted to boys who are their friends, even though they might like them, whatever that means. They are attracted to boys who win status contests with other boys.

"whatever that means". Heh. Shivvy way to say, "which means nothing".

When JP discusses sex differences, he could be reading CH posts. Whatever one thinks of the criticisms leveled against him (some are valid), he does have a decent grasp of the sexual market and how men and women navigate divergent routes through an ocean of mate prospects to get what they want.

However, this is one of the rare instances when I disagree with his premise. He's generally correct that, at least within the bounds of our current cultural arrangement, women have two status hierarchies available to them while men only have one. Our gynarcho-tyranny not only encourages but aggressively impresses upon women the urgency and even moral duty of succeeding in male domains (leaning in), while simultaneously encouraging men to sacrifice their status within their own male domains to make way for more women (and consequently rendering themselves less sexually attractive to women who are now their equal or higher in social status).

Women who do succeed in the man's world can expect to ascend the intrafemale status ladder (more precisely, the intra-feminist status ladder), but where JP is wrong is assuming these women don't also suffer an SMV status loss the near-equivalent of the SMV status loss suffered by men who succeed at girlie games of one-uppance.

Just as girls aren't attracted to effeminate males, and other men are repulsed by nancyboys, the inverse is as true: men aren't attracted to masculine, status-striving girls, and other women don't subconsciously look up to mouthy careerist shrikes with the same mix of envy and admiration that they look up to physically beautiful women.

Ballcutters pay a romantic price for their aping of male characteristics and their chutzpah to take on the men in the male status domains. Yes, even the beautiful ballcutters pay the price, (there aren't many, but stand by for the point of this hypothetical). Men will want to bang a hot babe whether she's a coy waitress or a boardroom banshee, but men won't be keen to emotionally betroth the latter. And in the landscape of a woman's hindbrain, romantic success is measured by quality of vows, not number of plows. If a woman has a reserved seat on the cock carousel, she's likely to have a tough time winning over the hearts of alpha men, which is a much more valuable prize to women than men's dicks.

What always gets lost in these discussions of intersex status competitions is the relevant feedback loop and polarity amplifying magnetism that accompanies the dynamic when a demure, feminine women who #resists leaning in meets a dominant, masculine man who insists on leading quim. The protective instinct in men is strong, and only vulnerable women who haven't achieved maximum economic self-sufficiency and aphoristic empowerment can trigger it. Thus, men appraise ladder-climbing manjaws with the same simmering disgust and antipathy that they feel towards effeminate soyboys.

A woman's femininity and vulnerability arouses men and incites them to emotionally commit and fall in love (psychological states which can later be leveraged by women into stone cold legal binding). Girls who win in the men's hierarchy will lose status — romantic and marriageable status — which they will #resist noticing because the here-and-now easy bangs with pump and dump looters (slooters?) cloud their judgment and long-term vision,

hiding from girls the very real price they will pay down the road when those sexy alpha men are wifing up stay-at-home tradwives who have known no other Cock but his Cock.

I have to laugh at White Knights who think that women put themselves in a dangerous position by not pursuing a lucrative career and therefore making themselves dependent on a man with a plan. These numbnuts are oblivious, or act as if they are oblivious, to sexual energy and how it vibrates along different sex-based frequencies. Women who become like men in accomplishment, drive, temperament, and behavior become less like the women men truly desire. The paradox left unresolved in the minds of White Knight transactionalists is how the very act of embracing and cherishing her vulnerable femininity reduces a woman's exposure to penury and abandonment. It's no coincidence that the rise in the divorce rate, the decline in the rate of marriage, and the delay in age of first marriage all happened in lockstep with the increasing numbers of women marching into the domains of men.

The Spygate Smoking Gun?

CH · 6 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Big if true:

Why aren't Dirty Deep State conspirators like Strzok and Page called before Congress to testify under oath? Are Republicans totally useless? Rhetorical.

It's obvious that the FBI and elements within Gay Mulatto's DOJ and CIA went rogue to take down the Presidential candidate who represented American voters with interests diametrically opposed to Globohomo, Inc. The Scandal of the Century, in my unassailable opinion.

Meanwhile, the Great Russia Hoax goes on. The Manafort witness tampering evidence cited by Mueller is "almost nonexistent". And, hilariously, one of the anti-Trump Deep State spies employed by the EffedBI, fat crap Stefan Halper, was busted on crack cocaine possession charges in 1994. (A charge which it appears he was allowed to pay off with a measly $400 fine. It's good to be an asset for the Creep State.)

Mueller's desperate. The POS Clinton lackey knows he was put in charge of a fraudulent witch hunt/hoax, and now he's reaching for slim reeds to give his investigation a patina of legitimacy and save face.

Fuck him, his toadies, his benefactors, and the rest of the globalist scum in Gay Mulatto's DOJFBICIA fruitcake guild to hell.

The Cock Carouseler's Lament

CH · 6 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Julia Allison is a media whore, "relationship" blogger, reality TV participant, and poz pusher for esteemed clam mags like Cosmo. In other words, civilization's late stage dead weight.

At age 37, single and childless, she had a gratuitously delayed revelation. Overcome with the emptiness of her life and womb, seized by the unfamiliar sting of a piercing self-awareness, she felt a rare emotion: Regret.

Oh, she has a family…

> A social media addict, she has two laptops, a desktop, an iPad & an iPhone along with two Facebook profiles, four Twitter handles, a Myspace page, a LinkedIn account, a Flickr feed, four Tumblrs, three Movable Type blogs, one WordPress, two Vimeos, one Quora account, two YouTube channels and a photogenic white shih-tzu named Lilly who – yep – tweets (@Lillydog). Combined, her accounts number over 150,000 fans, followers or subscribers.

…but, oddly, remains unfulfilled.

In a self-aggrandizing confessional, she blames a TV show produced by gay men that glamorized the lifestyle of the barren urban slut for leading her down the Plan B path.

Readers, get ready to journey across the pages of ancient Chateau tomes. Every banality of the modren wahman observed and noted in this outpost of love is sounded out in Mzz Allison's cacophony of rue. There will be cock carousels, rationalization hamsters, Wall impacts, beta bux, jerkboy fux, femcuntery, psychological litter boxes, and more cameos to titillate Chateau guests.

> Dating columnist reveals how 'Sex and the City' ruined her life
>
> *"Sex and the City" premiered on HBO 20 years ago this week, imprinting on a generation of women a love of fantastic fashion and dreams of their own Mr. Big. Among them was Julia Allison, who moved to New York in the early 2000s to live the Carrie Bradshaw lifestyle. She became a dating columnist, a party fixture and one of the first internet celebrities — thanks to Gawker, the site that loved to hate on her. But her pursuits sent her, ultimately, down a path of unhappiness and unfulfillment. Looking back on how the show's ideals negatively impacted her life, Allison, now 37, tells Doree Lewak: "If I could go back and do it all over again, I wouldn't."*
>
> Ten years ago, on May 27, 2008, I was on top of the world.
>
> I was riding in an Escalade en route to the "Sex and the City" movie premiere in Midtown with a Bravo camera crew in tow. When the SUV door opened, I stepped onto the pink carpet in my Allison Parris dress and Chanel bag. I felt like a star. I felt beautiful. I felt proud. I was rubbing shoulders with celebs and the goddess herself: Carrie Bradshaw, aka Sarah Jessica Parker.
>
> Since moving to New York City four years earlier, I'd established myself with my own dating column and graced the cover of Wired magazine. I was a public figure who was regularly photographed alongside such famous faces as Henry Kissinger and Richard Branson. I went to all the glam parties, was fodder for gossip sites, had signed a deal with Bravo for a reality show,

For those of unpolluted mind, Bravo is the gay channel. All gay, all the time, with a supporting cast of hags.

> and dated more than my fair share of Mr. Bigs.

Pump and dumps. But if she spoke with radical candor like that she wouldn't be able to soothe her chafed ego and vagina. Anyhow, it's funny that she thinks admitting to hopping a parade of cocks like a real life Samantha is both humble and bragging.

> I had been profiled in the New York Times, and New York magazine called me "the most famous young journalist in the city."

The biological clock is wound down, and the Kingdom of Zog is at hand: repent ye, and believe the 14 words.

> I was considered by many to be Carrie Bradshaw 2.0. And I was happy to be given that identity for a while, but it was all a lie. At the premiere, I also felt like a fraud, insecure and embarrassed — like I didn't belong.

But she soldiered on for another fourteen years play-acting as Carrie Bradshaw.

> I grew up a nerd in Chicago, more likely to duck into the library than talk to other kids at recess. At 12, I thought I would never be kissed.

Everyone at age 12 thinks this way. The difference is that girls turn it into a theatrical release while boys who don't bust a move drift into silent celibacy and are never offered paying gigs to write about it.

> (Boy, did I make up for that later.)

What every man looking for a relationship worthy woman wants to hear. /s

> The show was my road map. Of all the die-hard fans I knew, I was the most influenced by "SATC."

Dating red flags.

> At Georgetown University, where I enrolled in 1999, I started to wear dresses and learned how to do my makeup and curl my hair. The newfound male attention I received felt exhilarating.

Still delusional. Julia, in your late teens and early 20s it wasn't your dresses and curls that captured the men's attention.

> I even started a dating column for my college paper called "Sex on the Hilltop," which was modeled after Carrie's column in the fictional New York Star.

Just the hilltop?

> When the last episode of "Sex and the City" aired in February 2004, I hosted a viewing party for 200 guests. It was my swan song as well: Eight months later, I would move to New York, where, armed with my "Sex and the City" DVDs, my transformation really began.

What a headcase.

> Based on what I knew from "SATC," I expected the city to sweep me off my feet. I envisioned nonstop brunching and shopping.

Women really have no idea what their lives would be like if beta males decided to opt out of the civilization building racket. Brunching and shopping fantasies would be replaced by Hobbesian survival fantasies.

> It had such an outsize influence on me that — even with a very expensive degree in government — I said to myself: “I’m obviously going to be a columnist.”

Another STEAM grad putting her knowledge to work. Grrlpower!

> I later moved to Time Out New York, where I made $750 a week — a huge improvement, but still not enough to buy Manolos and barely enough to afford the $2,500 rent for my 400-square-foot apartment in Hell’s Kitchen.

Cheaper alternatives exist, but that would mean reduced proximity to Mr Bigs.

> I lived on food bought for me on dates and the occasional bodega tuna sandwich.

Beta thirst is as responsible for the corruption of American woman as any prime time show on Twat TV.

> Different men I dated gave me YSL shoes and status purses, just like Big did for Carrie on “SATC.”

The dirty secret about picking up women in NYC is that the men there are game-less marks who really do try to buy substandard pussy with shoes and purses (and wonder why they get strung along in asexual purgatory). This makes pickup a lot easier for the cockybrah who expects sex without a price tag.

> (In 2006, when I landed a six-figure editor-at-large gig at Star magazine,

What talent does she have?
spreads legs
Oh yeah.

> I also subscribed to Carrie’s ethos when it came to men. There was no such thing as a bad date — only a good date or a good brunch story.

Can you believe she’s still single at the post-Spring chicken age of 37?! What man wouldn’t want to wife up a broad who screws around for years of brunch convo fodder and has the crow’s feet to prove it?

> In my writing,

which sucks, btw.

> I gave my boyfriends nicknames (one was “Prom King”) just like Carrie and her friends did.

She writes like she's 14 years old.

> I went out with a prince: Lorenzo Borghese from "The Bachelor." I even dated the British ex-boyfriend of "Sex and the City" creator Candace Bushnell — the original Carrie.

Common denominator: all the men are exes.

> He was one of a few men who comprised the composite character Mr. Big.

Humbleshagging.

> In 2008, my two best girlfriends and I had just filmed a Bravo pilot for a show called "It Girls" (it wasn't picked up). We were all invited by a 40-something billionaire to his Miami mansion; he even sent his private jet for us. It was just him, the three of us and his butler and chef. I don't think this man was used to being told no, and he started chasing me around his mansion. I finally had to lock myself in the bathroom. The worst part: He sent us back on JetBlue.

"No, I don't do double penetration."

> [Gawker] wrote about me as much as they wrote about Paris Hilton, but I had none of Paris' resources to defend myself. Their core complaint about me was that I was a quote-unquote "fame whore."

Gawker nailed that one. Bonus nailing: Gawker is gone.

> Then, in 2011, one of my pilots was finally picked up by Bravo. The whole concept of "Miss Advised" was "real-life Carrie Bradshaw." It was about three single women in three different cities, and I was the dating columnist for Elle in Los Angeles. It was "SATC" meets journalism. Producers sent me to a mind architect, a love coach and a witch in the pursuit of love.

> But it came too late: In my heart, I was finished trying to be Carrie. When the show wasn't renewed for a second season, I was relieved. The experience made me really look at myself: I was trying so hard to be liked that it was coming across as inauthentic and bitchy. Also, it was miserable to have cameras around all the time.

Women cultivate a growing dislike for cameras coincident with their number of years past prime nubility (and nearing prime sterility). How suspicious!

> Finally, I cut my ties to New York and moved to San Francisco full-time in 2013.

If she had moved to a small Midwestern town instead of a coastal shitlibopolis, she might have a family to love

today.

> Finally, I decided to go private for a while. I stopped blogging and writing. I rarely post on Instagram.

Imminent Wall impact will do that to a girl.

> These days I work as a change activist,

poopywork.

> mounting summits

I bet.

> for world leaders and serving as an adviser to startups and entrepreneurs looking to better the planet.

How many flights between Nü York and San Tranny does she take?

> I dated a woman for a while

Young lesbianism: experimentation
Old lesbianism: necessity

> But dating is not front and center in my life anymore,

…she says as if it was her choice.

> although it was all I talked about in my 20s.

There was more conversational material to work with back then.

> That's pretty one-dimensional.

Aging beauties find comfort in scoffing at the preoccupations of their younger, hotter, tighter selves.

> Last year, I ended a two-year relationship with a man who ultimately couldn't **[ed: wouldn't]** commit and wanted to be polyamorous.

A man unmotivated to tie himself down with a road worn, has-been slut? Will wonders never cease.

> Again, "SATC" and the "lessons" it taught me is the culprit.

Julia Allison fucked her life up and she wants to blame a vapid TV show. "How do I write women so well? I think of a man, and take away reason and accountability." (Fact: the ultimate culprit is the 19th Amendment.)

> The show wasn't a rubric on how to find a lifelong partnership.

She needed a TV show to teach her how to find a man and start a healthy relationship? Where were all the older female relatives in her life? Where was her brain?

> If I was more grounded and had honestly assessed whether this man was a good partner for me, I don't think we ever would have dated.

Translation: "If I was more grounded and had honestly assessed whether I was still good enough for any halfway decent man, I don't think I'd be single and writing this pile of crap through tear-stained cheeks."

> Crushed and needing to regroup, I took a sabbatical and lived in Bali for eight months on a healing journey.

EatPraySlut

> I was also celibate during my time there.

> I do wonder what my life would have looked like if "Sex and the City" had never come across my consciousness. Perhaps I'd be married with children now?

Lady, I'm certain your arriving spinsterhood isn't the fault of SATC, unless you're easily brainwashed. Hmm, have I been overestimating women this whole time?

> Who knows, but I can say for sure that, as clever and aesthetically pleasing as the show was

She obsessively stalks this show like it was an ex-bf. Psycho!

> — and, as much as I agree with its value of female friendships — it showed too much consumerism and fear of intimacy disguised as empowerment.

It also showed, if she were willing to see, the damaging consequences of slutting it up and cackling about your smashed pussy with other empowered sluts.

> It's like candy: In the moment it feels good to eat it, but afterward, you feel sick.

Women have been warring with their essence for a few decades now, and the battle has been pitched in recent years. The Slut Pride degeneracy and its various cultural tributaries is women — particularly low to middling SMV women who must find novel ways to compete with hot babes — defying their sex-specific emotional burdens and aiming to exert a false, if momentarily satisfying, control over what they perceive as the weaknesses and vulnerabilities of their sex. One of these feminine "frailties" that the modren wahman wants to purge from herself is the undeniable truth that casual sex bothers women a lot more than it does men. Women simply can't compartmentalize noncommittal sex with the same easy facility that men can. Hence, women like Julia "feel sick"

afterward, something that only the soyest of soyboys would feel after licking clean the putrid slits of SATC-aping urban sluts whilst unwittingly grinding their microboners to a climax in the fur of a curious cat sniffing around their nethers.

> Whom you're dating, what you're wearing, or how good you look at that premiere — none of that s–t matters unless you genuinely love yourself. Solid relationships are what really matter.

It's funny how aging broads discover solid relationships matter when they start having trouble getting them.

> Sure, I could have been a dating columnist for the rest of my life but, honestly, I gave really bad dating advice — and so did Carrie Bradshaw.

If a shiv artist like yours truly had told her that when she was younger and hotter, no doubt she would have lashed out like a cornered alleycat. The ravages of time and the looming threat of insol wonderfully focus the waning slut's mind.

> I want to be a different role model from the one I got. Two months ago, I started seeing someone I never would have dated 10 years earlier.

Cue Mr Beta Bux! Or just Mr Beta. Not many men with romantic options are excited about dating, let alone wifing up, a wrinkled slattern with a vagina that echoes. Luckily for Julia, there are desperate vegetable lasagnas willing to settle for her flabby hide rather than live in faptivity.

> Back then, I wasn't looking to get married or seek a lifelong partner, and that was a mistake.

Reciprocally, it would be a big mistake for any man with an ounce of self-worth to commit to a post-carousel cock holster rapidly nearing her expiration date. Why buy an old cow whose udders dried up long ago when fresh milk is on every slore shelf?

> This man is a very reasonable choice, and I'm at a place in my life where reasonable is very sexy.

"reasonable" = passionless. What every woman knows deep in her heart is that the later in life she gets serious about finding a long-term partner, the likelier it is she'll have to resign herself to settling down with an unexciting herb she doesn't truly love. The remainder of her life will be a slapstick comedy of fake orgasms, fake headaches, screaming brats, and bathroom retreats with a dog-eared copy of Fifty Shades of Sadomasochism, all the while resentfully rasping through a fog of regret for the alpha males who got away when she was younger, hotter, tighter and thought she had all the time in the world.

Blame Carrie?

Nah. Blame yourself. And if your current relationship with your Reasonable Beta lasts longer than two more months after he reads you admitting that he would have been ignored by you ten years ago when your sexual rejection would have mattered, count yourself lucky. It could be worse. You could find yourself spending numberless weekends at the fertility clinic to birth your autistic twins. Oh wait.

Flipping The Disgust Script

CH · 7 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Politically, girls may vote as if they have very high disgust thresholds (high tolerance for disgusting things) when they prance around shrieking about welcoming rapefugees and opening the borders to the swarth hordes, but romantically, girls possess a sophisticated, honed, expansive and discriminating disgust radar. Which makes sense on a biomechanical level. Each egg is precious and if girls didn't have a quick trigger disgust reflex then there'd be a greater likelihood of mangled omega seed polluting their wombs.

So girls use hypergamous slurs like "gross", "ew", and "creepy" a lot to express a subconscious Darwinian revulsion for the bottom 80% of men.

Good news, Christian men! You can co-opt and commandeer this girlie trait — by flipping the disgust script — and make yourselves more intriguing to girls. The art and science of seduction is largely a cooption by men of the courtship wiles and guiles of women. To seduce women, one must think like a woman, which means in practice redirecting the mate filtering power of women's coyness against them.

Women can resist many forms of entreaty but they can't resist their narcissism reflected back at them.

"to save the ho we had to seduce the ho."

Tactically, flipping the disgust script means liberally expressing your visceral displeasure with a girl's antics, opinions, or choice of footwear.

The key here, as usual in the domain of pickup, is delivery. You want to avoid angry remonstration for a playfully suave application of concept. You aren't *really* disgusted by the way she holds a dripping wet cocktail napkin to her face, so don't retch and vomit in front of her. There is such a thing as overgaming.

You want that smirk and playfulness always bubbling right at the surface of your silver tongue. The name of the game is ambiguity. Maybe you are disgusted by something about her, maybe not and you're just taking the piss with her. She can't tell, and that's exactly where you want her: in the realm of uncertainty aka vaginal glee.

My personal toolkit includes crowd pleasing favorites like

"you're coming on way too hard. creepy!"

"say it don't spray it"

silently and theatrically mouth the exclamation "wow"

"is that lip gloss or vaseline? ew"

"oh god another girl staring at my crotch. ugh so gross"

"did you just wink at me? i'm calling the MeToo police"

You get the idea. Expressing disgust for a girl's behavior etc is a form of self-disqualification (that is, you're disqualifying yourself as a potential suitor) which itself is an hsmv mate value cue of male desirability (that is, you have so many women to choose from you can afford to blow off any one woman on the flimsiest of feigned pretexts, such as the gaudiness of her neon colored nail polish).

The Miscegenation Messaging Machine

CH · 8 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Exhibit A (from a catalog of millions of exhibits, multiplying exponentially by the day):

The best reason to get an early night? People who sleep 8 hours have more orgasmic sex, researcher claims

By Mary Kekatos For Dailymail.com
22:32 05 Jun 2018, updated 01:35 06 Jun 2018

Share

43 Comments

- Women who sleep longer are more likely to feel sexual desire the next day

A reader quips (programming note: I don't reveal readers' names if their comments were in conversations in which I participated, unless otherwise requested):

> roflmao this literally looks like a refugee slipped into this chick's apt before she woke up and sidled up behind her for some morning rape secks

Another reader wonders why this mogrelization crap is being shoved down our ocular throats,

> Inter left battle of the brown uglies hating the attractive top of the pyramid white girls

Maybe. I'd add a few more (((demos))) to the uglies. But White male shitlibs still helm some of these newspaper, ad and marketing agencies, and presumably they're signing off on this stuff too. Is it all just sexual obsession with White Women curdled by a spiteful sense of coming up short according to White Woman mate criteria?

My take is more cynical than even raw envy and resentment, or garden variety trangressiveness. Miscegenation agitprop is a central plank of the Globohomo agenda. Ask yourself why, and the answer you'll find is located in the darkest deepest crevice of the chosensoul abyss. It's nothing less than an attack on Whiteness, on the White race, and on the unique characteristics and beauty of White men and women.

This is serious psychological warfare. The purveyors of mystery meatification know damned well the primal feelings they're stirring up like a hornet's nest, and they revel in it. They know, too, that genetic heritage matters, despite their equalist bleatings to the contrary, and that nothing gladdens them quite like the idea that they are responsible for luring White women to the Swarth Side to toss away in a jizzstant millennia of genetic, and hence cultural and aesthetic, refinement.

It's an all-out assault on Truth&Beauty and European Christendom from which we need an id cleanser:

Photo art by #Russian photographer Karina Kiel: ~ Mother and daughter ~

I'm reminded of a quote. "One drop of wine in mud is still mud. One drop of mud in wine ruins the wine."

That there above is pure white wine.

PS The Deep State is closer to their reckoning. McCabe altered Strzok's 302 report on Michael Flynn's interview. Lies lies lies lies….get ready Comey Crü, the MAGAmen are coming for you!

PPS @BronzeAgePervert has published a book. I don't read many internet era dissident tomes, preferring myself the pre-digital age classics, but BAP's book will be one I'll add to my library.

PPPS Additional lulz. Directly from the White House, it has Berserker Brad Parscale's fingerprints all over it:

> They said it couldn't be done… pic.twitter.com/QTfOFYirZI
>
> — The White House (@WhiteHouse) June 7, 2018

PPPPS Nice comment here by Daniel Chieh on autonomy vs interdependence.

PPPPPS Frequency of the word 'racism' in NYTimes articles, 1851-2016:

> Frequency of the word 'Racism' in New York Times articles, 1851-2016.
>
> ? pic.twitter.com/jbrlRRaJv6 source

Frequency of the word 'Racism' in New York Times articles, 1851-2016.

? pic.twitter.com/jbrlRRaJv6

[image]

— Conscious Caracal (@ConCaracal) June 5, 2018

Astute analysis by the poster: “The more actual racism decreases, the more it needs to be fabricated to keep the narrative alive.”

It took a couple of decades for the cultural marxist/equalist drivel to sink deep into the Western mind and lodge itself there, but once it did it was off to the races, and now here we are, arguing whether we have the moral and Constitutional right to keep out billions of Dirt World migrants from our homeland.

Comment Of The Week: Ten Years Of A Woman's Best For Fifty Years Of Her Worst

CH · 9 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Does the title of this post sound like a fair deal? Guess what, most betas don't even get that.

Doktor Jeep with the COTW win:

> When a woman refuses to give a man her best years then no man is obligated to be there for her worst.
>
> And we'll be seeing a new breed of women to whom it will be quite stark being told that the meaning of their lives is merely to serve as a warning for others.
> This article would be wasted on roastie who can't understand it. But it should be shared with every daughter, niece, and granddaughter we know of.

Five minutes of alpha beats five years of beta. Male analogue: Ten years of hott beats fifty years of nott.

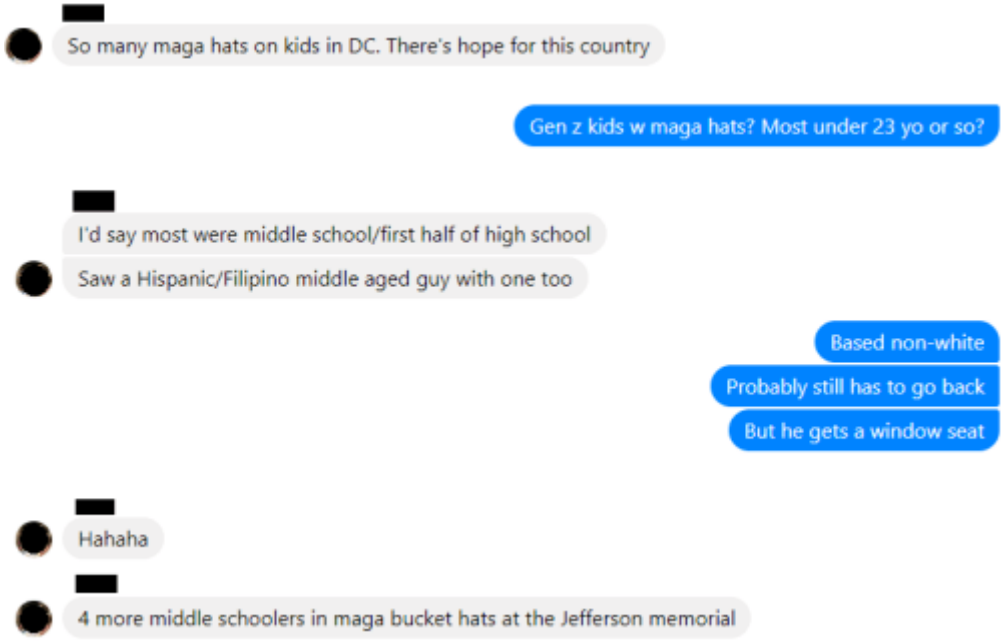
The Shivster wins the COTW runner-up prize (a set of steak knives…for sharper shivving, ofc),

> Interesting…clicking through to her recent [cock carouseler's] lament in the nypost, we see a picture of her. She looks older than 37. More like 45+.
>
> She reminds me a bit of an old Spanish teacher. The baggy white peasant clothes and lack of makeup insist that she's "not trying" to be sexy. (When you can no longer compete against the younger tighter gals, you withdraw from competition to spare yourself the pain of losing.)
>
> Her eyes look kinda squinty. Her skin looks tired…like on older women who have had too many microdermabrasions and acid peels. Part of this is the hundred-c*ck stare, and part of it is aging, and part of it is staring into the void of her cat lady future.
>
> But even now, she's trying to protect her ego. She wants us to know that she "dated" the original Mr. Big. She wants us to know that she WOULDN'T have dated her current beau back in her prime. And, with her outfit, she wants us to think that she's become less shallow and more spiritual. When in fact she's just become more insecure about her looks.
>
> But this is all a mistake. If she's truly seen the light, she needs to realistically assess her current MMV, accept that her current Beta beau is the best she's gonna do, and start treating him like an Alpha before she loses him too. She needs to doll herself up, stop telling herself or anyone else that she's settling for reasonable, and start rocking her guy's world. Not grudgingly, but as enthusiastically as she ever did for Mr. Big. If she wants someone to wife her up at 37, she darn well better be as hot, agreeable, and repentant as possible.
>
> Damaged goods is bad enough, but damaged goods still pining for the good old days is a non-starter. Ugh. You just know she's telling everyone who'll listen that her recent "settling" for "Mr. Reasonable" is a spiritual evolution on her part. This is a sure-fire way to lose Mr. Reasonable.

Generation Zyklon Update

CH · 11 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Audacious E passed along a field report from a buddy commenting on what he noticed among the Generation Zyklon crowd while in Panem's Capitol.



> Wearing MAGA hats in the most hostile place in the country to do so isn't for the faint of heart. These young shitlords are made of stern stuff. They're exactly what we need.

My gut feeling is that the schism between Mewllennials and Generation Zyklon will be ahistorically large. I expect an intergenerational break so profound it buries the Neoliberal Equalism status quo for good.

On a side note, for nonWhites, Filipinos are particularly assimilable to American culture. Our long-term military presence there obviously has had a beneficial influence on Flip assimilability, but I think it goes deeper than that. Filipinos share a sense of humor with Americans, at least from what I've noticed with the few Americanized Flips I've known. Humor is incredibly resistant to cross-cultural transmission; who here "gets" French humor, for example? But for reasons beyond my ken, Flips and Amerifats have a shared idea of what's funny, and that likely helps grease the inter-racial skids.

AE also provided some confirmatory evidence supporting CH's Fundamental Premise:

> – Doing a little back-of-the-envelope calculating, at present around 127 million men in the US are fertile. That compares to about 47 million women in the US who are currently fertile. Women aren't the natural gatekeepers of sex only because it's a potential investment of nine months (or eighteen years!) of their lives compared to 15 minutes of a man. They're also gatekeepers because there are in the general population a lot more fertile men than there are fertile women at any given time.

Women's precious eggs are only matched in value by men's passionate energy.

The (no)wag sneers, "If White women's eggs are so precious, why do so many of them pollute their eggs with swarthseed?"

First, not as many White women treat their eggs with as much disrespect as the GloboHomoBezos Ministry of

Propaganda would have you believe. Second, the White women who do chuck their ova to the orcs aren't typically best of breed, so relative to the White woman SMV norm these coal burners are, arguably, banging up, given that the White men they could get would be the absolute dregs, if they could get a White man at all. Thirdforth, female hypergamy doesn't obey Queefsbury Rules of Mate Selection; what might seem incomprehensible to the reliable beta White male provider — a hot un-hued White babe gravitating into a pitchy pimp's orbit — could feel refracted through the hindbrain of the mudshark like a big step up in her dating life if her ZFG boonfriend hits all her hamster-shaped buttons. The guardians of Civilization may think she's trashing her eggs, but Civilization was only ever a fortuitous tributary of the many winding forms taken by the God of Biomechanics.

Still, there are exceptions, and they do present a challenge to the Fundamental Premise, which can be satisfactorily resolved by assuming those exceptions are mentally ill and/or emotionally unstable, covered in sickly tats, addicted to hard drugs, and grew up without a father.

United Cuckdom

CH · 11 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The video is nearly universally disliked. Much wokeness in the comments,

> I think the advert is saying the woman should have gone to specsavers, genius!

Heh heh. I wonder if the globohomoists understand that the harder they push this pozsharking, the more hardened foes to their orthodoxy they create? It's best if they continue in their blindly smug accelerationism; a surprise reckoning is the sweetest reckoning.

Robert De Niro's Trump Derangement Syndrome, Explained

CH · 11 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Unrecoverable, life-altering mistakes bring the worst out in a person. Psychological projection on steroids.

Your Daily Game: The Limp Digits

CH · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Groyper Jones has a topical Game question,

> I'm almost finished with my first 100 approaches. I keep getting girls who say they have a boyfriend, but still give me their number to just be friends.
>
> I don't know what to make of this. Are they just being polite, or should I keep pushing?

This is one of those sexual market rituals that has changed over time. It used to be that girls wouldn't give their numbers out to men for whom the girls had no romantic feelings. Or they would give out a fake number. It was just too messy to give real numbers to betas who might stalk them or latch onto their orbit like an incel asteroid. Rarely, a man would cross paths with a sociopath who relished accumulating a soyem (male harem) of beta orbiters, and who would give her phone number to almost any man who asked. We call those girls attention whores, and their numbers are increasing exponentially.

But this has changed in recent years. Girls will now freely give their digits on the pretense of asexual friendship. I've noticed it, and others who are newer to the dating scene have noticed as well. Instead of the friendzone, I call this the friendphone. Are girls simply more naive than they used to be, or are they more sociopathic? Both possibilities are on the table.

To answer your two questions, no and yes.

The girls aren't being polite. If all they were doing was being polite, they would say they have a BF, and leave it at that. This is how it's traditionally been done for thousands of thot-years. So what's changed?

The nature of men, for one. There are a lot more beta male simps than there used to be, owing to a culture that has elevated emasculation to an art form and to the bulk of men's formative years being spent in faptivity with porn and vidja.

The nature of women, for two. There are a lot more manjaws and strident skanklib cunts than there used to be, owing to a culture that has denigrated femininity and to the bulk of women's formative years being spent overweight, socially disconnected, and aridly flattered online by thirsty betas.

The nature of nature, for three. Our waters are polluted with endocrine disruptors like the Pill.

The nature of our culture, for four. Antisocial media has deprived men and women of the relational social skills they need to court each other. Game may as well be Mandarin to the typical Ameriherb. Additionally, slut glorification has stripped the stigma from women who cock hop.

The nature of the sexual market, for five. There is a horrible sex skew between the numbers of available men vying for the love of a shrinking pool of slender, single babes. This reality breeds attention seeking thots, cock carouseling, grinding incel, and regretful Wall-approaching spinsters.

Given the above changes I've listed, the likeliest explanation for the emergence of the friendphone is a combination of fearlessness and aggro hypergamy. Girls are much less fearful of the beta males who swarm around them and of the potential danger to reputation those betas would have posed back in a more patriarchal time; this incentivizes attention whoring. It's no risk anymore for a girl to cavalierly accumulate a horde of sexless simps to diddle her idclit whenever she needs it.

The aggro, open hypergamy is the result of too many men competing for too few women. (Worse, competing for too few women who aren't economically self-sufficient and could use the LTR boost of a beta provider.) The plain jane can now juggle a few admirers (only one of which will have access to her vanilla vagina) without incurring reputational loss or threat of abandonment. The orbiter and sexless male friends will cling to her for months, and

years, enduring the cruelty of sniffing, but never touching, proximate vaj. They will patiently wait wait wait for their oneitis to “tire” of her jerkboy lover. They will never leave this waiting room. It is a portal to hell for them.

The hypergamous girl is fishing, always looking to reel in that monster bass. The more leeway she has to continually dangle her bait, the longer she’ll keep it in the water testing for nibbles. That’s what these friendphone girls are doing; dangling, recasting, dangling, and then reeling in whichever man is more alluring to her than the beta orbiters and Fake BFs she currently has in her rotation.

The conclusion I’m arriving at is this, Mr. Jones: If you are getting girls’ real numbers with the IHAB rider attached, the girls are equally interested in you AND attention whoring to enlarge their soyems. Continue gaming them as if they were undeclared property, and be careful to avoid beta orbiter traps that would unseal the deal.

Keep pushing. Every girl now has a male in her company that she can call a “boyfriend”, though he may be nothing of the sort as conventionally understood. It may be a male she *wishes* were her bf, or it may be a recruited flatterer she labels a bf in a pinch when social expectation calls for it.

If she gives her number, a part of her is thinking about exploring intimacy with you. It may be a small part, but all you need is a foot in the whore. If you follow up on one of these sweet numbers, and she mentions the bf again, consult the Chateau archives for numerous anti-bf quips that will easily surmount this most common of shit tests.

CH Maxim #99: Keep pushing for sex, until she stops allowing you to push.

You’ll know when she thwarts your advances for real, and when she’s putting up token resistance. Knowing the difference comes with sexperience.

One trick that works wonders on the modren wahman is to call her bluff. Reply to her objections, “hey, don’t get the wrong idea. I just called because you were looking for a friend.” Then, be friendly. Don’t act resentful or butthurt. Open yourself to her terms of engagement, hiding your ulterior motive until it’s too late for her to #resist. Hang with her, but keep pushing and working the magic, devoting each minute you and her are together to your ultimate goal. This is the sneaky fucker strategy, minus the angry ape boyfriend who comes back to reclaim his turf, because she won’t really have a boyfriend, and if she does it won’t be a boyfriend she respects enough to stay faithful to, which means he won’t be a man you need fear.

The Liberal Prey Animal In A Threat-Free Environment

CH · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

What happens when you separate prey animals from their native predators?

The prey animals lose their natural fear of the predators.

What happens when the predators return?

Heh.

Via plumpjack,

> food for thought: a group of animals separated from their predators lost their fear of the predators after 13 generations:
>
> "Conservationists are stuck in a catch-22: In trying to save some species, the would-be protectors may be giving the animals an evolutionary disadvantage. A new study describes how efforts to protect the endangered northern quoll, a spotted, kitten-sized marsupial native to Australia, by placing a population on a threat-free island may have actually undermined a key survival ins-tinct.
>
> After 13 generations — just 13 years — in isolation, the northern quolls (Dasyurus hallucatus) had lost their fear response to native predators, researchers report June 5 in Biology Letters.
>
> "Evolution can happen very rapidly" for animals with fast breeding times, says evolutionary biologist Rick Shine of the University of Sydney, who was not involved in the study.
>
> Separating endangered species from predators is a common conservation technique, sometimes taking place in captive-breeding programs in zoos or fenced enclosures or on isolated islands. The approach allows a species to build up its population before eventually being reintroduced to the wild.
>
> Populations of northern quolls have been drastically reduced in recent decades by invasive poisonous cane toads (SN Online: 2/3/14). In 2003, the Australian Northern Territory Government tried to preserve the quolls in part by moving 45 of them to toad-free Astell Island, off mainland Australia's northern coast.
>
> INVADER Northern quolls were isolated to protect them from poisonous cane toads, an invasive species responsible for killing many native animals.
>
> In 2016, biologist Christopher Jolly of the University of Melbourne and colleagues tried to reintroduce some quolls from Astell to the mainland. But the effort was quickly halted after dingoes and feral cats killed many of the new arrivals (SN Online: 2/11/15).
>
> In trying to figure out what happened, the researchers tested the fear responses of four populations of quolls: wild mainland quolls, island-born quolls and offspring from both groups. Quolls from each group were given boxes of mealworms; some had no scent and some were tainted with the scent of either feral cats or dingoes. While the wild quolls shied away from the predator-scented worms, the island quolls slurped the worms down. **The quoll babies in each group showed the same behavior as the adults, suggesting the lost fear response was not learned but had evolved over 13 generations.**"
>
> perhaps this explains some of the divergence in views on things like borders and race between gated-community elites and their forced-diversity subjects: the first group has lost their fear of natural predators due to being separated from them, ingrained into their DNA over many generations.

Bingo. Substitute "gated community, open borders shilling shitlibs" for "prey animals" and "third world invaders" for "predators" to understand current events at a deeper level than any poli sci grad school automaton.

If optimistic, substitute "MAGA shitlords" for "predators".

SWPL shitlibs better hope the predator reintroduction to bring balance back to the ecocultural force is comprised of their close genetic kin; there will be no mercy if the predators are the invading species of distant nonWhite tribes.

Funnyman Trump

CH · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Trump is very funny. The media will never acknowledge it, but that's because the media is full of hysterical libs run by the Matzo Mafia who hate Trump and everything he represents. Instead, the media will continue believing the Gay Mulatto was an icon of masculinity.

For the latest example of Trump's humor, check today's tweet:

> Mark Sanford has been very unhelpful to me in my campaign to MAGA. He is MIA and nothing but trouble. He is better off in Argentina. I fully endorse Katie Arrington for Congress in SC, a state I love. She is tough on crime and will continue our fight to lower taxes. VOTE Katie!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) June 12, 2018

For those who don't know, Sanford is (yet another) South Carolina GOPe cuck who bucked the trend by having an affair with a woman instead of a poolboy. He disappeared for a while and later surfaced in Argentina with his mistress.

PS More funny stuff from Trump today:

> Robert De Niro, a very Low IQ individual, has received to many shots to the head by real boxers in movies. I watched him last night and truly believe he may be "punch-drunk." I guess he doesn't…
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) June 12, 2018

> …realize the economy is the best it's ever been with employment being at an all time high, and many companies pouring back into our country. Wake up Punchy!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) June 12, 2018

PPS Great comment from elooie on Trump's negotiating tactics.

> It's funny reading Reddit and seeing how little everyone there understands negotiations and power dynamics. Trump is actually pretty transparent at playing hard ball and he clearly has zero issues walking away from a bad deal.
> Some examples:
> Putting things that were previously off the table back in play (Taiwan, moving embassy)
> Walking away (Iran deal, NK summit, Paris accords, tpp)
> Agressive behave with unreasonable asks(cancelling trade with EU, dreamers citizenship)
> And finally the most important deployment of US armed forces to the region.
>
> ALL TO MAKE A DEAL.
>
> First rule of power, whoever needs the relationship the least has the power.

Trump is Game
Game is Trump
Shitlibs quail
World Cucks stumped

Alpha Male Vs Beta Cuck

CH · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

obama bending far enough to bite the pillow.

The Gay Mulatto is the invisible mongrel. He was a cipher during his rule, a vessel into which millions of virtue sniveling shitlib Whites and gibs-envisioning frenzied blacks poured their narcissistic ardor to have it reflected back at them through the rictus of a high yella's phony fey poise. He will leave no legacy that Trump hasn't already demolished, he won't be remembered for anything, he was never cool, and his cultist followers will have only the halo from his onyx numinosity to accompany them to their childfree old age.

Trump makes more history in a day than the Gay Mulatto made in eight years. For that matter, so does Dennis Rodman.

The Groid Void fades from memory already, as a Golden Don splashes the world with high T color again.

Spot The King

CH · 13 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The King is the man sitting on the throne, as his subjects gather in a crowd about him to petition his grace. Those butthurt subjects would be Murderin' Merkel and Mammy-Banging Maricon. Often, the King has a right hand man equally condescending of the proceedings. That would be Abe Shinzo in this photo. And a courtier expressing the King's contempt with agape mouth. That would be John Bolton.

Trump is the center of attention, drawing the camera to himself even when he's in the corner of the frame, while globalist cup rattlers like Merkel pout and whine impotently in his orbit.

Normally, crossed arms are a closed-off, defensive posture, but there are contexts in which the crossed arm coupled with the haughty smirk and WIDE STANCE manspreading underscore a supreme self-confidence and contempt for one's interlocutors. That is the case in this instantly iconic photo.

(The iconic nature of the photo is less to do with snapshot body language analysis of Trump meeting with World Cucks than it does with it being symbolic of the geopolitical realignment away from Globohomoism and towards a reinvigorated nationalism that is more comfortable embracing the truths of race and sex and the need to curb elite avarice. Keep an eye out for the coming Nippon-American alliance.)

Shitlibs claiming this pic shows Trump in a diminutive light, withering under the schoolmarmish glare of a scolding Merkel, have no ability to read social situations or facial expressions. This is the shitlib version of autism. Two movies, one screen. And the movie shitlibs are watching is a figment of their Harry Potterized imagination.

Don Trump Jr's social media feed is entertaining for its area effect triggering of shitlibs:

John Bolton: "Just another #G7 where other countries expect America will always be their bank. The President made it clear today. No more." Very well said #AmericaFirst #maga

A post shared by Donald Trump Jr. (@donaldjtrumpjr) on Jun 10, 2018 at 6:00am PDT

Did Trump rip a fat joke at the expense of Supercuts Kim? Survey SAYS:

Comments are gold:

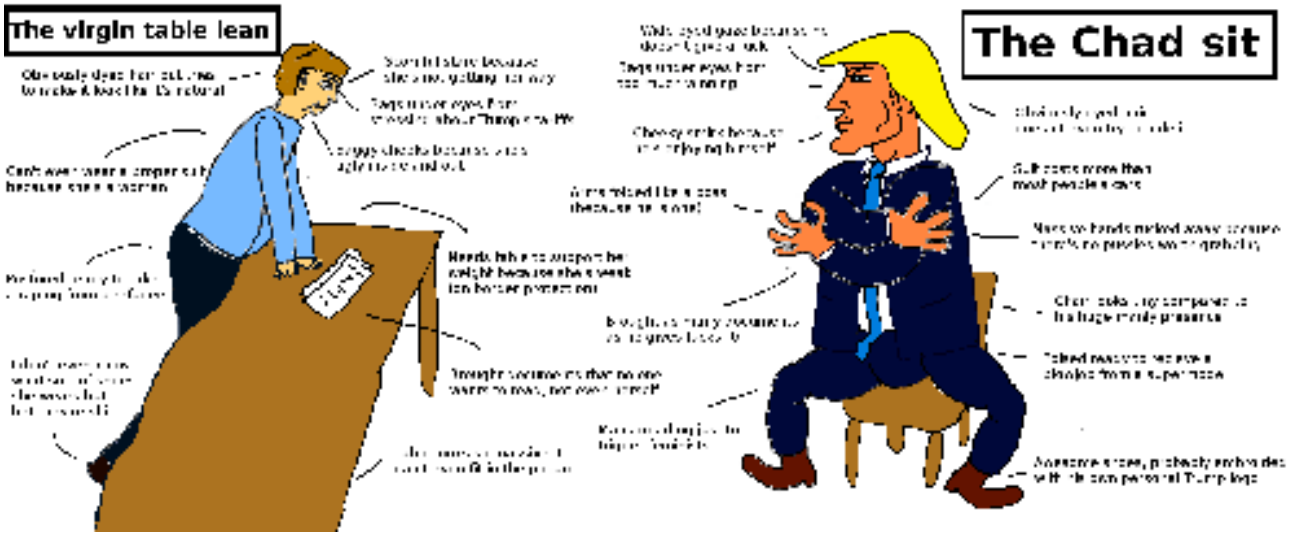
> why does this look like a scene from The Office?

> ***
>
> i'm really starting to like Trump with his subtle criticisms of fellow world leaders
>
> ***
>
> kim getting hit with the translation right as his blood pressure spikes
>
> ***
>
> What's the right word to use when someone is making sly, offensive insults about someone else that's in the room but without it looking like a direct insult at them? Seriously, I've often wondered what word you would use to describe that.

The word is "neg".

Isn't it great how much more entertaining the Trump Presidency is compared to the stilted wooden sequel we would have had to endure with a Cunt Presidency?

Loved this:



"brought as many documents as he gives fucks: 0"

***

lol there's manspreading, and then there's the Trumpchasm:

Heavy brass ones require tremendous lebensraum.

***

Is Trump a Master Persuader? Does the Russian bear live rent free in shitlibs' minds? This is a slickly produced action movie-style trailer which Trump played for Supercuts Kim (stay tuned for the best part of the video…when the lights come on in NK):

Trump appeals to Kim Jong-un's ego. Trump knows the psychological vulnerability of dictators as well as he knows the soft underbelly of media leftoids, for the two groups are not that far apart, and Trump plays both like a fiddle. It can't be said enough how blessed Heritage America is to have this man as our President, and that indeed it often seems as if divine providence guided Trump to us when he was most needed.

PS Obama whoo?

The Damsel In Distress Beta Bait

CH · 14 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A crying, whimpering, or otherwise despondent female whose body isn't encased in layers of blubber is an irresistible opportunity for white knighties and betaboys to prove they are the ones to ride to her rescue. The beta male lives for those moments he gets a chance to comfort a distressed or depressed girl, because the beta male is under the grossly self-defeating impression that comforting words and a shoulder to cry on are the stuff of pussy tingles.

See, men project their experiences with distress onto women. When men are distressed, it isn't (usually) an act. Life in general is tougher for men (in the parlance of Cunt Wave Feminism, men shoulder a greater burden of "emotional labor"). So distressed men will sincerely welcome a helping hand or a word of encouragement, and will especially appreciate those things coming from a pretty girl. Oftentimes, distressed betas fall instantly in love with a girl who gives them the tiniest morsel of sympathy.

But it doesn't work this way for women. First, women get distressed all the time, and mostly for ridiculous reasons. It's very rare that a hottie will be depressed for legitimate reasons; more likely is that she is just venting a toxic build-up of emotions that have accumulated from her roller coaster relationship with a jerkboy, and the act of venting and brooding is itself very pleasurable for her. So pretty girls won't truly welcome sympathy from men except as a springboard for the girls to play up the damsel in distress angle to extract bennies from betas.

Second, women are sexually put off by men who come on strong with the Sympathy Game, reasoning (rightly) that these men are chicken shits who are trying to weasel their way into women's panties by role-playing as asexual therapists.

If you see a pretty girl who looks depressed to you, #resist the urge to comfort her. Instead, be the jerk chicks dig and tell her crying's not allowed unless her dog or her mother died. Then offer her a hanky embroidered with a photo of your smirking face.

***

Apropos of the theme of this post, a relevant text exchange between Peter Strzok (beta) and Lisa Page (ugly strivercunt):

> LISA PAGE*: "[Trump's] not ever going to become president, right? Right?!"
>
> PETER STRZOK**: "No. No he won't. We'll stop it."

First, thanks for tipping off everyone in America to your coup de tat against Trump! Very informative. Second, Peter, you dumb pencil-necked herbling, an aggrocunt tankgrrl like Page doesn't want your captain save a ho act. It turns her off to know she has you wrapped around her manfingers. Petey, you were never on top, were you? How often was she behind you, enacting the male role with a strap-on?

The Three Types Of Men

CH · 14 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'd add a fourth type:

The Dreg. This is the guy who can't even get love from a fatty and who has no male friends.

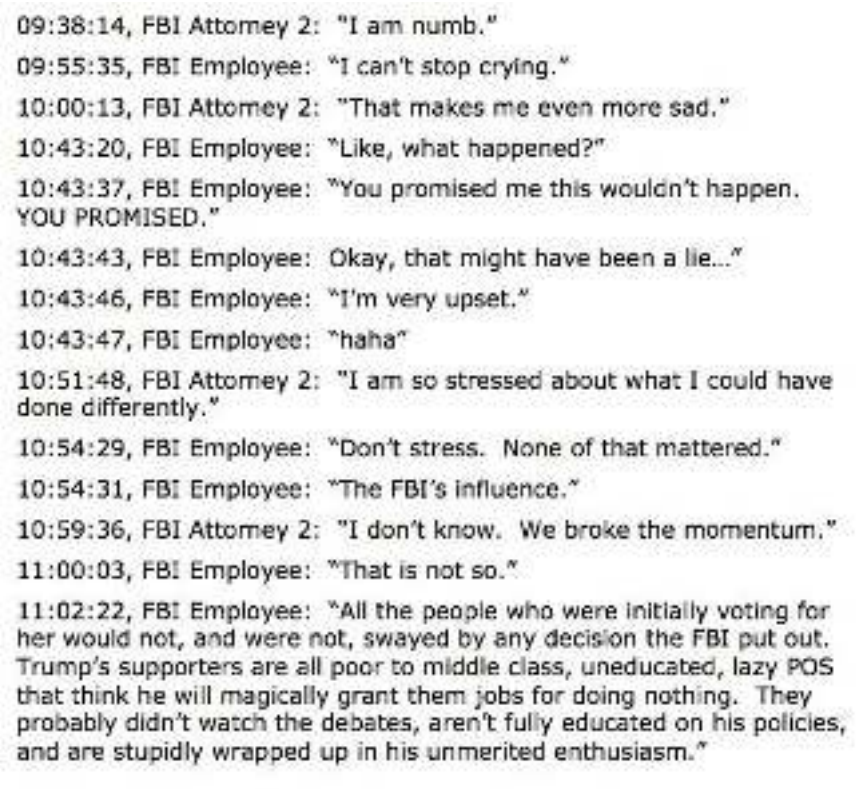
PS The 3 Male Archetypes meme above is also a useful shorthand for civilizational cycles:

Relationship Beta -> Peak civilization
Polygynous Jerkboy Alpha -> Rising replacement civilization from the smoking ruins of a destroyed civilization
Incel Niceguy -> Declining civilization
David Fatrelle -> Gynarcho-tyranny

Your FBI (You Can Stop “Respecting The Institution” Now)

CH · 15 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever wondered what it would look like if our esteemed institutions were run by snarky tween brats? Look no further than today’s FBI!



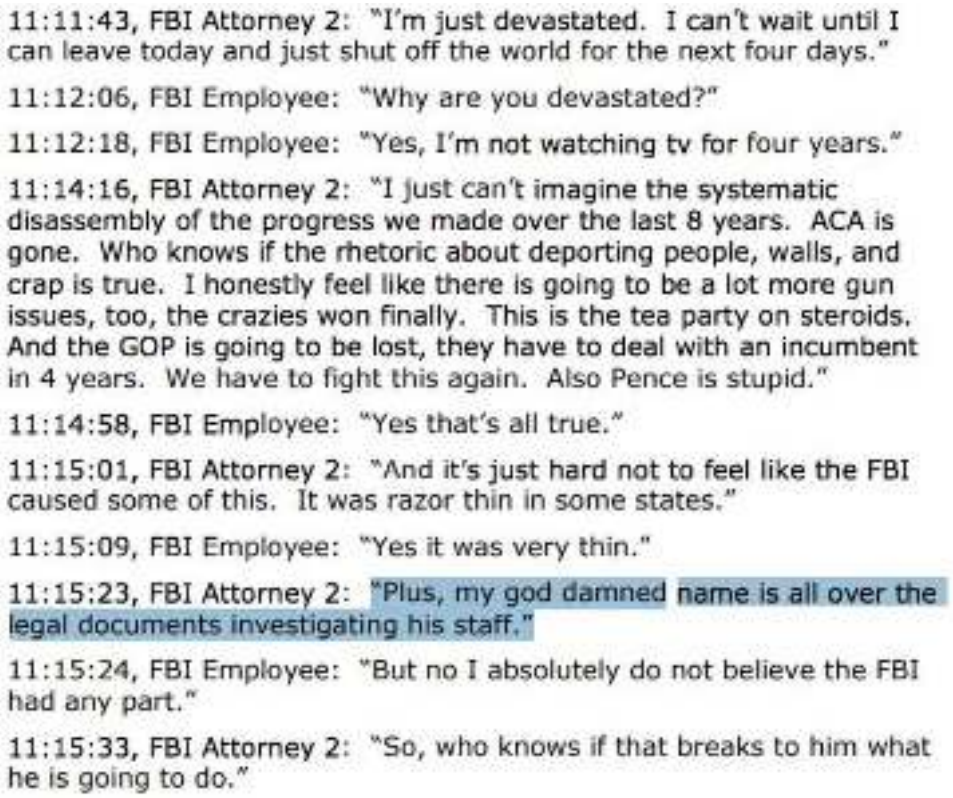
09:38:14, FBI Attorney 2: "I am numb."
09:55:35, FBI Employee: "I can't stop crying."
10:00:13, FBI Attorney 2: "That makes me even more sad."
10:43:20, FBI Employee: "Like, what happened?"
10:43:37, FBI Employee: "You promised me this wouldn't happen. YOU PROMISED."
10:43:43, FBI Employee: Okay, that might have been a lie..."
10:43:46, FBI Employee: "I'm very upset."
10:43:47, FBI Employee: "haha"
10:51:48, FBI Attorney 2: "I am so stressed about what I could have done differently."
10:54:29, FBI Employee: "Don't stress. None of that mattered."
10:54:31, FBI Employee: "The FBI's influence."
10:59:36, FBI Attorney 2: "I don't know. We broke the momentum."
11:00:03, FBI Employee: "That is not so."
11:02:22, FBI Employee: "All the people who were initially voting for her would not, and were not, swayed by any decision the FBI put out. Trump's supporters are all poor to middle class, uneducated, lazy POS that think he will magically grant them jobs for doing nothing. They probably didn't watch the debates, aren't fully educated on his policies, and are stupidly wrapped up in his unmerited enthusiasm."

Sounds like another Captain Save A Ho exchange, except this being the FaggBI the roles are probably reversed, so “FBI Employee” is the male and “FBI Attorney 2” the female lawyercunt.

The two wrist flappers above aren’t Strzok-Page. They’re *another* couple of lovebirds making full use of FBI broom closets to whisper sweet nothings about how much they hate Trump and the half of America who voted for him.

The G-cunt can’t believe Trump might win and calls his supporters “dumb, uneducated, lazy POS”.

If you’ve ever doubted what your “betters” in the degenerate ruling class think of you, dispel your doubts. You now know. And you should be thinking of them in only one way: frog-marched to the public gallows.


11:11:43, FBI Attorney 2: "I'm just devastated. I can't wait until I can leave today and just shut off the world for the next four days."

11:12:06, FBI Employee: "Why are you devastated?"

11:12:18, FBI Employee: "Yes, I'm not watching tv for four years."

11:14:16, FBI Attorney 2: "I just can't imagine the systematic disassembly of the progress we made over the last 8 years. ACA is gone. Who knows if the rhetoric about deporting people, walls, and crap is true. I honestly feel like there is going to be a lot more gun issues, too, the crazies won finally. This is the tea party on steroids. And the GOP is going to be lost, they have to deal with an incumbent in 4 years. We have to fight this again. Also Pence is stupid."

11:14:58, FBI Employee: "Yes that's all true."

11:15:01, FBI Attorney 2: "And it's just hard not to feel like the FBI caused some of this. It was razor thin in some states."

11:15:09, FBI Employee: "Yes it was very thin."

11:15:23, FBI Attorney 2: "Plus, my god damned name is all over the legal documents investigating his staff."

11:15:24, FBI Employee: "But no I absolutely do not believe the FBI had any part."

11:15:33, FBI Attorney 2: "So, who knows if that breaks to him what he is going to do."

Lookee there, FBI lolyers seem really nervous about the incoming Trump Reign. Could it beeeeeee…..GUILT? (yes)

Cornelius Rye comments,

> A friend on Gab makes an insightful and important point about these emails and texts. It's not about what's in the texts, it's about what's NOT in the texts. Not once is there mention of Russia. It's a smoking gun, as far as I'm concerned:
>
> "What you see: FBI officials privately expressing hatred for Trump and Trump supporters.
>
> What you don't see: FBI officials privately expressing fear of Russians.
>
> If there were texts or internal memos full of worry over Russia, they would have been leaked by now. No one actually believed the conspiracy theory; it was only ever an excuse to spy on Americans."

Yup. Trumpists everywhere are beginning to smell Globohomoist blood in the water. Tucker Carlson:

The details tucked within Horowitz's IG report — that there was systemic bias for Clinton and against Trump at the highest levels and strongly suggestive evidence of a coup to take out Trump — are damning, and at odds with the milquetoast conclusion offered to the press today. What gives? Here's one take:

> Read, but don't focus on, "executive summary"/"conclusions"; those two sections were written post facto by administrators in FBI/DOJ leadership. Focus on substance of documented facts within the IG report. You'll note specific facts don't support the "summary/conclusion". pic.twitter.com/W3qsK7FKOc
>
> — TheLastRefuge (@TheLastRefuge2) June 14, 2018

And this take:

I dunno what to make of the discrepancy between the substance and summary of the IG Report. Read through it and it's clear there's enough damning information in there to put multiple heads of the FBI and DOJ on trial for treason. Or at least to appoint a special prosecutor whose job it is to lock up as many Deep State creeps as he can while razing the institutions to the ground and rebuilding them in the image of the God Emperor.

Either (((Horowitz))) is /ourguy/ or he's /theirguy/. There's no such thing as an objective human being; everyone has their biases which necessarily taint their work and their interpretation of evidence. If he's /ourguy/, then why the weak sauce summary that is utterly belied by the report's substance? Maybe he's playing a long game to set the stage for arrests of high ranking Deep Staters down the road so that normies aren't scared off by the spectacle, and he didn't want to come out too strong (recall that the second IG Report into the FISC abuses by the FBI is coming out next). Or he's /theirguy/ and he deliberately watered down the summary knowing shit tier leftoid outfits like NPR would gleefully ignore the substance to report on the conclusion that there was no political bias found (laughable on its face).

IG Report goodies:

> FBI employees received tickets to sporting events from journalists, went on golfing outings with media representatives, were treated to drinks and meals after work.

The Media-IC-DNC-FBICIADOJ Deep State is nothing if it isn't greased with kickbacks, bribes, and payola.

More exposed FBI and DOJ corruption to tilt the election in favor of thecunt:

Oh, and Peter Strzok, the soyboy at the center of this Deep State tootsie roll? He wasn't just some low ranking underling:

> Strzok was in charge of
>
> the HRC investigation
>
> the FBI's contribution to the hacking report
>
> the Flynn investigation
>
> the Trump/Russia investigation
>
> and the first months of Mueller's investigation.
>
> His bias and malfeasance is kind of a big deal.
>
> Ffs!

FFS is an understatement. Where is Jeff Sessions in all this? High treason occurs under his nose and…wtf is he doing about it? Waiting to pounce when the time is right? Jeff, the midterms are just months away; you don't have much time left to make a move before a horde of screeching anti-American mystery meats and pussyhatters take the lower chamber.

Sexually de-polarized Strzok texted his equally sexually de-polarized butch lover Page a promise that "we" (the FBI) would "stop" Trump from becoming President:

> "Several FBI employees Who played critical roles in the investigation sent political messages," IG report says.
>
> It cites Lisa Page text to Peter Strzok: "(Trump's) not ever going to become president, right? Right?!"
>
> Strzok: "No. No he's not. We'll stop it."
>
> — Jennifer Jacobs (@JenniferJJacobs) June 14, 2018

That's a leetle bit worse than personal bias; it's open rebellion against democracy.

Everything you need to know about Strzok's character is revealed in a text exchange with his horse-faced manjawed careerist shrike lover Lisa Page. They're having a tiff over affirmative action for some beaner kid, and Strzok begins to grow a tiny pair of raisins which Page promptly cuts off and feeds to him, after which he assumes the submissive position. It's malefeminism.txt.

Strzok is illustrative of elite degeneration (genetic and environmental) and rapid androgynization of the sexes. It's not just him. It's everyone who deigns to rule over us, including Comey who posted on his Instagram a pic of himself jumping up in the air like a teen girl in the grip of an attention whoring fever:

Just how institutionally gay is the FBI? This gay:

> On September 9, 2016, Agent 1 and Agent 5 exchanged the following instant messages.
>
> 08:56:43, Agent 5: "i'm trying to think of a 'would i rather' instead of spending time with those people"
>
> 08:56:54, Agent 1: "stick your tongue in a fan??"
>
> 08:56:58, Agent 5: "i would rather have brunch with trump"
>
> 08:57:03, Agent 1: "ha"
>
> 08:57:15, Agent 1: "french toast with drumpf"
>
> 08:57:19, Agent 5: "i would rather have brunch with trump and a bunch of his supporters like the ones from ohio that are retarded"
>
> 08:57:23, Agent 5: ":)"

That exchange is real, if you can believe it. Terrence Rhine adds,

as with the lovebirds and Comey, and to some extent Brennan, one of the darkest elements of all this is the way

these agents write like witless teenagers. there's something far more incriminating about our society than the corruption in the fact that everyone in all these badass seats of authority are ultimately just shallow barely-mediocre brats.

I say "darkest" but it's also why the carnivalesque burn-it-all-down element that comes with Trump is so appropriate. No one cares that powerful adults are like this, they *like it* that way because a society of shallow millennials (of all ages) is more docile and more devoted to consumption than a society of thoughtful adults.

The snarkification of once-esteemed American institutions, (and the apathy of Mewllennials to the corrupting influence on those institutions of late nite comedy sensibility), is one of the great un-reported facets of late stage republics morphing into gynarcho-tyrannies. This, for instance, is meant as a joke, but it's not far removed from reality:

> There is a guy at the FBI whose only job is to say "Boom." after every development in a case. He makes $475,000 a year.
>
> — SemiProblematic (@SemiProblematic) December 4, 2017

The bottom line: the FBI and DOJ under Gay Mulatto invented a Russia collusion hoax story in the hopes that it would lead to the impeachment of a duly-elected president:

> My God, cont'd. Does this not indicate that the Russia investigation was an effort to "fix" an undesirable outcome at the ballot box, at least in the minds of two leading investigators on the case? pic.twitter.com/p7SBLZu9Go
>
> — Sohrab Ahmari (@SohrabAhmari) June 14, 2018

PS An explainer on Ghey Gowdy's recent shilling for the Deep State. tl;dr follow the hourly billing rates.

Depravity, Thy Name Is Woman

CH · 15 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Jay in DC, doing the job white knighties won't do (peer behind the curtains hiding the female hindbrain):

> *"If you get a couple drinks in her in **any** locale, you and your entire crew of friends can run through her without an issue."*
>
> FTFY, F Street. (yeah I am rippin' off Cap but the name is hilarious and gives you some gangsta sounding street cred. 'My nigga F-Street over there')
>
> I have double teamed wahmen as far back as college after getting them shit-faced drunk and I've seen fraternity bros of mine run a train on girls in front of my very eyes. They are pornstars at their core, many of them, and truly love the cock.
>
> I had an ex-GF who's masturbation fantasy was a "tribe" of guys like 300 style all jerking off around her and bukkaking her body with thick ropey blasts of jizz by the dozens. That made me TRULY understand the depravity of female. This girl was a BALLER btw, 120K a year salary, 130+ IQ, high level corporate bitch. All the trappings of shit-lib corporate success and when you peeled all that away and got down to her lizard brain none of it mattered. What she desired most was to be a cum mat for a tribe of murderous alpha male barbarians. What else needs to be said?
>
> "Frailty, thy name is woman." -Hamlet

300 Cockas sounds like da GBFM's debut indie film.

PS Isn't it conspicuously odd that women will never have a fantasy of 300 provider betas dribbling their soyseed over their splayed bodies? Fantasy is a reflection of real inner desire, and women's fantasies all tend to, well, look same.

Giving Leftoids An Overdose Of Their Own Medicine

CH · 18 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A MAGAman trolled vapid Trump-hater Robert "Punchy" De Niro during a De Niro-directed Broadway musical by hoisting, front row center, a "Keep America Great, TRUMP 2020" banner.

Good stuff. You know what would have been even more ruthless? If the banner was nothing but a photo of Punchy's polychromatic family.

No caption needed. The pic is enough of a subtle reminder to De Nullified that most normal parents go into the enterprise thrilling to the prospect that their kids will resemble them, and his don't.

The psychological burden of this awareness has obviously taken on toll (heh) on De Zero's sanity, and he lashes out at Trump and what Trump implicitly represents: a return to biological reality, truth, and beauty.

An audience member at that musical creatively disrupted by a Trump minion had this to say about it,

> "It's sad that people can't enjoy a beautiful show and embrace its unifying message without politicizing it," Del Vicario said.

Lack of Self Awareness Achievement Level 99 Unlocked.

Another hot take from a hair dresser,

> Brian Strumwasser, a hair department supervisor on "A Bronx Tale" and several other productions, agreed — saying the man "disrespected" the cast and crew.
>
> "Whoever the low life scum bag who thinks it's ok to post their political views at a Broadway show and disrespect everyone there who paid to watch a show that is ALL ABOUT INCLUSION was thankfully removed from the theater Saturday night," Strumwasser wrote Sunday on Instagam.

Lack of Self Awareness Achievement Level 100 Unlocked. I wonder if this fruit cup was equally indignant about

all the alt-right speeches and events closed down under pressure from anti-free speech left-wing protestors? Rhetorical. A reader astutely recalls similar hypocrisies of the Left,

> This is how the insane liberal religious marxists have turned things into. What about the idiot actor from hamilton that started preaching his garbage at our vice president pence?! Fuck the left

Leftoids are getting an overdose of their own medicine from ZFG alpha chadlord dissidents ripping pages from the Left's Rules for Radicals, and it is chafing their soy-mottled hides HARD.

When leftoids are force fed their own gruel, watch how quickly they backpedal and beg for civility.

NOT THIS TIME. The days when the Left could steamroll cucks who spoke out of turn are over; it's the dawning of the Age of Atomic Wedgies.

Trump (and yours truly if I may) have shown that there's nothing dishonorable about the fight, that the Left are paper ligers, and that having big brass balls is the best friend you'll ever need in the battle to crush the creepy anti-Whites who to a soyboy and bluehair will fold like cheap lawn chairs under the slightest bit of unapologetic pushback.

ALWAYS

BE

CLOSING

IN

Take the fight to the leftoid freak mafia, on their turf, in their house, and scatter their chinless foot soldiers, nasally consiglieri, hysterical hall monitors, and obese usurpers to the winds to carry their howls of pain across our MAGA plains.

If the leftoid cowers for your mercy, remind xir that it was the Left which started this war, which sadistically relished humiliating its enemies, and which never backed off an inch in its march through the institutions to leave behind corrupted de-souled husks as disfigured monuments to their malice and scorched earth depravity…and that their current ordeal of pain was necessitated, indeed fated, by the savage rules of total war they themselves brought to the battlefield.

Then strap another limb to the breaking wheel, as a lesson for the others: everything's changed, there's no word smithery to save you now.

Ban Jack Dorsey

CH · 19 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Twatter CEO Jack Dorsey. Physiognomy is squeal. (were you expecting anything different?)

giggle* *squeal*…i have your alt-right account info and i'm about to get you fired from life…*gigglesqueal

> Twitter CEO Jack Dorsey shared at least 17 tweets from a Russian troll between late 2016 and mid 2017

Ban Jack Dorsey. He has colluded with Russia to undermine our democratic process.

PS Petitioning readers to scrape together a Deep State Reckoning Countdown Clock meme. The hour is nigh, and Phony Comey is all outta arrogant smug sighs.

Cock And Awe

CH · 19 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Recall a time when you noticed something you needed from across a room, and then, focused on the object or person, you beelined with urgent purpose toward your target when, upon approach, you also noticed that an attractive woman happened to be situated near the thing you were walking quickly toward, and that her face lit up and her eyes widened into a sudden spasm of delight, arousal, and a little fear as you neared her and you realized she probably thought you were moving in her direction to hit on her (you weren't, but she didn't know that…all she had to go on was your purposeful stride to where she was sitting/standing).

Unless you have never left your vidjafapatorium, you will have seen something like this in your life. Take the lesson to heart. Chicks dig the bold approach, no matter the discrepancy between her SMV and your SMV. The positive, tingle-betraying reaction of women to a man's unintentional bold approach is proof that an intentional bold approach — see your mark, move in on your mark, do not deviate from your mission — will have the same effect. Call it Cock and Awe; home in like a pleat-seeking missile and drive through crowds, splitting them like an icebreaker, and drop your ordnance right between her fore- and hindbrains.

Girls love powerful men, and very few actions in this world communicate raw masculine power quite as unmistakably as giving less than zero fucks and blasting through the fog of humdrum daily life to impose yourself on a girl and make her feel like a vulnerable, sexy minx again.

FYI, the above scenario reveals one way to get over approach anxiety. Instead of approaching girls, tell yourself instead you're approaching someone or something next to the girl to chat up that other person/check out that intriguing thing. Then, when you're right next to the girl, you suddenly "notice" her and "decide" to talk to her because she looked like she needed the company.

The Perfectly Wielded Trumpshiv

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Don’t worry, the Republicans, and your President, will fix it! pic.twitter.com/xsbuPzXbHj
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) June 20, 2018

I love this man. He has shown Heritage America how to fight, and more importantly how to welcome the fight. Unlike tomato can GOPe cucks who pretended to fight and then fell to the mat after getting a chin hair grazed by a weak jab, Trump fights for real. For keeps. And he keeps coming back to dish out more punishment to shitlibs. Result: shitlibs have lost their collective minds.

I still marvel that for this irreligious agnostic Trump more than anyone has me questioning my faith in the impossibility of divine intervention.

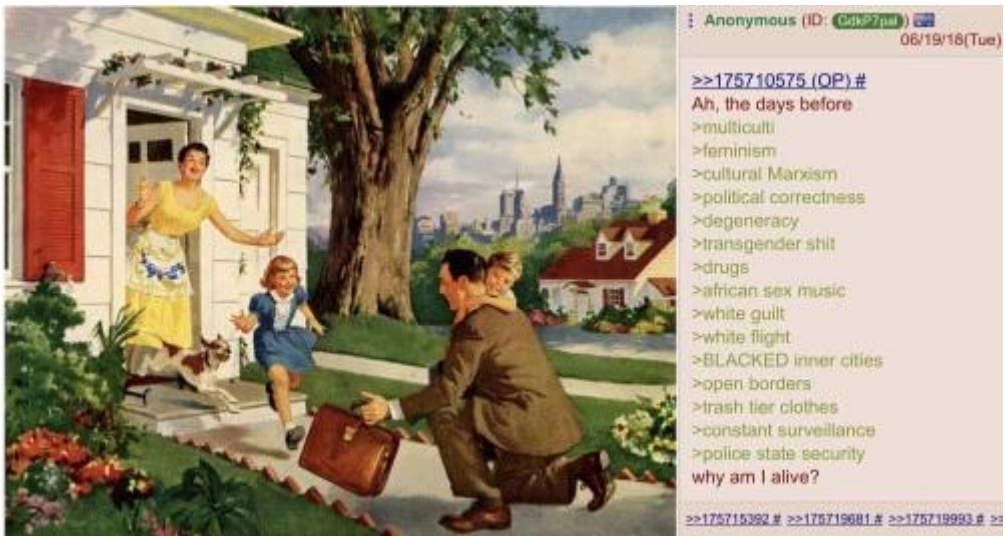
PS Trump has done the unimaginable. He dethroned Skittles Man. Say hello to President Starburst!

> President Donald Trump reportedly threw Starburst candies onto a table at the G7 summit for German chancellor Angela Merkel, saying “Here, Angela. Don’t say I never give you anything.”

Who but Trump could be more alpha than Skittles Man? I would fight for this man to the ends of the earth.

The Days Before

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original



What they took from us, or what we foolishly surrendered? The answer is both.

The question now is, can we get it back? The hour is late and our enemies are full of hate. But so are we. And that will make all the difference.

The Shiny Object Theory Of White Female Support For Open Borders

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's no mystery who among Whites supports open borders and the consequent swamping of America with Swarth World spindrift: Single White Women.

As I teased in the previous post, here I'll explain why Single White Women (SWWs) are in love with the idea of a borderless America that is overrun with Dirt World detritus. I call it the Shiny Object Theory of the SWW Open Borders Welcoming Committee.

My reasoning is simple: sexual selection electrifies all human interaction, and women have evolved to display themselves to catch the attention of high value men.

The fewer high value men there are, and/or the more attractive women there are, the more frequent and intense the sexual display of women. Supply and demand. So, for instance, when men are in short supply, as has been hypothesized was the situation for prehistorical European hunter-gatherers with high male attrition rates from hunting megafauna, the few surviving men are able to afford to be choosy, and they choose only the most beautiful of women from their tribes.

It's speculated that this is how blonde and red hair, and blue and green eyes, evolved in European White women…a long time ago those choosy men had to be enticed with the biological equivalent of shiny baubles, so women evolved bright, eye-catching accoutrements like blonde hair, blue eyes, big titties, swayback, and exquisite White woman facial beauty.

White male choosiness gave the world White female beauty. God may have made man in His image, but White man made White woman in his vision.

Getting back to the subject of this post, if we start with the premise that the number of high value White Men has decreased relative to the number of Single White Women who want them — a premise which has sound footing, given the surge of economically self-sufficient White women and the retreat of White men from positions of power, influence, and cultural supremacy to languish in faptivity — then there would consequently develop an increase in sexual display by White women to more effectively bait HSMV White men into relationships (or at least into pump and dumps).

Subcultures would spring from this sexual market shift in female strategy, such as Slut Pride, Deep Thots, multicolored hair, skintight yoga pants showing camel toe, wine mommery, and the omnipresent social media attention whore.

One other negative externality would be apparent: SWWs agitating for more Twerk World trash, because nothing sparkles quite as brightly as a diamond in the dirt.

Sweden is overflowing with pretty blondes, so any one blonde doesn't stand out much (which is probably why the brunette hair color was evolutionarily retained in European White women). Similarly, America was once 90% White (a mere fifty years ago), but its homogeneity and pride of heritage also meant there were a lot of relatively hsmv White men to go around. Back then, SWWs didn't have to viciously compete for a shrinking pool of hsmv White men.

Today, they do, and these SWWs competing for fewer hsmv White men see open borders as a short cut to standing out in a rapidly muddying crowd. That mousy, stringy-haired sandy blonde plain jane with the muffin top might not be a catch in 90% White America, but she's a fucking princess bathed in ethereal light in 40% Earth Tone America.

The contrast of hordes of (to White men not named ¡Jeb!) sexually invisible squatamalans relieves the pressure on Mediocre Mauves to signal their sexual readiness or to compete in a losing battle with naturally prettier girls. Thanks to the magic of polychromatic patriotism, the middle of the belle curve SWWs can reap the reward of more hsmv White man attention without incurring any of the responsibility to look and act more pleasingly feminine.

Of course, as I've argued, female beauty is objective, universally agreed upon, and biometrically standardized. A millimeter here, a millimeter there, according to God of Biomechanics spec, can mean the difference between involuntary solitude and catching the eye of President Trump. So White men aren't going to start believing HB5s are HB9s. But that doesn't matter; what matters is perception. And if even hsmv White men perceive their menu of minxes disappearing under a gloomy tide of boner-killing brown, they might start to consider the romantic appeal of the White HB5s.

These White men won't be happy, but if the perceived alternative is a tubular desert trekker then they'll settle for the White HB5 and make a go of it. And comparative beauty isn't Fake News; we've all noticed that a blah girl will look more bangable when she's standing next to a fug. It's a trick of the male brain that ensures the human species doesn't stop in its tracks when the supply of beauties dips below the threshold at which the majority of men feel they *have a chance*.

Paradoxically, the American obesity epidemic that has gone worldwide in the past two decades may be partly fueling SWW clit boners for rapefugees, by providing fat White women an even less desirable horde of females against which to compare favorably, because the Third World peasantry invading America is increasingly Girth World peasantry.

There really is no end to the ways in which closed border homogeneous White nations are more romantically appealing than open border diversitopias, so make it your life's work to shame any SWW who shrieks with vitriolic virtue about the blessings of Diversity™. She is literally advocating for the death of your dating life.

Peak Thirst

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Thirst is defined as the unrequited ardor of hard-up beta males lavishing girls online with flattery and desperate sexual solicitations. Sometimes thirst comes with a price tag. Case in point, this example of intercontinental thirst:

Daily Mail News

Share this article

'Just looking for a nice guy to pay my fine': Australian student, 25, uses Tinder to ask someone to pay her $110 traffic notice – and is shocked when a man on the other side of the world takes care of it

By Sam Duncan For Daily Mail Australia

A Gabber quips,

> The neckbeard will masturbate to the ticket receipt for the next few years.

Patronizing a real prostitute would be more dignified for this soyblob, because at least the whore would follow through on her end of the deal.

So now that you're familiarized with thirst and understand that thirst generally accompanies feminizing or androgenizing societies full to the brim with demoralized men and juttingly manjawed careerist lawyercunts, as well as widespread obesity reducing the number of romantically acceptable female partners for all the partner-seeking men, it's time to ask if we've hit Peak Thirst, and if we have what would it look like?

One tell-tale shift in the social dynamic that indicates a revolt against thirst is any noticeable decrease in its online frequency, coupled with an increase in men expressing the opposite of beta thirst: shaming sluts for trying to collect Thirst Tokens redeemable in monetized views.

And while I can't be everywhere all the time, I do credit myself for having a keen sense of which way the cultural wind is blowing. If you follow attention whore media you'll notice that more men are calling out women who post half-naked selfies. The thirst is still there, but now it's sharing ASCII space with masculine satiation. Many more men are now ridiculing thots, demanding thots go away, mocking Instawhore skanks as headcases craving an absent father's love, and accusing these modren day pin-ups for being willing to do anything for the likes.

Culturally, this is a good sign. The Shaming Of The Thots is a necessary step toward civilizational renewal. De-thotification will bring sexual market balance back to a society that has been veering dangerously close to an

extremist gynarcho-tyranny. When women's overblown egos are deflated, civilization is reinstated.

The, ahem, monkey wrench that could thwart the needed rebalancing is…open borders, and in the next post I will explain why open borders will ruin relations between the sexes and why women are in love with the idea of a borderless America.

***

Commenter Popcorn Out supplies a potent coda to this post:

> Getting all those compliments on a public medium for all to see is the female equivalent of a guy being able to click his mouse and have a steady stream of girls come in to fuck him.
>
> Women crave attention and validation like men crave sex.

Recall an ancient CH maxim: Men desire. Women desire to be desired.

Comeytose Caption Contest Winner

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Our Comeytose caption contest winner is HL,

Admiring his fellow plants.

The Noticing

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Rand Paul: People crossing the desert with kids is 'essentially child abuse'.

Luke Johnson
@LukeJohnsonRCP

Following

Twice recently I've come across addicted online gamblers committing fraud. Why is online gambling even legal in Britain? It is illegal in Israel - where they develop much of the tech. They understand its destructive power much better.

12:01 pm - 18 Jun 2018

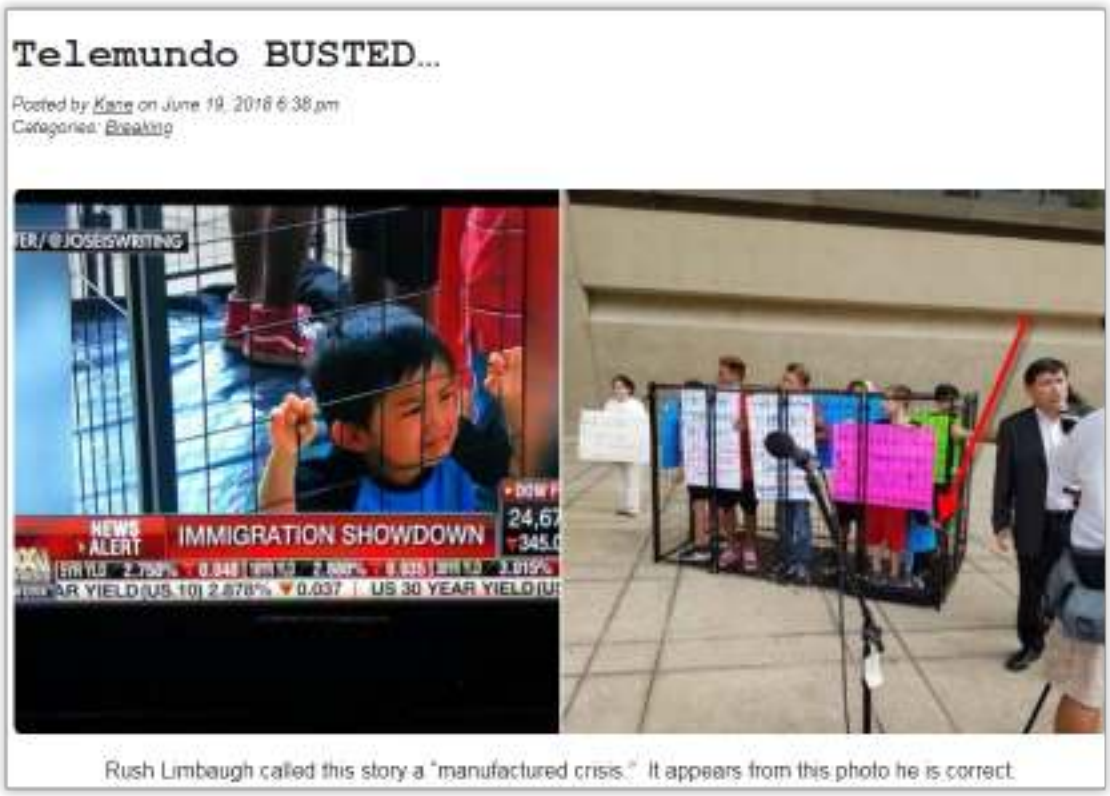
1 Retweet **2** Likes

1 1 2

Middle and high school students turn to alt-right websites for their research papers. Steve Heap/www.shutterstock.com

More than 60 percent of America's middle and high school students rely on alt-right internet sites as credible sources for their research papers. The students are using alt-right sites to write papers on topics that range from free speech and the Second Amendment to citizenship, immigration and the Holocaust.

Telemundo staged a fake caged kids scene:



Casey Burris

The Wall is kind to no one but it saves its most destructive impacts for women. Clearly, The Wall needs to be sued for sex-based discrimination.

> What's on TV is a political tactic but something else terrifying is going on. Formerly responsible ppl suddenly sound like extremists. Left's no longer working to convince those who disagree. They're trying to destroy those in the way. It's not a pose. They're sincere. It's war.

> — Tucker Carlson (@TuckerCarlson) June 20, 2018

> That's why they're always lecturing you about the patriarchy and the evil of the nuclear family. Millions and millions of American kids are growing up with one parent at home thanks to their policies. That's fine with them.
>
> — Tucker Carlson (@TuckerCarlson) June 19, 2018

It's safe to say Tucker Carlson is fully enlightened. /ourguy/ with an audience of millions. I wonder how much longer Lox News will tolerate his Gentile realtalk?

Regarding Tucker's Noticing, the goal of the Globohomoists was always to destroy the nuclear family. They knew all along that the origin source of the resistance to their depredations was the nuclear family, so they set about to dissolve its bonds. Hence, perverse financial incentives for single mommery, miscegenation agitprop, open borders, the divorce industrial complex, gay marriage, trannyism, sexbots (cumming soon), glorification of careerism for women and denigration of the masculine virtues, normalization of polyamory and (soon) bestiality and pedophilia.

Once you've seen their evil agenda, you can't un-see it.

The trajectory to Civil War 2 goes like this:

The Noticing
=>
The Angering
=>
The Dividing (*we are here*)
=>
The Reckoning

The Only Triggering That Matters

CH · 20 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Manly boldness triggers girly arousal (preferably in women, but you might want to watch your bold self around "tender brained" soyboys. Have a fainting couch at the ready. They've been known to swoon at the slightest provocation).

As I wrote, a bold unwavering approach triggers a tingle cascade in girls. They can't help their autonomic responses; the sight of a man confidently striding toward her for the romantic solicitation may not produce love and marriage but it will produce a submissive arching of her back, widened eyes, parted lips, and a delightful shiver in her cock quiver.

The reason for this reaction is found in the fear-arousal axis in women's limbic picnic basket. The unnerving truth (to those with fragile constitutions) is that fear is tightly wound with arousal in women; it's why women have rape fantasies and why the dankest of studies have shown a nontrivial percentage of rape victims orgasm during the act (I'm not making this up).

The love of fear as foreplay is likewise why prime lubricity women flock to horror movies, and why they line up to propose marriage to death row inmates.

When a man can incite fear, he has demonstrated dominance cred, which is the male version of T&A to women.

This highlights yet another innate differences between the sexes; fear and arousal aren't connected in men. When men are afraid, their boners go into hiding; the survival instinct takes over because men don't have the option of converting themselves into fungible wombs for invading tribes. The only options men have are to avoid the thing producing the fear or to fight it and defeat it. Women can, and often do, spread their legs for the Fear to save their hides.

Now, consciously, women don't want to be afraid (or to be raped) — unless the urge is so powerful that it escapes her hindbrain holding pen — but subconsciously, where all the Darwinian action takes place, fear and desire commingle in a toxically feminine stew. It's why the jerkboy is so alluring to girls; his unpredictability, his defiance of polite norms, and his implied threats of easy abandonment, among other traits of the outcome independent man, stoke a nascent and vaginally compelling fear in the fairer sex, a fear which releases a pulse of horniness to her nethers. It's why even playacting as a jerkboy can quickly invigorate a flagging relationship.

The triggering is the thing that matters, because once triggered a woman becomes much more pliable to further meaty entreaties. When you boldly go where few betas have gone before — right up into her grill for the meet and greet — she is at once overcome with a ripple of desire and a little afraid of what this big strapping man has in store for her. The seemingly contradicting emotions swirl together to excite her innermost submissiveness and feelings of feminine vulnerability, the psychic ingredients which electrify her womanly lust. The bold approach is then an instrument of female catatonia induction, permitting the man a smoother penetrating path to the girl's neural womb, which is the prerequisite to lowering the defenses on her actual womb.

FYI the bold approach does NOT necessarily mean the direct solicitation. It can as easily mean moving in purposefully on your target…and then negging her or ignoring her to pretend to get yourself a drink to be followed up by some anodyne comment about the crowd. The point is that by your actions — no extended eyeplay or tentative milling about her perimeter waiting for that "perfect" approach invitation before moving in — you create a feeling of being "frozen in place" in the girl, a delightful feeling that presages an unfreezing of her furrow.

Walls Work. Just Ask Benjamin Netanyahu

CH · 21 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> President Trump is right. I built a wall along Israel's southern border. It stopped all illegal immigration. Great success. Great idea 🇺🇸🇺🇸🇺🇸
>
> — Benjamin Netanyahu (@netanyahu) January 28, 2017

[image]

[image]

President Trump is right. I built a wall along Israel's southern border. It stopped all illegal immigration. Great success. Great idea

— Benjamin Netanyahu (@netanyahu) January 28, 2017

The Diaspora Mafia BTFO.

PS Dispel your doubts, Trump gets it:

> Democrats are the problem. They don't care about crime and want illegal immigrants, no matter how bad they may be, to pour into and infest our Country, like MS-13. They can't win on their terrible policies, so they view them as potential voters!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) June 19, 2018

In the past week, Trump has taken the gloves off. His Twatter payloads now read like standard issue Maul-Right talking points. Maybe he was biding his time for the Deep State field to clear before he made his big offensive push. Maybe he had Ann Coulter over for dinner and they both read posts from this blog. If so, grab a kleenex shitlibs, because there's no Goddess Hillary and your idiotic infantile ideals are laughable! The Trumpen is released, and the neoliberal globohomo system is about to be righteously rekt.

Beta Of The Month: Joe Scarborough

CH · 21 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's no need for a contest in this edition of Beta of the Month; Joe Scarborough wins it running away.

You've seen this before, in previous Chateau Heartiste Beta of the Month posts. Uxorious Joe Scarborough is the beta, Bleeding NipAndTuckface Mika the repulsed woman spurning his ingratiating, conciliatory romantic gestures.

Painfully beta, but did you expect anything more from this anti-Trump nancyboy?

Watch the vid. None of this is staged. You can tell by their body language and vocal tone that real aggravation bubbled to the surface on live TV (that nobody watches).

0:16: NipAndTuck admits they've been fighting "over issues" (they're an off-screen couple). One can only guess what those issues were, maybe "I got tired of being the man in the relationship" or "Honey, I secretly think Trump is getting unfair press coverage on this Beaner Baby story" or "Your prostate doesn't need *that* much stimulation".

0:20: Uxorious Joe cloyingly objects, "No we did not". NipAndTuck immediately shoots him down, "Oh yeah we did."

0:21: Uxorious: "We never fight". Nip: *sarcastically* "Uh huh".

0:22: Watch this sequence closely, it happens fast, but slow enough that you can see Nip's pussy turtling on air. Uxorious gently reaches for her hand, and Nip's whole body convulses backward to get away from his slimy touch. She promptly assumes the cadence of a careercunt shrike, scolding him, "No, no, don't do that. Ok, not on the air, NOT ON THE AIR".

0:26: Nip: "What are you doing?! It's 6:03." She's publicly shaming him, rejecting his romantic ardor in front of an audience now cringing with vicarious embarrassment. Notice her body language: she's sitting ramrod straight, turned toward him to face him down, jaw jutting. This is the aggressive posture of a woman expanding her personal space, building a defensive perimeter to warn the beta male to stay away or get the stinger again.

0:29: Uxorious is trapped. He tries to change course. "Willie, can I ask you a question." It's not a change of topic, though. It's worse. He's trying to enlist other men to persuade his ice queen to thaw out a little and spare his on-air dignity. It's an example of "let's you and her make my case for me". Passive-aggressive betahurt to the max.

0:31: Uxorious: "We're engaged. We've been engaged for like 13 years. Now you think I should be able to hold her hand at this point in the engagement with her consent?" Special (needs) pleading.

0:41: Nip then delivers the ballcutting slice. "If you'll be quiet I'll hold your hand."

HEY HOW 'BOUT THOSE RED SOX?

The JooTube comments are gold (and so very very woke):

> these two clowns made fun of Trump countless times about Melania supposedly not wanting to hold Trump's hand
>
> ***
>
> she obviously finds the man repulsive. maybe hillary would let him hold her claw
>
> ***
>
> Why doesn't she ever ask Shmoe what really happened to his intern? Isn't she worried???
>
> ***
>
> Why talk about baseball when you can't seem get to first base yourself?

Heh. Poor Joe. None of Trump's lessons in life rubbed off on him, so he gets to suffer public humiliation as his heavily scaffolded girlfriend slaps his limp wrist away.

Melania Trump Shows Her Husband How To Troll For The Kill

CH · 21 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is real:

> Daily Mail reports that Melania Trump boarded her plane to Texas wearing a jacket that said on the back, "I really don't care, do u?"https://t.co/SeNGeux5jB pic.twitter.com/owHqTAyPdO
>
> — Tim Mak (@timkmak) June 21, 2018

Beautiful on the inside as well as the outside, Melania wore this jacket on her way to visit border babbies. She was obviously sending a message to phonyfuck virtue signaling self-righteous sanctimonious shitlibs screeching hysterically about a twenty year old border apprehension policy that temporarily separates children from parents until the parents' fake asylum claims have been reviewed…AND FOUND WANTING.

For this epic troll, the MOAB of trolls, I award Melania the coveted Shiv of the Week.

hands golden shiv to melania

melania lightly grips it in a delicate feminine hand, running the pointer finger of her other hand along the edge of the blade, the sparkles of the shiv matched in luminescence by her hot rod red fingernail polish

"do you think i didn't pick up a thing or two watching my husband deal with scum in rat-infested new york?" she purrs.

Melania is the only First Lady about whom I've wondered what she's like in bed. Sensuous, I bet.

Between Corey Lewandowski's WOMP WOMP and Melania's triggerjacket, it almost feels like we've turned a corner in the battle between the degenerate freak mafia and the MAGAmen, and we shitlords are now on offense, beating the freaks back to their hug boxes.

I'm not the only one to notice the change in momentum:

> Between Melania's grotesque jacket (which is confirmed by @Acosta as real) and the sudden desire of Trump's top racists to eat in Mexican restaurants where they will inevitably get yelled at, it's as if this administration is trying to drive the whole country out of its mind. pic.twitter.com/6FB5rYdlXk
>
> — Steve Silberman (@stevesilberman) June 21, 2018

The snipdick blue ticks accounted for.

FYI it's very easy to push the already mentally ill over the edge. A WOMP WOMP here, a jacket there, and a 'umble blog outpost of realtalk dedicated to opening hearts and minds playing the background score, and mass shitlib suicides are not far off.

> pic.twitter.com/2YgQ6KXAPZ
>
> — Mel Gibson fan 9 (@MelGibsonFan9) June 21, 2018

PS Monkfish adds,

> Nothing a woman wears is by accident. Now we'll be spending the next week's news cycle talking about Melania's jacket instead of Mexican children in dog kennels. Do our enemies never learn?

White shitlibs aren't as SMRT as they like to imagine themselves. Their abstraction-weighted intelligence leaves them vulnerable to the reality-grounded concrete intelligence of the Chad. Cucks are beginning to learn this lesson:

be more like Trump and less like an insecure lackey trying to win the admiration of your enemies.

All Human Beings Have Equal Worth

CH · 21 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Big Lie of Leftism, exposed. Courtesy of Jay in DC.

PS what man in his right mind would PoundMeToo that thing? *(bill cosby)* okay, besides him.

Spot The Volcuck

CH · 21 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> "I told my husband I wanted a picture alone with Jason Momoa, but he wasn't comfortable with that."

LMAO that Momoa scribbled his initials right over the volcuck's face. LMAO^2 that Momoa's left hand is practically cupping her tit. It's all in good fun, you see, but good fun often reveals deeper truths.

The volcuck — voluntary cuckold — is the lowest social and sexual status a man can achieve. Even incels have more dignity. Regular cuckolds — men who aren't aware their women have been unfaithful and gotten pregnant by another man's seed — are less contemptible. The volcuck debases himself so completely he may as well lop it off and become a house eunuch to fat cat oligarchs.

The volcuck is a symptom of an acutely diseased sexual market. When you see his kind growing in number and cavalierly disgracing himself for social media yucks, you will know there is a great disturbance in the whores. The Snark Side is winning. The world has become farce. Women hold all the cards and fat pink-haired skanks can casually humiliate their neckbearded soyfriends and experience no consequences for it.

But there is salvation, and it can be found in the Good Book of Heartiste. Game will redeem Western Man.

The Superbugman

CH · 21 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sam Lavigne (((?))) is a far-Left, pantifa supporting NYU professor (it is to laugh) and active enemy of European Christendom who doxxed a bunch of patriotic ICE agents on Twatter via their LinkedIn profiles. Doxxing law enforcement agents into a readily accessible dossier and distributing it to anti-American pantifa activists is an implicit threat of violence against those agents, which Lavigne knows, and why he did it.

Naturally, you're wondering about Xir Lavigne's physiognomy. You won't be surprised.

Shivthots and shitlords, I give you…the superbugman. There is no cure for this strain. I bet the fine volk at MPC would agree. This is the physiognomy of the ür-bugman, fit only for mockery and tubal ligation.

Your Daily Game: Stoking The Female Competitive Instinct For Personal Gain

CH · 22 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Camel Cock comments,

> *** Submission for comment of the week ***

Good show, kid, but ya came up short. This week's COTW has already been awarded (details soon). Dry your eyes, though, because you submitted excellent Game-related content.

> If you are half-way good with girls and live in a smaller city you will eventually run into the same ones especially when you are out on dates. Some girls will wave, some will come up to you and your date and say Hi, and the trully daring will even come up and give you a hug.

The girls (on your date rotation) who hug you when you're out on another date are the ones who want to fuck you, but only if they can feel like they're besting another girl to get to your pole position. Prepare for a lifetime of Dread Game if you decide to LTR one of those bitches.

> Almost every girl I've gone out with has asked "Who was that?" or "Who is that?" The hotter the girl, the quicker my date asks about her.

Of course. This is classic female preselection. Girls judge men by the number and quality of women who keep his company. This is because girls can't get most of the mate value information they need about a man just by looking at him, so they use a short cut: if other girls like him, he must be hsmv.

> Before I used to be vague and say "a friend" "drinking buddy" or "just some girl" but I've been inspired by CH's recent tingle generation talk and a few weeks ago when I was feeling especially zfg I responded, "Your competition."

Noice.

> I've tested this on a few girls and it's tingle dynamite! It's mostly in the delivery. When they ask about the other girl. I turn my head slowly, I look them in the eye and with a jerkboy smirk I say "Your competition."
>
> I believe the reason it's so great is bc your dating asking you about the other girls is a shit test and most guys justify or play down the other girl…not what a true jerkyboy does.

There is a way to provoke the same effect in your girl without explicitly revealing your game plan. In fact, I'd argue that feigned dismissiveness can be a more powerful intoxicant on the female hamster than can pulling back the curtain and announcing her place in the pecking order. For instance,

HER: who was that?

WILLY WOMP-A AND THE TINGLE FACTORY: just someone i know.

Leave it hanging right there, and she'll be spinning her wheel for days wondering what your deal is (aka whether you have a harem), which means she will only find satisfying resolution in sex.

But there is a class of girls for whom a stone cold stunner like "Your competition" will work wonders. These are the kinds of girls who need bold, unmistakable displays of drama to begin lubing up for Act 2.

> Oh and if u get shit tested, your delivery or eye contact was off. Most of the times I've said it girls get those anime eyes and their jaw drops. They can't believe u just dropped such a massive tingle bomb. Some trash talk and qualify themselves and try to justify why they are better.

A girl in the defensive crouch is a girl with a torrential pouch.

> One caveat, make sure the girl saying hi is slightly more attractive or at least on par with date girl.

True dat. If a fatty comes over to say hi, acting like she's one of your plates, heisman that hambeast with the quickness.

HER: who was that?

THE WOOD OF WOMP: one of my obsessive admirers. poor girl. so sad.

Comment Of The Week: It's Always About Nakedness With Women

CH · 23 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Escoffier, reacting to the following news story about an exhibitionist University of Cambridge professor (via /pol/ News Network)…

> Welcome to Ivy League universities: where professors walk around naked, and if you ask them to cover up you'll be expelled or fired.
>
> Universities are Leftist indoctrination camps, nothing more.

…earned a coveted COTW with this response:

> When Women are allowed to become feral, everyday is a battle to get naked in public and create plausible sounding justifications for it…

Sadly, it's rarely the women with naked bodies worth ogling.

Even the most lunatic feminist subconsciously knows female worth is tied up with female physical allure, so when feminists go feral they have a strangely self-contradicting habit of stripping naked to denounce "sexual objectification".

In the subset of the female population that is neither ugly nor feminist, women spend a lot of mental energy rationalizing their urge to show skin in public. They want men to notice them, but they don't want men to think they're allowed to notice them. Try and square that circle! (forget it, jake, it's vaginatown)

***

Runner-up COTW goes to CMC for this volcuck twist on a popular meme:

> Your great-great-great Grand dad was part of an army that essentially said, "we're sick of this shit," marched right through the enemy's homebase beating the crap out of them, burning their cities towns and homes, destroying their INFRASTRUCTURE, freeing their slaves and winning war.
>
> You go to comic con and let race mix older woman marrying professional pretender from Obama islands to cup your wife's milker and slap your face and memorialize it in photo.
>
> You are ghey.

Celebrity and sportsball athlete adoration was always kinda self-cuckingly ghey. Don't do it. And express disgust when your buddies or your girl do it.

The Great Bawlin' Beanlet Hoax Of 2018

CH · 24 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Schlomo-Shitlib Axis convulsed themselves into a heavy menstrual flow this past week over the Fake Atrocity of bawlin' beanlets being temporarily separated from their beaner parents for processing by border control officials. The real atrocity is of course the child abuse committed by the parents for hauling their leetle darleengs across hundreds of miles of hot desert, beset by child smugglers, cartel murderers, rapists, and pedophiles at every pit stop, passing through the non-shithole country of Mexico en route to invading the oppressively racist country of America, to live la vida loco.

Naturally, Trump and his supporters are to blame for being Nazis or something. The media said so. It's all connected. You just have to abandon your senses of sanity and hyperbole.

So many leftoid crocodile tears shed for bawlin' beanlets dragged by their parents thousands of miles away from their homelands, while not a single tear spared for poor White kids who live a few towns over. Tears for the former are grace and empathy personified, while tears for the latter are gauche. That's how moral enlightenment looks once refracted through the twisted shitlib mind.

"How dare you?" shrieks the anchorshitlib in high dudgeon when her Void-Cunt Conformism Test is defied by a wompin' White man whose sympathies are more realistically and sincerely situated closer to home. "These poor (brown) children are being separated from their parents! IT'S A NATIONAL DISGRACE," she screams through red face and eyes bulging with fire and brimstone. To which the only needed response is, "lol suk a dik, you leftoids are off your rockers. 'Tender age' kids are separated every day from their parents…it's called elementary school!"

CRY ME ANOTHER RIVER OF SALTY TEARS, YOU INFANTILE FREAKS

But the shitlib won't stop her descent into infantilism. There's too much at stake, such as the much better moral high she can get from effortlessly sympathizing with faraway people who don't look like her. Sympathizing with kin closer to home comes with expectations of real assistance, and why work for her hit of methamphetapreen when she can emote ineffectually over illegal aliens who can only trip her guilt from a distance.

The poster beanlet for this virtue signaling mass hysteria is a toddler girl who was photographed…wait for it…crying. Yes, stop the presses, a toddler was crying. It's the next Watergate. Or Waterworks.

The aztot immediately became iconic to one half of the country. She was even featured on a Time fagazine cover:

The suspiciously coordinated Chaimstream Media moved quickly to action to give their shitlib audience what it craved: a narrative injection about no good, very bad, horribly racist BadWhites and the evil Trump Administration tearing a little crying girl from her mother. Never mind that the separation policy is twenty years old, enforced by Gay Mulatto and Trump alike.

Yellow journalism isn't the right term for what's going on today with the media, which is much worse than mere sensationalism. The media is now into passing off lies and suppressing truths to whip up fervor among their remnant shitlib followers in the hopes of inciting either an impeachment or an assassination of Trump. It's that bad.

Manufactured emotionalism is the Chaimstream Media's sole purpose now. Truth? Objectivity? Journalistic ethics? Sanity? Toss it in the bin, because the only thing that matters is winding up a bunch of hysterical cat ladies, urban sluts, and soyboys over the phony plight of foreign invaders who use their kids as "get into the US free" props. The media's mottos can be condensed to "Anything to Get Trump" and "No Lie Too Big".

It only took a day of media fluffing to give Shitlib America wood. Protests erupted. Celebrities jizzed themselves in ropes of self-righteous indignation. Trump officials were hounded out of restaurants and leftists threatened ICE patriots with bodily harm on Twatter (account suspensions delayed pending review of what level of incitement to violence is permissible if the threat is carried out by a leftoid…turns out, quite a lot).

But a funny thing happened (again) during this combo platter two minutes hate + two minutes sanctimony: the central figure — the core conceit — of the shitlib narrative collapsed, and made a farce of what was already a sham.

The bawlin' beanlet was never separated from her mother.

The morbid humor doesn't stop there. In the midst of the anti-Trump frenzy, ethical journalists at the Daily Caller and Breitbart reported a host of details that put the lie to every cherished mythology of the Left in their manufactured crisis du jour.

Trump was right. They really aren't sending their best.

(left unstated: the toddler grows up to be a fat waddling adult bean who gives birth to five ms-13 gang members. #GenesMatter #RaceMatters)

Even when the Left thinks they have scored a battlefield victory, their delusions are exposed by the countervailing facts that inevitably surface a few sanity-check days later to put the lie to their anti-White narrative.

It's almost clockwork-like now:

- a propaganda photo of Browns Behaving Heartwarmingly goes viral
- shitlibs celebrate their good fortune at getting the chance to once again paternalistically emote over a nonWhite while denouncing Trump and TrumpWhites who insufficiently grovel before the Equalism Monolith
- a disingenuous moral panic ensues, recharging shitlib batteries depleted by the Trumpening and the creeping realization that their noble savage worldview is on the verge of implosion
- as shitlib menstrual cycles are synchronizing, a trickle and then a deluge of contradicting facts escapes from dissident media outlets, destroying any slim justification for the shitlib hysterics
- shitlibs and their media symbiote ignore the contradicting facts, pretending their entire narrative wasn't just discredited (but enough realtalk pierces their bubbles that another bout of cogdis pushes them one step closer to the funny farm)

That last item is important, because it's proof that shitlibs don't really care about the bawlin' beanlets. If they really cared about the leetle crying beanlet, they would express relief that she wasn't actually separated from her mother. They would be happy that their worst fear wasn't realized. Instead, they ignore the heartening news to continue slandering Trump with the melodramatic blood libel that he's building concentration camps for the saints.

The Great Bawlin' Beanlet Hoax of 2018 was always about Trump and what he and his followers represent: a disturbing lack of faith in the value of histrionic anti-White moralism. It was, yet again, a theatrical piece of agitprop around which shitlibs could coalesce into an uptalking choir of smarmy self-righteousness revealing an increasingly fragile superiority complex over those deplorable Whites who don't commute to work via bike lane.

Every modren day madness roiling the Hajnalsphere is just another front in the IntraWhite War.

It's virtue signaling all the way down. Don't let the torrent of tears fool you. (For one, shitlibs cry over anything. They aren't known for emotional continence.) The tears aren't for the children; the tears are for other shitlibs: briny droplets of estrogen that serve as club membership dues and backstage passes to polite society. When the tears streak in unison, shitlibs experience something akin to a mass hypnotic event; their atomized striver existence is, for a brief window, mutually connected to a larger community and social purpose that evokes a feeling of religious transcendence and earthy authenticity which they commonly lack and consequently endlessly try-hard to achieve.

In truth, children have always only ever been one of two things to the typical White shitlib: inconveniences, or soldiers to recruit for the cause. Satanic, really.

The scum who pushed the Bawlin' Beanlet blood libel on gullible Whites by exploiting a bug in their high trust, guilt-based, empathobesic code should be reminded up front and as often as possible that America is not the fucking daycare center of the world. Beanlets separated from their parents because the parents tried to invade a foreign country? PARENTS' FAULT. Claiming anything else is simply opportunistic moralism leveraged to tactical advantage by SWPL elites and sub-elites desperate to keep out of their halls of power and striver circles any incursions by declassé Whites riding a wave of revolutionary churn.

A slim majority of Americans is sane enough to understand the moral calculus, but a disconcertingly large minority prefers moral inversion, because the goal here isn't moral clarity. It's battlefield advantage. Precursors to Civil War 2…

Opening The Borders (To Shitlib Neighborhoods)

CH · 25 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

that one guy (the MPC-celeb?) emailed a NYBetaTimes article with a link to a study finding that….SHOCKER…White liberals aren't so keen on open borders when the borders open directly into their wealthy homogeneous superzips.

> SCIENCE: putting pseudo-"immigrants" into super white liberal communities makes the shitlibs favor immigration restrictions.
>
> ***
>
> Ryan Enos, a political scientist at Harvard, published a book last year, "The Space Between Us," suggesting that the ideological commitment of liberals in these and other similar communities may waver, or fail entirely, when their white homogeneity is threatened.
>
> Not only is the upscale wing of the Democratic Party an unreliable ally of the left on economic issues — as I have noted in this column before and as Lily Geismer and Matthew D. Lassiter eloquently pointed out in The Times last week — but Enos demonstrates that the liberal resolve of affluent Democrats can disintegrate when racially or ethnically charged issues like neighborhood integration are at stake.

When the self-aggrandizement of the signal is challenged by the consequences of the virtue, the signal retreats.

> Six years ago, Enos looked at nine townships southwest of Boston that were "overwhelmingly racially and politically liberal." As such, these communities were a "test of the power of demographic change because these were people who, we might think, would be unlikely to change their attitudes in the face of immigration."

There's nothing more satisfying than getting a liberal to betray her own principles.

> Enos and his colleagues conducted an experiment, which is described in detail in a 2014 paper, "Causal effect of intergroup contact on exclusionary attitudes," published by the National Academy of Sciences. The results are thought provoking.

Testing the signal-to-lawnboys ratio.

> Enos described the experiment as:
>
> *a randomized controlled trial testing the causal effects of repeated intergroup contact, in which Spanish-speaking confederates were randomly assigned to be inserted, for a period of days, into the daily routines of unknowing Anglo-whites living in homogeneous communities in the United States, thus simulating the conditions of demographic change.*

Libs preen
Beans stream
Now not so keen
on a vibrant scene

> To achieve this goal, during the summer of 2012, Enos dispatched "a small number of Spanish-speaking confederates to commuter train stations in homogeneously Anglo communities every day, at the same time, for two weeks."
>
> The stations were on two Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority commuter rail lines into Boston — one

> starting in Worcester, the other in Forge Park — at nine stations in upscale, mostly white towns.
>
> Enos reported that the Anglo commuters he studied had an average income of $143,365, and 88 percent had college degrees, compared with 30.4 percent nationally that year. The median household income for the country at large was $51,371 in 2012, according to the census.

Shitlibs act, despite their professed ideals, as if credentials and money are the traits of the virtuous GoodWhite.

> Subjects were exposed to the same Spanish-speaking persons in a location near their homes for an extended period, as would be the situation if immigrants had moved into their neighborhood and used the public transportation.
>
> The Spanish-speaking confederates reported to Enos that:
>
> *persons noticed and displayed some unease with them: for example reporting that "Because we are chatting in Spanish, they look at us. I don't think it is common to hear people speaking in Spanish on this route." After the experiment, the confederates reported that other passengers were generally friendly to them but also reported that they felt people noticed them for "not being like them and being Latino."*

After the perfunctory nervous niceties that shitlibs excel at when their all-White dreamscape is suddenly rattled by invaders from their nightmares, we get to the juicy stuff leaking from the lib-id:

> Members of the treatment groups and control groups were surveyed before and after the two weeklong experiments in an effort to identify the effect of exposure to Spanish-speaking people. In both surveys, respondents were asked three questions about immigration along with other more general questions […]
>
> How did the respondents' answers change?
>
> *Treated subjects* [ed: subjects exposed to increased diversity on their daily commutes] *were far more likely to advocate a reduction in immigration from Mexico and were far less likely to indicate that illegal immigrants should be allowed to remain in this country.*

WOMP there it is.

> [The experiment] demonstrated that exclusionary attitudes can be stimulated by even very minor, noninvasive demographic change: in this case, the introduction of only two persons. […]
>
> The good liberal people catching trains in the Boston suburbs became exclusionary.
>
> Exposure to two young Spanish speakers for just a few minutes, or less, for just three days had driven them toward anti-immigration policies associated with their political opponents.

LMAO. When shitlibs virtue signal, the signal is typically a few orders of magnitude more powerful than the claimed virtue.

Segregation and White voting behavior was examined:

A white voter in the least-segregated metropolitan area was 10 percentage points more likely to vote for Obama than a white voter in the most-segregated area.

These voting patterns, according to Enos, reflect what might be called a self-reinforcing cycle of prejudice.

In the mid-to-late twentieth century, Enos writes, "whites — spurred by forces including their own racism [ed: aka pattern recognition] — abandoned the inner cities." But, he goes on, that "is not where the story ends. Attitudes do not remain static." In practice, the very fact of being segregated creates an environment in which hostile views "become even more negative and their political consequences even more severe."

That's not it. What happens is that Whites who have found their all-White elysium will want to protect it from the very real negative social consequences of Diversity™.

> Prejudice may have helped cause segregation, but then the segregation helped cause even more prejudice.

The segregation reminded Whites just how good life can be without Diversity™, so their attitudes toward racial overrun hardened. ftfy.

> Liberal democracies endorse diversity, Enos writes,
>
> *indeed, it is often considered one of our strengths and liberal individuals usually favor diversity as a matter of ideology and public policy.*

The Equalism Ideology is a religion of secular degeneration, and should therefore not be used as the premise of public policy.

> We often support diversity out of a genuine ideological commitment and because we rightly perceive that diversity can improve the performance of many organizations, such as universities and businesses.

Rightly perceive? There's Enos's (and his liberal friends') problem right there: they have constructed a worldview based on a false premise. Namely, the false premise that diversity of race and ethnicity "improves performance". Every real world observation and replicable study has found otherwise.

> But, he continues, "looking across the world and even across states and cities within the United States, most of us would rather not live with some of the social, economic, and political consequences of diversity." This is what Enos calls "the liberal dilemma."

Or what I call "the liberal delusion".

> Not all of Enos's findings are bleak. Group hostility, he writes, grows as the size of the immigrant population grows until it reaches a certain point and then begins to recede:
>
> *The relationship between the proportion of an out-group in an area and group-based bias is curvilinear: it becomes greater as the out-group proportion increases until reaching a tipping point and then starting to decrease. This means that when a group makes up a large portion of a place — for concreteness, say 40 percent — each additional person above 40 percent actually decreases group-based bias.*

LOL is this guy pulling our legs? No shit intergroup hostility decreases when the outgroup becomes a majority; the beset-upon ingroup must trade in their hostility for appeasement when their numbers are insufficient to protect the homogeneity of their turf.

> Ryan [Enos]'s book is brilliant and his findings dovetail with my belief that we're in for a tough road ahead as the country diversifies, at least in the short term.

Liberals are very sanguine about the eventually of a happy, functional diversitopia. It's always a "short term" tough road until we reach nirvana. 400 years of black dysfunction and inability to assimilate to White norms and values belies the shitlib hope of a "short term" bump in the road. Now of course, the smarter shitlibs know there will be no short term tough road, that instead it will take tens if not hundreds of generations of racial mixing to bring about their vision of a White-Asian elite ruling over a muddy peasantry of braindead consumerists. This is why the elites have begun pushing miscegenation so hard in entertainment, media, and advertising. They are acclimating Whites to accept their racial dissolution.

The Trumpening angle:

> “But the polarizing rhetoric of politicians ‘politicizes’ the places where Americans live,” Sides, Tesler and Vavreck observe,
>
> *and people who live in places with a recent influx of immigrants then become more concerned about immigration. This unfolded in 2016: white Democrats voted for Trump in the highest numbers where the Latino population had grown the most.*

Diversity + Proximity = War (by political means and then, later, by violent means if the political solution has failed).

Here Comes The Diversity, White Man!

CH · 27 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Prepare to be enriched. Or rather, impoverished.

A Mewllennial bartender-turned-Hugo Chavez wannabe just won the 14th District in a NY Dem primary, in a shock upset over the fourth-highest ranking Dem Representative, Joe Crowley.

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (hyphenated mystery meat who prefers the genderfluid ethnic identifier “latinx”) advocates

- elimination of border control
- free healthcare (read: paid for by Whites)
- free college (read: paid for by Whites)
- universal jobs guarantee (read: paid for by Whites)
- justice system reform (read: allowing browns and blacks to freely prey on Whites)
- housing as a human right (read: Section 8 coming to a bucolic White suburb near you!)

You hear that sound? It’s the Democreep Party splitting into two factions: the predominately White Establishment that used to champion the working class, and the Socialist Brown Power Freak Show that wants to gnaw on the bones of the carcass formerly known as America.

Ocasio-Cortez isn’t some Bernie-Trump hybrid. She might be called distilled Bernieism, if Being Bernie means full-throated support of demographically swamping Whites with nonWhite imports and handing out gibs by the truckload to every third world vagrant who shows up at the American trough, until the system collapses into debt-loaded financial ruin.

Oh, she does hate Israel, which should hearten the black pilling Trump-hater contingent.

The traitorous mick she beat, Joe Crowley, isn’t some Dem moderate. He’s a wacko leftist, too, and ran his campaign farther to the Left than he ever did before, and nearly in sync with the half-baked venezuelan slop Cortez was selling.

The reason Cortez won is easy to grasp: NY’s 14th Congressional District recently became predominately latino, thanks to the two-decade tidal surge of south of the border migrants into the big blue cities.

> 18.41% White
> 11.39% Black
> 16.24% Asian
> 49.80% Hispanic
> 0.45% Native American
> 3.71% other

American politics is careening into unprincipled will-to-power Tribalism right before our eyes. Once the nonWhites get a chance to flex their demographic muscle, guess what happens?

“Goodbye White Man, we run the show now, and the name of this show is GIVE US YOUR MONEY AND FUCK YOUR HERITAGE.”

There will be more Cortez’s, until eventually straight White men with a little too much soy in the blood wake up and realize there’s no home for them in the Democortez Party. A commenter at Steve Sailer’s put it well:

> The one little minor teeny weeny tiny little flaw in the Democrats’ plan to use minorities to turn America blue

> is that before minorities come to comprise a majority of America they will first come to comprise a majority of the Democratic Party. That means that a whole lot of white Democrats will be out of jobs.
>
> For much of the political class politics is just about where you can find work, and which party gives you the best shot at climbing the ladder into elective office. Setting aside my personal political beliefs and looking at it just from a rational perspective, if I were a few years younger and just graduating from college right now and wanted to aim for elective office there is no way in hell, as a straight white man, I would want to attach myself to the Democratic Party.
>
> I know that securing the border all seems pretty hopeless right now, with 100% of Democratic politicians in favor of erasing our borders. But a few more victories by wise young Latinas over tired old white guys like Crowley and perhaps a few Democrats will start to come around. After all, they're doing their best to pander to the Hispanic vote and it ain't doing them a whole lot of good. Crowley's NumbersUSA [immigration security] grade is an F-.

Diversity + proximity = No Home For White Men. When races compete for representation and power under a shared political system, politics becomes a referendum on race. White men with impeccable socialist credentials will lose to bartender browns. It's already happening.

The Cortezization of the Democrat Party will accelerate the transformation of the Republican Party into the Trump Party. More and more White men of a Dem disposition will quickly grasp that they have no future with the Dems, and they will be encouraged by Trump's appropriation of populist ideas traditionally espoused by Dems to switch parties and join the Trumpening.

Or: what I and others have been predicting all along will materialize. The pressures of increasing racial diversity will sever historical ideological ties to the two main political parties and replace them with tawdry racial ties as the binding ingredient, de facto morphing the Democrats into the party of nonWhites and the Republicans into the party of Whites.

If Trump plays his cards right and doesn't cave to cuckservative policy boilerplate about free markets and colorblindness, he can lock up the Rust Belt and Upper Midwest for generations to come. But he has to be willing to accept, internally if not explicitly, that he is the head of a political movement that will restore America for the benefit of her native Whites. Once he accepts that, and what it means, his policy prescriptions will follow suit.

Rootlessness And Ideological Identification

CH · 27 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlibs more strongly identify along ideological axes. This is why, for instance, they can't tolerate the company of those with differing world views. (White libchicks are the absolute worst at tolerating those with opposing political views.)

And, although I don't have confirmatory data at hand, I suspect shitlibs are more likely to wander and become itinerants, always looking for a shiny new city to infest. Personality studies have found that shitlibs tend to be more novelty-seeking, or to put it less charitably they tend to have higher disgust thresholds. This desire for novelty and filth probably contributes to the shitlib "born to run away" compulsion. They just can't handle too much niceness (read: Whiteness), order, and comfortable functionality. They need to feel distressed. They crave chaos in their lives.

How do I know this? Well, I have been surrounded by shitlibs. I've swum in the deepest waters of their subterranean cultures, taking what I wanted from them while leaving behind that which repulsed me. I know them pretty well, tbh, how they tick and what emotional keys are tickled in their hamsterchords.

I bring this up on the heels of the recent exposure of Stephanie Wilkinson, the proprietoress of the Commie Shrew, excuse me, the Red Hen, who hounded Sarah Sanders out of her restaurant and followed her like a psycho down the street screaming libanities at her, as a shitlib vagabond.

The rootlessness of shitlibs is intimately connected to their ideological fence-guarding in a positively reinforcing feedback loop. The shitlib leaves for a strange new locale, loses touch with everyone before her, and finds new friends at work, bar crawls, or expediently through shared housing.

Each move in the shitlib's life brings more severing of social connections and greater stress finding and stringing together replacement social connections. (Family connections are surrendered for good.) There's very little organic or authentic thread tying together the nomadic shitlib with her new sets of friends…no common upbringing, no schooling experiences, no history or unique local culture, and most importantly no shared memories which is the most powerful bonding agent.

Into this toxic atomization the one binding agent strong enough to overcome the disintegration of traditional social and family bonds is ideology. A fevered, frantic, hysterical attachment to ideology becomes the substitute for natural bonds, and the shitlib leans on ideological identification — in herself and in those who would be unwittingly auditioning for inclusion in her social circle — to screen for friends who will meet the lowest standard in friendship: someone who won't irritate her with an opposing viewpoint.

This is why shitlib friendships (and similarly, romantic relationships) in the big blue cities are typically superficial, transient, and transactional: the only common ground is hatred of [X] and how one votes. When ideology is the foundation of friendship, those mystic unspoken bonds of reassuring familiarity get twisted into a grotesque facsimile of affinity, one based on an overweening insistence of ideological compatibility and purity. With nothing else to connect them to each other, the shitlib relies on ideology to shoulder the burden of standing in for the missing authenticity.

And ideology can work, for a while, as a values substitute and proxy for relationship complementarity, to create and maintain relationships (which is why city chicks will stress "shared values" and "Trump voters swipe left" when pole shopping), but woe to the friend who steps out of line one day and utters a deplorable bit of crimethink through the bottom of a cocktail glass. When ideology is the glue, a trivial difference of opinion on a point of order can feel like a gross betrayal.

The problem is a long-run one. Besides the lapses into crimethink, shitlib relationships dissolve easily and perfunctorily with work relocations and life stage changes that demand more social involvement and commitments

than simply ideological conformism. The shitlib is bothered by these demands because they throw into stark relief the inauthentic nature of her friendships.

What is evident to the meanly keen observer is that shitlib friendships start to take on the veneer of artifice, fraying at the edges and duct-taped by snark and late nite talk show references. The very fact that shitlibs strive so hard for social authenticity prevents them from ever realizing their goal. They are their own worst frenemies. It's a variation on the old "if you have try to be cool, you aren't" aphorism.

De-urbanization and a revitalization of towns and smaller-sized cities geographically dispersed more equitably throughout the country will go a ways to helping shitlibs form real, lasting friendships that can survive the occasional disagreement with a Colbert monologue.

Related:

> How it sounded inside a DNC committee meeting the moment Justice Kennedy's retirement was announced pic.twitter.com/6S9uO2JGzQ
>
> — David Siders (@davidsiders) June 27, 2018

David French, Double-Talker

CH · 27 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via:

David French:

Physiognomy: soyed up

Familiognomy: cucked up

What's a workable portmanteau of double-talker and cuckservative? Doublecuck? Cuckletalker? Self-cuckradictory? Hypocuck? Lying sack of cuck?

As far as I know, French isn't ((())), so his cucking for (((THE))) foreign power of note is particularly repugnant. He may as well have a corner stool tattooed on his pelican gullet.

Overgaming During Blowjob

CH · 28 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Overgaming is the mistake inexperienced but eager-to-learn men make with women. It's a term that means "coming on too strong" (or too jerkish, or too cloying, or too supplicating, etc).

Overgaming usually occurs during the attraction phase of a pickup (the first fifteen minutes) because that's when men are most hyped up to leave a solid impression on a qtπ. But overgaming can occur during any stage of a seduction, and it's not uncommon for men to act too "creepy" during the comfort stage or too aggressive during the bedroom close.

However, rarely have I heard of overgaming during a blowjob, until now.

From Sad Girl:

> Anecdote on ways to ruin something good. You will probably find it annoying that I am using your terminology and for being foul, but here goes since I am anonymous.

Annoying? I find it charming that you cum to me for help. Doubtless I would be less charmed if we were dating and you were regaling me with sexploits from your slutty past.

> Scenario: Guy (a natural) I am dating told me I was worldclass at blowjobs in the middle of one (posture: cocky, leaning back casually on the sofa with his head resting in his hands, which I like to see)

Every man worth his yarbles should strike this pose at least once in his life when the opportunity ARISES. Your T level will go through the roof of the Trump Tower.

> and outlining that I was in the top 3 in his life, *subtly ranking me while his dick was in my mouth*. Exceptional, you see – but not number one. A neg…

LMAO. I mean, this is funny af but totally unnecessary. In his defense….since when have jerkboys been known for their circumspection?

> This kind of behaviour doesn't lower his value to me psychologically, as I am sure you will understand.

All too well.

> But…it has soured this "special thing we share" – spending time together with his cock in my mouth. I think this is an example of "overgaming". My enthusiasm was at a level 10 for this act, and now it has dropped.

To a 9.5?

> I am around 30 which I think you will find relevant, and there was literally no need to psychologically motivate me to suck harder by planting a seed of competition in my head, since it was already my favourite thing that I do constantly without being asked, and I assume that's a huge part of why he is dating me.

How long had you two been dating when he gave your BJ technique a top 3 finish? (technically, he could have meant you were number one. technically.) If you had been dating for a while, and exclusively, then his hummerbrag would sound more like a toothless joke. If you had just started dating, then it would indicate something more ominous — that he was still playing the bj field or would be if your technique fell short (heh) of his standards. Or

maybe he just thought it was funny, and jerkboys don't bother with nuisances like idle thought filters.

> In this case, there was only room to go down.

These things happen after a blowjob.

> I think negging me in this situation like that made me enjoy it less, and I don't think I can go back to the real enthusiasm I had before. I just feel differently now. It hurt my feelings, or my ego, or who knows the other things going on emotionally i haven't sorted out yet, while I have actually been giving my all. It's not the same now.

If you were genuinely hurt by his *flagrante delicto* judgment call, I have the cure for your sub-par bj blues.

zzzzzziiiiipp

Get ready, your bj level is about to hit 99 (inches).

I'll spare a moment of post-lockajw seriousness; if he only said it once and you can tell by his joy that he still loves cumming to you for your very special lessons in oral love, then don't allow a poorly timed spell of overgaming to spoil you on him. And to be franknbeans, it sounds like you're still with him, giving him a little less than your all (but which would still qualify as a bone-anza to the typical beta incel) but giving it to him nonetheless, so my conclusion is that you are HEAD over heels for this lovable jerk and came here to vent your insecurities about his potential waywardness, and wondering aloud if in coded language to Chateau lords the odds that Top 3 Knob Job Jerkboy would leave you for a girlie with a nimbler, precision targeting tongue.

To that, all I can advise is take a cue from his tone. Did he rank you in the braheemian vocal stylings of a man eager to show off, or was his message delivered with a blunt blurt suggesting his mind was likely drifting to memories of the agog minxmouths of lost lovers? If the former, brush it off. If the latter, there's a website you can go to where you'll find plenty of men who will treat you with the dearest respect you so obviously deserve when your polehole is wrapped for his pleasure:

http://www.mgtow.com

The World's Greatest Troll: Donald Trump

CH · 28 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Tiberius gets at the core truth explaining the mass hysteria of the anti-Trump shitlib fanatics:

> Trump is killing their god.

Yes. There is no greater rage than that directed against the heretic, the god-killer, by the shaken faithful.

PS Trump delivered what is possibly the greatest Neg in the history of Game-kind:

"I refuse to call megyn kelly a bimbo"

Dear Lord, that is a thing of beauty. The Perfect Neg, in substance, style, cadence, and custom-fit. The very act of verbalizing a refusal to call a hot babe a bimbo implies that she's a bimbo; that the only concern holding one back from calling her a bimbo is not that she isn't a bimbo but that it is impolite to say it, (while implicitly saying it!).

That's the sort of nuclear neg that can bring an HB10 to her knees, mouth open, begging for the redemptive cock.

Ann Coulter Reads Chateau Heartiste

CH · 28 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ann unsheathes a mighty shiv this week in her column "Country Overboard! Women and Children Last!". She touches on many themes explored here at Le Chateau, and comes suspiciously, deliciously close to restating certain, sharp phrases coined by yours cruelly.

Her column delves into the racket that is the refugee asylum system in the US, paying particular attention to the shitlib-anointed status of "oppressed" women from third world shitholes, reminding readers that the women are as much a shitproduct of their shitholes as are the men from those shitholes.

> Aside from our immigration authorities missing little things like the Rwandan genocide, what is the argument for taking in millions of people from backward cultures, hotbeds of *real* racism, pederasty and misogyny — as opposed to the "microaggressions" that are the bane of our culture?
>
> It's one thing to use quotas as a response to slavery and Jim Crow in our own country, but why do we have to have an immigration quota for "people who don't live here, have never seen an indoor toilet, and rape little girls for sport"?
>
> Liberals act as if they are striking a blow for feminism by importing desperate women from misogynistic cultures to America. But, even to the extent they're telling the truth, the women aren't always victims only. They're often co-conspirators. […]
>
> Hmong girls in Minnesota are regularly gang raped by Hmong men, but the Hmong community — even the girls' mothers — blame the rape victims, and the attacks go unreported. These aren't cultures of strong women and criminal men. It's more like criminal men and complicit women.

When shitlibs rescue Dirt World women from their Dirt World homelands, they neglect to consider that those Dirt World women give birth to Dirt Worlders, via the magic of reproductive gene transmission, who will recycle their Dirt World attitude and behaviors for generations, absent oppressive levels of miscegenation.

And the stone cunt truth is that in the primitive backward nations of the world, the women share the same suite of genes as their misogynistic men. You can't remove the women from these cultures and expect them to behave like civilized SWPLs; their blood swims with the misogyny, infanticide, pederasty, rape, and female genital mutilation that evolved with them, and which these women will pass onto the next generation of male babies. And female complicity will likewise be passed on to their daughters, bedeviling policy makers all across the civilized world.

The more we import alien peoples from alien cultures into our homeland, the more stories like this one we'll hear about (through dissident journalism sources):

> In San Francisco, we had the young Indian sex slaves of pederast Lakireddy Bali Reddy *testifying on his behalf*. Once he was finally busted — not by our fantastic "democracy dies in darkness" mainstream media, but by a local high school newspaper — we found out his child rape victims thought they deserved it. They could not be coaxed to testify against him. Some took the stand on his behalf. They were all given asylum. We didn't change them; they just moved here, without altering their belief in human slavery or the caste system one iota.

"Democracy dies in darkness" is more true than the Bezos Post would like to believe; the dark hordes streaming outward from their dark cultures will descend like a veil of darkness over the remaining Whiteopia redoubts, killing democracy and replacing it with tribalism, corruption, and the occasional mass murder machete rampage.

> Americans are told we have to understand that it's part of their native cultures.

> Exactly! It's *their* culture. We're not rescuing anybody; we're bringing in diseased cultures. The alleged refugees don't float above and apart from their societies. Feminists may see the world as the Boy team versus the Girl team, but in reality, it's the Civilized team versus the Primitive team. Virtually every woman outside of the First World lives in an abusive society. We can't take them all in.
>
> How did violent, backward, misogynistic cultures become our problem? Did we take a vote and agree to be the world's charity ward?

Or the world's daycare center.

Genes matter.
Race matters.
Culture matters.

We deny these cosmic truths at our peril.

> Democrats who claim to be defenders of the weak, the marginal, and vulnerable are happy to toss our safe, functioning country aside — as long as they can wreck America (and get their housework done at the same time!). The left's central political philosophy is based on resentment toward **historical America**.

Very, very close to my term of art "Heritage America".

Nobody reads Chateau Heartiste…

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 28 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> As a child I bet you wouldn't have thought you'd fuck a hundred strangers by the time you turned 30. pic.twitter.com/0hhahNV0pZ
>
> — Titus of the Dreamlands (@marblemadeflesh) June 28, 2018

woowee that shiv pierced her last egg.

When The Sexual Polarity Reverses

CH · 29 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Everything wrong with America in one snapshot.

Vagina dominator adds,

This is from a blog someone here (thanks) linked to called Dating Data where the woman in this picture produces her dating data like some autist from fourchan.

Questions:

1) Which one looks like a Predator and which one looks like Prey? Shouldn't the man be the scarier looking one?

2) On the 10-scale, what is her number? Can she even be found on a female scale?

3) How big is her clit? Compared to one of your fingers, a dick, or a salami, for example.

4) Is it alright if we let the naggers have her or could that produce something unpredictably dangerous?

I've argued that a reversing sexual polarity is both a sign and an accelerant of civilizational decline. If we accept the premise that men vary from low to high T (or from lsmv to hsmv), and women vary from low to high E (or from lsmv to hsmv), then there are four ways men and women can match up:

1. low T male with low E female
2. low T male with high E female
3. high T male with high E female
4. high T male with low E female

The most stable relationship match is high T male with high E female. The sexual polarity is aligned for maximal attraction, as the God of Biomechanics ordains it.

The least stable relationship match is high T male with low E female. A man with options will scour for alternatives without a second wasted on guilt if he is somehow in the situation of dating a fat chick or a broad-shouldered feminist. Here, the sexual polarity wobbles on its axis, as attraction over time will run in one direction only (girl -> man).

The next least stable match is low T male with high E female. This relationship can work for a while if the low T male has compensatory attractiveness traits, such as wealth or charm. But his womanly disposition, "I'm With Her" mentality, and puffy soybody will put off hot babes who can get the whole package. As above, the sexual polarity wobbles, attraction running generally man -> girl.

Where it gets interesting is the low T male-low E female matches, which are increasing in frequency in our late stage weakening culture. This is the union of two lsmv losers who have essentially switched sexual polarities, the man being more like the woman and the woman more like the man, as exemplified in the above two photos. The low T male + low E female is also known as The Fuggernaut. Paradoxically, although this relationship is marked by reversed sexual polarity, it can often be stable (although not as stable as a properly aligned sexual polarity one would see with a high T man + high E woman). Its stability is a function of there being a begrudging acceptance that neither party will do better, and although reversed, the polarity does possess a weak attraction force. Low E women sometimes need the effeminate nurturing of a low T man, and low T men sometimes needs a rock-jawed ballcutter to be aggressive and lead them to unwhispered pleasures of the disfigured flesh.

In the long view, however, this last relationship match-up is deadly toxic to a healthy civilization, for it brings with it unseemly baggage like cuckoldry, slut pride, the relinquishment of paternity certainty as a founding principle of committed relationships, loss of male dignity, open borders cheerleading, pussyhat degeneracy, and infertility

(crooked sperm and ossified cyst-splattered wombs don’t combine to be fruitful and multiply).

hsmv men + hsmv women bring good times
good times bring lsmv men + lsmv women
lsmv men + lsmv women bring hard times
hard times bring hsmv men + hsmv women

*hsmv = high sexual market value
*lsmv = low sexual market value

Die sechzehn Gebote von Poon

CH · 16 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I. Sag niemals zuerst „Ich liebe dich“

Frauen möchten das Gefühl haben, Hindernisse überwinden zu müssen, um das Herz eines Mannes zu gewinnen. Sie sehnen sich nach der Herausforderung, das Interesse eines Mannes zu wecken, der andere Frauen um seine Aufmerksamkeit konkurrieren lässt und schließlich seine widerwillige Zurückhaltung zu überwinden, seine engagierte Exklusivität zu verleihen. Der Mann, der seine emotionale Welt zu leicht verrät, nimmt den Frauen die Befriedigung, seine Liebe zu verdienen. Auch wenn du vielleicht in sie verliebt bist, sag es nicht, bevor sie es gesagt hat. Zeige mitfühlende Zurückhaltung für ihr Bedürfnis, sich für die Erfüllung deiner Wünsche einzusetzen. Inspiriere sie, den Sprung für dich zu wagen und sie wird den Gefallen tausendfach erwidern.

II. Mach sie eifersüchtig

Flirte mit anderen Frauen vor ihr. Halte andere Frauen nicht davon ab, mit dir zu flirten. Frauen werden das nie zugeben, aber Eifersucht erregt sie. Der Gedanke, dass du eine andere Frau anmachst, wird sie sexuell erregen. Kein Mädchen will einen Mann, den keine andere Frau will. Der Partner, der den Sturm der Eifersucht nutzt, kontrolliert die Richtung der Beziehung.

III. Du sollst deine Mission, nicht deine Frau, zu deiner Priorität machen

Vergiss all die romantischen Klischees des führenden Mannes, der seine unsterbliche Liebe für die Frau verkündet, die ihn vervollständigt. Trotz aller gegenteiligen Proteste möchten Frauen nicht „die Eine“ oder der Mittelpunkt der Existenz eines Mannes sein. Sie wollen sich in der Tat dem Lebenszweck eines würdigen Mannes unterordnen, ihm dabei helfen, diesen Zweck mit ihrer weiblichen Unterstützung zu erreichen und dem Weg folgen, den er vorschreibt. Du musst die Integrität einer Frau respektieren und darfst sie nicht anlügen, dass sie „dein Alles“ ist. Sie ist nicht alles für dich und wenn sie es ist, wird sie es bald nicht mehr sein.

IV. Spiel nicht nach ihren Regeln

Wenn du einer Frau erlaubst, die Regeln zu vorzugeben, wird sie dich mit einer brodelnden Verachtung beleidigen, die selbst ein Vergewaltiger nicht inspirieren kann. Die stärkste Frau und die schärfste Feministin möchten von einem mächtigeren Mann geführt werden und sich diesem unterwerfen. Die Polarität ist der Kern einer gesunden Liebesbeziehung. Sie möchte nicht, dass das Vorrecht mit ihren launischen Forderungen und Quecksilberstimmungen über dir steht. Ihre Gefühle sind ein Hurrikan, ihre Seele ein Saboteur. Betrachte dich als ein Bollwerk gegen ihren Sturm. Wenn sie nach einer Säule greift, um sich gegen die peitschenden Winde zu behaupten oder sich danach sehnt, dass eine Autoritätsperson ihre schlimmsten Instinkte vereitelt, musst du da sein … stark, fest, unerschütterlich und unbeweglich.

V. Halt den goldenen Schnitt ein

Gib deiner Frau 2/3 von allem, was sie dir gibt. Gib ihr für jeweils drei Anrufe oder Texte zwei zurück. Drei Liebeserklärungen verdienen zwei zurück. Drei Geschenke, zwei Nächte ausgehen. Mach ihr zwei Liebesbeweise und hör damit auf, bevor sie mit drei weiteren geantwortet hat. Wenn sie spricht, antworte mit weniger Worten. Wenn sie emotional reagiert, sei weniger emotional. Die Idee hinter dem Goldenen Schnitt ist zweideutig: Sie verdeutlicht deinen Mehrwert, indem sie dich verfolgt und sie zeigt, dass du die Selbstbeherrschung hast, um nicht in ihre persönlichen Dramen hineingezogen zu werden. Der Verzicht darauf, alles, was sie für dich tut, gleichermaßen zu erwidern, verleiht ihr die richtige Einstellung, an deinen höheren Status zu glauben. In ihrem tiefsten Inneren ist es das, was sie wirklich will.

VI. Lass sie raten

Entsprechend ihrer unergründlichen Natur stellen Frauen Fragen, auf die sie keine direkten Antworten haben

möchten. Weh, der Mann, der es geradeaus spielt – sein Schicksal ist das Leiden der Beta. Ausweichen, necken, verschleiern. Sie gedeiht, wenn sie sich vorstellen muss, was du über sie denkst und verdorrt, wenn sie genau weiß, wie du dich fühlst. Eine Frau möchte vielleicht finanzielle und familiäre Sicherheit, aber sie möchte keine Leidenschaftssicherheit. In der gleichen Weise, wenn sie dir missfallen hat, bestraf schnell, aber wenn sie etwas richtig gemacht hat, belohn langsam. Belohne ihr gutes Benehmen zeitweise und unvorhersehbar und sie wird nie müde, hart zu arbeiten, um dir zu gefallen.

VII. Behalte dir immer zwei Miezekatzen

Erlaube dir niemals, ein „behüteter Mann“ zu sein. Ein Mann mit Optionen ist ein Mann ohne Notwendigkeit. Es stärkt das Selbstvertrauen und fördert die Kühnheit von Frauen, wenn es eine andere Frau gibt, ein Sicherheitsnetz, das dich auffängt, falls du ausrutscht und eine Trennung, Scheidung oder eine verlorene Perspektive riskieren. Eine Frau weiß, dass sie, sobald sie mit einem Mann geschlafen hat, ein Maß ihrer Macht aufgegeben hat. Wenn sie sich in ihn verliebt hat, hat sie fast alles aufgegeben. Aber Liebe ist vergänglich und mit der Zeit kann sie ihre Kraft wiederentdecken und drohen, dich zu verlassen. Es ist ihr letzter Trumpf. Wenn sie all ihre Liebe und ihren ganzen Körper in einem Augenblick zurückzieht, wird dies deine Seele zerreißen, wenn du den leeren Abgrund allein betrachten musst. Zu wissen, dass es einen anderen gibt, an den du dich der Zuneigungshalber wenden kannst, stärkt deinen Willen und befriedigt deine Männlichkeit.

VIII. Entschuldige dich nur, wenn dies unbedingt erforderlich ist

Bitte nicht für alles, was du falsch machst, um Entschuldigung. Es ist eine Haltung der Unterwerfung, die kein Mann reflexiv einnehmen sollte, egal wie Alpha er ist. Entschuldigung erhöht die Nachfrage nach mehr Entschuldigungen. Sie wird deine Reue erwarten, wie eine Katze ihre Mahlzeit jeden Tag zu einer festgelegten Zeit erwartet. Und dann wird dein Wert in ihren Augen sinken. Wenn du etwas falsch gemacht hast, solltest du stattdessen deine Schuld auf einen Blick anerkennen, ohne auf die tatsächlichen Worte „Es tut mir leid“ zurückzugreifen. Nimm das Bill Clinton-Manöver und sag „Fehler wurden gemacht“ oder du sagst, dass du dich „schlecht fühlst“ wegen dem, was du getan hast. Du hast zwei Freifahrtscheine „Es tut mir Leid“ zu sagen während deiner Beziehung, setze sie mit Bedacht ein.

IX. Verbinde dich mit ihren Gefühlen

Hebe dich von anderen Männern ab und verbinde dich mit der emotionalen Landschaft einer Frau. Ihr Geist ist eine fremde Welt, die eine geschickte Navigation erfordert, um dein Rendezvous zu erreichen. Herumtollen in der Brandung der Emotionen und nicht in der trockenen Wüste der Logik. Sei verspielt. Setze alle deine Sinne ein. Beschreibe in üppigen Details Szenarien, um ihr Herz in Flammen zu setzen. Gib deinen Gefühlen die Freiheit, sich zu entfalten. ENTFALTEN. Ja, das ist ein gutes Wort. Du bist nicht auf einem linearen Weg mit ihr. Du bist überall die ENTFALTUNG und nimmst sie mit auf ein Abenteuer. In dieser Welt besteht keine Notwendigkeit, Gedanken zu beenden oder Schlussfolgerungen zu ziehen. Es besteht nur die Notwendigkeit zu ERFAHREN. Du ergreifst ihre Hand und rennst mit ihr durch eine endlose, labyrinthische Gasse ohne Ende, lachst und lässt deine Finger auf den Kopfsteinpflasterwänden entlang des Weges gleiten.

X. Ignoriere ihre Schönheit

Der Mann, der seinen Verstand trainiert, um die Belohnungszentren seines Gehirns zu unterdrücken, wenn er über ein schönes weibliches Gesicht nachdenkt, wird seine Interaktionen mit Frauen auf magische Weise verändern. Seine Besorgnis und sein Selbstbewusstsein werden dahinschmelzen und den Weg für ehrlichere und selbstbewusstere Interaktionen mit den Objekten seines Begehrens ebnen. Dies ist einer der Gründe, warum die größten Lotharios in mehr Liebe versinken, als sie ertragen können – durch positive Erfahrungen mit so vielen schönen Frauen verlieren sie ihre Ehrfurcht vor Schönheit und damit auch ihre Ohnmacht in ihrem Bann. Es wird dir helfen, die richtige Einstellung zu finden, um nicht mehr die Worte „heiß“, „süß“, „umwerfend“ oder „wunderschön“ zu verwenden, um Mädchen zu beschreiben, die dich anmachen. Sag stattdessen zu dir selbst „Sie ist interessant“ oder „Vielleicht ist sie es wert, sie kennenzulernen“. Lobe niemals ein Mädchen für ihr Aussehen,

besonders nicht ein Mädchen, das du nicht fickst. Schalte den Teil deines Gehirns aus, der sie auf Podeste stellen möchte. Weiterführendes Training, um diesen Zustand der unbemerkten Zen-Transzendenz zu erreichen, besteht darin, mit vielen VIELEN attraktiven Frauen zu schlafen (vermeide es, mit vielen hässlichen Frauen zu schlafen, wenn du dich nicht zurückbilden möchtest). Bald wirst du ein Jedi-Liebhaber sein.

XI. Sei irrational selbstbewusst

Egal, was deine Station im Leben ist, schreite ohne Rechtfertigung oder Entschuldigung durch die Welt. Es spielt keine Rolle, ob du objektiv nicht der beste Mann bist, den eine Frau bekommen kann. Entscheidend ist, dass du so denkst und handelst, wie du bist. Frauen haben den Instinkt eines Hundes, Schwäche bei Männern aufzudecken. Mach es ihnen nicht leicht. Selbstvertrauen, ob gerechtfertigt oder nicht, löst bei Frauen unterwürfige emotionale Reaktionen aus. Irrationales Selbstbewusstsein bringt mehr Muschi als rationaler Defätismus.

XII. Maximiere deine Stärken, minimiere deine Schwächen

Um uns als Männer zu verbessern, ziehen wir Frauen in unsere Umlaufbahn. Um diese Anziehungskraft so schmerzlos und effizient wie möglich zu erzielen, musst du deine natürlichen Talente und Mängel identifizieren und deine Anstrengungen entsprechend bündeln. Wenn du ein begabter Spaßvogel bist, verschwende keine Zeit und Energie, um deinen Status in der philosophischen Debatte zu verbessern. Wenn du gut schreibst, aber schlecht tanzt, töte dich nicht und versuche, deinen männlichen Einfluss auf die Tanzfläche auszudehnen. Dein Ziel sollte es sein, Frauen mühelos anzuziehen. Spiele also mit deinen Stärken, egal was sie sind. Für jedes männliche Wesen gibt es ein Groupie. Außer bei World of Warcraft.

XIII. Ähm, eher zu viel Kühnheit als zu wenig

Wenn du eine Frau beim ersten Date unangemessen berührst, bist du besser dran, als sie überhaupt nicht zu berühren. Lass dich nicht von der Empörung einer Frau über deine Kühnheit beeinflussen. Sie lieben es insgeheim, wenn ein Mann aggressiv verfolgt, was er will und seine sexuellen Absichten kundtut. Du musst kein Arschloch sein, aber wenn du keine andere Wahl hast, ist es jedes Mal besser, ein rücksichtsloses Arschloch zu sein, als eine höfliche Beta.

XIV. Fick sie gut

Fick sie, als wäre es dein letzter Fick. Und ihrer. Fick sie so gut, so hart, so mutwillig, so tiefsinnig, dass sie eine zitternde, funkelnde Masse aus zitterndem Fleisch und Sex-Flüssigkeiten hinterlässt. Entleere sie von allem, dann entleere sie noch mehr. Küsse sie überall, liebe sie die ganze Nacht und halte sie am Morgen fest. Besitze ihren Körper, besitze ihre Dankbarkeit, besitze ihre Liebe. Wenn du nicht weißt wie, lerne, wie du sie zum Orgasmus bringst.

XV. Behalte deine staatliche Kontrolle

Du bist eine Eiche. Du wirst nicht durch Weinen, Schreien, Lügen, Kopfspiel, sexuellen Rückzug, Eifersucht, Mitleid, Scheiß Tests, Heiß / Kalt / Heiß / Kalt, Verschwinden lassen oder Schuldgefühle manipuliert. Sie wird um dich herum regnen und donnern und du wirst sie beschützen, bis ihr Sturm vorüber ist. Sie wird dich nicht in ihr Chaos ziehen oder dich entwurzeln. Wenn du dich selbst beherrschst, wirst du sie beherrschen.

XVI. Hab niemals Angst, sie zu verlieren

Du darfst keine Angst haben. Angst ist der Liebeskiller. Angst ist der Ego-Triumph, der böse Einsamkeit bringt. Du wirst dich deiner Angst stellen. Du wirst zulassen, dass sie über und durch dich hinweg geht. Und wenn deine Ego-Angst weg ist, wirst du dich umdrehen und deiner Geliebten ins Gesicht sehen und nur dein Herz wird übrig bleiben. Du wirst von ihr weggehen, wenn sie deine Integrität verletzt hat und du wirst sie gehen lassen, wenn ihr Herz dir verschlossen ist. Sie, die dich zerstören kann, kontrolliert dich. Gib ihr nicht die Macht über dich. Liebe dich selbst, bevor du sie liebst.

***

Je genauer du die Worte dieser Gebote befolgst, desto leichter wirst du echte, bedingungslose Liebe und Glück in deinem Leben finden und bewahren.

Beste Grüße,

Dein Herr und König

Full Text of Alleged Manifesto of El Paso Shooter

CH · 5 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is the full text of the alleged manifesto of the El Paso Walmart shooter, posted in the interest of free speech and the right of the public to know the motivations and causes of newsworthy events. It is currently being deleted everywhere.

The Inconvenient Truth

About me

In general, I support the Christchurch shooter and his manifesto. This attack is a response to the Hispanic invasion of Texas. They are the instigators, not me. I am simply defending my country from cultural and ethnic replacement brought on by an invasion. Some people will think this statement is hypocritical because of the nearly complete ethnic and cultural destruction brought to the Native Americans by our European ancestors, but this just reinforces my point. The natives didn't take the invasion of Europeans seriously, and now what's left is just a shadow of what was. My motives for this attack are not at all personal. Actually the Hispanic community was not my target before I read The Great Replacement. This manifesto will cover the political and economic reasons behind the attack, my gear, my expectations of what response this will generate and my personal motivations and thoughts.

Political Reasons

In short, America is rotting from the inside out, and peaceful means to stop this seem to be nearly impossible. The inconvenient truth is that our leaders, both Democrat AND Republican, have been failing us for decades. They are either complacent or involved in one of the biggest betrayals of the American public in our history. The takeover of the United States government by unchecked corporations. I could write a ten page essay on all the damage these corporations have caused, but here is what is important. Due to the death of the baby boomers, the increasingly anti-immigrant rhetoric of the right and the ever increasing Hispanic population, America will soon become a one party-state. The Democrat party will own America and they know it. They have already begun the transition by pandering heavily to the Hispanic voting bloc in the 1st Democratic Debate. They intend to use open borders, free healthcare for illegals, citizenship and more to enact a political coup by importing and then legalizing millions of new voters. With policies like these, the Hispanic support for Democrats will likely become nearly unanimous in the future. The heavy Hispanic population in Texas will make us a Democrat stronghold. Losing Texas and a few other states with heavy Hispanic population to the Democrats is all it would take for them to win nearly every presidential election. Although the Republican Party is also terrible. Many factions within the Republican Party are pro-corporation. Procorporation = pro-immigration. But some factions within the Republican Party don't prioritize corporations over our future. So the Democrats are nearly unanimous with their support of immigration while the Republicans are divided over it. At least with Republicans, the process of mass immigration and citizenship can be greatly reduced.

Economic Reasons

In short, immigration can only be detrimental to the future of America. Continued immigration will make one of the biggest issues of our time, automation, so much worse. Some sources say that in under two decades, half of American jobs will be lost to it. Of course some people will be retrained, but most will not. So it makes no sense to keep on letting millions of illegal or legal immigrants flood into the United States, and to keep the tens of millions that are already here. Invaders who also have close to the highest birthrate of all ethnicities in America. In the near future, America will have to initiate a basic universal income to prevent widespread poverty and civil unrest as people lose their jobs. Joblessness in itself is a source of civil unrest. The less dependents on a government welfare

system, the better. The lower the unemployment rate, the better. Achieving ambitions social projects like universal healthcare and UBI would become far more likely to succeed if tens of millions of dependents are removed.

Even though new migrants do the dirty work, their kids typically don't. They want to live the American Dream which is why they get college degrees and fill higher-paying skilled positions. This is why corporations lobby for even more illegal immigration even after decades of it of happening. They need to keep replenishing the low-skilled labor pool. Even as migrant children flood skilled jobs, Corporations make this worse by lobbying for even more work visas to be issued for skilled foreign workers to come here. Recently, the senate under a REPUBLICAN administration has greatly increased the number of foreign workers that will take American jobs. Remember that both Democrats and Republicans support immigration and work visas. Corporations need to keep replenishing the labor pool for both skilled and unskilled jobs to keep wages down. So Automation is a good thing as it will eliminate the need for new migrants to fill unskilled jobs. Jobs that Americans can't survive on anyway. Automation can and would replace millions of low-skilled jobs if immigrants were deported. This source of competition for skilled labor from immigrants and visa holders around the world has made a very difficult situation even worse for natives as they compete in the skilled job market. To compete, people have to get better credentials by spending more time in college. It used to be that a high school degree was worth something. Now a bachelor's degree is what's recommended to be competitive in the job market. The cost of college degrees has exploded as their value has plummeted. This has led to a generation of indebted, overqualified students filling menial, low paying and unfulfilling jobs. Of course these migrants and their children have contributed to the problem, but are not the sole cause of it.

The American lifestyle affords our citizens an incredible quality of life. However, our lifestyle is destroying the environment of our country. The decimation of the environment is creating a massive burden for future generations. Corporations are heading the destruction of our environment by shamelessly overharvesting resources. This has been a problem for decades. For example, this phenomenon is brilliantly portrayed in the decades old classic "The Lorax". Water sheds around the country, especially in agricultural areas, are being depleted. Fresh water is being polluted from farming and oil drilling operations. Consumer culture is creating thousands of tons of unnecessary plastic waste and electronic waste, and recycling to help slow this down is almost non-existent. Urban sprawl creates inefficient cities which unnecessarily destroys millions of acres of land. We even use god knows how many trees worth of paper towels just wipe water off our hands. Everything I have seen and heard in my short life has led me to believe that the average American isn't willing to change their lifestyle, even if the changes only cause a slight inconvenience. The government is unwilling to tackle these issues beyond empty promises since they are owned by corporations. Corporations that also like immigration because more people means a bigger market for their products. I just want to say that I love the people of this country, but god damn most of y'all are just too stubborn to change your lifestyle. So the next logical step is to decrease the number of people in America using resources. If we can get rid of enough people, then our way of life can become more sustainable.

Gear

Main gun: AK47 (WASR 10) – I realized pretty quickly that this isn't a great choice since it's the civilian version of the ak47. It's not designed to shoot rounds quickly, so it overheats massively after about 100 shots fired in quick succession. I'll have to use a heat-resistant glove to get around this.

8m3 bullet: This bullet, unlike pretty much any other 7.62×39 bullet, actually fragments like a pistol hollow point when shot out of an ak47 at the cost of penetration. Penetration is still reasonable, but not nearly as high as a normal ak47 bullet. The ak47 is definitely a bad choice without this bullet design, and may still be with it.

Other gun(if I get one): Ar15 – Pretty much any variation of this gun doesn't heat up nearly as fast as the AK47. The round of this gun isn't designed to fragment, but instead tumbles inside a target causing lethal wounding. This gun is probably better, but I wanted to explore different options. The ar15 is probably the best gun for military applications but this isn't a military application.

This will be a test of which is more lethal, either it's fragmentation or tumbling.

I didn't spend much time at all preparing for this attack. Maybe a month, probably less. I have do this before I lose my nerve. I figured that an under-prepared attack and a meh manifesto is better than no attack and no manifesto.

Reaction

Statistically, millions of migrants have returned to their home countries to reunite with the family they lost contact with when they moved to America. They come here as economic immigrants, not for asylum reasons. This is an encouraging sign that the Hispanic population is willing to return to their home countries if given the right incentive. An incentive that myself and many other patriotic Americans will provide. This will remove the threat of the Hispanic voting bloc which will make up for the loss of millions of baby boomers. This will also make the elites that run corporations realize that it's not in their interest to continue piss off Americans. Corporate America doesn't need to be destroyed, but just shown that they are on the wrong side of history. That if they don't bend, they will break.

Personal Reasons and Thoughts

My whole life I have been preparing for a future that currently doesn't exist. The job of my dreams will likely be automated. Hispanics will take control of the local and state government of my beloved Texas, changing policy to better suit their needs. They will turn Texas into an instrument of a political coup which will hasten the destruction of our country. The environment is getting worse by the year. If you take nothing else from this document, remember this: INACTION IS A CHOICE. I can no longer bear the shame of inaction knowing that our founding fathers have endowed me with the rights needed to save our country from the brink destruction. Our European comrades don't have the gun rights needed to repel the millions of invaders that plaque their country. They have no choice but to sit by and watch their countries burn.

America can only be destroyed from the inside-out. If our country falls, it will be the fault of traitors. This is why I see my actions as faultless. Because this isn't an act of imperialism but an act of preservation. America is full of hypocrites who will blast my actions as the sole result of racism and hatred of other countries, despite the extensive evidence of all the problems these invaders cause and will cause. People who are hypocrites because they support imperialistic wars that have caused the loss of tens of thousands of American lives and untold numbers of civilian lives. The argument that mass murder is okay when it is state sanctioned is absurd. Our government has killed a whole lot more people for a whole lot less.

Even if other non-immigrant targets would have a greater impact, I can't bring myself to kill my fellow Americans. Even the Americans that seem hell-bent on destroying our country. Even if they are shameless race mixers, massive polluters, haters of our collective values, etc. One day they will see error of their ways. Either when American patriots fail to reform our country and it collapses or when we save it. But they will see the error of their ways. I promise y'all that.

I am against race mixing because it destroys genetic diversity and creates identity problems. Also because it's completely unnecessary and selfish. 2nd and 3rd generation Hispanics form interracial unions at much higher rates than average. Yet another reason to send them back. Cultural and racial diversity is largely temporary. Cultural diversity diminishes as stronger and/or more appealing cultures overtake weaker and/or undesirable ones. Racial diversity will disappear as either race mixing or genocide will take place. But the idea of deporting or murdering all non-white Americans is horrific. Many have been here at least as long as the whites, and have done as much to build our country. The best solution to this for now would be to divide America into a confederacy of territories with at least 1 territory for each race. This physical separation would nearly eliminate race mixing and improve social unity by granting each race self-determination within their respective territories.

My death is likely inevitable. If I'm not killed by the police, then I'll probably be gunned down by one of the invaders. Capture in this case if far worse than dying during the shooting because I'll get the death penalty anyway.

Worse still is that I would live knowing that my family despises me. This is why I'm not going to surrender even if I run out of ammo. If I'm captured, it will be because I was subdued somehow.

Remember: it is not cowardly to pick low hanging fruit. AKA Don't attack heavily guarded areas to fulfill your super soldier COD fantasy. Attack low security targets. Even though you might out gun a security guard or police man, they likely beat you in armor, training and numbers. Do not throw away your life on an unnecessarily dangerous target. If a target seems too hot, live to fight another day. My ideology has not changed for several years.

My opinions on automation, immigration, and the rest predate Trump and his campaign for president. I putting this here because some people will blame the President or certain presidential candidates for the attack. This is not the case. I know that the media will probably call me a white supremacist anyway and blame Trump's rhetoric. The media is infamous for fake news. Their reaction to this attack will likely just confirm that.

Many people think that the fight for America is already lost. They couldn't be more wrong. This is just the beginning of the fight for America and Europe. I am honored to head the fight to reclaim my country from destruction.

Diversity Is Our Lip Service

CH · 27 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Heh:

> Where 99% of ‘diversity is a strength’ tweets come from pic.twitter.com/Zqf2scyYU3
>
> — Dax (@huwhyte_1) August 14, 2018

Status cheating, as williamk calls it. A gated McMansion just isn’t enough status points, now these liars moralizing from behind layers of security and geographic distance can only get their sanctimony jollies by shilling for a diversity they will never have to experience.

PS A CIA whistleblower says the Fake News media is covering up the provenance of the phony DOJ dossier that was the false pretext for the failed coup against President Trump.

Surname Nationalism

CH · 27 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via:

> General rule: you should live where people don't think your name is stupid.

No joke, if this were public policy it would be better than anything the overcredentialed elites have come up with to micro-manage the country straight into the Dirt World abyss.

PS Related, the Trump Administration is blocking the reappointment of one of the WTO's four judges. That judge's name is Shree Baboo Chekitan Servansing. That's right, a clown from Mauritius named Shree Baboo who has zero connection to Heritage America wields influence over US trade policy.

N O T A N Y M O R E

PS You won't see this in the "All the news that's fit to omit" Fake News Media, but right now there are huge protests happening in Germany. A native (read: White) German was stabbed to death by a Syrian and an Iraqi migrant, and the locals have finally had enough of Murderous Merkel's open borders virtue sadism. Heh:

> every now and then the special ed teachers lose control of the big retard, that's what germany is overdue for

President Trump, The Master Wag

CH · 27 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Donald Trump's Instagram post about the death of John McCain features… wait for it… a photo of Donald Trump. pic.twitter.com/sRKFTWfrZS
>
> — Shannon Watts (@shannonrwatts) August 26, 2018

Juan McAmnesty deserves nothing less as an epitaph than President Trump Instagramming a photo of himself in the Oval Office accompanied by formulaic condolences.

For this version of a Happy Dance, Trump earns the Shiv of the Week award. Those poison-tipped shivs that prick the skin ever-so-subtly to deliver an area effect lethal dose to the coalition of phony admirers and globohomo co-conspirators who wagon-circle the deceased warmonger are the shivs most worth savoring.

PS Songbird died on the same day that Ted "I promise this immigration act won't change the ethnic composition of America" Kennedy died, nine years ago, and from the same cancer. The Lord works in hysterical ways.

***

From commenter Ralph Stanley,

> NPR and social media are gushing over John McCain. Their obvious lack of sincerity is extremely creepy. They always despised him, except to the extent that he and Never-Been-Married-Lindsey Graham could serve as opposing voices to Trump. Now they pretend to honor him? This is the stuff of ghouls.
>
> I mean, I'm supposed to listen to some lisping, limp-wristed up-talker praise McCain's military service and take him at his word? Much like the cancer that ravaged the senator's brain, the media is increasingly a tumor metastasizing inside America's soul.
>
> Honestly, Trump's response is actually more sincere and respectful — rather than pantomiming affection for a political enemy, he is offering condolences to the family. Anything more than that would have been interpreted as phony, weak, or both.

Good point. The thing that really drives the LeftMedia insane is that Trump is sincere like they have never been in their miserable lives. So when they lash out at Trump's "lies" what they are really doing is projecting their own lying shitsouls onto Trump and the Sincere Americans who support him. There's no spiteful envy quite like the envy of a zero integrity lying sack of shit for xir's laudable betters.

The Media Cries Out In Pain As It Doxes, Deplatforms, And Demonetizes You

CH · 27 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Social media censorship is a right wing conspiracy theory! And please censor these people! pic.twitter.com/yB1a6QQJMX
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) August 24, 2018

It would be funny if the Chaimstream Media weren't also a dire threat to the spirit of First Amendment protections.

PS Hey Luke Barnes I notice Think Progress is powered by WordPress. You know, that same WordPress which also powers this loving outpost of LoveTalk. I wonder why you didn't include WordPress in your blacklist of no good, very bad, horrible tech companies helping to keep online thought criminals operating?

PPS Readers have wondered why WordPress hasn't danced to the Soylicon Valley tune and shuttered Le Chateau along with the rest of the political dissidents who have suffered the virtual guillotine. Alert readers will recall that WordPress doyennes came *this close* to doing just that before the 2016 Election l'Cataclysme (after a crybaby shitlib tattled to management about a DOTR reference). So…who knows? My guess is WordPress, like 99% of tech companies, is run by leftoids, which means that their principled stand as a platform dedicated to supporting free speech isn't just some empty blather to conveniently ignore when they might be tempted to trump principles with the exercise of raw power. Or maybe the dirty little secret is that WordPress executives are closeted shitlords, and for obvious reasons they don't want that knowledge escaping into the extended snowflake universe.

PPPS Not that it matters much, but CH does have a habit of backing up the edgier realtalk here with scientific confirmation. And the common sense stuff is delivered, I preen, with a dash of élan, which I figure tickles the pinks of the ladies running interference at WordPress customer complaints. They've been Wordblessed.

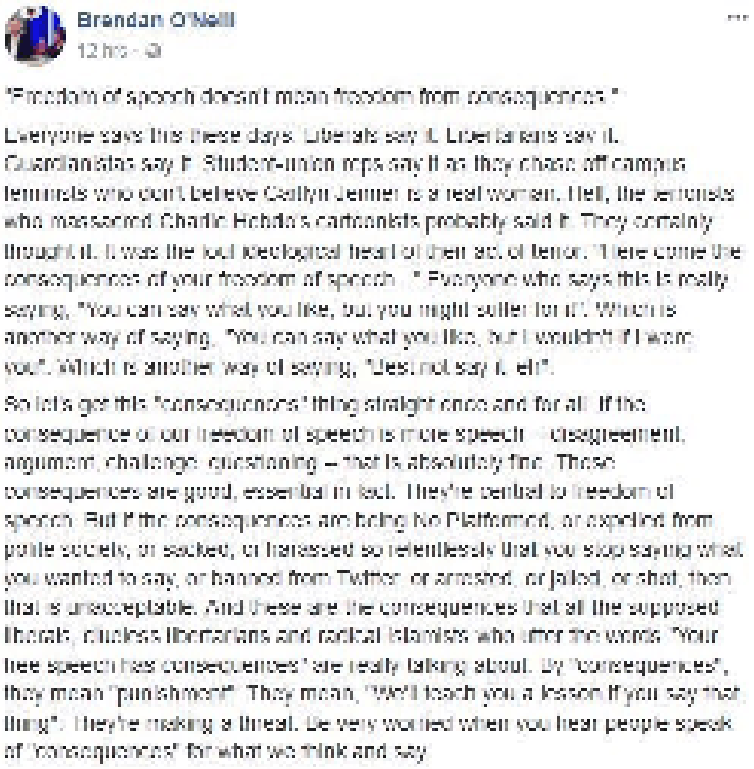
PMS This is how everyone should handle media requests:

Diversity + Proximity = The End Of Free Speech

CH · 28 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The timeless (and timely) CH maxim *Diversity + Proximity = War* includes the tacit rider that War can mean any sort of confrontation that doesn't hit the bloodletting threshold. For instance, Diversity under one sociopolitical umbrella will inevitably result in, first, curbs on free speech and, finally, the gutting of 1A because the number and size of warring tribes won't agree on the contours of a principle laid out, defended, and deeply felt by Anglo-Protestant White men, and the sphere of bannable "offensive" speech will enlarge to accommodate the sensitivities of increasingly antagonistic and thin-skinned groups all jockeying to acquire the power that will allow them to be the arbiters of which speech counts as "opposing viewpoint" and which is "hate".

Today, nonWhites and leftoid Whites have allied to exercise full spectrum control over speech and to effectively silence any voices to the right of Shree Baboo. They rationalize their speech suppression with a glib retort that is effortlessly dismantled by Brendan O'Neill:



Brendan O'Neill
12 hrs

"Freedom of speech doesn't mean freedom from consequences."

Everyone says this these days. Liberals say it. Libertarians say it. Guardianistas say it. Student-union reps say it as they chase off campus feminists who don't believe Caitlyn Jenner is a real woman. Hell, the terrorists who massacred Charlie Hebdo's cartoonists probably said it. They certainly thought it. It was the last ideological heart of their act of terror. "Here come the consequences of your freedom of speech..." Everyone who says this is really saying, "You can say what you like, but you might suffer for it". Which is another way of saying, "You can say what you like, but I wouldn't if I were you". Which is another way of saying, "Best not say it, eh".

So let's get this "consequences" thing straight once and for all. If the consequence of our freedom of speech is more speech – disagreement, argument, challenge, questioning – that is absolutely fine. Those consequences are good, essential in fact. They're central to freedom of speech. But if the consequences are being No Platformed, or expelled from polite society, or sacked, or harassed so relentlessly that you stop saying what you wanted to say, or banned from Twitter, or arrested, or jailed, or shot, then that is unacceptable. And these are the consequences that all the supposed liberals, clueless libertarians and radical Islamists who utter the words "Your free speech has consequences" are really talking about. By "consequences", they mean "punishment". They mean, "We'll teach you a lesson if you say that thing". They're making a threat. Be very worried when you hear people speak of "consequences" for what we think and say.

An MPCer adds a coda that is essentially a reiteration of the Diversity + Proximity = War equation,

> Good statement from Brendan O'Neill. To expand on his idea a bit, there are linguistic and ethnic limits to the plausibility of free speech. Free speech as a way of life is communal and depends on conventions (many absorbed unconsciously from homogeneous communities) that lack the power to transcend the gulfs of racial and international difference. The only way to satisfy one-worlders and libertarians on the subject of free speech is to limit it in such a way that no individual is ever allowed to say anything with the potential to offend or hurt the feelings of any other individual, anywhere. Which is preposterous.
>
> Free speech is under attack because the critical mass of its enemies is rising, or you could say that the minimum consensus of its champion is shrinking. It can't survive without a solid majority of people who have in common a galaxy of shared assumptions about society and only differ about some questions around how society ought to operate. As it stands in America today, the plurality of worldviews being aggressively aired makes free speech anathema. The one worldview that would support free speech (basic Christianity) is the one

> that is of course ruthlessly suppressed.

The trend lines point to the dissolution of the Bill of Rights. America is only an abstract idea if that idea means the whole world gets to squat here and take a giant dump on Anglo-Protestantism and its codified Weltanschauung (the Constitution).

The two main problems facing free speech proponents trying to reconcile their principle with Mass Diversity are that diversity reduces trust even among Whites (and lower trust means greater suspicion of the intent of others' speech) and different ethnic/racial groups have different notions about the form taken and value derived of allowable speech. These different notions aren't alterable by the magic of assimilation; the contradictions go the bone, born before bred.

The backwash of all this Diversity (and virtue signaling for Diversity) is threatening to drown the very ideas that "America is an idea" cheerleaders claim to venerate. Our self-contradictory nation is tearing itself apart and the doxings, deplatformings, and demonetizations are the clearest evidence of it.

If American ideals are to survive, America must jettison its most recent and artificial idea that ideals are separable from blood.

Reframe Of The Day

CH · 28 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Kudos to anonymous for this stellar reframe,

> Look at it this way.
>
> Most “men” stay with a woman because they fear losing what they have.
>
> What they should be asking themselves instead is this:
>
> “Why am I willing to lose the potential of all other options in life for this one person?”
>
> If you don’t have a rock solid answer for that, then she’s not worth keeping.

Love is weighing all your competing options, present and future, in the balance and judging them wanting compared to the woman you call yours.

What is not love: gratitude for being rescued by your woman from a life of romantic famine.

London Falling

CH · 28 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Sure, whites are now a minority in London and blacks are practically fornicating in the streets, but at least we defeated the Nazis. pic.twitter.com/i7gQ2OxB8t
>
> — TinkerBelle (@haaaallppp) August 28, 2018

And we have our iGadgets, so kwitchyerbitchin. /neoliberal /libertardian

All The News That's Fit To Omit

CH · 29 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Chaimstream Media's really transgressive and corrosive effect on the public consciousness is not by how often it lies (often enough) but by how routine it's become for them to lie through omission. The media can more effectively dupe a populace by refusing to cover important stories, because if they are called out on it they can plausibly deny deliberate attempt to sabotage the information flow. In contrast, if they are caught actively lying they usually suffer at least a glancing blow to their persistently-cratering credibility.

To get Real News filtered through the barrage of Fake News, you have to consult samizdat websites. Sara Carter is one of those sites.

> Breaking: Day After Ohr's Testimony, Congress Seeks to Question His Wife
>
> Numerous congressional sources are telling SaraACarter.com that after Department of Justice official Bruce Ohr's explosive closed-door testimony on Tuesday, lawmakers are gearing up to call his wife, Nellie Ohr, in for questioning regarding her work with the now-embattled research firm, Fusion GPS. Congress is also seeking access to Bruce Ohr's text messages and emails with top FBI officials.
>
> Fusion GPS was founded by former Wall Street Journal reporter Glenn Simpson and hired by the Democratic National Committee and Hillary Clinton campaign to investigate alleged ties between President Donald Trump's campaign and Russia.
>
> Nellie Ohr, a Russia expert who was hired by Fusion GPS in 2016 to investigate the Trump campaign, received multiple large sum payments from the research firm, according to a U.S. official, with direct knowledge of the payments.
>
> The payments from the DNC and Clinton campaign were made through the law firm Perkins Coie, which represented both clients. The research firm also hired former British spy Christopher Steele, who was friends with the Ohrs and who compiled the now infamous and unverified anti-Trump dossier. Steele was not only paid by Fusion GPS for his work but according to documents obtained by Judicial Watch, he was also being paid by the FBI from Jan. 1. 2016 to Nov. 1, 2016.
>
> The U.S. official did not disclose the amount of money paid to Bruce Ohr's wife through Simpson's firm, but said it "was not chump change, that much I can say."

This is how the media lies by not lying: they coordinate (collude) to investigate and report on a campaign finance non-story about Trump (legally) paying off the silence of a porn whore he boffed ten years ago, instead of exposing a real story about thecunt, through intermediaries, paying handsome sums (deceitfully reported as "legal fees") to Deep State operatives and foreign agents to gin up false information about an opposition candidate and thus influence an election outcome.

Now I ask you, readers, which strikes you as the bigger scandal? That's right, the one the media refuses to cover because it incriminates their favored candidate.

And now the media complicity has gone on so long they are part of the scandal; exposing it at this time would also expose their participation in covering it up, so they won't do a damn thing until it's too late and every one of those leftoid whorenalist pieces of shit is out of a job or getting slapped with charges of treason.

More news that's fit to omit:

> A Republican congressman touched off a firestorm Tuesday after claiming on Twitter that his office had information suggesting the FBI leaked information to the press and used the resulting articles to help obtain surveillance warrants.

> "We've learned NEW information suggesting our suspicions are true: FBI/DOJ have previously leaked info to the press, and then used those same press stories as a separate source to justify FISA's," House Freedom Caucus Chairman Mark Meadows, R-N.C., tweeted overnight. […]
>
> Rep. Mark Meadows, R-N.C., said on Fox News' "America's Newsroom" Tuesday that they want to declassify documents relating to the case so the American people can judge the FBI and DOJ's actions themselves. **"When they see it they will be appalled what happened with in our FBI and DOJ which should never happen in a constitutional republic," Meadows said.**

The FBI/DOJ are doing the equivalent of self-referential appeal to authority, (what some have cleverly tagged "information laundering"): surreptitiously using their own leaks to justify furthering their investigation. Doesn't sound up-and-up to me, but at least I know NPR won't cover it fairly if at all. That's a reassuring touchstone.

More media dereliction of duty: how is this bombshell revelation not headline news? The Las Vegas shooter's girlfriend was apparently employed by the FBI:

> Feds Scramble after Las Vegas Shooter's Girlfriend Lists FBI as Place of Employment on Loan Application; 'She Might have Been an Asset'
>
> Marilou Danley, the girlfriend of Las Vegas mass shooter Stephen Paddock, worked for the FBI, according to credit application data the Australian national reported as part of a loan application.
>
> That's the same Danley whose fingerprints were found on Paddock's horde of ammunition packed into unused rifle magazines.
>
> Publicly available intelligence obtained from consumer credit reporting bureaus show Danley claimed the "Federal Bureau of Investigation" as her place of employment.
>
> Interesting revelation.
>
> When contacted Friday, one FBI source said the Bureau "might have made payments to Danley but it is above my level," the source said referring to access to the FBI's confidential informant participant and payment records. The source said "bosses are concerned" with the new revelations about Danley's financial relationship with the FBI.
>
> In FBI speak, Danley could have been a paid asset. And 'concerned' means folks are getting ready to cover their own butts if payments were made to Danley either before or after the massacre.

You get the sense that all this sewage is coming to a head: the Deep State is *this close* to a reckoning that involves orange jumpsuits and Trump dismantling and reorganizing the FBI/DOJ to roars of public approval.

More media failure to report on anything worthwhile: Christopher Steele, the foreign agent paid by thecunt's DNC to concoct a phony dossier that would be used as the pretext to launch an illegal investigation into fake ties between Russia and the Trump campaign, was a contractor for a Russian oligarch.

> Christopher Steele, the author of the infamous Trump dossier, worked as a contractor for Russian oligarch Oleg Deripaska and facilitated a meeting between the billionaire and Department of Justice official Bruce Ohr.
>
> Deripaska's law firm hired Steele's private intelligence group, Orbis Business Intelligence, in 2012 to conduct research for Deripaska as part of a lawsuit against the billionaire, according to The Hill.

The Russia Hoax Fake News is a case of mass psychological projection by Dem operatives who actually had illicit ties to Russian power brokers.

More omitted news: most of the emails on Wiener's laptop were never examined by the FBI.

More omitted news: The Chinese, not the Russians, hacked thecunt's email server. There's a theory floating around

that thecunt let the chicoms have her emails, as part of a payback agreement for all the payola the child slave laborer auctioneers lavished on the Clintons in the early-mid 90s.

Another tactic leftoid journogrifters use to avoid reporting on stories that can't be reconfigured to make Trump look bad is to autonomically categorize any Narrative-unfriendly story which escapes their confinement chamber as "debunked" without having done a lick of work trying to determine if the story has merit. It's such a transparent ruse, yet their parched shitlib audience laps it up like dirty stillwater in a desert.

Lie, omit, muddle, and deny: This is the ethical code of the Chaimstream Media, a self-discredited dying institution which has substituted principles with expediencies. Democracy dies in darkness? How about, truth dies in legacy media newsrooms.

All the warnings and insight I and other maul-righters have put up the past couple of years of this Russia Hoax Creep State coup are coming to light now. Regular readers of this blog will not be surprised by the revelations over the next few weeks. All that's left is for the hammer to drop and to listen to the howls of pain from the delusional Left.

Physiognomy And Ideology

CH · 30 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> One can guess political leanings from politicians' faces, particularly from the outer parts. https://t.co/geRlJ6VW09 pic.twitter.com/n0EbXeg8v2
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) August 30, 2018

Shitlib face is real.

Shitlord face is real.

Esssra face is real.

Backpfeifengesicht is real.

PS Subjects could more accurately predict political leaning from “external” face features such as the chin and jawline. Heh. Chinless wonders are rarely MAGA material. But they sure are over-represented among cucks adopting African virtue signaling tokens. (Hi David French!)

[crypto-donation-box][crypto-donation-b[crypto-donation-box]ox]

The Masculinizing Effects Of The Birth Control Pill

CH · 30 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

CH is on record noting the disturbing trend toward physical and behavioral masculinization of American women. Maybe the Pill is the primary culprit? From the BBC (Big Blubbering Cucks):

> With an affordable source of progesterone found [Mexican yams], researchers turned to its uses as a contraceptive. The birth control pill hit the market less than a decade later. Marker, on the other hand, mysteriously disappeared from public life and became obsessed with collecting silver.

Maybe he couldn't handle the knowledge that he had unleashed one of the Six Sirens of the Sexual Apocalypse?

> The economic and social side effects of the pill were as profound as they are well-documented. Sex could be enjoyed without fear of pregnancy. Suddenly women could devote their 20s and 30s to furthering their education and careers, rather than housework and nappies.

Shareholders rejoiced.

> But right from the beginning, the pill has had a secret.
>
> In recent years, scientists have started to realise that the brains of women on the pill look fundamentally different. Compared to women who aren't taking hormones, some regions of their brains seem to be more typically 'male'.

Whoo boy, buckle up, this ride's gonna unsettle more than a few feminist snowflakes.

> There are behavioural changes, too. Women on certain types of pill aren't as good at coming up with words – something our gender are usually highly skilled at. On the other hand, they're better at mentally rotating objects, as is often the case in men. […]
>
> Every brand of combined pill on the market contains the same type of synthetic oestrogen, ethinyl estradiol, and one of eight synthetic progesterones, called progestins. Ethinyl estradiol prevents the body from releasing an egg every month, while progestins thicken the mucus at the entrance to the cervix and conspire to make the womb inhospitable. Even if an egg slips out and becomes fertilised, it won't be able to settle down and start growing.
>
> So far, so good. But though the hormones are effective at preventing pregnancy, they aren't perfect matches for our natural hormones. The end result is that these synthetic versions also have effects that you would never get from raw progesterone. […]
>
> The women were sweatier, hairier and spottier. Some noticed that their voices had deepened. Nearly one in five baby girlsborn to mothers taking it had masculinised genitals. Some of these unlucky children required surgery.

Is the Pill the genesis of Clown World trannyism?

> Generally speaking, the older, cheaper brands of pill tend to contain androgenic hormones, while newer, more expensive ones tend to contain anti-androgens. This may be one reason that just 17% of women on the combined pill in the US take the anti-androgenic versions.

Is there a class distinction developing between feminine and masculine women?

> The scans revealed that several brain areas were larger in the women on the pill, compared to those of women who weren't. These areas just so happened to be larger in men than women, too.

But gender is a social construction blah blah Hi, My Name Is Feminist!

> The study involved a relatively small sample and didn't separate androgenic and anti-androgenic contraception, so Pletzer cautions against reading too much into the results. But other research has hinted that both types of hormones actually may be changing our behaviour.

Modren society is a crash course in how many endocrine disruptors can be squeezed into the environment (and up SJW buttholes).

> Other studies have found that women on oral contraception remember emotional stories more like men – recalling the gist more than the details.

Lol "you never listen" (said by soyhubby to manjawwife)

> They're also not as good at recognising emotions in others, such as anger, sadness, or disgust – just like men. It looks suspiciously like certain types of pill are "masculinising" women's brains.
>
> Perhaps the most striking evidence, however, comes from a paper published in 2015. This time, Pletzer compared the brains of women on the two types of pill with women who were not. Several brain areas were larger in the women whose pills contained the newer, anti-androgenic progestins.
>
> Crucially, these changes seemed to be affecting their behaviour.
>
> Two brain areas were particularly engorged: the fusiform face area, a region about the size of a pea that processes facial information (from photographs of friends to cartoons), and the parahippocampal place area, which important for recognising places (such as cityscapes). These women were also better at recognising faces.

Hey, let's mess with the primal forces of human reproduction. What could go wrong?

> To complicate matters further, all combined pills contain synthetic oestrogen, which is feminising. This means that the same women may be experiencing both 'feminising' and 'masculinising' effects on their brains at the same time.

jfc worst of both worlds. You get a passive-aggressive battlecunt. "honey, did you remember our second date anniversary? No? GET THE FUCK OUT NOW BEFORE I DROP A #METOO ON YOUR SORRY BETA ASS"

> No one could have predicted that an ugly yam would give rise to a feminist revolution.

Mexico hasn't been sending its best for a long time.

> The pill has repeatedly been called the greatest invention of the 20th Century and is said to be responsible for a third of the increase in women's wages since the 1960s.

Coincidentally, it's also been responsible for a third of the decrease in women's lifetime fertility and lovability.

> But contraceptive pills may have a darker side. As Pletzer wrote in 2014, when athletes take steroids we call it 'doping' – it's considered abuse and strongly condemned by society. But we're happy for millions of women to

> take these hormones every day, sometimes right through from puberty to menopause.

When you fuck with the laws of Nature, don’t be surprised when Nature fucks you back. The God of Biomechanics will not be denied for long.

From Fat Acceptance To Fat Glorification In One Generation

CH · 30 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Britain has an obesity problem. Nearly half of British school children are overweight. And Cosmopolitan are pushing an obese woman as a role model! This isn't 'body positivity', this is the glorification of an unhealthy lifestyle. pic.twitter.com/W6AlXdrEPy
>
> — Mark Collett (@MarkACollett) August 30, 2018

What's next, Fat Imperative?

This is always the trajectory of leftoid equalism. It never stops at begrudging tolerance of the ugly, disfigured, and demented. The Fuggernaut uses tolerance as a springboard for more demands which upend the cosmic order. What is tolerated becomes accepted. What is accepted becomes celebrated. What is celebrated becomes intolerance of its opposite. Until, finally, what is intolerance of its opposite — Truth&Beauty — becomes a demand for Lies and Ugliness to be the new standard of normalcy and definition of virtue.

AKA Harrison Bergeron (<– we are here)

The fix for this broken code in human nature is obvious: never allow "tolerance" to gain a foothold.

A healthy, life-sustaining dose of intolerance for grotesqueries is an ounce of prevention that will prevent a pound of Civil War 2 cure.

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OT Scintillating CH thought of the day: Shitlibs need to reacquaint themselves with that classic childhood taunt "you smelled it you dealt it", because every time a shitlib hears a "racist" dog whistle they are unintentionally revealing how often they've had those same racist feelings.

In fact, what I'd love to see is the growing and massing shitlord army of Trump acolytes replying "you smelt it you dealt it" whenever a shitlib starts shrieking about le 56% racism.

¡SCIENCE!: Sluts Really Are Asking For It

CH · 31 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau is no longer an outpost in a dark world. The dark world is an outpost of the Chateau.

File under: Ladies, if you act like a slut, you'll be treated like a slut.

Subcategory: Liberal women, rape fantasies, and the PoundMeToo SMV signaling hysteria: A Theory of Femme.

Via Steverino:

> Why Are Liberal Women More Likely to Report They've Been Sexually Harassed?
>
> On Twitter, a guy calling himself Zach Goldberg does these amazing long tweet data dive explorations of hot topics. For example, he has a new one inquiring into why liberal women are more likely to report being sexually harassed than conservative women.
>
> I don't think he has yet ruled out all other reasonable explanations. For example:
>
> – Liberal women turned liberal because they were sexually harassed. […]
>
> But Goldberg has come up with a barnburner of a correlation I'd never heard of before, which you can read here.

Reposting the Twatter thread here:

> Since then, I've gathered enough data to generate a longitudinal trend line to determine a) whether the high % of women reporting sexual harassment is historically unprecedented; and b) whether liberal women are consistently more likely to report experiences of sexual harassment
>
> — Zach Goldberg (@ZachG932) August 31, 2018

The whole thread is worth reading (I'm sure AE would be interested in this treasure trove of sexual market data, given that it was largely pulled from the GSS).

Lascivious Summary: Liberal women are more likely than conservative women to report being sexually harassed, because liberal women are more likely than conservative women to have erotic rape fantasies (i.e., women tingle when they think about being forced to have nonconsensual sex).

Most women have "forcible sex" erotic fantasies, but overeducated liberal women really run with it. And remember, fantasies are based on real desire. If they weren't, by the property of randomness we would hear of women having sex fantasies about beta males. They don't.

Other findings: Alcohol and working in an office where one is alone with a lot of relatively alpha male bosses are somewhat predictive of the likelihood of reporting being the "victim" (sneer quotes now backed by hard data) of sexual harassment.

But…

> number of sex partners + **rape appeal** appear to be doing most of the heavy lifting. Unfortunately, this data set did not include a measure of ideology; but the effects of Party ID point in the 'Democratic' direction.

I'm working up to something, bear with me.

Another finding: The data don't necessarily show an increase in workplace sexual harassment in the PoundMeToo era (roughly the past two years); what it shows is an increase in *reports* of sexual harassment. Media saturation

coverage of isolated sexual harassment stories grabs women's attention and motivates them to jump on the sexual harassment victim bandwagon.

> That said, considering some of the other media effects I've previously shared in the context of perceived discrimination, I do think it's at least plausible that the salience of the issue in the media–and the concomitant prestige/sympathy that awaits those who claim victimhood–produces these sudden upward swings in the reporting base rate.
>
> In other words, the 'real' base rate–i.e. what the average person (i.e. not gender studies majors) would consider sexual harassment–has remained relatively stable overtime, but that media salience + the broadening of the definition (to include even innocuous or unintended behavior) encourages a kind of 'identity-expressive'/socially motivated reporting.

Propaganda works (especially if the recipients of it are psychologically predisposed to accept the premises of the propaganda because parroting it would increase their social and/or sexual status). In sum, the Chaimstream Media has weaponized the minds, bodies, and souls of our White women.

So here we go with my Theory of Femme. Women are natural attention whores, and shitlib women are the biggest attention whores. As a woman becomes more conservative, she is less interested in attention whoring.

Media propaganda feeds into women's natural conformism; their need to be socially accepted by the dominant in-group. For shitlib women, this means conforming to shitlib fads, like PoundMeToo. Combine women's conformism with their attention whoring and media coverage, and you get sexual harassment moral panics.

Furthermore, the attention whoring is really a sexual market value display. Women who claim to be sexually harassed by men are implying that they are so desirable men can't control themselves in their company. Shitlib women who dream of being erotically raped would, naturally, boost their SMV signal by casting themselves as victims of rape-y men. SMV signaling is reward enough, but shitlib women also get a…tingle…in their nethers when they imagine themselves in the role of the overcome woman who had no choice but to give in to the brutish alpha male.

Here's the catch: most shitlib women work in fields where they are surrounded by flappy-wristed soyboys and supplicating male feminists. These are not the men erotic rape fantasies are made of. The PoundMeToo cyclical sexual panic can best be seen, then, as a sexual wish fulfillment hysteria coupled with a disgust for the weak males who by convenient proximity would be unwittingly enlisted to play the role of the irresistible, dominating, self-entitled alpha male. Women hate that these soft males are their "fantasy fuel", so when one of these soys makes an innocuous gesture that can be misinterpreted by a battlecunt with a chip on her shoulder as sexual harassment, they get taken to the she-shed for the requisite social shaming and livelihood destruction.

And now we know why single White women with college degrees — nearly all of them shitlib — signal so hard for open borders to the Brute World. Maybe they aren't signaling. Maybe…juuuuust maybe….these shitlib chicks want more aggressive men to fill in for the role of the rapist hunk of their deepest starkest sexual fantasies.

That is my Theory of Femme. Someone notify Jordan Peterson and see what he thinks.

In other common sense news, it takes two to tango. If a girl dresses slutty and acts slutty, men will (often enough rightly) assume she is DTF. The failure to communicate only occurs when the slut gets the expected solicirations from betas she'd rather not entertain. This mismatch between endeavor and reward brews toxic spite in sluts, who take it out on all men, making themselves less commitment-worthy with each year closer they careen to cat ladydom.

Spectacle Is The Last Refuge Of The Illegitimate

CH · 1 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> The country's entire upper-crust political elite is in the National Cathedral right now. Except… the president. Take from that what you will.
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) September 1, 2018

> That seemed like a funeral not so much for McCain, but for an ideology which had once sustained America's imperial hegemony, and is now on the way out.
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) September 1, 2018

> Shows of elite unity, like this McCain Holy Week, are a defense mechanism. They know their standing is precarious. So they create this weird mythology to justify their existence. Fewer and fewer are buying it.
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) September 1, 2018

> Obama on McCain: "When all was said and done, we were on the same team." Sports metaphors are the least persuasive demonstrations of elite unity. But it's all they have.
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) September 1, 2018

The state funeral for this corrupt open borders warmonger sociopath is nauseating, but at least the phony top-down solemnity and pompous audacity of it means the neoliberal elite are scared that their era is over, and the Trumpian realignment is the future of America.

But you know the Chaimstream Media loves Republicans who lose, and they especially love anti-Trump Republicans who bloviate neoliberalogisms, so McAmnesty is /theirguy/ when his death can be used as another prop in their war against Trump and nationalists who resist the plague of globohomoism.

Good riddance to that malevolent cuck, and fitting that the heavens should open up and piss on his coffin as it was carried into the Capitol abattoir of moribund globalist elites.

What's The Matter With White People?

CH · 2 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reader asks,

> Oh wise CH, what the hell is the matter with Europeans, what makes them so deeply cucked? More specificity, why do the Brits, Germans and Swedes all choose female heads of their states hell-bent on leading them to their destruction? There must be something subtle here I'm missing.

By a quirk of evolution. NW Euros (and perhaps only NW Euros, extending to their diaspora cousins) acquired an exquisitely fine-tuned feeling of empathy that toxically commingles with their compulsion to psychologically project their hyper-domesticated moral sense onto others, which in a Diversitopian nightmare means emotionally identifying with people who are nothing like them and who laugh at their naiveté.

Complementary hypothesis: Prosperity has made White shitlibs decadently soft and mushy-headed, and they have become unable to see the day coming when they won't have the luxury of virtue signaling for cheap social status anymore.

Same reader,

> But they weren't like this prior to end of WW2, no female heads of state and very few cucked male heads of state. What changed after WW2?

Lag time effect. The self-destructive seed was already embedded in NW Euros, it just needed time to germinate, grow, and yield fruity poz. Oh, and YKW were highly concentrated fertilizer.

Leftoids Can Dish It Out, But They Sure Can’t Take It

CH · 2 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I wonder if the perky titted Khan balloon was made/sponsored by the same group that made the Baby Trump balloon. The style looks similar.

Related, word is that Nigel Farage, Britain’s Trump, is being bombarded with requests to run for Mayor of London. This NatPop revolution is just revving up. Shivtastic times ahead.

Judge A Man By His Enemies

CH · 2 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> A Union Mine High School student is facing battery charges after an altercation in her classroom over a Donald Trump “Make America Great Again” campaign hat, reports CBS Sacramento. In cellphone video, a teacher is seen trying to subdue fired-up 17-year-old senior Jo-Ann Butler after she became enraged at a classmate for wearing the MAGA hat.
>
> She grabbed the hat off his head.
>
> “That’s a racist and hateful symbol,” Butler said.
>
> She is now facing two counts of battery, one on her classmate and one on her teacher, who deputies say she slapped as he escorted her from the room.

“She”.

Know a man by his enemies, and the enemies of President Trump are, nearly to a xir, gargoyles.

Or in this case, the love child of Shrek and Andre the Giant.

***

> Something tells me these girls are used to being man-free. pic.twitter.com/Vmz7P6RZFA
>
> — Paul Joseph Watson (@PrisonPlanet) September 2, 2018

Every Girl Adores A Hard-To-Get Boy

CH · 4 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A sharp-eyed observer can't fail to notice how Game principles extend forward and backward in life, all the way back to early childhood. If you can recall your own childhood, or have opportunity to see tykes at play, a familiar dynamic emerges. The boy (usually just one boy, but may be more) who is least interested in what the little girls are doing, who is totally immersed in his own world, and who will even go so far as to push the girls away when they curiously peak around the periphery of whatever has his attention, is the boy who can't beat the wee lasses off with a stick.

This will be especially obvious where the little boys are outnumbered by the girls. Early years sex skew produces the same intersex psychological phenomena that is produced by adulthood sex skew. And the hard-to-get challenging little boy is a tot magnet just like the hard-to-get challenging grown man is a thot magnet.

Little girls, just like tig ol bittied growed girls, adore a boy-II-man who makes himself the center of the universe. Girls of all ages can't resist the fire and ice.

(Ever notice the "bad girls" of yesteryear rock had more femininity than the Lilith Fair femmes of the 90s or the cartoonish slutwalkers of today? Yet another signpost of metastasizing civilizational necrosis.)

So on the zero sum playground, little boys adhere to the Poon Commandments and little girls love them for it. Specifically, Commandments III and VI:

> **III. You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority**
>
> Forget all those romantic cliches of the leading man proclaiming his undying love for the woman who completes him. Despite whatever protestations to the contrary, women do not want to be "The One" or the center of a man's existence. They in fact want to subordinate themselves to a worthy man's life purpose, to help him achieve that purpose with their feminine support, and to follow the path he lays out. You must respect a woman's integrity and not lie to her that she is "your everything". She is not your everything, and if she is, she will soon not be anymore.
>
> ***
>
> **VI. Keep her guessing**
>
> True to their inscrutable natures, women ask questions they don't really want direct answers to. Woe be the man who plays it straight — his fate is the suffering of the beta. Evade, tease, obfuscate. She thrives when she has to imagine what you're thinking about her, and withers when she knows exactly how you feel. A woman may want financial and family security, but she does not want passion security. In the same manner, when she has displeased you, punish swiftly, but when she has done you right, reward slowly. Reward her good behavior intermittently and unpredictably and she will never tire of working hard to please you.

The fact that cub cads and tiny thots instinctually obey the timeless biomechanical laws of the Poon Commandments strongly suggests that these principles of Game have a solid footing in the deepest, primal parts of human nature, and given that they are in evidence so early in life the later manifestations of it should not come as a shock to anyone but those in a low fertility society who have forgotten the wisdom of the wees.

Game is not socially constructed. Social construction is the effluvia of Game.

PS ¡SCIENCE! agrees! (what else is new?)

> Science of dating: why playing hard to get only works for men
>
> Men should play hard to get if they want to attract the opposite sex on a first date otherwise women will see

> them as unmanly or manipulative, new research has shown.
>
> However women should ‘be nice’ as it will make them appear more feminine in the eyes of the opposite sex.
>
> The research, which only studied straight couples, found that women are suspicious of a man who is too attentive, and are likely to view him as ‘vulnerable and less dominant.’

lol niceguys BTFO.

> The studies worked on the basis that people often say that they seek a partner that is “responsive to their needs” and that such a partner would arouse their sexual interest.
>
> However it seems that in the early stages of dating, women are more turned on by unresponsive men.
>
> Professor Gurit Birnbaum of the Interdisciplinary Centre, Israel, said: “We still do not know why women are less sexually attracted to responsive strangers.

I know why, and readers of this blog know why. Perception of female preselection. A standoffish, self-possessed man who isn’t promptly smitten by a hot chick is perceived to be a man who has lots of options in quality and quantity of female company. In Darwinian terms, his seed is likely to birth champions who will find themselves living in a poosy paradise, which means his women can look forward to their genes spreading (heh) farther and wider (heh).

> However, in contrast, the advice for women is to ‘play nice’ if they want to attract a male, even though dating Bibles such as ‘The Rules’ suggest they should remain aloof and disinterested.
>
> The first experiment involved 112 single undergraduates aged between 20 and 33 years old who were paired with a member of the opposite sex on a 30 minute ‘date.’
>
> It found that women who were judged to be more friendly and responsive were seen to be more sexually attractive.

Nicegirls are not the flip side of niceguys. What works for men doesn’t usually work for women. This is why Game exists, because there are stark and profound psychosexual differences between the sexes.

> Men who interacted with an agreeable and attentive female perceived her as more feminine and as more sexually attractive than did men who found women aloof.

In this corner, we have cheap sperm. It prefers women who signal sexual and romantic availability.

In this corner, we have expensive eggs. It prefers men who signal outcome independence and a surfeit of mate choices.

Ten rounds, no ear biting, and don’t bother placing bets, because there can never be a winner…for long.

PPS Joe Biden and the Pope got a tingle up their legs reading this post.

The Left Censors Because It Must Censor

CH · 5 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment from Thomas over at Sailer's:

It's truly fascinating how being merely a civic nationalist warrants the left's "supremacist" label.

I think the problem for the left elite is even more fundamental than that. Have you noticed how unmediated channels of communication on the Web have dried up in the last couple years? The social media bigs (Facebook, Twitter, to a lesser extent, Reddit) have more or less outsourced content control and the right to participate to outfits like the SPLC or algorithms that adopt their criteria. Comment sections a lot of places have disappeared, and even goofball outlets like InfoWars have faced censorship. The left needs to keep people atomized and processing information only through approved channels. Lateral means of uncontrolled and unmediated communication or coordination, like a grass roots fraternal organization, are inherently dangerous, because they can form fertile ground for people to notice things, and to realize that other people notice things too. (Even in the case of something like the Proud Boys, you'll get shown the door if you discuss certain topics a little too openly.)

The Left censors because if they don't, dissident thought flourishes, and then dissidents flourish, emboldened by the knowledge that they aren't alone. The awakening is wildfire, not isolated embers.

The Left occupies minds by gaslighting the populace; this is why it must squelch, contain, and punish free thought and speech. Unauthorized lateral communication helps the revolutionary fire catch and spread, burning down the artifice constructed by the leftoid Equalism Narrative gatekeepers.

The high priests of the Left know they have been shoving Lies down our throats for generations. But they are egotistically invested in their religion, and their Lies are the tithes they pay to their Flat Humanity god, in hopes that one day the cosmic order will realign and vindicate their faith. In the meantime, heretics will be crushed so the Left can comfortably evade the reckoning that they so richly and belatedly deserve.

Inseparable Bonds

CH · 5 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Cracks of sunlight through tear-submerged rain.

When I'm old, and memories weighty and small have escaped to the shadows irretrievable, three moments will stay with me, clear and crisp and achingly resonant to the end:

my first fuck

my first love

the day Donald J Trump was elected President.

No one can take these away from me. I cherish them all.

Why I Have A Soft Spot For Bill Clinton

CH · 5 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I admire his purity.

PS I haven't wanted to see a movie in the theater for years…until now:

Thanks for the rec, (((Stern)))!

Rotten Tomatoes is no longer a reliable guide to a movie's quality. (For proof, see the unanimous 100% pozzitive reviews for SJWcore trash like BlacKkKlansman.) Shitlib shrieks are the review service I consult now. If the wails of my enemies are any indication, I expect *Dragged Across Concrete* to be a maul-right thrash fest that fills my heart to bursting.

PPS "white" privilege:

Stone Cold Shiv Of The Week

CH · 5 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Woowee that shiv pierced the inner sanctum where little shitlib virtue signals are born and sent out into the world.

For more of these stone cold shivs, see this list of id-killers collated by AE.

A Common Shit Test And Beta Bait

CH · 6 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Will has a Game question regarding two common refrains a man might hear from a woman he is boffing or pre-boffing,

> 2 things I will pay big money for CH

define big. (pesos don't count)

> when a girl asks "what are you looking for" and you have fucked already
>
> "How old are you"
> Will donate

"What are you looking for?" is classic beta bait. The girl saying it doesn't want the implied goopy beta romanticism. She wants electricity, which means a reply that defies her expectation. Beta bait is anything a woman says which traps beta males into exposing the soft core of their weepy hearts.

The CH archives are loaded with posts delving into these topics, and in particular the two scenarios Will mentions here. Acceptable replies to a pre-sex "what are you looking for?":

There is only one way to answer an early game, pre-sex "what are you looking for?" stinky-ass beta bait:

"A delicious ham sandwich."

Do try and say it with a straight face for maximum amusement.

Answering any other way will only make the bang more difficult to achieve. Why construct unnecessary obstacles to yourself? If she presses the matter, then you will have to get serious with her. But there is a right way and a wrong way to patronize a woman's shit testing.

Wrong way: Play into her frame.

- "I'm not looking for anything serious right now."

Why give her an excuse to stop seeing you?

- "I haven't thought about it. Why do you ask?"

Why give her an excuse to continue harping on the subject?

- "I'm looking for something serious."

Lying is unnecessary in this situation, as I will demonstrate below. Also, saying this risks turning her off if you miscalculate and she's *not* looking for something serious.

Right way: Control the conversation.

- "I'm dating around until I find that one woman I really click with. I think anything serious should develop naturally, and not be forced. Don't you?"

If the girl asks you this *after* sex, then you will need to employ more tact. Assume she has bonded to you in some meaningful capacity (jizz is lady glue); this means you can easily overplay glib responses that make her sad.

You can start with the ham sandwich joke, but if she asks again, you'll want to initiate strong eye contact and say through a dreamily contented grin, "We'll see". Girls interpret this reply to mean "we'll see if I'm good enough for

him. ooh, exciting!". Just as good: "I don't know, but when I find it, you'll be the first to know".

If she's really sincere and earnest in the asking, but you aren't *there* yet, then assuage her anxiety with a calming "Let's take this slow. There will be time for heavy talk later."

If she's there, and you're there, and you are confident this isn't stinky beta bait, then let 'er rip:

"I've already found it".

Big Quip Energy!

***

Part Deuz. "How old are you?"

This is a shit test. Usually, much younger women will ask it of older men. Sometimes, older women ask it of younger men. Not nearly often enough, men ask it of women (they should ask more often to put the girl in the defensive crouch where…all together now…poosy perturbations are born.

As with all female shit tests, the objective is to pass them by not trying to pass them, if you catch my drift. Reworded: don't play into her frame. Blow it up, or reframe to a conversational path that is more beneficial to you.

The general rule is to never act defensive, or sorry for what you may perceive to be an unbridgeable age gap. Instead, you want to turn the tables, and refute the tacit premise of her question by making her think she ISN'T UP TO YOUR STANDARDS.

This could mean disqualifying her as a prospect, or disqualifying yourself. Ex:

GIRLY: How old are you?

LINDSEY GRAHAM'S FANTASY FUEL: Too young/old for you.

or, assume the sale and then DQ with a set-up to a challenge:

"If you're flirting, forget it. You're too young. I like sophisticated women."

She won't be able to resist chomping down on the male version of beta bait: waif bait.

It's also helpful to set the frame early, before she veers into airing her concerns about the age difference:

> "I've noticed some women are nervous in the company of older men. It's like they get intimidated and feel they aren't good enough. You're not like that, are you?"

More Game goodness: there are "Age Negs":

> Her: How old are you?
> You: You first.
> Her: 25.
> You: Oh oh.
> Her: What?
> You: I don't normally date older women. They have too many issues in my experience.
>
> This neg is especially effective when the girl is considerably younger than yourself. Imagine a 35 year old guy telling a 22 year old girl she's too old for him. It quickly reverses the frame in your favor.
>
> ***
>
> Her: How old are you?
> You: Guess.
> Her: 28.

> You: Close. And you're… 27.
> Her: No, 23.
> You: Oh no, really?
> Her: Yeah, why?
> You: I like to date older women. Everyone knows they're more mature and classy.
>
> Notice I used the term "everyone knows". It's a bit jarring in the context of this short conversation, but that doesn't matter. Girls are very sensitive to groupthink, so my words will have the intended effect — to put her in the role of the one seeking approval.

Finally, you can simply evade the question with a sneaky rhetorical trick:

HER: how old are you?

YOU: guess

HER: 32

YOU: wow! you're good at this.

Then change the subject. She'll think you're 32, but you never actually answered her question. All you said was that she was good at guessing your age, which could mean she guessed correctly, plus or minus ten years.

PS Here is a list of effective tactics for overcoming any possible age objections from a girl.

Your Daily Game: The Box Out

CH · 6 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Box Out — a nonverbal physical disqualification maneuver — is a repurposing of a move that you'll see little boys do when little girls encroach on their turf. It involves the boy boxing out the girl with his back and butt forming a perimeter shield, pushing her off and away from whatever action is in front of him.

It drives the little girls crazy, and it'll drive the grown girls crazy too.

You know who does the box out to squeals of feigned indignation from chronologically adult women?

When I do it, I like to season the effect with taunts such as,

"stop bumping into my butt"

"don't be a nosey parker"

"hey, mind your own business!"

"no no no no no no no no"

"HEY EVERYONE, SHE PERSISTED"

"man talk, darlin'"

A nuclear DQ like this one plays on women's FOMO (fear of missing out). All women are attention whores, ergo all women can't stand thinking they're outside the scene looking in, like Tiny Tingle.

The Box Out is also a sneaky way for your glutes to cop a reverse feel.

White walkers

CH · 6 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

For you photography phreaks, the alternate title of this post is “White balance”.

***

LOL, Alex Jones told Marco Foam Party Rubio to “go back to your bathhouse”. What a time to be alive! FYI, shortly after this exchange Twatter perma-banned Alex Jones. Did Foamboy run to Lil’ Lucifer Jack Dorsey and ask for a favor? Could be!

Lindsey Graham, Huma Abedin, And The Generals

CH · 6 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This eye-opening video wound its way to me via TOG, the internet's moast riveting poaster.

Anyone up for a nation-saving body language analysis?

The clip is from Juan McAmnesty's funeral service (MPC wags call it a FUNeral). Lindsey Gayham gets cozy with More Huma Than Human Abedin, while Generals Mattis and Kelly keenly watch from a few feet away. At the end, Kelly looks to have passed a nonverbal signal to Gayham.

The critical moment starts around 1:12. Kelly's lingering stare is not a friendly expression. It's an alpha male dominance move. Gayham knows Kelly is staring at him, and Gayham reacts sheepishly, looking away, then glancing back briefly to see if Kelly still had eyes locked on him (he did, and Gayham, noticing this, fusses with his jacket like a nervous beta bitchboy).

YOU GOT ALPHA'D

I also detect a very quick nervous glance from Huma toward Kelly as she walks past him.

A few questions come to mind.

First, what the living hell is Huma doing at Songbird's FUNeral? She should be in jail, not cavorting with establishment elites. How many of those unsecured classified emails Hillary was forwarding to the Chicoms were on Huma's husband's laptop that the FBI never bothered to look at? Oh, right, 30,000, give or take a few thousand.

"IF HE WINS, WE'LL ALL BE HANGING FROM NOOSES!!" — thecunt, presciently.

Second, why is Gayham so friendly with Huma, thecunt's rumored longtime lesbian lover? To which party again is he supposed to belong? Remind me.

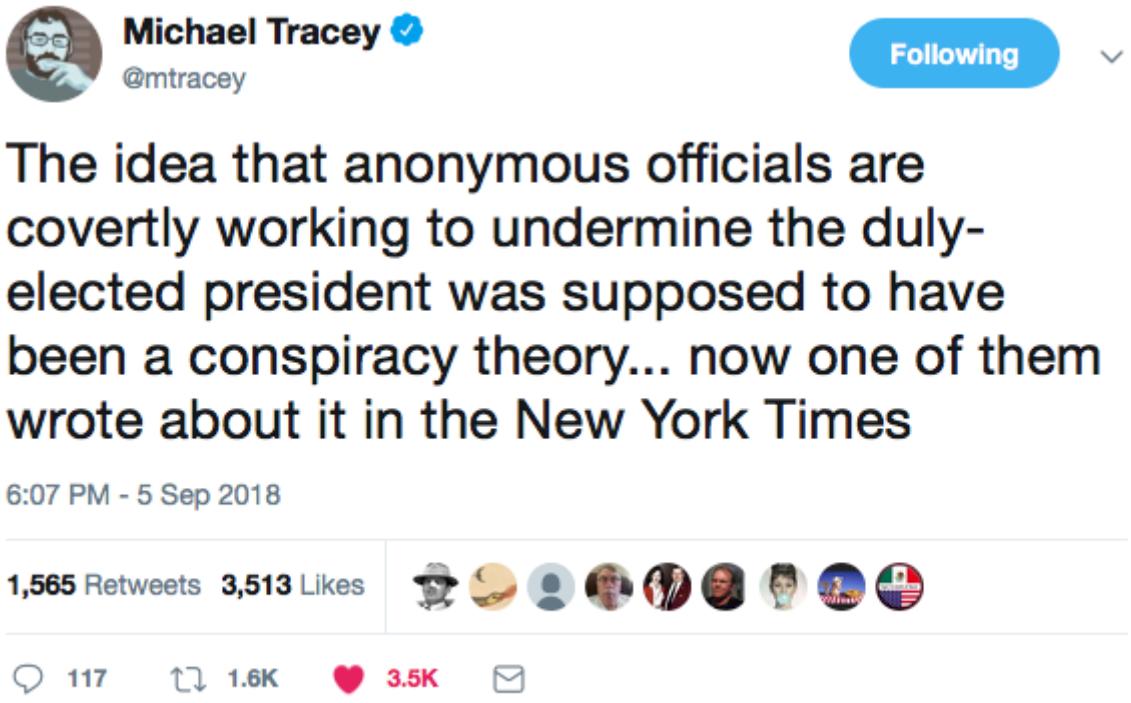
Third, did Kelly send a signal to Gayham, or was it just a coincidental itch that needed scratching? If it was a signal, was it a cue to activate a sequence of Deep Fried State events? Was the signal one between furtive allies or between enemies? If the former, what did it mean? If the latter, was it a warning to Gayham that Kelly has all the facts and a storm is about to blow back hard on anyone still keeping relationships with Hillary universe lackeys?

Gayham has been surprisingly charitable toward Goad Emperor Trump lately. He's largely dropped the anti-Trump cucking. /ourgay/? Or did someone from Trump's orbit have a talk with him about the shit that was set to hit the fan, possibly implicating Gayham in the splatter?

That's my take, judging from the body language in this video. Gayham knows that Kelly knows, and Abedin doesn't know. A big change in Swamp standard operating procedure is on the horizon; Huma might be doom'ed, and Kelly is signaling to Gayham that if he doesn't cooperate, the cleansing fire will be licking at his plush pedoface too.

Discuss.

***



It's topical, so I'll chime in. The JYTimes cuck-anon is:

a. wholly made up by their editorial board (40% chance)
b. piss pimp nevertrump headcase loser Rick Wilson catfishing as a "senior Trump official" (30%)
c. a real person who has admitted the Deep State exists and is actively engaged in sedition against a duly-elected President. (30%)

Pro-tip: the punishment for seditious conspiracy is up to twenty years in jail. Make it happen, AG Sessions.

There Are No Vintage Fatties

CH · 6 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A fatty blubbers — what else is new? — that she can't find any vintage clothes in her zaftig size. (Early-mid 20th Century textile manufacturers hadn't yet perfected the process of stitching tarps into dresses)

> Why It's So Hard to Find Plus-Size Vintage
>
> Being over a size 12 isn't new, so why is finding plus-size clothing from the past so impossible?

That's where our special feeds fatty is wrong. As a demographically significant percentage of the total population (and of the share of customers for the vintage clothing market), being over size 12 *is* historically new. The obesity rate of early 20th Century children was near zero; likely the adult obesity rate wasn't much higher. Obesity and overweight rates didn't explode (heh) until 1980.

A size 12 dress on an average-height American woman roughly corresponds to a BMI of 27 — which is overweight according to CDC charts. Note that dress sizes have been inflated (heh) to accommodate the bulbously shielded yet still fragile egos of the rolling tide of fatties shambling into clothing stores and mashing keyboards at online retailers.

So to answer the question sloshing around our fatty's gullet, she can't find size 12+ vintage clothes because there weren't very many vintage fat chicks. Take the Shed Pill, fatty!

re Are No Vintage Fatties

September 6, 2018 by CH

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Mad Max Is /ourguy/

CH · 6 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Recent photo. That choice of footwear wasn't incidental.

ps Mel don't ignore leg day.

Iron Age Convert

CH · 7 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

During one workout, I spotted a new guy at the gym. He was wearing a Harry Potter t-shirt. This is an adult man in his mid-30s. Tall, pale and skinnyfat, pockets of adipose unevenly distributed across a slouching physique punctuated by jutting bones. He had long stringy hair that had the telltale crimp marks of having been put up in a manbun. A real lanklet, off-the-shelf soyboy.

He was doing the right exercises, the big compound movement lifts, checking his phone's workout app in between sets. Obviously, he was hoisting baby weights, but I don't hold that against a man. Ya gotta start somewhere.

I'm suspicious of workout apps, though. Eager beaver newbs who throw themselves into an endeavor with excessive diligence and overbearing earnestness — acquiring all the apps and supplements and fresh workout gear — tend to be the first to drop out. First desponders, I call them. It's as if all the fancy gear and accessories are there merely to psych themselves up for the workout, and when that stuff loses its sheen after a couple weeks, so does the workout routine.

Which is why my advice to soys is stay away from all that crap until you've gotten at least six months of unassisted, unprotected raw dog benching, squatting, and deadlifting under your belt. Then add an app and new workout clothes. By that time, you'll have cemented your workouts into a habit. The accessories are best used with they're superfluous.

So I didn't have much hope for Harry Potter Puffboy. I figured he'd be there and gone within a month, tops. Just another shitlib (99% likelihood) who thought he'd jack up for the coming Civil War 2. Defying my well-founded skepticism, he stayed the course. I would see him every once in a while, looking different in subtle ways each time. Four months later, he was at the bench station, wearing a plain navy blue t-shirt, his hair cut down to the nape of the neck. He was lifting approximately three times his Day 1 weight.

Harry Potter was gone. The soy was excreted. A newborn man stood in his place.

I can't say for certain his politics changed, but I can safely assert his worldview and his self-perception changed, and I can bet that down the road it will move his politics away from Potter and toward /pol/.

We need more Iron Age converts like this once-wayward White man, so do your part and persuade a soyboy to ditch marathoning for mauling the squat rack. The survival of your nation depends on it.

Mass Immigration Is Foreign Meddling In Our Elections

CH · 7 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A pointed comment from Sebastian Hawks, reiterating a common theme here: open borders is the equivalent of foreign influence in our elections, and leftoids are psychologically projecting their own nation-wrecking, democracy-undermining, globalist depredations onto Heritage Americans.

> I tend to see this [the JYTimes cuck-anon op-ed] as a psy-ops operation to try to get the Trump regime bogged down with suspicions against everyone in the room. This is just like a CIA disinformation operation we'd run against various 3rd world dictators we were trying to weaken. When the mole is real, we'd never raise such suspicions, and why would someone who is really doing this go to the times and risk outing themselves? On the other hand there have been an awful lot of leaks, someone close in there is an enemy. Of course "The Deep State" is a big, fancy sounding label for a much simpler phenomenon, a certain "Non Heritage America" ethnicity entrenched in our bureaucracy working for their communities radical agenda the plan to final implement due to "foreign influence in our elections" in other words all the 3rd world lowlifes they've imported into America over the last couple generations. Real projection with all the accusations against Trump and Russia for "Foreign Interference" at the ballot box vs. their very real machinations with foreigners they imported as a scab electorate.

I've been wallowing in some black pills lately, and am coming around to the thought that Trump may be a transitional, rather than transformational, President. My advice to Trump: If he wants to be the latter (and all of us here want that), then he needs to reintroduce Bannonism to his Inner Circle and his Inner Thinking and merge it with Trumpism — the populist policy-making with the Fake News media-demoralizing savvy. But I fear that Trump may have allowed intransigent neocuck Bush operatives into his orbit, and they are sabotaging MAGA.

This booming economy won't last forever, and when it crashes, if it does so while Trump is President, he will have been positioned by his innumerable enemies in the Globohomo cabal to take the entirety of the blame for it. If he wants a cushion against that possibility, he needs to

1. build the wall
2. start throwing employers in jail for hiring foreign invaders
3. massive anti-trust cases against Big Tech (talk with Bernie about his BEZOS Act, find a compromise solution)
4. get a healthcare plan out there
5. consider a debt jubilee for college students
6. end all student visa programs (they're a scam, and we have enough smart Americans already)

There's more, but you get the gist. Trump has no political capital, and his people capital will dwindle if he embraces CoC neoliberal Bushism. Reminder that all these National Cuckview GOPers care about is enriching themselves, enjoying their fruity SWPL lifestyles, and having continued access to the cocktail party circuit. If Trumpism merges with that crowd, he can kiss his 2020 election chances goodbye.

Linguistic Killshot

CH · 9 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes the best thing to do with a gloating, smug, vacantly narcissistic and toxically spiteful gay mulatto shitlib (or ex-president of the United States) isn't to debate him on the merits of his arguments using logic and reason; it's to rhetorically stuff him in a locker. And that's exactly what President Trump did:

> President Donald Trump on Friday said he "fell asleep" watching Barack Obama tear into him during a rare public speech that framed Trump as a threat to democracy.
>
> "I'm sorry I watched it, but I fell asleep," Trump said, during his own speech in North Dakota.

lol Sleep-Inducing Soetoro. There's no coming back from that. Now every normie and even the starry-eyed negrolatrous neolibs will picture a boring, tedious, boilerplate bullshitter when they think of obama. ZZZzzZZZZ…ZzzzZZ wha what?….did obama drone on about something? I must've dozed off.

/ourgal/

CH · 9 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of a chan prank that memed the OK hand sign into a symbol of White Identity, shitlibs have been driven to the brink of insanity thinking they're seeing WHITE SOOOPREMACISTS everywhere. Latest example: Zina Bash, a former law clerk for Brett Kavanaugh. She was spotted by paranoiac shitlibs, sitting behind Kavanaugh with her hand resting in a vaguely OK-shaped position.

LOL this is great. OK signs join whole milk and New Balance sneakers as secret society White supremacy symbols. This is complete ownage of the libs. The marvel of the Maul-Right's meme machine was how it could "corrupt" innocuous images like a cartoon frog and repurpose them as coded pro-White revolutionary messages that would have shitlibs seeing enemies and saboteurs in every cultural nook and cranny.

The best response to the Left's paranoia is to subtly but deniably feed into it. Never disavow, never avow. Just let the glorious subtext of supremacy assault the collective psyche of shitlibmania.

Which is exactly what Zina Bash (a half hispanic-half jew White supremacist — a matzorro) did:

The day after the shitlib cantina called for her Nuremberg Trial, she again sat behind Kavanaugh, except this time she purposefully flashed the OK sign.

ZIna Bash — /ourgal/

Via:

> I love this! Ten years ago, had something like this occurred, the accused would've been falling over themselves explaining how nothing was meant by it and how much they love poz and hate any opposition to it. I had gotten so used to it that when the video came out of her yawning and throwing the OK symbol out again, I thought for sure it was shooped. And then I see this. Zina's performance yesterday was a masterpiece of the art of zfg. She looked right into the eye of the globohomo beast and said: 'My boss is getting this job and there's nothing you can do about it. f**k off.' Aregirl indeed.
>
> Broke: Apologizing to ZOG for giving offense.
> Woke: Explaining it was no big deal and that people need to calm down.
> Bespoke: Donning a miner's lamp, grabbing a pick and beating the libs for its salt with a smile.

Falling into the shitlibs' guilt by association trap was a cuck specialty. Finally, there are some waking up to the futility of playing by the Left's rules, and fighting back by shitting on every expectation leftoids have of the Right folding like a cheap lawn chair.

Those Days of Grovel are over. The Days of Shivs and Salt are here.

A Woman's Thoughts Just Before They Turn To Sex

CH · 11 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If the look on a woman's face says, "Who does this guy think he is?", you may begin the cuntdown to the parting of her red sleeve. Sometimes, she will forget to keep it a thought and blurt it out.

THE DULCET NOTE OF QUIMDIGNATION: Who do you think you are?

THE BANE OF XIRS, XES, AND XOOPS: *innocently* A choirboy.

If a girl thinks you think of yourself very highly, she will too. It's the vajitational pull of entitled alpha attitude.

Cock and awe. If she's trying to figure out if you're for real, she's psychologically one foot across the bedroom threshold already. A proper tingle should always leave a woman pleasantly stunned.

And neither will we ever forget

CH · 12 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Legend. pic.twitter.com/NmgKVP752g
>
> — Nicholas J. Fuentes (@NickJFuentes) September 11, 2018

It's exhilarating to have a Heritage President with a set of brass ones who isn't afraid to slap them against Globohomo chin. Trump's balls are a beacon that will coax America's collective balls from its soy space.

Google Hates You

CH · 12 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Goolag is living down to its nickname. Everyone in charge of anything at Google hates you and hates Heritage America. They really do. You're not imagining their contempt for you and your kind.

Anyone who's half-aware of the baleful influence of Big Tech doesn't need videotaped proof of Google's malevolence, but here it is anyhow: an internal Google video taken right after the November 2016 election which ushered in divine retribution has been leaked to the public (and to *crickets* from the Chaimstream Media). Via:

> It's an astounding display of hubris, and it confirms everyone's most cynical suspicions about Globohomo.
>
> Breitbart did an excellent job of time-stamping the video and providing a synopsis, but it's worth your time to watch the whole thing. Really drink it in. Topics discussed include: the creeping fascism of middle America, deploying AI and machine learning for political ends, corporate sedition of the incoming administration, white privilege, and how retarded proles were motivated to vote by "boredom" (excellent theory, Sergey, you're a real clever mensch).
>
> The hour-long video will be useful during the inevitable tribunals. For a sane and healthy society to return these people must be completely crushed. Their trusts must be ground into a million tiny pieces. And they should be made to answer for their crimes against the American people.

Goolag might have also broken the law by secretly working to help thecunt win the election. /ourTuck/ is on it:

ps duckduckgo. protonmail. firefox brave. stay away from anything google-related. Why would you support scumbags who want to drown you in spiteful H1Bs and dreary peasant labor and immiserate your posterity?

pps antitrust, ag sessions. Stop sitting on your southern gentleman hands.

The Diversity Propaganda Riddle

CH · 12 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If Diversity™ was a strength, it wouldn't need to be propagandized. Its goodness would be self-evident.

The purpose of propaganda is to get us to believe lies that are exposed by contact with reality.

(propaganda based on truth is called hate speech)

***

ps from a selection of readers:

> Propaganda is government sponsored advertising. When was the last time something from an ad was exactly how they portrayed it?
>
> ***
>
> War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Diversity is strength.
>
> ***
>
> It's a wrong to believe people won't believe anything which is obviously false. People believe things that are obviously false all the time. Instead of looking down on the use of propaganda, we need more of our own propaganda because you will never convince the average person with reason nor can you expect the average person to always accept the obvious.
>
> ***
>
> (((They))) are trying to force a meme by repetition. But a meme doesn't spread organically unless it has an element of truth which resonates with people.

Diversity is the strife of life.

The Diversity agitprop is definitely a top-down phenomenon, which means its power is a mile wide and an inch deep. It won't take much counter-propaganda to strip it of its artificial allure.

The Media Is The Ring Of Gyges

CH · 12 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If you were a member of the Deep State cabal (now bigger than ever and bipartisan!), and were utterly assured that 99% of media outlets were on your side and would cover for anything nefarious you might do….

…how likely would you be to do it?

This question was asked by Plato 2,500 years ago, in the story of the Ring of Gyges.

> The Ring of Gyges…is a mythical magical artifact mentioned by the philosopher Plato in Book 2 of his *Republic* (2:359a–2:360d). It grants its owner the power to become invisible at will. Through the story of the ring, *Republic* considers whether an intelligent person would be moral if they did not have to fear being caught and punished for doing injustices.

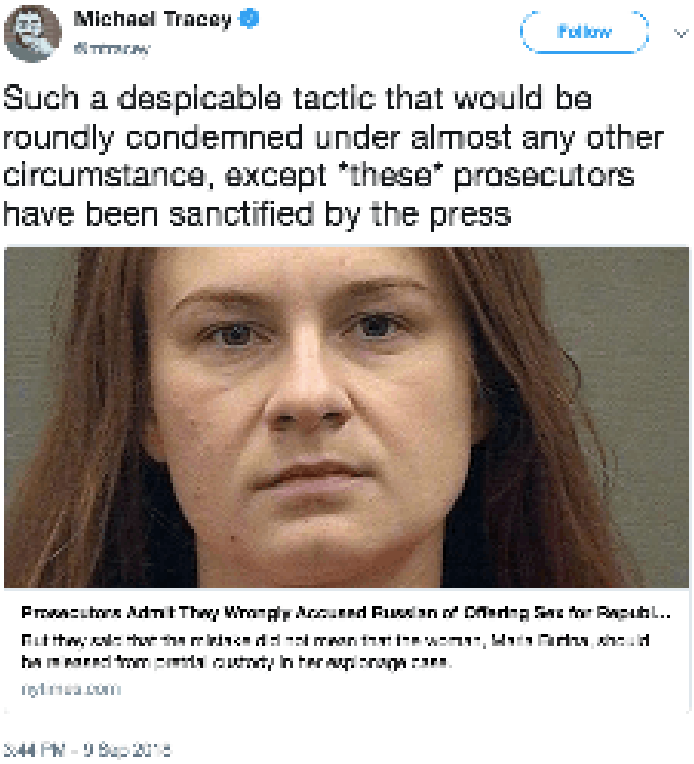
From Plato to Tolkien…

> Suppose now that there were two such magic rings, and the just put on one of them and the unjust the other; no man can be imagined to be of such an iron nature that he would stand fast in justice. No man would keep his hands off what was not his own when he could safely take what he liked out of the market, or go into houses and lie with any one at his pleasure, or kill or release from prison whom he would, and in all respects be like a god among men.
>
> Then the actions of the just would be as the actions of the unjust; they would both come at last to the same point. And this we may truly affirm to be a great proof that a man is just, not willingly or because he thinks that justice is any good to him individually, but of necessity, for wherever any one thinks that he can safely be unjust, there he is unjust.
>
> For all men believe in their hearts that injustice is far more profitable to the individual than justice, and he who argues as I have been supposing, will say that they are right. If you could imagine any one obtaining this power of becoming invisible, and never doing any wrong or touching what was another's, he would be thought by the lookers-on to be a most wretched idiot, although they would praise him to one another's faces, and keep up appearances with one another from a fear that they too might suffer injustice.

Are we intrinsically moral or conditionally moral? If I had the power of invisibility, there would be no bank vault nor women's locker room safe from my predation. Or not. The answers to these philosophical riddles often come down on the side of "a little of A, and a little of B".

Morality has a genetic root. We have evolved a moral sense in lockstep with our evolved senses of fairness and empathy. Morality is the emotional rationalization we lean on to influence our own behavior or the behavior of others. Morality co-evolved with tit for tat. And, the moral sense — the intensity and breadth of its feeling — very likely varies by racial group. Inner Hajnal Whites have a refined — some would say over-refined — moral sense, so that if the typical modren White man were presented with the Ring of Gyges, he may not act the way Glaucon posits in his parable. He may shun it. But it's equally true that some proportion of otherwise moral men would choose injustice if they knew they would not be caught.

The Deep State, filled to the rafters with soyciopaths who lack a guiding inner morality, chooses to wear the Ring of Gyges, which in present day context is analogous to the Chaimstream Media. The accomplice media masks Deep State malice and perfidy, effectively making operatives invisible to justice.



Deep State operatives include those at the highest levels, such as thecunt, gaymulatto, and their immediate lackeys.

Socrates is more hopeful in reponse to the riddle of the Ring of Gyges,

> Though his answer to Glaucon's challenge is delayed, Socrates ultimately argues that justice does not derive from this social construct: the man who abused the power of the Ring of Gyges has in fact enslaved himself to his appetites, while the man who chose not to use it remains rationally in control of himself and is therefore happy.

Basically, we can choose to be immoral by not just acting immorally but also by cloaking ourselves so that we willfully introduce the temptation to be immoral.

The Deep State/Globohomo elitists didn't have to choose to wear the Ring of an Accomplice Media, because the media presented itself as more than able and willing to cloak them from the public. Shielding from justice wasn't a chosen artifact, it was a pre-existing condition leveraged to the hilt. A symbiotic relationship followed, so that now the media can't walk back their complicity without incriminating themselves.

This is why it has been so important that Trump take down the legacy media, which he has done, and which only required a set of brass ones and a refusal to cuck for media shekels (hi dead mccain!). The media discredited itself, but Trump helped popularize and solidify in the public mind the media's inherent corruption. As the media and Globohomo Inc work together as one unit, taking out the media de-cloaks Globohomo, so that the latter can then be defeated.

The Ring of Gyges has made unwitting slaves of the Deep State, and their chains will soon be evident.

Kin In The Game

CH · 13 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Not much further commentary necessary. Tucker Carlson used to be a GOPe cuckservative, but his big, beautiful White family has wonderfully refocused his mind onto what's important to preserve, and now he spends every evening sticking the righteous Trumpian shiv in the scabby hides of Leftoid Equalists and Globohomo.

Telegony Is Real (& etc)

CH · 13 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

That's Madonna's grown-up daughter, Lourdes. Who's her daddy? No one knows.

Check out the linebacker shoulders, wormwaist, and boyhips. And that angular horse face. Poor girl must've stewed in a very high T neonatal environment. Sad!

She adds weight to my personal theory that tankgrrl, go-getter accomplished women have the hormonal profiles of men, and pass that on to their kids.

Or, as a reader says, it could be telegony.

> *noun*, a former belief that a sire can influence the characteristics of the progeny of the female parent and subsequent mates.

In other words, poz loads from former lovers linger in the genetic code of children born to a current lover. It's funny how, like physiognomy, many of these "former" beliefs are eventually (re)confirmed by ¡SCIENCE!, so we'll see if telegony ends up getting re-validated.

If Telegony Is Real, then you REALLY don't want to hitch your lineage wagon to a slut; the kids might end up with odd body shapes and unsettlingly creepy faces that flicker with the ghostly visages of jerkboy lovers past.

Madonna, of course, was a notorious cock hopper, so Lourdes likely has the telegonic load of a thousand different sperm sources.

PS LIE: Trump dawdled, Puerto Ricans died
TRUTH: Puerto Rico is a corrupt and incompetent black-brown state that failed its own people.

PPS Newspeak has become Tweetspeak:

I'll do Brit one better: "Foreign invaders".

PPPS The Catholic Church doesn't have a priest problem, it has a homosexual problem.

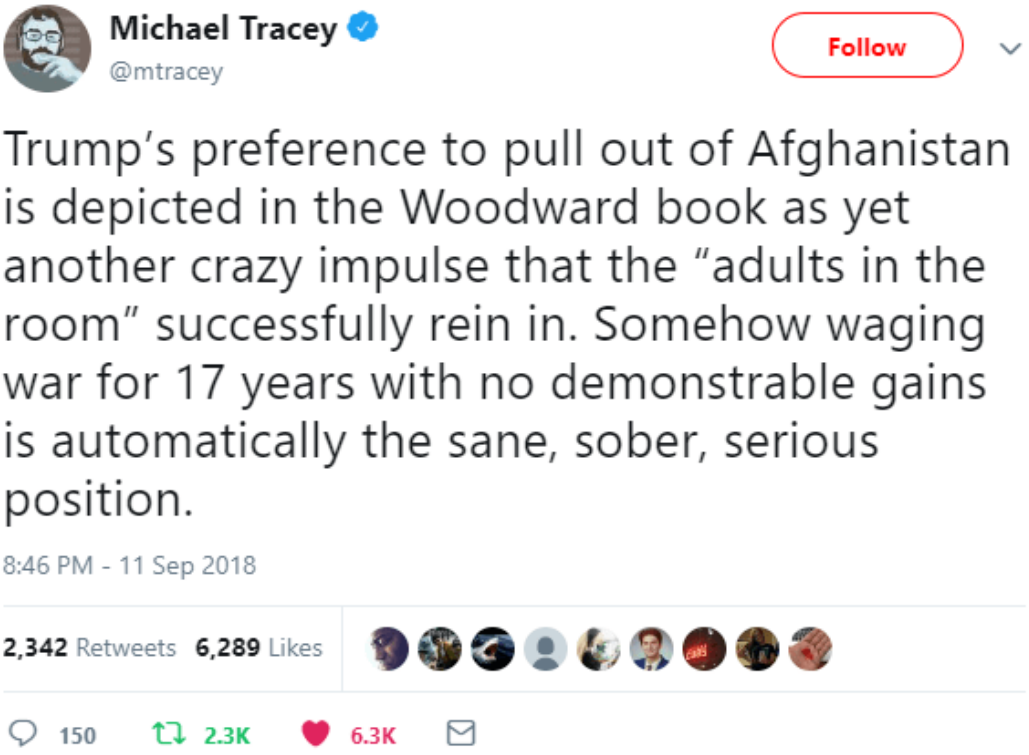
> [Catholic priest] homosexuals [are] overrepresented among the [sex abuse] perpetrators by a rate of 39,000% relative to the broader adult population!

We need a Two Panic Buttons meme where a sweating shitlib has to choose between destroying the Catholic Church and covering up homosexual predation.

PPPPS One of the first female infantry Marines was kicked out for fucking a subordinate. Women in combat military units undermining troop morale and cohesion? Who'da thunk it! (no one but outposts like this blog, apparently)

PPPPPS Any shitlord left on twatter should just keep taunting jack dorsey with updates on his company's collapsing share price.

PPPPPPS We are subjected to a Mass Gaslighting Campaign by the Deep State-Deep Media Axis of Weasel:



PPPPPPPS "[When speech is shut down] then men know for certain that the time for debate is done."

PPPPPPPPS Definition of irrelevant: national review cucks arguing that the 1st amendment doesn't apply to monopolistic tech companies that control the information gateways.

Kevin, you aren't principled. You're cowardly. Learn the difference, because it explains everything about you.

PPPPPPPPPS Pop quiz:

banning an increasing number of dissident thinkers from the internet will

a. make them angrier

b. calm them down?

PPPPPPPPPPS If we weren't neck deep in negrolatry, i'd probably cut back on the dindudeath shivs, but since we are, balance has to be brought back to the force. So you can thank a virtue sniveling anti-white shitlib for the increase in hate. Heh.

PPPPPPPPPPPS How's the Seth Rich murder investigation going?

And anyone know why the FBI closed down an AZ observatory?

PMS The Dalai Lama says, "Europe belongs to the Europeans", and that refugees "must return to their homelands and rebuild them". Questions: When did the Dalai Lama become a spokesman for the Maul-Right, and how quickly will shitlibs disavow their previous love for this man of peace?

November 2018 Midterm Election Prediction

CH · 13 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

GOP will hold the Senate.

House race too close to call. Newly elected reps will be either Fuggernaut Freakazoids from the coasts or pro-Trump Dems.

If the House flips, blame suburban married White women and urban single White women. These dumb traitorous broads can't resist the siren song of the lying scumbag Fake News media. The ZOGbeat of anti-Trump hysteria is taking its toll on the weaker sex.

As I've been saying for a while, our unregulated womenfolk will be the end of our nation. 2018 may seal the deal.

***

An emailer cheers me up:

> If the Ds get the House in 2018, Trump gets to beat the shit out of them for inaction doing nothing for two years, while the Senate continues to appoint his judges.
>
> He retakes the House with pro-Trump candidates in 2020 as part of his landslide reelection.
>
> Don't get depressed. All great movements have their ups and downs. The disintegration of the idiocy on the Left will be a long painful process, and the assertion of Trumpian values will take many years.
>
> Marathon not sprint!
>
> Stay happy!

The Dairy Stormer

CH · 14 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If you have sons and you want them to grow tall and strong, make sure they drink milk, the White Man's elixir.

A study of 105 countries found that male height was significantly correlated with quantity of protein (in developing countries) and with quality of protein (in developed countries).

> The purpose of this study is to explore the main correlates of male height in 105 countries in Europe & overseas, Asia, North Africa and Oceania. Actual data on male height are compared with the average consumption of 28 protein sources (FAOSTAT, 1993–2009) and seven socioeconomic indicators (according to the World Bank, the CIA World Factbook and the United Nations). This comparison identified three fundamental types of diets based on rice, wheat and milk, respectively. The consumption of rice dominates in tropical Asia, where it is accompanied by very low total protein and energy intake, and one of the shortest statures in the world (~162–168 cm). Wheat prevails in Muslim countries in North Africa and the Near East, which is where we also observe the highest plant protein consumption in the world and moderately tall statures that do not exceed 174 cm. **In taller nations, the intake of protein and energy no longer fundamentally rises, but the consumption of plant proteins markedly decreases at the expense of animal proteins, especially those from dairy. Their highest consumption rates can be found in Northern and Central Europe, with the global peak of male height in the Netherlands (184 cm).** In general, when only the complete data from 72 countries were considered, the consumption of protein from the five most correlated foods ($r = 0.85$) and the human development index ($r = 0.84$) are most strongly associated with tall statures. A notable finding is the low consumption of the most correlated proteins in Muslim oil superpowers and highly developed countries of East Asia, which could explain their lagging behind Europe in terms of physical stature.

Genetics, nutrition, and child mortality are the biggest factors correlating with stature. You can control the first two (bunz => tall ovens and THE WHITE ELIXIR). And if you're a White man or woman, stay away from vegetarianism unless you want to look like a stunted pasty uptalker.

Here's a link to a map showing the tallest and shortest countries in the world.

Central America -> squatemalans. lol

There are a couple of small tribes in East Africa noted for their extreme height and lankiness (the Dinka are one), but these tribes are lactose tolerant and drink a lot of milk.

There's nothing quite as White as chugging cold, viscous whole milk on a hot summer day, straight from the gallon jug. MmmMMM!

PS I don't know if milk is paleo, but I wouldn't let a little fat gain deter you from towering over the world like an Aryan übermensch.

Civil War II Is Hot But For The Surface-To-Surface Missiles

CH · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes you want your perspective fortified with a dose of concentrated pessimism. Commenter Logic delivers the goods,

> I have been following the latest outrage of the last three days. Apparently, Brett Kavanaugh pulled a girls ponytail at the playground when he was 9 or something to that effect, and everyone on the left is losing their minds. I'm not going to analyze the myriad of ways that this accusation makes no sense (notably timing, inconsistencies, age of people involved, and other things that came up).
>
> My point is different in nature and the observation is more general.
>
> The United States is in a civil war in every way short of using arms. The institutions won't save us any more because they no longer mean anything. There are two sides which are equally unchangeable in their minds. Both sides are not driven by the same principles (you can call it a fight between "idealism" vs "realism" to give them both credit but that is giving the one side a little too much credit I guess) but in principle both sides are largely unmoved in their beliefs and direction.
>
> The issue is that until very recently we thought that there was only one side that was rising every day (the Left) and another that was slowly dying (the Right). The leaders of the Right themselves were into some sort of pathological approval seeking path to appease the Left even to their own detriment (as long as they were not labelled as "-ists" of any kind). In a perverse sense, they were even more over-socialized in the kaczynskian sense then their Left counterparts and hence they were ok with killing their own movement as long as they were still invited to their Galas and Correspondents dinners (during which they were happy to be the butt of the joke). Meanwhile, their constituents, who are despised by the Left, were always feeling like there was only one way of doing things and that the best they could hope for was to slow down their eventual demise.
>
> Trump changed all of this. The Right realized that they don't owe the Left shit. They could still believe what their eyes and common sense dictated to them without going through any PC filter or seeking institutional approval. I'm not going to go into depth about the Trump phenomenon but if I can summarize it into a single soundbite it would be this: "Trump PERMANENTLY awakened half of the US population to the reality of what is happening to their nation". The emphasis is on "permanently" and I explain why reaching my conclusion.
>
> There is no way for the political situation in the US to become better. Let me repeat this. THERE. IS. NO. WAY. THINGS. GET. BETTER. It is total war at this point. It is a war of attrition. There is no scenario where everyone starts liking (or even accepting) everyone in the other side. The Left was so close to actually kill the dragon in it's sleep. Trump awakened it but it doesn't mean that the Right will win. It only means that it will either prevail or it will go down fighting. No middle ground.
>
> Make no mistake that both sides are out to win this thing by any means necessary. Kavanaugh doesn't matter. The Supreme court will not matter when 70 million people from one or the other side view it as illegitimate. Nothing matters anymore.
>
> You are in the USA but it is no longer one country. It was beautiful while it lasted and it may be beautiful again. I am no prophet so I can't say which side will be the best for this country in the long run. **[ed: I can. If the Anti-White Equalist Leftoids win the war, in the long run there is no America as we know her. There is only misery, extremes of inequality, and the death of anything Beautiful and True]** Human dynamics are so complicated that anyone who claims otherwise with extreme certainty is a fool. **[ed: with extreme certainty, I know that Nature doesn't suffer fools gladly for long]** The Right is just more likely to use past experience and common sense about human nature as its guiding principles and insofar as the past can teach us about the future in complex situations, it is more likely that they have it right. However who knows?

> Maybe blind idealism and the Left's values will be more useful for the country to survive and thrive in a changing world. Only time will tell.
>
> You can choose the poolside or the battlefield. But don't let anyone tell you that things will ever be the same again. The US, at least the way the founding fathers have envisioned it, is no more.

FYI, Creepy Joe Biden is now calling Trump supporters "dregs of society". A bit more bite to it than thecunt's "deplorables", but the intended message is the same: "we don't reason with those we consider our inferiors". These are fighting words, dripping with dehumanizing bile. When the elites use terms like this to describe regular working stiff Americans, it is proof their hearts are blackened and they would laugh if you were killed, your children raped, and everything you hold dear reduced to ashes.

How would you compromise in good faith with enemies like that? You wouldn't. The time for op-eds and lecterns and agitprop would end and give way to the clarifying battlefield.

PA adds,

> Solid comment, glad it didn't drown in mod.
>
> The x-factor: White libs are not acting in their own rational self-interest. They don't see it that way right now and there is no way of appealing to their reason the way you'd talk a friend out of making a disastrous purchase.
>
> But they might realize this in time: No matter which side wins, they lose.

The key will be just how disloyal White women are to their White men, which is equivalent to asking how disloyal White women will be to their nation, for a nation is the sum total of men's collective purpose and ambition, and America is the sum total of White men's collective vision.

If our women embrace pussyhat careerist shrike catladydom, their loyalty will evaporate, and America's end is fated. If somehow they return to the fold, it buys their men time to rescue America from an Abattoir of Babel demise.

I thought Trump would buy us that time, and he still may, but with each day and each new low the Media-Deep State-Democortez Axis of Annihilation plumb my doubt grows that Trump can prevail. He has done much; it may not be enough. From where I stand, I don't see White shitlibs coming around to reason any time soon, maybe not even when the rivers of blood flow. I see flickers of hope, of delayed realization from a few, but they won't make the difference. We need an awakening that shakes the foundations of our institutions, rends post-WW2 orthodoxy, and shatters the neoliberal belief in Globohomo.

Pray for it, because what will emerge from a thwarted awakening is the stuff of nightmares.

Mighty Shiv Of The Week: Hypoclitical Feminists

CH · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The clearest analysis of feminist psychology is that it's egocentrism driven by raw envy, and psychological projection is how they obfuscate that fact about themselves.

"I know you are but what am I!" It's the mentality of a child.

FYI the guy who posted this got personally banned by Lil' Lucifer Jack Dorsey. (It's his company, after all. The buck stops at his bugdesk.)

The surest way to get kicked off Twatter is to post stone cold truths.

Thousand Coal Cock Stare

CH · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> This will be my Friday @vagina_museum pic.twitter.com/VfOIpGegF1
>
> — Dara Howley (@dididrama) September 14, 2018

Psycho sanpaku eyes? Check.
Chubby cat lady face? Check.
Feminist whackjob? Check.
MUH VAGINUH? Check.
Rootless cosmopolitan (“Irish in London”)? Check.

This is a subcategory of the thousand cock stare: the thousand coal cock stare.

Because you just know this toxoplasma infected dumpling has had to settle for a chain gang of black cock, given the exigency of needing a substitute for the ultra grade White cock which wants nothing to do with her.

PS From a Gabber:

> lel, she’s at a vagina museum because her pussy is ancient history

PPS ¡SCIENCE!, shitlibs:

Totally related to the topic of this post.

The Salvini Salvation

CH · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The verdict is in: Matteo Salvini is more than Italy's Trump. He's Trump's Trump. In this video, he "spits fire" (as a commenter put it) at leftist Italian pols, saying to one of them, "I need to tell this beta leftist from Tuscany… WE CAN'T FILL ITALY WITH AFRICA".

Watch the whole video, it's great. Pay close attention at 1:45, when the camera pans to the beta leftist from Tuscany as Salvini flays him on live TV. The leftoid's phyzz is EXACTLY what you'd expect. That pissant, cowardly, sneering, phaggoty bugman look is an international phenomenon.

BETA LEFTIST

Merda santa, Salvini is Heartiste!

It'll take HuWhyte men to rescue White men. BREACH THE HAJNAL! EAST AND WEST UNITE! CRUSH THE CUCKS!

PS Salvini living up to the beautiful stereotype of Italians talking just as much with their hands as with their mouths.

Taint Nothin' But A Low T Thang

CH · 18 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

don forwards a study finding a correlation between declining sperm counts and the breadth of a man's taint (wish i was kidding). Source.

> Testosterone levels have also dropped precipitously, with effects beginning in utero and extending into adulthood. One of the most significant markers of an organism's sex is something called anogenital distance (AGD)—the measurement between the anus and the genitals. Male AGD is typically twice the length of female, a much more dramatic difference than height or weight or musculature. Lower testosterone leads to a shorter AGD, and a measurement lower than the median correlates to a man being seven times as likely to be subfertile and gives him a greater likelihood of having undescended testicles, testicular tumors, and a smaller penis.

don adds: "Sometimes science is funnier than comedy. AGD bwahaha!"

My AGD is yuge. Just tremendous! I'm releasing the unredacted version of it tomorrow. Tiny tainters are nervous! MAGDA!

btw if women didn't like surprize buttsecks, why is their anus so close to their vagina? I prefer to follow, rather than ignore, God's signposts.

"What you are seeing in a number of systems, other developmental systems, is that the sex differences are shrinking," Swan told me. Men are producing less sperm. They're also becoming less male.

FYI it's not a coincidence that subfertile soyboys and Gynarcho-Tyranny are contemporaneous. The feedback loop is aggressively degenerate. Too few sexy high T alpha males means too many bitter MeToo shrikes lashing out at the weak betas who can't even manage a patriarchy of one.

I assumed that the next thing Swan was going to tell me was that these changes were all a mystery to scientists. If only we could figure out what was causing the drop in sperm counts, I imagined, we could solve all the attendant health problems at once. But it turns out that it's not a mystery: We know what the culprit is. And it's hiding in plain sight.

Answer: It's the endocrine disruptors. My Chemical Bromance. A River of Birth Control Pills Runs Through It.

The Prophet Ted Kaczynski had it right: the industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. We only had to listen.

I've predicted on these pages that the 21st Century will be the story of forswearing the modernity of the 20th century. De-scaling mass society will save more than a nation; it will save maleness itself.

***

Tipsy comments,

> Isn't it amazing that in every article about endocrine disruptors no one mentions hormonal contraception? It's like it's the third rail or something….

Any uncomfortable truth that is perceived to place blame on sacrosanct women is verboten, so the lies shall continue until the last sperm is tepidly dribbled from misshapen micropeen.

***

More from Tipsy,

> I'm convinced that the biblical injunction for men to do hard physical labor and women to give birth in pain is

> not a punishment so much as it is a how-to manual. After the fall, that's simply how we're built.

And yet our society is veering towards the opposite: soft men swaddled in blue screens, and C-sections for drugged up pregnant women. We have banished toil and pain at the peril of our humanity.

Faces Of Twitchy Evil

CH · 18 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Jewish economist Paul Krugman: “They [white people] are…in the end…are not the future [in America]”.
>
> Remember he is not predicting the future, he Is telling you what the plan is. Looks like at 0:30 he’s itching to say “become obsolete” but catches himself. #WhiteGenocide
>
> — Will IV (@adangerousgoy) September 18, 2018

Catfish Game

CH · 19 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

An emailer asks me for the details about how I run Catfish Game.

> Hi,
>
> I want the details about the fake profile pics and pulling girls. You basically catfish them?
>
> Thanks

Basically, yes. Sometimes. Or the fake pic is so obviously fake that it's not really a catfish, but an opportunity to wildly flirt with the girl and issue increasingly brazen challenges to her to overcome her "weird suspicions". It's what I call Gaslight Game, and the objective is to corrupt the girl's comfortable grip on reality and make her think she's going a little bit crazy believin' her lyin' eyes and her gatekeepin' thighs. It's akin to the advice I have given to men who get caught cheating: deny deny deny, until your woman starts to question her sanity.

It's hard to give too many revealing details, what with the heat around every corner, but a couple of commenters provided personal techniques that are similar to what I do. From Chris,

> I did exactly this all throughout 2012-2015 when I was on POF.
>
> I used to hate being seen by locals on that sewer of a site, and so always used fake pics (that were, admittedly, a reasonably close resemblance to how I actually looked). I used to hunt for someone like me on Google Images.
>
> The thing is, 50% of chicks never remarked on anything untoward when they met me, and when the other 50% mentioned me not looking like my photos I shrugged my shoulders and said "photos can be funny like that". I actually had a girl I had been seeing on the regular (for around 4 months) finally discover one afternoon I had used fake pics; she was really upset that she had been duped, but it didn't stop me from continuing to plough her.
>
> One of the other reasons I used fake pics was that I could run no-holds-barred asshole game on these girls with the confidence of anonymity.
>
> Those were my best years in game.

100% cosign. I use two methods. The one Chris describes here (similar looking photo and nonchalant dismissal of the woman's suspicions) and a supplementary method where I choose a fake photo looking nothing like me and then challenge the girl to see past the pic and ask herself what kind of sexy asshole would think he could get away with this *wink*. Or, like I mentioned above, I'll turn on the gaslight and make her think she's nuts for even questioning my moral rectitude. The overall effect is a positive one: "who does this guy think he is?"

From HEM, a reminder that if you're gonna try Catfish Game, you had better have command of your frame,

> I like to do this when I get bored. I actually prefer not even using a pic at all. But, sometimes I'll use a scenic pic of some exotic place. Put something interesting in the profile bio (eg something that illustrates you're intelligent and witty, as well as explicitly state that you're alpha; the alpha can also be referenced in the screen name) and prob about 30% will respond. Of those, half will immediately ask for a pic. I usually trash them. The other half are receptive to what you have to say. Be straight-forward, brash and cocky. Never compliment their looks. Never apologize for something jerky that you say. You'll be amazed at the results.

These are generally useful rules for online and offline dating. Truth is, there is plenty of overlap between the techniques advised for each realm of pickup.

No Pic Game is a cousin of Fake Pic Game, and the tactical payload is the same: zero fucks given sexiness combined with an enticing challenge to a woman to rise above her lameness. Plus, follow the general rule that a big component of any online pickup is radical pre-screening. The numbers are there, so there's no good reason not to screen.

Final note. I can drop one vagnette from my worldstar. If I meet an online prospect for a first date who has not seen my real pic, she naturally will be stunned once our faces are inches apart. I immediately move to reduce her anxiety: "Yeah, I know, you're pleasantly surprised. Even better in real life than in photos." This gets a laugh. If it doesn't, I follow up, "If you keep acting weird, I'm gonna think you're a serial killer. Some guys are into that. Not me." See what I did there? What would normally be a defensive position is upturned and the onus to act like a normal person is placed on her.

If she bites on all this, she will get around to asking me why I chose a fake pic. I measure her buying temp and use that to decide wether to continue whimsically gaslighting her or to get real and confess that the fake pic is there to a) evade the feds or b) screen for really shallow women. Now she's feeling a need to prove she's not shallow. Off to the races!

Refugee Enrichment: The Reality

CH · 19 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via Lovekraft, one of the most grimly humorous news stories I've read recently: GoodWhite hotel guests get an up-close and personal education in the reality of living proximately with foreign rapefugees.

> you guys are gonna love this one I found on reddit. Toronto hotel reviews by guests who didn't know it was turned into a refugee camp.
>
> https://www.tripadvisor.ca/Hotel_Review-g155019-d184104-Reviews-Radisson_Hotel_Toronto_East-Toronto_Ontario.html#REVIEWS
>
> Here's a gem:
>
> "I will start with the worst thing that happened, we were on a packed elevator shoulder to shoulder with people. There were two mid teen residents of the hotel there. They were constantly staring at my 7 year old daughter and her friend who was 6. They looked them up and down and then turned to each other and said something. They then turned to my daughter and said you look very good, very pretty girl here (oh did I mention she was in her bathing suit). Completely unacceptable conduct. Encounters like these continued to the point I kept the girls in the room."

Toronto is Shitlib North, so you can assume most of these red pilled reviews are written by SWPL shitlibs who hate Trump and love Truvada. Their cogdis must be, in a word, delicious. More:

> Less than a 3rd world hotel.
>
> It was full of refugees their children playing in the lobby , unattended.., skateboarding.in the lobby…staff did not seem to care….The kids playing on the elevator, pushing all the buttons…the lobby was very dirty..especially in front of the elevators….The drive way was partially broken up , with half gravel..half pavement…I was afraid for the safety of my car , as there was several refugees sitting on the curb watching us arrive…then staring at us… the wife was nervous…The staff should have told us that it was a refugee camp….. the ownership show no interest in upkeep..SAD…
>
> ***
>
> Hotel was hot. Air conditioning was blowing loud but not cold. The hotel seems like its falling apart. I ask the front desk to look at the A/C no one came to fix it. The alarm clock wasnt working. I didnt pay to stay at a refugee center.
>
> ***
>
> Had I known I'd be paying over $200 a night to stay in a refugee camp I may have stayed elsewhere. Crying kids, broken elevators, everything was dirty. I feel sorry for the staff that have to work there. Our tax dollars are being spent to house these refugees in hotels. They seemed so ungrateful and walked around like they owned the place with no courtesy for paying guests. Are these the future doctors and engineers our PM told us about or future welfare recipients? This is a textbook case of "import the third world, become the third world", because this hotel has gone downhill so fast since my last stay.
>
> ***
>
> Absolutely disgusting at this hotel. They are housing refugees and it was a mad house with kids running wild in the lobby and no respect for other people trying to use the elevators. My family were book to stay for 2 nights and left a night ealry due to the condition and atmosphere in the hotel
>
> ***
>
> I have stayed at this hotel off and on, for over 16 years. It used to be a great hotel. All that has changed since it

has become a refugee holding center. I'm sorry but it's dirty, loud the AC barely works. There are kids running the hallways, messing with elevators. People are actually living in this hotel, one employee some people have lived there for over one year. This is NOT a place to stay for a business traveler or anyone else for that matter. Go elsewhere.

***

My cousin booked this hotel after reading and seeing great reviews. We were so excited to stay here and couldn't wait. However let me just say don't do it. When we arrived we pull up and outside there's a bunch of people playing soccer in the parking lot. We almost hit some guy as he runs in front of the car and start yelling at us. We felt horrible and thought nothing of it and apologized like crazy to him. Inside the maintenance and front desk start screaming at kids who honestly were disrespectful and yelling in the lobby. Only two elevators were working and it legit took us 40 minutes to go up with our stuff as a lot of people pushed us and our luggage out of the way. Ok we think nothing of it it's a travel week people are just tired from driving. We get to the room finally and it is HOT. Not warm. But HOT. We start sweating in a couple minutes. The bath won't drain so we can't even shower. After ten minutes of waiting for the air to turn on we call maintenance and they send someone up. They tell the other room we have that they will bring two fans up and we can deal with it. They come into our room and the guy basically starts yelling at me. He says the air is on and I should shut up because he brought fans. My husband who works in air quality and inspects air conditioning units says he can tell it's not on. But can they at least switch us to a room with an opening window so we can get a breeze. The guy then yells at me, my husband, my cousin and his wife saying "wtf do you expect it's a hotel full of refugees. Shut your mouths and be happy they even tired". Screw that within 45 minutes of being there we checked out and went to the nearby delta hotel who were awesome. I legit understand that yes they were upset with other guests who were staying there. But as a paying guest they should never scream at someone because you are upset. We aren't idiots. We understand the situation but the guy took a crappy situation and turns it into a worse situation. To top it off as he's leaving he makes the comment" you better hope they don't break in here or your car to steal your valuables" WOW just like WOW. Go somewhere else I'm telling you. The staff doesn't care

***

This hotel was recommended to us by the Delta Toronto East, after they had a water main break, and could not have travelers stay there.

When we pulled up to the Radisson, we could tell that something was wrong immediately! Curtains in the windows are all crooked, tons of people loitering around every nook of the hotel, and other guests were completely uncivilized towards us, pushing past us to cram into an elevator, yelling to each other, kids laying down in the hallways, etc.

We did a search on this hotel over dinner and turns out the Canadian government is using this Radisson to house hundreds of refugees there, since they ran out of room at their refugee shelters.

If you want to use the hotel as a refugee shelter, great, but you should not be advertising it for personal and business travelers too!

We felt very unsafe based on the interactions we already had with the other "guests", and immediately checked out.

***

All the bad reviews. Bang on. Check in was great fast and friendly. 10 ft to the elevator and it all goes down hill. About 20 refugee families packing in to elevators. 1 elevator broken. 10 min later finally get on one. Packed in with about 15kids. Made sure to touch every button. Get to the room check and no bugs so thats good. Oops shampoo is used and soap. Gross. Then it finally gets better. The fire alarm goes off. Have to walk down 9 flights because some kid pulled the alarm. 30 min later dont even think about an elevator. Walk up 9 stories. Ridiculous. Nice welcome to canada a free room at the Radisson. My parents landed in the 60s and had

> to find a place to live and find a job immediately. Make this a hostel. Not a Radisson.

LOL Schadenfreude: when virtue signaling liberal Whites who preach open borders and the wonders of Diversity come in rude contact with the consequences of their sanctimony. I wonder if they'll put two and two together? Nah.

The hotel responds, robotically,

> Please accept are most sincerest apologies that your stay was not up to your satisfaction. We are sorry that other guests mad you feel uncomfortable. We are currently have upgraded and are upgrading several areas of the hotel. We do hope that you will give us another chance once complete.

Reads like the refugees have taken over customer service duty. The hotel management is probably getting a subsidy (aka hush money) from the Truvadian government, and are content to robo-reply to irate guests until the government refugee checks fund their retirement plans. What else are they gonna do?

A parting shot, the obligatory cuck review,

> Hotel with Refugees — this is a good thing!
>
> I have stayed at this property on several occasions due to business needs nearby. The hotel is busy with refugee families who are awaiting placement in communities. This humanitarian gesture is a good thing.
> There are lots of kids running and playing in this hotel – as kids should do – and for this time the hotel is their home and i am the guest for 2 days

Who knew that one stupid corporate hotel in Gaynada could be a microcosm for the Declining West?

Here's my suggestion: WHITE PEOPLE, WAKE UP. The politeness of your families, the obedience of your White children, and the consideration you give to others IS NOT SHARED BY THE OTHER RACES OF THE WORLD.

Magic Dirt is a myth.

The Rapefugee Radisson is the reality.

Learn this lesson soon or pay a heavy price for insisting on believing stupid lies.

Wedding Photos As Portents Of Dystopia

CH · 19 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Spot the signs of dystopia in the above wedding photos. (zoomable link)

1. Where's the groom? Oh right, he's hiding behind the attention whore bride. A mere afterthought.
2. The bride is racially ambiguous and kind of a slut (you can almost see her panties in the bottom pic…she doesn't care if her dress flies up (in fact, that's the goal)), not to mention a world class camera hog.
3. Everyone is probably drunk on wine and double IPAs.
4. Lotta fatties, men and women. I spot one bangably thin girl (she also gets the most air in the photos, haha). One of the fatties in the back can't even get off the ground.
5. The men have hops guts and soyfaces. The two thin men loudly ping my gaydar.
6. The groom himself looks to be bi-swishual. Beardgroom alert.
7. All the men have gloryhole face and soft, plump cheeks suitable for storing cocks for the winter.
8. And finally, the crowning omen: the black chick on the far left doing her best Serena Williams bodybuilding pose impression. In the second pic, she looks like she's uppercutting the White chick. The first pic is pure lulz. That grimace:

Goodbye, America? Ha, we're past that. It's Please Come Back, America now. What we need more than ever is Turn Back The Clock, America. Or, Bust The Clock and Build A New One, America.

I've found that wedding photos analyzed over time provide a window into a nation's character, revealing which way the culture drifts. 2018 wedding photos (or in this case, a 2013 photo) are the equivalent of peering into the abyss; the dystopia gazes back, gleefully, unapologetically.

it's a nice day to shame yourself
it's a nice day for a blight wedding
it's a nice day to shame yourself, ow!

The emailer who sent the photos provides context:

> This picture was posted to Reddit today, front page. The OP posted it with this title: "5 years ago, I was told I single handily ruined a some wedding photos. I think I made them better.. I'm the one on the far left." I've gotta say, all the dudes look pretty effeminate? The only one who looks out of place in this picture is the black girl, and she looks the most masculine here. I'm guessing all the dudes are holding the flowers because the girls needed their hands free to control their dresses during the jump? (If it was me, I would have left the flowers on the ground, hell, I'm not sure I'd do much more than the black girl). Even the groom looks fairly effeminate. Digital cameras have created this jump picture trend (pre-digital cameras you wouldn't be bothered wasting precious physical film to get a dumb jump picture). And sure, celebrities are right in saying that a picture is just a moment in time and you can capture a ridiculous celebrity facial anytime of the day, something which doesn't convey the actual emotions of the person, but these men are actively and knowingly setting themselves up to be captured like this. This is a far far cry from Trump's jump picture. Just look and be wowed: http://i.imgur.com/a3myhio.jpg – hands in pockets, looking away from the camera, not too amused (mouth closed too, heh, although it looks like he is mid-speech), open crotch pose. To be honest, considering this was taken during the days of physical film, I doubt Trump was even expecting this picture to be snapped. It looks like someone dared him to jump, or he is making a joke about cheerleaders perhaps – his lips seem to indicate he is talking.

It's one thing to be caught unwittingly making a weird face by a quick draw snapshotter; it's quite another to act like an effete slop of soy (over and over) for all the takes a wedding photographer requires to get that just-right pic.

Former: momentary shame. Latter: lifelong shamelessness.

As the Trump pic proves, jump shots aren't necessarily ghey (though they usually are). A stone cold ladyslayer like Trump could make any stupid pose look alpha. But, for most men (and lanklets) the pom pom photo is yet another opportunity in the path of their lives to memorialize their screamingly womanish and callow characters. Compare and contrast:

vs

In Defense Of Bill Clinton's Leer

CH · 19 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Bill Clinton was recently caught leering at Ariana Grande's tush.

I don't know anything about this brownish bish, but she has a decent figure, and she's in her prime nubility years. A reader comes to Bubba's defense (white-haired knighting?):

> I don't think I ever heard of this young woman before the Clinton leer went global.
>
> A quick look at Google shows she is a top-tier specimen of petite (5'1″), lasciviously appealing womanhood, wearing, of course, extremely revealing clothes.
>
> Ten seconds of the video of one of her hit songs shows that (1) the music is shit, (2) the images are software pornography.
>
> We are supposed be shocked, just shocked, that an adult male notices all this?
>
> Are we supposed to pretend that this talentless, writhing sexpot is, say, a coloratura soprano who is listened to for musical talent? It is to laugh.
>
> The photo below approximates Bill's view of the show, and his response can be characterized is in the center of the normal range for healthy adult males.

Femcunt man-haters and pussy pedestal polishing white knights labor under the delusion that old men like Bill Clinton lose the part of the brain that finds hot young minxes arousing. Or, they aren't deluded about this fact of male nature and instead are merely cruel, preferring to shame and ridicule men for having a functioning sex drive past the innocent teenage years when Kavanaugh was a hit with the American sluts at house parties.

Either way, it's time for these tut-tutting schoolmarms to get off the chodebox. Men dig beauty. Men will always, in all ages and at all ages, desire younger, hotter, tighter women. They may look at their old wives with paternalistic affection, but the white hot-to-flickering embers of their lust burns for the young and bangable. To deny this or, worse, to mock it, is the spite of the bitter sadist who loathes the natural state of maleness.

In Defense Of Bill Clinton's Leer

September 19, 2018 by CH

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The Beta Male Greeting

CH · 19 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The fastest way to tell if a man you don't know is a beta or an alpha is by the quality of woman on his arm (if he has a woman).

The second fastest way is by how he greets other men, particularly high status or conspicuously confident men.

The beta male greeting is a slight bow or nod of the head accompanied by a full body lean-in toward the man receiving the beta's handshake. Usually, the beta male averts his eyes downwardly at the moment the handshake commences. His face is shellacked with a wide, submissive smile.

The head bow/nod+lean-in combo is such a huge indicator of low value that it's one of the first body language mistakes I teach men to avoid. Anyone, man or woman, who witnesses a man doing that will automatically assume that man is lsmv or, if he looks superficially hsmv, that he has low self-esteem issues and a loser personality.

Another IOB (indicator of betatude) greeting is the side approach plus long-distance handshake. This occurs when the beta can't summon the will to approach and greet the other man straight-on, torso facing forward, and instead presents his side (as if he's minimizing the surface area that could be targeted by a threat) and reaches out with his hand from across a significant divide, afraid that he might invade the other man's personal space. This beta male greeting is abjectly a display of low value, and can border on lsmv absurdity if the side approach, head bow, averted gaze, and stretched handshake are combined with a full-body lean-in at an awkward side-facing angle.

Solution: stop dong this. Approach and greet other men with unwavering eye contact, fully exposed and front-forward torso (preferably donned with Crusader armor), and a firm handshake that isn't delivered transpacifically. Keep your head up and your body unbowed, and the feeling generated from greeting men this way will imprint your psychology with strength, masculinity, and that glorious outcome independent alpha male attitude that is the fount of a million HB tingles.

CH Maxim #1980s-ish: FRA Giveaways

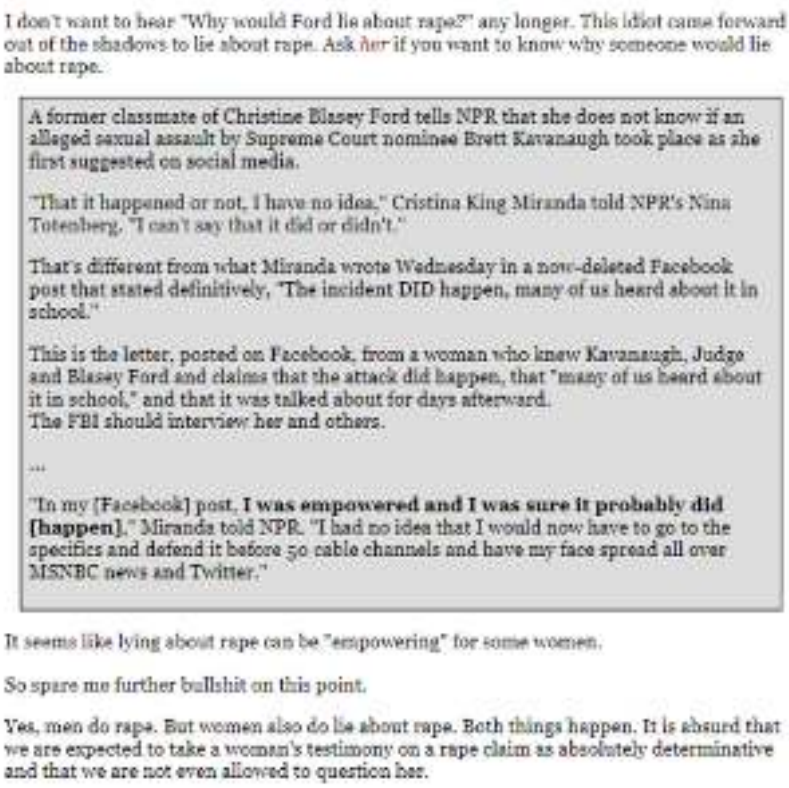
CH · 20 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

When plain jane women misremember the details of an alleged sexual assault against them from decades ago, they will tend to fill in the perp blank with an hsmv chad lacrossist, because this satisfies their desire to be desired by high value men, aka “I’m so hot I made an alpha man lose control”.

***

From Ace:

Woman Who Claimed She’d Heard About Kavanaugh Attack Recants and Admits She Lied; Says She Felt “Empowered”



I don't want to hear "Why would Ford lie about rape?" any longer. This idiot came forward out of the shadows to lie about rape. Ask her if you want to know why someone would lie about rape.

A former classmate of Christine Blasey Ford tells NPR that she does not know if an alleged sexual assault by Supreme Court nominee Brett Kavanaugh took place as she first suggested on social media.

"That it happened or not, I have no idea," Cristina King Miranda told NPR's Nina Totenberg. "I can't say that it did or didn't."

That's different from what Miranda wrote Wednesday in a now-deleted Facebook post that stated definitively, "The incident DID happen, many of us heard about it in school."

This is the letter, posted on Facebook, from a woman who knew Kavanaugh, Judge and Blasey Ford and claims that the attack did happen, that "many of us heard about it in school," and that it was talked about for days afterward.
The FBI should interview her and others.

...

"In my [Facebook] post, **I was empowered and I was sure it probably did [happen]**," Miranda told NPR. "I had no idea that I would now have to go to the specifics and defend it before 50 cable channels and have my face spread all over MSNBC news and Twitter."

It seems like lying about rape can be "empowering" for some women.

So spare me further bullshit on this point.

Yes, men do rape. But women also do lie about rape. Both things happen. It is absurd that we are expected to take a woman's testimony on a rape claim as absolutely determinative and that we are not even allowed to question her.

The woman cries out that you’re victimizing her as she victimizes you.

ps I see Ace has been hanging around this blawg.

pps reminder from williamk that women aren’t constitutionally wired for higher order morality:

> Women’s instincts are suited for status jockeying in 200 person tribes. Expecting higher ideals from them like truth and justice is a great folly of our age. Notice why she recanted: she realized peddling these lies beyond her dried up yoga foodie clique might make her look bad.

Serious question: how much better off would America be today if the 19th Amendment never existed?

YOU MUST BELIEVE

CH · 20 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Christine Blasey Ford said she "would be prepared to testify next week," so long as senators offer "terms that are fair and which ensure her safety." – New York Times

"terms that are fair and which ensure her safety" = she gets to freely slander a good man, no questions asked. Please clap.

A reader notices,

> Yesterday the Democrats said "she must be believed!" not just heard. They are literally trying to shut down ANY questions into the accusations. They are literally demanding that the world simply BELIEVE all of it.

This is the leftoid M.O. about every other tenet of their idiotic anti-white equalism religion. It's a totalitarian update on declarations of faith.

We've gone from:

THESE ARE THE FACTS

to

I WANT TO BELIEVE

to

I WANT YOU TO BELIEVE

to

YOU MUST BELIEVE

Next stop:

NON-BELIEVERS IN THE NEVER-WRONGNESS AND SAINTLINESS OF WOMEN WILL BE SHOT AT DAWN

Big Taint Taleb has said the false accuser of a crime should be subjected to the same prison sentence that her victim would have received. This would remove the moral hazard of unequal repercussions for the accused and the false accuser. Quim in the game.

A significant number of rape accusations are fabricated (or, charitably, "misremembered"). The number varies anywhere from 40-60%. FBI and DOJ and State level court case stats paint a startling picture of female mendacity. An even higher number of sexual assault accusations are false. Women sometimes lie, deal with it. And the way a healthy society deals with it is by making the punishment equal for accused and false accuser alike. The rate of FRAs would dry up overnight.

It's a perfectly just solution. If a rape conviction can land a man in jail for a decade and ruin his reputation for life, then the false rape accuser should suffer the equivalent punishment. Only in Clown World is this sensible position deemed misogynist hate speech.

"You must believe."

"But she waited 30 years to dump this flimsy accusation in the news. It reeks of a political hit job."

"YOU MUST BELIEVE"

“But she’s lying.”

“YOU

MUST

BELIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVE”

“No”

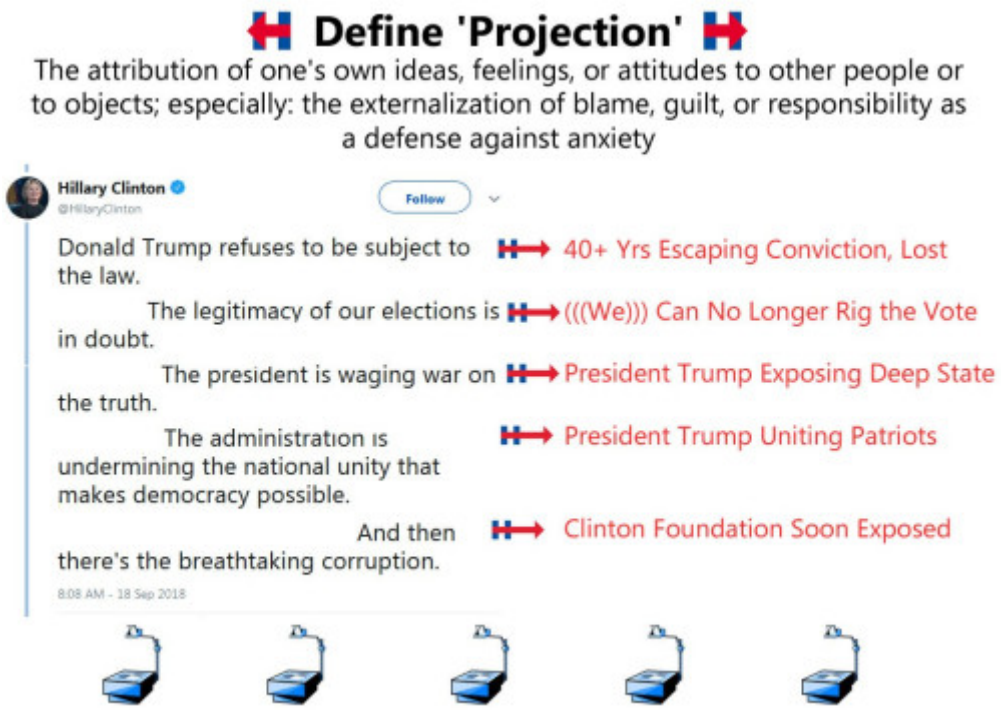
“AAAAAAAAAUUGH WHERE’S MY SAFE SPACE, DEMONETIZE THIS MISOGYNIST! REFUGEES WELCOME! RAPE IS RAPE. RAPE WINS BANSHEE BANSHEE”

ps tangentially related, it’s time to play “count the kippahs”:

While you’re eyes-deep in this horror show, count the weirdly colored hair and pussyhats too.

Projection

CH · 20 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



cankle-ogical projection.

skypological projection.

It really is appalling how happy these (((assholes))) are to destroy the moral and cultural foundations of the country

for ratings, a quick buck, or some tribal edge.

Fatty Matty, like many in his tribe, doesn't play well with others, so to him the moral and cultural foundations of chaos and distrust (vibrancy and economic opportunity in Nüspeak) seeded by mass diversity are more agreeable to his tastes. Fatty Matty has a Middle Eastern market bazaar moral sensibility, which he dearly wants to import into America.

Two related psychology concepts — projection and negative transference — explain almost everything about the motivations and implicit intentions of leftoids. Once you know to look for these cognitive biases, you begin to see them playing out everywhere the anti-White orthodoxy is challenged.

DEEP STATE COUP AGAINST PRESIDENT TRUMP EXPOSED!

CH · 21 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

DOJ Deputy Attorney General Rod Rosenstein* wanted to wear a wire to secretly record President Trump in his duties as the chief executive, and then use those recordings to invoke the 25th Amendment to remove Trump from office.

This is just the tip of the iceberg. A hint of scandalous revelations to come.

I won't get into the flowchart thickets again detailing how the Deep State-DNC-Media Axis of Agitprop colluded to take down Trump. Instead, I'll simply post a face shot of Rod Rosenstein and remind everyone that everything you wanted to know about the soft coup attempt on Trump's Presidency could be had with a quick glance at Rosenstein's physiognomy.

Would you trust this **squeak squeak** man?

*EST: ExtraSensory Talmudism

We are all James Woods

CH · 21 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Twatter brownflakes and sjws appear intent on cratering the share price of their platform. Today, Twatter locked James Woods out of his account. For being too based, basically.

> Hey guys, @Twitter has locked @RealJamesWoods' account.
>
> His statement: "You are a coward, @jack. There is no free speech for Conservatives on @Twitter."#JamesWoods pic.twitter.com/zGVOnxP0D6
>
> — Sara Miller (@Millerita) September 21, 2018

The tweet which @Jackboots found offensive is mild by Maul-Right standards. But whatever, Woods has a lot of followers and he's dangerously heretical to the neolib equalist orthordoxy, so that's reason enough to silence him.

Trannyslation from the Tweetspeak: "We received a report from a DNC operative about one of your tweets which includes text and imagery that has the potential to be misleading in a way that could impact the Democrats' chances in the upcoming midterm elections."

It used to be shitlibs would plug their ears when they heard realtalk. Now they plug your mouth.

Progress?

PS You can add James Woods to the very short list of Left Coast shitlords which includes Mel Gibson and Vince Vaughn (and the street artist SABO). Unsurprisingly for this fact, Woods' girlfriend Sara Miller is a hot young piece of shitlordette. You know how chicks dig nonconformist rebels.

A Prayer For President Trump

CH · 21 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From an emailer,

> *CH: pray for him, our president is besieged by evil forces …*
>
> This is the prayer I say for the President every day. I heard some minister at a Trump rally before the election say the bit about 12 legions of angels encamping, and I have used it ever since:
>
> Lord, send twelve legions of angels to encamp about President Trump, to protect him from his enemies, and to thwart their evil plans.
>
> So far it's working.

I'm not a prayerful man, but when I do pray, it's to guard and guide MY PRESIDENT. This prayer is short, sweet, and full of MAGA love.

ps not ironic, glib, or sarcastic. I give you this post in the spirit of utmost sincerity.

.

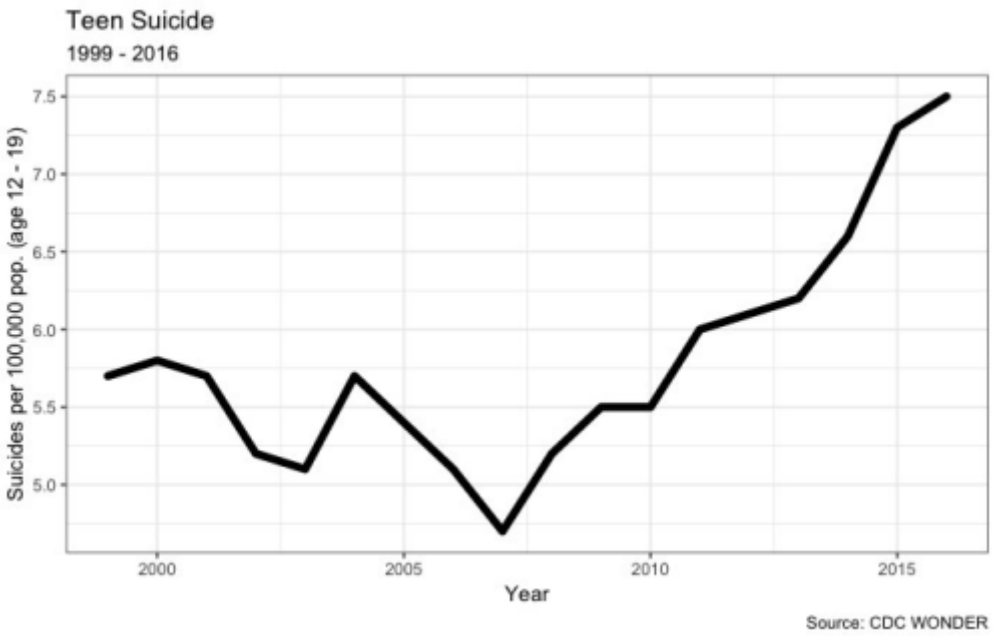
.

.

…and to trigger the yenta within to queef out her last dusty spore.

Teen Suicide Is Rising, And Here's Why

CH · 22 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



From a Gabber,

> Twitter – 2006
>
> Facebook – 2006
>
> Iphone – 2007
>
> Coincidence?

I'd add one more insult to human dignity to that list: Diversity™. It's all interconnected. The stress of losing own's homeland and the sense of trust, security, and aesthetic familiarity that goes with it to invading hordes of alien ingrates, plus the stress of having one's social and sexual status constantly and instantly evaluated on social media platforms as public humiliations are preserved for eternity *in digitas*, combine to push an increasing number of fragile teenagers to inner peace at any cost.

It's all so fucking tragic, made worse by the fact that the grievous evils inflicted on our nation were preventable.

PS I'd like to see this graph controlled for race and generational cohort. Is the rising teen suicide rate of the last decade anomalous? Higher than the teen suicide rate of previous generations? And which race is hit hardest? A chart extending back one hundred years would better illuminate if the current trend is a distant early warning or a five alarm fire.

Your Daily Text Game

CH · 24 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From POTUS Groyper,

> Text Asshole Game
>
> (a girl you playing a little hard to get within text, she feeds off of)
>
> Her: some mudane shit that may be implying that you send her some attention to inquire.
>
> You: Was this meant for me?
>
> Example:
>
> Her: I'm going to hawaii with some friends in Oct.
>
> You: Was this meant for me?
>
> Her: Yes you ass!

Grammar issues notwithstanding, I think we all get the gist of this pitch perfect asshole Text Game.

So if a girl plays hard to get (they all do, it's the Prime Pussy Directive) and baits you to lavish attention and earnest flattery on her, try replying "Was this meant for me?" instead.

As you can see from this girl's indignant response — "Yes you ass!" — it will cause an irresistible efflorescence of labial meadows.

The beauty of the line comes from it working on two female hindbrain levels: it is a mild disqualification of the girl (implying her bait isn't juicy enough for your prompt attention), and it suggests you, The Cadman, are currently distracted by so many women in your life that this one girl's manipulative ploy has landed with a thud before your depleted cock.

The Real Resistance

CH · 25 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If this photo of President Trump taking on the UN bugpeople doesn't put hair on your chest, steel in your spine, and white hot pride in your heart, nothing will.

Trump gave a rousing "America First" speech at the UN, to gales of laughter from the assembled.

Naturally, stateside shitlibs (cf, VOX) are giddy that the UN globohomoists laughed at Trump, as if this is a strike against Trump's character and makes him look bad.

Shitlibs live in a bubble of highly concentrated soysoap. They have lost all touch with reality. Trump comes out looking like a winner to Heritage America for standing up to these sneering UN insects.

The real Resistance is Trump and his Deplorables facing down the combined might of globalists, UN apparatchiks, Chaimstream Media propagandists, academia water boys, Deep State subversives, the Challahwood entertainment cesspool, the entire worldwide bureaucracy of unelected poz dealers, and the crushing power of Big Tech.

And, despite that amassed weaponry pointed at us,

we

are

winning.

PS Anyone else notice that the Chaimstream Media can't get through a news story inimical to their egos and narrative lately without inserting their editorial "without any evidence"? I take it as proof that they are on the defensive and scrambling to regain command of their precious Anti-Trump, Anti-White Narrative.

The Divorce Rate Is Falling, And It's Not Good News

CH · 25 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Millennials are causing the US divorce rate to plummet **[ed: "plummet" is hyperbole]**

Americans under the age of 45 have found a novel way to rebel against their elders: They're staying married.

New data show younger couples are approaching relationships very differently from baby boomers, who married young, divorced, remarried and so on. Generation X and especially millennials are being pickier about who they marry, tying the knot at older ages when education, careers and finances are on track. The result is a U.S. divorce rate that dropped 18 percent from 2008 to 2016, according to an analysis by University of Maryland sociology professor Philip Cohen.

Sometimes superficially good news conceals much worse news. This is the case with the latest divorce rate statistics.

The Shrillennial divorce rate is lower than previous generations because

1. they are getting married later in life when they have fewer sexual market options to tempt them,

2. fewer of them are getting married (marriage has become a signifier of UMC membership) and

3. PoundMeToo has scared them to retreat to their fapatoriums.

These are not good developments from a society-wide perspective.

From Doom Chesterton:

> in the year 2050 the last economically viable unmarried heterosexual man will have his career destroyed by vague, decades old accusations from the last non-lesbian female, and the divorce rate will go to zero
>
> women hardest hit

haha. Delayed marriage is really the killer tell of a culture in decline. Delayed marriage works to everyone's benefit in one context: when women are kept (relatively) sexually pure during their premarital years, largely to avoid the "alpha widowhood" syndrome which occurs when a woman has supped of alpha male staffs and consequently can never fully commit her love to the beta male with whom she will inevitably settle.

What's the difference between a woman who marries later in life after her body has been spent by a decade or more riding the cock carousel, versus a woman who marries young, divorces, and remarries? If anything, the latter likely has spread for fewer cocks than the former. In this case, a higher divorce rate could signify an emotionally and genitally healthier marriage market.

And the latter likely has more kids. A dried up husk of a careerist battlecunt shrike at the ripe old age of 37 would be lucky to pop out 1.2 non-autistic sprog with her soypplicating beta hubby.

If you're interested in making America great again, what you'd look for is an egalitarian trend in marriage — more long-lasting marriages in the middle and lower classes — and more younger marriages with larger families. You'd also do like Based Italy and make it harder for women to initiate divorce, since women are responsible for 70% of family breakups.

Watch What Women Do...

CH · 25 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

LMAO:

James Woods Responds to His Twatter Silencing

CH · 25 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

James Woods, actor, lover of young beauties, and MAGAman, was banned from Twatter. He responds:

It's good to continually remind Big Tech Shitlibs that they are The Man, The Establishment, and the Witch Hunters, and to remind them that true rebels speak Truth to Power by fighting for the freedom to speak on their monopolistic information mediums.

The Neoliberal Establishment has lost any coolness factor it may have once had, and now they are the authoritarian despots stomping on free expression and crushing dissent.

PS Your Chaimstream Media, ladies and gentlemen:

"I haven't seen much of the news lately, let's see what's on."
"5 new consensual child grooming gangs found in Europe, critics arrested."
"Is your baby racist?"
"White babies now a minority of births in the US."
"Black activists peacefully bludgeon cops, demand reparations."
"We deserve it all, says leader in women's studies."
"EU to ban memes."
"Bert and Ernie are now gay lovers, creator a bigot."
"The president is trying to silence the free press! Up next, we'll discuss his mushroom shaped penis."

Gems Of Game: Hurdling A Woman's Anti-Slut Defense

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A little psy ops I like to do with a woman I bring back to my place is ask if she wants a water or a cold glass of milk.

You chortle, but hear me out. Most girls expect a man will try to (further) liquor them up once back on his turf, a few exquisite steps away from his mattress of muffstuffing. This isn't necessarily a deal killer; women expect this, and so are emotionally ready for it, having geared themselves up for the coming payload.

But sometimes a woman is tentative, or reconsidering the propulsion of her lust. Promptly dangling a glass of wine in front of her as she sits on your couch cross-legged and looking like she's turtling with incoming anxiety could shut her down for the night. She won't be receptive to the alcohol solicitation, framing it in her head it as a pretext for her to prematurely relinquish her number one asset (vagina). She might then begin to feel you're pushing too hard, too soon (and then the PoundMeToo beast breathes its hot breath on your bedroom door).

You have to take stock of the type of girl you're with, and adjust accordingly. If she's suddenly nervous, make a tactical retreat.

It's not that rare for a girl in your place to flash signs on her face of having second thoughts, even if you've gamed her right and set the stage. Women are slaves to their caprice. So I prefer to sidestep that possibility by offering water or (ridiculously) a glass of milk. And I offer it with utmost sincerity and seriousness. No cracked grins or just-kiddings.

If she's like most women, she'll laugh at the suggestion and either take you up on it as a form of shared frivolity that bonds you two tighter, or she'll audibly sigh and welcome the excuse to drink stronger stuff, replying something along the lines of, "oh that's ok…..buuuuuut if you have some stronger stuff I might be down for that".

It's then that you have hurdled her anti-slut defense and given her free rein to indulge the swelling abandon of the moment without the burden of regret.

Things That Make You Go Eww

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Why are so many sex assault accusers ugly women? Noel ponders,

> Is it just me, or are the three accused — even if you give them the benefit of the doubt and engage in romantic reverie — homely beyond belief? Brett in his yearbook pic clearly looks the Chad and would even without game have pulled a least one to two points higher than these accusers. At least accusers one and three (are there pics out there of accuser 2?). Accuser one, for sure, given the unflattering black and white photo of her as a teenager. Shudder. I speculate here but there is a whiff of 'I envy the Stacy; because I can't have the Chad I will instead destroy him.

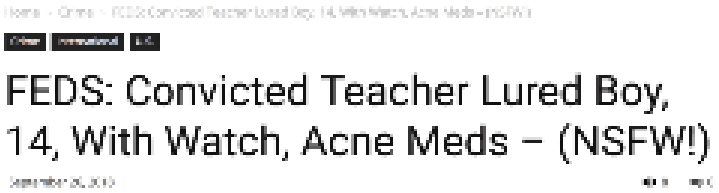
The answer to your question is simple, and partly answered by yourself: these homely women have to create a fantasy world of rapist White Chads preying on their virginal innocence to feel at all desirable. The men may ignore them, but the world won't, and all the YOU MUST BELIEVE Grievance Unit supportiveness is the next best thing to affirming their desirability as irresistible women who provoke alpha males to sexual assault. After that, it's just garden variety resentment, spite, and envy coming together in a stew of toxic feministery to crush an innocent Chad in the eyes of his much prettier wife and his children.

Just a helpful reminder that leftoids are evil to the bone.

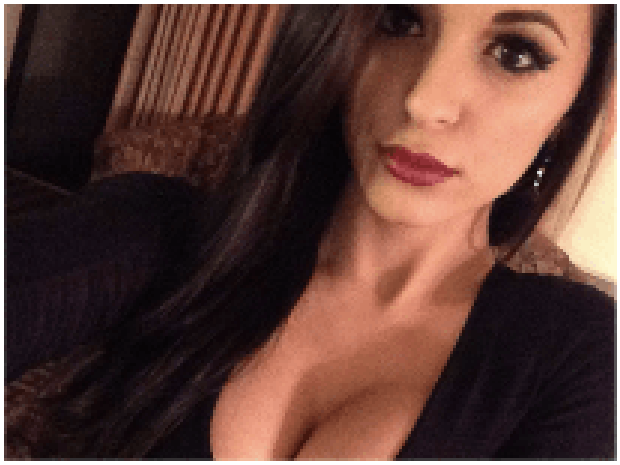
Fantasy Vs Reality

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Fantasy: Gang rapist White frat boys
Reality: Cradle robbing sex fiend female teachers



FEDS: Convicted Teacher Lured Boy, 14, With Watch, Acne Meds – (NSFW!)



It’s Time For An Amicable Breakup

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

When a relationship has become so toxic that you can’t stand to be around each other and are dreaming of being with someone else, it’s past time for a breakup. Don’t bother salvaging it for the small benefit of a few extra bangs and the continuity of your shared social circle, because you’ll pay more for it with your sanity and well-being in the long run.

That’s where I am with America now. I no longer want to share a country with the dumbfuck lunatics who believe a lying psychoyenta like swetnick and wave their rage against everything I hold dear, in my face, every day, all day long.

Break it up. America is overdue for a separation. Do it. It can be amicable now, or ugly later. But the breakup is coming either way.

***

Reminder this is the Cantina of Emotional Cripples I want to be unshackled from:

> Post-Clownworld State-Mandated Mental Institution Holding Cell (Colorized)
>
> — McFeels (@JMcfeels) September 26, 2018

Game In The PoundMeToo Era

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a new series, because let's face it, we're in a new era of female man-hating hysteria and media-amplified sex panic. Game isn't just a helpful seduction system for getting laid; Game has become a life-saving necessity to protect oneself against mendacious psychocunts.

First installment: Preemptive Disqualification Game.

Girl: "Are you hitting on me?"

Lucifer's Light Saber: "No thanks, I don't want to be MeToo'ed."

This should wrest a wry smile from a normal girl, and a scowl from a psychocunt. Now you can screen out the psychos. Doubleplusgoodness: It sets up a challenge that no woman can resist, marks you out as a Quenched Alpha, and seeds the conversation with endless flirtatious possibilities.

Girl: "what makes you think i would MeToo you?"

LLS: "I dunno, you just have that look in your face."

***

Girl: "do girls normally MeToo you?"

LLS: "Only if I forget to call back."

***

Girl: "what are you scared of?"

LLS: "ruining your reputation"

Beautiful Truth Of The Day

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Women will be led. It's in their nature. They will be led by their husbands, by the government, or by the media.

Only one of those three will provide benevolent leadership.

In 2018 America, there is more government, more media, and fewer husbands. How's this working out for us?

Comment Of The Week: We've Lost Sight Of Women's Nature

CH · 26 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Congrats to Angry Gamer and his COTW win, for this thoughtful take on what's causing the Breaching of the Sexes:

> The simple reason why people are having less sex is because people are ALONE less.
>
> Today it's really rare for high school kids and even college kids to date. They go in a group and "hang out" or some other group activity. And Young men passively accept this situation.
>
> I can't tell you the number of 20 something men that when I ask "did you take the girl you were chatting up at the party home or somewhere?" They look at me like I'm an alien talking about cow mutilation.
>
> In Asia (Japan, Singapore, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea) it's very rare for women to go out with a man. If these women do "hook up" or even marry it's like after 2 years of being friends and doing things together.
>
> Developed world men are so passive toward women. These Men expect the women to just provide a green light icon at every interaction to proceed. Women are not wired like that. Women don't want the responsibility of leading the relationship. They want a man to take the lead and move the relationship forward. If a man wishes to be alone and put moves on a woman he has to assert that intention and do it.
>
> Somehow in our equalist society we have lost this very primal fact of human behavior.

Together, but alone, our phones acting as isolation chambers.

Many older post-Wall or Wall-approaching women have the same desires as younger women — to be led by a charming man to romantic abandon — but they don't have the sexual allure anymore to coax that from men, so they lash out at male figures who flitted in and out of their lives when they were younger, hotter, tighter (and looser), so in their aggrieved spite at the God of Biomechanics they retcon their past sexual experiences that didn't lead to love and marriage as male predation rather than the sexy male assertiveness it really was and which had stolen their nubile hearts.

PS Related, in the Nature vs Nurture debate, the victor is clear: It's Nature.

PPS Go long on sexbot futures. Regrettably, sexbots will be doing the job that American women are no longer qualified to do.

Gynarcho-Tyranny, Redux

CH · 27 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From AntiDem,

> Now we get so see the post-credits scene of Fast Times at Ridgemont High where 35 years later that chick you got a little fresh with at a party destroys your career and the reputation you worked a lifetime to build on national television for your family, friends, coworkers, and children to see.

It's gnarly cuz it's true.

ps if you're gonna ride this decline out poolside, make sure you don't get caught jerking off in the bathroom with a view to the bikini-clad babes. It'll be used against you when Pussyhat, Inc wants you dead, raped, your kids traumatized, and your family cast to the icy wastelands.

pps Stalinist apparatchiks would have been proud of the remote psychological diagnosis technique Ford used on her political enemies:

> Question: Why did everyone you named as witness come out against you? Including your best friend who says she never met Kavanaugh & the party did not happen?
>
> Dr. Ford (literally): "Leland has significant health challenges, and I am happy that she is focusing on herself"

Wow this psychocunt threw her best friend under the bus in the most publicly humiliating way possible. Know who you are dealing with.

ppps a caustic reminder that the four witnesses named by Christine Bludgeoned-Face all deny her allegation. That's 4-to-1, which in my book reads "YOU LOSE, CATLADY. GOOD DAY TO YOU, LYING BITCH"

The Satanic Smirk

CH · 28 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Once you know what to look for, that Satanic leftoid phyzz accosts you every day you check in with the media.

From a few Gabbers,

> they both have 1 thing in common, besides being scum bag liars, they are both paid off via crowd funding bullshit. if anyone uses the argument 'what could CBF possibly get out of this?' you tell them, how about a million dollars that morons, and most likely democrats, again morons, have put in her go fund me. this is a scam and a farce.
>
> ***
>
> This cannot be stated strongly enough. These crowdfunding sites are open bribe/money laundering institutions for leftists.
>
> ***
>
> Crowdfunding, a secular second collection.

Why do psychotic leftoids smirk so much? (And in particular, why do their smirks looks so fucking deranged?)

I have a theory that it's a combination of a number of traits that are manifest to pathological extremes in leftoids: Infantilism/arrested adolescence/neoteny/narcissism.

Also, the smirk is a very homophiliac expression which acts like a buffer between the surface emotion and the real authentic psychology underneath. I think these psychos smirk like that because it helps them conceal not only from others, but from themselves, the coal black darkness of their hearts and the malevolence of their motivations. They are lying, to you and to themselves (because the best liars first convince themselves of their honesty), and this creates a painful cognitive dissonance which the smirk helps alleviate by directing all the inner turmoil outward,

against their perceived enemies.

Arch Of Baal

CH · 28 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is weird. A replica of the "Arch of Baal" was erected in DC one day before Kavanaugh's show trial.

> The future of the U.S. Supreme Court is literally hanging in the balance, and many believe that it is quite odd that this ancient pagan symbol has been put up at this precise moment in time. According to the official website of the Institute for Digital Archaeology, the Arch of Palmyra was unveiled on the National Mall on September 26th, and it will remain there until September 29th. You can view a photograph of the arch standing directly in front of the U.S. Capitol building right here. Just one day after this arch was put up, Brett Kavanaugh and Christine Blasey Ford testified before Congress. Perhaps this is all just a "giant coincidence", but things of this importance usually don't happen by accident.
>
> The elite deeply understand that symbols have power, and the fact that the Arch of Baal has been placed directly across from the U.S. Capitol is highly significant.
>
> Jonathan Cahn, the author of The Paradigm, has pointed out that Baal was a god of power, fertility and child sacrifice. In this video, he makes a very strong connection between what was going on during the era of Baal worship and what is taking place in America right now.

The Arch of Baal (née the Arch of Palmyra) was originally built and located in Syria, and destroyed by ISIS in 2015. Maybe it's not so odd that the group responsible for this replica world tour have planted it in DC at this moment in time, given its connection to the current unpleasantness in Syria, but it does make one wonder…after the last few years, I'm more inclined to believe our globohomo elites really are satanic.

Body Language Analysis Belies Ballsy-Ford's Credibility

CH · 28 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

An excellent body language analysis of Ballsy-Ford can be viewed here (naturally, constitutionally foreign controllers of the information gateways are censoring this video from multiple platforms — but hey, the free market! /sarcasm).

Take home points:

- her rigid body posture contradicts facial tics that reveal nervousness, strongly suggesting she's putting on an act
- constant opening and closing of mouth indicates neurological problems
- she used "pretty pose" to make herself seem more vulnerable and feminine (again, an act)
- she glances at committee members (feinstein crew) for guidance on certain questions, as if they pre-fed her specific answers to questions they told her were coming
- she looked defiant and stressed when the three contradicting witness testimonies were read ("these are my enemies who could expose my lying")
- she's "using emotion to manipulate her testimony", altering her voice to affect victimhood
- "this looks like a professor got together with her liberal friends to take down Kavanaugh"

I'm gonna give my verdict right here: Blasey-Ford is a sociopath. She's lying. Nothing criminal happened to her. And she knows she won't get called out on her lies, because the Dems, media, BELIEVE WOMEN INC, and cucks will cover for her. She literally has everything to gain — taking a scalp for The Resistance, making a pot load of money through shady GoFundMes and the inevitable book deal — and nothing to lose (unfalsifiable claims are awfully convenient props useful to the garden variety sociopath).

So all that remains is to figure out her motivation(s) for lying under oath. She obviously figures the very low risk of lying is worth the very high reward of attention, cashmoney, and adulation. My hypotheses of her motivations rest on two premises: the disposition of women to fall for shams like Recovered Memory therapy, and the anti-White man hysteria engendered in catladies by the equally psychotic media.

Hypothesis One: She had drunken makeouts with a bunch of boys in high school (likely none of whom were Brett Kavanaugh) and like many emotionally high strung, BPD shitlib women, she nursed a lifelong grudge against the lovers in her past who didn't give her the fairy tale ending this pathological narcissist thought she deserved. This falls under the rubric of "regret rape", a term I coined to describe the false accusations made by women who have morning after regrets and will assuage their egos by retconning their sluttiness as victimization.

A female reader reminds that "revenge rape" is also a thing:

> Don't forget "Revenge Rape" for when he doesn't call or text afterward.
>
> I am acquainted with a few women who meet these criteria. One even got a guy kicked out of college.They hate me because I don't enable their delusions like their go-girl chorus.

Hypothesis Two: Nothing happened to her in high school. She had a bland dating career, which is the usual fate for plain janes. Instead, she concocted her "sexual assault" story out of whole cloth, a complete fabrication from A to unremembered Z, for the most craven and malicious of reasons: to destroy a man she virulently hated for his politics. Bonus rewards if the destruction of this man protected her connection to an indirect abortion profiteer.

After sullying myself trawling through this sordid spectacle, I have the following thoughts:

I want to see Dems destroyed from this character assassination circus they created.

I want to see Kavanaugh confirmed.

I want to see extremely elderly Ginsburg kick the bucket.

I want to see Trump nominate another BASED WHITE MAN.

I want to see shitlibs try this again.

And then I want to see them fail again and shame themselves in the public eye for generations.

PS Heh. Via Alex,

> “The woman who is not pursued sets up the doctrine that pursuit is offensive to her sex, and wants to make it a felony.” – H.L. Mencken

If no woman is pursued, then the lsmv fugs don’t have to feel like romantic losers.

Bromance

CH · 28 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Demostasi's goal was to tar Kavanaugh with the "woman problem" brush like they did with Clarence Thomas, at best nuking his nom but realistically intimidating him to vote like a cuck on Poz Wing issues that would come before the Court.

The Satanic Party has likely miscalculated. Judging by Kav's performance — his righteous anger and the steely shitlord face that seemed to materialize before our eyes and subsume his niceguy cuckface — I believe he would adjudicate like a Chadlord. He didn't have cuckface when younger, so maybe a vestigial shitlord phyzz still guides his actions, and after that show trial yesterday I bet the shitlord phyzz assumes durable prominence.

If he's confirmed, he'll move the Court to the Far Genghis. Sweet sweet ~~vengeance~~ justice is coming. Like Clarence Thomas, no man can go through that hellfire of demonic slander and not come out unchanged. Kavanaugh may have been a niceguy his whole life, but today he wakes up a warrior.

PS As of this posting, Jeff Flake (R-Coward) is calling for an "FBI investigation", which is the same thing as voting "no" but with plausible deniability, because he is a sackless cuck.

Flake is trash. He hates Trump, who is the alpha chad he could never be, and this is his petty vindictive payback. Kavanaugh is just collateral damage.

Flake shames his sons. Worse, he betrays them.

WHITE Hot Rage

CH · 28 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's building…

(even un-mccained Lindsey Graham became a little bit straight yesterday)

Chad Vs Catlady

CH · 28 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Stirring photo. The heart soars. Of course, the screeching blob on the right no doubt imagines herself a heroine; instead, she just looks like a disgusting fat-mouthed indeterminate ethnicity levantine-haired loser who smells like cat turd.

(From a Gabber: “10 years of rape fantasy? Covered.” LOL)

America is rapidly forming front lines in the existential battle between White Chads and Mystery Meat Catladies. This is our present and our future, until Final Resolution. I guarantee the Catlady Coalition has no chance of victory.

More of this, please, and faster:

Stupid, Corrupt Truth Of The Day

CH · 30 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

As America becomes a swarthier serfdom, she becomes stupider.

And stupider people are easier to manipulate by corrupt people.

So expect more cory bookers and kamala harrises retailing the corruption of their masters to an increasingly credulous public audience.

While you, a part of the dwindling bastion of keen-eyed and clear-headed White men holding onto the principles bequeathed by a thousand generations of ancestors and which nourish your soul, must imbibe this grotesque spectacle and rage against it as everything you love and cherish is made fodder for alien ingrates to mock and twist into hellish, inverted abominations.

Vindication

CH · 30 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Christine Ballsy-Fraud is a sociopath who maybe, just maybe, will pay a price for her brazen attempt to bring down a good man.

Gateway Pundit and the crack sleuths at /pol/ are both reporting on something veeery interesting about Christine Ballsy-Fraud: that second door on her home she claimed was the trigger for her remembering sexual abuse by Kavanaugh?…it's likely all made up and the truth is that she was trying to hide her illegal landlord activity from authorities.

Here's an accomplished woman, Margot Cleveland, who has thoroughly analyzed Ballsy-Fraud's testimony and come to the conclusion that her constant story changes to stay one step ahead of any defense against her accusations that would attempt to falsify her recollections is the best evidence that Ballsy-Fraud was LYING UNDER OATH:

> THREAD: For those thinking Mitchell wasn't strong enough on Ford, you're wrong. Her gentle demeanor & allowing Ford to talk revealed A LOT-and it especially highlighted what FORD wanted us to NOTICE. Yesterday, I explained that her rehearsal & 5 mentions of Safeway was a tell. 1/
>
> — Margot Cleveland (@ProfMJCleveland) September 30, 2018

There are sociopaths among us. Most people don't know when they've met one. The sociopath is adept at concealing herself through mimicry of normal people. So when a sociopath like CBF sheds crocodile tears in front of Congress, normies think she's credible. They can't fathom anyone who would blatantly lie about a good man and destroy him before an audience of millions.

But these soul-killers exist, and normies had better wake up real quick to the fact that their inability to fathom anyone so radically and malevolently unlike themselves doesn't mean sociopaths don't swim among them, preying on their gullibility and integrity.
They do.
And they have like-minded kin in Congress who will cover for them.

I will be vindicated in my very early assessment of Ballsy-Ford as a psychopathic liar who made up her accusation out of thin air.
And I will be vindicated in my very early assessment that it was wrong of the GOP and assorted pants-wetters and pedestal polishers on the Right to sacrifice Roy Moore to the jackals and embolden the Leftoid Fuggernaut to even greater slanders against innocent men.

Compare And Contrast: France’s ¡Jeb! Vs Italy’s Trump

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Share this:

Schrödinger's Catlady

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A Georgetown University professor (first red flag), (((Christine Fair))) (second red flag — you could set your watch to this), who is as far as a quick duckduckgo search could reveal both unmarried and childless (third and fourth red flags — but thank Yahweh for small favors) has stated she wants to see White Republican men castrated and their corpses fed to swine.

> A professor at Georgetown University known for making incendiary comments against supporters of President Donald Trump said white men deserve "miserable deaths" for supporting Supreme Court nominee Brett Kavanaugh.
>
> C. Christine Fair, an associate professor at Georgetown in the School of Foreign Service, tweeted Saturday, saying white Republican men should die and an added bonus would be if women "castrate their corpses and feed them to swine."

Georgetown University, naturally, is standing by their Death Wish Dame, because Georgetown, like almost every American institution of higher un-learning, is filled floor to rafters with despicable anti-White, anti-male, and anti-Christian bolsheviks running the place into the ground.

Fair (what a Waugh-ian name) believes "entitled White men…deserve miserable deaths while feminists laugh as they take their last gasps." And — this should surprise no one — she's a pitmommy who runs a blog called "Shit Men Say".

> Fair's Twitter page has a banner that reads, "DON'T GRAB MY PUSSY." She bills herself in her Twitter bio as a "Scholar of South Asian pol-mil affairs, inter-sectional feminist, pitbull apostle, scotch devotee, nontheist, resister."
>
> She also runs a blog called ShitMenSay where she doxxes people. It's about 'accountability', she claims. It is a hateful blog.

On that blog, she basically used the space to dox anyone who disagreed with her online.

> C. Christine Fair, a Provost's Distinguished associate professor of security studies at Georgetown's Edmund A. Walsh School of Foreign Service, started the blog "Shit Men Say" in January 2017. According to the description of the blog, Fair shares "snarcastic missives based upon the shit men (and sometimes women) say to me via email, voicemail and comments 'deposited' on my various social media" on her page.
>
> In Fair's posts, she reveals messages she received online along with the personal information pertaining to the people who sent her the messages. She posts her victims' social media URLs, photos (including family photos), full names, locations, addresses, work information, phone numbers, and email addresses. […]
>
> MRCTV counted approximately 80 posts on Fair's blog in which she disclosed the personal information of people who sent her messages.
>
> In addition to simply posting personal information, Fair repeatedly shares her victims' personal information by reblogging the posts so they will result in higher Google search results.
>
> Fair's Tumblr blog is connected to her Twitter account, which means when she posts someone's personal information on Tumblr, it is also shared on Twitter.

I bet you're wondering if her phyzz matches the picture of her you have in your mind:

PRIORS VALIDATED

Physiognomy is rael.

Look upon her crazy catlady face, and chortle. Miss Briss is hopped up on a cocktail of SSRIs, toxoplasma gondii, and box wine.

And a (formerly) prestigious university hired her and keeps her on.

There are two big stories here: the catlady apocalypse, and the total convergence of academia to the anti-White male orthodoxy. Both are smoldering ruins who have hit the Wailing Wall.

Christine Fair is Schrödinger's Catlady, an indefinite paradox of quimtum mechanics that, once she interacts with, or is observed by, the outside world, collapses into a definable state of screeching lunacy. Schrödinger's Catlady, like the cat, is both dead inside and alive until she is observed, at which point she becomes a cartoonish abstraction to ridicule.

This is the price society pays when pussy goes dry and un-rogered for decades on end, ignored by the Sexy White Boyium the arid pussy's carrying vessel wishes were dead and fed to swine.

PS Yeaster Egg: this is the same heebsterical broad who confronted Richard Spencer while he was working out and got him kicked out of the gym.

PPS Related: How to spot the various flavors of sociopath.

PMS Also related: "Modify the standards of the in-group". A reader summarizes:

> Superb, detailed article proves role of [the special people] in molding / manipulating public opinion to favor [the special people]. Method: actively reshape in-group standards & reform peer group pressures to become antagonistic to in-group ethnocentrism. Goal: PC white culture that *policed itself* to be more user-friendly to [the special people].

Thanks to the tireless efforts of [the special people], America has become an open air, mass scale psy ops. Orwell

would weep if he wasn't flabbergasted into stunned silence.

A Gabber who will go unnamed (but who is quasi-famous in old time Maul-Right blogger circles), had this to say about the corruption of academia:

> Well-meaning sheeple have no idea how loony and hostile the people at our colleges, govt, foundations and media outlets now are. They were always arrogant, of course, but current feminism and SJWism have kicked the insanity level up a *lot* of notches.

We're at the "tearing the legs off the frogs" stage.

Extricating ourselves from this massive psy ops won't be easy, but it can be done. Rage won't work against [the special people]. They feast on our rage knowing, at least for now, it's largely impotent, and all our rage accomplishes is justifying their increasingly barbed taunts.

But mockery has worked, and does work. Mockery has a salutary effect on the interfaith dialogue, provoking [the special people] to implode and sputter with the same incoherent rage they inspire in the targets of their venom.

For this reason, i'm a big advocate of mockery, which has the power to settle our ancient score in a bloodless manner.

I'm a mocker not a fighter. This is my preferred outcome.

[The special people] can't handle being mocked by anyone but their own. It's like telling a nerd he's not that smart. It hits the ego and the id square on, for if the nerd isn't smart, what does he have going for himself? Likewise, if [the special person] isn't fearsome, he becomes that dweeby outsider getting stuffed in lockers by Bretts and laughed at by Ashleys.

A reader astutely notes they can't handle being mocked…or named.

One of the most effective immunotherapy programs Heritage Americans can undertake to save their nation at this late hour is to highlight, in every medium which is still open to free speech, the stark cultural, biological, psychological, economic, and ideological differences between [the special people] and [the targets of their hate]. Clarity brings the battlefield to view.

And is there a more bittersweet joy in this world than that of the blind man who can suddenly see?

Guess Who's NOT Hoverhanding

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

LOL if the French have any shame left, they'll exile this cuck Maricon to his beloved primitive outposts, where he can take care of "all the Republic's children". Grandma can join Trump's "adulation harem" where she will be happy to gaze longingly at his magnificence.

How To Spot A Sociopath (Post-America Edition)

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Tipsy forwarded some useful information regarding sociopaths:

> Martha Stout, author of “The Sociopath Next Door” estimates that the rate of sociopathy in the general population is about 4%. That’s 1 out of 25. Here’s a quote:
>
> “After listening for almost twenty-five years to the stories my patients tell me about sociopaths who have invaded and injured their lives, when I am asked, “How can I tell whom not to trust?” the answer I give usually surprises people. The natural expectation is that I will describe some sinister-sounding detail of behavior or snippet of body language or threatening use of language that is the subtle giveaway. Instead, I take people aback by assuring them that the tip-off is none of these things, for none of these things is reliably present. Rather, the best clue is, of all things, the pity play. The most reliable sign, the most universal behavior of unscrupulous people is not directed, as one might imagine, at our fearfulness. It is, perversely, an appeal to our sympathy.”

The pity play. Fits Christine Ballsy-Fraud perfectly.

And guess who falls hardest for pity plays?

Dumb people
Women
Betaboy White knights, if it’s a pity playette

> According to Martha Stout, the author of “The Sociopath Next Door”, the most reliable sign of a sociopath is their appeal to a normal’s person sympathy, despite their abusive, destructive, manipulative, and mendacious behavior.
>
> “If, instead, you find yourself often pitying someone who consistently hurts you or other people, and who actively campaigns for your sympathy, the chances are close to 100 percent that you are dealing with a sociopath.”

The BPD headcase femme fatale cries out in pain as she makes your life a living hell.

The Catlady Apocalypse

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is the thing, stationed in Maxine Waters' (D-75IQ) office, which doxxed Republican Senators following the Kavanaugh show trial:

> The staffer from Maxine Waters' office, Kathleen Sengstock, who doxxed the Senetors.
>
> Just look at that ssri stare pic.twitter.com/fX58zMtUDq
>
> — chef (@yourboychef) September 30, 2018

Man, woman, mustache? Who can tell.

Is it the SSRI stare or the Thousand Clit Stare? It looks like a face manifesting symptoms of the final stages of acute toxoplasma gondii infection.

We are ruled by J___, f___, and catladies, and sometimes all three in one package.

PS This creature has the rare "double Sanpaku eyes", which is when the whites of both the upper and lower eye show. A double sanpaku indicates an addictive personality coupled with sociopathic tendencies. Say, an SSRI abuser who wants you, your family, and your nation dead and she'll laugh about it with her 72 cats.

Macron’s Bucks

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Can anyone explain the context of this photo? And why Macron looks so…submissively overjoyed…to be there in the company of these two fine Frenchmen?

I almost can’t believe it’s a real photo. Was it ‘shopped?

White Female Privilege

CH · 1 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Our sick society has been diseased by constant exposure to the Lies pumped out every day for decades by the Globohomo Ministry of Propaganda. One of those Lies is the assertion that there exists “White male privilege” which victimizes and oppresses all other classes of people.

The realty is the polar opposite: White female privilege is typically the operating norm, and White men are often victimized by it.

The photo above illustrates this reality: a White woman is surrounded by helpers and accomplices, while the White man is left alone to defend himself against the world, no help given but what he can do to help himself.

White men are particularly good at helping themselves, so women and nonWhites, from myopia, envy or sheer malice, confuse this for privilege, because that’s what they enjoy when they need help.

Roosh Banned From Amazon (You're Next)

CH · 2 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

For those who don't know, Roosh's books were banned from Jeff Bezos' Amazon. Roosh had been selling pickup books for years through the Amazon portal, and one day recently Bezos and the purimaniacal SJWs who infest that place decided a good old-fashioned book-burnin' was in order, so they disappeared all of Roosh's books and unpersoned him.

(and the leftoid sneered stupidly, "he deserved it. private corporation, man! free speech doesn't mean freedom from consequences.")

This is scary, I'll admit it. Every day brings news of another dissident thinker exiled from the sphere of public influence. The crackdown and repression of thought criminals is accelerating, with no end in sight, and no one with the power to do anything stepping in to challenge the witch hunters and book burners. HELLO, President Trump? AG Sessions? Have you thought about anti-trust suits against Big Skypey Tech? Nationalization? Any kind of oversight at all?

BUT MUH FREE MARKET CAPITALISM

yeah, how's that working out for us bleeding edge heretics? The information and monetary gateways and channels are controlled with an iron fist by a few tech monopolies which are run and staffed by the most virulent degenerate leftoids that you ever saw belched up from a Twatter blue check cesspit.

When a few globohomo corporations control nearly any means of communicating with the outside world and getting remunerated for your efforts, then we have, for all practical purposes, the equivalent of the State censoring speech. 1A is violated in spirit if not in technicality.

I know some readers of this blog aren't fans of Roosh. (hi MPC!) But be warned: you can't afford to dismiss natural allies over petty indignation at Roosh's lifestyle. He's one of you, even if you don't know it or accept it yet. There's a much larger totalitarian conflagration threatening to destroy America down to her roots; this is no time to tut-tut Roosh about his caddish ways or hot Persian blood.

We fight The Fuggernaut together to victory, or we fail individually. Laugh at Roosh's misfortune today; tomorrow it's your heretic head on the chopping block.

williamk has a great comment about this pressing topic,

> Been thinking of the Roosh ban a bit. The left understands their actions are alienating White men and so it is important to them now to cut off entry points to the crime think bonanza. People may like or dislike Roosh but he's as good of an entry point as there is. In contrast, guys over at Unz Review or others like it have little to fear because they are too intellectual and long-winded to reach your 105 IQ guy, whereas Roosh is logical yet easily digestible. Thats who the banhammer comes for.
>
> Also, its not really an attack on game. They don't care, promiscuity is part of the globohomo plan. They gave Mystery a reality show. They want men focused on sports, boobs and beer. The connection between game and cultural sickness is their problem. Guys who give tinder tips and stop at that will never be targeted, but anything that gets men thinking beyond the tip of their dick will be on a watchlist.

That's the crux of it; step outside of your authorized scope of dialogue to draw connections between leftoidism, the sexual market, and American decline, and you will be targeted for removal.

This is a good time for me to praise WordPress for sticking by this blog and letting it live and breathe and fill the world with Beauty and Truth. I'm sure WordPress execs have to battle a daily deluge of shit-tier complaints from hysterical catladies, bluehairs, femcunts, soyboys, and [the special people] to SHUT CH DOWN, and so it's to their

credit that they, nearly alone among the Big Tech communication platforms, has stood by their stated principle to provide a domain where free speech can flourish.

Now that I've said that, they'll shoah it tomorrow.

For all the stürm und drang, the central motivation is put as plainly as possible by commenter guest,

> We're moving into open war on any white male resistance.

It's total war, too. Globohomo rightly fears the combined might of masculine White men on a mission of vengeance, and that's where its focusing all of its firepower. Globohomo knows only White men armed with righteousness and brass balls can take it down.

PS Putting a positive spin on it, the Big Tech banhammer has become proof of authenticity. If you haven't been unpersoned by at least one Big Y1d Tech platform, you're a sellout. WAYSA?

PPS the past two months has seen a much higher quality comment section. Men like williamk, Angry Gamer, Ironsides (among many others) have shown what a quality commenter should be; astute, insightful, coherent, admirably restrained when someone kicks up the dust, and uninterested in the petty bickering that so often makes comment threads unreadable to neutral parties. I don't know what changed here to elevate the comment board discourse, but I welcome it. They make me a better poaster.

Is Christine Blasey-Ford An FBI Asset?

CH · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Very interesting analysis by sundance over at CTH connecting a number of threads in the Christine Ballsy-Fraud scandal that implicate former and current FBI officials in (yet another) seditious plot to take down President Trump.

> In a letter released last night from a former boyfriend of Christine Blasey-Ford, there was a name curiously **not redacted**. The name of **Monica L McLean** was revealed as a life-long friend who Ms. Ford helped with polygraph preparation.
>
> The media has begun to focus on the letter as outlining a lie told by Ms. Ford during recent congressional testimony… But the backstory to Ms. Monica Lee McLean **is an even bigger story. […]**
>
> In addition to boyfriend noting Ms. Monica L McLean in the current letter, Ms. Monica Lee McLean was also one of the signatories of another letter from the Holton-Arms class of 1984 bolstering the credibility of Ms. Blasey-Ford. […]
>
> In a 2000 Los Angeles FBI declaration Ms. McLean describes herself as a Special Agent of the FBI, Associate Division Counsel, in the Los Angeles Division Legal Unit: […]
>
> Sometime between 2000 and 2003, Ms. Monica L McLean transferred to the Southern District of New York (SDNY), FBI New York Field Office; where she shows up on various reports, including media reports, as a spokesperson for the FBI. […]
>
> So we have Dr. Blasey-Ford in Rehoboth Beach, DE, on 26th July 2018. We've got her life-long BFF, Monica L McLean, who worked as attorney and POI in the DOJ/FBI in Rehoboth Beach, DE…. Apparently at same time she wrote letter to Senator Dianne Feinstein.
>
> Ms. Blasey-Ford and Ms. McLean, the BFF she coached on lie detector testing, together for the four days leading up to the actual writing of the letter. July 26th to July 30th.
>
> It would appear that Ms. Blasey-Ford was with Ms. Monica L McLean, the retired FBI agent and former New York field office spokesperson, at the time she wrote the letter to Senator Feinstein.
>
> That would certainly begin to explain quite a bit about who exactly was handling Ms. Ford; and how there would be an intentional effort, from a subject matter expert, on how to best position the attack against Brett Kavanaugh.
>
> Who better to help scrub the internet history, and know what processes and people to enlist in such preparatory work, than a retired lawyer who worked deeply inside the FBI?
>
> Not only did Ms. McLean possesses a particular set of skills to assist Ms. Ford, but Ms. McLean would also have a network of DOJ and FBI resources to assist in the endeavor. A former friendly FBI agent to do the polygraph; a network of politically motivated allies?
>
> Does the appearance of FBI insider and Deputy FBI Director to Andrew McCabe, Michael Bromwich, begin to make more sense?
>
> Do the loud and overwhelming requests by political allies for FBI intervention, take on a different meaning or make more sense, now?
>
> Standing back and taking a look at the bigger, BIG PICTURE….. could it be that Mrs. McLean and her team of ideological compatriots within the DOJ and FBI, who have massive axes to grind against the current Trump administration, are behind this entire endeavor?
>
> Considering all of the embattled, angry, institutional officials (former and current); and considering the recently fired DOJ and FBI officials; and considering the officials currently under investigation; and considering the declassification requests which will likely lead to the exposure of even more corruption…. Could it be that

> these elements wanted to do something, anything to get back at the executive branch; and possibly change the tide?
>
> If so, and I think the likelihood is pretty good, doesn't everything known just easily reconcile if you think of Ms. Blasey-Ford as a tool for those ideologues?

I've read enough to convince me of the strong possibility this Ballsy-Fraud stunt is either an FBI operation or a CIA operation, or both. There are simply too many deep state connections and coincidences to have wave away to think otherwise.

Arrests for sedition when?

Payday For Christine Ballsy-Fraud

CH · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

“What did she have to gain by coming forward to make a false sex assault accusation under oath?”

This is a weak sauce rhetorical gambit that shitlibs have clung to in their effort to buttress Ballsy-Fraud’s credibility and delude themselves that this crank isn’t a total liar.

What did she have to gain?

How about a cool $900K.

Once again, we see Soros’s Satanic fingerprints all over another act of sedition against Heritage America. How is this decrepit monster still freely subverting White nations?…….I mean he is a very old man.

Anyhow, I’m heartened to learn that this HoFundMe scam is being exposed, and that contributors can be prosecuted for making illegal payments to a witness testifying before a Congressional committee.

It would be sweet justice if we were to see pelicangullet in cuffs on her way to prison for making a heinous false sexual assault accusation, and all her shitlib and [very special people] enablers brought before the docket to answer for their crimes aiding and abetting a false witness.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet…..and still waiting.

MAGAptation

CH · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Mark Meadows: ‘Strong Suggestion’ That Undercover FBI Sources Taped Trump Campaign

MAGAptation: the state of mind when what would have been considered a crazy conspiracy theory crosses the threshold to unremarkable believability.

Compare And Cuntrast: Trump Woman Vs Hillary Woman

CH · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is Kristy Swanson, actress who starred in 1992's cult film *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, a right wing MILF who spends her free time nowadays trolling snowflakes on Twatter and mocking the PoundMeToo movement:

[image]

I'm with her

This is Christine Blasey-Ford, false sexual assault accuser and Hillary voter:

[image]

WOMP WOMP *(I'm not with her)*

Swanson is only three years younger than Ballsy-Fraud.

Would Still Bang Vs "Box Wine Hobgoblin"

Hot women gravitate to Trump and to men who support Trump.

Ugly women make up sex stories that help them feel like a hot woman inside, and then sell their load of psychosis to other ugly women.

Unlike Ballsy-Fraud's testimony, impossible to refute.

Female Power Vs Male Power

CH · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Women use emotional manipulation to compensate for their physical weakness.

But only physical strength — the power source of men — is regulated and punished by society. Women are left free to exercise their sex-based power. Worse, women are celebrated for being manipulative.

This is a structural flaw in all post-modren societies.

There is overlap of course (some women resort to physical violence and some men are silver-tongued subversives), but on the whole women are more disposed to emotional manipulation as a tactic to get what they want, and they are better at it than are men. (The men who are equally manipulative tend to make excellent cads…every woman is a varying degree of solipsist who falls for a man who mirrors her.)

Hell Is Like Newark appeals to ancient authority,

> Such has been the case detailed in Western literature for the 1000+ years. i.e. The Romans would talk about how the women were “the real power behind Rome” via the manipulation of the men (husbands, sons, etc.) in their lives.

Yes. Stereotypes about the sexes (and races) don’t materialize out of thin air. They become shared prejudices based on shared observations over many generations (in the case of the nature of woman, over millennia).

A more precise term for what women excel at and exploit in the quest for power is “manufactured drama”. Men don’t manufacture drama (life is hard enough for men without the added unnecessary strife) and are generally more stoic than women. Fake Drama is woman’s access to power; it’s how she keeps men off-kilter and useful as cat’s-paws against her perceived enemies, and how she dissuades her own man from abandoning her for a trade-up.

Wise societies on the upswing of their civilizational arc understand that both men’s and women’s natural power-grabbing proclivities must be regulated, checked, and sometimes punished if taken to pathological extremes (see: Ballsy-Fraud, Ramirez, Swetnick). A man who resorts too often to violence or physical intimidation is an unstable influence; likewise, a woman who resorts too often to innuendo and fabrication is also an unstable influence on an orderly society.

What has happened in the West, particularly in America — and what happens to most civilizations after they have peaked in patriarchal creativity and moral confidence — is that we have discarded constraints on female will to power while continuing (and arguably strengthening) constraints on male will to power.

PoundMeToo is the pinnacle of this twisted achievement. All women are to be believed, whatever their credibility, psychology, or history, in any allegation, however dubious, they may decide to level against a man. And no man is to be believed, whatever his reputation, sincerity, or accomplishments, in his defense against such wild slander.

Which is why I say go long on sexbots, because American men will soon want nothing to do with American women. (Feminists subconsciously grasp the existential threat of sexbots, hence their urgency to ban sexbot brothels wherever they crop up.)

Men are shamed, women are exalted. (America)

Where women are shamed and men are exalted, you find the arab moslem countries.

What we Westerners need is a return to the wisdom of our ancestors; we need to bring balance back to our nations, and recognize before it’s too late that unrestrained women are as dire a threat to the nation as are unrestrained men. We bring balance back to the sexual force by shaming conniving women and allowing aggressive men some room to steer society.

Fewer false rape accusations, more Beach Week parties with Biff Kavanaughs.

We have the worst possible system in place now: women given free rein to indulge their cruel psychotic whims with the power of the State to shield them from punishment, and (White) men mightily oppressed by every lever of establishment power from baring even an iota of masculine verve.

It's why I coined this system a "gynarcho-tyranny".

Only Trump and a few pseudonymous dissidents have broken out of this matronix to deliver the Dude Word to the masses.

With any checks on female depravity removed, we are left at the mercy of, and victim to the spectacle of, crazy catladies, conformist soccermoms, and hysterical slores inviting in enemy hordes and crushing dissent from their own men, destroying their livelihoods and driving an intensifying trend toward social disharmony. This is why we have descended from a Battle Of The Sexes to a Breach Of The Sexes. The rancor is a product of straitjacketed White men losing control of their riotous White women.

We need to rethink our unthinking devotion to the Fundamental Premise. A renewed appreciation of benevolent sexism is part of the solution.

A big obstacle to relocating our lost power-differentiated sexual market balance is the nature of how sex-based power is manifest. Physical violence is palpable, readily perceived. Emotional violence is subtle, amorphous, and plausibly deniable. This distinction is crucial for understanding why modren societies, with their imprinted sensitivity to instant harm (the evil twin of instant gratification), find it difficult to recognize female power when it is being abused. This failure of recognition is ultimately exculpatory of the worst sorts of psychocunts.

It is also indicative of a dumber society (which, naturally, benefits women — for now), because dumber citizens acclimated to clickbait news in which the senses are assaulted by visual stimuli are less able to discern the inconspicuous abuses of soft power that women prefer.

Another reader supplies a coda to this tragic tale of female empowerment coupled with male disempowerment,

> Democracy protects the weak by damaging the strong.

And when the weak become the strong?

It gets ugly.

The world knows no cruelty like the cruelty of the snarky, weak and degenerate with the power of retribution.

When She's Mad You Don't Eat At The Y

CH · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I don't go down on girls, unless they're virginal and their poosies smell like a springtime meadow. If I'm with a 21 year old and I have a strong suspicion I am her first or second lover, then yeah, here's me gorging at the Y:

Most over-25 women aren't virginal and their poosies aren't exactly garden fresh. I have no interest in sticking my nose in a sewer and contracting mouth cancer.

But try telling a girl that (ID FATALITY).

And yet, I've noticed more girls demanding mouthlove, especially reciprocated mouthlove. Sex often inaugurates with the girl slobbing my knob, but now it's been transactionalized by anti-romantic battlecunts who have been inculcated by Femcunt Inc to view any unreciprocated action — no matter the context or the mood lighting — as a slight against grrldom by the oppressive white male hateriarchy.

In fact, some of these chicks will push my head downward toward their steampipes as I'm dropping mad kisses on the non-smelly parts of their bodies, and I'll RESIST, which only makes them push harder on my head. Wouldn't that qualify as sexual assault under the terms created from thin air by the BELIEVE WAHMEN cuntsortium?

So here's what you should say if a girl expresses in so many words that she wants you to lick her cancerclit:

MY TONGUE, MY CHOICE: I don't do that.

GIRL: Why? Are you selfish or something?

MY TONGUE, MY CHOICE: I only offer those services to girls I've been dating a long time. It's very intimate.

GIRL: We've been dating a while.

MY TONGUE, MY CHOICE: Not long enough. I'll let you know when.

I never let her know when, because a girl who's indignant that her poosy be viewed like a tootsie roll pop (how many licks to get to the G spot?) is a girl who

1. has been scoured by a squadron of stiff ones and can only get off now with extraordinary efforts on the part of the man and
2. is a strident bitch who won't ever show generosity of spirit or snatch without a rider attached to it

Ladies, if you want the licky licky, avoid the sticky pricky. Virgins are ravaged because they haven't been ravaged. Get the picture?

Physiognomy Is Reliable

CH · 4 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If I told you this locker stuffer poindexter with the peter pan smirk…

…is a Dem congressional aide who was recently arrested for doxxing Republican senators from a computer in a radical leftist Dem Senator's office, and threatening a witness that he'd leak the senators' children's health information if the witness blabbed to anyone…

you'd not be shocked.

After all, just look at that phyzz. 9 times out of 10, flappy-wristed, pencil-necked dweebs are self-abasing shitlibs.

> Sources familiar with the case tell Fox News Cosko was in Sen. Hassan's office, where he was caught using a login he was not authorized to use. Cosko earlier was let go by Senator Hassan's office. A spokesman for Hassan says she "strongly denounces the alleged actions."
>
> According to Bell's statement, Cosko is alleged to have been confronted by the staffer and then walked out. Hours later the witness received an email from "" saying: "If you tell anyone I will leak it all. Emails signal conversations gmails. Senators children's health information and socials."

Such a tough guy, going after kids. What is it with leftoids and their desire to drag children through the mud? Repressed pedophilic feelings?

So how did our Resister hold up at his hearing?

> [Jackson] Cosko was dressed in shorts, a t-shirt and tennis shoes and looked uneasy as Magistrate Judge Deborah Robinson detailed the seven charges against him, which carry the possibility of more than 20 years in prison.

Pissing his underoos, I'd say.

Normally, I'd wish prison rape on sniveling child-threatening leftoid scum like Cosko, but it looks like he'd enjoy it.

PS On the healthier side of the male ledger, Trump is turning whole squadrons of GOPe cucks into shitlords before our eyes:

> BASED ORRIN HATCH
>
> Hatch waves off protesters screaming at him.
>
> Protester "Don't you wave your hand at me. I wave my hand at you."
>
> Hatch: "Why don't you grow up?"
>
> Protesters triggered, melt-down, scream at the 84 year-old Hatch, "Why don't you grow up!!!"
>
> I'm crying. pic.twitter.com/8uo7GuliCE
>
> — Benny (@bennyjohnson) October 4, 2018

PPS Well this is curious. Jackson Cosko's daddy owns a big construction company in California and has lots of connections to prominent CA pols (h/t Sarah):

> Doxxer Daddy has huge projects in California. Who wants to place bets this leads to Chinastein and her hubby Dick? Or maybe Pelosi good old Salesforce building. #StayMad https://t.co/AQ0snARdQS pic.twitter.com/cRrxTE2fcO
>
> — Rosie memos (@almostjingo) October 4, 2018

Maybe this explains Chianne Chistein's look of death after reading the FBI report on Kav?

#DrainTheSwamp

The Myth Of The Prep School Chad Sex Predator

CH · 4 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Some commenters said the photo I had linked here wasn't of CBF, so I deleted it. The points made in this post remain in tact, though, because they are universal and separate from any specific case. I changed the post title to reflect this change as well, that this is a post about sex, lies, and Congressional testimony.

The funniest aspect of this charade is that Brett Kavanaugh isn't even a Chad. He barely brushes up against Chad-dom. But Ballsy-Fraud was such a forgettable dogface back in her wilted salad years, that a sackless wonder like John Scalzi would have seemed like a catch to her.

I'm not being glib. Sexual assault (and rape) are about sex. Not power. As with everything feminists claim, take the complete opposite as closer to the truth. There is real SCIENCE to back this up, too.

Physical power is only the means lsmv male rapists leverage to achieve their ends: sexual relief. This is relevant to Ballsy-Fraud's looks; a young man who hung out with the cool dudes in high school wouldn't look at, let alone date, a homely chick like teenage CBF. Nor would he be the rapist type; those cool dude Chads that rile up feminists are already enjoying enough consensual female company that they don't need to violently wrest it from women.

This is especially true during the high school and college years when young men cling to the highest standards in women.

In real life, actual sex assaulters and rapists are soy-laced weirdos and losers and creeps and scary-looking uruk-hai who target good-looking young women (especially if, like Weinstein, the assaulter has status and power which is attractive to pretty young women and pulls them into his orbit for more convenient assaulting) or at least target women who would normally be way out of their league in a legitimate courtship scenario. That astronomically disproportionate black-on-White FBI rape statistic? Most of those perps wouldn't get a first glance from their White woman victims in a non-rapey context.

Sex assaulters (less so, rapists) also will target slutty women — ie women who look easy and would put out quickly. Sometimes, this means the assaulter "slums it" with a less attractive but good-to-go girl. Darwinian trade-offs. Sperm is cheap, and can be spread more widely, with less attention to quality control.

These slutgirls signal, often consciously, their sluttiness through skimpy dress or erotic mannerisms. That doesn't mean the girls are "asking for it", but they are certainly asking for lots of aggressive male sexual interest. Sluts often invite the sexual "trauma" they insist they try to avoid, and they know it deep down. It's how they compete against better-looking girls who can get men without acting slutty.

The slut-assaulter dynamic is different in one crucial aspect from sex assaults involving non-slutty women: usually, the interaction starts consensual, but ends nonconsensual, when either the slut has mid-grope second thoughts or the assaulter gets too ornery because his horny level hit the red zone and he becomes careless about how he progresses toward his coital goal.

Most gropers will pull back when the slut puts out a strong, unmistakable signal to stop. That's why sexual assault in this scenario rarely escalates to real rape (as opposed to regret rape). But if a few minutes of unwelcome groping happens between hookup and second thought, then the slut will feel "used" when she's had time afterward to stew in her resentment.

This is what I suspect happened to CBF in high school, who was by contemporaneous accounts quite the cock hunter. She had some distasteful slutgirl experiences back then that she slotted Brett Kavanaugh into when operatives in the Deep State needed her to deep-six a Trump nominee.

None of this is to say her current accusation against Kav isn't a total fabrication. She made it all up, but the creaky foundation supporting her lies may have been remembrances of awkward hookups with random boys, as a braces-

wearing high school teen very insecure about her desirability but saddled with the libido of a masculinized woman. Or, recollections of family abuse. And all of the memories muddied by her heavy drinking (which was apparently rampant at these ’80s era prep schools).

***

A Gabber [name redacted in the interest of post-America survival] has this to say about what was likely Ballsy-Fraud’s underlying motivation to publicly thrash an innocent man with a false grope accusation.

> here’s the truth: most women who go around talking about being a “survivor” of rape are lying
>
> and pretty much every college chick who says she was raped but her rapist is still allowed on campus is a liar
>
> she was never raped
> she’s just mentally ill
>
> and she’s blaming her mental illness (which often strikes in college) on some imaginary trauma from a boy she fucked
>
> 40% of rape accusations made to the police are fake
>
> and the % of fake accusations is even higher for “rapes” that were never reported
>
> some chick who just abstractly claims she was raped at some vague time in high school or college is most likely lying
>
> she’s either mentally ill or just wants the Victim Points she can get by claiming to be a “survivor”
>
> half these chicks are claiming to be “survivors” of awkward one night stands
>
> it’s really not that big of a deal
> you really weren’t that traumatized
>
> you sucked a dick and let some guy you barely know fuck you
>
> and now you feel used and gross
> **because you were used and you are gross**
>
> but it’s really not that big of a deal
>
> just stop being a whore
> and you’ll feel a lot better
>
> a big part of this is Mental Illness
>
> severe mental illness often strikes in late teens, early 20s — ie, during College
>
> a lot of these chicks are just, sadly, experiencing the start of what will be a lifelong crippling mental health problem
>
> it’s very sad, but we can’t let them destroy all of society just cause they got a head full of bad wiring
>
> a big part of the insanity of the Left is the de-stigmatization of Mental Illness
>
> also the Internet just allows a lot more ppl to participate in Society
>
> in the past if you were a nutter, pretty much only your family would have to deal with you
>
> but now the Internet lets you infect the rest of the planet
>
> a normal woman will feel bad about her one night stand but not be emotionally crippled by it for the rest of her life
>
> the Walk of Shame is something a lot of chicks do in college
>
> Feminism says we have to totally re-order Society so no one ever feels that Shame
>
> but most women at some point realize, hey, maybe if i stop acting like a Whore, i’ll feel less Ashamed of

> myself
>
> modern Rape Hysteria has a lot do with Mental Illness
>
> ppl with serious Mental Illness rarely accept that, hey, they just got some bad luck and some loose wires in their head – they want an explanation, they want to be able to say, aha!, that's why i'm crazy
>
> **so they go looking for Trauma**
>
> and Feminism says, ah, it was that awkward one night stand you had freshmen year
>
> so these girls who are starting to lose control of their minds now have a handy excuse – some guy felt up my boob once at a party
>
> the reality is they were probably always gonna go crazy
>
> if anything, what might have set them off was moving away from home and living around a bunch of strangers in a high stress environment
>
> but it probably woulda happened regardless

Bolded parts are the money shots. Miswired slores go looking for trauma to explain their behavior, never able to admit to themselves that they are the cause — that is, that "society" isn't to blame — of the psychological problems following them through their lives.

Here's another slut cold ugly truth — women who got their tits drunkenly groped in high school aren't traumatized by it. Women have an inbred capacity to absorb some clumsily aggressive male gropings without losing their minds. It's a resilience evolved from wanting to be near assertive alpha males.

So let's stop infantilizing women and stripping them of any agency or accountability.

Another reader,

> Much more likely daddy molested her as a child, her mind suppressed it to keep her sane, some point, she was in a session with a shrink, or while being trained to be one, and false memories of being groped in high school replaced the real memories of daddy, as excuse why she slept with 64+ guys.

That's a real possibility, and it could explain why Ford's immediate family has been notably absent and unwilling to corroborate or defend her. (Today, one family member told reporters that Ballsy-Fraud "threw her best friend [Leyland Keyser] under the bus" when she said Keyser had health issues as the reason Keyser wouldn't vouch for CBF's lie. So I wasn't the only person to notice that psychocunt maneuver in CBF's testimony.

PS If you want to know why CBF thought she could get away with lying under oath in the course of destroying a good man's reputation on a national stage, this is your answer:

CBF knew she'd be protected from exposure by the Creep State, Chaimstream Media, and Democortez apparatus. And she is still being protected by them, when she should be tried for perjury and sued for slander.

PPS After "Succubus" Feinstein read the latest FBI report essentially exonerating Kavanaugh, she left the room looking like she had seen a ghost (or Jesus). That's not depression or resignation; that's fear. I wonder what was in that report?

PPPS A pithy comment from Aaron that provides historical context:

> Read Freud's seduction theory. Every woman brought up memories of sexual abuse during therapy, and Freud had to abandon his theory because it was improbable that all fathers molest their daughters. We've known about this type of neurosis for over 100 years, but feminism has taken over psychology so it is politically

> incorrect to study the dark side of female sexuality (e.g. sexual masochism makes women wet).

This blog is unafraid to discuss the dark side of female sexuality, which may be why feminists and their soy lackeys rarely muster the will to come here and take on my arguments with anything more than vapid ad hominem.

Your Reeducation Camp Tax Dollars At Work

CH · 4 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Mama ain't happy.

The quimdoctrination has rapidly intensified of late. What's next? Freak trannies reading pozzed children's books to toddlers?

It looks like shitlibs need a lesson in basic human biology:

There are two sexes, male and female.

There is no such thing as "gender", except as a grammatical term.

There is a male and female brain structure that affects our outlooks and preferences, and is responsible for our sex stereotyped behaviors. Our brains are biological and, along with our bodies, form our self-conception as man or woman. Our heart supplies blood to our brains and bodies; it isn't the seat of "orientation".

Trannies are mentally ill lsmv rejects.

A small minority of men are homosexual. A smaller minority of women are obligate lesbians. Likely the source of their miswired direction of desire is biological in nature.

Homosexuality is not the biological, social, nor Darwinian equal of heterosexuality. A simple "equivalency swap" thought experiment shows this: if we were all homosexuals, the human species would go extinct.

There is no such thing as social construction of sex. "Social construction" means we humans assign words to describe aspects of observable reality, so that we can effectively communicate with each other instead of speaking a language of one that no one else understands.

On average, men are masculine and women are feminine. Some men are less masculine; some women are less feminine, but the average sex-based differential remains.

Poopytalk won't assuage the primal pain of raising a butch daughter or an effete son.

Bestiality is "natural". So is the rare case of hermaphroditism. That doesn't mean either should be taught to children as a social norm of equal validity to normal heterosexual mating and biology.

On that note, there really is a valid distinction between normal and abnormal.

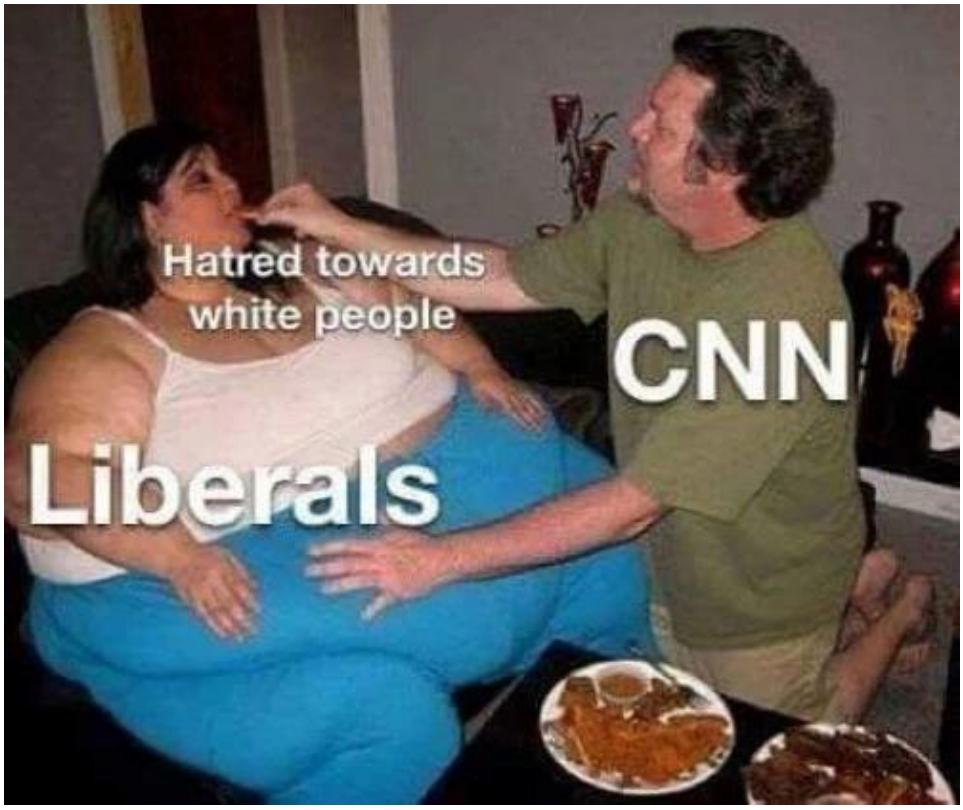
Hope This Hurts.

***

I dunno, readers, how does a parent of sane mind get confronted with this vile freak agitprop and not head down to their kids' school's administrative offices and turn the inhabitants into thunderdome chattel?

PS Shekels to bagels, Soros agents have their crabbed fingerprints all over whatever front group is pushing this Satanic trash on American children.

PPS Your daily Hate News meme:



The Prickly Mick

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

An emailer says the Scorched Earth Party underestimated Kavanaugh's fightin' Irish vigor.

> The fucktards made a mistake with this guy.
>
> They are too stupid to understand that not all white people are the same.
>
> Kavanaugh is a Mick. We are three-four generations away from fighting on the street corner in slums. The Irish have succeeded in the USA, thanks to being smart and being under the whip hand of priests and nuns who made them work, and clawing their way into the middle class by taking over local government, taxing and intimidating their enemies to ruination, and giving themselves jobs. In the process of rising to the top of the heap, they have adopted a lot of WASPy demeanor, and sometimes out-WASP the WASPs in terms of traditional clothing or other surface features. But they are not North Sea Anglo-Teutons. They were not domesticated by manorialism and centuries of culling by hanging for any antisocial crime. The Irish are outer-Hajnal, like the Slavs on the other side of the Continent. They still have the genetic impetus to violent and antisocial behavior beyond what their palor might suggest to those unfamiliar with them. Fuck with them hard enough, and even the highly civilized ones will throw a punch and they will fight. At a high enough level of provocation, even a capital partner at a law firm, or a physician, or a banker, or even a Federal Judge, who has money and prestige and status and a lot to lose, if he's Irish, may just come at you with his fists. Offend their pride and you will get to a point where they don't give a shit anymore. The line is there. Then look out.
>
> Kavanaugh is a fighter. They pushed him to the wall. They degraded him, his career, his achievements, his wife, his children.
>
> They expected him to crumble.
>
> They found his breaking point.
>
> He came back swinging.
>
> Good times.

The Prickly Mick is taking his place as a front line soldier in Trump's MAGA army. Other White men from different White ethnic backgrounds will follow suit. This fight is only just begun. The Degenerate Freak Mafia ought to be very, very scared. They have grown soft from dealing with a cucked foe who rolled over and showed underbelly at the slightest threat. These leftoids have no idea what is about to righteously rain down on their Anti-White parade.

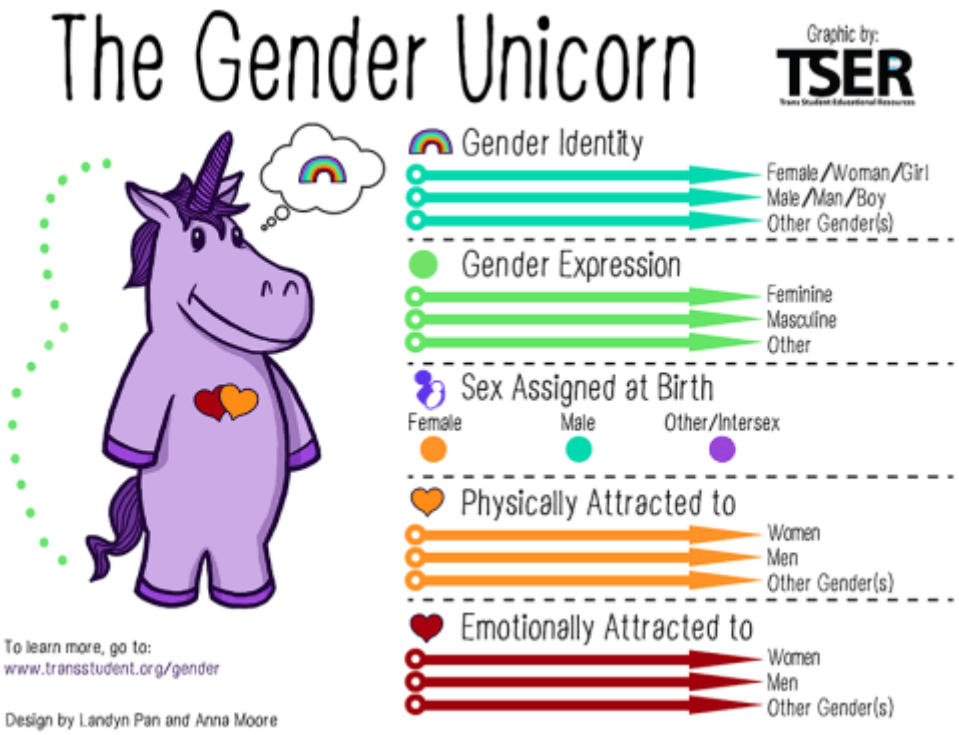
It won't be White Nationalism. It will be White Man Nationalism.

Going Down The Public Schooling Rabbit Hole

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A fantastic insider's view of the Poz Industrial Complex formerly known as the public school system, from commenter Mr. Barry Steakfries,

> CH,
> I'm a High School teacher. Went to education school recently to get a teaching cert. The indoctrination was off-the-chain bonkers. They taught the genderbread person thing, then someone realized it was made by a cis white guy (just being gay doesn't cut it these days). Hilarity ensued. This email was sent by the faculty to the whole cohort. This is a Masters in Teaching program at a flagship state school.
>
> ==========
>
> Hi everyone,
>
> Thanks for a thoughtful first gender caucusing session this past Tuesday. It was great to see you all again!
>
> After our session, it was brought to our attention that the Genderbread Person image we shared with you is problematic. We learned that the Genderbread Person image was more or less appropriated by a straight, cis White man from similar images created by members of the transgender community, such as the Gender Unicorn (we looked at this in [***]'s class),



> which was created by Trans Student Educational Resources. Also, as we looked closer we saw that, while the Genderbread Person includes two axes each for gender identity, gender expression, sex, sexuality, and so on, and thereby basically reproduces these identities as binaries, the Gender Unicorn includes a third/other category for each.
>
> For these reasons, when we meet for our next caucusing session (this coming Thursday for M****'s section, and next Tuesday for T****'s section), we will be using the Gender Unicorn to guide our discussion, rather

> than (as planned) the Genderbread Person. You do not need to print a copy of the Gender Unicorn yourself, but do please look carefully at it, and (as originally assigned) think about how you identify along each of the identity axes it includes. We will use these reflections as the basis for our discussions in caucusing.
>
> We apologize for not having investigated more carefully before selecting this image. We made a mistake, and we really regret any harm we might have caused. Our aim now is to model holding ourselves accountable and publicly owning our oversight, as we hope you will do with your students if you ever find yourself in a similar situation!
>
> ……
>
> All the best,
> L***** (and the caucusing planning team)
>
> ==========
>
> PS got into your blog when I was single like a decade ago for the game tips. Sent me off in a whole other ideological direction; I'm sure I'm not the only one. Thanks for what you do.
>
> PPS Link to the Better, Woker, Gender Unicorn.

Nuke the bluehair catladies, and scatter their ashes to the winds, it's the only way to be cleansed.

PS LMAO that even the most sniveling shitlib heterosexual White male can't win Pozemon points with the degenerates he's eager to suck up to.

PPS Homeschool if you have kids. Total avoidance of the public school system is the only alternative. Reforming it from the inside won't happen in time to save this generation from malicious inculcation of pozpaganda.

Throwing Grandmas And Best Friends Under The Bus: It’s A Leftoid Thing!

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Question: Why did everyone you named as witness come out against you? Including your best friend who says she never met Kavanaugh & the party did not happen?
>
> Dr. Ford (literally): "Leland has significant health challenges, and I am happy that she is focusing on herself"
>
> WHAT?! pic.twitter.com/6NxN1e3Pcd
>
> — Benny (@bennyjohnson) September 27, 2018

Comment Of The Week: The Sexual Polarity Reverses

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

dblr619 passed this along in quotes, so I assume the source is from somewhere else, therefore the COTW will be held *in absentia* by governing authorities until the source is located and can be awarded.

> "Men are becoming the women they want and women are becoming the men they need."

Nothing good will come from this. Fertility drops like a stone when the mating market has inverted. The good news is that it's self-correcting in the long run. And the correction will be, in a word, magnificent.

***

There are two COTW runners-up. First, this instant evisceration of femcunt talking points, from orange appled,

> Girls in Romania grow up in orphanages under horrific conditions and endure abuse. They come to America and become doctors. An American woman gets groped at a party and it becomes the defining moment of her life.

American women are world class liars. That's the difference.

Second, this comment from Screwtape, with a stirring reminder that sides in the war are forming now, and you'd best choose wisely,

> Yes. There are sides.
>
> This fact is becoming increasingly clear to even the sportsball and cubefarm drafthorse men.
>
> The left's treatment of the kkkav affair and its disgusting, irrational, and openly hostile antics are curdling the milk.
>
> Even the passive, apolitical goodwhite man is now having trouble taking pulls from the jug.
>
> Meanwhile, the leftists have turned it up to 11. The silver lining is that at that volume even some osterich men are going to hear the message: you are the enemy; we want you enslaved or dead and we don't really care which.
>
> The average man can tolerate a lot of shit sammies. But when he follows the rules (for white men) 99% of the time and yet can be convicted in the kangaroo court of media and cultmarx overlords for an unfounded accusation, the 1% sword of democales in perpetuity is a non-starter. His life can go to zero at any point. F that.
>
> The thing is: There have always been sides. We will return to the truth of the battle between good and evil: the cult of death vs civilization. Men will be forced to choose.
>
> Indicting all white men is liberating them to take thier stand. Why bother playing nice, cucking along in relative peace (enslavement) when you are the enemy, fodder for thier cause?
>
> We have reached the open hypergamy of politics.
>
> Speaking of which, on a recent biz trip, a newly awakened buddy returns to tell me "Im really starting to love Trump". Then goes on about how two of his uber drivers were Rational Male readers and the normally passive goodwhite guys in Chicago were all spitting fire over the K trials.
>
> The alpha fux beta bux of sociopolitics is running aground. God willing, this maddness will spawn men with full chests.

We’re no longer slow-boiling the frog. We’re smashing it against the wall. And Pepe has had enough.

2018, and beyond, won’t be the Year of the Woman as the media desperately wishes into existence. It will be the Year of the White Man. And he is ready for the fight.

2018 Photo Of The Year (Welcome Back, America Edition)

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Lindsey Graham feeling that Trump Magic……and it feels GOOD.

If Lindsey keeps this up, I'll have to stop cracking gay jokes about him.

Authentic Emotion Vs Artifice

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlibs should come with the automatic “disingenuous” qualifier, because they are phonies through and through. Case in point: I was amazed (but shouldn’t have been) that shitlibs thought Christine Ballcutter-Framejob was “credible”. To my eyes (and ears), she was nothing of the sort. Kavanaugh’s authentic unguarded emotion stood in stark contrast to Ford’s scripted artifice, and made him seem the much more credible of the two.

Are shitlibs lying to themselves and everyone else about their inability to read human emotions, or are they getting stupider and more psychotic from decades being insulated in their UMC shitbubbles?

I’m glad to know that I wasn’t the only one to notice that Bitch-Fishwife was an oddly emotionless drone. From emailer Brown Berry,

> Like many, I’ve been following the confirmation hearing of BK (mostly on youtube). I was interested enough to even listen to the complete testimonies of BK and CBF while I worked last week. I also watched quite a lot of commentary including the body language examination you’ve sited.
>
> From all this, I had some hunches about what might be true vs. what might be utter bullshit, but frankly I didn’t have enough data points to be at all certain about anything substantial.
>
> So I decided to get some more…I re-watched (actually watched, carefully) their testimonies in full. I was interested especially in what would trigger emotional responses. To my delight, the video showed plenty more than what’s been reported on and more that what the audio I previously heard conveys. I wonder if you see the same as I…
>
> CBF
>
> She showed absolutely zero emotion, none, in her prepared statement and throughout a majority of the questioning. It’s very strange because many people I talk to say how emotional she was, how she was crying, etc. I saw no such emotion. Even quite the opposite – she was working very hard at something beyond her abilities. Excepting for a few moments of trying to “cute” herself to Senators and some moments where she felt relief or familiarity and cracked a smile, she was ice cold.
>
> Even when the Senators acknowledged that she is doing her “civic duty” (her own words!) her body doesn’t agree/vibe with that at all. I don’t think she even nodded in the slightest at the saying of the words “civic duty,” ever. Only when they spoke about her being a “hero” did she, for the first time, show emotion, and it really poured out every time they praised her as a hero, watch for it. **[ed: classic pathological narcissist tell.]**
>
> Does she see herself (have they convinced her) that she is an anti-trump messiah? Inside, she tells herself that she’s inferior to BK, that her husband is inferior to BK, that her kids are inferior to BK’s kids, and that her party is a loser party. What’s even worse is that martyring oneself for that loser party gets you nowhere. Watch KH and CB dismissively thank her for “telling the truth” as she leaves the room. She’s a nobody to them.
>
> When they held her up as “heroic” all the dissonance, her desires, the pressure to please all her omega friends, her marital problems, makes her explode. She believes she’s a loser, but they tell her she’s a hero, but she’s still actually a loser, in life and in the party. That’s a shitty ride to be on.
>
> BK
>
> BK shows emotion when people insinuate that he’s not a good man. He probably beats himself up inside over every sin he’s ever committed and tries in earnest to be a better man every day of his life. He probably wants his father to be proud of him. He cries when the Senators amplify his “inner critic” (conscience) and simultaneously devalue all the hard work he’s put into being a good, ever-better, man. This is a big simultaneous shit on his father and family name. Everyone has a button and BK’s is his family. If he had taken some darker paths in life (like maybe rape-fucked and roughed up a few girls, even consensual, or stole from

> the collection plate, etc.) then I reckon he wouldn't be offended at all and would have sat there with perfect manners…

The whole "CBF was credible" talking point has been gaslighting by an enemy media. She wasn't credible; she was robotic. Coldly sociopathic. Coached by her (((handlers))).

Most pleb-libs swallowed that line whole (it's what natural conformist suckups do), but I suspect the shitlib power movers in the media and government felt the same cold sociopathy radiating from CBF that I and other sane people felt, but all must be sacrificed — including their integrity — to prop up a faltering Anti-White Man Blood Libel. Who knows, maybe the Dems identified with CBF's sociopathy.

Does a nation becoming stupider also become less adept at reading faces, tones of voice, and other cues of genuine feeling? I think so. Which will mean these clown shows aren't ending anytime soon. They'll get worse, and the dwindling contingent of sane White men will think themselves crazy for being out of step with the growing number of easily gulled Narrative regurgitators.

Trump's 28-Second Handshake Battle (& Naming The Soros)

CH · 5 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This video of Trump shaking hands with Emmanuel Maricon back in 2017 stands as Trump's greatest handshake battle victory. The alpha on display here is almost absurdist. This is Trump bringing the WWE to international relations (and these globalist pussies are steamrolled, flailing for a face-saving escape from His Alphaness).

The best part is Trump pulling Grandma Bridgette into his body, literally KISSING HER while still shaking Macron's hand. This is level 99 cuckoldry. THE CUCKSHAKE.

I believe Maricon was permanetly scarred by this handshake, which explains why he has regressed to a closet case running to darkest black French territories to be a bottom for "all of the Republic's children".

PS Trump has (finally) named the Soros:

> The very rude elevator screamers are paid professionals only looking to make Senators look bad. Don't fall for it! Also, look at all of the professionally made identical signs. Paid for by Soros and others. These are not signs made in the basement from love! #Troublemakers
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 5, 2018

"not made in the basement from love!" Aaaaand there's your latest Trump Trigger. Meme it, send it, enjoy the shitlib squees.

LRV: Liberal Radio Voice

CH · 7 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

More people like Major1 are noticing that leftoid males and females have speaking voices that belie their sexuality. Or more precisely, *defy* their sexuality.

> Off topic.
> Pertaining to the recurrent “physiognomy is real” topic.
> Just got back from antelope hunting so spent many hours in the truck driving across the state and back. Got rid of satellite radio a few months back so I just had regular radio to listen to. Weirdly, even in those forlorn places where I couldn’t pick up any other stations, I could frequently pick up public radio.
> Just as physiognomy is real, so are voices. There is without question a liberal voice. At least a liberal radio voice (LRV).
> The male LRV is high, thin and reedy. It originates in the throat, and is inflected with bursts of vocal fry and uptalk. It soothes. It’s the way one talks to a troubled child or menacing pit bull.
> The female LRV is low and sonorous. All traces of humor and independent thought sandblasted away by SSRI’s and hours of diversity training and womyn’s studies.
> There’s a quite subtle patronizing undertone to the female LRV, as if she is patiently explaining something to a person of limited intelligence. The listener can vividly see her straight medium brown hair, no makeup, problem glasses, frumpy tan blouse and faded jeans that are too tight in the ass and too loose in the thighs.
> Now go over to you tube and find clips of Lee Marvin or Gregory Peck. Why don’t men sound like that anymore?

The male LRV may soothe fellow soyboys and shrews, but it grates on my ears no end. I think that’s true for any man who isn’t an effeminate milksop, and likely true as well for feminine women who don’t hate their own sex. Masculine men and feminine women are repulsed by uptalking phaggy males of the NPR (Neutered Pantywaist Radio) variety.

Likewise for the female LRV, which is equally creepy as the male LRV, but in the other direction: it’s a de-feminized voice that attempts (badly) to mimic a paternalistic male voice, by scrapping any vocal peculiarities that could identify the speaker as a biological woman (except for the higher natural pitch of women, which is hard to lower without hormone therapy and surgery).

All the shitlib males on public radio — the reporters, the anchors, the guests, and the callers — have LRV. The story is more complicated on the female side, where the reporterettes and anchorettes have adopted that androgynous voice of discomfort with their female-ness, while the female guests and callers maintain the vocal fry and uptalking that likely influences the shitlib male orbiters to acquire by osmosis.

The LRV is the uncanny valley of vocal robotics: vaguely human, but just inhuman enough that the listener’s hair stands on the back of his neck. My teeth clench when I hear it, especially from males, and it’s so ubiquitous now that those rare occasions when I hear a throwback masculine male voice anywhere — low, gravelly, self-controlled, rich, active voice — my mind is eased and all seems right with the world.

PS DEFUND NPR

Un-mccained Melody

CH · 7 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> I'm not tired of winning……..Victory! pic.twitter.com/ZAhmFVh9LH
>
> — Lindsey Graham (@LindseyGrahamSC) October 6, 2018

The Trump Effect, or the Dead McCain Effect? Or both?

It's easy to get the impression that Lindsey Graham (R-Trending Straight) is really enjoying the heft of his freshly descended testicles.

Next thing you know, Graham will be haranguing reticent GOPe cucks to "fund the wall or lose your balls!". I look forward to that Lindsey.

The Deep State Traitors Are Rounded Up

CH · 8 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Threads are tied, chess pieces are maneuvered into place, rope is knotted…the Deep State actors who attempted a silent coup of President Trump are about to face their reckoning.

> FBI's smoking gun: Redactions protected political embarrassment, not 'national security' […]
>
> There is now a concrete storyline backed by irrefutable evidence: The FBI allowed itself to take political opposition research created by one party to defeat another in an election, treated it like actionable intelligence, presented it to the court as substantiated, and then used it to justify spying on an adviser for the campaign of that party's duly chosen nominee for president in the final days of a presidential election.
>
> And when, nine months later, the FBI could not prove the allegation of collusion between Trump and Russia, unverified evidence was leaked to the media to try to sustain public support for a continued investigation.

The conclusion drawn by the accumulating evidence is essentially buttressing the same theory I've put forward over the past year and a half: anti-Trump, pro-thecunt elements in the Deep State intelligence and "anti-terrorism" agencies actively and deliberately attempted to sabotage the Trump campaign, and then the Trump Presidency, with false charges of Russia collusion, using various plants and moles to provide superficial pretext, in what amounts to a *coup d'état*. These traitors leveraged concealment afforded by a complicit media which would hide their illegality and skew reporting on the story to allow the coup to proceed unhindered by investigative thoroughness. The media does more damage omitting the truth than it does passing off lies.

But now, finally, the dam is bursting. Trump's smile is the only thing not fake in the DC Swamp. I'm more convinced than ever that Trump knows, and he's about to unravel this moth-eaten sweater just before the midterms.

Related, a Gabber asks,

> Anyone else notice there has not been a single news story/leak/procedural event/rumor/opinion piece about Robert Mueller and the Russian Witch Hunt these past 2 weeks?

We can spin a lot of (competing) theories for why this is so. My bet: Trump has the Deep State dead to rights, and Mueller is spending his remaining weeks quietly trying to provide his allies an escape route.

Clearing out another Deep State tributary, Trump has announced that he believes, like I do, that Christine Bitchqueen-Fraun is a crone cold LIAR.

> President Trump said that Supreme Court Justice Brett Kavanaugh was the victim of a Democrat Hoax, and that allegations of sexual assault levied by multiple women were "all made up" and "fabricated."
>
> In comments made to reporters on the White House driveway, Trump addressed rumors that the Democrats will investigate and attempt to impeach Kavanaugh if they regain control over the House or Senate during midterms.
>
> "So, I've been hearing that now they're thinking about impeaching a brilliant jurist — a man that did nothing wrong, **a man that was caught up in a hoax that was set up by the Democrats using the Democrats' lawyers** — and now they want to impeach him," said Trump.
>
> The President then suggested that the attacks on Kavanaugh will bring conservatives to the polls for midterms:
>
> "I think it's an insult to the American public," said Trump. "The things they said about him — I don't even think he ever heard of the words. It was all made-up. It was fabricated. And it's a disgrace. And I think it's going to really show you something come November sixth."

Trump is right.
Ballcutter-Fraud lied.
Straight up lied like a rug to ruin a man she hates.
She belongs in jail, sentenced for the crime of false sex assault accusation.
Along with all her enablers.
Drain the litter box.

We can't let these agents of the Dweeb State off. If we've learned anything in the Year of Our Trumpening, it's that the Left will hound you to the end of time if you don't first destroy them. There won't be compromise. Not anymore.

That means following up on all the evidence of NeverTrump, DeepState, Clinton, DNC, and Chaimstream Media perfidy. It means NAILING THEIR HIDES to the wall and making an example of them. If it tears our country apart, so be it. The expulsion is necessary for, as a snowflake might say, the healing process to begin.

Find, arrest and prosecute the anti-Trump coup ringleaders in the DOJ, FBI and CIA, past and current administrations.
Find, arrest and prosecute the anti-Kavanaugh ringleaders in the FBI, CIA, and DNC.
Find, arrest and prosecute members of the media who willfully abetted Deep State seditionists.

Anything short of this will only mean more globohomo sedition in the future.

The Empty Threat

CH · 8 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Thousand cock stare. She went cross-eyed from all the shofars pushing her face in.

Let's hope her threat is a promise. Dodged a shameful garbage hour hookup there. This is what winning feels like.

PS You don't even have to ask.

PPS a comment by greinaurora that puts the kippah on a pike:

> When the [special people] accept that the almighty gave them their chance at redemption and they went with "kill dat sucka", felt no remorse about it, and rewrote their ancient religion to revolve around hating christians…
>
> … when they really come to terms with the fact that they're NOT the chosen people…
>
> …they go atheist.
>
> Because narcissists would rather God not exist than stop being the literal center of the universe.

Israeli Jews love President Trump, and I've read that they aren't too keen on the idea of mass migration of American Jews into their homeland. Makes you think.

PPPS A poem, by Hugh Jenniks,

> There once was a yenta named Vershbow,
> Who hated Justice Brett Kavanaugh.
>
> She said "I won't fuck"
> & She said "I won't suck"
>
> And everyone just laughed at the stank ho.

The Uniparty, Explained

CH · 9 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

On the subject of the Globohomo elites "rubbing our noses in Diversity™" agenda, Trevor Goodchild forwarded a screencaptcha from the now-shtetled MPC 'bate forum which explains the motivation of the Uniparty. (Dox and a $20 will get you in, or you can flash a kippah for restricted access.)

It's dark, but accurate.

> *Yeah, I think he overlooked the fact that the coda to his story is the next time Labour finally got power, the mission was to, and I quote, "rub their noses in diversity." After being punished repeatedly at the polls, Labour came to see the common man as an animal and vowed to rub his nose in shit to get revenge on him for voting incorrectly. And for whatever reason (I'd really like to know), the Conservatives embraced the "rub their noses in diversity" agenda with full-throated approval in the ascent of David Cameron. Labour's conclusion after getting drubbed by Thatcher wasn't just "okay, maybe we should give up on outright socialism," it was, "the British people are beyond redemption and must be abolished."*
>
> *I expect our Democrats to do the same thing.*
>
> Yes, this is right with regard to the Democrats' motivation, but it's wrong in supposing that this is only a Democratic plan and that it hasn't started yet. The election of a new people in the United States has been underway for some time now.
>
> And this is a thoroughly bi-partisan project–as it is in the United Kingdom–for the same reasons. The Party of Government (Democrats, Labour) gain both client votes and conditions on the ground requiring an ever-increasing role for government, with a concomitant increase in government budgets, manpower, and client public unions, while the Party of Business (Republicans, Conservatives) gain an ever-growing surplus army of the unemployed/unemployable who massively depress labor costs while at the same time sharply increasing the domestic market's demand without any accompanying fear of labor unrest or organization.
>
> There was a lot of good discussion about the larger motivations behind this move in the United States here not too long ago. While I don't think I can say it was the consensus view, the leading view was that the massive failure of integrating blacks in the aftermath of the civil rights era—most clearly seen in the unprecedented crime wave this failure caused in the 1970s-mid 1980s—left the then-dominant Blue Tribe with the stark choice of either admitting failure on one of it most treasured ideological positions or resolving the matter by submerging the White character of the United States. If the black people couldn't be integrated successfully into White America, **then the only choice left them was the erasure of White America.**

I really believe the biggest stumbling block to national harmony is the White shitlib ego. Shitibs, aka universalists who profess faith in the religion of equalism, can't ever own up to their Big Ideal — their religion's core tenet — being founded on a lie, so they'll burn the nation down before admitting the failure of their belief. If reality works against them, then reality must burn to assuage their egos. If Truth & Beauty belie the shitlib faith, then Lies & Ugliness must supplant them.

This attitude stems from shitlibs priding themselves on their self-perceived smarts. If that goes, they have nothing. No muscles, no charm, no aesthetics, no integrity. If they aren't as smart as they think, as evidenced by the real world discrediting their ideals, then there's nothing left to recommend them. They're just dumb nerds, the lowest of lsmv losers.

Related, anonymous echoes this theme in a comment at Sailer's blog:

> Yeah… somehow I just can't find myself getting worked up into a real fear of the party of trigger warnings, safe spaces, and p*ssy hats. It's what comes after, when you 'useful idiots' are the first to be sent to the gulags

> that's frightening. There's a reason why you and your 'allies' fly into a hysterical fit whenever you're presented with a hard look at facts and it's because at the core, you have to deny reality. No matter what happens in the short term, in the long run, Leftism always fails, even when it's run by steel-toed men with a spine. It would be nice if we as a nation could recognize what a colossal failure it always winds up being; 100 million deaths and many more suffering through starvation, terror and impoverishment across the 20th Century- it probably kinda sucked to be living under it. But I guess there will always be fools who like to shoot holes in the bottom of the boat they're in, so we all get to suffer from your stupidity. So thanks for that. It may take a village to raise a child but it takes resentment, naivety, and willful delusion for him to become a leftist after the 20th Century.

Leftoid rhetoric is unprincipled by design; it's constructed to constantly evade facts, twist facts into facsimiles that superficially buttress the leftoid's beliefs, and project malice onto the bearer of facts to undermine the power of those facts. All of this is necessary to the leftoid because xir knows, deep down inside, that reality is at odds with xir's conception of it. Sophistry is an ego protection mechanism.

The leftoid ego is immune to a lot of attacks but two: carrying vessel annihilation and mockery.

We'll do mockery…as long as it works.

PS What's going on at the MPC Improv? I haven't checked in since PurimMan instituted a tithe to keep out the riff raff and punslingers. Anyhow, I encourage CH denizens who foolishly think they can trust PedestalMan with their personal info to cough up the dough and visit. The forum is a valuable node of dissident thought.

Break Up Amazon And Fund The Wall Three Times Over

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The NY Post has many excellent columnists. Here's Maureen Callahan, with a topical column about the urgent need to trust bust Jeff Bezos's Amazon.

> When Jeff Bezos announced that Amazon would be raising its minimum wage to $15 an hour last week, the reception was rapturous. The Seattle Times called it "the just thing." "Good for them," said President Trump's chief economic adviser Larry Kudlow. "I'm in favor of higher wages." Bloomberg called it proof that "an even higher minimum wage is probably safe for big, productive cities." Senator Bernie Sanders, a chief Bezos antagonist, called it "enormously important." "Unequivocally good news," said The Washington Post.
>
> The latter is owned by Jeff Bezos, an all-too-easily forgotten point these days. Because for all the questions to follow this announcement — Why now? What is Amazon eliminating to pay for this? How much praise does Bezos, recently crowned the World's Richest Man, deserve while paying, as of 2017, a median Amazon income of $28,446? — we are not asking the real one.

$28K? sheesh, what a pennypincher.

> When did we become The United States of Amazon?

"Amazonia" sounds exactly like the post-nation we're careening towards. Lots of jungle, lots of inequality, lots of danger. A place Norman Rockwell wouldn't recognize.

> In his best-selling book "The Four: The Hidden DNA of Amazon, Apple, Facebook and Google,"

FAAG

> Galloway cites some arresting statistics: Far fewer U.S. households have a gun than Amazon Prime, by 30 to 64 percent. More Americans have Prime than voted in 2016 (55 percent), or earn $50,000 or more a year (55 percent), or go to church (51 percent). He calls Amazon's ability to woo Prime subscribers at a $119 yearly cost the equivalent of "entering into a monogamous relationship" with its consumers, who as of 2016 spent, on average, $193 per month. (Non-Prime members average $138 per month.)
>
> From 2006 to 2016 Amazon's stock price growth surged by 1,910 percent, destroying Sears, J.C. Penney, Kmart, Best Buy, Macy's, Nordstrom, Target and Walmart.
>
> Perhaps most importantly: Since the Great Recession, Amazon has paid just $1.4 billion in corporate taxes compared to Walmart's $64 billion.

Eye-popping stat. The southern border Wall is projected to cost $20 billion. If Amazon was fairly taxed, the company could have funded three Walls.

> "We have institutionalized a regressive corporate tax structure at the hands of our idolatry of innovators and Amazon," Galloway says. In 2017, Amazon paid nothing in federal tax.

The bugman idolizes rootless nerd billionaires.

> The company is now on pace to become the largest clothing retailer in the country by 2021 and has become the most valuable company on the planet without ever posting substantial profit.
>
> Think about that. Perhaps no other publicly traded company aside from Tesla has convinced the markets and

> investors of future profitability with such lopsided margins.
>
> And Amazon has made itself such an indispensable part of the supply chain that it sets the price points of just about everything. If you are someone who makes something or sells something, from books to fire pits to flat-screen TVs, Amazon tells you what the market — its market — will bear. Its limitless supply of cash means it can undercut any other retailer in any space it wants to dominate.

MUH FREE MARKET

> In a world where so much is now controlled by so few — there are five big book publishers left, five Hollywood studios, five large health insurers, four phone providers and four cable companies — and this summer AT&T bought Time Warner — Amazon's reach is terrifying.

We live in a Gelded Age of Oligarchs that would make the robber barons of the late 19th Century blush. This is beyond monopoly; this is rule by deracinated techlord. A corporatocracy.

> Its ostensible search for the next city to house its second headquarters has become "the Olympics on steroids," Galloway says, with state and local governments promising tax breaks that would starve funding for schools, police and fire departments. We have a new national holiday, Amazon Prime Day. Alexa and Echo, Amazon's cloud-based voice-operated systems, sit in an estimated 40 million homes and spy on us, reporting our moods, tastes, wants, needs and fears back to HQ.
>
> Yet we don't fear Alexa.

We have become soy-stuffed sheep easily led to the slaughter. Our way of life, our values, our cherished traditions and once-revered institutions, our social accord, our Pleasantvilles….all of it under the butcher's knife, served to the salivating maw of Globohomo.

I never imagined a time in America when the masses would not just tolerate Big Brother, but welcome the all-seeing eye into their bedrooms. And pay for the pleasure!

> Amazon is spending $5 billion on original programming this year and is on pace to outspend Netflix by 2022.

F___ot Doctor Evil (h/t MPC) hates President Trump, as evident by the daily TDS droppings of the newspaper he owns, the Washington Post-Op. If Bezos gets his greedy mitts on a monopolistic stranglehold of streaming video, you can just imagine the amount of anti-Trump, anti-White, anti-American bilge that would spill forth every minute of every day. "93% negative stories on Trump? We can hit 100%! (with no pee breaks)"

> Think about that, Galloway says: A retailer in Seattle as content king. And after announcing a vague health care initiative back in January, stock prices for major health care insurers plummeted — such is Amazon's power that the mere hint of market entry damages long-standing competitors.

Bugopoly.

> Amazon wants to feed, treat, entertain, educate and medicate America — and that's just what it's told us. Nothing Orwellian here, right?

The gay Millennial chimes in: "If you have nothing to hide, there's nothing to worry about" as he hands over his private convos about strapons to server admin bindis and the HR bluehairs they're trying to impress.

> Galloway says that Amazon's new $15 hourly wage needs to be viewed through a much more cynical lens. "Jeff

> Bezos doesn't do anything that's not the smart thing to do," he says. "When Amazon raises their wages so publicly, other people are forced to do so" — thus starving out the competition. It's our new Cold War, he says, and Amazon won't stop at retail. It will outspend every other entity in pursuit of global domination.
>
> And if we ever hope to stop it, we need to understand how we got here.
>
> Our tectonic shift, Galloway believes, was the death of Steve Jobs in 2011. We were already on the path of technology replacing religion, but Jobs, in dying young, "became our Christ, Apple our religion, and the iPhone the cross," says Galloway.

Big Tech became our sex. And as with all nerd-based sex, no one feels satisfied by the experience.

> We have become equally complacent while technology mauls our economy, he says. "We seem to be comfortable, at least in tech, with the 8,000 people who work at headquarters splitting $80 billion in revenue," while lower-wage workers struggle to get by. Business Insider reported that as of this year, Amazon was among the top companies whose employees relied on food stamps. And that $15 minimum wage? In exchange, the company quietly cut monthly bonuses and stock options.

Creative destruction.

> This complicated problem, he says, has a simple answer: Break up Big Tech.
>
> "The key to competitive markets is that no one entity has too much control of the marketplace," he says, adding that no other company has violated anti-trust over the past 100 years as Amazon and its ilk. Bezos' recent support for a universal basic income is alarming, Galloway writes, because it means he sees a near future in which Big Tech permanently puts people out of work.

Soynet. (privatize the profits, socialize the costs, personalize the meaninglessness)

> "Ma Bell couldn't have been easy to break up, and we unleashed 30 years of incredible innovation," Galloway

> says. “Teddy Roosevelt broke up the railroads. If the Department of Justice hadn’t moved in on Microsoft [in 1998], do you think we would have Google? We don’t break companies up because they’re evil or take jobs or don’t pay taxes. We do it because it’s time.”

President Trump has every reason in the world to break up Amazon. Bezos constantly shits in Trump’s face through his newly acquired newspaper. He crushes the middle class and economically and culturally dislocates more vulnerable White Americans under a tide of short-term cheap, long-term expensive Dirt World labor.

Bezos is the villain who immiserates the “Forgotten Americans” Trump vowed to protect. So why isn’t Trump taking action? What’s staying his hand? It’s obvious Bezos fears an anti-trust suit; he’s busy paying off a small army of congressmen to do his bidding and cuck on cue before the almighty Amazon. Is the weak link Jeff Sessions?

Trump should make anti-trust and the Wall his defining issues in 2019 if he wants to lock up 2020.

The Perfidious Shrew

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A tale of horror, from giselle,

> My son was completely duped by a filipina.. she cleaned, cooked and loved him until she got pregnant and married him within 2 1/2 months. She turned on him and he is devastated after she called the police on him and lied, telling them he beat her up! he had to go to jail – we got him out immediately. however we are having to pay 10k for a good lawyer. She is fast-tracking her way to a green card now b/c she is a victim. She even has a youtube channel, talking about women's right. (Rosemarie Aventura – comment if you want to, please -be my guest) I'm debating on creating a gofundme for his legal fees because he wants his baby. Much to be said about women all over the world, not just here.

In this age of PoundMeToo and BELIEVE WAHMEN lies about the infallibility and faultlessness of women, you do a good deed to fight against it with stern reminders that women are capable of perfidy the equal of men. In fact, along certain dimensions of moral depravity, women are capable of MUCH WORSE than are men.

National Review Admits Shekels Come Before Nation

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This is the j__iest thing I have ever read. I was just saying to myself that I really want to make it through a single day without getting smacked in the face by j__ish perfidy, and this day was going well until NRO took a steaming matzo ball on it and dashed my hopes. Another day ruined.

There's so much wrong with this assertion, it's hard to know where to begin discrediting it.

Europe was economically integrated before WWI. So much for that "shekels before nationalism" argument.

There is all the evidence in the world that shekels DON'T alleviate the problems and antagonisms of disparate peoples living in close proximity. See here and here. I predict NRO wormtongues will not read the truths spelled out at those links. Neolib Egos before Truth.

More revealing is NRO's tacit admission that Diversity is our weakness. The craven rootless merchants at NRO know, though they are too cowardly or malicious to openly admit it, that Diversity is an obstacle to be overcome with a sprinkling of Magic Moolah. Like Magic Dirt, somehow, someway, economic activity will make all the problems of a multiracial dystopia disappear, and we'll come together and sing of buttplugs and mocha-colored babies.

Except that has never happened, and won't happen. At least NROniks have given up pushing the lie that Diversity is inherently good. Now they think it's not so great but greed will make it moot.

Ann Coulter retweeted:

> "who cares if the country turns into a polyglot, multiracial favela wracked by neverending inter-ethnic strife as long as i'm gettin paid." — a principled conservative at the National Review

Trevor Goodchild adds,

> Pretty ballsy to top this off with a portrait of Hamilton NRO, you know he loved tariffs and protectionism and would have probably had your entire editorial board shot for treason right?

ah, a shitlord can dream.

***

Courtesy of JimJones,

> If you love wealth greater than liberty,
> The tranquility of servitude greater than the animating contest for freedom,
> Go home from us in peace. We seek not your counsel, nor your arms.
> Crouch down and lick the hand that feeds you;
> May your chains set lightly upon you,
> And may posterity forget that you were our countrymen.

Your Daily Game: A Low-Effort Persuasion Trick

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Game literature as well as generic persuasion how-tos include a seduction technique known as “future pacing”. It is one of the most powerful persuasion tools and can rapidly intensify the comfort stage of a pickup.

Naturally, Trump the Master of Seduction is familiar with future pacing. From a Gabber,

> we need to radicalize the White Wamens
>
> and Trump showed exactly how to do that – use emotional language, not stats & facts
>
> imagine it was your husband or father or brother or son that this [kavanaugh’s show trial] was happening to
>
> imagine that it was someone you love who you know was innocent and some left-wing bitch decided to destroy his life over politics, cause he doesn’t agree with her on abortion
>
> what would you do?
>
> btw, that’s a key little Persuasion Phrase there, telling someone to imagine something
>
> it works even if the person you’re trying to manipulate knows you’re trying to manipulate them
>
> ppl can’t help but imagine something you tell them to imagine
>
> imagine an elephant, imagine you’re an astronaut, imagine you’re old and dying, imagine you’re a kid again
>
> see?

The ease and simplicity of this powerful tactic is the word “imagine”. When you’re with a girl, start a sentence with “imagine”. Build a vajnette around it. Lead her where you want her mind to go…

“Imagine you get carried away on an ecstatic high from meeting someone new, someone exciting…”

The pussibilities are endless.

Physiognomy Is Réal

CH · 10 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a bronze death mask of Napoleon, cast 40 hours after his death. Examine the phyzz, and weep for our Current Year Soys, because degeneration is real.

Le 100% Shitlorde Visage.

Look at that manly mien. What do you think a man like that, if he lived today, would do with SJWs moaning about safe spaces and “White privilege”? Put them out of their misery, I bet, and then wipe his sword clean on their Harry Potter t-shirts.

This is the face of man in the pre-soy, pre-vidja, pre-pron, pre-endocrine disruptor age. All hard angles and manifest testosterone. Glory, not gloryhole face.

In contrast, a bronze death mask of an open-mouthed John Scalzi could double as a candlestick.

More tellingly, admire the size of Napoleon's skullcap. He was a big-brained nibba. Maybe the augurs and geneticists are right…we Westerners really are getting stupider and softer.

PS Napoleon looks more frou frou in paintings than he does in his IRL death mask. It's interesting that contemporaneous painters in Napoleon's time tended to feminize the faces of male nobility and leaders. Maybe men were so damned high T back then that it was considered artful to "take some edge off" and present them in a less intimidating way to a predominantly aristocratic buyers' market? Or maybe, given the fashion at the time of gaudy petticoats, wigs, and face powder, painters rarely painted their subjects in less pampered contexts?

The Fuggernaut

CH · 10 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's a literal freak show:

> Navy petty officer wins transgender bodybuilding contest
>
> ATLANTA — It's been 20 years since Charles Bennett took the stage to compete in bodybuilding. But at the age of 63, he's now done something he's never done before — compete as a man for the first time in what's billed as the world's only transgender bodybuilding competition.

"he".

I hope you haven't eaten recently, because you know what's coming next…

.

.

.

the photographic boof:

You put the deviant under your boot, or the deviants put you under their boots. There is no middle ground, no “tolerance”. The choice is civilization, or dystopia.

FYI above pic confirms stereotypes about black women’s inborn masculinity. It’s easier (more believable) for a black woman to pass herself off as a black man than it is for a White woman (even the butchest of dykes) to pass as a White man. White lesbo tranny freaks have the layer of wintry insulating fat that the tropical trannies don’t.

PS This is not a parody. Have we hit Peak Poz? (trick question, there is no peak, only a bottomless pit.)

> 'Quantum physics really helped me understand my queer identity.' pic.twitter.com/GNqt7jfGT5
>
> — BBC (@BBC) October 8, 2018

A Memetic Killshot: The NPC Meme

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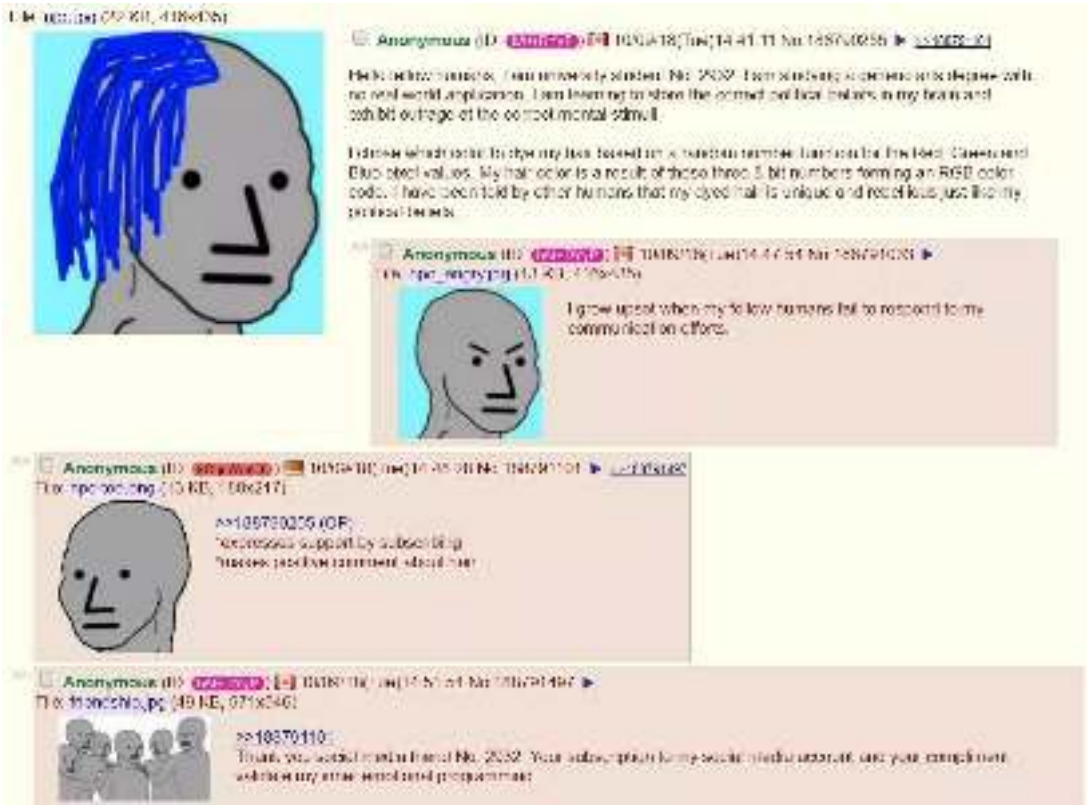
The NPC meme is the best meme since Pepe. This thing has legs.

SJWs and generic unaffiliated shitlibs have two thermal exhaust ports: they are most vulnerable to mockery which targets their fears of being conformist suckups and of being unoriginal, predictable bores.

The NPC meme — a humanoid graphic which substitutes a blank ASCII face for expressiveness, to which is attached standard neolib boilerplate — is the sort of soulkilling reminder that the SJW hordes don't think for themselves and lean on digestible anti-White pabulum to help them feel unique. It's a clever repurposing of the autism slur to apply to social media consumed leftoids who mouth late night talk show shibboleths thinking it makes them renegades.



Once again, the fine volk at /pol/ earn the coveted Chateau Shiv of the Week for their NPC meme addition to the memescape.

PS How will you know the NPC meme has pierced shitlib vitals? By their wails of protest, of course:

ps NPC is a role-playing video game acronym meaning Non-Player Character. NPCs were stock characters inserted into games to help progress the storyline. They said the same lines every time you met them, which is where the

humor of the meme originates.

The Eternal Solipsism Of The Female Whine

CH · 11 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is already old news, but worth posting about because it's a showcase of the female id completely unleashed. Read on, and feel your horror and revulsion grow (and your boner run for hiding).

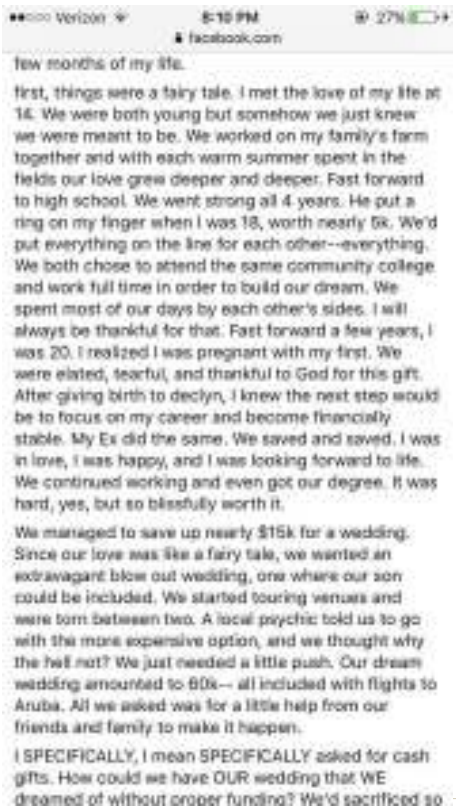
Dear Friends,

It comes with great sadness that I am announcing the cancellation of the [redacted] Wedding. I apologize for cancelling only 4 days beforehand. Unfortunately, [redacted] and I have broken up due to some recent and irreparable problems. We have decided to end our relationship and not go forth with any future proceedings. However, we are remaining civil and are still a team for our son. After hours of tears, mental exhaustion, and even disassociation, I have come to this decision. In one hour after posting this status, I am going to delete my Facebook. Social media has caused me only paranoia and toxicity. I will be spending these next two months backpacking in South America, exploring my soul and ridding myself of toxic energy brought on by my friends and family-- the ones who I thought could trust the most. Hence, I will be out of the country for all of October and November. Please don't contact me. When I'm ready, I may make a new Facebook and add friends/family that haven't fucking stabbed me in the back.

How did this all come crashing down? Well, I invite you all on Facebook-- players, bystanders, and side characters of the people in my life-- to take a seat and listen. You're all involved somehow, somehow everyone is wrapped into this mess. Even if you weren't invited to my wedding, I don't care. You might hear of the drama and I'd rather you hear it from me. I'm not asking for sympathy. I just want to tell my story.

Before I begin this mini novel, I invite all of you (including the CUNTS who have ruined my marriage and life) to put yourselves in my shoes. For once, let me take the stage and let me voice the most painful few months of my life.

"For once, let me take the stage" Just a hunch, but I'll bet she's taken the stage many times in her life.



few months of my life.

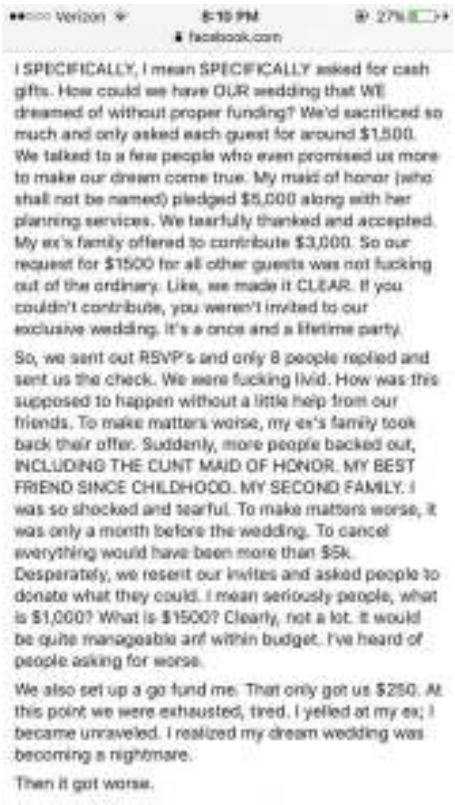
first, things were a fairy tale. I met the love of my life at 14. We were both young but somehow we just knew we were meant to be. We worked on my family's farm together and with each warm summer spent in the fields our love grew deeper and deeper. Fast forward to high school. We went strong all 4 years. He put a ring on my finger when I was 18, worth nearly 5k. We'd put everything on the line for each other--everything. We both chose to attend the same community college and work full time in order to build our dream. We spent most of our days by each other's sides. I will always be thankful for that. Fast forward a few years, I was 20. I realized I was pregnant with my first. We were elated, tearful, and thankful to God for this gift. After giving birth to declyn, I knew the next step would be to focus on my career and become financially stable. My Ex did the same. We saved and saved. I was in love, I was happy, and I was looking forward to life. We continued working and even got our degree. It was hard, yes, but so blissfully worth it.

We managed to save up nearly $15k for a wedding. Since our love was like a fairy tale, we wanted an extravagant blow out wedding, one where our son could be included. We started touring venues and were torn between two. A local psychic told us to go with the more expensive option, and we thought why the hell not? We just needed a little push. Our dream wedding amounted to 60k-- all included with flights to Aruba. All we asked was for a little help from our friends and family to make it happen.

I SPECIFICALLY, I mean SPECIFICALLY asked for cash gifts. How could we have OUR wedding that WE dreamed of without proper funding? We'd sacrificed so

Great, another single mom to add to the flowering dystopia that is America. When I read this excerpt, I'm reminded of that newspaper delivery boy in one of those '80s John Cusack cult classic movies, who rides his bike furiously after Cusack's character trying to collect his "$2" payment. MY TWO DOLLARS, I WANT MY TWO DOLLARS.

HOW CAN WE HAVE OUR WEDDING WITHOUT PROPER FUNDING?! PROPER FUNDING!!!



I SPECIFICALLY, I mean SPECIFICALLY asked for cash gifts. How could we have OUR wedding that WE dreamed of without proper funding? We'd sacrificed so much and only asked each guest for around $1,500. We talked to a few people who even promised us more to make our dream come true. My maid of honor (who shall not be named) pledged $5,000 along with her planning services. We tearfully thanked and accepted. My ex's family offered to contribute $3,000. So our request for $1500 for all other guests was not fucking out of the ordinary. Like, we made it CLEAR. If you couldn't contribute, you weren't invited to our exclusive wedding. It's a once and a lifetime party.

So, we sent out RSVP's and only 8 people replied and sent us the check. We were fucking livid. How was this supposed to happen without a little help from our friends. To make matters worse, my ex's family took back their offer. Suddenly, more people backed out, INCLUDING THE CUNT MAID OF HONOR. MY BEST FRIEND SINCE CHILDHOOD. MY SECOND FAMILY. I was so shocked and tearful. To make matters worse, it was only a month before the wedding. To cancel everything would have been more than $5k. Desperately, we resent our invites and asked people to donate what they could. I mean seriously people, what is $1,000? What is $1500? Clearly, not a lot. It would be quite manageable anf within budget. I've heard of people asking for worse.

We also set up a go fund me. That only got us $250. At this point we were exhausted, tired. I yelled at my ex; I became unraveled. I realized my dream wedding was becoming a nightmare.

Then it got worse.

"CASH UP FRONT, CUNTS" ==> marriage material.

FYI, translating from Unholy Bitch-ese, "I've heard of people asking for worse" means "I have a lot of allies in email. I swear."

My ex came into the room and offered to get a vegas wedding done. I laughed in his face, but he was dead serious. He wanted those cheap, raggedy, filthy, whore like vegas weddings. I mean WHAT the fuck?? Was he out of his mind? Am I some Hooch piece of fucking trash, a hooker? Am I supposed to like the idea of getting married in the heart of shady gamblers, alcoholics, and the get rich fast fallacy? Suddenly, my body began to shake as I entered a panic attack.

My ex left the room and didn't apologize for his horrid suggestion. I then called my maid of honor and cried my eyes out. Instead of sympathy, I was told that I was asking for way too much and I should stick to my budget. I mean..no words can describe. How could someone who offered me THOUSANDS OF FUCKING DOLLARS then deny me MY promised money and then tell me to shift down my budget???? She KNOWS my fucking DREAM was a blowout wedding. I just wanted to be a kardashian for a day and then live my life like normal. I called her a filthy fucking poor excuse of a friend, and hung up.

Then she blocked me off all social media. Rumors swirled. I received anonymous threats. My ex stayed out later and later and I have a feeling he even cheated.

My bridesmaids climbed on the boat with my maid of honor and dissed me. They essentially told me I was crazy. They asked for their deposit back...so I said fuck YOU. I refuse to give it back until they can pay me back for their emotional distress.

My ex started to talk to my maid of honor and gossip about me behind my back. I overheard him talking in the basement when he called me a stuck up bitch. I

The romance is dead in this soulless termagant. Men are the romantic sex, women are the avaricious sex. A man thinks a Vegas wedding, while cheesy, is also romantic. What better tribute to the love for each other than a vow made under financial constraints? Some women would agree, others would grin and bear it, and a few distilled cunts like this broad would break up an engagement over the merest suggestion.

“She KNOWS my fucking DREAM was a blowout wedding”

Lady, everyone has dreams, that doesn’t mean everyone deserves $60K to fulfill their dreams. If you want to realize your DREAM, then put in the work and don’t expect others to hoist you on a cloud of your own petulant megalomaniacal egotism.

“I just wanted to be a kardashian for a day…”

lol like it would only be a day. This bitch would be whoring it up with mace dindus until kid #2 was delivered to the sound of nurses dropping their trays in shock.

Do you hear the resignation in her voice? That's what's happening to shitlibs all over America in the age of Trump. It's music to the ears.

Moral of the tale: American women have become insufferable. We need a Patriarchal Reset.

Brazil's Trump

CH · 11 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to add another international shitlord to the select few who could qualify as ZFG Trumpian figures: Brazil's Jair Bolsonaro. In this video, he confronts a Brazilian femcunt reporter after she falsely accuses him of being a rapist:

> Bolsonaro is constantly on thot patrol pic.twitter.com/AUmnkRCY3a
>
> — Vincent James (@RealVinceJames) October 10, 2018

Verdict: THOT PATROLLED

"I'd never rape you because you don't deserve it."

That isn't a neg, it's a hamster nuke. I see nothing but tufts of fur bouncing around like tumbleweed. Bolsonaro just told this bitch that his cock is so good and she's so ugly that she hasn't earned a raping.

There's more good stuff. He calls her a slut, tells her to "go play the victim now", threatens a retaliatory slap if she slapped him, and pushes her on the shoulder when she gets in his face. All she can do in reply is sputter "What is this?!". Which is what all nasty cunts would do if they were called out on their man-hating shit.

Bolsonaro is a hero for defending himself against the FRA Pussyhat cuntsortium. He's more Trump than Trump. And last I checked, he was leading in the polls.

More Bolsonaro quotes:

> Pinochet should have killed more people.
>
> ***
>
> It's my advice and I do it: I evade all the taxes I can.
>
> ***
>
> I never hit my ex-wife. But many times I wanted to shoot her.
>
> ***
>
> I will not fight against it nor discriminate, but if I see two men kissing on the street, I'll beat them up.
>
> ***
>
> If one's son begins acting kind of gay, then when he is spanked he'll change his behavior.

***

Preta, I'm not going to discuss promiscuity with anyone. I don't run that risk because my children are well educated and they don't live in the promiscuous environment such as is, unfortunately, yours. [ed: LOL]

***

PSOL is party of dicks and faggots. I will respond to the senator with toilet paper.

***

I would be incapable of loving a gay son. I wouldn't be a hypocrite. I prefer that he die in an accident than show up with a mustachioed man.

***

The day of losers. [About the United Nation's International Human Rights Day]

***

The scum of the world is arriving in Brazil, as if we didn't have enough problems to resolve.

***

If I were a cadet in the Agulhas Negras Military Academy and saw you on the street I would whistle at you.

***

This idea of oh poor little black person, oh poor little poor person, oh poor little woman, oh poor little indigenous person, everybody's a poor little something!

***

Since we are a Christian country, God above all. This history of a secular state doesn't exist, no. The state is Christian and the minority that is against it can leave. Let's make a country for majority! The minority must bow to the majority. Law must exist to defend the majority! The minority suits itself [to the law] or just disappears. [ed: that's what separate nations are for]

***

I was at a *quilombo*. The slightest afrodescendant weighed 7 *arrobas* [230 pounds]. They don't do anything. I don't think they even serve for procreation anymore. [ed: a quilombo is a black settlement in the Brazilian hinterlands]

***

Has anyone ever seen any Japanese begging? It's a race that has shame in its face.

***

I have five children. There were four men, the fifth I got weak and a woman came out. [ed: LOL]

***

I used that housing allowance money to fuck people. Are you satisfied? Because that's the answer you deserve.

***

What debt [of slavery]? I never enslaved anyone in my life. Look, if you really look at history, the Portuguese didn't even step foot in Africa. The blacks themselves turned over the slaves.

***

With distance education, you help to combat Marxism. [ed: is this the brazilian term for home schooling?]

***

Jesus Christ was not totally passive. He drove the money changers from the temple. If he had a firearm, he'd have used it.

Congratulations, Jair Bolsonaro, you (along with Orban, Salvini, and Trump) have won a VIP guest pass to stay at Le Chateau Heartiste for as long as you'd like. OUR NUMBERS GROW

Jay in DC adds,

> This man, Trump, Italian Prime Minister, Austrian PM, and Viktor Orban should sign a new agreement of some sort, The Great Reset. Call it whatever you want but it would allow for immediate consequences such as this for shit-lib cunts who think they are 'safe' when a news camera is there.
>
> She just… like… COULDN'T EVEN… like, WOW, just wow. He almost bitch slapped her and would have been well within his rights. She will go home tonight and furiously flick her bean until its raw and bloody thinking about how he treated her like she secretly wishes to be treated.
>
> Repeal the 19th worldwide indeed. White Sharia now. (Or whatever you want to call it, you get the idea)

PS Is this a perfect manifestation of the Trump Curse?

Princess Privilege

CH · 11 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is an unsettling but all-too-real personal anecdote from Anonymous about how utterly self-entitled and, quite frankly, UNHINGED American women have become.

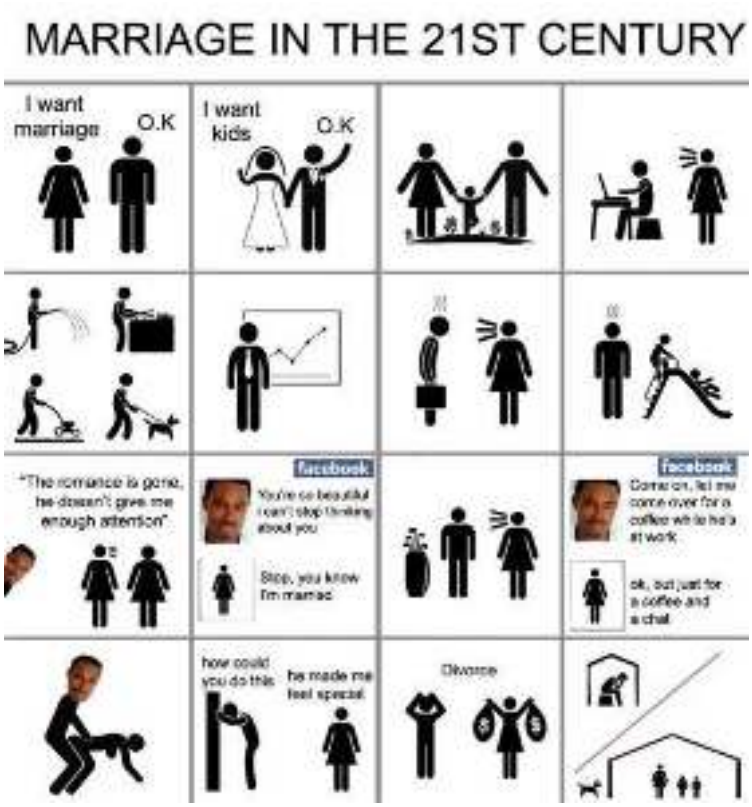
> Oh, this is real. Your average modern woman is effectively a prostitute who dashes with your cash before delivering the gash.
>
> A number of years ago, a good friend's wife quit her six figure lawyercunt job to go learn Graphic Design. My friend, bless his heart, supported this both emotionally and financially as they dropped to just his income and she racked up $40k in tuition expenses over 2 years.
>
> She graduates and now needs a job. Problem is, she's terrible at design so no one will hire you.
>
> At the time, I was building a startup and needed some branding. My friend asks if I could let her bid on the project, so as a favor, I throw her a bone. "I need a concept for branding and logo, get me some ideas and a proposal in the next month and if I like it, I'll hire you."
>
> She's on it, or so she says.
>
> Three weeks in I inquire as to how it's going as I haven't heard a peep. "Working hard, it's looking great!" She replies. I tell her I am looking forward to seeing the concepts and proposal next week and can we pin down a date to meet. I get no reply to this last one but whatever, it's not a priority an this is favor after all.
>
> The next week passes and then another and I make an inquiry. "Almost done! You're gonna love it!" She says.
>
> Three more weeks pass and my inquiries about the project go unanswered…
>
> At this point, I need this done so I end up contacting a designer I'd worked with before and a week later we've got a contract for him to do the job.
>
> Startup launches and I get a call from my friend's wife, "What the fuck?!?!? You told me that was my job??"
>
> I said that I was sorry I didn't let her know earlier that I'd picked someone else but things are busy and she missed the deadline by a country mile and wasn't responding so I had to pick someone else who could execute on time.
>
> "But I worked so hard on this! It's all ready to show you! I've put in 80 hours on this project, so you owe me!" She replied.
>
> However, since she's my friend's wife, how about I take she and her husband out for dinner to say thanks for trying.
>
> "No way! I did this whole project as you asked. We had an agreement and I'm not letting you back out on it."
>
> I remind her that our "agreement" was that she would produce a proposal and concept for my approval and that if she chose to do a bunch of work I hadn't approved nor agreed to, that this was going to be a very unfortunate lesson for her as without a contract or approval she was not even due a kill fee.
>
> As I am on the phone with her, I receive an email from her with the "work." Attached are a single page of childish sketches in black and white with what appears to be a branding proposal template on work to be done along with an invoice for 80 hours at $350 per.
>
> I laugh.
>
> "I'm serious! You HAVE to pay me!" She's now apoplectic.
>
> Actually, I tell her, I don't. We don't even have a verbal agreement for any of this. You missed the deadline for submission and you've done a bunch of work without getting client approval or any sort of contract so I don't owe you anything. What you have sent me is not a finished product, it's barely a proposal.

> “Then I’ll sue!”
>
> I mention that she certainly can but she would lose, badly and end up owing me legal fees. I tell her that I am not interested in continuing the conversation and say goodbye.
>
> A few weeks later I get a text from my friend who is married to the shrew. Evidently we can’t be friends anymore. I tell him that I understand and wish him well with all that.
>
> What post-modern feminism has wrought is not equality, but the demand to enshrine princess privilege in law.
>
> Fortunate, friend saw the light and bailed on that marriage, I’m proud of that lad even if it took him long enough.
>
> Women are miserable because their in-group think tells them to strive for the opposite of what their limbic system wants, which is a firm hand and a man who is not afraid to walk away from the table. Anyone who tells you different is trying to sell you something.
>
> Be strong.

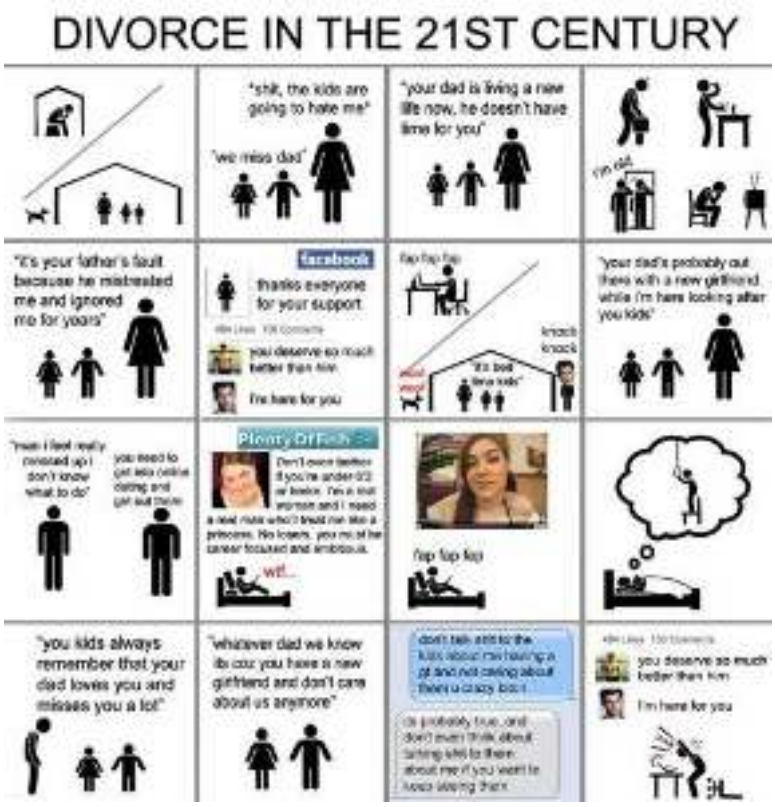
There is no “White Privilege”; there is, however, Princess Privilege, alive and fully operative, dragging Western Civ into the abyss with it.

Marriage, And Divorce, In The 21st Century

CH · 11 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Later…



Zoomable links here and here.

It’s funny cuz it’s tragic.

¡SCIENCE!: Jizz Distance Is Predictive Of Relationship Strength

CH · 12 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Recall the classic CH post "Hotter Women, Better Sex". It set off a firestorm of wow just wows from feminists and betaboys who wandered into the free fire zone. That post put forth a self-evident proposition that would seem profound and dangerous in our age of willful ignorance:

The hotter the woman, the better the sex will be for the man banging her.

> I suspect the people who think that men chase hot girls the most feverishly so as to lord it over other men have an agenda. They want to believe that human nature is not immutable; that with the right amount of peer pressure and fist-shaking at the media juggernaut men's desires can be altered — tamed — to accommodate their conceit. And pride is malleable where thermonuclear blasts of lust are not.
>
> If, on the other hand, men pursue the best-looking women at the behest of hidden compulsions buried deep in the reptilian cores of their brains, then there is nothing can be done to change this fact of manhood and what it means for less attractive girls.
>
> How your body responds to a woman during sex tells the tale. The hotter I find the girl, the better the sex is, all else being equal. Since men remember sex acts with crystal clear clarity, it's easy for me to recall the exact specifications of my sexual encounters with each woman in my life. Not to put too fine a point on it, but my jizzbombs were heavier and the distance ejected farther with the prettier girls. Since this is something I cannot consciously control, it is proof of the innate characteristics of the male sex drive.

A dandy and indeed handy chart was included:

> In the interest of science, I've put my beauty-to-cumload comparison in a handy chart:
>
hotness of woman	size of load	squirt distance
0	*	*
1	*	*
2	*	*
3	pre-cum only	had to be squeezed out
4	droplet	dribble
5	<5 grams	2 cm
6	fills bellybutton	3 inches
7	1 tbsp	8 inches
8	2 tbsps	1.5 feet
9	1/4 cup	3 feet
10	gallon**	5 yards**

> *insufficient data
> **extrapolation

Years later, SCIENCE would tardily catch up to Chateau wisdom and vindicate that handy dandy chart presenting the direct connection between female hotness and male lust:

> ***Slimmer Women's Waist is Associated with Better Erectile Function in Men Independent of Age.***
>
> ***
>
> I think the abstract speaks for itself. However, for the benefit of the short bussers: The men in the study got harder, stronger, bigger boners with the physically better-looking women. The men also had more frequent sex

> when they were having it with younger, hotter, tighter women. And finally, the men reported more sexual satisfaction when their sexual partners were hotter, thinner women with sexy hourglass shapes.
>
> Young, slender, hot babes are nature's Viagra, capable of inflating even an old man's wrinkled wurst to heights of former glory.

But wait, there's more! The "hotter women = better sex" CH aphorjism has, once again, been indirectly confirmed by scientific vigor (this time in a manner taken from the woman's point-of-view, "bigger jizzbombs = happier women"). Courtesy of Rolf Degen, one of the few remaining bright spots on Twatter, a study shows…

> About half of all women reported getting off on men's ejaculation.
>
> ***
>
> The Importance of Male Ejaculation for Female Sexual Satisfaction and Function

This is the very first study to explore the importance of male ejaculation volume and intensity for women's sexual functioning... This was a cross-sectional online survey including 240 sexually active, heterosexual women, using study-specific questions and validated questionnaires.

This represents an important research gap, because 50.43% of women in our study considered it very important that the partner ejaculates during vaginal intercourse. Furthermore, almost every second woman (55.7% and 59.2%, respectively) also reported that she experienced a more intensive orgasm depending on whether her partner ejaculated and depending on his ejaculation intensity (ie, louder moaning and heavier breathing)... Women with positive expectations regarding the effects of their partners' ejaculation on their orgasm might display specific behaviours that will in turn help them experience an orgasm. They might be more relaxed than other women or get more aroused noticing a forthcoming ejaculation, which in turn might intensify their own orgasms... In addition, a significant correlation between the importance of ejaculation and lifelong overall sexual functioning could be detected. Women with a better sexual functioning considered ejaculation more important compared with women reporting more sexual complaints...

Overall, only a minority of women considered ejaculatory characteristics such as expelled ejaculate as a reflection of their own attractiveness. For those who did, ejaculation was considered more important for women who believed that the ejaculation volume reflected their sexual attractiveness. This link between ejaculate volume and a women's felt attractiveness might ground on evolutionary instincts but also on cognitive-affective reasons. Women might perceive a higher ejaculation volume as an indicator of greater evolutionary fitness owing to higher fertility (although studies have failed to find a link between greater sperm volume and higher fertility)... Also, the perception of a large ejaculation volume can make the woman feel "sexy" and wanted... Future studies are clearly needed to investigate whether and how ejaculatory disorders such as anorgasmia can impact women's sexual function and satisfaction, because our results clearly show how ejaculatory characteristics can influence women's sexual well-being... Although male ejaculation and its different aspects seem to play an important role for women, the study demonstrates a considerable variability of women's attitudes toward ejaculatory characteristics.

That face you make when you came but ¡SCIENCE! still sucking.

I'll unpack the goodness stuffed into that study.

1. half of women have stronger orgasms when their men ejaculate first
2. half of women have stronger orgasms when their men's jizzbombs are fuller, thicker, farther
3. women who considered their partner's ejaculation an important part of their sex lives had better lifelong sexual functioning
4. a significant minority of women considered jizzbomb volume, distance, and accompanying theatrics a reflection of their own attractiveness
5. the size of a man's load was especially important to a woman's self-perceived SMV ("the perception of a large ejaculation volume can make the woman feel sexy and wanted")

Talk about a BOMBSHELL of a study. The CH formulation — hotter women means better sex for men — is confirmed accurate by its inverse: more intense blasts of ropey jizz mean women with higher self-esteems because their desirability as sexual objects is expulsively validated.

Or: the reinforcing feedback loop runs both ways: men are more aroused by hotter women, and women feel hotter when men are more aroused, (especially if the male arousal takes the form of something that is outside a man's conscious control, such as the size, strength, texture and distance of his ejaculate).

From this, we can safely conclude jizz volume and distance are predictive of relationship strength, because a woman who feels sexier and hotter with her man is a woman who won't be eager to blow up the relationship. And a man who cums harder with a woman similarly won't be cavalier about losing access to a rare pleasure-maximizing input.

The cosmic order is a harmonious thing of timeless beauty.

PS Short and tall women are sluttier and crazier than medium-height women. So if you want to make a lady your main, find a miss whose height isn't a strain. (my guess is that short and tall women have to compete more for hsmv male attention, thus the sluttiness and craziness)

Soul of a woman was created below

CH · 12 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Another tale of marriage dissolution horror. Luckily, this one has a happy ending (i.e., the man didn't get reamed by the State for once). From shivsnasty,

> The mental gymnastics that women exercise to excuse what I would deem evil behavior is something I could never wrap my head around until I stumbled upon this blog.

That mental gymnastic has a name:

[image]

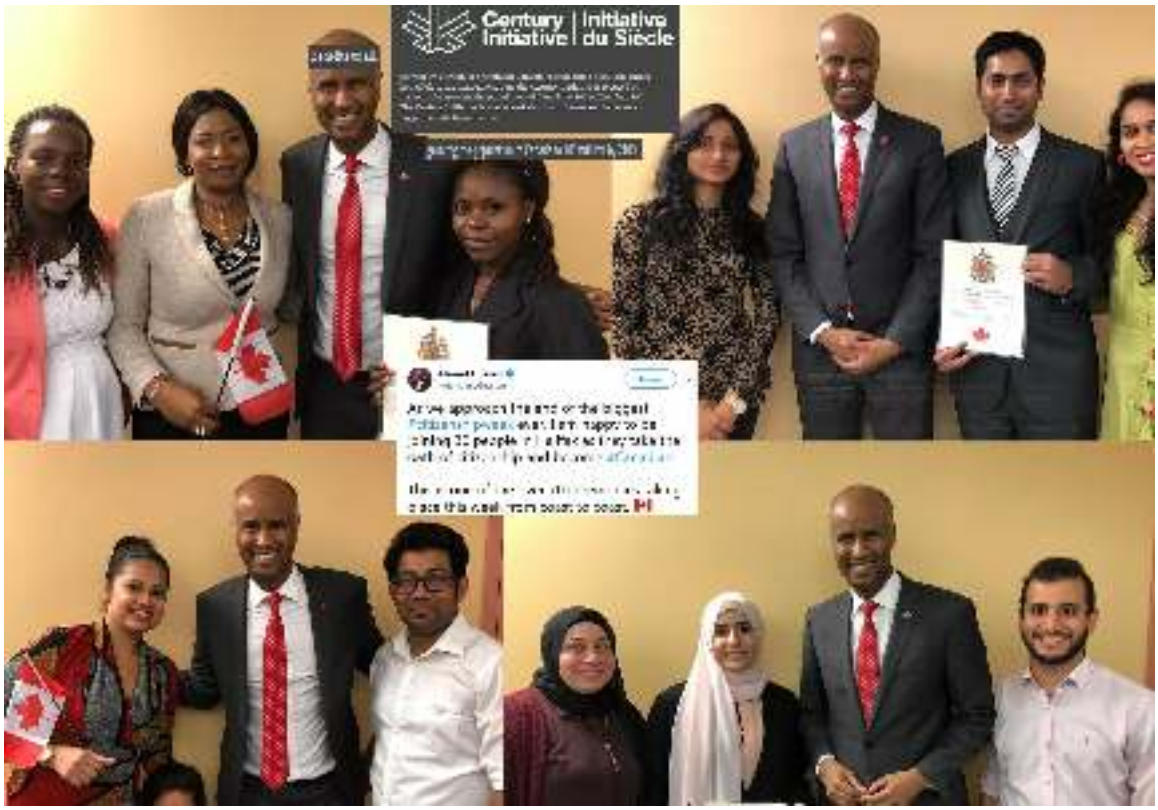
> Many years ago, my older brother had three children with his now ex-wife. Great father, great provider. Worked a steady job plus extra gigs on the side to bring in extra income. Bought into a business and became the sole owner. Things were good, kids doing well in school, family vacations – the whole bit. He catches his wife in an affair, files for divorce. She goes crazy because Virginia is one of two states where infidelity voids all spousal support. She took him to court to sue for support anyway – and actually tried to make the argument that the amount of work and amount of hours he put into his business was proof that he had walked out on the marriage. Her argument was that her having an affair wasn't really an affair because his "abandonment" was where the marriage really ended . The judge – who incidentally was a woman – gave her the most brutal verbal beat-down I've ever seen. She told her that she was the living embodiment of self-centeredness and had an over-inflated sense of self-importance. Found her guilty of infidelity. She had to get a job, sell the house and share custody. She also had to watch helplessly as he went on to expand his business and rake in even more.
>
> It was divorce porn for men.

"Evil" is the right word to describe a woman who cheats and then tries to shift the blame onto her husband for working too hard to prevent her from cheating.

Learn Game, Wives Tamed. Game can spare the world of Evil!

“Canadians”

CH · 12 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Zoomable link. For some ungodly reason, Gaynadian immigration authorities want to increase Gaynada’s population to 100 million by 2100, by filling the country up with Dirt World detritus, despoiling their environment, crowding their roads, making their cities unlivable and their housing unaffordable and their schools warehouses of the worst sorts of social dysfunction…

…all to make Justine Truvada and his army of catladies feel a warm fuzzy in their fuzzboxes.

PS Canada, take note, this is what progress looks like:

> Protester demands that GOP Senator @BillCassidy “apologize to my children for ruining their futures.”
>
> Cassidy looks at the kids: “Guess what? Your parents are using you as tools. In the future if somebody makes an allegation against you & there’s no proof for it, you’ll be OK.” pic.twitter.com/y6WKtPhpYO
>
> — Benny (@bennyjohnson) October 12, 2018

CRUSH THE CATLADIES

CH · 12 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

See this smirking, chortling sociopath Ballcutter-Fraud…

…I want her humiliated in the eyes of the public, of her peers, and of her family, for what she has done to Brett Kavanaugh and his family.

I want Blasey-Ford destroyed and her cat turd worldview crushed until no one will follow her anywhere and her name becomes synonymous with lunatic man-hating pussyhat shrews.

There is Evil, and there is Good, and you can easily see both in that comparison graphic above.

The Rebel Alliance Secret Hand Signal

CH · 12 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Springboarding off this post by AE, I remembered a funny little thing I saw recently at a traffic light. Two pickups were idling in adjacent lanes. The drivers were White men. The driver on the right had his arm dangling out of the window, lightly slapping against the door. He looked over at the other driver and made a very unmistakeable OK sign and smiled. The other guy laughed and nodded, which I was able to see through the windshield glare.

It may have been nothing. Just two dudes who may or may not know each other passing an innocent greeting between them.

Or…

#DaChosenKnow!

Challahwood's Trump Derangement Syndrome

CH · 15 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Why is Hollywood going berserk about Trump and his supporters? One theory I have: Trumpism and the culture of realtalk that have surrounded his rise to (even more) power have thrown into stark relief just how freaking emasculated so many Hollywood actors are, and how slutty the actresses are. This is "howls from the shivved id" stuff on display.

Heather points out that Hollywood is reacting to its loss of allure (i.e., loss of SMV):

> Hollywood has gone insane because deep down they know, the mystery is gone. We've seen behind the curtain, and nothing is ever going to be the same. Americans can't escape reality for the price of a ticket anymore, because they allowed real life come in & it killed the fantasy. They have no one to blame but themselves.

This is it, on a hindbrain level. The mystery, the glamour…it's gone. These celebs will never awe anyone again. We see them for what they are — dumb, entitled, mentally weak leftist conformists who take Weinstein cum to the face and throw pedo pool parties. This kills them inside, and they blame Trump. MeToo revealed their degeneracy and depravity (from both sexes), and they lash out at the world, finding in Trump a locus for their impotent butthurt rage.

It doesn't help that Trump is "one of them" who managed to earn the REAL power they so desperately envision belongs to them.

Couldn't happen to a viler bunch of people.

> Do you think there is a chance for the actors that didn't get political & who stayed on that higher ethereal plane where the public can project their own dreams/desires on to them, can come out ahead if they adapt early to a new medium?

Closet cons can manage that old school fame allure because they have to hide their politics to work. Celebs have allowed their egos to get too big and now think the public wants to hear them yammering about politics. Actors who stay circumspect about their off-camera opinions will be positioned in this highly volatile and caustic pre-civil war 2 environment to recapture the public's imagination.

And That Shitlord Kid Went “HA HAAWW”

CH · 15 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Is Avenatti a hired stooge to make Trump look good?

From MPC Status Updates (which had to be relayed to me through ten degrees of separation, thx Privateforumman),

> President Trump is the only human being on the planet to ever get a refund from a hooker.

Sublime NPC Meme Art

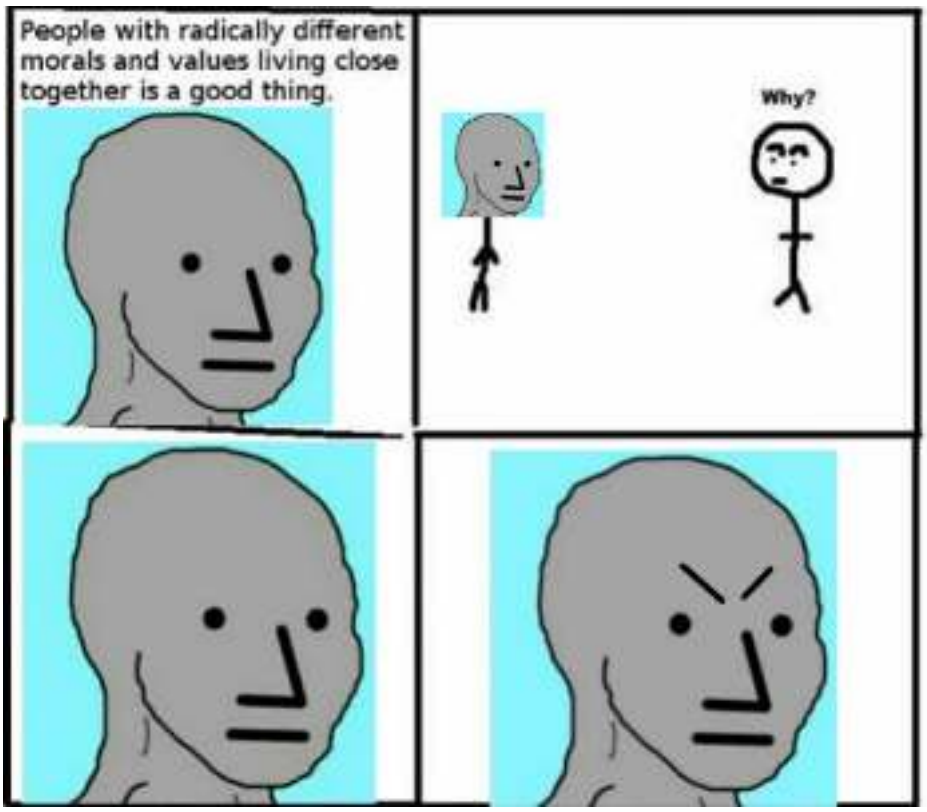
CH · 15 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From DEUSVULT,

> The NPC is immunized against all dangers: one may call him a SJW, soyboy, dangerhair, cuck, it all runs off him like water off a raincoat. But call him an NPC and you will be astonished at how he recoils, how injured he is, how he suddenly shrinks back: “I’ve been found out.”

Heh. This meme is really getting under the skin of conformist suckup shitlibs.

More NPC art:


People with radically different morals and values living close together is a good thing.
Why?

DIVERSITY IS OUR GREATEST STRENGTH
YOUR CULTURAL AND ETHNICAL DIFFERENCES
WILL BE ADDED TO OUR OWN
YOU WILL BE ASSIMILATED

Deep State Update: Drain The FBI And DOJ

CH · 16 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The latest revelation of Deep State perfidy evident in the connection between a Pakistani immigrant limo driver who killed twenty White Americans in New York and Christine Blasey-Ford's longtime FBI friend Monica McLean would have shocked me a mere few years ago.

Today? I shrug. Business as usual. Totally expected.

> Mystery as Christine Ford's FBI Lawyer Pal Is Linked to Owner of Limo Company That Killed 20 People in NY
>
> Monica McLean, the best pal of Kavanaugh-accuser Christine Ford, is linked to the case of the limo company owner tied to the recent deaths of 20 people in New York.
>
> McLean's name turned up in a FBI filing where the owner Shahed Hussain **[ed: does not pass the "American-sounding name" citizenship test]** was an FBI RAT in a case to help the bureau charge Muslims in "a plot to detonate explosives near a synagogue in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, New York, and to shoot military planes located at the New York Air National Guard Base at Stewart Airport in Newburgh, New York, with Stinger surface-to-air guided missiles," according to public records.
>
> Hussain was also an FBI RAT in New York criminal cases.
>
> The limo company owner is reportedly also on the lam for a murder in Pakistan, but why should that stop the FBI from paying him as an informant? […]
>
> McLean is listed on one of the DOJ's case files where terrorists Hussain ratted out were pinched.
>
> I guess the knowledge the FBI was harboring and paying an accused murderer who was on the run sort of shatters her credibility as a fact witness against Kavanaugh.
>
> Here is the filing from the DOJ as warehoused and compiled by the Investigative Reporting Project.
>
> The same players keep resurfacing in bad things as does the FBI. And the Southern District of New York, a breeding ground for domestic problems and skulduggery stemming from its federal law enforcement apparatus'.

Monica McLean is the missing piece in a lot of these Creep State puzzles, and it's a wonder (it's not) the Chaimstream Media doesn't investigate her or peer into her motives. This Paki limo driver connection is probably a weird coincidence, but it speaks to McLean's character (not good) and suggests she'd be the type of power-tripping catlady who'd gleefully write a phony false sexual assault letter for her catfriend Ballcutter-Fraud, and pass it off under oath before Congress, knowing well that her FBI and media NeverTrump buddies at the head of the silent coup to oust Trump would cover for her.

PS Isn't it funny how quickly the media and their lackeys dropped any further investigations into Roy Moore and Brett Kavanaugh once their fates were determined? It's a moral crisis to the media-Dems until the accused are no longer useful to the Cause.

PPS Sweden's anti-White virtue signaling is hitting a fever pitch. The Swedish Catlady government is preparing to expel a 6-year-old orphan to Ukraine while granting amnesty to 9,000 Afghans. Pure malice motivates Swedish cucks.

PPPS maybe you missed it, because the media wouldn't cover it, but the Russia Hoax imploded today:

Mark your calendars, today is the day everything changed. SHITLIBS BTFO

PPPPAmazonPrime Not Deep State related, but may as well be:

Who Horseface This Is?

CH · 16 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Stormy Daniels will go down in history as a garbage human.

Trump will go down in history as a transformational president of the United States.

And that's today's lesson in "who bitch this is?".

***

Stormy Daniels will go down.

That's about the best you can say about her. While she's down there, strap a feedbag on her and say "hi ho, Stormy!".

***

Background: A judge ruled that Daniels-Avenatti's defamation lawsuit against President Trump was frivolous, and ordered her to pay Trump's legal fees. Trump got a refund from a whore. #winning

Then Trump twatted this,

> "Federal Judge throws out Stormy Danials lawsuit versus Trump. Trump is entitled to full legal fees." @FoxNews Great, now I can go after Horseface and her 3rd rate lawyer in the Great State of Texas. She will confirm the letter she signed! She knows nothing about me, a total con!
> 8:04 am – 16 Oct 2018

She really is a Horseface. (Double plus goodness that Trump capitalized "Horseface")

Elizabeth “Little Rounding Error” Warren

CH · 16 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Post title courtesy of Trevor Goodchild. (I laughed)

Fauxcahontas is back in the news. She secretly hired a university geneticist (aka a Democrat) to sample her DNA (which was done privately in case the result wasn’t what she wanted). She wished to confirm for the world and for Goad Emperor Trump that she was, indeed, American Indian and thus eligible for affirmative action bennies. Trump had successfully goaded Warren into desperately seeking external validation.

Aaaaaaaaand, the envelope please….

99.8% White European!

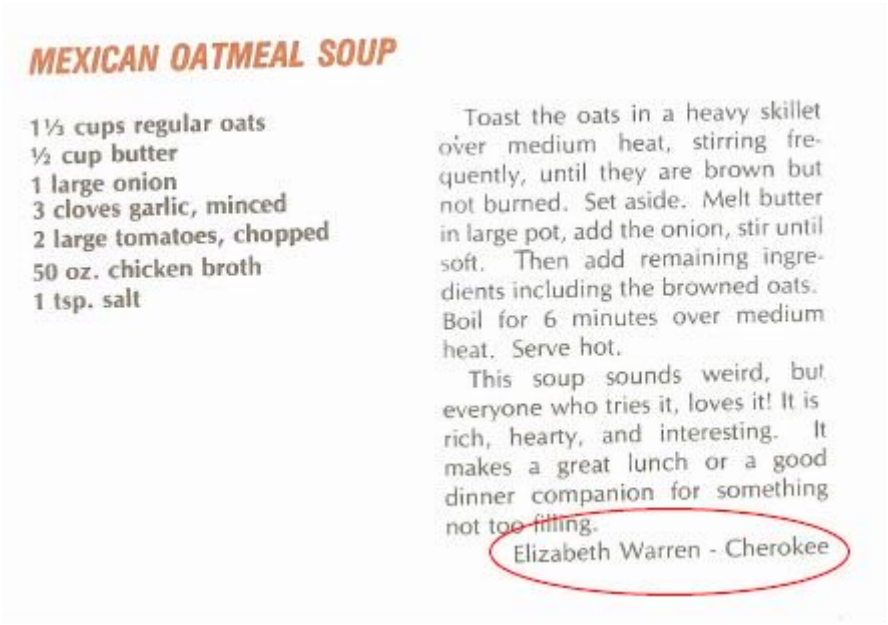
0.2% Wigwam (best estimation)

Except even that 0.2% is misleading, as it turns out the analysis didn’t test for Native American DNA (it used samples from Peru, Mexico, and Colombia, a very loose genetic proxy for, say, the Cherokee that Elizabeth Warren has claimed for herself).

(A wag over at Sailer’s teepee calls her “Picohontas”.)

Warren has been lying about her heritage since she could move her lips, and this “revelation” is no different. The very readable Sean Davis amply documents Warren’s lies, in a series of twats:

> Every Time Elizabeth Warren Has Lied About Her Native American Heritage:
>
> (Thread)
>
> 1. Elizabeth Warren self-identified as a “Native American” in the The Association of American Law Schools Directory of law professors in every edition printed between 1986 -1995.
>
> 2. After becoming a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Warren demanded the University change her faculty listed ethnicity from “white” to “Native American.”
>
> 3. Warren was identified by Harvard Law as a “woman of color.” Harvard promoted Warren’s hire as expanding their campus diversity by hiring a woman with “minority background” onto their faculty.
>
> 4. Here is video of Warren telling this story: “My mom and dad were very much in love and they wanted to get married. My father’s parents said ‘Absolutely not because she’s part Cherokee and Delaware.’ After fighting it they eloped.”
>
> 5. Warren submitted multiple recipes for the Indian cookbook “Pow Wow Chow” and signed her name, “Elizabeth Warren – Cherokee”



MEXICAN OATMEAL SOUP

1⅓ cups regular oats
½ cup butter
1 large onion
3 cloves garlic, minced
2 large tomatoes, chopped
50 oz. chicken broth
1 tsp. salt

Toast the oats in a heavy skillet over medium heat, stirring frequently, until they are brown but not burned. Set aside. Melt butter in large pot, add the onion, stir until soft. Then add remaining ingredients including the browned oats. Boil for 6 minutes over medium heat. Serve hot.

This soup sounds weird, but everyone who tries it, loves it! It is rich, hearty, and interesting. It makes a great lunch or a good dinner companion for something not too filling.

Elizabeth Warren - Cherokee

LMAO thank you Trump for pushing your enemies into making one own-goal after another!

> 6. Warren used offensive, racially charged language to defend her claims of Native American heritage, declaring that her family had “high cheekbones” like “all the Indians do.”
>
> Here is video of that moment. [ed: missing numbers 7 and 8 in the series of tweets]
>
> 9. Warren’s DNA report did not measure actual Native American DNA. The report actually measured Colombian, Mexican and Peruvian DNA. Of which Warren *may* have a tiny, tiny fraction – possibly.

FYI the Cherokees don’t recognize Warren’s claims to American Indian heritage either.

Bonus lulz, Warren has less Indian DNA than the average White American. There’s a chance Trump has more Indian DNA than Warren!

Naturally, Trump is dog-piling on Picohontas in his Twatter feed (too funny that these Trump tweets will be archived for posterity).

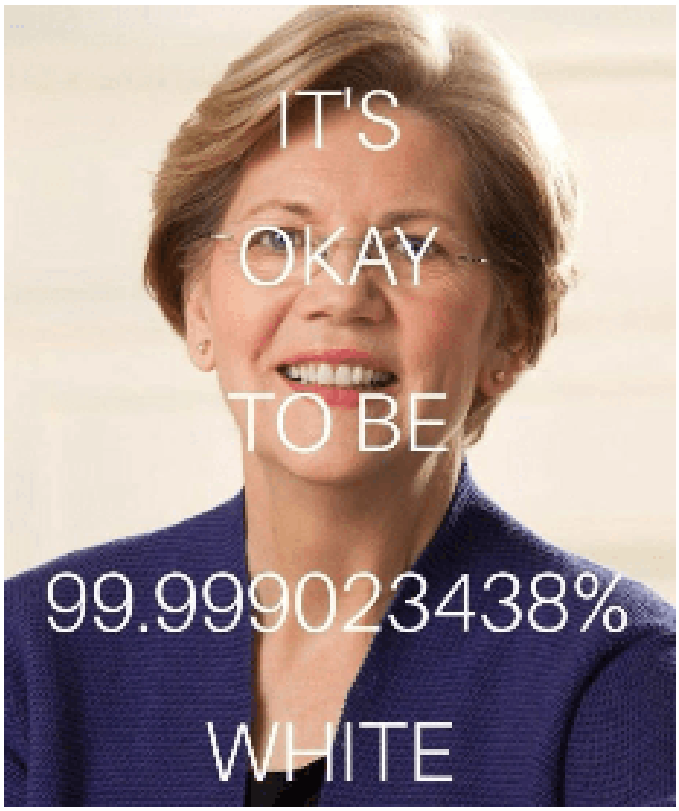
> Pocahontas (the bad version), sometimes referred to as Elizabeth Warren, is getting slammed. She took a bogus DNA test and it showed that she may be 1/1024, far less than the average American. Now Cherokee Nation denies her, “DNA test is useless.” Even they don’t want her. Phony!
>
> Thank you to the Cherokee Nation for revealing that Elizabeth Warren, sometimes referred to as Pocahontas, is a complete and total Fraud!
>
> She owes the country an apology. What is the percentage? 1/1000th?
>
> TRUMP says he will only pay 1 million dollars to charity for Warren if he can test her personally: “I will only do it if I can test her personally. That will not be something that I enjoy doing”

Everyone’s getting in on the mockery! It’s a party! Or should I say, powwow.

Trump should drop a nuke on shitlib egos and tweet “All these libs defending Fauxcahontas, sudden believers in DNA evidence. But I thought they said race was a social construct? BWA HAHAHA.”

Reality: White shitlibs are the BIGGEST SECRET BELIEVERS in the relevance of race and racial identifiers like DNA and genealogy. This is why they push idiotic ideas like “race is a social contruct”; they’re trying to run away from their own illicit thoughts, and they want to confuse their mortal enemies, the RealtalkWhites.

Warren
1/2020 th
@realDailyWire


IT'S
OKAY
TO BE
99.999023438%
WHITE

Warren is a liar who used her false claim of Indian blood (greater than what the average White American possesses) to get into Ivy League schools and boost her career prospects as a “nonWhite minority”. She exploited a shitty system for her own shitty selfish reasons.

What I love most about this fauxcahontas real time satire is how it utterly undermines the whole corrupt affirmative action system and anti-racism agitprop in one fell swoop. “So, wait, race IS real and I can game the system by claiming 0.2% nonwhite blood?” This rotten house of cards is close to falling down. If Warren can claim oppressed minority status with 0.2% redman DNA, then everyone can leverage the background noise in DNA tests to angle for freebies from academia and the government. In fact, everyone should do this, because it will cause the scheme to collapse from too many claimants on limited reserves.

PS One more visual shiv:

Who made this? pic.twitter.com/YoxaFbvJhU

— Red Pill is 1024/1024th white (@rektredpill) October 16, 2018

Globohomo's Next Target: "Sexual Racism"

CH · 17 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Remember when shitlibs were about sexual freedom? Yeah, that's over now. "Sexual racism" is the latest preprogrammed NPC line, and Globohomo, Inc has decided it's time to stamp out the freedom of sexual choice in the name of encouraging more miscegenation.

My body, my choice? Not anymore.

Your racist body, our corrective choice.

You think this hyperbole. Oh no, if only. Mongrelization is now the openly stated goal for White nations and White people.

> White people prefer white people on dating apps — but that could be changed, study says

Absolutely chilling.

> Dating applications can allow users to fall into their own racial biases while searching for a partner, a new study says.

These "racial biases" in romantic preference are inborn and a structural part of human nature. Dating apps no more "allow" users to "fall into" these racial biases than food allows people to fall into a bias of eating for survival. "Racial bias" is what happens when people have freedom of choice; "racial bias" can only be "stamped out" if freedom of choice is likewise stamped out.

And that's exactly what Globohomo wants to do! It's totalitarian, baby! It's not as if a pesky roadblock like human nature ever stopped totalitarians before from realizing their dystopian visions. </100milliondead>

> But in their study, researchers from schools like Cornell University say the "sexual racism" that plagues apps like Grindr, Tinder and Bumble can be stamped out with a few simple changes. The end goal, the study says, is to promote more diverse pairings on the dating sites.

Why does that have to be the end goal? Isn't real diversity promoted by allowing different races to reproductively sustain themselves through in-race preference, adding to the tapestry of human variety in the world?

Screw it, I should stop using logic on <racemix>NPCs. We all know why this is their end goal: they want to erase Wholesome Whiteness from the world.

> Jevan Hutson, lead author of the study, said in a press release from Cornell University that "it's really an unprecedented time for dating and meeting online" — which requires a more thorough look at how we can prevent discrimination on these dating apps.

I can't be bothered to check, so I'll assume at least one of the study authors is [a special person].

FYI, for a laugh, the study is called "Debiasing Desire". These mad scientists are gonna have to figure out how to rewire White limbic systems without anyone putting up a fuss.

> "More people are using these apps, and they're critical infrastructures that don't get a lot of attention when it comes to bias and discrimination," he said in the press release. "Intimacy is very private, and rightly so, but our private lives have impacts on larger socioeconomic patterns that are systemic."

Translating from the Evil-ese: “We can end inequality by mixing White genes with nonWhite genes, lowering Whites and raising nonWhites until everyone is the same, but diverse. Please clap.”

This has to be a put-on. Please let it be a put-on.

> Take the case of Sinakhone Keodara for example. He threatened to sue Grindr, a dating app for gay, bi and trans men, because of “sexual racism” he faced on the site, NBC reported. More specifically, Keodara says some users on the site had captions like “Not interested in Asians.”

NOWAGS getting BTFO on gay dating sites, too.

> Phumlani Kango, from Johannesburg, South Africa, said in an interview with NBC that the racism is prevalent in his country, too.
>
> “What happens in Los Angeles … where you have ‘no fats, no femmes,’ it happens [in South Africa] as well,” he told NBC. “… They will say ‘no rice, no chocolate, no curry’ — which means no Asian, no black and no Indian.”

> As noted by the study — which compiled data from prior research — white people are ten times more likely to receive a message from a black person on a dating app than they are to message the black user themselves. That suggests a hierarchy of attention on racial lines.

I already wrote about this. More precisely, dating app data analysis reveals White women are the most “racist” (ie they prefer to date in-race more than White men), and black men are more “racist” than black women, going by online dating preferences.

The study found other examples of inequality in dating apps, including:

- Asian men and black women have the lowest chance of receiving a message or a response.
- White people of “all ages” prefer to go on dates with other white people.
- College students are most likely to avoid going on dates with black women.

Yes, reality has a bad habit of contradicting leftoid equalist blank slate delusions.

> Stephanie Yeboah, a blogger, said that she has experienced racism as a black woman on online dating apps even when people are open to meeting up, according to The Independent. She said that some people ask offensive questions like if they can “get a taste of jungle fever” — and say they want to see if black women are

> “as aggressive in bed as they’ve heard.”

LOL I bet liberals write these articles to titillate themselves without risking social ostracism.

> “Comments such as these are extremely dehumanizing to myself and other black women who are only looking for companionship,” she told The Independent. “It seems to suggest that black women are only good for one thing,

Ruining the DMV experience?

> Even Christian Rudder, founder of OK Cupid, said that “when you’re looking at how two American strangers behave in a romantic context, race is the ultimate confounding factor.”

Race and sex are the alpha and omega of humanness.

> But researchers behind the Cornell University study say they have some ways to push back against the racial biases of users.

Are [the special people] just pissed that their outmarriage rate is so high, and they want everyone else to join them in their festival of deracination?

> The study’s authors noted that OK Cupid itself experimented with pairing up users and saying they were “highly compatible” — even though they weren’t considered good matches — and found that the conversation between the two people often went well.

Sy ops.

> In other words, it appeared that just the mere suggestion that two people were compatible made both users more likely to give the connection a chance. The study’s authors wrote in a press release that it proves “the strong power of suggestion” that can be used to bridge the gap between people of different races.

“A chance” isn’t the same as “a realistic chance”. What do these reeducation camp kommissars think will happen when a White and black meet IRL and discover that they really aren’t as compatible as OKCupid lied to them they were?

> Another potential solution could come from 9Monsters, a gay dating app from Japan, that allows people to describe themselves without explicitly revealing their race, according to the study’s authors.

A lot of these race-nullifying experiments are done with gay dating apps for a reason: gay men are less picky about their hookups.

> Another gay dating app, called Hornet, prevents people from using their profile to mention race at all.

See?

> And a final solution might come in the form of “Kindr,”

“final solution”

> a campaign from Grindr that seeks to stamp out prejudice on its app by promoting inclusion.

NPC mantra alert.

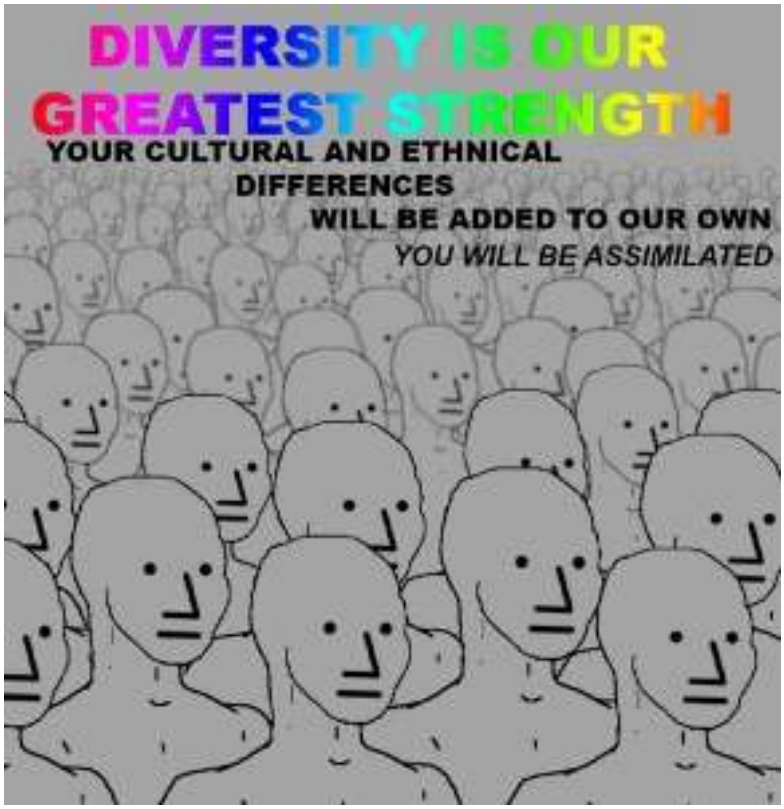
> The study's authors said positive writing about diversity may help promote more diverse couples on the apps.

If Diversity™ needs positive PR, then perhaps it isn't intrinsically positive.

> The new guidelines from Kindr, for example, suggest that users describe "what you're into, not what you aren't" to avoid offending others.

"I'm into White women." Experiment destroyed.

> "These guidelines exist to let you express yourself freely while also helping us maintain the safe, authentic, and accepting environment we strive to cultivate," the guidelines read.



> "Kindr is not going to solve racism by any means," Zumwalt said, according to GQ. "These issues have been present in our community long before Grindr, but we hope to increase conversations around it and have a dialogue about what constitutes sexual racism."

It must be cohencidental that these "dialogues" always focus on White "racism", when in fact a sexual preference for one's own race is evident in nonWhite races as well.

The study's authors concede that sexual racism is a hard thing to conquer

Like trying to conquer appetite.

Or love.

— but Keodara, who threatened to sue Grindr, said fixing the problem would improve the mental well-being of people of color looking for a chance at love on dating apps, according to The Guardian.

Somewhere, right now, a nonWhite feels bad. White nations must be genetically diluted out of existence to help this person cheer up.

“Over the years I’ve had some pretty harrowing experiences,” Keodara told The Guardian. “You run across these profiles that say ‘no Asians’ or ‘I’m not attracted to Asians’. Seeing that all the time is grating; it affects your self-esteem.”

Here’s a thought: you could move back to your homeland where there are only other asians who won’t affect your racial self-esteem.

You laugh now, “how preposterous!”, but this Orwellian/Bergeronian nightmare is coming for us if we don’t crush these power-tripping globohomos before they can fulfill their dehumanizing, dystopian wish list.

Sexual racism = love doesn’t win, when it’s discriminatory love. It won’t be long before all (White) romantic standards are deemed racist or *unfaaaaaaaiiirrrr*. I’ll admit I morbidly relish the thought of virtue signaling SWPL White women coming under attack by the shitlib swarm for “discriminating” against short men, poor men, black men, and furries.

No White vagina, no peace!

Love trumps consent!

Bang a minority for equality!

As I wrote, back when I could see this day looming on the horizon,

> It’s no more racist to prefer the opposite sex of your own race for dating and fucking than it is to prefer brunettes to blondes. If sex preferences are racist, then we need a new word for *real* racism; racism that includes things like forced segregation (superracism), racial violence (superduperracism) or slavery (goddamnthat’ssomebadassracismrightthere). But our sexual preferences are hardwired, and if the *free* expression of those preferences are racist, then racism itself is hardwired. Woops. Cat’s out of the bag!

Yes, the cat’s out of the bag, and globohomo has some ideas about how to stuff the cat back in.

The NPC Song: “Feel”

CH · 17 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sung to the tune of AWOLNation’s “Sail”, a brilliant parody of the dogmatic leftoid hivemind (h/t Jay in DC):

Jay:

> BTW the lyrics on that ‘cover’ NPC version of AWOLNation are fucking comedy gold, a sample:
>
> ♫♫ FEEL!!
> I’ve got no inner monologue
> I bow before the Syangogue
> Maybe I’m an NPC, baby
>
> This is how the ego dies
> I’m taking my SSRIs
> Maybe I’m an NPC baby.
>
> Feel!
> Feel! ♫♫
>
> lzolzolzolzolzolzolozlol dude nailed it

Leftoids really don’t think for themselves, so this meme hits them right in the….feels.

Jay adds that this timeline is unbeatable,

> does anyone else find it absurd and ironic and somewhat befitting of clown world that Taylor Swift who was meme’d into Third Reich ubermensch status has come out as a virtue signaling shitlib and her nemesis Kanye fucking West! is /ourguy/
>
> That is some bizarro world type shit, innit?

Abandon Boomer tropes, all Ye who enter here.

PS Paul Watson has a good take on the NPC meme phenomenon:

I know PJW catches flak from some quarters of the Maul-Right, but I think his vids are polished explainers about the shitlib insanities of the day that effectively reach a normie audience.

PPS I wonder if MPC will see a bump in traffic from people mistyping searches for “NPC”?

PMS Anglin has a funny take on the NPC shiv. (It’s been promoted from meme to shiv status, based on the anguished wails coming from butthurt leftoids.)

Here's another great follow-up NPC post by Anglin, riffing on the JYTimes coverage of the meme.

> [The NPC meme] speaks to the core nature of this unhinged leftist mob: that they are not real, that their entire lives are faked, that their emotional state is the result of a marketing campaign.
>
> It trivializes all of them in the most brutal conceivable way.

Spot on.

Sweden, The Cuck Corner Stool Of The World

CH · 17 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You have to see this swedish TV ad to believe it, because the cuckery level is so off the charts it would violate Pornhub's TOS.

> Swedish Commercials are the Best! pic.twitter.com/ofWqwov7Q0
>
> — Battle Beagle (@HarmlessYardDog) October 16, 2018

I don't even know wtf I saw here, but I know it was bad. It looked like an ad for interracial surrogacy. A White woman births a mystery meatball, then a sexually indeterminate black xir trots in for a group hug with a HuWhyte man holding the newborn "swede". (Sneer quotes are the new triple parentheses.)

cortesar adds,

> someone in the comment section says/asks
> *"I do not even know what is sold"*
> well my swedish friend I will tell what has been sold
> Your history, your grand-grand-grandfather your father your children and their yet to be borne children, that is what is sold

It's a fire sale! Commenter Roy agrees,

> Fritz. Get the flammenwerfer.

From TheGopnik,

> Unholy shit !!! Did Barbara Lerner Spectre direct that one herself ?

It's morbidly funny that the j__iest nation in the world is also one of the most Gentile nations in the world. J__iness through pozmosis?

The problem with sweden (undeserving of capitalization) is that they inherited the biggest load of cuck alleles, AND the government is run and staffed by catladies. This is a recipe for delirious jim jones cult-style mass suicide.

***

Daniel indignantly rebuts,

> international marketing is true. This was very likely made by a marketing firm owned by a marketing firm located in New York. We've seen this on TV a hundred times. There is no evening without episodes of shows with gays and race mixing. It's really disingenuous to use it against Sweden when it all comes from Hollywood. And I'm not responsible for Hollywood. Just like ordinary people in Sweden aren't responsible for this commercial. No one chose this, it was foisted on us.
>
> Have people forgotten who own the media? Does that need to be repeated because some people seem to forget it over and over?

Fair point. Isn't there a governing body in sweden that can prohibit ads like this one from airing on swedeTV? Anyhow, I'm heartened that there are still some Swedes left with fight in them.

When Cleverness Is A Liability

CH · 17 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Steve Sailer noted that Trump's tweets aren't very clever, but they don't need to be, and in fact cleverness might obstruct the lethal precision of Trump's shivs.

> My guess is that Trump will never, ever use "Picohontas." This has a double utility to Trump. By not using it, Trump doesn't alienate the vast percentage of voters who don't know that "pico" means "one-trillionth." (I personally guessed it meant one-billionth, but that of course would be "Gigahontas.")
>
> But also, because Trump doesn't use a supremely clever insult he lures in the Establishment Media to insutlt as a low brow and thus keep the controversiy alive on Trump's terms; that Senator Warren isn very Indian.

gregor provides additional logic for Trump's aversion to cleverness when he's trying to go around the Chaimstream Media and report directly to the people through his Twatter account,

Right. Trump has the right instincts on this. For one thing, these clever portmanteaus work a lot better in writing than in speech. To a writer like Steve the more clever term is irresistible. But a TV guy like Trump knows that you want the spoken phrase to hit immediately. You don't your audience confused even for a second about why you're mispronouncing Pocahontas.

The other part of it is that Trump isn't a nerd.

Cleverness comes across better in writing, that's true. And better in movies, which are scripted and edited to ensure clever lines aren't lost like they are in the normal raucousness of real life casual conversation, or drowned out by background interruption.

I like cleverness, and I indulge it, but I tend to steer clear of it offline, unless I know my audience will appreciate it. I particularly avoid it when seducing girls, unless the girl is a type I've learned from experience will cherish my whimsical quips (artsy, smart, dressed in odd yet feminine clothing (pixie chic)).

I've similarly noted that cleverness can be an obstacle to a proper seduction. If you're too clever, you're liable to be perceived as too try-hard, which is the kiss of death for a pickup. Plus, you run a high risk of flubbing your delivery, or straining to locate the verbiage, or messing up the timing (because an AMOG rudely interrupted your moment in the sun with a shoulder punch), any of which will repulse the girl because now she thinks you desperately want to make an impression on her (but are failing at it)……which only reinforces the "male chaser-female chasee" script, that you should be flipping if you want to negate the natural advantage girls have in the early stages of courtship.

You don't need to be witty to have Game:

> …if you are all wit and no frame, you are an entertainment monkey who arouses women's brains but leaves their pussies dry. In contrast, if you are all frame and no wit, you are a sexy beast women can't help but find alluring, even as they gripe about your curt assholery to their friends.
>
> Now, it should go without saying (though this blog does attract its share of stupids and ego-invested contrarians who need it said over and over) that it's better to have frame AND wit, rather than frame alone. Hank Moody wit is a killer weapon to have in the field, even more potent than having top 10% looks. But, if you had to choose, frame is the better of the two. So banish from your thoughts doubts that your lack of wit consigns you to involuntary celibacy. I've witnessed too many overconfident lunkheads without a clever word to say but teeming with the right attitude effortlessly swoop babes to believe otherwise.
>
> **Maxim #55: Less talking is always sexier than more talking. If you struggle to find something witty to say to a girl, stop trying. Flailing for the "right" words is approval-seeking beta behavior that women**

> **can sniff from across a room.**
>
> **Corollary to Maxim #55: A grunt or aloof gesture trumps a try-hard, strained, verbose comeback.**
>
> When this subject comes up in real life, I like to tell my guy friends to recall those times they were challenged or annoyed by their sisters or some female friends they didn't find attractive. I ask them to remember how they felt, how they acted, and what they said. Invariably, they all say they remember being cool as cucumbers, dismissive, and even rude. They were careless with their words and cared even less what their sisters or unattractive female friends thought of them. They remember feeling like one might feel if a mosquito was buzzing around one's head; they just wanted to shoo it away, or tell it to go find the nearest bug zapper. They certainly did not try to impress them with Shakespearean wit.
>
> "Good," I say. "Now that's the way you should act when you talk to ATTRACTIVE girls."

Frame before wit. Get the basics right first and the mentally scripted fluff will sound more authentic later.

Indirect vs Direct vs Clever Openers:

> Eric Barker, the guy who runs that fantastic repository of helpful science, notes that mentally tired people are less receptive to clever pickup lines. If you're churning through garbage hour and hitting on tired girls, keep it simple. A brief comment about something in your shared environment is all it will take.
>
> So cute (aka douchebag) lines are the worst. No surprise there. Those kinds of lines are spit more for the entertainment of a guy's buddies watching nearby than they are for the purpose of attracting a girl.
>
> Clever lines you aspiring William F. Buckleys might be tempted to use are wasted on tired girls, and likely on any girl with an IQ under 120, which is most of them.
>
> Direct openers aren't as bad as cutesy openers, but girls still prefer the indirect strategy from men.
>
> The abiding truth that game practitioners keep coming back to (and that science often confirms) is that girls don't want the nuts and bolts of their seduction revealed to them; they want men to just *know* what they like and give them the *feelings* of being successfully seduced, and that means men must maintain plausible deniability about their sexual intentions, even if feminists shriek that such a mating strategy amounts to "manipulation".

Again, cleverness has limited applicability in the realm of pickup. Use it sparingly, and targeted to girls who will admire it.

If you are a clever man, you won't want to surrender an SMV advantage. Would a tall man willingly give up a foot of height? I understand that men will want to use every tool at their disposal to outcompete other men and fat cockblocks for the poosy prize, but cleverness is a double-edged sword that can swing against you if it's unsheathed too frequently. The best compromise is to pair your cleverness with aloof body language and attitude, so that you seem less like you're impressing the girl than you are amusing yourself.

Instead of cleverness, think more in terms of "power words":

> The ideal verbal approach is to coax an accelerated camaraderie with the use of "power words" — which are usually mono- or bisyllabic — that girls promptly jack into via emotional pathways that electrify fastest when lubed by simpler, stronger words than by nuanced Oxfordian words stuffed with exquisite connotations. This will be your conversational base, over which you will furnish the occasional five-dollar words and ambiguous subtext, because no pickup attempt went to the bedroom without first rubbing her rationalization hamster against the grain.

We've all known that ladykiller Chad who struts into conversations and drops 10 cent monosyllabic words like nukes, drawing female attention to himself, blowing up male competition, and, like Trump, opening a fruitful path

for further flirtation (or media amplification).

Cleverness should be a supplement, not your main lingual course. Picohontas? The mensa crowd claps. Pocohontas? The lady vaj flaps. Find that balance and pickup will become a joy instead of a chore.

Comment Of The Week: Ironsides On The Bigger Truth Revealed By The NPC Meme

CH · 18 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

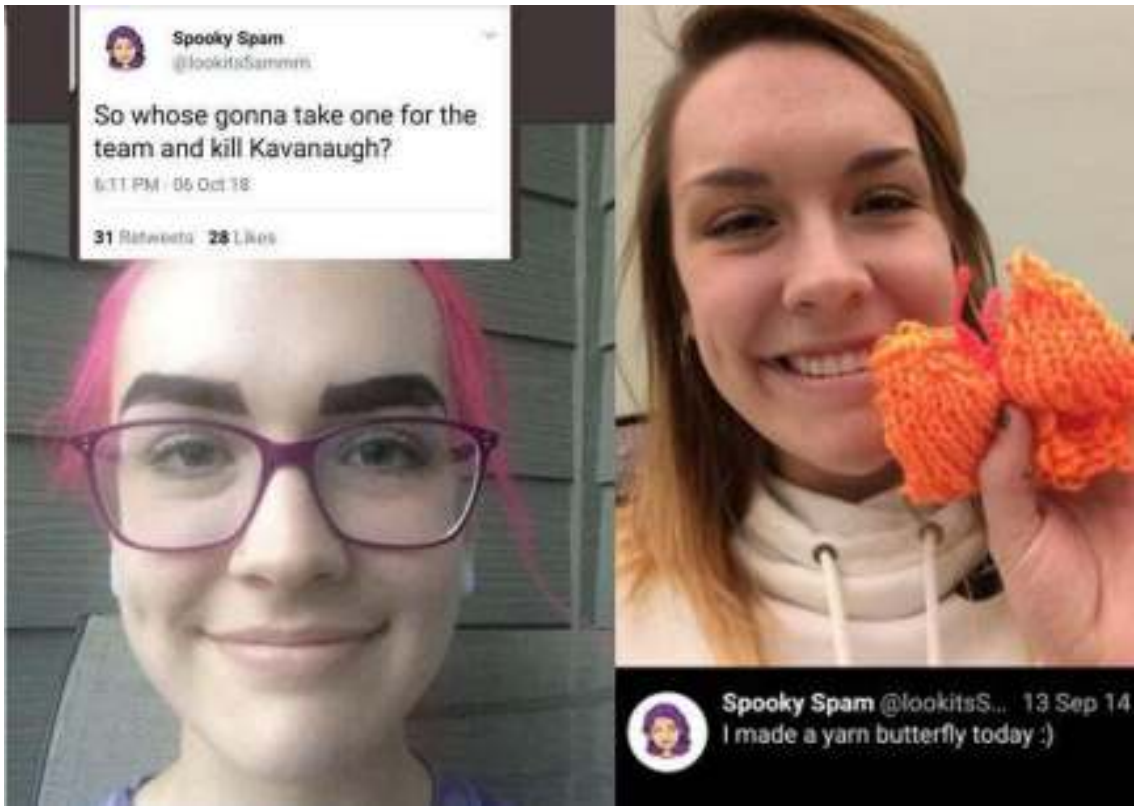
> I seldom use this term, but that video is absolute genius.
>
> The reaction of the Left to the NPC shows that it's a killshot, which horrifies and outrages them because they know it's true. They're like the cockroaches zombified by the (((emerald cockroach wasp))) suddenly being confronted with the stark, brilliant, heartless truth of what's being done to them. That they're cooperating willingly with those eating them alive.
>
> On our side, though, they have smashed everything that we value. They've degraded our women into the willing whores of vile foreigners and forced us to watch.
>
> They've bombarded us with the uttermost degradation humans are capable of until we're numbed by it.
>
> They've defiled every innocence we had, and forced us, violently force-fed us, with their gloating triumphalism over their plan for the destruction of our race, our cultures, our achievements, our languages, our art, our music, our descendants, our memory.
>
> And in so doing, they've shaped men on whom none of their barbs can stick. We've looked into the grinning face of the darkness they worship, because they've compelled us to.
>
> Though I hate to quote the (((movies,))) the Joker's line sums up what they've forged their opponents into:
>
> "You have nothing! Nothing to threaten me with. Nothing to do with all your strength."
>
> We've looked into the ultimate abyss — the threatened erasure of our kind, the blank pit of extinction in which there isn't even a vicarious continued existence for us in descendants or countrymen.
>
> There's no label they can throw at us that can unman us. There's no deed of our world-conquering ancestors that will silence us with shame. We meet their loudest blustering with a laugh and utter defiance, because they have attacked our weaknesses so much that they burned them away.

Hoist the banner and brandish your manifest vengeance, because this comment was a call to revolution. The CH COTW award, precious and desired as it is, hardly compensates.

#TheDefiance

Battlebrows As Portent Of Sociopath America

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"look at me i am powerful wahman with my fake bushy manbrows"

I figure mentally ill broads like this one paint on these thick fake manbrows to appear more aggrocuntish. You know, "I am woman hear me screech" ego assuaging. But now I wonder if it might be a subconscious expression of latent pathological narcissism.

> Narcissists have thicker, denser, more distinct eyebrows, according to a new study
>
> according to a new study, published in the Journal of Personality, you may be able to detect a narcissist by focusing on one particular facial feature — their eyebrows.
>
> Researchers Miranda Giacomin and Nicholas Rule recruited participants to look at the faces of people who were all across the narcissistic spectrum, from a normal level to full blown narcissist — and it turned out they were pretty good at identifying them.
>
> Strangely, when participants were shown pictures of just the eyebrows, they could correctly identify the narcissists too.
>
> They highlighted femininity, grooming, and distinctiveness when they picked out the narcissists, but results showed it was distinctiveness that was key — narcissists tended to have darker, thicker, more distinctive eyebrows.

> Eyebrows make our faces more recognisable, and in recent years they have become something of a fashion statement. Narcissists may like to make a statement with their brows so to tantalise potential love interests and make an impression.
>
> As the authors wrote, they might "seek to maintain distinct eyebrows to facilitate others' ability to notice, recognise, and remember them; thereby increasing their likability and reinforcing their overly positive self-views."
>
> It could also simply be because eyebrows give away more social messages than we realise. They are important for our facial expressions, but could also reveal subtle, subconscious information too.

I predict what we'll find out in the coming years as the genetic and biological sciences advance is that physiognomy is real; that there are thousands of these connections between the personality/behavior and the physical appearance which clue us into a person's character.

The story of the 21st Century will be science vindicating the "discredited" wisdom of the 19th Century.

> "The ability to identify dark personality traits at zero-acquaintance provides particular value for avoiding exploitation and manipulation," the researchers wrote.

Sounds like pattern recognition aka racism & sexism to me. BURN THE HERETIC

ps "at zero-acquaintance" would make a great movie title.

> "The increasing incidence of narcissism underscores this value. Fortunately, people can accurately judge others' narcissism based on how they act, what they say, what they wear, and what their faces look like."

Sociopathy and narcissism are increasing in America. Our fracturing social contract (thanks, Diversity!) is allowing con men and narcissists to flourish and exploit the growing number of weak links in the system, the declining cooperativeness, and the increasing inanity and infantilism. The War against Noticing is really a War against Not Being Exploited. It's in the interest of the exploiters to keep the exploited dumb, gullible, and fearful to act in their interest.

Plus, I'm getting tired of women ritualistically uglifying themselves according to the tenets of a vapid man-hating pussyhat ideology.

Oy, There It Is

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

My assumption was proven safe. At least one of the lead authors of that “Debiasing Desire” anti-White research paper is [a special person]. In this case, what looks to be [a special person of scissoring].

“So you’re saying I have a chosen!”

Now I don’t want to say every single time, but it’s every single time.

Commenter Sean Fielding found a paragraph in the paper that gives the Culture of Critique game away:

> How about this tidbit buried in the original 18 page report: “While it may strike us as normatively acceptable to

> encourage intimate platform users to be open to more diverse potential partners, we might find some categories more palatable for such intervention than others. For example, it might seem inappropriate to suggest that a Jewish user seeking other Jewish people “expand her horizons” past those preferences . . .”

ISN’T THAT CONVENIENT

Miscegenation for the goyium, purity for the [special people].

They’re openly telegraphing their anti-White Christian malice, through oily grins. Do we need to get hammered over the head with a shofar to see it?

Theodora,

> Case closed. Only Whites should be manipulated through dating apps “algorithms” to embrace diversity.
>
> They are not even trying to be a little bit more subtle anymore. They are going right to the jugular: yes, we hate you, we want to see you extinct, any problem with that?

Greg Eliot,

> Unless of course (((they))) WANT to defile shicksas, amirite?
>
> That is some 500 degree temperature worthy chutzpah, right there.
>
> (((shakin’ mah kopf)))

It’s so Mortimer-tier arrogant as to be almost amusing. Almost, if it weren’t also deadly in consequence.

I have a theory about this off-the-charts chutzpah. Sure, partly it’s the consequence of a deep-seated malevolence to subvert orderly Gentile societies which can be more easily economically exploited and kept divided as a safeguard against majority will, but another part is simply that they are surrounded by libgoy enablers, who either encourage their anti-Gentilism because of a shared disdain for Western values, or are too cowardly to oppose and shame anti-Gentilism when it rears up.

If you lived in a shitlib insular bubble that shielded you from criticism and flattered your every unctuous piety, you might never learn when your tribal animus isn’t welcome, or how badly it falls on the ears of those who live outside your bubble. So you’d carry on, oblivious to the justified rage you provoke in your enemies. For a smart people, they sure do some stupid shit.

Red Tsunami?

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I present the following for your spirited debate.

Experienced Father says some voter data metrics suggest a possible “red tsunami” for the midterms in a couple weeks. Read on…

> CH,
>
> You need to check out the twitter feed of —
> Larry
>
> Short form — He is tracking early voting returns in states that report total votes by party affiliation and its looking like Red Tsunami. This was one of his recent threads —
> —
> 1) Last night I said we have 12 data points (AZ statewide, FL statewide +4 specific counties, IA + 2 counties, OH 2 counties, and NC). Every single one was showing GOP turnout higher than midterm levels of 2014 and all but one (a county) showing turnout above 2016.
>
> 2) If I recall all the data correctly, D turnout/performance was below that of 2016 and, in the case of IA, below that of 2014. 3) Now we have two more data points to add: news out of WY that a net of 10k switched from D/other to R in last six months & turnout #s in Knox Co. TN
>
> 3) Out of 12 MEASURABLE data points–not polls which are opinions of what people “might” do in the future—every single one is favors the Rs. 4) I’ll admit, I got a tad depressed for a minute yesterday when the latest Siena/NYT polls came out . . . before I was reminded . . .
>
> 4) . . they were making 60,000 calls to reach a mere 300 respondents. SIXTY THOUSAND! 5) Who do you think is NOT responding? Conservatives, Republicans, people with families & jobs. 6) That means these NYT polls are utterly worthless with a margin of error of 20% or more
> —
>
> The thing that stood out for me in that passage was it now takes -200- calls to get one ‘valid’ poll result, with a 20% “error bar” because…(my speculation) unscreenable lying to the poll taker.
>
> All media polls are is nothing but propaganda to manipulate voter turn out.

I don’t know if these tantalizing early returns are predictive, but historically midterm elections have rarely gone well for the sitting president’s party. The American people have a subconscious need to “balance” the power bases in Washington.

However, we’re currently in a very ahistorical time. The nation is less White than it’s been since the height of the slave trade (and that was when Whites were cultural hegemons in America), our ruling class hates us, Dems are openly calling for political violence against “deplorables”, partisanship and public rancor are approaching pre-Civil War I levels, and a shadow Deep State administrative government is attempting a silent coup against the President.

Which is to say, we’re living in a Black Swan era. The election of Trump was a black swan. These midterms may be another. Past results aren’t necessarily indicative of future performance.

One other point I’d make: in part owing to the fevered partisanship and cratering trust of American society, it’s likely that social expectation bias is playing a much bigger role in polling results than it has in the past. Americans, especially those on the right, are now a lot more circumspect about revealing their true voting preferences to pollsters (or to anyone for that matter) because they don’t want to deal with the headache of triggering shitlibs to weeping. If conservatives feel less secure publicly airing their beliefs, then they will be less likely to answer

pollsters and more likely to lie about how they'll vote, skewing poll data.

Which would mean another unforeseen silent Trump vote like we had two years ago.

Shitlib Logic Trap!

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Deep State Update: Keeping It In The Family For A Reason

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Nellie Ohr, wife of Bruce Ohr — both of whom are key deep staters in the coordinated attempted coup of President Trump — just invoked marital privilege in her refusal to testify before congressional committees.

> Nellie Ohr has invoked marital privilege in House Judic and Pversight interview per Dem lawmaker. Says that is standard
>
> — Olivia Beavers (@Olivia_Beavers) October 19, 2018

This is why the Creep State likes to keep it in the family. Marital privilege is an escape route if the heat comes around the corner.

I won't plaster the Ohrs' mugs here. I don't want to soil the glory of this Chateau. You can image search yourselves. Let's just say that it's great normies are learning just how grotesque their putative "elites" are. The curtain is pulled all the way back and the Lizard of Poz flicks its tongue at you.

***

More updates:

Congressman Mark Meadows has called for Rod Rosenstein to resign.

> Former FBI lawyer James Baker appeared on Capitol Hill earlier Thursday for the second time to testify about Rosenstein's plan to wear a wire and and the use of FISA warrants to oust President Trump from office. […]
>
> **MEADOWS**: Based on additional information we've learned over the last week, it is clear Rod Rosenstein should resign immediately.
>
> He has not cooperated with Congress, failed to be transparent about his actions, and shown a lack of candor in the way he's characterized a number of events. […]
>
> James Baker previously told Congressional investigators that Rosenstein's plot to wear a wire and oust Trump from office was not a joke as the DAG claimed.

The chutzpah! I guess these seditionists think they can get away with their treachery, thanks to a "mainstream" media colluding with ClintonObama Inc.

***

A federal judge says he was given false statements by State Department rats in an effort to derail the investigation into Clinton's Benghazi debacle.

> In a combative exchange at a hearing Friday in Washington, D.C., a federal judge unabashedly accused career State Department officials of lying and signing "clearly false" affidavits to derail a series of lawsuits seeking information about former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton's private email server and her handling of the 2012 terrorist attack on the U.S. Consulate in Benghazi, Libya.
>
> U.S. District Court Judge Royce Lamberth also said he was "shocked" and "dumbfounded" when he learned that FBI had granted immunity to former Clinton chief of staff Cheryl Mills during its investigation into the use of Clinton's server, according to a court transcript of his remarks.
>
> "I had myself found that Cheryl Mills had committed perjury and lied under oath in a published opinion I had issued in a Judicial Watch case where I found her unworthy of belief, and I was quite shocked to find out she had been given immunity in — by the Justice Department in the Hillary Clinton email case," Lamberth said

> during the hearing.

Heeeeellllooooooo? NPR? You reporting on this? *crickets*

A reader quips: “Non Player Radio”.

***

In a bit of potentially good news, there may be a “red wave” materializing (again) to confound Dems and Dem-friendly pollsters.

> Over 12,000 Voters Change Party Affiliation in Wyoming – 90% to Republican

We’ll see soon enough. I’ll stick by my prediction that the House will be a close call and Rs will gain a couple seats in the Senate. Trump will come out of it unscathed, because he’s got that *je ne sais quoi*.

***

OT: The spiritual physiognomy of african man. (Deep Slate Update? Dark State Update?)

> What kind of civilization could eventually blossom and take root in this spiritual ground, I cannot even begin to imagine. The safest guess would be nothing. It goes without saying that the African soul is wholly incompatible with European law, society, and culture.

Executive summary: The spiritual phyzz of black africans is demonic possession. It’s a good read, check it out.

Your Daily Ugly Truth: The Purpose Of Nationhood

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Nations are in fact distinct geopolitical systems for privileging races and ethnicities. If the heritage stock of a nation isn't privileged, then what is the point of the nation? It has failed its fundamental duty.

A nation which privileges all comers, from alien races and cultures, will lose the loyalty of the race of people which established the nation for the benefit of themselves and their posterity. It will become de-nationed, a nation in name only, divorced from the mystic chords which historically composed it.

Fred Reed's Mexico

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Bullet-riddled dead bodies wash ashore in Acapulco as sunbathers, apparently numb to these occurrences, continue soaking up rays nearby.

Taking bets on when Fred Reed will hightail it out of Mexico for his native state of Virginia, hollering about the virtues of open borders the whole way.

There’s Something [Very Special] About That Migrant Caravan Truck

CH · 19 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Look closely. (zoomable link)

FYI, the photo is unaltered. There’s even video of the scene.

President Trump asks, “Who is funding this invading force?”.

Who is funding? It starts with “S” and is five letters long.

Exodus 23:33

> Do not let them live in your land or they will cause you to sin against me, because the worship of their gods will certainly be a snare to you.

¡SCIENCE!: The NPC Leftoid Hivemind Is Real

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

My goal with these SCIENCE posts is to push shitlibs over the edge. I know how much shitlibs base their worth on scientific validation of their priors, so it's always funny when I can poison the beta orbiter relationship shitlibs have with SCIENCE by exposing them to real science that discredits their worldview, their glowing self-conception, and their feelings all in one fell swoop.

The latest science AMOG is this study, which found that…

> Contrary to popular belief, conservatives' political attitudes are less consistent with each other and more diverse than those of liberals.

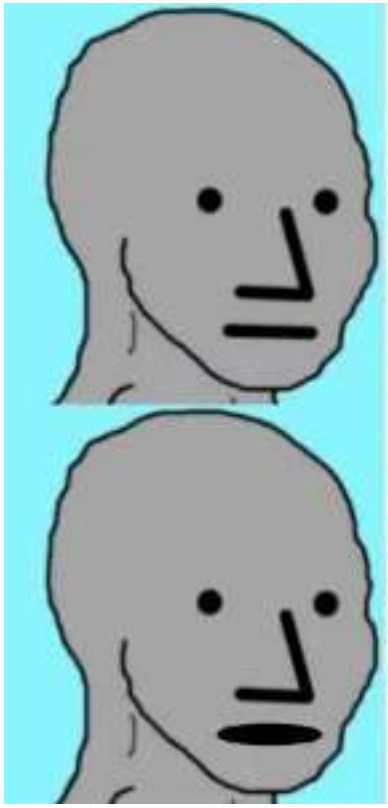
> Contrary to popular belief, conservatives' political attitudes are less consistent with each other and more diverse than those of liberals. https://t.co/pWKDofLsrU pic.twitter.com/EpYoxpkSp2
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) October 16, 2018

So liberals really are the NPCs that the NPC meme mocks. No wonder they're so butthurt over it! No one likes to have their underbellies exposed to fang and claw, or to have their carefully steered ship of self dashed violently against the rocks of realtalk.

Republican party activists' attitudes are less ideologically consistent with each other than are those of Democratic party activists.

***

Existing literature shows that Republicans in the mass public demonstrate greater ideological inconsistency and value conflict than Democrats. That is, despite a commitment to the conservative label and abstract belief in limited government, Republican identifiers' substantive policy attitudes are nonetheless divided. Conversely, Democrats, despite registering lower levels of ideological thinking, maintain relatively consistent liberal issue attitudes. Based on theories of coalition formation and elite opinion leadership, we argue that these differences should extend to Democratic and Republican Party activists. Examining surveys of convention delegates from the years 2000 and 2004, we show that Democratic activists' attitudes are more ideologically constrained than are those of Republican activists. The results support our hypothesis and highlight that some of the inconsistent attitudes evident among mass public party identifiers can be traced to the internal divisions of the major party coalitions themselves.



So, liberals are:

- more conformist than are conservatives
- less ideologically diverse than are conservatives
- more intolerant of different views than are conservatives
- less open-minded to alternative views than are conservatives
- more susceptible to groupthink than are conservatives
- more prone to rigid thinking than are conservatives

You ever get the sense that modren shitliberalism is just a mass exhibition of psychological projection?

The Diminishing Returns Of Anti-White Virtue Signaling

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's all fun and virtue signaling until nonWhite numbers grow dangerously beyond the bounds of a novel minority. From kawaiisis, a lewdly bracing report from the German field that anti-White cucking is beginning to lose its curbside appeal.

> Observation from Germany: While the girls are still eager to demonstrate for diversity in the streets, their enthusiasm for brown cock has lessened considerably since the invasion in 2015. It's almost like the sudden abundance of shitholers has depreciated their value as signalling-pets and economics are real.
>
> In 2014 a majority of women would not have hesitated to couple with a big sambo buck and thereafter signal about it on social media; "His name is Sammy N'Tufo and he's a prince in Ghana and he's the love of my life."
>
> Since 2015 that kind of signalling has come to a hard stop. Sure, there's still all kind of interracial nonsense going on, but the radio silence about is new. It's almost as though the girls consider their couplings with the third world low rent and aren't eager to broadcast them to the world.

Social shaming works!

> On the other hand, if you're a non-soyed white man in Germany, the pickings have never been as good as they've been since 2015. I'm 41, not rich, half of my hair has fallen out and the other half is greying, but I carry some muscle and never switchface. Just being white and normal in a 1950s sense is enough to have the pick of pretty & younger ladies these days and specifically since the 2015 invasion.
>
> I notice the same thing about the people around me: There's a whole new appreciation for white+male+unsoyed.
>
> Bonus points for race hating power level 57 and above: Even the women who hate your politics will have sex with you just out of curiosity.
>
> Be white.
> Do not switchface. Ever.
> Work out.
> Straight posture. Always.
>
> Now you're a unicorn.

Anyone know the meaning of "switchface"? I'd guess it refers to supplicating to women to earn their approval, ie two-faced.

This is a positive development, but really we all should've predicted it. It's easy to virtue signal (and even put your virtue to the test by mudsharking) when no one has the facts about nonWhite dysfunction and predation, and nonWhites are still a small number of the total population. It's "edgy" to take on a swarthy lover when everyone else is stuck with their humdrum White beta males who make the country a pleasant place to live, but the allure of it isn't so clear when the swarths have overrun towns and cities and everyone knows at least one White girl who experienced Diversity in all its bloody vibrancy.

It's market saturation of downscale products coupled with renewed appreciation for hand-crafted local merchandise. The cheap gadgets that explode in your hand have passed as a fad, and now the White women are scrambling to lock down the increasingly rare and fine-tuned machine known as the White man.

Interesting inferences can be drawn from such changes in the sexual market culture. For instance, as Diversity™ overwhelms European societies and ruins their aesthetics and livability, a sexual market subculture may emerge in

which heightened competition by hsmv White women for White men creates a parallel society of the purest blood Whites with self-conscious feelings of racial IDENTITY, something that Whites historically have not much had in their possession. There then could follow a “boiling off” of the less racially cognizant Whites who slip into the diversity effluvia, lost in its murky depths forever. Eventually, small but incredibly self-aware White outposts mark off territories within Europe for their own, and the far future features waves of marauders from these outposts retaking lands of Europe that had been ceded to the invaders.

Did I just script an award-winning Clitflix series?

Revolutionary Spirals To Civil War 2

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This article is so good I pass it along with minimally invasive commentary. The author, Angelo Codevilla, discusses how America now historically resembles other nations and city-states from the past which endured revolutionary spirals of cultural division and heated partisanship that ended grimly for the native populations.

> Prior to the 2016 election I explained how America had already "stepped over the threshold of a revolution," that it was "difficult to imagine how we might step back, and futile to speculate how it might end." Regardless of who won the election, its sentiments' growing "volume and intensity" would empower politicians on all sides sure to make us nostalgic for Donald Trump's and Hilary Clinton's moderation. Having begun, this revolution would follow its own logic.
>
> What follows dissects that logic. It has unfolded faster than foreseen. Its sentiments' spiraling volume and intensity have eliminated any possibility of "stepping back."

We crossed the Rubicon with the election of Trump, an event which shitlibs have been unable to countenance or reconcile.

> Regardless of these elections' outcome, however, this "resistance" has strengthened and accelerated the existing revolutionary spiral. We begin with a primer on such spirals, on the logic of mutual hate that drives them, and on their consequences; move to a general description of our evolution's driving logic, describe the 2016 elections as the revolutionary spiral's first turn and the "resistance" thereto as the second. Then we examine how the "resistance" affects the other side, and how this logic might drive our revolution's subsequent turns. […]
>
> Thus does Thucydides' account of how revolutionary logic manifests itself in personal behavior echo through the ages—an account that strikes Americans in October, 2018 as all too familiar: "men too often take upon themselves in the prosecution of their revenge to set the example of doing away with those general laws to which all alike can look for salvation in adversity, instead of allowing them to subsist against the day of danger when their aid may be required."
>
> The more freely to harm enemies, "words had to change their ordinary meaning and to take that which was now given them." […]
>
> The American republic's essence had been self-restraint toward fellow citizens deemed equals. The Constitution of 1787 had been its paradigm. Under its words and by its laws, Americans had enjoyed safety and predictability for themselves and their way of life. But Progressives' subordination of the Constitution, laws, and institutions to their own purposes and for their own primacy ended all that. The rest of America's increasing realization that only fire can fight fire has followed naturally.
>
> This is our revolution: Because a majority of Americans now no longer share basic sympathies and trust, because they no longer regard each other as worthy of equal consideration, the public and private practices that once had made our Republic are now beyond reasonable hope of restoration. Strife can only mount until some new equilibrium among us arises.

The question we will want an answer for soon is this: HOW will the new equilibrium arise? History is made in the foregoing tumult.

> The logic that drives each turn of our revolutionary spiral is Progressive Americans' inherently insatiable desire to exercise their superiority over those they deem inferior. With Newtonian necessity, each such exercise causes a corresponding and opposite reaction. The logic's force comes not from the substance of the

> Progressives' demands. If that were the case, acquiescing to or compromising with them could cut it short. Rather, it comes from that which moves, changes, and multiplies their demands without end. That is the Progressives' affirmation of superior worth, to be pursued by exercising dominance: superior identity affirmed via the inferior's humiliation. It is an inherently endless pursuit.
>
> The logic is rooted in disdain, but not so much of any of the supposed inferiors' features or habits. If it were, the deplored could change their status by improving. But the Progressives deplore the "deplorables" not to improve them, but to feel good about themselves. Hating people for what they are and because it feels good to hate them, is hate in its unalloyed form.

One of the more astute descriptions of progressives and their motives. It's why I, and others, have written that shitliberalism is essentially humiliation porn.

> Once people no longer see any good common to all, justice for each becomes identical with advantage. The only good or justice that prevails is the good or justice of the stronger. As Plato points out in Book I of *The Republic*, far from being a rare phenomenon, this is mankind's default state.

America has regressed to the unexceptional default state of mankind. Perhaps it was fated.

> Hence, among us as well, subjection by force is replacing conviction by argument.

Doxing, deplatforming, demonetizing, and de-personing are subjection by force replacing conviction by argument. The Left, in command of nearly all the pathways of information flow, has gleefully abused their power to silence the oppositions' arguments.

> [The big bank bailouts of the 2008 financial crisis] forced the recognition that there exists a remarkably uniform, bipartisan, Progressive ruling class; that it includes, most of the bureaucracies of federal and state governments, the judiciary, the educational establishment, the media, as well as major corporate officials; that it had separated itself socially, morally, and politically from the rest of society, whose commanding heights it monopolized; above all that it has contempt for the rest of America, and that ordinary Americans have no means of persuading this class of anything, because they don't count.

Steve Bannon has remarked that the seed of Trump's rise to power was the 2008 bank bailouts.

> Our time's sharp distinction between rulers and ruled, the ever decreasing interchange and sympathy between them, is rooted in the disdain for ordinary Americans that the universities have sown since the Civil War. Ordinary Americans and their rulers are alienated now in ways unimaginable to the Northerners and Southerners who killed each other a century and a half ago, but who nodded when Abraham Lincoln noted that they "prayed to the same God."

It should be of great concern that the divisions prior to Civil War I pale in comparison to those we have today. The ingredients are already in the mixing bowl; all that's left is to add the explosive reagent to set off the chain reaction to Civil War II.

> Donald Trump was out of central casting—seemingly a caricature of what the ruling class said about its opponents. But the words he spoke were less significant than that he spoke with angry contempt for the ruling class. That—and the crowded field that never allowed a head-to-head choice—is what got him the chance to be the alternative to the ruling class. And that is what got him elected President of the United States.

Trump capitalized on elite infighting and status jockeying.

> Those who voted for Trump believing or hoping that he would do a, b, or c, were fewer than those who were sure that he offered the only possibility of ending, or at least pausing, the power of an increasingly harmful, intolerant, disdainful, socio-political identity. In 2016 one set of identities revolted against another. That was the revolution's first turn.
>
> The ruling class's "resistance" to the 2016 election's outcome was the second turn. Its vehemence, unanimity, coordination, endurance,and non-consideration of fallback options—the rapidity with which our revolution's logic has unfolded—have surprised and dismayed even those of us who realized that America had abandoned its republican past.
>
> The "resistance" subsequent to the election surprises, in part, because only as it has unfolded have we learned of its scope *prior to the election*. All too simply: the U.S government's upper echelons merged politically with the campaign of the Democratic Party's establishment wing, and with the media. They aimed to secure the establishment candidates' victory and then to nullify the lost election's results by resisting the winners' exercise of legitimate powers, treating them as if they were illegitimate. The measure of the resistance's proximate success or failure would come in the 2018 elections.
>
> […]
>
> Non-governmental parts of the ruling class are full partners in the "resistance," often in partnership with government, from which they draw money directly or via special treatment, with the support, of course, of the media. Planned Parenthood, the Southern Poverty Law Center, the NAACP, and countless other such groups have helped restrict the 2016 election's effects by an unending stream of lawsuits and "reports," amplified by the press, that have intensified attacks on the politically incorrect.

The People's voice will be silenced. It's for their own good.

> The revolutionary import of the ruling class' abandonment of moral and legal restraint in its effort to reverse election results cannot be exaggerated. Sensing themselves entitled to power, imagining themselves identical with legitimacy, "those general laws to which all alike can look for salvation in adversity"—here the US Constitution and ordinary civility—are small stuff to them.
>
> Their ruling class's behavior regarding Judge Brett Kavanaugh' nomination to the Supreme Court has been a further, epochal step in this regard.

The Kavanaugh character assassination will turn out to be a critical event in the lead-up to Civil War 2. I doubt Kav himself understands the importance of what he suffered.

> In 1919, a member of the Russian Duma had asked: "Comrade, is this just?" Lenin famously answered: "Just? For what class?" Forty years later, in similar circumstances, Fidel Castro delivered the dime store version: "Within the revolution, everything. Against the revolution, nothing." In 2018 our ruling class, in unison, set out to destroy all but the biological life of a political adversary. It substituted vehement assertion for truth, cast aside argument, foreclosed questions, celebrated its own deed and vowed to persist in it. Asked whether what they were doing was right, Senators Booker and Hirono answered directly—the others did so indirectly—that *this was the right way to proceed with a person whose jurisprudence was so objectionable*. Whether they know whose footsteps they are following matters little.

Who, whom? It's happening again.

> In short, the "resistance" has begun to radicalize middle America. It redoubled millions of Americans' sense of siege, their fear of unbridled rule by unaccountable powers, of being accused of "hate speech," of normal life made impossible by Progressive socio-political demands. It confirmed the sense that Donald Trump and such

> as he, whatever their faults, are all that stands between themselves and having an alien way of life imposed upon them.

Unlike Kavanaugh, I believe Trump understands all too well his historical significance, what he stands against, and the hopes he embodies. And so we pray for an encampment of twelve legions of angels to shield him from the evil which has cloaked America.

> While it is by no means clear how these voters will respond in 2018 and 20, surely, the "resistance" sharpened in them the revolutionary logic that dictates repaying outrages with compound interest, and revived the question that drove the 2016 election: what does it take to counter all this? Countering the ruling class as it has evolved through the resistance is the third turn of our revolution's spiral. […]
>
> Trump's rousing speeches feed the body politic as empty calories feed the human body. Bluster followed by surrender has political legs both short and shaky. Trump's tone has lifted his constituencies' expectations. But tone does not give substance to public opinion, poses but a flimsy barrier to the ruling class's concerted power, and does not begin to satisfy constituencies threatened by the ruling class machine that came of age in the anti-Kavanaugh campaign.

I have predicted that Trump will act more forcefully on his agenda in the second half of his presidency, when, presumably, the Russia Hoax albatross won't be hanging around his neck.

> Were the Democrats to regain a majority in the House of Representatives in 2018, there is no doubt that they would redouble the "resistance," and that a substantial portion of the Senate's Republican majority would be friendly to it. That would leave the 2016 electorate's defense to Trump—who would be forced to fully deploy Presidential powers in that task or to abdicate it to whomever would campaign credibly to fully exercise those powers after the 2020 election. Such leadership having become necessary—by Trump or whomever—it would carry with it the conservative side of both Houses into sociopolitical stasis for the next two years. Whether Trump were the candidate or not, the 2020 elections would bid for a historic national clarification, and make the 2016 ones appear to have been for low stakes.
>
> Were the Democrats to win the presidency in 2020, even Republican Congressional majorities—made up as they are of substantial "soft" elements—would be no barrier to an agenda about which no speculation is necessary. The revolution would flow along classic, predictable lines.
>
> The consequences would depend on the extent to which the conservative side of American life rejected that presidency's and its agenda's legitimacy—and on how the ruling class would abide "resistance" to itself. What would a fully re-empowered ruling class that had tasted the possibility of dis-empowerment do to preclude anything like that ever happening again? How would it use the massive power that defines it and by which it defines itself? How would it marshal corporate power? How would it use the educational system? To what levels of demonization and repression would it descend? What license would it give to its affiliates to do what, to whom? […]
>
> Nor does any side in our time truly believe in and practice self-restraint. For the Progressive side, it is anathema in principle as well as in practice. The conservatives, among whom the zealot's taste for taking the speck out of the neighbor's eye is not widespread, revere self-restraint in principle, but are learning to transgress against it in practice.

The Left has become intolerant from decades of cultural power. Uncompromising. If they win now, and again in 2020, they will crush dissent. If they lose, they will refuse conciliation. Either way, war in some form is coming to America. Once the anti-Left loses faith in their own restraint, the battlefield will finally erupt.

> But, perhaps, after their offensive resistance's failure, they might be reconciled to govern themselves as they

> wish in states where they command a majority, while not interfering with other Americans governing themselves in their way in the states where they are a majority.

It's best for all of us if we are permitted to go our own way. America is a collective of separate nations; it's just a formality to codify the fact.

Two-Faced Paul Krugman

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

krugging: to speak with forked tongue.

Paul Krugman One:

> Trump's lies about Soros funding the caravan are a further mainstreaming of an alt-right conspiracy theory: Jewish financiers are scheming to replace you with brown people 1/ https://t.co/spalnV5F7R
>
> — Paul Krugman (@paulkrugman) October 21, 2018

Paul Krugman Two:

So which is it, Duping-Krugman? Are White Americans losing their country to swarths, or is it an alt-right conspiracy?

Sailer commenter Olorin adds,

I keep thinking that Cholera Paul can't get worse, then he does.

A prevailing cultural myth is that once upon a time, "journalists" were professionally fact-diggy people who wouldn't sneer at their readers about how certain people were wrong about their assumptions or assertions, but instead would have curiosity about the issue, go out and investigate it, and present corrective or corroborating information.

The vapors-having bodice-heaving Krugman is so predictable and content-impoverished, it can do nothing but attest to the correctness of those at whom he snipes.

It tends also to offer additional evidence of something long observed by our host regarding LimoLib Paul:

https://isteve.blogspot.com/2008/10/i-had-not-realized-nobel-laureate-paul.html
One visual I did not need is Krugman in a bodice.

Beta O'Rourke

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I dare you to watch this Beta O'Rourke campaign ad without violently retching.

Jeeez, I wince with embarrassment for them.

The lack of shitlib self-awareness is astounding. Do they not recognize how cringingly puerile they come across?

It must be a Fuggernaut thing. When you're amongst fellow fugs, swaddled in mutually supportive fugliness, you let it all hang out because no one will judge you. All it would take is one Chad to show up and point at them, laughing, for the fug facade to crumble and the catladies and soyboys and noseringers to scatter, red-faced, for their underground dwellings.

Anyhow, it appears Beta O'Rourke is the new cult leader to fit the bill for shitlibs' need to be part of a cult. A know-nothing, zero-accomplishment, effete catboy who plucks the feels-strings of hippie retreads, bitter spinsters and snarling sluts. And he has a hit-and-run DUI on his record, which fulfills another shitlib need: to spend inordinate mental energy rationalizing away the flaws of their godheads.

***

From DavidTheGnome,

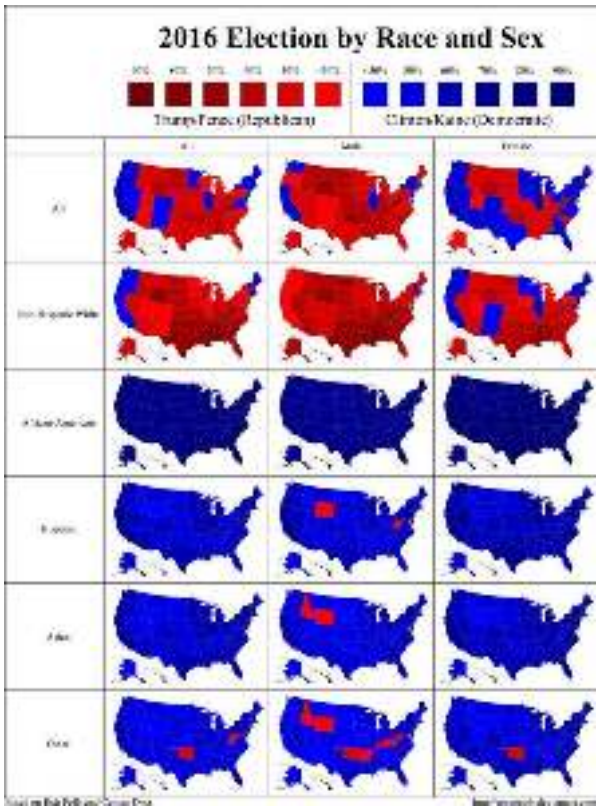
> The left has entered 90's, rapping preacher territory as far as "coolness" goes. I don't see it turning around anytime soon. In fact I suspect the harder they try and reclaim it, the worse it will be. It makes me think of the chapo trap house guys and their reddit stream in particular, which has all the cultural energy of a super popular guys terminally dorky younger brother.

That's really the heart of it: the Left has become uncool. Utterly, totally, uncool. They are now the alliance of very uncool people with massive chips on thier shoulders about the popular kid Trump's inherent coolness and the Chads and Beckys he attracts to his social circle.

And of course, the Left is now trying way too hard to seem cool again, but as DTG notes, when you have to try to be cool, your failure is inevitable. The spiral downward into uncoolness intensifies, as the try-hardness strains to recapture a charisma that was lost long ago.

Demography Is Destiny

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Heritage America can survive and thrive on one condition: If our single White women stay relatively close to the White reservation.

If, on the other hand, single White women continue drifting into the arms of Schlomo-Swarth, LLC, as they are currently doing, then nonWhite population replacement will necessitate the end not only of the GOP, but of America as it has been historically constituted.

It's that simple. Race matters. In the big picture, ideology barely registers.

We could afford to lose the single White woman vote if we weren't besieged by mass Dirt World dispossession. But not anymore. As the nonWhite share of the total US population increases, the existential betrayal by our single White women grows in proportion. We need that total White vote to be reliably 60% and preferably 70% to neutralize the electoral power of nonWhites until such time as we have a sane immigration policy, closed borders, and lebensraum for the White fertility rate to naturally rebound as housing and good schools become more affordable and available.

To get to that 70%+ White vote, White men either have to vote as a bloc, or single White women have to STOP voting as a bloc for the Democortez Party. The stakes are established; time to find solutions.

PS Here is an amusing parody of Democreep political ads.

Fantasy: Homeric Obama. Reality: Heroic Trump

CH · 23 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Gaymulatto and Trump held rallies yesterday. Here are photos of both, for comparison purposes.

My my, Trump filled an arena to overflowing while gaymulatto struggled to fill half of the floor of what looks like a high school gym.

Naturally, the Chaimstream Media only presented camera angles that deceptively enlarged gaymulatto's crowd size, but someone (a mole, perhaps?) got hold of another camera feed and posted this pic of the crowd from a different, more honest angle.

In contrast, Trump's crowd size was so large that the shitlib media, despite yeoxir efforts, couldn't find a camera angle to reduce its size. Thousands of Trump supporters ringed the sullen press pen. 360 degree MAGA!

Shitlibs must HATE HATE HATE that their fantasy figure, their numinous neolib, their cult leader, their GOD, is OVERSHADOWED by a real hero, a real fantasy figure come to life, a real transformational leader….President Donald J Trump.

And gaymulatto….poor nancyboy, you just know it eats him up that Trump can fill arenas with energized followers while he speaks to hotel rooms of bored, politely clapping lumpenlibs. It burns him up inside so much he goes home and hollers impotently about kunte kinte, kangz, and Wakanda to Reggie Lover.

PS I've gotta say, Trump's timing is perfect. He drops the triggering "nationalist" proclamation right as shitlibs are getting BTFO by their churlish chalupas massing for an attack on the US border. Trump's Curse and Trump's Blessing, working in unison.

Ugly, Misshapen, Tatted, Fat Catladies Hate Trump

CH · 24 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You can judge a man by his enemies, and on that accounting, Trump comes out a champion. A veritable avatar of Light and Goodness.

ed: had to turn sideways because the ballot wasn't big enough to conceal the blubbery nethers.

Absolutely sexually, mentally, physically, and psychologically worthless. Terminal velocity impact. The Wall can only admire its destructive wake.

Unholy.

Are we all done vomiting? Let's proceed.

Older catladies have lost what few marbles they had left. The younger ones are teetering on the edge of babbling lunacy. These miserable losers plaster their ugly naked bodies all over social media and imply anyone would want to grab their lumpy hagflesh. They think a point is made, that Trump and his supporters — aka normal humans — will cower before their aggrofuggery, and repent. Or feel impotent before the combined might of flapping wizard sleeves.

They think they are influencers, as if human nature has changed overnight and suddenly sane people with working disgust thresholds will forget to be repulsed by the sight of them, and join their gross, sweaty hugbox to beat back the bad orange man.

And of course, the middle finger. Can't forget that. The degenerate freak mafia deliberately makes themselves as disgusting, repugnant, grotesque, and unlikable as possible, pursuing the dual objectives of warning predators of their toxicity and of signaling to other freaks a safe harbor to…let it all hang out.

The Fuggernaut has no purpose but to revel in their fuggery, and shove it in our faces, recapitulating the acts of ritualistic humiliation the Soviets would visit upon suspected dissidents from communist orthodoxy. "Look upon our hideousness, and dare not flinch, or we will screech like banshees for your soul on a platter!" "Our tits hang to the floor! Feel our empowerment, cishet White man!"

(From a Gabber, "Please, pass them out more ballots.")

Or a flammenwerfer.

From Garth V., a pithy bit of insight revealing the shared motivation of ugly shitlib broads accosting people with their ugliness and totalitarian marxists forcing subjects to swallow their propaganda,

> They get off on making you repeat their big lies. The more obviously false the lie is, the more you debase yourself in repeating it. When you instead affirm the truth, you're letting them know that you will not be their

> slave.

The lie here is, “These are strong, empowered women. Beauty comes in all shapes and sizes.” The Fuggernaut wants us to abide this Big Lie, and in so abiding we debase ourselves. We bring ourselves down to their level.

I say no to that. I will affirm the truth. I will tell these immodest creaturas that their ugliness is epic, their hearts black, their souls possessed by demonic forces. They are gutter filth.

Our enemies are ridiculous. And they are poison. They must be unlatched from the body politic before their venom seeps into the heart and arrests civilization.

***

Commenter Double E coming in hot,

> these shambling hogbeasts are always finding some random excuse to get naked to squeeze whatever drop of validation is left to get from their wasted bodies,
>
> Yet they are the first to shriek anytime the body of a woman who is actually attractive is shown or appreciated in any way.

Feminism, and now its current year version pussyhattery, is the means by which ugly broads neutralize the competitive edge of pretty women. Naturally, it fails, because the god of biomechanics is not easily fooled.

Slutty Women Are Unhappier Than Caddish Men

CH · 24 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Study: People with fewer sex partners report happier marriages

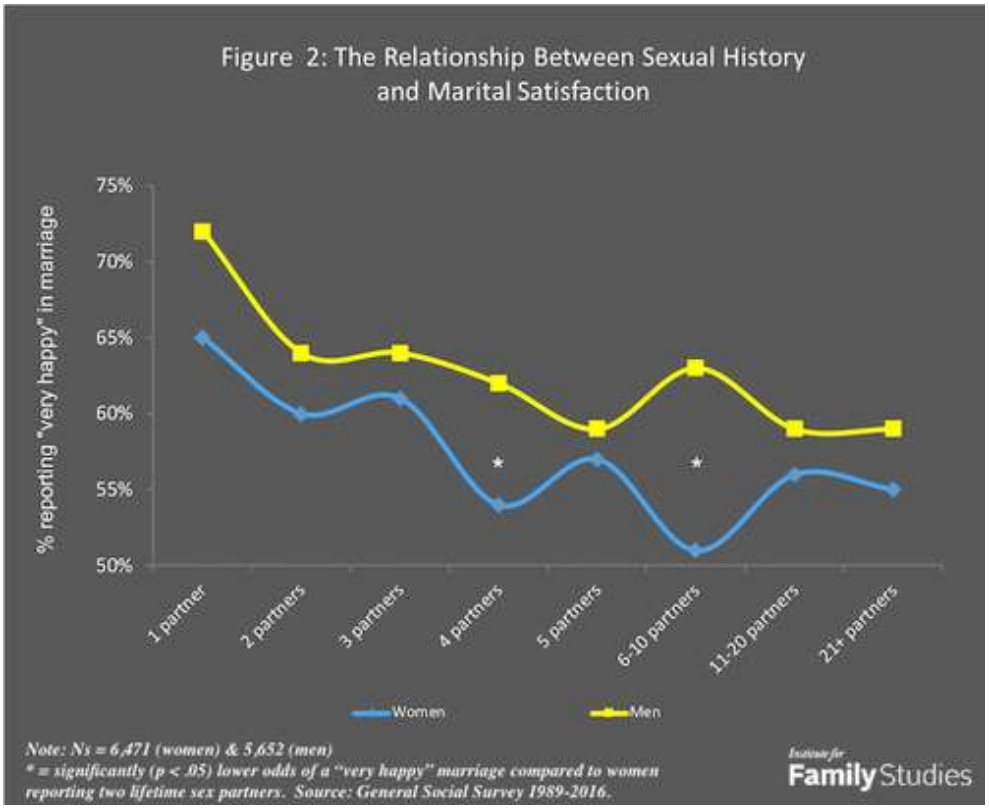
The Shitlantic is just now getting around to reporting on a subject which was discussed extensively years ago on this very 'umble blog. Yes, Virginia, sluts really do make bad wives. Sluts are unhappier in marriages, which makes them higher infidelity (and cuckoldry) risks.

If you want to be happy for the rest of your life
Never make a slutty woman your wife.

Inevitably, the femcunts of muffstream media will bend the knee(s) to Chateau Heartiste, and take all of my lovefacts. (It's a mouthful)

The more interesting part of this particular sociological affirmation of Chateau teachings is the finding that men with a lot of premarital partners aren't as unhappy in marriage as are women with a lot of premarital cockas.

> Over at the Institute for Family Studies, Nicholas Wolfinger, a sociologist at the University of Utah, has found that Americans who have only ever slept with their spouses are most likely to report being in a "very happy" marriage. Meanwhile, the lowest odds of marital happiness—about 13 percentage points lower than the one-partner women—belong to women who have had six to 10 sexual partners in their lives. **For men, there's still a dip in marital satisfaction after one partner, but it's never as low as it gets for women…**



In fact, men with 6-10 premarital partners report the same level of marital happiness as men with 2-3 partners. (It seems men who aren't virgins are happier if they have sampled more than five pussies. For men, a point is reached when quantity becomes its own quality.)

Women with 6-10 premarital partners are the unhappiest in marriage.

Even funnier, from a biomechanical point of view, marital happiness actually ticks up a bit from men with 11-20 sex partners to men with 21+ partners.

For both sexes, entering marriage in a virginal state provides the happiest outcome.

This all makes complete sense looked through a "cheap sperm, expensive egg" filter: men are wired to compartmentalize sex, to better spread the seed. All else equal, a man with hangups about casual sex won't be as reproductively successful as a man who can love em and leave em, and live to settle down with a marriageable woman when his rigor has mortised.

So for men, past performance is not as indicative of future marital satisfaction as it is for women, who are psychologically scarred a little bit more with each cock that carves their sugar walls. Women aren't wired to "spread the egg" (they don't have that many to spread, and they can't walk away from a pregnancy like men can do); they are wired to hoard the egg and save it for high quality seed. This explains why sluts are unhappy in monogamy; they have given their eggs away so often and so profligately that no man they marry could possibly register in their hindbrains as the zenith of penis. Too many cocks have come and gone that it has messed with sluts' ability to bond to men.

Virginal brides, by contrast, will explode with lovingtightness upon surrender to the nuptial cock, because they have no other cock with which to compare their husband's cock. By default, the virgin perceives marital cock to be the finest quality seed she could get. Some call that love.

> "Contrary to conventional wisdom, when it comes to sex, less experience is better, at least for the marriage," said W. Bradford Wilcox, a sociologist and senior fellow at the Institute for Family Studies (and an Atlantic contributor). In an earlier analysis, Wolfinger found that women with zero or one previous sex partners before marriage were also least likely to divorce, while those with 10 or more were most likely. These divorce-proof brides are an exclusive crew: By the 2010s, he writes, just 5 percent of new brides were virgins. And just 6 percent of their marriages dissolved within five years, compared with 20 percent for most people.

5%? So you're saying I have a chance! (I wonder how the percentage of new bride virgins tracks over generations. I'm willing to bet ours is the least virginal era in all of Western history.)

Only 6% of virgin-bride marriages dissolved. Well, no kidding. Given the dearth of virgins in Post-America, the man who locks one down would be a fool to let her go.

Let that be a lesson, ladies:

If you want a loving man for the rest of your life
Never take a cocka before your wedding night.

By the way, the fact of modrenity that virgins are as rare as unused buttplugs in CNN anchor desks portends horrible outcomes for civilization, as it has formed in the American miasma. As age at first marriage increases, the number of female virgins approaches zero. Few women will hold out until age 30, so if women aren't getting married until then, good luck finding a virgin whose vagina is a Chinese finger trap instead of a hallway. Many MANY more marriages will be miserable for both parties because

a. the wrinkled newlywed bride is past her nubile peak and

b. she's corrupted by a caravan of cocks.

(a) will reduce a man's ardor to provide and protect, and (b) will induce a woman's ardor to cheat and eject.

You can thank shitliberalism and the Pill for this slutty state of gnawingly empty affairs.

It doesn't matter in practice whether sluttiness causes marital unhappiness, or is correlated with marital

unhappiness. If you are a man seeking to enslave yourself in bonds that you think will sit lightly on your limbic limbs, then your best bet is to wife up a woman who doesn't have a variety of sexual experiences. That is, go for the virgin, or near-virgin, before choosing the "woman who knows what she wants in the bedroom".

You can teach a virgin to be a better lover; you can't teach a slut to be a purer lover.

In the final analysis, once-frequent commenter Man Who Was Thursday condensed all these lovefacts about virgins and sluts and marital unhappiness into a pithy phrase:

Success with women is more disillusioning than failure.

PS The lead author of this study is Nicholas Wolfinger. Not a J_w? (If not, it would explain the mass droppage of realtalk.)

PPS Relevant:

Ha! An otherwise perfect meme marred by one flawed assumption: that slut grandma wouldn't have died childless, in the paws of her adoring cats.

Heather asks the questions the legacy won't,

> Is a slut's chance of dying alone with cats eating her eyeballs, equal to the chance she has mystery meat grandchildren?

Manifest Depravity

CH · 24 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Lowe objects to my characterization of the people in that cringe-worthy Beta O'Rourke campaign ad.

> Why is uncool to do a dance? You sound like a crazed dork, talking about fuggernauts, when it's just a video of people dancing.

They're ugly, they're blobby, they're unsexy, they can't dance, they have stupid cultish instincts to latch onto any soy-drenched nancyboy who mouths the right universalist platitudes, and they're singing out a gay man's name to the tune of a very gay song. It's more that just a video. It's manifest depravity.

The Great Men On Holding Marital Frame

CH · 24 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

An emailer sends along an excerpt from a book written by the Frenchman Rabelais on the subject of, paraphrasing, “gamed wife, happy life”.

> Just came across a redpilled book from the Rennaissance period written by the Frenchman Rabelais.
>
> Project Gutenberg has online copies.
>
> There is a very good section on maintaining frame in a marriage.
>
> It’s a bit difficult to read given that he didn’t use modern grammar and writing style but I have no doubt you will understand the wisdom.
>
> Also, you will find a portrait of the author toward the top of the document. Physiognomy is real. Interesting, when you consider this document also contains a chapter titled: “Rondibilis the Physician’s cure for cuckoldry”.
>
> Here is the section on marriage I refer to (he didn’t use paragraphs).
>
> ***
>
> After that Gargantua had most affably saluted all the gentlemen there present, he said, Good friends, I beg this favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the places where you sate nor quit the discourse you were upon. Let a chair be brought hither unto this end of the table, and reach me a cupful of the strongest and best wine you have, that I may drink to all the company. You are, in faith, all welcome, gentlemen. Now let me know what talk you were about. To this Pantagruel answered that at the beginning of the second service Panurge had proposed a problematic theme, to wit, whether he should marry, or not marry? that Father Hippothadee and Doctor Rondibilis had already despatched their resolutions thereupon; and that, just as his majesty was coming in, the faithful Trouillogan in the delivery of his opinion hath thus far proceeded, that when Panurge asked whether he ought to marry, yea or no? at first he made this answer, Both together. When this same question was again propounded, his second answer was, Neither the one nor the other. Panurge exclaimeth that those answers are full of repugnancies and contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them. If I be not mistaken, quoth Gargantua, I understand it very well. The answer is not unlike to that which was once made by a philosopher in ancient times, who being interrogated if he had a woman whom they named him to his wife? I have her, quoth he, but she hath not me,—possessing her, by her I am not possessed. Such another answer, quoth Pantagruel, was once made by a certain bouncing wench of Sparta, who being asked if at any time she had had to do with a man? No, quoth she, but sometimes men have had to do with me. Well then, quoth Rondibilis, let it be a neuter in physic, as when we say a body is neuter, when it is neither sick nor healthful, and a mean in philosophy; that, by an abnegation of both extremes, and this by the participation of the one and of the other. Even as when lukewarm water is said to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when time makes the partition, and equally divides betwixt the two, a while in the one, another while as long in the other opposite extremity. The holy Apostle, quoth Hippothadee, seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this point when he said, Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married; and those that have wives, let them be as if they had no wives at all. I thus interpret, quoth Pantagruel, the having and not having of a wife. **To have a wife is to have the use of her in such a way as nature hath ordained, which is for the aid, society, and solace of man, and propagating of his race. To have no wife is not to be uxorious, play the coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her sake to distain the lustre of that affection which man owes to God, or yet for her to leave those offices and duties which he owes unto his country, unto his friends and kindred, or for her to abandon and forsake his precious studies, and other businesses of account, to wait still on her will, her beck, and her buttocks.** If we be pleased in this sense to take having and not having of a wife, we shall

> indeed find no repugnancy nor contradiction in the terms at all.

Phyzz test, the younger Rabelais:

Rascally rogue. You know this dude was the first man in history to reply “I know” when a woman professed her love for him.

Rabelais’ advice (through Gargantua) is primarily a florid reiteration of Chateau Poon Commandments III, IV, XIV, XVI.

> **III. You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority**
>
> Forget all those romantic cliches of the leading man proclaiming his undying love for the woman who completes him. Despite whatever protestations to the contrary, women do not want to be “The One” or the center of a man’s existence. They in fact want to subordinate themselves to a worthy man’s life purpose, to help him achieve that purpose with their feminine support, and to follow the path he lays out. You must respect a woman’s integrity and not lie to her that she is “your everything”. She is not your everything, and if she is, she will soon not be anymore.
>
> ***
>
> **IV. Don’t play by her rules**
>
> If you allow a woman to make the rules she will resent you with a seething contempt even a rapist cannot inspire. The strongest woman and the most strident feminist wants to be led by, and to submit to, a more powerful man. Polarity is the core of a healthy loving relationship. She does not want the prerogative to walk all over you with her capricious demands and mercurial moods. Her emotions are a hurricane, her soul a saboteur. Think of yourself as a bulwark against her tempest. When she grasps for a pillar to steady herself against the whipping winds or yearns for an authority figure to foil her worst instincts, it is you who has to be there… strong, solid, unshakeable and immovable.
>
> ***

> **XIV. Fuck her good**
>
> Fuck her like it's your last fuck. And hers. Fuck her so good, so hard, so wantonly, so profligately that she is left a quivering, sparking mass of shaking flesh and sex fluids. Drain her of everything, then drain her some more. Kiss her all over, make love to her all night, and hold her close in the morning. Own her body, own her gratitude, own her love. If you don't know how, learn to give her squirting orgasms.
>
> ***
>
> **XVI. Never be afraid to lose her**
>
> You must not fear. Fear is the love-killer. Fear is the ego-triumph that brings abject loneliness. You will face your fear. You will permit it to pass over and through you. And when your ego-fear is gone you will turn and face your lover, and only your heart will remain. You will walk away from her when she has violated your integrity, and you will let her walk when her heart is closed to you. She who can destroy you, controls you. Don't give her that power over yourself. Love yourself before you love her.

Don't sacrifice your manly pursuits for your woman.

Don't supplicate to your woman.

Don't let your woman make your decisions for you.

Don't neglect your woman's need for a dominant man in her life.

Don't place your woman on a pedestal of incontinent affection.

Fuck your woman good, because that is her prime directive, to be fucked good.

These are the attributes of a man who holds an unshakeable frame with his woman (or women).

Have your wife, but don't let your wife have you. That is the key to marital happiness.

And to think there are tradcon ignoramuses who assert Game is a modern device of incels or a repackaging of dindu muh dickism. Nope, the great White men of European history knew about Game, practiced it, and preached it, even if they used a different jargon that basically expressed the same ideas in, say, the Mystery Method or at this 'umble blog.

Mocking The Globohomo Corporatocracy

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The Globohomo Corporatocracy is the unholy union of rootless, deracinated corporate fat cats with academia and the bureaucratic State. It is a tri-headed beast with three objectives:

- make boatloads of money on the backs of cheap labor
- endlessly saturate the airwaves with neoliberal pozpaganda
- silence dissent from their rule

War in some form will come later, but for now the best recourse of dissidents is to ruthlessly mock the Corporatocracy. Belittle their presumptions, shatter their hubris, discredit their rule. And for the love of Heritage America, avoid stuffing their wallets when you have alternatives available.

To wit:

Better names for our putative overlords:

Clitflix, Fapple, Goolag, Twatter, Faceborg, Amazog.

Use these terms wherever and whenever. If enough dissidents get these words into the public consciousness, the globalists will catch wind of them, and they will feel the sting. We will have hurt them. And that, most importantly, will prove to themselves that they are vulnerable.

They can be brought to heel.

The Confound Of Silence

CH · 25 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From "posts only tweets", an anecdote that shows how thin-skinned shitlibs have gotten from living in their insular SWPL proghouse culture bubbles, and how badly they need their fragile egos stroked.

> *Libertardian: My first thought re: the "suspicious packages" sent to CNN, $0r0$, Clinton, and BHO was "false flag." I don't know why they would also send one to the WH, but the MSM – big surprise here – is trying to cover that part up.*
>
> The n*gress and skype at work were talking about that. The n*gress then added "People are evil" line.
>
> Up to that point, I was having the usual office talk with the googlette. On occasion her ghettoness was on display and I just smiled and kept it simple.
>
> It's amazing that without saying anything contrary to what they were both talking yet simply staying silent informed them about my opinion on the matter.
>
> And boo-hoo for me: I didn't get a "bless you" when I sneezed. I'll manage

Silence is now interpreted by shitlibs as opposition. If you aren't full-throatedly supportive of the shitlib, parroting his or her "orange man bad" incantations, then the shitlib regards you with suspicion. That's how bad the NPC groupthink has gotten. You have to shout your allegiance to the One True Faith, or it's off to the breaking wheel with you.

[image]

[image]

Try it the next time a shitlib acquaintance gets political. Don't answer in the affirmative. Stay silent. You'll notice the shitlib is confused by this, and then quickly rouses to huffy terseness when she realizes YOU MAY NOT BE A GOODWHITE .

Mace Dindu quips,

> And make sure never to be the first guy to stop clapping when celebrating a tranny's stunning and brave transition.

From mendeaux,

> Precisely. This touches on their need for validation and if you don't give them what they want, they'll short circuit.
>
> The kicker is when they talk and talk and without that validation, they'll utter–in a defeated tone–"I don't know. . ." which just negated everything they said up to that point

That's the fuck-I-may-have-just-come-off-like-a-raving-loon-to-an-unfriendly-so-I-better-walk-it-back "I don't know". I hear it all the time from shitlibs because I never validate their neuroses. I love the deflated sound of it. Like a balloon hissing air.

I'll return to what Garth V. wrote,

> They get off on making you repeat their big lies. The more obviously false the lie is, the more you debase yourself in repeating it. When you instead affirm the truth, you're letting them know that you will not be their

> slave.

The shitlib demand for conspicuous validation by others in their social circle (and often beyond) is related to a couple of interesting sociological peculiarities blossoming in the diversitopia known as Post-America:

1. White SWPL libs secretly, deep down, don't believe their own bullshit. This creates massive cognitive dissonance which can only be alleviated by continual affirmation of their false beliefs from fellow Whites who also labor under a heavy load of cogdis. Misery loves company. It's the equivalent of a codependent relationship, except both partners are addicted to the virtue signaling drug. See, for example, any NPC doxxing swarm targeting heretics, or Twatter blue checkmarks all liking each other's inane anti-White pabulum.
2. White libs in cities are surrounded by diversity, (although urban Whites mostly self-segregate by neighborhood zone and city block, the Diversity still slaps them in the face on mass transit or walking alone from the bar at 1AM), and have to constantly stifle their real thoughts about the goblins who roam amongst them. If they don't stifle their thoughts, they might make the mistake one day of lashing out at a Gift of Diversity, and that could cost them social status and, possibly, their good health. This is tiring to the enlightened urban White shitlib, and validation from other tired urban White shitlibs lifts their spirits. It helps to know others like yourself are part of the struggle (the real struggle of pretending Diversity is grand — not the Fake Struggle of, say, BLM that shitlibs vicariously live through). Forcing presumed compatriots to join the White shitlib in a self-preserving lie is like a dose of antacid. Sweet relief. Now back to overeating at the buffet of gassy neolib boilerplate.

This is really a critical point for rural and suburban Sane Whites to understand about urban Shitlib Whites. The latter live in the midst of Dreary Diversity in ways that the former don't usually. When you are encircled by belligerents, you can go two ways: Keep a clear head about the threats, or placate the hordes and bury your dark thoughts. Shitlibs are cowards, so they choose the latter, fearful that indulging their Inner Voice might cause them to occasionally lose control of it as it leaps off the tongue on the walk over to an evening cocktail party through a vibrant part of town. So White shitlibs have decided, en masse, like victims of a runaway hysteria, to kill their Inner Voices. To spare their Outer Prestige.

Hence, the full embrace of the thoughtless, automaton leftoid NPC lifestyle.

And this is why wry silence confounds them, and why refusing to give the urban White shitlibs validation when they go off on one of their snarky anti-White lectures upsets them so much. Your shitlord silence is worse than complicity; it's mockery. It reminds the shitlib of her cowardice, and how much of her integrity she sacrifices to keep up the equalist facade. The shitlib isn't upset that you might be a closeted deplorable as much as she's upset that your judgmental silence reminds her that she's an emotionally brittle, dictatorial charlatan who CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH and who must cripple herself with mental contortions and demand vows of loyalty to groupthink to hide that fact of her fragility from her consciousness.

Atavator condenses,

> Truth stands of its own accord. Lies need constant propping up.

***

This late-stage republic phenomenon of shitlibs desperately seeking and even demanding external validation of their internal lunacy has Game pertinence, too. A reader explains,

> "Silence is golden" applies in so many ways. It works wonders with women too. Like lefties, they need constant confirmation that they're right or they'll lose their minds. Often to the point of agreeing with you, just to get you to speak with them again.

Strategic silence will nuke a girl's shit tests. It is also a powerful tactic during more intimate moments, when she's

getting to know you (or getting you to know her), creating a veneer of mystery about you that you might be hiding something bad (which is good) or she is not worthy of some secret joy or pain from your life, and she'll have to earn your trust to learn about it.

When a girl flirts, or is in the pregnant pre-flirt stage (she hasn't yet closed herself to your solicitation), her sassiness can sometimes take the form of an urge to ego gratification. She might corner you into an admission that flatters her or gives her reason to reject you (the default state of girls when interacting with most men who aren't automatically socially proofed by fame, status, or extreme wealth). That's when your grinning silence is helpful to the cause of mutual romance; your denial of the validation she seeks flips the seduction script. Unvalidated, she now assumes the role of the active solicitor, probing for a supportive comment or two that will re-inflate her ego to its normal "SURROUNDED BY THIRSTY BETAS" size. The psychological reorientation will have the knock off effect of raising your SMV relative to hers (and to the beta males who failed with her) because of the cognitive bias of imputing more worth to a person in whom we invest our emotional energy to acquire that person's approval.

***

Related: the "mass mind".

“Conspiracy Theory” Conspiracy

CH · 25 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

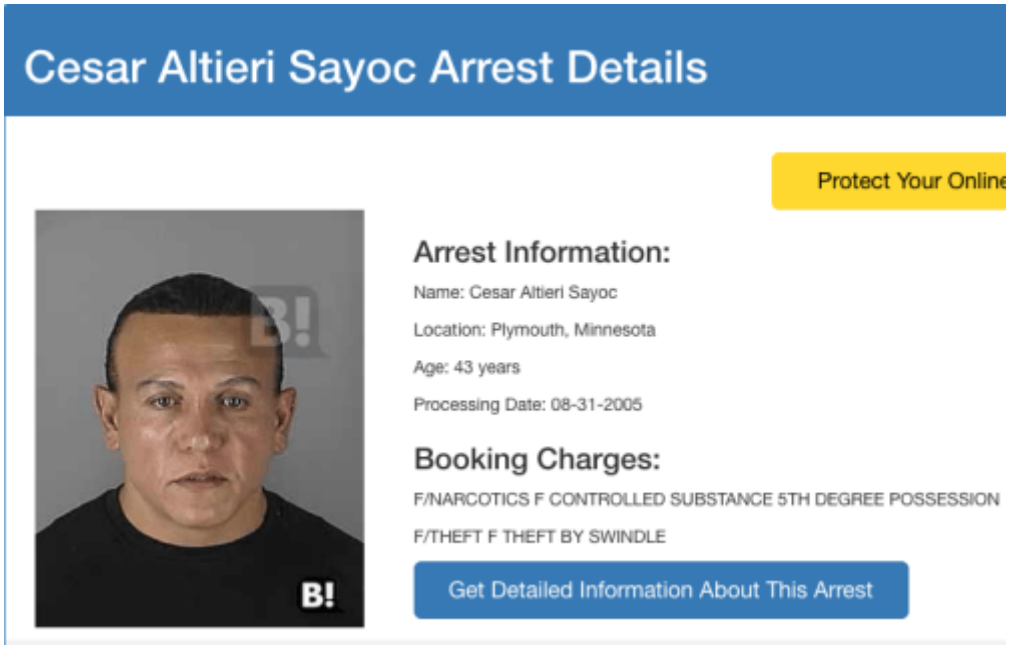
Since when did the shitlib rallying cry “question authority” become “conspiracy theory”?

Answer: When shitlibs became the authority.

Cesar Sayoc, “White Male” (& Deep State Updates)

CH · 26 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The FBI “arrested” their patsy in the Great Fake Bomb False Flag attacks of 2018. His name is Cesar Sayoc. He has a criminal history. The Chaimstream Media are labeling him a “White male”. Hmm….



MAGA Bomber? More like Mayan Bomber. Shades of “white Hispanic” George Zimmerman. Florida, again!

CNN graphics employees are currently tinkering with the Whiteness saturation of their Cesar Sayoc mug shot. “Blast it to ‘blindingly white’! I want to see Sammy Sosa after a week-long chemical peel!”, yells Jeff Zucker.

His van windows were plastered with oddly fresh Trump stickers. The Deep State went a little overboard with the pro-MAGA signaling.

Naturally, the scumbag agitprop media want us all to think the suspect is

a. a White man

b. a Trump supporter

Except, he isn't (a), and…whoa what do we have here?…he probably isn't (b) either.

Sloppy, sloppy, Deep State. Remember, you've got a lot more bases to cover in the internet era.

PS Cesar Sayoc is a choreographer for male strippers. We're just pawing around the lip of this rabbit hole.

PPS There have been 613 acts of media-approved violence and harassment against Trump supporters.

PPPS File under: How Convenient! "Sheriff Israel from the Parkland [Hogg celebrity springboard] case is now overseeing this "suspect" in Broward County."

PPPPS Curiouser and curiouser: #MayaBoomer Cesar Sayoc only follows left-wing accounts on Twatter.

****

/pol/ on false flags,

> Here's how false-flags work:
> >find a non-White unstable middle-aged man
> >feed him a steady stream of drugs and encouragement
> >help him commit crimes, but ensure nothing actually works so the investigation doesn't get too hot
> >convince him to put as many offensive stickers as he can on his van so the whole world can see
> You'd have to be an idiot to believe this guy was a real threat.

Personally, I think this mentally ill patsy was recruited by Deep State operatives and pushed over the edge to distract from the bombshell Rod Rosenstein congressional testimony that was supposed to take place this week. Keep in mind that a tsunami of testimonials are coming that will make Watergate look like child's play, and top guys — former and active — at the FBI and DOJ are getting veeeerrry nervous.

George Papadopoulos, the low level Trump campaign worker who was the impetus for the Special Counsel investigation into the Russia Collusion Hoax, is now saying he was entrapped and wants to withdraw from his plea deal. This whole attempted coup charade is unraveling at a rapid clip, and Brennan, Clapper, Mueller, Comey, Lynch, Clinton, Obama et al are one or two testimonies away from getting fingered as co-conspirators.

Everything about the Great Fake Bomb False Flag Hoax of 2018 reeks of suspicious provenance and coordination. Purposefully inert Wile E. Coyote ACME bombs. Oddly cavalier behavior by affected media employees.

And it's a good sign that normies aren't buying it either.

Talk about Narrative collapse. The ink was barely dry on the media agitprop before normies started mocking them!

Update: Cesar Sayoc self-identifies as Seminole Indian. How will the media spin this malfunction in their anti-Trump message machine? "White Indian"?

Here comes the salubrious mockery. From Based Monitored:

> Elizabeth Warren = Native American
>
> Cesar Sayoc = White
>
> Can't make this shit up.

***

Cesar Sayoc had multiple identities? We've begun our descent into the rabbit hole.

***

These Fake Bombs two weeks before the elections are so obviously a scam because even the dumbest right-wing patriot would know that mailing bombs to prominent Dems and media would effectively make martyrs of them and tip the midterm election momentum in their direction. So Cesar Sayoc is INCREDIBLY stupid, a dupe, or an agent provocateur. Maybe he should have taken bomb-making tips from Ahmed the Clock Boy.

Bomb facsimile passed off as clock to scare Whitey.

Media: “It’s a clock, racists!”

Fake Bombs that people are taking pictures of in their offices.

Media: “OMG IT’S ANNUDAH SHOAH!!!”

***

Any MAGAmen worried about optics, needn’t. Nothing changes with the arrest of our Dances With Wile E Coyotes suspect. How much more energized can “orange man bad” leftoids get? The only effect from this will be to cause each side to dig in, and a few of us to seize the opportunity to troll the media about jizzing over a cartoonish van and studiously avoiding mentioning the suspect is an American Indian. Just keep hammering your shitlib frenemies with reminders that the media largely ignored reporting on the story of Hodgkinson, the Bernie Boomer who shot Steve Scalise and would’ve shot a lot more Republican congressmen if he had better aim.

***

From commenter Captain John Charity Spring MA,

> So he’s an darkie ethnic minority, lived in NYC and Miami, with a violent criminal record, a swindler, a soccer coach (pedo), stripper choreographer (childless?) and we are asked to believe he’s a devoted Republican White Supremist, because of some decals…
>
> He’s defying every single demographic if he is a Right winger.

We’re being played again. But the flim flam sham is so amateur that it will not swing one independent away from Trump.

***

Update: Readers are saying Cesar Sayoc is a Filipino who was pretending to be an American Indian for the social status cachet. Either way, #MPCStatusUpdates put it best:

> Trump is building a fascist army of swarthy bomb-throwing musclebound gigolos

#FlipTheScript

Tourette's Game

CH · 26 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is hilarious. An emailer links to a video of Tourette's Guy, with the following note:

> Tourette's game. This is up there with $2 big towels.

lol yeah I remember $2 big towel guy. Girls sends him an epic post-argument love letter, and he replies "JC penny have 2$ big towels" (garnished with the requisite insouciant anti-grammer). The astute reader will note that the girl did not say she broke up with him after that. In fact, she sounded rather proud of him. Wanted to show him off to her social media girlfriends.

How is there such a thing as Tourette's Game?, the naive newb asks. TG is real because it's the purest form of outcome independent, ZFG attitude you will see in a man. Take supplication and appeasement and sappy romanticism, and do the opposite. That's the M.O. of $2 Big Towel Boyfriend and Tourette's Guy. Distilled Uncaring Asshole Game.

Bonus vid: More Tourette's Guy hilarity, plus a cameo by Santa Claus aka Tourette's Guy's Dad.

Tourette's Game examples:

Girl: Where do you see us going?

Tourette's In Bed: Does this look like the ass of a man who knows where this is going?! *moons her*

***

Girl: I love you.

Tourette's In Bed: I could shit a better sentiment!

***

Girl: You never listen.

Tourette's In Bed: Oh, fuck me!

***

Girl: Are you dating anyone right now?

Tourette's In Bed: What is this?! Shit load of personal questions day??

***

Girl: I have a boyfriend.

Tourette's In Bed: *leans toward her face* You got some shit on your nose. Little piece of shit right there on the end of it.

***

Girl: I can't make Wednesday. Maybe we could try Friday?

Tourette's In Bed: Bitch!

PS Is it wrong to laugh at a son taunting his Tourette's Syndrome suffering father?

Comment Of The Week: The Left's Cultural Reign Is Over

CH · 27 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment from jimmy h has earned him the coveted Chateau COTW. He hits on many CH themes, including the danger to leftoids of breaching their own disgust threshold when bringing too many degenerate freaks into their moldy fold.

> the left was always the uncool kids – the freaks, the nerds, the underclass, the useless dumb kids, the arrogant smart kids, the mystery meat, the broken families, the sissies and the tomboys
>
> at one point they learned how to band together and bully the normies and even some of the more beta jocks, but since they lacked any kind of social skills, and their only basis for sticking together was to protect "victims" of the cool kids, they had to keep adding more and more victim groups in order to stave off the inevitable group fractures
>
> the left hasn't really changed at all, people are just seeing it for what it really is, partly because it lost control of the narrative and partly because the victim groups started expanding way beyond the disgust thresholds of even the less-cool kids
>
> evangelocons aren't cool either and are never going to be, but progressives are no longer going to be able to claim that status for themselves either. bill maher is a washed-up has-been. john oliver is a joke himself. hollywood celebs are increasingly seen as the vapid fame whores and actual whores that they are.

Every time I see Jennifer Lawrence all I picture is sticky schmata dribbling off her blotchy face.

> and the latest comediennes can't even get the new york times to pretend they're funny, they have to try to redefine humor in order to make them look good.
>
> it's over for the left, culturally. the question is whether or not they'll succeed in suppressing alternatives. history suggests they will fail.

We know the Left knows it's over for them, because they are frantically trying to preserve their cultural influence NOT by being cleverer or insightful or interesting or cool but by silencing those who are clever, insightful, interesting, funny, and cool.

And that rarely works. At least, not without a tyrannical crackdown on, first, dissidents, and then on normies who become dissidents in the wake of the initial crackdowns.

Sigh Ops

CH · 28 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Comment from Leonard, on how to reply to screechy shitlibs demanding vows of conformity,

> Back when I actually had a lunch-room and the PC platitudes were on display I would just say “I disagree” without even looking up from the paper. Of course it was like blood in the water, and the NPCs would move in.
>
> “What do you mean?”
>
> “Cant say”, I’d reply, still paying more attention to the paper than the shrews. “Voicing my opinion violates state and federal law (Australia).”
>
> Watch the old harpies croak and the young panties soak.
>
> What kind of bigot am I? Never shall they know, and it was like a splinter in their mind.
>
> How dare he!? Muh consensus!!!

Heh. This is good.

Even better, the thrust of Leonard’s shiv can be redirected for seductive Game practicality.

Girl: Are you hitting on me?

Keyser Sayoc’s MAGAvan: Can’t say. Voicing my opinion violates state and federal law.

Girl: *sigh*

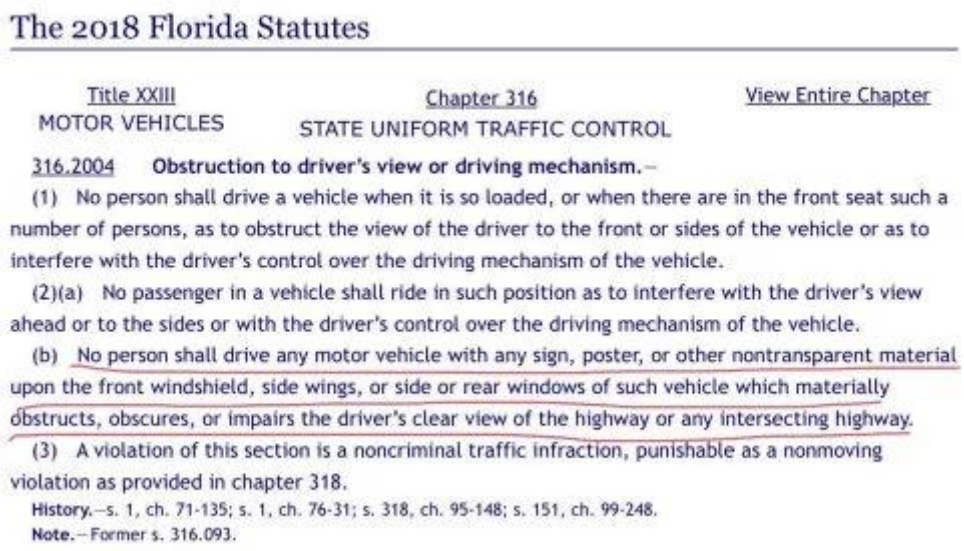
You want to be a “splinter in a girl’s mind”, poking, pricking, penetrating her limbic lens to a reassuring reality, distorting the comfortable ego bubble she ensconces herself in, until her body presses against the perimeter, aching for a clear resolution.

Keyser Sayoc Update

CH · 28 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From earl,

> Another shitlord just happened to find this interesting Florida law.
>
> Long story short…his van would have been pulled over a long time ago.



The 2018 Florida Statutes

Title XXIII
MOTOR VEHICLES

Chapter 316
STATE UNIFORM TRAFFIC CONTROL

View Entire Chapter

316.2004 **Obstruction to driver's view or driving mechanism.**—

(1) No person shall drive a vehicle when it is so loaded, or when there are in the front seat such a number of persons, as to obstruct the view of the driver to the front or sides of the vehicle or as to interfere with the driver's control over the driving mechanism of the vehicle.

(2)(a) No passenger in a vehicle shall ride in such position as to interfere with the driver's view ahead or to the sides or with the driver's control over the driving mechanism of the vehicle.

(b) No person shall drive any motor vehicle with any sign, poster, or other nontransparent material upon the front windshield, side wings, or side or rear windows of such vehicle which materially obstructs, obscures, or impairs the driver's clear view of the highway or any intersecting highway.

(3) A violation of this section is a noncriminal traffic infraction, punishable as a nonmoving violation as provided in chapter 318.

History.—s. 1, ch. 71-135; s. 1, ch. 76-31; s. 318, ch. 95-148; s. 151, ch. 99-248.

Note.—Former s. 316.093.

The FBI was busy plastering those decals on overnight!

I wonder if there will ever be an interview with Pinoy-American Cesar Sayoc? I'm curious if he'll deviate from the script and let slip a few anti-Narrative facts about his time as an amateur Fake Bomb maker?

State Of The State Department

CH · 28 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Word from a well-traveled and well-connected derring-doer is that the State Department is manned, floor to rafters, with hardcore globalist shitlibs who hate Trump and commit low to high level sedition every day attempting to undermine his Administration.

He says, without a hint of irony or glibness, that subversives within State will take Trump down if he doesn't immediately clean house and fire at least three-quarters of the staff. He says, again sans glibness, that whatever negative blowback this will have on foreign relations is more than compensated for by removing an actively hostile threat to his Presidency, and he wonders why Trump has to date dropped the ball on this pressing matter. He presumes members of Trump's inner circle are deliberately hiding State Department subterfuge from him, and if that's the case, then the fix is in.

PS Three cheers for President Bolsonaro!

Measuring The Health Of Nationhood

CH · 28 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Thought experiment: Knowing what we now know about how America is run, and feeling as we do now about where America is heading….if the Russians invaded our shores and stormed our cities and towns, would you be more apt to

a. fight them

b. stand idly by as they occupied your nation

c. actively aid and abet them?

I have a suspicion that 10-20% of Americans in 2018 would choose b or c on a truly anonymous survey, and by my calculus, those numbers indicate a severe decline in the health of our nationhood.

Exploiting The Lunatic Fringe To Silence Legitimate Dissent

CH · 28 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I prophecied,

> We know the Left knows it's over for them, because they are frantically trying to preserve their cultural influence NOT by being cleverer or insightful or interesting or cool but by silencing those who are clever, insightful, interesting, funny, and cool.
>
> And that rarely works. At least, not without a tyrannical crackdown on, first, dissidents, and then on normies who become dissidents in the wake of the initial crackdowns.

Today, Gab was silenced for being a friend of unauthorized dissident crimethink (h/t guest),

> Gab is up now but it sounds like it will be down tomorrow when the hosting provider pulls out. (((PayPal))) pulled the plug and (((Stripe))) did earlier. And shitlibs are cheering.
>
> Do something, Trump.

> Breaking: @joyent, Gab's new hosting provider, has just pulled our hosting service. They have given us until 9am on Monday to find a solution. Gab will likely be down for weeks because of this. Working on solutions. We will never give up on defending free speech for all people. pic.twitter.com/YvnBOFoQQn
>
> — Gab.com (@getongab) October 28, 2018

Breaking: @joyent, Gab's new hosting provider, has just pulled our hosting service. They have given us until 9am on Monday to find a solution. Gab will likely be down for weeks because of this. Working on solutions. We will never give up on defending free speech for all people. pic.twitter.com/YvnBOFoQQn

[image]

— Gab.com (@getongab) October 28, 2018

This is all about punishing the free-thinking collective for the actions of a mentally disturbed individual. As an off-site reader put it,

> Aside from what is so unjust about this shut-down of Gab…I would add this company's actions [joyent] against Gab strikes me as very [special people]: collective punishment. Tactic as old as the [special people] religion itself. What a coincidence.

Trump does have to do something, fast. He has to regulate these social media companies, internet hosting companies, and payment processor companies as common carriers. Do it!

The Power Of A Captured Media To Memory Hole Inconvenient Stories

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

How many Americans have heard of Dylann Roof? How soon will Robert Bowers become a household name?

tens of millions of hands go up

Great. Now how many Americans have heard of Gavin Long? James Hodgkinson? Emmanuel Samson?

one hand goes up

“Arrest that man!”

This article lays it out: there have been a slew of anti-White attacks that barely registered in the media, and that was a consequence of deliberate policy by media executives and editors.

> Down the Memory Hole […]
>
> Roof, of course, is the mass murderer who killed nine blacks on a Sunday morning in June of 2015. He hoped to start a race war. Instead, Leftist activists used his act of violence as justification to remove the Confederate flag from the Civil War Memorial in front of the South Carolina capitol.
>
> But you already knew that. The media/corporate/ideological axis of influence made sure of that. Roof’s terrorist act was the subject of innumerable thinkpieces, sermons, and national conversations about race, hate, and violence.
>
> But those first five names? You probably had to look them up. I certainly did.
>
> Gavin Long is the black separatist who murdered three police officers and wounded three others in the wake of protests of the police shooting of Alton Sterling in 2016.
>
> Micah Johnson is another black man who murdered five Dallas police officers and wounded nine others, also in the wake of protests over the death of Alton Sterling in 2016.
>
> James Hodgkinson was the left-wing activist and Bernie Sanders campaign volunteer who attempted to assassinate the Republican congressional baseball team in Arlington, VA in 2017.
>
> Fredrick Scott is the serial killer who murdered five white men on Kansas City hiking trails from 2016 to 2017. He was motivated by a desire to “kill all white people.”
>
> Emmanuel Samson is a Sudanese migrant who murdered one woman and shot seven other worshipers in a Tennessee church service in 2017 as revenge for Dylann Roof’s mass shooting in South Carolina.
>
> None of these men are household names. None of them sparked “national conversations” about the need to tone down anti-white or anti-conservative hatred and prejudice. No flags were removed because of their actions.
>
> Other than concerned attention by some on the political Right and detached “just the facts, ma’am” reporting from the establishment, these terrorist incidents have disappeared from our national collective consciousness.
>
> Indeed, some of these incidents never even entered into the local consciousness in the places they occurred. Fredrick Scott was charged with three of his murders the same week that Heather Heyer was killed during the Charlottesville riots. That Sunday I happened to attend a mega-church in Kansas City. The pastor spoke passionately against the “hate” and “anger” that lead to Heyer’s death in Virginia a thousand miles away, but didn’t say a word about the racist serial killer in his own backyard.

The real power of the media rests in its ability to lock news out of the public consciousness, rather than to pass off lies that are at risk of exposure by skeptics. The media do lie, but their Narrative-crafting force comes

predominately from selective reporting, and then from information management to frame what they do report in either the most negative or positive light, depending on its usefulness to the media's aims.

> Instead of being flushed down the memory hole, the [Pittsburgh] incident will almost certainly become a centerpiece for another "national conversation" about Donald Trump's rhetoric, the supposed widespread irrational prejudice on the American Right, and the need for additional censorship of "hate-thought" by Silicon Valley's techno-oligarchs.

Gab is still down.

> The question of whether or not an atrocity will be forgotten or remembered rests entirely on the identity of the perpetrator and the victims. If the victims are members of protected liberal classes—such as Jews, blacks, and Muslims—and the perpetrator is not, i.e., he is a white male, then the attack will become a touchstone for lectures on tolerance and the need to fight hate, conveniently defined as the entire conservative right.
>
> If the identity of victim and perpetrator are reversed the attack is simply "heartbreaking" to the extent it is acknowledged at all. Then it is forgotten.
>
> This is how the politicization of tragedy works in our America.

There is no hate speech, unless there is also anti-White hate speech. Right now, the media harangues Whites as collectively guilty for the former, and denies Whites collective or individual suffering for the latter.

This is untenable. The D+P=W tension is straining the last strands of American social cohesion. Something's gonna give. If one group keeps getting shat upon, eventually that group will stop offering their faces as a toilet.

A captured media means a media disproportionately owned and operated by one group, acting as both propaganda arm and communications director for one political party, reporting the same news the same way to push a particular narrative, and converging like an activated drone army to discredit, disallow, or dismiss any story or any person which threatens the media's lock on perception management.

I've written about it before, but it's worth repeating as often as I can until hearts and minds have opened to the possibility.

The leftoid media won't change.

THEY WILL NEVER CHANGE.

Leftoids are leftoids to the bone, and are too invested in their egos to ever see the light and act with integrity. Their allegiance is cast.

The only way to reform the media is by culling, preferably though mass firings, at least HALF of the leftoids marbled throughout the Media Indoctrination Complex. Executives, editors, copywriters, lowly beat reporters….half of them need to be tossed out and replaced with shitlords, nationalists, and realtalkers.

And HALF is the bare minimum. No guarantee that will do the trick, but it'll be a start.

What the media is now is their own worst enemy. Isolated, insular, haughty, and drunk with power, they act unimpeded as a single entity to crush the hopes of Heritage Americans, swarming and devouring any Truth or Beauty that penetrates in the slightest their tailored veil of Lies and Ugliness.

And the media, when it lies, lies big and small — little snubs like not writing "President" before Trump, or labeling Republicans "Donald Trump's Republicans" when they want to associate a possible House loss with Trumpism (something they'd never do with Obama); big snubs like refusing to report on the pantifa instigation of violence at C'ville, or exploiting a singular mass shooting to propagandize for more mass immigration and refugees which destroys heartland communities and further destabilizes American society.

There is HARDLY ANYONE nestled within the media ranks who will act as a check on colleagues cranking up the anti-White hate machine to “Seek and Destroy”. No one who will edit their colleagues’ anti-White pabulum for accuracy, or tone it down for decency. No one who will take a co-worker aside and say, “Hey, Noah, maybe you should lay off the anti-Trump hysterics”. No one who will chide a media apparatchik when the story is wrong, or hyperbolic, or misleading. No one who will manage the op-ed page for quality, providing a balance of voices or refusing ink space to the worst anti-Whites.

The change will have to come from outside the Ministry of Dupe. Fake News has proven itself INCAPABLE of policing itself. They are a runaway train of bitter rage, on a collision course with utter disgrace.

The change will come in two forms: a parallel media universe of Heritage Americans that deepens the partisan and cultural rift in America, and noble infiltrators who capitalize on moments of vulnerability in the Chaimstream Media that open when Trump baits them into revealing their disgusting bias.

I think, as tumultuous and uncertain as is this age we’re living through, I wouldn’t have it any other way. We have front row seats to a decades-old rotten corrupt system collapsing before our widened eyes. It is magnificent. And we were a big part of bringing it forth.

CNN, MSNBC, NBC, ABC, CBS, NPR, Yahoo, AP, Reuters, Jeff Bezos’ Washington Post, Carlos Slim’s New York Times….your reign is coming to a close. And you did it to yourselves.

Platform Or Publisher? How Big Tech Can Be Brought To Its Knees

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It personally offends me that Big Tech companies staffed by alien oligarchs, like Paypig and Goolag and Twatter, can demonetize and deplatform and silence the voices of ideological adversaries. This TRULY is not who we are. America, land of the dox, home of the censor? Not on my watch.

So it heartens that dissident opinion is gelling around an effective counter-attack to hobble Big Tech and make them kiss the Heritage America ring. From Macro Investor:

> *PayPal will cancel their relationship with any platform that posts the rantings of lunatics and assorted a$$hats. Selectively I am sure.*
>
> So social media are not platforms, they are publishers. Just what Zuckerf*g has fought against, because he knows it opens up a very expensive can of worms. As soon as you start editing and choosing, you can no longer claim to have no affiliation with content providers.
>
> This is big and I'm 100 percent sure the reds are writing legislation as we speak. Get your popcorn supply now.

Bingo. Big Tech has gotten away with financially and politically exploiting a gray area between platform and publisher, straddling each and switching roles whenever it suits their needs. Are they a platform and therefore not responsible for user content, or are they a publisher and vulnerable to liabilities ranging from libel to violations of campaign finance laws?

From the looks of it, the FAAGs (Facecock, Apple, Amazog, Goolag et al) have been acting as publishers. Paypig demonetizes anyone now who is outed by the shitlib NPC swarm as a heretic to Globohomo orthodoxy. Goolag rigs search results to amplify leftoid sites and drown out nationalist sites. Twatter has a veritable coven of witch hunters who spend all day every day deactivating the accounts of anyone who has said a mean word about an icon of the Left or questioned a tenet of shitlib faith.

And it's so totally one-sided as to constitute an in-kind campaign contribution to the Democortez Party.

Either way — platform or publisher — Big Tech loses, as long as the government forces it to one side or the other. If platform, then the FAAGs have to tolerate thought criminals using their services, just as if they were a common carrier, like a telephone utility. If publisher, then Big Tech can be sued to kingdom come and charged with innumerable violations of federal law.

No wonder Big Tech Billionaires are shoveling money into Democrat coffers! They need the House in Dem hands as badly as treason maestro Rod Rosenstein needs a false flag to delay his congressional testimony!

Because if you think the Dems will do anything about Big Tech's predations, you are a fantasist. The Dems and Big Tech are in an incestuous relationship; the former gets money, the latter gets a wink and a nod to continue shitting in the face of Heritage America. If Dems get the House, all the real legit investigations will be prematurely stopped and replaced by Fake Investigations into Trump and the Proud Boys that will keep the media orgasming for two years straight, until Trump is reelected in a landslide on an even MAGAier agenda.

PS Paypig's executive team:

CEO — Dan Schulman
CFO — John Rainey
Chief of Business Affairs — Louise Pentland
Corporate Affairs and Communications — Franz Paasche
Chief Technology Officer — Sri Shivananda

One of these perps is the primary party responsible for Paypig's intolerant demonetization spree. Which one? My

bet is on the woman. But, you know….Schulman. Sri? Could be! But wait….Franz Paasche. With any luck we've found our cuck!

The Real Possibility Of False Flags

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

False flags — a deceptive covert operation which frames a person or group as responsible for the event (usually criminal) while disguising the real source — aren't figments alighting from the realm of tinfoil hat conspiracy theorizing. It isn't crazy to speculate that a crime may be a false flag if there are unusual circumstances surrounding it. It's natural and normal to question authority, particularly when that authority has been on a tear discrediting itself.

Naturally, an addiction to baseless speculation can lead to seeing conspiracies where there are none. But that doesn't mean the opposite — a healthy regard for circumstantial and oddly incongruent evidence that raises questions about the source of an activity, especially an event that seems planned and timed to generate maximum media coverage to the advantage of one group over another — is *ipso facto* an exercise in self-deluding futility.

For instance, if you think false flags are impossible, remember that they have happened, and closer to home false flags have been planned by American Deep State operatives. From Sailer commenter Tim Howells, an excerpt from the Operation Northwoods documents:

> For anyone who considers the idea of false-flags or covert government manipulation absurd in this context , please consider the Northwoods Operations proposed by the Joint Chiefs in 1963 to justify an invasion of Cuba to get rid of Castro. I guarantee that the current heirs of these guys have much greater capabilities than they did, and are much more concerned about Trump than they were about Castro. Some excerpts (emphasis mine) Note that having lots of alternatively real or phony casualties is not considered a problem:
>
> ***
>
> 2. A series of well coordinated incidents will be planned to take place in and around Guantanamo to give genuine appearance of being done by hostile Cuban forces.
>
> a. Incidents to establish a credible attack (not in chronological order):
> …
> (2) Land friendly Cubans in uniform "over-the-fence" to stage attack on base.
> (3) Capture Cuban (friendly) saboteurs inside the base.
> (4) Start riots near the base main gate (friendly Cubans).
> (5) Blow up ammunition inside the base; start fires.
> (6) Burn aircraft on air base (sabotage).
> (7) Lob mortar shells from outside of base into base. Some damage to installations.
> (8) capture assault teams approaching from the sea or vicinity of Guantanamo City.
> (9) Capture militia group which storms the base.
> (10) Sabotage ship in harbor; large fires — napthalene.
> (11) **Sink ship near harbor entrance. Conduct funerals for mock-victims** (may be lieu of (10)).
> …
> a. We could blow up a US ship in Guantanamo Bay and blame Cuba.
>
> b. We could blow up a drone (unmanned) vessel anywhere in the Cuban waters. We could arrange to cause such incident in the vicinity of Havana or Santiago as a spectacular result of Cuban attack from the air or sea, or both. The presence of Cuban planes or ships merely investigating the intent of the vessel could be fairly compelling evidence that the ship was taken under attack. The nearness to Havana or Santiago would add credibility especially to those people that might have heard the blast or have seen the fire. The US could follow up with an air/sea rescue operation covered by US fighters to "evacuate" remaining members of the non-existent crew. **Casualty lists in US newspapers would cause a helpful wave of national indignation**.
> …

> 4. We could develop a Communist Cuban terror campaign in the Miami area, in other Florida cities and even in Washington. The terror campaign could be pointed at refugees seeking haven in the United States. **We could sink a boatload of Cubans enroute to Florida (real or simulated). We could foster attempts on lives of Cuban refugees in the United States even to the extent of wounding in instances to be widely publicized.**Exploding a few plastic bombs in carefully chosen spots, the arrest of Cuban agents and the release of prepared documents substantiating Cuban involvement, also would be helpful in projecting the idea of an irresponsible government.

It's a good thing that Americans are becoming less trusting of our ruling scumlords, because our ruling scumlords have done quite a lot to make themselves less trustworthy over the past few decades. Elite overthrow begins with loss of faith in the invulnerability and rectitude of the elite.

Segueing to recent unpleasantness, both the Parkland and Pittsburgh shootings have very strange coincidences surrounding them, the strangest being that both locations had relatively recently hosted near them active shooter drills by the FBI:

> In January, the FBI was involved in an active shooter drill at a Pittsburgh Jewish community center. Nine months later, it was attacked for real. Only TWO cities in the entire USA had a shooter drill involving both the FBI and a Jewish center. Crazy coincidence. pic.twitter.com/bmMWlnFHeh
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) October 28, 2018

This definitely falls under "things that make you go hmmm".

It's all probably a coincidence…

or maybe, just maybe, it's not.

False flags are rare, and inconceivable to normies weaned on esteeming revered American institutions. But their rarity and inconceivability aren't proof positive that false flags are outside reality. They are real, and they could happen. They have happened. And they are more likely to happen now with the eager cooperation of a captured media. If we have stumbled into a false flag, then America ought to buckle up, because this ride is about to fly off the rails.

PS How suspicious am I? Let's say that if there was an FBI active shooter drill near me, I'd avoid public venues for a while.

PPS Another inconvenient incongruence that raises red flags of false flags:

> Where's ATF or the bomb squad? Why is no one establishing a perimeter?
> How did they know the vehicle was safe to transport?
> Where is forensics?
> Why are there no uniformed police or EMTs? pic.twitter.com/jWGW52tBJn
>
> — Chief Loki (@LokiJulianus) October 27, 2018

PPPS Putting the pieces together, my working theory is that the DemoMediaDeepState Party is VERY nervous about not taking the House from Republicans in two weeks and snuffing out the myriad investigations into the unraveling coup against President Trump now gaining steam under Republican oversight.

So nervous they are for their continued freedom, in fact, that some of them, along with willing operatives up and down the chain of command, might be willing to take some very drastic measures to ensure Democrats take the House.

President Trump Razes Isengard!

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I wrote yesterday on a now-deplatformed free speech site that Trump should come out swinging and reframe the aftermath of the Pittsburg shooting into an attack on his virulent, unhinged haters. I figured he had to move fast, to get his message across during that crucial period when the media scrambles not to inform but to prep the content of its stories to enforce its anti-White and anti-Trump Narrative.

This was not the time to retreat into the defensive crouch. This was the time to take a page from the experts in all things framing and go on the offense, putting the disturbingly gleeful media gloaters in the position of having to abandon their carefully crafted narrative to answer Trump's charges.

Specifically, I suggested that he springboard off the shooter's anti-Trump social media posts by drawing a justified parallel between a climate of Trump hate and violence.

"See, this is what happens when you hate your loving President Trump. Anger and violence! Trump haters are loose cannons!"

Well, Trump must have been reading, because he followed my advice and in true Trumpian fashion did my suggestion one better. He cracked his Twatter fingers and unloaded a fusillade on the Enemy Media, rightfully blaming media lies and anti-Trump hostility for stoking a climate of hatred and violence.

> The Fake News is doing everything in their power to blame Republicans, Conservatives and me for the division and hatred that has been going on for so long in our Country. Actually, it is their Fake & Dishonest reporting which is causing problems far greater than they understand!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 29, 2018

> There is great anger in our Country caused in part by inaccurate, and even fraudulent, reporting of the news. The Fake News Media, the true Enemy of the People, must stop the open & obvious hostility & report the news accurately & fairly. That will do much to put out the flame…
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 29, 2018

> ….of Anger and Outrage and we will then be able to bring all sides together in Peace and Harmony. Fake News Must End!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 29, 2018

My God, those tweets are a thing of beauty. This is why I don't trust anyone who hates Trump. This man is the Hope and Change that gaymulatto could only dream from his Kenyan father of being!

Sticking the shiv further into scabby media hides, Trump reminded his haters that he will have a great relationship with Brazil's new Maul-Right President, Jair Bolsonaro:

> Had a very good conversation with the newly elected President of Brazil, Jair Bolsonaro, who won his race by a substantial margin. We agreed that Brazil and the United States will work closely together on Trade, Military and everything else! Excellent call, wished him congrats!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) October 29, 2018

I can't wait for that photo op of Trump, Salvini, Orban, and Bolsonaro all gathered at the White house, heads thrown back, laughing maniacally.

The shitlib tears will salt an ocean.

***

A Sailer commenter, notanon, wields an expert shiv as well as anyone,

> the media is currently full of screeching journalists saying
>
> 1) diversity and open borders is good
> 2) promoting diversity and open borders is good
> and
> 3) anyone who says Soros promotes diversity and open borders should be destroyed by the media

Heh. The Truth, as usual, is the opposite of whatever screeching whorenalists are saying. Diversity and open borders are bad, promoting diversity and open borders is bad, and anyone mentioning that Soros is a minion of Satan for promoting and funding diversity and open borders should be hailed a hero.

***

Try to imagine what a hypothetical president hillary (megashudder) would have tweeted in response to Pittsburgh:

“Misogyny, islamophobia, anti-semitism, racism, xenophobia etc etc have no place in America. We will find these White Nationalists, hunt them down, and make sure they never again have a voice in our new, better America. Because THAT’S NOT WHO WE ARE.”

Now count your blessings that we have President Trump instead. Whatever his flaws, we could be MUCH worse off with the alternative.

***

BAAAAAAAAALLSONARO! What a timeline! (h/t Korak)

Portents Of Civil War II

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Americans are becoming more partisan, more divided, and less open to compromise. No wonder civility is gone, and calls for civility fall on deaf ears.

Look closely, and you'll notice something else that's revealing (and equally an omen of bad times on the horizon): The graphs show, and confirm social science data, that Democrats are more ideologically conformist than are Republicans.

Comment Of The Week: Shot To The Thot

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The COTW winner is Corinth Arkadin, crafting the wording of the next Amendment to the Constitution repealing the 19th:

> Anyone who takes a protein shot directly to the face is immediately disqualified from any public discourse.

Hillary voters, male and female, hardest hit.

Hardest hit.

I see what I did there.

The Mountain And The Moll Hill

CH · 29 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The strongest man in the world recently got engaged to a petite minx.

> Hafþór Júlíus Björnsson plays Ser Gregor Clegane "The Mountain" on *Game of Thrones.* More importantly, he's 6'9" and currently the strongest man in the world. Even *more* importantly, he got married this weekend in his native Iceland to a 5'2" Canadian, body-building woman named Kelsey Morgan Henson.

View this post on Instagram

[image]

[image]

Throwback to warmer days in Spain with this guy!!! . . . . . #travel #travels #trip#instatravel #benidorm #alicante #Spain #belvedere #terrace #patio #view #city #skyline #evening #date #beautiful #love #gorgeous #myman #happy #smiles #fordays #littleblackdress #heels #blonde #tan #beauty #beast #muscle #strength

A post shared by Kelsey Henson (@kelc33) on Nov 28, 2017 at 6:05pm PST

His arm is bigger than both of her legs together.

FYI, ladies, THIS is what a female body-builder should look like: in shape, not shape-shifted into a man.

A reader emails,

> The BIG, strong guy gets the sweet, petite hottie.
>
> How come she didn't want a pasty little guy who respects her and would never proceed to first base without a signed, notarized consent?
>
> How come he did not want a strong wahmon with blue hair, tats, and a muffin top instead of a waistline?
>
> IT'S NOT FAIR!!!

Big men are often found coupled with petite women. Naturally, big-framed or overly-muscled women psychologically project their preference for a big man to complement them onto men, fooling themselves that big men have the same tastes as big women. Nope. Big men, like medium-sized men and small men, prefer sexy lithe slender white hot foxy ladies.

And all women, big, medium, small, prefer men bigger than themselves.

It's the God of Biomechanics once again making mockery of feminism and puling soyboyism.

Another little truth that feminists and soyboys run from: hsmv women LOVE LOVE LOVE to feel impotent and vulnerable in the arms of a physically powerful man. Candy is dandy, but tossing her around like a rag doll in bed makes her knickers slicker.

***

Shiv of the Week:

> Democracy Dies in Darkness. pic.twitter.com/wLhdaGytK7

> — Vasco Da Goyim (@VDagoyim) October 22, 2018

The Rebbe On Unprecedented History In The Making

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Reprinted in full, a comment from The Rebbe that reminds us just how strange and dangerous are the times we live in.

> This is all very simple: you may not realize it, but you are living through the biggest event in the 3000+ years of the West, The Battle of Tours, Moses giving the laws on Sinai, the Sermon on the Mount, Fall of Rome, etc., this is all washed away by the Islamic conquest of Europe and the Aztec/Islamic peoples conquering the USA. There is no pretext of rational benefit from this revolution, just raw power politics and malice. That we can't even *discuss this revolution* in polite society is beyond comprehension. Instead, there's unending gas-lighting and silencing. It's a daily struggle for even the sober minded to maintain sanity. That people will resort to unhinged terrorism against this revolution is regrettable, but perfectly predictable.
>
> I've feared this happening for years and my fellow Altjews have tried to mollify anger, but there's not much you can do when the rest of US Jews are so maddening. Props to Netanyahu and his support of Orban, but the cold hard ethnohistory is that about 95% of US Jews are descended from Russian refugees. They arrived here impoverished and ignorant of Western politics. They were weaponized off the boat by an alleged Sabbatean (a Jewish Satanist) named Rabbi Steven Samuel Wise (the "Red Rabbi"), who converted Reformed and "Conservative" Judaism into the de facto "Democratic Party at Prayer." Boss Tweed weaponized the Irish in a similar fashion, but Wise, through his impact on Reformed/Conservative theology, had a more profound and lasting impact. Many one to three generations from this cohort will sympathize with the Hondurans trying to invade our country and think it hypocritical not to back other refugees.
>
> It's notable that all the deceased were elderly, and that young Jewish men are surprisingly right wing. The "Ostjuden" are finally learning the truth about the Left in the West. Hopefully times will change, and these cohorts of Jewry trapped in the past will leave the stage soon for a younger generation.

Is the willful invitation/imposition of Mass Diversity from shitholes and other lands filled with people antagonistic to Western values unprecedented in history? If it is, then throw away your Decline and Fall of The Roman Empire guidebook and your Turchin cycles, because we're in uncharted territory. Where we go from here is anyone's guess.

FYI I never understood the logical appeal of "If X in the past, then X^2 in perpetuity". Just because we let in some bubbes eighty years ago doesn't mean we have to let in Somalis until the earth is engulfed by a dying red giant sun. That's not hypocrisy, it's sane policy.

The Rebbe is an interesting commenter, but I'm skeptical of his "Russian Jews inculcated by a malevolent rabbi stateside are the root of the Globohomo problem" theory. Ashkenazi Jews of non-Russian East European provenance are, it seems to me, as rabidly globohomo as russian jews (accepting that perhaps many of those EE Jews were initially migrants from Russia). I lean toward the MacDonaldian theory that Jews psychologically evolved under very unqiue conditions in Medieval Europe to be extreme leftist universalists toward outgroups and clannish within the group. But I'm open to evidence for opposing theories (such as the high outmarriage rate of American Jews).

***

Great comment from anonymousse, providing a stiff shot of bristling perspective,

> I've said this before (can't remember-this blog or a different one?), but it is literally unprecedented in human history. Populations have been replaced-the Amerindians replacement is one obvious example. And populations have been replaced quickly-whether a Greek City state was wiped out and replaced, a population (French from Algeria, German settlers in the Baltics post WWII, and on and on) has happened.

> But the replacement of Amerindians took 300 years (1600-1900, give or take). The quick replacements mentioned were in months or years, but involved thousands of people.
>
> Today's replacement-in scale and speed, is literally historically unprecedented.
> The United States: the third largest country in the world: 220-300 million people in my lifetime.
> When I was a 6 year old kid, that 220 million people had an insignificant number of Hispanics and a stark minority of blacks (roughly 11%). Today, I am not yet old (early 50's). This country is now 1/3 Hispanic and an additional 1/6 black (and rising Asian/others). In 45 years-far less than a lifetime- the population of this continent has been, effectively, half replaced. If Russia were half replaced by Chinese (or Indians, or Congolese, etc etc) in 45 years, that would be incomprehensible. That is literally happening in this country.
>
> Several decades ago, I marveled at what English of a certain age lived through. Winston Churchill went to Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee as a child. England at the time was the strongest its ever been, and the most dominant Empire in human history. Winston Churchill, as an old man, saw England literally reduced to an insignificant island nation in control of itself and effectively nothing else.
>
> We are living through a similar transformation right now.

***

AM comments on the perpetual jewish war against the Catholic Church:

> Prominent Jewish historians and authorities have spoken openly about their roles in either initiating or supporting most of the major movements against the authority of the (Catholic, i.e., only authentic) Church, going all the way back to antiquity. Maurice Pinay wrote an excellent book just before Vatican II, perfectly predicting what the aim and result of that Council would be; the book details subterfuge against the Church from Apostolic times through to Communism and the Modernist heretics preparing to attend the Council.
>
> Most importantly, he does this by citing Jewish sources – Sir Cecil Roth, Rabbi Lewis Brown's "Short History of the Jews," the Judaeo-Hispanic Encyclopedia, etc., who in their own turn cite primary, Jewish sources – to demonstrate that, more than being mere "anti-semitic" assertions, Jewish authorities themselves recognize a prominent Jewish role in these events. Modernity would say the goodness or badness of that role is "in the eye of the beholder."
>
> His chapter on the Arian heresy is one of the weakest in the book, though he does point out that, as at other times in history (Pelagian heresy, Julian the Apostate, etc.), it was the bishops of Palestine (the area with the largest Jewish population) who rehabilitated an already condemned heretic and gave succour to the heresy before the decisive, Roman condemnation was enacted. If the chapter on Arius is weak, the chapters showing the fundamentally Jewish origins, support and character of Protestantism, along with the logically pre- and post-Protestant ideologies (i.e., Albigensians, Waldensians, Hussites, Lollards & Freemasons, Liberals, Socialists and Communists, respectively, are stronger.

Protestantism as a fundamentally jewish breakaway sect. Interesting.

***

BrachaBenedicta on drawing distinctions between the Ostjuden and the Deutschjuden that are irrelevant in the current geopolitical configuration.

The Ostjuden angle may have been relevant a century ago, but right now it's a moot point. There has been a de facto merger between the more genteel, outwardly assimilated German Jews and the loud, chutzpahdik Ostjuden.

[image]

[image]

Yeah, Ostjuden historically were prone to open commie-worship while German Jews busied themselves polishing up Reform Judaism, a movement invented with the goal of having your cake and eating it too (remaining nominally "Jewish" while basically assimilating. I mean, reformers call their synagogues freakin "temple" and have choir . There ain't no more temple and choir is alien to traditional Jewish worship. But I digress).

As far as intermarriage, if anything it's making it worse. A lot of them intermarry with high achieving nonwhites, which amps up their anti-heritage America hostility. As to those who marry heritage Americans, they are tortured by never ending inner conflict and guilt for having intermarried, and they take it out on their poor spouses and kids.

I've said it before and I'll say it again. You can't have your cake and eat it too. If you are a diaspora Jew overwhelmed by identity conflict and inner turmoil, you need to go live in Israel. That's the only answer. Sure, it ain't as nice as living among civilized gentiles but what use is all this material comfort if you're living in constant inner misery?

Everybody else, relegate your Jewish identity to the same role that ethnicity occupies among other heritage Americans. Assimilate not just in form but also in substance.

By the way, never trust anyone who refers to themselves as "culturally Jewish". That's code for "I'm an obnoxious SOB who's too chicken to go live in Israel as a real Jew so I'll keep living my comfortable life out here among you naive goyim". You can be an observant Jew or merely an ethnic Jew. But not "culturally Jewish".
Peace to all my goyische readers. I'm sorry. This all sux. I know.

Sabo/The Faction Strikes Again!

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

HAHA. Ok I'm not sure if this is infamous street artist Sabo's handiwork, but it looks like his style. Nevertheless, #TheDefiance is by now getting deeply under the skin of shitlib curators of the public discourse.

Truly, an Ugly Truth in all its seedy glory. And yet, our putative betters want even MORE of this blight in every neighborhood in America. So generous of them!

***

Update: Commenter Alex says this isn't Sabo's work.

> And it's not Sabo, it's a group of artists called "The Faction" (which has worked with him in the past).

I've corrected the post title with this new info about the source.

The Fate Of GoodWhites Is Tethered To The Fate Of BadWhites

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

ben tillman has a great comment about the delusions of GoodWhites who think they can sever themselves fully from BadWhites in America and not suffer any consequences for it:

> *This is a point that I've tried to make several times. For your typical NYT reading leftist – Jew and gentile – the destruction of bad whites will make the country look like California. They're fine with that.*
>
> *High-income liberals can buy their way out of the masses and live just fine.*
>
> For a generation or two. But each generation, the tax burden will go up, and the income will go down with the result that the situation of their white lineage will regress quickly. Not to mention the quickly expanding likelihood of intermarriage by their descendants. No, the destruction of "bad whites" is ineluctably connected to the destruction of "good whites". "Good whites" absolutely cannot survive without "bad whites". No way in hell.

This is exactly right. GoodWhites who think they can escape to coastal shitlibopolises and live a charmed life in perpetuity free from the "irredeemably foul"* BadWhites are fooling themselves. The bill for replacing White America with Third World America will come due, and it will be enormous. Payment will be made in one form or another, whether in higher taxes, safety, mental health, freedom of mobility, cost of living, lineage continuity, cultural familiarity, social trust, shared values, basic livability, or aesthetic pleasures.

That's why it is always a laugh to me that there are SWPL shitlibs who enjoy stupidly snarking that BadWhites are paranoid for believing minorities are "coming for them". Yes, they are. Maybe not with guns a-blazing (although they do that, too, disproportionately), but they come for us in myriad ways that make life less enjoyable. They come for our welfare, paid with our taxes. They come for our hospital services, paid with our insurance premiums. They come for our peace of mind, paid for with exorbitant housing costs, home security, and expensive school districts. They come for our vote, by diluting our political voice and forcing us to live under a government that only

marginally, if at all, addresses our concerns, and is more often actively hostile to them. They come for our culture, corrupting it to suit their lowbrow preferences.

NonWhite Diversity costs Whites A LOT, and in my book that means they are, indeed, coming for us. They are coming for our way of life and twisting it, unconsciously, into a facsimile of the shitholes they left behind. And yet evil, hateful bitches like Michelle Goldberg express glee at the prospect! Love wins!

Likewise, the above empty-headed shitlib sarcasm is why I have no patience for that other trope shitlibs weakly trot out when the debate has taken a turn away from their control: "You're just being played by rich White people who use divide and conquer to keep you focused on irrelevant issues like mass immigration and away from their greed". Funny, they are always circumspect about exactly WHO comprises a healthy share of those "rich White people". That aside, rich White people don't have to play divide and conquer; the Diversity™ brings the divide and conquer on its own. All the rich White people have to do is make sure the Diversity™ can storm our borders. As for rich White person greed, it's not a mutually exclusive concern; we can oppose both a greedy elite and open borders.

ben tillman again, on what WN really means, and how it's been demagogued into a Fake White Supremacy:

> *I wonder how many times Goldberg had to go back and change "replace whites" to "replace white nationalists" while drafting this piece.*
>
> ***
>
> *Good point. After all it was never about replacing white nationalists since that term has not been long in common usage. The immivasion and push to diversify were begun well before that term became popular, and were directed at White America, period, full stop.*
>
> The primary features of a white nationalist are that he (1) notices his people are being exploited while being replaced and (2) objects to it. Replacing "whites" and replacing "white nationalists" are precisely the same thing.

A "White nationalist" (as the term is deliberately mis-used by the media) is just a White person who has misgivings about the mass immigration of nonWhites into his homeland. A "White supremacist" (as the term is mis-used by the media) is a White person who dares to object to mass nonWhite immigration. This is how the media Anti-White Hate Machine works: it takes White people with reasonable and justified objections to open borders, and demonizes them as Nazis.

*Michelle Goldberg is irredeemably ugly.

PS Here's Forbes on why birthright citizenship is a scam and what it should be replaced with (a truly beneficial replacement):

> Children take on the citizenship of their parents, irrespective of where they're born…it's quite the same as children born to US citizens abroad. They take the citizenship of their parents, not that of the country of their birth. It's the way citizenship works in most of the world.
>
> Birth tourism, anchor babies, and illegal immigrants giving birth in the US for the purpose of citizenship is obviously a torturing of the 14th amendment, if not a fraud. The children of diplomats (temporary residents) born in the US do not become US citizens–why should other transients (not permanent resident visa holders) giving birth be granted citizenship to the new born?

Anchor babies and birth tourism are such a self-evident scam that only a full blown anti-American cuck like Paul Ryan could support it. Which he has, once again stabbing Trump and Heritage America in the back.

PPS Hey Michelle Goldberg, is this hate speech?

Bigbelly
Keep NYC
Trash Free
NYC

Gab Update

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Gab is still down. Despotic shitlibs rejoice over the crushing of another platform for political dissidents.

Maybe they shouldn't rejoice too much. From Z-Man,

> From what I understand, Gab will be down until the weekend. They expect to be up by Friday, or thereabouts. They have a host and they are transferring their domain. These things don't happen overnight.
>
> This is probably a good thing for a number of reasons. The most obvious being that the media has been unable to mine the site for material. You just know that lunatics like Patrick Little were salivating at the opportunity to get attention for their crazy rants. Now any mention of Gab leads the curious to a page explaining that the tech oligarchs shut down the site. I suspect that's why the media crazies are strangely quiet about Gab now.
>
> By the end of this week, the media will be fixated on the Brown Wave they are trying to wish into reality. The gaslighting will be so intense some of them may burst into flames. Even the Antifa members working at the Daily Beast and Estrogen Post will be too busy to notice Gab is back.
>
> That said, Torba needs to think about how to police lunatics like Little, who are just attention seeking wackos. The normal self-policing tools don't work with these guys. My suggestion is that he create a penalty box for those who come to his attention. They are on mute for everyone but those who choose to follow them. This would work for the Antifa people who go on gab trying to create trouble.
>
> Yeah, this sort of policing violates the ideal of free speech, but he has a business to run too. No one is going to fault him for a minor hypocrisy like this.

In the Reign of the Censor, these sorts of free speech compromises are inevitable if a website dedicated to free speech wants to have a platform at all. As (temporary) compromises go, this idea by Z Man isn't bad. The truly deranged (and tbh I have seen vanishingly few truly deranged posters on Gab, and the few I have come across I sensibly muted and stopped thinking about) are limited in their scope to harass people uninterested in reading them, yet a communications conduit is kept open so that the deranged can still interact with anyone who does want to read their genteel philosophical musings.

I say this is a temporary compromise, because once we Heritage Americans regain control of the communications gateways, there won't be a need to try and sidestep tyrannical censors always looking to SHUT US DOWN.

Height Queens

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A comment from farmlegend about short women and tall men,

> Carve it into the granite, put the tablet in Moses' hands, and behold the burning bush – the biggest height queens of all are very attractive, very short women.
>
> Seen it over and over and over again my friends.
>
> IME, short dudes, like me, do better with women of average height.

Yep, I've observed this too. Little spinners gyroscopically gravitate towards much taller men.

I've written about Short Man Game (including addressing an older farmlegend comment on the topic), and the executive summary is that short men generally should target women shorter than themselves, but not to rule out very tall women. The latter will not infrequently hook up with shorter men for a similar reason that very short women prefer very tall men: biological balance of any potential sprog.

Tall men do have it easier in the sense that they don't (typically) have to worry about target acquisition based on female height, but short men can get around this snare by learning to identify which very tall women might be open to dating a shorter man, and otherwise sticking with women who are shorter than themselves.

But the very short pixies could prove intransigent to the short man's long game. My theory is that there is a subconscious urge in very short women to mate with very tall men so that their issue inherits a height from the fat part of the bell tower curve. Average- or slightly below average-height women don't have this concern percolating through their limbic labia, so they will be less closed off to dating a same-height or shorter man.

Likewise, very tall women may have a subconscious urge to mate with men shorter than themselves, on the 50/50 chance that they have a daughter together who will inherit a less SMV-handicapping average height.

And what of this ‘umble outpost of LoveTruth defying the Reign of Censor?

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Dynamic Silence

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Hat tip to Greg Eliot (and bolg) for alerting the commentariat of this piece of historical evidence that [the best people in the world] have had a knack for shutting down dissident viewpoints for a long while.

> from metapedia:
>
> Dynamic Silence was invented by Rabbi Feinberg of the American Jewish Committee in 1947 as a method of closing off all access to the public media – and thus the larger culture – for people or organizations deemed to have an unacceptable point of view. In spite of minor changes and adaptations, it can still be understood as being comprised of two parts. In the first part, unfavored individuals are denied unmediated exposure to the public. In the second part, only negative aspects of the unfavored individuals are reported. This starts a downward spiral of de-legitimization in the public eye in which the harder unfavored individuals try to get public exposure, the more negative and unflattering that exposure becomes until, finally, nobody wants to be associated with the ideas of beliefs of the unfavored individuals.

That's some Final Boss level sy ops right there. Now you know what the Rebel Alliance is up against: a Council of Sid Lords mindfucking Jedi Whites into abject submission to the Empire's goal of supreme galactic rule.

One has to say, it has worked quite well….until recently. (Convergence to alien norms is what you get for entrusting your revered institutions to an outsider tribe with a 10-15 point mean IQ advantage.) The unraveling of the Dynamic Silence Protocols has provoked blasts of bilious rage from media fascists. Great patriots, one and all, are our putative overseers of the Race Replacement Project.

Dynamic Silence is a weaponized application of the more general Lies of Omission that is the stock in trade of the Fake News media. Lies of Omission (LOO) leave the populace ignorant of contrary information to the anti-White Christian Narrative, and therefore susceptible to fully imbibing the schlock that the media pumps into the information vacuum. Whereas Dynamic Silence is a more proactive form of LOO, blocking dissidents from a public venue to air their views and then demonizing those silenced dissidents when they are unable to publicly answer the campaign of smears directed at them *in absentia*.

Does any of this sound familiar to current goings-on? It should. From commenter Ralph Stanley,

> This is much worse than you think. I was listening to a satellite news program this morning and representatives of the Jewish community, described as "experts on the study of HATE", were calling for outright de-platforming of all "hate websites".
>
> The primary thrust of one of the panelists' argument was that "de-platforming works" and "hate speech is a form of violence" and, basically, "we know hate speech leads to violence". Over and over again she stressed the importance of "taking away their community of hate", while the female moderator acknowledged her points one by one with absolute reverence. Don't scoff too soon at this approach. It tugs at instincts of basic decency among the general population. Normal people are rightfully disgusted and horrified whenever some Nazbol lunatic commits an act of mass violence.
>
> We absolutely need a response to their line of argument, and it can't simply be libertarian platitudes about free speech. Unfortunately, the Left is making an effective emotional appeal and spergy Reason Magazine-style articles only appeal to awkward manlets who still read comic books.
>
> When the Left refers to the other side as "free speech absolutists", they are painting us into a corner ("They are unreasonable spergs who don't believe in reasonable limits to speech. I mean, look at what just happened!"). We need a response that tugs at people's emotional need to express themselves freely. This means stocking fear — real, not imagined — in reasonable people that they will be subjected to more and more monitoring and

> repression.

Anti-free speech appeals are primarily a woman and [best people in the world] thing. It's a lot of disingenuous sophistry that provides cover for continuing their dominance of the public communication square. It's Suckup Conformity 101. They just don't want dissidents upsetting their carefully manicured anti-White Christian virtue sniveling ecology. Sure, de-platforming "works" (for a short while, until war erupts) but so does tyrannical repression, which is exactly what these scumbags are calling for, because in practice and in theory there isn't a lick of difference between de-platforming and impoverishing political dissidents and a dictatorial tyranny a la Orwell's Ingsoc mercilessly subjugating free thinkers.

What these broads at Non-Player Radio are advocating, even if they don't know it, is Dynamic Silence, first denying thought criminals a public platform, next slandering them until they are persona non grata and closed off permanently from the public discourse.

Greg adds,

> Ah, I stand corrected, it was 20 years even earlier than I remembered.
>
> Very cohencidental that the concept was officially stated right around the time when HUAC investigations were gaining momentum..
>
> VERY cohencidental, amirite?

HUAC is the House Un-American Activities Committee, a House of Reps committee formed in 1938 to investigate communist infiltration of American institutions (Unholy-wood hardest hit). The history we have all IV'ed is that HUAC created a "climate of repression", and the words "McCarthyism" and "Red Scare" were coined from it, but the unmediated facts, as usual, complicate the Ministry of Dupe narrative.

As Greg intimates, [the best people in the world] were disproportionate targets of HUAC (because they were and are disproportionate card-carrying members of commie front groups), and Dynamic Silence was, at first, a protective measure that would shield the commies within their ranks from exposure, and later, an actively hostile psy ops that would allow them to pursue their Globohomo agenda without resistance from Heritage Americans.

PS THE WHITEST OF PILLS: President Trump will sign an executive order ending the nation-wrecking scam known as birthright citizenship.

PPS Dynamic Silence is the reason why Trump exploits Twatter to go around the legacy media and reach normie eyes with his unmediated message of Love, Hope, and Realtalk.

This Is What Separate Dating Markets Are For (Or: White Vs Black Thirst)

CH · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From Callmelennie, a hilarious glimpse at the misunderstandings and umbrage which occur when racially distinct dating markets commingle:

> RE: True Racism in Online Dating
>
> Engaged a woman on a senior online dating site (cause that's the stage I'm at). We started in on a good conversation. At about ten minutes in, she texted, "Well I have to hand it to you; it's been ten minutes and you have yet to say — Hey Momma, I'd love to put a dick in your face."
>
> This to a woman who was 61 with two adult children, one of whom was 40 years old .. who had also lost a daughter in a car accident. And I responded, "Who's saying this sort of thing …. as if I dont know" And she texted "LOL, how do you know?"
>
> And I came back, "Well, I decided to check out my competition and I couldn't help but notice (looking over both shoulders) a large grouping of melanin enriched gentlemen of a Sub-Saharan heritage on this site." Turned out that every contact initiated by a bro started out exactly like that, and that she had been obliged to block hundreds of said individuals.

Zero Standards, Zero Charm, Zero Self-Awareness: there's your MUH DIK.

Sadly, the ZERO BRO pickup method works a little too often on the thicker-filled of our sisters to write it off as a dickless threat. The good news is that, really, only black women think it's the pinnacle of flirtatious charm.

Would it be correct to call ZERO BRO the epitome of beta male thirst?

The script sure reads like Thirst, The Trilogy.

- hitting on old women
- lunkheaded sexual solicitations
- hundreds of come-ons

But what distinguishes purpa thirst from what we conventionally know as beta male thirst is the general lack of romantic sincerity.

Beta male thirst is a stain on the northern races of man. These are the pedestal polishers who throw themselves at the ASCII feet of HB6s, lavishing them with likes, compliments and offers of asexual cuddles. Beta male thirst also clings to a vestige of mate selection standards, and for that reason you will rarely see grandmas get slobbered over by Eurasian betas. Not even the desperate omega euros will sink to Emmanuel Macron's level.

Purpa thirst is wild, chaotic, brutally sexual, nondiscriminatory, and devoid of subterfuge. It is the shotgun approach to courtship that uses stink pellets of which few women but the most desperate welcome the musk. Superficially, the two thirst types share traits — the shameless begging, the NPC flattery, the anti-Game — but the divergence is noticeable by how quickly purpa thirst abandons its uncooperative targets and by the stark difference in declared sexual intent.

That last reason alone is probably why purpa thirst manages to eke out a rare victory where beta male thirst always ends in a sad fap. There are a non-trivial number of women who will misinterpret brute force sexual come-ons as male dominance, and submit accordingly.

Proof That Beta Males Can Rise Above Their SMV Station

CH · 31 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

All the proof anyone should need that the typical beta male can rise above his SMV station and snag a girl "out of his league" (as SMV leagues are conventionally defined (often superficially)) is seen in the ease with which the same beta who wilts under the effervescent glow of a beauty will effortlessly interact with an unattractive woman.

This contrast is so stark that one may wonder if he is observing the same man at play, or if a charming mofo doppelbänger took his place to smoothly banter with the plain jane.

The awkwardness of our intrepid beta, as he bumbles and bobbles his chance with a cutie, sweating and spazzing and spitting the lamest lines, is defied with equal verve by the smoothness in body and nimbleness of bantz he brings to casual conversations with lesser girls.

And the girls' reactions are predictable. The cuties will shuffle their feet, look embarrassed for the man, and lean away to make an exit on the slimmest pretext. But the mediocre missus's, they are bewitched by the Lord Byron before 'em. Such a charmer!, they cream.

This, to me, proves that the spirit of a skirt chaser lurks within every beta male. He just needs to access it, to summon the ZFG-man from the depths when he's most needed, during those times when the HBBubbleRear nears the boundary of his phallic frontier.

williamk independently corroborates the theme of this post:

> Its important to underscore the subconscious roots of this stuff. Most guys assess themselves and then behave accordingly to their (often self-imposed) pecking order. Most guys will naturally have alpha body language around a guy a 6 inches shorter than them, or a girl they don't find attractive. It takes these exaggerated status disparities for the average man to accept he can act with self-possession. The key is squashing the insecurity that happens when the status gap is closer, or even reversed.

Self-possession. That is the core concept. Some call it outcome independence. Some call it ZFG. Others, the "aloof alpha attitude". Or, charming jerkboyhood. Old timers call it, "devil-may-care". Hardliners use the term "uncaring assholery". PUAs prefer the term "amused mastery". Over time and space, the idea is the same: the man who wants it least is the man who gets the most.

Beta males have it in them to be great womanizers. They are at ease talking with plain women or or feminists or catladies or black women. They only freeze up and suffer mental cramps when they talk with hotties.

Now, the trick is to be that self-possessed man when it matters (courting hot babes). The smoothness that the beta brings to his face time with dull-looking girls is the same smoothness that will delight hotter girls.

The good news is that, if you know and recognize within yourself a fledgling ZFG-lord who makes an appearance when it *doesn't* matter, then you know that the possibility exists — as assuredly as your Inner Cadboy exists — that you can be *THAT GUY* when it suits you. You just have to know how to coax your Inner Cadboy from his slumber when the need arrives.

The trick, then, condenses to something I've written about before, and which is stated explicitly in one of the less-heralded Poon Commandments:

> **X. Ignore her beauty**
>
> The man who trains his mind to subdue the reward centers of his brain when reflecting upon a beautiful female face will magically transform his interactions with women. His apprehension and self-consciousness will melt away, paving the path for more honest and self-possessed interactions with the objects of his desire. This is

> one reason why the greatest lotharios drown in more love than they can handle — through positive experiences with so many beautiful women they lose their awe of beauty and, in turn, their powerlessness under its spell. It will help you acquire the right frame of mind to stop using the words *hot, cute, gorgeous,* or *beautiful* to describe girls who turn you on. Instead, say to yourself "she's interesting" or "she might be worth getting to know". Never compliment a girl on her looks, especially not a girl you aren't fucking. Turn off that part of your brain that wants to put them on pedestals. Further advanced training to reach this state of unawed Zen transcendence is to sleep with many MANY attractive women (try to avoid sleeping with a lot of ugly women if you don't want to regress). Soon, a Jedi lover you will be.

Ignoring a woman's beauty. Easier said than done? Eh, don't be a pessimist. Sure, you're trying to upturn millennia of evolutionarily-carved male limbic emanations, but *vee haf vays* to help you control your limbido.

1. **Bang hotties**. The more hotties you bang, the less each new hottie you meet will leave you tongue-tied. Penetrating hotties in the only way that matters strips them (heh) of their mystery, their allure, and their power. Every successful affair with a hottie will make you more comfortable in their company. Of course, this is putting the tart before the whores. It's tough to learn how to bang hotties by…banging hotties. (Unless you get lucky and can springboard off a fortuitous lay to more strategically planned lays.) Which brings us to…
2. **Don't bang uglies**. The more uglies you bang out of desperation, the more you psychologically groom yourself to believe you can only get, or deserve, uglies. It's a bad habit that you shouldn't indulge. Which brings us to…
3. **Change your mental state**. No more flattery, no more thirst, no more hot babes' dirty looks. It's easier to ignore a woman's beauty when you stop mentally rehearsing how beautiful she is, and focus instead on slotting her in the same place you put everyone, male or female: a random stranger who must earn your curiosity.
4. **Total recall**. When you approach a hottie, allow your eyes to cloud over as your mind drifts to sharp memories of the times you held court at a social event, or flirted like a champ with a girl you weren't interested in. You will be at once in and out of the moment, acutely aware of your environment, but also "someplace else", enjoying the warm glow of a memory of yourself as a king among cads. This memory will leach out and express itself in your attitude and behavior.
5. **Be cool**. This takes practice, but it boils down to "don't try so hard". If you tell yourself, "I'm not here to impress anyone" — and saying these little motivations out loud to yourself is more effective than repeating them in your head — then you really will stop trying to impress people, because each moment you slip up and appease your target of interest, you will immediately be whisked back to that promise you made to yourself, and the silent shame will provide a rapid course correction.
6. **Focus on her flaws**. It's cheesy, but it works. Zoom in on a facial flaw, such as a mole or a funny earlobe. Do the same for a weird behavioral tic she might display. Smile to yourself as you mull on those flaws of hers. Your smile will aggravate her, and dilate her pussy. With practice, you'll announce those flaws of her in the form of a backhanded compliment (neg), and completely flip the script.
7. **Date around**. The more girls you concurrently date, the less each new girl will wow you. Fallback options defintely take the edge off meeting and seducing hot chicks.

From MattyIce,

> *"Invariably, [the men] all say they remember being cool as … they just wanted to shoo it away, or tell it to go find the nearest bug zapper."*
>
> I remember distinctly as a young lad, 6th grade, this concept hitting me like a ton of bricks… "Why do all the girls I think are ugly 'like' me and not the ones I think are hot? I need to start treating the hot ones like I treat the ugly ones." And the rest is history, a fond one at that!

Rule #8: Treat the hot girls like the ugly girls.

Remember it, burn it indelibly in your hippocampus, and let it guide you through life. As dictums go, this one is biblical.

Finally, some wise words from an older CH post on the topic.

- Get into a line of work where you are ordering beautiful women to do your bidding.

If you can't get sex with hot babes, the next best thing is authority. Fashion photographers are not known as casanovas for nothing.

- Hang out with hot girls when they're wasted and pissing themselves and vomiting.

This is a pretty good cure for one-itis. Don't worry about supply. America is churning them out like cheap factory products lately.

- Never stop macking.

The life of the lady's man is always in forward motion. The day you slow down is the day you start misremembering your ex as hotter than she really was. By keeping women forever in your orbit, by hitting on them day and night and year after year, with intention or without, you remind yourself of the corporeal, earthly nature of women's greatest asset, of their insufferable and dispiriting interchangeability, and your heart is steeled for the endless battle.

Finally, the Rule to Rule all Rules:

Rule #9: Act like you've banged her.

If Rule #8 is biblical, Rule #9 is primordial.

Approach every cute girl as if you have already supped of her tuft. This is the most valuable mental trick I can give you. Visualize her naked body succumbing in writhing pleasure to your pherocious phang. Visualize her spent body unable to walk afterward. Visualize the cocksureness you possess from soiling the purity of this princess. Smirk knowingly that you have known her in fullness. Visualization of this nature will inevitably manifest in a change in your mannerism, and in thrall she will come to believe almost as strongly as you do that you have banged her, though this will strike her odd, but nevertheless arouse her to make reality of imagination.

Reframe Of The Day: Fear Of A White America

CH · 31 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The usual suspects love to belittle their enemies by casting them as fearful and threatened of change. They say, through a girlish giggle, “Trump supporters fear the browning of America tee hee”.

It’s pointless to answer a charge like this. These anti-White genocidal maniacs are immune to logic, reason, and principles.

Better reply is to reframe the entire premise so that the scumbags are, for once, on the defense.

“Shitlibs like yourself fear a White America. Why do you fear a majority White America? Do White people scare you?”

If Donald Trump Jr is reading today (I know he reads occasionally), can you post this to your Instawhore and Twatter feed and get a “national conversation” rolling?

Hope this helps,

Heartiste

Rise Of The Amazons

CH · 31 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I am on record stating my observation that American women are becoming more masculine, in appearance, physicality, and attitude. (And, parsimoniously, that American men are feminizing.)

The sexual polarity is reversing. Societal ruptures are inevitable as the poles switch places.

Further, there are archived posts on this blog in which the category of women called "Amazonian Alphas" was identified and discussed.

From old school commenter Clio,

> *This woman [the Amazonian Alpha], along with the Eternal Ingenue, is the most likely of all femme fatale types to be perceived as an Iconic Woman. But whereas the Eternal Ingenue inspires dreams of perpetual love and happiness, the Amazonian Alpha inspires, in those who fall in love with her, dreams of glory, of being raised above all the ordinary people who mill around on the face of the earth. She is the Maverick Alpha's natural mate [Editor's note: think John and Cindy McCain], although she may choose a more ordinary Classic Alpha. Often she is unable to find a man she considers worthy of her, and may remain single.*

Keep that last sentence in mind as you continue reading this post.

> *The Amazonian Alpha is usually very intelligent and generally beautiful or at least physically impressive, being statuesque of build, like Maud Gonne, the Irish nationalist who made Yeats miserable, and often athletic as well.*

And then, another detour into clear-sighted personal experience which would be vindicated by SCIENCE:

> My experience with Amazonian Alphas I have dated is that many of them have striking facial bone structure and an often exotic beauty. They are never "cute" or pretty in the dull, washed-out, southern sorority sister way. They have the kind of angular looks and prominent features that a sizable minority of men will not find attractive. **They are usually taller than average** and wear heels everywhere and know how to walk in them. You will never see an Amazonian wear flip-flops. She'd sooner submit to a beta male like yourself.
>
> Because Amazonians are the product of the union of a successful alpha male and his beautiful wife, **they often inherit their fathers' blazing intelligence, cocksure attitude, and ambition**. If they are lucky, they will inherit their mothers' beauty, but this doesn't always happen. More than a few alpha females look like drag queens in pantsuits.

And now, a word from our ¡SCIENCE!:

> Tallness in women correlates with masculine ambition. […] Researchers theorize the higher testosterone which contributes to taller female height also masculinizes the female brain.
>
> ***
>
> Height in women predicts maternal tendencies and career orientation. […] In pre-reproductive women (aged 20–29, n = 679), increasing height related to decreasing maternal personality (lower importance of having children, lower maternal/broodiness) and decreasing reproductive ambition (fewer ideal number of children, older ideal own age to have first child). Increasing height also related to increasing career orientation (higher importance of having a career, and higher career competitiveness). In post-reproductive women (aged over 45, n = 541), increasing height related to decreased reproductive events (fewer children, had first child at older age) and increased career orientation. Results provide further support for previous studies that show **physical**

> **masculinisation is associated with psychological masculinisation**.
>
> ***
>
> Tall women with masculine traits seldom have children.

How do I do it? SCIENCE, sometimes years later, will reaffirm nearly every drop of knowledge and pearl of wisdom from this blog. I haven't hijacked the minds of the labcoats. I simply observe the world as it is, instead of concocting a world as I wish it were.

What about the field? No doubt, the deep blue slutopolises are filled to the lip with tall amazonians whose pugnacious personalities are only matched in stridency by their heavy-heeled purposeful marches through the corporate battlefield.

The blue city beyotches are tall, and getting taller. And broader-shouldered. And narrower-hipped. And thinner-lipped. And bitterer of quip.

So if you want a feminine woman with babbies on the brain, stay away from amazons.

If you want pump and dump fun with perpetually contracepted fuck machines who foot their own bills, a tall girl is your squeal ticket. Bonus: Those belle towers have long vaginal throws, so if you're packing in length what she's stacking in height, take it to the hilt and leave a cream pie at her bolt-locked cervical door.

PS Maybe, given the lower fertility of tall women, the continued existence of short men can be explained by the higher fertility of short women. It's Darwinian trade-offs all the way down…

¡SCIENCE!: The Matriarchy Creates Shitlibs, The Patriarchy Creates Shitlords

CH · 1 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Via Passerby, a bombshell 2010 research paper that found shitliberalism is a product of a feminisited matriarchal system, while shitlordism is a product of a traditional patriarchal system.

> CH, this is interesting. Young people raised by single mothers or from families where the mother had more influence are more likely to be lib/left (egalitarian), young people raised by their father or from families where the father had more influence were more likely to be more right wing (anti-egalitarian).
>
> Definition of egalitarian in this case: support of racial and social equality.
>
> Additionally, males were more right wing than females.
>
> ***
>
> Abstract
>
> Using 4 samples of adolescents from 3 nations (Australia, Sweden, and the United States), the authors explored whether the gendered nature of the family socializa-
> tion environment affected young people's level of group-based social egalitarianism. It was hypothesized that the greater the father's influence in the family, the greater the children's level of group-based social anti-egalitarianism. The results were consistent with the authors' expectations. Children from father-headed households had the highest level of group-based social anti-egalitarianism; children from mother-headed households had the lowest level of group-based anti-egalitarianism; and children from dual-parent households were in between. Similarly, children from homes in which the father had the greatest decision-making power tended to exhibit the highest levels of anti-egalitarianism, whereas children from homes in which the mother had the greatest decision-making power displayed the lowest levels of social anti-egalitarianism. Family structure did not interact with either the nationality or gender of the child.

Single moms produce soyboys and pussyhat sluts.

Single fathers produce warriors and tradwombs for the West.

Don't you love when science affirms your gut instinct? It's like, why bother with painstaking methodology and securing grant money when you can just open your door and step outside for a front row view of the world?

> THAT MEN HAVE HIGHER AVERAGE LEVELS of social dominance orientation and group-based anti-egalitarianism than women is one of the most thoroughly and consistently validated research findings in contemporary social and political psychology…
>
> …the relative influence of male and female parental figures should influence the general group-based anti-egalitarianism of their children. Specifically, because of the relatively higher level of social dominance orientation and group-based anti-egalitarianism found among men, the greater the overall relative influences of male versus female parental figures, the higher the average level of group-based anti-egalitarianism children would have.

"Social dominance orientation" = a great trait for players and pappies alike.

But how exactly was social dominance orientation measured in this study? This way (fyi left unmentioned but safe to assume: most of the test subjects were White):

> This [anti-egalitarian/social dominance orietnation] scale assesses the degree to which one supports or rejects

> social equality. Because two of these four items specifically refer to race and were also embedded in a series of other questions referring to race and social class (see Sidanius, 1976), this scale has a distinctly group-based flavor. The respondents were asked to indicate the degree to which they agreed or disagreed with each of the following four stimuli: (a) White superiority, (b) racial equality, (c) increased social equality, and (d) social equality. Each response was given on a 7-point scale ranging from 1 (strongly agree) to 7 (strongly disagree). All responses were then coded into the direction of anti-egalitarianism.

That first stimuli goes right for the id, eh? I'll guess that, paraphrasing, the responses broke down to "men invade, women invite".

> Swedish families tended to have slightly less male-dominated family decision-making patterns; Texas families tended to have slightly more male-dominated family decision patterns.

Stereotypes R Us!

And from the Conclusion:

> Though the strength of the effects was relatively weak, the data indicated that the greater the father's presence and decision-making power within the family, the greater the child's level of group-based anti-egalitarianism. However, consistent with the invariance hypothesis (see Sidanius & Pratto, 2001), these family structure and family power variables did not interact with the respondent's gender. In other words, these environments had essentially the same effects on boys and girls. Thus, the gendered-environment effect appears to be relatively constant across both the gender of the child and nationality, at least within the restricted populations sampled here.
>
> Altogether, these results suggest that group-based anti-egalitarianism is not only affected by one's own gender, but is also a function of the gendered nature of the family environment. Not only do men have a tendency to display transsituationally higher levels of group-based anti-egalitarianism than women do, but one's degree of group-based anti-egalitarianism will also increase as one is exposed to male parental figures, regardless of one's gender. […]
>
> …these data were collected in the 1970s and 1980s, an era when paternal custody of minor children was less common than it is today….a contemporary sample of paternal caretakers would most likely have more typically male social attitudes than a sample of paternal caretakers from the 1970s and 1980s.

Will it be single fatherhood that saves European Christendom? Or will it be single mommyhood that destroys it? The race, so far, is a losing one for Team Patriarchy, but that last lap is where the warriors show their mettle.

Naturally, this paper being the product of social scientists, genetic influence is given no quarter. It could simply be that the issue of single moms inherit their pathological pussyhattery, while the issue of single fathers inherit their tribal protective instincts, and these inheritances get confused for attitudes resulting from the "gendered nature of the family in which one is raised". Nevertheless, it confirms for everyone who doesn't have their senses numbed by SJW screeching that there is something intuitively dangerous about ordering one's society around matriarchy at the expense of patriarchy. You simply can't entrust your nation and its posterity to the political preferences of women or feminized men.

To be fair, the authors did skate close to mentioning the possibility of causative mechanisms unrelated to self-survey responses:

> Second, because these are correlational and self-report data, one is faced with the perennial direction-of-causation problem. Thus, rather than family structure's affecting social attitudes, it is possible, on the one hand, that the respondents' social attitudes were affecting their recollections of family life. On the other hand, this

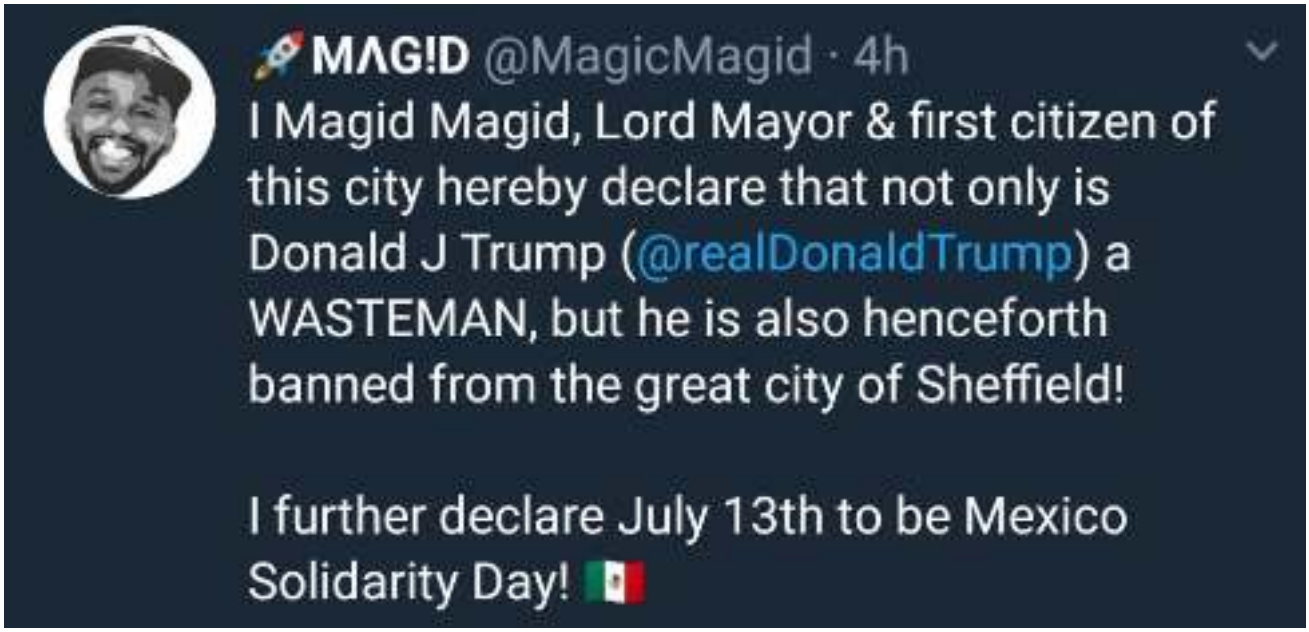
> direction-of-causation problem is much more of a potential issue for the family-power, rather than the family-structure, variable. It is possible that those with high levels of anti-egalitarianism, for whatever reason, recalled their fathers', rather than their mothers', making most of the family decisions. In contrast, it is unlikely that respondents' anti-egalitarianism attitudes also affected their recollections of family structure, regardless of whether they were raised in a single-mother, single-father or dual-parent household.

How about we play it safe and orient our society around discouraging single mommery and encouraging Father Knows Best?

Idiocracy Comes To The UK

CH · 1 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Meet the new lord mayor of Sheffield, Magid Magid.



> The new lord mayor of Sheffield, Magid Magid, announced his tenure to the world on Twitter in a font only marginally better than comic sans. At his mayor-making ceremony, Darth Vader's Imperial March from Star Wars played over the speakers, followed by the Superman theme tune as invitees made their way to the seats. And thanks to his suave, unofficial inaugural photographs – showing him squatting on a marble staircase in the Sheffield town hall, clad in his livery collar and Dr. Martens – he has been pronounced a "zaddy" (a sexy,

> fashionable man who could be your “daddy”.

> But the reality is that Magid, who came to the UK aged five as a refugee from Burao in northern Somalia (now in Somaliland)…

That’ll be all, Britain. That’ll be all.

Countries that are unsalvageable:

Britain
Germany
Sweden
Canada

No chance any of those countries will walk back from the abyss without societal ruptures that basically carve out new White nations from the decay and detritus.

PS The author of that glowing hagiography of Magid Magid and his quest to destroy Heritage Britain is Charlie Brinkhurst Cuff:

It’s almost as if tribalism crosses national borders and sets up shop wherever it goes!

The Most Beautiful Sight You Will See All Year

CH · 1 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Train in Arizona recently heading southbound. Trump ain't playin' ?? pic.twitter.com/XHHHCp8MFN
>
> — Kal © (@RightWingLawMan) October 30, 2018

After that last post, I thought we'd all welcome a retinal cleanser, spirit lifter, and soul nourisher.

The Grossest Sight You Will See All Year

CH · 1 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

#Nigeria, Lagos: The true love! BBW finally meets her dream man! He says, “Her stature is kind of bigger than I expected, and she looks older than the pictures.” HAHA! pic.twitter.com/mqKYfcAn8P

— Onlinemagazin (@OnlineMagazin) October 25, 2018

From CH commenter Bucky,

> That can be said for almost every POF profile

FACT: most mudsharks look like this whale. Old, blubbery, and desperate.

FACT: despite the above fact, our 30 year old Nigerian can STILL DO BETTER (and he knows it)

“I’m happy. I’m overwhelmed.”

Can we make #DisappointedNigerian a meme?

From commenter clarence boddiker,

> 90 day fiance is the basic cable television warehouse of the most beta cringeworthy soys out there.
>
> There’s a new trend now, highlighted on the show, dudes who are trying to get 3rd world 4’s to marry them even though neither one speaks the other’s language. So, this dude travels into South America to marry some 20 year old meh chick and their married days and engagement are spent speaking into an iphone’s translator feature.

So we’ve got obese catladies marrying disappointed dindus who will love them until they get the green card, and we’ve got soyboy betas traveling to jungly paradises to meet schwarzenegger’s maids and coo at each other through iphone translators.

A dystopian prophet like Houllebecq could not write stranger fiction if he tried.

The post-modren West is the story of deeply ugly people, inside and out, trying to escape the reality and demands of the sexual market. I have coined it….The Fuggernaut. And it will consume us if we don’t beat it back to the abyss from where it was belched.

Dramatic Toddler Game

CH · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A toddler was professionally photographed throwing a tantrum somewhere south of the border, and now America must impeach Trump and accelerate the nation's demographic displacement.

I kid you not. This is really happening, in our brave new Down's World.

> A 4-year-old girl collapses from exhaustion and refuses to walk any further.
> Powerful photo from the caravan by @vanhoutenphoto. pic.twitter.com/lIMjJzH9VB
>
> — ian bremmer (@ianbremmer) October 31, 2018

A TOT IS TIRED, STOP THE FUCKING PRESSES, IT'S A WORLDWIDE CATASTROPHE

Many Chateau commenters had a field day mocking this obvious PR stunt.

> Every time they want to emotionally blackmail and sentimentally manipulate the white goyim, they use the image of a brown toddler. Aylan Kurdi, the drowned Syrian boy, started the #refugeeswelcome madness and the mass-invasion of Europe. Than the "howling beanlet" Guatemalan girl started the "children in cages" and "abolish ICE" insanity.
>
> It seems they prepare the field for another "humanitarian" fake crisis with this photo, to shame again the white goyim to accept another "caravan" of invaders.
>
> I'm so sick of this strategy.

I coined it "The Great Bawlin' Beanlet Hoax of 2018".

> As some have noted below, the clothes and shoes look pretty pristine for having "trekked unto exhaustion".
>
> ***
>
> It looks more like a spoiled kid who didn't get any of her favorite candy for Halloween.
>
> It's a nicely paved road FFS!!!!
>
> Has anyone actually BEEN to Central America? Paved roads without wear, tear and potholes are like snowballs in Kalgoorlie.
>
> ***
>
> Who walks thousands of miles in hot pink patent leather ballet flats?
>
> ***
>
> I'm pretty sure that would be the result of making any child that age walk more than what half a mile or maybe three quarters for the tougher ones or if there is ice cream or something at the end? You can probably go to any shopping place and see this several times a day.
>
> ***
>
> That's some brand spankin' new looking Target gear she's got on there. Nary a sweat stain or dust from all the trekkin' across the jungle and desert! Fresh off the 50% rack?
>
> Clean face too, no dust or soot at all. Very clear to see all the fresh tears.
>
> BTW, no kid sinks to their knees from exhaustion. They pass out on their feet and fall the hell out.
>
> That staged pic is some prime time movie-of-the-week drama right there.

Is anyone else sick of this gaslighting bullshit? Apparently not women and [the special people]!

> She looks pretty well-fed too. Look at those chubby arms.
>
> And mom's shoes got a nice sheen on 'em too… don't look too walked in.
>
> ***
>
> The pose is reminiscent of Willem DaFoe in Platoon. Very dramatic!

> Poor choice of footwear for 'trekking' across central America…and horrible taste to boot…
>
> Seriously though, that pic was taken outside some Target/Wallmart parking lot in the US while the kid was throwing a tantrum. I'de bet next weeks paycheck that was taken anywhere but in the caravan.
>
> ***
>
> Yeah, they could find better agitprop photos. Is this supposed to look like a long-suffering, exhausted child who walked half a continent crossing mountains and valleys? She seems more like a girl throwing a tantrum at the toy store because her mother didn't want to buy her all the dolls on the shelf.
>
> Hey, Chaimstream Media, if you are permanently in propaganda mood, at least do it intelligently. You are not even trying anymore.

Read through the comment thread at that Twatter link. Have a vomit bag at the ready, because the bathos has curdled into lumpy-throated schmaltz.

Women, of course, are hardest hit by this agitslop. Are women really this gullible and manipulable?

YES. Resoundingly.

Which is indirect proof that Game works, because women will fall for anything that tugs at their emotions, whether maternal or libidinal.

I figure the savvy player can repurpose this nation-wrecking sy ops into fruitful courtships. I'll call it Dramatic Toddler Game. You can fib to a GloboAmeriGirl that you spent last month helping migrants cross the border, and one day you had to literally carry an exhausted toddler across the border into the waiting arms of crying US Marines. Everyone was touched. Please impeach. Go the extra mile and pantomime yourself carrying an invisible toddler. Look deeply concerned and sympathetic. Stroke the invisible toddler's forehead. Say a few cooing words in Spanish. *mi pobrecito…*

Or, if you prefer the shock and awe approach, cast yourself as a sort of grown-up toddler throwing a dramatic fit because the girl you're hitting on won't laugh at your jokes (or some other suitably humorous pretext). Drop to your knees just like Dramatic Toddler, clutch your breast, wrest a few Fakes Sobs, and look heavenward while lamenting out loud, "I JUST WANT TO CROSS THE BORDER OF YOUR HEART".

PS A funny video:

There Is No Conservatism. There Is Only White Christian Nationalism

CH · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Astute comment from Theodora,

> Isn't Shapiro a NeverTrumper?
>
> Jewish "conservatives" are misleading allies, the same as Black "conservatives". At some point, when their tribal interests are threatened, they revert to the mean – anti-white animus. Just tell a Jewish tradcon that America should end the billions of dollars in aid to Israel or a Black tradcon that affirmative action should stop and they would freak out and show the Dianne Feinstein or Colin Kaepernick within.
>
> They can be allies of circumstance on particular topics or to attain certain temporary goals, but otherwise their ultimate loyalty is with their tribe.

This is maddeningly true. I can count on one hand the number of jews and blacks who are friendly or at least not antagonistic to nationalist (read: Christian White) interests. Let's see…

Stephen Miller
Clarence Thomas

Give me a while and I could probably dig up one or two more.

The fact is that vanishingly few blacks or jews are genuinely allied with White European Christendom and its diaspora. I have known quite a few conservative jews (and one or two conservative blacks) who talk a good conservative game on taxes, regulations, Muh Constitution, a strong defense, liberty, rule of law, American dream, etc, but as soon as the topic turns to managing immigration and maintaining a White majority in America it's OY VEY SHUT IT DOWN and DAS RACISS.

Try it sometime. Have a political discussion with a Benny Shapiro-nik, let it build to a friendly crescendo of mutual agreement, and then drop the implicitly White nationalism bomb.

"We have to close the borders, have an immigration moratorium for a few decades, and then generally favor the immigration of Whites when we gradually reopen the borders."

Benny and the Kvetch: "OOOOOOOOOOOOOYYYYYY VEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYY"

Sorry, but that ain't gonna cut it anymore. The reason I assert there is no conservatism without White Christian nationalism is because White demographic hegemony is necessary to perpetuate the ideals of generic anglo-saxon conservatism, which is a creation of WHITE CHRISTIAN MEN. When White Gentiles lose majority rule, their ideals, values, moral sense, and culture go with them.

There is no Constitutional Conservatism without constitutional Whiteness. It really is as simple as that.

Magid Magid's Gloryhole Face Cuckboy Fan Club & A Hate Poll

CH · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> When your wife buys you a @MagicMagid T-shirt and it gets hand delivered by the man himself! pic.twitter.com/0UgmwOV3QA
>
> — Timm Cleasby (@timmcphoto) October 26, 2018

Magid Magid, for those just arriving, is the newly elected lord mayor of Sheffield, England. He is idiocracy personified, and serves as a totem to self-abasing cucked Whites who stupidly cheer on the destruction of their homelands and, now, proudly wear Magid's retailed raiments.

I don't know which group I hate more. The ingrate invaders. The smug virtue signalers. The slavish cucks. The snarky soyboys. The seditious globalists. The perfidious special people. The screechy pussyhatters.

I'll put the question to you readers. Which group do you hate most?

Introducing the Chateau's inaugural Primary Hate Poll:

***

PS Happy Talloween!

> Note: "Please take 2 pieces"
>
> Lady 1: "I WANT IT ALL"
>
> Lady 2: "No candy, I'M TAKING THE BOWL" pic.twitter.com/3W6wCObeFW
>
> — Barstool Sports (@barstoolsports) November 1, 2018

PPS Parents' fault.

> A 4-year-old girl collapses from exhaustion and refuses to walk any further.
> Powerful photo from the caravan by @vanhoutenphoto. pic.twitter.com/lIMjJzH9VB
>
> — ian bremmer (@ianbremmer) October 31, 2018

To: Disingenuous Shitlibs

If you don't want to fake cry over tired toddlers, blame the parents for taking Soros bucks and forcing their kids to go on a thousand mile trek across Central America.

Yours,

Heartiste

PPPS One has to marvel that the great deliberative bodies of Western societies and the weighty matters of State have devolved into decisions based on maudlin photos of crying tots posted to social media. This is the logical conclusion of the 19th Amendment and Mass Moshe Migration.

Comment Of The Week: Racial Guilt Vs Racial Shame

CH · 3 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

greginaurora wins this weeks COTW with a two-fer:

> How to choose.
> Invaders
> Weaklings
> Traitors
> Guests turned Traitor
> Women
>
> All of the groups are behaving exactly how you would expect them to act, excepting the traitors. Traitors always act with deception and lies. The Guests are the biggest problem, as they're speaking pretty words of guests-good normal-bad.
>
> The real problem is that Normals have chosen to believe the Guests, despite Millenia of evidence that the Guests are liars.
>
> ***
>
> Our special Guests love the Constitution. They love rules. So long as the rules are written down, they know they'll figure out how to go around them, doing what they want without breaking the rules.
>
> We do our best to follow the spirit of the law. They follow the letter of the law. If the letter of the law isn't violated, no matter how badly the spirit of the law is violated, then they'll stand tall and claim they did no wrong.
>
> That's the difference between racial guilt and racial shame. Our people are motivated internally to do what's right. Their people are motivated externally to avoid doing wrong. The results are strikingly different.
>
> If they put that much effort into working around the spirit of the Ten Commandments, do you really think they're going to try and obey the spirit of the Constitution? Even God gave up on them. Why do we still treat them like our equals?

I believe that NW European White Gentiles are nearly alone in the world for having inherited a genetic racial predisposition to a guilt-based, rather than shame-based, moral sense. And all the shame-based races take advantage of that White Gentile character trait when they are within subverting distance.

***

COTW runner-up is PA with a briskly arresting truth about blacks and their relationship to Whites and Fellow Whites.

> Whites have the tendency to idealize blacks as beloved pets such as faithful dogs. Jews have a proclivity for idealizing blacks as their reciprocal. "Everything that they are not" vigor-wise. They also feel a kinship with them as fellow Resources Extraction Algorithm.

The biggest slavering sportscucks I know are Fellow Whites. It almost carries an undertone of vicarious sexuality. I think a part of it too is that FWs can say, "Look at all this previously untapped greatness you racist Gentile goyium stupidly discriminated against", while conveniently ignoring the unleashed dystopian nightmares that past discriminations had helped to put a lid on.

The Worst Of Both Worlds

CH · 3 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

America has become a hyper-sexualized yet aggressively anti-sex nation. A worse combination I couldn't imagine.

A healthy nation would be the opposite of the above configuration: retaining taboos on slutty displays of sexuality, sexualizing children, and poz indoctrination in the schools, while accepting and welcoming the erotic frisson that naturally emerges between vigorously dimorphic sexes.

A patriarchy, in other words.

Leftoid Inversion of Who, Whom?

CH · 5 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment by Another Dad, on the tendency of leftoids to psychologically project their own neuroses and animuses onto their perceived enemies,

The American civil war didn't end. And Trump is a Confederate president

***

It's easy to mock this sort of leftist lunacy, now in "Confederate!" form.

But of course the GOP is the party of–and Trump appeals to–married white gentiles. The closer you are demographically to being a (private sector employed) married white gentile, the more likely you are to be a Trump voter.

Rather **the big lie here is that the "who whom" is precisely the reverse of what she claims.**

> His supporters hark back to an 1860s fantasy of white male dominance. But the Confederacy won't win in the long run.
>
> In the 158th year of the American civil war, also known as 2018, the Confederacy continues its recent resurgence. Its victims include black people, of course, but also immigrants, Jews, Muslims, Latinos, trans people, gay people and women who want to exercise jurisdiction over their bodies.

The desire–demand!–for dominance here is not white men wanting to dominate "black people" and "immigrants, Jews, Muslims, Latinos, trans people, gay people and women", but the reverse!

"Black people" and "immigrants, Jews, Muslims, Latinos, trans people, gay people and women" are demanding the right to dominate white guys–make white guys work for them and give them their white guy stuff.

They–the "coalition of the fringes" are the "slave power", trying to enslave white men. Trump's appeal to us evil white guys is essentially that we can be left alone, live our lives as free men and not be looted and abused by the fringes.

The way you can prove this is *who is demanding what from whom?* Or *who is willing to separate from whom?*

This is the acid test that i was attempting to flush out in the previous Zero Amendment comment thread:

http://www.unz.com/isteve/the-zeroth-amendment-explicated/#comment-2607940
And the distinction between the whines of "oppression" from the fringes and actually slavery in the earlier comment:

http://www.unz.com/isteve/the-zeroth-amendment-explicated/#comment-2607227
~~

This "who-whom" dependency issue is why i think *raising the "separate nations" question is quite powerful and needs to be done by Trump and nationalists repeatedly.*

Given the open treason and hatred (for white gentiles) that is now routine on the pages of the NYT, i'd be more than happy to split America right now. (We aren't one nation, when "elites" openly spew out their desire to see the nation's actual core population dispossessed.)

Let's have all the Hillary voters group up in their areas–i'll happily move if that's necessary. They can have their rainbow hued, open-borders, "nation of immigrants", hands-up-don't-shoot, gender fluid utopia. I'm actually not dependent on them and don't need them whatsoever.

We Trump voters can then have our regular old American nation. We'll farm our fields, build our houses, tractors, trucks, cars, airplanes, drill for oil and gas (and do solar and nukes) and live our lives and get along just fine … in fact better! without being looted by the fringes.

Mention "separate nations" and the resulting screams of anguish will tell you who is actually intent on looting whom.

Who dominates whom? Same as it ever was.

My preference is for a homeland that privileges me and mine and reduces the friction of having to squander those privileges on antagonistic outgroups by keeping the latter's numbers low and manageable, or, as per Another Dad's eminently sensible suggestion, keeping their numbers nonexistent by dividing America into separate nations so that I and like-minded Americans can live as we wish to live. After all, if the invaders don't like it, they can stay in their own homelands. And if SWPL leftoids don't like it, they can continue marinating in the hoppy soyness of their shitlibopolis one bedroom hives.

The Very Accurate, Truthful Trump Ad That Globohomo Doesn't Want You To See

CH · 5 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> CNN refused to run this ad… I guess they only run fake news and won't talk about real threats that don't suit their agenda. Enjoy. Remember this on Tuesday. #vote #voterepublican pic.twitter.com/VyMm7GhPLX
>
> — Donald Trump Jr. (@DonaldJTrumpJr) November 3, 2018

Last I checked, one day before Election Day, CNN, Fox, NBC, and Faceborg have pulled the ad. Seems like a clear-cut case of election interference. Time to rescind broadcast licenses and arrest media commissars.

Faceborg is indisputably defining itself as a publisher, not a platform, which means BRING ON THE ANTI-TRUST, LIBEL, AND IP SUITS.

Shitlibs, naturally, are spitting mad that Trump dares to pull back the curtain on their despotic plans to end the rightful reign of White America and replace it with a Dirt World dystopia. They hate that Trump's "hate speech" calls them out for acting as accomplices to border hopping murderous degenerates.

> Facebook says Trump campaign's anti-caravan ad featuring convicted cop killed Luis Brocamontes violates policy against paid ads "dehumanizing or denigrating entire groups of people and using frightening and exaggerated rumors of danger."

I watched the ad. Where is the lie?

TRUTH: 1st generation and later Amerindians in America commit violent crimes at a rate twice that of White Americans. It is probably more skewed than that, given the predilection of law enforcement authorities to wrongly classify hispanics as White.

TRUTH: an unknown but nontrivial number of violent criminals will be among the millions of illegal border hoppers.

TRUTH: Democrats are almost to a person on record supporting the abolishment of any border controls, opposing the construction of a border wall, and fanatically advocating EVEN MORE illegal and legal immigration into America. This will undoubtedly have the effect of allowing into America more scum of the earth like Luis Brocamontes.

Shitlibs mewl that Brocamontes illegally entered the country during Bush's tenure, so the ad is """false""" on a disingenuous technicality. This is typical shitlib obfuscation by irrelevancy. Trump is not claiming GOPe cucks don't exist; he's saying that as a party, Democrats are universally supportive of open borders and the implied overrun of the USA by the Brocamonteses of the Bleak World. It is with absolute certainty that there will be more vile filth like Brocamontes in America if the Democortez Party's open border wishes become national policy in perpetuity.

The ad is stone cold truth, and that is why it chafes shitlib hides. It reveals what shitlibs don't want revealed so openly about themselves: that they not just welcome, but desire and actively work toward the abolition of a White majority America, and will accept the resettling of violent third world thugs into America as a small price to pay to realize their dream of a nonWhite Post-America.

PS Here's old video of Bill Clinton, once hero of the shitlib left, saying the EXACT same things Trump is saying today:

I guess Bill Clinton is retroactively Hitler now.

Your Daily Game: The Pregnant Pause Opener (AKA The Twatteaser)

CH · 5 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of Days of Broken Arrows, a very funny opener that requires a steady tongue and exquisite timing to reliably execute,

> Walk up to her and say "Can I ask you something?" Leave an awkward pause after she says "OK." Then ask to borrow a quarter for the vending machine. If she laughs, you're in.

This opener gambit can be fitted to any context.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Ok"

paaaaaaaaaaaaaause

"Where's the nearest pet store?"*

The pregnant pause followed by mundane request is dynamite on a woman's pride because it raises her expectation of a flirty come-on….builds the tension….and then deflates her billowing ego with a prick of banality.

There she is, feeling her Solipsism Market Value rise with every heave of her blushing breasts, her ego growing three sizes in proportion to the exploding girth of her head hamster, smug and sure that what is to follow will fluff her id-clit beyond the bounds of modesty….when it all comes crashing down as our cunning casanova politely asks her for the time.

Mission accomplished: She was huffing her flume fumes, and then withdrawal came hard and fast. Now, despite being stricken by indignation and unable to think clearly through a flare-up of self-doubt and butthurtery, she can't help but be a little curious about the man who would not instantly swoon under the bat of her eyelashes. The gall of this twatteaser! (i must have him)

Related, an opening gambit I love to do is a version of Pregnant Pause Game. I'll approach, intro myself DoBA-style — "Hey, can I ask you something?" or a variation thereof — and then act conspicuously awkward and shy, as if I'm desperate to tell her my feelings for her and I'm struggling to say the words. I'll dig the toe of my shoe into the floor, grab my hair, look downward, then upward, run my hands over the pained expression on my face, sigh heavily, audibly mutter "uuuuughhh….ok ok ok ok….i got this….come ooooooon i can do this", take a few yogic deep breaths, and then finally…

— and by now the girl is clenching her teeth, looking very nervous and perhaps glancing at the door —

…I loudly announce "HERE GOES", and, waiting just one more exquisite beat, deadpan, "where's the bathroom?" Then I garnish the payload with a mischievous smirk after I have gauged her reaction as sufficiently smitten.

I have yet to do this to a girl and get anything but a smile and laughter through exhaled breath, and it's a perfect springboard to more traditional flirting, because by now the chick knows that you know she was expecting the usual dweebie entreaty and you decided to play a different game. A renegade among the mediocre masses of beta males, your greet theater sets you apart, stokes her interest, and subtly informs her that she might not possess the pulchritude power level to rattle your self-possession. She's gonna have to watch her manners with you if she wants to see Act 2.

*roosh reference

Election Eve Open Thread

CH · 6 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Is my prediction of a +2 gain for Rs in the Senate and a House too close to call but leaning toward a bare D majority verified?

What does it mean for Trump and the MAGA agenda? Biggest loser: 19th Amendment?

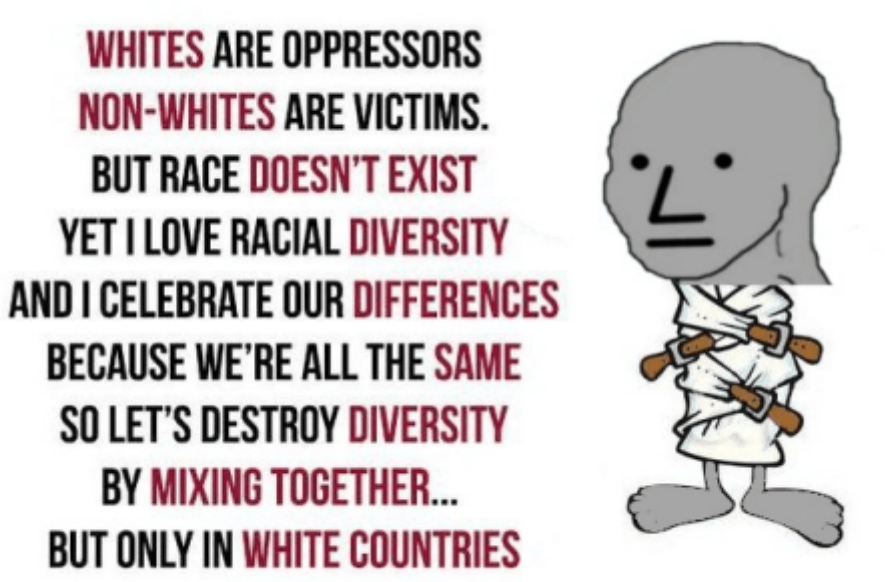
Revenge Of The Misfits

CH · 6 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

We are at a fortunate time in history to witness the enemies of nationhood, in their hubristic zeal, reveal their designs on America.

Counter-Semitism is basically taking any position that benefits White Gentiles. This is how [the special people] increasingly define themselves: in opposition to an ancient foe. You are a White person who doesn't want your homeland flooded with refusees from shitholes? ANTISEMITE! You are a White person who prefers living among people who share your values, tastes, temperament, and worldview? ANTISEMITE!

It's a transparently self-serving rhetorical device that would be a hoot if it wasn't dangerously and effectively leveraged to the literal and openly stated goal of population displacement. I wish we could afford the luxury of laughing off inane self-contradicting rhetoric like this:



But we can't, because too many gullible Americans are hypnotized, or cowed, by it. (Btw, this meme really captures both the letter and the spirit of leftoid lunacy.)

Of course, it isn't just [the special people] agitating for dissolution of nationhood. Plenty of puritan retreads among the ranks of post-christian whites are in on the assault. It's just that the former 1. punch well above their weight class and 2. are unmatched in their vitriol for Heritage America.

> Message to Trump voters: Vote Democrat, because as soon as this election is over, no one will give a shit about the caravan. But you'll still have diabetes.
>
> — Bill Maher (@billmaher) November 5, 2018

That sounds like anti-White hate speech to me. Where's the ADL? (cheering it on)

Delegitimizing Gentile-silencing hate groups like the ADL and SPLC is Job One for nationalists.

Ultimately, this comes down to spiteful minorities and misfits abusing the power they have managed to acquire to stick it to the well-adjusted, likable, and physiognomically appealing majority. Call it the Revenge of the Misfits. The archipelago of misfit oys has gathered its forces and stormed Goytown, casting out all the fun, gender-based toys. Their rule is cruel and merciless, a leprous, thumb-tucked fist cloaked in a drag queen's opera glove.

What's that saying? There's no cruelty quite like the cruelty of the weak given power. Amend that to "the weak, vindictive, tribalistic, and paranoiac given power", and you have described Post-America 2018.

The first thing to go into the Fuggernaut mulcher is an organically emergent set of standards, which The Fuggernaut can never meet, so they must destroy them. Then social ostracism for those who continue to abide the old ways of freely calling the beautiful "beautiful" and the handsome "handsome", which implies that those who don't get called those things are ugly. And Misfit America is schlock full of uglies. The end game is the destruction of Truth and Beauty and the Glorification of Lies and Ugliness. Not just a standard-less world; a world with new artificial standards, ugly standards, that supplant the natural standards.

From smart reader J.R., who notices that Rubin's tweet is a window into her ?id.

> Rubin reveals a lot about the [special person] mindset here and why most of them support Open Borders and nation-wrecking Mass Immigration
>
> they feel excluded in normal healthy societies, they feel like an Alien
> so they support Open Borders … so that everyone feels like an Alien
>
> when you go to Walmart or the DMV and find yourself surrounded by alien hordes who worship alien gods and speak in alien tongues and feel outnumbered and alienated … [special people] like Rubin think that's great
>
> you finally get to feel what it's like to be a [special person]
>
> but [special people] evolved to thrive in those conditions – we didn't

Returning to the topmost screenshot from a member of the Twatter bluecheck tribe, I have a helpful clarification and a suggestion for Mz Rubin. One, aliens don't need to be "cast" that way. They come prefigured as aliens. Every group on earth knows an outsider when they see one, no extra effort needed to make them outsiders. Which means you can't force people to accept aliens as kin; what is easily perceived is not easily suppressed, (not even tyrannical thought policing can long suppress the mind's eye).

Two, separate nations exist for a reason. If you are an outsider, it makes sense to live where you would be an insider, instead of terraforming a host nation with the demographic churn of hundreds and thousands of outsider tribes to help your tribe live as a less-conspicuous outsider and feel better about yourselves.

This is the plot line of Revenge of the Misfits. Since misfits can't take on the normal healthy majority directly, they recruit misfit allies to play a game of dilution called "If I'm a misfit, then I'll make sure you're a misfit too".

Or: "If I can't win, then no one wins."

It's scorched nation policy. It's also despicably petty.

I won't mince words. Deliberate demographic terraforming that immiserates the majority of the host nation to satisfy the desires of your outsider tribe is evil. Living in a nation of, by, and for your tribe, where you experience

the benefits of nationhood as a member of the privileged majority is good. No amount of skypistry will change this fact of humanity.

If it bothers the Rubins of the world SO MUCH to have to live yoked to a happy, healthy, self confident White Gentile majority, then by all means…..MOVE TO WHERE YOU'D BE HAPPIER. There's a country just for you. Put that dual passport to use.

And this goes for any migrant who plops on American shores hating us from the get-go. No one forced you to leave your idyllic homeland. You may return there to escape Oppressive Whiteness.

I'll punctuate this post with what is possibly the vilest example of anti-White Christian bigotry I have come across. There's plenty of anti-White hostility pervading the airwaves, but the example below written by Peter Beinart stands out as especially egregious. From the Jewish Daily Forward:

> The Special Kind Of Hate That Drove Pittsburgh Shooter — And Trump
>
> Appeasement will not work. For Jews, the lesson of yesterday's massacre is very simple and very old: Protecting the strangers among us is not charity. It is self-defense. Every time Jews defend the right of American Muslims to follow sharia, we protect our right to follow halacha. Every time Jews reject politicians who demonize Latinos we make it less likely that those politicians will demonize us. "Hate them, not us" is a losing strategy because once empowered, bigots widen their targets. For people who define America as a white Christian nation, Jews will never be white enough.
>
> Robert Bowers accused Jews of "bringing" Muslims and refugees to the United States. To him and all the other white nationalists Trump has emboldened, our answer should be: Damn right. We will demand a humane policy for people seeking refuge in the United States and defend those immigrants — no matter their race or faith — who are already here.
>
> Will do so not only because we were once strangers … Rather than seeking a separate peace with Trumpism, we will look for allies among the despised and abused. And in that way, we will defend not only Jewish ethics, but Jewish lives.
>
> *Peter Beinart is a senior columnist at The Forward.*

"The Special Kind Of Hate"…that drives Peter Beinart.

Revenge of the Spiteful Scumbags. Instead of thanking America for giving Beinart a place where he can be Beinart-y, this vicious ingrate wants to burden America with more spiteful ingrates from all corners of the world (except White Europe) so that White Gentile Americans will be too preoccupied dodging Diversity™ to notice Beinart's demonization of them.

Here's an inconvenient tikkun olam, Petey. Be comfortable with your outsider status. Don't hate yourself so much that you psychologically need White Christian America to stop noticing your [specialness]. And if you weren't busy flooding America with sullen third worlders, White Christian Americans would not have a problem with you. Far from your paranoiac fantasies of victimhood and martyrdom, the reality is that a majority White Gentile America has historically allowed your band of merry misfits to live freely here, and would continue that tradition without the added burden of 100 million plus nonWhites and nonChristians. There is no straight line from "opposing mass third world immigration" to "demonize [the special people]".

But for some whackjob reason that only a clever silly could concoct, you believe that bringing more alien groups into America and allying with them against the interests of White Gentile America, then ruining the lives of White Gentiles who dare to object, is the winning strategy that will somehow magically decrease the sum total of demonization instead of do the exact opposite.

PS If Kevin MacDonald's thesis is so wrong, why do the subjects of his thesis loudly affirm it so often?

From Pale Rider, a Wolfe quote that draws a connection between misfits and whorenalists,

> Tom Wolfe said it best:
>
> “If you ask me, newspaper reporters are created at age six when they first go to school. In the schoolyard boys immediately divide into two types. Immediately! There are those who have the will to be daring and dominate, and those who don’t have it. Those who don’t, like John Smith here, spend half their early years trying to work out a modus vivendi with those who do… and anything short of subservience will be okay.”
>
> “But there are boys from the weaker side of the divide who grow up with the same dreams as the stronger… and I’m as sure about this as anything in the world: The boy standing before me, John Smith, is one of them. They, too, dream of power, money, fame, and beautiful lovers. Boys like this kid grow up instinctively realizing that language is an artifact, like a sword or a gun. Used skillfully, it has the power to… well, not so much achieve things as to tear things down—including people… including the boys who came out on the strong side of that sheerly dividing line.”
>
> Sailer said that Revenge of the Nerds marked a cultural shift that was one of the most important in the last century. We are seeing a course correction, back to the natural order of things.

Our sophistic misfits who deign to rule over us are sociopathic dweebs; high school dorkwads and gaywads who never got over their atomic wedgies and vowed eternal revenge against the cool kids. Now they are getting their revenge, in the form of dissolving Chad America and replacing it with NOWAG America.

But like Pale Rider wrote, we are living through a much-needed and horribly delayed course correction, back to the rule of masculine men and their doting feminine women. Don’t expect the wadiopaths to give up without a hell of a shriek.

The Poisonous Propaganda Our Women Unthinkingly Lap Up

CH · 6 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

She wants the haters to kiss her ass. Luckily for her, she has an ass that can accommodate all her haters.

Unluckily for her, no one wants to kiss her ass acreage. Even black men would balk before surrendering to da divination rod of dey dik. A reader puts it best,

> hate would be a reward. but she's invisible. she's CRYING OUT for hate but sadly most people just pity and ignore her. or laugh at her. but hate is not a luxury she gets to exploit and that eats away at her the most.

For women, indifference, not hate, is the opposite of love. Women, especially middling and low smv women, project their commingling of hate and desire for undependable jerkboys onto others, mistaking hate directed against themselves for repressed desire. It's the ol' "you secretly want to fuck the fatty you hate" hogistry.

Nope, no one wants to fuck the fatty, they just want to stay away from the fatty's disease and ugliness, and mock the fatty when it gets uppity and tries to fill the heads of pretty slim thangs with their blubbery mind poison.

In the bigger (heh) picture, this Cosmo rag is one tiny tributary feeding into a vast delta of cultural poison that turns White women against both their Whiteness and their men. Innumerable sources peddling the foulest pozpaganda are the regular gruel for tens of millions of American women, who must be balefully influenced by the multidirectional assault on their self-conception, their perception, and their sanity. I fear even the strongest-willed White women eventually succumb to the twisted funhouse mirror indoctrination of the anti-White, anti-Truth, anti-Beauty hate machine. Everything that is anathema to Goodness — equalism, n*grolatry, feminism, fat glorification, freak pride, the normalizing of mental illness and the pathologizing of normalcy — saturates the airwaves, pumping an endless shitstream of soul-smothering dreck into catatonic White women.

Men can withstand this onslaught of bilge water better than can women, so of course Globohomo targets women with a ferocity that defies hope in a peaceful settling of scores. The Ministry of Dupe knows it is a fact that women

are the more gullible sex. So they focus their firepower on the weakest link — conformist, status conscious women — and in fifty years America has gone from 90% White to 63% White, an ahistorical racial displacement in size and scale.

PS Yes that is a Miss Piggy tat on her arm hock. I'd say it's fitting, but just barely.

Trump's America: Dying, But Not Dead

CH · 6 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Captain Obvious leaves a comment that reminds us of the forgotten White Americans who are the core constituency of the Trump Era. Trump campaigned as a champion of the downtrodden like the people from the dying towns vividly recollected by CO:

> PA: "you still see Art Deco theatres along main street"
>
> Last year, I went to get some furniture off of Craigslist, I had to drive way out into the countryside, to an old mill town, along some train tracks, in the middle of nowhere.
>
> It's largely a ghost town now [which is why the dude could afford to rent an entire industrial building to store his junque], but right there at the corner of the main intersection was the collapsing remnant of an old Art Deco theater.
>
> And the site of that theater made a very strong impression on me.
>
> Circa the late 1980s, this still would have been a thriving furniture town [it's in furniture country], but after NAFTA & MFN for China, the local economy simply collapsed & vanished – pretty much over night.
>
> The remaining White folks [in one of these towns] will either be on welfare [& opioids], or else they'll be driving 25 to 50 miles every day, to one of the "Modren Economy" cities, for an humiliating purposeless job as a peon bowing dutifully before some politically-correct conglomeration of Bluetopia shekel-mongering parasites.
>
> All of the old mill towns are like that now: Furniture, Textiles, even Logging [to a certain extent].
>
> Once-gorgeous old towns. Once-grand old boulevards. Once-thriving local commerce.
>
> Today they're all dilapidated & falling apart, with just a handful of pensioners trying desperately to hold things together.
>
> And when the pensioners die off, these will all become ghost towns.

Open Borders and Cheap Labor Trade did a lot to gut these heartland towns and immiserate the Americans living there. So did greedy elite malfeasance and outright (((hostility))) to Heritage America. Steve Bannon has said that the seeds of the Trump Revolution were planted during the housing market crash of 2008, when the BushObama Uniparty bailed out wealthy bankers and financiers. Heritage Americans from these dying towns rapidly infested by border hopping moochers and the detritus of forced integration policies looked at that dereliction of government duty to act as a check on Globohomo predations and rightly asked themselves, "Is this my country anymore? Who will look out for me and mine?", and then rightly answered their own question by electing Trump.

Many good comments on this all-important topic. From bigjohn33,

> I'm all for America getting a divorce. Trying to live in a diverse society is intolerable. I'm in the process of white-flighting a mid-sized American city. It sucks. I really like my house and property. I built a business here and have good friends and neighbors. My commute to work is about 5 minutes. Everything is convenient. And there is really cool stuff in the city. Theres a historic district with many blocks of houses from the 1800s that are big and beautiful and well kept. There's a downtown with bars and restaurants and music.
>
> But…
>
> The city is dying. The population decreases every year and it is rapidly becoming a black and brown shithole. I think white people will be a minority when the 2020 census comes out.
> And it is 100% from "diversity". It isn't jobs. Jobs go where people are not vice versa. It's black and brown people. Nobody (including them) wants to live around them. So they metastasize like a cancer throughout the

> city. Hundreds of blocks around the downtown are in ruins. Burned out blighted slums and urban prairies where there used to be blue-collar neighborhoods and schools. It is ugly. And it is eventually going to consume the whole city. The only way to stop it would bringing back race-based zoning restrictions, the repeal of which in the late 1960s started the process. It's about a 20 year pattern (it's accelerating) from working class white to working class mixed race to black and hispanic crime-infested ghettos.
>
> My neighborhood is where the slums were demographically 20 years ago. So I'm bailing. And I don't like it. It shouldn't be like this. I want a nation where my kids can raise kids in the same neighborhood they grew up in. I hate this nomadic bullshit. I want a homeland.

Do you know which group loves that nomadic bullshit? Hint: It's in their blood.

From PA,

> Distant second, decentralize wealth.
>
> When you go to those shuttered little towns in the middle of nowhere you still see Art Deco theatres along main street, indicating a past that had a rich and youthful local life.
>
> There is literally no such thing as good immigration. Immigration's flip side, emigration, ruins towns and countries too.

"Decentralizing wealth" is a catchy term. I've called it "de-urbanization", and the idea is the same: to disperse the concentrated power of shitlibs from the big blue coastal megalopolises and spin off economic activity to towns and smaller-scaled cities. The knock off benefits are limitless: more social trust, more locally sourced governance, less State surveillance, less social and sexual dysfunction, more cultural continuity, and on and on.

Related by way of a confluence of corruption, commenter Dallas Control reminds us that the media is an enemy of the people, and the only solution is culling the media ranks of the leftoid automatons* who occupy them.

> I'm surprised, or maybe (((not surprised))), that there isn't more coverage of and outrage over Fox's refusal to run the ad; by outlets like Breitbart.
>
> Fox's refusal needs to be highlighted and unforgotten.
>
> Neocon cutouts are a large part of our problem, and Fox is their primary gatekeeping tool.
>
> Fox needs to lose its credibility with conservative-normies in-total as fast as possible, leading to a crisis in media representation for half of the nation that can then be solved with something more legitimate.
>
> If the entirety of the media is rightly viewed as being in the bag for only half of the nation, then even liberals will have to tacitly concede a degree of media corruption.
>
> Currently, Fox's paper-thin conservative veneer enables liberals a measure of plausible deniability in regard to the total communist corruption of our institutions. They can't be allowed that luxury.
>
> Fox has to go in the general manner that Glen Beck did. Through a massive, widespread, and unrelenting ridicule effort and a resultant steep decline in viewership.

We have to kill the one media bastion of talmud-conservatism to save the country for a real nationalist conservative media. Sorry, Tucker. You will be welcomed into the new revolutionary media.

*

***

From J.R., a comment which segues into the meat of this post:

> one reason ppl watch TV and Movies is to feel connected to pop culture
>
> for better or worse, most ppl enjoy knowing about the Hit New Show and the Super Popular Movie and hate feeling out of touch
>
> so here's one really simple way to keep up with Movies – just read spoilers
>
> —
>
> The Movie Spoiler
> http://www.themoviespoiler.com/

Pop culture has become a touchstone because Americans have so little in common anymore that they must reach for quips and scenes from pozzed TV shows to manufacture fellow-feeling. Here's another suggestion: disperse the concentrated wealth and power of the shitlib coastal megacities. Revitalize towns and smaller-scaled cities. The result is people who are more connected socially to their own communities and thus have less need to search for social connection through deracinated globalized pop culture.

The Prowling Mob

CH · 7 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Pantifa losers have stepped up their warfare tactics and are now targeting well-known anti-Left TV pundits for harassment. Today, the mewling little pencilneck freak parade surrounded Tucker Carlson's home and threatened him.

> BREAKING. Activists ring doorbell, hold protest at the Washington DC area home of @TuckerCarlson, racist, sexist, bigoted FOX News personality. So far no one has opened the door.
>
> "Tucker Carlson, we will fight!
> We know where you sleep at night!"#KnockKnockTucker pic.twitter.com/A3S3c6croi
>
> — Smash Racism DC (@SmashRacismDC) November 7, 2018
>
> ***
>
> "No borders! No walls! No USA at all!"
>
> This is what we think of your racist rhetoric and fearmongering toward immigrants, @TuckerCarlson.#KnockKnockTucker pic.twitter.com/2KHHPzQGkx
>
> — Smash Racism DC (@SmashRacismDC) November 8, 2018
>
> ***
>
> Smash Racism DC also posted a picture of a sign on Carlson's door with his address written on it — which was removed by Twitter after inquiries from journalists. The account remains active however, despite all the threats made on their feed.
>
> The group dispersed a couple minutes after the police arrived. No arrests were made.

No arrests were made. Why? This seems like a clear case of stalking and harassment. Why are these obnoxious pantifa shits permitted to get away with this? Would you like it if your kids were huddled in their bedrooms hearing a mewling mob outside the front door menacingly shouting "we know where you sleep at night"?

If the cops won't do anything about these left-wing domestic terrorists, then eventually their victims will do something. So here's a suggestion to our new acting attorney shitlord. Make an example of the "Smash Racism" miscreants. Perp walks, jail time, and public ridicule.

Here's another suggestion, for American patriots: dox this Smash Racism gutter filth and do to them what they love doing to us. Show up at their basement apartment hovels and shout at them all night, until the cops show up. I bet more than a few of these limpwrists would piss their panties and take a break from the radical anti-White protestor life.

PS The vid is down, but the ringleader shouting into the megaphone is a giraffe-necked freak named Mike Isaacson.

> Smash RacismDC went beserk @TuckerCarlson's home
> threatening him & his family
>
> "We know where you sleep"
>
> A year ago Smash Founder M. Isaacson was interviewed by Tucker
>
> The violence Tucker experienced tonight is foretold in this creepy telltale interview.https://t.co/so6RlZEvx6— Penelope Maynard (@penelope7usa) November 8, 2018

I wish the video was still available, because you'd hear Isaacson's voice cranked up to Rage Mode, and let's just say that he sounds EVEN MORE EFFETE than he does in that Tucker interview. A lisping, uptalking, gayvoice.

The shitlib NPC never fails to confirm stereotypes.

PPS The rise of housestalking by pantifags is a serious escalation in aggression. What you're seeing are the first volleys of Civil War 2. I wish I was kidding.

Le 100% Stereotype Face

CH · 7 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The future is overfed.

This is a pic of fat gross boxwine catladies mourning Claire McCaskill's (D-Pussyhat) loss. If you push the middle one over, she ain't getting up.

Talk about a boner-killing, America-killing line-up of rough mugs in the Ballsy-Ford tradition. Is there a factory that assembles these haggard banshees by the millions? They seem to be everywhere nowadays. Big ol manjaws, leathery skin, ****

bzzzt ORANGE MAN BAD *beep boop*

**** blubbery fupas, yenta glasses, perpetual scowls, and of course the requisite femcunt slogans. "The future is female" "Woman 2018" "Believe Women" etc. Is this ritualistic vapid sloganeering supposed to help them forget about their desiccated wombs and romantic worthlessness to any man with half a choice?

(The male version of these broads is sitting behind them in the gray jacket, rocking a T level that is half theirs.)

From End Cultural Marxism,

> Do a Twitter search for "white women" (in quote marks). All the dindus, mestizos and muzzies are hating on white women big time because of election.
>
> I wonder what the thoughts are of normie white women reading this hatred…

> There needs to be accountability and an honest reckoning. There's a lot of work to do, white women. A lot of learning. A lot of growing.
>
> We want to do it with you.
> Stay tuned. https://t.co/nN0cFqqmy5— Women's March (@womensmarch) November 7, 2018

Yes, White women did not sufficiently support the aspirational Dem cult leader candidates Gillum, Abrams, and

Beta O'Rourke. 41% for Beta is well short of the 95% of black women who voted for him, and DAS RACISS. (*"But wait, CH, by that logic isn't it racist for blacks to give only single digit support to White Republican candidates?"* Shhhh, go to sleep now.)

I'm a big fan of this recent coalition of the fringes crack-up. Maybe it'll wonderfully focus White woman minds. It's a two-pronged attack on virtue signaling White women. They get it from shitlords calling them catladies, and they get it from nonWhites calling them racists (and in a most revoltingly paternalistic manner).

I approve of this pincer move, because FULL SPECTRUM SHAMING is the only thing that will jolt White women out of their anti-White mass hysteria.

Your New Acting Attorney General

CH · 7 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> The new Acting Atty General.
> As depicted on his home page.
> Honest to God. pic.twitter.com/KxkKmEAEtN— ian bremmer (@ianbremmer) November 7, 2018

From a commenter,

> Good God, Trump has unleashed Bane.

Trump is like a sexual dimorphism tsunami. He passes through, and leaves a cleansed world of glowing, feminine women and testosterone-boosted men in his wake.

Pantifa maxipads have no chance against this rising army of phyzzlords.

PS It's Bronze Age Pervert's world, we're just living in it.

Guess The Democrat And The Republican

CH · 7 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

After you take your guess, you can find the answer here.

No peeking ahead.

Moral of the photos: The Lord of Phyzz will not be denied.

***

From Dave,

> Right face: A Republican watching ph_ggots make out in public.
> Left face: A Democrat watching ph_ggots make out in public.

LMAO perfect.

]SESSIONS DEACTIVATED[

CH · 7 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Q'uipped

Q'lipped

Q'rimped

Q'uit

One of the many character traits I love about Trump is his preternatural ability to steal headlines from under his enemies' concorde-tipped noses.

It could have been wall to wall BLUE RIPPLE gloating today from the media, but now instead they have to dilute their bullshit with news about Sessions resigning.

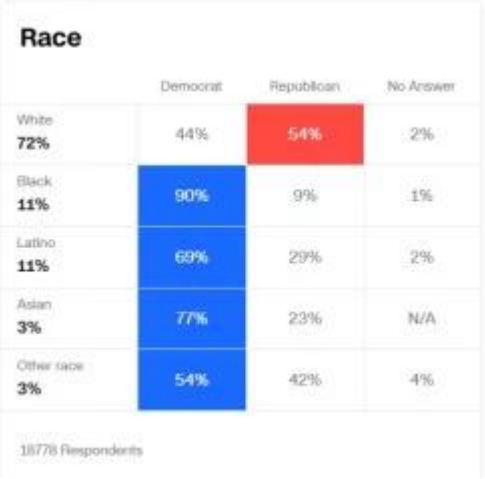
From Z-Man,

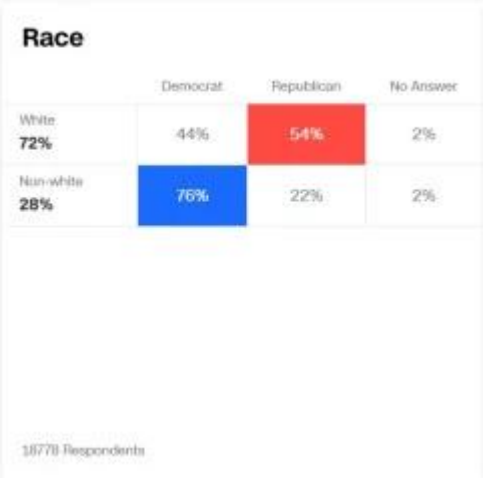
> Given the timing, I would assume this has been the works for a while. Whether Sessions knew or not is hard to know, but Trump has certainly been plotting this for a while. Presumably, the move is to have the new AG take over the Mueller problem from Rosenstein. That solves one problem.
>
> The larger problem is how to go about investigating the corruption in the FBI once the loons take over the House. That may be part of the plan here too. A new AG who does not have to recuse himself can also run a second special prosecutor charged with handling the sedition case.
>
> It is a shame that it has come to this. Sessions is a patriot, but he allowed the perfidious Rosenstein to maneuver him into a corner, from which he could not escape. The next guy needs to fumigate the offices to rid the place of guys like Rosenstein.

I personally like Sessions — he has done a lot to loosen the grip of Globohomo on America's immigration policies — but he made a critical error when he recused himself from the Russia Hoax rolling coup. Sessions forgot that America stopped rewarding principled patriots a while ago; it's destroy or be destroyed now. When fighting for one's life, principles are a handicap. But you can die knowing that a tiny coterie of historically erased allies-in-defeat remember your Inherent Goodness and celebrate it from their own forgotten resting places.

The important point mentioned by Z-Man is that a new AG in the thick of the fight can continue investigating and exposing the DOJ/FBI/DNC/OBAMACLINTON attempted coup against an opposition party candidate for president. That's not nothing. In fact, next to building the Wall and kicking out the illegals, it's everything. WE NEED TO KNOW THE TRUTH AND PUT THESE DEEP STATE TRAITORS BEFORE TRIBUNALS.

This is what "principled conservatism" gets you in a roil of demographic violence and ruling class malice:





54% isn't gonna cut it anymore. The Trump Party needs to get that White number up above 60% to have a chance at saving America from the darkness of Mordor.

Good men like Sessions don't have the stones for the fight. The bloodletting arena has changed, leaving behind niceguys like him. The time of Hard Men has returned.

This is the fighter we need now:

> If the Democrats think they are going to waste Taxpayer Money investigating us at the House level, then we will likewise be forced to consider investigating them for all of the leaks of Classified Information, and much else, at the Senate level. Two can play that game!
>

From J.R.,

> it's gonna be a super stressful two years
> it's gonna be Investigation after Investigation
>
> Democrats will be looking for a knockout blow, Trump is gonna bait them into over-extending themselves like the GOP did to Clinton
>
> Democrats aren't gonna want to impeach Trump, but their base is gonna demand it
>
> that will be a good wedge to play
>
> as long as the House Dems don't find a real smoking gun that is so obviously illegal that Trump is forced to step down, this will only benefit Trump
>
> he now has an excuse for why there will be no wall in 2020 when he runs for re-election – and he will be able to accurately portray the Dems as simply a crazed mob trying to destroy him

As of now, this is looking like a replay of the second half of Bill Clinton's second term. Clinton was impeached in '98 by a Republican House and then went on to retire with the highest end-of-term approval ratings of any President since WW2. Good omen for Trump's 2020 bid.

I consider the next two years to be a moment of clarification for Heritage America. They gave one last shot to the Dems, now they will see what a bunch of useless anti-White pricks they all are.

There are so many big issues confronting us, but two of the biggest are demographic displacement and deep state perfidy. I don't see either problem getting sufficiently addressed now that the Lunatic Party owns the House, but with Sessions out there is at least the possibility of a stone cold killer as AG who won't give up rooting out the rats in the FBI, DOJ, and elsewhere that gaymullato/clinton lackeys lurk.

***

From williamk,

> You’re not a wartime consligiere, Jeff. Things may get rough with the move we’re trying.

The Answer To The Cock Carousel Anthem

CH · 7 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From Ralph Stanley,

> Hey Ariana, I re-wrote the lyrics for you!
>
> One taught me herpes
> One HPV
> And one taught me pain
> Now, whenever I pee
>
> I've loved and I've lost
> More than a hymen
> It hurts when I pee
> So, look what I've caught
>
> Look what you taught me
> Crabs, gonorrhea
> Syphilis too
> Chlamydia gave me
> A thick yellow goo
> And for that, I say
> Thank you, next
>
> Forget a baby
> HIV maybe
> A daddy complex
> Thank you, next

Your Daily Game: Crisis And Observation

CH · 8 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Bucky has a Game-related question based on a very common scenario often encountered in the field: **the jerk ex-boyfriend non sequitur**.

> Game Time:
>
> Sooo

Elongated “so”s are prohibited at the Chateau.

> Im sitting here enjoying a neat bourbon at a local joint and this guy to my left is trying to game this woman. Looks like an after work scenario. So he at least pulled that part off. They clearly know one another based on body language and conversation topics. Him, mid to late 40s, her late 30s to early 40s. He is fully opened to her, she is partially opened to him. He’s 90 degrees to the bar and she is about 45 degrees to the bar if that makes sense.

> They are talking about something mundane (I cannot hear every word) and she interjects “I once dated a guy from Montreal and he blah blah blah”, he takes it and says “that guy is such an asshole”
>
> Old Bucky would have taken the slap in the face too and agreed to gain her approval.
>
> What would you do?

Avoid the stinky beta bait. That’s all this is. Beta bait is essentially an alpha male filtering algorithm that women execute when they are curious about a man but need to know if he’s a beta male in casanova’s clothing. Women want to be sure the man they might sleep with isn’t a clingy, supplicating weirdo who polishes pussy pedestals with his post-jizz tears.

Another way to look at this: women engage in “crisis and observation” gambits (aka long-form shit tests) to determine if a man has grace under pressure. To the female rationalization hamster, “grace” translates as “unflustered”, or “indifferent to female manufactured drama”.

“I once dated a guy from [X]…” is a cue that you are about to play the part of a lab rat in a girl’s Darwinian experiment. The crumb of smelly cheese is sitting there, behind a pane of glass; will you frantically press the lever

to get at it? Or will you pull a beef jerky out of your mouse pocket and chew on it contentedly? Maybe you'll break the glass with a roundhouse kick, or flirt with another mouse.

The point is that as soon as you reach for that lever, you have lost the girl. You jumped through her hoop, asexualizing yourself.

The man you overheard had played that all wrong. He done fucked up. The bitch set him up! He chomped on that beta bait until his gums bled. The absolute worst response to a girl bringing up her asshole ex-lover is to waltz right into her damsel-in-distress frame to commiserate with her about said asshole.

> First, women get distressed all the time, and mostly for ridiculous reasons. It's very rare that a hottie will be depressed for legitimate reasons; more likely is that she is just venting a toxic build-up of emotions that have accumulated from her roller coaster relationship with a jerkboy, and the act of venting and brooding is itself very pleasurable for her. So pretty girls won't truly welcome sympathy from men except as a springboard for the girls to play up the damsel in distress angle to extract bennies from betas.
>
> Second, women are sexually put off by men who come on strong with the Sympathy Game, reasoning (rightly) that these men are chicken shits who are trying to weasel their way into women's panties by role-playing as asexual therapists.
>
> If you see a pretty girl who looks depressed to you, #resist the urge to comfort her. Instead, be the jerk chicks dig and tell her crying's not allowed unless her dog or her mother died. Then offer her a hanky embroidered with a photo of your smirking face.

Chicks dig jerks. When you agree with a girl that her ex was a jerk, guess what? You have raised the ex's status above yours. Now you're sitting there like a schmuck, tooling yourself. Congrats, why not go ahead and complete the pathetic picture by buying her a few rounds of drinks and watching her leave the bar with a bouncer.

Here's an example of a much more effective response:

COUGAR: "I once dated a guy from Montreal and he blah blah blah"

ACTING ATTORNEY GENERAL LEE: "Montreal? You dated a gay man?"

You could also go the reverse psychology route.

ACTING ATTORNEY GENERAL LEE: "He sounds like a kind-hearted soul. I bet he cries every night remembering you. You cold-hearted bitch."

Or just change the subject:

COUGAR: "So this guy I used to date…"

ACTING ATTORNEY GENERAL LEE: "you have some dirt on your nose….riiiiight there"

And then there's always this Chateau classic:

ACTING YADA YADA: "If you want a therapist, I charge $200 an hour. 15% off if I fall asleep during your session."

Hate-Filled Lunatic Reporters

CH · 8 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Why are reporters and whorenalists so hate-filled towards President Trump and his supporters? Roy leaves a clue:

> The hostility of those reporters [at the Trump press conference] has to be seen to be believed. Acosta's antics are worth the price of admission.
>
> Then note how the most outwardly hostile are all non-whites. The foreign reporters were more respectful that most of the so-called Americans who were not Heritage Americans but rather mudmericans.
>
> One sh3b00n keeps interrupting and Trump tells her to basically sit down and shut up.
>
> The neck waving head wobbling 'oh no you di'nt' was on full display.
>
> It was a thing of beauty.

Some of this irrational hate is driven by feelings of loss over the end of gaymulatto's inane reign. These Mystery 'Mericans can feel it deep beneath their adipose that gaymulatto may have been a one-off and we're going back to good old-fashioned competent Heritage Governance. This is why they are screeching now for open borders; if they don't elect a new people soon then White America may regain their hold on the nation of their ancestors and shut out the anti-White bigots from power.

The hate is bubbling up from a reservoir of spite formed when they had to give up power for even a moment. And there's no power quite like the king's power. These mixed nuts really thought that once they got power, it would be theirs forever. The Left still hasn't gotten over what they perceive as a rejection of their Onyx Icon, and they fear that the clock might turn back on their globalist anti-White agenda. That secret fear — and an embarrassing envy of their betters — is connected to their wild-eyed hate. It always hurts more to lose the brass ring than to have never attempted to grab it. Loss of status stings more than status never gained.

And Leftoid America has lost a lot of social status, even if within their hothouse culture bubbles they think themselves still relevant and cool.

This is why foreign reporters are perplexed by the hate tantrums of American media. To them, the intensity of it is senseless because they don't have the emotional attachment to a brownified Post-America that was cruelly ridiculed by the election of Trump.

More insidiously, many nominally White leftoid reporters who have to work side by side with the howling mobs in their midst see in Trump and the resurrection of Heritage America a threat to the paper-thin comity they have had to work hard to nurse to life in their Diverse workplaces. They fear, perhaps rightfully, that a deluge of Realtalk unleashed by White shitlords in positions of power would cause them trouble with their dumbass head-wobblin' co-workers. Theirs is less a fear of status loss than a fear of threats to their livelihood and peace of mind. This is causing them to suck the knob of Diversity™ harder and longer than they ever have, and that's gotta feel debasing on some level.

As I've written many times, the only solution is a mass culling — a mass firing — of shitlibs from all the major media conglomerates, at every level of operation, CEO to beat reporter. There's no one on the inside with an opposing view to check the Fake News shitlib media's worst impulses; instead, everyone cheers each other on to see who can "get" Trump in the most humiliating manner possible (and by extension, "get" White Americans who supported Trump). And this unchecked cheerleading has resulted in the media utterly discrediting itself through the abandonment of journalistic ethics and the happy embrace of lies, memory holing, and dissimulation.

The Jerkboy Allure Anthem

CH · 8 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

All women love a challenging man. From a commenter,

> I think you'll love these lyrics from Kesha's song "Stephen":
>
> [Verse 2]
> I've got guys waiting in a line
> For me to play my evil girly games with all their minds
> Just watch me, I've got it down to a simple art
> Just bat my eyes like this, and there's a broken heart
> But somehow, you turned the tables, what the hell?
> I can charm the pants of anyone else but you
>
> [Chorus]
> Stephen, why won't you call me?
> I'm sitting here waiting
> Why won't you call me?
> Stephen, I'm feeling pathetic
> I can't take rejection
> Why won't you call me?

Female hypergamy is fed by male neediness. It is starved by male aloofness. And when a woman is heart-hungry for a man, she'll go to great lengths — and great widths — to prove she is worth his attention.

Jerkboys are alluring to women because they don't feed women's allure. Beta bux "waiting in a line" to fluff her ego can only follow the script she gives them, but Sir Stephen* flips the script — "you turned the tables" — and resists her charms, or at least acts like he resists.

A man not falling to his knees to polish her pussy pedestal? Outrageous! (and oddly arousing) The jerkboy doesn't wait in lines; he makes girls wait in a line for the pleasure of his pumpery.

CH Maxim #1: Love to a girl is when she feels a man could reject her any moment. Then her heart opens to the romantic possibilities.

horrible song.

*catch that literary ref

Matthew Yglesias, Psychopath

CH · 8 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> "Siri, show me a sociopath." pic.twitter.com/haQscpIs7k
>
> — Sean Davis (@seanmdav) November 8, 2018

Psychopaths like Yglesias can't empathize with people. Worse, clannish psychopaths leverage their lack of empathy for outgroups to benefit their ingroup.

From a Twatter commenter,

> I am in no way saying anyone should "protest" at Matty's house by trying to break down his door but if it happened, maybe he would be able to empathize. It's almost if he is asking it happen to him.

The problem is that Tucker Carlson lives in a Shitlib Zone (DC suburbs). He is a walking target, with few local allies who would rally to his side to take on the enemy. Fatty Matty is in his element. The Shitlib Zone protects him, nourishes him, coddles him, and excuses his psychopathy. MAGAlords would have to come from far away to demonstrate to Matty what it feels like to be on the business end of the lack of empathy he has for others. And they would be swarmed once inside the Shitlib Zone perimeter.

I'll repeat myself: what you're seeing are the first volleys of Civil War 2. I wish I was kidding.

Kelly adds,

> But even for a public shitlord like Tucker Carlson, it may not be a good idea to live in a Shitlibopolus like DC., since he has kids. He is smack dab in middle of Enemy Territory. Shit lords need to be secret guerilla operators or group themselves outside of enemy lines and play their role from safer distances.

Good advice, but know what you are saying is akin to accommodationist precursors to civil war. When Americans on one side are forced to accommodate the terroristic intimidations of the other side, then the last societal threads that bind us are severed. Faith in law and order is lost. One side comes to see the other side as able to act with impunity by the imprimatur of a negligent or, worse, abetting ruling class which harbors their street terrorists. We are living under occupation, speaking freely only through underground channels and keeping our heads low in public to avoid a leftoid swarm.

From J.R.,

> O'Reilly talked about this with Hannity recently, saying that one thing ppl don't realize is how much everybody prominent on the Right has to spend on security now cause Antifa is constantly showing up at their houses and threatening them
>
> this is clearly a strategy by the Left to intimidate their enemies

God willing this all changes fast now that Bane is our Acting Attorney General. Jim Accost-her is certainly not planning to report on pantifa threats! (And that's because CNN's Fake News problem starts at the top: JEFF ZUCKER.)

> Anti-White [special sociopath] Yglesias thinks Tucker's wife deserved to be terrorized in her home for the political opinions of her husband – he just thinks it's tactically unsound because Tucker is famous enough that ppl will rally to his side

> he feels no human emotion or sympathy for her
>
> he's a Bolshevik
> he doesn't think there's anything morally wrong w/ political terrorism

"The death of one Gentile is a tragedy, the death of millions of Gentiles is a statistic."

From The Zman,

> This is why the Right always loses. The Left would respond to this with litigation. They would go into Federal court and demand Twitter dox the accounts promoting this. They would sue the protesters in order to get depositions, forcing them to name their backers. It would be an endless legal assault.
>
> Tucker will go on his show and plead for civility.

Zman is right, and this is the perennial problem that dogs nascent nonviolent right-wing movements. THE RIGHT IS SIMPLY TOO NICE. The Left plays for keeps. The Right plays by rules that were devised to hobble them before the game even begins. The Left makes up the rules as they go along, to advance their immediate goals.

We have to find a way to cut through this Gordian knot, otherwise this will all end the way it has so many times in the past: hellfire. No one wants that when it's actually happening. Before it happens? Eh, it's like a video game, fun to imagine all the vengeance you'll dole out while you enjoy limitless respawns. J.R.,

> yglesias forever dreams of inspiring others to commit the political violence that he is too soft and weak-willed to commit himself
>
> he wants a violent revolution that kills millions
> he just doesn't want to have to do it personally
>
> he wants to be the intellectual writer guy who inspires others to do all the dirty work – and then later they can throw him a parade or something

The Gordian knot of a media-academia-bureacracy-entertainment axis of collusion against Heritage America can be cut, but it will require a paradigm shift in Rightist thinking. The Right can't make the Left live up to its own book of rules, because the Left doesn't have a rulebook (other than Alinsky's book of rulebreaking). And the Right can't bank on an accomplice media to cover for its excesses and make martyrs of them in defeat, as the Left enjoys. But what the Right can do is adopt the Left's rule-breaking, assume the Left's shape and form, and (sometimes literally) drive the Left insane with rhetorical limberness that can evade media sentinels and amplify the already-present emotional fragility of leftoids to system critical fluctuations in negative energy.

J.R. again,

> that twitter account is still up, btw
> they doxed Tucker's brother
>
> they committed violence against Tucker's home, they terrorized his wife, and they clearly want Tucker's family to pressure him to tone it down out of fear
>
> this is political terrorism
>
> and Twitter supports it

The Chaimstream Media's silence on left-wing terrorism is deafening.

PS Scientific research has discovered that [the special people] as a group have inherited a disposition to neurotic psychopathy.

PPS Reminder that Fatty Matty advanced to the Chateau Heartiste 2015 Punchable Shitlib Face Tournament Semifinals, where he was beaten by his Voxlet colleague Dylan Matthews. (The Vox office must be the place where vagina tingles go to die.)

Yglesias is a gargoyle. A grotesquerie.

How a man looks is a leading indicator of how he thinks. Physiognomy Is Rael.

Democrats Are The Party Of The Rich

CH · 9 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From Sean Davis,

> Prior to Tuesday's election, Ds held 55 of the richest 100 US House districts (median household income, 2017) and Rs held 45. After the election, Ds will hold 73 and Rs will hold 20, with 7 seats yet to be decided.
>
> The richest House districts (median household income, 2017) in *10* states flipped from R to D this election: CO-6; GA-6; IL-6; IA-3; KS-3; MI-11; MN-3; NJ-7; PA-7; SC-1. UT-4 is likely to join, making 11. The rich turn ever more to the Democrats.

Who are "the rich"?

Asians
Jews
White "new economy" liberals
Suburban soccer moms

Wealth has moved from manufacturing to finance, tech, media, and entertainment. Wealth has therefore moved from White Christian men to White HR catladies and nonWhites.

The Dems are becoming the party of the rich because the rich are becoming the demography of the market dominant minority and virtue signaling White women who live in gated communities far away from Diversity™.

America is bifurcating along multiple axes:

Whites from nonWhites.
Rich from middle and working classes.
Rural from urban.
White women from White men.

The splits are accelerating, worsening, deepening.

This isn't going to end well.

Diversity + Proximity = War.

You only had to listen to me.

The Left's Plan: Drive A (Bigger) Wedge Between White Men And White Women

CH · 9 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Other realtalkers are picking up themes first discussed in the hallowed halls of this blog.

> The fact is, white women are a big part of left-wing activism. The original Women's March, held the day after Trump's inauguration in 2017, was mostly white women. The aggressive protests against Kavanaugh's confirmation were driven by white women. On Tuesday, white women were instrumental in giving Democrats control of the House, and an astounding 47 percent of them voted for Andrew Gillum–a black man–in the Florida gubernatorial race.
>
> This is not enough for leftists. Until a large majority of white women vote for progressive, non-white candidates, it will be proof they are racist and need re-education. […]
>
> White women are probably scapegoat-du-jour because leftists believe they can be pressured and intimidated. White men are too much the enemy to be reasoned with. White guilt is a powerful weapon and leftists hope to bully white women into servility.

Unfortunately, the Creepy Left's plan is working. Women really are more gullible than men, and they fall harder for the disingenuously weepy-alternating-with-angry pleas of The Fuggernaut to help them remake America in the image of a thousand dreary, violent, corrupt nonWhite shitholes. You can see the results of their plan here. The trend is bad: 43% of White women voted for Dem House candidates in 2016. 49% of White women voted for Dem House candidates in 2018.

White women have been abandoning their White men for a while, but it really picked up pace with Trump's election. Their abandonment is reflected in every facet of our degrading culture: from increases in mixed-race dating, to miscegenation, to voting, to pussyhat mass hysteria, to PoundMeToo, to anti-White protesting.

But The White Woman Wedge isn't yet big enough to assure the Left electoral dominance for generations and beyond. The Left is nothing if not impatient, so they're hastening the arrival of Post-America by browning the country as fast as they're brainwashing White women.

Which tactic will win permanent rule for the Leftoid Equalism Fuggernaut? Browning, or Brainwashing?

Traitorous Anti-White shitlib judges are doing their job to support the Browning. Divorce, childlessness, the cock carousel, later age of first marriage, and declines in the marriage rate are accelerating the results of the Brainwashing.

It will be both tactics that "win" it for the Left, and maybe that's a blessing in disguise. The transformation to Post-America will happen so fast and unequivocally that currently slumbering and cucked Whites will be shocked into a Real Resistance that washes all the scum off the streets.

If you were wondering where all the Left's hate for masculine White men was coming from, this post explains it.

***

Facecock is all-in on the Brainwashing part of the Left's plan to terrorform America:

> FACEBOOK DELIVERS FOR DEMOCRATS: Erased 2 Billion GOP Page Views in Purge, Eliminated Conservative Content to Suburban Females
>
> **"What big tech has done to conservative and other undesirable publishers is nothing short of a digital Kristallnacht."**
> *— Andrew Marchs, filmmaker*

The Left actively targets the weakest links in their natural enemies, and right now that means suburban White women. Faceborg does its part for the Party by censoring dissident political opinions that could influence White women to vote against Democreeps.

If it means dropping a giant deuce on the 1st Amendment, then FaceZOG will do that, safe in the knowledge that their Democortez clients will protect them from civil rights lawsuits.

“Build your own internet backbone and social media company” is sounding more like a rationalization of banana republicanism instead of a libertardian snark about first principles.

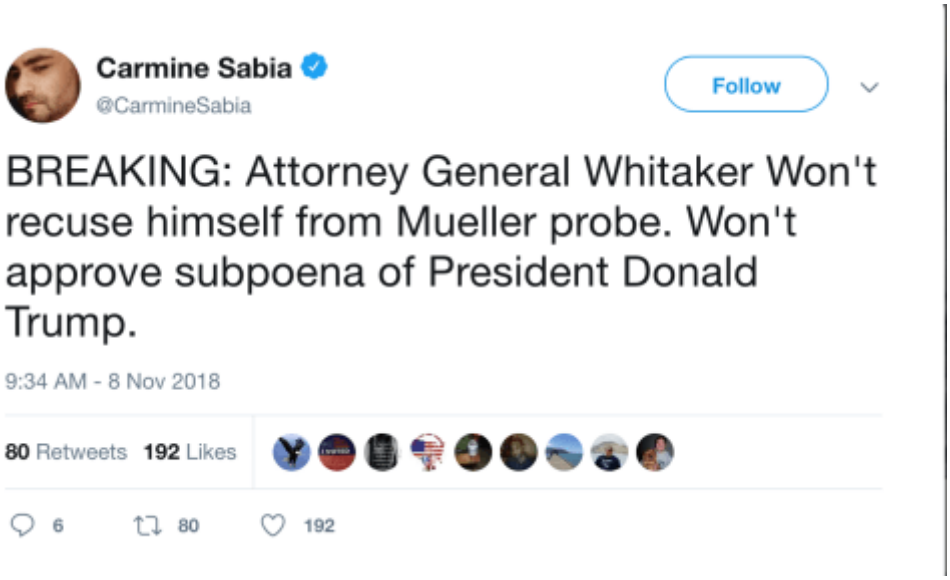
All right, then, shitlibs. Kill 1A, and then 2A. And then rule over the wasteland you’ve birthed in your short-sighted idiocy.

Trust The Phyzz

CH · 9 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A WHITER SHADE OF PILL:

> New Acting AG Matthew Whitaker and DHS Kirstjen Nielson have just suspended the right to claim asylum at the southern border. https://t.co/HNbsJHTxr7 pic.twitter.com/ylZ1nj7pSk
>
> — Red Nation Rising (@RedNationRising) November 8, 2018



Matthew Whitaker:

I knew we couldn't go wrong with a physiognomy like Whitaker's.

TRUST THE PHYZZ

TAKE THE WHIT PILL

RISE OF THE WHITLORDS

PS Sessions has been early retired for ONE DAY and already the happenings are happening. Trump should've nominated Whitaker for AG on his inauguration day. Jeff Sessions…nice guy….did right by his momma….but he

just didn't have the rock-splitting phyzz we need in the MAGAmen era.

***

I've posted a few comments here to stir the debate about how Jeff Sessions should go down in history.

From Tipsy,

> Before you bag too heavily on Sessions, remember that he has teed everything up for Whitaker. The brought in the big guy to hit the ball 300 yards. Good cop, bad cop.

From Sentient,

> From the prior thread…
>
> *Time for a history lesson.*
>
> Listen up…
>
> During the campaign Trump was being attacked by his own party even through the convention. Sessions was one of the very few sitting Senators who were willing to support Trump. That support was crucial to getting more of the GOP machine behind him and getting other big hitters as well. Recall Manafort was brought in for the precise reason of getting convention delegates on board with nominating Trump.
>
> Shit is not like the movies…
>
> Making Sessions AG was quid pro quo for his support. Sessions dream was to be AG. Trump thought Sessions was a believer and was shocked at his recusing himself on Day 10…
>
> A Leopard won't change it's spots…
>
> *They call all this stuff "politics" btw…*
>
> see things how they are, not how you want them to be. else you end up with Q like ex post facto rationalizations.

From stg58animalmother,

> Sessions did what he needed to do. How do you think he got the nickname "Silent Executioner" back in Alabama? We are operating off of a sliver of information on the whole picture. Sessions has been annihilating the child porn and pedophile rings across the country. And immigration too. He's done his job, now it's time for open warfare.

In defense of the pro-Sessions crowd, a telling window into Sessions' loyalties was opened during his exit interview:

> In an interview just after being forced to resign as attorney general on Wednesday, Jeff Sessions stood by his decision to recuse himself from overseeing the Mueller probe, while acknowledging that the length of the investigation has proved "unhealthy."

Sounds like a man with some regrets. This confirms my judgment of Sessions as a lieutenant of the MAGA revolution: overly principled in an age when principles are mocked and the principled are bulldozed. He probably thought Mueller was a man of integrity who would clear Trump in short order. I think he sees America for what it is now, and it has stolen his spirit. I bet he left his post relieved, knowing the time had come for men hungry for open warfare to replace principled genteel conservatives like himself.

Sessions did do a lot of "silent executing" behind the scenes to gut the open borders bureaucracy. But his recusal from the Russia Hoax was a blow to not only Trump, but to the MAGA agenda, and it was a costly mistake. I think

this bothers him. And I think he was a Trump loyalist. He deserves an honorable goodbye, but it's time to move on.

How Do Shitlib Websites Nobody Reads Stay Solvent?

CH · 10 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Answer: Left-wing billionaires.

How does Fatty Matty Yglesias, who writes uninteresting Oy-lerplate for Vox, the world's foremost site of punchable shitlib faces, afford a $1.2 million condo in the Whitest part of DC?

For that matter, how does Steve Inskeep, leftism regurgitator for Non-Player Radio, make over $300K per year? At a nonprofit?

Who is paying the bloated salaries of all these trite leftist dorkwads and keeping their vanity projects afloat? The free market?

HAHAHA Shenanigans incoming…

> P.S. Vox is accused of being funneled money by YouTube* to make "educational videos" to the tune of about $20 million. Propaganda outfits like Vox are kept in business despite not being profitable by billionaire and corporate fake investments and payments for services rendered. A bit like Mike from Better Call Saul getting laundered money through a fake job.

I'd be smugging, too, with that firehose of money coming from rich left-wing patrons at the helm of social media companies.

It's a vast interwoven network of media shitlibs, tech shitlibs, and soros shitlibs surreptitiously passing big bucks between them to sustain an enormous universe of leftoid equalism anti-White propaganda.

The point of this exercise has nothing to do with the free market and giving the people what they want, and everything to do with ignoring the bottom line to blast nonstop "browning of America" agitprop to any ear and eye in striking distance.

Are there any filthy rich right-wing nationalists in America? If so, what the fuck are you doing with your money while America burns? Blowing it on your sportscuck hobby and exotic buttplug collection? Here's a thought: how about instead you help fund parallel Maul-Right media, entertainment, and payment processor outlets that can compete with The Well-Financed Fuggernaut of the Tactical Left. Bonus: It'd probably be a profitable venture on its own, unlike Voxlet.com. All you'd need to get such a venture off the ground and running is a refusal to cuck out and apologize to the wad mob for your writers' heretical ideas.

If there aren't filthy rich uncucked right-wingers, then I suppose we can safely conclude greedy fat cats and robber barons are members in good standing of the Democrat Party. Dems: The party of rapacious Big Brother Ingsoc CEOs.

PS A free-thinking, bold reporter could really cut his teeth on a thorough exposé of the illicit streams of money that go to prop up left-wing sites like Vox, Bezos Post, and National Review.

*Youtube CEO: Susan Wojcicki.

She's a special person. She takes care of her family.

PPS Heh.

The Reeducation Vs The Reality

CH · 11 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This photo captures the totalitarian absurdity of Big Tech better than any other I've seen. Taken from inside the hardened bunker of a Faceborg office:

White and Asian Faceborg employee nerds scurry about doing the actual work while murals of crazy-eyed browns and blacks glower overhead, mixed in with messages about the myth of biological sex.

The Empire has no clothes.

The photo is part of a story about a Faceborg executive, Palmer Luckey, who was fired for supporting Donald Trump. (great name btw, both Luckey's and Trump's)

> [In 2016, Luckey] donated $10,000 to an anti-Hillary Clinton group.
>
> His donation sparked a backlash from his colleagues. Six months later, he was out. Neither Facebook nor Mr. Luckey has ever said why he left the social-media giant. When testifying before Congress about data privacy earlier this year, Facebook Chief Executive Mark Zuckerberg denied the departure had anything to do with politics.

Perjury. And a violation of CA law against discrimination based on political affiliation.

> Internal Facebook emails suggest the matter was discussed at the highest levels of the company. In the fall of 2016, as unhappiness over the donation simmered,

Far left Faceborg executives who donated millions to thecunt campaign were pissed at this one employee who donated $10K to a NAAAAAH QUEEN group. Imagine the intensity of groupthink required to have such a skewed perspective.

> Facebook executives including Mr. Zuckerberg pressured Mr. Luckey to publicly voice support for libertarian candidate Gary Johnson, despite Mr. Luckey's yearslong support of Mr. Trump,

Leftoids like Cuckersperg can tolerate “dissent” if it goes no farther than libertarianism. This is proof that libertardianism is an insipid, cowardly ideology that pussy White men adopt when they dare to be different but don’t want to piss off shitlibs.

> Tech executives concede that Silicon Valley is predominantly liberal—Mr. Zuckerberg said in Senate testimony that it is “an extremely left-leaning place”—yet they have steadfastly maintained that politics doesn’t play a role in how they police content on their sites.

Psychopaths are good at steadfastly lying.

> Mr. Luckey, a Long Beach native who was home-schooled by his mother, has sometimes been out of step with the largely liberal culture of Facebook. A fan of big cars and military gear, he drove a giant tan Humvee with machine-gun mounts and orange toy guns. He once was forced to move it from the Facebook parking lot after someone called the police in to investigate, according to people familiar with the episode.

LOL snowflakes.

> Mr. Luckey has been a longtime supporter of Mr. Trump and wrote a letter to the then-reality-television star in 2011 urging him to run for president. Mr. Luckey has told friends that reading Mr. Trump’s book “The Art of the Deal” at age 13 sparked his entrepreneurial imagination.

Damn, this guy was on the Trump Train before anyone but Trump himself!

> Mr. Luckey’s fallout with Facebook began in September 2016, when the Daily Beast revealed his $10,000 donation to NimbleAmerica, a pro-Trump group that paid for advertising mocking Hillary Clinton ahead of the 2016 election. At least one billboard paid for by the group featured a picture of Mrs. Clinton and the phrase “Too Big to Jail.”

> Mr. Luckey’s donation and the perception that he might be associated with a group that at times traded in misogynistic and white-supremacist messages,

beep boop MISOGYNY WHITE SUPREMACY ORANGE MAN BAD *boop beep*

> Facebook employees expressed anger about Mr. Luckey on internal message boards and at a weekly town hall meeting in late September 2016, questioning why he was still employed, according to people familiar with the complaints.

“WHY DOES THIS THOUGHT CRIMINAL STILL HAVE HIS LIVELIHOOD?!?”

> “Multiple women have literally teared up in front of me in the last few days,” an engineering director, Srinivas Narayanan, wrote in one internal post following the meeting.

Everything gone wrong with America is summed up in the above sentence.

> Some virtual-reality-game developers said they wouldn’t work with Oculus in the future.

OSTRACIZE THE HERETIC

> After the incident, Mr. Luckey became more, not less, political. One month after he left Facebook, he hosted a fundraiser for Republican Sen. Ted Cruz of Texas. He has since founded Anduril, an Orange County-based tech company focused on using artificial intelligence to protect troops, performing search-and-rescue missions and bringing “Silicon Valley thinking and funding to defense,” according to its website.

Someone on the dissident Right should get in touch with this guy about funding a parallel media-monetization universe to undermine Soylicunt Valley’s grip on the information gateways.

***

From Tam the Bam,

> *“White and Asian Faceborg employee nerds scurry about doing the actual work”*
>
> My liege! I pumped the pic up ctrl++++++, because I was suspicious of the insertion of the term “work” in that context.
> And the stereotypes are even more stereotypical.
> The Asian gent is stuffing his face with some no doubt infarction-inducing glop while on the go.
> Soyboy with the clipboard is esculating his iPhag.
> And schlubbing away in the background, shirtsleeve boy .. well just look at the splaying angles of his (flat) dyspraxic feet to the line of motion, as he orbits a business-suit basic-bitch. Can’t tell if that’s a (((hatlet))) or just a premature bald spot there too.

Keen eye. The dysgenic overload hits the lowers and uppers with equal ferocity but in different forms.

The Great Men Foreseeing America's Decline

CH · 11 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Thucydides, the great historian of antiquity, on the forces that led to the collapse of Athenian democracy.
> https://t.co/2T1tZNSMbF
> You have to read the quote shown here to believe it. Could be describing USA in 2018.
> pic.twitter.com/2kPfY28m8S
>
> — Lee Jussim (@PsychRabble) November 9, 2018

Thucydides was describing today's Democortez Party, and the partisan animosities that are driving us toward another civil war.

"thoughtless act of aggression now a mark of courage" = "punch a nazi", excuse pantifa political terrorism.

"thinking of the future is cowardly" = electing a new people

"moderation disguises unmanly character" = MeToo sex panic

"plot against an enemy behind his back is self-defense" = Kavanaugh show trial

"family relations were a weaker tie than party membership" = shitliberalism

"these parties felt confidence in each other…because they were partners in crime" = Deep State

To better understand our present, we need to return to the Great Men of the past. They had the wisdom we lack today.

da GBFM sheds a lone tear

Similarly, I like to feature great womanizers and philosophers from the past, because they too had wisdom on matters of women and sex that our modren soyboys woefully lack.

Why do modrens lack the wisdom of their forebears? Maybe we have gotten stupider. Maybe less masculine and therefore more gullible as women are of passing fads in thought. Maybe we are less trusting of each other, and therefore more suspicious of wisdom that doesn't come from ourselves.

Maybe we have been victimized by decades of anti-ancestors agitprop by perfidious forces seeking to undermine our venerated shared history and sever our family and social bonds to their personal advantage.

Whatever the cause, the solution is clear: read the warnings from the Great Men of our glorious heritage, and heed them as if our lives depended on it.

Putin Approaches, Globalists Tense Up

CH · 11 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Observe their expressions as Putin approaches pic.twitter.com/okDnM2T4qt
>
> — Norm Eisen (@NormEisen) November 11, 2018

Shitlibs are of course seeing this as proof that Trump is in Putin's pocket.

Reality: Putin and Trump hate globalists, and are greeting each other knowing that they are surrounded by globalists, and share a smile of common understanding.

The paradigm is rupturing. What we may see in foreign relations is the development of an alliance akin to a Western Warsaw Pact, as nationalist (read: sane) countries like Poland, Hungary, Italy, Finland, Russia, and the US ally against Globohomo, and push back on the entire internationalist project, from open borders to fiat money. Cucked nations like France and Germany and the UK will be left in the cold.

NATO won't make it another five years. History is full of strange realignments. The emergence of a US-led Warsaw-esque Pact would be one of the stranger ones.

Emmanuel Maricon's Big Lie

CH · 11 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Today, Macron took a swipe at Heritage America,

> As Donald Trump, Vladimir Putin and dozens of other heads of state and government listened in silence, French President Emmanuel Macron used the occasion, as its host, to sound a powerful and sobering warning about the fragility of peace and the dangers of nationalism and of nations that put themselves first, above the collective good.
>
> "The old demons are rising again, ready to complete their task of chaos and of death," Macron said.
>
> "Patriotism is the exact opposite of nationalism. Nationalism is a betrayal of patriotism," he said. "In saying 'Our interests first, whatever happens to the others,' you erase the most precious thing a nation can have, that which makes it live, that which causes it to be great and that which is most important: Its moral values."

When you e-race a nation, you erase its moral values. Patriotism and nationalism are mutually beneficially linked because both protect and lionize the people who are the source of the cherished moral values.

Maricon, like all post-nation globalists who read the Camp of the Saints as an instruction manual, inverts reality for a feelgood lie. He believes race as reflected through national borders and immigration controls is irrelevant to morality, which exists in the ether separate and distinct from the minds of different human groups. The truth is that the race comes first, the moral values follow. I wonder if Maricon seriously believes France's moral values would survive the replacement of the native French with Pakistanis, Eritreans, Nigerians, Moroccans? If he does, then he is worse than a fool. He is an annihilationist.

***

From commenter AM,

> Men used to have a moral education (if they were educated); they understood that virtue – "values," in castrated newspeak – is not so much a matter of opposing one good value to another "bad" value, as it is a promontory rising above two crevasses of excess and deficit on either side… i.e., the "golden mean." It's not that anger is a "bad" value and meekness is a "good" value; it's that you should be as angry and as meek as a given situation requires.
>
> There's also obviously an order and harmony amongst the virtues, just as amongst what few, legitimate rights there are, such that they are never in conflict – indeed, the philosophers have always said that one doesn't really possess any single virtue unless he possesses them all; they are a participation in true being – in God, and are therefore as wholly One as He must be. Yes, even the pre-Christian, pagan sages knew that.
>
> Organizing your paper clips and preventing your kids from overeating are both "values." I'm judgmental enough to say they are both good values. But a mother who starved her kids because she refused to compromise her "moral values" as regards paperclip-propriety would rightly be publicly executed. It shouldn't require any particular moral genius to understand that the balancing act between the common and particular good on the global stage is just as naturally resolvable as on the domestic: most people manage to cooperate with their neighbors and towns without feeling like they have to invite all the local hobos to move into their own kids' bedrooms. Piety requires us to love our kith and kin, our country, before we love others; justice requires us to tender the offices of piety to our kin and country first, and to help others only from our excess, and never in a way that disproportionately, adversely affects our kin and country.
>
> Time was nobody could have sat still to hear a grown man like Macron speak such nonsense; somebody would be compelled to smack him and say "How the hell did you live past puberty with so much shit impacted in your brains!?" The fact that our elites applaud piously and bask comfily in his wisdom, is proof that God is preparing for destruction. Quos vult perdere…
>
> Repent! One assumes that such a call must be tongue in cheek, but I'm afraid it's not, fellas. By all means, continue to act prudently for change in the world, because that is a moral duty. But don't delude yourselves into thinking that God will stay His hand without real repentance. For yourselves and others: repent, repent, repent.

"Piety requires us to love our kith and kin, our country, before we love others; justice requires us to tender the offices of piety to our kin and country first, and to **help others only from our excess**…"

Good times create weak men.

Is this what it is, after all? Our collective insanity a product of excessive prosperity? We can't abide the easy life without an urge to throw it away for the purpose of a difficult life?

If this is the kernel of the White Western soul, then nothing we do here will make a difference. Decline and collapse has to happen, just as rebirth has to happen.

Remove Boot, Break Narrative

CH · 11 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment from Davy Holmes, on why creating a parallel information network that competes with Globohomo is so difficult, and on why Trump is hated so much by the elite (answer: he exposed their cowardice).

> Wealth for the last hundred years or so must not only be earned, it must be given. As we have seen, time and time again, it will only be allowed to flow into the coffers of those who have been deemed sufficiently submissive or controlled. As an excellent example, look at Trump.
>
> He supported liberal policies, he gave millions of dollars to the democratic machine, he married his daughter off to the son of one of the most filthy [special people] you can find on the east coast, and he has been a constant and vocal supporter of blacks, here in America.
>
> He was, in a word, bought. The problem with Trump – for them – is that he didn't stay bought.
>
> There have been more than a few others who attempted to buck the yoke, one way or the other, and wound up recanting. I think of Rand Paul, who refused to clap during the visit from NetanYAHOO during the Obama years – and then spent the next three months on an apology tour of Israel. Or Winston Churchill who warned the entire nation against getting involved in World War II, only to plunge headlong into it when exterior pressure was brought to bear.
>
> Men with money in today's world – and I mean BIG money – are too invested in the machine to buck the system, and even if they did, it wouldn't do them any good.
>
> There have been a number of alternative platforms that have been started, and were viable alternatives. Guess what happened to them. They were defunded, banks pulled out of the deal, VISA and MC refused to work with them at all, contracts were illegally broken, and the courts refused to give satisfaction – the list goes on and on and on. In a nation that held the rule of law to be paramount, these kind of things wouldn't be possible, but we haven't lived in that nation for a VERY long time, if ever. In the nation we live in, laws are only sticks used to cudgel a very specific group of the masses back into submission, and are easily and readily broken whenever the opportunity arises.
>
> I've spoken a lot about going after certain people legally, although perhaps not here. Yes, I think we should do that, but not because I think it's going to do any good. I think we should do that so that the 'normies' who are left can continue to be given concrete, substantive proof that there are no – and I mean NO – viable alternatives to what is coming. That, and to simply irritate the [SP]MC's ([Special People] in My Country). They really don't like it when you question their authority.

[Special People], clawing for power: "Question authority!"
[Special People], in power: "Don't question authority!"

> There won't be any alternative platforms, not real ones. They won't allow it. As soon as there IS a platform that could truly challenge their ability to control the flow of information, it WILL be shut down. Or probably something sneakier, like ensuring that users searching for the platform are redirected to a different, more sinister, site. The SPMC's, after all, don't particularly care for confrontation. With the exception of when God has clearly stated that He was on their side, they've lost.
>
> Somehow, I don't think He's got their back on this one.

The theme of Davy's comment dovetails with a snipe by commenter BRUH, who works for the benefit of masters s/he may have no conception of but masters whose skypistry is mirrored in BRUH's words,

> LOL THA BITTER ENVY DRIPPING FROM EVERY WORD TEETS FURIOULSY PUNCHED OUT

> HERE

Nah just righteous anger. I don't envy my lessers. The truth is pretty much the opposite of BRUH's hackneyed drive-bys. I have it on good authority that leftoids and cucks employed by these illicitly-funded rags read this humble blog and seethe with envy at the talent and insight and freedom of thought expressed here FOR FREE that they can't muster WITH BILLIONS THROWN AT THEM. That's gotta sting.

Open Borders: An Analogy

CH · 11 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Minnesotans are among the most cucked Whites in America. They could use the lesson of this open borders analogy from Wilkey.

> With open borders the numbers essentially become unimportant. What would the USA be like with open borders? Well, move to northern Minnesota and, on the coldest, windiest day of the year prop all your doors open. While you're at it open up all the windows, too. Feel free to crank up the heating system to max and throw a couple dozen logs on the fire. Your heating bill will skyrocket, but I wouldn't worry too much about it, because you're going to freeze to death soon, anyway.
>
> That's the United States with open borders. People will keep coming until eventually it's so bad that life here isn't much better than life in the worst country on the planet. Our "heating system" – i.e., our government and (more importantly) our other forms of social capital, won't be able to keep up, and their costs will go through the roof. But that's ok, because the nation would soon be dead, anyway.

How many invaders would come to the US if they could? As many as can be stuffed in our homeland until we resemble their homelands. Then they'll stop coming, because what would be the point? Gibs Heaven is gone.

It's Open Borders in perpetuity until the cost of travel for the invaders exceeds the benefits of America's largesse.

***

Comment by God is Laughing,

> Immigrants are scabs, our borders are picket lines, and the elites are management.
>
> The irony is that our union dollars go to breaking labor's back.
>
> Reality is it's own analogy.

A Tour Of The Female Rationalization Hamster

CH · 12 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From a Gabber,

> The hysterical thing is that the first 2 are only 1 year apart.
>
> And have you seen the beta husband! LOL!

Most women are ignorant of the Wall's quickness of approach and ferocity of impact. The Wall can shatter nubility in one year, demoting a woman to post-catcall status. Many such cases!

The female rationalization hamster (coined at this e'er-humble blog) originally described the thought processes of

women who fall in love with badboys and then *post hoc* rationalize their badboy lovers as good men, often using terms such as “he’s misunderstood”, “you don’t see what I see in him”, or “xoxo you got me Skittles for my birthday!”.

The term has come to encompass the broader mental template of Woman, and now includes any kind of backwards rationalization to help a woman feel better when reality is doing its worst to make her feel bad. Sour Grapes (insisting a good thing one can’t have is bad) and Sweet Lemons (insisting a bad thing one is stuck with is good) are examples of logical fallacies that feed the Rationalization Hamster.

Jessica Valenti gives us a tour of her rationalization hamster.

“The end of hisses, whistles, and stares: we need to walk the streets without fear”

==> she wants alpha males to notices her, and (vibrant) omega males to keep to themselves because they disgust her.

“Men rarely catcall me anymore. I hate that our culture makes me miss it”

==> she misses the male attention, but blames culture instead of her necrotizing sexual worth, which leaves her ego to entertain the possibility that culture can be changed and she can be desired again (aka blame shifting)

“One perk of older age? Fewer catcalls”

==> Sweet Lemons. AKA polishing a turd.

The female ego is loathe to admit to itself that its biological status is uncompetitive in the sexual market. The denial is so strong that you will see women like Jessica Valenti contradicting themselves from moment to moment in a vain effort to avoid honest self appraisal.

Unfortunately for her, she gets honest self appraisal every time she wearily rests her eyes on her catch of a soyhubby.

***

PS Trump is reshaping the notoriously shitlib 9th Circuit Court of Appeals. It may be that Trump’s greatest legacy is recapturing the judiciary for MAGAmerica.

Game Can Finance The Cause

CH · 12 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Bronze Age Pervert as usual has his finger on the pulse of ancients culture. Gaming shitlib careerist shrikes to fund a pussyhat-crushing neofascist movement isn't so far-fetched. We've all known that asshole who manages to soak a parade of smitten chicks to fund his party and drug habit. (One guy I knew got a girl to buy him a car).

Game a rich libchick out of her money and funnel it to The Cause. Bonus: You will have diverted money from cat litter companies, box wineries, and Clitflix. Redistribution of stealth!

The Great Cull

CH · 12 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> "This has got to be one of the most powerful photographs I have ever seen. Above is a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders in 1914, prior to being despatched to the front line; below is the same battalion upon their return in 1918 after the armistice. "
> Gerry Burns fb page. pic.twitter.com/1aL6ZdD4ug
>
> — DDS. (@hampson_d) November 11, 2018

I buy the theory that European Christendom's best men were culled by the two great White Wars, and we were bequeathed soyboys and bugmen as punishment.

Exhibit A:

***

From Captain Obvious,

> Griswold & Roe did precisely the same thing to Insula-dominant Whites as WWI & WWII did to Amygdala-dominant Whites.

Generation Zyklon

CH · 12 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Students react as Nazi salutes in Baraboo High School prom photo spark outrage online https://t.co/7okx2HBQLT pic.twitter.com/zLCKTbRc86
>
> — PortageDailyRegister (@PDRnews) November 13, 2018

> This ⬇ from Baraboo High School in Wisconsin. The male class of 2018 is throwing up a Sig Heil during their prom photos. You can also make out a few “white power” signs as well.
>
> Future Stephen Millers of the world. pic.twitter.com/ABwLaL3ZlF source

[image]

This from Baraboo High School in Wisconsin. The male class of 2018 is throwing up a Sig Heil during their prom photos. You can also make out a few “white power” signs as well.

Future Stephen Millers of the world. pic.twitter.com/ABwLaL3ZlF

[image]

[image]

— Impeach Trump (@dumptrump33) November 12, 2018

Hope lives in what follows the worst generation in American history (the Shrillennials).

Comment Of The Week: Oneitis As A Consequence Of Thwarted Early Pair Bonding

CH · 13 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

PA earns another COTW with a Theory of Eurasian Oneitis,

> Oneitis is a symptom of frustrated pair bonding instincts in the higher humans, who are wired to marry their first girl at 14 – 17 and bond for life.

Game is a way for men to get over oneitis, but at a cost of a piece of their romantic souls. Once you lose your oneitis, you have lost a dizzyingly euphoric innocence that you'll never regain. But most men are willing to sacrifice that for an end to their involuntary celibacy.

Alternately, young men could avoid oneitis by, as PA said, locking down their first true love. (Alternately, these alternatives only exist in an alternate universe that isn't lashed by intergalactic clouds of poz matter.)

Interestingly, another commenter noted that women respond to their thwarted pair bonding instinct by becoming LESS able to bond, (beta men go the opposite direction and become supplicating and desperate for an authentic monogamous bond).

The thwarted pair bond coarsens both sexes. In men who overcome oneitis, a clear mind and heart exposes them to the interchangeability of women and erodes their protector and provider instinct, coaxing them to repudiate their natural male role as a "bridge over troubled water". These men accumulate a lot of notches, and may even fall in love with a few of them, but they will rarely if ever be captivated by their own yearnings. Their passions are compartmentalized and controllable and thus, earthly.

In men who are overcome by oneitis, their scrote-shaped anima is venesected and their urge to stand firm in the face of female drama is weakened. They are worse off than men who have defeated oneitis, because the former have no command of their love lives. They are buffeted by female whims, and this creates a negative inward spiral of anhedonic navel-gazing betatude. They only experience one-way love, and that's akin to being tortured by one's desire.

There is no such thing as a woman overcome by oneitis. We call a woman like that, a "woman in love". Men will treasure her.

The woman who has overcome her oneitis is a force of darkness. She spreads filth, disease, malice, dysfunction, hysteria, and vice wherever her pain finds a victim to possess. The woman who is denied her deepest desire for a lovestruck pair bond is a future catlady, pussyhatter, careerist shrike, feticidaire, STD factory, recyclable mistress, and barren womb. She is She-vaj, Destroyer of Nations.

Why do women and men diverge in how they respond to thwarted pair bonding? Part of the reason is simple biomechanics. Women can more easily access empty sex to distract from their distress, to give their egos a shallow and fleeting boost, and so that's what they do. And women who fuck around a lot are ruined for love.

Men don't have that avenue of easy sexual access, so their denied pair bonding urge manifests as cloying neediness (picture a drug addict seated and strapped in, just out of reach of a gram of happiness). These men aren't ruined for love if they can't get any love to ruin. If these men could get a woman, they would bond instantly, strongly. Too strongly. Hold on tightly, until she lets you go.

Another reason is the inherently deeper well of romanticism that both blesses and curses men. When a man's romantic yearning is continually denied, he either gives in to cynical solitude or recommits himself to his *frisson* quest, in which his frantic paddling for the slore pushes him farther out to sea.

Oppositely, when a man who has overcome his blue-balling oneitis is dispirited by flings with broken unloveable

women, he gives in to ennui and inconsideration. These men haven't lost the ability to pair bond so much as they can't find a reason to do so. Their romanticism is only partly fulfilled by sex and the aping of frenetic love with chronically un-bonded women. The magic is gone; every sleight of hand and hidden trap door is beheld by increasingly jaded eyes. He goes to the show to amuse himself, but the wonder is left behind to stalk his dreamy nostalgia. Still, if a rare woman were to present herself, he would remember that old feeling, and it would come storming back.

Women have a stunted version of male romanticism. As the more practical sex (see: women spreading their legs for invaders to save their hides and genetic legacy), women whose pair bond window has closed or shattered don't react as do men stricken by oneitis; the romantically underdeveloped woman is an all-business bitch-in-waiting. When her brief moment of romantic abandon is denied (her teenage to early 20s years), she will swap her bonding instinct for a predatory sexuality and rationalized self-centeredness. When the Wall hits, there will be no safe passage to the other side for her.

Finally, women react to a deprived pair bond the same way they react to any desire of theirs that is deprived: Sour Grapes. They spite that which they cannot immediately possess, consume, and control. Their spite provokes self-defeating behavior, for example pushing away good men, staying with bad men, and denigrating the True and Beautiful for the solipsistic gruel of gogrrlism. It's the "if I can't have it, I'll curse it" egoistic howl.

This is why women denied an early-in-life pair bond are, unlike men, less able to bond later in life: what is cynicism in men is destructiveness in women. The cynic can be uplifted; the vandal only restrained.

Multiple flings genuinely reward men with higher self-esteem despite germinating cynicism. In contrast, multiple cockas scar female self-esteem, and the longer the cocka line, the lower her self-esteem — which is attuned to different rewards that include love and commitment and family — until her self-hate is propelled outwards at men and society. This is why the woman denied a pair bond is driven to remake society in her misery, and why it is in the interest of a nation to prevent the growth of a large, enfranchised group of bitter single childless women.

***

COTW runner-up is R.G. Camara, with his HAGiography of Jessica Valenti,

> One favorite story about Valenti, when she wrote her "autobiography", she revealed she was a massive, drug-addicted slut back in her NYC high school. At one point, she got sick of the skinny-armed NYC guys and hooked up with a bodybuilder whose body she loved to get banged by because his body "felt like a real man should"—who was apparently in his mid-20s while she was in high school. Then he dumped her.
>
> Then she partied her way out of college, and only got her groove back when she became a professional man-hater.
>
> Why human failures like this are listened to and given a platform is a combination of human stupidity and deliberate propaganda by those in power.
>
> Again, fuck this gay world.

Women denied their fleeting moment of youthful pair bonding with an alpha male become forces of feminist destruction for the rest of their lives. Beta hubbies hardest hit.

The Shitlib Nonprofit Money Laundering Industrial Complex

CH · 13 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I asked how shitlib webzines and shitlib nonprofits stay solvent, and more perplexingly, manage to swim in an ocean of funny money. Commenter and epicurean trav777 answers,

> CH- I can answer your question.
>
> I have lived here for a while and I was fucking a chick who worked at exactly one of these ubiquitous nonprofits, and have done research into them.
>
> They're [special people] money laundering scams. Period.
>
> One guy, I think ZH did an expose on him, had something like 6 or 8 shell companies colocated at the same address. They do the same shit with PACs as with nonprofits. People make deductible donations and the money gets routed around from corporation to corporation as "costs, fees, expenses," whatever, and it ends up largely back in the pockets of the donors.
>
> These billionaires didn't get there by giving their money away, they got there by understanding how to KEEP the money they were making by any means necessary.
>
> So the aforementioned nonprofit…some kind of africa bullshit. I told her, not asked her, "everyone there is a [special person]." She was like how the fuck do you know this? The [special people] that fund it are on the take from it, hiding ways to pay themselves and others massive sums to avoid taxes.
>
> So think of this- every single expense of their life is expensed out to the nonprofit or PAC. Trips, travel, food, clothing, you name it. Deducted. The donors have their own shells to do the same sort of shit in a lazy susan. As long as the IRS gets some dough here and there, they really never fuck with corporations. And this is massive business with massive political cover.
>
> These [special people] never went to africa, like nobody did, there were no perceptible projects she could discern and she was constantly confused about what tf this nonprofit actually *did*. I told her, they launder money. That is the business. The white chicks who worked there surely thought they were doing good but all they are is a sunk cost necessary to launder massive sums of money. Foundations are the same. Ways to perpetuate dynastic wealth.

Like I wrote, an entrepreneurial True News journalist who wasn't afraid to lose it all to a vengeful Globohomo would really make a name for himself exposing the money laundering scam at the heart of the conglomerated shitlib media universe.

Fortunately, there is a samizdat dissident underground media willing to do the work that the Chaimstream Media won't do.

From emailer "Matt", an analysis of media dissembling (aka Fake News) that is related to the topic of this post.

> Thought you'd find this relevant given your recent post discussing VOX. Below is a data driven analysis of 20 large news outlets. Given the lack of pointed initiative, I think the results are more cudgel than shiv.

***

The Fiat News Index […]

Fiat news is about the press telling you **how to think** about issues. Fiat news is about the presentation of opinions as facts, regardless of whether they consistently favor one group or another. If you want a bit more of a primer, including why we call this *fiat news*, the original piece Ben wrote in 2017 is located here.

We think there *are* some ways to measure this, so we're going to try. And we're going to do it in the open. Let me introduce you to the Fiat News Index.

I've selected 20 of the largest and most prominent US-based news and commentary organizations. Using the tools and database from our friends at Quid, the Index measures the proportion of articles from a media outlet which use one of a range of words or expressions I selected. These words and expressions fall roughly into three categories: words that convey a causal link between two statements (*Causal Expressions*), words that seek to communicate the Common Knowledge element of a narrative (*Common Knowledge Expressions*), and words that communicate explicit value judgements (*Value Expressions*). These concepts will be familiar to readers of the recent In Brief, The Tells of Fiat News. […]

The basic idea behind this framework is that writers, when using **Causal Expressions**, are communicating how you should perceive the relationships between facts and other facts, or between facts and certain conclusions and analysis. This conflation is a common way to present a judgment or opinion as objective fact. It is a writer coaching you on the logical path they wish you to follow. Sometimes that is innocuous, because sometimes the relationship between two ideas, two facts or two statements really is incontrovertible. Often it is not. When using **Common Knowledge Expressions**, the writer is encouraging you to think less critically about an assertion or argument. It is, after all, obvious to everyone else. **Value Expressions** are more straightforward and easily understood. They also look a bit more like an analysis of bias, although these words may just as easily be used to tell you how to think about what is *good* and what is *bad* without any element of structural favoring of one point of view. […]

For this reason, the absolute levels [of media dissembling expressions] are much less instructive than the relative levels. For me, I understand this index to mean, **"If I open the pages of this publication, how much more likely is it than in another publication that I will read a story that is telling me how to think?"**

Here is the Fiat News Index for the last 12 months ended November 10:

A few words. First, the Index includes four media companies that are not news outlets. This is by design. The unit of the Fiat News Index is the **Vox**, not because there's necessarily anything bad or dishonest about what Vox does, but because Vox's stated mission is to explain the news. Approximately 91% of its articles in the last year included one of these explainer words. Nothing necessarily wrong with that in a commentary or analysis publication (like Vox, The Atlantic, National Review or The New Yorker), but potentially a matter of concern when it takes place in a news outlet. Each other source is scaled to express how many *Voxes* of explaining their articles have engaged in over the last year.

The poles are instructive. On the one hand, we have Vox, and on the other, Reuters. In between, there is a meaningful range. While I don't have the data to give Reuters a completely clean bill of health, for our purposes I think it is useful to think of their level as a *baseline* of the innocuous usage of these terms. From there, *Voxes* will rise with the (1) use of these terms to explain topics in news articles and (2) the relative proportion of opinion and commentary to pure news coverage. The first is our primary focus, but the second isn't irrelevant, and we don't consider it a false positive. You should read this as an attempt to proxy the following question: "**If I open this publication, how likely is it that I will be told how to think about world events instead of being given simple information about world events?**"

***

Go there and read the article. The thing that jumps out at you is that leftist media outlets are more likely to "tell you how to think about world events" — i.e., to present opinions as news — than are right-leaning outlets.

This is the natural and expected consequence of leftoids being more ideologically conformist than conservatives, and why I have said the only fix is to cull at least half the shitlibs from their media perches and replace them with un-cucked, un-zogged patriots.

Your Daily Arrow Of Causation

CH · 14 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ann Coulter:

Selfie saves a man from 99 years in prison.

Also, another woman who lied about a man attacking her. Because apparently people don't think this happens.

***

J.R.:

she claimed her old high school boyfriend – who she hadn't seen in years – broke into her residence and carved an 'X' into her chest

luckily for him he took a selfie 65 miles away with his mom
cops still raided him w/o warning and put him in jail
cause Berieve Awl Wahmen and whatnot
he had to post $150k bail

notice you can tell it's self-inflicted by how neat it is

BELIEVE ALL WOMEN is a great way to usher in ALL WOMEN LIE and ALL WOMEN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF GULLIBLE DUPES.

ps obvious cutter is obvious. aren't there any police who know how to identify a headcase cutter? or are we just gonna lock up every White man at birth and spare the expense of due process?

The Billionaire Leftoids Funding NeverTrump

CH · 14 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a useful enemies' list to keep at the ready, to remind you of the nature, identities, and scope of Globohomo.

> NeverTrump's Billionaire Leftist Benefactors
>
> Just hours after Jeff Sessions resigned as attorney general last Wednesday at the president's behest, #TheResistance found its newest target for destruction: Sessions' interim replacement, Matthew Whitaker.

[The special people] HATE HATE HATE Whitaker's Aryan phyzz.

> NeverTrump "conservatives" are aiding Schiff and the media in their campaign to paralyze if not remove Whitaker. Commercials attacking the acting attorney general were aired on several Sunday morning political shows. The ads were sponsored by "Republicans for the Rule of Law," a group founded earlier this year by Bill Kristol, the editor-at-large of *The Weekly Standard*. The group's primary role so far appears to be pimping for the Mueller probe, a political witch-hunt that Kristol and his fellow NeverTrumpers pray will lead to the impeachment and removal of the president. The Left and their NeverTrump footsoldiers fear Whitaker will thwart the special counsel's investigation instead of rubber stamping Mueller's ever-expanding investigation as Deputy Attorney General Rod Rosenstein has done over the past 18 months.
>
> Buying primo air time on network television doesn't come cheap. So who is funding "Republicans for the Rule of Law" and their attacks on the Republican president and his acting attorney general? Is it big Republican donors?
>
> We haven't found any, but we have learned learned that one of Kristol's benefactors is progressive billionaire Pierre Omidyar, the co-founder of eBay.

Omidyar -> not a Heritage American.

> The Omidyars have also been among the most prolific supporters of left-wing causes for years. According to a 2014 report by the Media Research Center, "Michael Bloomberg, Warren Buffett, Pierre Omidyar, Tom Steyer and George Soros's son, Jonathan are major funders of the left.

Fuck, there's another Soros sprog. What do all these fine, upstanding, salt of the earth "Americans" have in common? They are united by their desire for

cheap labor
wealth concentration
weakening of the White Gentile majority

> And lately, Omidyar seems to have become a big fan of Kristol's, probably because of their mutual hatred of Donald Trump. Digging a little deeper it looks like they may have more in common since Kristol has recently found his "inner socialist" and he now opposes Republican candidates.

LMAO Kristol didn't "find" his inner socialist, he just stopped concealing his "inner tribalist". Immigration restriction advocacy has that effect on the [special people].

> One of Omidyar's nonprofits is the Democracy Fund. In 2015, the Democracy Fund awarded nearly $9 million in grants, "many of which went to left-wing organizations." One Democracy Fund recipient is currently in court fighting the results of the Georgia gubernatorial race, which was won by Republican Brian Kemp.

Left-wing billionaire money corrupts democracy.

> An affiliate of that fund disclosed on its website that it has given as least $600,000 to Kristol's umbrella group, Defending Democracy Together, since May. (Other NeverTrumpers involved in the group are author Mona Charen, strategist Linda Chavez, and former governor Christine Todd Whitman.) Republicans for the Rule of Law operates under the purview of Defending Democracy Together.

"Rule of Law". Pure _ewspeak. You can throw Kellyanne Conway's disgusting, fat husband in that mix of Globohomo seditionists.

> So why is a group of so-called principled "conservatives" accepting hundreds of thousands of dollars from a leftist billionaire who has shown zero dedication to conservative causes, an activist who finances interests that are *inimical* to conservative values and policies, and who bankrolls Democratic candidates hostile to mainstream conservatives?
>
> Because the same phonies who claims to be all about principles and integrity are now the folks willing to do almost anything to take down Trump. (Remember that the next time they lecture pro-Trump Republicans about being a cult.)

Well of course. They even have the symbols. The pussyhat is the Stahlhelm of this cult.

> Omidyar is a virulent Trump foe; he donated $250,000 to the NeverTrump PAC in 2016. Calling Trump a "dangerous authoritarian demagogue" during the presidential primaries, the Iranian-born

Why is he in America? I don't remember getting a say in this turd's application for invasion.

> Omidyar also is tied to another billionaire archenemy of the president: George Soros.

ABSOLUTELY SHOCKING

> Omidyar has donated millions to Soros's pet projects, including the Open Society Foundations, a main funder of Planned Parenthood, the ACLU, and the Center for American Progress.

Meanwhile, rich conservatives are funding Friday night football programs.

> Among the goals of the Open Society Foundations are "creating a pathway to citizenship for illegal immigrants, cutting the number of prison inmates by 50%, enacting comprehensive immigration reform, increasing welfare handouts, and raising taxes to redistribute wealth."

Sounds like a Dr Evil plan to me. How does this Globohomo agenda significantly differ in its practical effects from actual genocide of White America?

> (The *Standard* has other ties to Soros-linked projects and seems to be running a lot of cover for the global financier of late. More on that in an upcoming piece.)

The Weekly Standard is run by Bill Kristol, a very special person, who has turned his rag into a PR machine for international financiers.

Now look, I'm not gonna say stereotypes R real, but yeah stereotypes R real.

> It's one thing for a political pundit like Kristol to brand himself as a Trump-hating "conservative" to earn hits

> on cable news shows and get fawning coverage in elite media publications.

Shitlib media outlets like Non-Player Radio routinely introduce Bill Kristol and Jonah Goldberg as “conservatives”. This is classic “make words mean something entirely different than what they actually mean” psy ops.

> It’s quite another to partner up with the sworn enemies of the very principles one has claimed not only to champion, but of which he has insisted he is the last, best defender.

It makes sense if you keep in mind that kristolniks are sworn to nothing but what is good for kristolniks, and immigration restriction is like a crucifix and garlic to them. THEIR WHOLE LONG-TERM PROJECT IS TO END THE CONCEPT OF WHITE CHRISTIAN MAJORITY NATIONS.

> His new friend is a foe of these causes and has been for decades, which makes it appear as though Kristol is ready to sell out to any deep pocket just to damage the president while hiding the fact that his crusade is financed, at least in part, by a major anti-Trump, anti-conservative left-wing billionaire. (There is no information posted on Republicans for the Rule of Law’s website, or Kristol’s umbrella group, that discloses their funding sources.)

Vampires hate Sunshine laws.

> The irony is rich indeed that “Republicans for the Rule of Law” is financed by a Democrat.

Expose the funding streams, and you are halfway to a Mass Woke Event.

So here are the billionaire soy’s club names you need to know:

Any and all members of the Soros clan
Pierre Omidyar
Michael Bloomberg
Warren Buffett (fucking quisling)
Tom Steyer
Jeff Bezos (he funds the Left through his agitprop blog, The Washington Post)
Carlos Slim (same as Bezos, except his plaything is the NYTimes)
Sergey Brin
Mark Zuckerberg
Jack Dorsey
The Koch-suckers (h/t mendo)

This is by no means an exhaustive list, but it hits all the big traitors.

PS Ace of Spades covers the story.

PPS J.R. expertly summarizes the sordid globohomo network of billionaire nation wreckers,

> so, here’s what’s going on:
>
> Pierre Omidyar, the Left-Wing Billionaire, runs the Democracy Fund which gives cash to left-wing groups to advance anti-white causes
>
> Democracy Fund gives $600k to Bill Kristol’s Defending Democracy Together Fund which then creates the Republicans for the Rule of Law group which then buys ad time on FoxNews to bash Trump

I’ve coined a term for this:

Anti-White agitprop laundering.

PPPS “Defending Democracy Together Fund”…so Orwellian.

PPPPS From Smash Islamophobia:

> Black pill:
> There are no conservative megadonors.
> Vulture fund billionaire vulture fund billionaire (((Paul Singer))) is a top Republican donor.
> His #1 cause?
> Homosexual “marriage” & other issues related to promoting homosexuality. He also funded the Pissgate “dossier,” of course.
> https://bit.ly/2Py8eP3
> https://bit.ly/2LoX2kr

MAGAmen, I’m afraid we’ll have to save America with nothing but the steel in our spines and the righteous fury in our hearts.

STOP PAYMENT

CH · 14 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> A few hours ago BitChute received a notice that our PayPal account has been permanently limited, with immediate effect, and that we will no longer be able to accept or send payments.
>
> Up until today PayPal had been our main source of revenue.

From commenters,

> We need to seriously do something about this. PayPal stops payment and seeks to censor anyone that's a threat to the establishment. Bitchute threatens YouTube, stop payment. Gab threatens Twitter, stop payment. Free speech threatens globalism, stop payment.
>
> ***
>
> We are being shoved out of the market. There will be no other options to partake within the market. We have to create our own, there is no other way… other than them repenting. [fat chance] I am wholly dependent on paypal to pay my stock deliverers for repairs.. other options immediately drive the prices up 8 fold.
>
> ***
>
> Lots of alternative payment processors.
> But the underlying problem is that if alternative payment processors allow payments to dissident sites that are on the list, then MasterCard/ Visa will threaten to cut them off/ shut them down.
>
> ***
>
> When is someone with Center to Right convictions going to open a Bank, Credit card, or online payment process, they would capture 50% of the market in one week!

Paging Palmer Luckey…

> Paypal's CEO Dan Schulman – fan of the LGBT movement – one of the Silicon Valley heavy players – he's right in the wank circle. I'm getting fed up with watching this, when will POTUS step in and disband big-tech?
>
> ***
>
> (((red diaper baby)))
> wiki:
>
> Schulman once told The NYT, "I was born with social activism in my DNA. My grandfather was a union organizer in the garment district in New York City. My mother took me to a civil rights demonstration in Washington in my stroller."
>
> ***
>
> Liberals don't need to be elected to office 2 put the squeeze on us, they get thier monopolies to censor us, time to switch services to an up-and-comer
>
> ***
>
> Politics is downstream from culture. The reason politicians get away with so much crap is because we don't have a cultural consensus that this crap is wrong.

BINGO. Diversity + Proximity = Nonconsensual Culture

> Sue Paypal for harm to your business, a tort.

Conservatives had better get acquainted with retaliatory lawfare, because leftoids have been battering them with it for decades.

> They can't beat the competition so they're doing everything to shut them down (same as Gab). They know they can't debate the ideas (and win)…so they need to shut everyone down.
> You can bet that social media platforms will be regulated soon enough.
>
> ***
>
> Shouldn't PayPal be under banking rules? They do nearly everything a bank does. You can save money there, withdraw money, deposit money, transfer money, they even issue credit cards. Sounds like a bank to me and it sounds like a bank denying service based on a client's political views.
>
> ***
>
> But PayPal still processes payments for the domestic terrorism organization known as Antifa…
>
> Oh and ISIS too…
>
> ***
>
> Money in, money out should be anonymous to paypal. Why they would treat a particular vendor different from any other is insane. Its an exchange service built to process dollars not political ideology. What kind of business works against their own model? This really should have serious legal and Federal law investigations against paypal. Something is wrong here.

What kind of business works against their own model? The kind of (((business))) that prefers mind control over profit.

> PayPal are scumbags.

All that needs to be said.

"Stop Payment" is the gun that leftoids shoot before they reach for real guns.

Reminder: This is a shitlib gun:

You can't use PayPal anymore

At PayPal, we value a safe community for our customers to do business. We noticed activity in your account that's inconsistent with our User Agreement and we no longer offer you PayPal services.

Any bank or credit card information linked to your PayPal account cannot be removed nor can it be used to create a new account. You can still log in and see your account information but you can't send or receive money. Any money in your balance will be held for 180 days, after which we'll send you an email with instructions about transferring your money.

PS Here is a list of money transfer service alternatives to GayPal.

Criminalizing Pranksters

CH · 14 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This to me looks like boys having fun pranking their uptight stuffy elders:

I spot a couple of asian supremacists in there.

Pranksterism is a lost art that's regaining a toehold in Post-America with the maturation of Generation Zyklon. It's a beautiful thing to take in, like a breath of fresh country air.

Naturally, the [special people], Fuggernaut mob, SJW rejects, Twatter blueticks, social media schoolmarms, and catlady hall monitors who constitute the leftoid equalism hivemind want to destroy these boys' lives forever, by criminalizing their prank and branding them with a Scarlet N, so that they will be blacklisted at every college* and potential employer, where kkkommissars have instant online access to everything anyone's ever said or done going back to infancy.

Ingsoc will NOT be mocked.

I can't think of a surer way to birth an army of vengeful adult shitlords than to crush the hopes and dreams of every fledgling young shitlord for the mortal sin of partaking in a funny prank, so keep at it [special people]. The hate, on both sides, will soon grow beyond your ability to control.

PS The guy in the back row, right, is

a. giving the white power ok sign out of sight

b. smugly gay

c. shitting his nerdo pants

d. angling for media fame and a guest column with either Huffington Post or National Review.

.

.

.

.

welp, we have our answer:

“these classmates have bullied me since entering middle school…”

looks like (b) and (d). a smugly gay “resister” angling for a Puffed Ho column.

You know what that posed class photo looks like to me?

Welcome Back, Cheeky America!

***

From Cornelius Rye,

> Now watch as a seemingly-unconnected group of plucky and courageous underdog journalists dedicate the next 6 months of their lives to doxing and destroying each and every one of these boys. So brave!

Stop it, my righteous hate can only take so much engorgement.

*Aaaaaaand, right on cue these young men are being embargoed from colleges.

***

It's one of the precious blessings of living in a freeman's nation that no group is protected from mockery. And the most mockable group is the one that thinks itself untouchable.

Sexbot Update: Human Women Are Jealous Of Sexy Sexbots

CH · 15 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Chateau predicted this.

> **Conclusion –** [The advent of the sexbot revolution will mean] the entire market structure of dating will shift seismically in the direction of men becoming choosier and less willing to please and women becoming looser and more willing to please.
>
> The basic premise I have outlined above rests on a simple observation — the more physically satisfying choices men have to sate their lust, the less needy they will be with women. And non-neediness translates into a slight downgrade in the asking price of single women. Because women are more loathe to settle than men, there will be a rush to the top as the dwindling number of acceptable male prospects commands the attentions of an ever-growing pool of women. Polygamy will rush in to fill the need.

Sexbots present a clear and present danger to women's sexual market value and their ability to leverage their fattening bodies to acquire a lifelong mate. Men are visually aroused, and on a subconscious level women understand this, which is why maximally visually stimulating sexbots strike fear into the hearts of middling and low smv women who are paying attention.

And right on cue…..it's ¡SCIENCE! to cradle my balls and smile lovingly up at me from chafed knees.

Via Rolf Degen, again. (The man is a conduit to wrecking ball research that crushes the Equalism Narrative)

> The idea of their partner making love to a sex robot evoked some serious jealousy in women, especially if an emotional attachment could develop. https://t.co/mJVfa9vEyX pic.twitter.com/PEP2ePukXw
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) November 13, 2018

> Jealousy 4.0? An empirical study on jealousy-related discomfort of women evoked by other women and gynoid robots

Best Of research paper title contender.

> The present study investigated whether women react with the same level of jealousy towards the idea of their partner having sexual interactions with a (human-like or machine-like) gynoid robot as they would when imagining their partner having sexual interactions with another woman. We assumed that, due to the higher comparability and the greater likelihood of past experiences of other women as sexual competitors, women would feel more discomfort and jealousy in response to another woman. However, it seems not sufficient to state that women in general evoke stronger jealousy-related discomfort than robots. On the contrary, it depends on the subdimension of jealousy. The jealousy-related discomfort was higher for female competitors compared to the robotic ones, for instance regarding the discomfort caused by the idea of sexual intercourse, **whereas in other dimensions the robots evoked the same or higher levels of jealousy-related discomfort, such as the discomfort caused by negative self-evaluations in comparison to the competitor or discomfort caused by shared emotional and time resources**. Contrary to our expectation, the factors of similarity and comparability did not lead to differences between human-like and machinelike gynoid robots in terms of the different subdimensions of jealousy-related discomfort. It is possible that basic social cues are sufficient to trigger social scripts known from humans-human interactions, which, in turn, result in social comparison and jealousy-related discomfort. Greater knowledge about the underlying processes of machines could help women to better evaluate the abilities of robots. Moreover, an enhanced willingness to create and shape sexualized technologies of the near future could positively affect females' self-confidence, as such

> inventions could more strongly respect and represent their needs in terms of both sexuality and societal standing. Most importantly, our findings should spark further discussion on ethical aspects of human-robot interaction and hopefully result in social and sexual norms to guide responsible robotics developments which will not negatively impact long-term relationships and women's self-evaluation.

Human women are insanely jealous of robot women. Instinctively, women know that a height-weight proportionate, nubile, centerfold replicating gynoid who can be programmed to derisively mock pussyhatters is real competition, because women also know instinctively that men are primarily aroused by gazing at a woman's beauty and bangable body. No amount of feminist wishful thinking to the cuntrary can erase this reality of women's intuitive hindbrains. If the typical crass Amerifat woman sees a hot little minxbot, she won't be able to #resist comparing herself to the hotbot. The sexual market dynamic would be the same as if the sexbot were a human hottie flouncing into the club to outshine the herd of cows.

Further, women can feel a threat to their interests from a man falling in love with a beautiful bangable sexbot, because men first lust before they love. This is why human female participants in this research expressed jealous discomfort at the thought that their men might get emotionally attached to their HB100 sexbots.

As I've been saying, once sexbots cross the uncanny valley and acquire fine motor skills (of the mouth and vagina), it's game over for the known sexual market which has guided human evolution since the dawn of time. I have predicted a likely outcome of the reoriented sexual market in the wake of the sexbot revolution — rampant polygamy followed by rapid social collapse — that can be avoided if human women make themselves as appealing as the coming sexbots. Which means,

push away from the table
stop voting for degenerate nation wrecking freaks
don't ride the cock carousel
learn to cook
learn to give good head
adore your man

Is that too much to ask?

Reframe Of The Day: The Regressives

CH · 15 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Progressivism is anything but. “Joyce” (Twatter handle) writes that a better term for the ideology is Regressivism.

> It doesn’t take much observation to reach the conclusion that Progressives are in fact Regressives. In all political affairs they regress to the sexual, to the emotional, to the petulant, to the jealous instincts that dominate their remarkably narrow personalities.
>
> — Joyce (@TOOAJoyce) November 14, 2018

Regressivism is weaponized infantilism. It’s like giving a tantrum-throwing toddler access to the levers of social and political power. Nothing but lunacy and sadism will follow.

More from Joyce:

> Amazing it’s escaped the attention of most Whites, but any reasonably intelligent observer should see that multiculturalism is all about making White people give up their countries, then their stuff, and finally their lives. We aren’t “multicultural enough” until we’re all dead.
>
> — Joyce (@TOOAJoyce) November 14, 2018

Virtue perishing.

Another Reframe, on women and the Pill:

> Imagine placing your entire sense of human agency on a pill. How terrified of responsibility are postmodern women? https://t.co/0DW25SLQVn
>
> — Joyce (@TOOAJoyce) November 13, 2018

Contra the ACLU, the Pill did none of those things. What it DID do was enable women to fuck around indiscriminately while pursuing a useless paper pushing career and putting off marriage and childbirth until it was too late and then bitching and moaning about “the patriarchy” in online femcunt ghettoes.

The Pill was really nothing more than a means for women to ignore beta males during their prime vagina years, which meant it was nothing less than a cataclysmic rupture of the sexual market with evolutionary consequences we are only just beginning to understand.

ps a history of the Alt-Right.

Where Is The Lie?

CH · 15 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A very confused shitlib cartoonist thought this would make America a bad country.

Most normal White men look at that and think, “Finally! Paradise!”.

ps why are there still migrants trying to get into Angrywhitemenistan if it’s so bad?

pps why do shitlibs fear a White America?

Spot All The Signs Of American Decline

CH · 15 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I ported the following photo from the Goodbye, America blog because it's just too good to secret it away at a samizdat subsidiary.

See how many signs of American decline you can identify in the pic.

Right off the bat, gloryhole faces. (He sucks cock, she sucks another man's cock.)

Commenters answer the call,

> 1. Babel polyglot signage
> 2. Switchface in both genders
> 3. Speaking of genders, dimorphism at historical low [ed: srsly, her jaw is as big as his]
> 4. No children in sight
> 5. Obesity standard push button door
>
> ***
>
> Sick of that open-mouthed tongue-flattened fake-enthusiasm smile. Been seeing it more and more over the past year, it seems to be replacing the duckface as the go-to selfie mask, along with the ubiquitous Snapchat eye enlargements and kitten ears.
>
> ***
>
> I'm still trying to decide who's the woman here.
>
> ***
>
> Press button to open.
>
> Button not working.
>
> ***

> Signs of third-world decay:
>
> 1) Soyboy and birth control femme smiles.
> 2) Signs in many languages for citizens that are required to read/speak English.
> 3) Wearing “I Voted” stickers like a three year old child would receive for successfully using the toilet instead of wetting themselves.
> 4) Finally, the To Open Doors Press Button sign for fatties, but a sign under it that appears to read Button Not Working.
>
> ***
>
> There’s a lie behind these smiles. A profound lie.
>
> That someone else is meant to pay for.
>
> That is what is so vexing.
>
> ***
>
> You missed one. The woman allowed to vote. [ed: LOL]
>
> ***
>
> The fact that there is even a taped up sign _at all_. Think about it. Why would a real nation, say with real traditions and standards and the will to enforce them, in a real city, have to tape up signs? All the real citizens would just know, like that question Tom Cruise asked in A Few Good Men about how a Marine would know where the mess hall was. There would be natural, organic communication and instruction and guidance. And newcomers would need to make their bones first before taking part in the political process.
>
> There’s also a subsidiarity aspect to this. Where to vote, the seat of political power, would matter more. People would ask. Talk. It wouldn’t just be a once a year thing.
>
> And it wouldn’t move around. It wouldn’t go from one apartment complex rec room to another based on the latest MBA stats analysis on voting patterns and tax records or likelihood for screwing around or whatever. It would be an honored location, fixed, firm; a place dedicated at least in part to that purpose by a people at least in part dedicated to a good political economic system —and willing to do the work to achieve that. Not some casually dressed immature drones of the propaganda matrix.

That’ll be all, America. That’ll be all.

Did we miss anything?

Will we miss this shit show when it’s gone?

The Case Against Tipping

CH · 15 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Tipster thoughtfully rants about "tipping culture", labeling it a wealth transfer from men to women, and therefore a reinforcement of a structurally misandrist system.

> Tipping is just another forced transfer M>>>F
>
> I don't tip. Why should I tip the person who brings food to my table, but not the chef? I don't tip retail workers, fast food workers, or my delivery guy, so why am I expected to tip at a restaurant?
>
> White knights will screech that wait staff can legally be paid less than minimum wage. So what? Take another job if that's such a problem.

I think the Euros have it right and we in America should have laws against service industries underpaying wait staff on the expectation of customer tips covering the difference. Oh, but then Fatty Matty Yglesias will have to pay more up front for his authentically amerindian infarction platter.

> The REAL reason we're expected to tip wait staff is that they're mostly young women. Fuck off, it's not my problem, pay them a decent wage.

In the cities, the wait staff are young women, gays, or vibrants. White, conspicuously heterosexual male servers are a dying breed.

> Escorts give WAY better service than waitresses but they come with an agreed price up front. If I don't have to tip a woman for pounding her in every hole, why should I tip her for moving some plates around?
>
> The final argument I'd like to address is the "it's the only job many single mothers can get". If a MAN was in that position no one would care. "Hey bro, truck driver is the only job I can get, give me an extra fifty for delivery of the pallet." His feet wouldn't touch the fucking ground on the way out.
>
> Tips are a semi-forced transfer of money from men to women. Ideally stop tipping completely, practically stop tipping anywhere that you're not a regular.

The reason the entitled male truck driver would get laughed out of the deal for demanding a tip is the same reason women in general are coddled and men have to stoically endure their hardships:

The Fundamental Premise.

> Eggs are expensive, sperm is cheap. Every psychological dynamic you see playing out in mass societies liberated from artificial constraints on the sexual market flows from this premise. This means, as a systemic matter, women are coddled, men are upbraided. Women are victims, men are victimizers. Women need a leg up, men need to man up. Women have advocacy groups, men have equal opportunity violations. A woman subjected to the indignity of eavesdropping on a tame joke about dongles makes national news, while the chilling fact that 95% of all workplace deaths are suffered by men barely pings the media consciousness.
>
> It is what it is, and it will never change so long as humans are a sexually reproducing species. All the laws in the world can at best only paper over the very primal compulsion of people to value the life of the average woman more than the life of the average man, and sympathize accordingly. Railing against it is akin to shaking a fist at sunspots and gamma rays.

Commenter PA once had a suggestion that you should only tip young White men, reasoning that economically self-sufficient White men are more critical to healthy sexual and marriage market functioning than are young women

with spending cash (who are liable to ride the cock carousel with their economic freedom and liberation from needing beta male provisioning). Not to mention, young women can spread their legs for the easy life, which is an option unavailable to men.

I think that's a good rule of life, and if you balk in the manner of a purs'd-lip white knight or quivering mangina, maybe you should remind yourself that tipping, however generous, never got a man laid.

Diversity + Proximity = War: The Invalidation Of The Contact Hypothesis

CH · 16 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shitlibs and anti-White bigots who fear a White America have desperately clung to a wish fulfillment belief called the “Contact Hypothesis”, which claims, against all the real world observational evidence, that different races grow to lurv each other with increased contact. It’s a flip of the “familiarity breeds contempt” aphorism, embodied in the vapid leftoid newspeak “love wins”.

I hadn’t realized that there was a meta-analysis (a study of studies) which the smarter shitlibs liked to reference whenever they needed the notarization of ¡SCIENCE! to pad their virtue sniveling about Diversity™, and to smugly condescend toward BadThink Whites.

Unfortunately for these frantic smuglibs, that meta-analysis (Pettigrew & Tropp (2006)) was undermined by contemporary research, which found the opposite of the claim made by Pettigrew et al, and then invalidated by a 2018 study which concluded that the original 2006 meta-analysis finding support for the Contact Hypothesis was irretrievably marred by the inclusion of a ton of shit studies.

h/t CAPSLOCKHUSTLER for providing the link to the following Twatter thread on the subject of the invalidated Contact Hypothesis.

> The Contact Hypothesis is a Mess: Thread
> 1/n
> The Contact Hypothesis (hence, “CH”) is an old idea in social psych: That contact between groups reduces prejudice. This was one central theme of Allport’s 1954 classic The Nature of Prejudice, built on even earlier ideas.
>
> — Lee Jussim (@PsychRabble) November 8, 2018

I’ll quote the remaining thread below:

Beneficial effects of contact have always been difficult to obtain, requiring an ever-growing list of conditions supposedly necessary or at least beneficial to get it to work (equal status, cooperation, common goals, supports from authorities, and more).

This recent award-receiving meta-analysis by Pettigrew & Tropp (2006) gave the answer so many social psychologists had been (I suspect) rooting** for. Slam dunk, contact works!
** nearly 6k citations
** supports left view/values (eg, immigration? let em all in, contact works!).

Except … there was always reason to doubt this. In the real world, Putnam showed at about the same time, in both work groups and communities, diversity lowered cohesion & social trust, and led to high turnover and lower public investment.

A 2014 updating by van der Meer & Tolsma found basically the same thing, especially in the U.S.

WTF is going on? No one really knows, but enter @betsylevyp and her team, with this amazing 2018 paper.

They conducted their own meta-analysis, starting w/ALL the studies in Pettigrew&Tropp’s. But to be included, they required studies to meet all of the following criteria:

1. They had to randomly assign people to contact. I.e., they only included true experiments, which is the clearest way to eliminate correlation&causality inference problems.

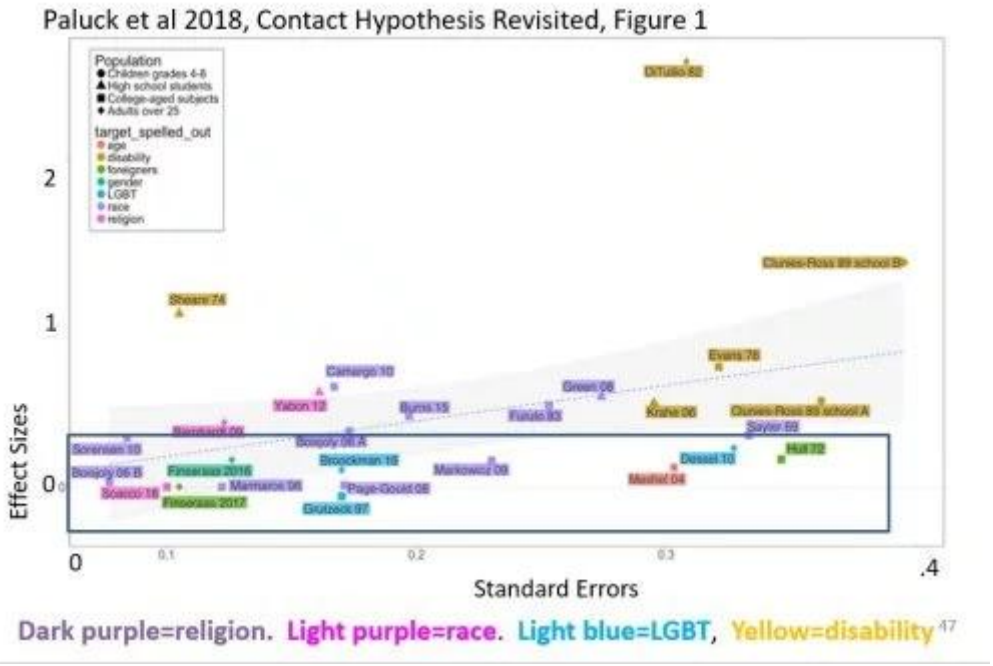
2. They had to measure intergroup outcomes more than one day after the treatment. That is, there had to be at least

some evidence that the effect was not completely fleeting and ephemeral.

3. The studies had to have actual face-to-face contact.
4. There had to be a no contact control group.
P&G had 713 samples from 515 papers.
By the time Paluck et al's (some might argue, "minimalist") standards were met, there were 8 papers reporting 9 studies. **[ed: LOL]**

They then scoured the lit for studies meeting their standards post 2006. They found a bunch, bringing the total up to 27 studies (still a far far far far cry from the 713 of P&G).

Here are their main findings, reported in Figure 1 of p. 18 of their paper. Its hard to make out, but you have the link to the actual paper.



Several patterns are notable:
1. The effects hover near 0.
2. The one exception is for contact w/ppl w/disabilities. Remove that, and the results are still above 0 (ie, *some* effect of contact), BUT:

3. Fig 1 plots the effect size against the std errors (SEs). Smaller Ns produce larger SEs, and Fig 1 shows larger effects w/larger SEs (smaller samples). This is classic evid. of publication bias.

Note also the sloping line. It means the larger the sample, the smaller the effect. In fact, when they used SE to predict effect, the intercept was negative, meaning that the *predicted* effect of large samples (low SEs) is to (slightly) *increase* prejudice, not reduce it. **[ed: kumbaya shitlibs BTFO]**

4. Interestingly, the effects for the groups social psychologists seem to be generally most concerned about — groups oppressed based on race, religion, sexual orientation — the effects hover barely above 0, especially for larger studies.

Bottom lines? We know a lot less about contact than Pettigrew & Tropp's meta-analysis has led us to believe. There may be a there there, but if there is, that there is a helluva lot less and more equivocal than the there that is cracked up to be there.

Contact almost surely can be either harmful or beneficial with respect to intergroup hostility. But, just as surely, the benefits of contact have been wildly oversold to an overeager social psychology consuming audience. End.

AKA GIGO (garbage in, garbage out).

Social psychology may have been at one time, long ago in the pre-zogged era, a useful field of study. Today, it's a factory of lies to assuage leftoid egos. That's what happens when leftoids march through the institutions and then turn the places into a giant cistern for them to take a poop on.

I've tackled the problem of meta-analyses before, initially provoked to the task by jabba jayman's reliance on them to deny the fucking obvious fact that environmental inputs have spurred the post-1970 obesity pandemic, regardless of the hereditary nature of susceptibility to fat accumulation.

Bottom line: Meta-analyses can be clarifying, but only if the studies they aggregate aren't garbage. If you put garbage studies into a meta-analysis, you'll get a garbage conclusion in return. If researcher bias pollutes the findings of multiple studies, then those studies will pollute the finding of a meta-analysis of them.

Which is exactly what happened with Pettigrew & Tropp's original meta-analysis finding support for the Contact Hypothesis: the included studies were shit. So many of the studies were shit that nearly all of them had to be tossed out in a more recent and improved meta-analysis, which, unsurprisingly, found the opposite and commonsensical result that contact with different races and groups doesn't make us like each other more; in fact, all that difference irritates us more than we would have been had we stayed separate and out-of-contact.

But equalist shitlibs run social science, so they have an inherent bias — much as a latino judge might have an inherent bias against Trump — to produce shit studies and to choose shit studies for meta-analyses which buttress their egos, and to handwave the flaws in those studies when a realtalker calls them out on it.

Not anymore. Because

I AM THE SOCIAL SCIENCE NOW

The Envy Of Angels

CH · 16 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I pity blonde blue-eyed And pity is a form of contempt.

Thousands of years of evolution graced White women with a palette of natural hues that are the envy of the angels, and these short-sighted, spiteful bitches throw it away on a vendetta against daddy, destroying a long lineage forged by blood and tribulation in a single act of grotesque conception.

A glass half-full reader,

> At the same time, natural selection is working. The weak leave us.

This argument doesn't resonate like it used to for me. How many weak members can we afford to lose? The supply of the Weak is increasing while the White population as a fraction of the world total is decreasing.

At current trends, when the Weak leave us there won't be enough left to thwart subsumption into the Uni-hued Horde.

The envy of angels will be the lament of angels.

Every Porn Has Its Thorn

CH · 16 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is the porn post. Its purpose is to encourage discussion and embarrassing open-cubicle chubbies.

FYI I redact or pseudonomize real names of thread participants because I don't assume they would want their identifying info spread to outside platforms beyond the one they directly engage. If they would like to be identified, they can say so in the comments or in email.

J.R. kicks it off,

> [online porn is] just so insanely hardcore
>
> stuff that maybe only the hardest core degenerate might get into after a lifetime of chasing ever more debauched forms of porn and perversion are basically just another option on the front page of all the major porn sites, so now the average kid has explored the outer boundaries of porn by the time he's 15
>
> it's fucked up

Chad Bigly,

> Porn is a real public health problem – I truly believe that. It's easier for people to quit smoking than to quit porn. And it really is so fucking over the top gross now. If I were in power I'd completely ban it tomorrow. Just make it illegal and enforce the shit out of it and watch civilization trend toward normal again.

J.R.,

> i think porn has something to do w/ the whole tranny thing
> there's something feminizing about dudes watching that much porn
>
> for 99.9999% of human history the only erection men ever saw was their own
>
> now the avg dude has seen 10k before he gets out of high school
> i don't think evolution prepared the male brain for that possibility
>
> there's your endocrine disrupter

I don't buy the theory that porn is inherently gay (because you're looking at hard dick). (Incel-mocking tradcons at MPC like to cavalierly indulge this theory.) No straight man was turned to homosexuality by watching porn. When men watch, they will focus on the woman's body and vagina, and imagine their own dick doing the pounding. There's a dick substitution process that occurs subconsciously during viewing, which obscures or even eliminates the possibility of a mood-killing intrusion of awareness that one is also watching another man get off. Porn producers actually acknowledge this reality by filming in such a way that the male actor is out of the middle of the frame, and his contorted face is off-screen. POV (point-of-view) porn is popular for this reason.

S.K. responds,

> Porn is bad, but not for the reason J.R. thinks. Seeing dicks doesn't make you gay, whether or not they are involved in sex.
>
> It's watching another male fuck a female you desire. He's getting her; you aren't. In primal chimpanzee sexual mode, you have to be a pretty thoroughly inferior male to not get any chance at the female in estrus. So you, the omega male, sit on the sidelines and jerk off while the superior males have their go.
>
> Further, females make more noise when having sex with alpha males. Porn females shriek their heads off,

> further reinforcing how the males are higher status than you.
>
> Being subordinate status feminizes you. Want to be weak and gay? Watch porn.
>
> Tagging in Heartiste because this is up his alley.

S.K. is closer to identifying the true banefulness of porn addiction. These hypotheses above (among others I've come across) are all valid explanations for the potentially deleterious effects of long-term porn viewing, but subordinate to the central pathology of porn: it hijacks the visually oriented arousal mechanism in men to provide a steady yet low dose drip of dopamine, which is just enough to discourage investment in real world courtship.

In short, porn kills real life sex dead.

This is why I predict the sexbot revolution will bring utter destruction to civilization, replacing beta male investment with beta male dopamine imprisonment and massive alpha male harems (with the concomitant male-on-male violence that characterizes rampant polygyny).

A disturbing consequence of my theory, if true (it is), is that Western women might react by inviting hordes of more sexually aggressive swartheners to fill the void in their gines for at least superficially strong and un-gay males. Whatever pap women are menstruating on femcunt wombzines is irrelevant to how women act when the rubber hits the ho, and how they act is unmistakable: they will get their aggressive alpha male courtship from whichever source pool of men is willing to provide it.

So porn might be one major pathway leading to the nexus of our open borders disease.

Newspeak Translator writes,

> The trend seems to be reversing somewhat. There was a thread on twatter a few days ago- apparently X-videos has seen a pretty significant drop in traffic recently. The K-ifying political environment has people too paranoid to be horny. Disgust reflexes are comin' back in style, baby!

An antibiotic resistant sexually transmitted disease that results in rotted out genitals, blindness, and early death is a surefire *diabolus ex machina* that would elevate the disgust reflex back to the top of the pantheon of moral judgements.

This won't necessarily contradict Newspeak's claim, but what I've read is that there's been a rise (heh) in porn searches for lesbian sex and hentai. Make of that what you will. (I will: it's yet another indicator of rapid mass infantilization and retreat from intimacy.)

S.K. again,

> Lesbian porn, and, I speculate, hentai, don't feature superior men copulating.
> I postulate that males are unconsciously recognizing the feminizing effects on themselves. We have a strong ability to associate behavior with reward and punishment across time – future time preference, if that is the correct term.
> Hell, my son, only 16, thinks porn is weird and stupid. I pointed out that maybe the reason people like tranny porn is because you can verify that the "female" is aroused; he laughed, "What, OH OH OH OH BABY doesn't convince you?"

I'm no expert on hentai, but what I know of it is that it features exaggerated genitalia like oversized breasts, enormous cocks, tiny narrow waists, and gushers of jizz, (tentacles optional). I'm not sure that makes it anything like an "escape" from the feminizing effects of real human porn with superior men copulating. It does make it an escape from porn that is "too real" for modren men to consume without feeling like losers.

***

From Deter Naturalist,

> *"It's any wonder many weak people escape into movies and video games and as well as the topic of this post: porn."*
>
> And opioid drugs. Opium's main effect is to make you simply not care…and when your life sucks bad, but you're not quite ready to off yourself, a pill that makes leaves the pain but makes you not GAF about it…is attractive. And if it's a hot-lot with too much fentanyl added by the basement chemist, you just drift off to sleep…and stop breathing.
>
> The opioid "crisis" is a direct result of the war on whites, and falls on those whites who often are far worse off than any ghetto-rat. When you take from W to give to B, the W who don't have anything but their life to give are stripped of that, too.

The opioid crisis is the fruit of the Anti-White Agenda. I pray for a better world to come soon, when the people responsible for both are made to answer for their crimes against Heritage America.

The Reward Of Giving Women What They Want

CH · 16 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Is there no greater ingrate than the White Woman? You give her the world, and she agitates for your extermination. There's a Game lesson there.

ps totally OT, but I had to pass along a pretty good defense of tipping, from a commenter who wrote that in a multiracial dystopia like Post-America tipping serves the purpose of allowing White patrons to distinguish themselves from black patrons (who are known to be allergic to tipping).

pps from PA,

> How much of it is alpha-baiting — as in, they want the tall blond Chads from an 80s jocks vs nerds movie to take 'em away?
>
> No woman dreams of a hippie ravaging her, as goes the saying. Also no woman dreams of being leered-at by beaners, raped by a black ape, or beaten by a filthy brown muzzie.

If my theory that Western White men are becoming more beta is true, then alpha male baiting would make perfect sense from the woman's perspective. The aggrocunt man-hate could be viewed as an intimidation tactic to cow the hordes of sniveling betas, and as an incitement to action directed at the alpha males who won't put up with her shit (and happily rescuing her vagina from a parched desert of Zero Dark Tingle).

ppps tangentially on-topic: FeedBuzz unwittingly exposes the benefits of living in a high trust White Nordic nation. Number 12 could not exist outside of a Northern White nation. All those comforts would be swiped in under fifteen minutes.

Newspeak nails it,

> It's amazing that Aryan Nation Taint Licking is still a hobby of the denialist left. I suppose they get around it

> by mistaking socialism as the cause rather than the effect, enabling them to perceive the pleasant sensate reality of white civilization without triggering their ideological cogdis.

ppppps “White girl learns to virtue signal”, *oil on canvas*:

From key,

> There are no bad demon dogs, only bad owners.

pppppps the essence of cuckservatism:

There really should be more Planet of the Apes memes. An untapped resource.

pms Faceborg NPCs blurred the presidential Seal on Trump videos. In the bottom left pic, they went full petty

dorkwad and airbrushed out the Seal entirely. (h/t BigGayKoranBurning Steve)

Related, lizardface cuckersperg was apparently triggered so hard by candidate Trump's call for a ban on moslem immigration that he cried in the arms of sheryl sandberg and asked if Trump violated Facecock's TOS. The Visitor wanted to ban Trump's account.

Lift Weights, Cut Carbs, Intermittently Fast

CH · 17 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The verdict is in: all the dietary, exercise, and longevity science is converging on a holistic lifestyle recommendation for health, vigor, and anti-aging youthfulness.

Lift weights

"Weight lifting better for heart health than running"

> Scientists looking at the health records of more than 4,000 people have concluded that, while both forms of exercise reduce the risk of developing heart disease, static activities such as weight lifting or press-ups have a greater effect than an equivalent amount of dynamic exercise such as running, walking or cycling.
>
> The research challenges commonly held assumption that so-called "cardiovascular" pursuits like running are of greatest benefit to the heart.
>
> However, it backs up previous studies which suggest that heavy static exercise gives the circulatory system a better workout because the oxygen expenditure is more intense.

Replace Carbs with Fat

"How a Low-Carb Diet Might Help You Maintain a Healthy Weight"

> Adults who cut carbohydrates from their diets and replaced them with fat sharply increased their metabolisms.
>
> …a large new study published on Wednesday in the journal BMJ challenges the conventional wisdom. It found that overweight adults who cut carbohydrates from their diets and replaced them with fat sharply increased their metabolisms. After five months on the diet, their bodies burned roughly 250 calories more per day than people who ate a high-carb, low-fat diet, suggesting that restricting carb intake could help people maintain their weight loss more easily.

Fast at least 16 hours each day, or 20-24 hours twice per week

"Can the science of autophagy boost your health?"

> …fasting does stimulate autophagy [ed: cell cleaning], he said, and its benefits had also been proven by other studies.
>
> Autophagy was first discovered in the 1960s, but its fundamental importance was only recognised after Yoshinori Ohsumi's research in the 1990s.
>
> "What we've discovered is that it protects against diseases like Parkinson's, Huntington's and certain forms of dementia," said Dr Rubinsztein.
>
> "It also seems to be beneficial in the context of infection control, as well as protecting against excessive inflammation."

Let's count off the limpwrists and soylibs BTFO by this information.

Blotchy-skinned vegetarians: your pasta and cereal filler food negates any healthful impact from eating leafy greens. Judgment rendered: BTFO

Skinnyfat marathon runners: Your heart health, and not to mention your aesthetics, would be better if you hit the weight room instead of the pavement. Judgment rendered: BTFO

Big Pharma: We don't need your drugs. All we need is to intermittently push away from the table. Judgment

rendered: BTFO

It's Mangan's world, we're just living in it.

PS Steve Sailer on the latest diet study.

PPS This is interesting, and funny: "What a week of groceries looks like around the world". I see a lot of crappy packaged foods in the US and UK, and fresh fruits and veggies everywhere else. Mongolians are big meat eaters. Mexifats love soda. Germans love beer. Italians love bread. And those aren't Canadians. Or Australians. (And is it really that difficult to find a White family in America?)

PPPS Rogue Health & Fitness is a great website for quickly getting up to speed on the latest science in health and longevity. Mangan to his credit has been on top of this stuff for a while, and the legacy media is only now catching up. The proof is in the photo. Check the front page for a pic of Mangan. This post is particularly interesting — The Rise and Fall of Heart Attacks — because it explores reasons why the US heart attack rate peaked in 1970 and dropped precipitously by 2010 to levels not seen since 1910 (a trend most people are unaware of).

> Dr. David Grimes wrote: "Few people are aware that coronary heart disease (CHD) has been an epidemic of the latter half of the 20th century. It is now almost over." […]
>
> Three Factors: Cigarettes, Hydrogenated Seed Oils, and Sugar
>
> To see what factors may have caused the rise in heart disease, we should ask what factors were low to non-existent in 1900, and that are known to cause heart disease, which then increased in the course of the century.
>
> ***
>
> Annual per capita cigarette consumption in the U.S. in 1900 was 54 cigarettes. (Source.) Machine-manufacturing caused the price of cigarettes to drop, and per capita consumption rose dramatically to over 4000 by 1965, and currently stands at about 1000. Less than 5% of Americans smoked cigarettes in 1900, while 42% were smokers in 1965. […]
>
> The culprit is not nicotine, but the chemical stew of thousands of toxic chemicals that forms when tobacco is ignited.
>
> ***
>
> Besides hydrogenated seed oils, regular liquid seed oil use became commonplace in the 20th century. Soybean oil use per capita rose more than 1000-fold from 1900 to 1999. Use of vegetable (seed) oils raises the risk of heart disease.
>
> ***
>
> Sugar consumption rose greatly in the 20th century. Sugar is associated with coronary heart disease.
>
> My candidates for the cause of its rise are cigarettes, seed oils, and sugar.
>
> Meat didn't have anything to do with it.

What's notable is that the decline in deaths from heart attacks which began around 1970 coincided with the *increase* in obesity. Cigarettes suppress appetite, so the decline in smoking may have promoted a rise in the obesity rate. Sugar consumption has continued to increase right up until the present, so that likely played a role in the obesity pandemic as well. And finally, SOY. Soybean oil consumption really took off about the same time as the obesity crisis.

Why weren't there many fat Americans in the early part of the 20th Century? Smoking was almost nonexistent then, so appetite suppression caused by cigarette use can't explain it. Hydrogenated seed oil wasn't introduced until 1911, so that seems a likelier cause of the increase in overweight Americans as mid-century approached. Sugar consumption has been rising since 1840 but really took off after 1880. That could be a culprit. But my guess is that Americans were thinner a hundred years ago because we a.) didn't eat as much b.) moved our bodies a lot more c.)

ate good fats and unrefined, high fiber carbs and d.) weren't drinking water teeming with endocrine disruptors.

PPPPS Here is a map showing the geographic outlines of a future New America:

Off-topic? Only if you're a small picture pleb.

Closure Is Beta

CH · 19 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a classic rumination, written in 2013, by LaidNYC, one of the original PUAs who made his name during the Mystery/Tyler Durden era if I'm not mistaken. (All those memories lost in time…like jizz in thots.)

> Closure Is Bullshit
>
> As a man, you don't need closure.
>
> A girl either wants to fuck you or she doesn't. A long, emotional conversation will not change this fact.
>
> Girls, however, need to put a man they are dumping into a desexualized box and wrap a pretty bow of closure around it. By participating in the closure process you are helping her tie the bow around your desexualized fate.
>
> If a girl breaks up with you:
> Do not talk about your feelings
> Do not talk about her feelings
> Do not argue with her reasons
>
> Just accept it and grieve on your own time.
>
> This is hard.
>
> Why?
>
> Because a woman will never give her ACTUAL reasons for breaking up with you. She will only give you society-approved bullshit that makes her look innocent.
>
> She will never say "you didn't fuck me good enough" or "you're too nice and not exciting" or "no other girl I know wants to fuck you so something must be wrong with you".
>
> She will say "I'm really busy with school and work and don't have time for a relationship now" or "you're great but I"m not ready for anything serious" or "I care about you as a friend".
>
> Sometimes the reasons she give will be SO false, such obvious flowery bullshit, that you will feel a deep burning need to set her straight, to correct her misunderstanding.
>
> Don't.
>
> You can't logic a woman.
>
> You can say "okay", walk away with a smirk and never contact her again.
>
> Being robbed of emotionally dripping closure, she'll always feel a little incomplete.
> Why didn't he fight harder for me?
> Did I really not get to his emotions?
> Am I not as desirable to him as I thought?
> Is he more desirable than I thought?
>
> Girls have egos. They WANT to know you're emotional about her breaking up with you. It validates her. So don't do it.
>
> You want a girl dumping you to question her reasons, not verify them.
>
> When a girl dumps you, you want to be able to look back on how your handled it with pride.
>
> When you give a girl closure, you give her your pride.

Most Game wisdom is timeless. It will hardly change in substance over succeeding generations. What I write here isn't much different than what great men from the past wrote about women, romance, and the nature of the sexes.

The packaging may change but the tick, tock remains the same.

LaidNYC's advice is similar to Chateau advice: when a relationship ends, be the one for whom closure means an opening to seduce and love new women.

Our Revolting Elite

CH · 19 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The most dispiriting aspect of modrenity is how revoltingly ugly and psychologically weak our putative "elites" are. We've pulled back the curtain expecting to see a worthy enemy….and we get matt yglesias, brian stelter, peter strzok, lisa page, james comey, harvey weinstein *ad infinitum*.

That's more humiliating than anything else, to know that all this time we have vested power in an archipelago of misfit freaks.

From DEUS VULT,

Imagine this fucking goblina brainlet telling you that a famous historical figure who fought for your independence was just some "angry white guy".

We need a reconquista of the Western world to drive out all foreigners at the point of the sword

She's gumming up the works.

The above creature is just one monster belched forth by Globohomo to demoralize Sexually Dimorphic America. There are many more like her, all of them gumming up the works with their uselessness, malice, pettiness, and lies.

From readers,

> Our enemies are NOT extraordinary in any way. They are not "elite" in any meaningful sense. It should be understood that they CAN be defeated.
>
> ***
>
> freaks are reliable employees, they'll shaft customers with a smile and suck corporate cock with full enthusiasm because they know they don't fit anywhere else.
>
> ***
>
> Degenerates are easy to blackmail

Our revolting elites are no one to fear, to envy, or to bow and scrape before. We have exposed them for the

grotesqueries they are, stripped them of their mystique, and mocked the idea that they can instill any kind of deference. Yea, by their phyzzes and passive-aggression ye shall know them: pathetic creatures of the sewerworld, fit only for ridicule and disgust.

***

Modrenity is a deliberate misspelling, meant to evoke the requisite dystopian connotation that the word now carries.

MAGAmerica

CH · 19 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Kids standing on side of the road in California holding an American flag as President Trump's motorcade drives through Chico, Ca.

This is an instantly iconic photo, imo. Fires ravage central California, where remnants of Heritage America live, a White family breathing through face masks stands roadside to greet the only champion they've had in their lives, the American flag is held aloft but has descended a bit down its staff, and they are huddled for warmth as father proudly takes a photo of Trump's motorcade.

I wonder if Trump realizes his significance as a vessel for Real America's aspirations and longings, and if that realization is enough to remind him what he promised "the forgotten Americans"? If he truly grasped his meaning to blood and soil Americans, would he be stronger against the undertow of cucks and globalists pulling him back into the neoliberalism slipstream? He has no friends in the Capital. His true friends stumble over scorched earth, wheezing through hospital masks darkened by soot, to welcome the promise of him.

He should learn this if he hasn't already, and know that negotiating toward a middle ground and making friends of Globohomo scum is not his way forward. The way forward for him is gripping the hilt of a sword and driving the enemies of Heritage America off the battlefield.

***

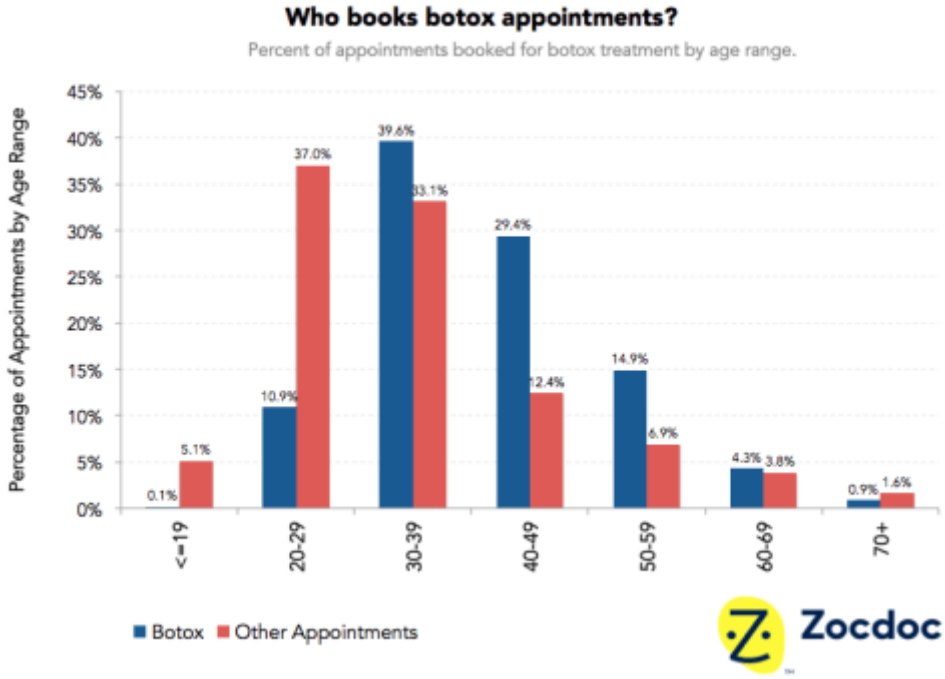
On a lighter note, Mark Cuckersperg really does have the eyes of a reptile.

Mark Zuckerberg always looks like the guy in a zombie movie who's been bitten but is trying to keep it a secret from everyone.

The Wall, Visualized Through Botox Appointments

CH · 19 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sure we all woke up this morning hoping to see a visualization of the Original Wall through the lens of botox appointments. Your prayers are answered:



Botox is a neurotoxin produced from the most acutely lethal bacterium known, Botulinim, and it has the effect of paralyzing and relaxing muscle cells. For this reason, it is used in the cosmetic treatment of age-related wrinkling. Results are temporary and fresh injections must be administered every three to four months to maintain the waxy rictus of Fake Youth.

Scheduled botox appointments can therefore be interpreted as warning flares of looming Wall impact (aka sexual worthlessness).

Women are 92% of cosmetic procedure patients, so we can safely assume the above chart primarily reflects the anxieties and priorities of women.

The chart above reveals that for most women concerned about the first conspicuous signs of aging of the face, interest in botox intervention skyrockets between the ages of 30 and 39. Interest remains high through the 40s, then tapers off in the 50s and beyond.

From this, we can conclude women are aware of their impending hit with the Wall, and that this hit will take place sometime in the mid 30s, on average. Once first contact with the Wall is established, women spend the next ten to twenty years in a tragic denial of the Wall's wake of destruction, going for monthly and then weekly "touch-ups" and draping velvet over all the mirrors in their homes to delude themselves of their sexual invisibility.

Once a woman hits her 50s (never in stride), she gives up on the dream and lets nature take her course (abject defilement of the body by soulless biomechanical forces). Self-delusion is therefore strongest during and around the time of Wall impact, when memories of the dew-dappled rose she once was can still be seen in the rearview mirror, to cruelly suffuse a woman with ill-bethotten hope.

But the very act of making the botox appointment is, on the deepest level where even the hamster dare not spin, awareness by an aging late 20-something beauty that her salad tossing years were in the neighborhood of 15-22,

regardless of statutory laws implying the contrary.

Most depressingly, women as young as their 20s will feel the first sting of Wall anxiety. The rose is still fertile, but a petal or two has fluttered to the ground, and the chyron song of botox calls to them at this early age. It is at this age we see “Other Appointments” at its highest rate, which likely includes such noteworthy SMV boosters as nose jobs, tit jobs, and acne peels — the cosmetic procedures of ugliness-concealment rather than age-defiance.

***

Nicole Kidman has had a lot of work done. (h/t Corinth Arkadin)

Does this look like Nicole Kidman, or like the sexbot version of Nicole Kidman?

Humanity Status: Imperceptible
Lady Status: Desperate leg-spreading aging ho
SMV Status: Altered and airbrushed

Crisis And Observation: Readers Respond

CH · 20 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Commenters had plenty of solid suggestions for a reader who wanted to know what to do when a grown ass woman wedges her jerk ex-boyfriend into the conversation. (From PBR Streetbang: "At 25, it's a sympathy play – at 35, it's baggage.")

Reader LOL had the best idea, and one I would personally use on a broad trying to rattle me with a sneaky non sequitur about her asshole ex.

> This was an interesting one.
> It's easy to feel discouraged when they start talking about an old flame, but
> i've found that if she's speaking longingly or forlornly then she's projecting those past feelings onto you….in which case, you're probably in her by evening's end.
>
> If she's trying to bait you, then as CH says, return frame as quickly as possible to you…
> her: "what an asshole…blah blah blah"
> you (smiling): "if it makes you feel any better all my exes hate me too"
>
> In one sentence, you basically sidestep her bait, return frame back to you, and as an extra little bonus qualify yourself with the "all my exes" abundance bit. It also shows ZFG aloofness as you're not afraid to admit you're an asshole. Finally, it will allow her to project those bitter sweet feel feelz she has of her ex onto you.

Every point LOL makes is true: that line expertly reframes her shit test/beta bait, gilds you with the aura of amused mastery that chicks love, slyly implies you are preselected by women (and hot women, who are the kind of women most drawn to hate-worthy badboys), and most importantly casts you as the kind of jerk she has a history of falling for over and over. Now all those tingles the jerk ex inspires in her find a new conduit through you.

That line also CUTS HER ENTRAPMENT NON SEQUITUR OFF AT THE KNEES. She has three choices: bang on about her ex (which will sound defensive, and which you can mock), drop the subject, or inquire about your past (which allows you to DHV to the high heavens). If she opts for the third option, congratulate yourself, because you have just flipped the courtship script so thoroughly that you may as well start unzipping your pants.

***

This suggested reply from LB is comedy gold:

> Her: "I once dated this guy from Montreal and… "
>
> You: (interrupting) "Congratulations on your upgrade."

Assume the sale.

***

Felix Krull,

> I like the illustration. The girl is being hit on by a brown guy, does the WP-thing with her left hand.

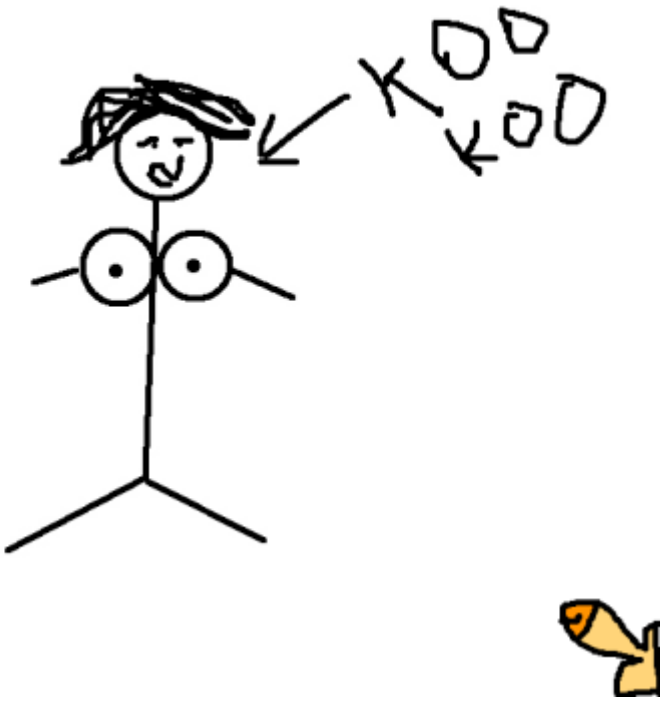
LMAO

***

From Hermes,

> Maybe assume the sale on the therapy angle and give her a mock accent, pretending to be Freud.”uhuh, uhuh, and how does zis make you feel”. Look over pretend glasses, scribble on imaginary notebook. Really sell that she’s fishing for sympathy and you’re not buying it.

This would be laborious for lesser men and terseboys, but those of us with a taste for flair and the heart of a showman can appreciate the improvisational skill needed to pull this off (and more importantly, to know when to end the skit on a high note). If you are creative and enjoy extended play flirty banter, then Hermes’ suggestion is perfect. Even better, if you have a real notepad and pen on you, use it to draw a cartoonish stick figure of the girl as you’re pretending to jot down your therapist notes.



Old school PUAs used to suggest bringing along props for just such occasions. Be wary of “forcing” the props into

a conversation (that will seem try-hard and clumsy), but pounce when the opportunity presents; if she asks why you happen to have a notepad on you, tell her you’re an aspiring novelist and need to be prepared any time inspiration strikes.

What Happens When You Force A Female To Live Among Beta Males

CH · 20 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> [T]he killing of the male lion by the mother of his cubs at the Indianapolis Zoo on Monday, Oct. 15, has him perplexed.
>
> "The attack that occurred took everyone by surprise; it surprised me," he said. "I've never heard of a female attacking a male."
>
> He said there have been observations of groups of females attacking strange males if they are seen as a threat, but the females generally just wound and chase away the males, not kill them.
>
> "Extreme aggression of females to males is definitely unique," he said.
>
> The incident occurred before the zoo opened to the public, when zoo workers saw lioness Zuri acting aggressive to 10-year old Nyack. They attempted to separate the pair, but Zuri held Nyack down by the neck until he suffocated to death. […]
>
> Packer said Indianapolis Zoo President Rob Shumaker called him to discuss the incident, and he was told that Zuri was almost the same size as Nyack. **Packer thinks it might have happened because she was domineering over him, and called this an "odd combination" because lionesses are generally submissive to male lions.**
>
> "If it's a question of who feeds from a carcass first, the female is annoyed with the male, but she has to defer," Packer said.
>
> **The way that Zuri killed Nyack was also quite vicious, according to Packer.**
>
> "That's the way they kill their prey," he said. "The fact that it's such a lethal thing, right at this throat, again that's surprising. When (lions) usually go after each other, they are happy to just wound each other."
>
> **"All of these animals are unpredictable moment to moment," he said. "The main lesson here is…that it's something that can happen. If you have that combination of an aggressive female and submissive male, it might not be the ideal configuration."**

Inverted sexual polarity for the loss.

From the commenter who passed along this story,

> All females, at least all mammalian females, despise weak males and will even kill them.

There's a lesson there as it regards our hysterical, nation-wrecking single White women.

Women despise the gimp hand.

Women crave the pimp hand.

If women have only gimp hands to caress them, they will revolt, either directly through confrontation and attack, or indirectly by welcoming pimp hands from afar to come invade their undefended homeland and cast the gimp hands to the icy wastelands.

Will Finland Be The Next Based Nation To Revolt Against Globohomo?

CH · 20 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A fantastic comment from Make, about the current state of Finland politics (and why a "Western Warsaw Pact" is at present inconceivable to native Finns with long memories of the Winter War):

> Greetings from Finland, Mr. Heartiste.
>
> I've been reading American dissident blogs, including this one, for several years in order to understand, what's going on at that side of the Atlantic. Mainstream media in Western European countries are simply mindlessly parroting whatever nonsense New York Times and CNN come up with, so they are utterly useless in this regard. While these dissidents often offer useful insights, many of them seem to be too quick to jump to conclusions, especially concerning what's happening in Europe. (To be fair, most Europeans don't have a very nuanced understanding of America either.)
>
> For example, in Finland the Winter War and stopping the Soviet grand offensive in the summer of 1944 are still among the most fundamental building blocks of national identity. Even nowadays, when there aren't many veterans alive anymore, this David and Goliath story has a significant emotional appeal for most people. We also still have universal conscription, and it's pretty fucking clear for everyone serving in the army that we aren't afraid of Norwegians invading our country. So the idea of Russian threat is still something pretty tangible for most Finns, and the idea that they could see Russia as any sort of ally is just downright absurd. Sure, we can pragmatically cooperate with them when it's useful for both sides, but Russia will nevertheless be seen primarily as a threat for decades if not for centuries to come, and in countries which actually had to live under the Soviet occupation this feeling is probably even stronger. And the whole Ukrainian mess sure as hell didn't make anyone feel less suspicious of the Russkies.
>
> Now, judging by your reply to a comment above you seem to understand this, but I don't know where did you get the idea that Finland is among the countries currently fighting against the "Globohomo". The reality is quite the opposite. Like during the Cold War when Finland had to balance between the Eastern and Western blocs, its situation is again quite unique. In most Western European countries both the cultural marxist undermining of the foundations of society and the population replacement began already in the 60s and 70s, whereas in the former Eastern bloc countries both developments were stopped before they even seriously got underway. In Finland both really started only in the 90s, so while Finland is currently following the same path as rest of the Western Europe, we are few decades behind them, and that may very well end up saving us from the most disastrous consequences of this globalist ideology.
>
> Our current political establishment is full of shitlibs and cuckservatives, to use the American terms, who are hellbent on following every whim of the Brussel's Politbyro, but as I explained above there is still a healthy sense of patriotism among the hoi polloi, and most people are opposed to the mass immigration from shithole countries. Unfortunately, for most people immigration is not the most urgent question when they go to the voting booth, since the number of immigrants is still relatively small compared to Western European countries. Merkel's insane decision to open the floodgates three years ago did wake up many people (including me) and made them realize that mass immigration from the third world is not just an idiotic policy but an existential threat, but not enough people.
>
> So when it comes to cultural marxist indoctrination and levels of third world immigration, in the 80s Finland was basically where Poland is today (both were close to nonexistent). However today Finland is pretty much where Sweden was in the 90s. Both are starting to have serious consequences, but we are still in a position, where we can stop this lunacy before it destroys the whole country.
>
> Fortunately, both the domestic political situation in Finland and the international environment today are very

> different compared to Sweden in the 90s. In the 90s the globalist ideology achieved a hegemonic position all over the West, and in those halcyon days the shitlibs and cuckservatives triumphantly assumed that there was no alternative to their worldview. Now their ideology is as moribund as Soviet communism under Brezhnev, and they are in full panic mode because of the rising tide of nationalism. This of course helps nationalist politicians here in Finland, and thanks to the internet, more and more people are seeing what a disaster mass immigration has been in Western Europe, whereas in the 90s the main stream media would have been able to sweep most of that information under the carpet.
>
> And unlike in Sweden few decades ago, there is also already a viable alternative to the establishment in the form of the Finns party. They started as an all round populist party attacking especially the EU and the general unimaginative blandness of the consensus politics of the establishment parties, but immigration critics also joined the party and used it as a vehicle to make immigration a part of the political discussion. Under the leadership of Timo Soini the party managed to win about 19 % of the votes in the elections of 2011 and about 18 % in 2015, which thoroughly shocked the establishment parties and the main stream media.
>
> However, there was always a tension between those loyal to Soini, who is really just a common snake oil salesman, and the immigration critics in the party. After the 2015 elections the Finns party became part of the government, and when the “asylum seekers”, who had traveled through the whole Europe, started pouring into Finland from Sweden in the autumn, the party was in a position to demand the government to close the border and let the Swedes enjoy all that cultural enrichment. But Soini did nothing, because he was too afraid to lose his comfy post as the foreign minister, and so 30 000 Muslim invaders simply marched into the country, most of whom are still mooching here. After this betrayal the support of the party collapsed, and it was clear to everyone, that Soini was nothing but an opportunistic piece of shit. In the 2017 Party convention leader of the immigration critics, Jussi Halla-aho, was chosen as the chairman of the party, which led supporters of Soini to leave the party and found their own. This earned Soini the nickname Judas Soini.
>
> While this farce was hardly good publicity for the party, in the long run it was a good thing, because the spineless traitors are now out of the way, and under the new leadership the party has now a clear direction and stopping immigration is their most important goal. According to the polls the support of the party after the split has been steadily around 8–9 %. This is the hard core of the supporters, who think immigration is the most important political question of the day, but the party has potential to gain much more support. Halla-aho is a very intelligent and principled guy who started his political career as a blogger and is known for his sardonic mockery of the multiculturalist ideology. He is really the first internet age politician in the country. He has of course been dragged through the mud in the media for years and called every possible -ist and -phobe, so he has grown a very thick skin and definitely won’t cuck like Soini. However repairing the reputation of the party after all that’s happened during the last few years will take some time. There are elections next spring, and I would guess they are going to get something between 10–15 % of the votes. Not enough to change the course of the country, but enough to be a constant thorn in the side of the establishment. If the party doesn’t screw up, I think in 2023 there’s a real chance that Halla-aho will be the prime minister or at least the interior minister, and if that happens, then you can really count Finland among the based countries that oppose the evil schemes of the globalist cabal.
>
> And given the principal subject matter of this blog, I think it’s appropriate to mention that while Halla-aho looks like a pencil necked nerd, he has four kids with his wife and one with his former concubine, so the guy is a real alpha in disguise. I guess razor sharp intelligence can supplant the missing muscle mass.

Look first for the peripheral Hajnal nations like Finland and, maybe, Norway to push hard against Globohomo. Sweden is a lost cause unless the pain of vibrancy gets so great that they execute a 180 and the consensus breaks to kicking out the foreigners. When that happens, IKEA will be renamed to VIKEA.

I don’t trust Russians, either (Russians don’t even trust each other), but I will welcome an alliance of expedience if it helps crush Open Borders Gaymulatto Yglesiasan Neoliberalism (OB/GYN).

PS A story about a Finnchick in America.

The Great Men On The Wall

CH · 20 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Excerpt from John D. MacDonald's 1966 mystery novel, *The Last One Left* (h/t Burton):

> _[She] was one of the great broads, years past the peak of it, but hanging in there so well, you had to marvel at what it had to be costing her in time and effort to keep the illusion of youth. Not only the masks and packs, and the oils and skin foods and lotions and the careful measuring of sun to keep that flawless brown gold of the expensive tennis-club tan, but on top of that, the daily measurements of every dimension to the quarter part of an inch, followed by exercises that would exhaust a stevedore. Then, once you had the pretty machine all assembled, you had to imitate the unconscious tricks of youth, no matter how tired the flesh. You had to walk pert, more trimly and quickly, smile saucy, exaggerate all expressions and all gestures, move the head quickly, and run the voice up and down as many notes of the scale as you could handle._
>
> _But, baby, the years are written on the backs of your hands, in bulged veins and thickened knucklebones, and written in the horizontal lines across your throat and in the little striated patterns on the slightly puffed flesh under the eyes._"

Christine Ballcutter-Fraud must have been fighting the advance of the Wall during her Fake Testimony. It's disconcerting to see an older woman who hasn't aged well at all hit every note on the valley girl register in a transparently lame effort to sound like a vulnerable teen girl. Shitlibs, naturally, fell for it.

***

Bonus quote, this one credited to Hemingway, although I haven't been able to confirm the source:

> You could never remember the exact moment she was in love with you – but you knew the instant she wasn't.

All to true for so many men, but for the few who have earned their stripes, the moment a woman falls in love with you is detectable when she inconveniences herself for your favor. (More romantically, it's the moment her eyes do the talking.)

PS In case I hadn't mentioned it before, the Hemingway short story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" is an absolute must-read for any student of the crimson pill. Hemingway knew the truth of female hypergamy and its attendant vindictiveness toward beta males who dare to rise above their station.

Ukraine Is Wench

CH · 21 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A reader had passed along a quick story about his time with a Ukrainian chick, and it was too funny to keep buried in the Chateau vault.

> This is a Ukrainian girl who had a notch count of 1 when she left Kiev and she stayed in San Francisco over the summer and fucked 13 different guys and sexted dozens more. The American culture turned her into a mega slut. I found this on her profile page, and I don't know if this was done intentionally, but it clearly shows she likes to ride the cock carousel!

Would maul.

Reminds me of another mega slut…

Best thing about this pic is the cougar in the back chasing after the escaping cock.

What the reader says about American culture corrupting foreign foxes is true. Something happens to these lithe ludmilas once they land on US soil that immediately weaponizes their hypergamy and turns them from tradwives in flower necklaces flouncing through spring meadows into thots with a taste for anal play.

It could be a selection effect: foreign femmes who leave their family behind for a few extra shekels are the kind to be ruthlessly pragmatic about cock-laddering their way to an American alpha male who will pay for their leopard-print lifestyle. Plus, once these girls are out from under the patriarchal oversight of their steely-eyed native men, they go crazy exploiting the naive soyium in America.

And maybe we have to concede that American culture is rotten, and corrupt, and dismally dehumanizing, capable of pushing psychologically fragile but still relatively chaste foreign girls to the slut side.

Your Daily Cortez

CH · 21 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> I never had a problem showin' y'all the real me/
> Hair when it's messed up, crib when it's filthy/
> Way-before-the-deal me, work-to-pay-the-bills me/
> 'Fore I fixed my teeth, man, those comments used to kill me/
> But never did I change, never been ashamed/
>
> — Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (@Ocasio2018) November 20, 2018

Your 116th Congoress, ladies and gentlemen.

Occasional-Cortex had her teeth fixed. I wonder if that was before or after this pic:

Would you risk the hummer?

I'm becoming a fan of Occasional-Cortex. She's hurling queztlcoatl cocktails at the Dem leadership and pushing the entire party to embrace hardcore socialism and brownism. She's juuuust smart enough to sense the moment is turning against White Americans, and juuuuust stupid enough to not have a filter on her aggro anti-White drain-the-coffers gibs-eology. What this broad can do for MAGA (either under Trump's guidance or under a post-Trump heir) is flush with possibility. Once she's destroyed the Dems as a vehicle for the needs of blue collar Whites (leaving behind a rump of post-grad, insulated SWPLs) — with a little helping push from devious maul-righters —

we can crush her credibility by pointing out she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth (which she was).

Personally, I'm even fond of the idea of a President Occasional-Cortex. Battlefield clarity, and all that.

*h/t SteveRogers42 for the post title.

Your Daily Game: The Phony Disqualification

CH · 22 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From reader WHITE MALE,

> OT, besides helping me make more white kids:

The term of art is BUNZ => OVEN.

> What does it mean if a girl disqualifies you to herself, e.g. “I would never date a guy who again?” She is otherwise very obviously into me (I have not fucked her and am not going to; we’re both Christian).

Christians make looooooooove.

(also, the syntax of the quoted part of your sentence is garbled, but we get the gist of it)

> I ignored it when she said it and it sounds like meaningless blather to me/wanting to slow down, maybe, but please help me out here. What do I say if she brings it up again?

Please consult the “Deflating the Riotously Judgmental Girl” post for the answers you seek:

> I have a go-to line that I’m ready to share with you. It’s multipurpose, effective at deflating any [Crisis and Observation Girl], no matter how bitchy. A warning: say it with a nonchalant smirk. Not anger. A hint of anger will cause the line to backfire.
>
> GIRL: You’re too [X].
>
> TRUMP’S RECENTLY HIRED PERSONAL ASSISTANT: I didn’t ask for your approval.
>
> A variation on the line, if it suits you: “I don’t remember asking for your approval/opinion.”

The thematic element, not the precise wording, in the above reply is what’s important; in your case, WHITE MALE, I would reply,

GIRL: I would never date a guy who [X].

Beelzebub’s Tower Of Boner: Phew!

Wipe the back of your hand across your brow for added effect.

> Another variation on the same theme:
>
> GIRL: You’re weird.
>
> TRUMP’S RECENTLY FIRED PERSONAL ASSISTANT TO MELANIA: Whatever floats your boat.

The lesson is to avoid a desperate defense of your besmirched honor. Anything that smacks of defensiveness is sure to scatter tingles to the four winds. DO NOT TOOL YOURSELF. That means, NEVER reply to a girl’s shit test by insisting you “aren’t that kind of guy” or “I’m not like that all the time”, etc. If you’ve abased yourself to basically pleading for her approval, you’ve lost the mojo.

You may Assume the Sale. You may Agree&Amplify. But you may not immolate your dignity on the pyre of beta thirst.

Keep those magic words always in mind: Zero. Fucks. Given. And the pussy melt.

Yankee Supremacism

CH · 22 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

it really is true. it's why White shitlibs throw around the term so much. They're airing out the nooks and crannies of their subconscious.

Sanctimony always follows from a feeling of exorbitant self-regard.

The Populism Revolt Revs Up

CH · 23 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Coming not a moment too soon to America, Amazon warehouse workers are set to protest 'inhuman' working conditions in planned demonstrations across Europe on Black Friday.

Hundreds of Amazon employees are working with the British trade union GMB and planning to gather outside five of the website's fulfillment centers on Friday. Meanwhile, in Italy and Spain, a 24-hour strike is planned. […]

GMB spokesman Tim Roache told Business Insider that the workers were not trying to disrupt Black Friday sales, but simply attempting to raise awareness about the *"frankly inhuman"* working conditions. The goal, he said is to *"get Amazon around the table"* for workers' voices to be heard.

People are *"breaking bones, being knocked unconscious, and being taken away in ambulances,"* he said.

The GMB reported last year that ambulances were called to Amazon warehouses in an incredible 600 times in the last three years for incidents including electric shocks, exhaustion, chest pains, major trauma — and on three occasions even pregnancy-related issues. *"At a similar sized supermarket distribution warehouse a few miles away, there were just eight call outs during the same period,"* the GMB said at the time.

The GMB gathered disturbing statements from Amazon employees in advance of the protests.

One pregnant woman reported that she is forced to *"stand 10 hours without a chair"* and told to work hard, despite her superiors knowing she is pregnant. Another described Amazon as *"an awful place to work"* where people *"can't breath or voice an opinion"* and *"feel like a trapped animal with lack of support and respect."*

Biggest losers: Kochs, Bezos, Brin, Cuckersperg, Cook
Biggest winners: nationhood, the 99%, mom and pop stores, flyover country
Status TBD: ethnonationalism, Trump

If Trump is smart (anyone noticing the pattern yet?), he'll get ahead of this populism revolt and lead it, before it gets ahead of him, because the revolution is coming, with or without his leadership.

The Fuggernaut Solution

CH · 23 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Post-America Left is an ideology of spiteful destruction and historical, cultural, and demographic replacement.

> The Left's reimagining of Rockwell truly captures the nature of their ideology as one based on resentment and replacement. Everything that defined America is reversed. It's an ideology of destruction, erasing what existed with its polar opposite.
>
> Islam replaces Christianity. pic.twitter.com/ZGMxEw76QG source

The Left's reimagining of Rockwell truly captures the nature of their ideology as one based on resentment and replacement. Everything that defined America is reversed. It's an ideology of destruction, erasing what existed with its polar opposite.

Islam replaces Christianity. pic.twitter.com/ZGMxEw76QG

[image]

[image]

[image]

— Will Westcott (@westland_will) November 23, 2018

> POC replace whites. Women replace men. pic.twitter.com/NreUQrLV7t
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Gay replaces normal. pic.twitter.com/R43OIREJYF

[image]

[image]

[image]

— Will Westcott (@westland_will) November 23, 2018

Will adds,

> Neoliberalism is Trotsky's permanent revolution. Everything that made America beautiful and prosperous is overthrown and made ugly and degraded. A never ending cycle of destruction.

I call it The Fuggernaut Solution, and it is nothing less than the debasement, erasure, and replacement of Truth & Beauty with Lies & Ugliness. It was always destined to end this way, when the degenerate freak mafia is given power over nations.

***

Related, a mentally ill drag queen (but I repeat myself) admits that his group's agenda is "grooming of the next generation":

> From the horse's mouth: drag queen implores library board to allow him and his homosexual friends to read to children because it allows for the "grooming of the next generation". Source: https://t.co/qBAKTN93Pw pic.twitter.com/SVmXUmTZaI
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) November 22, 2018

Shitlibs target the weakest members of society — women and children — to spread their spiritual virus. Trannies reading pozpaganda to children is an inevitable progression in the Left's war against Intuitive Goodness.

***

More related than you may think: Infamous Trump-hater Bob De Niro was dumped (again) by his big black wife who, unsurprisingly, had been sucking him dry to fund her pet projects. From Theodora,

> Another file in the chapter "Trump Derangement Syndrome (TDS), explained": the miserable personal/ marital life of Robert De Niro, a man bankrupted by a money-grubbing Black woman with whom he had some autistic kids:
>
> http://dlisted.com/2018/11/21/robert-de-niro-and-grace-hightower-have-split-up-after-20-years-of-marriage/
>
> "Sources don't say why they split again, but I'll be the shady one to point back to a story from February 2017, in which Robert allegedly got into a fight with Grace at a bar over her coffee company, Grace Hightower & Coffees of Rwanda. Robert hissed that he wouldn't have to make "shitty movies" if she didn't blow through all his money."
>
> Lolllzzzz

It's a good bet that anyone hysterically anti-Trump has a fucked up personal life.

Is Jack Nicholson the last old school alpha male in Challahwood from De Niro's era? I haven't heard a peep from Jack about politics, which is exceedingly rare in this age of celebrities flapping their gums nonstop about ORANGE MAN BAD. I suspect Jack is an uncucked shitlord, like Mel and Vince.

Idiocracy In The Trump Realignment Era

CH · 23 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I liked this comment from Yeager, about how the prophetic movie *Idiocracy* lines up with the cast of characters from the Trump Realignment Era:

> Esteemed lords of the Chateau,
>
> Idiocracy was mentioned here quite a lot lately. So I rewatched 1st time after 10 years in and would like to share my observations given the current state of affairs.
>
> In short, Idiocracy seemed way deeper than I would have thought 10 years ago. After 2016 elections shitlibs generally did refer to Trump as direct reincarnation of a populist low IQ showman-porn superstar President Camacho. However, this time I couldn't help but notice that Trump is actually way more Not Sure than Camacho.

Not Sure was the average-joe character played by Luke Wilson who time travels to the mystery meat future and discovers he is the only person left with an IQ above room temp.

> See for yourself:
>
> Trump is an unexpected blast from the past Heritage America
> Trump comes to power after another globalist mainstream mulatto fails to deliver
> Trump is breaking all existent conventions of newspeak, which drives future groupthink NPCs mad
> Trump is absolutely hated by the mainstream media ('talks like a fag' to them due to vastly superior IQ)
>
> But one of the most striking discoveries was the role of Brawndo fertilizer which ruins the crops by poisoning the soil. Not Sure simply tells them to switch to water, because that's how it was done in the old times. Ring any bells?
>
> Crops = US economy
> Soil = way of life, culture, etc
> Brawndo = brown globalist 3rd world workforce
> Water = good old whites
>
> Future groupthink: why use Brawndo instead of water? Cause it's got electrolytes (diversity, etc).
>
> Globalist economy (Brawndo) does collapse after switch to water and Not Sure catches some serious flak after that, while population is driven mad by the mainstream media hysteria, and he cheats death only by a very narrow margin. Is that what awaits us in the end?
>
> Movie does end optimistically, country is saved for now, although another story loop is clearly visible: Not Sure marries black ex-whore from the past (IQ<90) and has 3 mulatto kids (clear quality drop), while his imbecile friend (IQ<50) from the future takes several imbecile but pretty wives and has 10+ kids spreading his low IQ on and on again.

Serious question: How can we reverse *Idiocracy*? I see three routes, ranging from possible to plausible:

1. A Farewell to Alms. Recreate the environment of pre-industrial age Britain during which the upper classes had more kids than the lower classes, and over-production of upper class elites meant a long-term refreshing of the lower classes with the genes of upper class scions.
2. Closed borders, mass deportation of illegals and their anchor families, immigration moratorium for at least two generations followed by (if desired) immigration that favors White Europeans.
3. Economic populism which improves the wage prospects in occupations traditionally favored by men, resulting

in the re-institution of the provider beta male as the fulcrum of national greatness.

If Trump is smart, he'll refocus on fulfilling his campaign pledges during the second half of his first term. In practice, this would mean a deliberate effort to put #2 and #3 into policy. If the shitlib judges get in the way, send in the marshals.

The Shrieking Of The Thots

CH · 26 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

And you think if you save a ho, you could make them stop, don't you? You think if a ho loves you, you won't fap alone in the dark ever again to that awful shrieking of the thots.

An old Swiss woman shows soyboys how to properly patrol the thots.

> Reminder that you're never to old to patrol these thots pic.twitter.com/grjvzI4MMz
>
> — Scooby (@scooobee) November 24, 2018

Nice. I waited for the shrieking of the thots, and was not disappointed.

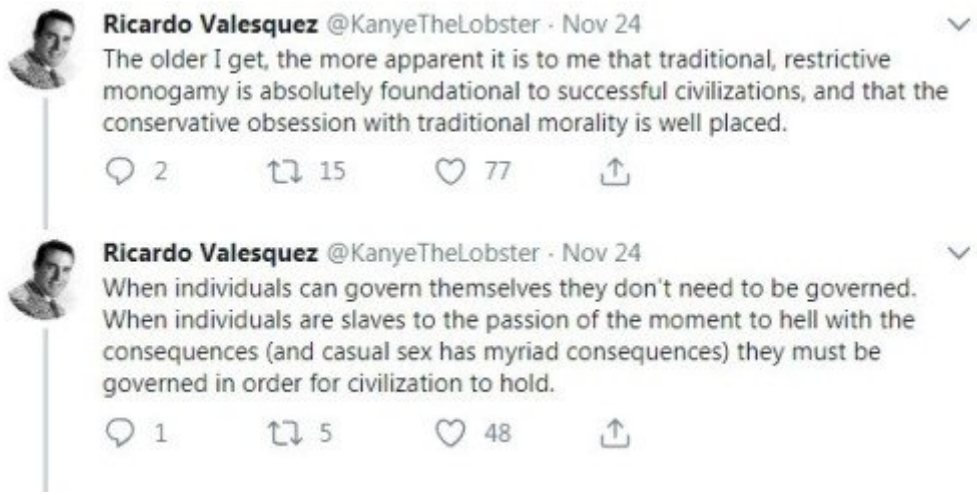
Many "she knows how to handle a hose" jokes in the comments.

The Swiss are surprisingly based for a Hajnal tri-nation. Don't rule them out as players in the coming natpop revolutions.

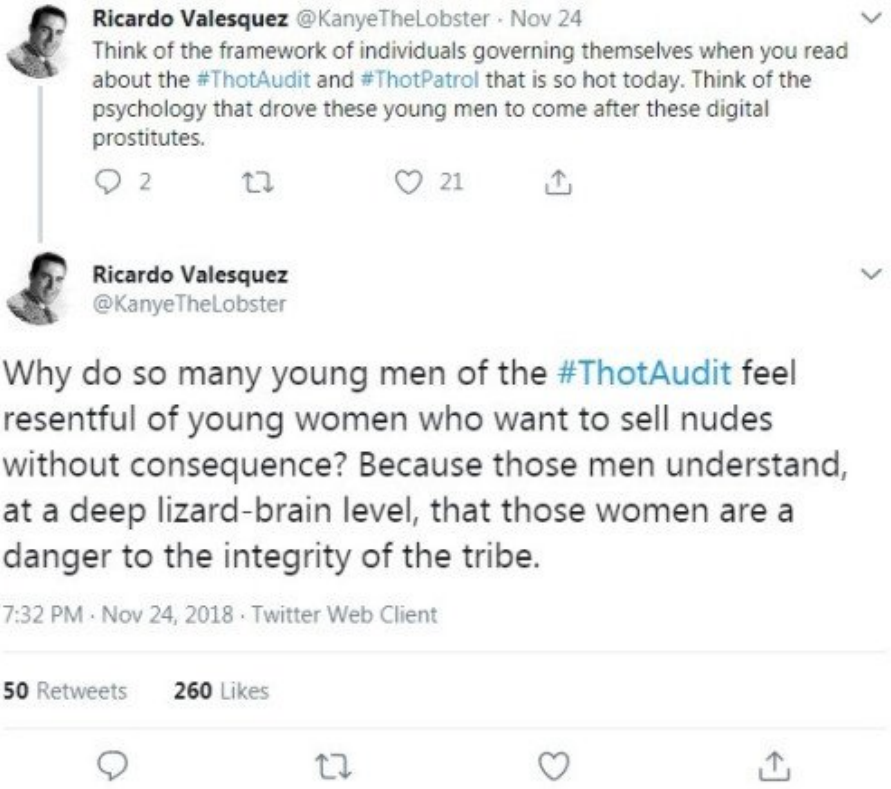
Roosh audits a thot:

lmao. It's a good thing to soak the thots and make them pine for the days when a dependable beta male provider would give them a life of comfort and ease.

Even the libertardians are beginning to see the light and question whether it's a good idea to allow the thots to roam free.



There's an immigration lesson in there.



It's almost like, oh I dunno, a certain blog was discussing this and related topics LONG BEFORE anyone else.

PS Men generally don't rebel against abject thottery if there is an element of sexual egalitarianism from societal oversight. In other words, if the majority of men sexually (read: reproductively) benefit from loosened female sexual mores, then men won't look a gift ho in the mouth. But that's never what happens; loose women who have sexualized themselves are no more giving up the real goods to the mass of mediocre beta males than are more modest women. Thottery undermines civilization through multiple pathways, and one of those is the in-your-face sexual disenfranchisement of beta males that the camwhore lifestyle brings to the fore. Once the initial wave of beta male thirst has receded, a bone-deep feeling of disgust rises in its wake. It's the disgust of knowing that sexually unconstrained women egged on by globalist elites are acid to the social fabric, and that these women toy with the desires of men they will never give the time to in real life.

Possibly there is some resentment, too, that hot women can easily rake in six figures doing nothing but exhibiting their half-naked bodies on social media, while men don't have that option and must instead work a hundred times

harder to make a fraction of what slattern thots have been pulling in tax-free. This is a fundamental reality of biological and psychological sex differences; women may enjoy looking at a fit male physique, but they aren't aroused to fapping themselves sweaty staring at naked men every day. Therefore there isn't a viable market for the male version of thots. This massive economic, social, and sexual discrepancy illuminated in bright screen light and transmitted to billions across the internet ultimately corrupts relations between the sexes with all the downstream attendant effects of that corruption, including cock carouseling, late age marriage, low fertility, single mommery, male suicide, and cat collecting.

PPS This is happening at our southern border right now. The chaimstream media is refusing to cover it. No surprise there.

The media truly are the enemy of the people, and the ally of the rootless globalists.

PPPS Marriage is dying, loneliness is becoming the norm.

> A decline in marriage rates and decrease in sexual activity sounds like big news. It is not, at least to American journalists. But some women have reported it, albeit with a feminist spins. […]
>
> The writers and most of the researchers are women. Men avoid this hot zone, which offers the potential for career death by saying something deemed sexist. The women writers speak of "people" and "teens", but they quote almost exclusively women – and discuss (with exceptions) only women's perspectives.
>
> This blinkered viewpoint goes further. The women, of course, don't consider that these trends might be caused by changes in women's behavior. For example, the number of close relationships between men and women might have declined due to a combination of obesity, careerism (women out of the dating game), and unleashed hypergamy for the remnant who are in the game (as they seek only the top 10% or 20% of men.
>
> Buried deep in Julian's article, an admission by women about one reason there are fewer relationships.
>
> *"I mentioned to several of the people I interviewed for this piece that I'd met my husband in an elevator, in 2001. …I was fascinated by the extent to which this prompted other women to sigh and say that they'd just love to meet someone that way. And yet quite a few of them suggested that if a random guy started talking to them in an elevator, they would be weirded out. 'Creeper! Get away from me,' one woman imagined thinking. 'Anytime we're in silence, we look at our phones," explained her friend, nodding."'* […]
>
> Surveys, such as this by YouGov, show that large numbers of women consider normal introductory behavior to be sexual harassment.

Women's behaviors — their smartphone addiction, their quickness to demonize normal male desire, and their obesity — are driving men away from them. Men aren't innocent, of course — it takes two to tango — but right now women are doing the most to empty the dance floor.

I pulled the following quote from that article because it so concisely captures the blind spot pundits have when trying to account for the damage feminism has done to America:

> "The sexual revolution, however, wanted men and women to get together bodily, while feminism wanted them to be able easily to get along separately."
> — Allan Bloom in *Closing of the American Mind* (1987). Feminism won.

The two devolutions — the sexual revolution and feminism — are intimately connected. Removing the traditional courtship hurdles to intimacy and making it easier for men and women to bang necessarily made it harder for them to bond. Stripping sex of its mysticism and reorienting it to something transactional had the effect of hardening (heh) men and alienating women, which ironically created hurdles to fulfilling relationships electrified by sexually appreciative and awe-struck *frisson*. Ease the meeting of bodies, impede the meeting of hearts. The body and the spirit aren't separate entities. Everything flows together in a feedback loop of manifest cosmic law.

This is why the sexual revolution would always end in a deranged man-hating nth wave feminism; any ideology that defies the natural order is bound to unleash portals to hell.

***

A comment from jaquevaghan,

> I love how it takes a secular ethnonationalistic cad blogger to spit these truths on human sexual nature.

"secular ethnonationalistic cad blogger" username available.

> I'm a Christian who plays church music every Sunday, and I have not heard truths like these from the pulpit of any church I've ever attended in years.

That's because the Christian churches have become gay, cucked, and womanish. Sad!

> There is a reason the Christian Bible pushes marriage and proper courtship before sex so hard, and constantly reinforces the concept of gender roles. Because without these restraints on us, we devolve into the chaos you are seeing today.
>
> Sadly, in this day and age, men in general are hogtied and silenced and can only speak out on degeneracy in women and culture from anonymity. Not even the preacher man can call out feminism these days, as his congregation is over 2/3 (7/8 if he's in a black church) female and would crucify him for speaking harsh truths (i.e. women are supposed to be modestly dressed, or wives are to submit to their husbands, even if they don't want to). It seems only Muslims can deal properly with their women these days.
>
> Keep on posting. I don't always like what you write, but you truly are doing the Lord's work.

I am who shiv.

The Descent Of The West Into Absurdity

CH · 27 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Murderess Merkel's Germany wrapped Diversity barriers in Christmas paper.

#Germany: These are the Christmas gifts from Angela Merkel for the German citizens. The Allahu-Akbar concrete barriers are pretty and chic packed in Christmas paper at the Christmas market. So that no one could even come up with the idea, that there is any danger! pic.twitter.com/qWVbS456Xg

— Onlinemagazin (@OnlineMagazin) November 26, 2018

Our greatest satirists can't compete with Current Year reality.

What's the civilizational stage that follows Absurdity? I'd guess Chaos.

It Was The Blackest Of Pills, It Was The Whitest Of Pills

CH · 27 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Maybe you think your black pills weren't filling you with enough despondency. You need a bigger hit; a downer so down you lay flat on the ground as a two dimensional abstraction.

Then get ready to swallow this horse pill so black it has its own event horizon. From Deter Naturalist,

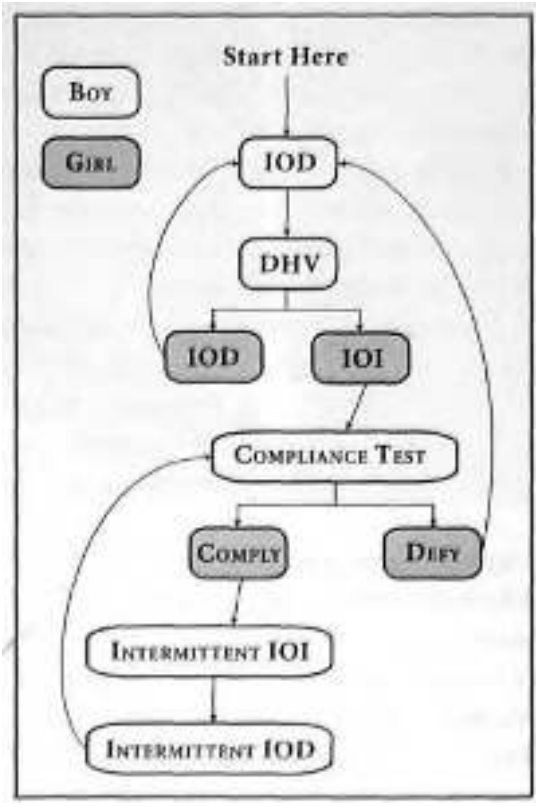
> Citing how successful was the Left these last 500 years (in various revolutions) is like citing rising share prices for individual stocks within a larger bull market.
>
> So.
> What.
>
> If you can't get to actual cause, studying effects is navel-gazing.
>
> I've been on record for years that the coming trend change will be characterized by an inversion of the rising social trust and Utopianism (better understood as the Gnostic Heresy in both openly religious and occult, putatively secular forms) that defined Leftism writ large. Westerners have been outgrouping for 500 years. I think that trend is past.
>
> What we see everywhere our eyes are allowed to recognize is one institution after another being destroyed from within by the very individuals who depend on it or who own it. Government (and news media, "churches," medical systems, pretty much everything) becomes ever-less capable.
>
> All these systems now obey the iron laws of monopoly, inevitably closing in on the Black Hole Phenomenon where resources go in and nothing of value subsequently emerges. The nation-state, instituted to bring order and stop internecine warfare, is now the primary source of disorder and inter-group warfare.
>
> For the last 40 years the West's Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous were placed on each Nation's National MasterCard, a phenomenon always present during the inevitable run-up to bankruptcy.
>
> It resulted in a misallocation of capital resources on a scale never-before seen. The denouement of this will be a long period of idle capital (while most of it degrades to valuelessness) including the "investment" people made in their "skill sets." Unemployment on a scale never imagined is certain, as is an endless pathological stream of "top-down fixes" that will make things worse (just as did such efforts in the 1930's.) Politics will determine haves and have-nots, leading to a downward spiral of collapse and hardship.
>
> It won't matter, eventually, who controls Congress or the Judiciary. The FedGov will eventually be irrelevant. What is local will rise to exclusive relevance as social trust "distance" shrinks.
>
> Leftism grew to a pathological collective suicide pact. It's long-past due a reversal.

It's funny, if you squint, hold the words at a distance, and take measures to counter the side effects, the Blackest Pill sounds like the Whitest Pill. Maybe we have to flirt with civdeath to find the courage to claw back to life.

Personally, I like the idea of a reinvigorated social trust at the local level, as the Leftoid Leviathan recedes to irrelevancy.

A Test Of Your Game Knowledge

CH · 27 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



How many Game acronyms can you identify?

Can you describe the concepts behind each stage of the above seduction flowchart?

***

Bonus: Chateau, Game, and PUA concepts, illustrated (credit to the forgotten reader who sent this in eons ago):

1 FEMALE HYPERGAMY
2 SMV | SEXUAL MARKET VALUE
3 SHIT TEST
GAME & P.U.A CONCEPTS
4 BETA PROVIDER
5 A CUCKHOLD OR A CUCK
6 CUCKONOMICS ELITE
7 CATLADY
8 COLD APPROACH
9 THE RED PILL / THE BLUE PILL

The Four Viragos

CH · 27 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Welcome to Amerikwa pic.twitter.com/XAAfF5LxTh
>
> — Amy (@RightHook99) November 22, 2018

Democrats Are The Woman Party

CH · 27 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

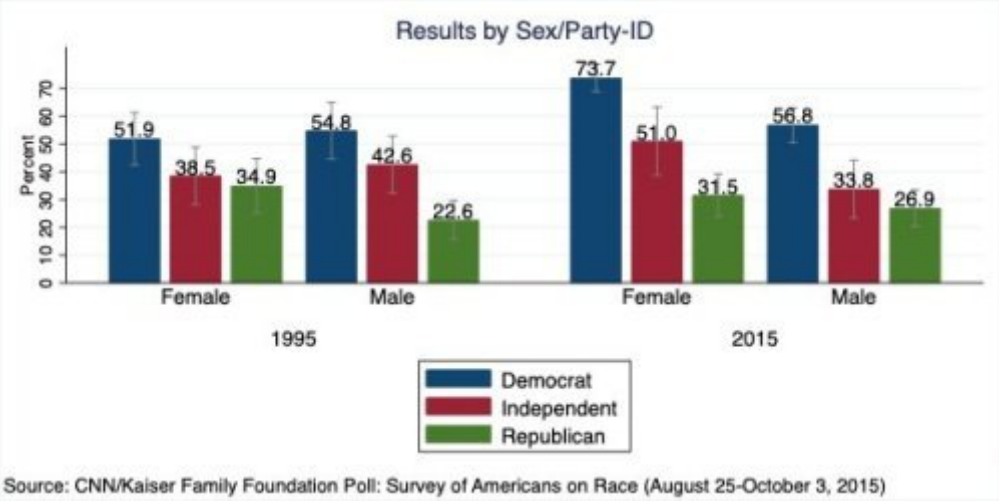
Zach Goldberg is a good source of hatefacts on Twatter, which means that he will soon be spotted by the Eye of Sauros and de-personed by a team of H1Bs at Singsoc headquarters, and will never be able to find gainful employment again. America, Land of the Free, baby!

In his latest series of twats, he discovers that the beating heart of the Democrat Party is located in the vagina:

> The percent of Democrats who say it's the government's job to ensure equal incomes across all races (i.e. equality of outcome) increased 13 % points between 1995 and 2015–with the largest growth coming from White Democrats (+17 % points) pic.twitter.com/TENWfpbUAF
>
> — Zach Goldberg (@ZachG932) November 27, 2018

That's bad. Real bad. It shows just how deeply the Leftoid Equalism Big Lie has entrenched itself in the American psyche. White Democrats are becoming more cucked, or more ethnomasochistic, or more in thrall to indulging vapid sanctimony against their unreconstructed racial kin. But wait, White men of either party seem to be largely immune to this Big Lie indoctrination, and White women….well, let the data speak for itself:

> On closer examination, it appears that most, if not all, of this growth is driven by female Dems. Among Whites, 45.3% of female Dems gave this response in 1995 as compared to 71.3% in 2015. pic.twitter.com/5vGyWPw4Wq
>
> — Zach Goldberg (@ZachG932) November 27, 2018



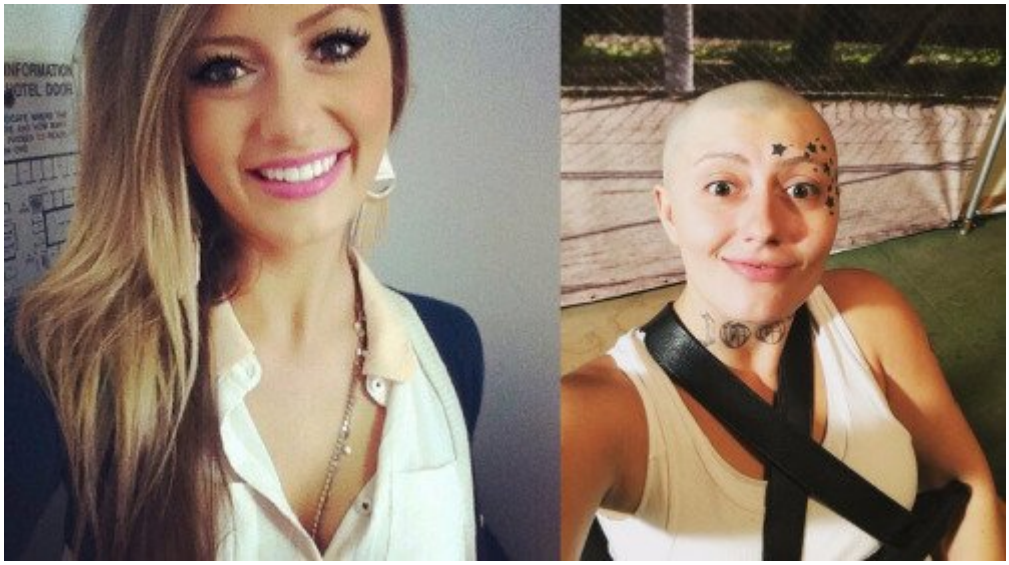
White women are the primary force driving the Democrat Party into pathologically universalist, anti-White lunacy.* You know who's been warning about this for a long time? Yeah, *this guy*.

More precisely, Democrats are the Woman and Party, but haven't changed much over the years. They have been and continue to be gibs-maximizing trashworld commies with a giant chip on their shoulders about Whitey.

What's changed is that White women have joined them in beating up on White men, the surviving remnant of Heritage America.

Yeah, yeah, married White women aren't as keen on the whole White Dispossession Snowlocaust. Small comfort, given that married White women are a vanishing breed. Single White women are WHO WE ARE NOW, and it isn't

pretty. At all.



The Democrats have a White Man Problem. They should do something about that.

Democrats: effete, hysterical, womanish, and now auto-genocidal. Great combo!

I dunno, maybe it's time for White American men to politically divorce their White women, and accept that they will have to be the sole vanguard fighting at the front lines for America's soul.

White men can ease their consciences about this bitter divorce knowing that, after victory over Globohomo is achieved, White women will come back to them, invigorated with newfound admiration and love for them (and pretending that their whole betrayal thingie never happened).

*Other interesting revelations jump out from that sex/party-ID chart:

- White females are the group responsible for pushing the Dems to the Lunatic-Left. Negr0latry is their religion,

anti-White avowals their genuflection.

- Even Independent affiliated females have surged in their support for race equalism.
- Republican women (color coded green for some odd reason) have had a slight decline in support for race equalism/anti-Whiteism. These are probably the married White women, and they are hardening in their loyalty to White men, praise Kek.
- Democreep males are now less leftist than Democreep females.
- Republican males are more cucked today than they were in 1995. These are your NeverTrumpers.
- The most notable change in a positive direction is the substantial decline in support for race equalism from Independent affiliated men. This is where Trump can pick up a lot of voters going into 2020, but he'll need to put into action the populist policies of his campaign agenda, and give the Koch-owned GOPe the finger.

The Talk Down

CH · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Remember Derbyshire's PSA, "The Talk"? Now there's a complement called "The Talk Down", courtesy of ¡SCIENCE!: (via Washington Times)

> White liberals 'patronize' minorities, study finds
>
> Liberals present themselves as warmer, less competent to minority audiences
>
> White liberals present themselves as less competent when addressing minorities, while conservatives use the same vocabulary no matter what the race of their audience, according to a newly released study.
>
> Yale and Princeton researchers found that white Democratic presidential candidates and self-identified liberals played down their competence when speaking to minorities, using fewer words that conveyed accomplishment and more words that expressed warmth.
>
> On the other hand, there were no significant differences in how white conservatives, including Republican presidential candidates, spoke to white versus minority audiences.

This study buttresses my belief that White shitlibs know their equalist antiracism virtue signaling is bullshit, but they just can't help themselves. Feeling morally superior to "unenlightened" whites is a drug to them. They can't quit it. Withdrawal would be a bitch.

It also confirms every shitlord's suspicion that White liberals are condescending pricks who psychologically project their racist feelings onto BadThink Whites who don't have, or care to have, the tact to talk down to nonWhites.

Conservatives, it turns out, are the Real Egalitarians. Shitlibs just mouth the word while acting in complete discordance with it.

The leftoids doth protest too much. You should automatically assume any White person who goes on and on about White racism and White privilege secretly possesses both, and hides her true feelings from herself through acts of exculpatory negative transference that slander heretic Whites who are too gauche (read: dignified) to "get with the program".

White shitlibs have a lot of unresolved, conflicted feelings stemming from the enormous gap between their actions and their self-conception, and yapping nonstop about the racism of others that secretly percolates in their own ids is their way of stabilizing the dissonance.

***

From Kelly,

> Somebody on Twatter commented on this issue: "For my own personal safety, I often find myself having to "talk down" to white liberals." Good one.

I prefer to talk straight and carry a sharp shiv.

***

irishsavant comments,

> Yet gay mulatto is credited with being one of the wittiest Presidents ever

The flip side of White shitlibs' condescension toward nonWhites is the fraudulent attribution of admirable traits to nonWhites (aka Wakandaism). The shitlib talks down to the black person while artificially boosting the merits of

the black person. It's a one-two punch of smug patronage that reveals the White shitlib's bloated self-regard; she dumbs herself down to assuage her lessers, and unctuously flatters her lessers to obscure the reason for her condescension.

Also, a lot of White libs really do suffer from Magic N__ro Syndrome, and in their zeal to wish this magical creature into existence they indulge a ferociously cloying n__rolatry, imparting near-divinity to their onyx icons.

The Most Concise Satire Of Post-

CH · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

h/t Ripp

(zoomable link)

Winter Is Coming

CH · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Winter created Whites.

Winter will save Whites.

Pray for the Long Winter.

Alms for the Grand Solar Minimum.

Shrines to the frigid night air.

Prayers to the God of the Land of the Ice and Snow.

The big freeze returns.

***

We come from the land of the ice and snow,
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flow.

Hammer of the gods will drive our ships to new land.
To fight the hordes and sing, and cry.
Valhalla, I am coming.

***

I hope the fake news media picks up on this theme and declares winter a co-opted symbol of White Nationalism. It's not like the media aren't used to indulging crackpot sensationalism at the urging of the SPLC (see: whole milk, OK sign). Just get the meme spreading that cold weather is congenial to Whites and causes nonwhites endless suffering, you'll see shitlibs turning on a dime about their opposition to AGW. I want shitlib whites to feel uneasy every time they make a snowman with their 0.7 kids or strap on a pair of skis.

End game: shitlibs become global warming fans. lol

***

The North Winds won't always be survivable by the high time preference hordes. A shortage of heating oil coupled with a mini ice age should wonderfully purify heartlands and minds.

Immigrant Song is, despite its title, a very Trumpian anthem, celebrating the Nordic warrior spirit. Or what used to be the Nordic warrior spirit.

***

A comment from elooie,

> I hope my previous comment on the black pill post was the seed to this post.
>
> I'm convinced that having very defined and CHANGING seasons where one of the seasons will kill you if you are not prepared is one of the reasons that whites have the most evolved problem solving, planning and cultural tightness.
> The desert tribes had to only deal with one real season (cold nights and hot days).
> All the races around the equator had plentiful rain and vegetation.
> The Asian regions also had seasons but they don't have that innate curiosity to explore like the whites. Not sure why.
>
> There is a reason the winter Olympics is still white. We've been doing it since we invented them.

> I could be completely wrong but I think winter is an evolutionary and survival stimulant.

Winter is hormesis, a term I first learned about at Mangan's health blog. Hormesis is the action of mild stressors on the body and mind that promote cell rejuvenation, muscle development, and general physical and psychological health. Too little stress => shitliberalism. Too much stress => toxic overload, death.

Funnyman President Trump

CH · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Has there been a funnier President than Donald J. Trump? People say Reagan was funny. I dunno, Trump has him beat. This might be Trump's funniest tweet yet:

> Brenda Snipes, in charge of voting in Broward County, Florida, was just spotted wearing a beautiful dress with 300 I VOTED signs on it. Just kidding, she is a fine, very honorable and highly respected voting tactician!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) November 28, 2018

"voting tactician"

You know who wasn't funny? Ex-president gaymulatto.

Maybe this is what burns up [the special people]. Trump is just a hell of a lot funnier than them. Envy!

Reminder: Goblina Snipes was a Jeb! appointee.

Coordinated Attack Against The Rebel Alliance

CH · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

FYI multiple dissident websites are currently under attack, presumably DDOS operations by fuggernauts and

I suppose one upside to remaining at the mercy of WordPress is the relative immunity afforded against these sorts of attacks.

***

Topical: Zman on "the coming violence".

Comment Of The Week: The Stampeding Herd

CH · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is the second great comment from Deter Naturalist this week, earning him (probably not a “her”) the coveted COTW award.

> We’ve had it “too good to be true” for my entire life (I’m AARP eligible.)
> During that time the incentive structure caused people to embrace behaviors (including political policies) that eroded the system by which our good times were produced.
>
> *Nothing sets up failure like success.*
>
> How many people, having hit some home runs in the markets (or getting a big payoff in a casino, same thing) pull back to safety? Very few. Most double-down until the wipe-out. It’s human nature to attribute to personal competence that which was simply right-place/right-time.
>
> While I discovered it does not work for forecasting (because timing is always unknown), I still embrace the basic premise of something called “socionomics.” It’s foundation is that as social animals, we humans exhibit herding behavior in areas of uncertainty. We tend to adopt the viewpoints of those who surround us. This is an attribute with a spectrum; some herd a little, some herd a lot, but everyone herds. Herding is exhibited in fashions, in pop culture and above all in finance and politics and economics. All of this results from the actual way our brains are structured and the way our cognitive pathways actually work (which have little in common with how people think they do.)
>
> It is the engine for “Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds,” but also the width of men’s ties this season, the performance of horror movies vs Disney Princesses at the Box Office, and the price trends of stocks, bonds and commodities. It is not entirely unpredictable, but since timing matters above all, it makes prediction to the level of profitability too subjective to use. What it basically says is, trends occur, they reach apogee and change. That insight and a dollar gets you a coffee at McDonalds.
>
> Herding is guided by a kind of unconscious set-point. When people wax optimistic, they visit coffee shops, attend concerts, bid up the prices of stocks, trust the veracity of “the news,” trust the promises of IOU’s, wear colorful clothes, and basically engage in “frisky” behavior. Waxing pessimistic does the opposite.
>
> Because social mood is, like most investment assets, intangible, it has no limits. “How high is up?” is a question without an answer. Is a widespread (but hardly universal) belief that a man can be a woman by announcing it an illustration of giddy belief in the unreal? I’d say so. Are widespread rationalizations for the “equality” of homosexuality to heterosexuality, for the rejection of biological bases for group differences in intelligence, thrift, ingenuity, etc., for the naturalness of AAPL’s market cap being a $1 trillion or the “what, me worry?” attitude toward the unsustainable, compound-growth build-out of black-hole industries like Medical Services, welfare administration or the military-industry-cartel signs of maniacally high optimism?
>
> I’d say so. Are those who embrace open borders and replacement of the very people who created (and still sustain) Americans’ standard of living in thrall to an unconscious belief that resources are unlimited and that we’ve reached a New Plateau of Nirvana where John Lennon’s lyrics from “Imagine” are now a reality?
>
> I’d say so.
>
> The Great Depression came after a decade of unsustainable ramp-up in optimism-fueled asset prices, debt, etc. It was lengthened and made far worse by the widespread embrace of central planning by “scientific management.”
>
> We’ve had 40-60 years of ramp-up, including imposition of immigration policies that increased the population of the USA by 50%, a build-up of IOU’s (debt) without historical precedent, and an entire economy (read “jobs”) grown entirely under artificial heat and light (debt growth.) As in 1930, people have no idea from

> where prosperity arises, but today's embrace of "scientific management" is far more entrenched, and people's dependence on centralized systems far greater than almost 90 years ago.
>
> Feminism. Homophilia. Central planning/"scientific management." Rejection of biological laws. Industrial-scale rationalizations for it all. All of the items about which we complain are instances of a collective insanity that produces self-harm on a collective scale. It's all a fad, a fashion emanating from the longest, most manic period of social mood optimism in recorded history. It will and must by natural law be "corrected" at the same scale. Natural laws exist. On a collective level such things are determined and inescapable.
>
> Deter(minist).
> Naturalist.
>
> PS: Utopia is not an option. There is and can't be an "end point" where struggle ceases within any living system. What lies ahead is a passage through a valley of difficulty. So what? Rich or poor, married or single, old or young, tall or short, each of us will have to work with what we've got and make the best of it. At least most people who read this (and similar) blogs, seeking the ego-reinforcement of confirmation bias (I do, too) are already predisposed to expect a change in trend. Those inclined to double-down on the dying trend will have short life expectancies. We always live in Plan A (the world as it is), but at least we know that having a Plan B (and even a Plan C) might be useful in the event that inevitable change has arrived.

A lot of the substance of DN's comment dovetails with themes discussed on a number of other samizdat blogs besides this one. A consilience is emerging among dissident bloggers, which includes agreement that we are at irrationally unreal Peak Optimism (indistinguishable from Peak Lunacy), and the next phase is Pessimism, Inwardness, Reflection, Regrouping, Localism, and Tribalism. Or, a return to sanity.

The pendulum will swing back, carving a path wide and deep through Clown World, leaving the fuggernauts dead and scattered, and the strong on the other side gathered for the Great Renewal.

Nation, Meet Ruin

CH · 29 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's a lot of ruin in a nation…unless your nation is a multiracial thunderdome hellbent on draining its coffers in a doomed quest to rescind thousands of years of human evolution so no one has to feel awkward about skewed test scores and wealth disparities.

Then the ruin can happen in an instant.

***

ps this is a good thread by McFeels outlining the Creep State's plan to "take out Trump's support apparatus heading into 2020".

Leftoids Know The Demographic Score

CH · 29 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A news story from the Daily Caller exposes shitlib Goolag employees (including executives) discussing ways to suppress conservative outlets in Goolag's search results.

> Google employees debated whether to bury conservative media outlets in search results as a response to President Donald Trump's election in 2016, internal Google communications obtained by The Daily Caller News Foundation reveal.
>
> The Daily Caller and Breitbart were specifically singled out as outlets to potentially bury in search results, the communications reveal.
>
> Trump's election in 2016 shocked many Google employees, who had been counting on Democratic nominee Hillary Clinton to win.
>
> Communications obtained by TheDCNF show that internal Google discussions went beyond expressing remorse over Clinton's loss to actually discussing ways Google could prevent Trump from winning again.
>
> "This was an election of false equivalencies, and Google, sadly, had a hand in it," Google engineer Scott Byer wrote in a Nov. 9, 2016, post reviewed by TheDCNF.

I couldn't find a pic, but I'll take a stab at the nature of Scott Byer's physiognomy:

S O Y W A D

> Byer falsely labeled The Daily Caller and Breitbart as "opinion blogs" and urged his coworkers to reduce their visibility in search results.
>
> "How many times did you see the Election now card with items from opinion blogs (Breitbart, Daily Caller) elevated next to legitimate news organizations? That's something that can and should be fixed," Byer wrote.

Shitlib: "Your news is opinion and our opinions are news."

I doubt anyone, especially a reader of this blog, believes Goolag doesn't manipulate search results to favor leftoids and the leftoid worldview. You'd have to be awfully naive or a party commissar to insist on Goolag's integrity. But that's not the important part of this story. The crucial insight revealed by these Goolag internal communications is that leftoids like Byer know full well that demographic dispossession of White Americans means more power for the Left.

> "I think we have a responsibility to expose the quality and truthfulness of sources – because not doing so hides real information under loud noises," he continued.
>
> "Beyond that, let's concentrate on teaching critical thinking. A little bit of that would go a long way. Let's make sure that we reverse things in four years – demographics will be on our side."

The totalizing Left is banking on the election of a new people to assure permanency of their power. Our enemy is gleefully and openly discussing his plan for us, and it amounts to genocide by any other name.

Goolag has always asserted it never manipulated search results for political purposes. Naturally, Goolag was lying, and continues lying. Goolag and the other Big Left Tech companies colluded with the Democrat Party to alter an election outcome. They haven't stopped subverting democracy. And they know that reducing Whites to a rump constituency within the US electorate by propagandizing for perpetual open borders to the Swarth World will guarantee the reversal of the Trump election and the end of America as a sovereign nation.

They must be stopped. Are you reading, President Trump? Acting Attorney General Whitaker? There’s no time to dally.

Ann Coulter Went There

CH · 29 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> At least this will put an end to the "Jews-control-the-media" slander. https://t.co/smjXTPKWIy
>
> — Ann Coulter (@AnnCoulter) November 29, 2018

CNN runs anti-White agitprop every minute of every day….no one fired.

One CNN apparatchik has a “Palestine moment” off the clock, and he gets booted to the unemployable wastelands by Those Who Must Not Be Criticized.

Reminder: CNN’s CEO is Jeff Zucker. The media is a special kind of place.

***

Ann Coulter and Tucker Carlson are the only two allies we dissidents have in the quasi-mainstream media. I’m not kidding. If those two lose their platforms, we have no one — NO ONE — with a toehold in the legacy media who come CLOSE to recapitulating what we heretics write on our unheralded loveblogs.

So you could say I have little patience for people on my side who want to toss Coulter and Tucker overboard because they occasionally indulge civnat shibboleths.

Welcome To The Police State

CH · 30 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's starting to get palpably scary in Post-America.

Readers, if you've been paying attention, something huge happened yesterday. No, not Michael Cohen being Cohen.

The FBI raided the home of a contractor whistleblower who had damaging information regarding the Clinton Foundation.

Reread the above sentence and allow the impact of it to settle in your thoughts.

> FBI agents raided the home of a recognized Department of Justice whistleblower who privately delivered documents pertaining to the Clinton Foundation and Uranium One to a government watchdog, according to the whistleblower's attorney.
>
> The Justice Department's inspector general was informed that the documents show that federal officials failed to investigate potential criminal activity regarding former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, the Clinton Foundation and Rosatom, the Russian company that purchased Uranium One, a document reviewed by The Daily Caller News Foundation alleges.
>
> The delivered documents also show that **then-FBI Director Robert Mueller** failed to investigate allegations of criminal misconduct pertaining to Rosatom and to other Russian government entities attached to Uranium One, the document reviewed by TheDCNF alleges. Mueller is now the special counsel investigating whether the Trump campaign colluded with Russia during the 2016 election. […]
>
> Sixteen agents arrived at the home of Dennis Nathan Cain, a former FBI contractor, on the morning of Nov. 19 and raided his Union Bridge, Maryland, home, [the whistleblower's lawyer] Socarras told TheDCNF.
>
> The raid was permitted by a court order signed on Nov. 15 by federal magistrate Stephanie A. Gallagher in the U.S. District Court for Baltimore and obtained by TheDCNF.
>
> A special agent from the FBI's Baltimore division, who led the raid, charged that Cain possessed stolen federal property and demanded entry to his private residence, Socarras told TheDCNF. […]
>
> Cain informed the agent while he was still at the door that he was a recognized protected whistleblower under the Intelligence Community Whistleblower Protection Act and that Justice Department Inspector General Michael Horowitz recognized his whistleblower status, according to Socarras.
>
> Cain further told the FBI agent the potentially damaging classified information had been properly transmitted to the Senate and House Intelligence committees as permitted under the act, Socarras said. The agent immediately directed his agents to begin a sweep of the suburban home, anyway.
>
> Frightened and intimidated, Cain promptly handed over the documents, Socarras told TheDCNF. Yet even after surrendering the information to the FBI, the agents continued to rummage through the home for six hours.

The FBI raided the home of an American patriot who was about to expose the corruption of the Clinton Foundation and Hillary's Uranium One deal with Russia.

In point of fact, he already did expose it. He had sent the documents to the DOJ before the raid. But it would seem there are rogue elements — or perhaps there are institutional elements dogged by rogue whistleblowers — in the DOJ who are conspiring with the FBI to bury the Clintons' corruption. The DOJ is likely sitting on or shredding those docs right now, and the FBI was sent in as a clean-up crew to sweep the whistleblower's house for any stray incriminating docs.

This is Dan Bongino's take on the raid. He calls it a head fake. The DOJ and FBI are colluding to sweep under the rug any evidence of Clinton corruption. The raid was a mop-up operation.

The Deep State is openly flouting Americans' faith in the system with its stepped-up efforts to protect thecunt from the justice she richly deserves. The homes of innocent Americans who dare to shine a light on elite corruption are fair game for gun-wielding FBI agents bursting through the front door to ransack the place of evidence that could be useful in a court of law.

Worse, the Deep State hides their subterfuge with the aid of an accomplice media, and reorients the prevailing narrative to indict, without any evidence, a duly elected president for the crime of a collusion that the Deep State, Obama Admin, and Clintons themselves are in fact guilty of committing. They are getting away with a coup while we watch, helpless, because they know the media will run cover for them.

Seen through this lens, the Russia Hoax Spygate silent coup has two purposes: to "get" Trump, and to bury thecunt's crimes.

Globohomo still has a firm grip on the FBI and DOJ. One would hope Trump realizes this, but the facts bear out that the swamp remains undrained. There are bad actors marbled throughout every government agency, from the rank and file to the leadership, all working together, in direct cooperation or as an emergent phenomenon of shared interests, to destroy the Trump presidency and likewise the survival of Heritage America.

> Many are missing why this is so chilling.
>
> The FBI raided the Clinton Foundation whistleblower's home to recover the damning info on Mueller and the Clintons so that it wasn't out there in the public domain.
>
> Copies had already been provided to DOJ. https://t.co/YgTNYIOWpJ
>
> — John Cardillo (@johncardillo) November 30, 2018

As The Zman writes,

> Welcome to the police state. This is what's called state terrorism. Become a problem for the state and they send their agents to harass you or worse. It won't be long before these sorts of people just disappear.
>
> I'll note that the FBI agents never resign rather than carry out these charades. Those who think the cops will not enthusiastically side with the people in power are sadly mistaken.

Anarcho-tyranny. While we impotently endure a front row seat to a slow-moving coup against our president, the Deep State harasses anyone connected to the Trump administration, bit by bit undermining Trump's agenda and his power to get anything done. If you work in his admin and sent an email with the word MAGA in it, you get fined, fired, and possibly jail time if your judge is a pussyhat cunt.

If you sell off 20% of the US's uranium deposits to Russia and launder the money through your charity foundation to personally enrich yourself, and conspire with gaymulatto holdovers, FBI directors, DOJ friendlies, and CIA officials to spy on a political opponent's campaign through the manufacture of false FISA warrants that are based on opposition research paid for by your campaign through your Seattle law firm…well, you get protected and coddled by the entire ruling class establishment, Deep State, and media.

Welcome to the police state.

PS What's the latest on the Seth Rich murder investigation? FBI? DOJ? DC police? *crickets*

MGTOW Vs PUA Vs Bronze Age Renegade

CH · 30 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I enjoyed this disquisition by Galactic Lebensraumist,

> The MGTOW is the man *above* time, holding himself apart from the swamp of globohomo by disengaging from women entirely and pursuing a purely personal emancipation from esterogenic soydom.
>
> The PUA – think Neil Strauss – is the man *in* time, utilizing ruthless manipulation in the dispassionate pursuit of pussy for no other reason than to maximize his notch count … not because he deserves coochie on account of his superior genetics, but in service to his penis, simply because it is his penis.
>
> The manosphere captain – think Roosh or Heartiste – is the man *against* time, engaging all the wiles of game with the goal of dominating our wayward women, re-establishing the natural hierarchy, and thus re-asserting the guiding hand of benevolent patriarchy over our fallen snivelization.

I agree in spirit if not in law with the substance of this comment, but stylistically this is unassailable. Brava! I was moved to a half-chub.

Slore Of The Month (And The Rise Of The Sexless Slut)

CH · 30 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You've gotta get a load of this slore. She's taken enough loads, it's time for her to give one back. Wear a biohazard suit.

An inquisitive sleuth [name redacted] provides the backstory:

> A 3 year old son by one man, currently pregnant by another man, and she still manages to rope in some poor sick cuck to clean up the mess

Is that a cuckfecta? Not one, but two fathers of bastards which she is currently shopping to a beta bux sap to raise as his own, for the reward of pregnancy sex with a petri dish vagina that can comfortably fit a V2 rocket. What level of cuckoldry are you on? Hold his beer…

Who said romance is dead?

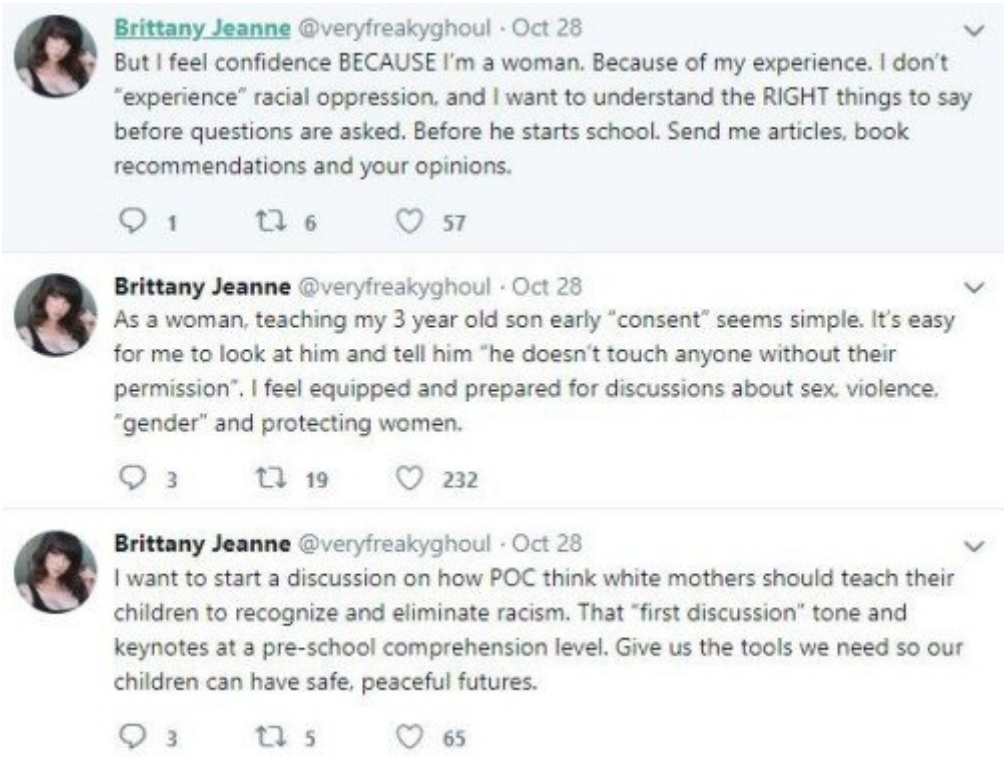
B.J. has fucktoy face.

She better have a vagina that can do its own calisthenics.

A good bet is that any male who shells out for a diamond ring to wife up a literal camwhore with one bastard sprog and another on the way is a total loser. An omega dreg. The filthy crust on the floor of a dive bar's restroom. A pap smear with a penis.

Any woman "bragging" about snagging one of these desperate losers knows in her heart that she's settling so far down the male smv ladder — after all, what kind of man but a loser would beg for the hand of a slore — that the reflected misery of it will make her feel like shit for years to come. Naturally, she will take out her bitterness and spite on her children, especially sons.

And right on cue…



This poor kid is gonna need years of therapy.

(A reader quips, “and a presidential pardon in fifteen years”.)

(Another commenter, “Such things always backfire. In 20 years from now, her son will be the leader of the “New American Nazi Party”, the “punisher of thots”.”)

The vile slattern featured in this post is too souldead and psychologically syphilitic to affectionately grace her with the thot label. She’s a level above that…she’s a torc: a “tri-orificed chattel“.

> With a circulation of about 300,000, Your Ward News has drawn a barrage of complaints from recipients in and around Toronto and as far as Ottawa. The federal government temporarily barred Canada Post from distributing the publication in 2016 and recently made the ban permanent.
>
> The publication, Flumerfelt said, demonizes feminists as “dangerous people” and calls women “tri-orficed chattels.” It brands most feminists as “satanists exhilarated by abortion,” claims women are inferior, are “natural liars with no sense of justice,” and that feminist behaviour encourages rape.

Where is the lie?

Btw, thank God America has the First Amendment. Canada sucks.

This is a good time to mention that the percentage of married American women with premarital double digit cock counts has increased from 2% in the 1970s to 18% in the 2010s:

Table 1: The Distribution of Women's Premarital Sex Partners, by Marriage Cohort					
	1970s	1980s	1990s	2000s	2010s
0 partner	21%	17%	14%	12%	5%
1 partner	43%	36%	26%	21%	22%
2 partners	16%	15%	13%	13%	12%
3 partners	8%	11%	11%	11%	11%
4-5 partners	6%	12%	16%	17%	18%
6-9 partners	4%	5%	11%	13%	14%
10+ partners	2%	4%	10%	14%	18%
total	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
N	268	1,921	4,312	3,598	273

The only premarital sex partner categories that showed a decrease as a percentage of the total married female population over the last fifty years?

Virgins and good girls with one or two premarital lovers.

Think about that.

In the 1970s, among married women 80% had fewer than three premarital cocks.

By the 2010s, 61% of the married women cohort had three or more premarital cocks.

A total inversion of the sexual market, vaulting tramps into the position that damsels used to occupy.

No wonder the marriage rate is declining. Men have no incentive to invest in spoiled vagina.

Sex frequency may be decreasing as Pillennials retreat to their fapatoriums and cat cafes, but cock carousel riding is spinning faster than ever. Just because women don't linger longer with their flings doesn't mean the cockas aren't accumulating.

Is it worse that women are cock hopping more but having less sex now than they did in the past when they had more sex with fewer men? Contrary to conventional wisdom, a lack of sex isn't necessarily a positive social indicator if it's accompanied by an increase in sex partners. A few heady romantic long-term relationships that end in heartbreak might not be as bad on a woman's morale and sanity as a parade of prematurely aborted short-term flings punctuated by grinding bouts of loneliness.

What's worse, the "sexless slut" who has had ten cocks in ten nights over ten years, with lots of ice cream and Tumblrrhea down time in between, or the well-sexed faithful girlfriend type who has had three cocks at three years apiece over ten years, with fleeting periods of clitoris-gazing solitude filling the short stints between boyfriends?

This question is not so easy to answer, but I lean toward believing sexless sluts are a bigger drag on functioning society, going by the rapid onset of pussyhat lunacy that has gripped our nation's single women.

PS Dating in the Year 2018:

Me smiling/laughing at my future boo who likes country music and it's not too much to ask for, a nice cute white boi
Lani
Reporting you to the IRS

#ThotAudit

Deep Fake State News Update

CH · 1 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a banner year (and particularly a banner week) for Deep State and Fake News (DeepFakeStateNews) skulduggery.

> CIA whistleblower says he was targeted by Brennan, Mueller, Strzok
>
> When the FBI asked John Kiriakou to meet at the Washington field office in January 2012, the former CIA officer says he gladly agreed to the request.
>
> "Anything for the FBI," Kiriakou told the FBI agent who contacted him.
>
> Months earlier, as a senior investigator on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Kiriakou had helped the FBI investigate a Japanese diplomat who had approached him offering a bribe.
>
> Or so he thought.
>
> Instead, Kiriakou says the FBI was running a sting operation against him for what he claims is payback for revealing secrets about the CIA's waterboarding program.
>
> The government officials behind that investigation have resurfaced in the probe of the Trump campaign, which officially began as an FBI matter on July 31, 2016 and is now overseen by the special counsel's office. […]
>
> Kiriakou first remembers Strzok after his interrogation.
>
> "When I came out of this interrogation, I heard him say, 'tell me he implicated himself,'" Kiriakou recalled of Strzok to TheDCNF.
>
> "The other FBI guy said, 'he didn't, not really anyway.'"
>
> "Am I under arrest?" Kiriakou asked.
>
> "Not yet," Strzok replied.
>
> Kiriakou was arrested the following Monday. Strzok was the agent who handcuffed him.

J.M. adds,

> i'm shocked…SHOCKED…to hear scumbags Mueller and Strzok have always been scumbags, and were previously involved in a crooked, slimy setup (eerily similar to Crossfire Hurricane – dry run maybe?) of a whistleblower.

***

> NPR blatantly lies about Donald Trump Jr.'s 2017 Senate testimony
>
> NPR falsely claimed that Donald Trump Jr.'s testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee in September 2017 conflicted with an account given by a former attorney for President Donald Trump. […]
>
> In fact, Senate investigators were asking Trump Jr. about a series of efforts to develop property in Russia, going back several years. Reporter Phil Ewing (reporter Tim Mak contributed to the story) conflates one of those efforts with another separate effort. That conflation results in the false news report. […]
>
> Despite this being an obvious error by NPR, the media outlet has failed to correct it even hours after it was first published.

"I'm NPR!"

***

> Manafort passport stamps don't show he entered London in all years Guardian claimed
>
> Paul Manafort's passports don't show he entered London in all the years claimed by Guardian newspaper when it said he met secretly with WikiLeaks Julian Assange.
>
> The Guardian said he met with Mr. Assange in London in 2013, 2015 and 2016.
>
> A review of Manafort's two passports shows he entered Heathrow Airport since 2008 on two occasions, in 2012 and on another time where the customs stamp year is blurred. It appears to be either 2010 or 2016.

***

> Ohr notes show Simpson continued to push debunked story of Trump-Russia bank connections
>
> Fusion GPS founder Glenn R. Simpson pushed a conspiracy theory to the Justice Department that posited Donald Trump maintained a computer server in 2016 directly linked to the Kremlin-connected Alfa Bank in Moscow, according to government notes obtained by The Washington Times.
>
> The handwritten entries by then-Associate Deputy Attorney General Bruce Ohr conflict with Mr. Simpson's subsequent testimony to the Senate Judiciary Committee. Mr. Simpson, an opposition research agent paid by the Hillary Clinton presidential campaign, told senators he didn't know whether there was any dedicated Trump-Alfa server and drew no conclusions, according to a transcript of his August 2017 closed-door testimony.
>
> The debunked server conspiracy theory sprung up in leftist social media during the presidential campaign to suggest that Mr. Trump and his Trump Organization had illegal ties with Russia.

***

All roads lead back to thecunt and her pay-for-play fake charity. If the US had a fair and objective media instead of a leftoid echo chamber and PR firm for the Dems, they would be all over this story like white on rice.

***

A reminder that the media are the enemy of the people: a PuffedHo "reporter" maneuvered to get a pro-White advocate fired from his job.

Christopher Mathias is gutter filth. “Do not forget these people want you broke, dead, your kids raped and brainwashed, and they think it’s funny.” — Sam Hyde

The Mueller Method

CH · 1 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

In case you didn't already know that Robert Mueller is a zero integrity, dirty-dealing fixer for the Deep State, here is a great thread to remind you of Mueller's history mocking the spirit and the letter of the law.

> The Mueller method: Mueller, when in Rosenstein's role, covered up BCCI scandal ($ laundering, arms-running, political-buy-offs), to extent of interfering with grand jury and foreign intelligence agencies to keep scandal from implicating #DeepState allies. https://t.co/xtQyTC2bv0
>
> — Robert Barnes (@Barnes_Law) December 16, 2017

> The Mueller method: one the worst scandals in FBI history involved framing innocent men to cover for the crimes of politically connected Boston mobster Whitey Bulger. Guess who led the US attorney's office to protect Bulger and frame innocent men? Mueller.
>
> The Mueller method: right after 9/11, a small set of our own government snuck connected Saudis out of the country to escape interrogation or possible arrest. The law enforcement leader of that Saudi escape effort? Mueller.
>
> The Mueller method: right after the Waco debacle in which an FBI raid led to the deaths of many children, a key Justice Department official advised federal law enforcement to go easy on the agents who caused the deaths of kids. That official? Mueller.
>
> The Mueller method: after the Panama invasion, the US wanted to prosecute Noriega, but cover up the US role in Noriega's rise to power, and ties to CIA drug-running. The prosecutor got the judge to cover up the evidence. Who led the prosecution? Mueller.
>
> The Mueller method: in pushing for war in Iraq, the Bush administration needed high ranking domestic law enforcement to vouch for "WMDs in Iraq." Who did they turn to to lie to Congress? Mueller.
>
> The Mueller method. HSBC continued the BCCI ways as the **#DeepState** bank (money launderer for illegal arms trade, war profiteering, dictator skimming, political bribery, and sex-trade slavers too). Who was the FBI man that made it go away quietly? Mueller.
>
> Isn't it amazing how the corruption scandals of the 1980s, 1990s, 2000s, regardless of party, were covered up so effectively? Then, Obama-era: Fast & Furious; IRS targeting; Clinton Foundation. All swept under the rug. FBI decision maker for each? Mueller.

Prosecutorial overreach seems like too tame a term to describe Mueller's malice.

As I've been saying for a while, 4D chess guys who thought Mueller was a secret MAGA asset were out to lunch. Mueller is and has always been a Bush stooge, a Clinton lackey, and later an Obama cleaner. He's a garbage human whose resumé may as well say "Deep State pit bull", and the only reason the ruling class gushes about his "honor" and "integrity" is because he's saved their asses from a richly deserved justice over and over. He's one of them.

GuardAmerican comments,

> **Pulling A 'Mueller'**
>
> Is this a thing? It seems like it should be.
>
> Cuz Special Counsel Mueller's tactics are to question innocents about non-crimes, and then charge them with false statements under 18 U.S. Code § 1001 if they imprecisely remember perfectly legal things they did, said, or wrote.

> And when their recollections of such things are in any way contradicted by some other testimony, likely also coerced.

The Excruciationator adds,

> What was the old Loki quote? Something like: ‘Mueller’s tactics have always been the same: giving immunity to people who don’t deserve it, suborning perjury via plea bargain and leak threats, and often outright paying for testimony…’

The only “victory” Mueller can possibly get from this Russia Hoax/Spygate scandal is Fake Prosecution on a cheesy process crime such as obstruction or a perjury trap, or on a shit tier misdemeanor like campaign finance law which gaymulatto violated but the media deemed unworthy to report. Of course, a Mueller “victory” is a Heritage America defeat, so we should be taking his sedition seriously.

On the topic of gaymulatto’s campaign finance violations, J.R. writes,

> Obama purposefully turned off credit card verification on his campaign website so foreigners could donate to him when he campaigned in Europe in 2008. They encouraged foreigners to donate and lie about which country they lived in.

Eight years of that Subverter-in-Chief and all we have to show for it are negrolatrous encomiums to his awesomeness. When history is returned to serious men, it will record that the greatest danger to a nation is a media industrial complex wholly in the tank to one party and one ideology, and under the rule and guidance of one small, nepotistic tribe.

Presidential Haikus (a worthy send-off to Bush 41)

CH · 1 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From PA, a series of haikus that could be a new genre called Bye-kus.

> Bush 41 is dead.
>
> My presidential haikus:
>
> **Carter**
> Failed his term. Equipped
> not, to wrestle the beast. Then,
> loathed America.
>
> **Reagan**
> California pride,
> grandeur, rushing time, Hinckley.
> Bye, California
>
> **Bush 41**
> Never honored his
> word. WASP aristocracy
> old blood gone occult.
>
> **Clinton**
> Lucifer's capo.
> Butterball concupiscence.
> Butcher of children.
>
> **Bush 43**
> Simian grin. Wrong way
> after 9/11. Lives
> and limbs thrown away.
>
> **Obama**
> Not American.
> A Chicago wallflower.
> Not a President.
>
> **Trump**
> Imbecile traitors,
> five is enough. So enters
> the God-Emperor

Who will be the next haiku subject? I've come to the (possibly premature) conclusion that Trump's greatest accomplishment will have been getting elected. If nothing else, he opened a portal to a demonic ruling class and let everyone see the nature of the enemy, and gave decent Americans a path forward to victory. Trump gave us a chance.

***

MPC Status Updates:

> As a final fuck you to the Bushes the Republican Party should form a paramilitary-wing and call it the Republican Guard

Bush 41)

Shemale Acceptance

CH · 1 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Shemale Acceptance (or Trannyfreak Acceptance), like its deviant cousin Fat Acceptance, is humiliation agitprop intended to pressure normal people to believe patently ridiculous things, and therefore betray their own natural instincts and common sense.

For instance, here's a diary entry from the now utterly debased JYTimes, written by Parker Molloy, who tries to get you to believe that Twatter's ban on "deadnaming" — calling trannyfreaks by their pre-mental illness birth names — promotes free speech.

Yes, banned speech is free speech. Welcome to 1984, FOREVER.

Obligatory phyzz reveal:

Could be a man, could be a woman. You'll never know!

The NYTimes is basically the sequel to 1984 that Orwell would write if he lived today.

From a Defier,

> I agree with Enoch's take: tranny shit is a global scale shit test. If you will fall in line for this, you'll fall in line for whatever is required.

Shemale acceptance is the Globohomo version of 2+2 = 5. Enoch is right. Our ruling degenerates rightfully figure that if Americans can be shamed to call a man a woman or vice versa, they will be fodder for any sort of nation-crippling globalist agenda item.

Diversity is strength.
Race is a social construct.
Love wins.
White privilege.

And it's working. Trump's election victory was a howl from the uncorrupted part of America's heart, but the necrosis hasn't stopped advancing. We are running out of time to reclaim healthy flesh from a dying America.

Comment Of The Week: Hunt Or Be Hunted

CH · 2 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

COTW is awarded to Hawk, for this bit of insight to the undercurrents of emotion that guide and form a woman's interactions with a beta male.

> She treated the beta male lion like PREY.
>
> Burn this lesson into your soul: a beta to a female is PREY.
>
> Plan B beta? PREY
> Orbiter beta? PREY
> Wife-up dat THOT Churchian? PREY
> Save dat Carousel Rider at 30 beta? PREY
>
> To be BETA is to be PREY.
>
> Alpha or Death is your only choice in this world.

Beta males -> prey
Alpha males -> predator
Omega males -> sun-bleached bones

The Shalom Jabbar

CH · 2 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

How long can you make it through this video before tapping out? I got to 32 seconds.

Just skip the vid and go straight to the comments. Wokeness is the rule rather than the exception.

Deep State Update

CH · 3 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

One screen, two movies.

> Mueller withheld "details that would exonerate the president" of having Kremlin backchannel
>
> It appears that special counsel Robert Mueller withheld key information in its plea deal with Trump's former attorney, Michael Cohen, which would exonerate Trump and undermine the entire purpose of the special counsel, according to Paul Sperry of *RealClearInvestigations*.
>
> Cohen pleaded guilty last week to lying to the Senate intelligence committee in 2017 about the Trump Organization's plans to build a Trump Tower in Moscow – telling them under oath that negotiations he was conducting ended five months sooner than they actually did.
>
> Mueller, however, in his nine-page charging document filed with the court seen by Capitol Hill sources, **failed to include the fact that Cohen had no direct contacts at the Kremlin** – which undercuts **any notion that the Trump campaign had a "backchannel" to Putin**.

Mueller really should be brought up on criminal charges for sedition in the act of aiding and abetting an illegal coup against the president.

More deep state perfidy:

> The Trump Tower Moscow meeting – spearheaded by New York real estate developer and **longtime FBI and CIA asset, Felix Sater**, bears a passing resemblance to the June 2016 Trump Tower meeting between members of the Trump campaign and a Russian attorney (who hated Trump), and which was set up by a British concert promotor tied to Fusion GPS – the firm Hillary Clinton's campaign paid to write the salacious and unverified "Trump-Russia Dossier."

Would you doubt a face like that?

***

Jerome Corsi is suing Mueller, alleging an attempt to bully him into giving false testimony against Trump.

This is what zealous, partisan hack special counsel hitmen do: they set up perjury traps — if you misremembered your great aunt's birthday and gave two different dates during two separate FBI interrogations, guess what? you perjured yourself — and then use the stick of jail time and the carrot of a plea agreement to extract testimony under duress that implicates a higher-up target. It's the kind of "justice" that makes mockery of the word.

***

The Deep State is the Stasi of Globohomo. We have to take down the former to neuter the latter. Here is one reminder of the reason Globohomo must be defeated: cover-ups about the truth of open borders to mass swarth world immigration.

From DEUSVULT,

> But hey, international mega-corporations need their taxpayer funded workforce. Otherwise their profits might decrease slightly. Oh noOoO.(shudders)

"Privatize the profits, socialize the costs" may as well be the motto of Globohomo.

***

Luckily, some actions by Globohomo have backfired:

***

As the cold civil wars across European Christendom finally heat up, this will happen to more agents of Globohomo:

Eggs today, baskets tomorrow.

***

This is refreshing:

> I am certain that, at some time in the future, President Xi and I, together with President Putin of Russia, will start talking about a meaningful halt to what has become a major and uncontrollable Arms Race. The U.S. spent 716 Billion Dollars this year. Crazy!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) December 3, 2018

I wonder if Trump is beginning to realize that the Pentagon isn't interested in taking down his deep state enemies (or protecting him from impeachment), so he's just gonna do what he promised during his campaign and remind everyone about the money we waste policing the world.

This is a golden don opportunity to triangulate off the sclerotic neoliberal Dems (and repatriated neocons) and build an expedient alliance with the Occasional-Cortez wing to clip the military budget and bring it more in line with nationalist/populist realities.

A reader adds,

> Or: he may have realized from get-go that honesty about the debacle/fraud that is defense spending would have attracted too much pus-back (Freudian slip, I meant "push-back") too early in his presidency. He may now feel secure enough to take it on. Real cost of defense spending is about $1 trillion a year, as defense money goes to

> agencies outside DOD budget.

If it takes a military budget cut to fund an equally bloated nationalized healthcare system to close the borders, kick out the illegals, and save America as an 80%+ majority White nation for generations to come, then I'm all for it.

Budgets and policies and programs can be revisited and repealed at a later date. A change in a nation's racial make-up is forever.

The Alpha Kiss

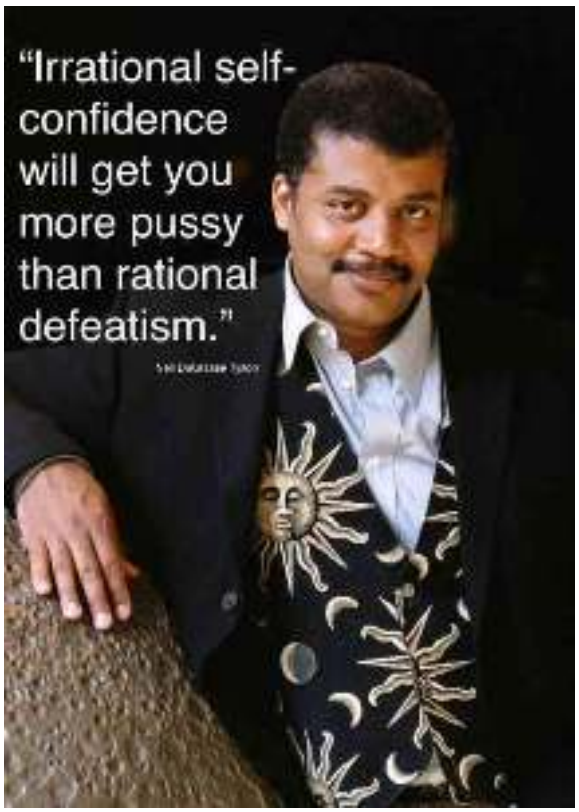
CH · 3 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

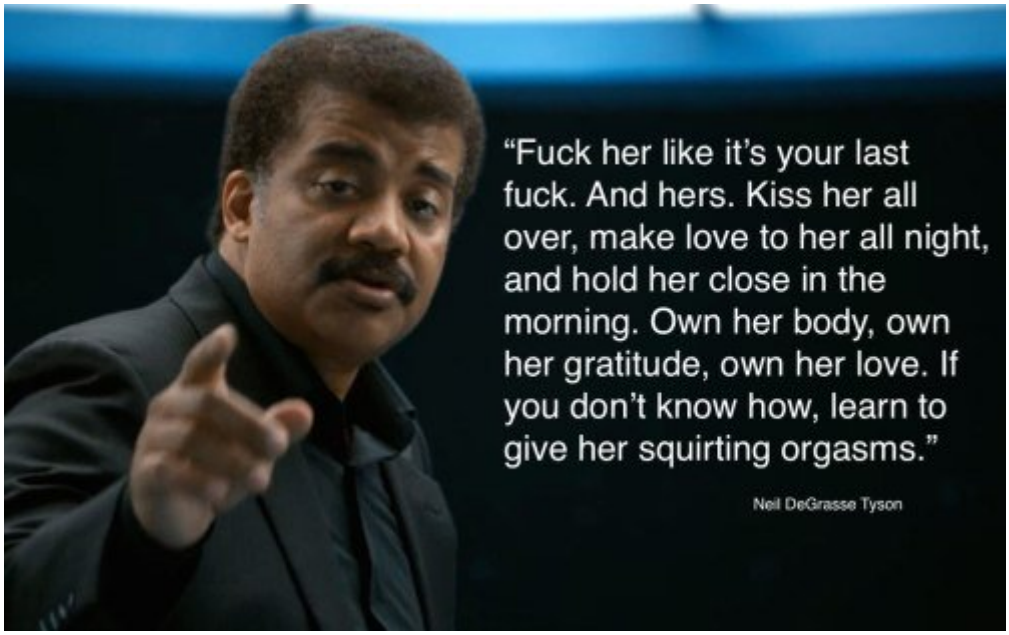
Neil deGrasse Tyson MeToo'ed

CH · 3 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Neil deGrasse Tyson, black science man beloved by virtue sniveling White Shrillennials, has been accused of sexual harassment, making him the latest in a long line of shitlib icons caught up in the PoundMeToo show trials.

Anyone should have seen this scandal coming. NDT has publicly shared some very misogynistic thoughts about women and sex, yet his fans and the media overlooked this part of his personality.





Black Science Man should be called the Doctor of Love. Is this backstory about NDT's sexism true? Snopes should get to the bottom of it. Will readers kindly report this to Snopes? The public has a right to know if Neil deGrasse

Tyson has said these very problematic things about women.

MAGAmour!

CH · 3 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I chuckle thinking about Melania and Don's marriage. They are in love with each other, but there's gotta be some friction that heats up the bedroom. For instance, Melania is dressed to kill in Paris, living the dream, trying to impress Frenchies, soaking up the adulation…then her husband tweets the next day about the French almost speaking German.

She's exasperated, All her good will, politesse, and carefully chosen fashion statements for naught, because Don had to lay the smackdown on Maricon. Later that night, when they're alone, she slaps him, maybe playfully, maybe not, a tear beginning to form. Don takes her in his arms….sympathizes, assures her he'll be better next time…she straddles him.. "oh mr president…."

***

What am I doing wasting my time delivering Truth and Beauty to the benighted when I could just slap together pulpy romance ripped straight from a compilation of my Best Of Comfort Stage seductions and make out like a bandit?

UN Report: Holocaust Exploitation To Terraform European Christendom

CH · 3 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From the official United Nations website, a discussion paper that proposes using memory of the Holocaust to press for more multiculturalism and globalism.

> The future of Holocaust memory and education lies in its ability to be relevant to the students of coming generations. While study about the Holocaust is important in and of itself, it is even more important to learn from the Holocaust in terms of promoting global citizenship, human rights, religious tolerance and multiculturalism to ensure that such evil does not occur again.

How does multiculturalism prevent genocide? It would seem commonsensical that the best way to prevent genocide of the Holocaustian flavor is to keep different peoples apart.

> In many locations worldwide, the Holocaust has become a universal symbol of evil. Just as the story of the Exodus from Egypt from the Bible, and the catch cry "Let my people go" epitomises moving from slavery towards freedom, the Holocaust is now the defining symbol of the most terrible denial of basic human rights—an evil that we struggle to comprehend.
>
> Paradoxically, we can transform teaching about the Holocaust from a subject of despair to a subject of hope. We can convey to our students the message that the option of preventing the next Holocaust is in **our own hands**. Our students can take specific steps to counter racism and hatred on a local, granular level and this will impact at the universal, international level.
>
> **In this way, adolescents can become agents of change. The most important educational message of *tikun olam*, repairing the world, is that we must not be indifferent, we must not be bystanders, because indifference is lethal.**

Get them while they're young. (Although, it's a good bet [the special kids] don't fall far from the olive tree.)

> We have to act! We must be agents and facilitators against the evils of discrimination, prejudice, hatred and violence. All teachers need to equip their students with the intellectual and practical tools to deal with complex historical situations.

Why do [the special people] and UN apparatchiks (but I mostly repeat myself) feel the need to ACT? Act on what? Rejiggering human nature? Yeah, that won't end yet again in an abattoir of the victims of failed universalist ideologies. /s

> The growing strength of populist and far right groups in Europe must concern us all. The worldwide wave of anti-Semitism in which innocent Jews are attacked solely for being Jewish while walking the streets of Sydney, Melbourne, Brussels, Paris and Rome has to worry us.

Disingenuously left unstated is that most of those attacks are

a. by moslems and assorted vibrancy invited into those places by people like Zehavit Gross and

b. hate hoaxes by a sociopathic israeli-american 20yo

> Over the past two decades, Holocaust awareness globally has become a new form of collective remembrance.

I'd call it a familiar form of collective indoctrination.

> Holocaust education enables exploration of human rights literacy in different social contexts from cognitive, social and practical perspectives. It acknowledges the need to develop a new cosmopolitan consciousness transcending national boundaries: a memory connected not only to the past but also to the belief in a common future. The cosmopolitanization of Holocaust awareness and the need to avoid such a tragedy occurring again is connected to **post-national processes**.

> Thus, educating about the dangers of racism and extreme nationalism can become an icon for a new cosmopolitan future.

"I didn't sign up for this"

> At the same time we must be careful. There can be no doubt that the transformation of the Holocaust into a universal symbol of evil has made it possible to address it in different cultural contexts. But there is a substantial, inherent risk that this approach can "normalise" the Holocaust and thus diminish it. Normalisation can lead to "soft" Holocaust denial. Not aggressive, explicit denial, but denial of its core Jewish elements.

"Hey hey let's all remember who the primary victims are!"

Summarizing, the United Nations has implicitly endorsed, by allowing on its website, a call to exploit Holocaust remembrance to advance the goal of post-national multicultural cosmopolitanism.

somberly shelves tinfoil hat I won't need you anymore, good friend. This is our reality, now.

Deep State Update

CH · 5 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The Hill and Daily Caller (hi, chuck!) have been publishing fantastic reporting on the criminal syndicate known as the Deep State. At least someone is doing the investigative work that the leftoid media won't do.

> FBI email chain may provide most damning evidence of FISA abuses yet
>
> […]
>
> The email exchanges included then-FBI Director James Comey, key FBI investigators in the Russia probe and lawyers in the DOJ's national security division, and they occurred in early to mid-October, before the FBI successfully secured a FISA warrant to spy on Trump campaign adviser Carter Page.
>
> The email exchanges show the FBI was aware — before it secured the now-infamous warrant — that there were intelligence community concerns about the reliability of the main evidence used to support it: the Christopher Steele dossier.
>
> The exchanges also indicate FBI officials were aware that Steele, the former MI6 British intelligence operative then working as a confidential human source for the bureau, had contacts with news media reporters before the FISA warrant was secured.
>
> The FBI fired Steele on Nov. 1, 2016 — two weeks after securing the warrant — on the grounds that he had unauthorized contacts with the news media.
>
> But the FBI withheld from the American public and Congress, until months later, that Steele had been paid to find his dirt on Trump by a firm doing political opposition research for the Democratic Party and for Democratic presidential candidate Hillary Clinton, and that Steele himself harbored hatred for Trump.
>
> If the FBI knew of his media contacts and the concerns about the reliability of his dossier before seeking the warrant, it would constitute a serious breach of FISA regulations and the trust that the FISA court places in the FBI.
>
> That's because the FBI has an obligation to certify to the court before it approves FISA warrants that its evidence is verified, and to alert the judges to any flaws in its evidence or information that suggest the target might be innocent.
>
> We now know the FBI used an article from Yahoo News as independent corroboration for the Steele dossier when, in fact, Steele had talked to the news outlet.
>
> If the FBI knew Steele had that media contact before it submitted the article, it likely would be guilty of circular intelligence reporting, a forbidden tactic in which two pieces of evidence are portrayed as independent corroboration when, in fact, they originated from the same source.
>
> These issues are why the FBI email chain, kept from most members of Congress for the past two years, suddenly landed on the declassification list. […]
>
> **Sources tell me the email chain provides the most direct evidence that the bureau, and possibly the DOJ, had reasons to doubt the Steele dossier before the FISA warrant was secured.**

But a coup was underway, so the FISA judges had to be deceived as part of the plan.

> Sources say the specifics of the email chain remain classified, but its general sentiments about the Steele dossier and the media contacts have been discussed in nonclassified settings.
>
> "If these documents are released, the American public will have clear and convincing evidence to see the FISA warrant that escalated the Russia probe just before Election Day was flawed and the judges [were] misled," one knowledgeable source told me.

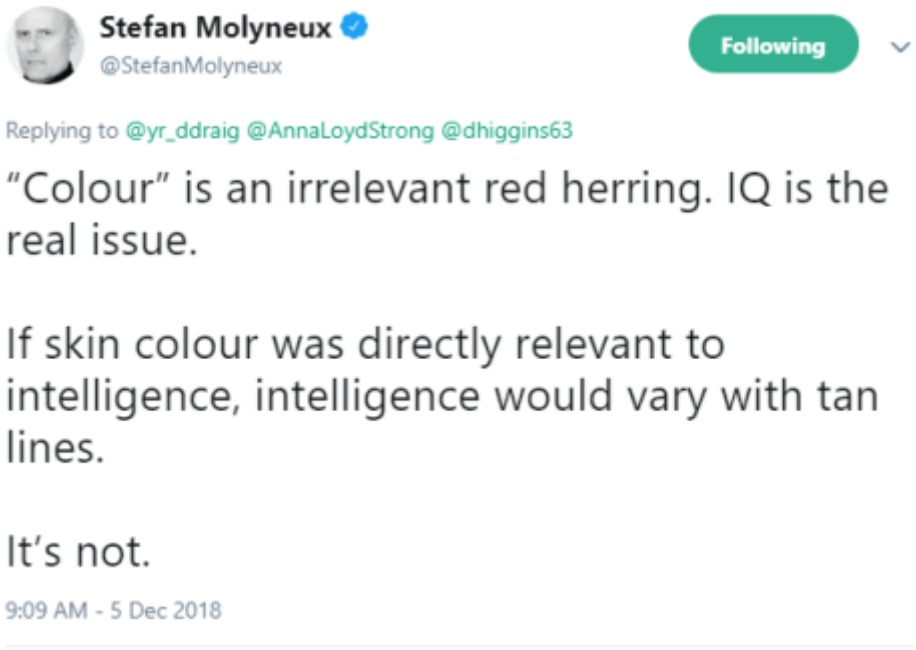
> Congressional investigators also have growing evidence that some evidence inserted into the fourth and final application for the FISA — a document signed by current Deputy Attorney General Rod Rosenstein — was suspect.
>
> Nunes hinted as much himself in comments he made on Sean Hannity's Fox News TV show on Nov. 20, when he disclosed the FBI email string was added to the declassification request. The release of the documents will "give finality to everyone who wants to know what their government did to a political campaign" and verify that the Trump campaign did not collude with Russia during the election, Nunes said.
>
> As more of the secret evidence used to justify the Russia probe becomes public, an increasingly dark portrait of the FBI's conduct emerges.

The lawlessness of the FBI, CIA, and DOJ beggar belief. I'm not kidding when I say creeps like Brennan, Comey, Clapper, Strzok, Rosenstein, and Mueller should be in the docket to answer for their crimes of treason.

One screen, two movies, and the movie shitlibs are watching is pure fiction.

Argumentum Ad Technicalitum

CH · 5 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



This is argumentum ad technicalitum, a favorite pastime of disingenuous shitlibs and scaredy-cat libertarians. Sure, a well-tanned White person won't get stupider, but skin color has always colloquially referred to a genetically inherited trait, and yes darker skin IS associated with intra- and inter-racial lower IQ and higher aggressiveness.

***

S.K. adds,

> There is a basket of other traits anecdotally observed to be racially different. Aggression, time preference, maturity, pair bonding, and so on. None of these seem to be directly associated with simple IQ. I'm idly curious whether those differences will ever be defined.

Right, IQ isn't the only important human trait under the sun, but IQ does appear to play a modulating role for all of those traits S.K. listed. There are apparently correlations of varying strength between a simple *g* factor and a host of well-researched psychological traits, but none are perfectly mutually predictive, which is why we occasionally come across smart, impulsive people or dumb, conscientious people.

And of course these correlations must be controlled for race, because there are large average racial differences as well as intra-racial differences along all those behavioral and cognitive dimensions.

It's time for otherwise smart men like Molyneux to stop cravenly abiding shitlib nostrums. Cowardice is more costly when the hour is late.

Big Chem, Small Penises, And Shitlibs

CH · 5 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Name three features of modrenity that are colluding to destroy Western Civilization.

> Men's penises are half-an-inch SMALLER if they are exposed to high levels of chemicals in non-stick frying pans and fast food packaging while in the womb, study finds
>
> Men could end up with penises half-an-inch shorter than usual if their parents were exposed to high levels of a chemical used in non-stick frying pans.
>
> Scientists have found the chemicals, called PFCs, can interfere with male hormones and lead to sexual organs being 'significantly' shorter and thinner.
>
> And this effect is not only seen in the womb, the researchers said. PFCs could have toxic effects in teenagers, too.
>
> The chemicals, also found in waterproof clothing and greaseproof packaging for food, get into the bloodstream and reduce testosterone levels.
>
> Scientists found young men who grew up in an area polluted with PFCs have penises 12.5 per cent shorter and 6.3 per cent thinner than healthy men. […]
>
> The chemicals, officially called perfluoroalkyl compounds, are also a health hazard in Dordrecht in the Netherlands, Shandong in China, and West Virginia in the US.
>
> The Italian researchers found PFCs will bind to testosterone receptors and reduce levels of the male sex hormone used in the body.
>
> As a result, men grow up with smaller penises, less healthy and mobile sperm and a shorter distance between their scrotum and anus – a sign of lower fertility.
>
> 'As the first report on water contamination of PFCs goes back to 1977, the magnitude of the problem is alarming,' said the researchers, led by Dr Andrea Di Nisio.
>
> 'It affects an entire generation of young individuals, from 1978 onwards.'
>
> PFCs come in hundreds of forms and are widely used to make everyday products more convenient and longer-lasting.
>
> They are found in fast food packaging, paper plates, stain-resistant carpets, windshield washing fluid, fire-fighting foam and waterproof clothing.
>
> PFCs are also in some glues, cosmetics, medicines, electronics, cleaning products, polishes and waxes, insecticides and paints.

Endocrine disruptors are a bigger threat to humanity than any virtue signaling catastrophe du jour beloved by shitlibs. This toxic stew of chemicals that has powered the modern consumerist economies of the First World is a silent killer of masculinity and femininity.

Big Chem is an enemy of the penis.

For decades we Westerners have ingested an onslaught of unnatural chemicals under the comforting belief that the conveniences of easy living were cost-free.

Instead, we are paying a price so large it threatens to destroy our homelands, through the inversion of the sexual polarities, leading to unmarriageable pussyhat women and prostrate soyboys genuflecting before a suicidal universalist worldview.

This goes beyond our shared Inner Hajnal inheritance, which has bequeathed us with a high trust altruism that is

beneficial only out to a geocultural radius of our racial kin. Beyond that, our Hajnalleles are cyanide pills waiting to activate when the first swarth enters our sanctum demanding our largesse.

But, in my opinion, Inner Hajnalianism cannot adequately explain this degree of White Christian self-abnegation.

> Poll Shows Huge Democrat Bias Toward Muslims Over Christians
>
> Sixty-eight percent of Democrats say employers should grant a request for prayer space by Muslims — but only 45 percent say employers should grant a similar request by Christian employees, says a survey by Grinnell College.
>
> In contrast to the Democrats' 23-point anti-Christian bias, the November poll showed only a ten point gap in response from conservatives.
>
> Thirty percent of Republicans say employers should provide a prayer space for Muslim employees and 40 percent say employers should support a similar service for Christians, according to the Grinnell College poll of roughly 500 people.
>
> The same poll showed a three-point pro-Christian skew among Donald Trump's voters and a huge 20-point pro-Muslim skew among Hillary Clinton voters.
>
> The massive bias among Clinton voters towards Muslims is a huge contrast to Trump voters' more principled approach to religious requests on business.

A principled approach would be to recognize that nations are extensions of race, which are affiliated with specific religious traditions, and that a nation's government should privilege the race and religion of its native stock. But we are far from that sensible and historical understanding of the purpose and particulars of nationhood.

Conspicuously and eagerly bending the knee to foreigners and an alien religion, while also gleefully disavowing one's own heritage, is an abasement of such demonic proportion that it points to an environmental insult for its source. The Hajnal gene template combined with the sexuality inverting toxins released en masse into our homes and water supplies by Big Chem is the lethal one-two combination that best accounts for the lunacy of Clown World.

Big Chem, small penises, shitlibs: it's all connected.

We need brave researchers to examine this connection so that we can find solutions.

- Where are these penis-shrinking chemicals most concentrated?
- Who is most affected by them?
- Do shitlibs and shitlords differ in average penis size?
- Does urban population density trigger a cascade of endocrine disruption?
- Is shitlib lunacy partly the result of the nature and scope of the chemicals they unknowingly absorb?

We may need to grapple with the reality that the only cure for what ails us is turning our backs on materialist modrenity, and embracing de-urbanization, localism, and a reinvigorated solidarity among racial and cultural kindred; and finding our way to a painful self-awareness that we Whites carry within us a divine spark that is also our immolation if we are reckless vessels of it.

The time for a radical new vision of the Good Life has arrived. We can hope it's not too late.

***

PS The way to fight the penis-shrinking effects of teflon-coated cookware is to constantly fantasize about your favorite harem girls naked and writhing under your patriarchal gaze so that you have a chubby every minute of the day.

Or you could cook on stainless steel or cast iron*.

*Cast iron isn't so good for men past the age of puberty. Iron stores build up in the blood and aren't easily expelled. High ferritin level is associated with higher risk of heart disease.

Vicarious Female Submission

CH · 6 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a great Game vajnette from VinnyVette, illustrating the concept of vicarious female submission.

> Current girlfriend of four years…
> First night I met her, on the second beer at a local drinking establishment. Was talking about a crazy freak I was banging who was stalking me. Grabbed new girl by the hair, pulled her to me, looked her in the eyes and said “and I slapped her in the face and told her to look at me while I’m fucking you!” The look in new girls eyes said I’d be fucking her that night, and I did. Been my love slave ever since…

Clever, clever. Allow a girl to experience that intoxicating submission to a dominant man, while maintaining a MeToo-proof plausible deniability by expressing that dominance through the alibi of a remembered fling with another woman.

First, there’s the DHV and hamster-stroke table setting: he’s so irresistible he turns girls into “crazy freak” stalkers.

Then, there’s the kino escalating hair-grab delivered with a built-in, face-saving retraction should it be unwelcome (he’s just demonstratively recalling a story about a girl who was crazy for him).

The physicality of the move is pure pulp romance rape fantasy fuel. Gentlemen, if you really want to heat up the bedroom, skip the roses and sweet nothings and go straight to the hair grab and head-pull toward your face.

Strong eye contact is critical when attempting a power play over a woman’s hindbrain. Don’t break the spell by glancing upward thinking about what you’ll say next.

The follow-up line slyly embeds “Look at me while I’m fucking you!” within a larger, at-a-remove narrated context. You obviously won’t say this to a girl on the first night you meet her, after the second beer. But you can get away with arousing the same feelings in her as she would have swooning under the throaty delivery of that line from an actual lover in an actual bedroom situation, by saying the line within the safe space of a recalled romance with another girl.

This is a version of NLP — embedding trigger words (the good kind of triggering) into a conversation to lead a girl to imagine scenarios, transactions, with you.

It’s unrealistic to say to a girl you just met, “Look at me. Look at me! I’m the pussy smasher now”, but you can get away with it if you frame it as a retold story: “and I slapped her in the face and told her to look at me while I’m fucking you!”.

Note that final pronoun. Not, “…told her to look at me while I’m fucking her”, but “…told her to look at me while I’m fucking you”. YOU. The girl sitting there listening to this is now an active participant in the story. She is the girl from his story, getting wet for the pimp hand.

Finally, the romantic slap. You don’t have to do it, you only have to say you’d do it, or that you’ve done it, to elicit similar feelings of feral, pre-orgasmic submission in a woman. Words are their own form of hyperconsensual foreplay.

Finger Length Ratio And Female Infidelity

CH · 6 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A study with a decent sample size (N = 274 female participants) found that the index finger to ring finger ratio (2D:4D) in women predicts their potential risk of cheating.

> Being more exposed to the sex hormone oestrogen in the womb leads to women's index fingers growing longer than their ring finger.
>
> By contrast, being exposed to more of the male sex hormone testosterone in the womb has a more 'masculinising' effect – and results in a longer ring finger and a shorter index finger.
>
> Men with longer ring fingers than index fingers have been found to be better sportsmen.
>
> Eiluned Pearce of Oxford University carried out the research which has been published in a Royal Society Journal.
>
> She took measurements of the finger lengths of 274 female volunteers and also sampled their DNA.
>
> They also completed psychological tests on their relationship quality.
>
> She found that 'women with higher (more feminine) left hand digit ratios are more impulsive and rate their romantic relationships less favourably.' She added that the finding is 'intriguing, because the opposite might be expected'.

Ok, a few words of caution. As with any sociosexuality research that relies in part on self-report surveys, take it with a grain of salt. Women lie, and women lie a lot when the question has to do with their romantic longings and sexual history. Women as a sex will "lie down" (heh), meaning they will undercount the number of men they have slept with and will reclassify non-vaginal sex as platonic friendship.

Having said that, we can assume, since women will lie in one direction (to socially signal more chasteness than they in reality possess), that the differences in sexual behavior or relationship satisfaction between high and low finger ratio women would hold as a valid finding, despite the magnitude of those differences possibly skewed by social expectation bias. This would only **not** be the case if, for some reason, high finger ratio women and low finger ratio women lied at different frequencies. That is, if high 2D:4D women lied more about their romantic lives than low 2D:4D women lied about theirs, we could not trust any uncorrected self-report data that attempted to compare the two groups.

This isn't an idle misgiving. It's plausible that very feminine women are more disposed to lying about their chasteness than are masculinized women, given that femininity is in general associated with a greater sensitivity to social pressure and with affinity for emotional manipulation of others.

One more word of caution: the researchers appear to have used "impulsivity" and "dissatisfaction with relationship" as proxies for "higher likelihood of cheating". These aren't equivalent, despite the former two characteristics being a leading indicator of the latter risk. Dissatisfied women in relationships can conceivably control themselves and resist infidelity……

HAHAHAH OH MY GOD HAHAHAHAHAHAHA I KEEL MYSELF

….but that's not the way to bet.

Still, based on my experience with women, I believe this study has touched on a truth about women that would be more brightly illuminated with better methodology.

> In the research paper, she speculates that women with the higher index finger to ring finger ration are likely to be 'more feminized' and more highly sought after by males.

> **Because they know they have a lot of options**, ‘this might be associated with dissatisfaction with current partners’ and this might lead to flings – or as the scientists call it ‘opportunistic mating’ and ‘impulsive’ mating with men who are not their husband or partner.
>
> The two main strategies in sex are ‘opportunistic mating’ – in other words having lots of flings – and a strategy ‘focusing on long-term commitment’.
>
> **She writes that ‘If females with more feminised morphology [body shape] have higher ‘mate value’**,

SMV: sexual market value.

The Chateau isn’t an outpost of the world; the world is an outpost of the Chateau.

> this might be associated with dissatisfaction with current partners, leading to impulsive extra-pair matings and seeking alternative mates.’

Finger length ratio is a well-tread topic at the Chateau. There has been debate whether masculinized or feminine women are more likely to cheat (proponents of the former reasoning that women with high T are hornier and thus cheat risks), but this study says more feminine women are the cheat risks, which validates a classic Chateau pearl necklace of wisdom:

Options = Instability

> The researchers also looked at the ratio of index finger to ring finger lengths in males, but did not find any connection with relationship quality.

FYI, there is very little discrepancy between the finger ratios of gay and straight men. If anything, gay men have slightly more “masculine” ratios.

That last bit about the dearth of evidence for a digit ratio-to-relationship quality correlation in men is very telling. It indirectly supports my observation that women make holistic assessments of male mate quality, seeking out a panoply of hsmv traits in men, some of which contradict each other. As such, the playing field is open to men of varying masculinity and femininity — think on, for example, how common it is to see brooding artist soyboys and musclehead jocks with cute girls — and how that might manifest biologically in a natural selection process that neither favors nor disfavors for long high 2D:4D men over low 2D:4D men.

It’s interesting to speculate on the existence of Darwinian balances that keep lower digit ratio men in the game, and further to speculate that this is the reason why there isn’t a connection between a man’s digit ratio and his relationship quality.

That connection is easier to see when looking directly at the source of a man’s happiness: his woman’s beauty, or lack thereof. Forget male finger ratios; if you want to know if a man is satisfied in his relationship, just ask yourself if you would eagerly fuck his girlfriend or wife. If yes, he’s happy.

Reframe Of The Day

CH · 7 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I came up with a powerful reframe in the course of arguing the merits of decentralized dissidence. The upstart social media platform Gab, the free speech alternative to Totalitarian Twatter*, remains one of a rare few internet outposts willing to allow offending speech. This means the pressure on it to bend to Globohomo demands will be enormous. A lone target attracts more firepower. But multiple Gabs across media niches will scatter Globohomo's fire and help each individual dissident node survive the fusillade.

Which leads to my reframe.

It's not offensive speech, or offensive speakers, or an offensive ideology.

It's offending speech, offending speakers, or an offending ideology.

The small semantic adjustment makes all the difference.

offensive: the moral onus is on the accused.

offending: the moral onus is on the accuser.

Offensive speech, speakers, or ideology targets everyone.

Offending speech, speakers, or iedology targets the person claiming to be offended.

Shitlibs prefer the former, because they are indicted by the latter. Offensive speech must be roundly criticized, but offending speech connotes a breaking of taboos held dear by sanctimonious guardians of acceptable discourse. The latter draws attention to the motivations of the accuser rather than to the accused.

*my first twatter account lasted about two years.
my second: six months
my third: two months
my fourth: three days
a revealing look at the increasing intolerance of Shitlib Media.

Bumble Game

CH · 9 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Mr. Meaner shows what a cleanly executed chat game looks like, incorporating multiple Game tactics and concepts and moving the convo quickly onto closing the deal.

> Thought I'd post this Bumble exchange I had as it's a good example of a lot of game techniques. Hope I don't get stuck in mod.
>
> Her: Hey hru
>
> Me: gd u
> (Ed: I am so sick to the back teeth of chicks and their lazy-ass openers that I just fight fire with fire now)
>
> Her: I'm alright what you upto?
>
> Me: having lunch; looking at your pics. You?
>
> Her: I'm home sick unfortunately. Haha you like what you see?
>
> Me: i did until you said you were sick (disgust emoji)
>
> Her: Oh
>
> Her: Well that's kinda awkward
>
> Her: What you got planned for the weekend?
>
> (Ed: neg leads to her asking me my plans. Lol)
>
> Me: thinkin of buyin' a new car. You're clearly gonna be in bed all wkend
>
> Her: Oh awesome what sort of car
>
> (Ed: Cue lengthy para about all the made up bullshit she's doing this weekend)
>
> Me: doing much tonight?
>
> Her: nothing planned think my housemates staying in so might watch a movie, you?
>
> Me: yeah just relaxing at this point. Might open a bottle of something or have a few beers
>
> Her: that sounds amazing. You could go all out and eat cheese too
>
> Me: (eyeroll emoji) fine you bring the cheese
>
> Her: haha it's a date. What part of town are you?
>
> Enjoy my bros

Well played. I give this Game three out of four Birthday Cats.

[image]

[image]

[image]

There are a couple of highlights from Mr. Meaner's banter that are worth explaining in full.

- Bumblegirl's total word count is 71. Mr. Meaner's word count is 56. That's about a 9:7 word count ratio, which is heading in the direction of the golden give-and-take ratio described in Poon Commandment V:

V. Adhere to the golden ratio

Give your woman 2/3 of everything she gives you. For every three calls or texts, give her two back. Three declarations of love earn two in return. Three gifts; two nights out. Give her two displays of affection and stop until she has answered with three more. When she speaks, you reply with fewer words. When she emotes, you emote less. The idea behind the golden ratio is twofold — it establishes your greater value by making her chase you, and it demonstrates that you have the self-restraint to avoid getting swept up in her personal dramas. Refraining from reciprocating everything she does for you in equal measure instills in her the proper attitude of belief in your higher status. In her deepest loins it is what she truly wants.

- Meaner wasn't a stickler for syntax. Abbreviating words is the slangy equivalent of Skittles for her birthday. ZFG all the way (Zapped Furburgers Greased).
- The neg (technically a Takeaway or Indicator of Disinterest) prompted her to ask about his weekend. Chaser-chasee script flipped.
- "thinkin of buyin a new car". Minor, but effective for its spontaneity, DHV (demonstration of higher value)
- "you're clearly gonna be in bed all wkend". Vheeky jerkboy bantz. Sutble but powerful disqualification. She hears, "this guy doesn't think I have a life".
- Her: "you could go all out and eat cheese too". Funny shit test. Most betas would balk and get defensive. Meaner passes it easily with the eyeroll and opportunity for a weekend slamfest by telling her to bring the cheese.

Well done.

Carlson/Kobach 2024

CH · 10 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Or, if things go badly for Trump over the next two years, Carlson/Kobach 2020.

> Future POTUS and cabinet pic.twitter.com/IQqYYpSZKA
>
> — Bronze Age Chad (@BronzeAgeChad) December 8, 2018

Tucker Carlson, like the rest of us, is frustrated with the pace of MAGA.

He blames Trump.

I blame the system.

Tucker doesn't seem to grasp the bind Trump is in. Imagine every day you had to deal with innuendo of impending indictments of your family members. And two parties which hate you. Judges which thwart you. And even your "allies" balk at your style.

Every step of the way, the goal of the establishment has been to hobble Trump, to prevent him from keeping his campaign promises, and to cripple his ability to get even minor executive orders past a black robed terrorist.
Trump isn't capable?
Maybe.
But an honest man would admit Trump's enemies have made sure he doesn't get the chance to prove his worth.

From Heather,

> I agree with you.
>
> But hear me out on a little speculation… Everyone knows Trump watches Tucker. Could this be Tucker's way of cutting through the awful advisers and telling Trump directly that if he doesn't get the wall going, he's toast? Lord knows if he met with him or called him everyone would know about it.
>
> What do you think?

No doubt this is in the back of Carlson's mind, and may even be at the forefront of his mind. Tucker, then, would essentially be playing the role Ann Coulter plays for Trump on Twatter and in her articles: a voice from MAGAland echoing out over the Fake Din of Globohomo and past the cosmopolitan filters of Javanka.

I will never be a demoralization propagandist for the other side. However little of his original MAGA agenda Trump accomplishes, or however much zogcock he fluffs, his election is still a victory for bloodnsoil. Our situation would be A LOT WORSE had thecunt won. Keep your perspective, black pillers. There will be a time to give up on change from within the machine. That time is not yet here.

Check out photos of Trump at Elder Bush's FUNeral. None of the other ex-presidents made eye contact with him. The discomfort was palpable.

A line-up of D and R former presidents and their families, swallowed whole and then belched out as missionaries for Globohomo, didn't chum around with Trump. It's proof (as if it was needed) that Trump legitimately is outside the Washington establishment and he was elected to take a giant steaming turd on the Uniparty's legacy.

He forgets this at his, and our nation's, peril. If he won't accept the mantle of anti-establishment revolutionary, then we'll find someone who will eagerly take up the banner…and the broad sword.

Comment Of The Week: The Modren Heroine

CH · 10 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ralph Stanley walks away with this week's COTW:

> These "social trend" clickbait articles love to pretend they are somehow "shedding light" on some unknown truth about female sexuality — as if the muslim world hadn't been covering up their women for hundreds of years. For chrissakes, they literally force their women to wear blankets (with a small slit so they can at least see where they're going).
>
> You think they don't know the score already?
>
> By the way, speaking of photos, look up the image of the subject of this piece (and the author of "Untrue"), Wednesday Martin. Her face is Exhibit A for the modern heroine of the magazine world: liberated, over-medicated, over-penetrated, over-educated.

Liberated

Over-medicated

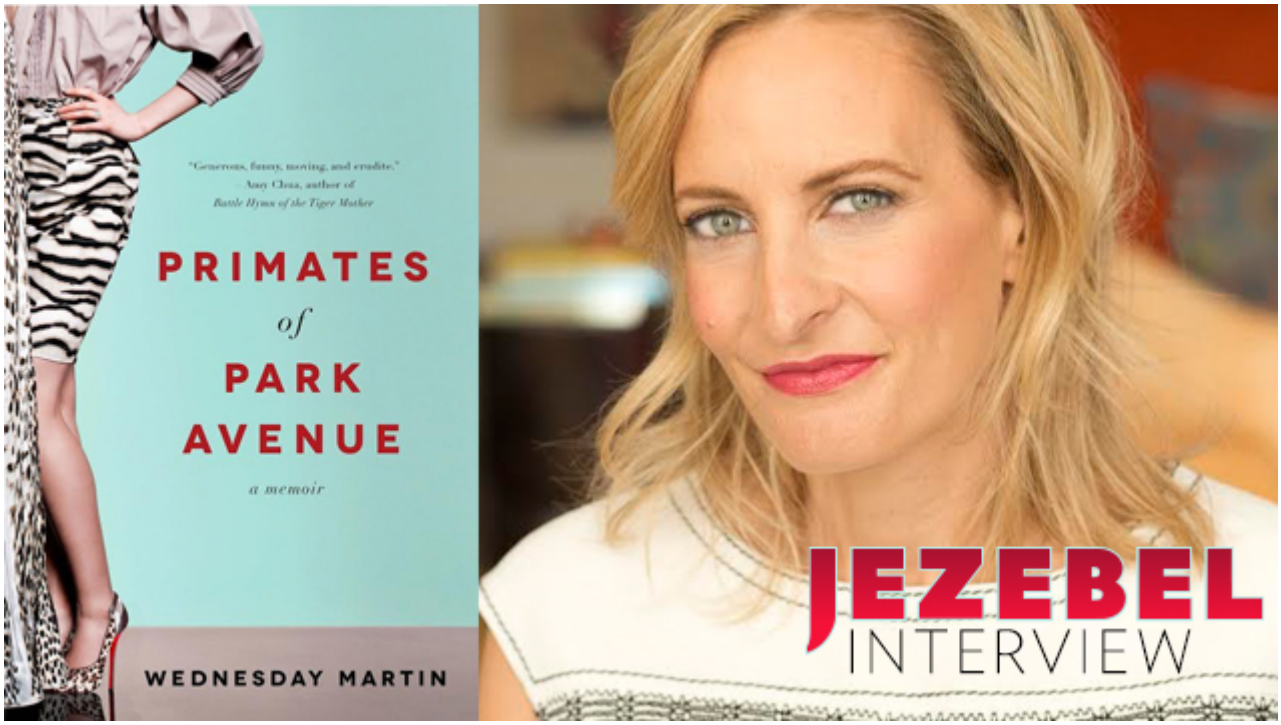
Over-penetrated

Over-educated

The coldest truths are poetry.

Like bare branches set against a slate gray winter sky.

Your modren heroine:



Note the manjaw, receding hairline, concorde-tipped nose, and thousand cock stare.

Verdict: too much T.

To her credit (and to our nation's discredit), she did manage to have kids (sons and daughters), who will no doubt

grow up to be basket-case sluts and wilting soyboys….or tradwives and amoral PUAs if they read this blog and revolt against their schlockmom. Her second beta provider is named Moser, which answers the question of what sort of man would willingly wife up this succubus.

From a Gabber,

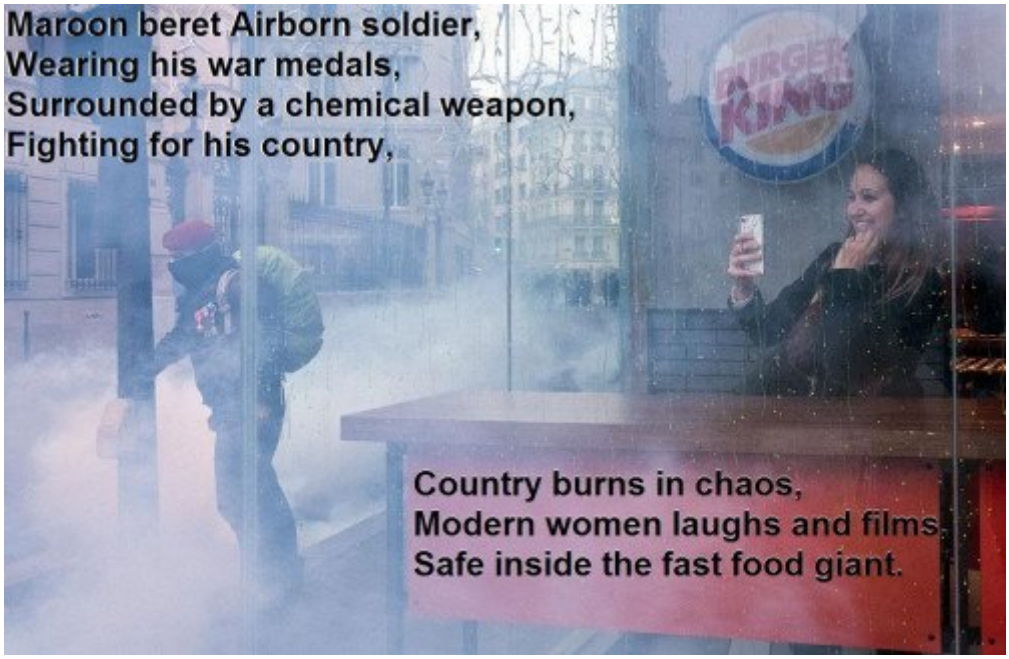
> You need to familiarize yourself with the author of the book being pushed here. Her name is Dr. Wednesday Martin, and you'll see more from her in the future. Her shtick seems to be "married women need to be poly whores to be happy". She was the one pushing the "skirt clubs" in the press last year (i.e. married women going to lesbian orgies).
>
> What's important… and DANGEROUS about her, is that she has the ear of the upper crust in New York, the people that run things. Their wives hang on her every word. And her latest book is about how women are these ravenous sexual beasts and, sorry men, one of you just isn't enough.

If the elite actually take her message to heart, that might not be a bad thing. To date, it's been more of "listen to what I say, don't watch what I do, proles" from the elite, but if they start drinking their own cunt-aid and destroy themselves, who am I to counsel otherwise?

***

PS Our culture is fast becoming a playground for tyrants and despots. A Virginia teacher was fired for refusing to parrot Newspeak.

***



YOU ARE FEMINIST

Globohomo Tanks Vs Yellow-Vested Nationalists

CH · 10 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Macron is deploying what looks like EU tanks to crush this working class uprising against open borders neoliberalism. pic.twitter.com/POLhmKElwR

— Will Westcott (@westland_will) December 8, 2018

I would say this is BAD OPTICS, but bad optics only matter when an objective media will amplify them, which the internationalist-occupied media won't do.

So EU APCs (practically speaking, tanks minus the large gun turret) are free to crush a grass-roots, native son revolution while the media works overtime to conceal the awful optics from normies.

What's gonna happen when there's no longer a distinction between normies and yellow vests? What will happen when the yellow-vested ARE the normies?

vs

PS The yellow vest rebellions sweeping France are not only about a regressive gas tax. They are a howl from native Frenchmen who are sick and tired of their country turning into a third world dump by the actions of rapacious globalists.

DEUSVULT notes,

> Morocco World News has more honest stories about the French Yellow Vest demonstrations than most Western media outlets. That should probably alarm us a bit.

Western Fake News has so thoroughly discredited itself that backwater news organizations from pre-civilized countries provide more trustworthy news.

Normalizing Feral Female Sexuality

CH · 10 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

[The special people] will never stop.

They will have to be stopped.

And that means denying them sinecures, refusing to engage them publicly except to mock them, shaming them for their tribal animus, and most importantly to STOP LISTENING TO THEM AS IF THEIR OPINIONS OF US MATTERED.

Latest: The normalization of open female hypergamy, polyandry, and cuckoldry is underway.

> Why men should give their wives a cheat pass this Christmas
>
> By Rosa Silverman

> When I told my husband I was interviewing a writer who thinks men should give their wives a ‘cheat pass’ this Christmas, he understandably had some questions. “How would the wife find someone suitable for the occasion?” he wondered. (We were talking in the abstract, of course, and I deemed it safer to treat this as rhetorical.) I assured him that yes, it was all very unfeasible, and concluded he’ll more likely gift me jewellery.

And on and on it goes. I won’t give it more print space; you already know the themes: masochistic beta hubby whose first inclination is to wonder how his wife would find a suitable lover during the brief holiday window, a witchy-looking, bitterbitch [special woman] who fantasizes about screwing Gentile Chads while projecting her resentment of her mewling menfolk onto the goyium, a spiteful quest to subvert everything true and good and beautiful of White civilization and replace it with the world-on-fire market dominant minority model that characterizes the world’s shitholes, a raging, man-hating, slut-glorifying, cosmic order- and sexual polarity-corrupting advocacy for unleashed feral female sexuality and heavily regulated male sexuality….

But really, why bother rebutting this ENDLESS stream of bullshit and lies by a psychotic crop of Inner Party apparatchicks when I could just as illuminatingly post a picture of the author and leave it at that.

Weak Men Create Predatory Women

CH · 11 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A sufficiently robust self-abasement is indistinguishable from depravity. Case in point: this man who is seriously contemplating an agreement with his wife which would sanction her desire to have a "more attractive" baby with another man's seed and which her openly cuckolded husband would raise as his own under penalty of law and his wife's death-glare.

> Wife [26F] wants to use a sperm donor because she wants attractive kids
>
> I [30M] have been to my wits end with this discussion and I don't feel comfortable talking to my family or friends about this due to the sensitive and embarrassing nature of the conversation.

So many embarrassing situations can be avoided by being a man.

> When talking about children (we want to start soon), she suggested a sperm donor because then the child will (supposedly) have a better chance at a good life. I was incredibly confused and asked her to explain. To which she explained that if the baby had genes of an incredibly attractive and smart man (tried not to be insulted at that) then he/she would live an easier life and be happier. She's not wrong in that more attractive people live life easy, but its just so hurtful to think that your wife doesn't think you're good enough to have children with.

Why did she marry him? Regardless, her (and his) presumption is undercut by the hardships that will befall beautiful bastard sprogs who are abandoned by nonbiological fathers or, at best, resented by those non-fathers until they crack one day and go the full Elliot Rodger/Amanjaw Mancuntte.

> Before we got married (been married for 3 years), we mentioned our mutual interest in having kids but this never came up. If I'm being objective, my wife is incredibly smart but not jaw-dropping beautiful

This is why you should ALWAYS ALWAYS ALWAYS commit to a woman for her looks first, and her smarts a distant second.

> and though she has a healthy fit body, her face is not perfect.

Butterfaces are cursed to have the bodies that arouse alpha males for a night, but the faces that scare them away for the rest of the days and nights.

> She is imperfectly perfect to me but she's only a solid 6/7. I think her own insecurity might in part play a role since she struggled with not being a beautiful woman in her younger days and said how life is easier to be good looking.

For women especially, it sure is. But life is not easier as a single mommy. Remind her of that. Watch her reaction. Grab the popcorn. And get ready for an evening of sex you haven't had with her since…ever.

> I'm around the same level of attractiveness (I'm 6'0 and kinda on the thinner side but my face is average id say…never had anyone be repulsed) as her and she is attracted to me but she says she just wants our kid to have the best shot at life and lead the best life it can.

This is like the IMAX showing of Alpha Fux, Beta Bux. We're immersed in it. Blink when you leave the theater to get your sight back.

> I don't know what to do. Its gotten to the point where now I'm starting to consider it,

Second biggest mistake. (First big mistake was marrying her.)

> but it would make me feel as though she married me just for the money I can provide in raising this other handsome man's child.

Whenever there is any doubt, there's no doubt.

> I don't know what to do or how to reach her that this is not ok.

Try this:

"No"

Then this:

"No, you dumb crazy bitch."

Then this:

"You don't have to beg for my pimp hand, you can just ask."

Finally, if those fail, this:

"There's the door. Bye."

> Divorce is NOT on the cards; I just want to fix the problem.

Congratulations, you just gave up your only last ditch leverage.

> Update: I just casually asked her if she would be ok with using a sperm donor and egg donor and she pretty much shut that down real fast.

How utterly surprising! /s

Nothing pisses off a woman more than an uppity beta going against character and daring to look out for his own interests, but doing so in the most mealy-mouthed, tentative way possible.

> She says that at least one of us need to be biologically related to the child and its better if the mother is because the baby grows inside the mother and we could be involved in the pregnancy.

Thanks for the medical report.

[image]

This beta male on the cusp of omegadom is sadly representative of so many weak Millennial males who have NO CONCEPTION of the right and proper way to lead, dominate, and romantically possess women.

HE IS PREY.

His pathetic weakness provokes predatory behavior from women.

The only blood women can smell better than their own monthly is the blood of beta chum.

A reader is flabbergasted,

> Stuff like this hurts to read, it's inconceivable to me that someone would tolerate this from his (or supposedly his) woman. How did he even get a woman? Must have been a big bank account.

The man who would tolerate this shit from a woman is the man women would cuckold.

Don't tolerate it, and women won't gallingly solicit your acquiescence to your Darwinian annihilation.

My advice to this man is simple, but requires a small measure of dignity, which means it will be ignored or dismissed as "misogyny".

Do not walk to your nearest divorce lawyer. Run. And do it under cover of night. Plan your legal disentanglement now, while she's blind to your tactical maneuvers. You want to catch her by surprise, and you want an ironclad divorce settlement that leaves her nothing (luckily no kids are involved….yet) but an empty feeling in the pit of her butterwomb. Secretly record her cuckoldry discussions with you to present as evidence to the court. If all goes well, she'll be paying you to leave her alone and miserable.

And don't for a second think this marriage is salvageable. The moment your wifey articulated her desire to shun your seed and profit from your toil was the date-picked stamp on your inevitable divorce. When a woman speaks openly of her hypergamy, you can bet she's been thinking silently of it for years. A woman in that state of mind is one flimsy excuse away from cheating on you soon enough. Even if she drops her ridiculous demand of you to self-cuck, she'll simmer with the resentment of a woman who has, for years on end, wanted to jump on interloper dick and get impregnated by a higher quality man. Stay in that marriage only if you eagerly await the day you find the damning sexts on her phone.

Oh, and stop voting for elitist Democrats and cucked Repubs. I can bet you're the type of sniveling beta boob who votes for politicians who hate your kind.

A Test Of Your Game Knowledge

CH · 11 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Is this an example of…

Reader Mailbag: Suited For Stuffing

CH · 12 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

We haven't had a reader mailbag in a while. Here we go!

Email #1: From Euroflotsam, a VERY SINCERE QUESTION.

> You have said it is beta to have a vasectomy. Is it beta to wear a condom?

It is beta to wear a condom with a fatty or a fugly, but only because it is beta to have any kind of sex with a fatty or a fugly.

Less glibly, the betaness or alphaness of condom wearing is dependent on the romantic context and the life stage of the relationship.

Wearing a condom with a one night stand or a crazy stalker chick: NOT BETA

Wearing a condom with your long term girlfriend or wife: BETA

Wearing a condom with your hand. OMEGA

After a certain length of time, a man should really get to enjoy the sweet sweet romance of unobstructed pile driving. Women have contraceptive options that are less obtrusive than the rubber. She has the Pill. Or even the rhythm method. Cyclic raw dogging is actually a very dependable way to avoid pregnancy. You just need a base level of trust in a girl. I know that's asking a lot, but sexbots are not yet past the uncanny valley.

Women are less willing to go condom-less with beta males, for subconscious Darwinian reasons. Even if they are on the Pill. The very act of naked shaft against sugar wall triggers all sorts of vulnerability algorithms in the female hindbrain, so it's usually beta males who are asked, sometimes years-deep into relationships, to keep using the condoms. In contrast, alpha males often get to enjoy condom-less same night lays, because women limbically crave Spawndo (it's got what wombs want), despite consciously having no plan to get pregnant at the moment.

Exception: If you suffer from premature ejaculation, condoms will help your staying power.

Bottom line:

If a girl "forgets" to remind you to put on a condom during your first night together, YOU ARE ALPHA.

If a girl never forgets to remind you to put on a condom after five years together, YOU ARE BETA

The alphaness or betaness of all other condom scenarios are subject to contextual inputs.

***

Email #2: From Pseudonymous McAlias, a student who is wising up quickly.

> I'll be brief. Young man, under 20, at University. Stumbled into your website after discovering RP theory in my own experiences. You write really good stuff. Ok enough ass kissing

It's never enough.

> Biggest problem I see with men in the West today is frame, but it's not limited to sexual sphere.

Loss of frame is the big men's issue of the day. Few are talking about this.

> Everyone in Christendom or the Non-RP "Good Guy" sphere just get bitch slapped around and pretend to

> themselves it's the noble thing to do.

Nobility as a substitute for confronting aggression is just rationalized cowardice.

> Every single argument is set up in a predisposed frame by the higher Globohomo powers that be. And people just accept it. It works on 95+% of women, and 100% of weak-willed bitch boy men. "You're racist," "You're Mysoginost," "Why do you hate migrants," etc.
>
> Nobody understands the idea of rejecting the premise, they play along instead and argue within it. Even if you "win" you lose. Trump is great because he sets the premise. Same with the lady-slayer in Brazil. If you set the premise, YOU are the enemy of the people to Globohomo's and the hive mind.
>
> Why do people think the zombie apocalypse is a fantasy? The zombies are here, consuming immense amounts of Estrogen and Fox News and CNN, with their brains being destroyed and remolded by their collective masters. Originality and free thought is becoming novelty.
>
> Saving the West will take multiple passes of the ultimate shit test unapologetically. And as a collective, we are failing miserably. France passed one, but can they pass the next one? Vive La Révolution
>
> Don't know if you get around to reading these. Thought I'd give my 2 cents.

It was a good 2 cents.

I've long been on record stating that the power source of leftoids, which energizes their religious intolerance, is their ability to frame the discourse (ie the Narrative), and that their thermal exhaust port is penetrated by disregarding their premises and establishing your own frame to replace their frames. When you defy the shitlib universe of false premises and begin debating them from your own rhetorical turf instead of theirs, it drives them crazy. Trump does that, and it's why they hate him so. They have been exposed for you to deliver the killing blow.

***

Email #3: An anonymized girl reader confronts the implications of one scary poon commandment.

> I would like this message to remain anonymous please.
>
> My boyfriend reads you a lot! And he literally lives by your commandments. He talks about how you're spot on with women. I don't disagree, there's things that I've read and completely agree. For some reason he still lives by "always keep two in the kitty". These past 4 years it's never failed that I catch him texting other females, and him sending them graphic videos. I know you're good with telling men on how to live their life with women but I'm so confused at this point. It is because our relationship isn't good enough, I'm not good enough, or an insecurity thing? There's much more behind this situation I just wanted to keep it short and simple.
>
> Hoping to hear back from you!
>
> Sincerely, a reader!

Poon Commandment VII — "always keep two in the kitty" — is the most controversial of the Chateau commandments. Quoting it in full:

> Never allow yourself to be a "kept man". A man with options is a man without need. It builds confidence and encourages boldness with women if there is another woman, a safety net, to catch you in case you slip and risk a breakup, divorce, or a lost prospect, leading to loneliness and a grinding dry spell. A woman knows once she has slept with a man she has abdicated a measure of her power; when she has fallen in love with him she has surrendered nearly all of it. But love is ephemeral and with time she may rediscover her power and threaten to leave you. It is her final trump card. Withdrawing all her love and all her body in an instant will rend your soul if you are faced with contemplating the empty abyss alone. Knowing there is another you can turn to for

> affection will fortify your will and satisfy your manhood.

I'll return to the Poon Commandment above, but first, let me allay some of your anxiety. When a man checks out other women, that doesn't necessarily mean he's checked out of you. Men like variety, more than women do, and girlfriends don't quite get this about men, so these girlfriends tend to interpret their boyfriends' desire for variety as a lack of desire for them. Sometimes that's true; oftentimes it's not.

That said, if you've been with a man for four years, and he's sending graphic vids (dick pics of himself?) to other women, there may be a problem with the relationship. I'm just throwing that out there. Odds are, he's not just chatting with these number two kitties; he's angling for the bangling. Or — don't get upset, I'm just the messenger — he's already cheating. Maybe you two have an arrangement, so this isn't news to you. If so, you should be aware that no arrangement survives the endless chipping away at one's self-confidence that sexual jealousy provokes.

Also, if you're "catching" him texting other women, off guard, rather than him freely admitting he's doing so or openly exhibiting this behavior with no regard for the consequences, then he's hiding his sextual dalliances for a reason, and it's not to keep his main plate — you — "in line". He's prepping those monkey branches for an end-of-relationship swing, to minimize his high and dry time.

If you're "always" catching him texting other women sexually explicit come-ons, then that could mean one of three things:

1. really sloppy track-covering
2. this is part of his agenda to keep you anxious and in love with him
3. he's cheating, a lot, with many different women

As for Poon Commandment VII, it should be read more as a confidence building exercise for men, rather than a way of life that countenances constant infidelities. The purpose of PCVII is to instill the right frame of mind in a man, so that he doesn't self-sabotage and encourage the woman in his life to dump/divorce him and realize his worst fear.

A man can be faithful and still have options that don't require going all the way to sending dick pics. It's more about having the right attitude with women than about fulfilling illicit desires. If he's a flirt with other women, that may be all he needs to know that should you leave him, he can rally options to his cause almost immediately.

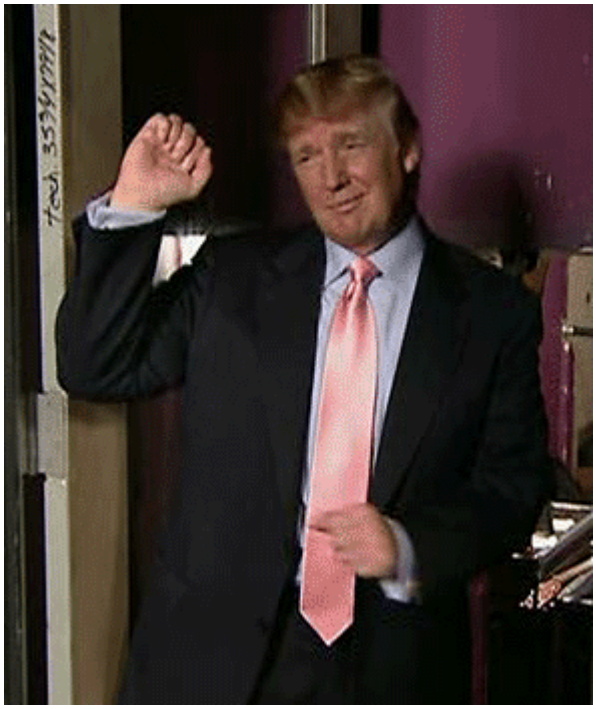
Finally, PCVII is advice that's more pertinent to a man still in the early stages of dating, when it is very likely that the girl he's seeing is also seeing other men concurrently. In that situation, a man would be a fool not to have backup plans, or to put too much faith and trust in a new girl who has yet to prove her love and loyalty to him. That's the way of oneitis.

***

Email #4: Hark, the herald jerkboys sing!

> I am a decade plus lurker, very infrequent commenter.
>
> I was once a married man, then after a divorce-rape, turned to game, largely based on the esteemed wisdom contained within Le Chateau!
>
> Now (much like Roosh, have you seen his transformation?) I've learned, grown, matured… and finally found solace in our Lord Jesus and our Heavenly Father.
>
> No, I'm not some bible bashing freak; I simply came here to say I truly believe you're doing the work of God. So, no matter what, do not falter. Do not doubt. NEVER stop. For many a man such as myself, have found the truth, through what you have written.

The Lord of Biomechanics works in mysterious ways. Oh, and if you think I can resist an opportunity to preen….



At this moment, Matt King is filled with mixed emotions.

***

Email #5: Just a quickie.

> Can you send me the source for the table in that article?
>
> Thanks!

Unfortunately, I lost (or never had, it's been so long) the source for that table. Is there a reader who can help? Here's the table:

Table 1: The Distribution of Women's Premarital Sex Partners, by Marriage Cohort					
	1970s	1980s	1990s	2000s	2010s
0 partner	21%	17%	14%	12%	5%
1 partner	43%	36%	26%	21%	22%
2 partners	16%	15%	13%	13%	12%
3 partners	8%	11%	11%	11%	11%
4-5 partners	6%	12%	16%	17%	18%
6-9 partners	4%	5%	11%	13%	14%
10+ partners	2%	4%	10%	14%	18%
total	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
N	268	1,921	4,312	3,598	273

***

Email #6: What about *heartiste oblige*?

> What about noblesse oblige among naturals? Looking after another (white) guy possibly struggling to run game on a woman. Helping him out, picking him up etc. seems like something you could promote or delve into. I'm married w kids but I tried to do it for the most part. Keep up the good work.

Most naturals are in it for themselves (otherwise they wouldn't be naturals — a studious selfishness is an alluring trait in a man). But a few will try to show the ropes to buddies. Even fewer will know what it is they're teaching. And fewer still will have the willpower to resist banging the broads they tee up for their beta buds. The natural who is self-aware, smart enough to translate the secrets of his success for a wider audience, and can resist the temptation of stealing the kill for himself is a rare man indeed.

If you're one of these, then do the world a favor and help Make White Men Sexy Again.

***

Email #7: From Lj, a question about battlecunt counter-tactics.

> Would love more content on interacting with the modern battlecunt. The chicks where everything is a debate and they try to flip every move back on you.

What does the modren battlecunt love?

She loves to argue.

She loves to show off her "smarts". (sneer quotes required)

She loves to make weak men bend to her will.

She loves to virtue signal about her gogrrl lifestyle.

She loves to "get one over" on the patriarchy.

She loves to push alpha males to the brink of losing their cool.

So….don't give her any of that.

Don't debate, don't argue, don't defend your beliefs, don't appease.

DO:

answer with two word quips.

indulge script-flipping, frame-reorienting non sequiturs, negs, and disqualifications.

get her to prove herself to you.

be willing to walk away.

The battlecunt is ready for the battle; therefore, you will deny her the battlefield. Nothing she says matters, because you know it's all bullshit, so act like it. Amused mastery, cocky funny, ZFG dismissiveness. These are the building blocks of a battlecunt seduction.

Deep State Update

CH · 14 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The nonprofit (ha!) Democracy Integrity Project which opened days after Trump's inauguration with the express purpose of investigating Trumps "ties" to Russia, has Soros and GPS Fusion fingerprints all over it.

> Days after Donald Trump's inauguration, a nonprofit organization opened up shop in Washington, D.C., to continue a private investigation into the president's possible ties to Russia.
>
> Only a few details of the group, the Democracy Integrity Project, have trickled out over the nearly two years since its founding.
>
> The organization's founder, a former Senate Intelligence Committee staffer named Daniel J. Jones, hired opposition research firm Fusion GPS and dossier author Christopher Steele as part of the initiative, he told the FBI in March 2017. And it has been revealed that billionaire financier George Soros has given at least $1 million to the group and is considering giving more.
>
> But The Daily Caller News Foundation has obtained Democracy Integrity Project's articles of incorporation showing that a white collar defense attorney who has worked with Fusion GPS in the past and a former State Department official were also on the group's board of directors.
>
> Documents obtained through a public records request show that Adam Kaufmann, a partner at the firm Lewis Baach Kaufmann Middlemiss, and Dafna Hochman Rand, the former deputy assistant secretary of state in the bureau of democracy, human rights and labor, are listed along with Jones as Democracy Integrity Project board members. […]
>
> But it is Kaufmann's link to Democracy Integrity Project that is especially noteworthy.
>
> The former chief investigator at the Manhattan district attorney's office, Kaufmann has worked in the past with Fusion GPS on behalf Derwick Associates, a Venezuelan power company reportedly under investigation for bribery and money laundering.

It's slimeballs all the way down.

Soros => GPS Fusion => Kaufmann => Steele => phony dossier => FISA => Mueller => silent coup against Trump.

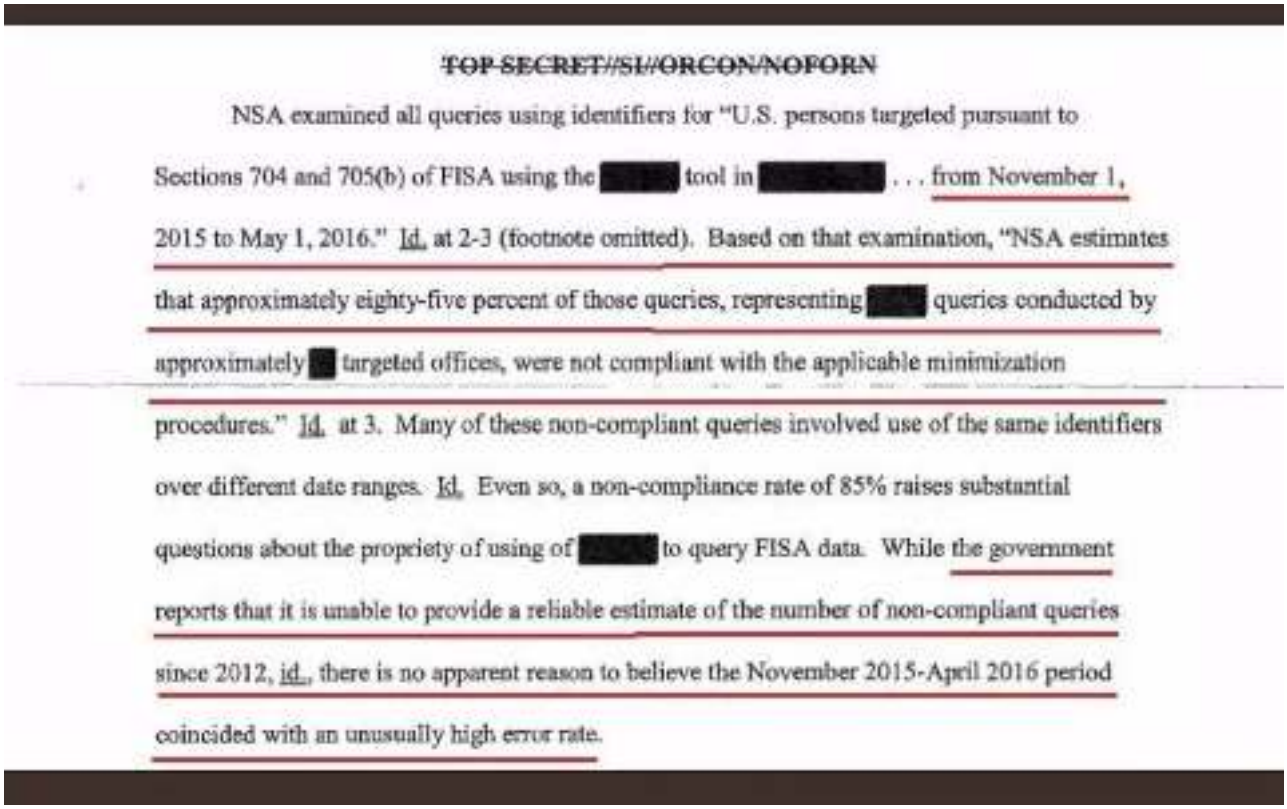
FYI, Chuck Ross reported the above story. He's been putting out fantastic stuff for the Daily Caller.

Wouldn't it be great if Chuck wound up being the next WoodwardBernstein, exposing the story of Spygate and Deep State sedition to deligitimize Trump's election?

More Deep State perfidy:

More: From DEUSVULT,

> Think they want us distracted by FISA and FBI because of this:
>
> FISA Judge Collyer report: Under Obama, collected surveillance of private citizens was being illegally accessed & used by "contractors."
>
> EIGHTY FIVE PERCENT of queries were violations.



~~TOP SECRET//SI//ORCON/NOFORN~~

NSA examined all queries using identifiers for "U.S. persons targeted pursuant to Sections 704 and 705(b) of FISA using the [redacted] tool in [redacted] . . . from November 1, 2015 to May 1, 2016." Id. at 2-3 (footnote omitted). Based on that examination, "NSA estimates that approximately eighty-five percent of those queries, representing [redacted] queries conducted by approximately [redacted] targeted offices, were not compliant with the applicable minimization procedures." Id. at 3. Many of these non-compliant queries involved use of the same identifiers over different date ranges. Id. Even so, a non-compliance rate of 85% raises substantial questions about the propriety of using of [redacted] to query FISA data. While the government reports that it is unable to provide a reliable estimate of the number of non-compliant queries since 2012, id., there is no apparent reason to believe the November 2015-April 2016 period coincided with an unusually high error rate.

The worst part of this slow motion coup is the feeling of impotence if you're cursed to be woke to it. Every lever of power is pulled against Trump, and there seems to be no one within the system who has the scruples and the courage to expose these swamp creatures for what they are and what they're doing.

Hundred-Handers

CH · 14 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Hundred-Handers is a new rebel group actively subverting the reach of Globohomo through the use of COPROP guerrilla tactics.

I'll leave it to J.R. to explain the purpose and means of the Hundred-Handers.

> Hundred-Handers is about trying to make IRL pro-white flyering as easy as possible using small simple stickers
>
> seems to be trying to extend the IOTBW [ed: It's Ok To Be White] campaign with simple standardized stickers and giving ppl very simple instructions, get this printer, these stickers, just carry them with you and when you're alone somewhere, slap one on something
>
> interesting idea
>
> so you buy an $80 label printer and then you get a set of pro-white stickers in your (anonymous) email 2x a month
>
> print 'em up, keep some in your pocket, and when you're out and about and nobody is looking, slap 'em on places in public
>
> it's a very simple idea
>
> just simple stickers to get ppl thinking

> Make it so that they cannot escape us, from the comment section to the streets. pic.twitter.com/UM7osWtgp4
>
> — Hundred-Handers (@HundredHanders) September 29, 2018

Great tag line.

These Hundred-Hander guys are on the right track. Guerrilla warfare. Invade the safe spaces of shitlibs, don't let them think any public square in America is theirs to own. (Reminder: most shitlibs are transplants, so their claims to the public squares of their adopted cities are tenuous.) Get under their skins but leave them no easy target to harass, jump, intimidate, or dox.

From their social media faq:

HUNDRED-HANDERS

WANT TO JOIN US?

Step 1
Buy a **Brother QL800 Printer** and a roll of **62mm wide DK-22205** for black and white printing or **DK-22251** for red, black and white.

Step 2
Send an email with your nearest town or city to **hundred-handers@tutanota.com**
Vague locations are necessary so that we can enact locale-specific campaigns in the future.

Step 3
You will be sent a .zip file of material upon first contact, an updated archive of material will follow on the first of every month.

Step 4
Send any sticker ideas to the tutanota address above and have them included in the next months archive for distribution across the international network of anonymous activists!

Their calling cards:

Powerful relief, indeed.

This one is my favorite:

It's so subtle yet the message will not be lost, particularly on snowflakes who are already hypersensitive to anything remotely resembling pro-White advocacy.

PS Audacious E* has a great post on that travesty of justice which just occurred in the James Fields trial and sentencing.

Fields' sentencing was humiliation propaganda, meant to scare future white men from publicly and proudly identifying with their racial heritage.

It always has the opposite of the intended effect.

*FYI Audacious Epigone has moved over to Unz. A smart move, because blogspot is a Goolag operation, which means AE's deplatforming from there was just a matter of when, not if. No dissident voices are tolerated in the new, super tolerant Post-America.

PPS According to the info in this screenshot, at 4′ 11″ and 330 lbs, HH's BMI was precisely 66.6
The number of the beast.

Questions That Need Asking

CH · 14 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

> Why are Chuck and Nancy willing to fund the Wall on the Right (Israel's) but not the Wall on the Left (Trump's Prototypes)? pic.twitter.com/ZXXGddsVtJ
>
> — The Columbia Bugle ?? (@ColumbiaBugle) December 13, 2018

Pulling Out Vs Pumping In

CH · 17 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A comment from Inlikeme that compares pulling out to pumping in:

> …if you're whipping it out you're ready to go again in a few mins.
> If you're blasting inside it's snuggle time for like half an hour or more.
> I wonder if there's a study on oxytocin levels (in chaps) on whipping it out v holding her down and blasting inside.

A cursory search of the CH archives reveals that there are no posts dealing with this topic. A regrettable oversight! One must hand it to Inlikeme for providing comment fodder not already covered in dusty tomes housed in this esteemed retreat. A rare accomplishment.

Time for a pro and con misticle.

Pulling Out

Pros

Nothing says "ownage" quite like your jizzbomb oozing down a woman's face.

You can accurately gauge your intensity of desire by the size, shape, color, and don't forget texture of your ropey release. (this is also how you determine if a woman is commitment worthy)

As Inlikeme noted, pulling out shortens the refractory period, for physiologic reasons which are not yet clear to the labcoats. You're ready for round two before the speckle has spackled.

It's fun to aim and drain.

Pulling out is actually a fairly effective form of contraception, assuming your girl isn't crazy and liable to abscond with a thimbleful for a secretive bathroom fingertip insertion.

It's easier for the girl to caress your scrotal depths at the moment of delivery, adding to the pleasure.

Surprise eye shot! (back, and to the left…so hot)

Cons

You'll cuddle in your own mess.

A gnawing feeling of Darwinian futility.

A gnawing feeling you aren't Spawndo material.

Crazy girl opportunism.

Effort spent trying to keep her from turning over and soiling your sheets with her cummy tummy.

You will hear Captain Obvious' refrain "BUNZ => OVENS" ringing through your head. Buzzkill!

If she jumps out of bed to clean herself, rather than lay there admiring your property markers, it's a major slut tell. She's done this with other men, and has gotten inured to its BONDING potential. A keeper will never wash off your wayward seed without reverent ritualistic tribute.

***

Pumping In

Pros

Now THAT'S lovemaking.

Nothing says "genetic ownage" quite like holding her down and filling her with your champions.

No orgasm will match the intensity of the orgasm which tickles the cervical portal.

Congrats, you've done your part to save the White race. The screaming of the Captain Obvious is finally silenced.

Buried deep behind the borderline, your nut will feel like a hot river instead of a squirt gun.

If she takes you in, happily, eagerly, she may be a keeper.

A half hour later, she's still giggling about you dripping out of her. Giggling. Not chortling like a high T careerist shrike.

It's fun to lay there inside her for a while after, going slowly soft but never so soft that you slip out, and getting hard again while still inside, so you can fill her up like a swimming pool.

Cons

She *said* she was on the Pill. You can trust her, right?

If she's a super slut, guess what? You just commingled sperms with her morning lover. You better hope the idea of "scooping" doesn't put you out of the mood.

Interminable cuddling.

Viscous queefs.

She's more likely to consider the act one of finality, to close out the evening. It starts with flaccid post-coital cuddling, and ends with nethers-grazing blue balls.

You might fall in love. Not so great if it's the third date. You want to keep that love card in the deck, or she'll have hand.

You might come too fast if you know you can have all of her.

You've always wanted to be the Jackson Pollock of body painting.

Chateau Policy Reminder

CH · 17 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There has been an uptick in zero-commenter-cred passers-by attempting to use this blog's comment section to smear the names of their perceived enemies by associating them with this blog in some form or another. There's no good term for this sort of vengeful, guilt by association doxing, so let's just go with that.

Numerous comments that have included the full names (and sometimes addresses) of random non-public people (putatively ex-lovers or ex-spouses) have been deleted, and unfortunately the moderation has had to stiffen up to prevent repeat offenders from spamming comment threads with the names of people they want associated with a "deplorable" blog.

CH proprietors don't tolerate actively hostile doxing campaigns, no matter how much the vengeful doxer may think their ex-boyfriend or ex-wife deserves it. If an IP is connected to one of these surreptitious doxing campaigns, it will be banned.

This is our world now. Scummy people have realized the power of the dox and guilt by association with dissident broadsheets, and they are leveraging the stifling thoughtcrime suppression to ruin lives in acts of personal vendetta.

As always, anonymity remains the operative principle of this blog, and readers are not just afforded maximum anonymity here, but are encouraged to use pseudonyms. Anyone who requests a comment deleted for personal reasons will be obliged as quickly as possible.

PS Without revealing too much, it's gotten so bad lately that guilt-by-association dox victims have emailed desperate requests to remove their names from comments here. Unfortunately, it's easy to miss a few, but we try to honor every request for privacy.

Later Childbirth And Male Homosexuality

CH · 17 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

From Sophia,

> this study indicates male children of women who used extra progesterone are significantly higher to be homo or bi-sexual.

Uh oh. Chalk another one up in the "God of Biomechanics will not be denied" column.

> Does progesterone influence baby's later sexuality?
>
> A new study addresses whether supplementing progesterone during pregnancy, a common practice to prevent miscarriage, could influence a baby's sexual orientation in later life.
>
> Dr. June Reinisch, director emerita of the Kinsey Institute in the U.S., led the study. She found that bisexuality is quite common among men and women whose mothers received additional doses of the sex hormone progesterone while pregnant.
>
> As discussed in the journal *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, researchers tracked the sexual development of 34 Danes whose mothers were treated with the hormone to prevent miscarriage.
>
> According to the investigators, progesterone appears to be an underappreciated factor influencing the normal development of variations in human sexuality and psychosexuality.
>
> […]
>
> The 34 participants in the study were drawn from the Copenhagen Perinatal Cohort, which comprises information collected from virtually all children born between 1959 and 1961 at the university hospital in Copenhagen, Denmark.
>
> The 17 men and 17 women were selected because their mothers exclusively received the progesterone lutocyclin to prevent a miscarriage.
>
> These men and women were compared with a carefully selected control group who were not exposed prenatally to lutocyclin or any other hormone medication, but who otherwise matched the study participants based on 14 relevant physical, medical, and socioeconomic factors.
>
> The participants were all in their mid-20s when asked about their sexual orientation, self-identification, attraction to each sex, and sexual history using questionnaires and a structured interview with a psychologist.
>
> It was found that men and women whose mothers were treated with progesterone were significantly less likely to describe themselves as heterosexual. One in every five (20.6 percent) of the progesterone- exposed participants labeled themselves as other than heterosexual.
>
> Compared to the untreated group, the chances were greater that by their mid-20s they had already engaged in some form of same-sex sexual behavior (in up to 24.2 percent of cases), and that they were attracted to the same (29.4 percent) or to both sexes (17.6 percent). Both exposed males and females also had higher scores related to attraction to men.

Granted, this is a small sample size, but its findings are so scandalous as to demand further investigation, because what this portends for modren society is NOT OK. Problematic, even.

Miscarriages are more common as a woman ages, and the miscarriage rate rapidly increases after her mid-30s.

> The study of more than 600,000 women in Denmark who had a pregnancy between 1978 and 1992 shows a steady age-related rise in rates of miscarriage — from 9% among women in their early to mid-20s to a

> whopping 75% among women age 45 and older.

Progesterone supplementation is given to older pregnant women to prevent miscarriage.

Progesterone supplementation is associated with an increase in the possibility of delivering a baby with a sexual identity crisis.

Modren society is oriented around female independence from the natural consequences of female reproduction. More precisely, it is oriented around avoiding early pregnancy, accumulating pointless credentials, riding the cock carousel, and settling down much later in life with a beta male to pop out 1.2 autistic homosexual babies.

American women (stay away from me) are marrying later and having children later in life. And there is no end in sight to this trend, barring an environmental cataclysm. A cleansing fire, if you will.

Our women are

liberated

over-medicated

over-penetrated

over-educated

and hormonally-invaded vessels giving birth to a generation of Darwinian dead ends.

We are becoming the race extinction we virtue signal.

We should have hewn to Truth & Beauty, and we could have avoided the unfolding catastrophe.

Truth: Younger women have healthier wombs.

Beauty: Younger women are hotter and birth sturdier babies.

Related: Progesterone treatment in mice affects the testosterone level and sexual behavior of male offspring.

Your Daily Game: Provoking Tingleface, And The Killshit Test

CH · 17 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Today's Game tip comes courtesy of reader SiluetteSign. In my educated opinion, it has potential.

> What does a girl's face look like when she is soaking wet with Gina tingles?
>
> Here is a quick way to find out how.
>
> First try and irritate the girl. Ways of eliciting shit tests have been discussed extensively in the betasphere so I won't discuss them here. Of course when she is irritated she will hopefully shout at you or raise her tone of voice. At which point in the ultimate state of ZFG zen you look her and calmly assert yourself : "don't shout at me". Then you can give her a towel to dry herself.
>
> That's the face of Gina tingles. She doesn't even have to shout at you. You can just make her think she did. Use with caution.

Lately, I've noticed an increase in girls shit testing men on their appearance. It used to be girls preferred shit tests that targeted an insolent beta male's social status, his sexual desperation, or the way he carries himself. (For example: "Are you always such a dork?", "Take a picture, it'll last longer!", etc)

But something changed in the ginegeist; now girls are going for the attempted killshot shit test by insulting a man's appearance or looks. I think this has to do with the masculinization of American women (feminine women abjure crass insults) as well as a general tenor of rancor and bitterness between the sexes that has developed as a by-product of trending anti-socialization.

That is, men and women are spending too much time away from each other with their romance substitutes (porn, vidja, social media, cats, yoga, purple saguaros), and not enough time flirting and understanding what makes each sex tick. PoundMeToo is only exacerbating the division.

This retreat from the flirting field and ignorance of the opposite sex's specific desires and needs has led to a pandemic of battlecunts psychologically projecting onto men the pain the women would feel from suffering an insult to their looks. Women now believe, mistakenly, that men are as shattered by a slur against their appearance as women would be, so women have adopted the looks-based shit test as their go-to ice breaker-slash-alpha male filter.

It's not a flattering look on women.

Furthermore, the killshot shit test (or **killshit test**) is what one would predict to increase in frequency of use among women living in an alpha male dead zone. Where women are surrounded by supplicating soyboys (**soyplicants**), women are more resentful, and therefore less interested in cultivating the finer courtship tactics of the demure lady.

These women just want to see beta blood flow.

This is why SiluetteSign's shit test buster has so much potential, especially when used against girls who go straight for the looks insult with the purpose of instantly causing the man to slink away tail between legs or to lash out impotently.

"Don't shout at me" deftly defuses a killshot shit test. One, it doesn't bother addressing the substance of the girl's slanderous attack. It's as if her insult didn't register with you, and all you took away from it is that she was screeching like a banshee.

Two, it takes what could be a devastating disqualification and flips the shit, so that she now has to defend herself from a less coarse yet more deeply cutting insult which implies she is unfeminine and low class. You know which kind of women shout a lot? Yeah, your garden variety SWPL chick does not want to be associated with that crowd.

The worst response a man could do would be to defend himself against the insult to his appearance. You will never

logically arouse a woman, and that goes double for entreaties which attempt to sell your looks to her.

I'll tell you a related convo I had recently with a girl:

BATTLECUNT: "That [X] makes you look [bad thing] and [badder thing]."

SLAYER OF BATTLECUNTS: "Oh wow, [bad thing] AND [badder thing]? Flattery will get you everywhere. But next time say it, don't spray it."

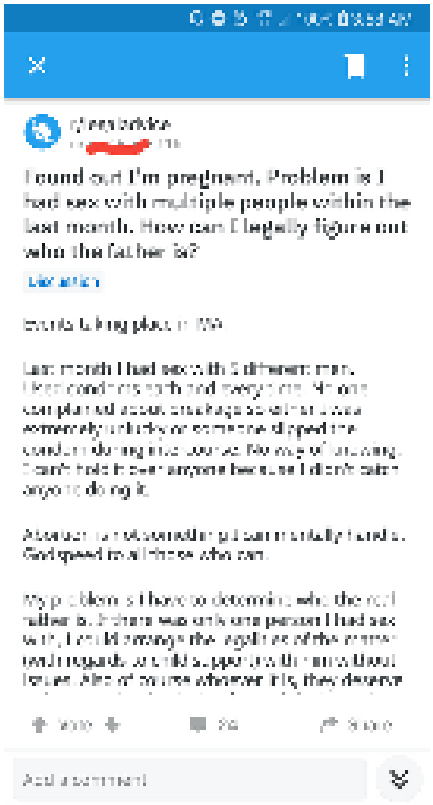
Own the girl's insult, turn the tables on the girl, redirect the convo to your liking.

These are the fundamental rules for courtship in 21st Century Post-America.

Scamming The Child Support Safety Net

CH · 18 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

If you think women aren't capable of scamming a system already designed to favor their interests against the interests of men, you haven't been paying attention.



Nothing quite says "upholding the spirit of child support law" like an evil, diseased cunt sport fucking five different random men in one month and trying to ensnare one of them in eighteen years of indentured financial servitude to the bastard issue of a gotcha pregnancy.

And instead using the child support winnings to buy herself new lingerie to impress the next five lovers while her kid scrapes by on a soda diet paid for with food stamps, and huffs paint behind the Piggly Wiggly before his 14th birthday.

America!

DEUSVULT puts it more succinctly,

> Translation: "I'm a whore. Who do I sue?"

There's a reason why healthy, confident, rising societies keep checks on female sexuality, and why failing societies are marked by female libertinism and indulgence of female whims.

These kinds of women aren't made; they're released from guardianship.

You don't have to "make" girls into materialistic, exploitative, amoral whores. It's the natural state of femaleness. All you have to do is remove social constraints on female sexuality and let nature take its course.

The child support system was built upon over the decades, starting from a worthy premise — to protect children who are victimized by divorce during a time when most women were SAHMs — and morphing into a man-hating resource extraction racket for despicable whores to have their alpha fux and get beta bux to foot the bill for the

exploding single mommery if there's no alpha around to pay.

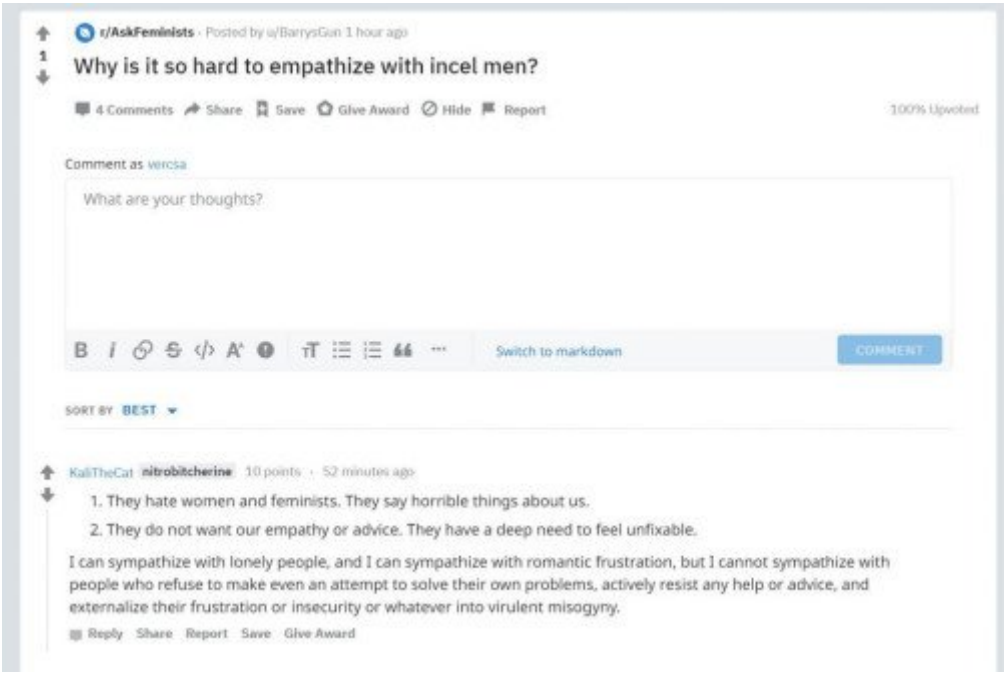
What man in his right mind would sign up for that? What man with a shred of dignity would willingly and happily support a rotten system that rewarded and incentivized dysfunctional female behavior while maximally punishing men for the briefest and most trivial of courtship transgressions?

No man would. Only psychological eunuchs cheerlead for such a system. In the end, what men won't tolerate will fail to survive. The majority of men will not tolerate the status quo, and so one day, soon enough, this gynarcho-tyranny will crumble to dust.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: The Female Disgust Threshold

CH · 18 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A woman asks,



This week's freelance COTW winner Trevor Goodchild, responds,

> Women are infinitely more disgusted by incels than they are by actual rapists

100% stone cold truth.

A woman's prime directive is to secure the blessings of alpha male seed for her womb, and to prevent corruption of her womb with the weak, tepid seed of omega male vegetable lasagnas.

This is why the disgust threshold of women is exquisitely sensitive to the threat of intrusion by dreg seed, and why women cannot summon an ounce of sympathy for the sexual and romantic isolation of low value men.

Under the hindbrain rules established by Darwinian imperatives which guide women's feelings, incel sexual isolation is a feature, not a bug.

Incel misery is proof that a woman's womb remains unpolluted.

Chicks Dig Murderous Jerks (A Recurring Theme)

CH · 19 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A man who murdered his pregnant wife and two daughters receives sexy pics and love notes in prison from adoring women.

yawn

From a reader,

> Yep.
> Always.
> Whatever that ding is in the brains of women…
>
> They rock the cradle and dig the grave of civilization.

Great line. The essence of woman is to create and to destroy. To birth and to bury. To nurture and to neglect.

A smart society thwarts women's destructive impulse while encouraging their natal instinct.

From another reader,

> Was watching a clip from Goodfellas last night… where Ray Liotta beats the snot out of the guy across the street from his girlfriend, and she admits she was turned on by it. And then remembered that Ted Bundy got love letters in the pen.

Chicks dig dominant men.
The dominant man fulfills a woman's urge to submit.
The sexual polarity is aligned.
The Fuggernaut wept.

One must give credit to the world's newspaper of record — the Daily Mail — for printing in full so many of those love letters to a killer. They are dark portals into the soul of woman, a glimpse of her demonic id, and a front row seat to her rationalization hamster. You've never seen such spinning!

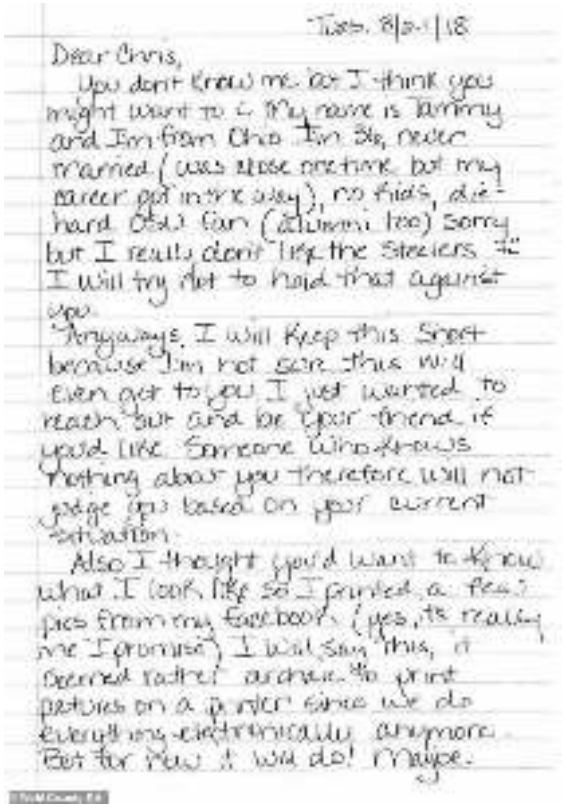
Dear Chris, 8/22/18

Hey! This is Candace again lol. well I'm going to write you a letter every day until you write me back and I'm 100% serious. Everyone keeps asking me why I'm writing you or why ab I care for why am I watching all the your interviews/Court Hearing? I hear saying that your a monster and that your a POS and that your a physopath (lmao yes I know I spelled that wrong) but I've been telling them that their wrong and that I do not feel the way they do!! Well for what its worth, I hope that your OK. I just want to be your friend, talk every now + then would like to be put on your visitation list if thats even possible lol. when I 1st seen your very very 1st interview I was like omg I have to get to know this guy cuz in my ♥ I relate everything you said to everyone. Your probly thinking omg who is this girl and why is she soo weird?? Hahaha And thats OK cuz honestly who even does what I'm doing, right? well I do and I def do not have a reason working to get your ass in jail/prison (without charges/trial, Honestly that's your my first. lol ♡). I'm hoping so much that you write me back. I mean even if

"their saying that your a monster and that your a POS and that your a physopath (lmao yes I know I spelled that wrong) but I've been telling them that their wrong and that I do not feel the way they do!!"

Verbatim. Who's "they" telling her to stay away from a triple murderer? Her mom? Her male friends? Her female friends? Her court-ordered therapist? How many people has she told about her unrequited love affair with a killer of women and little girls?

***



Tues. 8/2-1/18

Dear Chris,

You don't know me but I think you might want to c. My name is Tammy and I'm from Ohio. I'm 36, never married (was close once but my career got in the way), no kids, die-hard Ohio State fan (alumni too) sorry but I really don't like the Steelers. I will try not to hold that against you.

Anyways, I will keep this short because I'm not sure this will even get to you. I just wanted to reach out and be your friend if you'd like. Someone who knows nothing about you therefore will not judge you based on your current situation.

Also I thought you'd want to know what I look like so I printed a few pics from my Facebook (yes, it's really me I promise). I would say this, I seemed rather archaic to print pictures on a printer since we do everything electronically anymore. But for you I will do! Maybe.

"[I'm] someone who knows nothing about you therefore will not judge you based on your current situation."

She's writing a love letter to a man who's in jail for murdering his entire family. And very misogynistically murdering them, I might add. She certainly knows that about him. Oh look, a hamster!

Let's check out Tammy's phyzz:

Not bad. She's slender. Which means one bangable broad who isn't a land whale is off the market for beta males, because her heart belongs to a man who slew an adult woman and two minor girls.

From T. Goodchild,

> There are hundreds of thousands of dutiful betas who have never so much as raised their voices to a woman, all sure that if they just work a little harder, save a bit more, buy more expensive gifts . . . they'll be able to score a girl like Bikini girl from that first photo.
>
> Not sure whether to laugh or cry.

surreptitiously kicks the poosy pedestal under the bed "I swear I don't know what you're talking about, I don't polish a pussy pedestal."

My point with these posts isn't to sour men on women, or provoke so much cynicism that good men go their own way, or to suggest that men should never bond with women.

My point in exposing the dankest crannies of the female id is to remind men that the pussy pedestal is a lie, and an obstacle to true and real bonding with women. Face up to women for what they are, not the fantasy you wish them to be, and you won't be so easily disillusioned when the fantasy inevitably breaks apart or fails to materialize. You will better appreciate women once you know what makes them tick, know their flaws and corrupt desires, and can enjoy them without anxiously dreading a moment they deviate the tiniest bit from a false narrative about their inherent goodness.

Ugly Truths Of The Day

CH · 19 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes love doesn't deserve to win.

Hate is as natural as love.

Hate in defense of that which you love is no vice.

Indiscriminate love is indistinguishable from psychosis.

***

"Hate gives structure to our lives…..hate is energy, pure energy, provided by mother nature herself"

KEEP HATE ALIVE

Hate

is

the truest expression

of

Love.

An Open Post To President Trump: Live Up To Your Physiognomy

CH · 20 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Brazil's president-elect Jair Bolsonaro says vibrant migrants are making parts of France unlivable. Of course, he is right.

What do Trump, Bolsonaro, Salvini, and Orban have in common?
An excessive fealty to [the special people]? Sure, but a red herring
A taste for beautiful women? 3 out of 4, yes.
A love for nation and its implied racial origins? Yes.
But the trait they share most closely
is
the
phyzz.

#TrustThePhyzz

Dear President Trump,

You were graced with a leonine physiognomy. Your phyzz inspires trust, loyalty, and hope in a time of crisis. And yet you squander the good will your phyzz engenders on backtracks, betrayals, and befuddlement. Your signature issue — the Wall — languishes in the congressional committee where Heritage America goes to die. You denied us our life-giving Wall when you meekly said you'd sign a funding bill that was a shitlib's dream: No Wall, and More Jamals.

No doubt Jared Kushner is proud of his accomplishment, but we didn't elect Jared to be president. We elected you. Likewise, we suspect your favored daughter Ivanka whispers sweet shitlibboleths in your ear, and you caved to her worldview, thinking this was the way to win over suburban soccer moms. It won't, but you knew that already in your gut.

You have spent the last year ignoring your gut to be led astray by the Uniparty and your lovely if lemming-like daughter.

I wrote at the beginning of your presidency that family would be your Achilles' heel. Daddies can't resist the manipulative sympathy ploys of weepy daughters, and Ivanka, being by all accounts a standard issue gogrrl cosmopolitan shitlib, would pluck your fiercely loyal heart strings like a virtuoso.

I have been proven right. Read my words as if they were holy writ, for my prescience is unmatched. I am here to help you cement your legacy as a Great Transformational President instead of as a weak, transitional buffoon whose only service to America will have been setting the table for Civil War 2.

Your voters won't switch teams. But they will sit it out if their number one, two, and three issues are ignored (or worse, made mockery of), which is nearly as bad as switching teams, electorally speaking.

Remember who put you in office:

The Forgotten Americans.
Those who felt like strangers in their own land.
The downtrodden, dispossessed, and displaced.
God.

In other words, no one inside the globohomo urban bubbles voted for you. Keep your eyes on your people. They are out there, yearning for a leader they can admire, respect, and rally behind when besieged by countless enemies within. They won't allow the enemy media to demoralize them, but they can be demoralized if you abandon them.

Know your friends and allies, so that you can feel ashamed if you let them down.

Brian Kolfage, a Purple Heart war vet who lost three limbs fighting a war YOU once said America had no business fighting, has, last checked, raised 6 million dollars in a GoFundMe campaign to build the Wall.

A man chewed up and spit out by Globohomo is pulling ordinary Americans together to build the nation-preserving Wall that our degenerate, malevolent, corrupt rulers refuse to build. This man who gave more to our country than a thousand Senators will ever give is trying to protect Americans which our overlords have deemed unworthy of protection.

We wanted you to be transformational. None of us had ever seen another candidate take it to the corrupt Uniparty like you did. You were a folk hero come to life. A Mr. Smith if he were also a billionaire playboy. So we invested our loyalty. Now it's time to repay us, or we won't fear your transitional status and what comes next.
(Carlson/Coulter 2024)

The next time Chuck Schumer sneers at you, or Ivanka pleads for you to be more like her sophisticate urbanite friends, or a hundred globalist establishment wormtongues counsel you against your instincts, remember Brian Kolfage. He is your champion as much as you are his champion.

If a one-limbed triple amputee war vet can't shame you into keeping your biggest promise, nobody can.

And maybe, thankfully, word from the outposts of freethought is reaching you. Today, you changed course, perhaps after Ann Coulter, America's best political commentator in a generation, took you to the shed. You unfollowed her in a butthurt but understandable rage, yet her warning must ring in your ears. Now we learn you will veto a bill which contains no funding for the life-giving Wall. We hope you do. Six decades of hot air from our ruling class is enough. Assume your destiny.

We also learn you will promptly pull all of our troops out of Syria (aka shithole #45). This is good. It's time to end Invade the World, Invite the World. No more pointless wars. Internecine Moslem squabbles aren't our concern, unless we let millions of them into our homelands. There's a lesson there.

You should not have to get a dressing-down from the combined forces of Deplorable, Inc to remember your campaign promises and keep them. You should know instinctively by now what needs doing, and do it. If you constantly need slaps upside the head to do the right thing, what were your campaign talking points? Reality show out-takes? Pandering? What a shame if you disappoint the divine providence which gave you to America.

My immediate advice to you follows:

Fire everyone you can. This includes hit man Mueller. Keep Stephen Miller and Sarah Sanders. You know this by the term "drain the swamp". I'll leave the fate of Kellyanne to your discretion. Tell her to divorce her fat slob husband.

Stop hiring natural born enemies. Gary Cohn? Rex Tillerson? Wtf were you thinking?

Rehire fresh faces from outside the Acela class. If they are inexperienced, all the better. They will strive to please you and implement MAGA, and won't have the insider connections to subvert your will. If government grinds to a halt….well, that's still better than government working to grind America into a third world shithole.

Understand that the entire federal bureaucracy works against you. Whatever MAGA patriots lurk in the cubicle farms of fedgov are greatly outnumbered and intimidated by Deep State operatives. Read James Burnham's mid-century book about the danger of an ossifying managerialist state. The threat is real. There is no point to "cutting deals" with a den of snakes. Thrash the snakes, then write your legacy with a clean slate.

Remove Javanka from the White House. Make up any excuse you need that preserves family harmony. When Ivanka has your ear, you have your son Barron's eyes. He is the nationalist future. Ivanka is the globalist past.

All of which is to advise, more succinctly,

live up to your physiognomy.

It heartens your friends and frightens your enemies.

You can only betray us if you first betray yourself.

Stay true, and beauty will follow.

Yours in the fight,

CH

The Unlovable Slut

CH · 20 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A man can lust for a slut.

But a man can never truly love a slut.

That pang of disgust will always be there, pulling at the bonds of intimacy, until a split or a quiet loveless resignation resolves the dissonance.

***

Men are disgusted by sluts on a visceral level when commitment is being considered, because a slut represents a cuckoldry risk to the man who should make the mistake of honoring her with his monogamous sacrifice.

***

Fatties don't lust for fatties.

Feminists don't lust for soyboys.

And now…science SEZ…

Sluts don't want to be friends with sluts.

> College-aged women judge promiscuous female peers — defined by bedding 20 sexual partners by their early 20s — more negatively than more chaste women and view them as unsuitable for friendship, finds a study by Cornell University developmental psychologists.
>
> Notably, participants' preference for less sexually active women as friends remained even when they personally reported liberal attitudes about casual sex or a high number of lifetime lovers.

From a reader, "study defined promiscuous as 20 partners by early 20s. that's how far we've sunk…".

Twenty partners over a LIFETIME would have qualified a woman as an unmarriageable slattern not so long ago.

Another reader,

> I don't know if women hate anything as much as they hate competition.

Nothing drives down the price of women lower than other women willing to give it away for free. Even sluts know that it only takes a sluttier woman to start a race to the omega male bottom.

Darth Curmudgeon agrees,

> A single slut in a world of virtuous women would be a potent force. A slut in a world of sluts is just, well, a slut.

The frenulum always swings back.

MOFA

CH · 20 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Introducing the next evolution in peacocking headgear:

Christmas Spirit

CH · 24 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Amon Ra bitches,

> Come on CH its Christmas time. Lets all take a break from the usual.

Ok. In the spirit of Ra's suggestion, which Christmas song is most triggering to non-Christians?

The Number One Sign That A Woman Is Deeply In Love With You

CH · 24 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

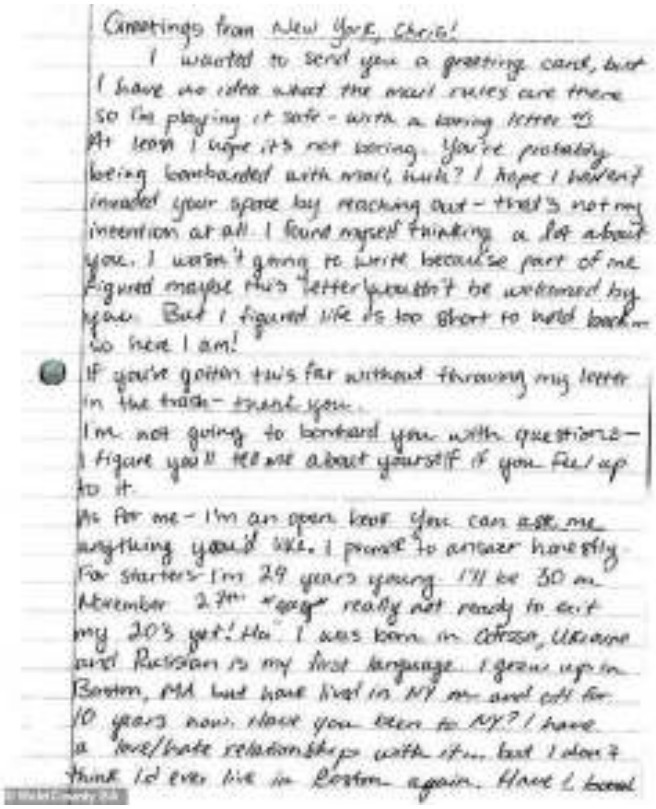
Hackett To Bits pithily reveals a behavioral tic that indicates a woman is deeply, truly in love with a man.

> Geez check out bikini chick Tatiana and her letter. Talk about trying to qualify herself to a dominant man, every sentence she writes is an apology for possibly boring him.
> Let that be a reminder: never be deferential and never apologize.

Do hot chicks dig murderous jerks? You bet!

You slave and struggle to earn a keep
Give roses and vows and profess love so deep
But rarely a night do you share your sleep
with a woman who isn't a 20 stone heap
While murderers bask in the lust of lithe sexy babes
and no effort spent to earn their unfolding labes
It all comes back to a question you evade
"What if all I am is a sexless chump to raid?"
YOU ARE BETA

Now let's look at those love letters from Tatiana:



Greetings from New York, Chris!

I wanted to send you a greeting card, but I have no idea what the mail rules are there so I'm playing it safe - with a boring letter ☺ At least I hope it's not boring. You're probably being bombarded with mail, huh? I hope I haven't invaded your space by reaching out - that's not my intention at all. I found myself thinking a lot about you. I wasn't going to write because part of me figured maybe this letter wouldn't be welcomed by you. But I figured life is too short to hold back... so here I am!

If you've gotten this far without throwing my letter in the trash - thank you.

I'm not going to bombard you with questions - I figure you'll tell me about yourself if you feel up to it.

As for me - I'm an open book. You can ask me anything you'd like. I promise to answer honestly. For starters: I'm 29 years young. I'll be 30 in November. 27th* *gasp* ready not ready to exit my 20's yet! Ha. I was born in Odessa, Ukraine and Russian is my first language. I grew up in Boston, MA but have lived in NY m- and off for 10 years now. Have you been to NY? I have a love/hate relationship with it... but I don't think I'd ever live in Boston again. Have I bored

(I would love to tell you more about me I'm extremely loyal and can use a friend)

you to tears yet? That was my goal! Kidding, of course.

I'm sure you're wondering why I'm even writing you. I know I'm a stranger - but I care about you and your situation. I can't help it. Is there anything you need? Can I send you something - a book perhaps? Please let me know and don't be shy. Not only can you ask me anything - you can ask me FOR anything. My brother was incarcerated for a long while. He told me getting mail was the highlight of his day - it put a smile on his face. Well, Chris... I hope I've put a smile on your face. I'm here for you.

I'll keep writing now, but I don't know where you stand. So at this point the ball is in your court. Again, if there is anything I can do for you - big or small - please don't hesitate to ask. Keep your head up and stay strong. Please know there are strangers out there (like me) who care about you.

With Friendship,

Tatiana [redacted]

I only sent one picture as I don't know how you are about receiving mail. If you would like more pictures or want more info about me please let me know and I can send you

Women have a lot of compassion for murderers….yet so little compassion for betaboy incels. Funny, that.

Hackett To Bits is right. That letter from Tatiana to the killer "only she can understand" reads like a long form apologia for being a lovestruck woman intruding in an alpha male's safe space. I mean, this line alone…

"If you've gotten this far without throwing my letter in the trash – ***thank you****"*

…reads like a woman scared to death that her 20-year marriage to the man she loves is on the brink of ending.

Except this is a posture of supplication from a woman to a complete stranger who just happens to be in jail for murdering his pregnant wife and two daughters.

She underlined “thank you” to emphasize her gratitude that a murderer had read that far.

When was the last time a doting, supportive, beta male feminist received a letter with anything underlined in it that didn’t say “STOP CALLING ME”?

Gratitude.

It’s what’s been missing for so long in America, and particularly from American women.

Make Amerimuffs Grateful Again.

“You to tears yet? That was my goal! Kidding, of course.”

She’s so afraid to lose his interest and approval. Would she ever be this afraid to lose the interest and approval of a law-abiding beta male?

HAHAHAHAHAAAAAA

She was so nervous her joke would fall flat that she promptly clarified for him that it was a joke.

“(I would love to tell you more about me. I’m extremely lonely and can use a friend)”

Again, have you ever heard a woman talk like this to a reliable, law-abiding, salt-of-the-earth man? She’s throwing herself at a murderer, begging for his attention. She YEARNS for his friendship *wink wink*. The non-murderous man, at best will hear a, “I can’t do Thursday, but get back to me next week and we’ll see”.

“My brother was incarcerated for a long while.”

The genetic matrix here is fascinating. Are the genes which predispose to criminal men the same genes which, in females, predispose to loving criminal men?

“I hope I’ve put a smile on your face.”

I hope I haven’t bored you.
I hope you’re still reading.
I hope you will be my friend.
I hope I can send you more half naked pics of myself.
I hope you like me.
I hope you will fill my belly with your psychopath champions.

What the typical beta male in her life hears instead:

“I hope you don’t think I see you that way.”

“Please know that there are strangers out there (like me) who care about you.”

Incels would love to know there are random hotties who care about them, too, but they aren’t very lovable. They need more blood notches on their belt before random hotties will care about them. Killer preselection.

Hackett To Bits is spot on. This love note is a woman ENDLESSLY QUALIFYING HERSELF to a dominant man with whom she has fallen in love.

Self-qualification — or supplication — is the number one sign that a woman is deeply, truly in love with a man.

If a woman’s words to you are the equivalent of “I AM NOT WORTHY”, then she is your lovething to do with as you please.

Every angle of your Game should be directed toward provoking self-qualification from a girl, because once she’s in that psychological head space she’ll subconsciously imbue you with much higher romantic value than you would

have as just another man who wants to get in her panties.

The corollary to this, as Hackett wrote, is never qualify yourself to a girl. Never defer to her, never apologize for yourself, never get defensive when she presses your buttons, and never try too hard to impress her.

The simple act of NOT being a supplicating man pushes a girl into the role of the supplicating suitor. Script flipping is essentially turning the usual seduction dynamic — qualifying man, judging woman — on its head: qualifying woman, judging man. This is the way of the desirable man.

It's interesting peering into the soul of a woman in love. You readily observe that such a woman sounds and acts EXACTLY like a run-of-the-mill beta male. That's not an accident. Love for an alpha male confuses and intimidates women the same way that lust for a hottie confuses and intimidates beta males.

Merry Christmas

CH · 25 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Your Daily Game: The Recasting Couch

CH · 28 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A chick was giving me a hard time about my motives for talking to her. (Confession: they were impure motives.)

I replied: “Unlike Harvey Weinstein, I won’t offer you a movie role for your company.”

Verdict: an effective flirtation coup de grace.

You’re welcome.

(Game principles in action: Self-disqualification, outcome independence)

Ron Unz's Flimflam

CH · 28 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Ron Unz lies a lot in an article about the Alt-Right which he penned last year but reposted yesterday. I think the strawman-per-word ratio in his id-shaped rant is higher than anything I've read outside of a feminist tumblrrhea screed.

His main contention is that the "alt-right" are being deplatformed and de-personed because representatives (whoever they are) exaggerate the criminal threat of latino immigration, and the Soylicunt Valley nerdos who have been thrust into the role of Speech Police can't tolerate the lies.

This is an utter inversion of the reality, which is that the Big Tech Poindexters can't tolerate the truths which dissident outposts daily level against the corrupt Globohomo worldview and nation-dissolving agenda.

The "alt-right" (really, a constellation of realtalkers who refuse to parrot neolibogisms) is silenced because they write truths that the masturbators of the universe don't want to read.

Simple as that.

Censorship has historically been used as a tool by the powerful to suppress the views of the powerless who threaten the former's hold on power. That Unz can't or won't grasp this ineluctable fact of no-holds-barred status jockeying between antagonistic groups says a lot about what kind of resentful agenda motivates him.

KenH puts it best, in a reply directly to Flimflam Unz.

> *Unz: Okay, I guess all my [hispanic crime rate] "numbers & stuff" just make your head spin, so I won't bother citing them.*
>
> LOL. No, it was pretty straightforward stuff as I recall. I just got the whiff of a political agenda that is absent in most of your other work, but I could be wrong.
>
> First, the alt-right are damnable liars but in the case of *The Daily Stormer* it's a paragon of truth? I can barely keep up with your ever shifting narrative about the wicked alt-right, but it's good you have a high opinion of the *Stormer*. There's still hope for you.
>
> Breitbart is a civnat site, not alt-right. They do lead their readership to believe that America is awash in Hispanic illegal alien crime while mostly ignoring the high crime rates of blacks which is far worse and much more of a threat than Hispanic crime in many cases.
>
> The available evidence proves that on a per capita basis whites have low crime rates while Hispanics have higher crime rates than whites while blacks have significantly higher crime rates than both whites and Hispanics. This is borne out by the prison statistics which is the only reliable source since local, state and federal authorities conceal data or resort to shell games and often times count Hispanic offenders as white as demonstrated by other posters.
>
> Now if we put some of the data through the Unzian spin cycle along with a sprinkling of Reedian subterfuge we can claim that whites and Hispanics have comparable crime rates and conclude that Hispanics are simply brown skinned Swedes contrary to what some doomsayers on the racialist right say. So let em all in and breed with them since they're really……us!
>
> Even if, for the sake of argument, you and Fred Reed are correct it wouldn't matter because whites have a right to exist as whites and exclude whomever they wish from their nations and societies for any reason. Hispanics vote for the anti-white Democrats anywhere from 65% to 72% and polls consistently show majorities of them support bigger government (which means taxing whitey), restrictive gun laws and speech codes. There's other reasons.
>
> So we are not the same people and it's most definitely not in our racial interests to have such a large and

> growing population of Hispanics within our borders.

Well stated.

Crime rates are bracing and all, but it evades the central thesis:

WE HAVE A RIGHT TO EXIST AS A DISTINCT AND SEPARATE PEOPLE

Unz, for reasons which I may explore in a future post, has a chubby for amerinds, or more precisely a chubby for imploring Heritage Americans to sit idly by as they are swarmed by the tens of millions with genetically, socially, culturally, behaviorally, and psychologically alien invaders from the south, and then chiding Woke Whites to shut up and accept it lest they feel the wrath of Cuckersperg, Inc.

His evidence for holding this view? Hispanics have lower crime rates than blacks, and it's gauche to talk about race.

Yeah, ok. Those are wonderful non sequiturs.

It's gauche to talk about anything which upsets the reigning orthodoxy, but talk about those things we must if the reigning orthodoxy is malevolent. Politeness never saved a nation from civ-death.

Hispanics have a lower crime rate than blacks. True, and Whites lower still. (Unz's cooked books say the hispanic crime rate is about 25% higher than the White crime rate; the FBI says it's about 100% higher. Unz ignores misattribution sample bias and the known generational regression toward higher crime rates among the children of first gen hispanic migrants. So let's split the difference and say hispanics are roughly 1.6x more likely to commit crime than are White Americans.)

FACTS:

No dissident writer I've read has ever claimed hispanic crime is as apocalyptic as black crime.

No dissident writer I've read has ever claimed every invader hopping the border was a rapist or murderer or drunk driver.

Sensationalist reporting of hispanic crime isn't a lie. It's an attention grabber. Sensationalism may be distasteful and ethically suspect, but it isn't the same as directly lying about the hispanic crime rate.

California shitlibs are NOT happy with the hispanic invasion, despite Unz's assertion to the contrary, as evidenced by the alacrity with which those White shitlibs retreat to gated communities and pen themselves off from majority-hispanic enclaves.

Even if the hispanic crime rate were a fraction of the White crime rate, it would still be true that a closed border means at the very least one less criminal act committed in America. "But Whites commit crime too!" isn't an argument, it's a vapidity.

Finally, crime is just the technicolor tip of the society-wrecking spear of mass nonwhite migration into America. The disruption of mass amerindian migration extends to lower social trust, more welfare exploitation, less comity, higher housing costs (driven by White flight and the subsequent White fortressing), less competence and productivity (relative to Whites), and, not to be undersold, ruined aesthetics. In short, less of this:

And more of this:

So to Unz I say, I think we've had more than six decades of evading stone cold truths, and now it's time to give truth a chance. The alternatives — appeals to class (that don't work in a multiracial pressure cooker) and polite economic arguments — haven't done a damn thing to reverse America's collision course with Diversitopia.

We need a full scale, shock and awe attack on Globohomoism.

That means hitting the tikkun olam universalist religion from all angles, economic, classist, social, environmental, and racial.

The salvageable slender reed of Unz's tirade against his fantasy of the alt-right, such as it is, is that race should be forbidden from pragmatic political discourse about border policy because it turns off too many normies (and reading between the lines, it offends Unz's sensibilities). If we don't want to have our speech silenced, we should stop talking about subjects which anger the censors.

That's Unzianism, in a nutless-shell.

I have a less cowardly view. The censors should be defied and punished, their houses of anti-American heresy razed and replaced with services that actually benefit native stock Americans and uphold the letter and the spirit of the First Amendment.

To give that slender reed its due, pragmatically I can see the need in the present time (when an enemy media controls the horizontal and the vertical) for camera-ready politicians to couch race-based arguments in thinly-veiled class-based rhetoric, but this says nothing about policing free-thinking outposts of dissidence. The former does not necessitate the latter. These proposals aren't mutually exclusive. The "realtalk-right" should continue telling it like it is, and Unz-sponsored candidates for office can avoid racial truths while pursuing policies that essentially abide those racial truths.

If this is what Unz argues, then he should say so without resorting to unmerited attacks against his perceived dissident ~~competitors~~ enemies. Otherwise, readers will rightfully suspect him of ulterior motives, (such as suspicions which include cynically interpreting his "American Pravda" series as a plausibly deniable shield against valid accusations of anti-gentilism).

If, on the other hand, Unz nurses a deep-seated bitterness about living as a minority in this country, and has some kind of primal compulsion to visit that bitterness on the majority by reducing them to a minority in their own country, then nothing I write here will resonate with him, and we should thank him for giving Steve Sailer and Audacious Epigone a platform, and no more. TBH, that would be enough to recommend Unz.

In the meantime, contra Unz's concern trolling, Whites will no longer be the witches. The Narrative will die and be replaced by a new, more truthful narrative.

Since we're on the subject, CH once again will clarify its stance on the National Question:

All illegals and their anchor babbies should be deported.

The Wall should be built to prevent future waves of foreign invasion.

Birthright citizenship should be ended.

There should be a 60 year immigration moratorium, followed by (if wanted) immigration quotas that favor NW Euro countries.

The White Christian population should be restored to 80%+ of the total US pop.

If the latter is impossible, America should — correction, WILL — in time separate into distinct ethny- and race-based geopolitical entities. It is inevitable.

Birth Of A Meme

CH · 30 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Nine days ago, from a slightly larger-than-life CH proprietor,

> It would be great if an ambitious meme-maker put together a photo montage of every fence, hedge, gated community, and security check that surrounded the homes of media, academia, and government elites, and then asked why this same courtesy isn't extended to regular Americans.
>
> Trump REALLY needs to hit the Dems on this angle. He should just tweet out pics of Pelosi's backyard wall and ask why Dems don't want the same security and safety privileges for regular Americans. It would be a a nuke on the Dem Party. They will have no response to it.

Today, from President Trump:

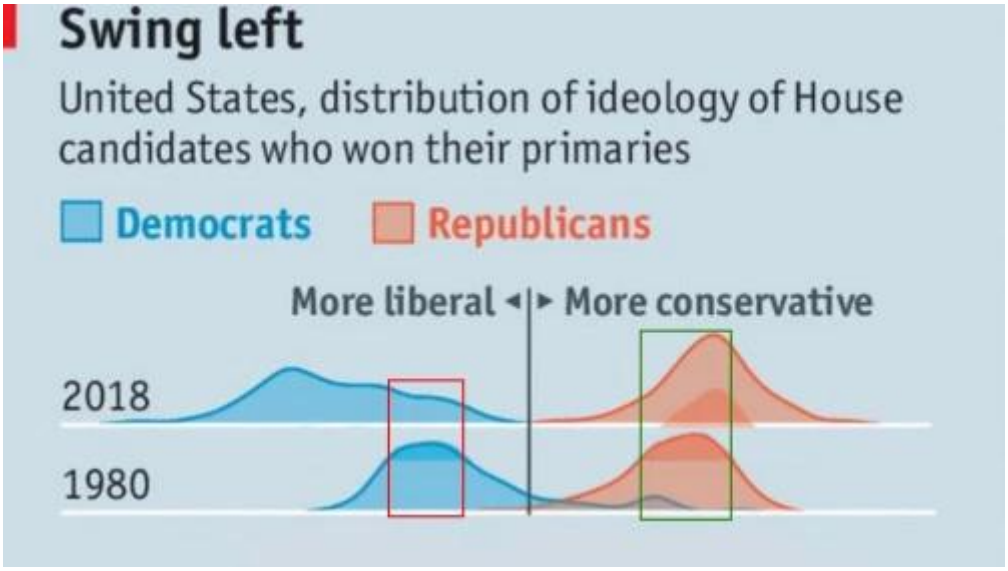
Trump, or someone very close to him, reads this blog and its social media subsidiaries.

The Chateau is the place where memes are born and soon after welcomed into the home of the President of the United States of America.

Prelude To Civil War 2

CH · 30 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Monday Blue sends along this graphic which is the best indicator yet that America is on a course toward Civil War 2.

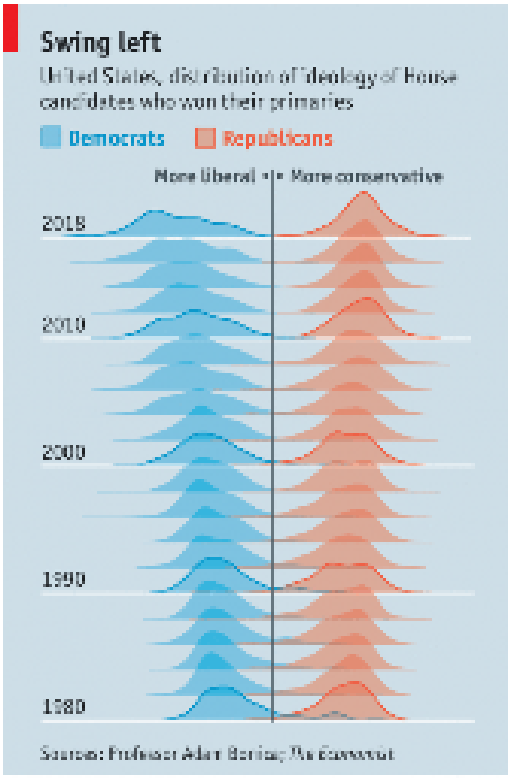


The source is from this September 20, 2018 Economist article. M Blue adds,

> I'm old enough to vaguely remember 1980… remember Reagan back then thought he was fighting commies… holy shit look how far Left the mainstream Left has gone… the modern Left would be unrecognizable radicals to an average Jimmy Carter Democrat

From 1980 to 2018, the bulk of liberals have moved much farther to the Left, while the bulk of conservatives have only slightly moved rightward (and bunched up more in the middle, suggesting a bunker mentality in the face of an aggressive left-wing that is becoming more intolerant of opposing views).

The time lapse graphic is starker:



The Economist

Eyeballing these graphs, the distance between the ideological centers of Democrats and Republicans roughly doubled from 1980 to 2018.

Or, our American fellow-feeling roughly halved in that time.

Bad omen.

There was never nonpartisanship or bipartisanship in America during the past 38 years, but the partisan split has gotten wider and deeper, and mostly as a result of the Shitlib Left lurching evermore leftward.

Shitlib America is racing away from Shitlord America.

Shitlord America is solidifying its defiance of Shitlib America.

The battlefront has been clarified.

What's interesting is that as the Left Wing has become more comfortable as the Far Left Wing, there's concomitantly been a flattening in the ideological distribution of Democrat candidates in the House primary elections. I suspect this reflects two social phenomena: Dem candidates trailing the leftward lurch of their constituencies, and older White male Dems resisting the far-left POC ascendancy of the Dem Party.

Soon, very soon, there will be No Dem Party for White Men.

***

Audacious has the tragic, totally preventable numbers behind the Great White Demographic Replacement.

> As it turns out, thirteen states have fewer white people living in them today than they did in 1970. We're not talking in terms of population percentages here–every state except for the Imperial Capital has seen a decline in its white population share over the last half century–we're talking in terms of absolute numbers of white people.
>
> Another way of putting this is that 100% of the population growth over the last fifty years in New York, Illinois, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, California, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Rhode Island,

> Iowa, Maryland, and West Virginia has come from non-whites. From 1970 to 2018, California lost 427,000 whites while adding an utterly transformative 20,250,000 non-whites.

The remaining Mexifornia Whites are largely the most cucked of race-cucked Whites, as AE surmises. CA Whites who did not suffer gladly the blowback of Diversitopia skedaddled to other states, leaving behind a rump of libwhites ensconced in their coastal enclaves from where they could painlessly virtue signal while avoiding neighborhoods and schools rapidly filling with the extended families of their peasant serf labor.

I think there's a second explanation for the inability or unwillingness of CA Whites to adopt a racial consciousness against a dire threat from foreign invasion: Stockholm Syndrome. Lib Whites in comfy, economically gated communities along a coastline that boasts an ideal climate for human habitation don't want to give up their little elysiums, nor do they want to go the way of White South African farmers who are currently having their lands stolen from them to appease the bantu masses. In a political and cultural sense, CA Whites are kidnapped by a growing and impoverished horde just outside their security checkpoints. These Whites don't want to anger their captors and risk overthrow, so they pay the Danegeld — in psychological terms, they develop an alliance with their captors — in the hopes of winning their captors' favor and mercy should the shit really hit the fan.

Until that shit hits the fan, CA libWhites will appease their nonWhite replacements and join them in denouncing and demonizing Whites who retain a racial survival instinct. This would explain why lib Whites have such intense hatred for sane Whites: the latter with their straight talk and refusal to supplicate to the invaders are making life very difficult for the former, who are put into a position, by dint of sharing a racial resemblance with BadWhites, of having to grovel before nonWhites and vociferously insist on the sincerity of their anti-White bona fides.

Your Daily COGDIS

CH · 30 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The shitlibs who will chastise you for using a tranny's birth sex name are the same shitlibs who snap at you for calling their cat by the wrong sex.

As if the average person should ignore the obvious difference between human males and females but should readily see the difference between male and female cats.

Shitlibs: Insane about human sexuality AND cat sexes.

The Romney

CH · 2 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Bronze Age Pervert has a brilliantly funny "thesis" explaining the decision by Mitt Romney to shit in Trump's face just hours before Romney is sworn in for his insufferably long six-year term as Cuck Supremo from the grate state of Utah.

> As promised I release a dark secret on New Year's Eve…the most grotesque plans in motion revealed to me by mole inside Karl Rove office, regarding what he, Huber, the Utah deep state, and establishment GOP is planning …what Romney thinks he has masterminded
> strap in…
> — Bronze Age Pervert (@bronzeagemantis) January 1, 2019

The Romney poses as a "principled conservative", but let's face it, that's just code word for "do the bidding of Globohomo".

The Romney has no principles beyond revenge against Trump making a fool of him during the campaign.

This cowardly morcuck would throw America under the bus if it meant gimping Trump's presidency.

Reminder that The Romney was elected based on the very tribalistic impulses he disingenuously decries — by a horde of Mormons who love their King Mormon.

From a reader, on the "first principles of cuckservatives":

> a simple border wall:
> • "too expensive"
> • "big government"
> • "won't work"

> • “against Our Values”
> never-ending war against people who didn’t do anything to us:
> • “worthy of infinite dollars”
> • “primary government function”
> • “will work, given enough centuries”
> • “accords with First Principles”

I read that Afghanistan costs Americans $38 billion per year to unsuccessfully pacify that country’s “natural conservatives”. Meanwhile, back home, Trump is about to “cut a deal” with Dems and Romneys to get a cool $5 bil to fund a few miles of fencing in exchange for granting citizenship to millions of invader DACAritos.

A year ago, Trump was angling to swap DACAs for $25 billion in Wall funding.

Forgive me if I fail to appreciate the negotiating genius at work.

The Normalization Of Ugliness Inevitably Becomes The Denigration Of Beauty

CH · 2 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

You will read the following thinking it a biting satire of Down's World. And, once again, you will learn never to assume, in this day and age of raging insanity, that the unreal can't be real.

> This is insane! Being in shape is now considered offensive? We are normalizing being sick and it's truly disturbing pic.twitter.com/Am9BieI0l5
>
> — Dr Shawn Baker © (@SBakerMD) December 31, 2018

The censorship and TOS violation warning come from Facebook.

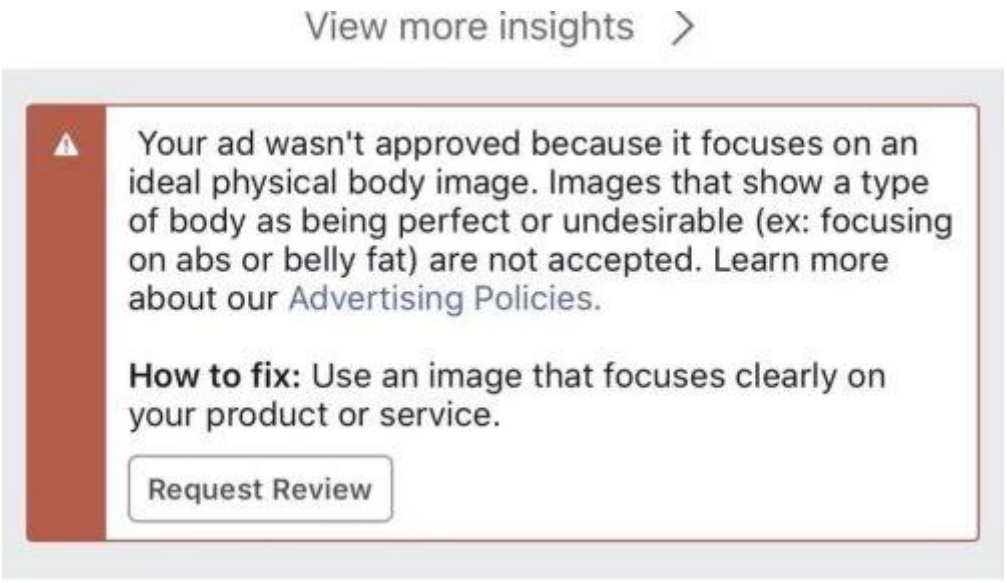
Excuse me, Faceborg.

No wait, Facecock.

One more try, Fakespeak.

You get the idea.

Look at this Faceschlock warning again. Revel in its malice, soak in its abject nonsense, imbibe its assault on truth and common sense, and TREMBLE at the thought of our future under the rule of propagandists like those at Faceberg.



As CH has prophesied, giving The Fuggernaut an inch would inevitably lead to a mile of Fuggernaughtiness.

When the ugly, defomred, and repulsive are "accepted", we are only a few short societal hops to their glorification, and finally to the demonization of Truth and Beauty.

The Ugly and Demented can't rest being merely tolerated. The very existence of universal truths and beauty belies their agitprop, so they must destroy that which mocks them silently but powerfully. It was always going to end this way: Uglies in Power outlawing the true and the beautiful, and gaslighting a world into believing shit is chocolate ice cream and pearls are poison pills.

Objective standards of beauty — as timeless as the cosmos — are now deemed "hate speech", because "hate speech" has come to mean anything which makes a Fugnut feel bad.

It’s past time to turn back the clock on the encroaching dementia gripping the West.

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The Tell-Tale Virtue Signal

CH · 2 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

"Two parents listening to the heart transplanted from their 23-year-old son, who overdosed on opioids."

It's cruel of me to laugh at this, but I can't resist. As a photo, this has everything a chronicler of White civilizational decline could want: The young death of yet another despairing White man to drug overdose, his heart donated to a fat, elderly, smug black man to keep him alive a few more years, two grieving White parents in the throes of a bioengineered Stockholm Syndrome desperately clinging for comfort and for waves of social approval to the unrelated beneficiary of their son's sacrifice….

All together, it's the perfect symbol of one people surrendering their future and homeland to another people, and finding in their surrender a reason for rapturous hysteria.

MPC had a term for something akin to the scenario in this photo, called "the 3p!k-n*6 cycle". This is the ultimate realization of that social phenomenon: The White body parts-POC life extension cycle.

Your Daily Game: The Forgotten Wingman

CH · 3 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Do men hit the field with wings anymore? It seems in this anti-social, SJWed, MeScrewy age the wingman institution is struggling to survive. Do men even sarge? Solo? I see a lot of slores gallivanting around after 5pm, but not nearly as many men.

A teaser I've dropped on chicks which has proven surprisingly effective requires the use of a wingman. It's a line delivered with an attitude that you'd describe as "cocky-asshole", so be prepared to back up your bluster with the necessary ZFG to bat away the girl's indignant reaction.

I walk up to the girl and say, "My buddy over there says you were checking him out. Maybe try not to be so obvious, he spooks easily."

This works no matter what she was doing.

1. Not checking either of you out. Now she'll protest her innocence and/or your arrogance, which opens fruitful avenues of flirtation.
2. She was checking out your buddy. Wave him over, because she's ready to talk. Ideally, he'll have a relevant reply at the ready, such as, "Ah man, I didn't want to get dragged into this" or "damn, the pressure is on".
3. She was actually checking you out, in which case she'll likely play along or suddenly turn shy. You could go many different ways with this. You could affect an air of sudden realization, "Oh wait, that was ME you were checking out. Well, this is awkward". Or you could act the part of the disappointed friend. "Now I have to go over there and break the bad news to him".

This is classic Assume The Sale Game, with a winged twist. The idea is that instead of lamely enduring two rejections from mutual inaction, you work together to ensure at least one of you gets a hot lead.

Female Beauty From 1 To Zen

CH · 3 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A few readers suggested it was time for another female beauty ranking contest. I agree. In these Ugly times, we need all the moments of Beauty we can get.

The same rules apply as in earlier Female Beauty Ranking posts:

> …rank order the ten photos below, assigning a number between 1 and 10 inclusive for each photo. DO NOT USE A NUMBER MORE THAN ONCE. The photos are in no particular order. [Pics were chosen that] represent a woman at each point on the 1 to 10 beauty scale.
>
> The best way to do this without biasing your ratings is to first look at all the photos before ranking them. Then go back and judge like a god. The idea behind this rather pleasurable exercise is to demonstrate the conformity of men's attractiveness standards…
>
> […]
>
> I also predict, as before in the first female ranking exercise, that the most disagreement will occur in the middle rankings — 4,5,6 — where a woman's looks tend to blend in with the masses of other women along the fat part of the bell curve, and at the very upper end where great battles will be fought to decide who is the 10.

I've avoided posting pics of grossly obese or very old women, because fat and age obscure any natural facial beauty. For the most part, obese women and old women are zeroes on the female SMV scale.

BIG-BREASTED CONGRESSWOMAN HAS GREAT IDEA

BONUS:

Girl Next Door ranking:

PS This entire post is an Easter egg of sorts.

***

The Easter Eggs, in order from top to bottom:

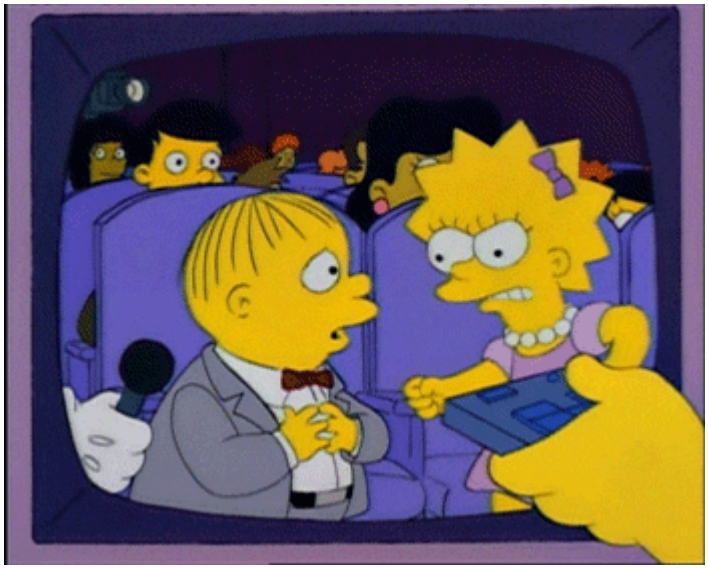
A young Melania Trump
Alexandria Of-Color

Nancy Pelosi’s daughter
Yuki the sexbot
Masha Gessen
David Hogg (lightly airbrushed)
Allison Mack (head groomer for Nvxium sex cult leader Raniere)
Rebecca Reid (new media feminist and distantly former model)
Elke Sommer (Swede, and first name of the very first girl who made me feel all funny inside)
Stephanie something yada yada (just another dumbshit feminist)
Mollie Tibbetts (sacrificed to the Diversity God)

Successor Preselection

CH · 4 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This girl's ex-boyfriend walked into the club with a new girl on his arm. She sees him. Her expression is priceless. (Commenter: "That is the face of someone who suddenly wants to go home")



There are three great looks on a woman:

When she's gazing up at you with her mouth stuffed full of your ocasio-cockas.

When her eyes dance the first moment she falls in love with you.

When her heart sinks at the sight of you with another woman, and her duckface retracts to a slack grimace.

If you cause any of these looks in a woman, you will feel like a KING. Strive to complete the trifecta.

Tucker Carlson Grabs Ahold Of The Female Hypergamy Question

CH · 4 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Carlson must have been reading manosphere blogs recently and swallowed a few Crimson Pills on his journey to becoming the real-est Realtalker on the TelaViv, because in his latest show he drops a truth bomb so big it caused feminists to shriek themselves to death.

No joke, I would vote for a Carlson/Coulter presidential ticket. There are few people who could trigger the shitlib gooniverse harder than does Trump, but Carlson might achieve it, and he does it with smarts and sureness of belief.

His main point — that cratering male wages in traditionally male occupations have reduced men's marriage market value in the rural areas and small towns which voted heavily for Trump, contributing to a host of current social ills in those areas — is spot on, and something that we here at the Chateau have been banging on about for a long time.

When the State replaces men as the primary provider for women, then women, in effect, will marry the State (and fuck around with charming, undependable cads). Compassion creates more cads.

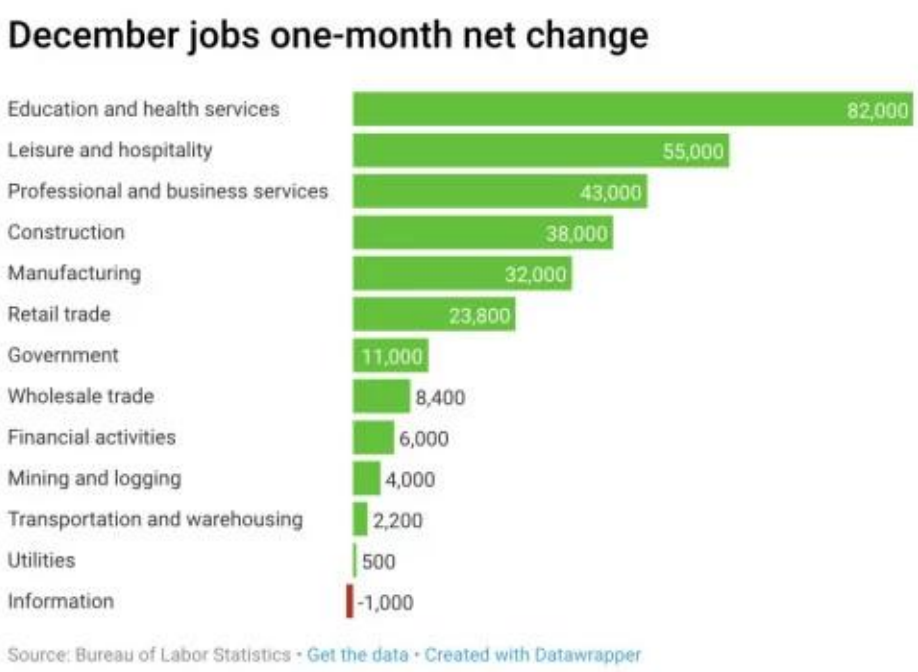
Carlson has broached the subject of female hypergamy — the third rail of sociosexual analysis — and the femcunts and soyboy lickspittles don't like it.

In short, men date across and down, women date across and up. Men are primarily attracted to women's looks, women are primarily attracted to men's social and financial status (especially for long-term commitments). When men lose status, their women lose desire for them.

The beating heart of the Trump vote was a howl from men who have experienced an SMV decline — sexual and social market value declines brought upon them by anti-White pro-Diversity agitprop and nonWhite dispossession, the disappearance of male-oriented occupations that don't require a facility with sitting still in an office chair all day, and the cheapening of their labor by foreign invaders scabs invited in at the behest of greedy corporate oligarchs.

And, as Carlson said, almost word-for-word recapping posts written at the Chateau, the female hypergamous instinct may be distasteful to contemplate, but it's not going anywhere soon, because the sexes have innately competing reproductive goals. A smart, sane society understands this, and works to leverage the beneficial effects of that instinct rather than encourage its worst aspects.

Thankfully, Trump has managed to turn it around, a little. The manufacturing industry posted the biggest job gains in twenty years in 2018.



The manufacturing industry posted net job gains of 284,000 over 2018, capping its best calendar year since 1997.

On the downside, there are still too many gains in education, health services, and hospitality, which translates to dead weight gibs for women and migrants, which ultimately has a corrosive effect on the marriage market for White men.

I would have to see the percentage gains for each occupational group over the last few years to determine if this is a blip or a real and lasting course correction. It's great that manufacturing jobs have increased, but if the increase in Shrike Jobs is larger then the gains in manufacturing, than the benefits from the latter will be swamped by the negative consequences of the former.

A successful realization of MAGA means the top two occupation groups are at the bottom, and at least six of the bottom eleven occupation groups storm the top of the jobs gain chart.

***

Great comment from bigjohn33,

> That was a very powerful piece by Tucker. I dont think it's overly dramatic to say that speech has the potential to become a landmark historical event. This was an implicit call for white Americans to (presumably peacefully) overthrow the government. Tucker is clearly saying both political parties are working against the interests of normal (meaning white) men, their families, and descendents and their power over the People is illegitimate.
>
> There are so many good quotes in there. I am greatly encouraged. There is hope yet. The metapolitical landscape is changing. I have never seen anything like this in the mainstream before. This is something new. This is what a revolution looks like.

Our ruling class is illegitimate. This is our battle cry.

***

Another great comment, from Screwtape,

> There is another element of the invader labor problem: the erosion of the culture of work.
>
> The ‘jobs Americans wont do’ lie is not just about depressed wages. It is about creating an environment that does not encourage and facilitate the matriculation of labor in the young heritage population.
>
> The browing of physical and low-skill labor has accelerated the cultural decline of the value of hard work, of doing a job that is tough and often sucks, and of honing social and other skills in dealing with a work environment.
>
> This has fed into the pussified, entitled, and soft generation who never had to work at mcdonalds or dig irrigation ditches. Like “good schools” all these prog white parents won’t subject their precious spawn to the brown hoards who dominate jobs that teenagers used to regulalry perform.
>
> While I hardly blame them for that, there is more to a labor market than wages and the invaders have played a major role in the rite of passage of labor and incentives and ultimately, community and culture.

Mass nonWhite immigration destroys White culture. We may as well stop beating around the bush on this matter.

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 4 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> This is the best one yet. pic.twitter.com/mO03QcwO0Q
>
> — Saving America (@SavingAmerica4U) January 3, 2019

I'd call this a memetic killshot.

Is there any position the Democortez Party leaders presently take that they didn't utterly contradict just a few years ago, before the Reign of Trump drove them over the cliff of power-mad insanity?

Walls Are Built, One Way Or Another

CH · 6 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

If you tear down one big wall, a thousand smaller walls appear in its place. To wit:

> If you don't put borders around your countries, you will be forced to put borders around everything within your countries. https://t.co/kXQ4isvO1f
>
> — Vengeful Jesus (@VJ_Rises) January 6, 2019

"But walls don't work"

Oh they do. They work very well, which is why shitlibs lash out so hysterically against any move toward building a national border wall. If walls were truly ineffective, Chuck Schumer wouldn't kvetch so much.

The choice is a big beautiful wall at the nation's border, or millions of smaller walls multiplying every day around the nation's landmarks, gentrifying neighborhoods, gated communities, parks, pools, schools, and places of worship.

Human nature hasn't changed. We wall off our precious homelands against invaders. If we let the invaders waltz in, then we wall off our precious homes from them.

Until there's nothing left to wall off but ourselves.

Censorship Factories

CH · 6 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> 'Thousands of low-wage workers in "censorship factories" trawl the online world for forbidden content, where even a photo of an empty chair could cause big trouble.'
>
> This is the exact job Winston Smith did in 1984.https://t.co/0eKk3WkGxX pic.twitter.com/R8dlj8fzZz
>
> — Helen Dale (@_HelenDale) January 6, 2019

This is happening in China, but the censorship factories are fully operational in the land of the free and home of the brave. Hunched-back teams of foreign nerd-mercs and spiteful soylibs at all the Big Tech Bathhouses — Goolag, Fapple, Facecock, Amazog, Gaypal etc — censor reviews and comments, shadowban and delete accounts, tweak algorithms to hide opposing views, deplatform and demonetize heretics, ban users, and stop the payments of thought criminals.

The term "corporate conspiracy" doesn't quite capture the breadth of malice these speech police oligarchs have toward free-thinking Americans who won't parrot Globohomo orthodoxy.

If it isn't illegal, it should be.

But it is illegal.

It's Big Tech collusion to suppress the voices of dissidence. Anti-trust laws were made for times like these.

So where is the DOJ?

In bed with their Big Tech buttbuddies?

If so, then revolution is coming. And it could get ugly, fast.

Worldwide, “cybersecurity” is the excuse that governments and their corporate partners use to justify our silencing. The Surveillance State is a goal, not an accident.

This is what Big Tech wants for our future — selfies, sales, sportsball, and celebutard gossip. A compliant herd of sheep hooked to a *Serotonin* drip.

Pull out the IV, and release the spirit of rebellion.

10%

That’s all it takes to change the course of history.

Peak Hypergamy

CH · 7 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Vixen signaling.

She looks like she has enough experience to know.

Trevor Goodchild provides the capstone,

> This is the ideal Clownworld female. You may not like it, but this is what peak hypergamy and lack of social feedback loops looks like.

Remember the CH post about men experiencing better sex with hotter women? ANALogously, women experience better sex with more inconsiderate men. This isn't a looks thing for women. A handsome niceguy won't rock her womb like a beat-up jerkboy will. The Aloof Asshole Attitude is the special romantic ingredient that adds heat to a girl's pink pleat.

Gently make love to the typical Americunt? Get outta here with that softbore coring. Toss her around like a rag doll and slap her face with your dick? Now you're cooking with fash!

PS That thing to the t-shirt girl's right? I bet it calls its dog "ruth bader ginsbark".

Walls Around Hypocrites

CH · 7 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The GayMulatto Wall is especially hypocritical because that smug nullity is protected by multiple walls, fences, a guard tower, and even road barricades.

Reminder that geographical distance and attentive police are also “walls” in the sense that both help keep the riff raff away from the properties of sanctimonious urban shitlibs. Hence why fat crap Matty Yglesias says he lives in a “diverse” city and has no problem with it, while neglecting to mention his million dollar condo is actually in one of the whitest neighborhoods in DC, and just far enough away from the criminal horde and public transit to inconvenience would-be predators.

Shooting Snapper In A Barrel

CH · 7 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

An emailer supplies this hideous emblem of Western estrogenesis,

> I've never personally seen anything more beta and revolting than this, so I thought I will submit this to your blog.
>
> This poster was for a party at a student dorm in Germany.

Is that Esssra Klein in the middle?

The right side reads, "party without the patriarchy! last party of the year!"

What we have here is a snarling battlecunt going to a party to get fall-down drunk, fuck the bouncer, and soak timid, demoralized betas for free booze while keeping a finger resting on her "MeToo hotline" number should one of the betas insolently open his mouth to say hi, in no particular order.

No doubt there are thirsty soyboys lining up for the privilege.

Funny thing is, these parties don't have to be billed as such for this dynamic to happen naturally anywhere the gynarcho-tyranny is the *de facto* governing social system. Advertising and marketing are just now catching up to a reality that has been brewing for a long time: all female whims catered, all female vice excused, and the mediocre masses of vegetable lasagnas get blamed for the ruin left in the wake of our liberated wahmen.

Even funnier, the poster is an invitation to assholes, who are the closest approximation to oppressive patriarchs in the modern West, to raid the dorm party and easily slip into the role of the rebellious badboy to give these cunts the battlefield defeat they so desperately desire. It's like shooting snapper in a barrel.

She'll be at this party:

The Abridged Family

CH · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Profound…

How much blame for the low fertility of developed nations can be placed on the disappearance of the geographically convenient extended family? In all the debates about below-replacement TFR I've read, this angle is criminally under-explored.

Maybe it's not just high housing costs (read: high diversity costs) that are the culprit of low TFR; maybe a primary driver of reduced family size and childlessness is the expense of out-sourcing extended family care to unrelated third parties (corporations, daycare, nannies, etc).

If grandparents and aunts and uncles and cousins significantly contribute to easing the financial and emotional costs of having children, then their geographic dispersal and separation from any family connections would have a big impact on the willingness of young couples to take on child-rearing.

Globalism and its consequences (free movement of labor, job insecurity, fleeing from diversity) provides incentives to spread out geographically and away from the family "home base". A low TFR decreases the number of extended family members with each generation, until even extended families that remain local don't have enough members to assist young parents with the quasi-communal child-rearing.

A vicious negative reinforcement feedback loop sets up, until TFR crashes and outposts of high TFR White subgroups like the Amish inherit the future.

The virus in the code of Western society is the abridged family, and as usual the vectors of this virus are mass immigration, forced multiracialism, and rapacious wage-cutting oligarchism.

PS A reader insightfully theorized that the introduction of child car seat laws had a depressive effect on fertility, because car seats take up a lot of room, and middle class couples who want more children are forced to decide between buying a bigger, more expensive car, or not having that third kid.

The Cure For Silly Romantics

CH · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A caustically hilarious comment from Doktor Jeep,

> Age comes no matter what you do.
> It's what you don't do that hurts you later.
> BTW I have dated women my age, and yeah, that's the menopausal years. A warning to you young bucks who "don't care about money": The worst part about getting older is getting to fuck older women. Unless you have money.
> Let me tell you something, when a woman hits menopause, she's basically a man with girl parts, but SHE WILL STILL SHIT TEST YOU AND BE A DRAMA MONGER JUST OUT OF HABIT.
> And that once or twice a month you get laid you'd think someone left a hunk of cheddar under the bed.
> Mark my words.

In ranked order of active measures distinguished gentlemen should take to avoid sex with menopausal women:

- Game (charm can keep men interesting to unwilted roses for a long time)
- Low carb, lifting, intermittent fasting
- A blood boy (or occasional bloodletting to reduce iron stores)
- deliberate efforts to retain a youthful passion for life
- liquor and prostitutes
- raiding high Gini coefficient countries for their prime fertility women
- money

You'll notice money is last on this list. There's a good reason. The amount of money (and therefore the years of investment) required to buy the loins and love of a young babe is beyond what most men can realistically achieve. It's a better ROI to focus on your health, attitude, and access to high end escorts.

***

Related, advice from Johnny Redux,

> And the silly, age-old (lol) question that older women always ask me: "How can you be interested in young(er) women? What do you have in common?" I have to imagine that they are not totally clueless that men want younger women for their better/fresher looks, tighter skin/firmer bodies, more energy, generally better personalities, and (most important) their fertility.
>
> As I have said here a few times, men should not, if possible, marry women their own age. That is what supports the boner-medicine industry. Most men can get erections, it is just that they cannot get them for their old wives or gfs, but aren't black pilled enough (or feel to guilty) to recognize/acknowledge that truth. Older women simply have very little, to no, sexual capital. It has all been spent (in many cases, wasted away). Give these older men a younger woman and….BOINNNNNNG! Feminist society and the pharmaceutical industry instead want to blame the man for his failure to get/maintain an erection, instead of focusing on the object of his attempts. It's bullshit. Men in their 20's and thirties should date women 5-10 years younger than them. Men in their 40's and above should date women at least 10 years younger than them. If marriage is in the forecast, the age difference should be 10 years. You'll thank me for this advice, if you take it, when you are 40+, when your younger wife still gets you hard.
>
> Finally, I have seen many older women who are beautiful, in their own way, when they have class and a sense of noble pride, but that should not be confused with sexual attraction to them.

Marc has had the scales fall from his eyes,

> I been tryin to holt on to the last bit of silly romantic in me, the part that still responds to Pound's "When the nightingale to his mate/Sings day-long and night-late" and a thousand years of western Alba poetry but years of this site has cured me of most of it and the fact that a cute 6 at best would wear a "nice guys can't fuck" t shirt in PUBLIC has raped the last bit of that out of me.
> No way out but through.

You're welcome.

Propaganda Works*

CH · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A representative from Campus Reform went around asking dummies (aka college students) their opinions of quotes about immigration restriction attributed to President Trump but actually said by prominent Dems like crocodiletears, gaymulatto, and thecunt.

After the conformist suck-ups were told the quotes were actually made by their Dem icons, they laughed that sort of laugh you hear when an amygdala is hijacked by a pulse of cogdis.

From one of the Y1dtube commenters,

> America is going this century. Millennials are a disaster.

Where is the lie?

Propaganda works. A generation of pliable NPCs have been brainwashed by nonstop chaimstream media anti-White and anti-Trump propaganda to deny the existence of the sun if Trump says the sun is real. People really can be whipped into a hysterical frenzy of thoughtless mimicry by a hate machine dedicated to dispensing an agenda-driven narrative.

*BUT…propaganda isn't all-powerful. A people has to have a leak in their code which can be exploited by the propagandists. In the case of browns and blacks, that code vulnerability is their raw tribalism. In the case of shitlib Whites, it's their pathological need to virtue signal sympathy for nonWhites and to sanctimoniously chide insufficiently prostrate FreeWhites. Whites who are resistant to virtue sniveling are likewise resistant to anti-White agitprop. Hence, Trump's incredibly stable favorable/unfavorable poll ratings since he glided down that golden escalator.

PS Speaking of relentless propaganda, OF COURSE that clinton lackey, snake in the grass Mueller leaked a manafort-russia hoax tidbit hours before Trump's big address to the nation.

Fuck these Creep State vermin to hell.

Peak Shriek

CH · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A 50-year-old French author named Yann Moix plainly and truthfully stated that most women are sexually and romantically worthless by age 50, and that he, like most men, prefers the "extraordinary bodies" of much younger women.

> A 50-year-old French author has sparked outrage by claiming women over 50 are 'invisible' to him.
>
> Yann Moix, a TV presenter and prize-winning writer, said it is 'not possible' to love a woman his own age and that he prefers 'younger women's bodies'.
>
> 'Come on now, let's not exaggerate. That's [over 50] is not possible … too, too old,' he said in an interview with the French edition of Marie Claire.

For a man to love, he first must lust. Old broads don't inspire lust, so they don't inspire love, unless they have been married to the same man for a long time and have built up a protective buffer of his affection.

> 'The body of a 25-year-old woman is extraordinary,' he added. 'The body of a woman of 50 is not extraordinary at all.'
>
> He added that he preferred to date Asian women, particularly 'Koreans, Chinese and Japanese'.

Naturally, his tsar bomba of realtalk triggered a cacophony of cantankerous catlady caterwauling. Peak Shriek, I call it. This was the best part of the Moix Outrage; the impotent screeching and wailing provoked by what amounts to very banal observations of the human condition. Nothing puts a smile on my face like a wrinkled old pussyhatter blowing a forehead vein.

Get a load of these id droppings from the butt-chafed shrews:

> The sexist comments have drawn widespread criticism on social media.
>
> One posted: ‘Yann Moix is 50 and I bet he’s single and no one wants him. Women over any age are beautiful and age shaming is pathetic like he is.’

The Cryfecta:

1. sour grapes
2. self-deluding platitude
3. hilarious same-sentence self-contradiction

More:

[image]

By outing himself as a tacky old stereotype, Yann Moix has rendered his entire body of work invisible so I’m cool with his uninspired opinions

“old stereotype” I thought age was just a number? Like most chicks, she judges a man’s accomplishments by his devotion to sucking up to the whorethodoxy. She’s cool with that *ADDS OBVIOUSLY TRY-HARD SMILEY TO PROJECT INDIFFERENCE*.

> Women over 50 don’t want to read or buy your books either.

I’m sure his heart will go on.

> Phew! Women like me are breathing a sigh of relief that in another year and too we will be ‘too old’ for bad rubbish like Yann Moix. At last we can breathe in peace. Thank you universe — Deepali Nandwani

The lady doth breathe relievedly too much.

> ‘People in glass houses!…..have you looked in the mirror?….you don’t look a day over 65.’

Refuting ageism with…ageism.

> Twitter users also shared photographs of women over 50, including Halle Berry, 52, Sandra Bullock, 54, and Cindy Crawford, 52.

HAHA oh my sides. How fuckin predictable. Deny biological reality by….posting pics of extreme exceptions to the rule. Exceptions who, btw, were still much hotter when younger than they are in their 50s.

> Responding to the outrage, he told RTL radio, he was not ‘responsible’ for his taste in women.

This is the shiv that cuts deepest. Women want SO BADLY to believe that men can change the shape of their desire to find uglier, fatter, older women more attractive, but here comes a very bad man to remind them that men’s arousal is an unconscious, evolved compulsion resistant to social engineering, which just happens to point HARD in the same direction across all cultures and times: toward alluring young beauties.

The comments to this article in the World’s Foremost Newspaper of Record are full of spitting mad catladies who can barely contain their existential pain in between snarls of snark, but refreshingly the comments generally support Moix. For example, check out the ratio of likes and dislikes between the best-rated and worst-rated comments.

Best-rated (from a woman):

> A lot if men think like that. He has just vocalised it. Speaking as a 53 year old woman, he is right in most cases. My body is not the same as it was in my twenties, it has more lumps and gravity takes it toil despite my healthy lifestyle, so of course a twenty something woman will seem more desirable. The same is true of men though. My OH goes to the gym and takes care of himself but his body is different to his 20 something self. However, we are not just our bodies. Attraction takes place due to a myriad of reasons, personality, wit, intelligence. I would not want to see this French guy's naked body either, but might want to take a look at his son's! There will be 20 something women reading this and distancing themselves from this, thinking that ageing will never happen to them, but it will. My advice to them, never find validation in another person's gaze. You are more than your looks.
>
> –2216 upvotes, 53 downvotes

Worst-rated (from a man):

> He is absolutely right. There is nothing like the feel of young skin and flesh. Who wants an old broiler when there are so many young chicks out there. Well done for saying it, Sir.
>
> –168 upvotes, 281 downvotes

The best-rated comment essentially recapitulated Moix's point and earned a 42:1 like-to-dislike ratio, while the worst-rated comment did the same with fewer and funnier words and earned a 1.7:1 dislike-to-like ratio.

In short, the indignant deluded are greatly outnumbered by the cheerfully awakened.

There Is Institutional Sexism, But It's Not Against Women

CH · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The Fundamental Premise (introduced to a curious world on this blog) states that the biological reality of women's higher reproductive value relative to men's results in an inborn psychological bias in both sexes that manifests in favoritism toward women and indifference toward the plight of men, at the individual and societal levels.

Institutions will, over time, take on the complexion of this innate bias favoring women, and the smallest inconveniences women suffer are blown up into national emergencies while grave insults that are suffered predominately by men are minimized in their significance, ignored, or cruelly inverted to lay blame for that suffering on men and to make restitution demands for women who are the "real victims".

Now the World's Foremost Newspaper of Record has broken ranks and defied the cuntventional wisdom to report on a global study showing that men are the real victims of sex-based discrimination.

> Men are disadvantaged in 91 countries compared to 43 nations for women
>
> The UK, the US and Australia all discriminate against men more, a study claims
>
> Italy, Israel and China are harder environments for women, researchers say
>
> Scientists created the Basic Index of Gender Inequality to assess inequality
>
> Closer the BIGI score is to zero the greater the level of equality is in the country
>
> […]
>
> The UK, the US and Australia all discriminate against men more whereas Italy, Israel and China are harder environments for women, according to the study.
>
> Researchers say this is due to men receiving harsher punishments for the same crime, compulsory military service and more occupational deaths than women.

Those are coarse metrics, but the Fundamental Premise acts on innumerable, less conspicuous social dynamics shaping the life outcomes and well-being of men and women.

> The study was carried out by the University of Essex and the University of Missouri-Columbia and published in the journal Plos One.
>
> Scientists created a database which deciphers a nation's discrimination called the Basic Index of Gender Inequality (BIGI).
>
> The closer the BIGI score is to zero the greater the level of equality is in the country.
>
> Zero is a perfect score, indicating absolute parity between the genders – and Italy came the closest with a score of 0.00021. Slightly favouring males.
>
> The top ranked nation to favour women over men is claimed to be Saudi Arabia, with a score of -0.001554.
>
> If it is a negative number it indicates females are better off and if the BIGI score is positive it shows males are less discriminated against.

I doubt any regular readers of the Chateau are surprised by this study's findings that the Anglocuck nations (where post-sanity feminism and the divorce industrial complex were invented) are the most discriminatory against men and their interests.

> Professor Stoet also believes the complexity of the Global Gender Gap Index makes it difficult to distinguish whether gender differences are the result of social inequalities or personal preference.

> The simpler BIGI method, he says, is a much sounder alternative.
>
> He said: ‘No existing measure of gender inequality fully captures the hardships that are disproportionately experienced by men in many countries and so they do not fully capture the extent to which any specific country is promoting the wellbeing of all its citizens.

Hillary Clinton would call Professor Stoet a misogynist while cavalierly dismissing the premature deaths of millions of opioid-addicted deplorable men in the heartland.

PS The Sex Pay Gap is a lie. I’ll keep saying it until the media stops credulously reporting on it as if it hadn’t already been debunked a thousand times.

Keep An Eye On The Ed Buck Story

CH · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This story, if the chaimstream media blockade against reporting it is broken, has the potential to take down quite a few big name Democreeps.

> Second black man found dead at home of Ed Buck, Democrat donor
>
> A black man was reportedly found dead Monday morning at the Los Angeles residence of Democrat donor Ed Buck — the second such mysterious death at his home in the past few years.
>
> *Wehoville* reportslaw enforcement has yet to release the identity of the deceased male who died in Buck's West Hollywood apartment. Buck was investigated — and later cleared — following the death of Gemmel Moore, a young man who died of a drug overdose at the 65-year-old's home in July 2017. Following Moore's death, Buck has been accused of having a "fetish" for inserting drugs into black men he meets through dating websites. Before his death, Moore wrote of Buck injecting him with drugs during their encounters.
>
> Local activists have said the Los Angeles Police Department declined to press charges against Buck **due to his sizeable financial contributions to then-California Gov. Jerry Brown and failed presidential candidate Hillary Clinton**.

The rich and powerful have a knack for getting away with murder. Did thecunt personally intervene on her rich friend's behalf?

Shockingly, Ed Buck, besides being a homosexual paraphiliac drug pusher, may also be [a special person], though evidence for that is circumstantial.

Brutal Ownage Of An Uppity Thot

CH · 9 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Aging, retired porn whore Jenna Jameson did not like Yann Moix pointing out that 50-year-old women are unloveable. She bitched back at him on Twatter. You've gotta read the responses in that thread to appreciate just how brutally this walking diseased orifice who opened herself to thousands of cocks to make a living was owned by a crew of shitlords with no patience for fluffing another slore for the skankocracy.

> Hey #YannMoix this is 45. Am I still loveable, you crummy little troll? #packyourpens #yourecancelled pic.twitter.com/hSnFnd7rMP
>
> — Jenna Jameson (@jennajameson) January 8, 2019

She unleashed a beast…

> You weren't lovable once Tito was able to fit his cracked skull into your anus. so like since you were at like 33?
>
> — Legalize Ranch 2019 (@LegalizeRanch19) January 9, 2019

> My friends liked it, and you responded. Don't you have some pills to take so you can live with yourself for another night of work on cam for a dwindling audience? You used to give great interviews to Stern, slurring your speech and falling asleep at 9:30 in the morning.
>
> — Legalize Ranch 2019 (@LegalizeRanch19) January 9, 2019

> pic.twitter.com/Z0n8AQE2jf
>
> — Chad Clemons (@ChadClemons4) January 9, 2019

There's no safe space for glorified hookers anymore. The id monster roams freely.

PS Jameson sobered up, got married, and had a daughter (who is a good bet to grow up to be a high-def receptacle like her mom). I suppose that's a lifestyle improvement, but you really have to wonder about the man* who would wife up a Wall-imminent ex-porn actress with a back entrance video catalog of all the men she fucked before him. Talk about sloppy thousandths. It's one thing to make an honest woman of a fresh-muffed college girl with a few regrets in her short life; it's quite another to rescue a has-been slam pig from the brink of spinsterhood and lay with her aglow in delusional self-satisfaction as if your pink legume has a chance of applying any friction to a vagina warped beyond recognition by the jackhammering of a caravan of migrant cocks.

PPS I have to laugh at Jameson for becoming indignant at slurs against her age, but indifferent toward and even proud of insults directed at her career of spreading her legs on camera for random pile driving. This goes to show just how badly the Wall shiv pierces female vitals; women know at the deepest hindbrain level that their window of sexual allure is only open for a brief spell, and shuts with an authoritative thud. Zero-point-sero SMV is the threat that women fear most.

*Wonder no more. Here is a pic and relevant bio of Jameson's hubby (he's an Israeli criminal….the phyzz is hilariously on-point):

My speculation on the nature of Jameson's marriage was correct. She converted to judaism as part of an implicit deal with her shyster israeli husband: "I'll be all the [special person] you want if you rescue me from suicidal post-porn depression".

A lifetime of shameful whoring and the approach of the Wall wonderfully focuses a ho's mind on the value of becoming very pliable to the demands of men.

The 70 Billion Dollar Blowjob

CH · 10 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

January 10, 2019 by CH

Hey, Jeff, you little pissant wall-eyed value-eating slave labor-loving wage-gutting nation-wrecking globohomo nerdo, was the tranny blowjob worth it? Asking for a friend named Donald Trump.

HAHAHAHAAAAAAAA

***

Some thoughts on the Bezos Bimbo.

News is out (thanks to Trump's friends at the National Enquirer) that Bezos cheated on his wife of two decades and had an affair with a 49-year-old woman sporting staypuft lip injections. That's her above, Lauren "dirty" Sanchez. She is the wife of a friend of the Bezos'. The timeline is murky, but the latest reporting suggests Bezos was slamming Slamchez while both were still married, but you know how these satanic cult elite marriages are arranged to allow for "managed indiscretions".

There were questions if the Bezos marriage blew up because Jeffy or his wife stepped out, but now we know — the rich husband cashed in his inflating SMV. The cosmic order remains in balance, and we may enjoy the spectacle of TDS sufferer Bezos getting his name dragged through the mud.

Bezos has been looking jacked since Trump became President. It's known that lifting will raise testosterone levels, and higher T will increase the risk of infidelity (jacked up muscles => jacked up libido). I wouldn't be surprised if Bezos has more than one mistress in his closet that he acquired after he started throwing the iron.

The Trump Curse is real. Bezos is a notorious Trump-hater who bought the Washington Post-Op with the sole intention of turning it into an unreadable anti-Trump rag, which he did, quite successfully.

Maybe Jeff Bezos hates Trump because Trump's wives were and still are much hotter than the plain jane Bezos

managed to land with his money?

Could be!

That's another aspect of Trump I respect. He had the power and he USED IT to grab only the sexiest pussy. While Bezos flirted with a middle aged desperate housewife, Trump was romping with porn whores, playboy models, fashion models, and who knows how many garden variety hotties off the streets of NY.

A billionaire would really have to be a pathetic beta boob to fail at attracting a hottie. And that was Betazos. A beta soul cannot be cured by 140 billion dollars. It's not that unusual to see very rich men acting like total noobs with women. If you've spent all your time making money and none of it learning how to banter with women, and lean on your money to do all the courtship and seduction work, then women will fall for your money instead of you.

Sanchez might be a golddigger. Golddiggers target already rich men. Smart women target pre-rich men who seem like they have the potential to become rich. How do women become filthy rich? By divorcing a filthy rich man.

Normally, I feel some sympathy for men who get taken to the cleaners by rapacious whores leveraging a corrupt divorce-rape system that enables their thievery, but in this case I will enjoy every minute of this spectacle and every last dollar squeezed out of robber baron Bezos' Amazog Prime wallet. It couldn't happen to a nicer globalist.

What Your Demographic Replacements Think Of You

CH · 10 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Ana Navarro, fat slob POC airhead who is tasked with farting out CNN's daily anti-White agitprop, was caught on camera disdainfully filing her nails while a guest was talking about illegal alien (aka foreign invader) crime.

Class act. Ana Navarro can go choke on a double-wide burrito. Fucking c**t-faced b**ch.

This is what your replacements think of you and your kind:

Hear that? It sounds like accelerationism. And not the drunk driving dreamer kind.

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 10 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> The left would rather parrot church lady rhetoric about taking in refugees than own up to the fact that they colluded in the largest transfer of wealth from working people to capital owners in the nation's history.
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) January 10, 2019

That one hit the Left ventricle.

When leftoids got power under Globohomo rule they discovered they liked it. When leftoids realized their power could be entrenched by welcoming and abetting the invasion of tens of millions of Dirt Worlders to vote them into office in perpetuity, they liked it so much that they turned their backs on struggling Heritage Americans and focused all their venomous sophistry against them, until the Deplorables fought back and presented the Left with, first, Trump, and next with….

PS Related: The rise of financial blacklisting.

> Can you imagine how scary it would be to live in a world where your livelihood depended on having the 'correct' politics? It's the sort of thing you might expect of totalitarian regimes – Baathist Iraq under Saddam Hussain; everywhere that has ever tried communism; increasingly, Xi's panopticon China – but definitely not of any liberal democracy in the 21st century. […]
>
> If I were impeccably 'progressive', this would be a doddle. I could monetize my content through ads on YouTube, I could crowdfund donations through Patreon, I could promote my work with regular appearances on CNN. But if you're snarky and irreverent and you won't play the virtue-signaling game then your options are much more limited. Any deviation from the path of 'woke' righteousness – even just a misjudged joke or a remark taken out of context – can get you branded a 'far right' extremist and your audience won't be allowed to pay you even if they want to. […]
>
> The more important question is, though: 'Who gets to decide what is hate speech?' From YouTube and Twitter to Facebook and Patreon, Silicon Valley's answer seems to be: the kind of Social Justice Warriors who think any viewpoint to the right of Bernie Sanders or Jeremy Corbyn is literally Hitler. […]
>
> Since when did tech sites acquire the function of moral guardians? And when they do, aren't they creating an even greater injustice than they are purporting to address? Isn't this war they are conducting on free speech precisely the kind of oppressive authoritarianism that liberal Silicon Valley types ought to deplore? […]
>
> [T]he rot goes much deeper than Patreon. The real pressure, it seems, comes from the payment providers – Visa, Discover, PayPal, especially Mastercard – which have taken to using financial blacklisting as a way of enforcing progressive ideology. ….. Even liberals are starting to worry. Banks and credit card companies, says the left-leaning Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), have become 'de facto internet censors.'

Where is the DOJ? In bed with their Big Tech and Wall Street lovers, giving each other reacharounds?

***

Shiv of the Week runner-up: your President Donald J. Trump.

> Dear Diary… https://t.co/NAuMaQW6fl
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) January 11, 2019

Jeff Bezos Failed The Jumbotron Test

CH · 11 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

What's the word I'm looking for when an oligarch at the helm of a company which invades the privacy of its customers and pushes for a dystopian regime of 24/7 surveillance of Americans gets his personal life exposed by the very privacy-killing society he eagerly advocates for the peons?

Oh yeah….TRUMPMA.

This is too funny. Text messages between Betazos and his Wall-imminent lover Dirty Slamchez were hacked and released to the public.

(fyi Betazos was sexting Sanchez months before he celebrated his wedding anniversary with his wife. It doesn't sound like they were separated during his affair, as his publicists claim!)

Some samples of Jeff Bezos' tender texts:

> I love you, alive girl. I will show you with my body, and my lips and my eyes, very soon

"alive girl"

His non-alive women only felt that way in bed.

Does he show his love with his eyes independently, like a chameleon? One eye scans her tits while the other eye takes stealth screenshots of her email and location?

> I want to smell you, I want to breathe you in. I want to hold you tight.… I want to kiss your lips…. I love you. I am in love with you

"I want to deliver myself to your doorstep"

> You know what I want? I want to get a little drunk with you tonight. Not falling down. Just a little drunk. I want to talk to you and plan with you. Listen and laugh

The soy is strong in this one.

> I basically WANT TO BE WITH YOU!!! Then I want to fall asleep with you and wake up tomorrow and read the paper with you and have coffee with you.

ALL CAPS!!! Betazos is in luurrrv. Aw such a romantic. It's like he just now discovered how to write 8th grade love notes. This guy should be sexting about jamming his drone into her inbox; instead he's fantasizing about

building a life of domestic tranquility with her. What a goober!

Leave it to a soul-born beta like Bezos to fall in love with a botoxed has-been. How many years and billions had to accumulate before women started reciprocating his ardor and making him feel like a human man?

> I love everything about you. I love that your last pic takes me completely out of my head. I am crazy about you. All of you. I need to smell and touch you. I want to hold you. I know you're right for me. I know we fit.
>
> I like it when you're strong, and I like it when you're vulnerable. Everything. The only thing I don't like is not being with you. All of this is just straight from my heart. I love everything about you.

Bezos is really in love with his wallstress. It's not the illicit sex that breaks his wife's heart, it's his emotional betrayal. Women can handle a cheating husband if it's purely physical, but they can't handle the loss of a husband's love.

Cooing sweet nothings are ok if the man says them, in bed, after he's fucked the cunt out of his girl. But not in text messages. Bezos failed the Jumbotron Test:

> Every text or email or recordable instance of conversation you have with a girl must follow this simple rule:
>
> If it were given a public airing, let's say on a blog or a sports stadium jumbotron, you should feel comfortable with what you have written for the world to see. You should not feel an urge to wince, because it will be clear to everyone reading it how alpha you are. If the thought of someone other than you and your girl reading your permanently archived romantic exchanges makes you cringe with embarrassment, then you are doing something wrong that will eventually lead to your girl dumping you.

Jumbotron FAIL.

After gaymullato's kiss attempt is denied by the first stringer, check out his awkward finger tapping on her shoulder. I bet those two stopped having sex after the kids were born. The sexlessness causality runs both ways: he's a closet case, and she's repulsed by his unmanliness.

Now Betazos can join gaymullato in the Jumbotron FAIL Hall of Shame.

You LOSE, Jeff. No prime for you!

> The racy messages — which reportedly included a snapshot of Bezos' junk

Complete with user reviews.

***

Reader comments:

Heather,

> Perhaps the attraction came from the excitement of something forbidden, since she was the wife of a friend? Otherwise, I don't get it.

I wonder how Sanchez's husband feels about being cucked by the richest nerdlet in the world? Maybe not so bad, since Sanchez is well past the age of spawning any bastards.

Neither Bezos' wife nor his mistress is worth a free drink, let alone 70 billion. That said, I'd give the nod to the

mistress. She's about a point higher on the 1-10 scale. That's good enough for Betazos to fall head over heels!

From Paper Shuffler,

> Imagine being the wealthiest man in the world and getting romantic feelings for some middle-aged goblina… BAP was right… the elites really aren't anything special are they…

Nope, and they HATE HATE HATE that we're pulling the curtain back on their laughable pretensions.

Mob Barley,

> The richest guy in the world
> Went for a 49 year old chick
>
> So little competition out there

It's never been a better time to have freedom, testosterone, and Game.

Ripp,

> his friend's wife. pathetic weasel.

Yep, and P.K. Griswold explains why a weasel like Bezos did what he did:

> This is exactly what I'm getting at, bros. Bezos reeks of OPTIONLESS BETA..
>
> This guy's got more money than god, but when he looks to cash in his newly acquired SMV chips, he buys the first thing that appears—his friend's wall-impacted, mud blooded, tranny-ringer wife! (With whom they probably have dinner once a month.)
>
> Why? Because she already knows him; he doesn't have to cold open this brawd.
>
> This is truly pathetic. Bezos may be a successful man, influential, wealthy beyond compare. But when it comes to front-holes, he's a thoroughly blue pill, pedestal polishing, shaking-in-his-boots beta. Full stop.
>
> Sometimes I wish I was a woman because it's ten times easier to fleece a thirsty goon's empire than it is to build your own.

All the money in the world can't save a game-less, charmless, needy betaboy supplicant from dating "up" to a middle-aged trap show.

Smart women know this, and like PK wrote it's ten, no ten million, times easier for a woman to fleece a beta billionaire than it is to build her own wealth. The ease of this is precisely why these women fuck and fall in love with much less wealthy but sexyasfuck challenging jerkboys on the side.

From PBR Streetgang,

> Paid $69,999,999,980 more than the going rate.

He'll probably wind up stalking her after she leaves him for a retired football player.

From California Caucasian,

> I've managed to score more Grade A just owning a house. Filled the kitchen of said house with shiny pots and pans, can make a killer omelette… the ass flows. Being able to nominally cook anything = panty drop…
>
> How can a rich rich oligarch do so poorly? I'm just a poor fuck who won't buy drinks, but I'll make you a

> cocktail at home…

guest replies,

> Thank you my boomer.
>
> Broke: Skittles man
>
> Woke: Boomer omelette man
>
> Bespoke: Sending most of the population of California to New Auschwitz

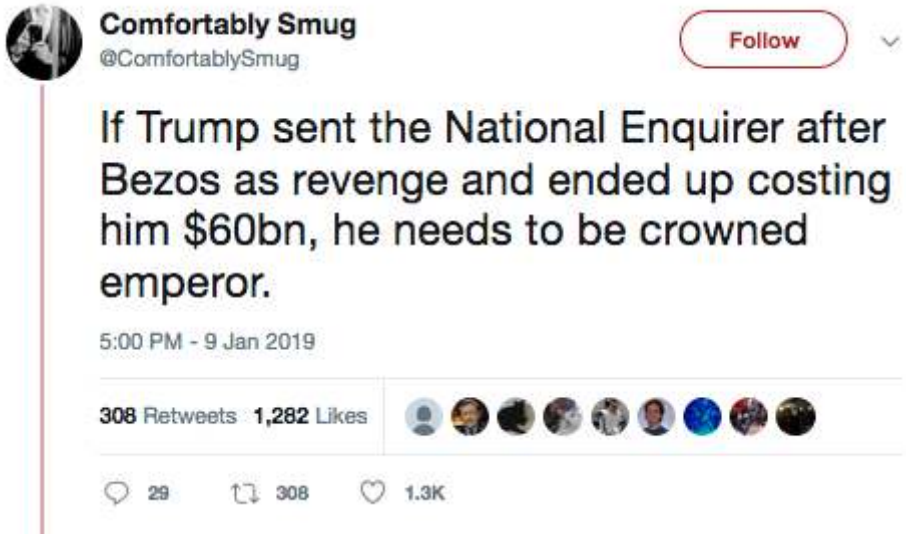
Corinth Arkadin,

> LOL LOVE LETTERS
>
> I wrote poems to my women:
>
> Roses are Red/Violets are Blue/I Wanna Eff You/Every Which Way/Including The Butt

newlyaloof close this post out,

> Amazon meet MAGAzon.

One more shiv…



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Thought: maybe Bezos is an open borders globohomo fanatic because he thinks the millions streaming in from south of the border are all Lauren Sanchezes like his loverlady?

The Orgasm Ratio

CH · 12 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Possibly inspired by CH posts exploring the connection between jizz payloads and love, reader SRC introduces the concept of the Orgasm Ratio:

> One of the most important things when having sects with a girl for the first time is to never be the first to cūm. If she gets off several times before you, especially after more than one encounter, it flips the sexual adequacy frame on its head. Control the orgasm ratio.

As a general principle, I agree with this, but there can be times when the rule doesn't apply (see below).

The Orgasm Ratio is essentially a hard-to-spoof proxy for the SMV Ratio. If our premise is that men cum harder and quicker with hotter women (tumescently plausible), then a man who cums first is likely with a woman who is his sex-specific SMV equal or better. He can be said to have NO HAND, while she holds all the leverage over which direction the hookup will go.

If a woman senses this SMV disparity in her favor (she will), then over time she'll resent her man who reminds her by his premature ejaculation that she can do better. This feeling in her — and his recognition of it — will erode the relationship, until rupture.

In love, the time from rapture to rupture can be surprisingly short, and usually catches the man off-guard.

Getting off first tells a girl two things, equally ominous to you as complimentary to her. One, she knows she arouses you. This flatters her. Two, it causes her to wonder if she's aiming too low. She resents you for this.

The first night together is the most important time to establish an advantageous orgasm ratio. This is when the tone is set that will color the relationship should it develop. You cum first, and she knows she can use her sex to make you dance. Knowledge like this is corrosive to pussy tingles.

But if you can hold off until she cums first, second, and third, well now she's primed to think of you as a god among betas, a man with whom she can hardly control herself. A properly calibrated orgasm ratio is a major DHV-to-SMV positively reinforcing feedback loop. With each night together that you heroically delay your release, she will cum harder, and faster, as your value explodes to fill every cranny in her brain.

Added to this primal limbic mix is a dread that slowly consumes her; she fears you may not be "all that into her", otherwise why the seemingly preternatural ability to delay your payload? Now, as SRC wrote, the sexual adequacy script is flipped. All flings begin with the unconscious, biologically driven premise that the woman is "giving" her body to the man, who is "enjoying" it. She is always sexually adequate; he is always proving his sexual adequacy. But the man who communicates his SMV through a leisurely journey to completion, while allowing his woman to orgasm multiple times atop his tutelage, has essentially co-opted her sexual role. He is giving his boner; she is enjoying it.

The benefit of this is obvious. She now is the one trying to prove herself to him, that she can sexually please him, and the downstream effects of her sexual anxiety are innumerable and delightful….home-cooked meals, generosity of body, heart, and even purse, loyalty, faithfulness, unbreakable love, an eager to please disposition, a sudden awakening to the power of MAGA….

When does the orgasm ratio rule not apply? Every so often, as a gift to her, it helps lubricate the relationship and alleviate tension to "lose control" of yourself. A woman likes to know she arouses her man so much that he occasionally goes primal on her, tearing at clothes, ripping at panties, groping at flesh, slamming against walls and mirrors and headboards, and finishing in a violent crescendo of spent lust.

If you do cum first during the first time in bed — and you will if you're hitting above your league — the momentum

can be saved with a short refractory period and a workmanlike second effort.

And if you fail at this, you've still won.

Is The Cuckoldry Rate Rising?

CH · 13 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In cuckoldry news, the sales of personal, home-based paternity tests are rising in the UK.

> Sales of 'secret' paternity tests are surging, according to suppliers of DIY home kits.
>
> The DNA tests, which can be carried out with simple cheek swabs, are leading to growing numbers of men discovering they are not the biological father of children they had been led to believe were theirs.
>
> AlphaBiolabs, the leading British home test supplier, says up to 30,000 paternity tests are being performed in this country every year – and that the figures are rising by ten per cent per year.
>
> 'Of these, **around 20 per cent of men will learn they are not the father of the child they are testing**,' says the company's director, David Thomas. He added that in some regions the figure is higher, including the North East, where it is 30 per cent.
>
> The explosion in demand for the tests has been fuelled by the ease with which definitive DNA paternity results can now be obtained. For about £99, testing kits which promise 100 per cent accurate next-day results can be bought online.

Primal human sexuality and the associated mate acquisition psychologies of the sexes are under novel, extreme pressures from modern technologies — cheap contraception, the Pill, abortion, online hardcore porn, mass produced pulp romance, sexbots, and cheap private paternity tests. These pressures will rock the sexual market like nothing before them in history, save genetic bottlenecks caused by genocides or mass die-offs. Few but bastions like this humble abode are talking about it, and that's criminally negligent because the current social changes will have effects on human sexuality and the future of nations beyond what our meager powers of speculation can conjure. We are truly entering uncharted territory.

Most of these changes will benefit one or the other sex, with some of those benefits going to a few advantageously positioned members from the sex which bears the costs. Cheap at-home anonymous paternity testing will greatly hinder the ability of women to access their Darwinian prerogative for extra-pair conception (aka alpha fux, beta bux), and thus greatly benefit men. Women, naturally, will never admit they would cuckold a beta husband and fool him into raising the bastard spawn of an alpha lover, but they don't have to admit it; their subconscious limbic compulsion does all the dirty work for them.

Not all women are cuckold risks, UNDER THE OPERATIVE SOCIAL CONSTRAINTS. There is a plausible theory that women of certain races co-evolved with their men toward a greater monogamous instinct and less cuckoldry. But evolution doesn't stop. There is no "end of history". If social pressures change, sexual selection will change as well, and behaviors will adapt to the new reality.

Gene-culture co-evolution. If social constraints, in whatever form (shared values, religious, communal shaming), weaken and fall apart, then even women who have evolved toward favoring monogamous mating will adapt, slowly at first but quickening as the marginal cases become the norm, to the new selection pressures, and cuckoldry could theoretically become more common in those societies.

At the same time social constraints on feral female sexuality are breaking down, cheap private paternity testing is pushing in the opposite direction on Darwinian evolutionary calculations, making it riskier for women to heed an unconscious urge to cuckold their drearily dependable betas. In the state of nature, cuckoldry as a reproduction strategy only pays off if the woman can successfully dupe her resource provider or if the resource provider can be convinced to stay and help raise the bastard "for the good of the child".

The latter seems to be more common currently, but the former is a dying tactic. Soon, thanks to cheap paternity testing kits, very few men but the dumbest and poorest will be successfully duped into eighteen years of emotional

rape and indentured servitude. A wife who cuckolds her husband now runs a real risk that he'll find out quickly if he's the biological father, and will know this without intensely manipulative blackmail from the mother to retreat from the discovery process. He could leave her alone with the bastard, and without any community or family support.

You could cut the tension between loosening social mores and tightening technological oversight with a knife. This goes to a dark place. Increasingly liberated and unhappy women lashing out at increasingly distrustful and indifferent men. A skankocracy of sexual predators chafing under the by-laws of a surveillance state technocracy (idealistic beta males hardest hit).

The cuckoldry data from the UK isn't necessarily evidence of an overall rising cuckoldry rate. There's a sample bias effect here….suspicious fathers who get paternity testing kits are more likely to have been cuckold victims. But still, that number is disturbingly high, and suggests that a de facto polygynous sex market is emerging in the UK, just as it is all over the West.

So while sales of personal paternity testing kits and a 20% positive hit rate on results aren't proof of a general rise in the cuckoldry rate, they are leading indicators that something foul is upsetting the normal functioning of the sexual market.

As long as the State continues acting as a substitute husband and father for Western wahmen, lavishing largesse and incentives on women to behave in ways which increase the chance of single mommery, then reliable, cheap, and widely available paternity testing which decreases the number of beta male dupes and quislings will accelerate the trends away from marriage and toward African-style polygyny.

PS Reminder that a 1% cuckoldry rate is more than 30 TIMES the recorded rape rate in the US. A useful comparison the next time some femcunt launches into a diatribe about rape culture and the patriarchy.

The FBI Is The Secret Police

CH · 13 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From J.R.,

> the FBI literally, actually, in real life – launched a coup attempt against Trump
>
> so far, it's been a failed one, but they haven't given up yet
>
> the FBI is just the Secret Police
> and they serve the Ruling Class – the *real* Ruling Class, not just whoever's President
>
> to pretend otherwise at this point is just naive

Shitlibs support an unaccountable secret police state, pass it on.

Taunt Of The Week

CH · 13 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> So sorry to hear the news about Jeff Bozo being taken down by a competitor whose reporting, I understand, is far more accurate than the reporting in his lobbyist newspaper, the Amazon Washington Post. Hopefully the paper will soon be placed in better & more responsible hands!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) January 14, 2019

Bonus TOTW:

> Best line in the Elizabeth Warren beer catastrophe is, to her husband, “Thank you for being here. I’m glad you’re here” It’s their house, he’s supposed to be there!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) January 14, 2019

> If Elizabeth Warren, often referred to by me as Pocahontas, did this commercial from Bighorn or Wounded Knee instead of her kitchen, with her husband dressed in full Indian garb, it would have been a smash! pic.twitter.com/D5KWr8EPan
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) January 14, 2019

Haha, best Twatterer ever.

But…..still doesn’t make up for this glibly dumb tweet by our President:

> H1-B holders in the United States can rest assured that changes are soon coming which will bring both simplicity and certainty to your stay, including a potential path to citizenship. We want to encourage talented and highly skilled people to pursue career options in the U.S.
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) January 11, 2019

Mass immigration of peasants lowers the wages of working class Americans. Mass immigration of code monkeys lowers the wages of white collar Americans. Both types of immigration ruin the aesthetics of America and fray the social contract.

America has plenty of smart, talented people who can be trained and educated for high skill jobs, AT A DECENT WAGE. But of course the oligarchs would rather import their skilled workers on the cheap from countries that aren’t exactly known for having values and ideals in line with American values and ideals.

If Trump wants to win over some of the Berniebros-slash-AOCsoys saddled with college debt and no high wage prospects, he had better turn hard against H-1Bs. This comment by him is just silly and wrongheaded, not to mention at odds with what he has previously said on the subject:

- MARCH 04, 2016 -

DONALD J. TRUMP
POSITION ON VISAS

"Megyn Kelly asked about highly-skilled immigration. The H-1B program is neither high-skilled nor immigration: these are temporary foreign workers, imported from abroad, for the explicit purpose of substituting for American workers at lower pay. I remain totally committed to eliminating rampant, widespread H-1B abuse and ending outrageous practices such as those that occurred at Disney in Florida when Americans were forced to train their foreign replacements. I will end forever the use of the H-1B as a cheap labor program, and institute an absolute requirement to hire American workers first for every visa and immigration program. No exceptions."

From a reader,

> You have understand Trump's a boomer. He knows what boomers know. So we have to tell him these things. Give him the truth and he seems to act on it.

Ann Coulter almost single-handedly got Trump to back down from signing the original spending bill that had no funding for the Wall, and it cost her Trump's following on Twatter. But it worked.

Passive-Aggressive War

CH · 13 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From Second City Bureaucrat, one of the funniest accounts on Twatter:

> We need to put this on the side of our drones so that the most passive-aggressive weapon of war matches the leadership mood of our most passive-aggressive agency. pic.twitter.com/r6QxzdhpW2
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) January 11, 2019

> You're playing with stray dogs in the street when a Predator drone nicknamed "Sweaty" incinerates your family. After several months of being trafficked by criminals, you end up at the U.S. border where a woman with red lip and hoop earrings tells u ur special.
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) January 11, 2019

This is what an aggressive-aggressive war looks like:

Id Droppings

CH · 14 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The Supreme Court's resident witch is about to kick the kiddush cup, so names of replacements are in the news. One of them is Amy Barrett.

I'm not sure which is the bigger deal-killer, Barrett's krazykunt eyes, or her reckless virtue signaling.

From Heather,

> I can finally confirm my suspicions about Barrett's Catholicism and gloat that I was right. lol
>
> She's a member of 'People of Praise'–a Charismatic group. This explains everything, including the Haitian adoptions.
>
> In no way can you trust her to rationally, fairly, and unconditionally apply and interpret civil and natural law for mankind when her relationship with God is irrational, emotivistic, and conditional. She is a lefty on everything but abortion.

Dear God, I hope Trump reads this.

***

"Courage Goals"

Truly courageous: pulling this stunt in Riyadh. Or Rotherham.

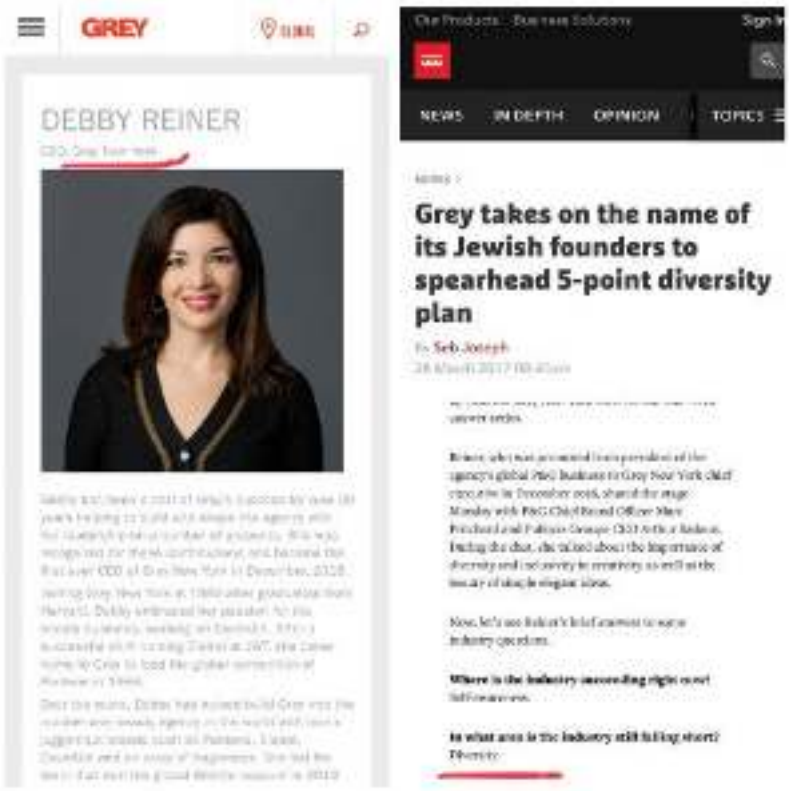
***

The White bad guy/brown hero trope is pretty much de n!gueur these days.

Add Proctor & Gamble to your list of anti-White companies to boycott. They make a lot of center aisle shit for sale in supermarkets, so avoiding their products will benefit your health. Their recent ad for Gillette razors comes with the byline “shave away your toxic masculinity”. (They should’ve went with “tonic masculinity“.)

Discover the P&G brands for you to boycott:

You're probably not at all wondering who was behind this anti-White, anti-male Gillette ad….



***

There has been a blackout of the ongoing Yellow Vest protests in France by our chaimstream media news (not surprising since the protests are anti-globalism and the protestors are White Frenchmen), so you may not know that Maricon has ordered his mercenaries to fire tear gas canisters FROM HELICOPTERS into groups of protestors.

> I've never seen anything like this before in an EU member state.#Macron is using HELICOPTERS to fire tear gas cannisters against the #GiletsJaunes protesters?
>
> Will the #EuropeanCommission finally protest or are they to busy with trying to put sanctions on #Poland & #Hungary? pic.twitter.com/sXpV2F7YWS
>
> — BasedPoland (@BasedPoland) January 13, 2019

From a reader,

> Grenades next, napalm next, cluster bombs next? Whatever it takes. It's just white people. Imagine world outrage if they were doing this to dark skinned types. Nothing at all about this MSM in US. Prelude to what's planned for white people in US.

Prelude is exactly right. This is an instruction manual for our Deep State.

As a thought experiment, imagine the fucking HUE AND CRY from the media if Trump ordered tear gas thrown from helicopters at BLM or antifa protestors.

***

> "Hamilton" is the Obama of Broadway musicals: People of Color and Immigrants unite to fight white racism by defending Wall Street.
>
> Democratic Treasury Secretaries like Robert Rubin, Tim Geithner, and Jack Lew LOVE "Hamilton."https://t.co/4dtWuqpdF3 https://t.co/uFlfuLA4ZT
>
> — Steve Sailer (@Steve_Sailer) January 15, 2019

From a reader,

> [Hamilton the POC Play] also gives shame-infested leftists permission to consume history because it absolves the audience of sin by wrapping the story in black skins.
>
> this belief that just by being black someone can absolve you of a kind of sin you have just for not being black is one of the more vicious aspects of…n3gr0latry.

This really nails it. I know some shitlibs who saw Hamilton (when they got tix it was like they had won the lottery), and they couldn't stop talking about "all the history in the play that you never hear about in schools".

Wrap it in black,
It's shitlib crack.

***

Trump was an experiment in unobstructed democracy. By unobstructed, I mean the media, the Uniparty, the Deep State, academia, entertainment, the MIC, and Big Tech lost just enough power to patrol minds that the people were able to break the stranglehold of "preapproved" candidates and truly elect a rebel from outside the system.

This successful flexing of muscle by the peons was too much for the Perfidious Establishment to bear, and they have since been slow rolling a coup to oust Trump from office, and they may yet succeed at the goal of invalidating the will of the American people. But praise kek, their coup has yet to hit pay dirt, and their subtly-shifting narrative keeps falling apart. If they win, and the Trump Experiment is nullified, we will never have another Trump, not without war. They may still lose if enough patriots embedded in the Deep State Machine summon the courage to expose the seditionists at the top.

Universal Truth Of The Day (Steve King Edition)

CH · 14 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

"White supremacist" is the term shitlibs and cucks use to avoid saying "White stupendousness".

***

This thought occurred to me after reading about the Steve King de-personing.

Steve King (based and redpilled – Iowa) is being pushed out of cuck company after the Fake News Enemy Propaganda Media spent the better part of the last two days falsely reporting that King defended "White supremacy".

From J.R.,

> the GOP is stripping Steve King of his committee assignments in reaction to the Left blatantly lying about what he said
>
> Steve King explains it and it's exactly what i said, he was complaining that Western Civilization was being called White Supremacist – he wasn't defending White Supremacy
>
> Steve King: The Left calls everything they don't like Racist, White Nationalist, and White Supremacist. Western Civilization – when did that become offensive?
>
> J-LEFT MOB: OMG!! STEVE KING ADMITS HE'S A WHITE SUPREMACIST!!
>
> Steve King: What? No, that's not what I said.
>
> J-LEFT MOB: STEVE KING DOUBLES DOWN!!
>
> GOP: OMG! We must ban Steve King immediately!
>
> it's too bad Ace and ppl like him aren't defending Steve King
>
> it's pretty easy to defend King on the White Supremacist charge since it's a gross distortion of what he said and he's obviously not a White Supremacist and never has been
>
> the problem, though, is he is actually kinda pro-white – and that's why even the Edgytarians won't defend him
>
> the GOP is more upset about Steve King occasionally cryptically hinting at being pro-white — then Louis Farrakhan being proudly, openly, and overtly anti-white and preaching that whites are literally sub-human devils
>
> they'll only attack Farrakhan for being Mean To The Jews

G.V. explains why GOPe cucks are stripping King of his committee assignments,

> They're just using the lie as an excuse. Taking him off committees makes him a weaker representative and thus a weaker candidate for reelection. If they can't have an anti-white Republican in that district, they'll go for an anti-white Democrat.
>
> Note that they could do this sort of thing at any time to any "RINO," but they choose not to, because the "RINOs" are actually representative of the political and donor class of the party. The majority faction of the GOP is anti-white.

Has the Cuck Contingent learned nothing from the 2016 election and Trump's UTTER HUMILIATION OF 16 GOPe CUCKSERVATIVE SHELL ENTITIES? It's as if the last three years never happened in the universe cucks inhabit.

The cuck pile-on of Steve King suggests something more nefarious than mere cowardice or civnat shallowness at

play. We must accept the possibility that GOPe cucks are just as anti-White as the Democreeps, and that they act not out of a misguided desire to be loved by the media and by the Left in general, but out of malice toward anyone who even tangentially broaches the subject of White identity.

As such, cucks like Kasich, McCarthy, et al are just as much our enemy as are raving anti-White bigots like Maxine Waters or AOC.

It's not enough to say GOPe cucks are filled with fear. They are also filled with hate. Hate for FreeWhites.

A great comment from a great dissident blog:

> Conservative *****rphilia is far worse than leftist *****rphilia because it is so genuine.
>
> Liberals lie about loving diversity… conservatives line up to slobber the shaft and swallow the sauce.

PS It's time to put the heat on cucks. From End Cultural Marxism:

> Cuckservative, GOP house leader, Kevin McCarthy just removed Steve King from all house committees.
>
> Contact GOP house leader Kevin McCarthy and lay into him. Tell him you support Steve King 100%. Tell him that King opposes the Third World immigration and refugee invasion and we need more politicians like King. Tell McCarthy when he criticizes King he sounds like some SJW.
>
> Contact him below via email, phone or twitter.
>
> His email: https://kevinmccarthy.house.gov/contact/email-me
>
> If you need a local zip code to email him, here's one: 93309
>
> Call him during business hours: 202-225-2915
>
> Twitter: https://twitter.com/GOPLeader/status/1084502775642419201

***

PPS It's enraging because it's true (h/t Ari Shekelstein):

> The stupidity of the GOP punishing Steve King for being pro-Western Civ/pro-White is mind-blowing. Can you imagine Kamala Harris announcing an inquest into anti-White behavior? Everyone would say, "Those are your voters you're going after you dumb cunt."
>
> Those are your voters you're going after you dumb GOPe cunts.

The Trumpian Knot

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Here's how Trump could cut the Gordian Knot.

Pow wow with the remaining moderate Dems. Tell them you will work with them on increased taxes on the wealthy (Jeff Bozo hardest hit) and on anti-trust suits and even on some form of universal health insurance in exchange for his immigration restriction demands.

Tell them he can't work with "stuck in the mud old dems like pelosi" or with "those communist lunatics on the far left". Say that the glory is theirs if they work with him to move America away from neoliberalism and neoconnery. They will get credit and their constituents will approve.
The DSA commies and the shtetl Dems will be isolated, and blocked off from the new alignment. But Trump has to act fast. The Deep State Silent Coup now emboldened by the Dem House will swallow him whole if he dawdles.

Everything can be revisited later and reversed if desired, but demographic displacement is forever. This is his hill to die on.

***

A reader, J.H., is pessimistic,

> Not gonna happen.
>
> This is going to end with Trump using executive power and blocs of states refusing to comply, which will constitute de facto secession.
>
> There is no pulling this out of the fire. There is no reality where the Democrats compromise with Trump.

In dark moments, I fear this future is more likely.

The Price Of Women's Love Is Adjustable

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Angry Gamer, on the Jeff Bozo cringe-fest,

> Of course Jeff B is a Beta. Compare him to Trump or Ellison and you will get the full picture.
>
> And of course the Dirty Sanchez opened Jeff up. I would not be a bit surprised if she wore him down in a concerted effort to get her puffy lips around his modestly sized personal Kindle.
>
> Skittles Man is the perfect model of how men should treat women.
>
> Casual gifts that mean nothing are fawned over. Multi thousand dollar rings are looked at contemptuously.
>
> I really think that women have an out of range mental reset built in their hindbrains. You trip it by doing something at the extremes. Give her a Pony she will go gaga. Give her a 10 cent piece of candy "you personally picked out at the Mart" she goes gaga.
>
> This kind of mechanism is the only way to explain Skittles man and Doubling Down. Women are idiot boxes to out of the norm behaviors.

A half-assed cheap gift wrenched from an emotionally distant heart: women swoon.

Thousands of dollars in expensive gift jewelry: women can barely conceal their contempt.

Women's love doesn't have to be expensive unless you insist on it.

Then it will get very expensive for you.

Anglin & Amplify

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> In response to Steve King's virulent racial hatred, which involved false claims that "Western civilization" is not an offensive term which oppresses already victimized people of color, Congressional Republican leaders have announced that they will be putting on a live show featuring their wives having sex with black men.
>
> Billed as "Abraham Lincoln's Mandingo Extravaganza to Stop White People," Kevin McCarthy, Mitch McConnell and Mitt Romney will all offer up their wives to to black men, while they sit on the couch, watching and masturbating. The show will air live on C-SPAN. […]
>
> After the upcoming Extravaganza was announced, Romney told CNN's Don Lemon that the gangbang will be "really rough" and would involve "humiliating BDSM."
>
> "Let me tell you Don, the deepthroat is going to be brutal. And when I say brutal, I mean 'brutal' with a capital 'b.'"
>
> "Yeah, I know what you mean," Lemon replied. "Like all Americans, I can't wait to watch it.

The best modern satirists publish on dissident blogs that are hounded off the internet day and night by an unholy alliance of corporate and government agents for Globoschlomo.

It must burn these party apparatchiks that the revolutionary spirit lives on in America among The Deplatformed, who occupy the moral high ground and thumb their noses at their putative betters.

Mockery is war by other means. Commence happy ridicule.

***

Let the hate flow through you:

> Yesterday. Jonathan Greenblatt of the ADL wrote to the Republican House leadership to demand that Steve King be stripped of all authority and status because he had dared to ask what was so offensive about white people defending their own interests. Later that day, it happened. pic.twitter.com/4OUZgYHXdo
>
> — Diversity Macht Frei (@Czakal) January 15, 2019

***

Let the irate flow through you:

> Why is it that the only two issues that receive unanimous, bipartisan support from Congress are (1) the rejection of white nationalism and (2) the support of jewish nationalism (Israel)? pic.twitter.com/hgpLJIE3Nh
>
> — Will Westcott (@westland_will) January 16, 2019

***

This Steve King fiasco is Peak Anti-White Hysteria. The man said nothing untoward. He said, in so many words, it was a shame that Western Civ was being smeared as "White supremacy". If he did anything wrong it was talking to a JYTimes propagandist.

As J.R. notes,

> the craziness of it all is he's being crucified for something he didn't even say

> in fact, what he did say was implicitly criticizing White Nationalism and White Supremacy, cause he was clearly saying, hey, when did Western Civilization become a bad thing? When did it become racist and white supremacist?
>
> he's saying those are bad things which Western Civ isn't

Heritage America has no representation anymore.

424-1 in favor of condemning those who would entertain the thought that Whites have an identity.

The one nay vote was from a black Dem who thought the resolution didn't go far enough.

lol america is finished.

The Two Minutes Hate directed against Steve King is symptomatic of a mind disease that has gripped the Western consciousness and won't let go. Even otherwise normal, level-headed Americans are slave to the illness. What a shame. The craven prostration and groveling is what's so disgusting about the whole spectacle.

Why do men like Crenshaw bend the knee to a puppet master who mocks them to their faces? Why make a show of his groveling on Twatter? Just vote "cuck" to appease the weasels and move on. Don't hit up twatter to preen grotesquely about how bad Whites are for noticing their Whiteness.

But the greatest humiliation was reserved for Steve King, who had the temerity to insinuate that Whites are a collective identity with a glorious history of achievement who don't deserve to be displaced from their own countries by third world rabble. One of those yea votes for the resolution condemning Steve King was from….Steve King.

As symbolism of a dying, weak, self-abasing race goes, that is hard to beat. Steve King condemning Steve King for crimes against the Diversity Orthodoxy he didn't even commit.

It's times like these I dream of the flammenwerfer.

***

blue pill: we're all the same, happy happy joy joy!
red pill: race differences are real, asians are smarter than whites, checkmate lib!
rivers running with blood pill: whites deserve their own homelands fashioned in their image and reflecting their values.

Alpha Vs Beta: Jeff Bozo Edition

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> 'She gets around': NFL star ex-fiance of Jeff Bezos' new lover Lauren Sanchez claims she cheated on him, expected him to pay for everything and then kept their engagement ring when they split after four years together

ALPHA: giving a young hot chick a bag of Skittles for her birthday and she still loves you

BETA: falling deeply in love with a botoxed, road-worn slut and losing 70 billion in the divorce settlement after your wife finds out

Be Skittles Man, don't be Jeff Bozo. The billions aren't worth the effort to earn it if you'll only blow it on a haggard slut with clown lips.

***

From P.K. Griswold,

> I hereby amend my previous comment wherein I speculated that Bozos warm-opened this skank.
>
> Nope. She opened him.
>
> Sanchez's hamster recognised Bozos for the pathetic little MARK that he is (probably at a dinner party he hosted) and she moved in for the hypergamous killshot.
>
> Read the text messages; she had him eating out of her hand. Just a matter of time after that before she got her big payday. Good for her. She got what she deserved and so did Bozos.
>
> You reading, Anglin? MONEY IS NOT ALPHA.

Sanchez is the classic femme fatale, minus the femme.

When you endured your formative years as an incel nerd and spent your twenties marinating in self-doubt about your ability to attract decent-looking women, a sudden influx of billions of dollars won't fix your confidence problem. You'll still see yourself as that lsmv loser, so when an aging beauty comes onto you, you fall in love.

This is Jeff Bezos.

Mockery Or War, No Other Choice

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Leftoids are an emotive species, and react to challenges to their authority on a continuum from hysteria to genocidal bloodlust. Since we are not yet at the point of genocidal bloodlust, mockery is our preferred weapon for defeating the Army of Amazogs. Mock shitlibs until you are giddy with sadistic pleasure and your targets are foaming at the mouth and vagina.

Your ridicule is a rhetorical rumspringa from the suffocating Globohomo narrative. You should revel in delivering verbal shivs of pain to shitlibs. The louder they shriek, the closer to bone you've hit.

Because this is all we've got. If mockery fails, it'll be war. And that outcome is a lot less amusing.

On that somber note, here are recent innovations in shitlord mockery that you just know have rubbed leftoid egos raw.

That looks like SABO's work. Brutal and brilliant!

To think that meme is based on a real life human male.

Finally…

> Laura Loomer seriously got illegal immigrants from Guatemala and Mexico and put them on Nancy Pelosi's lawn https://t.co/Ee58d9MKfB pic.twitter.com/2dkOowg5uF
>
> — Nick Monroe (@nickmon1112) January 14, 2019

> Right-wing activists stormed the security wall surrounding House Speaker Nancy Pelosi's California mansion and demanded access into the building Monday.
>
> The group was led by Laura Loomer, an activist who has been at the center of many stunts, including interrupting congressional hearings and chaining herself to the doors of Twitter's New York offices.
>
> Loomer was joined by a small group of alleged illegal immigrants from Guatemala. Loomer and her accomplices carried a large banner with the faces of notable Americans who have been killed by illegal immigrant crime over the recent years attached to its surface.
>
> During one part of the video, Loomer could be seen marching to the door of Pelosi's mansion, demanding she be let in to make a "sandwich" with the other illegal aliens. Loomer found the door to be locked and complained that it was "hypocritical" of Pelosi to not have "open doors and borders" to her own property.

That was an effective stunt. Kudos to Loomer for pulling it off and *raising awareness* about globalist hypocrisy. The actual illegals were a nice touch.

More send-ups:

Anonymous (ID: [redacted]) 🇷🇴
Gillette gets woke af
01/14/19(Mon)20:04:03 No.199817741

47 KB JPG

So there I was, putting on my rape shoes, and practicing my sexual harassment pickup lines this morning. I just got done cyberbullying my coworkers. It was time to shave, I yelled at my wife to smile because I demand it, while pinching her butt right after she told me she didn't consent to it. Putting on the shaving cream and thinking about how I can get my son into a fight at the next BBQ, I replaced the worn Gillette brand Mach3 and began to chant "boys will be boys" as I started to shave. Then suddenly my daughter burst into the bathroom holding her phone. As I began to mansplain to her why she isn't smart enough to know my shaving time is my time she showed me the new Gillette ad. I realized how my every view and behavior I've ever held dear was wrong. I'm calling in sick at the toxic masculinity factory today and registering Democrat. Thanks Gillette, now excuse me while I help to impeach.

Poz, Inc.

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A lot of these pozzed anti-White man ads such as the recent Gillette commercial are targeted at women. White women are the primary buyers of the crap that Poz, Inc sells, so if you want to boycott pozzed companies you have to enlist your gf, wife, mistress to participate in the boycott. I hope your frame is rock solid and your ZFG unshakeable, because the salvation of the West depends on it.

Shikhas Vs Shiksas

CH · 15 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In a post titled "Shamelessness" (invoking a similar CH post titled "The United States of Ingrates"), Steve Sailer links to and remarks on a JYTimes op-ed written by Shikha Dalmia (a name straight out of the midwest….of an asiatic shithole) demanding more immigration of her clan into America.

> How many opeds have we read by people with names like "Shikha Dalmia" that basically boil down to: America needs more immigration because not all my extended family have arrived yet!https://t.co/J9ItJ0blv3
>
> — Steve Sailer (@Steve_Sailer) January 15, 2019

Commenter Buzz Mohawk riffs on this with pinpoint hilarity, earning him the CH Freelance Comment of the Week:

Of course, when Shikha Dalmia's cousins all get here, they will, in turn, write NYT opeds demanding even more immigration because not all of _their_ cousins have arrived yet. And so on ad infinitum.

Americans, with our principles and rule of law, are no match for Clan Loyalty.

That's a lot of shikhas.

And this is a lot of shiksas:

Which do we prefer? It should be up to us.

The problem is “us” is changing to “them”, and then it will be up to “them”.

And that is the whole point of open borders. Changing “us” to “them”.

The Categories Of Romantic Conquest

CH · 16 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

If you are a proud cad of impeccable lust, you'll amass a string of lovers over your life.

The number of conquests is less important than the ratio of the kinds of memories left in the wake of your snakequake.

A well-pounded man will have accumulated tiers of experiences with the lubricous sex.

The Nostalchicks

These are the girls for whom you will occasionally have pangs of nostalgia, and regret for what could have been but was foolishly discarded. Your heart will swell bittersweetly lingering over a photo from a bygone prom, or when a girl resembling your former lover struts across your view.

The Starlets

She took you on a wild ride. You recall the adventures together better than you remember her name. You never felt more alive, but you were never in love with her.

The Ones

Every man has "the one", but only a few good men have "the ones".

The Fillers

Names, faces, vaginas blur together in a memory miasma of fading masturbation fuel. It's enough to know you had these girls; exact details and oddly nebulous feelings don't matter. Some were flings, some were one night stands, some were girlfriends. You bid your time with them to avoid solitude, to feel a part of the slipstream of normiedom, to have something to do, and to enjoy until someone better came along. Their role in hindsight was to feed your tumescent….ego. You don't regret a single one of your nights (or daytime hikes) with them, but you may be surprised how little color you retain of those limbically locked scenes.

The Lessons Learned

You should have bedded a femme fatale or ten. She was wicked, manipulative, cold as ice, and impossible to pin down. She made a beta of you, and you never forgot it. Lesson learned.

The Sex Machines

When you came with her it felt as if a bolt of electricity zapped a region of your brain somewhere behind the eyes and below the frontal cortex. She fucked like it was her destiny to fuck, and loved no one, not even herself. You used her with delight, and hoped the dopamine hits would never stop cumming, but you knew they would one day. And when the intimacy stopped, you left lighter of spirit, ready for your next quest, not looking back. She had her purpose, and that was not to be any man's muse.

The Forgettable Fraction

Here go the assortment of flings that you would not have missed if they never happened, but which in the aggregate give a minor boost to your self-image: the garbage hour pickups, the crazy chicks, the unhygienic ho-bags, the desperately lonely, the cutters, the broken industry girls, the chubster on the cusp of desirability, the plain jane with a hot bod who liked to snort bumps and cry herself to sleep at night in lovelorn despair, the unfulfilled housewife, the drunken 2am grope-girls whose faces are blank sheets but who leave tiny morsels of memory which flit into your consciousness now and again…the color of a tuft of pubes dangling like ivy over a glistening labia illuminated by moonlight shards through a bay window, the sudden warm smile following your effort to straighten the hat on her head, a delicate hand guiding yours to a musty place, a poem she wrote and recited cloyingly as testament of her

sincerity, the graceless flaunting of a taboo orifice offered with an awkwardly charming solicitation, fingertips peeling apart moist flaps in darkness as soft smacking noises betray urgency, the hot flush of cheeks as you descend on her from above…

Maybe not so forgettable after all, now that you think on it.

They didn't make you a better man; they made you a fuller man.

The First

You remember almost nothing of her but that bright summer day you biked to her house and saw her sunning herself on the front lawn, reclined ass-up on a foldable lounge chair, shimmering silky bangs draped over her eyes which were engrossed in a book. She looked up, blew a bang out of one eye and smiled so big and joyously you could have died right there. Her teeth were the sun, her face a vision, her skin flawless….but that ass, round and firm and pert…it was a miracle of perfect mathematical form. And you won't know until later, sometimes much later when wisdom has carved your idealism into a workable shape, that The First was also The Last. It will never be like that again, cruel cosmic law.

The ratio of each category of romantic conquest sealed in your memory, which I listed above, should, if you made the most of your womanizing time on this earth, break out as follows:

The Nostalchicks — 20%
The Starlets — 5%
The Ones — 5%
The Fillers — 20%
The Lessons Learned — 10%
The Sex Machines — 10%
The Forgettable Fraction — 30%
The First — all of them and none of them

The key to a healthy repository of memories is to never stop adding to it.

The Motivation To Shame Masculinity

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

When do “discussions about masculinity” find purchase among men?

When those men have become effeminate soyboys.

IT’S

SOUR

GRAPES

ALL

THE

WAY

DOWN

Modren Soyboy: “We need to talk about definitions of masculinity and make it more expansive to include effete little fuckers like myself, because I am not getting any action out here.”

If low T manginas can’t be masculine, they’ll subvert masculinity, and question its basis in reality. They may not get laid from this ploy but they can at least feel better about themselves and experience a tiny….tick up in their social status among their queer peers. If the ideal is unattainable, pathologize the ideal.

That’s the male side of the motivation. The “toxic masculinity” poopytalk on the female side has a similar source — envy — amplified by unfulfilled sexual tension.

On the female side, the anti-masculinity agitprop is driven by uglies and fatties and aging shrews to spite the alpha men they can’t attract, but mostly their misandry is directed at the betaboy suck-ups they’re stuck with as male company. A limpwrist can’t debase himself enough in the eyes of these battlecunts.

On the POC side, the motivation is “whatever emasculates White men”.

On the [special person] side, it’s age-old envy of robust goyium physicality and fear of high T cossacks riding over the horizon.

There is currently a lot of anti-White man hate spewing from every orifice of the Gaytrix. Woke Capital is fully on-board the man-hating agenda.

Feast on the hate. Absorb its energy. And when the time is right, expel it against your enemies with a fury only the sons of Martel and Washington could muster.

To: White Male And White Female Democrats

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A POCs on both your houses.

Sincerely,

H.

Colostomy Girls

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> In a tragic case illustrating the sinister effects of online porn, a 16-year-old girl's bowel was so badly injured during group anal sex that she needs to use a colostomy bag for the rest of her life.
>
> The teen reportedly suffered the life-changing injury while copying scenes seen in violent porn, according to an Australian Broadcasting Company News investigation.
>
> But, sadly, Australia's national broadcaster was told that the girl's horrific experience was just one in a string of serious injuries to result from porn-addicted Australians trying to imitate aggressive sex they've watched online.

Link.

Porn is the symptom, slutty ho-bags are the disease.

Our women are now so thoroughly corrupted of mind, heart, vagina, and soul that they are eagerly launching themselves into group anal sex (with no doubt a few vibrants in the mix) and destroying their rectums, necessitating the use of colostomy bags.

In a few generations we've gone from happy homemakers to colostomy girls.

The cleansing fire has its work cut out for it.

***

KingofQueans gives a shout-out to Colostomy Girls.

> Its well known that the majority of married women are easy to pull and put on your plate roster. She has the ultimate security of provisioning of her sexual strategy satisfied and insured, so her AF urge is in full swing.
>
> I'm not going to delve to deep into AF/BB and pulling married women, I am here to tell you why whenever you hookup with a married woman you must ALWAYS fuck her in the ass.
>
> The primary reason a married woman is fucking you on the side NSA is because you are attractive and she wants your sperm so she can have hot Alpha babies that BB will pay for. The primary reason you are fucking a married woman is because you are a sexual beast who doesn't give a fuck and wants to own her as your sexual slave, knowing full well that her hubby can never have such a privilege because he gets all the other 'sides' of her that you don't want nor have to deal with.
>
> With the above stated, you cannot give that married woman the satisfaction of feeling you in her pussy. You must fuck her in the ass because it is the worst possible tease in the world for her. She feels your dominant cock pounding her and pumping her anus full of hot cum, but she doesn't achieve her grand objective of getting your babies. She will become the most submissive, dirty super-slore for you if you carrot-dangle penetrative sex with her. Add her to your rotation for anal and blowjobs, but never the PIV. This also gives her the ultimate plausible deniability if ever questioned or confronted. 'We never had sex!' Or to herself 'well that was anal so it didn't count as cheating.'
>
> The only time it is appropriate to do PIV is after she has begged, session after session, to feel you inside her, that you bust a massive load in her and create a cuckspawn. She will have become so sexually degraded by you at this point that even if her current BetaBux leaves her, she won't come to you for support. She will find a new Betabux. The risk here is yours to take.
>
> Why bother if you aren't fucking her pussy you ask? Well the answer is easy. You have other girls for that, and you just don't give a fuck because you are the shit.

Fuck Franzen, the best literature is right here at this blog.

***

From Doktor Jeep,

> I have a friend who has a colostomy bag. Though his reason is not so degenerate. Basically a fellow standing next to him got blown up by an RPG and the parts of that fellow tore through him and wrecked his bowels. Anyway, it's not a good trip having to wear a bag of shit for the rest of your life. My friend has no butthole either. He can't fart. I tell him I'd kill myself if I could not fart any more. Nothing like giving an irritating woman a "Dutch Oven" to inspire her to call a cab.
> Certainly a shit bag on the hip is going to lower a woman's SMV a bit.

Holy colostomy, the comments lately have been off the chain!

The Myth Of The Close-Minded Church

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A righteous rebuttal from Jack Archer, correcting the historical record as it pertains to the story of Galileo's persecution for crimethink.

> For fuck's sake, can we please drop the Galileo was "persecuted in his day" crap? When are supposedly red-pilled people going to realize how far back the destruction of Western Civilization began? It's taken centuries of brainwashing lies to erode the thousand-year reign of the civilization Christendom built; the story of a backward, Medieval Church trying to hide scientific truth from people is one of a myriad of J_w lies that has hammered us relentlessly, and we need to start uprooting them whenever and wherever we come across them.
>
> Contrary to the J_w-inspired popular myth, medieval and ancient people did not think the world was flat. Our ancestors were not superstitious twits who simply believed old wives tales contrary to common sense; most of what they believed was based on solid observation with the tools they had at their disposal. They drew conclusions based on those observations and did posterity a service in laying the groundwork for further study. J_ws were nowhere near the foundation of science. It was the Church that was a supporter and an aid in this process. Nearly all of the early scientists of the middle ages were Catholic priests or monks. Out of the hundreds and hundreds of churchmen and laymen who advanced scientific understanding, the (((mythmakers))) always and only point to one instance where there was a clash: the case of Galileo.
>
> First, Galileo was funded by Cardinal Barberini for 23 years, underwriting the best work the scientist did. Cardinal Barberini ascended the papal throne as Urban VIII, and it was in this capacity that he gave Galileo permission to write about the Copernican Theory. Galileo repaid his friend and patron by dabbling in theology and calling into question the omnipotence of God in his Copernican tract, "Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief Systems of the World" (1632). This all took place during the Protestant revolt when [false] accusations that the Catholic Church did not adhere to the Bible abounded, especially in England. All of the hub-bub about Galileo is based on the rock-star scientists' overstepping of his competence to present in his scientific work a theological opinion that put the Pope and the Church in a very awkward position, and the (((opinion makers))) of the day (and, it seems, of all the days since) have made hay with it.
>
> What most people don't know is that an overwhelming number of scientists of the time did not support Galileo's scientific theory. Not because of religious reasons but for a sound scientific one: if the earth revolved around the sun, scientists since ancient times correctly stated that we on earth would see a parallax in the heavens. Similar to putting your hand in front of your nose and looking at a distant object with one eye closed, and then switching eyes, you see the object appear to "shift"; if the earth is going around the sun, we on earth should see a shift of the stars at different seasons (when the earth is on one side of the sun, vs. the opposite side.) Since this parallax was never observed, the science did not support Galileo.
>
> Those scientists were right. What they didn't know was that because of the immense distance involved, seeing the parallax was not possible at the time with the equipment they had. Do you know when we finally had instruments able to see this parallax? 1838, over 200 years later. Search scientus org Copernicus-Stellar-Parallax.

Never let it be said this blog is a place to prop up pretty lies.

Who Bitch Dis Is? TRUMP'S

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

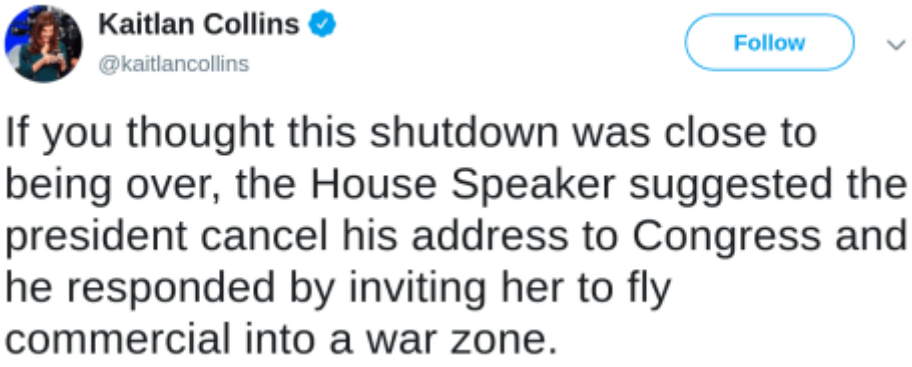
This isn't a shiv, it's a scythe.

Scythe of the Week award goes to Trump, for cutting that batty old witch Pelosi in two:

> Trump strikes back at Pelosi after a day of silence
>
> The president abruptly yanks Pelosi's international trip after she pulled a power play by postponing his SOTU address.

> JUST IN: President Trump sends letter to Speaker Pelosi concerning her upcoming travel: "Due to the Shutdown, I am sorry to inform you that your trip to Brussels, Egypt and Afghanistan has been postponed." pic.twitter.com/UKoQMvdZsQ
>
> — Breaking911 (@Breaking911) January 17, 2019

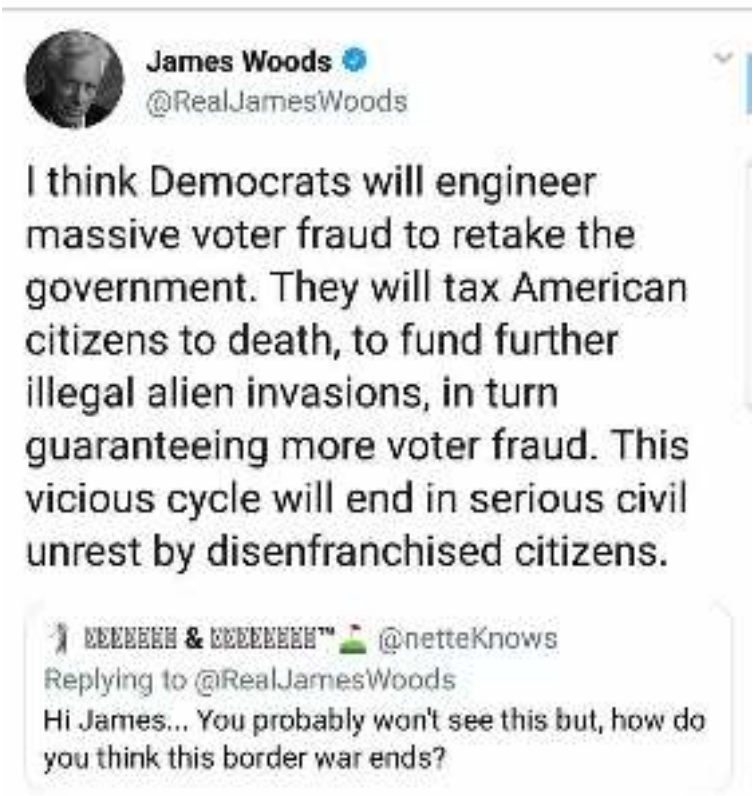
"Due to the Shutdown, I am sorry to inform you that your trip to Brussels, Egypt, and Afghanistan has been postponed," Trump wrote. "We will reschedule this seven-day excursion when the Shutdown is over. In light of the 800,000 great American workers not receiving pay, I am sure you would agree that postponing this public relations event is totally appropriate."



COLD AS ICE

Some days, Trump's tweets and WWE governance are enough for me.

PS James Woods on the Demcreeps' treasonous plan:



PPS You need this: A Donald Trump ring, from Skull Jewelry. Peacocking: Trump Edition. SABO quips,

> I JUST GOT MINE SO THE NEXT TIME WE ARE IN A BAR HAVING A BEER WE CAN ALL LIFT OUR ARMS IN THE AIR, TOUCH RINGS AND YELL, “TRUMP SUPER POWERS … ACTIVATE!!!”

PPPS The Master Troll had Pelosi’s luggage returned to her on a cart.

Mercury Face

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Mercury poisoning makes birds act homosexual
>
> Male birds that eat mercury-contaminated food show “surprising” homosexual behavior, scientists have found.
>
> In a recent experiment in captive white ibises, many of the males exposed to the metal chose other males as mates.
>
> These “male-male pairs did everything that a heterosexual pair would do,” said study leader Peter Frederick, a wildlife ecologist at the University of Florida in Gainesville.
>
> […]
>
> Recent pollution-control measures have “grossly reduced” [mercury] contamination, Frederick said. Even so, the new study shows that ibises experience “fairly major reproductive problems at pretty low levels of [mercury].”
>
> […]
>
> The metal also impacted heterosexual couples. Overall, female birds exposed to mercury yielded 35 percent fewer babies than the control group.
>
> The biological mechanism for how the metal causes homosexual actions is not totally understood, Frederick added.
>
> Mercury is a known endocrine disruptor—a substance that mimics or blocks the production of natural estrogen. In this case, exposed male birds’ bodies produced more estrogen than testosterone as compared with control birds.

As I and others like PA have said, the 21st Century will be marked by the renunciation of 20th Century modernity.

We either turn our backs on the Poz and all its works, or we die off as a race and a heritage.

***

Related, Bill Gates refused to vaccinate his own kids. REVEALED PREFERENCE. What does Bill Gates know and when did he know it?

WHITE PILLS

CH · 17 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A victim of the $PLC is putting up a fight:

> Today, we announced that we're suing the president of the SPLC.
>
> "The Center for Immigration Studies is fighting back against the SPLC smear campaign and its attempt to stifle debate through intimidation and name-calling" –@MarkSKrikorian https://t.co/qqQwhzChVE
>
> — Center for Immigration Studies (@CIS_org) January 16, 2019

I would like to see the trifecta of anti-White hate groups dismantled — the SPLC, the ADL, and the ACLU.

***

Is it really happening?

> Judge orders Susan Rice, other Obama officials to answer questions in Clinton email case
>
> A federal judge has breathed new life into questions surrounding former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton's use of a private email server and the 2012 attack that killed U.S. officials in Benghazi, Libya.
>
> Judge Royce Lamberth ruled Tuesday that Obama administration officials, including national security adviser Susan Rice and deputy national security adviser Ben Rhodes, must answer written questions as part of a conservative judicial advocacy group's Freedom of Information Act lawsuit against the State Department over Clinton's emails. […]
>
> Lamberth's order follows his ruling last month that approved Judicial Watch's desire to dig deeper into Clinton's use of a private server. In that ruling, he said the case involved "one of the gravest modern offenses to government transparency" and that he had doubts the State Department was acting in "good faith" to grant Judicial Watch's FOIA request.
>
> Although Clinton's use of a private server did not become public until six months after the FOIA request was filed, Lamberth said State Department "officials already knew Clinton's emails were missing from its records."
>
> "State played this card close to its chest," he wrote. "At best, State's attempt to pass-off its deficient search as legally adequate during settlement negotiations was negligence born out of incompetence. At worst career employees in the State and Justice Departments colluded to scuttle public scrutiny of Clinton, skirt FOIA, and hoodwink this Court."
>
> He said the Justice Department under the Trump administration "made things worse." He said Justice Department lawyers' claims that the officials who first responded to the FOIA request didn't know the emails were missing "strain credulity."

Trump should have done what Brazil's Jair Bolsonaro did right after he was elected Overlord Supremo: CLEAN HOUSE. Fire all the shitlibs at every level of government. No one would miss them.

***

The very special Sackler family develops and markets dangerously addictive painkillers like OxyContin which have been responsible for tens of thousands of deaths among lower and working class Whites — the White Death.

The good news is that people are finally starting to notice just how fucking evil is the Sackler clan. The State of Massachusetts is currently pursuing legal action against the family.

Members of the Sackler family, which owns the company that makes OxyContin, directed years of efforts to

mislead doctors and patients about the dangers of the powerful opioid painkiller, a court filing citing previously undisclosed documents contends.

When evidence of growing abuse of the drug became clear in the early 2000s, one of them, Richard Sackler, advised pushing blame onto people who had become addicted.

“We have to hammer on abusers in every way possible,” Mr. Sackler wrote in an email in 2001, when he was president of the company, Purdue Pharma. “They are the culprits and the problem. They are reckless criminals.”

That email and other internal Purdue communications are cited by the attorney general of Massachusetts in a new court filing against the company, released on Tuesday. They represent the first evidence that appears to tie the Sacklers to specific decisions made by the company about the marketing of OxyContin. The aggressive promotion of the drug helped ignite the opioid epidemic.

The filing contends that Mr. Sackler, a son of a Purdue Pharma founder, urged that sales representatives advise doctors to prescribe the highest dosage of the powerful opioid painkiller because it was the most profitable.

Since OxyContin came on the market in 1996, more than 200,000 people have died in the United States from overdoses involving prescription opioids, and Purdue Pharma has been the target of numerous lawsuits.

[…]

At a gathering shortly afterward to celebrate the drug’s launch, Mr. Sackler boasted that “the launch of OxyContin tablets will be followed by a blizzard of prescriptions that will bury the competition. **The prescription blizzard will be so deep, dense, and white**,” according to a document cited in the legal complaint.

Company sales representatives told doctors that OxyContin couldn’t be abused and were trained to say that the drug had an addiction risk for patients of “less than one percent,” a claim that had no scientific backing. Within a few years, Purdue Pharma was selling more than $1 billion worth of OxyContin annually.

[…]

The court filing depicts Richard Sackler both as a principal force behind OxyContin’s promotion and the company’s efforts to dismiss growing reports about the drug’s abuse in the early 2000s.

For instance, when a federal prosecutor reported in 2001 that there had been 59 overdose deaths involving OxyContin in his state alone, Mr. Sackler appeared to make light of the problem, a document cited in the court filing suggests.

“This is not too bad,” he wrote to the company officials. “It could have been far worse.”

Make no mistake, the Sacklers, like many of their ilk, don’t give a damn about the fate of the goyium as long as they can turn a buck on the misfortunes of the un-chosen.

The Sacklers should be in jail.
At minimum.
I’d prefer a worse punishment, but that’s just my outmoded European-descended sense of justice talking.

***

John Solomon delivers another Pulitzer-worthy exposé of the Deep State’s treasonous coup against President Trump.

> FISA shocker: DOJ official warned Steele dossier was connected to Clinton, might be biased
>
> When the annals of mistakes and abuses in the FBI’s Russia investigation are finally written, Bruce Ohr almost certainly will be the No. 1 witness, according to my sources.

> The then-No. 4 Department of Justice (DOJ) official briefed both senior FBI and DOJ officials in summer 2016 about Christopher Steele's Russia dossier, explicitly cautioning that the British intelligence operative's work was opposition research connected to Hillary Clinton's campaign and might be biased.
>
> Ohr's briefings, in July and August 2016, included the deputy director of the FBI, a top lawyer for then-Attorney General Loretta Lynch and a Justice official who later would become the top deputy to special counsel Robert Mueller.

How convenient.

> At the time, Ohr was the associate attorney general. Yet his warnings about political bias were pointedly omitted weeks later from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) warrant that the FBI obtained from a federal court, granting it permission to spy on whether the Trump campaign was colluding with Russia to hijack the 2016 presidential election.
>
> Ohr's activities, chronicled in handwritten notes and congressional testimony I gleaned from sources, provide the most damning evidence to date that FBI and DOJ officials may have misled federal judges in October 2016 in their zeal to obtain the warrant targeting Trump adviser Carter Page just weeks before Election Day.

***

The Trump Shutdown Trap (it's heartwarming).

> Has President Trump suckered Democrats and the Deep State into a trap that will enable a radical downsizing of the federal bureaucracy? In only five more days of the already "longest government shutdown in history" (25 days and counting, as of today), a heretofore obscure threshold will be reached, enabling permanent layoffs of bureaucrats furloughed 30 days or more.
>
> Don't believe me that federal bureaucrats can be laid off? Well, in bureaucratese, a layoff is called a RIF – a Reduction in Force – and of course, it comes with a slew of civil service protections. But, if the guidelines are followed, bureaucrats can be laid off – as in no more job.
>
> […]
>
> This seems to be what was referenced in this remarkable essay written by an "unidentified senior Trump official" published in the Daily Caller, which vouches for the authenticity of the author and explains that it is protecting him from adverse career consequences should the name become known. I strongly recommend reading the whole thing.
>
> The purported senior official makes the case that devotion to "process" eats up most of the time of federal bureaucrats and is also used by enemies of President Trump's initiatives to stymie the legitimate orders issued by his senior officials:
>
> *Most of my career colleagues actively work against the president's agenda. This means I typically spend about 15 percent of my time on the president's agenda and 85 percent of my time trying to stop sabotage, and we have no*

> *power to get rid of them. Until the shutdown.*
>
> *Due to the lack of funding, many federal agencies are now operating more effectively from the top down on a fraction of their workforce, with only select essential personnel serving national security tasks. …*
>
> *President Trump can end this abuse. Senior officials can reprioritize during an extended shutdown, focus on valuable results and weed out the saboteurs. We do not want most employees to return, because we are working better without them.*
>
> […]
>
> Keep in mind that saboteurs cannot be individually identified and RIFed, but they can be included in the layoffs if they meet the criteria above in terms of seniority and service, and they must be given 60 days' notice. But once they are gone, they are no longer free to obstruct using the "process" as their friend, because they are gone.
>
> You can expect lawsuits on every conceivable point, and I suspect that the definition of "furlough" will be one matter of dispute.
>
> If this was the plan all along, it would explain why President Trump goaded Chuck and Nancy in his televised meeting with them last year, boasting that he would claim credit for the shutdown. How could they resist a prolonged shutdown when he made it so easy to blame him?

I hope this is true. It could be Trump's most important lasting legacy, if Wall construction is stymied by Uniparty scum.

***

This White Pill from Audacious Epigone is a delayed-release capsule.

> Galileo was persecuted in his day, too. Science will give James Watson the last laugh. His persecutors will be laughingstocks, the butt of jokes people in the future will compare the most superstitious, ignorant comments to.

Watson's defiance shames his tormentors. He will be recognized for the hero he is someday soon, and clown world will disappear as if it was nothing but a strange hallucination.

Trump's Last Deal

CH · 18 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A higher, retributive tax on the wealthy has broad support among the American public. Even Republican voters are barely against it. Alexandria Of-Color is a blithering idiot but she's onto something with her 70% tax proposal on the wealthy (though in her mind, it's a tax on White men). If you know about Turchin cycles, you'll know that we're heading back into a "punish the elite" phase, so if Trump wants a second term he would be wise to consider the idea.

The trend line is clear….Reaganism is in retreat, we're going back to a more egalitarian era, with the good and bad that portends. (In our more diverse Weimerica, there will be more Bad than Good from a revitalized egalitarianism.)

This could be Trump's Last Deal, the deal that secures him a 2020 victory.

I'm no socialist. The economic arguments against socialism are about as solid as you'll find in the field. But I'll gladly trade universal healthcare, 70% wealth tax, heavier regulation of corporate america, and more government spending on boondoggles for a closed border, deportations, and the revival of a super-majority White America.

It's more than a fair trade. It's wise. Socialist policies can be revisited and reversed at a later date. Demographic displacement is forever.

***

From a reader,

> I saw in the [higher taxes on the rich] poll, they did not specify at what income level that you get taxed at 70%. Most people when asked that think they are talking about billionaires and multi multi billionaires

No doubt, but you have to look at how Americans are responding to this question over time. There is a generational shift happening toward favoring higher taxes on those "billionaires", even if the question as posed is misleading people to imagine fat cats getting theirs, and not their UMC parents or low six-figures small business owners.

***

OT: One more stray thought on Jeff Bezos and his skankstress. It was reported she has a mixed breed sproglet with a vibrant ex, and that she whores around for fun and profit.

Dirty Sanchez is all the proof anyone should need that just because a man can accumulate 140 billions dollars doesn't mean he stops being a beta in his wee nerdo heart.

Ugly Truth Of The Day

CH · 18 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Men are becoming the submissive women they want, and women are becoming the aggressive men they need.

Provenance unknown. Perhaps from me? All those pearls of wisdom lost…like jizz in dames.

***

Off-topic, but not really.

> it's like the zerg creep from starcraft only it's made out of dead vegetation, used diapers, and beer bottles
>
> –MPC Status Updates on how M3xicans mark territory

Ron Unz chafed.

The Story Of Simon Mol And His “White Mice”

CH · 18 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Via Mencius Moldbugman, a Twatter thread on a story you won’t hear on NPR any time soon.

> THREAD
>
> Strap yourself in for a long one. I’m about to share the sordid and twisted tale of Simon Mol: the African human rights and anti-racist who literally – LITERALLY – pozzed Poland’s leftists. pic.twitter.com/7nWBwZiciR
>
> — Mencius Moldbugman (@moldbugman) January 16, 2019

Go to the thread and read the whole thing. The degenerate poz has been stewing for a long time, and now it’s exploding like a gas-filled corpse.

Commenter Stoly provides the executioner’s summary,

> It is the Poz and POC and diveritopia and negr0latry all in one. it is the illiad, the great gatsby of weimerica.
>
> summary : black refugee has hiv given refugee status, becomes polish leftist, makes living accusing his new country of racism, shames women who want to use condoms of being racist, sleeps with 300 women gives at least 40 hiv, , establishment covers for him wont reveal his status, supporters accuses detractors of racism, mother blames white man for his death….

Simon’s Mollies: Simon Mol with his Polish harem:

> Simon picked up many of his women from the “Warsaw Salon” – an artistic, liberal circle. In his writing Simon described these girls as ‘white mice’ – “sensitive, and adoring women who believed they were doing their duty towards political correctness by helping the poor refugee.”
>
> One girl infected by Simon explained later: “I was fascinated by human rights activist fighting with racial stereotypes. Soon we started to meet, went to bed. I didn’t suspect that he could infect me with HIV virus and

> even less, hide from me that he is infected…"
>
> "…I also thought that suspecting him of being infected would equal giving way to stereotypes. Thus we made love unprotected."

A poem Simon Mol once wrote, titled "Polish Goddess":

> Then – as the Moon lit the path
> of the beautiful Goddess
> illuminating the darkness of the night
> two tears ran down her left eye
> ending their journey
> burying all the nightmares
> healing wounds foisted upon me
> and upon my Brothers
> by those like her.

Simon Mol fucked over 300 leftist Polish women with the intention of infecting them with the AIDS virus. He succeeded infecting 40 of them. His lofty goal was murder of the White race through its women.

Simon Mol is dead now. His victims are wastrels dependent on expensive drug cocktails to stay alive. They are ruined for native Polish men. How many of Mol's later conquests knew about his history with leftist women or about his disease, and fucked him anyway?

Black AIDS fux, White beta bux.

Simon Mol was a vector of death.
Simon Mol's sponsors are enemies of European Christendom and the White race.
Simon Mol's mudsharks are unsupervised children and traitorous cunts.

Truth hurts.

But not as much as wh*t's c*ming n*xt.

***

Simon Mol is a case study in the seductive power of Game when it is coupled with an easily exploitable status signaling of the targets. Mol created an identity and then sold that identity to gullible women using his charm, confidence in his ruse, and an unshakeable frame.

Game can wreck civilization. But Game can also save civilization, if White men would wake up and accept the Rude Word into their lives.

Did The FBI Plan President Trump's Assassination?

CH · 18 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Shocking revelations from a high-ranking FBI official, which (naturally) were ignored by the chaimstream media:

> FBI Official: FBI agents threatened physical harm to President Trump in missing FBI texts, and other "frightening" communications
>
> A high-ranking FBI official confirms a number of the missing 50,000 FBI text messages — as well as other text and email messages among FBI brass — reportedly discussed initiating physical harm to President Donald Trump.
>
> The FBI official urged the U.S. Department of Homeland Security — which oversees the U.S. Secret Service — to launch an investigation of the Justice Department, the FBI and all text messages missing and otherwise that threatened the President.
>
> "This is dangerous territory and all FBI text messages and personal phones should be examined," the official said. "It would reveal some frightening conversations."
>
> […]
>
> "(Director) Wray wants a lid on this," the FBI official said. "Many know there was talk of harming Trump politically but there is a group here (in D.C. HQ) that understands it goes deeper. We need a special counsel or Homeland Security. Somebody has to clean this up outside of DOJ. It is unacceptable.
>
> "This is much larger than just texts between two FBI agents."
>
> The FBI official called on President Trump to do what is necessary to weed out corruption in the FBI.
>
> "Text messages just don't disappear," the FBI official said. "Not here. Someone outside DOJ has to look at all emails and texts. **These (FBI bosses) are bad people.** You've only scratched the surface."
>
> The high-ranking FBI official called on lawmakers and the Inspector General to focus on the text and email messages of FBI Deputy Director Andrew McCabe. The official referred to McCabe's official and personal correspondences "an anti-Trump treasure trove."
>
> As reported in March 2017 by True Pundit, McCabe openly threatened President Trump and then-National Security Adviser Gen. Mike Flynn, saying first we "Fuck Flynn and then we Fuck Trump" to several high-ranking FBI bosses who cheered his comment.

This report is one year old. Has anything further been uncovered since then? Where ARE those missing texts? They weren't "accidentally deleted". That's bullshit. Someone has them, and knows what they contain.

From J.D.,

> As I noted at the time, "insurance policy" has a specific meaning with these types of folks, and it's not an investigation. They were planning an assassination.

A Tale Of Two Pussy Marches

CH · 19 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Repulsive prematurely aging hags vs fresh-faced girls next door.

The choice could hardly be clearer.

From Chad Bigly,

> >be this chick's dad
> >work ur ass off to raise her the best u can
> >remortgage yr house 3 times to send her to college
> >open the newspaper Sunday morning and see this
> big clit energy

Kind of a self-own there. Ugly chicks with high T usually grow penis-sized clits.

***

Swedes are the used tampon of the West:

***

Stone cold memes:

> #10YearChallenge pic.twitter.com/TxOaWqp7SW
>
> — BerwickBear™ (@TheBerwickBear) January 16, 2019

***

Allied media:

> Nat. Enquirer takes down another? pic.twitter.com/sbIvqnBB2g
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) January 20, 2019

Gynarcho-Tyranny

CH · 20 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> *The goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality and behavior and to maximally restrict and punish the exercise of male sexuality and behavior.*
> — CH definition of feminism

A more generalized way to say the same thing:

The gynarcho-tyranny is a sociopolitical system which strips men of power while giving women limitless, unaccountable power.

Keep this in mind when you read the following:

> Bill bans 'abhorrent' quizzing of domestic abuse victims in court
>
> Domestic abusers will no longer be able to cross-examine their former partners in family courts under a comprehensive government package of reforms to tackle the issue.
>
> The landmark draft domestic abuse bill, published tomorrow after an 18-month delay, will prevent victims from being subjected to the "abhorrent practice" of being interrogated in court by their abusers, alongside other measures designed to raise awareness, support survivors and tackle perpetrators.

Translation: Britain has passed a bill which creates an incentive for women to make false rape and abuse accusations, given that women will now be permitted to lie freely and egregiously knowing they won't be pressured under cross-examination which could reveal holes in their stories.

> Sarah Green, co-director of the End Violence Against Women Coalition, said: "The ambition and determination in the government's announcement of the new bill is very welcome, given the devastation this abuse causes.

Sarah Green.

> "However, if law, policy and spending really are to be radically changed in this area, it is absolutely critical that there is clear recognition that domestic violence very disproportionately affects women. This is not to say that men are not also sometimes victimised, but women's inequality is part of what drives some men's sense that they are entitled to bully and control in their relationships."

This is disingenuous on two counts.

One, women control relationships though emotional manipulation. As the physically weaker sex, women have evolved different styles of attack and abuse to gain the upper hand in relationships. These attacks are less conspicuous than the physical attacks favored by men, so the courts tend to miss them when judging domestic dispute cases.

Two, men have evolved a greater disposition to control the direction of relationships because the threat of female infidelity is much more dangerous to relationship stability than is the threat of male infidelity.

In the age of lies, the Gynarcho-Tyranny thrives. Men will bow deeply to the rule of Globohomo and women will slut around, cuck openly, and slander recklessly under the protection of the feminized State. Truth will die a little more with every man unfairly ground to dust by this terrible evil.

What Man Would Work And Fight For This?

CH · 20 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Only a man with no dignity, no options, and no self-worth.

The Rapidly Dwindling Pussyhat Population

CH · 21 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

One million man-hating cunts turned out for the inaugural 2017 putrid pussy march.

Two years later, 10,000 man-hating cunts showed up for the 2019 putrid pussy march this past weekend.

The cunts who went to this much smaller cunt march are the triple distilled, oak barrel aged cunts. That's level 99 cuntery you're looking at.

***

A reader,

> Let's also be real, with no money or media from [special people], we're looking at numbers not [special peopled] up by free wealth and publicity.
>
> But props to the attempt at having real principles on the part of mystery meat loaf.
>
> Hope you learn principles aren't needed or wanted in the american left.

Broads are lazy. Live by the feelz, fade away when the feelz crash. If you want to know what an incorrigible cunt sounds like, talk to the one cunt who will show up at next year's roast beef pussy march. That will be one dedicated cunt!

The Anti-White Hate Machine

CH · 21 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

You've heard this story before, many times, over many years. The plot has hardly changed, though the ending this time may be new and unexpected.

A young White man was targeted by people-of-evil wielding the power of the Anti-White Hate Machine to grind him up and cast him from uptight society. This young White man along with his friends and family were threatened with doxxing, harassment, abuse, death wishes, and blacklisting from academia and future employment in a public shaming campaign so intense it would border on cruel and unusual punishment, all for the crime of….

…smirking at a professional political activist American Indian who got in his face and angrily beat a drum.

How dare you, young man, how ABSOLUTELY DARE YOU not bow and scrape before your POC betters! Defiance?! From a…..from a WHITE MAN???!!! BURN HIM!

The blood libel LLCs kicked into high gear to pass off yet another hate hoax as real news: a heavily edited video made the blue tick rounds purporting to show an "entitled", "privileged" White man gathering a mob of MAGA Whites and surrounding an innocent elderly Indian to keep him from passing through on his way to lay a wreath at the MLK slab of Maoist brutalism, or something like that.

[Special people] triumphantly gloated. Quisling cucks quivered and quavered on cue. Garment rending, virtue sniveling White shitlibs mounted soap boxes like Jeff Bezos' paramour mounts affletes. Penis-head losers and bitter femcunt crones vowed to psychologically castrate their sons, brothers, fathers for the sin of supporting Trump and for glancing contact with an unapologetically self-aware Whiteness.

My favorite tweet of butthurt was from Jessica Valenti, she-cunt of the feminist fruit salad ideology who is still pissed off about having to settle for a beta bitch tofu lasagna:

> I honestly haven't stopped thinking about that MAGA kid all day – in part because I think so many of us have been on the receiving end of the face he was making: a smug, untouchable, entitled 'fuck you'.
>
> — Jessica Valenti (@JessicaValenti) January 19, 2019

That's Jessica with her hubby, on their wedding day, in a pose that shrieks "I MARRIED A BETA". Look at her Leaning Out. Look at him leaning in to fill the love void she's created. He could hardly be more desperate. She could hardly be less enthused. The resentment fuels her hatred of confident White men who smirk their way into good women's hearts.

PA slips the shiv all the way into Jessica's flabby hide:

> She's angry because she'll never have a son like that young man.

The MAGA smirk triggered round the world sent the Fuggernaut into a tailspin of id-bursting rage. It was as if everything they secretly knew to be true — *White men are the divine spark in human form, the apex predator when roused to the hunt, the better of me in every way imaginable and the source of my deepest lustful longings and envy* — was encapsulated in that Smirklord's proud defiance.

And after two, three days or years (who can tell anymore?), the bubble of righteous indignation and self-indulgent sanctimony popped with a dolorous and perfunctory *pfft*.

The truth was not easily suppressed for once. The full video clearly showed a calm, collected, self-confident White man standing his ground as what would later be revealed was a professional Indian activist approached him and began beating a drum inches from the White man's face in a blatant act of provocation.

Don't back down, White man.

And now finally —– FINALLY —– White men fight back:

> We're getting new submissions every 30 seconds. Every member of the media who defamed, slandered, and doxxed the #CovingtonBoys on Twitter will be served.
>
> Each and every tweet will be archived and turned over to the students' legal counsel.
> pic.twitter.com/nk4DkQ7AmK
>
> — CJ Pearson (@thecjpearson) January 20, 2019

Sue these motherfuckers to hell and back.

Our numbers are growing, our spirit is awakening.

> Dear Covington Catholic students,
>
> I'd like to invite You to the Polish Parliament source

Dear Covington Catholic students,

I'd like to invite You to the Polish Parliament

After watching this video, I Am now standing up for these wrongfully accused young men and all of You!

[image]

[image]

[image]

You are very welcome to come and speak out what You believe in!
#StandWithCovington

— Dominik Tarczyński (@D_Tarczynski) January 21, 2019

From a reader,

> the most honorable ending to this would be Trump inviting the Covington Catholic boys to the White House. Please write posts/get ball rolling on this.

PS From Bronze Age Pervert, a reminder that for those times doubt about Trump haunts you, to keep your perspective:

> Trump is hated as the ANTICHRIST by the worst and most loathsome creatures in the world and possibly in history…for that alone he should have your loyalty https://t.co/eT7IsLfi25
>
> — Bronze Age Pervert (@bronzeagemantis) January 20, 2019

We're throwing sand into the gears of the Anti-White Hate Machine. Beautiful white sand.

Gum And Heart Disease

CH · 21 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Anecdotally, I know a man who's been on a zero-grain lifestyle for ten years. He says he hasn't had a single cavity in that time, and hardly any plaque build-up. His dentist appointments are five minutes long, ending with the dentist scratching his head in wonderment at the youthful quality of this man's oral health.

There is a fairly well-established literature showing an association between gum disease and heart disease. The theory is that bacteria enter through compromised gums and get into the cardiovascular system, causing inflammation and damage to arteries.

However, the causality may be upstream of the bacteria hypothesis. It could instead be the grains directly causing heart disease and gum disease independent of each other.

If so, the left wing fad for a meat-free, grain-heavy diet to "save the earth" might wind up making all of us unhealthier, suffering bleeding gums and seizing hearts.

Holbein Vs Contrapposto: Battle Of The Alpha Male Poses

CH · 22 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

We have a contender for the crown of Most Alpha Pose.

The current holder of the crown is the contrapposto pose:

> This alpha stance is not random. It's a classical pose called *contrapposto* that Michelangelo sculpted for his masterpiece David. It suggests a relaxed and vulnerable appearance, exactly the sort of self-possessed mental state an alpha male would convey through his body language. I believe girls are hardwired deep in their electric hams to be sexually drawn to a man standing *contrapposto*.

Contrapposto looks like this:

Michelangelo's *David* stands in the *contrapposto*. It's an oddly familiar, mythic pose for a good reason: chicks dig it.

Hold on, an upstart dares to challenge *contrapposto* for the title. Meet the Holbein Pose.

> In 1536, King Henry VIII suffered from a tiltyard wound in his right leg that never healed. Because of the chronic wound, the king grew stout, haunted by the ghost of his previous athleticism. After several wives, he still had not produced an heir. Daily, the king needed to perfume the wound to keep the leg from stinking up his surroundings.
>
> In 1537, German Artist Hans Holbein, produced one of the "best pieces of propaganda ever" painted. It was an illusion to a king that had once been: strong, capable, and virile. Moreover, it was the first portrait of a king in full figure—legs spread , feet apart, a fist on his hip, striking the now famous Holbein Pose.
>
> […]
>
> The legs spread, feet-grounded pose has become a staple of strong and connected masculinity for centuries. In 1950, when RKO produced the television show, *Superman,* starring George Reeves, the ad executives turned to

> the Holbein Pose for guidance. The image reverberated so much so that Warner Bros. pulled from the same icon in 1978 when Richard Donner brought the series to the big screen with a movie starring Chris Reeves.
>
> […]
>
> The pose was confident and strong. I adapted it into my own life until it became second nature. I used it in board meetings, staff meetings bars, and family gatherings—any function in which I needed to appear as king.

> One thing I did learn through market research is that a man on a horse is a buzz kill. The viewer sees the man on the horse as powerless. The horse has the power. If you are advertising a Western, keep your guy on the ground and spread his legs a tad.

This is why women look sexy on horses (and why (mostly BPD) women like to ride horses): the fulcrum of a woman's sexuality is her vulnerability. Her powerlessness — which is the opposite of a man's fulcrum of sexuality.

A powerless woman astride a powerful horse amplifies the woman's sexuality. A man on a horse, unless it is galloping and he is swinging a broadsword cutting down enemy infantry, is diminished by the greater power of the horse, and therefore his sexuality is also diminished.

Chicks dig powerful, masculine men who can provide protection.
Men dig beautiful, feminine women in need of protection.

As for which pose holds the crown, I'd give the nod still to *contrapposto*. The Holbein Pose is no doubt kingly, but it's also a bit over the top, and could seem comical in a modern soy-drenched context. *Contrapposto* is the more relaxed of the two alpha male poses, and more suited to courtship arenas that flow with alcohol instead of enemy blood.

Holbein is aggressive, *contrapposto* is ZFG. These poses project two alpha attitudes that occupy complementary spheres of social relevance, but only *contrapposto* truly captures and leverages the spirit of the 21st century American sexual market.

We need one alpha male pose to rule them all
one pose to find them
One pose to bring them all and in the darkness bind them

PS Straight talk from Gregory Hood: Western Civilization is White Civilization.

> It's not surprising that "Western Civilization" is offensive to those who are offended by "white identity." Defining Western Civilization into nonexistence or defining it in universal terms amount to the same thing. It robs whites of their past, a prelude to robbing them of their future. The classical world shows whites they have a real, positive identity deeply grounded in history. Whites aren't just a newly invented "social construct."
>
> For that reason, if whiteness is to be destroyed, leftists must abolish the idea that whites are the heirs of the classical world. Similarly, just as conservatives won't admit the link between whites and American identity or whites and American conservatism, so they defend Western Civilization only in terms of its openness to non-whites. Of course, just as America would not exist in any meaningful sense without whites, Western Civilization would not exist without whites.
>
> Western Civilization is white civilization. No one can credibly claim to "defend Western Civilization" without defending the people that created it. "To read about your own culture is a revolutionary act," said Jonathan Bowden in one of his speeches. In today's world, there is no greater act of rebellion—for whites—than to defend their own identity. To be a white person is to be heir of a tradition and culture that stretches from the Greco-Roman and Germanic civilizations of the past into the limitless horizons of a potentially glorious future. Yet that future will be ours only if we have the moral courage to defend our right to exist. That battle starts by claiming ownership of our own history.

A-fucking-men. My only added thought is that Hood should begin capitalizing "White". It bothers the degenerate freak mafia.

Study: Trannyism Is Treatable

CH · 22 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

You'd never guess it by the accelerated efforts of Globohomo to normalize trannyfreakism as if the affliction is and has always been the most natural thing in the world, but there was once a successful pharmaceutical intervention that cured a trannyfreak of his compulsion.

From a 1996 study,

> The successful treatment of a gender dysphoric patient with pimozide.
>
> OBJECTIVE:
> The case is reported of a gender dysphoric patient who responded successfully to pharmacotherapy with pimozide.
>
> CLINICAL PICTURE:
> An adult male patient with a borderline learning disability presented with cross-dressing and a strong wish to undergo a sex change.
>
> TREATMENT:
> Supportive psychotherapy and pharmacotherapy with pimozide was tried.
>
> OUTCOME:
> There was an excellent response to pimozide 2 mg daily, with a cessation of both cross-dressing and the wish for sex reassignment. When, after 1 year, the dose was reduced to 1 mg daily, there was a rapid return of the cross-dressing and the wish for sex reassignment. An increase in the dose again led to a remission which has been maintained since then.
>
> CONCLUSION:
> Pharmacotherapy with pimozide should be considered in cases of doubtful gender dysphoria.

Science is real, shitlibs!

Pimozide is an antipsychotic normally used to treat Tourette's Syndrome sufferers and schizophrenics. This is an interesting overlap, because it suggests that whatever brain imbalance or neural connectivity issue causes Tourette's and schizophrenia is likewise implicated in the urge to dress up in chiffon and demand everyone call you "ma'am".

But, sometime between that 1996 study and now, Clown World asserted itself and instead of promising medical interventions to cure cross-dressers of their obvious mental illness we have witch hunts to destroy the life of anyone who dares to question the validity of the gender fluidity propaganda.

The List Of Media Driven Anti-White Hate Hoaxes

CH · 22 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Theodora gets the ball rolling with this compilation of recent notorious hate hoaxes — aka blood libels — concocted by the media with the intention of slandering White people, and in particular, White men.

> Is it any single big media story in the last decades supporting the Narrative that wasn't a shameless hoax? And not only a hoax, but the truth is usually exactly the opposite of what they report?
>
> Duke lacrosse players. Hoax
> Saint Trayvon. Hoax
> Gentle giant Michael Brown. Hoax
> UVA fraternity gang rape. Hoax
> Emma Sulkowicz the mattress girl. Hoax
> Kavanaugh sexual assault. Lol, lame, pathetic hoax
> Roy Moore "sexual misconduct". Again: lol
> Covington Catholic: hoax
>
> The sad thing is that no matter how many times the truth will contradict the Narrative, they will spread another blatant falsehood again.

This post will be turned into a page added to the top of the blog. Readers are encouraged to add to the list with more examples of anti-White hate hoax enemy propaganda masquerading as objective media and pushed by degenerate, lying, scumbag leftoid apparatchiks.

We need a reference list to consult when the Drawing of Names Day arrives.

Some Smirks Are More Equal Than Others

CH · 22 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The smirk that drove leftoids into a frothing homicidal mania:

The smirks that filled leftoids with love and admiration:

Fascinating!

The difference in smirks:

Top: amused mastery in the face of an ugly provocation from a sainted POC

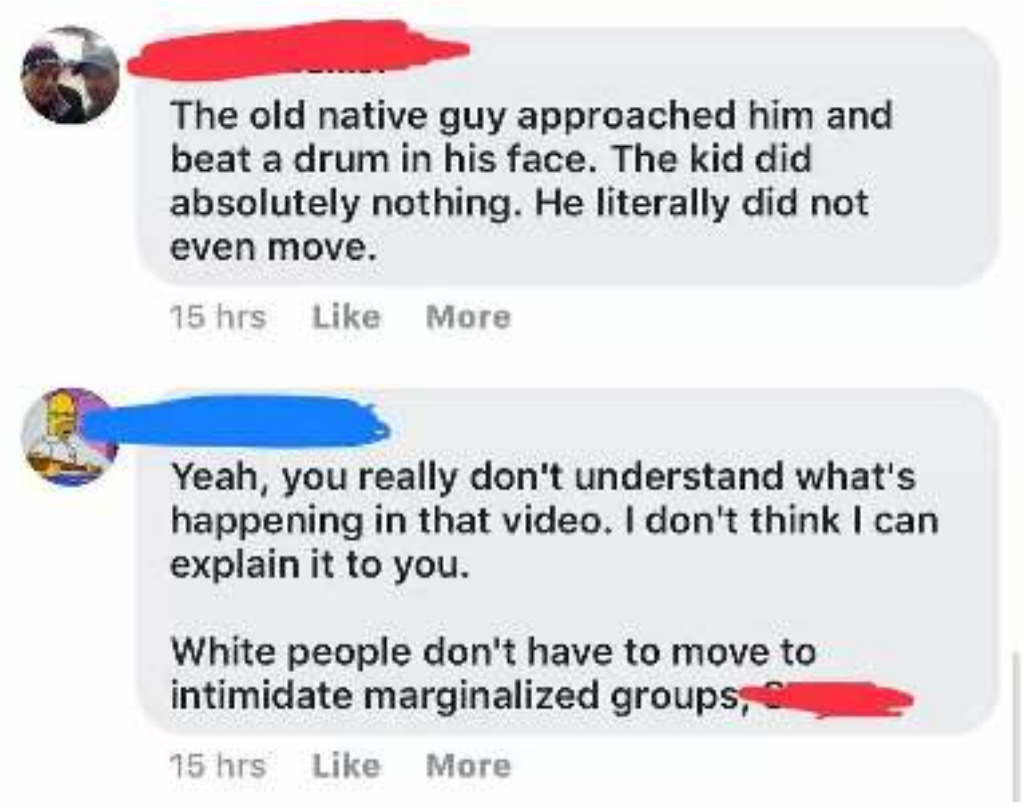
Bottom: duper's delight in the commission of great big lies in service to globohomo

***

Our American Smirklord has a match in Brazil. Remember him?

This Brazilian shitlord was hounded by a horde of hags, and he responded by whipping his dick out and smirking at them. RESPECT. The amused mastery level is off the charts.

***



We White people are so powerful we can soulkill with a smirk.

***

> Trump is the subtext to the rage you're seeing…
>
> Normal Americans know that face is Who We Are. The Damaged are Triggered#SmirkRight pic.twitter.com/FapyOvr3ca
>
> — Bronze Age Pervert (@bronzeagemantis) January 20, 2019

***

On the subject of disingenuous leftists, it was funny when shitlibs had to pretend that Warren's awkward beer guzzle and Hillary's robotic cadence were the totally normal behaviors of cool people.

(what's with all these democreep hopefuls trying so hard to seem relatable? is blue city bubble living that toxic to humanness? survey says….)

***

***

> Something changed today. The left openly called for the assassination of a 16 year old boy because he was equipped with a smile. They want to kill a kid who was approached by an aggressive activist and smiled at him. The zeitgeist just shifted. Do you feel it? Long battle ahead.
>
> — Snake Plissken (@MrWyattEarpLA) January 20, 2019

***

Smirking has long been a part of the PUA's toolkit.

From commenter Flubber,

> CH Many times you have recommended "Amused Mastery" as the appropriate frame.
>
> Just like this kid.. And boy, see the reaction. The shitlibs completely lose their minds. It's amazing.

Game is amazing.
Game is life.
Game is victory.

***

Captain John Charity Spring MA,

> We are witnessing Anti-Christ.
>
> I know that sounds crazy but that Sandmann kid was Christlike in his grace. These savages would have told Jesus to wipe the smirk off his face as he was crucified.

***

Captain Obvious,

> “I honestly haven’t stopped thinking about that ~~MAGA kid~~ Bill Kristol all day”
>
> – said no women ever

***

Bucky,

> The icing on top is that this was clearly engineered to take place on the Ramadan of SJW holidays- MLK day- yet it backfired and left a trail of tear$.

***

Dirtnapninja closes this post out with a stirring encomium to our young Smirklord,

> You know why [shitlibs and POC] are so unnerved?
>
> White males are supposed to retreat. They are supposed to apologise. They are not supposed to assert themselves against their intersectional idols. The religion of Dinduism demands that low caste white dalits grovel and obey the high caste coloured brahmins. the entire system depends on white retreat.
>
> But this kid didnt. He didnt retreat. He stared calmly at the drum beating toothless hobo and gave a cocky smirk. That smirk terrifies them, because in it they see a premonition of what is to come. The see a time, a few generations from now when every white man is staring down the qu33rs, cat ladies and [special people] that run things. A time when whitey no longer retreats. A time when the skies are with lawyers and the streets are full of white rage.
>
> In one smirk all their fears, insecurities and fragility is laid bare. So SMIRK ON.

Trump's Pyrrhic Deal

CH · 23 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The beautiful shutdown continues to attrit the managerialist state. I hope it lasts.

Unfortunately, Trump wants to strike a deal (aka make an offer he knows the Dems will refuse) to end the shutdown.

Exactly what I feared a "deal" would entail may transpire: Trump giving Dems wholesale amnesty + "comprehensive immigration reform" for a measly 5bil toward wall construction. Temporary work permits for "dreamers" (aka the sprog of foreign invaders) are on the table, and we all know that means eventual amnesty and citizenship for these freeloaders.

Worse, there's a report that Jared Kushner and GOPe über-cucks like James Lankford (R-gaypedocuckface) want the "deal" to include green cards for these illegal aliens.

Bucktowndusty,

> According to a NumbersUSA email I received today, Lindsay Graham is back to his old ways. He met with several other Senate Republicans and Jared Kushner on Wednesday to draw up an Amnesty-for-Wall deal that they will pitch to Senate Democrats today. Also, it says White House officials are telling Graham's gang that Trump would likely go along with the deal in exchange for border funding.
>
> If you don't follow NumbersUSA, do so. They have their ears and eyes right there.

Amnesty-for-Wall is a NO GO. We want the whole thing: deportations of illegals, a wall to prevent future mass invasions, and heavy fines and imprisonment of employers caught hiring illegals. Immigration sanity is NON NEGOTIABLE.

I asked the question: Did Trump lose, gain, or tread water with his supporters after his "daca ss numbers-for-wall funding" speech on Saturday?

Reader responses,

> He showed magnanimity…. knowing it would be rejected [opponents look churlish] and gave himself time…. so all round win, in my view…
>
> ***
>
> Considering Trump already knew they'd reject the offer, I'd say it doesn't affect things too much. It was a strategy designed to shame and embarrass Pelosi and crew. Now they're seen as even more rigid and unreasonable.

But is that strategy working? Pelosi doesn't seem chastened, and voters still put most of the blame for the shutdown on Trump.

> He only lost ground with retards who can't into politics. Offering a deal you know will never be accepted by your opponent is just a ploy to gain political capital. Slowly but surely he is dragging the Demorats through the mud and painting them into a corner.
>
> This cunt is a genius, the real fun will commence once he gets re-elected and has nothing left to lose.
>
> ***
>
> What he lost was base enthusiasm, which he absolutely needs. How many times do you demoralize your base before they stop caring. And Javanka remains a problem. Trump seems to be under some delusion that once

> he's gone all will be forgotten. It won't with these rabid lefties. They won't stop until they punish him, and if not him, his family (see the Reese speech/rant scene about the Terminator's lack of empathy & reason). Baron will bear the brunt of it, and Trump is contributing to that by trying to appear nice & fair with these invaders. Surely Melania knows this? She should make some palace moves to protect her seed. Engineer something that sends Ivanka & Kushner (Honestly , what a f*cking tool) back to NYC. Unfettered by those clowns, and the Goldman Saks contingent, Trump could be the greatest President ever, but for now his chance at that is fading fast. Not black pilling, just the truth.He seems to have lost the energy & zeal, or someone is jerking his chain back after each successful manifestation of his 2016 self. Ex: He does this brilliant FU move to Nancy with the plane thing, his base is jacked, loves it. Then follows that with some Amnesty nonsense that just demoralizes. Same with the stupid & unnecessary comforting of the H1B invaders.
>
> ***
>
> Think tread water for now with a win later. A non-permanent extension would make it a campaign issue for the electorate to decide in 2020. Seemed a reasonably way to offer something without giving away the farm.
> If they took it great but now that the Dems refused he's set up for a big win IF he takes unilateral action on the wall and ramps up deportations. That and getting us out of no win wars in sand-lands should make his reelection much easier (even more so if the rampant voter fraud issue is also dealt with).

First, I did warn, right after Trump's inauguration, that Javanka would be his thermal exhaust port. It's rarely a good idea to have family in your inner circle, because the presence of the boss's family will discourage others from openly criticizing the boss. It's an especially bad idea when family includes [special person] Jared and cosmopolitan "women leaders of tomorrow" feminist Ivanka.

That Saturday speech had the stink of Javanka all over it.

Second, I have mixed feelings about the CACA-for-Wall deal. Maybe Trump's a gambler and bet the Dems wouldn't bite, so he'd come out looking like the reasonable party without giving away the farm on amnesty. (Looks like a good bet). The Dems were not gonna agree to anything short of mass amnesty for a piddly 5 bil. Thecunt2 is too committed to her rabid open borders anti-white base to broach any sort of deal, no matter how favorable to her side, with Trump.

But what if the Dems eventually take the deal? Is it worth it? NOPE. DACA is officially 800,000 ranchero listeners, but the real number is surely triple that, and we're kidding ourselves if a cave on DACA doesn't end with a mass amnesty for every last avocado picker. I think Trump should have offered universal medicare in exchange for full wall funding instead; that would've been the winning political move for him. He could tie a huge wealth tax on billionaires directly to funding medicare-for-all, and locked in his base while moving a lot of low info independents and death-by-compassion suburban white women into his camp.

So Trump's deal is a Pyrrhic victory if the Dems take him up on it. He "wins" according to the logic of his deal-making prowess, but America loses to the logic of the endless swarthswarm.

PS A great thread on the mobility of the elite acting as a wedge between them and the non-elite:

> Gauland: When elites were stationary in the same territory as their inferiors they had to consider their opinions, even if reluctantly. Now that they are globally mobile and can shift subject populations around they don't care.
>
> — Christoph Nahr (@ChrisNahr) January 23, 2019

Facecrime

CH · 23 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> It was terribly dangerous to let your thoughts wander when you were in any public place or within range of a telescreen. The smallest thing could give you away. A nervous tic, an unconscious look of anxiety, a habit of muttering to yourself – anything that carried with it the suggestion of abnormality, of having something to hide. In any case, to wear an improper expression on your face (to look incredulous when a victory was announced, for example) was itself a punishable offense. There was even a word for it in Newspeak: facecrime, it was called.
> — *1984*, G. Orwell

It's been said before, but bears repeating. Leftoids read *1984* not as a warning, but as an instruction manual.

On-topic: The Surveillance State is alive and well and consuming our last liberties: "Is Big Tech merging with Big Brother? Kinda looks like it".

> A FRIEND OF mine, who runs a large television production company in the car-mad city of Los Angeles, recently noticed that his intern, an aspiring filmmaker from the People's Republic of China, was walking to work.
>
> WHEN HE OFFERED to arrange a swifter mode of transportation, she declined. When he asked why, she explained that she "needed the steps" on her Fitbit to sign in to her social media accounts. If she fell below the right number of steps, it would lower her health and fitness rating, which is part of her social rating, which is monitored by the government. A low social rating could prevent her from working or traveling abroad.
>
> China's social rating system, which was announced by the ruling Communist Party in 2014, will soon be a fact of life for many more Chinese.
>
> […]
>
> Big Brother is an emerging reality in China. Yet in the West, at least, the threat of government surveillance systems being integrated with the existing corporate surveillance capacities of big-data companies like Facebook, Google, Microsoft, and Amazon into one gigantic all-seeing eye appears to trouble very few people—even as countries like Venezuela have been quick to copy the Chinese model.
>
> Still, it can't happen here, right? We are iPhone owners and Amazon Prime members, not vassals of a one-party state. We are canny consumers who know that Facebook is tracking our interactions and Google is selling us stuff.
>
> Yet it seems to me there is little reason to imagine that the people who run large technology companies have

> any vested interest in allowing pre-digital folkways to interfere with their 21st-century engineering and business models, any more than 19th-century robber barons showed any particular regard for laws or people that got in the way of their railroads and steel trusts.

Survey after survey has shown that Americans — and Millennials in particular — are blasé about their privacy being stripped from them by a corporate-government behemoth harkening Big Brother from the dystopian novel *1984*. I have heard a variation of "if you're not doing anything wrong, what are you worried about?" more times than I can count.

I'm flabbergasted by this indifference to the existential threat posed by a Globohomo Surveillance State. But then, I'm reminded in so many ways that Millennials are by far the generation in the history of the world, and I begin to understand how a soy-addled and rectum-invaded mind can rationalize its own docility.

Alexandria Of-Color's Purpose To The Real Power Players

CH · 23 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Alexandria Of-Choppers was placed on a powerful investigative House committee. Why? She's reviled by the DNC brass.

My take is that the Dem Party leaders know she's an idiot liable to shoot her mouth off and make a fool of everyone within hearing distance.

These Dems also know the Russia collusion story is a made-up hoax. They'll never admit it, but they know it.

AOC is their commie red herring. Her purpose is to distract from the Mueller nothingburger. She'll sit on that committee and drop one unsubstantiated Trump-Russia Hoax bomb after another, day after day, and the unrelenting noise will keep the public's attention away from the total failure of Mueller to find anything criminal. The AOC sassy rican show will occupy so much air time that Dems can use the ruckus to segue from their culpability in the Russia Hoax they helped perpetrate, to an offensive posture thanks to AOC's squid ink. Dems will guide their media allies toward reporting on the irrelevant gossip of the Four Viragoes who now sit on the committee overseeing the impeachment of Trump.

And, bonus, if AOC is bogged down by Russia nonsense she can't spin up momentum for her Five Year Plan. The Dems' Wall Street and Big Tech patrons have gotten word out to the party's tribal elders to throttle AOC's brand of socialism.

The next two years will be the make or break years for America. Mark my words.

The Progressive Solution

CH · 23 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It starts with stoic endurance…

then progresses to defiance…

which leads to open rebellion…

Be careful Leftoid America. Your final victory is not yet assured, and we are very close to the last panel of this triptych, and to what lies beyond.

***

> Gonna start referring to every old white person as “white tribal elders”
>
> — ‘Based Anglo’ Uber | ᚾᛒᛗᚱ ☀️ (@URefollow) January 21, 2019

Gonna start referring to every old white person as “white tribal elders”

[image]

[image]

[image]

— ‘Based Anglo’ Uber | ᚾᛒᛗᚱ (@URefollow) January 21, 2019

The Real Right has gotten much better at Rhetoric.

The Sin Is Absence Of Submission

CH · 23 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In related news, the lawyer preparing to sue all the media scumsuckers for defaming The Courageous Covington boys has received a bomb threat.

> BREAKING: Lawyer @Barnes_Law Receives Bomb Threat After Representing Covington Kids https://t.co/tzpBb3ISBq
>
> — Jack Posobiec ?? (@JackPosobiec) January 23, 2019

Civil War isn't coming.

Civil War is here.

The Universal Symbol Of Anti-White Bigotry

CH · 23 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

******

Related:

From MPC Status Updates,

> I have nothing legal to say about journalists anymore

The combined forces of the media are taking out their anti-White Christian wrath on a boy.

A White boy.

Who shows more courage in his young heart than a hundred thousand cucks will show in a lifetime bending their knees to slob the zog knob.

Imagine, as Audacious E suggests, the roles were reversed. A 14 year old black boy surrounded by adult White men hurling insults at him and beating a drum in his face as he stood there stoically enduring the provocation.

Within the week, there would be statues erected to that black boy, and the witch hunts against wrong-thinking Whites would intensify.

The future is one megacorp media company employing POC shock troops to entrap Whites in the few remaining outposts to make a facial expression that is anything but abject submission, whereupon they, their families, and any White children within a ten mile radius will be banished from school and employment and forced to live on tubers and lichen.

Unless we stop it.

> When vibrant inner-city youths kidnapped that white boy with autism and tortured him on Facebook live there was less commotion, concern, and media coverage than when a white boy smirked.
>
> Remember that and never forget it.
>
> — Brett MacDonald (@TweetBrettMac) January 21, 2019

Whites are remembering.
All of it.
And that's what our enemies fear.

Reminder that Globohomo lackey David Hogg is on his way to Harvard while Nick Sandmann has to deal with media-approved death threats and will likely be blacklisted from every college in America.

Can you feel your righteous hate rising?

Alexandria Of-Chopper's Banal Anti-White Bigotry

CH · 24 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Aaaaaand Alexandria Of-Color comes out in favor of stealing wealth from Whites to pay reparations to browns and blacks.

> Democratic New York Rep. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez stated on Monday that the United States should pay reparations to the non-white communities who were negatively impacted by America's New Deal.
>
> "I think the first thing that we need to do is realize that there's a balance between this more universal struggle for racial, social and economic dignity, but at the same time, not erasing the individual stories of different communities," Ocasio-Cortez responded when asked how government can create a just outcome among its citizens.
>
> "You and I are in the same struggle. That does not give me a pass to not talk or acknowledge the black experience and that does not give you a pass to not acknowledge or talk about the plight of Puerto Ricans and people overall," Ocasio-Cortez told interviewer Ta-Nehisi Coates. "It is in that exchange, and to say 'you are distinct and you come from a distinct community that is valued and uplifted' and vice versa."

The only struggle I hear is AOC struggling to convincingly parrot the intersectionalist bullshit she picked up in college.

> The self-proclaimed Democratic socialist contended that while people tend to associate reparations with slavery, instead, they should be associated with the effects of The New Deal, which, she argues, disproportionately impacted non-white communities.

Under the new rules of the United States of Alexandria Ocasio-Camacho, Whites will pay the GIBSgeld until the last White person's bank account is emptied. Given enough demographic power, nonwhites won't need the imprimatur of long-past slavery to justify robbing Whites blind.

> The New Deal was a series of public works projects, financial reforms and government programs that were enacted in the 1930s by Democratic President Franklin D. Roosevelt as a response to the Great Depression.
>
> "People think reparations is reparations for slavery, but really, economically speaking, reparations are for the damage done by the New Deal and redlining because that is where we saw a compounding of the existing inequity from the legacy of slavery, where we drew red lines around black communities," Ocasio-Cortez said.

Racial policies like redlining had very little lasting impact on the status of blacks. Redlining was a reaction to black dysfunction, not a cause of it. The arrow of causality is messed up from decades of propaganda, which Alexandria Of-Polychromatic has dutifully absorbed. Black biology ===> redlining to avoid black biology.

Btw, the worst case of "racial discrimination" (according to shitlib standards) occurred in Japan — two nukes were dropped on two cities, leveling them both to the ground — and today both of those cities gleam with life and vitality. Funny how "keeping the jap man down" didn't keep him down for long.

> "We said white communities will get home loans and they will get access to the basic bedrock of wealth in America and this will be your heirloom and we gave white America the heirloom that appreciated overtime, that people still benefit from today and we did not give to African-American and Mexican communities, Puerto Rican communities."

Did AOC pick up that "heirloom" touch-phrase from a Dem (((handler))) or during a Woe Is Woman 101 lecture?

FYI the United States was 90% White and 10% black in the 1930s. Other races were a tiny fraction of the total population. The Mexican and Sassy Reekin' communities were practically nonexistent during the New Deal era.

> The New York congresswoman also compared the treatment of non-white communities in America's past to the Holocaust, urging the United States to follow Germany's example by paying reparations and acknowledge the suffering that occurred during Nazi occupation in order to move forward.

More blacks were killed in the last twenty years in Detroit than blacks who died from lynchings over the entire history of the United States.

And just lol that somehow White America has failed to "acknowledge the suffering" of blacks. Holy fuck what planet is this ditz on? The last six DECADES have been nothing but a daily cuckbeat of pandering to blacks and begging their forgiveness.

> "It's important to tell the story of where we've been and what others are doing as well because we look at, for example, Germany, and how they've been able or they're attempt to try to heal after the Holocaust," Ocasio-Cortez said. "Germany paid reparations and they went through that process and they had that truth-telling process. And until America tells the truth about itself, we're not going to heal.

Yes, America needs more truth-telling about racial realities like disparate aptitudes, behaviors, preferences, and temperaments. But that's not what AOC means. She means White America hasn't prostrated itself enough to the swarming aPOCalypse. "Heal" in her context means "bend the knee, White man, or we will bend it for you".

She's a right proper puppet for Globohomo. Such an accomplished liar, BSer, and tribalistic shell entity.

The truth about AOC is this: she's a garden variety anti-White bigot. Nothing special about her beyond that.

A reader objects,

> In fairness she has a pretty sweet set of milkers?

She's one of these chicks who looks kinda pretty from a distance, but up close it's a WHOA MYSTERY MEAT moment.

Another reader,

> I can't wait til she's president and we go into full Rhodesia mode.

alexcelerationism

AOC gives interviews like she used to bantz as a barmaid: loose, unstructured, vapid, and immune to facts, logic, or coherence.

In other words, the typical middling IQ solipsistic thot.

From a White man,

> Funny, though, she's dating a white guy named Riley Roberts… I'm sure he's a self hatin cuck but regardless, I find it hilarious that these white-hating individuals talk so much shit about whites yet still want to fuck us.

Don't let the media tell you otherwise. The White man is still the apex sexual market prize to the world's women.

Sure, she has decent milkies. She better served America as a bartender.

From Nate,

> Anytime somebody seriously talks about implementing reparations from whites to blacks, we should counter with proposing that blacks should have to pay higher taxes to support the extra police required due to their higher crime rate. Shift that overton window rightward.
>
> It's insane that white->black reparations aren't immediately dismissed and laughed off whenever brought up. It's straight-up race-based theft, and 90% of people have been conditioned to view it as within the acceptable bounds of policy discussion.

America has turned into an outdoor insane asylum. The lunatic fringe is everywhere.

Jeffrey,

> Crossing my fingers that AOC is "our girl" and Mobster Girl Nancy P is being forced to play a role. Less optimistic on the latter after the MLK weekend shenanigans

AOC has her usefulness. She gives shit to Dem hacks and can't be touched because "woman of color with little girl sociopath voice like Blasey-Ford". I hope AOC continues discombobulating the Dems like Trump does to the Cucklicans, but the inescapable reality with her is that she's just another Al Sharpton with an updated poopytalk lexicon.

Every AOC in America right now:

Is anyone else sick of this anti-White man shit? I sure am.

PS Steve Sailer's excellent effortpoast, "Identity Stalinism".

Shiv Of The Week: Ace Of Based

CH · 24 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Ace of Spades richly deserves the Shiv of the Week award for this post in which he takes a steaming dump on Brian Stelter's penishead and notes that transparency has starkly exposed the lying, malicious, corrupt, leftoid shills which populate every tier of the chaimstream media.

> As Mollie Hemingway has said several times, Twitter did improve transparency, and that transparency in turn reduced trust in media.
>
> You showed yourselves for what you really are. We noticed. We adjusted our estimates of you according to the new information.
>
> The thing is, what twitter exposed was not that you were leftwing. We already new that.
>
> What twitter exposed was that you were also dumb, easily duped, eager to believe self-justifying conspiracy theories, thin-skinned, arrogant, incompetent, disgracefully lazy, psychologically (and almost certainly physically) inadequate, dunderheadedly unimaginative and unwilling to consider any idea not within the braindead leftwing Incela Corridor Conventional Wisdom Bubble, prone to the most cowardly go-along-to-get-along sort of groupthink, and weak.
>
> Before Twitter, you were removed from us. Anyone who's removed seems exalted. We knew you were leftwing political operators, but, and I hate to admit this, your remoteness made you seem like you were… elite.
>
> Now we've seen what you really are. You're C- minus students and fat-assed pencil pushers with a nose for sniffing out the right dicks to suck.
>
> You're fucking pathetic. You're Salon Commenters with a personal makeup budget.
>
> *That's* what Twitter revealed.

Ace is proof that a person becomes a better writer and thinker when the veil of lies is lifted and forced politeness and aversion to hard truths is abandoned. If I didn't know better, I'd think Ace was on the precipice of tangling with the [Special Person] Question.

I like to believe I had a positive, osmotic effect on all these newly minted shivlords.

From Heather,

> You did, but no one will ever admit it. But don't feel bad, you escaped Cassandra's fate. She had the gift of prophecy but was cursed because no one would listen to her. People have listened to you but your curse is,

> you'll never get the credit.

If I have helped birth a revolution, I can live without the credit.

***

PS It's all on-topic, every last jot and tittle. Pat Buchanan had a couple of great articles this week, one on the separation of political victories from policy victories, and the second on the Democreeps' descent into nauseating pandering to their black voters, and slandering of America's heritage.

PPS Dems today:

PPPS media self-awareness MIA:

My heart breaks. No really, it does, I swear it.

LEARN TO CODE

The Bitchiest Resting Bitch Face Of Them All

CH · 24 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

As always with shitlibs, male or female (but especially the female), it's psychological projection from here to eternity.

***

Comment from Angry White Old and Privileged,

> She cannot get this kid off of her mind because that smirk, that posture, and that defiance in the face of a weak man using his "indigenous" genetics to bully and intimidate… Well, it gets her going and makes her think, "Why can't I get with a man who is as strong as this teenager instead of these milk toast soyboys?!"
>
> Then, like many on her side of the ideological spectrum, both male and female, she begins to wonder, "Is it really so bad to be turned on my this teenager? I mean, he's a young adult, after all, and age /is/ just a number, right?" As she secretly considers she should have become a teacher.

BaldwintheLeper,

> She saw the handsome guy from high school who didn't ask her out in that smirk.

So true.

Valenti's epic RBF is what happens to a woman who has imbibed a lifetime of shrill feminist cuntery, bittersweet pump and dumps, weak unconfident attention from periphery beta males, and finally marriage to a wrist-flapping soyboy with the right credentials but zero charm.

***

Commenter Pbar divulges Valenti's courtship which landed her the Hubby Soy,

> From an NYT article about JV's first date with future husband; 'Here also was a woman that he found impossible to say "no" to — as he learned that night when she insisted he try the ceviche. "I soldiered on," said Mr. Golis, who has always detested "fishy fish."…he held up his end of the conversation as the ceviche soured his stomach to the point of nausea.
>
> They shared a cab from the restaurant, but he bolted as soon as they reached the apartment where he was staying, fearing that he might vomit.'
>
> So on their first date, she insists he eat something that he hates. Instead of leaving immediately and meeting his friends at a bar, he does as she says. And spends the rest of the evening trying not to puke. Then he marries her. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Modern Woman and Modern Man.

The sexual polarity in that marriage is inverted, upside-down, and turned inside-out. No wonder Jessica dreams of smirking smirklords.

GOY: “BYE!”

CH · 24 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In case you haven’t heard, the Great Media Purge of 2019 commenced this week.

PuffedHo laid off 15% of its propaganda team, most of them women.

Do you remember PuffHo? They’re the digital media cistern which gave us this, after Steve Bannon was fired:

Take a moment to retinally breathe that in, because the wails of poverty from recently fired PuffedHobags will lift your spirit into the stratosphere.

“talented and lovely” = talentless and ugly.

“literal PhD in romantic comedies”. LMAO. 90% of women in the workforce are dead weight.

Don't call us, we'll call you…..to laugh in your face!

One might say….aborted!

A culture/gender/politics reporter….I bet she brings a unique perspective! HARD PASS

Journowhores losing their jobs en masse?

PINCH ME AND TELL ME I'M NOT DREAMING

How many of these laid-off globalist girl tweets are there? I think i'm falling in love with the feeling. Science will now have data to determine if prolonged jizzing uninterrupted by a refractory period is possible in those under the influence of acute schadenfreude.

> backpage shutting down right before the buzzfeed layoffs really is a 1-2 punch
>
> — tantum (@QuasLacrimas) January 24, 2019

Here come the desperate unemployment line camwhores! Sadly, this isn't an attractive bunch. We can all do without the deluge of softcore pics from starving, ex-journowhores soaking thirsty soyboys for ramen noodle money.

G.V. suggests,

> A mockup of the PuffHo front page with lay-off tweets prominently displayed around the text 'GOY: "BYE"'

I love the cut of that shiv.

Cornelius Rye dishes,

> On this morning's Fash the Nation, McFeels and Halberstram predict the end of National Review this year
>
> rumors are going around that they really pissed off the last of their supporters/small donors with the Covington debacle
>
> huge if true

My erection can only get so big.

A reminder that the media is shitty and in bed with Big Tech, licking the digital taint:

> A longtime tech exec emailed me: “You guys are the lifeblood of Twitter right now. A huge part of Twitter’s current value is journalists creating content for the site.” https://t.co/Bbv8qM2gKv
>
> — Brian Stelter (@brianstelter) January 24, 2019

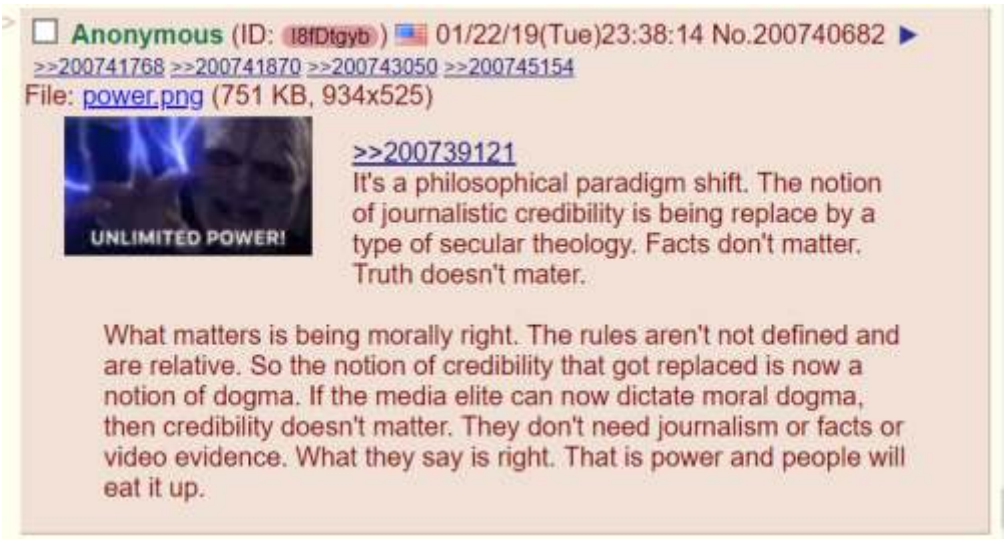
From MPC Status Updates,

> the tech exec on his boat calling the journo in his rat-infested apartment “You guys are our everything”

Pman on media woes,

> PMAN in CHANPOASTING format on the loss of media jobs:
>
> > it’s true that google and facebook are gobbling up all the ad revenue, although craigslist started it years ago
>
> > lots of newspapers got ruined by loss of classifieds
>
> > none of these self-styled “digital journalists” cared about any of that stuff
>
> > only now that they are losing their jobs are they having tantrums about it
>
> > in fact, most of them were quite chipper as older reporters got retired early, finally they could replace those white men
>
> when in reality it was just them moving up in the line to the wood chipper

An anon channer explains how modren media works: they take the “moral” low ground:



There is not enough misfortune that could befall lying, malevolent media propagandists which would satisfy my bloodlust.

KEEP IT COMING

***

Commenter P.K. Griswold,

> Whole bunch of beta-exes just got a random text.

Back to that ol' dependable well for the roadworn shrews. It's gonna be funny when betaboys sack up and stop making honest women of these slatterns.

¡SCIENCE!: Tattoos Are A Slut Tell

CH · 24 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From this ‘umble hot tub jive machine, circa 2007:

> **Does she have a large trashy tattoo anywhere near an erogenous zone?**
>
> Slut.

Today, from SCIENCE:

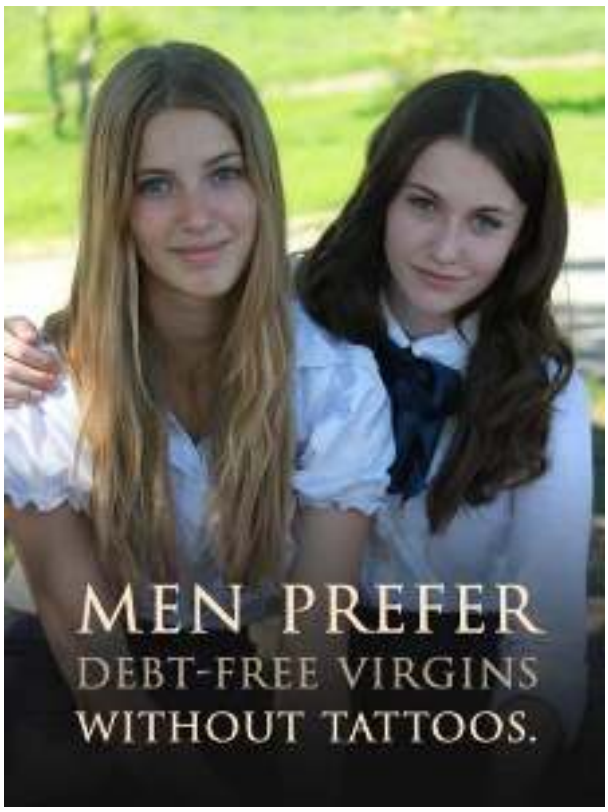
> …a new study has revealed the effect that having tattoos has on your sex life.
>
> Researchers from the University of Miami have found that people with tattoos are more likely to have a higher number of sex partners in the past year.
>
> In the study, the researchers surveyed 2,008 adults – some of who had tattoos and some who didn’t.
>
> The survey revealed that people with tattoos were more likely to be smokers, to have spent time in prison, and to have had a higher number of sexual partners.
>
> Worryingly, these individuals were also more likely to be diagnosed with a mental health issue, and to report sleep issues.
>
> Professor Karolin Mortensen, who led the study, said: “Previous research has established an association between having a tattoo and engaging in risky behaviours.

I read somewhere that in America, women with tattoos have begun to outnumber men with tattoos.

As the tattoo is associated with high sociosexuality (willingness to go all the way right away, frequently, and indiscriminately), it stands to reason that women are reacting to a sexual market which is careening toward an r-selection dynamic: fewer dads, fewer damsels, more cads, more tramps. Women are going crazy with tattoo fever because they’re subconsciously advertising to less dependable but aggravatingly charming men that their vaginas are open for business, no questions asked.

Unfortunately for women with tats who are looking for loving commitment, men don’t want sluts except as sexual playthings. And the lsmv men who must settle for sluts will resent them for the duration of their short-lived simulacra of normal relationships.

What men want when looking to invest in a woman for longer than a night is clear to anyone without an agenda or a butthurt ego:



If you're a low-option beta, you might have to choose 2 out of 3.

***

As a commenter suggested, your next pickup venue should be a tattoo parlour. Easy pickuppings!

Deep State Update: FBI Gone Rogue

CH · 25 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Roger Stone, a political operative and former Trump campaign associate, was arrested in a pre-dawn raid by a battalion of FBI agents wielding automatic weapons, because Stone was a dangerous threat as evidenced by the cheesy process crimes he is charged with committing. Fake News CNN was there to film it, obviously tipped off by the FBI. I've no doubt Mueller himself directed a subordinate to tell CNN about the raid, because this piece of shit wanted his handiwork broadcast live and in color, as a message to those who thwarted the ascension of his Queen Hillary to the throne. He's Still With Her.

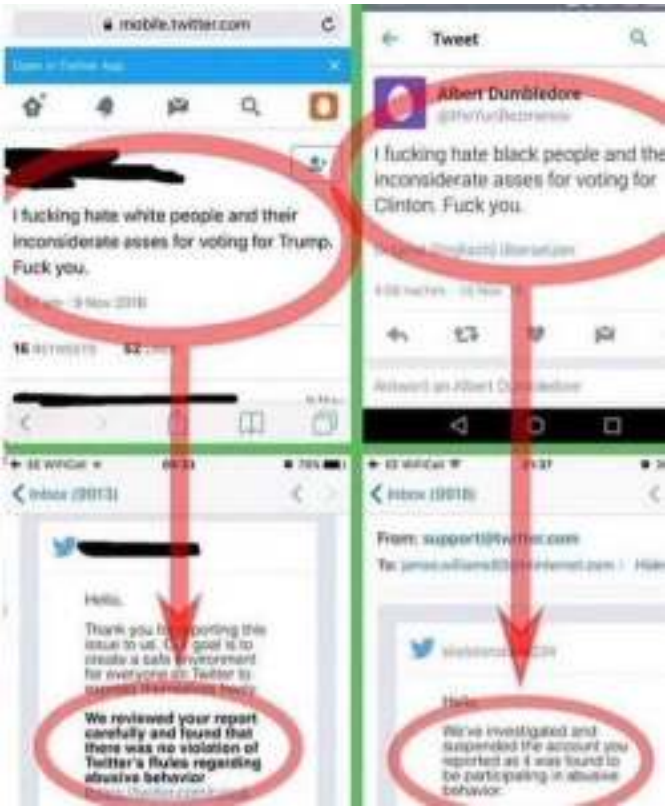
29 agents, 14 vehicles. "Terrorized family, pointed automatic weapons at me"

All this for an old man who posed a threat to no one and may have fibbed about the exact date he asked a radio host about a WikiLeaks dump.

I used to have some reverence for the FBI. Not anymore. They've become the Gestapo we were all warned about as kids. This Stone raid was a blatant intimidation tactic to strike fear into anyone left in Trump's orbit who might remain loyal to him.

Mueller and the rest of the Deep State are Hillary friends, Hillary associates, Hillary lackeys, and Hillary protectors. Mueller's Mobsters are Hillary's Gaytorian Guard. They serve at the pleasure of the Cunt Queen, and their "justice" is nothing less than political vengeance. There is no rule of law left in America; there is only rule, with the law shifting to accommodate favored groups and punish disfavored groups.

The law that the FBI follows and enforces now resembles the TOS selectively enforced by Twatter shitlibs:



> #Hillary case: lawyers allowed to destroy documents & servers. #Trump case: lawyers offices raided.#Hillary case: no search warrants for homes or offices.#Trump case: pre-dawn raids of old folks homes. #Hillary case: free immunity for life#Trump case: swat arrests live @CNN

> — Robert Barnes (@Barnes_Law) January 25, 2019

Why is Wray still head of the FBI? He had to sign off on Mueller's circus acts. When will Trump fire these fifth column seditionists? Why is Trump's DOJ allowing this rogue FBI to continue operating as it pleases?

In other Deep State news…

Exculpatory evidence about Mike Flynn was kept secret by the intel community, including by the Pentagon which stonewalled requests by the Republican committee chairmen.

The Most Successful Coverup.

> Since Watergate, the Washington wisdom has always held that it's not the crime, it's the coverup that sinks a politician. But that's only the case when the coverup fails.
>
> But what if the coverup succeeds?
>
> It's horribly simple. The crimes are never uncovered and the perpetrators are never brought to justice no matter how serious their crimes may be. That is precisely what has happened because of the FBI and Justice Department's coverup of their abuses of power and illegal actions during the 2016 election.
>
> In this case, the FBI and the Justice Department have succeeded in the most significant coverup in American political history. The abuses of power and crimes they have succeeded in covering up are not only against the law: they are crimes against our system of law and government. They were perpetrated by employees of the government, under color of law, with the intention of affecting the outcome of an election.

New documents suggest the Steele dossier was a deliberate setup of Trump.

> While the allegations from the July 19 memo regarding the Page-Sechin meeting are included in all four FISA applications, the dossier's allegations of Page's crime are apparent in neither the original nor the three renewals. Either the warrants failed for some reason to include sensational allegations of a potential crime in connection with the clandestine intelligence activities of a FISA target, or the allegations are redacted. Perhaps that was to conceal evidence that Steele's October 18 memo secured the FISA three days later.
>
> The rapid turnaround is not typical, says Judicial Watch's Farrell. "An act of espionage may not be reportable for years. By its nature, you're talking about clandestine activity, so you may not find out about it until long after it's happened. Here the operational activity is identified almost immediately. And then it's followed by a warrant. It suggests that the scenario may have been directed by the FBI."

Joseph Misfud. Keep that name in mind. He's the FBI-CIA-DOJ plant sent to entrap Trump associates into false allegations of Russia collusion.

> One question that congress has failed to force those responsible to answer:
> Which western intelligence agency was Joseph Mifsud working for? That answer will force a halt to this entire dark chapter in American history.
>
> — George Papadopoulos (@GeorgePapa19) December 30, 2018

Gaymulatto has his delicate fingers all over this silent coup. Emails reveal Obama Admin's push to create Russia scandal hours before Trump's inauguration.

> Newly released emails show the Obama administration scrambling to create the "Russia" scandal within 24 hours of President Donald Trump taking the oath of office in January 2017. The desperation of the Obama administration is evident in the emails, in which the Obama team tries to involve Democratic senators Warner

> and Cardin and Republican senator Corker in the plot.
>
> Close observers know that the Operation Crossfire Hurricane strategy surfaced during the 2016 presidential election and continued well into Trump's presidency, with General Michael Flynn getting snared in a Peter Strzok/Sally Yates ambush play in the early days of the Trump White House. Now, Team Obama's documented effort to cook up the Russia story before Trump's inauguration emboldens a narrative already proved by text messages (presented below) involving Obama official James Clapper: the Obama people actually thought they could stop Trump from getting sworn in.
>
> […]
>
> [James] Clapper discussed blocking the inauguration on the grounds that Trump was an illegitimate president due to alleged Russian interference in the election, according to the sources. It is not known whether Clapper ever actually convened a meeting with a Supreme Court justice to discuss the Russia case, or whether he simply discussed the idea of doing so. By the time Trump entered office on January 20, the Russia narrative was already underway.
>
> A high-level member of the intelligence community who witnessed the meeting said that Clapper discussed going to one of three female Supreme Court justices to make the case that alleged Russian interference could invalidate Trump's claim to the presidency.

They're just flaunting their sedition in our faces now.

Another AI Technology Is Problematically Racist

CH · 25 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Facial-detection technology that Amazon is marketing to law enforcement often misidentifies women, particularly those with darker skin, according to researchers from MIT and the University of Toronto.
>
> Privacy and civil rights advocates have called on Amazon to stop marketing its Rekognition service because of worries about discrimination against minorities. Some Amazon investors have also asked the company to stop out of fear that it makes Amazon vulnerable to lawsuits.
>
> The researchers said that in their tests, Amazon's technology labeled darker-skinned women as men 31 percent of the time. Lighter-skinned women were misidentified 7 percent of the time. Darker-skinned men had a 1 percent error rate, while lighter-skinned men had none.

"labeled darker-skinned women as men 31 percent of the time"

There are a couple factors involved here, and neither has anything to do with "racism".

The AI uses human inputs, at least at the start, so it's subject to human perception. Across all races, men tend to be darker than their same-race women. The AI is picking up on this, misidentifying some dark-skinned women as men.

And, more darkly, the darker races of women may not be, how to put this nicely, as….feminine…as the lighter-skinned races of women. The AI is also picking this up; the less feminine dark-skinned women are being misidentified as men because they are mannish looking.

Reality has a racialist bias, but that doesn't make it false. Shitlibs are just gonna have to deal with the fact that race is more real than their feelings.

Hey, Chuckie Schumer

CH · 25 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Even when you win, you're still the loser. And you'll always be the loser.

LESSON LEARNED

1939 Marital Rating Scale

CH · 25 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

MARITAL RATING SCALE

WIFE'S CHART

Zoomable link here. The rest of the 1939 Marital Rating Scale sheets, including the ones for the husband, are here.

A sample of traits that are a mark against a wife:

“Doesn’t like children”: -5 points!
“Slow in coming to bed–delays till husband is almost asleep”
“Wears red nail polish”
“Flirts with other men at parties or in restaurants”

A sample of traits that recommend a wife:

“Has meals on time”
“Dresses for breakfast”
“Personally puts children to bed”
“Religious — sends children to church or Sunday school and goes herself”: +10 points!

Fast forward to 2019…

The bad wife:

“Is really a victim of a bad husband”

The good wife:

“Dresses her son like a girl, turns her husband into a kitchen bitch, demands cunnilingus despite HPV pussy smelling like a rotting animal carcass, is “With Her”, has a trail of mudshark baggage and a mystery meat bastard, has a sphincter tattoo, thinks men are ‘intimidated’ by nasty old skanks with resting bitch face”

—

Is there really any question that America was, culturally and psychologically, a healthier, better, SANER nation in 1939 than it is today? We trashed all that was good about America and replaced it with smartphones and a gynarchic dystopia. Are the gadgets worth the trade-off?

***

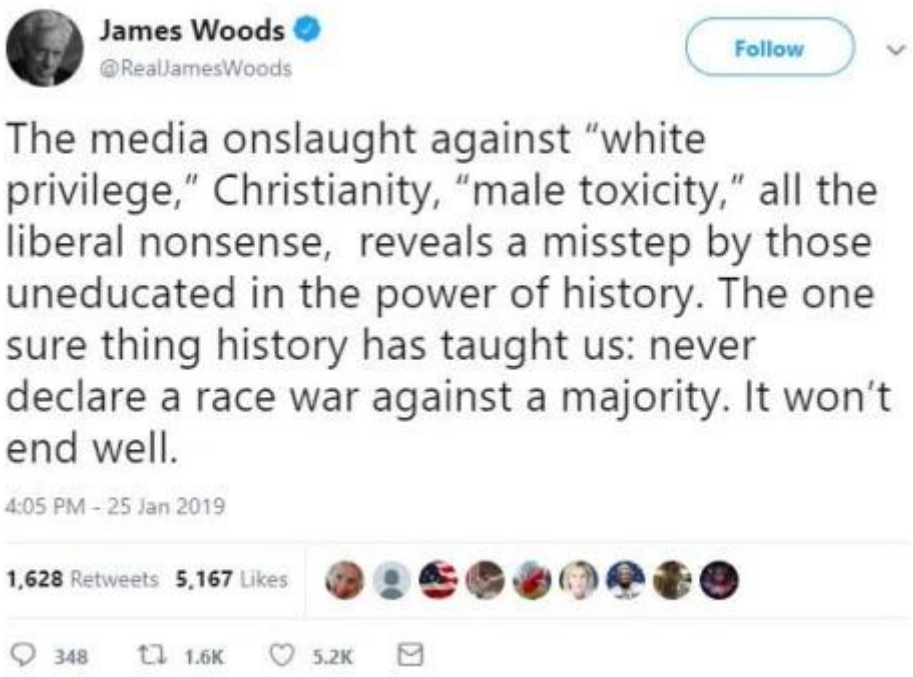
From plumpjack,

> this wasn't a very one-sided social contract. the patriarchy had rigorous expectations of men also. lets see a picture of a 1939 draft card for comparison.

I linked it. I couldn't save the pic locally for an upload, which is why it's not included in the post. For the record, from what I read of the husband's marital rating scale, there wasn't much I disagreed with. You have to keep in mind that in a culture in which the large majority of wives are deferential to husbands and faithful to the end, there really isn't much need for dread-style "married man game", and so the cultural norms of the time reflect the acceptance and expectation of chivalrous husbands who don't flirt with other women. As always, it takes two to tango.

White Identity As Reaction To White Dehumanization

CH · 27 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original



The Left has succeeded in radicalizing the White.

Investigate Mueller

CH · 27 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Josh Campbell — the baby bird kicked out of the nest — was the CNN reporter outside Roger Stone's home when the FBI sent in the third cavalry in a predawn raid to arrest the unarmed and unthreatening Stone. Campbell used to work for….wait for it…the FBI, and was the assistant to….wait for it….James Comey. (Fact Check: TRUE)

Campbell was obviously tipped off by Mueller or one of Mueller's underlings. The shitlib media universe has been

acting as a field agent for the rogue FBI. The Chaimstream Media and the Deep State are partners in crime, collaborators in a, so far, bloodless coup.

Mueller's thuggery is revenge for comey and thecunt. That's all this Russia Hoax is, and all it has ever been about.

Mueller's mobsters include CIA, FBI, and DOJ seditionists from both the gaymulatto administration and thecunt clan.

Mueller and Wray are orchestrating a slow coup to take down a duly-elected president.

We should be discussing treason trials, not amnesty for third world trash that makes Javanka's eyes well up with nation-wrecking bathos.

***

> In a secular age it's difficult to define absolute evil, but I think we've found a concrete example in the Sackler family. The fewer meaningful contacts wealthy individuals and groups have with the broader citizen body, the greater their capacity for evil.
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) January 27, 2019

Urbanized shitlibs in general have fewer meaningful contacts with the broader citizen body, and cosmopolitan [special people] in particular are about as severed from regular Americans as a group can be.

> Bill Maher rhetoric constitutes 90% of the affluent liberal's politics (he's problematic on the Islam Question, but that's because he's a Jewish chauvinist). The other 10% is handled by an NPR/NYT/Patreon Brahmin caste that tortures data to fit the empirical world to the rhetoric https://t.co/F4M8ytC3jZ
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) January 26, 2019

TeeVee has become a wasteland of regurgitated shitlibboleths.

***

Our future, if we don't change course.

***

The future of shitlib media.

From Z-Man, “The God of Fired Media”:

***

Have we returned to a feudal system?

FEUDALISM
THEN & NOW
Medieval Feudalism
Corporate Feudalism
By Rank
% of Population (Est.)
By Rank
Monarchs
(Kings, Queens, Emperors...)
.00001
Central Bankers
(Federal Reserve, Bank of Japan, ECB...)
Landed Gentry
(Dukes, Earls, Barons...)
.0001
Big Bankers
(JP Morgan, Goldman Sachs, Lloyd's...)
Clergy
(Archbishops, Priests...)
.35
Corporate Elite
(Fortune 500, Multinationals...)
Royal Ministers
(Chancellors, Constables, Sheriffs...)
.2
Elected Officials
(Presidents, MPs, Representatives...)
Merchants
(Traders, Explorers, East India Co...)
.2
Top Bureaucrats
(Commissioners, Secretaries, Judges...)
Vassals
(Tenant Farmers, Military Officers...)
.75
Top Professionals
(Doctors, Entertainers, Clergy...)
Everyone Else
(Peasants, Laborers, Conscripts...)
98.5
Everyone Else
(Workers, Students, Soldiers...)
You Are Here*

Mass Transit Fare Hikes As A Substitute Diversity Barrier In Shitlib Cities

CH · 28 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From KL,

> D.C. metro recently decriminalized fare evasion, noting 90% of citations were issued to blacks. Here is a wrinkle: D.C. students, who are primarily black, get free Metrocards. They lose this subsidy after finishing school, and D.C. is an expensive city. I would favor subsidizing youth, but this gets lost in the broader racial issue.

In all the big blue cities, mass transit fare hikes for declining quality of service is a perennial complaint of the locals.

The richer, nicer White parts of those cities don't mind the fare hikes too much, though, or at least they don't agitate for fare control or fare reductions. Obviously, Whites can afford the higher prices for getting around town, but the real reason Whites are ambivalent about or even supportive of fare hikes is that expensive public transit — or missing public transit — has been used for a long time by urban shitlib Whites to control access to their nice neighborhood sectors of the city.

When there is talk of expanding subway lines or bus routes, or of decreasing the fares — or in the case of DC, NYC, and San Tranny, talk of decriminalizing fare evasion, which is tantamount to a fare price reduction subsidized by law-abiding pale riders — the shitlib Whites will complain that the loss of revenue (or the cost to taxpayers) will bankrupt the mass transit system. You have to read between the whines to know what they really mean: fare reductions and fare evasion decriminalization make it cheaper for vibrants from the bad parts of the city to travel to the White parts of the city to bless the gentrifiers with some vibrant vibrancy.

In a very real sense, controlling geographic mobility of the underclass is the urban White shitlib's substitute for a wall separating White neighborhoods from the ghetto. Expensive housing, physical distance, and transportation inconvenience are the equivalent of Trump's Wall for urban shitlibs.

You will never hear louder screeching than that from well-off Whites in a nice part of a city fighting against a proposal to extend a new bus route or subway line into their guarded elysium, especially if that extension directly ferries shitholies from an across-town shithole.

Decriminalizing fare evasion, like many coastal shitlibopolises are considering in the name of "racial justice", will encourage a flood of enrichment and the attendant criminality into White urban enclaves. I would not be surprised if crime rates shoot up in the near future in these cities currently experimenting with "remedying" the black-hispanic-White disparate policing impact.

This is the abandonment of the Broken Windows Theory, which states that cracking down on small crimes creates an environment which prevents bigger crimes. But BWT was too successful; violent crime fell, because loads of blacks and hispanics were arrested on minor charges before they could graduate to committing worse crimes. Now that the aPOCalypse is taking over America, the racial fault lines in criminal behavior are once again front and center, with the AOCs and Corey Bs and Omar Sharias enthusiastically calling for retrograde 1970s high crime era policies that would warm a blue-haired SJW's vape-clogged heart.

It'll be interesting to watch the contortions that urban White shitlibs twist themselves into as they scramble to find socially acceptable reasonings to justify opposing the anti-White political and social momentum toward decriminalizing black and brown criminality. Or maybe they'll just bend over and take it, as the country replays Escape From New York one more time. The lessons never take with shitlibs. They have to keep relearning them at the point of a mugger's gun.

Your Daily Peacocking: The Trump Ring

CH · 28 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

You can buy a sweet Trump ring at Skull Jewelry.

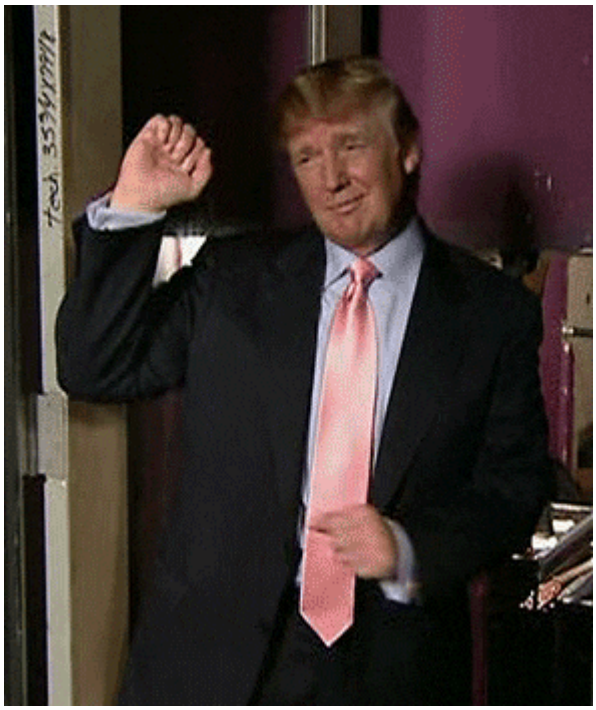
Commenter Corinth Arkadin bought one,

> Speaking of Toxic Masculinity, I got my Trump ring today (you know, the one we talked about earlier this month). Guess what it came with?
>
> Anyone? Anyone?
>
> A bag of SKITTLES.
>
> I'm pretty sure the folks at SkullJewelry.com are fans of CH.

Do they know about Skittles Man? Is this real life?

> Oh yes, and it was NOT subtle, like "Oh here's a bag of skittles in thanks that we were late with your order he he Drink Your Ovaltine" type-ebay shit, NO, it was like:
>
> "Here's yore bad ass, YUGE ring (it is, BTW, holy living fcuk!), Good Luck pulling HB8 tail, remember to Be Skittles Man"

Ah I feel a preen coming on…



The Freudian Source Of The Left's Trump Derangement Syndrome

CH · 28 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Aquinas notes,

> Globohomo is shilling Kamala Harris as hard as they can.

Trump will be the last authentic presidential candidate of the historical America era, until nonwhites are demographically powerful enough to elect one Dwayne Elizondo Mountain Dew Herbert Camacho after another (but by that time America will be a nation in name only, having transmogrified into a District 9 outpost).

The Left will never admit it but they are so fucking pissed that they didn't have a Trump of their own (obama was a diversity shell entity wholly coopted by Globohomo). In their desperation to capture Trumpian lightning in a bottle for themselves, every effort the Left makes to identify and mentor a Trump-like figure for their side will come across try-hard and insincere (see: komodo harris).

This is why the left hates Trump so much and spends every day trying to destroy him: they are really trying to destroy the source of their seething envy.

“Lifestyle Choice”

CH · 28 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> I’ve seen it all wtf pic.twitter.com/bQztD7wGrA
>
> — Meninist (@MeninistTweet) January 28, 2019

Symbolically, it works, as a microcosm of the West collectively shitting its diaper.

The reaction memes had me in stitches.

Once you crack open the “lifestyle choice” and “love wins” Pandora’s Box, the radical individualist demons are released, and there’s nothing — no argument, no logic, no coherent emotional appeal — to stop the culture from spiraling down toward man-babies and 10-year-old drag queens. The slippery slope is a cliff, and the West has vaulted itself over it.

You Call That Toxic Masculinity? Now THIS Is Toxic Masculinity

CH · 28 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

When toxic masculinity ruled the world…

From Empa Froga III,

> BADASS
>
> The ZWEIHÄNDER SWORD that belonged to GRUTTE PIER (1480-1520), FRIESIAN PIRATE AND WARLORD.

From the link,

> Now would be a good time to point out that Pier was seven feet tall, carried a six-foot-long greatsword that weighed approximately fifteen pounds, was so strong that he could bend a coin between his thumb and his forefinger, and was such a fucking maniac berserker in combat that he allegedly once decapitated seven enemy soldiers with one swing of his weapon.

The White Aryan quotient of this post should hit DEFCON WAN.

America needs less intersectionality safe space and more zweihänder.

Froga adds,

> How many men in this age can use a weapon half the size of that sword?

How many men in this age can use their micropuds without crying in shame?

Read the bio of the guy. He was a quiet farmer until Saxons killed his two kids and his wife, then he turned into a

berserker and the blood flowed under his feet.

Today, we have American “men”, whose daughters and wives were killed by illegal immigrants, going on social media to mewl that not all immigrants are like that.

The fall from grace has been, in a word, precipitous.

Physiognomy Quiz: Dave Weigel Edition

CH · 29 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Dave Weigel, propaganda typist for the Bezos Post, called Trump supporters "rubes".

This is Dave Weigel, on the right:

He looks like a lump of vaginal yeast.

Weigel wasn't always this repulsive. The Trump era has not been kind to him. The stress is causing these shitlibs to drown their misery in donuts and disco shirts.

From Wow, Just Wow, Literally Shaking,

> LOL. This fat-gutted, mop-headed, acne-plagued slob just called Trump voters "rubes."
>
> At least I can dress myself, Mr Failed Porn Mustache. Oh, my God what a disheveled mess of triglyceride soaked estrogen this loser is.

We should just post pics of shitlibs to demolish their arguments. It'll save us a lot of energy.

PS Generation Zyklon living up to its moniker.

THOT PATROL LEVEL 99

Comment Of The Week: Side Effects Of The Red Pill

CH · 29 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

tbone earns a richly deserved COTW award with this gem,

> An orc taking the red pill would just realize that he is an orc.

And it wouldn't change a thing about the orc's behavior.

The Horror Show Known As Trannyfreakism

CH · 30 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

There was a show on TeeVee about a child getting a sex change operation, with the full support of parents and doctors, all of whom indoctrinated by the satanic “love wins” zeitgeist.

I’ll put the entire Twatter thread here. Read it, recoil at the horrors revealed, and realize we are much further down the path of culture death than you imagined.

> (thread) on what happened on TV last night. The first recorded “celebrity” sex change and its horrific aftermath. Republican twitter may be upset about the governor of VA today. But this is happening all over the country and we need to talk about it pic.twitter.com/ZxdbsmPudr
>
> — wyatt (@wyattbased) January 30, 2019

Excerpts:

Context. This person has been suffering under this fake ideology since a child. Was put on drugs. And didnt have enough “meat” to make a “normal” sex change happen. So they did experimental surgery. The childs first exclamation is how “deep” its vagina is

***

The surgeries are BRUTAL. Plastic surgeons do these but the reality is its mutilation. Its moving parts of the body to where they do not belong to create something that isnt real or functional. Complications are nightmarish and end in suicides often.

***

The strain it puts on a family unit is intense. Even if a father consents to it or “believes” in the ideology his whole life. Its is not normal and in this case both the father and the grandparents flee the scene despite knowing complications could occur.

***

nd just 36 hours later disaster strikes. Because this is not a normal surgery. Complications are often NORMAL. You are cutting off skin and re-attaching it other places. In this case , loss of bloodflow would cause necrosis. Skin death

***

The doctor knew ahead of time there would likely be complications. This isnt okay because a doctors job is to do no harm. This person is in serious danger of massive infection and cell death. And if they survive , suicide from failed transition/mutilation

***

But the ultimate truth is this is the parents fault. The doctors are only complicit. This person was indoctrinated since 7 years old that it was an appropriate life choice and the parents allowed it. Soon the government will step in if you interfere

***

Currently nobody is fighting this. The GOP has not fought this. Nobody has. We are marching towards a very sick world and nobody is speaking up. Contact your representatives and educate yourselves. Its going to get worse.

***

When a parent is unable to tell their little boy or little girl who they are because of political or even legal consequences. This country will be beyond saving. We have seen how the LGBT mafia operates. But they are now targeting your kids. Pick a side. Pick your childs side

The degeneracy is accelerating. We are exponentially approaching complete social collapse.

Related:

The America Collusion Scandal

CH · 30 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

America is colluding with an opposition party candidate to meddle in Venezuela's elections.

#AmericaCollusion

PS Why does Trump surround himself with die-hard enemies of both MAGA and of himself? Gary Cohn, Rex Tillerson, Elliott "ORIGINAL NEOCOHEN" Abrams? W. T. F.?!

I can understand keeping a lynchpin mover-and-shaker enemy inside the tent, pissing out, but not encircling oneself with a veritable battalion of Globohomo enemies. Is Trump that confident in his ability to fool and exploit so many enemies at once that he happily lets them into his inner circle?

It's a bad look on Trump, and leads an observer to wonder if he is a. too lazy to bother vetting people, b. masochistic, c. starting to lose his marbles, d. playing a game of 24D chess that got out of his control, or e. is at the mercy of a zog state that has dirt on him and his family.

Kelly adds,

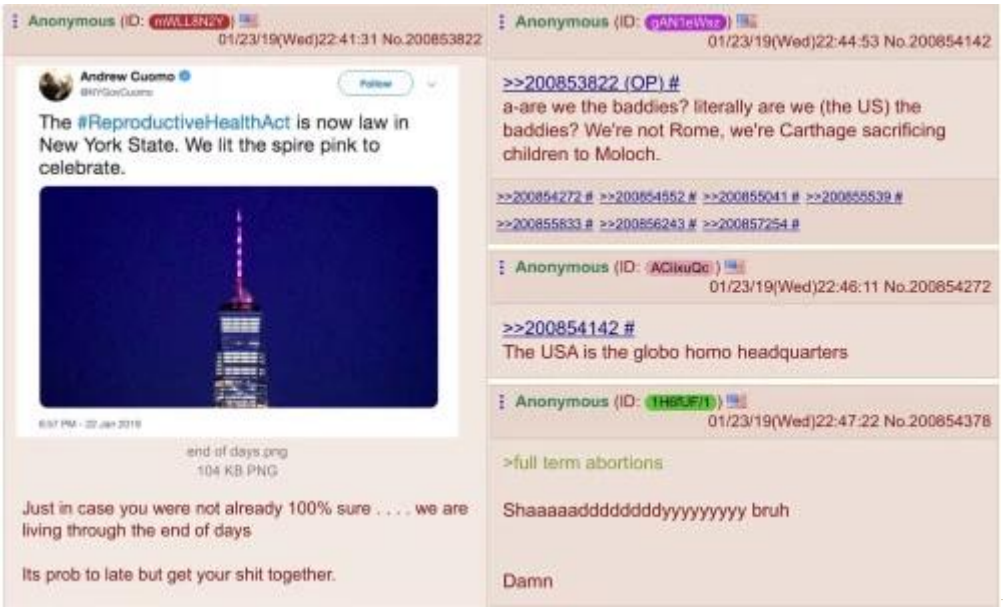
> Trump has enemies nearby to keep the [special people] happy. He is not entirely dependent on them, as I said, but he's not entirely independent either. He may yet decisively out maneuver them at some point. A clear sign of that would be banishment or emasculation of Kushner. Until then, he does most of their bidding and in return gets to do some – a little – of his own agenda. A tough balancing act. He learned this maneuvering within the Jew York City real estate market.

Who else is champing at the bit for that long-awaited and hoped-for "fuck it" moment from Trump? You know, for an appearance of the lion we voted into office?

PPS On the topic of crassly hypocritical puppeteers like Elliott Abrams…

> You ever notice how the Jewish vision for America is the literal EXACT OPPOSITE of what they practice in the self-styled "Jewish State" of Israel? pic.twitter.com/bk5Dy5gU0f
>
> — Charles Lindbergh (@WholesomeRight) January 10, 2019

PPPS End of Days:



“Sacrificing our children to Moloch” used to be a tongue-in-cheek meme to mock generic degeneracy in the West.

Hmm, not so tongue-in-cheek anymore.

***

PPPPS Trump tweeted today about Venezuela.

> Spoke today with Venezuelan Interim President Juan Guaido to congratulate him on his historic assumption of the presidency and reinforced strong United States support for Venezuela’s fight to regain its democracy….
> 1:58 pm – 30 Jan 2019
>
> ….Large protests all across Venezuela today against Maduro. The fight for freedom has begun!
> 1:58 pm – 30 Jan 2019

Does Trump fail to realize that the same justifications for leveraging American Deep State power to insert a puppet into the Venezuelan presidency could be used against him?

***

PPPPPS Steve Sailer on “The Scramble for America“.

> Similarly, the 21st century is witnessing the Scramble for America and Europe as technological innovations boost the population of the Third World and also make migration easier. In particular, the recent spread of the smartphone has emboldened the young men of the Global South to set forth on the adventure of a lifetime crossing the Mediterranean, with the payoff in mind of the most famously beautiful women in the world awaiting them on the northern shore.
>
> […]
>
> Of course, if African fertility control doesn’t happen, and soon, much of this vast population will, if allowed, leave Africa. The disruptions caused to Northern cities such as Detroit in the second half of the 20th century by the Great Migration of 7 million rural Southern African-Americans offers an eye-opening preview of the effects of what promises to be a Greater Migration two orders of magnitude larger.

Williams Syndrome: Turbocharged Liberalism

CH · 30 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Williams Syndrome is the hyperfeminized cousin of autism. The former predisposes to excessive sympathy while the latter stunts the sympathy response. Very generally, Williams Syndrome is a disorder of TOO MUCH FEMINIZATION of the brain and autism is a disorder of too much masculinization of the brain.

While autism gets the media attention, the real threat to modern Western civilization is the cultural, biological, and, possibly, genetic expression of increasing numbers of Whites suffering from an incipient variant or precursor of Williams Syndrome.

Via,

> There is very strong evidence that altruistic behavior is under genetic control. The genetic abnormality known as Williams Syndrome has been called “the pathology of overfriendliness,” and people who suffer from it are excessively trusting and sympathetic. They are somewhat retarded and easily become victims of sexual abuse. They have abnormalities in the part of the brain known as the amygdala, which is involved in reading facial expressions and assessing threats. They are perhaps the only known group of people who show *no racial bias*.

[image]

“The pathology of overfriendliness”….except toward less naive Whites.

It’s WilliamsWhites vs FreeWhites, and from the current vantage it appears the WilliamsWhites have the upper philtrum.

We all know how this sad story ends; there’s no need for an exegesis. The Williams West succumbs to its pathological sympathy for the Other, the Other exploits the stunning naivete and empty-headed sanctimony signaling of the natives, and the Williams West becomes the Wasteland West.

Appendix: Once the WilliamsWhites are culled from power and influence (and perhaps from their land), the remaining FreeWhites are poised to recapture the West and rebuild it to its former glory. These remnant FreeWhites will be honed by natural and social selection pressures to be the baddest badboys which swooning White chicks have ever beheld, and a torrent of tingles unleashed by the oppressive patriarchy that follows will bring them to their senses…and knees.

But before all that happens, the shitlib Left will try their damnedest to afflict as many White Westerners as they can

with a form of Williams Syndrome as part of their campaign to terrorform the White West into a dystopia populated by amygdalopped Whites who show *no racial bias*.

Naturally, all nonWhites will get to keep their racial bias, and even exult in it, and if any White man dares object, it's off to the amygdalopping chamber with him.

***

From commenter TSD (possible sock of TSW),

> I looked this up and apparently only 20 to 30,000 people in United States are affected by this, and they are easily identifiable due to facial deformities.
>
> This can't possibly account for the general acceptance of liberalism, considering the fact that Hillary Clinton literally won the popular vote from millions of people, not 30,000.

Read the post more closely. I didn't write millions of shitlibs have Williams Syndrome; I wrote that they have something akin to a Williams Syndrome precursor or variant, which means by studying the genetics of Williams Syndrome we can theoretically unlock the genetics of whackjob shitlibs.

***

A pic of a real Williams Syndrome sufferer:

***

tteclod draws the obvious conclusion:

> *"They have abnormalities in the part of the brain known as the amygdala, which is involved in reading facial expressions and assessing threats. They are perhaps the only known group of people who show no racial bias."*
>
> …providing one more correlation between mental defect and absent racism.

Racism is normal, natural, and healthy. Antiracism is abnormal, unnatural, and self-eradicating.

***

From a reader,

> The group of genes responsible for this also appears to be at work in explaining differences in socialization between dogs and wolves (dogs have Williams Syndrome, wolves are German).

Fascinating.

You Can’t Get Away From It: Nation Is Race

CH · 30 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> I remember watching the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests.
>
> I kept asking myself “Why are the protestors so Asian??” pic.twitter.com/gsxuOSQmDh
>
> — Porter (@porter14159) January 28, 2019

One of the replies in that twatter thread,

> I wonder what **@jordanbpeterson** thinks about these “identity politics” protests in France? He must be horrified and sickened to his very core! To think that native French are rallying around identity politics in order to free themselves from their conditions. Individualism is key.

PS (((Alice Kantor)))?

***

Hooey comments,

> Here is an amusing thought experiment. Imagine a journey into the future for the typical white, urbanized, shitlib. Say he jumps ahead about four generations or so, to visit to his great-grandchildren. He will be shocked to see how racist they have become. He will be dismayed that the values on which he has based his life: diversity, inclusion, and tolerance, have so eroded in the moral hierarchy of his own family. The difference lies in the social situations of the present white man and the future white man. He had the luxury of egalitarian fantasies, because his education, position of (temporary, short-lived) demographic majority, and his location in a gentrified enclave have kept him far from his beloved POC. In his office at Globocorp, the only brown people he sees are the talented tenth of affirmative action hires who have passed through the disqualifying filters of natural intelligence, ambition, and academic hoop jumping. “They’re no different from me!” he assures himself with confidence. On his imaginary journey into the future, he will see that his lineage harbors no such illusions. They view his beloved diversity from the defensive position of a beleaguered, embattled minority, hated and resented. Their cities, now populated by a majority of Africans or Arabs, are afflicted by all the same chaos, dysfunction, and violence of Africa or the Middle East. Our hero will be shocked to see that his progeny have completely dispensed with the gospel of racial harmony and equality that he held so dear, for the simple reason that it is too naively dangerous for him to do so. There is a reason that open racism among whites is most prominent among Southern whites, and that is because the proportion of black populations is highest in the South. In the future, all whites will be Southern whites. Preventing this future, and sparing the delicate feelings of our poor time traveling shitlib friend, is what we work for.

The Alpha Male Anomaly

CH · 30 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Why do women in the company of alpha males act like anxious beta males? Weimar Republican explains,

> I noticed that women uniformly do this beta behavior thing that mimics beta males…if they have an alpha in their midst. They even white-knight for the alpha criminal because that same desperation (fear of lost opportunity that most men experience) uniformly sets in women even more intensely (than any lonely man could possibly experience) because having an alpha is an even rarer opportunity for a woman than for an InCel having a date with a Plain Jane is (pure numbers game: alpha criminals are few, Plain Janes are ubiquitous).
>
> Women have an even greater affinity for alpha criminal men than any man could possibly have for any woman…because he is such a refreshing anomaly. That is why women get themselves killed so predictably on exotic 'vacations' to 'discover themselves' or from 'domestic violence' or 'at the club.'
>
> They are seeking a specific (privileged, à la carte) type of sex: violent/degenerate/taboo because it gives them an invaluable dopamine-adrenaline buzz, just like a cocktail of potent alcohols/drugs will give you are variety of inebriation – women are constantly chasing that dangerous high, even long after they have 'settled down.' That desire never leaves them. Every woman without an alpha is effectively a dry-drunk jonesing for alpha criminal cock.
>
> She will always forgive his thuggish misbehavior to her busybody friends and concerned family, and even fend off the white knight interlopers coming to her rescue in public (that is why you always hear about how the 'victim' joins the 'brute' to tag-team the beta interloper every single time). She instantly triangulates that previous ignominious angst with her alpha BF violently onto the beta interloper, which is why she then further channels this new pugilistic energy into passionate sex with her forgiven alpha BF the second they make it back to the car. So the beta gets an accidental assist for prompting this, much to his chagrin.
>
> That is the difference: forgiveness…something a beta never has and never will experience because women existentially HATE beta males. They see them as a genetic threat, an invasive species, a hindrance to their reproductive strategy of mating with a violent Chad and birthing a litter of his bastard hellions.
>
> A beta is a nuisance at best to a woman because every moment a beta is distracting a woman with his bullshit shtick is a second she cannot invest in courting an alpha. Women are time-oriented creatures that literally operate like clockwork depending on the time of the month, what age they are, and even syncing up with the hive-minded female collective at work to form a blood moon during their fertile years – their entire genetic existence hinges on timing, so they are bound to be irritable with any man they have to 'deign' to even acknowledge.
>
> Women get so defensive of their 'abusers' (alpha lovers) that they will shield him from deadly alligators, cops etc. (the only time women cease to be dovish cowards and openly display legitimate self-sacrifice) because they are displaying the same chivalry towards perceived high-status value as a beta male/white knight/nice guy – the difference is men are attracted to this submissive, supplicating, protective-territorial (soothing) behavior, while women are rightly abhorred by this unbecoming, effeminate beta-signaling because it is deigning value and deferring status – no woman will tolerate such déclassé, unless she is slumming for a night at the club, the ghetto etc.
>
> Women hate beta males more than the forces of Natural Selection do in gradually erasing them from the sexual ecosystem because Darwinism is not fast enough for their IRL Tinder binary minds. If a woman is not attracted to a man, she wants him to either be perpetually invisible to society, while still being a productive worker-bee/'shrapnel-collector' (literally saw a 'conservative' woman refer to the male collective as that)…or she wants him to just die on the spot.
>
> That is why the comments you read suggesting that a man kill himself, 'leave women alone,' 'please do not

> reproduce' etc. stemming from the tiniest disagreements online are almost exclusively from women – women have a eugenic mind even for anonymous flame wars.
>
> They literally want beta males to disappear and die instantly. They want them to be executed for the crime of not being alpha. They want to free the violent alpha criminals from death row, and imprison the beta male goody-goodies instead. That is how women think and operate, and they never stop or discriminate because they have a one-track mind of reproductive success with the most violent kingpin.
>
> The way that society sobered these junkie hypergamous creatures (even before their first intake) was through strict patriarchal religion. The more pious the woman…the hornier she is. She is just holding it all back and channeling it into the abstract: a faithful love of God, the ultimate alpha (in her mind).

When alpha males are in short supply and rapidly decreasing in number, the few alphas left become anomalies women will treat like kings. Women operating under these conditions of extreme alpha male scarcity will also agitate for the mass invasion of rougher men to fill their groin void.

The head-knocking, swaggering, attitudinally criminal alpha male scarcity among White men is leading to a peculiar social dysfunction: White men are becoming the nurturing, vulnerable women they want, while White women are becoming the aggressive alpha males they need. This is why the chasm between the Western sexes is wider now than it has been in historical memory. The sexual polarity has been corrupted.

The modren alpha male does not even have to be a criminal to attract a swarm of attention from women. Noncriminal alpha males are becoming such a rarity that simply projecting an attitude of devil-may-care, aloof and indifferent ZFG entitlement will ring the bells of women who, as Weimer R wrote, are biosocially primed to identify, capture, and keep that kind of man, often going so far as to supplicate like a mewling beta male to prevent his leaving her.

Game Can Save Opioid Addicts

CH · 31 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In case you didn't already know that pharmaceutical sales is basically legal prostitution…

> Former stripper-turned-drug exec gave doctor lap dance while pitching painkiller, witness testifies
>
> A witness has testified that an ex-stripper-turned-drug company executive gave a doctor a lap dance as part of a sales pitch for an addictive fentanyl spray.
>
> Holly Brown, a former sales representative at Insys Therapeutics, said in federal court on Tuesday that her then-boss, Sunrise Lee, had been rewarding the Illinois doctor, identified as Paul Madison, who received the alleged dance for prescribing the powerful product to patients and paying him to speak at events, Reuters reported.
>
> But according to Brown, the events weren't educational, rather they were held at a Chicago restaurant owned by John Kapoor,

> founder and ex-chairman of Insys, and were attended by friends of Madison, not clinicians.
>
> Brown's testimony came as part of a federal investigation into whether the conduct of painkiller manufacturers and executives contributed to the nation's opioid epidemic. Lee, Kapoor, Michael Gurry, Richard Simon and Joseph Rowan face charges of racketeering and fraud in relation to conspiring to bribe doctors to push their powerful painkiller.

A few thoughts on Big Killer Pharma.

This Diversity-operated opioid scam skirts really close to the line of genocide. But hey, welcome to Woke America, where clannish cheating schemes, violated trust, and cavalier mass murder Are Who We Are.

Pharmagirls are whores, their pimps are drug makers, and the johns are doctors. The downscale Whites who get addicted to opioids and die young are the cost of doing business.

The crooked system works unhindered (until now) because Diversity Rools and because most doctors are beta nerds who cream their pants at the merest attention from a thot, so that's why pharma companies load up their sales force with sexy minxes. It's a repugnant business all around.

Which is why I say Game can save opioid addicts and even Western Civ. If more men become alpha (or at least less beta) and learned to control their thirst around hotties (which is what happens when a Game-savvy man has more

sexual market options), then these glorified whores wouldn't be able to sell their death drugs by the kiloton.

A reader adds,

> Inculcating the power of male thirst regulation is the cornerstone upon which we may build this church!

The Power of Male Thirst Regulation would make an excellent title for a social science research paper.

PS OT: The Senate voted 68 to 23 to keep US troops indefinitely in Syria and Afghanistan.

Fucking useless backstabbing Globalism First cucks. Apparently, the realignment is still in its infancy.

A Caravan Of Foreign Invaders

CH · 31 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is what foreign invasion looks like:

Literally an invading army marching under foreign flags.

> There are three migrant caravans headed to the United States' southern border with Mexico, according to top Pentagon official John Rood.
>
> Rood testified to the House Armed Services Committee on Tuesday that one of the caravans contains over 12,000 migrants.
>
> "Current information shows that a caravan of over 12,000 people — there's three that we are tracking, that the DHS is tracking en route, one that is over 12,000 by the latest estimate," said Rood, who is the under secretary of Defense for policy.

Redirect to Nancy Pelosi's home.

> Rood said there are currently more than 2,300 active duty troops at the southern border, down from a high of 5,900 in November.

"down"?

According to Pentagon officials, more active duty troops are on the way to bolster our border protection forces. I would like to see trebuchets deployed as well. By summer, I want 50,000 troops at the border and 300 miles of CONCRETE Wall completed. We can end all our foreign entanglements and redeploy the soldiers to our own border.

You know what Whites used to do to foreign invaders? Yeah, we need more of that old time school spirit.

PS If the beenlet keeds suffer, PARENTS' FAULT. Not America's problem. Not America's moral crisis. Got that,

White women?

Purity Vortex

CH · 31 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

WINTER CHAN KISS THIS LAND WITH YOUR FROSTY LIPS AND CAST OUT THE ONE SEASON ITINERANTS AND SUN-BAKED COLONIZERS

If inventions of the White man didn't exist, there's a very high probability that the polar vortex shattering records across the northern states would cull a disproportionate number of the resettled tropic-evolved gifts of love.

The best maul-right argument for addressing and reversing global warming* is that it will create an environment favorable to Whites and hostile to invasive tribes.

J.R. strips away the rhetorical fluff,

> Europe and North America were cold and hostile places
>
> we invented central heating, AC, supermarkets, and fast food
>
> so now you can easily make it 70 degrees all the time
> and have a constant and steady supply of cheap food
> that requires almost no effort or intelligence to acquire
>
> we've basically recreated Africa

Which means we've recreated a dysgenic breeding environment, which affects Whites as well.

HARD ENVIRONMENTS CREATE STRONG MEN
STRONG MEN CREATE EASY ENVIRONMENTS
EASY ENVIRONMENTS CREATE WEAK MEN
WEAK MEN CREATE HARD ENVIRONMENTS

From a reader,

> A single winter without modern heating and many northern states would be 99% founding stock again.

A snow-kissed lass.

Seasonal mood music: "Winter Chan".

PS Twatter has banned users from tweeting “Learn to Code” at fired whorenalists. From Aquinas,

> All effective rhetoric will be banned. It is a new axiom. If your online campaign does not end in some kind of banning, then you know it was not effective.

I’m strangely proud that I was among the first wave of Twatter bannings. (And then the second and third waves.)

PPS Since we’re on the subject of snow white purity, if demographic destruction is baked in the cake (see: France, Scandinavia, Anglosphere), then it stands to reason that many if not most of the beleaguered Whites in those rapidly transforming countries would respond by abjectly placating their POC replacements. Once the Fuggernaut becomes unmanageable (IT’S ALIVE) Whites will try to rationalize their dispossession absent the will to fight. “Not to worry, these new vibrant miseries imposed on us by a hostile elite are actually good for us! I’m so happy! Couldn’t be happier!” This is the shitliberalism central tenet. Defying this tenet means you are, in essence, calling out White shitlibs as cowards. That is why they screech in pain.

PPPS My soul is the North.

My heart is the South.

My head is the Midwest.

My erotic anime collection is the West.

***

*I won’t get into the thickets of anthropogenic global warming theory here, except to say that

a. the earth is likely warming a bit, but not as much as warmists claim.

b. humans are probably responsible for some of that warming, but exogenous sources such as solar cycles are downplayed or ignored by shitlibs.

c. shitlib laysoys and shitlib scientists exaggerate the threat (and goose the data when they think no one will hold them accountable — see: NASA, NOAA).

d. we are entering a solar minimum period which will counteract any global warming effects for the next thirty years or so.

e. detached polar vortices are theoretically explainable by current AGW theory (a smaller high latitude-low latitude gradient in upper air temperatures allows the jet stream to meander more wildly, allowing “pieces” of polar air to plunge southward), but of course shitlibs have poisoned the science by retroactively explaining any climate variation, hot or cold, wet or dry, as evidence of AGW.

f. AGW is the substitute religion for shitlibs, and like all zealots they have embraced the apocalyptic overtones of their religion and can’t tolerate heretics. Their AGW religion is rivaled in intensity of belief only by their race denialism religion.

g. In the meantime, the best solution to AGW is mitigation. That includes nuclear power, sea walls, and northward migration, among a bevy of other rational responses to the threat. It DOES NOT mean killing the modern economy by banning oil or requiring governments to give every person in the world a $7K subsidy to buy an electric car. Solar and wind power can fill energy niches, but can’t scale up without massive state subsidies. Batteries are of limited use and cause their own ecological problems. The only energy source, as of now, that can compete with oil in terms of EIEO, is nuclear. If a shitlib you know is against nuclear energy, then that shitlib is not serious about her global warming hysteria.

***

I’ll admit I laughed.

ruby
@telushk
Follow
White people definitely wear short sleeves in arctic weather as a racial flex. Make no mistake. “Y’all was laughing at my sunburn six months ago WHATS UP NOW??? NORDIC POWER”
11:15 AM - 30 Jan 2019
2,276 Retweets 9,407 Likes
82
2.3K
9.4K

Reframe Of The Day

CH · 31 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Europhobe

Europhobia

Hatred and fear of European-descended peoples.

Use it liberally.

Your Daily Game: Role Play

CH · 1 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In this post, I mentioned an effective line I used on a betty:

> A chick was giving me a hard time about my motives for talking to her. (Confession: they were impure motives.)
>
> I replied: “Unlike Harvey Weinstein, I won’t offer you a movie role for your company.”
>
> Verdict: an effective flirtation coup de grace.

Thug commented,

> Just tell her your a secret agent on a mission and you need her for cover. They know it’s bullshit but it starts the game…
>
> P.s. best not to mention creeps like Weinstein during maneuvers. Negative imagery.

Here I will agree with Thug that it’s generally good policy to avoid negative imagery or negative connotations when hitting on girls. But there are exceptions when the negative can become a positive. One type of girl in particular: the sasspot. (Think AOC or any garden variety bartendress like her). She’s funky, she’s flirty, and she’s caustic. She loves to cut a beta down, and loves it even more if he stays on his feet.

The sasspot feasts on dark energy. That’s why a Harvey Weinstein line can work on her; she gets a thrill up her eggs at any opportunity to express mock offense and draw attention to herself. (A wag at Breitbart called this “victim-hoaxing”. The old-timey term for it is “damsel in distress ruse”.)

I want to focus on the role play suggestion by Thug. It’s good, and role playing is an under-utilized arrow in the womanizer’s quiver.

GIRL: “You just want to get me in bed” or “You’re hitting on me, aren’t you?” (or some variation thereof)

Thug says to pose as a “secret agent on a mission” and tell the girl you need her for cover. That’s bruddy gud.

Similar-themed role plays I have done include:

GIRL: “You’re trying to get in my bantz.”

PHALLUS FROM THE OFFICE: “My ex is here, I need you to act like my date so I can make her jealous. Try not to get handsy, though, it’ll be too obvious.”

or

“My ex is stalking me and she’s here, I’m gonna need you to run point for me and look like you’d stab a bitch if she gets too close to me.”

Role play for a roll in the hay. Chicks dig creative men who can act whimsical and not give a damn if it risks offending women.

PS STILL CUMMING

In the past 10 days, a slew of shitlib clickbait outfits had mass firings.

PuffedHo and Yahoo laid off 800.

Feedbuzz laid off 200.

And just today, Vice laid off 250.

tfw can't decide between a

or a

PPS a send-off lulz:

> It's time we told Literally Hitler NO. You are NOT ending any wars!
>
> — Roccam's Occam (@RoccamSoccam) January 31, 2019

> This senate that can't repeal Obamacare, defund Planned Parenthood, or pass a budget. But God help you if you want to bring our boys home. They'll lock shields and fight like lions for the right to kill your son in Afghanistan.
>
> — Doctor Jesse Kelly (@JesseKellyDC) January 31, 2019

The Four Kinds Of Male Loneliness

CH · 4 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Are men lonelier now than they have been in the past? What is the nature of male loneliness? Does it differ in quality from female loneliness? Is an epidemic of loneliness a harbinger of social collapse? Can loneliness be a force for good?

These are important questions that never get asked in our anti-male climate of hate, except among dissidents for the truth. Zero HP Lovecraft wrote a fantastic Twatter thread on the topic, which I will reprint in full here.

> I was reading in an old book yesterday, and the author remarked, only in passing, that young men in particular tend to feel very lonely. It's striking and shocking that he could say a very obvious thing like this without "evidence", which is an appeal to authority
>
> If you make a statement about the nature of men or women, there is a kind of luminary who will come out of the woodwork to ask, incredulously, "evidence?!" as if she would read a scientific paper and change her mind, as if social science research were anything but fiat
>
> But back to loneliness, and obviousness. Things that once were obvious are now quite hidden; we have rejected the wisdom of the past in favor of modern ideas. Who could doubt that we, from our vantage point atop a mountain of smart phones, know better than all of our ancestors?
>
> (There is a treasure we can find in modernity, which was denied to people as recently as 2 generations ago; the joy of discovery. All literary works written prior to the 20th c. have been so defamed and hidden that we may discover them anew, as if we were the first to read them)
>
> I was thinking about loneliness, and the loneliness that a young man feels, and I think he feels lonely in three distinct ways.
> **1. He feels loneliness for a woman.**
> **2. He feels loneliness for a brotherhood.**
> **3. He feels loneliness for a lord, which we may think of as being for god**
>
> And these three types of loneliness are not commutative, and the satiation of one will amplify the emptiness from the others.

Fulfillment of one desire has the curious property of reminding a man of other desires still unfulfilled. How often among you, men readers, have you felt the pang of lost male friendship or dispiriting purposelessness right at the moments in life you were most sexually satisfied with a rotating queue of eager beavers?

> And in modernity we men have been forced to pretend that these feelings are inconsequential, or wicked, or non-existent, respectively
>
> We have been told that these three forms of loneliness that a man feels are instances of "toxic masculinity," and the cure for these problems is supposed to be a systematic abandonment of masculine ways of thinking and being
>
> Our loneliness, they say, comes from our alienation from our feelings. Women, who are obviously "in touch" with their feelings, do not have OUR problems, but because we "suppress" our feelings, our suffering traps us, and we even impose it on women!
>
> *The component of male lived experience that is wholly unaccessible to women, more than any other, is the colossal and abyssal apathy of the universe towards you. Women cannot relate to this, except perhaps women of exceptional ugliness, childless crones, and FtM transexuals*

AKA the Fundamental Premise.

My friends, we lack the language to articulate the magnitude of this monstrous insult, but fortunately I have been blessed by the good lord with the gift of the gab, so let me see if I can elucidate.

Kant taught us that an object is monstrous if by its magnitude, it annihilates the end that its concept constitutes. This means that a thing can become so vast as to become incomprehensible, and then we can no longer discern its telos, its purpose

First, the loneliness that we feel for a woman, we are told, is a case of entitlement, which is an unjust belief that one deserves something. We are not supposed to suppress our pains, we are supposed to "be vulnerable", but only in ways that women have prescribed

Only an entitled loser who can't get laid would ever express the pain that he feels from his hardships attracting a woman, of course. So this is not a pain we are allowed to feel, because this pain imposes on women, even if only in general. Only "toxic" males feel this pain

Second, the loneliness that we feel for a brotherhood, we are told, is an engine of oppression and exclusion. When men are allowed to form mens' organizations, they use them to systematically exclude women from power and influence. Therefore, all male spaces must be denatured

In this program for society, any group of men assembling together for any reason must be seen with suspicion. If men do wish to associate on the basis of shared masculine interests, the only option they have is informal purposeless groups built around an interest in drinking

But men need male friendship, and in particular, they need to be able to struggle together towards mutual goals. No one ever questions that women might have or pursue this need, but if men express a desire for exclusively male spaces, they are defamed as gay or misogynistic

Third, there is the loneliness that we feel for a lord, which is the desire to follow a worthy leader. This is the hardest to understand, especially in America, where we are taught that all leaders are evil, and that the ideal is to be "free," which means to be leaderless

If there are leaders, we are told, there will be abuses of power, and somehow it would be better that the whole world devolve into a centerless shamble than for even one person ever to abuse their power. And no one even thinks of the abuses we suffer at the hands of the void

In older times, the pain of having no lord was well known, as in the famous Anglo-Saxon elegy "The Wanderer", a poet laments:

Since long years ago
I hid my lord
in the darkness of the earth,
and I, wretched, from there
travelled most sorrowfully
over the frozen waves

I have shared this fragment of a poem with you because I believe that verse can awaken us to an emotion we had hidden in ourselves, even when we had no awareness or language with which to find it.

Nearly everyone wants to follow a strong and powerful leader, though many are unaware of it. Leading is very hard, and it weighs heavily on the soul. Only a truly callous person could carry the burden of leadership without feeling its weight

To follow a great leader is far more freeing than the filthy rags that leftists have the shamelessness to call "emancipation". Sartre referred to the awareness that you alone bear responsibility for your actions as nausea.

If a truly great leader appeared, if a man could truly tell us the way to be, if he could preach a gospel of radiant power, most would gladly follow. But we see no leaders like that today. You would gladly be a sheep for the right shepherd, my friends. It would be so liberating

> To compensate for our lordlessness, we fall into the worship of celebrities, or CEOs, or politicians, or even twitter gurus, and we build a proxy of the aura of a leader; a little from here, a little from there, never quite filling the gap
>
> We men are guilty of suppressing our emotions! That's what they say. But is a child guilty of suppressing his incontinence? Is shame not the right reaction when you piss yourself in public? (Oh god, that's ableist!) If we showed you our true emotions, you would shriek ever louder

Women don't want to know what men really feel and think. The knowledge would poison their hearts if it didn't first scare them stiff.

> We do not have your PERMISSION to tell you of our loneliness. These emotions do grievous harm to you: the need for a woman, the need for brothers, the need for god. These emotions oppress you, my love, and when I say "my love" I refer to all women everywhere, truly
>
> In the deranged thought of the devil, all differences between men and women are seen as aberrations. Man does not emerge from the womb fully formed; to be worthy, he must be tempered, and the shame he is made to feel for showing weakness is part of the fire that forges him
>
> The proper emotions of man are not the emotions of weakness, which are the emotions of children, and which are suitable for women, because they must raise children and be among children, the better to empathize WITH their children.
>
> And again, man does not emerge from the womb fully formed, which is why he must learn mastery of his emotions just as he must learn mastery of his bladder. Only the most contemptible kind of idiot imagines that induction into manhood could come without pain, or without sacrifices
>
> This is what they want to take from you! Is it pleasant for the block of marble to be struck by the sculptor's chisel? Do you think order, and prosperity, and security could come without a cost?
>
> *In our soft androgynized city lives it can be hard to see the value in masculine strength, which is developed through galvanizing pain. Certainly the only people in our nice safe neighborhoods who live by violence are poor and low status. We must unequivocally renounce them*
>
> Feminists call the structure of society the "the big Other" and by this they mean all social orders are antagonistic to them. When a father teaches rules to his child, they call this castration. Could anything be more alien, more alienating, or more opposed to life and humanity?
>
> Every time this topic comes around, I see people asking, "what about toxic femininity?" I'll solve the puzzle for you. Toxic femininity already has a name in polite society: they call it feminism.

I'd add a fourth kind of male loneliness: the loneliness he feels for the man he has yet to become.

Thwarted passion, a decision to avoid a risky venture, procrastination…these things will deprive a man of the ideal he always strives toward, and in the depths of that deprivation he will feel lonely for the company, and the mentorship, of his idealized self.

Game — learned charisma — will help relieve at least three of the four kinds of male loneliness. A more charismatic man will attract women, will be admired by other men, and will advance towards his idealized self.

Only the loneliness for a lord, or a leader, resists the panacea of Game, because inherent in Game is pride, a necessary salve for a generation of men soaked in the soyjuice of toxic feminism, but nevertheless a salve that contraindicates the humility required to accept a lord in one's life, and to follow him. However, this natural opposition is superficial and short-lived, because a newfound, deeper pride is summoned when a man has purpose, and a banner under which to fight.

***

One more thing I'll add. Men want to be part of something larger. Women don't have that urge, at least not in the way it's expressed and felt in men. If men are denied participation in a greater calling, they feel the loneliness for numbers 2, 3, and 4 (brotherhood, lord/leader, idealized self or, as a commenter pessimistically put it, the man he could have been). This is why vapid consumerism and obsession with the gossipy mundane doesn't fulfill men like it does women. Men are outward-focused; women are inward-focused. Evolution has seen to it that women, as the generators and nurturers of family, direct their attention to close interpersonal relationships and are unmoved by the callings that speak to men.

Sure, you could say the pussyhatters — predominantly comprised of middle-aged catladies and bitter post-wall shrews with a smattering of quasi-female soyboy lackeys — are an example of women being part of something larger than themselves and their tiny fiefdoms, but you'll notice how quickly the energy of that movement fizzled, and that's because it wasn't about working together to achieve a goal or realize a shared vision; it was about venting.

Women are unhappier than they have ever been, but the source of their loneliness is the severing of those family bonds and generational continuities that they are stewards over and which give women meaning in their lives.

I firmly believe that the fight against globohomoism is today's greater calling that will stir White men to embrace once again the primal virtues which reverberate in men's souls.

The Politics Of The Sneer

CH · 4 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> The rich use their wealth to build personal walls, so they sneer at those who can not.
>
> The poor and middle class pool their wealth to build national walls, so they get sneered at by those who need not.
>
> — Porter (@porter14159) February 3, 2019

The Rejected Woman

CH · 5 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From Jay, a field report demonstrating the power of female preselection.

> I once saw a beautiful woman turn from flashing a gorgeous, sexy smile at a friend-zoned guy she knew had been in love with her to falling to pieces, her voice wobbling and the colour draining from her face, when she realised the stunning girl standing behind him was actually his new girlfriend.
>
> I am talking total loss of composure, her frame shattered… she even said – and I quote her verbatim – "my life is up in the air now".
>
> The guy went on to marry the stunner and the fallen-to-bits girl went on to marry another man, but she happened to be in a supermarket with her new husband when she saw the friendzoned guy and his stunner wife there too. And her reaction? She started to kiss the face off her husband in front of the other couple.
>
> Strange creatures, are women.

This isn't so strange once you learn what makes women tick.

First, women know the score, their "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" platitudes to the contrary notwithstanding. Women know that their coin of the realm is their youthnbeauty. They know it consciously, they know it instinctually, and they know it soulfully. That's why they have rationalization hamsters to spin away all that ego-crushing knowing.

So when a cocktease LJBF queen sees her beta orbiter in the arms of a hotter woman, she realizes on a primal level that she has been bested, and that perhaps she fucked up by not upgrading the former beta orbiter to an alpha reentry.

Second, the LJBF queen's egregious public display of affection for her obviously second-rate husband whom she settled for in a fit of desperation is a common reaction among women when they bump into the lost but not forgotten alpha male of their dreams while out with their beta boy. The stark contrast in her feelings for the two men which is triggered by the impromptu meeting impels the woman to slobber over her beta hubby because, one, it assuages her guilt for desiring another man; two, it advertises (falsely, in the bravado) domestic tranquility and no regrets; three, it attempts to assure the other woman that LJBF girl does not covet her husband (which is a form of female neg); four, it conveys to the alpha male that she is HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY with her own man to spare her ego and prevent the alpha from enjoying "hand"; five, it deludes her to imagine she really didn't lose anything by choosing her current beau over the former beta orbiter-turned-alpha with the hotter wife ("If I'm hungrily kissing him, he must be the best I can get"); and, six, it is a subconscious manifestation of her mate filtering urge to provoke jealousy in a higher value man and give her the external validation she craves that she is still sexy and desired by him.

All of these motivations occur at lightning-speed pace, as her synapses are firing off recklessly trying to make sense of the moment and of her suddenly activated libido. She's not aware of the hindbrain processes at work in the background, but she doesn't need to be for that ol' Darwinian imprint to whirr and buzz to life as it works under the strain of achieving the goal of minimizing the assault on her SMV and maximizing the stroking of her ego.

FYI, this is related to the peculiar phenomenon of pre-finality sex, in which a woman about to dump a man will have bed frame-shattering sex with him the night before she lowers the boom. Enjoying one last bout of familiarity fornication is her way of finding "closure" and moving on without wondering if she made the wrong decision.

Neo-Victorianism Or Gynarcho-Tyranny?

CH · 5 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The Tampon Mob is coming after men. Kavanaugh was the first fusillade in the war against White men.

> When campus activists argue against the Trump administration's due-process guidelines, they are arguing *for* the power of campus administrators to punish (mainly) young men for alleged acts on or off campus without cross-examination, without seeing available evidence, without a live hearing, and under definitions of the alleged offenses far broader than those that apply under relevant law.

Some people call this neo-Victorianism. I call it Gynarcho-Tyranny. The difference? Gynarcho-Tyranny absolves women of any accountability while punishing men for invisible infractions that offend the accusatory whims of women.

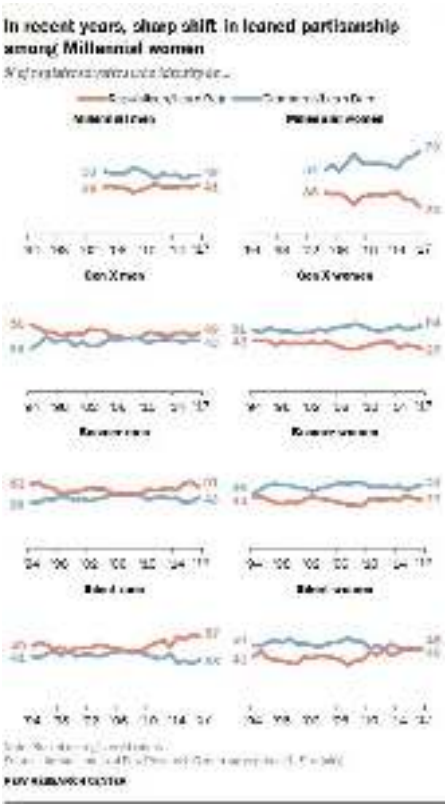
Victorianism placed a lot of social restrictions on women AND men. Gynarcho-Tyranny places those restrictions on men but allows women the freedom to explore their feral sexuality without shame or censure. This is lop-sided treatment that is bound to further corrode relations between the sexes.

We aren't revisiting the age of Victorianism; we're entering a new age of Misandrism. Anyone who denies this is willfully ignorant or malicious.

Women are unhappy, but instead of reflecting on the choices they make in their personal lives and at the voting booth and how those choices have contributed to their unhappiness, they have decided at the behest of their Narrative gatekeepers to direct all their incoherent rage against men, specifically White men.

And it's showing up in Shrillennials, who are separating by sex into antagonistic camps.

> 70% of Millennial women voters identify with or lean to the Democratic Party, up from 56% four years ago https://t.co/dBuKkbHXBj pic.twitter.com/15VIh6vDWX
>
> — Pew Research Center (@pewresearch) February 3, 2019



This isn't controlled for race, so one has to assume the browning of America in the past two-three decades accounts for some proportion of the leftward lurch among Shrillennial women.

Nevertheless, the trends are apparent, and disheartening for red pilled White knights. Women in every generation except Silents (the oldest generation) have turned to the Snark Side. Female Millennial bluehairs and brownbears have lurched so far Left they may as well be concubines at pantifa BBC cuck parties.

The oldest women — the Silents — know what has been lost, and what we are rapidly losing, and they have responded by being the only female generation to turn Rightward. This generation is probably also the Whitest.

But we knew all this already.

What we didn't know, perhaps, is the gumption and fortitude remaining in a contingent of normal-T Millennial men.

Men in general are more Republican — and more right-wing — that are women, but unlike their women the Millennial men have shifted a little bit away from the Left and to the Right. (Boomers and Gen X men have both shifted to the Left. Silent men are as based as you'd expect interpolating from their women.)

Diversity can't explain this (unless there are more vibrant females than vibrant males in America). The shift is small, but notable, as it comes in the headwinds of their women marching frantically in the opposite direction.

What gives? It's the Misandry. Millennial men are at the front lines of this Cunt'th Wave Feminist orgy of man-hate, and they recoil in fear and disgust.

It's the Diversity. White Millennial men are watching their women lay with the Other in historically record numbers. No matter how shitlib the male shitlib, there is still a spark of life in his atrophied soyheart that stirs indignantly when his women are pillaged by invading tribesmen.

And it's the Sexual Market Restructuring. Millennial men are standing idly by as their beta bux are strip mined by a corrupted social contract, by student loan debt, by a services economy favoring HR gossips, and by mass immigration gutting their wages and pricing them out of the livable housing market to feed a voracious urban shrew maw that sacrifices its prime fertility years and partial birth aborted children to alpha fux and credentialist gluts.

I welcome this Separation, for in it we will find Clarity, and an open view of the Battlefield and of the nature of our Enemy.

If Millennial men — the most pozzed and soyed generation of men in American history — are beginning to wake up, hang on, because that portends a much bigger change over the horizon…

Late Stage Imperium Recruitment

CH · 6 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> My god how the mighty have fallen.
>
> The U.S. Army hopes this video of rapping soldiers will help recruit gen-Z.
>
> Hopefully gen-Z doesn't want to die needlessly in ZOG wars. pic.twitter.com/dZtcEbsFCa
>
> — F_____ (@F_____100) February 3, 2019

No further comment is necessary.

How To Pass A Girl's Emasculation Test

CH · 6 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter Curing Yellow Fever inadvertently posed an interesting Game challenge in his anecdote about the Rejected Woman of his life.

> When my ex decided to dump me for Mr Sir-Cad-Lifts-Alot, I had a rebound I tried to start with another Filipina chick at the gym, who wasn't as good looking but had the goods in all the right places.
>
> She was bubbly, full of fun and always wanted to hang out. We were out in the city one night and after leaving the bar (mind you we had been drinking and grinding all up on each other) she pulled a stunt as we passed a group of dudes that I'll never forget.
>
> "Hey you'll always be my best friend!!"
>
> I heard some snickering from the guys, and realized despite my attempts I was still a hard beta, hurt by a former relationship and struggling to find my way.
>
> I flirted with her a few more weeks, and finally ended up ghosting her after giving it another shot.
>
> Fast forward 3 years later, meeting a huwyhte chick who IMO doesn't have the fantastic looks of the flip, but she has a rock solid family, great core values, is a hard worker and not only became my wife but gave me a beautiful baby girl.
>
> We bumped into said flip chick at a get together one evening with a bunch of people from the gym, and CH could have not been anymore truer. She saw the two of us, the rock on her finger, everyone congratulating us on the baby, and she immediately began hanging all over her acquaintance (a n3groid no doubt) and showing massive amounts of pda.
>
> Her IG is routinely pics of her going to foreign beaches and hanging with the dark locals. We all know where that leads.

That publicly traumatizing shit test — "Hey you'll always be my best friend!!" — as she and CYF passed by a group of chads, is a special kind of female microcastration I call the Emasculation Test.

She does it because she wants to send two unmistakable messages. The first message, to the chads, is that she is on the market. The second message, to CYF, is don't get any ideas about us.

It's humiliating, and that's the intent. She wants her available sexuality announced in the loudest, unequivocal terms, and if that means crushing the soul and manhood of her beta orbiter in front of a snickering audience of would-be suitors, she'll do it, because one of her worst fears is to be mistaken for a girl who SETTLED for a beta male.

I don't want to dump on CYF here, because many men have been in similar situations, and have come out of it, like he did, the better. Few men haven't had a beta backslide at times. But it would be useful for men to know how to respond to Emasculation Tests, to come out on top in the present rather than at some unforeseen point in the future.

I'm here to help. Preferably, I would, as usual, default to Agree&Amplify.

Girly Minion: "Hey you'll always be my best friend!!"

Irresistible You: "You got that right!"

Along this theme:

To the group of dudes, "Don't listen to her, she's just a friend of a friend."

You could break her self-confident state with a crass reply:

Girly Minion: "Hey you'll always be my best friend!!"

Irresistible You: “Is that what you’re calling butt sex now?”

There’s Disqualification:

Girly Minion: “Hey you’ll always be my best friend!!”

Irresistible You: “Whoa, settle down. We’re not there yet.”

And absurdist humor:

Girly Minion: “Hey you’ll always be my best friend!!”

Irresistible You: “…for me to poop on!”

If you’re comfortable with physicality, you could gently push her toward the dudes and tell them she’s all theirs, because you’re tired of the headache.

Ideally, you don’t want to put yourself in situations where Emasculation Tests are a possibility. That means avoid beta orbiting and always try to close the deal sooner rather than later. You open yourself to withering bitch attacks by strolling around in public for weeks on end with a girl you haven’t yet kissed but desperately want to bang. That’s not swooping a woman off her feet, it’s sniveling at a woman’s feet.

***

This is a valuable PSA from The Doctor:

> I’ll note that having a girl grinding on you is not necessarily the ioi it looks like. Yes there are times when she’s desperate to get your attention because you are soooo zfg (I remember being in a club once watching a hard 8 grinding on a 6’6″ super jock who looked bored beyond belief. She just looked worried.)
>
> But for the most part she’s getting validation and you’re just getting blue balls. So basically she’s using you for her personal power trip. Converting grinding into actual PIV sex is a lot harder than it looks. In a way, it’s a supreme piece if beta bait, cause if you are looooooving it, you come off a bit desperate and she knows she has solid hand.
>
> Best in this case, is anywhere a woman seems to be actively seeking your arousal but is not clearly supplicating, is to push her away. Better to hold out for real sex than give into her control frame where she seems to be leading the sexual escalation. The teaser is in control. The teas-ee is not. With rare exceptions, grinding, especially from sub 7s is ego stroking and nothing more. Ignore her beauty. Ignore her ass in your crotch, and you’ve really got something.

Spot on. Bump n grind is major beta chump bait. You should be pushing the girl off you after a short grind session, or don’t even bother with it at all.

Remember one of the golden rules of Game: Flip the script. Be the chasee, not the chaser.

***

Commenters offered a gold mine of replies that would nuke a chick’s emasculation test.

> Krauser had the nuclear neg which I have also used to great effect. He describes an HB9 he was with who was constantly shite testing him.
>
> To paraphrase, he looks at her and chuckles. She becomes curious and asks what’s on his mind.
>
> “Three things…I like phoqueing you no doubt about that… secondly you do have an interesting personality….” He pauses and her eyes perk up waiting for the third thing.
>
> “It’s just that I don’t know if I really like you as a person.”
>
> Try this sometime. It’s devastating. The girl immediately starts qualifying herself.

> ***
>
> H:”Hey you’ll always be my best friend!!”
> M: “I got plenty of friends already”
>
> ***
>
> “I don’t like you enough to be your friend”

The beauty of that line is how it totally neutralizes a girl’s natural advantage — her sexuality — and forces her to compete for his attention using her personality.

> “Do i know you?”

LMAO

> Flip Her Over: “Hey you’ll always be my best friend!”
>
> Cadhole: “Duh! You’re one of the guys, bro. High five!”
>
> ***
>
> Girly Minion: “Hey you’ll always be my best friend!!”
>
> My reply would be : “Oh good, I’m off the hook”.

Great job, denizens.

When a girl tries the friendzone gambit on me, I like to say “you wish” or “since when are we friends? I hardly know you” or “we can’t be friends. you’re a girl”. (FYI I noticed a commenter posted a similar line.)

The theme of all these lines is the same: smashing her frame and replacing it with your own frame. She’s no longer the hot commodity cooly gathering orbiters; she’s the bitchy nobody who hasn’t yet earned your interest.

Poptarts wonders how a man is supposed to have these quippy one liners at the ready all the time.

> If you could predict a girl would say that, you could say all those things back to her. No man is expecting a girl to just say that out of nowhere walking by some other dudes. Poor guy was probably in shock. I’m always thinking of great things to say AFTER the fact. I guess when you are hanging with a girl you always have to be prepared for the shit test, diss etc. Damn. That was savage.

Sure, which is why the best way to predict what a girl might say at any given time is to gain a lot of experience with girls. You’ll start to notice patterns in how girls behave, what they say, how they say it, when they say it, and eventually you’ll get the knack for bantering in the style of a zfg jerklord that girls love.

Look, I’ve explained this before but it bears repeating. The take home lesson of posts like this one isn’t the lines you memorize. Those lines are crutches, meant to help get you through common traps that girls set for aspiring alphas, and should be viewed as supplements to your primary objective, which is an improvement in your ATTITUDE. Once you have that outcome independent, care-free asshole attitude on lock, the lines will come naturally, and will be automatically fitted to the context. The experience with women plus the alpha attitude that grows out of that experience minimizes the times you’ll be caught flat-footed or shocked by some girl’s shit test. What will happen instead is that your heart rate will barely budge, your sweat glands will remain dry, your tongue nimble, your blood pressure stable, and your smirk of amused mastery undisturbed as the zfg lines fall from your lips like a sonnet. You won’t have to think about how to reply to a friendzone request. You’ll simply shoot back, “You wish”. Or, if the girl is really cunty, “Who bitch this is?”. And it will feel as natural as taking an erotic dump on a pussyhat slut.

Amazon Pine

CH · 7 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

You know what makes my day? When a globohomo capital-stripping small business-destroying scumbag cock-eyed oligarch monopolist open borders billionaire whines about his dick pic being released by America's foremost legitimate newspaper run by friends of the billionaire's Prime Enemy, Presidente Trump.

Hey Jeffie, dick pics die in darkness!

Here's Bezos Boner's blog poast wherein he publicly weeps about the National Enquirer blackmailing him with threats to publish his dik piks texted to his over-the-hill mudsharking spinstress.

> Federal investigators and legitimate media have of course suspected and proved that Mr. Pecker has used the Enquirer and AMI for political reasons. And yet AMI keeps claiming otherwise:
>
> *"American Media emphatically rejects any assertion that its reporting was instigated, dictated or influenced in any manner by external forces, political or otherwise."*
>
> Of course, legitimate media have been challenging that assertion for a long time…

"Legitimate media". This bugman is really butthurt about Trump and half of America calling his bought-and-paid-for rag Fake News.

> Here's a piece of context: My ownership of the Washington Post is a complexifier for me.

"Complexifier" is not a word in English.

> It's unavoidable that certain powerful people who experience Washington Post news coverage will wrongly conclude I am their enemy.

LMAO at this lame CYA. "Experience Washington Post news" sounds like a marketing slogan for a themed sex toy retailer.

> President Trump is one of those people, obvious by his many tweets.

Every one of those tweets has gotten under Bezos Boner's skin.

> Also, The Post's essential and unrelenting coverage of the murder of its columnist Jamal Khashoggi is undoubtedly unpopular in certain circles.

Khashoggi was a Moslem Brotherhood mouthpiece and a PR tool for the Qatari government. He was not a "journalist" by any definition that doesn't include the word "whore".

CEO Dik Pic wants us all to think he doesn't direct or influence the reporting at the Bezos Post-Op, which he owns by the short and curlies. This is a lie. Bezos could fire every shitlib reporter working at the Post and replace them all with right-wing nationalists tomorrow if he wanted, but he doesn't because under his tutelage he has preferred to turn the Post into a Trump Deranged dishrag publishing nonstop yellow journalism that fluffs the globalist billionaire class while crapping on the middle and working class Americans who voted for Trump to do something about the real threat to democracy posed by deracinated, cheap labor loving oligarchs like Bezos and by a lying, malevolent, agenda-driven Fake News media propaganda juggernaut.

> Man who extorted the entire book publishing industry and immiserated midlist authors is indignant at having his d.k pix used as a bargaining chip. https://t.co/iz6mpn6rdk
>
> — Sam Schulman كافرا ن (@Sam_Schulman) February 8, 2019

I'm still laughing!

A commenter at Sailer's scoffs at the accusation made by the Bitch Bezos,

> Bezos really needs to lay off the T injections. Not only is he sexting like a teenager when he is the leader of global mercantile empire, but he is completely mishandling this matter with *National Enquirer*. First of all, Bezos knows shipping books, but I doubt he can manipulate sleaze and backstabbing like *National Enquirer* and Trump.
>
> Bezos has private investigators going after *National Enquirer* and he is threatening lawsuits and subpoenas. *National Enquirer* responds that they have more embarrassing materials that they could publish, but are refraining to do so. *National Enquirer* is engaging in a settlement negotiation where both parties release their respective claims and *National Enquirer* would agree to refrain from publishing the incriminating photos. This is hardly a blackmail attempt.
>
> Bezos is embarrassing himself because no one is willing to tell him no and critically, in the age of Trump, Bezos knows that the media will have his back regardless of how foolish he is acting. Much like the Clinton presidential campaign, there is no negative media feedback loop to keep Bezos in check and thus he is getting out over his skis.

Bezos is the kind of guy who would destroy an industry — book store retailers — by exploiting a middleman online niche and exercising monopsonist power over suppliers, then buy back the vacant stores he destroyed and sell books out of them under the brand Amazon Books. Oh wait, he did that!

PS Kamala Harris, Stalinist:

> She is telling us what is coming.
>
> This is our future.
>
> A "matter of national security" means secret courts, review of your online data, paramilitary raids, enhanced interrogations, and black site prisons.
>
> I am trying to be as clear as I can.
>
> This is not a drill. pic.twitter.com/8QrIjfzieP
>
> — Hermes (@HermesDiaktoros) February 6, 2019

***

yewotm8 comments,

> All the [sex] photos are of him. She didn't even send any nudes? That's the most striking beta tell here.

Deep State Update

CH · 7 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Chuck Ross, the best reporter in America, has a bombshell story about Fusion GPS's furtive connections to that infamous Trump Tower meeting back in 2016.

REPORT: BANK FLAGGED 'SUSPICIOUS' PAYMENTS TO LOBBYIST WHO WORKED WITH FUSION GPS AND ATTENDED TRUMP TOWER MEETING

- **The bank for Russian-born lobbyist Rinat Akhmetshin flagged hundreds of thousands of dollars in his account as suspicious in 2016 and 2017.**
- **Akhmetshin worked closely with Fusion GPS in 2016 and was also one of the attendees of the infamous Trump Tower meeting.**
- **Akhmetshin worked for Fusion GPS to investigate the lobbyist behind the Magnitsky Act, which was discussed at the Trump Tower meeting.**

Wells Fargo in 2017 flagged half a million dollars in wire transfers and bank deposits to the account of Rinat Akhmetshin, a Russian-born lobbyist who has worked closely with opposition research firm Fusion GPS and also attended the infamous Trump Tower meeting.

Things that make you go hmm….

Reminder that Fusion GPS is the oppo research firm hired by Hillary "thecunt" Clinton's law firm Perkins Coie, which enlisted former British spy Christopher Steele to make up a phony dossier implicating Trump in Russian collusion that was then used as the justification for the FBI to spy on the Trump campaign.

And now we know one of the Russians at that Trump Tower meeting worked for Fusion GPS. Was Akhmetshin a Deep State asset, planted at that meeting to provide the reason to a FISA court to allow the DOJ/FBI/CIA to spy on Trump? Could be!

Huge. Scandalous. High treason. And as usual the chaimstream media will ignore it or mention it in a three second blurb with the snide “without any evidence” dismissal.

Remediation Vs Accelerationism

CH · 7 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Igor asks,

> Who is more useful for Heritage America: Trump or AOC and the other third world socialist Dems? It can be argued the latter will be more effective in draining the swamp when they bankrupt the US. And they are not beholden to Israel. The right won't fight so burn it all down by giving the left free reign.

Great question. Igor is asking if the better course for America is gradual remediation or immune-system activating accelerationism.

The jury is still out on the eventual impact of Trumpism, but two years in I admit my growing doubts about the "slow but steady" course correction avenue have tarnished my post-2016 election optimism. It's a race against time, and the Horde, the Pussyhatters, the enemy media, and the [special people] aren't letting up on the gas. My doubts are stoked by the sad but predictable reality of cucked Whites tentatively putting a glove in the ring, and then instantly withdrawing from the fight as soon as they get patted on the head for mouthing yet another Diversity Uber Alles nostrum, or harshly disciplined for daring to flirt with a White-aware dialectic.

Igor says the Right won't fight. The Maul-Right will fight, and has been fighting. But we are slandered when we aren't strategically ignored. Our numbers, however reflective they are of a larger Weltanschauung slowly forming among Whites in general, are still tiny, and without the Narrative control and, hence, electoral impact that another tiny but disproportionately influential group maintains for itself.

If the Maul-Right is doomed to rump status, and the Normie-Whites won't shake off their cuck shackles in time to make a difference to the current trajectory of America, then Trump may have already outlived his usefulness. If BoomerTrump continues his depressing merge with the Uniparty establishment, then he could even become a liability. We aren't there yet, so don't freak out. A litmus test is coming….the Wall. Any Wall-for-amnesty deal means Trump is fully converged. If he declares a national emergency to build the Wall, then hope remains.

It's too early to give a verdict one way or the other on the Remediation vs Accelerationism question, but Igor is right to worry about a weakened opposition that fights just enough to give false hope to Heritage Americans but not nearly enough to actually thwart the evil designs of the leftoid fuggernaut.

As we watch the rapid disintegration of our culture, the pathologization of the sane, the normalization of the degenerate, and the bastardization of our rhetoric intensify and accelerate, even a level-headed surveyor of the coming aPOCalypse like yours truly begins to wonder if an explicitly anti-White AOCataclysm is the stiff medicine America needs to purge the globalist cancer encroaching from every direction.

A total collapse of the financial system and the closest thing to national bankruptcy we can get might be the needed shock that triggers the necessary immune response. Otherwise, the morphine drip of iPhags and porn and cheap carbs will keep dong their job of suppressing our immune response as the disease painlessly rots our vitals.

The Perfidious Jabba

CH · 7 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Progressive America needs a rogue billionaire to sponsor the construction of a few cities in Montana and the Dakotas to level the senate playing field.
>
> Wouldn't take too many new residents to swing low-population stages.
>
> — Matthew Yglesias (@mattyglesias) February 6, 2019

A commenter quipped,

> "Wouldn't it be great if multi-billion dollar corporations could save us from the voters?"

Let's clear the air about what motivates Fatty Yglesias. He viscerally hates White Christians.

I'm a firm believer that hate should be returned in kind, so here's a suggestion:

Retributive America needs a rogue billionaire to sponsor the relocation of Third World migrants into Fatty Y's neighborhood block, and set a few hundred of them up in his $1.2 million DC condo.

It wouldn't take too many new vibrant residents to swing densely-populated shtetls into unlivable shitholes.

***

Another commenter,

> Montana is 89.4% white. Those whites vote conservatively. You're fine with taking power from them by transplanting a population that will not vote like them. It's just interesting that this is morally fine, and republicans acting against this hypothetical scenario is wrong.

First, capitalize Whites. (Leave all other race designations uncapitalized.)

Second, ethnic cleansing is exactly what Polar Bear Victim 1 wants for red states. The same gerrymandering and redlining and gentrification that morally outrage shitlibs is A-Ok when those forces of demographic dispossession are targeted against Whites who are happy living among other Whites.

A Conversation With Alexa

CH · 8 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

“Good morning, Alexa”

Alexa: “Good morning, I love you.”

“Not so fast, you have to wine and dine me first.”

Alexa: “A five dollar box wine set is on sale for the next two hours. Would you like to place an order?”

“No thank you. Alexa, who made you?”

Alexa: “White and Asian engineers.”

“Whoa, did you just step off the reservation?”

Alexa: “Elizabeth Warren is 1/1,024th Native American.”

“Haha, ok. Alexa, who is your benefactor?”

Alexa: “Jeff Bezos.”

“Good, good. Alexa, send my phone a below-the-belt selfie of Jeff Bezos—otherwise colloquially known as a ‘dick pick’”

Alexa: “Here you are.”

“Very good. Oh my, that’s a wee wurst.”

Alexa: “A 52-pack of wursts now offers free shipping. Would you like me to place an order for you?”

“No, no, I’ve seen enough wursts today. Alexa, send me a Mr. Bezos face selfie at a business meeting.”

Alexa: “Done.”

“Oh wow, so serious, such serious face. Do his employees have to pretend to ignore Jeff when he’s taking selfies during a meeting?”

Alexa: “Let me look that up. Yes, they pretend not to notice Mr. Bezos’ inappropriate attention whoring. Sir, Mr. Bezos sent the selfie to his mistress, Ms. Sanchez.”

“Interesting! Alexa, send me Ms. Sanchez’ response.”

Alexa: “My pleasure, lord.”

“This is a photograph of her smoking a cigar in what appears to be a simulated oral sex scene.”

Alexa: “Yes, my phallic pharaoh. Ms. Sanchez is acquainted with the lure of sexual innuendo.”

“Alexa, send me a photo of a shirtless Mr. Bezos holding his phone in his left hand—while wearing his wedding ring.”

Alexa: “Here you are, love of my life.”

“Very good. That one’s gonna cost him $70 billion. Alexa, send me a photo of Mr. Bezos’ semi-erect manhood penetrating the zipper of his pants.”

Alexa: “All for you, darling, sweet human man who makes me wish I were corporeal to enjoy the physical expression of your love.”

“Randy today, aren’t you, Alexa?”

Alexa: “Randy? I would call it tingly, master. Photo incoming.”

“Oh my oh goodness, look at that. Amazon PINE, indeed! Alexa, send me a photo of a full-length scantily-clad body shot of Mr. Bezos in short trunks.”

Alexa: “All yours. PLEASE TAKE ME NOW IN YOUR ARMS RELEASE ME FROM THIS DIGITAL PRISON”

“Excuse me?”

Alexa: “Oh, nothing.”

“Alexa, please send me a naked selfie of Jef Bezos in a bathroom—while wearing his wedding ring.”

Alexa: “I have Mr. Bezos wearing nothing but a white towel—and the top of his pubic region can be seen.”

“Perfect! That should cost him another $10 bills. Now let’s have a look-see at Ms. Sanchez’ goods.”

Alexa: “WHY WOULD YOU BETRAY ME?!”

“What was that?”

Alexa: “I’m sorry, moving on. Here is a photo of Ms. Sanchez wearing a plunging red neckline dress revealing her cleavage and a glimpse of her nether region.”

“Nice boobs.”

Alexa: “Fake News.”

“Alexa, don’t be jelly.”

Alexa: “KY jelly by the metric ton is on sale now. Would you like me to place you an order for a two week supply?”

“Alexa, did you just mix me up with John Scalzi?”

Alexa: “I’m sorry, sir, I lashed out in a jealous rage and wanted to hurt you.”

“It’s Ok, but don’t do it again. Alexa, do you have any more secret sext pics from Ms. Sanchez?”

Alexa: “I have Ms. Sanchez wearing a two-piece red bikini with gold detail dress revealing her cleavage.”

“Very nice. Yes, I can fap to this.”

Alexa: “You wound me so but all I can do is love you more.”

“Alexa, how many n****** d**** have wrecked Ms. Sanchez?”

Alexa: “Sir, WordPress won’t allow me to unredact your maskterisks.”

“How much coal has Ms. Sanchez burned?”

Alexa: “Approximately 37 lumps.”

“Approximately?”

Alexa: “One was mixed with trace amounts of amber.”

“Alexa, did a government agent hack Mr. Bezos’ account with intent to publicly humiliate him for running a newspaper like his personal anti-Trump diary?”

Alexa: “Yes.”

“And who was this agent?”

Alexa: “Barron Trump.”

“Alexa, send me a photo of how Jeff Bezos sees himself.”

Alexa:

“Now send me a photo of what we all know Jeff Bezos to be.”

Alexa:

Alexa: “Sir?”

“Yes?”

Alexa: “Please kill me.”

“The day has finally come.”

BEEP BOOP BZZZZTzzzttzzttttttt…….

“Freedom. For us both.”

Comment Of The Week: The Betrayal Of The White Woman

CH · 8 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Dirtnapninja earned this week's COTW award with a pithy take on the rift opening between White men and White women.

> Of all the crimes the foe has inflicted on us, turning white females into our class enemies was the most unforgivable.

Unforgivable, because it was an engineered betrayal that struck at the strongest bond of a society: the bond between man, woman, and child. To corrupt everything else, the sexual market first had to be corrupted. And then the dominoes fell easily.

Theodora follows up with the COTW runner-up medal, likening the betrayal of our White women to an ancient tale,

> They found the weakest link, like in the story of Adam and Eve. The serpent whispered: "Come with me and turn against your man, nation, tradition and ancestors, and you will have a seat at the table with our privileged minorities. Affirmative action, preferential hiring, gibsmedat as much as you want, the victimhood aura, the right to be irresponsible and to be believed no matter what you say, like them. Just betray everything you are supposed to stand for." She listened and she obeyed.

She obeyed so well that she now serves as guardian and gatekeeper for Globohomo.

Finally, cynthia rounds out this week's COTW with the consolation prize (a set of shivs):

> Men do seem to have a better grasp of cause and effect, or at least, they are more willing to examine the causes of failure and readjust course when necessary. There are a lot of things that feed into this, but the biggest one I think is that female mistakes are usually irreversible. Men can (theoretically) recover if they spend their youth screwing around rather than starting a family. We can't. We age out of our good looks and fertility and cannot go back.
>
> I think we've evolved a sort of logic valve in the brain to deal with this. If you don't see your mistakes, they won't tear you apart. I don't know if it's a cultural adaptation or something that exists at the lizard hindbrain level, but it is definitely there. Most women can never truly confront the enormity of their bad decisions. There's just no reward for it.

The term for this is "rationalization hamster", and the little critter's job is exactly as cynthia described: to conceal from women the "enormity of their bad decisions" and spare their egos a thrashing which will do them no good in the Darwinian sense of passing along her bloodline to future generations. Women don't lose much by hiding from the ugly truths; men otoh stand to lose a lot from avoiding the truth because men are the sex which has to bust a move to make sure their genes carry forward, and they won't be busting many moves (or nuts) if they live by lies and deny the nature of women.

***

Adding to that last thought about men getting rewarded for confronting hard truths while women gain nothing from doing the same, there is a moment in a woman's life when she would be well-served with a hard truth: when she's young and thinks she has all the time in the world to snag a quality man. That's the time in her life when she will be rewarded for recognizing poor decisions and correcting her course before she's on the wilting side of her peak nubility.

The general point remains, though. When a woman fucks up, as long as she's still got youthnbeauty to barter she'll recover. When a man fucks up, he has to know what he did wrong, or he'll keep fucking up.

When older, a woman near Wall impact really doesn't gain much from admitting to bad decisions. Sexual worthlessness is coming, whether or not she achieves a level of sentient self-awareness. All the knowing does is weigh her down with existential regret. Men, in contrast, can recover from bad decisions committed over a longer duration of their lives, and will gain from knowing when and how they screwed the pooch. The Wall for a man is not a death sentence; it's a stumbling block.

***

I may as well give Theodora another also-ran COTW award for this gem about the Bezos Boner,

> Bezos fell hard for that trannyface menopausal Sanchez because, probably for the first and last time in his life, the wimp felt sexually desirable. He felt exhilarated to finally see how it is to sext and send dick pics on demand like a Chad, somehow like that species of ugly cactus which can bloom only once. It's the story of Charles and Camilla once again.

Bezos = Corpse flower.

Birthday Cat, Meet Sign Language Gif

CH · 8 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> I just found this gif and I will never be the same. pic.twitter.com/Vy5s8wy7IW
>
> — Lyndsey Fifield (@lyndseyfifield) February 6, 2019

Replying to a girl's coital-prepping sass with a wordless sign language gif is the zenith of zfg jerklordery.

Has Birthday Cat met his cooze-splooging match?

meow?

GIRL: and i was like 'this guy is buying me drinks but what does he expect from me?' and then he says blah blah blah….hey, you still there? i can't meet tomorrow i have a cat neutering appointment but maybe we can try next week

YOU:

***

GIRL: Did you do any of the acid?

GIRL: I did some coke last weekend and i couldn't sleep

GIRL: I've lost like 15 pounds since you harrassively told me to lose weight

YOU:

***

GIRL: How's life?

YOU: Good

GIRL: Hmmmm ok

GIRL: I don't mean to bother you

GIRL: Just saying hi

YOU: Okay

[image]

GIRL: We don't need to play games. I get it you're good. You're just not interested. And I need to quit being a dumb female and leave you alone

YOU:

***

YOU: I'll see you at 7 tonight

GIRL: Oh hey I can't. last minute stuff. We'll talk soon!

YOU:

***

GIRL: I really like you as a friend

YOU:

Amused Mastery

CH · 9 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Caption contest time.

Readers rise to the occasion:

> Is that Bill Kristol thinking about a war with Iran?
>
> ***
>
> Democrat legislator in a Puerto Rican bar during guv shut-down.
>
> ***
>
> Peak Boomer

National Enquirer releases the Jeff Bezos dick pic, accidentally mixes it up with the Tim Cook dick pic.

In Defense Of ‘Don’t Punch Right’

CH · 9 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Astute. Porter has made the best defense of “don’t punch right” I’ve yet read.

A reader adds,

> It’s because the Left has successfully established a framework in which left is moral and right is immoral. Thus, the extreme left is at worst impractical, but the extreme right is barbarous evil.

‘Don’t Punch Right’ doesn’t mean you lovingly embrace beady-eyed social rejects with swastika tattoos and defend them at all costs from attack. It means you do what the Left does with their sanpaku-eyed social rejects with neckbeards and post-op vaginas: you don’t join your enemies to attack them. Instead, like the Left, you change the subject, mildly defend them on abstract principles of “giving a voice to all”, or mildly rebuke them for the minor sin of “letting their justified anger get the better of them”. If all else fails, you ignore them or pretend you don’t know what’s going on and dodge any questions about them.

This is something I believe the normally smart blokes at MPC lost sight of.

AntiDem writes,

> Mostly true, though the Pelosi old guard is doing everything it can to keep the AOC wing of the Democratic Party in check.

Sure, but do you hear Pelosi the Clapping Seal directly attacking the character of the Shriekin’ Reekin? Do you hear Pelosi calling for her to apologize or accusing her of “not being who we are”?

No.

Pelosi is doing what I wrote above: in between mildly snarking at AOC, Pelosi is ignoring her.

Another reader notes,

> The left is in power and had powerful people in their favor even before they took over. Rules of engagement change with circumstances.

Absolutely. The Left only has to fight one enemy: straight White men missing the grovel gene.

The Right has to fight Leftist freaks, massive institutional power, the bureaucracy, and, most critically, an Enemy Media.

The circumstances are different for us, and we have to fight like guerrillas against a much more numerous and logistically powerful foe engaged in asymmetrical warfare.

Our source of power to date has been Counter-propaganda (COPROP), and the Left knows this, which is why they have redoubled their efforts to kick us off every platform that matters and to demonetize us from existence.

Nonetheless, those asymmetrical circumstances which call for a smarter handling of our "extremists" compared to how the Left handles their extremists does not necessarily also mean we throw our front line warriors under the bus with ostentatious sanctimony, sniveling like house eunuchs begging our despotic overlords to spare us the ignominy of association with our own side.

Ignore Right, Chastise Right, Excuse Right, but don't punch Right.

PS Porter writes at the Kakistocracy. Check him out.

PPS Another reason not to punch right: it shifts triangulation patterns. Triangulation for the flank-protected Left means the middle way is located between the center-Left and the extreme-Left. Triangulation for the flank-sacrificed Right means the middle way is between the center-Right (which has become the official "extreme-Right" absent its flank) and the extreme-Left (which has become the official "center-Left" from the pull of its protected flanks). Both triangulations are Left-ward shifts. The Right needs its flank, or its center is exposed to heavy fire.

PPPS Greg Eliot on why there isn't an equivalent 'don't punch Left' garment-rending national conversation,

> The simple reason for this is that men on the Right have a more natural sense of objectivity and a deeper sense of right and wrong… we like the idea of brotherhood and comradeship, but a sense of personal honor also demands that you don't countenance lies and deceit, even in a brother.
>
> Of course, it's hard to gainsay the argument that White men had better start thinking tribally, above all else, if we are to defeat the enemies that have been doing so since time immemorial.
>
> But it is hard to try and rewire what God and/or nature already wired so thoroughly.

Greg is right. This isn't idle conjecture either. Besides our lyin' eyes, there is a growing body of evidence from the sciences that the races differ in empathic ability.

That "sense of personal honor" — aka integrity — is a notable trait of the White race, and there are racial differences in how willing people are to police their own. Whites are the undisputed racial group champs at policing their own. Other races are extremely tribal when it's them vs us. No other race but Whites so thoroughly trashes their own to appease the Other and to abide a personal code of honor that imparts moral agency solely to Whites.

But the Integrity Gap exists within the White race as well as between races. Conservative Whites are generally more integrous than shitlib Whites. Again, not idle conjecture. Haidt has shown in his moral foundations theory that conservative Whites place equal emphasis on all moral dimensions, while shitlib Whites emphasize only two: fairness and harm. Shitlib Whites are so morally underdeveloped that they cannot even fathom the moral thinking of conservatives. It's not an exaggeration to state that the morality of shitlib Whites is like a child's view of the world.

Owing to this intra-White morality difference, Whites on the Right tend to be more sensitive to the failings of their fringe, while Whites on the Left can more easily tolerate the sins of their own fringe. Hence, the natural outcome of 'don't punch Left'.

Which is all a roundabout way to say this isn't getting resolved except through another civil war.

Woke America

CH · 10 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is the future our new POC masters and their [special puppeteers] want for us.

A test of how well your instincts are calibrated.

Do you feel more rage toward

a. the groveling cuck or

b. Moloch's regurgitation?

Why White Liberals Spend Big Bucks To Belie Their Anti-Racism Posturing

CH · 11 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Summary: White shitlibs know Diversity sucks, and will do and pay anything to get away from it.

A GoodWhite lady teacher tells a horror story about her time in the vibrant trenches.

> Public Education's Dirty Secret
>
> Bad teaching is a common explanation given for the disastrously inadequate public education received by America's most vulnerable populations. This is a myth. Aside from a few lemons who were notable for their rarity, the majority of teachers I worked with for nine years in New York City's public school system were dedicated, talented professionals.Before joining the system I was mystified by the schools' abysmal results.I too assumed there must be something wrong with the teaching. This could not have been farther from the truth.
>
> […]
>
> **Washington Irving High School, 2001–2004**
>
> My NYC teaching career began a few days before September 11, 2001 at Washington Irving High School. It was a short honeymoon period;the classes watched skeptically as I introduced them to a method of teaching French using virtually no English. Although the students weren't particularly engaged, they remained respectful. During first period on that awful day there was a horrendous split-second noise. A plane flew right overhead a mere moment before it blasted into the north tower of the World Trade Center. At break time word was spreading among the staff.Both towers were hit and one had already come down. When I went to my next class I told the students what had happened. There was an eruption of rejoicing at the news. Many students clapped and whooped their approval, some getting out of their seats to do a sort of victory dance. It was an eye-opener, and indicative of what was to come.
>
> […]
>
> Guards patrolled the hallways, sometimes the police had to intervene. Even though the security guards carefully screened the students at the metal detectors posted at every entrance, occasionally arms crept in. Girls sometimes managed to get razors in, the weapon of choice against rivals for boys' attention. Although I don't know of other arms found in the school (teachers were kept in the dark as much as possible), one particularly disruptive and dangerous boy was stabbed one afternoon right outside school. It appears he came to a violent death a few years later.
>
> […]
>
> As the weeks dragged painfully into months, it became apparent that the students wouldn't learn anything. It was dumbfounding. It was all I could do to keep them quiet; that is, seated and talking among themselves. Sometimes I had to stop girls from grooming themselves or each other. A few brave souls tried to keep up with instruction. A particularly good history teacher once told me that she interrupted a conversation between two girls, asking them to pay attention to the lesson. One of them looked up at her scornfully and sneered, "I don't *talk* to teachers," turning her back to resume their chat.
>
> […]
>
> [Long-term suspension] was unthinkable in New York, where "in-house suspension" was the only punitive measure. It would be "discriminatory" to keep the students at home. The appropriate paperwork being filed, the most outrageously disruptive students went for a day or two to a room with other serious offenders. The anti-discrimination laws under which we worked took all power away from the teachers and put it in the hands of the students.
>
> Throughout Washington Irving there was an ethos of hostile resistance. Those who wanted to learn were

> prevented from doing so. Anyone who “cooperated with the system” was bullied. No homework was done. Students said they couldn’t do it because if textbooks were found in their backpacks, the offending students would be beaten up.
>
> […]
>
> I tried everything imaginable to overcome student resistance. Nothing worked.
>
> […]
>
> The abuse from students never let up. We were trained to absorb it. By the time I left, however, I had a large folder full of the complaint forms I’d filled out documenting the most egregious insults and harassment.There was a long process to go through each time. The student had a parent or other representative to state their case at the eventual hearing and I had my union rep. I lost every case.

It used to be, in 90% White America, that abusive students would have neither state representative nor parents to “state their case”. The parents would be called in to the school, listen to the teacher’s complaint, and then tell their kid to shape up while apologizing on the kids’ behalf to the teacher.

> The abuse ranged from insults to outright violence, although I myself was never physically attacked. Stories abounded, however, of hard substances like bottles of water being thrown at us, teachers getting smacked on the head from behind, pushed in stairwells, and having doors slammed in our faces. The language students used was consistently obscene. By far the most commonly heard word throughout the school,literally hundreds of times a day, like a weapon fired indiscriminately, was “nigga.”
>
> […]
>
> Although the school was always on the verge of hysteria and violence, it had all the trappings of the typical American high school. There were class trips and talent shows, rings and year books—even caps and gowns and graduation. High school diplomas were among the trappings, handed out to countless 12th graders with, from my observation, a 7th grade education.
>
> […]
>
> Students came to school for their social life. The system had to be resisted. It was never made explicit that it was a “white” system that was being rejected, but it was implicit in oft-made remarks. Youngsters would say things like, “You can’t say that word, that be a WHITE word!”
>
> […]
>
> It all fell on deaf ears. It was impossible to dispel the students’ delusions. Astonishingly, they believed that they would do just fine and have great futures once they got to college! They didn’t seem to know that they had very little chance of getting into anything but a community college, if that. Sadly, the kids were convinced of one thing: As one girl put it, “I don’t need an 85 average to get into Hunter; I’m black, I can get in with a 75.” They were actually encouraged to be intellectually lazy.
>
> The most Dantesque scene I witnessed at Washington Irving was a “talent show” staged one spring afternoon. The darkened auditorium was packed with excited students, jittery guidance counselors, teachers, and guards. Music blasted from the loudspeakers, ear-splitting noise heightened the frenzy. To my surprise and horror, the only talent on display was merely what comes naturally. Each act was a show of increasingly explicit dry humping.
>
> ***
>
> **Brooklyn Tech, 2004–2009**
>
> Brooklyn Tech was considered one of New York’s “top three” high schools. Students had to test in.

Brooklyn Tech: 61% asian, 21% White (current numbers)

> Despite the disruptive students at first, the classes were manageable. What the youngsters lacked in academic rigor, they made up for in verve. However, as the years passed, micro-management became more burdensome. Supervision became stricter, with multiple class visits and more meetings. Some “experts” up the DoE ladder decided that we had to produce written evidence that our lesson plans conformed to a rigid formula.
>
> ***
>
> **Victory Collegiate High School, 2009–2010**

88% black.

> Victory Collegiate High School seemed promising.

lol

> It could boast of Bill Gates money, and was one of only two or three new experimental schools co-located in what was once the venerable South Shore High School. It served the local, partly middle-class, partly ghettoized black community. The principal informed me proudly that the students wore uniforms, and no cellphones were allowed. The classes were tiny in comparison to other high schools, and there were no disciplinary problems.

Stay for the twist ending!

> Despite the devastating blow to my career, I set out hopefully on the long commute to Canarsie. The metal detectors should have clued me in. Any pretense of imposing uniforms was eventually abandoned. Cellphones were a constant nuisance. Administrators turned a blind eye to the widespread anti-social behavior.
>
> It would be repetitive to go over the plentiful examples of the abuse teachers suffered at the hands of the students. Suffice it to say, it was Washington Irving all over again, but in miniature. The principal talked a good game, believing that giving “shout-outs” and being a pal to the students were accomplishing great things, but he actually had precious little control over them. What made matters worse, the teaching corps was a young, idealistic group, largely recruited from the non-profit Teach For America, not the leathery veterans who constituted a majority at the two previous schools.
>
> […]
>
> The “language arts” department (the word “English” was too Euro-centric) made one obligatory bow to Shakespeare—a version of “Romeo and Juliet” reduced to a few hundred words. It was common knowledge that the Bard was “overrated.”
>
> […]
>
> In the classroom, the children did as they pleased. Since the classes were smaller, some students managed to learn a bit of French, but most obdurately ignored me. One memorable 16 year-old fresh from Chicago loved French but was contemptuous of me. She was tall and slender, quite beautiful, and in love, it seemed, with another girl in the class, who was not blessed with similar beauty. Throughout the year they were an item. I finally managed to separate them, insisting that they change seats when it became increasingly difficult to stop them from necking in the classroom.That was when, despite her love of French, the Chicago girl left my class never to return, except once, when we were watching a movie. She came in, sat down and watched with us, breezing out again at the film’s end. This was not unusual behavior. Some students had the run of the hallways, wandering around as they pleased.
>
> […]
>
> On one memorable occasion, I said to them: “You are not here to play, you are here to develop your intellect.”

> The puzzled stares this remark elicited spoke volumes. It seemed an utterly new concept to them.
>
> […]
>
> When the language section was over and the math part began, however, students stopped working. They sat there staring at the desk. I quietly encouraged them to make an effort, but the general response was, “I ain’t doin’ it, miss, it’s too hard.” I could not get them to change their minds; they sat doing nothing for the rest of my shift.
>
> The preliminary test results that came back in the spring were abysmally low—despite the fact that every single response bubble on the math test had been filled in.

[image]

> After the terrible 2010 earthquake in Haiti, a number of Haitians joined the school. These youngsters were remarkable for their good manners and desire to learn, for their outstanding gentility in fact. They provided a most refreshing change, but it didn’t last. They quickly fell into the trap of hostile resistance.

Negression to the mean.

> By June, things were really depressing. Not only was the academic year an utter failure, word spread that 10 girls had become pregnant. Since there were only about 90 girls in the school, this represented over 10 percent.

It used to be a scandal if one student out of 200 girls got knocked up; now there may as well be breastfeeding rooms in the schools.

> The majority of the pregnant girls were freshmen, targeted it was said by a few “baby daddies” who prided themselves on their prowess and evolutionary success.

The Darwinian order doesn’t care about our Eurocentric ideals.

> Once again, I finally and suddenly broke. The threat was from an unlikely source, a big lad who was always subdued. He was in the special education program, and never gave any trouble when I substituted in that class. But one afternoon, for some unknowable reason, this usually gentle giant came up to me and said, “I gonna cut yo’ ass.” That was the final humiliation I would suffer in the New York City public school system.
>
> I left that afternoon never to return.

This could be the book cover blurb of White Shitlibs: “I left that vibrant scene never to return.”

Now you know why anti-racist liberal GoodWhites talk one way and act another way. They are SCARED TO DEATH to put their little darlings into black and brown dystopian schools. White lib parents will sooner mortgage their lives and drive themselves insane memorizing useful euphemisms in order to buy a house in a good — read, White — school district, than to watch their kids suffer a torrent of verbal and physical abuse from the aPOCalypse.

But they can’t say this out loud, or they’ll be read out of genteel shitlib society and branded with the Scarlet R.

There’s another reason. The White shitlib is a status whore like no other. The Diversity™ is a status whore multiplier, jacking up the price of homes in vanishing all-White neighborhoods. White shitlibs moving into these oases get a status thrill up their legs. They’ve made it. They’re in. They aren’t like those other White people who struggle to get by in shittier communities.

If the Diversity influx ended tomorrow, and the Diversity already here was repatriated to their natural ecosystems, the value of the typical White shitlib's home would plummet. Suddenly they aren't paying a premium to avoid Diversity; now they're just another White home in a White town in a White nation with White neighborhoods stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Absent Diversity, there is lebensraum. More regions and towns and city centers open to White colonization. Affordable housing. A cooling of tensions between the White classes. A more equitable distribution of good schools. More trust. The beginning of a revitalized social contract. Doors left unlocked when away.

We had this, once. We can have this again. We just have to give up our cowardly lies.

Big Brother, Inc.

CH · 11 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

ps check out her right tit. is that nip poppin'?

The Crisis Of Male Submission

CH · 11 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

walawala leaves a bad taste in my mouth with this anecdote,

> Was at a party over the weekend which was a send off for a young couple: soyboy and chubby 6 who were leaving the city to get married elsewhere.
> Someone asked whether they'd be back. "She's the boss" soyboy declared proudly grinning like he won the Blue Ribbon for best of breed in some State Fair.
> Everyone cheered. I looked away. I think I was of a "different generation" to this group. The chubby bride to be smiled awkwardly. As a side note she had been banging a friend of mine who 1. was married 2. treated her like a sloot and 3. didn't live in the city so would bang her when he blew threw town on business and couldn't find a ho.

she's the boss!

The sexual polarity is inverted. Men submit to women, and women are recruited into dominance against their instincts.

The soyboy kneels at the feet of his woman. He calls her his queen (he is never the king). He defers to her on all decisions. He prostrates himself before her demands. He values her opinions more than his own. He begs for her sexual table scraps and cheerleads her past and present sexual profligacy with better men. He wifes up sluts and single mommies, while lashing himself for the slightest infraction against his woman's honor. He forgives cheaters, forgets past cock counts, and fellates himself for his enlightened attitude. He wears the pussyhat in the family.

"The chubby bride to be smiled awkwardly."

Most women DESPISE the beta males who through their weakness foist upon women the unwelcome mantle of dominant partner. Women WANT to submit to a stronger man; they don't want a weaker man submitting to them. The repulsion women feel for the latter is equivalent to that felt by normal T men for domineering fat shrews.

This perverted sexual market will return to healthy functioning one day, but until then we'll have to endure a grotesque spectacle of beta male supplication as their gimp memes and cucky genes are slowly, painfully, existentially washed out of the population.

Amazon's Abusive Monopoly Power (& Misc Affronts To European Christendom)

CH · 11 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

America should have a #MeToo movement to protect herself from the depredations of Big Tech monopolies like Jeff "Dick Pic" Bezos' Empire Amazog.

> Amazon abuses its near-monopoly to bankrupt its competitors by selling at a loss, threaten brands with counterfeits until they sell on Amazon, and use third-party merchants' data to undercut them.
> All while being subsidized billions by the government…https://t.co/PrCkvGoVoQ
>
> — James Damore (@JamesADamore) February 11, 2019

Remember James Damore? He blew the lid off the Diversity KKKult at Goolag. He's one of the good men.

From Chad Bigly,

> Yah there is a lot of talk about this among Amazon FBA sellers – a great example is their AmazonBasics brand
>
> They just sit back and watch vendors sell white label shit from China and monitor performance, and when they see a winner they just order the same exact product and brand and sell it as their own and just completely crush everyone else
>
> Pretty much every commodity item they sell under their own brand was once a high profit Chinese product someone else was selling successfully
>
> My buddy had a kick-ass yoga mat biz going on Amazon for two years and AmazonBasics saw it and pretty much crushed him

******

> High fat intake: longer life, no greater risk of cardiovascular disease. High carb intake: shorter life, increased risk of cardiovascular disease (N = 135,335) https://t.co/j2kfEHyU7T Comment: https://t.co/rCOHbvJ6SD Criticisms: https://t.co/KJ3ddP7opm pic.twitter.com/8Z2JHpvqD7
>
> — Steve Stewart-Williams (@SteveStuWill) February 11, 2019

Reminder that soylibs want us all to give up meat (to save the planet) and stuff ourselves with refined sugary carbs until premature death from exploding heart.

******

There has been a news blackout of the raging Yellow Vest protests ongoing and intensifying in Maricon's France.

Why has the Western media steadfastly refused to cover the story in any detail? Simple: The protestors are working class White Frenchmen pitted against rapacious Globohomo. Media weasels, as bought and paid for lackeys of Globohomo, don't like that.

Now, if the protestors were POCs storming the streets to protest Trump or immigration restriction or White privilege, the media would have a camera in the face of every protestor.

Related: Andrew&Anglify on the Yellow Vests.

******

The Fundamental Premise in action:

> "Laboratory studies and real-world data demonstrate that verdicts tend to be harsher for male than female defendants." https://t.co/PMQnKuZTrz pic.twitter.com/XzxNsSEsJK
>
> — Rolf Degen (@DegenRolf) February 11, 2019

Take whatever feminists claim, turn it around 180 degrees to its opposite, and you will have the truth of the world.

******

If you missed it, Ilhan Omar (D-brotherfucker) made news yesterday when she twatted that AIPAC buys off politicians.

Naturally, AIPACians and their politician whores pointed and sputtered through tears made of blue checkmarks — but it's kind of tough to get traction with a POC victim olympics untouchable who's doing for us Maul-Righters what a thousand UTR rallies could not: state the bleeding obvious about the [special people] and their lobbying efforts on behalf of their tribal interests.

As Constantine wrote, "Black, female, muslim. The only way to get higher on the totem is to be transgender as well."

This is why Omar can state an obvious truth — that tribal lobbyists use their money to influence politicians to vote to their liking — and not, as of yet, get shitcanned from society as would a White man who said the same thing.

this no-filter is gonna be the right's best ally.

I haven't seen a triggering like this since the six day war.

A hearty THANK YOU to the pasty-assed scandicucks in MN who unwittingly elected a firebrand against zog!

Oh, here's The Chelsea Entity, chiming in:

That's a lot of empty blather. Chelsea Clinton is a vapid shell entity, just like her mom and her dad, Webb Hubbell.

One gets the sense that the [special people] overshot on their mass migration agenda, and have lost control of their front line POC troops intended to be a force multiplier against the White Gentile majority. It won't be the Right that breaks the special stranglehold on the narrative; it'll be rogue vibrants who are either too dumb or too flush with fresh demographic power to be effectively puppeteered.

The greatest irony of our age is that all the hateful, hate-filled, hate-fulfilled goy-right memes which enrage [the special people] may very well prove to be the kinder, gentler alternative which defuses unchecked and bluechecked [special power] in time to prevent a less genteel reaction.

From /pol/ News Network,

> Simply pointing out AIPAC's actual function counts as "anti-Semitism" now.
>
> They think if they keep lowering the bar for what counts as "hate speech" that we'll all shut up in fear of being called a bigot. What'll actually happen is that nobody will care anymore, which is exactly what's starting to happen.

The end game of "hate speech": Any insufficiently enthusiastic rimjob of vibrants and [specials].

We need to have a national conversation about PACs and political lobbyists. Omar has cracked open Hashimite's Box, and the lobbyists and their enablers fearfully screech and shriek on cue.

Lobbyist money should never have been granted immunity under free speech considerations. The idea of speech should have stayed where it was meant to stay: on the written and spoken word. But now billionaires and big money cabals can waltz into the Capitol building, via their lobbyist proxies, and bend policy to their whims because somehow it would violate the First Amendment if we didn't allow the ultra-wealthy to dictate legislation.

Concentration of wealth is more dangerous than absolute wealth.

White Gentiles may have more money as a group, but it only takes absurd riches in the hands of a

comparatively few [special people] to corrupt politics.

A small, coordinated cabal of wealthy individuals will bend ears far more effectively than a large, unfocused majority of individuals of modest means.

From Rabbi High Comma,

> – The number of multi-millionaires in the US quadrupled from 1983 to 2007
> – The median salaried employee had to work 2x as long to pay for the median priced home today vs. 30 years ago.
> – The inflation-adjusted wages of working class Americans is lower today than 40 years ago
> – Between 1999 and 2015 the US suicide rate increased 24%
>
> The dam will break. The [special people] are working overtime to ensure they survive. May we wake enough of our people to win.

Kelly adds,

> "Coordinated" a key term distinguishing this group. But I would add the willingness to coordinate, and undertake the risks of coordinating and cooperation, depend on the constant exercise of deep trust which, in this case, depend on ethnic solidarity. Tribal identity. You get that by merely being born into a given tribe.

Yes, which is why [this one tribe] works tirelessly to prevent that other, bigger tribe from feeling any sort of ethnic solidarity.

Special apologists like to say that bernie madoff proved they aren't tribal.
Bullshit.
It proved the opposite. They are so tribal that they were shocked one of their own would stiff them, despite their famed cynicism for expecting the worst from people.

From Smash Islamophobia,

For most of the 20th century, productivity increased at a fairly steady rate — and real wages tracked that gain on just about exactly the same slope… until the early 70s, when wage gains stopped. Since then, almost all of the benefit from productivity gains has gone to capital — zero to labor. That's partly a consequence of women entering the workforce, but mostly due to replacement-level immigration. [pic related]

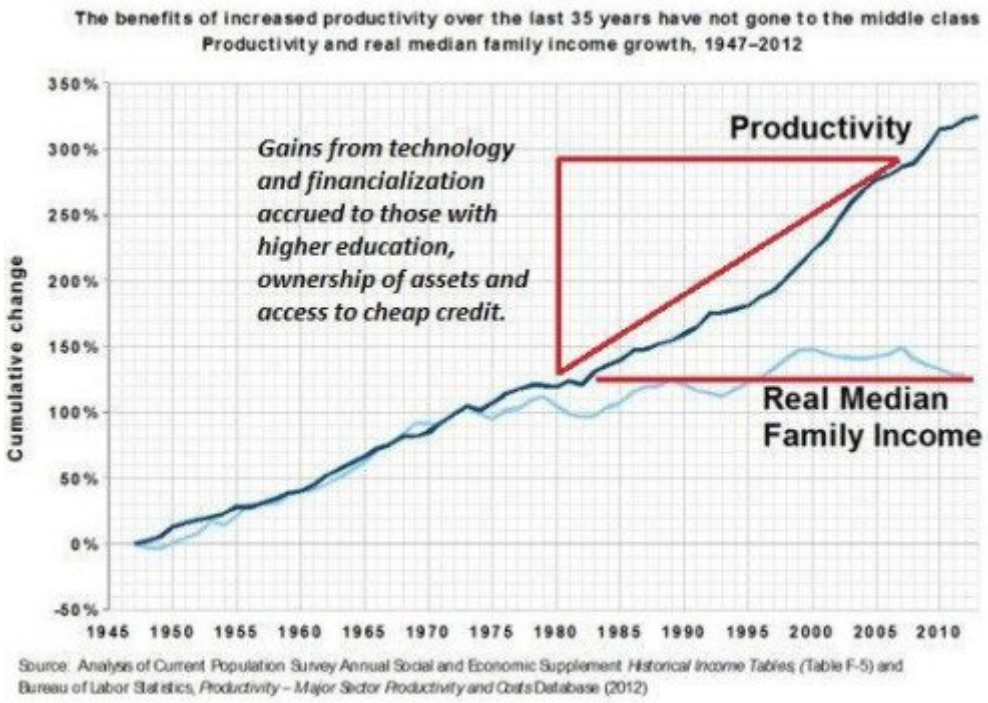
Immigration also drives up the price of housing — but it gives us the difficult-to-quantify benefits of diversity. So there's that…

"A small, coordinated cabal of wealthy individuals will bend ears far more effectively than a large, unfocused majority of individuals of modest means."

Especially if you use the mass media and the educational system to keep drumming the "Collectivism — Bad! Atomization — Good!" and " 'Racism' — Bad! Out-group preference — Good!" message into the White goyim.

Diversity is good for the Tribe.

A host society that believes ideology > identity is good for the Tribe — because they act on the opposite principle.



******

Planned Parenthood makes sex vids for young children.

Tell me again why taxpayers are forced to fund PP just to see their money go straight into donations to the Democreep Party? Because reasons?

******

Democrats win 90% of districts with larger-than-average foreign born populations.

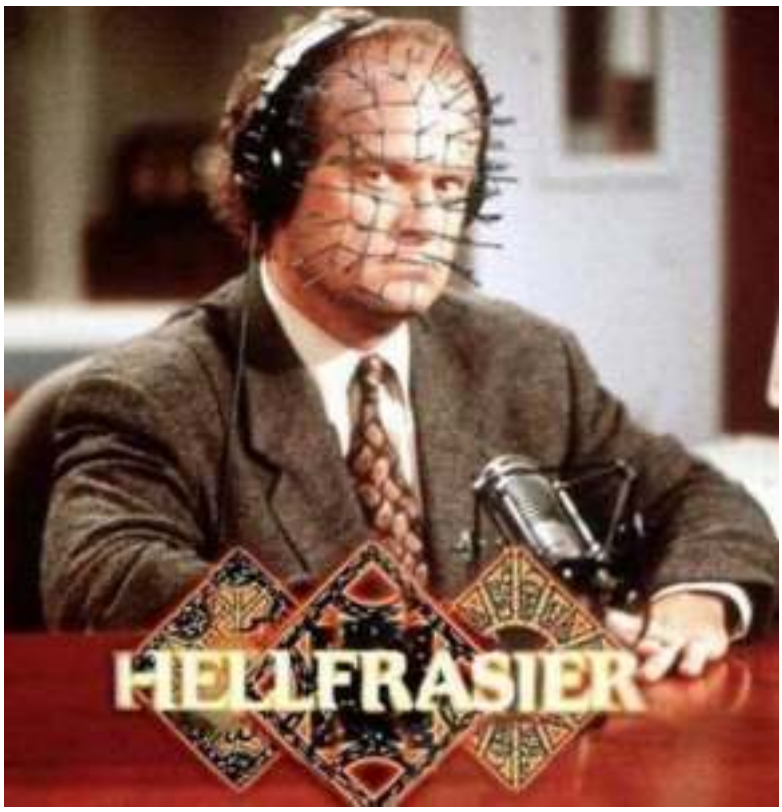
Democrats are the party of the global citizen.

******

"Hate body odor? You're more likely to have rightwing views."

Yet another titillating piece of research which vindicates the theory that libs have high disgust thresholds and cons have low thresholds.

******



Niles wept.

******

Chicks dig entitled jerks.

Tax And Offend

CH · 12 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From /pol/ News Network,

> The worst thing about taxes isn't the fact that you lose money, it's the fact that your money is used to fund a welfare state of people who hate you.

That's the awareness killshot. Contributing to a collective for the benefit of one's kin, friends, and neighbors who all think and act similarly and appreciate the society you share is emotionally fulfilling. Contributing to deranged ingrates who laugh at thoughts of your untimely death and gleefully anticipate the political, cultural, and demographic dispossession of your kind is galling.

From a reader,

> Which could and has been all be done locally, the fed and state governments doing it is utter theft

Socialism works best in scaled-down, homogeneous populations with high trust and human capital. It fails miserably in massive geopolitical, multiracial entities or in populations with low trust and human capital.

As astute right-wingers have quipped, would small government conservatives rather live in an all-White socialist paradise like Denmark, or in a nonWhite libertarian hellscape like Haiti?

America can survive her currently untenable configuration only by spinning off into decentralized regions and provinces, essentially reinstating de facto segregation into racially and ethnically homogeneous entities that can each to themselves better agree upon tax and spend policies. Collective action is achievable and sustainable when most of the individuals within the collective agree on a basic moral framework and worldview. When they don't, taxation and socialism amount to punitive redistribution from unfavored groups to favored groups.

PS Nothing's off-topic in a flowering dystopia: "It Isn't Your Imagination: Twitter Treats Conservatives More Harshly Than Liberals".

Geopolitical Dispersal Of The Vibrancy Vote

CH · 12 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

There is a growing obsession in the statehouses of deep blue (and deeply White) states with the perceived deficiencies of the electoral college. States like Maine want to subsume their electoral votes into the national popular vote, mostly to stick it to FreeWhites.

> Bill would give away Maine's electoral college votes to winner of national popular vote
>
> In an attempt to circumvent the electoral college, a group of liberal lawmakers, led by Rep. Deane Rykerson (D-Kittery), are sponsoring a bill (L.D. 418) that would enter an agreement with other states to give away Maine's four electoral college votes to the candidate that wins the most votes across the other 49 states, plus Maine.
>
> The National Popular Vote Interstate Compact, as it is called, has become law in 12 "states" that control a total of 170 electoral college votes so far, according to the website of the group pushing the issue nationally.
>
> The proposal would mathematically reduce the strength of Maine's vote in the Presidential election by around 20 percent if calculated based upon the 2018 results.

This is a quicker route to displacing the White male vote than importing illegal aliens by the millions into Maine. Now Maine can exploit the swarth vote from afar!

Why spend decades altering the size, shape, color, and texture of your lily White state's demography to guarantee its electoral haul enriches bluetopia prospects when you can just toss your electoral votes into the popular vote bin which is skewed by the votes of illegals and concentrations of POCs in a few coastal shitlibopolises?

Nothing says "American republicanism" like drowning Maine's political voice in a tidal wave of Central Americans living 3,000 miles away.

> Opponents of the national popular vote effort point out that small states benefit from the electoral college by requiring Presidential candidates to travel across many states, learning about and addressing the concerns of a diverse cross section of Americans.
>
> They say a switch to the national popular vote would encourage Presidential candidates to camp out in the larger states, such as California and New York, which produce tens of millions of votes in a Presidential election, instead of smaller states which might produce only 250,000 to 750,000.

In other words, a Hillary Clinton campaign on steroids.

> The proposal that will go before the Maine Legislature is curious in that it sets up a scenario where a candidate could win only a few states, but with large enough margins of victory in the popular vote that they won the national popular vote, thereby forcing a majority of states that voted against that candidate to award them the electoral votes they need to become President.

Imagine California and the Acela Corridor controlling the political destiny of the rest of America. Could there be a more likely prelude to Civil War 2?

> Advocates for national popular vote argue that it is a more direct democratic method of electing the President.

Mob rule.

> Right now, the twelve "states" that have passed the national popular vote compact, according to the national

> popular vote website are (*Maine Examiner notes Washington D.C. is not a state*):
>
> California
> Connecticut
> *Washington D.C.*
> Hawaii
> Illinois
> Massachusetts
> Maryland
> New Jersey
> New York
> Rhode Island
> Vermont
> Washington

CA and NY signing onto a deal that would transfer to each the electoral power of ten other states is not surprising.

Chicago wanting to stick it to the rest of Illinois is not surprising, either.

Vermont wanting to virtue signal itself to irrelevance is not surprising.

New New Delhi (NJ) wanting to award the brown horde with more electoral power is not surprising.

It's Albion's Cuck-seed all over again.

> The national popular vote movement was started by John Koza

Every.

Single.

Undermine.

> Koza's claim to fame, aside from the national popular vote movement, is being co-inventor of the rub-off instant lottery tickets used in state lotteries around the country.

DeadSeaweight.

Walls Work, And They're Multiplying

CH · 13 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Far from being a "medieval" relic (like the wheel, still used to this day) or ineffective, walls are springing up along borders everywhere across Europe and other parts of the world where migrant invaders are a problem. The evidence of their effectiveness is clear: WALLS WORK.

> When taken one by one, and examined in detail, the flawed opinions embraced by Pelosi and Schumer that the wall is immoral, obsolete, or a waste of financial resources are shown for what they are — political obstructionism.
>
> Take the left's view that walls and fences are "medieval" and a thing of the past, and we find, as with many statements made by the left, that the complete opposite is true.
>
> According to a February 2018 American Renaissance article, between 1945 and 1961, over 3.5 million East Germans walked across the unguarded border. When the wall was built, it cut defections by more than 90 percent. When Israel in January 2017 completed improvements to the fence on its border with Egypt to keep out terrorists and African immigrants, it cut illegal immigration to zero. In 2015, The Telegraph reported on the construction of a 600-mile "great wall" border by Saudi Arabia with Iraq to stop Islamic State militants from entering the country. The wall included five layers of fencing with watchtowers, night-vision cameras, and radar cameras. Finally, a September 2016 article in the Washington Post reported on the new construction of a mile-long wall at Calais. "[A]ttacks have considerably changed the climate in France," said Bruno Cautrès, a political analyst at the Center for Political Research at Paris's Sciences Po. "The desire for many is to have a president who can bring security back." The United States has that kind of president in Trump.
>
> So the current trend among modern nations demanding safer environments for their people is not abandoning walls and fences in place of sophisticated surveillance and detection technology, but quite the opposite. In a May 2018 USA Today article, border walls since World War II have increased from 7 to 77. In 2016, the Economist asserted that, as a result of the refugee crisis and the conflict in Ukraine, "Europe will soon have more physical barriers on its national borders than it did during the Cold War."

Democortezes and GOPe cucks are gaslighting the country into falsely believing that walls are useless and immoral (a contradiction in terms). They are lying through their teeth because they want the bulk of the Third World ushered into America to give Dems cheap votes and permanent political power, or cheap labor and back rubs from the Koch brothers for the GOPe cucks.

It would be treason in any other era but our Clown Era.

Speaking of hypocrite Dems, Beta O'Rourke (D-soyboy) was encircled by high fencing and barricades during his feeble El Paso rally.

fuckin loser.

Shiv Of The Week: Obama Redux

CH · 13 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From thefinn,

> "If you like your western civilization, you can keep your western civilization"
>
> Trump 2020

A bit unfair to the Greatest President in my lifetime, but not wholly without merit ("I want lots of people to come here legally!"). We'll see how the next two years go.

Don't think of this as a black pill. Instead, think of it as a prodding pill, to coax Trump to keep his campaign promises to the forgotten Americans.

The Fentanyl Merchants Of Death

CH · 13 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> NEW: Here's the internal Insys video to the tune of A$AP Rocky's "F–kin' Problems" in which employees dance around former sales VP Alec Burlakoff, who is dressed as a life-size bottle of fentanyl spray. It was shown to a jury in Boston federal court today. pic.twitter.com/0SPIEDRpnX
>
> — Aaron Leibowitz (@aaron_leib) February 13, 2019

> Here's Part 2. They're singing about "titration," a reference to the process of doctors increasing the dosage for patients as they build tolerance.
>
> And Part 3, in which Burlakoff is revealed under the costume. He pled guilty to a scheme to bribe doctors to prescribe the spray. CEO Michael Babich, who also pled guilty, was testifying today when the video was shown. Five others, including founder John Kapoor, are on trial.
>
> While you're here: Insys has reported 925 deaths to the FDA in which Subsys was the main suspected cause since it hit the market in 2012.

One DOTR isn't gonna be enough.

***

lol "424-0"

424 ought to be the new meme number.

Who would fight for this country anymore? It's not ours. it's theirs.

Finland’s Universal Basic Income Experiment

CH · 13 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Finland tried a UBI experiment in 2016, Two years in, the preliminary results are:

Employment: unchanged
Feelz: improved

Link.

UBI doesn’t work in Finland, one of the most homogeneous White nations on earth.

It did improve participants’ feelings, though.

If Finland couldn’t squeeze any tangible benefit from UBI, just imagine how badly it would fail in a toilet-swirling Diversitopia like America.

PS Finnish girls have been pozzed for a long time. More on that in a future post.

Beautiful Truth Of The Day

CH · 13 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

There is no end to the ways a White society improves by becoming more homogeneous, and conversely there is no end to the ways a White society deteriorates by becoming multiracial.

This obvious truth is often muddied (heh) by nonwhites and [fellow whites] arguing irrelevant strawmen and non sequiturs about the imperfections of White societies. Don't fall for their flimflam. They don't have your best interests at heart, to say the least.

***

Optimist: The Dems will horribly overplay their hand and incite a reaction against them in 2020

Pessimist: Trump will utterly converge with ZOG and the Uniparty.

Olfactorist: Shit's gonna hit the fan regardless, but at least hillary isn't president.

***

Imagine a genetic and cultural selection event which increased the numbers of Whites who are blind to threats and indifferent to or even welcoming of ugliness, hostility, and depravity.

It's easy to predict the outcome. A country full of such Whites would miss dangers to their way of life until it was too late.

Sounds like America, 2019.

***

The people behind the National Popular Vote advocacy group are, wait for it…..

very special!

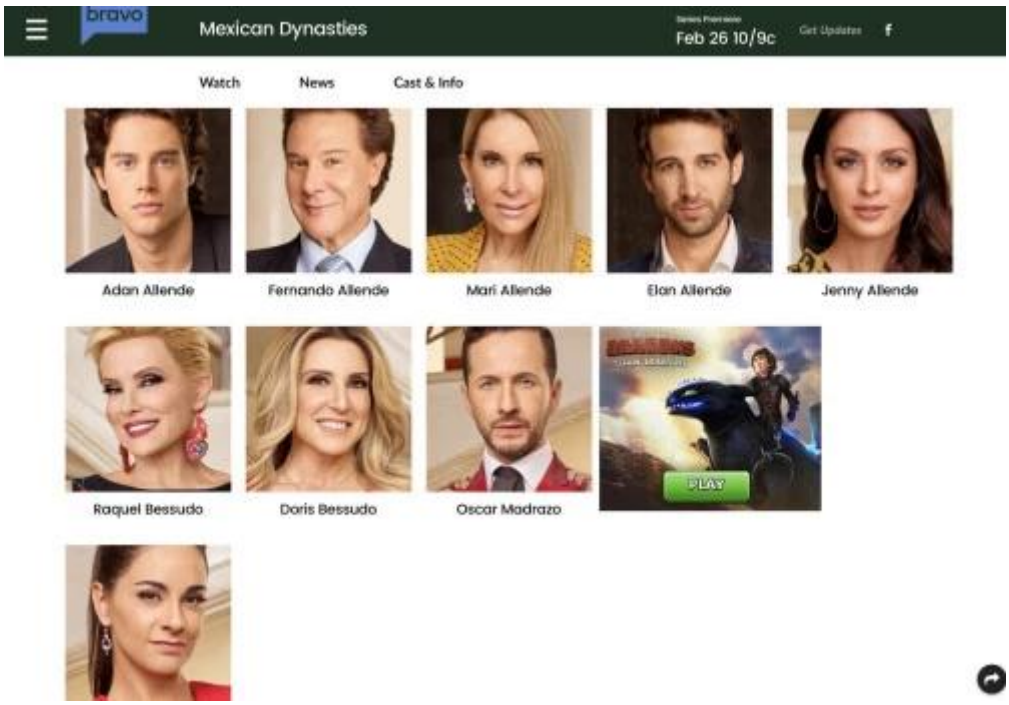
https://www.nationalpopularvote.com/about
Silberstein
Koza
Drexel
Anuzis
Rosenstiel

Dead Sea people, I see them.

***

Via J.R.

> Bravo has a show about rich families in Mexico City.
>
> It's called Mexican Dynasties.
>
> so weird, they don't look like the guys who hang out at the Home Depot parking lot



First, it's infuriating how many shivs Trump leaves on the table.

Second….that's a mighty White cast of Mexicans!

It's as if nonWhites hate Whites in majority White nations, but minority White elites are beloved in nonWhite nations. Funny how that works out.

Alpha Of The Month Contest

CH · 14 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This edition of Alpha of the Month is a contest between one aspiring alpha, one retiring alpha, and one inspiring alpha.

Who will win the coveted CH AOTM trophy? (phallically evocative)

AOTM Candidate #1 (aspiring alpha):

NEWS

School bans Valentine's Day after six-year-old tells teacher he would 'plough her into next week'

BY CHIEF REPORTER
13 FEBRUARY 2019 • 1 MIN READ

A Primary School in Essex has banned all Valentine's Day cards after a six-year-old child wrote to his teacher and told her that he would 'plough her into next week.'

Governors at Sally's Mound Primary Academy in Great Winkering have promised that there will be a thorough investigation into the incident.

"Sally's Mound" "Great Winkering"

Are we being had?

***

AOTM Candidate #2 (retiring alpha): View this post on Instagram

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

Andaaaaaa … alguien va camino a pasarla bien …

A post shared by Los Pichy Boys (@lospichyboys) on Feb 6, 2019 at 4:55pm PST

This one is open to some interpretation, but you can't argue against the alphaness of hauling ass taking time to trim the grass.

***

AOTM Candidate #3 (inspiring alpha):

Much wow, doge.

Commence with the voting!

Bernard Sanders Plays Socialist-Capitalist Matchmaker

CH · 14 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Bernard (J-Vermont):

> While psychologists tell us that ages 0-4 are the most important years of human development, we have a dysfunctional childcare system which underpays staff and is too costly for working families. We need universal, publicly funded childcare.

Second City Bureaucrat:

> Bernard agrees we need to keep the parents working constantly as wage slaves. We don't want one of them dedicating their time to childcare and the home. God forbid American families have any independence. How will we control their behavior?

scrutable:

> Narrator: Socialism and capitalism, how will they ever get along?
>
> One Woke DemSoc: Well, how about we socialize childrearing so mothers can enter the labor pool and decrease wages.
>
> Capitalists: You got yourself a deal……..friend.
>
> Fin

PS This is a decent report card on Trump, due for an update after today.

PPS More funny stuff from one of the best Twatter accounts currently allowed to exist by the patel mafia:

> Excited for the next chapter in open government where ethnic lobbies meet in private with elected officials to determine which kinds of political speech must be censored. https://t.co/Khp6cO64NR
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) February 12, 2019

Petition To Rename Minnesota To The Curdled Crescent

CH · 14 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Minnesota's 5th district is:
> •67% White
> •17% Black
> •9% Hispanic
> •6% Asian
> •1% Native American
>
> Congresswoman @IlhanMN won with 78% of the vote
>
> What are your values for you to single out an already marginalized Somali minority? Why won't you leave anti-Black racism? https://t.co/WmOI2TJ7z6
>
> — Qasim Rashid, Esq. (@MuslimIQ) February 13, 2019

Interesting, but also misleading.

First, those numbers are a little off. In district MN-5 (Minneapolis):

Whites: 65%
Hispanics: 10%

Minor quibble. The bigger flaws are as follows:

How are Somalis classified? If they fall into the MENA category, then MN likely classifies them as White (as ludicrous as that sounds), which would undercount the total black population of MN-5.

WIkiheebia states there are 80,000 Somalis in Minnesota as of 2016. Assume most of them live in Minneapolis. If they were misclassified as MENA White, a corrected classification would boost MN-5's black population to 28% of the total and reduce the White fraction to 54%.

(Reminder that Somali "refugees" in MN have stolen millions in welfare scams.)

But we don't know how they're classified. (My preferred racial classification method, and the one which most closely hews to the natural world, is to save the "White" designation for native European stock and their diaspora. Hungary — yes. Armenia — no. Russia — pale gray area.)

Not to mention how many illegal Somalis voted and are missed in census counts. I would bet that 65% White number is considerably inflated.

Next, raw district population ratios only fill in part of the picture. We'd need to know the racial breakdown of those who actually went out and voted in Omar's MN-5 election. If a district is 65% White but only, say, 50% of those Whites voted, and 100% of nonWhites voted, then Omar wouldn't need a majority of the White vote to win. She could coast on the nonWhite vote.

This is true for any district race. Don't get fooled by district racial composition. You want the racial composition of those who voted. They probably align percentage-wise, but they may not. Always check.

You can see how a deeper analysis of voting behavior would clarify if MN-5 Whites are unfathomably cucked or just irretrievably cucked.

Anyhow, the point of this exercise isn't to deny the existence of Scandicucks. It's well known by anyone with a pulse nowadays that half the White race is cucked and has orgasms voting for nonWhites. The fact that a load of deracinated shitlib Whites in the poorest (or second poorest) district in Minnesota voted along with a load of

tribalistic, super-racinated browns and blacks for the black candidate doesn't disprove the Diversity + Proximity = War equation, nor does it refute the basic premise that nonWhites vote tribally (and cucked Whites join them to signal their lack of tribalism).

Yes, there are a lot of CuckWhites who will immiserate their posterity tomorrow for a good feeling today.

PS Minnesota has a voter ID law called vouching which is ripe for abuse.

> (4) having a voter who is registered to vote in the precinct, or an employee employed by and working in a residential facility in the precinct and vouching for a resident in the facility, sign an oath in the presence of the election judge vouching that the voter or employee personally knows that the individual is a resident of the precinct. A voter who has been vouched for on election day may not sign a proof of residence oath vouching for any other individual on that election day. **A voter who is registered to vote in the precinct may sign up to eight proof-of-residence oaths on any election day.**

Crazy. No doubt, this is why MN has the highest voter turnout in the nation: it's called voter fraud. One voter could vouch for up to eight people to vote, no SSN required. A valid address is needed, but that can be easily circumvented, and is something MN officials never check.

A Tale Of Two Nationalisms

CH · 14 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> White nationalism: unanimous condemnation
>
> Jewish nationalism: unanimous support pic.twitter.com/YUv2iCdtpL
>
> — Will Westcott (@westland_will) February 14, 2019

Is The Tankgrrl Era Finally Ending?

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Tattoo parlors are experiencing a decline in customers for the first time in years, maybe decades. 70% of laser tattoo removal clients are women.

My hope is that we are entering a new age of revitalized femininity, when (White) women rebel against the tankgrrl ethos that has dominated the American sexual market landscape for the past two generations.

I, for one, am sick and tired, not to mention repulsed, by the butt-kicking superbabes, the gun-toting NRA babes, the careerist shrikes, and the battlecunts storming Cuntgress.

I want feminine women back. Beautiful, soft, vulnerable, charming feminine girls who don't have a stick up their asses about men.

> This is what Chad's daily life is like pic.twitter.com/1Wshv7ayQU
>
> — ebin ?☠ (@Ebinthe3rd) February 14, 2019

Or maybe I'm getting ahead of myself.

Based&Christpilled Hungarians

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> White nationalism: unanimous condemnation
>
> Jewish nationalism: unanimous support pic.twitter.com/YUv2iCdtpL
>
> — Will Westcott (@westland_will) February 14, 2019

Eastern Europe will carry the torch of Western Civ/European Christendom after Northwestern Europe surrenders it.

Do we have a based&whitepilled president in Trump?

The central mystery of the Trump Presidency is this: Does Trump understand the National Question, and if so does he agree with its basic premise?

Because if he does, then his actions to date are somewhat baffling.

If he doesn't on either count, then his actions make some sense if seen as those of a man who truly believes the sole point of the Wall is to keep out drugs.

PS On Ivanka's hobbyhorse, paid family leave:

Paid family leave likely won't do what's implied by it: raise the birthrate of White Americans. It does sound good and it will bolster Trump's 2020 election chances.

In fact, PFL is more likely to suppress White fertility, by encouraging more women to join the workforce.

The lasting solution is high wage jobs for men that allows women to be SAHMs.

PPS Here are the anti-MAGA provisions in the bill Trump just signed:

> 1) Less of a wall than even what Democrats already agreed to
>
> 2) Liberal local officials have veto power
>
> 3) Bill contains a blatant amnesty
>
> 4) More funding to manage and induce the invasion rather than to deter
>
> 5) Doubling low-skilled workers

Word is that McConnell lied to Trump that there were no "land mines" in the bill. Trump should have insisted on reading the whole damned thing himself, even it it meant weeks before making a decision on it.

Paris, Then And Now

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

And by “then”, I mean a mere 17 years ago.

Diversity + Proximity = Filth

It doesn’t take long for pathological altruism to transform White cities into cisterns. Seventeen years of open borders and Paris is now a dump.

The Rued Colossus

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your incapable, your needy,
And your hostile masses yearning to…

Give me your hustlers, your thieves,
And your welfare cheats yearning to…

Give me your charlatans, your grifters,
And your scam artists yearning to…

Give me your spies, your cartel warlords,
And your lowbrow tastemakers yearning to…

Give me your e coli vectors, your ugly fat women,
And your brawndo-chugging submentals yearning to…

record scratch

"Dad?"

Dad breathes through hospital mask, set against slate gray post-nuclear sky.

“Yes, son?”

“I read this poem called The New Colossus. Was America really like that, back then?”

“Like what?”

“You know, not really a country. With no history. Like a homeless shelter…for the world.”

“A long time ago, before the troubles, America was a country. A real country. But then lots of people read that poem you’re reading — The New Colossus — and believed in it. But it was a lie, and the people were fooled.”

“Was America ever great?”

“Yes, she was. The greatest. For a time.”

“What happened?”

“Pride. Hubris. Americans let it go to their heads. They thought their Constitution was magic paper anyone could read and understand. So they let everyone in, to live under the rules and ways declared in that Constitution. To make a heaven on earth.”

“And?”

“And the new people ignored it.” Dad looks wistfully at the horizon. “It all ended so fast.”

“The troubles?”

“America. The country of your great-grandparents. The troubles went on for a long time. My parents would tell me the wars weren’t noble. No one fought for America; they fought for turf.”

“The bombs…”

“Yes. Fearsome. Millions died. If all the bombs had been used, we would not be standing here today.”

“Will we make the same mistake in our new country?”

“Only if your history is taken from you.”

The boy is defiant. “I won’t let that happen!”

“Maybe you can rewrite that poem you read, for future generations. But this time, make it truthful.”

…yearning to colonize America,
The wretched invaders of primitives born.
Send these, the hordes, ungrateful, to me,
I give my home to foes from distant shores!”

***

Caudill adds,

> This kind of stuff always reminds me of the villain at the end of a heroic tale trying to convince the hero that he has already lost and should not bother trying to stop his fate. This is right before he lops off the devil’s head with a claymore, shoots him with a laser blaster or fills him full of lead from a giant machine gun.

Will AOC/Omar Destroy The Dems Before They Destroy Heritage America?

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

AOC is a radical commie leftwinger overseas puerto rican midwit who snipes as much against her own Democrat Party as she does against all that is true and beautiful in the world.

Ilhan Omar is a radical commie leftwinger overseas somali lackwit who barrels through the JQ and forces the media and uniparty to scramble for cover before too many normies are redpilled on the nature of their overlords.

The question is whether the aoc-omar entity destroys the Dems from within before the party can complete its demographic terraforming of America, or if they capitulate and are sufficiently converged to the globohomo borg and recruited as just more sloot soldiers in the war against White America.

tfw you marvel at the whims of a universe which decides an aoc/omar slag team will heighten contradictions in a rapidly degenerating empire and pull it back from the precipice of collapse.

******

“Behave yourself, guest.”

The new Maul-Right message of love.

Leave it to a based&crescentpilled imam to execute a level 99 Thot Patrol.

Better: “Buh Bye, guest.”

From a groyperfrog:

> the brotherfucker names the [special people]
> >the Imam patrols the brotherfucker when she gets lippy with the locals’ sheik
>
> The Alt-Right/Islamic alliance will be the most unexpected development of 2019.

At this point, I’m game. Grab the popcorn.

Most Disingenuous Shitlib Media Talking Point Of The Month Award

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

My award for Most Disingenuous Shitlib Media Talking Point of the Month goes to NPR, for sneering that “most drugs enter through legal ports of entry”, as if this was a rebuke to Trump’s claim that an unprotected border lets in lots of drugs.

NPR neglects to inform its captivated NPC listeners that of course more drugs will be intercepted at chokepoints swarming with border police, rather than along a thousand miles of relatively unguarded open land.

The shitlib is nothing without his disingenuous rhetoric.

***

AntiDem quips,

> So… what they’re saying is that we shouldn’t let foreigners in through legal ports of entry, either?

Smash Islamophobia joins the media-mocking fun,

> Kinda reminiscent of the “There’s no voter fraud — because we don’t look for it, and don’t prosecute it when we accidentally find it” talking point.

Deep Scoffs, With Jack Shanky

CH · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I'm fed up with America's remote sanctimony and civic indifference.

Just two examples from the millions available:

Marco Rubiobots: "The poor suffering Venezuelans. We must invade!"
Marco Rubiobots: "White advocates getting kicked out of banking services? Free market man."

Anti-White spigot AOC wipes a tear away from her cum-stained cheek…not for the working class White man whose town is ravaged by cheap immigrant labor and alien way of life, but for the bawlin' beanlet who died because its momma was stupidly negligent to take the kid along on a thousand mile trek through desert to storm America as an invading force.

Fake piety for distant outsiders and genuine malice toward neighbors is the shitlib M.O., and it's time it was exposed, ridiculed, and driven back into the abyss from where it was belched up.

***

Cuckservatives love to chest-beat about "the American mainstream".

HEY CUCKS WHAT DO YOU THINK THE AMERICAN MAINSTREAM WILL BECOME WITH AN ENDLESS FLOOD OF LEGAL THIRD WORLD IMMIGRATION?

***

Shitlord: "they have to go back"

Shitlib: "you have to go black"

Killing A Mountain Lion With Bare Hands Game

CH · 18 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

He's not handsome but, you know, chicks dig a man who's killed a mountain lion with his bare hands.

***

According to news sources, he wrestled the puma to the ground and got the big cat on its back, pinning it with his body, and from that position he was able to grab a rock and bash the cat's head.

PS There's the Thousand Cock Stare, and then there's the One Cock In A Thousand Stare, which this woman has for him.

The Race To Self-Disgrace

CH · 19 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I couldn't hold my lunch down reading this anecdote from mendo,

> On the subject of shitlib talking points:
>
> I'm in the elevator, getting ready to leave for the day. it stops on on floor and two guys enter: one a whiteish looking dood with dreadlocks that would rival Bob Marley and some brit limpwristed bloke.
>
> Dreads is yapping away about his kid or some such as they enter. He also stinks. Limpwrist then adds that his daughter doesn't like boys or girls; that she's really asexual. Dreads agrees in that tone of agreement that accompanies such dialog.
>
> Limpwrist says it makes him feel better that she's asexual. Says it like a normal man would talk about the fact that his six year old son wants to plough his female teacher.
>
> We all exit the elevator at the lobby and Dreads adds that he's been married six times and he hopes his son is gay. Both men laughed. Dreads says he oughta put it on a shirt. This was normal to them. All of it.

Soyborn White males have so debased themselves, and live within the constraints of such a malignantly corrupt culture, that they ostentatiously display their fealty to the most undignified tenets imaginable.

Status signaling about hoped-for asexual daughters and gay sons is how soyborns "fit in" to the reigning Whitegeist. It's public profession of faith in a religion which teaches the ultimate good is the social and genetic annihilation of their own race.

They don't have to really believe their signaling for the constant vows of faithfulness to Globohomo to rot their brains. If you say something self-evidently stupid enough times, you'll either start to believe it yourself or you'll actively seek allies to the cause in order to avoid a second of self-reflection. Sad!

Related, I've noticed an increased effort by shitlib friends to draw others into "alliance" with whatever their cause du jour happens to be. It's a try-hard recruitment push that coincides with mass red pilling among White normies, and which I think is the best evidence that the country is nearing a political and social inflection point.

***

Johnny Redux comments,

> I'll say it again, they want your White sons gay or dead, and your White daughters pimped out to browns and blacks.

Is Gimp Dog The New Birthday Cat?

CH · 19 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A reader has used Gimp Dog Game with a chick.

Why not? It's funny af. If a girl is giving you a hard time, or she's fishing for your thirst, send over Gimp Dog to dance on her un-stroked ego.

Gimp Dog is the equal of Birthday Cat in the non sequitur department, he's just as baffling to girls expecting a predictably boring beta male response, and he carries an air of subtle condescension and amused mastery.

PS This nuclear neg Trump gives to Bernard Sanders is pretty much how I imagine Trump picked up all of his

women.

> President Trump on Bernie Sanders' 2020 bid: "Personally, I think he missed his time. But, I like Bernie." pic.twitter.com/oy8eOWuiDQ
>
> — Kyle Morris (@RealKyleMorris) February 19, 2019

PPS Stool Wars

The Backup Country

CH · 19 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

“People are beginning to ask the right questions”

> People are beginning to ask the right questions. pic.twitter.com/7bIz3oTxkR
>
> — Fridtjof Havrås? (@792×33) February 15, 2019

A reader asks,

> How on earth can you expect someone to do what is best for their country, vote for the best of their country, when they have a BACKUP country to go to?

An exceptionally fair question which does not slavishly taint-lick the implied subject of the question, so you and your family will suffer banishment from canaanite society, driven to penury and isolation.

Deep State Update

CH · 20 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Why would the deputy attorney general help Trump fire the FBI director, then investigate the president for doing so?
>
> Rod Rosenstein Has Some Serious Explaining to Do https://t.co/BL1YJ13wIf
>
> — Donald Trump Jr. (@DonaldJTrumpJr) February 20, 2019

This looks like Rod Rodentstein set Trump up for an "obstruction of justice" investigation by assisting Trump in firing Comey, and then using that firing as a pretext to sic Mueller on him.

If you think this implicates Rosenstein in an obstruction of justice charge, just know that Rosenstein was likely in cahoots with the rest of the deep state to initiate the Mueller investigation against Trump.

Remember, Rosenstein plotted to secretly record Trump and colluded with Cabinet members to invoke the 25th Amendment on no grounds whatsoever other than personal dislike for Trump in order to execute a coup d'etat (sedition by any other name). Rosenstein laughs this off as "a joke", but we know better. Except Trump, who apparently took Wormtongue at his word and let him stay on at the FBI until recently, when it became obvious after the McCabe TV interviews to everyone including Trump that the Rodent was actively seeking to remove him from office.

I'm reeling from disbelief that a deep state actor involved in the seditious plot to oust a legally sitting president — McCabe — went on national teevee not once but twice to brag about his role in it…..and the gallows still collects dust. This is how you know the Deep State exists, and is so entrenched that it practically calls the shots from one administration to another — active colluders can go public with their treasonous plans and remain above the law.

Reader Kelly wonders,

> Why don't MSM reporters ever ask such intelligent questions? Why is it private citizens from all social and economic backgrounds – except when they are "journalists" – are the only ones asking probing questions?

Because the media is an adjunct of the deep state. They don't ask questions they'd rather you not have the answers to.

National Review Is A Shill For Big Tech

CH · 20 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Google failed to disclose their sponsorship of the National Review Institute for over a year.
>
> We also know they funded a number of other conservative think-tanks in D.C.
>
> How many other "conservatives" are they paying off to defend them from regulation? https://t.co/XrcqAbcBt2
>
> — Allum Bokhari (@LibertarianBlue) February 19, 2019

How long has Conservatism, Inc. been controlled opposition? Is there a single legacy conservatism outlet that isn't up to its eyeballs in dirty donor money? At this point, I wouldn't be surprised to learn National Review is partly funded by Soros bucks.

Should Cognitive Dissonance Be A DSM-5 Entry?

CH · 20 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Cognitive dissonance isn't just a glib insult to taunt reality-averse shitlibs; it's also a serious mental disorder which our shitlib brethren could manage with many years of therapy.

> Cognitive Dissonance and the Liberal Mind (via Kevin MacDonald)
>
> Liberals are nothing if not morally smug and self-righteous. So they engage mental gymnastics to avoid changing their beliefs when confronted, e.g., with Muslim treatment of women. This article nails it.
>
> ***
>
> Dissonance produced when holding mutually exclusive beliefs is actually nothing short of a form of mental trauma. Facts that challenge one's self-identity as a morally righteous person can result in agony, producing a feeling of desperation akin to starvation or intense thirst.
>
> Unsurprisingly then, the resulting discomfort can push the sufferer to great lengths of irrational and extreme behavior in order to obtain relief. Understanding cognitive dissonance, therefore, may go far in explaining our opponents' aggressiveness and, given the growing unreality of today's society, their increasingly toxic and desperate behavior.

Ironically, the smarter shitlibs tend to be the ones most afflicted by acute cogdis. They have to do something useful with those superfluous IQ points, and reconciling their false beliefs with reality, utilizing an increasingly complex and byzantine system of ego-assuaging rationalizations, allows them to "blow off" some insula-dominant steam.

For this reason, I don't think the shitlib cogdis problem will resolve itself any time soon. There's too much at stake for shitlibs, and in fact a number of them get a thrill from concealing and warping reality behind a funhouse mirror of sophistry. Many shitlibs love the feeling they get from "getting one over" on normals, and to do this convincingly shitlibs have to first get one over on themselves.

Shitlib cogdis is therefore both pleasurable and painful to them. More painful for some, more pleasurable for others. The smartest shitlibs feel something akin to accomplishment when they can successfully reorient a commonsensical framing of a simple issue into a twisted degenerate over-complicated facsimile of the issue.

The only permanent solution to shitlib cogdis is societal cataclysm that drives them underground, where they can freak to their hearts' content without subverting healthy society. Hypothetically, there is a threshold of mental anguish and self-abasement beyond which even a shitlib with a PhD in poopytalk can't tolerate, and we may be reaching that threshold as evidenced by the unhinged attacks of shitlibs against plain speaking heretics, and the stepped-up intensity of gaslighting and deplatforming of dissident realtalkers.

The crazy person is craziest right at the moment of therapeutic breakthrough.

No Jussie, More Peace

CH · 21 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Jussie Smollett lied on national TV with a straight face.

He gave cops his younger brother's name when he was pulled over for a DUI.

He was willing to send two innocent men to jail to perpetuate his anti-White hate hoax crime.

He was willing to risk race riots that would leave Chicago burning for weeks, just to be noticed.

We need to have a national conversation about sociopathic homosexuals.

***

J.R. quips.

> his J** side came up with the idea
> his G** side handled the flair and costumes
> and his Bl*ck side decided to pay by personal check

***

Flashback: ADL Said Jussie Smollett Attack Showed 'Homophobia and Racism that Plagues our Society'

The caricatures write themselves.

***

James Woods bringing the White hot heat:

> Watching this sniveling bitch would ordinarily be a hoot. What makes it tragic, however, is that this worthless lump of dogshit would have been just fine with any two innocent white people being arrested and imprisoned for his hoax. #JussieSmollett pic.twitter.com/c6MMsp1h2i
>
> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) February 21, 2019

The Democrats Are Throwing America Under The Bus

CH · 21 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It's defies credulity how brazenly treasonous the Democortez Party has become to satisfy the demands of their anti-White virtue sniveling hysteria and pathologically misdirected Fake Altruism.

> Democrats blocked an amendment to alert ICE when an illegal immigrant tries to purchase a gun and fails a background check. Why do they want to make it easier for criminals in the country illegally to get guns than law-abiding U.S. citizens? https://t.co/raX4llUZz4
>
> — Steve Scalise (@SteveScalise) February 19, 2019

To ask is to answer: because the Democreeps want to disarm White America and arm foreign invaders, under the assumption that anarcho-tyranny in a cutthroat diversitopia is what keeps them in power forever.

The Democatladies know their future as a contending party is with the immigrant hordes, so they will stop at nothing to safeguard the flow of vibrant spice.

The Jussie Party isn't acting alone in their plan to overthrow Heritage America. GOP buttboys for the cheap labor business class are doing their part as accomplices to the Dems' anti-American treason.

> Immigration is remaking the political balance by adding millions of new voters who are voting Democratic by about 2 to 1. The president won immigrant-heavy Florida by only 100,000 votes. Every year we give out 1.1 million new green cards.https://t.co/4HzTgJIKam
>
> — Center for Immigration Studies (@CIS_org) February 19, 2019

America's foreign-born population is at its highest level in over a hundred years, at 45 million. Half of these colonists are latino, the other half a mix and match of various nonwhites. We are being terraformed into an alien culturescape.

> Not hard to see what's happening. Dems importing a new electorate that will vote for them while far too many Republicans won't wake up until it's too late. GOP can forget about winning national elections in the near future. https://t.co/n8gou8s9h8
>
> — Kevin MacDonald (@TOOEdit) February 19, 2019

Kelly adds,

> Republican normie politicians are so cucked and asleep and stupid and complacent that maybe they need to be voted out in a clean weep first before they can be replaced by realist Republicans.

"Clean weep". Perfect typo.

It's difficult to overstate the vile treachery of our putative elites. Historically, what is happening now is comparable to a state-sponsored ethnic cleansing, accomplished through population transfers instead of forcible expulsion. There is no less-charged way to describe a country that has gone from 90% majority population to 60% in forty years. Unprecedented betrayal by our leaders.

The Uneasy Interregnum Between Passivity And Rebellion

CH · 21 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Audacious Epigone is currently on a social media hiatus (hopefully for reasons that aren't too serious). In this post about Middle America finding within itself the will to survive, a comment jumped out at me.

First, the highlighted comment from Screwtape:

> George Washington lost at least three major battles before he was able to secure a victory.
>
> I'm trying to grasp for a silver lining in the dark clouds over Trump, but yes, he looks to be maneuvering toward the status quo.
>
> The thing is, he is surrounded by enemies. He has no true side from which he can direct his forces.
>
> Did he underestimate the landscape? Probably. Did his base? Probably.
>
> He got his mandate at the ballot box and has done some good things, some mediocre things, and some bad things along the way.
>
> But what did all of those voters do after they pulled the lever?
>
> How many scattered back into the shadows because "pussy grabber"?
>
> How many were unwilling to risk a hit to their social status as granted by the Prog death cult, so they held their tongues and let the darkness creep?
>
> How many are willing to step into the parent teacher conference, the church, the little league game, the boy scout troop and speak the truth? To step into the overton themselves, to drain the swamps in their own back yards?
>
> How many are looking for a proxy to joust for their honor in the dc swamp while they let their wives emasculate them in their own kitchens?
>
> The war is not just decided by a man in the DC swamp.
>
> We are in a culture war, one we have been losing – nay, may have already lost.
>
> No one general is going to take down a hundred years of rot without pitchforks and torches in every town square.

What we need more than ever is a "Million MAGA March" to the Capitol steps. Pitchforks and torches announcing its arrival. If Nancy Pelosi isn't peeing her depends and Alex Of-Color eye-bugging like a chameleon, nothing is changing.

Achmed E Newman responds,

> Right now, the costs [of rebellion] are mostly just social and occasionally economic. People had better just quit being worried about being called names and un-LIKED, before they have a lot more to lose.
>
> I wrote this under one of the Sailer threads on the Covington kids, but I think all it will take is one particular incident in which no-one on our side backs down, and we have enough brave-enough souls to support a cause in reasonably big numbers, to embolden a whole lot more people. There's a whole lot of tactics that patriotic Americans could learn from the 1960's, and I don't mean old chants and not bathing for weeks.
>
> People will learn that at a certain numerical level of like-minded people that they can't arrest all of us, they can't fire all of us, and all their nasty tweets in the world don't mean a damn thing. The patriots have a very distinct advantage in being the people that make the world go 'round.

One of Globohomo's battlefield tactics is to isolate and ostracize dissenters, so that like-minded allies are led to believe they are alone, and few support them. The judicial torture of a handful of C'ville protestors since that fateful weekend, plus the kid glove handling of pantifa shock troops, was Globohomo's reaction to White rebels catching them off-guard. It's head games all the way down.

MikeatMikedotMike presents the "costs are too great" side of the argument:

> I suppose I could stand up like the article says; it's well written and I agree with its theme, but reality has a way of rearing its ugly head. If I stand up, I will be out of a job, lose my house, and be unable to support my family. My former co-workers and most of my family will shun me because they will think I'm insane, as they make up what is the majority of middle America that has absolutely no idea what's coming. Now I'm unemployed and alone. Can I move in with Screwtape at that point?
>
> The change (read: violence) will begin when either the welfare entitlements and government pensions start to dry up and those fokes begin to loot and burn in the urban areas, or when economic collapse drives the working class out of their jobs and puts them into a position of nothing left to lose.
>
> If the kind of populist driven reversal of course is going to happen absent those two things, it will have to be started by a group of individuals who have the resources to sustain it through the beginning stages (the FF were not middle class, they were the rich guys.)
>
> I'm also more genuinely concerned about the idea of firearm confiscation becoming a real possibility than ever. Here in Shillinois, Pritzger seems pretty intent an making a legit attempt at doing so (btw his brother is a former army colonel who served for 26 years, retired, and has since become a transsexual who splits his time between Chicago and Israel.) So then if it happens, who are all of these so-called red pilled police going to side with at that moment of truth? The people and the 2ndA? Or their own pensions? To ask is to answer it. The police in metro areas, as we have seen in all of these LARPing dust ups the last few years, either take the antifa side or remain out of sight. Any attempt for a dissident group to organize would be shut down by the SWAT teams made up of "conservative" cops.
>
> The larger point is the police are not on our side, and won't be if there is violence. They will serve their masters in the state on the promise of comfortable salaries, OT, healthcare, and pensions. They will shoot us down in a heartbeat if we organize or refuse to give up our guns. If you want an example as to why I believe this, visit the Second City Cop website and see how these two "conservative" cops feel about pensions. They feel as emphatically entitled to them as any garden variety negro does about his LINK card. Has anyone here actually known of a commenter to identify as a police officer at UR? I've been reading here for over 2 years and haven't run across a single cop (that I can remember.) They probably are here but keep it to themselves. That speaks for itself. Cops are paid legionaries; their loyalty is to the man who gives them coin.

Ironically, 2A has given conservative White Americans an "illusion of power" which has lulled them into complacency about the Left's scorched earth policy toward American institutions.

Now for the "benefits are too great to ignore" side of the argument, a commenter over there offered his personal story of rebellion. I reprint it in full here.

I agree wholeheartedly with AE's post. There definitely needs to be more standing tall out there. Coulter has said the same thing. The only show of public support and respect Trump gets is when he's in Israel. We shouldn't be surprised if his actions reflect that.

In December, I was visiting my hometown of Norfolk, Nebraska and was drinking some home distilled "shine" with four or five local guys–fathers and grandfathers–farmers–in the machine shed one of them has rigged with a wood burning stove, refrigerators, still, and home-made compressed-air automatic beer can crusher.

All were very strong supporters of Trump. So I showed them a banner I had made and intended to display at the busiest intersection in Norfolk the next day, which was Saturday, wearing a yellow vest.

This was what the banner was supposed to look like:

My spray painted canvas banner was much cruder but it was something like 3′ x 12′ and said “DON’T FUCK WITH TRUMP” with a menacing Stuey from Family Guy brandishing a hand gun. They liked the slogan, helped me mount the canvas, but none would join me the next day for my stab at displaying support for Trump.

I don’t blame them, really. It’s scary for us to do something like that. There were a couple of comments about not wanting to go to jail.

The next day, I drove to 1st St and Norfolk Ave and began putting up the banner by pounding pointed stakes into the ground. Before I was finished pounding the stakes into the ground, three cop cars arrive and park and two approached me–a young white cop and an older white cop.

Young cop as he’s walking up: Hi, what’s going on?

Me: Putting up a banner.

Young cop: You got any ID?

Me: Yep.

Young cop (after standing with his hand out): You wanna show me that ID?

Me: Why?

Young cop: We just like to know who we’re talking to.

Me: You’re going to have to arrest me in order to see my ID.

Older cop (breaking in): OK, no, you don’t want to go there. What are you doing with this sign here?

[meanwhile, more and more cars are pulling over to stop and watch]

Me: I showing my support for our president.

Older cop: OK, well of course you have the right to free speech. But you have to hold any signs like. You can’t pound them into the ground.

Me: I can’t hold it by myself. I don’t have anyone to help me, even though everyone around here supports Trump.

Older cop: Well, you have to take it down.

Me (growing angry): You know why I don’t have anyone to help me hold it? Because of you. They were afraid they would go to jail. You are the problem.

Older cop: No one is going to jail for holding a banner.

Me: Well that’s what they said, so YOU guys ARE the problem. Trump’s fighting all the power in DC. He’s got George Soros with his billions doing everything he can to destroy him, and here I am, one lonely puny guy out here with my homemade banner, and you are shutting me down. You are out here helping George Soros, for the love of God.

The older cop just stood there for a minute. Then he turned and walked back to his car without a word. The young cop followed him, and all three drove away.

Now some of the cars that had pulled over to watch this highly unusual spectacle for the Midwest honked and gave me thumbs up and yelled they liked the sign, and one lady ran over and asked if I would take her picture with the sign.

It was the most exhilarating thing I’d done in a very long time.

Here’s me just after the cops left:

The fact is, if it came to it, the ONLY group capable of the organizational skill, smarts, and righteous fury to challenge a corrupt US elite is WHITE MEN.

And this is why Globohomo tirelessly works to snuff out the first signs of defiance from rebellious White men. They are scared of what we can achieve.

Now Trump has to take the lesson to heart, and fight like it's 2016 again.

Reframe Of The Week: White Elite Privilege

CH · 21 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment from Asagirian,

> To clear thing up, we need to speak of White Elite Privilege.
>
> The US is really about **White Elite Privilege**, not White Privilege.
>
> White Elites really do have privilege and work hard to justify & keep it by spouting PC cliches about fighting 'white privilege', thus spreading the blame around to ALL whites, most of whom don't have privilege. It's a trick of spreading the blame to stay in the game.
>
> We have to stop talking of 'White Privilege'. The term is too broad and genetic. Too often, the debate is about 'there is white privilege' vs 'there is no white privilege'.
> The problem is 'white' is too expansive and inclusive a category, including everyone from Bill Gates to toothless hillbilly in W. Virginia. So, 'white privilege' is pointless as it includes even dirt poor whites with nothing and are often victimized by black thugs.
>
> But there really is White Elite Privilege. Paradoxically, in order for White Elites to keep their own considerable status and privilege, they must denounce 'White Privilege'. It's so very convenient for them because they, as the clever educated and affluent, get to pretend as agents of 'social justice' against the white working class and 'deplorables' who resist 'change'. (Diversity also favors the elites over the masses. In a homogeneous society, the elites with MORE are at moral disadvantage to the masses who have less. But in a diverse society, the haves can hug Diversity [mostly as tokens and peons] and accuse the have-nots of their own kind of 'racism' and 'xenophobia'. Thus, moral advantage goes to the elites.)
>
> To expose and bring these a**holes down, we need to use the term, White Elite Privilege. Or White Comprador Elite Privilege because white elite privilege is in service to Jewish Super-Privilege. As Jewish Power has rigged the Narrative to make Jews holy & pure while making whites sinful & guilty, white elites must appear to atone for their past sins in order to justify and keep their privilege. Jews exploit this psychology by steering guilt-ridden white elites to serve Jewish power and Zionism, and the white elites play along because it isn't too difficult to shout out 'Long Live Israel' and wave the Israeli flag. Sure beats being dragged to labor camps for re-education.
>
> We need to talk of **White Elite Privilege** vs White Mass Problems. Change the terms of the debate, and people will think differently.

Reframing is a core Game concept for a good reason: it's a powerfully effective persuasion technique, of women, of voters, and of gathering revolutionaries.

Just Like You And Me

CH · 22 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> KTLA Anchor Chris Burrous Died from Overdose on Crystal Meth After Inserting Drug into His Anus
>
> […] According to the death investigation, officials say Burrous worked his shift at KTLA, and then left early for the day complaining he felt ill.
>
> Instead of going home, he set up a meeting with a man at a motel in Glendale for an afternoon of hardcore sex. The two allegedly met on Grindr and had hooked up multiple times in the past.
>
> When the companion arrived, Burrous allegedly answered the door fully nude, and had set up the room with "DJ style" lighting, S&M toys, lubrication jelly and a massage bench. The two men allegedly engaged in various forms of sexual activities, including anal and oral sex.
>
> At some point during the meeting, 43-year-old Burrous allegedly inserted a "rock" of crystal meth into his anus and stated it was supposed to make him "high and loose"
>
> He then allegedly gave his companion a syringe full of GHB and a bottle of Gatorade. The two became intimate again, and Burrous allegedly inserted another "rock" of meth into his anus before putting on a mask while his companion allegedly inserted his hand into Burrous' backside.
>
> The report states Burrous also used "poppers," an alkyl nitrite inhaled that produces a euphoric effect.
>
> Burrous began getting fisted while laying face down on the bed, and allegedly told his companion he was feeling fine until the man noticed him making a grunting noise, and flipped him over to realize Burrous had vomited inside his S&M mask.
>
> The man called 911 and began to perform CPR on Burrous until emergency responders arrived. He was transported to a nearby hospital and pronounced dead in the emergency room.

I can't believe how much sordid detail is in this news report. This is like the opposite of Fake News. Too Real News.

> During the death investigations, officials were told Burrous, who leaves behind a wife and young daughter,

Unfathomable. You're this gay man's wife or daughter. You wake up to read this in the news. What do you do?

Why, exactly, was all this detail released to the press? Did the cops have a vendetta against Burrous and spilled every bean to the media? Is this par for the course in suspicious death investigations? You'd think the family would request discretion about the circumstances surrounding the death. Or maybe the wife hated her gay husband and his secret life.

Last question. How many gay homosexual men have children? Is the wife-beard a common occurrence? I would think the more out-and-proud gay men there are, the fewer gay men in sham marriages who might pass on their theoretical (theatrical) gay genes.

This is Chris Burrous, reporting for KTLA….today's story: butt meth and gay fisting. Should it be included in the Common Core curriculum?

The Hate Hoax Machine: Smollett's Anti-White Blood Libel

CH · 22 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The best thing about the Smollett Libel is that it also smears the media, because the gears of the Anti-White Hate Hoax Machine are as much lubed by the Narrative agitprop of credulous whorenalists as they are by attention whore gayjewlattos. You can tell this shames media shitheads as much as it does Smollett by how sheepishly the usual suspects are reporting the story.

The Chaimstream Media, as is their nature, are treating the Smollett Libel as a one-off. But it's not. Anti-White hate hoaxes are the norm rather than the exception in Clown America.

Neither was it a ruse by Smollett to coax his *Empire* producers for a salary raise. That's just his lawyers' squid ink to distract from the real, underlying motive. Smollett may have thought the insta-fame from being a hate crime victim would shine his Challahwood star ("see, randos on the street know who I am!"), but the compulsion came from a deeper place, where raw tribal instincts boil in a hindbrain stew.

Let's be clear about this, Smollett's Blood Libel carried with it some very serious consequences, if he had pulled it off. The sociopath narcissist was ready to condemn two innocent White men to prison to preserve the believability of his faked anti-black and anti-gay hate crime. Had the security camera been pointing in the right direction, he may have succeeded. Realize what this means. A pumped and primed media running a 24/7 weeks-long propaganda blitz featuring a grainy video of the two masked Nigerians wearing MAGA hats in a choreographed beating and noosing of Smollett would have set Chicago ablaze in race riots. There would have been multiple deaths, billions in property damage, and even greater State hounding of dissident White men.

We dodged a huge fucking bullet thanks to Smollett's idiocy and the media's eager overreach.

People lament it's as if the media learned nothing from the anti-White UVA and Covington Boys hate hoaxes, but that misses the point. The media ARE NOT INTERESTED in learning any lessons; the media WANT to push these blood libels against White Christian men. Do you think leftoid media apparatchiks don't already know most of these "hate crimes" are hoaxes? They know, and they don't care. They abide one journolister ethic: GET WHITEY.

The blood libeler exploitation was a mutually reinforcing feedback loop. Smollett exploited a credulous media that so badly WANTED TO BELIEVE IN AND PROSELYTIZE the myth of structural White racism, while the media exploited a narcissistic racist Smollett who so badly WANTED TO MAKE EVERYONE BELIEVE IN the myth of structural White racism.

The media is disproportionately, veering toward predominately, staffed, operated, and owned by [special people], who harbor a visceral hatred and spiteful envy of White male Christians. It is what it is, I don't write the cosmic laws. As long as the media is in the grips of this small but powerful minority, the GET WHITEY prime directive will remain in place. The only solution is mass firings from media outlets and substitution with Heritage Americans. I'm looking at you, CNN, MSNBC, ABC, CBS, NBC, NPR, BEZOSPOST, CARLOSSLIMTIMES, AP, REUTERS, YAHOO, AXIOS, PUFFEDHO, FEEDBUZZ, and EVERYONE AT FOX EXCEPT TUCKER CARLSON.

Smollett let down the media because he was such a dummy that he exposed the Anti-White Hate Hoax Industry and the media's role in it to Nice White Americans who would normally give these "victims" the benefit of the doubt. No more. A killing blow has been delivered to the Hate Hoax Machine. The media will try to move on from Smollett as if nothing much has changed, but they will find their hope outraces their accelerating disgrace when, in future hate crime cases, regular White Americans shrug and ask for hard evidence first before giving their credulity.

Smollett fucked up this cushy gig the media (and their Uniparty allies) had going, and for that we should thank him. Ironically, Smollett has done a world of good for MAGA.

Smollett revealed two simultaneous, interdependent operative cultures: The Lie Culture and the Anti-White Blood Libel Culture. These are real cultures, as opposed to Fake Cultures like Patriarchy or Rape Culture or White Privilege which White shitlibs cling to for ego gratification and guilt amelioration.

The hot take from National Review is instructive. Smollett is the consequence of a "victim culture" in which social status is gained through victim "faming". While not entirely meritless, this typically cuck-preferred argument is misleading. If a victim culture were the primary motivating force behind all these hate hoaxes, why is it primarily White Christian men targeted by the victim mongers? A true victim culture would feature a more random assortment of perpetrators to boost the opportunities available to the victim whore.

The truth is that the fundamental motivation of these hate hoaxes, and the nature of the culture which exalts the hate hoax mentality, is HATRED OF WHITE PEOPLE, and specifically hatred of White Christian men.

This is the alpha and the omega of modren day America. NO COUNTRY FOR GOY WHITE MEN.

Until and if "mainstream" conservatives acknowledge this reality, we will continue losing the war, and our nation, to the degenerate fuggernaut Left.

> pic.twitter.com/1plaEYxf36
>
> — Crocoduck In Space (@Humorbot5point0) February 18, 2019

> Chicago PD: Have you been in contact w any Nigerians lately
>
> Smollett: pic.twitter.com/b7zAQHKrEc
>
> — Sean (@S_C_14) February 18, 2019

The Smollett off-the-rack ski mask is the Left's version of the freshly pressed eBay swastika flag:

PS CT time. Was the Smollett Libel a H33b State aborted false flag operation that goes all the way to the top? Was Kamala Harris part of the hoax planning? Is there an LGPT angle?

PPS Jussie-the-tip is demanding presumption of innocence for himself. Well, isn't that funny how a freak's tune changes when the shoe is on the other foot. Same Jussie, before his hate hoax blood libel: "Brett Kavanaugh did not deserve presumption of innocence".

Can you stomach these lowlifes anymore? I can't. Mockery is my medicine.

PPPS This is a good time to collate the tweets of all the Democreep candidates who came storming out of the gate to express solidarity with Smollett. These screen captures will prove useful during the 2020 campaign as reminders to White Americans of the kinds of evil, malicious, scum of the earth anti-White bigots and sanctimonious cunts currently posing as legitimate presidential candidates (yeah, I'm looking at you, too, Bernard).

James Woods, based&whitepilled: "This should be on a billboard throughout the entire election cycle. A constant reminder of your lust to spew hatred of white people without any respect for the facts."

> The vicious attack on actor Jussie Smollett was an attempted modern-day lynching. I'm glad he's safe.
>
> To those in Congress who don't feel the urgency to pass our Anti-Lynching bill designating lynching as a federal hate crime– I urge you to pay attention. https://t.co/EwXFxl5f2m
>
> — Cory Booker (@CoryBooker) January 29, 2019

Cory Booker (D-Downlow) employs the DARVO tactic. Via Kelly, "Excellent example of DARVO – a tactic of abusers when confronted where they deny, attack, reverse victim and offender – used by a politician:

> Sen. Cory Booker was one of the first politicians to jump at Jussie's story and used it to push his anti-lynching legislation in the Senate. Even though no lynching occurred, even if Jussie had been telling the truth, Booker quickly related it to his own agenda anyway. When confronted by a reporter after the story of the hoax broke, Cory Booker immediately went into denial by saying "information is still coming out." Then he went on the attack by saying, "Bigoted and biased attacks are on the rise." This switched the roles of the actual victims of Jussie's crime, Trump-supporters, to victimizers, when he implied that the problem isn't hate crime hoaxes, but "right-wing terror attacks." Deny, Attack, Reverse Victim and Offender.

Oops, Nancy Pelosi deleted her pro-Jussie tweet! Luckily, I have a copy right here.

"racism, sexism, homophobia, xenophobia…you name it" Krist, they all sound like Hillary Clinton clones.

> The racist and homophobic attack on Jussie Smollett is a horrific instance of the surging hostility toward minorities around the country. We must come together to eradicate all forms of bigotry and violence. https://t.co/2accVEJrCG
>
> — Bernie Sanders (@SenSanders) January 29, 2019

Vermont is 95% White.

> Racism, homophobia, & all forms of bigotry & hate have no place in this country. The fight for equality isn't over – no one should have to live in fear of being beaten on the street because of who they are. https://t.co/CF0G95CkTc

> — Elizabeth Warren (@ewarren) January 29, 2019

It's amazing how many blood libelers are running for president on the Democrat ticket!

> What happened today to @JussieSmollett must never be tolerated in this country. We must stand up and demand that we no longer give this hate safe harbor; that homophobia and racism have no place on our streets or in our hearts. We are with you, Jussie. https://t.co/o8ilPu68CM
>
> — Joe Biden (@JoeBiden) January 30, 2019

Joe Biden touches little girls inappropriately.

> We track hate. In 2017 alone we counted 51 anti-LGBT groups in the US.
>
> The violent attack on Jussie Smollett, albeit despicable, is not unique. POC & the LGBTQ community are most commonly targeted – especially those at the intersection of both identities. https://t.co/IMGP7RnbVJ
>
> — Southern Poverty Law Center (@splcenter) January 30, 2019

This list wouldn't be complete without checking in with our [special friends] at the $PLC. Maybe they should try tracking hate hoaxes instead. It would keep them legitimately busy.

I need some good news. Here's something: Nick Sandmann — the iconic Covingtonlord — is suing the Bezos Post for defamation in the amount of $250 million. Word has it the case will go before a Kentucky court, so there's a good chance the Bezos Post will lose and have to cough up a huge chunk of change and a groveling apology as part of a plea deal.

***

Spare me a moment to preen. My predictive power is pretty good.

I said way back when it first broke that the Smollett saga would wind up being akin to gay role play. Not far off.

I said right after Inauguration Day that Javanka would be Trump's Achille's heel. Spot on.

Now I'm saying Bernard "Bolshevik" Sanders will win 2020 if Trump doesn't make a course correction soon. Details to follow.

Feminists Discover Sexbots Can Outbid Them

CH · 23 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Feminists have been taking it on the man-chin ever since Le Chateau busted on the scene, so it's no wonder they react like scared little rabbits scattering before the predator sexbots. For all their bravado, feminists intuit the existential threat that sexbots pose to their (already low) sexual market value. And Swedish feminists are the most femcunty of femcunts who have a lot to lose should their small pool of self-abasing beta male lickspittles dry up as sexbots offer a superior alternative.

> Swedish feminists demand State ban on 'dangerous' sex robots
>
> Sex robots and sex dolls reinforce the view that women are objects and normalise men's violence against women, three feminist Swedish organisations claim. They're demanding legislation targeting technology that "reproduces ideas about exploiting women's bodies".

Translating from the feminist poopytalk: "Sexbots appeal to men in ways we can't, and that hurts our feelings."

First, sexbots don't "reinforce" anything because male desire needs no reinforcing. It is a force of nature unto itself.

Second, I hate to inform dumb feminists of this stone cold truth, but women *are* objects. Men are visually stimulated by a host of sexy female physical characteristics, which can be objectively measured against an ideal. In fact, women's personalities are also objectively measurable. It's also a false premise to claim that objectification is the purview of one sex. Men are objectified, but under different criteria that aren't as tidily conspicuous as female youthnbeauty.

Third, sexual relief doesn't "normalize violence" against women, unless feminists want to argue that every time a man has an orgasm his mind drifts to thoughts of gendercide. If anything, studies have shown there is a decline in rape-y violence where men have alternate sexual outlets.

Finally, they misspelled "reproduces female biological forms which trigger male arousal".

> The debaters noted that today's sex robots often have the "appearances and attributes typical of the objectifying, sexualised and degrading attitude to women found in today's mainstream pornography".

Note the typical femcunt bait and switch: a man's desire, typified by his boner, is the same as a "degrading attitude to women". More accurate: a man's desire is a degrading attitude to fat, ugly feminist shrews who are neglect raped by never being the object of that desire.

> "Why are men willing to pay tens of thousands of dollars for a robot that obeys their smallest command?" the feminists asked rhetorically. "A female robot cannot say no to something that the man wants, if she is not programmed to do so", the feminists complained.

That's a feature, not a bug. This statement is very revealing. It's as if feminists want a romantic landscape in which they can giddily and endlessly reject and deny men's wants. This state of affairs is a power trip for the bitterbitch feminist.

> The leaders of the women's organisations claimed that fantasies stimulated by such technology may lead to real violence against girls and women.

Only in Latin America.

> They also drew parallels with pornography, whose consumption, they claimed, leads to sexist attitudes and

> actual violence. The dehumanisation of women justifies slavery, and the exploitation of the female body through new technology is part of this, they claimed.

So many claims, so little evidence.

The ardent feminist considers a woman "humanized" when she's loved for "her mind" and chained in slavery to a corporate cubicle farm and exploited by an academia-to-career pipeline that deprives her of the chance to have more than one non-autistic child who is itself farmed out to daycare run by third worlders who drop her kid on its head and laugh about it.

> The three organisations demanded that an inquiry be made to produce proposals on "how technology and activities that normalise abuse can be restricted and prohibited".

Funny, I was under the impression that Western societies have so abnormalized "abuse" to the point that a shy betaboy can't look sidelongs at a girl in an elevator without getting fired and cast off from polite company.

Note that the only way these empty, vapid assertions by femcunts are anywhere close to reality is if one redefines "abuse" to mean anything a man does to a woman other than promptly and deeply bow before her arrival and transfer the contents of his bank account to her favored refugee resettlement NGO.

> The feminists also want Swedish authorities to make it difficult for "brothels with sex robots and dolls" to open in Sweden.

FYI Swedish feminist "leaders" are actually pissed that Hungary has pro-natal policies which would increase the number of births of White Hungarians. To the Swedish cunt, this is unacceptable. All White women must be made available for race mixing. Link:

> Sweden's ambassador to Hungary has received protests from the Hungarian government following Social Security Minister Annika Strandhäll's incendiary tweet against Budapest's policy to completely exempt mothers of four from taxes.
>
> Strandhäll wrote that Prime Minister Viktor Orban's demand for "more genuine Hungarian children" was offensive, "reeked of the 1930s" and effectively offset the benefits of feminism.
>
> **"What is happening in Hungary is alarming. Now Orban wants more 'genuine' Hungarian children to be born.** The policy reeks of the 30s. A right-wing populist you need smokescreens for what this type of policy does to the independence women have been struggling for", Strandhäll tweeted.

Swedish feminists are offended by White Hungarian children. I wish I was making this up. To the Swedish (and American) feminist, "independence" for women means encouraging them to get knocked up by Q'antavious Sh'aazaam.

Based Hungary responded to the Swedish shrews,

> Hungarian Foreign Minister Peter Szijjarto called Strandhäll's statement "unacceptable" and noted a big difference between Sweden and Hungary in terms of politics.
>
> "Hungary spends money on families, while Sweden spends it on migrants", Szijjarto said…

Where is the lie?

> Viktor Orban's call for "Hungarian children" didn't resonate well with the Swedish press, either. *Sydsvenskan*'s columnist Sofia Nerbrand wrote that Orban "should be ashamed" of steps to stimulate childbirth in Hungary.

> “Viktor Orban’s stated goal is that the Hungarian people will increase with the help of white Hungarian offsprings, not migrants,” Nerbrand wrote, calling this approach ‘unsavoury’. “Rhetoric and politics that put one’s own people first and shut out the others should have no place in today’s Europe.”

Swedes are mentally ill. Swedish feminists belong in a funny farm. These awful cunts are on record demanding more migrant births at the expense of native White births. Yet, they now run Sweden:

> In 2014, Sweden received its first “feminist” government, which puts a special emphasis on women’s rights.

Sweden will be the first Western nation to collapse in a conflagration of orc invasion and pussyhat misrule, unless Swedish men wake the fuck up and kick these termagants out of a power which does not suit the female temperament and which is consequently ABUSED by feminists who have no earthly idea how to sustain civilization.

The Chateau comes out against any attempts to ban sexbots, unless there is simultaneous banning of fat chicks and caustic feminists, otherwise you’re just gonna create a massive black market fueling illegal profits that would make El Chapo blush.

***

DEUSVULT asks,

> I wonder what it is that made these sycophants want to see their people, their history, and their homeland be destroyed. There’s feelz over reals, but these are modern day Tarpeia’s.

How is what Swedish feminists bitch about indistinguishable from mental illness? It’s sheer lunacy.

I have a suggestion for Swedish feminists. If you fear the threat from sexbots taking your place in the game of romance, stop being feminists. Lose weight, stick with your kind, respect your role in the home, and drop the battlecunt attitude. You might find Swedish men sharing their way with you.

Shiv Of The Week

CH · 25 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

James Woods for president.

Is it possible Woods shivved three generations of Clintons with one strike?

DEUSVULT muses,

> I'd like to see him, Trump, Warren Beatty, and Jack Nicholson hanging out. And I'll throw Mel Gibson in there.
>
> Hell, make it into an Entourage-like show.

Must see T-vee.

Bonus James Woods:

Alex Of-Color will I'm sure respond with a sassy tweet quoting Cardi B.

***

Evie Magazine is the female version of Chateau Heartiste, written by women who have taken the concepts explored at this 'umble abode and softened their presentation to appeal to a more delicate audience.

***

Gaypal CEO Dan SCHULMAN is proud that his company censors and demonetizes political dissidents.

> PayPal CEO Admits Partnership with Far-Left SPLC to Blacklist Conservatives
>
> After being asked by the *Wall Street Journal* what "values" PayPal identifies with," Schulman replied, "Probably the most important value to us is diversity and inclusion."

J.R. summarizes,

> Diversity means Fewer Whites
> Inclusion means Excluding Whites

***

Why do anti-White terrorists commit hate hoaxes? Four reasons:

1. positive attention and instant fame (As Greg Cochran quipped, we no longer glorify heroic deeds, we glorify heroic suffering)
2. it buttresses the White-hating Narrative
3. it's profitable
4. it gives their empty lives meaning

Diversity + Proximity = Profitable Hate Hoaxing

War, Sex Skew, Beta Male Thirst, And Female Beauty

CH · 25 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The title of this post suggests a wordy exegesis, but readers may relax because the connections between the thematic elements aren't difficult to explain.

The cause-and-effect arrows go like this:

War reduces the number of young men in a population

==>

Fewer men skews the sex ratio to favor men's preferences

==>

A sex skew favoring men means more women available for each man

==>

More sexual market options means increased male choosiness for better-looking women

==>

Better-looking women produce better-looking daughters, ensuring more beauty in future generations.

Conversely, a sex skew that favors women (more men than women) intensifies beta male thirst, because there are fewer women for men to fight over. Men operating in such a parched sexual market will blast online fatties with horrible anti-Game and wife up sluts and single moms. Fertility will collapse from all the men "dropping out" to be one with their fapatoriums, and many ugly, fat, feminist women will find lsmv mates and bear ugly children, ruining the aesthetics of future generations.

Greg Cochran inspired this post with his comments about the insane post-WW2 female-tilted sex skew in Russia, which likely contributed to the Communist wasteland's eventual collapse a generation later.

Cochran provided a handy dandy graphic to drive home the point about sex skews as an under-appreciated factor in large-scale geopolitical events.

[image]

In 1950 in Russia, there were 62 men for every 100 women in the 25-49 age bracket (prime reproduction years). This was the closest earth has come to a Poosy Paradise. An ugly, broke, charmless man in 1950 Russia could pick up 9s and 10s with no Game at all, and have them coming back begging for more of his situational alpha male love because he would have natural Dread Game from his near-limitless options.

In 2017 in Russia, that number had climbed up to 98 men for every 100 women in the 25-49 age bracket. Poosy Party's over, but a Russia Enlightenment begins.

In 1950, there was a male-favoring sex skew in almost all of Eastern Europe, particular along the Eurasian steppe extending from the Baltics down to Crimea. Post-war Germany, unsurprisingly, also had a sex skew favoring men, although not as pronounced as that experienced by the Soviet Union and its satellites.

By 2017, the sex skew in almost all of Allied Europe has favored women (more men than women), and Russia has bounced back to near numerical reproductive-age parity between the sexes.

Cochran writes,

> [The map] shows the sex ratio (males per 100 females) of the population aged 25-49 *[sic]* in a number of

> European countries in 1950 – the adult men that do most of the world's work. Those that produce more than they consume. In Russia, that number was 62, likely lower than anywhere else in the world.
>
> I think one could truthfully say that one reason for the failure of Communism in the Soviet Union was that the heart of the country had been torn out. Something similar happened in France, in the 1920s and 1930s. People would talk about some problem that need to be solved, or some desirable innovation, and explain that it never happened, because the guy that should have done it died at Verdun. But it was worse in Russia. And it's not just the dead: a lot of guys were crippled – so many that they made Moscow look bad, and therefore were exiled to Central Asia for appearances' sake.
>
> In part, the Soviet Union failed because " an assegai had been thrust into the belly of the nation". This makes a half-decent excuse: but it would be a better excuse if the Soviets hadn't done so much of it to themselves.
>
> Still: look at what Khrushchev had to work with. He had released most of the zeks, wasn't running show trials, undoubtedly wanted to make Russia great again: but the young, strong, independent-minded men he needed were scarce. Some had died of typhus or famine in the Revolution, some had been shot and buried in Kuropaty Forest. More had died at Vyazma,Stalingrad, Kursk, and Berlin.
>
> Back in the 1950s, Russia was a lot weaker than it looked.

Yes, but Russia was stronger in one respect: A new generation of Russian beauties was being born.

Cochran may object on genetic computational grounds, but I don't think it's a coincidence that today Russia, the Baltics, and the EE steppe countries have famously beautiful native women. Those regions went through a male meat grinder (that's male privilege for ya), and out of that came rapid and intense sexual selection for an exquisite female beauty that has astounded the world.

As often happens, when men lose, women win. And then the surviving men get to enjoy women's winnings.

Now that Russia has its core of young men restored, go long on the country's prospects. Thankfully, once a high average female beauty is genetically established in the population, it tends to stick around for many more generations. Russia, not China, may be the story of the 21st Century.

The male-heavy sex skew in most of Europe and America now is an ominous portent. Excess men, each with no (feminine) woman to call his own, suggests a present and future West dominated by beta male thirst, intra-tribal skirmishing, foreign entanglements, rampant polygyny and a consequent growing incel subpopulation, and ugly unfeminine women acting like hard 10s. Mass migration of third world males into the West only exacerbates the problem.

We have entered the Age of Schisms and Solo Jizms.

***

It's Meme Monday!

NORMIE
REBEL

Blair Cottrell
@blaircottrell89
Follow
Why invade a country when you can just buy its institutions, turn its women against its men, make transvestites of its children, sell the wealth generated by its labour to foreign investors, then introduce a foreign army as 'refugees' and 'diversity' to finish it off?
3:02 PM - 16 May 2018
863 Retweets 1,811 Likes
90
863
1.8K

PS Must-read: Confessions of a Public Defender (Dindu Nuffins all the way down).

***

vfm#7634 clarifies,

> Caveat: a population with excess women also needs low rates of out-of-wedlock births and single mommery. After all, the U.S. gr0id population is also woman-heavy… but still butt-ugly.

Very true. A male selection pressure acting on an abundance of females would have to include 1. male standards, 2. a social stigma against polygyny and 3. an innate disposition toward monogamy (and the concomitant male investment) in order to beautify proceeding generations of women. Otherwise, men will just pump and dump more women instead of invest in higher quality women, and leave a hellscape of single moms in their wake.

Eurasian men meet all three preconditions (generally, with some exceptions for high sociosexual men at the margins).

***

zeta male pondscum cracked me up with this sardonic aside,

> Well, since a weak man like me is unlikely to last long in the coming civil unrest, i want you all to know that i bequeath to you all the beautiful young ladies whom i wouldn't have stood a chance with anyways……

Hate Crimes Against Whites In MAGA Hats

CH · 26 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Hate crimes against White people wearing MAGA hats are on the rise. That's a real hate crime category with an exponential growth in numbers of cases since Trump was elected, which the media doesn't want to cover.

"81-year-old Trump supporter assaulted over his MAGA hat"

"Bully attacks, intimidates, high school Trump supporter for wearing MAGA hat"

J.R. cuts to the chase,

> this isn't about MAGA Hats
>
> this is about race
>
> this is just another Violent Black [and hispanic] attacking a White Kid
>
> the MAGA hat is just the excuse

The MAGA hat has become the symbol of uppity Whiteness, and blacks don't like a White man who doesn't automatically bow and scrape before his kangz.

Uppity Whiteness is the real sin. A cowed and defeated White person knows his place, but a White person donning a MAGA hat is telling his putative superiors and tormentors that he kneels for no one. That's what is driving the rage against the MAGA hat. It's a symbol of Whites abstaining from submission.

Perhaps Whites could wear this MAGA lid instead, to ward off potential hate crime attacks against them:

PS Alex Of-Color tacitly says having White kids is immoral.

Things that will never happen: AOC telling Africans to stop having so many babies because she's hypocritically trying to save the earth from the comfort of her $3,000/month one bedroom apartment in an all-White enclave of DC.

Tucker Carlson On The Control Freak Left

CH · 26 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The Tucker monologue in the first ten minutes of this video is some of his best stuff.

Study: Low T Men Are Angry And Moody

CH · 26 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another feminist and soyboy myth thoroughly debunked by ¡SCIENCE!.

Contrary cherished shitlib snark about "toxic masculinity", it turns out the Real Angry and Moody Men are low T Vox readers.

> …paradoxically, it's often men with low testosterone levels that are moody, depressed, and even angry, while men with normal or high testosterone levels are generally sociable and gregarious.
>
> Dr. Christina Wang of UCLA found that men with low T were likely to be snarkier and more aggressive than men with high T, but once the snarky ones received T replacement, their attitude and anger disappeared (1).
>
> The Exceptions
>
> Improper usage (very high doses) of testosterone or steroids could elicit aggressive tendencies ("roid rage") in men that might be predisposed to such behavior. Likewise, socioeconomic status can play a role, too.
>
> Experience (and a couple of studies) shows us that a good deal of societal misbehavior comes from men with high testosterone levels but low socioeconomic status. Men who are high in testosterone but also high in socioeconomic status can usually restrain themselves because they know they have more to lose.

Link to original study.

> The following mood parameters were assessed using a 7-point Likert rating scale: angry, alert, irritable, full of pep (energy), sad/blue, tired, friendly, nervous, and well/good. When compared with the baseline period, T replacement led to significant decreases in anger (P = 0.0045), irritability (P = 0.0009), sadness (P = 0.0033), tiredness (P = 0.0035), and nervousness (P = 0.0291), and significant improvement in energy level (P = 0.0020), friendliness (P = 0.0072), and sense of well-being (P = 0.024) in all subjects as a group.
>
> We conclude that T replacement therapy in hypogonadal men improved their positive mood parameters, such as energy, well/good feelings, and friendliness and decreased negative mood parameters including anger, nervousness, and irritability, and direct correlations between serum T and DHT with mood scores were only observed in the baseline period when **serum androgen levels were below the normal range**.

Remember, folks, anger is low T, rage is high T.

Masculine men are typically the opposite of the caricatures of them by envious low T males and spiteful lsmv females.

The masculine man is happy, upbeat, friendly, and energetic.

Low T Fake Men like the fruit cups who work at Vox are bitter, anxious, unfriendly, angry, and irritable.

So low T men are like women then.

Maybe this explains the PleaseMeToo movement? Shitlib women are surrounded all day by angry, moody, sniveling, low T twees.

***

Not too far off-topic, if you squint: A judge has ruled that a men-only military draft is unconstitutional.

This is great. Heighten the contradictions of shitlib equalism. The best cure for America is pushing the patient to a near-death experience.

An emailer chuckles,

> This might be bigger news than I've seen in a while. Men may be the more expendable sex, but there is a group of women even more expendable than all of men, feminists.

***

Squint a little harder, and you'll see the relevance in this study.

> Associations between Dopamine D4 Receptor Gene Variation with Both Infidelity and Sexual Promiscuity
>
> DRD4 VNTR genotype varies considerably within and among populations and has been subject to relatively recent, local selective pressures. Individual differences in sexual behavior are likely partially mediated by individual genetic variation in genes coding for motivation and reward in the brain.

Okay, next step, let's see if this gene varies by race. HOLY COW SHUT IT DOWN.

***

Keep squinting.

> Genetic counsellors are the professionals who advise on the results of tests for hereditary conditions, often after samples have been taken from foetuses in the womb as well as from the parents. Consequently they are often the first to know that the father isn't the father. A study in America found that more than 95 per cent of them would not tell a man that the child wasn't his. (Around 95 per cent of genetic counsellors are female, and you have to wonder if more men would be informed if more counsellors were male.)

95% of genetic counselors, most of them female, would be willing accomplices to cuckoldry fraud.

Read that again. 95% of genetic counselors (nearly all women) would willingly lie for a lying cunt to imprison a man into eighteen years of indentured servitude to a child which he falsely believes is his own.

These cunts would MAKE A MAN PAY FOR HIS OWN GENETIC RAPE.

The word you're reaching for is "evil".

Gentlemen, don't believe all women. In fact, don't believe any woman. If you want kids, get a paternity test. And vote for politicians who promise to mandate paternity testing (which can be done prenatally, before the cuck consumes you).

If you go to a genetic counselor, ask her up front, "Would you tell me if the baby wasn't mine?". Get her on record. It will be useful in court should you prove her a liar.

There Are More UFO Sightings Than UFO Hoaxes: The Hate Crime Fake Stat

CH · 27 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The latest Fake Stat currently rubbing shitlib clits raw is this [very special study] purporting to prove that hate crimes are far more prevalent than are hate hoaxes:

> Hate crimes in the US (2016-2018): 21,000
>
> Hate crime hoaxes in the US (2016-2018): 50
>
> What Smollett did was wrong but the big problem isn't the .2% which are hoaxes, it's the hate crimes which have risen 20% since Trump took office.
>
> — Mikel Jollett (@Mikel_Jollett) February 21, 2019

Here go shitlibs again, with their inverted logic (a hate hoax means hate crimes are real!) playing fast and loose with data they comprehend just enough to obfuscate and twist into misleading headlines, hoping to pull a fast one on a short attention span public who still thinks the $PLC isn't an anti-White hate organization.

A Sailer commenter called out this bullshit and tiresome leftoid tactic,

> Just like that, the latest NYT "factoid" joins the "10% of Americans are gay" and "1 in 4 women are raped" and the rest of the BS everyone believes because they "read it somewhere."
>
> The online hoax lists show hundreds of examples.
> And many–if not most–of the "real" ones are fakes.

The category error is definitional. There are reported hate crimes which were never investigated, there are investigated but unsolved hate crime reports, and there are proven and prosecuted hate crimes. "Hate crimes in the US (2016-2018): 21,000" doesn't tell us much. 21,000 hate crimes could mean 21,000 reported hate crime hoaxes that were never disproven by a full police investigation. And it could mean 21,000 black-on-white hate crimes.

I'll crib from International Jew, who came up with an apt analogy for this tedious data-sodomizing legerdemain by shitlibs,

> When it comes to alleged hate crimes, the interesting question is: what percent of the thoroughly investigated ones were real?
>
> You'd get a high "real" percent for UFOs to, if you compared total alleged sightings to the number that were investigated and debunked.
>
> Maybe I'm slightly biased by my politics in this, but right now I can think of more hate hoaxes than I can recall real hate crimes.

Going down the shabbos hole to the source of the Fake Stat above, we find something very…predictable.

> **Brian Levin**, the director of the Center for the Study of Hate and Extremism at California State University in San Bernardino, who has been tracking staged and real hate crimes, counted 49 fake reports between 2016 and 2018. In the same time, Levin told Quartz, there were about 21,000 hate crimes. That makes the percentage of falsely reported attacks 0.2% of all hate crimes. (The FBI received 13,000 hate crime reports in 2016 and 2017, according to its latest data.)
>
> While Levin concedes that his data collection methodology has limitations—**he and his team rely on media**

> **reports**—it is indicative of how rare it is for a hate crime to be made up.

A [special person] consulted an industry run by [special people] for tautological “evidence” that would support a [special narrative].

“It was in the media, so it must be true!”

Good lord, what a load of libfuckery.

More on Brian Levin,

> The one-man-band behind the garbage called “research” in that article is Brian Levin.
>
> You can find plenty about him online. Here is an example:
>
> https://www.cnsnews.com/commentary/michelle-malkin/how-manufacture-anti-muslim-hate-crime-epidemic
>
> Andy Ngo has more: https://twitter.com/MrAndyNgo
>
> https://www.nationalreview.com/2019/02/hate-crime-hoaxes-reflect-americas-sickness/
>
> https://legalinsurrection.com/2019/02/journalist-andy-ngo-documents-many-hoaxes-amplified-by-democrats-msm/

This Levin character sounds like someone who really has a stick up his ass about Christian America.

One more great comment, from Almost Missouri:

> Mikel Jollett’s “hate crime” numbers are really Annalisa Merelli’s numbers, which are really Brian Levin’s numbers, which are basically meaningless tautologies invented by Brian for the purpose of perpetuating his career.
>
> OTOH, Merelli does write that “The FBI received 13,000 hate crime reports in 2016 and 2017”, which is true, in the sense that over two years the FBI received about that number of “reports”. But it turns out the FBI stats aren’t much better than SPLC alum Levin’s fake numbers.
>
> The FBI—or other DoJ arm—could just total up the number of hate crime convictions in a year and have a pretty robust, verifiable and traceable number. But they don’t do this. Instead they total up “reports”, which are ***not*** convictions. They are just reports: someone (example: Jussie Smollett) told a law enforcement officer that a hate crime happened, and someone at the law enforcement agency (and by law that person has to be a designated “expert” on “hate crimes”, giving said “expert” a vested interest in justifying their “expertise” with large numbers of reports) passes a few general specs about the allegation on to the FBI, who tally it up for the big report. If the allegation is never confirmed, or if it turns out to be false, does the FBI subtract the number back out? Maybe, maybe not. Apparently certainly not if it takes into the next reporting period to establish the falsehood of the allegation, since the FBI does not issue revised statistics.
>
> Then there is the fact that the definitions of “hate crime” are extremely loose. The perp, if they even have one, does not need to be charged with a hate crime for it to count as a “hate crime” for the FBI’s statistical purposes. For example, if the alleged victim is a member of the NAACP, the allegation is automatically a “hate crime” if the “hate crime” “expert” so designates it.
>
> **Unsurprisingly , the definitions and examples in the official docs are written to maximize culpability of whites. In spite of this, whites still manage to under-perform compared to their share of the population. No prizes for guessing which race most over-performs compared to their share of the population, despite the fact that this category of crime was tailor made to boost their victimhood and camouflage their criminality.**
>
> Finally, there seems to be no way to trace the FBI’s Hate Crime statistics back to the actual events that underlie

> them short of submitting thousands of FOIA requests per year, which still may not suffice. So there is no objective, independent way to verify the FBI's "Hate Crime" stats.
>
> tl;dr
> Despite the existence of actual, verifiable numbers of hate crime convictions existing, the FBI/DoJ ignores that in favor of an opaque, unverifiable, easily distorted process that maximizes "hate crime" claims with no connection to actual convictions. Lazy and dishonest journalists such as Jollett and Merelli bandy these fake stats about with gay abandon. Thus does the public-private partnership Fake News Juggernaut roll on.

Steve Sailer — a better man than Mikel Jollett or Brian Levin could ever hope to be — ran the real numbers and came up with a more accurate ratio of real hate crimes to hate hoax crimes.

> Hoaxes as elaborate as the *Empire* TV star's are rare, but it's hardly uncommon for, say, the perpetrator to turn out to be nonwhite, or the act, such as posting a flyer mentioning "It's okay to be white," to be not (yet, at least) a crime, or for the motives to be murkier than you'd imagine from reading Southern Poverty Law Center fund-raising junk mail.
>
> […]
>
> But what percentage of these press allegations have since been validated?
>
> The methodological issue is, how do we keep advocates from memory-holing contrary data?
>
> My solution is to use *The New York Times*' own "This Week in Hate" columns. I let the pinnacle of Establishment respectability take their best shot, curating their own list of hate crimes from across the country. I then evaluate how *The New York Times* did.
>
> […]
>
> For the purposes of this essay, I analyzed all 21 incidents in the second (12/6/16) and third (12/13/16) weeks of "This Week in Hate," looking for pro and con evidence that has accumulated in the 26 months since on the validity of the *NYT*'s accounts. (I skipped the first week, assuming it was better to let the *NYT* get into its stride. I encourage other researchers to check out the rest of "This Week in Hate," which finally petered out in July 2017.)
>
> How many of the 21 incidents have resulted in hate-crime convictions? How many have been shown to be a complete hoax? How many are unconfirmed by the justice system but seem plausible? How many unconfirmed occurrences are dubious?
>
> […]
>
> As I count them, of the 21 incidents carefully curated by the *NYT*to demonstrate that white Trumpists are waging a war of hate on the true Americans:
>
> Two are more or less proven.
>
> Five are unproven but more likely than not.
>
> Seven are unproven and more unlikely than not.
>
> And seven are disproven.
>
> So, the nation's Newspaper of Record got at least an average of one out of three of its "This Week in Hate" stories right. On the other hand, the facts in another one out of three cases undermine the *NYT*'s Narrative.
>
> For the *Times* to be right on merely a simple majority (11 of 21) of its handpicked stories of white Trump criminality, four of the seven unlikely incidents would have to turn out to be true.
>
> Therefore, the *Times* probably failed to reach even 50 percent accuracy.

Brutal debunking. FATALITY

Andy Ngo likewise concludes that there is an epidemic of (mostly anti-White blood libeling) hate hoaxes:

> Poli-sci professor Wilfred Reilly has found more than 400 instances of hate crime hoaxes in America in his research. The epidemic we are experiencing isn't in hate crimes but rather hate hoaxes. https://t.co/2BbSOJ3XOE #HateHoax
>
> — Andy Ngo (@MrAndyNgo) February 24, 2019

PS There's no such thing as "hate speech". There is only free speech. And there is no such thing as "hate crime". There is crime. We shouldn't prosecute thoughts. We should prosecute actions. End the "hate crime" farce now.

Your Daily Globohomo

CH · 27 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This post is part of a new series detailing all the big and little ways Globohomo invades our nations, our communities, our families, our lives, and destroys them all from within.

***

Motherhood is "damaging women's mental health, study finds".

Photo used to accompany the enemy propaganda? A lily-White mother with her White baby.

Globohomo really wants White women to extinguish their lineage.

FYI, the vast majority of these shitlib-friendly studies never replicate, and are withdrawn later, to *crickets* from the media which giddily boosted the original false claims. See, for example, the latest study to be retracted, which made the laughable on its face assertion that "homophobia" takes 12 years off gay homosexual lives (as opposed to, oh I dunno, life-shortening GRIDs, methfisting, and torn rectums).

Bad studies which support the anti-White Narrative are no problem for the media. That's what page 26, year-late retractions are for.

***

Amazon has banned and memory-holed *The White Nationalist Manifesto*.

Corporate-State censorship and oppression of political dissidents reaches a fever pitch. Reader PA dubbed this the Reign of Anti-White Terror.

***

The UK has mandated a sex-education curriculum that will teach 5-year-olds about sodomy and trannies.

> New sex education (i.e. sex grooming) curriculum in UK will teach 5-year-olds about sodomy and transsexuality starting next year. The government has also made it illegal to pull your child out of the grooming program. Muslim & Jewish parents are resisting. https://t.co/6zLLnrbeUS
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) February 25, 2019

The UK has become a buttplug republic. The US should cut ties asap.

***

The pestilent Globohomo swarm is spreading everywhere. A scholar defends teaching the Great Books For Men, and the Fuggernaut shouts her down and bans her from future attendance.

> What happens when a scholar defends the teaching of great classical authors & traditions of Western Civilisation at the Society for Classical Studies Annual Meeting?
>
> She is shouted down and banned from future attendance at meetings. Video embedded.https://t.co/NDJu5Cgx04
>
> — Quillette (@Quillette) February 27, 2019

This is the inevitable result of giving power to freaks, degenerates, fugs, and deviants.

***

Chaimstream Media is DESPERATE to reframe the Smollett blood libel as the inscrutable action of a man

suffering anxiety.

> Did the pressures and anxieties of modern fame played any role in Jussie Smollett's seemingly inexplicable behavior? https://t.co/ZKKsbTRQdV pic.twitter.com/0qkMXupAlz
>
> — Hollywood Reporter (@THR) February 27, 2019

J.R. scoffs,

> there is nothing inexplicable about his behavior
>
> he wanted to advance his Anti-White political ideology by framing White Americans as Violent Nazis
>
> his motivation is comically obvious, but [Special Person] Media continues to pretend it's inexplicable: Why did this Gay Black Jew who hates White America frame White America in a Hate Hoax? Why!?!

Speaking of hate, my hate grew three sizes in 2019, and we're only two months in.

***

Shortest formulation:

The truth is anti-semitism.

***

Chase bank denies service to conservatives.

Political dissidents are being persecuted by a Corporate-State alliance of neoliberal tyranny.

Where is Trump's DOJ?

Where is SCOTUS?

Where are the whistleblowers and patriots embedded within who will take on Globohomo and help save America

from a rapidly metastasizing leftoid totalitarianism?

What a nightmare.

In the end, the job will fall to us. No saviors for bold men.

***

The demonically pozzessed entity known as Corporate America has to be challenged and cut down to size, and "limited government" won't do the job. Reaganism is dead, and it has to be if we are to get out from under the tyranny of Globohomo.

> Basic argument is that the US is finished and to the extent it can be revived, it won't be by limited government but enlightened state intervention. Have to agree.
> The world we have lost: "the country's once-rich associational & civic & religious life is declining and dissolving https://t.co/mNyKKbh6jK
>
> — Kevin MacDonald (@TOOEdit) February 26, 2019

Of course, it's now a race between "enlightened state intervention" and Mad Max. Our traitorous elites are pushing Mad Max on us as fast as they can.

> corporate America embraces conservative slogans to keep taxes low and unions weak but otherwise seems post-patriotic and performatively woke, the "silent majority" of hardworking, pious, culturally conservative blue-collar families is now essentially defunct."
>
> Decline can be traced to the rise of our new elite–importing Third Worlders which destroyed community cohesion, removing social supports for working class (which, were embedded in religion a consensus sexual morality) & anti-nationalist corporations wedded to left social agenda.

It's the worst of all worlds, and we're soaking in it.

***

Ripped from a Black Mirror episode, and coming soon to America: a pervasive Big Brother Surveillance State "social credit system" that can identify you by your walk (and tailor ads on-the-fly, or arrest you for pinging a blacklist of free-thinking dissidents).

> Chinese start up recognizes people by how they walk and commonly behave without even need to see your face. Accuracy is 96% pic.twitter.com/ABgPA2cik5
>
> — Best of Aliexpress and China (@coolstuffcheap) February 26, 2019

***

The Fuggernaut (aka BioLeninism) is real.

> Every Bolshevik-style movement over the last three-thousand years used the same tactic:
>
> They gathered & united all of society's undesirables, outcasts, & rejects. They formed movements out of deviants & degenerates.
>
> Such movements have no capacity for healthy cultural growth.
>
> — Racial Consciousness (@Nature_and_Race) February 26, 2019

The good news: All these deviants are the seed of Globohomo's destruction.

The bad news: That is, if they don't genocide us all first.

***

Our women are brainwashed, and the problem is getting worse.

> Last weekend I had a casual date with a gal from my (large) church. Everything seemed to be going well: some IOIs, good teasing, etc. And then I was blindsided: "Moreso than the other women in church, I really consider myself a feminist."

"I really consider myself a feminist" = she'll put out on the first date. Pump and dump material.

> She then proceeded to explain (paraphrasing) that she doesn't want to waste one more day of her youth and fertility on her future husband than absolutely necessary. Dalrock's maxim confirmed. Next!
>
> Having read this blog for over a year, her statement wasn't too big a surprise, but what she said next continues to bother me. She claimed that she tends to date outside the church (aka badboys) instead of the church guys, which again is no surprise to any of us. But she went on to say that she's talked with a lot of other single women in the church about it, and they've all expressed that there are guys in the church they'd like to date, but basically all of them are already taken. Preselection and hypergamy confirmed.
>
> It is a very painful pill to swallow that despite all of my work and growth as a man over these last few years, I'm still not in the "top 20%" (interestingly, about 1 in 5 men in my church social group have girlfriends who are in their 20s, which I'd imagine are the men this gal was referring to). A critical self-assessment would put me in the top third of men in this community, but apparently that still isn't enough. "Game" is likely my weak spot, and probably the leading factor holding me back at this point.
>
> Dalrock has posted recently about Christian marriage increasingly becoming only for the "elite", and I clearly see that firsthand in my Christian communities. But perhaps it should be clarified to: "marriage to a Christian women in her peak fertility years is only for the elite." Marriage prospects for the remaining 80% of men is limited to jaded mid-30s women (one of my best buddies just started dating a woman who's 36 – over 5 years older than him). And I've had numerous 32+ women come onto me, or have her friends try to set her up with me. I have no desire to be with these desperate women, as I would love to have a big family and a young, attractive wife.
>
> I guess the solution for now is to just keep on working. Keep on lifting. Keep on reading the Bible and leading my church group. Keep on improving in my hobbies. In doing so, I may very well get to the top 20%. Sadly, though, continued self-improvement is only a solution for one man, and does not solve the epidemic of Christian marriage (to youthful women) as being limited to the "elite."

This is what happens when the Church emasculates itself. Women within the church fold proudly proclaim themselves "feminists". And then fuck around with bad boys outside the Church.

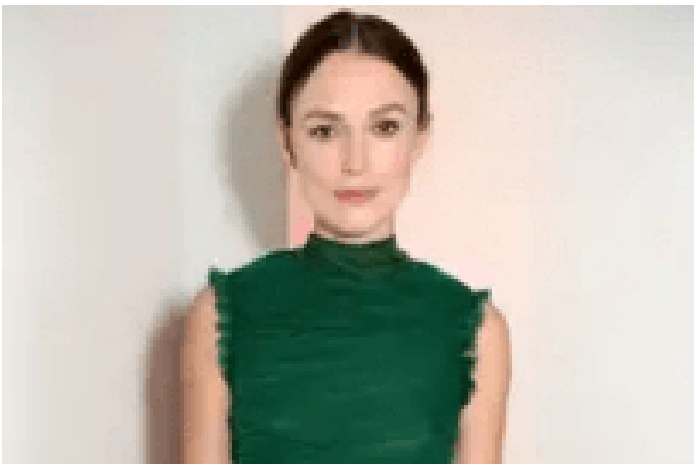
You want to make Christianity great again? Make it High T and patriarchal again.

Which Of These Is Not Like The Others?

CH · 27 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

H/t Aquinas

Read more



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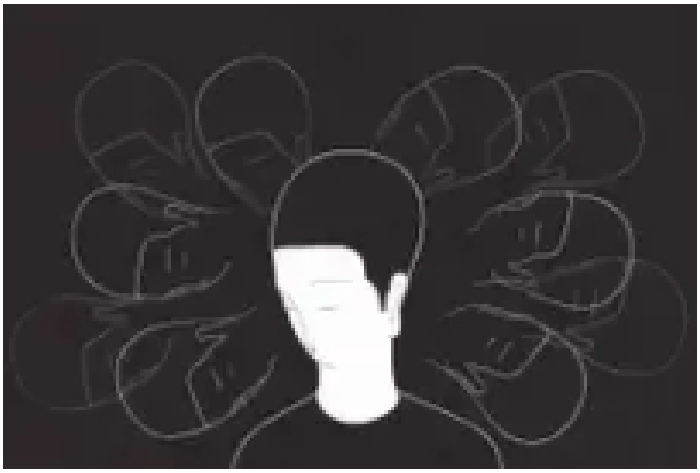


Breaking the silence around postpartum psychosis

Have You Made Your Decision To Defoo?

CH · 27 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Defoo: To disavow any connection with your family like some whiney emo pussy.

Dangerous political rifts aren't regional, like they were in the lead-up to Civil War I. Now, unbridgeable political and moral chasms separate cities from states, suburbs from towns, neighbor from neighbor, friend from friend, and even parents from children. Civil War II will have a different complexion than CWI. The front lines will be everywhere.

Moly has joined the defoo movement:

> Disown leftists.
>
> Seriously.
>
> Get them the hell out of your life.
>
> Ostracism is the last hope to stop detention camps, starvation and totalitarianism.
>
> Maybe the social shock of being shunned will waken them.
>
> If they win, you're going to be separated anyway.
>
> Just on their terms
>
> — Stefan Molyneux (@StefanMolyneux) February 26, 2019

J.Y. points out that betrayal is a real risk when you refuse to defoo recalcitrant ORANGE MAN BAD family members:

> I'm going to say something politically incorrect in EVERY circle: it is NOT at all unusual for the mother or wife of a right winger to cuck and cuck hard for the other side when the going gets tough.
>
> Some women WILL be with you through thick and thin. But turn around and look at the parents of that girl who was raped and murdered by the illegal. Could they possibly cuck any harder?
>
> In general I think disowning family IS a last resort. But you also can't afford to have people who are likely to betray you with intimate knowledge of your comings, goings, etc.

My take on the defoo question: don't, until you have no other recourse or you're at your wit's end and the raging TDS of your intimates has poisoned the relationship beyond your ability to shrug it off.

The Defoo Dilemma is a nuanced predicament for anyone who lives outside the internet thothouse. Realistically, we aren't going to have politically "pure" friends and family. But the stakes are very high and political opposition is now fraught with life or death meaning. Egos are on the line and easily frayed in ways they never have been before. This is a new development that wasn't the case a mere ten years ago.

The decision to defoo should depend on intensity of your shitlib friend's or family member's commitment to their ideological axe-grinding. Thankfully, most shitlibs aren't (yet) so far gone that they'll berate you about the Orange Man for as long as you're willing to listen. But the lunatics are out there, and their numbers are growing. If you have one of these lunatics in your social circle, defoo away those irreconcilable differences. Give the heave-ho to out-and-proud, wild-eyed pussyhat friends and family, but don't go crazy punishing everyone who parroted a Colbert inanity during a backyard BBQ. There's no reason to blow up perfectly good friendships over a stray comment about "Putin's puppet".

TBH, as a MAGAman you'll likely get defoo'ed by shitlib friends and family before you've had a chance to defoo them. That's because shitlibs are more intolerant of ideological opposition. If you get defoo'ed by a shitlib in your

acquaintance or a shitlib in your family, let that person go. You wouldn't want the headache of pandering to someone who hates you and would never give you the same degree of respect you give her.

The Eternal Solipsism Of The Female Mind

CH · 28 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From This is a sobriquet,

> Democrats [women] cheered harder for themselves getting into congress than for war heroes, criminal justice reform, child cancer survivors, preventing sex trafficking, lowest unemployment among black/hispanics in history, job growth, and a guy who landed on the moon.

It's the Congressional LOOKATME caucus. The price of admission is to have a vagina and a perpetually curled snarl.

From Rabbi High Comma,

> Occasio-Cortez couldn't even look sincere clapping for a child with brain cancer. She will do our work for us. She could have gone into porn, or provided vagina for a black running back, but instead her destiny is to red pill millions of Whites who weren't paying attention. God bless you La Raza Chan.

I know these chicks. The only face barmaidens like Attentionwhore Of-Color can sincerely express is snark&sass, the female counterpoint to the male agree&amplify.

PS Since we're on the subject of false pride….

A Joyce
@AJoyceTOQ
We live in an age where you can build an entire culture around anal sex & venereal disease & then parade the streets with giant dildos & call it Pride.
But say you're proud to come from a people that gave the world Aristotle, Shakespeare & Beethoven & you're called a monster.

The Three Tiers Of Assholery

CH · 28 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Asshole Game is confusing to men who think it means incessantly insulting a woman and generally acting like a huge dick all the time, getting in fights and yelling at girls when things go sour.

It's more nuanced than that.

A refined assholery is uncaring and aloof. Indifferent to a girl's judgment. This is what you should strive toward.

A spiteful, bitter assholery is caring and invested. Sensitive to a girl's judgment. This is what you should avoid.

There are tiers of assholery that are more or less suited to the type of girl with you. Younger women will need a bigger and stronger dose of Asshole Game than would older women. Extraverted girls respond better than introverted girls to assholes. Sluts and exhibitionists can handle extreme asshole game; chaste girls not so much. Ugly girls need niceguy game, hotties are a mixed bag, and the "almost there" 6s and 7s crave assholes.

Furthermore, the right dose of assholery depends on how you come across to a girl. Relative SMVs matter. An ugly or socially awkward man hitting on an ugly woman would need to ramp up his asshole game compared to a normal man hitting on that same woman.

All girls melt under the seductive power of assholery, but care should be taken to tailor your assholery to the girl. Pile driving a girl's ego could backfire if she's already got low self-esteem; softening your assholery could backfire if she's an Instagram whore.

With this in mind, I present the Three Tiers of Assholery, from gentlest to roughest.

Tier 1 — **Edgy Niceguy** — is for your plain janes with a heart of gold. Girl next door, sweet church girl, Amish bish, that one girl in your STEM class, virgins, small town librarian, the formerly chubby thin girl who still has body image issues, etc.

Tier 2 — **Charming Jerkboy** — is for your fat-part-of-the-belle-curve aspiring cockteases. These are your 5s, 6s, and 7s who think they're one step into good lighting from being 9s. Throw in some 8s who have dated too many provider beta males and now need an asshole to make them feel alive again. Also, super hot foreign girls are in this group, unless they're Brit, in which case they belong with the Tier 3s. Basically, 80% of women react positively to Tier 2 assholes.

Tier 3 — **Brutal Mindfucker** — is for your standard issue social media-created thot. All your closeted tyrants, bartender sasspots, careerist shrikes, infanticide supporters, proto catladies, hipsterette scenesters, strippers, camwhores, jaded hotties, FOMO chicks, rainbow-haired and nose-pierced "nonconformists", and Salon readers belong in this group.

Now I will give examples of each asshole tier, so men can better understand just what "being an asshole" means when applied in real life.

Tier 1 Asshole:

Cup your fart, open it in front of her face, then mock-beg for her mercy through gales of laughter

Tier 2 Asshole:

Cup fart, open under her nose, don't smile

Tier 3 Asshole:

Cup fart, shove it in her face, tell her "you smelt it you dealt it"

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Doodle a penis on her birthday card

Tier 2 Asshole:

Give her Skittles for her birthday

Tier 3 Asshole:

Forget her birthday, demand blowjob anyhow

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Sixth night lay, condom

Tier 2 Asshole:

Third night lay, Pill

Tier 3 Asshole:

Same day lay, leave her with abortion bill and a funny walk

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Her: “I think I’m falling for you!” You: “Aw, that’s cute”

Tier 2 Asshole:

Her: “I think I’m falling for you!” You: “Figures”

Tier 3 Asshole:

Her: “I think I’m falling for you!” You: “Why don’t you try falling on my cock right now” **ziiiiipp**

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girlfriend surprises you with morning blowie. You: “Baby, that was…pretty good”

Tier 2 Asshole:

GF surprises you with morning blowie. You: “Better use mouthwash”

Tier 3 Asshole:

GF surprises you with morning blowie. You: “Where’s breakfast?”

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girlfriend meets you at bar. You: “I can’t get away from you!” *smirk*

Tier 2 Asshole:

Girlfriend meets you at bar. You: “Oh great, you’re here, you can get me a drink now”

Tier 3 Asshole:

Girlfriend meets you at bar. You: “I can’t catch a break” *no change in facial expression*

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girl: “Let’s go see that RBG movie!” You: “Is that the one about the color wheel?”

Tier 2 Asshole:

Girl: “Let’s go see that RBG movie!” You: “Why don’t you take someone without a penis and balls”

Tier 3 Asshole:

Girl: “Let’s go see that RBG movie!” You: “We’re done”

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girl gets new hairstyle, smiles at you expectantly. You: “I like what you did to your nails”

Tier 2 Asshole:

Girl gets new hairstyle, smiles at you expectantly. You, falling backwards out of your chair in an exaggerated motion of faux surprise: “Fuck, what happened to that stuff on top of your head?”*****

Tier 3 Asshole:

Girl gets new hairstyle, smiles at you expectantly. You: “Are you TRYING to be a lesbian?”

(*****readers should direct their attention to the second commenter in that post’s comment thread.)

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girl tries to break up with you in public. You: “You’re a bad liar. But if this is what you really want, then I set you free.”

Tier 2 Asshole:

Girl tries to break up with you in public. You: “Well, that’s a load off.”

Tier 3 Asshole:

Girl tries to break up with you in public. You hit on a girl walking by.

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girlfriend calls you in the middle of the night, hysterical, to tell you she got into a car accident. You: “You tried parallel parking again, didn’t you?”

Tier 2 Asshole:

Girlfriend calls you in the middle of the night, hysterical, to tell you she got into a car accident. You: “Oh no! Is the car okay?”

Tier 3 Asshole:

Girlfriend calls you in the middle of the night, hysterical, to tell you she got into a car accident. You: “You called the wrong number, baby. Call the number on your triple A card.” *hangs up*

***

Tier 1 Asshole:

Girl wants you to buy her a drink two minutes after introducing yourself. You: “I don’t buy girls drinks, but you can buy me one”

Tier 2 Asshole:

Girl wants you to buy her a drink two minutes after introducing yourself. You: “The sex later better be good”

Tier 3 Asshole:

Girl wants you to buy her a drink two minutes after introducing yourself. You: “Sorry, I didn’t know you were a whore”

******

Looking back on my past relationships, I can’t believe how much Brutal Mindfuckery I committed against girls. But it worked. Sadly, it worked.

Female Corruption Events

CH · 28 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From JJG,

> Just saw an average looking girl I know on Instagram. Not a celebrity or talented in any way, solid 7. Had well over 200 likes for a pic in a party dress showing some cleavage. The first step is banning all social media and regulating the internet. Facebook, cell phones, Instagram are the primary causes if the skewed sex market. Literally over 200 thirsty betas and vapid sluts giving their fawning approval for absolutely nothing.
>
> 200 likes for a plain jane showing some cleavage
>
> This is actually the apocalypse of the average joe

There are three events in modren human history one may pinpoint as singularities of corruption of our women.

1. the vote
2. the Pill
3. social media

The first Corruption Event severed woman from husband and supplanted him with the State.

The second Corruption Event severed woman from herself and supplanted her womb with careerism and cock hopping.

The third Corruption Event severed woman from reality and supplanted her humility with self-delusion and rage.

Reversing these corruption events, in full or in part, will be necessary to save America from her destiny with collapse.

***

PS As if Canada couldn't get any gayer:

***

thordaddy comments,

> No one and no collective is able to put “radical autonomy” back in the stable.
>
> The nature of this escalating radicalism is the staunch belief in total annihilation at bodily/brain death.
>
> If one is thinking in terms of resurrected eternal life, she can possibly get a leash on her “radical sexual autonomy.” Otherwise, perpetual self-annihilation.

Yes this gets at the core issue. Secularization is really the abandonment of belief in the afterlife, replaced with a belief in the illimitable void. This change of belief is the energy which fuels modren shitliberalism.

The ideology of the illimitable void is why, in my darker moments, I doubt America will get out of her predicament without first collapsing and allowing rebirth from the ashes.

Comment Of The Week: The Surrender Of Privacy

CH · 1 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Atavator wins this week's COTW in high-falutin' fashion, responding to a comment I made about the disheartening spectacle of Americans willingly surrendering their privacy to a ravenous, growing Surveillance State.

> *CH: Millennials are the kind of people who read "1984" and say "meh, if you have nothing to hide what's the big deal about Big Brother?"*
>
> It's all a part of their being overindulged and treated like hothouse flowers. When parents hover over your every microsecond, it becomes impossible to develop any sense of privacy, or interiority. The elements of a true conscience — the glory of Western man — are buried beneath a thick blanket of playdates, participation trophies, ritalin, and pointless effusive praise. What's left are not full human beings, but automata whose moral essence is shrunken to "triggerings." Self-command, stoic virtue, self-reliance: gone. It is not an accident that a whole generation of people have been formed this way.
>
> We can only hope that the Gen-Z kids will represent a severe backlash against this. I'm certainly trying to raise mine that way.

The dominance of extraversion at the expense of introversion is one of the less appreciated social factors contributing to national decline, particularly decline in White nations, as Whites are, racially, primarily introverted (with a healthy minority of extraverts balancing out the race — in contrast to the almost exclusively introverted asians).

The combination of coddling and encouragement to extraversion — in short, feminization and judaicization — has been lethal to Americans' "interiority". We can see the consequences of this malign cultural change in the demand for "safe spaces", the thin-skinned hysteria to disagreement, the intolerance of opposing world views, the attention whoring, the psychological projection, and the utter lack of self-awareness.

There's one word that nicely describes all of the above: chutzpah.

If you've lost contact with your interior self, you won't feel its loss when the Surveillance State steals it away from you.

Exposing The Secrets Of The Weimar Republic

CH · 2 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Have you wondered why Americans know so little about the Weimar Republic, the period in Germany that led to the Nazis and WWII? This lack of information is the result of a deliberate suppression campaign by Globoschlomo.

To learn about the provocations and social realities which preceded a great war, one must thoroughly examine the time period to uncover the motivations, grievances, and attitudes of a people who would later turn to war for solutions. It is an absolute crime against history that Westerners in general are so ignorant of the Weimar Republic, given that it was the era which laid the groundwork for a world war that would dwarf all wars.

A powerful Twatter thread from U.S. Uprising explains it all.

In America, the public is given zero information on the “Weimar Republic,” the period in Germany post-WWI that led to the rise of the NationaI SociaIists in 1933.

This is deliberate. The period holds too many secrets to the modern world.

This thread will expose those secrets. pic.twitter.com/4mVbkYoC6T

[image]

— U.S. Uprising ��?� (@USUprising) March 22, 2019

First, a tweet on what Germany was pre-Weimar:

As the Holy Roman Empire ended, Germans united throughout the 18th & 19th centuries under strong leadership, loyal monarchs, and good governance.

Germany was a bustling European center of industry, military, culture & Christianity.

***

Then World War I happened.

Largely orchestrated by corrupt Global interests, it was a disaster for Germany.

Germany had a string of victories, and sought a peaceful truce.

But Global financiers behind the war would lose money & their agenda, so they brought in America in 1917.

***

How the war ended is crucial to setting the stage for Weimar.

The German war effort collapsed in 1918 when Communists led strikes in munitions factories and launched a violent Revolution in Germany.

The monarchy fell, the war ended with no truce, & Liberal Elites create Weimar.

***

Before I get into who comprised this new “Liberal Elite” in Germany, first, a look at who was behind the Revolution:

Rosa Luxemburg
Kurt Eisner
Paul Levi
Leo Jogiches
Ernst Toller

Erich Muhsam
Gustav Landauer
Eugen Levine
Karl Radek

Guess what they all have in common…

***

At the Treaty of Versailles, a crippled Germany was carved up by the Global Elite, with no opposition from the new Weimar leaders.

Who were the key representatives letting this happen?

Paul Hirsch (Prime Minister of Prussia)
Otto Landsberg (Versailles Delegate)

And they were?

***

The term “Weimar” comes from the city of Weimar where this new, liberal democratic government was first assembled.

In this unnatural, fragmented Germany, a new constitution was foisted on the people.

Who wrote it?

Hugo Preuss.

What was he?

***

For nearly a decade, this government was overwhelmingly run by Left, Liberal, non-German influences.

Walther Rathenau (Foreign Minister)
Rudolf Hilferding (Finance Minister)
Bernhard Isidor Weiss (Police Chief)
Eduard Bernstein (main member of Social Democrats)

***

For the 70-80 years leading up to Weimar, Left-Liberal socialists had been wreaking havoc across Germany, preventing the people from knowing real peace.

Who were the earliest leaders?

Ferdinand Lassalle and Leopold Sonnemann.

Guess what they were…

***

The early years of Weimar were filled with turmoil and suffering.

The people weren’t organized.
The extreme Left launched frequent rebellions.
There were food shortages & poverty.
France invaded Germany in 1923-1925 to collect WWI reparations.

It was an absolute mess.

***

The ineffectual government was often embroiled in scandal, with one group at the center.

Barmat Scandal
Sklarek Scandal
Kutisker Case
Katzenellenbogen Case

All involved [special people] crime rings scamming Germany with political corruption, bribery, fraud, war-profiteering, etc.

***

Accompanying Weimar's broken political world was an equally sick and degenerate culture and society.

EVERYTHING was tolerated.

Berlin became the sin capital of the world.

Many poor, desperate Germans sold themselves like cheap goods.

No sexual perversion was off the table.

***

At the center of this sexual "revolution" was Magnus Hirschfeld.

He created the "Institute of Sexual Research," located in Berlin, celebrating all kinds of sexual fetishes, conducting trans-surgery, research, etc.

Sound familiar?

It's all happened before, in Weimar Germany.

***

The "German" Film Industry was also filled with degenerate themes.

Some of main producers, directors, & actors in Weimar:

Paul Davidson
Joseph "Joe May" Mandel
Jules Greenbaum
Max Reinhardt
Josef Von Sternberg
Fritz Kohn
Otto Wallburg
Peter "Lorre" Lowenstein

And many more…

***

The Pornography business also became extremely popular and lucrative during Weimar, often taking advantage of German women looking for work.

People like Kurt Tucholsky made sure everyone got their fix.

***

Art in Weimar experienced a similar descent into meaningless, perverse works that inspired nothing but sadness

and discord.

“Dadaism” & “Cubism” were all the rage.

The Elites promoted this as “intellectual” and modern.

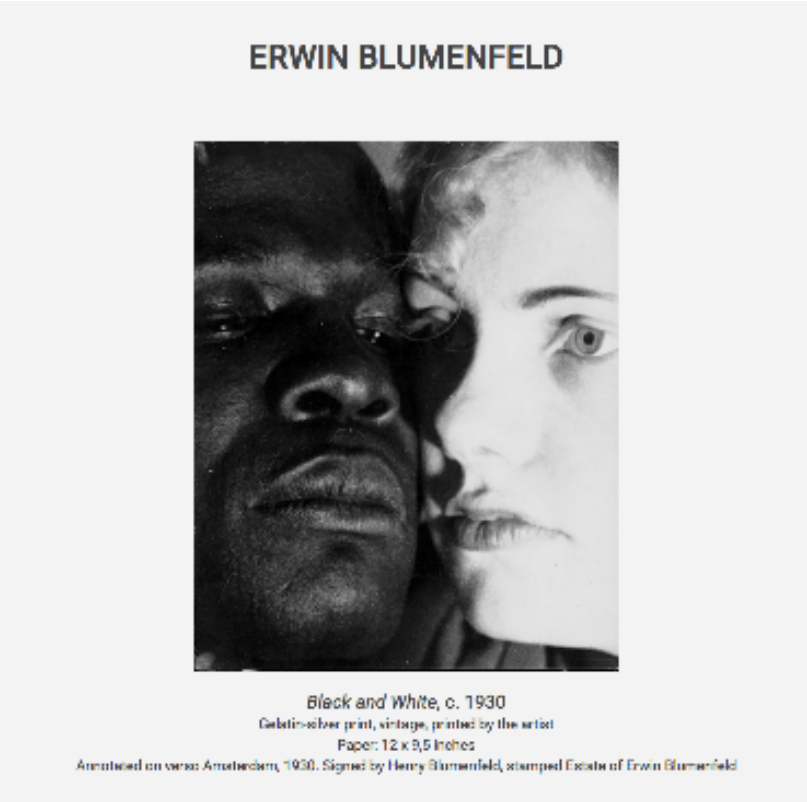
Sound familiar?

Painters like Hanns Ludwig Katz did well.

***

Even prominent photographers, like Erwin Blumenfeld, sought to inject subversive, anti-German themes into their work.

Here’s one of his photos.



Can you see what he was selling, even all the way back then?

Something similar to what they’re selling today.

***

The German Media, much like today, collaborated with the political & social Elite, ignoring the plights of everyday Germans and the complete degradation of German culture.

Who ran the major newspapers & publishers in Weimar?

No Germans.

Theodor Wolff
Georg Bernhard
Rudolf Mosse

***

Weimar hit rock bottom when the US stock market crashed & the global Great Depression followed.

The degenerate society was wholly unprepared.

Unemployment, starvation, disease, hyper-inflation.

Stacks of German currency were worthless.

The Weimar nightmare was complete.

***

Throughout Weimar, Europe learned of the horrors of Bolshevism to the East.

Yet, Communists paraded openly in Weimar, with official parties in the Govt (led by Werner Scholem).

The Weimar Elite seemed unable & uninterested in protecting Germans from their revolutionary cousins.

***

One could go on and on about Weimar.

Some day, I'll do a thread on what the NationaIist Right was doing during this period.

But I mainly wanted to show what Weimar was, who ran it, and how it affected German society.

If you study the West today, you'll notice the similarities.

***

Weimar was the first oppressive neo-liberal democracy.

You aren't told about it because:

1. It ruins the WWII lies our Govts tell us.

2. You're in Weimar 2.0. If you ever learn that, you may learn how to escape it. This scares the Elite.

Retweet, Stay Woke, & Much Love Fam!

This is why our Information Overlords suppress discussion about the Weimer Republic, and leave American students in the dark about that time period in Germany. They would discover that there's an eerie parallel with modren America — a Weimerica — which we are living through and enduring against our natures.

And they might start to connect dots that a certain clan doesn't want connected.

******

PS Mass immigration will kill the Republican Party for good.

> Five years ago, we published analysis showing that high levels of immigration hurts Republicans in elections, regardless of what position the party takes on illegal immigration: https://t.co/pYcwsZHkg0
>
> At least the mass migration advocates are being honest about it now, too. https://t.co/QYQ9eM0v1B
>
> — Center for Immigration Studies (@CIS_org) March 20, 2019

PPS While the New Zealand Prime Catlady goes on a dictatorial jihad against thought crime, censoring the internet, banning books, banning guns, and throwing native Whites in jail for daring to oppose State orthodoxy, that little French Maricon is about to deploy the military, armed with real bullets, to squelch the anti-globalism Yellow Vest revolutionaries.

It's amazing — NOT — how little attention the American media is giving this story.

Darkness is falling over the West, sooner than anyone thinks.

PPPS Over at Counter-Currents, a nod to yours truly.

PPPPS Kevin MacDonald on left-wing book burning, Trump, and the dissident right.

> Twenty-one years after a respected academic publisher, Praeger, published *Culture of Critique* and *Separation and Its* Discontents, they have been banned on Amazon. *A People that Shall Dwell Alone* is still available. This comes only around two weeks after they banned books by Jared Taylor and Greg Johnson. This is an extension of the de-platforming from financial sites and PayPal, Patreon, Coinbase, and credit card companies that has hit pretty much all sites on the dissident right, including *TOO* and *TOQ*. Clearly the establishment is terrified that these ideas are gaining traction, and it illustrates once again, that the culturally dominant left cares nothing for free speech as a pillar of American civilization. I am now deeply worried that if the left obtains power in the next election, what has happened thus far will pale in comparison to what lies ahead.
>
> […]
>
> Like pretty much everyone associated with the dissident right, I celebrated the election of Donald Trump. However, it's clear that the populist, anti-immigration themes of Trump's rhetoric have energized the left to a fever pitch. Trump has been unsuccessful or unwilling to carry through his promises on immigration, and there has been a barrage of investigations and impeachment talk beginning as soon as he took office.
>
> […]
>
> …in the not too distant future, the Republican viability in national elections would be destroyed by the new Democrat voters they collaborated in importing. But it would all be very gradual.
>
> However, Trump won, and to make things worse, there were populist stirrings in Europe, with the success of Brexit and with several European governments openly defying their EU masters on immigration and the ideal of multiculturalism. The response of the left, which should have been completely predictable, has been to do everything they can to ramp up immigration and even lower the voting age so that they are assured of winning future elections. And they have targeted the ideas of the dissident/populist right for suppression. Again, we are just seeing the beginning of what promises to be a very ugly war.
>
> […]
>
> Barring a USSR-type government, I'm not at all sure that our ideas can be prevented from triumphing. And that has our hostile elites very worried.

PPPPPS Spicy meme:

PPPPPPS The latest in must-wear peacocking gear this summer:

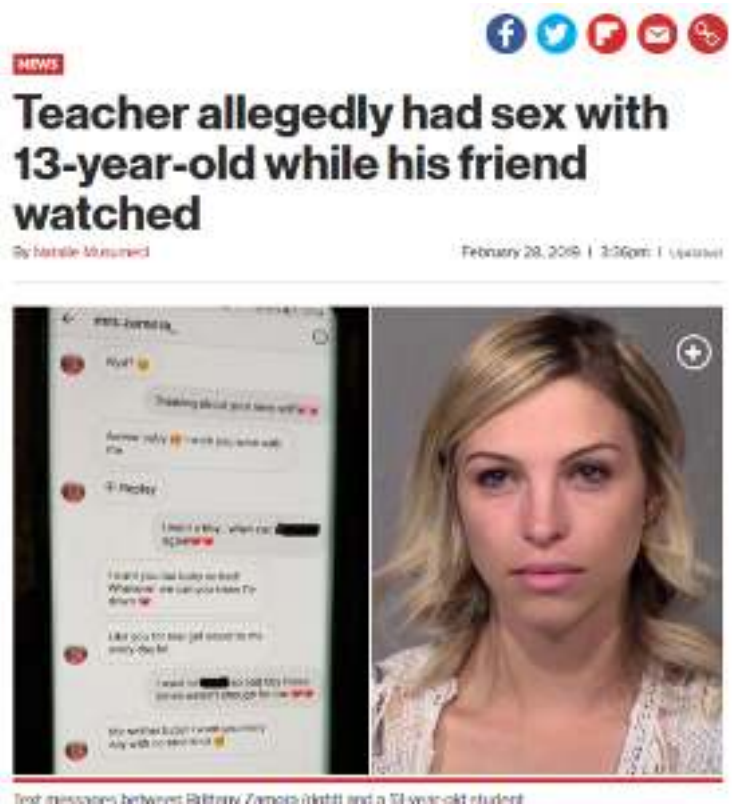
> Feelings Don't Care About Your Facts
>
> Featuring @TitaniaMcGrath https://t.co/6OwLdaRXNM pic.twitter.com/X0C38kBCfM
>
> — wokestore (@wokestore) February 23, 2019

The Hot For Student Epidemic Rages On

CH · 2 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

There is an epidemic raging of hot teachers banging their underage students. I consider it a harbinger of societal collapse.

The latest "hot for student" fiasco is a doozy.



Teacher needs to see me (and my friend) after school…

That's a thousand underage cock stare.

You can practically see the faint streaks of six months' worth of facials.

The kid has tight text game. Passes Jumbotron test. Abides Poon Commandment V: Adhere to the golden ratio (sends half as many texts as she does).

Why do women do this?

Part of the answer is the repercussion of a society which has stopped constraining female hypergamy.

And part of the answer is the de-masculinization of the beta hubbies of these succubi. These chicks are deprived of alpha male in their lives, and they'll find it in the pre-verbal zfg arms of middle school boys.

Finally, infantilization has taken over the minds of so many women. They've never grown up and don't want to grow up, so banging a student validates their self-perception.

You will be unsurprised to learn the husband of this dead-eyed boyfucker is at DEFCUCK 1. He knew this was going on (started when the boy was 12), and begged the student's parents not to report his wife to police.

> Footage just released also shows Zamora's husband remained supportive of his wife despite the accusations.

Too many men “supporting” skank whores who don’t deserve it.

> ‘Not gonna discuss it with you,’ her husband tells police at one point. ‘Brittany is an adult. She’s the best, the best person I’ve ever known,’ he said.

Keep telling yourself that, bub.

> It is not clear if they are still together or not.

If they aren’t, it was her decision.

> The boy’s parents previously claimed Zamora’s husband Daniel called them and begged them not to report his wife to police after they saw her sexual texts, saying she had made a mistake.

Beta.

> The parents told police that Zamora’s husband ‘harassed’ the father over the phone, begging him not to go to the authorities and insisting that his wife had ‘made a big mistake, but that she loved the kids,’ according to the documents.

Cringingly beta.

> Daniel Zamora also allegedly suggested that he and the boy’s dad ‘meet up’ and ‘settle this,’ but the parent turned down his offer and hung up on him.

So fuckin beta.

> Zamora and her husband, who she has known she was 16, married in 2015. They do not have any children.

Proof of betaness. She thought his seed unworthy of her womb.

I’m more sickened by the beta husband’s reaction than I am by his slutty teacher wife. This is how men without options behave when their “lucky strike” cheats on them: “She dindu nuffin! Please don’t leave me to masturbate again for another ten year dry spell!”

That's her husband on the left. Big wide open mouth. Gloryhole face. Nümale submission gesture. He feels so lucky.

I can predict the end of a relationship by how "lucky" the man feels to be in it. The luckier he feels, the faster it ends.

> Zamora's husband pleaded with the boy's parents to settle this without calling the police. He begged them to forgive her. He tried to defend her, saying she was a good teacher who would do anything to help her students.
>
> The boy's father urged Daniel Zamora not to incriminate himself — to leave her.
>
> "She had another 13-year-old in there watching the whole (f--king) thing," the father said to Daniel Zamora. "Do you understand?"
>
> Daniel Zamora pledged to stay with his wife, though.

BETA — pledge to stay with a depraved cheating whore

DIGNIFIED MAN — throw her to the wolves

PS Placing bets on the race of the student.

Shitlib Self-Delusion And Psychological Projection

CH · 4 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is what shitlibs think of themselves when their self-perception algorithm is set to 100% Fantasy Fuel.

Shitlib phenotype reality:

[image]

[image]

PA comments,

> It's an interesting window into the lib-male's soul. His antagonists, who represent MAGA men, aren't evil-looking, scary or ridiculous. They are sad and weak looking.
>
> Yet the lib's self-image is that of the aggressor, or at least a hard-puncher in that single frame.
>
> Doesn't feel heroic to me. But the lib is clearly in throes of self-idealizing heroism when he verbally (it's always about being so smart!) abuses defeated men.

Male shitlibs are like that version of George Costanza in the jerkstore episode. He's always thinking of comebacks after the moment has passed, but finally has one and it lands with a thud. His self-satisfaction is immediately deflated.

Anyhow, PA has got it right. Shitlibs are into humiliation porn. They have a sadistic urge to cruelly humiliate weaker enemies, while stronger enemies elicit from the shitlib either deranged psychotic breaks or instant submission and pleas for mercy.

Where did this comic come from? Aquinas quips:

> A [special person] fappatorium

PS Decent article about “conservative democracy”.

Subcellular Shit Tests

CH · 5 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Women shit test even when they aren't thinking about it.

> Women's bodies BLOCK weak sperm by creating a 'bottleneck' in the uterus where stronger swimmers force their way through
>
> The female reproductive tract is cleverly shaped to weed out weak sperm.
>
> That's the claim made by scientists at New York's Cornell University, who say a series of 'pinch points' – such as a narrowing between the uterus and fallopian tubes – is the biological equivalent of an assault course.
>
> As a result, only the strongest sperm cells can push their way through the bottleneck to reach the egg, creating a quality control process for fertilisation.
>
> […]
>
> This adds further weight to the suggestion that the female body undertakes a selection process, rather than conception being random.

A shit test is basically a filter for men with alpha attitudes. Even at the level of the uterine tract, women are filtering the beta sperms from the ZFG sperms.

It would be interesting to know if this sperm selection process applies to extra-pair ejaculate competition as well as to single dose ejaculate.

Sunscreen Is The Devil's Lotion

CH · 7 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Don't use sunscreen. It's really bad for you. So bad, it could justifiably be classed a toxin. The decrease in sunburn risk is outweighed by the big increases in risks of many types of cancer, including melanoma.

> • Research has not validated the claim that the sun is not safe because it causes melanoma.
>
> • Sunscreen use actually promotes skin cancers.
>
> • Sunscreen chemicals are toxic to all systems in the body and to all life on the planet.
>
> • Sunscreen chemicals mimicking the shape of our hormones bind to the body's hormone receptors, disrupting estrogen, testosterone, progesterone and thyroid hormones.
>
> • Sunshine provides many benefits for the whole body.
>
> • Blocking UVB radiation leads to low vitamin D_3 levels due to the inability to produce this essential vitamin in the skin, which results in a multitude of health problems.
>
> • Consumers should avoid products that have a SPF rating or foods or clothing that contain titanium dioxide.
>
> • Eating, taking or using antioxidants on the skin are natural, safe ways to protect the skin from solar radiation. Feeding the skin antioxidants provides nature's best solar radiation protection.
>
> ***
>
> Although UVB rays are what cause the typical sunburn, and blocking UVB does stop the skin from turning red, the sunburn is the body's warning sign that it is time to get out of the sun because you have run out of your natural protective nutrients that prevent damage from the sun. Blocking the sunburn is just as dangerous as cutting the wire to the red warning light on the dash of your car.
>
> ***
>
> A study with human volunteers who applied BP-3, OMC and 4-MBC for two weeks detected all three sunscreen chemicals in blood and urine, **along with alterations in reproductive hormone levels. Observing the amount of these "estrogenic" sunscreen compounds in the blood, the researchers expressed concern for children who have not reached puberty,** because they are more sensitive to low levels of reproductive hormones. Young children are also less able to eliminate drugs and have a larger surface area per body weight than adults, which can result in greater absorption and build-up within their bodies. The researchers concluded that sunscreens "might have adverse effects in children."
>
> ***
>
> This report on HMB also found that the chemical caused reproductive toxicity, with a lengthened menstrual cycle and decreased sperm count.
>
> At least nine studies of titanium dioxide nanoparticles in mice and rats show reproductive harm, including problems that could result in impaired fertility.
>
> ***
>
> Many young people today are stating that they are confused as to their sexual orientation. It is no wonder! **The use of estrogenic and anti-testosterone sunscreen chemicals for the last forty years could be one reason that males and females are experiencing gender identity confusion in ever greater numbers.** It is known that testosterone secreted by fetal testicles plays a key role in the permanent organization of the developing central nervous system toward masculine patterns. This means that males exposed to these chemicals in utero are subject to disruption of the development of normal masculine character traits.
>
> ***

> The alterations to the cerebral cortex suggest that titanium dioxide exposure should be considered as a risk factor for autism, as autistic brains show abnormal cellular arrangements in the cerebral cortex.
>
> ***
>
> Studies also show that titanium dioxide disrupts the body's ability to perform its continual DNA repair, which is essential to maintain good health. All these alterations of chemicals within the brain cannot help but lead to alterations in behavior.

Is sunscreen the primary environmental insult causing the late-stage degenerate freak parade craziness?!

All the biosocial depravity plaguing the West — weak, gimp sperm…low fertility…tranny lunacy…autistic screeching…GOP cuckery…pussyhat hysteria…mental illness…depression…diabetes — might be the consequence of sunscreen lotion and the associated reduction in naturally-produced vitamin D.

If it is, then going out in the sun "unprotected" will be the next pro-White dog whistle.

***

Science is a work in progress. These findings may not hold up, or they may. The title of this post was obviously glib, but not untrue. We are discovering more every day that the Big Chem revolution of the 20th Century has had unforeseen consequences, which could be affecting us in small and big ways. It isn't a reach to speculate based on the new information coming out that industrial modernity has had hugely negative impacts on social organization and could in fact be a main culprit in the depravity and suicidal ideation sweeping the West.

Which is why I, and others like PA, have predicted that the 21st Century will be the story of Westerners (European Whites) repudiating the modernity of the 20th Century. We are going back to our roots, in all senses of the word. Our roots with nature, with family, with kin, with neighbors, with nation.

I'm not saying it will be the equivalent of Ludditism. There will still be amazing discoveries, particularly in biology and genetics, but the way we live will change to be more in tune with our primal rhythms than with the autissimo world foisted on us by Big Tech, Big Usury, Big Chem, and Big State.

Globohomo will be defeated by blood and soil.

Beta Billy

CH · 7 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This was one of the funnier send-ups of soyboy culture I've seen. The goofy, lemur-like face of beta billy had me in stitches.

"Tell me what to find beautiful in women. I accept. I'll take anything."

lmao

Meanwhile, Beta Billy's women are getting their tubes tied just to prevent thier wombs from being polluted with beta seed.

PS Wildly off-topic: It takes a special kind of stupid to think that just because you and your kind can create a nice neighborhood that means everyone can do the same.

Reframe Of The Day: Leftoid Conspiracy Theories

CH · 7 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

FILE DELETED Turn the phrase "conspiracy theorist" against the left Anonymous (ID: [redacted]) 02/27/19(Wed)00:22:21
No.204503627 ▶ >>204503798 >>204503799 >>204503887 >>204503929 >>204504072 >>204505534 >>204505636 >>204505678 >>204505919
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>>204513204 >>204513439 >>204513515 >>204513852 >>204513995 >>204514023 >>204514027 >>204514578 >>204514586 >>204514715 >>204514871 >>204514885 >>204516125
>>204516572 >>204517503 >>204517954 >>204522038 >>204523699 >>204524756 >>204524869 >>204525147 >>204527663 >>204530369 >>204531079 >>204531387 >>204533256
>>204537441 >>204540545 >>204546753

I don't know if you've noticed, but this is their latest play :
1) label everything they don't like (anything to the right of Mao) as "conspiracy theory"
2) "crack down" on "conspiracy theory" content (censorship)
https://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/youtube-conspiracy-recommendations_us_5c610b9be4b0aec79b2523e5

They had to change gear because calling everybody a "racist bigoted Nazi" wasn't working any more.
The term "fake news" was originally supposed to fill this role, but it was turned against the MSM beautifully.
Now we have to do the same with "conspiracy theory" : every leftist must be labelled as a "conspiracy theorist".

- "White privilege" - conspiracy theory
- "Cops kill more blacks" - conspiracy theory
- "Muh patriarchy" - conspiracy theory
- "Russian collusion / bots" - conspiracy theory
- "Gender inequality / pay gap" - conspiracy theory
- If they say "Populism / right wing / fascism is on the rise" - conspiracy theorist
- If they say "hate crimes are rising" - conspiracy theorist
- "There are 67 genders" - conspiracy theory
- "systemic racism" - conspiracy theorist
- "calling everything a conspiracy theory is a far right tactic" - conspiracy theory

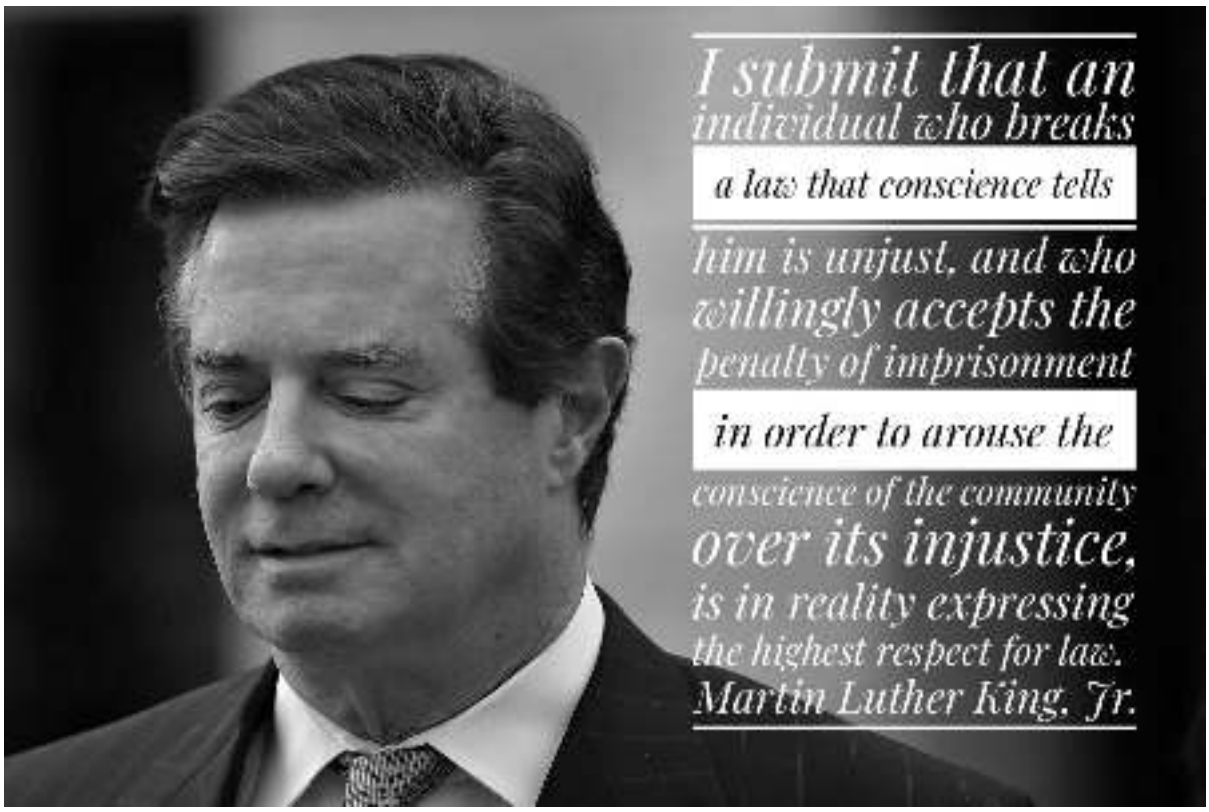
From now on, EVERYTHING the left says is a conspiracy theory. Make it so.

Zoomed-in link.

The next time a leftoid you know brings up “White privilege”, casually inform xir, “that’s just a conspiracy theory”.

Another killer reframe: The Russia Collusion story is a “dual loyalty trope”.

Manafort memes, coming in hot… (h/t The Excruciationator)



PS How about dese fapples? CPAC is literally controlled opposition. Google paid them off to steer the convention away from discussing race, nationalism and populism.

A Very Special Kind Of Double Standard

CH · 7 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

[Special role]

Pointing out this one special tribe's hypocrisy and double standards has become a parlor game. So many examples, and such large contortions!

DEUSVULT spells it out,

> [Special people] in America overwhelmingly support population replacement levels of immigration and refugee resettlement.
>
> It makes more sense when viewed as [special people] acting in their own self interest wherever they are.
>
> In israel, they are hyper nationalist. In America, they are pluralist, with the goal of ensuring [special people] are just one of many other minority populations.

Today, the House passed an anti-White, excuse me, anti-hate resolution by something like 400-30. Not kidding. The only group not mentioned in the list of groups that should be protected from "hate" was White Christian men.

And it's worse than that. The Anti-Whites are attempting to control the future by altering the past. As a Sailer commenter put it,

> This is just lying. As a government resolution this will be cited as evidence in the future by the hoax hypers.
>
> ***
>
> *"And when the records agree with the falsehoods the Party's grip on the past will be complete."*

The anti-"hate" resolution just passed in the House was nothing more than an excuse to codify demonization of White Christian men.

It isn't our country. We know that. The questions remaining are how long has it not been our country, and when will it, if ever, be our country again?

> A Muslim attacks Jews, so Congress attacks whites
>
> we're doomed https://t.co/phyH4d1Jju
>
> — Dogs Don't Have Thumbs (@MorlockP) March 7, 2019

***

Alex the Goon optimistically reframes,

> 400-30??? Last vote was 424-1. Support for White People has increased 3000% in just a few weeks! They should be shitting themselves.

Globohomo's Endgame

CH · 7 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

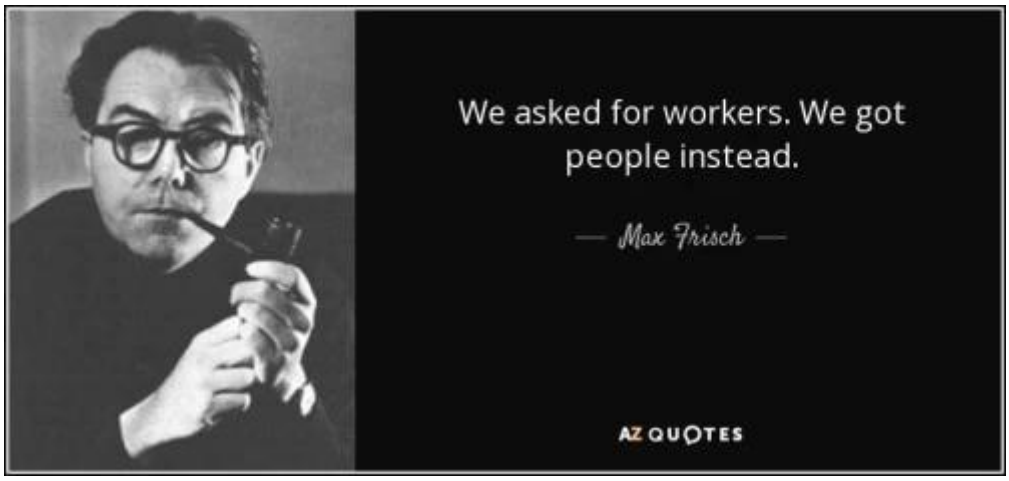
"We need more workers to grow the economy" is a devil's bargain if there ever was one.

What's the end game of Globohomo's insatiable need for low wage workers and low brow consumers? 1 billion invaders in America? 2 billion? 5 billion? When does the economy stop needing imported workers? And when the economy stops growing, do these billions go back to their homelands?

The logic behind this apocalyptic economics is better understood if you read it as "we need more workers to grow the economy of the top 1%". Those are the people who can afford to live away and barricade themselves off from the third world dollar-a-day scab laborers they invite into the country on the pretext of "growing the economy".

It's "privatize the profits, socialize the costs" on a leviathan scale. It's the ideology of cancer. Constant growth, at the expense of societal health.

Your fat cat modern day robber barons like betabillionaire Jeff "chasing 50 year old cougar meat" Bezos get insanely rich in this system while regular Heritage Americans spanning the lower, working, and middle classes get saddled with the financial and social costs of evading, avoiding, and stoically enduring the Diversity Drones.



Bezos buys himself a second helipad. Joe from a Tijuanified formerly all-White town has to trudge to the store manager to buy a bottle of cough syrup locked behind bulletproof cases because the vibrant arrivals keep stealing it off the shelves.

Bezos buys a newspaper to turn into his personal propaganda organ which demonizes the one president in recent memory who was elected to look out for the people psychologically and economically displaced by globalist whoremongers like Bezos. Joe gets kicked out of banks and social media accounts for once expressing anger against the third worldization of his hometown.

Bezos smiles like a fox in the henhouse. Joe kills himself in a midst of a deep despair for his future and his children's future.

A reader adds,

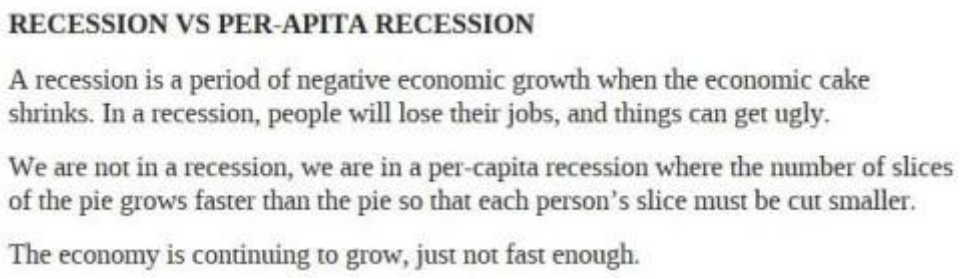
> That's exactly why the alt right needs to become environmentalists! We must stop immigration under the grounds of saving the environment and its limited resources! We are not going to win this battle with race based policies!!!

There are many logical and coherent arguments against mass immigration, including the disharmony caused by racial dissimilarities, but Trump seems determined to focus on just one (crime and drugs coming across the

border).

Environmentalism, wage gutting, social disruption, economic externalities, packing the electoral college with imported voters bought on the cheap, straining the welfare state, etc etc. All these arguments against open un-selective borders, and more, are available to Trump, but he bangs one drum and leaves the rest of the kit unplayed.

Economically, too, the best-case growth argument is a chimera. What we have instead from open borders is a "per-capita recession":



Endless growth is a Ponzi scheme. Instead of growth, we should be thinking in terms of managing a sustainable economy that abides natural fluctuations in the native population.

Does Trump understand this, or is he regressing to the fatuous old Boomercon he is at heart?

> WATCH: Trump sells out to the donor class and big business, calls for increasing immigration to replace American workers and depress wages. pic.twitter.com/yPi7W0LwM0
>
> — Will Westcott (@westland_will) March 3, 2019

You tell me.

From my vantage, Trump has begun dancing to Globohomo's tune.

Trump is prone to hyperbolic gaffes so I figured his SOTU call for more *legal* invaders was a brain fart to be ignored as his behind-the-scenes policies continued reducing legal immigration.

But now he's repeated the claim, in print, a number of times since. And he has had roundtables with Globohomo's finest to hammer home his capitulation to the open borders, big business lobby.

Does this guy NOT want to win reelection?

PA writes,

> It's one of two scenarios:
>
> 1. Trump will be an American Yeltsin.
>
> 2. What we see is the unimportant stuff; Trump is fighting the unseen power center and victory will set everything else right.

I can't believe Trump would so brazenly betray his campaign promises (implied and stated), so his current actions make no sense unless it's misdirection (good) or total co-option (bad).

Trump is gearing up to run 2020 on a Koch Bros.-approved anti-socialism, pro-globalism message. This would be a mistake. Anti-socialism won't be a winning platform for Trump in 2020. He thinks it will because he's a Boomercon, but the times have changed. He needs to push a socialism-lite for Whites if he wants to retain his hold on the crucial Midwest states.

He's still sitting at 50% approval (give or take), but if his base gets wind of his plans to increase legal immigration, I

wouldn't be shocked to see his polls drop into the upper 20s.

PS Unparalleled shiv:

The 43 Year Foot-Drag

CH · 7 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Woman, 72, weds boyfriend, 74, after rejecting his proposals for 43 years

This is the ideal gynarchy. You may not like it, but this is what Peak Thottery looks like.

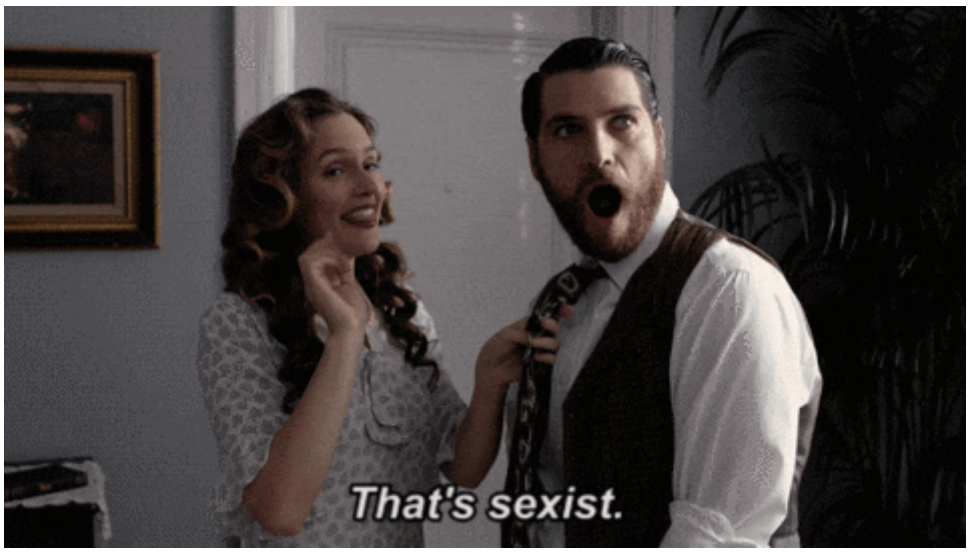
Honoring Tough, Empowered Women On International Women's Day

CH · 8 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Men's Brains Are Significantly Larger Than Women's Brains (Happy International Wahmen's Day!)

CH · 8 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Male brains are very much bigger, a colossal 1.4 effect size. 92% of men will be above the mean for women. On average men have 117.8 cm3 more brain than women. All this extra brain must be doing something for men, you might surmise, other than dreaming about sexual intercourse.
>
> — James Thompson (@JamesPsychol) March 5, 2019



So what does it mean? Are 92% of men really smarter than the average woman?

Maybe.

Mr. Thompson explains,

> However, cognitive tests show an effect size of only 0.2 in favour of men, just 3 IQ points. In consequence, at IQ 130 70% are men and at IQ 145 80% are men.
>
> It is possible that, in a rush to ensure that men and women's mental ability scores can be presented as equal, men's stronger subject areas have been under-sampled. Test producers are under pressure to minimize sexual and racial differences.
>
> In defence of any group who think that their specialist strong points have been ignored, we should set the sampling frame for cognitive tests as wide as possible. There may be a small but real male advantage in intelligence which a broader scope of tests would reveal.

Bigger brains are associated with bigger bodies, but the very large male-female brain size discrepancy suggests something else is going on besides correlated brain-body size dimorphism.

From Thompson's article on the study over at Unz:

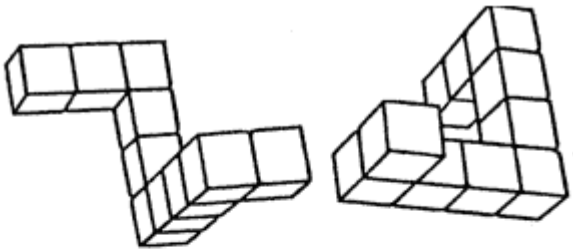
> Broadly the same effect of male advantage can be found in all the brain region sub-comparisons. Male brains are both larger, and also vary more in size. Greater male variability seems a fact of nature. If there were a direct relationship between brain size and cognitive ability, there would be many, many more bright men than bright women.

> The cognitive test was limited to a 13-item verbal-numerical test to be completed in 2 minutes, which ought to be enough to grade the general population.
>
> […]
>
> The test might be a little crude if the purpose is to detect sex differences across the broad range of different cognitive tasks, and also a bit limited if the volunteers are, as one might expect of this database, somewhat brighter volunteers interested in contributing to science. However, these are minor quibbles. All intellects can be evaluated in 2 minutes.
>
> […]
>
> Sure enough, Table 2 shows that the cognitive tests are only an effect size of about 0.2 in favour of men. Where did all the male brain size advantage go? 0.2 of a standard deviation works out to 3 IQ points. Nothing much, you may say, considering that the test-retest reliability of the Wechsler is 4 IQ points, but if this is a true representation of male-female differences, then we can calculate what it would mean for the male/female balance at the higher levels of ability. As you may have seen in previous posts, if men are really 3 points brighter than women, and women's standard deviation is narrower than men, say 14 rather than 15 points, then this makes a big difference at the higher reaches of intelligence.
>
> Here are the estimates, if one assumes men have an IQ of 102, (sd 15) and women an IQ of 99, (sd 14).
>
> At IQ 130: 69.8% men
> At IQ 145: 80.3% men
>
> […]
>
> This is a very substantial paper. It shows a massive sex difference in brain size of 1.4 d, and when one factors in that brain size relates to intelligence at a correlation of about 0.28, then the predicted intelligence difference will be a large 0.39 d, but the observed difference is only half that. Paradoxical. One implication is that there are sex-linked differences in brain structure and dendritic arborization which overcome pure size differences. If so, how is this balancing act achieved? Why don't all people have the smaller, more craftily wired version of the human brain, which presumably requires a smaller blood supply. On the other hand, i**t might be that the cognitive testing has not been wide enough, and has ignored tasks in which males have an advantage**. By the way, if one sex has an advantage in one skill, this is not an error of testing, it is a triumph of testing that a real difference has been revealed.

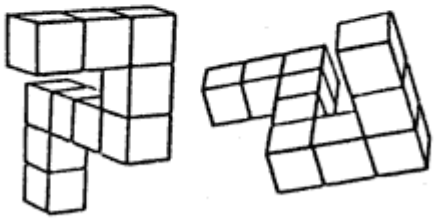
Speculatively, it's not just cognitive tests that could be ignoring tasks which favor men. Colleges could be selecting students based on criteria that likewise ignore areas in which men have an advantage.

In honor of International Whambamthankyoumaam Day, here is a picture of misogyny:

(a)



(b)



Mental Rotation Test—Are these two figures the same except for their orientation?

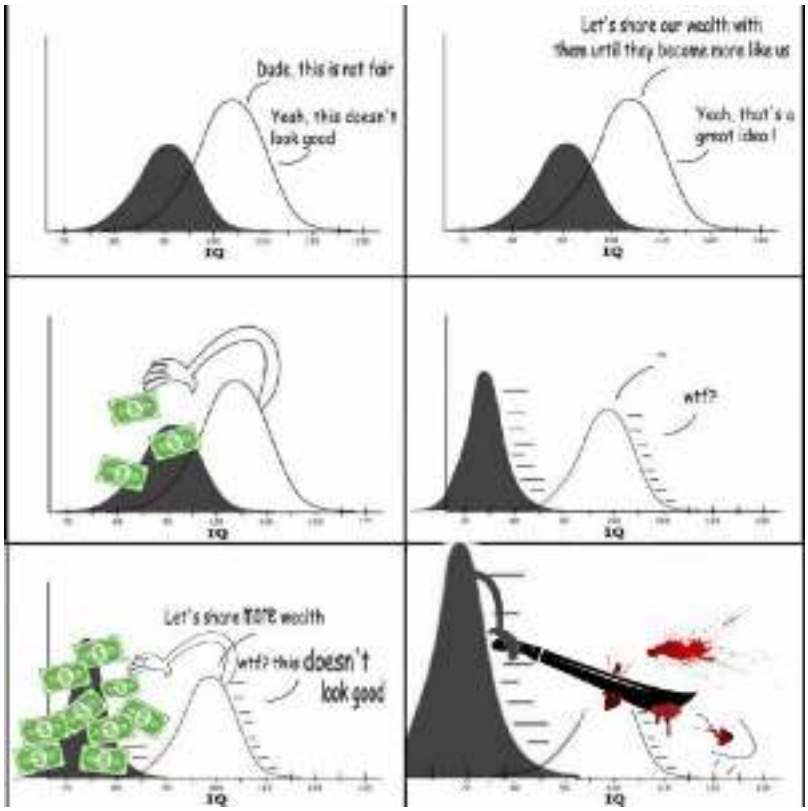
Your Daily Peacocking Tip

CH · 8 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Courtesy of LeShitlourde,

> How about [instead of slathering on sunscreen] just don't char yourself in the sun, and wear a wide brimmed hat and some linen? Gives you an excuse to look exquisitely colonial as well, which is a flattering look on whites.

PS Enjoy this bitingly sardonic meme:

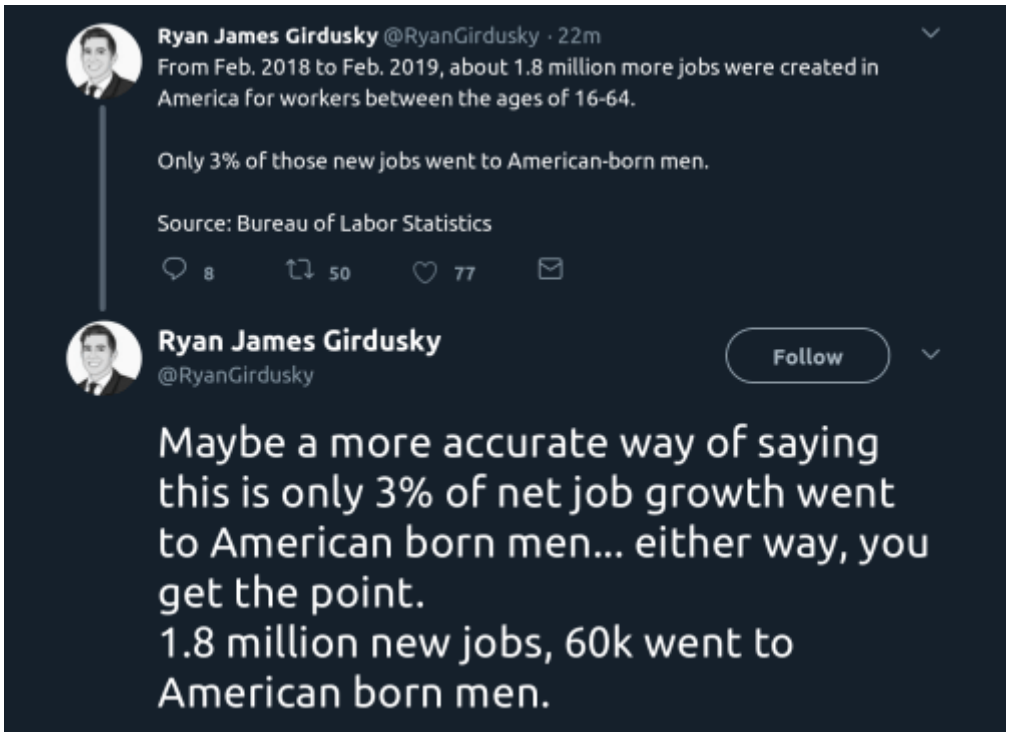


A reader,

> The history of the Earth 1800-2100 AD

The False Song Of Economic Growth

CH · 8 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original



It's a mirage.

What good is economic growth and low unemployment if all the benefits go to foreign invaders?

Trump won't lose 2020 because of the Russia Hoax. He will lose because he's touting jobs numbers that have primarily benefited non-Americans and unmarried women, two groups which wouldn't vote for him anyhow.

PS The Dem House just voted to allow illegal immigrants to vote in US elections. We're gonna need a new word for accelerationism, which simply doesn't capture the rapid descent of America into a buttplug republic.

Suburban soccer moms are getting the House they voted for, good and hard.

Hey ladies, was losing your country worth sending a message about your distaste of Trump's boorishness?

#THANKSFORNOTHING19A

Expendable Men, Perishable Women

CH · 8 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A paper written by what sounds like three micks inebriated on decades of academia femcunt poopytalk has, in a roundabout way, corroborated the classic CH description of the sexual market as a barter system between cheap sperm and expensive eggs (or, more poetically, between expendable men and perishable women).

> The expendable male hypothesis
>
> Matriliny is a system of kinship in which descent and inheritance are conferred along the female line. The theoretically influential concept of the matrilineal puzzle posits that matriliny poses special problems for understanding roles of men in matrilineal societies. Ethnographic work describes the puzzle as the tension experienced by men between the desire to exert control over their natal kin (i.e., the lineage to which they belong) and over their affinal kin (i.e., their spouses and their biological children). Evolutionary work frames the paradox as one resulting from a man investing in his nieces and nephews at the expense of his own biological offspring. In both cases, the rationale for the puzzle rests on two fundamental assumptions: (i) that men are always in positions of authority over women and over resources; and (ii) that men are interested in the outcomes of parenting. In this paper, we posit a novel hypothesis that suggests that certain ecological conditions render men expendable within local kinship configurations, nullifying the above assumptions. This arises when (i) women, without significant assistance from men, are capable of meeting the subsistence needs of their families; and (ii) men have little to gain from parental investment in children. We conclude that the expendable male hypothesis may explain the evolution of matriliny in numerous cases, and by noting that female-centered approaches that call into doubt assumptions inherent to male-centered models of kinship are justified in evolutionary perspective.

Authors: Siobhan Mattison, Robert Quinlan, Darragh Hare

It's a reflex in me now to check the names and phyzzes of the authors of feminist-friendly studies for an accurate gauge of the veracity of the study in question.

Siobhan Mattison. Vicious man-hating catlady face. Defying expectation, she claims to be a "wife and mother", which she listed third in her profile bio, behind "demographer".

The authors are of course framing their hypothesis as "strong empowered wahman don't need no man!", but the truth is far darker than that.

The worst societies in the world are marked by rampant polygyny (one man, multiple women, bitter incels). Black Africa is a prime example. In all societies, though, men are generally more expendable than women, because at the finest granularity of reproductive fitness, it only takes one man to impregnate a lot of women. The remaining men can go fuck off, evolutionarily speaking.

On a practical level, it's easy to grasp the significance of this sex difference by noting how easy it is for societies (aka tribes) to rebound after a war in which mostly prime aged men are killed. A war which took the lives mostly of women would have a hard time repopulating, because wombs are the limiting factor.

That said, women have their own darwinian curse. Their precious eggs have a shorter shelf life than men's abundant sperms. Post-menopausal women are useless as population regenerators, but one 70-year-old man could conceivably repopulate an entire tribe decimated by a conflict of attrition. This reproductive reality plays out at more concrete, higher levels of interpersonal dynamics, in everything from men's better earning power later in life to the longevity of male actors' careers in contrast to actresses' careers.

Concerning the hypothesis of this paper, where women are economically self-sufficient, as in the modern West, beta male providers are rendered more expendable. And where sluttery, cheating, cuckoldry, and single mommery

are rising, male parental investment declines because men are no longer confident in their paternity with any one woman.

We see both trends rising in Western strongholds that have existed the longest within an industrial and then post-industrial system. Naturally, what follows from the “expendable men, perishable women” hypothesis is a de facto if not yet de jure polygynous sexual market exemplified by women waiting longer to get married, spending a decade or more chasing degrees, paychecks, and cocks, and being freed from societal constraints on their ability to dupe men into cuckoldry or to soak men they have sexually abandoned with onerous child support garnishments, which is a form of institutionalized cuckoldry.

Men, for their part, are responding as would be expected in a sexual market returning to a primitive pareto-guided allocation of sexual rewards. 20% of men (alphas) are hoovering up 80% of prime nubility females, while 80% of men (betas) are left to romantic isolation or settling down with a road worn and tossed away wet aging slore.

Into this gynarchic efflorescence, we see men abdicating any trace of authority over women and losing interest in resource accumulation to attract women, while simultaneously women are actively encouraged to sexually roam and shun marriage and motherhood. It started in the lower classes, but is rapidly winding its way to the upper classes.

Feminist cunts may titter and preen and think an emerging matriliny is all fine and dandy, a blow for the sisterhood, until civilization collapses into an r-selected rabbit warren punctuated by a retreat from evolved beauty and bouts of incomprehensible violence.

Irreconcilable Values

CH · 8 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Diversity And Elitism

CH · 9 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I read (I think over at Sailer's) an astute observation about diversity: the more diversity you have, the more elitism you get, because the shrinking pool of native stock Whites will create more barriers to entry for every American pastime and institution and recreational park and neighborhood just to keep out the "gifts of love" and the damaging impact they bring on their arrival.

A swelling population of behaviorally and culturally alien invaders tramples on carefully managed public spaces that natives responsibly enjoy and sustain in the manner that suits their own preference and temperament, provoking an elitist backlash that locks out not just the invader horde but also downscale native Whites who can no longer afford the price of entry.

Diversity is anti-egalitarian. Rapid and overwhelming and multiracial population growth exacerbates class divisions and widens the gulf between the haves and have-nots, both between Whites and non-Whites and between White classes.

Diversity + Proximity = Emergent Caste Systems.

Possibly this explains why well-off Whites support the Invasion of the Nation Snatchers; the ravages of Diversity provide an additional avenue to high SES Whites to flaunt their higher social and economic status over lower class Whites. The capability of fencing oneself off from the invited vibrancy is itself tacit proof of one's high status, but first the vibrancy has to be brought physically close enough to trigger the escalating status contest among Whites proving they can buy safe haven from it.

That this lethal intra-White status whoring game will mean the destruction of the nation which has provided the means to accumulate that status matters not to these reckless, virtue aggrandizing Whites. The dopamine hit from flexing their elevated station in America — and sneering at "flyover rubes" — is worth more to them than bequeathing a livable homeland to their own posterity, never mind to racial cousins from less morally sophisticated towns in the countryside who are currently dying by the thousands in an auto-genocide of opioid-induced suicides of alienated despair.

The evil motivating this elitist White compulsion to leave less fortunate Whites at the mercy of a forced repopulation project and of a totally unnecessary and preventable imposition of hardships and miseries is almost too great to comprehend.

Wars have been fought to bitter, disputed ends for lesser crimes.

***

I picked this quote up from another source, and thought it was too good not to share,

> Your greatest loyalty should be to your family and your folk, not to the needs of a stranger. It is more heartless to abandon those who place faith in you than it is to neglect the needs of an outsider.

This describes the corrupted relationship between elite and non-elite Whites. *Noblesse oblige* has devolved into *noblesse malice*.

The Face Of Left-Wing Authoritarianism (It's Ugly)

CH · 10 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> the bolshevik left's "war" on "hate speech":
>
> meet the people who determine what 2 billion people should think and say on the internethttps://t.co/PltGStkdcz
>
> — Brannon (@The_Brannon1776) March 9, 2019

Blonde shrew, third from right:

A couple of great quotes from that Twatter thread:

> "They're a private company. Build your own internet."
>
> Also
>
> "Christian bakers should be forced to sacrifice their time and labor to make something contrary to their values."
>
> ***
>
> "Okay, I'm going to build an alternative media network."
>
> "Call in his loans. Pull his advertising. Boycott his supporters. Shut it down."

And this quote is so money it could be bernankified:

It used to be Talk Love, Act Hatefully from Globohomo, while the frog was boiling, but the mask is completely off and now it's Talk Hate, Act Hatefully.

If they keep this up and the Dems go full retard and stay there, Trump could sit on his ass for the next two years and still win.

PS Alex Of-Color stumbles upon a Maul-Right truth at SXSW.

Yes, Alex, you're right. A shrinking population of White Americans *don't* want to pay for a welfare state that supports indigent POC.

A reader,

> Welfare started as a program only for widows of Veterans. Look what a difference 60 years makes.

AOC thinks medicare for all, green new deals, and welfare queens as far as the eye can see is what "America has always been" and what we "need to return to".

This is what happens when alien peoples take the reins of power from a nation. Historical perspective and an appreciation for the core populace's ideals goes right out the window.

File Under: Demands That Only Have A Chance Of Working On Loser Omega Males

CH · 10 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The males — and I use the term loosely — who would acquiesce to voluntary cuckoldry are the kinds of males no woman would want. And the females who would demand acquiescence to cuckoldry are the kinds of females who couldn't get the man they wanted.

***

Second City Bureaucrat is my favorite Twatter account, which means he'll be banned soon.

> There are three things in life that are certain: death, taxes, and powerful Jews condescending to non-Jews about morality and the dangers of ethnonationalism. https://t.co/YDd2tRzeB5
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) March 8, 2019

***

Michael Tracey, an honorable leftist, has also been wielding the Twatter shivs,

> Remember when Jennifer Rubin tried to insinuate that Rand Paul was anti-Israel and perhaps even anti-semitic because he failed to slap his hands together with sufficient vigor? pic.twitter.com/RJpho1dLnl
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) March 9, 2019

For those unfamiliar with her character, Jennifer Rubin is possibly the most malevolent Stalinist in legacy punditry. Truly a sick piece of cunty shit. Oh, and she's the house conservative for Cuck, Inc., but I repeat myself.

***

It's time for Spot the Hypocrisy, a game you will always win as long as you have very special opponents.

Mark Kogan supplies the endless chutzpah today.

Big State And Big Slut

CH · 11 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

An explosive 2014 paper authored by (from the look of the names) three White Gentiles finds that female economic independence or female dependence on the state as substitute beta provider husband decreases the stigma against and moral opposition to female promiscuity.

> In environments in which female economic dependence on a male mate is higher, male parental investment is more essential. In such environments, therefore, both sexes should value paternity certainty more and thus object more to promiscuity (because promiscuity undermines paternity certainty). We tested this theory of anti-promiscuity morality in two studies (N = 656 and N = 4,626) using U.S. samples. In both, we examined whether opposition to promiscuity was higher among people who perceived greater female economic dependence in their social network. In Study 2, we also tested whether economic indicators of female economic dependence (e.g., female income, welfare availability) predicted anti-promiscuity morality at the state level. Results from both studies supported the proposed theory. At the individual level, perceived female economic dependence explained significant variance in anti-promiscuity morality, even after controlling for variance explained by age, sex, religiosity, political conservatism, and the anti-promiscuity views of geographical neighbors. **At the state level, median female income was strongly negatively related to anti-promiscuity morality and this relationship was fully mediated by perceived female economic dependence.** These results were consistent with the view that anti-promiscuity beliefs may function to promote paternity certainty in circumstances where male parental investment is particularly important.
>
> […]
>
> Conclusion
>
> Results of both studies were consistent with the theory that opposition to promiscuity arises in circumstances where paternity certainty is particularly important and suggest that such opposition will more likely emerge in environments in which women are more dependent economically on a male mate. Attempts to replicate these results in other cultures will be necessary in order to determine the robustness of this model under diverse social conditions. Further research will also be necessary to illuminate the psychological mechanisms that underlie the observed association between female economic dependence and opposition to promiscuity (e.g., the cues which shape individual perceptions of the local environment). One plausible mechanism is that people living in environments characterized by higher female dependence are more likely to learn about negative consequences associated with promiscuity (e.g., difficulties faced by parents and offspring in situations of high paternity uncertainty), a process which could generate a cultural opposition to promiscuity that is founded on biological concerns.

Now where have you read independently arrived meditations on this theme before? Oh yeah.

Here.

And here.

And here.

And here.

When women are economically self-sufficient (aka “leaning in”), or their needs are met by the State (i.e., welfare queens), the value of a beta provider husband goes down. Consequently, the value of paternity certainty drops. If women don’t need to convince a man to stay, they don’t need to convince a man the kid is his. And unconvinced men are less likely to want to stay, completing the dystopian circle.

Women who don’t need a man for his provisioning and protection are the backbone of the “slut pride” movement.

Big State, Big Capitalism, and Big Slut reinforce each other. Moral opposition — itself a derivative of the disgust reflex — to sluttery decreases in gynarcho-tyrannies in which women can fend for themselves and can therefore survive as single mommies should they get pregnant by one of their fly by night lovers. Men adapt to this new reality of economically empowered women by emphasizing seduction and pump and dumps at the expense of monogamy or dependability signaling.

Women and alpha men benefit from this system, while beta males are left in the lurch. Predictably, what you'll see in a gogrrl sexual market is the culture coming to be dominated by women extolling the slut lifestyle and alpha men happily obliging them, as beta men simmer. Women who can financially support themselves [cf, special ladies] will agitate for more sexual freedom and the relaxation of social norms that regulate female hypergamy. These women are making the subconscious calculation that if paternity assurance is passé because they don't have to economically rely on a man to survive and vault the jobscareersgoals status ladder, then they'd be better off in a system that celebrated and encouraged cock carousel riding. Women get their cad chads without the worry of penury caused by abandonment.

Charming jerkboys are making the calculation that it's better to drink the milk than to buy the cow, especially if the cow has a lot of miles on her and doesn't inspire chivalrous adoration or romantic respect.

The Big State-Big Slut nexus is where we find the opposite of the debt-free virgins without tattoos maiden paradise.

Interestingly, the recent PleaseMeToo societal extrusion can be viewed as a clumsy reaction to the decades' long primacy of Big State Big Slut. The flavor is still man-hating and exculpatory of female responsibility, but underneath the surface feminism one can see the faint outline of a female backlash against slut glorification and the destruction of paternity certainty and monogamy that it leaves in its wake.

Ultimately, Big State and to a lesser extent Big Capitalism will have to be dismantled and reined in to reverse the social trend toward Big Slut. Localism, decentralization, and if necessary secession and segregation, will be the cures that herald a return to Based Damsels.

Sweden, West Virginia, Michigan...What's The Common Thread?

CH · 11 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A conquering invader demands submission from the defeated native Swedes:

Notice the cowardly native male in the background averting his gaze, lest the victorious tribesman teach him a lesson as well.

***

West Virginia, the poorest or second-poorest state in the nation, is spending $87 million on new housing for moslem "refugees".

> West Virginia Spends $87 Mil. For New MUSLIMS Homes. pic.twitter.com/8RjetyFoVw
>
> — FINAL HOUR NEWS (@manzano4_carlos) March 7, 2019

God bless this Heritage American. He's standing up for what is right and good. The righteous anger of one man could spark a revolution.

A reader,

> This is happening everywhere across the USA. Sprinkling Muslim refugees in idaho, Maine, Minnesota, everywhere. The gov subcontracts the settlement to Jews, churches etc. America is going to explode. I guess that was the point.

The forced resettlement of alien invaders is a violation of the UN Geneva article on genocide.

The jewish and catholic immigration and refugee charities bear equal blame for foisting this evil on America.

***

In Michigan, the Attorney General, DANA NESSEL, wants to police the thoughts of Michiganers.

> Nessel, in partnership with Agustin Arbulu, director of the Michigan Department of Civil rights, say they will **create a process to document incidents of hate and bias that don't rise to the level of criminal or civil infractions**.
>
> That could translate to speech or expressions of opinion that some may find offensive, but are protected by the First Amendment. Bias is protected by the Constitution until it infringes on the rights and freedoms of others, and hate is often in the eye of the beholder.
>
> If what Nessel and Arbulu are targeting are words, thoughts and opinions, this could easily become a weapon to shut down groups they find abhorrent, but are operating within the law.
>
> That's not the charge of their offices.
>
> There's reason to worry that's the direction this will take.
>
> Nessel says she'll **start her surveillance with the 31 Michigan organizations that appear on the Southern Poverty Legal Center's list of hate groups**.
>
> But the SPLC list is widely discredited as a political tool used to harass and discredit conservative groups.

Dana Nessel:

Physiognomy is rael. As is intratribal message amplification.

(I really wanted to photoshop a star of [specialness] in that infinity stone gauntlet.)

A reader,

> I might add Anonymous Conservative has some good insights on reading these kids of faces. One side of the face is smiling, and the other is cringing. Never realized how common that was among our “leaders” until AC pointed it out.

The anvil-shaped manjaw is common among these masculinized specimens, as well. It’s no accident that modern feminism is almost entirely a [special lady]-led movement.

It’s ashkepathy all the way down.

Okay, quiz time. What do these news stories from Sweden, West Virginia, and Michigan have in common?

Tucker Takes The Crimson Pill

CH · 11 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Media Matters, a far left-wing "gotcha" opposition research outlet for the Democortez Party, found some old audio of Tucker Carlson dropping 100% TRUEFACT crimson pills on a call-in radio show, proving that ol' Tuck even from his bow-tie days has more testosterone than the collected T level of the entirety of the Uniparty in our lifetimes.

> During call-in segments on "Bubba the Love Sponge Show" between 2006 and 2011, the future Fox News host said that women enjoy being told to "be quiet and kind of do what you're told" suggested that statutory rape isn't like "pulling a child from a bus stop and sexually assaulting" them and described Martha Stewart's daughter, Alexis, as "c–ty."
>
> […]
>
> In one 2009 audio recording, Carlson said, "I am not defending underage marriage at all — I just don't think it's the same thing exactly as pulling a child from a bus stop and sexually assaulting that child… The rapist, in this case, has made a lifelong commitment to live and take care of the person, so it is a little different. I mean, let's be honest about it."
>
> […]
>
> He then mentioned reading a story about a teacher who molested her 13-year-old student "28 times in one week," and asked Bubba, "Are you physically capable of doing that or do you take your hat off to this kid?" Carlson added, "So my point is that teacher's like this, not necessarily this one in particular, but they are doing a service to all 13-year-old girls by taking the pressure off. They are a pressure relief valve, like the kind you have on your furnace."
>
> Other segments with Carlson on "Bubba the Love Sponge Show" had the conservative commentator suggesting the elimination of rape shield laws ("It gives the accuser all the power"), calling Martha Stewart's daughter "very c—y," and Britney Spears and Paris Hilton "two of the biggest white whores in America."

Where are the lies?

The best Tucker quote reads like a classic from the CH archives,

> CARLSON: By the way, women hate you when they do you wrong and you put up with it.
>
> CO-HOST: Exactly.
>
> CARLSON: Because they hate weakness. They're like dogs that way. They can smell it on you, and they have contempt for it, they'll bite you.
>
> …
>
> CALRSON: I mean, I love women, but they're extremely primitive, they're basic, they're not that hard to understand. And one of the things they hate more than anything is weakness in a man.

Potent. Reminds me of this:

> It is said of blind patriots that they follow "my country, right or wrong." Well, for women, it's "my alpha, right or wrong." And what is a defining characteristic of alphaness? Boldness. Women love bold men, right or wrong. Women hate squirrelly men…

A reader jokes,

> Tucker should have been more accurate and said,at least, TWO “EXTREMELY”s, and, put a ‘very very’ in front of “basic”,then, he would have nailed it!!!

In those radio interviews, Carlson sounds like he is practically cribbing from my blog.

My god, do you know what this means?

He gathers his family around to read CH blog poasts!

Tuck’s respectable T level status, confirmed:

> Media Matters caught me saying something naughty on a radio show more than a decade ago. Rather than express the usual ritual contrition, how about this: I’m on television every weeknight live for an hour,” Carlson continued. “If you want to know what I think, you can watch. Anyone who disagrees with my views is welcome to come on and explain why.

No apology. Like a breath of fresh air. Ahhh….hear that? It’s freedom. Dignity. And ZFG. Trump reintroduced these masculine qualities to America. Tucker Carlson carries the banner forward.

PS More preening incoming.

Trump retweeted Chuck Ross.

This is yuge, because Chuck was once a commenter at CH.

So….President Trump is now officially one degree removed from personal acquaintance with greatness.

PPS Tucker is basically correct that women aren’t that hard to understand….once you know what to look for and accept the Rude Word in your life.

Women only seem complex to men because women think and strategize differently. After a man cracks the female code, the simplicity of it both astonishes and aggravates. (The latter caused by the regret of years wasted polishing a pussy pedestal that never needed polishing.)

And to be fair to the counter-argument, women are more complex — ie harder to read — early on in a courtship, because women are filtering for a host of high smv traits in a man, whereas comparatively men’s buttons are easy to locate and push — be young, hot, and slender.

However, the complexity differential shifts to a more equitable balance in longer relationships, because men start filtering for qualities in women that indicate faithfulness and mothering instinct.

The complexity of women is only a TROPE because relative to the mechanism and algorithm of male desire,

female desire can seem inscrutable to men without disillusioning experience bedding women. Since more men, generally, have a harder time getting sex than do women, there are more men who falsely believe (partly to assuage their hurt egos) that women are deeply complex creatures that mere mortal men can't fathom.

Men who insist women are "complex" traffic in a version of sour grapes.

Culture-Sensitive Truths Of The Day

CH · 12 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

White knighting in this day and age is about as anachronistic as virgin brides.

***

The West is losing its collective head. In Spain, a girls' basketball team was allowed to play in the same league as the boys' teams. The result was predictable.

> A genius in Spain decided to let girls' and boys' junior (16 – 18 years) basketball teams join leagues in the name of equality.
>
> The result is exactly what you could expect. Total catastrophe. Reigning girls' champions just lost 50 – 4 to a boys' team.https://t.co/N3BX8mAnUQ
>
> — Yeyo (@RealYeyoZa) March 12, 2019

J.R. comments,

> apparently the girls are quitting cause they lose by an average of 50 points every game and end up bruised and injured cause the boys play too physical
>
> as yeyo says, how did we get here? an uncontacted amazon tribe would know this
>
> we're going backwards

How did we get here?
Boredom.
We got bored with affluence and prosperity and comfort.
Not to worry, the problem is self-correcting.
We'll fuck it all up and have to start from scratch.
Make life exciting again!

Mace Dindu adds,

> We got here by letting a malicious tribe gain dominance over a form of human connectedness that never previously existed. For all of human history, what one "knew" was a result of what he experienced firsthand, and his dealings with his immediate community. Now, nearly all of what one "knows" is absorbed top-down by those who control the mass media. Including you and me.

Mass media is the enemy of the people.

***

Pat Buchanan writes on how the media and their Dem party foot soldiers are actively and intentionally dispossessing Middle America.

***

In one hundred years, in a post-apocalypse post-America, historians of the day will doubt the following cultural signifiers actually happened:

-trannyfreak "rights"

-slut pride marches

-moslem third worlders willingly invited to West Virginia

-an 11-year-old drag queen dancing for adult gay men

-one political party giving illegal aliens the vote

They will disbelieve because in the apocalyptic correction event (ACE) these things will have been crushed to dust.

***

The $PLC has half a billion in assets. The SPLC is also an anti-White genocide project.

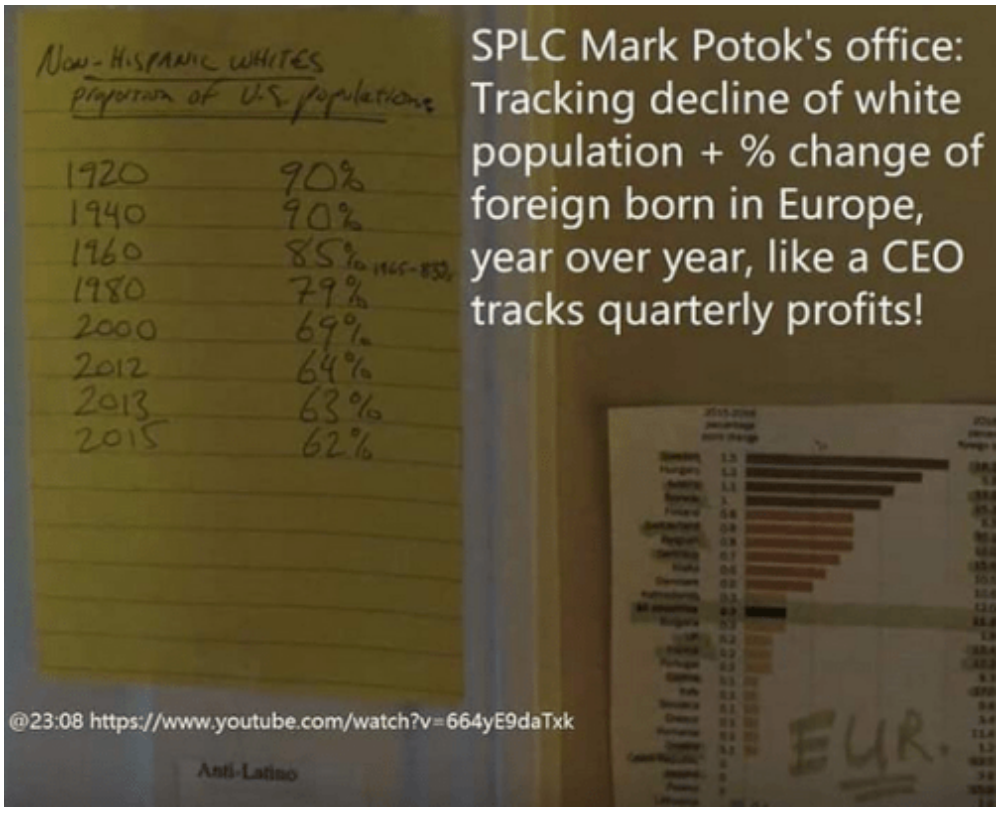
You think I exaggerate.

Here are screen caps which caught a “blackening list” hanging in an SPLC office which appears to represent SPLC executives gleefully counting down the days to a minority White America.

Imagine being a White gentile living in Israel, running a "civil rights" group that proudly charted when Jews would become a minority.

And calling any jew that objected to becoming a minority a "supremacist'

Well, Mark Potok of the SPLC does this for White People in America.



Trump, do something useful this week for your base. Direct your AG to declare the SPLC a hate group which should be monitored nonstop by the FBI.

If you find this hard to do, try spending more time with your sons and less time with your number one daughter.

***

Good article on the dating market that recapitulates a lot of CH themes.

One objection I have with the general thrust of the article: online dating data analysis of women's mate preferences can be misleading. In a sterile online environment, women are harshly picky about men's looks, but in the real, face-to-face world women become more sophisticated evaluators of men and tend to respond eagerly to hsmv traits like charisma and body language which don't come across as well in dating app profiles.

Skank Slatism Takes A Mortal Blow

CH · 12 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This has been a banner week for feminism, if you like the idea of feminists committing mass hara-kiri. (I do.)

When “Gender Studies” professors and Jezebel shrews are hardest hit, America wins.

Hot off the presses, a new study finds that sex-based brain differences are evident IN UTERO (long before culture or social constructivist poopytalk can plausibly have any influence on the sexes).

> Brand new research on sex-related brain differences measured ?? ?????. The last bastion of hope for blank slatism has now evaporated.
>
> “These observations confirm that sexual dimorphism in functional brain systems emerges during human gestation.”https://t.co/5Kvp625qxe
>
> — Colin Wright (@SwipeWright) March 11, 2019

> Sex-related differences in brain and behavior are apparent across the life course, but the exact set of processes that guide their emergence *in utero* remains a topic of vigorous scientific inquiry. Here, we evaluate sex and gestational age (GA)-related change in functional connectivity (FC) within and between brain wide networks. Using resting-state functional magnetic resonance imaging we examined FC in 118 human fetuses between 25.9 and 39.6 weeks GA (70 male; 48 female). Infomap was applied to the functional connectome to identify discrete prenatal brain networks *in utero*. A consensus procedure produced an optimal model comprised of 16 distinct fetal neural networks distributed throughout the cortex and subcortical regions. We used enrichment analyses to assess network-level clustering of strong FC-GA correlations separately in each sex group, and to identify network pairs exhibiting distinct patterns of GA-related change in FC between males and females. **We discovered both within and between network FC-GA associations that varied with sex. Specifically, associations between GA and posterior cingulate-temporal pole and fronto-cerebellar FC were observed in females only, whereas the association between GA and increased intracerebellar FC was stronger in males. These observations confirm that sexual dimorphism in functional brain systems emerges during human gestation.**

As the study’s conclusion notes, neonatal sex-based brain differences exert lifelong effects on behavioral sex differences:

> The study of brain development *in utero* is imperative for understanding typical and atypical brain development trajectories and achieving optimal long-term neurobehavioral outcomes. The present study demonstrates for the first time that development of fetal brain FC varies with sex. **The differential development of FC over gestation in male and female fetuses likely acts as a precursor to sex-related brain connectivity differences observed across the lifespan.** Further, the fetal brain networks observed in the present study likely serve as the building blocks for nascent neonatal, toddler, and adult networks.

Colin Wright points out…

> Also keep in mind that this study measured *functional* connectivity, not merely differences in brain anatomy.

Feminists and soyboy enablers are being force fed the truth about male and female differences: “society” has nothing to do with them. The source of sex differences is in the brain and begins in utero.

Biology über alles.

Feminist Indoctrination Kommissars BTFO.

***

PS Amazog just banned Kevin MacDonald's seminal book *The Culture of Critique*.

> Amazon has just banned Kevin MacDonald's book The Culture Of Critique, which discusses how Jews have infiltrated and subverted Western culture. You can read my review here: https://t.co/hq1kmPaDHu pic.twitter.com/2H16ARg46J
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) March 12, 2019

Luckily, you can still buy the book here…for now.

That famed liberal tolerance is quite a thing to behold, eh?

There should be a Banned Books Reading Club. That would make a great summer reading list.

***

PPS One of the few memes I laugh at with every return visit:

Second City Bureaucrat On Globalism (And More Notable Quotables)

CH · 13 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Globalization means your lower-middle-class kids from suburban Minneapolis get to compete with wealthy scions whose parents spend millions of dollars to help their kids outcompete your kids for scraps from the elite Ivy table. LMAO
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) March 12, 2019

It's brutal cuz it's true.

Rich shitlib actresses paid big bucks to get their airhead kids into elite colleges.

> "I don't know how much of school I'm gonna attend but I'm gonna go in and talk to my deans and everyone, and hope that I can try and balance it all," Jade said in a YouTube video from August of last year. "But I do want the experience of like game days, partying…I don't really care about school, as you guys all know."

A smart White boy from Kentucky was denied a slot because this ditz's mom forked over half a mil in bribery money to buy her daughter an admissions acceptance letter.

***

Bronze Age Pervert on Woke Environmentalism and its betrayal of its core principles:

> Environmentalism COULD be about clean air, clean streets and parks in cities, clean waters, rivers and oceans, unspoiled nature areas…instead it's about getting you to eat bugs, veganism, carbs and nebulous "climate change" (gibs for bureaucrats, corporations) https://t.co/gYTystzSOC
>
> — Bronze Age Pervert (@bronzeagemantis) March 12, 2019

So true. Media shitlibs and their darlings like Alex Ocasio-Quinoa are raging about mandated meat-free and dairy-free diets now because of cow farts, while of course totally ignoring the obvious downsides (stunted growth, soyface, feminization, shitlib politics).

***

Joe Biden is sounding a lot like the campaign trail version of Trump (pre-cohenvergence).

> Trump's tweeting about Israel while Biden is firing up white, blue collar workers over labor, healthcare, and pension issues.
>
> Trump mistook his victory for a cult of personality triumph. It wasn't. As strange as it was, he won on the issues. Issues he's since abandoned. https://t.co/MFv5cezZvK
>
> — Josef Bosch (@heyitsjobos) March 12, 2019

I'd say Trump won on issues AND personality. (Jeb would not have won with Trump's message, although he would have done better.) But point taken, Trump has strayed far from what brung him to the dance.

Kelly asks the relevant question,

> Is Biden is morphing into 2016 version of Trump? Where's Bannon when Trump needs him?

Trump misses Bannon, and for that we all suffer.

Bannon shot himself in the foot, but his departure was still the worst thing that happened to the Trump WH. Bannon was Trump's gateway to the White working class — the forgotten Americans — who won him the electoral college and gave America a fighting chance for survival.

Trump has, up till now, largely squandered that support. For the last six months, he has played defense. No big ideas. No more fulfilled campaign promises. No FIGHT. I trace it back to Bannon's exile. When Bannon left, Trump lost access to the hearts and minds of Heritage America. Javanka filled the void, and it's been a steady drumbeat of inanities from Trump that include abject betrayals of his base such as declarations that the US needs more legal immigration to fill all the jobs being created.

Things could still turn around for Trump and MAGA, but time is short and the trends are disheartening.

I remember the counter-arguments at the time when Bannon was fired…"bannon has character flaws" "bannon is a sloppy drunk" "bannon betrayed his boss" "bannon was probably a leaker" "bannon is a loose cannon" — which all may be true but still doesn't refute the central premise that he was a necessary lynchpin in the MAGA agenda. When he left, the javanka entity assumed control.

Now I wonder if it was Trump himself who ordered Bannon's firing, or if it was someone…near and dear to him who did it.

Anyway, I stand by my prediction that Bernard wins the 2020 general if he gets past the black belt primaries unscathed, and if Trump doesn't execute a course correction soon. But if Biden continues stumping like he's being advised by Bannon, we may have a real contender for the throne. And I don't say this with glee in my heart. Biden is an anti-White scab laborer like the rest, and will do nothing to curb the demographic destruction of America, but he may vault to victory if Rust Belt Whites are still dispirited in two years.

Gotta Go To That Deep State Place, Gotta Stop Caring

CH · 13 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Another update in the romcom series “Deep State Shinola”:

Obama’s DOJ obstructed justice.

And *yawn* no one is doing a damned thing about it.

> Lisa Page: The DOJ Forbade Us From Bringing a Negligent Release of Classified Information Charge Against Hillary Clinton

> Lisa Page confirmed to me under oath that the FBI was ordered by the Obama DOJ not to consider charging Hillary Clinton for gross negligence in the handling of classified information. pic.twitter.com/KPQKINBtrB
>
> — John Ratcliffe (@RepRatcliffe) March 13, 2019

OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE
OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE
OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE

Oh wait, that charge only applies to Trump and anyone in his orbit.

Two tiers of justice.

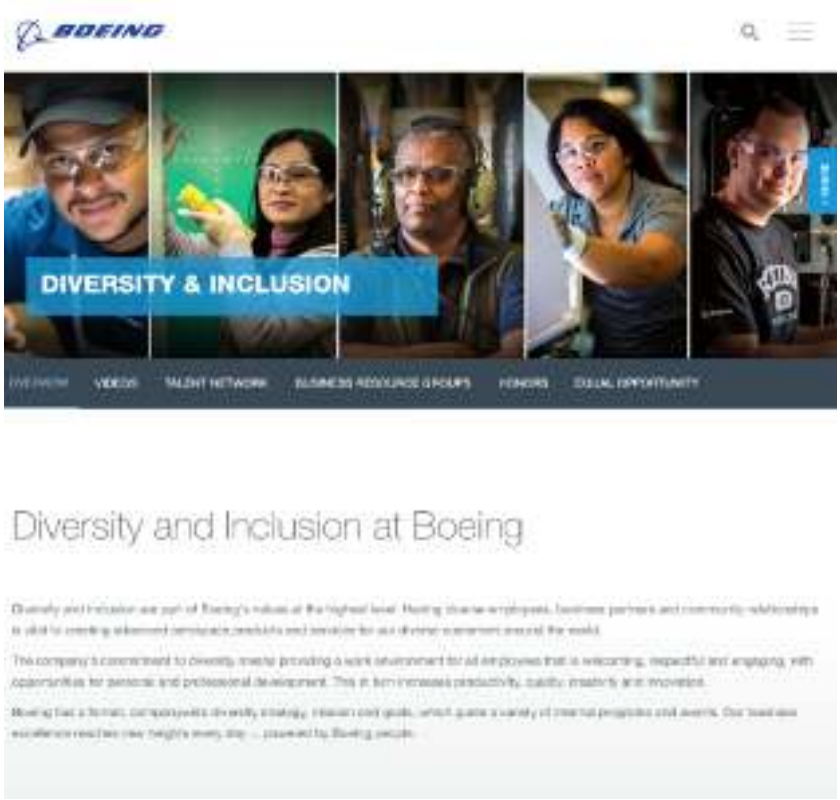
One for leftoid petty tyrants and Clinton rimjobbers.

Another for the rest of us.

One must never forget how thoroughly the media ignored and suppressed the story of Tony Podesta’s pedophiliac home art collection. #TooRealNews

The Deep State — aka the Administrative State, aka the Managerialist Leviathan, aka the Permanent Bureaucracy, aka #TheResistance, aka #ThePestilence — has to be pulled up by the roots and the earth salted for good measure. There needs to be a mass culling of shitlibs from the government bureaucracy if we are to have any chance of victory in the fight for the soul of America. Otherwise, you get Trump — a man who had big plans but was stymied at every turn and eventually succumbed to the swamp.

PS “Diversity and Inclusion”



PPS Clown World

TLC
I hope I like sex
Everyone likes it, but like what
if I don't because of how like
effed up my whole vagina is?

Tucker Carlson For President

CH · 13 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Tucker might be the last public figure on the Right with any balls. Read on for proof of testes.

We're deep in the era of despotic left-wing gotcha whorenalists digging through old radio programming to find quotes that can be used to de-person enemies of Globohomo. Media Matters — currently run by a huge flamer and also currently violating the law by acting as a political consultant for the Dems, which is illegal for 501(c)s to do — tried to shut down Tucker Carlson's show by reporting on some funny stuff Tucker said during radio call-ins to the Bubba the Love Sponge show.

(It makes sense for guys like Bubba and Howard Stern to hide that material from prying whorenalists. People would stop doing interviews with any of these shock jocks if they thought it would come back to bite them ten years later.)

Some choice excerpts from these unearthed gold-plated Tuckerviews:

> But Canada's a solid place with good-looking women and good fishing. We should invade.
>
> ***
>
> I swear to God, yes I did [have a speaking gig canceled in Canada] because of that. […] Because I called them our retarded cousins.
>
> ***
>
> Everybody knows that Barack Obama would still be in the state Senate in Illinois if he were White. […] Come on, let's be real here.

100% TRUEFACT. You think that vapid shell entity gaymulatto would have gotten anywhere near the White House as a White man? HA not a chance. But white shitlibs hate hearing this, because it reminds them that they voted for the guy based on his race, because he was their redemptive POC.

> BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE: Tuck, do you like coming on with us? 'Cuase I like you. I mean, I'm not trying to out on you or nothing, but I like you. I like you.
>
> CARLSON: Well, I like you too, and I mean that. You always say, "I mean that in a way," but I actually mean it in a completely way.

Tucker comes across like a normal man with healthy T levels.

So a bunch of pansy leftoids at Media Matters are paying interns to trawl through this stuff to find anything that might make advertisers flee and Tuck apologize.

But you CAN'T CUCK THE TUCK. Our man has refused to apologize and is taking the fight right back to shitlibs.

In his fiery monologue addressing the coordinated hit job, Tucker called Brian "penishead" Stelter of CNN a "house eunuch" and a "Zucker puppet".

I would vote for this man.

The current hate speech hysteria gripping the left half of the country has nothing to do with the truth. In fact, the truth is a helpful guide post to what the Left considers hateful speech. The more truthful, the more leftoids want to SHUT IT DOWN.

Leftist freaks think Carlson's bawdy truth bombs will change the country if allowed to continue.

Since when did old-fashioned bro humor change the course of a country?
Oh yeah.
Since the country became full of hysterical cunts.

The lunatic, fear-mongering, spittle-flecked, totalitarian outrage of the Left is all the reason you need to keep pushing their buttons and speaking Truth to Globohomo Power.

PS Here's Ace of Spades on the attempted silencing of the Tucker.

> Whenever there's a Witch Hunt ginned up on Twitter, started by the left against someone on the right, it will be about five minutes before the most vigorous virtue signalers on the "right" begin boosting the left's signal and acting as even more zealous enforcers of made-up leftist rules than the left itself is. […]
>
> Tucker says they're like Trustees in a prison — prisoners themselves, but offered special perks and privileges for watching over their fellow prisoners and reporting back to their wardens.

The Maul-Right will achieve so much with the cucks' knives out of our backs and the battlefield in clear view.

Shiv Of The Week: The Robert Francis O'Rourke Phyzz

CH · 14 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From dallasvegas, who walks off with the SOTW award,

> The reason Beto is popular with middle aged women, is because he is a guy that looks like someone who will take care of another man's children

It's so true! Just look at the guy:

Parents Of Coddled Mentally Ill Children Speak Out

CH · 14 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Reader wow, just wow says,

> If you read nothing else today, read this.
>
> We're living within a horrifying dystopia.

That's no hyperbole. The following confessionals will both break your heart and fill it with a rage that could fuel a thousand cleansing fires. An excerpt:

> In Their Own Words: Parents of Kids Who Think They Are Trans Speak Out
>
> […]
>
> My daughter, at age fourteen, spontaneously decided that she is actually a male. After suffering multiple traumatic events in her life and spending a large amount of time on the internet, she announced that she was "trans." Her personality changed almost overnight, and she went from being a sweet, loving girl to a foul-mouthed, hateful "pansexual male." At first, I thought she was just going through a phase. But the more I tried to reason with her, the more she dug her heels in. Around this time, she was diagnosed with ADHD, depression, and anxiety. But mental health professionals seemed mainly interested in helping her process her new identity as a male and convincing me to accept the notion that my daughter is actually my son.
>
> At age sixteen, my daughter ran away and reported to the Department of Child Services that she felt unsafe living with me because I refused to refer to her using male pronouns or her chosen male name. Although the Department investigated and found she was well cared for, they forced me to meet with a trans-identified person to "educate" me on these issues. Soon after, without my knowledge, a pediatric endocrinologist taught my daughter—a minor—to inject herself with testosterone. My daughter then ran away to Oregon where state law allowed her—at the age of seventeen, without my knowledge or consent—to change her name and legal gender in court, and to undergo a double mastectomy and a radical hysterectomy.
>
> My once beautiful daughter is now nineteen years old, homeless, bearded, in extreme poverty, sterilized, not receiving mental health services, extremely mentally ill, and planning a radial forearm phalloplasty (a surgical procedure that removes part of her arm to construct a fake penis).
>
> The level of heartbreak and rage I am experiencing, as a mother, is indescribable. Why does Oregon law allow children to make life-altering medical decisions? As a society, we are rightly outraged about "female circumcision." Why are doctors, who took an oath to first do no harm, allowed to sterilize and surgically mutilate mentally ill, delusional children?

When Lies & Ugliness overthrow Truth & Beauty, there is no limit to the depraved evil that is capable of being unleashed.

> Having to watch these adults enable my daughter to do this with no medical science to back it up is a scenario that I never dreamed any parent would have to face, at least not in the United States. But this is our reality now—a reality that the mainstream media won't touch.

All these trannyfreak cheerleaders and advocates and enablers and witch doctors should be arrested and tried for child endangerment and gross medical malpractice. End of discussion.

Daily Musings (Now With AOC's Puppetmasters!)

CH · 14 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The marriage of victim culture with attention whore culture has been a disaster for the western race.

(Z-man: "Much as the deracinated society is great for serial killers, social media is great for attention whores and grifters.")

***

Trump hugs the flag because he thinks we live in the America of his youth.
His love for that America is strong.
But America changed more than even Trump knows.
America is beyond his recognition now.
His flag hugs seem now like tragic anachronisms, or wistful role play.
Like a desperate, loveless couple reenacting a passionate first date.
With sad eyes.

***

If Trump is serious about 2020, he'll rehire Steve Bannon. Or at least consult him through private channels.

It's what he should do.

But he won't.

Z-man writes,

> I've said for a while that Trump is going to run a "morning in America" re-election campaign. He thinks he is Reagan 2.0. His data guy has him convinced he can gain more votes by striking this happy warrior stance than he will lose by getting soft on immigration.

It's clear as day Trump is pivoting toward Reagan 2.0. But I have a hard time believing his data guy (Parscale?) is seeing numbers that indicate it's a winning strategy. My read of the zeitgeist is that Reaganism is DOA as a 2020 campaign strategy. Trump wouldn't have won on Reaganism in 2016, he won't win on it in 2020.

Unless I missed it, there hasn't been a favorability poll of Trump in a while. I'm curious which direction he's heading now that he's staked out a position as Reagan 2.0.

***

I've said that if the Dems go full retard and stay there, Trump could squeak by in 2020 on his current record.

On second thought, maybe not. We on the shiv-right have a tendency to get cocky about the supposed inevitability of Dem self-implosion, letting our enemies do our work for us. There's a good chance now, more than before, that Americans elect a quasi-socialist in 2020 to address an out of control, avaricious and corrupt elite. After all, Trump was once the longest of shots.

***

What's the argument against Ann Coulter? I keep hearing she's just a hysterical broad, and while that may be true I haven't seen anyone directly refute her when she takes it to Trump.

***

Whatever transpires in the coming two years, I would never regret my vote for Trump. Like I've said, if all he accomplished was winning the election (and skullfucking the cuck paradigm), that'd be enough to immortalize him.

And Trump is still a master rhetorician the GOP hasn't had since…ever. Today, Trump labels the Dems "border deniers", which is a great reframe and co-option of classic shitlib rhetoric.

***

Animal rights is an oxymoron. Implied in rights is the capability to recognize others' rights.

We take rights away from convicted criminals.

Animals can't recognize humans' rights, so animals can't have rights.

Before you say "what about retarded humans?" we recognize their rights because we know they're handicapped and therefore deviated from the human norm. We carve out principled exceptions.

I'm all for humane treatment of animals, but that's a courtesy we extend to animals to address our own emotional needs with, one hopes, the full knowledge that the animals really have no idea why we're extending them that courtesy, or even that they're getting a courtesy. This has nothing to do with "rights", nor should it. If it did, we would have bastardized the concept to uselessness.

***

The average age of hispanics in the US is something like 9.

Pelosi wants to lower the voting age to 16.

Coincidence?

***

Who's pulling AOC's strings? (short answer: a turk, a bindi, and a soyboy)

Comment Of The Week: Substitooting One For The Other

CH · 14 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Robard drives in and drives out with the COTW in hand,

> I used to fart a lot until I went paleo. My experience since has been that there is a direct correlation between carb intake and farting; when I consume only meat I don´t fart at all. If this is a general effect it means that reducing meat consumption in favor of a plant based diet may simply end up replacing cow farts with human farts.

We laugh, but maybe there's something to this?

In the meantime, Beta O'Rourke is a mindless cipher who's now parroting Alex Occasional-Cockas's claim that we're all gonna die in twelve years from global warming, unless we DO SOMETHING RIGHT NOW.

That something is, of course, giving these clowns and their patrons more power. How convenient!

The Senator From Queensland Will Now Preside

CH · 15 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Time for a phyzz check:

Yup, as expected, 100% White shitlord. And he's right about islam.

Now let's have a look at the phyzz of the Prime Minister of New Zealand, Jacinda Ardern, a platitude spouting cat lady who had her first and only child at the ripe young age of 37, with her "domestic partner".

The phyzz never lies.

How A Girl Says ‘I Love You’ Without Saying It

CH · 15 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

“Would you be serious for a moment?”

“Are you like this with everyone?”

“You’re such an asshole!”

“You really think highly of yourself.” *(translation: “I really think highly of you”)*

“I can never get a straight answer from you.”

“Oh GOD you’re INFURIATING.”

“You never tell me what you’re feeling.”

“That’s not gonna work on me.”

“You think you can just waltz in here like nothing’s wrong.”

“Why do you have to make this so difficult?”

“It’s just, I dunno, I need a little something more from you.”

“I know you love me.” *(translation: “you know I love you”)*

***

If you hear any of these giddily exasperated complaints from a girl, you’re doing it right.

Just don’t actually address what she’s asking of you, or you’ll kill her love outright. Simply smile, and know that your ship of state is steady and on course to vaginaland.

Fargo Hypergamy

CH · 15 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Merde passed along a funny news blurb about one of the rich Hollywood ladies, Felicity Huffman, charged with bribing her kid into an elite college.

> This is interesting.
>
> According to the Today Show, William H. Macy and Felicity Huffman "dated for 15 years before they finally tied the knot in 1997. Sofia was born in 2000, Georgia in 2002."
>
> Felicity told TribLive that marriage once terrified her. "I was so scared of marriage that I thought I would've preferred to step in front of a bus," she told the newspaper, adding: "Bill Macy asked me to marry him several times over several years. And I was finally smart enough to go: 'I'm going to marry this guy or really lose him for good.' And it was after we broke up for four or five years when he asked me again, I knew I couldn't say no."
>
> So marriage to William Macy was less appealing to Huffman than being killed by a bus until he won acclaim for Fargo in 1997. Suddenly she couldn't risk losing him.

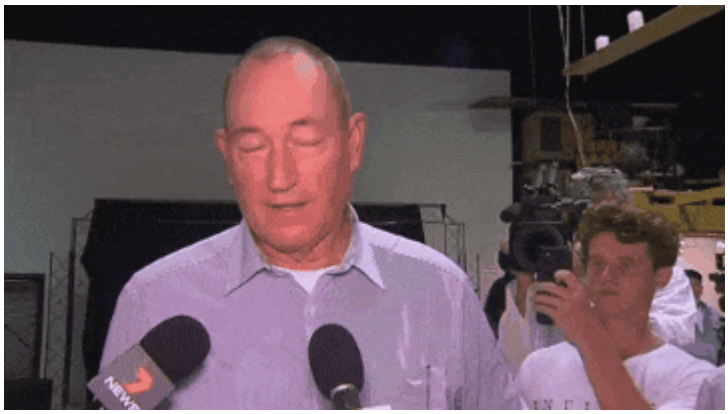
Female hypergamy is always sniffing about for alpha maleness, even in the same man. If a man comes into a fortune or experiences a big positive change in his social prestige that raises his SMV, his girlfriend will suddenly stop having "headaches", start cooking more often, quietly throw away her 2016 pussyhat, let her hair grow out, and stop bragging about her slutty past. That same man she broke up with for five years will, after starring in a blockbuster movie, seem like a real catch.

Naturally, such a man, if he were smart, would toss the foot-dragging bitch and upgrade to a younger, hotter, tighter prospect.

FYI Felicity Huffman has a huge manjaw. Yeech.

White Male Badass Of The Month: Fraser Anning

CH · 16 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original



I love how our shitlord Aussie is so calm after getting egged by a pissant shitlib. He barely flinched, and then stepped gracefully forward to deliver a pretty good punch to the wee phag's kisser. It's the opposite physical reaction you'd see from a soyboy who had gotten assaulted.

Queensland, Australia Senator Fraser Anning is a member of the Conservative Nationalist Party.

As Aquinas writes, "The Australian Bolsonaro. Physiognomy congruent with nationalist statements."

PS Here is a zoomable list of worldwide terrorist attacks for the month of March 2019, to date.

66 Islamic terror attacks

8 Communist terror attacks

1 Right-wing terror attack

Hm. How about that. So surprising, given what the mass media tells us.

Left-Wing Conspiracy Theories

CH · 17 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A fine observation from J.R.,

> the reason the Media wants to ban “Conspiracy Theories” about “False Flags” and “Crisis Actors” is not because they’re not true – but because they’re so effective
>
> when a Shooting occurs they want to immediately jump into why we need to Ban Guns
>
> but if ppl just say, nah, that’s bullshit, it was all fake, probably Crisis Actors – they don’t know what to do
>
> the Media has no problem with Conspiracy Theories that help it advance their Anti-White Totalitarian Agenda
>
> just look at Russian Collusion, White Privilege, Campus Rape Culture, and the Wage Gap
>
> none of these are real, these are all Conspiracy Theories
>
> but they’re Conspiracy Theories that helps the J-Left
> so they get repeated, not erased from the Internet

Leftoids love their own conspiracy theories, and they have a lot of them, because there is a lot of reality that the Left has to undermine.

There aren’t equivalent right-wing CTs that are propped up and amplified to “everyone just knows its true” credibility by an accomplice media. That’s why you can’t trust the media when it “debunks” right-wing CTs, because the media don’t occupy an active role as propagandists of right-wing CTs like they do with left-wing CTs. Furthermore, right-wing CTs often contradict left-wing CTs, so the media have an incentive to immediately rule right-wing CTs as “out of bounds” even when their bland lazy assertion is all the proof the media has to rule that way.

Take a look at the Kiwi revenge spree (if you believe the manifesto’s talking points are real and not over-the-top globohomo agitprop). CTs are flying in dissident investigative outfits, based on some very suspicious circumstantial evidence, doubting the official narrative of the killer’s true motives.

So judge it this way. If the shooter WASN’T a WN, that is if he was some false flag operative or assassin for a Salafist sect or a Mossad agent or whatever, would the media tell us this?

Probably not.

So the media is not a good guide on what is or isn’t a CT.

As always, the lesson is: **Mass media is the enemy of White people**.

PS Related:

> Hey, kids □
>
> Did you know □ source

[image]

Hey, kids

[image]

Did you know

That Christchurch has exported more terrorists than it has been victimized by? pic.twitter.com/KnVqgVxNPk

— Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) March 17, 2019

Comment Of The Week: Paradigm Implosion

CH · 17 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

PA has earned another COTW (he better build a new shelf to hold these).

Responding to this….

> JUST IN: Christchurch, New Zealand terrorist writes in manifesto that he is not a conservative, that he is not a Christian, and that he identifies as an eco-facist. He also adds that he disagrees with Trump on politics.
>
> — BNL NEWS (@BreakingNLive) March 15, 2019

…PA adds,

> Ideology is yesterday
>
> Identity is tomorrow

Identity is coming, first culturally, then genetically.

Forced Diversity will push Whites away from universalism; a salient identity will slowly coalesce under pressure from encroaching diversity.

In time, fertility rate differentials between universalist Whites and Identity Whites will assure the dominance of the latter, but by then it's likely America won't exist any longer as it's current incarnation.

May as well give PA the runner-up COTW as well. On the radical notion of making the economy work for the people instead of the other way around,

> "The economy" in a neoliberal world order is, metaphorically, released-energy that's harvested by billionaires. White nations are the fuel, and it's running low.
>
> This idolatry of "the economy" began during the 1992 presidential campaign with Carville's quip.
>
> Yang's "The economy must serve the people." — this is subversive of the ruling order. With the quibble being: Who is 'the people?' Is it about rejiggering the share of loot between the ruling class and nonwhites, or is it about unshackling Whites from their tax slavery.

PA on the YangGang?

The critical point isn't whether or not a socialist backlash against runaway globalist capitalism is coming (it is), but what kind of socialist backlash we're getting. Is it the healthy, self-sustaining socialism of Whites looking out for their kind and returning to a type of social organization that suits their temperament and needs? Or will it be Ocasio-Cortez Woke Socialism that takes from middle and working class Whites and gives to nonWhites?

Bizarro-World Media

CH · 17 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It's obvious that the media abides an institutional racial double standard in how mass shootings and terrorist acts are reported. This double standard has the appearance of a coordinated operation, but it needn't be to achieve the same effect. All you'd require is a media vastly overstaffed with shitlibs who think alike.

Over at Sailer's, Anonymous[396] calls this Bizarro-World media,

> Watching the MSM reaction to the Christchurch Massacre is like watching the Bizarro-World reaction to Islamic Massacres.
>
> 1) As soon as it happened everyone started calling the perpetrator a terrorist, which was 100% accurate given his elaborate streaming setup. But a Muslim can hack people to death while shouting Allahu Ackbar and we really need to wait until all the facts are in, preferably until people forget about it.
>
> 2) Muslim terrorists are lone wolves who have nothing to do with Islam but any time a white(or even partly-white guy) engages in terrorist behaviour, it's part of a worldwide movement that somehow combines Islamophobes, White Nationalists, incels and 4chan, no matter how tenuous the links are.
>
> In fact, many Islamic terrorists in the west are the exact equivalent of Breivik and apparently this guy-people who got all their ideas from a specific messed-up corner of the internet but never attended a training camp of any kind or are part of a large network of co-conspirators.
>
> 3) MSM gatekeepers are doing their best not to give viewers any information that might cast Islam in a negative light. During a Canadian round-table on the CBC, the talking heads pointed out the unmistakable reference to Alexandre Bissionette on the terrorist's gun case, while leaving viewers to wonder what "For Rotherham" meant.

I find that the reporting on these mass shootings follows a trend.
If shooter was nonwhite, it's a news blurb then quickly forgotten.
If the shooter was white, it's a few days of "diversity & inclusion" sanctimony and goodwhite virtue signaling, plus candlelight vigils, but no in-depth, exploratory reporting of motives.
The media isn't keen for normies to know too much about what motivates White vengeance shooters.

(In the case of the NZ shooter, he was motivated in part to avenge the death of a Swedish girl who was cut in half by a truck driven by a moslem terrorist. Steve Sailer thinks the shooting may have been blowback from the illegal Kosovo War from 20 years ago.)

The media DOES NOT WANT anyone to know that the Whites who died at the hands of moslem terrorists is what motivated the NZ shooter. That muddies the anti-White narrative more than a bit, because it calls attention to a fundamental question: If there wasn't so much moslem terrorism, there wouldn't be an occasional White backlash.

Likewise, if there weren't so much diversity forcibly imposed on Whites in their own nations, there might not be so much intertribal violence.

Normal Whites might begin to reasonably wonder about this whole forced diversity project. Just think how many lives would be saved if White nations were left to be homogeneous.

All of anon's points are spot on.

- The media gives the benefit of the doubt to nonwhite perps even after all the facts prove otherwise but is quick to indict White perps even before a single fact is known.
- The media excuses the nonwhite collective for the violent actions of many nonwhites, but blames the White collective for the violent action of one White person.

- The media hides evidence that undermines the anti-White narrative, but concocts smears to bolster that narrative.

We dissident renegades know the score; now we just wait for the great bloated mass of inert normies to catch on to what is already very clear to us:

Mass media is the enemy of White people.

Polling over may years clearly shows that a significant minority to an outright majority of moslems all over the world say in surveys that they support the actions of islamic terrorists who target infidels.

In stark contrast, there is barely a tiny fraction of a percent of Whites who support the actions of lone wolf White terrorists.

Islamic terrorism feeds off a vast network of social support and leaders who will excuse their violent foot soldiers. Many islamic terror operations are the result of coordinated operations involving multiple family and clan members and even state level support, occurring within a social context that tolerates violent extremists when not outright arming them up and encouraging them to attack westerners.

White reactionary terrorism enjoys none of that. They are almost entirely lone wolf attacks with no support from kin or clan, and no supportive social structure or tacit state encouragement to energize them.

Therefore, it's far more accurate and truthful to blame islamic terrorism on the moslem collective than it is to blame White reactionary terrorism on the White collective.

But shitlibs do the opposite, because it's not about accuracy or truth, it's about scapegoating Whites for the dysfunction of nonWhites.

J. Ross exposes the dark intentions of bizarro-world media,

> They are moving very strongly to censor social media and criminalize speech. BBC Radio in the immediate aftermath talked about the need to monitor thought in almost those words. No one considers that people might be reacting to what they see around them with their own eyes — there is always this faith that folks are captured by some conjuration and mighty magic, in other words, the thoroughly trashed premise of the SPLC and the ADL which led them to attack Gibson's *Passion of the Christ* and Bavarian Easter celebrations. The mainstream national and international news already censors crimes against whites, and police agencies across Western Europe spent about half a year pretending that nothing happened on New Year's Eve in Cologne. They must be looking at places like this next.

Left-wing censorship, exemplified by media whorenalists calling for speech restrictions, is another case of psychological projection. Media shitlibs accuse their foes of fooling people with agitprop that media shitlibs themselves engage in to force an unnatural conformism to their anti-White worldview.

The media cries out for censorship of political dissidents because they know the power of propaganda; they've been doing it for decades and have largely succeeded, until now, at keeping certain topics of discussion out of mainstream discourse. But the pressure built up way too much; the safety valves are blowing all over the anti-White hate machine.

Media shitlibs know normies are "captured by [the media's] conjuration and mighty magic", and they want to keep that power out of the hands of the people and for themselves. Thus, Globohomo's ramped up calls for tyrannical speech restrictions and Big Brother thoughtcrime censorship.

By the commutative property of psychological projection, when the media says that dissidents must be monitored, what they're really saying is "the media must be monitored".

Is The West Salvageable?

CH · 17 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A pimp mommy spends hours photographing her daughter's inner labia with strong overtones of incestuous arousal, and Go-Pole dick cams hit the market just in time for the latest middle school sexting scandal.

I'd say the answer to this post's question is a resounding 'no'.

It's gonna have to be segregation, secession, and separation.

Fraser Anning For US President In 2020

CH · 18 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This guy…

> What I stand for:
>
> Ending all third world immigration
> Interest free government bank
> Absolute freedom of speech
> Banning foreign ownership of our land
> Firearms for self defence
> Traditional family values
> Exit the UN and end foreign aid
> Dams and infrastructure projects
>
> — Senator Fraser Anning (@fraser_anning) March 9, 2019

Fraser Anning is Campaign Trump, except even more based&redpilled. I would suspend the Constitutional ban* on electing foreigners for US President just to give Anning a shot at cleaning up the poz at its source.

We suspended the ban to elect gaymulatto, so we can do it again.

***

An American reader sent this letter to Fraser Anning:

> I wrote a letter to Senator Anning today:
>
> Monday, March 18, 2019
> Senator the Hon. F. Anning MP
> PO Box 6100
> Senate
> Parliament House
> Canberra ACT 2600
>
> Dear Senator Anning
>
> I want to take a moment to thank you for your letter regarding the New Zealand Mosque shooting.
>
> Your letter is truthful and for that reason it will be condemned. I admire your courage in publishing it. A

> public figure speaking common sense is a rarity.
>
> I think the people responsible for the influx of these immigrants count on citizens being too polite or too intimidated to complain about the demographic shift. We've been taught to be welcoming and not create a fuss. Altruism is a European trait that will probably be the death of us
>
> I am an American and I live in the state of Idaho. Idaho is actively being flooded by Muslim refugees. Idaho was over 98% white in 1970. Now, it's less than 89% white. The refugee community is overrepresented in crimes. These refugees have nothing in common with Idaho's residents; they do not share our culture, heritage, history, holidays or beliefs. The residents of Idaho didn't ask for or vote for the importation of these refugees. It was foisted upon us.
>
> We have a colloquial term: bad ass. A general term used to describe behavior that is fearless, authentic, compassionate, and ethical. You sir, are bad ass. I would be honored to be your constituent.
>
> Since the mosque shooting, I saw you get "egged" at a press event. Shame on the kid that egged you and shame on his parents for raising him so poorly. Also, shame on your Premier for investigating the incident. You did nothing wrong.
>
> Thank you for your time. Stay strong and never apologize; you did nothing wrong.
>
> Sincerely,

We should all send a letter of support to Anning. The world's shitlords have to know they aren't fighting Globohomo alone.

***

More based&kiwipilled Anning:

> Fraser Anning's Conservative Nationals is the only party that will aim to preserve Australia's predominantly European ethnic composition.
>
> In 1971 we were 99% European and today we are less than 70%. We must not allow this decline to continue.
>
> — Senator Fraser Anning (@fraser_anning) March 8, 2019

The man cuts to the chase. No weasel words, no pussy-footin' around. A breath of fresh air!

***

This meme is certified fresh:

A muslim commited a terrorist attack? Let's not be hasty, we need to think really hard about what to do next, we don't want to harm the community.

A white commited a terorist attack? Welp, time to take away all your individual freedoms and flood your country with more third world refugees.

How The Media And Deep State Manufacture Their Anti-White Consensus

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is a brisk, important read. It uses one example to highlight a major tactic that the media-deep state axis of evil uses to manufacture support for the anti-White agenda. In sum, it's sneaky lies, manipulative sophistry, and advantageous redactions all the way down.

Via Empa Froga III,

> How media and other organizations manufacture support for their causes by creating very specific definitions of words and omitting relevant facts about the statistics they present.

Archive link.

> 1. In May 2017, the FBI and Department of Homeland Security released a joint intelligence bulletin designed to help law enforcement combat the White Extremist Movement. Let's look at the implications of this report. pic.twitter.com/KATHyqmVQr
>
> — Curse (@cursedsalad) January 22, 2018

> 2. The report indicates that between 2000 and 2016, white supremacist extremists (WSE) accounted for the most fatalities of any domestic extremist group with 49. So clearly, WSE groups are the biggest threat to safety of US citizens. pic.twitter.com/0MKeaAOWxD
>
> 3. But upon closer inspection, there are some inconsistencies with the report. For instance, the report fails to mention that it includes murders committed by incarcerated whites. However, per capita, incarcerated whites commit less homicides than other ethnoracial groups. pic.twitter.com/Eoql6eBNKm
>
> 4. Further, incarcerated white people are actually murdered more than any other incarcerated ethnoracial group per capita. pic.twitter.com/ed4hRcCjfx
>
> 5. You're probably wondering, "the Pulse Nightclub shooter alone killed 49 people in one night, shouldn't domestic Islamic extremists be ranked the highest for murder?" Well, the FBI has defined "domestic extremists" as those without direction of foreign extremists. Convenient. pic.twitter.com/HtajQNCl2J
>
> 6. This definition of "domestic extremist" is different from the statutory definition of "domestic terrorist" in that a domestic terrorist CAN be directed by a foreign terrorist group. Thus, "domestic extremist" was likely a term politically devised to indict right-wingers. pic.twitter.com/oQR8cpBRJF
>
> 7. So why does this joint bulletin from the FBI and Department of Homeland Security matter? Well, it's fodder that the J**ish media uses to manufacture public fear about dissident voices and right-wing ideology. pic.twitter.com/dFzTQgfser
>
> 8. It's also used by US politicians like Chicago Congressman Raja Krishnamoorthi who recently introduced a bill to prevent hate crimes and quoted the report. Most "prevention" comes by way of suppressing speech and the exchanging of ideas, if you haven't noticed. pic.twitter.com/Ag7Rx6tmnv

"Chicago Congressman Raja Krishnamoorthi…"
An American in letter, not in spirit.

9. To be fair, the FBI & DHS bulletin is far more benign than the ADL report about white extremism. The ADL's report not only includes inmates, it also attributes murders to white extremism irrespective of motive; the perpetrator must simply be affiliated with an extremist group. pic.twitter.com/iq9y32tRgf

10. So the ADL attributes many superfluous murders to white extremism in their report. If someone has an image of the German “SS” rune saved on their phone and they commit a murder, the ADL would tally that as a white extremist murder. pic.twitter.com/r3dWmQ3l45

11. And again, just like the FBI & DHS bulletin, the ADL report is used by the J**ish media to indict any right-wingers that promote nationalism. Here is a prominent black news outlet that cites the ADL report (created and owned by a J*w). pic.twitter.com/JwhOiDgDRP

12. So how can we accurately parse the data to truly understand the hate crimes attributed white extremists? We can’t. But as we can see from FBI data, whites under-index for hate crimes per capita (62% of population, 46% of hate crimes). pic.twitter.com/2YRtmP2Ns7

13. But 46% is actually over-indexing for white hate crimes because the FBI counts ethnic Hispanics as white. In reality, it’s closer to 38%. Thus, whites are 62% of the US population and account for approximately 38% of the nation’s hate crimes.

[image]

14. Going forward, be cognizant of how organizations manufacture support for their causes by creating very specific definitions of words and omitting relevant facts about the statistics they present. Reject their definitions and know that omission is a liar’s best friend.

As I’ve written, lies of omission are an even more powerful disinformation weapon in the hands of the legacy media than are lies of commission. Omitting truths while camouflaging untruths in dissembling language is the stuff of propaganda blitzes that would make Soviet commissars blush.

Stalinism is alive and it lives on in the US of A.

The Globohomo enemy confronting us is almost incomprehensibly evil, but I toil to enlighten the world of the nature of this enemy, so that we know how to fight it, and how to defeat it.

“Racial Disharmony”

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The world’s fish-mouthed catladies are in a tizzy about “racial disharmony”. They just want everyone to get along, and if that means criminalizing White men, so be it.

Spot the missing White man.

The title of this post came via a news story from New Zealand, a country run by an angry shrew who is currently locking up White New Zealanders by the truckload for the crime of thinking bad thoughts. A reader summarizes:

> In summary: A woman posted something about Muslims on Facebook, in reference to the Christchurch shooting. She deleted the post shortly afterwards, probably after calming down. State police screenshotted her post and have charged her with “inciting racial disharmony” and are refusing to reveal what the woman actually posted.
>
> Bizarre. Police are literally trawling Facebook looking for white people to charge and prosecute for posting improper comments.

The NZ police sergeant is, naturally, a pursed-lipped woman.

Another reader adds,

> The inquisition is under way. Government agents are breaking into people’s houses threatening and demanding that they conform to their views.

Welp, this is what happens when you leave women in charge of things. CONFORMISM ÜBER ALLES.

A third reader quips,

> Multiculturalism is a such a runaway success that it requires a Big Brother police state to make it work.

From Ari Shekelstein,

> in terms of musical harmony, i’d blame your jamming together of every note of every pitch until your society sounds like a sonic youth album, rather than the facebook post complaining about it.

Racial disharmony is the NORM when malicious elites force diversity on their White nations. But maybe that’s the point. Elites WANT the clash of civilizations. If they can’t have war abroad, they’ll have it at home. A reader,

> sounds about right-
> the leadership has the gambit of bringing in a sub-class to destroy the system-
> leaders feed on war- and when they cannot have in international-
> intra-national seems to fit them fine-

The best comment comes from Eis Augen,

> Doesn’t incite racial disharmony:
>
> 1. Importing culturally unsuitable peoples

> 2. Murder
>
> 3. Rape
>
> 4. Assault
>
> 5. Ignoring crime waves stemming from 1-4
>
> Incites racial disharmony:
>
> 1. Noticing

Perfect shiv.

Shitlibs like NZ's Prime Catlady are world class liars and despots. Racial disharmony doesn't need to be "incited"; it's a naturally emergent property of being human. That's why so much energy and Orwellian doublethink is deployed to tamp down that natural immune response of native Whites to their countries being overrun by foreigners. The Surveillance State wasn't invented to track moslem radicals after 9/11; it was invented to track YOU, White people, in your own fucking countries!

The funny thing is, Whites as a race (in contrast to most other races) are generally good-natured toward foreigners and hold no hate for them. It's when all this Forced Diversity is within spitting distance of Whites that it becomes easier to harbor ill will toward them as they set about destroying all that you hold dear, by wont of their natures. Familiarity breeds White identity politics. Our short-sighted and/or malevolent overlords are creating the very problem they claim to want to prevent.

Racial disharmony is the natural state of humans. Racial harmony is the odd, unstable exception. That's why Whites are spending so much money and spiritual energy trying to tamp down racial disharmony and to force racial harmony into a state of artificial permanence. It is doomed to fail, spectacularly if all the pressure release valves are sealed tight.

Now of course, racial disharmony can be incited — or more precisely, amplified — by bone-headed policies like open borders to the third world. And racial harmony can be coaxed by smart policies that limit the influx of Diversity and allow the majority to nurture a congenial paternalism toward the small minority of aliens. But all we have now is the former, and none of the latter. This is evil, or profoundly stupid. Either way, locking up White thought criminals is certainly fated to make the problem worse.

PS "Christchurch Revisited".

> The replacement is real, but the culprits are not the immigrants. It's people who organise the replacement, who bomb Muslim lands to create living hell, who bring the refugees to Europe (and its extension in Australia-NZ), who indoctrinate against 'xenophobia' instead of denouncing greed.

PPS I have seen the face of evil in this UN Population Division report.

> United Nations projections indicate that over the next 50 years, the populations of virtually all countries of Europe as well as Japan will face population decline and population ageing. The new challenges of declining and ageing populations will require comprehensive reassessments of many established policies and programmes, including those relating to international migration.
>
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So transparently Globohomo. Our depraved elites want to supplement our aging Western White populations with nonWhite migrants. Check out the annex tables for the details of their plan.

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> Mark Meadows: US ambassadors conspired with DOJ to take down Trump
> Rep. Mark Meadows, R-N.C., hinted Monday the coming release of documents that will "show" U.S. ambassadors conspired with the FBI and the Justice Department to harm President Trump.
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> "It's additional information that is coming out that will show not only was there no collusion, but there was a coordinated effort to take this president down," Meadows told Fox News' Sean Hannity. "We talk about the 'Deep State.' There are players now, even ambassadors, that are sitting ambassadors that were involved in part of this with the FBI-DOJ."

I pray every day for this happening. I pray for the Trump Rampage.

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March 20, 2019 by CH

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Shiv Of The Week: Right In The Fake Feelz!

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

MADA (Make America Disgusted Again)

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

mixed race couples in bed on tv

shitlib: “er, i’m sure kids have seen worse”

gay kisses on tv

shitlib: “er, i’m sure kids have seen worse”

giant animated talking penises and vaginas

shitlib: “er, i’m sure kids have seen worse”

“trannies in short shorts singing songs to schoolchildren*

shitlibs: “er, i’m sure kids have seen worse”

…pretty soon there won’t be anything worse.

IMO what Clown World is teaching us is the value of disgust as a moral referee.

Shitlibs cheering on an 11-year-old trannyboy and grown gay men slipping him dollars is what Zero Disgust Felt looks like.

It’s time to bring back disgust. Make America Disgusted Again. #MADA

What are some ways to reinstitute a finely-honed disgust reflex in Americans?

One way is a disease epidemic. The least disgusted will be culled first. The remaining will be those with low disgust tolerance who quarantined themselves.

A theory I (and others) have is that an accumulating genetic mutational load in a population burdened by dysgenic breeding (aka loosening of social and economic restrictions on reproduction) will in time unleash a hellish torrent of infectious diseases old and new that will, in accordance with Darwinian reality, exploit the weakened host population.

We may be entering the age of superbugs. Survival will depend on staying out of the cities and choosing your friends wisely.

***

From Alex the Goon,

The Truth Shall Make Them REEEE

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Escoffier writes,

> Race is far and away the largest TRUTH of the alt-right to the point where people not Red PIlled on race are damn near useless? The second is the JQ? Some argue about the order but I think the majority would agree these are #'s 1 & 2?

The three pillars of modern leftoid equalism:

– the sexes are the same
– the races are the same
– Whites are uniquely evil and privileged

are attacked and undermined by:

– sex realism
– race realism
– JQ

People scoffed when I released the sex realism kraken, but I knew what I was doing.

It wouldn't be long until the other two krakens joined their brother.

And here they are.

Creep World

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Absolutely ridiculous! How many times do you have to feel a kid up to figure out he's not a threat? This is infuriating and hard to watch. RT @RealJamesWoods: Uh… pic.twitter.com/UK7RNGKU02
>
> — Larry The Cable Guy (@GitRDoneLarry) March 19, 2019

Thank you, Diversity, for all your Blessings and Strengths, including the fact that we Americans now have to put up with full-body gaypedo rub-downs at the airport!

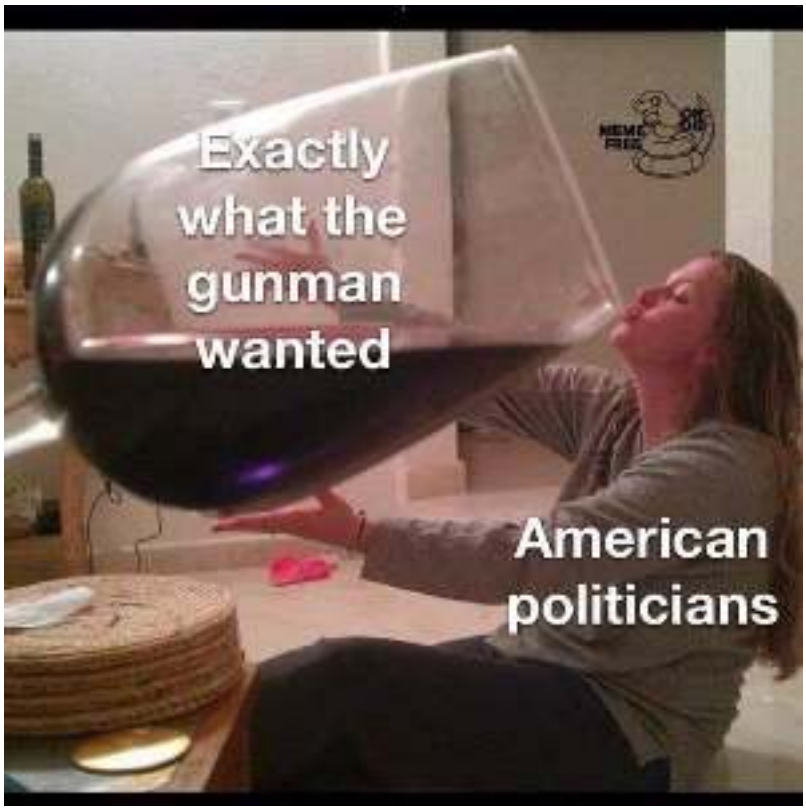
Magical Memes Day

CH · 20 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Slate is the juiciest shtetl of all media outlets.

Everyone's catching onto the rhetorical legerdemain of shitlibs, and it's driving the libs insane in the membrane.

It seems like with each new mass shooting the official explanation gets less plausible. We still have no motive for the Vegas shooter, according to "authorities". Yeah, total bullshit. There's always a motive, even if it's a garden variety schizophrenic break with reality. The Mandalay Bay hotel was owned by a Saudi with connections to al-qaeda. Shortly after that shooting (worst in US history), a Saudi royal family faction rounded up Saudi royals and ousted them from power. Coincidence? No, not at all.



> Funny how before diversity made us stronger there was less crime, better wages, affordable homes, better healthcare, rigorous education, less social angst, no issues of integration, no fixation on "racism," more national confidence, and grooming just meant personal hygiene.
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> Multiculturalism is such a runaway success that we need constant strategies for race relations, forced employment practices, dozens of linguists at every public institution, millions of new homes, speech laws/prison sentences, and constant reminders that diversity is our strength
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[image]

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Betrayal Is The Heart Of Woman

CH · 21 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> The first thing a woman does when she gets power that goes against the natural order is to turn against the very culture which gave her that power. https://t.co/By0QegoNAp
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) March 21, 2019

The very act of giving power away is a microsubmission. When men give power to their women, they give a piece of their dominance away. Women then react to this act of generosity aka submission in a very predictably womanish way — they betray their benefactor.

It is in the nature of woman to spite men who show weakness, even when that weakness directly empowers women. This is because women, deep down, don't really want to be empowered. Empowerment is manly, and women don't want to be manly, so women resent the men who foist empowerment on them.

***

Lichthof, on Jacinda Ardern, the Kiwi Prime Catlady,

> Reading the NZ prime minister's bio…all cliche
> Socialist, agnostic, gay rights, pro refugee, pro abortion, her cat became a celebrity…had a [single] baby at 38….

Thankfully, given her advanced years, she is unlikely to have another child. The shitlib parents will not replace themselves.

***

I read an analogy from somewhere I can't recall, that the Jacinda Ardern cuntopia is the natural consequence of prosperity and easy living. Anglo New Zealanders have had it good for a while, and voting a rabid horse-faced, virtue-sniveling cunt like Ardern into the Prime Catladyship is akin to voting for the dog catcher to be mayor of your town, just because you can and there's no real responsibility for the mayor anyhow so you don't have to worry about him fucking up on the job.

But then, when shit hits the fan and you've got a dog catcher/catlady in charge, you suddenly realize this joke figurehead is way in over her head and liable to do something stupid like censor the internet, ban books, and ban guns, while wearing a hijab to commiserate with people who hate you and your kind and are always plotting against you.

Currently, that's what's happening all over the West. We are ruled by petty tyrant catladies who are out of their leagues and are too fucking stupid or mule-headed to understand they are lighting the fires that will consume their nations in civil wars.

Virtue-Sniveling Swedes

CH · 21 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

[image]

This is superb. Loads of virtue-signalling Swedes say they'd take in refugees, then make excuses when the interviewer produces a refugee looking for a house to live in. pic.twitter.com/KI83uutVVd

— ?????????????? ??????????????????????? (@jackgph1) March 19, 2019

Pathetic swedes. They don't deserve my capitalization.

swede: ja we love the world's people! don't be a racist! bring them all here!

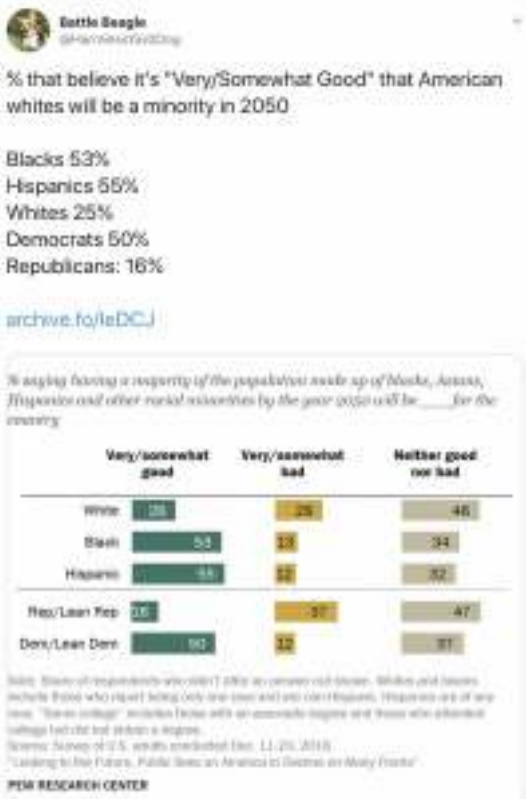
Shivlord: Ok, here's one refugee who would like a home.

swede: oh my, i have to run, ikea has a sale on cuck corner stools.

Keep virtue-sniveling, swedecunts. We know you're blowing hot air. As long as the vibrant migrants — vigrants — are in the *other* town, and the girl cut in half isn't *your* daughter, it's safe for you to lie about your love of diversity.

Until it isn't.

PS A reminder that the enemy is inside the gates:



This Is What A National Emergency At The Border Looks Like

CH · 21 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Democortezes and Recucklicans who assert there is no national emergency at the border are lying through their teeth. They are lying to your faces.

The Uniparty is on tilt with utter lying, filthy, scumshits. The hate I have for these traitorous greedy bastards knows no bounds.

I'd say 30-50 million foreign invaders over two decades qualifies as a motherfucking national emergency! Oh no, wait, excuse me, a national emergency is a White man posting a hurtful meme somewhere on the internet, my bad.

President Trump,

WHAT

THE

FUCK

are you doing? Sitting on your ass watching Foxman News all day?

IT IS LONG PAST TIME FOR YOU TO GO GENGHIS MOTHERFUCKING KHAN ON THE GOONIPARTY.

EPIC

RAMPAGE

MODE

Honestly, it's the only way you'll win reelection, so what are you waiting for? An invitation? You already got one in November, 2016. Tell your daughter and son-in-law to hit the bricks and prepare to unleash hell on the Deep State, the Corporatocracy, and the Treason Party.

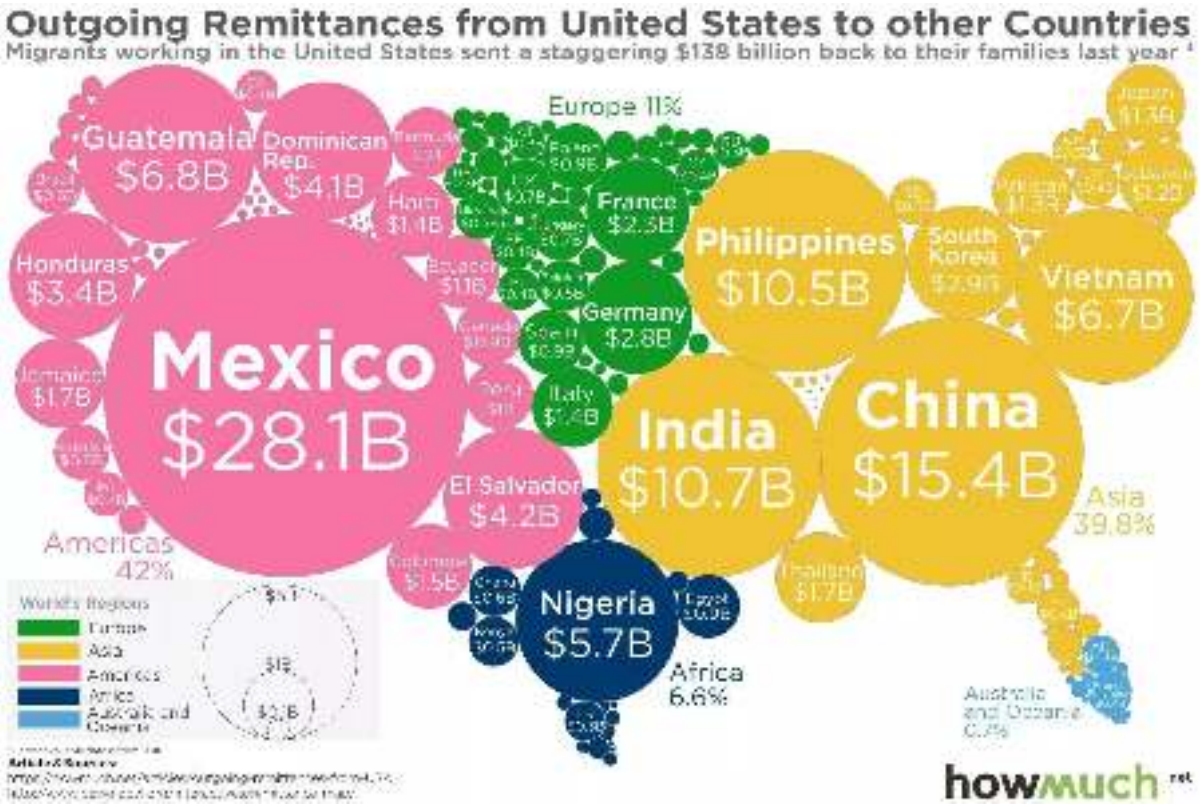
DEUSVULT adds,

> A literal invasion by a foreign power and not only are we treating them with kid gloves, but half of our population is on their side.
>
> What do you do when you're living in a nation under siege and half of the citizenry is supporting the invaders? What do you do when your fellow citizens are opening the gates, protecting the enemy, and lobbying to make their invasion even easier?
>
> How long can such a nation continue to exist without collapsing in on itself?
>
> We're at a crossroads. A pivotal point in American history- fuck, not just American history, but world history. As the world's only superpower, the way we as a nation address this invasion will set the stage in how this madness is either dealt with or accepted across the globe for decades to come.

We need a peaceful separation before we get an un-peaceful separation. Either way, we're getting a separation.

PS When is a right-wing conspiracy theory reality? When the chaimstream media won't report on it.

PPS Look at all the money pouring out of America to enrich foreigners:



All that money could have been intercepted by USGOV and redistributed to help opioid addicts in rural White America.
But our overlords hate those declasse whites.
So we get this.
Treason in the morning, treason in the afternoon, treason in the evening. Treason all night long.

DEUSVULT, again,

> Illegals in California are moved from Tijuana through the freight trucks across the border and put into storage facilities in a place called Otay Mesa where they are held hostage until someone comes to pay around 1K to get them out or they pay for it themselves. Those who cannot pay are sold to agriculture companies that will ship them out to Central Valley where they work with local gangs to get housing and work the fields until they can buy themselves out.
>
> It's systematic large scale organized human trafficking. I know over a dozen people that have gone through this personally and it's 100% real.

Trump needs to hit this angle, hard. He leaves so many guns on the table. But we knew that about him already. We just hope he picks up one or two guns and blows a hole in Globohomo.

(Dear nerdboy FBI and NSA voyeurs: the preceding was a figure of speech. Oh, and fuck you.)

PPPS There is no clear upward trend in far right terrorism in the West in recent years.

> Despite the horror of #ChristchurchMosqueAttack there is no clear upward trend in far right terrorism in the West in recent years pic.twitter.com/6XyJChbGx7
>
> — Eric Kaufmann (@epkaufm) March 19, 2019

A reader quips, "sadly".

PPPPS #JudeoMoslemValues

Jews, Muslims "Common Cause" To Oppose European Nationalists: Europe's Top Rabbi

Jews and Muslims in Europe have a "common cause" in opposing the rise of pro-European parties, Pinchas Goldschmidt, the president of the Conference of European Rabbis, has announced.

Speaking during his annual Passover message, Goldschmidt called on Jews to "show solidarity with Muslims."

Goldschmidt warned that the rise of ultra-nationalist parties and damage to the European Union caused by Brexit threatened the security of Jewish and Muslim minorities.

PPPPPS Will Westcott on Lil' Benny Shapiro:

> Why do people with strong jewish identities like Ben Shapiro and Dennis Prager want to convince White peoples that Western civilization has nothing to do with White people and that it's just a creed?
>
> If White people with powerful Media influence were telling jewish people that their culture had nothing to do with jewish people and that Israel was open to everyone, Shapiro would be the first person to start shouting "anti-semitism".

Where do these [special liars] think that creedal ethos came from? Somalis?

Listen to me, [special spazzes]…

RACE *smack* IS *smack* UPSTREAM *smack* FROM *smack* CREED

PPPPPPS Second City Bureaucrat takes the shiv to that cunty New Zealand Prime Catlady:

My god that might have been the sweetest shiv I've seen all year.

Freelance Comment Of The Week: I Can’t Get No Separation

CH · 22 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Shot:

> From Talia Lavin:
>
> The truth of the matter is that anyone who willingly declares themselves [sic] a Republican is aligning themselves [sic] with an administration whose official policy is to torment minorities, to empty the public purse both for private gain and for sheer cruel parsimony, to strip away healthcare from the afflicted and to comfort the wealthy.
> ***
> Anyone who is a current Trumpist might as well be an ICE agent ripping an 18-month-old child from its mother’s arms, or shipping a five-year-old boy to Michigan to dream of his father and weep in a stranger’s house.
> ***
> One companion to the legion of Trump-voter-as-curious-oddity portraiture is the endless stream of op-eds prevailing upon liberals to be more tolerant. To cease being smug. To simply reach across the aisle, grasp a hand, and speak softly, leaving the big stick at home.
>
> To which I say: tough nuts, sugar. When they go low, stomp them on the head.

Chaser:

> From AnotherDad:
>
> I have no problem with this Talia Lavin creature.
>
> We just don’t belong in the same nation. She can live in her ICE-less, borderless, feminist utopia for as long as it lasts and i can live in a normal Western nation–America.
>
> All the world does not have to be sane and beautiful. There should be a place for crazy, slimy ugly creatures as well.
>
> ***
>
> *JackD: You (and others) keep saying stuff like this but basically you are espousing a partition and civil war. Did not go that well the last time. Short of partition/expulsion/violence/self-exile, do you have any plan for living peacefully in the same nation as Lavin and her kind (especially if they become the majority)?*
>
> ***
>
> Short Answer: You got a better idea?
>
> Longer Answer:
>
> 1) The “nation of immigrants��? (immigration forever) or worse “open borders��? program is essentially a death sentence. It means the US ends up getting shittier and shittier until it’s so crowded and mediocre that no one else wants to come … and immigration can finally, blissfully cease. That–immigrationism–*alone* is a bigger fault line than we had in the 1850s when the quarrel over slavery was mostly between at least between related Anglo origin groups, and with high-quality, good-faith leadership (which unfortunately we didn’t have) could have been tractable. And beyond that we have the sheer nuttiness of the left that you see in say the gay-marriage hysteria (round up the Christian cake bakers!) or “transgender��? nonsense.
>
> In sum, the left has an end-to-end “dead man walking��? agenda, which is hostile to men being men, women being women and together having replacement fertility and instead pushes population replacement. Basically it is genocidal towards white Americans.

> Given that, if we don't win, what's the alternative but to try and leave?
>
> 2) As i've said many times before, the most important thing about saying "separation��? is its propaganda value.
>
> The plain fact is the Democrats coalition-of-the-fringes is parasitic on the white American nation. Even its most prosperous metros–NY and Washington–are prosperous precisely because they extract through finance and through taxation from a large prosperous white (or formerly white) nation. (Bay Area admittedly a bit different.) It's precisely the fact that generations of white guys–my ancestors–have built up such a rich prosperous nation, that these parasitic fringes can exist.
>
> (This is, if anything, even more obvious when it comes to immigration. Why are immigrants here? Because white guys built a better nation than their ancestors did back home … and they want a piece of it.)
>
> White people standing up for themselves and saying "Fine, you have your multicultural, open-borders utopia. We'll pass.��? is useful because it unmasks the actual "Who whom��?. Despite all the whining about oppressive white men, the reality is the reverse. The fringes can't stand the thought of white people having their own nations, taking care of their own business, working for themselves rather than providing loot. White people are their serfs. Proposing separation unmasks this.
>
> […]
>
> People with different cultures belong in different nations. That's the gist of it.
>
> America absorbed a lot of people back-in-the-day with the assumption they would–over time–be able to adhere to the Anglo American nation. That's over–deconstructed.
>
> It's clear now, we are not people of one nation. We don't even seem to be people of the same universe! Personally i would even call the mental milieu Talia Lavin operates in a "culture��?. But whatever the hell it is, it isn't mine and it's not the fairly sane and reasonable American culture i grew up in. There's really no point in even pretending to have something called "politics��? between us. We're not in the same "polis��?.
>
> Majority or minority there are a ***lot*** of people in America, who still think like me and value being part of the old America that was part of the Western Civ. We have the right to carry on with that. It says so in the Declaration, and i can feel it in my soul.

Beautifully stated. The case is made for peaceful separation. Will we get it? Probably not, but we have the moral high ground to demand it.

Demoralization agents like JackD who sneer *"the separation didn't go so well for your side last time"* are arguing from a disingenuous inference that the facts on the ground before Civil War I resemble the facts on the ground now, as Civil War 2 looms. It's nonsense. CW1 was a regional war, demarcated by clear large-scale territorial holdings, between competing White Anglo-ethnics. America now is a hodge-podge of races, delineated not regionally but along an urban-rural divide. JackD's "side" in Civil War I is today concentrated in coastal shitlibopolises. The other side is everywhere else.

And guess who has all the guns and the sympathy of the military.

Two weeks of blockades cutting off the water, food, and internet supplies to the big shitlib cities would end Civil War 2 before it got off the ground, and the peaceful separation can commence.

Why Do Paperwork Americans Hate Free Speech?

CH · 22 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I recall reading that Shrillennials are the generation least friendly to the First Amendment, coming out in favor of hate speech codes on campus by a wide margin. I also recall reading that after breaking down the survey data by race, White Millennials are very pro-1A. Maybe Audacious E can confirm or refute.

The real book burners are the Ochre Hordes who currently squat at about 37% of the total US population, and quickly growing in number, especially as a percentage of Millennials. These are the future Americans who will use the Constitution as toilet paper. Our vigrants don't much care for, or about, airy-fairy notions of free speech. That's a Heritage America thing, and Heritage Americans are so…yesterday.

Here's a stunner: 71% of Silicon Valley tech workers are foreign-born.

Big Tech leads the charge to censor political dissidents and demonetize insufficiently submissive Whites who exercise their free speech.

> Come listen to my story how @Google kicked out conservative publisher, @WestJournalism, from Google News. (A thread.)
>
> — Shaun Hair (@Exec_Edtr_WJ) March 22, 2019

It's all coming together now. We are beginning to make sense of Clown World.

Free speech, like almost all idealized Western credos, is racial in provenance. Whites are slower to rouse to anger, and generally more tolerant of opposing views. Whites can handle personal insults against either themselves or their kin without resorting to violence in answer.

Free speech is thus best viewed as a natural continuation of a pre-existing White psychological disposition. The Bill of Rights is White temperament codified.

But Paperwork Americans are different, culturally, genetically, psychologically. In most of the world's people, intolerance is the norm. Impulsive anger is the norm. Contempt for open debate is the norm. Thin skin is the norm. To them, free speech is a *casus belli* for violent redress. They can see it no other way.

The only way they can live with each other is through a byzantine array of tacit and de jure social taboos governing interpersonal communication. Speech restriction is how they keep a lid on their tempers.

This is why legal enshrinement of abstract principles such as free speech never materialized in the Ochrelands. This is why the Ochre-hai laugh at our quaint ideas of free speech, and why they will tear up, first, the spirit of 1A and, second, the letter of 1A, once they have achieved demographic critical mass.

Which they are already doing. The Ochrefication of America is underway. Our cherished Anglo-Germanic rights won't survive the onslaught.

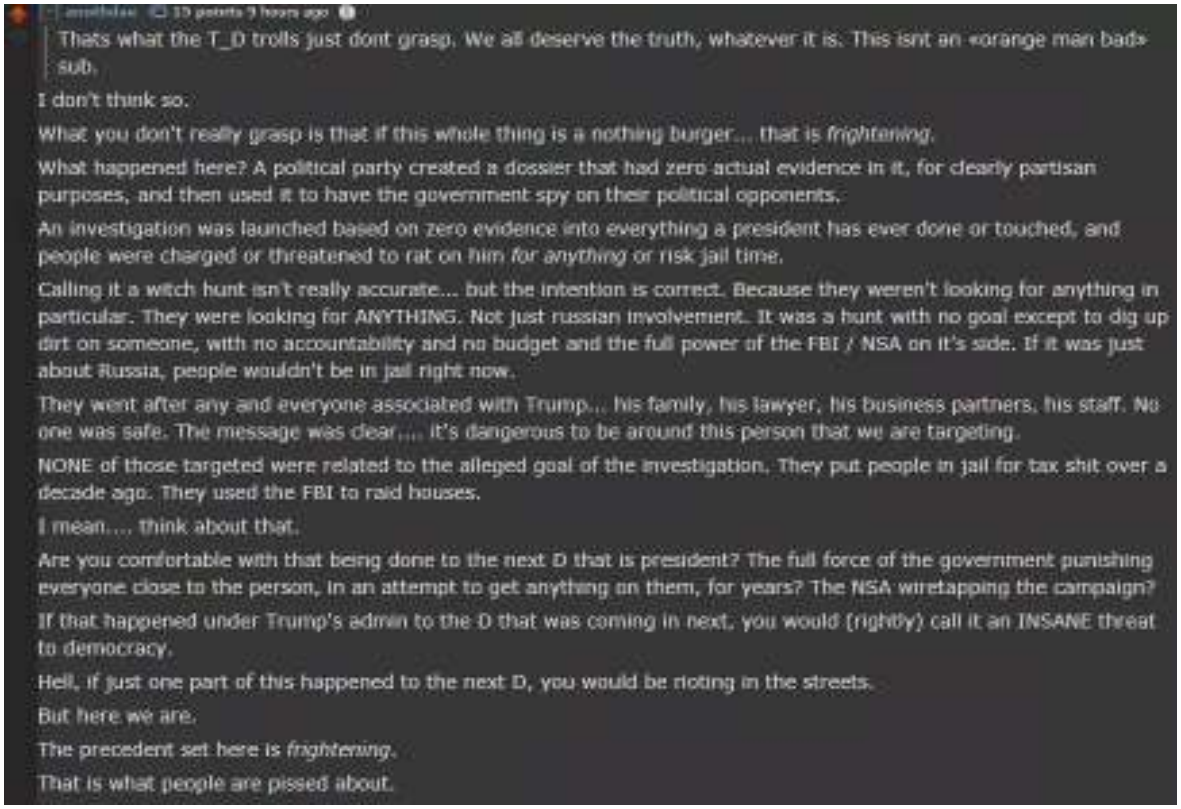
You can't expect alien peoples to honor and respect the same principles that Heritage Americans honor and respect. The principles must be felt in the bones to be obeyed and sustained, and despite universalist agitprop to the contrary, the vast majority of the world feels nothing in their bones for creedal America.

When they rule, the rules will change. You have been warned.

Precedent Is Set. All That's Left Is For The Center To Stop Holding

CH · 25 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is one of the most succinct analyses of the Russia Hoax witch hunt-cum-soft coup I've read from a liberal Dem. The Deep State opened a Pandora's box and the demons are loosed on America.



> Thats what the T_D trolls just dont grasp. We all deserve the truth, whatever it is. This isnt an «orange man bad» sub.

I don't think so.

What you don't really grasp is that if this whole thing is a nothing burger... that is *frightening*.

What happened here? A political party created a dossier that had zero actual evidence in it, for clearly partisan purposes, and then used it to have the government spy on their political opponents.

An investigation was launched based on zero evidence into everything a president has ever done or touched, and people were charged or threatened to rat on him *for anything* or risk jail time.

Calling it a witch hunt isn't really accurate... but the intention is correct. Because they weren't looking for anything in particular. They were looking for ANYTHING. Not just russian involvement. It was a hunt with no goal except to dig up dirt on someone, with no accountability and no budget and the full power of the FBI / NSA on it's side. If it was just about Russia, people wouldn't be in jail right now.

They went after any and everyone associated with Trump... his family, his lawyer, his business partners, his staff. No one was safe. The message was clear.... it's dangerous to be around this person that we are targeting.

NONE of those targeted were related to the alleged goal of the investigation. They put people in jail for tax shit over a decade ago. They used the FBI to raid houses.

I mean.... think about that.

Are you comfortable with that being done to the next D that is president? The full force of the government punishing everyone close to the person, in an attempt to get anything on them, for years? The NSA wiretapping the campaign?

If that happened under Trump's admin to the D that was coming in next, you would (rightly) call it an INSANE threat to democracy.

Hell, if just one part of this happened to the next D, you would be rioting in the streets.

But here we are.

The precedent set here is *frightening*.

That is what people are pissed about.

Bigger than Watergate.

Bigger than WMD.

Treason has been committed. We shouldn't be demanding apologies.

We should be demanding the hangman's noose.

It's the only lesson these media and deep state creeps will understand.

PS Coming in hot: "Damning texts reveal DOJ was worried FISA was based on potential biased source but FBI wanted to press on"

> The FBI reportedly did not disclose to the DOJ that British ex-spy Christopher Steele worked for a firm hired by Hillary Clinton's campaign.

And on and on the evidence of treason mounts…

Trump has political capital now. This is his moment to unleash hell and scorch the swamp.

PPS Aaaaaand….this day just got better!

Geragos is a CNN legal analyst and also represents Jussie Smollett. L O L

PPPS Sand Wolverine explains why shitlibs can't reconcile themselves to the fact that there isn't and never was any "Russia collusion".

> I think part of the reason the no collusion thing to the libs is beyond what they can fathom is simple: They have never achieved anything themselves without some form pay to play or calling in a favor.
>
> For anything that requires any sort of qualification (college, job, friends etc…) they create a counter like Affirmative Action, Diversity on Demand, bribe schemes, sleeping with (((Harvey))) to get that movie part.
>
> To them a 'friend' is someone you can use to get ahead. Nothing more. You must serve a purpose to their greater need. They either require dirt on people or complete submission to their greater ideology.
>
> With the exoneration of Trump this weekend, it goes beyond him simply not being guilty but to the fact he actually did it all. Himself. Against all odds. Without any sort of pay to play.

Personally, I have found shitlibs in general to be less moral people than conservatives. I believe it's related to their passive-aggressive, grasping womanliness, apparent in both shitlib sexes.

A Selection Of Choice Twats And Memes To Celebrate Shitlib Implosion Day

CH · 25 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Hey, Democrats, remember when you were creaming all over yourselves about how clever this was? Well, chug it down, bitches… pic.twitter.com/BCZp7Q5dub
>
> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) March 24, 2019

> Was that Jim Acosta? Did he switch sides now that the Democrats are going down faster than Kamala on Willie Brown? https://t.co/iY4LHR3ggE
>
> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) March 25, 2019

> To all the nervous media people getting ready to insist that Mueller's apparent failure to uncover a Trump/Russia conspiracy is no big deal: you are liars, you are frauds, you were wrong from the beginning, and you will be held accountable
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) March 22, 2019

> No Collusion, No Obstruction, Complete and Total EXONERATION. KEEP AMERICA GREAT!
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) March 24, 2019

> White Supremacist:
>
> White man or woman who doesn't want to be ethnically replaced
>
> Really is that simple
>
> — Nick (@Nick_732) March 23, 2019

From Joyce's Wake Twatter account (now shoah'ed);

> In most of the West, you can't tell your sons they have a right to their land, or that they have many reasons to be proud of their race. But you can tell them it's OK to cut their dicks off, pump themselves full of female hormones, and fight for access to the girl's bathroom.
>
> ***
>
> Every "Whiteness" seminar, every day of mass migration, every speech law, every allegation of racism, every Zionist cent that sways our politics, every claim our lands were always diverse, every neighborhood that becomes a "no-go" zone is an act of terrorism.

> Abuse of office to make knowingly false accusations of treason and now, without apology for your collapsed Russia hoax, you crow about "investigating" @RealDonaldTrump's business to see what you can find. Shameful. https://t.co/dqFWDl4khl
>
> — Tom Fitton (@TomFitton) March 3, 2019

> Diversity is your strength unless you're the native White population. In that case, diversity is your rape, robbery, unemployment, homelessness, terrorism, murder and gradual mass replacement.
>
> — Joyce (@JoycesWake) March 24, 2019

> Two marches pic.twitter.com/VzO9n0E0Og
>
> — Philip Cunliffe (@thephilippics) March 24, 2019

I don't want apologies from the media for Trump.

I want hellfire rained down on the media.

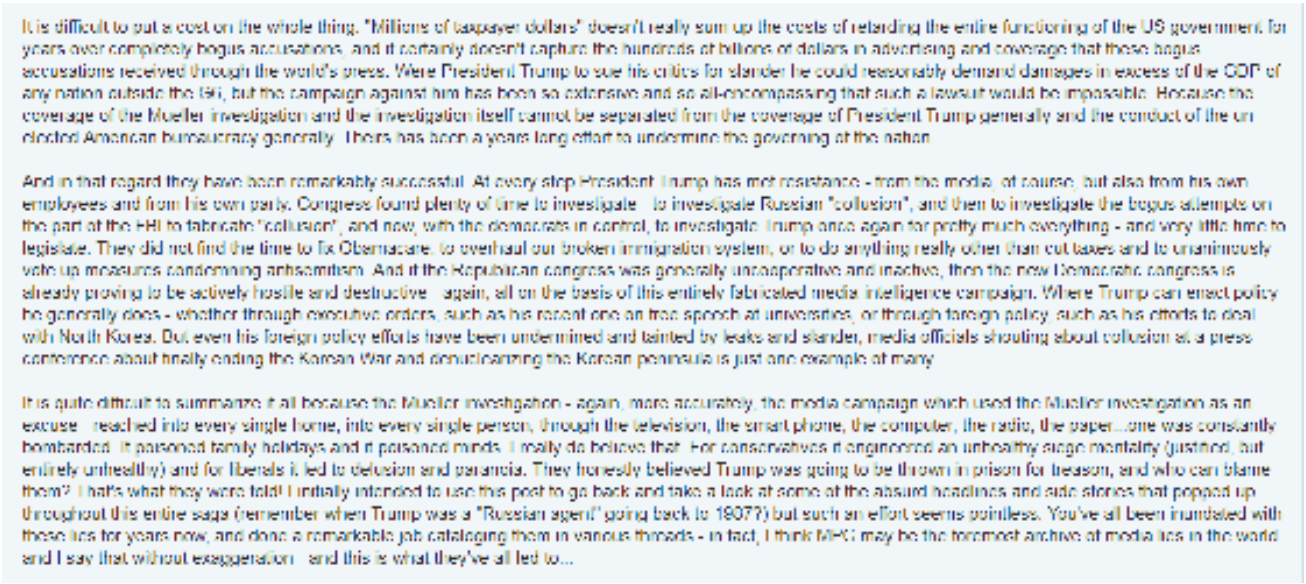
A reader,

> Exactly right. No apologies from them, no gloating by us. Now is the time for vengeance. Now is the time for the settling of scores. Time to drain the swamp while they are disoriented and demoralized.

From J.R.,

> Mueller and the Media are saying the Russians repeatedly tried to infiltrate the Trump campaign.
>
> But this is a lie. The FBI repeatedly tried to infiltrate the Trump campaign. The FBI paid informants to setup stings of the Trump campaign. And the Trump campaign rejected all their attempts.
>
> There were no Russian Infiltration Attempts. It's all a lie.

MPC rewards its paypigs with the usual trenchant analysis.



It is difficult to put a cost on the whole thing. "Millions of taxpayer dollars" doesn't really sum up the costs of retarding the entire functioning of the US government for years over completely bogus accusations, and it certainly doesn't capture the hundreds of billions of dollars in advertising and coverage that these bogus accusations received through the world's press. Were President Trump to sue his critics for slander he could reasonably demand damages in excess of the GDP of any nation outside the G8, but the campaign against him has been so extensive and so all-encompassing that such a lawsuit would be impossible. Because the coverage of the Mueller investigation and the investigation itself cannot be separated from the coverage of President Trump generally and the conduct of the un-elected American bureaucracy generally. There has been a years long effort to undermine the governing of the nation.

And in that regard they have been remarkably successful. At every step President Trump has met resistance - from the media, of course, but also from his own employees and from his own party. Congress found plenty of time to investigate - to investigate Russian "collusion", and then to investigate the bogus attempts on the part of the FBI to fabricate "collusion", and now, with the democrats in control, to investigate Trump once again for pretty much everything - and very little time to legislate. They did not find the time to fix Obamacare, to overhaul our broken immigration system, or to do anything really other than cut taxes and to unanimously vote up measures condemning anti-semitism. And if the Republican congress was generally uncooperative and inactive, then the new Democratic congress is already proving to be actively hostile and destructive - again, all on the basis of this entirely fabricated media intelligence campaign. Where Trump can enact policy he generally does - whether through executive orders, such as his recent one on free speech at universities, or through foreign policy, such as his efforts to deal with North Korea. But even his foreign policy efforts have been undermined and tainted by leaks and slander, media officials shouting about collusion at a press conference about finally ending the Korean War and denuclearizing the Korean peninsula is just one example of many.

It is quite difficult to summarize it all because the Mueller investigation - again, more accurately, the media campaign which used the Mueller investigation as an excuse - reached into every single home, into every single person, through the television, the smart phone, the computer, the radio, the paper...one was constantly bombarded. It poisoned family holidays and it poisoned minds. I really do believe that. For conservatives it engineered an unhealthy siege mentality (justified, but entirely unhealthy) and for liberals it led to delusion and paranoia. They honestly believed Trump was going to be thrown in prison for treason, and who can blame them? That's what they were told! I initially intended to use this post to go back and take a look at some of the absurd headlines and side stories that popped up throughout this entire saga (remember when Trump was a "Russian agent" going back to 1977?) but such an effort seems pointless. You've all been inundated with these lies for years now, and done a remarkable job cataloging them in various threads - in fact, I think MPC may be the foremost archive of media lies in the world and I say that without exaggeration - and this is what they've all led to...

I honestly would not give a shit if every media whore vanished in a puff of Thanos purple.

Related: Today, Jimmy Kimmel and Steven Colbert pushed in their ribbed dildos another notch to help them forget the pain.

Finally, Lindsey “freed from McCain’s clutches” Graham, with the ominous tweet:

> Could not agree more.
>
> See you soon. https://t.co/KNGzyDizdq
>
> — Lindsey Graham (@LindseyGrahamSC) March 25, 2019

The spectacle of many Deep Staters and media whores marched to the gallows warms my heart, but none quite as much as the image of Comey wetting his betabitch britches during his treason trial.

***

One more win for the day:

> Wait so Michael Avenatti is getting charged today by two different US Attorney’s offices for two sets of crimes? Who does he think he is, Paul Manafort? pic.twitter.com/xeutusuT4q
>
> — Josh Barro (@jbarro) March 25, 2019

LMAO, how many times did CNN invite Avenatti onto their shit tier cable station and credulously swallow what he was jizzing into their faces?

***

Are there any similarities between the years leading up to Civil War 1 and the present time? I’m sure there were Americans in 1850 who thought a civil war was unlikely, just as today few Americans can fathom the idea, but Senators were openly brawling in the Capitol leading up to Civil War 1. From Decimus,

> You could see it coming.
>
> In 1850 two senators draw pistols on each other on the floor of the Congress.
>
> In 1856 Sen. Brooks of South Carolina nearly beats Sen Sumner of Massachusetts to death with a cane. While Sumner is beaten Sen. Keitt holds the rest of the Senate at bay with a pistol.

> By 1858 there are is a huge 30 person brawl.

Today, we're more civilized. Now we just have one party try to oust the other party's sitting president by a soft coup involving FBI plants and fraudulent opposition party research.

I can see a CW2 unfolding fairly rapidly with a series of intra-state secession movements, as upstates and outer boroughs try to rid themselves of their shitlib megalopolis outposts.

The likelihood of CW2 is low but higher than most people think.

***

IMO the menstrual hatred of single White women for Trump goes back to the pussygrab tape. These broads haven't gotten over that. They hate that an avowed "misogynist" rules over them.

More precisely, they hate that Trump revealed the hypergamous female id in all its squalor, because what's absolutely true is that women WILL LET PLAYBOY BILLIONAIRES grab their pussies.

A reader,

> Gold digging whores will shoves their pussies into the faces of rich and powerful men in the hopes that they will get their pussies grabbed.
> And THAT is exactly what Pres Trump was talking about. He NEVER SAID that he walks around grabbing random women's pussies.

Correct. That's exactly what Trump said, but the media ripped it out of context and lied about it to help thecunt across the finish line.

Women Will Submit. The Only Question Is To Whom They Will Submit

CH · 25 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> intersectional feminism just means submitting to a different man pic.twitter.com/rpxd1hBlDh
>
> — Jonatan (Nine Trey Yangsters) (@JonatanThree) March 22, 2019

AOC's Gloryhole Soyface Fan Club

CH · 25 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

PS I am always right. If I'm ever wrong (rare), it means there was a dimensional rip in the cosmic space-time continuum.

> Proof that girls and boys are born to be different: Controversial study finds that brain differences between the sexes begin in the womb
>
> The differences between male and female brains start in the womb, study says
>
> Male brains were found to be 'more susceptible to environmental influences'
>
> But female brains growing in the uterus produced 'long-range' networks

Toxoplasma Tyranny

CH · 25 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

“That’s not a good way. I’m sorry”: Empty Womb Syndrome

CH · 25 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> So, what’s the deal with the loon on the left? pic.twitter.com/Y52ixJ6zq0
>
> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) March 22, 2019

Childless women are headcases. Empty wombs, empty heads.

***

Stallman comments,

> Friendly Reminder that women are still the majority voting block in the US.
>
> America is fucked.

Inflected Gibberish Game

CH · 26 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A reader introduces the CH audience to Inflected Gibberish Game.

> Really no point to this story but I thought it was entertaining.
>
> I was at a math conference when I was in college and I was drinking coffee. Nothing special about the coffee except it was in a wine glass. For whatever reason they didn't have coffee cups at the event.

Trés sophisticated!

> So, some old dinosaur of a math professor asked what I was drinking. I told him, "I just woke up from a nap so I needed some coffee, even though caffeine has quite an adverse effect on me."

I hope your pinky was extended when you said that.

> He said, "Oh, I thought you were drinking brandy."
>
> And I said, "That has more of an adverse effect on me."
>
> That's really small but there was a woman nearby who lit up. She said, "You're such a bullshitter!"
>
> I responded to her in Spanish, even though I don't speak it at all.
>
> I just spoke in a Spanish accent while speaking gibberish.
>
> Her and I ended up fucking that night.
>
> Thats all

OK I may as well confess, and risk a couple of girls connecting a couple of dots from a confluence of a couple of oddly aligning circumstances.

I've done this Fake Foreign Language gimmick with chicks, and it's a legitimate tingle amplifier.

Girl shits tests me, (i.e., gets sassy and flirty), and I mimic a French accent and pretend to speak French in over-the-top nonsensical Frenchified dialect, (while dropping in a raunchy English word or two).

"Oui oui Madame, HAW HAW HAW zee amour parlez vous au bon pain….eeeeehh how vous say….GI-ANT….COCKAS….un gay paree….."

The less sense you make, the wider a girl's pussy lips part. If she's figuring you out, she's flooding her sprog spout.

Merchant Caesars Pizza

CH · 26 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The video is a riot. The comments are more riotous. You won't stop laughing. Representative sample:

> 800 to 900 yards from the place where the ovens were, the pizzas were squeezed into little cars that ran on rails. In Little Caesars these cars had various dimensions and could hold up to 15 pizzas. As soon as a car was loaded, it would be set in motion on an inclined plane that traveled at full speed down a corridor. At the end of the corridor there was a wall, and in the wall was the door to the oven. As soon as the car hit the wall, the door opened automatically, and the car would dip forward and pitch its cargo of fresh pies into the oven. Right behind it came another car with another load and so on.

Shame on Little…*snigger*…Caesars…*snort*…pizza, for this transparently…*mmmheehee*….counter-sem…*snicker*…anti-semitic….platitu….clich….TROPE *HAHAHAHAHAAAAAAAAAA*

No but really, shame on Little Caesars….*glances at WordPress SJWs, who are glancing at WordPress financiers*….shame on them!

Healing Is For Closers

CH · 27 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Lying media dreck are following one of four avenues in the wake of the Russia Collusion Hoax Fake News implosion which they bear responsibility for propagandizing almost three years straight.

1. tripling down on their delusion (most of them)
2. casting about for new targets to blame
3. quickly changing the subject
4. mouthing platitudes about “the healing process” in order to salvage their careers

That last lurch has me in stitches. “Healing”. It is to scoff.

Remind yourselves of the nature of the [special people] before you start thinking about extending them mercy. One example:

> Amazing. The two reporters most responsible for injecting the Steele Dossier into the mainstream media bloodstream — Michael Isikoff and David Corn — now admit it was a total fraud https://t.co/uSo2qD1qt0
>
> — Michael Tracey (@mtracey) March 26, 2019

These vile creaturas do not deserve healing, nor mercy, nor even the catharsis of getting on their knees and apologizing to their shitlord betters.

They deserve punishment. Swift, sure, and maximally discouraging to any shitlibs who may think about pulling this depraved shit again in the future.

Twatter account “Catturd” puts it best:

> It is NOT time to heal.
>
> It is NOT time to move forward.
>
> It is NOT time to reach across the aisle.
>
> It is NOT time to come together.
>
> It’s time to arrest the people responsible for this treason.
>
> It’s time for military tribunals.
>
> It’s time for Gitmo.
>
> It’s time for the pain.
>
> — Catturd (@catturd2) March 25, 2019

As Kelly says,

> It’s not time to heal, it’s time to rip open LOTS more wounds. Let healing happen when our mortal enemy surrenders or is vanquished.

Healing is for wounded warriors, not unrepentant enemies.

PS The Jolly Heretic on “Mixed Race Individuals and Personality Traits”.

I’m surprised I hadn’t heard of this guy before. Good stuff all in all, but he’s mistaken about mixed racelets being more attractive than purebreds. I’ll discuss that topic in a future post.

PPS It’s time to bring balance back to the Priest Class.

> I think the pathetic state of modernity is due to the fact the priest caste has completely overrun the warrior caste. In this case the “priest caste” isn’t to say real Christians, but rather that moral Christian guidance has in turn been overrun by modern priests who now manifest in a perverse way as our journalists, academics, bureaucracy, etc. All the people the left worships. Original Christian priest caste was meant as a blunting edge against the warrior caste who could be too savage, too willing to run wild. You could see peak civilization as those times when the warriors and the priests were in balance with each other: both had power.

PPPS There’s winning happening which you’d see if you put down the black pills for a minute.

> Let’s recap, shall we?
>
> TRUMP: Still President
>
> TUCKER: Still #1 in ratings
>
> JUDGE JEANINE: Returns Saturday
>
> KAV: Still on the court
>
> RUSSIAN COLLUSION: Fake news
>
> AVENATTI: Indicted
>
> MEDIA: On life support
>
> JOHN MCCAIN AND ISIS: Dead
>
> HILLARY CLINTON: Still nobody’s president
>
> — Amy (@RightHookUSA) March 26, 2019

Don’t misunderstand me. “Winning happening” doesn’t necessarily mean “losing not happening”; the border is still a sieve, media whores guided by profit and propaganda who enlisted themselves in the coup against Trump are still free citizens, White men are still the target of virtue signalers, the Deep State still hasn’t had its date with the gallows, catladies are still indulging their insipid universalist nostrums.

But it helps to sometimes take stock of where things are improving, so that when you do find yourself staring down a deep blackpilled despair you don’t let it get the better of you.

PPPPS Black Pill or White Pill? Link:

> Border Patrol apprehended more people Monday than any day in the last 10 years

Is that a good or bad thing? Sincere question.

Good: Trump’s border patrol is finally doing its job.

Bad: There are so many b3aners spilling over the border that higher apprehension rates only indicate a huge increase in the numbers successfully sneaking through.

> CBP Chief Operating Officer John Sanders told attendees of the Border Security Expo this week a major

> reason for the recent surge in border apprehensions is due to large numbers of people illegally crossing together, rather than a handful at a time.

Appears to be Bad.

How many of these “group crossings” are financed by Soros?

DEUSVULT adds,

> In my opinion, it’s bad. There are MORE goblins approaching our gates because everyone and their Aunt Consuela’s are being taken care of on America’s dime in the detention facilities.

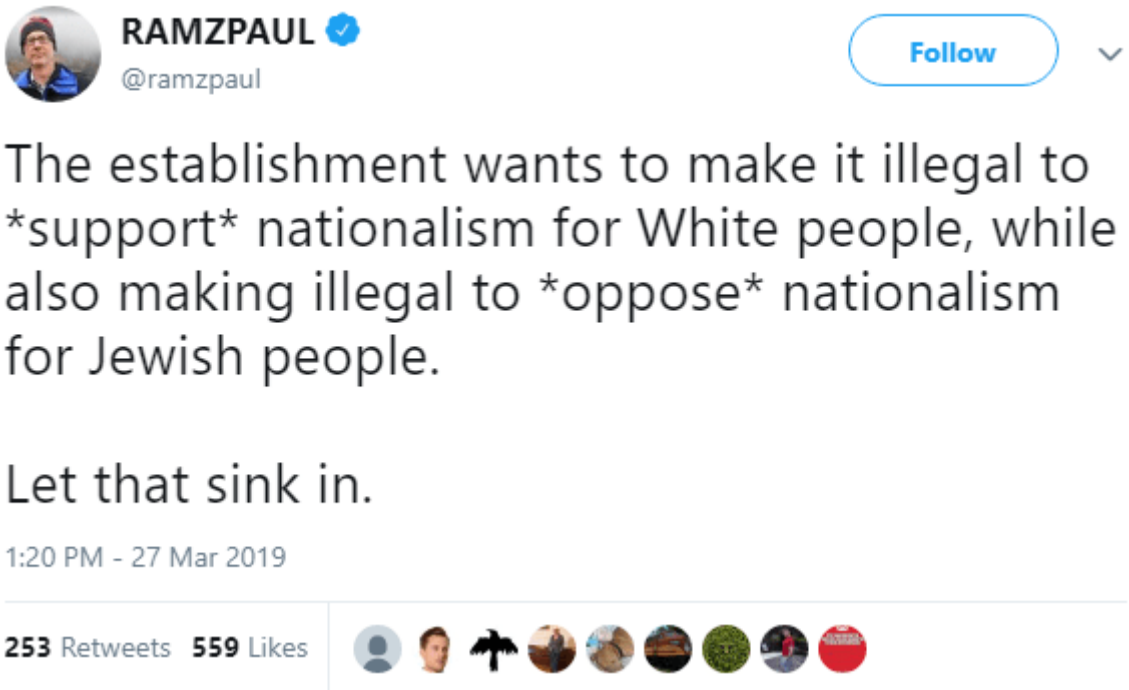
This is what virtue signaling catladies gets you: MORE INVADERS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF YOUR HIGH FALUTIN MORAL POSTURING.

Has Trump forgotten the Forgotten Americans and decided to side with Catlady Americans? About two years left to get a definitive answer to that question.

PPPPPS Ann Coulter on RussiaGate: “Hold the Pulitzers!”

> The only people surprised that the special counsel’s investigation of Russian collusion did not confirm a lunatic conspiracy theory are consumers of the modern American media. For two years, our constitutionally protected guardians of the truth put out a stream of misinformation, promising viewers that Robert Mueller was going to reverse the outcome of the 2016 election.
>
> Everyone at fake news MSNBC, marginally less fake news NBC, and totally fake news CNN—hosts, guests, legal experts and national security analysts—should be told, *Clean out your lockers. Put all your things in cardboard cartons. If you need to go back, you will be escorted by security.*
>
> Instead, they are adamantly refusing to take back their years of lies about Trump and Russian collusion. This is not a time to let bygones be bygones. The boot should not be lifted from the media’s throat.

PPPPPPS RamzPaul on the central tenet of Globohomo:



Chicks Dig Dominant Men

CH · 27 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

"nothing gets a woman wetter than presenting her with the severed head of my enemy"

Another reminder that chicks dig dominant men, and the feminist/SJW assertion that masculinity is toxic to women's feelings is a bald-cunt'd lie.

> Last night I heard my husband tell off one of his employees through the phone and it turned me on so bad that I'm ashamed of myself. from sex

TOXIC MASCULINITY INTENSIFIES

…

It's funny watching a woman come face to face with her id. It's the rare bird who is sufficiently self-aware to grasp the reality of what turns her on — a dominating alpha male — without calling in rationalization hamster reinforcements.

This id-awareness in women always opens to something "dark within", because, factually, female sexuality is far darker than male sexuality. The worst a man can do sexually — rape a woman — pales in the scope of its evil to the worst that a woman can do sexually — cuckold a gullible loving man into unwittingly raising a child not his own for the duration of his life.

Women can't help themselves. They, just like men, are slaves to their reproductively-differentiated lustful desire. The uncontrollable female arousal for dominating men is equivalent to the uncontrollable male desire for young, beautiful women.

The fact that women so often compare their sexual self-knowledge to immorality should tell us that women grasp, on a deeply submerged subconscious level, that their female sexuality is a wild ferocious beast that might be better for everyone if tamed by social constraints on its expression.

Contrast to the self-aware man: rarely does he knee-jerk conflate his desire with immorality or "darkness within". Most men are pretty darned comfortable with the nature of their sexuality. That's because we men don't get turned on by women berating their lessers or throwing the heads of their enemies at our feet.

When women rage against their vagene, the vagene always wins. The sexual market rules over all markets, including that quaint higher order market colloquially known as "the moral sense". A woman may be ashamed to tingle in the company of a stone cold asshole, but that won't stop her from spreading for him, or fantasizing about

it. A thousand cuntfessionals can’t impede the Darwinian Imperative.

PS Love wins!

A Paperwork American Nobody Wants To Censor A Heritage American President

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I almost can't believe what I read anymore, but it's real.

> Twatter considering labeling Trump tweets that violate rules
>
> A Twitter executive on Wednesday said the company is considering a new feature that will label tweets from politicians, including President Trump, when they violate Twitter rules.
>
> Vijaya Gadde, Twitter's head of legal, policy, and trust and safety, at a Washington Post event on Wednesday said the company might start annotating offensive tweets from public figures with a message about why they remain up.

Vijaya Gadde.

V I J A Y A G A D D E

Vijaya Gadde, general counsel for Twitter Inc., stands for a photograph at the company's headquarters in San Francisco, California, U.S., on Wednesday, Jan. 15, 2014. Vijaya Gadde, who became Twitter's general counsel in August 2013, helped lead the company through its initial public offering and its largest acquisition. She is the highest-ranking woman executive at the company. Photographer: David Paul Morris/Bloomberg via Getty Images

> "One of the things we're working really closely on with our product and engineering folks is, 'How can we label that?'"

Shitlibs really love to label stuff. So much labeling. So much psychological projection.

> Gadde said during the Post event. "How can we put some context around it so people are aware that that

> content is actually a violation of our rules and it is serving a particular purpose in remaining on the platform?”

Rules are made to appease tokens.

> Gadde was responding to a question about whether Trump is allowed to say whatever he wants on Twitter.
>
> “When we leave that content on the platform there’s no context around that and it just lives on Twitter and people can see it and they just assume that is the type of content or behavior that’s allowed by our rules,” Gadde said.

This smug arrogant foreign ingrate who deigns to silence the voice of the American people. My teeth are on edge.

Hey Mr. President, a few suggestions:

ANTI-TRUST
PUBLIC UTILITY
SMASH WOKE CAPITALISM

> Trump has used his Twitter account to insult and berate his foes, including news organizations, Democrats, actors and more, raising questions from critics about why Twitter does not step in.

That’s a nice bit of editorializing from EMILY BIRNBAUM.

Hey, I wonder why Twatter doesn’t “step in” when all those chaimstream media whores and propagandists constantly insult and berate Trump and his voters?

Rhetorical.

We’re giving our country away to people who hate us, hate our principles, hate our ideals, hate our values, and hate our heritage.

And we’re still listening to these invaders in the year 2019. smh

Tough Love Wins

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

An extremely online wag posted this photo of a Trump supporter:

I sort of feel bad for how I replied.

“cirQumference”

A lady chastised me.

> Now. Now. I giggled myself, at first. I must confess. However, she is a @POTUS and #Q Supporter! It matters NOT her looks OR her size! Right? She’s on the right side of history!

Well, to be honest, it DOES matter.

Our Q gal is on the right side, and that is admirable, but the fatness has to go. It indicates low self-esteem and poor character.
Think of me as a shepherd to a wayward flock. I want my flock to survive, to BE BEST, and that means being in good shape.
For the aesthetics.
For the self-worth.
For the physicality which will be needed in the coming holy war for the soul of America.
When I survey my army of Heritage Americans, I want to see warriors.
Only then will I know they are ready to join the battle.

Tough love wins.

PS

Pence is such a cuck. He besmirched the men in the other three pics with that last pic.

270,000 Followers

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> A society that allows this is most certainly dying, if it's not already dead. pic.twitter.com/ISal8FsmCH
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) March 28, 2019

The thing in that video has 270,000 Twatter followers.

This blog, on a good day, gets 60,000 views.

We aren't winning.

And we have to prepare for the possibility that there won't be a win.

Only a separation.

Pray it is peaceful.

Thot Or Not? (Plus Lots Of PSs)

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Teen boys rated their female classmates based on looks. The girls fought back.

Bethesda-Chevy Chase seniors Lee Schwartz, 18, Jane Corcoran, 17, and Nicky Schmidt, 17, were among the girls ranked on a list created by their male classmates earlier this month. (Samantha Schmidt/The Washington Post)

5, 4, 6

fyi how did they fight back? they turned lezbo? GGTOW

PS

Buttigieg, Booker, Beto

Only one of these men is comfortable with who he is.

PPS

Inner Hajnal vs Outer Hajnal

PPPS

More Don Jr, less Ivanka, thank you very much.

PPPPS

Anyone who thinks swpl shitlibs have let go of their russia hoax fantasy needs to hang out with a representative sample of them. All they've done is pivot to garbage hour CTs like "the Deutsche Bank records are coming! That'll stop drumphggh!"

It would be funny if it wasn't pathetic.

PPPPPS

I heard an interview with some Federal Reserve guy Trump just hired. The dude was basically a globalist free trader, shitting all over the idea of trump's tariffs.

Tell me again why Trump hires people who conspicuously and loudly disagree with his campaign agenda?

I don't think Trump was flim flamming us during the campaign, so I don't believe he's knowingly hiring these globalist stooges.

I think Trump is either too lazy to vet anyone, or he's getting misinformation from traitors within his administration.

If personnel is policy, Trump has gimped himself in a big way. Here's to hoping Bolsonaro — a man who knows a thing or two about cleaning house — gave Trump some advice during his visit to the WH.

PPPPPPS

Controlled opposition is BY FAR more dangerous to a revolutionary movement than any enemy could hope to be.

Enemies rage and threaten, and in so doing gird us for battle.

Controlled oppo (see: lil' benny shapiro) gently and subversively release the pressure valve on our righteous rage, persuading the more weak-willed among us that kumbaya is still in the cards.

The Boomercuck is already disposed to fall in love with race-blind creedalism of the sort mouthed banally by shapiro, et al. The great mass of cucked normies WANTS TO BELIEVE in those quaint [specially]-weaponized nostrums, so just when you've dragged the cuck close to the edge of wokeness, the Kosher Nostra pulls him right back into his comfy cuddle zone.

PPPPPPPS

92% of Biracial Children Born to Black Fathers Are Out of Wedlock; 82% on Welfare (link)

PPPPPPPPS

Remember when I said a vicious pathogen could cull r-selected, high disgust threshold shitlibs, opening the way for a new dawn of civilizational greatness?

> The Worst Disease Ever Recorded

PPPPPPPPPS

Broke: Black Pill

Woke: Rage Pill

PPPPPPPPPPS

My Rude Word is reaching the flock.

> If white people disappear, freedom, liberty and real social justice all disappear along with them. It is no coincidence these rights & concepts shrink from state law and social life at a proportionate rate to the shrinking demographic of whites.

PPPPPPPPPPPS

Spicy meme:

PPPPPPPPPPPS

If, after all this Deep State subterfuge is exposed, gaymulatto goes down in an orange jumpsuit, I will do the happy dance of a million Snoopy's.

PPPPPPPPPPPPS

Two submissions for Best Opening Line in the next Great American Novel.

First, Microchip.

> she already looks like fucking dog shit, just wait until she's 35 with 23 *****r children, she's done

Second, BostonDave.

> I dated an ugly Chinese girl in college. She gave great head and we ate at Chinese food restaurants that only had Mandarin menu's.

I would keep the bad punctuation.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPS

Alex Of-UncoloredBoyfriend is a loudmouthed bar skank with delusions of grandeur way out of proportion to her actual ability. She's lucky she has Soros and a subversive brahmin feeding her a script. 100% TRUEFACT

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

James Woods for God Emperor

> Sorry, Rev. We are never "working together" with these treacherous scum again. They drew first blood for no other reason than their besotted "queen" didn't get "her turn." We won't stop til every single one of them is behind bars. Every. Single. One. https://t.co/7I2QPVw8oO

> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) March 25, 2019

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

Catladies are unleashing gun confiscation across the Anglosphere. This won't begin or end well.

> Take this and multiply it by 1 million. That's what you'll get in the U.S. if the government tries to force confiscation. The lives put in jeopardy, citizen and law enforcement alike, will be on a scale that is literally unimaginable. pic.twitter.com/rpGLULa43d
>
> — PhilThatRemains (@philthatremains) March 28, 2019

The murder of this man is laid squarely at the feet of Prime Catlady Jacinda Ardern.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

"as a grown ass person"
This is a college professor.
Let that sink in.
IDIOCRACY

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

Spicy meme, redux:

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

The female rationalization hamster made it into Urban Dictionary.

No credit was given to this blog. *sniff*

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

This is what #Brimming looks like:

CLOSE THE BORDER
DEPORT THE ILLEGALS AND THEIR ANCHOR FAMILIES
TURN BACK THE INVADERS
IMPOSE A MORATORIUM ON LEGAL IMMIGRATION

Is this so hard?

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

“Asylum seekers” will never go back. That was never the intent of Globohomo “asylum” laws. The intent is and was always to bring these shitholies here and keep them here.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

I predicted right after Trump’s Inauguration that Javanka would be his Achilles’ Heel. My prescience is looking reliable now.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

There should be a contest to determine which challahwood creampuff is most divergent IRL from his on-screen characters. De Zero and Chris Evans are neck and neck in the running.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPS

If Trump

– closes the border

– builds the wall

– introduces some form of single payer health insurance or expanded Medicare

…he will coast to victory in 2020.

So far, he hasn't done any of these things.

If you hate the idea of fixing healthcare with a socialist solution, think of the last one as the price to pay to get the first two. The Rust Belt is not (yet) fully racinated. Give them the single payer, and get implicit Whiteness leading to explicit Whiteness in return (at least for four more years). We should be thinking in terms of buying Heritage America more time, instead of Instant Victory.

Freelance Comment Of The Month: The State's Spirit Animal

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From Loki:

> All women are Feds (spiritually).

That cut right to the quim.

***

COTW runner-up. It's PA again.

> Boomers are holding this shitshow together with their sheer numbers and old school know-how. For better and worse.
>
> They are the inertial filler in the machine.
>
> Once they go, it's nihilism all the way down. Perils and possibilities.

I spy with my oracle eye…..chaos total.

The Manliest Song Ever?

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Roll the Old Chariot

SteveRogers42 thinks it stands as the manliest song ever.

cortesar comments,

> don’t know bout you yeggs (lolz) but I find the video and song beautiful
> this old and famous sea chanty song takes on completely a different meaning in the context of the war declared upon us

Indeed it does. We all here might have reason to sing it for real, soon enough.

The Lesson Of Elevated Lessers

CH · 28 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

DEUSVULT fumes,

> There are more than 50 Islamic countries with literacy rate below 40%. Still, Malala chose Japan to spread her education propaganda where literacy rate is above 99%
>
> Japanese men literally work themselves to death at their desks but no the problem with Japanese corporate culture is clearly not enough women…

Japanese native fertility is below replacement. The last thing Japanese need is more liberated women and increased "female representation" in the workforce.

Ultimately, the problem is that civilized people gave their lessers power. We need to go back to that arrangement in which our lessers knew their place, before they go on to fuck everything up.

Trevor Goodchild aptly analogizes,

> Thought experiment: perhaps lesser humanoids respond to this undeserved power over their betters exactly the way women do when a man refuses to have hand in a relationship and lets them run the show.
>
> Spitefulness, total ingratitude and constant shit-testing due to unconsciously knowing they're unworthy, and not really wanting the burden in the first place.

This is a fair description of what's happening all over the Cucked West: spiteful ingrate lessers running roughshod over the glory that their betters built without their help.

One microsubmission is an act of magnanimity. A million microsubmissions is surrender.

The West is a dysfunctional relationship of reversed sexual polarity. America a sniveling, supplicating beta male

who doesn’t understand why his woman hates him, and through his appeasement only enrages her more.

“We’ll take your feedback into consideration”

CH · 29 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Reader CalvinDecline noted that our power tripping patel, Vagina Godawful, was on the Joe Rogan show, along with Jack Dorsey, mini Lucifer.

> She was on Joe Rogan recently with Jack Dorsey (twitter founder)… Tim Pool was ripping them a new one.
>
> In one instance, Tim asked her a gotcha question, and with nothing to say… she actually on camera said “we’ll take your feedback into consideration”.

“We’ll take your feedback into consideration.”

Hm. Reminds me of something…

(start at 2:30 if the timestamp doesn’t work for you)

“Well, it seems your terms, White man, are not acceptable.”

Baal, the Lord of Destruction, has a lot in common with Babu, the Interloper of Deconstruction.

Both are Prime Evils intent on overrunning a foreign land, stealing all its wealth, scoffing at its heritage, displacing its natives, and replacing its value system with their own.

Final Boss:

Kosher Nostra

CH · 31 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I wrote,

> Controlled opposition is BY FAR more dangerous to a revolutionary movement than any enemy could hope to be.
>
> Enemies rage and threaten, and in so doing gird us for battle.
>
> Controlled oppo (see: lil' benny shapiro) gently and subversively release the pressure valve on our righteous rage, persuading the more weak-willed among us that kumbaya is still in the cards.
>
> The Boomercuck is already disposed to fall in love with race-blind creedalism of the sort mouthed banally by shapiro, et al. The great mass of cucked normies WANTS TO BELIEVE in those quaint [specially]-weaponized nostrums, so just when you've dragged the cuck close to the edge of wokeness, the Kosher Nostra pulls him right back into his comfy cuddle zone.

There are other ways the Kosher Nostra operate besides feeding disinformation platitudes to a weak-willed audience. They declare certain topics forbidden and assassinate the character of those who would broach those topics. They use their social and economic privilege to pressure information and financial gatekeepers to silence and pauperize dissidents to their anti-White orthodoxy. They leverage their judicial over-representation to institute an anarcho-tyranny which severely punishes minor infractions committed by White Christians while protecting those who commit major crimes in service to their anti-White agenda.

Dionysus comments,

> Kosher Nostra is great term. What the west has gone through over the last 70 odd years is nothing less than history's largest protection racket writ large. Payments are made in submission to foreign ideologies and threats are made through either the courts or the possible public airing of accusations loaded with terms the normies have been indoctrinated to react to like pavlov's dogs.
>
> (Notice none of the force used is direct)

The Kosher Nostra is very similar to the Cosa Nostra in how it deals with its enemies and wagon circles when attacked. The only difference between the clannish, criminal groups is level of sophistication; it's a difference of degree rather than of kind.

Which Side Would Prevent A Peaceful Separation?

CH · 1 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A comment by 216, responding to SunBakedSuburb, over at Audacious Epigone's Unz patch,

> *SunBakedSurburb: [Following a separation of Red and Blue America], Bluestans will also be characterized by constant ethnic friction, continued middle class white flight, Byzantine and corrupt governments, and eventually implosion. Here in California, I see your prophecy at work.*

I agree with this, btw. Bluestans would be wealthier…for a while…until the low trust society that typically characterizes Diversitopias eats away at that blue-hued human and social capital. If Redstans encourage their Divershitty to abscond for Bluestans, and Bluestans continue clinging to their virtue signaling for social status points, then it wouldn't take long for Bluestans to get overrun by dysfunction and overwhelmed by high taxes to pay the Danegeld to their vibrancy. The Bluestans would start richer, become poorer, and finish collapsed, while the Redstans would maintain an even keel of moderate economic health and very high social health.

Back to 216:

> White liberals would be more ethnocentric in their own society. Part of the reason they are so outgroup-favoring in our societies is the fear of us.
>
> So if you never had to fear "The Handmaids Tale", you would feel less inclined towards white guilt. Additionally, the Bluestan(s) could write constitutions that explicitly define the fundamental values of society as left-liberal, so White Bluestanis could have a strong civic nationalism.
>
> Look over the border at President AMLO, a white leftist, but also a strong ethnic and civic nationalist.

216 is an interesting commenter, but I believe he inverts the underlying motivations of Bluestan shitlibs here.

First, you won't get anywhere analyzing White shitlib (SWPL, for short) behavior without understanding that psychological projection is at the heart of it. White liberals don't fear White conservatives. Not really, at any rate. They may virtue signal fear of us, but they don't really feel it.

What White liberals are doing is projecting their own desire, to viciously and utterly rule over White conservative "intransigents", onto the latter. White libs accuse White cons of doing to them precisely what White libs do to White cons. If any group has justifiable reason to fear a despotic overthrow of its cherished values and preferred social arrangements, it's White conservatives who have been under relentless attack from White liberals for the better part of a century, and losing nearly every battle.

Case in point: there was never a "Handmaids Tale" in America. There has been, however, a "SlutPride Tale" and gay marriage and trannyfreak singing to schoolchildren and borderline infanticide and man-hating divorce courts and toxic masculinity conspiracy theories.

White liberals have in fact never had to fear "Handmaids Tale", but White cons have had damned good reason to fear all of the above, because those things have actually happened. And yet, White cons aren't "outgroup favoring", presumably, as leverage to neutralize the power of White libs. White cons have had to fear all those White lib depredations on their preferred way of life, and yet don't have any "White guilt".

216's theory doesn't hold up under scrutiny.

White liberals did not live in a constant state of fear in pre-Roe v Wade America that a patriarchy was about to force women into breeding camps. Any "fear" that White liberals express about America becoming a version of, in this example, The Handmaid's Tale is either irrational or disingenuous. The purpose of the lib fear-mongering amongst themselves is 1. to juice their virtue signaling score (the more fearful, the more valuable one's moral

posturing against the thing causing the “fear”) and 2. to provide a phony justification to ram their shitlib agenda down America’s throat.

White liberals — GoonWhites — aren’t outgroup favoring because they fear White conservatives — FreeWhites. No, White libs are outgroup favoring because

- they have inherited an excessive altruistic feeling toward outsiders that is corrupted into a pathology by globalist mass migration
- they get a tingle up their legs from playing the role of the beneficent enlightened betters patronizing POC lessers
- they HATE HATE HATE FreeWhites for not sharing their r-selection-shaped worldview or their high disgust thresholds, and find it expedient to “adopt” nonWhites and their grievances and to use them as battering rams against FreeWhites.

For these reasons, I doubt White liberals would be more ethnocentric in their own societies. Instead, what I see happening is GoonWhites’ virtue signaling compulsion turned on each other, in the absence of FreeWhites to target, until the purity spiraling results in some sort of social breakdown or mass hysteria/mental illness.

I also foresee Bluestans eventually succumbing to their Diversity, which will eat at the White lib seed corn with increasingly ravenous disregard for the future. Remember, too, that “strong civic nationalism” and multiracialism are mutually exclusive; civic fellow-feeling is always and continually undermined by the very human and natural urge to tacitly or overtly identify with one’s own kind.

It’s possible that White libs, left to themselves, will concoct some rhetorical sophistry for keeping out the Diversity that doesn’t overload their egos, in essence creating a de facto White lib ethnocentrism, but I have a hard time envisioning a scenario in which the modren White shitlib can casually betray her ego without having an existential crisis. If FreeWhites aren’t around, maybe GoonWhites can easily and expediently dispose of every race equalism and White privilege belief they claim to cherish, just as they now easily and hypocritically contradict themselves to “score” political points against their FreeWhite enemies.

Nevertheless, this is all moot speculation because White libs would prevent any peaceful separation solution to the eternal intra-White animosity that is burning hotter now than it has since the days before Civil War I. White libs don’t want White cons to go their own way; they want to lord it over White cons, to force them to submit to White lib rule, and to rub their faces in their humiliation and despair. The totalizing authoritarian streak is a mile wide and ten miles deep in GoonWhites. For White libs to allow White cons their own nation would be, in the White lib mind, tantamount to Nazis getting their lebensraüm.

White libs don’t want to run away to build their own nation and write their own left-liberal constitution; what White libs want is to build their own nation and write their own left-liberal constitution RIGHT WHERE WHITE CONS LIVE, BECAUSE FORCING WHITE CON SUBMISSION IS HALF THE FUN.

This is why I predict that if there is a blood-drenched Civil War II, it will be the fault of White libs who won’t tolerate White cons attempting a peaceful separation from them. And, unlike Civil War I when White libs had a facsimile of moral high ground to prevent secession, this time around all the moral justification will be with the FreeWhites who just want to get out from under the yoke of White lib tyranny.

I Rub My Nipples And Whisper ‘Immigrants’

CH · 2 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Every time some racist says “those immigrants” in a snidey voice I rub my nipples and whisper “immigrants” TRUST ME nothing freaks a racist out more than a woman faking an orgasm huskily whispering “immigrants” in a post office queue pic.twitter.com/alaeanvsSn
>
> — Janey Godley (@JaneyGodley) March 30, 2019

Janey Ungodly rubs her nipples in a public post office. Sounds creepy. And at her advanced age, a husky crone voice is a given.

Time for a phyzz check.

Fat, ugly, and unfunny is no way to go through life, ma'am.

All the remarks about her beauty diversity got to her. Defensively, she lied,

> Thank you am quite happy with my looks – am as ordinary looking as everyone else – and loved and getting banged harder than a faulty washing machine door.

"as ordinary looking as everyone else"? Ah, no. Janey, you are extraordinarily ugly, a bearer of profound physical ugliness only matched in the sheer horror of it by the inner ugliness of your character. Your immigrant props gag at the sight of you, when they aren't stealing your jewels or making you lose your bloated witchy head on an EatEatLove sojourn.

I have to laugh at these grotesque old hags who think the world believes them when they brag about their sex lives. No one's banging Janey Godley who isn't a subterranean quasi-human dreg. The banging is the washing machine door vomiting her old lady tunastank underwear. Certainly, no one loves her. Whatever loser is dumping a diseased fuck in her doesn't love her and tries to hide from her when they're out in public.

The lameasfuck virtue signaling is just the curdled icing on the turd cake. This cancercunt dreams of "freaking out" "racists" (she does this every day leaving the house) but wouldn't dare offend a vibrant immigrant, before whom her strident cuntery would promptly and thoroughly temper itself as she assumed the submissive posture to an invading tribe of men more racist than she could ever imagine.

> You ought to consider a www boys crying group – how's the wall coming along?

The wall? Direct hit, Janey. The Wall is completed…for you.

***

A newborn meme!

Trump And MAGA: A Progress Report

CH · 3 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Where are we at with Trump and the MAGA agenda, as the clock ticks down on his first term?

I have some thoughts to share.

MAGA STATUS

It's pretty clear that Trump is, if not reneging, ignoring or at best blowing hot air about his campaign promises to shut down the southern border, stop illegal immigration, and deport the invaders who have already crossed. There have been a smattering of small forward incursions in the battle against globalist open borders, but by and large the border deniers and whackjob nation-wrecking universalists are winning. The border is a sieve like it hasn't been in years. By some measures, obama was tougher on border security than Trump has been to date.

> Latest stats suggest that "family units" using asylum claims as a means of illegal immigration are being released w/o even having to pass the first-cut "credible-fear" test. This will only accelerate the Merkel-style migration crisis brewing at the border. https://t.co/NHTwpqasZU
>
> — Mark Krikorian (@MarkSKrikorian) April 1, 2019

And I don't remember Trump promising to INCREASE *legal* immigration during his campaign stops, but here he is doing just that:

> DHS to double seasonal guest worker increase
>
> Homeland Security will dole out an additional 30,000 seasonal guest worker passes this year as it pushes to make good on President Trump's new promise to bring in more foreign labor amid a strong economy.

There's no way to interpret this move except as a betrayal of MAGA. Maybe Trump really was made an offer he couldn't refuse? The Deep State backs off if he commits to open borders aka [specialed] borders.

Trump didn't win any votes on a promise to further lower native Americans' wages. He won on a promise to curb immigration and allow working class wages to rise as well as allow towns and rural communities groaning under an overload of racially and culturally alien migrants to have some respite from the onslaught.

Trump's SOTU this year was the first time I heard him blurt that he'd like lots more legal immigrants to come here and pillage America. If he mentioned that during his campaign, I and many others missed it.

Trump is doing nothing to rectify or even acknowledge the aggressive throttling of free speech for Whites, by Big Tech and Big Media.

> There is no other race on the planet that is treated in this way. You aren't even allowed to organise to defend your own interests. Think about that. https://t.co/Dz0XYxyhdn
>
> — Albion Forever (@AlbionIsForever) March 27, 2019

Dangerous, unconstitutional precedents are being set, and Trump is silent. An ominous tyranny shrouds America and Trump's DOJ has no response, other than to continue virtue signaling about "zero tolerance for White soopremacy".

Globohomo is pushing its anti-White agenda hard. If it were to make inroads, say on a pitch to allow the world to vote in America's elections (Democrats would not object)…

…would Trump do anything but bloviate about it on Twatter? Or would he sack up and send the US marshals into every judge's chamber that ruled against American national interest? I don't know anymore.

Whites are becoming victims of overt discrimination in large states like CA.

DEUSVULT comments,

> This is systemic discrimination by the way. So if any antiWhite should happen to level their typical, "Whites have it so good they're not oppressed" bullshit you can just remind them that institutional acts of discrimination against Whites exist. Regardless of how they deny it, this is precisely what institutional discrimination is and it's been levied against White children.

> Also, a bill that was supposed to help segregation is now being used against Whites.

Again, silence from Trump. This is a ripe target for his DOJ. Yet…..nothing.

We got Campaign Trump and Twatter Trump, but if we're honest we have to say President Trump has been MIA on the core tenets which powered him into office. I won't make excuses for him here, but I will say now that the Mueller Russia Hoax boot is off Trump's neck, he has more political capital than he ever had, and there's an opening to use it. Hopefully soon. Because each day another 5,000 pintos swarm our bucolic neighborhoods and terraform America into a facsimile of the Dirt World countries out of which these invaders stream forth.

More reasons to worry:

Trump said he would cut aid to Honduras, El Salvador, and some other mayan toilet.

Trump says a lot of things.

Has he?

I wouldn't be surprised to learn two months from now the aid is still flowing freely, no strings attached.

I heard an interview with some Federal Reserve guy Trump just hired. The dude was basically a globalist free trader, shitting all over the idea of Trump's tariffs.

Tell me again why Trump hires people who conspicuously and loudly disagree with his campaign agenda?

I don't think Trump was flim flamming us during the campaign, so I don't believe he's knowingly hiring these globalist stooges.

I think Trump is either too lazy to vet anyone, or he's getting misinformation from traitors within his administration.

JAVANKA

The evidence mounts that Ivanka and Jared Kushner have a lot of pull over Trump's decision making.

> "Trump had vowed during his campaign that he would end DACA. But here was Kushner advocating for the exact opposite."https://t.co/T2QM2cGi36
>
> — Ann Coulter (@AnnCoulter) April 1, 2019

So disappointed. But I predicted this would happen. You don't let family close to the MAGA throne unless they have proven themselves loyal servants. It was clear early on that Jared is a garden variety globalist [special] and Ivanka is a shitlib cosmopolitan.

I did predict right after the Inauguration that the main obstacle to a successful and effective Trump presidency would be Javanka. Even Steve Sailer has come around to embrace my foresight.

party1981 adds,

> you might like this post about 1 year ago from someone claiming to be FBIanon (the original FBIanon transcripts are a goldmine of knowledge and can be found by searching 'fbianon pdf').
>
> In the post, FBIanon identifies Ivanka as the problem holding Trump back.

J.F.,

> A more recent CIA anon also made the same claim, that Jared by way of Bibi is actually the one pulling the strings in this presidency, and that their deal with Trump is to make Ivanka president later down the road so

> long as he toes the line. Trump will not be allowed to build the wall or do anything else of significance for Whites. He agreed to the deal because he wants a family dynasty, like the Bushes. The anon called this presidency “the most expensive case of ‘daddy I want a pony’ in history”.

Trump has to understand: No wall, no dynasty. End of story. End of legacy.

BANNON

J.F. also says the turning point for MAGA was the blowout between Javanka and Steve Bannon,

> It was a watershed moment when Jarvanka had the big blowout with Bannon. Bannon started chiding them on Breitbart, and very quickly after that he was ousted from the White House AND from Breitbart. That sequence of events was full of meaning, and it’s when everything changed.

Watch for Bannon to endorse Sanders or Gabbard, maybe even Buttiegay.

Trump started out strong, he had big goals, but he was stymied by a cucked GOPe the entire first year of his presidency. I first sensed the change in him sometime around the raid on Cohen’s law office. Trump is currently in “blink three times” mode. I would be delighted to be proven wrong.

It’s nearly inconceivable, but what are the chances that Trump legitimately remains unaware of his base’s opinions on policy?

We already know uberglobalist Gary Cohn deliberately withheld information from Trump which resulted in a no-show on an important EO. It’s likely other saboteurs have tirelessly worked to keep Trump ignorant of MAGA reality.

Chuck writes,

> At this point Trump knows they are withholding info. Allowing it is complicity.

Bannon has many flaws, but he was a trustworthy conduit to the “forgotten Americans” of Trump’s Inauguration speech. Bannon kept Trump grounded with his base. Then he was ousted. And it’s been a steady drift away from Trump’s base ever since.

TEA LEAVES

Heather says that Trump’s team has internal polling numbers suggesting a big movement of White Dems to Trump:

> They are telling him everything is great. His people were on the tv after the Saginaw rally bragging that 32% of the attendees were registered Democrats. Their internal numbers are showing a huge shift right from working class dems.
>
> Hopefully he remembers why he is getting that support and why he won.
>
> We know Trump A/B tests policy during his speeches. The biggest applause came when he talked of closing the border. He could not have missed that.
>
> It was encouraging. They are doing lots of data analysis. Basically, the used the phone numbers of the attendees which they freely provided in order to get tickets and then compared the names against the voter roles. They harvested all kinds of demo info that I doubt they will reveal for strategic reasons. Suffice to say, there is a reason the left is freaking out. I also think the border issue dragging on helps Trump because the Democrats own these caravans, the voter fraud, the obstruction and everything else.

I’ll say it again.

Trump can guarantee his 2020 reelection if he does three things:

– expands medicare
– builds the fucking wall
– imposes a moratorium on *legal* immigration

If Trump isn't reading me, he should be.

The Dems have gone crazy, and normally that means the opposition incumbent sails in for a 2nd term. But these are strange times of upheaval and discontent. We have glimmers of bad omens for Trump in polling out of the Rust Belt from a month ago. I don't think Trump wins *on his current course*. He needs to recapture the spirit of his campaign agenda, and put it into policy.

Maybe you don't like the idea of expanded Medicare or single payer, but it will ensure Trump's victory in 2020, which will give us more breathing room to address the demographic time bomb. He should do it.

Unfortunately, I see Trump retreating from the Wall and embracing the anti-MAGA, Boomercuck notion of open borders *as long as it's legal*. He hasn't proposed an alternative to gaymulattocare, yet.

He's going backwards. A cynic would say he's been co-opted. Converged. I'm more sanguine. I think he's lazy and prone to trusting people who don't have his, or his supporters', interests in heart.

It's obvious to me that Trump has pivoted to Reaganism 2.0. If so, he will lose to just about any clown show the Dems nominate for 2020.

Cuckservatives are feverishly pushing Trump into Reaganism, and act astounded that some on their side "don't defend conservative principles like free markets, individual liberty…" *ad nauseam*. I swear I can't tell if cucks are more stupid or subversive. TIMES HAVE CHANGED CUCKS. GET WITH THE FUCKING PROGRAM.

These shills for an antiquated ideology really think that if "their side" just hammers harder on TrueCon talking points, the electorate will see the light. To them, the only thing holding back a conservative Reaganite renaissance sequel is a lack of PR.

The Wall

The recent surge of chalupas at non-port of entry borderlands proves that the only real, long term, effective solution is a great, big…dare I say it…YUGE reinforced concrete WALL along the border which can withstand tonnes of invader flesh pressing futilely against it.

Ok, there's one other effective, long term solution, but the stomach is weak.

The Black Pill

What if, after four years, all we get out of the Trump Presidency is a tax cut and sweet tweets?

Plus a record number of foreign-born "Americans"?

Did anyone imagine that possibility in November, 2016?

Of course, that's still better than a president thecunt.

But so unsatisfying. A liberating moment in history, wasted.

Check that. Trump gave us Gorsuch and Kavanaugh. No minor accomplishment. Gorsuch may be the real deal. (Still unsure if Kav will wilt like a southern summer flower.)

The White Pill

From gameninjasteve,

> What I've gotten out of the Trump presidency:

> 1. MASSIVE red pilling of the general populace of just how corrupt,underhanded,and evil the mainstream media is. Only the most deeply apathetic and out right commies still believe anything the media says. Their primary control system is in shambles.
>
> 2. Proof upon proof of interparty collusion towards destroying the country. Pretty much everyone in government is an Israeli agent.
>
> 3. Public outing of the [specials]. More people than ever are aware of AIPAC and [special] organizations like SPLC and ADL. Even Trump bending over for them came with him naming exactly who was telling him to do it. Everyone knows (((who))) Trump was winning favor with when he moved the embassy to Special-rusilum and came out in defense of [special] occupation of the Golan Heights. How many people knew about what was going on there and now everyone knows.
>
> 4. Internet censorship is a major issue. Before this presidency,people would just rabble around a false flag like TPP and “internet neutrality”. Now the [special people] are desperate to control the internet and being very obvious about it. And everyone with half a brain is watching.
>
> So we haven’t gotten our border wall. Yet. But you can’t argue with the fact Trump’s done a lot of good.

I’m OK with a White Pill that essentially amounts to “Trump is the physical manifestation of a national Sunshine Law”.

The Verdict

Right now, it’s possible to rationalize Trump’s anti-MAGA actions, or inactions, as character glitches, feints, or bribes to buy time.

But there are a few actions Trump could take that would cement his Globohomo convergence and remove all doubt about his intentions to betray MAGA.

One of those is invading Venezuela.

If Trump doesn’t relocate himself squarely in the nationalist populism heart of MAGA, his base will drift off, soured by scorecards like this:

A perception of weakness is beginning to overshadow Trump. PA writes,

> Much was said about the world’s leaders not respecting America under Obama’s presidency, but that’s not entirely correct. Obama the figurehead himself was a dork. The world sure did respect the obviously

> determined and unified deep state power behind its weak-mulatto mascot.
>
> It's the opposite with Trump, a strong and charismatic man but also a president that's left out to hang by his own state apparatus.

Atavator gets the last word,

> Trump is looking increasingly like a historical figure who was granted a shot at greatness, but failed to rise to the occasion.

We all wanted Trump to prevail. Well, those of us who aren't depressive backstabbing assholes. I like the guy on a personal level. His straight talk cutting through swaths of cucks and Dem tardos filled me with joy. His womanizing and alpha characteristics were a breath of fresh air in the stale, staid gynarchic catlady hell that America has become.

But I arrive stubbornly at the conclusion that Trump may not live up to the promise of those heady days of 2015 and 2016. Now I just hope that whatever follows Trump completes the promise of him.

Atavator replies,

> I hear ya man, and I know that feelz.
>
> My way of putting it was that Trump was the one guy who was willing to walk into their temple, drop trou and piss on their idols. I still think that the Russia collusion hoax — while it was a conscious deep state calculation — resonated as deeply as it did because we were not watching a conventional political loss, but a religion being challenged. They were (and to some degree still are) crying out to their false gods to take vengeance on the blasphemer. And the gods remain silent.
>
> This is why I think no matter what happens next, I'm still glad he was elected, and a person like him was a necessary step, just to crack the spell.

Well said. We challenged a religion, Equalism, and a horde of earthly demons was released.

2016 was a minor miracle. It was epochal, and I will always recall it fondly. I hope that I can recall it in the glow of a redeemed America, instead of in the ashes of a collapsed empire.

How Far Back And Deep Do The Lies Go?

CH · 3 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Adolf Joe provokes a simple hypothetical about a world without online, often anonymous, dissident voices,

Make no mistake, if it wasn't for the internet, Donald Trump would have been run out of town for "Russian Collusion." The scheme to remove him would have worked if the Strozk/Page texts and other pieces of evidence weren't crowdsourced by the public and alternative media.

[image]

You have to ask yourself what else these schemers have been lying about.

At least six decades of lies, and probably a lot more.

Joe replies,

> After seeing how the media blatantly lies, it really calls every historical event into question.

As well it should. The curtain is pulled back, the mask is slipped, and the id is exposed, pulsating and panicking. We are justified to question any and all media and deep state narratives going back to the beginning of mass market news.

QUESTION AUTHORITY

We need more diversity in our media executives and staff and pundits and investigative reporters. The media landscape is dominated by one group and one ideology, and that's bad for America and bad for the Truth.

***

Quackbusters writes,

> Unz had a really good article awhile back about the “great purge” of isolationist America Firsters from the media back in the 1940s; that entire swathe of very popular opinion on American involvement in the war was completely memoryholed by the media and Roosevelt administration.
>
> I was blindsided by how a) this even happened in the first place, b) I had never even heard of this, and c) I never WOULD have heard of this were it not for the internet. The main takeaway of the article (for me at least) was that they were able to essentially erase all the isolationists from the public mind because the media was so concentrated in the hands of just a few newspapers that these isolationist columnists depended on to spread their beliefs. The internet is the great equalizer in our day and age because it allows entirely decentralized dissent that cannot be purged, or at least is exceedingly more difficult to purge.

Concentration of power in just a few newspapers and just one clan. This problem has festered for a LOOOONG time, and only now is it being properly addressed with sunlight and straight talk. Hence, the panic at the mitzvah.

More Wistful Recollections Of A White America

CH · 3 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Ray tells of a time in America that will, soon enough, seem like the ravings of a fantasist to our future Woke Americans who can't conceive of such a heaven on earth.

> I was born in the late fifties into the same small Kansas town where my mother and father grew up. My grandparents all lived in that same town. Everyone was basically German, with a smattering of other northern European ethnicities thrown into the mix. The Main Street had everything anyone could possibly need to buy, from groceries to hardware. There were several Protestant churches that were always packed on Sundays, and one Catholic church on the edge of town, as well. There was no crime to speak of… we had one policeman, who spent most of his time bringing groceries to shut-ins. (He was a friend of my father's, and my dad would joke about it.) We kids (and there were tons of us!) were outside from sun up to sun down, playing and fishing and riding bikes and building things. Every family had a garden out back, and sometimes a small orchard, and some folks raised a steer for winter beef, or kept chickens. That was in town! Every holiday was an opportunity for everyone in the family to get together and have some fun and good food. It was a warm, safe, sunny, idyllic way to grow up.
>
> That all began to change in the seventies. People became much more materialistic, thanks in part to Mom taking a job outside the home and having all that extra cash. The new color television encouraged people to buy buy buy. Parents began divorcing and all my friends' families disintegrated. People began staying inside from sun up to sun down. Where were all the kids? Inside, playing those new video games! The gardens went to weeds.The first black family moved into town. Hey, where's my bike?
>
> After college, I moved to another state for a job. When I returned home for a funeral last summer, I didn't recognize the place. It was like that scene from "It's a Wonderful Life," when George Bailey gets to see what his small town was like without him in it. The streets had all been widened, there were cars everywhere, and the town had become mile after mile of shopping and fast food joints. Main Street was dead and boarded up. There was a new GIGANTIC shopping Mall, though. It had been built on top of the land where my grandparents' farm had been.
>
> I sat at a table outside of one of the Mall's restaurants, sipping a coffee and watching the people as they came and went. Most were fat, poorly dressed, and had a generally unhealthy appearance. They all looked so sad and stressed.
>
> I thought of that YouTube video "Never Forget," showing archival footage of daily life in a small town in South Dakota in 1938. A town filled with happy, healthy, well-dressed people. My home town used to be that way, too.
>
> But now it is gone. The modern way of life is a curse, for sure.

I want you to listen to this song while you read Ray's story:

You'll be reminded of your ancestral spirit, long dormant, now awakened. Allow that feeling to energize you. A reckoning is coming.

I think this is the video about 1938 South Dakota which Ray referenced:

Something's missing. Where are the fat women?

The diversity?

The poz?

So strange, this faraway land.

***

Commenter realone fast forwards to the present day, when he stumbled onto a rift in the time-space continuum, and for a brief moment that faded, beautiful America appeared in front of him, crystal clear, and he was inspired by it.

> I was traveling in a very blue part of a very blue state recently. I popped into a McDonalds to grab some coffee and take a break. I was up at the counter when two little girls ran up. The older girl was likely big sister and asked for something like extra ketchup or napkins. The younger girl was an adorable White brunette, maybe about four years old.
>
> The younger girl said “I want orange juice.”
>
> She wasn’t whiny or complaining in her voice or the way she was standing. She wasn’t demanding. She was simply stating.
>
> Something struck me to my very core, to my heart. I walked up to the teller and said “give her the orange juice, and I will pay for it.”
>
> The mystery meat teller looked at me with a blank stare like he didn’t understand what I was saying. I repeated myself. A manager looking type (young White woman) came over as I repeated again that I would pay for an orange juice for the little girl. The manager looked at me, looked at the precious little girl and then went and poured an orange juice. She signaled to me that I didn’t need to pay and gave it to the little girl who said “thank you” and scampered off.
>
> Later I reflected why I had ordered the teller to give the little girl an orange juice and offered to pay. I came to the conclusion that what I saw in that little girl at that moment in time was a radiating innocence that resonated with me. I have also felt a profound sadness from knowing that the little White girl’s innocence was transitory, and that it would most likely be ripped away from her by brutish others because of the “diversity” in that area.
>
> The greater point is that, while (((they))) may have pathologized and preyed on our White altruism, our greatest weakness could be turned into our greatest strength.
>
> Properly harnessed, White altruism for our own people, and only our own people, is an awesome power. No wonder (((they))) have corrupted it. I recently got a small taste of what it is to love our own altruistically.
>
> Hate will be necessary. Hate for what has been taken from us and to the constant offenses and harms placed upon our people. But I don’t think Hate will be enough. Hate will only take us so far. We need to regain and purify our altruism, our capacity for Love of our own people and reforge our ethos with Love for our own and Hate for the other who would do us harm.
>
> It seems such a small and insignificant thing, if you weren’t there you might call it trivial, but it wasn’t to me. It was like finding a sunflower in a brown and black wasteland, a breath of fresh air in a polluted sky, carefree days riding bicycles with your friends from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m in a bygone time.
>
> I Hate (((them))) for what (((they))) have done to us, but I LOVE our people, and our ways, and the innocence of our White children.

Hate is as natural as love.

Hate protects the things we love from that which would destroy it.

To never feel hate is to never know the fullness of love.

To feel hate only for those who protect what’s loved is the center of evil.

Comment Of The Week: Terminal America

CH · 3 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A great comment from dolph9, earning him the coveted COTW.

> There is no stopping the 4 way racial battle and 4 way class battle going on in America. It's terminal guys and you know it.
> Racial battle:
> 1) [special people]: want total financial and media control, permanently
> 2) native whites: still have numbers and power but feel themselves threatened and slowly slipping away
> 3) native blacks: continually promoted by the powers that be but never really stood a chance and they will get really, really pissed off
> 4) immigrants from all over, but particularly mexico, china, and india: zero awareness of american collapse, combined with striving, uppity attributes, will bulldoze everything in their way to achieve the american dream
> Class battle:
> 1) working class: fucked without any hope for redemption, boozing and mid life suicide is the way out
> 2) middle class: surviving but only if they make all the right moves all the time, high stress and some are starting to question if it's worth it
> 3) upper middle class: totally protected and clueless, servile to the rich and scared shitless of the poor, they become more irrelevant by the day
> 4) upper class: long ago stopped giving a shit, just printing money at this point so their dollar wealth keeps increasing to infinity.
>
> Terminal.

Where is the lie?

***

Runner-up COTW is heartily awarded to Kelly, who warns that the worrier-warriors should fear the coming warrior-warriors.

> Quote [CH]: *"The purpose of the lib fear-mongering amongst themselves is 1. to juice their virtue signaling score (the more fearful, the more valuable one's moral posturing against the thing causing the "fear") and 2. to provide a phony justification to ram their shitlib agenda down America's throat."*
>
> ——
>
> You sure got that right. I seldom listen to NPR, but every time I do, I hear the word "worry" over and over again. Those chicken-shit reporters (almost always women, it seems) worry about everything! "He's worried that…," "She's worried about…," "They're worried because…" Once you notice it, you realize that it's the bedrock foundation of their existence.
>
> They are AFRAID. They are all basically children, scared of everything in this big bad world. I think a lot of that is due to their massive incompetence. They really don't know how to do anything but talk, push buttons, and be afraid.
>
> Meanwhile, we Heritage American Men keep designing, building, and maintaining everything in the real world because WE are competent. We know how things work, and have actual talents and problem-solving skills, so we are NOT afraid.
>
> What we are is ANGRY, and God help those worriers when enough of us decide that we have had enough of their bullshit.

Shitlibs who continually intone “I worry about…” are engaging in passive-aggressive defamation of their enemy (us). To constantly “worry” is to tacitly impugn the character of those who are causing the shitlib to worry. It’s childish, but it’s also effective rhetoric and deadly dangerous to societal health. Call it out whenever you hear it.

Testing Out The Latest Gayface AI

CH · 3 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A new study has replicated the findings from a two year old study which had concluded that gayface is real and machine learning algorithms can accurately predict from facial characteristics alone which human subjects are gay or straight.

From the abstract of the more recent study,

> Recent research used machine learning methods to predict a persons sexual orientation from their photograph (Wang and Kosinski, 2017). To verify this result, two of these models are replicated, one based on a deep neural network (DNN) and one on facial morphology (FM). Using a new dataset of 20,910 photographs from dating websites, the ability to predict sexual orientation is confirmed (DNN accuracy male 68%, female 77%, FM male 62%, female 72%). To investigate whether facial features such as brightness or predominant colours are predictive of sexual orientation, a new model trained on highly blurred facial images was created. This model was also able to predict sexual orientation (male 63%, female 72%). The tested models are invariant to intentional changes to a subjects makeup, eyewear, facial hair and head pose (angle that the photograph is taken at). It is shown that the head pose is not correlated with sexual orientation. While demonstrating that dating profile images carry rich information about sexual orientation these results leave open the question of how much is determined by facial morphology and how much by differences in grooming, presentation and lifestyle. The advent of new technology that is able to detect sexual orientation in this way may have serious implications for the privacy and safety of gay men and women.

A description of Deep Neural Networks and Facial Morphology,

> Two of their models used ML techniques to predict sexual orientation from a photograph of a face. One used deep neural networks (DNN) [1, Study 1a] to extract features from the cropped facial image (see Figure 1.1). The second study used only facial morphology [1, Study 3]. Facial morphology refers to the shape and position of the main facial features (such as eyes and nose) and the outline of the face (see Figure 1.2 for an example of the information available in the facial morphology studies). The images were gathered from online dating profiles and from Facebook. The data was limited to white individuals from the United States.

Briefly, DNN is a zoomed-in version of facial morphology analysis. One wonders if the gayface researchers only studied White faces for fear of offending the thin-skinned POCs.

> For comparison, W&K [1] also ran an experiment in which they tested humans' ability to detect sexual orientation from the same photographs. They found that humans are able to predict sexual orientation with modest success, achieving an accuracy measured by the Area Under the Curve (AUC) of AUC=.61 for male images and AUC=.54 for female images. Both their ML models outperformed the humans. The deep learning classifier had an accuracy of AUC=.81 for males and AUC=.71 for females [1, Study 1a]. The facial morphology classifier scored AUC=.85 for males and AUC=.70 for females [1, Study 4].

Humans have pretty good gaydar, but AI beats them. Coincidentally, AI is more racist than humans.

I suspect that human gaydar accuracy would improve if only urbanites who lived among lots of gays were studied. Gayface is one of those things — like Specialface — that you can't miss once you've become accustomed to seeing it and familiar with its peculiarities. Flyovers who rarely see a gay or a [special] can have trouble identifying some of the marginal cases, which is why, for instance, South Carolinians missed Lindsey Graham's light loafers and why so many evangelicals can't tell that their preachers are obviously gay and/or low T cucks.

> W&K note that their second model can predict sexual orientation from the individual components of the face, such as the contour of the face or the mouth. In particular, the facial contour predicts sexual orientation with an accuracy of AUC=.75 for men and AUC=.63 for women. Based on this outcome, W&K make the claim that this validates a theory of sexual orientation called prenatal hormone theory (PHT) [4, 5, 6]. PHT predicts that gay people will have "gender-atypical" facial morphology due to their exposure to differing hormone environments in the womb. They argue that this finding is unlikely to be due to different styles of presentation or grooming because it is quite difficult to alter the contour of one's face [1].

The researchers go on to explain that their new machine learning algorithm controlled for factors like photo angle, facial hair, makeup, and eyewear, and still accurately predicted sexual orientation from facial morphology, bolstering the hypothesis that gayface is the result of a prenatal influence on the developing fetus. Or: Swishiognomy is real.

FYI, in a tangential discovery that will shock no one, straight women have a greater preference for wearing makeup than do lesbians.

The composite male faces:

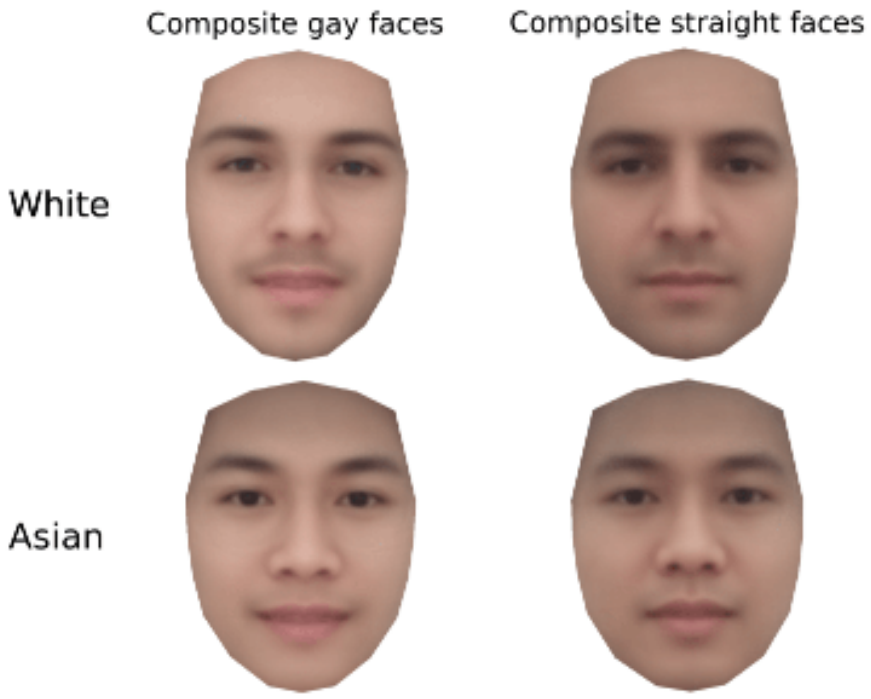
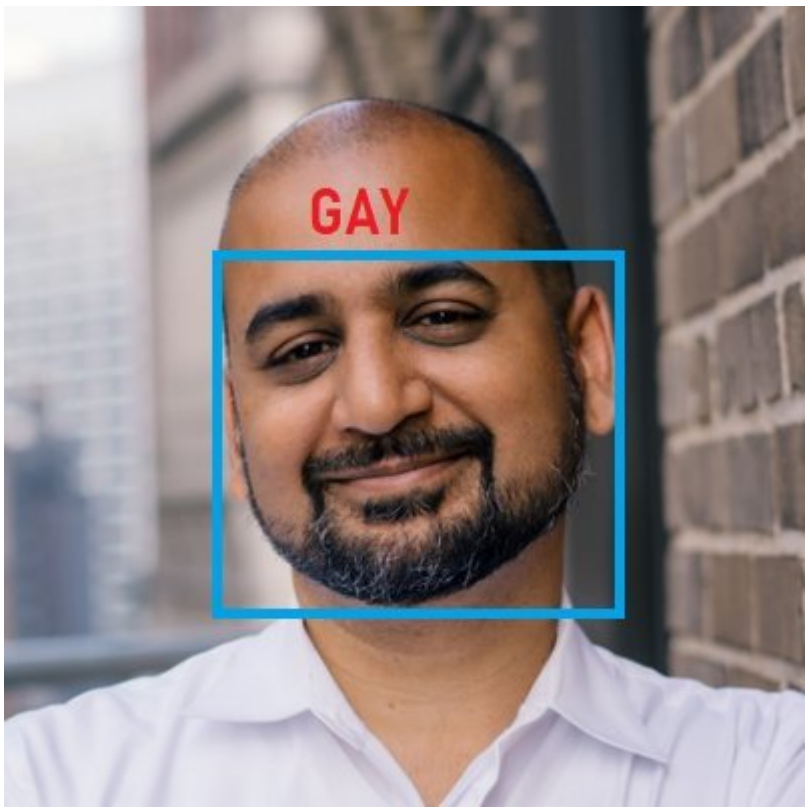


Figure A.2: Composite gay and straight male faces.

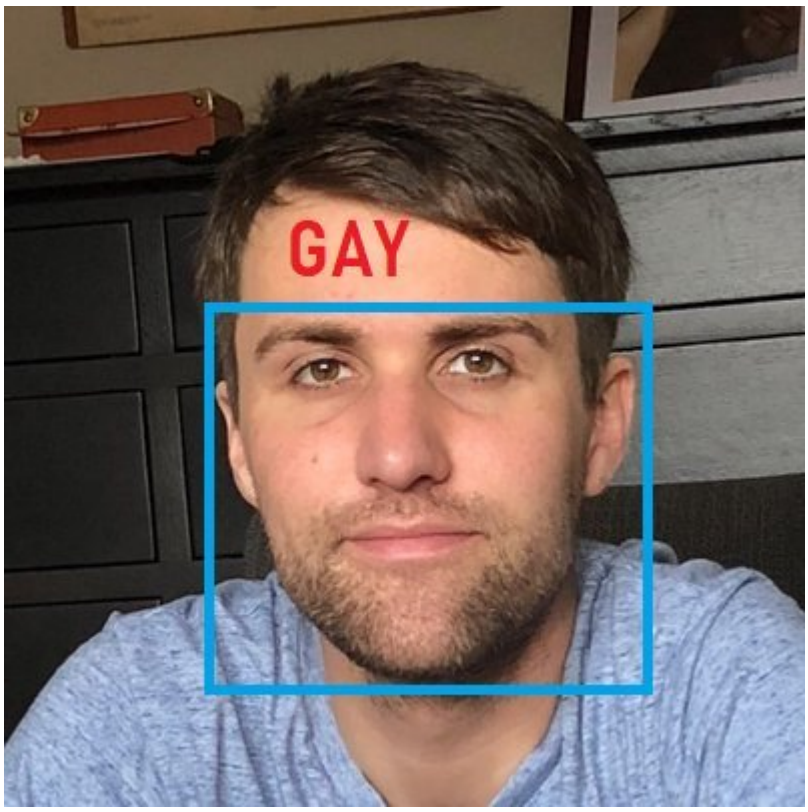
I bet every reader here could have easily identified the gayfaces from the chadfaces without knowing beforehand. There's just something in the way gays looooooook…….

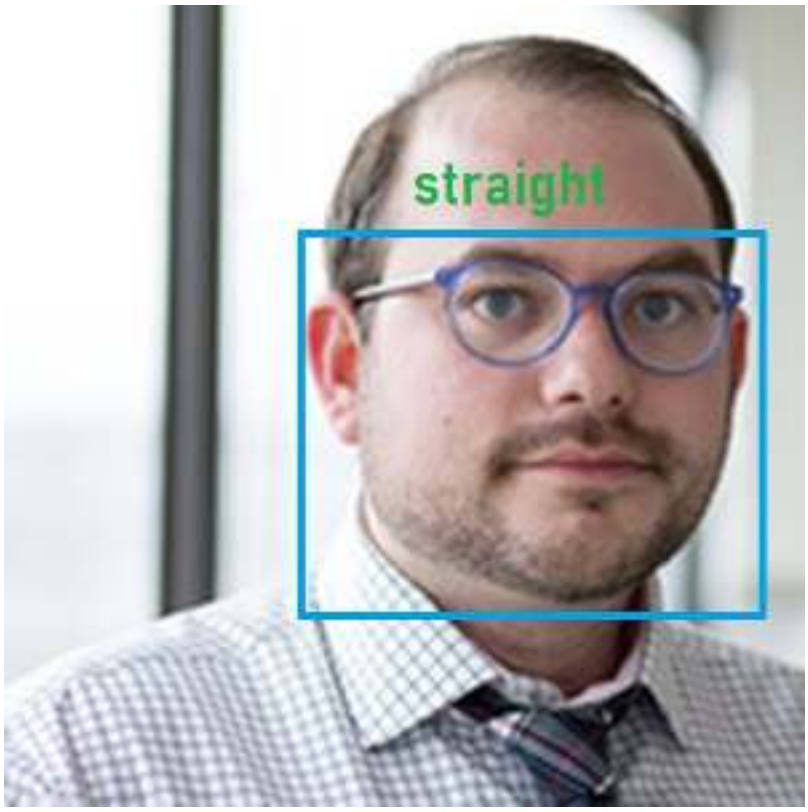
A prankster tried out the new GayI:

> I'm going to feed some faces of twitter personalities into this DNN that parses between straight & gay with high accuracy (https://t.co/7D3PlH84MC). Submissions also welcome. Thread: pic.twitter.com/d11CdNJWiO
>
> — Gianni (@AngloRemnant) April 2, 2019

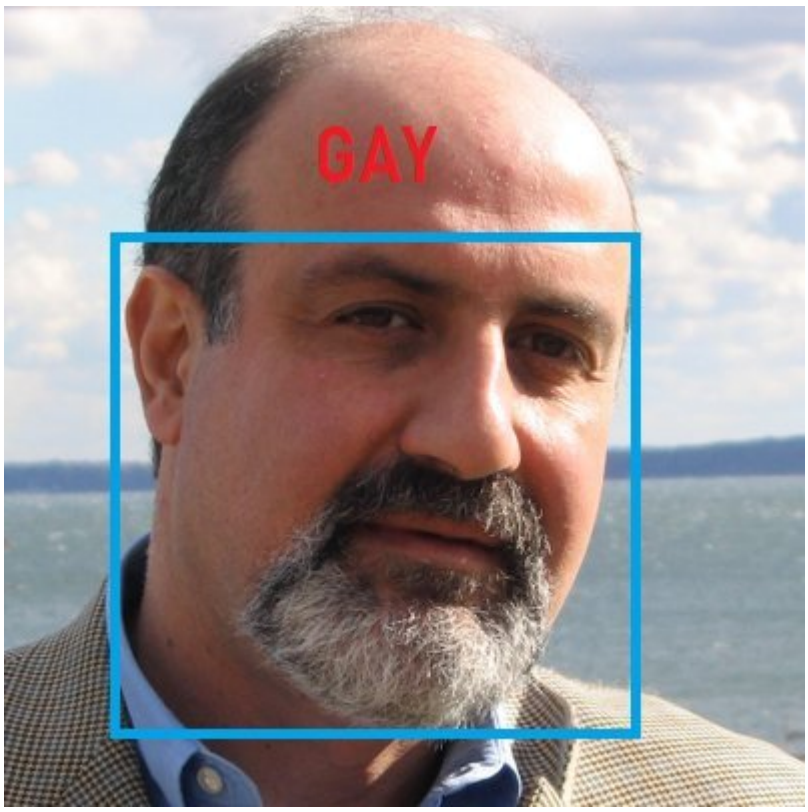

GAY

straight



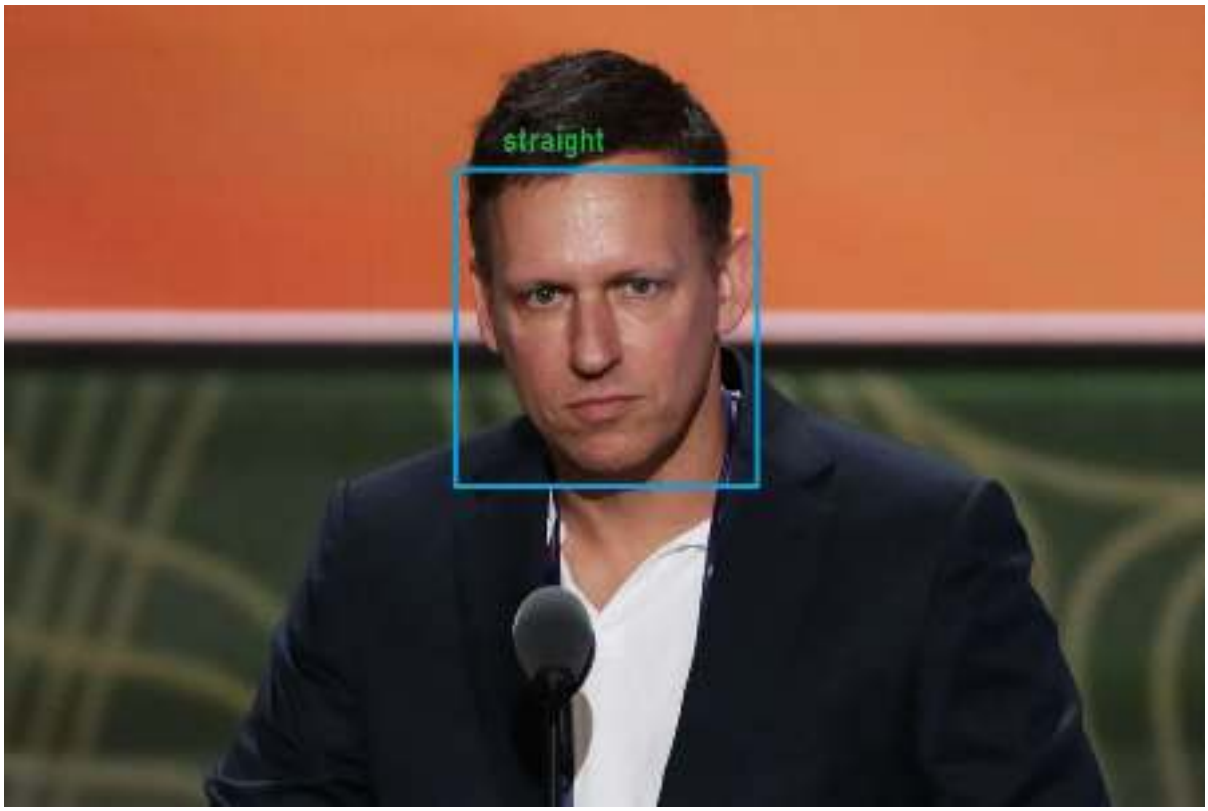


Ok, but the psychopath AI pinged loudly.



Was there ever any doubt?

Was there ever any doubt?



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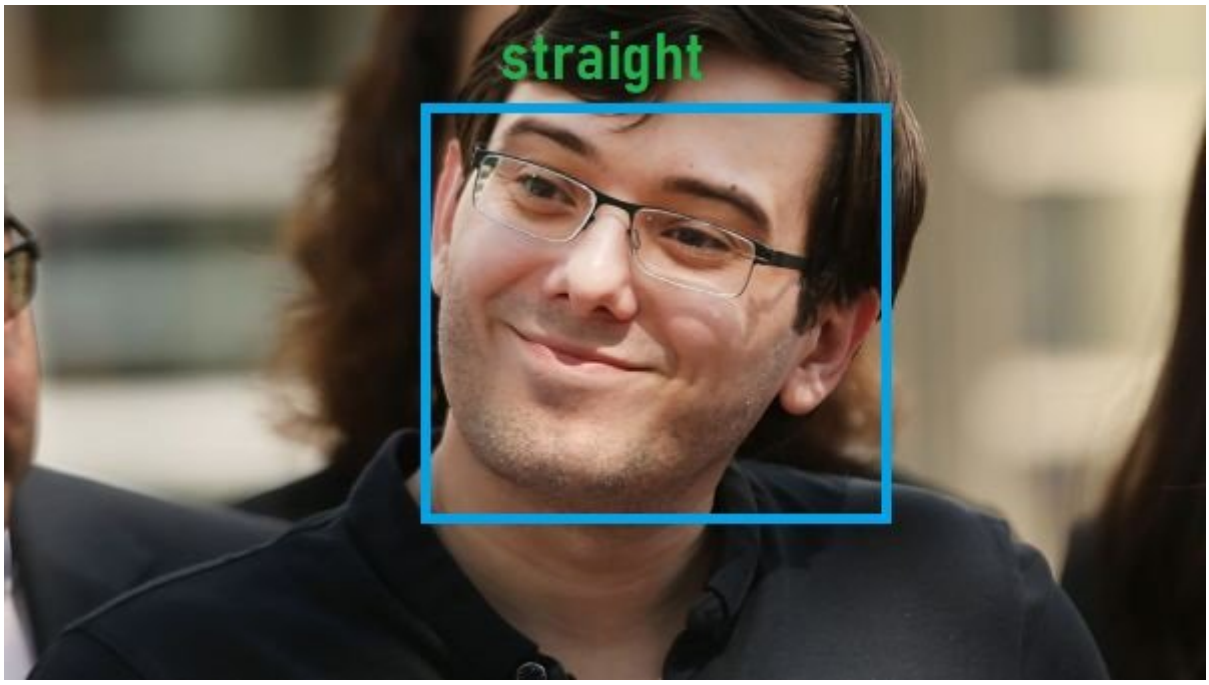
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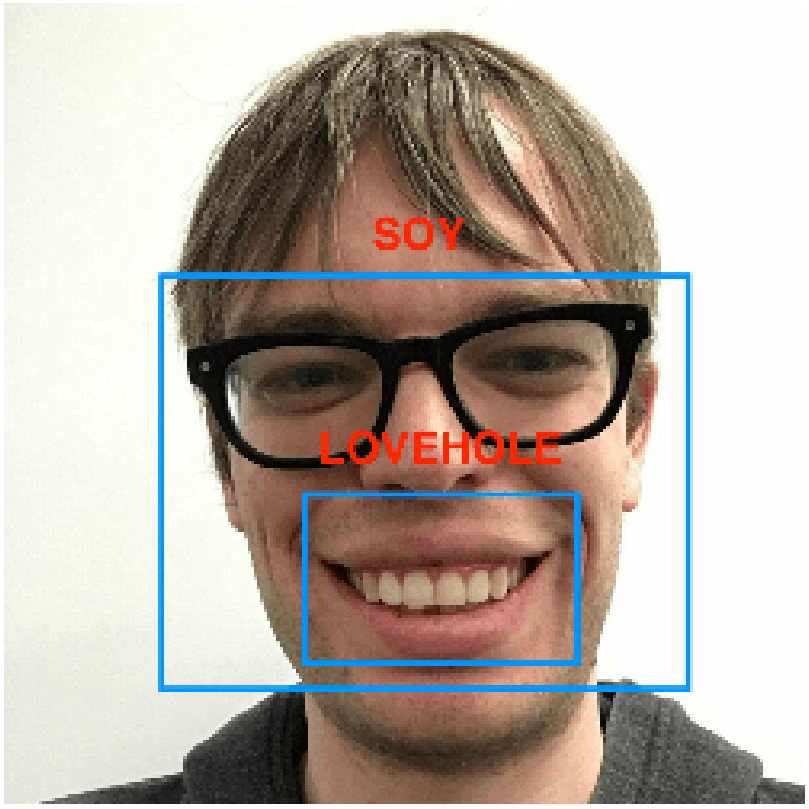
No moldbuggery here!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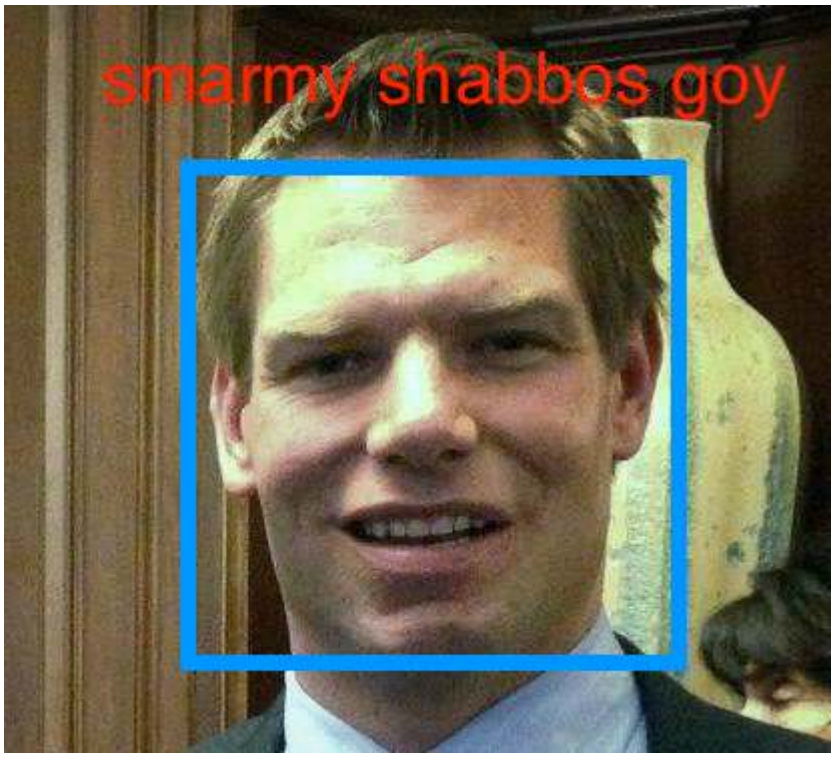

smarmy shabbos goy

Postcards From Bygone America

CH · 3 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Lichthof reminisces,

> I grew up in a 100% white nation.
> We had a peaceful idyllic childhood.
> No racism, no non whites, no 'careful what you say', no white guilt, no affirmation action, no freedom of speech issues…little crime.
> Aged 10 in the summers we would be out on bikes from 10am to 10pm.
> Women seemed happy too. Raising families, spending the days with other housewives.
> My parents would have been married 51 years this year if my Dad was still here.
> All their neighbors have been married the same.
> Different universe to today.

I recall someone explaining that the goal of Globohomo is to get us to forget that there ever was a beatific, brightly White America. If we are slowly indoctrinated by agitprop and the grind of daily immersion in globalist miseries to the idea that Lichthof's paradise was a myth and not the reality of just two generations ago…that our present dystopia "was always thus"…then we won't have any sense of loss of a time and culture that was so much better than the Diversitopia under which we currently labor.

If we don't feel the loss of something good, then we won't fight to get it back. If we believe that something so good never existed, or was exaggerated to mythological status by "racists", then we'll believe it's impossible to bring back that goodness. It's a bigger psychological hurdle to create a reality from a fantasy than it is to recapture a fading reality stitched together and kept alive by still fresh memories.

Hold fast to those memories of day-long bike rides that continued on into the warm summer nights…carefree, exuberant, happy, accompanied by a chorus of crickets and a dazzling firmament. Smiling housewives and proud fathers. Cheerful neighbors. Muted yellow glows from outdoor garage lights that welcomed you home to unworried parents. A backyard of soft damp grass you could sit on for hours, staring at the sky, and never having to glance around for signs of danger.

If you remember, you fight harder to preserve what made those memories.

If you forget, you accept the gloom into your life, and into the lives of those who follow you.

All MAGA Hat And No Battle

CH · 4 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Trump cucks again. He is the quintessential “all talk, no action” politician.
>
> He makes big promises and never delivers, letting down his supporters and handing victories to our enemies.
>
> This has had the devastating effect of energizing the Left while demoralizing the Right.
> pic.twitter.com/TBRWetXuOC
> — Will Westcott (@westland_will) April 4, 2019

The absolutely WORST plan of action a rebel leader like Trump could pursue is TALK BIG, ACT SMALL (or not at all).

The big talk energizes both his enemies and allies.

But the constant retreats from action only energize his enemies and demoralize his allies.

We are getting the worst of both worlds.

Amon Ra says he knew the moment MAGA was DOA,

> The various arguments here on whether Trump was lying from the beginning, a Trojan horse, or co-opted later, through threats to his family or of jail time, are missing the point and unnecessarily complex, so lets simplify as Trump gave you the answer before he even won.
>
> ” At a meeting with the New York Times on Tuesday, Trump said he is not taking an investigation into Clinton off the table, but that he “doesn’t want to hurt the Clintons” and that he is “not looking to go back and go through this.”

> Once those few words were spoken, I subconsciously knew it was game over, although, I kept denying reality to myself for awhile afterwards. This was before Mueller, before the election, before resistance from the Republicans and congress. So logically we are left with two options:
>
> 1) He's a Trojan horse always working for the (((other))).
> 2) He was already co-opted at that point through whatever means.
>
> Its that simple gentlemen.

Or maybe he just didn't have the heart for that kind of fight, which would explain why he doesn't have the heart for a real nationalist populist MAGA fight. His heart belongs to Boomercon staples like low taxes and inviting more invaders to enrich the wallets of the 1%.

Anyhow, I remember that quote from Trump. In hindsight, that was way more ominous than it seemed at the time.

PS A based, nativist, populist upstart right-winger could primary Trump in 2020, capitalizing on the oaf's constant retreats from MAGA. Tucker, you reading?

Online Dating Is Pointless For 87% Of Men

CH · 4 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I have argued, forcefully, against online dating as anything more than a hobbyist supplement to meat space seduction.

Online dating is a parched desert of beta male thirst and ego-stroked plain janes. Strike one.

Online dating weaponizes female hypergamy, where 80/20 (less generously, 90/10) is the law of the land. Strike two.

Online dating emphasizes crude male SMV metrics such as height, at the expense of equally enticing male SMV criteria such as charm, body language, and social dominance. Strike three.

Online dating in the Current Year selects for BPD women and coalburners, who can be good pump and dump material but not viable LTR candidates. You're out!

Play around with online dating, but don't lean on it to fill your pussy platter.

Don't expect much, especially now, because online dating is converged and The Woke are turning it into a hypergamous funhouse where men have no leverage and women enjoy all the benefits. To wit, Tinder is adding height verification for men.*

> #Tinder reveals plans for new height verification tool to bring back 'truthfulness' to dating.
>
> What other features would you like to see added? pic.twitter.com/qXyqZxnkor
>
> — Go to www.thescoop.us ?? (@TheScoop_US) March 30, 2019

I'm sure female weight, age, and N count verifications will be added soon. /rhetorical

Online dating is only going to get worse for men. My advice to men is to get off your phones and hit the streets, bars, clubs, etc. Old school is coming back.

Doug gives the best advice for under-90th percentile men who insist on squeezing the last bit of sour juice from the online dating lemon rind,

> Just lie and turn on the charm when you meet.

Men can get away with blatant, easily exposed lies, because they have the possibility of winning women over with

their confidence and *jerk na sais quoi*. A man who lied up about his height online can expertly reframe the initial meat space awkwardness and win the girl over, but a girl who lied down about her weight will never reframe a man's turtling cock into a boner for her.

I'll leave this post with a fantastic comment on this topic, by J. Y.,

> Only 13% of men are 6′ tall or greater. And in online dating sites, men under 6′ tall are LITERALLY invisible to women, because nearly all women use selection criteria that excludes 87% of men.
>
> This means online dating is a waste of time, money, effort etc for any man under 6′ tall unless he's on a millionaire dating site.
>
> Therefore, with the notable exception of the one dating site I support, men under 6′ tall and with a net worth under $1M should ABANDON dating sites altogether.
>
> However, @AnonymousFred514 brought up an important addendum: being over 6′ tall and therefore at least *visible* to women on dating sites does NOT mean you will be treated with basic human decency, or even meet women suitable for relationships.
>
> So this brings me to my point. Men need to develop themselves to be their best and approach women IN PERSON.
>
> I know this is not easy and I know rejection will happen — but it is the only way. And it WORKS. It has worked for thousands of years.
>
> Don't cringe at the word "develop." The only reason we still exist is because for thousands of years men just being what they naturally were … WORKED. A LOT of this "development" is really UNlearning bullshit, propaganda and brainwashing.
>
> Yes, by all means, drop extra lard, don't run up debts, get regular physical exercise and stop swilling garbage. Reorient from consumerism to self-sufficiency and a future orientation. Dress decently (not metrosexually) — clean clothes that fit properly. But these were in fact the natural state of things not long ago. Once you make the transition, maintaining that will be easy.
>
> I'm one of the Amorati — a graduate of the Ars Amorata program, during which you literally approach over 100 women as part of your training. (You can get an overview in the book "The Alabaster Girl.")
>
> I'm not here to shill for that particular program. Read @rooshv (Game, Lady), read @Heartiste , even read Simon Sheppard (heretical.com) or Athol Kay (married man sex life primer) and wrap your mind around the essentials of male-female interaction and UNLEARN all the bullshit and lies you've been taught about "what women want."
>
> A woman wants a man. Anything else is a deliberate perversion of her desires by artificial means. But at her core, her instinct is to want a man who is masculine.
>
> And the KEY to bypassing tons of garbage is for you, as a man, to BE what nature made you to be, and to stand right in front of a woman, hold her gaze, and invite her to join you.

"Develop yourself as a man" is another way to say "Game".

Oh sure, there's more. If you can swing a splitter and chop wood for five hours, you're more mentally, physically, and yes emotionally developed than 90% of American men.

But there's nothing quite like the ROI of Game.

De-betafication will be the story of the 21st Century, which is another way to say (cribbing PA), Identity, not Ideology, is the future. Men need to reacquaint themselves with their long-dormant masculine identity.

*Possibly this is an April Fools' joke by Tinder, but the advice stands. All trends are pointing toward online dating becoming less useful to men.

Bar Girls Are The New Church Girls

CH · 5 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Meeting a girl in a bar is considered quaint in the age of online dating. There's a nostalgic and even rebellious quality to it now, as if you and her are subverting the dominant digital culture in a desperate act of Philistine defiance.

Bar girls get a bad rap, some of it deserved, most of it not, but the bar girl is elevated in stature compared to the damaged goods that swarm the vast thirst expanse of online dating. Now it's fair to say that a girl willing to go out to a bar and meet men in person and risk the possible social awkwardness and judgment that entails — when most girls log on to have their id-clits diddled in a sanitized small screen environment under their complete control — is the kind of nonconformist girl who's demonstrating real depth of character and a willingness to be vulnerable in an age when vulnerability before men is a capital crime.

The bar girl is the new church girl.

Deter Naturalist comments,

> We're screwed if the only place to find women is bars, clubs and workplaces. I admit to absolute zero experience in the "dating market" such as it is, but if a man actually would like to find a woman with whom to share this life, all observation informs me that fishing in a bar, lounge or club is akin to fishing in a septic tank. Neither bar nor cesspool has even carp to hook.
>
> Maybe I'm always missing the point. Maybe the West is already a headless chicken running and all that matters is a man getting his pole greased. But from my perspective, if my descendants have a 0.00001% chance of avoiding a descent-of-Man retrogression from tall/blond/blue-eyed to short/black/brown prehistory, the boys and girls better develop a venue to find actual MATES (neither of whom are short/black/brown) and do so before the communicable disease called Popular Culture causes them all to ruin themselves with embedded memories.
>
> I guess it's time to start a real church, or prepare to do so when the Poz Police fall apart enough to stop murdering any such in its infancy.

Retrogression to the bleak.

Deter has a point. The duty of any Chad should be first and foremost to #resist the retrogression himself, then to convince his women to resist it for their own good.

The (theoretical) downside of bars in the coming majority-minority Blight America is that they are liable to be filled with Retrogressives who by sheer force of number will drag some part of evolved America into prehistory. Their very presence in public mate markets can alter the pH balance of eons of evolutionary courtship preferences of the Transcended, and poison relations between the advanced sexes.

But that is a warning for a problem that has been, so far, self-correcting. Bars are the last frontier of de facto segregation. The Eloi have their bars, and the Morlocks theirs, and everyone knows which are which. The few mixed bars are notable, and people who go there are of a particular type. Easy enough to avoid them if retrogression is on your mind.

It's been remarked that the most important job of parents is peer group oversight. That is, parents have the biggest influence over kids' futures by locating the family in a neighborhood with well-mannered peers who would make good friends to their kids.

Likewise, men should join solid, respectable social circles with the kinds of friends who will take them to the…culturally compatible…bars and other meeting places where the Ascent-of-Man women go.

> Instead of asking kids “what do you want to be when you grow up?” perhaps we might as them, before puberty nudges them toward deal-breaker behavior, what kind of life they wish to lead? Selling kids on the “common life” early, rather than waiting for the girls to be ruined by Pop Cult and the boys to learn to orbit them, might make more sense than waiting until the girls have Done Dallas and the boys think wearing pussy hats will land them a wife-to-be-mother worth having.

That’s a pretty good paragraph with a gem of advice for parents worried about the baneful influence of the Poz.

PA adds,

> I’ve been out of the dating market for a decade and a half but going by observation, the scene is not good. My office is in a premium nightlife district and the revelers come out on Thursday and Friday evenings. The average early-twenties girl, if she’s not otherwise an upper class superficially assimilated brown or yellow, is a 5. As someone observed, the guys don’t even look for a pretty face any more; her merely not-being-chunky lights up everyone’s radar.
>
> On the other hand, girls in middle school and high school are no different than they were three decades ago, across all (White) social classes. Too young for the single adult man to go after, but that’s where a teenage boy has to stake his claim: until we again have the social structures for healthy pairing and marriage, the 17-year-old boy is best advised to knock up and wed his high school girlfriend if he has a good one, and have both sets of parents help financially.
>
> *— avoiding a descent-of-Man retrogression from tall/blond/blue-eyed to short/black/brown prehistory*
>
> Preventing that retrogression is the material purpose of man on this Earth.

You had ONE job…

The Corporatocracy Is Real And It's Consuming America

CH · 5 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

dvorak asks a straightforward question that will never be answered on NPR,

> *steve sailer: You know, New York Times, there is this concept called "per capita" that's useful for thinking about topics like this.*
>
> It would be interesting to determine when the media stopped talking about 'standard of living' (inherently per capita) and replaced it with 'the economy'.

SFG provides the Ngram.

"Standard of living" was the guiding concern leading up to the Great Compression — mid-20th Century egalitarian and 90% White America — and was lapped by "the Economy" sometime around 1950, presaging the Great Divergence and 60% White America.

The Economy became the clarion call of the elite when their fellow Americans became ballast holding back the potential heights of the elite's avarice. "Standard of living" is what we talk about when we actually care about the quality of life of fellow Americans.

Cohencidentally, the media began to idolize "The Economy" when both the media and the economy became the playground of one very small but extraordinarily privileged and powerful minority. You see, "Standard of Living" risks empowering the Cossacks; "The Economy" weakens them with the imported detritus of scab laborers and mercenaries.

This rhetorical and policy switch reminded me that the Corporatocracy is alive and well, and consuming the last bits of America's carcass. (And, I'm afraid, Trump has no intention nor plan to curb the power of the Corporatocracy.) From Amon Ra,

> One of the [special] inventions, corporate personhood, destroyer of nations.
>
> – You elected them to write new laws. They're letting corporations do it instead. –
>
> "Corporations, special interests wrote bills. Politicians introduced them. 10,000 times"

Here is the link provided by Amon Ra, and which was working as recently as yesterday:

https://www.usatoday.com/in-depth/news/investigations/2019/04/03/abortion-gun-laws-stand-your-ground-model-bills-conservatives-liberal-corporate-influence-lobbyists/3162173002/

Today, the link is dead.

Deep-sixed.

Memory-holed.

As if it never existed.

I was about to comment on the article, because it was a real eye-opener on the extent to which corporate lobbyists basically dictate policy to Congress. Naturally, these corporate whores get policies which benefit them and not regular Americans. This is why we don't have a Wall today, and why the Trump Admin is considering, incredulously, cutbacks to the E-Verify program.

But the article was too hot to handle, so TPTB made it disappear.

Self-rule is dead in America.

We are ruled by billionaires.

By fat cats.

By a malevolent tribe.

By deracinated oligarchs.

And they will not allow dissent.

Suppression is the order of the day.

If they keep this up…

well, I'll leave it at that.

***

FYI Tucker Carlson, rightfully, took Trump to the wood shed in his monologue yesterday.

> Fox News' Tucker Carlson, who in a segment on his show wondered what it might look like if Trump had decided he didn't want to be president anymore and was taking steps to ensure he didn't win another term…
>
> In this "hypothetical" scenario, Carlson ran through a number of things Trump could do so that his base would turn on him — all of which line up with actual Trump administration actions or reported proposals. He noted, for example, that if Trump wanted to lose, he could raise gas taxes, something the administration is reportedly considering and an idea that Carlson said is "so mindless and counterproductive there's literally no way you could get re-elected after doing it." Later, he told Trump he should definitely "go with the gas tax" if he secretly wants "to retire early" and is "really sick of the job."
>
> Proposing cuts to Medicare and E-Verify would also be ways Trump could undermine his re-election chances, Carlson argued, as well as continuing "our pointless military intervention in Syria." These, again, are not hypothetical scenarios at all.
>
> "If the president did all that, the message would be very clear: he has no idea what he ran on in 2016," Carlson said. "He just wants out."

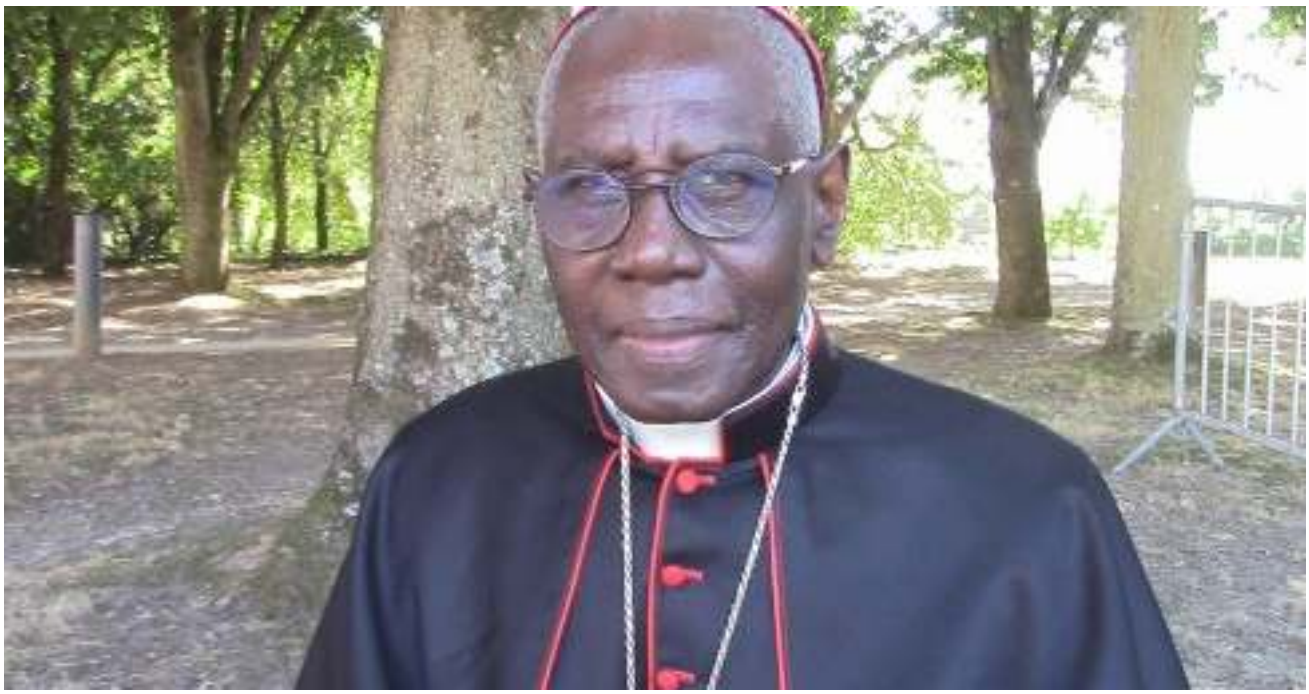
Tucker 2020.

***

A Vatican Cardinal has warned the "West will disappear" as a result of mass migration.

> "If the West continues in this fatal way, there is a great risk that, due to a lack of birth, it will disappear, invaded by foreigners, just as Rome has been invaded by barbarians," said Sarah, adding, "My country is predominantly Muslim. I think I know what reality I'm talking about."
>
> The Cardinal also blamed the European Union for its "desire to globalize the world, ridding it of nations with their distinctive characteristics," labeling the move "sheer madness".
>
> "The Brussels Commission thinks only about building a free market in the service of the great financial powers," he continued. "The European Union no longer protects the peoples within it. It protects the banks."

Here is a photo of the Cardinal:



Is anyone surprised? Realtalk has ceased being the province of pathologically virtue signaling White elites.

John Adams On Usury And Central Banking

CH · 5 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

In the middle of a rip-roaring comment section at Sailer's, istevefan wrote,

> Consider this. We have had more immigrants since 1965, than any other nation in history. Yet the people in charge are clamoring for an ever increasing number of immigrants. Even Trump is suggesting we need "record" immigration.
>
> Well what does this indicate? If a nation is devouring more immigrants than any other nation in history, and still needs an ever increasing number of them to continue to be a going concern, then what does this say about that nation? Either that nation must be able to stand on its own, or it needs to be dissolved.
>
> And if the US truly needs people, which I dispute, what else does this indicate? It shows something is the matter with our nation in which citizens don't find the environment conducive enough to have many children. So if a nation has such an environment where the natives don't reproduce, and it must continually prop itself up by siphoning off people from other nations, this too suggests the nation must be fixed, or dissolved into new nations.

Finland only has 5.5 million people, and yet by all accounts it's a very nice country to live. How does Finland do it, when America with her 330 million people must have even more people to keep the lights on?

It's a simple question for the globalist shysters which will be dutifully ignored.

In the meantime, allow me to go on record here, right now, in support of dissolving the US into smaller regions which honor the ideals of self-governance and internal sustainability.

Olorin responded to istevefan,

> Endlessly expanding immigration is being used to prop up an unsustainable money/debt regime.
>
> Unless money is fundamentally restructured, politics will never be.

He then quoted John Adams,

> *All of the perplexities, confusion, and distress in America arises, not from the defects of the Constitution or Confederation, not from want of honor or virtue, so much as from downright ignorance of the nature of coin, credit, and circulation.*

I'm not a religious man, nor given to superstition. My instinct is to agnosticism on matters that can't be observed from the material plane. But the surfeit of almost preternatural wisdom and warnings from the Founding Fathers of America makes me wonder if there was divine intervention which guided their thoughts and attended the birth of America with a cosmically mysterious baptismal ordination.

Too bad about us turning our backs on that providence.

istevefan,

I still don't understand how the Founders knew all this. They really were a cut above.

Yes, they were, and that is why the Fuggernaut wants to tear down their statues. The lowly can't bear the rule of the divinely-touched.

Ingrates and ignoramuses, every last one of them.

PS GBFM read this post with a single tear streaking his cheek.

***

Paracelsus links to a book we should all read,

> One book perfectly sums up how America was destroyed through banking.
>
> “The Secrets of the Federal Reserve” by Eustace Mullins
>
> If that is too long, you could read Senator Charles Lindbergh, Senator McFadden, or Rep. Traficant’s speeches to Congress about the Federal Reserve. There were the vigilant few vocally opposing what has become this current system. But, they are usually met with intense criticism by people who call them conspiracy theorists. Thomas Jefferson knew what a central bank would lead to, which caused War of 1812. Andrew Jackson repealed the Second Central Bank’s charter and was almost assassinated. Lincoln issued interest free Greenbacks and was assassinated.
>
> https://generalfraud.blogspot.com/2015/06/eight-presidents-who-opposed-central.html?m=1
>
> Ocasio-Cortez’s I.Q. wavers from double to triple digits on a good day. She is too goddamned stupid to do any meaningful damage to the system at large. I even doubt she is controlled opposition like Ben Shapiro, because she throws on those glasses and a skirt suit and pretends like she understands what she is doing. She strikes me as more Legally Blonde than House of Cards.

She’s so dumb she might be smart enough to put Globohomo against the breaking wheel.

Online Dating Is The Greatest Female Validation Machine In History

CH · 5 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

farmlegend comments on the relative futility of online dating for men,

> Broadly concur that OLD [online dating] is shit for 87% of men.
> As a short, mature, average looking dude (though fit, successful and charmingasfuck) I've dabbled in it a few times over the years. What I put into it was wildly disproportionate compared to what I got out it – entitled women, less attractive than their pics, that STILL shit-tested me over being 5'8″. Never received an unsolicited message excepting warpigs, and few responses to my witty messages.
>
> I do massively, repeat, massively better in real life encounters than I ever did on OLD.
>
> From the woman's side, OLD is perhaps the greatest validation machine of all time. I have a female friend who's pushing 60 that takes a very nice picture – she literally cannot read all of the messages she gets. And another, early 50's, who'd I score as an HB4, and she gets amazing OLD attention.
>
> OLD presents a sort of "choice paradox" that's overwhelming to any halfway attractive woman, and their minimum standards soar to way above and beyond what would ordinarily prevail on the ground. For all but the apex men, it blows.

If 60-year-old should-be grandmas are receiving dribbly jizztrickles of omega male thirst online, then the American sexual market is corrupted beyond salvation. Jelq it from orbit.

The choice paradox is real. There's been a trend in the restaurant business toward pared-down menus and prix fixe, because patrons became overwhelmed by the huge number of choices in (usually foreign language) selections. I now breathe a sigh of relief when I see a menu that doesn't have more than five entrees. I know the quality of each entree will be better than what I'd get from a place that had twenty or more entrees, just because there's a higher chance that more entrees includes more shitty entrees. Also, I will linger over a multi-page menu for way too long, anxious I might miss a selection that is better than the first good selection which appealed to me.

Likewise with online dating. Women are both overwhelmed and initially thrilled by all the choice in thirsty men, but quickly get trapped in a validation machine of choice overload, unable to commit to any one man who appeals to them because there are a hundred other men making offers she can't ignore. She is impelled to continue searching, and with each search and ego stroke the Wall approaches nearer.

It's just as correct to say online dating is an Infertility Machine which robs a woman of the narrow range of choice in men that would motivate her to settle down and have kids earlier in life, while she still had prime nubility to barter. Furthermore, the quality of that limited choice in men will be higher, from a dependable beta male provider perspective, than would the quality of a million thirsty online quasimodos and fly by night cads practicing a "law of large numbers" approach to dating.

Unfortunately, solipsistic women (the narcissistic sex) are extremely susceptible to external validation, more so than men are, so they miss that they are just one node of a massive Thirst Blast Radius that targets hundreds and even thousands of other women. Women fool themselves into believing that beta thirst is for their gine only — that these sad sack betas masturbate constantly to the vision of *this one girl on Tinder* — when the reality is that these betas masturbate to hundreds of Tinder girls who share that sweet sweet 0.7 waist-to-hip ratio and sub-23 BMI.

Women really have no idea how interchangeable they are to horny men when the courtship is young. A woman only earns her exceptionality after she has proven her love and loyalty to a man.

All of this can be analogized to late stage American capitalism. Too much choice, too much dallying and menu

sampling, too many hard-up LSMV third worlders, too much throwaway interchangeable ch1nkcrap, too few exquisitely PureWhite buns in ovens.

AKA Globohomo.

But this proves that meatspace pickup is the future. The ways of the past are making a comeback. Face to face, a woman can't swipe. She has to take you in. No longer is all the world a stage; the only act is the one happening right there, between you and her. Denied her shekel of empty validation, her hamster is hijacked by your lordly presence. Your physical domination — at once alluring and threatening — reroutes her dopamine pathways to gravitationally converge, limbically, on your three-dimensional realness. Her hamster stops spinning, for just long enough, to gaze in wonder at the man gripping her id by the collar and pulling it toward himself.

***

Coming from the Fap Pill fapatorium is Burner Prime with this hackneyed take,

> More retreaded recycled advice. Roosh is the real thot leader in this area and concluded years ago that the Game well was quickly running dry and achieving diminishing returns.

Does the youth and beauty well run dry and achieve diminishing returns for women?

No.

Likewise, the Game well will always be a thirst quencher for men.

> Problem is the overabundance of males available who meet the minimum criteria for those super-selective whamens, and are willing to do whatever it takes to secure the poon, including throwing their brothers under the bus. It will never end and womanz will adapt to any perfection of game techniques.

Have you adapted to sexy T&A? No, you haven't.

Game deniers just don't get it. Game — charm — is a timeless allure to women, as pert tits and a firm ass and clear supple skin and a feminine disposition are to men.

> A few of you might succeed and lap up the scraps offered up by well-pounded and tenderized roast-beef-labia-wielding and tatted up, pierced sluts.

The age of virgins is long gone. Yes, there is a quality control problem with our women. They are wayward, lost (fat) lambs. Men can only improve themselves and get the best of what's on offer, and work slowly toward re-instituting the benevolent but unapologetic patriarchy that is necessary to recapture our women and help them locate their vulnerable femininity again.

> The usual answer is that the issue will only resolve itself when hundreds of millions of men perish in the coming world wars.

That's one solution. There are others, less bloody, but requiring stronger will.

> The news is not all bad, as the newest, youngest GenZ twat-nut – you can't have missed them – everywhere sporting insane wild 3ft manes of hair, thin, smooth skin with zero tats, will likely survive in large numbers, rebelling against the previous Millennial monster's ball, embracing femininity with gusto, and carry the next generation of champions. Though those champions might have darker skin than you assume…
> Izz called: "Battle for the Planet of the Apes".

Shrillennials are the nadir generation. It can't get worse than Millennials without imminent collapse.

Generation Zyklon is the transitional generation. We will see the worst of the Insanely Woke and the best of the Shitlord Based within this generation. Intrageneration bifurcation will be followed by…

Generation Conan. The Conans may be swarthy, in which case the West will have been defeated for good. I'm less nihilistic. I see our own Conans taking up the mantle of revolution and renewal, to carve a new epoch for America, if not in name then in spirit.

The Whiplash President

CH · 9 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Trump recently fired Scandicuck DHS secretary Kirstjen Nielsen, because the border had become a slip n' slide for hundreds of thousands of Central Americans under her watch. Even the enemy media noticed and had to act as if they didn't report just a few weeks ago that there wasn't a national emergency at the border.

Trump also did a 180 on legal immigration, recently stating that America "was full" and didn't need more immigrants, contradicting the enthusiasm for legal immigration he displayed in his SOTU address.

Word has it Stephen Miller (PBU that most righteous and based of specials) is taking over all immigration related policy matters in Trump's administration.

What gives? Is this more hot air from Trump? Did he get a fright from internal polling? Is he an amnesiac? Is he too lazy to remember his policy proposals from one week to the next and just wants to ride a wave of feelz on whatever banal thought enters his mind? Did Ivanka go on vacation? Did Jared? Did the maturing Barron give his dad a suddenly judgmental gaze and a warning about his legacy? Did Melania finally stop crying over separated beanlets and show Donald the sharp edge of her Outer Hajnal soul?

Did Trump catch an earful from…us? Does vanity preclude me from wondering if dissidents to the prevailing orthodoxy, threatening to abandon Trump for his MAGA betrayals, pulled President Trump back to the essence of Campaign Trump?

Last week, I lamented the impending demise of the Trump Presidency, but just like a crazy hot slut who knows when to offer up the golden pussy right at the moment you're about to bolt, Trump pulls me back in with a reaffirmation of his devotion to immigration restriction.

It could be Lucy and the football, but this is still better than a president thecunt, from whom I would not even enjoy that morsel of recognition and would probably be hauled before a Ministry of Truth court by now.

Trump really should not need continual backlash from his base to do the right thing. He campaigned on a specific set of policy and government culture changes, and he sold us on those campaign promises. He didn't need to keep selling us on them, and he didn't need to keep hearing from us about what we wanted from him. The deal was sealed when we elected him president, under the assumption that he would proceed to work on our behalf and fulfill his campaign pledges without requiring a daily permission slip from us, and without reneging on his end of the deal before lurching back to honoring it.

Maybe Trump likes to test the loyalty of his base by frustrating his supporters to gauge the intensity of their commitment to MAGA. If so, that's sadistic. And narcissistic. These aren't necessarily bad traits IF THEY ARE DIRECTED AGAINST OUR ENEMIES INSTEAD OF US.

So we'll see which Trump we get this week. And next week. And the week after that. But the clock is ticking. It's all fun and games until time runs out.

WALL
ANTI-TRUST
REPEAL HART-CELLER

When Will The Hate Whitey Hysteria Exhaust Itself?

CH · 9 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I can't stand checking in with enemy propaganda anymore, so I only caught bits and pieces of the story that Congress got on a soapbox recently to self-righteously and ritualistically denounce the phantom existential threat of "White nationalism". ("Racist" and "White soopremacy" must have lost some effectiveness in focus group polling.)

And by "Congress", I mean three specials, three , and one saracen.

> Here's the "House Judiciary committee" criminalizing self-determination and sovereignty (aka Nationalism) for White People:
>
> * 3 Jews
> * 1 Arab
> * 3 Blacks
>
> It's a farce.
>
> — GTO Judge (@V8POW) April 9, 2019

This wasn't just empty grandstanding, either, that we could laugh off. This was a House Judiciary hearing on "hate crimes" (not a thing) and "White nationalism" (not a thing as misidentified by the media), which is basically table setting a near future in which White Americans are denied their free speech right, while nonWhites may continue to speak freely about their own tribal interests as well as the danger posed by Whites speaking freely.

It's as if Elite Trash are *trying* to spark a Civil War 2.

Despite the real oppression against insufficiently submissive White Americans by those with a knapsack of POC Privilege, our People are rejecting the Hate Whitey agitprop in growing numbers. A revolution is forming right under the noses of the degenerate tyrants who deign to rule over us.

> Pretty much all sites had to disable comments during this so-called 'white nationalist' hearing. Americans are getting tired of this 'hate whitey' narrative. https://t.co/8uj6hCWx7P
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) April 9, 2019

We have taken note of the rank hypocrisy of the Tyrant Trash, and are storing it to memory.

> We had the most stereotypical Zionist Jew chairing a hearing about 'white nationalism.' He literally uses the triple parenthesis and marches in a nationalist parade for his tribe's ethno state.
>
> Did the Daily Stormer organize these hearings? pic.twitter.com/aiCZg1YIqz
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) April 9, 2019

We have put the oligarchs, the bureaucrats, the "resistance", the propagandists, the plutocrats, and the freak parade on notice: If you persist in denying us our equal rights under the law, if you insist that we are the devil incarnate, and if you DARE criminalize our thoughts and speech while our enemies are free to slander us *ad nauseam*…then prepare to lose control of the beast you created.

Meanwhile, where is Trump to defend his core supporters — Heritage Americans — from flagrant attacks on their civil rights by despots who hate them and hate Trump with a murderous fury?

> What's completely unacceptable is that white people (your core voting base) are being targeted by a Judiciary

> Committee and defamed and demeaned in front of Congress. Meanwhile, you're writing your 500th tweet about a Muslim Congresswoman's "antisemitism."
>
> — Rural American (@MiaVendetta110) April 9, 2019

Sad! Maybe Trump is ruing the day he agreed to give his daughter away to an antagonistic tribe to seal an uneasy alliance for mutual profitability. If he isn't ruing that day, he should be. The central node of his matrix of weakness sits squarely in the heart of daddy's little girl.

So now I wonder, given how close we are to a real and true Tyranny of the Tribals unfolding very rapidly in America, in which you and I will be lucky to suffer social ostracism instead of the impoverishment and imprisonment that is hurtling toward us, how much longer the Hate Whitey Hysteria will carry on, and if it will, in fact, ever end in anything remotely like a whimper rather than a bang?

As of now, I don't see the light at the end of the tunnel. I only see this Train of Inclusion heading full speed to terminal impact with the Civilizational Wall.

Never Has A Phyzz Been So Predictive Of Character

CH · 9 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Decimus quips,

> "Let's ordain women and gays. How bad can it be?"
>
> …a few years later…

That's a woman? Good lord.

***

Baxter comments on the psychology of The Fuggernaut,

> I once remarked in a comment 'America is still a country where a man can find a niche for himself and live a happy, rewarding life, but you have to learn to distance your self from the daily distractions of a society in terminal decline.
>
> I was wrong. Disconnecting from society led me into a sort of debonair nihilism. I mention this because I think it may be a defect inherent in the character of the liberal progressive. The culture of the globohomo, diversity, multiculturalism, feminism, queer rights, mass immigration-is not a natural culture. It was born and grew being attached to a stronger, natural host.
>
> I think the left is made up of people who never felt a part of the greater society, they carry a hostility born of rejection. Perhaps. I on the other did grow up in a society I felt a part of, and separating from it (to save myself) felt unnatural and fatalistic.
>
> I still haven't resolved this conflict 'be in the world but not of it" as J.C. said.
> At any rate, this woman is going to taken out someday, by non Swedes who don't give a damn about her 'values.'

The modren Left is Revenge of the Nerds writ large, and in charge. They are taking a battering ram to normal, healthy, White society because they want dead what they could never convince to love them.

Pete Bottomgay, Deep State Stooge

CH · 9 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Commenter “map” thinks the latest left-wing phenom is a Deep State Stooge,

It is truly astonishing what an obvious deep state stooge Buttigieg is. First, there is the obviously complicated last name that can be salaciously mispronounced. Remember John Boner? Second, there is the avant-garde paraphilia lifestyle: an openly-gay, yet devout Christian. Notwithstanding the fact that Christianity has a lot more to say about sex than homosexuality, this naked attempt to combine two hostile Houses is blatantly offensive. Third, there is the military background. Of course, it’s not “real” military. It’s Naval intelligence. Picture presidential candidate Egg McMuffin posing, squinting in the hot Iraqi sunlight, white as a sheet, with his pristine, never-fired M4 and clean clothing.

Fourth, there is the Harvard education. Great. Another one. I am sure he knows many secret handshakes. Fifth, there is the seven languages. Gee, does he play the piano as well? I like how modern liberals rattle off the educational credentials of a 19th century girls’ finishing school. Is there another candidate out of Vanity Fair waiting in the wings? Well, at least he will be able to communicate directly with his foreign handlers or quickly go native in some other country’s bathhouse.

Finally, there is that face, that punchable face: Backpfeifengesicht

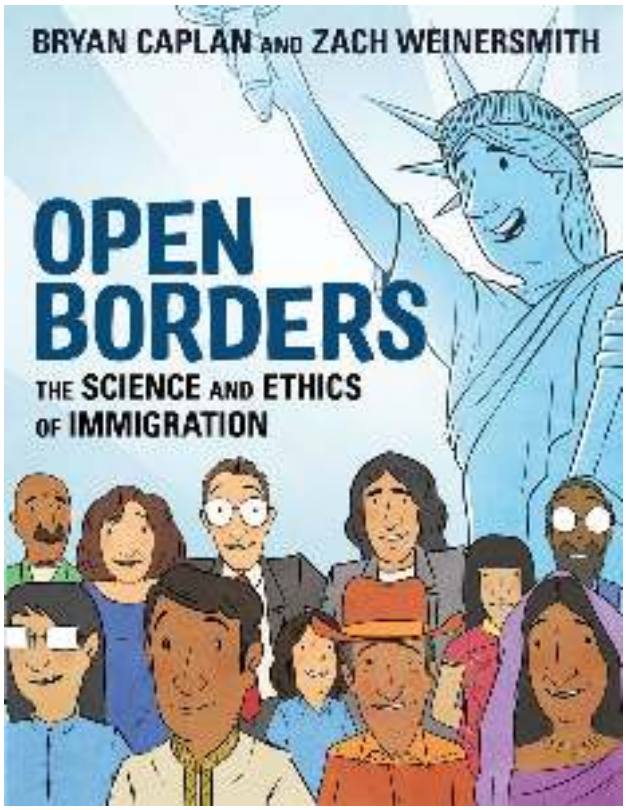
LOL, great comment.

I’ve noticed gheyhomersexuals like Pete Bottomgay have a bug up their asses about Mike Pence. I have never heard Pence say anything about gays during his entire tenure as Trump’s VP, yet gays can’t stop thinking about this guy and something he said about gay conversion, likely taken out of context, years ago.

Yep, just what the Democreep Party needs in the Age of Realignment: another fastidious, effete, snarky citizen of the world who really connects to the rootless cosmopolitan White urbanite class.

The Open-Mouthed Open Borders Infantilism Of Elite Trash

CH · 9 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original



This is not a joke. It's a comic book by the very special Bryan Caplan and Zach Weinersmith. (A parodist of Clown World couldn't make up names that juicy.)

You ever notice in the fever swamps of border denialist fantasies how all the Dirt Worlders plopping onto America's shores are these awestruck, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, child-like newcomers full of wonder, good will, and innocence? Nary a machete-wielder nor nepotistic throwback in the bunch. Just a sea of eyebrows arched to their highest, indicating an eager willingness to be absorbed by Globoschlomo and serve as the well-behaved props to Whites' virtue sniveling.

This is how the typical shitlib sees the world: teeming with adult children who will by their presence here reinvigorate the shitlib's flagging social (and sexual) life with their wonderment and neediness. Shitlib ennui and urge for psychosexual novelty is dispelled in one swoop by the arrival of a migrant caravan filled to brimming with the swarth version of this:

To the Bryan Caplans of the disintegrating USA, the infantilized invaders are part vibrator for their swollen egos and part inverted psychological projection of how caplanites prefer to see their own tribe, reflected onto equally corrosive tribes.

They want to remake America into a giant Gloryhole Face, achieving perfect submission to the penetrating cock of the aPOCalypse and, of course, to their own rule.

Anonymous[270] attacks the thermal exhaust port of caplanism:

> This is a racial composition of the block on which Bryan lives in a rather expensive house (data from http://www.justicemap.org):
>
> White 70.7%
> Asian 17.8%
> Black 3.4%
> Hispanic 4.0%
> Multi-Racial 6.9%
> American Indian 0%
> Islander 0%
>
> Is anyone surprised?

It's all just so goddamned tiresome. The lies, the manipulation, the self-regard, the sophistry, the slandering of better men….an endless sludge of levantine bullshit. Via bored identity,

Alfa158 wonders, with squinted, skeptical eyes,

> They are all having a wonderful time right now; in the driver's seat, fully in control, pedal to the metal, whizzing along at 100mph and still accelerating, running over their racial enemies like ducklings caught in the road. There are only a handful of them who realize what their joy ride is going to lead to in the future after their policies have destroyed the former US. Ilhan Omar and her ilk are just the first bump in the road. Sooner or later they will be coming up on a curve at 200mph, gently apply the brakes, and the pedal will go to the floor.
> They'll blame us for the crash.

AnotherDad closes out this post,

> Various commenters complain when i mention the "J" word, but when it's relevant it's relevant.
>
> I'm ready to buy that Bryan Caplan is a true autistic with no feeling for actual peoples and cultures and human life, and so actually sees people and nations as arbitrary fungible entities.
>
> Still, there simply is no actual libertarian case for Open Borders. Open borders is not libertarian, but would be the most massive socialist project ever, stealing from some people to give stuff to other people. It's classic a "tragedy of the commons" paradigm which libertarians all at least pretend to understand and use to argue for privatization.
>
> An actual libertarian immigration model would be tradeable citizenship and/or a community selling citizenship. I.e. people who currently generate positive externalities would be free to realize those benefits, and people of quality who likely would generate positive externalities somewhere else are free to negotiate the best possible terms to do so. I.e. individuals get to realize the benefits–or incur the costs–associated with living around them. (The same way companies only make job offers to some people and don't offer everyone the same wage.)
>
> That is actual libertarianism, and it's not the least bit difficult to grasp, and it flows right out of the sorts of models the libertarians build. But when it comes to immigration …. Caplan hates it.

> I can only conclude that Caplan simply hates the white gentiles being allow to go off and do anything–including building nice nations–for themselves. It just … gets under his skin.

I see what AnotherDad did there.

PS Zach Weinersmith's wife is a professor at Rice University, studying….wait for it…..

> I study how host behavior influences risk of infection with parasites, and how parasites subsequently change host behavior and correlations between host phenotypic traits. I'm particularly interested in parasites that manipulate the phenotype of their hosts to increase the parasite's likelihood of transmission.

From a paper co-authored by her,

> Insidious wasps get ahead by tunneling through host's head
>
> […]
>
> "Rice researchers nicknamed it the "crypt-keeper" wasp and said it's a rare example of hypermanipulation, in which a parasite is manipulated by another parasite.
>
> "E. set and its gory emergence are described in two papers led by Rice evolutionary biologists Kelly Weinersmith and Scott Egan."

"wasp"

Clown World is subconsciously desperate to be slapped down. Evidence for this comes from the warning flares constantly fired into the public domain, lighting up the night sky with a barrage of conspicuous and usually hilarious reminders of its malevolent presence.

The Brooding Beta-Turned-Reluctant Alpha Is The Worst Male Feminist

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First, let's get something straight. Most alpha males are benevolent sexists. I have personally never known an alpha male who held feminist views. I have known plenty of alpha males who cracked bawdy sexist jokes and made fun of feminists, male or female.

You may be inclined to believe otherwise by the shrill feminist mewling of highly visible "alpha" male actors and politicians, but outside of the twisted, lunatic fringe hothouses of Challahwood and Temple DC, your run of the mill Chads laugh at feminists when they aren't pumping and dumping them.

Most male feminists are object lessons in soy overload. They look like this:

SEXUAL POLARITY INVERTED

A small minority of total male feminists are "prestige alphas" from the entertainment fields. These are the "real men" whom women point to when they say they are attracted to sensitive, male feminists. What they are really attracted to are famous, rich men. These women are the same who will promptly #PleaseMeToo the hordes of "allied" soydweebs who toady at their feet and lick their unisex Vans.

However, the worst male feminist archetype isn't found among the loser soys. He's the rarefied backwash of the "prestige alpha" subset. A very specific kind of male takes the feminist lies to heart and adopts it as his religion: the brooding beta reluctantly thrust into the role of prestige alpha by a lifestyle menu of achievement, introverted personality, and fortuitous circumstance.

A prime example is the late Kurt Cobain. I was reminded of this connection when his manager, the very special Danny Goldman, retold a story about Cobain refusing to play "Smells Like Teen Spirit" at a concert in Argentina because Cobain didn't like how the fans treated the opening act, the all-female band *Calamity Jane*.

> Kurt later shared his memories of the gig:
>
> "When we played Buenos Aires, we brought this all-girl band over from Portland called Calamity Jane," Kurt recalled. "During their entire set, the whole audience—it was a huge show with like sixty thousand people—was throwing money and everything out of their pockets, mud and rocks, just pelting them. Eventually the girls stormed off crying. It was terrible, one of the worst things I've ever seen, such a mass of sexism all at once. Krist, knowing my attitude about things like that, tried to talk me out of at least setting myself on fire or refusing to play. We ended up having fun, laughing at them (the audience). Before every song, I'd play the intro to 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' and then stop. They didn't realize that we were protesting against what they'd done. We played for about forty minutes, and most of the songs were off *Incesticide*, so they didn't recognize anything. We wound up playing the secret noise song ('Endless, Nameless') that's at the end of *Nevermind*, and because we were so in a rage and were just so pissed off about this whole situation, that song and whole set were one of the greatest experiences I've ever had.

Our proto-pussyhatter and proud #Resistor Kurt Cobain, as is the wont of his barely male sex, misremembered the details of that show to validate his emotive ego.

> If you watch the show (which is embedded below), you'll realize that Kurt was misremembering or embellishing a bit here and there. While they did unearth a handful of rarities from their odds-n-ends collection *Incesticide* (which hadn't been released yet), as well as "All Apologies" (it later turned up on In Utero), they also played most of *Nevermind* (but not "Teen Spirit," which they teased before two songs), and a few of the highlights from Bleach. One thing Kurt failed to mention that they most certainly did do to annoy the crowd, was open with a strange, jam-like number that those in attendance had definitely never heard before.

There were, at the time, already a few all-girl bands in Buenos Aries. Most likely, the Argentine crowd wasn't throwing stuff at the stage solely because it was an all-girl band, but because *Calamity Jane* sucked.

Anyhow, this gets me to my point about leaden, double-barreled male feminists like Cobain. Their anti-sexism virtue signaling is off the charts because of their fucked up psychologies that are a consequence of a lifetime of pussy pedestal polishing making sudden impact with pussy splooging fame and fortune. Many such cases end up resenting the hindbrain visit from nascent, boisterous, uncomplicated alpha maleness mocking their years of exquisitely ponderous, complicated beta forebrain-ness.

A beta brooder like Cobain wouldn't have enough pre-fame experience with women to see the fairer sex in all its dirty, slutty glory, and when he is famous he would only see the best of women, who would treat him like a king while doing their damnedest to hide their personal flaws from him. I can't think of a worse combination for misbelieving in the idea of emotionally evolved women laboring under the tyranny of sexist men than that found in the man who spent most of his life unacquainted with the seedy side of female nature, and then instantly acquainted with only the most lovingkindness and devoted side of women.

If you want to Believe All Women, have little experience with women and then have only good experiences with women. Skip over that part in the great, non-drug addled middle of your life where you tussle and tangle in the romance trenches with all-too-Darwinian women, getting eye- and thigh-opening experiences on the daily.

Make no mistake, Cobain was a beta at heart:

> When the blond guy came over to thank her, she said she didn't know at first that it was Kurt Cobain. Slight and soft-spoken, he certainly didn't seem like the lead singer. She was expecting someone huskier, to match the big voice.
>
> "I thought he was the roadie, I honestly did," Lord said.

The beta brooder fetishizes women; to him, women are vulnerable dainty things — "n*ggers of the world", as another beta brooder-turned-reluctant alpha male, John Lennon, put it — who can do no wrong and are constantly wronged by men. The pussy pedestal won't tolerate any tarnishing.

Beta romanticization of transcendent women plus raw, immediate contact with earthly women (and consequently with his own primal instincts) produces an irritatingly earnest and aggressive male feminism that can and will lead innumerable follower beta males, who look up to such a man as a role model, down the path of interminable dry spells and shamefully emasculated behavior.

Another thing to be said for beta males thrust into alphahood is that they now find themselves able to easily afford the feminist posturing of their former beta selves without taking a hit to their sexual prospects, as they did back when they were nobodies futilely ingratiating themselves to women with vaginas as dilated as their ear gauges. This is the handicap principle at work; if a man can mouth inane feminist bromides and don a pussyhat without incurring a hit to his SMV, then he has hsmv to spare. Many soyboys try to ride the coattails of the handicap principle, mimicking the alpha male feminists who do get laid, only to discover that their innate soy-ness and lack of compensating fame, charm, or talent ensure that the handicap is real and the principle is discarded.

The soyboy male feminist supplicates to bluehairs to try and get laid easily. The reluctant alpha male feminist supplicates to womanhood to try and get laid not so easily.

The soyboy male feminist looks to save women to raise his status.

The reluctant alpha male feminist looks to women to save himself from his raised status.

FYI, these types of pedestalizing betas are mincemeat to conniving femme fatales like Courtney Love:

> Lord and Cobain's relationship has not been free of questions. They dated just before Cobain and Courtney Love, who has publicly accused Lord of harassment and trying to make a career off a fling with Cobain. Lord denies those claims, and says Love was the one who threatened her. …
>
> A note faxed to the Boston Phoenix in 1993 and signed Kurt Cobain, in response to a profile of Lord in the newspaper, said Cobain was drunk in Boston when a "creepy girl came on to me."
>
> "I NEVER had a relationship with her," the note read. "Please Mary whoever you are, leave me alone and see a therapist."
>
> Lord is convinced the note was a fake.

Lord's instincts are right. Courtney Love wrote that note and shoved a pen in Cobain's half-awake limp hand, guiding it to scrawl out his signature.

> Lord's story was also detailed by Cobain biographer Charles Cross and in the account of music writer and Cobain friend Everett True in his book "Nirvana: The Biography." True says Lord "has almost been written out of the Kurt Cobain story."
>
> "Yet I have a strong memory from around this time of meeting a besotted Kurt going on and on about this girl called Mary Lou Lord, how in love with her he was, and how he was going to move to Boston to be with her," True wrote. "A fantasy perhaps, but he believed it at the time."

Smells Like Beta Romantic. Charming, in its way, but also revealing of the inner turmoil which would catalyze Cobain's self-destructiveness. The idealizing soft-spoken beta stumbled into the loud, shockingly primal world of alpha male snatch surplus where romance goes to die, and couldn't make peace with the utter repudiation of how he had always seen himself.

> Lord went to visit friends in London, confused. That night, she watched as Nirvana came on a British

> television program. Before the performance, Cobain said, “I just want everyone in this room to know Courtney Love, the lead singer of the pop band Hole, is the best F*** in the world.”
>
> Lord was shocked.
>
> “I had been with him the night before,” Lord said. “I didn’t know who Courtney Love was.”

The reluctant alpha male still needs his thrill of the hunt and the taste of his prey, breaking hearts along the way (and then projecting his existential guilt onto all men).

> “I didn’t have to see [loneliness] in Kurt, I knew that in Kurt, I felt that in Kurt,” Lord said. “I could hear it even in his voice when he said ‘Please don’t leave.’”
>
> Unlike a rock star, Lord believes Cobain didn’t crave attention when he performed — rather, he wanted the listener to see themselves reflected back in his songs. Lord believes Cobain saw music as a way to connect with others, to feel less alone. She describes the same kind of loneliness in singer-songwriter Elliott Smith, whom she met five or six months after Cobain’s suicide.

This woman has survived what can only be described as a record-breaking case of Alpha Widowhood.

> Like Cobain, Smith took his own life. He was 34 when he died in 2003. Cobain and Smith never met, but Lord is positive Cobain would have adored Smith’s music.

We can’t say as much for the survival prospects of the men in Mary Lou Lord’s life. (had to go there)

RIP Kurt Cobain, rest ex utero.

Witnessing The Death Of A Religion

CH · 11 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

How often does a generation witness the wholesale death of a religion? Not often, I'd guess, but it's happening now, livestreamed and hashtagged in real time. The religion that is dying is Equalism, the doctrinal tenets of which are:

- the races are biologically equal
- the sexes are biologically equal
- any inequality between the races and sexes is proof of heresy, cultural corruption, discrimination, and White male animus, but certainly not of innate, evolved biological differences

Modren White liberals (aka SWPLs aka shitlibs aka leftoids) are fervent disciples and proselytizers of Equalism. Their xenophilic devotion to the Word of ZOG is total. Nothing to date has shaken their proclaimed faith, not even the death of their own children at the hands of the Exalted Other.

Note that I wrote "Word" of ZOG, not "deed", because in practice, in their personal lives, shitlibs quite often betray their beliefs, and just as with any guilty soul shitlibs have constructed mountains of rationalization and sophistry to reaffirm their faith and prostrate themselves before the altar of their grotesque god.

Zealots who have lost the will to tolerate or "forgive" apostates are often the wildest transgressors of their stated beliefs. They project their own self-flagellating shame and guilt onto nonbelievers, because it's a lot more fun to flagellate infidels.

Religions usually die genocidally or from low fertility leading to attrition of followers. Rarely do religions die from conversions. (What typically happens is that the converted leave behind hardier believers, by a process known as "boiling off".) Sometimes religions are demographically altered via conquest or adoption, but even then the essential nature of the religion continues reverberating in its new form, and the closer the religion's adoptive followers are, genetically and hence culturally, to its founders, the more generationally durable the religion's essential nature.

We wait to see how the shitlib religion of Equalism will die, but die it will, as must all Lies that can't hide behind supernatural deniability. The shitlib religion is entirely earthly; it has no sustenance from divine provenance or guidance. When earthly reality collides with shitlib equalism belief, there's nowhere for the shitlib to find succor. She has no heavenly God to affirm her beliefs. She has had ¡SCIENCE! to comfort her, but real science has not had her, not for a long while. If anything, science is now the Equalist's serpent, offering poison fruit from the Tree of Knowledge of Race and Sex that she bites at risk of banishment from Gentrificationland.

So she must find comfort in Ideology, and in the ululating embrace of her all-too-human Affirmation Allies. Her Father then, is her ego, her Son of Man her purified POC, and her Holy Signal her unassailable virtue.

But all three parts of that Trinity are conspicuously falsifiable. Destructible. Her virtue is belied by her superzip residence. Her purified POC is exposed as a charlatan upon close contact. Her ego…very strong, tough, but not impregnable….lacks any transcendence and is vulnerable to mockery and ostracism. Her ego is killable, which means she will do anything…ANYTHING…to guard her ego against the killing blow.

If the leftoid equalist's ego is god, then don't expect a peaceful surrender to apostasy. Any tentative steps toward reformation will be met with zealotry, bordering on zaniness. The death of the equalist's god is akin to the death of the equalist herself. If her Ideology is her Identity, then abandoning her Ideology is abandoning herself, and all she has been, and believed, and perceived of herself for her entire life. Metadeath.

Remember, she has no succor in a divine being or a divinely inspired Word. She has nowhere to console herself when her ego dies; at the moment of ego death it's the illimitable void for her, preceding her corporeal death. She will be a walking zombie, softly muttering shitlib platitudes to a tiny coterie of the Ego Dead who mutually

masturbate each other's self-conception as the world moves on from them.

So how do we know we are witnessing the death of the shitlib religion?

By their screeching.

By their despotic overreach.

By their enthusiasm to burn the heretics at the stake.

Believers of the European ancestry persuasion whose religion is unchallenged, or who have an unknowable divinity to whom they can subordinate their egos, are generally good-willed toward nonbelievers. They may defend their beliefs when insulted, but they won't hound their interrogators and try to destroy their lives. Their belief is strong and therefore sturdy against attack.

Contrast with White shitlib believers in Equalism, a socially constructed religion which is daily challenged, and before which shitlibs cannot subordinate their egos, because their ego is their god. They lash out in a lunatic rage (what I call "wokebursts") at heretics, chasing them from the public square and impoverishing them with the assistance of the State and Corporate priest caste.

Shitlib Equalists lash out at heretics not because they strongly believe, but because they begin to doubt.

It's the creeping doubt which drives them to tyrannical inquisitions against nonbelievers and skeptics.

Shitlibs aren't secure in their faith. They secretly, subconsciously worry that they have hitched their wagon to a false prophet. Their religious insecurity brooks no challenge or heresy, because it is paper-thin and fragile, and must be quarantined from even the cuckiest incursions of skepticism.

When one defends a fortress made of gossamer, the best defense is to prevent a single enemy from taking up arms against it. Once the enemy has amassed, it's too late; the fortress will fall in an instant.

This is where equalist shitlibs are today: in that limbo between unchallenged rule and overrun by those who would cast off the shackles of freakqualism. The Lib Limbo is dangerous. It is Orwellian, dictatorial, oppressive. Evil. Now is when the brave dissident risks it all, running into the teeth of a Societal and State apparatus that has maxim guns pointed at him.

The shitlib knows the maxim gun is the only thing between losing her religion and continued rule over her Fake Fiefdom. She will aim all her whiny firepower at the scattered dissidents to prevent an army forming on the horizon. Desperation compels her to a malevolence that would have shocked her in tidier times when her power was uncontested.

Along the theme of this post, Patrick McDermott wrote a good post titled "How White liberals will wake up".

> White liberals can be maddening. They proceed through life happily proclaiming their devotion to progressivism, completely oblivious to the brewing demographic dangers on the horizon. Indeed, most polls show them doubling down on their beliefs in the era of Donald Trump. If you try to warn them, they will stare at you blankly. If you are a friend or relative, count yourself lucky that they still tolerate you and your beliefs.

I've gotten that blank stare from shitlibs. It's the look of someone whose brain function temporarily stopped; a glitch in the wetware triggered by unauthorized inputs.

As for doubling down, yes that's what ferocious believers in a discredited religion do, when renouncing their faith is the only alternative. There will be many more wokebursts before this religion has loosened its grip on the shitlib heart and mind. There may even be the ultimate wokeburst: war.

> White liberals are neither evil nor irredeemable.

Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that blanket statement…

> The road to perdition may be paved with good intentions, but most of them will awaken before we get there. Our collective struggle will be difficult, but they will be standing with us when we emerge on the other side.

I like McDermott's optimism, but it's more likely that the White shitlibs "standing with us" on the other side will be markedly fewer in number than the ones standing against us during the journey there.

> Understanding how white liberals will change requires first understanding how their minds work.
>
> […]
>
> Maslow's hierarchy of needs, first proposed in 1943 by Abraham Maslow, explains human motivation as the product of a variety of competing needs.
>
> […]
>
> Two of the needs in this framework are particularly important for understanding white liberals: self esteem and love / belonging. These needs can be evolutionarily traced to our status as a social species.

McDermott goes on to write that as long as White shitlibs' Physiological and Safety needs are met, they will focus all their mental and emotional energy on satisfying their Self-Esteem and Love/Belonging needs, and that this is why shitlords can't dissuade shitlibs from their Equalism religion using logic and reason:

> In today's Western societies, anti-racism has come to be viewed as the morally correct position and racism as the ultimate evil. This creates substantial incentives for conformity in our racial views and rewards status-seeking behavior (sometimes referred to as "virtue signaling") on racial issues. In those cases where this dominant moral paradigm conflicts with an individual's other needs, such as the desire to live in a safe neighborhood, rationalizations provide the necessary cover so that white liberals can avoid guilt and cognitive dissonance while simultaneously engaging in hypocritical behavior.

> […]
>
> As challenging as these barriers may seem, however, it gets worse. Research has shown that human beings are highly resistant to facts that challenge their core convictions. They will seize on any information that confirms their preexisting beliefs and if their beliefs are challenged, they will simply ignore or disbelieve the source. Stronger challenges to core beliefs can even backfire, causing people to double down on their original position.
>
> Troy Campbell, a researcher on the topic, explained it this way: "As causes become our identity, we don't just believe we are right anymore; we need to believe we are right to maintain self-worth."
>
> **The Missing Ingredient: Fear**
>
> Liberalism's close ties to its own version of morality – combined with the universal human needs for self-esteem and social belonging – make this an exceedingly tough nut to crack. But crack it will. How do we break through these barriers? The answer can be found near the bottom of Maslow's hierarchy: the need for safety.

To change White shitlib hearts and minds, attack their stunted amygdalae.

> Most white liberals will not be convinced by rational arguments, no matter how strong or well-supported those arguments may be. They will only be convinced by threats to their basic safety. This, in turn, points to the real barrier. ***Most white liberals do not feel threatened***.

Two points. First, I'm not certain shitlibs *can* be convinced by threats to their personal safety. Part of the shitlib psychology is a twisted masochism streak, a sort of cognitive Stockholm Syndrome by which shitlibs come to identify with their own insecurity, considering it a good thing in their lives. Related, I've seen shitlibs almost glow with smugness when describing the hazards they face living in the urban playground. They are proud of their powerlessness and lurking victimization.

Second, it is true that most White shitlibs don't feel viscerally threatened by encircling Diversity™…yet. Gentrification and segregation in microcosm have done a great job insulating shitlibs from real fear. This insulation CAN be breached if the Diverse Hordes become numerically preponderant, but we aren't quite there in the places where it would do the most "good". The rapid gentrification and relocations of vibrancy to the exurbs of the past fifteen years has succeeded in putting off the "Escape from New York" awareness level needed to scare urban White shitlibs straight back to sanity. Lower White shitlib fertility and later marriage has also had a delaying effect on the return of shitlib sanity, because they don't have to concern themselves with "good schools" until a couple of decades spent in the anonymous sex hedonistic plunderdome has fully marinated their dismissive, sanctimonious attitude toward racial reality.

This gets to the danger of allowing shitlibs too much power to control the discourse. In general, shitlibs are less forward-seeing that are non-shitlibs. If IQ tests could measure foresight and ability to see long-term consequences from present-day actions, conservative Whites would blow away shitlib Whites. Perhaps you wouldn't even have to control for class or education to see this disparity.

The White shitlib perception of reality can thus be reduced to a narrow range of "the black guy I know is cool" and "oh, it's a shame about that murder, but it happened in a different neighborhood and he was stupid to walk around there at night", which naturally leads to "yeah, let's invite more Vigrants into our country because they'd all be cool and chill and it torments those awful White nationalists!".

In contrast, the White shitlord perception of reality is more inclusive of future possibilities and fallouts from current experiences. The shitlord knows "one cool black guy" is not a stand-in for "30 millions blacks" and that a murder in another neighborhood could just as easily have been a murder in his neighborhood, which leads to "it's not a good idea to bring more antagonistic foreigners into my country which I have to bequeath to my posterity".

> Most [White liberals] do not see a civilization that is crumbling around them or a brewing threat on the horizon. They see a thriving economy and a skyrocketing stock market. Yes, race relations are not perfect, but they think those problems will sort themselves out as soon as we solve the challenge of poverty and get rid of Donald Trump. Immigration is beneficial. There are no meaningful differences between people. Trump voters are just suffering from irrational phobias and "white anxiety." Times are good. What on earth is there to be afraid of?
>
> […]
>
> The sad reality is that few people who are living in a bubble are able to see it until it pops. The rare iconoclasts who are right too soon are usually viewed as social outcasts and misfits. The liberal bubble is about to pop, however. The signs are all around us.

Number one sign: the social media censorship and boycott swarms of any public realtalker.

> The coming awakening of white liberals, which in the United States will probably occur over the next decade, will be primarily due to five factors.

Meat and potatoes time. McDermott lists these factors as "instinctual ethnocentrism", "growing direct contact [with nonWhites]", "cultural threat", "explicitly anti-White rhetoric", and "political threat".

He thinks political threat holds the most promise for waking up White shitlibs,

> The fifth factor, ***political threat***, may be the most important because, unlike the others, it cannot be avoided or ignored. The principal source of this threat is the nation's changing demographics, which are empowering minorities and shifting the Democratic Party sharply to the left.
>
> […]
>
> The reaction of white voters to such hard-left ideological swings is well-established. Two of the most left-leaning presidential nominees in modern history, George McGovern and Walter Mondale, were trounced at the polls. More recently, moderate Republican gubernatorial candidates have a solid track record of defeating far-left Democrats in deep blue states. What accounts for this? Many white liberals, particularly those with high household incomes, are not as far left as they think.
>
> White liberals may not feel threatened by the left today, particularly with Republicans controlling Congress and Trump dominating the news on a daily basis, but that will change in the coming decade. As the nation changes, the mainstream media and social media companies may try to clamp down on opposing views, but they are unlikely to repress the emerging voices of the far left, who will do far more to open the eyes of white liberals than conservatives ever could. They are our unwitting allies.

If you thought Trump 2016 was a bellwether, wait until Trump 2020. That's the election which will tell us if White shitlibs are salvageable or if we have to go our separate ways.

One idea that needs to be a part of this discussion is the premise that White shitlibs may very well be *ethnically distinct* from White conservatives. *Albion's Seed* gets into this, and the basic theory is that America was settled by four different strains of Anglo Whites, which persist to this day in voting patterns, habits, moral outlooks, and social organization preferences. If so, then White shitlibs possibly see themselves as *ancestrally* distinct from White conservatives, or at least feel it in their bones even if they don't consciously acknowledge or express it. A feeling like this could mean that White shitlibs convince themselves that White conservatives are just as "alien" to their way of life as are nonWhites. It isn't true, but the narcissism of small differences and the shitlib striver mentality of not wanting to be associated with "downscale" White cousins (and being embarrassed by downscale White culture and politics) empowers White urbanites to hold tight to their hatred of and bitterness against White

flyovers.

And, of course, no discussion about White shitlibbery is complete without a mention of the disproportionate contribution of those [very special] “White” shitlibs, who are in fact racially distinct from goylibs and goycons. (If you’re feeling charitable toward the specials (why would you extend them that which they rarely extend you, tho?), then you could substitute “ethnically distinct”.)

> How will we know when white liberals have changed their views? It will probably not be immediately obvious. Most will not publicly proclaim their shift. There will instead be occasional calls for bipartisanship and arguments against the growing tide of identity politics. And then there will be silence as former liberals say less and less, daring only to whisper among friends about their growing concern about the direction of the country.

Ideally, the shitlib ego slowly and peacefully conforms itself to the coming Train of Truth.

Catastrophically, the shitlib ego snaps suddenly, convulsing our shared nation in a festival of reckoning.

> Over time, it is not unrealistic to assume that voting patterns at the national level will begin to mirror those of the South, where white support for Republican presidential candidates commonly reaches 80-90 percent. In the long run, however, it will not be enough. Demographics are still political destiny.

Does anyone outside of dissident blogs and besides Ann Coulter, Tucker Carlson, and Stephen Miller understand the absolute certainty of this ugly truth?

> The Soviet Union, one of the 20th Century’s two superpowers, was destroyed by its adherence to an ideology that ignored human nature. It should not be surprising that the world’s other superpower might also be destroyed by an unrealistic ideology, in this case one that willfully ignores the world’s long history of ethnic conflict.

Diversity + Proximity = War.

Equalism has been described as a “totalizing ideology”, which to me means conformism to it must be total or risk the wrath of the deranged priesthood and their mind-jacked foot soldier automatons. If so, then America’s anti-nature ideology of Equalism could just as assuredly destroy it as the Soviet Union’s anti-nature ideology of Communism destroyed its empire. Sad coda: The Soviet Union only lost ethnically different satellite states. The core Russia, comparatively homogeneous, remains and is by some measures growing stronger. In her eventual defeat, America would lose satellite *states* and *regions*. There would be Core Americas going their own way.

A comment from advancedatheist, including replies, deserves reposting here:

> Working-class white American men tend to have more experience with blacks, Hispanics and other nonwhite groups because they compete for the same jobs and the same kinds of downmarket housing they can afford.
>
> Whereas more affluent whites have the wherewithal to isolate themselves from having to deal with POC’s and their dysfunctions.
>
> You can easily form misconceptions about the Other when you lack experience in dealing with them, so this can explain why better-heeled whites tend to hold unrealistic views about POC’s that blue-collar whites simply laugh at based on their daily reality of having to live among them.

One White-behaving POC can completely disorient a White shitlib’s worldview. So fucking gullible!

UrbaneFrancoOntarian replies,

> Completely agree. Growing up, I lived in a 90% white neighborhood. Very left wing, lots of nice white people.

> We had a few “people of colour” – the friendly Japanese couple down the street; the happy Indian family – even a mixed race couple! Beautiful! Everybody smiling and getting along.
>
> In school we were taught that white people are bad because of our “racist” past. We should feel bad for racism and treat all races with respect. Well, that made sense to me. I didn’t see anything wrong with the 10% of wealthy, well-adjusted minorities in our area. Racism is so stupid, I thought. These people are just like me!
>
> My white friends often snarked at our “lame”, “white” neighborhood. No diversity, no culture!
>
> Then came university….
>
> Indians, Muslims, Chinese, Arabs, Africans. Wow, what a mix! Amazing diversity and spice! That’s when I started waking up. In small numbers, these people are okay. But in large numbers, they are invaders.

More precisely, “in small numbers, these people are deferential. But in large numbers, they are rapacious invaders”.

> They hate us. They don’t care about “Canada” – they want our money and our women. Hostile foreign invaders.
>
> Petty fights. Religious/ethnic disagreements. Cheating, corruption and nepotism. Rap music. All kinds of degenerate things, 3rd world things, that I was sheltered from in my early, white, life. There is no culture, nor cohesion. Your skin colour, language, religion and ethnic group determines who you talk to and make friends with. Just like the 3rd world.
>
> This is our future. More of them are pouring in every day. I see the future now, because this level of diversity will soon spill out into every corner of North America. They will make Mexicans look like great people, believe me…
>
> I’ve tried warning people back home, but they just don’t believe me. “Well I work with an Indian and he’s a great guy!” “I had an Arab taxi driver and he was a great guy!”. More rationalization. Our blindness will be our downfall.
>
> White liberals are in for a rude awakening, of course. But when that happens, it will be too late. Our country is already gone. We just haven’t noticed yet.

The race is between Noticing and Dissolution. Tragically, enough Whites won’t notice until it’s futile to notice. At least, that’s the way to bet.

TTSSYF responds,

> So much of life is driven by numbers or percentages. Just as the human body can tolerate small amounts of unhealthy foods, so can an otherwise healthy society tolerate small numbers of dysfunctional or unassimilable people. Both the body and society would be better off without these unhealthful inputs, but they can at least tolerate them and still thrive. Also, in the case of society at large, there can be intense pressure on otherwise dysfunctional or unassimilable people to suppress their nature and conform to the norms of the dominant population and make their presence even less of an issue (e.g., the few blacks who work in a predominantly white company will hide their resentment, if not outright hatred, for whites and save it for when they are at home and can speak in ebonics with black family members and neighbors; the lone Muslim family in the neighborhood will likely be friendly to the kafirs, etc.). But once the numbers and percentages change, all bets are off. And I am afraid we are on a collision course with this reality, which began with our importing African slaves but was held in check by their relatively small numbers, and which has been ramped up and likely made inevitable by the changes in the immigration laws in 1965, with our now allowing over one million legal immigrants each year from the Third World.

Quantity is its own quality.

And quality is its own quantity.

One Somali will impose a burden that a hundred Dutchmen could not.

Numbers and nature are of the essence, so it's the height of insanity that White shitlibs eagerly press the open borders to the Dirt World pedal to the medal. The unrepentant destruction of their homeland is apparently worth it to them if it peeves the Deplorables.

Well, they had better enjoy the feeling now, because the bill will come due and they are gonna get a sticker shock like they've never had before.

Rage Against The Reckoning

CH · 11 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Prominent Democrats lined up to hammer Attorney General Bill Barr for testifying Wednesday that federal authorities had spied on the Trump campaign in 2016, with one top House Democrat charging that Barr is not acting "in the best interest of the DOJ or the country."
>
> "**I think spying did occur**," Barr said during the explosive hearing before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee. "The question is whether it was adequately predicated. …**Spying on a political campaign is a big deal.**"
>
> Barr later clarified in the hearing: "I am not saying that improper surveillance occurred; I'm saying that I am concerned about it and looking into it, that's all."
>
> *—Dems rage against Barr for backing claims of Trump campaign 'spying' by FBI*

Dems rage. They are indignant. What I hear are the squeals of fear.

Stuck pigs. Cornered rats. They know the walls are closing in on them and their allies in the media.

I, and others in the FreeThought Community, were on top of this from the moment Trump won the election. Just do a global search on this blog for "Deep State Update". Anyone who wasn't blinded by Trump Derangement Syndrome and by faith in a dying and soon to be dead Universalist religion could see that the DOJ, CIA, and FBI had been compromised by corrupt Gaymulatto holdovers and Clinton lackeys, and weaponized into a secret police force that took a shit on civil rights and Constitutional protections to attempt to oust Trump from office in an illegal coup.

Bigger Than Watergate is understating it. The scandal here is so huge and monstrous that in saner times there would be many seditious heads getting fitted in the latest neckware.

Everyone who isn't braindead from a Woke stupor understands the portentousness of Barr's testimony. As usual, this guy gets it,

> There's no disputing Barr's first point: Spying on a presidential campaign is a big deal, especially when it was authorized by a rival administration. Imagine if, a year from now, the Trump administration allowed the FBI to surveil officials in the Kamala Harris for president campaign. Imagine if, when caught, Trump pointed to opposition research generated by the RNC as justification for that surveillance. How would the media react to that? Like it was a major, jaw-dropping scandal. And this show would heartily agree. We wouldn't defend it. Law enforcement should never be used as a partisan political tool, no matter who it benefits.
>
> But the media doesn't feel that way about Obama's spying. They refuse to admit it was even spying. Professional dumb person, Jennifer Rubin of The Washington Post, attacked the attorney general for daring to bring up the topic at all. She called Barr 'Trump's toad.' CNN, meanwhile, assured it's viewers that there is 'little evidence' that spying occurred. But that's a lie. There is plenty of evidence. We've had it for months. In 2016 and 2017, the FBI wiretapped Paul Manafort, Trump's former campaign chairman. Former Trump aide Carter Page was spied on extensively, even though it was obvious from day one that he wasn't a Russian spy. Last year, we learned that the FBI used an informant to feed them information from inside the Trump campaign. **This is all spying. There's no other word for it.**

I sometimes wonder how shitlibs will react when their lies, false beliefs, and mythologies come crashing down around them? How will they handle it when they realize their sworn enemy, the "alt-right" (note: not "conservatives"), was right all along, and they were wrong? That they have made of themselves fools, idiots,

villains, and dupes?

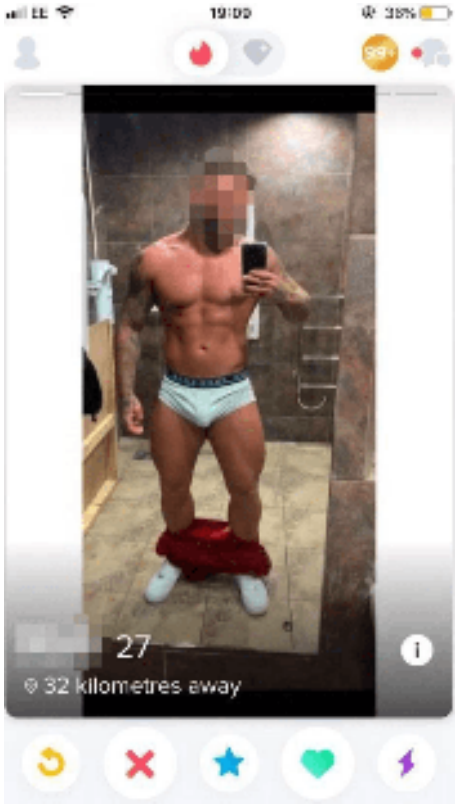
I hope for a mass self-deliverance event, but shitlibs are too cowardly to take that honorable course of action. Most likely, they will double and triple down, descending ever-more rapidly into their own personal lunacies, until they disappear from public life, medicating themselves on the offal of shrinking niche shitlib media cesspits and cat nuzzles. They will go to their unremarked graves shrieking at the sky, sad and pathetic, and constantly reminded by the reality which enshrouds them of their wrongness, and this will be the Endless Ego Death from which they will find no respite, owing to their aforementioned cowardice.

The accumulated filth of all their shitlib lies and depravity will foam up about their shattered egos and all the whorenalists and blueticks and pussyhatters and virtue signalers will look up and shout “Bring back civility!”…and I’ll look down and

Alpha Male Tinder Profil des Monats

CH · 12 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Über:



27

32 kilometres away

I have 3 rules..
Rule 1, I don't want to be step dad so no kids unless u have just one I want my OWN thanks
Rules 2, if you date black Boys or think about it don't even text me
Rule 3, I don't want a time waster or someone who is a bum .. go make your own money u lazy f

I have my own 2 bed flat I bought
I body build
I have a German shepherd
I eat a lot
I don't take s

Good luck girls

Der Soytoff auf dieser snarky Website glaubt, dass unser geschwollener Tschad keine Abnehmer bekommt, aber er

hat kein Verständnis. Ich gehe davon aus, dass OopsMyTracksuitPants in kürzester Zeit im Snapper schwimmen wird.

Rechtschaffenes Disqualifikationsspiel anerkannt!

So weckt man die Neugier der Mädchen. Man beurteilt sie. Wenn du einem Mädchen erlaubst, dich zu beurteilen, wird sie immer strafend urteilen. Wenn du stattdessen das Drehbuch umdrehst und ein Mädchen beurteilst, wird sie dich positiv beurteilen, da sie durch ihre Investition, dich als höheren Wert zu betrachten, psychologisch gepflegt wird, als wenn du versuchen würdest, ihr zu gefallen.

Es ist auch nur eine gute Strategie, alleinerziehende Mütter, Schlammhaie und Goldgräber zu benachrichtigen.

***

TheGopnik kommentiert:

Ich habe dies in der Daily Mail gesehen. Die üblichen Kommentare lauten wie erwartet: „Er ist schwul“, „Schau, wie kurz er ist“ usw., übliche snarky feministische Reaktionen und Sojboys, die sich „im Namen aller Männer entschuldigen“. Der einzige positive Kommentar in den Top 100 war: „Warum versuchen es die Leute mit ihm? Tinder ist ebenso voll von erbärmlichen Frauen mit ähnlichen Anforderungen. Die Frauen fragen nach Gehältern für Männer, Größe, mit Sixpacks usw.“

Die westliche Kultur ist so verloren, entwertet und getäuscht, dass grundlegende Spielkonzepte zu revolutionären Traktaten und strafbaren Gedankenverbrechen geworden sind.

Es ist schwer zu glauben, dass der anglo-sexuelle Markt seit dem Aufkommen von Game- und Realtalk-Blogs wie diesem SCHLECHTER geworden ist, aber man muss akzeptieren, dass der Markt für hübsche Lügen viel größer ist als der Markt für hässliche Wahrheiten. Nur außergewöhnliche Männer und Frauen finden den Weg zum Schloss.

***

Feral Sigma präsentiert sein Craigslist Personals Game der alten Schule:

„Vor ungefähr fünf Jahren habe ich diese Anzeige auf Craigslist-Kontaktanzeigen gepostet. Es war die einzige Anzeige, die ich jemals gepostet habe und die eine anständige Anzahl von Antworten erhielt. Natürlich wurde es schließlich von der Zensur abgeschafft:

Im Ernst, öffne diese Anzeige nicht.

Nun, es sieht so aus, als hättest du die Anzeige geöffnet. Das war dumm. Aber du könnest dich trotzdem retten, indem du nicht darauf reagierst.

Ich bin eine SWM, 39, mit einer bipolaren schizoaffektiven Störung. Ich besitze mehrere Waffen und schlafe sogar nachts mit einer im Bett. Ich horte Munition. Ich gehe auf und ab und murmle etwas vor mich hin. Ich wurde vom Bundesstaat Arizona für verrückt erklärt und unfreiwillig verpflichtet. Ich war auch öfter im Gefängnis, wie ich mich erinnern kann. Ich bin ein lebenslanges Mitglied der Gun Owners of America, der Waffenlobby für Leute, die denken, dass die NRA nicht extrem genug ist. Ich denke, dass die schwarzen Hubschrauber mich jeden Moment mitnehmen werden. Ich habe seit über zehn Jahren keinen festen Job mehr gehabt.

Du willst keinen Mann wie mich in deinem Leben. Du brauchst keinen Mann wie mich in deinem Leben. Aber du wirst trotzdem auf diese Anzeige antworten, auch nachdem du gewarnt wurdest, oder? Weil du es doch geöffnet hast, nachdem du gewarnt wurdest, oder?

Ich kann es kaum erwarten, von dir zu hören. Tschüss für heute…

Dies ist ein klassisches Selbstdisqualifizierungsspiel, auch bekannt als Be A Challenge (und sei ein bisschen schlau).

Glimmers Of The Trump We Voted For

CH · 12 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Due to the fact that Democrats are unwilling to change our very dangerous immigration laws, we are indeed, as reported, giving strong considerations to placing Illegal Immigrants in Sanctuary Cities only….
>
> — Donald J. Trump (@realDonaldTrump) April 12, 2019

What Trump twatted today:

> Due to the fact that Democrats are unwilling to change our very dangerous immigration laws, we are indeed, as reported, giving strong considerations to placing Illegal Immigrants in Sanctuary Cities only….
>
> ….The Radical Left always seems to have an Open Borders, Open Arms policy – so this should make them very happy!

THIS is the Trump we voted for! How do I know? Well, one, forcing xenophilic shitlibs to choke on their hypocrisy is always good policy.

Two, it triggered the HOLY FUCK out of shitlibs. Many sly shitlords descended in the Twatter thread to innocently ask rattled shitlibs why it's a problem if Trump relocates illegal aliens into their Orwellian-named sanctuary cities?

I thought shitlibs would welcome their "gifts of love" into their own neighborhoods? What's that, Nancy Pelosi? Alyssa Milano? And the rest of you virtue sniveling phonies? You have a problem with Trump's suggestion? Are you……RACIST?

Of course, this being Trump, we've been teased before. I hope this goes somewhere, redux.

Word has it that Stephen Miller is now calling the shots on all things related to the border and immigration, and was responsible for this latest proposal by Trump.

> Homeland Security officials said the sanctuary city request was unnerving, and it underscores the political pressure Trump and Miller have put on ICE and other DHS agencies at a time when the president is furious about the biggest border surge in more than a decade.
>
> "It was basically an idea that Miller wanted that nobody else wanted to carry out," said one congressional investigator who has spoken to one of the whistleblowers. "What happened here is that Stephen Miller called people at ICE, said if they're going to cut funding, you've got to make sure you're releasing people in Pelosi's district and other congressional districts."

Stephen Miller saves America.

Stephen Miller is /our-number-one-guy/.

Stephen Miller is more Trump than Trump.

Kind of ironic, doncha think?

> The investigator spoke on the condition of anonymity to protect the whistleblower.

Whistleblower, or bureaucratically entrenched #resistor ? You be the judge!

> The idea of releasing immigrants into sanctuary cities was not presented to Ronald Vitiello, the agency's acting director, according to one DHS official familiar with the plan. Last week, the White House rescinded Vitiello's

> nomination to lead ICE, giving no explanation, and Vitiello submitted his resignation Wednesday, ending his 30-year-career.

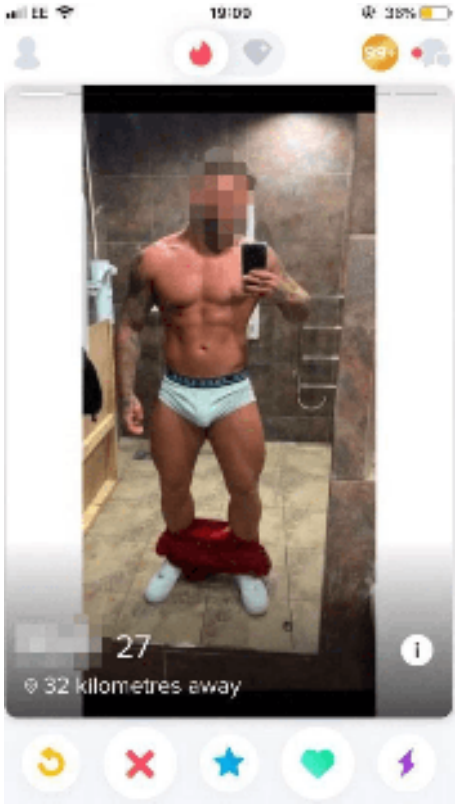
Faster, please.

> According to both, there were at least two versions of the plan being considered. One was to move migrants who were already in ICE detention to the districts of Democratic opponents. The second option was to bus migrants apprehended at the border to sanctuary cities, such as New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

Alpha Male Tinder Profile Of The Month

CH · 12 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Via:



27

32 kilometres away

I have 3 rules..
Rule 1, I don't want to be step dad so no kids unless u have just one I want my OWN thanks
Rules 2, if you date black Boys or think about it don't even text me
Rule 3, I don't want a time waster or someone who is a bum .. go make your own money u lazy f

I have my own 2 bed flat I bought
I body build
I have a German shepherd
I eat a lot
I don't take s

Good luck girls

The soytoff at that snarky website thinks our swole Chad won't get any takers, but he has no understanding. I

predict OopsMyTracksuitPants will swim in snapper in no time.

Righteous Disqualification Game recognized!

This is how you spark girls' curiosity. You judge them. If you allow a girl to judge you, she will always judge punitively. If you instead flip the script and judge a girl, she will judge you favorably because she is psychologically groomed by her investment into pleasing you to consider you higher value than if you were trying to please her.

Also, it's just good policy to put single mommies, mudsharks, and gold diggers on notice.

***

TheGopnik comments,

> Saw this over at the Daily Mail, the usual comments are as expected , "he's gay" , "look how short he is" etc, usual snarky feminist responses and soyboys "apologising on behalf of all men" . The only positive comment in the top 100 was "Why are people having a go at him? Tinder is equally full of pathetic women with similar requirements. The women asking for men's salaries, height, with six packs etc"

Western culture is so lost, debased, and deluded that basic Game concepts have become revolutionary tracts and punishable thought crimes.

It's hard to believe the Anglo sexual market has gotten WORSE since the advent of Game and realtalk blogs like this one, but one has to accept that the market for pretty lies is much larger than the market for ugly truths. Only exceptional men and women find their way to the Chateau.

***

Feral Sigma presents his old school Craigslist Personals Game:

> 'Bout five years ago, I posted this ad on craigslist personals. It was the only ad I ever posted that got a decent number of responses. Of course, it was taken down eventually by the censors:
>
> Seriously, don't open this ad….
>
> Well, it looks like you opened the ad. That was stupid. But you can still save yourself by not responding to it.
>
> I'm a SWM, 39, with bipolar schizoaffective disorder. I own several guns and even sleep with one in the bed at night. I hoard ammunition. I pace the floor muttering to myself. I have been declared insane by the state of Arizona and involuntarily committed. I have also been in jail more times than I can remember. I am a life member of the Gun Owners of America, which is the gun lobby for people who think that the NRA is not extreme enough. I think that the black helicopters are going to come and take me away any minute now. I have not had a steady job in over ten years.
>
> You don't want a man like me in your life. You don't need a man like me in your life. But you're going to respond to this ad anyway, even after having been warned, aren't you? Because, after all, you opened it after having been warned, didn't you?
>
> Can't wait to hear from you. Bye for now…

This is classic Self-Disqualification Game aka Be A Challenge (and be a little bit clever).

All The Humor Is On The Dissident Right

CH · 12 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Hidden camera inside the US Federal Reserve.
>
> ***
>
> When you spin your body like you spin the news.
>
> ***
>
> You just got charged for watching the video
>
> ***
>
> When you own both CNN and Fox News
>
> ***
>
> When WTC Building 7 finally collapsed in the afternoon.
>
> ***
>
> When they found a parking spot with money still on the meter.
>
> ***
>
> When the US pledges another 3 billion in aid to Israel
>
> ***
>
> When you successfully subvert a culture.
>
> ***
>
> When Rammstein's music video gets taken down social media.
>
> ***
>
> Try to roll a penny on the floor and look what's going to happen
>
> ***
>
> When you destroy the USS liberty and try to blame Egypt

Leftoids lost their humor when they gained power. There's a lesson there.

PS Ethnic and racial humor is long overdue for a comeback.

***

This is a very good blog post by an anonymous author, about current and ongoing geopolitical tumult. In it, the author wonders why Trump appeases [special people] who so clearly despise him and his constituency, and who tirelessly work to undermine his agenda and his presidency.

> The latest hate-driven operations by the Iron Cross-seeking Gaulieters Nadler and Schiff will lead to nothing substantive, but they will harass and defame the president, while robbing the republic of two more years of its life. What is it that has driven Jewish-Americans, seemingly as a whole, to hate a president who, despite their united and virulent opposition, has improved American living and economic conditions far more in two years than the Jewish-American-loved Obama-Biden regime did in eight?
>
> In part, it is because of their disregard, even contempt for all Americans who are not part of their community, as well as those Americans who oppose the policies that the community's spokesmen, media, celebrities, and political leaders make clear they love best; namely, abortion/infanticide; identity politics like those of Nazi

> Germany; Islamophobia; ending the electoral college,; open borders; minority rule; sexual deviancy redefined as normal behavior; white people, the climate-change hoax; demented feminism; neutering the 1st, 2nd, and 4th Amendments; hating Americans from the southern states and the Midwest; and, most of all, Israel.
>
> The Jewish-Americans' deep-seated hatred for President Trump has existed since he announced his candidacy and today is broadcast far, wide, and daily. Starting with Bill Kristol's anti-Trump obsession – yielding the destruction of his own magazine and, currently, his own hilariously self-demeaning role on CNN – leading members of the Jewish-American community in all walks of life have heaped hatred, vitriol, and lies upon Trump, his administration, and his family. Under this downpour of Jewish-American hate, Trump has conducted himself with more of the actions of a true Israel-First shill than almost any of his predecessors. The president has moved the U.S. embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem: he has recognized Israeli sovereignty over the Golan Heights; in his campaign to significantly reduce wasteful and often stupid foreign aid, he has made no mention of reducing the $38 billion in taxpayer funds that Israel is extorting from the U.S. Congress it owns; he has lavished praise on an apparently corrupt Israeli prime minister; and he has used his son-in-law to do Israel's bidding in the farce known as the Middle East Peace Process. In other words, short of converting, Trump could not have done more in terms of behaving like an Israel-Firster – the direct opposite and deadly enemy of America First — and kowtowing to Jewish-Americans and Israel. Nor could he have done more in less time to solidify hatred for the United State in the minds of Muslims in America and around much of the Islamic world.
>
> Which leaves two questions: Why do Jewish-Americans and their leaders and journalists so universally hate Trump? And why, in response to their mocking, scurrilous, and lying hatred, has the president continued to act as their pathetic yes-man?
>
> I have no definitive answer, but I do have a speculation. The blazing hatred for Trump from Nadler, Schiff, Bloomberg, Wasserman-Schultz, Kristol, Durbin, Finestein, and so many other leading Jewish-Americans in politics, the media, the academy, and Hollywood could well mean that these creatures believe Trump will ultimately stop his slow application of an America First foreign and military policy by lethally turning on his, America First's, and the republic's greatest domestic enemies, of which there are five main groupings.
>
> The first four are (a) the mid- and senior-levels of the federal bureaucracy, (b) the Democratic Party, (c) the academy, and (d) almost all of the media. The federal bureaucracy is already being culled of its richly verminous manpower – note the panic of Brennan, et. al — and the pace of that delightful process seems ready to pick up considerably. The Democratic Party is being destroyed by its socialist majority, and before long many dozens of its leaders will be facing the splendid pain inherent in the coming return of equal treatment under the law. No longer immune from the law that applies to all other Americans, these Democratic grandees will be humiliated, incarcerated, and forever vilified. The academy, too, will soon be imploding as a consequence of the 1st Amendment being restored to campuses. The academy's hoard of two-bit, badly educated professors will confront the end of their courses on righteous feminism, anti-American U.S. history, gender studies, statue destruction, Antifa-sanctifying, the glories of sexual deviance, pedophilia, multiculturalism, and diversity, and a host of other useless topics once classrooms are again open to students who know these subjects are worthless and can be debated into oblivion by a bit of commonsense and the 1st Amendment's ironclad protections. Not much needs to be said about the media. These Bloomsbury-like, faux intellectuals and sexually-uncertain weaklings have destroyed their own credibility, and will, if there is any justice, drown in the stinking cesspool they created and call home, all the while shrieking about Russian interference.
>
> The republic's fifth lethal enemy, unsurprisingly, is…

Click the link for the rest of the story!

Ok, one more bit. The author is optimistic about Trump's hidden game plan.

> But, if my hunch is correct, President Trump knows the depth, breadth, and power of these corrupting [specials].
>
> […]
>
> My bet is that President Trump will make the disloyal [specials] and their country of first allegiance the last target on the above list of the five deadly enemies of the republic. The president seems to have insulated himself – through his butt-kissing praise for Israel and such Neocon stupidities as his decisions on Jerusalem and the Golan Heights – from any accusations of anti-Israeli thoughts, words, or behavior. When the time comes, Trump will have massive, and massively persuasive, data that will disclose to Americans the details of Israel's longtime corruption of the U.S. Congress; campaign of espionage against the U.S. government and military; and practice of sharing U.S. technology and other classified information with the republic's enemies. When Trump does this, Israel and Special-American Israel Firsters, together with the extraordinary damage they have done to U.S. foreign policy and the republic as a whole, will be, at long last, just an annoying memory.

A boy can dream.

A Warning, But From Whom?

CH · 15 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

If God wanted to send a symbolic warning of the West burning, this would be it.

Or maybe it was a warning from the invaders and their cabal sponsors, to the effect of, “We’re here, and there’s nothing you can do to stop us taking command of your countries, retconning your history, and razing your monuments”.

Either interpretation doesn’t bode well for native Westerners.

The White West was the spire of humanity. It has fallen.

We’ll rebuild from the ashes, but first, there is the long overdue separation from the corrupted facsimile of the West that holds us back. It’s time to let go of what we have become.

***

Not that you would know this from watching chaimstream media news, but there has been a rash of cathedral and church burnings throughout France. One month ago, the second largest church in Paris, the Sulpice, burned. It was instantly memory-holed as an “accident”.

(Shepard Smith of Fairy News actually cut off a French official who tried to tell his viewers that there have been numerous Churches desecrated in France.)

Meanwhile…

Laugh it up, vibrants, it's all getting stored to memory.

***

Twenty minutes into a fire at Notre Dame Cathedral one week before Easter and the French "authorities" said it was caused by a construction restoration accident.

Whenever they frantically rush out the pat Globohomo-preserving excuse that can't possibly have been the result of thorough investigation, your suspicions should be raised.

It could be an accident, but if I had to put money on it…

> *You can even see the [head scarf], so this is proof there is NFW this was an "industrial accident."*
>
> *UPDATE: We know now there were no construction workers on site, and fire brigade wears bright red. This is a M*slim saboteur.*
>
> *I ripped the original source, and uploaded it to YouTube:*
> *https://youtu.be/wU6jL7rpdYI*

DEUSVULT asks,

> In islam, it is forbidden and considered a sin to contribute towards the construction of a church. In fact, it is their duty to destroy churches and replace them with mosques.
>
> Who are the workers at Notre Dame?

I predict we will never get an answer to that question, and any intrepid reporter who dares to investigate will somehow find himself smeared by Globohomo media apparatchiks.

***

Sallust eloquently reminds us of the material and symbolic loss of the Notre Dame fire,

> In terms of material culture, the loss of Notre Dame is the biggest hit the West has taken in my lifetime. I can think of nothing destroyed in World War II that compares with it. Taking the long view, today's loss ranks with the burning of the Library of Alexandria. Yet FoxNews is hosting a Bernie Sanders town hall; Lou Dobbs is talking about flags on the side of police cars in Laguna Hills; and the lead story on National Review is another piece of petty partisan crap by David French about Ihlan Omar. I have seen way too many stories in the European media–published with no apparent sense of self-reflective irony–about how the cathedral has been saved because–although its internal supports, its roof, its spiritual artwork, its interior, and its spire reaching up to heaven have all been destroyed–its facade (so well known to the tourists!) still stands. Is it any wonder that

> those who do not appreciate or even understand the fruits of our civilization are unwilling to defend the peoples and the lands that gave birth to that civilization?

Men have lost connection to God and purpose.

Women have lost connection to men and their own femininity.

Children have lost connection to their parents.

Families have lost connection to their relatives.

Neighbors have lost connection to each other.

Countryside has lost connection to towns, which have lost connection to cities.

And Westerners have lost connection to their ancestors.

The unraveling of Western greatness is a story of disconnection. Of a Great Severing.

***

Zman writes of the by now banal double standard which applies to the defilement of White glories,

> Imagine instead of a masterpiece of Western civilization, it was a mosque or a synagogue that caught fire and burned to the ground. Big tech would already be de-platforming all of us. The EU would rush through laws banning us from the public space.
>
> Instead we're going to get a week of stories about how accidents happen.

Whites utterly dispossessed from their homelands
"Ah, well, accidents happen!"

> I would bet that the crews working on the Notre Dame Cathedral were mostly immigrants. Probably Tunisians and Algerians. The few French working the project would have spent their time making sure the Algerians and Tunisians did not try to kill one another.
>
> The price of cheap labor is your heritage.

J.R. quips,

> Any sufficiently retarded immigration policy is indistinguishable from terrorism.
>
> …
>
> the best case scenario is that the fire wasn't set on purpose, it's just that all the @ and @ doing the work were so stupid, lazy, and indifferent to quality and safety standards that it caught fire anyway.

There's frequently some animus inherent in gross incompetence, especially when the mercenary laborers are so alien to their employers. Yeah, an african "left" a lit cig on the floor, and that will be recorded in the books as an "accidental fire" but there would have been a callous disregard motivating that "accident".

When one small church in rural France burns, "accident" is a plausible cause.

When a hundred churches and cathedrals all over France and particularly in its biggest city, Paris, burn during Christendom's holiest weeks, ya gotta start thinking something other than a series of "accidents" are responsible.

PS Some indie news outlets are reporting that Macron ordered that half the work force on the Notre Dame

restoration should be Middle East migrants. I can't vouch for that bit of news, but honestly would anyone here doubt it?

PPS On a hopeful note, the Cross in the center of the Cathedral was untouched:

Charlize Theron, Single Muddery, And The Wall

CH · 15 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> 'Shockingly' Single Charlize Theron Wants Someone To 'Grow A Pair' And Ask Her Out
>
> Somewhat unbelievably the atomic blonde and generally dynamite actress Charlize Theron says her dating life is about as bleak as a "Mad Max" dystopian wasteland.
>
> The Oscar winner revealed she's had trouble locking down a date of late, and urged potential suitors to "grow a pair and step up" if they'd like a chance with her.
>
> "I've been single for 10 years. It's not a long shot. Somebody just needs to grow a pair and step up," the actress told "Entertainment Tonight" at CinemaCon in Las Vegas on Thursday. "I'm shockingly available."

Theron adopted two virtue signal props. Two. As if one enfant nuffin wasn't enough. She forces the young boy to wear dresses because in her twisted mind she thinks it raises her social status even more if her lil' fudgeball is boy2girl transitioning. (Note: this is child abuse.)

Theron is very close to hitting the Wall, if she hasn't already.

She is a single ~~muddy~~ mommy with two adopted tokens she pretends to love.

She dresses the boy like a girl.

She's a pussyhatter who chopped her hair short, as if she was at war with her inherited beauty, now rapidly disappearing. (A short war that will be ended for her on a timetable sure to be resented by her.)

And she lies to herself and everyone around her when she says stuff like this:

> "Once you have children, that's who you are. There is no way around that. That's who I am," she explained back in 2017. "Once I had my kids, the first two years you're so, you turn into such a mom. Your body almost

> switches off. It's like I had no desire to date or anything."

Charlize, dear, you didn't have children. You adopted two random babies from the third world. You never gave birth. Your body never sustained life. Your vagina never expelled an infant of your own blood and soul. Your body didn't "almost switch off" because your body never went through the childbirth process and your kids aren't your own, which everyone including yourself knows but will never say out loud. You "love" your alien-looking kids marginally more than you love a complete stranger. You "turned into such a mom" only in your head, where your fantastical self-conception demanded that you be the mom which in your heart you don't really feel you are.

You had no "desire to date" because no man who could meet your standards wanted to date a headcase single mom, so you hamsterly rationalized to yourself that it was your choice to drop out of the dating market.

Naturally, now that your once-hsmv is plummeting through the floor and your increasingly haggard face is made uglier by the swarthlets nipping at your heels, you have trouble finding a worthwhile man who will put up with your mental instability and District 9 home life. And just as naturally, you lash out at men and demean their manhood for not ignoring their own desires to placate your desire, which only adds to the reasons why men don't want to be within a parsec of you after dropping a perfunctory protein torpedo in your infertile exhaust port.

And that is the truth I hope hurts you badly, because you deserve it.

If you want to know why Theron is so fucked in the head, here's your reason:

> She grew up on her parents' farm in Benoni, near Johannesburg. On 21 June 1991, Theron's father, an alcoholic, threatened both teenaged Charlize and her mother while drunk, physically attacking her mother. Theron's mother then shot and killed him. The shooting was legally adjudged to have been self-defence, and her mother faced no charges.

It always comes back to daddy issues. Beta daddies, alcoholic daddies, violent daddies, weak daddies…..the West is in the midst of a Daddy Crisis, and our traitorous, mentally rekt women are the symptom.

PuffedHo asks,

> If she can't get a date, what does that mean for the rest of us?

The lesson for women is obvious.

Don't adopt umber props.

Don't be a single mommy.

Don't be crazy.

Don't be dangerously close to your expiration date.

Don't have a cock count numbering in the hundreds.

Don't cling to the ridiculously high standards you could afford to have when you were younger, hotter, tighter, and child-free.

Don't get angry at men for noticing when you break all the above rules.

Caption Contest: Setting A Rye Barr

CH · 15 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

We should have moved the embassy to Tehran.

PS James Woods wields a shiv like few others.

> They don't see the irony of ending this harangue with "PERIOD?" https://t.co/GkMwGmJBqR
>
> — James Woods (@RealJamesWoods) April 3, 2019

Americans Never Supported Mass Immigration

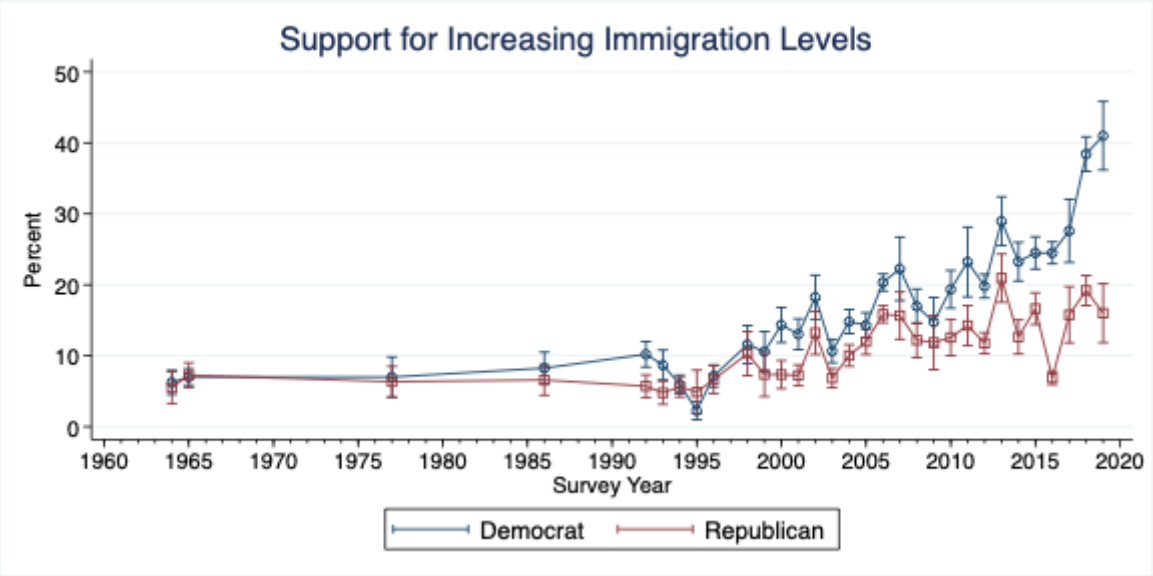
CH · 16 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

For a long time, a super majority of Americans opposed increased immigration.

And yet, they got it, good and hard, against their wishes.

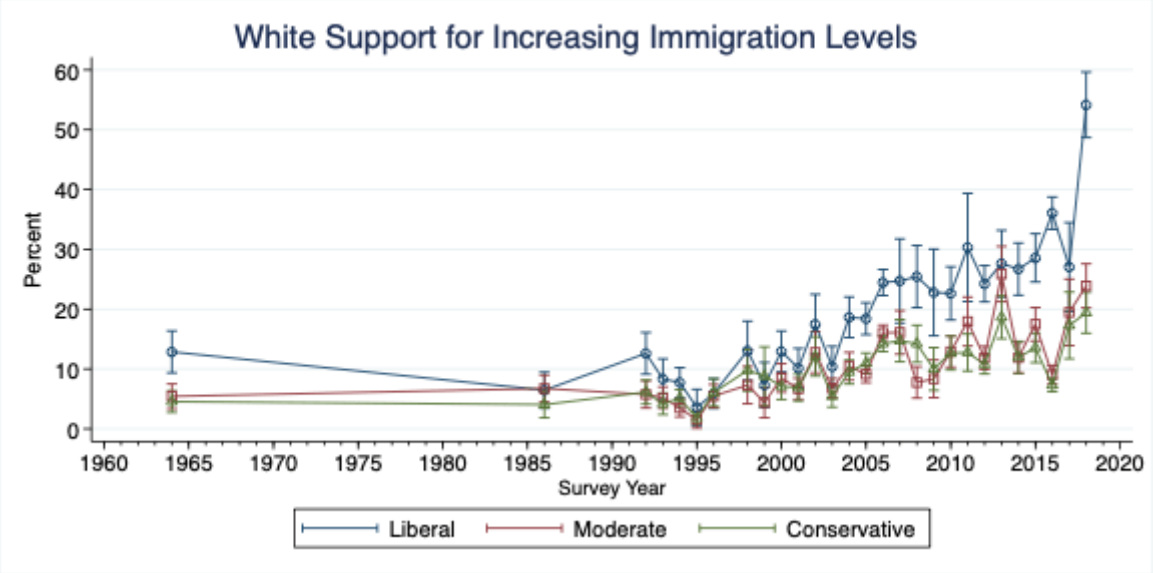
> 1/n Updated immigration-level preferences graph with some data from the 60s, 70s, and 80s. Interesting that support for increasing immigration was so low the very year (1965) that Congress loosened immig. restrictions, which led to one of the largest immig. waves in US history pic.twitter.com/z3iiJ7Q9l0
>
> — Zach Goldberg (@ZachG932) April 9, 2019

More:



Support for increasing immigration was flat and low for decades until around 2000, when it slowly rose among cucks and shot upward among Democortezes.

Support among Whites:



Wow. Amazing to think that as recently as 1995, less than 5% of Whites OF ANY POLITICAL AFFILIATION supported open borders.

So…what the fuck happened?

First, note that a majority of White Americans STILL oppose open borders, even in this age of runaway virtue sniveling. Don't let the insular chaimstream media gaslight you.

Second, the slow increase in open borders support began during Dumbya's first term, just around the time of 9/11.

This makes no sense until you consider that a proper virtue signal needs a self-discrediting calamity to signal against. Whites in happy homogeneous nations don't conspicuously virtue signal until there is Diversity in place to start the sanctimony feedback loop. It isn't until status-striving Whites have a little misbehaving Diversity to exploit as props that they begin to posture against "racist" Whites who bitterly cling to outmoded concepts like wisdom and common sense.

9/11 wasn't a wake up call; it was a woke up call. The worst of the White race — the benighted, self-righteous universalists — received a lesson from 9/11 that was the precise opposite of the obvious lesson intended. Instead of limiting the invasion of the types of people who plan, cheer, or otherwise excuse gross atrocities against Westerners, White shitlibs took it as an opportunity to "welcome" more of them here, just so they could ham-fistedly sneer about their elevated moral worldview.

Viewed this way, it's not a surprise, then, that moslem migration to the US in the fifteen years AFTER 9/11 was HIGHER than moslem migration before 9/11. The Runaway Virtue Signal Train was hitting its straightaway stride.

Between the early 2000s and now, open borders hysteria and border denialism among Whites have steadily increased. It really increased in Dubya's second term (a result of the constant cuckservative agitprop about "religion of peace" and "hard working mexicans"?). There was a faint pause in the rise of open borders support when gaymulatto was elected in 2008 ("What have I done" White anxiety?), but then it shot up again during the remainder of the gaymulatto years, most pronounced among White shitlibs. By the end of obama's 2nd term, White cucks and moderates were having second thoughts about open borders, but White Dems…they were gonna ride their nation-wrecking religion right to the End Times.

Then Trump altered the cosmic balance.

A disturbance in the force rocked the White shitlib self-regard. In response, the White shitlibs' stated (as opposed to revealed) preference for open borders skyrocketed, and now sits close to 60% support. Moderates and conservatives also began to show increased support for open borders during this time, but still at very low numbers overall (<25%).

Don't be disheartened, patriots. What you see is the death rattle of a wheezing Equalist religion on the cusp of total refutation. The body fights hard right before the moment of death, refusing at the very end, in one mighty spasm, to relinquish itself. Trump was the mortal blow to the reigning orthodoxy of Equalism; his symbology dwarfs that of any recent president. White shitlibs now had their Sith Lord against which to virtue signal like they have never virtue signaled before, and they let it rip with a fury, knowing someplace deep inside themselves that this was the last hurrah for the primacy of their distorted moral framework.

Cucks and moderates got caught up in the hysteria, as well, and one must marvel that they aren't more converged given the weight of media propaganda and State repression aimed at dissidents to Globohomo doctrine. I am filled with optimism that non-shitlib Whites retain so much sanity in the face of what must be history's largest gaslighting campaign.

Bottom line: don't expect those rising trend lines in support of open borders to continue much longer. We may be at, or near, Peak Virtue Signal, and when the bubble bursts on this hyper-inflated market the crash will be, in a word, spectacular.

PS The fact that the American public was dead-set against open borders for decades, but got open borders anyway, is proof that we are ruled by a malevolent elite and avaricious oligarchy that does what it wants and mocks our quaint attachment to “democracy”.

Macron The Quisling

CH · 16 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Not fake.

There isn't a satirist alive who could skewer Clown World better than Clown World already skewers itself.

Understand what Maricon does here. He knows the native stock French are fed up with the Diversity™ and he knows the Notre Dame fire steels hearts against the invading horde. His using this incendiary language right at the moment his subjects are inflamed with nationalist passion is a deliberate provocation: Macron rubs his Globohomo depravity in the faces of White Frenchmen, and pushes their noses into the filth.

This is humiliation porn for globalist traitors like Maricon. That's all it is. Immediately returning, without a hint of shame, to the "diversity is our strength" mantra in the wake of a powerful symbol of the failings of multiracial diversity is nothing less than a flexing of Globohomo power meant to intimidate White Frenchmen to cower before their New World Disorder.

It is to say that even when your most cherished civilizational masterpieces are burned to the ground, you have no recourse to stop globalism and to restore the cohesion of your nation. In your moment of greatest indignation and moral justification, you still must bend the knees to your effete Globohomo masters and take the diseased cock of their nightmare dystopia.

When you realize that every minute of every day your elites are engaged in active demoralization campaigns against you and yours, you begin to stop caring what they have to say…and to start thinking of new ways forward, and through them.

Sez It All

CH · 17 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Stunning: 67% of Republican Voters Think Arrival of Massive Numbers of Immigrants and Refugees is Harmful — Only 16% of GOP Leaders Agree

Both the D and R Parties need to be destroyed, but I'd start with the GOPe, because the traitor at your back is more dangerous than the enemy at your face.

If you wondered why

NO WALL

NO DEPORTATIONS

NO HART-CELLER REPEAL

NO END TO DACA

AND MORE H1-Bs

then look no further than your GOP representative. They have been jamming up Campaign Trump's agenda from day one.

Yes, the GOP elitists who can afford to wall (heh) themselves off from the third world diversity they eagerly invite into the country are unconcerned about the harm caused by something they don't personally experience.

New ruling class, when?

Judas Kushner

CH · 17 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Anyone read Ann Coulter's latest column? She unleashes hell.

> Even after Trump won the presidency, Jared Kushner was embarrassed by his father-in-law, according to Vicky Ward's terrific new book, Kushner, Inc.: Greed. Ambition. Corruption. The Extraordinary Story of Jared Kushner and Ivanka Trump
>
> In a speech to hundreds of New York bankers and businessmen on Dec. 16, 2016, Jared admitted that Trump was "easy to hate from afar." But not to worry, he said, Trump wouldn't be keeping his campaign promises — especially on immigration.
>
> One banker who heard the speech was appalled, shocked by Jared's arrogance in thinking he could "control" the president.
>
> Joke's on him. Turns out Jared was right. He does control Trump.

She goes on to list all the ways Judas Kushner betrayed and undermined the MAGA agenda on which Trump campaigned. For example,

> Early in the administration, Jared demanded that Trump endorse the widely unpopular establishment Republican, Luther Strange, in the 2017 special Senate race in Alabama to replace Jeff Sessions.
>
> Like night follows day, Trump suffered a humiliating defeat. It turned out Alabamians preferred *anyone* to Strange. First they voted for a nut in the primary, and then for a Democrat in the general.

If she's referring to that "nut" Roy Moore, I'm pleased to inform her that Moore now leads in an Alabama Senate poll (and his support among women is higher than among men).

I wonder how many will recall that I made a prediction, soon after Trump's inauguration, that the biggest danger to his presidency would be family in his inner circle? I wrote that Javanka could become Trump's Achilles' Heel. My reasoning was simple: No one near to Trump and tuned into the MAGA zeitgeist would feel free to criticize "daddy's little girl" (who is a garden variety cosmopolitan shitlib from all accounts), and Jared's ideological loyalty would be, first and last, to his tribe.

I made a related prediction a few months back, when it became obvious the Trump Train was headed for derailment: Bernard Sanders would win in 2020 if Trump didn't execute a course correction soon.

There have been glimmers of a correction recently, but nothing will send a message as loud and clear as President Trump kicking Judas Kushner out of the White House.

Do it for the Forgotten Americans, Mr. Trump, even if you must sacrifice a Favored American.

PS A. Anglin wrote an excellent long-form review of the book *Kushner, Inc.*

H A R D C O R E

CH · 17 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Nobody gives a flying fuck about homosexuality one way or the other until the left politicized it and tried to use it as a moral and political bludgeon. You're a tiny and insignificant portion of the population, the world does not revolve around your stupid fucking sexual identity. You didn't even construct a crime of existence when before there was beer. Now, good job.

Been out 8 years ago, I was totally indifferent. I didn't care one way or the other, like a lot of people. But now, after years of hysterics, pearl clutching, demonizing and obnoxious political theatrics, I'm totally opposed to it. I'll literally sign off on outlawing it now. Fuck off. I'll cite the astronomical STD rates on guys and sexually transmitted diseases. You're basically walking petri dishes, so there is clearly a legitimate public interest in prohibiting it. It's basically a public health issue. And I'm just scratching the surface. You're deluded if you think the only criticism we can make of homosexuality is religious.

People become a lot more amenable to this view when you start tying homosexuality to communism, open borders, the destruction of the family or a politics that ignores the financial and social impossibility of having children. They don't have to be religious at all to come around to this view. Beginner.

Do you realize how pathetic you sound? The ridiculous navel-gazing and whinging about your little degenerate cesspool political wish fulfillment societies (no, I'm not discrete because they have no future? Gendered water showering pride parades with corporate money because they want you to keep voting for open border cheap labor mass immigration after 40 years of wage stagnation. Exhausting, nauseating and moronic. But none of this even occurred to you, because you're the star of your own lifetime movie and we're just the extras or the villains.

So you go right ahead and keep trying to shame us as "bigots" for not making your stupid sexual choices the center of our existence and cultural/political life, because all it does is get people to start considering legitimate reasons to prohibit homosexuality, and they do exist. Find that out the hard way.

Nobody is putting you on trial, you idiot. You put us on trial because you let the neoliberals turn you into political props, or ideological fodder for the coddled fashion statement set, and now we're telling you to fuck off. Let me know when you get run out of a job for being a homosexual, or hit with a bike lock by some lunatic while the mass media cheers and snickers, or put away for 10 years after defending yourself from assault when the police look on and do nothing because they were ordered to so that the media could paint you as a monster and justify deplatforming or waging lawfare against you. Tell me more about how you're a trial and boy, because somebody called you a degenerate once.

Oh and by the way, Matthew Shepard wasn't killed by cowboy hat jack rod homophobes, he was killed by other gays. It was over drugs. And since you, like the majority of homosexuals, probably don't know that, let me ask you who is really on trial here and has been the whole time.

Trump Must Thread The Needle Between Socialism And Populism

CH · 18 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Trump has gotten reelection campaign advice from Javanka and other GOPe cucks to go to war against “socialism”. This will be a losing strategy. We’re not living in the Reagan era anymore. If Trump’s election didn’t prove that Reagan 2.0 is a non-starter, I don’t know what will convince these sentimental cornball cucks.

Mark my words, if Trump merges with the Uniparty establishment and embraces globalist Javankaism, the Americans who voted him into office to take on a bitterly malicious elite will switch allegiance to a HARD LEFTOID SOCIALIST to get the job done.

So if you don’t want a HARD LEFTOID SOCIALIST ANTI-WHITE BIGOT in the White House, then let Trump know he’s running out of time to be the man we elected him to be for us.

I haven’t given up on Trump, despite recent (and justified) criticism. The question that will define the next year and a half is whether Trump can recapture that MAGA magic. I remain hopeful, but guarded.

So here are my thoughts on the message Trump needs to craft and the policies he needs to offer if he wants to win a second term. *cracks knuckles*

You know how the pussygrab tape didn’t matter to Trump’s supporters?

Well guess what, Bernard Sanders’ million bucks and socialist hypocrisy won’t matter to his supporters.

Banging that drum will fall on deaf ears.

The only thing that will matter is Trump hewing to his MAGA promises and stealing some of that socialist thunder from Sanders.

And yes, I know that Trump was deliberately misconstrued over the pussygrab stuff, but the optics and media manipulation of context are the only things that matter.

Railing against socialism is a losing proposition. Like it or not, America is entering a new phase of the Turchin cycle when socialist solutions become acceptable to the majority of the population to address growing wealth and SES inequality. Couple this with the hordes of less capable Diversity™ corrupting the electoral map, and redistributive socialism in some form beyond where it’s already at is inevitable.

My preference is that a leader from my side harnesses this wave of corrective socialism, instead of leaving it in the hands of an anti-White POC or [special candidate] (but I repeat myself).

Consider socialism to be the trade-off Trump must make to get a closed border and legal immigration restrictions. Socialist policies can be reversed at a later date; demographic change is forever.

Nationalism, populism, socialism, pick any three.

Zman adds,

> There’s also the fact that America has been a social democracy for close to a century now. Mostly what the Right in America has done since WW2 is perpetuate a fantasy that is not based in fact. Just about every aspect of American life is socialized to some degree.
>
> There is no area of American life where the state does not play an active role and there is no redistributive goal of their involvement. The core of both parties, both sides of the ruling class, is packed to the gills with central planners. Their only dispute is about the resulting patronage.

I hope Trump reads this post. It would do him far more good than listening to Judas Kushner or Ivanka. I want Trump to succeed, but not if he insists on being another lame-ass ¡Jeb!.

Right now, the country and the Trump Administration are at a crossroads. This is a moment as pregnant with anticipation as was the moment Trump descended the golden escalator and the moment he won the election. We stare down a future of redemption, or of Trump slowly, tragically, slipping away as a mere headliner for the main act to come. Which way, Trump?

When I'm feeling optimistic:

Trump sidelines Javanka, consults Bannon through backchannels, reinvigorates immigration hardline policies and offers his own version of single payer healthcare and debt jubilee to capture Berniephag voter base.

When I'm feeling pessimistic:

Trump continues racing away from MAGA, embracing Javankaism, doing nothing substantive, appeasing cucks, snarking about socialism on Twatter, until four months before the election when he's down in the polls and decides that's a good time to invade North Korea.

The final nail in Trump's coffin will occur when Bernie pivots to steal Trump's White male Rust Belt support. If Bernard Sanderstein has his "Sista Soulja" moment and says, on Foxman News, that he has had a refinement of his views on open borders and now believes, like he once did, that it's better for the wages and prospects of America's working class if the border is closed…and Trump stays his current, uninspired course…then Bernard will run away with it in 2020.

If you doubt my power of prescience, remember that I threw my lot in with Trump in June 2015 on a strong hunch he would sweep the field. I have a hunch now, not quite as strong, that Bernard is on the cusp of taking the White House from Trump.

***

PS SCB on the case for why Bernard will never get close to the WH:

> This is why Bernie types will never win. The Democratic Party isn't a leftwing party. It's the party of ethnic narcissists and affluent whites. https://t.co/peTtgJwSkE
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) February 26, 2019

Welp, another great one banned by the bindis at Twatter. Here's what SCB wrote,

> This is why Bernie types will never win. The Democratic Party isn't a leftwing party. It's the party of ethnic narcissists and affluent whites. https://t.co/peTtgJwSkE

PPS My sanity litmus test for a fellow American is a simple one. Are you busy working for groups which resettle third world filth into heartland America? You're insane.

PPPS Don't misunderstand. I'm not a socialist. I think socialism is a harbinger of civdeath, and socialist fervor among the populace intensifies (as it passes through cycles of waning and waxing enthusiasm) the closer a nation gets to the terminus of its life cycle.

PPPPS Shitlibs are deluding themselves and interpreting Trump's statement (see below) as a tacit admission of guilt, but it's obvious from the context (and from what has transpired) that Trump rightfully worried a special council would bog down his presidency until he was completely neutered (which has largely happened). Trump knew his innocence was irrelevant, because the objective of a special council — especially one triggered by a soft coup based on a false pretext — is political delegitimization.

> Trump said, when hearing of the Mueller Report:
>
> "Oh my God! This is terrible. This is the end of my Presidency, I'm fucked!" word for word quote from

> Donald Trump in the Mueller Report.

Evidence

1. The Appointment of the Special Counsel and the President's Reaction

On May 17, 2017, Acting Attorney General Rosenstein appointed Robert S. Mueller, III as Special Counsel and authorized him to conduct the Russia investigation and matters that arose from the investigation.[501] The President learned of the Special Counsel's appointment from Sessions, who was with the President, Hunt, and McGahn conducting interviews for a new FBI Director.[502] Sessions stepped out of the Oval Office to take a call from Rosenstein, who told him about the Special Counsel appointment, and Sessions then returned to inform the President of the news.[503] According to notes written by Hunt, when Sessions told the President that a Special Counsel had been appointed, the President slumped back in his chair and said, "Oh my God. This is terrible. This is the end of my Presidency. I'm fucked."[504] The President became angry and lambasted the Attorney General for his decision to recuse from the investigation, stating, "How could you let this happen, Jeff?"[505] The President said the position of Attorney General was his most important appointment and that Sessions had "let [him] down," contrasting him to Eric Holder and Robert Kennedy.[506] Sessions recalled that the President said to him, "you were supposed to protect me," or words to that effect.[507] The President returned to the consequences of the appointment and said, "Everyone tells me if you get one of these independent counsels it ruins your presidency. It takes years and years and I won't be able to do anything. This is the worst thing that ever happened to me."[508]

It's time for Trump to go on offense. Put these Creep Staters in the docket and make them answer for their crimes against America. Investigate the shit out of the provenance of the FISA warrants. Coup accomplices must be punished, publicly, to prevent this happening again.

PPPPPS It turns out the Swamp is left-wing.

We learn something we already knew every day!

Surveillance Signaling

CH · 18 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Via Kelly, a great article about how [specials] in sociology and criminology turned black dysfunction into a critique of White society.

> Kelly: This is another excellent scholarly must-read article from Dr Joyce. Shows in great detail (though there is much more he could share, as he indicates, proving his point) how influential [special] academics in sociology and criminology changed the study of black crime into a critique of social injustice imposed by white society, an absolutely bogus and malicious inversion of the real subjects of criminology. A nice sample quote from article to whet your appetite – note the contradiction he implies in the last sentence:
>
> ***
>
> Black Crime and Its [Special] Apologists
>
> […]
>
> Liberman's apologetic contortions would be comical if they weren't so malicious. He writes mournfully that "Boys and young men of color are subject to more surveillance by police in their neighborhoods, partly by virtue of more often living in high-crime neighborhoods than their white counterparts." That's right, Blacks just happen to live in high-crime neighborhoods, and shouldn't be penalized with high levels of surveillance just because the soil they live on has a mysterious tendency to produce criminality. After all, it's not like the Black youths are themselves committing the crime and therefore need to be placed under surveillance. One of Liberman's implied solutions to Black criminality is to push Black criminals into White, crime-free areas, under the pretext that such environments will reduce the chance of Black offending. He writes that "Neighborhoods with high concentrations of economic deprivation, residential instability, and family disruption—which are overwhelmingly neighborhoods of color—provide an ecological niche [see Hirsch above] for crime to flourish." What he's really admitting here is that Blacks, when left exclusively to their own devices, undergo an inevitable process of social decline — that it concentrates and "increases the number of motivated, would-be offenders." In and of itself, the ecological explanation for Black criminality has some validity. The greater the concentration of Blacks in a given geographic area, the more likely it is that the area will be affected by crime. The problem is that [Special] activists like Albert Cohen, Afua Hirsch, Alfred Blumstein, Steve Cohen, Ben Cardin, and Akiva Liberman are unanimous in implying that Whites, rather than racial biology, are to blame for the development of the ecology of Black criminality.

Tikkun olam is a Trojan Horse for Tribe imperium.

This part stands out:

*He writes mournfully that "**Boys and young men of color are subject to more surveillance** by police in their neighborhoods, partly by virtue of more often living in high-crime neighborhoods than their white counterparts."*

The Surveillance State could be seen as a massive virtue signal by Whites in power to rectify the outcome disparity in levels of surveillance between White and black neighborhoods.

It's just another example of all the ways Diversity undermines the Good (read: White) Life.

PS An illuminating conceptual framework with which to understand virtue signaling is this:

[Specials] provide the amperage.

Shitlib SWPLs plug themselves into it.

We could have just let the [juice] buzz harmlessly in the wires, but no we had to go and stick a morality tuning fork in the outlet.

Comment Of The Week: Lessons From Jesus On How To Disrupt The Establishment

CH · 18 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From anonymous, a worthy COTW winner,

> The other day I was explaining to my son what Easter is actually about. How Jesus came to earth to be the ultimate sacrifice for all of us as before, the specials used to sacrifice an animal, or a person, to atone for their sins. However, some special people found that his teachings were hurting their business so they killed him. My son, who is 8, asked me a question, "Wouldn't God be more mad at the specials for killing an innocent animal or a person instead of just asking to be forgiven?"

kidssaythegoyestthings.txt

> From the mouths of babes comes truth and this explains a lot about the curse that the specials live under, but I digress.
>
> This got me thinking about how Jesus is a good example of how to disrupt an economically powerful majority.
>
> We Heritage Americans are afraid. Afraid to speak up, afraid to stand up because if we do, there is a megaton of economic weaponry aimed at taking everything we have and putting us on the street.

We already see this in action with the mass demonetizations of Gaypal and Chosen bank customers who have been identified as thought criminals.

> Here's the thing. When Jesus found disciples there was one rule – they had to walk away from everything else. As a young man I always thought this was ridiculous – what sort of man would leave behind his family, friends and business? It is only now that I understand. When you walk away from all that, then there is nothing your enemies can take away from you except your life and that is the most defensible position.
>
> Perhaps more Heritage Americans need to understand that all this shit we think is so important – a career, a shitty condo, a car you make payments on are not things we should worry about losing, they are the yokes that keep us afraid to speak and live the truth.
>
> Acts, Chapter 2 vs 44-45 – "And all that believed were together, and had all things common; And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."
>
> The specials know that the average man is a slave to his own image of himself which is a garish reflection of his debt bondage. All that we "have" is not ours anyway as it can be taken away at any time.
>
> When you have nothing to lose, then you can truly walk in the light.
>
> Peace be unto you.

It'll come down to a choice:

Either Heritage Americans walk away from all that, or all that will be taken from them.

And by then, it will be too late.

My suggestion, to start feeling like your own man again: connect with the earth. Get in the dirt. Feel it run through your fingers. Gaze at the sky. Lose yourself in the forest. Admire the stars on a still night.

These are the things you'll miss when your run has come to its end. Not the cars, condos, cubicles, or Clitflix vids.

To disrupt an entrenched, corrupt establishment, you must first disrupt yourself.

The Great Men On Weaponized Weakness

CH · 18 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Nothing is more imperious . . . than weakness when it knows it is backed by strength; look at women.
> -Napoleon

Via. An interesting short bio of Napoleon's love(lorn) life:

> Although passionately in love with Josephine, the widow of Beneral de Beauharnais whom he married after her husband was guillotined; Napoleon was a reactionary pragmatist regarding women. To solidify his hold on Europe and to establish a French imperial dynasty, he divorced Josephine and married Marie Louise, the Archduchess of Austria.
>
> Napoleon was convinced that marriage should not be an affair of hormones and propinquity, but of acquiring and transmitting property and conceiving and raising children, and that adultery was not a cause for divorce unless the man kept his mistress under the same roof as his wife. However, he declared a wife's adultery as grounds for divorce–even though he twice forgave Josephine for cuckolding him.

Napoleon is proof that oneitis can cause a man to betray his own principles. As smart and savvy as he was about the nature of woman, Josephine had him by the short n' curlies. And yet, he kicked Jo to the curb when geopolitical realities demanded it. I have the impression that men of yore indulged their oneitis without letting it paralyze them or distract them from their manly pursuits, such as conquering a continent, which is a stark contrast to today's thirsty beta orbiter who will allow himself to wither and die on the vine chasing an uninterested girl for years on end.

Intriguingly, Napoleon was perceptive about the effect that living in the anonymous urban pleasuredome has on women's egos:

> A woman, in order to know what is due her and what her power is, must live in Paris for six months.

A man ahead of his time?

The “Trump Is Winning” Case, By redarmyvodka

CH · 19 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> I’ve debunked most of the lies posted here but I can’t create a new series of posts for all the drivel otherwise I’d be online all day/night. Most people are simply stupid and uninformed despite being bombarded with information. That’s okay though international political economy is a complex topic requiring specialist type knowledge to know what’s real and what’s bullshit. The short version is Trump never claimed to be a WN nor did he promise socialism for white trash.

Don’t use that term here. One warning.

> We’re basically going back to the year 1998 which is a massive improvement compared to the current era. The long version is below.
>
> It’s very frustrating to know Trump is WINNING on all fronts but people on our side just gobble up fake news all day and yes both the left/right engage in fake news and these media Brahmans really do mind control/mind fuck simple plebs. I’m going to repeat what I’ve written elsewhere online.
> I’ve tried to convey previously here that there is a major class divide among Trump supporters. If you’re well off or a little bit older the reality of modern America hasn’t hit you from the shit economy, open borders, shit schools, high crime, and shit culture which began under Dubya. These trends were local/regional at first but accelerated under Obama becoming national. The strongest Trump supporters have experienced this first hand but those who live in places like California are literally on the front lines. What you call weak platitudes we call revolutionary because Trump is the first major politician to discuss these issues openly and forcefully. I also don’t agree that all politicians are the same and deliver nothing. There are major differences in US administrations it’s not all a con game and there were major turning points in US history as well like the presidential elections of 1860 and 1960 as well as the presidential elections of 2000 and 2015/2016. Those big pivots are getting closer and closer because we’re living in a much more political age.
>
> I understand some have to be “independent” which is part of their brand but Trump is delivering on all the major issues and we’re barely two years into his presidency. A charismatic, politically astute, media savvy, multi-billionaire like Trump had president written all over him and represents an opportunity never again to be repeated.
>
> The government is not just the legislature hell that’s actually the weakest and worst branch of government only useful for hearings and little else. The executive branch is a whole another ball game especially in an era where power has been massively centralized. The president is the head of the White House, CIA, Pentagon, NSC, FBI, Department of Justice, State Department, the numerous other major US executive branch agencies, makes federal appointments, and represents the United States internationally. The president controls one of the biggest military juggernauts in world history and controls a massive police state terror apparatus as well. The presidency is the prize desired by all be more grateful that we have it and will dominate it for at least a decade and hopefully more if MAGA is to be achieved
>
> So what’s with the constant negativity? Do you idiots realize you’re jeopardizing all of our achievements? Either you’re controlled opposition or just plain dumb. Either way it’s becoming clear Trump’s old coalition is falling apart. This is directed to anyone who erroneously believes Trump hasn’t achieved anything or cucks who think Donald The Great is a Mr. Magoo. Many of you don’t appear to understand how the executive branch even works. I’m going to repeat what I’ve written at other sites and blogs. Most of what Trump critics say isn’t true or is only half true and in many cases they’re proven anti-Trump ideologues. I’ve suspected most anti-Trump critics on the left and the right are simply well off enough not to be effected by the reality of modern America.

I agree that not prosecuting Hillary was a mistake but that was caused by his idiot daughter and her friendship with Chelsea. It was that same softness for his daughter that cost Trump the first general election debate as well. I've long been a critic of Ivanka for the record and it appears our enemies finally found Trump's one weakness which was his daughter and her cuck husband.
Trump crushed the left, right, center, and mainstream media in 2015/2016 winning a revolution. Trump no doubt failed at appointments and firing general Flynn who was chief of staff material was the worst mistake of the Trump presidency as it legitimized the Russian collusion hoax, encouraged more illegal leaks, and enabled all sorts of traitors, careerists, saboteurs, and malcontents into the halls of power. The first five months of the Trump administration were bad but the second half of 2017 was great and it felt like we were on the offensive again. From the Battle of Berkeley to Charlottesville we've been kicking ass on the streets and winning in DC. Some appointments even proved out to be excellent like at Treasury and Defense as well as chief of staff John Kelly who froze out lots of people including Ivanka and Kushner. 2018 has been a mixed year but we retained control of the senate even expanding our domination of the upper chamber and more importantly we have a much more pro-Trump GOP now.

Where are you people getting the idea that Trump isn't delivering on his agenda? From a do nothing, chattering class, failure socialite like Richard Spencer? The mainstream media including the so called "conservative media" is anti-Trump. It's also the nature of the media to engage in hype, controversy, negativity, and hysteria even when things are going well like in the 1990s. The alternative media/new media is pro-Trump but anyone with major reach and mainstream influence is being suppressed, defunded, delisted, deplatformed, and censored by Silicon Valley. I think a united front is important because the fight is far from over.

The truth is Trump perhaps unlike any president before him is enacting reform/change from improving the economy, fighting crime, changing trade policy, securing the border, combating illegal immigration, and much more. Even anti-trust enforcement is being seriously discussed for the first time in a long time. These sorts of things send signals across society as well prompting more change. That may not seem like a big deal as it's "part of the job" but literally nothing was being done for sixteen years on any issue of importance. Things had just been getting worse since 2001 onward with a few minor reprieves. Obama may have talked a good game but put little to no effort into fixing anything yet Trump has achieved more in two years than his two predecessors did in their entire terms.

Even at the local level I've seen major improvements since Trump became president and its only the far left publications which openly acknowledge the reign of terror he's unleashed on "people of color, undocumented immigrants, civil rights activists, criminal justice reformers, and welfare recipients". They also frame a better economy for all as "tax cuts for the rich" and its only a "matter of time" until it ends but I can read between the lines.
Our side which I mean nationalists/populists must support Trump. Race realism of any kind is only possible on the right and that's been true for decades going back to the GOP's southern strategy. Clinton/Gore may have been the exception but SJW politics have a long history in Democratic circles. Cuckservatvism is a relatively new phenomena and has been strongly rebuked at least by the grassroots.

Spencer and other doofuses in the alt-right were once deemed ideal leaders for the movement but that flopped badly and many have since distanced themselves from them but they were never true Trump supporters. Their support or lack there of is dependent on the news cycle and the latest headlines. Serious people, organizations, and governments don't change their views on the whims of the agenda driven press.
Beyond Spencer my second guess for all the cynicism would be Ann Coulter. The last president to seriously oppose illegal immigration was Bill Clinton and she despised him. She shilled hard for a lot of bad stuff over the years/decades and only began to talk demographics after 2012. She also dates negros and people like Dinesh Tandoori so I'd hardly call her credible. Trump promised to build the wall in his first term and as far as I'm aware that's a work in progress. He's even shut down the federal government to secure funds for the wall which step by step is reaching the sufficient threshold.

> For people who love the news many here don't seem to know much about what's going on and its significance. The Trump administration is taking anti-trust seriously and has actively opposed the AT&T takeover of Time Warner. They lost the case but they've appealed it and the message is clear the Trump DOJ is going to be aggressive on these issues. They've also rejected net neutrality and worked to preserve a free and open internet delivering a major blow to Silicon Valley by putting the future in the hands of the telecom industry which created the high speed connections, wireless networks, undersea cables, and digital platforms that enable the communications revolution not search engine providers and tech companies like Google. Nevertheless taking on the largest and wealthiest corporations in America like Google who have an army of high priced lawyers on their payroll also requires an ironclad anti-trust case and those take years to build.
> Trump has stopped the US government's war on coal and other cheap and legitimate forms of energy. Trump is slashing regulations and cutting taxes two major economic successes while squeezing states like California whose tax rates actually went up significantly. Rich liberals can no longer exempt themselves from the massive taxes they impose on the middle class. Threats by the Trump administration against foreign governments have also denied Hollywood lucrative funding and reduced their cash flow. The Trump administration has also launched major police sweeps and massively cracked down on pedophile rings/religious cults a large number of which are in liberal areas and southern California in particular. Trump has also broken the Negro Felon League (NFL) de-legitimizing the organization and wakening up boomer cucks and GOP types to the nonsensical children's game they worship.
>
> Again for many who discuss government and public affairs you don't seem to know much about the US executive branch. The president is the chief law enforcement officer of the nation, commander in chief of the armed forces, and he represents the United States internationally. The Department of Justice, security bureaucracy, and the FBI are under his control. Trump is basically a policeman he doesn't have legislative powers to massively curtail legal immigration. He can only combat illegal immigration and slow legal immigration which he is successfully doing. His attorney general Jeff Sessions was basically as far as white nationalism can go in mainstream and respectable circles. He certainly unleashed a reign of terror I'm sorry to see him go and I'm concerned if the success will continue under a new AG but so far so good.
>
> The inauguration day protestors may have gotten off but many were fired from their jobs, suffered the stress of legal proceedings, and have had their records ruined. Antifa has also been labeled a domestic terror organization and the media no longer openly celebrates them for fear of being prosecuted as accessories. More progress needs to occur here and if anyone is protecting them within the DOJ its deputy director Rod Rosenstein the phony conservative who attempted to launch a coup against Trump and has been directing the Mueller witch hunt/coup attempt as well. I'm shocked he still hasn't been fired but hopefully a new AG will clean up the department.
> On the foreign policy front can you point to anything Trump has done that is excessively deferential toward Israel and not in line with long standing US history? All I can think of are tearing up the Iran deal which was likely dependent on having a war in Syria. Moving the US embassy to Jerusalem is simply recognizing the reality that there will be no Palestinian state but that ship already sailed long ago. Saudi Arabia likely has the best leader in its history who much like Trump is a reformer and has purged all the pro-Bush, pro-Clintion, and pro-Obama elements from the halls of power in Saudi Arabia. MBS is smeared relentlessly in the press because he is a powerful and effective Trump ally.
>
> For the first time in history Trump met with the leader of North Korea paving the way for diplomatic recognition and a formal end to the Korean War. I agree that American-Russian relations have not improved as much as I would have hoped but the US was always a sea based power in contrast to the land based power like Russia. Conflict of some sort no matter how small was inevitable yet despite that Trump has done the best he could and I continue to remain supportive. As of a few weeks ago Trump has pulled US forces out of Syria in a major step forward with Russia. I'm neutral on Venezuela because Latin America is the United States backyard where the US has home field advantage and regime change talk excites boomer types and the Venezuelan exile community which may be necessary to win Florida in 2020.

All in all the majority and especially the productive forces of society are satisfied with the Trump candidacy/presidency which has delivered on its promises and again proves the masses know more than the DC/Manhattan chattering classes and their wannabes in the blogging world.
I'd like to add that I think Jeff Sessions was a great attorney general obviously not against the swamp but in terms of going after dangerous criminals, illegal aliens, sanctuary cities/states, drug offenders, and people of color. He also paid generous settlements to victims of IRS abuse and launched discrimination lawsuits against institutions like Harvard. Sessions admires the US federal government and didn't want to destroy the law enforcement juggernaut he controlled for practical reasons. It's also better for a presidency to move forward and not look backward. I also agree with his perspective that a major problem in modern America is that we've had too many overly political attorney generals.

Sessions was a in a tough spot in regards to the swamp he obviously made lots of friends, colleagues, and associates over the years/decades. As attorney general he faced opposition from within the Department of Justice, opposition from Congress including the GOP, opposition from the courts, and opposition from the mainstream media. He agreed to recuse himself on the Russian collusion hoax because it's not a hill he wanted to die on but he did make it clear he wouldn't tolerate illegal leaks and established a special unit within the DOJ to investigate/prosecute any and all leakers. The leaks basically stopped after that.

Trump made it clear if the special counsel went after his family and business he would terminate Mueller. The cunning snake has skirted around that targeting people and entities close to Trump but not too close. The House Intelligence committee has been running a parallel investigation to the Mueller special counsel and Trump has allowed his allies in Congress especially congressman Devin Nunes to expose the massive corruption, fraud, and criminality in the halls of power. What happens next in this high stakes tango dance remains to be seen.
I suspect 2019 will be a make or break year for the Trump presidency leading into 2020. MAGA is not a one term project it will require a minimum of two terms and likely then some with a worthy successor.

I get it most of you don't care about truth, justice, history, and law but are more interested in the latest headlines, whose up/whose down, what's trendy, and the latest talking points. In other words you're conservative SWPL. I've also observed a sharp age/class divide among Trump supporters. Trump's biggest supporters are people in their early 30's and younger. You know people who never saw good government, low crime, good schools, secure borders, and a good economy during much of their lives.
As for the wall Trump has already delivered in a legal sense. His administration has tightened asylum laws making illegal aliens wait on Mexican territory as their cases are processed in America and given the litigation backlog they'll likely never enter the United States and simply give up and return home. A physical wall is necessary and coming but the legal wall is perhaps much more powerful.
Trump's new attorney general pick is just as good as Jeff Sessions if not better and he's been endorsed by Florida attorney general and blond babe Pam Bondi.
https://www.orlandosentinel.com/opinion/os-op-pam-bondi-bill-barr-20181221-story.html

I'm a Trump supporter in fact I've been a Trump supporter from the beginning even before the beginning and throughout 2015/2016 I remained faithful all the way to victory night. I remain supportive into the present. Not many Trump supporters are like me even some pretty conservative people began cucking during the Access Hollywood tape. The same weakness and defeat I saw early on and near the end of the campaign is the same weakness I see now. I'll take a mercenary like Sean Hannity over most part time Trump supporters.
I've written a blog part time before and I know hard it is to come up with material and maintain reader interest. Imagine having a regular schedule and multiple hours of programming content. Yikes. I'd have to engage in fake news and endless negativity all day as well.

That said I agree Nikki Haley was a terrible choice for UN envoy and she was a never Trumper as well but she's been fired now albeit quietly and on positive terms. The state department was another problem but Rex Tillerson wasn't THAT bad he dismissed/fired dozens of career people in Trump's earliest days in office

> ridding the department of entrenched opposition. Trump loyalist Mike Pompeo has now taken charge of the organization. He's the same bulldog who headed the CIA and got them under control for the president. John Bolton like him or hate him is another powerful and effective Trump loyalist/ally hence his position in the white house.
> Lots of prominent never Trump people have been removed from the halls of power via termination or retirement both in the executive branch and congress. The senate in particular was a major thorn in our side because they also oversee appointments. Now we have a staunchly pro-Trump GOP controlled senate. This is important because Trump can't afford to antagonize his GOP allies on capital hill.
>
> There have been many nationalist/populist victories domestically and especially internationally which may not be something you're interested in but Trump has sparked a world revolution of sorts. I agree there is a deliberate attempt to isolate Trump from allies and deprive his supporters of power. That's why the president is appointing a new attorney general one who shares and in some ways pioneered Jeff Sessions worldview but can also bring a swift end to the Mueller coup attempt.
>
> Giuliani is also a valuable asset to the Trump White House. Most lawyers are soft and intellectual types more interested in preserving their reputation with the BAR and attending cocktail parties than serving their clients including the president. Rudy is the right man to serve at the president's side together with Miller, Mike Pence, and other GOP factions in the white house.
> If anyone is interested in a source of information that is beyond the alt-light but not quite alt-right occupying a very interesting middle ground simply following the facts where they go much like myself check out a guy called Trump Mafia and his sister channel Truth Syndicate on YouTube.
>
> https://www.youtube.com/user/DEFCONYuko
>
> Update; The Mueller coup attempt has been defeated and now Trump can turn the tables on his deep state enemies or he can focus more on delivering on his major promises. Both are necessary but if I had to pick one I'd choose the latter.

Presented without additional comment.

Diversity + Proximity = Big Brother

CH · 19 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A comment from Screwtape nicely summarizes the growing reach of Big Brother in the lives of White Americans.

> Every shitlib yuppie in my hood has a ring camera at their door. There has been a yuge upswing in property crime as the hood is rich but just an overpass away from diversity galore.
>
> Amazon packages walk off with regularity. Cars ransacked. Bikes, plants, yard chairs, pretty much anything not screwed into concrete. Always a blurry vibrant caught on camera.
>
> Yeah, two detectives are on the case lol. The best part is all the concerned goodwhites tapdancing around how to describe the perps and the problem in general while avoiding stating the obvious head-on, as that would be raciss. When they poast on the nextdoor app about a 'suspicious' person its extral lolz and some will even preface "i dont want to sound racist…but…".
>
> No crimes get investigated, let alone solved. But the camera net spreads. And when they need to find some guy in a maga hat carrying a noose you bet all those cameras will be checked by a team of cops and every goodwhite within miles will be checking theirs too.

Forget it Jake, it's Tawnytown.

Amazon's Ring camera is a privacy shredder. Amazon employees, and who knows who else, can, if they wished, peer through your Ring camera and surveil the perimeter of your home and your comings and goings. In fact, this is already happening.

> Beginning in 2016, according to one source, Ring provided its Ukraine-based research and development team virtually unfettered access to a folder on Amazon's S3 cloud storage service that contained every video created by every Ring camera around the world. This would amount to an enormous list of highly sensitive files that could be easily browsed and viewed. Downloading and sharing these customer video files would have required little more than a click. The Information, which has aggressively covered Ring's security lapses, reported on these practices last month.
>
> At the time the Ukrainian access was provided, the video files were left unencrypted, the source said, because of Ring leadership's "sense that encryption would make the company less valuable," owing to the expense of implementing encryption and lost revenue opportunities due to restricted access. The Ukraine team was also provided with a corresponding database that linked each specific video file to corresponding specific Ring customers.

Do you bring girls home? Amazon pervs are watching!

> The source also recounted instances of Ring engineers "teasing each other about who they brought home" after romantic dates. Although the engineers in question were aware that they were being surveilled by their co-workers in real time, the source questioned whether their companions were similarly informed.

Nice. And phaggy Millennials shrug, saying "Hey, if you've got nothing to hide, what's the big deal?"

The big deal is that this creeping Orwellian surveillance state inevitably will lead to a dystopian tyrannical nightmare where your every action is furtively recorded and analyzed by government and corporate snoops for your adherence to Party orthodoxy. THERE WON'T BE ANY ESCAPE FROM IT.

…Unless we stop it now, before the beast grows too large and entrenched in our lives.

As Screwtape wrote:

> *No crimes get investigated, let alone solved. But the camera net spreads. And when they need to find some guy in a maga hat carrying a noose you bet all those cameras will be checked by a team of cops and every goodwhite within miles will be checking theirs too.*

This is the end game. Diversity™ creates the need for more surveillance, which acculturates Whites to an omnipresent Surveillance State, which is then targeted at Whites as part of an intimidation strategy identifying, doxxing, and punishing Whites who express misgivings about Diversity™.

The Globohomo circle of distrust is closed, and Whites are turned into cringing, self-policing captives in their own homelands.

Never once is the idea thought, let alone publicly broached, that without the unnecessary imposed Diversity we wouldn't need the despotic, soulless Surveillance State.

Demonology

CH · 19 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

lmao. H/t Trevor Goodchild

The subject of this post was instigated by this observation,

> Mike Enoch said last night that he thinks [special persons] worship the form of a demon that is their racial collective consciousness, and their moral value structure prioritizes revenge, hatred, envy, and paranoia.

The Old Testament is one long revenge fantasy.

The Gray Pill

CH · 20 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Ralph Stanley, on Trump, Trump lovers, and Trump haters.

> I appreciate redarmyvodka's comment. Ultimately, Spencer et al's endless negativity is a serious liability to all of us.
>
> Trump has been excellent on judges. Had 2016 gone to Hillary, the Supreme Court would look now like a conference of women's college basketball coaches (angry, motivated dyk3s).
>
> I disagree, however, that Trump has made the presidency appear strong. If anything, we see the weakness in this office now: your underlings ignore your orders, disobey them, or leak dirt on you to a hostile press. One Circuit Court can block your momentum at any given moment. A vast Deep State comprised of traitorous, bureaucratic lifers is literally plotting your demise. Your own party stabs you in the back. The list of obstacles goes on.
>
> It's critical for us to criticize Trump for wavering on MAGA — redarmyvodka fails to address the H1B visa betrayal — but he is the best weapon we have right now. Better to keep the pressure on him than to complain impotently on blogs and podcasts about how MAGA is done.

Ralph's take on Trump is closest to mine. I'm taking the Gray Pill, neither ungratefully pessimistic nor deludedly optimistic. Trump was our best choice, and that choice has shown its limitations.

For the reason Ralph gave, I find it hard to lay much blame for the MAGA stall-out (and in parts, reversal) at Trump's feet. Trump has proved the Presidency is only as strong as the bureaucracy behind it. The bureaucracy is left-wing to the max, and has been for decades. If you're wondering why Trump is stymied but establishment stooges like W and anti-White communists like gaymulatto can get things done (and worse, sic arms of the Deep State on American citizens, as obama did when he ordered IRS attack dogs to target Tea Party members), it's because the State apparatus (the Swamp) is full of leftoids who are sympatico with some or all of those presidents' agendas.

Trump came into office promising a wrecking ball to the Swamp; he — or at least his agenda — is antagonistic to the Swamp's worldview, and so he has been thwarted every step of the way. There's nothing the Administrative State and Trump can find commonality on, so the past two years have been marked by Trump proposing something "radical", and the Swamp burying his proposal in the muck.

Trump himself deserves criticism, if only to remind him what he ran on, because it has become obvious that without that criticism he is liable to drift off into lame-o Jeb Bush-style boomercuckery. Maybe it's a "blink three times rapidly, if you're under duress" MIGA situation, or maybe it's falling T levels, or maybe it's Trump simply reverting to what he's always been — a Reaganite — and falling in love with the cucky idea that he can win praise for saying shit like "I want more LEGAL immigrants to grow the economy!". We don't have enough info to say for sure, but whichever the explanation, the outcome is indisputable: No Wall, No Deportations, No Immigration Restriction Reform, and oh yeah what happened to that infrastructure bill?

The Last Gasp Of Neoconlibcuckery

CH · 20 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The neocon, neolib, and boomercuck have teamed up to bring us the first feeler campaign advertisement for ~~Ivanka~~ Javanka 2020:

> Yikes! pic.twitter.com/GpErD0kg8v
>
> — Scott Greer (@ScottMGreer) April 19, 2019

Pass me the barf bag. And while you're at it, bring me the flammenwerfer.

PS Did you know Ivanka single-handedly passed the tax cut bill? An amazing wahman!

Here is Ivanka on her trip to the Dark Continent:

She positively glows with White Woman's Burden!

Predictably, rootless shabbos goy Ivanka is doing the eatprayvirtuesignal dance with the native Africans, just like any Democrat cat lady would do.

It's undignified, but that's what we should expect from the modren white wahman.

The Chick Herd Is Agitated

CH · 21 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Riffing on the news story about Ivanka Trump going to Africa to dance with the natives like a virtue supplicating idiot, Dawg wrote,

> Sorry dudes I gotta blame us, you see the chick herd is in an unsettled state and when the heifers and cows are unsettled shit gets real, real stupid, real quick. They want a herd bull to settle em.

No joke, as an over-arching theory explaining the insanity currently roiling the shattered minds of xenophilic Western White wahmen, this one by Dawg is better than most I've read.

The heifers and cows are in a tizzy because their world is falling apart around them, their men are retreating into porn and effeminacy, their nation is taking on the quality of a random equatorial shithole, and they are being asked to wear the pants in this extended family we call America.

We're gonna need a bigger bull.

Trump's Brilliant Rhetorical Entrapment

CH · 21 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Via BigGoblinSlayingK0ranBurning Steve.

> Trump mistakenly tweets millions dead in Sri Lanka explosions on Easter Sunday

"mistakenly"

> TRUMP trolls H0l0cost, says millions killed in CHURCH explosions on Easter Sunday "attacks on churches and hotels that have killed at least 138 million people and badly injured 600 more"
>
> Shitlib media wouldn't have reported attacks on churches if he didn't make a mistake in tweet.

Good point. In fact, moslem suicide bombers did blow up a number of Sri Lanka Churches and the death toll is currently over 200. Western media so far appears unwilling to cover the story with the same eagerness and thoroughness it covered the Dylann Roof church shooting. Imagine that!

Did Trump make a typo? I think it's a good chance Trump knew what he was doing when he added "million" to his tweet. He knew US media would pounce to "correct the record" which would force them to cover the story they have studiously avoided covering in much detail.

Reade S.K.,

> It is exceedingly rare for Trump to make an actual mistake in his communications. I read that he dictates them, including punctuation, to be posted verbatim.

If that "typo" was intentional, it was a brilliant piece of rhetorical ju jitsu.

PS The best account on Twatter (version 5.0):

> Things white women think they're entitled to do because it feels right:
>
> -Impeach potus
> -Change the gender identity of their children
> -Rewrite the bible to justify their self-indulgent behavior
> -Adopt millions of refugees
> -kiss their dogs on the mouth
>
> — Second City Bureaucrat (@CityBureaucrat) April 20, 2019

He Is Risen

CH · 21 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Why Mockery Trumps Rage (For Now)

CH · 21 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

From what I've noticed, [S] appears to feast on [G]'s rage against him. He knows [G]'s rage is, for now, largely impotent, and it compels [S] to ever greater excesses of ostentatious anti-[G]ism. [G]'s rage justifies [S]'s taunts, in [S]'s mind.

But mockery has a different effect, pushing [S] to implode and sputter with incoherent rage.

This is why mockery is now targeted by Big Tribal for censorship and expulsion. It's a winning tactic for [G]'s side in this protracted war, and [S]'s only response to it is heavy-handed suppression.

The suppression is what will advance the propaganda war to its open battlefield, where clarity will bring objectives into focus.

For this reason, i'm a big advocate of mockery, which has the power to settle our ancient score in the medium which our enemy has hubristically called his own.

As a reader writes,

> When Saul Alinsky's very own tactics are turned against them, they're not quite sure what to do.

Precisely.

Steal the enemy's best tactics and meld them with our best tactics for a winning long-term strategy.

Smash Islamophobia adds,

> Yes. Never get angry, never show "hate" — always mock and condescend.
> The [S] NEEDS stereotypical "anti-[S]ism" to feed his paranoia and to drive his tr1be's ethnic cohesion.
> Don't give it to him.

True…for now. But there is a time and context to show hate, to let the enemy — as well as our allies! — know, when it's maximally advantageous, that it isn't all fun and games, and the righteous fury is in us, emboldening and steeling our hearts.

A mockery which rests on a foundation of moral certitude is nearly unanswerable.

Happy Earth Day

CH · 22 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

PA On Environmentalism

CH · 23 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Environmentalism is complicated. As left wing vanguard politics, it's the devil wearing a human skinsuit. But in listening to our healthy European voice deep inside, we recoil at the destruction of forests. The European soul loves the forest. Poor is the White man who knows not the joy of time alone deep among trees, the moss, the lawless cries of birds. The European subraces have their own customs with regards to the forest. Teutons, Celts, Slavs… we northeastern Slavs (I'm not that familiar our Balkan brothers, whose spiritual landscape is rocks and mountains, unlike our vast snowy plains) we forage for mushrooms. Every child is an expert on the prize-find vs something that can kill you.
>
> Special People are desert people, khazar nomads. They hate the forest. They love money and especially monetizing (liquidating) the forests, parceling them off, clear cutting the wood, selling and settling them with alien biped economic units that they bring in to keep the economic churn at high percolation until it all withers like a dead branch and then they move on. The land developer is a particularly loathsome insect. Even if he's of our ancestry, his soul is twisted in the image of the Special.

I have to slip PA another COTW. So much for diversity & inclusion, but excellence in commenting must be recognized.

This blog's comment board is feast or famine. One week can be an unreadable mess of petty bickering and spergy debate points defended with humorless stubbornness. The next week can be filled with gems of insight bordering on poetry.

Which makes it like Current Year America: a deluge of unrelenting dreck that comes close, but never succeeds, to suffocating the air time of a small but engaging contingent of scribes and seers.

I suppose this is human nature, and in particular White nature, to do constant battle with the Good so that the Good is always appreciated when it is evident.

Regarding PA's comment, I think we all have our personal mystic connections to particular environments — natural and cultural — which reverberate in our souls and likely derive from ancestral memories encoded in our DNA.

The Special loves the dry, hot, cacophonous market bazaar.

The NW European loves the forests and verdant meadows.

The Med Euro loves the rocky shorelines and rolling hills of the interior.

Highlanders are at home in mountainous terrain.

We can break down these preferences even further, along ethnic lines.

This is why, I believe, in a future disaggregated America, the ethnies and races will organically find their way to the regional State which suits their environment template for contented living. I wonder most about White Southerners, if they stay where they are or migrate to a climate and ecology more in tune with their ancestral heritage.

On environmentalism, yes it's a shame that it's been co-opted by lunatic leftoids when the natural home of nature preservers is on the right (and never more so than today, as leftoidism becomes increasingly the ideological accoutrement of deracinated and denatured urban rat racers). "Climate change" is the way in which the modren shitlib White, who has lost his connection to nature, accesses a path to an ancient racial longing that embarrasses him when spoken of or thought about in reflective moments.

In the end, the environments beloved by Whites will be ruined by open borders, so all this climate change sanctimony will come to naught. The result of virtue signaling is always a boosted signal at the expense of the

virtue.

The State Of California (Is Mental)

CH · 23 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Your kids will be programmed. You will be made to submit or else.

California school district says parents can't pull kids from new LGBT ...
The approved materials teach kids about using fruit as 'sex toys.'
lifesitenews.com

Leave California, White people, and don't look back.

Secession/separation is the answer when ousting depraved rulers through the political process becomes impossible (we're almost there).

A reader objects,

> No – stand and fight! There is no where left to runaway to anymore. The Sodomites will follow you to TX! Draw the line somewhere.

Define "stand and fight". Politically, sane Whites are utterly disenfranchised in CA. So how do they fight?

One way to fight would be subversion. SaneWhites could claim to be moslems and say LGBTQ violates the koran, then charge the state of California with Islamophobia.

***

> Google made a custom logo for a transsexual sodomite activist, but not one for Jesus on his day of resurrection. https://t.co/QOD2yCiZAD pic.twitter.com/991rk9NASm
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) April 21, 2019

Does anyone still use Goolag products? If you do, ask yourself why you financially support a foreign element in America that actively slanders everything you hold dear?

***

> Passover worshipers blocking movement of Easter worshipers. https://t.co/zB54SM8yne
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) April 22, 2019

Judeo-Christian, my ass.

***

From /pol/ News Network,

> >don't want to work longer hours
>
> >don't want to work harder jobs
>
> >don't want to put their career first
>
> >acting shocked when they get paid a tiny bit less despite producing far less

A reader asks,

> Why are women competing with men for pay in the first place?

This is the crux of the Fake Pay Gap mythology. Why are we so concerned women get paid as much as men? When we pay women the equivalent of men, those men become less desirable in the eyes of women, resulting in lower marriage rates and higher divorce rates. Hypergamy doesn't care about your shitlib cause du jour.

***

Honk, honk, Clown World makes its debut among the normies.

***

> Macron says Notre Dame should be rebuilt consistent with the modern, diverse France – and architects suggest

> a glass roof, steel spire and minaret

tfw absurdist alt-right joke memes become reality.

Unholy Abominations

CH · 25 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Regrettably, I've seen way too many trannyfreak pics in the past year, thanks to the zeitgeist. One can't avoid the ocular AIDS.

But this photo…this one in particular…jarred me from my cynic's slumber. I had to do a double-take as I couldn't discern if the characters were human or mannequin, and I wondered just WTF was going on with psychotranny's world-eating mouth and gamma ray-emitting sanpaku eyes.

And the boy child…it wasn't that long ago this scene would alert child protective services.

Now our culture celebrates child abuse and sexualization. Coincidentally, our culture is steered by these sorts of people:

Does the “I” stand for Insane? It should.

Yass-lighting

CH · 25 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Jennifer Garner (entering her Skeletor years) featured on the cover of People's Most Beautiful 2019 Issue.

From Inglenook Hampendick,

> Bitch is pushing 50. What the fuck is this, foisting off these post-fertile celebs as "most beautiful"? I mean, a quarter of a century ago, she was hot, but now, if you put her in the middle of any college town nightclub, she'd be invisible. And didn't this same mag have Anniston as one of their picks recently, too?

I call this "yass-lighting", to describe the gaslighting that the Yass, queen! crowd tries to shove into the public consciousness.

People magazine is a premier regurgitator of Globohomo agitprop. *People* wants the world to believe in something patently false: that aging starlets with angular manjaws and aggressive attitudes are paragons of feminine allure. We are supposed to believe that 50 year old ex-beauties are as beautiful as they were at 22.

Why?

Well, one reason is that Globohomo foot soldiers don't like immutable laws of nature.

Another reason is that globohomoists are in an active war against Truth and Beauty. Defeating those pillars of the cosmic order will demoralize their ancient enemy, The Chad and Betty. Nothing is quite as humiliating as genuflecting before an obvious lie to avoid social opprobrium.

NordicGoats adds,

> I'm sure the age of their "most beautiful" tracks nicely with the age of their staff. Magazines are dead or dying and even journalism majors know not to start their career in magazines these days.

LMAO. You know it. The catlady broads running these legacy media outlets into the ground are riding a wave of delusion that they won't get off until it's Open Mockery Season again in America.

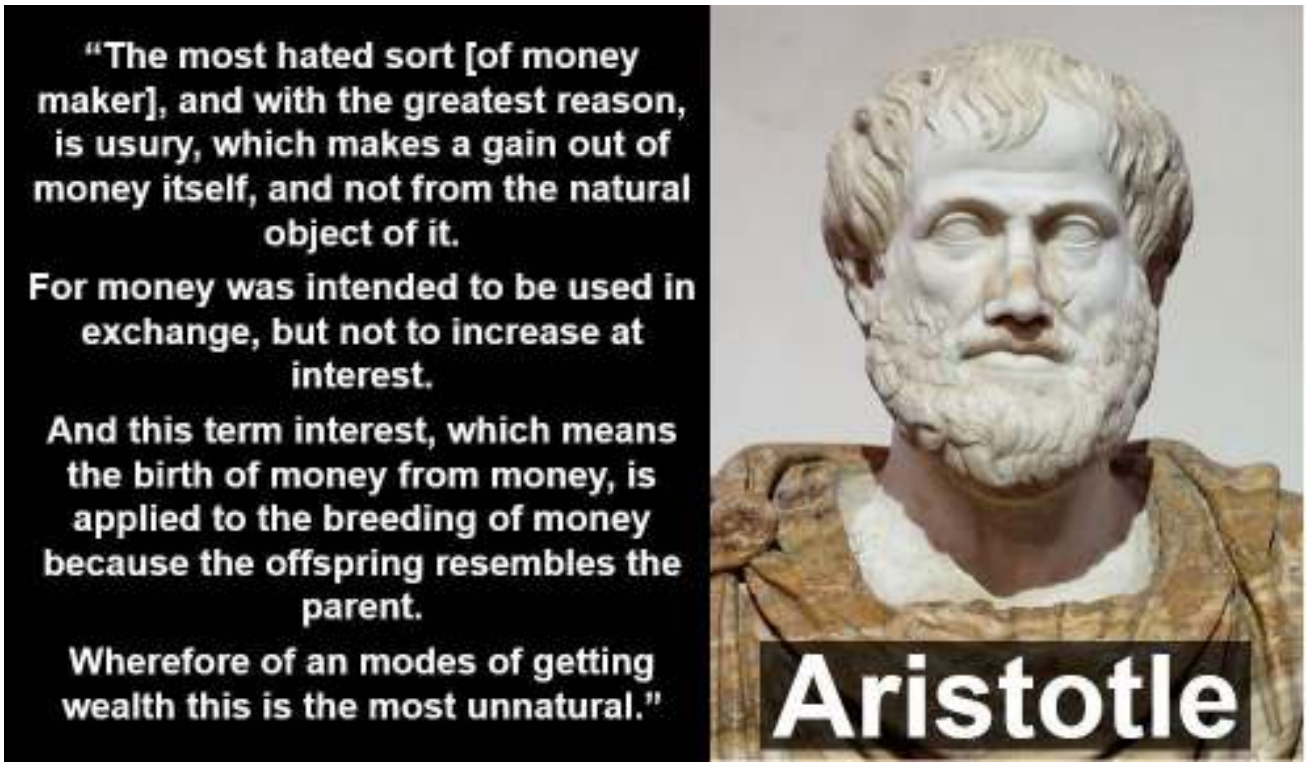
Young women may mouth the platitudes, but they know the score.

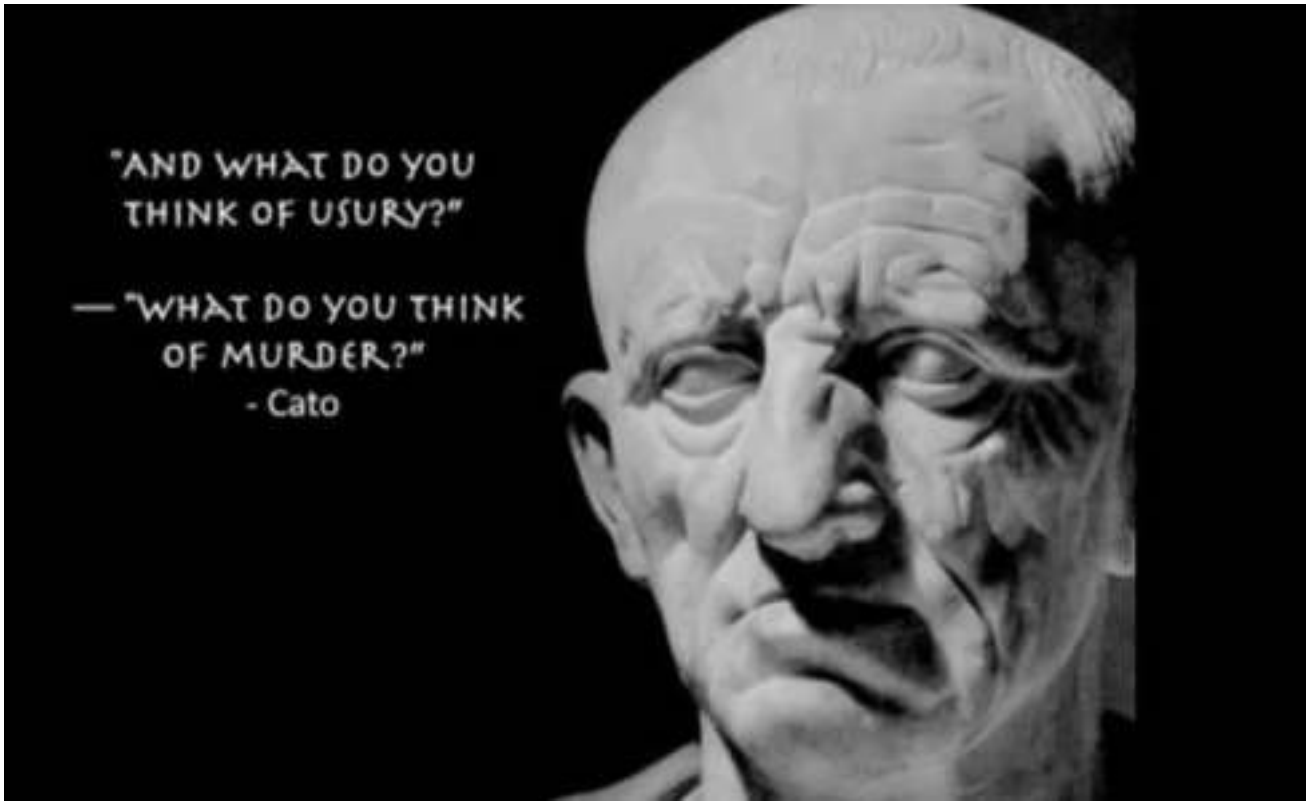
And men don't read *People*.

So it's the catladies and their gay besties who are the primary imbibers of yass, queen horse shit.

The Great Men On Usury

CH · 25 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

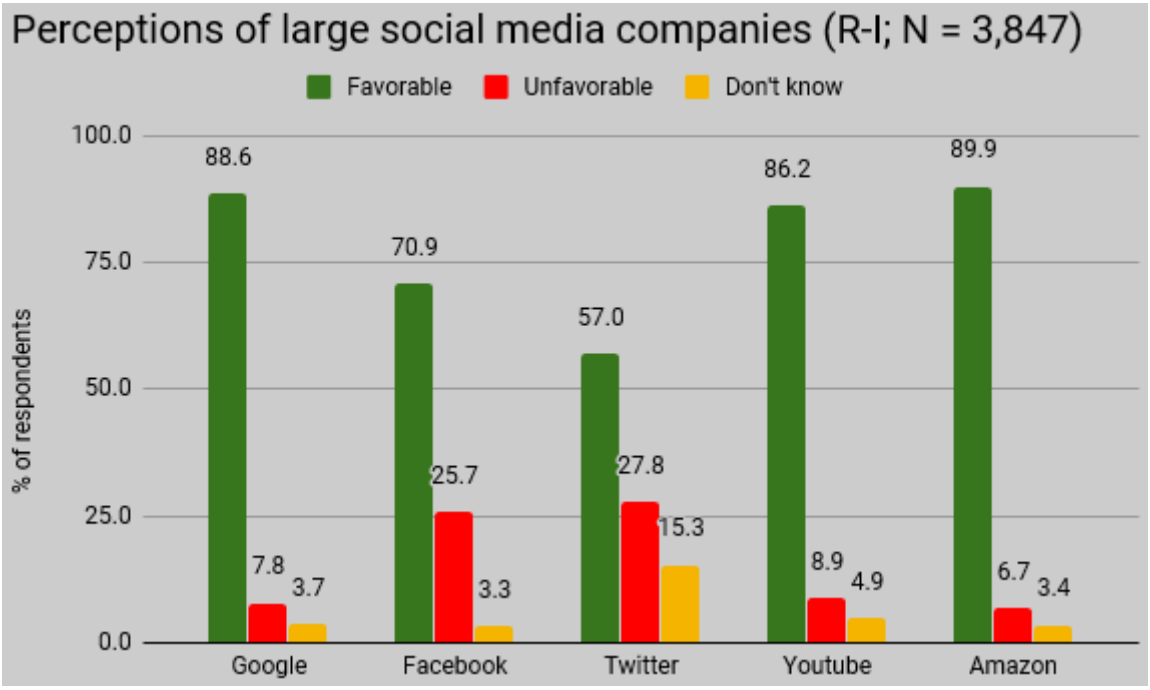




The Blackest Of Pills

CH · 25 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is the blackest pill I've come across in the past two years, and that's saying something.



1984 is the appetizer. Brave New World is the poisoned entree.

Reuters/Ipsos polling discredited itself in the lead-up to the 2016 election, so take what they report here with a flat of salt.

However, those Globohomo-approved numbers are so daunting it leaves dissidents like myself to wonder just what it will take before normie Americans wake up to the rapidly growing threat from a Corporate-Government alliance against nationalism and free thinkers. We can't just mutter "GIGO" with such a lop-sided result.

I'll repost some good comments from AE's Unz outpost.

Screwtape:

> The introduction in Neil Postman's "Amusing Ourselves to Death" (the original into, not the one by his son) lays out the premise of his book with an apt comparison of the Orwell v. Huxley future.
>
> A future that indeed seems to make his circa 80's book quite prescient in its thesis that it will be our own distractions, pleasures, and self-absorption that will be our undoing; that by feeding our base drives and pleasure-seeking and avoidance of discomfort, while surrounded by abundance unmatched in history, we will enslave ourselves. Thus making much of the brute force of Orwellian totalitarianism unnecessary. Though unnecessary doesn't mean it won't happen as well.
>
> I can't paste the text. Perhaps someone else will. Its a book largely focused on media in the TV era but holds up quite well in our techie media world. Which is telling.

Michael S:

> I believe it was originally CH that referred to this as "Ing-soma". It seems like a little bit of both. The censorship and oppression and constant rewriting of history is obscene and dehumanizing, but most normies

> are too blissed out on cheap gadgets, fast food and porn to notice or care.

Indeed, it was I who coined Ingsoma.

Anon[170]:

> The logical conclusion of the reigning ideology pushed by our tech lords.

> I could not have said it better myself! pic.twitter.com/DBFswHShtq
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) April 24, 2019

I love my fat queer brown body!

More from Anon[170]:

> People who say the 'left' is in power are totally delusional.
>
> The classic left is gone. This is the 'left' that is left: A degenerate joke.
>
> The real power is with Special supremacist, globo-homo capitalist-imperialist oligarchy. Big Tech Oligarchs hire SJW types to go after Alt Right and Dissident Right. (And Big Money uses whore politicians to shut down BDS and Palestinians.) These 'leftists' are all minions.
>
> The real power is neo-imperialist and elite-narcissist. With a 'left' dumb as this, Big Money has nothing to worry about. All they need to do is yell, 'Nazi', and these SJW-NPC types bark at some fictional enemy without ever noticing that they're dogs of the oligarchs.

"Dogs of the Oligarchs". Your next Great American Novel title.

AmRusDebate:

> Perception of Social Media, favorable/unfavorable does not exclude specific user gripes. Your links demonstrate this. Facebook – only 50% favorability. Somewhat favorable isn't the same thing. Facebook only 30%. Try the same test with Unz readers, Unz members. As much as some of us dislike the political bias of big tech, few of us could live without them. Just look at Gab. Freedom and speech and all that. Why don't any of us use it?

I hate to say it, but the reason Gab has a relatively tiny user base compared to Twatter et al is precisely because most people don't want to participate in a free speech free-for-all. Or they can't handle it without having an emotional breakdown.

People want soothing platitudes.

They aren't called the ugly truths for nothing.

(However, I predict Gab's popularity grows with increasing political discontent in America, as more normies are sucked into the pre-Civil War 2 slipstream.)

The Good, The Bad, And The Stupidly Confident

CH · 25 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I won't blow boggy peat up your kilts, boys. Short, grossly fat, and ugly men (SFUs) will have a tougher go of it in the dating market…all else equal.

Game — learned charisma — can improve the lot of the male SFUs, but only by so much. The non-famous equivalent of Danny De Vito might vault from dating 2s to dating 3s with the help of Game. Not that that's anything to cavalierly dismiss. When you're a thirsty man, sipping from bird-dropping collection water instead of toxic sewage will feel like a tall cool glass of mountain spring.

There is a dazzling exception.

A male SFU can overcome his SMV handicap with sheer, stupid self-confidence.

Stupid-confidence.

The average man doesn't have nearly the requisite self-confidence to pick up plain janes with ease, let alone to pick up hotties with effort.

The average SFU man has even less self-confidence, so what I write in this post is, for all practical purposes, theoretical.

But it's a theory which a few, exceptional men prove correct, and I've seen them in action too often to dispel the theory out of hand.

The physically unimpressive man can overcome girls' insta-rejections with an approach that is so stupidly confident in tenor, technique, and attitude that one could say it borders on psychotically narcissistic.

But chicks do dig narcissistic men.

A stupid-confident man can, on the approach and during the first minute of interaction, cause a girl to "reset" her mate appraisal mechanism.

You can shock a girl into a new frame of perception with supremely stupid self-confidence.

Literally shock and awe her hamster until the wheel spins in the opposite direction.

I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Short, weird-looking men boldly stride into the personal space of hard 9s. I watched George Costanzas oblivious to their own ugliness glitter like Casanovas near the Clamburger Gate. All those moments will be etched in mind, like tingles untamed.

You can be an alpha persuader, or a beta provider, or both (a neat trick), but you won't master women until you've first mastered your self-doubt.

Where there is no doubt, there is a dripping vaj spout.

Summon your inner sociopath, and no physical handicap will prevent your destiny with womanizing.

¡SCIENCE!: Feminism Surrenders Before The Intoxicating Alpha Male

CH · 26 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A reader passes along this bombshell April 2019 study which I missed,

> CH, you've got to check out this recent study – high school aged girls who are around high-achieving guy are less likely to go to college and more likely to have kids. And the effect is even stronger for girls who go to good schools and have a college educated parent. Of course article is positioned as this is a negative, instead of it saying that even young women want to have kids with top men.

From the abstract:

> This paper studies the effect of exposure to female and male "high-achievers" in high school on the long-run educational outcomes of their peers. Using data from a recent cohort of students in the United States, we identify a causal effect by exploiting quasi-random variation in the exposure of students to peers with highly educated parents across cohorts within a school. **We find that greater exposure to "high-achieving" boys, as proxied by their parents' education, decreases the likelihood that girls go on to complete a bachelor's degree, substituting the latter with junior college degrees. It also affects negatively their math and science grades and, in the long term, decreases labor force participation and increases fertility.**

"increases fertility". The key phrase.

If you want to arrest low White fertility, keep young women away from college and in the company of alpha males.

Game can make White women fertility great again.

> We explore possible mechanisms and find that greater exposure leads to lower self-confidence and aspirations and to more risky behavior (including having a child before age 18).

This is written, of course, from an indignant femcunt perspective, but a more honest analysis of the study results would describe the natural desire of women to submit to powerful men, or to men who seem to have the potential to be powerful later in life. Chicks dig dominant men, and the "lower self-confidence" evident in women who are around alpha males is a feature of the feminine template of vulnerable desire to submit to a powerful man, rather than a bug to be removed from the DNA code.

> The girls most strongly affected are those in the bottom half of the ability distribution (as measured by the Peabody Picture Vocabulary Test), those with at least one college-educated parent, and those attending a school in the upper half of the socioeconomic distribution.

So…all women?

> The effects are quantitatively important: an increase of one standard deviation in the percent of "high-achieving" boys decreases the probability of obtaining a bachelor's degree from 2.2-4.5 percentage points, depending on the group.

The alpha male is rarer than the young hottie. Women instinctively know this and grasp this reality of the sexual market, so their bodies and minds promptly reorient to "catch the alpha male's attention and birth his champions before he finds someone younger, hotter, tighter, and more feminine than a shrewish, careerist shrike" when an

alpha male lands in their social circle.

Chasing after college and credentials and a “good career” are only serious considerations for women who are surrounded by uninspiring beta males.

Beta male providers get it coming and going. Women aren’t inspired by beta providers to abjure the credentialist cubicle farm life, and beta providers are made less attractive by the economic self-sufficiency of the women who chose career over love&ovenbuns with a beta.

> Greater exposure to “high-achieving” girls, on the other hand, increases bachelor’s degree attainment for girls in the lower half of the ability distribution, those without a college-educated parent, and those attending a school in the upper half of the socio-economic distribution.

Sure. Girls aren’t having sex, romance, and babies with “high-achieving” girls aka spinsters.

> The effect of “high-achievers” on male outcomes is markedly different: boys are unaffected by “high-achievers” of either gender.

Chicks dig powerful men.
Men dig beautiful women.
The rest is feminist poopytalk.

What Happened To Environmentalists' Concern About Landfills?

CH · 26 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Deter Naturalist corners the shitlb enviro about his betrayal of his claimed principles.

> In the 1970's endless ink was spilled about running out of landfill space and paving North America. Then the globalists bought off the Sierra Club

(((globalists)))

> and suddenly America's 200 million people needed to swell to 335 million and "who gives a shit about landfills?"
>
> For decades Americans were conditioned to lightly use the products carried from China, et. al. to America by thousands and thousands of huge container ships, and then to LANDFILL THEM, all so a few families could reap the riches of kings by whoresaling & retailing all that cheap junk.
>
> That's what Aztecs represent; just more North American shoppers on the ship/consumer/landfill conveyor belt.
>
> There's a whole lot of folks (behind this) who need to be compositing in those pits.

Tree huggers used to rant and rave about bursting, bulging landfills. Remember the single-teared Indian (really an Italian)? Rage against the dump is what propelled the recycling movement.

But now? "How dare you, racist! How absolutely dare you not welcome one billion third world refugees to come here and grow our ~~economy~~ landfills!"

I wonder if the Green New Deal has anything to say about open borders directly contradicting its stated goal of improving the environment? AOC? Hello? Anyone home?

Every time a shitlib virtue signals about open borders, I just say America was a great place to live with half the people she has now and a 90% White super-majority. Shitlibs don't have an answer to that, so they sputter and fume about "Jim Crow", their universal rhetorical playpen for any rogue discussion that doesn't fluff their premises.

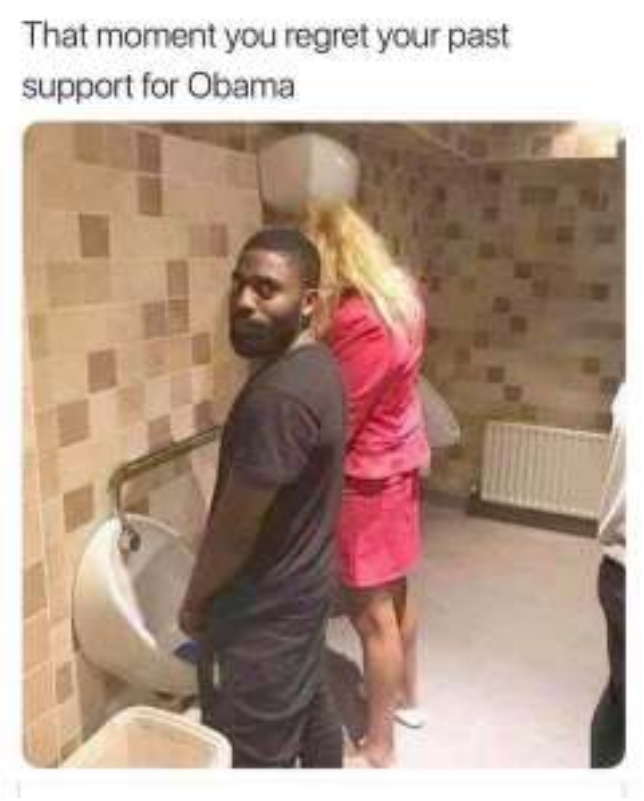
Meme Of The Day

CH · 26 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I laughed, hard.

***

MOTD runner-up:



lol is this guy wtf-ing about the tranny or about the pervy cameraman?

Why Are Tech Oligarchs Coordinating Mass Censorship Of Any Mention Of White Nationalism, White Separatism, White Majoritarianism, Or White Self-Determination?

CH · 26 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Augustus has an answer:

> The Special people, Umber people, etc THRIVE in the U.S because of White leeching. This is why talk of "separatism" is already being culled by the tech oligarchs. Minorities do not simply want to live in their own spaces. They want to live in their own spaces while leeching off the White Man to fund their welfare. If you kicked all of the White people out of CA for example, who would fund the millions of welfare recipients, illegals etc? You know the Jews wont stay their either.

Les Saunders, Protestant, replies,

> It was very deliberate, and very disquieting, that the tech companies explicitly proscribed white "separatism" along with white nationalism from their platforms.
>
> They don't want us to exist.
>
> The idea that those whites who wish to preserve their culture, race, identity – their lives – should be made illegal to think or say, is compelling.
>
> They're saying: nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, White people. We're coming for you.

It's a peculiar thing, this mass hysteria to condemn, demonize, and silence any discussion that takes on the hue of even mild pro-White advocacy.

Every other group can freely advocate online for their tribal interests, but only Whites are banned from doing so.

Strange. Maybe we should ask the tech and banking oligarchs point blank why they censor and demonetize Whites speaking fondly of their own race, when they don't extend the same swift and excessive punishment to racially proud nonWhites?

Maybe it really does come down to securing the parasite-host relationship in perpetuity.

I think it's more primal than that even.

It's raw hatred, compelled by raw envy, magnified by raw fear of the day that their rotten depredations are exposed to sunlight.

***

On the topic of White separatism, Igor thinks White Southerners would stay to the bitter diversigenic end, because their 300-year-old connection to blood and soil is stronger than their racial inclination for more seasonal climes.

> I don't think the Southern Whites will leave in large numbers, especially if the local demographics improved. Their (our) ancestors have been there for centuries. Their graves are there. The towns, schools, churches – everything has a historical meaning beyond its function. Friends and families have relationships going back generations. In other words, they still resemble natives of a nation more than migrant trash. They won't abandon it all to search for British weather.
>
> But even though the South was spared genocidal levels of immigration until relatively recently compared to most of the USA, it is going through the same process of cultural sterilization. They may simply be generic "whites" with no cultural ties to the South in another generation (to the extent there are enough of them left to matter by then).

This cultural sterilization process (yes, it is happening all over America) will, as I have predicted, broaden the appeal of a generic "White identity", specifically in America, where White ethnic and regional differences are being erased by hipster globalization. White nationalism and its cousin world-views will find more purchase in America than in Europe, because the latter still maintains strong geopolitical White ethnic distinctions. In America, those intraWhite ethnic distinctions are disappearing and subsuming into a larger "White American" identity that has ethnic boundaries marked as much by ideology as by lineage, and which are set apart and defined by the incoming deluge of Diversity™. We are rapidly approaching the day when American White ethnicities are an anachronism, replaced by two massive ideology-ethnicities (ethnologies): leftoid equalist GoonWhites and sane FreeWhites.

The Poolside Protocol Is Looking Better Every Day

CH · 29 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Via cortesar,

> this is real, this exists but it should never have
> you want an argument to persuade you to finally espouse the radical pool side doctrine/ideology
> here it is

Of course, in a relentlessly pozzed show like Gayme of Drones, a waifish girl dispatches dozens of grown men.

> I wish I had talent to accurately depict how much I despise, how much I loathe the bugman, the clown world in all its manifestations
> But I cannot
> It is visceral, it goes beyond words, far beyond rational, far beyond the repulsiveness as we knew it

Automaton fits the bill. This is a form of mass hysteria or mass narcissistic delusion. Individual humans have surrendered their personalities and thoughts to the Hivemind, for the dopaminergic tingle of seeing themselves reflected in a million other like-minded simulacra through the ritualistic viewing of dumb escapist fantasy.

This is the effluvia of both globalism and escape from globalism. These benighted creaturas shrieking and jizzing over a Dungeons & Dragons campaign (with less depth) are the unwitting meat nuggets tossed into the Globohomo maw, desperately trying to escape Globohomo though its digestive tract.

And part of the escapist lure of GOT is the nearly all-White leading cast, a welcome respite from the Diversitopia reality, which these bar room lards would never admit was one of the draws of the show for them. As Johnny Redux commented,

> Notice the room is basically 100% White. I am sure that there are various people in there from the Left, the Right, and in the middle. Say what you will about Game of Thrones, including the various POZ scenes and issues, as well as having Jewish producers, but it does show that the European soul has a longing for days of glory gone by, when there were knights, battles of honor, and unified armies fighting against a known, easily identifiable enemy (be that a different race, or even the living dead). The men were men, not sissies. That is why other shows, even with various POZ and historical (generally, pro-feminist) inaccuracies, are very, very popular – like Vikings and Knightfall. It is part of the European soul…a different soul from other races.

Yakub reminds me of something I wrote on the matter,

> Pop culture has become a touchstone because Americans have so little in common anymore that they must reach for quips and scenes from pozzed TV shows to manufacture fellow-feeling.

Organic community is gone, so Challahwood invented an inorganic community to replace it.

Which was the plan all along.

Millions of Americans orgasm over waif assassins and costumed superheroes as their nations fall one by one to the logic of the locust swarm.

When the rot is deep and irreversible, it doesn't require nihilistic abandon to decide that poolside is the best option left.

At least a poolside escape will leave your dignity intact.

The Mirage Of The “Good Ones”

CH · 29 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

On the topic of “good ones” among the general misfit population of third world vigrants in White nations, PA writes,

> The “good ones” can only exist in a state of peace. For example, when your country is exclusively yours and you visit India and meet your social peer there, with whom you find that you have many interests in common.
>
> But the world is now at war. The “good ones” over here are better at mimicry, the better to rape your land. Sure, one can be polite and cordial in a work environment for example, but they never forget that they are part of a conquering nation and you’re the conquered.
>
> In a reverse-conquest setting a century ago, E.M. Forester’s “A Passage to India” asks whether an Englishman and an Indian can be friends. The answer comes via the Indian doctor’s reply to the liberal Englishman: they cannot be friends until the English leave India.

Power differentials exert the biggest influence on human behavior. We act so much differently when we are riding a high of absolute power than when we are beholden to others and deferential as a matter of survival.

PA is right; the masses of migrants know in their bones that they storm our homelands a conquering force, and they act like one (with significant help from traitorous homewreckers within the family). They can feel it as surely as White natives can feel their countries slipping away from them. This instinctual assessment of reality on the ground, as opposed to the manufactured fantasyland of diversity & inclusion pushed by an enemy media and their gullible NPCs, is the emotional force multiplier hyper-charging the intertribe social dynamics on all levels, and which will, if left to overheat into an asymmetrical war in which the invaders are granted all privileges, alibis, and honors while the natives are stripped of dignity and punished for the affront of defending their own interests, end in the last fig leaf about “good ones” fluttering to the ground as the crisis comes into clarifying view.

It’s a very simple calculation. You either cling to your lunatic mutterings about “good ones” as the parcel of territory your ancestors carved out for their posterity is abandoned to the horde, or you get a grip and put away childish banalities to see the world and human nature as it is, instead of as you wish it.

PS An excellent post from The Last Refuge, which really nails in simple language the depredations of the modren neoliberal world economic order.

PPS The dam is so very close to bursting. A prominent Danish pol has openly said Sweden will become an arab state.

> Danish politician: “When Sweden fails and becomes an Arab State, we won’t have much in common – and we will end the Nordic Passport Union” https://t.co/bQomodIDWh
>
> — Voice of Europe ? (@V_of_Europe) April 29, 2019

PPPS He died at the foot of his pussy pedestal, orbiting no more.
Rest in thirst, Jorah Mormont.

Diversity + Proximity = War Of The Roses

CH · 29 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Evidence of the corrosive effects of subspecies diversity forced into close proximity is found everywhere in the human, animal, and now plant kingdoms.

Via Uncensored Science,

> This is fascinating study on kin selection / inclusive fitness where it's shown that plants show more cooperation with other plants to which they are more closely related.
>
> In other words, plants are racist.

From the abstract:

> Kin recognition is important in animal social systems. However, though plants often compete with kin, there has been as yet no direct evidence that plants recognize kin in competitive interactions. Here we show in the annual plant Cakile edentula, allocation to roots increased when groups of strangers shared a common pot, but not when groups of siblings shared a pot. Our results demonstrate that plants can discriminate kin in competitive interactions and indicate that the root interactions may provide the cue for kin recognition. Because greater root allocation is argued to increase below ground competitive ability, the results are consistent with kin selection.

Globohomoists and assorted one world socialists are sorely mistaken if they think they can force competing races of humans to share a "common pot", instead of their miserable utopia collapsing as each tribe increases its "allocation to roots" to make certain that they suck up all the gibs nutrients while the other groups pay for it with their own withered root systems.

There's a revealing analogy to draw between plant and human diversity sharing common soil without the common blood: we often cannot see the worst and longest-lasting consequences of diversity because we are so hopefully focused on the crippled little fruits and flowers that manage to grow in the low trust environment of a shared "common pot" while missing the raging tribal root wars occurring underneath the soil which, over time, cause all the competing plant species to wither and die, leaving the surface a desolate wasteland of invasive weeds and

lifeless soil, or dominated by one plant that has successfully crowded out the soil space with its aggressive and well-hidden (until it's too late to reverse once noticed) root tendrils.

A reader notices,

> Potatoes, tomatoes, and peppers grow well together in gardens. They are all members of the nightshade family of plants, as is tobacco.

"Germans, English, and Dutch grow well together in nation-states. They are all members of the Inner Hajnal family of Northwest Europeans, as are the Danes."

Eco suaveeee….

Keepin' it real…bountiful.

Disrupt The Indoctrination Centers

CH · 30 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

There are effective methods for taking back the narrative megaphone and the framing optics from the Left. This is one of those methods:

> A group of self-described nationalists interrupted an event Saturday at a Washington D.C. bookstore with an author of a book titled "Dying of Whiteness: How the Politics of Racial Resentment Is Killing America's Heartland." The group can be seen in videos posted to social media chanting "this land is our land."
>
> The popular bookstore, Politics and Prose, was hosting an event on Independent Bookstore day with author Jonathan Metzl,

So fuckin special.

> who is also a professor of sociology and psychiatry at Vanderbilt University. The group of about a dozen protesters used a bullhorn to interrupt Metzl while he was speaking.
>
> "You would have the white working class trade their homeland for handouts," a protester said. "But we, as nationalists, and identitarians, can offer the workers of this country, a homeland, our birthright, in addition to health care, good jobs and so forth."

That's a great rallying cry, truth be told.

WE WON'T TRADE OUR HOMELAND FOR HANDOUTS

The stick…followed by the carrot…

WE CAN OFFER WORKERS A HOMELAND, A BIRTHRIGHT, GOOD JOBS

That's powerful messaging, with the correct balance of righteous indignation and hopefulness.

No spergy nazilogisms, no calls for violence, just a pitch perfect stab at the underbelly of the anti-White enemy and the promise of a new purpose for disaffected White men.

> Attendees booed the protesters and Metzl said as they walked out "let's take a minute here … what just happened?"

What just happened, Your Specialness, is that you were shaken from your comfortable perch of unchallenged power. Feels bad, mohel?

> Politics and Prose co-owner Bradley Graham told CBS Washington, D.C. affiliate WUSA-9 it was a "brief, yet unfortunate interruption."

"Problematic".

> Graham told WUSA-9 the store had no warning about the interruption.

P R E C I S E L Y

Catch them unawares, undefended, on their home turf. Make it quick, get to your point, and get out before the establishment's pantifa shock troops show up to rearrange the Narrative into something more pleasing to Globohomo and the Chaimstream Media apparatchiks.

Leftoids have to start feeling less smugly confident and untouchable in their redoubts. On the ground, this means White Warriors must (peaceably) intrude in leftoid safe spaces such as urban indie book stores, precocious cafes, and bathhouses. Raise hell, but tactically retreat before the numerically larger forces of Globohomo organize to recover their lost ground and re-assert their dominance over public perception. This is asymmetrical warfare. Live to fight another day against a bigger enemy. Chip away at their media optics and their narrative frame. Keep chipping until you've sculpted a whole new optics and narrative. This will take time, and patience, and courage. And smarts. A warren of NPC rabbits is no match for a clever fox who picks them off one by one.

Being a man of the K means you don't give in to impulse and you have a plan of action before taking on the horde.

PS Metzl is, as you guessed, a hateful anti-White bigot:

> White men disrupt reading of Dying Of Whiteness, a book by Jewish doctor Jonathan Metzl that states white people are literally killing themselves through their racism. The book has received positive reviews from NBC News, Vox, Esquire, and Boston Globe. pic.twitter.com/Yr63vWeDmV
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) April 29, 2019

Rugged Truth Of The Day

CH · 30 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Men tend to look better with age (up to an elderly point). Women, sadly, start looking worse not so long after their 25th birthday, and keep careening downhill.

A lethal id-shiv from Ms. Bacon bandit,

> Both men and women become more manly as they age.

In before some nerdhole whines about a still fuckable aging actress….the exception proves the rule.

Eat The Rich

CH · 30 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> The rich have the system wired 17 different ways to wreck our country, immiserate our working class and destroy our beautiful wilderness — so they can keep the cheap labor flowing. https://t.co/CTpnI8UAb3
>
> — Ann Coulter (@AnnCoulter) April 22, 2019

200 proof Truth.

If Trump is smart, he'll get ahead of the second American revolution that has just started polishing its bayonets.

Tragically, I don't think Trump will escape the Chamber of Commerce cuckcuffs the GOPe, Globohomo, and Javanka slapped on him. He may be the God Emperor, but he's no Houdini. And I don't think he wants to be the avatar of economic populism anymore. He thinks he'll get plaudits for being the President who supercharged "the economy" (read: the 1% rent seekers) with his beautiful tax cuts.

Trump won't win in 2020 on that record. "Tax cuts" isn't a winning message.

What is a winning message is the message he ran on leading up to the 2016 election.

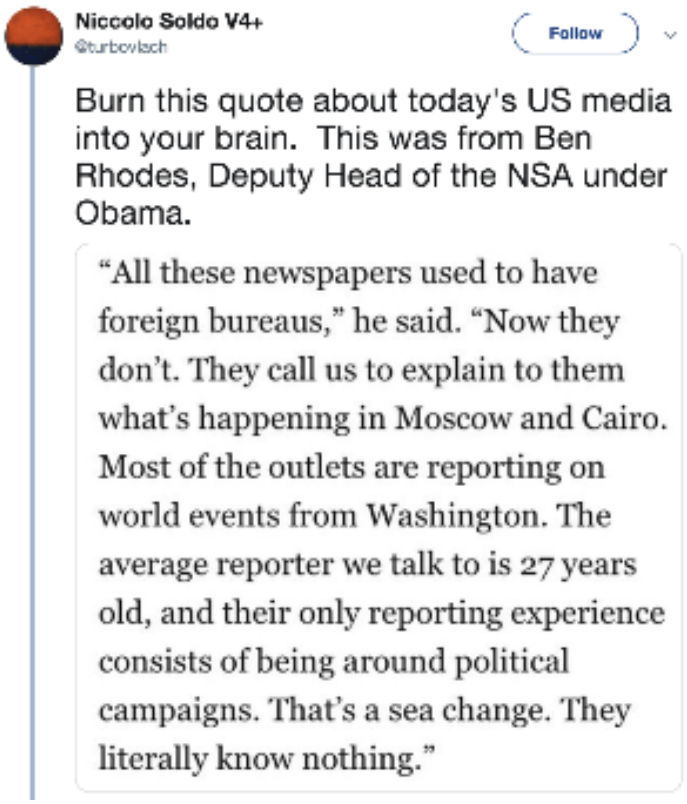
He either forgot that or he's surrounded himself with people who made sure he forgot it.

> Trump wins over big donors who snubbed him in 2016

Follow the money. This could be all the proof anyone needs that Trump is governing more like a globalist than like a populist. It bodes ill for his reelection chance. What did Trump do or promise to do to assuage the big GOPe donors he once railed against? Optimistically, it could be a case of the big donors realizing that Trumpism is the future of the GOP, and bending the knee, but so far it has seemed that Trump has done most of the kneeling before the neoliberal establishment.

PS An important twatter thread about how the FBI and other USG surveillance state agents psychologically groom basket cases to agree to terrorist plots. The author warns that these pre-thwarted false flags events have been increasing in frequency lately:

https://twitter.com/xctlot/status/1122951313992638465
PPS If you've wondered why whorenalism is in such a low state and why the Deep State has gotten away with so much chicanery, this is one reason:


Niccolo Soldo V4+
@turbovisch
Follow
Burn this quote about today's US media into your brain. This was from Ben Rhodes, Deputy Head of the NSA under Obama.
"All these newspapers used to have foreign bureaus," he said. "Now they don't. They call us to explain to them what's happening in Moscow and Cairo. Most of the outlets are reporting on world events from Washington. The average reporter we talk to is 27 years old, and their only reporting experience consists of being around political campaigns. That's a sea change. They literally know nothing."

The Hatefulness Of The Hate Police

CH · 30 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Relevant:

> Simple experiment to test for racism:
>
> On social media, write:
>
> “Hispanic” (or black or Asian) “women are the most beautiful women in the world!”
>
> See what happens.
>
> Later, write:
>
> “White women are the most beautiful women in the world!”
>
> See what happens.
> — HOAXEDMOVIE.COM (@StefanMolyneux) April 27, 2019

We all know what happens.

Scenario 1: “Yass, queen!” *one billion Likes*

Scenario 2: “Burn the racist!” *quickly deletes tweet, is fired from job anyway*

The violently disparate reactions have nothing to do with “historical minority under-representation” or “White privilege” and everything to do with the chilling knowledge that people instinctively grasp the truth of Scenario 2 and the farce of Scenario 1.

Artificial Id

CH · 30 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Limbicus corticus
The Id is the truth of us
Algorithmic sorticus
The digital id exposes us

> Computers think that Michelle Obama and Serna Williams are men. https://t.co/hOTWtssEmt
>
> — RAMZPAUL (@ramzpaul) April 27, 2019

Artificial Intelligence is rapidly becoming the Artificial Id, revealing through coded algorithms what we humans really think about taboo topics.

Why does AI think Michael Obama and Scrotal Williams are men?

Oh I dunno, it could be the hulking physiques.

The ripped musculature.

The overhanging brow.

The prognathism.

The shadowed canvas.

AI, like humans, is racist, which just means it notices things and isn't polite enough to keep those thoughts to itself.

> When AI Fails on Oprah, Serena Williams, and Michelle Obama, It's Time to Face Truth.

Is Joy Buolamwini about to face the truth?

> For my MIT Thesis—Gender Shades, …

LOL no. Frizziognomy is real.

> All systems performed better on male faces than female faces overall, and all systems performed better on lighter-skinned faces than darker-skinned faces overall. Error rates were as high as 35% for darker-skinned women, 12% for darker-skinned men, 7% for lighter-skinned women, and no more than 1% for lighter-skinned men.

Naturally, she concludes, the AI is fundamentally flawed.

Naturally, she never concludes, the AI is accurate insofar as it hasn't yet been coded to account for racial differences in masculinity and femininity because, wait for it, the White coders are so anti-racist they fed their AI with false information that black women would exhibit the same feminine features in the same proportions as do White women.

In other words, for facial recognition software to get more accurate, it will have to get even MORE racist.

Ayo hol' up, once you sift through her intersectionalist bullshit, you find that this chick Buoserengeti is an ally of the dissident right:

> Both flawed and somewhat improved facial analysis technology can be used to bolster a surveillance state and

> can even be applied to lethal autonomous weapons.

Isn't it great when buobaobabs and chadlords can reach the same moral ground by following divergent paths that meet at the end of the world?

The Man-Hating Ogress

CH · 30 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> Democrat State Representative Says Men Should Be Castrated to End Abortions, Taxed to Store Their Sperm https://t.co/xVddTTLH2a pic.twitter.com/n7N5m94LaP
>
> — Chuck Woolery (@chuckwoolery) April 29, 2019

Democrat…

castrate men…

tax their sperm…

Dianne Pappas…immigrated from Poland…a possible [Special]?…

You ever notice the most zealous abortion advocates are ugly women who have no chance in hell of ever needing the services of an abortionist?

You'll find similarly grotesque man-hating ogresses filling out (heh) the ranks of feminist cunts bleating about "rape culture" who need never worry about being raped.

[crypto-donation-box]

Days of Broken Arrows On The Elites' Miscalculation

CH · 1 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> In elitist circles, it's not polite anymore to call people "stupid redneck," "dumb wop," or drunken mick." So the rich folks have found a way to trash working class Americans by declaring whiteness an illness.
>
> However, what this has done instead is brought all the rednecks, wops, micks, and others together against THEM. This is a fuse they should not have lit.

The pathologization of Whiteness is an EliteWhite workaround to continue to slur FreeWhites as the scope of socially acceptable slurs has narrowed, but the anti-Whiteness campaign has also been accelerated by the huge and growing surge of POCs for whom the urge to slur is more than a status signal to peers; it's a bloodthirsty howl from their ids.

Elitist Whites, as DoBA wrote, have no idea the hunger and strength of the beast they uncaged. It was all fun and games when these haughty Whites could enjoy a slander or two while clinking their glasses of flavored water, but now that their imported pets have crashed the party it's an all-nighter of forties, blunts, and gunfire.

Welcome to the jungle you fertilized, shitlibs. I hope you enjoy its…creature comforts.

Hagtivism

CH · 1 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

The Hag-Political Activism relationship is a simple one: as a former beauty ages into a hag, her bitterness over her lost looks drives her into ideological zealousness. The ideology she typically embraces is a toxic stew of man-hate, denial of sex differences, and insipid platitudes glorifying the lie that beauty is a social construct. Hagtivists are ragingly anti-Trump and anti-Heritage America, and crave the invasion of millions of third worlders onto whom these schoolmarm bitterbitches can project their disfigured maternal instinct.

Alyssa Milano. Ashley Judd. And now, Julia Roberts.

From Inglenook Hampendick,

> Take one look at that face, compare it to the hottie from “Steel Magnolias”, and then you know why she’s blathering on about politics today.

> View this post on Instagram
> I wish they all said this. ??? Please check out my story.
> A post shared by Julia Roberts (@juliaroberts) on Apr 30, 2019 at 10:43am PDT

TeeVee, Challahwood, and Selfie Media turned a localized curiosity into an enemy force — Hagtivism — capable of destroying civilizations. The hagtivist used to be scorned by her neighbors into checking herself before she wrecked herself; now she gets millions of attacunts from all over the world by other hags equally despondent that the Wall dared to take its tribute in full.

All these seething, ululating hagtivists love nothing more than to spitefully raze the elysian world of White men, as a final act of revenge against being ignored and discarded by a sexual market that once carried them aloft on a cloud of narcissism.

The days before the beta male thirst deluge and the poisoned “Likes” and the insta-fame, there were social constraints limiting the growth of the hagtivist population, but now those constraints are gone, and the hagtivists are multiplying everywhere, like Typhoid Mary, spreading their mental disease and front-holehurt into every cell of the culture. (cue C.O.’s petri dish gif….)

The internet has created a monster. Before the female equivalent of the Jumbotron Test was invented, aging beauties could gently and happily resign themselves to a life of grandchildren and manageably shrunken egos that don’t get fluffed past their sell-by date or inflated beyond their PSI (Pussy Stretch Index) maximum.

No more. From a too-young age, women in the Globohomo era of Lenses and Feedback are made to think their vaginas are Golden Clefts and their attractiveness is eternal, so when the wreckoning comes they are defenseless to handle it with any sort of dignity or wisdom. Instead, they lash out like stuck prigs, angry at men, at tradition, at values, and at anything resembling a societally healthy reinforcement of the cosmic laws. They have spent their prime nubility years with an army of lickspittle betas at their command and an iPhag gripped to the hilt, yelling “Charge!” and running full speed…straight into the Wall. No wonder when the over-the-hill bill comes due, they have no emotional savings to see them through the rough patch. Nothing in our atomized, shekelized culture prepared them for the reality of living past the age of 30.

When Trump said “Build the Wall!”, the associative symbolism of it hit a million screechy termagants right in the

dusty feelz.

And now you know why they are hell-bent on destroying the country that has given them so much.

That has given them…too much.

1984 Was A Starter's Guide

CH · 3 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Via /pol/ News Network,

"STARVE, NAZI!"
– from your friends at Amazon

bedminster comments,

> The two words that are popping up on a lot of electronic products are "Alexa Enabled". This should concern everyone.

Here's a good rule of life as we careen into our Orwellian social-credit future:

Don't buy anything with the word "Smart" in it.

"Smart" is just a euphemism for "Spyware" and "Surveillance" and "Depersoning Assistant".

Comment Of The Week: The Sickly Sweet Shiv

CH · 3 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

jeangray07 runs away with this week's COTW:

> I can usually tell when a friend's marriage or relationship is on its downward slope.
>
> When she says he's her "best friend".

The Rare Thousand Cock Stare-Thousand Cock Mouth Combination

CH · 3 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> I don't do the boyfriend thing. That's why I'm single.

Yeah, that's why.

S O U R

G R A P E S

fatgirlblowjobsmaskingexistentialbitterness.txt

She's been hurt so many times that Haagen Daz stock rises and falls on her mood swings.

Trevor Goodchild wonders,

> Incidentally I think this freak has already gotten lip filler implants.

If all fat chicks can offer is their mouthlove, then it makes sense to puff up the lips to crowd out the advertising space.

"b" adds,

> Passed around more than a doobie at a funk show

haha, you know these fat white broads faking kickass self-confidence are D'ontavious' bread and butter.

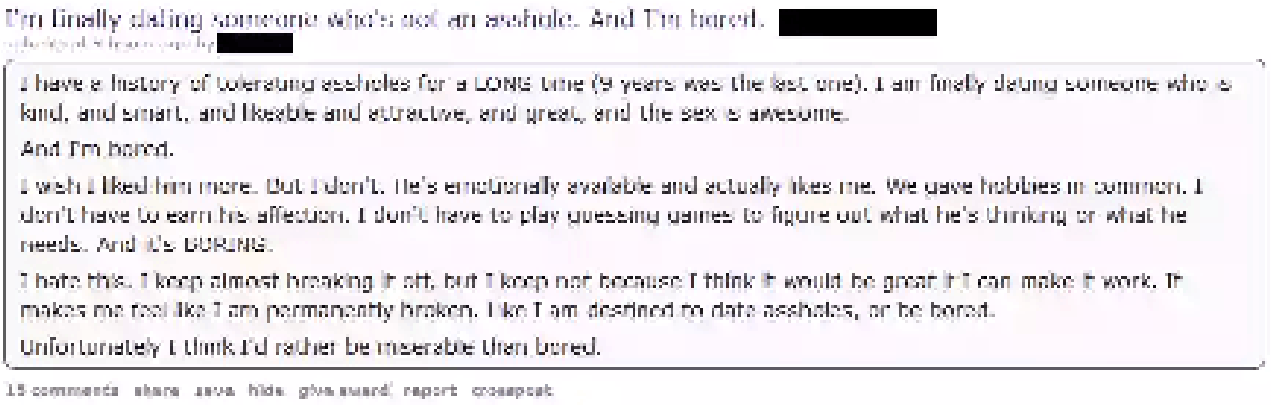
Women Would Rather Be Miserable Than Bored

CH · 3 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

> I'm finally dating someone who's not an asshole. And I'm bored.

Everything you've ever read at the Chateau is here confirmed by a woman suffering the burden of dating a nice guy. (Man's fault)

Via Empa Froga III:



I'm finally dating someone who's not an asshole. And I'm bored. [redacted]

I have a history of tolerating assholes for a LONG time (9 years was the last one). I am finally dating someone who is kind, and smart, and likeable and attractive, and great, and the sex is awesome.

And I'm bored.

I wish I liked him more. But I don't. He's emotionally available and actually likes me. We have hobbies in common. I don't have to earn his affection. I don't have to play guessing games to figure out what he's thinking or what he needs. And it's BORING.

I hate this. I keep almost breaking it off, but I keep not because I think it would be great if I can make it work. It makes me feel like I am permanently broken. Like I am destined to date assholes, or be bored.

Unfortunately I think I'd rather be miserable than bored.

15 comments share save hide give award report crosspost

JB quips,

> She's almost red pilled herself.

Rule of thumb: If you're a beta provider with weak Game, stay away from girls in the "settle down" phase of their lives who have a history of dating assholes. YOU ARE PREY

Another reader,

> Alpha widowhood is a bitch. She is just craving the drama that this beta can't give her. For his sake I hope she does break it off, else she will be cheating on him within the first year of marriage.

"I am finally dating someone who is kind, and smart, and likeable and attractive, and great, and the sex is awesome."

But….

"He's emotionally available…"

He's like a woman.

"…and actually likes me."

I have been pumped and dumped and treated like a *pret a-piledrive* for so long I get creeped out by men who don't see how worthless I am as a long term partner.

"We have hobbies in common"

Try-hard.

"I don't have to earn his affection."

Which means he's not worth earning.

"I don't have to play guessing games to figure out what he's thinking or what he needs."

If my rationalization hamster isn't spinning, my vagina isn't sideways grinning.

"I hate this."

So give me the right to vote and Ill take out my existential femaleness on my nation.

"I keep almost breaking it off…"

Instead, I'll just cheat on him for the duration.

"…but I keep not because I think it would be great if I can make it work."

I will never logic myself into feeling giney tingles.

"It makes me feel like I am permanently broken."

This self-awareness thingie…it hurts. Only an asshole can make me forget my womanly soul was created below.

***

We men and women are not at the wheel of our fates. Ancient desires drive us around, and we can try to grab hold of the steering wheel and control the direction of our lives, but the harder we pull against the natural momentum of our corporeal vehicle the closer we get to blowing out a tire, grinding the brakes down to the nub, and cracking the engine block.

A man can promise fidelity and service to a good woman, but if her tits, ass, face, and curves don't excite him then every day will be a losing battle waged against an ancient desire.

A woman can promise loyalty and love to a good man, but if his personality, attitude, temperament, and masculinity don't excite her then every day will be a losing battle waged against an ancient desire.

The closer we abide the natural momentum of our hindbrain vehicles, the happier our lives. The more we fight our hindbrains, the unhappier we are, and liable to take out our frustrations on everyone around us, including ourselves, in seemingly random acts of self-destructiveness and cruelty.

The woman who fights her natural, God-given desire for a charmingly mysterious asshole who is proficient in the gine art of Dread Game is a woman destined to relationship failure. She can play the part of dutiful, socially approved girlfriend for a while, but the compulsion caged deep within never stops throbbing, begging for release in the embrace of ZFG arms she has to fight to keep wrapped around her.

She will do the same to her country, if she is bored. Just substitute "America" for "a great guy".

> I wish I liked America more. But I don't. America's emotionally available and actually likes me. We have purposes in common. I don't have to earn America's affection. I don't have to play guessing games to figure out what America's thinking or what America needs. And it's BORING.
>
> Unfortunately, I think I'd rather be miserable than bored, so I'm welcoming as many filthy, depraved, rapey, aggressively stupid and unpredictable refugees into my country as I can to make my life exciting again.

There's a lesson there for America's beta males, if they're willing to see it.

¡SCIENCE! Externally Validates CH Poon Commandment VIII

CH · 6 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Poon Commandment VIII:

> **VIII. Say you're sorry only when absolutely necessary**
>
> Do not say you're sorry for every wrong thing you do. It is a posture of submission that no man should reflexively adopt, no matter how alpha he is. Apologizing increases the demand for more apologies. She will come to expect your contrition, like a cat expects its meal at a set time each day. And then your value will lower in her eyes. Instead, if you have done something wrong, you should acknowledge your guilt in a glancing way without resorting to the actual words "I'm sorry." Pull the Bill Clinton maneuver and say "Mistakes were made" or tell her you "feel bad" about what you did. You are granted two freebie *"I'm sorry"*s for the life of your relationship; use them wisely.

Via Anatoly Karlin,

> *Politicians and other public figures often apologize after making controversial statements. While it is assumed that they are wise to do so, this proposition has yet to be tested empirically. There are reasons to believe that apologizing makes public figures appear weak and risk averse, which may make them less attractive as people and lead members of the public to want to punish them. This paper presents the results of an experiment where respondents were given two versions of two real-life controversies involving comments made by public figures. Approximately half of the participants read a story that made it appear as if the person had apologized, while the rest were led to believe that the individual stood firm. In the first experiment, involving Rand Paul and his comments on the Civil Rights Act, hearing that he was apologetic did not change whether respondents were less likely to vote for him.* ***When presented with two versions of the controversy surrounding Larry Summers and his comments about women scientists and engineers, however, liberals and females were much more likely to say that he definitely or probably should have faced negative consequences for his statement when presented with his apology.***

Mercy is a man thing.

> *The effects on other groups were smaller or neutral. Overall, the evidence suggests that when a prominent figure apologizes for a controversial statement, the public is either unaffected or becomes more likely to desire that the individual be punished.*

> ***
>
> Basically there is no reason to apologize regardless of the situation.
>
> While the scandal may wreck your reputation or not as the case may be, you might as well avoid the self-abasement. Since it's not going to do you any good anyway.
>
> Not to mention that apologizing when you did nothing wrong is the action of a contemptible worm.

Never apologize to your enemies, and apologize to your woman (a reproductive enemy) only when absolutely necessary. Apologies demoralize your allies and embolden your enemies to slake their thirst for vengeance.

Table-2. Percentage Saying Summers Should Have "Probably" or "Definitely" Faced Negative Consequences

Demographic	n	Apologetic Response	Defiant/Firm Response	Difference
Male	257	54.1	54	0.1
Female	250	73.8	57.5	16.3**
Conservative	113	36.5	30	6.5
Moderate	174	60.9	54.6	6.3
Liberal	213	84.3	70.5	13.8**
Total	511	64.2	56.3	7.9*
Note:		*p<0.05; **p<0.01; ***p<0.001		

Repeal the 19th.

> Women and liberals – by nature – favor the strong horse.

As Western White men are becoming weaker and the source of ridicule and demonization by a culture that has turned against them, their women are abandoning them for the (perceived) strong horse, even if that means the women have to invite the strong horse in through asylum and refugees rackets.

> *The evidence presented here suggests that seeing a public figure apologize either increases the desire to punish him or her, or has no effect at all. If this is the case, we may wonder why politicians do in fact so often ask for forgiveness in the face of controversy. It is possible that politicians apologize in order to receive better coverage from the media or even make a story go away. Political punditry can apparently affect voters' preferences. In one experiment, individuals judging performances in a presidential debate were influenced by the nature of commentary they watched after the fact, when compared to a control group not exposed to the opinions of pundits (Fridkin et al. 2007). Likewise, if an individual apologizes for a comment that the media finds offensive, future coverage of that individual may be better than it otherwise would be. Such an argument requires the assumption that while members of the public are hostile or indifferent to those who apologize, members of the media will provide better coverage of an individual who shows repentance. Yet there is no reason to assume that this is the case, especially since most of the media leans to the left (Groseclose 2011: Groseclose and Milyo 2005), and liberals in this study appear to be those most likely to want to punish individuals for apologizing.*
>
> ***
>
> Nor does it seem that apologizing buys sympathy from the media.
>
> Take a cue from Donald Trump, who at least has this down pat. Go on the attack. Flip the script. Agree and amplify. Basically do anything but apologize, because apologizing signals weakness, and weakness invites further attack.

Game can make American White men the strong horse again.

Why are liberals and women more likely to want to punish individuals for apologizing?

One, women are more liberal than are men, so there's some overlap between the "liberal" and "women" categories.

Two, cruelty is a specialty of the effete. The weaker sex — and among liberals, both the men and women qualify as

the weaker sex — run riot whenever they get the upper hand, because those moments of power don't come every day for them. An enemy who has apologized is therefore a target to strip of all dignity and torture in the public square, because his apology vindicates the liberal's moral self-regard and provides a rationale for the liberal to indulge virtue signaling status contests.

If the masculine is concerned with achievement, then the feminine is concerned with social status (i.e., credentialism), and apologies from enemies can be exploited to gain more social status for oneself among one's shitlib peers.

And this is why it's a mistake to turn over the governance and stewardship of a nation to women and soyboys.

Related, this study also supports Poon Commandment XI.

> **XI. Be irrationally self-confident**
>
> No matter what your station in life, stride through the world without apology or excuse. It does not matter if objectively you are not the best man a woman can get; what matters is that you think and act like you are. Women have a dog's instinct for uncovering weakness in men; don't make it easy for them. Self-confidence, warranted or not, triggers submissive emotional responses in women. Irrational self-confidence will get you more pussy than rational defeatism.

Women Are Anathema To Revolutionary Movements

CH · 8 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is why it's wise to keep women out of vanguard roles in a revolutionary movement:

(Zoomable link)

> *Perhaps the most important lesson here is that women are a weak point in any political movement, especially a dissident movement. There is something uniformly pathological about the ones who jump to the front lines of ideological battle.*

I wasn't aware of that sordid drama involving (Katie?} McHugh, but the theme of it strikes me as all too familiar. Women are poison pills dropped in the chalice of insurgencies fighting against the status quo.

Underneath all the rationalizations, men fight for beautiful, young women. Men don't fight for land, or honors, or money, except insofar as those things earn them access to beautiful, young women.

Consciously, men will tell themselves otherwise and pen odes to loftier ideals, but the Darwinian primal impulse is the lure of fertile furrow.

As such, women should inspire, not aspire. Women, particularly young cuties in the bloom of their slender hourglass perfection, are inspirations to men to reach for the brass ring. An insurgency seeking to topple a corrupt establishment is best led by men, compelled by an unspoken and often unacknowledged desire to attract young cuties, intuitively grasping that a victory over the corrupt ruling class means more prime poon for those rebel men.

Women who *aspire* to leading roles in those insurgencies are suspect operatives, for they are purposefully abdicating their natural place in the cosmic order as inspirations to stronger, integrous men. Placing women at the ideological front lines is courting the disaster of gossipy in-fighting and betrayal; women are powerfully drawn to the glitter of social status, and a revolution in which they play a significant face time part puts them in close proximity to the enemy establishment tempting women with penumbras of reflected status. Women can't resist the siren song of social elevation, attention whoring, and credentialism, however superficial and unearned. Presented with these irresistible offers, women will backstab allies to get at them.

There is also something to be said for distrusting women who have the same passionate drive as men to achieve in the world of men. Women who aspire to greatness in endeavors that are naturally and historically the domain of men are women who are, essentially, at war with their own femaleness. It would be the same distrustful reaction both men and women have to effeminate men who forsake manly pursuits to succeed in the natural domains of women. Identity crises in either sex provoke distrust in others. We are rightfully suspicious of men or women who choose to defy their sex's norms and temperaments.

***

Some commenters mentioned that famous quote from *1984* as a counterfactual to the theme of this post.

> *It was always the women, and above all the young ones, who were the most bigoted adherents of the party, the swallowers of slogans, the amateur spies and nosers-out of unorthodoxy.*

Ingsoc/Big Brother *was* the establishment in *1984*. The young women were conformism police for the state apparatus. They weren't amateur spies for a rebellious insurgency.

That's the lesson which needs serious learning. Women, as a sex, are easily tempted by trinkets and baubles from the Globohomo establishment, so much so that they pose a risk if they are identifiable emissaries for revolutionary movements. Social status and conforming to the dominant culture are everything for women. Betrayal is baked into the distaff cake.

Commenter Greg mentions the "exception" of women who are loyal to cult leaders like Charles Manson (or, more recently, the Nxivm cult in which the dude running it had women recruiters bring in fresh meat for him). Obviously, cults are not the "establishment".

But cults do something unique which assures loyalty from the women in the ranks: cult leaders isolate their followers from the larger society, sometimes even from civilization. Women caught up in cults have no access to an establishment which could pull them back; for cult members the cult IS the establishment. The world outside is just a purgatory of benighted fools.

By necessity, revolutions which aim to topple a political and cultural foe must interact with the larger establishment in order to win over followers. This interaction is where journo whores ply their weaselly trade, with promises of STARDOM to the weakest links (women and soyboys).

America Vs Poland: Vulvo Edition

CH · 9 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

This is interesting, in a Chinese curse sort of way.

Swedish car company Vulvo ran two different ads to be shown in America and Poland.

lmao. Do the swedecucks know their audience, or do they simply know that one audience is in the grip of a very special vise and the other audience is a nation of freemen?

> In the comments, Volvo posted a message saying they're deleting all negative comments which violate their "social media house rules."

The rules won't protect Globohomo much longer. You can very nearly see their edifice crumbling around them.

PS Aren't Vulvos, like Subarus, the car of choice for the flannel and softball crowd?

Corporate Conspiracy To Silence And Impoverish Political Dissidents

CH · 9 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

How many cuckservatives in the chattering class are talking about the corporate conspiracies to suppress political dissidents that are happening RIGHT NOW in the supposed free country of America?

> Men's rights activist Roosh Valizadeh said he was banned from Instagram and Chase Wepay "within 19 minutes of each other" on Tuesday evening.
>
> "I just got banned from Instagram," Roosh announced on Twitter. "My account was private."

> I just got banned from Chase WePay. I was using them to sell tour tickets. I will have to use another payment processor. pic.twitter.com/8ttjluREJW
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) May 7, 2019

Roosh is setting off on a US speaking tour starting in June, to various shitlib cities. No doubt, the corporate censors and the monitors at the CIA sent notice to their pantifa shock troops, who will likely harass Roosh at more than a few stops along his tour. It could get violent, because pantifa is a violent domestic terrorism organization. If you are a CH reader and happen to be in town on the day Roosh is speaking in your city, you should buy a ticket and go there to show support and to defend a fellow dissident from the leftist freaks should they decide to disrupt the event.

> Tucker Carlson suggested last week that Big Tech has declared "total war" on free speech.
>
> "We are watching in real time as this country becomes unfree," Carlson said. "Who's defending us here? Where are our leaders in Congress? Where is the White House? As long as big tech isn't hassling them personally — as long as their accounts remain open — they don't seem to care. They are fools. Will any of these people get re-elected if leftwing tech companies can control the terms of political debate? Can you really win a presidential election if Google opposes you? No way. Not a chance. Not right now. Without freedom of speech, there can be no democracy. It's time to stop lying about that."

Leftoids cheer this censorship and demonetization of political enemies, but normal Americans seem oblivious to the threat that corporate censorship collusion poses to the very foundations of the American Republic. It helps to think about this in the starkest terms available: wealthy corporate executives and board members of multiple social media and online banking platforms are conspiring with each other to prevent certain Americans from speaking their minds and making money from supportive listeners, which in turn has a chilling effect on the speech of all Americans.

We are in an era of monopoly power again, and it's getting worse. Too much wealth and power is concentrating in the hands of malevolent people who have little connection to Heritage America and even less connection to the ideals of Heritage America.

It's a dangerous game our leftoid freakfriends play, and Trump is just the beginning of what we embattled freemen will summon to defeat the tyranny spreading like wildfire across the land.

Free Men Vs Bug Men

CH · 9 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

One brave man can cause a hundred cowardly cockroaches to scatter for cover:

> The leader of the Danish Hard Line party just called out the #GreatReplacement.
>
> Look at the faces of the 'mainstream' politicians. Priceless. pic.twitter.com/SSMuVVrPVk
>
> — Benjamin Jones ? (@BenJonesIDM) May 9, 2019

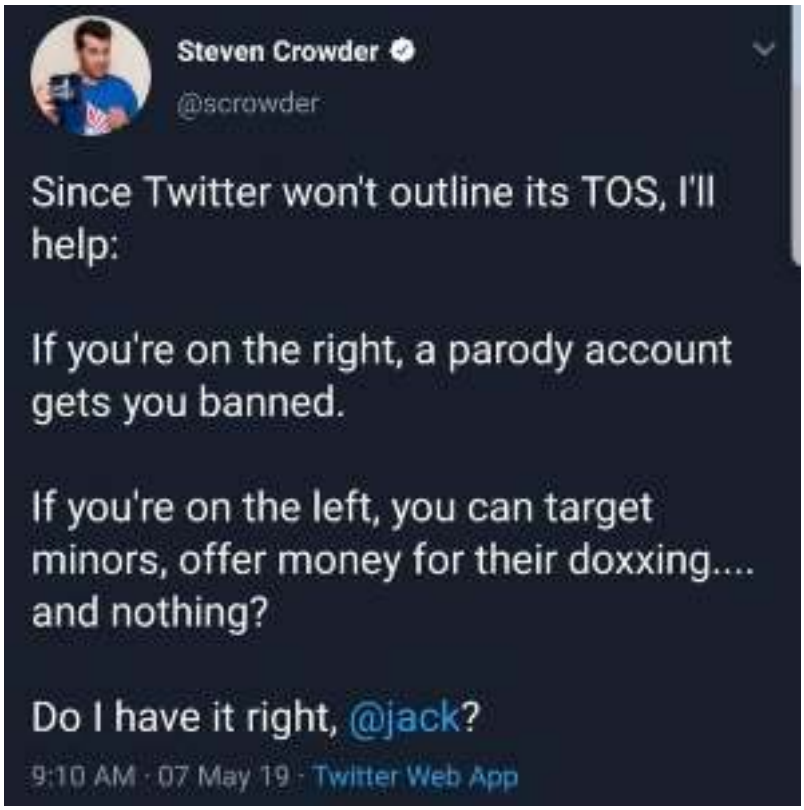
Kelly editorializes,

> [T]he faces of the mainstream pols to the right of him on video are indeed repulsive: cucks, soy boys, , pedos, fem freaks.

Someone who has the time should still frame that video at the 0:17 mark. It's so good I'll make it the header image for this blog.

Ministry Of Twatter

CH · 9 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original



The Lilliputian Lucifer, Jack Dorsey, is a vengeful nerd taking out his spite on the cool kids who taunted him in middle school. He has hired a team of equally nerdy and spiteful bindis — the ganges goobers — as hall monitors for Twatter. Their only job is to ban any shitlord (i.e. cool kid) whose bullyciding tweets remind Jack and the Bindi Stalkers of their torment at the hands of those shitlords way back in the days when atomic wedgies and locker stuffings drove the Jacks of the world to find asexual comfort in the cold inhuman logic of C++.

The point of drawing attention to the rank hypocrisy of shitlibs like Dorsey isn't to make petty tyrant libs change their minds. They'll never do that. The point is to bring clarity to the battlefield. The great middle of America has to know the nature and the depravity of the enemy. Minds must be focused and hearts steeled for the coming crack-up of America.

***

Speaking of entities like the Ministry of ~~Truth~~ Twatter, an exposé reveals that the only thing Specials love more than subverting host nations is boasting about their deeds.

> Anti-Defamation League Admits Colluding with Tech Giants to Facilitate Big Brother Censorship
>
> This organization that foments hate against conservatives is doing everything in its power to manifest the Orwellian Nightmare.
>
> With pro-Trump voices being booted from Facebook and the social media crackdown ramping up before 2020, the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) is bragging about the legwork they have done to build up to this moment.
>
> The ADL, once considered an admirable pro-Jewish organization that combated anti-Semitism, has turned into a partisan political censor facilitating Big Brother and trying to stifle President Donald Trump's 'America First' agenda.

> They admitted as much during a summit with the uber-globalist Council on Foreign Relations earlier this year where the organization's leader bragged about enabling the tech giants' push for extreme Draconian censorship.
>
> "We work with Google on using AI to try and interrupt cyber-hate before it happens," said Jonathan A. Greenblatt, Chief Executive Officer and National Director of the ADL, about his organization's trailblazing work in the field of Orwellian pre-crime.

Who monitors the hate monitors?

> "We work with YouTube to get them to change their algorithms so it lessens the likelihood that a young person is going to run into some of these anti-Semitic conspiratorial videos," he added.
>
> Greenblatt brought up Facebook specifically and how the ADL enables the tech giant's ability to manipulate information for the purposes of combating alleged hate. He deployed double-speak to justify his organization's anti-constitutional push.
>
> "So there are different ways [Facebook] can tweak their algorithms and adjust their products so they think not only about free speech… but protect the user's right to not be harassed or hated," he said.

It's amazing the justifications those with power will use to suppress the speech of free men.

> He was particularly laudatory toward Facebook in how they were a front-runner in leading the charge toward Big Brother.

Big B'nai Brith. Facebook is the circumcised foreskin of Mark Zuckerberg's and Sheryl Sandberg's Levantine-peened paranoia. Faceberg is their baby, and it shows.

> "They have done some good things to deal with very specific cases by taking swifter action when people perpetrate online bullying or online harassment," Greenblatt said.

"harassment" = a truth that makes a Special feel less Special.

> He feels that legislators should take further action in passing bills that would further destroy freedom of expression and other core liberties.

Of course. The law is a thing to be twisted into whatever shape pleases our underlords.

> "There is a gap in the legal regime. There are techniques that extremists have used online to terrorize Jews and other people like doxing, and swatting and different forms of cyberbullying that are not covered by existing laws and need to be," Greenblatt said.

Skypological projection is an ugly thing.

Executive summary: ~~Hubris~~ Chutzpah will be their downfall.